

GUNTHER

Written by

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Based on the short film, "Gunther" by Paris Dylan

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OVER BLACK.

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CLICK. A BUTTON IS PRESSED and an AUDIOBOOK plays.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)

"When Zarathustra was thirty years old he left his home and the lake of his home and went into the mountains."

1

INT./EXT. CAR - ALLEY - DAY

1

GUNTHER (33) sits in his car. He's clean-cut, aloof, but in deep thought, and listens stoically to an audiobook from his portable cassette player, muffled, through 80s headphones.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)

"But at last a change came over his heart--

CLICK. Gunther presses pause on the cassette player. He looks ahead and thinks he sees something. But after a moment, nothing. He presses FAST FOWARD on the cassette player and CLICKS the AUDIOBOOK BACK ON.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)

"'For that I must descend to the depths, as you do in the evening, when you go behind the sea and still bring the light to the underworld, you overrich star.'"

Gunther's expression, re: the audiobook: "Huh?"

He grabs his copy of the book "THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA" by Nietzsche and looks at the cover of a mustached Nietzsche. He flips through the book to read along as he listens.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)

"'Behold, this cup wants to become empty again, and Zarathustra wants to become man again.' Thus Zarathustra began to go under."

CLICK. Gunther stops the tape, looks disturbed but weirdly focused. He takes off his headphones then reaches over and reveals a MANILLA FOLDER and pulls out a PHOTO OF A GRUNGY MAN, giving it a once over, then looks back out.

A GRUNGY MAN (45), the guy from the photo, walks out the side of a building, locks the door behind him, and heads toward a parked car.

Gunther slides the photo back in and sets down the folder. He takes a deep breath. After a beat, he reaches down and reveals a TINY ANKLE GUN, gripping it like James Bond.

BEAT.

He then kicks out the rusty door and slams it closed, leaving the frame.

After a moment, the door swings back open and Gunther sits back in and reaches for his BALACLAVA, quickly putting it on, having some trouble finding the eye holes.

He checks himself out in the rearview mirror and *BREATHES IN DEEP, THEN OUT.*

2

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

2

Gunther, in his balaclava, tip-toes into the frame, checking his six and creeping along the wall. He moves to a corner and dips his head around a shitty bush.

We follow his momentum and reveal the GRUNGY MAN, still walking. Gunther dips out of frame as we stay on the MAN who walks towards us. He gets closer and we move back with him.

As the camera continues to lead we don't see Gunther anymore in the spot he dipped. We move back to a parking lot.

Gunther tip-toes out from behind a car in the background and points the gun at the MAN.

CLOSE ON: Gunther's eye. It squints.

GUNTHER

I'm sorry...

Gunther pulls the trigger. It jams. Gunther hits the gun, he tries to pull the trigger again. No Dice.

The Man now spots Gunther with a gun and the mask and starts freaking out, fumbling with his keys, trying to put the correct key in the lock.

Gunther keeps trying to fire but the gun won't go off. The Man drops his keys at every attempt to unlock his car door.

Finally, Gunther throws the broken gun at the man, then runs toward him, and jumps on his back.

The Man tries to scream but Gunther covers his mouth, as he flails like a child getting a piggy-back-ride.

The Man drops to the ground with Gunther on his back.

The Man rips off Gunther's balaclava!

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Hey don't do that!

The Man bites Gunther's hand that's over his mouth and Gunther SCREAMS in agony, rolls off his back.

Now The Man starts to attack Gunther and grabs him by the suit jacket but Gunther wiggles away.

The Man now chases Gunther. They get into a stand-off across a car, each dodging and duking trying to fake each other out. The Man runs around the front of a car, slips -- CRACK.

Gunther's head slowly pops into frame, looking down at the man.

TITLE CARD: "GUNTHER."

3 EXT. DESERT GRAVE - NIGHT 3

A SHOVEL slams into the hard, desert dirt and barely scratches the surface. It slams again, not even a dent.

Gunther, shovel in hand, looks devastated, lightly sobbing as he tries a few more times, limply, to no avail. We see the dead GRUNGE MAN at his feet.

Gunther stops, looks around, and eyes a cluster of natural rocks lit up by the car's headlights. A thought emerges.

4 EXT. DESERT GRAVE - NIGHT - LATER 4

Gunther places the last rock on a large mound haphazardly covering the body, he steps back, stares at the rock monument, sadly, then walks out of frame. Beat.

A moment later he comes back, not sure what to do, so he cups both hands together, then bows his head, still emotional.

GUNTHER

Dear God, or whatever -- I was told he was a bad guy, and had it coming. I don't know what he did. But he fought like a champion. Rest now, sweet prince.

Gunther kisses his hand and places it on the mound.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Amen.

5 INT./EXT. CAR - DESERT ROAD - NIGHT 5

Gunther drives back, dirty, deflated, red-eyed, and almost expressionless, emotionally drained by what he's done.

GUNTHER

I killed a bad guy... I killed a
baaaaaad guy... I killed...

*
*
*

At this realization Gunther GAGS a little. Then a lot.

*

6 EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 6

Gunther's car pulls over, he runs out, and PUKES on the side of the road.

He then gets back in the car and tries to start it, but it CRANKS. The BATTERY LIGHT DINGS.

7 EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT 7

Jumper cables are hooked up to a TRUCKER'S vehicle.

Gunther stands by his car and forces a smile. The trucker looks at him, deadpan.

TRUCK DRIVER

These cables smell like rotten ass,
boy.

GUNTHER

Oh, yeah, I know. Sorry about that.

TRUCK DRIVER

You a lawyer or something?

GUNTHER

Yes.

Trucker gives him a look.

8 EXT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 8

A worn-out Gunther sadly approaches his apartment door and takes out his keys.

MARTHA (30), awkward, but in a charming, confident way, approaches her next door apartment from the steps below carrying some moving boxes. Gunther perks.

They stand back-to-back for a moment. As Gunther "slyly" glances back and notices her, he drops his keys.

Martha looks back at him and smiles. Gunther smiles back, weirdly, then quickly unlocks his door and enters, slamming the door closed with his back.

9 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 9

Gunther looks through the dusty peephole seeing Martha close her door.

He backs away from the peephole in the dark and smiles again. This brief interaction could have saved his life.

10 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY 10

A nearly empty place with no personality. A worn couch sits across an old TV that sits on an unopened TV Stand Box.

Everything is very neat and clean. Even though there's barely anything in there.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

-Gunther does a pull-up, badly.

-Gunther does a push-up, badly.

-Gunther reads Nietzsche then throws the book down, frustrated.

-Gunther listens to Nietzsche while he reads the book.

-Gunther meditates listening to another AUDIOBOOK.

AUDIOBOOK 2 (V.O.)
"In for five, out for five."

-Gunther coughs from the heavy breathing.

-Gunther does another push-up, badly, sweats profusely.

-Gunther cooks while he listens to and simultaneously reads Nietzsche.

-Gunther naps with Nietzsche in his hands, and muffled headphones on AUDIOBOOK playing.

-Gunther does half-assed jumping jacks.

-Gunther tries to do another pull-up, red-faced, sweat dripping, until the wood frame breaks and he falls down.

-Gunther cooks, and reads, and listens to the book, really trying to understand it before--

-Smoke billows from the frying pan and a fire erupts.

-Gunther puts his charred food in the sink and smoke billows from the frying pan.

-Gunther irons his suit, horribly wrong. He looks out the window, sees couple walking down the street, holding hands, happy. Gunther smiles at this.

PRE-LAP: GUN FIRE.

11 EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY 11

Gunther FIRES HIS SMALL ANKLE GUN, rapidly. He gives the gun a once over--didn't jam this time.

He looks to the target. It's full of holes around the body image, but nothing hit.

CAL (V.O.)
So, Gunther--

12 INT. CAL'S OFFICE - DAY 12

A cleaned-up Gunther sits at a desk in front of CAL (53), hardened yet wrinkled from years of life experience.

A sign that reads "PAINT JOBS+" hangs on the wall.

Cal's look: "Gunther, do you have something to tell me?"

Gunther's look (he's trying): "Nothin' to see here."

They stare at each other.

CAL
How'd the job go?

GUNTHER
Oh, so great. Really, really great.

CAL

You sure?

GUNTHER

Couldn't have been any easier.

CAL

That right?

GUNTHER

(thinking)

Hmm, Yup-- super clean. Flawless. I may have been a little--

Cal raises his eyebrows: "Yes? A little what?"

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Emotional. But you said that was natural, for my first time and all.

CAL

So the guy is--

GUNTHER

(realizing)

Dead. He's dead. I really did it. I really killed the shit out of that guy.

KNOCK KNOCK at the DOOR.

CAL

Come in.

JT (37), a seemingly no-bullshit wise-guy greaseball, with a softer interior, opens the door and pushes out a standing, rolled-up rug--

GUNTHER

Hey, J-Bones.

--with a body inside it.

SLAP! The rug/man falls out on the floor next to Gunther.

Gunther stares at the body, the man's brains are blown out. Gunther gags and covers his mouth with his hands.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

What happened... to his head? Who is that?

CAL

You didn't kill him, Gunther.

Gunther comes to a little, takes his hands away from his mouth, studies the dead body a little.

GUNTHER
(relieved)
I didn't?

CAL
No. You didn't.

13 EXT. DESERT GRAVE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 13

The spot where Gunther buried the body. Moonlight shines over the silhouetted mound of rocks.

All of a sudden the man POPS UP OUT OF THE MOUND, GASPING FOR AIR. He sits up, looks around, gets up, and runs off.

14 INT. CAL'S OFFICE - DAY - BACK TO SCENE 14

Gunther looks confused.

GUNTHER
So I didn't--I mean, how'd he--

CAL
JT checked the spot. To make sure you didn't fuck anything up.

15 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT - QUICK FLASHBACK 15

The man runs down the highway, half-naked.

An approaching car's lights shine on the half-naked man.

JT rolls down his window and points the gun at the man who's now running right next to the car. BANG! The Man drops.

16 INT. CAL'S OFFICE - DAY - BACK TO SCENE 16

Cal looks annoyed at Gunther.

CAL
He found the guy on the highway halfway back into town.

GUNTHER
(hopeful)
So, he's alive?

CAL

Does he look fucking alive to you?
Does he smell fucking alive to you?
He's dead. Now he's dead. JT had to
finish the job.

Gunther gags again.

GUNTHER

(unsure, gagging)
Thanks, J-Bones.

JT

(re: Gunther gagging)
Jesus Christ.

Gunther pulls himself together off of that remark.

KNOCK KNOCK! MARTIN (36), an inappropriately casual hitman,
opens the door and pokes his head in.

MARTIN

Hey, Cal, I took care of that
Thompson guy this morning. Real
messy, had to use the wire.

CAL

Martin. I'm in the middle of a
conversation.

MARTIN

Oh, right, yeah. Anyway, I just
wanted to ask--you ever use a wire
before? I can't get the goddamn
thing out of his neck.

CAL

Of course I used a wire before! Now
would you get the fuck out of here,
please? I just told you I'm in the
middle of a conversation!

MARTIN

Oh, sorry.

Martin leaves. Cal looks exhausted.

CAL

I can't win today, can I?

GUNTHER

Cal, I'm so sorry about him coming
back to life. It won't happen
again. I promise I'll be better.

Cal softens, considers this. But his resolve strengthens.

CAL

Gunther, I gave you a shot--

Gunther smiles.

CAL (CONT'D)

Sorry, kid. You're back on clean-up.

(re: the dead body)

You can start with him. Again.

17

EXT. CAL'S OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

17

Gunther drags the dead body, amateurishly, wrapped in a duct-taped rug, to his car. He pops the trunk and struggles lifting the rug as he tries to throw it in.

The man's head slips out of the top and HITS the bumper. Gunther winces, grossed out.

GUNTHER

Oooo, sorry!

He balances the body/rug in the opposite direction and the feet slip out and BREAK HIS RIGHT TAILLIGHT.

Gunther tries to force the body in, pushing it, folding it in the rug. It ain't happening.

Gunther stands the body up, leaning it on the car. He scratches his head and thinks.

While he isn't looking, the rug slowly unfolds, and the body falls out on the ground next to him.

Gunther re-rolls the body back into the rug.

He takes the bottom and folds it to the top.

CRACK! SNIP! POP! Bones break. Cartilage crunches. Gross.

Gunther gags again, covering his mouth from the vomit that was sure to come otherwise, as he continues to FOLD and PUSH the body together.

We SLOWLY ZOOM past Gunther, and up high to the top of the PAINT JOBS+ roof. Cal leans against the edge watching Gunther. JT comes out and joins him.

JT

I don't get it. You know we can't take him to Florida, right?

CAL

You ever have a dog, JT?

JT

Nah. Pops wouldn't let us.

CAL

I adopted one. Long time ago. Thing was fucked up when I got him. Needed doggy Xanax.

JT

Sounds like a pain in the ass.

Cal turns to JT.

CAL

It was at first. But eventually, he listened. He was loyal.

JT

What are you gonna do?

Cal thinks, turns back toward Gunther in the lot.

CAL

Keep an eye on him.
(pained)

He's got one more chance.

*
*
*

JT nods and walks back in the building. We continue to zoom on Cal as he wrestles with a thought.

18

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DUSK

18

Gunther's car drives down an empty highway and turns right down a dirt road, using a turn signal, of course.

19

EXT. DESERT GRAVE - NIGHT

19

The same burial spot from the beginning of the film.

Gunther looks down at the breached rock grave.

GUNTHER

Well, here we are again.

Gunther pulls the rug/body out of the trunk, moves it to the spot and starts to dig next to the rocks.

MOMENTS LATER

Gunther lies down next to a shallow hole, exhausted from everything. Pieces of rug stick out beneath dirt and rocks.

A CAR PULLS UP AND ITS HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE SCENE.

Gunther sits up, startled, takes out his gun.

The car approaches the mound. Then Gunther hears footsteps. Gunther is ready to fire his gun, he closes his eyes.

JT clears his throat. He looks down at Gunther, the mound, the rug sticking out.

Gunther looks relieved. JT looks annoyed.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Hey, JT, I wasn't finished. I was going to--

JT

It's fine, Gunther.

GUNTHER

Please don't tell Cal.

JT

Need some help?

Gunther smiles.

20

INT. DINER - NIGHT

20

A dirty Gunther sits across from JT. Gunther eats a messy breakfast sandwich. JT sips a coffee, reads a newspaper.

GUNTHER

Whatcha readin' about?

Beat. JT keeps his eyes on the paper.

JT

Just some bullshit.

GUNTHER

I'm reading Nietzsche.

JT turns the page, no response.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
(mouth still full)
So--
(sotto)
--kill any bad guys lately?

JT
(choking on his coffee--
loud whisper)
What the-- are you fucking
serious?!

Egg yolk from his bacon, egg, and cheese sandwich drips from the side of Gunther's mouth onto the plate.

GUNTHER
Right. No, sorry, I...

JT
Cal must have been out of his
goddamn mind.

Gunther looks embarrassed, wipes his mouth.

JT goes back to reading.

JT shakes his head, rolls his eyes, at a loss.

JT (CONT'D)
Just eat.

Beat. JT reads. Gunther looks a little defeated before he notices a very kitsch landscape painting on the wall.

GUNTHER
(re: the painting)
That's nice, isn't it?

JT looks at the painting. It isn't nice. He looks back to Gunther.

JT
Let me ask you something.

GUNTHER
Sure.

JT
Why do you do it?

Gunther looks confused. "It?"

JT (CONT'D)

You know. What we do. You don't--
seem like the type.

GUNTHER

What? It's a good job.

JT

But why *this*?

GUNTHER

I don't know, Cal took me in. Gave
me a real chance. Nobody ever did
that for me.

JT looks at Gunther like he understands.

JT

Right.

The tension breaks as JT opens up a little and Gunther goes
back to eating as he talks, mouth open, too comfortable.

GUNTHER

I used to sell knives.

JT

What?

GUNTHER

Check it out--

Gunther pulls out a pocket knife, tries to fling it open but
it flies out of his hand and almost hits JT in the face.

JT

Fuck!

GUNTHER

Sorry, buddy! Never really figured
that part out.

Gunther collects the knife from the floor, sits back down and
goes back to eating.

JT

Clearly.

GUNTHER

Anyway, this here's your classic
drop-point. But we sold everything.
I'm talking lockbacks, guthookers,
clip points, you name it we cut it.

JT

So, what, you're like Rain Man or some shit?

GUNTHER

I don't know what that is.

JT

Jesus, I'm working with Rain Man.

GUNTHER

Anyway, I was doing my door-to-door thing, I knocked on Cal's door, and I guess he liked me.

JT

Okay, fair enough.

GUNTHER

I was born an orphan, so, never really been close with anyone.

JT

Cal likes orphans.

GUNTHER

Cal likes orphans?

JT

Never mind.

GUNTHER

Are you an orphan?

JT looks at Gunther, he's not getting into all of that.

JT

I definitely made a few, kid.

GUNTHER

Yeah. But they're all bad guys.

JT

Right.

GUNTHER

Well, I'm gonna do better, JT. I won't be on clean-up for long.

Gunther looks hopeful. JT doesn't. And Gunther's hope fades.

JT

Just keep your head down. No distractions. This isn't Jiffy Lube.

JT sips his coffee. Gunther nods then goes back to eating.

GUNTHER

I really don't wanna get fired.

JT

Cal can't just let you go. You know that, don't you?

GUNTHER

(oblivious, thinking he's important)

Mmm. Yeah, I suppose so.

JT

No, what I mean is--you can't screw this up.

GUNTHER

(still oblivious)

I know, I won't.

JT

(stern)

No.

Gunther stops eating.

JT (CONT'D)

I mean--you *really* can't screw this up.

PRE-LAP: GUN FIRE.

21

EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY

21

Gunther shoots his gun, really trying.

He grabs the target and there are some holes around the body and one hole in the dick area.

He's getting better, albeit slowly, and half-smiles.

22 EXT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 22

Gunther sits on a street couch across from his building having a picnic by himself reading Nietzsche.

He looks around to see the same couple holding hands and laughing across the street. Then he notices Martha pass them and walk to their building.

She carries a bunch of crap--groceries, a phone charger, her purse, books--until she trips over a rock and drops it all.

Embarrassed, she looks around to see if anyone noticed, then sees Gunther staring at her like a weirdo.

Gunther quickly stops staring and goes back to his book.

Martha smiles, awkwardly, gathers her things, and goes inside, leaving her phone charger on the ground.

Gunther sees the charger, packs his things, and gets up.

23 EXT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 23

Gunther walks up the stairs to their building carrying his picnic crap and Martha's charger.

He stops at Martha's door, moves to knock, until he hears A MAN'S VOICE inside, sounds like an argument.

MAN (V.O.)

I really need you today, Martha!

MARTHA (V.O.)

I'm sorry! You just can't do this to me every time you mess up!

Gunther leaves the charger on the ground by Martha's door and goes into his place.

24 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY 24

Gunther walks in, drops all his shit, and puts his ear up to the wall to hear Martha's conversation with the man.

THE SOUND IS MUFFLED.

He takes a cup, puts it to the wall, and continues.

MARTHA (V.O.)

(upset)

I should be having fun with my
life!

MAN (V.O.)

You know I don't have anyone else!

Beat. Silence for a moment, until--

MARTHA (V.O.)

I know. Okay, I'll just--see you
later.

MAN (V.O.)

Thank you, darling. See you later.

MARTHA'S DOOR OPENS.

Gunther looks out of the hole to see:

GUNTHER'S POV: the MAN (59) from inside walks out.

He's suited and mature with a fedora, but his face is
obscured by the collar of his trench coat.

Martha comes to the door, watches him go, and is about to go
inside when she notices the charger on the ground.

She picks it up then looks straight at Gunther's peep hole,
still upset by her conversation, but now a little curious.

Gunther backs away from the peep hole and trips over his
picnic crap.

25 EXT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS 25

CRASH! We hear the commotion from Martha's POV. She chuckles.

PRE-LAP: THE SOUND OF A RUNNING DRYER.

26 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - AFTERNOON 26

Gunther sits on a RUNNING DRYER and reads Nietzsche's "THUS
SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA" with headphones on.

Martha walks in carrying a load and moves to the washer next
to him.

Gunther notices her and tries to play it cool, buries his
head in the book but looks over at her, occasionally.

Martha loads the machine, then sits on top of it across from Gunther and pulls out a book.

The two sit in silence for a brief moment until--

MARTHA
He died alone, you know.

Gunther looks up, takes off his headphones.

GUNTHER
Sorry?

MARTHA
Nietzsche. He was brilliant but he died alone.

GUNTHER
I haven't gotten to that part yet.

MARTHA
I mean we all die alone. But he was *really* alone.

GUNTHER
That's sad.

MARTHA
I love that book.

GUNTHER
Oh, yeah, it's great.

MARTHA
Do you always listen to music while you read?

GUNTHER
Oh, um, yeah, I do.

MARTHA
Are you trying to be Superman or something?

GUNTHER
Superman?

MARTHA
Ubermench. It's German for Superman.

GUNTHER

Of course. Um, not really tho, I don't think I could be superman, that would be, well, maybe, no, I couldn't. I just want to--be better, I guess.

MARTHA

I'm Martha.

GUNTHER

Gunther.

MARTHA

Thank you for bringing me back my charger. Gunther.

GUNTHER

Don't mention it.

MARTHA

I already did.

Silence. Gunther goes back to his book, when--

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Figured I'd just say hi to make it less awkward. I mean we are neighbors now.

GUNTHER

Where'd you move here from?

MARTHA

Downtown. You know, life change, commute change. Boyfriend change. What do you do?

GUNTHER

I'm in--security.

MARTHA

Security, like banks? Or parking lots... or...

GUNTHER

Anything that needs to be secure.

MARTHA

That's cool. My ex-boyfriend didn't have a job.

GUNTHER

What about that new boyfriend?

MARTHA

(smiles)

I don't have that new boyfriend.

They lock eyes. Awkward BEAT.

DING! Gunther's dryer goes off. He startles. She doesn't.

GUNTHER

Oh. Cool.

Gunther starts to unload the machine when--

MARTHA

Can I see your phone?

Gunther slowly pulls out his phone, checks it to make sure nothing incriminating is on there, and hands it to her.

Martha takes his phone, types in her number, hands it back.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I know it's a little forward. But you're not a serial killer, right?

Martha smiles.

GUNTHER

No! Nope. Not me, I actually don't have any kills on my record.

Martha laughs. Gunther realizes she's joking. He laughs too.

27

INT. RANDOM APT - NIGHT

27

JT and Martin clean their guns, getting ready to leave. TWO DEAD BODIES lie on the floor.

A dinner set-up is on the kitchen table; plates, wine, etc.

MARTIN

Guy's name was Earl. Banker from Cleveland.

JT

I've never killed an Earl before. Hell, don't think I even know an Earl.

MARTIN

Emptied my clip on the bastard. Fucker was like a deer.

JT

That's how you kill a deer?

MARTIN

What? I'm just sayin', they're big.

Gunther strolls in the door with his headphones on, carrying a bucket and a mop, dancing around, listening to music, unaware of JT and Martin before--

He STARTLES at JT and Martin who are looking at him, frozen in disbelief.

GUNTHER

Ah!

Gunther hits STOP on his cassette player.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

I didn't see you guys there.

Martin and JT look at each other then holster their guns.

MARTIN

Hey, Gunther, you ever do an Earl?

GUNTHER

What's that? Like a wrestling move?

MARTIN

Nah, man, like a person named Earl.

GUNTHER

Can't say I have. I would, though.
I'd totally do an Earl.

JT

(to Martin, motioning to
leave)

Come on.

JT and Martin walk toward the door.

GUNTHER

Oh, J-Bones, I got the good stuff
this time. Way les smell! Finally,
am I right?

JT

Whatever, we gotta debrief later on
some jobs coming up, so just text
me after you wax-off these bitches.

They walk past Gunther, who takes off his headphones, starts to unpack his stuff near the bodies.

GUNTHER

Yeah, about the next job, do you think it's gonna be like really messy or more half messy, because I could totally get a wet-vac and--

JT

Just remember what I said. Cool?

GUNTHER

Oh, yeah.

JT and Martain walk out and close the door.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Cool.

Gunther stands by himself for a moment, looks around at the scene, then at his cassette player.

28

INT. RANDOM APT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

28

Gunther, smiling, and on cloud nine, listens to MUSIC that we hear MUFFLED through his headphones as he's surrounded by blood on every surface of the apartment.

He dances around the place with a mop, a la Gene Kelly from "Singing in the Rain," across the gruesome scene.

He takes out his phone, goes to his contacts, types in "MARTHA," looks at her number, then dances some more and moves to the kitchen table where the people who are now dead were just eating and drinking red wine.

There's a bit more blood and guts on the walls here because of the gunshots to the head.

Gunther helps himself to the pasta and wine, then mops some more, drinking right out of the wine bottle.

29

INT. RANDOM APT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

29

Gunther sits on the couch with the wine bottle, still staring at Martha's name in his phone.

The two dead bodies have been wrapped in rugs and the place looks mostly clean, aside from the bodies in rugs.

Gunther stares at Martha's name and number, takes a big swig of the wine, and hits "TEXT." He types: "HEY."

Gunther smiles. Then his PHONE RINGS. It's Martha.

Gunther gets up, slightly panicked, but giddy, paces around the dead bodies, then finally answers.

GUNTHER

Hi.

30

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

30

Martha sits on her couch. The place has a tad more personality than Gunther's, but not much.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION:

MARTHA

I hate texting.

GUNTHER

Okay. How are you?

MARTHA

Are you busy? Is this a bad time?

GUNTHER

No, I'm just--

Gunther looks over to the dead bodies--

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Working.

MARTHA

Shit, I knew it.

GUNTHER

No, it's okay. I'm not that busy.

MARTHA

I'm bored. I was thinking of making food but I don't want to cook. Then I thought about going for a drive...

As Martha talks Gunther gets a text from JT. His PHONE BUZZES. The text from "J-BONES" reads: "ALMOST DONE?"

MARTHA (CONT'D)

And I was just wondering, if you're not too busy, if you maybe want to come with me to get a bite--

Gunther's PHONE BUZZES again. Another text from JT. It reads: "YOU THERE?"

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(re: his buzzing phone)

Is that your work? You're busy aren't you? It's okay, we can do it another--

GUNTHER

No!

MARTHA

You're not too busy?

GUNTHER

No! I'd love to get some food with you. Can you give me twenty minutes?

Martha smiles.

MOMENTS LATER

Gunther dances and swirls around the apartment, triumphant.

His PHONE BUZZES AGAIN. A text from JT reads: "?????"

Gunther texts JT back and talks out loud as he types:

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Sorry, still giving a big clean-job to the apartment. Will probably be done in about an hour, J-Bones!

Gunther throws his phone down on the couch and runs to the bathroom, taking off all his clothes in the process.

31 INT. BATHROOM - RANDOM APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 31

Gunther jumps in the shower and sings while he cleans up.

32 INT. LIVING ROOM - RANDOM APARTMENT - NIGHT - SAME TIME 32

Gunther's PHONE BUZZES ON THE COUCH and we see the phone die.

33 INT./EXT. CAR - ANY STREET - NIGHT 33

Gunther drives Martha in silence. He's extra clean, shiny skin, hair slicked back, a little too much.

He smiles at her and she smiles back but he can't seem to speak, until--

GUNTHER MARTHA
So, how was your-- How was wor--

They both stop. Smile. Laugh a little.

GUNTHER (CONT'D) MARTHA (CONT'D)
I was just gonna ask--are you* There's this great place--
talking? *

Gunther clears his throat, awkwardly, smiles again. He starts to speak and Martha stops him--

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Hold on. I was gonna say there's a
great little taco place up the
street here. Do you like tacos?

GUNTHER
I love tacos.

34 INT. RANDOM APT - NIGHT 34

JT walks into the Random APT.

JT
Hey Gunther, when I text you, ya
need to...

JT looks around, no Gunther.

JT (CONT'D)
...Text back...

JT looks around and sees the cleaned place with the bodies still on the floor.

JT (CONT'D)
Gunther?

35 INT. CAL'S HOME - FIREPLACE - NIGHT - SAME TIME 35

There's moving boxes all over Cal's home. Cal is in a robe, drinking from a highball glass, painting a landscape.

His PHONE RINGS and he answers.

CAL
Yes?

JT (V.O.)
He's not here.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

CAL
And the couple?

JT
They finished eating, but at still home.

Cal looks upset, but he knows what has to be done.

CAL
Fuck! Okay. Make it clean, JT. It's what he would have wanted.

JT hangs up. Cal wrestles with emotion and then SMASHES his glass into the fire place!

36 INT./EXT. CAR - TACO STAND - NIGHT

36

Gunther and Martha eat tacos in a parked car.

GUNTHER
(mouth full)
Wow. These are good tacos.

MARTHA
(mouth full, too)
Right?

They both continue to eat while they talk, very similarly.

GUNTHER
I've never even seen this place before, it's so hidden. How'd you find it.

MARTHA
I work around the corner.

GUNTHER
What do you do?

MARTHA
That's boring. I'm an accountant. Not like what you do.

Gunther's smile fades and he looks freaked out now, remembering what he actually does.

GUNTHER
It's really not that great.

MARTHA
Must be exciting sometimes.

GUNTHER
It has its moments, I guess.

Martha looks down to the floor and sees an audiobook cassette tape of "THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA." She picks it up.

MARTHA
You found it on audiobook.

Gunther looks a little embarrassed but then recovers.

GUNTHER
Oh, yeah, you know, for when I'm driving.

MARTHA
I like Nietzsche, but he's a little all over the place. Too open to interpretation. You know?

GUNTHER
(he doesn't know)
Totally.

MARTHA
I mean, that's why the Nazis used him.

Gunther chokes on his taco a little.

GUNTHER
Nazis?

MARTHA
Oh, yeah. They totally distorted his ideas. But it was pretty effective.

GUNTHER
Interesting... Yeah, as far as bad guys go, Nazi's are really bad.

Martha studies Gunther. He's serious. She starts to laugh.

Gunther starts to laugh with her. Though he doesn't know why, it's sincere.

MARTHA

You're funny.

As their laughter fades there is silence and they go back to eating their tacos, smiling.

Gunther looks at the car's clock. It reads: "11:01."

Gunther's smile fades.

GUNTHER

Oh, no.

Gunther pulls out his phone, tries to turn it on, it's dead.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Ohhhh, nooooo.

MARTHA

What is it?

GUNTHER

My phone's dead.

Gunther plugs his phone in to charge and waits for it.

MARTHA

That's okay. Happens to me all the time.

GUNTHER

It's not that.

MARTHA

You need to be somewhere.

Gunther takes a moment, looks at Martha, decides to be real.

GUNTHER

I'm not doing well at this new job.

Martha, off Gunther's sincerity--

MARTHA

I work for my father and I hate it.

GUNTHER

I'm not listening to music when I read. I'm listening to the book on tape. It's easier for me to follow.

MARTHA

I do that sometimes, too.

GUNTHER

My parents died when I was a kid. I don't even remember them.

MARTHA

My mom died when I was eighteen. I took her maiden name and I think my father hates me for that.

They pause before they embrace in a huge make-out session which is interrupted by--

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! Gunther's PHONE COMES TO LIFE, BUZZING, AND BUZZING with multiple texts from JT.

GUNTHER

Uh-oh.

37 INT./EXT. CAR - GUNTHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 37

Gunther's car pulls to a SCREECHING halt in front of their building and Martha gets out then leans into the window.

MARTHA

I had a great time tonight.

GUNTHER

So did I.

Martha leans into the car, gives Gunther a soft kiss, then backs away, smiling.

Gunther smiles, too, then PEELS OUT, leaving Martha on the curb, watching him drive away.

38 INT. RANDOM APARTMENT - NIGHT 38

Gunther quietly walks into the apartment where he was previously. It's dark, until--

A LIGHT FLICKS ON.

JT sits on the arm of the couch, over the dead bodies wrapped in rugs.

Gunther looks like a kid who just got caught smoking weed by his mother.

JT
Gunther. Nice of you to make it.

39 INT./EXT. JT'S CAR - ANY STREET - NIGHT

39

JT drives as Gunther looks embarrassed/worried/scared -- you name the emotion -- he's freaking out.

GUNTHER
I was gonna--

JT
Shut up.

GUNTHER
But, I--

JT
I really tried with you, man. But you just don't get it.

GUNTHER
Where are we going?

JT
Well, I guess I have to help you on clean-up. AGAIN.

GUNTHER
I just went to get some foo--

JT
I told you, man. You don't get many second chances doing what we do.

GUNTHER
I know.

JT
Goddamnit, Gunther!

Gunther looks over at JT who now looks upset.

GUNTHER
I'm sorry, JT.

JT
I know.

Beat.

JT (CONT'D)
Who's the girl?

GUNTHER

Girl?

JT

Come on, cut the shit.

GUNTHER

She's just a neighbor. How'd you--

JT looks at Gunther like, "Come on, man. You know I follow you all the time."

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Right.

JT

Good for you. I'm happy you got to meet somebody.

GUNTHER

(smiling)

Thanks, JT.

JT looks at him, still pretty serious, and shakes his head, disappointed in what Gunther is about to make him do.

40 EXT. PAINT JOBS+ PARKING LOT - NIGHT 40

JT's car pulls up their headquarters.

41 INT./EXT. JT'S CAR - PAINT JOBS+ PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 41

Gunther looks confused as JT parks.

GUNTHER

Why are we at the office?

JT

Body's inside.

GUNTHER

Oh, no. Cal's dead.

JT

What? No, Cal isn't dead. It's some other Shmohawk.

GUNTHER

What's a Shmohawk?

JT
Just get the mop.

42 INT. PAINT JOBS+ OFFICE - NIGHT 42

Gunther walks slow in the dark, dank, building. JT follows.
Gunther carries cleaning supplies; a bucket, mop, etc.
Moonlight silhouettes their bodies as they walk up the
catwalk and to --

CAL'S OFFICE.

GUNTHER
So, where's the mess?

JT takes out his gun.

JT
Keep going. It's in the office.

Gunther keeps walking, slowly, opens the door, flips on the
light, and--

43 INT. CAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SAME TIME 43

It's covered in plastic. Gunther walks inside. JT moves to
the entrance with his gun aimed at Gunther and stops.

GUNTHER
Uh, J-Bones, there's nothing here.

JT
Sure there is.

A GUN COCKS.

Ten feet behind him, JT has his gun aimed at Gunther's head.
Gunther's eyes pop open, scared shitless. He knows what's up.
Gunther slowly turns toward JT.

JT (CONT'D)
Sorry, buddy. We gotta put you
down.

Gunther FREAKS THE FUCK OUT, FLAILS HIS ARMS, FALLS OVER
CAL'S DESK.

GUNTHER
AhHH!!! J-BONES!!!!

GUNTHER'S KNIFE FLIES OUT OF HIS SLEEVE AND--

WHAM! SMACKS JT IN THE TROAT!

JT DROPS THE GUN, and holds his bleeding throat as he stumbles back. Suddenly JT disappears as he falls off the ledge. A loud thud.

Gunther pops out his head up from high up.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
J-Bones?!

44 INT. CAL'S OFFICE - DAY

44

Gunther paces back and forth, very nervous.

Cal stands over JT's dead body, coffee in hand, jacket still on, obviously not settled in yet.

GUNTHER
He was gonna kill me, Cal.

CAL
(contemplating)
I see...

GUNTHER
I thought we were friends, like
blood brothers. For life!

CAL
Gunther, I--

GUNTHER
Why would he want to kill me, Cal?

Beat before KNOCK KNOCK! Martin opens the door, pokes his head in. Gunther stops pacing, nervously turns to the door.

MARTIN
Cal, I couldn't find the hacksaw do
you know where JT i--

Martin notices JT's dead body and stops, his eyes bulge.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Oh, shit.

He looks at Gunther, who looks crazed, and then at Cal, who looks really annoyed.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
(to Gunther)
Did you--

Gunther's look: crazed psycho shit.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
(freaked out)
Oh, shiiiiit. That's cold.

CAL
(quiet)
Martin.

MARTIN
(still freaked out, in a daze)
Yeah?

CAL
(incensed)
I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A FUCKING
CONVERSATION! GET OUT!

Martin STARTLES and gets the fuck out, closes the door.

CAL (CONT'D)
You did this?

Gunther looks at Cal like a weirdo and nods.

CAL (CONT'D)
All by yourself?

Gunter paces again.

GUNTHER
I killed him. I killed the shit out
of my best friend. I mean, he was
gonna kill me, but--

CAL
Would you stop--

GUNTHER
What if he had a family?

CAL
Hey!

Gunther stops pacing.

CAL (CONT'D)

Sit. Down.

Gunther sits.

Cal looks at him, angry, then perplexed, then angry again. Gunther tries to make sense of these emotions.

We go back and forth to--

Cal's face: angry; Gunther's face: a little scared; Cal's face: intrigued; Gunther's face: feigning intrigue, until--

GUNTHER

Cal, I--

CAL

Shut up.

Beat.

CAL (CONT'D)

Give me your gun.

GUNTHER

But--

CAL

Da-da-da-da-da, just give it here.

Gunther puts his leg up on the desk and takes out the gun from an ankle holster, hands it to Cal.

Cal holds it, inspects it, looks to Gunther, back at the gun.

CAL (CONT'D)

I gotta say, Gunther. I'm very impressed.

Gunther looks confused.

CAL (CONT'D)

I didn't think you had it in you.

GUNTHER

Have what in m--

CAL

JT was one pretty bad dude.

GUNTHER

I thought he was a nice guy.

CAL
(sincere)
Oh, sure. Hell of a guy. Very personable. But evil as shit. Killed his own father. When he was just eighteen.

GUNTHER
He did? Well, I didn't know that.

Cal then squints his eyes, taps hard on the gun.

CAL
I know you had some problems with it. Piece 'a junk was always jamming on me, too. 'Bout time you had the real thing.

Cal moves to his desk, pulls out a LARGE DESERT EAGLE from the drawer, and hands it to Gunther.

Gunther holds the gun in his hands and marvels at it.

CAL (CONT'D)
You did what you had to do. And you got the job. I'm proud of you, son.

Gunther's confused, dirty, sweaty, sweet face softly smiles.

CAL (CONT'D)
One more thing.

Gunther looks up at Cal.

CAL (CONT'D)
I expect loyalty.

Cal reaches down and grabs Gunther's knife out of JT's neck and hands to him. Gunther beams.

GUNTHER
I won't let you down.

Gunther jumps up and hugs Cal tight.

45

EXT. PAINT JOBS+ PARKING LOT - DAY

45

Martin smokes a cig and leans against the trunk of his car, still freaked out.

Gunther walks out off the office smiling. He stretches, takes in the sun and the warm, Spring air, and walks toward--

Martin, who notices Gunther walking toward his car, which is right next to him, and tries to compose himself.

GUNTHER

What a day. What. A. Day. How you doing, Martin? You all right?

MARTIN

(not all right)
Yeah, man. I'm good. All good.

Gunther stops when he gets to Martin and pats him on the shoulder.

GUNTHER

That's great.

Gunther moves toward his car before--

MARTIN

Hey, Gunther--

Gunther stops, looks over at Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

We cool, right?

GUNTHER

What do you mean?

MARTIN

Like, me and you--we cool?

GUNTHER

(laughing it off)
Yeah, man. Totally cool. Why? Is everything okay?

MARTIN

Nah, man, I'm good. Everything's good.

GUNTHER

You sure?

MARTIN

Why?

Gunther stands there confused for a moment (aka crazed from Martin's POV). Then he laughs.

GUNTHER

You're funny.

Gunther shakes his head, unaware that he looks a little crazy, laughs, gets in his car, and drives off.

Martin lets out a sigh of relief, glad Gunther's gone.

MARTIN

Man, that freaky motherfucker's gonna kill me.

START MONTAGE:

- 46 INT/EXT. GUNTHER'S CAR - DAY 46
 -Gunther drives, bobbing his head to upbeat fun music. He's smiling and loving life.
- 47 EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY 47
 Gunther shoots his new BIGGER gun with a huge smile on his face. The head of the target explodes, revealing Gunther.
- 48 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY 48
 -Gunther does pushups, a little better than before.
 -Gunther does pull-ups, also a little better.
 -Gunther reads a book about hitmen and takes notes.
 -Gunther meditates calmly without coughing while listening to an audiobook.
 -Gunther does amazing jumping-jacks.
 -Gunther irons a shirt perfectly.
- 49 EXT. ANY SIDEWALK - DAY 49
 Gunther jogs, listening to bad dance music, waving to people who look at him like he's crazy.
- 50 EXT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 50
 Gunther jogs back to the apartment building and finds Martha's charger outside the front door, again.
 He picks it up and smiles.
 PRE-LAP: JAZZ MUSIC.

51 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

51

Gunther prepares dinner while Martha sits at the kitchen table drinking wine, watching him.

Gunther is sparkly clean, hair slicked back, dressed in his finest black suit, with an apron that says "KISS THE CHEF."

Martha looks lovely, Audrey Hepburn-esque, smiling, radiant, dressed in her finest vintage outfit.

Gunther does a little dance while he cooks, showing off his chef skills, or lack-there-of.

Some pasta falls on the floor.

Gunther shakes this off, no problem, still smiling, and in the same dance routine he cleans up the pasta.

Martha laughs at his antics.

Gunther chops garlic, fast, while smiling at Martha.

Martha smiles back.

Gunther cuts himself a little, winces for a brief second, but shakes it off.

Martha gets up a little worried but--

Gunther motions for her to stay sitting.

Martha sits back down.

Gunther, still dancing, licks his wound, literally, salaciously, and wraps it in a paper towel.

Gunther smiles, cheeky.

Martha smiles back: "Oh, yeah?"

Gunther chops parsley and sprinkles it into a sauce pan.

Martha looks impressed.

Gunther twirls around and KNOCKS INTO THE HANDLE OF THE SAUCE PAN SENDING THE SAUCE FLYING ALL OVER THE PLACE.

KITCHEN TABLE - LATER

NEW JAZZ MUSIC PLAYS.

Gunther and Martha eat Chinese takeout. Spots of sauce cover their nice and once clean clothes.

MARTHA

I like this.

GUNTHER

Me, too.

Gunther smiles.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

With this new promotion I might be kinda busy. So I thought we'd do a little celebrating first.

MARTHA

Well, thank you for thinking of me.

A piece of sauce falls off her head. They both pretend not to notice it.

GUNTHER

Of course.

Martha smiles, re: the sauce. It's okay.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

So, things better with your dad?

MARTHA

Yeah. I don't know. He has this heart condition, so I've been trying to take a lot off his plate. I just wish he didn't expect so *much* all the time. He can be tough on me.

GUNTHER

Yeah, I get it. My co-worker wanted to kill me.

MARTHA

Really?

GUNTHER

Big time.

MARTHA

I don't know, I think I'm doing a good job. I could probably run that place better than my father. And I think he knows that.

GUNTHER

Mmm. "Beware of the punishers. They are--because they punish too much."

Martha looks confused.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
Nietzsche.

Martha's look: "This guy is so weird. I like it."

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
I didn't get the chance to read a lot of important stuff because I grew up in an orphanage. So I'm catching up.

MARTHA
I guess I don't really know a lot about you.

BEAT.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
But you're really odd.

Gunther Nods.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
And vulnerable. And *really* odd.

Gunther's smile fades a tad.

GUNTHER
Is that okay?

MARTHA
I love it.

Gunther stops eating.

Martha puts down her fork.

The two lock eyes in deep passion and then Martha takes Gunther's tie in her hand.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Come here.

Martha pulls Gunther's tie harder, and the CLIP-ON comes off.

GUNTHER
It's a clip-on.

Martha looks at the tie in her hand then smiles, ravenous.

They collide together over the table, smashing lips, and fried rice containers, all at once.

Food, and plates, and utensils fly off the table.

Martha and Gunther jump on the now empty table, making out, taking off each other's stained clothes.

52 EXT. PAINT JOBS+ - PARKING LOT - DAY 52

LOW ANGLE as the Garage lifts majestically revealing Gunther's car. The engine revs, he pulls in.

53 INT. CAL'S OFFICE - DAY 53

Gunther sits across from Cal with an expression on his face like, "I just got laaaaaaid last night."

CAL

What's the matter with you? You look -- goofier, than usual.

GUNTHER

Just reporting for duty, sir.

CAL

What are you high?

GUNTHER

I don't do drugs. Just high on life, Cal.

CAL

You finally nailed that broad you've been seeing.

GUNTHER

How'd you know--

CAL

I know everything about my employees, Gunther.

GUNTHER

Oh...

Cal presses ahead.

CAL

There's some big changes coming up for you me Gunther. But we gotta get through this first.

Cal reaches into his desk and grabs a manilla envelope, tosses it to Gunther.

GUNTHER

What's this?

CAL

You earned it.

Gunther opens it. It's a file on: "MARK SCHLITZ (59) -- HIGH PRIORITY TARGET."

GUNTHER

Mark Schlitz...

CAL

You got a week to finish the job. You know the drill. Get to know the guy. Find out his routine, do the deed, and take care of the mess while you're at it. I gotta find another cleaner.

Cal smiles at Gunther who forces a smile, then looks down at the folder, apprehensive behind the smile, now fully aware of what he has to do.

54 INT./EXT. CAR - SCHLITZ'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 54

Gunther sits in his car and stakes out the office building across the street.

He opens the folder, pulls out the file, and looks it over.

GUNTHER

Mark Schlitz, huh? What did you do, Mr. Schlitz? What did you do...

Across the street MARK SCHLITZ (59), well-dressed and even tempered, walks out of his building to the parking lot.

Gunther follows him with his eyes as Schlitz gets in his car and drives off.

Gunther starts his engine and trails behind Schlitz.

55 INT./EXT. GUNTHER'S CAR - STRIP CLUB - DAY 55

Gunther follows Schlitz as he pulls up to the parking lot of a strip club.

Gunther pulls his car over to the side of the road and watches as Schlitz goes inside.

GUNTHER

You dirty dog.

Gunther takes out his notebook and writes, "STRIP CLUB," then sits back and watches.

Cars pass on the street as Gunther nods off, exhausted.

56

INT./EXT. GUNTHER'S CAR - STRIP CLUB - DAY

56

Gunther sleeps in his car, in the same spot across from the strip club. Drool spills from his mouth.

A KNOCK AT THE WINDOW.

Gunther POPS UP wide awake and looks out the window to find--

Schlitz standing right there. Schlitz smiles.

Gunther scrambles to close the manilla folder and documents. He looks over to Schlitz, weirded out.

Schlitz motions for Gunther to roll down his window and Gunther does this.

SCHLITZ

Hey, sorry to bother you. I was across the street, and-- uh, well, anyway, you wouldn't happen to have any jumper cables would you?

Gunther's face is still weirded out.

GUNTHER

I think so. I mean, I don't know. I don't think so.

SCHLITZ

Well, would you mind checking for me? My car died over in that lot over there and I'm in a bit of a pickle.

GUNTHER

I see.

SCHLITZ

Can't call Triple A on account of it being a company account and all. If you catch my drift.

Gunther looks over to the strip club and TWO BUSTY BLONDES (25, 28) walk inside.

SCHLITZ (CONT'D)
It'd sure mean a lot.

GUNTHER
Okay.

SCHLITZ
I'm Mark.

GUNTHER
I'm G--

Gunther stops himself before saying his actual name and awkwardly transitions into saying:

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
Goothy. I'm Goothy.

SCHLITZ
Goothy, huh? That's a hell of a name. Pleased to meet you, Goothy.

Mark reaches his hand out for Gunther to shake.

Gunther slowly reaches out his hand, too, and they shake.

57

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

57

Gunther and Mark Schlitz stand next to their respective cars with the jumper cables feeding juice.

SCHLITZ
I really do appreciate it.

GUNTHER
No problem.

Schlitz sniffs, something fowl is in the air.

SCHLITZ
What is that smell?

GUNTHER
I don't smell anything.

SCHLITZ
It's like a strong... hospital.

Beat. They stand in silence before--

SCHLITZ (CONT'D)
So, whatcha doin out here? If you don't mind my asking.

GUNTHER
What do you mean?

SCHLITZ
In the car. You, uh, building up
the courage? So to speak.

Schlitz motions to the strip club.

GUNTHER
Oh, yeah. Building up the courage.

SCHLITZ
(sotto)
There are some great titties in
there. You should go. Live a
little.

GUNTHER
Ah! I do love titties.

SCHLITZ
Are you, married? That must be it.

GUNTHER
Yeah. I mean, almost. Guess it
kinda feels like cheating.

SCHLITZ
Well, I do not have to worry about
that my friend.

Schlitz holds up his hand. No ring.

GUNTHER
Oh. Cool.

SCHLITZ
(re: the car)
Better see if this sucker's good to
go.

SCHLITZ'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Schlitz sits in his running car and Gunther stands outside.

GUNTHER
Well, good luck. With the titties.

SCHLITZ
You, too.

GUNTHER
Ha. Thanks.

SCHLITZ

Hey, let me buy you a beer.

GUNTHER

No. No. No. I couldn't. And it's like... day time.

SCHLITZ

Come on, it's the least I could do. Besides, might get you that courage.

GUNTHER

(re: the strip club)
In there?

SCHLITZ

Nah, got a better place in mind. Come on. What do you say?

58

INT. TIKI BAR - DAY

58

Gunther and Schlitz sit at an empty TIKI-THEMED bar with a few empty mai-tai glasses in front of them, with little umbrellas to boot. They both wear Hawaiian-flower-leis around their necks. They look a little twisted already and are having a good time.

SCHLITZ

So this one suuuuuuper hot babe, and I'm talkin' super hot, she comes up to me after the dance and she flat out gives me her number.

GUNTHER

No way.

SCHLITZ

Yes way, my friend.

GUNTHER

I don't believe it.

SCHLITZ

Shit you not. Took her home that night, had the best sex of my life. And I buy her a drink every now and then, when I go back.

GUNTHER

That's -- awesome.

SCHLITZ

(not so sure it's awesome)
Yeah. Well, believe it or not,
Diamond's probably the closest I've
had to a real relationship in a
long time.

GUNTHER

Oh, yeah? Why's that?

SCHLITZ

Ah, my wife, she passed away, years
back. Couldn't really muster the
strength to get back out there.

Gunther's smile turns to a frown. Schlitz pounds the rest of
his beer, looks a bit nostalgic, but not sad.

GUNTHER

I'm sorry to hear that, Schlitzzy.

SCHLITZ

Aw, hell, it's okay, Goothy. Goothy
-- that sure is one hell of a name.

Schlitz laughs followed by Gunther.

GUNTHER

It sure is.

SCHLITZ

Your parents must be weird as hell.

They laugh even harder.

GUNTHER

I have no idea!

And they laugh harder, still.

59

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

59

Gunther and Schlitz stumble toward their cars, tipsy, still
laughing.

Gunther's definitely more buzzed than Schlitz, who is a
longtime veteran of the bottle at this point in his life.

SCHLITZ

That sure was fun, my friend.
You're a good dude, Goothy. A real
good dude.

Gunther's laughter fades a tad.

GUNTHER
So are you, Schlitzzy.

They get to their cars, parked next to each other.

SCHLITZ
You gonna head back? Got that
courage now?

GUNTHER
I'll probably head home.

SCHLITZ
Yeah, me, too. Missed half my damn
work day hanging out with you, man!

Schlitz playfully punches Gunther in the stomach, a little too hard.

Gunther coughs from the punch and laughs at the same time.

GUNTHER
(having trouble speaking)
Yeah, so did I.

Schlitz pats Gunther on the shoulder, gets in his car, and before he can close the door--

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
Hey, Schlitzzy--

Schlitz stops.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
I really am sorry. About your wife.

SCHLITZ
Thank you, my friend. You got my
number. We should do this again.

GUNTHER
Sounds good.

Schlitz closes the door, tries to start the car. It stalls for a second before it turns on. Schlitz gives Gunther a "thumbs up."

Gunther gives Schlitz a "thumbs up" right back, and watches him drive away.

Gunther smiles, sincerely, as he waves goodbye. But as the car turns out of sight his smile fades.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Frick.

60 EXT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 60

Gunther stumbles as he walks to the building, drunk.

He his makes his way up the stairs, both happy he had such a good night, and sad that Schlitzky is his mark.

He gets to Martha's door across from his, and is about to knock, when he stumbles again. He's way too drunk right now.

GUNTHER

Whoa, I am way too drunk right now.

Gunther shakes it off, kisses Martha's door, turns around, and heads in his apartment.

61 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 61

Gunther walks in and plops down on the couch. He looks out the window toward:

-A peaceful city street.

-Lights that illuminate the buildings of the serene city.

-A COUPLE walking on the sidewalk, holding hands.

Gunther smiles after he sees the couple.

As he watches the couple walk away, all of a sudden, he sees Schlitzky stumble past them, toward his building.

GUNTHER

What the--Schlitzky?

Schlitzky looks almost like he's trying to be incognito as he makes his way to the building's stairs. He takes stops, takes out a piece of paper and reads it.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Oh, no. He followed me. I'm a maid!

Gunther runs to his bedroom and comes back with his gun.

HE SLAMS up against the WALL next to his front door, GUN raised and then COCKED.

FOOTSTEPS FROM THE STAIRS GROW LOUDER.

Gunther starts to panic a little now, breathing heavy, long, deep breaths. He might actually have to kill the guy tonight.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Okay. This is it. It's either me,
or it's Schlitzzy. Good old
Schlitzzy. Oh, frick.

Gunther breathes deeper and deeper.

All of a sudden the FOOTSTEPS STOP.

Gunther backs off from the wall, moves about ten feet away, and points his gun at the door.

His finger gently starts to pull back on the trigger, getting ready for the ultimate shot, before--

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

The knocks aren't on his door.

Gunther looks super confused until--

MARTHA (O.S.)

Dad. What's going on?

Gunther's eyes light up: DAD?

GUNTHER

(sotto)

Dad?

SCHLITZ (O.S.)

I just wanted to talk and say I'm
sorry.

Gunther moves to the door, looks out the peep hole to see:

Martha talking to her dad, aka Mark Schlitz, aka Schlitzzy.

MARTHA

Dad, have you been drinking?

SCHLITZ

No. Maybe a little. I don't know.

MARTHA

You don't know...

Schlitzzy takes out the piece of paper from his pocket and reads from it.

SCHLITZ

My dear, Martha. I know I haven't
always been the best father...

ON GUNTHER

Gunther slowly backs away from the door, sits down on a chair with a look of both surprise and horror splashed on his face.

The room seems to spin around him.

Gunther's eyes move from the ceiling to the floor as his body seems to float in a trippy sequence.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Gunther is moving his head in circles before he runs out of the room to the bathroom.

Off screen we hear the VOMIT HURL out of Gunther's mouth and SPLASH THE WATER in a violent turmoil of confused helplessness.

62

EXT. SCHLITZ'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

62

Gunther sits in his parked car across from Schlitz's office building. His knee shakes impulsively as he listens to "THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA" on audiobook through headphones.

Gunther bites his nails as he waits for Schlitz to come out. His face is white.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)

"You higher men, midnight
approaches: I want to whisper
something to you as that old bell
whispers it into my ears--"

Gunther looks crazed.

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)

"It has counted the beats of your
fathers' hearts and smarts. Alas!
Alas! How it sighs! How it laughs
in a dream! Old deep, deep mid--"

AUDIOBOOK (V.O.)

--To continue listening, Please
turn the cassette to Side B.

Gunther looks distraught, but gets the courage to try and turn the tape over. He can't fit it in the player.

He tries to cram the tape in. It's not working, he then
VIOLENTLY PUNCHES THE WALKMAN UNTIL IT IS CRUSHED.

GUNTHER

FUCKING! TAPE! FUCKING STUPID
Nietzsche! SHUT THE FUCK UP!
Fucking shit. Fucking Schlitzzy...
Schlitzzy's Martha's dad... Schlitzzy
is Martha's dad... Schlitzzy is
Martha's -- the girl in your
building's -- dad... Schlitzzy is
Martha's -- the girl you are
dating's -- dad...

Each time Gunther repeats this it's with a different tone,
like he's trying to really impress this fact in his brain.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Fuck, what'd you do, Schlitzzy,
what'd you do, man??? Why'd it have
to be her?

Gunther picks up the Nietzsche book from the passenger seat
in a mad frenzy.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

(to the book)

You tell me, *Friedrich*. You're
smart. You tell me why, you smart
piece of shit!

Gunther WRIPS UP THE BOOK WITH ALL OF HIS MIGHT SENDING PAGES
FLYING AROUND HIM.

He comes to, breathing heavy, looking almost like a werewolf
after it devoured its prey.

Gunther tries to calm himself down, closes his eyes, breaths:

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

In for five, out for five.

Gunther takes in a big breath and releases, finally relaxing
himself before he turns back to the building.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Frick. I have to kill Martha's dad.
I need to know why.

Schlitz walks out of the building to the parking lot.

Gunther starts his car as Schlitz's car pulls out of the lot
and Gunther follows him.

- 63 INT./EXT. GUNTHER'S CAR - CITY STREET - DAY - MOMENTS LATER
Gunther follows Schlitz to: SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:
- 64 EXT. RANDOM PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 64
Schlitz talks with a SHADY MAN (40s), trunk open.
- 65 EXT. RANDOM HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 65
Schlitz walks into a house with briefcase, another SHADY MAN (50s) shuts the door behind him.
- 66 EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY 66
Schlitz walks into the strip club.
- 67 INT./EXT. GUNTHER'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS 67
Gunther spies on Schlitz with binoculars.
- GUNTHER
Schlitz, again? Really?
- Gunther waits; waits; waits more. He checks his watch and--
- Schlitz walks out of the strip club.
- 68 INT./EXT. GUNTHER'S CAR - CITY STREET - RANDOM OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 68
Gunther drives, still following Schlitz, who parks across from a RANDOM OFFICE BUILDING, gets out, and goes inside.
Gunther parks, too. He gets out of the car and follows.
- 69 INT. RANDOM OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY DAY 69
Schlitz walks down a hall and stops at an office. He takes a deep breath and puts his hand on the handle as--
Gunther appears in the hallway from far away.
Schlitz opens the door and goes into the office.
Gunther walks to the office and a sign outside reads:
"ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS."

GUNTHER
(smiling)
Good for you, Schlitzzy.

BARB (38), sober and optimistic, puts her hand on Gunther's shoulder, startling him.

BARB
Hello, sir.

GUNTHER
Ah!

BARB
Sorry, you must be new. I'm Barb.

GUNTHER
Hi, Barb.

BARB
Well. It's now or never. This way.

Barb opens the door for Gunther to go in.

GUNTHER
Oh, no, Barb. I'm not here for the,
you know--shhhh...

Gunther puts his index finger to his mouth, gesturing "Shhh," as if that's what the "Anonymous" part stands for.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Anonymous. I don't do drugs.

BARB
You don't?

GUNTHER
No. I was actually looking for the--

BARB
Oh! Of course. You're here for the
job interview.

GUNTHER
Right. Yes. Big job interview.

BARB
Sloane Inc's right down the hall.
Let me show you.

GUNTHER
No, that's okay, I can manage.

BARB

No, no, I'll show you. Part of the process.

Gunter's look: "Process?"

BARB (CONT'D)

You know, the whole, "Shhh," thing.

GUNTHER

Oh, right.

Barb leads Gunther to the office opens the door and we go to--

70

INT. SLOANE INC OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

70

FOUR DUDES (40, 36, 42, 38), who all kind of look like Gunther, in similar black suits, sit in a waiting room.

Barb leads Gunther to the front desk where a SECRETARY (25), think the female cop in Twin Peaks, sits at her desk.

BARB

Hi, Janet.

JANET (SECRETARY)

Oh, hi, Barb. Lost your key again?

BARB

No, just found one of your stray pups.

JANET

Well, I should put a collar on him shouldn't I, Barb?

They laugh.

JANET (CONT'D)

(to Gunther)

Sign in here with your name, phone number, and the time you arrived.

Janet passes a clipboard to Gunther, who looks at it, looks over to Barb, who smiles at him, and signs in.

Janet takes the clipboard back.

JANET (CONT'D)

(looking at the clipboard)

Thank you -- Goothy?

Gunther smiles, playing along.

Barb looks intrigued.

BARB

Great name.

JANET

Please take a seat, sir, Mr. Sloane
will be with you soon.

(to Barb)

And knock 'em dead tonight, Barb!

BARB

I always do.

(to Gunther)

Good luck to you, Goothy.

GUNTHER

Thank you so much.

Barb leaves as Gunther takes a seat by the door next to RICK
(38), an older version of Gunther with nearly the same suit.

RICK

Hey, man. Nice suit.

GUNTHER

You, too.

Gunther opens the office door slightly, leans over to look
down the--

HALLWAY

Barb walks into the AA meeting room.

Gunther is about to get up when Rick stops him, puts his arm
on Gunther's shoulder.

RICK

Hey--

Gunther stops, sits back down.

RICK (CONT'D)

Nervous?

Gunther stops to think about this -- he is nervous, for other
reasons, of course.

GUNTHER

Maybe a little.

RICK

It's okay, man. Look around. You belong here.

Gunther looks around at the other men, older versions of himself, with more content aloofness.

RICK (CONT'D)

I used to get that.

GUNTHER

Nervous?

RICK

Imposter syndrome.

GUNTHER

Imposter syndrome?

RICK

You know, the feeling you don't belong. That you didn't deserve to be where you are.

GUNTHER

Huh.

RICK

Rick.

Rick extends his hand for Gunther to shake.

GUNTHER

Goothy.

They shake hands. Rick surprisingly looks perfectly comfortable with the name "Goothy".

RICK

You deserve to be here, Goothy.

Gunther takes this in, sits back, and thinks: "Maybe I do deserve to be here."

Gunther grabs a "SLOAN, INC" pamphlet from the table in front of him and flips through it.

BUCK SLOANE (56), a hardass, more brash version of Bill Lumbergh, walks into the room from a door behind Janet.

BUCK

All right, let's get this party started. I'm Buck Sloane and you're not.

Buck grabs the sign in sheet from Janet's desk and scans it.

BUCK (CONT'D)

What do we have here? Which one is John?

Dude 1, aka JOHN (40), raises his hand.

BUCK (CONT'D)

There ya are, John. Says here you arrived at ten-thirty.

JOHN

(proud)
Yes, sir.

BUCK

You are aware the interviews start at eleven, are you not?

JOHN

You know what they say. Early bird--

BUCK

I'm sorry, John, but that's wayyyy too fuckin' early. Get the hell out of here.

JOHN

But--

BUCK

Out!

John slowly gets up, confused, and walks out.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Next we have Clive at ten-o-five.

Buck looks around at the other men. CLIVE (36) slowly raises his hand.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Clive, there you are. Clive at ten-o-five. That's kind of cute.

Buck smiles, laughs a little, thinks for a second.

Clive looks a bit hopeful.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Get out, Clive.

Clive's hopeful expression drops and he walks out, too.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, for future reference, when you arrive half-an-hour early to a job interview that is a waste of your time. And the last thing I want to do is hire some kiss-ass loser who has nothing better to do than sit around and wait for me all day to praise him -- or her--

CAMERA reveals one WOMAN (30) in the corner, also in a suit.

BUCK (CONT'D)

--for being a moron.

The suited job prospects, again, who all resemble Gunther, squint their eyes contemplating this advice for the future.

WOMAN

Time is a construct.

BUCK

(like a baseball announcer)
And you are outta here! Get your stuff, let's go.

The Woman gathers her things, gets up, and leaves.

Buck goes back to the clipboard.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Arthur at ten-forty-five.

Buck looks at the last three men. Rick and Gunther look over to Arthur who gets up without saying anything and walks out.

Buck smiles as he exits.

BUCK (CONT'D)

And finally we've got Rick at ten-fifty-five, and Goothy at ten-fifty-nine on the nose. Which one is Goothy?

Gunther raises his hand.

BUCK (CONT'D)

I like your style, Gooth. And, Rick, you just made the cutoff.

Buck whips out a pen, pulls up a chair, and sits in front of Rick and Gunther, clipboard and pen in hand to take notes.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Okay, fellas let's just do this right here and get it over with, shall we? Rick, why do you want to work at Sloane, Inc.?

RICK

Well, sir, I'm very good with computers, and I'm a fast learner, a team player, and I'll--

BUCK

Da-da-da-da-da, that's not what I asked. Goothy! Your turn. What brought you here?

GUNTHER

I just kind of showed up.

BUCK

Showed up, huh? Interesting. Do you have any experience in the tech world?

GUNTHER

Not really. Not at all, actually.

BUCK

Hm. Well then, why Sloane Inc.?

GUNTHER

To be honest with you, sir, I just found out about this -- the job interview -- today. I kind of already have a job, so...

BUCK

Is that right?

GUNTHER

Yeah. But thanks anyway! I should probably get going, too.

BUCK

Are you mind fucking me, Goothy?

GUNTHER

What? No. Nothing against you, I really like what you're doing here, your office is very pleasant.

(holding up the pamphlet he was reading)

(MORE)

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

And the fact your software has eight-hundred, seventy-four thousand, six-hundred and fifty-five downloads means people like it. So kudos.

Buck looks confused.

BUCK

I'm not quite sure that's accurate.

GUNTHER

I think it is.

Gunther puts down the Pamphlet. Buck looks almost pissed-off while he thinks, but it's hard to tell.

BUCK

(deep throated, menacing almost)

Even still, Goothy. I...

Rick looks over to Gunther, scared for him.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Really like your style.

BEAT.

RICK

Ya know, I already gotta job, too...

BUCK

Leave, Rick.

71 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

71

Gunther walks in, flips on the lights, and sees Cal sitting on his living room chair facing the front door.

Gunther startles, throws his keys, and screams.

GUNTHER

Jesus, Cal! You nearly gave me a heart attack.

CAL

Just checking in on my boy. How's the case going?

Gunther closes the door--

GUNTHER

It's going.

--and walks in to his kitchen, trying to be nonchalant.

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

You want something to drink?

CAL

No, thanks.

GUNTHER (O.S.)

Eat?

CAL

Nope.

GUNTHER'S FRIDGE OPENS AND CLOSES. A SODA CAN POPS.

GUNTHER (O.S.)

You sure? Got some great Chinese
takeout in the fridge.

CAL

Take a seat, Gunther.

Gunther walks back into the living room, takes a long nervous
swig from the soda, and sits on the couch.

Cal stares him down.

GUNTHER

How's Martin by the way? I haven't
seen him in a while.

BEAT. Cal switches gears.

CAL

I had to let him go, Gunther.

Gunther is about to speak...

72

INT. CAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT - QUICK FLASHBACK

72

Cal chokes out Martin with a wire.

CAL

Enough with the questions!

73

INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE

73

Gunther stops drinking his soda, mid-sip, puts it down, realizing Cal killed Martin.

GUNTHER

You let him go. I see.

CAL

There wasn't much future potential.

GUNTHER

(realizing)

Well, hopefully he's in a better place.

CAL

Employees are expendable if they don't do what they are told. You know that by now.

Gunther nods.

CAL (CONT'D)

But let me tell you some other good news -- you ever been to Florida?

GUNTHER

I watched the Daytona 500 on TV once.

CAL

Well champ, Florida is our next stop. Paint Jobs+ is going on the road. The hits are twice as easy out there. And I'll finally be able to paint my sandscapes.

Gunther takes it in.

CAL (CONT'D)

This business is holding on by a thread. Everyone's dropping like flies around here. It's just you and me now.

GUNTHER

You and me?

CAL

Hell, even our payroll department got--you know, laid off. So what do you say? Me and you. Road trip?

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

Throwin the ball around? Playin in the sand?

GUNTHER

Oh. Wow. Me and you? Um, yeah! Of course!

Cal's inviting demeanor changes to more sinister, unhinged.

CAL

Good. But you're still on the hook for your mark. Time's ticking, my boy. And honestly, I've been a little stressed lately. And it's not good for anyone when I get up to here.

Cal motions to his forehead. Gunther realizes Cal is a killer. Cal sizes him up.

CAL (CONT'D)

The contract is due tomorrow. Noon. Time's up after that. I really hope things end with us going to Florida, and not the other way around.

GUNTHER

Florida coming here?

Cal exhales and starts to leave.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Hey, Cal, can I ask you something?

Cal just stares him down.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

What'd this guy do anyway?

CAL

No.

GUNTHER

No, what?

CAL

You can't ask me that.

Cal gets up and walks to the door, opens it, and heads out.

CAL (CONT'D)
(as he's leaving)
What is with everyone and the
questions? Jesus.

74 INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

74

Gunther and Martha eat pasta at the dining room table.

The food looks slightly better than what Gunther was preparing for them before he nearly burnt the building down.

Gunther is definitely lost in thought (re: killing Martha's dad) and eats slowly.

Martha watches him try the food, anticipating a response but nothing comes.

MARTHA
Everything okay?

Off this Gunther perks up and fakes his way through the rest of the conversation.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
It's the food isn't it?

GUNTHER
Nothing! No! The noodles are great.
Honestly.

Silence BEAT.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
You ever been to Florida?

Martha shakes her head.

MARTHA
No, thank you. Not a fan of snakes.

GUNTHER
Yeah.

Gunther seems depressed.

MARTHA
What's wrong? Is it work?

GUNTHER
Kind of.

She gives him a comforting grab.

MARTHA

Work sucks. My dad can be a total
dick sometimes.

GUNTHER

What's he like?

MARTHA

My dad?

GUNTHER

Yeah. Aside from the work stuff. I
mean, he can't be that bad. Can he?

MARTHA

I guess not. He's just always
stressed around me. I think it's
'cause I remind him of my mom. I
feel bad for him.

GUNTHER

He doesn't ever, like--

Gunther makes a weird, wrinkly face--

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

--you know, hit you, or anything--

MARTHA

No! God, no. He can just be kind of--
-difficult.

GUNTHER

I wonder if he owes anyone any
money.

MARTHA

Why would he owe anyone money?

GUNTHER

I don't know! That could be why
he's so stressed out!

MARTHA

What's with the interest in my dad
all of a sudden?

GUNTHER

What? I'm not interested in your
dad.

Martha looks confused, not sure what to make of this.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

I'm just interested in you. And
your noodles.

They smile at each other. It's cute.

MARTHA

Want some more cheese?

GUNTHER

Sure.

Martha gets up and goes to the kitchen.

Gunther smacks his head in his hands, annoyed at himself.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

(sotto)

"He doesn't hit you, does he?"
Idiot...

Martha comes back with the cheese, sprinkles some on
Gunther's pasta.

Gunther smiles, nods his head, like nothing's wrong, and
looks around the apartment.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

(looking at a shelf by the
table)

What's that?

A picture of a young, muscly Martha (18) in a softball
uniform holding a giant softball bat stands out.

MARTHA

Ah. *That* is high school.

GUNTHER

You played team sports? Did you get
to have a jersey with your name on
it?

Martha sits back down.

MARTHA

(scoffs)

Yep. Full ride to USC, too. But--
well, never mind.

GUNTHER

But what?

MARTHA

My dad didn't love the idea.
Thought I had more "potential."

Beat. They go back to their food, while Gunther tries to convince himself of something before--

GUNTHER

S-screw your dad.

MARTHA

(laughing, surprised)
What?

GUNTHER

That's right. If he can't see your real potential he's--f-freaking out of his mind.

MARTHA

Uh, no. He's just lonely. And he's still my dad.

GUNTHER

What does that even mean, anyway? Huh? "Dad". He gets to make you feel like crap all the time because he's your dad? And *meanwhile* all you want to do is play softball... in the major leagues.

MARTHA

You don't understand. You don't have a dad.

GUNTHER

What does that mean?

MARTHA

Nothing. Forget it.

GUNTHER

I'd rather have no dad, than a dad like yours, who does bad things. Probably.

MARTHA

Where is this coming from?

GUNTHER

Maybe he deserves it, Martha. Maybe he deserves to be lonely. All alone. Just like Nietzsche.

Beat. Gunther thinks to himself, in a trance, worked-up with adrenaline, while Martha puts down her fork, upset.

MARTHA

I think you should go.

Gunther snaps out of his trance and takes this in.

75 EXT. SCHLITZ'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 75

A normal, nice day. Cars pass along the street. Scattered PEDESTRIANS walk casually along the sidewalk.

76 INT./EXT. GUNTHER'S CAR - SCHLITZ OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY - SAME TIME

LIGHT HONKING from a CAR his heard. Nothing too loud.

The parking lot to the left of the building looks nearly empty aside from three cars.

One car is parked under a tree, almost entirely hidden.

77 INT./EXT. CAR - BACK ALLEY PARKING LOT - DAY - SAME TIME 77

Gunther sits in his car in an inconspicuous area of a nearly empty parking lot and stares at Schlitz's empty car.

His leg shakes; he grips the steering wheel tight; he grabs his walkman, puts the headphones on to listen but--

It's smashed to holy hell. Oh, yeah.

Gunther throws the walkman down, breathes heavy in deep thought, and looks at himself in the rearview mirror.

GUNTHER

This is all your fault, Schlitzzy.
Martha can't play softball, I can't
have a girlfriend, and now you're
gonna pay.

A TRUCK HORN HONKS, LOUD, AND THE TRUCK PASSES THE LOT, LOUDER, right next to his car.

Gunther startles, almost snaps out of the near mindset he's trying to psych himself into.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

You're a bad guy, Schlitzzy. A BAD.
GUY. Who did some bad things,
probably.

Gunther looks at himself in the rearview mirror again.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Gunther, if you don't do this,
you're going to die.

Gunther puts on his balaclava and looks around to see--

A PAIR OF FEMALE WORK COLLEAGUES (32, 28) walk by his car,
toward the office, cracking up laughing, in mid conversation.

Gunther startles again, snaps out of it again, takes off the
balaclava.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Fricking Schlitzzy. I... ugh.

Gunther looks at himself in the rearview mirror again, now
wearing the balaclava. It's super creepy.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Midnight approaches, Gunther. I
want to whisper something to you as
that old bell whispers it in into
my ears: It has counted the beats
even of your fathers' hearts and
smarts. Alas! Alas! How it sighs!
How it laughs in a dream! Old deep,
deep midnight!

Gunther's PHONE RINGS, he snaps out of it, yet again.

He picks up the phone. It reads: "MARTHA." He almost taps the
"ACCEPT" button, but puts down the phone as it stops ringing.

CAL (O.S.)

(creepy)
Gunther.

Gunther whips his head around, but no one is there. His mind
is blown.

Gunther looks in the rearview mirror again and sees Cal's
face. Cal's face talks to him:

CAL (CONT'D)

Time's almost up.

Gunther PUNCHES REARVIEW MIRROR, breathes deep, and finally pulls himself together.

GUNTHER

I can't do this. I love her. And he's her dad. I don't care what he did.

His PHONE STOPS RINGING.

Just then a text appears. It's from Martha and reads: "I'M SORRY. THINKING OF YOU..." with a kissy heart emoji.

Gunther eyes soften, smiles (probably) behind the balaclava.

Then his PHONE RINGS AGAIN. It reads: "CAL."

Gunther throws the phone back down on the passenger seat.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit, Schlitzzy. Good old Schlitzzy.

Gunther notices Schlitz walk out of the back of the office building to his car.

CAL (V.O.)

Employees are expendable.

Gunther looks in the rearview mirror, CAL SITS IN THE BACKSEAT.

CAL

I'm proud of you, son.

Cal grips Gunther's shoulder. Gunther puts his hand on his shoulder, but Cal's hand isn't there anymore. Gunther looks at his SIDE MIRROR and sees JT.

JT

I'm a bad dude.

Gunther flips down the sun visor and sees--

Schlitzzy in the distance drop some papers, pick them up, and look around, embarrassed, on his way to the car.

SCHLITZ (V.O.)

You're a good dude, Goothy.

GUNTHER

You're a good dude, Schlitzzy.

Schlitzzy collects all the papers and continues to his car.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Shit. I have to warn him. I have to warn Schlitzzy.

78

EXT. BACK ALLEY PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

78

Gunther gets out of his car, still with the balaclava on, and looks around to see if Cal is anywhere in sight. No sign.

GUNTHER

Where are you, Cal? I know you're out there.

He slowly fast-walks to Schlitz, inconspicuous, and looks around the place to see if Cal is out there.

Gunther tries calling to Schlitz in a loud-ish whisper.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

(whisper shouting)
Schlitz (!)

Schlitz keeps walking, doesn't hear.

A TRUCK HORN GOES OFF as Gunther tries again, louder.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

(louder, muffled by the
horn)
SCHLITZ!

Schlitz doesn't budge and finally gets to his car as--

Gunther picks up the pace behind Schlitz, a la the first scene in the film.

Gunther's FOOTSTEPS GET LOUDER AND LOUDER.

Schlitz stops at his car, takes out his keys, unlocks the door, and opens it.

Gunther finally gives up and just screams:

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

SCHLITTTTZZZZYYYY!!!!!!!

Schlitz STARTLES at Gunther's crazed call and masked appearance, drops his things, grabs his chest, and falls to his knees.

Gunther runs over to Schlitz who is on the ground having a heart attack. Gunther rips off his Balaclava.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
Schlitzy, oh my god.

SCHLITZ
(barely audible)
G-Goothy?

GUNTHER
What's happening Schlitzzy? Where
are you hit?

SCHLITZ
(out of breath)
I-I-It's, m-my heart. I-I th-think
I need an ambulance.

Gunther's eyes bulge. He pulls out his cell phone quickly and it hits Schlitzzy in the face.

GUNTHER
Shoot, sorry, Schlitzzy!

Gunther grabs the phone and dials "911" while scanning his surroundings for signs of Cal.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
(to the operator)
Yes, operator, it's Schlitzzy. I
need an ambulance.
(to Schlitzzy)
Hold on, good dude. You're a good
dude, Schlitzzy, yes you are.

FADE OUT:

79 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY 79

Gunther cautiously opens the door to his apartment with his gun drawn.

As he gets in he aims it around the place, looking for Cal.

He combs the living room. Nobody's there. Then he walks to--

80 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY - SAME TIME 80

It's empty. He finally moves to the--

81 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME 81

Empty, too. All clear.

Gunther lets out a deep breath, relieved.

Then his PHONE GOES OFF. He grabs it out of his pocket and checks: It reads "CAL."

Gunther looks on the wall, and sees his clock: NOON.

Gunther frantically packs a small bag like crazy, stuffing in clothes, underwear, his notebook, anything he can grab.

GUNTHER

Oh, shit, oh, shit, oh, shit. It's okay. I still have time. Montana isn't so bad this time of year. I'll go there. Or Canada, yeah, Canada's nice. I can handle some snow. A little snow never killed anyone. Well, maybe a few people but it's all good. It's all good, it's all good, it's all go--

Gunther makes a move toward another dresser when he SLIPS ON A ROGUE T-SHIRT on the floor and falls on his back.

82

EXT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

82

Gunther KNOCKS on Martha's door, frantic, with his packed bag slung around his shoulder.

GUNTHER

Martha? Hello? You in there?

He KNOCKS some more.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Martha, I really need to talk to you. Hello?

No answer.

Gunther turns on his phone and it immediately BUZZES, AND BUZZES with voicemails and texts from Cal, but he ignores them, dials Martha, and puts the phone up to his ear.

MARTH'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Hi, it's Martha, please leave a message. Thanks.

Gunther hangs up and calls back.

MARTHA'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Hi, it's Martha, please leave a message. Thanks.

GUNTHER

Martha, it's Gunther. I'm sorry, too. Okay? Please call me back as soon as you get this. I really, really need to talk to you.

Gunther hangs up again, unzips his bag, tears a piece of paper from his notebook and writes:

"MARTHA, IT'S GUNTHER. I'M SORRY, TOO. OKAY? PLEASE CALL ME BACK AS SOON AS YOU GET THIS. I REALLY, REALLY NEED TO TALK TO YOU."

Gunther says the words out loud, again, as he writes.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

"Martha, it's Gunther. I'm sorry, too. Okay? Please call me back as soon as you get this. I really, really need to talk to you."

He folds the paper, slips it under the door, takes a moment, then touches the door with his hand, and runs away.

83

INT./EXT. CAR - ANY STREET - DAY

83

Gunther drives away from his apartment.

As he drives fast he looks around the sidewalks, searching for any signs of Martha.

GUNTHER

It's okay. She'll call me. I'll just lay low for a bit before I go to Canada. Wait, Mexico's better. Yeah, Mexico.

Gunther FLOORS the gas pedal and speeds up.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Don't freak out, Gunther. She's not in danger. It's me he wants. Cal doesn't even know... her... I--

Gunther stops himself and thinks for a second.

FLASH CUT: Cal at his desk from the previous scene:

CAL

You finally nailed that broad you've been seeing.

Gunther looks worried.

FLASH CUT: Cal back at his desk:

CAL (CONT'D)
I know everything about my
employees, Gunther.

Gunther looks even more worried.

FLASH CUT: JT in the diner:

JT
You *really* can't screw this up.

Gunther looks beyond worried.

FLASH CUT: Cal in Gunther's apartment:

CAL
Employees are expendable.

Gunther contemplates this.

Gunther SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, BRINGING THE CAR TO A SCREECHING
HAULT at a green light.

Wheels turn inside Gunther's head as he finally realizes
what's going on.

GUNTHER
Oh, my god. He does know.

CAR HORNS HONK AROUND HIM. DRIVERS passing him yell:

DRIVER 1 (O.S.)
Asshole!

DRIVER 2
Learn how to drive, dipshit!

The light finally turns yellow, then red.

Just then Gunther sees Martha's car pass in front of him,
making a left turn going back toward the apartment.

Gunther sees Martha's face as she passes, but she looks
straight ahead and doesn't notice him.

GUNTHER
Martha!

Gunther puts the car in gear and makes a super dangerous U-
turn at the intersection.

The old, piece of shit car JOLTS, making a POPPING sound, but finally forges ahead.

CARS AROUND HIM HONK as he PEELS OUT back toward Martha.

The car speeds up, moving in and out of traffic around him, before smoke billows from the hood, blocking his view of the traffic and Martha.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Not now, not now!

The car JOLTS, and finally stalls out in the middle of the road.

Gunther pulls his smoking car over, gets out, and RUNS.

84 EXT. ANY STREET - DAY 84

Gunther runs down a busy street, a la Benjamin Braddock from "The Graduate." Maybe some "Mrs. Robinson"-type MUSIC plays.

85 EXT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 85

Gunther cautiously moves to the building, then tiptoes up the stairs to Martha's door. He quietly knocks while he looks around searching for any signs of Cal.

GUNTHER

(whispering while knocking)

Martha?

MARTHA (O.S.)

Gunther?

Gunther turns around to find Martha at his door with his note in her hand.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Hey, what's going on? I got your note. I was about to--

Gunther runs over to Martha, grabs her, and pulls her inside his apartment.

86 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 86

Gunther closes the door and locks it.

MARTHA

Hey! What is happening, Gunther?
What was that note about?

GUNTHER

I'm sorry. I tried to call.

MARTHA

Oh, I lost my charger again, so--

GUNTHER

Just listen, okay? We have to go.

MARTHA

What? Go where? What is going on?

GUNTHER

We're in danger, Martha. You are in
danger.

MARTHA

Danger? Why the hell would I be in
danger?

Gunther sits Martha down on the couch.

GUNTHER

There are some things about me that
you don't know.

MARTHA

Okay... what things?

GUNTHER

Remember how I said I worked in
security?

87

EXT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

87

Cal slowly walks up the stairs to Martha's apartment.

He gets to Martha's door and puts his ear up to it.

Cal takes out a lock-picker and quietly goes to work on the
lock, looking around to make sure nobody sees him.

MARTHA (O.S.)

(muffled scream)

What?!

Cal stops, turns around toward Gunther's door, takes out his
gun, and attaches the silencer.

88

INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

88

Martha paces back and forth in front of Gunther who is still seated on the couch.

GUNTHER

I'm sorry! I wanted to tell you! I just didn't want to screw this up! I really like you, Martha.

Martha stops, looks at him, then resumes pacing.

MARTHA

So, you're not a security guard. You're a hitman.

GUNTHER

Was a hitman. And I never actually killed anyone. Except this one time but that was an accident. And he was trying to kill me.

MARTHA

So, you're a hitman, who never killed anyone, except one time by accident.

GUNTHER

Yes. Exactly.

MARTHA

Right, and now your boss, he wants to kill you. And me. Maybe me.

GUNTHER

Yes, and I'm really sorry about that last part.

MARTHA

I knew it. I knew I shouldn't have gotten involved with the neighbor. God, you're such an idiot, Martha!

GUNTHER

No! You're not an idiot! I'm the idiot!

Gunther stands and walks over to her, puts his hands on her shoulders, and she stops pacing.

Martha's head is down as he talks to her.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Listen to me. I've realized that I'm not a guy that kills bad guys. I literally tried, I'm just not lethal.

MARTHA

Okay...

GUNTHER

I can't do it, and I don't want to do it. I thought I knew what I wanted, but I was very confused before I met you.

MARTHA

And now?

GUNTHER

I'm still a little confused. But I think-- I know--

Martha lifts her head and looks at him.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

I really want to keep making noodles with you.

Martha smiles for a second but then get serious.

MARTHA

Gunther, if there's something else you need to tell me -- now is the time.

Gunther lets go of Martha's shoulders, takes a deep breath, and sits back down on the couch.

GUNTHER

Well, um, there is one other thing... It's--about your dad.

MARTHA

What?

Gunther doesn't respond.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Gunther. What. About. My dad.

GUNTHER

I--

CLICK.

Gunther's head whips toward the door.

CLICK.

The top lock shifts open.

Gunther looks up toward Martha, eyes wide open, then runs, grabs her, and dives toward the kitchen while--

The door flies open and Cal enters, GUN drawn, SHOOTING in Martha and Gunther's wake, barely missing their feet.

KITCHEN

Gunther and Martha duck down behind the wall and Gunther takes out his gun, attaches the silencer.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Stay down.

Gunther SHOOTs around the corner toward the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Cal turns over the coffee table, uses it as a shield, and ducks for cover as BULLETS FLY around him.

CAL

Hello, my boy. Catch you at a bad time?

KITCHEN

Gunther and Martha are ducked behind kitchen wall.

GUNTHER

I know what you did, Cal! And that's really -- messed up!

Gunther FIRES THREE SHOTS around the wall.

LIVING ROOM

Cal is ducked behind the coffee table.

CAL

Oh, yeah? What's that?

KITCHEN

Gunther and Martha still ducked behind the wall.

GUNTHER

My last target. He wasn't a bad
guy! Was that some kind of test?

LIVING ROOM

Cal in the same position.

CAL

A test you failed. I told you I'd
finish the job, Gunther. You just
didn't have it in you.

KITCHEN

Gunther sits, fuming, angry. Martha is terrified, confused.

GUNTHER

That's right, Cal! I'm not like
you! He's still alive!

LIVING ROOM

Cal in the same position.

CAL

Yeah, well, not for long! When I'm
done here, it's on to good old Mr.
Mark Schlitz. Schlitzzy.

KITCHEN

Martha's eyes light up in terror.

MARTHA

What's he talking about, Gunther?

GUNTHER

I'm sorry, Martha, I was about to
tell you.

MARTHA

Gunther -- is he talking about my
dad? What about my dad??? Tell me
right now!

Gunther looks at her, serious, then spills the beans.

GUNTHER

He was kind of my last target.

MARTHA

What?!?!?

GUNTHER

Don't worry. He's a good guy.

MARTHA

Gunther -- what the fuck are you talking about?!

More BULLETS FLY around them. Gunther returns fire before--

GUNTHER

Cal, my boss -- he knew about you. About us. He needed me to pick him over you. Some kind of loyalty test.

MARTHA

So he put a hit on my dad???

GUNTHER

Yes. But, I-I couldn't do it. Oh my God, wait... JT, he had the same test, but it was *his* Dad.

MARTHA

Gunther, where is *my* dad?

GUNTHER

Well... he kind of... had a mild--

Martha's look: "A mild what?"

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Heart attack.

MARTHA

Oh, my god!

GUNTHER

It's okay! I took him to the hospital! He's there now.

LIVING ROOM

Cal in the same position.

CAL

That's right, sweetheart. Your little boyfriend saved his life. Like an idiot!

Cal EMPTIES HIS CLIP toward the kitchen, then pops out the empty and loads a fresh one.

CAL (CONT'D)

Don't worry. He'll meet his maker soon enough. Just after I'm done with the two of you. It didn't have to be this way, Gunther!

KITCHEN

Gunther closes his eyes, takes a deep breath.

Martha's face now fumes with rage.

GUNTHER

Wait, he's got a Glock G42 and his Armani Suit pockets can only hold 9 clips. He's... out of bullets!

Gunther stands, faces Cal.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Well, well, we--

Cal SHOOTS GUNTHER in the shoulder and he goes flying back down to the floor.

MARTHA

Oh, my god!

GUNTHER

He's not out of bullets!

CAL

You're nothing special, Gunther. I thought I could mold you. But I guess I was wrong.

Gunther lies in Martha's arms in pain.

GUNTHER

I'm sorry.

MARTHA

Fuck, just hang on.

Martha looks around the kitchen and stops on the fridge. A lightbulb goes off. She lets go of Gunther and crawls toward the fridge. Gunther's head hits the floor hard.

GUNTHER

(whisper)

Ow! Martha!

She opens the door, takes out a huge sauce pan, and dumps out the leftover pasta on the floor.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

(whisper)

What are you doing?

Martha holds the sauce pan in her hand like a softball bat.

MARTHA

(also whispering)

I'll go around the other side. Stay here and cover me.

GUNTHER

(whispering a bit louder)

What? Don't be nuts!

MARTHA

You're nuts! Just do it!

Martha crawls around the hallway entrance to the kitchen on the floor with the sauce pan in her hand.

LIVING ROOM

Cal crawls around the edge of the coffee table and aims his gun toward the kitchen.

CAL

We could have been strolling the beaches of Del Mar together!

KITCHEN

Gunther takes a deep breath, moves to the side of the counter, and EMPTIES HIS CLIP toward Cal.

LIVING ROOM

Cal ducks back behind the table as BULLETS SPRAY around him.

CLICK.

The shooting stops.

Cal smiles and stands up.

CAL (CONT'D)

Sounds like you're out, my boy.
Guess it's time.

Cal slowly walks to the kitchen, still cautious, gun raised.

Gunther looks desperate, but then remembers something -- his knife!

Gunther takes a deep breath, like he really needs to pull this off, before--

He WHIPS OUT THE KNIFE -- a la the diner scene -- and it flies far away from him, HITTING THE WALL.

Around the corner Martha peeks out and sees:

Cal about to reach the kitchen.

Quietly Martha gets up, clutches the metal sauce pan tight.

As Cal reaches the counter his gun hovers over Gunther's head. TINY RUNNING FOOTSTEPS catch Cal's attention and he turns to find--

Martha RUNNING AT FULL SPEED RIGHT IN HIS FACE AND, like the softball days of old, Martha winds up the metal pan and:

WHAM!

IN SLOW MOTION the PAN CRASHES IN THE SIDE OF CAL'S FACE.

Remnants of sauce SPLASH out of the pan surrounded by blood, and bits of Cal's brain.

FULL SPEED Cal hits the counter and SLAMS to the floor.

Martha stands above the body, shaking, still holding the pan.

Gunther stands up above the counter, looks out at her in the living room. He walks around the corner to find Cal's lifeless body, his head bleeding out on the floor.

Gunther walks over to Cal's body, check's his pulse, then looks up at Martha who is still shaking, holding the pan.

GUNTHER

Oh, my God he's still alive. Wait,
no he's dead.

Martha jumps, lets out a YELP, and DROPS THE PAN. Her arms and hands tremble as she touches her face in shock.

Gunther gets up and consoles her, puts his good arm around her shoulder, and leads her to the couch.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Hey, it's okay. Everything's going
to be okay now.

MARTHA

(in shock)

I killed a man, Gunther. I killed a man.

GUNTHER

It's okay. He was a bad dude.

MARTHA

(nearly hyperventilating)

I can't--I can't breathe. I-t-t-think I'm having a heart attack.

GUNTHER

It's just a panic attack. Come on--breathe. In for five seconds.

Martha breathes in.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

And out for five seconds.

Martha breathes out.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

In for five... and out for five. There you go.

Martha calms down a bit but she's still shaken.

MARTHA

Where'd you learn that?

GUNTHER

I get pretty stressed.

MARTHA

(re: Cal's body)

What are we gonna do? With him?

GUNTHER

Don't worry. That's actually the one thing I'm good at.

MARTHA

You saved his life. My dad.

GUNTHER

Of course. I had to.

MARTHA

I don't know if I want to kiss you--

Gunther smiles.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Or beat your head in with a sauce pan.

GUNTHER

I'm really sorry, Martha. I promise -- no more lies. I'll tell you everything. From now on.

MARTHA

You fucking better, you idiot.

Martha hugs Gunther and they sigh a huge sigh of relief.

89

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

89

Schlitz's eyes open to find Martha standing over him as he lies in a hospital bed.

MARTHA

Hi, daddy.

Martha hugs him.

SCHLITZ

I'm so sorry, honey.

MARTHA

It's not your fault.

SCHLITZ

It is. I haven't been taking care of myself. But I will. I promise.

MARTHA

I hope so.

SCHLITZ

I've been going back to meetings.

MARTHA

That's really great.

SCHLITZ

Guess this was a long time coming.

MARTHA

Yeah.

SCHLITZ

Honey -- I'm sorry for being so hard on you. Since your mom--

MARTHA

Dad, that was a while ago. You don't have to--

SCHLITZ

No, I do. Come here.

Martha hugs her dad again then lets go.

MARTHA

Dad, there's someone who wants to say hi to you. Come in.

Martha rolls her eyes.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

"Goothy."

Gunther walks in with a stupid bouquet of flowers, his left arm in a sling.

GUNTHER

Hey, Schlitzzy. How you doing, pal?

SCHLITZ

(to Martha)

You know him?

MARTHA

He saved your life, dad.

SCHLITZ

(remembering)

He did, didn't he?

Gunther smiles: "Don't mention it."

MARTHA

And he's my neighbor.

Schlitz's look to Gunther: "Really?"

MARTHA (CONT'D)

And he's kind of... my boyfriend.

Schlitz looks mad, then confused, then he thinks he gets it.

SCHLITZ

Is that why--that's why you were--

Schlitz stops himself before he says "At the strip club" in front of his daughter, then he thinks he *finally* gets it.

SCHLITZ (CONT'D)

Right.

(to Martha)

You were looking out for me,
weren't you?

Martha looks confused, but pats her dad on the head.

MARTHA

Shh... it's okay, I'm sure you're
groggy.

SCHLITZ

(to Martha)

I'm happy for you, honey. I'm happy
for you both. Goothy sure is one
hell of a dude.

GUNTHER

Thank you, sir. And it's actually
Gunther. But you can still call me
Goothy. If you want.

Schlitz chuckles.

SCHLITZ

Well, thank you. Goothy.

PRE-LAP: Serene music, something like "These Days," by Nico.

90

EXT. PARK - DAY

90

Couples picnic. Kids run and play. All is well in the world.

Martha's voice reads sweetly:

MARTHA (V.O.)

"And once more Zarathustra became
absorbed in himself, and he sat
down again on the big stone and
reflected."

91

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

91

Schlitz's office. A normal day. PEOPLE walk along the
sidewalks, in and out of the building.

MARTHA (V.O.)

(reading)

"Suddenly he jumped up. 'Pity! Pity
for the higher man!' he cried out,
and his face changed to bronze."

Schlitz walks up to the front door and lets in a WOMAN (45), bright-eyed and confident, holding a briefcase, smiling.

MARTHA (V.O.)

"Well then, *that* has had its time!
My suffering and my pity for
suffering--what does it matter?"

Schlitz smiles at the Woman.

The Woman smiles back.

Schlitz blushes.

92 EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT 92

FOUR FEMALE STRIPPERS (20s, 30s) walk to the strip club from their car, laughing.

MARTHA (V.O.)

"Am I concerned with *happiness*? I
am concerned with my *work*. Well
then! The lion came, my children
are near, Zarathustra has ripened,
my hour has come."

93 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT 93

Three mounds of the bodies of the man from the opening scene, JT, and Cal lie silhouetted, peaceful, by the moonlight.

94 INT. CAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 94

MOVERS (40s, 50s) take down the "PAINT JOBS+" sign, and remove furniture.

95 INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 95

Nobody's there. It's dark, but serene.

96 INT. MARTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 96

Martha sits up in bed and reads "THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA" to Gunther, arm still in a sling, who lies down next to her.

The reading light from her side table glows on Martha's face. Gunther looks up at her with intense adoration.

MARTHA

(reading)

"This is *my* morning, *my* day is
breaking: *rise now, rise, thou*
great noon!" Thus spoke
Zarathustra, and he left his cave,
glowing and strong as a morning sun
that comes out of dark mountains."

Martha smiles at Gunther who still looks up at her in awe.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

The end.

GUNTHER

Wow. That's intense. What do you
think it means?

MARTHA

I don't think I know, exactly.

GUNTHER

Me, neither.

Martha smiles, throws the book on the floor, and kisses
Gunther. They pull the covers over their bodies as they kiss
and we

PAN from the bed to the floor to a folder with a "SLOANE,
INC." logo and the name "GOOTHY" underneath it as we

FADE OUT.

THE END