

# The JOB

3 15 YEAR OLDS ARE CHOSEN TO DO MISSIONS FOR A MAN AND EARN A SPOT AS CHIEF OF STAFF IN HIS OFFICE. THE WAY THIS IS DONE IS BY THE FIFTEEN YEAR OLDS COMPETING HAVING 4 MISSIONS EACH AND THE PERSON WITH THE MOST MISSIONS DONE BY THE TIME EVERYONE'S FINISHED THEN THEY WILL BECOME CHIEF OF STAFF. WHO WILL BE THE WINNER?

DAD: NOW JEVERT WE TALKED ABOUT THIS

J: I SWEAR I WON'T GET SUSPENDED AGAIN.

MOM: AND HOW CAN WE BELIEVE THAT.?

J: I'LL CONDUCT MYSELF.

DAD: YOU BETTER, BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T MY BELT WILL BE ON IT'S WAY UP TO THAT SCHOOL.

J: TOO OLD FOR THAT SHIT.

DAD: DON'T SWEAR AT ME. I'LL WHIP YOUR ASS IN FRONT OF YOUR FRIENDS.

J: (SMACKS LIPS)

DAD: DON'T BE SMACKING YOUR LIPS AT ME.

J: (HAS AN ATTITUDE)

(ARRIVING AT THE SCHOOL)

J: (GETS OUT OF THE CAR) THEY CAN REALLY GET ON MY NERVES SO MANY DAMN TIMES!!! 3 MORE YEARS AND I'M OUT OF THAT HOUSE.

(SCHOOL IS CLOSED)

J: (KNOCKING ON THE DOOR) IT'S DARK IN THERE, OH I SEE SOMEONE COMING

BOY: WHAT IS IT?

J: IS SCHOOL OPEN TODAY? I MEAN IT'S PRETTY DARK IN THERE.

BOY: NO THERE'S NO SCHOOL TODAY.

J: AW DAMN IT (CHASING AFTER THE CAR)

DAD: WHO'S THAT PERSON CHASING US?

MOM: I DON'T KNOW BUT DRIVE FASTER.

DAD: (SPEEDS OFF)

J: (STOPS RUNNING) WHY THE HELL DIDN'T THEY STOP?  
(LATER HOLDING UP HIS THUMB)

CAR: (STOPS) (A WOMAN GETS OUT OF HER CAR AND PICKS UP A PENCIL)

J: (WALKS OVER TO THE CAR BUT IT DRIVES OFF) BITCHES!!!  
AAARRRVVVRHH!!! WHERE AM I GONNA GO? (LATER HE'S WALKING DOWNTOWN) NOW WHY THE HELL WAS I WASTING MY TIME WHEN I COULD'VE CALLED A CAB? (CALLING A CAB)  
(LOOKING AT THE NAME OF THE STREET HE'S ON) COULD I GET A CAB TO TRAPPER DRIVE? I'LL BE STANDING OUTSIDE...OKAY...BYE. (LATER THE TAXI IS ARRIVING)

J: (WAVING) (TAXI STOPS) (AS HE'S GETTING IN THE CAR HIS BOOKBAG IS UNZIPPED AND AN ENVELOPE FALLS ON THE GROUND) (AS THE TAXI DRIVES OFF A MYSTERIOUS MAN WALKS OVER TO THE ENVELOPE AND IT SHOWS HIM LOOKING AT IT WITH A CAMERA ANGLE ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD)

(AT OLYMPIO'S SCHOOL)

OL: I HATE THIS DAMN HALLWAY (CUTTING THROUGH PEOPLE)

BOY: MOVE!! DAMN!! FAT ASSES!!

OL: (CAN'T GET TO HIS LOCKER) GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY. RUDE ASSES

BOY: RUDE?

OL: THAT'S WHAT I SAID

BOY: YOU BETTER WATCH IT. I'M NOT THE ONE.

OL: WHATEVER.

BOY: (JUMPS AT HIM)

OL: AM I SUPPOSED TO GET SCARED?

BOY: YOU BETTER BE SCARED.

OL: I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS SHIT. I'M GOING TO CLASS.  
(GETS HIS BOOKS AND GOES TO CLASS)

(AT BRENSHAW'S SCHOOL)

B: (IN THE GYM PLAYING BASKETBALL) CHICO PASS IT.

BOY: MY NAME IS NOT CHICO, IT'S RUCCI.

B: WELL I'M GONNA CALL YOU CHICO.

BOY: WHATEVER. HERE. (PASSES THE BALL)

B: (SHOOTS AND MAKES IT) YES!!! WE WIN AGAIN. WE GET FIRST PICKS TOMORROW TOO.

BOY: THAT'S NOT FAIR.

J: (ALMOST HOME) MAKE A RIGHT TURN HERE. OKAY NOW JUST FOLLOW THIS STREET UNTIL YOU GET TO THAT RED LIGHT DOWN THERE..

(BACK AT OLYMPIO'S SCHOOL)

TEAC: CLASS EVERYONE SIT UP. DRINK SOME COFFEE. IT'S OVER THERE IF YOU NEED IT.

OL: (SAYING INSIDE HIS HEAD) BORING ASS CLASS (YAWNS)

BOY: OOH YOUR BREATH STANK. KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED.

OL: SHUT UP (FIRE DRILL) THANK GOD A FIRE DRILL. (LAST TO LINE UP) (EVERYONE IS LOUD)

TEAC: QUIET DOWN NOW!!! (AS EVERYONE GETS OUTSIDE OLYMPIO GETS LOST AND HE'S BY HIMSELF) (ALL OF A SUDDEN AS HE'S WALKING, A LIMOUSINE PULLS UP NEXT TO HIM, A MAN SNATCHES HIM INSIDE THE LIMO AND THE LIMO DRIVES OFF)

OL: AAAAHHH.

TK: (COVERS OLYMPIO'S MOUTH) RELAX.

OL: WHO ARE YOU?

TK: TOM KIPPEL. (SHAKES OLYMPIO'S HAND) AND THIS IS NOT A KIDNAPPING. SPRITE? (HOLDING IT OUT)

OL: SURE (TAKES IT) THANKS (GETS READY TO DRINK IT)  
WAIT, YOU DIDN'T POISON THIS DID YOU?

TK: NO, KID LISTEN. LET ME JUST TELL YOU WHY YOU'RE IN THIS LIMOUSINE, YOU SEE, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD LIKE YOU.

OL: WHY ME? I MEAN, I'M NOT WELL BEHAVED AND I GET B'S AND C'S IN SCHOOL.

TK: THAT'S EXACTLY WHY. WE NEED THAT KIND OF PERSON. BE HONEST. DO YOU LIKE SCHOOL?

OL: NO, BUT I DO WANT AN EDUCATION

TK: I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU BUT SOMEONE VERY IMPORTANT NEEDS TO SEE YOU. AND TWO OTHER FIFTEEN YEAR OLDS AS WELL

(BACK WITH JEVERT)

MOM: (CLEANING UP IN THE KITCHEN) (LOOKS UP AND SEES JEVERT) AAH!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HOME?

J: MY SCHOOL WAS CLOSED..

MOM: WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL US?

J: THE BOTH OF YOUR PHONE'S BILLS AREN'T PAID. I HAVE A MINUTE PHONE AND SINCE YOUR PHONES ARE TURNED OFF, IT WOULDN'T BE ANY USE IN ME CALLING YOUR PHONES. AND

PLUS I'M TRIED TO CHASE THE CAR BUT YO SPED OFF.

MOM: THAT WAS YOU CHASING THE CAR?

J: AND YOU NOTICED SOMEONE WAS CHASING TOO?

MOM: I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE.

J: WELL, I JUST CALLED A CAB AND I DON'T KNOW WHEN MY SCHOOL WILL BE OPEN AGAIN.

MOM: YOU CAN CALL THEM AND FIND OUT. THE NUMBER IS ON THAT REFERRAL PAPER.

J: I'LL CHECK AND SEE IF IT'S ON THERE. (LOOKING THROUGH HIS BAG) HUH? I JUST HAD IT THIS MORNING I SWEAR.

MOM: YOU DIDN'T LOSE THAT ENVELOPE DID YOU?

J: I DON'T THINK I DID.

MOM: IF THAT ENVELOPE IS MISSING THEN THAT MEANS THEY CAN'T LET YOU BACK IN THE SCHOOL.

J: ARE YOU SERIOUS?

MOM: YES

J: I'LL LOOK... (PHONE RINGS) HELLO. (OVER THE PHONE, IT SHOWS A MYSTERIOUS MAN'S MOUTH ONLY AS HE'S SPEAKING)

MAN: IS THIS JEVERT HEWLIT?

J: YES THIS IS.

MAN: I FOUND YOUR ENVELOPE.

J: WITH MY REFERRAL PAPERS?

MAN: YES SIR BUT BEFORE YOU GET THEM BACK, I NEED TO SPEAK WITH YOU.

J: RIGHT NOW?

MAN: NO, IN PERSON.

J: COULD I GET YOUR LOCATION?

MAN: RIGHT WHERE YOU GOT INSIDE OF THAT TAXI.

J: ARE YOU IN A BUILDING OR SOMETHING?

MAN: YES, 101 TRAPPER DRIVE.

J: OKAY. (PHONE IS HUNG UP) HUH? HMM, STRANGE. (HANGS UP)

MOM: WHO WAS THAT?

J: THEY DIDN'T LEAVE A NAME, THEY TOLD ME THEY HAVE MY ENVELOPE. I MUST'VE DROPPED IT.

MOM: WHERE?

J: DOWNTOWN.

MOM: DOWNTOWN? WHAT WERE YOU DOING DOWNTOWN?

J: I WAS JUST WALKING AND I ENDED UP IN THE CITY AND I REALIZED I HAD MY PHONE WITH ME. SO THAT'S WHEN I CALLED A CAB.

MOM: LORD HAVE MERCY.

J: COULD YOU DROP ME OFF AT THAT PLACE?

MOM: YOU'RE PROBABLY GONNA HAVE TO CALL ANOTHER CAB, I HAVE TO PICK UP YOUR FATHER FROM WORK IN AN HOUR.

J: AN HOUR? IT ONLY TAKES FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GET THERE. I CAN CALL A CAB ON THE WAY BACK THOUGH. I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY ON THE WAY THERE AND ON THE WAY BACK.

MOM: FINE, LETS GO. WE NEED TO MAKE THIS QUICK. THIS IS UNUSUAL DROPPING YOU OFF TO SOMEONE THAT YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW. (THEY GET IN THE CAR AND DRIVE OFF)

(BACK WITH BRENSHAW) (AT THE OUTSIDE LUNCH AREA)

BOY: (TAKES BRENSHAW'S MILK)

B: GIVE IT BACK (CHASING AFTER HIM)

BOY: (TRIPS)

B: (GETS HIS MILK AND RIGHT AFTER HE GETS HIS MILK SOMEONE SNATCHES HIM THROUGH THE BUSHES) AAAH.

(PEOPLE RUNNING OVER TO THE BUSHES)

BOY 2: WHERE'D HE GO?

MAN: (TAKING BRENSHAW TO THE LIMO)

J: THANKS MOM.

MOM: CALL ME WHEN YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY HOME.



J: (GOES INSIDE THE BUILDING) (MUSIC PLAYING) WHAT IS THIS? A CLUB?

MAN: HEY KID WHAT DO YOU NEED?

J: I'M LOOKING FOR A GUY. HE DIDN'T LEAVE ME HIS NAME THOUGH

MAN: I KNOW WHO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. LET ME TAKE YOU. (TAKES HIM TO WILLIAM TRAPPER) (KNOCKS ON HIS DOOR)

WT: ENTER

MAN: THERE YOU GO.

J: (ENTERS) SIR ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?

WT: (CHAIR TURNED BACKWARDS) (TURNS AROUND) WELL, DO YOU HAPPEN TO BE JEVERT HEWLIT?

J: YES SIR.

WT: (HOLDING OUT THE ENVELOPE)

J: (TAKES IT) AND ALSO, YOU NEEDED TO SPEAK WITH ME ABOUT SOMETHING? (KNOCK AT THE DOOR)

WT: COULD YOU GET THAT FOR ME?

J: (GETS THE DOOR) (OLYMPIO AND BRENSHAW ENTER)

WT: RIGHT ON TIME. JUST THE OTHER TWO I WANTED TO SEE. NOW ALL THREE OF YOU HAVE A SEAT. (THEY SIT DOWN)

WT: NOW I BROUGHT YOU ALL IN HERE FOR A CERTAIN REASON. YOU SEE, DON'T TAKE THIS PERSONAL, I'M FAMILIAR THAT YOU ALL HAVE A SLIGHT BEHAVIOR PROBLEM? AM I

CORRECT?

ALL: YES.

WT: WELL, I'VE CHOSEN YOU THREE FIFTEEN YEAR OLDS FOR SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL. AND QUESTION DO YOU ALL GO TO THE SAME SCHOOL?

ALL: NO.

WT: OKAY, WELL THIS IS SERIOUS. I'VE GOT THIS AGENDA OF MISSIONS THAT I NEED YOU TO COMPLETE. NOW THE THREE OF YOU WILL HAVE YOUR OWN INDIVIDUAL MISSIONS. 4 MISSIONS EACH AND NO MISSIONS WILL BE EASIER THAN THE OTHERS.

J: ARE YOU TALKING GRAND THEFT AUTO?

WT: NO, BUT THE ONLY THING SIMILAR TO GRAND THEFT AUTO IS THAT YOU'LL HAVE TO COME TO ME TO GET MISSIONS.

OL: I'LL HAVE TO SEE IF MY PARENTS ARE OKAY WITH ME DOING THIS.

B: I'M EMANCIPATED SO I'VE DECIDED THAT I WANT TO DO THIS BUT IS THERE A REWARD OR ANYTHING?

WT: NOW THE WAY THIS WORKS IS ONCE YOU ALL ARE FINISHED WITH YOUR MISSIONS, WHOEVER GETS BACK TO ME FIRST I WILL TELL YOU TO GO TO A PRIVATE ROOM SOMEWHERE, AND THE NEXT PERSON TO GET TO ME AFTER THEY'RE FINISHED, I'LL TELL YOU TO GO TO A DIFFERENT ROOM FROM THE OTHERS THAT WAY YOU WON'T KNOW IF YOU MADE IT BACK FIRST OR NOT. I HAVE TO KEEP IT SECRET TO YOU GUYS AND WHEN ALL OF YOU ARE DONE WITH YOUR MISSIONS I WILL ANNOUNCE THE WINNER AND THAT WINNER

WILL BE MY CHIEF OF STAFF.

J: CHIEF OF STAFF THAT SOUNDS GOOD.

WT: OH, IT'S VERY GOOD. WELL, ALL YOU DO IS ASSIST ME  
AND I PAY YOU \$350 A DAY

J: \$350 A DAY? DEAL (SHAKES HIS HAND)

WT: (SHAKES HANDS WITH THE OTHER TWO)

J: OH, AND I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME

WT: (TURNS THE NAME TAG ON HIS DESK FACING THEM)

J: WILLIAM TRAPPER? THAT'S THE NAME OF THIS STREET.

WT: YEAH, I KNOW. IT'S NOT MY STREET THOUGH. AND ALSO I  
PAY YOU FIFTY BUCKS FOR EACH MISSION YOU COMPLETE.  
ONLY THE FIRST PERSON TO RETURN TO ME THOUGH.

J: SO WHEN DO WE START?

WT: NEXT WEEK WEDNESDAY. AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO CALL  
A CAB, MY LIMO WILL DROP YOU GUYS OFF.

J: THANKS (MOMENTS LATER THEY'RE GETTING IN THE LIMO)

B: I'M ALRIGHT WITH THAT.

OL; YEAH, WAIT UNTIL I BECOME THAT CHIEF OF STAFF

.B: WHO SAID YOU WERE GONNA GET FIRST?

OL: I ALREADY KNOW I'M GONNA WIN.

J: IT'S NOT ABOUT COMPETITION. IT'S NO NEED TO FIGHT

B: HE'S RIGHT

OL: YEAH.

J: BECAUSE THERE IS NO COMPETITION. I'M THE BEST THING SITTING IN THIS LIMO RIGHT NOW

OL: WHATEVER, YOU ARE GARBAGE. YOU THINK YOU'RE THE BEST?

LIMO DRIVER: QUIT ARGUING BACK THERE.

OL; SHUT UP.

J: HE'S DOING HIS JOB. NOW BE QUIET.

B: YOU BE QUIET.

LD: YOU KNOW WHAT? THE THREE OF YOU CAN WALK, NOW GET OUT. GET THE HELL OUT NOW.

(THEY GET OUT OF THE LIMO)

OL: (SARCASTIC) THANKS A LOT

B: I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU SAID THAT, YOU STARTED THE WHOLE DISPUTE.

OL: SO, BUT I'M MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE BOTH OF YOU.

B: NICE JOKE.

OL: IT WASN'T A JOKE.

J: FORGET THIS I'M CALLING A CAB.

B: LET ME USE YOUR PHONE.

J: HELL NO. NOT YOU EITHER. USE SOME SKATES BITCH. OR JUST KEEP WALKING. NOW WHO'S MORE IMPORTANT? YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A PHONE. (WALKS AWAY FROM THEM)

OL: I'M GOING SOMEWHERE ELSE (THEY GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS)

OLD: (LATER CHECKING HIS WATCH) 3:15, SCHOOL JUST LET OUT.

J: (ARRIVING AT HOME)

MOM: OH YOU'RE HOME. SO WAS IT PERSONAL?

J: NO, IT WAS JUST BUSINESS. YOU MIGHT GET MAD IF I TELL YOU.

MOM: I WANNA KNOW.

J: OKAY, WELL, THE MAN'S NAME WAS WILLIAM TRAPPER.

MOM: SOUNDS LIKE A BUSINESS MAN TO ME.

DAD: OKAY, I'M GONNA GO MAKE SOME SALMON.

MOM: I DON'T WANT ANY DAMN SALMON.

J: I'LL JUST EAT SOME CHIPS.

MOM: NO, YOU HAVEN'T EATEN ALL DAY AND THE FIRST THING YOU'RE GONNA EAT IS NOT GOING TO BE CHIPS.

J: IS THIS THE DIET HOUSE OR SOMETHING?

DAD: JEVERT DON'T GET SMART

J: I DIDN'T GET SMART, SALMON IS A DIETARY FOOD AND YOU COOK IT A LOT AND HONESTLY I'M TIRED OF SALMON. I WANT SOME CHIPS.

DAD: I RUN SHIT AROUND HERE.

J: YOU DIDN'T EVEN BUY A LOT OF STUFF IN THIS HOUSE. THE MAJORITY OF THE STUFF IN THIS HOUSE IS MINE. THE ONLY THING YOU BUY IS SALMON. DUMBASS THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW HOW TO COOK.

DAD: YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF MOUTH. HOW DOES STAYING IN YOUR OWN HOUSE SOUND?

J: SOUNDS GREAT TO ME. I'M TIRED OF LIVING HERE ANYWAY.

MOM: IF YOU'RE SERIOUS THEN GO AND PACK YOUR SHIT NOW.

J: I CERTAINLY WILL AND I'LL CALL A MOVING TRUCK TODAY. HELL I'LL MOVE OUT RIGHT NOW. GIVE ME THE BIG SCREEN, THE REFRIGERATOR, YOU CAN KEEP THE COOLER, BUT THE REFRIGERATOR IS MINE. OKAY, I'M GOING TO GET MY STUFF

(LATER JEVERT IS PUTTING HIS STUFF IN A MOVING TRUCK)

J: OKAY, I'M OFF. (THE TRUCK DRIVES OFF.) OKAY SIR CAN YOU TAKE ME TO THE PUBLIC STORAGE (LATER ARRIVING AT THE PUBLIC STORAGE)

J: OKAY LETS JUST GET THIS STUFF. (LATER EVERYTHING IS SET UP IN THE STORAGE ROOM AS A BEDROOM.) AAH, THIS ISN'T THAT BAD. JUST TWO MONTHS OF THIS AND THEN I'LL HAVE MY OWN HOUSE.

(NEXT DAY JEVERT IS WAKING UP)

(PHONE RINGS)

J: HELLO.

WT: JEVERT I NEED TO START YOUR SCHEDULE EARLIER THAN NEXT WEDNESDAY.

J: WHAT DAY ARE YOU TALKING?

WT: TODAY.

J: TODAY?...SURE, I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE IT UP THERE.

WT: GOOD THANKS.

J: (HANGS UP) SON OF A BITCH. HOW AM I GONNA GET THERE?  
(SEES HIS BIKE) WELL, I'LL BE SAVING MONEY IF I TAKE THE BIKE. (LATER ARRIVING AT THE TERRITORY ON HIS BIKE)

WT: THERE YOU ALL ARE. NOW I'M SORRY I HAD TO GET YOU ALL STARTED AHEAD OF TIME BUT TODAY, SOME CRAZY SHIT IS GOING DOWN. YOU SEE IT'S THIS REALLY HUGE GANG OF PEOPLE CALLED THE MAFIA. NOW THEY'RE ALL OVER THE CITY AND I NEED THEM WIPED OUT.

J: IT'S NO OTHER GANG?

WT: NO, JUST THEM. AND THEY'RE SOON TO STRIKE HERE AND I NEED YOU THREE TO DO YOUR MISSIONS RIGHT AND THEN GET BACK TO ME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE TO RECEIVE YOUR FIFTY BUCKS. NOW WHETHER OR NOT YOU LIKE THE MISSIONS YOU GET, BEATING IT IS WHAT COUNTS. I DID A RAFFLE FOR WHAT MISSIONS EACH OF YOU GET TODAY. I'LL DO A RAFFLE EVERYDAY, AND THAT WILL DETERMINE WHO GETS WHAT MISSION. NOW...

B: WAIT I JUST HAVE ONE QUESTION. WHAT IF ONE PLACE IS FARTHER THAN THE OTHER? THAT GIVES THE OTHER PERSON A HIGHER ADVANTAGE OF GETTING BACK HERE FIRST.

WT: I WAS JUST GETTING TO THAT. THIS IS WHAT WE'LL DO. FIRST WE WAIT UNTIL ALL 3 LIMOS ARE AT THEIR DESTINATIONS BECAUSE YOU'LL BE GOING IN LIMOS, AND ONCE EVERYONE IS AT THEIR DESTINATION, I'LL TELL THEM TO BEGIN THEIR MISSIONS VIA PHONE. THE LIMOS HAVE PHONES IN THEM. THAT'S ALL. AND I'LL MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE STARTS BEFORE THE OTHERS BECAUSE THERE ARE CAMERAS IN THOSE LIMOS. GOT IT?

ALL: GOT IT?

WT: NOW YOUR LIMOS ARE WAITING OUTSIDE. YOUR SPONSORS WILL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO ON THE MISSIONS. JEVERT GET IN THE FIRST LIMO, BRENSHAW SECOND, AND OLYMPIO THIRD. THAT'S DIURNAL FOR YOU GUYS.

J: I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THAT WORD.

WT: IT MEANS DAILY, SO THE ORDER I JUST TOLD YOU FOR THE LIMOS WILL BE THAT WAY ALL THE TIME. NOW BEGIN.

(THEY ALL GO OUTSIDE TO THEIR LIMOS)

J: HI.

LF: HI (SHAKES HANDS) I'M YOUR SPONSOR LUCAS FINLEY.

J: PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

LF: OKAY, NOW TO YOUR MISSION. YOU WERE INFORMED WE'RE GOING TO THE STATE FAIR RIGHT.

J: YES.



LF: OKAY, 4 MEN FROM THE MAFIA ARE PLANNING TO LIGHT THE WIRES TO ONE OF THE ROLLER COASTERS THERE AND WE NEED YOU TO PREVENT THAT FROM HAPPENING. AND DON'T WORRY I'LL GUIDE YOU THROUGH.

(MEANWHILE WITH OLYMPIO)

OL: WE'VE MET HAVEN'T WE? TIM KIPPEL?

TK: YES, AND I'LL BE YOUR SPONSOR FOR ALL OF YOUR MISSIONS ONLY.

OL: SO, ABC WAREHOUSE RIGHT?

TK: YEAH, IT'S A LOT OF COLLUSION GOING ON THERE.

(MEANWHILE WITH BRENSHAW)

B: OH, YOU GUYS PICKED ME UP YESTERDAY. JOHN MITCHUM RIGHT?

JM: YES SIR. AND I'LL BE YOUR SPONSOR ONLY FOR ALL OF THE MISSIONS THAT YOU HAVE. I'LL BE GUIDING YOU THROUGH EVERYTHING.

B: HOW?

JM: YOU SEE THIS EARPIECE? PUT THIS IN YOUR EAR

B: (PUTS IN THE EARPIECE)

JM: AND I'LL BE TELLING YOU WHAT TO DO FROM THIS DEVICE RIGHT HERE. WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

(BACK WITH JEVERT)

LF: OKAY, PUT THIS IN YOUR EAR.

J: (PUTS IN THE EARPIECE) SO YOU'LL BE TELLING ME WHAT TO DO AND I'LL LISTEN THROUGH THE EARPIECE RIGHT?

LF: YES.

J: OKAY.

OL: SO THIS EARPIECE IS FOR ME TO LISTEN TO YOU DURING THE MISSIONS?

TK: YES.

OL: OKAY, GOT IT.

(ALL LIMOUSINES STOP)

LD1: MR TRAPPER WE'RE AT OUR LOCATION.

WT: OKAY, I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN ALL KNOW WHEN TO BEGIN.

LD2: SIR WE'RE HERE.

WT: OKAY, I'M WAITING ON ONE MORE RESPONSE.

LD3: SIR WE'RE AT OUR LOCATION.

WT: OKAY. CAN EVERYONE HERE ME.

ALL: YES.

WT: EVERYONE'S AT THEIR LOCATIONS. SO BEGIN.

J: (AT THE STATE FAIR)

LF: OKAY, JEVERT ARE YOU NEAR THE ROLLER COASTERS

J: (MOUTH FULL OF FOOD) (CRUNCHING)

LF: JEVERT

J: HUH?

LF: STOP EATING

J: OH OOPS, SORRY MAN, YEAH I'M BY THAT MEASURING THINGY, I CAN'T BE LONGER THAN 40 INCHES.

LF: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. DO YOU SEE SOME STEPS GOING DOWNWARD ANYWHERE?

J: (LOOKING AROUND) YEAH.

LF: GO DOWN THOSE STAIRS

J: (COOPERATING) I'M DOWN HERE AT THE END OF THE STEPS

LF: OKAY LOOK ON THE RIGHT.

J: I SEE SOME MEN..IN BLACK SUITS!!! (STARTS RUNNING AT THEM)

LF: WAIT, JEVERT ARE THEY WEARING SHADES?

J: YES.

LF: KEEP GOING

J: DAMN, THEY WENT TO THE RIGHT (CATCHES UP WITH THEM AND HE SEES THEM GETTING IN A LIMO) (LIMO DRIVES OFF)

J: THEY'RE IN LIMO

LF: WHERE ARE THEY GOING?

J: HEADING TOWARDS THE GATE TO OUTSIDE

LF: I'M ON IT. LIMO DRIVER GO (THE OTHER LIMO BLOCKS THE GATE)

MAN: DAMN IT!! I KNEW WE WERE BEING SPIED ON

MAN 2: SHOULD WE GET OUT THE CAR AND RUN

MAN 3: YEAH.

MAN 4: ON 1 2 (THEY ALL GET OUT AND THE COPS AIMING GUNS AT THEM)

COP: ARREST THEM

J: (TURNS AROUND AND SEES THE ROLLER COASTER TURNED UPSIDE DOWN) AW...SON...OF A...BITCH!!! SIR, WE'VE GOT TROUBLE (POINTING) (KIDS SCREAMING) (ROLLER COASTER STARTS GOING UP IN SPARKS)

COP: OH SHOOT!!! RUN FOR COVER

COP 2: IT'S NOTHING TO COVER UP WITH

J: SHIT, I NEED TO GET PAID

LF: WE NEED TO ARREST THEM AND GET BACK TO MR TRAPPER ASAP

J: FORGET THOSE COPS I'M DOING THIS MYSELF (WALKS OVER TO MAN 1 AND 2 AND KICKS THEM IN THE GROIN)

BOTH: (HOWLING LIKE DOGS)

J: (THROWS THEM IN THE CAR)

LF: JEVERT DO YOU EVEN KNOW HOW TO DRIVE?

J: YEAH (DRIVES OFF)

LF: I BETTER DO THE SAME (WALKS TO MAN 3 AND 4) (KICKS THEM IN THE GROIN) (PUSHES THEM IN THE OTHER COP CAR) (DRIVES OFF)

J: DAMN GATE IS CLOSED (STEPS ON THE GAS) (BREAKS THROUGH THE GATE)

MAN 1: LET ME OUT OF HERE.

J: SHUSH.

MAN 2: YOU'RE JUST A PITY 15 YEAR OLD.

J: AND YOU'RE A LOSER ON HIS WAY TO JAIL.

MAN 3: LET ME OUT.

LF: LET ME DRIVE.

MAN 3: FORGET THIS (PUNCHES THE WINDOW OUT)

LF: DUMBASS.

MAN 3: (TRYING TO CLIMB OUT OF THE WINDOW)

LF: (SPEEDS UP VERY FAST AND THE MAN HITS HIS NECK ON THE OPEN PART OF THE WINDOW AND FALLS BACK IN THE CAR)

MAN 4: (PUNCHES OUT THE OTHER WINDOW)

LF: YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS (STOPS THE CAR) (GETS OUT)  
JEVERT WHERE ARE YOU? WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME.

J: WHERE ARE YOU?

MAN: I'M AT THE CORNER OF BREWSTER AND IOWA

J: OKAY, I'M COMING. AAAH (MAN 1 IS CHOKING HIM)

LF: STAY IN THE CAR

MAN 4: LET ME OUT

LF: SHUT UP

J: (ARRIVES) (CRASHES INTO THE BACK OF THE OTHER CAR)

MAN 4: (IN SLOW MOTION) (FLIES FROM THE BACK SEAT  
THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

LF: I THOUGHT HE COULD DRIVE?

J: (AIRBAG COMES OUT) (STABS IT) (GETS OUT OF THE CAR)

(SMOKE EVERYWHERE)

LF: I THOUGHT YOU COULD DRIVE?

J: THIS BITCH WAS CHOKING ME.

MAN 1: BITCH?

J: YEAH, I'M TALKING TO YOU.

LF: SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH THEM?

J: WE NEED TO TAKE THEM TO MR TRAPPER SO HE CAN PUT THEM IN HIS PERSONAL JAIL. BUT WE CAN'T GET ANY WHERE WITH THESE CARS.

MAN 4: (ON THE GROUND UNCONSCIOUS)

J: I NEED TO GET BACK IN TIME.

LF: I'LL CALL THE LIMO OVER HERE.

(MEANWHILE)

B: I'M IN THE POST OFFICE.

JM: OKAY LOOK FOR THE MAIL ARCHIVE. IT SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE BATHROOMS.

B: OKAY, I'M LOOKING.

(MEANWHILE)

OL: OKAY, NOW YOU SAID IT'S A CAR RADIO INSTALLATION CENTER SOMEWHERE?

TK: YES, IT'S ALL THE WAY TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE STORE.

OL: (RUNS TO THE BACK OF THE STORE) OKAY, WHICH DOOR?

TK: JUST, LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF THE DOORS AND LOOK FOR SOME CARS

OL: (LOOKING) OKAY, I SEE THE MAFIA GANG IN THERE. THEY'RE WEARING SHADES TOO.

TK: OKAY, BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING, IT'S THREE RADIOS WITH EXPLOSIVES INSIDE OF THEM AND I NEED YOU TO GO

FIND THEM.

OL: THAT'S TOO HARD.

TK: NO, I GAVE YOU THAT X-RAY SO YOU CAN LOOK THROUGH THEM

OL: OKAY I'M INSIDE THE ROOM. 4 OF THEM ARE WORKING ON A CAR.

TK: THAT'S ALL OF THEM THEN. NOW, DON' T LOOK TOO SNEAKY, BUT GO TOWARDS THE CAR AND LOOK AROUND TO SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING.

OL: (COOPERATING) OKAY, IT LOOKS LIKE THEY JUST GOT STARTED NOT TOO LONG AGO

TK: GOOD, THAT SAVES MORE TIME. IT'S A ROOM WITH SOME OF THOSE RADIOS. LOOK FOR IT.

(MEANWHILE)

B: OKAY, I'M HERE AT THE MAIL ARCHIVE (ACTING SUSPICIOUS) (TURNS AND SEES SOMEONE DOWN THE HALL) SOMEONE'S DOWN THE HALL.

JM: PUT ON THE NIGHT VISION GOGGLES AND HIT THE LIGHT SWITCH

B: (COOPERATES)

MAN: AAAH. I CAN'T SEE.

B: BUT I CAN.

JM: NOW GO DOWN THE HALL.



B: (COOPERATES) I SEE A DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL

JM: GO THROUGH THERE.

B: (COOPERATES) OH, MY GOD

JM: WHAT DO YOU SEE?

B: I'M IN TROUBLE JOHN.

JM: HOW ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?

B: THE MAFIA IS IN THIS ROOM I'M IN, THEY'RE SORTING THROUGH MAIL EVERYWHERE.

JM: DO THEY SEE YOU?

B: NO, IT'S REALLY BIG IN HERE.

JM: SO YOU'RE IN THE MAIL ARCHIVE RIGHT?

B: YES.

JM: WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

B: I JUST SAID THEY WERE SORTING THROUGH MAIL.

JM: OKAY WALK UP A LITTLE BIT TO THEM. TRY NOT TO BE SO SNEAKY.

B: (COOPERATING) (WHISPERING) IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE JUST FOUND SOME MONEY.

JM: ARE YOU SERIOUS?

B: YES, I'M SERIOUS.

JM: OKAY, ASK THEM WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

B: OKAY. EXCUSE ME.

(THE MAFIA LOOKS AT HIM)

B: I'M DYING TO KNOW WHAT YOU ALL ARE DOING.

MAN 1: (SWEATING) NOTHING.

JM: MAKE A MOVE.

MAN 2: HEY, WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR EAR?

B: UH (WHISPERS) I NEED BACK UP.

MAN 3: YOU'RE SPYING ON US AREN'T YOU?

B: OF COURSE NOT, I'M JUST HERE IN THE MAIL ARCHIVE  
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING JUST LIKE YOU GUYS.

(COPS COME IN THE MAIL ARCHIVE WITH GUNS)

COP 1: FREEZE. NONE OF YOU MOVE.

ALL: (HANDS ARE UP)

COP 2: KID YOU'RE WITH US, PUT YOUR HANDS DOWN.

B: (PUTS HIS HANDS DOWN)

MAN 3: YOU LIAR, YOU'RE GONNA PAY

(THE MAFIA ARE GETTING ARRESTED)

B: OKAY JOHN, THEY'RE GETTING ARRESTED

JM: OKAY HEAD BACK OUT HERE

B: (RUNNING BACK OUTSIDE)

(MEANWHILE)

(LIMO ARRIVES)

J: OKAY THERE'S THE LIMO.

LF: (KICKS THEM IN THE GROIN)

J: (THROWS MAN 4 IN THE LIMO)

LF: (PUTS THE OTHER 3 IN THE LIMO)

(LIMO DRIVES OFF)

MAN 4: (KNOCKED OUT) (BLEEDING)

MAN 3: (BEING HELD DOWN BY LUCAS) GET OFF OF ME!!!

MAN 2: (CHOKING JEVERT)

J: I'M SICK OF BEING CHOKED (CHOKING HIM BACK) (THEY BOTH ARE ROLLING AROUND IN THE LIMO)

MAN 2: (PUSHES HIS HEAD THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW)

J: (HANGING OUT OF THE BACK OF THE LIMO) SHIT!!! MY HEAD.  
(KICKS HIM IN THE FACE)

MAN 2: OW!! (FALLS ON THE FLOOR)

LD: CUT THAT SHIT OUT BACK THERE

MAN 2: (SPEARS JEVERT OUT THE BACK OF THE LIMO AND

THEY ROLL AROUND IN THE STREET AND NEXT THEY SEE A SEMI TRUCK COMING THEIR WAY)

J: OH SHIT (ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY) (MAN 2 GETS RAN OVER)

J: OH MY GOD!!! (GETS UP AND A CAR COMES AT HIM BLOWING THEIR HORN AND THEY SLAM ON THE BRAKES AND RUN HIM OVER AND HE FLIPS ON TOP OF THE CAR) YOU BITCH!!!  
(PUNCHES THROUGH THEIR WINDSHIELD AND GETS IN THEIR CAR) DRIVE BITCH!!!

PERSON: WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

J: SKIP IT (PUSHES THEM OUT OF THE CAR) (FOLLOWING THE LIMO BACK TO MR TRAPPER)

OL: OKAY, I'M IN THE ROOM.

TK: OKAY, USE THE X-RAY.

OL: (COOPERATING) (SEES THREE OF THE RADIOS WITH BOMBS IN THEM) OH GOD, 50 SECONDS LEFT ON THEM.

TK: QUICKLY KICK THE RADIOS AS HARD AS YOU CAN.

OL: IS THAT SAFE?

TK: IT'LL BREAK THEM OPEN AND YOU CAN DEACTIVATE THEM.

OL: THAT'S NOT SAFE FOR ME. I'M NOT A PROFESSIONAL.

TK: HOLD ON, I'M COMING IN THERE.

B: (OUTSIDE OUT OF BREATH) (LIMO COMES AROUND THE CORNER)

JM: GET IN!!!

B: (GETS IN THE LIMO) (LIMO DRIVES OFF)

(MEANWHILE)

OL: HURRY IN HERE, 37 SECONDS LEFT NOW 35.

JM: (COMES IN THE ROOM) STAND BACK. COVER ME.

OL: (COVERING THE DOOR WAY)

MAN 1: HEY KID WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

OL: NOTHING, JUST POSING (POSING IN THE DOORWAY)

MAN 2: NO, LOOK AT THAT GUY BEHIND HIM. HE'S  
DESTROYING OUR RADIOS

(THEY RUN PAST OLYMPIO AND SEES JOHN)

JM: (TURNS AROUND SHOWING HIS BADGE) DON'T TRY ANY  
STUPID SHIT.

MAN 3: GET HIM (THEY ALL TACKLE HIM)

OL: (GRABS A LEAD PIPE) (HITS MAN 1 AND 2 WITH THE LEAD  
PIPE)

MAN 1: OOOOOOWWWWWWWW!!!! MY BACK (HOLDING HIS  
BACK)

MAN 2: (ON THE GROUND CRYING HOLDING HIS BACK)

MAN 4: (SPEARS OLYMPIO ONTO THE FLOOR) (AS HE HAS HIM  
IN A BEARHUG OLYMPIO HITS HIM IN THE BACK WIT THE PIPE)

MAN 4: (KNOCKED OUT)

MAN 3: (IN A KARATE FIGHTING STANCE) COME ON!!! I'M NOT SCARED.

JM: REALLY

MACHINE: 10 9 8.

OL: LETS GO (THEY RUN AND SEE A GARAGE DOOR CLOSING WITH A CAR DRIVING OFF OUTSIDE AND THEY TRY TO MAKE IT)

JM: (GETS OUTSIDE)

MAN 3: (GRABS OLYMPIO'S FOOT)

OL: (SPITS) (IN SLOW MOTION RUNS AND THE BUILDING EXPLODES AND OLYMPIO FLIES IN THE AIR AND LANDS ON TOP OF THE CAR THAT PULLED OFF)

MAN 1: SOMEONE'S ON TOP OF THE CAR.

MAN 2: I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT (STICKS HIS HEAD OUT THE WINDOW AIMING A GUN AT OLYMPIO)

OL: AAAAHH. (MOVING AROUND AS THE MAN SHOOTS AT HIM)

MAN 2: DAMN, OUT OF AMMO. HEY DRIVER DO A COUPLE OF SWERVES FOR US

(CAR IS SWERVING AND OLYMPIO GRABS BOTH SIDES OF THE CAR WITH HIS HANDS TO HOLD HIMSELF ON)

MAN 2: OKAY IT'S NOT WORKING (GOES OUTSIDE ON TOP OF

THE CAR) COME ON.

OL: (LOOKS UP) AAAHH GET AWAY.

MAN 2: STAND UP.

OL: (GETS UP AND KICKS AT HIM)

MAN 2: (GRABS HIS FOOT)

OL: UH OH. (DOES AN ENZUIGIRI AND THEY BOTH FLY UP IN THE AIR SPINNING IN SLOW MOTION)

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH SHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!TTTTTTTT!!!!  
(FLIES INTO A CAR WINDSHIELD)

PERSON: GET THE HELL OFF OF MY CAR!!! (AS OLYMPIO IS ON THE FRONT OF THEIR CAR THE CAR CRASHES INTO ANOTHER CAR AND OLYMPIO FLIES ONTO THE OTHER CAR.)

MAN 2: ( ON TOP OF ANOTHER CAR IN THE OTHER LANE)  
(SHOOTING AT OLYMPIO)

OL: STOP BITCH!!! (PULLING ROCKS FROM OUT OF HIS POCKET AND HE'S THROWS THEM AND THE MAN FALLS OFF OF THE CAR) (OLYMPIO'S LIMO PULLS UP NEXT TO HIM AND OLYMPIO JUMPS IN) WE NEED TO GET BACK TO MR TRAPPER

JM: BUT WE DIDN'T FINISH THEM OFF.

OL: GIVE ME THAT GUN (PICKS UP A GUN) (AIMS IT OUT THE WINDOW AND SHOOTS AT THE MAFIA CAR'S TIRE AND IT POPS)

MAN 4: OOH SHIT. ONE OF OUR TIRES JUST POPPED. (THE CAR IS SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL AND EVERYONE IN THE CAR IS SCREAMING) (THE CAR STARTS FLIPPING IN MID AIR AND IT LANDS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET WITH CARS

COMING THEIR WAY) (A SEMI TRUCK COMES CHARGING AT THEM) (THE TRUCK CRASHES INTO THEM AND THE TRUCK AND THE CAR EXPLODES)

OL: STEP ON IT!!! (LIMO DRIVES FASTER)

(MEANWHILE)

J: WE'RE RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER FROM MR TRAPPER.

B: AW SHIT, IT'S A TRAIN AHEAD.

LD: (MAKES ANOTHER TURN)

B: LOOK WE CAN TAKE THAT STREET.

(THE MAFIA CAR PULLS UP NEXT TO THEM WITH ALL 4 OF THEM IN IT)

B: WHAT THE HELL? LOOK!!! (POINTING)

JM: THAT'S THE MAFIA.

B: YOU GOT A GUN?

JM: YEAH, USE THIS WISELY.

B: (SHOOTS ONE OF THE MAN 4 IN THE FACE)

(ALL OF THE MEN IN THE CAR ARE SCREAMING LIKE GIRLS)

JM: WHOA, THAT WAS INTENSE.

B: HEY LIMO DRIVER, SLOW DOWN.

JM: WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



B: TRUST ME. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

LD: (SLOWS DOWN)

B: (IN SLOW MOTION SHOOTS THE EXHAUST ON THE MAFIA CAR AND IT FLIPS INTO THE AIR GOING UP IN FLAMES.)

JM: DAMN. KID YOU'VE GOT SKILL.

B: ALRIGHT SPEED UP WE'RE DONE.

(COPS ARE BEHIND THEM)

B: AW SHIT I REALLY MEANT TO SAY SPEED UP.

JM: RELAX, THOSE COPS ARE WITH US.

(A COP ON A MOTORCYCLE PULLS UP NEXT TO THEM)

B: (ROLLS DOWN THE WINDOW WAVING AT THE COP)

COP: PULL OVER!!!

JM: YOU CAN SPEED UP LIMO DRIVER.

LD: (SPEEDS UP)

COP: (GRABS THE WINDOW LEDGE TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH THEM BUT BRENSHAW SHOOTS HIM IN THE FACE)

JM: ARE YOU FUCKING CRAZY?

B: I CAN'T GO TO JAIL.

JM: YOU'RE EMANCIPATED AREN'T YOU?

B: YEAH, BUT I DON'T WANNA GO TO JAIL.

(A HUGE CROWD OF COPS ARE AHEAD OF THEM)

B: THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING.

(LIMO STOPS)

COP: GET OUT OF THE CAR NOW!!!!

(JOHN AND BRENSHAW STEP OUT OF THE CAR)

(LIMO MAKES A U TURN AND DRIVES OFF)

JM: DAMN RENEGADE!!! I'M FIRING HIM.

J: (BRINGING MAN 1 AND 2 TO MR TRAPPER.) SIR, I'M HERE TO BRING YOU THESE TWO MEN.

LF: (BRINGING IN MAN 3 AND 4) I'M BRINGING YOU THESE TWO MEN

WT: OKAY LEAVE THEM IN HERE, YOU TWO CAN GO TO ROOM 140. AND PLEASE STAY IN THERE. IT'S A BATHROOM ARCADE, EVERYTHING'S IN THERE.

(LUCAS AND JEVERT LEAVE)

WT: WAIT, JEVERT. (HOLDING OUT 50 DOLLARS) THIS IS YOURS

J: (TAKES THE MONEY) THANK YOU SIR.

WT: IT'S MY PLEASURE.

J: (LEAVES)

WT: OKAY, YOU FOUR. GOT ANY LAST WORDS?

MAN 3: SCREW YOU.

WT: (PUSHES A RED BUTTON ON HIS DESK AND A HOLE IN THE FLOOR APPEARS UNDER THEM AND THEY FALL)

ALL: AHH!!

B: (HANDS ARE BEHIND HIS HEAD) THIS IS BULLSHIT. I ALREADY KNOW WE WON'T MAKE IT BACK IN TIME.

JM: DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT A PLAN.

OL: (ARRIVING BACK TO MR. TRAPPER) (BRINGING IN MAN 4)

TK: (BRINGING IN MAN 3 AND 1) WHAT TO DO WITH THEM SIR?

WT: YOU TWO STAND BACK (JOHN AND OLYMPIO STANDS BACK)

WT: (PUSHES THE RED BUTTON)

ALL: AAAH.

WT: OKAY, YOU TWO CAN GO TO ROOM 250, PLEASE STAY IN THERE, EVERYTHING IN THERE HAS WHAT YOU NEED.

J: DAAAAAMMMNNNN. THIS IS SWEET RIGHT HERE.

LF: YEAH, I'VE BEEN IN HERE BEFORE.

J: THIS IS LIKE AN INSIDE THEME PARK.

LF: IT'S A GO KART TRACK AND EVERYTHING. AND YOU'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH US.

J: YOU MEAN LIKE LIVING OR SOMETHING?

LF: YEAH.

J: FOR HOW LONG?

LF: IF YOU WIN THEN YOU'LL GET TO LIVE HERE ACTUALLY.  
BUT LITERALLY YOU DON'T LIVE HERE RIGHT NOW. YOU'RE  
JUST STAYING HERE.

J: OH, SURE. DO I GET A ROOM?

LF: YEAH.

J: I'M SO LUCKY.

(MEANWHILE)

B: (WHISPERING) SO WHAT'S THE PLAN? THEY'RE LOOKING  
AT YOUR LICENSE.

JM: I'M GONNA TELL THEM A CAR IS SPEEDING AND  
EVENTUALLY THEY'LL GO TO THEM.

B: I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN. (FAKE CRYING)

(THE COPS WALK OVER TO HIM)

COP: WHAT'S THE MATTER KID?

B: MY MOTHER JUST DIED AND I'M GOING TO JAIL. I WON'T  
EVEN GET TO SEE HER FUNERAL.

COP: OOH, I'M REALLY SORRY.

B: (STOPS FAKE CRYING AND GRABS THE COP AND KNEES  
HIM IN THE STOMACH AND TAKES HIS GUN) HA HA YOU DUMB  
BITCH YOU FELL FOR IT. NOW GET YOUR FAT ASS BACK AS I

TAKE THIS CAR. JOHN LETS GO (THEY MOVE TOWARD THE CAR AS BRENSHAW IS AIMING THE GUN AT THE COP) (THEY GET IN THE CAR AND TURN ON THE IGNITION)

COP: (TRIES TO PULL OUT HIS WALKIE TALKIE BUT SEES IT'S MISSING) (LOOKS AT BRENSHAW WAVING IT OUT THE WINDOW) (TRIES TO CHASE THE CAR BUT BRENSHAW SPEEDS OFF LEAVING SMOKE IN THE COP'S FACE)

COP: (COUGHING) SHIT, DAMN IT (THROWING TANTRUMS)

(MEANWHILE)

OL: NOW THIS IS SWEET.

TK: DID I MENTION THAT YOU GET TO STAY HERE?

OL: ARE YOU SERIOUS?

TK: ABSOLUTELY. MR TRAPPER WANTED ME TO TELL YOU THAT.

OL: FIRST I NEED TO SEE WHAT MY PARENTS HAVE TO SAY. BUT WHAT ABOUT SCHOOL.

TK: IT'S YOUR CHOICE, WE HAVE A HOMESCHOOLING HERE OR YOU CAN GO TO YOUR OLD SCHOOL.

OL: I'LL BE BETTER OFF HERE. HOME SCHOOLING IS BEST FOR ME ANYWAY. I JUST GOTTA CALL MY PARENTS (ON THE PHONE) HELLO MOM?...YOU THE PLACE THAT HAD A CONFERENCE WITH ME?.....WELL, THEY SAID I COULD ACTUALLY STAY HERE...OKAY. (HANDS THE PHONE TO TOM)

TK: FOR ME?

OL: YEAH, SHE NEEDED TO SPEAK WITH AN ADULT

TK: HELLO. HI, HOW ARE YOU THIS EVENING?.....YEAH, ...I'M GOOD.....YEAH YOUR SON HAD THE CHOICE TO GET HOMESCHOOLED HERE AND STAY HERE. NOT ACTUALLY LIVE HERE.....DID HE TELL YOU ABOUT THE WHOLE MISSION DEAL?.....WELL IF HE WINS HE GETS TO LIVE HERE.....SO YOU'RE ALRIGHT WITH THAT?.....OKAY.....BYE. (HANGS UP) SHE'S FINE WITH IT.

OL: DID SHE SAY IT'S TIME FOR ME TO MOVE OUT ANYWAY?

TK: YEAH, SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

OL: SO YOU MEAN, IF I DON'T WIN I CAN'T STAY HERE?

TK: YEP THAT'S RIGHT.

OL: I NEED TO TRY HARDER THEN. MUCH MORE.

TK: WELL, LETS GO CHECK OUT SOME STUFF.

(BRENSHAW AND JOHN ARRIVE TO MR TRAPPER)

B: SIR, I'M SORRY I DON'T HAVE THE GUYS BUT IT WAS JUST A WHOLE LOT OF CHAOS AND WE ENDED UP KILLING THEM

WT: WHOA BRENSHAW RELAX, THAT'S OKAY. AS LONG AS THE MAFIA MEN ARE WIPED OUT. IF YOU WOULD'VE BROUGHT THEM HERE ALIVE, I WOULD HAVE JUST PUSHED THIS RED BUTTON AND WHERE YOU'RE STANDING WOULD DROP THEM.

B: OH.

WT: WELL, YOU TWO CAN GO TO ROOM 360.

(BRENSHAW AND JOHN LEAVE)

(NEXT DAY)

WT: (ON THE PA) GET READY, YOU ALL HAVE ANOTHER MISSION TO DO.

(LATER)

(EVERYONE COMES UPSTAIRS)

WT: OKAY, YOU ALL KNOW YOU HAVE MORE MISSIONS TO DO. NOW JEVRT, CONSTRUCTION AREA, OLYMPIOS, BOAT STATION, AND BRENSHAW YOU HAVE TO WAIT AT THE BUS STOP BECAUSE THE MAFIA ARE PLANNING TO HIJACK A BUS AND SELL IT FOR MORE MONEY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

B: YES.

WT: OKAY, YOUR LIMOS ARE OUTSIDE.

(EVERYONE GOES OUTSIDE AND GETS IN THEIR LIMOS)

(LATER)

WT: OKAY, EVERYONE READY

ALL: YES.

WT: BEGIN.

J: WHY THE HELL AM I HERE?

LF: YOU SEE THAT LIMO OVER THERE?

J: YEAH.

LF: WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO IS SMASH IT.

J: WITH THAT CRANE ALL THE WAY UP THERE? (POINTING)

LF: WELL...YES.

J: (SIGHS) WELL, I BETTER GET THIS DONE.

(MEANWHILE)

B: (WAITING AT THE BUS STOP) (LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) (A LIMO IS COMING DOWN THE STREET) (QUICKLY RUNS AWAY FROM THE BUS STOP)

(THE MAFIA MEN GETS OUT OF THE LIMO AND THEY WAIT AT THE BUS STOP)

B: (WHISPERING) JOHN WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

JM: WE'RE AROUND THE CORNER

B: I NEED SOME BACK UP

JM: I'M COMING. (THE LIMO COMES AROUND THE CORNER AND JOHN GETS OUT GO OVER TO BRENSHAW) WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER HERE?

B: I DON'T WANT THEM TO THINK I'M SPYING ON THEM.

JM: GOOD LOOKING OUT, BUT THEY WOULD'VE JUST THOUGHT YOU WERE WAITING FOR A BUS LIKE THEM.

B: I KNOW, BUT I KNOW THAT THEY'RE GETTING READY TO HIJACK A BUS.

JM: THE BUS IS COMING WE GOTTA MOVE

B: LETS GET ON THERE AFTER THEM.



(THEY GET ON THE BUS AFTER THE MAFIA MEN)

(THE MAFIA ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE BUS)

B: THEY WENT UPSTAIRS.

JM: LETS FOLLOW THEM.

(THEY GO UPSTAIRS)

JM: LETS KEEP AN EYE ON THEM AND LETS SIT DOWN LIKE WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

(THEY DO THE PLAN)

(MEANWHILE)

OL: OKAY, IT'S A FERRY THAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR.

MAN: A FERRY? THAT JUST LEFT ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AGO.

OL: SHIT. YOU GOT ANY SPEEDBOATS?

MAN: YEAH, THERE'S A REEFER OVER THERE.

OL: (PAYS THE MAN) (THEY JUMP IN THE BOAT AND SPEED OFF) DAMN WATER SPLASHING IN MY FACE. DO YOU WANNA DRIVE THIS PIECE OF SHIT?

TK: GIVE ME THE WHEEL. (TAKES THE STEERING WHEEL)

OL: I NEED TO FIND A DAMN ROPE.

TK: FOR WHAT?

OL: SO WHEN WE SEE THAT BOAT A CAN LASSO THE BACK OF IT.

TK: GOOD IDEA.

(MEANWHILE)

J: COME ON WE GOTTA FIND A WAY UP THERE.

LF: WE CAN USE THIS ELEVATOR.

J: DAMN THAT'S GONNA TAKE A WHILE.

(THEY GET IN THE ELEVATOR)

(THE DOOR CLOSES)

(MEANWHILE)

PERSON: HEY, YOU SMELL THAT SMOKE?

PERSON 2: YEAH. BUS DRIVER. WE SMELL SMOKE (EVERYONE IS COUGHING)

B: YOU HEAR THEM DOWN THERE?

JM: YEAH, I'LL SEE WHAT'S GOING ON. (GOES TO EXAMINE DOWNSTAIRS) (SMOKE IS EVERYWHERE) SON OF A BITCH TEAR GAS (COMES BACK UPSTAIRS WIPING HIS EYES)

B: TEAR GAS?

JM: YES, WE GOTTA STOP THEM HE'S TRYING TO JUMP OFF OF THE BUS. (THEY GO AND GRAB MAN 1)

B: YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE BITCHES!!! (STOMPING MAN 2 AND 3)

JM: (MAN 4 GETS KICKED OFF OF THE BUS INTO A CAR

WINDSHIELD BY JOHN)

(EVERYONE IS PANICKING)

(THE BUS DRIVER CAN'T SEE)

BD: AAAH (WIPING HIS EYES)

(MEANWHILE)

MAN 2: SO HE WENT TO GO GET THE EQUIPMENT?

MAN 3: YEAH, WE'LL JUST WAIT IN THE CAR

(JEVERT AND LUCAS MAKE IT TO THE CRANE CONTROL SYSTEM)

J: HOW DO YOU WORK THIS SHIT?

LF: LET ME DO THIS, I'LL SMASH THAT PIECE OF SHIT!!!

(MEANWHILE)

OL: THERE'S THE BOAT

TK: YOU GOT THE ROPE?

OL: YEAH

TK: (SPEEDS UP)

OL: OKAY (LASSOS THE BOAT AND THEY SPEED UP SOME MORE)

TK: OKAY, WE NEED TO JUMP ON THE BACK OF THAT BOAT YOU GO FIRST.

OL: (JUMPS ON THE BOAT)

TK: (JUMPS ON THE BOAT AFTER)

(THEY GO UP THE BACK STEPS AND GO THROUGH A DOOR)

OL: AW SHIT, LOOK!!! (POINTING)

(IN THE NEXT DOOR WAY IS THE MAFIA MEN)

OL: WHAT WERE THEY UP TO?

TK: FOOD POISONING.

OL: WE NEED TO TAKE CARE OF THEM RIGHT NOW.

MAN 3: I GOT THE RAT DROPPINGS, WHAT DO YOU ALL HAVE?

MAN 2: BIRD SHIT.

ALL: (LAUGHING)

MAN: I'VE GOT URINE.

MAN 4: OUT OF DATE MILK

MAN 3: OKAY GOOD. THEY'LL DEFINITELY DIE FROM THIS SHIT AND THEN WE CAN TAKE THIS BOAT AND SELL IT. OR WE CAN KEEP IT.

TK: I DON'T THINK SO MOTHERFUCKA. (HOLDING A GUN AT THEM)

MAN 2: AW SHIT. LETS RUN!!! (THEY RUN AND TOM SHOOTS MAN 4 IN THE FOOT)

(THEY REST RUN OUTSIDE ON THE SIDE OF THE BOAT)

MAN 4: (STRUGGLING TO RUN) (HE RESTS ON THE BARREL OUTSIDE AND OLYMPIO PUSHES HIM OVER BOARD)

J: TAKE A SWIM BITCH!!!

TK: (SHOOTING AT THE OTHER 3 MEN)

MAN 3: OH SHIT. HE PUT A HOLE IN MY JACKET

(THE MAFIA MEN RUN INTO A DEAD END WITH NO WHERE TO GO EXCEPT TO JUMP IN THE WATER)

ALL: (LOOKING AT THE WATER)

MAN 3: WE DON'T HAVE A CHOICE. (THEY JUMP OVERBOARD IN SLOW MOTION)

OL: THEY JUMPED IN THE WATER (OLYMPIO JUMPS OVER BOARD NOT SEEING IT'S A SMALL MOTOR BOAT UNDER HIM AND HE LANDS IN IT) TOM.

TK: (JUMPS IN THE BOAT)

(SHARKS ARE SURROUNDING THE 3 MEN) (MAN 4 COMES IN ANOTHER MOTOR BOAT AND GETS THE OTHER 3 MEN)

OL: SON OF A BITCH TAKE THE WHEEL WHILE I SHOOT

TK: (GETS BEHIND THE WHEEL)

OL: (SHOOTS A HOLE IN THE BACK OF THE MAFIA BOAT)

MAN 3: AW SHIT

OL: (CONSTANTLY KEEPS SHOOTING THEIR BOAT AND THE BOAT EXPLODES IN SLOW MOTION)

TK: DAMN. KID, YOU'VE GOT SKILL. WE NEED TO HEAD BACK TO MR TRAPPER.

(MEANWHILE)

(THE BUS DRIVER IS UNCONSCIOUS WITH HIS FOOT STILL ON THE PEDAL)

B: THIS BUS IS GOING TO FUCKING FAST (LOSING HIS BALANCE)

JM: I KNOW, (HOLDING ON TO ONE OF THE SEATS)

(MEANWHILE)

J: OKAY READY AND SMASH!!! (BOTH IN SLOW MOTION THE CRANE IS LOWERING AND THE BUS IS COMING TOWARD THE MAFIA LIMO UNDER THE CRANE)

MAN 3: OOOHHHHH SHIT, A BUS IS ABOUT TO CRASH INTO US (ALL THE MAFIA MEN COVER THEIR FACES)

B: OH, SHIT, WE'RE ABOUT TO CRASH (THE BUS CRASHES INTO THE LIMO AND ALL THE MAFIA MEN ON THE BUS AND BRENDA AND JOHN FLY OFF OF THE BUS FLIPPING IN THE AIR) (THE LIMO IS MOVED OUT THE WAY AND THE BUS IS SLIDING ON IT'S SIDE AND IT GOES UP IN FLAMES)

B: (LANDS ON HIS BACK)

TK: (LANDS INSIDE OF A DUMPSTER)

(THE MAFIA MEN LAND NEXT TO THE LIMO) (THE CRANE HITS THE GROUND AND THE GROUND SHAKES AND CRACKS OPEN)

J: UH OH, I FEEL RUMBLING (THE CRANE MACHINE FALLS

APART AND THE SKYBOX THAT JEVERT AND LUCAS ARE IN  
FALLS ON TOP OF THE LIMO AND IT CRUSHES ALL OF THE  
MAFIA MEN ON THE GROUND AND THE MEN IN THE CAR)

(AS EVERYTHING SETTLES)

J: (COVERING HIS HEAD)

LF: (COVERING HIS HEAD)

J: (SLOWLY GETS OUT OF THE SKYBOX) WHAT THE HELL  
HAPPENED?

JM: (GETTING OUT OF THE DUMPSTER)

B: (RUNS INTO JEVERT) WHAT THE HELL?

J: (PUSHES HIM) DID YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS  
SHIT?

B: NO.

J: WHY THE HELL IS THIS BUS RIGHT NEXT TO THIS LIMO. YOU  
JUST COST ME MISSION.

B: I DIDN'T DO SHIT. IF YOU WANNA FIGHT WE CAN FIGHT.

J: OH IT'S ON BITCH (GRABS HIM BY THE COLLAR AND  
THROWS HIM IN THE LIMO)

B: (KNEES HIM IN THE STOMACH)

(THEY SWING EACH OTHER AROUND BY THE COLLAR AND  
FALL TO THE GROUND)

J: (PUNCHING HIM)

B: (BITES HIM ON THE ARM)

J: AAAH SHIT. (LOOSENS UP)

B: (GRABS JEVERT AND PUSHES HIM INTO THE SKY BOX)

LF: WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOING (KNOCKS ON THE PLASTIC GLASS)

B: (LOOKS AT HIM) (KICKS THE GLASS IN HIS FACE)

LF: AAAH, YOU LITTLE BITCH. (RUBBING HS EYES)

(MEANWHILE)

(OLYMPIO AND TOM ARRIVE BACK TO MR TRAPPER)

(LIMO DRIVES IN THE PARKING LOT AS THEY'RE ALREADY INSIDE THE BUILDING)

OL: SIR, WE'RE HERE. WE MURDERED THEM INSTEAD.

WT: I FIGURED YOU WOULD'VE MURDERED THEM INSTEAD.  
WELL, I HAVE TO SEND YOU GUYS TO YOUR ASSIGNED ROOM.

(THEY LEAVE)

(MEANWHILE)

J: (HAS BRENSHAW HELD UP AGAINST A WALL PUNCHING HIM IN THE STOMACH)

B: (SPEARS HIM TO THE GROUND AS HE FIGHTS OUT OF IT)

(THEY BOTH ARE FURIOUS WRESTLING AND GRAPPLING AND THROWING EACH OTHER)



LF: BREAK THIS SHIT UP. WE NEED TO GET BACK TO MR TRAPPER.

B: I'M GETTING BACK THERE FIRST.

J: (GETS IN A CAR)

B: (TRIES TO PULL JEVERT OUT)

J: (KICKS HIM IN THE STOMACH) (DRIVES OFF)

B: OH HELL NO. (TAKES ANOTHER CAR) (CATCHES UP WITH JEVERT) (RAMS THE BACK OF HIS CAR)

J: SHIT (SPEEDS UP)

B: (DRIVES AROUND THE SIDE OF JEVERT'S CAR) (SIDESWIPE HIM)

J: (SHOOTS OUT ONE OF HIS TIRES)

B: (CAR IS GOING CRAZY) AW DAMN IT.

J: (LOOKS IN THE MIRROR) THAT'LL TEACH YA. (SPEEDS OFF)

(A MOTORCYCLE GANG SURROUNDS BOTH SIDES OF HIS CAR WHIPPING HIS CAR WITH METAL CHAINS)

J: STOP. (SHOOTS ONE OF THEM) (THROWS A KFC BOX IN ANOTHER ONE'S FACE AND THE BOX GETS STUCK ON THEIR FACE AND THEY CRASH)

J: (CUTS THE OTHER 2 BIKERS OFF AND THEY CRASH INTO EACH OTHER)

J: YEAH. HA HA HA. (LOOKS UP AND SEES BRENSHAW STANDING ON TOP OF A SEMI TRUCK POINTING LAUGHING AT

HIM) HOW THE HELL DID HE?.....(DRIVES AROUND THE SIDE OF THE TRUCK)

B: (SHOOTING AT JEVERT)

J: (SHOOTING BACK AT BRENSHAW) (THE BOTH ARRIVE AT THE SAME TIME TO WILLIAM TRAPPER)

B: (JUMPS OFF THE TRUCK AND LANDS ON JEVERT) (RUNS IN TO MR TRAPPER'S OFFICE BUT HE IS NOT THERE.

J: (RUNS IN THE OFFICE) YOU BITCH. (PUSHES THE RED BUTTON AND BRENSHAW FALLS) HA HA STUPID BITCH.

B: GET ME OUT OF HERE.

(THE FLOOR CLOSES)

J: YES.

(MR TRAPPER COMES IN)

WT: OH, YOU'RE HERE?

J: YES SIR AND I MURDERED MY TARGETS

WT: WHERE'S YOUR PARTNER?

J: LUCAS. HE TOOK THE LIMO AND I HAD TO GET THE CLOSEST CAR BY.

WT: WELL, AS LONG AS THESE MISSIONS GET COMPLETE AND YOU GUYS ARE SAFE. WELL, I HAVE TO SEND YOU TO YOUR ASSIGNED ROOM.

J: (LEAVES)

B: HOW THE HELL DO I GET OUT OF HERE? AND WHERE'S THE MAFIA MEN

(A GRUMPY MAN WITH A HUGE KNIFE COMES TO HIM)

B: WAIT, DON'T HURT ME. I'M NOT WITH THE MAFIA. I'M BRENSHAW.

MAN: THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE?

B: JEVERT PLAYED A TRICK ON ME. AND WHERE'S THE MAFIA MEN?

MAN: YOU SEE WHERE YOU'RE STANDING? I JUST PUSH THAT BUTTON OVER THERE AND THE FLOOR OPENS AND FIRE IS DOWN THERE.

B: WHOA. CAN YOU SHOW MY WAY UPSTAIRS?

MAN: FOLLOW ME. (BRENSHAW FOLLOWS HIM)

B: THANK YOU.

MAN: ANYTIME.

LF: (ARRIVES) I'M HERE SIR.

WT: YOUR PARTNER'S ALREADY IN YOUR ROOM.

LF: OKAY. (LEAVES)

B: (MEETS JOHN OUTSIDE)

JM: WHERE WERE YOU?

B: TRYING TO GET BACK HERE.

JM: WE NEED TO GO IN THERE NOW.

B: JEVERT ALREADY MADE IT BEFORE I DID. I ALREADY KNOW.

JM: DAMN. (THEY GO IN MR TRAPPER'S OFFICE)

B: WE'RE HERE SIR. WE MURDERED OUR TARGETS

WT: YOU MAY GO TO YOUR ROOM.

(MEANWHILE)

OL: TOM I ALMOST FORGOT, I'VE GOT A PARTY TO GO TO TOMORROW.

TK: WHAT TIME?

OL: 10 O CLOCK.

TK: BUT WE START OUR MISSIONS AT 11 AND IT TAKES ABOUT AN HOUR OR MORE TO GET THOSE MISSIONS COMPLETE.

OL: I KNOW BUT THIS PARTY IS MANDATORY. I NEED TO AT LEAST GO FOR A HALF AN HOUR.

TK: OKAY, I'LL LET MR TRAPPER KNOW.

(NEXT DAY)

WT: HE HAS A MANDATORY PARTY?

TK: YES SIR.

WT: WELL, YOU BETTER CALL HIM EXACTLY AT 10:30 SO HE CAN COME TO ME TO GET HIS MISSION.

TK: I WON'T FORGET.

WT: WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL CALL THE OTHER TWO IN HERE.

(MOMENTS LATER)

WT: OKAY, JEVERT, BASEBALL STADIUM, BRENSHAW,  
THERE'S A CONCERT DOWNTOWN, HARD TO EXPLAIN BUT GET  
A TICKET AND YOUR SPONSOR HERE WILL TELL EVERYTHING  
TO DO OR HE MIGHT HELP YOU. NOW IT'S 10:45 OLYMPIO  
NEEDS TO GET HERE.

(MEANWHILE)

OL: WHERE THE HELL IS MY PHONE? OH IN MY POCKET. SILLY  
ME.

GIRL: HEY YOU WANNA DANCE?

OL: SURE. (THEY ARE DANCING) (MOMENTS LATER) WHEW  
THAT WAS FUN.

GIRL: YEAH.

OL: WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

GIRL: NANCY.

OL: PRETTY NAME. SO YOUR FROM HERE?

GIRL: YEAH. HOW OLD ARE YOU?

OL: 15.

GIRL: YOU WANT MY NUMBER?

OL: SURE.

GIRL: (WRITES HER NUMBER DOWN) (GIVES HIM THE NUMBER)

OL: THANK YOU

TK: PICK UP THE PHONE OLYMPIO.

(OLYMPIO IS ENJOYING HIMSELF AND MUSIC IS PLAYING SO HE CAN'T HEAR HIS PHONE RINGING)

WT: HE'S NOT PICKING UP?

TK: I'M SORRY SIR BUT NO.

WT: WELL, YOU NEED TO GO PICK HIM UP.

TK: WHAT PLACE ARE WE GOING SIR?

WT: SWING DANCE-A-THON.

TK: OH MY GOODNESS. THAT'S WHERE HIS PARTY IS AT

WT: I SUGGEST YOU HEAD THERE NOW. OKAY ALL OF YOU GO TO YOUR LIMOS.

(EVERYONE GETS IN THEIR LIMOS)

(OLYMPIO AND NANCY GET READY TO KISS BUT THEY HEAR GUNSHOTS)

OL: OH SHIT. HIDE.

WT: ARE YOU ALL AT YOUR LOCATIONS?

ALL: YES.

WT: BEGIN.

OL: THIS REMINDS ME, I HAVE TO BE SOMEWHERE

N: WHERE?

OL: I'M SORT AN UNDERCOVER AGENT. BUT I'M NOT PROFESSIONAL I'M BEING SUPERVISED.

N: WELL , CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

OL: NO, I NEED MY PARTNER.

TK: OLYMPIO, OLYMPIO, IT'S ME TOM.

OL: LUCKY ME. STAY HERE. (COMES FROM UNDER THE TABLE)  
TOM OVER HERE.

TK: OLYMPIO THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE YOUR MISSION TAKES PLACE.

OL: ARE YOU SERIOUS?

TK: YES. WE NEED TO STOP THEM, THAT'S THEM SHOOTING EVERYWHERE

OL: OKAY, FIRST, WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

TK: THEY'RE TRYING TO FLOOD THIS PLACE.

OL: THEY'RE GONNA BURST THE WATER PIPES OR SOMETHING?

TK: YES. NOW LETS GET MOVING

(MEANWHILE) (IT SHOWS A SPLIT SCREEN OF JEVERT AND BRENSHAW'S MISSION AS THEY DO THE SAME EXACT THING

AS JEVERT IS AT THE GAME AND BRENSHAW IS AT THE CONCERT)

B/J: 2 TICKETS PLEASE. (PAYS)

(THEY GET TO THEIR SEATS)

B/J: THESE BUSTED ASS SEATS?

JM/LF: FUCK THIS, LETS TAKE SOME BODY ELSE'S SEATS  
(THEY LEAVE THE TICKETS SITTING IN THE BUSTED SEATS  
AND THEY TAKE SOME GOOD SEATS) OH SHIT THERE THEY  
ARE (THEY RUN TO THEM)

M3/M3: OH SHIT, TROUBLE

(THEY ALL ARE FIGHTING/THEY ALL ARE FIGHTING) ( HUGE  
CROWD FIGHT BREAKS OUT/HUGE CROWD FIGHT BREAKS  
OUT)

(MEANWHILE)

(THE COPS RUN IN THE PARTY) (COPS ARE SHOOTING  
EVERYWHERE)

(ALL THE MAFIA MEN ARE DEAD)

OL: LETS GO. (THEY RUN OUTSIDE)

(MEANWHILE)

(IN THE STADIUM THE MAFIA MEN FALL FROM THE TOP  
SEATING ROW/IN THE CONCERT THE MAFIA MEN GET  
ELECTROCUTED BY THE MUSIC EQUIPMENT ON STAGE)

(THE PARTY ROOM BEGINS TO FILL UP WITH WATER)



N: (RUNS OUTSIDE) WAIT, OLYMPIO.

OL: (TURNS AROUND) NANCY. CAN SHE COME WITH US.

TK: WE CAN'T TURN DOWN A LADY. SURE.

(NANCY GETS IN THE LIMO WITH THEM) (THE LIMO DRIVES OFF)

(MEANWHILE)

J/B: WE BETTER GET GOING. (THEY RUN OUTSIDE/THEY RUN OUTSIDE)

(GETTING IN THE LIMO/GETTING IN THE LIMO) (LIMO DRIVES OFF/LIMO DRIVES OFF)

(OLYMPIO ARRIVES BACK TO MR TRAPPER)

OL: (OUT OF BREATH) SIR....WE....TOOK....CARE....OF THE SITUATION.

WT: WOW, IMPRESSIVE. YOU WERE AT A PARTY AND STILL TOOK CARE OF THINGS. I HAVE TO SEND YOU GUYS TO YOUR ROOMS THOUGH

(THEY LEAVE)

(JEVERT AND BRENSHAW ARRIVE AT THE SAME TIME)

J: NOT YOU AGAIN.

B: (PUSHES JEVERT) (RUNS TO MR TRAPPER) WE'RE HERE SIR.

WT: OKAY, I HAVE TO SEND YOU TO YOUR ROOM.

(THEY LEAVE)

B: (WALKS PAST JEVERT LAUGHING)

J: (EVIL EYEING HIM) (SCREEN GOES BLACK) (NEXT DAY) I SWARE I'M GONNA KILL THAT BRENshaw.) (LOADING UP A RIFLE) I'M AT THE DAMN CASINO. I NEED TO FIND OUT WHERE HE WENT INSIDE THIS CASINO. I SWEAR, I NEED MY SPONSOR THIS TIME BUT THIS WAS A SINGLE MISSION. I DON'T CARE IF I LOSE. AS LONG AS I GET MY DAMN HANDS ON THAT BRENshaw (PEEKES AROUND A CORNER AND SEES HIM) THERE YOU ARE.

B: (SORTING THROUGH THINGS) I FOUND IT. I GOT THE POWER CHIP. NOW TO DEACTIVATE THIS DAMN MAFIA CASINO. (SWIPES THE CHIP AND ALL THE POWER GOES OUT.

PEOPLE: (CONFUSED) (TALKING)

PERSON: WHAT'S GOING ON?

J: WHERE'S THOSE DAMN NIGHT VISION GOGGLES? (PUTS ON THE NIGHT VISION GOGGLES) (AIMS THE SNIPER RIFLE AT BRENshaw'S BACK) AND SHOOT!!! (SHOOTS BRENshaw)

B: AAAAHHHH!!! (FALLS ON HIS KNEES AND THEN HIS FACE AND DIES) (PEOPLE PANICKING)

J: BYE BYE BRENshaw (TAKES THE CHIP AND HEADS OUTSIDE)

OL: DAMN, SOMEONE ALREADY FOUND THE CHIP. OH WELL.

(OLYMPID RUNS INTO BRENshaw)

OL: OH...MY GOD!!! WELL, WHO CARES? I'M IN THIS FOR CHIEF OF STAFF.

(OLYMPID AND JEVERT ARRIVE BACK TO MR TRAPPER)

(PARAMEDICS ARE EXAMINING BRENshaw'S BODY OUTSIDE OF THE CASINO)

MAN: I'M AFRAID HE'S DEAD.

JM: AW DAMN, WHY HIM. HE'S ONLY 15. I'M 34. WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN ME?

MAN: SIR. TAKE IT EASY.

JM: I'M CALM. REST IN PEACE BRENshaw

OL: MR TRAPPER I HAVE SOME TERRIBLE NEWS.

WT: WHAT'S GOING ON?

OL: BRENshaw WAS SHOT.

WT: NO KIDDING?

OL: I'M NOT KIDDING. NOT ONLY WAS HE SHOT. HE'S DEAD.

WT: (SIGHS) WELL, THAT MEANS IT'S DOWN TO YOU TWO. SO PLEASE TURN AROUND FOR A MOMENT. (THEY TURN AROUND)

WT: (PLACES 200 DOLLARS ON HIS DESK) OKAY

(THEY TURN BACK AROUND)

WT: NOW, YOU SEE THERE'S 200 DOLLARS ON MY DESK RIGHT NOW. JEVERT PLEASE STEP FORWARD AND TAKE 100 DOLLARS.

J: (COOPERATES)

WT: THE SAME FOR YOU OLYMPIO.

OL: (COOPERATES) SO...THIS IS OUR MISSION MONEY?

WT: YES.

J: SO...THIS..MEANS.....WE'RE TIED?

WT: EXACTLY. AND ACCORDING TO YOU TWO BEING TIED, THIS MEANS YOU TWO WILL HAVE A BEST OUT OF FIVE SERIES. NOW SHAKES HANDS PLEASE.

OL: SIR, QUESTION, WHEN IS THIS?

WT: NEXT...YEAR!!!

OL,J: NEXT YEAR?

WT: YES. ON MARCH 16. YOU WILL RETURN TO ME AND YOU WILL START. NOW SHAKE HANDS.

(THE BOTH RAISE THEIR HANDS VERY SLOWLY) (THEY SHAKE)

WT: GOOD. NOW I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING WHAT YOU ALL HAVE ON MARCH 16. IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU TWO (HOLDING OUT HIS HAND) (SHAKES HANDS WITH THEM)

B: (IN THE HOSPITAL) (EYES ARE OPENING) (LOOKS AROUND) (LOOKING AT HIS HANDS) I'M ALIVE. (EVIL LAUGHING) WATCH OUT JEVERT AND OLYMPIO BECAUSE I'M COMING BACK. (SHOOTS THE CAMERA AND THE SCREEN CRACKS AND EXPLODES)

THE END