

*Joe D'Amico*  
#47

*Is. Ad.*  
#33

*[Large stylized signature]*

*[Stylized signature]*

BAD GUY # 47

Written by

Baron Brady

*[Stylized signature]*  
A.C.

*[Stylized signature]*

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*[Large stylized signature]*

*[Stylized signature]*  
23

Exit

FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

It's a squalid shell of a warehouse storage room, unfurnished and damp, paint peeling from begrimed walls. Water DRIPS rhythmically into a pail under a ceiling discolored by rot.

In such dour lodgings stand four equally dour men, all of them dressed in bowler hats and black turtlenecks with numbered armbands. Revolvers protrude from pants pockets.

Gunman #47, a youthful man with open features, his body slumped in a chair, turns to a door that reads "EXIT" before losing himself in thought. There's a "NUMBER 47" on his arm band.

Gunman #13, a short-statured man with a permanent frown slumps onto the cement floor in a far corner of the room. He has the "NUMBER 13" on his arm band.

Gunman #23, a tall man with a stoop and the "NUMBER 23" on his arm band, sits before a series of monitors, indistinct images moving to and fro. He flinches and recoils at the sound of distant GUNFIRE but his gaze remains fixed on the monitors. Popcorn bowl in hand, he munches with an insatiable appetite.

Gunman #33, the "NUMBER 33" on his arm band, paces hurriedly, his solid frame stiff as he anxiously fingers his pistol before pausing to face the other three men. He raises his pistol and UNCLICKS the safety.

A spate of FOOTFALLS and GUNFIRE echo through the warehouse outside the closed door. A cacophony of SHOUTS. THUDS crescendo to a deafening GUNSHOT.

Gunman #23 winces at the deafening ROAR of gunfire, but can't take his eyes off the monitors.

Two additional GUNMEN - 37 and 39 - linger nervously at an open door.

GUNMAN #23 →  
Shit. It's Angel. I knew it.

GUNMAN #33  
(sneering)  
Angel? What kind of pussy name is that?

MS.  
FX MUA

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A.C.C.  
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Jim  
Dough  
no. 47

GUNMAN #13  
(shaking his head)  
Our boss shouldn't have killed that  
man's dog. It's a line you don't  
cross.

GUNMAN #47  
(incredulous)  
His dog? I thought it was his  
family who got killed?

GUNMAN #13  
His dog was his family. They ate  
together, slept together. Long  
walks together on the beach.

GUNMAN #47  
You're fucking kidding me, right?

Silence, as the additional gunmen exit the room, guns drawn.  
Guman #13 closes the door.

GUNMAN #47 (CONT'D)  
Come on. This was supposed to be an  
easy job. We hang around, look  
menacing and fucking get paid.

GUNMAN #23  
(reacting to something  
onscreen)  
Damn.

GUNMAN #33  
(tensed)  
What?

GUNMAN #23  
I don't know how he does it. One  
bullet. Three of us.

GUNMAN #13  
(hanging his head)  
It's worse than I thought.

Gunman #33 marches to the door, opens it and peers outside.  
He grimaces with disgust before turning away.

GUNMAN #47  
(turning)  
It'll be fine. He's just a man and  
there are ... God knows how many of  
us there are.

GUNMAN #13  
Forty-seven.

Gunman #47 wasn't expecting an exact number. Remembering something, he turns to his arm band which reads "47."

GUNMAN #13 (CONT'D)  
I know Chuck in payroll. You must be the new guy.

Gunman #47 neither agrees nor disagrees.

GUNMAN #23  
Chuck was in payroll. He's dead now.

GUNMAN #13  
What?

GUNMAN #23  
Shaved head? Muscular neck? Looks like a thug?

Gunman #33 who also fits the description, scowls.

GUNMAN #23 (CONT'D)  
(ignoring Gunman #33)  
We'll he's missing an arm and bleeding to death. I still don't know how Angel did it without even looking.

GUNMAN #33  
(through his teeth)  
That fucker'll be missing two arms when I'm done with him.

A barrage of GUNFIRE takes Gunman #33 by surprise. He flinches. But Gunman #23 isn't the least taken aback, his gaze steady.

GUNMAN #13  
(to himself)  
This can't really be happening.

GUNMAN #47  
Relax. It's one man against forty seven of us.

GUNMAN #23  
It was forty-seven five minutes ago. Now it's ...

Gunman #23 uses his fingers to count.

Gunman #33 waits impatiently for an answer.

GUNMAN #13  
I shoulda seen it comin'.

GUNMAN #33  
(between his teeth)  
Would you shut up, for once?

GUNMAN #47  
One man against all of us? He's  
crazy, right?

GUNMAN #13  
He's not like us.

GUNMAN #23  
(still gazing outside)  
Twenty-nine.  
(a beat)  
I mean thirty.

A gunshot precedes a THUD.

GUNMAN #23 (CONT'D)  
No. Twenty-nine.

GUNMAN #33  
I'm gonna fuckin' kill him.

Gunman #33 punches the wall but recoils in pain, all the more enraged as he begins kicking something that won't break.

The other gunmen observe Gunman #33 until he tires himself out.

GUNMAN #13  
(to himself)  
It's a cruel joke, that's what.

GUNMAN #33  
(glowering)  
I'm not laughing.

GUNMAN #13  
(eyes closed)  
I never wanted to die like this.

Gunman #33 levels his revolver against Gunman #13's face.

GUNMAN #33  
Wanna die like this instead?

Gunman #13 hesitates, shaking his head as he contemplates the business end of the revolver.

Gunman #33 drops Gunman #13 to the floor before adjusting his jacket.

GUNMAN #33 (CONT'D)

So, either we kill him or wait for him to kill us.

(scans the room)

Well? What are we waiting for?

A spatter of GUNFIRE erupts in a resounding CRASH.

The house rocks. Gunman #33 and Gunman #47 barely keep their footing.

GUNMAN #23

(still enthralled)

Wow.

GUNMAN #47

What happened?

GUNMAN #23

A shot in a million. In mid back flip no less and still hit the support bracket. Sent the scaffolding to the ground. Six of us under it.

GUNMAN #33

That's it.

(readying himself)

We're finishing this now.

Gunman #33 turns to the other gunmen.

GUNMAN #33 (CONT'D)

You guys just gonna sit there?

The others avoid his gaze.

GUNMAN #33 (CONT'D)

What's he paying you for anyway?

Gazes remain averted.

Gunman #33 sneers with contempt.

GUNMAN #23

(to himself)

Twenty-three. Those guys are gettin' served.

Gunman #33 glares at Gunman #23 before easing himself outside, his back flush against the door jamb and his gun raised. He disappears outside.

GUNMAN #33 (O.S.)  
SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE ...

A round of GUNFIRE silences Gunman #33.

GUNMAN #23  
(viewing the monitors)  
Damn. Right in the head.

Gunman #13 quickly closes the door.

GUNMAN #47  
(leaping from his chair)  
Number thirty-three? He's dead?

Gunman #38 doesn't bother to respond.

GUNMAN #47 (CONT'D)  
We've gotta do something.

GUNMAN #13  
And what? Get ourselves killed?

GUNMAN #47  
We'll die sittin' here. I mean,  
he's picking us off one by one.

GUNMAN #23  
Give or take ... five.

GUNMAN #13  
He's gonna finish us off whatever  
we do.

GUNMAN #47  
(incredulous)  
How?

GUNMAN #13  
He's different.

GUNMAN #47  
He's just a man.

GUNMAN #13  
(shaking his head)  
He's a force of nature.

Gunman #47 readies his revolver and steps to the open door, peering outside.

GUNMAN #23  
 (still gazing outside)  
 No way. This guy is a maniac with a  
 machete.  
 (mesmerized)  
 It's almost ... beautiful.

Gunman #23 is horrified by what he sees. Outside, SHOUTS and gurgling CRIES.

GUNMAN #23 (CONT'D)  
 Slicin' and dicin'.  
 (wincing)  
 Oh man. That's gotta hurt.

GUNMAN #47  
 (gun raised)  
 Well? Are we going? We leave  
 together. Start firing at once.

GUNMAN #13  
 He'll be expecting us.

GUNMAN #23  
 Seventeen. Sixteen.

GUNMAN #47  
 How? He doesn't even know we're in  
 here.  
 (a beat)  
 So let's do something. We can't  
 just sit here and wait to die.

Gunman #47 turns to a door marked EXIT. It's a gated doorway, firmly locked. He RATTLES the gate, to no avail before returning to the other door.

GUNMAN #23  
 (LAUGHING)  
 SCORE. Fifteen. Knocked his head  
 clear across the room.

GUNMAN #47  
 You coming?

GUNMAN #23  
 (without a glance at  
 Gunman #47)  
 Gimme a minute.

GUNMAN #47  
 You enjoy this?



GUNMAN #23  
 (with a shrug)  
 It is what it is.

More GUNFIRE.

GUNMAN #23 (CONT'D)  
 Fourteen. Thirteen.  
 (wincing)  
 That is not where you want a  
 Chinese star.

GUNMAN #13  
 We don't stand a chance.

GUNMAN #47  
 You're crazy. Just 'cause you want  
 to die doesn't mean I have to. I  
 got plans. Make some money. See the  
 world. Vegas, at least.

GUNMAN #23  
 You never been? You're kidding me?

GUNMAN #47  
 I was gonna go next weekend.

GUNMAN #13  
 Overrated. Crowded. Overpriced, and  
 boring.

GUNMAN #23  
 Boring? What did you do? Stay in  
 your room and jerk off all night?

Irked, Gunman #13 turns away.

GUNMAN #23 (CONT'D)  
 (keyed up)  
 Oh, man. We've surrounded him. Four  
 guys. Five. Come on. Shoot him.  
 Come on guys, what are you waiting  
 for? Don't just aim and wait. Pull  
 the trigger. Come on.

Gunman #47 approaches.

Outside there's a SCUFFLE punctuated by GUNFIRE.

Gunman #47's jaw drops and Gunman #23 beams.

GUNMAN #47  
 It's not possible. He didn't even  
 get hit.

GUNMAN #23

Eight.

GUNMAN #47

But they had him.

GUNMAN #13

He had them where he wanted them.

GUNMAN #47

(reading his gun)

He's killing everyone. Like we all deserve to die.

GUNMAN #13

You want to kill him, don't you?

GUNMAN #47

I just want to get home. We got no beef with him. We'll surrender our guns. Pretend this never happened.

GUNMAN #13

It's too late.

GUNMAN #47

(incensed)

What the fuck is wrong with you?

GUNMAN #13

We chose this.

GUNMAN #47

No we didn't. I didn't.

GUNMAN #13

(to himself)

My retirement pension would have kicked in next week. Not that anyone ever got one before. Thought I'd be the first.

FOOTSTEPS clattering outside. More GUNFIRE followed by two successive THUDS.

GUNMAN #23

Six. No. He's not dead.

(a beat)

Oh, fuck. He cut him open.

(a beat)

No way. He ... He's strangling the guy with his own guts.

(a beat)

(MORE)

GUNMAN #23 (CONT'D)

Angel's not likin' it, but he knows  
it has to be done. Vengeance  
demands it.

Gunman #47 can't believe what he's hearing.

GUNMAN #13

Ever wonder why they pay us as much  
as they do to pretend we're mean  
motherfuckers?

Gunman #47 shrugs.

GUNMAN #13 (CONT'D)

It's because we work for a mean  
motherfucker. Which makes us  
motherfuckers once removed.

(a beat)

I mean this is a guy who hires  
forty seven thugs to help keep him  
from answering for all his sins.

GUNMAN #47

A lot of people work for bad guys.  
So what?

GUNMAN #13

He wears a clown mask for God's  
sake. Laughs when one of us gets  
dismembered.

GUNMAN #47

(surprised)

He wears a mask?

GUNMAN #23

(amused)

You never seen him?

GUNMAN #13

Have you?

Embarrassed by the accusation, Gunman #23 turns away.

GUNMAN #47

Look. This has nothing to do with  
us. It's between the two of them.

GUNMAN #13

But we're in the way.

GUNMAN #47

I'm not standing in the way. We  
just step aside and walk out.

GUNMAN #13  
 You knew this job would require ...  
 killing.

GUNMAN #47  
 Cops kill too.

GUNMAN #13  
 And when they do, they're called  
 heroes. We'll always be bad guys.  
 Accessories during the fact.

GUNMAN #47  
 And if we're the bad guys, that  
 Angel guy ... he's the good guy?  
 The one severing limbs and lopping  
 off heads. Doesn't sound like a  
 good guy to me. Sounds like a  
 fucking psycho.

GUNMAN #23  
 (retreating; in a whisper)  
 He turned. I think he heard you.

GUNMAN #47  
 I'll talk to him.

Gunman #47 opens the door a crack and peers outside. A  
 deafening BARRAGE of gunfire gives him pause and he retreats.

GUNMAN #13  
 He won't talk to us. We're the bad  
 guys, remember? We don't even get  
 to dress ourselves. And look at  
 these outfits. We deserve to die  
 for wearing this shit.

Gunman #47 removes his hat and tosses it aside.

GUNMAN #23  
 (examining himself)  
 What's wrong them 'em?

Gunman #47 shakes his head.

GUNMAN #13  
 (tapping his arm band)  
 Another thing. Good guys don't have  
 numbers. Bad guys do because that's  
 all we are: numbers. And when we  
 die, those numbers get wiped off  
 the ledger. That's it.

There's another THUD echoes outside.

GUNMAN #23  
 (in awe)  
 Five. Four.

Gunman #23 turns from the monitors and peers outside.

GUNMAN #13  
 (in a whisper)  
 You're like the rest. No problem  
 with killing. It's just the getting  
 killed part you don't like.

GUNMAN #47  
 (piqued)  
 And why the hell would I?  
 (a beat; turning)  
 This was a good opportunity. Good  
 pay. Flexible hours. Independence.  
 No health care but who gets that  
 anyway? At least our boss was never  
 around. Who can say that about a  
 job?

GUNMAN #23  
 Actually, my uncle works a drug  
 company and he gets great benefits.

Gunman #23, a bullet wound to his forehead, tips back in his  
 chair.

CLOSE SHOT of Gunman #23 in a pool of blood littered with  
 popcorn. His expression is one of pure awe.

GUNMAN #23 (CONT'D)  
 (in a whisper)  
 Awesome.

Gunman #47 is at a loss for words.

Gunman #13 exhales, his eyes closed.

Gunman #47 bangs the wall as if to find a soft spot to break  
 through.

GUNMAN #13  
 (entranced)  
 It's just like I dreamt it.

GUNMAN #47  
 You dreamt it and you still came  
 here? You could have warned us.

GUNMAN #13  
 Why tempt fate?

Gunman #47 flattens himself against a wall.

GUNMAN #47

Fuck fate. Who says I've gotta die for some scumbag I never met. And I'm sure as hell not paying the price for someone's dead fucking dog.

Another bullet WHIZZES through the room.

GUNMAN #47 (CONT'D)

(dropping to his knees)

This was supposed to be a new start for me. I was going to make a name for myself.

GUNMAN #13

(standing; almost cheerful)

This was inevitable. There was nothing any of us could have done.

Gunman #13 ambles to the open door and hesitates.

GUNMAN #47

(panicked)

What are you doing. Hold on.

GUNMAN #13

(calling out)

Well? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

Gunman #13 disappears through the door, Gunman #47 too late to restrain him.

As Gunman #47 reaches the open door, a deafening rifle SHOT sprays blood and brain matter against his face. He's horrified.

Heavy FOOTFALLS alert him to Angel's arrival.

Gunman #47 retreats into the shadow of the room, his BREATHING labored.

At the door stands an enormous man in a white wife beater and white jeans, a belt of bullets slung over his broad shoulders, a rifle in one hand and the business end of a pistol leveled at Gunman #47. Smoke spirals from a cigar.

Gunman #47 sets his gun down and raises his arms.

GUNMAN #47

You and I got no problem, right?  
It's the boss you want and maybe I  
can help you find him. You want him  
dead? I can help. Work for you even

(a beat; desperate)

You don't have to pay me of course.  
Helping you would be reward enough.  
Besides, I hate him too. He hates  
dogs and I ... I love them. Who  
would hate a dog?

(a beat; strategizing)

You seem like a good guy an' all.  
You had to do what you did. They  
deserved it. They always do, right?

(relaxing)

You know, maybe we can go grab a  
drink. Talk things over.

Beaming with an idea, Gunman #47 steps closer to the door.

GUNMAN #47 (CONT'D)

Actually, I'm planning a trip to  
Vegas next weekend with some  
buddies of mine and you're welcome  
to join us.

Angel GROWLS.

GUNMAN #47 (CONT'D)

Not a gambler? No problem. I heard  
the shows are amazing and we ...

A bullet THUDS into Gunman #47's forehead. A single drop of  
blood forms at the point of impact. With his lips still  
framing a slight smile, Gunman #47 slips to the floor.

FOOTSTEPS approach until a man enters the room, exterior  
lamplight illuminating a muscular bare shoulder and a tattoo  
of a beagle leaping over the word LUCKY.

ANGEL

(in a whisper)

Fuck Vegas.

FADE OUT: