

"Horrible Bosses"

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. SEVENTIES OFFICE

A typical office right out of the 1970's, that manages to be drab and garish all at the same time. TED is white, but he has a large proud afro and a Shaft mustache. He sits at the desk, visibly upset. His friend TOM, who wears a red velvet business suit, enters. Their acting is slightly stilted.

TOM

Hey, Ted, a bunch of us are going to that new, exciting discotheque tonight. Wanna come?

TED

Thanks, Tom, but if I don't find a way to reduce maintenance chemical costs, the old man'll have my head!

TOM

Say, have you done what a lot of smart businessmen are doing?  
(to camera)  
Switched to Hartford Chemical?

TED

(intrigued)  
Hartford Chemical??

Cut to a montage of stock footage of conveyor belts, assembly lines, pressure washes, trucks loading, and happy workers throughout the following V.O.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

That's right! Hartford Chemical. Cleaners, degreasers, truck washes and more than four hundred other maintenance products. A company on the go... for industry on the move.

INT. EXCITING DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT

Ted and Tom boogie with two beautiful girls. Ted turns to Tom and gives him a big smile.

TED

Thanks, Hartford Chemical!

Ted gives Tom a huge smile, and adds twin finger-guns.

INT. HARTFORD CHEMICALS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Present day. We see that what we've been watching is actually a video playing on the TV.

Eight or so employees are seated around the conference table. The boss, MARK PELLIT, switches off the TV and turns on the fluorescent lights, which fill the room with a sickly greyish light. He is an odd man with a syrupy-slow, halting way of speaking. It is hypnotic and -- if you're stuck in his presence -- infuriating.

A moment of silence; the room is wondering where this is going.

PELLIT

So... no one has any, uh, reaction?  
Any response? An opinion? A take?  
Any...um, reaction? Any, uh...

Everyone unconsciously leans in... wait for it... wait for it...

PELLIT

...response?

Finally KURT SHERMER speaks up, earnestly.

KURT

I guess...I mean... What kind of  
reaction...or response are you  
looking for?

PELLIT

You know I don't like to repeat  
myself... or be redundant... cover  
the same ground over and over and  
over and over--

KURT

(too quickly)  
Sure, sure...

PELLIT

I'm asking do you think we need to  
make a new one? A new orientation  
film? A new video? A new  
presentation--

Kurt doesn't mean to cut him off, but he can't help it.

KURT

A new film, yeah, well...  
(gingerly)  
Well... I could be wrong, of  
course, but...Does anyone even use  
orientation films anymore?

PELLIT  
(confused)  
But this is an orientation film.

KURT  
(reacts, then)  
I stand corrected. It's just that,  
well, that one was made in, like,  
when?

PELLIT  
1975... Mid-seventies... Almost the  
Bicentennial--

KURT  
1975, and I've never seen it.  
Anyone?  
(the others shrug)  
I don't think anyone even knew it  
existed until today. Just  
spitballing here: why do we need a  
new orientation film at all?

PELLIT  
(duh)  
To orient new employees.  
(to an Asian employee)  
No offense.

Everyone is baffled by that, but lets it pass.

PELLIT  
Let's watch it a few more times.  
Review it. Study it. Hash it out  
after each viewing.

During the following, Pellit's voice lowers in volume and is  
replaced by Kurt screaming in his own head.

PELLIT	KURT
Examine it. Consider it.	ARRRGGGHHH!!! SHUT UP!!!
The writing. The acting.	SHUT THE FUCK UP!!! STOP
The camera work. The music.	FUCKING TALKING, YOU FUCKING
The lighting. The editing.	IDIOT FUCK, ARRRGGGHHH!!

Pellit's next line snaps Kurt out of it.

PELLIT  
What do you think, Kurt?

KURT  
(smiling quickly)  
Super! Let's rewind it!

Kurt is smiling outside, but dying inside.

NICK (V.O.)

So how many times did you watch it?

INT. BAR & GRILLE - EVENING

Around seven o'clock. A neighborhood bar/restaurant in Queens. Kurt's at the table with his friends, NICK STARK and DALE WOODY. Kurt drains the last of a pitcher of beer into his mug.

KURT

Nine times. Nine fuckety-fucking times.

NICK

That's a lot.

KURT

And not only did we watch it nine times, but after each one we had "a conversation."

(imitating)

A chat. A dialogue. A discussion. A circle-jerk. Arrrghhh! I'm going out of my fucking mind there!

NICK

You've been complaining about this guy for months. I don't know how you put up with it.

KURT

I'm spending eighty bucks a day on lattes to stay awake, and thirty bucks a day on Prozac to keep from spraying the office with an Uzi.

NICK

Maybe you need to find a new job.

KURT

No way. Except for Pellit, that job is really gratifying. The office is, like, two minutes from my house, I've got great parking, and thanks to a recent blaze of affirmative action, the company is full of African-hottie-Americans. Looks like I'm stuck there with "Johnny Thesaurus."

DALE  
(an outburst)  
Well, if it's not bad enough to  
quit then stop complaining!

KURT  
Super helpful, Dale, thanks.

DALE  
What?!

NICK  
Dale, you okay?

DALE  
Yeah, sorry.

KURT  
No problem.

Kurt spots a HOT GIRL standing at the jukebox.

KURT  
Oocha magoocha... I think I see  
someone who can make all the hurt  
go away. I've got a new line.  
It's killer. Check it out.

Kurt sidles up to the Hot Girl and leans in close.

KURT  
Just lie still and don't scream for  
fifteen minutes and I'll never  
bother you again.

There is an incredibly tense moment, then the Hot Girl breaks  
out laughing. Kurt joins her in laughing.

DALE  
How does he do it? How does he  
just talk to women?

NICK  
Is this about that girl?

DALE  
Well...

NICK  
Hey, it'll happen. I know it.

DALE  
Thanks, Nick.

NICK  
(checking watch, rising)  
I gotta run. Big day tomorrow.

DALE  
Oh, right. Good luck!

Nick walks toward the exit, waving to Kurt as he does. They hear laughter and turn. Hot Girl's holding Kurt's arm, laughing loudly at something he said. He laughs, too...and keeps laughing even as he turns to do a "pantomime blow job" for Nick, which Hot Girl doesn't see, of course. Nick laughs and exits.

Dale watches, a little forlorn, lost in thought. Then he makes a decision.

INT. STARBUCKS - DUSK

Ten minutes later. It's busy. Dale enters and watches as NINA, the barrista, keeps up with preparing the drinks. She is really very cute and shyly smiles at everyone... It's easy to see he's smitten, and it's easy to see why.

She bashfully slides Dale's drink across the counter to him. He takes it, but lingers... they share a small moment... He looks like he might burst. Finally, he's just about to say something...but then his courage peters out, and he leaves with his drink, more forlorn than ever.

INT. COMMETRYX DATA SYSTEMS OFFICES - DAY

The next day. Nick walks toward his cubicle with a happy-go-lucky stride. He is barely able to contain his excitement. The soundtrack brims with upbeatery... which fades as Nick looks in his supervisor's office and sees a total stranger unpacking his briefcase.

INT. NICK'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Nick ducks down, then peeks out again. Yep. There's someone in the big office. Nick's stunned. And then the stranger sees him and beckons him "come here."

Nick ducks down again... it's a reflex...he looks up again... The stranger -- DAVE HARKEN -- beckons again. "Come here." Nick motions "Me?" The stranger, irritated, motions "come here now." Nick walks over. It's a long, painful walk.

INT. HARKEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harken, a stern looking man in his early 50's, sits at the desk and gestures to the chair opposite.

HARKEN

Come in! Dave Harken.

NICK

Hi, I'm Nick Stark--

HARKEN

Department Coordinator, my Number Two.

(gestures at the chair)

Please.

Nick sits down. Harken regards him for a moment.

HARKEN

It's my first day, so you'll have to fill me in. Do we begin every day here with a game of hide-and-seek?

NICK

Oh, no, sorry, I --

HARKEN

Nick, let's cut through it.

NICK

Cut through it?

HARKEN

You thought you were getting this job, didn't you?

NICK

Me? No! No, I was sure they'd... you know, go outside the company and get someone.

(off Harken's look)

Seriously, I didn't want the job.

HARKEN

Do you consider yourself an achiever, Nick? A go-getter?

NICK

Yes. Yes, I do.

HARKEN

And yet you expect me to believe that when the job over yours opened up, you didn't want it?



NICK

No, I-- I mean...

(then)

I think we might've gotten off on  
the wrong foot--

HARKEN

Then let me give you the right  
foot: I got this job because I've  
been excelling in this industry  
since you were barely off your  
mother's tit. I don't care if  
you're disappointed or your  
feelings are hurt or whatever. I'm  
not here to be your pal, I'm here  
to be your boss, understand?

(off Nick's bewilderment)

If you understand, say yes so I'll  
know.

NICK

I'm sorry, I understand.

HARKEN

Fine.

Harken folds his hands and stares blankly across the desk at  
Nick, who looks expectantly back at him. There is an awkward  
silence. \*

NICK \*

Yes? \*

HARKEN \*

Yes? \*

NICK \*

What? \*

HARKEN \*

That's it. Goodbye. \*

NICK \*

Oh! I'm sorry, I-- \*

HARKEN \*

Goodbye. \*

Nick fumbles to get up, as... \*

NICK (V.O.) \*

How was I supposed to know? \*

EXT. KURT'S YARD - EARLY EVENING

That evening. Kurt is grilling up some burgers. Nick and Dale are leafing through MAXIM and STUFF magazines, respectively.

NICK

I mean, how weird is it to give no indication at all that we're done talking?

\*  
\*  
\*

DALE

That is weird.  
(re: magazine)  
Jennifer Love Hewitt.

\*

KURT

I know, whack-tastic.  
(to Nick)  
Is it possible he gave a signal and you were so nervous you missed it?

\*  
\*

NICK

Maybe, I don't know.  
(holding up magazine)  
Maria Menounos.

\*

KURT

(looking over at picture)  
Hopa!

NICK

Anyway, this guy's a psycho. And for some reason he's got it in for me. He twists everything I say!

\*

KURT

Hey, he can't be worse than my guy.

FLASHBACK

INT. PELLIT'S OFFICE - DAY

Pellit is sitting at his desk, talking on the phone.

PELLIT

(into phone)  
No, I don't understand why you have to go, you called me.....

Kurt appears in his doorway, Pellit waves him to come in, holds up the "I'll be a minute" finger. Kurt comes in.

PELLIT

Yes, but I want to know more about  
the long distance service you're  
selling: your rates...your plans...  
your cost per minute... your costs  
per additional minutes...

Kurt motions "Do you want me to leave?"... while secretly  
wishing, "Please God let me leave." Pellit shakes his head,  
"No, stay." Kurt conceals his disappointment and boredom as  
Pellit continues.

PELLIT (CONT'D)

...optional services like call  
waiting... call forwarding...  
remote call forwarding...voicemail--  
(reacts to click)  
Hello...? Hello...? Hello...?

KURT

(seizing the opportunity)  
You wanted to see me?

PELLIT

(holds up finger again)  
Hello...? Hello...? Hello...?  
Hello...? Hello...?

Kurt wants to kill himself. Finally, Pellit shrugs and hangs  
up, addresses Kurt.

PELLIT

Anyway, yes, I wanted to have a  
chat... bring something to your  
attention ...give you a heads-up...  
raise a red flag--

KURT

About what?

That was too abrupt. Kurt forces a smile to cover.

PELLIT

See, that's the kind of thing I'm  
talking about. That impatience,  
that abruptness, that snappishness,  
that terseness, that--

KURT

I understand!  
(realizing he just did it)  
Sorry.

PELLIT

If you want to keep this job I'm  
going to need to see an  
improvement... A change... A  
positive step... Some forward  
momentum...

As before, we hear the screaming in Kurt's head.

PELLIT

...some tangible growth...  
some gains... an upswing...

KURT

AAAAAARRRRGGGHHHH!!!!

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. KURT'S YARD - PRESENT

KURT

Aaaarggghh!

Kurt realizes he was really screaming, composes himself.

NICK

You okay? You're really losing it.

KURT

I know, I just can't take it  
anymore! He drives me SO FUCKING  
CRAZY!

DALE

(another outburst)

Jesus, then do something or shut up  
about it!

KURT

What is with you?

DALE

Nothing!

NICK

No, he's right. I'll have to make  
the best of it, too. Tomorrow, I'm  
gonna devote myself to pleasing  
this guy. I'll do everything short  
of blowing him.

KURT

Don't rule anything out.

INT. HARKEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Later that day. Nick and three of his coworkers sit in the conversation area of Harken's office, leaderless. Clearly, Harken is late and they don't know why.

NICK  
(whispers)  
Where is he?

Harken enters the room.

HARKEN  
I'm right here, Nick, do I have to punch a clock with you now?

Nick immediately adopts a sunny attitude.

NICK  
No offense meant, of course...  
(trying to laugh it off)  
You've got some hearing on you.

HARKEN  
You'd do well to remember that.

NICK  
(forcing a laugh)  
Yeah, good one, sir. It's so true...

There's an awkward silence, which Nick finally, unfortunately tries desperately to fill.

NICK  
My mother always used to get on me for talking too loud. I thought she was crazy. Just shows ya, Moms always know, right?

HARKEN  
(grimly)  
My mother abandoned my father and me when I was three.

Nick is about to chuckle, hoping against hope that Harken is kidding, but swallows it immediately.

NICK  
I'm sorry, I didn't--

HARKEN  
(staring evilly at Nick)  
Okay, people, let's get started.

To Nick's relief, he finally stops staring and looks at the others.

HARKEN (CONT'D)

I want each of you to bring me up to speed on your individual departments, so I can get a feel for where we are and where we'll be at the end of the quarter.

(to Nick)

Would you pass me a pencil, Nick?

(Nick hands him one)

Thanks.

(studying his pencil)

I like these pencils. I like the black ones. I think they're better than the wood tone ones, don't you?

No one has given it much thought, but they quickly murmur agreement anyway.

HARKEN

I love a sharpened pencil. A razor point can make a project fly by.

He looks up at Nick, who's as baffled as everyone else.

HARKEN

I wonder how deep I could stick this pencil in Nick's skull.

What?? Everyone is confused. What??

NICK

Sorry?

He suddenly jerks the pencil up over his head, as if to attack. Nick jumps. Harken relaxes his arm, chuckling.

HARKEN

I'm just yanking you, Nick.

NICK

Oh... heh heh... another good one, sir.

Harken stares at Nick, and just when he should break it off, it instead turns into a glare. An icy cold glare. A glare that Nick can't get him to stop. Nick tries every polite chuckle, every eye-darting cue to end the moment, but Harken's unblinking glower won't be broken. \*

KURT (V.O.)

What did you do? \*

INT. NICK'S CUBICLE

Nick's eating peanuts from a vending machine bag while talking on the phone with Kurt.

NICK

What could I do? I kept my head  
down for the rest of the meeting.  
(furtively looking around)  
I've been avoiding him all day.  
Everything I say just pisses him  
off.

HARKEN (O.C.)

Nick, got a minute? \*

NICK

Gotta go.

Nick quickly hangs up and stashes the peanut bag in his desk drawer, just as Harken arrives at his cubicle.

NICK

Sure, of course.

HARKEN

Look, I know you've been angry ever  
since I got here--

NICK

What? No, absolutely not.

HARKEN

So a man threatens to put a pencil  
in your head and you don't get  
angry? Are you even a man at all?

NICK

No, I mean... I thought I--

HARKEN

I get it. You have a problem with  
me.

NICK

Respectfully, who threatened to  
stick a pencil in whose head?

HARKEN

Point taken. You lashed out and I  
lashed back. It was a dick-  
measuring contest, and now that  
it's settled, let's drop it, okay?

NICK

Okay.

HARKEN

Wait, I'm sorry... "Okay" let's drop it, or "okay" you've got a bigger dick than me?

NICK

What?! No--

HARKEN

Okay, fine, apparently you've got some pathological need to pull your oar in the opposite direction from everyone else.

NICK

No, that's not true!

Harken notices the clutter on Nick's desk.

HARKEN

And what's all this crap on your desk? This is a mess!

NICK

I wouldn't say "mess"--

HARKEN

There's files everywhere, gum wrappers, open Liquid Paper bottles..

(gives desk the "white glove" finger)

And look at all this dust! Do you even know the meaning of the word "professional"?

NICK

I'm sorry.

HARKEN

Do you take this job seriously?

NICK

Of course I do!

HARKEN

(steely authority)

I'm very disappointed in your attitude. And you're going to learn I'm not someone who tolerates disappointment for very long.



Harken turns and walks to his office. Nick, fuming, starts neatening up, violently flinging things either in the desk drawer or in the wastebasket, nearly knocking it over.

NICK  
(muttering)  
And I'm not someone who tolerates  
your fucking abuse and your fucking  
psycho death-stare. \*

Steamed, he continues cleaning, until he hears an O.S.  
BANGING NOISE. He pokes his head up over his cubicle wall...

NICK'S P.O.V

...and sees Harken in his office, thrashing and quivering,  
pounding on the glass.

Heads pop out of all the cubicles, a few at a time, then  
people start to gravitate toward this strange spectacle.

INT. NICK'S CUBICLE

Nick runs over.

INT. HARKEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nick has joined other employees who've gathered around the  
office to try to tend to him and/or gawk. Harken is shaking  
and almost frothing. He is choking and clearly can't  
breathe. Nick pushes through the crowd, but doesn't know  
what to do once he gets to Harken.

NICK  
What's wrong with him?

EMPLOYEE #2  
He can't breathe

EMPLOYEE #1  
He's got a bracelet.

Nick leans in and struggles to read the Medic-Alert bracelet,  
needing to move his head in sync with Harken's flailing.  
Something he sees on it makes his eyes grow wide.

CLOSE ON BRACELET

In particular on the words "SEVERE ALLERGY TO PEANUTS"

LIGHTNING-QUICK SERIES OF DUTCH-ANGLE CUTS IN NICK'S MIND:

Nick eating peanuts

Harken running his finger through the dust

Harken choking

Nick graveside at Harken's funeral

A judge slamming his gavel at Nick

Nick in prison being ass-fucked by a GIANT ARYAN BIKER

Nick, IV's in his arms, in the prison hospital, lying on his stomach with several pillows propping his ass in the air.

Zippering up of Nick's body bag.

Kurt and Dale at Nick's grave

SATAN fucking Nick's ass in Hell.

BACK TO REALITY

NICK  
(murmuring)  
Holy shit...  
(to others, quickly  
covering)  
He's having an allergic reaction!

Harken mimes injecting. The employees erupt in a jumble of near-simultaneous voices:

EMPLOYEE #2  
He needs that syringe thing,  
what'd'ya call it?

EMPLOYEE #1  
Epi-something!

EMPLOYEE #2  
Try the first aid kit!

NICK  
I got it!

Nick heroically busts through the crowd and runs to the wall-mounted first-aid kit outside Harken's office, mounted next to the fire extinguisher and the Heimlich poster. He yanks open the cover and pulls out the portable kit, rummaging through the contents as he returns to the office.

INT. HARKEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nick has grabbed a fistful of Epipens from the kit. He holds them up to Harken.

NICK  
These?!

Harken nods. Nick unwraps one and jams it into Harken's neck. Harken jerks upward, eyes open wide, and emits a muffled, strangled scream. He lurches around the office.

EMPLOYEE #2  
It's not working!

Nick unwraps another one and, without noticing Harken desperately trying to tell him not to, jams the second one into his neck on the other side. Harken screams even louder. He is throwing himself against the wall.

EMPLOYEE #1  
He doesn't look good at all.

Harken would say "No shit!" if he could. Harken tries to shriek-- but Nick jams in the neck again.

NICK  
It didn't stay in!

Nick tries again, but hits the shoulder. Harken pulls away.

NICK  
Hold still!

Now Nick is jamming Harken over and over with the third Epipen wherever he can. Harken's screams are bloodcurdling.

INT. BAR & GRILLE - BEFORE DUSK

Around seven o'clock. The guys glumly nurse their beers.

NICK  
I learned today that there's a very fine line between giving injections and a multiple stabbing.  
(takes a gulp, then)  
And how was I supposed to know you don't stick an Epipen in someone's neck?! Would you have known that?

KURT  
No way.

NICK  
Besides, the attack wasn't my fault, right? I mean how was I supposed to know he was allergic to peanuts?

KURT

You couldn't have known!  
(handing waitress his  
credit card)  
*Tequila, por favor*, and keep  
bringing *mas* until that comes up  
"Confiscate."

NICK

And who the hell told him to drag  
his fucking finger through the dust  
on my desk?

KURT

I would think if you're that  
allergic to something you should be  
a lot more careful about where you  
drag your fingers.

NICK

Thank you! Now the guy really  
hates me, I just know he's looking  
for any excuse to fire me.

KURT

Why, did he say something to you  
afterward?

NICK

No...

FLASHBACK

INT. NICK'S CUBICLE - DAY

Earlier that day, about an hour after Harken's "incident."  
Nick looks up from his cubicle at Harken's office, and is  
surprised to see Harken staring at him... no, glaring at him,  
through his office window. Harken's shirt and hair are still  
rumpled, and he sports four bandages on his neck.

NICK (V.O.)

He didn't say anything. All day.  
He just... looked at me. Real bad.

Harken's face is a portrait of hatred. On Nick's terrified  
reaction.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. BAR & GRILLE - PRESENT

NICK

Trust me, that guy hates me.

KURT  
See, I'll tell you where you made  
your mistake. You should've let  
the guy croak. Nobody'd blame you  
for it, and your boss problem would  
be solved.

They laugh, though Dale doesn't laugh quite as heartily.

NICK  
Yeah, that would have been perfect.  
What was I thinking?!

KURT  
(laughing hard now)  
If Pellit were allergic to peanuts,  
I'd fucking pump a gallon of Skippy  
up his ass.

Nick and Kurt are really laughing now... until suddenly Dale  
can't contain himself any longer. He cries out.

DALE  
(sputtering, red-faced)  
I WANT TO KILL HER!  
(pounding on the table)  
I WANT TO KILL HER I WANT TO KILL  
HER I WANT TO KILL HER!

The laughing peters out quickly, and they just look at him.  
He doesn't seem to be joking.

KURT  
Are you okay?!

DALE  
(trying to calm down)  
I DO, I want to smash her... I  
really do...

NICK  
Just breathe.

Dale manages to breathe, to get himself under control.  
Finally, he speaks, with difficulty.

DALE  
There's something I haven't told  
you guys. I was too ashamed.

NICK  
You can tell us anything.

KURT  
Yeah, Dale. Jesus, what's wrong?

DALE  
(blurting, tortured)  
I'm being sexually harassed at work!  
(relieved)  
Wow, it feels good to finally come out and say it: "I'm being sexually harassed at work!"

A long pause, as they just stare. Then:

KURT  
What the fuck are you talking about?

DALE  
You guys don't know what that place is like. It's a sexual hotbed.

NICK  
You work at Best Buy. Best Buy is a sexual hotbed?

DALE  
Like you wouldn't believe. My manager, Julia, keeps coming on to me. Really coming on to me.

NICK  
Julia?! Who we met at the store last week?

KURT  
No offense, Big Man, but you're dreaming. She is a sizzling hot piece of ass, and there's no way she is coming on to a geek like you. Again, no offense.

NICK  
I'm not sure I'd call her a hot piece of ass. She was more sweet and cute. Like the Little Mermaid.

KURT  
Hey, the Little Mermaid is a hot piece of ass. If she'd only move her hair so we could see her jugs.

NICK  
The point is--

KURT

You know who else is hot? Mulan.  
Sometimes I like a little suki in  
my yaki, if you know what I mean.

NICK

The point is... it's hard for me to  
imagine sweet, cute, mermaidly Julia  
as a sexual predator.

KURT

Yeah, you must have misinterpreted.

DALE

Oh, yeah? Let me tell you what  
happened today, and you tell me if  
I'm misinterpreting.

FLASHBACK

INT. BEST BUY SALES FLOOR - DAY

Dale, in his blue Best Buy shirt, is restocking. JULIA HARRIS  
approaches. She is, indeed, very cute and sweet, but hot.

JULIA

Dale, could I see you in my office?

DALE

(a little nervous)  
Well, I was just--

JULIA

If you don't mind, it's important?

DALE

Um, sure.

INT. BEST BUY MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Moments later, they walk into the office and Julia closes the  
door. We see Dale's face as he hears her click the lock.

JULIA

I've been a little disappointed  
with your match-ups, your restocks,  
your endcaps.

DALE

I wasn't aware that I--

JULIA

You wouldn't want to leave me with an endcap that needs filling, would you?

DALE

Um, I don't know if I--

JULIA

You're uncomfortable.

DALE

No. Well, a little. I mean, you know, there is a line.

JULIA

See, I get confused about where the line is. Like if I ask if you got a haircut, is that over the line? Cause your hair looks really nice.

DALE

No, that's not over the line at all. And yes I did.

(uncomfortable silence)

It was at Fantastic Sam's.

JULIA

Well, it looks nice.

DALE

Thank you.

JULIA

You're welcome. And would it cross the line if I ask if you work out?

DALE

No. I mean, I don't think that's over the line.

JULIA

Do you? Work out?

DALE

I bought that thing Chuck Norris sells, but I never use it.

JULIA

(giggles)

You're really funny. Oh, I'm sorry, was that over the line?



DALE  
No, not at all. And thanks.

JULIA  
You're welcome. Now if I told you I wanted to suck your cock, would that be over the line?

DALE  
(reacts, then)  
Yeah...

JULIA  
Is it that I used the word "cock"? 'Cause I don't have to. I could just say I want you to fuck my slutty little mouth right here, right next to the New DVD Tuesday stand-ups.

DALE  
Yeah, no, that isn't better. I mean, I appreciate the offer, but--

JULIA  
(stalking toward him)  
Okay, fine, no cocksucking. Then why don't you just eat my pussy until I scream?

She clamps onto him and devours the back of his neck.

DALE  
Julia, let go of me!  
(flings her off, stands)  
Don't do that any more!

With her eyes, she indicates his crotch. He looks down to find he has pitched a massive tent. He quickly untucks his shirt in a feeble attempt to cover it.

DALE  
I can't be held responsible for what... that does.

Dale hightails it to the door.

INT. BEST BUY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Outside Julia's office, Dale closes the door. He is frantic, breathless, embarrassed, as he scurries down the hall.

DALE (V.O.)

And this has been going on for weeks now.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. BAR & GRILLE - PRESENT

DALE

I don't know what to do.

We see that Nick and Dale are gaping at him, mouths open. Neither is able to move for a long while.

KURT

That is the single hottest story I've ever heard. That's like "Penthouse Letters" hot.

DALE

No, trust me, it's not a good kind of hot, it's a psycho kind of hot.

NICK

Obviously, you need to complain to the higher-ups about her.

DALE

I can't, no one'd believe it. I'm the only one she's like that with.

NICK

So go get a job at Circuit City or Comp-USA or something.

DALE

I know it seems like the same place to you, but it's not. I like Best Buy.

KURT

Hey, I'm sorry, why don't you just fuck her? And keep fucking her for as long as she'll let you?

DALE

I don't want to. She's scary.

KURT

No, spiders are scary. Rats are scary. A hot Little Mermaid who'll suck your dick is not scary.

NICK  
(irritated with Kurt)  
Dale, I understand you're scared,  
but killing your boss won't solve  
anything.

They nurse their drinks in silence for a bit. Then:

DALE  
You're a hundred percent sure?

NICK  
Yes.

Nick signals for another round. Kurt and Dale are clearly  
lost in thought.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

The three of them are walking home. Nick is enjoying the  
night air, but Kurt and Dale are still stewing. They are all  
mildly buzzed. Finally, Kurt comes out with it.

KURT  
(to Nick)  
Okay, let me ask you a question.  
Hypothetically. And hear me out.

NICK  
Okay.

KURT  
(choosing words carefully)  
Would our lives be better off if  
our bosses weren't in them?

DALE  
Exactly!

NICK  
That's a ridiculous--

KURT  
Just answer the question.  
Hypothetically.

NICK  
It's not that bad.

KURT  
Not that bad?! These three  
assholes are threatening our life,  
liberty and pursuit of happiness,  
using their power over us just as  
brutally as if they used guns or  
swords or ninja stars.

DALE  
Fucking-A!

NICK  
Ninja stars?

KURT  
You know what I mean.

NICK  
Okay, fine, let's say I accept your  
premise. We'd be better off if our  
bosses weren't around. So what?  
It's not like there's anything we  
can do about it.

KURT  
Yeah...

They walk in silence. Kurt and Dale are clearly chewing this  
over in their heads. They happen to catch each other's eyes,  
then both look down at the ground and continue walking. And  
thinking...

They continue walking... and thinking. Then:

KURT  
Yeah...

DALE  
Yeah.

They walk a little further. Finally:

KURT  
Unless...

Silence...

KURT  
Y'know...

NICK  
What?  
(off Kurt's knowing look)  
What?

Kurt gives him a bigger "you know..." look. Nick realizes what they mean.

NICK

Are you--? Are you kidding me?  
You mean--? Are you suggesting  
we...

(sotto)

...kill our bosses?

KURT

Why not?

DALE

Yeah!

KURT

It's not like they're gonna live forever. You know how many peanuts there are in this world? One day soon Harken is gonna drop dead. Julia and Pellit? They'll piss off the wrong people. These assholes are going to die. We just "accelerate the process."

DALE

What's wrong with that?!

NICK

Well, for starters, it's illegal.

KURT

It would have been "illegal" to assassinate Hitler, but it would have been the right thing to do.

DALE

Fucking-A!

NICK

(wryly)

Can we agree that our bosses aren't quite at the Hitler level?

KURT

I agree to no such thing.

NICK

It's not that bad.

KURT

How can you say that? I'm stuck working in a fucking time warp.

(MORE)

KURT (cont'd)  
Poor Dale is practically being  
raped in the TiVo aisle. And you're  
the most obsessed of all of us!

NICK  
I'm not obsessed.

DALE  
You're obsessed.

NICK  
I'm not obsessed.

KURT  
Obsessed.

DALE  
Completely.

They've arrived at the corner where they walk their separate  
ways.

NICK  
I'm not obsessed. And I'm also not  
interested, and I think when you  
guys sober up you won't be either.  
But if you are, hey, good luck with  
your homicides, and I'll see you in  
twenty years.

Nick walks off toward home. They watch him go.

KURT  
Obsessed.

DALE  
Completely.  
(then)  
'Night.

KURT  
'Night.

They turn and walk off in their separate directions.

EXT. STARBUCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Starbucks is lit up; just down the street, the Best Buy is  
lit up, too. Dale pauses outside the Starbucks and looks in.  
He sees Nina through the Starbucks window, coming out from  
behind the counter. He ducks behind a nearby tree, and  
watches as she carries a coffee and a book toward a table and  
sits down. Clearly he feels like his heart will swell out of  
his chest.

He makes a decision. He summons up his courage and walks toward the Starbucks.

INT. STARBUCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Dale walks purposefully over to Nina's table.

DALE

Hi...

When she looks up his courage almost leaves him.

NINA

Oh, hi!

DALE

Uh... I, um... I saw you were on your break and... Well, y'know... Is it, uh, okay if I join you?

NINA

Sure!

DALE

Great! Great!

He's nodding, but not sitting. He finally remembers to sit. They smile at each other for a moment.

NINA

You don't have any coffee.

DALE

Uh, yeah, thing is... I didn't actually... come in for coffee, I came, really, to, um...  
(here goes nothing)  
...to talk to you.

His eyes are almost pleading. After what seems like forever, she smiles bashfully.

NINA

Really?

DALE

(relieved)  
Oh, yeah! I've, y'know, wanted to talk to you for... wow, a long time.

NINA

Really? Me, too!

JULIA (O.C.)  
Who the fuck is this?

Dale is startled to look up and find Julia, in her Best Buy shirt, carrying her shoulder bag, standing next to the table, glaring at Nina.

DALE  
Julia!

JULIA  
Don't "Julia" me, who the fuck is this?

NINA  
I'm Nina.

JULIA  
Well, shut your Macchiato hole, Nina. I'm talking to Dale.

DALE  
Julia, please, don't talk to her that way.

She sits down and starts to whisper to them.

JULIA  
I'll talk to her any way I like.  
(to Nina)  
I'm going to make something very clear to you, Nina. Dale is mine. I am not going to suck his dick only so he can come in here and stinkfinger the coffee girl.

Nina reacts with shock.

JULIA  
Did you fuck her?

DALE  
Julia!

JULIA  
I know you want her. Look at those tits, just look at them. But mine are bigger. Rounder.  
(she caresses them)  
More responsive.  
(she moans, then)  
My nipples are getting hard as diamonds even now.



NINA  
I really want to go.

DALE  
No, Nina, please.

Dale stands up, unaware he's got a gigantic hard-on and he's pointing it right at Nina.

DALE  
Nina, I've wanted to spend some time with you since the first moment I saw you.  
(follows Nina's gape,  
notices his erection)  
Fuck!

NINA  
(aghast)  
You're disgusting. Do me a favor, get your venti hazelnut soy latte somewhere else.

She runs off, Dale looks around at everyone staring, then back at Julia. She's gone. He finally spots her, through the window. She's left the Starbucks, but is looking back at him through the glass. Smirking. He hits bottom.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nick is walking down the hall, talking on his cell phone.

NICK  
Dale, just tell me what happened.... Okay, don't tell me, but we're not--  
(lowering his voice)  
...killing our bosses. Good night.

He shuts his cell phone and is putting his key in the door when LISA, his across-the-hall neighbor, emerges from the elevator. She is unbelievably beautiful, and wearing a tiny little black dress. Her walk reveals she's as tipsy as Nick.

NICK  
Hi, Lisa, right?

LISA  
That's right, um...Nick.

NICK  
Yeah. Hi. You been out?

LISA  
(obviously)  
Uh...

NICK  
Right, dumb question, of course.  
(all he can think of)  
You look great.

LISA  
(smiles)  
You, too.

They share a moment... CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

They burst through the door, making out passionately. They are both breathless and moaning with pleasure. Still kissing and groping her, Nick pulls his key out of the lock, puts it on the hall table, and closes the door. She throws her head back and he kisses her throat.

They aim for the couch, but drop to the floor instead. They don't care. They're devouring each other, she's tearing at his shirt.

She climbs on top of him, straddling him, kisses him with lust and longing. They part lips reluctantly as she sits up... smiles seductively...and pulls her dress over her body...

...revealing a magnificent pair of breasts...

...and then the dress comes uncovers her head...

... revealing it's Harken's head.

Nick bolts up with a start.

NICK  
Oh shit shit shit!

Nick looks again. Lisa is now "normal," thank goodness...

LISA  
What? What's wrong?

NICK  
No, nothing...  
(struggling)  
Nothing! It's just that... Well...  
(comes out with it)  
Let me ask you.  
(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)  
If you had to stick an Epipen in  
someone, would you know not to  
stick it in his neck?!

LISA  
What?!

NICK  
See, I've got this new boss at  
work...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICK'S LIVING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Nick's clearly been talking for a while, Lisa's bored out of  
her mind.

NICK  
... and all he does is just stare  
at me. He just... stares.

Lisa gets up, grabs her clothes.

NICK  
What? Where are you going? I  
thought we were having a good talk.

LISA  
(dressing angrily)  
No, you were having a good talk,  
about this guy Hacken.

NICK  
Harken. It's not important.

LISA  
Look, I was a little buzzed, I've  
seen you around, you're kinda cute,  
I wanted to hook up. What I didn't  
want was to hear you bitch about  
your fucking boss.

NICK  
So what, you're saying I'm  
"obsessed" with him?

LISA  
I didn't say that at all. But now  
that you mention it, yeah, I think  
you're probably obsessed with him.  
So you got a shitty boss. Why  
can't you deal with it, for  
Christ's sake? Be a man.

She walks out. As we hear her open, then slam the apartment door, Nick's humiliated, angry and hurt, all at once.

The camera moves in on a CLOSE UP of Nick, as his look becomes one of grim determination.

He picks up and dials his cell.

NICK  
(into phone)  
Dale?  
(gravely)  
I'm in.

INT. CRIME SCENE - VIDEO

A video image of a scene from "C.S.I." William Petersen tweezers a skin fragment from a piece of clothing and bags it, while his team photographs tire tracks and takes footprint impressions... We PULL BACK to reveal this is the TV in...

INT. KURT'S HOUSE - DAY

It's Saturday afternoon. Dale, Kurt and Nick are watching with varying levels of intensity.

DALE  
I'm learning a lot from this.

KURT  
Me, too. I'm learning that Marg Helgenberger chick is crazy hot.

DALE  
That's not why we're watching it.

NICK  
(bleary)  
Why are we watching it?

DALE  
So we can learn what not to do.  
When I... y'know... "take care of"  
Julia I don't want to make any  
rookie mistakes and get caught.  
(holds up stack of DVD's)  
Six hours of "C.S.I." left, then we  
start on "Law & Order."

KURT  
Fuck that. Wait, which Assistant  
D.A.?

DALE  
Elisabeth Rohm.

KURT  
Fuck that.

NICK  
I'll tell you what I'm learning from it: that there are a million ways we can fuck this up! We're going to get caught, I just know it.

KURT  
Come on, don't be a pussy.

NICK  
I'm not being a pussy, I just think this is way too risky and complicated for us to try.

DALE  
I think you're underestimating us.

NICK  
Am I? Kurt, remember when you needed a new fence? And we tried to do it ourselves? Dale lost a toe!

Dale looks rueful.

NICK  
And building a fence is a lot easier than... y'know... this.

KURT  
So... we do what we did with the fence. We didn't know how to do it, so we finally hired someone who did. We should do the same thing now: hire someone.

DALE  
You mean a hit man?

KURT  
No, a D.J. Yeah, a hit man.

DALE  
Cool.

NICK  
I don't know... I'm not sure about  
this.

KURT  
Why?!

NICK  
Where do we even find...one of  
those?

KURT  
I know just the place. Let's go.

He grabs his keys and starts for the door. Nick hesitantly follows. Dale gets up, calls after them.

EXT. DIVE BAR - DAY

An hour later. They arrive at a dive bar, and walk in.

INT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

It's a dingy, dark, smoky place. The sunlight stabs the room when they open it. They walk in and Dale starts waving away cigarette smoke.

DALE  
Don't they know there's laws  
against smoking indoors?

KURT  
Yeah, why don't you go say  
something? I'm sure they'd  
appreciate the heads-up.

Nick looks around and we see what he sees: there are no other white people here. Some patrons are turning to stare.

NICK  
Oh, real nice, Kurt. Way to be a  
racist.

KURT  
This isn't about race. This  
neighborhood happens to have a lot  
of crime, and we need a criminal.  
Plus no one knows us here, right?

DALE  
I guess it makes sense... Still,  
I'm uncomfortable with the racist  
overtones.

NICK

What do we do now? Yell out "Anyone here kill people for a living?"

KURT

Just leave it to me.

He indicates for them to sit. They settle in awkwardly at a table, as a beefy man glares at them from the next table.

NICK

How's it going?

The guy just seethes. Nick and Dale shift uncomfortably.

Meanwhile, Kurt walks up to the bar with as much macho swagger as he can muster and signals the bartender.

The bartender, unimpressed and in no particular rush, walks over to Kurt. With the kind of tough-guy attitude he's seen on TV Kurt slides a folded twenty across the bar.

KURT

Hey, my man, my friend Andy Jackson and I would like a little information.

The bartender ignores the twenty.

BARTENDER

You and Andy can go fuck yourselves. Come back when Ben Franklin is with you.

Kurt pulls some more twenties out of his wallet.

KURT

Okay, fair enough...  
(he slides more money)  
First of all, let me say I'm not a cop, and the reason you know I'm telling the truth is because if I were a cop I couldn't lie about it, or it'd be entrapment, right?  
(the bartender stares)  
I mean, that's right, right?  
(the bartender stares)  
Umm... Right?

BARTENDER

I got no fucking idea what you're talking about, but I'm gonna play it on the safe side and get pissed off all the same.

KURT

Okay, fine, I'll get to the point. I need a guy who can do a little "work." A little "job." Actually, three little jobs. Know what I'm saying? Some discreet work, a little "outside-the-box" kinda work.

(leaning in)

"Wet work."

The bartender just stares at him. Kurt leans in further.

KURT

I'm just saying, what if we need people "taken care of"? I figure a guy like you has his ear to the street, knows what's going on... Am I right?

BARTENDER

Bitch, do I look like motherfucking Huggy Bear to you?

KURT

No, I'm just saying, you see things, you hear things... You might be able to hook us up with someone.

A deadly silence.

KURT

And trust me, it's not because you're black.

This is only getting worse. Finally, the bartender has had enough.

BARTENDER

See that guy over there?

Kurt looks and sees a very scary man sitting in the corner booth with two even bigger, scarier guys.

KURT

Uh huh...

BARTENDER

A stone killer. One evil dude. His name is Cocksucker Jones.

KURT

Excuse me?



BARTENDER

You heard me. Cocksucker Jones.

The bartender grabs the money off the bar.

BARTENDER

Now get the fuck out of my face.

KURT

Hey, thanks, I appreciate it. By the way, can I get three beers from you?

BARTENDER

Fuck you.

KURT

Fair enough.

Kurt turns and gives Dale and Nick what is supposed to be a high sign, but what comes off as a little too girly and giddy for the room. Nick and Dale wish they were dead.

Kurt indicates for them to go with him, so they get up and join him, and the three of them meekly approach the corner booth. The two goons with Cocksucker stand up and form a human wall.

KURT

Mr. Jones? Cocksucker?

Dale and Nick react to this.

KURT

Could we have a word with you?

Cocksucker doesn't know whether to be pissed or amused. He nods to the goons that it's okay, and Kurt, Nick and Dale sit down across from him.

KURT

We'd like to talk to you about a business proposition, Cocksucker.

NICK

(sotto, to Kurt)

Why do you keep calling him that?

KURT

(sotto)

That's his name.

NICK

(sotto)

That's his name?

(to Cocksucker)

That's your name?

COCKSUCKER

That's my name. Cocksucker Jones.

DALE

That's a really cool name. If you don't mind my asking, how did you get that name?

COCKSUCKER

I got the name Cocksucker because once, when some asshole fucked with me, I cut off his cock and shoved it in his mouth and left him in the street to bleed out and die like a little cocksucking bitch.

Our guys have no idea what to say to this. There is an awkward moment.

KURT

Well, I knew there had to be a colorful story. I'm Kurt, and this is Dale, and this is Nick.

NICK

I got the name Nick because I once "nicked" myself shaving.

He laughs, Kurt and Dale join him. They are laughing alone, so the laugh quickly peters out. As it fades...

NICK

(lamely)

No, it's short for Nicholas...

Another awkward silence.

DALE

What's your real name?

COCKSUCKER

Dean.

DALE

Oh! Like Dean Jones? The actor?  
From "Herbie the Love Bug?"

KURT

(sotto, to Dale)

Okay, he doesn't know who Dean Jones is.

COCKSUCKER

I know who motherfucking Dean Jones is. He was in "Million Dollar Duck." Now can you get to the motherfucking point?

NICK

Okay! Here's the thing: We have three people we want to get rid of. Would it insult you if we assumed you knew how to make that happen?

COCKSUCKER

No.

NICK

Great. So... Ballpark figure, how much does that kind of thing run?

COCKSUCKER

Are these high-risk people?

NICK

High risk?

COCKSUCKER

High profile. Powerful. Like Federal agents or the President or some shit.

DALE

One of them is manager of a Best Buy.

COCKSUCKER

Yeah... that's a no.

(then)

Okay, so not high-profile, no special circumstances, you're looking at ten thousand each.

The guys react.

NICK

Ten thousand dollars?

COCKSUCKER

Bitch, did I stutter?

DALE  
Times three...

NICK  
Wow...

COCKSUCKER  
Is there a problem?

KURT  
No, it's just we're having a little  
sticker shock here, that's all.

DALE  
Isn't there any kind of discount  
because we're buying three at once?  
Like buy two, get one free?

COCKSUCKER  
This ain't motherfucking Krispy  
Kreme. It's ten grand whether you  
buy one or a hundred.

NICK  
Okay, well, thirty thousand it is.  
Good, that's good. Right?

DALE  
That's good.

COCKSUCKER  
I'm so glad you're pleased. Come  
back here tomorrow with the cash  
and who you want done and I'll take  
care of the rest.

NICK  
Should we bring the bills in any  
kind of special denominations?

COCKSUCKER  
No, just, whatever. Small bills.

NICK  
Great, thanks.

KURT  
Oh, should we bring it in any kind  
of special container, like a  
shoebox?

NICK  
Or a paper bag?

DALE

Or plastic?

COCKSUCKER

No, not a motherfucking plastic bag. Most people put their shit in a briefcase.

(before they can ask)

Yes, an attaché case is fine.

Their reaction tells us that's exactly what they were going to ask. They're about to leave, when Dale turns back.

DALE

Should we deduct the cost of the briefcase?

COCKSUCKER

What?!

DALE

I mean, assuming we don't get the case back... We're not getting the case back, right?

Cocksucker fumes.

DALE

Well, that's like an extra eighty bucks tacked on to the price of the job. Only seems fair that we should take that out of your end.

Nick and Kurt wish they could crawl into a hole. Cocksucker is clearly furious. He descends into a creepy calm.

COCKSUCKER

Get the fuck out and never come back.

KURT

You mean "never come back" after tomorrow when we bring the--

COCKSUCKER

Get the fuck out.

INT. KURT'S CAR - LATER

Kurt is driving home. Nick is in the back seat, Dale rides shotgun.

NICK

Well, that was just great. We almost got the shit beat out of us. This was a huge mistake.

KURT

So what are you saying, we should try someone else?

NICK

No, I'm not saying that.

DALE

Are you saying we should go back and finish watching "C.S.I."?

NICK

I'm definitely not saying that.

KURT

So let me guess: you think we should quit.

Nick ponders this...

CUT TO QUICK PUSH-IN ON HARKEN

Malevolent, eyes blazing with hate

CUT BACK TO NICK

NICK

No, I can't go back.

KURT

So it's settled.

NICK

But everyone at work knows Harken and I hate each other. I'd be the number one suspect. Besides, I don't even know if I have what it takes to, y'know, "take care" of him.

DALE

I'd kill Harken for you.

NICK

You would?

DALE

Yeah. You're my friend.

NICK  
(touched)  
Thanks, Dale.

DALE  
(sincere)  
You're welcome, Nick.

NICK  
Wait... I don't know, maybe that's  
it.

KURT  
What? Instead of wasting our  
bosses, you and Dale gay off on  
each other?

NICK  
No, no, no, no... Maybe we should  
do each other's bosses.

DALE  
"Strangers on a Train"!

NICK  
Exactly. Each one of us takes care  
of someone else's boss while the  
one with the motive is off enjoying  
an airtight alibi.

KURT  
That's great!

NICK  
Yeah, except we still don't know  
how to do it. We don't even have a  
gun, and the only person we know  
who could get us a gun is  
Cocksucker Jones, and he's not in  
the mood to do us any favors.

They ponder this in silence.

DALE  
Okay, what if we put them in a pit  
and watch 'em try to claw out?

NICK  
Like in "Silence of the Lambs"?

KURT  
I'll tell you right now, I'm not  
dancing around with my dick tucked  
between my legs.

DALE  
Okay, what about throwing them in a woodchipper?

NICK  
Like in "Fargo"? And in a woodchipper we don't have?

DALE  
We could feed them to sharks.

NICK  
Like in a James Bond movie?

DALE  
I was thinking more "Jaws"...

KURT  
Do any of your murder ideas not come from movies?

DALE  
Fine, you suggest something.

Long silence.

KURT  
I got nothing.

NICK  
Okay, tell you what. Let's not think like us. Let's think like people who... y'know, do this kind of thing.

KURT  
Killers?

NICK  
Okay, fine, yes.

DALE  
So what do killers do?

NICK  
I'll tell you what: they stalk their prey, track their movements... study them. If we're going to figure out the best time and place to..."do them"... first we need to follow them.

DALE  
Oh, surveillance and recon!



KURT  
Hey, I like the sound of that.

NICK  
Which boss lives closest to here?

KURT  
Pellit lives, like, five minutes  
away.

NICK  
Great, we'll start there.

EXT. PELLIT'S STREET

The car pulls up, slowly, and parks. The three of them slump down and peer out at Pellit's house, across the street.

KURT  
Okay, boys, as soon as he makes a  
move, we tail him. It is on now.

NICK  
Oh, it's on.

DALE  
Fuck yeah!

They watch the house with steely determination.

DISSOLVE TO...An hour later.

They are bored out of their minds.

Nick's head is dead weight on his hand, while Kurt's head has lolled back..

KURT  
Arrrrghhh, I can't believe how much  
this sucks.

DALE  
I don't understand, surveillance  
always looks so productive on TV.

NICK  
Yeah, that's because they fast  
forward through this part.

A long pause... Then Nick, tentatively:

NICK  
Guys... are we even sure he's home?

They exchange looks.

KURT  
(opening his door)  
Let's go check it out.

They get out of the car.

EXT. PELLIT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kurt, Dale and Nick creep around the patio outside of Pellit's house, peeking in doors and windows. Finally:

NICK  
I don't see him.

Kurt is about to try the window, when Dale stops him.

DALE  
Wait! What about fingerprints?

NICK  
He's right. But we don't have gloves. What are we gonna do?

KURT  
Here, do this.

Kurt pulls the sleeves of his shirt down over his hands. Dale does the same with his sweatshirt; Nick is wearing a T-shirt, so he puts his hands inside the bottom of his T-shirt and stretches it to cover his hands. They struggle to try the windows, but it's not easy with their hands covered. Finally, Kurt finds a window that slides open.

KURT  
(a whisper/shout)  
Hey...

They come over and the three of them manage to wriggle in through the open window. It's not a graceful sight; Dale's foot gets caught on the sill and he tangles around, landing on Nick and Kurt, who have to pull him through with difficulty.

Finally, all three are on the inside and upright.

INT. PELLIT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

NICK  
Dale, keep an eye out the windows.  
Let us know if Pellit's coming.

DALE

Got it.

He heads to the window. Kurt looks around. The house is decorated in Danish Modern, a melange of browns, blacks and tans. Kurt is surprised.

KURT

This is how Pellit lives? It's not bad. I thought it'd be more, y'know, boring.

NICK

It's not exactly Six Flags in here.

Dale points to some comic books on the credenza near the window; they are in their dust covers.

DALE

Hey, he collects comic books.

Nick and Kurt check it out.

KURT

Yeah, lame ones. Archie and Moose? Josie and the Pussycats? Casper?!

DALE

Hey, didn't you guys always think Casper was just a dead Richie Rich?

KURT

That's stupid. Casper didn't have any money.

DALE

Maybe he dropped it, because ghosts can't pick up stuff.

KURT

They can pick up chains.

NICK

Could we talk about this some other time? And not in the middle of breaking and entering?

(straightening the comics)

Don't mess things up.

DALE

Sorry.

NICK

Okay, let's split up and check it out. Look for any intel we can use.

KURT

What kind of intel?

NICK

Hey, I don't know. I'm just trying to be proactive here.

DALE

Oprah says being proactive is the key to remembering your spirit.

KURT

So many of the really successful murders begin with a quote from Oprah.

NICK

Okay, come on, fan out.

They go their separate ways. Kurt goes upstairs. We follow Nick and Dale on their sweep through the living room. Dale picks up a vase with his sweatshirt-covered hands.

DALE

Hey, this is really pretty.

The vase slips out of his hands and falls with a clank.

NICK

What the fuck?!?!?

DALE

I'm sorry!

NICK

Pick it up!

Dale tries, but it's difficult because his hands are covered. They hear a SHATTERING from upstairs.

KURT (O.S.)

Fuck!

Kurt pokes his head downstairs. Dale, having finally succeeded in replacing the vase, wanders off to the other room.

KURT  
(re: his covered hands)  
Sorry... It's really hard to pick  
stuff up with my sleeves.

NICK  
Then don't pick stuff up!!

Kurt goes back upstairs. We hear a CRASH from the room Dale  
is in.

DALE (O.S.)  
Sorry!

There's another CRASH from upstairs.

KURT (O.S.)  
Fuck!

NICK  
Okay, that's it! Everyone out!  
We're leaving now!

Nick turns, upsetting the vase, which falls with another  
CLANG. He rights it with difficulty, as his hands are  
covered by his stretched T-shirt. Kurt and Dale run in.  
Kurt tries to open the door with his hands under his sleeves,  
but his covered hands keep slipping off the knob. They each  
try to turn the knob with their covered hands, but no luck.  
Nick loses it.

NICK  
Come on!

They head toward the window they came in through.

EXT. PELLIT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We see them scurry out from around the side of the house and  
nervously skitter across the front lawn and across the street  
to Kurt's car. They open the doors to Kurt's car,  
inexplicably still with their shirts on their hands.

WIDE SHOT of the car pulling away.

INT. KURT'S CAR

Kurt drives, Nick is beside him, furious.

NICK  
Well, that didn't go well at all.

KURT  
(pulling Blackberry out of  
his pocket)  
Hey, it wasn't a total loss.

NICK  
Oh no... Don't tell me...

DALE  
You stole it? From Pellit's house?

KURT  
No, I didn't "steal" it. We need  
this. For recon. It could have  
his calendar. His routine and his  
whereabouts are information we  
need.

NICK  
Uh huh... Well you can't keep it.  
We're not thieves.

KURT  
(wryly)  
No, of course not, we're just  
breakers-and-enterers.

DALE  
And murderers.

NICK  
You know what I mean.

They drive in silence.

KURT  
Y'know...that was kinda...I don't  
know... exciting.

DALE  
Very.

NICK  
(a little smile)  
Yeah.

A moment, then...

NICK  
I guess we're really doing this  
now, huh?

DALE  
Yeah... We are.

NICK  
(spying something)  
Pull over here.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Kurt pulls over and Nick jumps out, goes to a phone booth outside a GAP store. He pulls out the White Pages and scans the book.

INT. KURT'S CAR

DALE  
What's he doing?

EXT. STREET

Nick tears a page out of the phone book, then heads into The Gap.

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DALE  
Why's he going in The Gap?

Kurt, working the Blackberry for information, doesn't answer. There's a pause.

DALE  
I didn't know you wanted a Blackberry. You should have asked me. We've got them on sale for two-hundred-and-ninety-nine dollars after fifty-dollar manufacturer's rebate, with free activation and a free leather swivel case while supplies last. Plus as a Best Buy Reward Zone member you earn points with every purchase!

Kurt just stares at him.

DALE  
What?!

KURT  
There's something wrong with you.

Nick emerges from the store with a small bag and gets in. He gets in the car, hands Kurt the phone book page.

NICK  
Harken lives at 297 Linden Blvd.

KURT  
What's in the bag?

Nick shows them: gloves.

KURT  
(smiling)  
I love this guy!

NICK  
Let's roll.

Kurt pulls back into traffic.

EXT. HARKEN'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

A two-story house with a very tidy yard. Kurt parks the car. He and Nick are putting on their gloves.

DALE  
Where are my gloves?

NICK  
The last time, with three of us, it got a little...chaotic. I think this time just Kurt and I will go.

DALE  
What am I supposed to do?

NICK  
You stay here and be the lookout. If you see Harken, give us a signal.

DALE  
Okay, I'll honk the horn six times.

KURT  
Something a little more subtle.

DALE  
Like what?

NICK  
Tell you what: start shouting for your dog, like he's lost. We'll hear you and know Harken's coming.

DALE  
Okay. What should the dog's name be?



NICK  
That's a great question. I want you to stay here and think really hard until you come up with just the right name, okay?

DALE  
Gotcha.

Nick and Kurt start to get out of the car.

DALE  
Wait! Do yourselves a favor: wear different size shoes.

NICK  
Why?!

DALE  
On TV they always trap killers by taking a plaster cast of their shoes from the mud. You have to wear shoes that are either too big or too small to throw them off the track.

KURT  
That's ingenious, except for one thing, Brainiac. We didn't bring extra shoes.

DALE  
Oh... Then switch with each other!

Nick and Kurt look at each other with dismay, then get out of the car.

EXT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kurt and Nick slam their doors and cross the street.

EXT. HARKEN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kurt and Nick are on the porch, which is well-camouflaged by shrubs and bushes. They peek in the windows.

NICK  
(whispering)  
Looks like the coast is clear.

Kurt tries picking the front door with a credit card, but no luck.

KURT  
Oh, wait, it's a Discover card.

NICK  
I don't think that matters.

KURT  
Oh, right.  
(feels the lock click)  
Got it!

They look around to make sure the coast is clear, then head in.

INT. HARKEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Kurt tiptoe in, very careful to whisper, very tense.

NICK  
Be careful. I don't want any more surprises today.

KURT  
No shit.

Nick's attention is drawn to a photo on the mantle.

NICK  
Jesus, look at this.

Kurt does. It's of Harken in full matador regalia, standing with one foot on a dead bull.

KURT  
That's sick. Who do you know who bullfights?!

NICK  
This guy keeps finding new ways to freak me out.

They snoop around a little.

KURT  
Come with me.

NICK  
Where?

KURT  
Just come on.

Nick follows Kurt upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kurt enters, looks back for Nick.

NICK (O.C.)  
Where are we going?

KURT  
In here.

Nick has arrived.

NICK  
The bathroom. So?

KURT  
So... Put Harken's toothbrush in  
your ass.

NICK  
What?

KURT  
Seriously. You'll love it. I did  
it at Pellit's house, and it really  
made me feel better.

NICK  
Well, it's a good thought, but I  
think I'll pass.  
(re: two toothbrushes)  
Besides, I'd hate to do it to Mrs.  
Harken's toothbrush by mistake.

Kurt notices a picture of the Harkens on the dresser in the  
bedroom, crosses to it.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kurt picks up the picture.

KURT  
Whoa, check it out. Harken's wife  
is a sweet-hot smoking piece of  
cock-candy.

NICK  
Yeah, what do you know? To you  
every woman is hot.

Kurt shows him the picture.

NICK  
Damn. She is fucking hot. Now I  
hate Harken even more.  
(heads toward bathroom)  
His toothbrush would be the blue  
one, not the pink one, right?

KURT  
That's my boy.

As Nick heads into the bathroom, Kurt snoops through the  
lingerie drawer... until he glances out the window and spies  
a car pulling into the driveway.

KURT  
Oh, shit!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

NICK  
What?  
(looks out window)  
Oh, shit!

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dale sees Harken and his wife, MRS. HARKEN, getting out of  
the car, slumps down.

DALE  
Oh, shit!

EXT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dale gets out of the car, thinking really hard, hoping for  
inspiration.

DALE  
(a little too loud)  
Here... Geraldo!

Harken looks at him.

DALE  
Here Geraldo!  
(off Harken's look)  
Lost my dog.  
(then, even louder)  
Here Geraldo!!

INT. HARKEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kurt looks up, panicked.

INT. HARKEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nick looks up, panicked, toothbrush in hand. He looks out the window, sees the Harkens, reacts.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kurt heads for the door, but there is no way down the stairs without bumping into the Harkens, who are walking upstairs.

KURT  
(sotto)  
Oh, shit.

Kurt pivots to run and trips on the rug and falls backward onto the bed. We see what he does not...

CLOSE-UP OF THE BLACKBERRY

...falling out of his pocket and on the floor under the bed.

... back to Kurt stumbling around the room, bumping into Nick coming out of the bathroom.

KURT  
Not this way!

Nick looks frantically for an escape route. The Harkens are heard in the hallway.

MRS. HARKEN (O.C.)  
No one at the mall was "coming on"  
to me

HARKEN (O.C.)  
Really. See? Now that's very  
revealing. That tells me  
something.

Kurt dives out the bedroom window...

EXT. HARKEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kurt rolls down the roof and lands on the ground with an OOF!

INT. HARKEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nick is trapped. No way out.

INT. HARKEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

HARKEN

Because that guy at Nordstrom's was so clearly coming onto you that if you don't admit it, maybe it's because you don't want me to notice that he's coming onto you.

MRS. HARKEN

Are you crazy?

INT. HARKEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nick looks for any way out, he is frantic.

HARKEN (O.C.)

He was caressing your leg.

MRS. HARKEN (O.C.)

He was selling me shoes!

HARKEN (O.C.)

And caressing your leg. It wouldn't kill you to keep your knees together, you know.

Nick finally just stands stock still in the middle of the bathroom, praying no one comes in.

INT. HARKEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Harken slips into Harken's arms, kisses his neck.

MRS. HARKEN

(tenderly)

I don't know why you're so suspicious, Sweetheart.

HARKEN

(just as tenderly)

Because I know you're fucking around behind my back, Sweetheart. And I'm going to figure out who it is and kill him.

He kisses her, while she rolls her eyes.

INT. HARKEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nick listens.

MRS. HARKEN (O.C.)  
You're crazy, you know that.  
(then)  
I'm going downstairs to make some  
soup. You coming?

Nick nods, yes, yes, yes, please.

HARKEN (O.C.)  
No, you go. I gotta hit the head.

Nick winces, no, no, no.

As the doorknob turns, he dives into the only hiding place available: the shower next to the toilet.

He quickly neatens the shower curtain he just disturbed and stands still, sweating, tense...

Harken comes into the bathroom and sits down on the toilet, opening the NATIONAL REVIEW. (We see the bandages still on his neck.) Nick hears the big telltale grunt and sigh that tell him something big is happening. Nick is dying in there.

Harken finally finishes. He flushes...but no go. The toilet is hopelessly clogged.

HARKEN  
Aww, come on...

He grabs a plunger and starts plunging furiously.

HARKEN  
Goddamit... Low flow piece of  
junk...

MRS. HARKEN (O.C.)  
What is it, honey?

HARKEN  
Toilet's stopped up again!

MRS. HARKEN (O.C.)  
You want me to call a plumber?

HARKEN  
Oh, you'd like that. Some burly  
bohunk to come here and "snake your  
drain." No, thanks, I'll fix it  
myself!

Harken tries the toilet again... And his and Nick's prayers are answered: the blockage is successfully flushed away.

HARKEN

Thank God...  
(examining plunger)  
Yikes...

He reaches in and turns on the bath spigot. Nick barely leaps back in time to avoid Harken's hand, and then the gush of water. But then things get worse... Much worse...

Harken sticks the plunger under the water to rinse it off, horrifying Nick. But at least it's happening on the other end of the tub... Nick presses himself against the opposite wall to avoid getting wet.

... then Harken shakes the excess water off the plunger, splattering Nick. Stray dots of shit spatter him, including one small gob on his cheek. Yeechhhh!!

Then, in a final insult, Harken reaches in and switches to the shower and sprays it all over to rinse off the tub. Nick is rinsed clean, but is sopping wet.

MRS. HARKEN (O.S.)

Okay, honey, soup's on!

HARKEN

Coming!

Harken turns off the spigot and leaves the bathroom. Nick, dripping, heaves a sigh of relief, then wastes no time scrambling out the shower window.

HARKEN (O.S.)

New England Clam Chowder? Is that the kind of soup your stud likes after you two have sex? Or do you just skip the soup and go right to laughing at me behind my back?

It's a tight squeeze out of the relatively tiny window, but Nick manages to get out the window and onto the roof overhang.

MRS. HARKEN (O.S.)

You've completely lost your mind.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

He loses his footing and begins to slip, waving his arms for balance.



HARKEN (O.S.)  
Yeah, keep believing that. But  
trust me, I am keeping my eyes and  
ears open.

Nick finally lands on the ground hard. He scrambles to his feet and scurries across the street to the car where he finds Dale and Kurt scooched down, hiding. He gets in, panting.

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

NICK  
(turns to Dale)  
"Geraldo"???

DALE  
It's all I could think of.  
(then)  
What happened to you?

KURT  
You're all wet!

NICK  
You don't want to know. Can we  
just get out of here?! Pull away  
nice and easy.

Kurt peels out, anything but nice and easy.

NICK  
(sarcastic)  
There ya go.

KURT  
Okay, lose the attitude.

NICK  
Me?! Okay, whatever, fuck it.  
I've had it for one day.

KURT  
Fine with me. We're just jacking  
off here anyway, without a plan.

DALE  
Okay, so let's make a plan.

NICK  
(thinking)  
Okay, okay, okay...  
(then)  
Tell you what. Let's split up.  
(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)  
We can tail all three more  
efficiently that way.

DALE  
That's good! Very smart!

NICK  
Starting tomorrow, we'll each take  
someone else's boss and watch them  
in our free time.

KURT  
Who wants Pellit?

NICK  
I'll take him, I guess.

DALE  
I'll take Harken. There's a  
Wendy's right near here.

KURT  
And I'll take Julia. And let's try  
not to fuck this up, okay?

DALE & NICK  
Okay.

MONTAGE

The guys have a new mission and new attitudes.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Nick, bored, sits in his car, watching Pellit through the  
window. Pellit is watching TV and eating a pudding cup.

INT. KURT'S CAR - DAY

Kurt is reading the New York Post, when he sees Julia's car  
pull up in front of her building. She gets out of the car,  
walks back to the trunk, and bends to get a bag of groceries.  
Nick watches her ass appreciatively as she does, and keeps  
watching as she walks into her building.

INT. DALE'S CAR - DAY

He watches "Law & Order: Criminal Intent" on his laptop, and  
keeps an eye on the view through Harken's window: Harken  
arguing with his wife. He switches windows on his laptop and  
makes an entry: "8:40 AM, Still arguing with wife"... then  
switches back to "L&O:CI."

INT. KURT'S CAR - NIGHT

He is watching as the light goes on in Julia's bedroom and, through the curtains, he can see her shadow as she begins to undress. This is getting good...

INT. DALE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dale watches the Harken bedroom as Mrs. Harken undresses in front of the window. This is getting good...

INT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Nick watches as Pellit starts to undress. Nick reacts, grossed out.

INT. HARTFORD CHEMICALS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Another meeting. The table is littered with takeout containers, coffee cups, and soda cans. Clearly they've been there a long while. Pellit drones on and on. We pan around the table and see everyone is bored except Kurt, who is suppressing a very smug, satisfied smile.

INT. BEST BUY SALES FLOOR

Dale also looks like the cat that ate the canary as he jauntily walks through the aisles, adjusting items. He spots Julia across the store, gives her a big, smug, malevolent smile, and walks on, leaving her surprised.

INT. NICK'S CUBICLE - DAY

Nick looks up and sees Harken glaring at him through his office window... but it doesn't phase him. Nick just looks back down at his terminal, smiling.

INT. DALE'S CAR - MORNING

Dale is parked, watching "Law & Order: Special Victims Unit" on his DVD player. Harken's house is in the background.

INT. HARKEN'S BATHROOM

Harken, looking like he just woke up, enters the bathroom, wearing boxers. He turns on the shower, drops his boxers and steps inside; while he's soaping up, he glances out the window and is startled by what he sees. He opens the window and sticks his head out. \*

INT. DALE'S CAR - MEANWHILE

Dale sees Harken suddenly peering out the shower window and panics. Dale ducks down.

EXT. HARKEN'S ROOF - MEANWHILE

Harken's not looking at Dale. He's looking at the shoe prints on the roof where Nick walked.

Aha! Proof!

More pissed than ever, he pulls his head back inside.

INT. HARKEN'S BEDROOM

Harken enters from the bathroom, enraged but careful not to wake his sleeping wife. He searches the room, looking for more evidence. Finally, he spots something on the floor next to the bed: the Blackberry.

*Pellit's Blackberry.*

His face is beet red as he picks it up, then looks knowingly at his sleeping wife. He clicks through the Blackberry, glaring at the screen until he finds what he's looking for. He looks up, with the same calm, smug look we saw on Nick's face earlier.

EXT. PELLIT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are on. Nick's car is parked across the street.

INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nick sits, playing his Sony PSP. His cell phone rings, he answers it.

NICK

Hello?

DALE (O.C.)

Nick, we've got a problem!!

NICK

What? What's wrong?

INT. DALE'S CAR FOLLOWING HARKEN'S CAR

DALE

Harken's on the move. I'm following him right now.

NICK (O.C.)

So? What's the problem?

DALE

The problem is he's heading toward you!

INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

NICK  
You're shitting me.

DALE (O.C.)  
I swear!

There's a sudden glare from the rear-view mirror, and headlights fill Nick's rear window, then go out as a car parks behind him.

NICK  
Oh shit shit shit!

DALE (O.C.)  
What??!

Suddenly, there's a knock on Nick's passenger window.

NICK  
SHIT!

DALE (O.C.)  
WHAT?!

Nick realizes it's Kurt, pointing to the door lock.

NICK  
Nothing, it's Kurt.

DALE (O.C.)  
What's Kurt doing there?!

But Nick doesn't hear this. He's lowered his phone arm as Kurt gets in the car, out of breath, sweating and scared.

NICK  
(to Kurt)  
What are you doing here?! What if  
Pellit sees you?  
(noticing)  
And why are you sweating?

DALE (O.C.)  
(panicked)  
Why is he sweating?!

KURT  
Well.. Kind of a funny thing  
happened--

Outside the car, Harken's car careens to a stop right in front of Pellit's house, with Dale's car a discreet distance behind. Kurt looks, sees Harken open his car door.

KURT  
What the fuck is Harken doing here?!

Panicked, Nick & Kurt duck down.

NICK  
Oh my god oh my god  
(into phone)  
Oh my god--

KURT  
Okay, don't panic--

NICK  
How can I not panic, he knows, he's got to know, why else would he come see me here? Why didn't we just pay Cocksucker whatever he wanted??

KURT  
Oh my god oh my god oh my god--

INT. DALE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dale is scooped down in his seat.

DALE  
Oh my god oh my god oh my god--

NICK (V.O.)  
Dale, don't panic!

DALE  
Don't tell me not to panic! You said, "How can I not panic?!" I heard you! What are we gonna do?

INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

NICK  
I don't know, let me think.

EXT. PELLIT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Harken has gotten out of his car...

...but instead of heading toward Nick's car, he heads up the walk to Pellit's house.

INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Kurt peer from their crouched positions. They whisper, quickly, nervously, as they watch Harken. Nick still holds the cell phone to his ear.

KURT  
Why is he going to see Pellit?!

NICK  
How would Harken know Pellit?!

KURT  
He knows about what we're doing and he came to warn Pellit!!

DALE (V.O.)  
(a tinny but loud voice  
from the phone)  
Oh my god oh my god oh my god--

NICK  
That doesn't make sense!

Nick and Kurt peek out at Harken, who's arrived at the door and rung the doorbell.

NICK  
If Harken knew, he'd confront us,  
or call the police, not go see a  
total stranger, right?!

KURT  
Yeah... I guess so...

NICK  
There must be another explanation.

EXT. PELLIT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pellit answers the door, and...

...Harken pulls out a gun and shoots Pellit a few times in the chest.

INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Kurt react and duck down.

NICK  
Oh my god oh my god oh my  
god... KURT  
Oh my god oh my god oh my  
god...

INT. DALE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DALE  
Oh my god oh my god oh my god...

INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Kurt peek out and sees Harken calmly but briskly walk back to his car, start it and calmly drive off.

KURT  
I don't fucking believe it--

NICK  
Go back to your car!  
(into phone)  
Dale, we'll meet at your house.  
Now I want you to drive off calmly  
and--

Dale's car screeches past doing ninety. Nick and Kurt react.

NICK  
(to Kurt)  
Go!

EXT. PELLIT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As soon as Kurt hustles out of the car and shuts the door Nick pulls away.

Kurt tries to walk "nonchalantly" but fails miserably. In fact, his feet slip out from under him and it's all he can do to keep from falling on his ass. He is on his way to the car when he catches...

...a glimpse of Pellit's body...

He pauses to look, like slowing down for an accident... It's only for a second, but in that second the neighbors look out their doors and windows, and a few come out on their porches.

One neighbor trains a flashlight on Kurt. Trapped, panicked, he couldn't look more guilty if he tried. He jumps in his car and burns rubber peeling out of there.

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As he drives off he hears...

WOMAN'S SCREAM (O.C.)  
Oh my god!!!!



KURT

Oh my god!!

He pounds on the dashboard as he drives.

KURT

Oh my god oh my god oh my god--

One of the radio knobs has fallen off...

KURT

FUCK!

EXT. DALE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Moments later. All three cars arrive at once. The three of them jump out of their cars and meet in the middle of the street, all panicking and whisper-shouting at once:

NICK

Why would Pellit kill Harken,  
I mean Harken kill Pellit--

DALE

He just killed him! He just  
shot him and killed him!

DALE

Did you see that?? He just  
killed him! He killed him  
right there!

KURT

I am so fucked, I can't  
believe this, how the fuck--

NICK

Inside! Inside! Inside!

They scurry toward the house, practically falling over each other in their haste.

INT. DALE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As they rush in the door, Dale quickly closes it behind him and checks the curtains, furtively.

NICK

Dale, take it easy!

DALE

Don't tell me to take it easy!

Nick grabs a bottle of tequila, thrusts it at Dale.

NICK

Here, drink this! Relax!

DALE

How can you say "relax"?? He  
killed him, he just killed him,  
right there!

NICK  
Why? Why would Harken kill Pellit?

KURT  
I know! Sure, he was boring, but he didn't deserve to die.

NICK  
What do you mean?! We were going to kill him!

KURT  
All right, all right, so I'm a little confused, okay?!  
(then)  
Why did he have to kill him with me right in front of the fucking house? The whole goddamn neighborhood saw me there!

NICK  
Really?

KURT  
Yes, really. The point was for me to have an alibi when Pellit got killed? Now? I got no alibi!

DALE  
Oh my god, you have no alibi!

KURT  
No alibi!

DALE  
This is terrible!

KURT  
It's very terrible!

Looking at Dale reminds him of something.

KURT  
Oh FUCK!! I forgot!

NICK  
What?

Kurt downs his shot, pours himself another.

KURT  
There's more. There is so fucking much horribly more.

NICK

What, what is it?

KURT

Okay, before I tell you, you have to promise to keep an open mind.

DALE

(hysterical)

What the fuck did you do???

KURT

RELAX!!!

NICK

Kurt, I'm going to try very hard to stay calm.

(pointedly)

And so will Dale.

(calmly)

Just tell us what happened.

They sit. Kurt takes a deep breath, and downs another shot.

KURT

Okay, you know how I've been shadowing Julia the last few days?

NICK

Yeah.

KURT

Well, funny thing... I've actually been fucking her.

NICK

You WHAT?

DALE

WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU???

KURT

I know! I know! I'm weak, I know it! But it's not my fault!!

FLASHBACK

EXT. JULIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kurt's car is parked across the street.

KURT (V.O.)

At first I was watching her just like I was supposed to.

INT. KURT'S CAR - NIGHT

Kurt watches through her bedroom window as she undresses.

KURT (V.O.)

But she kept undressing in front of the window. With the lights on. I mean, it's like entrapment, you know? I had to look.

EXT. JULIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Another night. She purposefully opens the curtains, then undresses, even slower and more erotic than before. She starts to stretch.

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

It is killing him to watch this.

KURT (V.O.)

I mean, she started doing Naked Yoga...

EXT. JULIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see her through the windows, on her living room floor, nude and stretching herself with impossible flexibility.

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kurt's face is pressed against his car window.

EXT. JULIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Another night. We see her doing Naked Pilates.

KURT

Then Naked Pilates...

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kurt is practically drooling.

EXT. JULIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Another night. She is merely standing in front of the window, naked, stretching suggestively, bending over, licking her lips.

KURT (V.O.)

Then it was Naked I-Don't-Know-What-the-Fuck. I started to get the feeling this was all no accident.

(MORE)

KURT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
That somehow she knew I was out  
there.

Time seems to slow down as Julia gestures with one finger:  
come in.

KURT (V.O.)  
I played it cool, but...

EXT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kurt opens the door so quickly he tumbles out headfirst,  
planting his face on the street. He jumps up, but one ankle  
is tangled behind him in the seatbelt, and he falls face  
first again. He finally rights himself and runs as fast as  
he can up her walk and in the now-open door.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. DALE'S HOUSE - PRESENT

Dale and Nick are gaping at Kurt in disbelief. Finally...

NICK  
Is there something wrong with you?  
Clinically wrong?

KURT  
What?!

DALE  
You asshole! You horny asshole!

KURT  
What was I supposed to do?! She  
knew I was watching her! She  
thought I was into her! I couldn't  
tell her it was because I was  
planning to kill her, could I?!

NICK  
No, of course not, but--

KURT  
So I had to fuck her.

DALE  
But you didn't have to go back and  
keep fucking her!

KURT  
If I didn't she would have known I  
was lying. It was soooooo good I  
couldn't stop, and she knew it.

(MORE)

KURT (cont'd)  
I was addicted. It was so freaky...  
but it was amazing.

DALE  
We're all happy for you.

KURT  
Yeah, but then... something bad  
happened.

NICK  
How bad?

KURT  
Bad.

FLASHBACK

INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kurt and Julia have tumbled into bed.

JULIA  
Have you ever heard of auto-  
asphyxiation?

Kurt's face can't hide that he definitely hasn't.

INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A little later. Julia is strapping herself into an elaborate series of leather straps, all culminating in a choke collar around her neck. Kurt, in his boxers, looks on with alarm.

KURT  
I can't believe you know how to  
work all this. I can't believe  
they even make something like this.

JULIA  
Well, it's kind of my own design.  
I cobbled it together from various  
bits and pieces.  
(indicating one series of  
straps and buckles)  
This was made to use on circus  
elephants. 'Til they banned it.

KURT  
And you're sure this is safe.

JULIA  
Oh, yeah, absolutely.

END OF FLASHBACK



DALE

Fucked.

A long pause as they think.

NICK

Okay, look, maybe we're overreacting. Actual murderers go without being caught for years, so we, as non-murderers, stand a pretty good chance of getting away with whatever it is we didn't do.

KURT

I didn't follow that at all.

NICK

Let's go home, get some sleep, and maybe things will look better in the morning.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Kurt is slapped across the face, hard, by a burly detective, HAGAN. He is being grilled by Hagan and his even burlier partner, SAMSON. He reacts to the slap.

KURT

OW!

Samson takes Hagan's arm firmly.

SAMSON

Okay, Rick, back off.

KURT

Oh, so what is this, good-cop-bad-cop?

Samson slaps Kurt even harder.

KURT

OW!! FUCK!!

SAMSON

No, this is bad-cop-incredibly-pissed-off-cop. Every time you lie to us it pisses me off.

KURT

But I'm not lying! I didn't kill Pellit!

(MORE)



KURT (cont'd)

I was nowhere near Pellit's house last night. This all must be some big mistake.

HAGAN

Don't you think it's odd that all of Pellit's neighbors would make the same big mistake, putting someone with your description at the scene? Someone who drives a car just like yours? Oh, and isn't it odd that the victim would be your boss? Who everyone in your office says you hated?

KURT

Hey, stranger things have happened, right?

Hagan starts toward him, raising his arm.

KURT

(panicked)

No, wait!! I'm innocent, wrongly accused! You don't have to hit me, you don't have to "tune me up" or "squeeze shoes" or whatever! I want to cooperate any way I can if it'll clear this up!

SAMSON

Okay, Boy Scout. Good start. Because we'd like permission to take your DNA for comparison with findings from the crime scene.

Kurt thinks, flashing back quickly to...

INT. PELLIT'S HOUSE - DAY

Kurt pulling the toothbrush out of his ass and putting it back on the bathroom sink...

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT

Kurt gulps, then...

KURT

(gingerly)

Okay, on second thought, I'm going to have to say no.

HAGAN  
(reacts, then)  
Okay, fine, we'll get a warrant.  
Meanwhile, indulge us. If you  
weren't at Pellit's house last  
night--

KURT  
Which I wasn't.

HAGAN  
Then where were you?

KURT  
I was with my friends, Nick Stark  
and Dale Woody, and yes, they will  
confirm that.

HAGAN  
(noting in his pad)  
Fine, where can we contact them?

KURT  
Nick works at Commetryx Data  
Systems, near St. Johns, and Dale  
works at the Best Buy on Union  
Turnpike.

Samson and Hagan look at each other, surprised.

SAMSON  
Really. Best Buy on Union & Kent?

KURT  
Yeah, why?

Hagan tosses a newspaper on the table in front of Kurt. The  
headline is "BEST BUY MANAGER FOUND STRANGLED"...and right  
underneath it is a smiling "Employee of the Month" picture of  
Julia in her Best Buy shirt.

Kurt gulps.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Later that morning. Nick and Dale are thrown hard into  
chairs on either side of Kurt. They are all scared out of  
their minds, especially Dale.

NICK  
Hey, come on, you don't have to  
treat us like this.

DALE

And why are we in the same room?  
Shouldn't we be in separate rooms,  
so we can "flip" on each other?

Nick and Kurt stare at him.

DALE

(realizing, covering)  
Because I won't do it! I'll never  
flip on my friends!

He looks pleadingly at Samson and Hagan in a way that says  
he'd probably flip in seconds. Nick acts fast.

NICK

Detectives, nobody's flipping on  
anybody. We're innocent. So you  
can forget "squeezing our shoes" or  
"reaching out" to other precincts--

SAMSON

I'm guessing you guys watch a lot  
of "NYPD Blue."

DALE

Actually, we never got to the  
"Blue." We were still on "C.S.I."--  
(realizing)  
I'm going to shut up.

HAGAN

Good. It's a little soon for  
flipping in the real world. But  
don't worry, as soon as we get some  
hard evidence, we'll book you and  
you'll all get your own rooms.

NICK

Look, if you don't have enough  
evidence to book us, you don't have  
enough to hold us. So either  
charge us and get us lawyers or let  
us go. That much I do know.  
(proudly)  
"The Practice."

Samson and Hagan scowl. He's right and they know it.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

The three guys walk down the hall, Dale doing the Discomfort  
Dance, lagging behind.

DALE  
Guys, wait.

Off their looks, he goes into a nearby men's room. Kurt and Nick, exasperated follow him in.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Dale dashes to the urinal, Nick and Kurt enter.

KURT  
This is just fucking great.

NICK  
What are you complaining about?!

KURT  
What's that mean?

Nick gestures "hold on" and quickly checks under the stall doors, making sure no one else is in there with them. From here on, they speak sotto.

NICK  
You're the one who gave them our names!!

KURT  
What was I supposed to do?? They asked for my alibi!

DALE  
We're not your alibi!

KURT  
Yes, you are my alibi! Why didn't you back up my story??

NICK  
Why did you tell them you weren't at Pellit's house??

KURT  
Because then they would think I killed him!

NICK  
But you were at Pellit's house! They know you were at Pellit's house!

DALE

If we said we were with you, that  
wouldn't tell them you're innocent,  
it would tell them we're guilty!

NICK

Why didn't you just tell them the  
truth?!

DALE

Yeah, that you're innocent because  
you were killing Julia!

KURT

I did NOT kill Julia!

A UNIFORMED COP with an empty coffee carafe comes in to fill  
it at the bathroom sink. The guys feign nonchalance until he  
leaves, then resume with urgency.

KURT

(forced whisper)  
I did NOT kill Julia!

DALE

(flushing, then washing  
his hands)  
Well, this is just great. I didn't  
kill anyone, and now they think I  
killed everyone!

He flings his paper towel in the wastebasket and exits.

EXT. KURT'S YARD - DAY

Hours later. The guys are sitting around the patio,  
despondent. There are empty beer cans everywhere. They have  
clearly been sitting there for hours. There is a long moment  
of morose silence.

DALE

We have to tell the truth.

KURT

That we saw Harken kill Pellit  
because we were there planning to  
kill Pellit?

DALE

Well, okay, not the truth truth.  
(then, dispirited)  
Never mind.

KURT

Fuck! I refuse to believe that three guys who are innocent can't get off, when there are hardcore criminals who are guilty and never go to jail!

DALE

Criminals must know something we don't.

KURT

No shit. What we need is advice.

NICK

Yeah, but who do we know that--

He trails off as he realizes, with a sigh, who they know. They look at each other. They don't have any better idea...

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Cocksucker Jones, at his booth, looks up in wonder.

COCKSUCKER

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

We see what he sees: Nick, Kurt and Dale making their way toward him. The guys nervously address the people they pass.

NICK

Hello...

KURT

Hey, how ya doin'?

DALE

Nice to see you again.

They've reached Cocksucker's table. Kurt edges Nick forward with his elbow.

NICK

(gingerly)

Hello, Cocksucker... First off, I want to apologize to you and to everyone here at the...

(checks a matchbook on bar)

"Shamrock"

(to bartender)

Really?

(back to room)

...if anything we did or said last time we were here was in any way offensive or hurtful or...

KURT  
Offensive...

NICK  
I said offensive.  
(to the room)  
It certainly wasn't our intention  
to disrupt your good time in any  
way. So! Now that that's out of  
the way...

He smiles. There is an uncomfortable silence.

DALE  
If it was up to us, you would all  
get the forty acres and a mule you  
were promised.

Kurt and Nick react. The goons start to stand up,  
threateningly, but Cocksucker waves them down.

COCKSUCKER  
No, wait. I gotta hear this.

NICK  
(gesturing to the chairs)  
May we?

Cocksucker just stares at them. They sit, nervously. Nick  
apprehensively begins.

NICK  
Since we last spoke, a situation  
has arose and--

COCKSUCKER  
Arisen.

NICK  
Huh? Oh, right. Arisen. Very  
good.  
(then)  
The police suspect us of killing  
two people--

DALE  
And technically, Kurt only killed  
one.

KURT  
I didn't kill anyone!

NICK

The problem is if we tell the police who actually did the killing, the police are liable to ask how we know this, and that will... well...lead us to make certain admissions...which will, in and of themselves...

COCKSUCKER

...lead to all kinds of disagreeable shit.

NICK

That's correct. So... What would you do if you were us?

COCKSUCKER

Well, let's right away dispense with any idea that you would do what I would do, because you are not me. In fact, you are so fuckin' not me it's hard to believe we're the same species and shit.

He smirks to his goons. He's clearly performing for them and for his own amusement.

COCKSUCKER

So... Let me ask you this: Are the police looking at this other person?

NICK

No.

COCKSUCKER

So you will have to encourage him to turn himself in, by, say kidnapping his wife and mailing him her hand or ear or some shit.

NICK

Yeah, um... Can we possibly "go another way?"

COCKSUCKER

I figured you'd want to. Plan B would be to trick him into confessing what he did, while you wear a wire.



DALE

A wire! That's great! There was a "Law & Order" where McCoy got Tony Roberts to blackmail Jill Clayburgh, and they got her on tape agreeing to the payoff!

GOON

That show ain't the same since Briscoe died.

Cocksucker turns to look at his goon in disbelief, then turns back to Nick.

COCKSUCKER

Are we done?

NICK

Yes! Well, good... that's really helpful, thank you.

COCKSUCKER

You're welcome. Now if I was you--

NICK

Oh, don't worry, we'll be careful.

COCKSUCKER

No, I was going to say, if I was you I'd get the fuck out before I shoot you in the knees.

NICK

Hookay then!

They get up quickly and hustle out. Cocksucker watches them leave, then shakes his head.

COCKSUCKER

Those are some dumb motherfuckers.

INT. POLICE CRIME LAB - MEANWHILE

Hagan and Samson rush in to meet a CRIME TECH

HAGAN

We got your page. You got something for us?

Punching up images of fingerprints on his monitor.

CRIME TECH

Yeah, we were able to lift a print off a toothbrush handle in Pellit's house.

SAMSON

I'm guessing not Pellit's?

CRIME TECH

(pointing to screen)

Your suspect, Kurt Shermer. A six-point match.

HAGAN

Puts him inside the house he said he wasn't in. That's enough for a warrant for him and his friends.

(pulling out his cell)

I'll call the D.A.

EXT. HARKEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark, not a car in sight, except for Kurt's car, which pulls up across the street with its headlights off and parks.

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kurt is at the wheel, Nick in the passenger seat, Dale in the back.

KURT

Okay, looks quiet.

Dale pulls a tape recorder out of a bright yellow Best Buy bag and hands it to Nick.

DALE

Here's the tape recorder, fresh batteries, fresh six-hour tape, and it's on.

NICK

Good.

(re: his sweater)

I don't have a pocket.

KURT

(re: his sweatshirt)

I do.

He takes the recorder, slips it into his sweatshirt's "hand warmer" pocket.

KURT

This good?

DALE

Perfect.

NICK

Great. Okay, so... what? We wait for Harken to come home?

DALE

Even better: let's be inside when he walks in. In the dark. He comes in, we switch on the lamp. Real cool. Like John Travolta in "Get Shorty."

(real cool)

"How's it feel to have killed a guy?" Or... "We know what you did, mizzuther-fizzucker."

KURT

Good, good, I like that. Except for the "mizzucker" shit. And you guys will be on either side of me.

DALE

What, so you're the Travolta?

KURT

Why, you think you're the Travolta?

DALE

I could be the Travolta.

KURT

I think I'd be a better Travolta--

NICK

I'm glad we're recording this, because no one would ever believe it!

(then)

Kurt will be on one side of the lamp, and Dale will be on the other.

(before Dale can ask)

And Kurt will turn the lamp on. Okay?!

DALE

(sullen)

Fine.

KURT  
Fine.

NICK  
Fine.

Nick opens his car door.

EXT. HARKEN'S PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

They tiptoe onto the porch, peeking in the windows.

NICK  
(whispering)  
No one home.

Kurt goes to pick the lock and the door swings open a crack. It's unlocked. The guys look at each other... even better. They head in on tiptoes...

INT. HARKEN'S HOUSE

LIGHTS COME ON.

PARTYGOERS  
Surprise!!!!

There are TWENTY OR THIRTY PARTYGOERS in the house. The guys are dumbstruck. The revelry peters out as the guests realize there are three strangers at the door. The guys look around and see that the house is decorated for a birthday party, and recognize Mrs. Harken from her photo.

MRS. HARKEN  
Who are you?

NICK  
(stunned)  
Um... hi... uh....  
(thinking fast)  
I'm sorry we're late. My name is Nick Stark, I work with your husband, I only just got my invitation today, I had to juggle some stuff around to be here.

MRS. HARKEN  
But--

NICK  
(quickly)  
These are my friends, Kurt Shermer...

KURT  
(eyeing Mrs. Harken  
appreciatively)  
Hi.

NICK  
...and Dale Woody.

DALE  
You have a lovely home.

Another GUEST is checking out the window.

GUEST  
His car just turned the corner.

GUEST #2  
Quick, turn out the lights.

Someone switches off the lights, and everyone huddles down. Kurt is next to Mrs. Harken, enjoying her closeness. HEADLIGHTS turn into the driveway. Dale, crouching next to Nick, leans over to whisper to him.

DALE  
So I guess the Travolta thing's  
off?

Nick just looks at him, until we hear HARKEN'S CAR DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING, there are scattered WHISPERS, GIGGLES and SHUSHES. Nick and Dale and Kurt are shitting bricks. Then the door opens and Harken walks in.

The LIGHTS GO ON.

PARTYGOERS  
SURPRISE!!!!

A jittery Harken nearly jumps out of his skin. Nick quickly hides in a doorway, as Dale starts the singing:

DALE  
*Happy Birthday to you...*

ALL  
*Happy Birthday to you...Happy  
Birthday dear Dave, Happy Birthday  
to you.*

Mrs. Harken takes Harken's arm.

MRS. HARKEN  
Are you surprised?

HARKEN  
(relieved is more like it)  
Oh, yeah.

They are swarmed by well-wishers.

ANGLE ON: Kurt, Dale, and Nick, over by the buffet. Dale is helping himself to *hors d'oeuvres*.

DALE  
Guys, is this crab or shrimp?

NICK  
Dale, try and focus?

Nick scans the crowd, looking for Harken. Kurt's attention is on Mrs. Harken, who is flirtatiously looking at Kurt from across the room, while tracing her finger playfully around the lip of her cocktail glass. Kurt smiles back. She gives him a look which is part bashful, part lascivious.

Nick spots Harken through the open door to his study.

NICK  
Found him. Is the recorder on?

KURT  
(still looking at Mrs.  
Harken)  
Uh-huh...yeah...

NICK  
Okay, stay close.

KURT  
(not listening)  
Gotcha.

Nick walks -- unknowingly alone -- over to Harken.

NICK  
(over his shoulder to the  
absent Kurt)  
Here goes nothing.

INT. HARKEN'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Nick enters just as Harken looks up and sees him. Before Nick can say anything, Harken is on him.

HARKEN  
Stark! What the fuck are you doing here? You come to stab me in the neck a few more times?

Nick leans in, trying to suppress his nervousness and be cool and threatening.

NICK  
We know what you did.

HARKEN  
What does that mean?

NICK  
Last night. We saw you kill a man.

HARKEN  
(turning very grave)  
So what is this, a shakedown? You think you can blackmail me just because you saw me kill Pellit?

Gotcha! Nick smiles and relaxes.

NICK  
Maybe we just wanted you to know that we know.

HARKEN  
Who's "we"?

Nick looks smugly at where he assumes Kurt is... but Kurt isn't there. What?! Nick looks around, panicked.

HARKEN  
Yeah, I killed Pellit--

NICK  
You know what? Why don't you hold that thought, let me get my friend Kurt, and then you can go back to telling me exactly what you just told me. And don't leave anything out!

HARKEN  
(steely)  
I walked right up to him and I shot him in his fucking chest right at his own fucking front door, and I'll tell you something: I got off on it. So if you think I'm some kind of pussy who wouldn't do the same to some pansy-ass blackmailer guess again.

NICK  
(panicked, looking back at  
the living room)  
You know who really thinks you're a  
pussy is my friend, Kurt. Let me  
get him and you can tell him  
exactly what you just--

HARKEN  
You just made the biggest mistake  
of your life. No one blackmails  
me. You're a dead man.  
(leans in, nose to nose)  
A dead man.

Nick backs away slowly, as Harken levels that malevolent  
stare at him. It takes forever before Nick can tear his gaze  
from Harken, turn, and hustle out of the room.

INT. HARKEN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An angry Nick emerges from the study and walks over to Dale  
at the buffet.

NICK  
Where's Kurt?

DALE  
I thought he was with you.

NICK  
Me, too! Come on...

They walk around, looking for Kurt. They finally spot him,  
coming down the stairs, looking a bit dishevelled. Nick  
collars him, they go to a corner of the room where they can  
be alone.

NICK  
Where the fuck have you been?  
Harken confessed. He confessed  
like thirty fucking times. If you  
had been with me like you were  
supposed to we'd have it on tape.

KURT  
Oh... boy, I'm so sorry. My bad.

NICK  
Your--??

Overcome, he turns and stalks toward the door.



KURT  
(calling after)  
I'm sorry, okay?

He and Dale exchange a look, then follow Nick out the door.

ANGLE ON Harken, looking malevolently at them.

EXT. HARKEN'S HOUSE

Once they get to the lawn, Nick shoves Kurt angrily.

KURT  
Hey!

NICK  
Where were you?!

As they walk toward the car, Dale sees that Kurt dropped the tape recorder. He picks it up and follows them.

KURT  
What difference does it make?

NICK  
Tell me where you were!

They've arrived at the car. As they get in:

KURT  
It's a funny story, really.

He slams the door. The car starts up and drives down the street -- The camera stays put. The car gets about fifty yards off in the distance, when it screeches to another halt and Nick jumps out of the car.

We see his small enraged figure throwing a tantrum. He kicks a trash can, kicks another car, stomps his feet, throws up his hands. Then he gets back in the car.

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

NICK  
You were fucking Harken's wife?!

KURT  
You're angry.

NICK  
You're kidding, right? Please tell me you're kidding!

KURT  
(ashamed)  
I'm not kidding.

NICK  
What were you thinking?!

KURT  
I wasn't thinking! She's so hot  
and I'm so weak. I'm a weak, weak  
man. Okay? I admit it.

From the back seat we hear:

RECORDED KURT (V.O.)  
Mmmmm... yeah...

RECORDED MRS. HARKEN (V.O.)  
Yeah, you like that?

RECORDED KURT (V.O.)  
Oh, yeah...

Kurt and Nick turn around. Dale has turned on the tape recorder. Nick is fuming, Dale is awed.

RECORDED KURT (V.O.)  
Your husband is right downstairs.

RECORDED MRS. HARKEN (V.O.)  
I love that my husband is right  
downstairs. In fact, say "Mrs.  
Harken, your husband is right  
downstairs."

RECORDED KURT (V.O.)  
Mrs. Harken, your--  
(SLURPING gets louder)  
Mmmmm... Mrs. Harken, your husband  
is right downstairs--

RECORDED MRS. HARKEN (V.O.)  
Mmmmmmmmm, Kurt....

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

We see a car is following a discreet distance behind.

INT. OTHER CAR - CONTINUOUS

It's Harken! He's driving, staring straight ahead at their car with grim determination.

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The tape is still playing.

RECORDED KURT (V.O.)  
You want the Angry Dragon, baby?  
You like the Angry Dragon?

NICK  
Okay, that's enough, turn it off.

Dale shuts off the tape.

KURT  
(sheepish)  
Um, would it be okay if I kept  
that?

Nick look shoots daggers at Kurt.

DALE  
(pointing up ahead)  
Guys, look!

They do.

THEIR P.O.V.

Down the street, a car has parked outside Dale's house, and Hagan and Samson are getting out.

INT. KURT'S CAR

KURT  
Fuck!

NICK  
Quick, turn here!

EXT. STREET

The car makes a right onto a side street. Once they're out of sight of the detectives they pick up some speed.

INT. KURT'S CAR

DALE  
Why are they at my house?!

NICK  
It's not to apologize, I'll tell  
you that.

DALE

They're not going inside, are they?  
The place is a mess. I think there  
might be underwear on the floor!

NICK

Is it possible we have bigger  
problems?!

(then)

We've got to find a place to hide  
so we can think.

KURT

Where?!

NICK

I don't know, just drive!

Kurt steps on it, and in the process runs a red light. He  
nearly hits a MAN TALKING ON A CELL PHONE. Kurt hits the  
brakes in plenty of time, but it's an adrenaline moment.

KURT

(out the window)

Sorry.

CELL PHONE MAN

Hey, asshole, why not watch where  
you're going.

KURT

Look, I said I was sorry.

CELL PHONE MAN

Yeah? Not good enough, dickwad.

DALE

Hey, come on, take it easy.

CELL PHONE MAN

Fuck you, asswipe. This doesn't  
concern you.

NICK

Hey, he said he was sorry so why  
don't you--

CELL PHONE MAN

No, why don't you three homos shove  
it right--

Out of nowhere... with shocking suddenness:

... a CAR SPEEDS THROUGH the intersection, slamming into the Cell Phone Man and yanking him out of frame as it speeds away.

It took a millisecond. Our guys are left staring, slack-jawed. They get out of the car and look down the street at the hit-and-run driver speeding away... then they look around for the body of Cell Phone Man, but it has flown off somewhere into the night.

They look back at the spot in front of the car where he once stood, and see his shoes... He was knocked out of them. They just stare at those shoes.

NICK

This has been an unusual couple of days, hasn't it?

DALE

Guys, I see it now.  
(gravely)  
We're gods.

KURT

What?!

DALE

Yeah... We're gods. I wished that guy would die, and he died! We wished Julia and Pellit would die and they died. Harken's gonna die, too. All we have to do is just wish someone dead and they die.  
(awed)  
We have the power of life and death.

A long beat as Dale wanders closer to the shoes to gape. Nick and Kurt digest this. Then:

NICK

(to Kurt)  
Okay, clearly Dale is going to be very little help from here on, because he's nuts.

KURT

Agreed.

Suddenly there is a voice behind them.

VOICE (O.C.)

Looks like you killed someone, too.

They turn and are stunned to see it's Harken, slowly walking toward them from his parked car.

NICK  
Harken?!

KURT  
It was an accident! It wasn't our fault!

HARKEN  
(still walking,  
determined)  
Obviously. I mean, none of you are man enough to really kill someone, up close. The way I killed Pellit.

KURT  
(sotto to Nick)  
You're right, this guy is a confessing machine.

HARKEN  
To look in a man's eye and take his life from him.

Staring straight at them, Harken pulls his gun. The guys REACT.

KURT  
What's he talking about?!

NICK  
I forgot to tell you, he wants to kill me.

KURT  
You forgot to tell me that?!

Dale steps in front of them, protecting them.

DALE  
Don't worry, guys, I'll take care of it.

With great drama, he lowers his head and gives Harken a Children-of-the-Damned death stare.

DALE (CONT'D)  
(with solemn intensity)  
I hereby invoke our awesome power of life and death. From Hell's heart I strike at thee! By the power of Greyskull: DIE!

Harken takes a second to absorb this, then... He shoots Dale in the shoulder.

DALE  
OWWWWW!!!!

The guys REACT, then grab him and pull him behind their car.

DALE  
Son of a bitch! That hurts! What the hell was I thinking?! Why didn't you guys stop me??!

A bullet shatters one of the taillights.

KURT  
Hey! Quit it!

Harken is walking toward the car from the passenger side. The guys dart around to the driver's side, open the doors. When they raise their heads to get in, a bullet shatters a window.

KURT  
What are we gonna do?

NICK  
Start it!

Still crouching next to the car, Kurt reaches in and starts it. Duckwalking next to the car, Kurt works the gas pedal with his hand, steering with the other. Nick and Dale join him, and the three of them Groucho-walk in a row next to the car. They zig and zag to keep the slow-moving car between them and Harken. Harken takes another shot, just as they reach the crest of a hill. As the car picks up downhill speed on its own, they run faster to keep up.

NICK  
Get in!

They jump into the car with difficulty.

INT. KURT'S CAR

KURT  
Hold on!

Kurt guns the engine.

EXT. STREET

Harken runs back to his own car, jumps in.

INT. HARKEN'S CAR

With a grim smile he starts the car.

EXT. STREET

He races after them.

EXT. KURT'S CAR

The car takes a corner hard.

INT. KURT'S CAR

KURT  
Shit shit shit shit--

DALE  
That guy is crazy!

KURT  
You gave him a Vulcan death stare  
and he's crazy?!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)  
(cheery)  
Hello, Mr. Shermer!

The guys SCREAM, startled.

NICK  
Dale, will you turn that tape off?

DALE  
It's not on!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)  
I'm Paul, your Vehicle-Star  
representative.

They all look at the blinking blue light above the rear-view mirror.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)  
We received an alert from your  
vehicle's onboard computer that one  
of your taillights is  
malfunctioning.

Nick notices that Harken is gaining on them.

NICK  
Kind of a bad time right now, Paul.



DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)

I can give you directions to the nearest GM-Certified Maintenance Center, if you'd like to get the taillight fixed, and preserve the safe operating--

A gunshot shatters the rear windshield.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)

What the fuck was that?!?!?

KURT

That's what I was trying to tell you, Paul! There's a psycho asshole trying to kill us!

EXT. STREET

Kurt's car screeches around a corner with Harken close behind. They turn into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY

Harken follows them. They sideswipe a dumpster but keep going.

EXT. STREET

They emerge from the alley and turn hard onto the street, then quickly make another turn, nearly two-wheeling.

INT. HARKEN'S CAR

HARKEN

Run away, little piggies, run away.

EXT. STREET

He is gaining on them.

INT. KURT'S CAR

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)

Don't worry, I've pinpointed your vehicle's location, and I'm contacting the police.

KURT

No!

DALE

Don't do that! They're at my house, waiting to arrest us!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)

Arrest you?

The engine suddenly cuts out. The car lurches to a stop and the guys are all thrown forward violently by the force.

KURT

What the fuck?!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)

I'm sorry, I had to disable your engine in accordance with Vehicle-Star's policy regarding drivers fleeing from police.

NICK

Start the engine, Paul!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)

I'm sorry, Vehicle-Star policy--

KURT

Fuck Vehicle-Star policy, start this car or I'm going to kick your ass!

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)

(sarcastic)

Ooh, I'm really scared. I'm in Bhopal, India.

EXT. STREET

Harken's car screeches to a stop behind theirs.

INT. KURT'S CAR

KURT

What is this guy, the fucking Terminator?!

NICK

Run!

They hustle out of the car.

EXT. STREET

Dale stumbles, and Nick and Kurt stop to pick him up between them.

EXT. HARKEN'S CAR

Harken gets out and follows them with cold determination, he raises his gun. Harken shoots, hitting Kurt's left foot. \*

KURT  
(limping hard)  
Son of a BITCH! That HURTS!

Harken shoots again, hitting Nick in the arm.

NICK  
Ahhh!!! SHIT!! OWW!! WHAT THE  
FUCK?!!

KURT  
Are you okay??!

NICK  
No!!

Harken shoots again, winging Dale's other shoulder.

DALE  
OWWWW!!! Hey, you already shot me!

They stumble into an alley, with Harken in pursuit.

INT. ALLEY

They dart through an open gate, Harken on their tails, firing rounds at them.

HARKEN  
Come back here!

DALE  
NO!  
(to Nick and Kurt)  
Does anyone ever say yes to that?

They make a sharp right, then a left... Harken chases right behind.

NICK  
In here!

They duck through a fence into a parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT

They cut across the parking lot, ducking behind cars, until they get to another alley. They run in the alley door.

INT. BACK STOREROOM

They hobble through the back room.

EXT. ALLEY

Harken, gun in hand, follows them in the door.

INT. BACK STOREROOM

They run through another door and emerge in...

INT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

The Shamrock!

ANGLE ON Cocksucker looking up, seeing them.

COCKSUCKER  
I don't fucking believe it.

The guys, realizing where they are, stop for a moment, in shock. Then they run right toward Cocksucker.

NICK  
Cocksucker! Gun!

COCKSUCKER  
What?!

He stands.

KURT  
Gun!!

COCKSUCKER  
(checking his gun)  
What?!

They run right past Cocksucker, not even slowing down. Cocksucker and the goons turn to watch them. Nick calls over his shoulder.

NICK  
Behind us!!! GUN!!!

ANGLE ON

Harken busts through the door into the room. He spots Nick and shoots at him, in the direction of Cocksucker.

ANGLE ON

A picture on the wall behind Cocksucker's ear shattering.

Cocksucker slowly turns to look at Harken, incredulous.

ANGLE ON

Harken. In that split second, he realizes he has made a terrible, terrible mistake. His eyes widen and--

WIDE SHOT

All hands reach into jackets and belts...

EXT. SHAMROCK - CONTINUOUS

The guys bust out the front door, just as we see through the windows the flashes and flares of gunfire lighting up the inside. It's like there's a fireworks show in there. The guys watch from the street, awed.

Finally, it dies down. They cautiously stagger back in.

INT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

The air is thick with smoke. The guys warily arriving at Cocksucker's table. \*

NICK  
(to Cocksucker)  
You okay?

COCKSUCKER  
Yeah. Who the fuck was this?

NICK  
Bad guy.

COCKSUCKER  
No shit. Comin' in here, shootin'  
up a nice friendly place.

NICK  
Listen, Cocksucker, I don't know  
how we can thank you. And that was  
totally self-defense.

DALE  
And don't worry, we'll back you up  
with the police.

COCKSUCKER  
I don't need you motherfuckers to  
"back me up." I've known you for  
twenty minutes and you already got  
it raining shit all over my goddamn  
head.

(MORE)

COCKSUCKER (cont'd)

If I see you motherfuckers one more time you gonna be looking straight up your own assholes for the rest of your miserable lives, do I make myself clear?

Crystal.

NICK

Gotcha. KURT

DALE

For real...

In the distance, we hear SIRENS. The guys give each other a look... a combination of weariness and relief.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and back, through the window. We are now outside the Shamrock. CAMERA GOES HIGHER and higher, as we see the police cars screeching to a halt in front of the club.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. STARBUCKS - EVENING

Days later. Dale, all bandaged and splinted, is at the counter, chatting with Nina.

DALE

So once the police had Harken's gun, we were cleared.

NINA

Oh, my god, between that and that psycho woman you must have been so scared.

DALE

(honestly)  
I really was.

There's a sweet, awkward moment between them.

NINA

Well... I'd better get back to work.

DALE

Oh... oh, sure.

NINA

(lowering her head)  
I'm off at seven.

DALE  
Really? Well... I'll just wait  
here 'til then.

They smile at each other one more moment. Then Dale fumbles and picks up his coffee awkwardly with his free hand, and walks over to Kurt and Nick, who are sitting at a nearby table. They are also well-bandaged. Kurt's foot, in a boot-cast, is up on a chair. They sit for a relaxed moment of silence.

DALE  
So, you guys want to go back to my  
place? Watch some TV?

Nick and Kurt shrug, not so much.

KURT  
Maybe some Xbox?

DALE  
Nah... I don't know, how about a  
movie?

NICK  
I don't know... Maybe... You just  
want to sit here for a while?

KURT  
(sounds good)  
Yeah.

DALE  
(smiling)  
Yeah.

Another relaxed moment.

DALE  
This is nice.

NICK  
Yeah.

Another moment, then they hear yelling from behind the counter.

STARBUCKS MANAGER (O.C.)  
Carl, what did I tell you?

They turn.

THEIR P.O.V.

Behind the counter, the STARBUCKS MANAGER is shouting loudly at one of Nina's fellow workers, CARL.

STARBUCKS MANAGER  
I told you to restock the counter!

CARL  
I'm...I'm sorry, I, y'know, thought  
you wanted me to sweep up.

STARBUCKS MANAGER  
After the counter. After the  
counter! Jesus, can't you keep two  
things in your head at once?! One  
more screw-up and you're gone!

The Starbucks Manager storms into the back room.

ANGLE ON THE GUYS

Nick, Kurt and Dale turn back to each other and exchange a wistful, knowing look. They go back to drinking their coffees in peace, lost in their own thoughts.

THE END