

GUNS, GUNS, GUNS

by

?

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A black jeep drives down an ordinary city street.

INT. JEEP

Two middle-aged men, CHAZ and BARNEY, sit inside the jeep. Chaz is tall and thin while Barney is short and stout. Both of them have long objects wrapped in brown paper lying across their laps.

BARNEY

Say, Chaz. You ever have problems with groundhogs?

CHAZ

Can't say I have, Barney.

BARNEY

Well I got groundhog problems. Those furry motherfuckers have been destroying the foundations of the house with all that burrowing they do. I used to gas them but those critters can hold their breath something awful so it never did any good. I remember one time, one of those gas bombs set the whole goddamn porch on fire. After it was put out, all those groundhogs came out of their holes and lined up in front of the house and, I swear to you, those bastards were smiling at me. Those furry sons-of-bitches got it out for me, I tell you.

CHAZ

(sarcastic)

Sure Barney. Those groundhogs got it out for you, for sure.

BARNEY

Well, that's what I'm telling you, ain't I? I remember this other time, I threw a gas bomb into one of their holes and they threw it right back out

BARNEY

at me. I got gassed, I did. Knocked out cold.

CHAZ

(sarcastic)

I tell you, Barney, that's a vendetta you got there.

BARNEY

I know, right? Anyway, after the gas, I switched to traps. Caught me one of those assholes and kicked his furry ass all over the garage for about an hour or so. Until the missus called me for lunch, at least.

From the look on his face, Chaz clearly does not want to hear anymore of this story.

CHAZ

You told that groundhog, you did.

BARNEY

You bet your ass I did. Got his brains all over my boots though. Anyway, I've quick beating and switched to shooting.

Barney pats the object in his lap.

BARNEY

I just stick this hear rifle into that cage and tell that sucker he's got a treat coming his way. Then surprise, surprise, his brains are splattered all over the inside of that cage.

CHAZ

What do you do with that groundhog after it's dead?

BARNEY

I take that sorry ass piece of shit into the woods and I set it on fire.

(laughs)

What do you think of that, Chaz? Hell

BARNEY

of a way to put a gun to good use, eh  
Chaz?

(beat)

CHAZ

Barney, you stupid son of a bitch!  
Ain't you got any principles?!

BARNEY

Huh—

CHAZ

You don't just unload a shot into a  
groundhog in a cage then go set it on  
fire! You sacrifice a bullet on a wild  
animal, it damn well better in the  
wild and you damn well better make use  
of everything that animal has to offer!  
You respect your prey! You respect your  
bullet! You respect your gun! What do  
you have to say to that, Barney?!

(beat)

BARNEY

I say, you got groundhogs, there's one  
hell of a system of getting rid of  
them.

CHAZ

Goddammit Barney! You don't deserve to  
have such a fine piece of equipment as  
that there rifle!

Chaz pulls the jeep aside and puts it into park.

CHAZ

Anyway, we're here. Same as always.

EXT. GUN SHOP

Chaz and Barney, concealed rifles in hand, enter a gun shop  
called Guns, Guns, Guns. The shop window displays two  
mannequins dressed in military garb, armed with various  
guns and knives. In between them is an anti-tank weapon.

INT. GUN SHOP

The interior walls are covered with varying types of weaponry as well as Confederate and United States flags. There are crates lining the gun shop perimeter filled with items ranging from grenades, ninja stars, and military apparel. A defused bomb is suspended from the ceiling.

LESTER, 60s, stands behind a glass display case off to the side of the shop. He has long white hair, a goatee, and a black patch over his left eye. He wears military garb.

Chaz and Barney enter, unwrapping their rifles.

LESTER

Those are some fine guns you got there, gentlemen.

CHAZ

These are some fine guns you got here yourself, sir.

LESTER

Lester.

CHAZ

Good to meet you, Lester. My name is Chaz. This here is Barney.

Chaz and Barney lay their rifles on top of the display case. Lester picks one up and examines it.

LESTER

What can I do for you gentlemen? These in need of repairs?

CHAZ

You ever heard the phrase "praise the Lord and pass the ammunition?"

LESTER

The very words I live by.

CHAZ

Well... praise the Lord... and pass the ammunition.

LESTER

(laughs)

I gotcha.

Lester removes two boxes of ammunition from a shelf behind him and places them on the display case.

LESTER

Good to see some people with respect for guns for a change. Some people just can't seem to get it through their thick, liberal, Democrat, stinking, hippie, deadbeat, peace loving, pot smoking, tree hugging, sandal wearing, vegetable eating, soy planting, dirty commie, Viet Cong, Nazi, al Quaida terrorist skulls that guns don't kill people, people kill people and that sometimes a gun is the only thing that stands between death and a man's family.

Chaz and Barney have taken the ammo and proceed to load their rifles.

LESTER

Gentlemen, I'm afraid you can't do that here.

CHAZ

Have you ever been robbed, Lester?

LESTER

What?

CHAZ

I asked...

Chaz and Barney have finished loading their rifles and point them both at Lester.

CHAZ

Have you ever been robbed?

LESTER

You stupid sons of bitches. What the fuck are you on?!

CHAZ

What? Nobody robs gun shops. Don't you think it's a smart idea?

LESTER

No!

CHAZ

Why not?

LESTER

Because I got guns!

CHAZ

So? We got guns.

LESTER

No! I mean, I got guns!

CHAZ

We got guns!

LESTER

No. I mean...

Lester reaches into his military jacket and pulls out a huge pistol.

LESTER

I got guns...

CHAZ

Well, we got... two guns...

LESTER

Well, I got...

Lester removes another pistol from his jacket.

LESTER

Two guns...

BARNEY

Well, we got bigger guns!

LESTER

No!

Lester drops the pistols. He reaches one hand into his pants and another behind his back. He removes a huge shotgun from his pants and an assault rifle from behind his back.

LESTER

I got bigger guns.

CHAZ

Well, we got loaded guns that are going to be blowing your brains all over that there shelf if you don't stop fucking around and give us what we want...

LESTER

Oh yeah.

Lester's guns fall limp.

LESTER

Kind of forgot about that.

Lester drops his guns.

LESTER

Not expecting to get robbed, you know?

Lester opens the register and turns it around for the robbers to take from.

LESTER

It's all yours.

Barney fires his rifle at the register, knocking it off the table.

CHAZ

Now... you—

The bullet has ricocheted off the register and is now flying around the room, ricocheting off the many metallic items mounted on the wall.

LESTER

Oh shit.

The bullet whizzes towards the three men. All of them dive aside to dodge it. After they have regained themselves, it comes at them again. The bullet continues to fly around the room, chasing after the three men, causing them to jump out of its way. Finally, it breaks through the display window.

EXT. STREET

The bullet continues to fly around outside, ricocheting off cars and street signs. Finally, it lands in a stoplight, turning the red light to green, causing two cars to slam into each other.

INT. GUN SHOP

Lester is hiding behind the display case. Chaz and Barney lie on the floor. The gun shop interior is a mess with dismounted guns, glass, and metal debris littering the floor.

Chaz looks at Barney.

CHAZ

Do you have to shoot everything in point blank range, you stupid son of a bitch?!

BARNEY

It's just my way.

CHAZ

Those groundhogs got more brains than you!

Chaz and Barney have regained themselves. Lester stands up behind the counter. Instantly, their guns are on him.

CHAZ

Hold it right there!

LESTER

What the fuck do you want from me?! I gave you the cash!

CHAZ

We don't want the cash. We want the guns.

Lester frowns.

LESTER

(laughs)

Are you guys, like, on crack or something?

BARNEY

Crack! Now that'll take care of those groundhogs for sure!

HAZ

You got a crack in your head, dumbass!

BARNEY

I got a crack in my ass too.

Chaz whacks Barney's head with his rifle then points it back to Lester.

LESTER

What the hell do you want guns for?! You got some already!

HAZ

I'm something of a collector, you see. The way I figure it, if you're collecting guns, why not use them to collect more guns?

LESTER

Seriously. I've met retards with more sense than you two.

HAZ

Now you listen to me! You get your bony ass out from behind that counter and help me pick out of these guns!

LESTER

Alright, alright! I'm on it!

HAZ

And it better be nice! You know, something that looks good in a display case. Not too old looking though. Something modern. Something sexy. But

CHAZ

not to modern. Something with kind of  
a timeless look, you know—

LESTER

I got it, you son of a bitch!

Chaz and Barney move closer to Lester as he makes his way out from behind the counter. When he emerges, it is revealed he is carrying the shotgun. He immediately hits Barney in the head with the butt of the gun before turning it on Chaz.

BARNEY

(dazed)

Yippy-tippy-too-too. Tra-la-la-la.  
(passes out)

Chaz freezes up. Lester has him directly in his sight.

LESTER

Say your prayers, fuckface!

Lester jerks the shotgun sharply to the left and fires. The round hits a Confederate flag, instantly setting it ablaze.

LESTER

And all these years, I thought the  
South would rise again.

Lester turns to Chaz who now has him in his sights.

CHAZ

Happy Chanukah... asshole!

Chaz fires. Lester ducks. The bullet goes through the wall behind him.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

A typical, takeout Chinese restaurant. The bullet pierces through the wall striking an obese CHEF in the buttock. The Chef is Chinese with a black combover and the faintest trace of a mustache.

CHEF

Ah! Son of a bitch!

The Chef stomps out from behind the counter and exits. Along the way, he passes some TEENAGERS sitting at a table laughing idiotically as they snort lines of wasabe.

INT. GUNSHOP

Lester and Chaz stand motionless with their guns pointed at each other.

CHAZ

Looks like we got ourselves a Mexican standoff.

LESTER

What the hell is that supposed to mean?! I sure as hell ain't no illegal alien named Jose.

CHAZ

It's just an expression.

LESTER

Oh... sorry.

The door bursts open and the Chef charges in.

CHEF

You motherfuckers shoot up my restaurant! Now you motherfuckers die!

LESTER

(terrified)

Wait a minute! It wasn't me! It was him!

CHAZ

(terrified)

Hey! No, it wasn't! Don't listen to him! He's the one who shot up your restaurant!

CHEF

Say hello to my little friend!

The Chef unzips his pants and reaches inside. He fumbles around for a moment then removes a rocket launcher from his crotch.

LESTER

Whoa, now! No need to use that, friend!

CHAZ

Hey, don't we still have guns?

LESTER

Oh yeah. I forgot.

Chaz and Lester point their guns at the Chef. The Chef lets out a Bonzai scream and fires the rocket launcher. The rocket misses the two men, pings off the wall, and flies back towards the Chef. It hits him in the belly, sending him out of the shop.

EXT. STREET

Across the street, a WOMAN IN A FUR COAT, 40s, strolls down the sidewalk walking a mini Chihuahua. An ANIMAL ACTIVIST appears behind her and drenches her with a bucket of fake blood. She screams in shock and indignation.

ANIMAL ACTIVIST

Fur is murder, bitch!

The Chef flies between the two of them and explodes all over a brick wall, soaking both the woman and the activist with blood and guts. A moment of silence passes.

ANIMAL ACTIVIST

Man. Irony blows chunks.

The woman and activist scream at the same time and run hysterically in opposite directions.

INT. GUN SHOP

CHAZ

Shit! This is more than I can take! I got to get out of here!

Chaz takes one step and a barrage of police cars instantly appear outside the shop. In unison, the police step out of their cars and draw guns.

LOUD SPEAKER (O.S.)

This is the police! You have ten

LOUD SPEAKER (O.S.)  
seconds to come out with your hands up  
before we open fire!

CHAZ  
Shit!

LOUD SPEAKER (O.S.)  
One... two... ten!

The gun shop is instantly hit with a barrage of bullets. Chaz and Lester both dive behind the display case for shelter.

LESTER  
Why is everyone always shooting at me?!

A few bullets break the binds suspended the bomb from the ceiling. It hangs in midair from a single wire.

LESTER  
Oh shit!

CHAZ  
What?!

LESTER  
That there bomb isn't quite defused!

CHAZ  
Oh shit!

A bullet tears out a piece of the wire causing it to slowly unravel.

LESTER  
Chaz?!

CHAZ  
Yeah?!

LESTER  
Merry Christmas.

The wire continues to unravel.

CHAZ  
Happy Kwanzaa, Lester.

The wire snaps and the bomb falls to the floor.

EXT. CITY AERIAL SHOT - DAY

A massive explosion occurs, destroying countless city blocks in a single instant.

FADE OUT.

THE END