# B L O O D H O U N D

BY

DANNY KATZ

DannyKatzWrites@gmail.com

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - DAY [PRESENT DAY]

PHIL, 26, pampered, bandaged hand, initials stitched into his bathrobe, stands at the bathroom door, speaks to it.

PHIL
Please, do me a favor, just be quiet for forty-five minutes. *Please*.

He leaves the door, takes a seat at his desk, stares at a blank page on the screen of his laptop. Fingers over keys.

The window steals his gaze. New York City. Glass towers, red brick buildings, brownstones down below.

He shakes it off. Back to his computer. Fingers over keys. Nope. Private internet browser...PORNHUB.COM, off goes the sash on Phil's robe...

He finishes, ties the sash, rolls a joint, smokes out the window. Flicks the roach, watches it float down.

Back to the blank page.

Ready now, he types, **PART 1: THE BREAK IN**, then, "Two FBI agents babysit a witness protection house. A black SUV..."

SUPER OVER BLACK:

**PART 1: THE BREAK IN**

FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVEWAY, TWO-STORY HOME, CUL-DE-SAC - DAY

ROCHESTER, late 30s, gun on hip, FBI credentials hang from his neck, smokes a cigarette unconvincingly.

MANHEIM, late 30s, gun peaks out from the shoulder-holster under his jacket.

MANHEIM
Started smoking again, I see.

ROCHESTER
I'm out here twice a month. I don't even like tobacco, I'm just bored.

MANHEIM
Wife loves the gig, though, right? Keeps you grounded half the year.

ROCHESTER
Eh, she's paranoid. Seen one too many witness protection movies.

A black SUV coasts around the cul-de-sac, crawls to a stop in front of the driveway.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)
What's this?

MANHEIM
Those are our plates.

ROCHESTER
We expecting someone?

MANHEIM
No, but you know the Bureau.

The back passenger door swings open.

YURI, late 30s, dark suit, sunglasses, steps out of the SUV, studies the sky, pulls out a LARGE UMBRELLA.

MANHEIM (CONT'D)
You from the D.A.'s office?

Yuri opens the umbrella up outward, so that he's temporarily shielded from the view of the Feds.

ROCHESTER
What the fuck is this doofus doing?

Yuri whips the umbrella up over his head, reveals a GUN aimed and ready in his other hand.

Rochester's stunned. Manheim makes a play for his weapon--it's fruitless. Yuri guns them down with four shots.

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME TIME

SERGEI, 18, impatient in the drivers seat, watches Yuri kill the FBI guys, enter the two-story home.

Sergei grips the steering wheel tighter. His face darkens, his brow furrows.

He turns the hazard lights off, puts the car in drive, but before he can leave Yuri behind, a CHORUS OF GUNFIRE erupts from the house. Sergei hesitates...Yuri emerges, cool, unfazed, meanders toward the SUV.

SERGEI
(muttering)
Let's go, let's go, let's go.

Yuri climbs into the shotgun seat.

Sergei speeds off before Yuri's got his door shut.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
Taking your sweet time?

YURI
Slow down.

Sergei ignores him, weaves in and out of traffic with haste.

SERGEI
I'm not your chauffeur, you don't give me instructions.

YURI
Sergei...Sergei, if we get pulled over for speeding, we might as well punch our own tickets.

Sergei speeds on for a few more moments, milks every second.

YURI (CONT'D)
Sergei, listen--

He finally slows the car down.

SERGEI
Don't tell me to *listen*. You've been holding me back. You're always holding me back.

YURI
Look, you executed your role with precision.

SERGEI
(in Russian)
Don't belittle me, big brother.

He stomps on the brake, parks.

They wipe their fingerprints from the car, climb out.

INT. BARRY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

BARRY MATTHEWS, 26, luxury sweats, boat shoes, plays video games with a full headset on.

BARRY (INTO HEADSET)
Think you got moves, shit head? If I were still a betting man, I'd put the house on you not scoring again.

Thumbs fly, manipulate the controller; eyes glued to the screen. He inches closer to the large TV as the game goes on.

BARRY (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

His shouts get louder--until his opponent scores a goal.

BARRY (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Fuck that shit, fuck you!

Barry hurls the game controller across the room--it shatters against the wall into a hundred pieces.

He storms over to a cabinet, REVEALS A HALF DOZEN unopened boxes of BRAND NEW GAME CONTROLLERS. He takes one.

BARRY (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)
What are you, in the eighth grade?...Shit, then shouldn't you be in school or something?

PHIL ENTERS, less pampered, no hand bandage, holds a spiral-bound screenplay.

BARRY (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)
I gotta bounce. Consider yourself lucky, dip shit.

Barry removes his headset, tosses it to the floor. Phil slaps the screenplay into Barry's chest.

BARRY
What's this?

PHIL
It is, to this day, the best piece of prose I've ever written.

BARRY
Yeah, okay, we'll see about that.

PHIL
I'm telling you, Barry.

BARRY
What's it about?

PHIL
It's like, semi-autobiographical, but in a darker reality.

BARRY
So, it's about a pill-popping petty thief who gets caught in his neighbor's apartment, shipped off to rehab?

PHIL
And, also involves exceedingly criminal mischief, yes. There's a sort of love story element. And a heist.

Barry shrugs.

BARRY
Okay, I'll read it.

He flips through, counts the pages.

PHIL
Your parents home?

BARRY
They're in the Hamptons.

Phil takes a joint out of his pocket, fires it up.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Let's get something from my dad's wine cellar?

PHIL
Can we pick out something bubbly?

BARRY
I don't know why I keep wasting the good stuff on your peasant tastebuds.

PHIL
Hey, someone's got to keep you grounded.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

TRACEY, late-30s, hunched shoulders, exasperated brow, picks at a string that hangs from her grey skirt. She paces back and fourth, clearly waiting for someone...

TRACEY
You have some nerve.

*He's arrived.*

THE AGENT, mid-40s, expensive suit, expensive haircut, bland face, barely looks up from his phone to acknowledge her.

THE AGENT
What are you doing here?

TRACEY
That's all you have to say to me?

He tries to blow right passed her, enter the restaurant.

She shuffles over, stops him.

THE AGENT
We can't do this right now. You know who's in there waiting on me.

TRACEY
I know you've been gambling, again. I haven't heard from you in weeks.

THE AGENT
Yet, you still can't take the hint.

Tracey's jaw drops. The Agent side steps, heads inside.

EXT. BOAT STORAGE, BROOKLYN MARINA - NIGHT

MICHAIL, 60s, tall, slender, shakes Yuri's hand.

YURI
(in Russian)
Thank you for meeting with me.

Yuri lowers his head in respect.

MICHAIL
For you, Yuri, I make time.

They walk toward the exit.

YURI
You've heard my request?

MICHAIL
I have, and I'm sorry. Your brother's on his first assignment as we speak.

YURI
Give me the address, the target, I'll meet him there--

MICHAIL
You'll do no such thing, Yuri. Think about what you're saying.

YURI
(in Russian)
I'm desperate, Michail.

MICHAIL
It disheartens me, that you want to keep him from the family. Have we not done right by you?

YURI
I owe my life to the family. But, I raised Sergei. He cannot do what we do. He doesn't have it in him.

EXT. BROOKLYN MARINA - SAME TIME

They emerge on the edge of the water.

MICHAIL
You think that *you* had it in *you*, at *his* age? You were still getting passed around by faggot priests when you were his age, Yuri.

YURI
Michail, please--

MICHAIL
And look what we turned you into. From a lap dog to a bloodhound.

Yuri lowers his head, eyes lost in the river.

Michail puts a hand on his shoulder.

MICHAIL (CONT'D)
(in Russian)
I plucked you from the gutter, taught you revenge. You know as good as anyone - there's the Family. There's nothing else.

Michail fires up a cigar.

MICHAIL (CONT'D)
Sergei's either with the family...

Once the cigar burns proper, he ambles off, leaves Yuri.

INT. BARRY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wine bottles, joint roaches, snacks litter the table. Phil rolls a fresh doobie; Barry reads the script.

BARRY
Woh. This is the best shit you've ever written, man.

He smacks it down on the table.

PHIL
Right?

BARRY
And that twist, man.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Right?

BARRY (CONT'D)
It's like, you really tapped into something. Shit, Phil, I didn't realize you were so...*damaged*.

PHIL
Yeah, yeah, fuck you.

BARRY
Now, how do we get this in front of someone who matters?

PHIL
You tell me. You're the so-called producer.

BARRY
If I could throw money at the situation, believe me, I would.

PHIL
I know, just giving you a hard time.

BARRY
I made a list of agents and managers.

PHIL
You made a list?

BARRY
Literary reps, entertainment agents.

PHIL
You made a list?

BARRY
I picked a bunch that operate in the city, who might match your sort of--

PHIL
Voice?

BARRY
I was gonna say, style. But, sure.

PHIL
I'm sort of blown away by the initiative, Bear. What's up?

BARRY
We're in this together, right man?

PHIL
Your parents threatened to cut you off again, didn't they?

BARRY
Not unless that's what they meant by, *turning off the faucet*.

Phil laughs at Barry's use of air quotes.

PHIL
I knew it. It's a shame you didn't inherit their use of colorful language. Or self control, for that matter. What happened this time?

BARRY
I don't know. I asked my mom to refill my checking account. I owe some assholes a lot of cash.

PHIL
These assholes shady?

BARRY
Like, Eastern European shady.

Phil sparks the joint.

PHIL
Okay, so it's time to get serious. But we don't need a list. I honed-in on a guy. That summer I interned at IMG? I acquired his home address.

BARRY
You *acquired* it?

PHIL
I acquired it.

Barry takes the joint.

BARRY
And why am I just hearing about this now?

PHIL
I wasn't exactly the best intern. If he remembers me at all, he'll remember that my uncle got me the gig, I'm spoiled, and that I didn't work hard.

BARRY
Sounds about right.

PHIL
I didn't say I blame the guy.

BARRY
You still buy weed from that kid who works for DoorDash?

PHIL
Yeah. Think he got fired, though.

BARRY
Fuck...well, we could just go to the agent's apartment, *pretend* to be a food delivery.

PHIL
And when he opens the door, hand him the script?

BARRY
I'll Google Maps the address.

PHIL
Here.

Barry takes Phil's phone, hands him back the joint.

Phil puffs away - Barry perks back up.

BARRY
Looks like a walk-up, no doorman.

PHIL
We're in business.

Phil picks the script up, flattens out the dog-ears, tries to make it look nice.

BARRY
How do you wanna get there?

PHIL
Just not a fucking Uber. Anything but Uber.

BARRY
What's your problem with Uber, man?

PHIL
Greedy bastards, Barry. They're like the new Apple. Bow down to your capitalist overlords.

BARRY
So how do you wanna get there?

PHIL
Any way but a fucking Uber.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOBBY OF THE AGENT'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Phil and Barry climb out of an Uber.

BARRY
Didn't you ask your parents for AirPods for your birthday?

Phil ignores him, they approach the intercom.

PHIL
How do you wanna play it?

Barry pushes all of the buttons.

BARRY
Someone'll buzz us in.

PHIL
Subtle...what's going on, Bear? What's lit such a fire under your ass? You know I was joking when I called you a *so-called producer,* right?

BARRY
Is it so hard to believe that I just want to see you succeed?

INT. THE AGENT'S FRONT DOOR, 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Phil and Barry reach the door, out of breath.

BARRY
Why would anyone ever choose to live in a walk-up?

PHIL
I've got some serious champagne burbs. What's the play? Just knock?

Phil raises a closed fist to knock - Barry swats his hand.

PHIL (CONTINUED)
Dude...

Barry pushes the door open, Phil's jaw drops.

BARRY
I'm tired of referring to you as an *amateur* writer. C'mon.

Barry walks inside. Phil hesitates, follows.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

They shuffle down a hallway, whisper.

PHIL
This wasn't the plan.

BARRY
We came all this way, it'd be irresponsible not to at least check if the door was open.

PHIL
You think he's home?

BARRY
Nah. Let's find his bedroom, leave your script somewhere he'll see it.

INT. GUEST ROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Small bedroom, black walls bereft of decoration, no furniture aside from Queen sized bed in center of the room.

At the edge of the bed, a video camera is set up on a tripod.

BARRY
What in the fuck?

PHIL
Ya know I had a feeling this guy would speak my language.

BARRY
There's no bathroom in here, this must be the guest room.

PHIL
Or, and you might want to sit down for this, he doesn't have a bathroom in his bedroom. *Or* a guest room in his apartment, for that matter.

Barry raises an eyebrow.

BARRY
This guy's a successful talent agent, man. You wouldn't understand.

PHIL
That's right, I forgot - you're an expert in first-class living.

BARRY
C'mon, let's keep looking.

INT. BEDROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Next room, definitely the master bedroom. Something's off.

BARRY
You think he's just gonna subject himself to a proletariat lifestyle for the sake of living on the Upper West Side?

PHIL
I think you need to meet more people.

A large plastic tarp, spread out across the floor.

Phil kicks over a black duffle bag, various tools fall out.

BARRY
Must be redecorating.

Phil kneels down, digs through the duffle, finds a dagger, ice pick, bag of zip ties...

PHIL
What in the fuck kind of redecorating?

A toilet FLUSHES elsewhere in the apartment.

BARRY
Oh fuck.

Barry hides under the desk, clearly still visible.

PHIL
That's not gonna work.

Phil dives into the closet.

Barry scurries across the room, slips into the closet--JUST BEFORE SERGEI ENTERS.

Sergei wears a poncho over his jumpsuit.

INT. CLOSET, MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Phil and Barry get a peak at Sergei through the closet door.

BARRY
(whisper)
What's with the poncho?

PHIL
(whisper)
Something tells me it isn't weather-related.

INT. BEDROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The apartment's front door SLAMS SHUT - a cue for Sergei, who hides behind the open bedroom door.

The Agent enters, notices the plastic tarp.

AGENT
What the--

Sergei pops out from behind the door, WRAPS A CORD AROUND THE AGENT'S NECK, slings the cord over his shoulder, HOISTS THE AGENT UP OFF THE FLOOR, ONTO HIS BACK.

INT. CLOSET - SAME TIME

Phil and Barry watch through the closet door as the Agent's face turns purple, his eyes bulge.

BARRY
Jesus.

Sergei looks over at the closet. Phil and Barry look at each other. Phil nods.

INT. BEDROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The Agent flops around on Sergei's back like a strung up fish. Phil and Barry BURST OUT the closet.

They trip over each other, Barry knocks right into Sergei, Sergei falls over, loses his grip on the cord.

BARRY
Oh shit, I'm sorry!

The Agent manages a deep, lifesaving breath, scurries for the bedroom door.

PHIL
Barry, let's go!

Phil pulls Barry to his feet, they bolt for the door, collide with the Agent in the doorway, wind up stuck.

PHIL (CONT'D)
'Scuse us.

Phil and Barry team up, shove the Agent back to the floor of the bedroom, run out.

The agent picks himself up, makes a play for the door, Sergei pops up behind him, JAMS A KNIFE INTO HIS BACK.

AGENT
Gahhhhhfuck!

He falls to the floor, tries to pull the knife out, can't.

Sergei grabs the Agent by his left foot, drags him across the tarp, deeper into the bedroom.

He kneels down, rips the knife out of the Agent's back.

Sergei pulls a plastic bag from his pocket.

The Agent rolls over, kicks Sergei in the nuts, makes a dramatic crawl for the door.

A smile spreads across his face - he closes in on the doorway, on salvation.

BUT JUST BEFORE the Agent makes it out of the bedroom, Sergei steps on his back, pulls the plastic bag down over his head, fastens it in place with a zip tie--

INT. KITCHEN, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Barry clutches a frying pan like a tennis racket.

Sergei appears in the doorway.

Between them, the floor is a mess, littered with condiments.

Sergei moves forward, passes the oven and the fridge as he approaches Barry. Barry's eyes widen.

Behind Sergei, the fridge door swings open, PHIL CRAWLS OUT, jumps on Sergei's back.

A tussle ensues.

They explode into each other like rams, crash through drywall, rip apart the kitchen like a hurricane.

Sergei tries to stab Barry, Phil grabs the hitman's wrist. Barry bashes the knife with his frying pan. The knife flies across the kitchen.

BARRY
Phil--Tyson Holyfield! Tyson Holyfield!

Phil bites down on Sergei's ear. He doesn't relinquish his Pit Bull-like grip until Sergei punches him in the crotch.

Phil goes down.

Sergei pins Barry to the fridge, snaps the bone in his arm like a dry piece of wood.

Phil sneaks out the kitchen; Sergei pummels Barry.

The SOUND of the FRONT DOOR SLAMMING SHUT rips Sergei's attention away. He leaves the kitchen, goes after Phil.

Barry, a bloody mess, tries to slither across the kitchen floor like a snail that's been run over by a bicycle.

INT. THE AGENT'S FRONT DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sergei gets to the door, pulls it open, peers into the hall--Phil is nowhere to be seen.

Sergei turns back around TO FIND PHIL STANDING BEHIND HIM.

Phil smashes a frying pan into Sergei's forehead, sends him backward into the hallway, blood shooting from his forehead. He lunges at Phil, who slams the front door shut--

INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY, THE AGENT'S FRONT DOOR, - SAME TIME

--Sergei's head bounces off the door, CRACKS like a bowling ball on concrete. The sound echoes in the hall.

Phil opens the door, drags Sergei back inside the apartment.

He picks the frying pan up, as the front door swings shut. The next THREE CRACKS are the loudest yet.

INT. KITCHEN, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Phil splashes water on Barry, who comes-to in a pool of his own blood on the bathroom floor.

BARRY
What happened?

PHIL
I need you to get up.

BARRY
I can't move.

PHIL
Get up, right now, and help me.

Barry slithers around, Phil pulls him up to his feet.

INT. BEDROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The two corpses are stacked on the plastic tarp, eight limbs jut out in separate directions.

BARRY
Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

PHIL
I know. I didn't mean for it to look like that Leo D'aVinci painting.

BARRY
Jesus Christ, man.

PHIL
Look, I took a few minutes to have a panic attack while you were unconscious. If you need to do that, fine. But we don't have all night.

BARRY
What are we gonna do?

Phil takes an axe out of the black duffle bag.

PHIL
We're gonna finish what this sick fucker started. You wanna see if there's another axe in there?

BARRY
I don't wanna *see* anything.

PHIL
Bear--

BARRY
My arm is broken, man. I can't even lift it for shit.

PHIL
I think I saw a handheld electric saw. Just check. You can probably use it one-handed.

BARRY
I need to go to the hospital. I'm bleeding all over the place, man.

PHIL
We can't call you an ambulance. Not here. Not like this.

BARRY
We can just explain what happened.

PHIL
Yeah, we'll just tell the cops we broke into this apartment, everyone was already dead when we got here.

BARRY
If we tell the truth, it'll be fine. Look at my arm, man. Self defense.

PHIL
Self defense after we broke in? For all they know, these two were the ones doing the defending.

BARRY
Shit.

PHIL
Besides, no one can know the agent is dead. Not yet.

BARRY
Why the fuck not?

PHIL
I went on his laptop. Used his email to send my script to one of his associates.

Phil lifts the axe high, like he's about to chop.

PHIL (CONTINUED)
Gave it high remarks, don't worry.

He winks at Barry, but before he can swing the axe down--

BARRY
I was lying in a pool of blood, and you decided it was a good time to go on his email?

Phil lowers the axe carefully.

PHIL
I checked to make sure you were still alive first.

BARRY
Oh, you checked to make sure I was still alive?

PHIL
I held my hand in front of your--

BARRY
So I was unconscious, in a puddle of blood, and you checked my breathing?

PHIL
Yes.

BARRY
Then fucked off to advance your career.

PHIL
*My* career? I thought we were in this together? You said it yourself, you're tired of referring to me as an *amateur writer*.

BARRY
I could have died, asshole!

PHIL
What did you want me to do? I made sure you were still alive first.

Barry pulls his shirt off, winces in pain.

BARRY
Ahh.

Once topless, the knife wounds on his abdomen are revealed.

PHIL
Here.

Phil takes a roll of duct tape from the duffle, wraps it around Barry's torso several times, tapes the wounds shut.

BARRY
Ahhhhmother-fucker.

Barry looks at the Agent's corpse, blood pooling around the unlucky victim's right hand.

BARRY (CONT'D)
What's going on there? He missing--

PHIL
A finger?

Phil waves a severed finger in Barry's face. Barry gags, backs away.

BARRY
What the fuck, Phil? Are you insane?

PHIL
His laptop was finger print protected. Chill out, Bear. He was already dead.

BARRY
You couldn't bring the computer over to the corpse? You had to bring the *corpse* to the *computer*?

PHIL
I didn't want to get blood all over it--I mean I did, anyway, by accident. But...I don't know, Barry. I'm doing this all on the fly here.

BARRY
Jesus Christ, let's just get this over with so you can take me to the emergency room please.

Barry picks up the electric saw.

PHIL
That's the spirit, Bear. You wanna go first?

BARRY
I don't wanna go at all.

Phil pockets the severed thumb, raises the axe again--

PHIL
Music?

BARRY
What?

Barry plugs the electric saw into a socket.

PHIL
Music?

BARRY
You wanna play music?

PHIL
Maybe, something ironic? Like how they play Mozart over Gangster Flicks?

BARRY
Mozart?

PHIL
To drown out the sound of us sawing through flesh and bone.

BARRY
So put some God damn music on then. Why you telling me, man?

PHIL
*You* got us into this shit, Barry. *I'm* just trying to get us out of it.

BARRY
No, I certainly did not.

PHIL
This whole thing was your idea. It was your brainchild. *Your* harebrained scheme.

BARRY
No, it wasn't.

PHIL
You pushed the door open.

BARRY
So?

PHIL
I wanted to knock.

BARRY
No, you didn't.

PHIL
Yes, I did.

BARRY
No, you didn't.

PHIL
I did!

BARRY
No, you didn't, or you would have knocked. You waited for me to take the lead, just like you always do. Just like with your film career, just like with your whole life.

PHIL
You condescending fucker.

Phil swings the axe up, plunges it down, buries it in the chest of Sergei's corpse.

Barry flinches. Phil tackles him.

They wrestle, only stopping once they realize they've been rolling around in Sergei's blood. Barry gags.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Okay, let's get up. Let's get out of these bloody clothes. Let's regroup.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, AGENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barry sits at the kitchen table, waits. He wears a clean pair of baggy shorts and a sweatshirt.

Phil strolls out of the bathroom in the slain Agent's robe.

BARRY
What the fuck took so long?

PHIL
What?

BARRY
You rubbed one out in there, didn't you?

PHIL
What? Get outta here.

BARRY
No, I know you, you sicko.

PHIL
I didn't rub one out.

BARRY
You did, I know you did.

PHIL
Whatever, whatever. I did or I didn't, let's move on.

INT. BEDROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

They look over the corpses.

BARRY
Christ.

PHIL
We'll start with the fingers and toes. Then the teeth?

Phil reaches down, picks up the electric saw.

BARRY
I don't know, man. The teeth? Like, why would you even suggest that?

PHIL
You know how many teeth there are, combined, in the mouths of two grown men? That's a lot of DNA.

BARRY
I'm not a damn dentist, man. And you're not an expert on crime. You're a storyteller.

PHIL
Yeah, but I also read a lot. And if we're gonna disappear these two meat slabs, we gotta take their teeth out.

BARRY
That'd be a lot more convincing, if it didn't sound like a line from one of your screenplays. We're going to hell for this, man.

PHIL
Your ticket's been booked, Bear. Since probably around the third time you sold your mother's jewelry at a pawn shop to pay off your gambling debts.

BARRY
You don't sell shit at pawn shops, idiot - you pawn them. Besides, I haven't gambled a dime in six months. And secondly, they got a special place in hell for sexual deviants, like yourself.

PHIL
You're probably right. So fuck all this, anyway.

Phil switches on the electric saw, SAWS THE FINGERS OFF THE AGENT'S RIGHT HAND.

Barry gags.

BARRY
Fuck, man. How about a warning?

PHIL
I thought turning on the electric saw, was a solid heads up.

Phil cuts off all of the fingers from the Agent's left hand.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Make yourself useful, Barry. Take their shoes off.

Barry complies.

Phil cuts Sergei's fingers off, saws the toes off of both corpses.

He brings the electric saw up to the dead Agent's face.

Barry's eyes widen in horror, as he watches Phil carve the jaws off of each dead body.

TEETH CLATTER AGAINST THE FLOOR like raindrops on a tin roof.

BARRY
Oh shit.

Barry gags again.

PHIL
Don't just stand there picking your asshole, collect the teeth.

BARRY
What?

PHIL
The teeth, Bear! Gather 'em up before we lose one under the radiator.

Barry drops to his knees, gags and wines as he plucks the loose bloody teeth from the floor.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil drops the fingers, toes and teeth into the sink, flicks on the garbage disposal.

Barry covers his ears, blocks the sound of SHREDDING BONE AND CARTILAGE.

BARRY
So, we got rid of the teeth and fingers. What are we gonna do with the two corpses, man?

PHIL
Fuckin' A, Barry, I'm doing this on the fly. God forbid you exercise a little creativity.

BARRY
Think I was pretty creative when I told you to bite the killer's ear off.

PHIL
Well, I came up with the fridge thing. Plus, I'm the one who knocked him out.

BARRY
Leaving *me* all alone to get cut up and shit, I might remind you, man.

PHIL
It's not a competition.

INT. FULL BATHROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil and Barry drop Sergei's dead body into the bathtub atop the Agent's corpse.

PHIL
Maybe we should gut them.

BARRY
Like fucking fish?

PHIL
We'll keep the drain clear, toss some soap in, run the water. Let all their blood flow down the drain.

BARRY
Lovely...I'm not fucking doing it.

PHIL
That's fine, I'll just continue taking the brunt of the dirty work.

BARRY
You just said it's not a competition, man.

Phil picks up Sergei's knife, slices open the hitman's throat. Blood waterfalls toward the drain. Barry vomits.

FADE OUT.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - DAY [PRESENT DAY]

Pampered Phil, custom robe, bandaged hand, types "FADE OUT."

He types, "PART 2"--but his attention is stolen--BANGING AND CLANKING NOISES from the other side of the bathroom door.

PHIL
God Damnit.

He rises, storms over, knocks on the door.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I'm trying to write. Could you, please, SHUT THE FUCK UP.

He slams his fist against the door - the noises stop.

Back to his desk, fingers over keys, big deep breath--

PHIL (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Into the drawer...out with the weed, papers...joint rolled.

He smokes out the window.

When he's done, it's back to the scary blank page...Veers away, again.

Private browser, sash comes off, PORNHUB.COM, rinse, repeat.

Fingers over keys. Ready now, to wri--fuck, nope. False alarm. Back in the drawer - out with a pill bottle.

He crushes up a single pill, carves it into three neat lines of powder, snorts one.

PHIL (CONT'D)
There it is.

He rubs his hands together, types **PART 2: THE PITCH**, then, "Phil helps Barry out of a yellow cab."

SUPER OVER BLACK:

**PART 2: THE PITCH**

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Phil helps Barry out of a yellow cab.

PHIL
Alright, Bear. Just limp your ass inside, and stick to the story.

BARRY
You're not coming in with me?

PHIL
You kidding? They'll never believe you got *this* fucked up from a mugging if I'm standing there barely injured.

BARRY
I don't know, man.

PHIL
There's nothing to know. Go on in, stick to the story. Don't change a word of it. Understand?

Barry leaves Phil behind, limps toward the hospital entrance.

INT. OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR TO THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Yuri studies the Find My Friends App on his iPhone.

It says Sergei is just inside the apartment.

INT. ENTRANCE OF AGENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Yuri pops his head in, looks around. Enters, sniffs the air, covers his nose.

He follows the stench to the bathroom, remains outside, peers in, catches a glimpse of the bloody shapes in the tub.

Yuri collapses, tries to scream, nothing comes out. His eyes black with rage, he puts his fist through the wall.

INT. BATHROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Yuri, dejected, stumbles toward the tub, glimpses the bloody shapes, backs away, fearful. More silent screams. Collapses to his knees, pleads with the ceiling.

YURI
Please. Please, please, please.

He rises.

Digs into Sergei's pants pocket, pulls out his smartphone.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Yuri opens all the windows.

He goes through the cupboards, pulls out the ground cinnamon, throws it in a pot of boiling water.

INT. BEDROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Yuri picks up all the tools and weapons from the floor, bags them in the duffle - keeps the electric saw handy.

He pulls two suitcases from the closet.

INT. BATHROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Yuri goes to town on the corpses with the electric saw.

He spends the next several moments flexing his jigsaw skills, maneuvers the mutilated corpses into each suitcase.

INT. ENTRANCE OF THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Yuri opens Sergei's Instagram app, starts *a live video stream,* LEANS HIS BROTHER'S SMART PHONE AGAINST THE WALL, hidden behind a vase.

He plugs it into a nearby outlet.

EXT. FERRY DOCK, EAST RIVER - CRACK OF DAWN

Yuri waits in line for the first ferry of the morning, suitcases and duffle in hand.

He looks like your average tourist.

INT. BARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Phil bursts into Barry's room.

PHIL
You'll never guess--

Room's empty.

Barry's hospital bracelet is on the bedside table.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Bear? Barry?

He checks the bathroom - nothing.

He pulls out his cell.

PHIL (ON PHONE)
Barry, where the fuck are you? I've got incredible news--

INT. UBER - SAME TIME

Barry's in the back of an Uber looking terrible.

He's all stitched up, arm in a sling, the works.

BARRY (ON PHONE)
Doing just fine, man. Thanks for asking.

PHIL (O.S.)
Everything go okay at the hospital? They call the police?

BARRY (ON PHONE)
Yeah, I spoke to the cops. Told them that dumbass story you concocted.

PHIL (O.S.)
And?

BARRY (ON PHONE)
I doubt they believed one word.

INT. BARRY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Phil pulls open Barry's laptop.

PHIL (ON PHONE)
It's not about what they beleive. It's about what they can prove. Anyway, listen - something amazing happened. That email I sent, it worked.

Barry's internet browser is open to GOOGLE MAPS.

BARRY (O.S.)
That's great, Phil. I'm glad all this bullshit worked out for one of us. I can't talk now--

PHIL (ON PHONE)
Hang on, I know this address. This is where you play those crazy underground poker games, isn't it?

INT. UBER - SAME TIME

The Uber pulls over.

BARRY (ON PHONE)
You're on my fucking computer? How the hell did you get in my room?

PHIL (O.S.)
I walked right in, Bear--

BARRY (ON PHONE)
I don't have time for this, get the fuck out of my apartment. And stop coming over uninvited. Goodbye.

He hangs up, struggles to climb out of the Uber.

UBER DRIVER turns around.

UBER DRIVER
Hey, you need some help pal?

BARRY
I don't need any fucking help!

EXT. FERRY - DAY

Yuri stands at the upper deck of the ferry.

He checks his watch.

The East Side of Manhattan falls further and further behind.

When the FEW OTHER PASSENGERS are distracted, Yuri tosses the suitcases of evidence over the side of the ferry.

YURI
(in Russian)
Goodbye my brother. Until we meet again.

He heads for the stairs, wipes the sweat from his brow.

INT. UNDERGROUND CASINO, BASEMENT OF BAR - DAY

Barry wipes the sweat from his brow, approaches the check-in counter.

The CHECK-IN GIRL smiles.

CHECK-IN GIRL
Name?

BARRY
Barry Matthews.

She hits some keys on the computer.

CHECK-IN GIRL
Ooo, looks like you've got an outstanding balance of--

BARRY
I didn't bring any cash with me this time, but I'm good for it. I promise.

CHECK-IN GIRL
Right, but any outstanding balance over 10K needs to be settled before you sit down for a game. House rules.

BARRY
I have spent upwards of fifty thousand dollars down here, I think you can make an exception for me.

CHECK-IN GIRL
I'm sorry, Mr. Matthews. It's the house rules--

BARRY
I don't have the fucking patience for this right now. Ask Boris, he'll tell you. I'm good for it. C'mon, ask him.

Check-in Girl leaves her station at the desk, navigates the slender passageways of the underground casino.

BORIS, hallow eyes, lurking in the shadows, puts a hand on check-in girl's hip as she whispers into his ear.

He flashes a menacing grin, whispers back.

Check-in Girl makes her way back to her check-in station.

CHECK-IN GIRL
Boris says, because he hasn't seen you in quite some time, and he's missed you dearly, he'll make a one-time only exception.

Barry brushes by her, barely acknowledges her trouble.

BARRY
Yeah, thanks.

He navigates the basement's narrow passageways in a much less subtle fashion than the Check-in Girl. Bumps and grazes other PLAYERS as he finds an open seat at a poker table.

He knocks twice on the green felt.

The POKER DEALER gives him an exacerbated look--they have history.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Let's go, deal me in. C'mon.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP, PATIO AREA - DAY

Phil wipes the sweat from his brow.

Tracey sits across the table, confident in her power suit.

TRACEY
Don't be nervous. I wouldn't waste my time, if I didn't like your stuff. You're young as hell to have such perspective.

PHIL
Thank you--

TRACEY
But, you've got a long way to go. For starters, your screenplay reads way too much like a manuscript.

PHIL
I've uh, been working on being less wordy.

TRACEY
You got another idea cooking? Other scripts written?

PHIL
Couple other scripts written, several more ideas.

TRACEY
Good, cause I don't wanna take you on as a client, if you're the type to get complacent after developing one project.

PHIL
When it's all said and done, I plan on having left a prolific body of work behind.

TRACEY
Alright, kid, save it for the page. To be blunt, I wouldn't have cracked your script open at all, had my colleague not passed it along.

PHIL
Lucky me I guess.

TRACEY
I usually don't go for the high-concept stuff. It's not that it doesn't sell. Quite the contrary.

PHIL
But, everybody's doing high-concept these days...

TRACEY
Exactly. And if you're not great at it, it's just another B-minus project with an A-minus idea.

PHIL
Right, and you think mine's a solid "A"?

TRACEY
It's promising. You've certainly got potential. Don't think you have much of an ending yet.

Phil struggles to hide how taken aback he is.

PHIL
What's wrong with the end--

TRACEY
How'd you get my associate to read your work?

PHIL
What do you mean?

TRACEY
You obviously emailed it to him. But, usually he deletes unsolicited queries.

PHIL
Oh, well maybe he liked the way I worded the email.

TRACEY
Maybe. But, then why would he forward it along to me? He's never that gracious about up and coming talent. Just seems odd, frankly.

PHIL
Uhhh, maybe he's tied up at the moment?

TRACEY
Eh, he's not the type to get tied up. He's more the type to do the tying-- either way, I think the three of us should sit down together.

PHIL
Oh, I don't know if that's necessary--

TRACEY
Yeah, I'm gonna go see him at the end of the week. I'll put something in the books.

Phil chokes down a nervous gulp of coffee.

INT. BARRY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barry stares out the window, his back to the living room. His X-box is broken on the floor, trash scattered about.

Phil enters, beaming with nervous energy.

PHIL
Barry? Yo, Barry.

Barry doesn't turn around, continues to stare out the window.

BARRY
How do you always get passed the doorman?

Phil studies the room...

PHIL
Wow. Deconstruct your X-box for a superior gaming experience?

BARRY
Does anyone actually find you funny?

PHIL
We need to go back to the--

Phil looks over both shoulders, lowers his voice.

PHIL (CONTINUED)
We need to go back to the agent's apartment. Oh, the meeting went great, by the way. But we need to go back to the apartment, get back on his email.

BARRY
I can't go.

PHIL
Of course you can.

BARRY
I can't.

PHIL
You can, Barry.

BARRY
I can't go. I owe some guys a lotta money, I can't leave the house.

PHIL
What fucking *guys*? Those Eastern Europeans who do the college games?

BARRY
They do everything. And shut up, you don't know anything about gambling.

PHIL
That's true. I also don't owe anybody any money. Funny how that works.

BARRY
Fuck you.

PHIL
How much is a lot, anyhow?

BARRY
Like...enough to buy a new Porsche.

PHIL
Jesus, Barry. Maybe you should fast forward to the part where you tell your parents.

BARRY
I already did, they told me they're done dealing with my shit. That's what the therapist told them to say.

PHIL
The therapist--

BARRY
They see a therapist now, yeah. Well, they always did, I guess. But now they see one just for me.

Phil lets out a chuckle.

PHIL
Like, same therapist extra session, kinda thing? Or a brand new *other* therapist, just to talk about you?

BARRY
I'm glad this amuses you.

PHIL
Barry, will you turn around please?

He finally turns. His face is watery, red.

BARRY
They tried to ground me, man. They think I got beat up over a gambling debt. I'm 26 years old, and they tried to take away my video games.

Phil chuckles.

Barry relents, smiles a bit.

BARRY (CONTINUED)
So I did that whole, you-can't-fire-me-I-quit, thing. Ya know, from TV? But with the X-box.

PHIL
So, you smashed it?

BARRY
I smashed it. And I'll tell you something, man.

PHIL
Please do.

BARRY
I'm never going back to that apartment, Phil. *Never.*

INT. ENTRANCE OF THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Barry stands in the doorway of the front entrance.

Phil heads for the living room.

PHIL
Barely smells, think the bathtub thing worked.

BARRY
Just grab the computer. Let's go, man.

Phil disappears into the apartment, reappears moments later, laptop in hand.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Let's go, let's go, let's go. I got an Uber waiting downstairs.

PHIL
Fucking Uber, Barry?

INT. SEDAN, ACROSS FROM THE AGENT'S BUILDING - SAME TIME

Yuri sits in the sedan, watches Barry and Phil through Sergei's Instagram Live Feed.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOBBY OF THE AGENT'S BUILDING - DAY

The Uber waits for them in front of a double parked sedan.

BARRY
I'll drop you off, I gotta get back.

They shuffle in, Uber takes off, sedan follows close behind.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE LOBBY OF PHIL'S BUILDING - DAY

Phil gets out of the Uber, heads into his building.

Yuri watches Phil go in, continues to follow Barry.

INT. SEDAN, OUTSIDE LOBBY OF BARRY'S BUILDING - DAY

Yuri watches from his car as Barry gets out of the Uber, struts into his lobby.

Yuri puts the sedan in park.

A MERCEDES BENZ pulls up next to him, rolls the window down.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME TIME

Michail's head appears in the window of the backseat.

MICHAIL
Follow me over the bridge.

Window rolls back up, Mercedes drives off.

INT. SEDAN, OUTSIDE LOBBY OF BARRY'S BUILDING - SAME TIME

Yuri stares at Barry's building.

He puts the sedan in drive, pulls out, drives off.

EXT. RANDALL'S ISLAND, SPORTS FIELDS - NIGHT

Yuri's sedan rolls to a stop.

Thirty feet away, Michail's Mercedes is parked.

INT. SEDAN, RANDALL'S ISLAND - SAME TIME

Yuri pulls a gun from the glovebox, studies the Mercedes.

He watches the DRIVER exit the car, open the back door to let Michail out.

EXT. RANDALL'S ISLAND, WOODED AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Yuri exits the sedan, tucks the gun into his back waistband.

Michail climbs out of the Mercedes, umbrella in hand, opens it up outward, temporarily shields himself from Yuri's view.

Michail whips the umbrella up over his head - Yuri flinches.

Michail extends his empty hand, they shake.

MICHAIL
We haven't heard from Sergei.

YURI
No?

MICHAIL
A high profile client stopped paying his debts. Sergei was sent to take care of it, make the man a symbol.

Yuri eyes the gun, holstered under the Driver's shoulder.

YURI
What now?

MICHAIL
Find your brother. Make sure his assignment gets completed. Tie off any loose ends.

Without another word, Michail gets back into the Mercedes.

INT. SEDAN, RANDALL'S ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Yuri, back behind the wheel, watches Michail's Driver climb into the Mercedes.

He pulls up next to them, lowers the front passenger window, signals for the Driver to do the same.

Driver complies. Yuri makes his move.

THREE SHOTS to the Driver's head, brains hit the front passenger window.

Michail bolts out the back of the Mercedes.

EXT. RANDALL'S ISLAND - SAME TIME

Michail darts across a patchy dirt field.

Yuri drives after him, coasts, makes it last longer.

An exhausted Michail finally trips, falls to the ground. He tries to crawl on, slips in the dirt.

Yuri drives right over Michail's body.

INT. SEDAN, RANDALL'S ISLAND - SAME TIME

Yuri stomps on the breaks, puts the car in reverse, drives over his boss a second time.

Breaks again.

Car back in drive.

Third time's a charm.

INT. BARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Barry's on his bed. Phil enters.

PHIL
Barry, you won't believe the voicemail I woke up to this morning--

The room looks like a tornado hit.

BARRY
How do you always get up here without the doorman buzzing you up?

PHIL
I should'a known you were in a shitty fucking mood. You only hang in here when you're in a shitty fucking mood. What's today's matter?

BARRY
You wanna know what the matter is?

PHIL
Only if telling me will help you get over it faster.

BARRY
Whatever. *You* wouldn't understand.

PHIL
Fuck is that supposed to mean?

BARRY
Forget it. Just keep being stoned and selfish all the time.

PHIL
Please. Enlighten me, you condescending prick.

BARRY
I just told you, yesterday.

PHIL
About the Europeans and your luxury car-sized gambling debts?

BARRY
Yes. You didn't say one helpful thing about it, or even ask how I'm doing.

PHIL
We both know, if it was really that bad, your parents would handle it.

BARRY
They said they won't.

PHIL
They will.

BARRY
I don't know.

PHIL
I'm pretty fucking confident, Barry. Now, can I tell you about the voicemail I woke up to this morning?

INT. UBER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Tracey rides in the back of an Uber, phone to ear.

TRACEY (ON PHONE)
Something you don't know about me yet, Philip, is that *my* clients answer their phones when I call.

She checks her watch.

TRACEY (ON PHONE) (CONTINUED)
If you're sleeping right now, it better be because you were burning the midnight oil. I booked a lunch tomorrow at 1:30 with some executive friends of mine. You want to impress these guys, Philip. I'll send you a dossier on everything they've been involved with. They operate as a pack, and with a pack mentality. Impress them, we can turn you into the next Robert Towne-fuck, you won't know who that is. The next Christopher McQuarrie--

INT. BARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Barry interrupts Phil's retelling; he's unimpressed.

BARRY
The *Mission Impossible* guy?

PHIL
He also wrote The Usual Suspects, and that movie where Tom Cruise beats the the Nazis. And yes, he transformed the Mission Impossible franchise into a juggernaut - he's incredibly successful.

BARRY
I'm pretty sure the Nazis won in that movie. Or am I thinking of *Fury*?

PHIL
That's not the fucking point, Barry. I woke up to the voicemail of my dreams.

Barry roles his eyes.

BARRY
That's a good way to wake up, man. Wanna know how I woke up this morning? I woke up to my mother cutting up all my credit cards.

Barry mimes scissors with his fingers.

PHIL
No fucking way.

BARRY
Cut 'em up, cut 'em all up. Says she won't put any more money in my checking account, either.

PHIL
She did not.

BARRY
She did. Until I stop gambling, for good.

PHIL
So stop fucking gambling, Barry.

BARRY
Fuck you, dude. That's not the point.

Barry hops up off the bed, walks to his closet, pulls out a document several pages thick.

PHIL
Fuck is that?

Phil reaches for it, Barry holds it away.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Is that a screenplay? Did you try writing a screenplay? That's hilarious, how'd it go? Knocked it outta the park, I'm sure.

He continues trying to grab for it.

BARRY
Who's being condescending now, man?

Barry relents. Phils takes it, reads.

PHIL
What in the *fuck* is this?

BARRY
It's a contract. Before we talk about it, you should sit down and read the whole thing.

PHIL
You *have* to be joking.

BARRY
What's funny about this?

PHIL
What's funny, is that the very first paragraph grants you sixty percent control of every single project I develop over the next seventeen years?

BARRY
There's a lot of clauses in there--

PHIL
Are you fucking high right now?

BARRY
No.

PHIL
Were you high when you wrote this? Tell me, you were at least high when you used...

He flips through the pages of the document.

PHIL (CONTINUED)
Thirty five pages of ink and paper, from your printer, to shit this crap out into physical form.

BARRY
I sent the housekeeper to do it, what's the big deal?

PHIL
You've lost your fucking mind, you've lost your fucking mind, you've lost your fucking mind.

BARRY
You haven't even read the full contract. The percentages of the financial split tick back half a percent, in your favor, every year of the contract.

PHIL
Oh, they tick back half a percent?

BARRY
Every year of the contract--

PHIL
Oh, every year, half a percent. Right, right, I see.

BARRY
So, what do you think?

PHIL
I think you stopped taking your Prozac again!

BARRY
You don't even know what you're talking about.

PHIL
Barry, why would I sign this?

Phil tosses the contract to the floor.

BARRY
Because, you're supposed to be my best friend. For as long as I've known you, I've paid for everything.

PHIL
Did I ever ask you to do that?

BARRY
You didn't have to. Don't you get it, man? No more Serafina. No more omakase, no more Hamptons on the weekends. I'm cut off. I have nothing.

PHIL
That's not true.

BARRY
It is! I spend every fucking day, wasting my time with you. All you do is get high and day-dream. I've been the one putting things in motion. I've been the one making plays.

PHIL
Yeah, well, I'm the one with the talent. Besides, at least when I get high, I'm smoking weed and writing. You're the one shoveling cocaine up your nose like you're the white girl they named it after.

BARRY
Yeah, well, I only do drugs with you. Cause you're always high, and you're a terrible influence.

PHIL
That's fucking bullshit. I'm never at the clubs with you and your fake fucking friends.

BARRY
Oh they're fake cause they have interests outside of *the film industry*?

PHIL
You're just mad, cause your entire fucking family hates you.

BARRY
Think I care what you think? You're a drug addict.

Barry pulls open a drawer, takes out a bottle of pills.

BARRY (CONTINUED)
Here you go, drug addict. Eat some drugs. Here you go.

He throws the pills at Phil, one by one, until the bottle's empty.

PHIL
Tell me, did you used to cry when you were a baby, or did you just "*bah*" like the black sheep you are?

Barry shoves Phil, who trips over the bed, hits the floor.

BARRY
Fuck you, you Quentin Tarantino-wannabe, burnout loser. Go find someone else to subsidize your life.

Phil kicks Barry in the balls.

PHIL
Do me a favor. At least wait a couple hours before you kill yourself. It'll look really bad for me if you do it right after I leave.

Phil gets up, walks out, closes the door behind him.

A second later, he pops his head back in.

PHIL (CONTINUED)
And remember, you have to slice your wrist vertically, not horizontally--

BARRY
Fuckouttahere!

Barry throws his bedside lamp at the door; Phil disappears.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Phil attempts to light a joint without breaking stride.

He bumps shoulders with a PEDESTRIAN, drops the joint.

PHIL
Fuckin' A. Sidewalk not big enough for you? You fucking Sasquatch.

Phil flips him off.

PEDESTRIAN
'Scuse me?

PHIL
Oh yeah, you're excused, fucko.

Phil spits at the pedestrian.

Pedestrian grabs Phil, tosses him into the bushes.

INT. BARRY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barry watches several TV screens and monitors, each displays various sports games and talk shows.

BARRY (ON PHONE)
Give me Phoenix money line, parlay it with Syracuse money line, and the over in the OKC game...What the fuck does that mean?...I ALWAYS pay my debts, who cares what Boris says?...Fuck you!

Barry throws his phone against the wall.

INT. LOBBY OF PHIL'S BUILDING - DAY

Old MRS. SEDAKIS enters the lobby, three grocery bags in each hand. Phil limps in behind her.

PHIL
Oh, uh, Mrs. Sedakis, why don't you let me help you with those.

MRS. SEDAKIS
Is that young Phillip I hear?

Phil takes the bags.

PHIL
Yes ma'am, how was your trip to the grocery store?

INT. 10TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They exit the elevator, approach Mrs. Sedakis' apartment.

MRS. SEDAKIS
And that's why I don't trust Jewish grocery baggers.

PHIL
Jesus, Mrs. Sedakis, I didn't take you for an antisemite. You probably don't need to worry about running into any Jewish grocery baggers though.

MRS. SEDAKIS
You'll have to speak up, dear. I can't hear very well.

PHIL
(raises voice)
I said, that's why I bag my own groceries, Mrs. Sedakis.

INT. MRS. SEDAKIS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil puts the groceries down on the kitchen table.

PHIL
Do you mind if I use your restroom?

MRS. SEDAKIS
Right around the corner, dear.

INT. BATHROOM, MRS. SEDAKIS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil pulls open the medicine cabinet - jackpot.

Pills on pills.

He goes through them, pockets the fun ones.

INT. BARRY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry watches a basketball game on his TV and a baseball game on his laptop.

He grips his hair, ready to rip it out.

BARRY
No, no, no, no! Hit a jump shot! Hit ONE jump shot!

Barry smacks the TV, knocks over his laptop, storms out.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Phil pops a HANDFUL OF PILLS, washes them down with whiskey and a joint.

He pulls PORNHUB.COM up on his laptop.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE BARRY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Barry pulls his hood up, looks both ways, walks down the block toward the corner bodega.

Head on a swivel, paranoid.

INT. CORNER BODEGA - NIGHT

Barry approaches the CASHIER.

BARRY
Let me get six scratchers, Super 20s.

Barry throws cash on the counter, takes the lotto tickets.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE BARRY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Barry scratches the tickets, tosses each to the gutter, one by one, they all come up empty.

Shoulders slumped, he heads home, back up the block.

Boris, hollow eyes, menacing grin, emerges from the darkness.

BORIS
Mr. Matthews.

BARRY
Oh shit, Boris. You scared the shit outta me, man.

BORIS
I wish that was all I came to do.

Boris approaches Barry, speed of a sloth, menace of a viper.

BARRY
Woh, woh. I'm going to the ATM, right now, man.

BORIS
No. You're not.

BARRY
Yes...yes I am.

BORIS
You're not.

BARRY
I am, Boris--

Boris slaps Barry across the face with an open palm.

BORIS
How long did you think you could ignore my calls?

BARRY
Boris, my phone's not working--

He slaps Barry across the other cheek.

BORIS
Don't lie to my face, Barry. That's how things get personal.

BARRY
I'm sorry.

BORIS
Me too.

Boris puts Barry in a headlock, walks him across the street toward a RED VAN.

EXT. OUTSIDE RED VAN, PARKED ON STREET - MOMENTS LATER

VINCE waits, gallon of milk in hand, another on the ground.

BARRY
What is this, man?

BORIS
Take a knee, Barry.

BARRY
These sweats cost a thousand bucks.

Vince and Boris exchange a glance, chuckle.

BORIS
I actually like you, Barry. You know that?

BARRY
You're not acting like it, man.

BORIS
Oh? Say Vincent, do you recall the bosses telling me to break a certain someone's knee this morning?

Vince, oozes indifference, pulls out a pack of smokes.

VINCE
Sounds familiar.

Barry swallows hard, his dry throat croaks.

BORIS
You sound thirsty, have some milk.

BARRY
I don't like milk, Boris.

Boris pushes Barry's shoulder down.

Barry relents, takes a knee in the gutter between the sidewalk and the van.

BORIS
Have some milk, Barry.

BARRY
Boris, how can you do this? How long have I known you? How much money have I paid your people?

BORIS
*My people* are just like you. How ever much money...it's never enough. Now drink the milk, Barry.

Boris grabs the back of Barry's neck, pulls his head back.

BARRY
Boris, I'm not gonna drink the milk.

BORIS
You're gonna drink the milk.

BARRY
I won't.

Boris slaps him again, then again.

BORIS
Drink the fucking milk, Barry.

Barry wails like a wounded seal.

VINCE
Jesus. Kid is so pathetic, let's end this now, drop him in the East River.

Boris slaps Barry across the face again.

BORIS
You hear that, Barry? You're either drinking this fucking milk, or you're going for a swim.

Boris punches Barry in the stomach. As he gasps for air, they pry his jaw open, pour the gallon of milk down his throat.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Drink the fucking milk, Barry.

Barry throws up. He tries to stop drinking - Boris and Vince continue to drown him with the milk. He collapses to the ground. The second gallon is readied...

*Sometime later, Barry lay on the concrete, soaked in milk and vomit, half conscious.*

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Phil wakes up naked on the floor, hand on his crotch.

Last night's porn still playing on his laptop.

PHIL
What in the fuck?

Empty whiskey bottle on his desk, half-smoked joint in the ash tray, loose pills nearby.

Room's a mess, chair flipped upside down, bed tossed.

He rises like an 80-year-old stuck in a bean bag chair.

INT. KITCHEN, PHIL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Sun pours into the kitchen, Phil shields his eyes like a vampire.

WHITE SLIP OF PAPER on the kitchen table. A note.

PHIL (V.O.)
Philip, we were seriously disappointed to find you in such shape this morning. We had to Google how to check your pulse, just to make sure you were still alive. We sincerely hope you aren't falling back on old habits. With love, your concerned parents.

PHIL
Shit.

He glances over at the clock.

PHIL (CONTINUED)
Shit!

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Phil suits up quick, like he's late to his own reception.

PHIL
Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

He falls over pulling his socks on.

INT. ROUND TABLE, UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

Tracey, seated in front of a large window, with Three Older Studio Execs.

BROOKS, button up shirt, no jacket, sips espresso.

BROOKS
Look at the ass on that waitress.

BRAUGHER, blue pinstriped suit, unimpressed.

BRAUGHER
Eh.

KEATON, blazer & slacks, washes down eggs with a mimosa.

KEATON
Would you neanderthals keep it down?

BROOKS
That's funny coming from the man with four stomachs.

BRAUGHER
And a drinking problem to boot.

KEATON
Judgement from a sexual predator and a ding-bat with a thousand dollar-a-week cocaine habit? Remind me why I let you drag me here, Tracey?

TRACEY
You need a young writer to exploit.

BROOKS
Jesus. That's what we're doing here?

TRACEY
The kid's worth a forty-five minute sit down, trust me.

Braugher studies his watch.

TRACEY (CONTINUED)
He was up late working on his pitch.

BROOKS
Sure he was.

KEATON
Tracey, did I tell you that I've got this treasure chest of scripts--

BROOKS
Oy, not the treasure chest again.

BRAUGHER
Ask 'em if he's got even a buck to spend on rewrites. Ask 'em.

TRACEY
Tap from the teat of your Streaming Overlords dry up, Keaton?

BRAUGHER
Now, that's a pretty picture.

KEATON
I thought you, of all people, might appreciate my predicament, Tracey.

TRACEY
I can appreciate it, and enjoy your misery. It's not mutually exclusive.

BRAUGHER
How'd you find this kid, anyway?

Phil appears behind him, sweaty, disheveled.

PHIL
Tracey's lucky like that.

TRACEY
Glad you could join us, Philip. Please, take a seat.

PHIL
Sorry I'm late, hectic morning.

Phil sits in the lone empty chair.

BRAUGHER
You save a set of twins from a burning building?

PHIL
What?

BRAUGHER
Did you save a set of twins from a burning building?

PHIL
I don't--

BRAUGHER
You're late to your first industry meeting, with red eyes and a smart mouth, you *must* have a good reason.

Phil takes a sip of water.

PHIL
It was the Mayor's dog, actually.

BRAUGHER
Pardon?

PHIL
The burning building I ran into. It was to save the Mayor's dog.

Keaton chuckles, kills his mimosa, signals for a refill.

BROOKS
The balls on this kid. Is he serious?

TRACEY
Philip, this is Brooks Ebner. V.P. of original content at Paramount.

PHIL
Pleasure to meet you.

BROOKS
Usually is.

TRACEY
Jackson Braugher here, just took over the Features Department at Annapurna. Don't get too excited though, he doesn't read scripts--

KEATON
Or watch movies, for that matter.

Braugher checks his teeth in the reflection of his knife.

TRACEY (CONTINUED)
This one's James Keaton, head of original programming at Peacock...or is it Hulu, now? No, it's AMC--

BRAUGHER
Pretty sure it's Shudder, actually.

BROOKS
You're both wrong, it's AppleTV+.

KEATON
Fuck all of you.

PHIL
Glad to meet you all, thank you for--

PHIL SPOTS BARRY--STUMBLING AROUND OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT--he waves to Phil through the window.

TRACEY
Phillip? *Phillip*.

BROOKS
I'm gonna need another double.

Brooks holds his empty espresso up, WAITER claims it.

TRACEY
(whisper)
Philip, get it together this instant.

PHIL
Yes? Sorry-uh, right, thank you.

BROOKS
You already thanked us.

KEATON
Let's jump right into it.

Phil waits...no one speaks.

Tracey elbows him in the side.

BRAUGHER
Showed up late, has nothing to pitch us. Is this a practical joke?

Phil takes a sip of water. All eyes on him.

BRAUGHER (CONT'D)
Well, come on, kid. Give us your money shot.

PHIL
My pitch, right. Of course. You wanna hear my pitch.

BRAUGHER
Why we're all here.

Phil takes another sip of water.

BROOKS
Alright, you got about 7 seconds to start talking--

Waiter arrives with his fresh double espresso, salvation.

Tracey glares at Phil; if eyes could murder.

PHIL
The project I'm working on now...is a nasty little genre mashup.

Keaton perks up.

PHIL (CONTINUED)
Mr. Brooks, you were still at Focus in 2015, right? You guys released Cop Car, with Kevin Bacon?

BROOKS
That was me, correct.

PHIL
That's the sort of storytelling I'm trying to do here.

BROOKS
The kind no one will watch?

PHIL
The small, heartfelt, human kind. The kind that's drenched in deconstructed genre conventions. The kind--

BRAUGHER
Violence? Action? Stylization?

PHIL
It won't be as in-your-face as say, *Spring Breakers* or *Lawless*, but I am aiming for something a little more mainstream than, *Killing Them Softly*.

BROOKS
We get it, kid. You did a little research on all our filmographies. You're barking up the wrong tree with Braugher, though. He couldn't even tell you what it is that the three films you just mentioned all have in common.

BRAUGHER
I'm not disabled, jackass. They're all crime stories.

Tracey rolls her eyes.

KEATON
Christ, Braugher, they were all released by Annapurna.

BRAUGHER
Oh, I'm just supposed to have seen every movie ever, Keaton?

KEATON
No. But some general awareness of the films *your* company distributed.

BARRY REAPPEARS IN THE WINDOW OF THE RESTAURANT.

Phil signals for him to get lost.

BRAUGHER
Would you let the kid continue?

KEATON
Go on.

PHIL
Uh, uh, where was I?

BROOKS
You were vamping.

TRACEY
How do you even know that word?

BRAUGHER
From the hot young assistant he's balling. Your pitch, kid.

PHIL
Right. Think, *Blood Simple* meets *Little Odessa*, but more contained, like *Bound*, the Wachowski film.

BROOKS
Single setting?

PHIL
No, but a lot of the action happens in one place. And it's got this sort of, Adaptation-like bend to it.

BRAUGHER
It's based on I.P.?

BROOKS
He means the Nic Cage film.

PHIL
Right, where it's sort of unclear where the story stops, reality starts.

BRAUGHER
Sounds boring.

BARRY PEES ON THE WINDOW OF THE RESTAURANT--Phil jumps up.

PHIL
Just excuse me a moment, please. Small bladder.

KEATON
You haven't even said what your story is about, yet--

Phil fakes for the bathroom, heads outside.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Barry, wasted, struggles to put his dick away. Phil emerges.

PHIL
What the fuck are you doing?

BARRY
I can't be alone, man.

PHIL
Well, you can't be here. Are you trying to ruin this for me?

BARRY
D-d-don't you mean, for us?

PHIL
It'll mean nothing at all, if you don't get lost.

BARRY
They'll f-f-find me if I'm alone, man.

PHIL
Who the fuck is--on second thought, I don't care. Get the fuck outta here.

Phil storms back inside.

INT. ROUND TABLE, UPSCALE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil sneaks around the whole restaurant, reclaims his seat.

TRACEY
Everything okay, Philip?

PHIL
Everything's great, Trace.

BRAUGHER
So c'mon, kid.

PHIL
Yes?

BROOKS
Jesus Christ, Tracey?

She elbows Phil.

PHIL
Right, right. What was I saying?

BROOKS
Like any of us could remember.

KEATON
Your project. It's a comedy?

PHIL
Uh, like, dark-comedy, horror-thriller...has a crime element to it.

KEATON
He said, *Blood Simple* meets *Little Odessa.*

BRAUGHER
And I'm supposed to know what that means?

KEATON
What was your job title, again?

BRAUGHER
Vice President of Go Fuck Yourself.

KEATON
What's the emotional element, the thing that connects the audience to your story, to the protagonist?

BRAUGHER
Are you having withdrawals, Keaton?

PHIL
The heart of the story, a guy who'll stop at nothing to get what he wants.

Brooks sips espresso.

BROOKS
So, the kid can string a sentence or two together.

BRAUGHER
*And* he's got the patience for Keaton's sham, reverse-auteur bullshit.

KEATON
What the fuck does that even mean? Fuck you, Braugher. Continue, kid.

PHIL
Yeah?

Phil gulps down more water.

Keaton downs another mimosa, raises his glass for a refill.

BROOKS
Your story, tell us what the fuck it's about. And I swear to god, you make one more reference to the early work of a big time writer-director, I'm walking the fuck outta here.

PHIL
Right, so, uh, so my uh-the story starts when...a hit is put out...on the head of a high powered literary agent.

Everyone at the table perks up.

BROOKS
Why?

PHIL
Why, what?

BROOKS
Is there a hit out on the agent?

PHIL
Oh, why. Why? He's a gambling addict, who won't pay his debts...but it doesn't really matter *why*.

Tracey lights up - change in demeanor, confusion, fear.

BRAUGHER
Now, you're speaking my language.

KEATON
Braugher attends weekly Gamblers Anonymous meetings.

BRAUGHER
I do, it's where I meet Keaton's ex-wife for our rendezvous.

KEATON
You couldn't handle my ex wife.

BRAUGHER
Apparently, neither could you.

KEATON
Fuck you, Braugher. Continue, kid.

PHIL
Uh, well, it's all a bit convoluted from there. If you don't read it on the page, that is. And--

BROOKS
That's a problem, kid. Even Braugher knows, that's a problem.

BRAUGHER
Can't explain a movie to me in a few sentences, they're gonna fuck up the marketing. If they can't boil it down, they fuck it up. Every time.

Keaton rolls his eyes.

KEATON
Guy gets a single "story by" credit, thinks he's Orson Fucking Welles.

Phil peers through the window, checks for Barry.

BROOKS
Something else got your attention?

PHIL
What? No, no absolutely not.

BROOKS
If your story isn't about the agent who gets murdered, who's it about?

PHIL
Who's it about, right.

KEATON
The protagonist...

PHIL
This writer, desperate to make it, just wrote his best material, ever.

BROOKS
You're losing me.

PHIL
So, he breaks into the agent's apartment, moments after the hitman.

KEATON
Okay, but what's the story? Hitman kills agent. Writer kills hitman. What happens over the next ninety plus minutes of screen time?

PHIL
Like I said, gets a bit convoluted if you don't read it yourself--

KEATON
Try me.

PHIL
One thing leads to another, the writer winds up using the dead agent's laptop to land himself representation.

TRACEY
Hold on--

BARRY INTERRUPTS, appears beside Brooks--

BARRY
You're telling them what we did?

Barry collapses onto the table.

BROOKS
What in the fuck?

Barry rolls over onto Keaton. Phil jumps up, grabs Barry, drags him out of the restaurant.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil drops Barry on the sidewalk.

PHIL
Ruining your own life isn't enough?

Tracey emerges from the restaurant, behind Phil.

BARRY
You don't understand, man.

PHIL
You keep saying that. Maybe, you're the one who doesn't understand.

BARRY
If I'm alone, they'll get me. They're gonna throw me in the river.

PHIL
Good. At least then I'll be done with your bullshit.

Tracey tries to tiptoe past without them noticing--

PHIL (CONT'D)
You okay, Trace?

She backs away from Phil toward the curb, eyes on her phone.

TRACEY
Oh yeah, I'm uh, fine. Think my Uber's here. You better get back in there, Philip. Keep it up, great stuff.

She gets in the Uber. Phil doesn't let her close the door.

PHIL
You sure you're alright?

TRACEY
Just fine, all good. Really.

PHIL
You seem...spooked.

TRACEY
I've got another meeting to get to. Don't keep them waiting in there.

She pushes him back, slams the door. The Uber takes off.

Phil turns back to Barry--but he's gone.

INT. ROUND TABLE, UPSCALE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil reclaims his seat.

PHIL
Wow, is everyone okay? This homeless situation...I mean, it is getting out of hand.

KEATON
That was a homeless guy?

BROOKS
Sounded like he knew you.

PHIL
Guy must need some psychiatric help.

Phil takes a nervous gulp of water.

BRAUGHER
Good that you acted so quickly.

INT. BARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barry goes through his closet, all of his drawers, pulls out anything of remote value.

Watches, sunglasses, headphones, laptop, binder full of baseball cards, into a backpack they go.

INT. BARRY'S PARENT'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Barry tiptoes in, passes a framed photograph of him and his parents.

He slithers into his mother's closet, snags as much jewelry as he can cram into his backpack, slithers out.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Barry enters the pawn shop, backpack on his back.

He emerges moments later sans backpack, counting out a bundle of cash.

He hears Boris' voice, before he sees him.

BORIS
What you got there, Barry?

Barry almost jumps out of his skin.

BARRY
Oh fuck, you scared me. You been following me, Boris?

BORIS
You're like a hamster on a wheel, Barry. I don't need to follow you.

Barry forks over the cash.

BORIS (CONT'D)
How much is it?

BARRY
Four thousand.

BORIS
Is this a joke?

BARRY
It's all I could get my hands on.

BORIS
Okay, Barry.

BARRY
Okay?

BORIS
Okay. Let's go.

Boris ushers Barry toward the curb.

BARRY
Where'we going, man?

Vince pulls up in the red van. Boris guides Barry inside.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Wait, man. Wait, wait, wait.

BORIS
We're going for a ride, Barry.

BARRY
I'm not, I'm not. I can't.

BORIS
Get in. If you make this harder than it has to be, we'll stop at 7/11, get you some more milk to drink. Is that what you want?

BARRY
No, no, no. No more milk, Boris. No more milk. I'm cooperating.

Barry relents, gets in the van.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Braugher lights a cigarette, Brooks a cigar.

Phil and Keaton stumble out the door, drunk as hell.

KEATON
The Scream franchise? I don't know, I don't like all that meta crap--

PHIL
Wow, it got dark out.

KEATON
Not a bad way to kill a Wednesday.

They shake hands. Keaton forks over a business card.

KEATON (CONTINUED)
Let's be in touch.

Keaton wobbles off.

INT. BEDROOM, TRACEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tracey sits at a desk in the corner of her bedroom. On her computer, her email is pulled up.

She holds her cell to her ear, RING RING RING, RING RING

She's re-reading an email that says:

"Found this excellent script from an unknown writer. Would be perfect for you..."

THE AGENT (O.S.)
I can't come to the phone right now, please don't leave me a voicemail.

BEEP.

TRACEY (ON PHONE)
It's me. I spoke to your assistant again, she still hasn't heard from you. Doesn't seem to care much, either. Might be time for you to find someone more reliable. Look I...am worried about you. Just call me back, please. Don't make me track you down.

INT. LOBBY, BARRY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Phil argues with the DOORMAN.

PHIL
You know who I'm here to see, why are you being an asshole all of a sudden?

DOORMAN
This building has rules. He said not to let you up anyway.

PHIL
He did not fucking say that.

DOORMAN
He did.

PHIL
He did not.

DOORMAN
He did.

PHIL
I know he didn't say that. I know he didn't!

DOORMAN
Apparently, you don't know shit.

PHIL
Says the doorman, sagacious, all-knowing, keeper of the lobby.

DOORMAN
Says the doorman, who's been getting bombarded with calls from their apartment, for the last several months, chastising me for letting you up without buzzing first.

PHIL
Nice run-on sentence, Doorman.

DOORMAN
You're a jackass. You and Barry, both. You two deserve each other. Just take your demented, butt-buddy bullshit to someone else's lobby.

PHIL
Hey, that's homophobic, ya prick--

SOMEONE ENTERS THE LOBBY - inverse mohawk shaved into their head, clothes torn, a serious limp in their walk.

DOORMAN
'Scuse me, sir? Can I help--holy shit.

PHIL
Oh my god.

IT'S FUCKING BARRY.

BARRY
Don't talk to me.

PHIL
Barry, holy shit.

BARRY
Don't fucking talk to me, why are you here? I don't want you here, leave.

PHIL
What the fuck happened, did you do this to yourself?

BARRY
Why the FUCK would I do this to myself?

PHIL
Did you have another breakdown?

BARRY
Fuck you.

Barry shoves Phil into the wall across from the elevators. Framed paintings fall to the floor.

DOORMAN
That's it, I'm calling 9-1-1.

Doorman grabs the phone. Barry takes his cell out, waves it.

BARRY
Go ahead. Call 9-1-1, and I'm gonna call Peter Valesci, owner of the building, partner at my mother's firm, and my father's personal golf buddy.

Doorman puts the phone down, takes a cigarette out, pops it in his mouth, struts outside shaking his head.

PHIL
Barry, what happened?

BARRY
Exactly what I said would happen, but worse.

PHIL
What did you say would happen?

BARRY
You never fucking listen. You're so self-possessed. You never listen.

PHIL
That's right, as usual, your fucking antics are *m*y fault. Just tell me what happened.

BARRY
There was this other guy there, like me...but different.

PHIL
Like you? What does that mean, Barry? Who was like you?

BARRY
Like me. But worse. They made me--

INT. DARK BASEMENT ROOM - UKNOWN LOCATION (FLASHBACK)

A BALDING MAN in a tank-top screams for his life.

Vince forces the man's arm into the VISE OF A WOODWORKING TABLE. Boris clamps the vise secure, the man is trapped.

Barry hides in the corner like a child, looks on in horror.

INT. LOBBY, BARRY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Barry's body glitches, like he's running on dial-up.

PHIL
They made you...what?

BARRY
They made me--

INT. DARK BASEMENT ROOM - UKNOWN LOCATION (FLASHBACK)

Boris grips Barry by the back of the neck. Vince flicks a light on over a WALL OF TOOLS.

He's got everything from hammers, screwdrivers and pliers, to barbed wire and a chainsaw.

He takes several moments to pick a tool - the hacksaw. He walks over to Barry, who wants to run but can't move.

INT. LOBBY, BARRY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Barry vomits.

DOORMAN
Oh, fuck me. Now I gotta clean this.

Doorman's back from his smoke break, stands in the doorway.

PHIL
What did they make you do, Bear?

INT. DARK BASEMENT ROOM - UKNOWN LOCATION (FLASHBACK)

Barry wields the hacksaw.

Boris holds the back of his neck, Barry saws away at *something.*

Faint screams. Barry stops, gags, cries. Boris urges him to continue. Barry soldiers on.

The tank-top-clad Balding Man watches in horror as Barry SAWS HIS ARM OFF with vigor.

The Balding Man's screams are muffled by the gag in his mouth. Blood spurts around like a Jackson Pollock painting.

INT. LOBBY, BARRY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Phil interrupts.

PHIL
You fucking sawed a guy's arm off?

BARRY
It was him or me. One of us was leaving without an arm, the other without a soul. *That's what they said to me,* man.

PHIL
Is he...alive?

BARRY
Who?

PHIL
The guy with the arm.

BARRY
*He's* who you're worried about? You're a fucking sociopath, you know that?

PHIL
Coming from the guy who just sawed someone's arm off?

BARRY
You were the one dropping teeth and fingers down the garbage disposal.

PHIL
They were already dead, asshole.

BARRY
Why are you even here, man? This is all your fucking fault. You wouldn't let me be your producer, on your shitty fucking projects, that'll probably NEVER get made. After everything I've done for you?

PHIL
They're gonna get made, alright. I just came from a six hour lunch, turned verbal fuck-fest, with three big time execs, who LOVE my writing.

BARRY
Now I know you're lying, cause I've read all of your work, many times, and you're a TERRIBLE FUCKING WRITER.

Behind Barry, the elevator door opens just as Phil does his best impression of a linebacker--LAYS HIM OUT.

PHIL
Liar!

They fly backward.

INT. ELEVATOR, BARRY'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

They land in the elevator, Phil on top of Barry.

PHIL
Take that back, you piece of shit.

BARRY
No, fuck you.

Phil strikes him. Barry screams, bites Phil's arm like a rabid dog. Confines of the elevator are tight; a hurricane trapped in a bottle. All spastic energy, vicious thrashing.

The elevator comes to a halt on the 12th floor. Door opens, a SHOCKED NEIGHBOR watches, mouth agape.

SHOCKED NEIGHBOR
Oh my god!

More punches thrown, hair pulled, eyes gauged.

The elevator door closes.

PHIL
You're a fucking loser. You're never gonna accomplish anything. Your whole fucking family hates you. I was your ONLY fucking friend.

BARRY
We were never friends, you fraud!

Elevator door opens. Barry kicks Phil in the balls, shoves him out.

Phil gasps for air.

Barry presses the lobby button.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I'm going back to where this all started. I'm getting the evidence, and I'm taking you down.

Elevator door closes.

FADE OUT.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - DAY [PRESENT DAY]

Pampered Phil, bandaged hand, custom robe, types, "Fade Out."

On the next page, "PART 3"--but his attention is pulled away. SOBBING NOISES from the other side of the bathroom door.

PHIL
Fuck.

He rises. Stands at the door, raises a single finger to the doorframe, caresses it.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry I yelled. My fucking temper. You know? I'm almost done. Then we'll chat, I promise.

The sobbing noises cease.

Back to his desk.

Internet porn...joint out the window...snorts the remains of the crushed pill, rinse, repeat.

Brand new man. Fingers over keys.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Back into the desk drawer - out with a REVOLVER this time.

Phil opens the cylinder, the gun's empty.

He takes a single bullet from his desk, loads it into the revolver, spins the cylinder. Holds his breath.

He raises it up. Gun barrel to his temple.

Sensitive trigger--he just thinks about it--CLICK.

Landed on an empty chamber. Dramatic exhale.

PHIL (CONT'D)
There it is.

He types, **PART 3: THE RECKONING** at the top of the page, then, "By the time Phil gets outside, Barry's climbing into an Uber. Phil takes off. It's a race, back to where it all began."

SUPER OVER BLACK:

**PART 3: THE RECKONING**

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK/STREET - NIGHT

Phil darts outside. Barry climbs into an Uber.

PHIL
Fuck.

Barry flips him off through the window, the Uber takes off.

Phil waddles up the block, quick as he can. He gets to the corner - sees that Barry's Uber has been in a fender-bender.

Phil runs by, yells as he crosses the street.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Told you Uber sucks! Oh shit--

A YELLOW CAB NEARLY RUNS PHIL OVER. He looks back at Barry.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

Phil jumps in the back of the yellow cab, takes off.

Barry's UBER DRIVER talks into his cell.

The LINCOLN DRIVER from the fender-bender stands with his hands on hips, face like a duck.

Barry darts out from the back of the Uber, scurries off.

LICOLN DRIVER
Hey, you can't leave. You're a witness. Hey, come back!

Barry sprints toward a CITI BIKE RACK.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK TRANSVERSE - NIGHT

Barry rides the e-bike, a novice jockey on a wild steed.

BARRY
Oh, fuck!

Nearly kills himself, manages to dodge all cars.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOBBY OF THE AGENT'S BUILDING - NIGHT

The yellow cab pulls up.

Phil can't open his door all the way, the cab pulled over too close to a Citi Bike rack.

PHIL
Be happy I tipped you at all, that was the worst cab ride of my life.

Phil slithers out the cab, sees Barry enter the lobby.

PHIL (CONT'D)
How the fuck did he beat me here?

Phil dashes to the door, catches it before it closes.

A FEMALE VOICE in the intercom wails.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Who the fuck is it?

INT. LOBBY OF DEAD AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil gets to the elevator, catches a glimpse of Barry hauling ass up the stairs.

The elevator doors finally open, TWO OLD LADIES take their sweet, sweet time shuffling out.

INT. ELEVATOR, AGENT'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Phil taps his foot like a crackhead listening to jazz.

Each beep of the passing floor rattles his core, he bubbles like a shaken up soda can...

The elevator stops, the door finally opens--

INT. OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR OF AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Barry twists the door knob in a gentle manner; PHIL RAMPAGES OUT THE ELEVATOR, TACKLES HIM.

Phil and the door make a Barry sandwich.

The hinges give way, they fall inside the apartment.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

They hit the floor like a drunk tornado. It's all clawing and scratching, biting and spitting.

PHIL
You stupid fuck! All you had to do was *not* have another fucking episode.

Barry hits him in the mouth, scurries down the hall.

Phil grabs a clothing hanger from the floor, runs after him, slings it at Barry - the hook catches him in the right eye.

BARRY
Ffffffuck! My fucking eye!

Barry digs the hanger out. His eye's a bloody mess.

PHIL
Oh shit.

BARRY
I'm gonna be a fucking cyclops, man!

Phil freezes, unsure how to proceed. Barry bolts to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Barry tries to tip the fridge over behind him--it's too heavy, won't budge.

BARRY
Fuck.

He grabs a wine bottle off the counter. Phil enters the kitchen, Barry shatters the bottle over his head. Phil stumbles back, bleeds down his neck.

Barry grabs a CORK SCREW from the counter, swings it at Phil. Phil puts his hand up to block it - the cork screw goes right through his open palm.

PHIL
AHHH-MOTHERFUCKER!

Phil kicks him in the balls, attempts to pull the cork screw out of his hand, doesn't have the leverage.

A BUZZING SOUND brings them back to reality.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The apartment's intercom unit SCREECHES.

Someone is trying to enter the building.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOBBY OF THE AGENT'S BUILDING - SAME TIME

TWO UNIFORMED COPS stand at the intercom.

COP 1
Police. Gotta call about this apartment. Buzz us in, please.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - DAY [PRESENT DAY]

Pampered Phil, UNCONSCIOUS, face on keyboard, drool all over his custom robe. Remnants of crushed pills line his nostrils. Revolver on the desk, not far from his bandaged hand.

His eyes pop open.

PHIL
Woh.

He studies the last words he typed: "THE END."

Wipes the drool, leans back in his chair, victorious.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I finished. Are you ready to come out?

He approaches the bathroom door, opens it, DRAGS TRACEY OUT, her wrists and feet bound, mouth gagged.

He plants her in a chair, puts his computer on her lap.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Okay. So, what do you think of the ending, *now?*

She's horrified, furious, confused...

She reads.

FADE IN:

INT. FRONT HALLWAY, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barry and Phil hover over the intercom.

COP 1 (O.S.)
Hello? Open the door. I repeat, open the door.

PHIL
When this started, we were in it together. I don't see why we can't finish it that way.

BARRY
I'd have an easier time buying that if it didn't sound like a line from one of your screenplays.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOBBY OF THE AGENT'S BUILDING - SAME TIME

A familiar voice rings in through the intercom.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Here you go, officers.

High pitched buzz - they're let into the building.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Barry grabs at what remains of the hair on his head.

BARRY
Did they get in?

PHIL
Fuck, fuck, fuck. In or out Bear, what's it gonna be?

BARRY
In - what do we do?

Barry follows Phil back to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil holds his wounded hand over the sink.

PHIL
Help me pull this thing out.

BARRY
Shit.

Barry pulls the cork screw, it won't budge.

PHIL
Ahhhhh, damnit. Stop, stop. Okay, guess we're leaving it in.

BARRY
If they find what's in the bathroom, it's over.

Loud KNOCK on door.

COP 1 (O.S.)
Police, open up.

PHIL
Is the door locked?

Barry shrugs.

PHIL (CONTINUED)
I'll lock the door, you find somewhere to hide. Just in case.

BARRY
Just in case what, man?

PHIL
I don't know. I'm not working off a fucking outline.

INT. FRONT DOOR, OUTSIDE THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Yuri struts up the hallway.

YURI
Can I help you, officers?

COP 2
This your apartment?

YURI
Last time I checked.

COP 1
You mind opening the door? Confirming that this is, in fact, your residence?

YURI
Of course, no problem. What's this all about, anyway?

Yuri removes a set of keys from his pocket, opens the door.

He ushers the cops inside.

COP 1
There have been, it seems, exaggerated reports of your demise.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Sergei's iPhone live streams their entrance.

YURI
You're joking?

COP 1
'Fraid not. One of your coworkers put a call in, a...Stacey Something?

A dagger slides down Yuri's sleeve.

YURI
Wow. I'll have to give her a call.

Yuri spots Phil in the hallway mirror, hiding around the corner.

YURI (CONTINUED)
I should mention, while you're here, I think someone may have broken in to my place while I was out.

INT. HALLWAY TO KITCHEN, AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Hiding around the corner, Phil watches through the mirror.

PHIL
(under his breath)
Fuck.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Cop 2 puts his serious-face on.

COP 2
Someone broke in? Did you report it?

YURI
I didn't, I couldn't find anything that was missing.

COP 1
But you know, for certain, someone was here?

YURI
Unless my mail got up, magically walked across the room, and my kitchen sink decided to turn itself on...

COP 2
Don't you think it's more likely you forgot where you put the mail down. And that maybe, you forgot to turn the sink off as well?

YURI
Perhaps...perhaps not. It sure would make me feel better, if you two would take a quick lap around the apartment.

The cops exchange a bored glance.

COP 1
Sure, fella, we'll take a quick lap.

INT. HALLWAY TO KITCHEN, AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Phil scurries back up the hall. He stutter-steps, frantic, adrenaline pumping, head on a swivel. *Where the fuck to hide?*

The fridge!

He pulls the fridge door open, ducks down to crawl in, BUT BARRY'S ALREADY HIDING IN THERE; it's too small to fit both.

Barry pulls the fridge door closed. Phil spins around, where to hide, where to hide!?

INT. HALLWAY TO KITCHEN, AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The cops trudge down the hall.

COP 2
Let's get the fuck outta here? Dude really gives me the creeps.

They turn into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The cops enter the kitchen, peak into the living room.

Cop 1 reaches for the handle of the fridge.

COP 1
Should we see what he's got in here?

COP 2
Nah. I've been craving a dirty water dog all day.

COP 1
Fine.

They mosey on out of the kitchen.

The cabinet beneath the sink swings open.

PHIL EMERGES from inside, crawls out, shadows the cops back to the entrance.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Yuri waits by the front door.

YURI
Nothing out of the ordinary?

COP 2
Everything seems kosher.

YURI
Well, thank you for putting my mind at ease.

COP 1
Hey, I just killed a large slurpee. You mind if I pee in your bathroom?

YURI
By all means.

INT. BATHROOM, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Cop 2 shakes off, zips his fly, pretends to wash his hands. His nostrils flare - that smell, eerily familiar.

He pulls open the shower curtain, studies the bloodstained bathtub, pulls the gun from his holster.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY TO KITCHEN, AGENT'S APT - SAME TIME

Cop 2 emerges from the bathroom.

COP 2
Alright--

COP 1 lay on the floor in a pool of blood; the gash across his neck looks like a second smile.

COP 2 (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck.

YURI POPS UP BEHIND HIM, CUTS HIS THROAT.

Phil watches from the hall, as each cop morphs into party streamers of skin and blood.

PHIL
Jesus Christ!

Yuri throws his dagger, ninja star-style, pierces Phil's leg.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Shit!

Phil hits the deck, pulls the knife out, crawls back toward the kitchen. Blood gushes from his leg.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Barry!

Yuri retrieves his dagger, uses Cop 2's jacket to wipe the blood from its blade.

Phil crawls on, almost at the kitchen. Streaks of red highlight his path across the apartment.

Yuri walks after him with a slow confidence; a hunter on the trail of a wounded deer.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What the fuck is your deal? You're gonna kill me, at least tell me why.

YURI
You killed my brother.

PHIL
The killer's brother..*not exactly original*.

YURI
I studied your arrogance from afar. How you and that other moron bested Sergei is beyond me.

PHIL
I feel like you're begging me to say it was the power of friendship.

YURI
No friends here. Just a psycho who slashed two cops, then killed himself with one of their guns.

PHIL
What?

Yuri grabs Phil by the feet, drags him back down the hall toward the dead cops. A reverse Slip 'N Slide through hell.

Phil claws at the floor, his fate all but sealed.

Yuri relinquishes his grip, goes to pull out Cop 2's gun, but the HIP HOLSTER IS EMPTY.

YURI
What the--

Phil kicks Yuri in the balls, crawls back to the kitchen.

Yuri collects himself, takes the gun from Cop 1's holster.

INT. KITCHEN, THE AGENT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil tries to crawl back under the sink, but Yuri appears, pulls him out before he can hide, yanks him up to his feet.

PHIL
Fuck, fuck, no--

Yuri wrestles Phil into a headlock, attempts to shove the barrel of the pistol into his mouth.

BANG! Yuri's left ear explodes.

Barry stands at the edge of the kitchen, Cop 2's smoking gun in hand.

BARRY
Holy shit--

Barry gags.

Yuri feels for his ear, only finds pain.

YURI
GAHHH!

HE SHOOTS BARRY THREE TIMES.

Phil back-hand swats Yuri, the corkscrew stabs right into the hitman's throat.

PHIL
Woh.

Phil tries to pull his hand away - the corkscrew's stuck.

Yuri stumbles around, bleeds everywhere. Phil's forced to shadow his movements, trapped in a demonic tango.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Jesus Fucking Christ!

Phil yanks as hard as he can, the corkscrew finally tears out, turns Yuri's throat into a fountain of blood. The hit man stumbles back like a headless chicken--death is a certainty, but no one told his legs yet.

BARRY
Ph-Ph-Phil.

Barry sits against the wall, bleeds out. Phil approaches.

PHIL
Damn, he gotcha pretty bad.

BARRY
P-p-pretty bad, man.

Phil kneels down, studies the bullet wounds in Barry's gut.

PHIL
Does it hurt? Hurts like hell, I bet.

BARRY
Y-y-y...

PHIL
Don't worry.

Through the pain, Barry manages a smile.

PHIL (CONTINUED)
I'll base a character off you in my next screenplay. It'll be great.

Fear washes off Barry's smile.

BARRY
H-h-h-hospital, hospital, hosp...

Blood muffles Barry's screams.

Phil rises, walks away. Barry coughs up blood--

BARRY (CONTINUED)
Phil!

Phil comes back.

PHIL
Do you really think I'm a shitty fucking writer?

Barry musters every last ounce of energy in his body.

BARRY
No.

PHIL
I *knew* you were lying.

Phil shakes his head, walks off, leaves Barry to die.

FADE OUT.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - DAY [PRESENT DAY]

Tracey finishes reading, closes the laptop.

She tries to speak through the gag in her mouth.

PHIL
Oh, sorry. Here.

Phil leans in, pulls the gag out - Tracey BITES DOWN on his bandaged hand.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Ahhhhfffuck, woman!

He pulls his hand away.

Tracey smacks him in the head with the laptop, then bunny hops over to the desk - hands and feet still bound - lunges for Phil's revolver.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You sneaky bitch.

Tracey hits the floor, rolls over onto her back.

She got it, she got the revolver. A smile spreads across her face. *She actually got it.* From the floor, she aims the gun up at Phil, pulls the trigger--CLICK.

Oh fuck, it's empty? No fucking way is it empty.

She pulls the trigger, again--CLICK.

Phil chuckles, takes a step toward his captive.

Tracey pulls the trigger once more--CLICK. Oh no, oh fuck.

Her smile evaporates.

Defeat sets in.

Phil takes another step toward her, his chuckle evolves into a full blown laugh--**BANG!**--with one final, desperate pull of the trigger, Tracey lands on the chamber with the revolver's sole bullet.

Blood spurts out from a small hole in Phil's cheek.

He's dead for 30 long seconds before his body collapses.

TRACEY
The end, bitch.

*THE END.*