

Intended Target

by
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A husband and wife, ADRIAN and JULIE HOLT, are sleeping moments before the alarm goes off. When the alarm sounds Adrian turns it to music and pulls closer to Julie.

ADRIAN

Honey, it's time to get up. You've got a busy day today and if you're going to get home in time for C.J. Chenier's show tonight, you've really got to get a move on.

JULIE

Come on, Adrian. Just twenty more hours. I promise I'll get up then.

Adrian rolls away from her taking all the covers with him.

ADRIAN

Not this time. Remember what happened last time I fell for that?

JULIE

We were well rested and all around better human beings? Able to serve our fellow humans like no one else on the planet?

ADRIAN

Almost. You were two hours late for a meeting where they were going to make you the head of the department so, because of that, they put you back on the road. And, I, please, let's not even go over that. I'll never get another break like that again. It would have been the cover and my first big break.

JULIE

Oh please, do you think the world needs another story on how many hamburgers worth of fat has been sucked out of Demi Moore's body?

ADRIAN

I'll let you know that she was going to give me the startling truth about what actually goes on in Bruce's secret bungalow.

JULIE

If I remember correctly, the story was written by Paul and the most startling truth was that she's a top. But, I must say, the sidebar graphic of a stack of hamburgers superimposed over a thigh was thought provoking.

ADRIAN

I wouldn't have stooped to that level. I'm a serious journalist.

JULIE

I never implied anything but. Let's take a look at your last story.

Julie grabs a magazine off the night stand.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I'm sure it brings a whole new meaning to Woodward meet Bernstein. Here it is. Why There Isn't Too Much Joy For Too Much Joy. By Adrian Holt.

ADRIAN

They never got the chance they deserved and I was just trying to capture what it's like to be passed over for stardom.

JULIE

I can tell. This paragraph alone is making my ears ring. 'I descended into the crawling, retching subterraneanly oxygenless club. The walls roiling with the overpowering sweat of satisfaction. All because a rock fest, like nothing else offered up to this heaving subculture anywhere else in the universe, was being offered for ravenous consumption here tonight. Too Much Joy was being had by all.' Julie lays the magazine on her lap. I've got to stop reading now. I'm getting a contact high.

ADRIAN

All right, all right. I surrender.

Adrian throws the covers back over her.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm not going to change the world with any startling discoveries while working at this rag, but I still have confidence that I will get the big story. I still know I have the chops.

JULIE

Honey, I'm not making fun of you. I'm trying to protect you. I'm worried that the Adjective Protection Society may start picketing you and take away your journalistic license for overuse. That first sentence alone must have sounded a few warnings.

ADRIAN

Make fun all you want. Do you know how many people would kill to be in my shoes?

JULIE

I'm just guessing, but I'd say, two, three tops. But of course, most of them think Shakespeare is written by some guy named Cliff S. Notes.

Adrian rolls towards Julie.

ADRIAN

Okay, you win. Let's just stay here. I don't think one more story on 'Cody Gifford: Future Serial Killer?' is going to shed any new light on this subject.

Julie jumps out of bed.

JULIE

Nope, you're right, I've got a long day ahead of me. No time for frivolity. You're right, we've got to get this beautiful day started.

ADRIAN

You're impossible.

Julie turns back to Adrian and let's her nightgown fall to the floor.

JULIE

Not impossible. Just highly selective. Julie jumps into bed and they begin to make love.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dingy living room with three late teen/early twenty men, BRIAN, PETER, STEVE, watching a movie. Brian is the slightly older leader of this motley group.

BRIAN

Come on, what a stupid mistake that was. The cops are going to be all over his ass in two minutes.

PETER

Okay, mister murder expert, what did this guy do wrong? It looks like an accident. His airtight alibi is that he's on business five hundred miles away. There's a babe in bed at the hotel. He was seen totally drunk a couple hours ago. What mistakes are there?

BRIAN

Well, first, he's the husband.

PETER

That might be true, but that's pushing it. Where's the flaw in his alibi? He's five hundred miles away. He was seen drunk with someone who's not his wife by just about everyone at the conference. The fall looks like she slipped on a wet spot. You're an ass. You just like to think you can figure out what isn't even there.

STEVE

Yeah, Brian, you complain about all these movies but I've never seen you write one. You could, you know. You have a flair for things like this.

PETER

Or better yet, what about that perfect kill you keep bragging about? We keep hearing little bits about it but every time we ask you when you're going to pull it off you tell us that it's not foolproof yet. I think the only proof around here is that you're a fool.

BRIAN

You're so young. I told you, when my plan is perfect and I'm ready to do it, then and only then will you experience it. You'll both be there. I couldn't pull it off without you two. But, it's best if you don't know anything in advance.

PETER

Are you afraid we'll tell everyone about this master kill? What do you think we are? You're an asshole.

BRIAN

Everything is on a need to know basis. But if you stopped and looked around you would see that the plan is already in effect and you're just too stupid to realize it. I'm telling you now that the time is near for pulling off the perfect murder.

PETER

Yeah, it better be. I'm bored with hearing your shit.

STEVE

So, Brian, what mistakes did this guy make?

PETER

Yeah, enlighten us, oh criminal mastermind. You know, you were always a little weird, but now I think you've smoked one bowl too many.

BRIAN

You know, Peter, you're really starting to piss me off.

PETER

Oh, gee, I'm scared. What are you going to do? Make me your perfect kill? Fuck off. Probably the only reason you come up with the answers is because you've seen the movie before.

STEVE

I don't think that's it. I really believe it's because he can get into the mind of the killer.

PETER

Yeah, in a fucking movie. They write those things with assholes like us in mind. They want us to figure out who did it so we can feel smarter than the sicko. So, they put in clues with a big neon sign over them.

BRIAN

Then how come you're usually surprised? I mean, if it's that easy? Come on, you were surprised in that movie, what was the name of it? Oh yeah, Jagged Edge. Come on. Didn't you, even for a moment, think the husband did it?

Brian pauses and looks at them like they are totally clueless.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And the way he was caught. The same fucking typewriter. Please. The fucking guy was loaded and a big shot at a newspaper. There's no way, if he was as smart as we were led to believe, that he would have used a typewriter from his house. That was a definite tell. And I'm not even going to go into his expressions or the way he seduced the lawyer. Just get out of my face.

Peter addresses Steve.

PETER

But, come on, aren't you a little sick of hearing his shit about how he's going to pull off the perfect murder and he's never going to get caught?

STEVE

Well, it does get a little old.

BRIAN

It's the way I work out every possible situation. But I'm sorry if it bores you. I'll try to curtail my rambling.

STEVE

I didn't mean anything by it. I don't want you to get mad at me or nothing.

PETER

Why are you apologizing? How long has this big talk been going on? A year? And what have we done? Watched a million movies with the Son of Sam over there scoffing at every move.

Brian glares at Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

And let's not even get into the real killers we see in the news. How come if you're so smart you never catch the killers until the killer's are already on the news? Isn't there some psycho-killer web page where you killers exchange recipes on victim stew?

BRIAN

I'll just ignore that last comment. But the only reason you ever hear of these serial killers is because they get sloppy. They start to think that they're more important than the victim. They start doing it for their ego instead of the kill. They lose sight of their goal.

STEVE

And what's the goal?

BRIAN

To show the world that they are smarter than everyone else. And, with that, comes an ego that pushes itself to the forefront and then mistakes get made. That won't happen to me.

PETER

Isn't that an egotistical statement?

BRIAN

Just a fact. Because I'm only going to do this once. I'm not one of these guys who hears voices. That's for people who would have been lowly forest critters if they didn't possess a thumb. I'm planning this because I want to prove it can be done. And, who knows, maybe I'll write a script about it.

PETER

You know, I've heard all this almost every day for a year and it still sounds like bullshit. We've all done the 'I'm going to be like Jason and kill everyone' rants but that's all it is, a rant. We're just releasing all the shit that builds up because life sucks, everyone around us is an asshole and we are never going to be any different than what we are right now. What makes you think your ideas are any different from mine? What makes you think that you'll go out and kill someone? I think you're a fuck up and it's just talk.

BRIAN

That's where you're wrong. You have these fantasies because you are powerless in your life. Because you care enough about your family, girlfriend, neighbors, bosses to want to kill them. I don't give two shits about them. I want to kill to feel the power of getting away with it. It's not the kill. We've already done that. We've all killed something, a deer, a dog, a fish. You've got to admit it, it was great. And you know what the best part was? We got congratulated for it. Remember when you brought home that buck, Steve? You were like the conquering hero. Everyone loved you and wanted to be with you. Wanted to be like you.

STEVE

That's true. It was a great feeling.

BRIAN

So, what's the difference between a buck and some stranger? Nothing. They're just one more target. There's no true passion in the kill. It's just a weeding out of the weaker members. It's not like killing a boss or family member. That's a moment of unconscious insanity. What I'm talking about is a job. It's got to be so perfect that your pulse doesn't even get faster. A total natural occurrence. Like watching it on TV.

PETER

This all sounds great, but there's a huge difference between killing a buck and some guy. The cops aren't going to try to blow your brains out for banging a buck.

BRIAN

What about those anti-hunting jerks who are always scenting the woods with human piss to keep deer away? What about the rules that tell you what, who, where, how much and when you can hunt? What's the difference between those rules, which we've all broken, and the ones that tell you not to kill a human?

STEVE

The bible?

BRIAN

The bible says thou shaln't kill. It doesn't say anything about humans. So, if you're going to pay attention to that thing, it's just as bad to kill a mosquito or an ant as it is a human. It just says hey, don't kill. The only reason it's against the rules to kill a human is because humans made the rules. Do you think that if bunnies made the rules it wouldn't be totally against the law to carry around stupid rabbit's feet?

PETER

This is such a great philosophy, Brian, but I still don't buy into it. You keep saying how much work you've done to go through with this but, I've got to tell you, I've been with you almost every day for the last couple of years and I ain't seen shit. When are you doing all this preparing?

BRIAN

You're not with me all the time. I don't want you in on the set up. I've told you, it's on a need to know basis and when you need to know, you'll be there.

PETER

And what research? How much research does it take to walk up to someone, put a gun to their dome and dirty up your shirt?

BRIAN

That's why you'd get caught. You'd leave too many loose ends. You'd be in jail by the end of the day with a kill like that.

PETER

I'm sick of this shit. I think you're all talk and let's leave it at that. Is there any more weed?

BRIAN

So, you don't believe me?

PETER

It's just guy talk, Brian. Let's let it go, smoke another bowl and watch Scooby-Doo.

BRIAN

Fuck you. You want to see the preparation I've done? You want to see how serious I am about this? Pick your lazy ass up off my couch and follow me.

Brian walks to the basement door. Peter and Steve watch him as he leaves the room.

STEVE

I think he really means it, Peter. I mean, he's never said anything and not done it before. He seems really serious about this when we talk. He's redone his sister's beauty shop in the basement.

PETER

I don't think this is real. He's just going off. But wouldn't it be cool to pull one off? I mean, just terrorizing some asshole for a few hours would be worth it. I think that's all he's talking about. Just beating up some stupid drunk that stumbles out of a bar and rolling him. That's a perfect crime to me.

BRIAN (O.C.)

Get the fuck down here you two.

PETER

Our fearless leader bellows.

Peter and Steve get up and walk to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The basement is oddly empty except for a couple of worn beauty shop chairs and one hair washing sink. All of the mirrors and shelves associated with a beauty shop have been removed from the walls. The only other piece of furniture is a card table in the diagonally opposite corner.

Brian stands next to the table that has a neat piles of ropes, handcuffs and a leather face mask on one half and handguns, knives and riot gloves on the other.

Peter and Steve stand at the bottom of the stairs looking around confused.

PETER

Wow. This is the cleanest I've ever seen this place. It looks like the place Ed Gein or one of those other bad haircut psychos would go to get their hair cut. But, and don't take offense to this, Bri, but what are you going to do? Kidnap someone and do their hair?

BRIAN

Don't be a dick. They're going to come in handy during the torture.

PETER

So you are going to cut their hair.

BRIAN

I'm not going to waste my time talking about it. You'll see what I mean when it's time.

PETER

So when is this party going to take place?

BRIAN

When the time is right.

PETER

Well, I say the time is right now. What do you say, Steve? Does the time feel right to you? I can't wait to whack someone in the face with these gloves. Where did you get them? These'll do some fucking damage.

BRIAN

Slow down, Peter.

PETER

Slow this down.

Peter grabs his crotch.

PETER (CONT'D)

What's the problem now? You seem to have everything under control. We're all here. We're ready to go. What's the problem? You can't do it because it's Thursday and it's time for must see TV? If you don't put up now I don't want to hear about any of this shit ever again.

BRIAN

Don't push me, Peter. We'll go when I say it's time. Everything's got to be perfect.

PETER

What the fuck does that mean? It's got to be perfect? What are you waiting for? Someone bleeding to death to come to the door with a sign around their neck that says, 'Hey, look, I'm ready for slaughter'? Get out of here. You're all fucking talk.

Peter starts to walk away. Brian grabs him and spins him. They face each other.

BRIAN

All talk? Fuck you. I've been the one covering all our asses. I've been the one working on all the plans. I'm the one who designed this room so that it's a perfect place.

PETER

A perfect place for what?

BRIAN

The kill. The fucking kill.

PETER

Oh yeah, this is perfect. How could I have missed the ambiance.

BRIAN

You just don't get it.

PETER

What I don't get is what the fuck I'm doing around a guy who lives in this insane fantasy. Walking around thinking he's some master murderer when all he is is a big mouth asshole.

BRIAN

I'm a big mouth asshole?

PETER

I'm glad to see you admit it.

BRIAN

Fuck you. I'm planning this for all of us. I want all of us to have this experience and live to tell about it.

PETER

All I'm experiencing is gas. What about it, Steve? Do you think all this bullshit is worth it? Do you think this is just some stupid fantasy or is this jerk going to come across?

STEVE

Hey, I want to do it. I think it'll be cool. But Brian's been planning this for a long time. So he must know when it's time, we should trust him.

PETER

Fuck you. I don't know what I'm doing wasting my time with you assholes.

Peter moves towards the door.

BRIAN

You want to go? Is that what you want? You want to go for the kill? Is that what you want? Huh? Do you think you're ready for it?

PETER

I just want you to put up or shut up. It's now or never. I don't think you really want to do it. I think you just get your rocks off planning it, talking about it, keeping all your weapons in neat fucking piles.

BRIAN

You want to go?

Brian grabs an armful of guns and rope from the table.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Let's go. I'll show you what a perfect murder is. Get the rest of the stuff, Steve. You ready now? Who's all talk now, asshole?

PETER

I'll believe it when I see it. This could be another one of your. . .

BRIAN

. . .this is it. Are you ready, asshole? Are you ready for the kill?

PETER

Fuck yeah.

BRIAN

Then get in the fucking car.

INT. HOLT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Adrian is reading the paper. Julie walks into the kitchen packing papers into her briefcase.

ADRIAN

Better get a move on, baby. The keys to your car are right there. Your to-go cup is filled. I've printed out your morning's email. It's next to your keys. And I put the tickets to the show in your bag. Whew, what a full day I've had. I'm ready for a nap.

Julie Leans over and kisses Adrian.

JULIE

Thank you, honey. Are you going to have time to get a couple loads of laundry done?

ADRIAN

Already started.

JULIE

You're so great.

ADRIAN

Can you tell that to my boss so I can get a raise?

JULIE

I don't think you're all that great. So what are you working on today?

ADRIAN

I'm polishing the piece on the Merchant of Venom Society.

JULIE

What the hell is that?

ADRIAN

It's a group of people who have proof that Natalie Merchant's voice is the cause of global warming.

JULIE

Don't you mean warming?

ADRIAN

No. Worming. I guess they have proof that worms gave birth to baby worms at a higher rate when Merchant's songs are played. They're taking this research and comparing it to other animal population explosions.

JULIE

This is a joke, right?

ADRIAN

Go right ahead and scoff, oh ye of little faith. It's people like you that laughed at Bill Gates when he first tried to get laid. I've gotta tell you, at first I thought they were just another bizarre fringe group, like the republican party. But after interviewing them while Merchant blared in the background I felt like a little asexual reproduction, if you get my drift. So, there might be something to this.

JULIE

I guess the public has a right to know. Are you working on anything new?

ADRIAN

I have a phone interview with Paula Poundstone. She's plugging her new HBO special. After that I figured I would work on a thought piece about the somnolent behavior of overeducated, rapidly aging men with a hint of the Peter Pan syndrome, who are most likely ill prepared as we speed forward into an increasingly complex society, at times, to the point of a sensory overload.

JULIE

So, in other words, you're going to take a nap.

ADRIAN

It's in the consideration pipeline. But that could change if it's a good episode of Scooby-Doo.

JULIE

Well. . .

Julie leans down and kisses Adrian.

JULIE (CONT'D)

. . .whatever happens don't leave the laundry in the basket because the cat will just crawl into it.

ADRIAN

Oh, come on. One day I forgot to fold the clothes and the cat got in. Will I ever live it down?

JULIE

Adrian, you did the same thing three times in the same day.

ADRIAN

Yeah, but, in my defense, I was preoccupied because Jerry had on left-handed, bisexual pot-holder makers who save their pets feces.

JULIE

Oh, Adrian. Where do you come up with this stuff? You're lucky I love you or I'd be forced to put you away.

ADRIAN

Why am I always the one who gets blamed for everything? Blame that Jerry Springer. He's the one who had those menaces to genteel humanity on. But you don't have to worry, I don't watch her anymore. She hit the bottom of the barrel when she had gay republicans on. I mean, come on, who in their right mind would believe such a thing?

JULIE

I've got to go.

Julie and Adrian kiss.

ADRIAN

Have a good presentation. Be careful. So, do you want me to meet you at Johnny D's?

JULIE

No, well, I don't know. It depends on how late the presentation goes. It's going to take over an hour to get there so if it's running late it would be better for me to go straight there. But if it gets out early I'd like to come back and change. So, umm, I don't know.

ADRIAN

Okay, listen, you're cutting into my nap time. Just call me when you're on the road and we'll take it from there.

JULIE

Okay, look at the time. Did you hear a traffic report? It doesn't matter it's going to be horrible.

Julie walks back and kisses Adrian again.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Bye. I'll call you. I love you.

ADRIAN

I love you too, babe.

Julie exits while Adrian sits at the table for a few seconds. he looks up at the clock and jumps up. Begins singing as he walks across to the living room and turns on the TV.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Flintstones, meet the Flintstones they're a modern stone age family. From the town of Bedrock, it's a something, something something a yabba dabado time, we'll have a gay old time. Hmmm, I wonder who was having a gay old time? I always thought Barney had a little prehistoric woody for Fred. But man, I'd pay to watch Betty and Wilma go at it.

Adrian pets BRUTUS, the cat.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you, Brutus?

Adrian sings.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
We'll have a gay old time.

EXT. BRIAN'S BEAT-UP CAR - DAY

Brian, Peter and Steve are sitting in the car parked just off a semi-deserted road. The traffic rate is incredibly slow. Steve is sitting in the back watching for traffic with a pair of binoculars.

PETER
Here we are in the natural habitat of the dreaded perfect murderer. Notice the patience that is a must for this type of predator. They have not moved a foot in the last hour. It seems none of the possible victims who have traveled passed their lair have been the right combination of frailty and desire to die. It seems none of the travelers on this semi-deserted road have had a sign on the side of their vehicle that said, 'Hey, assholes, kill me.' To get to the bottom of this standstill we must ask the perfect killing machine to answer the question that's on the tip of everyone's tongue. . .

BRIAN
. . .would you shut the fuck up?
For the last hour you haven't stopped talking long enough to take a breath. Would you give it a fucking rest?

PETER
Well, would you pick a fucking victim? What the fuck are we waiting for? An ambulance to come by and drop a guy on life support off so we can Kevorkian his tubes?

BRIAN
We have to have a perfect opportunity.

PETER
Perfect opportunity? What was wrong with the blue LTD that passed by with the blonde? What the fuck was wrong with her?

BRIAN

There was a baby in the back.

PETER

Yeah? So? I don't think the baby would have put up too much of a fight.

BRIAN

It just wasn't right. I didn't plan for a kid.

PETER

What's there to plan? You didn't buy diapers? Oh no, you mean you didn't stock up on strained peas?

BRIAN

I've already explained that it has to be a driver alone. That's what the plan calls for and that's what we'll wait for.

PETER

At least twenty cars that fit that description have passed by in the last hour. What was wrong with any of them?

BRIAN

Some of them nothing. But most of them had traffic pretty close. We have to get away with no one seeing us except the victim.

PETER

I think you're full of shit. Just admit it, you're pulling our chain here. You have no intention of killing anyone. You're just hoping that we get bored and tell you to call it off. All right, I'll make it easy for you. Let's get the fuck out of here. My ass hurts and I'm tired and bored. There. I pulled the plug on the murder. You can live in the fantasy of your perfect crime and when you're a drooling old shit you can blame me for spoiling your perfect crime. Let's get the fuck out of here.

BRIAN

Fuck you. If you want to leave then leave. But Steve and I are going to wait here until we get our kill. Isn't that right, Steve?

STEVE

There's a car coming. It's a woman and she's alone. I've never seen the car around here before.

PETER

Let's take this one.

BRIAN

Hold on, she's still too far away. We can't tell. . .

PETER

. . .just fucking take the chance. This is really pissing me off. Are we going to do this or what?

STEVE

She's turning past the farm. Heading our way.

PETER

So, what's it going to be? We taking her or are you going to puss out again?

STEVE

She's about three hundred yards away.

PETER
You're going to wimp out again.
What the fuck are we doing here?

STEVE
She's about to pass us.

PETER
I fucking knew it.

Brian puts the car in gear and races into the road.

PETER (CONT'D)
Fucking yeah. Let's kill that
bitch.

Brian catches up to the car, blows right past and pulls in front. We never see the face of the other driver.

PETER (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, you're going down.

BRIAN
Flip the switch to turn off the
taillights.

Peter flips the toggle switch and Brian slams on the breaks. The other car slams into the reinforced back of Brian's car. A horn blares. Brian pulls his car to the side of the road. The three of them get out and run to the other car. The woman is slumped over the steering wheel. Peter reaches in and pulls her back. Her face is covered in blood. You cannot identify her but it's assumed to be Julie. He pushes her towards the passenger seat.

PETER
Let's get her the fuck out of here.

BRIAN
No. We can't move the car. The
crash put the fan through the
radiator.

PETER
So what? Let's just get her out of
here and proceed to plan two.

BRIAN
No. If we can't move the car the
cops will tear this area apart
looking for her. We have to stick
to the plan. If we can't move the
car, we can't move the victim.

STEVE

I think another car is coming.

BRIAN

Let's go.

Brian and Steve run towards the car. Peter waits behind for a moment. He pulls her up by the hair and punches her in the face while wearing the riot gloves.

PETER

You don't know how lucky you are.

Peter runs back to the car and gets in. They pull away slowly and take the first right.

PETER (CONT'D)

That was pretty cool. Did you see her face? Then when I smacked her with these gloves on it opened up her face like she was hit with an ax.

BRIAN

What the fuck are you doing, asshole? We're not doing this to punch someone in the face.

PETER

After all the time I waited I was going to have some fun. And if punching her in the face was all I was going to get than that's what I'm taking. Fuck it. It was a rush. I thought it was cool. What about you, Steve?

BRIAN

It wasn't cool. It was a total mess. And it's all your fault.

PETER

My fault? Go fuck yourself. If I didn't push you into action we'd still be sitting by the side of the road. I initiated action.

BRIAN

You could have fucked up everything. What if she can place the car? What if she remembers your face when you had to go back and punch her? What if. . .

PETER

. . .what if you just shut the fuck up. There's no way she'll remember anything. She was unconscious. Her face must have hit that steering wheel with some force to crack it like that. I guess you should always wear your seat belt.

BRIAN

This isn't funny. It was a fucked mission from beginning to end. We were going way too fast when we hit. We need to be able to drive the car away so we can't wreck it. And then she was bleeding all over the place. This wasn't clean at all. And, because of this screw-up, we may have to scratch the whole thing.

PETER

What are you talking about? Come on, you can't say that you weren't jazzed by the action. I'm still buzzing.

BRIAN

It's not about that for me. Yes, I was pumped but, like I said before, it's got to be like doing a job. If you go out of control even for a moment you'll make mistakes. And you did.

PETER

Get out of my face. I did more of what we set out to do than you. To me, you're still just talk. I'm the one who walked the walk.

BRIAN

Oh yeah, that was real brave to punch an unconscious woman in the face. There's a real tough guy for you.

PETER

It's more than you've experienced.

BRIAN

I've punched people in the face before. The only difference was that I didn't wait until they were knocked out.

PETER

Fuck you.

BRIAN

And by needing that experience you could have fucked up the whole thing.

PETER

Don't be so 'B' movie, will ya? We got away without a trace.

BRIAN

And what do we have to show for it? I don't even know how much damage is done to this car.

PETER

You reinforced the entire back. There won't be a fucking scratch. You're just too fucking paranoid.

BRIAN

Right. We go to pull off the kill and, because the back of our car has a spot of paint from another car or a couple of dents, a cop sees it and pulls us over.

PETER

And what? What proof would they have? Lots cars have dents.

BRIAN

But it's a situation that has to be factored in.

PETER

Then why don't we just pull it off now? Look, a car's coming up behind us. Let's slow down, take them and have some fun.

BRIAN

No. We're going back to the house and regroup.

PETER

Great. What that means is that you'll spend the next year bitching about how I fucked up your master plan. You suck. This is never going to be anything more than a jerk off. Let's forget the whole thing before you start pissing me off again.

BRIAN

Fuck you. Let's just check the damage, see what happens with that woman and, if everything's cool, we'll do it tonight.

PETER

There's still an if in there.

BRIAN

There's always going to be an if in there. We fucked up this time because I let you talk me into rushing. No more. We have to do it my way. The safe way.

PETER

The perfect way.

BRIAN

Don't get fucking sarcastic with me. You don't know how much I want to do this. But I also don't want to spend the rest of my life in jail. Is that what you want? Do you want to be doing life? Because if that's what you want let's just stop the car right here.

Brian slams on the breaks and pulls the car over.

PETER

What the fuck are you doing?

STEVE

Brian, what are you doing? Let's just get home.

BRIAN

Do you just want a kill? Is that all you want, Peter? Any haphazard kill will do for you? It doesn't matter if you do time? You just want the taste? It doesn't matter if it's a moment of insanity? Is that it? Because if it is. . .

Brian pulls a gun out of his coat and points it at Steve.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

. . .let's just blow Steve's brain's out right here. It'd be a kill. Is that all you want?

PETER

Put the fucking gun down, you asshole. You've made your fucking point. And, no, I don't want to do time. I'll do it your way.

Brian pulls the gun away from Steve's face and drops it in Steve's lap.

BRIAN

I'm sorry Steve. I was just trying to make a point.

STEVE

Point taken.

They sit there quietly for a moment. Slowly, Brian puts the car in gear and pulls back to the street. They drive back to the house in silence.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Adrian is at his computer and on the phone.

ADRIAN

This is odd. She can't be there yet but there's no answer on her car phone. Maybe she turned it off.

Adrian hangs up the phone.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh well, I would have just wasted time talking to her when I could be working. Life moves forward.

He searches through his papers looking for a telephone number. Finds it and picks up the phone. Waits for the other person to answer.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Hi, this Adrian Holt from Eclectic Wave, is Paula there? Pause. Hi Paula. Is this a good time for the interview?

(Pause)

Great. Let me get my notes. I've got to tell you, my wife and I were at the taping of the special and it was great. No one interacts with a crowd as well as you do.

(Pause)

Yeah, I agree. Kevin Meaney's good too. But the connection you have with your audience is great. Okay, here we go. I've got to tell you that I am going to be taping this conversation for my records. Well, that and I have the memory of dust. Is that all right with you?

(Pause)

Great. Let's get to it. So, Paula, it seems that since you've adopted kids you've all but erased references of your cats from your act. Is that something you've done consciously or is it just a natural progression of your material as your life changes? Or did you finally come to the conclusion that cats are horrid little creatures that exist to suck the will to live from their owners?

(Pause)

How'd you know we owned a cat?

INT. BRIAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Steve walks in carrying groceries.

STEVE

I talked to my cousin on the force and he said the woman is okay. They stitched her up and the hospital's keeping her overnight for observation. She said she doesn't know what she hit. I guess when she hit us she had her head down looking for something and never saw us. They're writing it off as a one car accident. They think it was an animal because the only pieces on the ground were from her car.

BRIAN

Did you come right out and ask him about it?

STEVE

No, I wouldn't do that. You know this is a small town and anything that happens is all over the place. They can't wait to talk about it. He was on a detail at the grocery store.

BRIAN

Great. The car had almost no damage. The steel reinforcement and Plexiglas light fixtures stood up to their test. Big fucking deal. Do you think we should just bag this?

STEVE

No, you've planned everything out and the moment we abandoned it we ran into trouble. Just let Peter run his mouth and we'll keep the plan the way it is.

BRIAN

That 'Wild Kingdom' shit really pissed me off.

STEVE

He's always been like that.

BRIAN

But it still pissed me off. Doesn't he know how hard we've worked to make this a flawless plan. When I pulled the gun on you, you knew that I'd never hurt you, right?

STEVE

Yeah. Effective way to get your point across though.

BRIAN

I was out of control. I fucking hate when he gets me like that.

STEVE

Forget about it.

BRIAN

When I was pointing the gun at you I had to fight real hard not to blow his fucking brains out.

STEVE

It's okay, Brian, it's almost over.

Peter enters.

PETER

What's going on? You know, you two are so close it worries me.

BRIAN

Just worry about yourself tonight.

PETER

I'm ready. When are we going to hit it? We've got to get going. It'll be dark soon.

BRIAN

We've still got a couple of hours. We'll get something quick to eat and then we'll go.

PETER

This is going to be great. You know the only thing that I'm bummed about? That we can't tape it. Wouldn't you love to be able to watch it over and over? Can we at least take some pictures?

BRIAN

You really are a fucking moron. Haven't we gone over this a thousand fucking times?

STEVE

Relax, Brian. I think he's just going over a wish list.

PETER

Yeah, that's all it is. Chill the fuck out. I'm just talking.

BRIAN

Too much if you ask me.

PETER

Oh, this coming from a guy who's talked about the same fucking thing for a year.

BRIAN

Yeah, but at least it's not the inane ramblings of some directionless dickhead.

PETER

Who are you calling a dickhead, you dickhead?

BRIAN

Who do you think. . .

STEVE

. . .oh cut the shit out. Would you two shut up and go watch TV until dinner. You're really spoiling this day for me. Now get the fuck out of here.

Brian and Peter exit.

PETER

I knew you were starting to get on his nerves.

BRIAN

Me? You're the biggest pain in the ass in the world. You're always talking trash and I know for a fact that it gets on Steve's nerves.

PETER

Oh, and what about you, mister redundant? Don't you think that he's heard enough about your master plan to burst an aneurysm?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Adrian at his computer and on the phone.

ADRIAN

Mo, let me go over this one more time. I go through the entire process, including drinking a beer while standing on my head that you suggested, and this damn article still won't upload to the office.

(Pause)

Of course I'm sending it to the correct destination. It says right here, oh, umm.

(Pause)

Oh stop your damn gloating. At least I've touched something that isn't made of plastic this decade.

(Pause)

Oh please, I don't want to listen to that.

(Pause)

Yeah, I'm sure you and Naomi Campbell discussed colonics.

(Pause)

I am not being sarcastic. I know that it wasn't some thirty-eight year old accountant from Scranton. No way. I'm sure all the accountants from Scranton were out at a fabulous party last night and were way too busy to confab about colonics for the thirty-second Wednesday in a row.

(Pause)

Yeah, well, at least the thought police won't be crashing down my firewall while perfecting a one handed typing method.

(Pause)

No matter what kind of spin you put on it, I don't think it's a true skill to be able to type sixty words a minute with one hand on a slippery keyboard.

(Pause)

All right, Mo, I'll probably talk to you later to make sure the article was received.

(Pause)

See ya.

Adrian hangs up the phone and sends his file.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have to work harder to send the file than write it.

Technology, making the world better
for the forty-seven geeks who
understand it.

Adrian picks up the phone and dials Julie's car.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
She'd better be on the road now if
we're ever going to get to the
show.
(Pause)
Finally. I was beginning to worry
that something happened to you.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Julie is talking on the phone.

JULIE
I just got out. This was the most
arduous trip of my life.

ADRIAN
Tough audience?

JULIE
No, they were great but the trip in
was a mess. An accident tied up
traffic while every one of these
yokel cops took a measurement or a
photo. It was just a mess.

Julie pauses half expecting some sympathy from Julie. After a
short pause she sees it's not in the offing so she gets to
her point.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Listen, let me get on the road and
I'll call you when I have some idea
of how long it'll take me to get
there.

ADRIAN
Okay, but you've got to hurry if
you're going to give me enough time
to get into Somerville.

JULIE
I'll call you as soon as I know. I
love you.

ADRIAN
Love you too.

They hang up their phones.

Adrian turns his attention to his computer and starts typing.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Well, it looks like I'll have some
time. I wonder what's going on in
the courtroom of Judge Mills Lane
today.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian, Peter and Steve are getting ready to go.

BRIAN
So we've all got this straight. No
fuck-ups this time, right?

PETER
What are you both looking at me
for?

BRIAN
I just want to make sure that you
understand what's going to happen
and what your job is.

PETER
Perfectly. You pick the victim,
crash, get out feigning sorrow and
I walk around and punch the victim
in the face. Is that about it?

BRIAN
Just about. Remember that you'll be
wearing the riot gloves so you
really don't have to punch them
that hard. Just enough to stun them
to get them in the car.

PETER
Yeah, yeah, I'll try to contain my
superhuman strength.

BRIAN
And then what do you do?

PETER
I've got it, okay? Just back off
here.

BRIAN
Humor me. Let me hear it.

STEVE

Come on, Peter. It'll make him feel better.

PETER

Get off my back. I've got it, okay? It's not that big a fucking plan. Let's just fucking do it.

BRIAN

It has to be done flawlessly or we're screwed. The only time that we're in total danger of being caught is in the moments after the crash. So, especially then, we can't have any fuck-ups.

PETER

Don't worry. I got your back.

BRIAN

That's supposed to make me feel better?

PETER

Fuck you.

They walk into the garage, Brian and Peter get into the car. Steve opens the garage door. Brian pulls the car into the driveway and waits for Steve as he shuts the garage door and gets into the back seat.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Julie on a rural road trying to get back to the highway. She's obviously lost.

JULIE

Fuck. These assholes live around here and even they don't know how to get the fuck out. Shit. Maybe that's why they've lived in this fucking place all of their lives.

Julie drives looking for any way out. She bangs the steering wheel.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Shit. I think that was the exit the guy said I should take. This is a fucking nightmare. All I need now is to see some albino strumming a banjo and my day will be complete.

Julie takes the next exit.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Brian, Peter and Steve in the car on the side of an abandoned road. Peter is fidgety. Peter turns the station on the radio. Leans back in his seat. Leans up and changes the station again.

BRIAN

Would you pick a station and stick to it?

PETER

The reception in this pit sucks. We can barely pick up any of the good stations from Boston and the only local stations play that classic rock shit.

BRIAN

And what's wrong with classic rock? Boston's first album wasn't amazing. More Than A Feeling. Rock And Roll Band. Those are great fucking songs. Remember when we saw them at the Centrum? When they played there for like nine nights. You can't say that wasn't great.

PETER

Yeah, it was great. For my brother's generation. That's what's wrong with everything. Nothing's our own. I mean, how do I know you came up with this? You could just be ripping off an old Quincy episode. 'Tonight on Quincy, The Loser Hick and His Master Plan'. And what about our so called music? Oh yeah, this shit is real alternative. I'm sorry, haven't we already covered the mohawk, anarchy, strategically torn jeans with safety pins through your cheeks look? The only thing I have to look forward to with this lame re-punking of America is the first Hootie OD. The only problem with that is in twenty years they'll be some kid not even born yet will wear a t-shirt with some Hootie looking motherfucker on it like some of our friends wear the Syd Vicious ones. I'm sorry but get famous as a dead, loser junkie is.

. .

BRIAN

. . .do you ever just shut the fuck up? Can you sit there quietly for, let's say, two fucking minutes? I'm trying to concentrate on the job at hand and all I hear is the static of your sprinting mouth.

PETER

I'm bored. And when I'm bored I'd rather have the babble that spews out of my mouth than the supposed brilliance that emits from your short circuiting brain. How much longer are we going to sit here freezing our asses off?

BRIAN

I thought you were going to be well behaved this time? I thought you weren't going to bust my balls this time? I thought you were just going to shut up and do your job this time?

PETER

All right, point taken. But I'm still going to keep changing the radio until I find something that doesn't suck.

Peter leans in and changes the station and the station he picks plays the opening from Boston's 'More Than A Feeling' before he switches.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sometimes you just can't fucking win.

BRIAN

Nope, the best you can hope for is to come out alive.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Julie driving on a road just off the highway. She can see the highway from where she is but she can't find the exit. She is dialing the phone.

JULIE

Well, if this isn't the most frustrating moment of my day.

Julie picks up the phone and dials Adrian who is now sleeping on the couch in the living room.

The ringing phone startles him. His movement causes Brutus to jump away.

ADRIAN

Hello.

JULIE

You were asleep.

ADRIAN

No I wasn't. I was working.

JULIE

That's right, you're doing research on the somnolent behavior of worthless, lazy shits.

ADRIAN

Hey, I take umbrage to that remark. I may have had a few lazy ones, but I've never had a worthless shit.

JULIE

Well, I can't tell you how happy I am to hear this.

ADRIAN

Are you close to home?

JULIE

Only if you moved us to the boondocks while I was away. I'm still in, where the hell am I? I'm in Charlton. And do you know what the worst part is?

ADRIAN

Charlton is lowest and charcoal is why?

JULIE

Spare me, okay? The worst part is that from where I am right now I can see the fucking highway filled with other urban travelers driving as fast as they can out of this fucking wasteland. You wouldn't believe this. To my left is a major U.S. highway. To my right is a fucking llama farm.

ADRIAN

Aww, cool. Can we get a llama? I know Brutus would like it. I'll take care of it, I promise.

JULIE

Would you stop being an asshole. I'm really pissed off now. I asked this guy from the meeting for directions and he sent me 'the easy way.' When he said take a left at the old Fay farm I should have been clued in.

Adrian gets off the couch and begins walking to the computer room.

ADRIAN

Okay, relax, let me check the computer for the best route out of there and we'll have you doing urbane things in no time.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brian, Peter and Steve waiting in Brian's CAR on the side of the road.

PETER

So I told Leslie that if she didn't want to go she didn't have to. Are you two listening to me?

STEVE

Intently. Riveted. Immersed.

BRIAN

Yeah. We have no choice since you broke the fucking radio with all your jabbing at it.

PETER

Well if you'd have only spent half the time fixing the inside of this murder mobile as you did the outside accidents like that wouldn't have happened.

STEVE

Just try to control yourself for a little while longer. The victim will be here soon.

PETER

Oh, wait. What did I hear you say? That we'll only be sitting in this uncomfortable car for a little while longer?

(To Steve)

Did you hear that? I can't believe it, can you? No, I just didn't hear that for the tenth time in the last two fucking hours. No. There's no way our honorable king of homicidal maniacs could have repeated himself for the tenth time. No. I think he just did it to piss me off. I think he's teasing me. What do you think, Steve? Do you think that there is a possibility that this could be true? Or do you think that the perfect murder he has in mind is where the three of us die of old fucking age in this piece of shit car?

BRIAN

Are you done?

(Pause)

Good, now I've been watching the road and this car has been driving back and forth on Northside Road. I could be wrong, but I'd guess that they're lost and trying to get back to the highway.

PETER

Wow, what a discovery, Columbus.

STEVE

He's right, Peter. I have noticed the same car passing by a lot.

PETER

Well? If that's a fact then why the fuck aren't we tracking down our prey?

BRIAN

Gee, Peter, why didn't I think of that?

Peter slumps into the seat.

PETER

Because you're a sarcastic, stupid asshole. Just get a move on before we lose it.

Brian pulls the car into the deserted road.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Julie's talking on the phone to Adrian who is sitting at his computer.

ADRIAN

It says that from Northside Road if you take a right onto Old Sturbridge Road you the first left onto Ram's Horn Road and go straight from there and, ta da, hit the highway.

JULIE

That sounds like it's in the total opposite direction. It sounds like you're forcing me deeper into the bowels of cowville.

ADRIAN

You know that this computer map has never let us down in the past. But, you never know, it could be lying to us this time. It may want me all to itself. You know, it has mentioned to me in email that sometimes, not all the time mind you, but sometimes your fingernails scratch when you type.

JULIE

Back off, joke boy. Just get me the hell out of here.

ADRIAN

Okay, but first a question. Don't you think Bowels Of Cowville would make a great name for a band?

JULIE

Oh Adrian. You seriously frighten me sometimes.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brian, Peter and Steve driving past Julie as she takes the right.

PETER

Oh fuck, she's turning. Don't fucking lose her.

Brian slowly makes the turn.

PETER (CONT'D)

She must be heading to Ram's Horn to get back to the highway. Step on it and go down. . .

BRIAN

. . .I know where to fucking go, Peter. I don't need any of your help right now.

PETER

Well, just get this piece of shit moving. If we lose her because you were to fucking slow to make a decision. . .

BRIAN

. . .my decision was made at the perfect time. Now shut the fuck up and get ready to do your job.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Julie talking on the phone to Adrian who is in his OFFICE sitting at his computer.

ADRIAN

Are you there yet?

JULIE

This isn't like Rockport, Adrian. Every street I've been on in this area is about fifty miles long. And there's no way I'm going to go over the speed limit and let some smelly old cop have a reason to pull me over.

ADRIAN

Well, once you hit the highway the computer says that it'll take you about an hour to get to Somerville so I'll plan on meeting you at Johnny D's.

JULIE

I really don't want to do it that way, I'm sick of driving and if you take your car. . .

ADRIAN

. . .relax, oh exhausted warrior of the roadways. I've already thought of that. I'll take the commuter train that leaves Rockport at 7:40, get off at North Station, change to the Orange Line, get off at Downtown Crossing, walk to the Red Line and get off at Davis Square. And Johnny D's is right across the street.

JULIE

Isn't that a pain in the. . . whoa.

ADRIAN

I'm sorry, honey. I don't know
where my whoa is.

JULIE

No, it was this car. I got to the
intersection just as this car flew
across.

ADRIAN

They must like smelly old cops.

JULIE

I'll be glad when this day is over
and I'm getting down with C.J. . .

SND FX Small Fender Bender

Julie slightly bangs her head on the steering wheel. It
wasn't hard enough to activate her air bag.

JULIE (CONT'D)

. . .oh shit.

ADRIAN

Julie? What happened? Julie? Julie!

JULIE

Oh shit. Adrian. Oh shit.

ADRIAN

Julie, are you all right?

JULIE

Yeah, I'm okay. Just banged my head
a little. I didn't even see that
car. I guess I wasn't paying
attention. Oh shit. I must have
been going faster than I thought.
Hold on, let me see what's going
on.

Julie gets out of the car and accidentally drops the phone on
the street. Adrian can hear all the conversations that go on.

ADRIAN

Julie. Julie. Shit.

Julie walks to the front of her car. There is very little
damage.

Brian is standing on the driver side looking at the damage. He looks up and smiles at Julie. Peter is between the cars. Steve is sitting in the back seat.

BRIAN
Are you all right?

JULIE
Yes, I just got a bump on my head.
Is everyone there okay?

BRIAN
Yeah, you barely touched us.

JULIE
What about the guy still in the car?

BRIAN
Oh, he's fine. He just gets nervous over the simplest things.

JULIE
Well, I'm a little shaken up myself. I'm glad that everyone's okay. Do you want to exchange papers now? We can pull off to the side of the. . .

Peter steps over and punches Julie in the face. She falls knocked out. Peter starts dancing around triumphant. Brian is annoyed.

PETER
Yeah. Did you see that smack? She went down like a fucking rock? She ain't getting up. Yeah.

ADRIAN
Julie. Julie what the fuck is going on?

Brian drags Julie to his car.

BRIAN
You could fucking help, asshole.

Brian arrives at the car.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Open the door, Steve. Fuck. Can't you two do anything that was planned? We don't have much time to get the fuck back to the house.

Steve opens the door and helps drag Julie into the back seat. Brian slams the door shut.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Now get in the car and follow me
slowly back to the house.

Brian turns towards the car and gets in. Peter turns and heads towards Julie's car. Just before he gets in he kicks the phone. He picks it up and gets in the car.

PETER
Hey, who the fuck is this?

ADRIAN
Who the fuck is this? What the
fuck's going on? Where's Julie?
What the fuck's happening there?
What's happened to Julie?

PETER
First you answer me. Who the fuck
are you?

ADRIAN
What have you done with Julie? I'll
fucking kill you if you touch her.

PETER
Hey, you're a pretty funny guy.
You'll kill me. That's a good one.
What are you going to do? Slam the
phone down really, really hard? I
don't know if that'll work,
asshole. So now, why don't you
listen to me you stupid fucking
twit and I'll tell you what you're
going to do. You're going to answer
my questions and maybe I'll tell
you what's happened and is going to
happen to the bitch. If you don't
cooperate me and my friends here
will just ice her pretty little ass
now. Would you like that?

ADRIAN
No.

PETER

I didn't think so. So now, just do me this favor and answer my one simple question. . .

(Yelling)

. . .who the fuck are you?

ADRIAN

I'm her husband, Adrian.

PETER

Oh man, this is great. Adrian, my man, you are in for one unforgettable evening.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brian, Steve and Julie in the car. Julie is in the back struggling with Steve. Her hands are already tied behind her back. Steve is trying to put a gag in her mouth.

JULIE

You're going to prison for this, you know. And do you know what they do to little fucks like you in prison? They'll rip the shit out of you. You don't want that to happen, do you? You little fuck. Brave fucking asshole.

BRIAN

Steve, would you get the gag in her fucking mouth. She's starting to get on my nerves.

STEVE

I'm trying.

Brian reaches back and smacks her in the face.

BRIAN

Would you shut the fuck up, lady? This can be a simple experience or we can make it difficult on you.

JULIE

You can make it difficult on me? Who writes your dialog? You've seen too many shitty movies. Just let me go now and we'll forget about this. I'll just catch a cab from here.

BRIAN

Steve, can you shut her up or what?

STEVE

If you think it's so fucking easy
why don't you try and do it?

JULIE

Yeah, tough guy, why don't you try
to do it? How come you send this
little shit back here? What's a
matter, you can't do anything
yourself? You had to have that
other guy punch me and try to tie
me up.

BRIAN

Do you want me to shut you up? Is
that what you want?

JULIE

Don't make me laugh.

Brian slams on the breaks and pulls the car over. He spins
around and sticks a gun in Julie's face. She's shocked.

BRIAN

Is this enough for you? How come
you're not laughing now?

(To Steve)

Put the fucking gag in her mouth
and tie her legs. I think it'll be
easy now.

Steve hurriedly puts the gag in and starts to tie up her legs
as Brian talks to Julie.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Because if she opens her fucking
mouth or moves a fucking muscle
I'll stain her brains all over your
pants. Do you think I'll do it?
Julie nods yes and Brian continues
to address her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Now, do you see why I let other
people do things? Because sometimes
I over react.

Steve finishes tying her legs and Brian hands the gun to
Steve.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Keep this pointed at her head. If she moves just fucking waste her. She's getting to be more trouble than it's worth.

Peter honks the horn.

PETER

What the fuck are they doing? I sure as hell hope they're not having any fun with her yet. Hey, Adrian, do you know what I mean by fun?

ADRIAN

Why are you doing this? What did she ever do to you? You tell me what you want and I'll get it to you. Tell me what you want, whatever it is, and you can have it. Just let Julie go.

PETER

Aww, isn't that nice.

Brian pulls out and Peter follows.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh good, they're going. What was I saying? Oh yeah, aren't you a nice guy? Offering your worldly possessions in exchange for the life of your wife. It gives me a warm feeling deep down in the cockles of my heart.

ADRIAN

Then why don't you go with that and let her go?

PETER

You know, Adrian, you seem like a real nice guy. And you know what?

ADRIAN

What?

PETER

I fucking hate nice guys. Do you know why? Everything comes so easy in their life. Have you ever thought of that? That you're nice because you've had a nice, careful, loving life. Do you know why I'm not a nice guy? Of course you fucking don't. And do you know why? Because happy little fucks like you think guys like me are scum. Oh sure, it's okay for us to fix your fucking piece of shit cars or mow your perfect lawns, but you could never talk to us as people or even look at us as if we were human. No. No fucking way. You've always treated guys like me like so much shit on your shoes. That's why I'm not a nice guy and why I'm going to do not nice things to you wife.

ADRIAN

You don't know anything about my life. I've worked for everything I've ever got. No one's ever handed me anything.

PETER

So what. You're still a nice guy and that means that most of your life has been surrounded by nice. Do you know what it's like to have your father come home and get sick of beating your mother so he stops by your room?

ADRIAN

No.

PETER

And can you imagine in your manicured little brain what happens when you're shipped out of that pit and into another? Another fucking trough. Do you know the only difference between the two? I didn't get the shit kicked out of me every other day. Oh no, bruises are visible. So, instead of getting my head beat in they'd just use me like a sex doll. How'd you like that? You ever had the person who was supposed to be taking you away from terror inject their own version of it into you? Of course not. You fucking make me sick.

Peter starts honking the horn wildly and signaling Brian to pull over into a liquor store parking lot.

BRIAN

What the fuck does he want? What is he, insane? What the fuck.

Steve Just keep going. Let him stop here. Get back to the house.

PETER

Why don't you hold on here for a minute, Adrian. I'm just going to check with my partners here.

Peter starts to put the phone down then changes his mind.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, if, for any reason, this line goes dead I can guarantee you right now that we'll kill her immediately. Do you want to keep her alive?

ADRIAN

Yes.

PETER

Then keep this line open and hope there's no drop out.

Peter puts the phone down and exits the car. He meets with Brian at the side of the liquor store.

BRIAN

What the fuck are you doing? If you've forgotten, we have a hostage in the back of the fucking car.

PETER

I haven't forgotten. I just wanted to get some beer and give you some great news.

BRIAN

Get some beer? You're jeopardize everything so you can pick up a six pack?

PETER

Actually, I'm getting a case. But forget about that. I've got some great news for you.

BRIAN

Would you make it quick. I really don't like being here right now.

PETER

Guess what I've got in the car?

BRIAN

Oh, what the fuck? Would you stop this stupid shit and tell me what you're getting at.

PETER

A phone.

BRIAN

A phone. You pulled me to the side of the road so you could tell me there's a phone in the car. whoop-fucking-ie. I've got to say that you are the stupidest fuck I've ever met in my life.

PETER

Fuck you. You have no idea what's on the phone.

BRIAN

Gee, let me guess. Numbers?

PETER

Nope. Well, yeah, but that's not what I'm talking about.

BRIAN

Peter, I'm out of here. This little stop could have fucked up everything.

Brian starts to walk away.

PETER

Okay, I guess you don't want to know that I have her husband on the phone.

Brian stops and runs back towards Peter. Brian grabs Peter and slams him into the wall.

BRIAN

You what? You have her fucking husband on the phone? What the fuck did you do? Hit redial? What made you call her husband? Don't you know that cell phones can be traced to location? What the fuck am I doing here? He's probably calling the cops right now. That's it, it's over.

PETER

Give me some credit, okay? I told him not to hang up or we'd kill her. Pretty smart, don't you think? I know Adrian has a white knuckled grip on the phone right now. He ain't going to let that phone go.

BRIAN

You mean he's still on the phone?

PETER

Yeah, I figured if he was still on the phone we couldn't call the cops. And, this is the best part for me, he gets to listen while we fuck with his wife.

BRIAN

No way. You're a major fuck up. I'm out of here. I'm going to just slit her throat and get the fuck gone. Brian starts to walk away.

Peter grabs him.

PETER

No way. Listen to me. I've followed every stupid little detail of your plan, so now you're going to let me add a little something to the festivities.

BRIAN

You're adding a fucking witness.

PETER

No way. We just won't use our names. It's a flawless fucking plan. We get to kill her and fuck with her husbands head. Come on, Bri, we get to seriously fuck up two lives for the price of one. What a deal. Come on man. This'll be great.

Brian doesn't seem that convinced and Peter sees that.

PETER (CONT'D)

Because, uh, if you don't do it I'm just going to go back to that car and tell the guy everything.

BRIAN

And in the process you'll give yourself up.

PETER

I'll tell him it was your idea. And we all know it was. Adrian will believe me when I tell him that you were sitting behind me with a gun to my head and made me say all those things to him. All I have to do is run back there and say I escaped and give him all your information. Come on, Bri, the clock is ticking. Someone could come by in a minute and see Steve struggling with that woman in the car. What do you say?

BRIAN

You're dangerous.

Brian starts to walk to the car.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
But we can't hold onto the phone
for too long. I don't want to press
our luck.

PETER
I promise. As soon as I've had a
little fun we'll dump the phone.

Peter watches Brian get into the car and drive away.

PETER (CONT'D)
Yes!

Peter runs into the package store.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brian, Steve and Julie in Brian's car.

STEVE
What was that all about?

BRIAN
I'll tell you later.

STEVE
Tell me now. This bitch was kicking
the shit out of me while you two
had a fun little conversation.

BRIAN
Why didn't you just shoot her?

STEVE
Oh please. She knows that I'm not
going to shoot her. I've hit her
with it a few times but that only
seems to piss her off.

BRIAN
Give me the fucking gun.

Brian pulls the gun away from Steve and shoots Julie in the
foot.

STEVE
Oh shit. What the fuck are you
doing? You could have killed
someone. Oh man, my fucking ears.

BRIAN
Hey, hey you.

Julie opens her eyes from a pained expression and focuses on the back of Brian's head.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
If you don't shut the fuck up I'll
not only kill you but I'll also
kill Adrian.

A shocked expression crosses Julie's face.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, we know everything about you.
Now, if you just cooperate and do
what we say, everything'll be fine.
Is that okay with you?

Julie nods.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Good. Now shut the fuck up until we
get to where we're going.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

Peter running to the car from the liquor store with a case of beer. He opens the door and puts the case on the passenger seat. He sits down and picks up the phone.

PETER
Hey, Adrian, my man. How's it
going?
(Pause)
Adrian? Are you still there.
Adrian? That's it guy, she's dead.

ADRIAN
No, wait, I'm here.

PETER
Yeah, well, let's not scare me like
that again. I'd like nothing more
than to spoil the rest of your
life, if you get my drift.

ADRIAN

Yeah, I get your drift. But I think I should tell you that I know where Julie was when she called. She was in Charlton and she was heading towards Ram's Horn Road to get back to the highway. It shouldn't take Colombo to figure out where you are.

PETER

Adrian, Adrian, Adrian. Do you think we're stupid? Is that it? You and you're little wife think you're smarter than us. Is that it, Adrian? You stupid fuck. That's it. You may know where we are but that probably won't do you much good when I put a fucking bullet in her head. Will it now, Adrian? Well, let's see who the smart one is now, Adrian.

Peter affects an Al Pacino/Tony Montana's accent in 'Scarface'.

PETER (CONT'D)

Say good-bye to your little friend.

ADRIAN

No, don't. I was only saying. . .

PETER

. . .saying what, you piece of shit? That you know where we are? Do you think we're so stupid that we'd grab someone in our fucking neighborhood? Is that what you're saying, Adrian? That you don't think we have enough brain cells to snatch someone miles away from where we live? Man, and I thought we had some mutual respect going. Well, I guess not.

ADRIAN

No, I do respect you. I was just babbling. Don't hurt her.

PETER
You make me sick.
(Pause)
Let me ask you a question. Is this
the most frightened you've ever
been in your entire life?

ADRIAN
Yes.

PETER
It's only going to get worse,
asshole.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brian dragging a struggling Julie down the stairs.

BRIAN
Listen, this can be a lot easier if
you'd just stop fighting.

Julie continues to fight.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Would you knock it off?

Brian gets agitated and pushes Julie down the stairs.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Is this what you want?

Brian hurries down the stairs and picks Julie head up.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
That must have hurt. See? If you
keep busting my balls I'm going to
have to keep beating you down.

Brian drags Julie across the basement and throws her into the
salon chair.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm telling you right now that if
you cooperate it will be easier.
But if you don't this is going to
become an amazingly ugly scene.

Brian puts his face right next to Julie's.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
And is that what you want?

Julie head butts Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You fucking. . .

Brian punches Julie hard enough to knock her out of the chair.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck is your problem?
You're just going to piss me off
all night, aren't you? I can't wait
to get this fucking shit over with.

Brian picks Julie up and throws her back into the chair.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm going to tell you this just one
more time. If you don't bust my
fucking balls this will all be over
shortly. But if you fuck with me,
I've got to tell you, I'll take
totally unnecessary measure to make
you wish you woke up dead this
morning.

Brian punches Julie in the face again.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Do we understand each other or am I
going to have to give you a bite
sized sample?

Julie tries to kick Brian and he laughs.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You know, I've got to give you
credit. You're a fighter. And, as
with most people who stand up for
themselves you're going to have to
be taught a lesson.

Julie continues fighting as Brian puts handcuffs that are attached to the chair around her ankles. He spins the chair around and unties her hands then handcuffs the, to the arms of the chair.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Now, have you learned your lesson?

Brian stands up and turns to find Steve standing behind him.

STEVE

Well, I'm glad to see that you didn't waste any time making things easy.

BRIAN

I'm sorry. I sure as hell didn't expect to have someone fight so damn hard. She's wearing my ass out.

STEVE

What did you think she was going to do? Stick out her jugular vein and say kill me?

BRIAN

No, but I also figured that by the time we knocked her out that would mostly be over.

STEVE

Just your luck, you kidnapped someone with a spine.

Peter comes running down the stairs.

PETER

I hope you guys didn't start without me.

Peter rushes over to Julie and sees her bleeding slightly.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh man, that's a harsh beginning.
(To Adrian)
You should see this, Adrian. My boys here are settling into their anti-social behavior.

ADRIAN

Let me talk to her. Let me talk to Julie.

PETER

I don't think she's in a very talkative mood right now, Adrian. What do you think, Brian? Do you think Julie here is in a talkative mood? Brian grabs the phone from Peter and puts his hand over the mouthpiece.

BRIAN

What the fuck are you doing? Don't use any names, shithead.

Peter grabs the phone back.

PETER

Fuck you, Brian. What the fuck's he going to do, Brian? So what. He knows your first name. Big fucking deal. What's he going to do? Take out an APB on all existing Brian's? I don't fucking think so. Ain't that right, Adrian?

ADRIAN

Whatever you say.

PETER

See? I told you Adrian was a great guy. Hey Adrian, listen to this.

Peter puts the phone near Julie's face and punches her.

PETER (CONT'D)

Owww, do you know what that sickening sound was? It was my fist getting stopped by your wife's face. Man, I bet you've wanted to do that to her a few times, haven't you? But hey, you don't have to thank me. My pleasure to help a bud.

ADRIAN

Why are you doing this? Can anyone there please tell me why you're doing this?

PETER

Hey, Bri, Adrian here wants to know why we're doing this. Seeing that it was your idea why don't you tell him.

Peter tosses the phone to a visibly pissed off Brian who puts his hand over the mouthpiece and address Peter.

BRIAN

Would you knock off this fucking grandstanding? You're making this more difficult.

Brian puts the phone to his ear and talks to Adrian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Ahh, it's Adrian, isn't it?

ADRIAN

Yes. And you're Brian. You must be the brains of this event. You don't have to do this. Just drop her off at a hospital and we'll forget this whole thing happened. I know you know that other guy

(Pause)

what was his name?

BRIAN

Peter.

ADRIAN

Yeah, Peter.

Adrian writes Peter's name down.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I know you're aware that he's a little unstable.

BRIAN

Gee, when did you come to that conclusion?

ADRIAN

He's going to be the reason you get caught. So, why don't you just stop right here. Don't get yourself deeper than you already are.

BRIAN

It's too late.

Brian tosses the phone towards Julie. It lands in her lap.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And here's the proof.

Brian rushes towards Julie and punches her in the face.

PETER

Oh man, what a fucking shot. You should have been here for that one, Adrian. Oh, wait. In a way, you were. Does that make you an accomplice?

Peter and Brian begin walking around Julie touching the body parts that they menacingly mention.

PETER (CONT'D)

So you'll have to take some of the blame when we make her eyes too bloody to see.

BRIAN

That might be on the downside, but we've got to mention the advantages. Like, her nose job comes at no extra cost.

PETER

Quite a savings there, wouldn't you say, Adrian? And she won't be needing one of those expensive and dangerous collagen injections for her lips.

BRIAN

She may need some major dental work though.

PETER

There's good and bad about everything. And you know that the surgery to reconstruct her pretty little jaw is going to run into some cash. I'm not trying to make this sound worse, Adrian, but is your medical insurance up to date?

BRIAN

Seeing that Adrian here is an accomplice, don't you think we should get his opinion on this adventure?

PETER

I don't know, it may be easier if he remembers these beautiful curves, this flat stomach, this warm. . .

BRIAN

. . .hey, hey, let's not get distracted.

PETER

It's so difficult not to. This is one fine looking woman, Adrian. How'd a do nothing piece of shit like you ever get a babe so gorgeous? Do you have an answer for that, Adrian?

Adrian doesn't answer.

BRIAN

Gee what a surprise. He has nothing to say.

PETER

Now we know who owns the balls in this family, don't we?

Peter reaches between her legs.

PETER (CONT'D)

See what kind of jerk you married, Julie? That was your mistake. Marrying a do nothing guy like him when you could have had a man of action like me. Just think, if you'd done that you wouldn't be in this situation right now. Life's full of choices, isn't it, Julie.

BRIAN

What do you say we let her have a few last words with her husband before we sit down and plot out our next step.

PETER

I don't know. It might be better for Adrian if he remembers how she sounded before we crush her larynx.

Peter and Brian laugh as they walk around Julie touching, spinning and slapping her.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Adrian at his computer listening to the intimidation over the speaker phone while trying to get Mo to answer a page over the computer system.

ADRIAN

Oh fuck, this is sickness. Come on. Be there. Come on you bastard.

Typed onto computer screen.

MO
What's the urgency?

Typed onto computer screen.

ADRIAN
Mo, Julie's been kidnapped and the people who have her have me listening to them beat her over Julie's cell phone. Can we track them down using the signal? I have a general idea where they are. She was in Charlton when they got her.

Typed onto computer screen.

MO
Kidnapped? How the fuck did that happen?

Typed onto computer screen.

ADRIAN
Let's not get into it now. Can it be done?

Typed onto computer screen.

MO
Yes. I'll contact the carrier but it may take some time. Log off and call me. We'll work it out with them together.

Typed onto computer screen.

ADRIAN
Can't. They said that if the line goes dead they'll kill her. Mo, it sounds like a massacre.

Typed onto computer screen.

MO

That doesn't give us much time.
Cell batteries only last about 90
minutes. Stay on line. I'll get
back to you ASAP. Mo logs off. All
you hear are the sounds of Julie
being beaten.

Adrian gets up and changes the tape in the answering machine.
He's been recording the conversation since the beginning.

PETER

Hey, Adrian. You listening,
asshole? Hey, asshole? I think the
fucker hung up.

ADRIAN

No, Peter, I'm right here.

PETER

Enjoying every minute, I bet.

ADRIAN

Oh yeah. You're one sick fuck, you
know that? Julie and I are having a
wonderful time. Hope you have us
back real soon.

PETER

Are you making fun of me? Is that
what you're doing? You stupid fuck.

Peter brings his face extremely close to Julie's face.

PETER (CONT'D)

Why don't you say hi to Julie.

ADRIAN

Julie. Julie.

Julie blinks but doesn't say anything.

PETER

It seems that Julie doesn't have
anything to say to you, Adrian. And
you know, I think that's rude. I
think she should at least
acknowledge your existence.

Peter shakes Julie. Julie mumbles something unintelligible.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, Adrian, it seems that she
still doesn't have anything to say.

It looks like we'll have to force something out of her.

Peter grabs Julie's throat and begins choking her. She gags.

PETER (CONT'D)

There we go. It's not much but at least she's opened the lines of communication.

ADRIAN

Let her go. Haven't you had enough fun?

PETER

We haven't even started.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MO on the phone.

MO

All right, thanks for seeing the urgency of this. I'll be waiting for your call.

Mo hangs up the phone and sends email to Adrian. Adrian's computer beeps and he answers immediately. Typed onto computer screen.

ADRIAN

What have you got for me?

Typed onto computer screen.

MO

They've started the trace. The bad news is that it may take up to an hour to track it to the precise location. But, because you know the general area it'll probably be quicker. The police around that area have been notified and are on standby. I also gave them the make and model of Julie's car so they'll be watching out for it. On top of that, there's always the battery question.

Typed onto computer screen.

ADRIAN

This is fucking killing me, Mo. I
feel so useless. I'd rather be
there.

Typed onto computer screen.

MO

Then let's head out there.

Typed onto computer screen.

ADRIAN

I have to be here. I have to keep
the line open.

Typed onto computer screen.

MO

Haven't you ever heard of
conference calling? I'll be there
in 20.

Mo logs off.

Adrian sits there motionless looking at the phone. All he can
hear is Julie's labored breathing.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brian, Steve and Peter are sitting on the floor far enough
away not to be picked up by the phone. Julie's passed out on
the floor with the phone on her lap.

PETER

Man, I'm fucking tired. I didn't
think beating the shit out of
someone would be so much work.

BRIAN

I didn't think it would be so
slippery.

PETER

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. You took
quite a spill.

BRIAN

I guess that's what you get when
you get overzealous.

STEVE

Or get caught up in blood lust.

PETER

At least he got involved. You stood safely out of the way. What's the matter? She wasn't tied up, beat up, fucked up enough for you?

STEVE

It has nothing to do with that. Someone has to stay clean to switch the cars. You two look like the prom scene in Carrie.

PETER

I get to be Travolta because he got a blow job from that babe.

BRIAN

Speaking of swapping the car, we've had enough fun with the phone. We've got to get rid of it now.

PETER

No way. We've got to keep it so he can hear his wife buy it. That's the real reason to have it anyway.

BRIAN

Peter, let's not even discuss it. We've got to get rid of the fucking phone. The longer we have it the more risk we take. We have to get rid of it now. We have the perfect opportunity to dump it when Steve swaps the car.

PETER

What the fuck. It added a whole new level of fun knowing that Adrian, is that a stupid name or what? His parents must have really hated him. But, it's much more fun knowing that while we're killing his wife he'll be sitting there listening and not being able to do a damn thing about it.

BRIAN

But we have to move on and the phone is just going to get in our way. It's time to dump it.

PETER

I know you're right, but, shit. Oh well. But before you dump it I want to fuck with him once more.

Peter gets up and walks over and picks up the phone and yells into it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Adrian!

Adrian jumps off the chair and runs to the phone.

ADRIAN

What?

PETER

What were you doing? Are we boring you? Is that it? You want some more action? Is that what you want?

ADRIAN

No, leave her alone. Haven't you done enough damage?

PETER

I don't know, Adrian, you didn't sound too convincing. I think you want some more action.

Peter drops the phone on Julie and punches her in the stomach.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, that's got to hurt. Is that what you want me to do, Adrian? You want me to keep the action going?

ADRIAN

No. Please. Stop. You're going to kill her.

Peter picks up the phone and sits on Julie's lap.

PETER

Now what would give you that idea, Adrian?

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Brian and Steve walking through the garage. Steve puts the phone in Julie's car before they start talking.

BRIAN

So you've got everything down?

STEVE

It's not that much to do, Brian.
I'm not Peter. Tell me once and
I'll do it right.

BRIAN

I know, I'm sorry. I was just kind
of surprised at how quickly I got
into intimidating her.

STEVE

It was like watching two rabid dogs
fighting over the last remnants of
meat. I was waiting for the PBS
voice over to kick in at any
minute.

BRIAN

I know. I don't know what came over
me. Like when Peter held her back
and she looked up at me with her
pleading eyes. I stopped for a
moment and, I don't know why, but
that look, that weakness, just
pissed me off. I looked her right
in the eyes and hit her as hard as
I've ever hit anything.

STEVE

Well, just keep everything in check
until I get back.

Brian walks to the garage door and opens it as Steve gets in
the car and begins to drive away. Steve gets to the end of
the block before he picks up the phone.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Adrian.

Adrian is sitting next to the phone and answers immediately.

ADRIAN

Yes.

STEVE

I just wanted to tell you that
we're going to take a little break
so you won't have anything to
listen to for awhile.

ADRIAN

You're Steve, right?

STEVE

Yeah? How did you know that?

ADRIAN

When they were beating my wife to death Peter kept calling for you to join in. But you never did.

STEVE

Oh, don't underestimate me, Adrian. I'm going to get my licks in.

ADRIAN

I'm not underestimating you, Steve. It's just that you didn't join and it sounded to me like it was a choice that you made. Like you're not really one of them. That you're involved in this only because you're following your friends. It's not too late to back out. Just tell me where you are and I know the law will go easy on you. You haven't done anything yet. It's Brian and Peter who have done it. Don't take the fall with them. Walk out of there now and save yourself.

STEVE

Are you done with your little psych 101 lecture?

ADRIAN

I'm just trying to make it easier on you.

STEVE

Listen, we have a plan and this is the way it's going to go. I will tell you that if you want your wife to get out of this with her head still attached you'll just follow the instructions you've been given.

ADRIAN

I'll follow them to the letter.
There's no way in hell I'll hang
up. I'll sit here and listen to you
sick bastards torture my wife. I
sure hope you're getting your rocks
off over it, but I do have a
question. Batteries on a portable
phone only last about ninety
minutes. What happens if the
batteries die?

STEVE

You'd better hope that we're done
with her by the time that happens.

Steve tosses the phone on the passenger seat.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brian and Peter are watching Julie struggle to get out of the
chair.

PETER

I think you're too fucking funny
for wanting to dump the body in
Crystal Lake in Connecticut. I
thought master murders didn't leave
any loose ends.

BRIAN

It's not really a loose end. I love
Jason. You've got to admit that he
got the stupidest victims in the
universe. Besides, it's my only
personal touch so give me a break.

PETER

I still think it's stupid. There
are so many places to dump a body
around here. What about Bigelow
Hollow? They'd never find her
there. I think it's dangerous to
drive all over the place.

BRIAN

It's the only way to do it. They know where we picked her up and, thanks to the phone, have probably tracked us within twenty miles. So they'll tear this area apart looking for the body. We have to dump her far enough away to give us some time to get away. By the time they even suspect us we'll be on the plane to Costa Rica.

PETER

I don't agree, I think you're an asshole for wanting to do it.

BRIAN

I'm an asshole? Who brought the fucking phone in and screwed everything up?

PETER

Fuck you. Nothing's gone wrong. Fucking relax. I was just going to say that I don't fucking care anymore. I'm sick of arguing with you. I just want to this over with and get on with my life.

Peter holds out his hand to shake with Brian before he notices Julie stir. Peter pulls his hand back.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Look, she's getting up.

Peter rushes over to Julie.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, what's happening, babe?

Peter spins Julie around in the chair.

PETER (CONT'D)

Having a bad day? That's too bad. Look at me when I'm talking to you.

Peter stops the chair abruptly and grabs Julie's bloody face.

PETER (CONT'D)

You know, I bet you were quite a looker in your day. Like yesterday.

Peter laughs at his own joke.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Adrian and Mo packing up to leave the house.

ADRIAN

I haven't heard a sound for about twenty minutes now. I figure they've put the phone in a separate room. I don't know what's worse, listening to it or not knowing what the hell is going on.

MO

I know it's tough but we've got to stay focused. This is a perfect time to start the conference call.

Mo dials a cell phone.

MO (CONT'D)

When call waiting comes in take it. I'll put you on hold for a second and then we'll be able to tie all the lines together.

Adrian takes call waiting.

MO (CONT'D)

Okay, here we go.

Mo presses a couple of buttons on the phone and talks to Adrian.

MO (CONT'D)

Okay, you're back. Can you hear me all right?

ADRIAN

It's a little tinny but I can hear you.

MO

Good enough.

Mo's other cell phone rings.

MO (CONT'D)

This must be the telcom.

Mo takes the call.

MO (CONT'D)

Yes?

(Pause)

Great.

(Pause)

We're on our way and should be in the area in about forty minutes.

Mo ends the transmission and talks to Adrian.

MO (CONT'D)

They say that they've tracked the phone down to about a ten mile radius.

ADRIAN

What good does that do? They could be anywhere in that ten miles.

MO

It makes the search easier. What they'll do now is bring in a more sophisticated tracking device that will continue to narrow the signal down until it pinpoints the exact location.

ADRIAN

Unless the battery dies.

MO

As long as the signal is live they'll be able to get closer. Hopefully before the battery dies they'll be able to narrow it down to a couple of blocks. Now let's just get going.

ADRIAN

Wait a second. I've been taping the call and I want to check the tape.

Adrian walks over to the answering machine and changes the tape.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I want to make sure that when they're caught they never get out of prison.

Adrian finishes with the answering machine and they exit to Mo's car.

EXT. CAR LOT - NIGHT

Steve standing in the middle of the lot with RUSSELL, an auto mechanic who runs a chop shop.

STEVE

So how long until this car is
unrecognizable?

RUSSELL

By the time you crack a beer all
that'll be left is a frame. By the
time you finish the beer it'll be a
piece of modern art. I've got to
tell you this is a great car. It'll
bring in big bucks. People all over
the place are looking for parts.

STEVE

Great.

RUSSELL

All right, I've got work to do. Let
me move the car inside, get them
started and I'll give you a ride
home.

STEVE

Great. Thanks for all of your help.

Steve shakes Russell's hand and they walk towards Julie's car.

STEVE (CONT'D)

So your friend's ready for another
drop in Springfield in a few hours?

RUSSELL

He's expecting you. He's a little
paranoid because he doesn't know
you, but I told him you're okay so
there shouldn't be any problems.

STEVE

Thanks for taking care of this for
me, Russ.

RUSSELL

What's a cousin for?

Russell starts to get in the car and notices the phone.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Hey, Steve, you forgot your phone.

Russell gets the phone and hands it to Steve.

STEVE

Oh shit. I forgot to dump the
phone.

Steve takes the phone from Russell.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I've got to remember to do that.

Russell pulls the car into the garage while Steve waits in
the lot.

EXT. MO'S CAR - NIGHT

Adrian and Mo driving towards Charlton. Mo is on the phone
getting updates from the state police. Adrian is sitting in
the passenger seat straining to hear what's being said over
the phone. He can't make anything out. All he hears is the
phone rattle around the car.

MO

So you've narrowed the location
down to a one mile radius. That's
great. All right, so we take exit
fourteen to Auburn. We should be in
the area in about ten minutes.

ADRIAN

I think they're moving.

MO

What?

ADRIAN

I think they're on the road. I
can't really make it out but it
sounds like the phone is bouncing
around in a trunk.

Mo speaks into the phone.

MO

Did you hear that? He thinks that
they're on the move.

(Pause)

Okay.

Mo ends the transmission.

MO (CONT'D)

They said that we just keep heading towards the general area. They'll call us back as soon as they know something.

ADRIAN

This is fucking wonderful. Listen to this.

Adrian puts the phone up to Mo's ear for a second. The signal is so weak you can barely hear anything.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

They'll never find her. This is a dead end chase.

MO

Don't get all melodramatic on me, Adrian. Everyone is doing their best the fastest they can.

ADRIAN

I know but it doesn't help me feel like there's something that we're not doing. Hold on.

Adrian intently listens to the phone.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I think I hear something.

Adrian speaks into the phone.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Hello? Steve? What's going on, Steve? I know you're there. I can hear you fucking with the phone. Talk to me you fuck. Pause. Shit.

Mo's phone rings.

MO

Yeah?

(Pause)

Great.

(To Adrian)

They've narrowed it down to a three block area. They're having cops move into the area now.

(Pause)

Okay, so where should we be heading? Look at the map, Adrian. To the area around Millbury Street in Auburn. Do you have that?

Adrian runs his finger down the map and nods.

MO (CONT'D)

We're on our way.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Steve walks into the basement. Brian is at the sink washing up. Peter is spinning Julie in the chair.

STEVE

Well, I'm glad to see that everyone kept busy while I was gone.

BRIAN

How'd everything go?

STEVE

Great. Russell says hello.

PETER

Hello, Russell. Man, I bet you're getting a little nauseous, ain't it, Julie?

Julie squirms the best she can to get away from Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

Julie. You know I don't like it when you ignore me.

Peter spins Julie and let's the chair spin until the chair stops.

BRIAN

Why don't you give it a little rest, Peter? Don't you think you've had just about as much fun with her as you can?

PETER

No fucking way. This is the first time in my life that I'm in total control over another human being. I'm going to make sure she remembers me in her next life.

Peter leans over Julie smiling. She squirms to get away but she can barely move.

PETER (CONT'D)

Look at this. There's no where to go but self preservation is still strong.

Peter punches her in the face.

PETER (CONT'D)

But it's not as strong as me.

BRIAN

Yeah, you're so strong. Beating someone who's already so far down you know they're hoping for death.

Peter gets up and runs towards Brian.

PETER

Where the fuck did this self serving bullshit come from? Wait a minute here. Clue me in if I'm mistaken, but wasn't it you, oh, about half an hour ago standing next to me beating the shit out of her? I mean, I may be wrong, but it sure looked a lot like you. But it couldn't have been. That guy was enjoying himself way to much to be you.

BRIAN

Knock it off, Peter.

Brian pushes past Peter who spins him around to face him.

PETER

No, let's get to the bottom of this.

Let me see if I've got this straight. It's okay to kick the shit out of someone but only when you say it's okay? Oh, that makes total sense. I'm sorry I didn't respond to your request quickly enough, your majesty.

Peter bows.

BRIAN

Fuck off. I just don't see how much fun it can be to whack someone when there isn't a spot on their body that isn't bruised, bloodied or split wide open.

PETER

It's fun because I own her fucking ass. It's fun because I like it.

Peter grabs Brian.

PETER (CONT'D)

It's fun because for the first time since we've known each other you were right there wallowing in the pit with me. You've always been the one to stand off to the side, like a fucking king, proclaiming who would live and who would die.

Peter lets Brian go.

PETER (CONT'D)

It was great to see that all of your above it all front was just that. You're no better than me. You're just a piece of shit like me. It was great to see that and I don't want that moment to end. So by smacking her around I keep it alive.

Brian takes a few steps backwards then turns around and walks upstairs. Steve follows. Peter sits in the salon chair.

EXT. MO'S CAR - NIGHT

Adrian and Mo driving into Millbury Street. As they turn the corner they are lit by the blue flashing lights of a group of police cars parked in front of a FEDERAL EXPRESS BUILDING. They are greeted by DETECTIVE CAINES.

DETECTIVE CAINES
Mr. Holt, I'm Detective Caines.

Mo and Adrian jump out of the car and rush to Caines.

ADRIAN
Where's Julie? Did you find her?

DETECTIVE CAINES
Mr. Holt, we tracked the phone to this exact location but we think that when the phone was moving they dropped it here. We've checked the entire building and there are no unauthorized people in the building. I'm sorry to say that your wife's not here.

ADRIAN
They must be there. Did you check the basement? Did you check out back?

DETECTIVE CAINES
I'm sorry. They must have dropped the phone off here. We're searching through all the packages that have been dropped off in the last hour.

ADRIAN
What the fuck good is that going to do?

A PATROLMAN runs up to Caines.

PATROLMAN
Detective, we found the package.
It's addressed to Adrian Holt.

Caines carefully takes the package from the patrolman, looks it over and then dumps the phone onto the hood of his car. The phone is caked with dried blood.

DETECTIVE CAINES
These are some truly sick bastards.

Caines looks at Adrian.

DETECTIVE CAINES (CONT'D)
The return address is from the Late Julie Holt. Somewhere Underground.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steve and Brian are standing in the KITCHEN. Peter is in the basement with Julie.

BRIAN

I've got to count on you to take care of your part from this point on. Peter is getting worse and worse. All I've been doing is stopping him from kicking the shit out of her big time. This whole thing is fucked. Have you seen the look in his eyes?

STEVE

Yeah. And you know what was worse? The look in your eyes scared me more. You looked fucking possessed.

BRIAN

No fucking way. He's totally out of control. I seriously have no idea what's going to happen next with him. At least with me you know what the plan is.

STEVE

That may be true, but that look when you were menacing her and her husband. It wasn't the frenzy Peter had. It was a serenity. Like you were just compacting so much trash into a bin.

BRIAN

I had to do something. We had to make sure her husband believed that we'd kill her if he hung up. If we weren't menacing he would have hung up and called the cops. So it worked. He stayed on the line.

STEVE

I don't know if it was all worth it.

BRIAN

For all the planning I did I didn't want it to fuck up because that asshole brought the stupid phone in. The second he did that I just wanted to get the kill over with and get the fuck out of here.

But, we had to stick to the timetable because of the flight out. I thought I planned every fucking move down. Who could have figured he would have found a live phone? I know they're in every fucking car but he wouldn't have thought to use it if it didn't fall into his fucking lap.

(Pause)

You know, Steve, for all the planning I've done, for all the time I've spent looking forward to this, I really don't believe this is going to mean anything to me.

STEVE

I don't know about that. This is still a human life we're talking about.

BRIAN

Not to me. Not for a long fucking time.

Brian and Steve hear Peter whooping it up down in the basement followed by Julie's intermittent screaming.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Now what the fuck is he doing?

Brian and Steve rush to the basement.

STEVE

Doesn't he ever get tired?

Brian and Steve arrive in the basement to see Peter beginning to rape Julie.

BRIAN

What the fuck are you doing?

Brian rushes over and throws Peter off of Julie.

PETER

Hold on a minute. I'm not done yet.
You'll get your fucking turn.

Peter tries to get back to Julie who is crawling away. Steve walks over and stands in front of her. She looks up and he's pointing a gun at her nodding no.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thanks Steve. At least someone sees the fun in this.

Brian shoves Peter away again.

BRIAN

Back the fuck off, Peter. I swear I'll fuck you up if you keep this shit up.

PETER

What the fuck's your problem?

BRIAN

We're not rapists. That's not what we're here for.

PETER

Rapists? What the fuck are you talking about? We're just having a little fun.

BRIAN

This isn't fun.

Brian shoves Julie towards the chair. Steve gets her up and handcuffs her back in the chair.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And this isn't the way we do things.

PETER

What the fuck does that mean? Oh, wait a second. I think I've finally figured you out. Let's see how close I am. It's okay to kill someone but fucking them, oh no, that's against the law. What the fuck is wrong with you? Get the fuck out of my way.

Brian grabs Peter and pushes him back again.

BRIAN

No, this isn't going to happen.

PETER

Who the fuck are you to tell me what's going to happen? What the fuck difference does it make if I stick my dick in her?

We're going to kill her in a few minutes anyway.

Brian shoves Peter again.

BRIAN

Fuck you. What is it with you? You can only get hard when you're hurting someone? Is that it? Hurting a woman gets you off?

PETER

What the fuck are you talking about? I was just continuing our reign of terror. I mean, if we're going to do something we may as well go all the way with it. And isn't rape one of the big fears?

BRIAN

I don't care if it is. It's not going to happen here. This isn't about fear. It's about the kill.

PETER

Oh yeah, the beating that we laid on her awhile ago, that was about the kill. What about scaring the shit out of her husband in the process? That was just about the kill? It had nothing to do with showing our advantage? If that's what you think, you're a fucking idiot? That was totally about dominance. And fucking her is nothing more than that. It's a way to keep them both under control.

BRIAN

Is that how you handled my sister?

Pause while Peter looks at Brian amazed.

PETER

What the fuck are you talking about?

BRIAN

She told me all about it. The way you couldn't get it up unless you were beating the shit out of her.

PETER

That's a fucking joke. She was the fucking lunatic. You know she was nothing but a liar anyway. She was always making shit up.

BRIAN

Like she was making up the bruises all over her body? Like she was making up the restraining orders she took out on you? Yeah, that seems like she was making shit up.

PETER

You don't know shit about your sister. She liked it rough. She's the one who wanted it that way. You should have seen the videos she had. Real sick shit.

BRIAN

Oh yeah, and raping someone is real fucking normal.

PETER

I still don't see what the fucking problem is. She's going to die in a minute anyway.

BRIAN

There's a big fucking deal, you asshole. You're not doing this for the kill. You're doing this to satisfy your own fucked up hang ups.

PETER

Look who's talking about hang ups?
You've spent the last year planning
a fucking murder. Who the fuck do
you think you are? You think life
is a fucking Johnny Cash song?
Killing a man just to watch him
die? Yeah, that's real fucking
normal.

BRIAN

At least I don't have to beat the
shit out of someone to get laid.

PETER

Yeah, right. When was the last time
you got laid?

BRIAN

All I'm saying is that when I get
it up it stays up for more then
twenty seconds.

Peter is obviously aggravated by this.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What? Like you're surprised? Don't
you think my sister and I talked?
She told me all about you and your
fucked up turn ons. It's real sick
to want to. . .

PETER

. . .fuck you. That's how she liked
it. She liked it like that.

BRIAN

Oh yeah, that's why she left you.
She was so hot to be fucked by
someone who couldn't keep it so
he'd make up for it by throwing her
around the room. Big fucking man.

PETER

You don't even know what you're
talking about. Both you and your
slut of a sister are full of shit.
You don't know anything about how
she really is.

BRIAN

I do know that it's because of you she left town. She got tired of you beating the shit out of her. She finally stood up for herself.

PETER

Yeah, by running away.

BRIAN

By protecting herself. She knew that you would have killed her if she stayed with you.

PETER

Don't you think she was being a little melodramatic? Killed her? Yeah, that's what I would have done. She was in real danger of her life.

BRIAN

What about the time she caught you in bed with. . .

Peter surprises Brian by shoving him to the ground.

PETER

. . . fuck you. You don't know a fucking thing. She liked to watch me do other girls. Besides, do you know how many times I caught her with someone? She was always with some guy.

Brian gets up and gets in Peter's face.

BRIAN

Where? Doing what?

PETER

At the Quarter Keg. What about the time she started dancing with this guy while I was sitting there?

BRIAN

That's it? That's catching her with someone?

PETER

Who knows how many times it moved into something else.

BRIAN

Never. What the fuck is your problem? Peter, she was living right here. Whenever she wasn't at your house, she was here. And she was always alone.

PETER

Yeah, how the fuck do you know? What were you, listening from your room? You would lie to me for her anyway.

BRIAN

Not about that. You know our father used to bring women home and make our mother sleep on the couch while he fucked them. There's no way either of us would lower ourselves to his level.

PETER

You don't know shit. She's gone, let's just forget about her and move on with our lives.

Brian grabs Peter.

BRIAN

Fuck you. You don't know how pissed I was at you. Because you had to be such an asshole my best friend moved away.

Peter breaks away from Brian.

PETER

Fuck you. You should be thanking me. She was always busting your balls, just like she did to everyone else. She just used people. She used you for everything you had and then she split. You're such a fucking jerk you didn't even see that. All she ever did was use people. She held you back. She held me back and now she's gone and I can do whatever I feel like. And what I feel like now is to move on and get to the main fucking event.

Peter pats Brian on his shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)

What do you say? Let's just get this fucking kill over with.

BRIAN

You're such a pathetic piece of shit. But you're right. Let's just get this messed up piece of shit over with.

Brian runs over to the table and picks up one of the guns.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for you this would all be over and we wouldn't be having this argument.

PETER

What the fuck do you mean by that?

Brian walks up to Julie. Steve brings his gun away from Julie.

BRIAN

Well, that plan called for the little beating and then a quick kill. While we got the body ready to move, Steve would dump the car and we'd be on the road.

Brian points the gun at Julie's head and she flinches.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

But, we had to make an extra stop so that threw the timetable off. But, now everything is in place. Are you ready, Peter?

PETER

You're fucking right I'm ready.

Peter moves towards Brian and Julie.

PETER (CONT'D)

But just let me say that it's been lovely having you for our guest, Julie. I hope you have a nice after life.

Peter leans down to try and kiss Julie's face. She moves and spits at him. He slaps her in the face.

PETER (CONT'D)
Let's just kill her and go get a
sub. I'm fucking starving.

BRIAN
So, this is the moment we've all
been waiting for, is it?

Peter nods. Steve steps back. Julie stares at Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
We're all in this together, ain't
that right?

PETER
Just fucking splatter her fucking
head now.

BRIAN
That's what you want? Brains
splattered all over the walls?

PETER
Yeah!

BRIAN
Then you should get your wish.

Camera pans from Brian to the gun pointing at Julie's head to
Julie contorting in disastrous expectation to Peter leaning
in so as not to miss anything to Steve turning his head away.

SND FX gunshot

With blood splashing across Steve's head.

EXT. MO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Adrian and Mo driving around Charlton.

ADRIAN
What the fuck do these guys want?
What could they want with Julie?
She's never hurt anyone in her
life.

MO
What about you?

Adrian gives Mo a quizzical look.

MO (CONT'D)

Don't give me that look. You are a reporter, you know. You could have pissed off someone somewhere.

ADRIAN

Oh yeah, my article on Letterman's private stash of Cuban cigars finally pushed him over the edge and he got a band of roving comedy writers to off her. Evolve with the rest of us, Mo. I'm not that kind of writer. I'm the kind of writer who gets letters from sci-fi fans because I had the audacity to confuse a tribble with a transponder.

MO

Tribble's are the furry ones. Transponders are used. . .

ADRIAN

. . .what the fuck are you babbling about?

MO

I was just pointing out that it is a pretty absurd mix up. I mean, tribbles are these. . .holy shit.

Mo pulls the car to the side of the road.

ADRIAN

What the fuck's going on? Mo? What the hell are you doing?

MO

Why didn't I think of this earlier?

Mo gets out of the car and opens the back door. He starts digging through the back seat which is loaded with padded computer cases and other electronics.

MO (CONT'D)

Whackers.

ADRIAN

Whackers?

Adrian watches Mo for a second.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Umm, Mo, should I be concerned? Are you having some type of malfunction that only people who have spent the better part of their life sitting four inches from a computer screen get?

MO

What? Would you shut up and help me find it?

ADRIAN

Find what? Mo, I don't know how you find the steering wheel in this thing.

MO

I'm looking for my portable scanner.

ADRIAN

You technodudes. Can't be away from your toys for an hour.

Mo finds the scanner.

MO

I'll let that last comment go.

Mo pulls it out of the car. He closes the back door and gets into the front seat.

MO (CONT'D)

You see, there are a group of people, called whackers, who listen to scanners all the time.

ADRIAN

Yeah? So? Great. We've got a bunch of local no life's who know that Julie's been abducted. Big fucking deal.

MO

It is a big deal. You see, these whackers don't just listen to police calls. They like to key in on really good cellular phone calls. And when they get one they go onto an M.E.S. channel and tell other whackers.

ADRIAN

A kind of Jerry Springer for the living impaired.

MO

Sometimes it's amazing. I remember I was programming for CSS in Boston and these two were having a serious vehicular interlude, if you get my drift.

ADRIAN

Okay, great. These whackers are aptly named then. Why the urgency to tune in to these guys?

MO

You know, Adrian, for a reporter you're pretty fucking stupid. You broadcasted over a cell line with the kidnappers, right?

ADRIAN

Yeah? So? How many whackers are in this area? Let me guess. I'd put it at the fourteen self-abusers who've had their calls to 900-J-E-R-K-O-F-F blocked because of non-payment.

MO

Shut up.

ADRIAN

Did I hit a sore spot with the jerk off line?

MO

Listen to me. If these whackers out here are as diligent as in Boston, and I have to assume they are, someone must have been listening.

ADRIAN

What good's that going to do? Julie could still be anywhere.

MO

One of the problems with scanner technology is the limited range. When I listened to those people digitally diddle in Boston I was pretty well surrounded by transmitters so they could have been up to a couple miles away. But out here, the range may be two, maybe three blocks.

ADRIAN

You know, Mo, you've still lost me.

MO

What we have to do is go to the M.E.S. channel and track down any whackers who heard anything strange tonight. Then all we have to do is track down the first guy.

ADRIAN

Oh, is that all?

MO

Don't get sarcastic. This will be easier than you think. This is a pretty tight knit group. They tend to know each other. And once we find the originator of the call I'd bet that Julie's within a couple of blocks.

ADRIAN

A couple of blocks? Have you looked around, Mo? Everywhere around us are woods and swamps and who knows what else. It takes them weeks to find people in these woods.

MO

Well, I'm betting that they're still in the house.

Mo turns on the scanner and picks up the microphone to broadcast.

MO (CONT'D)

Hey, has anyone heard anything interesting tonight?

ADRIAN

Yeah, that's a good way to put it. Interesting.

Mo looks at Adrian with a pleading look that tell him to shut up. Mo begins to speak but is interrupted by a WHACKER on the scanner.

WHACKER (V/O)
I haven't heard anything. But Joe
Lois said that he heard some people
doing some kind of skit.

MO
Do you know where this Joe is?

WHACKER (V/O)
Yeah, he's probably been listening
to us talk. Hey Joe, you out here.

There's a slight pause before JOE LOIS broadcasts.

JOE (V/O)
Yeah, who wants to know?

Mo and Adrian's moods brighten.

MO
I'd like to talk to you about what
you heard tonight. Can I come over
right now?

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brian's now spotless basement that is empty except for a body covered with a tarpaulin. Steve walks into the basement struggling to carry a weighted duffel bag full of guns. He's heading to the car.

BRIAN (O.C.)
Steve, make sure Peter's ready.
We've got to have this place
totally cleaned and be out of here
in the hour.

STEVE
I know. I know.

He tosses the bag in the back seat.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Let's just get the fuck out of
here.

Brian arrives in the basement.

BRIAN

You've double checked everything?
The woman's ready to travel? Peter
is finished? The car is packed?
When we get to Springfield we'll
have no trouble getting from the
chop shop to the airport in time
for the flight to New York?

STEVE

Brian, would you just shut up.
You're really making me way to
fucking nervous. You would have
thought you'd have been nervous
before the kill. But you were just
ice when you pulled that trigger.
I've got to be honest, even from
the beginning I didn't think you'd
be able to pull it off. I thought
it would all fall apart because
we'd all start laughing. Or some
big, stupid mistake would happen.

BRIAN

Some big, stupid mistake did
happen. That phone still makes me
nervous and that's why we've got to
get loaded and get the hell out of
here soon.

Brian looks around the garage.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Is Steve ready to go?

INT. JOE LOIS' FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Mo knocking on the door.

JOE

You the guys?

MO

Yes. We talked to you on M.E.S.

ADRIAN

We're in a hurry. Could you just
tell us what you heard tonight?

JOE

Don't be in such a hurry. Let me
think a second.

I listen to so many things on the
scannie that sometimes I mix 'em
up. Come on in for a sec.

Joe opens the door wider and Adrian and Mo walk in. Adrian
whispers to Mo.

ADRIAN

Just fucking great. What the fuck
are we doing here? This guy is
three words short of a sentence.
We're just wasting what little time
we have.

MO

Shut. I'll take care of it.

ADRIAN

Oh great. The man with the
interpersonal skills of a DRAM chip
is going to schmooze his way into
information.

Joe leads Mo and Adrian into his living room. The TV is on
loudly. The scanner is on. And he has an old computer logged
on to a chat room next to the scanner. An old dog lays in the
middle of the room with a cat next to it.

JOE

Don't worry about Chooch and Nutsa.
Well, you may want to concern
yourself with Nutsa some. He can
get a little feisty.

Mo walks over to the computer.

MO

I haven't seen one of these in
years.

Mo turns and faces Joe.

MO (CONT'D)

This was the same model as my first
computer. I pounded out a lot of
code on this.

JOE

Yeah, I keep hearing about all
these fancy computers but this old
baby has been doing fine by me. I
got it at the high school flea
market.

They were getting some new computers so they thought they'd sell the old ones.

ADRIAN

That's great but can we get to. . .

MO

. . .Adrian, quiet. Let Joe and I crunch some verbal code. Take a seat and relax.

Adrian glares at Mo but walks over to an old, overstuffed, scratched up by cats chair and sits.

ADRIAN

Okay? I'm relaxed now. You can begin.

Mo ignores Adrian and talks to Joe.

MO

So, Joe, how's it working for you? Are you having any problems?

JOE

You're not one of those computer hackers, are you? I heard about the problems that type causes.

MO

No, I'm just a guy who knows a thing or two about computers. And if I remember correctly, this model sometimes has problems when it starts getting up there in age. Are you having any troubles with yours?

JOE

Well, about once a week that damn EXEC BAT file shits the bed. Then I spend the next two hours trying to reinstall that bastard. That can set me off.

MO

How about this. If you help us with the information we're looking for, I'll fix that EXEC BAT problem forever.

JOE

And how do you plan on fixing that?

MO

I just happen to have a brand new, still in the Styrofoam, computer that the company sent me to test. If you give us what we need, you'll be the most well connected whacker hacker in the area.

JOE

Well, I do remember a few things. But I was just wondering, does that new machine come with one of those super fast modem things? My old twenty-four hundred baud is starting to creak around the edges.

MO

If it'll help I'll install a DSL line myself.

JOE

That sounds real good to me.

Joe shakes Mo's hand and sits at the chair next to the scanner. Mo stands above him.

JOE (CONT'D)

When I started to hear these strange things come over the scannie I thought it weird until I recognized some voices. That's when I figured it was just that neighbor boy and his friends. They were into mischief when they were younger. I thought they grew out of it. They were planning on a doozy. The girl they had was a real good actress. She sounded like she was really scared of these guys. But they've always been more of the drunken hell raiser types than real trouble makers. They're really good boys. But that family always was a little strange.

MO

Can you tell us where this boy lives and his name?

JOE

Oh sure, he still lives in his family house. It's just around the corner and down the way.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Steve standing over the body.

BRIAN

Come on, Steve, grab the legs and
let's get the body in the trunk.

They bend over and grab the body. Steve struggles to lift the
legs in unison but drops them.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Do you want me to take the legs?

STEVE

No fucking way. You splattered that
head all over the fucking basement.
It was tough enough to get most of
it off the walls. I don't want any
more shit dripping on me.

BRIAN

Then lift the fucking legs. You're
making this way too difficult.

STEVE

Fuck you.

Steve grabs the legs and wraps them under his arms. The
shuffle out of the basement into the garage where they
struggle to toss the body in the truck. They get the body
totally in and slam the trunk.

BRIAN

See? That wasn't too difficult if
you put some effort behind it.

STEVE

What the fuck is that supposed to
mean? Are you implying that I
haven't been doing my share?

BRIAN

I'm just saying that it hasn't
seemed that you've been too
involved.

STEVE

Not too involved? I'm not a lawyer
but I'm pretty sure if we get
caught I'm going to prison. That's
pretty fucking involved to me.

BRIAN

That's it! That's your fucking problem. You've never thought that this was a perfect murder.

STEVE

This hasn't been perfect. Look at all the shit that's gone wrong. Okay, if your plan had gone off, maybe, maybe I would have thought it could have been pulled off. But this has been a cluster fuck from the start. We should have just knocked her out and dumped her the moment Peter came in with the phone. But we couldn't do that because your master plan had already sprung into action. There's no turning back once the plan was in motion. That's what I'm nervous about. It was screwed and you let it continue to go into the hole. I wouldn't have expected you to change one fucking thing about your plan. But you did.

BRIAN

We got the kill, didn't we?

STEVE

So? I'm sorry, Brian, but the thrill of the kill isn't enough. Can you honestly say that the kill, the moment you pulled the trigger, was anywhere near the payoff you expected.

Brian stares at the ground.

STEVE (CONT'D)

See, it wasn't even close. And now we've got ten minutes to get out of here or we'll just be another film at eleven.

BRIAN

Then what are we doing standing around here talking? The bag with the guns we used are easy to reach?

Steve nods yes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Don't forget that we've got to dump them in the Hamilton Reservoir before we get to Connecticut.

STEVE

I know. Now can we please get out of here. Having that dead body in the trunk is making me more nervous than the kidnap.

BRIAN

It'll just take a couple minutes to pack the rest of the gear and then we're on our way to Costa Rica.

STEVE

Oh shit.

BRIAN

What?

STEVE

I can't remember where I left my passport.

BRIAN

Oh shit. Fuck. You've got to be kidding me. How the fuck could you be. . .

Brian notices Steve standing there waving his passport.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

. . .such a fucking asshole.

Brian shoves Steve out of the garage.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You really had me going you little shit. You're lucky I just didn't shoot you and put your ass in the trunk.

STEVE

You'd never do that.

BRIAN

Oh yeah? How can you be so sure? I am a cold bloodied killer, you know.

STEVE

Because then they'd be no one to
obsess about.

BRIAN

Oh, they'll always be someone to
obsess about.

Brian puts his arm around Steve's shoulder and leads him
upstairs.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Let's get the rest of the gear. Hit
the garage door on the way up.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Adrian and Mo are standing down the street from Brian's
brightly lit house. Adrian is facing Mo.

ADRIAN

Where the fuck are the cops? Why
aren't they here? Fuck this. That
fucking old asshole didn't call
them. All these inbred
motherfuckers stick together. I
knew it was a bad idea to let him
call when he said the chief in town
was his cousin. Fuck this. I'm not
standing around any more.

MO

Adrian, I'm as concerned as you.
But all the lights are on so we
have to assume they're still there.
We don't know how many there are.
How well armed they are. Look.

Mo points to the house. Adrian turns around and they watch
the garage door lift.

ADRIAN

Oh shit. That's it. They're making
their move. We've got to go now.
We'll never have a chance if they
hit the road.

Adrian starts to run towards the house with Mo close behind.

They reach Brian's property line moving from tree to tree for
cover. Adrian reaches the side of the house first and
carefully looks around the corner into the garage. He sees
the car but no people.

Mo comes up behind him and they slowly move into the garage. Mo splits off towards the driver side of the car as Adrian moves up the passenger side. Looking in the car the only thing Adrian sees is the duffel bag in the back. He reaches through the window and pulls out the bag. It's weight surprises him. He places it on the floor and unzips it slowly trying to be as quiet as possible. He pulls out a few guns and slides the bag under the car. He motions for Mo to back out of the house. They move back to use the trees for cover.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Look at these fucking guns. These guys are fucking serious.

He hands Mo a couple of guns.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Don't take any fucking chances. If you don't see Julie keep your head down and just keep shooting.

MO

I'm more of a theory guy, Adrian. We've got to wait for the cops. I don't know if I can go through with this. This is real life. You can't reboot this situation.

Adrian smiles at Mo.

ADRIAN

No problem, man. If it wasn't for you I wouldn't have this chance.

Adrian shakes Mo's hand.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

You stay here and if you hear shooting get the fuck out of here. Thanks, Mo.

MO

Why don't you wait? The cops should be here soon.

ADRIAN

Or that old fart could have called these boys and they could be on the lookout for us. I can't afford to wait. I've been standing around with my dick in my hand way too long.

Adrian quickly, quietly moves towards the garage. He peeks in, notices no difference and moves in. He moves down the wall of the garage watching his step. He reaches the basement door and is just about to peek around the corner when Steve comes through the door with his arms loaded with supplies.

STEVE

Who the fuck. . .

Adrian hits him in the face with a gun. Steve goes down.

ADRIAN

Oh shit.

Adrian bends down and starts to drag Steve out of the garage.

BRIAN (O.C.)

Did you say something, Steve?
Steve? I can't hear you. Tell me
when you come back upstairs.

Adrian drags Steve out of the garage.

ADRIAN

Oh shit. Oh shit.

Steve reaches Mo. Oh shit.

MO

What the fuck happened in there?

ADRIAN

Oh shit. I turned. This guy. Hit
him with the gun. Oh shit.

MO

We've got one of them, Adrian.
Let's wait for the cops now. We're
working from a strength now.

ADRIAN

Fuck that. That whacked guy never
called them.

Adrian looks down at Steve who's beginning to regain consciousness.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Quick, before this guy gets up.
Let's drag him to the car and put
him in the trunk.

MO

What good's that going to do?

ADRIAN

Do you have a better plan?

Mo shakes his head no.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Okay then, it's either we let him stay here or we put him in the only place we have that is remotely secure.

Adrian smashes the gun into Steve's head.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

That ought to hold him until we get him into the trunk.

Adrian smiles at Mo.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I saw that in a movie once.

Adrian and Mo begin to drag Steve towards the car.

MO

I've got to tell you, Adrian, my trunks full of shit.

ADRIAN

(Sings)

And that ain't all.

Adrian, Mo and Steve get arrive at the car and Mo pulls everything out of the trunk and puts it on the ground. Adrian and Mo struggle to put the increasingly conscious Steve into the trunk. They get him in and slam the trunk shut.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Now pull around the corner and park there. If he starts making noise we want it to be difficult to be heard at the house.

MO

What about my stuff? I'm not leaving my stuff on the street like this.

ADRIAN

Mo, do you see anyone walking down this unpaved street?

MO

No.

ADRIAN

Have you seen anyone walking down
this unpaved street?

MO

No.

ADRIAN

Then don't fucking worry about it.
Besides, all I want you to do is
pull to the corner of the street.
You can still watch your stuff from
there.

Mo looks down to the end of the street.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Does that work for you?

Mo nods yes.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Good.

Adrian starts to move towards the house and then stops.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. That
whack guy? No computer for him.

Adrian starts running towards the house.

Mo gets in the car and moves it down the street. He gets out
and watches Adrian move carefully towards the house.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brian packing up the last few items.

BRIAN

Where the fuck is everyone? Steve?
What the fuck. I give these
assholes one simple little fucking
thing to do and they can't even do
that. And what about you? Are you
going to help or are you going to
continue to sit there like a
fucking vegetable? What the fucks
wrong with you? I sure as hell
didn't think you'd react like this.
I thought you'd be jumping for joy.

Brian moves across the room.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
A little brain gets on your face
and you go deaf and dumb like
Tommy.

Brian puts his face next to Julie's. Her face is stained with blood belonging to her and Peter. She's gagged, her hands are handcuffed behind her back her legs are manacled.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I thought you'd be grateful it
wasn't your brains.

Brian stands up straight.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Some people are just so ungrateful.

He pulls her up by the handcuffs and starts pushing her towards the basement.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'll put you in the car and let
Steve watch you. At least that'll
keep you both out of trouble until
I'm ready to go.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Adrian is moving through the garage. He touches the wall with both his hands and realizes he left the guns with Mo.

ADRIAN
Shit. The fucking guns. Obviously
I'm not made for this super hero
shit.

Adrian looks at the car and remembers that he stashed the bag with other guns under the car. He crouches down and reaches under the car. He can't reach them. He lies on his stomach and reaches the bag just as Brian pushes Julie into the garage.

BRIAN
Steve, where the fuck are. . . what
the fuck is this?

Adrian pulls himself from under the car with the bag in his hand. Julie struggles to break away but Brian pulls her closer using the handcuffs.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Well, this must be Adrian. Tracked us down with the cell phone, didn't you, you smart fuck? I'm kind of sorry I killed Peter now. I would have liked to have rubbed this in his face.

Brian pulls out a gun and shoots Adrian in the shoulder.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

But I already did.

Brian kicks Adrian away from the car and throws Julie face down in the back seat. He shuts the door and leans down to Adrian. He pushes the gun into the wound.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I bet that hurts. I've got to tell you that no matter how much pain you're in now I want you to know that your wife was in much more a couple hours ago and in about another hour she'll be in even more.

The realization that Steve is missing occurs to Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

Brian jams the gun into Adrian's mouth.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is Steve?

Brian pushes the gun harder into Adrian's mouth.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck have you done to Steve?

Brian pulls the gun out of Adrian's mouth.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you fucking hurt him I'll make whatever's left of your life a fucking misery.

Brian stands up and fires a shot into the back of the car.

ADRIAN

No.

Brian takes a step back and points the gun at Adrian.

BRIAN

Now that we've got that out of the way, why don't you tell me what you did with Steve?

ADRIAN

Fuck you.

BRIAN

You know, I think Jerry Springer had a show about guys like you.

Brian shoots Adrian in the leg.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Smart guys, foolish choices. Now, I'm going to ask you one more time before I just blow your fucking head off.

Brian leans into Adrian's face, pulls the duffel bag of guns off his lap and gets another gun.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You didn't know that the bullet in your leg was the last one in that gun, did you? I wonder if this one has any more bullets left?

Brian stands up quickly and fires another bullet into the back of the car.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Yep, still got some.

Brian squats back down into Adrian's face.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Just so you know, I'm not a killer by nature. I'm just the kind of guy who doesn't like loose ends. And, just so you know, right now there are only two loose ends. You and what you've done with Steve. To be honest, I don't really care if you've killed him. As much as I love him I've got to save my ass. So, as you see, I have to know.

ADRIAN

All right, I killed him.

Brian punches Adrian in the shoulder.

BRIAN

I told you I don't give a flying fuck about that.

Brian punches Adrian in the leg.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

The only thing I care about is where he is. It's not that I don't believe you. But I'm just the kind of guy who likes to see things for himself.

Brian punches Adrian in the shoulder.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is the body?

Brian punches Adrian in the leg.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I don't care if he's dead. If you haven't killed him I probably will just to lighten the load.

Brian punches Adrian in the shoulder.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is he?

ADRIAN

He's in the back of the house. I shot him and put him in the back of the house.

Brian stands up.

BRIAN

See, we could have settled this like gentlemen. If you had just given me the information I was after in the first place we never would have sunk to the level of common thugs.

Brian shoots Adrian in the other leg.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

But, seeing that we're already there I figured why take a chance that you'll try to escape.

Brian begins to walk out of the garage. When he arrives at the door he breaks into a half run. Within a couple of seconds he stops.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You lying sack of. . .

SND FX gunshot

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Surround with police cars.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mo talking to Detective Caines while Julie and Adrian are administered to by 4 EMT's, TERRI, ED, SYLVIA, RON, two for each of them.

CAINES
So after you placed the suspect in the trunk you held back until you realized that Adrian had left without a gun.

MO
Exactly. So I'm sneaking up to the house when all of a sudden this fucking guy was in my face. I just pointed a gun at him and, I don't know how, but it went off. I don't remember much about it.

CAINES
I can understand. But we will want to talk to you at a later time.

MO
But, you know, I was right, it was nothing like a video game.

The EMT's start to wheel Julie out of the garage.

ADRIAN
Is she going to be all right?

TERRI
She's lost a lot of blood and we can't estimate the internal injuries. We'll have to wait and see.

Julie turns her head slightly and looks at Adrian. He tries to give her a smile of encouragement. Caines walks away from Mo and follows Julie out of the garage. Mo walks over to Adrian.

MO

Man, are you lucky I have a sixth sense when it comes to danger.

ADRIAN

Don't make me laugh Mr. I'm More Of A Theory Guy.

MO

Hey, you owe me your life. If it wasn't for me you'd nothing more than some modern art all over these walls.

Mo walks over to the walls and affects a pretentious art patron demeanor.

MO (CONT'D)

I love what they did with his medulla oblongata. It shows a true sense of spacious negativity. That coupled with it's obvious grasp of today's oppidan landscape proves that this is an extremely eminent piece. We must alert our friends in the media.

ADRIAN

Don't make me laugh or I'll take one of these bullets out of my leg and inject it into you manually.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Steve is standing on the street near the back of a cruiser talking to Detective Caines.

STEVE

It was all a scam to kill Peter for what he did to Brian's sister. After Peter beat his sister for the hundredth time she finally left town and Brian was never quite the same. He started obsessing about killing Peter but he wanted to get away with it.

CAINES

But why did he kidnap Mrs. Holt?

STEVE

We figured that the victim wouldn't remember much so we were going to say that during the accident Peter went nuts and drove off with the victim. When we got back to the house he was kicking the shit out of her so we had to shoot him. We figured that the victim would be too dazed to make any trouble, we'd call the cops, become heroes and be on the next plane to Costa Rica. I don't think was going to kill her. I think he proved it by not shooting her in the car. He really wasn't a bad guy.

CAINES

We think that he was holding her hostage in case of trouble. He would have just killed her later. Steve knows that's true and attempts a weak smile at Julie who's being wheeled to the ambulance.

STEVE

Please forgive us.

TERRI

We've got to get going, officer.

Terri wheels Julie into an ambulance. Another stretcher passes with Adrian in it and Mo running along side.

ADRIAN

You've got to be kidding me? The old whacker couldn't call the police because his computer was downloading a file so he had to drive to his friends house ten miles away to use a phone. Why didn't he just use the fucking scanner?

MO

He said he didn't think of it. But he sure did think about that computer.

You should have seen the look on his face when I told him the one in the street was his. Look over there.

Mo points to the guy standing over the equipment Mo pulled out of his trunk earlier. Joe looks up and waves.

ADRIAN

I guess that means you have a new friend.

MO

No. Not me. No way. No more human interaction for this guy. That shit's way to nerve wracking.

FADE OUT.