

Hipster & the Schoolgirl

By

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Based on the original script by  
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A BLACK SCREEN

"Crimson and Clover" by Tommy James & the Shondells is playing.

SCHOOLGIRL (V.O.)  
I've been thinking of what to say  
to make you fall madly in love with  
me.

HIPSTER (V.O.)  
What'd you come up with?

The music abruptly stops.

CUT TO:

I/E BIG BEAN CAFE - DAY

The half-indoors/half-outdoors Big Bean Cafe is packed. Conversations murmur against the sound of the busy city street.

In the middle of the sea of tables, two people stand out.

The HIPSTER, 25, is sipping a cup of coffee, looking out at nothing in particular from behind dark sunglasses. He's sporting an expensive jet-black hairdo, straight and stringy and wearing a black leather blazer with black jeans.

Across from him sits the SCHOOLGIRL, 25 but dressed like a Catholic High School girl gone bad. Bright red hair with blue streaks. A yellow star decal on her left cheek. Under her unbuttoned white uniform shirt is a black T-Shirt with the logo for the band "? and the Mysterians".

She looks down at the laminated place-mat menu in front of her.

SCHOOLGIRL  
The quick brown fox jumps over the  
lazy dog.

HIPSTER  
Good for the fox.

SCHOOLGIRL  
That sentence contains every letter  
in the English language.

She holds up the place-mat. It's got a drawing of a fox jumping a dog, among other little tidbits of trivia.

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL

It also says that bald eagles mate  
while in free fall. You ever do  
that? Fuck in mid-air?

The Hipster leans over and looks at his place-mat. He  
shrugs, uninterested.

The WAITRESS comes over waving a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

More coffee, hon?

He looks into his half-full cup, then shows it to her.

HIPSTER

Cup's still half full.

WAITRESS

Or half-empty.

HIPSTER

Maybe the cup's too big.

The Waitress rolls her eyes and walks away.

SCHOOLGIRL

Careful about being too cute with  
the help. She'll get some busboy to  
dunk his balls in the coffee pot  
before she brings it out next time.

The Hipster is mid-sip when he pauses, then puts the cup  
down.

SCHOOLGIRL

I'm sure that cup is un-tainted.

The Hipster pulls a pack of smokes from his inside pocket,  
taps one out of the box, and into his mouth in one smooth  
motion.

SCHOOLGIRL

I don't think you can smoke here.

HIPSTER

We're outdoors.

He lights up the smoke and goes back to sipping his coffee.

SCHOOLGIRL

You like being naughty, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

She leans over and puts her hand on his thigh, licking her lips.

SCHOOLGIRL  
I wanna see it.

She reaches her hand into his pants, and he flinches.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Shhhhhh. Easy boy.

She emerges with a Black Beretta pistol and lays it on the table in front of the Hipster.

SCHOOLGIRL  
My my, what a big, beautiful dick  
you have.

He picks it up and admires it.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Scared?

HIPSTER  
This ain't my first goat fuck.

SCHOOLGIRL  
It is with this breed of goat.  
These ain't muggers looking to  
score a buck.

HIPSTER  
They all respond the same when the  
bullets go in.

She smiles and leans back, then nods her head across the cafe to a table with two MOB GUYS in expensive suits.

A pair of ARMED THUGS stand nearby. THUG #1 has a large metal briefcase cuffed to his wrist.

SCHOOLGIRL  
See the two fat fucks over there  
being guarded by the meat  
mountains?

The Hipster takes a puff of his cigarette and casually looks over.

SCHOOLGIRL  
The meat mountains are armed up one  
side and down the next. All four of  
them have vests. So this tells you  
what?

HIPSTER

Head shots.

SCHOOLGIRL

Give the man a cigar. I want that  
briefcase. I don't care if you have  
to saw off that mighty paw with a  
butter knife. Got it?

He nods.

HIPSTER

Got it.

She stands up and slings on her jacket.

SCHOOLGIRL

Wait until I'm out of sight. Then  
bombs away.

She walks to his side and leans down to kiss his cheek. He  
recoils.

SCHOOLGIRL

Christ, you are tense.

HIPSTER

I'm fine.

She forces the kiss on his cheek, and he just takes it.

SCHOOLGIRL

You're my super cool motherfuckin'  
killing machine, right?

He turns his head to face her, and blows a puff of smoke in  
her face. She inhales it, blows it back in his face, then  
turns and walks towards the Mob Guys.

As she passes MOB GUY #2, she points a thumb-and-forefinger  
gun at him and winks as the thumb comes down.

The Thugs and the Mob Guys all watch as she walks away and  
turns a corner, all turning to follow her.

Mob Guy #2 and the Thugs turn back around to see -

- The Hipster standing directly behind MOB GUY #1, a gun to  
the back of his head.

MOB GUY #2

Oh fuck!

(CONTINUED)

The Hipster pulls the trigger and sends a spray of bloody brain all over Mob Guy #2, who just freezes in horror, gore dripping off his nose.

The screams start and the patrons flee from the gunfire, clearing out the place.

The Hipster swings around to THUG #1 and puts a bullet in his head, then spins around and fires at THUG #2, hitting him in the chest, dropping him to the ground.

Mob Guy #2 is fumbling at his shoulder holster. The Hipster steps up to him, puts his gun directly to his forehead and fires.

Thug #2 draws his gun, but before he fires, the Hipster swings his Beretta around and puts two shots in the Thug's head.

The Hipster steps over to Thug #1 and fires a shot into the chain on the cuffs tethering the briefcase to his hand. He picks up the case and looks around.

CASHIER GIRL, 20's, is staring at him through the window of the cafe. She's on the phone, crying. He ignores her and walks out the back of the outdoor area.

A black Cadillac pulls up to the curb and the passenger door opens. Inside, the Schoolgirl is behind the wheel.

The Hipster hesitates, and the Schoolgirl revs the engine.

SCHOOLGIRL

Get it in gear, toots.  
Time's-a-wastin'.

The Hipster gets in the Cadillac, slams the door, and it peels off down the road.

We survey the damage. Overturned tables. Spilled food and drinks. Four dead bodies in a widening pool of blood.

HIPSTER (V.O.)

I've been having this dream lately.

CHERA (V.O.)

About me, baby?

HIPSTER (V.O.)

No. More like a repressed memory.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Hipster is lying on his back on the floor, his legs propped up on a leather couch. His upper body is under a glass coffee table, where his cigarettes, an ashtray, his Beretta and a box of ammo is sitting.

He's got a pink Hello Kitty phone to his ear, and he's smoking a cigarette, reaching his arm around to flick ashes in the tray overhead.

CHERA (V.O.)

I bet you raised all kinds of hell  
when you were younger.

HIPSTER

I was pretty innocent back then,  
actually.

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - DAY

The lot is covered with show, the trees laid out in long rows.

YOUNG HIPSTER, 12, is standing on one side of a tree. He looks up and sees his DAD looking at him through the space between two trees.

DAD

Now that's a tree.

The Young Hipster smiles, his breath puffing out in the chilly air, his cheeks red from the cold.

CHERA (V.O.)

What was the dream about?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Hipster crushes out the cigarette and looks at his watch.

HIPSTER

I only got another minute or so on  
this card.

CHERA(V.O.)

You be sure to call me back any  
time between noon and midnight,  
doll. Just ask for Chera.

(CONTINUED)

HIPSTER

I love your voice, Chera.

CHERA (V.O.)

And I love yours too. So sexy. Will I ever get a real name to go with that sexy voice?

HIPSTER

It's Jose--

CHERA (V.O.)

Cisco. Right. You don't sound like a Jose Cisco to me.

HIPSTER

What does a Jose Cisco sound like?

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

JOSE CISCO, 30, the store clerk in a store smock is staring directly ahead, his hands up.

We pan down and see his name tag: Jose Cisco.

The Hipster is standing across the counter from him with a ski mask over his face. He's looking in a brown paper bag with some wadded up bills in one hand, his Beretta pointed at Jose with the other.

He holds the bag out.

HIPSTER

Toss in some of those calling cards.

Jose pulls all the calling cards from the display rack on the counter and puts them in the bag.

HIPSTER

And a carton of Straight Arrows.

Jose pulls a carton of Straight Arrow cigarettes from the storage above the counter and puts them in the bag.

The Hipster looks in the bag.

HIPSTER

Thank you, Jose Cisco.

He turns to leave.

(CONTINUED)



JOSE  
Have a nice day.

The Hipster pauses, then turns around. This freaks Jose the hell out, his eyes going wide and his body tensing.

The Hipster just winks.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

An automated RECORDING plays on the phone.

RECORDING (V.O.)  
Your calling card has expired.  
Please visit our web site to  
purchase more time for this card,  
or wait on the line and an operator  
will-

The Hipster hangs up the phone and crawls out from under the table.

He goes to the window and looks out onto the city. It's a neon metropolis. Upscale shopping districts and restaurants mingled in with high-rises.

The phone rings. The Hipster picks it up.

HIPSTER  
Yeah.

SCHOOLGIRL(V.O.)  
Why was the phone busy?

HIPSTER  
I was on with my therapist.

SCHOOLGIRL(V.O.)  
You ready to rock and roll?

HIPSTER  
Ready Freddy.

SCHOOLGIRL(V.O.)  
Downstairs in two.

He drops the phone back in it's cradle, grabs his Beretta, pops the clip out and checks it, slaps it back in, then hits the door.

INT. SCHOOLGIRL'S CAR - NIGHT

The Schoolgirl is driving, following a Mercedes.

The Hipster lights a cigarette and cracks his window.

The cars come to a red light.

SCHOOLGIRL

So whatta ya think? Pull up at the  
next red, pop the driver, snatch  
the cargo?

HIPSTER

I don't see any goons in the car.  
Should be easy enough.

The Mercedes throws on it's left turn signal.

SCHOOLGIRL

What the fuck is this?

The Mercedes burns through the red light and pulls into a  
gas station across the street.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The DRIVER, 40's, a Mobster dressed in a nice suit,  
pompadour haircut, comes running out of the gas station  
carrying a key on a big pipe-wrench key chain.

He runs to the bathroom and struggles to unlock it, holding  
his gut in obvious discomfort, until finally he opens the  
door.

The Cadillac pulls up to a pump.

The Hipster gets out and looks at the bathroom, then leans  
in his window.

HIPSTER

I think he had to take a shit.

SCHOOLGIRL

When nature calls, it's best to  
oblige.

The Hipster walks over to the bathroom.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Hipster enters. The room is filthy. Trash on the floor, graffiti, strange stains.

The Driver's feet stick out the bottom of the furthest of two stalls.

DRIVER  
Hey, someone there?

The Hipster goes into the stall next to the Driver's.

HIPSTER  
Just mindin' my own business, pal.  
Not looking for conversation.

The Hipster takes out his Beretta, positioning the barrel against the dividing panel. He checks the position of the Driver's feet and lines himself up, putting the barrel of the gun at head level.

DRIVER  
Do us both a favor. Run in and tell  
the cashier they're out of toilet  
paper.

The Hipster looks over to the roll dispenser and it's empty.

DRIVER  
I would've waited to go, but this  
baby was kickin' and screamin' it's  
way out of me.

HIPSTER  
Well I brought some in with me.

DRIVER  
Oh fucking thank you, bud. I was  
afraid I was gonna have to  
duck-walk back in and get it  
myself.

The driver's hand reaches under the stall. The Hipster looks down at it, then positions the barrel of his gun lower.

DRIVER  
Ate some Indian food up at this  
shithole, Tandori's. I'm gonna be  
shitting chicken chettinad for the  
rest of my life, I know it.

He grabs the Driver's hand and pulls it down.

(CONTINUED)

In the Driver's stall, his head smashes against the dividing wall as his arm is pulled down.

DIRECTOR  
Hey, what the fu-

A thunderous BLAM - the Driver's head bursts open, bloody gore splatters the stall.

INT. SCHOOLGIRL'S CAR - NIGHT

The Hipster gets in the car, holding the briefcase.

The Schoolgirl hits the gas and the car peels away.

SCHOOLGIRL  
That was fast. Piece of cake?

HIPSTER  
German chocolate.

SCHOOLGIRL  
See? Easy money, baby.

HIPSTER  
The best kind.

SCHOOLGIRL  
I could use a bite. What sounds good?

HIPSTER  
Ever been to Tandori's?

EXT. TANDORI'S CAFE - NIGHT

The Hipster and the Schoolgirl are sitting in the outdoor section. Schoolgirl is chomping away at a plate of messy Indian food as Hipster just smokes his cigarette.

She looks up at him and smiles, wiping her mouth off.

SCHOOLGIRL  
You gotta try this chicken chettinad.

HIPSTER  
Pass.

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL

You are just too cool, my man.

She stops eating with half a plate left and holds out her hand, motioning to his cigarette. He hands it over and she takes a drag, then hands it back.

SCHOOLGIRL

How do you usually feel after?

He thinks a moment, then shrugs.

HIPSTER

Don't really feel anything.

SCHOOLGIRL

How about while you're doing it?  
When they're still alive and they  
know what you're about to do?

HIPSTER

I guess I feel... important. At  
that moment, I'm the most important  
person in their life.

She smiles and resumes shoveling down the food.

SCHOOLGIRL

There's a few more jobs, if you're  
interested.

This gives the Hipster pause mid-puff. He silently crushes out the cigarette on her plate.

She wipes her mouth and puts her fork down.

SCHOOLGIRL

You fucked up my chicken chettinad.

HIPSTER

We talked about two.

SCHOOLGIRL

More opportunities have presented  
themselves.

HIPSTER

I'll just take the money for the  
two, if it's all the same.

SCHOOLGIRL

It ain't the same. Don't you want  
to feel important again?

(CONTINUED)

The Hipster lights up another cigarette.

SCHOOLGIRL

We can be a good team. Stuff of legends. Schoolgirl and the Slacker - no, wait... the Hipster.

He huffs out a laugh.

HIPSTER

Hipster and the Schoolgirl.

SCHOOLGIRL

Whatever. You do the killing, you get the billing.

HIPSTER

When does the Hipster get paid?

SCHOOLGIRL

That information is forthcoming.

She leans back and belches.

SCHOOLGIRL

Alright. Schoolgirl's gotta shit.

She pushes back from the table.

SCHOOLGIRL

Offer's good until tomorrow. Sleep on it. Pray on it. Run it by your therapist. Whatever you gotta do.

She stands up.

SCHOOLGIRL

Pay the tab, will ya? This is gonna take a while.

INT. DINER - MORNING

The brightly lit, family friendly diner is packed. The wait staff scuttles about, slinging plates of breakfast and pouring coffees.

At a red booth against the window, OLD TIMER, 65, sits sipping coffee and looking out the window. He's wearing thick coke-bottle glasses and a heavy blue smoking jacket.

Outside the window, an incredible, pristine black Camaro pulls up to the curb with a rumble. It knocks a rice-burner motorcycle out of the spot.

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Out of the Camaro steps MASA, 26, looking very much like the Hipster. He's got the jet black hair, the black clothes, and a T-Shirt which reads "Bukkake: Join Our Circle of Friends".

He enters the diner and goes right to Old Timer's table. Old Timer looks up at him, then motions to the seat across from him.

OLD TIMER

Sit.

Masa plops into the booth. A WAITER walks by, not intending to stop at his table, so Masa reaches out and grabs him.

WAITER

One minute, sir.

MASA

No, you listen, buttercup. I'm gonna say this once. Pancakes. Butter. Syrup. Two sausage. Two bacon. Hash browns. Coffee. OJ. Go.

The Waiter pulls his arm free.

WAITER

I'll be back in a moment to take your order, okay?

He walks away.

MASA

He comes back without my food and he dies.

OLD TIMER

What the fuck is your problem?

MASA

I'm hungry.

OLD TIMER

No, fuckbrain. You wanna tell me about the cafe? Or the gas station?

Masa looks at him a moment, confused, then shakes his head.

MASA

I haven't the foggiest fucking clue what you're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

OLD TIMER

Those are the King's investors  
you're ripping off!

MASA

Back up a step or two here.

OLD TIMER

The Italians. The ones you killed.  
They were bringing shipments of  
cash to the King.

Masa scratches his head.

MASA

I didn't... well... did I? When did  
this happen?

OLD TIMER

Yesterday at the diner. And last  
night in the commode of a gas  
station.

MASA

Well there you go. Couldn't have  
been me. I was killing someone else  
at the time. And she wasn't  
Italian.

INT. MOTEL LOVE - DAY

The room is bustling with a dozen uniformed police officers.  
Camera flashes go off. The occasional squawk of a radio.

A woman is lying naked and face down on the bloody bed. Bits  
of gore and spatters of blood are everywhere.

JON, 50, a plainclothes detective, is smoking a cigarette,  
looking at the body as the FORENSIC GEEKS poke a meat  
thermometer into her side.

Jon's phone rings in his pocket. He pulls it out and answers  
it.

JON

This is Jon.

He listens a moment, then turns to FORENSIC GEEK #1, who is  
swapping the bloodstains on the wall.

(CONTINUED)



JON  
Hey. Can you tell if this one's  
Asian?

The Geek lifts the head and looks at it.

FORENSIC GEEK #1  
Not without a face.

He drops the head back down. Jon puts the phone back to his  
ear.

JON  
Can't tell the race, but...  
(beat)  
...yeah. Looks like something he'd  
do. Are we gonna go through this  
shit again?

INT. DINER - DAY

Old Timer is on the phone, nodding his head as Masa watches.

The Waiter walks by, and Masa raises his hand to get  
attention, but the Waiter walks on by.

MASA  
Little bitch.

OLD TIMER  
(on the phone)  
Okay. Yeah. I'll talk with him.  
(beat)  
Just, make this go away. Okay.  
(beat)  
Thanks.

Old Timer hangs up.

OLD TIMER  
What the fuck is wrong with you?

MASA  
What?

OLD TIMER  
You're killing hookers again?

MASA  
So which one am I in trouble for  
here? These Guidos or the Chinese  
take-out?

(CONTINUED)

OLD TIMER

You're in trouble for being a sick,  
untamed fuck.

MASA

Be that as it may. It wasn't me  
killed your greaseballs.

OLD TIMER

Somehow the King finds it pretty  
fucking believable that you'd pull  
a dickhead move like this.

MASA

Just tell him it wasn't me.

OLD TIMER

Telling him ain't gonna do shit.  
You gotta prove it, ace.

MASA

I'm failing to see why this is my  
problem.

OLD TIMER

Because someone out there wants all  
the players in town to think you're  
declaring war on the King. Makes  
him look weak.

MASA

I give a shit how he looks. I ain't  
wasting my time because of some  
bullshit rumors. What are we, in  
fuckin' high school?

OLD TIMER

Then you'll do it because I'm your  
boss. And I say you're gonna find  
the fuck that did the jobs and  
deliver his head and the money he  
took directly to the King.

Masa opens his mouth to speak.

OLD TIMER

Masa, shut your fucking mouth. Just  
nod if you understand what you  
gotta do.

Masa puts on his sunglasses and slides out of the booth. He  
crouches down to get to Old Timer's eye level and nods his  
head emphatically, then walks out the door.

(CONTINUED)

Old Timer watches as Masa goes to his car. A tattooed and pierced PRETTY-BOY BIKER, 20's, is looking at his knocked over bike, motioning angrily at Masa.

The Pretty Boy Biker gets right in Masa's face.

Masa looks around, punches the guy in the face, knocking him out, then picks up his body and dumps him in the car. He gets in and drives away.

OLD TIMER  
Fucking psycho.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Hipster is sitting on the couch, smoking a cigarette with the pink phone to his ear.

CHERA(V.O.)  
What do I have to say to get you to  
dream about me?

HIPSTER  
Maybe we should meet.

CHERA (V.O.)  
Oh, I'd like that. What would you  
do with me if you had me there?

He smiles.

A short series of high-pitched squeaking sounds comes from the kitchen.

He looks over towards the sound and sits up straight, picking the Beretta up off the table.

HIPSTER  
I'll have to call you back.

He hangs up the phone and stands up.

HIPSTER  
Hello?

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The Hipster walks into the kitchen, the Beretta leading the way.

The squeak is getting closer. He approaches the sink and zeros in on it, reaching out to the cabinet underneath.

(CONTINUED)

With a quick motion, he throws it open. Under the sink is a large glue trap with a live rat stuck in it, squeaking in pain.

HIPSTER

Fuck.

He takes the glue trap out and puts it on the floor, then looks around the room.

He sees a butcher's block full of knives on the counter and pulls one out, then looks down at the poor creature. He shakes his head and puts the knife back.

He opens a kitchen drawer and pulls out a hammer. He brings it over to the rat and gets down on his knees, holding the hammer up. He raises it high, about to strike -

- but loses his nerve, deflating and dropping the hammer to the ground.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

The glue trap is on top of a stack of five phone books in the middle of the bathroom floor.

The Hipster stands over it, screwing a silencer onto the Beretta. Once it's secured, he aims it down at the rat.

It moves, squeaking, looking up at him.

He pulls the trigger.

The gun makes a quick, metallic thud. A puff of smoke bursts from the barrel. The glue trap flips up in the air, a small splash of blood hits the ground.

The Hipster picks up the top phone book and flips through the pages, each one with a hole in it, until he comes to the bullet slug half-way through.

The phone rings in the other room. He drops the phone book and goes to it.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Hipster picks up the phone and puts it to his ear, without saying a word.

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AARON(V.O.)  
Come to the coop in thirty.

The Hipster checks his watch and hangs up the phone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ROOFTOP - DAY

AARON, 50's, is dressed in shabby clothes - torn khaki's and a scruffy blazer and faded gym shoes. He's standing over some pigeon cages and tossing seed in.

The door to the stairwell opens, and the Hipster is there. Aaron looks over and nods.

AARON  
Thanks for coming.

The Hipster approaches him.

HIPSTER  
Looking sharp.

AARON  
Laundry day.

HIPSTER  
She wants to do a few more. I'm guessing that was your call.

AARON  
You guessed right.

HIPSTER  
So when does it end?

AARON  
When the risk to reward ratio is no longer in our favor. These first two were cakewalks. See how the next one goes.

Aaron motions for the Hipster to follow him to the edge of the roof.

AARON  
I want you to see something.

The Hipster walks over to the edge. Aaron hands him a pair of binoculars and points down the block to the entrance of a nightclub.

The Hipster looks through the binoculars, and through the view sees:

(CONTINUED)

The Schoolgirl is standing against the wall, smoking a cigarette, holding a big black duffel bag. She's got a yellow wig on and her Schoolgirl outfit.

HIPSTER

What am I looking at?

AARON

That's the King's club. You know who the king is, don't you?

HIPSTER

Enlighten me.

INT. KING'S CLUB - NIGHT

The KING, 65, is an old Japanese Man dressed in an expensive gray suit, sitting atop a jewel-encrusted throne on the balcony overlooking the packed dance floor of the club.

A laser light show pulses with the Euro-trash techno beat.

He's got two Pompadoured GUARDS standing nearby.

AARON(V.O.)

The King is Yakuza. This is his town, and he runs it like a stock market for organized crime.

HIPSTER(V.O.)

Does the Yakuza normally do business with the Mafia?

EXT. KING'S CLUB - NIGHT

At the back door of the King's Club, BOLDER, 40, is leaning out the door. He's a huge black man, built like a linebacker, in a slick pinstripe suit.

MOB GUY #1 hands him a briefcase, and Bolder nods and smiles.

AARON(V.O.)

Sure. Mafia.

A moment later, a MEXICAN GANGSTER steps forward and hands Bolder a briefcase. He smiles and nods.

AARON(V.O.)

MS-13.

(CONTINUED)

A moment later, an ARMENIAN THUG steps forward with a briefcase.

AARON(V.O.)  
Armenian Power. Anyone in the game  
with cash.

HIPSTER(V.O.)  
So the targets so far...

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Driver is laying slumped against the toilet stall, half of his head missing.

The ATTENDANT, 20's, is standing at the stall, just staring at him. He turns around and runs.

AARON(V.O.)  
Just La Cosa Nostra bag men  
delivering cash to be invested.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ROOFTOP - DAY

The Hipster hands the binoculars back.

Aaron hands a bag of seed to the Hipster, and they both feed the pigeons.

AARON  
My guy inside the King's operation,  
Bolder, is cleaning the cash you  
took right under the King's nose.

HIPSTER  
What's he getting out of it?

AARON  
Me and Bolder see eye to eye. He's  
reached the limits of his potential  
with the King. He's not Japanese,  
so he'll never advance to a level  
beyond associate.

HIPSTER  
Yakuza doesn't strike me as much of  
an equal opportunity employer.

AARON  
The King's been riding high for ten  
years, but everyone except his  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AARON (cont'd)  
blood relatives is still exactly  
where they were.

HIPSTER  
Ten years sounds pretty stable.

AARON  
And yet here we are.

HIPSTER  
So I don't have much of a choice  
here, do I?

AARON  
I felt like I owed you the closure  
you're looking for. But I don't  
care how personal you wanna make  
this. It happens as I say, when I  
say.

INT. MASA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE UP ON MASA'S FACE

MASA  
I've got some issues. Obviously.  
You said some things. I said some  
things. But I like to think I'm man  
enough to own up to my shit. And I  
think if you guys could do the  
same, and really offer a heartfelt  
apology... I mean, really  
heartfelt... we could achieve a  
kind of catharsis.

We pull back, and in front of Masa are the Pretty Boy Biker  
and the Waiter.

They're tied to chairs, facing each other, with dozens of  
fish hooks connecting their faces together each by a foot of  
fishing line.

The hooks go through their eyelids, their noses, even their  
tongues. Small trickles of blood ooze from the piercing  
sites, and the skin pulls as the lines go tight. They look  
at Masa, horrified, shaking.

MASA  
So, who wants to go first?

(CONTINUED)



WAITER  
(Mouth full of blood and  
hooks)  
I'ng weely, weely solly...

Masa nods.

MASA  
That's a good start.

He turns to the Pretty Boy.

PRETTY BOY  
Thuck you...

Masa tugs on the back of the Waiter's head, pulling the  
Pretty Boy forward. One of the hooks pulls through the  
Pretty Boy's nostril and he screams out.

MASA  
I think you're just used to getting  
piercings. We need to go a little  
bigger for you.

Masa produces box full of very large hooks, big enough to  
catch a shark. He takes one out, and the Pretty Boy's eyes  
go wide.

MASA  
You ever have your neck pierced?

PRETTY BOY  
I'ng solly! I'ng solly!

MASA  
Come on. What'd I say about it  
being heartfelt?

Masa's phone rings in his pocket. He sneers, annoyed, and  
drops the hook back in the box, then answers his phone.

MASA  
Masa residence. Masa speaking.

He looks at his watch.

MASA  
Shit. I'm on my way.

He hangs up the phone, then pulls a butterfly knife from his  
pocket, flipping it open.

He cuts the ties binding the Waiter's right hand, and puts  
the knife in it, then points to the Pretty Boy.

(CONTINUED)

MASA

Stab him.

Without hesitation, the Waiter wails into the Pretty Boy with the knife. Pretty Boy's head jerks, pulling hooks out of both of them. They scream in agony and rage, until the Pretty Boy slumps over, dead.

The Waiter looks up to Masa, his face shredded, hooks and lines hanging from it.

WAITER

I really am sorry.

Masa smiles tenderly.

MASA

I know you are.

He pulls a gun from his jacket and shoots the Waiter in the head.

MASA

But I really wanted my breakfast.

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - DAY

Slowly approaching the back of Young Hipster.

Footsteps crunch as they get closer.

A girl's hand outstretched, aiming a 9mm pistol.

YOUNG SCHOOLGIRL

Bang. I gotcha, Masa.

Young Hipster turns around, but before we see his face -

CUT TO

INT. SCHOOLGIRL'S CAR - NIGHT

There's a knock at the passenger side window, startling Schoolgirl from her thoughts.

She leans over and unlocks the door, and the Hipster gets in.

SCHOOLGIRL

So you've had some time to think?

The Hipster nods.

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL

It gets hairier from here. They're changing up the locations of the drops. Adding more security.

The Hipster taps out a cigarette from his pack.

SCHOOLGIRL

So what's it gonna be, G money? You cashing out or doubling down?

He lights a smoke and point's forward.

HIPSTER

Let's go.

INT. MASA'S CAR - NIGHT

Masa is sitting in his car, watching the entrance to a fancy hotel. He taps some coke onto the webbing of his hand and snorts it up.

MASA

Oh yeah. Daddy's gonna get his kill on.

The BAGMAN, 40's, in a pinstripe suit, with a briefcase chained to his wrist, walks out of the hotel and hands the VALET a slip.

MASA

Where the fuck's the escort?

The Valet looks at the slip, holds up a finger, then runs off. Masa takes out his cell phone and dials.

MASA

(into phone)

Yeah, it's me. This fucking guy's out here all alone. Does he even know what he's up against?

A Mercedes pulls up and the Valet gets out. The Bagman gives him a tip and gets in the car.

There's a flash in the car. The Bagman slumps out onto the pavement, dead. The Valet gets in the car.

MASA

Oh fuck!

Masa throws his phone down.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

The Hipster is at the wheel, in the Valet outfit, and the Schoolgirl is riding shotgun.

She holds up the briefcase and smiles.

Gunshots ring out, pinging against the car and shattering the back window.

The Hipster puts it in reverse and hits the gas.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Masa walks towards the Mercedes as it speeds backwards at him, firing his Beretta. He empties the clip into it.

The Mercedes spins around, drivers side facing Masa as he pops the clip out of his gun, readying the next one.

The Hipster begins firing at Masa. Masa bolts to the right, the Hipster tracking him as he runs out of range.

Masa dives behind a car parked at the curb. The Mercedes speeds away.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

The Schoolgirl is on the floor of the Mercedes. She climbs back up and leans over the seat, peaking to see Masa distantly out the shattered back window.

HIPSTER

So that's the added security?

SCHOOLGIRL

Apparently.

She turns around and sits in the seat.

SCHOOLGIRL

Can I get a smoke?

The Hipster takes the pack out and shakes loose two cigarettes. He pulls both out with his mouth and lights them, then hands her one.

HIPSTER

You okay?

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL

Always a thrill when they shoot  
back.

INT. KING'S CLUB - NIGHT

Euro-trash techno is pounding in the club as colorfully  
dressed dancers writhe all over the dance floor. Glow sticks  
are swirling and shaking.

High above the dance floor, the VIP section is roped off and  
guarded by GOONS. A CLUB WAITRESS, 21, dressed in a skimpy  
skirt and top, climbs the steps up to the section, carrying  
a tray of drinks.

In the VIP Section sits SUZUKI, 26. He's a young Japanese  
man, with spiky white hair, wearing a completely white suit.  
Sitting across from him is CAMERA GIRL, 25, her hair also  
spiky and white, dressed in a white vinyl miniskirt outfit.  
She's holding a small digital video camera, filming all the  
action.

The Club Waitress puts the drinks down, and Suzuki pulls her  
down onto his lap.

SUZUKI

Look at your skin. So photogenic.

She smiles, blushing.

SUZUKI

Oh my. I can hear the blood  
flushing your cheeks as you blush.

He leans forward and licks her cheek.

SUZUKI

So warm.

He sits back and looks her in the eye.

SUZUKI

I want to tell you I love you.  
That's the kind of passion your  
beauty has inspired.

He turns to Camera Girl.

SUZUKI

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA

Oh, she's a keeper.

THE KING(O.S.)

Let her get back to work.

Suzuki looks past the Club Waitress and sees The King standing at the entrance of the VIP area.

The Club Waitress slinks off of his lap and walks meekly past The King.

The King walks over and sits on the couch across from Suzuki and the Camera Girl.

THE KING

I need your services.

The King looks over to Camera Girl, who is filming him. He points at the camera.

THE KING

Shut it off.

She looks to Suzuki, and he nods. She turns the camera off and puts it down.

The King leans closer to Suzuki.

THE KING

When's this phase going to pass,  
Yoshio?

SUZUKI

It's Suzuki.

THE KING

No. It's Yoshio. I didn't name my  
son Suzuki.

SUZUKI

Suzuki was a famous film director.  
Misunderstood and exiled for his  
work. It is a name that demands  
respect.

THE KING

You want the respect of a man? You  
want the respect from your father?  
You take this assignment seriously.

(CONTINUED)

SUZUKI

So it's an assignment now?

THE KING

That's right.

Suzuki nods.

SUZUKI

Then I'll expect funding.

THE KING

You'll get it. I want this man's head.

The King produces a photograph from his jacket and puts it on Suzuki's lap. It's a photo of Masa.

SUZUKI

Masa.

THE KING

Is that a problem?

SUZUKI

If you want his head, then his head you shall have.

THE KING

Do you want to know why?

SUZUKI

Does it matter?

The King shrugs.

THE KING

He'll be in possession of a great deal of stolen currency. My stolen currency. You will bring me every dime. If he spent any of it, you find out where he spent it and you bring me the head of anyone whose pockets my money has landed in.

Suzuki points to Camera Girl, motioning to "start rolling" with his hand. She turns the camera back on.

SUZUKI

For sake of continuity, I'm going to need you to run through that again.

(CONTINUED)

The King pulls a gun and puts it right in the camera lens.  
Camera Girl shuts it down again.

SUZUKI

This could be my magnum opus.  
Please.

The King puts the gun away and stands up, straightening his tie.

THE KING

You've got two days.

SUZUKI

It happens in the time it happens.  
You can't rush these things.

The King holds up two fingers and mouths "Two".

The King walks away. Suzuki sighs and leans over to Camera Girl.

SUZUKI

In light of this development, we  
need to wrap up our other  
production tonight.

CAMERA GIRL

I'll call the cast.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jon is standing over the dead Bagman. The Bagman's got a gunshot wound to the heart.

Several Plainclothes OFFICERS are working at the scene, talking to witnesses, taping off the area, putting number placards by shell casings.

Masa, wearing a baseball cap and long jacket, approaches Jon.

MASA

Hey officer. I saw the whole thing.

JON

Great. Go talk to Detective  
Blaylock over there. He'll take  
your statement.

(CONTINUED)



MASA  
I think I wanna tell you.

JON  
Look, Bozo...

Jon turns toward him, ready to engage, and then pauses, recognizing him.

INT. JON'S CAR - NIGHT

Jon is in the drivers seat, Masa in the passengers seat.

MASA  
He's working with someone else.

JON  
It would appear so.

MASA  
Any fucking clue who?

JON  
Detective Blaylock interviewed the  
Cashier at the Cafe job. Says our  
guy was talking to some little  
spinner before he opened up on the  
Italians.

MASA  
Some little spinner? That's a  
little god damned vague.

JON  
What the hell do you want from me,  
Masa?

MASA  
How about you do your god damned  
job instead of sitting around on  
your fat ass, having your nitwit  
second banana fuck up the  
collection of evidence.

JON  
Watch it, cupcake. I've been wiping  
your ass for a mighty long time.  
You and your hooker slicing habit.

MASA  
Sounds like you got an opinion  
about that.

(CONTINUED)

JON

Yeah. I do. You're a sick fuck.  
Something's really wrong with you,  
Masa. And if you weren't under Old  
Timer's protection I'd shoot you in  
the fucking heart and leave you  
behind a dumpster for the rats to  
choke on.

Masa smiles, nodding.

MASA

Good thing I've got Old Timer then,  
huh?

JON

He ain't gonna live forever,  
though. His name is Old Timer,  
after all.

MASA

That sounds mildly threatening.

Masa leans back, propping himself against the window with  
his elbow, exposing the gun in his jacket.

Jon nods, then laughs to himself.

JON

If you're gonna pull, then pull  
motherfucker. Let's see what you  
got.

Masa looks at him, then looks down at the handle of the gun  
poking out of Jon's jacket.

JON

Come on, Quick-Draw. Leap if you're  
feeling froggy.

Masa smirks, then pops open the car door and gets out.

JON

Yeah. Run, you crazy fuck!

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The Hipster, now in his usual attire, lights a pack of  
matches, then lights his smoke with it. He tosses the  
flaming pack into the open driver window of the Mercedes and  
it goes up in flames.

He walks out of the alley and onto the street where the Schoolgirl is waiting in the idling Cadillac.

INT. SCHOOLGIRL'S CAR - NIGHT

The Hipster gets in the car, quietly looking ahead.

After a moment of no communication, he looks over to the Schoolgirl. She just smiles, and then lunges at him, kissing him.

He pulls away from her, wiping lipstick from his lips. She snorts a laugh and then sits back behind the wheel.

He composes himself, wipes his lips, gets his cool back.

HIPSTER

You wanna grab something to eat?

SCHOOLGIRL

Fucking starving.

HIPSTER

I know a good place for some wings.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

The Cashier Girl flips the sign on the front door to "Closed", and then turns away.

There's a knock on the glass of the door. She turns around.

At the door is Masa.

CASHIER GIRL

We're closed.

Masa presses a badge against the glass.

The Cashier sighs and walks over to the door, unlocking it. Masa enters and closes the door behind him.

MASA

How's business been?

CASHIER GIRL

Surprisingly good. Lotta lookie-loos. We should have a shootout here every day.

(CONTINUED)

MASA

Careful what you wish for.

CASHIER GIRL

You don't look like a cop.

MASA

Really? But I got a badge and everything.

He holds up the badge again quickly and pockets it again.

MASA

So, the guy. The shooter. Anything about him stand out?

CASHIER GIRL

Not really. He looked a lot like you, actually. He looked right at me. I thought he was gonna shoot me but he just walked away.

MASA

What did he order?

CASHIER GIRL

Coffee, I think. His girlfriend didn't have anything.

MASA

Girlfriend. Tell me about her.

CASHIER GIRL

I don't know. She was in this skanky little schoolgirl outfit. Fucked up colored wig. Star on her cheek.

Masa arches an eyebrow and smirks.

MASA

Schoolgirl? You don't say.

CASHIER GIRL

She left by the time the guy started shooting.

MASA

She didn't happen to drive away in a Cadillac, did she?

(CONTINUED)

CASHIER GIRL

Yeah! The guy ran out and jumped in a Cadillac. I didn't even think of that when I talked to that other detective. I'm so sorry.

MASA

It's okay, it's okay. Nobody's mad here.

He smiles, charming, and she smiles back.

MASA

You smell good. What's that perfume you're wearing?

CASHIER GIRL

Just something my boyfriend bought me.

He runs his fingers over her neck.

MASA

You're not wearing any there.

She touches his hand and smiles.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A crowd has gathered around in front of a movie theater, as Suzuki addresses two ACTORS in dark black jackets. Camera Girl is capturing them on her digital camera.

SUZUKI

Okay. This is the big one. We want to get this in one take.

Suzuki walks over to ACTOR #2 and puts his arm around him.

SUZUKI

This is going to be intense. This is your big death scene. Every second of your life has led up to this moment. So I want to see it all in your face. Your life, everything you ever were or ever will be, will be draining out of you.

The Actor pats his body down with his hands.

(CONTINUED)

ACTOR 2  
I can't feel the squibs. Am I  
wearing the right jacket?

SUZUKI  
You're going to do fine. Now are  
you ready for this?

ACTOR 2  
I'm ready.

Suzuki pats him on the back.

ACTOR 2  
And Suzuki, again. Thanks. It's an  
honor working with you.

SUZUKI  
It is indeed.

Suzuki walks over to ACTOR #1 and hands him a small Uzi.

ACTOR 1  
Is it gonna have the same kind of  
kick-back with blanks?

SUZUKI  
You aim to gun, you pull the  
trigger. It's not rocket science.

Suzuki shakes his head and walks over to Camera Girl, who is  
setting up a tripod ten feet away.

SUZUKI  
Actors.

She smiles at him. He turns around.

SUZUKI  
Okay! Take one! Ready, and, Action!

Suzuki points to Actor 1, and Actor 1's expression turns  
serious. He addresses Actor 2.

ACTOR 1  
It's all over, Dutch! There's no  
place left to go!

ACTOR 2  
You can kill me but just know  
that...

Actor 1 pulls the trigger and a quick burst of ten shots  
sprays out. His arm flails wildly with the kickback.

(CONTINUED)

Actor 2's chest bursts open with blood, and he drops to the ground. Behind him, two other ONLOOKERS drop to the ground, bullet holes in their abdomens and chest, and the window of a building across the street shatters.

ACTOR 1

Shit, shit! Sorry. My bad. This thing's got a hair trigger.

He looks at Actor 2 and cocks his head.

ACTOR 1

Hey... is he okay?

Suzuki rushes over to Actor 2 on the ground, motioning for Camera Girl to follow him. She's right over his shoulder, filming Actor 2 as Suzuki crouches next to him.

Actor 2 is choking on blood, gasping, his eyes wide.

SUZUKI

That's it. You know your insides have been shredded. You feel yourself looking into a great big abyss. This is it. All you were, all you will ever be.

Someone in the crowd screams, and they begin to disperse.

Suzuki leans in closer, whispering to Actor 2.

SUZUKI

(whispering)

In the next life, remember to pay your debts.

Actor 2 looks at him, horrified, blood spilling from his mouth.

ACTOR 1

Hey... is this part of the movie?

Actor 2 gives up the fight. Suzuki looks into the camera.

SUZUKI

That's a wrap.

Suzuki walks away, Camera Girl following him.

Actor 1 is left standing there, smoking Uzi in hand, Actor 2 dead on the ground, and two bystanders bleeding and crawling away.

(CONTINUED)

ACTOR 1  
Suzuki? Hello?

The sound of sirens can be heard in the distance.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Heavy music pounds on the speakers as a STRIPPER, 20's, wearing only a G-string, does her dance on top of a long buffet table. The runway is raised above the table surface where plates of food and drinks are scattered around.

The Hipster and the Schoolgirl are at the end of the table, a basket of wings in front of them as well as several drinks.

The Stripper shakes her ass, and the Schoolgirl lets out a loud howl before jumping up and stuffing a dollar in her G-string.

The Stripper leans down and kisses the Schoolgirl in a sloppy display of tongues. The Stripper pulls back, smiling, and struts down the table toward other waving dollar bills.

The Schoolgirl sits back down and picks up a buffalo wing, gnawing away at it.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Good choice, my friend. Good  
fucking choice!

HIPSTER  
I told you the wings were good.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Holy fuck... the wings are great!  
The drinks aren't watered down! And  
that bitch tastes like cinnamon  
toast! I'm never fucking leaving  
this place!

The Stripper looks back at her again and winks. The Schoolgirl lets out another howl.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Wooo! Work that shit, girl!

The Hipster smiles, laughing.



INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Hipster enters, followed by the Schoolgirl. She's carrying the briefcase.

They're both staggering, a little tipsy.

SCHOOLGIRL

How you liking the place?

The Hipster goes to the couch and puts the Beretta on the coffee table next to the pink Hello Kitty phone.

HIPSTER

It's fine. Need a new phone, though.

SCHOOLGIRL

You don't like my Hello Kitty?

The Schoolgirl goes to the kitchen and puts the briefcase on the counter, then opens up a cabinet and takes out a bottle of tequila. She takes a swig out of it.

HIPSTER

Caught a rat in the glue trap the other day.

SCHOOLGIRL

About fucking time. I hope the little fucker didn't have any babies.

She comes into the living room and sits next to him on the couch, still holding the bottle.

SCHOOLGIRL

Wanna play truth or dare?

HIPSTER

I'm kind of wiped. Whatta ya say we pick back up tomorrow.

SCHOOLGIRL

Oh, come on. It's early. I thought you were a cool motherfucker.

HIPSTER

Why a glue trap?

SCHOOLGIRL

What?

(CONTINUED)

HIPSTER

Of all the methods for catching that rat. Why a glue trap? It's needlessly cruel.

SCHOOLGIRL

Squatters can't be choosers.

HIPSTER

I'm not trying to be ungrateful. But... you could set a spring-loaded trap. That's quick. Or call an exterminator.

SCHOOLGIRL

I'm sorry. How many human beings have you killed in the past week alone?

HIPSTER

It's different. They understand the game they're part of. This rat was just minding his own business.

SCHOOLGIRL

The rat plays the game, too. That's why he was hiding in the walls.

HIPSTER

I'm not opposed to killing vermin. Just the way it happened.

SCHOOLGIRL

I think he was caught, he knew he was caught, and he accepted his fate. We should all go out with that much dignity.

HIPSTER

Fate is a bitch.

SCHOOLGIRL

Oh, she is indeed quite the bitch.

The Schoolgirl takes a swig from the bottle.

SCHOOLGIRL

You've got a really weird way of looking at what we do.

HIPSTER

How so?

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL

It's like, you actually care about something. About what, I have no idea. But you're not a psycho.

HIPSTER

What I do isn't psycho?

SCHOOLGIRL

Not at all.

INT. BIG BEAN CAFE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Cashier Girl is bent over the sink, her dress hiked up, her eyes wide open and her brains splattered all over the wall.

SCHOOLGIRL(V.O.)

Some girls are into psychos.

Jon is standing at the bathroom door, shaking his head.

He looks in the sink and sees his badge there. He pats his pockets, then shakes his head.

JON

Psycho fuck.

He picks up his badge, wipes some blood from it, and pockets it. He walks out, ducking under crime scene tape.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Hipster is taking a leak. He flushes.

The opening of "Crimson and Clover" plays at top volume in the other room. He looks at the door, thinking.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Schoolgirl is standing by the stereo, slowly dancing by herself to the song, swigging from the bottle.

The bathroom door opens up and the Hipster walks out.

She looks at him and smiles, then takes another swig.

She dances over to him, slowly, seductively, and throws her arms around his neck, pulling him toward her, still dancing.

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL

When are we going to fuck and get  
it out of the way?

HIPSTER

This is just business.

SCHOOLGIRL

Not the most ethical business,  
though. We can kind of make up the  
rules as we go along.

HIPSTER

It complicates things.

SCHOOLGIRL

You remember this song? This was  
playing when we met.

HIPSTER

I remember.

SCHOOLGIRL

You saved my life that night you  
know. My hero.

She closes her eyes and pulls her face close to his, and  
they kiss.

INT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

The song continues playing, now on the speakers of the  
record store.

The Schoolgirl is standing at the counter, hanging out with  
the clerk, a pierced and tattooed GOTH GIRL, 20's.

The Hipster is leaning against the wall, reading the back of  
a vinyl album.

GOTH GIRL

He certainly dresses the part.

SCHOOLGIRL

He come in here often?

GOTH GIRL

First time I've seen him.

SCHOOLGIRL

I'm gonna go say hi.

(CONTINUED)

The Schoolgirl walks over to the Hipster, running her hand along the shelves of CDs in the isle.

The Hipster looks up from the album he's reading and sees the Schoolgirl smiling at him.

SCHOOLGIRL

I've been thinking of what to say  
to make you fall madly in love with  
me.

HIPSTER

What'd you come up with?

SCHOOLGIRL

Knock knock.

HIPSTER

Who's there?

SCHOOLGIRL

Opportunity. And you're letting it  
slip through your fingers.

The Hipster looks around. He sees the Goth Girl smiling at him.

HIPSTER

Wanna go for a walk?

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Hipster and the Schoolgirl are walking down the street. He lights up a couple of cigarettes and hands her one.

HIPSTER

How do you know Aaron?

SCHOOLGIRL

I know him from here and there.

HIPSTER

You and he, like, friends?

SCHOOLGIRL

You mean, are we fucking?

HIPSTER

If that's what you consider being  
friends.

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL

He's like my dad. Well, my dad was a pile of shit, so he's more like a cool Uncle. How about you?

HIPSTER

Family friend.

SCHOOLGIRL

Well he thinks we're a good fit.  
Ready to see if he's wrong?

They come to the opening of a dark alley.

HIPSTER

Who's the target?

She points down the alley to two HOBOS milling about, digging through trash.

SCHOOLGIRL

Them.

HIPSTER

Why?

SCHOOLGIRL

Observe.

She walks down the alley, past the Hobos, and they both perk up, watching her. After a moment they begin to follow.

She turns around, walking back past them, toward the Hipster.

HOBO 1 rushes up to her and puts his arm around her throat.  
HOBO 2 steps in front of her, blocking the Hipster's view.

HOBO 2

Give it to me.

SCHOOLGIRL

What is it you're asking for?

HOBO 2

I ain't asking, bitch, I'm telling.  
Gimme your money.

SCHOOLGIRL

Please no! I'm supposed to pick up some butter and eggs from the store or mother will beat me!

(CONTINUED)

Hobo 1 runs his hand over her chest, groping. Hobo 2 smiles and leans in, until -

- a gun shot rings out, and Hobo 2 falls, revealing the Hipster standing behind him with a smoking gun.

Hobo 1 stiffens, pulling a blade from his jacket and putting it to her throat.

HOBBO 1

I'll cut her fucking thr-

The Hipster fires, hitting the Hobo between the eyes. He falls back, leaving the Schoolgirl standing there.

SCHOOLGIRL

You had me worried there.

HIPSTER

So do I pass?

SCHOOLGIRL

Gold star.

She hands him a card.

HIPSTER

What's this?

SCHOOLGIRL

It's the address and entry code for my old apartment. Lease is up in two months, you can stay there until the job's done.

He takes the card and looks at it.

HIPSTER

When do we begin?

SCHOOLGIRL

Just hang out, wait for further instruction.

She walks away.

HIPSTER

What do I call you?

She turns the corner and is gone.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The song ends, and their kiss lingers, until the Hipster pulls away. She's got a smile on her face, and her body goes limp.

HIPSTER  
(whispering)

Hey.

She's passed out in his arms.

The Hipster picks her up and puts her on the couch.

He watches her sleep a moment, then picks up the bottle of tequila and walks to the kitchen.

He puts the bottle back in the cabinet, then looks over and sees the hammer on the counter. He looks at it a moment.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Hipster is holding the card as the Schoolgirl walks away. When she turns the corner, he walks the opposite direction.

INT. PAWNSHOP - NIGHT

The Hipster enters the Pawn Shop, and Aaron is behind the counter. Aaron points at the door.

AARON  
Lock it.

The Hipster locks the door behind him.

AARON  
How'd it go?

HIPSTER  
I'm in.

AARON  
Alright. Good work.

HIPSTER  
I had to clip a couple of bums as part of the try-outs.

(CONTINUED)



AARON

Don't sweat any of that. I got a guy on the force that cleans up those things. So what'd you think of her?

HIPSTER

She repulses me.

AARON

Really? A million out of a million and one guys would be balls deep in that given the opportunity. And believe me. You're her new plaything. You'll get the opportunity.

HIPSTER

Well I guess I'm that million and first guy.

AARON

You just don't wanna fuck someone that you're gonna kill.

HIPSTER

You say that like it's a character defect.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Hipster is laying on the floor under the coffee table, sleeping.

He wakes up and sees the Schoolgirl putting on her shoes by the front door.

HIPSTER

What... what time is it?

SCHOOLGIRL

It's late, go back to sleep.

HIPSTER

You can sleep here.

SCHOOLGIRL

I've got some things to take care of before I head home.

He crawls out from under the table and stands up. She gives him a hug. He hesitates, then hugs back.

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL  
We'll settle up tomorrow.

HIPSTER  
I thought there were more jobs?

SCHOOLGIRL  
I think we ran our course.

She picks up the briefcase and walks to the door, then turns back.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Jitters Coffee at noon.

He nods. She leaves, closing the door behind her.

The Hipster goes to the couch and sits down, lighting a cigarette. He stares out the window at the lit-up cityscape.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Young Hipster is sitting at a desk. His eyes are wide, he's visibly shaken. There's a spatter of dried blood on his face.

Jon is sitting at the desk.

JON  
I know what you think you saw. I'm telling you. That's not what you saw. You saw a black guy. He came up and...

The Hipster's MOTHER, 40, enters. Young Hipster looks up and sees her.

YOUNG HIPSTER  
Mom!

MOTHER  
Come here, baby! I'm so sorry!

Young Hipster runs over to her and jumps in her arms. He starts crying.

JON  
Hey Caroline.

MOTHER  
Oh my God, Jon, what the hell happened?

(CONTINUED)

JON

Some gang banger. No reason. Just stepped up and shot him.

YOUNG HIPSTER

No! It was a-

JON

Caroline, can you shake some god damned sense into him?

MOTHER

For Christ sake, Jon! After what he just saw...

JON

He doesn't know what he saw. So I'm helping him out. Look...

Jon walks over and pries the Young Hipster away from the Hipster's Mother, then puts his arm around her, escorting her away. He's speaking with her quietly, too quiet for Young Hipster to hear.

After a moment, Mother's head lifts, and she turns around, looking at the Young Hipster.

MOTHER

Honey. Detective Jon's telling you the truth. Okay?

YOUNG HIPSTER

No!

Mother raises her hand up and slaps him across the face. He recoils, holding his cheek, tears streaming down his face.

MOTHER

Say it!

YOUNG HIPSTER

It was a... a black guy.

The door opens, and in walks a younger Aaron, more clean-cut and put together. He's pushing a young black GANG BANGER, 20's in front of him in handcuffs.

Jon points to the Gang Banger.

JON

That's him, right?

(CONTINUED)

GANG BANGER  
Oh, hell no.

JON  
Just say it.

The Young Hipster looks at the Gang Banger, and they lock eyes. The Gang Banger shakes his head.

GANG BANGER  
Don't do it, man.

Young Hipster looks up to his Mother, and she nods her head.

YOUNG HIPSTER  
Yeah.

JON  
He's the one who shot your father?

The Young Hipster nods.

JON  
Get him the fuck out of here.

Aaron drags the Gang Banger off screaming.

GANG BANGER  
This is bullshit! Get me my  
motherfuckin' lawyer!

INT. KING'S CLUB - NIGHT

The Schoolgirl is walking through the crowded dance floor, stopping occasionally to wrap her arms around a dancer and grind up against her before continuing her way through the club.

She gets to a door next to the bar marked "EMPLOYEES ONLY" and she goes in.

INT. KING'S CLUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Bolder is sitting at a table with stacks of cash, all bundled up, in front of him. Behind him, a THUG is feeding bills into a money counter.

Bolder looks up as the Schoolgirl approaches. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

BOLDER

Here she is. Get your sexy ass over here.

He turns around to the Thug.

BOLDER

You wanna give us a little privacy?

The Thug puts he wrapper on the latest stack of bills he's working on and walks away.

BOLDER

How'd it go?

SCHOOLGIRL

The last one didn't have an escort.

BOLDER

And easy pickin's bothers you why?

SCHOOLGIRL

I'm thinking they wanted us to get the money. It's probably marked.

BOLDER

Marked money still spends.

SCHOOLGIRL

True.

BOLDER

So is your boy gonna be able to cut it when they do start showing up with the heavy artillery?

SCHOOLGIRL

It ain't gonna reach that pitch. I'm hanging it up.

BOLDER

Get the fuck out of here. Did Aaron make that call?

SCHOOLGIRL

Ain't his call to make.

The Schoolgirl draws a 9mm and puts it right in his face.

SCHOOLGIRL

I'm cashing out early.

(CONTINUED)

BOLDER

Bitch, you've lost your fuckin'  
mind! You think you're gonna be  
able to spend a single god damned  
dol-

She pulls the trigger, putting a bullet between Bolder's eyes. He flops backwards.

The door opens and the THUG runs in, his gun drawn.

The Thug looks down to Bolder, dead on the floor, never seeing the Schoolgirl behind him with her gun to the back of his head.

EXT. KING'S CLUB - BACK EXIT - NIGHT

The door flies open, and the Schoolgirl comes lumbering out, carrying three large duffel bags on her back.

The Cadillac is parked along the back of the building. She opens the trunk and drops the bags in, then slams the trunk shut.

INT. OLD TIMER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Suzuki is holding up both hands, framing what he's looking at with his thumbs and forefingers.

What he's looking at is Old Timer, hands and feet bound, on the couch and bleeding from the nose and eyes. His mouth is covered with duct tape. He's missing two fingers on one hand.

SUZUKI

Perfect. Beautiful. I want you to  
hold that pose. That look on your  
face. You're so terrified. So sick  
with fear.

The Camera Girl looks over Suzuki's shoulder, through his hand-framing.

CAMERA GIRL

You're a genius.

SUZUKI

It just comes to me. I'm just a  
vessel.

Old Timer tries to speak through the duct tape.

(CONTINUED)

SUZUKI

Please. You'll have your chance to speak soon enough. I need to frame this shot.

He snaps his finger, and Camera Girl whips out the camera and begins filming.

SUZUKI

I call this sequence "The Beauty in Suffering". Look at your anguish. Exquisite.

Suzuki rips the tape off of Old Timer's mouth.

Old Timer lets out a series of unintelligible yelps and blubbers. He spits out blood, crying.

OLD TIMER

You sick fucks. You sick sick fucks.

SUZUKI

Shhh. Hush with the improv.

OLD TIMER

I know your father, you little shit! Me and him go way, way back!

Suzuki looks to Camera Girl.

SUZUKI

Please give him his lines. I can't work like this.

The Camera Girl puts the camera on the coffee table and scurries over in front of Old Timer. Suzuki walks away, rubbing his temples.

CAMERA GIRL

Director Suzuki is excited to be working with you, but you really must wait for your lines. He must maintain control of this scene.

OLD TIMER

Lady, I don't know what your fucking problems are, but this shit crosses a line. Now you untie me. Now.

She smirks, then grabs his hands, pulling the thumb away from the fist he's trying to make. She pulls a pair of garden shears from her pocket.

(CONTINUED)

OLD TIMER  
No, no, don't!

She clips down on his thumb, and it drops to the floor. Old Timer lets out a high-pitched scream.

CAMERA GIRL  
That had to cut through skin,  
through muscle. Through nerves and  
then through bone. So tell me how  
effective would these sheers be on  
your cock?

His eyes go wide.

CAMERA GIRL  
I think we've found your  
motivation.

INT. SCHOOLGIRL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens, Schoolgirl enters. The lights are off.

SCHOOLGIRL  
I'm home!

She sniffs the air and follows her nose to the kitchen.

SCHOOLGIRL  
You cooking?

She opens the fridge, the light flooding the room.

Sitting at the kitchen table is Masa.

MASA  
She sure is.

She spins around and sees him holding a gun on her.

MASA  
You so much as twitch and I'll put  
one through your eye socket.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Masa. Sorry, if I knew you were  
coming I'd have straightened up a  
bit.

MASA  
No shit. Your little goth  
girlfriend did not seem too  
prepared for company either.

(CONTINUED)



SCHOOLGIRL

Where is she?

Masa nods over to the oven. Schoolgirl looks and it's display says "425 F".

SCHOOLGIRL

Fuck.

MASA

That one there was spunky.

SCHOOLGIRL

She had her faults.

MASA

Flexibility wasn't one of 'em. Only had to snap her in a couple places to fit her in, and I bet I could still get a tray of biscuits in there with her.

Masa gets up and turns on the kitchen light. On the table is a toolbox, a small cloth sack that's tied at the top and moving, something alive inside, and a stack of phone books.

MASA

So, I'm gonna assume we're past the pretense of you not knowing why I'm here. So right now, the question ain't if you'll tell me what I want to know, it's how much you're gonna endure before I believe you told me everything.

SCHOOLGIRL

I'll tell you everything.

MASA

I know you will. But it ain't gonna save you from what you got comin'. If you survive tonight, you're gonna be different.

SCHOOLGIRL

Masa...

MASA

We're gonna start off with the phone books. Stick with the classics. But for the main course, ladies choice. Hardware store or exotic pet store.

(CONTINUED)

She looks to the moving bag.

SCHOOLGIRL  
What the hell is that?

MASA  
If you're really curious, just pick  
Exotic Pet Store and I guarantee  
you'll get intimately familiar with  
it.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Masa, please. I've got the money.  
Just take it and go.

MASA  
If you don't pick, I may just use  
both.

She points to the toolbox.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Hardware store.

MASA  
You sure? The other one is pretty  
cool. It's right out of the rain  
forest.

SCHOOLGIRL  
You don't have to do this.

He picks up a phone book, shaking it in his hand to show  
it's weight.

MASA  
Now, I do believe I beat your ass  
with a phone book before. It was...

SCHOOLGIRL  
Junior prom.

MASA  
Right. Junior prom.

He sighs.

MASA  
Memories. Let's make some new ones.

He swings the book around and clobbers her in the head,  
dropping her to the ground.

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - DAY

YOUNG MASA, 12, and YOUNG SUZUKI, 12, are running through the rows of trees. Their footsteps crunch in the snow, their breath puffing into steam clouds.

They're firing plastic toy guns at each other - obviously fake with bright neon muzzles. When they're hit, they feign injury, grabbing their gut and returning fire.

Young Masa rounds a tree and sees Young Schoolgirl there. She's holding a large black Beretta, pointed dead at him.

YOUNG SCHOOLGIRL  
Bang! Gotcha!

YOUNG MASA  
Beat it, skank.

Young Suzuki runs up and sees her holding the gun.

YOUNG SUZUKI  
Is that your dad's gun?

YOUNG MASA  
Careful with that!

She pulls the trigger, but it doesn't pull all the way.

YOUNG SCHOOLGIRL  
The safety's on.

YOUNG SUZUKI  
Let me see that.

He takes the gun from her hand and holds it.

YOUNG SUZUKI  
It's heavy.

YOUNG MASA  
Is it loaded?

YOUNG SCHOOLGIRL  
Let me play and I'll let you shoot it.

Young Suzuki hands it back.

YOUNG SUZUKI  
Winner shoots first.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

The Hipster enters and locks the door behind him. Aaron is behind the counter.

HIPSTER

We're gonna settle up tomorrow.

AARON

Word has it she popped Bolder an hour ago and made off with the cash.

HIPSTER

So she's fucking you over too.

AARON

It would seem so.

HIPSTER

You don't seem too broken up about it.

AARON

The money would have been nice. But all other goals have been achieved.

HIPSTER

What about Bolder?

AARON

He turned on the King. Not like I lost the most reliable guy in the world.

HIPSTER

She wants to meet at noon tomorrow down at Jitters Coffee. Think I'm wasting my time?

AARON

I doubt she'll show, but if she made the date she may have something planned for you yet.

HIPSTER

Can you have my back?

AARON

I'll have your back. But if it gets down to it, I may have to take the shot on her myself. Don't want you holding a grudge against me for depriving you.

(CONTINUED)

HIPSTER

It ain't about the thrill of doing it.

AARON

Then what's it about?

HIPSTER

I don't know... I don't have to pull the trigger. But I gotta look her in the eye when it happens.

INT. SCHOOLGIRL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Schoolgirl is laying on the kitchen floor, her face bloodied. Blood is splattered everywhere.

She sits up and coughs, spitting out some teeth.

Masa is sitting at the table, looking in the cloth bag. He takes a piece of raw meat from a plate on the table and drops it in the bag. The bag moves more violently, and he ties the top off again.

He looks down at her and smiles.

MASA

Well that was a hoot.

SCHOOLGIRL

Please. No more.

MASA

God damn, you used to be able to take an ass-whoopin'. You sure you wanna go with the toolbox?

SCHOOLGIRL

No more. You won't get him without me.

MASA

Yes I will.

SCHOOLGIRL

No. You won't. He shows up to the meet and I'm not there, he'll walk.

MASA

Maybe I'll prop you up, Weekend at Bernies style.

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL

Everyone thinks you're the shooter.  
If you don't get him, the King's  
gonna take your head.

MASA

Yeah, what is that about, exactly?  
'Cause if you just wanted to fuck a  
guy that looks like me, you could  
have called.

SCHOOLGIRL

We never fucked.

MASA

Yeah. Right.

SCHOOLGIRL

He wants to keep it strictly  
business.

MASA

You partner up and kill with  
someone, after that, fuckin's like  
a handshake.

Masa's phone rings. He sighs and looks at the screen - it  
reads: "OLD TIMER".

MASA

Excuse me one moment.

He hits the button on the phone.

MASA

Masa's phone. How may I direct your  
call?

INT. OLD TIMER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Old Timer is on the couch, bloodied, tears and bruising all  
over his face.

Suzuki is holding the phone to his ear as Camera Girl films  
him.

INTERCUT: OLD TIMER/MASA

OLD TIMER

How's the search coming?

(CONTINUED)

MASA

Splendid. I got half of the dynamic duo right here. I'm gonna finish braining her and then intercept her friend in the morning.

OLD TIMER

Where is he?

MASA

At the moment, not a clue. But she's got a meet set up with him at some coffee shop, noon tomorrow.

OLD TIMER

Okay, noon. Which coffee shop? I want to be there when you nab him.

MASA

Uh, how about no? I've got this handled.

OLD TIMER

Look! I'm getting pressure on this! Unbelievable fucking pressure. If this goes sideways, I need to be able to at least verify that this guy exists.

MASA

Fine. When this is all said and done, I want a big motherfucking apology. And a percentage of what we recover.

OLD TIMER

Sure. I'll see what I can do.

MASA

Fine. It's Jitters.

OLD TIMER

Good boy.

Old Timer nods to Suzuki, and he hangs up the phone.

INT. SCHOOLGIRL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Masa hangs up the phone and kneels next to the Schoolgirl.

(CONTINUED)

MASA

You're in luck, my little chickadee. You ready to play a little ball with daddy?

SCHOOLGIRL

What do you want?

MASA

I'm gonna hold on to the cash. And we'll conclude our little session here. Unless, you're in to it.

SCHOOLGIRL

No, I think I'm good.

MASA

I'm kinda tapped out after going caveman on your girlfriend anyway. So here's what I'm gonna do for you. You show up tomorrow at the meet. You get him alone, in the alley, and I'll take care of the rest. You just walkaway.

SCHOOLGIRL

Walk away where? I need money.

MASA

Not my problem. You play nice, you'll walk away with your limbs attached.

He stands up and gives her a quick kick to the gut.

MASA

Tomorrow. I'm assuming the cash is in the trunk of your Caddy?

She nods.

MASA

Good girl.

The alarm on the oven beeps.

MASA

Your girlfriend's done.

He grabs the cloth bag and the toolbox and walks away.



INT. OLD TIMER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Suzuki is sharpening a large butcher's knife on a sharpening stone. He looks at Old Timer and smiles. Camera Girl films it all.

SUZUKI

So tell me, Old Timer. Where will I be having my coffee tomorrow at noon?

OLD TIMER

This whole thing is a big misunderstanding, okay? Now look, we're gonna prove that my guy wasn't involved in any of this. I'm gonna deliver you the real guy and the money. Every penny.

SUZUKI

Real guy? My father tasked me with bringing him Masa's head. There's no misunderstanding.

OLD TIMER

Fine! You can have Masa! But I'm just an old man! You don't have to kill me! I'll just go away. This is all unnecessary.

SUZUKI

My work is very necessary!

Suzuki holds up the blade.

SUZUKI

The location and time. In exchange, I promise that the cosmetic changes I make to you will be post mortem.

OLD TIMER

Fuck you!

Suzuki lowers his head.

SUZUKI

That's a shame. I really thought you'd give it up.

CAMERA GIRL

Perhaps he needs to think about it a moment.

(CONTINUED)

SUZUKI

Perhaps.

Camera Girl points to a piano against the wall.

CAMERA GIRL

Play him a song.

SUZUKI

I'm shy.

CAMERA GIRL

You play so beautifully.

Suzuki nods and walks over to the piano.

SUZUKI

Why not?

He stands in front of the piano and unzips his pants. Camera Girl films.

Suzuki reaches down into his pants, and then several keys suddenly thunder from the piano. Suzuki thrusts his privates against the keys.

SUZUKI

Okay. Chopsticks. Ready?

He begins violently shaking, hold his hands in the air, only his midsection making contact with the keys, and skillfully pounding out Chopsticks on the piano.

Old Timer watches, perplexed a moment, then looks over to his right on the couch. He inches over and digs his hands, still bound and one missing fingers, in between the cushions. He emerges holding a large Magnum.

Suzuki is still playing, laughing, as Camera Girl films.

A shot erupts, and a hole the size of a grapefruit explodes in the piano.

Suzuki spins around, furious. He sees Old Timer feebly holding the gun and aiming it.

Suzuki charges at Old Timer. Old Timer fires another shot, it flies right over Suzuki's head and hits the wall behind him.

Suzuki leaps into the air and brings the blade of the butcher knife down into Old Timer's chest. Old Timer drops the magnum, then goes limp. Dead.

(CONTINUED)

SUZUKI  
God dammit!

He stabs Old Timer several more times.

SUZUKI  
How the fuck do I find him now?

CAMERA GIRL  
He said it was at a coffee shop at noon.

SUZUKI  
That doesn't narrow it down.

CAMERA GIRL  
It will probably be outdoors, and the patio at Big Bean is closed since the shootout. That only leaves Jitters or Caf-Fiends, and those are across the street from each other.

Suzuki smiles and stands up.

SUZUKI  
Mount the camera. I'm going to make love you to right here, right now.

EXT. JITTERS COFFEE PATIO - DAY

The Schoolgirl is sitting at a table, her face bruised, wearing sunglasses.

She's carving "Hipster & the Schoolgirl" into the table, surrounded by a heart.

The Hipster arrives, looking around cautiously. He walks up behind her and circles around opposite her, then sits down.

HIPSTER  
How's the coffee here?

SCHOOLGIRL  
Weak and bitter.

HIPSTER  
Aren't we all.

He lights a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL

Can I get one?

HIPSTER

Have you ever bought your own pack?

SCHOOLGIRL

Why bother if I keep getting them  
for free?

He hands her his cigarette, then lights another. She takes a deep drag, letting out the smoke slow.

HIPSTER

What happened to your face?

SCHOOLGIRL

Things got complicated.

She puts the keys to her Cadillac on the table.

SCHOOLGIRL

Caddy's in the alley. Your cut's in  
the trunk.

HIPSTER

So that's it?

SCHOOLGIRL

That's it. Leave the keys under the  
floor mat and be on your merry way.

HIPSTER

No more trying to fuck me? No cute  
little back and forth?

SCHOOLGIRL

Nope.

HIPSTER

So what's going to be waiting for  
me in the alley?

SCHOOLGIRL

Just a Cadillac with a trunk full  
of cash.

He looks over her shoulder, two tables back, and Aaron is there. He nods.

The Hipster swipes the keys off the table and stands up.

(CONTINUED)

HIPSTER  
It's been real.

He walks away. Before he turns the corner, he looks back. She takes off her sunglasses and blows him a kiss. He turns the corner.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Hipster pops the trunk. Inside, there are no bags of cash, but there is a bullet proof vest and a shotgun.

He looks around, the coast is clear.

He quickly takes his jacket off, throws on the vest, then puts his jacket back on.

He picks up the shotgun and sees a note under it. He picks it up. The note reads:

"Kill Masa. Money's in his trunk. Meet at the apartment after."

HIPSTER  
Fuck.

A rumble fills the alley, and Masa's sweet Camaro comes screaming towards the Cadillac.

The Hipster slams the trunk shut, then jumps up onto the back of the car, aiming the shotgun.

Masa's car is twenty feet away, and he slams on the brakes. The Hipster fires, peppering the windshield with buckshot.

Masa fires back, hitting the Hipster in the vest, knocking him off the car.

EXT. JITTERS COFFEE PATIO - DAY

The gunshots can be heard popping off. The Schoolgirl gets up and starts towards the exit. Aaron steps in her way.

AARON  
Hey there, peaches.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Oh fuck.

(CONTINUED)

AARON  
Oh fuck is right.

SCHOOLGIRL  
I don't have the money. Masa took it.

AARON  
But you were making a play on your own, weren't you?

SCHOOLGIRL  
What else can you do to me, Aaron?  
I'm below zero here. And you get nothing for killing me.

AARON  
Baby, I'm all about second chances.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Masa gets out of his car, aiming his gun at the Cadillac.

The Hipster pops up from behind it, firing the shotgun. Masa ducks behind his open car door.

MASA  
You're fuckin' up my car!

HIPSTER  
Sorry, man! She's a beauty, though.  
You customize it yourself?

MASA  
Nah. Some homeboys downtown run a nice pimping shop. Come on over here, I'll give you their number.

The Hipster pops up and fires a shot into the headlight, then cocks the shotgun and blows out a tire.

HIPSTER  
They should be able to fix that.

MASA  
Fuck! Come on, man. That's just excessive.

The Hipster begins backing away, the shotgun aimed. Masa looks up from behind the car door, then ducks again as another shot blasts at him.

The Hipster turns the corner.

Masa stands up and starts off after the Hipster, then sees the keys still in the trunk of the Cadillac. He smiles and pulls them, then gets in the drivers side.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Hipster is running down the street, shotgun in hand.

Police sirens can be heard getting closer.

He runs past the coffee shop and looks, but doesn't see the Schoolgirl or Aaron. He keeps running.

The Cadillac comes speeding out of the alley. It spins around, tires screeching, until it's aimed right at the Hipster. Without pause, it burns rubber forward.

The Cadillac is mowing down pedestrians as it barrels down the sidewalk.

The Hipster turns around, the Cadillac fifty feet away. He takes aim with the shotgun.

EXT. CAF-FIEND COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Suzuki and the Camera Girl are sitting on the patio. Camera Girl is filming the violence across the street as Suzuki calmly sips coffee.

CAMERA GIRL

Perhaps we should intervene?

SUZUKI

Let the scene play itself out naturally.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Hipster fires into the windshield of the Cadillac, and it swerves out of the way, slamming into a parked car.

The Hipster cocks the gun and walks towards the Cadillac.

Three police squad cars screech to a halt by the Cadillac. Several COPS jump out, aiming their weapons at the Hipster.

The Hipster looks around, outnumbered and outgunned.

(CONTINUED)

HIPSTER

Fuck.

He drops the shotgun to the ground and puts his hands up.

COP

On the ground! Now!

The Hipster looks to the Cadillac as Masa crawls out of it, bloodied.

Masa looks up, watching something flying through the sky.

All of the COPS look up as well.

A Grenade lands on the hood of the middle squad car.

COP

Grenade!

The Grenade goes off, pulverizing the hood of the car, glass and metal spraying, sending cops diving in all directions.

Masa looks to the Hipster and smiles, then aims his Beretta at him.

Another Grenade lands on the hood of the Cadillac.

MASA

Oh fuck!

Masa jumps away as another blast rocks the street, shredding the Cadillac.

The Hipster takes off running. He looks across the street and sees Aaron there, giving him the thumbs up, holding another grenade ready to toss.

Masa gets to his feet and sees the Hipster running off.

The Cops are all laying around the street, holding their heads. A couple of them are unconscious.

Masa runs off after the Hipster, picking the Hipster's shotgun up off of the ground as he runs.

EXT. CAF-FIEND COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Camera Girl is filming the plumes of smoke and fire halfway down the block. Another explosion goes off, and Suzuki leaps to his feet, clapping.

(CONTINUED)



SUZUKI

Bravo! Bravo! You're getting this,  
yes? Tell me you're getting this!

CAMERA GIRL

I'm getting it!

SUZUKI

I'm a genius!

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Aaron rounds the corner into the alley and sees a squad car parked in front of Masa's Camaro.

He approaches slowly, and two OFFICERS aim their weapons at him. He throws his hands up.

OFFICER 1

Clear the area, sir!

AARON

What the hell's goin' on out there,  
officers? It's a goddamn war zone!

OFFICER 2

We've got it handled.

Aaron whips two sub-machine guns from his jacket and lights the officers up. They never see it coming, and bullet holes erupt from their bodies.

Aaron fires a shot into the lock on the trunk of the Camaro and it pops open.

Inside are three large black duffel bags. He grabs them and slings them over his shoulder, then walks on down the alley.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The Hipster bursts in through the doors of the grocery store, and the glass on them shatters behind him with the blast of a shotgun.

Store patrons and employees scream and duck.

The Hipster runs in front of the isles as Masa runs in after him.

(CONTINUED)

A shotgun blast pulverizes a cookie display at the end of one of the isles. The Hipster turns down the isle, running to the other side. He pauses at the end of the isle, hiding behind it.

Masa comes running out two isles over, the shotgun aimed. The Hipster sees him and fires, missing, hitting a display of soda causing it to explode.

Masa returns fire as the Hipster runs back down the isle.

The Hipster turns the corner of the next isle, and Masa is at the other end, shotgun aimed. Masa has him in his sights, and he pulls the trigger, but there's an empty click.

MASA  
Motherfucker!

The Hipster smiles and bolts to the front door.

Masa pulls his pistol from his jacket and takes off after the Hipster.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Hipster is running down the street. A gunshot goes off, and it whizzes past him, hitting an ELDERLY PEDESTRIAN in the chest.

Another shot pops off, and it catches The Hipster in the shoulder, knocking him down. He cries out in pain, blood gushing from his shoulder.

He staggers back to his feet and spins around. Masa is charging at him and fires, hitting the Hipster in the vest, knocking him over.

He gets back to his feet and runs into the nearby Video Store.

INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

The Hipster, gun drawn, grabs onto the counter for support haste CLERK puts his hands up.

HIPSTER  
Where's the back exit?

CLERK  
Through the adult section.

(CONTINUED)

The Clerk points to the back. The Hipster bolts in that direction.

Masa arrives at the door.

MASA  
Where is he?

CLERK  
I... uh... he...

MASA  
Come on, come on! I'm a cop! Now  
where is he?

CLERK  
Adult section. I told him there's  
an exit but there isn't one.

MASA  
Well aren't you clever.

Masa shoots the Clerk dead, then runs to the back.

INT. VIDEO STORE - ADULT SECTION - DAY

The Hipster runs through the beaded curtains of the adult section. It goes around a corner but just hits a dead end of porn.

HIPSTER  
Fuck fuck fuck! Where's the fuckin'  
exit?

MASA(O.S.)  
Right here, homes.

The Hipster spins around and is looking down the barrel of Masa's Beretta. The Hipster puts his hands up, blood trickling from his shoulder.

HIPSTER  
Do it, motherfucker. Shoot!

Masa shakes his head, then reaches into his jacket and pulls out a Tazer. He zaps the Hipster in the neck with it, and he drops to the ground.

EXT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

Masa marches out of the store, the Hipster over his shoulder. He walks up to a Hummer parked along the curb and shoots out the window.

Masa plops the Hipster in the passenger side, then runs along to the drivers side. He takes out his butterfly knife and jams it into the ignition.

The OWNER, 30's, a businessman in a slick suit, walks up to the door.

OWNER

Hey! What the fuck you think you're doing to my car?

MASA

You got the keys?

OWNER

Yeah, I got the keys, motherfucker.  
Come take 'em from me, bitch!

Masa casually shoots the Owner, then gets out and pats his pockets down. He digs his hands into the Owner's pants pocket and emerges with the keys.

He gets back in the Hummer. The Hipster coughs, regaining consciousness. Masa zaps him again.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jon is walking out among the rubble and destroyed cars. Blood and body parts are scattered around from the explosions.

He lights a cigarette and sees the Hummer drive past the intersection. He recognizes Masa.

JON

Hey! Hold it right there,  
motherfucker!

The Hummer pulls away and Jon runs after it.

He gets to the end of the block and stops running, winded.

A big, white Bentley pulls up, and the tinted window goes down. It's Suzuki. He lowers his shades and looks at Jon.

(CONTINUED)

SUZUKI

That was our friend Masa, no?

JON

Yoshio, what the fuck are you doing here?

SUZUKI

Come now, my little piggly wiggly. What's my name?

JON

Sorry. Suzuki. Your fucking majesty. What in fuck's name are you doing here?

SUZUKI

Would you happen to have our friend Masa's address handy? I've some business to discuss with him.

JON

No way. We got dead cops. Dead civilians. We get him first.

SUZUKI

Detective. You know my Father's desires trump those of your little police force.

Jon huffs, kicks the gravel on the road.

JON

Fuck!

SUZUKI

That's a good boy. Now the address, please.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ROOFTOP - DAY

Aaron is standing at the edge of the roof, looking out at the smoking city. Police cars everywhere, lights spinning.

The Schoolgirl approaches him. He turns around.

AARON

Hell of a thing out there.

SCHOOLGIRL

I need money, Aaron.

(CONTINUED)

AARON

I know you do. But there's one last thing I need you to do.

SCHOOLGIRL

Name it.

AARON

Your little friend wants to have a word with you. I think after all is said and done, you owe him a few moments of your time.

SCHOOLGIRL

Me and him are finished. He knows I was gonna burn him.

AARON

He's not finished with you, though. He's got a thing for you, even if he has a weird way of showing it. Just sit tight and wait for him.

SCHOOLGIRL

And you'll give me a cut and let me go?

AARON

I'll send it with him.

She turns to leave, then pauses, turning back.

SCHOOLGIRL

If you're gonna have him kill me, I'd rather have you just do it yourself now.

AARON

Sweetheart, if I wanted you dead, you'd be dead.

She nods, and leaves.

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - DAY

The pop of a handgun, and Hipster's Dad is holding his neck, blood shooting out from between his fingers.

The Young Schoolgirl is there, her eyes wide, smoke oozing from the barrel of the gun she's holding.

The Young Hipster looks at her, in shock, blood spattered on his face.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG SCHOOLGIRL  
I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

INT. MASA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Hipster opens his eyes.

His hands are zip-tied, suspending him from the ceiling on a hook. Blood is still oozing out his shoulder.

He looks around. On the ground in the corner are the bodies of the Pretty Boy Biker and the Waiter.

Masa enters the room, snorting some coke off of the webbing of his hand.

MASA  
You're awake. Good. I was gonna start slapping the shit out of you.

HIPSTER  
Who are they?

He nods to the bodies.

MASA  
They... are dead. Don't worry about them.

Masa takes a moment to look at the Hipster. He snorts a laugh.

MASA  
God damn, man. Look at you. We could be brothers, you know that? My ol' man fucked around a lot. Maybe he let one off in your mom.

He holds up the Hipster's Beretta.

MASA  
We even carry the same gun. That a coincidence or her idea?

HIPSTER  
You got somethin' real you wanna ask me? 'Cause my fuckin' shoulder is killing me and I'm in no mood for banter.

(CONTINUED)

MASA

Sure. I'll slow-pitch you the first one. Where's the money?

HIPSTER

Got me, man. I got fucked out of my share of the cash too.

Masa laughs, slapping his knee.

MASA

God damn. I almost wanna let you go after all this shit. You went out, killed a whole bunch of people for her, never even fucked her. And whatta ya got to show for it?

HIPSTER

I obviously have a few things to learn in this line of work.

MASA

How'd you get in the game, anyway? I pride myself in knowin' all the local talent. You just show the fuck up out of nowhere. Makes a man wonder where you got the taste.

HIPSTER

The taste?

MASA

For the kill, man. This ain't a profession with a lot of on-the-job training. Our line of work, folks tend to come to it with a body count already.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Young Hipster, now 17, is sitting by himself, smoking a cigarette under a tree, wearing headphones and shades.

A football suddenly knocks him in the head, his sunglasses flying off. He looks up, and a JOCK, 18, running over to him.

JOCK

Hey, give it here.

The Hipster takes off his headphones and holds up the football.

(CONTINUED)



YOUNG HIPSTER

Wanna watch where you throw this  
fuckin' thing?

JOCK

Fuck you, pussy. Maybe if you dig  
up daddy he can teach you to catch.

The Hipster smiles, then jumps to his feet and attacks the Jock. He's beating him with his fists, pulverizing his face. Blood and teeth fly.

KIDS gather around, cheering and screaming, as the Young Hipster beats the Jock to death.

INT. MASA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

HIPSTER

Beat a kid to death when I was  
seventeen.

MASA

Nah. I don't mean your first one. I  
mean the one you did when you  
realized you could make a living at  
it.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Hipster fires a shot into the back of Hobo #2.

Hobo 2 drops, revealing Hobo #1 with the knife against the Schoolgirl's throat.

She smiles at the Hipster.

INT. MASA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

MASA

She tell you about when she got the  
taste? Why they call her  
Schoolgirl?

The Hipster shakes his head.

MASA

She's a big reason the King got his  
power in this town.

EXT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

The Schoolgirl, 15, is walking merrily down the road, carrying a long cardboard tube, six inches in diameter.

She stops in front of the barber shop where two Japanese pompadoured GUARDS are standing, smoking cigarettes, looking like young Asian Elvis'.

She stops in between them.

GUARD 1

What you want, little lady?

She pops the top of the cardboard tube and emerges with along samurai sword.

The Guards eyes go wide, but they're not quick enough. She swings the sword around, slicing them both across the abdomen in one quick motion.

Guard #1 drops to his knees, and she swings down, slicing his head off.

Guard #2 falls back against the wall, holding in his guts.

GUARD 2

Please no! Please!

The Schoolgirl lunges at him, sword overhead.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

The door opens, jingling the bell overhead.

BOSS TAKARI, 60's, is in the barber chair as the BARBER is snipping his hair. Two more GUARDS are sitting around, reading magazines, oblivious.

GUARD 3 looks up and sees the Schoolgirl. He smiles, winking at her, then leans over to the other Guard.

GUARD 3

(in Japanese)

Someone sent us a little plaything.

The Schoolgirl smiles back, her hand behind her holding the bloody Samurai sword.

GUARD 4

(in Japanese)

Hey Boss, can we take her in the back for a test drive?

(CONTINUED)

Boss Takari looks over to her and smiles.

TAKARI

Are you here for me, little girl?

SCHOOLGIRL

As a matter of fact, I am.

She reveals her Samurai sword, and the Guards jump to their feet.

She charges at them and swipes the blade across both of their chests, sending sprays of blood against the window.

She turns to Boss Takari and points the sword at him, the blade touching his nose.

The Barber backs away slowly.

SCHOOLGIRL

The King has a message for you.

TAKARI

The King? The King? Who the fuck do you think you're talking to -

She slices down, splitting his nose in half.

SCHOOLGIRL

The King owns this town, and owns all that was once yours. How much of you is intact when you leave is entirely up to you.

Boss Takari is holding his face as blood gushes between his fingers.

TAKARI

King? Ha! He sends a schoolgirl to handle his business! If your King wants this town, you're going to have to kill me!

His eyes are fixed on hers. He's shaking.

SCHOOLGIRL

On behalf of the King, I accept your terms.

She pushes the blade forward, through his mouth and into the back of the chair.

The Barber is shaking, standing against the wall. She pulls the blade out and looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

SCHOOLGIRL

The King will be in tomorrow for a trim. He expects this place to spic and span.

The Barber nods, tears streaming down his face.

BARBER

It will be an honor.

She grabs a towel from the counter and wipes off the blade, then leaves.

INT. MASA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Masa laughs and tosses his cigarette down, stomping on it.

MASA

After that, people knew. The Schoolgirl will fuck you up.

HIPSTER

But that wasn't her first.

MASA

Nah. First one was a fluke. Twelve fuckin' years old, she shoots this retired cop in the neck. Complete accident.

HIPSTER

What happened to her after that?

MASA

That changed her. No doubt. But all our dads were juiced in. Family business. They covered it up, sent her to a boarding school for a while. That's where she turned into a fuzz-bumper.

Masa thinks a moment, then shakes his head.

MASA

Shit, man. Memory lane. I could go on and on. But I gotta get to fuckin' you up.

He walks over to the closet and takes out a large toolbox, then sets it up on a table near the Hipster.

(CONTINUED)

MASA

I'm gonna skin you. Startin' with  
your feet.

He takes out a hacksaw from the case and a small utility  
knife.

MASA

So here's how this works. I'm gonna  
cut a few tendons, a few nerves.  
Your legs are gonna be useless.  
Don't worry now, you'll still feel  
it all.

He holds up the utility knife.

MASA

With this, I make a few small cuts  
starting on your big toe and  
basically peel the skin off like a  
grape. Then I work my way  
up. Your skin comes off in  
strips. Takes an hour or so to do  
a whole body. But you'll live for  
days.

Masa approaches him.

HIPSTER

Woah, woah... we were talking here.

MASA

Nope. Chit chat's over. It's  
slicin' time.

He puts the hacksaw to the back of the Hipster's knee.

SUZUKI (O.S.)

Please, Masa. Let's go down memory  
lane a little more.

Masa spins around, and Suzuki and Camera Girl are there.  
Camera Girl is filming.

MASA

Yoshio. What the fuck are you doing  
here?

SUZUKI

My name is Suzuki, Masa. Please.

(CONTINUED)

MASA

Oh right. Suzuki, this is...

He looks up at the Hipster.

MASA

I'm sorry, I didn't catch a name.

HIPSTER

Jose Cisco.

MASA

Jose Cis-

He looks up to the Hipster again, and shrugs.

MASA

Jose Cisco. Jose Cisco, this is  
Suzuki. The King's son.

Suzuki slowly walks towards him.

SUZUKI

I'm not here for Mr. Cisco, Masa.  
Father has requested your head.

MASA

No shit. But you see, I got the  
real guy right here. Gimme five  
minutes with him and he'll give up  
the money, too.

Suzuki puts his hand on Masa's shoulder.

SUZUKI

Sorry, friend.

He kisses Masa on the cheek, and then puts a revolver to his  
head and pulls the trigger, spraying Masa's brains against  
the wall.

Camera Girl runs up and films Masa's body as he drops to the  
ground.

CAMERA GIRL

All in one take. Brilliant.

Suzuki looks up to the Hipster.

SUZUKI

I could do amazing things with you,  
my friend.

(CONTINUED)

HIPSTER

How about you just let me go?

SUZUKI

Why would I want to do that?

HIPSTER

I asked nicely.

SUZUKI

You did.

He looks to Camera Girl.

SUZUKI

He did. Would be rude to kill him now.

CAMERA GIRL

The camera loves him, though.

SUZUKI

The Camera does love you, Mr. Cisco.

HIPSTER

What do you want from me?

SUZUKI

Let us film you. It's all very tasteful, I assure you.

HIPSTER

Fine. Just get me down from here.

Suzuki brings a chair over, and the Hipster stands on it, now able to unhook his hands.

Suzuki brandishes a large knife. He jams it into the zip-tie around the Hipsters hands and cuts him free.

SUZUKI

You're going to be a star.

INT. PAWN SHOP - MORNING

The Hipster enters the pawn shop and locks the door behind him. Aaron is behind the counter, eating a sandwich. He looks up and sees the Hipster.

(CONTINUED)

HIPSTER  
Where is she?

AARON  
Holy shit. He lives!

The Hipster gets to the counter and props himself up on it, blood oozing down his arm.

AARON  
You're making a mess, kid.

HIPSTER  
Where is she, Aaron?

AARON  
She's at the apartment, waiting to hear from you.

HIPSTER  
I need some shells.

He takes out his Beretta and pops the clip. Aaron catches it as it falls.

AARON  
I can help you there.

He takes the clip and rummages through a drawer. He comes up with a box of bullets and starts loading them into the clip.

AARON  
So you made it, huh? Ready to settle up?

HIPSTER  
I did my part.

AARON  
Then what? You got plans for the future?

HIPSTER  
Kinda takin' this one step at a time.

AARON  
I could always use you on my team. Once the dust settles I'm gonna need some reliable help getting this town in line.

(CONTINUED)



HIPSTER

So that's it for the King, then?

AARON

Oh, you betcha. This is gonna be seen as a colossal fuck-up for him. Yakuza honchos are gonna want his head.

INT. KING'S CLUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The King is on his knees, his hands tied behind his back.

Camera Girl is filming as Suzuki raises a samurai sword high over his head.

AARON(V.O.)

They'll get someone close to him to take him out. Probably his whacko kid.

Suzuki brings the blade down and lops off the King's head. It rolls away, blood shoots from the open neck wound. Camera Girl films it all.

INT. PAWN SHOP - MORNING

AARON

I've got muscle coming in from out west. After Suzuki takes the throne he'll be vulnerable, so we'll take him out and push the Yakuza out for good.

HIPSTER

Until someone makes a play for you.

AARON

That's the cost to be the boss.

Aaron slaps the clip into the Beretta and hands it back. The Hipster pockets the gun.

AARON

Your ol' man. He was a good guy. Hell of a way for a man like him to go out.

HIPSTER

I started to believe it went down the way they said it did. You know? I repressed that shit.

(CONTINUED)

AARON  
So what brought it back?

HIPSTER  
After I got out of the hospital...

INT. PRISON - ELECTRIC CHAIR - NIGHT

The Hipster, 24, is sitting in the gallery with five other people behind the two-way mirror as the Gang Banger is strapped into the electric chair.

HIPSTER(V.O.)  
His last words were...

GANG BANGER  
I didn't kill that man. And my  
heart hurts because you know this  
ain't right. This is gonna haunt  
you.

The hood is pulled over his face.

INT. PAWN SHOP - MORNING

Aaron nods his head and smiles.

HIPSTER  
All that hate and murder in my  
head, and suddenly it had nowhere  
else to go.

AARON  
I'm sorry about how that went down,  
kid. I really am. You think takin'  
her out is gonna make that thing in  
you go quiet, then by all means.

HIPSTER  
I'm gonna need a car.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - MORNING

The Hipster walks over to Suzuki's Bentley parked by the curb. He leans in the window, and the Camera Girl films him, Suzuki behind the wheel.

SUZUKI  
Well?

(CONTINUED)

HIPSTER  
Money's inside.

SUZUKI  
Well done.

Suzuki turns to the Camera Girl.

SUZUKI  
Shall we?

They get out of the car, and the Hipster walks over to a busted up Chevy Nova. He unlocks the door and gets in.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

The Schoolgirl is lying on the couch, an ice pack on her head.

The Hello Kitty phone rings. She pops up and answers it.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Hello?

INT. CHEVY NOVA - MORNING

The Hipster is behind the wheel. The Schoolgirl walks up to the car and gets in.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Sweet ride.

She looks at him, all bloody and bruised.

SCHOOLGIRL  
Oh, poor baby.

She crawls over to him and kisses his neck, then his ear. He shoves her away.

SCHOOLGIRL  
What's wrong?

HIPSTER  
We gotta talk.

He throws the car in drive and peels away.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

There are some old broken down bleachers by a grown-over baseball diamond. Just beyond is an empty lot with a faded "Christmas Trees" sign.

The Hipster and the Schoolgirl walk to the bleachers and sit on the top row, looking out at the empty tree lot.

HIPSTER

They still sell trees here every year?

SCHOOLGIRL

Why'd you bring me here?

HIPSTER

This is where we met. About thirteen years ago.

She looks out at the lot, then her eyes go wide.

SCHOOLGIRL

Yeah. I remember.

HIPSTER

I wasn't in the game. My dad wasn't in the game. We were just out there looking for a Christmas tree.

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - DAY

The Hipster's Dad sees the Young Schoolgirl standing behind the Young Hipster.

DAD

Hey! What he hell are you doing?

He grabs the gun, but the Young Schoolgirl holds onto it for dear life, lifting off the ground with it as he tries to pry it away.

Young Hipster staggers backwards, his eyes wide, terrified.

There's a sudden pop, and blood sprays his face.

He's looking right at her. She's looking at him.

YOUNG SCHOOLGIRL

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

EXT. FIELD - DAY

SCHOOLGIRL  
It really was an accident.

HIPSTER  
I know. I know.

He lights two cigarettes and hands her one. She takes it and takes a drag.

SCHOOLGIRL  
I don't suppose running would do me any good.

HIPSTER  
Can't outrun a bullet.

SCHOOLGIRL  
So I guess I'm stuck. I should just accept my fate. Go out with a little dignity.

HIPSTER  
Fate is a bitch.

SCHOOLGIRL  
She is indeed quite the bitch.

She smokes her cigarette a moment.

SCHOOLGIRL  
We were just kids.

HIPSTER  
Yeah. We were innocent once.

SCHOOLGIRL  
We can be again. Let's just leave here. Together. Start over.

HIPSTER  
You don't start over from something like this.

SCHOOLGIRL  
But I've seen the way you look at me. You don't want to do this.

HIPSTER  
I don't want to. But I have to.

(CONTINUED)

She grabs the back of his head and kisses him hard, and he gives in, sinking into it. He holds her face in his hand, kissing her, until they slowly part.

HIPSTER

In another life, I would have loved  
you like crazy.

She smiles, tears streaming down her face.

He brings the Beretta up to her forehead.

SCHOOLGIRL

No, please, wai-

He pulls the trigger, blowing he brains out with a quick pop. She falls backwards off of the bleachers, landing with a thud.

He looks down and sees her staring up at him, a pool of blood spreading from her head.

He turns back around, a dead stare, looking out at the empty tree lot.

He puts the gun in his mouth, trembling, but can't bring himself to pull the trigger. He screams.

CHERA(V.O.)

You sound strange, baby.

EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY

The Hipster is at a payphone on the premises of an old broken down gas station.

HIPSTER

I killed her. I killed her and it  
didn't change anything! I'm still  
rotting from the inside!

INT. PHONE BANK - DAY

CHERA is actually an obese balding woman, in her 40's, sitting in a cubicle in a row of other operators in cubicles.

She presses the mute button on the phone and leans out of her cube.

(CONTINUED)

CHERA

Hey Starlene, call Wally. My guy  
here says he killed someone!

She presses the button again.

INTERCUT: CHERA/HIPSTER

CHERA

Who'd you kill, baby?

HIPSTER

I killed so many fucking people.  
I'll kill more.

He laughs.

HIPSTER

I got the taste.

CHERA

Please, Jose...

HIPSTER

My name's not Jose!

WALLY comes walking over to Chera. He's got a cowboy hat,  
jeans, and cowboy boots and a big handlebar mustache.

WALLY

Cops are tracin' now, they'll be on  
him in a couple minutes. Keep him  
talkin'.

HIPSTER

I wish you could be here with me.  
You could touch me. Like she did.

He cries, holding the gun to his head.

HIPSTER

I shouldn't have killed her. I  
could have loved her.

CHERA

But you can love me.

Police sirens can be heard in the distance.

The Hipster quietly leans against the phone booth a moment,  
the phone still to his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CHERA

What's your real name?

HIPSTER

Doesn't matter any more.

Squad cars are screaming towards the gas station.

HIPSTER

Please. I need you to tell my mom  
that I wasn't crazy. That first  
time... They locked me up. They fed  
me drugs.

The squad cars are coming down the road. He slams himself in  
the head with the gun.

HIPSTER

Tell her I wasn't crazy! I was  
just... broken! And they couldn't  
fix me!

Squad cars come rumbling to a halt in front of him, kicking  
up dust. Several OFFICERS jump out, aiming their weapons.

Jon steps out of one of the cars and runs towards him. He  
stops as he recognizes the Hipster.

JON

Hey. Buddy, what the hell you doin'  
out here?

The Hipster looks at him and recognizes him.

JON

Put the gun down, we'll talk about  
this. You remember me?

HIPSTER

Yeah. I remember.

The Hipster drops the phone and aims the Beretta.

He fires a shot, hitting Jon in the head.

The officers all open fire, spraying the Hipster with  
bullets. He grabs onto the side of the phone booth, sliding  
down, blood smearing as he drops.

He slumps on the ground, facing Jon, and a smile comes  
across his face.



INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Hipster is watching the Schoolgirl dancing by herself as "Crimson and Clover" plays.

She's got a bullet hole in the middle of her forehead.

He looks down at himself and sees he's riddled with bullets.

She smiles and extends her hand. He hesitates.

SCHOOLGIRL

It's okay. Come dance with me.

He walks forward, taking her hand, and she pulls him in close

They kiss and the lights in the room grow brighter, flooding everything in white.

EXT. ROAD BY GAS STATION - DAY

Suzuki and the Camera Girl watch the commotion from across the street, as the cops descend on the Hipster's body.

Camera Girl films it all.

SUZUKI

And... that's a wrap.

Camera Girl turns off the camera.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END