

O'GUNN

by

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EXT. SCOTLAND - NIGHT

GRAPHIC: SCOTLAND

BAGPIPES sound for a brief introductory moment. We see FOG. The fog lifts to reveal a RUINED CASTLE. We PAN TO a HILL over-looking the ruined castle. Finally we ZOOM IN on a CAMPFIRE in the center of the hill. As we get closer we see who's around the campfire: A GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN and FIVE WEE LADS.

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN

Gather 'round me wee lads and feast  
yer ears on a tale like none ye've  
ever heard before. 'Tis the story  
of Charlie O'Gunn. Not just the  
greatest cop in all Scotland...but  
the greatest cop in the fucking  
universe!

WEE LAD #1

Is it true he cannot be killed?

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN

Aye. Charlie O'Gunn...immortal he  
is!

WEE LAD #2

But I heard his mother was of  
mortal flesh?

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN

Nay. The good lass that raised  
O'Gunn as if he was her own was not  
his birth mother. O'Gunn had no  
birth mother!

WEE LAD #3

Bollocks!

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN

Tis true, young one. Tis true.  
There are numerous accounts of how  
Charlie O'Gunn came into this  
world, but I know his true origin.  
There was a fair, kind-hearted  
lass, a bawdy barmaid in Glasgow.  
She was dreadfully in love with a  
seaman, who had joined the Royal  
Navy and had committed himself to a  
life at sea. This seaman had sent  
her letters, which she cherished  
and held close to her ample chest.

(MORE)

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN (cont'd)  
 She longed for the day in which her  
 seaman would return. But alas, over  
 time the letters stopped and there  
 was no seaman to be had. Driven a  
 wee bit mad by the heartache, this  
 fair lass took to witchcraft in  
 hopes of conjuring her seaman back  
 to her...

GRIZZLED OLD MAN leans into the WEE LADS, we see the campfire  
 reflected in his eyes.

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN (CONT'D)  
 So it was that one day she placed  
 the three things this seaman  
 cherished most in a dank corner of  
 the pub: A bottle of 18 year-old  
 Macallan scotch, a raw slab of  
 steak and a fully loaded hand-gun.  
 The fair lass would never touch  
 these items...and years passed and  
 these items remained untouched. The  
 fair lass soon crossed over from  
 this life to the next...and her  
 younger sister took over as the  
 barkeep. One day a baby's cry was  
 heard from this dank corner of the  
 pub...

WEE LAD 45 (O.S.)  
 It wasn't...?!

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN  
 AYE! It was the infant Charlie O'  
 Gunn! He was born of scotch, steak  
 and gun!

WEE LAD #5 (O.S.)  
 Holy shite!

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN  
 Holy shite? Nay. It was divine  
 shite! *This* is why O'Gunn walks the  
 walk of the Gods! *This* is why  
 O'Gunn struts the strut of Divine  
 Machismo!

CLOSE-UP of the CAMPFIRE in the old man's eyes.

A GUN RISES from the flames.

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN (O.S.)  
Charlie O'Gunn!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BAR - DAY

A GUN on a bar-top.

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN (V.O.)  
Gun.

CUT TO:

CHARLIE O'GUNN's face. His face looks warworn and positively hard-boiled. He has a salt n' pepper beard and a true grit scowl.

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN (V.O.)  
O'Gunn!

BACK TO:

The gun on the bar-top.

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN (V.O.)  
Gun.

We hear a DISSONANT HORN BLAST.

BACK TO:

O'GUNN's face. He sits at the bar and stares at the gun like a fucking madman!

GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN (V.O.)  
O'Gunn!

Again we hear a DISSONANT HORN BLAST.

We keep CUTTING back and forth between CLOSE-UPS of the gun and O'GUNN. The rate between CUTS increases as does the GRIZZLED OLD SCOTSMAN's voice and DISSONANT HORN BLASTS. "Gun. O'GUNN. Gun. O'GUNN." The effect should be maddening and hypnotic.

Finally this stops...

We PULL BACK to reveal O'GUNN sitting at the airport bar, staring at the gun. Albert King's "Born Under A Bad Sign" plays in the background. O'GUNN is dressed like a police detective: A grey suit with a disheveled collar. Above O'GUNN on a television is a news report.

We ZOOM IN on the TV and see a NEWS REPORTER outside an observatory lined in police-tape...

NEWS REPORTER

Sources say the LAPD are puzzled by last night's theft of the Lance Bixby telescope. The motive behind such a crime remains unclear, although a chief suspect has been named. Evidence found at the scene points to international terrorist, GODFREE LOVEJOY. The first indication that Lovejoy was involved in the theft was a half-smoked clove cigarette whose filter was embroidered in azure ink with the initials "G.L."

(beat)

The second piece of evidence lies in this security cam footage...

Grainy footage appears on the screen. It shows a man in his early thirties. He has shaggy hair. He is thin and his motions are vaguely feminine. This is GODFREE LOVEJOY (30s): The Brit hipster terrorist. He's dressed in tight-fitting black corduroy pants, a green turtleneck sweater, a tweed walking hat and a long orange and black scarf wrapped around his neck.

GODFREE LOVEJOY takes a defiant drag of his clove cigarette and flicks the butt at the camera.

CUT TO:

O'GUNN snarling at the TV and then turning back to his gun on the bar.

ASSHOLE (O.S.)

Hey.

O'GUNN doesn't move. He continues staring down at his gun.

ASSHOLE (O.S.)

Hey!

We see a HAND fall on O'GUNN's shoulder.

ASSHOLE (O.S.)

HEY!

(beat)

I'm talking to you! I know you. You're--

O'GUNN smirks at the gun.

O'GUNN  
(to himself)  
Charlie O'Gunn.

O'GUNN places the gun into his holster and turns around. We now see the ASSHOLE (30s) that's addressing him. He's a big guy with a shaved head and muscular arms. These arms are covered with tatoos.

ASSHOLE  
Yeah. The world-famous cop...from  
Scotland, right?

O'GUNN nods with resignation and turns away.

ASSHOLE  
I know all about your exploits.  
Stopping Al-Qaeda at the Running of  
the Bulls. Dismantling that dirty  
bomb in Big Ben. I heard it all,  
bro.  
(tilts his head cockily)  
They say you're the toughest cop on  
the planet. They say you can't be  
killed. They say you've got two  
extra testicles in place of a  
brain.

O'GUNN looks down at the pint of Guinness before him and nods somberly.

ASSHOLE (CONT'D)  
But I don't see it, bro. Sounds  
like a bunch of fantasy bullshit.  
Like the Loch Ness monster and  
leprechauns.

O'GUNN  
(not looking up)  
What kind of man doesn't believe in  
the little people?

ASSHOLE  
The same man who thinks you're a  
fake, O'Gunn! That's right. I went  
there. I walked right over there  
and was like "Yo, bro. I'm here. It  
was there...but now it's here cuz  
I'm here."  
(beat)  
Dig?

O'GUNN  
 (lifting his head)  
 Aye, laddie. You've got my number.  
 I am a fake. And I owe you a drink  
 for having the balls to call me  
 out...

(to BARTENDER)  
 A bottle of Fredwin scotch.

The BARTENDER reaches for a bottle.

O'GUNN  
 Not that one. The larger bottle.

ASSHOLE is taken aback.

ASSHOLE  
 Wow. Thanks. That's really cool of  
 you, man.

The BARTENDER hands O'GUNN a bottle reading "Fredwin 75 - The  
 Universe's Only 120 Proof Single Malt."

O'GUNN turns to the ASSHOLE, who has a friendly look of  
 approval.

And then O'GUNN smashes the bottle over the ASSHOLE's head!

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BAGGAGE CLAIM -  
 CONTINUOUS

We see BULLETT MARTINEZ (30s). He's good looking with longish  
 hair and dresses like a police detective: A tan suit with a  
 badge. He has a nervous and frustrated demeanor. BULLETT  
 holds up a sign that reads: "CHARLIE O'GUNN". When BULLETT  
 speaks, he speaks in a thick over-affected Spanish accent  
 (like Mandy Patinkin in *The Princess Bride*).

BULLETT's cell rings like a police siren.

BULLETT  
 (into cell phone)  
 Yes? No. He's not here yet. I am  
 getting very stressed out.  
 (beat)  
 Check a bar? Okay. I shall look.

BULLETT puts the phone away and walks deeper into the  
 Airport.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BAR - MINUTES LATER

BULLETT enters the bar. Sam & Dave's "Wrap It Up" plays in the background.

BULLETT is crashed into by several people. BULLETT quickly looks around and sees that he's entered a full-scale airport bar brawl!

A punch lands in BULLETT's face and he reflexively punches back!

In a blur BULLETT is caught up in the bar brawl and in an even quicker blur we see that O'GUNN and BULLETT are fighting back-to-back.

O'GUNN  
 (to BULLETT)  
 Together again for the first time.  
 (beat)  
 Duck.

BULLETT ducks and an ASSHOLE goes flying past him straight into O'GUNN's fist.

O'GUNN (CONT'D)  
 Duck.

BULLETT ducks and another ASSHOLE goes flying into a bottle wielded by O'GUNN.

O'GUNN (CONT'D)  
 Goose.

BULLETT  
 What!?!

O'GUNN  
 Goose!

O'GUNN points to a bottle of Grey Goose Vodka on the bar.

BULLETT tucks, rolls, grabs the bottle and throws it to O'GUNN.

An ASSHOLE is running towards them and O'GUNN grasps the bottle to give this ASSHOLE the mother of all smashes.

BULLETT smiles.

But then O'GUNN takes the cap off the bottle and drains it all in mid-brawl.



The running ASSHOLE slams smack into BULLETT and tackles him to the ground. Then the rest of the ASSHOLES pile on BULLETT.

O'GUNN makes his way to the bar and grabs a pint of ale.

O'GUNN  
(to BULLETT)  
You're buried under a *manalanche*,  
laddie. Fight your way out and I'll  
buy you a round.

O'GUNN raises his pint of McKewan ale.

WIPE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, PARKING LOT - LATER

O'GUNN and a bruised and battered BULLETT make their way through the parking lot. They are in mid-conversation.

O'GUNN  
Well, a bastard like Lovejoy isn't  
going to use a telescope to look at  
Haley Joel's comet, now is he lad?  
It'll be for something rotten, I  
wager.

BULLETT  
Exactamundo! And our department is  
ill-equipped to deal with  
rotteness from an international  
terrorist.  
(beat)  
You understand what we're asking?

O'GUNN  
Of course I do. You want me to fuck  
up Lovejoy.

BULLETT  
No, no, no. We want you to bring  
him to justice. You see, Mister  
O'Gunn--

O'GUNN  
(suddenly crazy)  
Call me "Kronos."

BULLETT  
What?

O'GUNN  
"Kronos! Father Of The Gods!"

BULLETT

Mister Kronos, I don't know how you do things in Scotland but in America everyone, even a terrorist, has rights.

O'GUNN laughs long and hard.

O'GUNN

That's a good one! And I suppose your women are allowed to wear pants too!

BULLETT titters warily.

O'GUNN

Don't worry yourself, my beamish boy. I'll get that diabolical dickfuck and bring him to whatever sissy-ass "justice" you like. Lovejoy got away from me once before...he won't be as lucky this time.

(shakes a righteous fist)

I will go to the ends of the Earth to bring down Lovejoy. That's unless I have to get in a boat. I hate boats.

BULLETT MARTINEZ

Why? Are you scared of the drowning?

O'GUNN

No. And I'm fine with water. I just hate boats.

BULLETT stops before a state-issue Ford Taurus.

BULLETT

This is my car.

O'GUNN

It's a piece of shit, Bullett Martinez.

(beat)

I'm driving.

BULLETT

Uh...I don't know, about that, Kronos.

O'GUNN

"Kronos?" Who the hell is Kronos?

BULLETT

You told me to call you that.

O'GUNN

All that Spanish ganja has rotted  
your mind.

(extends hand)

Gimme the fucking keys!

BULLETT

But...

(swinging his head quickly  
from car to O'GUNN)

...This is my car.

O'GUNN

I was knighted for fuck's sake! You  
can trust me behind the wheel,  
amigo.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE BY THE ROAD, A HILLY AREA OF LOS ANGELES - LATER

On the side of the road is a nice little cafe. An OLD MAN  
speaks to a MAN AND WOMAN (his grandchildren, in their 30s).  
They all seem very prim and proper. There's a cake in front  
of the OLD MAN with a candle shaped like the number "80." The  
OLD MAN blows it out and lets out a deep sigh...

OLD MAN

When I was your age, my grandfather  
told me the Bradford family secret.  
When my 80th birthday came, he told  
me I should in turn tell that  
secret to my own grandchildren. And  
they...you...would use it to live  
the happiest of all possible lives,  
and to invest and save for  
generations of Bradfords to come.  
So promise me you will honor his  
word.

(leaning towards them,  
intensely)

Swear to me.

YOUNG MAN AND WOMAN

We swear.

OLD MAN

Very well...

The YOUNG MAN AND WOMAN lean in, hanging on the revelation.

## OLD MAN (CONT'D)

The official story is that your great, great, great grandfather made his fortune in tobacco. This is untrue. He made his money in gold. He was an explorer and an archaeologist. In the Summer of 1799 he went to Mexico. He was not an honest man, but he was clever and devious. He returned to America with over five hundred holy relics cast entirely in solid gold. This is what enabled the Bradford family to weather whatever storms God and the economy throw our way. By today's reckoning those relics are worth over a billion dollars...and this treasure is buried not twenty miles from where we sit. There's an old ridge with a secret access tunnel in it right next to--

## YOUNG WOMAN

Where?

## YOUNG MEN

Please tell us.

## OLD MAN

The Bradford family's gold can be found in--

Just then BULLETT's CAR flies over a hill and goes crashing through the cafe at an incredible amount of speed! The OLD MAN is picked off as the car barrels through! The MAN AND WOMAN gawk in horror: Their grandfather and his secret gone forever!

CUT TO:

INT. BULLETT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN drives.

## O'GUNN

I'm faster than a greased-up snatch!

## BULLETT

(whipping his head back)  
Sweet Jesús! You just killed that old man!

O'GUNN  
Nonsense! That's the woman in you  
talking!

BULLETT  
No! No! I saw it! You hit him! I  
*saw it!*

O'GUNN turns in his seat and grabs BULLETT by the collar with both hands.

O'GUNN  
You didn't see a goddamn thing! You  
hear me, you little weasel?! You  
didn't see a goddamn thing!

BULLETT  
(terrified, pointing at  
the steering wheel)  
O'Gunn!

O'GUNN turns to the steering wheel he isn't steering!

O'GUNN  
(leaning back, smiling)  
Oh, don't worry about the steering  
wheel. It's more of a suggestion.

The CAR goes crashing into a newsstand and takes a violent swerve. It catches on a curb and then goes FLYING AND TWIRLING IN THE FUCKING AIR!

O'GUNN  
(unfazed by the spinning)  
Our first course of action should  
be tracking down any known contacts  
of Lovejoy here in Los Angeles. We  
find one of them and we can shake  
'em down for information, give 'em  
the whole bad cop/worse cop routine-

BULLETT  
(terrified)  
We're gonna die, we're gonna die,  
we're gonna die!

O'GUNN  
Are you listening to me, Bullett?  
Pull it together, man! Be a  
professional!

The car SLAMS down and O'GUNN steps on the gas. They're off again!

But before BULLETT can collect himself, O'GUNN furrows his brow, makes a violent sharp turn and drives right smack into a convenience store! Glass shatters, shelves and items topple over, etc.

BULLETT

(baffled as all fuck)

This is the madness! You are the madness!

O'GUNN

I'm just a cop. And a damn good one.

(thrusts his finger ahead)

Point your peepers at one o' clock, laddie.

BULLETT follows O'GUNN's finger and sees that a robbery is in the process. However, the two YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN ROBBERS (both in gang-related attire) are in frozen, gun extended shock. They stare at the crashed police car halfway in the convenience store. The KOREAN STORE OWNER is likewise frozen with arms up.

BULLETT

But...how did you know?

O'GUNN

(squinting, as if suffering from a minor headache)

Crime makes my balls tingle.

O'GUNN gets out of the car. He holds up his gun in surrender as he addresses the two YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN ROBBERS.

O'GUNN

I come in peace, ghetto youth. Just need to drain the lizard and grab a bag of Fritos.

YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN ROBBER #1

(aiming gun at O'GUNN)

I'll drain you, motherfucker! Stay back!

The other YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN ROBBER aims his gun at O'GUNN.

O'GUNN

Oh. So you want me to stay back, do ya?

(steps forward)

(MORE)

O'GUNN (cont'd)  
 I don't mean to bug ya, but...THINK  
 FAST!

In lightning speed, O'GUNN throws his gun at YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN ROBBER's trigger finger, knocking the gun out of his hand. AFRICAN AMERICAN ROBBER #2 starts shooting, but O'GUNN quickly rolls onto the floor, snatches up the 1st ROBBER's gun. In three rapid movements, O'GUNN kicks ROBBER #1 down to the ground, springs to his feet and shoots ROBBER #2 in the hand. ROBBER #2 screams, drops the gun and O'GUNN throws the gun he was using at ROBBER #2's face. O'GUNN then leaps over ROBBER #1, reclaims his own gun, and then points it at ROBBER #1.

BULLETT finally gets out of the car and aims his gun at ROBBER #2.

BULLETT  
 (to O'GUNN)  
 Is it wise to throw your gun so  
 much?

O'GUNN  
 Could you repeat that in English? I  
 eat pussy, Bullett, I don't speak  
 it.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLETT'S CAR - LATER

O'GUNN steers with one hand as he drinks a Red Bull. BULLETT is again in the passenger seat. The two YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN ROBBERS are in the backseat. They're handcuffed to one another.

O'GUNN  
 (to BULLETT)  
 Fritos.

BULLETT sighs and lifts a Fritos bag towards O'GUNN. O'GUNN grabs a handful of Fritos (while momentarily not steering) and shoves them in his mouth. He chews and smacks his lips like a wild animal. BULLETT looks on with disgust and then faces ahead.

BULLETT  
 (eyes widening in terror)  
 O'Gunn! Stop!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN crashes the car into the police station!

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION, THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

BULLETT and O'GUNN enter the Chief's office.

QUICK ZOOM IN:

CHIEF ANGSTROM (50s) behind his desk (O'GUNN's P.O.V.). The CHIEF is a freaky-looking albino. That's right: The CHIEF OF POLICE is a fucking albino! He's tall and lanky (a Christopher Walken type).

BACK TO:

O'GUNN stares angrily ahead as he throws a protecting hand at BULLETT.

O'GUNN

Watch out, Bullett. It's a fucking albino!

O'GUNN leaps over the CHIEF's desk like a ferocious tiger and proceeds to beat the blood out of the albino Chief-of-Police.

BULLETT

(running over to O'GUNN  
and the CHIEF)

No! No, O'Gunn! That's Chief  
Angstrom!

BULLETT pulls O'GUNN off the battered CHIEF.

O'GUNN

(like a rabid dog)  
Let go of me, Bullett! I'm not  
finished braining this albino!

BULLETT

He's the Chief! The Chief-of-  
Police! The Chief-of-Policemen like  
ourselves!

O'GUNN

But...

(furrows brow)  
He's a bloody albino. Everyone  
knows albinos are evil.



THE CHIEF gets up, straightens himself out and then addresses O'GUNN.

CHIEF ANGSTROM

Not all albinos are evil, O'Gunn.  
Many of us are productive members  
of society.

O'GUNN turns to BULLETT. BULLETT nods. O'GUNN turns to THE CHIEF. THE CHIEF nods. Then O'GUNN jumps THE CHIEF again! He beats him even more savagely than before.

BULLETT pulls O'GUNN off THE CHIEF again.

BULLETT

(struggling with O'GUNN)  
Stop! Stop!

O'GUNN

Why should I stop? He didn't stop  
being an albino.

BULLETT

You can't keep assaulting the  
Chief! It's because of him that  
you're here.

O'GUNN

The chief is my parents?!

BULLETT

No! It was Chief Angstrom that  
requested your help.

O'GUNN

So this is all part of an elaborate  
albino trap!

Again THE CHIEF gets up, straightens himself out and addresses O'GUNN.

Make it known that godfree is culprit...

CHIEF ANGSTROM

No, O'Gunn. This is about Godfree  
Lovejoy. His reign of terror is  
reaching an epoch of terror. And  
this epoch involves the recently  
stolen Lance Bixby telescope. The  
concentration of his agents in the  
Los Angeles area confirms this. We  
know, without a doubt, that there  
is an astronomical plot afoot.

(MORE)

CHIEF ANGSTROM (cont'd)  
 (tapping a thesaurus on  
 his desk)  
 Yes. Astronomical.

There is a heavy silence, then O'GUNN leans into THE CHIEF and his desk.

O'GUNN  
 Okay, albino. We'll play this game.  
 (points to himself with  
 his thumb)  
 But Charlie O'Gunn is gonna win in  
 the end.

CHIEF ANGSTROM gives a "what the fuck" look.

O'GUNN walks away, nodding and giving THE CHIEF a look that says, "I'm onto your evil albino shit."

BULLETT follows O'GUNN out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

BULLETT catches up to O'GUNN.

BULLETT  
 Why are you doing the rush off,  
 O'Gunn?

O'GUNN  
 (stopping with an  
 exasperated sigh)  
 It's called "Police Work", laddie.  
 If we're gonna nail Lovejoy in a  
 non-homosexual way, we better get  
 crackin'.

BULLETT  
 Get crackin'? I do not understand.  
 What is this crackin'?

O'GUNN  
 I've got a hot tip on the  
 whereabouts of a weapon and drug  
 dealer our friend Lovejoy does  
 business with. This chap is also a  
 girl-on-goat pornographer. Ever see  
 an underage lass do a sit & spin on  
 a buck's antlers? How about a  
 babysitter getting a pearl necklace  
 from an ox?

(MORE)

O'GUNN (cont'd)  
That's the kind of smut this dirtbag dabbles in when he's not selling the kids crack and automatics.

(beat)  
Goes by the name of "Dagger Nails".

BULLETT  
Waitamminute. *Wait!* How can you have a "hot tip" already? You just got to LA?

O'GUNN  
Sounds like somebody needs to reread my resume. I'm the greatest fucking cop on the greatest fucking planet in this solar system. I don't care what Saturn says! And I've got informants all over this spinning cracker barrel. That includes your City of Angels, amigo.

BULLETT  
Okay. Fine. Very well.  
(beat)  
We go to this Dagger Nails.

O'GUNN  
(putting his arm around BULLETT with sudden affection)  
Now that's my partner!

BULLETT  
I'm not your partner!  
(throws off O'GUNN's arm)  
We are simply two police officers sharing a vehicle and an assignment.

O'GUNN  
(chuckling, unfazed)  
Same ol' Bullett. Never givin' it up!

O'GUNN walks ahead and off screen.

BULLETT stares after him with total befuddlement and mouths "What?!"

WIPE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - LATER

O'GUNN drives BULLETT's car while drinking from a bottle of scotch.

BULLETT

You really shouldn't be doing that.  
You're a cop.

O'GUNN

Eh?

(holding up bottle)  
This? Ha! Prick up your ears,  
Amanda, and let me drop some  
knowledge into the cactus you call  
a skull. When a civilian drinks and  
drives it's a crime. When a cop  
does it, it's the law.

(beat)

That's a science fact!

BULLETT

That doesn't make any sense!

O'GUNN

You know what else doesn't make  
sense? The word "groovy." Hate that  
fucking word.

BULLETT

(disregarding O'GUNN's  
last comments)

I wanted to ask you, O'Gunn...what  
happened the last time you faced  
Lovejoy?

O'GUNN closes his eyes, having a flashback as he drives  
recklessly...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EURO DISNEYWORLD-LIKE THEME PARK - THE PAST

Through a haze (because this is the past) we see a figure  
standing atop a stalled roller coaster. It's a younger  
GODFREE LOVEJOY. He's wearing a modish suit that looks like  
something Paul McCartney would have worn circa mid 1960s. He  
also has a tommy gun extended into the air. A STRAY CAT  
crawls up next to LOVEJOY. The STRAY CAT begins licking its  
paws. LOVEJOY scans below. Fires are burning throughout the  
park. At the bottom of the coaster is a bloody O'GUNN. He is  
surrounded by the bloody and burned corpses of men, women and  
children.

O'GUNN

(staring up, weakly)  
Why, Lovejoy? What twisted maggot  
in your brain compels you to such  
savagery?

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Things bore me, O'Gunn!  
Institutions, buildings, people,  
cats...!

(kicks the cat off the  
roller coaster)

I think you bore me the most! A  
myopic cop that must always get the  
bloody job done! Look around! What  
do you see!? You probably see  
destruction and lawlessness! Well,  
I see a paradise for all us brave  
souls that detest monotony and wish  
to fight back!

O'GUNN

Stick a cock in it, College Boy!  
You're a bad guy and I'm a good guy  
and we both know how this is going  
to end!

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Hold that thought, good guy!  
(unzips his fly)

This bad guy is going to pour you a  
libation!

LOVEJOY cackles as he pisses a long STREAM OF PISS onto  
O'GUNN!

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Cheers, Chuckles!

O'GUNN's face twists in impotent rage and despair.

BACK TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - THE PRESENT

O'GUNN grimaces at his reflection in the driver's side window  
and takes another swig of scotch.

BULLETT

He killed a cat and pissed on you?

O'GUNN

Yeah.

(looks down and sighs)  
Not the brightest day in O'Gunn  
Land.

BULLETT regards O'GUNN with a bit of sympathy.

O'GUNN suddenly looks up and smiles.

O'GUNN

Oh! We're here!

BULLETT looks up and screams as they crash into a brick wall!

CUT TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, CONSERVATORY - THAT DAY

This is not the typical bad-guy stronghold. It looks more like the penthouse of a wealthy gay man featured in Architectural Digest. It's furnished lavishly with long drapes, throw pillows and gold chenille is everywhere. In the center of a conservatory is the LANCE BIXBY TELESCOPE. It is pointing out of a hole in the roof. Several SCARF THUG TECHNICIANS are working on it.

GODFREE LOVEJOY witnesses all of this with a pleased yet somewhat bored expression. He's in his turtle-neck, scarf and walking hat. He smokes a clove cigarette and leans on a cane with an owl head.

Standing next to LOVEJOY is a sexy woman in a tight grey business suit. This is NATALYA NIKOLAEVNA (20s), an Eastern European power lesbian. She holds a chain leash in her hand. At the end of the leash is an attractively nerdy girl. She is dirty and looks miserable. This is EMMA (late teens, early 20s.).

GODFREE LOVEJOY

(to himself, quoting Lord  
Byron)

"Ye stars. Which are the poetry of  
heaven."

(turning to NATALYA)

Natalya, darling. Which cane looks  
better with this terrorist plot?  
Brains...

(a ninja replaces his owl  
head cane with a wolf  
head cane)

...or brawn?

NATALYA  
 (raising a skeptical  
 eyebrow)  
 A vanity cane? Perhaps it's too  
 much, yes?

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 (looking down at cane with  
 a somber expression)  
 Yes. I gather it might be.  
 (casts aside cane and  
 perks up)  
 Out with ostentatiousness and in  
 with simplicity! That's the way to  
 put this garish, ugly world on red  
 alert!

EMMA  
 (crying)  
 Can I go home now? Please.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 (to NATALYA)  
 Oh! I never asked who your new  
 bitch was. Thoughtless of me, I  
 suppose.

NATALYA  
 This is Emma.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 And what breed is she?

NATALYA  
 A Labia Retriever.

EMMA whimpers.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 You make a charming couple.

WIPE TO:

EXT. PET STORE - MINUTES LATER

O'GUNN and BULLETT climb out of the fucked up, smoking car.

BULLETT  
 (enraged)  
 That was my car!

O'GUNN

We'll just go to the car-tree and pluck another later on, Bullett! Now stay focused.

BULLETT tries desperately to control himself as he looks around.

BULLETT

Are you sure this is the place?

O'GUNN

I'd bet my ball brains on it. The intel I got says that Dagger Nails owns this place. He's been supplying Lovejoy with weapons of limited mass destruction since the late 90s. All we have to do is go inside, find Dagger, beat the living fuck out of him and then get a nice steak. Medium rare. Preferably cooked over several different kinds of wood. It drives me fucking mental when a steak is cooked with gas!

BULLETT

How is that going to be help to us?

O'GUNN

(incredulous)

It's a steak, lad. Medium rare. It'll put hair on your chest and give you boners from here to eternity.

BULLETT

Don't you think instead of just beating up this Dagger Nails and getting a steak we should try to find out if he's shipped any arms recently? Couldn't that maybe lead us to Lovejoy?

O'GUNN

That's the most brilliant idea I've ever heard in all my years of police work...How do you know such things?

(whispering)

Are you from the Future?



BULLETT groans and opens the door to the Pet Store.

CUT TO:

INT. PET STORE - CONTINUOUS

BULLETT and O'GUNN enter the pet store.

We see all manner of cages. Inside these cages are animals (dogs, cats, chimpanzees, ferrets, a star-nosed mole, etc.) These animals are dressed in BONDAGE GEAR.

BULLETT  
(aghast)  
Holy mother of shit!

O'GUNN  
Avoid the beasts' eyes, Bullett.  
That's how the savage harlots  
seduce you.

They walk through the aisles and eventually come across the register. Behind this register is a seedy-yet-geeky white dude in his early 20s. He is smoking a pipe that looks like a SKULL. He also wears a headset with a microphone. This is DAGGER NAILS. Next to the register is a computer. DAGGER plays "World of Warcraft".

DAGGER NAILS  
(into headset)  
Yeah. Yeah! Thaz right, niggah! I  
just pwned yo shit aggro style!

ANGLE ON: Computer monitor.

We see a graphic representation of DAGGER NAILS in full armor with a large glowing sword standing over a vanquished digital village.

ANGLE ON: DAGGER's crazed face.

DAGGER NAILS  
"Dagger, my niggah! What is best in  
life?" To crush mothafuckas! To see  
mothafuckas driven before you! And  
to hear the lamentations of the  
mothafuckas' women!

ANGLE ON: Computer monitor.

We see that DAGGER's character has bent over a female villager and is fucking her from behind.

DAGGER NAILS

Tha's right! Dagger Nails puttin' the "rape" back in "rape & pillage!"

O'GUNN and BULLETT approach the register.

BULLETT

Excuse me?

DAGGER furiously rips off his headset and turns to the two cops.

DAGGER NAILS

Fuck you want, niggah?!

O'GUNN

(chuckling)

You've got it all wrong, laddie.

(gesturing to BULLETT)

He's not a niggah. He's a filthy spic.

BULLETT

(ignoring O'GUNN)

We're here to ask you a few questions.

DAGGER NAILS

Wha? About my dick? This is so fucked up. You just come into my store and ask to see my dick? Why? You wanna suck it or something? You want I should just whip it out, flop that bitch-stick on the desk and let you go to town on it witchoo mouth and tongue? Zat it?

BULLETT

No! No! Zat isn't it! Zat isn't it at all!

DAGGER NAILS

Why? Something wrong?

O'GUNN

Yeah, Bullett. What's the problem? You think you're too good to suck this poor shopkeeper's dick? You fucking snob. You make me want to vomit.

O'GUNN spits in BULLETT's face.

BULLETT

What the--

O'GUNN grabs BULLETT by the collar violently.

O'GUNN

It's hoity-toity bitches like yourself that give homosexuals a bad name! I have half a mind to beat your brains out all over this spectacular human being!

O'GUNN gestures to a confused DAGGER.

BULLETT

O'Gunn! What the fuck are you doing!?

O'GUNN

POLICE WORK!!!

O'GUNN spins from BULLETT and whips his gun out. With his other hand he grabs DAGGER by the back of the head and slams his skull down on the desk! As soon as DAGGER's head bounces off the desk, and it looks as if he's about to fall over backwards from the recoil, O'GUNN shoves the gun in DAGGER's mouth--it's as if he's keeping him from falling backwards by having the gun in DAGGER's mouth.

O'GUNN

Ah, ah, ah. Stay upright.

BULLETT

(still fucked-up)

Crazy Scottish motherfucker! What were you--!

O'GUNN

Mind on the job, Bullett. We'll talk about your choice of obstetrician later. Now start grilling him! Make him sing like Thin Lizzy!

BULLETT hesitates. You have to understand: in O'Gunn's presence Bullett is always on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown.

BULLETT

(gathering strength)

Okay, Mister Nails. What can you tell us about Godfree Lovejoy?

DAGGER NAILS  
 (defiantly, gun still in  
 mouth, mumbled)  
 Goah ugh ersehl!

O'GUNN  
 What'd he say, Bullett? My "Gun-In-Mouthish" is kind of rusty.

BULLETT  
 He said, "Go fuck yourself."

O'GUNN  
 Hmm. Okay. Well, you go over there  
 and masturbate and I'll see if I  
 have any better luck.

O'GUNN takes the gun out of DAGGER's mouth but keeps the barrel pointed at him. O'GUNN reaches into his jacket and takes out the bottle of scotch.

O'GUNN  
 You gonna tell Uncle Charlie  
 everything he wants to know about  
 Godfree Lovejoy?

DAGGER NAILS  
 I tell you what I told him: Go fuck  
 yourself!

O'GUNN  
 Not gonna happen. Charlie O'Gunn  
 doesn't fuck himself. Charlie  
 O'Gunn fucks Mrs. O'Gunn. She's a  
 woman. I also fuck other women...  
 (looks around cautiously  
 and then turns back to  
 DAGGER)  
 But that's on the DL. Anyway, watch  
 this...

In an unbelievable display of drinking prowess, O'GUNN drains the entire bottle of scotch in several gulps. BULLETT and DAGGER stare in wide-eyed amazement.

O'GUNN  
 (wiping mouth)  
 The thing about draining a whole  
 bottle like that is that it makes  
 you have to take a wicked piss.  
 (to BULLETT)  
 Get a rag! We're gonna waterboard  
 the son of a bitch!

O'GUNN unzips his pants.

BULLETT

Wait! Wait! For just once, could you not go all crazy apeshit!? There's other ways to find out what we need, for Christ's sake!

O'GUNN

Well...if it's for Christ's sake, I'll listen. I like Christ. Good kid.

(beat)

Bit of a hippie though.

BULLETT goes behind the desk and fiddles with DAGGER's computer.

DAGGER NAILS

What are you doing?! You can't do that! You need a warrant!

ANGLE ON: Computer Monitor

We see DAGGER's inbox and a message marked "From Lovejoy32."

BULLETT clicks on it and it brings up a video email. We see GODFREE LOVEJOY himself.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Mister Nails. Just wanted to say thanks for that last shipment. Many are those in this sad world who continually disappoint. Consider yourself amongst the elected few that over-deliver whilst others over-promise.

(beat)

Cheers, Mister Nails.

BULLETT (O.S.)

Well, that didn't tell us anything we--

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Oh, and you might also like to know that the plot is going smashingly. The Earth will never be the same a fortnight from today.

BULLETT

A fortnight? What is "a fortnight"?

O'GUNN

I take it you're not a member of the Jane Austin Book Club? A fortnight is a unit of time equal to two weeks: that is 14 days, or literally 14 nights. Nancy boys like the term.

(ponders)

That bastard's up to something all right. Something downright catastrophic, I wager.

BULLETT

(grabbing DAGGER NAILS)

Where is he?! Where is Lovejoy now?! Tell me or I will Jack Bauer your ass!

O'GUNN

You better tell him, Nails. Bullett's got one of those hot-blooded Latino erections. And from where I'm standing, it's a rager!

DAGGER NAILS

Alright! Alright! I'll talk.

BULLETT slowly lets go of DAGGER.

DAGGER NAILS

PSYCHE!

DAGGER rolls to the floor in a blur.

O'GUNN

Ha! Ha! He psyched you out, Bullett! You suck!

DAGGER pushes a button underneath the desk.

We then go into QUICK CUTS inside every cage where every animal is being injected by a metal arm with a syringe marked "Mind Control Methamphetamine."

All the cages then OPEN UP, sending a menagerie of crazed drugged up animals into the store.

DAGGER NAILS

Kill them, my critters!

The BONDAGE GEAR ANIMALS charge towards O'GUNN and BULLETT as DAGGER makes a break for it.

O'GUNN

Bullett. Give me your gun.

BULLETT hands it over without thinking.

The BONDAGE GEAR ANIMALS come closer.

O'GUNN (CONT'D)

The one in your ankle holster too.

BULLETT hands over the small .38 Revolver.

The BONDAGE GEAR ANIMALS come even closer.

O'GUNN (CONT'D)

Great. You take care of these furry little fuckers. I'm going after Nails!

O'GUNN runs off after DAGGER NAILS.

BULLETT

Hey! Come back! My guns! I need them! Without them I am weaponless!

Too late. O'GUNN is O'Gone. BULLETT turns back to the BONDAGE GEAR ANIMALS and is confronted by a SILVERBACK GORILLA dressed up like The Gimp in *Pulp Fiction*.

BULLETT

It is like I'm in a P.E.T.A. revenge fantasy...and yet I'm a vegetarian and do not wear the cosmetics.

The SILVERBACK swings at BULLETT and sends him flying into empty cages.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - CONTINUOUS

DAGGER runs hard, O'GUNN is about thirty yards behind him. DAGGER stops, turns around, produces a gun and fires three shots. ALL OF THE SHOTS HIT O'GUNN but he keeps on running.

O'GUNN

(laughing his ass off)  
I cannot die, MacLeod!!!

DAGGER starts running again.

They turn corners, overturn carts, etc. DAGGER turns and shoots again, hitting O'GUNN in the arm.

O'GUNN  
(looking at arm)  
Hmm. That one kind of stung.

DAGGER runs again, so does O'GUNN. As they turn another corner, O'GUNN sprains his ankle.

O'GUNN  
HOLY HELLFIRE!!

O'GUNN falls to the sidewalk. He is in agonizing pain.

DAGGER hears the cry and stops running. A smile crosses his face. He has O'GUNN where he wants him.

O'GUNN stands up, but has to hobble on one leg.

O'GUNN  
(to ankle)  
Work, damn you!

O'GUNN points the barrel of his gun at his ankle.

O'GUNN (CONT'D)  
Work or I swear to God I'll shoot  
you right now!

A bullet hits right next to O'GUNN's head. DAGGER is approaching and emptying his gun.

After a bit, O'GUNN seeks shelter in a high rise and gets inside an elevator.

DAGGER gives up the chase when he hears police sirens.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH RISE BUILDING, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens and we see O'GUNN holding his leg up, his ankle right at his face.

O'GUNN  
(to ankle)  
You ever pull a stunt like that  
again and I'll ship you to  
Australia! Understood?  
(beat)  
Good.



He puts his leg down and we can tell that he's walking just fine again.

O'GUNN  
(looking around)  
Now where the fuck am I?

O'GUNN looks up and down the office and sees signs that read "Lou-Anne Markey For Senate." Young men and women bustle back and forth through the hallway, occasionally darting in and out of glass-paneled offices.

Peering into one of the offices, O'GUNN sees a very buxom and attractive YOUNG LATINO WOMAN (20s). She's addressing a middle-aged woman in a smart suit. While addressing the woman she points at a chalkboard that has "Foreign Policy Concerns" written on it. The YOUNG LATINO WOMAN concludes her address, shakes hands and then leaves the office. O'GUNN follows the YOUNG LATINO WOMAN to a small alcove where she pours herself a cup of coffee.

O'GUNN  
You're goddamn hot. I'll give you five hundred dollars for the entire package.

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN  
*What!?*

O'GUNN  
Sorry. I follow the doctrine of pre-emptive whore.

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN  
(more shocked than  
offended)  
I...No one has ever talked to me in such a way!

O'GUNN sizes her up in blatantly lecherous appraisal. We see shots (O'GUNN's P.O.V.) of her body snug hotly into a little business suit: High-heels leading up to shapely hips in a brown skirt; a tight waist leading up to jawdropping cleavage in a burgundy blouse and brown jacket; and raven hair flowing over her shoulders. O'GUNN nods. This chick has his name on her.

O'GUNN  
And no one will ever love you like Charlie O'Gunn will, love. That's right. I used the word "love". Twice if you're into the counting game. Know why I'm so loose with that word around you, ma'am?  
(MORE)

O'GUNN (cont'd)  
 I'll tell ya.  
 (leaning in, with a gruff,  
 seductive whisper)  
 Cause I love you.

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN  
 (not knowing quite how to  
 respond)  
 You're...you're insane!

O'GUNN  
 Is it insane to see that you're the  
 most alluring and erotically etched  
 creature to ever grace this coarse  
 landscape of Mortal Man? I don't  
 call that "insane", love. I call  
 that having body parts. And these  
 "body parts" of mine desire nothing  
 more than to dance with your body  
 parts.

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN  
 Does that...verbiage usually work?  
 Well...  
 (places arms defiantly  
 akimbo)  
 It didn't work on this alluring and  
 erotically etched creature, Mister  
 O'Gunn!

O'GUNN  
 Oh really?

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN  
 Really.

O'GUNN  
 May I investigate?

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN  
 (with a perplexed look)  
 Sure. But I don't--

O'GUNN swoops his hand up her skirt and thrusts his arm  
 upward.

O'GUNN  
 What do we have here?

The YOUNG LATINO WOMAN closes her eyes and emits one fuck of  
 a moan.

O'GUNN (CONT'D)  
Seems that when it rains it pours,  
my Morton Salt Girl!

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN  
(in Spanish, English  
subtitles)  
Like cats and dogs, my romantic  
scoundrel!

Led Zeppelin's cock rock epic "The Rover" starts blaring.

O'GUNN grabs the YOUNG LATINO WOMAN's hair with his free hand and pulls her lips in for a violent kiss. They start necking hot and heavy. Necking soon turns into groping. Groping shortly turns into O'GUNN taking her right there in the crowded office building. He slides up her skirt, she wraps her legs around him, bracing herself against anything she can. But the only thing to hold onto is O'GUNN. Finally, O'GUNN throws her on top of a desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNGALOW, WEST HOLLYWOOD - THE NEXT MORNING

BULLETT pulls up to a little bungalow in West Hollywood. He gets out of his car and goes to the front door.

In a few seconds, the door opens and we see none other than the YOUNG LATINO WOMAN from the previous scene. She's now in a robe.

YOUNG LATINO WOMAN  
Buenos días, brother.  
(gives BULLETT a peck on  
the cheek)  
To what do I owe the intrusion?

BULLETT  
It's...it's this Scottish cop I've  
been working with. He took my guns  
and left me to die with the sex  
animals. And now he's disappeared!  
These last couple days have been  
the big time ass pain!  
(after a sigh)  
I don't have anyone to talk to but  
you, Margarita. You are a beacon of  
sanity in an otherwise mad, mad,  
mad world.

O'GUNN (O.S.)  
Howdy, Bullett.

BULLETT's eyes widen as he sees O'GUNN walk behind MARGARITA. He's wearing a matching robe and drinking an Irish coffee with whip-cream. He's also smoking a cigarette, which he flicks onto the floor. MARGARITA swings from O'GUNN to BULLETT.

MARGARITA

I...You two...umm...Know one another?

O'GUNN

(leaning in with a grin)  
We bloody well better know one another!

(beat)

We're partners.

BULLETT

(stepping into the house)  
We are not partners!

(to MARGARITA)

Margarita. Give O'Gunn and myself a minute alone. It's the police business.

MARGARITA nods and exits the foyer.

BULLETT fumes at O'GUNN.

O'GUNN

What? Still got your burrito in a bunch because I abandoned you in that pet-shop? Pay it no mind. I knew you'd escape those debauched beasts. I might not tell you this very often, Bullett, but you're a good cop.

(beat)

I hope you don't die like my other partners.

BULLETT

(exploding)

She's my kid sister, mang!

O'GUNN

Your kid sister...!

(chuckles after taking it  
in for a second)

Oh, that's rich! I nailed her, you know?

BULLETT

YES! I KNOW!

O'GUNN

(after another chuckle)

Hell! If I had known she was your kid sister, I would have enjoyed it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, SOLARIUM - DAY

ANGLE ON: a WINE GLASS. Red wine is poured into the glass. We TRACK the glass as it is lifted up, and tilted. We focus on the girlish lips behind the glass, LOVEJOY'S LIPS.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

(savoring the taste)

It tastes like a forgotten bookstore on an overcast day or the air after your lover says goodbye.

(tilting the glass)

A fine year.

We PULL BACK to see LOVEJOY in a large, opulent solarium. In the center of the solarium is a marble fountain. In the center of the fountain is a statue of a LITTLE BOY. A sheet of water pours from the boys' eyes to give the impression of superhuman crying.

Stationed around the solarium are NINJAS standing perfectly still.

LOVEJOY walks slowly around, NATALYA and EMMA at his side.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

We're all sad young men, aren't we Miss Emma?

NATALYA yanks on EMMA's leash.

NATALYA

Speak words, bitch.

EMMA

That's...very poetic...are you going to kill me?

GODFREE LOVEJOY

The world kills, Miss Emma. Not man. Of course, hackneyed American television is also a great dispenser of death, though that peculiar strain of oblivion is psychic in nature and not easily--

The FOUNTAIN suddenly glows an eerie blue.

LOVEJOY arches an eyebrow and walks over to the fountain. From inside his jacket, he pulls out an albino peacock feather. He lightly touches the feather to the water and an image shimmers in the water! We see it is DAGGER NAILS.

DAGGER NAILS

(out-of-breath)

Lovejoy!

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Messier Nails. Pray tell why your gobbish mug is in my phountain phone?

DAGGER NAILS

We gots a problem, my niggah!

GODFREE LOVEJOY

We all have problems, Dagger: I am permanently devastated that The Smiths will never reunite, Natalya is manic depressive and poor Emma here is a lesbian sex slave with a life expectancy of 23.

DAGGER NAILS

I'm not fuckin' around, dawg! Someone's on to us. They tryin' to fuck up yo' shit, Lovejoy!

GODFREE LOVEJOY

I'm sure we can handle whatever the authorities throw our way, dear boy. Who is it? The FBI? The CIA? Some drearily American counter-terrorism unit?

DAGGER NAILS

Charlie O'Gunn!

The wine glass slips from LOVEJOY's hand and smashes to the floor.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

(whispering)

O'Gunn.

DAGGER NAILS

Seriously, man! This dude is fucked-the-fuck-up! He crazy and--

With a wave of his feather, LOVEJOY turns off the PHOUNTAIN PHONE.

NATALYA

(curious)

"O'Gunn?" Who is this?

GODFREE LOVEJOY

(more to himself than

NATALYA)

Some call him the greatest fucking cop in the universe. Other's call him the man's man's man's man. I call him..."nemesis."

NATALYA

You seem worried! Why? He is just one man!

LOVEJOY whirls around and slaps EMMA in the face.

EMMA

Hey!

GODFREE LOVEJOY

He's not just "one man!" He's "the man!"

LOVEJOY begins pacing.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

He must be stopped. He's a dangerously ignorant gorilla capable of royally screwing my plan to pieces...

NATALYA

Why stop him?

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Are you bloody deaf?

NATALYA

No. You misunderstand. Why must this O'Gunn be stopped? Why can't he just be distracted?

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Ah. A diversion.

(beat)

I know just the thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION - DAY

Establishing shot.

O'GUNN (O.S.)  
Holy Fucking Hell!

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN, BULLETT and several officers stare at a television screen. On the screen is NATALYA. We see that this is a news bulletin with station channel and the like embossed in the corner and a ticker on the bottom.

NATALYA

You heard me correctly. There is a bomb hidden in Arthur Frankel's Porn-O-Porium Studios. Any attempt to evacuate Arthur or the sex actresses shall result in immediate detonation. Should you decide to send in your police or FBI this too shall result in immediate detonation. The only ones allowed to enter the premises are your Charlie O'Gunn and his partner. All other interference will result in immediate detonation.

(beat)

That is all.

O'GUNN

Those astonishing bastards! They're going to kill sex!

BULLETT

All those poor girls with the badonkadonks...

CHIEF ANGSTROM (O.S.)

Bullett! O'Gunn! Get in here!

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION, THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN and BULLETT enter the Chief's office.



CHIEF ANGSTROM  
 You heard the lady. We need you at  
 the Porn-O-Porium. ASAP.

O'GUNN  
 (staring at THE CHIEF with  
 burning contempt)  
 You look like Hamlet's father.

CHIEF ANGSTROM  
 (after an exasperated  
 sigh)  
 O'Gunn. Please. We don't have time  
 for your routine. Think of the  
 pornstars.  
 (beat)  
 The world can't afford to lose  
 them.

BULLETT  
 (grabbing O'GUNN's  
 shoulder)  
 Yes, O'Gunn. We must go.

O'GUNN swat's away BULLETT's hand and glares even angrier at  
 THE CHIEF.

O'GUNN  
 As far as I know this soulless  
 albino is in on the whole shebang.  
 That's right, Powder. You haven't  
 pulled the wool over Charlie  
 O'Gunn's eyes. I know you're  
 lacking a soul. You know how?  
 Pigmentation is for people with  
 souls.  
 (leans towards desk  
 threateningly)  
 That's a science fact.

CHIEF ANGSTROM just shakes his head and rolls his freaky pink  
 eyes.

O'GUNN nods, his expression saying, "Oh yeah. That's right,  
 albino."

CUT TO:

EXT. ARTHUR'S PORN-O-PORIUM STUDIOS - LATER

The Porn-O-Porium is a sprawling, open-air mansion located  
 high in the Hollywood Hills. It looks like the Playboy  
 Mansion if the Playboy Mansion was the Hustler Mansion.

Digital cameras and lighting sets are littered throughout the grounds.

O'GUNN crashes BULLETT's new state-issue Taurus into the side of the Porn-O-Porium as Van Halen's "Unchained" plays.

O'GUNN gets out, slamming the car door hard. BULLETT gets out with an irked expression. Then his eyes bug out as he sees the following: On the front lawn of the mansion are several big breasted, beautiful blonde pornstars. They're all naked. And they're all cowering against a 13 year old boy (ARTHUR FRANKEL). ARTHUR has shaggy hair, wears a satin smoking jacket and puffs on a pipe. Adjacent to this spectacle is police tape, the bomb squad, media (the cameramen getting more pictures of the girls than the mansion that's taped off due to a bomb being inside).

As BULLETT gawks at the pornstars, O'GUNN nods with a knowing smirk.

O'GUNN

Why don't you take a picture,  
Bullett?

(beat)

Your boner will last longer.

BULLETT

(eyes not leaving the  
pornstars)

It...it is like the dream.

Right then a voice comes over the cop radio within BULLETT's crashed car.

VOICE FROM COP RADIO (O.S.)

Attention all units. There's  
another bomb at the Robert Blake  
Elementary School. The children are  
still in the building with the  
bomb. This could result in blown up  
children.

O'GUNN looks to the pornstars and then back to BULLETT's car.

O'GUNN

Blown up children. No one likes  
that.

(after a frustrated sigh)

Goddamn my moral compass. I can't  
fingerfuck the nasties here while  
the wee little ones need my help.  
Mrs. O'Gunn would have my ass  
handed to me with 57 sauce if I did  
otherwise.

BULLETT

You are right, O'Gunn. I shall go help the children too. They shouldn't be left behind. Not one child.

O'GUNN

(patting BULLETT like a proud father)

That's kind of special of you, laddie. Really. But these big titted lasses need help too. You defuse the bomb here and then nail as many of these sperm-toilets as humanly possible. I'll defuse the kid bomb, perhaps nail a sexy 20 something year-old teacher with her hair in a scrunchie, and then meet you back at the mansion and nail any pornstars you failed to nail because despite your youth and superior looks, you're not half the man I am.

(beat)

Okay?

BULLETT

(warily)

Oh...kay.

O'GUNN

Hot damn, it's a plan!

O'GUNN slaps his hands together like a blackjack dealer and jumps back into BULLETT's car. He then pulls out of the mansion and peels out. BULLETT watches O'GUNN drive off and then turns back to the lawn. He straightens himself and walks to the lawn.

BULLETT

(to ARTHUR)

Mister Frankel, sir. I will do all that I can.

ARTHUR

My girls and I sure do appreciate it, officer.

The pornstars all mumble in agreement.

BULLETT nods respectively at ARTHUR and walks to the mansion.

WIPE TO:

EXT. ROBERT BLAKE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

O'GUNN crashes BULLETT's car into the elementary school.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBERT BLAKE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

We focus on the front of the police car. Smoke partially obscures the window so we cannot see O'GUNN inside. After a moment, the glass explodes and O'GUNN shoots out like a missile. He rolls like a cat on the floor then bolts upright, his gun ready to lay down some damage.

O'GUNN sees himself in the middle of a bunch of POLICE OFFICERS.

OFFICER#2

We're glad you're here. We need all the help we can get.

O'GUNN

You can give me a rimjob later, lad. Where are the children? Where's the bomb? Where are the nubile young teachers in their early twenties that traded a future in Maxim covers to a lifetime of teaching unappreciative snot-nosed psychopaths?

OFFICER#3

This way. The kids are in the gym.

O'GUNN

We'll check on them first. Make sure they haven't turned against the adults and gone Lord of the Flies. Remember.

(O'GUNN glares dead-

serious at all the cops)

If you see a conch shell, grab it. He who controls the conch, controls the universe.

The OFFICERS nod quizzically.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBERT BLAKE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS  
LATER

O'GUNN busts into the gymnasium and starts firing his gun  
wildly into the air.

Three dozen children cower around a TEACHER wearing glasses.  
We can tell that this is not really a teacher however, but  
NATALYA in disguise!

O'GUNN strides towards NATALYA.

O'GUNN

How are the wee ones, lass? Did  
they hurt you?

NATALYA

Everything is fine. Thank you.

O'GUNN

Good. Now let's diffuse that bomb  
and start talking about giving  
Charlie O'Gunn a rusty trombone in  
gratitude.

NATALYA

Oh. I don't think that's going to  
happen.

O'GUNN

I cunt hear you, lass. Speak up.

NATALYA

There is no bomb. Although...if you  
manage to get out of here alive,  
you'll get that rusty trombone.

O'GUNN

I'm experiencing a new sensation:  
"confusion." Can't say I like it.

O'GUNN looks around to see that the OFFICERS have barricaded  
the doors. They rip off their faces and uniforms to reveal  
that they are Lovejoy's NINJAS.

O'GUNN looks back to the children to see them all grinning  
wickedly. They pull knives and brass knuckles out of their  
pockets.

O'GUNN looks back to NATALYA. She takes off her glasses.

O'GUNN

You're no teacher!  
(to NINJAS)  
(MORE)

O'GUNN (cont'd)  
 Ninjas!  
 (to children)  
 Mind-controlled terrorist tots!  
 (to himself)  
 Lovejoy!

NATALYA  
 That's right. It's a trap!

O'GUNN  
 Who are you, woman!? You look like  
 a goddamn power lesbian! What's  
 your angle?

NATALYA  
 Well, O'Gunn, if you must know...  
 (straightens her blouse,  
 clears her throat)  
 Lovejoy's organization looks far  
 kinder upon my powerful sexual  
 orientation than your patriarchal  
 society. I've risen in his ranks  
 faster than I ever could have  
 elsewhere. And all I have to do is  
 distract filthy old men like  
 yourself.

O'GUNN  
 Distract?! What's at the Porn-O-  
 Porium? What have you done to  
 Bullett?

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S PORN-O-PORIUM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: BULLETT'S FACE.

BULLETT  
 Now this...  
 (he gulps)  
 This is a pretty fucked up thing I  
 am seeing right now.

We PULL BACK and PAN AROUND to see the giant SILVERBACK  
 GORILLA from before. In his arm he carries an unconscious  
 pornstar. On his chest we see a fucking BOMB STRAPPED TO  
 HIM!!!

ARTHUR, our fresh-faced adolescent Porn Baron, takes a puff  
 of his pipe and gestures the stem towards the GORILLA.

ARTHUR

I say. There's a fucking bomb on that monkey's chest.

The GORILLA roars like King-fucking-Kong.

BACK TO:

INT. ROBERT BLAKE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

NATALYA smirks at O'GUNN.

NATALYA

Get him!

Mortorhead's "Overkill" starts playing as the mind-controlled children rush at O'GUNN.

A BOY CHILD lunges at O'GUNN's ribs with a knife. O'GUNN sidesteps and grabs the BOY's hair. He bends down and twirls the boy in circles by his hair like he's in a hammer throw. O'GUNN lets go and sends the BOY crashing into more children.

Four YOUNG GIRLS run towards O'GUNN with straight razors. They run on top of four BOYS' backs and use them as a spring board. They fly fiercely towards O'GUNN. He pivots, and swats three of them away, but is SLICED ON THE CHEEK by the fourth.

O'GUNN raises his hand to his face, sees the blood then looks down: One of the little bastards took his gun and is pointing it at him!

Without thinking O'GUNN rears back and kicks the child in his child balls! The kid goes flying like a goddamn football and crashes into more children.

A NINJA leaps and rolls and throws a ninja-star at O'GUNN. O'GUNN gets out of the way but sees that the star is going to hit a child in the face. Fuck! They may be terrorist tots, but they're under mind control! They don't deserve to die! O'GUNN shoots his hand out and the star buries deep into it. The CHILD is saved, but O'GUNN is down one hand!

NATALYA sees this and gets an idea!

NATALYA

Change of plan, ninjas! Aim for the children!

ALL CHILDREN

What the fuck!?!?

The NINJAS unleash a hail of stars. O'GUNN must run, leap and tumble towards the stars so they don't hit their marks! He shoots some of the stars out of mid-air in unbelievable hardboiled marksmanship! The stars that he cannot stop, he lets bury into his body!

O'GUNN can't keep this up forever! He needs to get rid of these mind-controlled terrors now before he dies saving them!

As O'GUNN continues to stop stars from hitting children, he also grabs each saved child by the hair and with enormous hardboiled cop strength tosses them out one of the gym's high windows. We CUT OUTSIDE to follow each child thrown and see that they land on either a discarded mattress, a cart of grapes or a bale of hay, etc.

When the last of the CHILDREN are thrown from harm's way, O'GUNN must now contend with the NINJAS. He groans, takes a deep breath and then starts running absurdly in a ridiculous pattern that makes no sense!

The NINJAS all meander about, trying to get a bead on O'GUNN so they can throw more stars at him.

NATALYA observes O'GUNN's ridiculous running and laughs!

NATALYA

What are you doing, cop? Are you drunk?!

O'GUNN stops running on a dime and turns around.

We ZOOM IN on his sweaty, blood-flecked face.

O'GUNN

I'm drunk all right.

We ZOOM OUT to see all the NINJAS lined up in a row! This was O'GUNN's plan all along!

O'GUNN draws his gun and fires a single shot!

We FOLLOW the bullet as it blasts through every NINJA's head in a straight line! The NINJAS all drop dead like ninja-garbed dominos.

O'GUNN

(smirking, turning to  
NATALYA)

Drunk on ninja murder!

O'GUNN then does a double-take: NATALYA is gone!



O'GUNN scowls. He then looks down at his multiple and very bloody ninja-star wounds. He waves them off with a dismissive hand gesture.

WIPE TO:

EXT. ARTHUR'S PORN-O-PORIUM - MINUTES LATER

O'GUNN crashes BULLETT's car into the place again. He doesn't crash the car in the same spot he crashed into last time. Rather, he crashes right next to the last spot he crashed into.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S PORN-O-PORIUM, FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE-UP of BULLETT's panicky eyes and sweaty brow. We PULL BACK to reveal that the interior of the MANSION looks like a terrible experiment involving gorillas and whiskey. Blood and clumps of ape hair are everywhere. ARTHUR and some pornstars are huddled in a corner. BULLETT looks like beat up shit. On the ground the SILVERBACK is bloodied and unconscious. The bomb is still on his chest and BULLETT is trying to defuse it. He's surrounded by police and members of the bomb squad. They're all looking at BULLETT with hanging expressions. The bomb is counting down and we can see by the digital numbers that there's only 20 seconds to ka-boom!

BULLETT starts sweating profusely as he hovers a tiny pair of pliers over a green wire...or is it the red wire? BULLETT grits his teeth in tension-filled anguish. Only 15 seconds now!

BULLETT sighs the sigh of a man that is about to explode. It looks like he's about to go with the red wire, but then he hovers the pliers over the green wire again. 10 seconds left! Which wire should BULLETT clip? 5 seconds! Which fucking wire!?

4, 3, 2-

O'GUNN (O.S.)

Bullett! Down!

BULLETT ducks as a bullet flies past him and hits the bomb.

CUT TO:

O'GUNN standing in front of the police and bomb squad, holding his gun.

BACK TO:

THE BOMB. We see that it has stopped at 1. BULLETT sighs the sigh of a man that's not going to explode. O'GUNN cracks his neck casually.

BULLETT

(to O'GUNN)

How did you know the exact spot to shoot?

O'GUNN

I didn't.

BULLETT

But...but...

O'GUNN

Will you ever learn, Bullett. Brains are for pansies, balls are for cops.

(chuckles and puts away his gun)

I'll tell you this: *Someone* isn't pulling their weight in this partnership.

O'GUNN furtively but not so furtively gestures the other cops to BULLETT. O'GUNN then nods with a "yeah, that guy" expression.

ARTHUR turns to his pornstars.

ARTHUR

What are you waiting for ladies? Back to work! Start fucking! If you're on the clock you're on a cock!

CUT TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, SOLARIUM - MOMENTS LATER

LOVEJOY gazes at O'GUNN and BULLETT leaving the Porn-O-Porium through his PHOUNTAIN PHONE. The water stops and LOVEJOY sighs. He has two shopping bags in his hands (we can see a few items sticking out: scarfs, candles, a cherub statuette, etc.). LOVEJOY hands a nearby ninja his bags.

The ninja exits as NATALYA enters. She places her coat on a rack and then takes up the leash of EMMA who has been tied to a doorknob.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Natalya. You distracted O'Gunn for all of ten minutes.

NATALYA

(self-satisfied smirk)  
Indeed I did.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Right. Does time flow differently for you creatures?

NATALYA

Excuse me?

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Women. Does time flow differently for you? Because where I and my magnificent prick come from, ten minutes is not nearly enough time to weaponize a high-powered telescope. Dare I say, Natalya, it's not even long enough to make a serviceable mix-tape of early 70s Welsh crooners.

NATALYA

You did not specify! Had I known I would have distracted the Gunn for another ten minutes.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

(groans)

No matter. I suppose at the very least O'Gunn has become convinced that our plot centers around some kind of bomb. Still. Failure of my subordinates is most disappointing. And you shall be punished.

GODFREE steps towards NATALYA. NATALYA gulps. GODFREE kicks EMMA between the legs.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

(gaze never leaving

NATALYA)

That is the penalty for failure!

EMMA is hunched over in wincing pain.

EMMA  
That fucking hurt, mister!

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
(shrugging nonchalantly)  
Come along.

CUT TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

GODFREE leads them into a large section of his base that looks like a warehouse. At one end of the room a door opens and a large BLACK MAN emerges carrying a large metal box.

NATALYA  
(staring at the box)  
Is that--?

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
Yes.  
(opens the box to reveal  
glowing brown squares)  
Black Forest Cake Uranium. Our plan  
is nearly complete. We will not be  
stopped by O'Gunn and his  
compatriots, his retinue, his  
coterie, his entourage...

GODFREE forgets exactly what it was he was talking about. He recovers quickly.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
(with twisted, evil snarl)  
Bring 'em on.

We STAY on GODFREE'S face for a long BEAT and then we hear.

NATALYA (O.S.)  
Ah-hem. Excuse me?

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
Yes?

NATALYA  
I have to go to the lady's room.  
Could you watch Emma?

NATALYA hands GODFREE the leash. He holds it like a dirty diaper, between his thumb and forefinger.

NATALYA  
Thanks.

NATALYA leaves.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
(to EMMA, awkwardly)  
Hello.

EMMA  
Hey there.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
So.  
(struggles to make small  
talk)  
How is everything?

EMMA  
Uh. Okay. I guess.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
Hmm.

EMMA  
Yeah.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
I saw a great documentary on Lord  
Byron last night.

EMMA  
Really?

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
Yeah. Did...uh, did you know he had  
a club foot?

EMMA  
I did not know that.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
Yeah. Club foot. Byron. Had one.

EMMA  
Interesting.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
Yeah.

EMMA  
Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARGARITA'S BUNGALOW - THE NEXT MORNING

Establishing shot.

CUT TO:

INT. MARGARITA'S BUNGALOW, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN and BULLETT sit across from one another at MARGARITA'S kitchen table. BULLETT appears to be bottling up much anger as MARGARITA serves O'GUNN breakfast like a king. The breakfast she serves is of a spicy Mexican variety. O'GUNN is also alternating between drinking a black coffee, a bottle of tequila and a Corona as a chaser. As always, O'GUNN eats like an uncultured animal. He starts laughing violently. Food and drink flies out of his mouth and he pounds the table with his fist as he laughs.

O'GUNN  
 (to BULLETT, collecting  
 himself)  
 My apologies, Bullett, I just  
 thought of you with a big clown bow-  
 tie.

BULLETT  
 What?!

O'GUNN  
 A big clown bow-tie. You know, the  
 kind with the polka-dots. It was a  
 funny mental picture. You with the  
 tie on.

O'GUNN chuckles. BULLETT doesn't so much crack a smile.

MARGARITA refills O'GUNN'S coffee.

O'GUNN  
 (to MARGARITA)  
 Hey! What's this remind you of,  
 Margarita?

O'GUNN flings a spoonful of sour cream on his open breakfast burrito.

MARGARITA  
 Charlie!

MARGARITA starts to walk away, but O'GUNN grabs her by the arm.

O'GUNN  
 (pointing back to the sour  
 cream and burrito)  
 You get what I was doing there,  
 right?

MARGARITA  
 Yes!

O'GUNN  
 I was referring to your "hoo hah"  
 down there...  
 (points to her groin)  
 ...and the Glasgow Creampie I gave  
 you last night.

MARGARITA  
 Yes! I got it!  
 (shaking her head)  
 Sweet Jesús!

MARGARITA walks away. O'GUNN turns to a fuming BULLETT.

O'GUNN  
 I sometimes worry that my humor is  
 too subtle.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARGARITA'S BUNGALOW - MINUTES LATER

O'GUNN and BULLETT exit the bungalow and walk to BULLETT'S  
 car.

O'GUNN  
 (to BULLETT)  
 Listen up, Puff N' Stuff. I've got  
 two more hot tips. One tip is for  
 me. The other tip can be for you.  
 Let it never be said that Charlie  
 O'Gunn isn't a fair and balanced  
 mofo.

BULLETT  
 Stop, stop, stop!  
 (stops walking and runs  
 his fingers manically  
 through his hair)  
 These "hot tips" of yours...they  
 drive me the batshit! You hear me!  
 The batshit! We are going back to  
 headquarters and reporting in with  
 the Chief.

O'GUNN

Oh. Look who went and grew himself some huevos! Alas, I already have four balls, Bullett. And you know what they say: Six balls are a crowd.

BULLETT

No more of your insanity! No more of the Madness! I'm filing an official complaint, O'Gunn! I'm serious!

O'GUNN

I know you are, laddie. I'm serious too. Serious about stopping an international terrorist before he spills the blood of any more innocents.

(sighs and looks away  
soberly as if envisioning  
the blood of innocents  
being spilt)

There might be madness to my methods, but it's only because I'm up against a madman like Lovejoy. You have to trust me, Bullett. My heart is in the right place. And so are my guts. And my guts are telling me these latest hot tips are legit. Hopefully, you're also legit.

(turns to BULLETT with  
fire in his eyes)

Too legit to quit.

O'GUNN makes a fist and extends his knuckles to BULLETT.

After a moment of hesitation, BULLETT punches it in.

BULLETT

(in Spanish, English  
subtitles)

Til the Heavens fall, my friend.

O'GUNN

I don't speak peasant, Bullett.

(chuckles)

Which is funny 'cause every time I make your kid sister cum she yells out in her native tongue. Fucked if I know what's she saying.

(MORE)



O'GUNN (cont'd)  
 Maybe you can sit in sometime? Act  
 as a translator.

WIPE TO:

INT. BULLETT'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

As always, O'GUNN behind the wheel, BULLETT in the passenger  
 seat.

O'GUNN

Hope you like spontaneous under-  
 cover work, Bullett. These two hot  
 tips require that we infiltrate the  
 underbellies of society. I'm not  
 gonna lie to you. It ain't easy.  
 Mrs. O'Gunn hates it when I have to  
 go deep undercover. There she is,  
 my good lass of a wife, keeping up  
 the homestead, tending to the  
 livestock, baking the Shepard's  
 Pies...she's not the most handsome  
 of women. She's quite plain if you  
 must know. But without her, Charlie  
 O'Gunn would have no place to call  
 "home".

(begins to tear up)

I think I'm gonna cry now, Bullett.  
 Oh yes. Here comes those world  
 weary waterworks. It's okay to cry  
 sometimes. Really. You should try  
 it.

(looks at BULLETT with a  
 cold murderous face)

I mean it. Cry or I'll shoot you in  
 your "big tough guy that won't cry"  
 face!

BULLETT

Ummm...

(shifts uncomfortably in  
 his seat)

These underbellies we must  
 infiltrate...tell me more.

O'GUNN

(snapping back to semi  
 sanity)

Oh, I'll do more than tell you.

(beat)

I'll tell you!

(MORE)

O'GUNN (cont'd)

Seems that our old friend Dagger Nails is gonna be at an underground cockfight in East LA. Now this isn't your typical cockfight. No, ma'am. This is the Mucho Grand Championship of Cockfighting! Dagger's looking to bag some cocks for his *Literally Cock Hungry* series.

(glares ahead at the road)  
Little does Dagger know his goose will be cooked before his cock is bought.

BULLETT

And the other underbelly...?

O'GUNN

Scottish wedding here in West Hollywood. Lovejoy's old college roommate is the groom. They were Oxford men. That's if you can call Oxford men "men". I bloody hell don't!

BULLETT

Do you think he has the dirty info on Lovejoy?

O'GUNN

Can't say. Hopefully he can.  
(slaps BULLETT on the shoulder while keeping one hand loosely on the steering wheel)  
It'll be your job, pilgrim, to pump him.

BULLETT

Waitamminute. I'm going to the Scottish wedding?!

O'GUNN

Who else would be going? I'll be at the cockfight.

(rubs chin as he muses)  
I never masqueraded as a Mexican before. Should be fun.  
(turns to BULLETT)  
How's your Scottish?

BULLETT

Don't you think it should be the other way around?

O'GUNN  
 (truly perplexed)  
 What do you ever mean?

BULLETT  
 Don't you think I should be the  
 Mexican and you should be the  
 Scotsman? Your way doesn't make any  
 sense!

O'GUNN  
 Logic doesn't have to make sense.  
 That's a science fact!

O'GUNN leans over and opens up the glove compartment.

O'GUNN (CONT'D)  
 (pointing to items inside  
 the compartment)  
 There you go, laddie. A couple  
 items to help you blend in at the  
 ceremony.

BULLETT removes a bottle of scotch and a kilt.

BULLETT  
 (looking down at the kilt)  
 I won't feel so manly if I wear  
 this.

O'GUNN  
 That's not to wear. It's for you to  
 throw up on.  
 (beat)  
 That reminds me.

O'GUNN throws up on the kilt.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND COCKFIGHTING ARENA - LATER THAT DAY

O'GUNN walks down a long dark hallway. His disguise is a sombrero and a I HEART TIJUANA T-shirt. On the walls of this hallway are framed pictures of ROOSTERS. A little plaque beneath each picture lists the rooster's name as well as date of birth and date of death. We see names like "Razor Beak" and "Terror Talon".

At the end of the hallway is a small door. The door opens to reveal a GIGANTIC CIRCULAR ARENA! We see scores of Mexican men clutching fistfuls of dollars and bottles of Corona. There are several small fighting areas in the arena.

We see roosters with razors attached to their claws and we also see that these roosters have TRAINERS. They rub down the roosters, apply end-swell and pour water over them. We CUT to one rooster with a swollen eye, EL DIABLO, being worked over by his cornermen.

TRAINER  
(Spanish, English  
subtitles)  
Go out there and murder 'em! And  
remember: Carlos loves ya!

O'GUNN scans the crowd. There is no sign of DAGGER NAILS.

O'GUNN  
(suspicion creeping in)  
Waitamminute. Why would my hot tip  
send me to a place full of cocks  
and no pussy?

We see a corner of the arena where DAGGER NAILS grins evilly.

O'GUNN  
It's a trap!

DAGGER nods to a couple of STRONG-ARM MEXICANS, who charge O'GUNN!

Los Lobos' "Mas Y Mas" starts rocking.

O'GUNN leaps over the STRONG-ARM MEXICANS and into one of the fighting areas. Two ROOSTERS leap at O'GUNN. He somersault backwards and as the ROOSTERS are about to land he violently swings his fists upward, impaling the ROOSTER'S on his hands! HOLYFUCKINGSHIT: O'GUNN just fisted two roosters and now he's wearing them like gloves! The ROOSTERS are in excruciating pain and they kick their razored feet at high-speed!!

O'GUNN  
(screaming to the heavens)  
I'VE GOT COCK HANDS!!!!

Like some kind of drunken Wolverine or ambidextrous Freddy Krueger, O'GUNN whirls through the STRONG-ARM MEXICANS, slicing and dicing. O'GUNN fucks them up and then scans the crowd...

...and spots DAGGER NAILS running out of the ARENA.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERGROUND COCKFIGHT ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

DAGGER NAILS runs out of a tunnel and jumps into his waiting Thunderbird convertible. He PEELS off in a fury of smoke and speed!

A second later O'GUNN emerges from the tunnel. His clothes are torn and he is splattered with blood. He still has the ROOSTERS on.

O'GUNN sees DAGGER driving away in the distance. He then sees an unattended LUNCH TRUCK (one of those converted pick-up trucks that brings lunch to work sites.) O'GUNN flings the roosters off his hands and the sombrero off his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

DAGGER is driving at breakneck speed. He looks in his rearview mirror to see O'GUNN closing behind him in the Lunch Truck.

DAGGER steps on the gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT CONNERY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

A nice stone church with a wooden sign that reads "St. Connery's Catholic Church." On the sign is an engraving of Christ on the cross. Underneath the engraving is written, "I Cannot Die, MacLeod!"

We see DAGGER speed past the church.

A moment later we see O'GUNN speed past the church.

We linger on the church.

We then hear an engine. It grows louder and louder and louder until we see O'GUNN driving in reverse at highspeed and plowing through the front door of the church.

CUT TO:

INT. SAINT CONNERY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN falls out of the truck. He is covered in glass and splinters. Smoke swirls around him.

O'GUNN

Bullett! Are you here, man!?

The smoke parts and we see what O'GUNN sees: the church is a slaughterhouse. DEAD MEN IN KILTS lie on the floor, machine-guns strapped to their chest. Along with the MEN IN KILTS are also DEAD ASIAN GANGSTERS. Bullet holes are everywhere. A small fire burns in a corner. O'GUNN turns to the altar.

At the altar we see a priest holding a bible. We also see a BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD SCOTSWOMAN. She holds the arm of BULLETT. BULLETT is beat-up and bloody. His clothes are ripped. In one hand he holds his gun, smoke drifts upwards from the barrel. In the other hand is a bottle of scotch. BULLETT is drunk.

BULLETT

I fucking do!

(takes a swig)

Lay it on us, preacher man!

PRIEST

I now pronounce you man and wife.  
You may kiss the bride.

BULLETT and REDHEAD share a sloppy kiss.

O'GUNN runs up and grabs BULLETT by the collar.

O'GUNN

What're yeh doin' lad? This isn't  
romance hour!

BULLETT

Charlie?

(beat)

Charlie! You are late! You were to  
be best man!

O'GUNN

(looking around)

What the hell happened here?

BULLETT

Well, I came in looking for--

O'GUNN

There's no time for that! We have  
to catch Dagger!

O'GUNN grabs BULLETT and forcibly puts him in the truck.

REDHEAD screams gibberish in thick Scottish accent.

O'GUNN and BULLETT peel away.

CUT TO:

INT. LUNCH TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

O'GUNN speeds along. BULLETT holds his head in his hands then looks over at O'GUNN.

BULLETT

(groggy)

What...what happened back there?  
Where am I? Where are we going? How  
did I get here?

O'GUNN

My days of teaching existentialism  
at Trinity College are over,  
BulleTT. Ask those questions  
elsewhere.

O'GUNN switches on the radio. Chumbawamba's "Tubthumping"  
starts blaring.

O'GUNN narrows his gaze and speeds up.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly the lunch truck follows Dagger's Thunderbird onto  
the LA Freeway. Of course there's a lot of traffic and the  
Thunderbird and Lunch Truck swerve in and out of traffic at  
top speed.

CUT TO:

INT. LUNCH TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN looks down at the radio curiously and then SLAMS THE  
BRAKES!

BACK TO:

EXT. LA FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

By slamming the breaks, O'GUNN causes a massive pile-up as vehicles slam into one another. Cars crash, horns blare, people shout, etc.

BACK TO:

INT. LUNCH TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN, oblivious to the pile-up, turns to BULLETT.

O'GUNN  
(pointing to the radio)  
What's the name of this song?

BULLETT  
(speaking through gritted  
teeth)  
Tubthumping.

O'GUNN  
And who is the recording artist?

BULLETT  
Umm...  
(looks around at the chaos  
O'GUNN has caused)  
...Chumbawamba.

O'GUNN  
(nodding with a pleased  
expression)  
Hm.

O'GUNN SLAMS THE GAS!

BACK TO:

EXT. LA FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The lunch truck peels out, continuing with its high speed pursuit of Dagger's Thunderbird. They eventually come to a large DRAWBRIDGE. The Thunderbird and lunch truck race up the large drawbridge and over a body of water labeled "The Los Angeles River."

CUT TO:



INT. DAGGER'S THUNDERBIRD - CONTINUOUS

DAGGER looks nervously at the rearview window.

DAGGER NAILS

(becoming unraveled by  
O'GUNN's relentlessness)

You're asking for it, motherfucker!  
You're asking for some mad, fucked  
up, ridiculous, stupid, dumb as  
donkey dick, downright not right  
shit!

DAGGER climbs out his window and onto the roof of his  
Thunderbird with a TIMEBOMB as the car speeds, without a  
driver, up the drawbridge that's going up!

BACK TO:

INT. LUNCH TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN and BULLETT gawk at DAGGER.

O'GUNN

Holy Father of Zeus!

(turning to BULLETT)

That Dagger! He's what your  
colorful ethnic group would call  
"Loco."

BULLETT

(putting on his seat-belt  
and bracing himself)

Must we be going up the drawbridge?

O'GUNN

You're going up the drawbridge...

(lets go of the steering  
wheel and kicks through  
the front window)

I'm getting the job done!

BULLETT quickly unfastens his seat-belt and grabs the  
steering wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN climbs to the hood of the lunch truck. BULLETT speeds  
up ahead as O'GUNN gets ready to jump. Aerosmith's "Draw The  
Line" starts playing.

The lunch truck finally gets right behind the Thunderbird. DAGGER flips off O'GUNN and jumps off the Thunderbird and onto another car. O'GUNN frowns and jumps onto the Thunderbird's roof where the timebomb is.

The drawbridge goes higher and higher. BULLETT crashes into the car DAGGER NAILS has jumped onto. This causes DAGGER to fall off the car and then bridge. Then all the cars, except the Thunderbird, start sliding backward down the opening drawbridge.

The runaway Thunderbird, going faster than the other cars, has managed to defy gravity and races to the top of the drawbridge. While this is happening O'GUNN tries desperately to defuse the timebomb strapped to its roof. He pulls out wires haphazardly, punches the timebomb, slaps it, barks at the bomb with a stream of obscenities, then shoots a few rounds at it *but nothing works!*

Right as the Thunderbird overleaps the open part of the drawbridge, O'GUNN picks up the timebomb and tosses it into the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LOS ANGELES RIVER, UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

We see TWO DOLPHINS swimming to the CAMERA. They have high-tech headbands on emblazoned with the logo of the United States Navy.

DOLPHIN #1

(in dolphin speak, with  
English subtitles)

I think we made a wrong turn. This  
doesn't look like an ocean at all.  
It's more like a river.

DOLPHIN #2

(in dolphin speak, with  
English subtitles)

I think the war has gotten to your  
head, old friend. God knows it's  
gotten to mine. Not that God has  
anything to do with this conflict  
of Man.

The bomb plunges between the TWO DOLPHINS.

DOLPHIN #2

(looking at bomb)

Will we dream?

The bomb explodes, blowing up the TWO DOLPHINS.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION, THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - LATER  
CLOSE-UP of CHIEF ANGSTROM's face.

CHIEF ANGSTROM  
You killed two dolphins!

We CUT BACK to see O'GUNN and BULLETT standing before CHIEF  
ANGSTROM.

O'GUNN shrugs.

CHIEF ANGSTROM  
(angrily, to O'GUNN)  
These weren't ordinary dolphins.  
Both of them had served in the  
Navy. They were used in the Persian  
Gulf to detect underwater mines.  
That's right. They were veterans.  
Patriots.  
(narrowing his gaze on  
O'GUNN)  
Heroes.

O'GUNN  
Well, twist my prick with a  
monkeywrench! The bloody fish were  
heroes!

CHIEF ANGSTROM  
(slamming his fist down on  
his desk)  
Mammals, O'Gunn! Dolphins are  
mammals!

O'GUNN  
I don't know what kind of willy-  
nilly universe you inhabit in which  
creatures with fins that live in  
water are mammals, but I know this,  
Chief...

(leans belligerently  
towards THE CHIEF)  
I'm sick of you being up my ass!  
You hear me, Chief! You're keeping  
me from busting Lovejoy! You're  
holding me back! You're keeping the  
panther locked in its caged!

(MORE)

O'GUNN (cont'd)

The gun strapped to its holster!  
The jimmy in its plaid boxer-  
shorts. And let me tell you  
something, Chief: My jimmy runs  
deep, so deep...

(points to BULLETT)

I put his kid sister's butt to  
sleep.

BULLETT glowers.

O'GUNN smirks.

CHIEF ANGSTROM

Bullett has complained of your  
eccentricities, O'Gunn. I was  
willing to indulge them for the  
sake of bringing Lovejoy to  
justice.

(shakes his head and  
sighs)

But in light of your recent  
Dolphincide I think-

O'GUNN

Bah! You Yank cops with all your  
"thinking".

(slams his fist on THE  
CHIEF's desk)

Thinking gets in the way of  
justice!

CHIEF ANGSTROM

Will you please restrain yourself,  
O'Gunn!

O'GUNN

Oh, I'll restrain myself...!

O'GUNN lifts up THE CHIEF's desk and throws it across the  
room with a savage battle cry. There's an awkward moment of  
silence as O'GUNN, BULLETT and CHIEF ANGSTROM look at the  
thrown desk. Finally, O'GUNN reluctantly walks over and picks  
up the desk. He slowly puts it back in front of THE CHIEF. He  
even gathers up all the objects that were on top of the desk  
and puts them carefully back in place. He spends a few  
seconds positioning a paperweight. O'GUNN then nods with a  
workman's pride. Then he lifts the desk and throws it across  
the room again.

O'GUNN

(pointing fiercely at THE  
CHIEF)

(MORE)

O'GUNN (cont'd)

Don't make me pick up that desk and subsequently throw it again, Chief! I will do it! And you know why I'll do it? Well, this brings us back to an earlier point...

(beat)

I'm sick of you being up my ass!

CHIEF ANGSTROM

Something just occurred to me, O'Gunn...

(anger vanishes as he grows sentimental)

You're no longer treating me like an evil albino. You're now treating me like your asshole Police Chief!

O'GUNN

Fuck me sideways, you're right!

(takes in the revelation, chuckles and then smiles warmly at THE CHIEF)

I don't hate you because you're a genetic freak. I hate you because you're my superior who doesn't know dick about law enforcement. Hot damn!

(jumps on top of THE CHIEF's desk like he's in *Dead Poets Society*)

O Chief! My Chief!

CHIEF ANGSTROM

That's all right, O'Gunn. You can get off my desk. I insist. *Get off my desk!*

O'GUNN

(grinning, getting off desk)

Sure thing, Chief.

CHIEF ANGSTROM

This breakthrough aside... (extends his hand out to O'GUNN)

I'll still be taking your badge, O'Gunn.

O'GUNN

(casually, politely)

Perfectly understandable.

O'GUNN takes out his badge and hands it over to THE CHIEF.

O'GUNN ('CONT'D)  
 (turning to BULLETT)  
 Best hand over your badge too,  
 partner.

CHIEF ANGSTROM  
 He's right, Bullett.  
 (extends his hand out to  
 BULLETT)  
 You allowed O'Gunn to kill too many  
 innocent bystanders. There's no way  
 around it.

BULLETT  
 (more shocked than  
 outraged)  
 But...but...he's the bad one...I...  
 (struggles to find the  
 right word)  
 ...I am the good one. I am the good  
 cop!

O'GUNN  
 'Fraid the world ain't so black &  
 white anymore.  
 (whispering to BULLETT)  
 Don't worry. I've been here many  
 times before. All you have to do is  
 save the world and they give your  
 badge back.

O'GUNN nods and gestures for BULLETT to hand over his badge.

BULLETT sighs with resignation and hands over his badge to  
 THE CHIEF.

O'GUNN winks at BULLETT.

WIPE TO:

INT. SHITTY BAR, WEST HOLLYWOOD - THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON

O'GUNN and BULLETT sit in a shitty bar, knocking back drinks.  
 BULLETT drinks a domestic beer. O'GUNN drinks a scotch with a  
 Guinness chaser. John Lee Hooker's "Hobo Blues" plays in the  
 background.

BULLETT  
 (staring ahead, a little  
 batshit)  
 I was only a week away from my  
 ridiculously early retirement! A  
 week away! Now I get no pension!  
 (MORE)

BULLETT (cont'd)  
 (turns cantankerously to  
 O'GUNN)

Why do you exist, O'Gunn? I'll tell  
 you why. It is so I can hate you!  
 You who is Charlie O'Gunn! You who  
 is worthy of Bullett Martinez's  
 hate!

O'GUNN  
 There, there, laddie.  
 (pats BULLETT on the  
 shoulder)

You were too young to retire. On  
 the other hand, you were a good age  
 to get fired! You should thank me.  
 You have your whole employed life  
 ahead of you. And what were you  
 going to do after this ridiculously  
 early retirement? Collect vintage  
 porn? They lock you up for that,  
 pervert.

O'GUNN takes a swig.

BULLETT glowers.

WIPE TO:

INT. SHITTY BAR, WEST HOLLYWOOD - LATER

We see a WALL OF EMPTY BOTTLES. Then a hand knocks them all  
 down. The hand belongs to CHARLIE O'GUNN. BULLETT and O'GUNN  
 are in the same position...but we can tell they've been  
 drinking for several hours. BULLETT looks like he's about to  
 pass out. O'GUNN looks surly if not downright mean. The  
 Kinks' "Acute Schizophrenia Paranoia Blues" plays in the  
 background.

O'GUNN  
 (shaking his head)  
 This just ain't right. Nothing is  
 right.

BULLETT  
 (sloppy drunk, ready to  
 keel over)  
 Wha...?

O'GUNN  
 You heard me! Nothing is right!  
 (jumps off his barstool)  
 I have to go to a dark place,  
 Bullett. And I must go there alone.

O'GUNN exits the bar.

CUE "O'GUNN GOES TO A DARK PLACE" MONTAGE

Laura Nyro's "Captain For Dark Mornings" plays (a moody piano ballad) as we see the following...

- 1.) Various DISSOLVES of O'GUNN walking up a dark lonely street in a bad part of town. When O'GUNN reaches the foreground he looks around with a "what a fucking shithole" expression.
- 2.) O'GUNN in a motel room at night with a flashing red light out the window (we see part of a red neon sign, revealing only the word "SIN"). O'GUNN sits on a ratty looking mattress. He has a gun in one hand and an open Bible in the other. We see him mouthing words as he intensely reads from the Bible.
- 3.) A MEDIUM-SHOT of a crazy-eyed O'GUNN with swirling white lights around him.
- 4.) O'GUNN sitting on a seesaw at night in a deserted park, he drinks from a bottle in a brown bag and looks like Jethro Tull's Aqualung.
- 5.) O'GUNN with TWO CALL GIRLS on his arms exiting a ritzy looking hotel barricaded with police tape. O'GUNN smirks with wrongdoing.
- 6.) O'GUNN insanely happy in red light, laughing diabolically.
- 7.) O'GUNN a total wreck in blue light, sobbing uncontrollably.
- 8.) We see a YOUNG ATTRACTIVE REDHEAD lying naked back down on O'GUNN's ratty motel mattress. She has a devilish grin on her face. The CAMERA PANS OVER to O'GUNN and a SMALL MEXICAN MAN standing before the bed. The SMALL MEXICAN MAN is struggling with a small THRESHER SHARK he's cradling. O'GUNN points from the SHARK to the REDHEAD and then nods.
- 9.) TWO NUNS walk down a street. Suddenly a STREAM OF PISS hits them. They both look up in distress and anger. We see that O'GUNN is standing on top of a cathedral, naked and laughing wickedly. He then does a mad little dance next to a gargoyle grotesque.
- 10.) O'GUNN in his motel room at night with a flashing blue light out the window (we see part of a blue neon sign, revealing only the word "SAVE"). He's staring out the window and we see his cold blank face in the reflection with the neon sign.



END "O'GUNN GOES TO A DARK PLACE" MONTAGE

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

A CLOSE-UP of an IGUANA in the hot desert sun.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE-UP of CHARLIE O'GUNN's face.

BACK TO:

THE IGUANA.

BACK TO:

O'GUNN.

O'GUNN  
You're not my spirit-animal. You're  
a fucking lizard.

We PULL BACK to see that O'GUNN is standing in the desert,  
addressing THE IGUANA. We then hear O'GUNN's thoughts...

O'GUNN (V.O.)  
You counter the profound with the  
obvious, Charlie O'Gunn.

O'GUNN  
(angrily, shouting)  
Who said that!?

O'GUNN (V.O.)  
Don't you recognize your own voice,  
dipshit?

O'GUNN  
I recognize nothing!

O'GUNN rips out his two guns and starts firing away at  
nothing.

The O'GUNN voice in his head laughs manically.

O'GUNN (V.O.)  
You can't shoot your demons,  
O'Gunn.

O'GUNN looks down at his guns, then at THE IGUANA and then up  
at the sun. Finally, he nods with a look of some kind of  
understanding.

O'GUNN  
Get it together, Charlie. Get it  
together, demons.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. O'GUNN'S "DARK PLACE" MOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

O'GUNN is staring at a cracked mirror.

O'GUNN  
Get it together, man.  
(slaps himself)  
GET IT TOGETHER!

O'GUNN slaps himself again, harder than before. This seems to have done the trick. He looks at his reflection and likes what he sees. He smiles and cracks his neck.

O'GUNN  
Well, thank Christ that's over!

We hear a KNOCKING at the door.

O'GUNN, with a renewed hop in his step, walks over to the door and opens it to BULLETT. He looks more rough-around-the-edges than before.

BULLETT  
Are you done with the dark place  
bullshit?

O'GUNN  
Aye, laddie. What's more I have a  
tip so hot it's burning my  
breaches! Seems that Lovejoy  
himself is going to be receiving a  
shipment of bloody diamonds at The  
Docks tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOCKS - THAT NIGHT

GRAPHIC: THE DOCKS

A fog horn sounds for a brief introductory moment.

We see the docks. There are big crates being loaded and shit. It's foggy and there's huge silhouettes of boats in the distance.

CUT TO:

We see a few HENCHMEN LOOKING SAILOR DUDES talking to a couple AUSTRALIAN LOOKING MERCENARY DUDES by a cargo ship (Binocular P.O.V.).

CUT TO:

O'GUNN and BULLETT staked out by some crates. BULLETT is looking through binoculars and is dressed in a black jumpsuit and ski-cap. O'GUNN is dressed like a ship's captain with an old fashioned pipe.

BULLETT

There is something nefarious going on. But...

(presses eyes closer to binoculars)

Still no Lovejoy.

O'GUNN

Hmm.

O'GUNN seems to daze off, lost in his own world. After a few seconds, he looks at the vigilant BULLETT and opens his mouth as if to say something. He looks away. Then O'GUNN faces BULLETT again.

O'GUNN (CONT'D)

I've got to tell you something, Bullett.

(beat)

Something I've never told another living soul...

BULLETT

(looking away from binoculars and at O'GUNN)

Yes?

O'GUNN

I can't count past two.

BULLETT

What?!

O'GUNN

I can't count past two. It's one and two and then game over.

BULLETT

How long have you had this problem?

O'GUNN

Two years.

BULLETT looks like he's about to say "What?" again but then a giant shadow falls on them. O'GUNN and BULLETT look up and see a TALL ALBINO HENCHMAN looming down on them with a cold evil look.

BULLETT goes for his gun, but O'GUNN gestures for him not to.

O'GUNN

(politely to THE ALBINO  
HENCHMAN)

Hello, albino. My name is Charlie O'Gunn. And I've done a lot of growing in the past few days. For example, I now recognize that not all albinos are evil. That's right. Your freakish kind are not unlike human-beings in many ways. Hell, you stand upright on two legs, don't you? Of course you do. If that doesn't evoke kinship I don't know what does! You're not my foe, albino...

(hands over both his guns  
to the unflinching ALBINO  
HENCHMAN)

You're my brother.

O'GUNN proceeds to kiss the ALBINO HENCHMAN on both cheeks.

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE DOCKS - LATER

O'GUNN and BULLETT are strapped together in chains.

O'GUNN

(struggling against the  
chains angrily)

Fucking evil albino!

We PULL BACK to see our captured heroes are down by the cargo ship they were spying on. They're surrounded by the TALL ALBINO HENCHMAN, several other HENCHMEN and those AUSTRALIAN MERCENARIES.

GODFREE LOVEJOY (O.S.)

Well, well, well...

GODFREY LOVEJOY steps dramatically from the fog with a fisherman's cap, a navy wool jacket and his own old fashioned pipe. NATALYA follows him with EMMA on leash (and in a tiny sailor girl outfit). LOVEJOY and NATALYA leer.

GODFREE LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Well!

O'GUNN

"Well" yourself you reprehensible bucket of fuckery!

GODFREE LOVEJOY

I'm pleased to see that you've lost none of your poetic flair, O'Gunn.

BULLETT

What is this!? What are you up to!? Why do you have the bloody diamonds?!

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Isn't it obvious?

O'GUNN

My god! He's going to construct a time-machine, donkey-punch Ben Franklin and restore Germany to Catholicism!

LOVEJOY and BULLETT stares at O'GUNN in complete bugfuckery.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

No. No. A thousand times "no."  
(beat)

I'm weaponizing the Lance Bixby telescope to destroy the sun.

BULLETT

The sun? But why!?

GODFREE LOVEJOY

I've always hated the sun. It's tacky.

O'GUNN

You're mad, Lovejoy! And a poof!

GODFREE LOVEJOY

Leave it to a pathetic tool of authority to categorize a vanguard like myself as "mad" and "a poof". My new world has no place for men like you.

(MORE)

GODFREE LOVEJOY (cont'd)  
 (to his Henchmen)  
 Dispose of them!

O'GUNN and BULLETT are placed into a large crate.

LOVEJOY leans over as the lid of the crate is being placed over O'GUNN and BULLETT. LOVEJOY pulls from his jacket a drinking flask (it's decorated with Nicholas Poussin's *Et in Arcadia*).

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 (lifting his flask)  
 Chin chin, old man.

The lid is hammered shut and the crate is dumped.

CUT TO:

INT. CRATE - MOMENTS LATER

O'GUNN and BULLETT packed tight, chained together, in the crate. The Cure's "Close To Me" starts playing. And water starts leaking into the crate.

O'GUNN  
 You must be loving this.

BULLETT  
 Excuse me!?

O'GUNN  
 Us all chained together in a dark tight place. It's downright Freudian. It's getting you off. I can tell.

BULLETT  
 (struggling with chains)  
 We have to get out of here!

O'GUNN  
 No one likes a homophobe, Bullett.

The Cure song stops playing as the situation becomes more perilous.

BULLETT  
 (still struggling)  
 I always feared I'd die this way!  
 Drowning to death in a crate while  
 chained to a maniacal Scotsman! Oh,  
 God!

BULLETT begins weeping. The water rises higher and higher.

O'GUNN  
 God can't help you, laddie.  
 (beat)  
 But maybe O'Gunn can!

O'GUNN grabs a length of chain in his hands.

O'GUNN  
 Come here, you metal motherfucker!!

O'GUNN wrangles the chains, banging them against the wall of the crate! He punches the chains! He bites the chains!

O'GUNN (CONT'D)  
 You think you're better than  
 Charlie O'Gunn just because you're  
 shiny and silver!? I'll show you  
 who's shiny and silver!!

Again we see O'GUNN go apeshit on the chains.

O'GUNN (CONT'D)  
 No one makes Bullett cry but me!!

The water is up to their necks.

With a superhuman display of hardboiled cop strength O'GUNN breaks the padlock on the chains and punches loose the top of the crate.

BULLETT's face goes from despair to elation! He goes to push open the crate but then he sees that O'GUNN isn't moving anymore.

BULLETT  
 Come on!

O'GUNN  
 No, Bullett. A captain goes down  
 with his ship.

BULLETT  
 What!?!

O'GUNN  
 (water up to his chin)  
 "What" indeed, laddie. "What"  
 indeed.

The water rises above O'GUNN head.

BULLETT busts out of the crate into the ocean. He turns back and reaches for O'GUNN in the crate. But O'GUNN refuses his hand. BULLETT tries again. O'GUNN again refuses. Finally, the crate sinks into the murky depths. We see the haunting image of a blue-faced O'GUNN going down in his watery casket.

BULLETT  
(bubbly)  
Noooooo!!!

BULLETT tries to swim down after O'GUNN but it is obvious he doesn't have the breath. BULLETT has no choice: He swims to the surface.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER - MOMENTS LATER

A storm is raging. Lightning glints off the water. Suddenly BULLETT breaks the surface.

BULLETT  
(anguished)  
O'GUNN!!!!!!

We PAN away from BULLETT and then race along the surface of the foamy wave-crashed waters. Eventually the foam DISSOLVES into the beer foam from a pint glass.

We PULL BACK slowly and see a soft lens shot of O'GUNN raising his pint in happier times. He winks and tips his glass to us.

What a great fucking guy he was.

A very slow FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP:

A GREY SKY

PAN TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - SOMETIME LATER

We look directly down from some height upon a burial service. The CAMERA rotates slowly in a clockwise fashion as we come down on the coffin. The Scottish flag is draped over it. We hear a PRIEST as the CAMERA PANS AROUND to the mourners...



PRIEST (O.S.)

"And oh the devil did come to our Lord and saviour and offer unto him all the pleasures of the material world. And the lamb of God he did say unto the Prince Of Darkness, 'Don't You Fucking Look At Me.' And oh how the devil did tremble and shit himself..."

The mourners are largely comprised of HARDBOILED COPS from all over the world. Lot's of Tommy Lee Jones looking, hard-faced motherfuckers. There's a HARDBOILED HONG KONG COP (very Chow Yun Fat-ish) with sunglasses and a toothpick. There's a HARDBOILED LATINO COP with a moustache, pock marks and a scowl. There's one cop dressed like Popeye Doyle with the porkpie hat. There's another cop dressed like Stallone's Cobra with the leather jacket, sunglasses and tooth pick. (Note: The world has probably never seen so many toothpicks in one location!) There's also a HARDBOILED POLICE DOG. And DAVID CARUSO is there. He looks pretty pissed off too.

Finally, the CAMERA focuses on a mourning BULLETT (CHIEF ANGSTROM and MARGARITA on either side of him).

We CUT TO the PRIEST standing by the coffin.

PRIEST

"...and lo did the devil get fucked the fuck up." Amen.

MOURNERS

Amen.

PRIEST

And now the chairman of the Federation of Hard-Boiled Police Officers would like to say a few words.

A Harvey Keitel "Bad Lieutenant" type with a butterscotch leather jacket takes the PRIEST's place by the coffin. This is the chairman of the Federation of Hard-Boiled Police Officers (F.O.H.B.P.O.).

F.O.H.B.P.O. CHAIRMAN

Charlie O'Gunn...he was the best of us. The friggin' best! As hard-boiled cops we gotta put up with a bunch of shit and so we have to break the rules. I know that half of you had your badges taken away recently...

Numerous HARDBOILED COPS nod and mummer in agreement.

F.O.H.B.P.O. CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)  
 ...And the other half just recently  
 got their badges back!

Numerous HARDBOILED COPS nod and mummer in agreement.

F.O.H.B.P.O. CHAIRMAN ('CONT'D)  
 But I don't think there was a hard-  
 boiled cop that got his badge taken  
 away and returned to him more times  
 than Charlie O'Gunn. He did more  
 than break the rules. He raped the  
 rules. He cornered the rules in a  
 dark alley and said, "Hey rules,  
 I'm totally gonna fuck you against  
 your will!" And the rules shouted,  
 "I'm sorry, I don't think I'd like  
 that." And he yelled back, "Put  
 down that fucking whistle or I'll  
 give you something to be sorry  
 about!"

The F.O.H.B.P.O. CHAIRMAN's voice fades to the background as  
 BULLETT notices a HOT YOUNG WOMAN (20s) making her way  
 through the opposite side of mourners. She's a Lindsay Lohan  
 "party girl" type, decked out in high-heels, hot pants, a  
 cheetah tank top, and large gaudy sunglasses. She's got a  
 pink cell-phone pressed to her ear as she reaches the front  
 row of mourners.

BULLETT  
 (whispering to CHIEF  
 ANGSTROM)  
 Who's that?

CHIEF ANGSTROM  
 (whispering back)  
 The wife.

BULLETT  
 Who's wife?

CHIEF ANGSTROM  
 O'Gunn's wife.

BULLETT  
 That's Mrs. O'Gunn?!?!

CHIEF ANGSTROM nods. BULLETT gawks at MRS. O'GUNN.

MRS. O'GUNN  
(casually speaking into  
cell-phone)

I'm at a funeral. Charlie died. My  
husband! Charlie! Yeah. He died. It  
sucks. The sex was un-fucking-  
believable!

One of the HARDBOILED COPS tells her to "Shhh." MRS. O'GUNN  
flashes him a "whatever" look and flips him the bird.

F.O.H.B.P.O. CHAIRMAN  
...and then the rules wind up  
having to spend thousands of  
dollars on psychiatric counseling  
and wake up in the middle of every  
night in a cold sweat and have some  
serious issues ever trusting  
another man again. Maybe the rules  
become a lesbian or something.  
Whatever. Fuck the rules. The point  
is, Charlie O'Gunn always got the  
job done.  
(to the coffin)  
You were a tough son of a bitch,  
Charlie.

TWO HARD-BOILED COPS wheel out a wobbly old cannon.

F.O.H.B.P.O. CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)  
And now it's time to say goodbye to  
Charlie O'Gunn...  
(gesturing to the cannon  
now adjacent to the  
coffin)  
...As we honor him with a loose  
cannon salute!

One of the HARDBOILED COPS lights the loose cannon. Its  
wobbly legs come off right as it fires. THE MOURNERS duck the  
cannon fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE UNDERWORLD - ETERNITY

Whiteness. Total whiteness. We're talking cover of *The White  
Album* whiteness.

PAN TO:

CHARLIE O'GUNN.

O'GUNN  
Where the fuck am I?

O'GUNN scans this realm of whiteness. He soon spots a BLACK SHAPE in the distance. O'GUNN squints his eyes at this indiscernible dark smudge. We do several JUMP-CUTS between O'GUNN and the BLACK SHAPE. With each JUMP-CUT the BLACK SHAPE gets closer and closer until we see that it's none other than DEATH (the Grim Reaper version with the hood, sickle, etc.).

O'GUNN frowns, pulls out his two guns and starts shooting at DEATH!

DEATH is unaffected by the shots.

DEATH  
(in a calm, cerebral  
voice)  
Play.

DEATH waves his skeletal hand.

Suddenly there's a CHESSBOARD and two chairs between them.

O'GUNN nods, puts away his two guns and takes a seat at the CHESSBOARD.

DEATH takes his seat and after some deathly contemplation moves a pawn.

O'GUNN studies the position of Death's pawn. O'GUNN rubs his chin as he muses. He lifts a hand over one of his pawns but then retracts it. He rubs his chin again. He lifts his hand over a different pawn but again retracts it. He shifts in his seat. He taps a finger on the board. He cracks his neck. Finally, he raises his hand again and it looks like he's gonna move a pawn...

*But O'GUNN quickly grabs DEATH and delivers an across the chessboard headbutt to the dark spectre! DEATH falls back, fucked up.*

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - MOMENTS LATER

The lid to O'GUNN's casket bursts open and CHARLIE O'GUNN jumps out of his coffin with his two guns extended! He's resurrected and ready for action! Hot damn! There are some gasps from the mourners. But most of the HARD-BOILED COPS just nod knowingly.

BULLETT stares at O'GUNN with open-mouthed awe.

BULLETT  
(to O'GUNN)  
You really are hard-core!

O'GUNN  
That's what I've been trying to  
tell you.  
(grins like a swashbuckler  
about to jump into the  
shit)  
Now let's go and save the world,  
laddie!

BULLETT smiles and follows O'GUNN.

O'GUNN and BULLETT pass MRS. O'GUNN as they exit the  
cemetary.

MRS. O'GUNN  
(still casually speaking  
into her cell-phone)  
Oh, that was just Charlie. Yeah.  
He's alive now. It rocks. So I saw  
Little Miss Slut Cunt on the  
Boulevard last night. I can't  
believe her. I mean, she's a cunt  
and she's a slut! You know what she  
is? She's a "slunt"! OMFG! I am so  
funny!  
(beat)  
I gotta get that on Nikki Finke!

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY, PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The Rolling Stones' "Rip This Joint" blares righteously as  
O'GUNN and BULLETT run over to BULLETT's car. It's no longer  
the state issued Taurus...but rather a rented, bright yellow  
Lamborghini! BULLETT heads for the driver's side but then  
catches himself. CHARLIE O'GUNN does the driving.

O'GUNN jumps into the driver's side.

BULLETT jumps into the passenger's side.

CUT TO:

## INT. LAMBORGHINI - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN places his hands on the steering wheel. BULLETT buckles up. It looks like O'GUNN is about to peel out and get to the business of saving the world...but then the music stops abruptly and O'GUNN turns to BULLETT with a cold, accusatory look.

O'GUNN

Wait a goddamn second, Bullett Martinez.

(removes his hands from the steering wheel)

We're not going anywhere.

BULLETT

(eyeing O'GUNN with trepidation)

¿Qué?

O'GUNN

We're not going anywhere.

(leans back)

Not until you give me a blowjob.

BULLETT

What!?

O'GUNN

You heard me, cupcake.

(folds arms)

I'm not moving this piece of shit rental car until I've ejaculated in your mouth!

BULLETT

Ha ha. I get it. Very funny. Same ol' madcap O'Gunn. You're back! But seriously...

(looks out dashboard window)

We've got the world saving to do.

O'GUNN

This is no joke, Bullett. I'm not saving any bloody world until you give Charlie O'Gunn a world-class hummer!

BULLETT

(turning back to O'GUNN desperately)

For Christ's sake, mang! Stop this!

O'GUNN

I think you're being a tad sight selfish, Bullett. What is it? You think me wanting to fence with your tonsils is an unreasonable request fueled by tried and true O'Gunn madness? It's not like that, hombre.

(lowers his head and sighs)

The truth of the matter is I've been dead for several days. And...let's put it this way. Know how you get a hard-on after a good night's rest?

BULLETT

Yes...?

O'GUNN

Well, it's like that. I'm packing a Home Depot worth of wood here! Frankly, it's rather distracting. I can't concentrate on starting a car let alone saving the world. I see no other way around it, laddie. I won't be thinking of you. Or of any man for that matter. This would just be a perfunctory blowjob.

(raising his hands)

Your Jesus Christ as my witness!

BULLETT

You're serious!

O'GUNN

Yes.

(beat)

Suck my dick.

BULLETT

No!

O'GUNN

It's a pity. I like the world. But I guess someone in this car doesn't. In fact, I dare say someone in this car must *hate the world!*

(shakes his head disapprovingly)

You should be ashamed of yourself, Bullett.

(MORE)

O'GUNN (cont'd)

I don't know how I'd sleep if I knew I put the lives of millions in jeopardy simply 'cause I refused to help a mate with a director's cut erection.

BULLETT

It...

(struggling with  
repulsion)

It would just be this one time?

O'GUNN

I bloody well hope so! Believe me, amigo...

(sighs regretfully)

I don't like this anymore than you do.

BULLETT stares out the window and contemplates.

Then he sighs, unfastens his seat-belt and closes his eyes as he bends down.

O'GUNN recoils in horror, pushing BULLETT away.

O'GUNN

I knew it! You're playing on the wrong team, partner! Lovejoy would love to have the likes of you in his outfit!

(shakes his head with a  
bastardly grin)

This is what happens when you've got a "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" policy!

BULLETT

I wasn't--

O'GUNN

Oh, you were all right!

BULLETT

No! I...I...

(struggles to express his  
humiliation)

YOU!!!



O'GUNN  
 (smiling, starting car)  
 That's what your kid sister said  
 after I asked her, "Who owns this  
 pussy?"

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Lamborghini peels out.

WIPE TO:

EXT. WIDOWS PEAKING CLUB - DAY

Establishing shot.

CUT TO:

INT. WIDOW'S PEAKING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

We see a strip club. A lesbian strip club. There is a central stage rimmed with pink neon lights. There is a bar. There are tables. It's a lesbian strip club, goddammit! Luscious Jackson's "Ladyfingers" plays. By the stage area we see NATALYA and EMMA.

NATALYA  
 (to EMMA, eyeing up a  
 dancer)  
 See how the back arches? That is  
 elegance.

EMMA makes a snarky expression.

A commotion comes from the other end of the club. A parting sea of lesbians reveals BULLETT.

BULLETT  
 Natlaya Nikolyaviech. I'd like to  
 ask you a few questions while  
 respecting your sexuality yet  
 disapproving of your allegiance to  
 terrorists.

NATLAYA's eyes light up. She is obviously aroused.

NATALYA  
 Absolutely, you adorable bitch.

She lets go of EMMA's leash.

BULLETT

What do you know about--

NATALYA runs her hand along BULLETT's chest.

NATALYA

Duct tape?

BULLETT

What?!

NATALYA

To make yourself look so mannish?  
Do you tape the breasts back like  
Carrie Fisher?

BULLETT

I'm...I don't have breasts!

NATALYA

Of course you don't, you are very  
manly.

NATALYA winks.

NATALYA

I must say, I don't normally go for  
the bull dyke. I prefer little  
mousey ones usually.

(points her thumb at EMMA)

But there is just something so  
overwhelmingly womanly about you! I  
cannot resist!

BULLETT

I am not a woman! I am a human  
being!

NATALYA

Come here!

O'GUNN (O.S.)

You heard the lad.

All heads turn to see O'GUNN. He peers at NATALYA.

O'GUNN

Someone owes me a rusty trombone.

NATALYA

You!!? Impossible!! You're dead!!

O'GUNN  
Part of my plan, Peppermint Patty.

O'GUNN stalks forward.

EMMA  
(to O'GUNN, holding up her  
leash)  
Can I take this off now?

O'GUNN  
Of course yeh can, Marcy. And  
thanks for the hot tips.

EMMA breaks from NATALYA, takes off the leash and stands next  
to O'GUNN.

NATALYA  
(to EMMA)  
Traitor!

EMMA  
Duh.

BULLETT  
Forgive me all. But I must continue  
to stress this point: *I am not a  
woman!*

O'GUNN  
Keep telling yourself that, laddie.  
(to Natalya, ripping out  
handcuffs)  
Natalya Nikol'yaviech, I am placing  
you under hard-boiled citizen's  
arrest.

NATALYA produces a small black box from her pocket and  
presses a button. All of the strippers and lesbians stop  
doing what they were doing. They turn to O'GUNN and BULLETT  
with violence! We hear the opening "rat-a-tat-tat" of The  
Breeders' "Cannonball."

NATALYA  
Did you think it would be so easy  
for you and your hussy to capture  
me?

O'GUNN  
(turning to BULLETT)  
How you like the wheels on that  
apple-cart?

BULLETT punches NATALYA square in the mouth!! "Cannonball" kicks into high gear!

BULLETT  
I AM NOT A WOMAN!!!!

The horde of mind-controlled strippers and lesbians attack!

O'GUNN  
(to BULLETT while punching  
a lesbian in the gut)  
That's the spirit, sugar!

Three large bullish women charge towards BULLETT. Thinking fast, he grabs EMMA's discarded leash and lassos one of them around the neck. Then using all his strength he violently pulls her into the other two, causing them to crash onto a table filled with apple martinis.

A group of strippers burst out of the back room and charges towards O'GUNN.

O'GUNN turns to a terrified EMMA.

O'GUNN  
For the love of a vengeful god! Get  
under a table or something, woman!

EMMA hurries over to a table and hides underneath it.

BULLETT judo-throws a woman into a group of other women. They topple like bowling pins.

O'GUNN jumps onto stage, swings on the pole and kicks a group of lesbians!

BULLETT somersaults over a group of attackers, grabs a lime from the bar, throws it at a light fixture and it crashes down on his assailants.

O'GUNN is smashed in the head by a high-heeled boot!

O'GUNN  
Argh! My balls!

He backhands the attacker, the boot flies into the air spinning, he catches the boot as it falls and whips it at an attacking stripper. As she falls in front of him, he grabs her bra, yanks it off and in one smooth motion wraps it around the eyes of an attacking FAT LESBIAN. He kicks a leg up over her back and rides her like a horse, holding onto the bra like a reign. The FAT LESBIAN runs about wildly crashing into other attackers.

BULLETT dodges a lesbian attacking him, but as she rolls across his back, he grabs her arms and then spins around using her as a weapon against other attackers!

O'GUNN's FAT LESBIAN begins to buck like a horse.

BULLETT stops spinning and then stares dead ahead of him.

We PAN to a corner of the strip club to see a dozen hard-bodied women wielding nunchucks and katanas. They wear black masks over their faces.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIDOW'S PEAKING CLUB - MINUTES LATER

GRAPHIC: Five Minutes, forty-three seconds and a half-bottle of scotch later.

O'GUNN and BULLETT walk out of the club. Their clothes are torn and O'GUNN picks ninja stars out of his hide. BULLETT seems elated and full of life.

BULLETT

You know something, Charlie? I have to tell you this. There was something very liberating about kicking all of that woman ass in there. You know? Just hauling off and slapping them and knowing that you can get away with it because they were mind-controlled. I feel...I feel alive!

O'GUNN

(glaring at BULLETT)

No one likes a misogynist, Bullett.

BULLETT

But! But you were doing the hitting too!

O'GUNN

Yes. But I was crying on the inside.

(beat)

It's a shame we lost Natalya though.

EMMA (O.S)

You mean this penis envying cooze?

O'GUNN and BULLETT swing their heads to see EMMA. She's now got NATALYA on a leash! EMMA beams triumphantly. O'GUNN and BULLETT smile.

O'GUNN  
 (walking cockily over to  
 NATALYA)  
 Looks like it's time to question  
 your brains out, Miss Natalya  
 Nikolyaviech.

NATALYA spits on O'GUNN's face.

NATALYA  
 (glaring at O'GUNN)  
 You think you will pump my Grade A  
 thighs for information, O'Gunn, but  
 you won't! No man has ever bedded  
 me...  
 (sticks her head up high)  
 And no man ever will.

O'GUNN  
 (eyes not leaving NATALYA)  
 Emma. Give the mean ol' lesbian a  
 kiss.

EMMA yanks NATALYA over and gives her a steamy as fuck kiss!

O'GUNN  
 Good girl. Now give Uncle Charlie a  
 kiss.

EMMA plants an equally steamy as all fuck kiss on O'GUNN!

BULLETT's jaw drops open.

O'GUNN  
 (leering at NATALYA)  
 That's right, bad girl. Let me in  
 by the hair of your chinny-chinny-  
 chin.  
 (voice drops down to a  
 seductive whisper)  
 Or I'll huff...  
 (blows into her left ear)  
 ...and I'll puff...  
 (blows into her right ear)  
 ...and I'll-

NATALYA grabs O'GUNN's face and brings him in for the  
 steamiest kiss yet! O'GUNN is taken aback but rolls with it.

WIPE TO:

INT. LAMBOURGHINI - NEXT DAY

O'GUNN and BULLETT drive in silence. O'GUNN has a slight smile on his face. BULLETT is in the passenger seat. He is broody and miserable. They drive in silence. Long BEAT.

O'GUNN looks in the rearview mirror at his face.

O'GUNN  
Handkerchief.

BULLETT sullenly reaches into his jacket and hands O'GUNN the cloth. O'GUNN dabs at the side of his face while looking in the mirror and hands the handkerchief back to BULLETT.

O'GUNN  
Had some lipstick on my face.

BULLETT  
YOU SON OF A BITCH!!

O'GUNN  
Goddammit! What's pissing in your sangria now!? Your silence hasn't shut up this entire drive! Out with it!

BULLETT  
I tell you what is pissing in my sangria! Last night! Last night with the two ladies! You had them both! I had nothing!

O'GUNN  
Where are you going with this, Bullett?

BULLETT  
There were two of them!

O'GUNN  
(genuinely perplexed)  
But there was only one of me, laddie.

BULLETT  
You had the chance! They would have done anything you said! You could have given me something!

O'GUNN

Now let's be fair. I *did* give you that Maxim magazine with Eva Longoria on the cover and told you to wait in the bathroom!

BULLETT

I can't believe you would do that to me! You don't know what it's like, O'Gunn!

O'GUNN

What "what"s like?

BULLETT

I am greatly hard-up! I haven't had the sex in two years!

O'GUNN stares at BULLETT as if he has a toaster for a head. And then turns his attention back to the road.

O'GUNN

You're right. I have no idea what that's like.

BULLETT

And you just let me sit in there with that magazine while you were out there groaning and moaning in a sea of lady skin. And I turned the pages and...my dick, it looks at me with contempt and fear. Like a dog beaten one too many times. It stares up at me and trembles. I fear I have masturbated so much that it has made my brain slow and sluggish...

O'GUNN

Ha! You're a masturbatard!

BULLETT begins to weep. Angrily weeps. He weeps with anger.

O'GUNN (CONT'D)

And you're taking business personally. Last night might have been a once-in-a-lifetime moment of outrageous sexual ecstasy the likes of which no human being will ever experience again...but it was all to get this!

O'GUNN pulls out a Map Quest printout with directions. It reads "To Lovejoy's Hideout."



O'GUNN  
 (chipper)  
 Oh! Here we are!  
 (turns to BULLETT)  
 Bullett. Crack open your door a  
 bit.

BULLETT reluctantly pulls the door handle and cracks open the door a bit.

O'GUNN then turns in his seat and violently kicks BULLETT out of the car!

Then O'GUNN leaps out of the car himself!

CUT TO:

EXT. LAMBOURGHINI - CONTINUOUS

The Lamborghini speeds ahead driver-less, hits a Campbell's soup can and then the car is sent flying and spinning into the air. It lands in a body of water, sinks and then explodes!

CUT TO:

EXT. UNSPECIFIED LAND BY UNSPECIFIED WATER - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN and BULLETT step out of a mass of smoke and mist.

We PAN around behind our two heroes to reveal the large body of water the car has sunk in. There is a dock with a boat tied to it. In the center of this body of water we see LOVEJOY'S HIDEOUT: it is a rocky island dominated by a large castle/chateau that appears as if it could be owned by the French Sun King, Louie The Crazy.

BULLETT doesn't even have the energy to yell at O'GUNN for kicking him out of the car. He's too pissed to even protest.

O'GUNN steps up to the water and surveys the Island. A smile crosses his face: he's about to get his man.

Just then we hear the whirling blades of a helicopter. O'GUNN looks up and sees that a black and neon-green helicopter is making a descent on a helipad located next to the chateau.

Just as the helicopter touches down, with keen hardboiled cop eyes, O'GUNN sees a group of ninjas forcibly remove MRS. O'GUNN from the vehicle. Her hands and feet are bound but she still chats away on a bluetooth earpiece.

We see anxiety and uncertainty cross O'GUNN's face for the first time. He looks at the WATER and then he looks at the BOAT and furrows his brow. He looks one way down the shoreline and sees a jet-ski. His eyes light up until he sees an "out-of-order" sign posted on it. He frowns and looks down the other way. He sees a small stand offering HELICOPTER rides for \$25 and his eyes light up! Then he sees a sign that says "out to lunch."

O'GUNN's vision pans wildly around but the only mode of transportation seems to be the small BOAT.

O'GUNN

A boat. Why did it have to be a boat?

CUT TO:

EXT. BODY OF WATER - MOMENTS LATER

O'GUNN and BULLETT speed across the water. BULLETT mans the controls and glares ahead as waterspray dots his face. O'GUNN is hunched on the floor sitting cross-legged. His arms tightly wrapped around himself, rage in his eyes.

O'GUNN

Someone's going to die for this.

WIPE TO:

EXT. LOVEJOY'S ISLAND - MINUTES LATER

The BOAT comes ashore. O'GUNN and BULLETT step out. They make their way inland to the grounds of LOVEJOY's chateau. Placed all around the grounds are marble statues of greek gods and goddesses. These statues have been painted in bright psychedelic colors.

O'GUNN and BULLETT carefully navigate their way up to the chateau and go unnoticed by NINJA GUARDS stationed outside. They eventually come upon a back door with a sign reading EXIT ONLY.

O'GUNN

Damnit! Exit only! What do we do now?

BULLETT

We ignore the sign.

O'GUNN

Oh...yeah.

BULLETT  
(eyeing O'GUNN  
skeptically)  
You seem uncharacteristically  
wary...

O'GUNN  
It's just that...  
(fidgets a bit)  
What if I'm not good enough,  
Bullett? What if I'm not good  
enough to stop Lovejoy and save the  
world? The last time I went mano-a-  
mano with Lovejoy it resulted in a  
theme park full of corpses and  
catastrophe...

BULLETT  
I would like to give you a rousing  
speech, O'Gunn, that rekindles your  
warrior soul. But I'm still pissed  
over you Bogarting those two girls  
last night.  
(shrugs)  
Sorry.

O'GUNN  
(after a sigh of  
resignation)  
Oh well. I suppose I'll just have  
to tap into my own inner strength  
or something. Waitaminute. Hold  
on...

(squints his face like  
he's passing a kidney  
stone and then smiles  
broadly)  
There we go! I believe in myself  
again! I'm gonna bring the ruckus  
to Lovejoy! I'm gonna fuck his shit  
up so hard he won't be able to  
drink a milkshake let alone destroy  
the sun!

BULLETT  
(contemptuously dry)  
Yay.

O'GUNN opens the back door and then turns to BULLETT.

O'GUNN  
 You save my wife, Bullett. I'll  
 save the world.

CUT TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, CONSERVATORY - MINUTES LATER

LOVEJOY stands in the middle of a very large room with a hole in the ceiling. Below this hole is the LANCE BIXBY TELESCOPE looking all sci-fi and threatening after being weaponized. There is a digital countdown clock attached to the telescope. It reads "10 Minutes".

Around LOVEJOY and the telescope are assembled some weird-ass looking fucks. Much like O'GUNN has contemporaries in the Fraternal Order Of Hardboiled Police Officers, LOVEJOY also has contemporaries in the community of outlandish terrorists. These terrorists are from every race and walk of life. We see a demonic Fu-Man-Chu looking dude. We see a diabolic Indian guy with a ruby studded turban. Etc. These terrorists all stare at LOVEJOY with admiration as they eat and drink.

The NINJAS that we've seen before are dressed like high-class waiters in tuxedos. They serve hor'douerves on silver trays. The ALBINO HENCHMAN is at a large grand piano playing an instrumental version of "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me."

LOVEJOY stands proudly by his weapon of sun-destruction.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 (addressing party-guests)  
 Ladies and gentlemen, thank you so  
 very much for attending what is  
 certain to be a momentous day of  
 global terrorism.

The TERRORISTS all applaud.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 Thank you. Thank you.

LOVEJOY's hand moves towards a triggering mechanism on the telescope.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 ...when I destroy the sun, it is  
 really *all of you* who are  
 destroying the sun.

TERRORISTS applaud.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 (under his breath)  
 But it's really *me* destroying the  
 sun, you ignorant twats.

Suddenly everyone's attention is drawn to a corner of the  
 room.

O'GUNN strides purposefully into the room. Evil-ass scumbags  
 part for him without quite knowing why. O'GUNN makes his way  
 to LOVEJOY.

O'GUNN  
 Surprised to see this grizzled mug,  
 Lovejoy?

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 To tell you the truth, O'Gunn, I'm  
 not the slightest bit surprised you  
 survived.  
 (sardonically)  
 You're too macho to die.

O'GUNN  
 That's my MySpace headline.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 But your machismo also blinds you.

O'GUNN  
 That's how I like my justice.  
 Blind.  
 (glancing up at the  
 telescope)  
 I'm not sure if this is a science  
 fact or not, but destroying the sun  
 could destroy the Earth.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
 (shrugging)  
 Eh. Broken omelettes and such.

CUT TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BULLETT makes his way down a hall. He looks mad and badass.

Two NINJAS stationed by a door run towards BULLETT but our  
 cop doesn't break his stride in the least.

Fast as hell, BULLETT pistol-whips both of them into unconsciousness. He comes to the door, opens it and enters...

CUT TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Four NINJAS leap and attack BULLETT but again he doesn't flinch. He points his gun but it's jammed. No matter. This newly hard-boiled BULLETT doesn't need bullets to fuck a ninja up. In a burst of speed, BULLETT rams a NINJA's face into the doorjam, shattering his skull and sending blood everywhere. The other three NINJAS jump on BULLETT's back. BULLETT elbows one to death, then throws another out the window. BULLETT punches the last NINJA in the face, rips off his mask and then BITES A CHUNK OUT OF THE NINJA'S FACE!!!! The NINJA falls to the floor, screaming and bleeding to death.

With blood smeared all over his face, BULLETT turns around and sees MRS. O'GUNN tied on the bed. She is wearing a sexy little number that reveals her more-than-ample cleavage.

MRS. O'GUNN

You're Charlie's partner, aren't you? I saw you at the funeral.

BULLETT

(untieing MRS. O'GUNN)

Yeah. I'm the great O'Gunn's joke of a sidekick. I eat the shit all of the time and love it. "Mmmm, mmmm, mmm, this shit is so good, mmmm, it's a fucking delicacy!"

(finishes untieing)

There! Come with me, Mrs. O'Gunn. Don't want to be late for Charlie saving the world and taking all the credit.

BULLETT is trying to be sarcastic but he is covered in blood from biting the face off of a ninja. He simply comes off as fucking nuts.

MRS. O'GUNN

Let me thank you first.

BULLETT

Oh. Yes. Sure. Shake my hand. Pat me on the head like a puppy and say, "good cop, that's a boy." It's too bad there's not an oven in here otherwise you could bake me a cookie.

MRS. O'GUNN

God, you're hot.

BULLETT

What?!

MRS. O'GUNN lunges forward and plants a passionate kiss on BULLETT. They tumble into the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, CONSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN draws his pistols on LOVEJOY.

GODFREE LOVEJOY

(addressing crowd)

This man, Charlie O'Gunn, hates me because I'm a bisexual virgin!

Disapproving "ooohs" come from the TERRORISTS.

O'GUNN

(to the crowd)

That's not true. I hate him because he's a murdering son of a bitch hell-bent on world destruction. I didn't even know he was a bisexual virgin!

(to LOVEJOY)

That's the truth. I always took you for a full-time sodomite. To think you only do that part-time and in your mind! What? Ziggy can't play guitar?

GODFREE LOVEJOY

You're a relic, Charles. A bigoted memento from a world that no longer exists. And frankly, I find your intolerance...intolerable. Do you honestly think that I am some simple comic book madman who sees murder and mayhem as the end-all be-all? No. Far from it.

(MORE)

GODFREE LOVEJOY (cont'd)  
I am trying to affect a change in  
the social consciousness.

(beat)  
By obliterating all consciousness.

O'GUNN  
I'm sorry. I don't speak  
Psychopathic Cocksucker. Could you  
repeat that in the language of men?

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
(chuckling)  
Same old, Charlie. I just want you  
to know that I take no pleasure in  
killing you or the world.

O'GUNN  
Yes you do.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
Well, maybe a little.  
(to crowd)  
KILL HIM!!!

All rush O'GUNN. The White Stripes' "Icky Thump" plays.

CUT TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BULLETT and MRS. O'GUNN are in their underwear, groping  
fiercely. MRS. O'GUNN pushes BULLETT away and makes a  
seductive "hold it for a sec" gesture. She reaches into her  
panties and pulls out a tiny bottle of Jack Daniel's like  
they have in hotel rooms and airplanes. They both grin.

BACK TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, CONSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN has the FU-MAN-CHU terrorist in a headlock as he kicks  
away other attackers. O'GUNN breaks the terrorist's neck.  
Simultaneously O'GUNN dives backwards, sliding with his back  
on the floor. He draws his weapons and begins blasting that  
group to pieces, bitches! And then he stops sliding. Looking  
up he sees a bunch of evil fuckers staring down at him.  
Yikes!

BACK TO:



INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BULLETT pours the whiskey into MRS. O'GUNN's exposed navel. BULLETT drinks the whiskey from the navel. MRS. O'GUNN moans with sweet pleasure. Then BULLETT stops as he hears gunfire from the floor above. He moves to get up but MRS. O'GUNN pulls him back down.

BACK TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, CONSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN springs to his feet and starts blasting his way through evildoers. The INDIAN TERRORIST with the turban runs towards O'GUNN. He pushes the center ruby on his turban. Suddenly mechanical blue arms spring from his back. The hands of these arms have sharp claws. He looks like a murderous Hindu God! As the INDIAN TERRORIST is about to close in on O'GUNN, our hero shoots the bastard right in his groin!

O'GUNN  
Reincarnate that, motherfucker.

Another wave of attackers leap on O'GUNN.

BACK TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A naked MRS. O'GUNN straddles BULLETT. She sweats down on him. BULLETT opens his mouth wide, devouring her sweat. MRS. O'GUNN's back arches as BULLETT rubs his hands all over her body.

BACK TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, CONSERVATORY - MOMENTS LATER

O'GUNN fires round after round. He's whittled down his attackers but they still keep on coming. Finally, O'GUNN has to retreat by the piano to reload. But immediately the ALBINO HENCHMAN pops up behind O'GUNN and starts choking him with a machine gun! With one hand, O'GUNN pushes the machine gun down. His other hand pushes away the face of THE ALBINO. O'GUNN forces THE ALBINO to drop the gun, but THE ALBINO starts pulling on O'GUNN's beard with his other hand. It's a struggle.

O'GUNN  
Flour-faced bastard!!

O'GUNN grabs the ALBINO's head by both ears and rams his head again and again into the piano but THE ALBINO won't relent. O'GUNN keeps ramming and ramming and then gives a final yank and HOLYFUCKINGSHIT!!! O'GUNN ripped THE ALBINO's head clean off! A waterfall of blood spills from the head. The music stops.

O'GUNN stares in awe at the head in his hands.

O'GUNN  
(to CAMERA)  
Holy. Fucking. Shit.

O'GUNN reaches into his pocket, pulls out a cellphone. He presses "1." The display on the phone reads, "Calling Bullett". O'GUNN calls while shooting oncoming attackers.

BACK TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The faces of BULLETT and MRS. O'GUNN are twisted in ecstasy. A cell phone rings. We pull back to see BULLETT and MRS. O'GUNN are struggling to dominate in the missionary position. It seems that BULLETT is winning. He grabs the nearby cell phone but MRS. O'GUNN stops him from answering it. However, in handling the cell phone he accidentally puts it on speakerphone. We hear O'GUNN's voice through the phone as BULLETT continues to crash into MRS. O'GUNN with hard-boiled precision.

O'GUNN (O.S)  
Bullett. You're not gonna believe what I just did. It's...it's beautiful. I ripped a man's head off. I've been in this business since the dawn of man and never before have I had the distinct honor of ripping a man's head clean off. And...and, Bullett...this is the most beautiful part...it wasn't just any man's head I ripped off. It was a goddamn albino head!

BULLETT and MRS. O'GUNN rock their way towards a climax.

O'GUNN (O.S.)  
And I can't help but think it was all because of you, Bullett. You're like a brother to me. I...I love you. And I'll kick to death the motherfucker that dares besmirch your name.

BULLETT and MRS. O'GUNN climax!

O'GUNN (O.S.)  
I'll call you later, brother.

BACK TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S BASE, CONSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

O'GUNN makes his way back to the TELESCOPE. As he does this, O'GUNN lets loose with a hail of gunfire. Fuckers drop left and right.

O'GUNN  
Back off, boogaloos!

Four guys wearing TURBANS attack. O'GUNN throws his guns into the air, grabs one of the TURBANS and unravels its wrapping with lightning speed around the necks of his attackers. With a quick jerk O'GUNN breaks four necks at the same fucking time!

O'GUNN then spins around to see his next wave of attackers...but there are none. He's killed every single motherfucker...except for GODFREY LOVEJOY.

GODFREY stands nonplussed by his telescope. He is not fazed in the least by the destruction Charlie O'GUNN has wrought.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
(looking at the sea of  
corpses)

I use illegal labor like every other civilized human being but I have to tell you, Charlie, this is going to be a veritable bitch to clean up.

O'GUNN stalks towards LOVEJOY.

O'GUNN  
You talk pretty tough for someone about to be given the shit-end of the "You're Through" stick.

O'GUNN is now face-to-face with LOVEJOY.

GODFREE LOVEJOY  
I do more than talk, Chuckles.

O'GUNN  
(bug-eyed, pissed-off)  
Did you just call me Chuckl--

Before O'GUNN can finish LOVEJOY delivers an incredible punch that sends O'GUNN flying into the opposite wall! It seems that our effete hipster terrorist has some fight in him! O'GUNN shakes his head, touches the blood dripping from his lip, and frowns at LOVEJOY.

O'GUNN

Lucky punch.

LOVEJOY kicks O'GUNN in the face, then quickly pulls up O'GUNN's head and delivers three more rapid-fire kicks to his face. Ouch!

O'GUNN feebly lifts one of his guns. LOVEJOY swats it from his hand like it's nothing. Then LOVEJOY proceeds to beat on O'GUNN some more. By the time LOVEJOY is done his relentless onslaught, O'GUNN is a beaten and fucked up man. His left arm is broken and a thin sliver of bone protrudes from it. As O'GUNN tries to lift the arm, LOVEJOY steps on it. *O'GUNN lets out a bloodcurdling scream!! We've never seen him this vulnerable!!*

LOVEJOY stands before the battered O'GUNN.

O'GUNN

You...you could've been a cop.

LOVEJOY

Of course I could have. But then I'd be a hypocrite. I mean, how can you destroy authority if you are authority?

(beat)

Anyway, you boorish swine, I fancy a bit of humiliation before I kill you. So why don't you whip out your little pig-sticker for me?

O'GUNN

(coughing blood)

Go fuck yourself, Lovejoy.

LOVEJOY

I mean to. As. Soon. As. You. Show. Me. Your. Dick.

LOVEJOY steps on O'GUNN's broken arm again. There is another horrible scream and then O'GUNN shakes his head.

O'GUNN

No more! No more.

O'GUNN reaches into his pants. LOVEJOY smirks. But instead of whipping out his dick, O'GUNN whips out another gun!!

O'GUNN  
 How's this for a pig-sticker,  
 lunchfuck?

O'GUNN pulls the trigger...CLICK! EMPTY! Fuck!

O'GUNN  
 (staring at empty gun)  
 Ain't that a kick in the head?

LOVEJOY  
 (shaking his head)  
 Charlie, Charlie, Charlie. How many  
 times do I have to tell you? You're  
 not a supercop. You're not even a  
 supertramp. You're a relic. You're  
 less than a relic. You're nothing.  
 (whispering)  
 You're nothing.  
 (mouthing the words)  
 You're nothing.

LOVEJOY reaches down and picks up O'GUNN's other pistol. He  
 checks to see it is loaded. He points the gun between  
 O'GUNN's eyes.

LOVEJOY  
 The ultimate indignity. Killed by  
 your own gun.

BULLETT (O.S.)  
 O'GUNN!

LOVEJOY turns.

BULLETT is standing by the telescope.

O'GUNN  
 (with a bloody tooth grin)  
 BULLETT!

With lightning speed BULLETT discharges a clip from his  
 pistol and flicks a bullet loose from the magazine. BULLETT  
 throws the bullet over LOVEJOY and to O'GUNN. We TRACK the  
 bullet as it twirls and twinkles in the air. O'GUNN flicks  
 his wrist, turning his pistol's loading chamber towards the  
 bullet. It slams in firmly. Holyfuckingshit! BULLETT just  
 threw a bullet into O'GUNN's gun!

LOVEJOY turns back to O'GUNN but too late. O'GUNN pulls the  
 trigger and blows LOVEJOY's brains out the back of his head.  
 LOVEJOY crashes to the floor dead. O'GUNN lets the pistol  
 fall and slinks back onto the ground. BULLETT rushes over and  
 helps O'GUNN to his feet.

O'GUNN  
Sweet Bullett. You saved my bacon.  
(looking down at his  
broken arm)  
My arm! It's turned against me!

BULLETT  
I think the word is "broken",  
Charlie.

O'GUNN  
Hand me your shoulder strap.

BULLETT hands over his strap and O'GUNN quickly ties his  
broken arm back in place.

BULLETT  
You need to go to a hospital.

O'GUNN  
Nonsense! It's just a broken arm!  
All I need is a bathroom and some  
masking tape.

MRS. O'GUNN (O.S.)  
Hello! Morons!

O'GUNN and BULLETT turn to see MRS. O'GUNN standing by the  
telescope.

MRS. O'GUNN  
The fucking telescope!

We PAN TO the Lance Bixby Telescope and then ZOOM IN on the  
digital ticker. There are only 15 seconds left until it  
destroys the sun!

BULLETT  
Holy mother of shit!

BULLETT runs over to the telescope.

O'GUNN  
I'm sure there's plenty of time,  
partner.

BULLETT  
Help me!

O'GUNN shrugs and jogs over. BULLETT is frantically hovering  
over the timing device.

BULLETT  
What do I do? What do I do?

O'GUNN  
First things first. Pull randomly  
at wires.

BULLETT does that. The clock keeps ticking.

O'GUNN  
Okay. Now try shooting it.

BULLETT empties an entire clip. Clock keeps ticking.

O'GUNN  
(rubs chin)  
Hmm. Back away.

O'GUNN bends down and puts his hands on the enormous  
telescope.

O'GUNN  
This worked before.

O'GUNN tries lifting the telescope but cannot.

O'GUNN  
Hmm. Well let's take a minute to  
think about this for a second or  
two.

BULLETT  
We don't have time!!

The ticker is down to 4.

O'GUNN  
We have all the time in the world,  
BulleTT. What you do--

The ticker is down to 2.

O'GUNN  
Two! There's just one number after  
two!

With blinding speed O'GUNN leaps to the control panels and manually swivels the laser away from the sun...and towards the moon. The telescope begins to whirl and glow bright green as it charges up. BULLETT looks at a small screen that reads: New Target Acquired - Moon. The laser fires. We TRACK the beam as it slams into the moon and creates a GIGANTIC STAR WARS EXPLOSION!

CUT TO:

O'GUNN, BULLETT and MRS. O'GUNN looking up at the explosion in the sky.

BULLETT  
You destroyed the moon!

O'GUNN  
It's better than destroying the sun. So the tides get fucked up. No biggie.

BULLETT  
But couldn't you have just aimed it at space?!

O'GUNN  
I've always hated the moon.

BULLETT  
What!?!?

O'GUNN  
That's right, laddie. Just as Lovejoy hated the sun, I hated the moon.

(beat)  
Two sided coins and shit.

WIPE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION, AWARD CEREMONY - DAY

A large crowd including the press is gathered outside of the station. We flash to MARGARITA and MRS. O'GUNN standing in the crowd. At a podium is CHIEF ANGSTROM. To one side of him is O'GUNN and the other BULLETT. They both wear medals.

CHIEF ANGSTROM  
(addressing crowd)  
And so while these two brave men may have destroyed a celestial body billions of years old that inspired human beings from time immemorial, they also saved the world. So we really shouldn't hold that against them.

Confused applause from the crowd.

CHIEF ANGSTROM (CONT'D)  
The city of Los Angeles has already awarded these men medals of high honor and great distinction.

(MORE)



CHIEF ANGSTROM (CONT'D)  
 I would be remiss if I didn't  
 bestow the final honor.  
 (to O'GUNN and BULLETT)  
 Gentlemen, your badges.

CHIEF ANGSTROM returns both their badges.

O'GUNN  
 (whispering to CHIEF)  
 I'm onto you, Casper.

CHIEF ANGSTROM  
 (whispering back)  
 I thought we were past this.

O'GUNN  
 There is no "we", Pale Rider.

Suddenly the walkie-talkie of a nearby policeman goes off.

WALKIE-TALKIE  
 This is car 76 to all units. I am  
 in hot pursuit of one Dagger Nails  
 heading west-bound on the Santa  
 Monica Freeway. Requesting back up,  
 repeat, requesting back-up.

O'GUNN and BULLETT look at each other and smile.

CUT TO:

INT. O'GUNN AND BULLETT'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

O'GUNN and BULLETT jump into their new Taurus.

O'GUNN  
 God, I love fucking up crime! And I  
 love this city! Not only does it  
 have the greatest hamburgers known  
 to man, it has you, Bullett! You're  
 the only partner I've had that  
 survived a fortnight with me.  
 That's gotta be worth something,  
 right?

BULLETT  
 I agree, my friend! You showed me  
 that there is only one job for  
 Bullett Martinez. He is a cop. Like  
 his partner...  
 (looks over warmly at  
 O'GUNN)  
 Charlie O'Gunn.

O'GUNN

Ah, I'm so glad you've lightened up, laddie. And I hope your kid sister's knees get better. I truly do.

BULLETT

Her knees?

O'GUNN

I think I might have buckled them a bit too hard last night when I was plowing her on your bed.

BULLETT

What!?

O'GUNN

Oh, don't worry, Bullett. I made sure to stain the sheets so you'd have something to remember the night by.

BULLETT can't take it anymore.

BULLETT

I can't take it anymore! I didn't want to tell you this! But...I fucked your wife, Charlie! I fucked Mrs. O'Gunn! I fucked her three times! I know you can't count that high, but that's how many times I did it! And I fucked her hard, Charlie! I fucked her so very, very hard I thought her eyes were going to explode with all the fucking I put in her! I did her frontways and backways and upways and you-won't-fucking-believeways! And she loved it! She loved every second of it, Charlie! So there! So there, Charlie O'Gunn! I. Fucked. Your. Wife!

O'GUNN takes a deep breath and stares straight ahead. There is a tense, silent moment. Then O'GUNN turns to BULLETT with a grin.

O'GUNN

Congratulations.

(beat)

You've got gonorrhoea.

O'GUNN steps on the gas and our heroes peel off into the sequel...!!

CUT TO:

BLACK

Cue AC/DC's "Guns For Hire" and END CREDITS.