MIDDLEMEN

Written by

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FADE IN

EXT. THE CITY -LATE NIGHT-

Rain is falling hard and heavy, pounding the city with sheets of moisture. Lightening flashes across the sky, illuminating the innumerable, aging, cookie cutter A-frames that grow out of the concrete like weeds in every direction.

Lightening flashes again, and we're drawn to the darkened window of a single house. The widow is a black maw, glaring ominously back at us. Thunder roars.

INT. MYSTERY MAN'S HOUSE -NIGHT-

Rain drums on the roof of the humble home. The storm outside brightens the room, revealing a long trail of blood that has soaked the aging shag carpet through to the floor. With scraping, groaning, effort a long hair Asian MYSTERY MAN drags himself across the floor. Bullet holes riddle his shattered frame. His rasping labored breathes and shaking movements signal that death is immanent.

With incredible determination he continues putting one hand in front of the other and crawls just a little further. His destination is clear, a samurai sword sits sheathed on a pedestal. With a final show of strength he pulls himself up to the pedestal and wraps a hand around the hilt. The effort is just too much; the sword, it's pedestal, and the man, all fall in a heap on the ground. It appears the man has died. His face is quiet, placid. His eyes close.

A dark eye shoots open and he breathes a huge gasping breath. The bullet holes close. For a moment he just lays there and breathes. His eye's flash, angry.

EXT. AN ILLEGAL CHOP SHOP -NIGHT-

Blue runes glow across the side of a samurai sword illuminating a clasped hand. Lightning flashes. Mystery man is standing in the driving sheets of rain soaked to the bone, but uncaring. Anger contorts his sharp lupine features. Just standing there he invokes a sense of predatory, feline grace. Arcane blue light flickers up the side of his weapon.

A screech of a skill saw squeals out from the interior of the chop shop he is standing outside of. Sparks add their own flashes through the windows of the shop. MEN work tirelessly in the late night working on stolen cars. TWO GUARDS stand outside, covered from head to toe in rain slickers. Each carries a wicked looking AK-47 assault rifle.
They look bored, and haven't noticed the leering form glaring at them in the night.

One moment the man is standing and glaring, the next he's off! Moving impossibly fast towards his targets. The guards don't even have time to realize what's happening before he cuts off both of their heads. They plop wetly onto the ground. Blood sprays out of the stumps he leaves behind.

INT. AN ILLEGAL CHOP SHOP -NIGHT-

He enters the chop shop, katana leading the way. Both the WORKERS and GUARDS are only just beginning to understand what danger they might be in. TWO MEN try to stop him at the door and simultaneously lose their heads, arms and legs. Their arterial spray covers him and the concrete floor. A WOMAN screams when she see's what's happened to the guards.

Work stops and the FEW WORKERS in the area are in a screaming sprinting hurry to get out. Our swordsman doesn't mind them; instead, he's intent on the GUARDS. A half dozen men rush him, guns blazing. The mystery swordsman is unfazed. Most of the bullets kill the employees anyways, the automatic gunfire bursts into the backs of the unsuspecting workers. The gunfire misses the swordsman almost entirely. One bullet grazes his cheek, but the wound heals as soon as it occurs.

The attacker rushes the group of men, dodging bullets as he runs. The FIRST MAN is cut in half at the waist. the SECOND MAN loses his head. Another THREE MEN follow soon after, each losing arms legs and heads in a veritable rain of severed limbs and decapitated heads. Blood erupts out of the holes in the men.

A GOON shoots a pistol at him. Each time a bullet leaves the chamber, the man with the sword cuts the bullet in half. Each bisected bullet incredibly slams into another GUARD killing them. With each step he gets closer.

GOON
Shit! Shit! Shit!

SHK! The katana cuts the man in half at the waist, moving through him like he isn't even there. MEN are milling around firing wildly, but no one can seem to hit the supernaturally fast and apparently invincible swordsmen.

What FEW GUARDS are left decide that they've had enough. When the remaining men try to run though he's on them instantly, clearing impossible distances with single leaps and bounds.
The swordsman stands in a sea of corpses. Only one MAN is left. Mystery man holds his glowing sword to his throat.

**MAN**
Are you fuckin' crazy you got any idea who owns this place?

**MYSTERY MAN**
(Whispering)
Who killed my cat?

**MAN**
Jesus Christ, just put the sword down!

**MYSTERY MAN**
(Harsher)
Who. Killed. My. Cat?

**MAN**
What are you talking about?

**MYSTERY MAN**
(Shouting, the sword pricks the mans throat)
WHO!

**MAN**
I dunno who killed your damn cat man!

**MYSTERY MAN**
They stole my car as well.

He gestures to what was formerly a beautiful red 1968 Firebird. Unfortunately the car didn't make it through the gunfight in one piece. It's covered in gore and riddled with bullet holes.

**MYSTERY MAN (CONT’D)**
Who did this to me?

**MAN**
That? That was Vladimir Petrovich.

**MYSTERY MAN**
Where can I find him?

The man exhales, glad to be given a chance to answer this crazy bastards questions. Maybe he'll get out of this shit storm alive.
MAN
He lives in a mansion with his dad.
417 Pell Street. Just calm down man.

MYSTERY MAN
Tomorrow night at sunset.

MAN
What?

MYSTERY MAN
I will visit him tomorrow at sunset, tell him.

MAN
Sure whatever man, just chill the hell-

The mystery man pulls his arm back. The runes on his sword blaze bright.

MAN (CONT’D)
Oh fuck!

The sword moves with impossible precision and blinds the MAN. Blood squirts out of his ruined face.

MAN (CONT’D)
Goddamnit!

The man flails around blindly screaming and trying to strike out at the swordsman that blinded him.

MAN (CONT’D)
You fuck!

Mystery man walks out of the building looking properly badass. Behind him he leaves a pile of dead bodies, a tragic few gravely wounded men groaning in their own blood and the last blinded man flailing around wildly.

MYSTERY MAN
(whispering)
Vladimir petrovich...

INT. A DINGY STUDIO APARTMENT -EARLY MORNING-

HARRY, a skinny disheveled man in his thirties or forties, sleeps in the pre-dawn haze on a dirty fold out futon. The apartment he’s sleeping in is filthy, beer bottles and bags of garbage cover what little floor space he has in the shithole. A cellphone rings.
Harry flails, curses, shouts, and upends several empty beer bottles and one that's half full. Harry finally manages to locate the offending object and answer.

HARRY
You have any idea what fuckin' time it is?

Harry listens for a moment, and when he hears what's being said on the other end of the line he becomes good deal less irate.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Boris? Oh hey bud whataya need?

While Harry listens he locates and lights up a cigarette. Once the cig is lit up he finds and drinks what's left of the half full beer that he knocked over earlier.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Shit, you fuckin serious? Yeah, don't worry bud, I'll handle it. I'll talk to Jill as soon as I'm done talking to you. Yeah I got you Boris, I'll do what I can. You know my fee right? I'll see you later today.

Harry Hangs up and pumps his right arm up in down in celebration. He's finally got a goddamned job! Eventually he calms down and presses another number. When he speaks into the phone he can barely contain his excitement.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Jill? It's Harry. Yeah, I'm back in business. We need to meet today.
(Harry listens for a short while but doesn't like what he's hearing)
No that's not going to work Jill. Shit went down last night. Somebody knocked over one of Boris's chop shops.
(Irritated)
Jill I dunno what happened, Boris is gonna know more than me, and Bianca's gonna know even more than him. Give them a call, I need to see you soon.
(Waits)
An hour then.
Harry stands up and stretches, preparing for the day. He's skinny, almost emaciated, and when he moves it's with a gawky twitchy quality, as though his limbs aren't moving nearly fast enough to keep up with whatever is going on in his head. Harry takes one more long draw on his cigarette when smoke alarm goes off above him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

FUCK!

Harry waves at the smoke.

INT. CAR -MORNING-

Harry has finally managed to get dressed and get himself out in the world. His aging Nissan Sentra is full of garbage. The ashtray is bursting with cigarette butts. He's dressed in a rumpled suit that's at least one size too large and has obviously seen it's best days. He's drinking coffee, smoking and screaming into his phone at various people. Harry drives into an empty dilapidated warehouse that appears, at first glance, to be abandoned.

INT. WAREHOUSE -MORNING-

JILL is already waiting, leaning on a well maintained Lexus, sipping a latte. Jill is in her sixties, pudgy, short, bespeckled and grandmotherly. Her pants suit is crisp and ironed. Harry gets out of his own car, still smoking, and is already talking before his feet hit the ground.

HARRY
Hey Jill, I need a couple of guys for tonight.

JILL
What for Harry?

HARRY
The fuck do you think Jill? Guard duty.

Jill is obviously uncomfortable with the direction of the conversation, but she tries to remain professional.

JILL
May I ask the name of the client?

HARRY
Stop jerking me around Jill. It's for Boris.
Jill goes silent, apparently perturbed, and fiddles with her latte. Harry quickly grows agitated by her silence.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Is there a problem Jill?

Jill lets out the breath she's been holding and settles Harry with a hard glare. Suddenly she doesn't look so grandmotherly.

JILL
Honestly Harry? Yeah, there's a huge problem.

HARRY
That being?

JILL
Harry last night forty three people got killed by some whacko with a sword.

HARRY
And?

JILL
And they died because Boris's kid killed the whacko with the swords cat.

Harry rolls his eyes gets off of his car and closes a little of the distance between himself and Jill. The tension in the room has grown, so Harry tries for a bit of levity.

HARRY
Listen I just need fifty or sixty guys, preferably former military, but I'll take your average thug off the street if I have too.

JILL
Harry you can't honestly expect me to get you sixty guys. Especially not sixty professionals.

HARRY
Why the fuck not Jill?

JILL
Harry, a whacko with a sword is offing people left and right over a dead goddamn cat. Nobody wants to deal with that kind of shit.
HARRY
Come on Jill, everyone's mortal, when he tries to off Boris we'll put one in his head.
(Harry cocks an imaginary gun and pulls the trigger.)

Jill's had enough of Harry's antics and gets right in Harry's face.

JILL
And how many people are gonna die before that happens Harry? Last night, those guys Harry, they had families.

Harry wasn't ready for her to be in his face and breaks off the tense standoff. He begins to pace frantically.

HARRY
I understand that Jill, but listen, we're upping the price, we'll give them five grand apiece for a days work. Full death benefits to boot. If anyone dies, and I doubt they will, it's four hundred thousand to the family of the deceased and full health insurance for the rest of their lives.

JILL
(Shakes her head)
Harry, nobody wants to die, not even for that, not over a cat for Christ's sake.

Harry ends his circuitous route and heads right back towards her.

HARRY
Well I can only offer so much, We're talking millions and millions here Jill. Hell if a couple dozen more guys get whacked we're talking hundreds of millions of dollars in costs. Do have any idea what insurance costs nowadays? I can only offer so much.
JILL
Listen Harry. I get it, stuff costs money, but what are you doing for the forty three guys that died last night? You have no idea what kind of shit I've been getting from the union over this.

HARRY
Jesus Jill, the last thing I wanna hear about is the fuckin' union.

JILL
You're going to have to listen to me while I bitch about the union because they're giving me living hell on my end! Those guys only got what? Two hundred dollars for the day? They thought it was going to be a normal day and then some whacko with a boner for his cat comes through murders almost all of them! We can't even have an open casket for most of them. Even the cleaners were freaked out. There was blood and guts EVERYWHERE. It was a clusterfuck, Harry, a goddamn clusterfuck!

HARRY
Listen Jill when they took the job they knew the risks, and they decided that two hundred dollars cash was worth it-

As soon as Harry infers that the poor souls that lost their lives had received due compensation Jill rushes into Harry's space like a cat latching onto a mouse.

JILL
(Shouts over Harry)
Don't feed me that bullshit Harry! Because you and I both know that the fucking union isn't going to swallow that horseshit!

HARRY
Jill-

Jill puts her finger directly into Harry's face cutting him off. For a moment Harry is on his heels, it's not a sensation he's used to.
JILL
No Harry, shut the fuck up and listen to what I'm saying. Forty three fathers husbands and sons are dead. Dead Harry. Don't talk to me about them knowing the goddamn risks. As far as those poor fucks knew they were just guarding some fat old man's chop shop. Nobody told them there was going to be some bulletproof ninja asshole with a fuckin sword and a goddamn cat fetish. If they had known they were gonna chopped into sushi I'm pretty sure they would have called in sick or started demanding death benefits and a hefty insurance policy!

Harry pushes the finger out of his face. Jill is glaring and obviously upset. Harry's cigarette has gone out, so he draws out another one and lights up. He takes a long draw and uses the smoking to defuse just a bit of the tension. He looks off in the distance to appear less of a threat.

HARRY
Well about that Jill, Boris is kinda pissed.

JILL
Boris is pissed? You're seriously telling me that Boris is pissed?

HARRY
Jill, he's my client and I'm in the business of expressing my clients grievances.

JILL
(Turning from Harry and throwing her hands into the air.)
Grievances Harry? Alright fine, what the hell is his grievance?

HARRY
Isn't it obvious Jill? Forty three guys with automatic weapons, and not a single one of them can manage to ping a guy with a sword? Where did you find those guys? The institute for the deaf and the blind?
JILL
(Whirling on Harry)
Those guys were top of the line
Harry! A combined several centuries
of security experience between
them. There were three survivors
that night Harry. Apparently the
creepy cat guy with the samurai
sword wasn't even human. He dodged
bullets. They even saw him cut one
in half with that sword of his.

Harry rolls his eyes and barks out a little laugh.

HARRY
Come on Jill, you can't possibly
believe-

JILL
(Shouting over Harry)
What I believe is that forty three
guys are dead Harry!

HARRY
Jesus Jill, what's passed is
passed. I can't retroactively pay
them more and give them benefits,
if I do then every time something
goes to shit a couple dozen guys
die, the unions gonna be bitching
for retroactives, and then nobody's
gonna be able to afford anything.
What I can do is pay out the ass
for the next batch of guys.

JILL
Next batch of guys Harry? You act
like this is no big deal! It's not
like there's an endless supply of
experienced gunners just waiting to
run up against a sword wielding nut
job who's grieving over his cat.

HARRY
What the fuck, Jill? What's with
the cat anyway?

EXT. MYSTERY MAN'S HOUSE -NIGHT-

While Jill talks VLADIMIR PETROVICH, a young handsome man in
his twenties, is seen breaking the door of a house down
followed by his PACK OF GOONS. There's a brief scuffle unseen
in the confines of the house.
He and his goons drag a man in a bathrobe outside into the rain and proceed to kick the shit out of him. Once they've finished kicking him they shoot him several times. Then, as though the ass whooping and attempted murder wasn't enough, one of the goons tosses a CAT out and Vladimir puts a bullet in the little critters head. They take his car and leave him weeping and holding the little body.

JILL (V.O.)
I don't know Harry, something about his wife dying and giving him a cat. Anyway Boris's kid, Vlad, gets drunk and decides he wants to steal the guys car. So they bust in, beat the poor fuck half to death, shoot him like fives times. Then for good measure, the guy shoots his cat and steals his car.

HARRY (V.O.)
Yeah that sounds like Vlad. I mean he's a young guy and this is a tough industry, but sometimes I wonder if he wasn't born a little wrong in the head.

After weeping over the cat for several moments in the driving rain the severely wounded man slowly begins to drag himself into the house screaming in Japanese.

JILL (V.O.)
A little? Shit Harry. What kind of fuck up goes into a guys home, takes his car, and then kills the poor mans cat? Why not just break in take the car and leave. No dead cat no ass whipping.

HARRY (V.O.)
I dunno Jill, It's not my business anyways. My client's personal concerns aren't any concern of mine.

JILL (V.O.)
Goddamn Harry, maybe it should be a concern when you're talking about working for a guy that runs around drunk, busting into peoples homes, taking their cars, and killing their cats.
Inside the house there's a loud crash, and after a few seconds the man comes walking out of the house glowing sword in hand and sets off in the direction of the car.

HARRY (V.O.)
Jill I don't work for him I work for his dad.

JILL (V.O.)
I'm sure that, that's going to mean a whole lot to the cat obsessed asshole and his sword.

INT. WAREHOUSE MORNING -MORNING-

Jill and Harry have once again found their seats on their respective cars. Story time has brought a small amount of relaxation, neither of them look like they're going to rip the others throat out.

HARRY
It's not like I'm gonna be there when the bastard shows back up.

JILL
(Irritably)
And yet somehow you expect me to find sixty guys who are willing to be there when he shows back up gunning, or I guess swording, for Vlad.

HARRY
(Shouting)
Hey Jill, We all got fuckin jobs to do! And last time I checked, it was your job to provide guys with guns to stand between old rich men, their families, and death!

JILL
(Getting off her car)
Well guess what Harry? Professionals in this and every other industry are not interested in getting hacked to death by a guy with a fucking sword.

HARRY
You gotta give me something here Jill, I'm willing, Boris is willing, to pay top dollar.
JILL
(Shaking her head)
All I can do is send you to Bianca

At the mention of Bianca Harry all but loses it.

HARRY
Oh Jesus Christ Jill, the last thing I wanna do is deal with a union rep!

JILL
There's nothing else I can do Harry. You're just gonna have to go straight to the union with this one.

HARRY
Dammit Jill, you just sent my day straight to shit!

JILL
It's all I can do Harry, good luck.

Jill turns away from Harry and gets back in her car, cutting off any further conversation that Harry might of wanted to have. Harry sighs, curses a little, and gets back into his own car. After lighting another cigarette and starting his car HARRY picks up his cell phone and plugs in another number.

INT. CAR - MORNING -

HARRY
Yeah Bobby? Hey man, how ya doing?

Harry drives out of the warehouse and quickly turns into ritzier and ritzier neighborhoods.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Listen I need you to do me solid alright. You heard about last night?
(listens)
Good, just in case shit goes to hell a second night in a fuckin' row, I need you to figure out the background on this cat obsessed weirdo. I want everything, who's he fucking who'd he used to fuck, everything.
Harry arrives at his destination, and pulls into a parking lot.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Alright Bobby, thanks man, I'll see you later.

EXT. CARDINE SECURITIES -MORNING-

Harry gets out of his car and regards the opulent office building with a great deal of disgust. Cardine Security, a sign proudly proclaims. Harry takes a few more desperate draws on his cigarette, fortifying himself for what's about to come.

INT. CARDINE SECURITY RECEPTIONISTS DESK -MORNING-

Finally he enters and approaches a pretty RECEPTIONIST sitting behind a desk. The office oozes opulence. Even the plants look expensive. The receptionist picks away at her keyboard and doesn't look up when Harry approaches.

HARRY
Yeah, my names Harry, I'm here to see Bianca.

RECEPTIONIST
Do you have an appointment?

HARRY
No I don't.

RECEPTIONIST
Then I'm sorry sir, you can't see her today. I can schedule you next week sometime.

Harry rolls his eyes and places his hands on her desk.

HARRY
Listen, I'm here about the Petrovich contract.

Upon hearing those words the receptionist looks aghast and puts a hand to her mouth in apparent horror.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh Goodness, I heard about that. Those poor men, dead for just two hundred dollars. And with a sword! It must have been just terrible. (Leaning forward) (MORE)
Do you know if they're going to be paying retroactives? Their families should get something.

(Shrugs)

Fuck I dunno.

At the mention of the word fuck the receptionist looks up sharply as though someone has shoved a steel rod up her ass.

Sir, please don't talk like that.

Harry rolls his eyes. As though he can help it.

Jesus fuck lady.

Sir that is the name of my lord and savior, and I'd kindly ask you not to use it in such a profane manner.

Yeah alright, whatever. Just get me Bianca.

The receptionist glares at Harry for a long moment but finally decides to get him out of her hair.

I'll call her, but I can't make any promises, and frankly if you want to get anywhere with miss Bianca you might want to work on your tone.

Oh God.

Again sir, please do not take the name of the Lord in vain.

Harry glares but says nothing.

Miss Bianca, there's a mister Harry something or other here to see you about the Petrovich contract.

(MORE)
RECEPTIONIST (CONT’D)
He's got quite the mouth on him,
I'm just warning you. Yes miss
Bianca, I'll send him right in.

The receptionist presses a button and hangs up the phone. She goes back to pecking at keys and staring at her computer screen.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT’D)
Head right in sir, and remember what I said about your tone, miss Bianca is a good catholic and is not a fan of profanity.

HARRY
(Whispering)
Jesus Christ.

RECEPTIONIST
(Shouting after Harry)
I heard that sir, and so did the Lord Jesus!

INT. BIANCA'S OFFICE -MORNING-

Harry Opens a glass door into a plush and well organized office. BIANCA sits at her desk, typing dutifully away. Bianca is in her seventies, and looks every bit the pants suited white spinster she-devil. Her back is rod straight and her eyes stare needles into her environment. She's going over some paperwork and doesn't look up at Harry when he enters. Bianca lets him squirm before Harry finally makes the first move.

HARRY
You Bianca?

BIANCA
(Continues looking at paperwork)
Yes, that's me. You're here about the Petrovich contract, correct? Which would make you mister Harry.

HARRY
Yeah. So what can we do about getting some warm bodies between Mr. Petrovich and that crazy fucker with the sword.

At the word fuck Bianca looks up from the paperwork. Her eye's hold all the judgment of hell behind them.
BIANCA
I dislike profanity Mr. Harry.

HARRY
And I dislike being called Mr. Harry, but I'll let it slide as long as I get to retain my God-given to right to say fuck, how's that sound?

Bianca adjusts her glasses and composes herself. She leans back and taps a finger on her desk. Her eyes stare razors into him.

BIANCA
Like we're going to dislike each other Mr. Harry, but then I suppose that was inevitable.

HARRY
Good, we've established that we can both fuck off. Now what are we gonna do about getting a new set of guards for Petrovich and his kid?

Bianca rises from her desk and takes the paperwork she has with her. She moves through the well organized space with practiced grace and begins reciting a speech she's given to more than one perspective client.

BIANCA
We're a union Mr. Harry. You understand what that means, yes?

HARRY
Sure, sure, it means you're going to do whatever you can to bend my ass and the ass of my poor client over a fucking barrel so you can-

Bianca locates a drawer in her office and files the papers she was carrying, and locates another stack. She raises her voice to cut off Harry's tirade.

BIANCA
Unions Mr. Harry, are in the business of taking care of their members. We're like a family Mr. Harry, we do things for each other, and when things go poorly, we do our best for each other.
HARRY
Can you skip the bullshit and get to the part where you fuck me in the ass?

Bianca walks back to her desk and sits back down, somehow managing to put a great deal of hostility into each of her movements. She takes her time answering, mostly because it clearly bothers Harry who is fidgeting with each and every minuscule delay.

BIANCA
Mr. Harry I find that language incredibly offensive and unprofessional.

HARRY
Fuck-

BIANCA
Mr. Harry!

HARRY
Frick then, frickin A, frickin heck, frickin frick!

Bianca turns her attention from Harry to the stack of papers in front of her. She busily initials the stack in several places.

BIANCA
I suppose it's the best that I can hope for. Forty three people died last night Mr Harry, forty three members of my family were cut down by a deranged man with a sword, all over a cat. All for two hundred dollars.

HARRY
(Pointing a finger)
Listen lady, before you even fricking go there, neither my client, nor any other other client in this frickin business, is going to be paying any frickin retroactives.

Bianca finishes what she's doing and looks at Harry, she taps her finger on her desk, the click of it cracking out like the switch of an old school nun as it whacks the ass of the iniquitous. Harry fidgets.
BIANCA
Which puts myself and my company in a very trying position, doesn't it Mr. Harry? Who is going to take care of those men's surviving relatives? Contrary to popular belief, private security personnel guarding your average drug kingpin do in fact have families. They have mothers. The survivors, there were three if you didn't know, are going to need care for the rest of their lives. One of the men lost an arm and a leg. One of them lost both ears and another was blinded. Who's going to pay those bills Mr. Harry?

HARRY
That's what a frickin' union's for right? Why you barking at me for frickin' money, I'm not in your frickin' family.

BIANCA
I understand that you will not be paying retroactives; however, in light of the circumstances, our union is going to have pad the costs with the new contract.

Bianca pushes the stack of papers that she was writing on towards Harry. Harry picks it up and scans it quickly.

HARRY
Shit, I knew you were gonna fuck me, but this is insane.

BIANCA
(Taps a finger hard on her desk)
Language Mr. Harry.

HARRY
(Slapping the pages angrily)
Fuck Language, you are literally fucking me here Bianca!

BIANCA
It's not negotiable Mr. Harry.

HARRY
The monthly stipend for surviving relatives is-
BIANCA
In the contract Mr. Harry.

Bianca leans back in her chair and smiles slowly. Like a spider approaching a very suspecting but thoroughly ensnared fly. Both of them know that she has him.

HARRY
Fuck, there's no way I can-

BIANCA
You're not going to get a better deal and we both know it. If we're lucky no one dies, all you need to do is pay the ten grand each for the day and the equipment costs.

HARRY
Fuck.

Harry lights a cigarette.

BIANCA
Mr. Harry this is not a smoking area.

Harry ignores her and keeps smoking while looking at the contract. His cigarette is the one piece of rebellion and dignity that he has left at this point.

HARRY
So this is what anal rape feels like. Alright, fine. But my torn sphincter is very pissed off.

Harry takes a pen off of Bianca's desk and signs the contract.

BIANCA
(Clicking her finger against her desk in irritation)
I hope your client, Mr. Harry, is aware of the fact that you're signing contracts for him. And again, please put out that cigarette.

HARRY
(Takes a long draw on his cigarette)
(MORE)
I don't got much choice, it's 8AM and I need your goons ready to go to fucking war by the end of the day.

BIANCA
They will be Mr. Harry, your client will not be disappointed. If it's any consolation at all, I'm going to have Bernie heading up the team.

Upon hearing that name Harry immediately perks up.

HARRY
Bernie's headin it up? Hell yeah that makes me feel better!

BIANCA
Good Mister Harry. I'll make the call right now.

Harry leaves. He's already pulling out his phone by the time he exits Bianca's office. Harry rapidly dials a number and quick steps towards his car in a hurry to be away from Bianca and her lair.

INT. BORIS'S MANSION -MORNING-

BORIS PETROVICH, a Russian man in his fifties is swilling a vodka tonic at this early hour and looking stressed out while he walks through his palatial mansion. The place oozes tasteless ostentatious glit and wealth. His phone rings, Harry's voice spouts through the speaker at a frantic pace. When Boris speaks it's with a thick accent and a slight slur as he's already good and tossed.

HARRY
Hey Boris, how ya doin bud? I know you're stressed out-

BORIS
Stress out?! Guy with sword is trying to kill my son... over fucking cat Harry. I much more than stress out.

While Harry talks, he lights up a cigarette and starts his car, somehow managing to balance the acts of smoking, starting his car and having a conversation all at once.
HARRY
I hear ya Boris. I got some good news though bud, I think I might finally have a line on some guys for protection detail tonight.

Boris sprawls his middlaged girth into a huge golden armchair.

BORIS
How many Harry? I think we need army for this crazy fucker.

HARRY
(Driving)
Fifty six Boris, I just signed the paperwork. They're good too, Cardine Security guys, not like those blind fuckers Jill saddled us with last time. These guys can shoot, they got snipers and rocket launchers and everything.

BORIS
(Leans forward in his seat and looks worried)
Yeah. Sounds expensive. What this cost me?

HARRY
I'll be honest Boris it ain't cheap. After what happened with those last forty odd guys, it was tough to convince anyone it was worth the cost.

BORIS
How much Harry?

HARRY
Ten grand a piece for a days work, and equipment costs of course.

Upon hearing the damage to his quickly dwindling fortune Boris leans back in his huge chair and sloshes some of his drink. Rather than let the precious liquid go to waste he sips it off of his wrist. He talks while he licks it off of himself.

BORIS
Jesus Christ Harry, You make me sell balls.
HARRY
Sell balls? Why the fuck would you sell balls Boris?

BORIS
My balls!

HARRY
What about ‘em?

BORIS
You make me sell my balls! Is expression, yeah?

HARRY
Shit, not where I’m from.

BORIS
Fuck you Harry!

Harry finally arrives at his destination and pulls into a Starbucks drive through.

HARRY
I'm sorry Boris, I don't mean to be a wise-ass, I'm just having a tough day you know? It's not everyday I gotta come up with sixty guys to protect a kid from some crazy sword wielding catfucker.
(to cashier)
Gimme a cup a mud and an oatmeal raisin cookie.

BORIS
You think he fuck cat?

HARRY
I dunno, probably. I mean, if you're gonna kill forty fuckin guys over a cat you gotta figure he's fuckin' the little furball.

Harry looks up from his conversation for just a moment to grab his coffee and pastry from the clearly mortified Barista.

BORIS
Shit... I guess, maybe.

HARRY
Yeah anyway the ten grand is just the start.
(MORE)
HARRY (CONT'D)
They also want full death benefits, five hundred K cash to surviving relatives for everyone that ends up in a body bag, plus a monthly stipend paid to surviving spouses and children, plus full health insurance for all surviving relatives.

Boris hears the latest bad news and decides he's had enough of the light stuff to drown his sorrows and gets up off his chair with some difficulty, walking to a nearby shelf and locating a bottle of Sky vodka.

BORIS
Fucking shit Harry, I might have lot of money but that's... fucking shit man.

HARRY
(Driving)
Boris, what'd you expect? How many guys do you know of that would be willing to face a guy who's cutting bullets in half with a sword?

BORIS
(Angrily lifts bottle of Sky Vodka)
Where is line with this guy!? You know, okay you like cat, maybe kill like three guys. That's plenty you know. Then you take apology and I buy you new cat and new car and say, "hey, I very, very sorry. Please no kill my son because of cat?" And we move on, you know, like normal people.

(Drinks vodka straight)
Where is day this guy wake up and say, you know, maybe Russian crime boss not the asshole here, maybe I am asshole, you know? I just kill forty three people over dead cat, maybe I am asshole! Maybe I am bad guy!

HARRY
I hear ya Boris, but those are the terms. I need to know that now that I've signed the fucking paperwork that the check is going to clear.
BORIS
Fine, yeah, check will clear. They better be good though Harry.

HARRY
The best Boris, the best, Bernie's heading up the team.

BORIS
(Brightening up)
Bernie? I know Bernie! Good guy, he went to my kids baptism.

HARRY
Yeah you and I both know he's a hell of a guy. He'll be there to set up later this afternoon. Your place is gonna be a fuckin fortress when they're done Boris. I'm gonna go talk to Bernie personally and make sure everything is getting done right.

BORIS
Alright Harry, there is reason we call you the best.

HARRY
Damn straight.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS -AFTERNOON-

Harry hangs up and continues driving. Eventually he arrives at the palatial Petrovich mansion. The grounds are bristling with SECURITY PERSONNEL. In the background several backhoes are running and numerous CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are running around trying to get everything set up. Sniper towers are being erected by one crew, another is digging a huge hole. MERCENARIES are running around lounging and talking. All of them are armed to the teeth. Harry gets out of his car and finds BERNIE, a veritable mountain of a man setting up a machine gun. He smiles big when Harry approaches and lays on all of his Texas charm.

HARRY
Jesus Mary and Joseph Bernie, that's a motherfucking machine gun.

BERNIE
Not just a machine gun, boss, this here's a Browning M2 .50 calibre machine gun.
Bernie holds up the kind of bullet that could cut a man's arm off.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
Like to see that crazy sumbitch cut one of these bad boys in half.

Harry's startled by the size of the damn thing. He glances off into the distance, fully expecting to see a state patrol car.

HARRY
Goddamn Bernie, I mean I guess that's cool, but Jesus, what the fuck do the cops think about this? We're literally in the middle of the fuckin' city.

Bernie hops off the machine gun perch and saunters over to Harry.

BERNIE
Don't worry bout that, from what I hear Bianca's greased a lot of palms for this one. That gal's got her way you know.

HARRY
Fuck the last thing I want to think about is grease in the palm of that old bint. I wonder how much the bitch is gonna charge us for that.

Bernie smiles at Harry's twitchy fidgety fast talking antics and pats him on his skinny shoulders, careful not to send him to the dirt.

BERNIE
Hell Harry, it's probably gonna cost you out the bung hole, you know what I mean?

HARRY
Shit, you ain't kiddin' Bernie. So what else we got?

BERNIE
(Leading Harry around the grounds by his shoulders)
Giant fightin' robots.
HARRY  
(Incredulous)  
Giant Robots?

BERNIE  
(Smiling)  
Yeah. Come on and check it out, we spared no expense.

HARRY  
Fuck I bet you didn't.

The odd pair turn a corner and are confronted with Bernie's pride and joy. Considering the size of the things it's amazing that Harry didn't notice them before. They tower a full fifteen feet, and bristle with an arsenal of weaponry. Bernie is clearly ecstatic at the sight of his brand new giant fighting robots. A SOLDIER is putting one machine through its paces.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Holy fuck!

BERNIE  
Right?

The soldier in the cockpit sends up a mock salute and raises a massive gatling gun.

SOLDIER  
Gives me a boner just sittin in it!

Seeing the soldier hot-dog in the machine sends Bernie into a worried state. It's like his eldest child is being held over a cliff by a man with MS. Harry's jaw drops at the sight of the behemoths and he almost looses his cigarette in the process.

BERNIE  
(Worried)  
Jesus Trayvon, get out of the goddamn robot. It's worth more than your life, and right now your life is awful expensive.

HARRY  
Bernie where in God's name did you buy a fleet of giant killer robots?

BERNIE  
Well we didn't buy 'em, we rented, an we could only afford two, so that's hardly a fleet.
HARRY
You rented them?

BERNIE
Hell yeah we rented. Ain't nobody can afford to buy giant killer robots, cept the government of course.

HARRY
I didn't even know anybody even made giant killer robots.

Bernie nods in a sagely fashion and puts his hands on his hips. He's almost bursting with affection for the brutish constructions.

BERNIE
Them Japo's man, they've always had a fetish for this sort of stuff. I've always figured it's cause they're peckers're small. And like my poppa said, men with little peckers do lots of crazy shit to make up for it.

HARRY
(Shaking his head)
Goddamn, Boris isn't gonna like the bill at the end of this one. Shit, him and his crazy son are gonna have to move into my place if this shit keeps up.

BERNIE
Stop frettin Harry, It's gonna be fine;
(Bernie ticks the items off on his fingers)
we got machine guns, and flame throwers, and Hal over there is diggin some bunkers.

HARRY
Bunkers?

Bernie hikes a thumb over his shoulder to indicate A SMALL GROUP OF MEN working with shovels and heavy machinery.

BERNIE
Hell yeah bunkers.

HARRY
Is that legal?
BERNIE
(Shrugs)
Does it matter?

Harry starts to put a finger in the huge Texan's face but thinks better of it.

HARRY
Fuck yeah it matters. It's one thing to bribe the police and get some people to turn the other cheek for a single night of blood soaked mayhem; it's another thing entirely to deal with the division of Building Standards and Codes.

BERNIE
That ain't my problem Harry. Me n' the boys don't wanna take any chances with Catfucker.

HARRY
Catfucker huh? You've given him a name?

BERNIE
Hell yeah Catfucker, cuz you gotta figure any guy willing to off forty three people over a cat has gotta be fuckin the little furball.

Harry sighs and surveys the rest of the building site for violations. After a moment he just shrugs. He's not a damn construction foreman.

HARRY
Just make sure anything you add to the cities topography is up to speck, whatever the fuck the specks are for illegal bunkers. The last thing I want in my fucking life after everything else is to get a call from OSHA. This isn't Africa for Christ's sake, there's a rule for everything.

BERNIE
(Glancing at the sun)
We'll do our best, anyhow he's gonna be headin this way in a couple hours.
HARRY
How can you tell?

BERNIE
He told one of the poor bastards that was there the first time. Told Boris he'd come by at sunset.

HARRY
He told him?

BERNIE
(Nods)
Yeah, weird dude huh? Afterward he cut the poor bastards eyes out.

HARRY
Shit.

BERNIE
Mhmm.

HARRY
(Starts heading towards his car)
I'll get out of your hair then Bernie,
(Over his shoulder)
and Bernie?

BERNIE
Yeah?

HARRY
(Getting into car)
Be careful, and gimme a call if catfucker shows up, I wanna know what's goin down and when!

BERNIE
Ah, you're worried about me are ya buddy?

HARRY
(Starts car and shouts out the window)
Hell no, I just don't want to pay any more death benefits than I have too.

BERNIE
(Shouting after Harry)
You're an asshole Harry.
HARRY
(Driving away)
I'm not an asshole Bernie, I'm THE asshole!

Harry leaves. The sun begins to set, Bernie sits in the cockpit of one of the huge mechs. Alongside him, Trayvon smokes a cigarette in the other robot. MEN in towers check and recheck weapons. In a bunker men load up heavy machine guns and flamethrowers.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS -SUNSET-

As the sun finally dips below the skyline CATFUCKER steps into the area. His katana is glowing blue.

BERNIE
Catfucker.

Bernie speaks into comm.

BERNIE (CONT’D)
Harry you there?

Harry is sitting in his dimly lit apartment watching pornography and drinking scotch.

HARRY
Yeah?

BERNIE
He's here... hell what are you watching?

HARRY
Porn, now kill that fucker!

Harry leans forward and closes the laptop. He looks ready to burst from the anticipation.

BERNIE
Roger, roger, n' Harry, you need a hobby.

HARRY
I have a hobby. I day drink and watch porn. Stay on the line I wanna know when the cocksucker gets plugged!
BERNIE
Gotcha boss,
(Bernie presses a button, apparently putting Harry on hold. Bernie talks into comm.)
Sammy?

SAMMY, a lean man made of edges and gristle, lies prone in the snipers nest. He has Catfucker in the sights of his .50 caliber sniper rifle.

SAMMY
Yeah?

BERNIE
You got a shot?

SAMMY
(Smiles)
You know it.

BERNIE
Well blow his damn head off!

SAMMY
Roger.

Sammy exhales and slowly squeezes the trigger. The bullet flies out of the barrel, heading directly for Catfucker's head. Catfucker serenely cuts the bullet in half. He walks forward slowly.

BERNIE
Holy Christ! He cut it in half.
Harry you still there?

HARRY
Yeah, What's going on?

BERNIE
I'm gonna have to call you back, shit just got real.

Bernie Hangs up on Harry and preps his weapons. His mech lifts a huge sword that might weigh as much as he does.

BERNIE (CONT’D)
(Shouting)
Alright boys, let's party!

Catfucker continues to walk forward slowly. Sammy and a pair of other SNIPERS continue firing with more and more desperation.
Catfucker continues cutting bullets in half and slowly covers the distance between himself, the sniper towers, and the bunker. He is clearly enjoying himself.

Once he is close enough, flames and machine-gun fire erupt out of the bunker. Rather than trying to cut the innumerable rounds and the gout of flame in half Catfucker simply jumps, a full fifty feet in the air, and lands squarely on the bunker, smashing it into a crater. He manages all of that while casually cutting sniper fire in half.

After squashing the concrete construction, Catfucker decides he's had enough of being peppered with apparently ineffective sniper fire and deflects first one bullet and then a second into the heads of the offending snipers. Their heads pop like melons.

Bernie and Trayvon decide that it's time to use their Japanese robots on Catfucker and begin to close the distance. The OTHER MERCENARIES mill around at the feet of the robots. Trayvon's mech fires first, spitting out thousands of rounds from a massive machine gun. Men fan out at the base of the robots feet, peppering Catfucker with bullets. Multiple bullets hit the man, but his flesh regenerates faster than the bullets can hurt him.

Catfucker walks forward, only fending off the worst of the gunfire, and allowing his healing factor to keep him from harm. Bernie and his giant Mech close the last of the distance. Trayvon moves to Bernie's flank, spitting rounds out all the while. Bernie swings the sword, but Catfucker is apparently impossibly strong and stops the giant blade easily.

**CATFUCKER**

(Shouting)

Where is Petrovich!

Bernie disengages with Catfucker and takes another swing at him, and then another. Catfucker is clearly unconcerned, dodging the first blow and deflecting the second and third.

**BERNIE**

Piss off you crazy sumbitch!

Catfucker dodges the sword again but this time he moves in afterward and cuts off the arm of Bernies mech. The magic samurai sword moves through the steel like butter. Bernie looks down at the severed length of steel and shakes his head.

**BERNIE (CONT’D)**

Oh shit.
Trayvon rushes forward in his own mech to try and save Bernie from apparent death. Catfucker stomps the ground sending a piece of rock to about waist height. He kicks the rock through Trayvon's head, spattering his brains to the back of his robot and moves in on Bernie. Mercenaries continue to blast Catfucker with rounds, but nothing is hurting him. Bernie's robot staggers back. Catfucker cuts off it's other arm.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
Fall back, get the client out of here!

The group of men at the feet of his robot begin retreating in a disciplined manner, a handful of them running faster to secure the Petrovich clan. Bernie kicks a leg at the magic samurai, trying to slow his progress. Catfucker cuts that off too. He leaps up and cuts the robot, and Bernie, in half.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
(Looking down at his bottomless body and shaking his head)
Shit... Like this... who'd a thunk it?
(Dies)

Catfucker stands on the body of the fallen mech, and looks up. In the background a helicopter lifts off.

CATFUCKER
(Whispering)
No matter where you go Vladimir Petrovich, I will find you.

The chopper leaves and unfortunately for what remains of the security detail they've been left behind. One by one the men run out of ammunition. Rather than run the grim faced mercenaries draw knives and face death. Catfucker turns to them. He glares, roars, and charges.

A note is carved into a dead man's bare back. It says, 'TWO DAYS AT SUNSET.' Catfucker walks slowly away from a sea of corpses, and a handful of groaning bleeding men. Sirens ring in the background. Screen goes black.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH -MORNING-

The sober light of day shines it's unforgiving light through the stained glass windows of a cathedral. The Catholic church is full to bursting with mourners. Harry and Jill are watching the service. Dozens of caskets are laid out and a priest is presiding over the service.
Large groups of women and children are weeping over the dead. An armless man is sobbing over a casket and calling out the name Bernie over and over. Harry and Jill both look totally shell shocked. Harry puts his head in his hands and breaks the silence.

**HARRY**

Thirty eight people dead, ten more with missing arms or legs. Another four without eyes. Two giant Japanese killer robots. Holy fuck, this is gonna be expensive. What does a giant fighting robot even cost?

**JILL**

(Angrily)

Is that honestly all you can think about right now Harry? Bernie's dead! He got cut in half for Christ's sake!

Harry looks up from his hands and glares over at Jill. He looks tired. He didn't sleep at all last night from worry. Jill doesn't look much better.

**HARRY**

Well I'm sorry Jill, but that's my job. To put guys with guns on the ground. Then It's my job to figure out how to pay for everything.

(puts his head back into his hands)

And right now Jill, that sounds like a pretty big task.

**JILL**

Shit Harry! What are you bitching about? I just finished prepping a damn funeral for thirty eight men on short notice. Bernie was my nieces godfather and now he's in two pieces.

Harry Lights a Cigarette and leans back. He takes a long draw on the cig to calm his nerves. The smoke relaxes him noticeably. The two sit there for a beat and let the severity of the situation settle in.

**HARRY**

Shit Jill, I'm sorry.

**JILL**

Can you smoke in a church?
HARRY
(Shaking his head and smoking)
Absolutely. Fuck... poor Bernie. What a shit way to go.

JILL
(Leans back and watches the priests)
It's alright Harry, For the first time in forever, I really, honestly, want one of these people dead. I want Catfucker's head on a goddamn spike.

HARRY
I hear ya Jill, thankfully as soon as the first forty odd guys-

JILL
Forty three Harry.

HARRY
Yeah, yeah. Anyway, after that, I put Bobby on this one. He's a computer genius or some shit. Whatever we need to know about Catfucker, we're gonna know about it right fuckin' now.

JILL
(Gathering her things)
Good, I'm coming.

HARRY
Shit Jill, Bobby's kind of a private guy.

JILL
(Glaring)
Fuck you Harry. I'm coming.

HARRY
(Resigned)
Shit, alright I guess. Just let me take the lead. Bobby's a weird guy.

Harry and Jill get up and walk out of the church. Jill glances up at Harry's lank frame.

JILL
God I need a cup of coffee.
HARRY
I got Bailey's and a thermos full
of mud in my car.

JILL
Thank god for that.

INT. WAREHOUSE -MORNING-

Harry and Jill drive to an abandoned lot. Each is guzzling coffee. Harry is smoking his ever-present cigarette. Eventually a shady white van with tinted windows pulls up and a man in his twenties or thirties gets out with some trouble. BOBBY is the con-boy gone wrong, fat, rank, probably sexually deviant and possessed of the worst kind of facial hair. He immediately notices that Harry has company and doesn't like it.

BOBBY
Who the hell's the lady Harry? I
don't like people knowing that I do
this.

HARRY
This is Jill don't worry about it,
Jill this is Bobby.

Jill looks at Bobby for a long moment before deciding to reach a hand out towards him. She smiles her most professional smile in spite of Bobby's appearance and smell.

JILL
Nice to meet you.

BOBBY
(Ignoring the hand)
I don't like you telling people
about me Harry. If my mother ever
found out I was working for people
like you-

HARRY
Relax Bobby, and you really need to move out of that basement.

BOBBY
I like it with my mom.

JILL
(Continues holding out her hand)
It's fine Bobby.
(MORE)
I'll just stand here quietly and when it's all over I'll forget we ever met.

BOBBY
(Shakes her hand reluctantly)
I guess that's all right.

Now that introduction are over and Bobby is placated Harry is ready to finally get to business. Once Bobby turns away from Jill she wipes the residue of Bobby's clammy hand off on a pant leg. Harry begins to pace.

HARRY
Bobby what do we got on the Catfucker? You've had a full day and I expect miracles Bobby, motherfucking miracles. Make me believe I pay you for a good damn reason. Leverage Bobby, I need leverage.

BOBBY
(Hesitates)
He's from new Jersey.

HARRY
(Stops pacing and glares)
He's from New Jersey and...

BOBBY
That's all I got.

HARRY
Well what the fuck am I supposed to do with that Bobby?! What am I gonna do? Contract some fucker to kidnap the whole fuckin state of New Jersey?

Bobby clearly doesn't like being the object of Harry's wrath and suddenly finds the floor to be endlessly interesting.

BOBBY
Uh... He also spent a few years in Asia.

Harry's had enough of the bullshit by now and gets right into Bobby's face.

HARRY
And how is that helpful Bobby?! Do you even know which part of Asia?
(MORE)
HARRY (CONT'D)
There's lots of Asia in Asia! Hell half of Asia hates the other half of Asia! So which part of Asia is he from? Is he Japanese?

BOBBY
(Looks up, curious)
Why would that matter?

HARRY
(Screaming)
Cause if he is then we got something! China, Korea and the Philippines are all itching to settle that score, so we can just let 'em kill the whole fuckin' island! What the fuck man! Does he got family?!

Bobby by now looks like he might cry. Harry isn't helping matters and is staying in close proximity to Bobby's face.

BOBBY
No.

HARRY
Friends?

BOBBY
No.

HARRY
(Turns away from Bobby)
And his wife's dead so we can't use her.

BOBBY
Yeah that about covers it.

HARRY
FUCK!

BOBBY
Have you thought about apologizing to the guy?

EXT. MYSTERY MAN'S HOUSE -AFTERNOON-

We see A MAN walk up to Catfucker's door with a bouquet of flowers and a letter. He looks nervous and hesitates at the door.
HARRY (V.O.)
Yeah we tried that. After the first forty something guys.

JILL (V.O.)
Forty three Harry.

Finally gathering his nerve, the man presses the doorbell.

HARRY (V.O.)
Yeah we tried it then.

BOBBY (V.O.)
And?

The door opens and a sword licks out cleanly decapitating the man. A hand catches the flowers before they fall to the ground and brings them inside the door. The headless body plots onto the ground followed shortly by the head. Blood squirts.

HARRY (V.O.)
He cut the poor fuckers head off.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Seriously? For trying to apologize?

HARRY (V.O.)
Yeah, the guys a fucking whacko.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING-

Harry is out of Bobby's face. He still looks stressed, but he seems less likely to rip Bobby's head off.

BOBBY
Son of a-

HARRY
Yeah... So he's from New Jersey and spent time in Asia. You really got nothing else?

BOBBY
I have the obvious.

HARRY
What's that mean?

BOBBY
Have you watched the YouTube video?
HARRY
There's a YouTube video?

BOBBY
Duh? Do you not know this? You work for Boris and you haven't seen the video-

HARRY
I don't have WiFi. Or a smartphone.

BOBBY
What? Serious?

HARRY
I don't have a lot of fucking money asshole.

BOBBY
Oh my God. Is it that bad now Harry? You're wife really got that much in the divorce?

Bringing up His recent divorce sends Harry into another fit. He sticks a finger into a Bobby's face let's him have it a second time. Pudgy cocksucker.

HARRY
Jesus Fuck Bobby. When's the last time you got laid?

BOBBY
What does that have to do with anything!?!

HARRY
Is it less or more important than having internet? You fuck!

Worried that Harry might actually start throwing blows, Jill gets between Harry and Bobby and puts a hand on Harry's chest.

JILL
Hey, ease off the kid Harry.

HARRY
(Over the top of Jill's head)
I got laid last month asshole!

BOBBY
Serious? It's been that long?
HARRY
Man, Fuck you!

BOBBY
(Holding his hands up in surrender)
Harry calm down. Point is there was a YouTube video.

HARRY
And this story has a point?!

Bobby sighs and draws out his iPhone. It's brand new and obviously expensive.

BOBBY
(Looking for the YouTube video)
Listen, Catfucker's magic.

HARRY
Magic? Magic how? Does he do street magic? Or is he Magic because he's capable of having a romance with a cat? And by the way jerking off in front of your computer does not count as getting laid Bobby your porn addiction-

BOBBY
Dude... I have a girlfriend.

HARRY
FUCK!

BOBBY
It's that upsetting for you?

HARRY
(Panting)
Somehow... yeah.

Bobby finally passes the Smartphone to Harry and presses play.

BOBBY
Just watch the video.

Harry watches incredulously as Catfucker slams his foot down shooting a boulder to about waist height. He kicks it through Trayvon’s head. Afterward Catfucker cuts a full magazine of automatic gunfire in half.
HARRY
Holy fuck!

BOBBY
Like I said, he's got some kind of Kung Fu magic.

Harry paces in a wide Circle and puts his hands on his hips. He looks completely defeated.

HARRY
Shit, Well how the fuck do we deal with magic? I mean it's one thing to have to figure out how to get fifty guys and lots of guns in their hands, it's another thing to deal with a fucking magic samurai.

Jill straightens her glasses and speaks up.

JILL
I know a guy.

HARRY
You know a guy?

BOBBY
Like a wizard or something?

JILL
He's a Haitian Bokor.

Harry frowns and lights up a cigarette.

HARRY
A bokor? the fuck is that?

JILL
It's like a witch doctor.

BOBBY
Where did you meet a Haitian witch doctor?

JILL
Queens.

HARRY
That hardly answers the question.
JILL
Listen, in this business it's always a good idea to have all your bases covered, sometimes voodoo solves problems that bullets don't.

HARRY
Jesus fuck Jill, when's the last time that Voodoo solved a problem that a bullet didn't?

JILL
Four years ago, you remember Montreal?

HARRY
Wait, Montreal was voodoo?

JILL
Yeah, we couldn't stop the crazy bastard so I had this guy put a hex on him, three days later, (claps her hands for emphasis) car wreck.

BOBBY
And you're sure that wasn't just coincidence?

JILL
(Shrugs)
I dunno, but when Catfucker's literally kicking boulders through giant robots I figure it's time to try something new.

HARRY
Well shit, why not?

BOBBY
I guess.

Harry whirls on Bobby.

HARRY
Wait serious Bobby?!

BOBBY
What?
HARRY
I figured you'd be the one to point out that we're wasting our time with fucking voodoo.

JILL
You got any better ideas? If you want you can always go back to Bianca after she just buried thirty eight more men.

HARRY
What do you think I'm doing after this? We'll do the voodoo on top of that. Do we need to bring him anything?

Jill decides that the conversation is over and heads back to her Lexus.

JILL
Last time he needed a live chicken so we'll do that. And a pound of gold in payment. And something to link us to Catfucker.

HARRY
I can get the gold and the link but Where do we find a live chicken in the middle of the city?

JILL
Don't worry I got someone for that too.

Jill piles into her Lexus.

HARRY
Shit Jill where the fuck do you find these people?

JILL
Here and there. I met this guy at a farmers market.

BOBBY
The Haitian or the chicken guy?
JILL
(Out the car window)
Both, you'd be surprised who you
meet at a farmers market, Anyway
I'm gonna grab the chicken I'll
meet you guys there in a couple
hours alright? Bring the gold. Oh
and guys.

Harry and Bobby look at her.

JILL (CONT'D)
Expect lots of blood.

HARRY
Yeah you got it. Bobby, cn' I ride
with you? I'm trying to save on
gas.

BOBBY
God Harry, sure get in.

INT. BOBBY'S VAN -DAY-

Harry jumps into the front seat of the van and looks behind
him at Bobby's shady van/workstation. Curtains cover the
windows. A laptop and workstation rest in the backseat.
Sitting amidst the technology and creepy windows is a full
body anime pillow. On it is pasted a picture of an anime girl
touching herself. Bobby manages after some effort to get into
the drivers seat.

HARRY
(Pointing at the pillow)
Bobby... what the fuck is that?

BOBBY
What? You mean Fumiko?

HARRY
You named it?

BOBBY
(Starting van)
It's just a hobby Harry.

Harry turns back to Bobby.

HARRY
What in the fuck kind of Hobby
involves a cushion with a cartoon
on it!?
BOBBY
Just let it go Harry.

HARRY
Is this your girlfriend Bobby?

BOBBY
No Harry.

HARRY
Does she know about this?

Bobby starts the car and does what he can to deflect Harry's question.

BOBBY
You have something better to do don't you?

HARRY
Yeah I gotta call Bianca, but we're talking about this again later Bobby.

BOBBY
Why Harry?

HARRY
Because it's fucking hilarious.

BOBBY
Just make your phone calls.

HARRY
(Pulls out phone and dials)
Way ahead of ya.

Harry puts the phone to his ear and waits.

INT. BIANCA'S OFFICE -MORNING-

Bianca lets the phone ring a few times before she picks up her phone. She is noticeably more stressed out than she was before. Where before her office was tidy, now papers are strewn about.

BIANCA
This is Bianca, who is this?

HARRY
Hey Bianca, it's Harry.
BIANCA
I know that! I was giving you a single sentence to hang up and move on!

HARRY
And why the fuck would I hang up?

Bianca's eyes narrow and she begins to tap her finger on her desk in irritation. Her voice goes dangerously low.

BIANCA
Bernie is dead Mr. Harry, my friend is dead.

HARRY
And I'm sorry for that, he'll be missed. Now what's it gonna cost to put a fucking army on the ground and finish this fuck?

BIANCA
(Laughs bitterly)
An army? After eighty one of my employees were killed in two days? And another dozen or so with life changing injuries? How many security personnel do you think we keep under contract?

HARRY
I... I dunno, I just always figured there were more.

BIANCA
Mister Harry, my company only keeps a hundred and twenty personnel under contract at any given time.

HARRY
That few?

Bianca taps her desk again and her voice suddenly returns to it's normal professional tone.

BIANCA
Mr. Harry, I will be blunt. Your contract has been blacklisted.

HARRY
What? What the fuck!
BIANCA
I apologize for any inconvenience Mr. Harry; but neither me, nor anyone else in this business, is prepared to do any sort of transaction with you or Mr. Petrovich until this matter is settled.

HARRY
You mean until my client's dead!

BIANCA
That sounds like a logical conclusion. Before we settle this conversation there is the matter of the bill.

HARRY
You just told me that I was blacklisted and now your talkin about the fuckin bill!?

Bianca suddenly smiles. She positively purrs.

BIANCA
It is the unfortunate nature of the business that we do Mr. Harry.

HARRY
So what about the bill?

BIANCA
I merely wished to inform you, Mr. Harry, that it has been sent, and that it will be collected upon.

HARRY
What? Are you threatening my client?

BIANCA
(laughs)
Heavens no, Mr. Harry! Nothing so barbaric. When it comes to making threats and collecting debts, I have lawyers and accountants for that. Both of which have been informed of the situation. Goodbye Mr. Harry, I look forward to the resolution of this matter.

Bianca hangs her phone up.
HARRY
Fuck you!

Harry listens for a moment and then realizes that she's no longer on the line.

HARRY (CONT’D)
The bitch hung up on me

BOBBY
That bad huh?

HARRY
You got no idea, she blacklisted the contract.

BOBBY
And that's bad?

HARRY
(Dialing a second number)
You know for such a smart guy you sure are a dipshit Bobby.

BOBBY
You know Harry, I'm giving you a ride I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't talk to me like-

HARRY
Shut up Bobby I'm on the phone.
(into phone)
Ya there bud?

INT. DILAPIDATED INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -DAY-

Boris picks up his phone. He's drinking another vodka tonic. The area Boris is sitting in is noticeably more dilapidated than the last area he was in. The chair he's resting his ass in is plain wood instead of plush cushions. In the background industrial equipment is gathering rust. The area is dimly lit, dingy and ugly, but at least he apparently still had good vodka.

BORIS
What the hell Harry... you see what happened?

HARRY
No Boris. I was asleep at the time, but I heard about it.
BORIS
(Drinks his vodka tonic in one gulp)
Catfucker cut a robot into pieces!

HARRY
Yeah I saw the YouTube version of that part.

BORIS
Then he carve note into guys back, says tomorrow night he comes for me again!

HARRY
Yeah the guy likes leaving notes.

BORIS
And Bernie-

HARRY
Yeah I know. I was just at his funeral.

BORIS
Shit Harry, how much all that cost us?

HARRY
Honestly Boris... I don't know. Bianca said she'd send the bill, and something about collectors.

Boris has finally had enough bad news and tosses his empty vodka tonic across the room shattering it on the wall.

BORIS
SHIT!

HARRY
You might want to start liquidating assets so we can pay another security detail.

BORIS
You think we can get another bunch of guys? How many guys this catfucker kill so far?

HARRY
A little shy of a hundred.

BORIS
Fuck.
Harry pulls out his cigarettes and lights one up. He takes a long draw before continuing. Bobby coughs and waves at the smoke.

HARRY
Anyway, where you at?

BORIS
This shitty warehouse. It's pretty bad Harry, pretty bad.

HARRY
Seriously Boris? I figured you'd be outta the country by now.

Boris leans back in his chair and looks defeated. He picks the bottle of Sky off of the desk in front of him and takes a slug.

BORIS
You kidding? I got record Harry, long record. How many countries want Russian crime boss to emigrate? I can't even leave state, I'm on parole.

HARRY
Shit. I never thought of it that way.

BORIS
You find guys to guard tomorrow night? Guys I can afford? I don't even want to know what those fucking robots cost.

HARRY
Honestly bud, I got some bad news.

BORIS
Bad news? What could be worse than news you already give?

HARRY
Bianca blacklisted the contract.

BORIS
She blacklisted me? That bitch! After all I pay her!

HARRY
Yeah, so we can't go through the traditional routes. How much you got in the petty cash account?
BORIS
Six million, but Harry, maybe don't spend it all. I don't know how much I have after the robots and the death benefits and... shit man, I gotta call my accountant and my lawyer.

HARRY
Don't worry, I'll have some guys for tomorrow, trust me.

BORIS
And trust me Harry, if me or my kid dies, you don't get paid!
(hangs up)

Harry leans back letting all the bullshit wash over him. He sighs out a big gout of smoke.

HARRY
Well fuck me I sure hope the voodoo thing works out.

BOBBY
So we're relying on voodoo? That's wild.

HARRY
Tell me about it, and if I can't keep Boris and his kid alive...

BOBBY
What?

Harry pulls a flask out of his jacket and takes a long drink. Whatever's in the flask is nasty enough to cause Harry to gag.

HARRY
I can't pay my rent.

BOBBY
And you're drinking now.

HARRY
I'm about to do a fuckin voodoo spell. I can't get guards for my client. So yeah. I'm drinking. You want some?

BOBBY
Harry I'm driving.
Harry rolls his eyes and takes another drink. This gulp goes down just a little bit smoother.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Why is it a shock to you that I wouldn't want to drink and drive. You think this is why your wife divorced you?

HARRY
Naw, that was cause of the hookers and the blow.
(Harry turns back to Fumiko and points.) And you're the one with the sex pillow. So your advice about women is pretty suspect.

BOBBY
Fumiko's not a sex pillow Harry.

HARRY
Bobby, stop calling it by name.

BOBBY
It's just a hobby Harry.

HARRY
Whatever you want to tell yourself Bobby. We there yet?

BOBBY
Almost, but Harry, I just wanna say, I worry about you man, the drinking and the smoking.

HARRY
Shut up Bobby and let me drink. Take the next left, we need to stop and get the gold and...
(Harry looks at Bobby and decides not to give him details on the other thing there getting) the other thing.

MONTAGE

EXT. PAWNSHOP -DAY-
-Bobby Pulls his van into pawn shop parking lot.

INT. PAWNSHOP -DAY-
-Harry buys a pound of gold from a SHADY PAWN BROKER.

EXT. FARMERS MARKET -DAY-

-Jill is at a farmer's market buying a chicken from a SMALL CHINESE MAN.

EXT. GRAVEYARD -DAY-

-Harry at graveyard digging a hole. He's too skinny and out of shape to get much purchase on the ground.

-Harry coughing hacking and looking exhausted. He hasn't made much progress.

-TWO LATIN AMERICANS digging a hole in the ground while Harry smokes.

-Latin Americans pull a body out of the casket.

END MONTAGE

INT. BOKOR'S APARTMENT -DAY-

Harry and Bobby walk into an overpriced apartment. When they get to the apartment of the Bokor they find that Jill is already there. The Bokor's apartment is palatial spacious and well furnished. The BOKOR is a tall slender black man in a nice suit and tie. He looks more like a banker than a witch doctor. A live chicken is clucking merrily on the kitchen counter. Knives and other implements are laid out in an orderly fashion. Jill is dressed in a rain slicker and rubber gloves. Harry is obviously both impressed and a little irate that a witch doctor is making more than him. His suit is covered in dirt and dust. At his waist he carries a black fifty gallon trash bag. He takes a conciliatory drink from his flask. He's no longer gagging on the stuff.

HARRY
Fuck me, I gotta get into the witch doctoring business.

BOKOR
We prefer the term supernatural consultant.

HARRY
Whatever.

Harry lights up a cigarette.
BOKOR
I'd also appreciate it if you
didn't smoke in my home.

Harry rolls his eyes, but after taking several puffs, puts
out the cigarette on the bokor's counter.

JILL
Harry don't be an ass. This is
Samuel, our consultant. Samuel this
is Harry and Bobby, they work for
the client.

SAMUEL
And what services do you gentlemen
require of me?

HARRY
We're trying to figure out where
Catfucker gets his power and then
maybe you could arrange a car
wreck, or brain cancer, or
something. Preferably lethal and in
short order.

SAMUEL
Very well, I assume you have
brought payment and something to
link us to the person you are
trying to deal with.

HARRY
Yeah I got something.

Harry reaches into bag and pulls out a solid piece of gold
and lays it on the table. The gold is stained with bits of
gore. Samuel examines it closely to make sure it's legit.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You got no idea how hard it is to
find a pound of pure gold on short
notice. And I got this!

Harry reaches back into his bag of goodies and pulls out
Bernie's severed head. Bobby begins to freak out.

BOBBY
Oh my God Harry! Is that a human
head? Did he seriously pull out a
human head?

JILL
Harry what the hell! Where did you
get that!?
HARRY
Where do you think?

Bobby puts his head in his hands.

BOBBY
Oh my God. Oh Jesus I've done it now. I'm going to hell.

HARRY
Bobby, chill out buddy. It's just a human head. It's not like the damn thing gives a shit.

Harry moves the head toward Bobby who shrieks and steps back. Tears begin falling from Bobby's eyes.

HARRY (CONT'D)
God, you act like this is your first experience with this shit man. You work in the fucking henchman business.

JILL
(Getting into Harry's space)
Goddamnit Harry! Couldn't you find someone else's head? What am I gonna tell his wife?

HARRY
(Harry lets the head dangle at his waist)
Don't worry about it, it's not like she's gonna ever have to know.

JILL
We have coffee on Tuesdays. How am I going to not tell her?

HARRY
Just don't say anything, it's really simple.

Jill shakes her head and sighs.

JILL
You don't understand women.

BOBBY
His ex-wife feels the same way.

HARRY
Fuck off Bobby.
Harry moves Head toward bobby again who shrieks with renewed vigor and holds his hands up to his chest.

HARRY (CONT’D)
(Laughing)
He's like a little girl.

JILL
I thought you liked Bernie?

HARRY
I did. Frankly I think the guy woulda found this every bit as funny as I do. I mean we're in an apartment to do what? A voodoo spell?
(Takes a slug of booze)
Bunch a horse shit.

JILL
I'm guessing based on the drinking that the conversation with Bianca didn't go too well.

HARRY
She blacklisted us.

JILL
Damn.

Samuel crosses the room and gets between Harry and Jill. He's impatient to get on with the spell.

SAMUEL
I have another appointment in thirty minutes. I'd appreciate expediting this process.

HARRY
(Setting the head on the counter)
Whateva you fuckin shill. What do we need to do?

SAMUEL
Just stand back.

HARRY
This should be good.

Samuel pulls out a piece of chalk and draws a circle in the center of the room while chanting. He places the head and the chicken in the center of the circle.
He draws out a sharp knife and cuts the head of the chicken off spraying everything, Bobby, Jill and Harry included, with blood. Bobby shrieks. Suddenly Jill's rain slicker makes more sense. The chicken continues moving around drunkenly spurting out an absurd amount of blood.

HARRY (CONT’D)
What the Fuck! I don't have a lot of clothes asshole.

Jill shushes Harry. When the spell is finished the circle and runes begin to glow. The eyes of the head open. Bobby passes out.

BERNIE
Holy hell... have I got a headache.

Bernie's eyes look down and go wide with shock.

BERNIE (CONT’D)
What in the bejesus!?

HARRY
Holy shit, fuck me, it fuckin' worked!

Bernie's eyes look in all directions as he tries to figure out what the hell happened.

BERNIE
Oh God... oh god, Jill where in the name of all that is holy is the rest of me?

JILL
Relax Bernie, you're dead.

BERNIE
That's not a sentence I much like to hear Jill! Goddamnit, where's my body?

HARRY
It's still in the ground! Where's the levers... how? How the fuck?

BERNIE
Oh Christ almighty this is strange.

Bobby wakes up, looks at Bernie’s head, and begins shrieking hysterically. Bernie's head begins to freak out and shriek as well, until the two men are just shrieking back and forth at each other. Jill finally slaps Bobby.
JILL
Shut up Bobby! Get your shit together.

Bobby shuts up and looks wounded. Tears stream down his face, but he's quiet now. Bernie finally stops shrieking as well. He takes several deep gulping breathes to try and calm himself.

SAMUEL
Spirit of the deceased, we require information.

BERNIE
Hell, just call me Bernie I guess, oh my God, get this over with and soon.

HARRY
You're taking this pretty well man.

BERNIE
Yeah I guess. Whataya wanna know mister summoner?

SAMUEL
The man that killed you, this Catfucker, we need to know where he receives his power.

BERNIE
Well how in the heck am I supposed to know that?

SAMUEL
It comes with being dead, just focus on the question and the answer should come.

BERNIE
Alright alright, I'll try, but I don't like any of this nonsense.

Bernie closes his eyes and furrows his brow. He strains his face trying to listen something that he's not even sure he can hear.

BERNIE (CONT’D)
I never thought I'd say it but, Jesus Christ, I miss being dead.

JILL
I'm sorry Bernie.
BERNIE
Don't fret none little miss, I'm gettin' somethin.

Jill draws out a small notepad and takes notes while Bernie talks.

JILL
What is it?

BERNIE
Boris' dipshit son cn' sure pick enemies, the sumbitch has a magic sword, it grants 'im superspeed n' strength and precognition and invincibility and sum such. Anyhow when he's got the sword he's all but impossible to kill. Which prolly explains him cutting up a goddamn Jap'nese robot.

SAMUEL
So how can we slay this creature. Can we steal this sword of his?

BERNIE
Naw, the spirits are saying that's not gonna happen. They're saying you're gonna need a demon. Something about demon magic taking his power.

SAMUEL
Anything else?

BERNIE
Someone else with a magic damn sword.

(Opens eyes)
And, Hell I dunno, if I were to give recommendations I'd probably tell ya to find some magic kung fu assholes of your own.

HARRY
I hear that. Good advice Bernie.

SAMUEL
Thank you spirit.

BERNIE
I told ya to call me Bernie.
SAMUEL
Thank you Bernie.

BERNIE
Hey Jill.

Jill walks over and picks up the head of her deceased friend.

JILL
Yeah Bernie?

BERNIE
Take care of my family huh? Tell my wife I love her.

JILL
I will Bernie.

Bernie glances over to the weeping form of Bobby and thinks better of it.

BERNIE
You know on second thought, don't tell her a fuckin' thing. This is way too messed up for her to take real well. If it set the fat kid to weepin' I think my wife won't much like it.

HARRY
Thanks Bernie.

BERNIE
Just kill the sumbitch for me huh guys?

JILL
We will Bernie.

BERNIE
Alright I'm outta here. You, mister sorcerer. You ever do this to me or anybody else and we're gonna have some serious words in whatever hell we both end up in.

SAMUEL
Alright, thank you Bernie.

Bernie takes one last breathe and goes back to being just another dead head.

JILL
Bernie?
SAMUEL
The spirit has gone back to the realm of the dead.

HARRY
Jesus fuck. Did that just happen Bobby?

Bobby breaks down and begins weeping uncontrollably. The assembled group glances over at him with a mix of pity and disgust.

HARRY (CONT’D)
I guess that's a yes

Jill places Bernie's head back on the counter gently.

JILL
I assume you have to do some cleanup before your next appointment.

SAMUEL
Actually the next appointment is with the cleaners. Here in an hour I have some couples counseling.

HARRY
Couples counseling?

SAMUEL
This is mostly a side thing.

JILL
So how do we go about summoning demons and finding a magic sword?

SAMUEL
One thing at a time everyone. I find it's best to deal with large problems in pieces.

HARRY
We only got a day and a night here Samuel.

SAMUEL
The demon I know how to summon, I think that it's relatively certain that it will know how to find a magic sword. The kung fu people on the other hand-
JILL
I know a guy.

HARRY
Did you meet him at a farmers market too?

JILL
Naw, I play bridge with him on Saturday.

HARRY
Whataya need for the demon? Another chicken?

SAMUEL
Unfortunately it requires something more intelligent to draw the attention of something as powerful as a denizen of hell.

HARRY
So do I gotta kidnap a chimp or something?

SAMUEL
I require the fresh cut thumb of a virgin human and the blood thereat. As for how you gain such a treasure, I leave that to you.

BOBBY
(Composing himself)
How're we gonna find the thumb of a virgin?

Harry and Jill both gaze fixedly at Bobby.

BOBBY (CONT’D)
What? I got a girlfriend.

HARRY
We're not sayin you don't but we're just assuming...

JILL
Who do you hang out with and where can we find them?

BOBBY
What's that supposed to mean?
SAMUEL
Excuse me everyone. Now that the consultation is over I would kindly ask that you all leave.

Samuel escorts them gently out of his blood stained apartment and places a hand on Jill's shoulder.

SAMUEL (CONT’D)
Miss Jill, call me when you have found the thumb of a willing virgin.

JILL
Does the sex of the virgin matter?

SAMUEL
No it does not.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY -DAY-
They all leave and find themselves in the lobby. Even the lobby is plush. Harry and Jill corner Bobby immediately.

JILL
Where can we find your friends Bobby?

BOBBY
What's the point of all this?

HARRY
Listen Bobby. Where can we find a fuckin virgin?

BOBBY
How would I know?

Harry looks like he might slap Bobby. Jill gets between the two men and puts a hand on Bobby's shoulder.

JILL
Just think Bobby. Just be rational stop feeling anger and think about the one place that you know of that maybe we don't that we might find a virgin.

BOBBY
I dunno, a preschool?

Jill and Harry looked horrified.
HARRY
That's fucked up Bobby.

JILL
Way fucked up.

BOBBY
I dunno!

JILL
Tell you what Bobby, why don't you just take Harry to wherever you go at about this time.

HARRY
Good idea Jill.

Harry and Jill have both decided on the course of action and turn to each other to finalize plans.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Jill you said you got a line on the magic kung fu people. Me and Bobby we'll deal with the virgin thumb, I'll call you when I have one.

JILL
Sounds like a plan.

BOBBY
I'm still here guys. I'm standing right here.

Harry and Jill ignore Bobby.

HARRY
Alright Jill,
(Shakes Jill's hand)
let's go get a magic sword a demon and a bunch of magic kung fu people. Come on Bobby, we gotta hit up a bank, and then drive us to Whatever you do at three pm on a Tuesday!

MONTAGE

EXT. BANK -DAY-

-Harry and Bobby drive Bobby's rape wagon up to a bank. Harry gets out and enters bank.

INT. BANK -DAY-
—Harry pulls out three briefcases. He opens each, all three are full to bursting with hundred dollar bills.

EXT. BANK -DAY-

—Harry throws the briefcases next to Fumiko.

END MONTAGE

EXT. CAFE -DAY-

Harry and Bobby are sitting in Bobby's car. Harry is smoking and watching a group of men playing Magic the Gathering inside a cafe.

HARRY
The fuck are they doing?

BOBBY
It's called Magic the Gathering. It's a card game, like poker.

HARRY
It's nothing like poker, poker's landed me at least two blow jobs and a shit ton of cocaine. Regardless it's fuckin' perfect.

BOBBY
So how the heck are we going to get one of them to let us cut off their thumb?

Harry gets out of the van with a briefcase in hand.

HARRY
I think that honesty might be the best policy.

BOBBY
Honesty?

INT. CAFE -DAY-

Harry finishes his cigarette and walks into the café. The place is quiet and the only patrons in the area are a handful of GUYS playing Magic the Gathering. Bobby trails at Harry's heels like a scared puppy.

Harry slams a briefcase and onto the table spraying cards everywhere. The Guys playing their game all make noises of protest at the interruption.
GUY 1
What the hell!

HARRY
Trust me, I'm doing you a favor. Which one of you awkward looking sons of bitches wants to make a million dollars?

GUY 1
Wait are you serious?

HARRY
Dead serious.

Harry opens briefcase revealing that it's full of money. The guys no longer seem so upset by Harry's rudeness.

HARRY (CONT'D)
So which one of you wants to make a million?

The guys raise their hands tentatively. All of them are fixated on the cash. Bobby too can't help but stare at the veritable pile of money.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Cool, here's the thing, I'm only interested in you if you're a virgin.

GUY 2
You're only interested in a virgin? Are you sick?

HARRY
Yes, I'm very sick. So which one of you hasn't gotten your dick waxed in... well in forever really.

All hands go down. The men look confused and irritated by Harry's antics.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Seriously? None of you are virgins... every single one of you. Well fuck me.

GUY 1
Is it that surprising?
HARRY
(Picking up a card)
Look at this shit. Fuck yeah it's surprising.

GUY 2
My wife plays this game too asshole.

HARRY
Man fuck you and your wife. Come on Bobby. Maybe we gotta head to a fucking middle school.

GUY 1
Get outta here you asshole.

EXT. CAFE -DAY-

Harry collects his briefcase full of money and flips the bird on the way out. He lights up another cigarette and mutters irritably. Bobby looks at the briefcase.

BOBBY
Was that really a million dollars?

HARRY
Course. Why?

Bobby stares at the briefcase with a huge amount of intensity before finally deciding that it's worth it.

BOBBY
Five million.

HARRY
Five million?
(Realizing what Bobby's talking about)
Wait a minute, you're not sayin? Shit man, you just got done tellin' me about all the sex-

BOBBY
Yeah, I know what I said. I lied. I live in my mothers basement and play computer games all day. I come here on Tuesdays and play magic. I don't have a girlfriend.

HARRY
You're a fuckin virgin!
BOBBY
Yeah, and I want five million.

HARRY
Jesus how old are you Bobby? 28? 29?

BOBBY
I'm 35 Harry.

HARRY
Holy shit Bobby.

BOBBY
Please stop Harry

Harry smiles and puts a hand on Bobby's shoulder. It's more predatory than comforting.

HARRY
Well you know what we're gonna do after you get your two million?

BOBBY
Five million.

HARRY
Two million Bobby, and I am getting you drunk, I'm buying a shit ton of cocaine, and I am finding you the nastiest, cheapest, sleaziest, melt your dick off crackwhore that a cheeseburger and spare change can buy, because I can't afford any better than that.

BOBBY
I want five million Harry.

HARRY
Nobodies thumb is worth five million fuckin dollars Bobby.

BOBBY
Mine is, because it's a virgin thumb, and because without it Boris and his kid are dead.

Harry leads Bobby slowly over to the van and stops him outside of it. He looks Bobby directly in the eyes and keeps smiling.
HARRY
You know what, I'll pay you three million, and whether you agree or not, Boris is getting that thumb one way or another.

BOBBY
What?

Harry puts both his hands on Bobby's shoulders and blows a little smoke in the other man's face. Bobby coughs. Harry laughs maniacally.

HARRY
Bobby, buddy, Boris is a Russian fucking crime boss. He is a bad, bad man. I once saw him bite the throat out of a guy for cheating at cards. Now that he knows he needs a virgin's thumb, and that, that thumb of yours is virgin, he's gonna get it. Three million, or I call him and he comes down here and cuts it off for free.

Bobby looks at Harry, real fear crossing across his face. He clearly hasn't thought this whole thing through fully.

BOBBY
You wouldn't!

HARRY
Of course I would Bobby, of course I fuckin would. I was literally about to head to the nearest highschool to cut off some poor little fuckers finger. I'm a monster. Okay? A monster that ain't had a paying job in more than three months.

Bobby looks shocked. Harry smiles.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Three million take it or I make a phone call and Boris comes down here screamin in Russian and carryin a sharp knife.

BOBBY
Four million.

HARRY
Two point five.
BOBBY
(Resigned)
Three million.

HARRY
(Opening the van door)
There ya go.

Harry and Bobby pile into the van. Bobby starts the van and begins driving. Harry Flips open his phone, presses in Jill's number and talks.

EXT. A PARK -DAY-

Jill is outside talking sitting on a bench and sipping a latte. She looks introspective.

HARRY
Jill, you there?

JILL
You get one?

HARRY
Fuck Yeah I got one! Turns out ol' Bobby boy was holdin out on us.

JILL
How much does he want?

HARRY
He wanted five million, but we settled on three million. I'm gonna give Boris a call and let him know the damage. What do magic Kung Fu people cost anyway?

JILL
Don't worry about it. I'll cover the cost. For Bernie.

HARRY
Alright, when's the next meeting with Samuel?

JILL
Six o'clock.

HARRY
Badass Jill. I'll see you soon.

Harry Hangs up. He looks up and realizes that Bobby doesn't have any idea where he's going. Bobby is sweating profusely.
HARRY (CONT’D)
Jesus Bobby where the fuck are you even going?

BOBBY
You didn't tell me where to go Harry!

HARRY
It's what? A little after 3? So we got three hours. Let's get a drink. You're buying. You're gonna need a drink for what's coming.

MONTAGE

INT. BAR -DAY-
- Harry and Bobby sit down in a busy bar. Drinks are poured. Harry slams a shot of Jameson and knocks back a beer. Bobby tries to stomach a shot and looks like he might throw up.

EXT. BAR -DAY-
- Harry walks out and approaches a MAN. Cash changes hands and the man is seen passing Harry a bottle full of pills.

INT. BAR -DAY-
- Bobby walks to the bathroom. Harry slips something into Bobby's beer.

- Bobby comes back and slams his beer. Shortly after Bobby is clearly worse for wear.

- Bobby passes out.

EXT. BAR -DAY-
- Harry drags Bobby's fat form to the van, dropping his several times in the process. He tosses him in the back with Fumiko.

END MONTAGE

INT. BOKOR'S APARTMENT -EVENING-

Bobby mumbles something and slowly comes too. He's sitting tied into a chair a cutting board is taped to his left hand. Harry holds up a sharp knife and looks like he means business. Jill looks impatient.
JILL
Come on Harry, we don't have all day.

Harry lifts the knife up. Bobby mumbles something drowsily causing Harry to hesitate.

HARRY
Shit!

JILL
What?

HARRY
He's waking up.

JILL
Well get it over with.

Harry lifts the knife again. Bobby is mumbling as he regains consciousness. Harry looks as though he's about to finally go through with it when Bobby's eyes flutter open.

BOBBY
Wah?

Upon seeing Bobby looking up at him Harry loses his nerve and lowers the knife.

HARRY
Goddamnit... I can't do it... I just ain't got it in me.

Bobby frowns, groggy, and tries to make sense of where he is and what the hell happened to him.

BOBBY
Where am I?

SAMUEL
Welcome back to my home Bobby.

BOBBY
Samuel? Harry? Why I am I tied up? Why is a cutting board taped to my hand?

HARRY
I just thought it'd be easier on you if you just kind of woke up without a finger.
Bobby finally puts all the available information together. He's furious once it all comes together in his drug muddled brain.

BOBBY
Wait... did you ruffy me!

HARRY
Well, it was Ambien, so technically no.

BOBBY
You know what? Untie me, I'm not doing this.

Bobby starts thrashing trying to get out of his bonds. Whoever tied the knots did a good job.

HARRY
Be reasonable bobby...

BOBBY
Reasonable? You're about to cut off my thumb to summon a demon.

HARRY
For three million dollars Bobby.

JILL
I'm tired of this, you're both pussies.

Jill takes another knife from the counter and moves forward quickly knife in hand.

BOBBY
What the hell?!

Jill grabs Bobby by the arm cuts off his thumb in a single motion. Blood spurts.

BOBBY (CONT’D)
(Screaming and bleeding)
Oh God! Oh God, Jesus! You crazy, oh Jesus.

HARRY
Jill, holy shit.

Jill throws bleeding thumb to Harry who drops it and screams. Bobby holds his mangled hand as blood squirts out.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Fuck!
JILL
Stop being such a pussy Harry. Samuel, I'm guessing this is what you need.

BOBBY
Oh God, that’s my thumb. I'm bleeding so much.

Harry locates a bottle of something good and passes it to Bobby while Jill finishes business with Samuel.

HARRY
Here drink a little vodka. It'll help.

BOBBY
You drug this one too?

HARRY
Bobby, don't be an asshole.

BOBBY
Me?! Oh God I can't stop looking at it.

Samuel takes the thumb and examines it with what we can only assume is an expert eye. He nods, satisfied with whatever it is he sees.

SAMUEL
It is indeed what I require... Jill I would not have thought you would be the one to wield the knife.

Jill brandishes knife in a menacing fashion. Samuel takes a small step back and holds his hand up.

JILL
What? Cause I'm a woman?

SAMUEL
Please Miss Jill, I was merely inferring that Harry always appeared to be the asshole in the group.

Bobby drinks the vodka but can't stop looking at the wound on his left hand. Blood spurts. Harry tries to stem the flow with a rag but only manages to get his disgusting suit even dirtier.

BOBBY
Oh God there's so much blood.
HARRY
Chill out Bobby. Just keep drinking that vodka bud. Press this rag into the stump. Think about that cool three mill.

BOBBY
Am I gonna die?

HARRY
I dunno, maybe. I'm not a doctor.

BOBBY
(starting to weep)
Oh God, I am gonna die aren't I!

JILL
Harry!

Jill glares hard at Harry sending a clear message for him to stop fucking with Bobby and get the kid to shut up. Harry rolls his eyes.

HARRY
You're gonna be fine. I mean Jerkin' off is probably gonna be a little weird for awhile. Lucky your right handed.

BOBBY
No I'm not... wait, you bastard I'm lefthanded! You cut off my good thumb!

HARRY
Shit Bobby I didn't know. I guess Jerking off really will be kinda weird for awhile.

BOBBY
Well if you had asked instead of drugging me!

Samuel clearly wants to get this show on the road and is growing impatient.

SAMUEL
Now then if your all finished with the dramatics.

BOBBY
She cut off my thumb!
SAMUEL
I'm aware of that. Anyway, let's summon a demon shall we?

JILL
Let's get too it!

HARRY
Might as well. Just keep drinking Bobby.

Samuel kneels on the floor and draws what one assumes are magical glyph's with Bobby's thumb. When he finishes the spell turns purple. Harry watches the process with awe.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Fuck me, more magic, I gotta say it still blows my fuckin mind.

JILL
Shut up Harry.

Samuel begins chanting and lifts up a wand.

HARRY
It's like a Harry Potter wand! What a fag!

Samuel ignores him and waves the wand one more time. The glyphs go black and a semicircular void appears in the air. An incredibly tall robed figure steps out of the gloom. The figure has to stoop down to get through the void.

DEMON
You have tempted me with the blood of a virgin sorcerer. I pray that it was not just a temptation.

Harry steps back from the form and Bobby shrieks uncontrollably for several moments. Jill eventually silences the pudgy kid with a glare.

HARRY
Holy fuck, a demon.

SAMUEL
(Getting between the demon and Bobby)
No, this one is not to be given. We require your great power to deal with the might of Catfucker.
DEMON
I know of whom you speak and I am not interested in playing assassin for you manling. I demand a sacrifice.

SAMUEL
You are bound demon!

DEMON
Maybe, the spell and the blood only compels me to give answers.

HARRY
Who the fuck talks like that?

JILL
Harry shut up, don't piss off the demon.

Harry shrugs and closes the distance between himself and the looming spectre of the demon. He get right up in the demons face.

HARRY
Hey Demon, over here.

DEMON
Who is this impertinent one.

SAMUEL
That's Harry.

DEMON
Is he a warlock or something?

SAMUEL
No, he's more of an-

BOBBY
He's an asshole is what he is!

SAMUEL
Precisely.

HARRY
Don't be so butthurt Bobby. It doesn't matter who I am. My client is in need of a magic sword and a demon minion. So where can we get one and then the other?

The demon stoops down to Harry's level so he can get a better look at the little creature before him.
DEMON
And will you pay my price mortal!?

HARRY
Sure, what's it cost to hire a
demon and get a magic sword,
twenty? thirty million?

The demon throws back it's hooded head and laughs loud and
long. Harry takes a small step back.

DEMON
(Pointing at Harry)
Your soul mortal.

Harry blinks a few times and then grins.

HARRY
Seriously? That's it? And that gets
me the demon minion and the sword?
You got yourself a deal!

The demon seems to deflate a little when Harry doesn't appear
frightened by the notion of losing his soul.

DEMON
Oh... normally it's harder to
convince... your soul will earn you
my service mortal the sword is more
difficult.

JILL
If you need a second soul I'm game.

DEMON
My, my, all clamouring for the
pleasure. Things have changed in a
hundred years. Well come on Mr.
Harry, If you're so hot to give up
your soul let's do the deal.

Harry hesitates for just a moment.

HARRY
Wait, this ain't gonna kill me is
it?

DEMON
Physically you will be unharmed,
but in eternity you will suffer
endless torments.

HARRY
Copesetic.
DEMON
Normally people react with more distress.

HARRY
Distress? I'm an atheist. So what's the fuckin hold up man?

The demon reaches out his hand and Harry rises off the ground. Something white and gaseous is pulled out of his mouth and enters the cavernous hood of the demon. Harry falls to the ground and lets loose with a blood curdling scream. The demon laughs maniacally. When it's over Harry sits on his knees looking drained, but otherwise unharmed.

JILL
How was it?

Harry breathes deeply and eventually finds his voice.

HARRY
Not that bad. A helluva lot cheaper than what we paid Bobby for his fuckin' virgin thumb.

JILL
Huh, who'd a thunk it? So that makes you our... demon?

DEMON
Correct, my names is Navarious, and technically I am Harry’s demon. I will not leave his side until he dies or Catfucker is defeated. It is a pleasure to meet all of you.

JILL
To hell with the introductions we need to see about getting-

NAVARIOUS
A magic sword, yes.

JILL
Like I said if it's another soul you need, I'm game, and if you need Bobby's.

BOBBY
Hey don't offer my soul!
JILL
Shut up Bobby. What he meant to say is that he'd be more than willing to give his up, and it's a virgin soul to boot.

NAVARIOS
As tempting as that offer is, it is not a soul I require, but a wielder.

HARRY
The fuck is a wielder?

NAVARIOS
Someone to carry the sword. It is difficult and requires great fortitude.

Hearing the word 'difficult' and 'fortitude,' Jill steps forward.

JILL
Alright, that's me.

NAVARIOS
I... no offense normally it's the task of a...

JILL
A man? You were going to say a man, right?

Jill puts her face into Navarious's space. The Demon steps back.

NAVARIOS
It's just kind of traditional, and you're... a bit old to be in the magic sword wielding business.

JILL
Screw tradition, there's only a few of us and Bobby can't do it.

BOBBY
Hey, why not?

JILL
Because your fat, and you only got one thumb. Besides you're a panzy.

BOBBY
Hey!
HARRY
She's got a point.

JILL
And Harry can't because he's an asshole.

HARRY
And a chain smoker. I literally get winded walking up a flight of stairs

NAVARIOUS
And he has no soul. Very well, but I warn you while the sword will grant you great power, it will not guarantee victory. Over time it will shorten your lifespan.

JILL
I'm sixty five, it's not a big deal. Now gimme the sword.

NAVARIOUS
I... alright fine, fine, but it's breaking with tradition.

HARRY
Just get the fucking sword!

NAVARIOUS
You know people used to have respect for this sort of thing.

Navarious pokes his head into the dark abyss that he stepped out of and reaches a hand into it. After some screwing around Navarious pulls out a huge greatsword, fully adorned with skulls and glowing red.

HARRY
Fuck me, now if that ain't badass nothing is.

NAVARIOUS
Come forward wielder.

JILL
Whatever.

The demon looks like he's about to says something else but Jill just ignores him and grabs the sword.
JILL (CONT’D)
(Swings sword)
Lighter than I thought it'd be.

NAVARIOUS
It is not the sword that is
lighter. It is you who is stronger.
As long as you wield the sword you
will be faster and stronger than
any mere mortal.

HARRY
Fast and strong enough to kill
catfucker? I mean that cocsucker
cut a goddamn robot to shreds.

NAVARIOUS
That remains to be seen.

HARRY
Alright, we got a magic sword and
someone to swing it. Now where are
those fuckin' kung fu people?

Jill holds the sword out straight before her. She clearly
enjoys the heft of the weapon.

JILL
Chang's at water aerobics.

HARRY
Water aerobics?

JILL
Kung Fu's a young man's game.
Anyway we're gonna get drinks later
and work out the details.

HARRY
What'd it cost you?

Jill lets the huge sword rest at her side. She smiles
slightly when she thinks about Chang.

JILL
Me n' Chang... well we were a thing
for awhile, so he's gonna give me a
deal.

HARRY
Ehw, the last thing I want to think
about is you being a thing with...
anybody.
JILL
We were all young once Harry.

HARRY
Not me I was chain smoking at thirteen.

Bobby suddenly passes out, slamming his head on the table in front of him. He's thoroughly covered in his own blood. Harry and Jill look at each other.

HARRY
Blood loss?

JILL
Blood loss.

HARRY
We'll drop him off at the hospital on the way to the bar to meet Chang. On the way I'll give Mel a call.

JILL
The accountant?

HARRY
Yeah, I gotta figure out how much money we got left. Gimme a hand with this pudgy fucker.

Jill uses her sword to cut Bobby out of his bonds. Harry grabs the head and Jill the feet.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Navarious, you wanna give me a hand with this asshole.

NAVARIOUS
I'm afraid not.

HARRY
I just gave you my goddamn soul and you're not gonna help me?

NAVARIOUS
I will cast the spell to weaken Catfucker, I will NOT do any heavy lifting.

HARRY
Asshole.
Harry struggles mightily with his half of Bobby. Samuel and Navarious just watch. Harry drops his half of the load. Bobby smashes his head on the ground with a percussive thump.

JILL
Jesus Harry!

Harry grunts and picks up his end again and the pair of them leave the apartment. There’s a loud thump.

HARRY (O.S.)
Fuck!

EXT. HOSPITAL -EVENING-

Harry and Jill pull up to the hospital ER in Bobby's shady rape wagon. The two of them move quickly to get Bobby out of the car. Harry grabs the head again, Jill gets the feet. As soon as he takes the weight Harry drops his half.

HARRY
Goddamnit!

Harry wheezes and coughs.

JILL
Jesus Harry, be careful, you've dropped him like eight times.

HARRY
Well he's fat as fuck and only one of us has a magic sword! Demon, you wanna help me out here?

NAVARIOUS
No.

JILL
Just don't give the poor guy brain damage, we already cut off his thumb.

Harry tries to pick him up. They get a few more feet and Harry drops him again.

HARRY
Fuck!

Harry coughs and wheezes. He lights up another cigarette.
JILL
Damnit Harry, just get out of the way.

Jill reaches down and grabs Bobby by the belt and lifts him easily.

HARRY
Crap, that sword really works.

JILL
Come on, before somebody calls the cops.

MONTAGE

INT. CAR - EVENING -

-Harry and Jill hurriedly get back into Bobby's van and drive off leaving Bobby on the sidewalk in front of the hospital.

-Harry on phone talking to an elderly Jewish man in glasses.

-Harry is talking on the phone to a second man who is pounding his finger down on a contract.

END MONTAGE

INT. BAR - EVENING -

Harry and Jill walk into a small bar followed by the tall cavernous form of Navarious. Harry by this time is definitely worse for wear. His suit is bloodstained and covered in dirt, dust, and mud. He looks exhausted.

Harry and Jill sit in a small bar across from CHANG an elderly Chinese man who is clearly fixated with Jill's pear shaped form. He rises as they approach and embraces her.

CHANG
(In Chinese)
My god, Jillian. You're as beautiful as the first day I laid eyes on you.

JILL
(In Chinese)
Chang you're a flatterer, how's your wife?

Harry frowns and buys himself a drink. He's irritated that he can't understand what's going on.
CHANG
(Makes a disgusted face)
Insufferable, I swear to God she's trying to nag me death.

JILL
I'm glad to hear Mai Lin is still able to keep up with you Chang.

CHANG
I wish the old bint would die, then we could be together.

JILL
(Laughs)
I'm sure my husband would be thrilled to hear that.

CHANG
I'm in charge of a cult of magic kung fu monks, your husband's concerns are hardly any sort of obstacle.

Harry interjects loudly and sticks a finger in Chang's face.

HARRY
You the chinc? We need some of those kung fu fucks to protect my client.

CHANG
(In chinese)
And who is this?

JILL
We prefer the term asshole.

CHANG
An appropriate term.

Harry isn't sure what the two of them are talking about, or if Jill is translating or not, but moves ahead with negotiation anyway.

HARRY
Now my client needs magic kung fu people. Jill tells me you're the one guy who can get 'em.

JILL
(In chinese)
This is Harry, please excuse him for being...
CHANG
(In chinese)
An asshole.

HARRY
Kung fu fuckers, man, we need 'em. Boris needs 'em.

Chang switches to perfect, albeit slightly accented, English. He's obviously irritated by Harry's lack of propriety.

CHANG
Who is Boris?

HARRY
Holy fuck! He speaks English! Sorry man, didn't know that you'd know that I was calling you a goddamn chinc.

CHANG
That is both the strangest and most offensive apology I've ever heard.

HARRY
That's a pretty rare combination though, right? Anyway how much is it gonna cost me to put these hock chop cocksuckers on the ground!

CHANG
(In Chinese)
I don't know if I like working with someone of this nature.

Jill reaches over and grasps Chang's wrinkled hand. Chang melts with the contact.

JILL
(In Chinese)
Chang, for old times sake.

CHANG
(Leaning forward)
Awh Jillian, how could I refuse one so lovely? Unfortunately though, I cannot ask my people to lay their lives down for free.

JILL
How much would their lives cost nowadays Chang? And how many of them are there?
CHANG
I only have twelve disciples
unfortunately.

JILL
Times are that hard Chang? Thirty
years ago-

Chang leans back and looks off into space, lost in the past. He shakes his head at the memories.

CHANG
I could have put a hundred on the
ground, but no one wants to learn
real Kung fu anymore. It's not the
sort of thing you can do and have a
day job.

JILL
Twelve will have to do, and the price?

Chang comes back from the past and his gaze becomes clear again. Down to business.

CHANG
For you Jill, a mere ten million.

JILL
I'm covering the cost myself you know Chang?

CHANG
Jillian, I'm afraid I have my retirement to think of.

JILL
Six million.

Chang puts a hand over his heart as though he's about to have a heart attack.

CHANG
You wound me Jillian,

JILL
Eight.

CHANG
I'll be a beggar Jillian!

Jill reaches her hand across the table and takes Chang's hand again. She gazes into his eyes.
JILL
Eight Chang.

CHANG
Aw, very well Jillian, but only because I have loved you through the ages.

JILL
Thank you Chang.

Harry's had enough sitting back while the pair of them speak in Chinese.

HARRY
The fucks he sayin' Jill!?

JILL
(In English)
He's saying that he agree's.

HARRY
Bad ass. When can he have the guys ready to get between Boris and Catfucker?

CHANG
I speak English, sir, and I can have them there tomorrow evening.

Harry pounds the table in celebration.

HARRY
Alright, we got kung fu fuckers! I'll get Boris on the phone and let him know what's up! How many of them are there?

CHANG
Thirteen, including myself.

JILL
Chang, you can't possibly be thinking of fighting in person.

CHANG
And why not? These old bones still have fight in them Jillian! Besides worst case scenario the man kills me and I no longer have to listen to my wife's incessant nagging.

JILL
Are you sure Chang?
Harry pulls out his phone and starts dialing numbers. He pounds his beer.

HARRY
Yeah, he's fuckin sure. I'm gonna give Boris a call. I'll let you strange lovebirds finish making eyes at each other.

Harry exits the bar phone in hand. The few patrons in the place look at his disheveled appearance with shock and disgust.

EXT. BAR -EVENING-

It's late at night by now, and the sidewalk is devoid of people. Harry lights up a cigarette. Navarious follows him.

HARRY
You really gotta follow me?

NAVARIOUS
It is the nature of our contract. Until my task is finished or you perish, I am bound to you.

HARRY
Well that's a bitch.

Harry dials Boris on his phone and paces back and forth. Boris is still in the warehouse that we last saw him. He's shooting vodka like a frat boy. The bottle is half empty.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hey Boris, we're just about ready.

BORIS
(Pouring himself a shot)
Well, what is escape route? We have helicopter yeah? Shit with Catfucker maybe I need rocket ship, go to Mars or something.

HARRY
I just talked to your accountant, we can't afford a helicopter.

BORIS
Can't afford? Harry, I'm Russian crime boss. I have billions of dollars.
HARRY
Had billions Boris, you HAD billions.

Boris looks up, shocked. He almost drops the bottle.

BORIS
How?

HARRY
What do you think two giant Japanese fighting robots cost Boris? They were four hundred million dollars a piece bud. That's eight hundred million fucking dollars right there.

BORIS
Harry, I thought we rented!

Harry keeps Pacing back and forth with Navarious following him on his circuitous route like a strange tall dog.

HARRY
We did, but then the Catfucker busted the shit out of them. So now you own two four hundred million dollar pieces of fucking scrap. Then you think about all the death benefits, and my fee's, and Jill's fees, and Bobby's fee's, and the bribes Bianca had to pay and... well fuck me Boris, you'll be lucky if you don't end up having your house repossessed.

Boris sits down on a piece of aging industrial equipment. He looks like me might throw up.

BORIS
Shit Harry... I mean shit man.

HARRY
I'm sorry Boris. Anyway the Bokor was pretty cheap, and the demon was all but free.

BORIS
( Drinks)
Well at least there's that. What's a demon cost?
HARRY
All I had to do was give up my soul. The only that knicked us was the virgins thumb. Jill's gonna cover the cost of the kung fu people.

BORIS
Serious?

HARRY
Yeah, for Bernie.

Boris looks out into space and lets the toll of the last few days settle in.

BORIS
I almost forgot, I'm gonna miss that guy.

HARRY
Even if we had the money no one's going to drive for you, Bianca's blacklisted the contract.

BORIS
So is last stand then.

Boris drinks his vodka and looks dejected. Harry lights ups a cig and sits down on the sidewalk. Navarious looms above him.

HARRY
Anyway, we've all decided, whatever else happens we're sticking it out with you, for Bernie's sake.

BORIS
Really, you're all coming?

HARRY
Hell yeah, I mean minus Bobby of course, but what can that fat fuck do anyway? Especially without a thumb. All of us are ready to end this crazy fucker.

BORIS
No offense Harry, but what can you do? You're not military and you smoke so much that the walk up the stairs might kill you.
HARRY
I can carry a gun, and I can get real, real drunk. Besides I gotta be there so the demon can cast the spell.

BORIS
Thanks Harry. I appreciate it. When I see you we can have drink together, last time. Great Russian crime boss tradition.

HARRY
Alright Boris, me n' the demon'll be heading down there tomorrow. The kung fu guys should be there tomorrow morning. Jill will be coming later with the magic sword. See you soon.

BORIS
See you Harry. Tomorrow maybe we kill this crazy Catfucker.

HARRY
God I hope so.

Harry hangs up and looks off into space. Jill exits the bar, Chang tries to kiss her on the lips but she turns at the last moment and takes it on the cheek. They hug.

JILL
(In Chinese)
I'll see you tomorrow Chang.

CHANG
And you as well my lovely lady.

Jill walks over to Harry and the lanky form of Navarious.

JILL
So tomorrow?

HARRY
Yeah, you got plans? Whataya gonna tell your husband?

JILL
Honestly Harry, the only reason that our marriage has worked is because he doesn't ask questions. I'm going to go home, have a nice dinner, and pretend everything is fine. What about you?
HARRY
I've got this bottle of scotch. I bought when I married my ex-wife. I figured I'd open it up on our tenth anniversary or when she got pregnant or... something I dunno.

JILL
I guess this may be the last chance.

HARRY
Yeah, have a nice night with your husband Jill, I'll see you tomorrow.

Jill gets into her car and starts it up.

JILL
I'll see you tomorrow.

Harry stands outside the bar looking disheveled and dirty. Navarious stands silently next to him.

HARRY
You got money for a cab?

NAVARIOUS
(Sighs, exasperated)
Fine I'll take care of it.

MONTAGE
INT. A DINGY STUDIO APARTMENT -NIGHT-
-Harry is sitting in his tiny apartment drinking scotch in his tightey whitey's. Navarious is looming close by while Harry gets quietly shitfaced.

INT. JILL’S HOUSE -NIGHT-
-Jill is Curled up on a couch with an older gentlemen drinking wine and Laughing.

INT. HOSPITAL -NIGHT-
-Bobby is in the ER patched up sitting in bed and looking put out.

END MONTAGE
INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT -DAY-

NAVARIOUS
Harry wake up. It's morning.

Harry moans in agony. After finishing that bottle of scotch he's horribly hung-over. Navarious is sitting on the floor playing Candy Crush on an Iphone.

HARRY
Fuck me, my head is killing me.
Just let me sleep a few more hours.

NAVARIOUS
It's two in the afternoon.

HARRY
(Rolling over and away from Navarious)
Catfucker isn't even coming until sunset, assuming he even shows up.

NAVARIOUS
We need to set up Harry. Perhaps if you hadn't drank an entire bottle of scotch on an empty stomach-

HARRY
Fuck off Navarious.

The phone rings, Harry groans, thrashes and eventually finds the phone. Harry picks up it up slowly and lays back into the dirty futon.

INT. WAREHOUSE -DAY-

Jill is eating a pastry in the warehouse Boris is hiding. In the background Boris is slugging vodka and kung fu monks are training.

JILL
Harry where are you?

HARRY
Nursing a hangover.

JILL
Well get some breakfast in you and get your ass over here. We got coffee.

HARRY
And something harder I hope.
JILL
Are you really going to get drunk before facing down a magical samurai who's killed eighty plus guys?

Harry gives up on sleep and rolls reluctantly up to a sitting position. He winces with the effort.

HARRY
I don't think there's any other way to do it Jill.

JILL
Just hurry up, alright? I'm sending you the address. You have a gun?

HARRY
Why would I have a gun?

JILL
Do you have money to buy a gun?

HARRY
Seriously? Boris is a Russian crime boss, there isn't an extra one just lying around.

JILL
Just bring a damn gun and enough bullets to get you through the night.

HARRY
If Catfucker gets so far through our numbers that he's facing ME down then the only bullet I'm going to need is the one I use on myself.

JILL
Better safe than sorry Harry, bring a damn gun.

(hangs up)

Harry sighs and slowly tries to stand up. He manages it with some effort. He glances at Navarious.

HARRY
You got a couple hundred bucks Navarious?

NAVARIOUS
What little I had I spent on the cab.
Harry begins the laborious process of finding clothing. The only thing he can find is his ruined suit. He discards it and selects some old sweat pants and a dirty shirt.

HARRY
Shit, how the fuck am I supposed to get a goddamn gun?

NAVARIOUS
You might pawn a few things.

HARRY
Goddamnit, and I suppose your not going to help me move anything.

NAVARIOUS
As I stated before, I cast spells I don't do any heavy lifting.

HARRY
Fine then I'll just haul my TV down these stairs myself come back up and haul down some appliances, all while you follow me around like a too tall fuckin' shadow.

NAVARIOUS
That sounds perfect.

HARRY
Fuck you.

INT. STAIRWELL -DAY-

Harry’s managed to get dressed, but it hasn't improved his appearance much. He's dressed in well aged sweat pants, flip flops and a white T-shirt. He’s making his way awkwardly down the steps of the dingy staircase with his few possessions in his arms. Gaffiti covers the walls of the stairwell. Harry is huffing puffing and coughing all the way. Navarious follows behind him.

HARRY
Navarious, can you help me?

NAVARIOUS
No.

HARRY
Fuck off!

Harry shifts his position on the stairs, trying not to drop any of his worldly possessions.
HARRY (CONT’D)
Can you at least pull a cigarette out of my pocket and light me up.

NAVARIOUS
Only if apologize for telling me to fuck off.

HARRY
Fuck you, you fucking demon cocksucker!

NAVARIOUS
I guess you don't want that cigarette.

HARRY
I guess fuckin not, you asswipe!

Harry continues down the steps and incredibly manages not to drop any of his possessions. When he reaches the bottom he wheezes for several moments and lights up yet another cigarette. He smokes and glares at Navarious.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -DAY-

HARRY
Alright, let's get to the pawnshop and then I need breakfast. We'll head over to whatever shitty fucking shack that Boris has relocated too.

NAVARIOUS
As you wish.

HARRY
So now it's as you wish huh?

Harry shakes head and gets into his Nissan Sentra. Navarious follows close behind is barely able to get his bulk into the back of the little car.

MONTAGE

INT. PAWNSHOP -DAY-

-Harry pawns his worldly possessions off to a SHADY PAWNBROKER in a dimly lit shop. The man examines the merchandise and hands Harry a large revolver and a box of bullets.

-Harry puts the gun in his waistband
INT. RESTAURANT -DAY-

-Harry drinks coffee and eats a pile of steak and eggs. He dines and dashes because he doesn't actually have the money to pay for the meal.

INT. WAREHOUSE -DAY-

-Harry drives his little Sentra into an industrial complex. Jill meets him at the door. Several kung fu monks are training, running through drills, and otherwise looking badass. At the back of the room Boris and Vlad have set up shop. Boris is armed with a Kalashnikov and drinking heavily.

END MONTAGE

HARRY (CONT’D)
Hey Boris it's good to see you!

Boris grins when he see's Harry and pours a shot.

BORIS
Harry, Good to see you, glad to have company, maybe you kill this guy and finally get paid!

Boris passes the shot to Harry who takes it gladly.

HARRY
Cheers Boris.

BORIS
Cheers Harry!

Harry and Boris slug the vodka. Harry looks a little less hung-over almost immediately.

HARRY
God I hope I get paid. I gotta pay rent on that shit studio now that my bitch wife has left me. I just pawned most of what I own for a gun.

Harry reaches down to his sweat pants and pulls out a huge chrome-plated .45 revolver. Boris is impressed.

BORIS
Like Clint Eastwood.

Boris takes the gun from Harry and points it at the doorway.

BORIS (CONT’D)
Feel lucky punk?
Boris laughs and gives the gun back to Harry.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Maybe we call you dirty Harry now instead of just asshole.

HARRY
Maybe, but I'd hate to give up an old nickname.

BORIS
(Pointing at Jill)
And you see what Jill get!? Is a damn sword!

JILL
Damn right, it's a magic sword.

BORIS
Great we have magic sword now! Maybe we kill this guy!

Boris grins drunkenly and pours two more shots. This time he doesn't give one to Harry and throws both back, before pouring Harry his second. Harry doesn't hesitate and knocks his back too.

BORIS (CONT'D)
I just met the kung fu guy, Chang, he doesn't say much, but I think I like him.

Boris reaches a hand out to put on Harry's shoulder and sways a bit, obviously well on his way to being completely shit faced.

JILL
Boris are you drunk?

BORIS
(Crossing to Jill)
Drunk? Now why would I drink, I'm just cornered in warehouse waiting for crazy fucker with sword to cut me and my son in half. Are you kidding? I haven't slept or stopped drinking in two days! Is like I'm thirteen again!

JILL
God you smell like a distillery

Boris foregoes the shot glass and takes a long draw straight out of the bottle.
BORIS
And on top of that, Harry tells me
killer robots were four hundred
million dollars each. I am broke,
is amazing I can even afford vodka.
Soon maybe I move in with Harry.

JILL
I'm sorry I brought it up Boris.

Boris drinks staggers, falls, sits down and becomes the
aggravated sort of intoxicated.

BORIS
No let's talk about it! I want too
Jill! Why wouldn't I want to talk
about losing everything I work for!

JILL
Calm down Boris.

Harry moves over to a second sullen figure. VLADIMIR
PETROVICH is a man in his early twenties, fit handsome and
every bit the dashing figure.

HARRY
Holy shit Vlad, how you doin' bud?

VLADIMIR
Not good Harry, I think maybe I
fucked up a little on this one.

HARRY
You think? What part of getting
drunk breaking into a magic
samurai's house beating the hell
out of him, shooting him a bunch a
times and killing his fucking cat
was a bad idea? What could possibly
go wrong with that series of
events?

Boris see's Harry starting to tear into his kid and manages
to get to his feet. He staggers to the defense of his baby
boy.

BORIS
Harry, don't be so hard on my kid.

HARRY
Seriously Boris? This little son of
a bitch is about to get all of us
killed and-
BORIS
Harry who pays bill around here?

HARRY
You do boss bu-

BORIS
No, no more talk. My boy just make mistake. Right Vlady?
(Kisses Vladimir on the cheek)
Come on have drink with papa!
(Passes Vlad the bottle)

Harry looks over at Jill for support but she just shrugs. Harry wanders over beside his partner and gazes at Vladimir and Boris grumpily.

HARRY
Well fuck me, now I half want Catfucker to come in here and off the little cocksucker and his dad.

JILL
Then you wouldn't get paid Harry, and neither would I. Unlike you though, I can afford to take a hit.

Boris notices the lanky cavernous for of Navarious for the first time.

BORIS
Who is tall guy?

HARRY
This is Navarious, he's the bastard that's going to cast the spell.

BORIS
Spell huh?

Navarious bows deeply to the Russian crime boss, and politely declines the bottle of vodka when Boris tries to pass it to him.

NAVARIOUS
Yes, I will take a portion of the power from his sword. He will still be very difficult to kill, but it will no longer be impossible.

BORIS
Shit, where were you three days ago.
NAVARIOUS
Deep in the bowels of hell if you
must know.

BORIS
Harry you find some crazy fuckers,
(To Jill)
where kung fu monks come from?

JILL
China I assume.

BORIS
Half those are guys are white. I
think I even saw a Jew.
(Boris points to a
Hassidic Jew wearing a
Shoalin robe)
Kung fu Jew, who would have thought
it.
(Drinks)
Take that Hitler!

Boris staggers when he makes his anti-fascist comment and
almost falls down again. Harry and Jill look at him,
worried.

HARRY
Boris maybe don't drink so much
that you can't operate that gun.

BORIS
I shoot straighter when I'm drunk.

HARRY
Seriously Boris?

BORIS
I serve in Russian Army Harry,
whole time I was drunk. During
Chechnya I never fired a gun unless
I was so drunk I couldn't pee
straight. So now when I shoot, I
shoot drunk.

HARRY
(Lighting a cigarette)
Whatever Boris.
(To Navarious)
So how longs it take to cast the
spell.
NAVARIOUS
I will require several minutes to finish the incantation and gather the necessary power.

HARRY
So why not do it right now? Shit, then we can just shoot him in the face when he walks through the door. No muss no fuss.

NAVARIOUS
The spell requires me to have a direct line of sight on Catfucker.

Harry glares up at the looming form of the demon. He's had just about enough of magic for one lifetime.

HARRY
Why?

NAVARIOUS
Does it matter?

Harry sticks a finger into NAvarious's face. Navarious goes back on his heals.

HARRY
I just wanna know why you have to be looking at the guy to cast a fucking spell on him. It's fuckin magic, right?

NAVARIOUS
You wouldn't understand.

Harry keeps moving into Navarious's space and pointing.

HARRY
I wouldn't understand? What? Magic? No shit Sherlock! It's fucking magic. What I really wanna know is why your lanky ugly self has to follow me all over the fucking place.

NAVARIOUS
It's part of the-

HARRY
(Shouting)
You're fuckin useless, you know that!?

(MORE)
Jill Looks out the open door at the setting sun. She cuts off Harry's tirade.

JILL
He'll be here soon.

HARRY
Fuck.

The hubbub in the room quiets and all eyes look out at the sun. The door to the warehouse is open, even the kung fu monks stop training. The sun starts to dip beneath the horizon.

BORIS
Goddamnit, suspense is killing me.

Harry sidles up to Jill. They watch the sun set together.

HARRY
Hey Jill.

JILL
Hmm.

HARRY
As always, it's been a pleasure workin with ya.

JILL
You too Harry. Even if you are an asshole, you're my asshole.

HARRY
Shit Jill that's the nicest thing you've ever said to me.

Catfucker steps into the doorway. His sword shines blue in the pre-dusk haze.

BORIS
Catfucker!

Boris turns and runs deeper into the warehouse, Vladimir close at his heels. Jill moves in between Boris and the potential threat. Navarious raises his hands and begins chanting. Harry smokes. Catfucker begins closing on the chanting demon.
Hey kung fu fuckers? Protect the tall fucker!

Several of our kung fu monks close the distance, classically making a circle around Catfucker and doing a plethora of cliche high kicks, acrobatics, and demonstrative weapons movements. Chang is among them, looking properly zen. Unlike the others he's unarmed.

The first monk wielding a pair of tiger hook swords attacks. Catfucker sways back from the first cut and parries the second. A long Guan Dao strikes at Catfuckers back, but Catfucker is preternaturally aware and rolls over the flat of the blade. The tiger hook sword monk attacks again. Catfucker's katana blocks an attack and then licks out taking the head of the monk off.

Catfucker turns and leans back, the Guan-Do misses him by the barest of millimeters. The monks stabs the weapon at Catfucker, but the samurai is wise to our unfortunate monk and leaps into the air. Catfucker lands on the flat of the blade and starts to walk up the shaft. The monk feebly attempts to shake off Catfucker, but it's too late and this monk too loses his head.

A meteor hammer lashes out at Catfucker, but Catfucker's acrobatic skill is impeccable. He leaps onto first one of the heavy metal balls and then onto the second leaping higher and higher while the monks attempts at killing Catfucker become more and more vertical. Eventually Catfucker is directly above the monk and hop-scotching between one ball and the other. Catfucker finally dives straight down on the hapless monk, deflecting first one and then other ball on his ways down. Finally he skewers the poor fellow. Apparently tired of watching their fellows die, a group of six kung fu monks attack, each of them wielding a Chinese broadsword. Catfucker ducks one attack and disembowels a monk, then with a show of strength he cuts through the monk and into another pair. With a powerful movement he decapitates all three of the remaining group of six.

Only three of Chang's twelve kung fu monks remain, and Chang motions for them to stand back. Chang steps forward, his arms crossed. Catfucker re-orientates himself and flourishes the sword. Chang smiles slowly and extends his hands forward. Magic green kung fu fire erupts in his hands. He beckons Catfucker in.

Catfucker roars and moves in on Chang, Sword held high. He cuts at Chang in a flurry of blows with the sword and Chang deflects it casually with his bare hands giving up only a few feet of ground. Chang smiles at the younger man's attempts. Catfucker disengages and charges back in with a screech.
Chang rolls into Catfucker's guard a strikes Catfucker in the chest with both hands open. Fire explodes out and Catfucker goes flying. His chest singed, Catfucker looks down at the wound. It heals quickly. Catfucker smiles.

CATFUCKER
I cannot be killed little man.

Chang shrugs, puts his hands behind his back placidly and looks unfazed.

CHANG
We'll see.

Catfucker charges again with renewed vigor cutting wildly at the other man. He doesn't even use his hands this time, he just sways back and away from the blows. Catfucker makes a horizontal cut at Chang's waist. Chang leaps up, hands still clasped behind his back and kicks Catfucker in the face. Catfucker rolls with the first kick and takes a second in the chest, and a third in the knee breaking his leg. The fourth kick from Chang breaks his ankle. A fifth, with his toe, smashes Catfucker's Trachea. The wounds all heal immediately and Catfucker just keeps moving forward through the punishment cutting all the way. Finally Chang has to stop a blow aimed at his head with one of his hands. He's no longer smiling. Catfucker grins and starts cutting again.

Chang sways back from the cuts moving almost drunkenly away from it peppering the other man with flaming fists as he masterfully avoids each blow. Unfortunately for Chang his blows are doing little to slow down Catfucker, and while he is obviously the more skilled of the two, he is slowly being worn down.

Chang stumbles but corrects himself in time to deflect Catfucker's strike. He kicks Catfucker hard in the chest, leaps a full ten feet in the air, and strikes Catfucker with an immense exploding fist to the face. Catfucker falls back, but his face regenerates. In the background Navarious keeps chanting. Chang is panting deeply, magic or no, he is still a man in his twilight years. Catfucker is not panting and looks no worse for wear as he moves in for what he knows is the final act in this particular duel. Chang strikes him many times as he enters but eventually Catfucker manages to grab Chang by the collar of his shirt. Catfucker headbutts the smaller older man savagely breaking his nose and sending him sprawling to the floor.

JILL
Chang!

Catfucker moves to finish the job, but Jill is there moving into place with supernatural speed, magic sword in hand.
She cuts Catfucker across the chest, a wound that immediately heals.

JILL (CONT’D)
Come here asshole!

Catfucker looks up at her, his wound fully healed. He looks pissed. Jill takes two steps back. In the background Navarious continues to chant. Jill glances at Harry who is visibly shaking, his oversized revolver seeming puny indeed amidst the magic kung fu monks and Catfucker's apparently inexhaustible power.

JILL (CONT’D)
Harry, tell my husband-

HARRY
Jill, your husband hates me!

JILL
Just tell him I love him you asshole.

HARRY
Jill Jesus, don't get killed.

CATFUCKER
(Pointing sword at the Petrovich's)
I demand only the life of Vladimir Petrovich, no one else must die today.

BORIS
Fuck you Catfucker!

Boris unloads his entire clip into the other man. Catfucker stands placidly while the bullets rip up flesh. He simply keeps regenerating. Even when his head is turned into a bloody pulp, it grows back. When Boris is done firing Catfucker grins.

CATFUCKER
It is futile! Today, I will be avenged, and the crime will be punished!

HARRY
Jesus, it was just a cat man!

CATFUCKER
My wife gave me that cat before she died.
HARRY
So fuckin what!? You've killed like a hundred people, just let it go man! We'll buy you a new cat.

CATFUCKER
No! I will avenge that life! I have decided, all of you die here.
(Catfucker smiles)
Starting with the old man.

Catfucker moves too fast for anyone to react, knocking Jill back. Chang’s remaining disciples try to get between Catfucker and their master, but he moves through them like a meat grinder, walking through cuts and blows and ending them each in turn. He stands over Chang and smiles.

CATFUCKER (CONT’D)
Anything you want to say old man?

CHANG
(Shrugs)

Catfucker takes off Chang's head with a single stroke. Chang is impassive throughout the process, being a proper kung fu monk.

JILL
NO!

CATFUCKER
Do not worry! You will join him soon.

Jill steps up and holds her weapon.

CATFUCKER (CONT’D)
No, not you, not yet.

Catfucker moves at super speed. Jill moves to intercept, but Catfucker parry's her blade and moves past her, directly for Vladimir. Boris, steps in front of the blade and takes it through the gut.

VLADIMIR
Father!

Boris spits blood in the face of the Catfucker, a last futile effort. Catfucker cuts Boris in half and then takes his head off of his shoulders. Vlad turns to run, lacking his fathers heroism. Harry draws and shoots eight rounds at Catfucker, but Catfucker ignores him and catches up to Vlad without much effort. Jill harries him as best she can, but Catfucker parries her sword as easily as he walked through the bullets.
Harry fumbles trying to reload the gun. Jill attacks but Catfucker parry's again and then takes off Vlad's leg. Vlad falls, and Catfucker finishes him, cutting off his head. Harry stands shell shocked, and even lets his cigarette fall out of his mouth. Catfucker turns to Jill.

**CATFUCKER**
Now you have my attention woman.

**HARRY**
(To Navarious)
Hurry up!

Navarious continues chanting. Jill and Catfucker move through the first moves at lightning speed.

**CATFUCKER**
The sword gives you speed and strength, but it cannot provide the most important ingredient.

Catfucker sways back as Jill sword cuts at his face. Jill's blade misses him by a few millimeters. Catfuckers sword takes off her right hand. It starts to fall and Catfucker cuts it into quarters then eighths and then sixteenths.

**CATFUCKER (CONT’D)**
Skill!

**HARRY**
Jill!

Jill falls to the ground and holds her bleeding arm. Her sword clangs to the ground nearby. Catfucker smiles and towers above her. She ignores him and looks at Harry.

**JILL**
Harry... Run.

Harry looks for a moment like he might, but something firms in his face. His hands stop shaking. He lights up a new cigarette, once he had a good long smoke he holds the gun up in front of him. Navarious continues to chant behind him.

**HARRY**
Fuck that.

**JILL**
I said RUN!

**HARRY**
And I said fuck that, come on Catfucker, do it.
CATFUCKER
Very well, if you wish to precede
her in death so be it.

Catfucker advances on Harry with a laugh. Harry fires one bullet at a time. Catfucker languidly approaches him, allowing the moment to take its own time. One bullet tears into Catfucker's abdomen, another takes him in the face. Each time Harry scores a hit Catfucker regenerates. Harry fires seven times. Catfucker stops in front of the barrel, resting his head on the ineffective weapon. Catfucker smiles.

CATFUCKER (CONT'D)
One more bullet.

Harry doesn't do anything. Catfucker laughs, but then frowns when Jill's sword erupts out of his abdomen.

JILL
I have two hands asshole.

CATFUCKER
I will remedy that shortly.

Catfucker turns to her, pulls her sword out of himself. The wound heals immediately. He raises his own sword. Navarious stops chanting.

CATFUCKER (CONT'D)
Last words?

NAVARIOUS
The spell is done.

Harry shoots Catfucker in the head, staggering him. Catfucker puts a hand to his face and realizes that the wound isn't healing as quickly as it should. He raises his arm just in time to lose it at the elbow to Jill. The sword clatters to the ground still clutched in Catfucker's hand. Catfucker reaches down for the weapon but Harry tackles him.

Catfucker, armless or not, still manages to wrestle his way on top of Harry. He punches once, then twice. Harry's nose bursts and his lip splits. His head bounces off the floor Harry feebly attempts to ward off the blows with his hands. Catfucker keeps punching him in the face. His right eye opens up at the eyebrow. His left is gashed at the cheek.

JILL
Fuck you!

Jill rams the entire length of her sword into Catfucker. Catfucker punches her in the face.
Catfucker stands and staggers. Harry, spits blood out of his mangled face but manages to stand up woozily, picks up his gun and slowly reloads. He sways while he does it. Catfucker's face is a ruin and he can't quite get the sword out of himself. He does manage to pick up his katana though. Harry finishes reloading, sways drunkenly from the beating, and unloads the entire revolver into Catfucker's head. He takes the first four relatively well but on the fifth he staggers. By the seventh he's on his knees. Harry hits him with the eighth. Catfucker's head is almost gone but he still starts to get back up.

Jill has managed to get up by now, she's bleeding out of her nose and the stump of her hand she doesn't look happy. She finds Boris's body and sets the Kalashnikov on the ground between her legs and reloads the weapon one handed. Catfucker approaches harry slowly and takes several blind swings at him. Harry manages to dodge one and then he falls onto the ground. Catfuckers nearly headless body keeps swinging the sword at empty air. Jill cocks the Kalashnikov and picks it up with one hand and unloads on him. She can't quite keep control of the weapon one handed so the gun shoots wildly in multiple directions nearly hitting Harry.

HARRY

Damnit Jill!

Jill still manages to hit Catfucker several times. One bullet wings Catfucker in the leg, taking it most of the way off. Catfucker falls down. Catfucker crawls toward Harry. He rolls away from the crawling samurai, stands up, and reaches for more ammunition, spilling the bullets onto the ground. Jill walks forward and lays the barrel of the Kalashnikov on Catfucker's torso and lets the rest of the clip loose. Catfucker's body shivers and keeps trying to drag itself forward feebly. Harry picks up a handful of the spilled ammunition and reloads. Jill wanders back to Boris's body and locates a second clip. She kneels and reloads.

Harry and Jill finish reloading and then empty their weapons into Catfucker's body. They repeat that process several times wordlessly, only stopping to light up another cigarette and continue. Once their out of ammo Jill reaches down plants a foot on Catfucker's body and draws out her sword. Catfucker has finally stopped moving.

HARRY (CONT’D)

Cut off his head.

JILL

What's left of it.
Jill lifts her sword and proceeds to hack off Catfucker's head. She takes off his legs next, then his arms. Just in case. The two of them stand panting.

    JILL (CONT'D)
    I think I need a doctor.

Harry sits down on the blood covered floor soiling his pants in viscera. He pukes from the blows he took to the head. His face is a bloody ruin.

    HARRY
    (Holding his head)
    Yeah. God he hit hard. I think I have a concussion. I'll drop you off and then deal with the body.

    JILL
    What are you gonna do with it?

    HARRY
    Woodchipper... Then concrete.

    JILL
    Good idea. I'm coming.

    HARRY
    Jill you're missing a hand.

    JILL
    I want to see it through. Besides it's not like they can reattach it, Catfucker cut it into like eighty pieces.

Navarious kneels down and helps Jill with her arm.

    NAVARIOUS
    I may be able to be of some assistance.

    HARRY
    Can you reattach it?

Navarious reaches into his robes and pulls out a first aid kit, a needle and thread and a bottle of antiseptic.

    NAVARIOUS
    No, that is beyond my power, but I know a little bit of first aid.

    HARRY
    Serious?
NAVARIOUS
Injury is common in my chosen profession.

HARRY
Alright, but afterwards your going to the-

JILL
Bar.

HARRY
Jill!

JILL
First the bar then the hospital. Then I need to deal with my husband I guess.

HARRY
And if you bleed out and die?

JILL
Then I expect you to be at the wake. Now come on Navarious, fix me up. Harry, grab Boris's vodka.

HARRY
Way ahead of you on that.

MONTAGE
-Navarious administers first aid, stitches up Jill with the skill of a surgeon and wraps her mangled arm in fresh gauze. Harry and Jill pass Boris's vodka back and forth and take long slugs on the beverage.

-Navarious stitches up Harry's ruined face

EXT. A MEADOW -LATE NIGHT-

-Harry is standing above a wood-chipper that is spitting out blood and gore. A single leg sticks out of one end. Jill is sitting in the field, drinking a cocktail.

-Navarious stands silently off to one side and watches the grisly proceedings.

END MONTAGE
INT. BAR -LATE NIGHT-

Harry's shirt and sweat pants are blood soaked and filthy. Bobby is there as well nursing something fruity. The silence is broken when Bobby accidentally drops the fruity drink out of his thumbless left hand.

BOBBY
Dangit, I can't get used to this.

Jill lifts up her stump.

JILL
Don't let me hear you bitch!

HARRY
Dammit, three days of work and I'm not gonna make a fuckin' dime!

Jill pokes a stump into Harry's side.

JILL
Cry me a river Harry!

HARRY
You don't get it, I'm behind on rent my landlord's gonna evict me. I'm gonna be fuckin homeless Jill. I've seen your insurance, and you're gonna be taken care of.

JILL
Harry, I'm sorry to hear that.

NAVARIOUS
You know Harry, minus Boris getting killed, you didn't do a bad job.

HARRY
There a point to this conversation?

NAVARIOUS
(Shrugs)
The dark Lord is always hiring...

HARRY
Yeah? What's it pay?

Navarious reaches into his robes and passes a card to Harry. Harry squints through his swollen eyes at the card. Navarious passes a second card to Jill who stows it in her coat.
NAVARIOUS
Just give me a call Harry.
(Nodding at Jill)
Jill.

BOBBY
Seriously Harry, you're gonna take a job for the devil?

HARRY
He said dark lord, for all I know I'm working for Sauron and this cocksucker's a ring wraith.

JILL
I'm pretty sure that's not what he meant.

HARRY
The fuck do I care? I already gave up my soul, remember?

NAVARIOUS
You'll find the opportunities are quite substantial.

HARRY
Nice doing business with you Navarious.

NAVARIOUS
Always a pleasure.

Navarious reaches a hand out and with a word opens a black void, screaming emits from the hole in reality. Navarious steps through it. The hole disappears with a gout of fire.

BOBBY
Seriously Harry?

HARRY
Hell yeah seriously. Anyway I'm still gonna end up missing my rent and wind up on the street, so which of you fuckers is gonna loan me their couch?

BOBBY
I live with my mom.

JILL
Fine Harry, but you're out of my house in a week. After that my husband'll probably divorce me.
HARRY
Thanks Jill.
   (Looks at the card for a moment)
Fuck me I guess I'm back in business. Who's paying the bar bill?