

Witness Protection

By

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EXT. POOL - DAY

We hover above a circular pool.

A man jumps into the water wearing a bright red speedo. ARTHUR LEMBECK, late sixties and saggy, springs to the surface as a crescendo of classical MUSIC starts.

Arthur Lembeck begins an elaborate routine of synchronized swimming, alone.

After his comical routine he swims to the side of the pool. He rolls out across the concrete to get out of the water and stands up.

Arthur Lembeck walks off screen.

There is another crescendo of music as we stare at the stillness of the pool. Arthur Lembeck stumbles backwards into the water, showering the pavement with red droplets.

Exaggerated bright red streaks of blood stain the blue water.

He is dead--floating and crumpled. His red speedo can no longer be seen against the reddening water.

The music ends with a dramatic finish.

A woman SCREAMS off screen.

CUT TO:

STU, a bearded overweight man in a large floppy hat, throws a hose he was using to water plants.

He is the screaming woman.

Stu stares at Arthur Lembeck's unseen KILLER and runs the opposite direction--plowing through the bushes and shrieking the whole time.

EXT. UPPER-CLASS SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Stu glides down the upper class street in a light-blue rusty moped and matching helmet. He kicks at the pavement to go faster.

STU  
This isn't how I'm going to die.

A BLACK CAR swerves around the corner and chases after him. The window of the car opens and an unseen person shoots. Stu swerves back and forth to avoid them.

STU  
GOD DAMMIT!

Bullets dent the butterfly stickers on the side of the moped. Stu screams again and veers into a circular driveway.

The car follows.

STU  
THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY!

The killer in the car shoots and shatters a face of a nearby statue.

Stu gets back on the street and passes KIDS playing in the road. He grabs their skateboards and throws them at the black car.

STU  
There are children playing here!  
Slow down.

The gunshots stop as the black car glides excruciatingly slow next to the moped.

STU  
I didn't see anything. I didn't see  
you murder my boss.  
(to children)  
Throw your bodies in front of that  
car, children. They have candy.

Police SIRENS echo in the distance.

Stu off-roads the moped and goes through a series of bushes, losing the black car.

EXT. BELLY BURGER, PARKING LOT - DAY

Stu bursts through hedges and into a fast food parking lot. He drives straight into a dumpster.

A group of TEENAGERS laugh and one of them throws an orange soda at Stu on the ground.

STU  
Ow. Dammit. There was ice in that.

Stu grunts and pulls himself off the ground. The moped whirs silently on the ground--taking its last gurgling breaths through the bullet holes.

Stu picks up the moped and walks it across the parking lot towards the 'Belly Burger'. His stomach growls and he walks to the drive through. He passes waiting cars and goes directly to the window.

STU  
One large belly burger with extra  
mayonnaise and-

Stu licks his lips, tasting the soda the teenagers threw at him.

STU  
-and one orange soda.

Cars behind him beep. Angry drivers yell.

FAST FOOD WORKER  
I'm sorry I can't serve you.  
(into headset)  
No ma'am not you.

The Fast Food Worker takes off his headset.

STU  
I'm running for my life here. And  
if my blood sugar gets too low I  
could drop dead right now.

Stu grabs a crumpled packet of ketchup off the asphalt and sucks on it.

FAST FOOD WORKER  
I can't serve you here.

STU  
What are you talking about? I have  
money.

Stu pulls crinkled ones out of his pants.

STU  
You can't refuse my service. I'm  
allowed to eat here just like  
everyone else. What are you,  
racist?

FAST FOOD WORKER  
You aren't in a vehicle. I need you  
to order inside.

Stu pulls his moped into view of the Fast Food Worker. Its gasoline leaks onto the pavement.

FAST FOOD WORKER  
That thing moves?

STU  
Faster than I am getting my order!

Stu sits on the moped and it creaks forward.

The Fast Food Worker closes the window and prepares the order.

A black car slowly moves down the street. Stu eyes it nervously and bangs on the window.

The window flies open.

FAST FOOD WORKER  
WHAT!?!?!?

STU  
Can I actually pick that up inside?

FAST FOOD WORKER  
Are you serious?

The black car comes to a halt across the street from the restaurant.

FAST FOOD WORKER  
That will be 3--

The door of the black car swings open. Stu grabs the drink and food from the worker's hands. Stu kicks the moped into reverse immediately.

The moped speeds backwards through the parking lot and past the teenagers. Stu throws his drink at them as he passes. He disappears off into a side-street.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Stu parks his moped in an alleyway and tries to climb a fence while holding his hamburger. He falls and tries again.

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - DAY

Stu tumbles over the fence into a junk-filled backyard.

He hides behind a pile of garbage and looks at the house for any kind of movement. He pulls a flip phone from his pocket and dials.

STU

(on phone)

Jerry! You're still alive.

(beat)

Is anyone there with you?

(beat)

No, I don't mean Rhonda. I never mean Rhonda.

(beat)

Give me a sign if someone is there with you and you can't say anything.

(beat)

Did you sneeze on purpose?

Stu throws his phone and runs inside.

INT. STU'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The inside is covered in filth--somewhere between a hermit's cave and an insane asylum's dumpster.

STU

Jerry!

JERRY, a 40s bachelor with close resemblance to an 80s rocker, stumbles into the kitchen and finishes chugging an energy drink.

JERRY

I'm here, Stu.

Stu hugs him and then pulls back.

STU

Why are you sticky?

Jerry smiles.

STU

Where are they?

JERRY

Who?

STU

You sneezed.

JERRY

I told you I hate that potpourri  
shit you keep lying around.

STU

No one's here?

JERRY

You gotta stop saying that.

STU

I don't care about Rhonda.

Stu starts wildly packing items from the kitchen into a  
suitcase.

JERRY

What are you doing?

STU

I have to leave. Someone's gonna  
come after me.

He adds mayonnaise, a large spoon, and hot-chocolate mix to  
his suitcase.

STU

They're gonna kill me.

JERRY

I told you last week--no one's  
gonna call they police if you steal  
the uneaten peanuts out of the five  
guys dumpster.

STU

It's worse than that.

Stu takes a handful of peanuts from his pocket and eats  
them.

STU

Arthur Lembeck is dead.

JERRY

Your boss-

STU  
I can't go into specifics-

JERRY  
You finally killed that wrinkly  
speedo-ey man with the hedge  
clippers?

STU  
No, I could never.

JERRY  
So the wife did it with your hedge  
clippers?

STU  
No!

JERRY  
What are you gonna do?

STU  
Disappear for a little while.  
That's all.  
(beat)  
And if my mom calls tell her I'm  
okay. I don't want her to think I'm  
dead in a ditch somewhere.

JERRY  
She thought you were dead for a  
week when you accidentally glued  
yourself to the bathtub.

Stu runs into the bedroom to pack clothes.

JERRY  
Or that time you locked yourself in  
the fridge.  
(beat)  
Or the time you faked your death to  
avoid the parking ticket.

STU  
I told you, I was trying at home  
waxing!

JERRY  
Which time?

Stu hugs Jerry.



STU

Pretend I was never here.

Jerry hands Stu a blow-up sex doll.

JERRY

You can take her.

Jerry lets his hand slowly glide up the plastic womanly figure one last time.

STU

Enough about Rhonda!

Jerry grabs the sex doll back and storms off into the other room.

STU

Jerry, don't be like that...

The SOUND OF BULLETS echo through the house. Stu shrieks, grabs his suitcase, and runs out the back door.

Jerry pops his head back into the kitchen--a PlayStation controller in-hand.

JERRY

I was just playing Call Of Duty, dude.

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - DAY

Stu runs through the backyard, catching his sandal in a tire.

He fails climbing the fence twice and ends up falling over the top.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Stu speeds off down the alleyway on his moped, dragging the wheeled suitcase behind him.

EXT. POOL - DAY

POLICE OFFICERS have roped off the pool and are busy gathering evidence and questioning the family.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS, a caterpillar mustache and stiff tie, speaks to other officers.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 Someone finally put a hit on this  
 motherfucker. I can't say I'm  
 surprised. What do we have?

OFFICER BARRENS, the yes man.

OFFICER BARRENS  
 He was shot twice at roughly 3:15.  
 The maid heard them.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 Do we have any witnesses?

OFFICER BARRENS  
 Only a gardener. A Mr. Stu Wilcum.  
 We can't find him but Arthur  
 Lembeck's wife swears he would have  
 been trimming some hedges nearby.

OFFICER LORENZ, the resident Latino, laughs.

OFFICER LORENZ  
 Could he have done it?

OFFICER BARRENS  
 Unlikely, but we sent a patrol to  
 his house.

OFFICER LORENZ  
 Lembeck here has too many enemies.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 You're right. This is gonna be a  
 shit-storm from hell.

OFFICER LORENZ  
 Come on, Captain. Shitting in hell?

Officer Lorenz makes the mark of a cross on his chest.

OFFICER LORENZ  
 You're tellin' me you just stop  
 shitting and pissing the second you  
 die--that excrement follows you to  
 the grave and beyond.

OFFICER BARRENS  
 Definitely for this guy...his  
 record isn't exactly clean.

The Captain gets a call on his radio.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 (into radio)  
 We'll be right there.

The Captain claps the Officers' backs.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 Frank's at it again. We gotta head  
 back to the station.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Stu paces outside the police station; he wears a ripped and  
 withered suit.

INT. POLICE STATION, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

A man watches Stu pace below through a window--FRANK,  
 balding with grace, a shaved head and a thick belt to try to  
 hide a growing belly.

The Captain and Officer Barrens and Lorenz wait patiently  
 for Frank to turn towards them.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 You've gone too far this time,  
 Frank. You know it.

FRANK  
 This is what I get for 17 years of  
 service?

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 You know why--

FRANK  
 I injured one person. ONLY ONE!

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 She was 93!

FRANK  
 And you should'a seen her knitting  
 needles, Captain.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 I've heard enough. You're done!  
 Hand in your badge and gun  
 downstairs.

FRANK

But this Arthur Lembeck case, you  
gotta put me on it. I'm too  
valuable to cut out now.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

I said leave.

Officers Barrens and Lorenz try to hide laughs as Frank  
stomps out of the office.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Stu continues to pace. He shakily tries to drink from a  
bottle of water. He pulls at the tight sweaty suit against  
his chest.

STU

You can do this. Just go in and  
tell them what you saw.

Frank quickly exits the police station and pockets his  
gun/badge.

FRANK

They still need me. They'll realize  
that soon enough.

STU

"He fell in the pool, there was  
blood everywhere"--"I ran" -- just  
say that. Be calm; don't cry again.

Stu slaps his own face.

STU

NO CRYING YOU FUCKING PUSSY!

Frank overhears Stu, draws his gun, and walks up to him.

FRANK

Sir?

Stu nervously squeezes the water bottle and it explodes on  
his face. He puts his hands up and backs down an alleyway  
away from Frank.

FRANK

Sir, I heard what you said.

STU  
I didn't do it.

FRANK  
Then just talk to me for a moment.

Stu turns and bolts down the alleyway. Frank follows. The two of them run unbearably slow--gaspng for air.

Stu gets to his moped and tries to start it. Frank reaches him and grabs onto the back of Stu's pants. The moped starts and Stu's pants are ripped off as he revs forward--revealing stained tighty whities.

Stu runs into an OLD WOMAN and falls off the moped.

Frank grabs Stu again.

The Old Woman pops up vigorously.

FRANK  
It's you! YOU BITCH!

OLD WOMAN  
PIG!

The woman comes at them with knitting needles.

Stu lets out a girlish shriek, notices he's not wearing pants, and shrieks again.

Frank runs with Stu away from the Old Woman.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Frank and Stu run down the street slowly.

FRANK  
We're okay.

Stu looks over his shoulder: the Old Woman still follows them with a deadly determination--a block behind.

STU  
She's still coming.

FRANK  
I shot her in the hip earlier today; we're good for now. But damn--if I'm not impressed. If we have heart attacks runnin' she'll kebab our cold dead bodies to this sidewalk.

STU  
Who are you?

FRANK  
You were gonna go to the Cops and  
turn yourself in, right? You saw  
Arthur Lembeck murdered earlier  
today and fled the scene?

STU  
Maybe.

FRANK  
You can't go to them. That's a bad  
idea. They can't protect you like I  
can. You don't know what you are  
stepping into here.

STU  
I need to hide. You're telling me  
you can get me into witness  
protection?

Frank thinks about this.

FRANK  
Yes I can. I can make that happen.  
You'll get the best protection the  
federal government can offer. I'll  
keep you out of sight.

STU  
I trust you.

Frank smiles.

FRANK  
You should. We're partners now. I'm  
going to help you and you're going  
to help me.

Stu's face moves slowly towards his, dramatically--for a  
kiss.

Frank pushes him away.

FRANK  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!?!

STU  
I thought we were having a  
moment...

Frank grabs Stu's hand and awkwardly pounds it against his own fist.

FRANK  
It's this kind of moment.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank and Stu enter a dark apartment.

STU  
This is where we're staying?

FRANK  
I know it's not much, but-

STU  
It's amazing.

Stu gets close to the window, his face smudging the glass.

STU  
You can see the whole city from here. The jail, that street with the pretty ladies, and you have some really dedicated neighborhood watch people.

A group of 20-somethings mug someone on the street.

STU  
Kids these days...

Frank pulls up a chair for Stu to sit on. Frank takes out his gun and badge and lays them on the table in front of them, sadly.

FRANK  
I need you to give me something. Something good. I need you to tell me exactly what you were gonna tell the Cops.

STU  
I thought you were-

FRANK  
I am. I am. Just give me the details.

STU

I saw someone kill my boss. Shot him straight in the gut.

FRANK

And what do you do for Mr. Lembeck?

STU

Um...I take care of business for him.

FRANK

You his assistant of some kind?

STU

Kind of...I take care of his property.

FRANK

Well he is into real estate...

STU

No, not like that. Anything outside that he might need groomed.

FRANK

You're his waxer?

STU

Not that kind that kind of bush.

Franks pauses, disgusted about thinking about another man's 'bush' and then looks surprisingly towards Stu.

FRANK

You're his freakin' gardener?

STU

More of an assistant to the gardener. Jesus is vacationing in Fiji right now.

Frank digests this.

FRANK

So you were working when you saw him shot?

STU

Yes. And then his killer chased me. They want to kill me for what I saw. I've seen too much...



FRANK

And you got a good look at him?

STU

...I probably should've stayed with Mr. Lembeck. He could have still been alive.

FRANK

You did the right thing. Now we can bring his killer to justice. We just have to find them first. But with your boss dead you are the only thing that's a real threat to them. They will keep looking for you until there isn't a single person that can put them away.

Stu gulps loudly.

FRANK

You'll be safe with me around though. That's what witness protection is all about. I'll watch your back. You're gonna have to trust me.

STU

I do.

FRANK

Then tell me everything about the killer. Do you have a name? A description? Anything?

STU

Black hair, beautiful eyes-

FRANK

Keep it in your pants.

STU

But-

FRANK

I need concrete information. I'm not putting a personal ad out for a bottom.

Stu doesn't understand.

FRANK  
So you hadn't seen them before?

STU  
No.

FRANK  
So someone could have hired him...

STU  
Umm...

FRANK  
Wait, I'm thinking.

Beat.

Frank pulls out a pen and paper.

FRANK  
I need you to write down your  
boss's enemies. As many as you can  
remember. Especially individuals  
that came to the house and were  
familiar with the grounds.

Frank smiles and pockets his gun/badge.

FRANK  
We'll get to the bottom of this.

Frank gets into bed. He takes the pillow from under his head  
and covers his butt.

FRANK  
Don't try anything funny...and  
don't go to sleep until that list  
is complete.

INT. CAR - DAY

Frank beeps loudly from the driver's seat.

FRANK  
Hurry it up!

Stu comes running out of the apartment building as he tries  
to fasten his pants.

Stu gets into the car.

FRANK

Buckle up.

Stu buckles his belt. He waits for Frank to drive.

FRANK

The seat belt.

STU

Oh.

Stu buckles the seat belt.

STU

So where are we go--

Frank speeds forward, pushing Stu back against the seat.

STU

Whoa.

FRANK

You're list wasn't as helpful as I thought considering you saw the fricken' man die. How long did you work there?

STU

4 years.

FRANK

Four years and you were an assistant gardener?

STU

Well you haven't seen Jesus work.

Frank throws the list at Stu. It is 50+ pages long.

FRANK

Well I'm not too concerned with 'Fed-Ex guy with the red beard' too much.

STU

He was suspicious...

FRANK

And Arthur Lembeck's mother?

STU

They had a pretty rocky relationship. He got her a

(MORE)

STU (cont'd)  
microwave last Christmas. A  
microwave!

FRANK  
You're on the list. Three times.

STU  
It's a long list. I forgot.

FRANK  
You're telling me you could have  
killed your boss?

STU  
I don't know my own strength. I  
could be the Hulk or something. I  
could have a double personality  
that really likes killing people. I  
did once have this pet goldfish-

FRANK  
Is this your confession, Stu?

STU  
You didn't even let me tell you  
about the twin I ate in the womb.

FRANK  
Is this your absorbed evil twin's  
confession?

STU  
Probably not. I can normally tell  
when he's angry.

Frank grunts and speeds faster.

FRANK  
There wasn't a single name or  
pattern that stuck out from your  
list.

STU  
I can write another.

FRANK  
You had 'murderer' as the first  
name. I think another list wouldn't  
be too helpful right now.

STU  
So where are we going?

FRANK  
Maybe seeing your old boss might  
jog some memories.

STU  
What?

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE, HALLWAY - DAY

Frank and Stu walk through a sterile hallway.

STU  
What did you mean before by seeing  
my old boss?

FRANK  
Shhhh.

Frank pushes Stu to hide behind a vending machine as a man  
in a lab coat approaches them: DR. FITZ.

FRANK  
Nice to see you again, Dr. Fitz.

Dr. Fitz looks up from his sandwich.

DR. FITZ  
I wasn't expecting you, Frank. Some  
detectives were already down here  
earlier about the issue.

FRANK  
What issue?

Dr. Fitz looks at him skeptically.

DR. FITZ  
Your Captain didn't fill you in?

FRANK  
I've been on vacation.

STU  
(whispers)  
Fiji.

FRANK  
Fiji. The beaches were great and  
the sun was hot.

DR. FITZ  
You don't look tan.

FRANK  
Well, the women were hotter.

The doctor focuses on his sandwich again.

DR. FITZ  
The lab's been cleaned up already  
but you can look around.

FRANK  
Thank you.

The doctor walks off.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE, LAB - DAY

Frank and Stu walk into the lab past police tape.

STU  
What happened?

FRANK  
I've seen some sick stuff in here.  
You don't know what some people  
will do with a stiff.

Frank walks past covered BODIES on tables. He checks charts  
next to a wall of SLABS.

FRANK  
Arthur Lembeck.

Frank looks through Lembeck's CHART. Stu gulps.

FRANK  
He was shot in the stomach. Just as  
you said.  
(beat)  
Well that can't be right.

STU  
What?

FRANK  
You said that he fell back into the  
pool.

STU

He did.

FRANK

He wouldn't have died immediately from that shot. But with the abdominal muscles shredded from a bullet he wouldn't have been able to get himself out in enough time.

STU

Are you saying...

FRANK

He would have drowned to death. Yes.

Stu gags.

FRANK

But there wasn't any water in his lungs. Someone had to have helped him from the water. He wasn't found in the pool.

STU

Well it wasn't me.

FRANK

Why would the killer have done that?

STU

But they found the bullet, right?

FRANK

The report wasn't finished here.

STU

Why?

FRANK

Lunch? Maybe they already found what they needed for the case. It'll be done before they hand him over to the funeral home.

Frank opens the compartment holding the body. Stu peeks through his fingers to see the empty slab.

STU

Umm, Frank?

FRANK

I see.

STU

The body isn't there.

Frank slams it closed.

FRANK

We're at step one again. That must of been what the doctor was talking about.

STU

Someone stole the body?

FRANK

There had to be some pretty incriminating evidence for someone to sneak in here and steal the body.

STU

So I should definitely go to the police now, right? I should tell everyone else what I saw.

FRANK

Absolutely not.

Frank thinks for a moment.

FRANK

You can't tell me anything about who killed Arthur Lembeck. You can't tell me about his enemies. And now the body is gone along with any evidence tied to his death.

(beat)

Your statement is the last proof this murder even happened. You're the only reason they'd even show their face.

STU

They?

FRANK

The killer, of course.

Frank leaves the room. Stu follows.

A BODY, covered in a sheet, sits up on a table and watches them leave.



INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Frank pays a pimple-faced CASHIER with a wad of cash. The cashier nods towards the parking lot at Stu, wandering around aimlessly in the sun. Stu tries unsuccessfully to unlink two carts.

CASHIER  
That's him?

FRANK  
I didn't promise the prom queen.

Stu climbs inside one of the carts to try to kick them apart. He gets stuck.

FRANK  
Just keep him outside, will ya?

EXT. SUPERMARKET, PARKING LOT - LATER

Stu pushes a trail of carts throughout the parking lot. He is fully dressed in "BUY-MART" apparel. He pushes the carts ahead of him and lets go. They slowly drift away from him and towards the supermarket.

Stu looks around and pulls out a walkie-talkie.

STU  
Houston. Come in Houston.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Frank sits in a lawn chair drinking a cheap beer. He hears Stu over his walkie-talkie.

STU (O.S.)  
Houston. Come in Houston.

FRANK  
What's wrong, Stu?

Frank picks up a pair of binoculars and looks at the parking lot below. Frank has a clear view of Stu working.

INTERCUT BETWEEN FRANK AND STU:

STU  
Are you sure I should be doing this?

FRANK

We've talked about this. Don't you trust me?

STU

But shouldn't we have changed my name?

FRANK

It's unnecessary.

STU

Shouldn't I be in another state? Or at least a different town. Will the government pay for plastic surgery?

FRANK

I gotta say, Stu, I'm not sure the best doctors in the world could do much with what you've given them.

STU

But-

FRANK

The best place for you is right out in the open. Whoever may be trying to find you will never expect you to be hiding right in plain sight.

Frank switches off the walkie-talkie.

FRANK

And they will find you...

EXT. SUPERMARKET, PARKING LOT - DAY

STU

Frank? You didn't sign off. Frank?

The carts crash into a food stand outside the store. Cantaloupes cover the parking lot.

CASHIER

STU!!!

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Stu helps pack groceries for an OLD MAN.

OLD MAN

Don't do that. You're putting the  
cans on top of the boxes. Cans go  
on the bottom next to the ketchup.

The Old Man smacks Stu's hand away from the bag.

EXT. SUPERMARKET, PARKING LOT - DAY

Stu helps the Old Man put groceries into his trunk.

OLD MAN

And that's when the mailman came...

Stu grabs the bag of groceries roughly from his hands.

STU

Why would you do that!

The Old Man stops short and grabs the bag back from him.

Stu grabs it back from him and pulls a carton of eggs from the top. He drops the bag on the asphalt and a can of tuna dramatically rolls away.

STU

You can't go putting eggs in the  
trunk.

OLD MAN

I can do whatever I want with my  
purchases.

STU

It's like shoving a pregnant woman  
in there. Would you want to do that  
too?

A pregnant woman nearby looks horrified. She grabs her toddler and runs away.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Frank wakes up from a nap at the sound of screaming.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: Stu throws eggs at the Old Man who is trying to deflect them with his cane.

STU  
Here's your omelet, Bitch.

FRANK  
Shit-head.

INT. CAR - DAY

Frank and Stu pull up to Frank's apartment building.  
Stu starts to get out of the car. Frank holds him back.

STU  
What?

Frank motions to a black car parked in front of the building.

FRANK  
I know that car.

Two men walk out of the building: Officer Barrens and Lorenz.

Frank pushes Stu out of sight and ducks below the window.

STU  
Who's that?

FRANK  
People that can't see us.

STU  
Well I get that.

Stu tries to peek out the window.

STU  
They look like Cops.

Frank tries to think of an excuse.

FRANK  
Yes. Crooked Cops. No doubt by now they know how much evidence we have on the killer.

STU  
But we don't know anything...

FRANK

Shut up and stay quiet for a moment, will you?

The Officers come close--within earshot.

Frank covers Stu's ears.

OFFICER LORENZ

I can't believe the Captain sent us on this fricken' errand.

OFFICER BARRENS

Yea, I get it. We shouldn't be letting Frank run around with a badge and a gun, but he's not stupid enough to be using them.

OFFICER LORENZ

This stupid assignment is a bust.

OFFICER BARRENS

We should have demanded his effects before he left the office. The Captain is gonna be pissed.

OFFICER LORENZ

We should be focusing on the lead for the Lembeck case instead of chasing after a run-down Detective.

OFFICER BARRENS

Frank should have been fired years ago after that nursing home fire. He didn't have to use the explosives. You NEVER have to use the explosives. That's like a day one lesson.

OFFICER LORENZ

The Vigliotti family is the best lead we'll get. They lost a lot of money when Lembeck's business deals went south last year.

OFFICER BARRENS

You're right. They have every reason to want him dead. We should be questioning them.

OFFICER BARRENS

Let's just finish this Frank thing first.

The Officers get in their car and drive off. Frank lets Stu go.

STU  
What was that?

FRANK  
I don't want you getting  
intimidated by all the horrible  
things they are going to do to you  
if they find you.

Stu looks terrified.

STU  
Like what kinds of things?

FRANK  
I don't have the stomach to tell  
you.

Frank begins to drive away.

STU  
We aren't going back to your place?

FRANK  
It's not safe anymore.

STU  
So where are we going?

FRANK  
An errand.

INT. CAR - LATER

Frank pulls up to a butcher shop. He points at the window of the shop.

FRANK  
Do you recognize that man at the  
front?

STU  
Who?

FRANK  
The one at the counter.

STU  
I don't know.

FRANK  
You don't know?

STU  
He looks like this guy I went to  
preschool with.

FRANK  
What? No.

STU  
Where should I know him from then?

FRANK  
This man is part of the Vigliotti  
family. Based off of my extensive  
knowledge of this case and the  
manner of Arthur Lembeck's death I  
believe this crime family may be  
directly involved with this murder.

STU  
But I thought we didn't have any  
leads yet?

FRANK  
Do I look like an idiot to you?

Stu looks at Frank deeply for a long time.

STU  
You are the smartest man I know,  
Detective.

Frank slaps him across the face.

FRANK  
I put the pieces together. That's  
all. That's what a good Detective  
does. Now go be a good witness and  
tell me if you recognize him.

STU  
I need a closer look.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

Stu walks into the shop with Frank. Stu is wearing sunglasses, a hat, and a bad wig.

BUTCHER  
Can I help you?

STU  
I just need a closer look at you.

Frank punches Stu in the side.

BUTCHER  
What?

FRANK  
He just wants to look at your meat.

STU  
Eww. No I need to look at his face.  
I mean yes. That kind of meat.

Frank points at sausage links.

FRANK  
We wanna see those.

The Butcher holds out the sausage to them.

FRANK  
A bit higher up. To the light.

The Butcher holds up the meat higher. Frank moves his hands so the meat is in front of his face. Frank pushes Stu closer to the man's face.

FRANK  
Really get in there. Look closely.

Stu winks at Frank and looks at the Butcher's face.

STU  
Let me see...

Stu nods at Frank.

FRANK  
We'll take it. Wrap it up.

The Butcher brings the meat to the back of the shop.



STU  
It's always the butcher; I should  
have known.

FRANK  
What?

STU  
Where's the cannoli, right?

FRANK  
That's not the quote. What are you  
saying?

STU  
I've seen Goodfellas. I know how  
this goes. He is definitely  
involved.

FRANK  
So that's who killed your boss?

STU  
Oh. No. But I definitely saw him at  
Lembeck's house.

FRANK  
Well that's...something. We're  
going in the right direction then.

STU  
Yea, he'd show up almost every  
week. Every Tuesday, like  
clockwork.

FRANK  
Wow. This is big. What'd they talk  
about?

STU  
Meat, deliveries. Really serious  
stuff.

Frank's face drops.

FRANK  
You're joking, right? Are you an  
idiot or actively trying to  
sabotage this case?

STU  
I'm sorry--I don't mean...

Frank angrily throws a tip jar from the counter at Stu.

FRANK

So which is it? Did your Momma drop you on your head or are you trying to stab me in the back?

Stu fidgets, unsure how to answer.

STU

Umm. Both.

FRANK

Both? Seriously?

STU

I don't know. It's neither...She dropped me in the dryer.

Frank grunts and leaves the shop.

STU

Do you want me to pick these up?

Stu starts to collect the coins on the ground.

BUTCHER (O.S.)

Hey. What's going on out there?

Stu scrambles out of the shop.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Frank and Stu sit at a booth.

FRANK

We can never pin that guy for anything. But within the Vigliotti family he's a real enforcer.

STU

He looked like it.

FRANK

It sounds like it was just business between him and Lembeck, though.

STU

Unless he was poisoning him slowly for years. Or hiding guns in the meat deliveries.

Frank and Stu eat in silence for a long time.

FRANK

I pulled strings to get you that job at the store. You're throwing our chances out the window of catching this killer.

STU

Why would we want to catch them ourselves?

FRANK

It's not important. I'm here to protect you, just like I said from the beginning.

A WAITRESS comes to their table.

FRANK

Coffee, black. And a steak, rare.

Stu looks at his menu, undecided. He looks up at Frank.

STU

Is this a work expense?

FRANK

I'll cover this.

STU

I'll take 2 'everything burgers' with extra cheese and bacon.

(beat)

And coffee--black.

The Waitress walks away.

FRANK

You threw eggs at an Old Man, really Stu? I was probably a veteran or something. I'm putting my neck on the line here. I only have so many favors.

STU

(under his breath)

At least I didn't shoot him.

FRANK

What's that?

STU

Nothing.

The Waitress brings two black coffees. Stu tries his and dramatically spits it out.

Franks chugs his, amused.

FRANK  
Not used to the bean, aye?

STU  
(to waitress)  
Can I get ice cream and whip cream  
for this?

FRANK  
What are you, in a sorority?

Officer Barrens and Lorenz walk in the diner.

Frank pushes Stu underneath the booth.

STU  
What are we doing?

FRANK  
Stay quiet.

The Officers spot Frank and walk over.

OFFICER BARRENS  
We thought you'd be here.

FRANK  
Really?

OFFICER BARRENS  
You're predictable, Frank.

FRANK  
I know why you're here.

OFFICER LORENZ  
Just hand them over. We don't want  
trouble. We're doing what we were  
told. The Captain gave you multiple  
chances.

FRANK  
I'm not giving him up.

OFFICER BARRENS  
What are you talking about?

Frank puts his gun and badge on the table.

FRANK

I'm choosing to leave. I'm done  
with the station and all of you.  
It's crooked and dirty.

Stu tries to peek out from under the table. Frank kicks him  
to keep him down.

FRANK

I'll never do what you want me to.

Officer Barrens grabs the gun and badge from the table.

OFFICER BARRENS

He's going crazy.

OFFICER LORENZ

He was always crazy.

The Officers leave. Frank talks to Stu under the table.

STU

Did they just take your gun and  
badge?

FRANK

Yes. Yes they did. They have to be  
working for the Vigliotti family.  
It seems like they have more  
control of the station than I even  
knew. But I'm willing to refuse  
them for you. To keep you safe.

STU

I really appreciate that, Frank.

FRANK

We're close to this case now. My  
old team may believe we are out of  
the game but we have the Feds on  
our side. I'm telling you, you may  
not ever see them but they have our  
backs. We have a chance to figure  
out exactly who is behind Arthur  
Lembeck's murder. We have a solid  
lead. We just have to go forward  
with it. You are our greatest  
resource.

The Waitress comes up to them and eyes Stu underneath the  
table. Frank flashes her a charming smile.

WAITRESS

Seriously? We serve food here. We have a kids menu and everything. Can you take it to the motel down the road?

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Frank and Stu enter a worn-down motel room. There are two un-made twin beds and a flickering fluorescent light outside the window.

STU

Wow, the Feds are spending the big bucks. They must really wanna keep me alive.

FRANK

I know it's not much, but-

STU

Not much-

Stu jumps onto one of the beds, sending dust and bed springs in every direction.

STU

I haven't had clean sheets in 2 years.

(beat)

I get this one near the door.

FRANK

It's not bunk beds--do whatever you want.

Frank drops a suitcase onto the empty bed.

STU

(excited)

You're staying the whole night?

FRANK

I can't risk leaving you alone.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Frank drops Stu off at work.

FRANK

Just sit tight here for a little while. I'll try to find something else before you get fired.

STU

But why can't I just come with you?

FRANK

I can't tell you everything. You're not a cop; you're in witness protection. If I told you everything that I knew you would be in even more danger.

STU

But-

FRANK

But nothing. There's some big fish in the sea out here. Dangerous fish. And you're like a plankton--or maybe you're more like fish-food or something. But the point is the Vigliotti crime family isn't the biggest or the best out here. There's the Koreans, the Mexicaños, and don't even get my started on the Canadians out here. We can handle the Vigliotti's. Trust me. We'll get them.

Frank hands Stu a bagged lunch.

FRANK

Don't cause any more trouble today.

Stu unwraps the bag with a disgusted look.

FRANK

I cut the crust off just like you like. You better eat that damn fruit cup and not just throw it in the garbage again.

Frank drives off.

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank parks outside of Stu's house. He uses a key to get in the front door.

Frank hears VOICES inside and pulls out his gun.

Rhonda, the SEX DOLL, falls out of a jammed closet as he passes. The voices stop.

JERRY (O.S.)  
Who's there?

FRANK  
Shit.

Frank turns the corner to see Jerry in boxers talking with a woman. The woman, SOFIA--a bombshell.

Frank quickly hides his gun.

FRANK  
You must be Jerry. I'm a friend of Stu's. He told me to come over and grab a few things for him.

Frank fumbles to hold out Stu's key.

JERRY  
(to Sofia)  
Stu is the roommate I was telling you about. He's not really around too much. It's basically my house.

Sofia stands and shakes Frank's hand--he's caught.

SOFIA  
(strong accent)  
Nice to meet you.

JERRY  
This is Sofia. We just met. She's our new post-man-woman. Definitely a woman.  
(beat)  
What fell?

FRANK  
A doll-thing.

JERRY  
Rhonda!  
(to Sofia)  
(MORE)



JERRY (cont'd)  
 She's nothin' to me, you gotta know  
 that.

(beat)  
 I'll be right back.

Jerry runs off down the hallway.

FRANK  
 You have a package for Stu? I can  
 give it to him.

Frank signs the package.

SOFIA  
 You live here too?

FRANK  
 No, I'm just helping Stu out with a  
 problem until he can get back on  
 his feet.

SOFIA  
 Is he okay?

FRANK  
 Sadly, yes. Just as annoying as  
 ever.

They share a long smile.

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank claps Jerry on the back.

FRANK  
 Just like I said, if anyone comes  
 pokin' around you call me. And pass  
 along that information on the back  
 of the card. They already caught  
 the killer but if anyone needs to  
 find Stu for the next few days this  
 is his new temporary address.

JERRY  
 Is this a four or a seven?

FRANK  
 That's a seven. He's room seven at  
 the motel near the highway  
 entrance. Not the one near the  
 Wendy's.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

Frank hands a TEACHER a pile of JOINTS. The Teacher snuffles excitedly.

TEACHER

If you call it cannabis it sounds important for medical reasons...

FRANK

Just keep him out of trouble, will you?

TEACHER

Anything for you, Frank. As long as he isn't cooking meth in the janitor's closet or hanging out in the girls bathroom he'll be fine.

In the background, Stu tries to pick his nose with the end of a broom.

FRANK

We don't have anything to worry about.

TEACHER

Clearly.

The Teacher starts to light up.

FRANK

Dude, at least do it in the teachers' lounge with everyone else.

The Teacher leaves. Frank walks up to Stu.

FRANK

You're looking sharp there. Women love a man in uniform.

STU

This is better, Frank. It's quiet and I'm not out in the open. I feel a lot safer here.

The bell rings. Students pour out into the hallway.

Frank taps his ear, revealing an earpiece.

FRANK  
You just holler if you see  
anything, okay?

Frank puts on a pair of sunglasses and walks away.

Stu is knocked down by the scuffle of students.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY - LATER

Stu argues with a young boy, TIMMY, and his group of FRIENDS in an empty hallway. Stu collects trash from a bin.

TIMMY  
You're an idiot that's why you work  
here.

STU  
You're an idiot that's why you go  
here.

Timmy swats a large filled cup out of Stu's hands and it falls to the floor.

TIMMY  
Hey look job security. Go pick that  
up.

STU  
Hey look a failed abortion, go die.

INT. CAR - DAY

Frank reads through a yearbook while wearing a *DARE* hat parked outside the school.

FRANK  
Hey Stu, what's happening in there?

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

Stu makes a childish face at Timmy.

STU  
There's this little twerp here  
bothering me, Frank.

TIMMY  
Who are you talking to?

INT. CAR - DAY

FRANK  
Just walk away...

STU (O.S.)  
You can't just walk away from a  
bully. Anyway, he started it.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

FRANK (O.S.)  
A twelve year old started it?

TIMMY  
Who are you talking to? You're  
crazy old man.

STU  
You're crazy, Timmy. That's why  
your sister wanted an abortion.

TIMMY  
What?

STU  
Your sister is actually your mom,  
Timmy. Your whole family's screwed  
up because of you.

TIMMY  
I only have a brother named Kyle.

STU  
She used to go by Kelsey and we  
both know it. She's finally happy  
with herself, Timmy. He's a whole  
new woman. This isn't the nineties  
anymore.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Leave now.

Stu throws his mop at the boys and runs away.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Are you done getting picked-on by  
tweens?

STU  
Just because you call them 'tweens'  
doesn't make them midgets or

(MORE)

STU (cont'd)  
 anything. They're still bullies and  
 really strong. They're like mini  
 adults or something.

FRANK (O.S.)  
 Come on you aren't young anymore;  
 you don't have to take this kind of  
 shit. Just give them a good  
 one-two. Teach them a lesson.

STU  
 I'm not about to beat up kids!  
 Would you really if you were in my  
 situation?

INT. CAR - DAY

Frank doesn't answer.

FRANK  
 I don't have time for this. I need  
 you to check something out for me,  
 okay?

STU (O.S.)  
 I said they started it...

FRANK  
 There's a boy that goes here: Vino  
 Vigliotti. He's gotten into a lot  
 of scrapes recently. He'd be in  
 juvie by now if it weren't for his  
 family connections.

STU (O.S.)  
 So?

FRANK  
 So I need you to go check him out.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

STU  
 I don't know about that...he's  
 underage and...

FRANK (O.S.)  
 Stop right there. Go to room 133  
 and just look inside.

Stu doesn't argue. He finds the classroom.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Look in the window, Stu.

STU  
No.

FRANK  
Do it now.

Stu looks inside the room. A giant muscled teenager sits in the corner of the room: VINO VIGLIOTTI.

FRANK  
Was that who killed Arthur Lembeck?

STU  
No the teacher didn't do it. She looks like a nice lady.

FRANK  
The boy in the back row.

STU  
There are too many...

FRANK  
The one that looks like his name would be Vino Vigliotti.

STU  
Oh right.

FRANK  
Did he do it?

STU  
No, of course not. He's only a kid.  
(beat)  
Why am I really here, Frank?

FRANK  
I told you. We have to put a face on this killer.

TIMMY (O.S.)  
Hey, bitch.

INT. CAR - DAY

Frank's earpiece fills with static.

Frank pleads for Stu to understand.

FRANK

Come on don't be a jackass, Buddy.  
we are in this together, aren't we?  
We have to put someone's neck on  
the line to save yours long term.

Stu's voice comes on--slow and croaking.

STU

I need your help. Please. They're  
gonna kill me.

FRANK

Hold on.

Frank swerves around the school trying to catch a glimpse of  
him.

FRANK

Where are you?

Frank pulls a HANDGUN out of his glove compartment.

EXT. SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND - DAY

Timmy and his friends beat up Stu on the playground. Stu is  
tied to a pole.

Frank approaches them.

FRANK

Leave him alone.

They laugh at the presumed authority figure. Frank throws  
his *DARE* hat to the ground.

FRANK

I said scatter.

He shoots his gun in the air. They scatter at the sound.  
Frank runs up to Stu and takes a jock strap out of his  
mouth.

FRANK

Disgusting perverts. Why did you  
let them do this to you?

STU  
Let them, why would I let them?

FRANK  
If you let people push you around  
like this all the time you'll get  
nowhere in life.

STU  
You mean I'll end up alone--like an  
assistant gardener.  
(beat)  
Or maybe a cart boy--or a janitor.

FRANK  
That's not what I meant, Stu.

STU  
I can't even throw a baseball. Give  
me another year and I'll probably  
buy my own Rhonda. She stays warm  
after you put her in the microwave.

FRANK  
Don't say stuff like that...

STU  
What is companionship for only 3  
payments of 39.99?

Frank slaps him across the face.

FRANK  
You're a hero for what you saw and  
frankly it's a miracle you are  
still alive. Build on that one  
small thing in your life and become  
something better.

STU  
You think I can?

FRANK  
Of course.

STU  
Then I don't want to work here  
anymore.

FRANK  
Well if the kid you saw inside  
isn't connected to your old boss we  
don't have to.



Frank pulls out a whole notebook filled with information about the Vigliotti family.

FRANK

I have plenty of leads that we can--

STU

No. I won't.

FRANK

Okay, Stu. What do you want to do?

STU

I've always wanted to be a Doctor.

Frank looks through the notebook.

FRANK

How about a pudgy nurse?

STU

A brain surgeon specifically.

FRANK

Then why weren't you?

STU

I'm colorblind.

FRANK

You can't be a pilot if you are colorblind, not a doctor.

STU

Ohh, so make me that then.

FRANK

It's not that easy. What's something else you wanna be? Something you might actually be good at...

STU

A wedding singer. Like Adam Sandler. I wanna have a tragic romance with some exceedingly normal looking girl and marry her. But some blond jackass is gonna be really pissy and--

Frank looks down at his notebook.

FRANK

Stu, I can work with that.

INT. STU'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

The room is filled with 80s movie posters and boxers. Stu and Frank lay on the floor staring at the ceiling wearing matching white tuxedos.

FRANK

I wanna ask why you have a mirror on your ceiling but I don't want an answer.

STU

I don't know; ask my mom. This used to be her room before she gave me the house.

FRANK

Ugh. That's exactly what I didn't want to know.

They stand up and both look in a mirror against the wall.

STU

Look at us. We look just like brothers.

Stu combs his beard.

FRANK

No we don't.

Frank pats his own protruding belly in the suit.

FRANK

Mine's muscle.

STU

Mine's Doritos.

Jerry enters the room with a large protruding stomach against his normal gangly frame.

JERRY

And mine's 30 hot dogs but you don't see me complaining. Kobayashi and Chestnut can eat my mystery meat shit.

STU

Go away, Jerry. We are having a moment. Frank, you're muscle fat looks very nice in that tux.

Frank angrily grabs a bag of Doritos from the bed. He stuffs his mouth.

FRANK

Watch yourself, Wilcum.

Stu reaches for the chips but Frank purposely eats the rest and crushes the bag.

They leave the room.

INT. STU'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Frank looks out the kitchen window. The front yard looks empty.

FRANK

They still haven't come yet, right Jerry?

JERRY

No one besides you two.

Frank fixes Stu's bow tie.

FRANK

If you get me killed today I'll kill you.

STU

Why?

FRANK

I have a date tonight.

STU

I gotta say. This seems like a horribly bad time for your personal life.

Frank tightens the bow tie too much. Stu's face begins to purple.

FRANK

It looks like your personal life got in the middle of mine, doesn't it?

Stu nods; Frank releases the tie.

FRANK

Exactly.

Stu coughs.

STU

So where's my gun?

FRANK

Gun? You don't get no gun.

STU

But you have one.

FRANK

Listen to me very carefully:

Frank hands him a microphone.

FRANK

This is your weapon, wedding singer.

Stu taps on the top--his courage swells.

FRANK

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

STU

I understand my job.

FRANK

No you don't, idiot. That's a fucking grenade. Don't go tapping on it.

EXT. HOTEL, PARKING LOT - DAY

Frank and Stu walk dramatically across the parking lot in slow motion--their cumber buns bouncing against their stomachs.

FRANK

We are here to gather information, not to shoot up the place.

Frank cocks his gun and hides it inside his jacket.

STU  
If it comes down to it, Frank, I'll  
take a bullet for you.

FRANK  
Please don't.

STU  
I will, brother.

FRANK  
I don't wanna live in a world where  
you had to save me.

They enter through a back door of the Hotel.

INT. HOTEL, KITCHEN - DAY

FRANK  
Do something for me, will you?

STU  
Anything.

FRANK  
Drink this.

Frank hands Stu a flask. He gingerly sips it and makes a  
face. Frank pulls his head back so he drinks the rest.

Frank hits him on the back.

FRANK  
Liquid courage.

A Waiter walks by.

FRANK  
(to waiter)  
Can you tell me where the band is?

WAITER  
You aren't supposed to be back  
here.

Frank grabs him by his collar.

FRANK  
Do you know who this wedding is  
for? Do you know who I am? Do you?

WAITER  
Um...I...Um

FRANK  
Um.Um.Um. What?

WAITER  
Backstage.

FRANK  
Do I look like an idiot to you?  
BACKSTAGE WHERE?

The Waiter points down a hallway.

WAITER  
Down that hallway. First door on  
the right.

Frank puts cash in the Waiter's pocket and takes a whiskey  
from his tray.

FRANK  
Keep 'um coming.

Stu and Frank walk down the hallway.

A MUSICIAN comes out of the door--drunk.

FRANK  
You're the wedding singer, right?

MUSICIAN  
Very much so. Yes...Of course.

FRANK  
Great. Here's your replacement.

Frank slams the musician's head against the wall and hides  
his body in a closet.

INT. HOTEL, BACKSTAGE - DAY

Frank and Stu walk in on a band tuning their instruments.

FRANK  
I'm so happy I caught all of you  
before you went on. The reception  
is just about to start. It seems  
that your lead singer is a bit head  
over heels after his last drink. My  
buddy here--

(pulls Stu forward)  
--a great friend of the Vigliotti family--will be filling in until your singer can stand up straight again.

Frank pulls Stu to the side.

STU  
I'm really scared here, Frank.

FRANK  
I know--The lion's den and all...but I promised to protect you and that's what I'm going to do.

STU  
No. I mean I haven't warmed up yet. My voice.

Frank looks at him blankly.

FRANK  
You're saying you're scared of not sounding too great in front of a crime family that probably wants you dead?

Stu gulps.

STU  
I didn't think about that.

FRANK  
Well think about this. If they shoot you in the balls then you can go back to joining that boys' choir you always dreamed about.

STU  
I never wanted to--

FRANK  
Right right. What did we talk about earlier? What is your job here?

STU  
After I warm up...

FRANK  
Yea, wouldn't want you straining yourself...

STU  
I'm supposed to tell you about  
anyone that I recognize at the  
reception.

FRANK  
Perfect. Don't mess up.

Frank walks out.

INT. HOTEL, RECEPTION - DAY

Frank walks into the reception. He taps his earpiece.

FRANK  
Can you hear me, Stu?

STU (O.S.)  
Loud and clear.

The BRIDE and an assembly of GUESTS enter the room. A  
curtain opens and the band fills the stage.

Stu sweats profusely.

FRANK  
You're dripping, dude.

STU  
I didn't know it was a deodorant  
kind of day.

FRANK  
I don't think that would have done  
too much to help.  
(beat)  
Do you see anyone you recognize?

STU  
Not yet.

FRANK  
Well keep looking.

Frank approaches a group of older men including one ANTONIO  
VIGLIOTTI: 50s and sleek.

Frank listens to their conversation.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI  
Police, right?



VIGLIOTTI # 1  
Can't tell heads from tails.

VIGLIOTTI # 2  
Can't keep a body from getting up  
and walking out.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI  
Arthur that son-of-a-bitch.  
Couldn't we all be so lucky to die  
a very wealthy man?

The men notice Frank's presence.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI  
Can we help you?

Frank grabs a tray from the table in front of him and offers  
the food to them.

FRANK  
Salmon puff?

INT. HOTEL, STAGE - DAY

Stu wipes at the sweat on his forehead. He spots Frank on  
the other side of the room speaking to a group of men with a  
tray.

STU  
Frank?  
(beat)  
Frank, can you hear me?

FRANK  
Mhmm.

STU  
I've seen those men before.

Frank walks away from them.

FRANK  
Where?

STU  
They came and spoke to my boss  
about a week before he was killed.

FRANK  
And?

STU

And they were arguing. They said that he lost them a lot of money and they were gonna make him pay up.

FRANK

So you think they are responsible?

STU

Well he definitely couldn't have paid them. Arthur Lembeck was broke.

FRANK

Broke? You never thought to mention this before?

STU

That's private information. I know he's dead, but it's rude to share someone's financial information.

The Bride runs up to Antonio Vigliotti.

BRIDE

Let's dance, Dad.

FRANK

You don't see the killer anywhere do you, Stu?

STU

No.

FRANK

Pack it up then. We're heading out before they realize we were even here.

Stu starts to leave the stage. A spot light focuses on him. The room turns as the Bride and her father take the floor.

STU

Frank, what do I do?

FRANK

Ummm...

STU

FRANK??

The band starts to play a tune. The room stirs--beginning to question Stu's presence.

STU

This...is...this is for the  
bride...and her family...both the  
family that could be here--and the  
dead ones--and the ones that  
haven't been born yet...

Stu begins a shaky rendition of "My Heart Will Go On".

The Bride speaks in hushed tones to her father. Frank slowly approaches them on the dance floor.

BRIDE

That's not the singer I hired.

The father waves his hands.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

Cut the music. Pull up the lights.

The room quiets; the guests are alert to the father's orders.

Stu continues to sing even as the music and the microphone have been cut dead.

The father motions a HENCHMAN to his side.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

Pull him down and find out why he  
is here.

Frank holds his gun to the henchman's head.

FRANK

Everyone keep calm.

Stu throws the microphone and ducks.

STU

Watch out!

The microphone drifts steadily overhead and lands in the wedding cake--no explosion.

The Musician comes out of a pair of double doors holding his head.

FRANK

Let's keep this calm guys. We are  
going to walk out. We must have  
gotten the wrong invitation in the  
mail is all.

The Bride screams and charges towards Stu.

She punches Stu in the face and pistol whips him to the floor with her bouquet. The Bride tackles and punches him repeatedly.

FRANK

Get the broad off my partner.

Bridesmaids join the Bride in beating up Stu on the stage.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

And why should I listen to you?

STU

Because he's a Cop.

Stu stands up dramatically from the pile of women and taffeta. He holds a gun to the Bride's head.

The Bride spits at Stu.

FRANK

Looks like we are gonna walk out of here.

BRIDE

Shoot them!

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

I won't!

BRIDE

This plastic thing is dripping on me; it's a toy--a water gun.

STU

Don't be silly, I filled it in the punch bowl. It's a champagne-gun.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

Kill them.

Someone shoots at Frank. Stu jumps off the stage dramatically--slow motion--and the bullet hits him in the chest.

The microphone on the cake explodes and the room is sent into chaos.

Stu looks down at his chest.

STU  
I'm Teddy Roosevelt.

Frank grabs Stu and pulls him out of the room.

EXT. HOTEL, PARKING LOT - DAY

A valet pulls a car around to the front. Frank grabs the keys from the valet and steals the car with Stu.

INT. CAR - DAY

Frank speeds out of the parking lot and away from the hotel.  
Stu clutches his chest.

STU  
Teddy...

FRANK  
You okay, buddy?

STU  
Roosevelt, the first one. Teddy was  
the original Putin.

FRANK  
What are you saying?

STU  
They both wrestled bears...and got  
shot in the chest.

Stu pulls the flask out from his chest pocket--it caught the bullet.

Frank laughs.

FRANK  
Teddy Fucking Roosevelt. Shouldn't  
we all be so lucky?

Frank claps Stu on the back.

FRANK  
Don't you know that if you give a  
man a flask it'll save his life?

Frank grabs the flask, opens it, and drinks.

Frank grunts.

STU  
Did you get hit?

INT. STU'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

A blotch of red stains the tile floor. We slowly drift through the kitchen. We can hear Frank grunt--a slow and painful death.

FRANK (O.S.)  
It's too painful. I can't do this.

STU (O.S.)  
Don't fail me now, Frank.

FRANK (O.S.)  
I think I'm dying.

STU (O.S.)  
Don't be over dramatic.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Why are you cooking at a time like  
this, Stu?

Stu is in the kitchen cooking pasta with red sauce. Stu wipes the sauce off the floor--it was never blood.

INT. STU'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Frank squirms around the room trying to fit into a girdle. Stu pops his head in, a spoonful of red sauce dripping over his chin and shirt.

STU  
What do you think I'm gonna let  
myself starve to death while you go  
on some mystery date with a girl  
I've never met.

FRANK  
Now you're being over dramatic.

STU  
I just don't think with everything  
else going on...

Frank stumbles up to Stu, serious.

FRANK

If you do anything--anything--to mess up this date with a girl that is clearly 2 points hotter than me, I will end you.

Frank grabs Stu's spoon.

FRANK

Promise me, Stu.

STU

Fine.

FRANK

Say it.

STU

I won't mess up your date with an attractive woman.

FRANK

Good.

Stu takes the spoon back and leaves the room.

INT. STU'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Stu is at the stove. Jerry comes up to him.

JERRY

What did I hear about Frank going out with an attractive woman? How did that happen?

STU

We can't stop it. I promised I wouldn't.

Frank walks out of the bedroom. He struggles to hide his gun in his suit.

STU

What are you doing?

FRANK

What?

STU

Didn't your mom ever tell you not to bring a gun on a date?

FRANK

No. Quite the opposite. She told me always to bring a gun on a first date. And you'd first wedding. And your first divorce.

Stu grabs the gun and plops it into the sauce pan. Air bubbles to the surface. Frank tackles Stu to the ground and they tussle.

FRANK

You little--

The doorbell rings.

FRANK

Get off me.

Frank dusts off his suit.

FRANK

Remember your promise, Stu.

STU

Fine.

JERRY

And you too, Jerry.

JERRY

I didn't promise anything...

Frank growls.

JERRY

Okay fine. But I don't care about your personal life anyway.

The three of them walk to the door--Jerry and Stu at Frank's heels.

Frank opens the door. Sofia stands there, smiling and glamorous.

Stu shrieks.

FRANK

I know right... she's amazing.

JERRY

This cannot be happening! I had dibs. She was gonna be my girlfriend!



Sofia smiles directly at Stu.

SOFIA

You must be the Stu I've heard so much about.

Stu doesn't shake her hand.

FRANK

Don't be rude, Stu.

STU

I have herpes; I can't.

FRANK

He doesn't have herpes.

STU

I have the flu.

JERRY

What kind of flu?

STU

The bird flu, Jerry.

Stu glares at Jerry.

Sofia goes to shake Jerry's hand.

SOFIA

Nice to see you again, Jerry.

Frank holds back Sofia's hand from Jerry's.

FRANK

No, you don't wanna touch him.

She withdraws her hand.

FRANK

Well that's enough weird for one night.

As Frank and Sofia turn to leave, Sofia winks at Stu.

Frank stares intently at Stu and slowly moves his finger across his throat in a threatening manner.

FRANK

Remember what I said, Buddy.

(beat)

Don't wait up.

The door closes.

INT. STU'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Stu squeals. He dances around the living room like a dog having to pee.

JERRY

I know you feel my pain too, dude.  
She totally would have dated me if  
he didn't swoop in.

Stu stares at him, exasperated.

STU

You don't wanna be on that date.

JERRY

Are you blind?

STU

No I'm the opposite.

JERRY

What do you mean?

Stu breaths deeply, trying to find courage.

STU

That's her...

JERRY

Who?

STU

That's who I've been hiding from.

JERRY

That's the woman who beat you up in  
the parking lot after you threw  
eggs at her?

STU

No! That was a dude. Never mind.

JERRY

Wait? No...

STU

I said never mind.

JERRY

That's the person who killed your boss. That's the person that's been chasing you and is trying to kill you?

Jerry laughs uncontrollably.

STU

It's not funny.

Jerry keeps laughing

STU

Stop!

JERRY

You're scared of that girl? The hot one.

STU

She would be less hot if you saw her shoot someone.

Jerry pauses and thinks about this.

JERRY

Really, you think so? It's kinda hot.

(beat)

Well, what are we gonna do? If we wreck Frank's date he'll kill us.

STU

And if we don't he's dead.

JERRY

What's worse?

They think about this for a long time.

INT. RESTAURANT, AIR VENT - DAY

Stu squirms against the thin metal casing of an air vent.

STU

Jerry, you okay back there?

Jerry struggles 20 feet behind him. He holds Rhonda tightly. The air conditioning is trying to capture the weightless sex-doll.

JERRY

Yea I'm fine. She doesn't like it too much though.

STU

I told you not to bring her.

JERRY

She's a part of the team, Stu.

STU

Why'd we even come this way?

JERRY

We can't just go waltzing into a place like this. Frank isn't cheap when he's dating girls that are a solid 6 points hotter than him.

STU

Well we didn't have to start through the vents in the Chinese place down the road.

JERRY

We have to eat too, Stu. We're not animals.

Jerry pulls a dumpling from his pocket and eats it. He slides one down the vent towards Stu.

JERRY

Now eat up.

Stu stops suddenly at a small opening in the vent. Below him is a classy restaurant.

JERRY

Are we here? Do you see Frank?

STU

No... I don't...wait there he is...

(beat)

I thought they would be right below us. I thought that always happened.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The vent Stu and Jerry are in is in the far corner of the main dining room.

INT. RESTAURANT, AIR VENT - DAY

STU

Can you go see if you can get  
closer to them?

JERRY

Through the vents?

STU

Of course through the vents. We  
have to be able to give Frank the  
message we wrote.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jerry, dressed as a waiter, comes out of the kitchen with  
food. He places Rhonda behind a nearby potted plant. He  
fiddles with a note in his hand.

Jerry approaches Frank and Sofia's table.

JERRY

Wine on the house for the  
lovely/below average couple?

Frank recognizes Jerry and glares at him.

FRANK

A bitter aged red for the  
gentleman.

Jerry hides the note underneath Frank's glass. Jerry turns  
to Sofia.

JERRY

And a rose for the lovely young  
woman.

Frank tries to look at the note; the letters are smeared by  
grease and wine. Jerry leaves and hides behind a potted  
plant with Rhonda.

Frank crumples up the note and throws it to the floor.

Stu screams from the vent at the top of his lungs.

Franks turns.

STU (O.S.)

Frank it's her. Sofia's the one  
that killed Arthur Lembeck and she

(MORE)

STU (O.S.) (cont'd)  
is the one that is trying to kill  
me.

The vent falls and Stu flies out. The vent knocks over Jerry and Rhonda.

Frank turns and narrows on Sofia. He purposefully flexes his gut, cutting his girdle at the ribbons and knocking over the table and Sofia at the same time.

Frank checks to see if Stu is okay. Sofia escapes from under the table and through the front door.

FRANK  
Dammit!

Frank runs out after her; Stu follows.

Jerry holds onto Rhonda and sobs in the corner. Rhonda has been popped and slowly deflates as costumers silently look on.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Frank runs after Sofia, narrowly missing cars as he crosses the street. Stu follows behind him. Stu is hit by a bike and tumbles to the asphalt. Frank notices and doesn't stop.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Frank draws his gun at a playground. The quiet and darkness close in as he looks around nervously for Sofia.

Stu slowly jogs up to Frank, his panting echoes across the playground.

Sirens can be heard in the distance.

FRANK  
Stu, you shouldn't be here.

STU  
But we're partners.

FRANK  
If we were partners then you would  
have told me I was going on a date  
with a killer.

STU

You were the one that told me I  
couldn't ruin it for you.

FRANK

I think if she'd of killed me it  
would've ruined it a bit.

STU

Even if you slept with her first?

Frank considers this for a moment, pleased, and then shakes  
the notion.

FRANK

Probably. No--definitely it would  
ruin it.

STU

Fine. I'll know next time.

FRANK

There isn't gonna be a next time!

Frank paces around the playground and eyes the tree line.

STU

Who are we looking for?

FRANK

Sofia! What are you stupid?

STU

No I'm not, Frank. Thanks a lot. I  
only asked 'cause she's definitely  
gone. I saw her run the other way.  
I think you followed a homeless  
person all the way out here.

FRANK

Are you absolutely sure?

STU

I'd bet my life on it.

A bullet whizzes past Frank's head and scatters wood chips  
near Stu's foot.

Stu shrieks and runs into a slide. Frank hides behind the  
slide.

STU  
Frank, get in here.

Bullets rain towards them.

FRANK  
You're right. I should get in the  
slide where she can shoot me  
instead of behind the 2 pieces of  
plastic and the 200 pounds of meat.

A bullet hits Frank's foot beneath the slide. He shrieks and  
crawls into the slide next to Stu.

INT. PARK, SLIDE - NIGHT

The sirens close in.

Frank and Stu lay uncomfortably close. Bullets cut through  
the slide, sending thin rays of moonlight between them.

STU  
Get out! Get out!

They struggle against each other in the slide; their shoes  
make loud squeaking noises against the plastic tube.

EXT. PARK, TREE - NIGHT

Sofia steps out from behind a tree and stops shooting. She  
watches the slide peculiarly, hearing grunts and squeaking.

FRANK (O.S.)  
IS THAT PISS?

INT. PARK, SLIDE - NIGHT

STU  
Shhhhhhhhhhh...  
(beat)  
Of course it's pee.

Frank silently gags.

Police lights reflect off the slide. The sirens blare.

FRANK  
Dammit.



STU  
 Don't worry. They know it's not our  
 piss.

Frank glares at Stu.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS (O.S.)  
 Frank?

STU  
 Dammit!

Frank looks at Stu questioningly.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The Captain stands outside the playground with a megaphone  
 and two dozen Police Officers.

OFFICER LORENZ  
 He's not gonna come out.

OFFICER #2  
 We don't even know if he's in  
 there.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 (over megaphone)  
 Frank, come out of the slide with  
 the grown man immediately.

INT. PARK, SLIDE - NIGHT

STU  
 Don't worry, they won't find us.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 We don't have time for this. Get  
 the lube.

Officer Barrens walks off.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
 Wait!

A single hand pops out from the bottom of the slide. Frank  
 squirms out of the slide painfully slow.

Frank jogs up to the Officers.

FRANK

I'm glad you're here guys. This broad was shooting at us.

They all look at him skeptically. Stu slide out of the slide behind them.

FRANK

I have to brief you all about the case immediately. Let's head back to the station.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

That's not going to happen.

FRANK

But I'm tracking the killer.

STU

Frank?

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

There's no killer if there wasn't a murder.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

Arthur Lembeck steps out of a nearby cop car.

Stu shrieks, runs up to his old boss, and hugs him.

STU

I thought you were dead. I thought it was a little bit my fault that you died. Boy is this a relief.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

He came to us a few days ago. He narrowly escaped an assassination attempt and was in hiding until he felt safe enough to come to us.

FRANK

That's not what happened. Stu told me the whole story.

STU

I saw him killed. I know I did. Frank has been protecting me until we could catch the killer. I was under witness protection.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
You were being used. Frank isn't  
even on the force anymore.

STU  
But we were partners...

FRANK  
Don't listen to him, Stu. We still  
are partners.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
You have to come with us to the  
station, Mr. Wilcum. We'll make  
sure no harm comes to you.

Shots are fired in the general direction of the police.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
Get Lembeck out of here!

An Officer pulls Arthur Lembeck into the back of the cop  
car. Everyone scrambles.

Frank motions for Stu to follow him away in the confusion.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
Both of you are coming with us!

Frank starts to run off.

FRANK  
Come on, Stu!

Stu solemnly shakes his head--slow and dramatic as he walks  
towards the Cops. BULLETS whiz past him. Everyone is  
screaming.

Frank runs off.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Stu sits in an interrogation room. A light shines on his  
sweaty face.

The Captain sits across from him.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
I'm so sorry the air conditioner is  
broken, Mr. Wilcum.

STU

I've been in stickier situations  
before...

Stu wipes the sweat from his forehead and waits for the  
Captain to laugh; he doesn't.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

You need to tell me exactly where  
Frank is. We've checked the motel  
room. He wasn't there.

STU

I already told you: that's all I  
know.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

This man put your life at risk at  
every turn to try to get his job  
back.

STU

Well he protected me too. At every  
turn, and job, and social event.

The Captain stands up and paces the room.

STU

You'll protect me, right? You know  
who killed my boss and who is after  
me...

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

You have it all wrong. There's no  
murder if Arthur Lembeck isn't  
dead.

STU

So if we aren't looking for a  
murderer then what does that mean  
for me?

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

You're gonna stay here overnight  
and tomorrow you'll have an Officer  
by your side till all of this has  
passed.

STU

Can I go back to work?

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

Which job do you mean to go back to, Stu? Pushing carts where a sniper could hit you? Cleaning the school near a kid from a major crime family? Or do you mean to go back to the job where you left your boss to die alone in a pool?

STU

I was actually thinking about going back to singing at some weddings.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

I haven't heard that story and I don't believe I want to.

The Captain begins to collect Stu's files from the table.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

We found your friend at the restaurant just like you said too. We're bringing him in now.

INT. POLICE STATION, SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Stu wakes up in a bunk; he pulls at his obscenely tight police-loaned pajamas. A rustling catches his attention.

Stu looks at the lower bunk. Jerry spoons a heavily taped up Rhonda; the squeaking intensifies.

Stu throws a pillow at Jerry to wake him.

STU

Geez, Jerry. This is why I stopped letting you sleep in my room.

JERRY

I wasn't doing anything!

STU

That doesn't mean you weren't thinking about it.

The rustling continues from outside the door.

JERRY

What was that?

STU

What?

Jerry crawls to the top bunk, forfeiting Rhonda to her fate. He holds onto Stu's upper body.

JERRY

That could be a Cop, right? Or Frank coming back to save us, right?

STU

Frank isn't coming back.

JERRY

Then are we safe here?

The door knob turns slowly. Stu and Jerry run down the bunk and hide underneath the bed. Light from the hallway floods the room.

A MAID comes in and looks around the empty room. She takes Rhonda from the bed and places her in her trash bin.

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stu, Jerry, and two Police Officers approach the house and enter.

STU

Sorry about the confusion, guys. I really thought that the Maid was a killer or something...

JERRY

Just a few stitches and she'll be good as new.

INT. STU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Officers search the house as Stu and Jerry stand in the entrance.

JERRY

They aren't gonna find anyone hiding out here. No one would be stupid enough to be waiting here to kill you.

STU  
You're not making me feel much better.

JERRY  
All I'm saying is I locked it up tight before we left.

An Officer checks the kitchen. The other moves towards the back rooms; Stu follows him.

STU  
(to police)  
So you'll stay outside the whole night?

OFFICER #1  
Until a shift change, yes.

STU  
How would you know if I'm being attacked?

OFFICER #1  
We'll probably hear it. Murder is louder than most people expect.

STU  
You can stay inside you know. You might fit on the couch or can have the bed.

The other Officer approaches them and the Cops trade a glance.

OFFICER #2  
You'll be just as safe with us out there. I promise.

STU  
Last time I had a Cop promise me anything he made me target practice for killers.

The Officers laugh, clap Stu on the back, and head towards the door. An Officer holds up a tupperware filled with spaghetti to Stu and Jerry.

OFFICER #1  
You mind if I finish this?

JERRY

Did you just go into our fridge and take that? Seriously? Who could have been hiding in the fridge?

OFFICER #2

We've seen some crazy shit on the job...you know, when putting our lives on the line.

STU

Just take the food.

The Officers leave. Stu slams the door behind him.

STU

(to Jerry)

You scared them away! They are the only thing keeping us from getting murdered when we sleep tonight! Can you live with that?

JERRY

(mocking)

Well I won't have to 'deal with that' if I'm gonna die tonight. Do I?

Jerry storms off into the other room.

INT. STU'S HOUSE - LATER

Stu lies on the floor wrapped in blankets and holds a carving knife to his chest. He is wide awake and weary of every sound.

A dripping faucet.

A howling cat.

A creaking door.

FOOTSTEPS approach and trip on Stu's body. Stu screams bloody murder and swings at the attacker with the knife.

Jerry stumbles backwards, his shirt cut to shreds.

JERRY

WHAT THE FUCK?!?! DUDE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Stu drops the knife with trembling hands.



STU  
I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, Jerry.  
Are you okay?

Jerry looks down at his cut up David Bowie t-Shirt.

JERRY  
Bowie isn't doin' too well.

Stu walks to the window.

STU  
I told you to ring the bell before  
you walk around so I would know it  
was you. I might have tried to kill  
you but this is all your fault. The  
police heard me scream and are  
probably running here right now  
and...

Stu looks out the window at the police car. The Officers are  
chatting and staring at a small television in front of them.

STU  
...they didn't hear. I could be  
dead and they didn't hear.

Jerry comes up behind him and pats his back. He hands Stu  
the knife again.

INT. STU'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Stu tries to stay awake at the table. His hand still  
clutches the knife.

Jerry walks in well rested.

JERRY  
Did they ever come by to check on  
you?

STU  
No. I even tried breaking some  
stuff. But nothing.

Stu motions to a shattered glass table and a sledgehammer  
abandoned over cracked kitchen tiles.

Jerry grimaces at the mess.

JERRY

Let's distract you from all this.

Jerry switches on the television: NEWS.

NEWS REPORTER

...And in local news, millionaire Arthur Lembeck was found dead in his home for a second time. Police confirm that he was under protection at time of his brutal murder.

Stu sits in front of the television.

NEWS REPORTER

After last week's surprising discovery that Lembeck was still alive, Police Captain Simmons made an official statement that his protection would be their number one priority until a suspect was discovered.

JERRY

He's dead again?

STU

HE'S DEAD AGAIN!

Stu stuffs his pockets with more knives.

JERRY

They're gonna come after you again now. Like with Lembeck alive again people really really stopped caring about you. But you have a target on your back. Probably bigger than before too.

STU

I know. I know!

JERRY

And your boss probably had even better protection than you. Those Cops didn't even come in when you thought you were dying last night.

STU

They're gonna kill me, brutally.

JERRY

Probably.

STU

I gotta get out of here. I can't stay another night. This isn't what protection looks like at all. I'm supposed to be chilling on an Italian countryside, marrying a person I can barely speak with, and living happily ever after.

JERRY

Goodfellas? Really? have you even seen the end of that movie?

STU

No. It's way too long...

JERRY

You have a better chance of inviting them all to dinner and  
(mimics a machine gun)  
POW POW POW POW. All dead. Then you disappear. Getting married to a random person in Italy would just draw attention to you.

STU

THEY ARE GONNA KILL ME, JERRY. I don't have a machine gun. I haven't even sharpened my knives for 20 years.

Stu pushes the knife against his forearm: no blood.

JERRY

So that's why I'm still alive?

STU

I just have to leave.

JERRY

Well you don't really have a choice. Do you? The Cops are out there and you can't leave.

STU

They aren't very observant though.

JERRY

Trust me. If you just stroll out they'll notice.

STU

I could wear a disguise.

JERRY

And if they catch you, what? Then they know you are trying to sneak out. Where will you even go?

STU

If you have a bully that is hurting you, what should you do?

JERRY

Suck a bigger bully's dick to have them help you.

STU

Exactly my plan. How do I get out?

JERRY

We need something clever.

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - DAY

The garage door opens and Jerry exits. He whistles and pushes a heavy bin of garbage.

Jerry waves at the Officers in their car.

JERRY

Just stay quiet, dude. This is going to work.

Jerry parks the bin next to the cop car and taps the lid. He walks back in the house.

INT. GARBAGE BIN - DAY

Stu sits in garbage. He peeks out a small hole in the side of the bin at his house.

His phone rings in his pocket and he struggles to free it. He picks up.

STU

Good job, Jerry. Really good job.

JERRY (O.S.)

There's a problem. Trash isn't being picked up until tomorrow.

STU

What?

JERRY (O.S.)

I only just checked the calendar. This is totally not my fault. But it's only like 18 hours away. You can handle that, right? You definitely won't go hungry.

STU

I can't stay in here for 18 hours!

JERRY (O.S.)

Well if you get out now and they know you were trying to leave then you are definitely going to get murdered.

STU

Find some way to distract them then!

JERRY (O.S.)

Like how?

STU

Just figure something out!

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - DAY

Jerry walks out of the house wearing short-shorts and an unbuttoned blouse showing thick curls of dark chest hair. He brings a tray of lemonade to the Officers.

INT. GARBAGE BIN - DAY

Stu watches Jerry from the hole in the garbage bin.

STU

I knew I could count on him.

Stu slowly scoots the bin forward when the Officers are distracted.

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - DAY

JERRY

Hey, boys. Stu and I thought you might need some refreshments out here.

The garbage bin scoots a few feet further up the road.

JERRY

We heard about Arthur Lembeck again. What a shame. Dead twice in a week. That's some back luck.

The bin scoots further.

JERRY

But I just wanted to personally assure you how safe Stu and I feel with your protection. Really.

The bin moves farther.

JERRY

Stu's a bit under the weather right now, unless he'd he out here himself telling you how safe he actually feels.

The bin precariously dips over the edge of a hill.

JERRY

Yep, he good. All tucked away in bed until he feels better.

The garbage bin tips and rolls down the steep hill.

INT. DUMPSTER - DAY

Stu sits curled in a dumpster outside of a car towing business. He watches through a hole in side of the dumpster. KOREAN MEN chat nearby.

Stu bites into a half-eaten cheese stick in the trash beside him.

STU

This is way more spacious than my bin.

The Korean men walk into the business.

Stu takes a deep breath, gets out of the dumpster, and follows them with a tray of MUFFINS in his hands.

INT. 'KIM FAMILY TOWING' - DAY

Dozens of Korean men and woman chat in a garage.

Stu paces outside the door. He walks in and then back out again. He holds the tray of muffins tightly.

Stu runs off, scared.

EXT. 'KIM FAMILY TOWING' - DAY

Stu runs and immediately gets hit by a car right outside the garage.

Two men inside the car grab him and drag him inside.

INT. 'KIM FAMILY TOWING' - DAY

Everyone turns at the sight of Stu being dragged into the room. Half the people point guns or knives at Stu.

KIM #1

He was with the Vigliotti. I've seen him before. He's a spy.

STU

I'm not a spy....

Stu is shaky from getting hit by the car. He tries to hold out the tin of muffins. They clatter to the floor and roll every which way. One man picks one up and sniffs it.

KIM #2

It smells like garbage.

STU

Please don't kill me. I came here for protection. Being dead is really the opposite of what I was going for by coming here.

A short and stoutly woman clears the crowd with a flick of her hand: MAMA KIM.

MAMA KIM

What do you mean protection, fat man?

STU  
I had this friend...

Stu is weary of the people watching him.

STU  
Well I had this boss. That's how it started.

MAMA KIM  
That's not a story.

Stu breathes deeply and lets out a spiel.

STU  
My boss was killed and I was kinda kidnapped by this Cop who I thought was helping me but he was actually just trying to get his job back and he kept almost getting me killed and the Vigliotti family I thought was trying to kill me 'cause I saw my boss killed. But I guess they weren't too good at killing me, but they kept trying. And now they are gonna try to kill me again--even more I swear. My boss is dead for a second time and they are coming but the police aren't any help...

Stu tries to catch his breath.

MAMA KIM  
So you think coming here with a tray of garbage muffins will convince us to protect you?

STU  
You're my last hope before I skip town and have a sex-change operation. I'm thinking a bit Martha-esque.

MAMA KIM  
Stewart?

Stu nods.

Mama Kim digests this and spits on the ground next to Stu.

MAMA KIM  
The Vigliotti family has been a pain in my side for years. And the  
(MORE)



MAMA KIM (cont'd)  
 police--don't get me started. They  
 keep accusing us of murder and  
 blackmail and theft.

An unknown man's SCREAM can be heard from deep inside the garage.

MAMA KIM  
 You have our protection.

INT. 'KIM FAMILY TOWING' - DAY

Stu sits at the feet of Mama Kim. He plays cards with a small child. The child is clearly winning.

STU  
 You're cheating!

The child stifles a laugh and shakes his head: "no".

Stu receives a call on his cell phone from Frank. He ignores it.

MAMA KIM  
 Screening your calls is a path to  
 loneliness and pain.

STU  
 It's hard to be so wise without  
 growing up eating fortune cookies.

Mama Kim hits Stu over the head with a newspaper.

MAMA KIM  
 What was that?

STU  
 Nothing.  
 (beat)  
 How can I help him when I can  
 barely help myself?

MAMA KIM  
 You are safe here. You have no more  
 threats against your life.

STU  
 But for how long? I appreciate you  
 letting me stay here this week and  
 promising to kill anyone that even  
 looks at me funny--like that blind  
 (MORE)

STU (cont'd)  
homeless guy...and I appreciate the  
wife. Really.

A beautiful WOMAN walks up to Stu and kisses him fiercely: a  
clear 10. She walks away, batting her eyelashes as she  
goes--wanting more.

STU  
... She's a little clingy. But boy  
can Ming Ling make a mean meatloaf.

MAMA KIM  
Her name is Esther.

STU  
But that's not the point.

Men watch television nearby on crappy recliners. Stu points  
to them.

STU  
But I can't protect myself like  
them. They're like ninjas.

MAMA KIM  
That's racist...and Japanese.

STU  
One day they'll get to me. One day  
they'll finally knock me out. And  
then where will our 10 children  
eat? Sure there's meatloaf. But who  
wants that everyday...

Mama Kim nods slowly: understanding.

MAMA KIM  
You must face your fears then.  
Become strong, leave this sanctuary  
and defeat your demons.

STU  
But if I go out there I'll die even  
faster!

MAMA KIM  
You must defeat your demons.

STU  
No, real people are trying to kill  
me. Seriously. Do you ever listen?

Stu turns to Mama Kim; she is fast asleep. Stu approaches the men watching television.

Stu bows in front of the men.

STU  
I need your strength.

MONTAGE

Stu learns how to fight from the men. They beat him up.

He washes their cars with a precise "Wash-on-wash-off precision".

Stu tries to catch a fly with chopsticks and fails.

He learns how to fight more from the men--showing his increased skill.

Stu washes their cars in a bikini with dramatic and masculine slow-motion.

Stu catches a fly in a fortune cookie and eats it.

He learns how to fight the men--defeating them. Mama Kim nods knowingly from a distance.

A little girl gives Stu a teardrop tattoo. Stu starts to cry and the little girl slaps him across the face.

END MONTAGE

Stu plays poker with men in the garage. He is stern--a changed man.

Stu bets his cell phone into the pile in the middle. A TOOTHLESS MAN laughs at his bet. It is down to the wire.

Silence.

One of the men catches a fly with chopsticks.

The phone rings--breaking the resonating tension between the men. Frank's name comes up on Caller ID.

The toothless man grabs the phone and holds it out of Stu's reach.

Stu pounces across the table at him as fast as a cheetah. They wrestle and fight on the ground; the phone slides across the floor. Stu restrains the man. He laughs and spits in Stu's face.

TOOTHLESS MAN  
THUU ASSES.

The toothless man holds up his cards: 2 Aces. A voice comes from the cell phone in front of them on the ground:

FRANK (PHONE)  
Hello? Hello Stu? Are you there?

Cheering Korean men go quiet at the sound.

FRANK (PHONE)  
I'm in some real trouble here, Stu.  
Please answer...please. I left  
messages--

Stu quickly turns off the phone. Mama Kim approaches the group of men and with a wave of her hand they scatter.

MAMA KIM  
Sometimes it is time for hiding,  
sometimes for fighting, but always  
time for forgiveness.

STU  
But what if someone lied to you?  
Put your life on the line to save  
their job? What if someone you  
trusted with your whole life was  
just waiting for someone else to  
stab you in the back?

Mama Kim spits in disgust--the thick wad lands on Stu's face.

MAMA KIM  
I'd kill that mother-fucker.

STU  
Exactly. I can't just forgive him.

MAMA KIM  
But Stewart.

STU  
Stu

MAMA KIM  
But if that person was family...

She shakes on large bony finger in front of his face. Her eyes close in deep spiritual thought:

MAMA KIM

I'd probably just cut off a finger  
or a ball or something.

Stu goes wide-eyed. Mama Kim passes him the phone. She plays  
unheard saved messages

FRANK (PHONE)

Hey Stu, so about last night... I  
didn't mean for you to find out  
like that. I really thought I could  
help you. Really. Both of us. I  
wouldn't have let them hurt you.  
Well...call me back when you get  
this.

Beep.

FRANK (PHONE)

Hi Stu. I'm not sure if you got my  
last message or not. But give me a  
call.

Beep.

FRANK (PHONE)

(very drunk)

Hey DICKHEAD. What's with you? You  
would'a been dead in a ditch if I  
hadn't picked you off the street.  
You're probably dead anyway. Don't  
call me.

Beep.

FRANK (PHONE)

(sobbing loudly)

What the FUCK dude?

Beep.

FRANK (PHONE)

Stu, I think someone has been  
following me.

(huffing and puffing)

I just wanted you to know if this  
is my last message that, I'm sorry.  
Really sorry--

Sounds of a scuffle can be heard in the background. Stu's  
face drops.

Beep.

FRANK (PHONE)

So...this is awkward. I thought I'd be dead or something by now. But apparently they want you even more than my sorry ass. So I have a fricken' gun to my head right now as they tell me to call to tell you that they want to talk...Just talk. BUT DON'T COME, STU. NO MATTER WHAT THEY DO TO ME!!

The call cuts off. Mama Kim and Stu hold a long steady look.

MAMA KIM

I think he'd be willing to lose a finger to save his life. But you have to put your life on the line to save his.

Stu nods: solemn and determined.

MAMA KIM

In this last week you have become our family. We will take you to your friend.

(beat)

We'll even cut his ball off for you.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Stu and a dozen KOREAN MEN pull up to a warehouse in a small muscle car. They all climb out, pulling weapons out behind them.

STU

You sure this is where they are keeping him?

KIM #1

Shhhh.

The Korean men scale the side of the building effortlessly; they pull Stu up on a harness behind them.

Stu's rope gets caught on a rusty pipe and starts to rip. He squeals in fear.

KIM #2

We'll pull you up. Don't worry.

The rope hangs by a thread. Stu screams.

KIM #3

SHHHH!

GUARDS run along the rooftop and shoot at the Korean Men. An epic fight can be heard above. One by one the Korean Men's bodies fall off the roof and narrowly missing Stu.

Stu pulls at the rope holding him up--still sturdy.

GUARD

Check over the edge.

Stu swings back and forth. He uses the momentum to hit the side of the building and fall into a window.

The Guards above shower the bodies on the ground with more bullets.

INT. WAREHOUSE, ROOM - DAY

Stu brushes the pieces of glass off his body.

STU

I hope they're okay.

Stu walks further into room. He tries to take off his harness but it won't come loose with his pudgy fingers.

A Guard walks by the room and sees Stu.

GUARD

Hey-

STU

I wasn't with those Korean guys  
don't worry.

The Guard charges him. Stu jumps out of the way and the Guard trips on the harnesses' rope and falls out the window.

STU

Sorry!

Stu runs out of the room and is greeted by a large group of Guards.

STU

(points to window)  
Your friend went that way.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LOCKED ROOM - DAY

Stu is pushed into a small room. A Guard locks the door behind him.

Frank sits tied to a chair. His beard is ridiculously long.

FRANK

Stu Wilcum? You came?

STU

I did it, dude. I'm here. I did it!  
I found you!

FRANK

I think a better plan would of been  
to get in unseen and free me. But,  
you know, I can't be angry for the  
effort.

Stu puffs up his chest--proud of his mission. Frank squirms in his seat.

STU

Here. Let me untie that for you.

Stu attempts to untie Frank's ropes; he fails.

FRANK

You got it?

STU

No, sorry. They were definitely Boy  
Scouts or something that did this.

Stu tries to lift Frank out of the chair--a last ditch effort to loosen the restraints.

STU

What have they been feeding you?

Stu struggles and drops the chair; it splinters and breaks. Frank falls to the ground, his ropes now loose.

STU

Now do me.

Stu motions to the harness that is still strapped to his body. He gestures his groin forward, exposing the tightness on his thigh.



STU  
...it's really chafing.

FRANK  
No.

STU  
But-

FRANK  
No.

A Guard storms back in the room. He sees Frank untied and the broken chair on the ground.

GUARD  
Hey!

Stu tries to run from the room. The Guard steps on the rope attached to his harness and Stu falls flat on his face.

Frank tackles the Guard and takes his gun. He puts the Guard in a sleeper hold until he passes out.

INT. WAREHOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Frank picks Stu off the ground and they run off.

A SILHOUETTE of a man blocks their path. It is Arthur Lembeck--back from the dead once more.

ARTHUR LEMBECK  
You are going the wrong way.

STU  
Mr. Lembeck?

Lembeck reveals his perfect grin.

ARTHUR LEMBECK  
It's so nice to see you, Stu. I'm happy that after all of this you are still in one piece.

Frank looks at him questioningly.

FRANK  
And how are you?

ARTHUR LEMBECK  
Excuse me?

FRANK  
Haven't you been dead twice now?  
I'm starting to loose count.

STU  
Me too.

Lembeck and Frank stare at Stu.

STU  
No, seriously. Is it two or three  
times?

ARTHUR LEMBECK  
Actually zero. Clearly.

Frank points his gun at Lembeck.

FRANK  
And if you want to keep it that way  
you're gonna show us the way out.

ARTHUR LEMBECK  
Good. That's exactly where I was  
heading.

Lembeck leads them away.

INT. WAREHOUSE, STAIRCASE - DAY

FRANK  
This better not be another trick.  
I'm done with you and the Vigliotti  
family. I've been locked up,  
beaten--and I'm not about to die  
cause of any of you.

ARTHUR LEMBECK  
That seems fair.

INT. WAREHOUSE, OFFICE - DAY

Lembeck leads them into an office with large windows but no  
clear exits.

FRANK  
Are we supposed to fucking jump?

STU  
Well I still have the harness.

Frank kneels down next to Stu and fiddles with the harness.

FRANK

Here. Let me get that for you. I'll go first to make sure it is safe.

Frank hands Stu the gun.

FRANK

Hold this for a minute will you?  
(motions to Lembeck)  
Just keep it on him.

The doorway fills with Guards and members of the Vigliotti family.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

Thank you, Arthur.

Frank freezes.

FRANK

You got to be kidding me.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

Give me the gun, Stu.

FRANK

Don't you dare.

Antonio Vigliotti shoots Frank in the leg; he screams bloody murder.

Stu points his gun at a Guard. Everyone laughs.

Stu points his gun at Lembeck.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

He's been dead twice. You think you're gonna be the lasting blow?

Stu points his gun at Frank.

FRANK

Seriously?

Everyone laughs.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

Just put the gun down. You're making a fool of yourself.

STU

EVERYONE NEEDS TO SHUT UP! All you crazy Italian people are really putting me on edge right now.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI  
Why does everyone always think  
we're Italian? Come on. Everyone we  
try to kill or maim is so  
close-minded.

STU  
Well for me, personally, your name  
makes me hungry for those bread  
sticks at Olive Garden.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI  
It's a nice environment. We aren't  
arguing that. And they give those  
itty bitty mints...

STU  
They just melt in your mouth!

FRANK  
Stu!

Stu pulls himself back to the moment--he puts the gun to his  
own head. Antonio Vigliotti's face drops.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI  
Now don't be too hasty.

STU  
I want answers now or I'm gonna  
shoot myself and then everyone else  
in this room. Even Frank!

FRANK  
Hey!

STU  
I already went to the police about  
your hitman-woman. They already  
know you are connected to the  
murder of my boss--or attempted  
murder...but they definitely think  
he is actually still dead this  
time.

ARTHUR LEMBECK  
They are supposed to.

STU  
What?

ARTHUR LEMBECK

They were always supposed to think I was dead. You were supposed to go to the police and tell them everything about my murder.

STU

Why?

ARTHUR LEMBECK

Because you're easy to convince. No one was going to question my body's disappearance if the fucking gardener saw me shot in the stomach and die.

STU

I would definitely still believe you were dead. You're right.

ARTHUR LEMBECK

Exactly. And the family here was gonna get half of my life insurance and I would have enjoyed mine out on a beach in Fiji.

STU

With Jesus?

Lembeck nods--pure passion and lust.

ARTHUR LEMBECK

Always...

STU

But I did go to the police!

ARTHUR LEMBECK

Too late. They got suspicious.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

That stupid Cop stopped you the first time. Sophia shot Lembeck and chased you down the street. You had every reason to go to the police but this fucker

(motions to Frank)

stopped you and ruined our whole plan. You were our perfect witness!

STU

The Cops will figure it out! With everything I've told them and everything I will tell them...

Everyone laughs.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI

Not if you can't breathe. I'm sure  
Sophia would be happy to finish the  
job.

Sophia steps out of the shadows.

SOPHIA

It would be my pleasure.

Stu jumps at the sound of her voice. He screams and shoots.

The bullet strikes her in the eye and she crumples to the  
ground.

A barely audible squeal and gasp come from Stu's mouth.

STU

She scared me. I didn't know she  
was there. I'm soo soo sorry.

Everyone stares at Stu--terrified.

STU

I won't do it again. I promise.

Stu looks up the barrel of the gun.

STU

I don't even think that there are  
anymore bullets in here.

Stu touches the muzzle of the gun, winces, and pulls the  
trigger.

STU

Ohh god. That's hot.

BOOM. Arthur Lembeck stumbles to the ground--a hole in his  
chest.

Everyone backs away from Stu.

Frank struggles to stand up.

FRANK

I'm telling you! He's crazy. A wild  
animal! He'll kill all of you  
before you even reach for your  
weapons. You made an enemy of the  
wrong guy! Stu Wilcum is not your

(MORE)

FRANK (cont'd)  
pawn. He's my fucking partner and  
he'll put you all in the ground  
before you lay a hand on him.

Antonio Vigliotti shoots Frank in the other leg.

Stu shoots at Antonio Vigliotti. CLICK--empty.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI  
It looks like I'll take that bet.

POLICE SIRENS echo in the distance.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI  
You called the Cops?

Stu nods.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI  
Well you'll be dead before they get  
here.

Stu reaches inside his pants, searching for some unseen  
help.

ANTONIO VIGLIOTTI  
What are you doing?

Stu pulls out a GRENADE from his underwear. He throws it at  
the Vigliottis.

The grenade EXPLODES.

Stu grabs Frank and jumps out the window.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Stu and Frank lay unconscious on the asphalt. Bits of ash  
slowly fall around them.

A pair of freshly shined boots step in front of their faces.  
They slowly wake up and see Captain Simmons looking down at  
them.

The Captain helps them stand. They are face to face with the  
fiery room they just jumped out of.

The Captain slaps Frank's back.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
And I thought you were scared of  
heights, Frank.

They laugh.

The fire starts another explosion nearby. They all slowly  
run away from the warehouse as it explodes and burns.

They take cover behind a cop car nearby.

FRANK  
Arthur Lembeck is dead.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
I know. I take responsibility for  
that.

FRANK  
No. You don't understand. He faked  
his death twice with the help of  
the Vigliotti family.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
So, he's alive?

FRANK  
No. Stu shot him by accident.

The Captain considers this and sizes Stu up.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
So who pretended to kill him both  
times? Who was shooting at us in  
the park?

FRANK  
A hitman-woman that the Vigliotti  
family employed.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS  
She's dangerous. Did she escape?

FRANK  
No. Stu killed her too.

STU  
That one was kinda her fault  
though.

FRANK  
I'd vouch for him on that one.

The Captain is silent and stunned.



STU

But don't worry. I didn't kill any of the Vigliotti people though. Did you know they aren't Italian?

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

There were a dozen Korean male bodies found on the north side of the building.

STU

Ohh.

Stu has a moment of silence.

STU

That was my family.

The Captain and Frank stare at Stu.

STU

I was kinda adopted...

The building explodes further.

FRANK

So are we gonna assume that the Vigliotti's escaped or are they gonna track us down and kill us?

The Captain puts his face in his hands.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

This is a hell of a lot of paperwork.

STU

But we'll need protection, right? We have no way of knowing that they are all dead.

FRANK

I have to agree with Stu here. We've done our part bringing down a major crime family.

STU

Two-

FRANK

Right, two major crime families. We just need some guarantee for our safety. We really put our lives on the line for this city.

The Captain considers this.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

I suppose we are responsible for both of you until all this can be cleared.

FRANK

Great. And as you know, I'd be happy to help at the station as much as you need for the time-being.

(beat)

Like what other detective do you have that has taken down this many criminals at once?

The Captain looks to Stu.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

The idiot sitting next to you for one.

FRANK

So I'm back on the force then?

CAPTAIN SIMMONS

I'll see you both on Monday. Someone has to deal with all this paperwork.

Frank and Stu pound fists.

The Captain walks towards a group of Officers awaiting orders.

FRANK

(calling after the Captain)

But Monday, really? Don't you think we should get a couple days off first maybe? This has all been really tiring.

Frank tries to run after the Captain but falls to the ground.

FRANK

Right, I was shot...Fuck.

STU

Twice.

FRANK  
Right, twice.

Stu tries to hold Frank up.

STU  
Don't worry. I got you.

Stu looks at Frank's injuries.

FRANK  
Stop touching my holes!

Stu drops Frank to the ground--Frank grunts loudly in pain.

STU  
But someone has to take the bullets  
out!

FADE TO BLACK.