

PETE THE ASSASSIN

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INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CEO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Luxury high-rise office. A CEO (60s) nervously stuffs papers into a shredder as two GOONS with machine guns stand guard.

CEO  
C'mon! C'mon! Faster!

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, a DRONE watches them.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Classic stake-out van. ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: CEO and goons. ASHLEY (20s), definition of millennial, types away.

ASHLEY  
Ok, I've got visuals. Two  
bodyguards. Large caliber weapons.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside of the CEO's office stands PETE (30s), dressed in all black, spec-ops type military gear. Total badass.

PETE  
Confirmed. Ashley, kill the lights.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

She types away.

ASHLEY  
And lights are killed.

**SUPER:** ASHLEY. COMMUNICATIONS. (ALSO, INTERN).

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY

Pete pulls night-vision goggles down over his eyes.

PETE  
God, I love my job!

**SUPER:** PETE. TACTICAL ELIMINATIONS. (AKA ASSASSIN).

IN THE CEO'S OFFICE.

BZZT. Lights out. Darkness.

CEO

Oh no.

The goons ready their weapons when POP! POP! One goes down. POP! The other falls. CEO looks terrified.

CEO (CONT'D)

No. Please! I -

POP! CEO - quite dead. Pete stands over him.

PETE

Target eliminated.

Pete removes his goggles.

PETE (CONT'D)

What ya thinking? Grab some 'za?

IN THE VAN, Ashley thinks about it, nods.

ASHLEY

Yeah, sounds good. You're buying.

MONTAGE - PETE AND ASHLEY'S ASSASSINATIONS.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Pouring down rain. Ashley, disguised as a valet, holds an umbrella for another pompous CEO-type as he climbs in a car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

CEO brushes rain off, as Ashley gets in the driver's seat.

CEO

34th and Lex, and hurry up, I -

The CEO notices Pete sitting in the back next to him with a pistol. POP! CEO - dead. Ashley looks through the rearview.

ASHLEY

You know what most interns do?

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Humongous drug-lord type mansion. Pete, dressed as a delivery guy, runs up the steps.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
They pickup coffee. They make  
copies.

Pete rings the doorbell.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
They get to sit in meetings.

PETE  
Hold that thought.

A fat mafioso answers. Pete flips through his clipboard.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Hi. Are you Mr Aw-chi-o-grasso?  
Ouchi-i-greaso? Ocho-lesbo?

MR. OCCHIOGROSSO  
Occhiogrosso. Who the hell are you?

Pete smiles. POP! POP! Two bullets into Mr. Occhi-whatever.  
Pete runs back down the stairs.

PETE  
You were saying?

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
What they don't do...

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Chiseled dudes and beautiful babes strut around a pool.  
Ashley, sunbathing, when a SLEAZY RICH GUY approaches her.

ASHLEY (V.O.)  
...is assist with assassinations!

SLEAZY RICH GUY  
Hey. How you doing?

Ashley turns to him, unable to hide her contempt.

ASHLEY  
Wow. So original.

Pete, in a terrible waiter disguise, approaches with drinks.

PETE  
Buy a drink for the lady, sir?

SLEAZY RICH GUY  
Yeah, sure. Whatever.

Ashley grabs a drink; Rich Guy does the same.

ASHLEY

Cheers.

They clink glasses and Rich Guy drinks.

SLEAZY RICH GUY

So, why don't I take you back to my  
room, oil up that sweet ass and -

Rich Guy convulses and dies. Ashley sits him back, puts shades on him, a la *Weekend at Bernie's*. Then she grabs a robe and covers up, as they quickly exit.

PETE

C'mon! Isn't this better than  
bringing coffee?

ASHLEY

Let's just get out of here. I think  
I got herpes just from sitting in  
that chair.

END MONTAGE.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Ashley types away at her computer.

ASHLEY

Have you ever thought about - I  
don't know - doing something else?

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Pete, all black, carries a duffel bag across the upper level of an office high-rise that's under construction.

PETE

Why? I love what I do.

BACK IN THE VAN, Ashley swivels to another screen, types.

ASHLEY

You kill people Pete.

BACK IN THE OFFICE BUILDING, Pete takes his tools out of the bag: Parts of a SNIPER RIFLE.

PETE

I kill bad people.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
You kill people that are bad for  
Mr. Porter's business. That's  
pretty subjective.

PETE  
If Mr. Porter sends me after you,  
chances are you're a d-bag. You saw  
this guy's file. Grade-A fuckstick.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
I guess so.

Pete deftly assembles the gun.

PETE  
It's about doing what makes you  
feel fulfilled, and eliminating Mr.  
Porter's enemies does that for me.  
I wouldn't work for anyone else.

BACK IN THE VAN, Ashley swivels to another screen, types.

ASHLEY  
Must be nice. My parents are dead  
set on me going into business.

BACK IN THE BUILDING, Pete places the weapon.

PETE  
Why don't you just do what you want  
to do? What's that thing you kids  
say? Do you, boo-boo?

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
No one says that. And have you met  
my parents? They would disown me.

PETE  
I guess, but I'm telling you - life  
is too short to do what other  
people want you to do.

He adjusts the scope, stops.

PETE (CONT'D)  
This is one of those teaching  
moments, isn't it? I've never had  
an intern before. I really like it.

BACK IN THE VAN, Ashley sighs.

ASHLEY

Great. I'm getting lessons on life from a corporate assassin.

PETE (OVER RADIO)

Who better to teach about the value of life?

ASHLEY

What does Mr. Porter even do?

AND BACK TO PETE, who lines up the rifle.

PETE

For one, he sponsors those orphanages. And, for two, he provides internships.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)

True. Porter Industries is consistently rated one of the best places to work, and I'm very grateful for this internship.

BACK IN THE VAN

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Even if it is weird as fuck.

Ashley looks at calculations on her screen.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Couldn't you have gotten closer? This shot - it's over a mile.

BACK TO PETE. He positions himself behind the weapon.

PETE

Oh, another teaching moment!

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)

Jesus. Not this again.

PETE

This is a Barrett M107 .50 cal Sniper Rifle. The max effective range of this beautiful piece of ass is 2,000 meters. That's almost a mile and a half in American.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
I'm from Toronto; I know how far  
2,000 meters is. And could you  
maybe not sexualize your weapon?

He reaches into his bag, pulls out a BRASS BULLET...

PETE  
But that's with the standard 660  
grain bullet, which weighs 42.8  
grams. We're using a brass bullet,  
which comes in at a sexy 26 grams.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
Did you even hear a word I said?

Pete loads the bullet and looks THROUGH THE SCOPE. We move in  
HYPER SPEED through a jungle of skyscrapers.

PETE (V.O.)  
The thing to remember when shooting  
long distances is to always  
establish your constants.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
I have a computer. I can just tell  
you. That's literally why I'm here.

PETE (V.O.)  
If the cross-sectional area for .50  
cal brass bullets is .1963 inches  
squared, and we bump the drag  
coefficient to .045; now the  
initial velocity is 3,200  
feet/second which is the...

IN THE CROSSHAIRS, a fat, bald CEO-type in his OFFICE sits in  
an office chair, a bare-breasted woman bouncing on his lap.

A large bodyguard watches from the corner. He adjusts his  
tie, as if trying to stay focused.

PETE  
I'm sorry; what was I saying?

Pete continues to watch the CEO and the woman have sex.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Uh, 3,200 feet per second with a,  
uh.. oh yeah. Oh baby. Daddy likey.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
You know I can hear you, right?



PETE

You want me to what? But I'm working. Ok, maybe just a little...

ASHLEY

Pete! Are you listening? We -

A rustling sound as Pete is, uh, adjusting himself. Then... the CLICK OF A GUN, and...

BACK IN THE BUILDING, Pete looks through the scope of the rifle, with a GUN TO HIS HEAD.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO) (CONT'D)

- have movement on your floor.

PETE

Yep. I see that now.

Pete turns - FIVE ASSASSINS, all in black, pointing guns at him. CHAD (30s), the leader, holds the gun to Pete's head.

A BRUCE SYSTEMS INCORPORATED emblem - A shield with a flaming sword- is prominent on their uniforms.

PETE (CONT'D)

Really? Chad? From Bruce Systems, Inc? I cannot fucking believe that Chad from BSI got the drop on me.

CHAD

Fuckin' believe it, Pete. Out here with that old ass Barrett. Nobody uses that shit anymore. It's all about the A-MAX .50 now.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)

He's right. The A-MAX is the new standard.

PETE

What's that Ash? Oh you're - bzzt!

Pete clicks the radio off. The other assassins look confused, nervous. One of them, BRANDON (20s), speaks up.

BRANDON

C'mon man. Let's just do this.

CHAD

Shutup Brendon!

PETE

Oh, you've got an intern too! Cute.

BRANDON

I'm not a fucking intern. And my name's not Brendon. It's Brandon.

CHAD

Uh, it's whatever the fuck I say it is ok, Brendon?

PETE

This seems to be a real point of contention between you two.

BRANDON

Whatever man. Just pull the trigger. This is Pete from Porter Industries, not some -

CHAD

I fuckin' know who it is Brendon. That's why I'm the fuckin' senior level assassin, and you're just some junior level bitch.

Chad turns his attention for half a second towards Brandon, and that's all Pete needs. With some quick assassin wizardry, Pete grabs the pistol and POW! One bullet to Chad's head.

BRANDON

Shit. See? This is what happens!

POP! POP! Pete kills another. Three left. RAT-TAT-TAT! Pete uses Chad's body for cover, as the BSI guys unload.

Pete throws down Chad's bullet-riddled body and crawls behind a half-built wall. The BSI team cautiously moves toward the wall in formation.

The first assassin pokes his gun around the wall. Pete GRABS it, JAMS HIS KNIFE straight through the guy's jaw. Two left.

PETE

Oh! In the face!

Pete uses the dead body as a shield as he charges another bad guy. The bad guy fires until CLICK! No more ammo. Pete drops the body and stabs his huge knife toward the bad guy.

Bad guy moves and pulls his own blade. In a series of sweet moves that would make Jason Bourne say, "Damn!", they fight.

Pete slashes the guy's arm and he drops the knife, unable to hold his arm up. SLASH! SLASH! The guy loses the other arm.

PETE (CONT'D)  
I guess you're unarmed now.

The bad guy thinks about it and then STAB! Knife meet throat.  
Pete turns and CLICK! Brandon has a pistol to Pete's head.

BRANDON  
Drop the knife, Pete.

PETE  
Oh, Brendon, I didn't -

Pete drops the knife, raises his hands.

BRANDON  
Motherfucker! It's Brandon! I'm  
gonna enjoy killing you.

Pete holds up his first finger.

PETE  
Before you do, can I just say one  
thing?

With lightning speed, Pete pokes Brandon in the nose.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Got your nose.

BRANDON  
What the? When everyone finds out,  
I killed Pete, I'm gonna get -

Brendon tries to pull the trigger, but can't. As he talks,  
blood starts coming out of his nose, ears, eyes, mouth.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
- promoted to... What was I saying?

Brendon collapses, gurgling on his own blood.

PETE  
Brendon, Brandon? Brin-don? Anyway,  
that's called the assassin poke of  
death. It's kinda like my thing

Brendon finally stops gurgling.

PETE (CONT'D)  
You don't learn that one until  
you're senior - oh shit!

Pete runs back to the rifle, THROUGH THE SCOPE, The old CEO, visible from the waist up, puts on a shirt. The woman stands nearby. Pete clicks the radio on.

ASHLEY

Pete! Tell me you didn't do the assassin poke of death.

PETE

No time. Give me the coordinates.

ASHLEY

We have to abort. We'll come back another time. We'll -

PETE

No. He'll find Chad dead and he'll bail. We do it now. Uh, 3200 feet per second... Drag coefficient...

ASHLEY

It's an impossible shot. You can't -

PETE

The angle of the hypotenuse. Carry the one. Divide by zero, fuck it.

Pete pulls the trigger and we FOLLOW THE BULLET as it spins through the maze of glass and steel buildings.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - FAT CEO'S OFFICE

A SECOND HOOKER, suddenly visible, lifts up her head, throws her hair back and wipes her mouth.

SECOND HOOKER

So, uh, is that it or what?

Then... glass shatters. The CEO's head explodes, sending blood and gray matter all over the woman's body.

SECOND HOOKER (CONT'D)

What the...

She slowly realizes what's happened and SCREAMS! And...

PARTY MUSIC starts thumping and we're...

INT. PORTER INDUSTRIES HQ - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

DING! An elevator door opens and Pete - sharp suit. Shades. All smiles - walks out like the FUCKING MAN.

Behind him, Ashley, less impressed by the surroundings.

It's the office party to END ALL OFFICE PARTIES, something like a frat rager meets a Sultan's Birthday party. It's over the top and completely inappropriate.

ASHLEY

This is really inappropriate. I should talk to HR about this.

PETE

Who? Terry?

Pete points to a fat guy in nothing but a necktie and some tighty-whitey underwear (neither tight nor that white).

The revelers part like the Red Sea creating a PARTY GAUNTLET, full of drink, drugs, sex. Pete passes on all of it.

PETE (CONT'D)

Guys! You know the rules: First, I see the boss. Then we get boss!

ASHLEY

What does that even mean?

TRACI (O.S.)

You heard him! Get outta the way!

That's Traci (30s). Tiny with too long nails and too high heels. She is not to be f'ed with. She smiles at Pete.

TRACI (CONT'D)

Like the party, Pete? I planned it for you.

More people party in inappropriate ways.

PETE

You really outdid yourself, Traci.

ASHLEY

Yeah. This is all kinds of wrong.

Traci gives Ash the finger, turns to Pete.

TRACI

Thanks. How about later we have our own private party... at your place.

PETE

I don't know. This party seems fun, and my place is so out of the way.

ASHLEY

I think by party, she means sex.

Traci throws herself up against Pete's body.

TRACI

That's exactly what I mean.

Pete, still hyper-focused on getting to Mr. Porter.

PETE

Traci, you're funny. Where's Mr. P?  
Need to get him this paperwork.

Traci, disappointed, nods her head.

TRACI

He's over there.

Ashley flips the bird back at Traci as they walk past.

ASHLEY

Why's she want your balls so bad?

PETE

What? Traci's always joking around.

ASHLEY

Joking around about your balls.

Just ahead, MR. PORTER (60s), bald, thin, stands in front of a HUGE CAKE, as TWO STRIPPERS (one male and one female) bust out. Both give him a sloppy, icing filled lap dance.

PETE

Mr. Porter!

MR. PORTER

Pete!

Mr. Porter stands and hugs Pete, covering him with frosting.

ASHLEY

Double stripper cake. Ok...

MR. PORTER

Ashley, it's almost 2020, and we have to be respectful of all people. Some like men; some like women, and some, like myself, aren't particularly choosy.

Ashley can't even. Pete hands Mr. Porter the documents.

PETE

The paperwork for that BSI job.

Mr. Porter looks at Pete, sighs.

MR. PORTER

Right. Why don't you two step into my office.

ASHLEY

But I really want to stay out here with all the strippers and skanks.

Mr. Porter, oblivious.

MR. PORTER

I know. So do I, but duty calls.

ASHLEY

I was just being - nevermind.

They walk together to...

INT. MR. PORTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A plush, CEO's office. Mr. Porter closes the door, drowning out the party noise. Pete and Ashley sit. Pete wipes frosting from his cell phone and tosses it on the desk.

PETE

We neutralized Mr. Bruce and his team. Pics are on the phone of -

Mr. Porter stops him.

MR. PORTER

I know, Pete. You did great work. You've always done great work, which is why this is so hard.

Pete looks confused.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

There's no easy way to say this, so I'm just gonna say it. I have to let you go. Let both of you go.

Pete, even more confused. Ashley, also surprised.

ASHLEY

I'm getting fired from being an intern. This sucks.

MR. PORTER

You're not getting fired. I'm closing the assassin division.

ASHLEY

Still sounds pretty shitty.

PETE

But I've been here my whole life. I've done everything you've asked. I love working here.

MR. PORTER

And I couldn't ask for a better assassin. But that's just it - you've killed everyone. There's just no one left.

He turns to Ashley.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

And don't you worry: I'll write you an excellent recommendation letter.

ASHLEY

(talking to herself)

So tell us about your time at Porter Industries. Well, I helped kill people, and then I got fired. As an intern? Yep as an intern. But I've got a great recommendation.

PETE

But if I'm not an assassin for Porter Industries, who am I? What will I do?

Mr. Porter is genuinely sad.

MR. PORTER

I know; change can be hard, but this is how we grow. You'll land on your feet, both of you.

Mr. Porter smiles, pats Pete on the back, as they walk out of the office and BACK TO THE PARTY, music thumping loud.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

For now just enjoy this last party. Those other answers will come.

Pete and Ash look toward the elevators, through the party.



ASHLEY

Fuck! My parents are gonna kill me.

PETE

Do you want me to...

ASHLEY

What? No! Fuck no.

PETE

You're right. I'm just - why don't you just tell them?

ASHLEY

Why don't you work somewhere else?

The party still rages. TERRY, the HR guy, speaks up.

TERRY

Hey you two! Let's celebrate

ASH

Fuck it.

Ash walks down the party gauntlet, doing shots, smoking weed.

PETE

What are you doing?

ASHLEY

I'm doing what Mr. Porter said to do - enjoying the party.

PETE

Yeah, but you're a...

ASHLEY

I'm a college student who just got fired from being an intern. My parents are gonna go ballistic, so I'm gonna get blasted. I'm gonna do all the shots, take all the drugs, and suck all the dicks. Fuck you, and your double-standards.

PETE

You're right, I guess.

Pete sadly shotguns a beer. He wipes tears away as he does a shot, some pills, a bong rip. A woman shoves her breasts in Pete's face, and he pathetically motorboats them.

ASHLEY

Hey, it's gonna work out. I'll call you tomorrow ok? Also - fuck you.

Ash heads off to party more; Pete makes it to the ELEVATOR at the end of the party gauntlet. He pats himself down.

PETE

Shit. I left my phone on the desk.

He smiles weakly and trudges down the PARTY GAUNTLET again.

BINOCULARS POV.

Someone watches Pete sadly takes all of the drugs again.

END BINOCULARS POV

And we're...

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A man stands in the shadows of an empty room, binoculars in hand, the BSI logo prominent on his suit. Meet SIMON (30s).

SIMON

Simon says don't worry, Pete.

He raises the binoculars back to his eyes.

BINOCULARS POV

Pete, phone in hand, sadly walks the party gauntlet again.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I know someone who's still interested in you.

END BINOCULARS POV.

And we're off to...

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Modern. Sleek. Luxurious. Pete's got money.

On the bed- Pete starts to come to. He rolls over and sees Traci, sipping on a Starbucks coffee.

PETE

What are you doing here?

She hands Pete a coffee, takes a sip of her own.

TRACI

Mr. Porter said to make sure you got home safely.

PETE

Did we... ?

TRACI

No, but would you like to?

PETE

Phew. That woulda been weird, huh?

She approaches him, seductively, when...

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Ew, gross. Am I interrupting?

They both turn to see Ashley, standing with a bag of fast-food breakfast. She sits down, starts eating.

PETE

How did you get in here?

ASHLEY

Door was open. You really should be more careful.

Ashley throws a hash-brown in her mouth.

PETE

How are you here? I thought you were gonna do all the drugs and suck all the dicks?

ASHLEY

Oh, I did. Well not the dicks part. I actually got so fucked up that I just passed out under my old desk.

Pete rubs his head.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Luckily, I'm young and I recover fast. Anyway, I was thinking, maybe its not so bad we got fired.

PETE

Did you tell your parents?

ASHLEY

Hell no. So I need to be out of the house all day. I'm gonna go do some yoga. You wanna come with?

TRACI

Lame.

Pete stands up, finishes getting dressed.

PETE

The only place I'm going is back to the office.

TRACI

No can do, Peter.

ASHLEY

For once I agree with Hot Mess over there. Why do you even want to go back? You've got money, a sweet apartment. You don't need to work.

PETE

It's not about the money or the sweet apartment. It's about helping Mr. Porter. I will die if I don't work for Mr. Porter. Literally die.

TRACI

Aw, Pete. You're so sweet.

ASHLEY

And totes dramatic. Are you still fucked up from last night?

PETE

Yes, but that's not the point. Mr. Porter needs my help.

TRACI

He thought you might try this, so he made you this care package to help you start your new life.

She hand him a cardboard box that includes: a BONG, a blow-up doll, some sparklers, a bottle of alcohol, and a VHS tape.

ASHLEY

He couldn't spring for the Blu-Ray?

TRACI

Watch the tape, Pete.

Pete walks to the TV and puts in the tape. ON THE SCREEN: Mr. Porter, in his office, still trashed from the party.

MR. PORTER (ON TV)

Pete, I know you're probably confused right now. And probably still really fucked up. You did a lot of drugs at the party. A lot.

Pete nods in agreement.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

You've been so focused on killing for me, and I appreciate that, but now's the time for some new experiences. Have some fun. See a movie. Go do that yoga shit that Ashley's always going on about.

ASHLEY

Yoga's a very common thing. Why has no one heard of it?

MR. PORTER

Traci's got another little parting gift for you.

She gives Pete her best sexy look.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

It's in the garage.

Traci stops, dejected.

TRACI

It's a truck.

MR. PORTER

Jesus, Traci. Spoiler alert.

ASHLEY

How did he know...?

MR. PORTER

It's a truck. To help you get started on your new life's highway.

ASHLEY

What the hell? Pete gets a truck, an escort, and a personal video? I got fired too, you know.

MR. PORTER

Oh, and don't mention this video to Ashley. Or the truck. All I got her was a Starbucks gift card.

ASHLEY

Yeah, I didn't get that either.

Traci takes a sip of her coffee, shrugs.

MR. PORTER

All your credentials are now obsolete. You are no longer permitted within 100 feet of the building. Thank you Pete. Because of you, Porter Industries has no more enemies. So get out there. Go for it! Have fun. Porter out.

Mr. Porter fades out, and a montage of Pete and Mr. Porter in happier times begins, while a sappy song like, "How Do You Talk to an Angel?" plays. Pete watches, until he throws up again all over the bed.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

A bell rings as Pete and Ash enter the most spiritual yoga studio in the universe. You can feel the oneness.

ASHLEY

This is gonna be a lot of fun.

PETE

I don't know. I'd really rather just get back to work.

Behind the counter, registering a new member, is BLUE (40s), more like an overweight, wannabe '80s rocker than a yogi.

BLUE

So basically, you can come here as many times as you want for the first three months.

CUSTOMER

Like, even on Christmas?

BLUE

Why the fuck would you wanna be here on Christmas? Don't you wanna spend time with your family?

CUSTOMER 1

My family was killed when I was a child. I raised myself on the streets, taught myself how to survive, until I eventually became CEO of a Fortune 50 company and -

BLUE

Wah! Wah! Get the fuck outta here!  
Family first. Dick!

Blue crumbles up the paperwork, tosses it at the man as he leaves. He finds a cigarette and lights up.

ASHLEY

Who the hell are you?

BLUE

And hello to you too. I'm Blue.

He extends his hand; she doesn't take it.

ASHLEY

Where's Sarah?

BLUE

Sarah's out. I'm her brother.

PETE

Should you be smoking?

BLUE

Don't worry; all natural. Helps with my chi and shit.

ASHLEY

Whatever man. We're just gonna jump in this class. Let's go, Pete.

She heads toward a class of happy people who have just unlocked their chakras. An older, hippy-ish teacher bows.

BLUE

Yeah, that's cool I guess. But if you really want a full on Kundalini boner, then you need my class.

ASHLEY

I don't want that at all.

PETE

Your class?

BLUE

Fuck yeah, bruh! It's like yoga extreme. When we're done, that 'versal energy's gonna be all over you, and you're gonna love it.

Blue sticks out his tongue like a porn star.

ASHLEY

Why don't you just keep your spiritual jizz to yourself.

PETE

Yeah, I don't think that's what -

BLUE

Total yoga virg' huh? I get it. But you just gotta get out there and go for it. Have some fun, you know?

As Blue speaks, Mr. Porter's words echo through Pete's head.

VISION OF MR. PORTER

MR. PORTER

...Porter Industries has no more enemies. So get out there. Go for it! Have fun. Porter out.

Vision of Traci appears, tries to look sexy.

BACK TO THE YOGA STUDIO

Pete shakes the vision out of his head.

ASHLEY

Forget this. C'mon Pete. Let's go.

PETE

Mr. Porter said to try new things.

ASHLEY

Ten minutes ago, you didn't even know what yoga was. Now you wanna get some karmic handjob from this dipshit?

PETE

I'm just trying to put myself out there. Let's give it a shot.

She shrugs.



ASHLEY

Ok. Sure. New experiences, right?

BLUE

Fucks to the yeah, bruh and bruh-ette! That's what I like to hear!

ASHLEY

He needs some yoga clothes. You got anything?

BLUE

Hell yeah. I gotchu.

MONTAGE - INT. YOGA STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM - PETE TRIES ON YOGA CLOTHES, A LA *PRETTY WOMAN*.

Each outfit is more ridiculous than the last. Ashley and Blue sit back and judge each look.

-- Pete in shorts and a t-shirt. It actually looks appropriate. Ashley says yes. Blue shakes his head no.

-- Pete in yoga pants that are two sizes too small and a matching tank top. Pete asks, "Yeah?" Ash and Blue - "Meh..."

-- Ash spins around in her chair, bored.

-- Pete in a jockstrap and football helmet. Blue and Ashley's expressions say, "Where did you find a football helmet?"

-- Blue watches PornHub on his phone, tries to hide it.

-- Pete in men's short shorts and a tank top that reads, "Does running out of fucks count as cardio?" Blue gives a thumbs up. Pete smiles. Ashley shrugs. Let's do it!

END MONTAGE

INT. YOGA ROOM

Pete and Ashley enter, carrying yoga mats. An attractive woman stretches out two spots in front of them.

ASHLEY

See? Try new things. Meet new people.

PETE

Yeah. Ok. This might work.

Just then, a fat, hairy man squeezes in to a space between Pete and the woman. Pete tries to look around the fat man, but there's no chance.

He looks for another spot, but then a handsome, fit man sits next him. This is STEVE THE YOGA ASSASSIN (30s).

STEVE

Pete? Porter Industries Pete?

PETE

Steve? From LionRock International?  
What are you doing here?

STEVE

I'm here everyday; three o'clock  
Bikram.

ASHLEY

I've never seen you here before in  
my life.

STEVE

That's because you're always doing  
the little girls' class with Sarah.  
This is a man's class.

Ashley looks around. Besides Pete, Steve, and the fat guy,  
the class is all women.

ASHLEY

There's like 3 dudes here.

STEVE

Whatever. The question is - what  
are you doing here?

Steve strikes some yoga poses. Pete tries to keep up.

PETE

Trying new things.

As they talk, Steve does more and more advanced yoga poses.  
Pete tries to match each one, but fails. He sucks at yoga.

STEVE

Heard Porter shitcanned you. Wanna  
job? We got a junior level position  
at LionRock. You could be my  
assistant.

PETE

I only work for Mr. Porter.

STEVE

That's too bad. Guess I'm just gonna have to kill you.

ASHLEY

Thought you were here for yoga?

STEVE

Yeah. Three o'clock Bikram. But at four - you're dead.

Pete and Steve eye each other, as Blue walks in.

BLUE

All right fuckers! Who's ready to spread some chakras out like a drunk whore behind the 7-11?

Ashley and Pete, confused. Steve cheers, turns to Pete.

STEVE

This guy's the best.

BLUE

Let's get started, huh? Breathe that shit in. Yeah!

Blue walks around class as he talks. Except for Blue's antics, it's a pretty standard yoga class.

BLUE (CONT'D)

All right everyone, get that face down and that ass up.

The fat man gets into CHILD'S POSE, his ass uncomfortably close to Pete's face, while Blue adjusts Pete, his crotch much too close to Pete's butt. Pete's the meat in a weird yoga sandwich.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Get that ass up in the air like a baboon in heat. I like it! You sure you haven't done this before?

Blue smacks his ass. Hard.

PETE

Ow. Is this normal?

ASHLEY

No. This is weird as shit.

STEVE  
Yo. Chatty Cathy's. You're fucking  
with my focus.

PETE  
You're really into this, huh?

STEVE  
Everyday bitch. Everyday!

Blue moves around the room confidently.

BLUE  
All right, you mo-fo's. Chair Pose.

Everyone moves to the CHAIR POSE - sitting as if they were in  
a chair, without the chair. Blue walks to Ash.

BLUE (CONT'D)  
Let me just -

ASHLEY  
Don't fucking touch me.

BLUE  
Ok.

Blue walks on. Pete is dripping sweat. It's hot.

Everyone gets in PLOW POSE - lean back on the shoulders, legs  
over the head. Blue, of course, comes over to help.

BLUE (CONT'D)  
There you go. Let me just push  
those legs down and -

PETE  
Actually, I'm good.

STEVE  
Stop being a dick Pete. Let the man  
help you out.

Blue kneels down puts his hands on Pete's legs.

BLUE  
That's it - fucking. Plow. Those.  
Bad. Vibes. Right out of here.

Which each word, Blue thrusts into Pete, sweat flying.

STEVE  
Blue, could I get a little help?

BLUE  
Sure thing Steven. On the way.

Blue smacks Pete's ass again.

Cut to END OF CLASS.

Blue is in front of class, kneeling on his knees.

BLUE (CONT'D)  
I just want to take a moment and  
recognize ya'll for the fuckin'  
work you put in today.

Pete looks around the room. Everyone has their eyes closed,  
except for Steve, who's watching Pete intently.

STEVE  
Four pm mother fucker.

BLUE  
You know - I don't want to go all  
TMI here, but sometimes I feel like  
I don't really fit in.

ASHLEY  
Yeah, no shit.

BLUE  
I've been through some hard times.  
Lost some jobs, some friends. Done  
some drugs. A shit ton of drugs. As  
we all have. And sometimes people  
say things like "Blue, chill out."  
Or "Blue, your yoga sucks." Or  
"Blue, stop jerking off to the LuLu  
Lemon catalog." And I'd like to  
tell you that it don't bother me,  
but you know what? It does.

Blue is on the verge of tears. He's genuinely grateful.

BLUE (CONT'D)  
But every time I teach here, I feel  
like I just got fucked with a  
karmic dildo. And I want more!

STEVE  
So vulnerable. Thanks for sharing.

BLUE  
Anyway, how about we wrap up with  
some classic scrotal relaxation?

People start to move, as if they know what that means.

ASHLEY

He said total right? Total relaxation?

PETE

Negative. That's not what he said.

Blue starts to remove his clothes.

BLUE

All right, everyone. Just get comfortable. Relax. Let your balls hang out. Or a tit if you don't have balls. A nip. A few pubes. Whatever works for you. Just go for it. No judgement.

Blue is nearly naked when a yoga-instructor-looking woman walks in: SARAH, Blue's sister and ACTUAL STUDIO OWNER.

SARAH FOXTROT

What the actual fuck Blue!

BLUE

Goddamn Sarah! I said no judgement!

SARAH

Oh, there's judgement motherfucker! I told you: no more "scrotal relaxation." No more fuckin side-scrots, or "scrots of hazzard". Nothing with the scrotum or your dick or slapping people's asses you fat fuck-ass disappointment. Everyone in the family hates you.

BLUE

This is the shit I'm talking about!

Blue grabs his mat, stands up to leave.

BLUE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry ya'll had to see this. Namaste motherfuckers.

SARAH

Put your fucking balls away and get out. Everyone else who came here for a real class - I apologize. We'll see you again tomorrow.

The group gets up. A nice old lady tucks her breasts back in to her shirt. Steve, clothes in hand, points to Pete, and makes a slashing motion over his throat.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Pete and Ashley, still dressed for yoga, exit the studio.

PETE  
So that's yoga?

ASHLEY  
No. Not at all.

Then...

BLUE (O.S.)  
Hey man....

Instant assassin mode: Pete twists Blue's arm around his back and slams him against the wall. Blue screams.

BLUE (CONT'D)  
Hey bruh! Chill with the Jason Bourne shit! You're totally blocking my chi bruh!

PETE  
Oh. It's you.

Pete loosens up his grip. Blue shakes his arm out.

BLUE  
Jesus, man. What are you? Some sorta ninja or something?

PETE  
Yes. I'm a highly trained corporate assassin for a major company.

BLUE  
Really? That's badass!

ASHLEY  
Maybe let's not advertise that huh?

STEVE (O.S.)  
Your girlfriend's right, Pete.

Steve steps out of the shadows, also still in his yoga clothes, carrying a mat and a water bottle.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Now I have to kill you and my favorite yoga teacher.

BLUE

Steve, you're an assassin too? That's so cool!

STEVE

Shut up, Blue.

Steve and Pete face off.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Last chance to be my assistant.

PETE

I only work for Mr. Porter.

Ashley and Blue stand nearby.

BLUE

Man, this is so wicked. Two gladiators about to fight to -

STEVE AND PETE

Shut up, Blue!

The two assassins face off.

PETE

I'm trying not to kill people anymore.

STEVE

That's fine; just makes it easier for me.

Steve swats Pete with his yoga mat, and its on. Back and forth they go, two assassins in yoga pants battling to the death. Despite their goofiness, they can really fight.

In a particularly sweet move, Pete jiu-jitsu's his balls across Steve's face. The fight continues until finally Pete smashes Steve's head in with his own water bottle.

PETE

Now who's shitcanned mother fucker!

Pete stands up, blood all over his yoga clothes.

BLUE

Whoa! You totally rubbed your balls on his face! That was awesome!



ASHLEY

Really? He just smashed a man's  
face in with a water bottle.

BLUE

Yeah, well, different strokes. Can  
you teach me to do that?

Pete drags Steve's body into the alley and disposes of it in  
a dumpster, along with the bottle.

PETE

No. I'm trying not to kill people.

Pete climbs into his truck. Blue gets in the passenger side,  
in front of Ashley.

INT/EXT. PETE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Pete in the driver's seat. Blue in the middle. Ashley in the  
passenger seat.

BLUE

Well, you have to be who you are.

ASHLEY

Why are you in the truck?

BLUE

Look at me: I'm an extreme yoga  
instructor. That's who I am.

PETE

Why are you in my truck?

BLUE

You can't stop doing you just  
because someone tells you to.

Just then, Sarah appears out of the studio.

SARAH

There you are! Come here asshole!

BLUE

Ah, shit man. Let's get outta here.

Pete peels out into the night.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT.

Dark. Bare. A familiar face - J'WAYNE (40s), the large bodyguard who was guarding the CEO, sits sweating nervously.

Across from him, sits MR. BRUCE (60s), the CEO whose head exploded all over the hooker earlier. Half his face is cloaked in shadow, only the faintest scar lines visible.

J'WAYNE

I'm glad to see you're feeling better sir. How's your head?

MR. BRUCE

It hurts. Do you know why it hurts?

Mr. Bruce is obviously not ok. Sickly, pale hands reach for a cigarette. J'wayne helps him light the smoke.

J'WAYNE

Because you have a very stressful job? Maybe you don't take enough time for yourself. Have you tried -

Mr. Bruce sucks loudly on the cigarette.

MR. BRUCE

It hurts because my bodyguard failed to guard my body.

J'WAYNE

Sir, with all respect, I don't really feel like I was set up to succeed. It was really hard to concentrate with all the titties and the dicks and the nips. Plus, that shot came from over a mile away. What was I gonna do, right?

MR. BRUCE

So you're saying you're worthless.

J'WAYNE

Uh, I don't think that's exactly -

POP! J'wayne falls dead. Simon emerges from the shadows.

SIMON

I meet with Porter tomorrow. Everything's coming together.

MR. BRUCE

Good. Once my body is fully intact and Porter is dead, Bruce Systems will once again be number one.

SIMON

I've taken every variable into consideration. Even Pete.

Simon casually wipes down the pistol and puts it away.

MR. BRUCE

Just make sure you deliver. Or I will take you to hell with me.

Mr. Bruce sucks again on the cigarette.

SIMON

Uh yeah sure.  
(to himself)  
God, this is a fucking weird gig.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

Our crew sits inside, having a slice.

BLUE

But still you got to be an intern for an assassin. That's cool.

ASHLEY

I was supposed to be in IT. But Mr. Porter asked me to help him clear his browser history and saw I was good with machines; asked me to help Pete. I'm an intern, so I said yes. Didn't know I'd get fired.

Ash takes a bite.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

That guy watches a lot of porn by the way. A lot.

PETE

Guys, I have to get back to working for Mr. Porter.

ASHLEY

Let it go. You're not even allowed with 100 yards of the building.

BLUE  
Dude, that's harsh. Maybe you -

PETE  
Oh, shit. Don't look. I said -

Blue and Ash look and see SUSAN (30s), suburban soccer mom look, pushing a baby stroller, diaper bag over her shoulder. She smiles and waves a big mom wave, as she approaches.

ASHLEY  
Oh, damn. Is that -

PETE  
Hey, Susan.

Pete looks away. It's awkward.

SUSAN  
Pete. Good to see ya. How ya been?

PETE  
I'm good. We were actually just -

Susan sits down, the stroller next to her.

SUSAN  
I just saw that truck outside, and I thought that has to be Pete. Not gonna stay long, just wanted to say that I heard about things with Porter, and I'm really sorry...

ASHLEY  
Jesus, does everyone know?

PETE  
Yeah, well. Apparently, there's no one left to kill, so...

SUSAN  
But I told you this would happen.

Pete sighs.

PETE  
I know, Susan.

SUSAN  
I told him. I said, "Pete, you're better than that place. You need to go out on your own. Freelance. Good money. Flexible hours."

PETE

And I told you: I only work for Mr. Porter.

SUSAN

This is why we broke up. You never listen. If you did, you'd have a job, and we'd still be together.

BLUE

Whoa. Lady assassin. Hot.

SUSAN

Yeah, I'm a lady assassin. I'm also a lady business owner. Note to you assholes: It's 2018. Ladies can do stuff. Porter's a dinosaur. It's all about the entrepreneur now.

PETE

What do you even care? Looks like you've moved on.

SUSAN

Oh what? You think because you didn't want me nobody else would?

Other patrons in the shop are starting to look at them.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You think you're the best I can do?

ASHLEY

Maybe we should just go.

SUSAN

Sit down, girl. You wanna run off just like you always did when we fought? Fuck you Pete.

PETE

C'mon Susan. Not again. Don't -

Susan wipes her hands, stands up, gets behind her stroller.

SUSAN

And fuck your dumb truck.

Susan KICKS her stroller towards the door of the pizza parlor. A young couple opens the door, just in time for the stroller to roll through. Patrons gasp in horror!

The stroller hits the curb and the BABY flies out, sticking to the window of Pete's truck. More gasps! Pete stands up.

PETE

No!

But that's no baby! It's a baby-shaped BOMB! The eyes count down: 3... 2... 1...

PETE (CONT'D)

Get down!

BOOM.

The baby-bomb explodes, destroying the truck. Windows in the pizza parlor shatter and everyone ducks for cover. Except Susan. She reaches into her diaper bag, pulls out two uzis.

SUSAN

You don't want to work together?  
Fine! That makes you the  
competition dickhead!

Susan lets the machine guns RIP as our heroes duck for cover behind the counter. Cheese, pepperoni, sausage, soda all go flying as Susan fills the counter with bullet holes!

BLUE

Dude! That's your ex?

PETE

Yeah. She's got a bit of a temper.

Pete looks around. Somehow a CUP OF SODA is still standing.

PETE (CONT'D)

Stay here.

While Susan stops to reload, Pete leaps over the counter, grabs a slice of pizza, and heads toward her.

Pete TOSSES THE PIZZA in her face, temporarily blinding her. Blue peeks over the counter, just as Pete punches her.

BLUE

Oh, bruh, I don't know about that.

Pete knees Susan in the gut.

ASHLEY

What are you talking about? She's  
trying to kill us.

BLUE

Yeah, but she's a chick, dude.

ASHLEY

What does that mean? Kick her ass!

Susan recovers and PUNCHES Pete between the legs.

SUSAN

Fuck all you douchebags. It's 2018,  
bitches.

Susan attacks with fury until she knocks Pete back on a table. She pulls his shirt over his head, grabs a pitcher of soda and WATERBOARDS PETE WITH SODA.

Pete tries to escape, but he can't. When she's out of soda, Susan slams the plastic pitcher against Pete's head.

Blue emerges from behind the counter, approaches Susan.

BLUE

All right, if that's how it is.

ASHLEY

Blue! You don't wanna do that.

Susan kicks Blue in the gut, knocking him to the ground. Then, she pulls a Chong Li from BLOODSPORT and STOMPS ON HIS FACE, screaming in victory.

Susan turns, just in time to see Pete tackle her...

THROUGH THE REMAINS OF THE FRONT WINDOW and we're...

OUT ON THE STREET as the two wrestle to the ground. Two male PASSERBY'S pass by.

PASSERBY 1

Hey! That guy's beating up a chick!

The two large men wrestle Pete off of Susan.

PETE

What? No! She's trying to kill us.

SUSAN

(mock concern)

Oh, help. He is trying to kill me.

Pete pushes the two men away, while Susan produces a MILITARY GRADE TASER.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Well, this is certainly a shocking  
turn of events.

PETE

Hey! Only I get the one-liners.

She tries to taze Pete, but Ashely PUSHES her and the Passerby's gets hit instead. She tries again, but Pete twists her arm, and Susan TAZES HERSELF. Her body starts to smoke, as she falls over. Dead.

PETE (CONT'D)

This certainly was a shocking turn of - aw, see? Now it doesn't work.

ASHLEY

You did think she was smoking hot.

A crowd gathers and sirens wail in the distance. In the crowd, watching, is SIMON. Pete doesn't see him, but his Pete-sense is tingling. Something's off.

PETE

C'mon. We should get outta here.

They run off into the night.

EXT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

Ashley, Blue, and Pete, clothes torn and blackened from the fight, exit a BUS. They look rough.

PETE

Couldn't you just do it?

ASHLEY

I could, but if we get busted and my name's out there, it would ruin me. My brother - he's all in to that black hat/deep web shit.

They walk closer to the house.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

But you guys have to promise me, you'll be cool. Nothing about getting fired.

PETE

Of course. Totally cool.

ASHLEY

And you - keep your clothes on.

BLUE

Got it. Fully clothed.



INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An upper-middle class home. Ash heads for the stairs when...

ASHLEY'S MOM  
Ash? Hun? Is that you?

Ash squeezes her eyes closed. Busted.

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

The crew enters, still looking rough. Ashley's PARENTS (50s) sit at the table, eating dinner. Both stare at their phones.

ASHLEY  
Hello parentals.

Ashley's MOM, very suburban, very oblivious, looks up.

ASHLEY'S MOM  
Hi honey! Who're your friends?

ASHLEY  
This is Pete, from work.

PETE  
Hello, Mrs... Ashley's mom.

ASHLEY  
And this is Blue.

BLUE  
What's up? And if I may say so,  
Mrs. Ashley's mom, your body is so  
tight. I'd love to teach you some -

ASHLEY  
Yeah, so anyway, we're just gonna  
go upstairs, smoke some crack, and  
have some threeway unprotected sex.

DAD looks up from his phone, stares at her over his glasses.

ASHLEY'S DAD  
Don't let it get in the way of your  
studying. Just because you're a  
senior, its no time to slack off.

ASHLEY'S MOM  
That's right honey. Hit the books!

Ashley rolls her eyes and they head UPSTAIRS.

ASHLEY  
C'mon, let's go find Cam.

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - CAM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

IPAD SCREEN: A sexy scene from Pornhub.

CAM (O.S.)  
Oh yeah, girl. You like that? You  
like that? Whut?

CAM (17), chubby, glasses, hyper-masculine millennial, holds  
on to the iPad with one hand. The other hand, down his pants.

Ash and crew enter. Cam throws the iPad in a sense of panic.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Dafuck, Ash! Can't you knock!

ASHLEY  
Can you not jerk off for five  
minutes?

CAM  
I'm not jerking off. I got mad  
bitches, yo. I don't need to -

ASHLEY  
Whatever, fucker. Just help us out.

CAM  
Who are these assholes?

Cam tries to look tough, eyeing Pete and Blue.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Aw, hell yeah, you must be Pete.  
You that dude that murks  
muthafucka's. That's dope, kid.

PETE  
Uh, what did you just say?

CAM  
Who's this fat dicklicker? Suh'  
doublestuff?

BLUE  
Who are you calling fat?

CAM  
You fat ass. You look like an  
uncircumcised dick with legs.

He notices how beat up they are.

CAM (CONT'D)  
What the hell happened to you?

PETE  
We had to neutralize a couple of  
enemy targets.

CAM  
Neutralize? Hell yeah. Gank those  
fools!

ASHLEY  
Plus we got fired.

CAM  
For word? Damn son! Mom and dad are  
gonna neutralize your ass!

ASHLEY  
Yeah, no shit, genius. That's why  
we need to get back in there and  
convince Porter to give us our old  
jobs back. Can you help us?

CAM  
Light work, fam. But I got an IG  
live coming up. My fans is waiting.

BLUE  
Bruh, you got fans for real?

CAM  
That's right burrito supreme. My IG  
is lit AF. Blue check mark. Mad  
ho's slidin' in my DM. All that.

ASHLEY  
Blue, please. Don't encourage him.

Cam whips out his phone, opens Instagram. It's no bullshit -  
he's got like 100k followers.

CAM  
I'm teaching a class on how to make  
dank memes. 'Bout get that ad  
revenue, that affiliate marketing.  
Put that shit on the blockchain,  
and bam! While you MF's is working,  
I'm getting paid! Yung cash flow,  
ya feel? Straight Gualla! Blawow!

Blue stares at all the dumb memes on Cam's page.

BLUE  
This shit gets you laid?

CAM  
Raw dick rockstar status, fam.

Blue grabs his phone.

BLUE  
Fuck yeah, bruh. Just followed.

CAM  
That's whats up, Overstuffed.  
You're all right.

They fist bump.

PETE  
How is this gonna help us out?

ASHLEY  
It's not. We don't give a shit  
about your IG. Just get us in to  
Porter's.

Cam puts his phone away, goes to his laptop.

CAM  
Yeah, I can do that. No problem.  
Only one condition...

EXT. PORTER INDUSTRIES BUILDING - STREET - DAY.

IPHONE SCREEN: Cam's big face.

CAM  
Sup IG fam! Its ya boy, Cam da Mac,  
coming live from Porter Industries!  
Check it fa'real - we got Pete the  
Assassin! About to fuck shit up!

Pete's face appears on screen.

PETE  
Hi.

ASHLEY (O.S.)  
Turn that shit off, Cam!

Ashley reaches back and tries to smack the phone out of Cam's hands. She and Blue sit in the front of Ashley's old, beat-up HATCHBACK. Pete sits in the back, binoculars to his face. Ash and Cam type away at computers.

BLUE

How come Pete got that sweet ass truck and you have this POS?

ASHLEY

Language! This is Turby. I love Turby.

CAM

More like Turdy. Blue Balls is right - this car sucks.

ASHLEY

Whatever. Turby's awesome. Anyway - we're not all senior assassins.

Pete continues to look through the 'nocs.

PETE

You're sure this is gonna work?

CAM

I gotchu, fam.

PETE

What'd you do? Hack into the mainframe?

Cam laughs. Even Ash has to laugh at that.

CAM

Yeah, bruh. Lemme just dial in to my myspace so I can defrag the web.

Cam makes old-school modem noises with his mouth.

CAM (CONT'D)

There. Done.

ASHLEY

For such a large and powerful organization, Porter Industries has an extremely weak security system. Like, worse than Target.

She types some more on the screen and...

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

All right. Now we just have to get past the guards.

BLUE

On it.

INT. PORTER INDUSTRIES BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Two guards stand in front of the entrance. One mountain of a man has a name tag that says TOM. The other - JERRY.

JERRY THE SECURITY GUARD  
I'm high as shit right now.

TOM THE SECURITY GUARD  
That's cuz you're jacked up on  
those dick shrinkers.

JERRY THE SECURITY GUARD  
You're goddamned right! My dick's  
shorter than Kevin Hart on a cold  
day, but I feel like I could  
benchpress a Buick right now.

TOM THE SECURITY GUARD  
That doesn't even make sense, man.

Blue tries to walk in the front door. The guards stop him.

JERRY THE SECURITY GUARD  
Who the fuck are you?

BLUE  
'sup bruhs? I'm here to see Porter.

TOM THE SECURITY GUARD  
That's Mr. Porter. And nobody gets  
in without some ID.

BLUE  
Oh yeah? Well I got two forms of ID  
right here.

Blue exposes himself, somehow showing only his testicles.

JERRY THE SECURITY GUARD  
What the fuck? Where's the dick?

TOM THE SECURITY GUARD  
That's disgusting. Get him!

Blue runs away, while the two guards take off after him. Pete slips in through the front door.

PETE  
All right. I'm in. Let's do this.

INT. CAR - STREET

Ash and Cam sit in the car. Ash has her laptop, typing away. Cam watches porn on his laptop.

ASHLEY

I took care of the security cameras  
in the main lobby. You just need to  
- Oh god! Fucking pay attention!

Cameron moves the porn window, revealing a very stereotypical "hacking" window. He types. Lines of code scroll past.

CAMERON

Chill. I told you I got this.

He types at the computer.

INT. PORTER INDUSTRIES BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Pete enters through the front door, An old desk attendant, GEORGE (60s), sits at the desk.

PETE

Hey George!

GEORGE

Pete, you're not supposed to be  
here. How'd you even get in the  
building?

PETE

It's cool, George. I'm back.

George looks skeptical.

GEORGE

I haven't heard anything about that

PETE

Really? Check the system.

George types away at his computer. A picture of Pete appears on the screen with DENIED typed in bold letters on his face.

BACK IN THE CAR

Ashley listens to Pete over the radio.

PETE (OVER RADIO) (CONT'D)

Are you sure? Check again.

She covers up the mouthpiece of the radio, yells at Cam.

ASHLEY  
Yo! I thought you said you got  
this! Fucking fix it!

Cam, annoyed.

CAM  
You mad bruh? I told you - Oh, I  
forgot to upload the code base to -

BACK IN THE OFFICE LOBBY

Pete squints in pain as Ashley is heard screaming in his ear.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
Stop fucking around and fix it so  
he can get in!

CAM (OVER RADIO)  
I'm working on it! If you'd stop  
yelling at me, I could do it!

George stares down at the screen.

GEORGE  
I'm sorry Pete. I'd let you in but -

ON GEORGE'S SCREEN: The "DENIED" lingers over Pete's face  
until -BZZT! STATIC!- and when the screen comes back, it  
reads, "OK."

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Huh. I could have sworn it said...

PETE  
Technology, huh?

Pete leaves George staring at the screen and heads to the...

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Pete walks into the elevator.

PETE  
Nice work team. I'm in.

The elevator door closes and opens at...

EXT. PORTER INDUSTRIES BUILDING - TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Pete walks out of the elevator.



PETE

Now, all we have to do is - shit.

Traci sits behind a desk, outside Mr. Porter's office. She sits up, happy to see Pete.

TRACI

Pete! What are you doing here?

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)

Ugh, god. So gross.

TRACI

I can hear you, intern.

CAM (OVER RADIO)

Who's he talking to? She sounds hot. Is she hot?

Pete slowly pushes down the volume on his headset.

PETE

I have to see Mr. Porter. It's important.

Pete heads for the door. Traci stops him.

TRACI

Not now. Mr. Porter is... busy.

PETE

What do you mean busy?

TRACI

You need to leave.

As if on cue, the doors of Mr. Porter's office open and he walks out, laughing and smiling, with SIMON! Mr. Porter sees Pete, stops laughing.

MR. PORTER

Pete! What are you doing here?

Pete stares at Simon. Simon stares at Pete. It's hardcore. They know each other. Then... Simon extends his hand.

SIMON

Hi! I'm Simon, the new accountant.

PETE

Fuck you, Simon.

MR. PORTER  
Pete! I'm sorry, Simon. Pete's  
going through a difficult time.  
I'll see you tonight.

Simon smiles at everyone.

SIMON  
Of course, tonight! Can't wait.

Simon walks off, winks as he passes Traci's desk.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
And I'll see you soon!

Mr. Porter turns to Pete.

MR. PORTER  
You! In my office. Now!

The two walk into...

INT. MR. PORTER'S OFFICE.

MR. PORTER  
What the hell was that?

PETE  
Why is Simon here?

MR. PORTER  
He's our new accountant.

PETE  
Accountant? He's an ass.

MR. PORTER  
He's not an ass. He's an acc.

PETE  
He's a freelance ass. I hate to say  
it, but he's one of the best.

MR. PORTER  
Pete, are you... jealous?

PETE  
Of Simon? Hell no.

MR. PORTER  
You know we do extensive background  
checks on every employee. If he was  
assassin, it would have come up.

Mr. Porter sits at his desk, smiles sympathetically.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)  
Why are you here, son?

Pete drops the Simon thing, for now.

PETE  
Mr. Porter, I tried. Really, I did.  
I went to yoga, made some new  
friends, but this is just not  
working out. I've killed two people  
since you let me go. Steve from  
LionRock and...

MR. PORTER  
He's a douche. He deserved it.

PETE  
And Susan.

MR. PORTER  
Susan? Susan Susan?

Pete nods yes.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)  
Damn, I always thought you guys'd  
get back together.

PETE  
Sir, there's nothing else I can do.  
I have to be an assassin for you.

MR. PORTER  
No. You've got to move on. Start by  
getting laid. You know what they  
say, the best way to get over  
someone is to get under someone.

PETE  
With all due respect sir, I don't  
really think that applies here.

MR. PORTER  
Really? In my day, I'd hump a hole  
in the ground, but now my dick's  
softer than that cake frosting. Did  
I ever tell you about that time in  
the Philippines when I...

Mr. Porter trails off as he reminisces.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)  
God, I wish my dick could get hard.

PETE  
Sir?

He snaps out of it.

MR. PORTER  
Anyway, the point is you can't be  
seen here again Pete. Seriously.  
Don't come back.

PETE  
But sir -

MR. PORTER  
I mean it. Don't contact me ever  
again. We're done.

He gives Pete a stern look.

PETE  
Yes, sir.

Pete, dejected, walks out and...

BACK INTO THE LOBBY where Traci sits, filing her nails.

TRACI  
Pete, you ok?

Pete says nothing, walks to the elevator as Traci calls out.

TRACI (CONT'D)  
Wanna have some breakup sex? Or  
rebound sex? Or just sex? Pete?

He gets in the elevator and the door closes.

EXT. PORTER INDUSTRIES BUILDING - STREET

Pete walks sadly toward Ashley's car, where the team awaits.  
Blue is beaten and bloodied.

PETE  
What happened to you?

BLUE  
Those two meatheads happened. Turns  
out I'm not as fast as I thought.

ASHLEY

I'm guessing things didn't go exactly as planned with you either.

Pete shakes his head no when...

SIMON (O.S.)

Pete!

Pete turns to see Simon casually walking up. He stuffs papers back into a folder, adjusts his glasses.

SIMON (CONT'D)

This your car? It sucks.

CAM

Told you.

Ash elbows Cam in the ribs. Pete stands in front of Simon.

PETE

What do you want?

SIMON

Calm down. I'm just here to tell you there's no hard feelings.

PETE

For what? Taking my job?

SIMON

Taking your job? I'm an accountant Pete. I account for things.

PETE

Cut the shit. We both know you're an ass.

Simon pushes his glasses back on his nose.

SIMON

Was an ass. But after you neutralized Chad, I decided I was done. The time of giant corporate warfare followed by celebratory debauchery is over. Today, it's all smart phones and smart bombs and smart women. So, now, I account.

Pete knocks away Simon's files, spreadsheets flying.

PETE

Fuck your accounting. Once an ass,  
always an ass. I know. I've been  
trying to get out.

SIMON

Have you? Seems like you've been  
trying to get back in.

Pete can't hold back his anger anymore. He PUNCHES Simon.  
But... Simon moves, Mr. Miyagi style, at the last second.  
Pete's fist goes into through Turby's window.

ASHLEY

Oh, Turby!

SIMON

C'mon. Let's not do this.

Pete swings at Simon with his other hand. Simon dodges again.

ASHLEY

Hey! That's - fuck!

BLUE

Shit. He's fast.

CAM

Like really fast.

SIMON

You're just embarrassing yourself.

PETE

Eat a dick, Simon.

With two injured hands, Pete throws a HEADBUTT, but Simon  
moves again and Pete's head goes into the side of the car.  
Pete stumbles around; Simon sweeps him to the ground.

SIMON

No thanks. I don't eat dicks.

PETE

That was a very literal response.

SIMON

Listen, idiot. I work for Porter  
now, so get over it. If I ever see  
your stupid face again, I'll put a  
bullet between your stupid eyes.

BLUE

Hey, bruh, get off of him!

Simon easily throws Blue to the concrete.

SIMON

And get some better friends. That girl is cool, but this guy smells like a cocoa butter bong rip. And that kid is just fucking rude.

CAM

Fuck you, dickmunch.

Simon stands up, straightens his tie.

SIMON

And that Traci chick. She wants your balls Pete. You'd better get on that. Before someone else does.

Simon walks away, as Pete and Blue slowly get to their feet.

BLUE

That guy totally fucked with my spiritual aura, bruh.

PETE

And he fucked with Mr. Porter. And we're gonna fuck him right back.

ASHLEY

Your spiritual aura? Mr. Porter? Fuck both of you. That guy fucked with my car. And my life. I can't do this anymore.

PETE

C'mon Ash. We can't quit on the mission.

ASHLEY

It's your mission Pete. You do it.

PETE

Negative. We do it together.

ASHLEY

Negative to your negative.

PETE

You can't negative the negative. That's a negative.

ASHLEY

I'm not an assassin, ok? I'm a college student.

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I want to do college student things, like get an internship and go to parties, and, I don't know, maybe learn something. Just be normal.

PETE

But normal, that's boring.

ASHLEY

Yes! I want to be boring ok! Your life is full of drama. I don't want to be shot at or blown up or do co-ed naked yoga. I want to get a stable job, drive a Prius, and maybe take a vacation once a year. Normal people shit.

PETE

That sounds horrible.

ASHLEY

How the fuck would you know? You have no friends. No job. All you do is kill people. How are you not arrested? Because you and Porter and all these other high-paid corporate types think they can just do whatever they want. Will do it without me.

PETE

Ashley, wait.

ASHLEY

You got fired. It happens. Move the fuck on!

She gets back in the car.

CAM

Yeah, she's right - you suck.

Cam climbs in and they drive off.

PETE

I guess it's just you and me now.

BLUE

Dude, about that - since I've met you, my frequency's been really low. Plus I just got my ass kicked. Twice. I gotta go find my center again. Without you. Sorry, bruh.



PETE

Blue! C'mon! You can't leave.

Blue walks off.

ACROSS THE STREET: Traci exits Porter Industries and climbs into a HOT-SHIT CAR with Simon. Simon flips Pete the bird as they speed away.

INT. SUBURBAN SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Pete, hands and head bandaged, walks sadly through a shopping mall. Old ladies in track suits. Guy selling cheap jewelry...

...And a FAT BULLY KID (12) steals ice cream from a young girl. Pete POWER WALKS over to the kid and smacks the ice cream out of his hands, right into the little girl's face.

He slams the bully up against the wall.

PETE

Listen you little piece of shit.  
Steal ice cream from this girl  
again and I will end you. Look at  
me and tell me if I'm lying.

Pete gives the kid an evil stare and he instantly starts crying, when SUBURBAN MOM walks out of a nearby store.

SUBURBAN MOM

What the hell are you doing?

Pete sees Suburban Mom, who MACES him.

PETE

Sorry! Sorry!

Pete stumbles off, Mom still spraying mace.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pete stumbles down the sidewalk - dirty bandages, face red with mace and tears - falling into people

FEMALE PASSERBY

Hey! Watch it!

MALE PASSERBY

Look where you're going asshole!

INT. BAR - DAY

Pete sits at a bar, looking even worse. A group of YOUNG FUN PEOPLE turn to him. He raises his drink in greeting. They slowly turn away and laugh to themselves.

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pete, still looking beat, sits on his bed, iPad in hand.

ON SCREEN: Pete is on a job site. He types "ASSASSIN" in the job search. SCREEN READS: Sorry! No jobs in your area.

Pete sighs and picks up his phone.

ON PHONE: Wallpaper of Pete and Mr. Porter in happier times.

Pete goes to his contacts, scrolls down to Mr. Porter. He starts to push the "call" button, but then stops, tosses it aside. He falls back on the bed.

BZZT. BZZT. His phone! Pete looks to it hopeful but... it's TRACI. Pete throws the phone across the room. It continues to buzz. And buzz. And buzz. And...

BONG! Pete walks across the room, grabs the bong that Mr. Porter gave him. He takes a DEEP inhale and sits back, MELTING INTO THE BED and falling into...

PETE'S WEIRD DRUG WORLD

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Pete opens his eyes and he's back in the high-rise from the beginning, sniper rifle in front of him.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
All you do is kill people, Pete.

Pete looks around. Everything is slow; hazy.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
...kill people, Pete. All you do...

Pete looks through the scope of the rifle into...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - FAT CEO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The woman from before bounces on the lap of the CEO, her hair covering her face. She pushes away her hair to reveal that she has PETE'S FACE.

HOKER-PETE looks at us; then directs the CEO toward us. The fat CEO turns to the camera and he also has PETE'S FACE.

PETE  
What the fuck?

CEO-Pete and Hooker-Pete look out the window. Joining them - SIMON (with his own face). They point toward Pete and laugh.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)  
Why can't you just be normal?

PETE  
Fuck it.

Pete pulls the trigger and bullet slowly leaves the chamber. It also has PETE'S FACE with a CRAZY SMILE.

BULLET PETE  
Fuck it!

The bullet CRASHES A WINDOW and into...

I/E. FREEWAY - PETE'S CAR - DAY

Pete, wearing khaki's and a bad tie, sits in a Prius, legs pressed to his chest, stuck in traffic. Horns blare all around. ON THE RADIO: Simon's voice.

SIMON  
Looks like another hot one out there today. How's that morning commute? If you're on the 405, you're gonna be there forever.

PETE  
What the...

He turns just in time to see the PETE-BULLET shatter the driver-side window. It goes THROUGH PETE'S SKULL, and into...

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

Pete, same khakis and bad tie, in a stereotypical office cube. SIMON walks over, throws a stack of papers on his desk.

SIMON  
Gonna need you to stay late.  
Forever.

Simon walks away as Pete turns just in time to see the PETE-BULLET flying toward him. It goes through his head, brain matter flying, and into the COMPUTER SCREEN and exits into...

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pete wears an apron over his khakis and tie, scrubbing dishes, while SUSAN yells at him, UNHEARD. Simon enters from a backroom, puts his arm around Susan.

SIMON

Gonna need you to wash those dishes  
while I fuck your wife. Forever.

They walk off as Pete turns to see the PETE-BULLET smash through a kitchen window, through his skull, and into...

INT. SUBURBAN MALL - DAY

Pete, same outfit, walks through the mall eating ice cream. The BULLY KID from before walks up and SMACKS the ice cream INTO PETE'S FACE. The kid laughs!

The SUBURBAN MOM laughs. A group of people, including Ashley, Blue, Susan, Steve, etc all laugh. SIMON laughs the loudest.

SIMON

You're normal Pete. This is your  
life. Forever.

Pete turns to see the PETE-BULLET one more time and...

BONG! No, not the smoking kind. The doorbell now.

BACK TO PETE'S APARTMENT

He crawls over opens the door. It's Ashley.

ASHLEY

What the hell dude? I've been  
calling you all night. You ok?

PETE

Ash...

ASHLEY

Jesus Christ, you look like the  
shit emoji came to life. Come on,  
buddy. Let's get you cleaned up.

Ashley, somehow, drags Pete down his HALLWAY and into the BATHROOM, where she turns on the shower.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
All right, in you go.

She DUMPS Pete in the tub, clothes and all. Water pours down.

PETE  
You were right. I'm not normal.

ASHLEY  
Pete...

PETE  
All I know how to do is kill  
people. And there's no use for that  
in the normal world.

ASHLEY  
Pete...

PETE  
Like your brother said - I suck.

ASHLEY  
Pete!

He looks at her, eyes half open.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Shut the fuck up.

Pete looks shocked, but in a good way.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
It's not about being normal, it's  
about being you. Even if you're  
weird as fuck. Especially if you're  
weird as fuck. The world might not  
like it, but fuck 'em. Most people  
in the world, they don't even like  
themselves, so who cares what they  
think? You just do you.

PETE  
But I -

ASHLEY  
I took your advice. I told my  
parents that I got fired.

PETE  
And they were ok with it?

ASHLEY

Shit no. They freaked, but that's when I realized that it doesn't matter what they think. They don't even like each other. They don't even like themselves. Why would I want to follow their path? End up like that? Fuck that.

PETE

Damn, Ash. Good for you.

ASHLEY

Yeah, and there's more. That crazy chick that wants your balls -

Pete shrugs, confused.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Traci!

PETE

Oh, yeah.

ASHLEY

She's been calling me all night. I tried to ignore it, but she said she can't get a hold of you. She said Mr. Porter's in trouble.

PETE

In trouble? Why didn't you tell me?

ASHLEY

Cuz you couldn't even stand up dick. Listen, it doesn't feel right. She knows you're vulnerable, and we all know she wants your -

Pete stands up, grabs a towel. He's looking better already.

PETE

No. If Mr. Porter's in trouble, we have to do something.

Pete towels his face off, looks up to see...

BLUE

Hey bruh. Bruh-ette.

PETE

Blue, what are you doing here?

BLUE

I was home, and I started to meditate on our sitch, and well, I don't know how to say this, but...

ASHLEY

You got really fucking high and tried to dry hump a foam roller and Sarah kicked you out?

BLUE

Yes. No. Not the foam part, ok - yeah, it's true. I'm sorry. I don't have a lot of friends and hanging with you guys was the best time of my life. I'd love to be a part of the gang again, if you'll have me.

PETE

Bring it in Blue.

They hug in an awkward fashion.

PETE (CONT'D)

You too, Ash.

ASHLEY

Nah, I'm good.

TRACI (O.S.)

Oh, Pete, this is what I love about you. So accepting of others.

Traci enters, gives Ashley death-eyes.

TRACI (CONT'D)

Intern, I thought I told you this was important.

ASHLEY

I just got here, psycho!

BLUE

For a top-secret assassin, there sure are a lot of people coming into your apartment.

PETE

What's happening with Mr. Porter?

TRACI

Listen. I had lunch with Simon.

PETE  
Why would you do that?

TRACI  
Pete, are you jealous? I like that.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Traci, a mountain of crab legs on her plate, sits with Simon.

TRACI (V.O.)  
Anyway, I had lunch with Simon at  
that new seafood place, downtown -

BLUE (V.O.)  
With the all you can eat crab legs?

TRACI (V.O.)  
Yeah, that's it.

BLUE (V.O.)  
Damn. That place is bomb.

Traci inhales crab legs like there's no tomorrow.

TRACI (V.O.)  
But the thing is, I'm allergic to  
shellfish. It gives me the shits  
real bad.

ASHLEY (V.O.)  
What? Then why would you -

TRACI (V.O.)  
Because I fucking love crab legs.  
Shut up intern.

Traci stops, grabs her stomach.

INT. RESTAURANT - RESTROOM - DAY

Pristine. High-end. A loud, squishy farting noise comes from  
a stall. A MAN enters, grabs his nose, walks right back out.

IN ONE OF THE STALLS, high-heeled shoes, ladies underwear.  
INSIDE THE STALL, a close up on Traci's face. Relief.

TRACI  
Thank you, Jesus.

Then Traci hears the bathroom door opening.



BACK IN THE RESTROOM, SIMON walks in, phone to his ear.

SIMON

Everything's in place, sir.  
Porter's having some kind of  
welcome party for me tonight at the  
club. This guy loves to party.

BACK IN THE STALL, Traci shrugs in agreement.

BACK TO SIMON.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'll grab him and bring him back.  
Then we can complete the ritual.

BACK IN THE STALL, Traci shocked at what she's hearing.

TRACI (V.O.)

At the time, I thought maybe he was  
talking about some weird sex  
ritual, in which case, I wanted to  
tell him, those things do not work.  
But then something else made think  
it wasn't some weird sex ritual...

BACK TO SIMON.

SIMON

And to be clear, I'm not talking  
about any weird sex rituals. I'm  
talking about bringing you back to  
life. Now, I gotta go. It smells  
like something died in here.

Simon hangs up the phone, grabs his nose, and walks out.

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

The three stare at Traci.

PETE

That is strange.

BLUE

Yeah, it's weird. Why were you  
taking a dump in the men's room?

TRACI

Because it was closer. And have you  
ever been in the ladies room? Its  
foul. With a capitol foul.

ASHLEY

I have to agree with her there.

Blue's eyes look terrified. Pete stands up, thinking...

PETE

I've got to stop Simon.

BLUE

Bruh, doesn't Porter have guards  
and shit?

PETE

They won't be any match for Simon.

ASHLEY

Why don't we just tell Porter?

PETE

He won't let us near him.

TRACI

I could help. I'd do anything for  
you. And to keep Mr. Porter safe.

Pete looks at all of them serious.

PETE

Ok, but if we're gonna do this,  
we'd better gear up.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BAD ASS GEAR UP SEQUENCE

--Pete straps on black combat boots.

--Pete puts bullets into a magazine.

--Blue sharpens a big ass Ka-Bar knife. Cuts his finger.

BLUE

Ow! Fuck!

--Traci locks and loads shotgun.

--Ashley types away on her phone.

--Pete slides on black military pants.

--Blue slides same black military pants over thong underwear.

--Pete puts on a military style vest.

--Traci slides pistols into hip holsters.

--Pete locks a magazine into a rifle.

--Blue tries to lock his magazine into a rifle. Fucks it up and drops the magazine.

--Traci duct tapes two rifles together, a la *Aliens*.

--Pete slides his knife into its sheathe.

--Blue puts his cigarettes into a sheathe.

--Traci clips something on to her chest, pushing up her cleavage.

--Ashley takes a selfie.

--Blue ties on a bandanna, *Rambo* style.

--Pete, Traci, and Blue geared up and looking bad ass.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

Ashley stares at them.

ASHLEY  
Guys! We're going to a club!

PETE  
Too much?

Ashley's face says, "yeah!"

PETE (CONT'D)  
Right. Sorry.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BADASS GEAR DOWN SEQUENCE

- Pete wipes camo paint off his face
- Pete unclips things from his vest
- Pete takes off black shirt.
- Pete throws weapons into duffel.
- Pete stumbles out of black pants.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Traci, Blue, and Ashley walk past a line of trendy clubbers.

TOM and JERRY stand guard at the door, see that it's Traci and let her and the crew in.

ASHLEY  
They didn't even recognize me.

TRACI  
No one cares about interns, intern.

They walk through the doors and...

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

LOUD music blasts. Bodies everywhere. Claustrophobic. This club makes that office party look like a kid's birthday.

ASHLEY  
Jesus f'ing Christ. This is -

BLUE  
Awesome!

ASHLEY  
Blue Focus! We're here to- fuck!

Blue dances off into the crowd. Ashley talks into her dress.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Pete, can you hear me? We're in.

EXT. CLUB - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Two SERVERS stand in the back, smoking.

SERVER 1  
That Traci chick is smoking hot.

SERVER 2  
Bruh, I wish she wanted my balls.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS, Pete's face emerges. He smacks the two servers' heads together, talks into his wrist.

PETE  
Copy that. On my way.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Pete appears from the club's KITCHEN, disguised as a server, except that the clothes are several sizes TOO SMALL.

PETE

Man, I thought these waiter clothes  
were one size fits all.

Meanwhile, Ashley and Traci are AT THE FRONT OF THE CLUB.

TRACI

Intern. Look.

She points - Mr. Porter and Simon sit at a booth in the back,  
an entourage of people around them.

ASHLEY

Pete, we've got a visual on Porter.

BACK OF THE CLUB, Pete moves through the sea of people.

PETE

Location?

FRONT OF THE CLUB.

Dancers part giving Ash a direct line of sight to Porter  
and... Simon looks directly at Ash, flips her off.

ASHLEY

He's right -

A dancing couple gyrates into Ashley's line of sight and,  
when they move...

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Here?

Porter and Simon are gone. How'd they move so fast?

TRACI

What happened intern?

ASHLEY

I - I don't know.

Pete makes his way over, joining Traci and Ashley.

PETE

Where's Mr. Porter?

ASHLEY

He was just right at that table.

TRACI

Damn, Pete. I love those grape-  
smuggler pants. You look sexy!

Pete's pants are really tight.

PETE

No time for jokes, Traci. We've gotta find Mr. Porter.

Pete walks over to the table, littered with glasses, bottles, drug paraphernalia, and just random shit. But no Mr. Porter.

FLASHBACK - PETE SOLVES THE CRIME

Pete scans the area, uses his skills to "see" what happened.

--Pete LOCKS ON a FINGERPRINT on a glass and then, in SUPER-FAST MOTION a backwards scene: Mr. Porter picks up the glass, walks away from the table with Simon and dancers come together. Then, in normal speed, going forward - Mr. Porter and Simon walk up; Mr. Porter puts the glass on the table.

--Pete's focus moves to a few remnants of coke. He watches as Mr. Porter pushes coke out of his nose into a perfect line, unrolls a hundred dollar bill and hands it to Simon. Then forward - Simon hands Porter a hundred; he does a line.

--Pete sees shards of glass. The shards reform back into a glass, held by Mr. Porter as he falls up off the table, spits a drink into the glass, hands the glass to Simon, and Simon pulls a pill out of the drink. Then forward - Simon spikes Porter's drink; Porter passes out.

--Pete locks on a FOOTPRINT. Backward - Simon carries Porter's body backward toward the table, sets Porter on the ground. Forward - Simon picks up Porter; carries him to...

END FLASHBACK.

Pete looks across the club: Simon carries Porter's body toward a back room.

PETE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Pete pushes his way through the club, Ash and Traci behind.

NEAR THE BACK ROOM OF THE CLUB, Simon drags Mr. Porter's body. A couple of security goons stop him.

SECURITY 1

What happened to Mr. Porter?

SIMON

Too much partying! I'm gonna take him outside, but that psycho Pete is here.

SECURITY 2

Pete's here?

SIMON

Yeah, just make sure he doesn't  
make it back here. Mr. Porter  
doesn't want to see him.

The security goons look at each other and nod, as Simon drags  
Porter through a BACK DOOR.

IN THE CLUB, Pete, Ash, and Traci push past sweaty bodies.

ASHLEY

Have you seen Blue?

PETE

There.

ASHLEY

Oh, god. Sorry I asked.

Pete scans the room - there he is. Blue is dancing on stage  
in his thong with other dancers doing extreme contortions.

BLUE

Bruh, how you stretch like that?

BACK OF THE CLUB, Pete meets the security goons, who block  
his path.

PETE

I have to get through there.

SECURITY 1

Mr. Porter said you're not to be  
anywhere near Porter Industries. No  
matter what.

PETE

Guys, Mr. Porter's in trouble. He -

SECURITY 2

No matter what.

PETE

C'mon guys. We don't -

Other bouncer/security types start to gather round.

PETE (CONT'D)

Ok. Suit yourselves.

BOOM! It's on! Pete's kicking, punching, breaking knees, breaking faces. He sends goons through tables, over sofas.

One goon swings a baton. Pete blocks, uses the baton to choke the goon out. Another guy tries to pull a GUN! Pete disarms the guy and pistol whips him.

Ashley cracks a guy with a bottle! Traci kicks a goon in the nuts!

FROM THE STAGE, Blue sees the commotion.

BLUE

What the - oh hell no!

Blue jumps off stage and tackles a goon. In a call back to earlier, he matches Pete's move where his balls go into the goon's face, only Blue is in a thong, balls on full display.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Yeah! That was awesome!

The crew looks around. The place is trashed.

PETE

Get the car. I'll get Mr. Porter.  
We'll meet up in the back.

Ash and the crew go for the car, while Pete moves...

EXT. CLUB - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

In the alley, Simon drags Mr. Porter's body, as he comes to.

MR. PORTER

Simon, what are you doing?

SIMON

I'm kidnapping you, idiot.

MR. PORTER

Kidnapping? But I thought you were an accountant.

SIMON

I am. Undergrad from University of Phoenix.

MR. PORTER

What? Your resume said UCLA!



SIMON

Ok, that was a lie. But would have given me the job if I had said University of Phoenix?

MR. PORTER

Fuck no, asshole!

At the end of the alley: A blacked-out SUV. Simon throws open the SUV's back door when...

Pete bursts out of the club, pistol in hand!

SIMON

Well, look who decided to show up.

Simon holds a gun to Mr. Porter's head, uses him as a shield.

MR. PORTER

Shoot him, Pete!

SIMON

Go ahead, Pete. Think you still got what it takes?

Pete walks forward, gun in hand.

PETE

It's over, Simon. I've got you, and my team is on the way.

SIMON

Who? Those dumbasses you run with?

EXT. CLUB - FRONT OF CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Ashley and Blue, still in his thong, push out the front door.

SIMON (V.O.)

Right now, that yoga teacher's getting his ass kicked.

Tom and Jerry see Blue.

TOM THE SECURITY GUARD

Hey! I remember those balls!

JERRY THE SECURITY GUARD

What the fuck are you doing here?

BLUE

Oh shit.

Tom and Jerry beat the shit out of Blue, while Ashley...

SIMON (V.O.)  
Or the girl? She had so much  
talent, and she wasted it on you.

...watches a tow truck pull her car away.

ASHLEY  
Hey! That's my car! Turby!

BACK TO THE ALLEY

Simon backs toward the SUV; Pete follows.

PETE  
I'll die before I let you get away.

With lightning speed, Pete shoots out a tire from the SUV.

SIMON  
Oh, what the fuck! Why did you do  
that? I'm on a tight schedule here!

Air slowly hisses from the tire.

PETE  
Just you and me. Let's end this.

Pete moves forward, but behind him, a SHAPE emerges from the shadows. Simon notices.

SIMON  
Not quite just you and me.

PETE  
Well, yeah, Mr. Porter's here too,  
but he doesn't count.

Simon smiles, as the Shape SMASHES a bottle over Pete's head. Pete's eyes roll back in his skull.

DARKNESS.

PETE'S POV

A blurry, Simon walks toward us, something in his hand.

SIMON  
Wakey, wakey Peter.

END PETE'S POV.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - NIGHT

A BUCKET OF WATER to Pete's face. Agh! He's awake.

SIMON  
You too, Porter.

Another bucket of water over Mr. Porter.

MR. PORTER  
Oh god! What the fuck!

The room is cold, dark, empty. A single light bulb swings from the ceiling. Ashley and Blue are also there, tied up in old wooden chairs, hands behind their back.

BLUE  
This is not kosher, bruh.

Ashley looks around, taking it all in.

ASHLEY  
All I wanted was to build up my  
resume. Get some experience.

Simon grabs a similar chair, flips it around, straddles it,

SIMON  
Oh, you're definitely getting some  
experience now.

As Simon speaks, Mr. Bruce rolls in and...

We see the other half of his face covered in a Phantom of the Opera type mask, but instead of being all white, it's made to look like the old man's face, but it doesn't quite line up. It's creepy as shit.

ASHLEY  
Who's the fuckin' extra from  
*Silence of the Lambs* over here?

MR. PORTER  
Bruce? You're alive?

MR. BRUCE  
No, Porter, you killed me.

Mr. Porter and Pete look at each other confused.

MR. PORTER  
You were trying to kill me. I was  
trying to kill you.  
(MORE)

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)  
We both know that's how this works.  
How else do you become a  
billionaire CEO?

Mr. Bruce rolls closer to Mr. Porter.

MR. BRUCE  
Yes, of course. Just business.  
We've both killed many men. Only  
this time, the dead have come back.

MR. PORTER  
What are you talking about?

MR. BRUCE  
I have died and my soul has been  
damned to hell. The only way for me  
to return is take the souls of the  
men who killed me.

BLUE  
That's really fucking frightening.

Blue turns to the others.

BLUE (CONT'D)  
C'mon ya'll. This is scary right?

ASHLEY  
I mean, it's kinda weird.

BLUE  
You're not scared? I'm the only one  
who's scared? Ok. Fine. Whatever.

Simon walks forward, twirling a BIG ASS KNIFE.

SIMON  
Mr. Bruce suffers from Cotard's  
disease. It happens when people  
suffer traumatic brain injuries.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Pete with the sniper rifle.

SIMON (V.O.)  
When you fired that bullet...

PETE  
Oh, fuck it!

He pulls the trigger and bullet flies through the night sky.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MR. BRUCE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The bullet SHATTERS THE GLASS and flies in SLOW MOTION towards Mr. Bruce, just as we saw before.

SIMON (V.O.)  
Your calculation was good, but  
there were variables you didn't  
account for. Like a second hooker.

The bullet keeps flying...

When a SECOND WOMAN appears from below the CEO. She wipes her mouth and, IN SUPER-SLOW MOTION, throws her hair back.

The breeze caused by her hair-toss sends RIPPLES through the air, which blow the bullet off course SO SLIGHTLY.

SIMON (V.O.)  
When she threw her hair back, that  
slight movement caused the bullet  
to change direction...

STILL IN SLOW MOTION, the bullet intersects with the FIRST HOOKER'S nipple, sending bloody nipple flying into the air, which causes ANOTHER SLIGHT VARIATION in the bullet's course.

SIMON (V.O.)  
...Which altered the angle of the  
trajectory as it entered Mr.  
Bruce's skull.

The bullet starts to wobble, losing its spiral, until...

In REGULAR SPEED, it enters Mr. Bruce's skull, sending blood and bone all over the hooker's breasts. She screams!

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Simon stands guard. He hears the scream.

BACK INTO MR. BRUCE'S OFFICE.

Simon busts through the door, eyes the situation: Mr. Bruce on the floor. Two women covered in blood. A hole in the window. J'wayne panics.

J'WAYNE  
Oh fuck. This is bad. This is bad.

Simon kneels down and turns Mr. Bruce over.

SIMON (O.S.)

It was that small change in the angle that kept Mr. Bruce alive.

Half of Mr. Bruce's head is gone, but...

MR. BRUCE

Simon, help me. I think I'm dead.

SIMON

You're ok, sir. I've seen worse.

Simon scrapes the blood and bone and brain goop off of the hooker's breasts and starts putting Mr. Bruce back together.

J'WAYNE

Good idea. Just put it all back together. Maybe no one will notice.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.

BACK IN THE UNDISCLOSED LOCATION.

Simon stares at Pete and Mr. Porter.

MR. PORTER

It's always the second hooker that fucks it up. It sounds like a good idea at the time, but it never is.

SIMON

It took all of Mr. Bruce's medical staff to keep him alive, but they couldn't fix him completely. He thinks he's dead, which is weird, but he also thinks that if he kills you, he'll come back to life, so I'm cool with it.

Simon stands up.

SIMON (CONT'D)

So, in the end, it all works out.

PETE

All that money and you couldn't fix his face? Or at least get him a mask that fits?

SIMON

I guess we could have, but he likes the creepiness of it. Gives him the whole evil villain vibe, ya know?

ASHLEY

Yeah, he's kinda like a fat Jigsaw.

BLUE

Or a crippled Leatherface.

PETE

Dude, you can't say crippled.

SIMON

Yeah. C'mon man. That's not cool.

MR. PORTER

Not cool.

BLUE

Sorry! But it's fucking creepy.

MR. BRUCE

Quiet! You should be scared because all of you are about to die.

Simon flips a switch and we're actually...

INT. MR. BRUCES'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The same office from the beginning, where Mr. Bruce was shot.

MR. BRUCE

In the same manner in which you killed me. Then my soul will be freed from hell, and I will once again be fully alive. Plus, I just want to kill you, Porter.

MR. PORTER

You're insane, Bruce. Killing us won't change anything.

MR. BRUCE

Oh, but it will! You'll be dead!

MR. PORTER

Yeah, I guess that is true.

Ashley and Blue shrug in agreement.

MR. BRUCE  
Bring in the girls!

Simon opens the door and the TWO HOOKERS from the opening scene walk in. The SECOND HOOKER, who got her nipple blown off, rubs it constantly.

SECOND HOOKER  
The only downside is it itches.  
It's like I got nip crabs.

FIRST HOOKER  
You're telling me that business has  
actually gotten better for you  
since you got your tit blown off?

SECOND HOOKER  
Yeah, who knew there's a whole  
underserved market out there for  
guys who like chicks with one nip?

Simon hits some buttons. Party lights come on and some '90s rap song plays, something like "1,2,3,4" by Coolio.

PETE  
Coolio? I knew you were lame.

SIMON  
Are you kidding? Coolio's sold  
almost 20 million records. In 1996,  
"Gangsta's Paradise" beat out  
Biggie for Record of the Year.

PETE  
Grammies and record sales don't  
mean shit. You what counts is an  
artist's integrity.

MR. BRUCE  
Gentlemen! We're not here to argue  
about the artistic merit of '90s  
hip hop stars. We're here to  
resurrect my soul.

Mr. Bruce rolls forward.

MR. BRUCE (CONT'D)  
But, if we were - Thug Life!

ASHLEY  
(to herself)  
Seriously? Where am I?

Mr. Bruce turns toward the two women.



MR. BRUCE

Ladies, assume the same positions  
that you did on that fateful night.

The hookers undress. The one who got her tit blown off gets  
on her knees in front of Mr. Porter.

SECOND HOOKER

I'm not gonna get my nipple blown  
off again am I? I mean, in the end,  
it worked out, but that shit hurt.

FIRST HOOKER

That's a really good attitude.

She unzips Mr. Porter's pants.

SECOND HOOKER

Yeah, it's like, I wouldn't have  
wished for it to happen, but after  
it did, I was kinda happy it did.

MR. PORTER

Ha! The joke's on you, Bruce. My  
dicks softer than ice cream on a  
hot day. It'll never get hard.

MR. BRUCE

Wrong again, Porter. When Simon  
drugged you at the club, he put  
enough Viagra in your drink to make  
an elephant hard.

MR. PORTER

What?

Mr. Porter looks down: His penis goes from terminally flaccid  
to ENORMOUSLY, PAINFULLY ERECT. Everyone stares in awe.

BLUE

Whoa.

SECOND HOOKER

I've seen a lotta dick. And that's  
a lotta dick.

MR. PORTER

Oh god. I have a feeling this is  
going to be the second worst  
blowjob I've ever gotten.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hold the fuck on.

STANDING IN THE DOORWAY, outlined in the shadows, a shapely female shape holding a shotgun - it's TRACI!

MR. PORTER

Fuck yes!

PETE

You're in some shit now, Simon!

Traci walks toward Simon, shotgun aimed right at him.

TRACI

You really thought you'd get away  
with this?

She lines up Simon in her sights. No escape, but then...

TRACI (CONT'D)

Without me?

She lowers the gun and grabs Simon. They make out passionately. It's pretty disgusting really.

ASHLEY

Still gross.

BLUE

Why is the chick who wants your  
balls making out with the bad guy?

Traci and Simon stop making out.

TRACI

Because I don't want your balls,  
Pete. Not anymore! I need someone  
who appreciates me for who I am.  
I'm sorry Pete - but we're over.

PETE

I didn't know we were ever a thing.

Simon walks over, laughing.

SIMON

No one wants your balls now Pete.  
I've taken your job. Your woman.

PETE

She was never my woman.

SIMON

And now I'm taking your life.

Simon pulls out his own gun, aims for Pete's head.

MR. BRUCE

Simon! This is not the plan. You must take the same position as Pete did when he shot me.

Simon sighs, puts down the gun.

SIMON

Yeah, about that. That just seems really over the top. We have them right here. I have a gun.

MR. BRUCE

No! It must happen exactly as it did that night or the ceremony will not work.

SIMON

Look, Mr. Bruce, I checked Google maps. It's gonna take like 15 minutes to walk over there. Then I have to get in position, set everything up.

As Simon and Mr. Bruce argue, Mr. Porter and Pete talk, while one hooker gives Pete a lap dance and the other one jerks off Mr. Porter. Mr. Porter has tears in his eyes.

MR. PORTER

I always thought that death by blowjob would be a great way to go, but now that its happening, it's a actually pretty terrible.

PETE

I have to agree, sir.

MR. PORTER

At least I can say I'm dying with my family.

PETE

Thank you, sir. I've always thought of you as a father-like figure.

Mr. Porter turns to Pete.

MR. PORTER

Pete, listen to me: I'm not a father-like figure to you. I am a father figure. Because, Pete, I am your father.

PETE

Sir, I don't think this is an appropriate time for Star Wars references.

ASHLEY

He's saying he's your dad!

Porter nods. Pete starts to understand, but can't believe it.

PETE

Sir, you know I grew up in an orphanage in the Philippines run by monks who taught me how to fight.

MR. PORTER

Yes, I know. I took you there.

PETE

What do you mean?

MR. PORTER

In 1982, I was sent to the Philippines to instigate a coup against a local military regime. I'd never planned on falling in love though.

Mr. Porter stares off nostalgically.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

Your mother was a strong woman. Shortly after you were born, she was killed during a riot. As a top-secret CIA assassin, I knew I could never raise a child alone. That's why I left with you the monks. But you were always on my mind, Pete.

Mr. Porter stares at Pete. Pete starts to understand. The women are still there.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

I lived in constant fear that my enemies would find you. So, when you were old enough, I hired you as a corporate assassin, so, at least I could be near you.

Both of the women tear up.

FIRST HOOKER

Such a beautiful story.

SECOND HOOKER

This is a fucking weird gig.

PETE

But, why did you fire me?

MR. PORTER

Because, this life, the life of an assassin, it can only end one way.

PETE

Being the filthy rich CEO of a kick ass business?

MR. PORTER

No, Pete. Death. I wanted to get you out of this life, but I failed. I'm sorry.... son.

Pete sits up, fidgets with the zip ties on his hands.

PETE

Mr. Porter. Sir. Dad. Have you ever failed a mission?

Mr. Porter, slightly confused.

MR. PORTER

No.

PETE

Have I ever failed a mission?

MR. PORTER

No, you're the best assassin in the corporate world.

PETE

You're goddamn right.

Pete moves again and wriggles his hands out of the zip ties.

Simon and Mr. Bruce stop arguing. Simon walks over.

SIMON

Ok, here's the deal. After much negotiation, we're gonna - Hey!

Simon realizes Pete is free. He raises his pistol and fires!

The bullet flies through the air, and, AT THAT EXACT MOMENT

The hooker throws her hair back, sending shockwaves through the air that propel the bullet towards the other hooker's breasts, BLOWING OFF HER NIPPLE AGAIN!

SECOND HOOKER  
Son of a bitch! Not again!

Which causes the bullet to wobble, JUST GRAZING Pete's head.

BLUE  
Whoa! That was some deja vu shit!

Pete looks at Simon. Simon looks at Pete.

SIMON  
Now, its just you and me, Pete.

Pete, Simon, Mr. Porter, Mr. Bruce, Ashley, Blue, Traci, and the two hookers all are in the room.

PETE  
There's literally like 10 people in this room right now.

SIMON  
Whatever. Simon says, "You're done."

Ashley rolls her eyes.

ASHLEY  
Oh wow. Just when I thought you couldn't get any more lame.

Pete punches. Simon blocks and retaliates. Pete blocks. They go back and forth, punching and kicking like badass asses.

Meanwhile, Ashley is wriggling her hands, closer to escape.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Blue! Try to slip out of the ties!

Blue stretches and contorts his body.

BLUE  
Right! If I can just move my arm...

BACK TO PETE AND SIMON. They continue to fight with sweet Jason Bourne-like moves. These guys may be strange, but they can fight. Pete knocks Simon to the floor when...

TRACI  
Oh hell no!

Traci leaps on to Pete's back, starts to choke him out.

TRACI (CONT'D)  
 You don't know how long I've waited  
 for this moment. Our sweaty bodies  
 pressed together, screaming. This  
 could have been us, Pete.

PETE  
 What are you talking about?

TRACI  
 I WANTED YOUR BALLS!

BACK TO BLUE. He hops around in the chair, twisting his body.

BLUE  
 I told you, dude! I knew it!

Ashley slips her hands out. She's free! She charges Traci!

ASHLEY  
 Get off of him you bitch!

She TACKLES Traci away from Pete and roll across the floor  
 punching and fighting. Ash KICKS Traci! Traci PUNCHES Ash!

BACK TO BLUE AND MR. PORTER

Blue hops and moves, his chair inching closer to the fight.

MR. PORTER  
 What are you doing?

BLUE  
 Just need... elephant dick pose...

BACK TO THE FIGHTS

Pete stands up, recovering from nearly being choked out by  
 Traci, while Simon holds a gun on him.

Next to them, Traci has gotten behind Ash, is choking her  
 out. She's turning blue.

TRACI  
 You've gotten in my way for the  
 last time, intern.

Simon wipes blood from his lip and cocks his handgun.

SIMON  
 Looks like it's over for you two.  
 Simon says, "Time to die."

But while Simon raises the pistol...

Blue spins around in his chair and...

BLUE  
Almost got it...

...Hits Traci in the back, SPINNING HER AND ASH AROUND so that Traci is BETWEEN Pete and Simon as SIMON SHOOTS!

POP! POP! POP! Ash closes her eyes, but the bullets go into Traci who slowly falls to the ground.

SIMON  
Shit.

Pete cradles Traci's body, her life-force slowly leaving.

TRACI  
I'm sorry I turned on you Pete. All I ever wanted were your sweet, sweet balls...

PETE  
I just wish you would have made it more obvious.

ASHLEY  
Dude.

Traci's eyes go blank. Dead.

Blue slips his arm out of the ties.

BLUE  
There! Got it!

Blue rubs his arms.

BLUE (CONT'D)  
What happened?

ASHLEY  
You just killed the the chick who wanted Pete's balls.

BLUE  
What? Oh shit...

Mr. Bruce rolls forward.

MR. BRUCE  
Enough of these shenanigans! Simon stop playing around and kill them!



Simon raises the gun.

SIMON  
Yes, sir. Simon says -

PETE  
No. Pete says, "I'm going to  
fucking kill Simon and Mr. Bruce."

Pete grabs the gun, and, in a series of awesome maneuvers, the two continuously take the gun away from each other, before either can get off a shot.

While they fight, Blue unties Mr. Porter.

MR. PORTER  
Hurry up. I've gotta help my son.

Finally, Pete knocks Simon to the ground. He points the gun.

PETE  
You almost had me Simon, but this  
is the part where I -

Boom! Simon kicks Pete SQUARE IN THE DICK!

PETE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck Simon! I can't  
believe you dick-kicked me. That's  
not - oh! There it is!

Delayed reaction of insurmountable pain. Pete doubles over, drops the weapon.

SIMON  
You know how many times in my life  
I heard about the great Porter  
Industries Pete? Ha! Now everyone  
will know: I'm the best!

Simon grabs the gun again. Fires at Pete! Just then...

MR. PORTER LEAPS IN FRONT OF THE BULLET IN SUPER SLOW MOTION!

MR. PORTER  
Nooooooooooooo!!

In normal speed, the bullets rip into Mr. Porter's chest.

SIMON  
Are you fucking kidding me!

Simon stands there, steaming, hands on his hips, as Pete holds Mr. Porter in his arms. DRAMATIC MUSIC full blast!

PETE

Dad! You took a bullet for me.

MR. PORTER

Several bullets, son. But that's not the point. I just want you to know that...

PETE

Yes dad?

MR. PORTER

I'm sorry... that I left you. And son...

PETE

Yes dad?

MR. PORTER

Kill that fucker.

PETE

Yes, sir.

Mr. Porter closes his eyes for the last time. The hookers cry. Second hooker clutches her bloody breast.

FIRST HOOKER

OMG. That's so touching.

SECOND HOOKER

I would give them the family two-fer discount any time.

Simon throws the gun down, cracks his knuckles.

PETE

Ok, Simon. Time to get serious.

The brawl to end it all. BOOM! POW! Pete and Simon go back and forth in a series of martial arts maneuvers, using anything they can get their hands on as a weapon.

Pete throws Simon into the window, causing the glass to CRACK. Simon throws Pete into the window. The window CRACKS AGAIN. Pete throws Simon, causing the window to CRACK AGAIN, nearly to breaking.

MR. BRUCE

Goddamn it Simon. Do I have to do everything?

Mr. Bruce rolls forward, running his wheelchair into the back of Pete's leg, causing Pete to fall to one knee.

MR. BRUCE (CONT'D)

What do you think of that Pete?

Pete looks to Simon, who's slowly making his way to his feet in front of the broken window. Then, he looks to Mr. Bruce.

MR. BRUCE (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do? You can't kill me. I'm already dead.

PETE

Good. Then this shouldn't hurt.

Pete flips around Mr. Bruce's wheelchair and pushes him straight toward Simon. He stops at the last second, causing Mr. Bruce to LAUNCH OUT of the wheelchair and into Simon.

The two crash through the broken window and FALL fifty-plus floors to the their death, screaming the whole way.

Pete stands at the edge. The hookers walk over, look down.

FIRST HOOKER

Now, who's gonna pay for this shit?

The fight is over.

INT. PORTER INDUSTRIES HQ - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

DING! The elevator opens. Pete and Ash walk out looking good.

PETE

We've come a long way, huh?

ASHLEY

Yeah, we were kidnapped, almost sacrificed in some weird dark ceremony, and you found out Mr. Porter was your dad.

They walk down the floor toward Mr. Porter's office.

PETE

Yeah, then dad got killed, which sucked. Plus I found out Traci wanted my balls, which was weird.

ASHLEY

Not so weird. Pretty obvious.

PETE

Then she turned on us, and you and Blue saved our lives. What a strange turn of events.

Office workers walk past.

OFFICE WORKER 1

Good morning, Mr. Porter.

OFFICE WORKER 2

Mr. Porter, good to see you, sir.

They approach the door to Mr. Porter's office.

ASHLEY

But I guess that's life, isn't it?

PETE

Yeah. You don't always know how it's gonna go, but, if you stay true to yourself, you'll always end up where you need to be.

Pete opens the door to Mr. Porter's office and...

INSIDE THE OFFICE, where once sat Traci, now sits Blue, surrounded by all sorts of women, and a few men, who all resemble TRACI in dress and demeanor.

BLUE

Ladies! Please! Calm down. Mr. Porter will start the interview process any minute.

Pete and Ash walk through the crowd, into

MR. PORTER'S OFFICE - DESK AREA - CONTINUOUS

Pete sits at Mr. Porter's desk. The office is immaculate, just as Mr. Porter had it.

PETE

What about you? What will you do?

ASHLEY

I'm gonna head back to school, change my major. Maybe study abroad. I'm definitely taking some time to see what I'm into

Pete adjusts a picture frame on the desk. IN THE FRAME: the picture of Mr. Porter and the young boy who looks like Pete.

PETE

Nice. Well, you know, if you ever want a job...

Pete smiles at Ashley; Ash smiles back.

ASHLEY

You know, it's almost like this happened for a reason.

Blue sticks his head in the office.

BLUE

Pete, are you ready? They're getting restless out here.

PETE

Sure, Blue. Let's get started

Ash hands Pete a file. He flips through it.

ASHLEY

First up, we have Staci.

Blue walks in with STACI (30s), very similar to TRACI in appearance and demeanor.

PETE

Staci, I've looked through your file and you've got a lot of experience. But here's my question for you: Do you want my balls?

Close up on Staci, who smiles in a crazy-Traci like way.

THE END.