

HERO COMPLEX

written by
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FIRST DRAFT
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FADE IN:

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES - DAY

Amongst the cubicles and shuffling office workers sits a single empty desk. It's bare, short of a computer, phone, and steaming mug of hot coffee.

AT THE DESK,

A hand reaches up from beneath the desk, grabs the mug. It's quickly returned after being sipped from.

BRAD GIBBS, 20's, hair wild, clothes casual but appropriate, sits on top of the desk. He switches the phone with the coffee mug, knocks on top of the desk.

BRAD

You down there, buddy?

A voice comes from beneath the desk, TREVOR DOBSON's.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Shh. No one can see me.

BRAD

(looks around)

Actually, everyone can see you and you're starting to freak them out. I just said that you're afraid of fluorescent lights and that really crazy chick in the corner cubicle.

AT THE CORNER CUBICLE,

A woman with hot-pink hair spins around in her chair, laughing hysterically while talking on the phone.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, TREVOR'S DESK - DAY

Brad starts going through the papers on top of the desk.

BRAD

I was watching, uh, the -- uh, Discovery Channel last night. Honestly, there is some wild shit on that channel. It's better than channel 61 on Saturday nights.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Am I really supposed to care about that? I mean, honestly?

BRAD

Well, you're the one not getting any.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

I thought you'd want to have a little company, even if it's chimp on chimp action, with bananas thrown in for good measure.

Beat. Brad looks under the desk.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I was just kidding.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Thank God.

BRAD

Come on, then! Shift's over.

TREVOR (O.S.)

We still have twenty minutes.

BRAD

Coincidentally, I think we'll both have to take a twenty minute shit before bailing out the back door.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Isn't that, like, illegal.

BRAD

Hey, if the Po-Po don't know, then we cool fo-show.

TREVOR (O.S.)

You're not black.

Brad looks at his white skin, feigns amazement.

BRAD

Holy shit, you're right! I better kick off these Nike's and get myself a pair of Doc Marten's.

(beat)

Let's just get the fuck out of here.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Okay, okay -- just a sec. My legs all cramped up...

The phone rings. Trevor's hand darts out to reach it, but he pulls down the coffee mug instead. It spills everywhere.

TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

AHH! For FUCK --

Trevor slams into the roof of the desk. Brad chuckles. Beat of silence. Brad looks worried.

BRAD

Hey, Trev. You okay man?

Brad looks around, no one seems to have noticed.

TREVOR (O.S.)

(faintly)

Medic...? I need a medic...

(beat)

Oh, my balls and my back... I don't know what hurts more.

BRAD

How the hell did you hurt your balls?

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Brad steps through the rotating doors, smiles, takes a deep breath of fresh NEW YORK air.

BRAD

You bring your invisible cloak?

Trevor, 20's, with glasses, matted hair, plus a slight paunch, hobbles through the door. He dabs a few paper towels on the coffee stain that's streaked down his shirt.

TREVOR

I left it at home, right next to where you keep your manners.

Brad grabs his chest like he's been shot.

BRAD

Well, does your bedpost still have my thong bikini?

(winks, smiles)

Because I've been looking for it.

TREVOR

(steps to curb)

I'm more concerned about a cab.

A YOUNG COUPLE flags down a CHECKERED TAXI, hops in, vanishes. Trevor waves at other cabs, they all pass by.

BRAD

Obviously you haven't been trained in the fine art of cab flagging. I try to make sweet faces, or if I'm starting to get desperate...

Brad throws his leg over a fire hydrant. He pulls up his pant leg, teasing oncoming traffic. A man in a PINK VOLKSWAGEN fetches a quick glance, squeals to a stop.

MAN IN VOLKSWAGEN

You want a ride, hunny?

Brad walks over to Trevor.

BRAD

We better go.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Trevor and Brad elbow through the human traffic, headed home.

BRAD

So, you gonna talk to her tonight?
Or are we going to have another one
of those attacks?

TREVOR

It wasn't an attack.

BRAD

Somehow I remember you flailing on
the floor of a bathroom like a fish.
Or am I wrong?

TREVOR

I was drunk.

BRAD

No, you were wasted.

TREVOR

What's the difference?

Brad tilts his hand back and forth.

BRAD

Few million brain cells.

TREVOR

Damn it, you push for me to talk to
her so much. What do you expect?

BRAD

Some gum flapping, then sheet
spreading. A few kids, getting old,
maybe some granny sex...

Trevor slaps Brad on the shoulder.

TREVOR

You're sick.

BRAD

Speak for yourself, it's like eating
out a crinkle-cut chip.

They walk a bit more. Brad thinks for a moment.

BRAD (CONT'D)

But you seriously should talk to her. It's the perfect opportunity. Open bar, people from work, you'll be comfortable.

TREVOR

I'm never comfortable.

BRAD

Pull the coat rack from your asshole and we'll see how comfy you can be.

Brad steps to the curb, looks back and forth.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Hey, I think I see a cab.

He flags it down. Trevor steps up behind him.

TREVOR

Brad.

BRAD

(ignoring)

Finally, with a bit of patience and ingenuity you can get a cab.

TREVOR

Brad...

Brad sits down in the back seat, pats the one next to him.

BRAD

Come on, it's only a...

TREVOR

Dude, we're home already.

Brad looks up at the apartment building. He shrugs, closes the cab door.

BRAD

I'll let him take me around the block, we'll make it a little adventure.

(to Driver)

Onward and upward!

CAB DRIVER

Hey pal, I dunno what they told you about New York cabs. But they can't go up...

Brad steps out of the cab, slams the door shut.

BRAD

Well fuck it, I wanted a space cab.

They head up the steps to the apartment.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot... What are you going to wear tonight?

Trevor stops half way up the steps.

TREVOR

Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT, OUTSIDE BEDROOM - DUSK

Brad sits on a chair in the hallway, newspaper folded on his lap. He checks his watch, checks the door.

BRAD

I'm starting to collect dust out here, man...

The door opens. Trevor steps out in a tailored suit.

TREVOR

What do you think?

Brad goes into a wild fit of laughter, falling to the ground. Trevor looks embarrassed. Brad scrambles for the chair. He sits down, calmly folds the newspaper on his lap again.

BRAD

No chance *in hell*.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

The desks have been cleared to the side, a DISC JOCKEY spins a few records. Everyone mingles on the dance floor, sharing laughs and enjoying drinks.

BRAD (O.S.)

My shit is like exit magic.

Brad is entertaining a group of office workers that have made a half-circle around him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Seriously. I sit down, shit, wipe and walk away without breaking a sweat. Couple seconds max.

OFFICE WORKER #1

Do you flush?

BRAD
 If I'm at home. If not...
 (shrugs)
 I figure I can just pass it on to
 the next bathroom patron like a baton.

OFFICE WORKER #2
 That's disgusting.

BRAD
 That's arguable.

Trevor stands in the corner, whistles Brad over.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 Just a minute, my ball and chain
 beckons from the shadows...

Brad leaves the circle, they talk amongst themselves.

TREVOR
 Who are those people?

BRAD
 I have no idea.

TREVOR
 (looks around nervously)
 Is she here yet? Have you seen her?

Brad stands on his tip toes. He scans around the room.

BRAD
 Mara! Mara, you here?!

TREVOR
 Hey, shut up!

BRAD
 Mara!

Trevor grabs Brad by the shoulder, pulls him down.

TREVOR
 Are you trying to kill me?

BRAD
 You gonna do the fish face again?

Someone yells from across the room.

MAN ACROSS THE ROOM
 You lookin' for Mara?!

BRAD
 (looks around, clueless)
 Yeah, you know where she is?!

MAN ACROSS THE ROOM
Should be here in ten minutes!

BRAD
Thanks, buddy!
(to Trevor, calmly)
There you go.

Trevor droops, slaps his forehead too hard. He recoils.

TREVOR
Ow, that hurt.

BRAD
And I'm the idiot.

Brad sips from his drink.

BRAD (CONT'D)
You think someone spiked the punch
with LSD?

TREVOR
No, why?

BRAD
It'd really spice this party up. I
feel like I'm at a convent.

TREVOR
Weren't you the one who said that
all nuns were closet sex addicts?

BRAD
Good point.

Brad dissolves back into the crowd.

AT THE ENTRANCE,

MARA HASSELBECK, 20's, a gorgeous woman with curly black
hair, slim build, fitting clothes, steps into the office.
She has a small female posse swirling around her.

TREVOR (O.S.)
I can do this... I can do this...

Trevor studies her with his eyes. He breathes deeply, steps
forward to speak with her. Brad cuts him off.

BRAD
Hey bro, she's totally here now!

TREVOR
I know, I was about to say something?

Brad looks over to her, surprised.

BRAD

Really?

He plants the plastic punch cup on his head.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Well call me a fuckin' Shriner and give me one of those cute little cars to ride around in.

Trevor slaps the cup off of his head.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Hey! That's my lucky cup...

Brad chases the cup along the ground, into the dance floor.

Trevor adjusts his shirt, his pants. He looks down. Everything seems to be in order. He steps up again, ready to say something, when Brad appears with the cup again.

TREVOR

What the fuck, man?

BRAD

I thought we were playing fetch.

Trevor looks to the entrance, Mara is gone. He looks around, she's lost in the midst of the party.

TREVOR

I totally blasted that opportunity.

BRAD

Any opportunity you have now will be had again in the near future.

TREVOR

You're drunk.

BRAD

No, I'm wasted!

(taps his head)

Few million less brain cells! Not sure how many though, I think I burned out the math part of my brain.

TREVOR

I don't think that's how the brain functions, Brad.

BRAD

Really? Since when were you a gynecologist?

TREVOR

Jesus, I need to think.

Trevor walks away. Brad watches him go.

BRAD

Hey, what? Where the hell can a man go to think in this place?

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Trevor steps inside, turns on a sink. He splashes water on his face. Brad enters, turns the sink off.

BRAD

Does throwing water at your face actually help you think?

TREVOR

I dunno, Sometimes.

BRAD

Honestly, it just makes you look stupid and wet.

Trevor pulls down a few paper towels, begins to dab his soaked face. He watches Brad step over to the bathroom stalls.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I feel the presence of an outsider.
(sniffs)
A smelly outsider.

He walks to the furthest stall. Touches the locked door.

BRAD (CONT'D)

This is my lucky stall.
(knocks)
Hey, who's in there? Hello?

Trevor throws the paper towel in the trash, walks over.

TREVOR

You can't take pity on a guy who's trying to take a shit?

BRAD

Trespassing is trespassing. I left my little potpourri bowl in there...

VOICE (O.S.)

It smells really nice, by the way.

BRAD

Hey! Who is that?!

The door unlocks. Brad pushes it open. CAL PETERS, 30's, geeky looking with black horn-rimmed glasses and a goatee, pages through a comic book, seated on the toilet.

TREVOR

Cal, what are you doing in here?

BRAD

You didn't just zip up, did you?

CAL

No, no. Of course not. I'm just trying to get through these last few issues of X-Men, they're incredibly interesting.

BRAD

I think it'd actually be cooler if you were just jerking off in here.

TREVOR

You know there's a party going on out there?

BRAD

It's bumpin', baby.

CAL

Really?

(checks watch)

Oh my goodness, I've been in here for three and a half hours.

BRAD

How long is that fucking book?

Cal holds it up. It's a hundred pages thick. He continues reading. Brad shakes his head, grabs the potpourri bowl.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Not wasting this on you.

TREVOR

Comics aren't all that bad, man. You can't knock a guy for *reading*.

BRAD

Hell yes I can. But I'm not knocking the guy, he's not a door. I'm throwing a strategically placed low blow to his confidence.

CAL

Oh yeah, well Mara likes comics.

TREVOR

What?

BRAD

(dryly)

Excuse me.

TREVOR
I already said that.

BRAD
(shakes head)
No, sorry man, I just farted.

Brad waves the potpourri bowl around.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Yuck.

CAL
I was reading them in the break room
the other day. She said she loved
comics, especially Superman.
(leans back)
She really dug my vast knowledge on
this particular subject.

Cal leans into the handle, the toilet flushes. He panics,
drops the comic into the bowl.

CAL (CONT'D)
Oh, this is a tragedy of the highest
order...

BRAD
Have fun with your book, Cal.

Brad walks up, closes the door. He takes Trevor to the
furthest wall of the bathroom.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Okay man, this is your angle. Talk
to her about comics.

TREVOR
I can do this. I know I can. It's
all me, baby, all me.

BRAD
It's all you. Right? So you ready?
You fucking ready!?

TREVOR
Yeah! Yeah, wait, no.

BRAD
Oh, what now?

TREVOR
I gotta pee.

Brad sighs.

CAL (O.S.)

You know guys, despite the yellow stains, this book is still readable.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Mara stands alone at the punch bowl, she ladles in another cup. Trevor walks up to her, smiles.

MARA

Hey, how are you? Brad, right?

TREVOR

Yeah. No, actually I'm Trevor. I work like four desks over from you.

MARA

Really? I can never tell. It's like a whole 'nother world over there.

TREVOR

Yeah, it's all men on that side.

Trevor scoops some punch into his cup.

MARA

Do you like that sorta thing?

TREVOR

(pauses)

Huh?

Mara laughs, she gingerly punches Trevor in the arm.

MARA

Ah, I'm kidding. It's just that I see you with that Brad guy all the time, everyone thought you were like, you know, lovers.

TREVOR

No, just genial fuck buddies.

Mara laughs again. She heaves forward for a moment, looking down at Trevor's crotch. Her eyes quickly dart up.

MARA

Um, so how long you been working here?

TREVOR

About three years. Started the same day as you, actually, during the big hire.

MARA

Oh yeah, the legendary *big hire*.

(MORE)

MARA (CONT'D)

Six losers hired at once, not a single one quitting... Even now.

Mara fetches a glance at his crotch again. Trevor glances over at Brad. He waves, gives a thumbs up, turns to the Disc Jockey, whispers something.

TREVOR

Well, it's big for us.

(beat)

But you're not a loser. I might be one, because, that's just me.

MARA

No, you're not a loser. I wouldn't know, because I don't really know you. But you don't seem like a loser.

She clears her throat, adjusts her outfit. Glances down.

TREVOR

So, you like comics?

MARA

Oh my God! Everyone says that, but it so isn't true. I read Superman like the other day and thought it was cute, but I'm not a *huge* fan.

TREVOR

Men in tights, eh?

MARA

Tights are cute. Especially that guy, do you remember him?

TREVOR

Oh yeah, uh, that one guy. The one who retired, right?

MARA

Lockdown was his name. That guy was awesome, a real life crime fighter. I loved him, where is he now? I heard he retired.

TREVOR

I thought he was dead.

MARA

Maybe, maybe...

(glances down, again)

Look, I have to go. But I'll talk to you at work, okay?

TREVOR

Yeah, yeah, that sounds cool. I'll see ya'.

Mara nods, walks away.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Time to let the asshole un-pucker.

Trevor takes a deep sigh of relief, turns to Brad. He's standing by the Disc Jockey, waiting. "Sex Bomb" by Tom Jones begins to play. Brad dances up to Trevor.

BRAD

So... How'd it go, my boy?

TREVOR

She thinks we're lovers.

BRAD

(gasps)

We're not?! You bitch!

Brad stops dancing, throws his arm around Trevor.

TREVOR

I think she was joking. But she's cute, she's really cute.

BRAD

So is this a go? Green light?

TREVOR

Yeah, and dude... She was totally checking out my package.

Brad looks down at Trevor's crotch. He chuckles.

BRAD

Dude, your fly is down.

TREVOR

Oh, come on!

Trevor looks down, zips up. The party continues.

VOICE (V.O.)

I tell you, a mother and daughter are the hottest pairing you can get. It's like twins, but about twenty years difference between them...

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, BREAK ROOM - DAY

Trevor, Brad and Cal are seated around a table, eating lunch. DENNIS, 60's, graying and grumpy, but with a subtle hint of sweetness, is entertaining them with one of his many stories.

DENNIS/VOICE

When I was in Singapore, I did them twice. Every angle you can think of. Backwards, forwards, up, down, this thing they call the Chut-Way.

BRAD

How does that work?

DENNIS

You get the daughter to fold up like a pretzel, and then the mother --

TREVOR

Hey! Hey, watch it...

Two FEMALE CO-WORKERS walk into the room, stop at the fridge.

DENNIS

What? Then the mother sticks her fingers into the --

Trevor coughs loudly, trying to cover it up. The two co-workers throw him a dirty look.

FEMALE CO-WORKER #1

Ew, cover your mouth. Pig.

BRAD

Sorry ladies, he's got *the Syph*.

FEMALE CO-WORKER #2

What a freak.

They both walk out with their lunches.

BRAD

(off Trevor's look)

What? Oh, okay. Fine. So you're just a pig. I was trying to help.

TREVOR

You think I'll stand a chance with those chicks now?

DENNIS

Did you ever?

TREVOR

I like to keep my prospects open.

DENNIS

Then you need to at least talk to them, for fuck sakes.

BRAD

That's what I was telling him.

Trevor holds up his arms, gestures around.

TREVOR

Come on, come on. Let's spread around the love.

(to Cal)

When's the last time you got laid, and who was it?

BRAD

Probably the deaf chick that was struck by lightning, right?

CAL

(nods)

Indirectly struck. It hit a door, and then it hit her.

BRAD

And then she hit the cake stand.

CAL

It's a lot of woman, for a whole lot of man...

BRAD

I told your mother that once.

(beat)

Wait, no. I'd never stoop that low. Might've been your sister.

Dennis unwraps a slide of wax paper, pulls out a fresh ham sandwich. He takes a bite.

TREVOR

Where did you meet your wife?

DENNIS

London. Twenty years ago.

BRAD

Let me guess, whore house?

Dennis gets very serious, puts down his sandwich.

DENNIS

Don't ever say that about her. Ever.

Brad leans back. Everyone goes silent.

TREVOR

It'd be really great if someone apologized right now...

BRAD

Look, Dennis, I'm sorry --

DENNIS

Oh, I'm just fucking around. I met her at work, she was at the London branch when I was visiting. Met, went out, fell in love.

TREVOR

See, that's *beautiful*.

DENNIS

And we still fuck like wild hyenas. Slammed her in the sack this morning, actually.

BRAD

Your wife has a sack?

CAL

That's somewhat disturbing.

BRAD

That's awesome.

Dennis takes another bite from his sandwich.

DENNIS

So when are you gonna start 'macking' on your Mara friend?

Trevor drags a thumb across his throat, darts his eyes toward Cal. It's too late. Cal looks surprised, hurt.

CAL

Why was I never told about this?

TREVOR

Because... Because...

BRAD

Because everyone thought your dick was caught in a ball of saran wrap, and you haven't used it since.

(beat)

So we figured, fuck it. There's plenty of fish to fuck in the sea.

Cal gathers up his stuff. He gets up, storms out of the room. Dennis burps loudly.

DENNIS

I'm guessing that's the start of some ramshackle competition.

BRAD

I know Trevor will win.

TREVOR

How do you know that?

BRAD

Because, I'm gonna make sure you
fuck that girls brains out.

DENNIS

Damn straight.

TREVOR

God help me.

Those same two Female Co-Workers return to the lunch room.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Dennis, please don't...

AT THE FRIDGE,

The two Female Co-Workers are caught up in a giggly chat.
Dennis stares at them from the distance.

DENNIS

I fucked your mothers in the ass!
(nothing, to Trevor)
See, why are you worried? They can't
even hear me.

The girls continue giggling to themselves.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Maybe I should just throw something
at them...

CUT TO:

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, TREVOR'S DESK - DAY

Trevor is working at his desk. Brad is seated on top of it.

TREVOR

So what works? I can't just work
the same angles. I think Mara's
seen every kind of guy. Asshole,
Alpha Male, nice guy, shit like that.
I want to try something new.

BRAD

Well good fucking luck with that.

TREVOR

I mean it, seriously. This Cal thing
could work for my advantage. I could
show up as like a sense of contrast.

(beat)

There's the weird, creepy guy after
her and then there's me.

BRAD

No dice.

TREVOR

Why do you say that?

BRAD

I think Cal is going to be talking to his sock more than he'll ever talk to Mara. Unless it involves comics.

Trevor snaps his fingers. Brad almost falls off the desk.

BRAD (CONT'D)

What the fuck, you trying to kill me?

TREVOR

Maybe I should... Do you remember that Lockdown guy?

BRAD

Isn't he dead?

TREVOR

I dunno, I thought so too. But she said she really liked him.

(reminisces)

You should've seen her eyes when she thought about him. Gave me the biggest hard on...

BRAD

Mixed with that low fly zone of yours, it must've been funny to see you pitching a boxer short tent.

TREVOR

God, I hope she didn't notice.

BRAD

She showed up for work today.

Brad glances over the cubicle. Mara is alone at her desk. She checks her watch, continues working.

BRAD (CONT'D)

She's a pretty task oriented broad, I can see why you like her.

TREVOR

What if I like save a puppy from a car or something? And she sees it?

BRAD

What happens if you fuck up, and there's blobs of dead puppy all over the sidewalk.

TREVOR

Right...

BRAD

Fuck it, just put on a cape and fight crime. See what she thinks.

Trevor puts his face in his hands. Thinks.

TREVOR

(through hands)

W-y d--t I --y t--t?

BRAD

Dude, get your fingers outta your mouth and I can hear you better.

Trevor pulls his hands away.

TREVOR

Why don't I try that?

BRAD

Try what? Becoming a superhero?

TREVOR

Maybe not super. I can't really do anything specifically.

BRAD

You bake a pretty good cake. You could be Cake Man, fighter of poorly baked goods.

TREVOR

No, no... But something. So I could impress her.

BRAD

As yourself, or as this superhero?

TREVOR

I'm not sure.

BRAD

Could work, man. It could work. But we'll probably need help from a professional on the topic.

Brad gestures towards the bathroom.

TREVOR

Ah, shit.

BRAD

You know, I'd really like to see a Cake Man. So many bakeries fuck up a perfectly good cake...

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, BATHROOM - DAY

Trevor knocks on the door of the furthest stall. Nothing. He knocks harder, almost jarring the door.

TREVOR

Come on, Cal. I'm sorry. I know you had a thing for her... but...

CAL (O.S.)

It wasn't a thing, alright? It was just me being stupid. Obviously.

TREVOR

No, you weren't being stupid. It's not stupid to like someone.

(beat)

Just come out, let's talk about this.

CAL (O.S.)

Leave me alone, I'm jerking off.

TREVOR

Seriously, I'd rather talk somewhere else. I've been in this bathroom way too much lately.

CAL (O.S.)

What do you want me to say? Do you want me to just give up?

TREVOR

No, just set your sights elsewhere. And maybe, if you could... help me.

Beat. Trevor's about to leave.

CAL (O.S.)

You need my help? Seriously?

TREVOR

Yes. If you'll help me, I'll try to introduce you to some people.

CAL (O.S.)

Women, right?

TREVOR

Yes, of course. Unless...

CAL (O.S.)

No, it's women.

TREVOR

Then women. So just come out.

The door swings open. Trevor looks down and falls back.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Oh, Christ man, you were jerking
off... Fuck. Zip up!

Cal stands up, adjusts himself.

CAL

Sorry about that.

TREVOR

Oh, my eyes...

INT. CAL'S APARTMENT, COLLECTION ROOM - DAY

The walls are lined with comics. Tables are filled with various pieces of memorabilia. The centerpiece is a large collection of DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS figures.

Brad is going through a box of comics.

Trevor and Cal are looking over a Superman collection, delicately removing the comics from the plastic slips.

TREVOR

So this was the one you were reading?

CAL

Yep. She was all over it.

BRAD

I can't believe that the Care Bears
actually had a comic.

Trevor flips through the pages of the comic. It shows Superman victoriously taking down criminals, being noble.

TREVOR

How the fuck do I live up to this?

CAL

There's a checklist. Name. Costume.
Cape, and then the event. The one
that establishes you as a hero.

Trevor pulls out a notepad, jots it down.

Brad continues paging through the comics. He throws a few back into the box, looks to Cal.

BRAD

Hey Cal, this stuff is *really* cool.

CAL

(genuine)

Thanks, man. I appreciate that.

Brad looks off at the corner of the room, stands up.

BRAD

Oh my God. Smurf comics!

INT. COSTUME & GAGS SHOP - DAY

Trevor and Cal are standing by a section filled with various heroic costumes. Cal holds up a colorful one.

CAL

This isn't bad. It's a little flamboyant, but it could work.

TREVOR

I don't want to give her the wrong idea. I'm not Liberace-man.

Cal checks the back of the costume, chuckles. He spins it around: the carriage section has been cut out.

CAL

Maybe you're right.

He hangs it back up.

Brad walks up with a white helmet that has a ridiculously large floppy dildo mounted on top of it.

BRAD

Penis Man! What better way to win a chicks heart, than Penis Man.

TREVOR

How do I fight criminals?

Brad leans forward, wags the dildo back and forth.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Ream them to death?

CAL

It'd hurt.

BRAD

Well I don't know. You have to figure out your strong points. So it applies to you. What can you do?

TREVOR

I type pretty fast.

BRAD

Watch out folks, *The Typist* is here. Next up is *The Correlator*.

CAL

He'll organize crime.

TREVOR

It needs to be cool. Superman is cool. Spider-Man is cool. All those guys are cool, I'm just fat and out of shape.

Brad sizes Trevor up, shakes his head.

BRAD

You're not fat. You could use some work, though.

TREVOR

There's so much shit on my plate right now, I might go crazy.

BRAD

Well, to fit in that suit you're going to have to work out. So why don't we cover that first?

Cal pulls down an even more flamboyantly colored costume.

CAL

How about this one?

TREVOR

Captain Psychedelic.

Brad smacks the large dildo on his helmet. It flaps back and forth.

BRAD

Groovy.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTY'S GYM, WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Huge muscular men criss-cross the enormous room. Trevor and Brad stand there, like toothpicks among trees.

TREVOR

Holy shit.

BRAD

I couldn't bench these guys' stool sample.

INT. MARTY'S GYM, AB CORNER - DAY

Trevor is rested on his back, knees curved up. Brad is sitting on his feet. He leans over him.

BRAD

Okay, chicks don't dig the inner tube thing you got going.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

So you're gonna to have to do some sit ups.

(beat)

I'm sure you know how, right?

TREVOR

I know how to do them. I'm just not sure if I can do them.

Trevor heaves upward, doesn't move. His head smacks back into the mat. He heaves again, same result.

BRAD

Come on you pudgy fucker, let's get moving! Come on! You know you can do it, lift that fat ass! Come on!

Trevor pushes himself harder and harder. He heaves up. Nothing. He screams...

BRAD (CONT'D)

Get up here!

Trevor flips forward, doing a full sit up. A little too quickly. His head slams right into Brad's face. The two fall back to the ground, rolling around in pain.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck... That's one...

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

An ANNUAL COMIC CONVENTION is taking place.

Brad stands next to two men dressed in STORM TROOPER outfits. One has his helmet off, begins to smoke.

BRAD

Why do you guys always come in twos?
Is it a law or something?

STORM TROOPER #1

We get mugged all the time. People like to steal these suits.

BRAD

Couldn't you just come to the Comic-Con next year and find them in your own outfits?

STORM TROOPER #2

(holds up toy rifle)

I could de-atomize you.

Brad knocks the plastic gun with his fist.

BRAD
No. You couldn't.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, COMIC STAND - DAY

Trevor, now slimmer, more fit, flips through a box of comics. He buys a few, meets up with Cal and Brad.

TREVOR
Have you seen him yet?

BRAD
So far he's a no-show. His stand is abandoned, people are lined up to the door for him.

CAL
Where could he be?

BRAD
Check every keg party in town.

Cal begins to walk away.

CAL
I'm going to ask one of my friends, he's working security...

BRAD
Okay man, you do that.

Cal vanishes into the crowd.

TREVOR
I'm nervous. I can feel it already.

Trevor shakes his hands, looks around the center.

BRAD
I still don't know why you need to talk to him, it's not like you can ask for tips or anything.

TREVOR
No, but it would help to see what he's all about.
(looks off)
Oh my God... Oh my God...

Brad looks in the same direction: Mara is there, by herself, paging through the same comic stand Trevor was at.

BRAD
Do it. Go talk to her.

TREVOR
Sometimes I just need someone to light a fire under my ass.

Brad pulls out a lighter, starts flicking it.

BRAD
I'm ready to help.

Trevor shuffles forward.

TREVOR
Forget it, I'm going...

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, TOY STAND - DAY

Mara studies a GI JOE toy, as Trevor approaches.

TREVOR
Hey, hi. Didn't expect to see you
at a place like this.

Mara laughs, grabs her chest.

MARA
Oh, you scared me. Hi, Trevor.

TREVOR
You remembered my name.

MARA
Of course I did... You look great,
by the way, you been working out?

Trevor does a macho flex, smiles. Mara laughs.

TREVOR
Yeah, just workin' the bi's and tri's,
makin' sure I'm all *pumped*.

Mara jokingly touches his arm. Trevor's eyes light up.

MARA
It's good, you look better. Happier,
actually. You struck me as kind of,
ah, I shouldn't say it.

TREVOR
No, it's okay.

MARA
Depressed.

TREVOR
Really?

They start walking. Brad lurks in the distance.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, COMIC STAND - DAY

Brad continues watching. Cal breezes past him.

CAL

Where's Trevor? I heard about what happened to Lockdown.

(looks around)

Oh, there he is.

BRAD

No, no, no...

Brad pulls Cal back a few steps.

BRAD (CONT'D)

He's busy with something. So we'll act like we're busy too.

(points to eyes)

But we'll keep a look out.

Cal looks over the crowd, sees Trevor and Mara.

CAL

Oh, I get you.

They both lift up comic books, shield their faces. They follow Trevor and Mara from a safe distance.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Mara stops at a SUPERMAN MEMORABILIA counter. She goes through some of the old toys.

TREVOR

Can I ask you why you seem to like superheroes so much?

MARA

My mother credited it to daddy issues. I never played with Barbie's, I played with toy trucks and Superman dolls.

(holds up toy)

Like this one.

Trevor gently grabs it from her hand. He hands the TELLER a few dollars, gives it back to Mara.

TREVOR

That's on me.

MARA

That's sweet.

They continue walking. Trevor looks over his shoulder. He watches Brad and Cal follow as they stare into comic books, blindly stumbling over people, desperate to look subtle.

TREVOR

What are daddy issues, exactly?

MARA

To be honest?

(Trevor nods)

Just a lack of a father. It sets everything off balance, especially for a young girl.

TREVOR

My mother died, when I was younger. So I know what you mean.

MARA

Well, my dad was just an asshole. He didn't drink or anything, but he was just terminally depressed. Got married too young, didn't like where he was. So he took off, never left my mother a dime.

(beat)

It's funny, I haven't talked about that in a while.

TREVOR

Did it feel good?

MARA

Yeah. For some reason I feel like I can trust you. Confide in you, even.

TREVOR

A lot of people tell me that, I can't figure out why.

Mara stops for a moment. She stares at Trevor.

MARA

You have trusting eyes. They're not cynical, like most people.

TREVOR

Really? Thanks.

Mara smiles again. Trevor chuckles.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

God, I gotta buy you Superman toys more often.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, WATER FOUNTAIN - DAY

A fat, pudgy looking man, sips from the fountain. He looks disheveled, his hair is matted. Brad stands behind him.

BRAD

Hey, buddy. I'm thirsty. It'd be nice if I could get something to drink, you know... Today.

The pudgy man continues drinking.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Hey, Orca. I know you might be trying to return home, but...

The man turns around, stands up straight. He's easily half a foot taller than Brad. This is BERNARD "LOCKDOWN" STRAIT.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Holy shit. You're the guy.

Cal walks up behind him.

CAL

Holy shit. It's *Lockdown*.

BRAD

Dude, I just called this guy 'Orca'.

Lockdown grabs Brad by the shoulder.

LOCKDOWN

You got a problem, boy?

BRAD

Holy shit!

Cal walks up with a money clip filled with bills.

CAL

Hey, could you do us a favor?

Lockdown grabs the money clip, smiles. He pats Brad on the shoulder jokingly.

LOCKDOWN

Yeah, buddy. Whatever you want.

BRAD

Man, you ruined it. I almost had my neck broken by Lockdown himself! Shit, that would've been awesome.

Lockdown raises his giant hand to Brad's neck.

LOCKDOWN

I could still do it.

BRAD

No, no. Forget about it. It's not really a spur of the moment thing anymore...

LOCKDOWN

Okay then, so what's the favor?

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, CARTOON CORNER - DAY

Trevor and Mara walk with a set of bags, filled to the brim with comics and toys.

TREVOR

No way, you liked the Smurfs? That's not possible. Honestly, you're from another planet...

MARA

What can I say, I have weird tastes.

TREVOR

It's anything but weird.

LOCKDOWN (O.S.)

I liked the Smurfs.

Mara's eyes widen. She drops the bags, throws her hand over mouth and screams.

MARA

Ohmigod! Lockdown!

Lockdown puts a hand on her shoulder, quiets her down. Trevor starts searching around the center for Cal and Brad, who wave from the water fountain. He smiles back.

MARA (CONT'D)

Why weren't you at your stand?

LOCKDOWN

I was just walking around. Getting some air. I saw this beautiful woman walking around with comics, and thought she looked out of place. So, I figured I'd say hello.

MARA

Ohmigod, I can't believe this.
(to Trevor)
Can you believe this?

TREVOR

I could try.

He and Lockdown exchange a knowing glance.

LOCKDOWN

So...?

MARA

My name's Mara. This is Trevor.

LOCKDOWN

Mara, what did you buy?

MARA

Oh, Trevor bought me...

She continues, the sound fades. Trevor watches her speak excitedly, never breaking eye contact from Lockdown. His face is one of desire, wanting to trade places with him.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT, OUTSIDE BEDROOM - DUSK

A familiar repeat of the scene earlier in the film.

Brad sits on a chair in the hallway, newspaper folded on his lap. He checks his watch, checks the door.

BRAD

I'm starting to coll...

Before he can finish, the bedroom door swings open. Trevor stands there in an all black outfit, pants, long sleeve t-shirt, and a black bandanna covering the top of his head.

All except for the eyes, which have been cut out.

TREVOR

I feel like an asshole.

BRAD

Perfect.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Mara strides through a busy intersection, passes by a NEWS VAN that's parked on the corner.

A man in a TRENCH COAT is following her. Something glints in his hand. Mara is aware of his presence. She tightens her purse to her chest, breathes deeply.

Mara watches a SUSPICIOUS CAR pull up along beside her. The windows are rolled up, the lights turned off.

Mara steps up to the next street-light, it's red. She waits for the little sign to change. It takes forever. The car door opens, she clenches further. The Trench Coat is close.

Too close! His hand clasps around her neck.

MARA

HELP!

Another man leaps from the Suspicious Car, he helps drag Mara into a nearby alley. They muffle her screams.

In the distance, the News Van stirs a bit. The NEWS ANCHOR sticks his head out of the large side door, looks around.

EXT. ALLEY, BEHIND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mara is thrown down into a pile of garbage bags. She struggles to get up, but they push her back down. It's rough, but somehow they try not to hurt her.

Trench Coat flicks out the LONG SILVER BLADE.

MARA

Please don't hurt me...

TRENCH COAT

That's the last thing on our mind,
sweet heart.

He brings the blade up, ready to swing, when:

A BLACK GLOVED HAND snatches Trench Coat's forearm! It shakes the knife away, then spins the arm around the man's back.

Trevor, dressed in his costume, tosses Trench Coat into the SECOND MAN and roughly spin kicks him into the building wall. The two fall down in a pile, a little too easily.

Trevor speaks, but with a deeper voice:

TREVOR

Ma'am, are you all right?

MARA

Yes, I'm fine.

He helps Mara up. She smiles at him, shock and awe.

TREVOR

I hope this doesn't put you off
walking, it's still the most
convenient way to travel...

(beat)

Short distances.

She lets out a laugh, covers her mouth shyly.

MARA

Thank you, sir.

A huge FLOOD LIGHT blasts into the alley. Trevor and Mara are both stunned to see the NEWS ANCHOR standing there, while his CAMERA MAN jockeys for a better position.

NEWS ANCHOR

That was amazing, sir! Amazing!
You saved that helpless woman from
two street thugs --

MARA

Helpless?

NEWS ANCHOR

-- what do you have to say now? Why are you doing this?

The News Anchor gets a little close, Trevor backs away. This wasn't part of the plan.

TREVOR

Uh... Uh...

NEWS ANCHOR

Are you the new replacement for Lockdown? Are you trying to fill the shoes of New York's last crime fighter? Sir!

TREVOR

I think I have to go...

Mara turns to Trevor, says something. The News Anchor waits in a strangely thrilled exasperation...

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Willing to save the *world*, ladies and gentlemen, one day at a time!

He runs off into the alley, into shadow. Mara watches him go. The News Anchor and Camera Man then fix on the two unconscious 'criminals', balled up in the corner.

NEWS ANCHOR

You'll be happy to know that the police are on their way.

Quietly, the two whisper to each other...

TRENCH COAT

Dude, Brad never said...

SECOND MAN

I know. We're fucked.

Two POLICE CARS scream up to the alley, officers pour out.

Mara feels around in her jacket pocket. She finds a small, crumpled up piece of paper, written on it:

"Tomorrow night, Central Park, 12 sharp."

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

A large, drunk LUMBERJACK-looking guy is standing up on stage, singing a poor man's rendition of Queen's 'Bohemian Rhapsody'.

Brad, Dennis, and Trevor, now in plain clothes, are celebrating by the bar. Trevor blows back a cheap shot, Brad laughs, pats him on the back a little too hard.

BRAD

We popped your cherry!

Trevor hitches his shoulder, tries to laugh.

DENNIS

I don't know what the fuck we're celebrating, and I don't care!

TREVOR

Where's Cal?

Brad searches the bar.

IN THE FURTHEST CORNER,

Cal is speaking with an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN by the public bathrooms. She smiles, punches his chest playfully.

BRAD

He's gettin' laid! It's a regular sex fest tonight, folks.

Everyone laughs. Bohemian Rhapsody comes to a close. Cal and Attractive Woman step up, adjust the Karaoke machine. The song "Ironic" by Alanis Morissette begins to play.

ON THE TELEVISION,

The noise is drowned out by music, but the NIGHTLY NEWS is on. Dark footage of Trevor saving Mara from the two criminals is playing. It looked bad before, it looks heroic now.

Trevor and Brad watch intently from the bar. Dennis is caught up in applauding Cal and Attractive Woman.

TREVOR

You know what this means, right?

BRAD

It's a little bit more exposure than I would've liked.

TREVOR

But it worked, didn't it?

BRAD

Yeah it did.

TREVOR

I feel good.

BRAD

You should, man. You did a great thing. But I'm worried...

TREVOR

You, worried? About what?

BRAD

Expectations.

Trevor breathes deeply, slaps Brad on the back a little hard.

TREVOR

Loosen up, man. It's all going to be perfectly fine.

ON THE STAGE,

Cal and Attractive Woman sing:

CAL & ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Isn't it ironic, dont'cha think!?

CUT TO:

INT. LAKESIDE RETIREMENT HOME, ROOM 202 - NIGHT

An older man stands in the bathroom. He stands over the toilet, struggling, pants around his ankles.

VOICE (O.S.)

The news is on, Shepherd.

SHEPHERD continues trying to piss, but it ain't coming.

SHEPHERD

Just a minute, I'm almost...

Shepherd grimaces. His old face wrinkles up in absolute pain, he takes in quick, panicked breaths. His eyes begin to water. Finally, he just collapses to the ground.

VOICE (O.S.)

I heard a thump, you dead yet?

SHEPHERD

No.

VOICE (O.S.)

The news is on.

IN THE MAIN ROOM,

A slightly younger man, HOUND, sits in a comfortable chair watching a little television.

Shepherd drags himself into the room, pulling his pants up over his checkered boxers.

He returns to the bed, lays down in an awkward heap. The Nightly News is playing.

A familiar face is seated behind the NEWS DESK.

NEWS ANCHOR

With an unmatched amount of courage and strength, this man fought off two local criminals to save a poor woman's life. It was a show of bravery that we haven't seen since the time of Lockdown.

Shepherd and Hound clench up, angry.

SHEPHERD

Did I hear that correctly.

HOUND

Yeah, ya' did.

SHEPHERD

That creamy little fuck in the video? Is that Lockdown's kid or somethin'?

HOUND

We killed his kid.

SHEPHERD

Oh yeah, right. I forgot about that.

The news continues. The interview with Mara.

HOUND

Cute girl. Looks like his squeeze.

SHEPHERD

We better pound her for info.

HOUND

From here?

Shepherd looks out the window. He feels his aging face, his graying hair, and finally his pained groin.

SHEPHERD

Nah, we're walkin' outta this place.

HOUND

I thought you said we'd be quiet after Lockdown hit the skids.

SHEPHERD

Looks like we just got our sequel.

HOUND

Fine then, but how do we slide?

Shepherd reaches over, pushes a button beside the bed.

SHEPHERD

Watch and learn.

INT. KARAOKE BAR, RESTAURANT TABLE - NIGHT

Brad and Cal sit by themselves. The crowd has thinned out a bit, the karaoke bar is abandoned.

CAL

I think I did good with that girl.
I got her number, but I don't know
what to do, exactly. Because I got
like two other numbers, too.

BRAD

I guess they really liked your singing
voice. But you've got a lot to learn.

CAL

It's the first time I've been burdened
with options. I know what I'm gonna
do next, but I'd like to hear from
the school of Brad. Teach me.

BRAD

You really want to know what I think?

CAL

Yeah.

BRAD

The problem is, with guys, is that
they chase the theoretical idea of
woman, not one, but all of them.
You see, that doesn't work because
women want to be singled out, they
want to be cared for. If you chase
down all of them, you'll get none of
them. Know what I mean?

CAL

Not really.

BRAD

Look, it's like a lion stalking a
flock of gazelle.

CAL

You think I should stalk girls?

BRAD

No, not technically. But sorta.

CAL

Isn't that illegal?

BRAD

You're not getting me. You should watch them from the bushes -- no, I mean... from the other side of the club. Survey them, find out which one is the weakest... I don't mean strength wise, but like... weakest as in who would fall for you.

CAL

So one in high heels?

BRAD

You don't literally chase them, you only theoretically chase them.

CAL

So do we theoretically date?

BRAD

No. You physically walk up to them and you find the weakest one, and then you pounce.

CAL

That's rape.

BRAD

Again, not literally.

CAL

Okay, so then I talk to her.

BRAD

Exactly.

CAL

So when does disemboweling her and feeding her to my young come in?

Brad sighs, slams his head into the table.

CAL (CONT'D)

That looks like it hurt.

BRAD

(not moving)

It did. I think I put a little too much into it.

DENNIS (O.S.)

Woo! Go T-man!

Brad peeks up, a red mark on his forehead.

BRAD

What the hell was that?

AT THE KARAOKE MACHINE,

Trevor is piss drunk. He leans down, grabs the mic. Music begins crackling: "Bitch" by Meredith Brooks.

TREVOR

*I hate the world today, You're so
good to me, I know but I can't change!*

Trevor continues singing, doing a bang up job. People cheer.

INT. LAKESIDE RETIREMENT HOME, ROOM 202 - NIGHT

An ORDERLY walks into the room, it's empty. He searches around, finds the locked bathroom door. He knocks.

ORDERLY

Hello, anyone in there?

The bathroom door BURSTS OUT into the Orderly's face. He falls back to the ground. Hound leaps out from the closet with a bed pan, he viciously beats the Orderly.

Hound throws the blood-soaked bed pan to the side.

Shepherd steps out of the bathroom, he wears a well tailored suit. He throws a second suit to Hound.

SHEPHERD

When we walk out of this place, we
do so with style.

Shepherd pulls up a .44 MAGNUM, checks the chamber, locks it back into place. Smooth as silk.

HOUND

Damn straight

Hound quickly gets into the suit, throws off his old clothes.

A SECOND ORDERLY stumbles into the room. He trips over the first orderly, comes face to face with his gored body.

SECOND ORDERLY

Holy shit!

The Magnum cocks behind his head. The orderly stiffens, throws his hands out in front of him.

SECOND ORDERLY (CONT'D)

What... do you want?

Shepherd grins, crow's feet stretch down his cheeks.

SHEPHERD

A little bit o'vengeance.

He pulls the trigger. A flash consumes everything.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Dennis and Cal sit at the table, clapping. Brad doesn't clap, he looks at his friend with a certain amount of concern, then takes a sip of beer.

AT THE KARAOKE MACHINE,

Trevor, oblivious to everything, keeps on singing.

TREVOR

*I'm a bitch, I'm a lover, I'm a child,
I'm a mother, I'm a sinner, I'm a
saint, I do not feel ashamed, I'm
your hell --*

Trevor trips over the microphone chord. He flops over the side of the stage, crashes into an empty table.

DENNIS

Check, please!

INT. POLICE STATION, HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Trench Coat and Second Man sit amongst hardened criminals.

SECOND MAN

He's not coming to bail us out...

TRENCH COAT

I know. We're fucked.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES - DAY

Brad punches his card, slides it back into place. He enters the office refreshed. He walks through the aisles, glances around to see:

Cal, speaking on the phone excitedly to Attractive Woman. He smiles, spins around in his chair. Twirls his mustache.

Dennis, standing in the furthest corner, speaking to the two Female Co-Workers. He thrusts his hips crudely, they laugh.

Finally, Trevor, passed out face first on his desk.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, TREVOR'S DESK - DAY

Brad sits down next to Trevor, taps him on the back.

TREVOR

Lee-me-alone... Fuckin' tired.

Trevor tucks his face in further. Brad leaves, disappointed.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, BRAD'S DESK - DAY

Perfectly organized. Brad sits down, a sad look on his face. He stacks the papers on his desk, glances around. Alone.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, BREAK ROOM - DAY

Mara and her GIRLFRIEND POSSE sit at the break room table.

POSSE #1

So, how was it? I saw you on the news and you looked good!

Trevor walks into the room, rifles through the fridge.

MARA

It was scary, until *he* came.

POSSE #2

You come a little, too?

The girls laugh. Mara slaps Posse #2.

MARA

No... Not yet.

Trevor, still in the fridge, suddenly jerks up. He smashes his head on the inner shelf. Yelps.

MARA (CONT'D)

You okay, clumsy?

Trevor steps out, rubs his head.

TREVOR

Yeah, just dinged the fender.

MARA

I heard about you the other day. Rockin' out and then busted up a karaoke bar. Good work.

TREVOR

Not nearly as adventurous as you. I don't know how guys can compete with crime fighters.

MARA

You? You don't have to.

(beat)

You're sweet just the way you are.

Trevor stops, speechless. The Posse shares knowing looks.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I don't know what to do...

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, BRAD'S DESK - DAY

Brad is seated at his desk. Trevor is on top of it.

BRAD

Now you feel like talking to me.

TREVOR

She said that she liked me the way I was, I think she was trying to say something.

BRAD

Like what?

TREVOR

Maybe make a move on her.

BRAD

What about your hero guy? Wait, does he even have a name yet?

TREVOR

No, but I don't think I need him. I can get her without a stupid mask.
(beat)
The problem is the meeting we have tonight.

BRAD

You asked her on a date?

TREVOR

No, the mask guy thing. The note you told me to leave her.

BRAD

Oh yeah, shit.

TREVOR

What do I do?

BRAD

I'm not sure.

TREVOR

You're the fucking advice guy.

Brad turns to his computer, types a bit.

BRAD

Maybe I don't want to be.

(beat - sighs)

Okay. Just tell her that tonight is the last night your little hero buddy makes an appearance. He's going out of town, or whatever.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

You remove the competition and go in for the kill...

TREVOR

All right, all right. Good idea.

BRAD

I just want to h--

TREVOR

OH! By the way, Cal said that you told him to kill his girlfriend or something. Are you *jealous*?

Brad lets out a genuine laugh. He looks over to Cal.

AT CAL'S DESK,

Cal continues to spin in his chair, the phone chord slowly twists around his neck. Growing taut. He doesn't notice.

BRAD (O.S.)

I sometimes wonder how he's made it this far...

The chord clenches. Cal chokes, falls out of his chair.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, THE LAKE - NIGHT

Mara's digital watch reads 12:00. She looks around, pulls her jacket in tightly. It's cold, quiet.

MARA

He certainly picked a dangerous place to meet me...

TREVOR (O.S.)

Hello.

Mara gasps. Trevor is beside her, dressed in the bandanna and black outfit. He smiles.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I didn't think you'd come.

MARA

It's not a big deal. Girl in the park, I brought my mace. Just in case some asshole showed up instead of you.

TREVOR

Thoughtful. May I see it?

She pulls the mace out of her purse, hands it over.

MARA

It's pretty good stuff.

Trevor examines the mace canister. Mara turns to the lake, studies the waves as the moon shimmers off them.

TREVOR

How do you...

He presses the button, it sprays his face. He starts coughing and hacking, almost removes his bandanna.

MARA

What's wrong?

TREVOR

(rights himself)

That's very potent.

He hands over the mace. She pockets it.

MARA

Yeah... So what did you want?

TREVOR

To talk to you, I believe.

MARA

Because, you know, I'm not going to be your Lois Lane or anything.

TREVOR

Well, thank God for that.

INT. MICKEY'S MARTINI CLUB - NIGHT

The BARTENDER swipes a rag across the counter, places down a coaster. Brad sits in the adjacent stool.

BRAD

Just a draft. Make it thick.

BARTENDER

Comin' right up.

The Bartender grabs a glass, starts to fill it.

LOCKDOWN (O.S.)

Hey bub, that one's on me.

Brad looks down at the end of the bar. Lockdown is there, alone, with a half-empty glass of beer.

LOCKDOWN (CONT'D)

Come on over here.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, THE LAKE - NIGHT

Mara and Trevor walk along the lake. She stays a step ahead.

MARA

So you're not coming back, the whole crime fighting thing was a one-off?

TREVOR

Yes. I have to leave, I thought I had more time but I was sorely mistaken. I'm sorry...

MARA

Don't apologize to me.

TREVOR

But...

MARA

To me, you're just an asshole in a mask. Scared of anyone seeing who you are. Sure, you saved me, but that the fuck else have you done?

TREVOR

Nothing, I guess.

MARA

You're a poor man's hero.

TREVOR

Is that why you came here? Just to tell me that.

MARA

A little. I feel vindicated now. I'm not just a damsel in distress you can save, woo, then fuck.

TREVOR

That wasn't my intention.

MARA

Your mask is pretty hot, and those pants couldn't be much tighter...

(shakes her head)

But no, no. I can't be drawn in like that.

INT. MICKEY'S MARTINI CLUB - NIGHT

Lockdown has an arm over Brad, they share a laugh.

BRAD

So why'd you do it? Why did you fight crime?

LOCKDOWN

For the chicks, bro. I mean, you can get some hot pussy if you're a guy like me. But if you're a guy like me and you punch out a bank robber every now and again... Hot damn!

Lockdown punches the bar. Everyone flinches.

BRAD

Noble.

LOCKDOWN

Fuck noble. This ain't a comic book. It's real life. There's just one problem that real life brings to it.

BRAD

What's that?

LOCKDOWN

Age. You get old. Broads don't want you, your legs stop working. Can't punch a bank robber because you can't fuckin' catch up with 'em. It's a rough ride.

BRAD

Sounds like sh--

LOCKDOWN

Plus! You start watching all the other guys getting attention. Guys like us, normies, don't stand a chance against these muscle bound fucks. You know what I'm talking about? Gym heads. Roid-lovers. Pimple-assed motherfuckers...

BRAD

I get the idea.

LOCKDOWN

They take 'em all and they don't care. Then what are we left with?

BRAD

Nothing.

LOCKDOWN

Damn right. Nothing at all. The hero will *always* get the chick. Know what I mean?

Brad slides the coaster around on the bar counter. He checks the glass, takes a swig of beer. It goes down hard.

BRAD

That happened to me recently.

LOCKDOWN

What did?

BRAD

Buddy of mine wanted a girl. A girl that I liked.

LOCKDOWN

The skinny friend? The guy who's nancing around in that costume?

BRAD

Yeah...
(double checks)
Wait, you knew?

LOCKDOWN

That costume is fucking ghetto.

Brad laughs, a little drunk.

BRAD

I know. I know. Anyway, that girl you talked to...

LOCKDOWN

Mara.

BRAD

Yeah, that's it. I always had a little thing for her. Then he wanted her, and I put his shit ahead of mine. I said, fuck it, he's a friend so I'll help him get her.

(beat)

Meanwhile, I'm left with my cock swinging over a canyon.

LOCKDOWN

My cock tends to fill the canyon.

(off Brad's look)

Sorry, I had to.

BRAD

It's all right.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, THE LAKE - NIGHT

Mara has stopped dead, her angry look cuts into Trevor, even through his silly little mask.

MARA

What kind of a man are you?

(MORE)

MARA (CONT'D)

What kind of a man goes out to save one person, a girl, just to get in her pants? That's awful.

TREVOR

That's not what I wanted!

MARA

Then go back out there, chase sirens.

TREVOR

It's not that simple. It's more *complex*.

MARA

Yes. Yes it is. There are people out there who need help and you were willing to give it. That one little event, I think, brought them hope.

(beat)

It certainly did for me. Until now.

Trevor gets in closer, pleading:

TREVOR

Hey, Superman chased pussy too!

Mara slaps him hard across the face. His bandanna swirls to the side, blocking his vision.

MARA

Don't you ever talk about Superman like that, to me... Ever.

Trevor re-adjusts the bandanna, now he can see.

TREVOR

I'm sorry.

Police sirens blare on the streets. Red lights illuminate the distant trees. A crime is happening.

Mara's hand points out, astute. Follow them.

MARA

Go!

Trevor stands there, strong. A red mark grows on his face. He turns around, watches the red lights streak across the park perimeter. His feet grind, he starts running.

INT. MICKEY'S MARTINI CLUB - NIGHT

BRAD

The one thing I wonder about.

LOCKDOWN

Yeah?

BRAD

Were you ever scared?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, PERIMETER - NIGHT

Trevor runs hard over the grass, out of Mara's sight.

LOCKDOWN (V.O.)

Every. Single. Day.

BRAD (V.O.)

How did you do it?

LOCKDOWN (V.O.)

Strength. Honor. Self respect.

Trevor starts slowing down, doubting himself.

BRAD (V.O.)

And pussy.

LOCKDOWN (V.O.)

Right, yeah, sorry. And pussy.

Trevor tears the bandanna off, throws it on the ground. He looks back to the lake, Mara is gone.

TREVOR

Fuck this. Not a chance in hell.

He tucks his hands into his pockets, walks away.

The bandanna sits there, alone in the grass. A relic of chivalry, as the footsteps grow further away.

BRAD (V.O.)

I don't think my friend has any of those qualities.

INT. MICKEY'S MARTINI CLUB - NIGHT

Lockdown smiles, draws Brad in close.

LOCKDOWN

You'd be surprised.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A POLICE OFFICER closes off the block with yellow tape. A fire fighter carries a rolled up hose over his shoulder.

The old convenience store has been burnt to a crisp.

Two smoke-stained survivors sit on the back of the fire truck, mouths sucking back oxygen. Relieved.

That same Police Officer leans down to speak with them.

POLICE OFFICER
What happened, exactly?

SURVIVOR #1
Two guys walked in, both of them
were wearing these stupid masks...

SURVIVOR #2
Then they -- they, uh, they tied us
up and lit the place on fire.

POLICE OFFICER
Anything stolen?

SURVIVOR #1
No, I don't know what the hell they
wanted.

POLICE OFFICER
Could you identify them?

SURVIVOR #1
No...

SURVIVOR #2
Nah, one was younger. One was older,
had a funny walk. That's it.

ACROSS THE STREET,

A newsstand sits alone. Hound is behind the counter. He's
wearing a baseball cap, pulled tightly over his head. Another
Police Officer walks up.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Hey pal, you see anythin'?

HOUND
No bud, just got on the clock. Last
guy just checked out.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Thanks, sorry for the problem.

The Police Officer heads back to the scene.

HOUND
No problem, hell of a view.

Shepherd approaches from the alley, dressed in a hobo's
jacket. He walks up, grabs a NEW YORK TIMES.

HOUND (CONT'D)
Two dollars, babe.

SHEPHERD

Stop fuckin' around. What's the skinny?

HOUND

Both of 'em survived. Cops got 'ere just on the ticker. No masked man.

SHEPHERD

Disappointing.

HOUND

Tellin' me... You think he'll show?

Shepherd flips through the paper, towards the end.

SHEPHERD

Might'a got the willies. Might'a been savin' some other schmuck.
(reads paper, angry)
Sonuvabitch.

HOUND

What's rollin'?

SHEPHERD

We got a mention in the rag, but it's way in the black section. Barely a shout. Two aging criminals escape old age home, foul play involved.

HOUND

Any Polaroid's?

SHEPHERD

Nada.

HOUND

What a shame.

Shepherd folds up the paper, leaves it on the counter.

HOUND (CONT'D)

So what's the schematic?

SHEPHERD

Gotta make an imprint on the news.

HOUND

Really, fella' could get used to a nine-to-five like this? 'Specially since the last guy split his cap.

Hound laughs, taps his hat, looks beneath the counter: The Newsstand Vendor is laying there, bullet in the brain.

SHEPHERD

I think we only got one move to make
now, one dance-step.

ON THE SIDEWALK,

Trevor walks by the scene of the fire. He fetches a few glances, stuffs his hands deeper into his pockets. He walks past the Newsstand, kindly nods to Shepherd and Hound.

They wait for him to pass, off down the street.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

We find the girl. Fucker's gonna realize that gettin' the willies is gonna cost him a spread.

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor walks in, throws his keys on the desk. It's pitch black. He reaches to flick the lights on, stops.

TREVOR

Hello?

Brad is sitting quietly in the corner of the room.

BRAD

Home from your nice date. You get a fuck out of the deal?

TREVOR

Brad? What the hell are you doing?

Brad turns on the table lamp next to him. He's bleary eyed, angry, and definitely confused.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You look like shit.

BRAD

Funny, you're the one who should feel like shit. Since you are *shit*

TREVOR

I can't take this right now.

BRAD

All I tried to do was help you, and all you did was fuck me over.

TREVOR

Dude, honestly. What in the name of fuck are you talking about?

BRAD

Doesn't matter.

TREVOR

Then I'm gonna go crash.

Brad stands up, wobbles a bit.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Oh, you're drunk.

BRAD

Having a moment of clarity, actually.

TREVOR

Judging by that lemon-y look on your face, that's the last fucking thing on your mind right now. Just go to bed, get some sleep.

BRAD

Fuck you.

TREVOR

Oh God, you have to stop now. I didn't get into her fucking pants, okay. She likes *me*, she doesn't like the fucking mask.

BRAD

Yeah, bullshit. I helped you get her, and what do you show me?

TREVOR

I haven't thanked you enough?

(beat)

Fine, fucking thank you for being such a great friend.

BRAD

Less patronizing, you pussy-chasing asshole.

Trevor throws his coat down, heads for the bathroom.

TREVOR

Fuck. You. End of story.

BRAD

No, the story doesn't end...

Brad grabs his arm. Trevor immediately snaps his hand away, but it catches Brad in the gut.

BRAD (CONT'D)

So you want to fight?

TREVOR

Brad, come on, man. I know that you're just being a fuckhead, but this is taking it a little --

Brad makes a wide haymaker, misses, falls face first into the hardwood floor. Trevor steps over him.

BRAD

Come on, you asshole.

TREVOR

Stay there, go to bed. I'll get you a pillow and blanket.

Brad gets up, dusts himself off.

BRAD

No, I gotta work tomorrow.

TREVOR

Really? I never ever see you working you stupid lazy fuck.

Brad's eyes snap into clarity. His face hardens. Trevor gets it, he steps forward to plead.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

No, no... Come on, man. Look...

Brad walks over to the seat in the corner. He plucks up his keys, heads for the front door.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry man, it's just... I never see you working. Come on! Look what you fucking said to me!

Trevor stands in the furthest corner of the room. Brad stands at the half-open door.

BRAD

It's never been about that.

Brad walks out. Gingerly closes the door behind him.

TREVOR

FUCK!

Trevor throws his hands in the air, pleads with the sky. He sighs, starts to peel off his shirt.

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Trevor stands in the bathroom in his boxers, stoic. He stares into the mirror, back at his own face.

TREVOR

He was drunk, it's okay. He'll forget all about it.

(beat - thinks a moment)

Fuck.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES - DAY

PAUL, the boss, dressed in a white shirt, strolls through the office with his enormous gut and thinning hair.

Dennis and Cal stand in the corner, watching something.

PAUL

What the hell's goin' on? Why ain't
you bustin' some chops?

Dennis points to Trevor, who paces around the office. He glances at Mara, she doesn't notice. Then circles again.

DENNIS

We're watching the show.

In the break room, the microwave bings. Cal strides over, opens it up, returns with a bag of popcorn.

CAL

Watch it, it's hot.

He opens it up, grabs a handful. Scarfs it down.

DENNIS

Pace yourself, we still got like
three hours of this.

PAUL

If you guys don't stop...

DENNIS

Shh... He's making another approach.

ACROSS THE OFFICE,

Trevor strides directly up to Mara. He waits, she finally looks up from her paperwork.

MARA

Hey, what's up?

TREVOR

Do you wanna... Like, go out on a...
You know, a thing. Planned time. I
dress up. You dress up. Clothes.

MARA

(smiles)
A date?

TREVOR

Yeah, one of those.

MARA

Sure.

Trevor lets out a sigh of relief. Smiles back.

MARA (CONT'D)

As long as you tell me what your buddies are doing over there?

Brad looks up:

Cal, Dennis, and Paul stand by the door. Paul shoves a handful of popcorn into his mouth, waves.

TREVOR

I honestly have no idea.

MARA

So, where do you wanna go?

AT THE BREAK ROOM,

Brad walks up to Paul and the others.

BRAD

What are you guys looking at?

PAUL

Shh... We're observing the love making process of the wild humanoid.

Brad glances over at Trevor and Mara, they smile and laugh.

BRAD

I'm gonna take off, okay? I feel a little sick.

PAUL

(not looking)

Sure, that's good. See you tomorrow?

BRAD

Definitely.

Brad throws an angry look to the others, leaves.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, MARA'S DESK - DAY

Trevor scribbles the time down on a sheet of paper.

TREVOR

So seven o'clock, we meet?

MARA

Sure. I'll make the time.

Trevor's attention is drawn across the room. He watches Brad grab his things, walk out of the office. Punch out.

TREVOR

What the fuck?

MARA
Everything okay?

Trevor stands, moves away.

TREVOR
Yeah, I'll be right back.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul scrambles back into his office, wipes the hot butter from his face. He clears his throat.

Trevor walks in, determined and angry.

PAUL
Yes, Trevor? What's the problem?

TREVOR
Aside from the spying.

Paul accidentally coughs up a kernel. He swipes it away.

PAUL
Yeah. Aside from that.

TREVOR
Why the fuck are you letting Brad go home early? I never get that kind of luxury, and I bust my ass at this place. I never see him working.

PAUL
Really? You must have bad eyes.

TREVOR
What are you talking about?

PAUL
Brad finished this days work before lunch today. I have it right here.

He pulls a folder up from the drawer, slaps it on the desk.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Great stuff, I might add.

TREVOR
What about every other day?

PAUL
Same thing. He hasn't missed a day's work in like three years.

TREVOR
But he's walking around all the time.

PAUL

We let him. He does his eight hours
in three. Five are up for grabs.

TREVOR

But...

PAUL

There's really nothing else to say.

Trevor picks up the folder. He flips through it, every page
cuts into him like a knife.

TREVOR

I'm such an asshole.

INT. THE CHATEAU, WINDOW BOOTH - NIGHT

Trevor and Mara pick through their fine French cuisine.

MARA

You're not a bad guy, Trevor.

TREVOR

Sometimes I wonder. Like, I wonder
whether or not I'm part of a greater
whole. Or if we're just floating
around on a blue marble.

MARA

Oh, don't get into that with me.

TREVOR

Why? Not a theologian?

MARA

No, I just don't like bullshit.
Making everyone feel small by saying
we're just a speck in the universe.

TREVOR

But we are.

MARA

To God, maybe. But to each other,
we're everything. People, and the
connections between them are the
most important thing to us. Fuck
everybody else.

TREVOR

It's like heroes.

MARA

Another thing I'd rather not get
into today.

TREVOR

I just wonder if they're achieving more than someone like me.

MARA

No, they just fill a gap. It's like earth's equilibrium.

TREVOR

How so?

MARA

Uh, um... All we are, really, is a series of cogs inside this planet. We keep turning, because that's all we know how to do. We can ask why, we can theorize what's outside of the planet, but it doesn't matter.
(spins her hand)
Turn, turn, turn.

TREVOR

Isn't that scary to you?

MARA

No. It's our role, and we fill it as best we can.

TREVOR

I'd hate to think we're limited by something so simple.

MARA

It limits you if you let it.

TREVOR

But if we're just cogs...

MARA

What if we're just specks?

Trevor forks through his food, sips his drink.

TREVOR

I get it. I'd rather be a cog, instead of something that can be swept under the galactic carpet.

MARA

Exactly.

TREVOR

So where do we fit in?

MARA

That's what we're trying to figure out. Cogs tend to click together at some point or another.

TREVOR

Okay, I'm really liking this conversation, aside from the whole relating us to cogs, thing.

Mara laughs. It warms Trevor's heart.

EXT. THE CHATEAU, SIDEWALK ACROSS STREET - NIGHT

Brad sits at a bench, watches Mara and Trevor through the window of the restaurant. He's in shadow, eyes dark.

A black bag is violently pulled over his head!

Hound rises up behind him, whispers something into his ear. Brad struggles, gasping. Hound pulls him clean off of the bench, into the dark alley behind them. Silence.

THROUGH THE CHATEAU WINDOW,

Trevor and Mara continue eating, laughing with each other.

EXT./INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

A taxi cab pulls up to the curb. Trevor and Mara step out, headed towards the office doors.

MARA

Sure you got enough sleep?

Trevor groggily blows her off, yawns.

TREVOR

That's your fault. Your apartment is so noisy at night.

MARA

Mmm-hmm, didn't seem like you minded at the time, Trevor.

They step through the revolving door, into the well polished office lobby.

TREVOR

Do you think I should say something to Brad?

MARA

Yeah. He's your best friend. I know it's been bothering you.

TREVOR

I can't help it. After what I said...

Mara interlocks arms with Trevor.

MARA

Give it a shot. See what happens.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, BRAD'S DESK - DAY

The desk is empty. Trevor arrives, looks around. Nothing.

TREVOR
Where the hell is he?

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, MARA'S DESK - DAY

Mara cups her hand over the phone, leans into the aisle. Trevor strides past her. Concerned.

MARA
Was he there?

TREVOR
No, gonna go ask Paul.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Trevor knocks on the door of the office. Paul waves him in.

TREVOR
Do you know where Brad is? Been looking for him.

PAUL
No idea. Haven't seen him.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, BATHROOM - DAY

Trevor knocks on the door of the furthest stall.

TREVOR
Brad, you in there?

CAL (O.S.)
No.

Cal opens the stall door, smiles.

CAL (CONT'D)
Just little old me.

Trevor rubs his eyebrows, a headache builds.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, BREAK ROOM - DAY

Trevor sits, arms crossed. Lunch on the table. Untouched.

Mara, Dennis and Cal sit on either side of him. Dennis jabs his finger through the hole of a bagel.

DENNIS
...and *that's* the Chut-Way.

MARA
Oh my God, you're dirty.

CAL

I'd never do that with my girlfriend.

MARA

Oh yeah! How's it going with you two? Good? Better?

CAL

It's good. We got a little trip to Canada planned next week.

MARA

The falls?

Cal nods, takes a bite out of his sushi plate.

MARA (CONT'D)

That's so romantic.

CAL

Yeah, it was her idea.

DENNIS

I remember the falls. There's this hotel down there, great hookers...

CAL

(chuckles)

Really?

They continue. Mara looks over to Trevor, his eyes are fixed forward. She puts her hand on his. Reassuring.

MARA

(quietly)

It'll be okay.

He looks at her. A small smile cracks on his lips.

TREVOR

I hope so.

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The keys jingle in the lock. Trevor steps in, Mara behind him. It's empty, shades drawn.

TREVOR

Brad, buddy, you here?

No response. Mara steps through the apartment. She pulls open all the shades. Light pours in.

MARA

You guys live like vampires.

TREVOR

Sorry, I haven't cleaned it in a while. It's a guy thing.

Mara steps towards Brad's room.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

But Brad's room is always...

Mara opens the door, looks in.

MARA

A pig sty.

TREVOR

What?

Trevor walks up. The room has been shaken down. Bed's unmade, curtains off the wall, dresser's trashed.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Oh, no no no... No... Please don't...

MARA

Did he leave a note?

TREVOR

Oh God, I dunno.

Trevor walks back to the desk. He checks through the notepad. Nothing. The answering machine: 00.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What the FUCK?!

MARA

Trevor! Calm down. Why are you so worried about him? You said you got into a fight, he might've just...

TREVOR

Done a lot of things. *That's* what I'm freaked out about.

MARA

I'm sure he's fine.

Trevor rips the drawer out of the desk. It spills pencils and paper all along the floor. He breathes deeply.

TREVOR

I'm sorry. I don't think you know what he's capable of.

Mara steps up quietly. She grabs Trevor's face, holds him in tightly. Kisses him.

MARA

Then tell me.

Trevor grabs her arms, gathers strength.

TREVOR

He tried to commit suicide once.
Two years ago, after this girl left
him. He got depressed. Got angry.
Vanished, just like he did now, and
slit his wrists in a motel.

(laughs, sadly)

Luckily the dumbass didn't do it
right, he just bled out for a bit
until the maid caught him. That's
when he moved in with me.

MARA

He always seemed so happy.

TREVOR

He is now, I think. But I was always
really gentle with him, because I
was afraid that he'd snap again.

MARA

What did you say to him? What do
you think would make him snap?

TREVOR

(looks down - defeated)

I don't know. That's why I'm scared.

MARA

Just think of where he might go.
Instead of... the motel.

TREVOR

Probably his mother's.

MARA

Can we get a hold of her?

Trevor points weakly to the phone.

TREVOR

She's on auto dial.

MARA

Okay, just a minute.

Mara walks over to the phone. Dials.

Trevor leans down, starts to collect all the junk splayed
out from the drawer. Sniffs away a tear.

MARA (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hello, Mrs. Gibbs. Yeah, it's a friend of Trevor's. I'm at the apartment, yeah... You read it on the Caller ID? That's good.

(beat)

Someone called for him? Could you tell me who?

(writes down on pad)

Okay. Okay, thanks.

She hangs up the phone. Trevor stands up, returns the drawer to its place. Mara looks confused, holds up the pad of paper.

MARA (CONT'D)

Who's Paisley Cleaners?

EXT. PAISLEY CLEANERS - DAY

"Paisley's, where everything comes with a mirror shine!"

The happy sign reads, bolted to the side of a beat down factory outside of town. It's derelict, windows boarded.

INT. PAISLEY CLEANERS, MAIN ROOM - DAY

Small horizontal shafts of light illuminate a familiar face. Brad gasps for air, lips mashed into the hard cement floor. He pulls himself up. Looks around. It's pitch black.

BRAD

Hello?

His voice rapidly echoes back to him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Where the hell am I?

Again, rapidly. He's in a confined space.

Huge fluorescent lights buzz to life. The entire factory space is made clear. Shepherd and Hound stand a mere ten feet away from Brad. But through a wall...

SHEPHERD

Mornin' little buddy.

A clear Plexiglas wall, which imprisons Brad on all sides.

BRAD

Don't I know you two?

SHEPHERD

Ah, some class amongst the mongoloids. The old noodle should be cooking up some flashback on us...

BRAD

Were you in a band?

Shepherd's features tighten. He walks around the clear cell, taps the large metal device affixed to the side of it.

In his seriousness, Shepherd's voice changes.

SHEPHERD

You know what this is, asshole?

BRAD

Condom dispenser?

SHEPHERD

No, it's a pretty complicated ventilation system. It provides all the air you're breathing right now.

Brad sniffs in the air, panic builds in his eyes.

BRAD

Oh, really.

SHEPHERD

Yeah. Cool stuff. Well, aside from one little thing. Y'see, it's also connected to this little -- and I mean a *little* -- bit of toxic gas.

Brad pulls himself up on the small metal chair within the cell. His legs wobble, unsteady.

BRAD

You didn't...

SHEPHERD

Oh no, not yet. That wouldn't be any fun. Quite simply. The stipulations of this little device have been set by us to serve a far more poetic purpose.

BRAD

English would be nice right now, I'm not thinking too clearly.

SHEPHERD

(angry now)

You're dead when we say so.

This hits Brad like a ton of bricks. He sits in the chair.

BRAD

What do you want?

SHEPHERD

A little bit of pain. But not for you. For your masked friend.

BRAD

Trevor?

(catches himself)

I mean...

SHEPHERD

We know his name. We know his friends. We knew you. Don't take us for idiots, Bradley.

BRAD

Now I know you two. Shepherd and Hound. That's it, isn't it?

SHEPHERD

Obviously you're also not an idiot. A little stupid, though.

BRAD

I guess Lockdown didn't shame you two enough, eh? You want to get your asses handed to you again?

Shepherd's hand teases the button on the metal device.

SHEPHERD

I could do it right now, you know.
(beat)

Lockdown is a thing of the past. A relic of his age. This is an all new age. More technology, cheaper weapons... A haven for guys like me.

BRAD

I can't believe this. You guys read one too many comics.

SHEPHERD

You obviously haven't read enough.

Shepherd walks off towards the door, Hound follows him.

BRAD

Hey, where are you going?

SHEPHERD

Business to be taken care of, Bradley. But it's okay, you'll be seeing at least one of your friends soon.

Brad walks up to the Plexiglas wall, horrified.

BRAD

What are you gonna do?

SHEPHERD

It's not what I'm going to do. It's
what he's going to do.

Shepherd walks up to the factory door. It's armed with a
trigger device, attached to the door itself and the wall.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

When I close this door, this little
device is going to arm. Once it
does, the next person who opens it
will release the gas into your cell.

(beat)

There's no way to stop it... So if
your friend is apt enough to find
you, he'll also kill you.

Shepherd opens the door, Hound walks out. He presses a few
buttons on the door console. A toothy smile follows.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Poetry...

(turns off the lights)

Enjoy your stay.

The last rays of light are blacked out as the door slams
shut. A small readout on the door displays, "ARMED". Brad
screams for help, almost deafens himself.

BRAD

God, Trevor, for once in your life.

(beat, a whimper)

Don't help me.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dennis sits on a recliner chair, glasses on. He pages through
a STEPHEN KING novel. DIANE, his rather elegant British
wife, is reading a newspaper on the couch across from him.

There's a knock at the door. They exchange a glance.

DIANE

Expecting a guest?

DENNIS

I don't know who that is.

Diane sighs, folds up the newspaper. She answers the door.
Trevor's there. He steps inside.

TREVOR

Hi, I'm sorry for the bother. I'd
just like to speak with your husband.

DIANE

Dennis?

DENNIS

It's okay, Diane, let him in.

Diane steps out of the way. She grabs the newspaper off of the couch, dusts it off. Gestures for Trevor to sit.

DIANE

Would you like something to drink?

TREVOR

Just water. *Orange juice*, if you have it.

DIANE

Just a moment.

Diane walks into the kitchen, rustles some cupboards.

DENNIS

What the fuck are you doin' here?

TREVOR

I need your help. Brad's missing.

DENNIS

Why is that any of my fu--

Diane walks back into the room. A freshly poured glass of orange juice in her hand.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(clears throat)

--damn business.

DIANE

Dennis! You're cursing.

She places the glass down, gives Trevor an apologetic look.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that.

TREVOR

Perfectly fine, thanks for the drink.

DENNIS

Could you fetch us some sandwiches or something, Diane?

DIANE

Just a moment.

Diane walks back into the kitchen.

DENNIS

See, I got her trained.

TREVOR

Pretty sure it's the other way around.

DENNIS

Don't fuckin' matter. What's wrong?

TREVOR

Brad, he's gone. I think something might've happened to him.

DENNIS

Why's that?

TREVOR

I can't really say.

DENNIS

Then I can't fuckin' help.

DIANE

(from KITCHEN)

Dennis, cursing!

DENNIS

(to KITCHEN, sweetly)

Sorry, darling!

(to Trevor)

Just keeping appearances.

TREVOR

I'll do all your desk work tomorrow if you help me find this place.

Trevor pulls a scrap of paper from his pocket, Mara's writing. Dennis snaps it away, studies it.

DENNIS

Paisley? Never heard of it.

TREVOR

Neither have I. It's not listed, and I know you're good with computers...

Dennis removes his glasses...

DENNIS

Fine, give me a minute.

INT. DENNIS' HOUSE, COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Trevor winces at the loud dial-up modem, it logs on.

Dennis doesn't miss a beat. He adjusts his smaller glasses while typing. Finds something.

DENNIS

Paisley Cleaners. It's just a couple miles out of town. Old place.

TREVOR

Dennis, I'm going to need to borrow your car.

DENNIS

I thought you had a date with Mara.

TREVOR

I know I do, but I need your car.

DENNIS

You get it back by the end of the night, full tank, it's yours.

(beat, assured)

What else?

Trevor stands up, not sure of anything.

TREVOR

I could also use some...

Diane walks into the room, a tray of sandwiches in her hand.

DIANE

Grub? For my little detectives!

Dennis grabs a sandwich, takes a bite.

DENNIS

Thank you, honey.

TREVOR

Can I borrow your gun?

Diane checks the tray, smells the sandwiches.

DIANE

Gosh, are they that bad?

DENNIS

It's yours, Trevor.

DIANE

Okay, okay. I'll go make another batch...

Diane quickly leaves the room. Dennis grabs Trevor's arm.

DENNIS

Is it that bad?

TREVOR

I get the feeling it could be.

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevor lays a perfectly ironed suit out on his bed, next to the bandanna and the gun. His eyes whip between the two. A decision has to be made.

After a moment, he reaches down towards the bed...

INT. THE CHATEAU, WINDOW BOOTH - NIGHT

Mara sits at the table, dressed up nicely. She smiles, a man in a suit approaches. It's the WAITER.

WAITER

Anything to drink, ma'am?

MARA

Just a water for now.

(checks watch)

My date is running a little late.

EXT. PAISLEY CLEANERS - NIGHT

A single, loping dog sniffs along the sidewalk. It looks up, frightened, scuttles off into the alley.

Trevor drives up in Dennis' red FORD ESCORT, bandanna on. He parks the car, gets out. He examines the factory closely, the boarded windows, litter, and darkness inside.

INT. PAISLEY CLEANERS, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Brad sits in shadow. A figure shifts past the window, it gets his attention. He watches closely: it's Trevor.

BRAD

Trev... Trevor, no! Trevor!

Brad searches frantically around the small cell...

EXT. PAISLEY CLEANERS - NIGHT

Trevor walks along the wall of the factory, teases it with his hand. He reaches another window, looks inside. Nothing.

TREVOR

Aw, fuck. There's no point.

A loud thump bellows from inside. Trevor's eyes search around quickly for a door, he breaks into a sprint.

INT. PAISLEY CLEANERS, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Brad smashes the chair against the Plexiglas.

BRAD

Trevor! Stay the fuck out! Watch the goddamn door, no!

EXT. PAISLEY CLEANERS - NIGHT

Trevor hauls ass around the corner, headed for the door...

INT. PAISLEY CLEANERS, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor bursts into the room, flicks on the lights. He finds Brad in the Plexiglas prison, screaming his head off.

BRAD

Fuck! No, fuck! God damn it, Trevor!
What the fuck are you doing?

TREVOR

Trying to save you!

The door shuts. The readout blinks, "ACTIVATED".

Brad turns to the metal device, it beeps. A misty gas starts to spray into the cell.

BRAD

You've gotta do something!

Trevor runs up to the metal box. He examines the buttons, the console, it's all foreign to him.

TREVOR

What do I do? I dunno...

BRAD

Kick it! Rip it off!

Trevor holds up the gun.

TREVOR

What about shooting it?

BRAD

Fine, try that!

Trevor takes a few steps back, holds out the gun. He shields his eyes and clenches...

BRAD (CONT'D)

Wait, where'd you get the gun?

The six-shooter pistol hammer draws and snaps loudly, sending a bullet directly into the device. But the bullet deflects, pings off the metal, blasts out a window.

TREVOR

Shit...

The gas stops dispensing. The cell is filled. Brad sits down in the chair, crosses his arms.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What's going on?

BRAD

Can you leave me alone before I die?

TREVOR

You did this?

BRAD

Yes, I locked myself in a cell and rigged it with gas.

TREVOR

That was gas?

BRAD

It wasn't steam.

(off TREVOR's look)

Do you remember... Lockdown? Those guys... his arch-neme-whatever's...

TREVOR

Yeah, Shepherd and Dog or something.

BRAD

Hound... They did this.

TREVOR

Did what?

Brad gestures around the cell, slaps his hands down.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

That gas was toxic, wasn't it?

Brad nods, the reality starts to set in.

BRAD

Dude, I'm gonna die. That's not cool.

TREVOR

You're not going to die, I'll get you out of here somehow. I'll shoot the glass.

BRAD

No point, I beat the shit out of it with the chair. I think it's shatter proof.

TREVOR

Is there a door? How did you get in there?

BRAD

I woke up in here. Last thing I remember is you and Mara... Well, that's not important.

TREVOR

Me and Mara, what?

BRAD

I saw you two at The Chateau. That's where they picked me up... Or took me, I wasn't turning tricks...

Brad starts to get dizzy, he falls into the furthest wall of the cell. Trevor walks over, kneels down next to him.

TREVOR

I'm sorry.

BRAD

Oh, fuck it... Don't worry about me. I guess I deserved it. Karma. God saw me try to take my life, I fucked up, so he takes it for me.

(beat, wheeze)

I just wish it wasn't those two.

TREVOR

What do you want me to do? Do you want me to kill them?

(holds up gun, earnest)

I swear to God I'll finish them off, I'll find them and kill them.

BRAD

That's murder, hero.

TREVOR

I'm not a hero.

BRAD

I know.

(beat)

Can I ask you one thing?

TREVOR

Anything.

BRAD

Can you take off that stupid mask?

Trevor smiles nervously, removes the mask. He looks at Brad, things aren't going so well. His eyes swell.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Oh, I feel like shit.

TREVOR
Just don't think about it.

BRAD
Kinda hard not to, Trevor.

TREVOR
I know, buddy. But it'll be okay.

BRAD
I'll just say one thing, before it...
Before it ends.
(breathes deeply)
Just don't go under that desk ever
again, Trev. Don't hide from your
life, you know, live it.

TREVOR
I will, Brad. I swear I will.

BRAD
See ya' later, buddy...

Brad's hand streaks along the Plexiglas, his face falls into the cement floor, laying flat...

Trevor gathers his strength, gets to his feet. His eyes begin to swell with tears. With everything he has, he begins to walk away from the cell. From his dead friend.

Trevor raises the gun, checks the chamber. Strong.

TREVOR
They're dead.

BRAD (O.S.)
Trev...?

Trevor's eyes widen, he spins around. Brad is still laying flat on the cement. His chest heaves up and down.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Dude, why am I not dead?

Half relieved, half amazed, Trevor runs up to the cell.

TREVOR
What the fuck is going on?

Trevor runs back around to the metal device. He tears at it mercilessly. A panel flies off. Inside is a FOG MACHINE.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
It wasn't gas. There was no gas.
Brad, they sprayed fog in there.

BRAD

Why would they do that? Why the fuck would they bring me all the way out here and pull some shit prank?

Trevor locks up, terrified. He stands.

TREVOR

To get me out of town.

BRAD

(realizes)

Oh, shit.

EXT. MICKEY'S MARTINI CLUB - NIGHT

Lockdown is led out of the bar by a BOUNCER, he shrugs him off once they reach the sidewalk.

LOCKDOWN

Fine, okay, whatever... Be a dick.

BOUNCER

Just go home, get some rest.

LOCKDOWN

Go fuck yourself.

The Bouncer slams the door shut.

Lockdown adjusts his sleazy outfit. He starts down the street, turns the corner...

A LOUISVILLE SLUGGER is smashed across his forehead!

He falls to the ground, scrambles up to the closest wall. His nails wrench on the brick, causing him to yelp. In one motion, Lockdown rolls over to see a thug above him.

Hound, bat held over his shoulder like a rifle.

HOUND

Happy to see me again?

LOCKDOWN

I heard you fuckers were out... Didn't think you'd have the ba --

Another crack to the chest. Lockdown spits up blood.

LOCKDOWN (CONT'D)

You think I care if I die?

HOUND

(holds up two fingers)

A little bit, maybe.

LOCKDOWN

I see you two aren't talking like a
show-tunes band any more.

HOUND

Things are different. We've changed.

LOCKDOWN

Speaking of which, where's your master
you indignant fuck? Didn't have the
guts to show up and see me off?

HOUND

(holds up bat)
He had other plans.

Hound brings the bat down on Lockdown's head for one final,
life-ending strike...

INT. THE CHATEAU, WINDOW BOOTH - NIGHT

Mara checks her watch. Three empty glasses are on the table.
She sighs, reaches under the table to get her purse. She
plops it on the table, looks up, gasps...

Shepherd sits there, well dressed, a wry smile on his face.

SHEPHERD

Hello, sweetheart.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. PAISLEY CLEANERS, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor wields a crane-lift control remote. It's hook already
looped into the roof of the Plexiglas cell. It lifts up.

Brad doesn't wait a moment, he crawls underneath the cell as
it lifts up, dusts himself off. His first instinct is to
walk over to Trevor, he hugs him closely.

BRAD

Thank you.

Trevor pats his back, assures him.

TREVOR

Watch out next time, okay?

BRAD

There won't be a next time.

Trevor pushes Brad away, looks around the factory.

TREVOR

Could they still be here?

BRAD

If they wanted us dead, or you dead,
they'd rig this place.

Trevor leads Brad to the door.

TREVOR

What are they after?

BRAD

News. Headlines, I think.

TREVOR

It's all because of that incident,
when I saved Mara.

They walk through the door, out to the parked car.

BRAD

Then they'd know about her.

Trevor opens the driver's side door, steps in.

TREVOR

Meaning we have to hurry.

EXT. RED DISTRICT STREETS, INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The car squeals around a corner, heads for MANHATTAN ISLAND.

INT. DENNIS' CAR, DRIVING - NIGHT

Trevor's hands clench the wheel tightly, Brad seems nervous.

TREVOR

Did they say anything specifically?
Anything that might tell us where
they'd go, what they'd do.

BRAD

I have no idea.

TREVOR

Think! Come on!

BRAD

I'm sorry! Holy fuck, they wouldn't
spill the beans to me if they knew I
was going to live...

TREVOR

I thought they all did that.

BRAD

Well, obviously not these two.
They've thought it through.

TREVOR
That's what scares me.

Trevor makes a hard turn, almost launches Brad from his seat.

BRAD
Okay Batman, settle the fuck down.
We're about to hit New York traffic.

EXT. MARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, STREET - NIGHT

Dennis' car parks. Trevor and Brad get out.

TREVOR
This is the place.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A long, scary corridor drenched in shadow. The fluorescent lights have all been broken out. The elevator arrives.

Trevor and Brad step out, their feet crackle on the busted glass strewn along the floor. Trevor reaches down to his pocket for the bandanna, Brad slaps it away.

BRAD
No, that's stupid.

Trevor stops dead, glass half-busted beneath his shoe.

TREVOR
They can hear us. That's why they broke the lights.

BRAD
Shit. How do we?

TREVOR
I dunno.

BRAD
Run for it. We just run for her door, which one is it?

TREVOR
Last one on the left.

BRAD
Okay, okay... We make a break for it, get that pea-shooter ready.

They hunker down, ready for a burst of speed...

BRAD (CONT'D)
Trev, if we die.

TREVOR
Don't say that.

BRAD

Just in case... You remember that time you drenched yourself in coffee?

TREVOR

Yeah, you switched it out with my phone on purpose. I knew that.

BRAD

Oh, okay.

TREVOR

GO!

Trevor and Brad sprint along the hallway, slide over the sheet of glass and smash into...

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A dark room. All the light's off. The two crash into the room head-first, quickly scramble to their feet.

TREVOR

You see anything?

BRAD

No, but I smell something.

TREVOR

That's not funny.

Brad reaches over, flicks on the light. The room is empty.

BRAD

I'm not laughing.

It's a typical single woman's living room. Television, red couch, ash-tray on the table. All neat, untouched.

Brad steps forward to the kitchen.

TREVOR

She in there?

BRAD

Not a soul.

Trevor steps to the middle of the living room. The bedroom door is open, empty. She's not here.

TREVOR

They might've taken her somewhere.

BRAD

She have a cell phone? Weren't you two going out on a date?

TREVOR

Holy shit!

He walks over to her phone, picks it up. Dials.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'm not getting anything.

A low hum comes from behind a closed door. Trevor and Brad turn to it, frozen. The bathroom.

Trevor places the receiver down, he pulls the gun out of his waistband. Brad starts inching forward, step by step, his hand rests on the doorknob.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open! Trevor steps in gun ready, Brad hops in behind him, prepared for a fight...

BRAD

(mortified)

Oh my God!

He turns away, runs for the kitchen. His mouth fills with vomit, which pours out into the sink.

Trevor just stands there, motionless. Eyes fixed.

INSIDE THE TUB,

Mara lays there, naked, stomach slashed open from the chest to the naval, intestines seeping into the drain.

Her cell phone vibrates endlessly on the bathroom counter.

CUT TO:

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A few police Officers sweep up the broken lights, pour it all into a large garbage bag.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVE O'BRIEN, your typical clean cut cop, carefully studies the scene over again.

A FORENSICS OFFICER steps up behind him.

O'BRIEN

It's too bad you can't just spin the world around, go back in time, take all of this shit back.

FORENSICS OFFICER

I know, it's a shame.

O'BRIEN

Did you issue something to the press?

FORENSICS OFFICER

Yes, the two men gave us a detailed description. You'd probably like to know who it is...

O'Brien stands up. The Forensics guy hands over a clipboard. He goes through it patiently.

O'BRIEN

Shepherd and Hound, big surprise. Okay, get that to the papers.

FORENSICS OFFICER

I'm sure they'd like that.

O'BRIEN

We have no choice. Make sure to include pictures of the two.

FORENSICS OFFICER

Got it.
(turns away)
Oh, wait a minute.

The Officer turns back. He hands O'Brien an envelope labelled "To my Trevor, with love" in frilly hand-writing.

O'BRIEN

Where was this?

FORENSICS OFFICER

On the kitchen table. The writing checks out, the woman wrote it.

O'BRIEN

Don't open it. Give to him.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Officer takes the envelope, walks through the apartment. POLICE PHOTOGRAPHERS snap a few shots of the apartment. A second DETECTIVE goes through a pile of photographs...

The Officer watches as Mara's life is being torn inside out.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Officer paces past the other cops with brooms and bags. He comes to the other end of the hallway, a door is open.

INT. OLD WOMAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor sits on the couch, a COUNSELOR next to him.

Brad stands in the corner, on a pink rotary phone. He's shaken up, sips an orange juice.

BRAD
 Yeah, mom. I'm fine. Everything's okay, I'm okay. It came a little close, but...
 (looks at TREVOR)
 We're all right.

He puts his hand over the receiver, gestures to the Forensics Officer standing at the door.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 What is it?

FORENSICS OFFICER
 We have a letter here, from the...

Brad looks to Trevor, steps forward from the phone.

BRAD
 I'll take that.

TREVOR
 No, you've done enough. I got it.

Trevor stands up, steps around the old oak table. He accepts the envelope, cradles it in his hands.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 From her?

The Officer nods sadly, walks away. Brad steps up.

BRAD
 What do you mean, I've done enough?

TREVOR
 If I would've left you in that cell, I could've saved her.

BRAD
 I wish you *would've* left me there.
 (a sad beat, re: letter)
 So you gonna open it?

Trevor stares down at the envelope, not sure what to do.

TREVOR
 When the time is right.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, PUNCH CLOCK - MORNING

Trevor walks into the offices, eyes black from insomnia. He punches the clock, heads to his desk.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES - MORNING

Everyone watches him go. A few people stand up from their cubicles, eyes fixed as he sits down.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, TREVOR'S DESK - MORNING

Trevor sits down. He just starts crying.

INT. BILLINGSLEY OFFICES, BREAK ROOM - DAY

Dennis and Cal look over to Trevor, in the furthest corner.

He sits there, stares out the window at the people below. His face sagged in pain. A bird flies past.

Paul steps into the room, a newspaper tucked under his arm. He quietly sidles up to Dennis and Cal, lays it flat against the break room table.

PAUL

(quietly)

They got the whole thing in here.
Even Trevor's mentioned.

The article features two large pictures of Shepherd and Hound, both in their younger years. The headline, "MURDER OF INNOCENT SHOCKS CITY, young victim killed by known criminals."

PAUL (CONT'D)

In the second part...

Paul flips through the newspaper.

PAUL (CONT'D)

They mention Lockdown getting killed.

DENNIS

The end of an era.

CAL

You got that right.

DENNIS

I heard they said it'll be pretty
much impossible to find those two.

CAL

The cops are just scared.

PAUL

I hope they catch 'em.

TREVOR

(from the corner)

Me too.

All three look back at Trevor, he gives a faint smile.

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Trevor closes the front door behind him. He looks to Brad's room, it is completely empty.

The answering machine is beeping, 01. Trevor hits it.

BRAD (V.O.)

(regretfully)

Hey Trev. I'm at my mom's place.
You know the number. Call if you
need me. Thanks for everything.

TREVOR

Yeah, right.

Trevor erases the message, rubs his forehead.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Everything.

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DUSK

Trevor sits with a note pad, phone, and a phone book. He closes up, just finished. He breathes deeply.

The unopened letter sits in front of him. It beckons.

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevor ties the black bandanna across his forehead, tightens up the back. His face galvanized by pain.

EXT. BURKE'S SALOON - NIGHT

A lonely hang-out in the middle of a suburban hellscape.

INT. BURKE'S SALOON, CORNER BOOTH - NIGHT

The same newspaper article from before. It's folded in half by Shepherd. He lays it out on the table.

SHEPHERD

Just what we wanted, we got. See
what can slip when I'm at the wheel?

Hound scratches the freshly-grown beard on his face.

HOUND

You a smart cat, I'll give you that.

SHEPHERD

Our next move is a new location,
then we'll really get clickin'.

HOUND

I can't hardly wait...

Hound's chest is split open by flash of lead!

He grabs at it, unsure of what just happened. Shepherd goes to move, but he sees a man with a smoking gun.

INT. BURKE'S SALOON - NIGHT

Trevor stands there, terrified customers scatter past him for the door. The BARTENDER reaches over for the telephone, begins to dial. Trevor's face is cold, bandanna still on.

SHEPHERD

Trevor Dobson.

TREVOR

I want them to know who I am.

SHEPHERD

How'd you find us?

TREVOR

Made a few phone calls.

Hound starts to gasp for air, his face hits the table. Dead.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

No longer a duo.

The last customer runs past, out the door. The Bartender speaks frantically into the phone, shields his face.

SHEPHERD

Is this what a hero does?

TREVOR

No.

Two more shots. One in the shoulder, one in the head. Shepherd slides down the slick booth chair, crumples up on the floor like a pathetic rag doll.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

That's what I do.

Trevor takes off the bandanna, turns to the bar, sits down on the furthest stool.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Pour me a drink.

BARTENDER

Look, Trevor, the police...

A whiskey bottle shatters above his head. Trevor gestures awkwardly with the gun.

TREVOR

I wanted that one, actually... But
I'll take the one next to it.

The Bartender nervously takes down the drink, pours Trevor a fresh shot. He slides it over.

Trevor holds it to the light, chugs it back.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Now, finish your sentence.

BARTENDER

The police are on their way.

TREVOR

I know, *real* heroes.

Trevor pours himself another drink. Checks it. Chugs it.

He reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out the envelope. His fingers carefully work to tear the furthest edge, it opens easily, he blows inside, pulls out the letter:

"One murder made a villain, Millions a hero" - Alex Pope.

I always knew about the bandanna, tough guy. You don't need it to impress me.

Love ya tons,

Mara.

Trevor smiles through his tears.

Police sirens grow closer. Red and Blue lights streak across the bar windows, the tender looks relieved.

Trevor places the envelope and letter down on the counter.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You were right, Mara.

He sticks the barrel of the gun in his mouth, the bartender leaps forward. Trevor pulls the trigger...

Blood paints the letter in dark crimson, the words now hidden.

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACK. Then, only a whisper:

TREVOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You were right.

FADE OUT:

THE END.