

JOB 2

LADY: FLIGHT 270 IS LEAVING. I REPEAT, FLIGHT 270 IS NOW LEAVING.

J: UH OH, THAT'S MY FLIGHT. (SITS DOWN ON THE PLANE)
AAH, FINALLY, I'M GOING HOME.

PILOT: OKAY, THE PLANE IS NOW LEAVING (THE PLANE
BEGINS TO MOVE DOWN THE RUNWAY)
AND WE'RE OFF.

NR: HEY EVERYONE, THAT'S RIGHT IT'S ME JEVERT. JUST TOOK
A VACATION AND NOW I'M FLYING BACK TO ITALY. WELL, I'M
16 NOW AND IN A ABOUT A MONTH I'M SUPPOSED TO RETURN
TO MR. TRAPPER TO FACE MY OPPONENT OLYMPIO FOR THE
JOB. YOU KNOW, I COULD'VE WON LAST YEAR BUT SINCE I
SHOT (SHOWS THE SCENE) BRENSHAW, THIS IS WHAT
TURNED OUT OT HAPPEN. WELL, I'M GONNA WIN, THAT'S ALL I
KNOW. I MEAN COME ON NOW. OLYMPIO? WHY THE HELL
WOULD HIS PARENTS NAME HIM SOMETHING CLOSE TO A
SPORT. ISN'T THAT MORE OF A NAME OF A COUNTRY OR
SOMETHING? WELL, ANYWAY, CHECK THIS STORY OUT. IT'S
BETTER. RELAX AND KEEP EATING YOUR POPCORN. IF YOU
GOTTA PISS, HOLD IT IN.

LADY: ANYONE WANT SOME FOOD?

ALL: (CHAOS) OOOOHHH. ME ME ME ME .

LADY: WOAH WOAH WOAH, SETTLE DOWN. I HAVE ENOUGH
FOR EVERYONE. AND IF WE RUN OUT WE CAN MAKE SOME
MORE. (EVERYONE CALMS DOWN)

J: (MUMBLES) WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THESE

PEOPLE? ACTING LIKE THEY HAVEN'T EATEN IN DAYS.

LADY: YOU SIR (POINTING OUT JEVERT)

J: ME?

LADY: YES, PLEASE COME WITH ME.

J: (GETS UP AND FOLLOWS THE LADY)

LADY: HOW OLD ARE YOU SIR?

J: I'M SIXTEEN.

LADY: ARE YOU ON THIS PLANE WITH AN ADULT?

J: UM...UM...NO

LADY: SIR, YOU HAVE TO BE 18 OR OLDER TO BE ON A PLANE ALONE.

J: WELL, MISS I'M EMANCIPATED. I LIVE ON MY OWN AND HAVE MY OWN JOB.

LADY: OKAY, I UNDERSTAND, BUT AS FAR AS FOOD GOES YOU CAN'T HAVE OUR TEENAGER SPECIALTY.

J: AW. MAM I DIDN'T KNOW.

LADY: SORRY, IT'S A POLICY. RULES ARE RULES. ALL WE CAN GIVE YOU IS A LUNCHABLE. WOULD YOU LIKE ONE?

J: (HAS AN ATTITUDE) MAKE THAT 2 PLEASE.

(MOMENTS LATER HE'S EATING HIS FOOD) (ALSO PLAYING A NINTENDO DS)

J: WOAH, THIS THING IS SWEET. (A NASTY MAN IS SITTING NEXT TO HIM)

NM: (SNEEZES) (COUGHING AND GAGGLING)

J: (SECRETLY EVIL EYING HIM) (MUMBLES) UGH! NASTY!

NM: (BLOWING HIS NOSE ON HIS SHIRT)

J: UGH. TAKE THAT SOMEWHERE ELSE. THAT'S NASTY AND I'M TRYING TO EAT.

NM: I'M SORRY BUT I HAVE A COLD.

J: I NOTICE THE FACT THAT YOU DO BUT KEEP IT AWAY FROM ME. I DON'T WANNA GET SICK.

NM: IT'S NO WHERE ELSE TO SIT.

J: WELL, YOU BETTER TAKE SOME MEDICINE. SITTING UP HERE COUGHING, SNEEZING AND SHIT. WHY'D YOU BRING YOUR DUMB ASS ON A VACATION IF YOU KNEW YOU HAD A COLD?

NM: I GOT SICK FROM BEING ON VACATION.

J: WELL, WHATEVER YOU DID DOES NOT REGARD ME. I DIDN'T GO ON VACATION TO GET BACK ON THE PLANE WITH A SICK PERSON.

NM: THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.

J: YES IT IS. I'M SURE THEY HAVE A CAN OF BAYRUM ON THIS PLANE. YOU BETTER GO ASK FOR SOME.

NM: THEY DON'T I ALREADY CHECKED. (SNEEZES)
(COUGHING)

J: EXCUSE ME!!! WAITRESS.

LADY: YES?

J: THIS MAN HAS A COLD AND I'M TRYING TO EAT OVER HERE. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU PEOPLE DON'T LETS US PICK OUR OWN SEATS.

LADY: SIR, ALL THE SEATS ARE FULL. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN REALLY DO.

J: THROW HIM OFF THE PLANE. (EVERYONE ON THE PLANE STARTS LAUGHING)

LADY: SORRY.

J: I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER. DO SOMETHING. NOW.

LADY: SIR. YOU DON'T OWN THIS PLANE, IF YOU DIDN'T WANNA PUT UP WITH THIS THEN YOU SHOULD'VE TOOK A DIFFERENT TRANSPORTATION.

J: OKAY BITCH JUST GO SLEEP WITH ANOTHER PILOT BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANYTHING BETTER.

OLD LADY: (CRACKING UP) (FALLS OUT OF HER SEAT)

J: (GRABS HIS BAGS AND TAKES HER SEAT)

LADY: THERE, NOW YOU TWO BETTER RESOLUTE SOMETHING. (LEAVES)

OLD LADY: HEY, GET OUT OF MY CHAIR.

J: FINDERS KEEPERS.

OLD LADY: GET UP.

J: NO, THIS IS MINE NOW.

OLD LADY: OKAY, I GOT YOU. YEP YEP.

J: LISTEN TO THIS WOMAN TRYING TO SHOWOFF WHEN YOU NEED TO BE AT HOME SEWING THAT NASTY ASS SWEATER BACK UP.

ALL: OOOOOOHHHHHHH.

LADY: SIR, YOU'RE CAUSING A LOT OF PROBLEMS ON THIS PLANE.

J: NO, I'M NOT. AND WHAT ELSE DO YOU NEED FROM ME? I DON'T HAVE ANY CONDOMS TO SPARE FOR YOU.

ALL: (INSTIGATING)

LADY: SIR, YOU CAN STAND UP.

J: AND YOU CAN LAY DOWN!!! I SEE YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT THAT!!!

ALL: OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!.

LADY: YOU KNOW WHAT? I HOPE THAT MAN SNEEZES ON YOU AND GIVES YOU A COLD.

NM: (STANDS UP GETTING READY TO SNEEZE)

J: SNEEZE IF YOU WANT TO!!!

NM: (SNEEZES)

J: (SQUINTING) (WIPES HIS FACE) (TACKLES THE MAN IN THE AISLE WAY) (EVERYONE STARTS SCREAMING AND PUMPING

THEMSELVES UP)

LADY: OH MY GOD.

NM: WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO? YOU'RE JUST A TEENAGER.

J: DID I MENTION THAT I'M PARTIALLY UNDERCOVER?
(SHOWING HIS BADGE AND THEN HE TACKLES HIM OUT OF
THE PARACHUTE EXIT)

BOTH: AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH.

J: (GRABS HIM AND PUTS HIM UNDER HIM SO THAT JEVERT
LANDS SAFELY)

NM: HEY!!! LET ME GO.

J: NO! YOU'RE GONNA DESERVE THIS

NM: FOR BEING SICK?

J: NO THAT'S NOT THE REASON. YOU LIKE SNEEZING ON
PEOPLE? OKAY. (PUNCHING HIM WHILE THEY ARE IN THE AIR) (
LOOKS DOWN) UH OH (THEY FALL TO THE GROUND AND THE
SCREEN GOES BLACK)

J: (WAKING UP IN LUCAS FINLEY'S LIMO) HUH? LUCAS?
WHERE THE HELL AM I? (LOOKING AROUND). A LIMO. OH.
HOW'D YOU FIND ME?

LF: I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET A HOLD OF YOU BUT YOU
WOULDN'T ANSWER SO WE PUT A TRACKING DEVICE ON YOUR
CELL PHONE AND WE FOUND YOU LAYING ON THE GROUND
UNCONSCIOUS. WHAT HAPPENED? DO YOU REMEMBER?

J: YEAH, I FELL OUT OF PLANE WITHOUT A PARACHUTE. MY
STOMACH HURTS A LITTLE BIT FROM THAT FALL.

LF: HOW DID YOU FALL?

J: WELL, THE PLANE RIDE WAS AWFUL, I HAD TO SIT NEXT TO SOME NASTY ASS MAN WITH A COLD AND HE SNEEZED ON ME AND I BEAT HIS ASS UNTIL WE FELL OUT OF THE PLANE.

LF: DAMN JEVERT, BUT YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF NEXT MONTH RIGHT?

J: YEAH.

LF: ALRIGHT AND SOME OTHER STUFF. THIS TIME YOU HAVE A BACK UP CREW TO HELP YOU THROUGHOUT YOUR MISSIONS. MEET THESE GUYS.

MEN: HEY.

J: NICE TO MEET YOU ALL.

LF: AND THAT'S ABOUT IT. WANT ME TO DROP YOU OFF AT HOME? IT'S 4:A.M.

J: 4 IN THE MORNING? WHAT TIME DID YOU FIND ME?

LF: LIKE AROUND 7 O CLOCK. I MEAN YOU WERE KNOCKED OUT.

J: WOAH (RUBBING HIS HEAD) YEAH, I NEED SOME SLEEP. I'D APPRECIATE IF YOU DROP ME OFF.

(MOMENTS LATER THEY DROP HIM OFF AT HOME)

J: THANKS FOR THE RIDE (SHUTS THE DOOR) (COMES IN THE HOUSE AND SITS HIS BAGS DOWN AND GOES TO SLEEP)
(NEXT DAY) (WAKING UP) (LOOKING AT CLOCK) UH OH I NEED TO GET READY FOR SCHOOL

(MUSIC PLAYING) (CAST COMES UP)

(IN THE SHOWER) (MOMENTS LATER POPPING TOASTER STRUDELS)

J: OWP. OWP MMM (DRIVING TO SCHOOL)

NR: HEY EVERYONE, ANOTHER NARRATION. YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, I'M THE MAIN CHARACTER OF THIS MOVIE. NOW TO THE POINT (COMING IN THE SCHOOL) THERE'S MY FRIENDS (CAMERA LOOKS AT A GROUP OF FAGS) NO. NOT THEM. (CAMERA LOOKS AT THE RIGHT PEOPLE) THERE YOU GO. NOW OTHER INFO. WANNA KNOW WHAT HAPPENS AT LUNCH? WELL, IT'S DIVIDED UP. YOU KNOW, I'M WITH THE BULLIES AND SOME PEOPLE ARE WITH THE SPORTS, THE FAGS, POPULAR FOLKS, NERDS, JOCKS. ALL THOSE STATUSES. NOW, WE USUALLY GAMBLE AND TALK ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE IN THE LUNCH ROOM. WANNA KNOW WHAT THOSE FAGS LIKE DOING? THEY ENJOY THROWING SPIT BALLS AT EACH OTHER. AND THEY ACTUALLY SPIT ON EACH OTHER. NEVER HEARD OF SOME SHIT LIKE THAT. NOW HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED A FEW DAYS AGO (FLASHBACK)

GLEN: MAN LOOK AT THESE HOUSES.

DAN: I KNOW. THEY NEED TO TEAR THAT SHIT DOWN.

J: I KNOW. SEE...SEE LOOK AT THAT MOTHERFUCKA, LOOK LIKE IT'S HOLDING ON BY TWO STICKS.

NR: WELL, WE DO THAT IN SCHOOL TOO.

J: LOOK AT THAT FAT BITCH SITTING ON THAT TABLE. (TABLE BREAKS)

(EVERYONE IN THE LUNCH ROOM STARTS LAUGHING)

DAN: FAT ASS.

NR: AND DID I MENTION THAT OLYMPIO GOES TO MY SCHOOL?
(OLYMPIO IS WALKING DOWN THE HALL) BETTER BELIEVE
THAT. YOU PROBABLY THINK THAT WE FOUGHT. WELL, YOU
THOUGHT WRONG. MR TRAPPER PUT A RESTRAINING ORDER
ON US SO IF WE FIGHT THEN WE'LL BOTH GET FIRED.

OL: I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE HAVING THIS NASTY SHIT FOR
LUNCH.

BOY: WHAT ARE WE HAVING?

OL: A PIECE OF BOLOGNA AND A JUICE BOX.

BOY: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THAT'S GOOD.

OL: TO YOU. BUT NOT ME. YOU SUCK. I'M SWEET.

BOY: WHATEVER.

FAQ 1: WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU MAN? YOU'VE BEEN
AWFULLY QUIET.

FAQ 2: NOTHING'S WRONG. HEY, LETS HAVE A SPITTING
GAME.

FAQ 3: (SPITS)

FAQ 2: BITCH (SPITS BACK)

J: UGGHHH, YALL GAY AS HELL. SITTING UP THERE SPITTING
ON EACH OTHER.

OL: YALL GAY.

PR: STOP THAT NASTY SHIT. WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YALL?

J: GAY!!!

FAG 2: SHUT UP (GETS READY TO SPIT)

J: SPIT IF YOU WANT TO.

FAG 2: YOU WANT ME TO?

J: SPIT ON ME!! WATCH WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

FAG 2: (SNAPS HIS FINGER AND TWIRLS IT IN A CIRCLE)

(LATER IN CLASS)

TEAC: HI PEOPLE.

NR: NOW YOU SEE HIM? THAT'S MY POETRY TEACHER. MR. KENNETH. CORNY AS HELL AND HE THINKS HE'S THE BEST POET LIVING HERE TODAY. HELL HE THINKS HE'S THE BEST POET IN HISTORY. BELIEVE ME HE'S NOT. BUT LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING. HE TALKS ABOUT STUDENTS IN OUR CLASS ALL THE TIME. MAN I'M TELLING YOU THAT SHIT CRACKS ME UP. ONE DAY A GIRL WAS READING A COSMETICS MAGAZINE WITH HAIR AND THAT KIND OF STUFF SO HE WAS BEING NOSY AND HE SAID "I THINK YOU SHOULD BUY THIS HAIR RIGHT HERE." AW MAN. I'M TELLING YOU IT WAS HILARIOUS. THE GIRL CRIED AND SHE NEVER CAME BACK TO THIS SCHOOL. I DON'T KNOW MAYBE SOMETHING FUNNY WILL HAPPEN TODAY. MAYBE.

TEAC: PEOPLE WE HAVE TO WRITE A POEM TO ANYONE WE ADMIRE IN THIS CLASS.

ALL: (COMPLAINING)

TEAC: DON'T COMPLAIN WE ALL FALL IN LOVE SOME DAY.

BOY: WITH THE EXCLUSION OF YOU.

CLASS: (LAUGHING)

TEAC: YOU CAN LEAVE RIGHT NOW. (POINTING TO THE DOOR)
WITH YA NASTY SHOE STRINGS. DID YA DOG DO THAT OR DID
YOU?

BOY: YOUR MOTHER DID THIS.

TEAC: GET YOUR FAT ASS OUT OF MY CLASS. TRACKING
FLIES IN MY CLASSROOM WITH YA STANKIN ASS.

CLASS: (LAUGHING)

J: (LAUGHING) HELL NAW. THAT WAS BOLD.

TEAC: NOW...SERIOUSLY THAT KID BRINGS FLIES IN HERE
EVERYDAY. DO YOU GUYS KNOW IF HE HAS A BATH TUB? I
MEAN IT'S ALWAYS HIM IN PARTICULAR.

CLASS: (LAUGHING)

TEAC: I'M NOT TRYING TO BE FUNNY. IT'S THE TRUTH.

J: MR. KENNETH THAT'S MEAN. (LAUGHING)

TEAC: OKAY GO AHEAD AND LAUGH (SWATTING AT FLIES)

CLASS: (LAUGHING)

TEAC: ALRIGHT GET THEM GIGGLES OUT OF YOU

(THE LAUGHTER BEGINS TO CALM DOWN)

TEAC: NOW I'M SERIOUS. YOU ALL NEED TO WRITE A POEM ABOUT SOMEONE YOU ADMIRE IN HERE.

BOY 2: BUT SIR WHAT IF THAT PERSON REJECTS YOU RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE CLASS? THAT'S EMBARRASSING.

TEAC: WELL KID I FEEL YOUR PAIN.

CLASS: OOOOOHHH.

BOY 2: WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?

TEAC: YOU DON'T WANNA GET REJECTED RIGHT?

BOY 2: I WASN'T SAYING I WAS GONNA GET REJECTED.

TEAC: THEN WHY'D YOU SPEAK ON THE BEHALF OF SOMEONE GETTING REJECTED.

BOY 2: BECAUSE SOME PEOPLE IN HERE ARE SCARED.

TEAC: SO YOU MUST ADMIRE EVERYONE IN HERE.

BOY 2: NO.

CLASS: (INSTIGATING) WHO DON'T YOU LIKE?

GIRL: HE BETTER NOT HATE ME.

BOY 2: NO I DON'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT. IF I ADMIRE SOMEONE IN THIS CLASS IT'S GONNA BE A GIRL.

TEAC: CHILD JUST SIT DOWN. YOU KNOW WHAT? SINCE YOU ALL ARE SO SHY THEN I'M GONNA READ THEM MYSELF BUT TO THE CLASS THOUGH. I'M NOT GONNA MENTION THE PERSON'S NAME AT THE TOP OF THE PAPER THOUGH.

CLASS: THANK YOU.

J: (SAYING INSIDE HIS HEAD) DO I ADMIRE SOMEONE IN HERE?
(LOOKING AROUND) (BECOMES STOPPED BY A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL) HER. YES...HER. ISAREL. (SHAKES OUT OF IT)

NR: OH...THAT'S ISAREL HEWLIT...NO....NOT HEWLIT....BUT IT
COULD BE HEWLIT.....HER LAST NAME'S PACKARD....AW MAN
SHE'S NICE....NOT ALL SNOTTY AND FULL OF HERSELF LIKE
THOSE POPULAR PEOPLE. SHE'S NOT A NERD THOUGH. SHE
GETS GOOD GRADES, SHE'S TALENTED, MAN SHE'S
EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED....HOLD ON LET ME STOP....I
SOUND GAY...BUT THIS IS A GIRL WE'RE TALKING ABOUT
HERE...AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M GONNA WRITE AN
ADMIRATION LETTER TO HER.

J: (PICKS UP HIS PEN AND STARTS WRITING)

(MOMENTS LATER EVERYONE IS DONE WRITING)

TEAC: OKAY EVERYONE. IT'S TIME TO TURN IN THOSE PAPERS.
(THE PAPERS GET TURNED IN TO THE TEACHER) ALRIGHT
NOW LETS START AND WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TIME TO LISTEN
TO ALL OF THEM. NOW LETS BEGIN. FIRST LETTER (LICKS HIS
INDEX FINGER AND PICKS UP THE TOP PIECE OF PAPER ON THE
STACK)

TEAC: (CLEARING HIS THROAT) DEAR CINDY. I LIKE YOU
SOOOOOOOO MUCH. I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE YOU OUT ON A
DATE. EVERYTIME I SEE YOU I QUIVER AND GET WEAK IN THE
KNEES.

CLASS: (LAUGHING)

TEAC: WAIT WAIT...THIS IS THE GOOD PART.

BOY: (TALKING LOW) AW CRAP THAT'S MY LETTER.

TEAC: WE CAN SET UP A PLAY DATE AND EAT NOODLES IN THE PARK. I HOPE YOU LIKE NOODLES. IT'S ITALY WE'RE TALKING ABOUT HERE.

CLASS: (LAUGHING)

TEAC: SO CINDY. PLEASE MARRY ME. LOVE JACOB.

BOY: (IN SHOCK) I SWEAR I DID NOT WRITE THAT.

CIN: WHY ARE YOU SO SHY? I WROTE A LOVE LETTER TO YOU TOO.

BOY: YES (NERDY)

CIN: SIKE I'M JUST KIDDING.

BOY: AWWWW BUT....CINDY.

CIN: YOU'RE A NERD.

TEAC: WELL....I'M SORRY THAT YOU SUCK. MOVING ON TO THE NEXT LETTER.

BOY: AND YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T SAY OUR NAMES.

TEAC: NO I SPECIFICALLY SAID THE NAME AT THE TOP OF THE PAPER. IF THERE'S A NAME AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAPER THEN THAT'S TOO BAD.

J: (SAYING INSIDE HIS HEAD) SHHHHHH!!!!!!!!TTTTTTT!!!! DAMN IT. NOW I'M GONNA BE A LAUGHING STOCK.

TEAC: NOW...DEAR NANCY.

NAN: WHAT?

TEAC: I LOVE YOU. I KNOW YOU GOT A BOYFRIEND BUT I'M BETTER THAN HIM. YOU SHOULD DUMP HIM AND START DATING ME..

BOY 2: (COVERING HIS FACE)

TEAC: NANCY WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER SINCE 6TH GRADE. WHY WOULD YOU DATE SOMEONE YOU MET LAST YEAR WHEN YOU CAN DATE AN ICON IN YOUR LIFE?
NANCY I WILL CHERISH YOU AND DO ALL I CAN FOR YOU IF YOU DO ME THAT FAVOR. LOVE WAYNE.

NAN: FIRST OF ALL...NO....SECOND OF ALL I WANT YOU TO SAY THAT TO OLYMPIO IN THE LUNCH ROOM TODAY. WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU WRITE A LETTER LIKE THAT?

WAY: THAT'S HOW I FEEL.

NAN: WELL....I'M NOT DATING YOU. OLYMPIO IS WAY BETTER THAN YOU.

WAY: YEAH RIGHT.

NAN: HE'S AN AGENT. NOW WHAT YOU GOTTA SAY ABOUT THAT?

WAY: GET OFF OF HIS JOCK.

NAN: OKAY. I WANT YOU TO REPEAT WHAT'S ON THAT LETTER TO OLYMPIO.

WAY: WHAT? I'M SUPPOSED TO BE SCARED? LOOK AT HIS PUNY ASS.

NAN: NOW WHY DO YOU HAVE TO SAY THAT STUFF BEHIND

HIS BACK?

WAY I'LL SAY IT TO HIS FACE.

NAN: FINE. (SITS DOWN)

TEAC: WOAHH. MOVING ON. (CLEARS HIS THROAT) DEAR ISAREL

J: (CAMERA ZOOMS INTO HIS FACE) (NERVOUS) (GULPS)

TEAC: YOU PROBABLY DON'T REALLY KNOW MUCH ABOUT ME BUT I WOULD LIKE FOR US TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER SOMETIME. IF YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IT'S COOL. I MAY NOT BE YOUR TYPE. AND IF I'M NOT THEN I HOPE THAT YOU FIND THE RIGHT GUY. SEE I'M LAID BACK. I CAN DEAL WITH STUFF BUT WHEN STUFF HITS THE FAN I CAN GET HECTIC. THE REASON I LIKE YOU. ONE. YOU HAVE A GOOD PERSONALITY....TWO....YOU SMELL GOOD.

CLASS: (LAUGHING)

TEAC: THREE....YOU'RE THE PERFECT GIRL FOR ME...AND FOUR....RIGHT OFF THE TRACKS I JUST LIKE YOU PERIOD. MEET ME AT LUNCH AND MAYBE WE CAN DISCUSS THIS. SINCERELY JEVERT HEWLIT.

BOY: AWWW. THAT WASN'T EVEN FUNNY. EXCEPT FOR THE SMELL GOOD PART.

TEAC: OKAY....MOVING ON DEAR BEN. I HOPE YOU'RE GAY BECAUSE I'M INTERESTED IN YOU.

CLASS: (FROWNING UP THEIR FACES)

FAQ: (SMILING)

TEAC: OH GOD. THIS IS A DISGRACE LETTER. BUT YOU PEOPLE ARE GONNA FREAK OUT (CHORTLING) ANY WAY CONTINUING. BEN YOU'RE HOT. WE CAN DO EVERYTHING TOGETHER. WE CAN HAVE LITTLE SPITTING GAMES LIKE SPIT TAG I CHASE YOU AROUND AND WE SPIT AT ONE ANOTHER.

J: UGH. NASTY AS HELL. PLEASE STOP READING THAT SHIT.

CLASS: (FROWNING UP THEIR FACES)

TEAC: SO PLEASE GO OUT WITH ME.

BEN: UGH. I'M NOT GAY. I DEFINITELY REJECT THAT LETTER

FAQ: (CRYING)

BEN: UGH MAN WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU. DON'T YOU FRUIT BAGS LIKE EACH OTHER?

FAQ: YEAH BUT WE WANT YOU TO JOIN US.

BEN: HELL NO.

FAQ: (CRYING LOUDER)

J: (LAUGHING WITH HIS HEAD DOWN)

FAQ: IT'S NOT...FUNNY.

J: HA HA HA HA HA (POINTING AND LAUGHING)

FAQ: STUPID ASS BITCH.

MAN: NOW...MOVING ON. (LATER) ALRIGHT EVERYONE IT'S TIME FOR YOU ALL TO GO TO YOUR NEXT CLASS AND GOOD

LUCK WITH THE ADMIRATION LETTERS. SOME OF YOU ARE GONNA NEED IT.

J: (AT HIS LOCKER)

ISA: (COMES OUT OF NO WHERE) HEY.

J: AAAH. OH IT'S ONLY YOU. YOU SCARED THE MESS OUT OF ME.

ISA: YEAH...ABOUT THAT LETTER. WELL...JEVERT I'M IMPRESSED.

J: REALLY?

ISA: YEAH...I MEAN I DON'T REALLY KNOW MUCH ABOUT YOU BUT YOU WANNA GO SOMEWHERE AFTER SCHOOL AND...HECK....TALK I GUESS?

J: (RAISES HIS EYEBROW) COOL. I'LL MEET YOU IN THE LUNCHROOM. ALRIGHT?

ISA: BYE. (GIVES HIM A PIECE OF PAPER WITH HER PHONE NUMBER ON IT) CALL ME.(WALKS AWAY)

J: YEAH...SWEET LIKE THAT (POPS HIS COLLAR)

BOY: (STANDING BEHIND HIM)

J: (TURNS AROUND) OH.

BOY: WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

J: I JUST POPPED MY COLLAR.

BOY: (WALKS AWAY SHAKING HIS HEAD) STUPID AS HELL.

J: MAN SHUT UP. PIECE OF SHIT. THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A GIRLFRIEND.

BOY: SO. I'M STILL BETTER THAN YOU.

J: (JITTERING)

BOY: (IMITATES HIM)

J: PUNK SISSY FUCK. (LATER AT LUNCH)

J: WHY ARE YOU EATING THAT SHIT?

DAN; BECAUSE IT'S GOOD

GLEN; I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN EAT THAT SHIT. LAZY ASS LUNCH CHEFS GOT A LOT OF NERVES GIVING SOMEONE A FUCKING PIECE OF BOLOGNA AND A JUICE BOX.

J: WHAT KIND OF LUNCH IS THAT? NO ACTUALLY, THAT'S A DAMN SNACK.

DAN: JUST APPRECIATE WHAT THEY GAVE US.

J: (PUTS A THERMOMETER IN DAN'S MOUTH) 130* YEAH DAN YOU MUST BE HIGH.

DAN: HIGH? I DON'T SMOKE.

J: IT'S A FIGURE OF SPEECH. LETS GO TO THE VENDING MACHINES AND GET SOMETHING. DAN, THROW THAT NASTY SHIT AWAY. (THEY LEAVE AND GO TO THE VENDING MACHINES)

J: THESE BUSTED ASS SNACKS? WHY DON'T PEOPLE EAT THIS SHIT. OOOH MGM'S.

GLEN: COME ON, YOU KNOW I LOVE MGM'S

J: FINE, GET THEM.

GLEN: (GETS THE MGM'S OUT OF THE VENDING MACHINE)

GLEN: NOW I HAVE A QUESTION. WHY ARE WE EATING THIS BUSTED ASS FOOD WHEN WE'RE IN ITALY? I MEAN, SHOULDN'T WE BE EATING STUFF LIKE PASTA, RICE, AND PIZZA?.

J: I AGREE, BUT THEY STILL WANNA SERVE US BULLSHIT.

DAN: WELL, I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING BECAUSE I ALREADY ATE THAT SHIT.

J: OH, SO IT'S SHIT TO YOU NOW?

DAN: I GUESS SO.

J: IT'S NOTHING ELSE GOOD IN THIS VENDING MACHINE. ALL THESE BUSTED ASS SNACKS. I'M TOO GOOD TO EAT THAT. WHO THE HELL WANT SOME DAMN LIFESAVERS, CERTS, TIC TACS? THEY SHOULDN'T EVEN PUT THAT KIND OF STUFF IN THE VENDING MACHINE. IT'LL ROT. AS A MATTER OF FACT THEY SHOULDN'T EVEN MAKE THAT STUFF ANYMORE.

DAN: THAT'S A SIGN TELLING YOU THAT YOU HAVE BAD ASS BREATH.

J: ME? YOU'RE THE BOLOGNA FREAK.

DAN: BOLOGNA IS THE BOMB.

J, GLEN: SSHHHHH!!!!!!TTTTT!!!!

J: BOLOGNA MY ASS. HERE'S SOME PEANUTS. I MIGHT AS

WELL JUST GET THOSE.

(GETS THE PEANUTS AND EATS SOME) AND THE COMPANY
WAS TOO DAMN LAZY TO ADD SALT?

GLEN: DAMN, THIS DAY IS ROUGH.

J: I AGREE. (GETS A PACK OF SALT) (PUTS THE SALT ON THE
PEANUTS) THAT'S BETTER.

(MEANWHILE WITH OLYMPIO)

OL: AW MAN, THAT SHIT IS NASTY. THEY STUPID. THEY GAVE
US ONE FUCKING PIECE OF BOLOGNA AND SOME JUICE. I MET
THIS NERDY ASS BOY EARLIER WHO GOT ALL GEEKED UP
ABOUT THAT SHIT.

TROY: WELL, I'M HUNGRY. I AINT HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO EAT
BREAKFAST.

OL: THAT'S JUST SAD HOW THEY CAN'T EVEN HEAT UP A HOT
DOG BUT COME ON NOW. BOLOGNA?

DREW: ALL SCHOOL CAFETERIAS ARE FULL OF SHIT.

NAN: ALRIGHT SO ARE YOU GONNA TELL HIM ALL THAT
STUFF YOU SAID IN POETRY?

BOY: YEP.

NAN: DO IT (PUSHES HIM OVER TO OLYMPIO)

BOY: BITCH DON'T BE PUSHING ME.

OL: HEY WHAT'S THE DEAL.

NAN: HE'S GOT SOMETHING TO GIVE YOU

OL: ALRIGHT WHAT IS IT?

BOY: (GIVES HIM THE LETTER AND WALKS AWAY)

NAN: NO NO WHY ARE YOU WALKING AWAY?

BOY: YOU THOUGHT I WAS SCARED. I JUST GAVE HIM THE LETTER.

OL: (READING THE LETTER)

NAN: NO. STAND RIGHT THERE AS HE READS IT.

OL: WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? YOU THINK YOU CAN GET HER JUST LIKE THAT? HUH? I CAN'T HEAR YOU.

BOY: WHAT? WHAT YOU WANNA DO? (BACKING UP)

OL: WHY ARE YOU BACKING UP?

NOY: YOUR BREATH STANK AND I GOT ASTHMA.

OL: STOP MAKING UP EXCUSES. YOU WANNA FIGHT THIS OUT?

BOY: WHAT? LETS GO. (TRYING TO LOOK HARD)

OL: LOOK AT THIS BITCH. (GETS UP) YOU WANNA GO?

BOY: WHAT. I'M NOT BACKING DOWN. (PUNCHES HIM USING ALL OF HIS MIGHT BUT IT DOESN'T HURT)

OL: HA HA YOU HIT LIKE A LITTLE BITCH.

BOY: (SMACKS HIS LIPS) STOP TRYING TO HOLD IT IN.

OL: (PUSHES HIM ON THE GROUND) (PEOPLE INSTIGATING) YOU STILL WANNA FIGHT.

J: OOH SHIT THEY'RE ABOUT TO FIGHT.

BOY: (GETS UP AND WALKS UP AND PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE) BITCH. (KICKS HIM)

OL: (GRABS HIM BY THE COLLAR AND THROWS HIM ON THE LUNCH TABLE) (CHOKING HIM AND PUNCHING HIM)

PEOPLE: FIGHT (MULTIPLE TIMES)

BOY: (GRAPPLING OLYMPIO AND HE SHOVES OLYMPIO ON THE FLOOR AND OLYMPIO'S PHONE FALLS OUT HIS POCKET AND SLIDES ACROSS THE FLOOR)

OL: (PUNCHES HIM IN THE BACK) BITCH

BOY: (BITES HIM)

OL: AWW YOU LITTLE FAG (FLIPS OVER ON HIM AND BEGINS CHOKING HIM)

(THE CAMERA IS LOOKING AT OLYMPIO'S PHONE RINGING)

BOY: (THROWS OLYMPIO OVER A LUNCH TABLE) (THEY GRAPPLE MOVING EVERYWHERE PUNCHING EACH OTHER IN THE FACE) (THEY TRIP OVER A MOP BUCKET AND THE DIRTY WATER SPILLS ALL OVER THE FLOOR)

OL: YOU BITCH. FUCKING WRITING LETTERS ABOUT ME BEHIND MY BACK. YOU FUCKING FAG. (TRYING TO PUCH HIS FACE IN THE MOP WATER) DRINK IT BITCH. DRINK IT!!!

BOY: (ROLLS OVER AND PULLS OLYMPIO UP OFF THE FLOOR AND THROWS HIM INTO ANOTHER LUNCH TABLE)

OL: (BUMPS INTO SOMEONE SITTING DOWN)

PERSON: BITCH MOVE (PUSHES HIM)

OL: WHO THE FUCK YOU THINK YOU ARE? (PUNCHES THEM IN THE LIP AND THEY FALL OUT OF THEIR SEAT) (LOOKS OVER ON THE FLOOR AND SEES HIS PHONE) AW SHIT, MY PHONE. (RUNS OVER TO GET HIS PHONE AND SOMEONE TRIPS HIM)

PEOPLE: (LAUGHING)

OL: WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM? (PULLS THEM OUT OF THE CHAIR BY THE COLLAR AND THROWS THEM ON THE FLOOR) FAT PUNK SISSY FUCK. I'M SICK OF YALL. (PHONE RINGING) AW COME ON. NOT NOW. (PICKS UP A PIECE OF BOLOGNA AND THROWS IT) (FOOD FIGHT BREAKS OUT) (RUNS TO A CORNER) HELLO.

TK: OLYMPIO.

OL: HEY, IS THIS TOM?

TK: YEAH. WE NEED YOU DOWN HERE PRONTO (HANGS UP)

OL: WAIT WAIT WHERE ARE YOU? AW SHIT HE HUNG UP. AAAAH (DODGES A PIECE OF BOLOGNA) HEY YALL I GOTTA GO. I'VE GOT A MISSION TO DO.

NAN: A MISSION?

OL: YEAH. I GOTTA LEAVE NOW..

DREW: GOOD LUCK MAN (DUCKING UNDER A TABLE).

OL: THANKS. (RUNS OUT THE LUNCHROOM DOOR)

J: (PHONE RINGS) HELLO... WHAT?...BUT...IT'S NOT EVEN

MARCH YET. I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A FOOD FIGHT

LF: SORRY JEVERT BUT THIS WAS UNEXPECTED. AND MAN GET OUT OF THAT FOOD FIGHT

J: BUT I'M IN SCHOOL RIGHT NOW AND THIS HAPPENED LAST TIME.

LF: WE CAN'T PREDICT THE FUTURE. BUT WE NEED YOU. WE NEED YOU NOW. CAN YOU MAKE IT HERE WITHIN TEN MINUTES?

J: FIRST WHERE ARE YOU?

LF: TRAPPER'S PLACE.

J: I'LL BE THERE.

LF: APPRECIATE THAT...SEE YA. (HANGS UP)

J: I GOTTA GO. THEY NEED ME FOR A MISSION. I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO START YET BUT LOOK WHAT HAPPENED.

GLEN: GOOD LUCK.

J: THANKS.

DAN: YEAH, CAREFUL. BUT HOW ARE YOU GONNA GET TO THE PARKING LOT?

J: DAMN, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. OOH, I KNOW. (JUMPS OUT OF THE WINDOW IN THE LUNCH ROOM)

J: KEEP ME COVERED. I'M JUMPING OUT THAT WINDOW OVER THERE. (GOES OVER TO THE WINDOW AND STARTS CLIMBING OUT OF IT) (JUMPS DOWN INTO THE PARKING AND FALLS ON THE PRINCIPAL'S CAR AND CRACKS THE WINDSHIELD AND

THE ALARM GOES OFF) OH SHIT!!! (RUNNING AND JUMPING OVER CARS UNTIL HE GETS TO HIS CAR) (JUMPS THROUGH THE SUN ROOF OF HIS CAR) (TURNS THE IGNITION AND BACKS UP AND DRIVES OFF)

OL: (ARRIVING AT MR TRAPPER'S TERRITORY)

J: DAMN IT!!! HE SAID TEN MINUTES? (SPEEDING UP)

COP (TURNS ON SIREN)

J: NO, LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE (THROWS A BRICK AT THE COP'S TIRE AND IT POPS) 'AMN NOW MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS (ARRIVES AT MR TRAPPER'S TERRITORY)

LF: THERE YOU ARE. NOW THERE'S A HUGE PROBLEM AT THE BARNYARD DOWNTOWN. MAD COW DISEASE. SOMETHING LIKE THAT. THE ANIMALS ARE FURIOUS AND THE FARMERS CAN'T CONTROL THEM.

J: ARE YOU SERIOUS?

LF: POSITIVE.

J: ANOTHER QUESTION. WHAT'S THE MORAL OF THIS SET OF MISSIONS?

LF: OKAY. THIS TIME THE MAFIA HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS. THIS IS HOW MISSIONS HAPPEN. IF SOMEONE HAS A MAJOR PROBLEM THEN THEY CALL HIM BECAUSE HIS BUSINESS HAS GOTTEN BIGGER AND HE HAS ADS ALL OVER THE PLACE. SO THEY CALL HIM AND ASK HIM FOR HIS HELP BUT IF SOMEONE ELSE IS BEING HELPED AT THE TIME, THEN THE LINE WILL BECOME BUSY WHEN THEY CALL THAT WAY YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO ALL THESE UNEXPECTED MISSIONS.

J: BUT WHAT IF THIS PROBLEM NEEDS TO BE SOLVED RIGHT

AWAY?

LF: WELL, SHIT, WE CAN'T REALLY DO ANYTHING BUT PRAY THAT THINGS GO WELL. AND YOU KNOW LIKE LAST YEAR WHEN YOU JUST WOKE UP AND WE WENT TO TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS AT 10 O'CLOCK EVERYDAY? WELL, YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'LL GET A MISSION SO JUST MAKE SURE YOU'RE READY AHEAD OF TIME. GOT IT?

J: YES.

LF: OKAY, LETS GO GET IN THE LIMO.

OL: THAT'S A BIT STRANGE THOUGH. IT SEEMS LIKE I CAN GET A MISSION JUST LIKE THAT AND I'M TRYING TO EAT OR SOMETHING AND I CAN'T EVEN FINISH MY FOOD.

TK: WELL, THEY DO HAVE OTHER PROBLEM SOLVING COMPANIES AROUND BUT NO ONE COMES CLOSE TO MR TRAPPER. SO DURING ONE OF YOUR MISSIONS, NO ONE ELSE CAN CALL IN TO GET SOME HELP. I KNOW IT'S KIND OF MEAN BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS. NOW REMEMBER, THIS IS IT. WHOEVER WINS WILL BE THE CHIEF OF STAFF. IT'S YOU VERSUS JEVERT. GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT.

OL: NO OFFENSE, THAT LINE WAS GAY.

TK: CHILL OUT OLYMPIO.

OL: JUST PLAYING MAN. BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TK: THE TV STUDIO.

OL: OKAY.

(MOMENTS LATER)

WT: OKAY. YOU MAY BEGIN.

J: OH HELL NO. I SMELL MANURE.

LF: YOU CAN WASH UP WHEN YOU GET BACK TO MR TRAPPER'S PLACE.

MAN: PLEASE HELP!!! YOU'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING. THESE COWS ARE INSANE. THEY WON'T GIVE US ANY MILK AND ALL THEY DO IS MOO MOO MOO. ALL DAY LONG AND I HAVE A HEADACHE AND I'M OUT OF TYLENOL.

LF: CALM DOWN. SIR GO A FAR DISTANCE AWAY. CREW!!!

(JEVERT'S CREW COMES OUT)

J: LETS DO THIS SHIT. (REVOLVING A SHOT GUN) (SHOOTS ONE OF THE COWS)
BITCH.

BULL: (RUNNING TOWARD JEVERT)

J: OH SHIT (JUMPS OUT THE WAY AND LANDS IN A YARD OF CHICKENS.) OH SHIT I'M SCARED.

CHIC: BAGOCK. BUCK BUCK BUCK.

J: SHUT THE FUCK UP (SHOOTS THE CHICKEN AND IT BLOWS UP INTO FEATHERS)

LF: (LAUGHING) (ON A BULLHORN) JEVERT FOCUS

J: (AS HE'S ON THE GROUND HE SHOOTS THE BULL) (GETS UP)

COWS: MOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

J: (LOOKS TO THE LEFT AND SEES A LARGE GROUP OF COWS)
AAAAHHHH. WHERE'S MY CREW?

MEN: UP HERE. (SHOOTING AT COWS)

J: (SHOOTING)

LF: JEVERT.

J: YEAH?

LF: USE THE GRENADE.

J: (SETS OFF THE GRENADE AND IN SLOW MOTION; RUNS AWAY AND THE WHOLE BARN EXPLODES AND JEVERT FLIPS INTO THE AIR AND LANDS ON HIS BACK.)

J: OW. DAMN

LF: OKAY, LETS GO.

(EVERYONE GETS IN THE LIMO AND THEY DRIVE OFF)

(DUST IS IN THE AIR) (MEANWHILE)

OL: LETS GO

TK: BUT WE HAVEN'T COMPLETED THE MISSION.

OL: IT'S NO USE. THE WIRES CAN START ELECTROCUTING IN ANY MOMENT.

TK: NO, OLYMPIO WE'RE TRYING TO STOP SOMEONE FROM STEALING SOMEONE'S INFORMATION TO MAKE A COMMERCIAL. FIND THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAMERA ROOM.

OL: (LOOKING AROUND) THERE'S THE ENTRANCE. (GOES

THROUGH THE DOOR)

LF: THAT'S THEM.

OL: STOP!!! YOU 2 NOW.

BOY 1: WE'RE TRYING TO DO A COMMERCIAL.

OL: YOU'RE NOT DOING ANY COMMERCIALS. YOU STOLE SOME INFORMATION FROM SOMEONE ELSE AND NOW YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE MONEY OFF OF THEM.

BOY 2: HUH? (LOOKING STUPID) HE'S LYING.

OL: WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

BOY 2: (WHISPERS) WHAT'S THAT NAME ON THAT PIECE OF PAPER?

OL: LETS GET 'EM (GRABS BOY 1) DON'T SAY SHIT. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST BITCH.
CREW.

(THE CREW COMES OUT AND TAKES THEM AWAY)

BOY 1: THIS IS NOT FAIR.

OL: LIFE ISN'T FAIR. DEAL WITH IT.

J: (ARRIVING AT MR TRAPPER'S TERRITORY)

WT: HEY, JEVERT. GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN

J: (SHAKES HANDS) GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN SIR.

WT: WELL, YOU CAN GO HANG OUT IN THAT ROOM I ASSIGNED YOU. DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE IT'S AT?

J: YEAH. THANKS (LEAVES)

OL: COME ON WE GOTTA GO (MOMENTS LATER THEY JUMP IN THE LIMO AND DRIVE OFF) COME ON FASTER FASTER

TK: (SMOKING A CIGAR)

OL: IS THIS A GOOD TIME TO BE SMOKING?

TK: I NEED IT MY NERVES ARE BAD.

OL: DAMN, I NEED ONE OF THOSE TOO.

TK: TOO YOUNG FOR THIS. YOUR BODY HASN'T DEVELOPED GOOD ENOUGH FOR THIS.

OL: I WISH. (LATER THE LIMO ARRIVES AT MR TRAPPER'S TERRITORY)

(THEY GO INSIDE THE BUILDING) MR TRAPPER?

WT: TURNS AROUND IN HIS CHAIR FACING THEM) HELLO OLYMPIO. LONG TIME NO SEE.

OL: WELL, IT'S ONLY BEEN 8 MONTHS

WT: WELL, YALL CAN KICK BACK IN THAT ROOM I ASSIGNED. REMEMBER WHERE IT'S AT?

OL: YEAH. (LEAVES) (MEANWHILE)

J: THEY CHANGED IT AROUND IN HERE A LITTLE BIT.

LF: YEAH, WE ADDED SOME STUFF AND WE DESIGNED IT AGAIN.

J: SWEET.

LF: THANKS.

(NEXT DAY)

(AT JEVERT AND OLYMPIO'S SCHOOL)

OL: MAN YESTERDAY WAS SO FUCKING HECTIC. I HAD TO STOP THESE FUCKING PEOPLE FROM STEALING TV INFORMATION.

DREW: SO HOW WAS THE MISSION? WAS IT HARD?

OL: NAW NOT REALLY. I GOT A CREW NOW.

DREW: YOU NEVER TOLD US THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE A CREW 8 MONTHS AGO.

OL: WELL I DIDN'T HAVE A CREW THEN. I JUST HAD A SUPERVISOR.

DREW: DO YOU KNOW IF YOU'RE GETTING ANOTHER MISSION?

OL: I'M NOT SURE.

J: SO ISAREL. TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF.

ISA: WELL....I LOVE POP MUSIC I LOVE WATCHING PORN.

J: (LOOKING UNPLEASED) YOU....DO?

ISA: YEAH (LAUGHING LIKE A PIG)

J: (SAYING INSIDE HIS HEAD) WHAT THE HELL DID I GET MYSELF INTO?

ISA: SO WHAT DO YOU LIKE DOING?

J: WELL....I'M AN AGENT (PULLS OUT HIS CARD) SEE I WORK FOR TRAPPER INCORPORATED)

ISA: WOW. I NEVER MET AN AGENT BEFORE. WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU DO?

J: I DO MISSIONS.

ISA: WOW. (LICKING HER PLATE)

J: (STARING AT HER LIKE SHE'S CRAZY) (SAYING INSIDE HIS HEAD) WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? AM I DREAMING?

ISA: COME ON GO AHEAD AND EAT. NO ONE'S STOPPING YOU.

J: (SARCASTICALLY SMILING) RIGHT. (STARTS EATING)
(PHONE RINGS) AW SHIT NOT AGAIN.

ISA: OOOH YOU SWEAR?

J: YEAH EVERYONE DOES IT.

ISA: NOT ME (GETS UP AND WALKS AWAY AND ROLLS HER EYES)

J: WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH HER? HELLO.

LF: MAN YOU GOTTA GET DOWN HERE. IT'S A DISASTER AT THE BEACH.

J: WHAT'S GOING ON?

LF: ABOUT 4 KIDS ARE FAR OUT IN THE WATER AND THE WAVES ARE VERY STRONG.

J: OH MY GOD. LUCAS I'M ON IT.

OL: COME ON I'M STILL STRESSED OUT FROM YESTERDAY.

TK: MAN DO YOU WANNA WIN OR WHAT?

OL: YES I'M COMING.

J: (IN THE CAR DRIVING) OOH SHIT I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. I'M NERVOUS. I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DO THIS.

OL: (IN THE CAR DRIVING) (ARRIVES AT A HOUSE) (GETS OUT OF THE CAR. WHAT A DAMN MINUTE. MY MISSION IS HERE?

TK: YEP.

OL: SO WHAT'S THE DEAL.

TK: FLOODED BASEMENT AND THE WATER IS RISING UP[TO THEIR FUSE BOX).

OL: MAN, GIVE ME THAT PLUNGER. (TAKES THE PLUNGER FROM TOM AND GOES INSIDE THE HOUSE)

MAN: HI. THE FLOOD IS DOWNSTAIRS.

OL: LEAVE IT TO ME. (GOING DOWNSTAIRS) (THE CAMERA ZOOMS INTO HIS FACE AS HE'S IN SHOCK) WOAH...UH...THIS DOES NOT LOOK AS EASY AS I THOUGHT IT DID.

UH....CREW?.....DAMN IT. (DIVES IN THE WATER) UGH. THIS SHIT IS DIRTY AS HELL.

(CLOTHES FLOATING IN THE WATER) OH LORD HELL NO I'M NOT DOING THIS SHIT (SWIMS BACK OVER TO THE STEPS) (HE LOOKS UP AND SEES WATER COMING RIGHT AT HIM) (THE WATER GRABS HIM AND HE FLIES INTO THE WALL AND THE WALL BREAKS AND HE SLIDES OUTSIDE ON THE GRASS)

(LAID OUT) OH MY GOD, (GETS UP)

(PEEKS INSIDE OF THE BASEMENT) (WATER IS STILL IN THE

BASEMENT) (SLIDES BACK IN THE BASEMENT) AW MAN THIS WATER IS DIRTY AS HELL. WHERE THE HELL IS THE DRAIN? (LOOKING AROUND)

(MEANWHILE)

J: (RUNNING THROUGH THE SAND) (STEPS ON A BOY'S SAND CASTLE)

BOY: YOU BITCH.

DAD: (POPS HIM IN THE MOUTH) WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE

J: (GETS TO LUCAS) WHERE ARE THEY?

LF: THERE YOU ARE. THEY'RE WAY DOWN THERE AND THEY CAN'T SWIM. WE NEED JET SKIS.

J: WHERE CAN WE GET A JET SKI?

LF: (LOOKING AROUND) I DON'T SEE ANY JET SKIS.

J: HMMMMMM I KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO.

LF: WHAT?

J: (STARTS RUNNING)

LF: AW JEVERT THAT'S BOLD. I KNOW YOU'RE NOT GETTING READY TO DO THAT. (BEGINS CHASING AFTER HIM)

J: (JUMPS IN THE WATER AND SWIMS TOWARD A PERSON ON A JET SKI) (PRETENDS LIKE HE'S DROWNING)
HEEEELLLLLPPPP.

MAN: (ON A JET SKI) OH MY GOD. TAKE MY HAND.

J: (GRABS THE MAN'S HAND AND PULLS HIM OFF THE JET SKI AND GETS ON THE JET SKI) HA HA. PUNK SISSY BITCH HEAD.

LF: WHAT THE HELL DID YOU JUST SAY?

J: DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. GO TAKE SOMEONE'S JET SKI. DO THE SAME THING I DID.

LF: ALRIGHT. (PRETENDS LIKE HE'S DROWNING) HELP ME.

J: ALRIGHT I'M ABOUT TO GO GET THESE CHILDREN. (DRIVES OFF) (AS HE'S DRIVING HE LOOKS AROUND) DAMN IT. WHERE THE HELL ARE THESE CHILDREN) (A PAIR OF BINOCULARS HANGING AROUND HIS NECK) (USING THE BINOCULARS) OH MY GOD. ALL THE WAY DOWN THERE? WHO THE HELL RAISED THESE CHILDREN? (FLICKS A SWITCH ON HIS JET SKI TO MAKE IT GO FASTER) WOOOOOAAAAAH SHIT. DAMN. (SEES THE KIDS AHEAD) GRAB A HOLD. (TWO KIDS GRABS HIS LEFT LEG, ANOTHER TWO KIDS GRABS HIS RIGHT LEG) ALRIGHT CHILDREN. TIME TO BLAST OFF (TURNS TO TURBO CUE 2) AAAAAAAH. AND THAT WAS A LITTLE GAY WHAT I SAID. BUT ANYWAY. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH. (TWO KIDS LET GO OF HIS LEG)

KID 1: OH NO THEY LET GO.

LF: I GOT THEM (ON ANOTHER JET SKI) (THE OTHER TWO KIDS ARE HOLDING ON TO HIS LEGS)

J: (SEES THE SAND AHEAD) OH SHIT (LETS GO OF THE HANDLES COVERING HIS FACE) (THEY CRASH INTO THE SAND AND JEVERT FLIPS OVER AND LANDS ON HIS BACK)

KIDS: (GIGGLING)

J: OH THAT'S FUNNY (SMILING)

LF: (CRASHES AND LANDS ON HIS BACK) (KIDS LAUGHING)
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE KIDS THESE DAYS?

J: (BREATHING HARD) I DON'T KNOW. ALRIGHT YOU KIDS
STAY OUT OF THE WATER. GET REFRESHED. WAIT ABOUT TEN
MINUTES TO GO BACK OUT. ALRIGHT.

KIDS: OKAY.

J: (HITS LUCAS) ALRIGHT MAN LETS GO. (THEY GET UP AND
START WALKING AWAY)

(MEANWHILE)

OL: (PLUNGING THE DRAIN) MAN TOM I NEED SOME HELP.
THIS FUCKING DIRTY AS WATER GOT IN MY MOUTH.

TK: HOLD ON MAN.

MAN: IS EVERYTHING OKAY?

OL: EVERYTHING WILL BE.....(THE FUSE BOX STARTS
ELECTROCUTING) OH NO.

TK: (COMES RUNNING DOWNSTAIRS) WHAT'S THE DEAL?...OH
SHIT!!!

(THE CAMERA LOOKS OUT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE AND THE
HOUSE BLOWS UP AND OLYMPIO, THE MAN, AND TOM COMES
SHOOTING OUT OF THE ROOF)

ALL: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH.

OL: I WANT MY MOMMY (GRABS A POWERLINE AND STARTS
HANGING FROM IT BEFORE HE HITS THE GROUND) (THE WIRE
STARTS SPARKING AND THE SPARKS TRAVELS OVER TO
OLYMPIO'S HANDS) HHHHAAAAAAAAHHHHH (LETS GO OF THE

WIRES AND FALLS ON THE GROUND) (LOOKING AT HIS HANDS) HOLY SHIT.

PERSON: (WALKS PAST HIM LAUGHING) (POINTING)

OL: (BODY IS BLACK AND OILY) SHUT UP BITCH. (PULLS SOME GRASS OUT OF THE GROUND AND THROWS IT AT HIM) MAN WE GOTTA GO.

(THEY GET IN THE CAR AND LEAVE)

J: (ARRIVING AT TRAPPER'S TERRITORY) (DRIPPING WET)

MAN: HEY YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE LIKE THAT.

J: MAN I'M JEVERT. DO YOU HAVE A TOWEL?

MAN: YEAH (GIVES HIM A TOWEL)

J: THANKS (COMES IN MR TRAPPER'S OFFICE DRYING OFF) I'M HERE SIR.

WT: HELLO JEVERT. WELL...I GOTTA SEND YOU TO YOUR ROOM. ENJOY MAN.

J: (WALKS AWAY)

OL: (COMES BURSTING THROUGH THE DOOR)

WT: WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU?

OL: AW MAN IT WAS HORRIBLE.

WT: DID THINGS GET TAKEN CARE OF?

OL: WELL THE MAN'S HOUSE EXPLODED.

WT: WELL IS HE ALIVE? BECAUSE I CAN DISQUALIFY YOU IF HE'S DEAD.

OL: EVERYTHING'S FINE I GAVE HIM A ONE MILLION DOLLAR CHECK TO REPLACE EVERYTHING.

WT: WHERE'D YOU A MILLION BUCKS FROM?

OL: FROM THE CASH YOU GAVE ME BEFORE ME AND JEVERT LEFT FOR THOSE EIGHT MONTHS.

WT: COOL. COOL. WELL...YOU GOTTA GO DOWN TO THE ROOM AND I'LL CALL YOU GUYS UP HERE WHEN A MISSION IS NEEDED TO BE ACCOMPLISHED.

OL: OKAY. (LEAVES) (THE CAMERA LOOKS OUTSIDE UP AT THE MOON AND IT SHOWS THE MOON TURNING INTO THE SUN AND IT LOWERS DOWN LOOKING AT OLYMPIO'S CAR)

OL: (IN THE CAR) OKAY, WHERE'S THE KEYS TO MY CAR?

LF: ARE THESE THE KEYS (HOLDING THEM UP)

OL: YEAH. THANKS (STARTS THE CAR) (DRIVES OFF) NOW WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TK: THE CAR DEALERSHIP. MAKE A LEFT TURN AT THIS NEXT CORNER.

J: A SCHOOL? WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN AT A SCHOOL?

LF: A FIRE. IS HAPPENING IN THEIR GYM AND IT'S SPREADING SO WE NEED TO GET THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

J: SHOULDN'T THEY HAVE CALLED THE FIRE DEPARTMENT INSTEAD?

LF: WELL, WE'RE BETTER THAN THEM

J: WHAT? I DON'T HAVE ANY EXPERIENCE TO PUT A FIRE OUT.

LF: WE HAVE EXTINGUISHERS.

J: SEE, NOW I'M KIND OF NERVOUS.

LF: DON'T WORRY MAN, WHY ARE YOU SO SCARED?

J: WHAT IF I CATCH FIRE?

LF: IF THAT HAPPENS WHICH I HOPE DOESN'T, THEN SCREAM
AND I'LL COME AND SPRAY YOU.

J: COOL (MEANWHILE)

MAN: HEY SIR, YOU AND YOUR SON HERE TO BUY A CAR?

TK, OL: (LOOKING AT EACH OTHER)

TK: YES.

MAN: FOLLOW ME.

(THEY FOLLOW THE MAN)

OL: (SEES A NAME TAG ON THE MAN'S SHIRT) (CARL)
(WHISPERS) THAT'S THE MAN

TK: HOW DO YOU KNOW?

OL: HIS NAME TAG SAYS CARL.

TK: OKAY I GOT A PLAN.

MAN: OKAY, SIR I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. YOU CAN LOOK AROUND

FOR CARS IF YOU LIKE.

TK: WAIT, I LIKE THIS CAR.

OL: (LOOKING INSIDE OF IT) (EYES GETS BIG)

MAN: 'KAY JUST COME WITH ME

(BEHIND THE MAN THEY START WHISPERING TO EACH OTHER)

OL: TOM THAT CAR HAS A BOMB IN IT.

TK: I SAW IT. DON'T WORRY. I GOT THIS.

MAN: OKAY, I'VE GOT THE CONTRACT. JUST SIGN RIGHT HERE

TK: (GETS READY TO SIGN BUT AS THE MAN IS NEAR HIM HE GRABS HIM BY THE COLLAR AND THROWS HIM TO THE FLOOR) CREW!!! COME IN!!!

CARL: WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

TK: YOU'RE UNDER ARREST BITCH. OLYMPIO HEAD BACK TO THE PLACE. WE GOT THIS.

OL: (GETS IN THE CAR AND DRIVES OFF)

(MEANWHILE WITH JEVERT)

(SMOKE EVERYWHERE)

J: (COUGHING) WHAT NOW. (KIDS RUNNING EVERYWHERE)

LF: HERE (HANDS HIM EXTINGUISHER) GO PUT THAT FIRE OUT.

J: I NEED SOME BACK UP. (THE CREW COMES IN) (JEVERT RUNS OFF)

LF: WAIT JEVERT. COME BACK (HOLDING JEVERT'S OXYGEN MASK) SHIT. I DON'T HAVE ONE. AND THIS ONE IS TOO SMALL.

MAN: THERE'S A BOY TRAPPED IN THE BATHROOM.

J: I'LL SAVE HIM.

OTHER MEN: (SPRAYING FIRE)

J (IN THE BATHROOM) (FIRE IS BLOCKING ENTRANCE)

J: (SPRAYING) (FIRE GROWS BIGGER) SHIT, THIS IS SPRAY GAS.

BOY: HELP HELP (CRYING)

J: HOLD ON. (COMES THROUGH THE DOOR AND SMOKE COMES OUT) OH SHIT.

BOY: (UNDER SINK CRAWLED UP IN A BALL)

J: (GRABS HIM)

BOY: I HAVE ASTHMA (BREATHING HARD)

J: SHIT. (SMOKE COMING THROUGH VENT.)

J: WE'RE TRAPPED. (SCREEN GOES BLACK)

J: (WAKING UP IN WILLIAM'S HOSPITAL) WHERE AM I? SEES OLYMPIO, TOM, AND LUCAS)

LF: WE FAILED MAN. NOT ONLY DID WE MAKE IT BACK LAST BUT WE DIDN'T COMPLETE OUR MISSION.

J: SO WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SCHOOL?

LF: IT BURNED DOWN BUT NO ONE DIED LUCKILY. OH ONE BOY DIED IN THE BATHROOM.

WT: (COMES IN) JEVERT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. YOU MESSED UP AND I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO REWARD OLYMPIO AS CHIEF OF STAFF

J: WHAT? BUT MR TRAPPER, I'M ONLY A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD AND YOU'RE GONNA FIRE ME BECAUSE I MESSED UP FOR ONE MISSION. I'M NOT EVEN PROFESSIONAL.

WT: I UNDERSTAND BUT I COULD LOSE MONEY LIKE THAT.

J: OKAY, FUCK THIS. LET ME OUT OF THIS HOSPITAL. IF YOU KNEW THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN THEN YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CHOSE ME. YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN SMARTER TO PICK ADULTS. (UNHOOKS HIMSELF FROM THE HOSPITAL EQUIPMENT AND LEAVES)

(COMES BACK IN THE ROOM) I WANT MY MONEY FOR THE HARD WORK THAT I ALREADY DID. I DESERVE IT. MR TRAPPER. YOU'LL REGRET FIRING ME. HOW CAN YOU JUST REWARD THIS BITCH?

OL: SHUT UP.

J: I MEAN, BRENSHAW'S NOT EVEN DEAD. I FOUND OUT HE'S STILL ALIVE. HE DIDN'T EVEN GET TO DO THE REST OF HIS MISSIONS.

WT: IT'S BECAUSE YOU SHOT HIM. I'M NOT DUMB JEVERT. I KNOW YOU SHOT HIM AT THAT CASINO.

J: YEAH, SO WHAT. THE BITCH HAD A LOT OF MOUTH SO I HAD TO SHUT HIM UP.

WT: YOU'RE LUCKY I NEVER TOLD ANYONE. I ALREADY KNEW IT WAS YOU.

J: OKAY. I'M LEAVING. GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK FINDING SOMEONE BETTER THAN ME. IF THAT'S POSSIBLE. (LEAVES AND DRIVES OFF IN HIS CAR)

(LATER)

J: (AT HOME THROWING THINGS AROUND) SON OF A BITCH. I NEEDED THAT JOB. (WATCHING TV IN ANGER) (FLICKING CHANNELS)

MAN: NEED A JOB? WELL, CALL THE NUMBER BELOW TO WORK FOR 5 DOLLARS AN HOUR

J: SHUT UP (TURNS OFF THE TV) (LAYS DOWN AND THE CAMERA LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW AS THE SUN RISES THE NEXT DAY) (WAKES UP AND SITS ON THE BED)
HHUUUUUUHHHHH. LOST MY JOB. I DON'T HAVE ANY FOOD. THIS IS BULL SHIT.
I'M GOING TO DISPUTE FOR MY JOB BACK. (LATER ARRIVING AT MR TRAPPER'S)

J: MR TRAPPER CAN WE TALK?

WT: SAY WHAT YOU GOTTA SAY.

J: I NEED THIS JOB BACK.

WT: JEVERT THERE'S OTHER JOBS OUT THERE, BUT WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY WAS A HUGE PROBLEM. WE CAN'T PUT ANY MORE LIVES IN JEOPARDY.

J: MR TRAPPER IT WAS ONLY ONE MISSION. OLYMPIO ISN'T EVEN THAT GOOD AS I AM.

WT: JEVERT. BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

J: (LEAVES AND MR TRAPPER'S PHONE RINGS AND JEVERT EASE DROPS AROUND IN THE HALLWAY) (PHONE ON SPEAKER)

WT: HELLO.

CALLER: MR TRAPPER THERE HAS BEEN AN URGENT SITUATION DOWN AT THE MASSACHUSETTS REPRODUCTION FACTORY.

WT: YOU MEAN WHERE THEY PUT BRENSHAW?

CALLER: YES AND A BOMB HAS BEEN PLANTED ON THE THIRD FLOOR AND THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO GET UP THERE UNLESS WE TAKE A HELICOPTER.

WT: SO?

CALLER: IT'S LUIGI. THE OWNER OF THE MAFIA. HE'S PLANNING TO KILL YOUR TWO CLIENTS AND BRENSHAW TOO AND BRENSHAW IS IN THE REPRODUCTION LIQUID AND THEIR PROVIDING HIM WITH OXYGEN.

WT: OKAY, DO YOU NEED US NOW?

CALLER: AT LEAST BY MIDNIGHT OR EARLY TOMORROW.

WT: OKAY, WE'RE HEADING TO AN AIRPORT NOW. (HANGS UP)

J: I'LL BE THERE TOO (WILLIAM DOESN'T HEAR HIM) (LEAVES)
(SCREEN GOES BLACK)

(MUSIC PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND AS JEVERT IS PUTTING ON CLOTHES AND LOADING GUNS)

J: TYING SHOES. (FIXING GLOVES) (PUTTING ON SHADES)

(CAMERA SHOWS JEVERT READY FROM TOE TO HEAD)

J: (CLICKS GUNS) (LEAVES) (LATER AT FACTORY)

(LUIGI'S CREW IS IN SUITS WITH GUNS)

WT: (ARRIVING ALONE)

L: LOOK WHO'S HERE. WILLIAM.

WT: WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?

L: I WANT EVERYTHING. WE HAD A BAD POST AND NOW I'M SHUTTING YOU DOWN.

WT: WHERE'S BRENSHAW?

L: BRING HIM OUT.

MAN: (BRINGS OUT BRENSHAW IN HANDCUFFS)

WT: LET HIM GO.

B: GET YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF OF ME!! AND TAKE ME OUT OF THESE TIGHT ASS HANDCUFFS.

L: I WANT MONEY. AND IF I DON'T GET IT THIS PLACE IS GONNA BLOW BY THE PRESS OF THIS BUTTON.

WT: WE WERE SEVENTEEN WHEN ALL THAT CRAZY SHIT HAPPENED.

L: WELL, I WANT REVENGE.

WT: GO TO HELL AND GIVE ME MY CLIENT NOW.

L: HE'S NOT YOUR CLIENT. REMEMBER ONE OF YOUR CLIENTS SHOT HIM. WHAT...WHAT'S HIS NAME? JEVERT?

B: JEVERT? HE SHOT ME? MR TRAPPER IS IT TRUE?

WT: YES.

B: (IN SHOCK)

L: (SHOOTS WILLIAM)

J: HEY

WT: (HURT BLEEDING) I SHOULD'VE WORE A BULLET PROOF VEST.

B: HEY, UN CUFF ME NOW. (THEY UNCUFF HIM) (WALKS UP TO JEVERT) JEVERT.

J: BRENSHAW.

B: YOU LIKE SHOOTING PEOPLE HUH?

J: YEAH SO WHAT I SHOT YOU.

B: WELL, I'M BACK.

J: YAAAYY. GOOD FOR YOU.

B: BAD FOR YOU (PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE AND JOHN MITCHUM HOLDS HIM AWAY)

JM: BRENSHAW, IT'S NOT WORTH IT.

B: YES IT IS. HE NEARLY COST ME MY LIFE. I HAD TO STAY IN

A TUBE OF BODY BAYRUM FOR 8 FUCKING MONTHS JUST TO KEEP MY LIFE AND I'M NOT EVEN FULLY DEVELOPED. I DON'T HAVE ANY IMMUNITY.

JM: WOAHH. NO IMMUNITY?

B: THAT'S RIGHT. I CAN'T LEAVE THIS BUILDING OR I'LL POSSIBLY DIE. MY ESOPHAGUS CAN GET CLOGGED UP WITH THE AIR OUT THERE AND I CAN PASS OUT FROM THAT. I WOULD HAVE TO STAY IN THERE ANOTHER 3 MONTHS FOR THAT TO DEVELOP. THEY HAD TO LET ME OUT THOUGH BECAUSE OF THIS BITCH LUIGI.

L: (SHOOTS JEVERT)

B: AAAHH. (FALLS ON THE GROUND)

(THE WHOLE BUILDING BEGINS TO SHAKE)

J: OH SHIT.

WT: (GETS UP) (LOOKS BACK AT JEVERT) JEVERT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

J: I'M HERE TO HELP.

WT: (SHAKING HIS HEAD) LORD.

MACH: 3 2 1.

PEOPLE: AAAAAAHHHHHH. (NOTHING HAPPENS)

(EVERYONE COMES OUT VERY SLOW)

J: NOTHING HAPPENED.

B: (JUMPS UP AND SHOOTS LUIGI) (WIPE THE BLOOD FROM

OFF OF THE WOUND ON HIS STOMACH) CHEAP BITCH (AIMING THE GUN AT JEVERT.

J: NO. (BUILDING STARTS SHAKING AGAIN AND EVERYTHING BLOWS UP)

(JEVERT AND WILLIAM FLIP INTO THE AIR AND FALLS ON THE GROUND OUTSIDE)

(BOTH COUGHING)

(BUILDING COLLAPSES) (THE BUILDING PIECES STARTS TRAVELING TOWARD THEM)

BOTH: AAAAHH (THEY GET ON TH HELICOPTER OUT SIDE AND FLY AWAY)

B: (LOOKING UP AT THE HELICOPTER) WE'LL SEE WHO'S BOSS. (WALKS AWAY LAUGHING) (SCREEN GOES BLACK)

(WORDS COME UP; YEARS LATER IN TEXAS)

(CAMERA SHOWS THE GRASS AND ANIMALS)

(SHOWS JEVERT IN SHOWER SHOWING HIS FACE AS THE WATER IS RUNNING)

MR: JEVERTIS, LUNCH IS READY.

NR: OH YEAH THAT'S MY REAL NAME BECAUSE IT'S ITALIAN BUT I USE JEVERT BECAUSE IT'S COOLER. I'M JEVERTIS HEWLIT III.

J: I'LL BE DOWN IN A FEW MINUTES.

GLR: (COMES IN WITH TOWEL) HERE, JEVERT AND YOUR CLOTHES.

J: (CUTS OFF WATER) HEY DOLL FACE.

GLR: SOME ONE CALLED FOR YOU BY THE NAME OF WILLIAM TRAPPER.

J: WILLIAM? REALLY. FOR WHAT?

GLR: HE SAID ABOUT YOU BECOMING CHIEF OF STAFF OR SOMETHING.

J: OH, REALLY I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN ABOUT 3 YEARS.

GLR: WELL, YOUR CLOTHES ARE RIGHT HERE ON THE TOILET SEAT.

J: THANKS.

GLR: ANTHONY AND I ARE GOING ON A DEER HUNT. DO YOU WANNA COME?

J: I WISH BUT I GOTTA LOOK AFTER THE FARM. HAVE FUN.

GLR: OKAY, BYE (LEAVES AND SHUTS THE DOOR)

(CAMERA SHOWS AN EARPIECE ON JEVERT'S PANTS POCKET) (CAMERA IS GOING THROUGH THE EARPIECE AND THE WIRES AND CONTROLS LEADING TO ANOTHER CORPORATION) (WILLIAMS ENEMY BILL)

BL: GREAT JOB GLORIA, THAT'S MY GIRL.

MAN: SIR, I MADE A MISTAKE.

BL: WHAT MISTAKE? (CUTS OFF SPEAKERS)

MAN: THAT EARPIECE DOESN'T WORK, THIS ONE WAS THE RIGHT ONE

BL: SO YOU SENT HER THE WRONG EARPIECE?

MAN: I'M SORRY SIR.

(BILL'S NAME COMES UP NEXT TO HIM)

NR: THAT'S BILL MONFORD. WILLIAM'S NEMESIS. I'M TELLING YOU, THESE TWO HAVE MAJOR BEEF AND I'M INVOLVED IN THIS SHIT TOO. HONESTLY. WILLIAM BETTER COME HARD BECAUSE BILL DON'T FUCK AROUND AND I'M NOT JOCKING. I HEARD THAT HE'LL SHOOT YOU IF YOU SNEEZE. SO IF YOU GOT A COLD, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET READY FOR 6 FEET.

BL: (PULLS OUT HIS GUN)

MAN: NO SIR I'M SORRY (CRYING) I'M SORRY.

BL: WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK? SHOULD I SHOOT HIM?

MAN 2: JUST GIVE HIM ONE LAST CHANCE SIR.

BL: YOU'RE LUCKY (PUTS HIS GUN AWAY) BECAUSE I WAS THIS CLOSE TO BLOWING YOUR HEAD OFF. NOW GO TO SUPPER TIME.

MAN: (WIPING TEARS)

BL: OKAY, ONE OF YOU TAKE OVER AND DON'T MESS UP LIKE HE DID.

MAN 3, MAN 2: (PLAYING ROCK PAPER SCISSORS) (MAN 2 WINS)

MAN 3: THAT'S OKAY, YOU JUST GOT LUCKY THAT'S ALL.

M2: NO, THAT WAS SKILL.

BL: OKAY FELLAS, I'M GOING TO GET US SOME FOOD.

M2,M3:THANK YOU SIR.

(MEANWHILE)

J: (DRYING OFF) THE SHOWER SURE DID REFRESH ME. (PUTS ON CLOTHES) (GOES DOWNSTAIRS)

GLR, ANT,MR: SURPRISE!!!

MR: HAPPY 20TH BIRTHDAY JEVERT. (HOLDING CAKE)

GLR: YOU ACTUALLY THOUGHT ANTHONY AND I WOULD GO HUNTING ON YOUR BIRTHDAY? NOT IN A MILLION YEARS.

J: HEY, I'M SO STUPID, I FORGOT MY OWN BIRTHDAY. THANKS GUYS

ANT: YOU'RE MY FAVORITE COUSIN.

J: (LAUGHING) AND ONLY ONE (HUGS HIM)

NR: ANTHONY'S 11. HE'S COOL TO HANG OUT WITH.

J: THANKS. REALLY.

GLR: (HERE'S YOUR PRESENT)

J: THANKS. (TAKES IT)

GLR: NO. (TAKES IT BACK) I HAVE TO OPEN IT.

J: WELL, OKAY.

GLR: (OPENS IT) (THE PRESENT IS A GUN) HAPPY DEAD BIRTHDAY MOTHERFUCKA. (SHOOTS HIM) (SCREEN GOES BLINDING WHITE)

NR: OH, YOU DIDN'T SEE THAT. I WENT TO FAR. YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO UNDERSTAND THIS. THIS IS HOW IT ALL BEGAN.

J: (ON TRAIN) (LOOKING OUT WINDOW ENJOYING WATCHING THE WOODS)

GLR: (COMES TO HIS SEAT) IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?

J: (STUDYING HER SEXY BODY) UH, UM NO.

GLR: GOOD, BECAUSE I'M PUTTING MY BAGS RIGHT HERE.

J: (LOOKING STUPID)

GLR: JUST KIDDING (SITS DOWN) I'M GLORIA.

J: JEVERT. JEVERT HEWLIT. SO WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN TEXAS?

GLR: TO VISIT A FRIEND OF MINE. HIS MOTHER SAYS SHE NEEDS HELP AROUND THE HOUSE SO, THAT'S WHERE I'LL BE.

J: THAT'S SWEET OF YOU. I'M ACTUALLY VISITING MY AUNT MARIUM AND HER SON ANTHONY.

GLR: WHAT? GET OUT.

J: HUH?

GLR: JOKING. THAT'S WHO I'M VISITING. WHAT A COINCIDENCE.

J: IT'S NICE TO FINALLY MEET SOMEONE FROM THE COUNTRY MY FIRST TIME. ARE YOU A FRIEND OF MY AUNT.

GLR: LIKE A NANNY. I'D DO EVERYTHING FOR HER.

J: I LIKE THAT. SO I GUESS YOU'LL BE GETTING OFF AND TRAVELING WITH ME.

GLR: I WOULD LOVE THAT.

J: SO WOULD I. (THEY SMILE AT EACH OTHER AND START TALKING)

(LATER) (WITH BRENSHAW)

BR: (IN BED WITH AN AIR MASK ON)

WT: YOU'LL BE FINE BRENSHAW.

BR: CAN YOU TURN UP THE AIR MACHINE? IT'S GETTING HOT IN HERE.

WT: SURE

(PHONE RINGS)

BR: I GOT IT.

WT: NO LET ME, I INSIST. HELLO.

MAN: IS BRENSHAW CHARLESTON IN?

WT: WHO'S CALLING?

MAN: A FRIEND.

BR: WHO'S ON THE PHONE?

WT: YOUR FRIEND.

BR: WHAT DOES IT SAY ON TH CALLER ID?

WT: (LOOKING) UNKNOWN

BR: OKAY LET ME SPEAK TO THEM.

WT: (HANDS HIM THE PHONE)

BR: HELLO.

MAN: HEY, YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?

BR: YEAH. UH WILLIAM, THIS IS KIND OF PRIVATE, COULD YOU LEAVE THE ROOM FOR JUST A MOMENT.

WT: NO PROBLEM (LEAVES THE ROOM)

MAN: BRENSHAW. KILL THAT SON OF A BITCH.

BR: (WHISPERING) BILL, I DON'T HAVE ANY WEAPONS.

MAN: YOU BETTER FIND SOME WAY TO KILL HIM.

BR: OKAY, I'LL DO IT. BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT ANYWAY?

MAN: BRENSHAW, WE DID PROVIDE YOU WITH A GUN. IF YOU LOST IT, USE A KNIFE.

BR: FORGOT ABOUT THAT.

MAN: AND ALSO WE'LL BE THERE IN AN HOUR TO PICK YOU UP. HE BETTER BE DEAD BY THEN (HANGS UP)

BR: THIS BOSSY ASS BITCH. WHERE THE FUCK IS THAT GUN?
(GOES OUTSIDE TO WHERE WILLIAM IS AT) (LOADS UP GUN)
WILLIAM. I'M SORRY.

WT: WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

BR: (AIMS GUN AT HIM)

WT: NO, PUT IT DOWN. OR I'LL FIRE YOU.

BR: IT SEEMS YOU ALREADY DID. WHEN YOU HIRED THAT
BITCH OLYMPIO AS YOUR CHIEF OF STAFF. SAY GOODBYE TO
THE WORLD (SHOOTS HIM AND HE FLIES THE GLASS BEHIND
HIM AND HE FALLS ON A CAR)

(A HELICOPTER COMES NEAR BRENSHAW)

MAN: GET IN.

BR: (GETS IN THE HELICOPTER) (HELICOPTER FLIES OFF)

(PEOPLE ARE SCREAMING AS THEY SEE WILLIAM ON THE
CAR)

(SCREEN GOES BLACK)

(LATER WITH JEVERT)

J: HEY AUNT (HUGS HER) HEY LITTLE MAN (HUGS ANTHONY)

GLR: (HUGS MARIUM)

MR: HOW'D YOU TWO MEET?

J: BY TRAIN.

MR: HOW NICE, NOW WE SHALL ALL HAVE A GREAT DINNER.

J: ANTHONY, I'M GONNA TELL YOU ALL ABOUT MY TRIP IN FRANCE.

ANT: OH YEAH, YOU WANNA COME PLAY THE PS3, WE COULD GO SWIMMING, BASKETBALL, HUNTING.

J: OKAY, CALM DOWN. WE'LL GET TO THAT, BUT I'M NOT EVEN SETTLED YET

MR: HOPE YOU'RE HUNGRY BECAUSE I WHIPPED UP A LOT TO EAT.

J: SO, WHERE'S UNCLE EARL?

MR: EARL, HONEY WE'VE GOT COMPANY, COME ON DOWN.

ERL: (COMES DOWN) IF THAT AINT MY OLD NEPHEW JEVERTIS HEWLIT III, OH COME HERE BOY.

J: HEY UNCLE (HUGS HIM)

MR: NOW, YOU SET THOSE BAGS DOWN RIGHT HERE AND COME TELL US ABOUT ITALY.

J: SURE THING (LATER AT DINNER)

ANT: SO, MARRIED YET? A FATHER?

J: (SPITS OUT ROOT BEER)

J: OH NO, BUT I'M LOOKING (LOOKING AT GLORIA)

J: LOOKS LIKE I'M ALL DONE HERE

MR: LET ME GET THAT (GRABS HIS PLATE)

GLR: I WOULDN'T MIND DOING THE DISHES.

MR: OH HOW NICE OF YOU GLORIA (MEANWHILE WITH BILL)
(IN HELICOPTER)

B: (IN THE DARK SMOKING) SO, YOU BELIEVE YOU'RE
EXPERIENCED?

BR: YES SIR.

B: TRY THIS OUT THEN (SHOWS HIM A CIGAR)

BR: I CANT, MY ESOPHAGUS

B: DON'T WORRY, WE'LL GET THAT FIXED BESIDES WE'RE ALL
GONNA GET FUCKED UP SOME DAY.

BR: YOU'RE RIGHT.

MAN: (SNIFFLING)

B:YO, CUT THAT OUT CHASE.

MAN: I CAN'T HOLD IT (SNEEZES ON BILL)

B: NASTY BITCH!!! (SHOOTS HIM)

BR: DAMN, MAYBE I'M FOOLING WITH THE WRONG CROWD.

B: RELAX MAN. DON'T BE ALL PARANOID.

BR: I'LL TRY TO CHILL.

B: OH, YOU REFER TO ME AS SIR.

BR: (SAYING INSIDE HIS HEAD) IF THIS BITCH GIVE ME ONE

MORE PROBLEM!!!! I SWEAR!!! (BACK TO NORMAL) YES SIR.

B: I LIKE YOU. HEY SOMEBODY THROW HIM 6 GRAND.

MAN: YOU GOT IT (THROWS HIM 6000 DOLLARS IN A RUBBER BAND)

BR: DAMN, FOR REAL?

B: BUT, YOU WORK FOR ME AND RESPECT ME. IF THAT'S DONE, THEN YOU GET THE CASH, LADIES, AND GOOD TREATMENT. IF THAT'S NOT DONE WELL, I MIGHT SHOOT YOU. I MEAN YOU'RE PRETTY YOUNG, I MIGHT BE A LITTLE LESS STRICT.

BR: (SAYING INSIDE HIS HEAD) PLEASE SHUT THE FUCK UP (BACK TO NORMAL) YES SIR.

B: AND NOW THAT YOU'VE KILLED WILLIAM, I WANT JEVERT AND OLYMPIO DEAD AS WELL.

BR: I CAN SEE MYSELF KILLING JEVERT BUT OLYMPIO AND I ARE NOT REALLY ON A FEUD.

B: KILL HIM, OR ELSE.

BR: (SAYING INSIDE HIS HEAD) (IMITATING BILL) KILL HIM OR ELSE. SHUT THE FUCK UP. I'D RATHER BE SOLO THAN TO LISTEN TO THIS SHIT. I'M ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY. (BACK TO NORMAL) OKAY, I'LL KILL HIM. AND THEY DID JUST LEAVE ME IN THAT FACTORY A FEW YEARS AGO. WELL, NOT OLYMPIO BUT STILL I'LL KILL HIM.

B: THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT (LATER WITH OLYMPIO) (HIM AND NANCY ARE PLAYING A VIDEO GAME TOGETHER)

OL: HEY, STOP CHEATING (PUSHING BUTTONS ON HER CONTROLLER TO MAKE HER MESS UP)

N: STOP (LAUGHING) SKIP THIS GAME. (KISSES HIM) (THEY START MAKING OUT) (PHONE RINGS)

OL: DAMN IT. HELLO.

TK: HEY, OLYMPIO. BAD NEWS. OLYMPIO IS DEAD

OL: (AS HE'S LAYING ON THE BED HE SITS UP) SERIOUS?

TK: DEAD SERIOUS. WE NEED TO REACH JEVERT.

OL: HE'S IN TEXAS.

TK: WE'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. SO BE READY. A LIMO WILL BE THERE TO PICK YOU UP.

OL: OKAY. (HANGS UP)

N: WHO WAS IT?

OL: IT WAS MY SPONSOR. MY BOSS GOT SHOT. NANCY, I GOTTA HEAD OUT NOW.

N: OH LORD. WHERE DO YOU HAVE TO GO?

OL: THEY DIDN'T GIVE ME ALL OF THAT KIND OF INFORMATION, BUT A LIMO WILL BE HERE TO PICK ME UP. JUST STAY HERE. I WANT YOU TO BE SAFE. I CAN'T RISK YOUR LIFE.

N: WHEN WILL YOU BE BACK?

OL: I DON'T KNOW BUT I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I'M ON MY WAY HOME.

N: OKAY, GOOD LUCK.

OL: (KISSES HER) THANKS (LATER)

(JEVERT AND GLORIA ARE OUTSIDE ON THE PORCH)

J: SO, GOT ANY GOALS?

GLR: TO GET MARRIED, BE A SINGER, NOTHING EXCELLENT.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?

J: I HAVE A BUSINESS JOB. I WORK FOR A GUY, HE'S PRETTY
COOL.

GLR: OH, I'M GLAD HAVING ANOTHER TEENAGER OVER HERE
TO TALK TO.

J: WELL, I'M 18, SO I'M AN ADULT, JUST TO LET YA KNOW.

GLR: (LAUGHING) REALLY.

J: YEP. HOW OLD ARE YOU?

GLR: 12, NAH I'M JUST KIDDING, I'M 17.

J: HMM, ONE YEAR APART? (CELL PHONE RINGS) HELLO.

LF: JEVERT, IT'S LUCAS.

J: HEY LUCAS, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM YOU IN LIKE TWO
YEARS? LOOK, I CAN'T DO ANY MISSIONS THOUGH AS OF
RIGHT NOW.

LF: LUCAS, THIS IS NOT LIKE THOSE OTHER TIMES. WILLIAM'S
DEAD.

J: (CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON HIS FACE) WHAT?

LF: WILLIAM TRAPPER IS DEAD.

J: OH MY GOD, WHO DID IT?

LF: I SUPPOSE IT WAS BILL MONFORD. WILLIAM'S LONG TIME ENEMY

J: JEEZ, WHERE'S BRENSHAW AND OLYMPIO?

LF: NO TRACE OF BRENSHAW BUT TOME AND OLYMPIO ARE ON THEIR WAY OVER HERE.

J: WELL, COME GET ME IF THIS IS EMERGENT.

LF: THAT'S WHAT WE WERE PLANNING TO DO. WE'LL BE OVER THERE TOMORROW.

J: YOU KNOW I'M IN TEXAS RIGHT?

LF: YEAH. GOTTA GO (HANGS UP)

GLR: WHO WAS IT?

J: MY SPONSOR. MY BOSS IS DEAD

GLR: OH LORD. SHOULD I TELL AUNT MARIUM ABOUT THIS?

J: NO, SHE'LL PASS OUT IF SHE HEARS ABOUT THIS. IT'S JUST BUSINESS. I'M PROFESSIONAL NOW.

GLR: DAMN, YOU'RE GONNA MISS THE BEST CATEGORY OF THE YEAR NOMINEES TOMORROW NIGHT AND I WANTED YOU TO ATTEND IT WITH ME.

J: SURE, THAT'LL BE NICE.

(LATER THAT DAY)

GLR: (SHIVERING) OOH, IT'S SORT OF CHILLY OUT HERE.

J: YOU WANNA GO IN?

GLR: IT'S PROBABLY BED TIME.

J: I'M SURE IT IS. (THEY GO BACK IN THE HOUSE)

MR: YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN OUT THERE QUITE A WHILE. IT'S TIME FOR BED.

J: NOTHING. WE WERE JUST CONVERSATING.

UNC: OH, OKAY. THAT'D BETTER BE ALL.

(EVERYONE GOES TO SLEEP)

(NEXT DAY)

J: (WAKING UP WITH A DOG BARKING IN HIS EAR)

DOG: (GETTING READY TO URINATE)

J: AAAH.

GLR: WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

J: HE TRIED TO USE THE BATHROOM ON ME.

GLR: (GIGGLING)

J: OH, SO THAT'S FUNNY?

GLR: A LITTLE.

J: COME ON, LETS JUST GO GET READY FOR BREAKFAST.

GLR: IT'S ALREADY READY.

J: (WHOO, (GETTING OUT OF BED) I'M NOT THE TOILET YOU KNOW.

(LATER AT BILL'S HIDEOUT)

B: THAT GLORIA IS ONE HECK OF A CHICK, SHE RECORDED THEIR WHOLE CONVERSATION, SO WE'LL BE MEETING THEM AT A CONCERT TODAY. WE CAN GET RID OF THEM.

BR: SURE, BUT WHEN WILL YOUR MEN OPERATE ON MY,

B: IN FACT, RIGHT NOW.

BR: COOL.

B: RICO, SUNNY, TAKE THIS GENTLEMAN TO THE AID ROOM AND FIX HIS ESOPHAGUS AND GIVE HIM IMMUNITY.

BR: IT WILL BE NICE WORKING FOR YOU (THEY ESCORT HIM)

(LATER)

(CAMERA SHOWS BRENSHAW IN A TUXEDO FROM TOE TO HEAD) (LATER WITH JEVERT)

J: READY FOR THE CONCERT?

GLR: OF COURSE.

J: DAMN, I MUST SAY YOU LOOK MIGHTY FINE IN THAT DRESS.

GLR: I DRESSED THIS WAY JUST FOR YOU.

J: OH, I LIKE IT.

MR: YOU TWO HAVE FUN.

ERL: WHEN WILL YOU BE BACK?

GLR: AROUND 1:00 A.M.

MR: THAT'S PRETTY LATE.

GLR: IT'S A CONCERT

ERL: WELL, GO AHEAD, JEVERT WE DON'T WANT TO SPOIL YOUR VISIT.

J: ALRIGHT. WE'RE GONE. (AT CONCERT) DAMN ALL THESE PEOPLE? AND IT'S HOT IN HERE.

GLR: I'M USE TO IT, FROM BEING ON A FARM.

J: I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS A DANCE AS WELL.

GLR: UM.

J: YOU WANNA DANCE.

GLR: I'D LOVE TO.

GLR,J: (DANCING AND SMILING) (BUMPS INTO MIRANDA)

MIR: OH, EXCUSE ME.

J: NO, I'M SORRY (TURNS AROUND) (STARING AT MIRANDA INTIMATELY)

GLR: (FOLDS HER ARMS LOOKING JEALOUS) I'M GOING TO THE REST ROOM

J: OH, GLORIA GO AHEAD.

GLR: (ROLLS HER EYES AND LEAVES)

MIR: I'M MIRANDA HUDSON.

J: CUTE NAME. WHERE'D YOU GET IT?

MIR: MY FATHER NAMED ME THAT AFTER HE DIED BECAUSE MY EYES LOOK LIKE THE HUDSON RIVER.

J: THAT'S PRETTY, I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER.

MIR: I FEEL SORRY FOR BILL, HE'S THE ONE WHO DROWNED MY FATHER.

J: BILL, BILL MONFORD?

MIR: HOW'D YOU KNOW?

J: HE KILLED MY BOSS.

MIR: WHAT? I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT. WHEN I GET TO KILL HIM I WILL.

(BILLS CREW ARRIVES)

B: THERE'S JEVERT. I SEE HIM.

BR: MY PLEASURE. (GOES TO JEVERT AND PUSHES HIM)

J: (TURNS AROUND) HEY WATCH IT. BRENSHAW?

B: THAT'S RIGHT. (PUNCHES HIM)

J: HA HA. YOU HIT LIKE A SISSY.

B: SISSY? (POINTS GUN AT HIS HEAD)

J: SHOOT ME IF YOU WANT TO.

(OLYMPPIO COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE CEILING COMING DOWN ON A ROPE)

OL: YO, BITCH!!!!(SHOOTS AT BRENSHAW)

B: (TURNS AROUND AND SEES A BULLET COMING AT HIM) (IN SLOW MOTION; BENDS BACK LIKE MATRIX AND JEVERT SEES THE BULLET AND HE BENDS BACK LIKE MATRIX) (EVERYONE BENDS BACK LIKE MATRIX AS IF THEY WERE DOMINOES)

(THE BULLET HITS A BOTTLE OF WINE AND IT EXPLODES)
(SCREAMING)

OL: OOPS.

MAN: (GRABS MIRANDA AND TAKES HER GUN AND PUTS HER IN A CHOKE HOLD WITH THE GUN POINTING AT HER HEAD)

JM: BRENSHAW? YOU FUCKING TRAITOR.

BR: FUCK YOU JOHN. (SHOOTS HIM)

JM: AAAAAH SHIT.

J: (ROLLS ON THE FLOOR AND PICKS UP A GUN AND POINTS IT AT BRENSHAW) DROP IT.

BR: FINE. (DROPS THE GUN WITH CONFIDENCE) SHOOT ME.
FOR THE 2ND TIME.

J: YOU HAD IT COMING.

OL: (WHILE BRENSHAW'S BACK IS TURNED OLYMPPIO SHOOTS AT HIM)

B: (IN SLOW MOTION; TURNS AROUND AND CATCHES THE BULLET IN HIS HAND)

OL: OH, SHIT. I AINT FUCKING AROUND WITH THIS FREAK

J: SHIIIIIT. I'M OUTTA HERE.

BR: (AS THEY LEAVE) (LOOKING AT HIS HAND) (BLOODY) SHIT. THAT HURT

MIR: SOME ONE HELP!!!

MAN: DON'T TRY ANYTHING STUPID OR SHE DIES.

B: THERE HE IS. (JEVERT AND OLYMPIO ARE UNDER A TABLE)

OL: LOOK JEVERT, WE BEEN BEEFING AND SHIT BUT LETS FORM A TRUCE. BRENSHAW IS UNSTOPPABLE.

J: WE NEED TO (THEY SHAKE HANDS) GUN?

OL: THANKS (TAKES ONE OF THE GUNS JEVERT HAS)

(SHOOTING STARTS GOING OFF IN THE WHOLE ROOM)

OL,J: (SCREAMING LIKE GIRLS)

J: I'M GOING OUT THERE. I CAN'T TAKE THIS.

OL: HEY, I'LL TAKE THESE PEOPLE OUT

J: (ALONE) WHERE THE FUCK IS LUCAS? I NEED HIM AND MY CREW.

THAT'S IT. CREEWWWWWW!!! (JEVERT'S CREW COMES OUT)

OL: WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT? CREEWWWWWW (OLYMPIO'S

CREW COMES OUT.

J: (ON HIS CELL PHONE SHOOTING AT PEOPLE)

LF: HELLO.

J: LUCAS, WHERE ARE YOU?

LF: WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE?

J: UH...SHOOTING. I NEED HELP. I CALLED OUT THE CREW BUT WHERE ARE YOU?

LF: I'M NOT EVEN WHERE YOU'RE AT.

J: BUT HOW DID OLYMPIO FIND OUT I WAS HERE.

LF: I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO GET YOU. YOU GOTTA TALK TO TOM KIPPEL ABOUT THAT.

J: NEVERMIND. SO YOU'RE NOT EVEN IN TEXAS?

LF: NO, YOU NEED TO GET OVER HERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

MIR: AAAAAAHH (THE MAN IS CARRYING HER AWAY)

J: I'M AT A CONCERT. WITH A GIRL NAMED GLORIA.

LF: T M I. WAIT. GLORIA?

J: YEAH.

LF: OH, GOD, JEVERT STAY AWAY FROM HER. SHE WORKS FOR BILL.

J: HOW DO YOU KNOW.

LF: LETS JUST SAY THAT SHE'S BEEN WEARING EARPIECES AND SHIT AROUND YOU.

J: ALRIGHT, I'LL WATCH MY BACK, BUT I STILL NEED TO ACT LIKE I DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT.

LF: BE SAFE AND HURRY OVER HERE (HANGS UP)

(MEANWHILE)

ERL: IT'S PAST 10 CLOCK.

MR: WE NEED TO GO TO THAT CONCERT AND CHECK UP ON THEM.

(MOMENTS LATER THEY ARE IN THE CAR DRIVING OFF)

ERL: WHAT ABOUT ANTHONY?

MR: HE'S SLEEPING AND WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

GLR: (AS THEY DRIVE OFF GLORIA PEEKS AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE AND SHE SNEAKS IN)

(MEANWHILE)

J: GLORIA'S BEEN IN THAT BATHROOM FOR A LONG ASS TIME. OR MAYBE SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING.

GLR: (WHISPERING) OKAY, GUYS I'LL GO GET HIM (GLORIA GOES UP TO ANTHONY'S ROOM) (SHE PICKS HIM UP AND CARRIES HIM DOWNSTAIRS)

(GLORIA THROWS HIM IN THE VAN AND THE VAN DRIVES OFF)

(LATER EARL AND MARIUM ARE ARRIVING AT THE CONCERT)

(THEY GO INSIDE THE BUILDING AND SEE SHOOTING

EVERYWHERE)

ERL: HOLY SHIT!!!

MR: OH, MY GOD (FANNING HERSELF)

ERL: I DON'T SEE THEM. WE NEED TO GO CHECK BACK UP ON ANTHONY

(MEANWHILE IN THE VAN)

ANT: (WAKING UP WITH TAPE ON HIS MOUTH) AAAAAAHHHH.
WHERE AM I? GLORIA?

GLR: ANTHONY, DON'T SAY SHIT ABOUT THIS.

ANT: WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

GLR: THIS IS A KIDNAPPING

(LATER EARL AND MARIUM ARE ARRIVING BACK AT HOME)

ERL: (GOING INTO ANTHONY'S ROOM)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

MR: WAIT CALM DOWN. MAYBE HE'S IN THE BATHROOM.

ANTHONY?

...ANTHONY?...ANTHONY, WHERE ARE YOU?.....SERIOUSLY
ANTHONY DON'T PLAY AROUND. THIS ISN'T THE TIME. OH MY
GOD. WHERE IS HE (THEY LOOK EVERYWHERE AND DON'T
FIND HIM)

ERL: WHERE DID HE GO?

(MEANWHILE)

J: OLYMPIO, WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE. LETS TAKE MY

CAR

(THEY JUMP IN THE CAR AND DRIVE OFF)

(A VAN IS FOLLOWING THEM)

OL: OH, SHIT, SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT US (PULLS OUT HIS GUN) (SHOOTING BACK AT THEM) HEY IS MY X-RAY BINOCULARS IN THERE?

J: X-RAY BINOCULARS? COOL. IN THIS BAG RIGHT HERE?

OL: YEAH. CHECK IT AND SEE.

J: (DRIVING AND CHECKING THE BAG) (FINDS THEM) HERE THEY ARE.

OL: THANKS (USING THEM) OH SHIT, THEY'VE GOT A LITTLE BOY IN THE BACK OF THE VAN TIED UP.

J: HOLD ON GET BEHIND THE WHEEL. CAN I SEE THOSE RIGHT QUICK?

OL: (HANDS HIM THE BINOCULARS)

J: (USING THEM) OH MY GOD. THEY KIDNAPPED ANTHONY. THAT'S MY LITTLE COUSIN. AND GLORIA'S IN THERE.

(SOMEONE IN THE VAN SHOOTS THEIR GAS EXHAUST PIPE AND THE CAR FLIPS UP AND EXPLODES AND THE SCREEN GOES BLACK) (NEXT DAY) (THEY WAKE UP IN AN ITALY HOSPITAL)

TK: OLYMPIO, JEVERT, YALL OKAY?

J: OH, SHIT WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

LF: YALL WERE LAYING UNCONSCIOUS ON THE GROUND AND WE PUT A TRACKING DEVICE ON YALL.

J: DAMN, THIS SHIT ALWAYS HAPPENS. I NEED TO GET IN CONTACT WITH ANTHONY.

LF: FOLLOW US (THEY ENTER A ROOM WITH A HUGE SCREEN MONITOR) PUSHES AND HOLDS A SPEAKING BUTTON DOWN) WE'RE READY FOR BUSINESS.

(BILL'S WHOLE CREW COMES UP ON THE SCREEN)

B: WELL WELL WELL, LUCAS FINLEY. WHAT YOU GOTTA SAY. YOU'VE GOT NO CREW. AND JEVERT HEWLIT, YES WE HAVE YOUR COUSIN ANTHONY.

ANT: (COMES UP) HELP ME JEVERT. I'M SCARED.

J: DON'T WORRY, I WILL.

GLR: HI JEVERT.

J: YOU SLUT. HOW COULD YOU?

GLR: I WAS NEVER ON YOUR SIDE. IT WAS A SET UP.

J: I'M GONNA GET YOU. AND TO THINK I ALMOST FELL FOR YOU. BUT LUCKILY I FOUND SOMEONE TWICE AS BETTER LOOKING AS YOU.

GLR: OH, ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT THIS BITCH? (LOOKS AT MIRANDA)

MIR: HELP JEVERT.

J: SHIT. THEY HAVE TWO OF OUR PEOPLE HOSTAGE.

OL: LET ME SPEAK TO BRENSHAW.

BR: (SITTING IN AN OFFICE MAN'S CHAIR) OH, HEY LOSER.
WHAT YOU WANT?

OL: WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE.

BR: I'M BRENSHAW CHARLESTON. AND I FEEL LIKE A KING ON
BILL'S SIDE.

OL: YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE WITH US.

BR: THE HELL WITH THAT. I WASN'T THERE TO MAKE FRIENDS
WITH YALL. I WAS THERE FOR THAT JOB.

OL: SO BRENSHAW, TELL ME. IS IT TRUE YOU SHOT WILLIAM?

BR: YEAH, I SHOT HIM, SO WHAT?

OL: OH, YOU DID? IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T TURN AROUND.
THAT'S GOES FOR ALL OF YOU IN THAT ROOM.

(THEY ALL LOOK BACK AND SEES OLYMPIO'S CREW WITH
GUNS POINTING AT THEM)

BR: WHAT THE FUCK?

TK: GOOD JOB MAN (GIVES OLYMPIO HIGH FIVE)

OL: I HAD IT ALL PLANNED OUT.

BR: DAMN IT. I FEEL STUPID.

OL: (WHISPERS) ACTUALLY THOSE ARE MANIKINS.

LF: (WHISPERING) DON'T WORRY, LETS GO WHILE WE HAVE
THE CHANCE. SOME OF YOU STAY HERE. JEVERT, LUCAS AND

TOM, LETS GO.

(THEY GET IN A HELICOPTER) (THEY LEAVE) (THEY GO TO THE TERRITORY WHERE THE OTHER CREW IS LOCATED)

BR: (GETS UP AND GOES TO ONE OF THE MANIKINS) LISTEN (PATting HIM ON THE SHOULDER) WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE. WE APOLOGIZE. SO PLEASE JUST LEAVE (THE ARM TO THE MANIKIN FALLS OFF) WHAT THE FUCK?

B: WAIT A DAMN MINUTE, THOSE ARE MANIKINS. (THEY LOOK OUTSIDE AND SEE THE HELICOPTER)

BR: OH, SHIT (THEY START SHOOTING AND THE GLASS SHATTERS)

OL: WAIT, WAIT, MIRANDA AND ANTHONY ARE IN THERE

ANT: AAAAAAHH

(THEY JUMP OUT OF THE HELICOPTER THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE BUILDING)

OL: BITCH (PUNCHES BRENSHAW)

(ALL OF THEM START FIGHTING)

MIR: (PICKS UP A MANIKIN AND HITS GLORIA WITH IT)

(BILL'S CREW BURSTS OUT THE DOOR AND THEY BACK UP TURNED TOWARD JEVERT, OLYMPIO ETC. SHOOTING AT THEM)

B: GET BACK.

J: (SHOOTING)

(THEY ALL FALL THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FLOOR AND DOWN THERE IS ACID BUT THEY FALL ON GRAVEL)

B: OOOT. THAT HURT.

BR: (GRABS OLYMPIO AND THROWS HIM TO THE FLOOR AND TRIES TO PUSH HIS HEAD IN THE ACID)

J: (KICKS BRENSHAW IN THE STOMACH)

BR: (FALLS OFF OF OLYMPIO)

B: (AIMING A GUN AT TOM)

TK: DON'T DO IT.

BR: WHAT TO DO? (SWINGS AT OLYMPIO)

OL: (GRABS HIS ARM AND TRIPS HIM AND THROWS HIM INTO THE ACID)

BR: (IN SLOW MOTION) AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH
(SPLASHES INTO THE ACID)

B: OH MY GOD. (QUICKLY RUNS OFF)

(THE CHASE AFTER HIM)

(THEY SEE HIM GETTING IN A HELICOPTER AND LEAVING)

(THEY GET IN THEIR HELICOPTER AND CHASE AFTER HIM)

(THEY SIDESWIPE EACH OTHER IN THEIR HELICOPTERS)

J: (SHOOTING)

(THEIR HELICOPTERS ARE OVER THE WATER)

J: (LOOKS DOWN) I'VE GOT AN IDEA. (SHOOTS THE CHOPPERS ON THE HELICOPTER AND THEY BREAK AND THE HELICOPTER FALLS INTO THE WATER AND EXPLODES)

(THEY DON'T NOTICE THAT GLORIA IS HANGING ON TO THE BOTTOM OF THEIR HELICOPTER)

J: WE NEED TO HEAD BACK TO TEXAS.

LF: THAT'S GONNA TAKE A WHILE

J: WE NEED TO DROP ANTHONY OFF.

(LATER) (THEY ARRIVE BACK IN TEXAS)

(GLORIA LETS GO OF THE BOTTOM OF THE HELICOPTER AND SHE FALLS IN A PILE OF HAY)

GLR: WHOO, LET ME HEAD HOME.

(THE HELICOPTER LANDS ON THE GRASS IN EARL AND MARIUM'S NEIGHBORHOOD AND THEY SEE COPS EVERYWHERE)

EARL: WHAT'S THAT HELICOPTER OUT THERE

(THEY SEE ANTHONY GETTING OFF OF THE HELICOPTER)

MR: OH THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE OKAY. WHERE'S GLORIA?

ANT: MOM, STAY AWAY FROM HER. GLORIA'S EVIL.

MR: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT.

ERL: COPS, YOU ALL CAN LEAVE. HE'S RIGHT HERE.

COP: OH LORD (THE COPS LEAVE)

J: AUNT MARIUM, ANTHONY'S TELLING THE TRUTH. SHE'S BAD NEWS.

MR: THAT'S CRAZY.

J: I DON'T WHERE SHE'S AT THOUGH. (GUNSHOT) AAAH.
(FALLS ON THE GROUND) (

NR: WAIT, GO BACK A LITTLE MORE (SCREEN FLASHES WHITE)

GLR: (HOLDING UP A GUN) (GUNSHOT) AAAH

(EVERYONE TURNS AROUND) (CAMERA IS ZOOMED IN ON GLORIA AND SHE FALLS ON THE GROUND AND IT THEN SHOWS MIRANDA HOLDING A GUN)

J: WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

MIR: YOU...UH..HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH GLORIA? YEAH, SHE ALMOST SHOT YOU.

J: OH, MAN. THANKS.

ANT: SO, LETS GO HUNTING.

J: SURE. (THE WALK AWAY)

NR: YEAH, THAT'S THE STORY, BUT YOU SEE YOU MAY HAVE THOUGH I DIED? YOU HAD IT ALL WRONG. AND THAT'S IT. NO ONE MAY HAVE BECOME CHIEF OF STAFF BUT JEVERT HEWLIT REIGNS SUPREME. PEACE OUT YALL (SCREEN GOES BLACK)

J: AW DAMN IT. ONE MORE TIME.

(FLASHES BACK)

J: (DRYING OFF) THE SHOWER SURE DID REFRESH ME. (PUTS ON CLOTHES) (GOES DOWNSTAIRS)

GLR, ANT, MR, ERL : SURPRISE!!!

MR: HAPPY 20TH BIRTHDAY JEVERT. (HOLDING CAKE)

GLR: YOU ACTUALLY THOUGHT ANTHONY AND I WOULD GO HUNTING ON YOUR BIRTHDAY? NOT IN A MILLION YEARS.

J: HEY, I'M SO STUPID, I FORGOT MY OWN BIRTHDAY. THANKS GUYS

ANT: YOU'RE MY FAVORITE COUSIN.

J: (LAUGHING) AND ONLY ONE (HUGS HIM)

J: THANKS. REALLY.

GLR: (HERE'S YOUR PRESENT)

J: THANKS. (TAKES IT)

GLR: NO. (TAKES IT BACK) I HAVE TO OPEN IT.

J: PLEASE JUST LET ME OPEN IT.

GLR: WELL...FINE.

J: (PULLS OUT THE GUN AND SHOOTS HER) (STANDS THERE LOOKING AT HER) YOU THOUGHT I FORGOT WHAT YOU DID? I REMEMBER EVERYTHING. (THROWS THE GUN ON THE FLOOR)

ANT: HE HAD TO DO IT.

MR: I UNDERSTAND.

ERL: THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE.

J: SHE WAS JUST LIKE ONE OF THEM. (WALKS OUT THE HOUSE)

NR: YEAH, SHE THOUGHT I FORGOT EVERYTHING SHE DID BUT YOU SEE, NO. SHE SHOT ME BUT I ENDED UP IN THE HOSPITAL. IT WAS SORT OF LIKE DEJA VU. WELL. THERE'S THE STORY. NOW IF YOU WOULD EXCUSE ME I HAVE TO GO TAKE CARE OF MY JOB AS CHIEF OF STAFF (SCREEN GOES BLACK)

(THE END)