

RIZHO KAMIKAZE: CATS & BULLETS

Written by

Daniel Danitto

[press.coolart@gmail.com](mailto:press.coolart@gmail.com)

EXT. MILITARY BASE OUTSKIRTS - JUNGLE - NIGHT

A concealed military base is set deep in the jungle. Guard towers surround a fenced perimeter. Armed sentries are posted along the fence.

Several military jeeps, a helicopter, and stacked equipment crates are positioned outside the main building.

Two guards patrol the area. Rain intensifies. The guards take cover near the crates and smoke.

INT. MAIN HALL - MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

Several men stand around a large round table covered with papers and blueprints.

Present are a GENERAL in full uniform, a SCIENTIST in a lab coat, and multiple OFFICERS.

SCIENTIST

(nervous)

I wrote a unique digital code in under three hours.

Now we're waiting for the Governor to get his act together and show up when he feels like it.

GENERAL

(steady, confident)

Patience, doctor. The Governor will arrive any moment. Thanks to the key he carries, we'll have full control over the missiles.

SCIENTIST

(irritated)

Still, I don't understand why no one offered me a damn coffee.

GENERAL

(tired)

You ask for too much, doctor.

EXT. JUNGLE NEAR THE BASE - NIGHT

Dense jungle surrounds the military base.

Four armed figures move through the rain toward the perimeter. They separate and head in different directions.

RIZHO KAMIKAZE, tall and broad, stops behind thick bushes near the fence.

He lifts his night-vision goggles. The base perimeter is visible. Guards stand near equipment crates. A helicopter and several jeeps are parked nearby.

A car stops at the main gate. A man carrying a briefcase exits the vehicle. Officers escort him into the main building.

Rizho lowers the goggles and speaks into his radio.

RIZHO  
(calm, cold-blooded tone)  
Red Cat to Deaf Badger. Two  
slackers behind the crates. One  
shooter per tower.

JACK UZI (V.O.)  
(low, calm)  
Copy that, Red Cat. Got 'em in my  
sights.

EXT. CLIFF ABOVE THE BASE - NIGHT

JACK UZI lies prone on a cliff overlooking the base. He holds a sniper rifle aimed at a watchtower.

A guard is visible on the tower through the rifle scope.

Jack prepares to fire.

Behind him, movement stirs in the bushes. A skunk crawls closer.

Jack remains focused on the target.

The skunk suddenly rushes forward and sprays Jack in the face.

Jack shouts, loses balance, and fires the rifle.

EXT. WATCHTOWER - NIGHT

A guard stands on the tower, holding a pigeon.

A gunshot rings out. The pigeon is hit and falls.

GUARD  
(shocked, screaming)  
My pigeon! Somebody shot my pigeon!

Alarm sirens activate across the base.

Floodlights switch on.

Soldiers pour out of the buildings and move into defensive positions.

EXT. CLIFF ABOVE THE BASE - NIGHT

Alarms sound from the base below.

Jack wipes his face.

JACK UZI  
 (gritting his teeth)  
 Where the hell did that filthy  
 thing come from...  
 (smells himself, disgusted)  
 Ugh! Smells worse than Uncle Tony's  
 toilet.

His radio activates.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
 What's your status, Deaf Badger?  
 Report.

JACK UZI  
 (shouting)  
 A damn skunk sabotaged me!

RIZHO (V.O.)  
 (confused)  
 We don't have a "Damn Skunk" on the  
 team, Deaf Badger.

JACK UZI  
 It's a real damn skunk, brother!

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Rizho observes activity from the base. He raises his radio.

RIZHO  
 (into radio, commanding)  
 RED CAT to all units. We're  
 compromised. I repeat... we're  
 compromised.  
 Switching to Plan B.

VOICES (V.O.)  
 Street Rat - copy.  
 Good Bear - copy.  
 Loving Mother - copy.  
 Deaf Skunk... Oh shi... Deaf  
 Badger. Copy!

Rizho lowers the radio and moves deeper into the forest as searchlights sweep the area behind him.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - NIGHT

Rizho meets with his team at a concealed position. Present are STREET RAT, GOOD BEAR, and LOVING MOTHER. Moments later, Jack Uzi arrives.

STREET RAT  
(disgusted)  
What the hell... What is that  
smell?

JACK UZI  
(irritated)  
Smells like your aunt in summer.  
Idiot.

Street Rat reacts angrily and moves toward Jack. Rizho steps between them.

RIZHO  
(ending the commotion)  
Right now, a few assholes are  
waiting for us to kick their asses.

LOVING MOTHER  
(thoughtful)  
Still - I don't smell like that in  
summer.

Jack Uzi remains tense.

The team separates and forms a combat formation.

EXT. BASE - NIGHT

Searchlights illuminate the base. Sirens sound.

An explosion breaches the north wall. Dust and smoke spread across the area.

Rizho enters through the breach carrying a grenade launcher. Jack follows, armed with two rifles.

RIZHO  
(pumped with adrenaline)  
I love it when it's time for Plan  
B.

JACK  
(yelling over the chaos)  
Every Plan B is a little New Year's  
Eve for me!

They advance into the base. A firefight erupts. Soldiers are hit and fall.

Rizho fires controlled bursts. Jack reloads and forces open a door.

JACK  
Good evening, you lousy scientists!  
Bad news - you've all failed the  
test!

Several scientists raise their hands and remain still.

Rizho gestures forward. Jack nods.

They move toward the control room.

INT. BASE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Rizho and Jack storm in, weapons raised.

The General, the Scientist, and the Governor react to the intrusion.

Documents fall to the floor. A cup of coffee is knocked over.

The General draws a pistol and grabs the Scientist by the neck.

GENERAL  
Freeze! One move and this rat's  
dead!

Rizho aims his weapon at the General. Jack stands beside him.

The Governor removes a badge from his inner pocket.

GOVERNOR  
(coolly)  
You're both in my sights. Agent  
Draeger, Federal Intelligence.  
Welcome to the trap, gentlemen.

The General stops moving. The Scientist struggles.

Rizho and Jack disarm them.

RIZHO  
(excited)  
Boss, did you sign my vacation  
request?

GOVERNOR / AGENT DRAEGER  
(sarcastic)  
Yes, Rizho... You're finally on a  
well-deserved break.  
(sniffs)  
Didn't know smoke grenades could  
stink this bad.

Jack Uzi pulls the General away, head lowered, ashamed. The General covers his nose with a handkerchief.

Rizho watches them.

TITLE: RIZHO KAMIKAZE

EXT. MEGAPOLIS - SUNSET

A large city at sunset. Skyscrapers, illuminated billboards, and streetlights line a wide boulevard. Traffic moves steadily through the streets.

INT. RIZHO'S CAR - SUNSET

RIZHO drives through the city.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
(visualizations from the narration)  
Yes, that's me. The grinning  
redheaded giant.  
My name is Rizho Kamikaze. I'm an  
elite commando. Nothing special on  
paper.

I work nonstop. I take any job they  
give me. I kill people I don't  
know, and the paperwork always says  
they're the bad guys.

Every morning I also walk the  
mayor's dog. Not in my contract,  
but no dog means no bonuses.

I don't even like dogs. I'm a cat  
person. Cats mind their business.  
They don't ruin carpets or wake you  
up licking your face. They just  
show up when they want attention.  
Simple. Civilized.

So why am I grinning?

EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

Rizho and Jack Uzi sit on the hood of a military jeep. They smoke cigars. Soldiers move through the area, clearing the site and removing bodies.

RIZHO

(blissfully smoking)

You know, brother... I've been doing this garbage for fifteen years. I don't remember the count of those I've shot. And I've never taken time off.

(exhales smoke)

Finally I'm going on a deserved vacation and I promise myself I will do absolutely nothing.

JACK

(staring blankly)

I'm sick of this crap too... But I've had it. I'm quitting!

RIZHO

(getting serious)

Quitting? Your strength is shooting people.

JACK

(hesitant)

I don't know, bro... I'm tired of trudging through the mud. Standing in the cold while I stake out some drug trafficker who got lost and took a different route.

(takes a drag from his cigar)

And now this skunk...

RIZHO

(respectfully)

So what do you plan to do now?

JACK

I plan to take a shower...

RIZHO

(looks puzzled)

I meant what do you plan to work as?

JACK  
Maybe I'll find an office job. At  
least there's air conditioning and  
I won't be cold.

RIZHO  
Well, if you've decided, brother...  
You know you can count on me.

BOTH IN UNISON  
(they bump fists)  
Commando in the field, drunkard at  
heart!

INT. RIZHO'S CAR - NIGHT

RIZHO continues driving.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
This is probably my first vacation  
in fifteen years.  
I don't have plans. No  
reservations. No schedule.

My head is still full of missions.  
Orders. Targets.  
I can't even remember how it all  
started.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY - SUMMER

Rizho at age ten runs into the yard wearing his grandfather's  
hunting jacket. He holds a water gun and sprays laundry  
hanging outside.

He runs toward the street. He stops and reaches into the  
jacket pockets. He pulls out hunting cartridges.

A patrol car passes by. The officers see Rizho holding the  
ammunition.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
The next thing I remember, they  
were handcuffing my grandfather and  
taking him away in the police  
car...

INT. RIZHO'S CAR - NIGHT

Rizho drives. A cat crosses the street. Rizho brakes.

VOICE FROM THE STREET  
(angry)  
Hey, idiot! Who taught you how to  
drive?!

RIZHO  
(apologetic)  
Sorry, sir!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - EVENING

Rizho stands near the elevator doors. He moves his hands as if aiming weapons, then stops when Samantha enters the building carrying a grocery bag and a closed umbrella.

Rizho notices her and pauses. Samantha walks toward him.

SAMANTHA  
(cheerful)  
Rizho, how are you?

RIZHO  
(happy but awkward)  
Hey, Samantha! I'm good, just  
waiting for the elevator.

SAMANTHA  
(playfully)  
Perfect! I'll wait with you.

Rizho nods. The elevator doors open. They step inside.

INT. ELEVATOR

Rizho and Samantha stand side by side.

Samantha reaches for the control panel. Rizho stops her.

RIZHO  
(gentlemanly)  
Wait... let me.

He presses the button. The doors close. The elevator ascends.

They remain silent.

RIZHO  
(blurts out)  
Do you have a bread machine?

SAMANTHA  
(looks at him, puzzled)  
Uh... no. Why?

RIZHO  
(trying to recover)  
Oh, I was just... curious.

Samantha smiles faintly.

SAMANTHA  
(changing the topic)  
How's work?

RIZHO  
(a bit proud)  
Killer good. Actually, I just took  
some time off...  
(scratches his beard)  
Maybe we could grab a coffee...  
tomorrow, for example?

SAMANTHA  
(trying to dodge politely)  
Uh... tomorrow... I can't.  
(thinks fast)  
I'm going hiking.

RIZHO  
(enthusiastic)  
Great, I could come along.

The elevator stops. Samantha steps out.

SAMANTHA  
(stepping out)  
Maybe another time. Bye.

The doors close. Rizho remains inside.

RIZHO  
(frustrated with himself)  
Why do I always ask about that damn  
bread machine when I talk to a  
woman...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. Rizho exits on his floor and walks down the corridor toward his apartment.

A sound comes from inside the apartment.

A baseball bat rests against the wall. Rizho picks it up and approaches the door. The door is unlocked.

He opens it.

The television is on. An adult channel plays. Figures move on the screen.

A man sits on the couch.

INT. RIZHO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rizho enters the apartment holding a baseball bat. He turns on the lights and scans the room.

A short Asian man jumps up from the couch and moves next to the television. He raises his hands.

Rizho steps toward him with the bat.

RIZHO  
(yelling)  
Who the hell are you?!

MR. WU  
(terrified)  
Please don't hit me! I'm Mr. Wu...  
you hired me two weeks ago to watch  
your cat!

Rizho stops and lowers the bat.

RIZHO  
(cheerful)  
Oh, Mr. Wu! Sorry! Good thing I  
asked before taking your head  
off...  
Usually I hit first, ask later.

MR. WU  
(relieved)  
Thank you for asking first!

WOMAN'S VOICE ON TV  
Oh yes! Hit me! Hit me harder!

Rizho and Mr. Wu look at each other.

RIZHO  
Where's my beautiful cat -  
Sharlatan? You've been taking good  
care of him?

MR. WU  
More than perfect, Mr. Kamikaze.  
Sharlo ate an hour ago, pooped, and  
is sleeping now.

Rizho looks toward the couch. A large ginger cat sleeps there.

Rizho walks over and pets the cat.

RIZHO  
(overjoyed)  
Ah, you little fluffy rascal... did  
you miss me? Meow once for yes.

The cat yawns and continues sleeping.

Rizho straightens up and faces Mr. Wu. He takes cash from his pocket and hands it to him.

RIZHO  
Thanks, Mr. Wu, for taking care of  
my cat... and please, don't watch  
porn around him again!

MR. WU  
I didn't mean to! He pressed the  
button himself!

Rizho exhales.

MR. WU  
I guess I'll be going now...

Mr. Wu exits the apartment.

Rizho looks around the apartment. Everywhere is a mess.

RIZHO  
(bored)  
Tomorrow's cleaning day...

INT. RIZHO'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Rizho sleeps in bed. An alarm clock on the nightstand shows 5:59, then switches to 6:00. The alarm sounds. Rizho wakes up.

Rizho turns on his stereo.

He does push-ups on the floor.

He showers.

He stands in front of the mirror, brushes his teeth, combs his beard, and applies cologne.

In the kitchen, Rizho prepares breakfast. Eggs, broccoli, and orange juice are on the counter.

The cat sleeps nearby.

Rizho cleans the apartment. He uses a vacuum cleaner and loads the washing machine. Military clothes hang to dry.

Rizho returns to the mirror. He gestures with his hands and speaks aloud.

RIZHO  
(in a deep, gritty voice)  
If you don't release Isabella, I  
swear you'll be swimming in boiling  
water!

RIZHO AS VILLAIN  
(snarling)  
And how do you plan to do that? Ha-  
ha-haaa!

RIZHO  
When I smack you with my army boot,  
layered with a heavy stench ...

RIZHO AS VILLAIN  
No! Not the boot soaked in  
stench... Fine, take Isabella!

RIZHO  
Too late for that!

RIZHO AS VILLAIN  
Nooo! Not the boiling pot!

Rizho opens the refrigerator. It is empty.

RIZHO  
Time for groceries.

The stereo stops playing.

EXT. CITY - DAY

The city is active. Traffic moves through the streets. Pedestrians walk along the sidewalks. Bicycles pass between people. Cars stop and start at intersections. Two cats run across a sidewalk.

A tall office building stands among the surrounding structures.

INT. LARGE OFFICE - DAY

A large office with fluorescent lighting. Employees move between desks. Others work at computers. A man spills coffee on his shirt. Printers operate. Phones ring.

Jack Uzi stands in the open space wearing a shirt and tie. He remains still. No one reacts to him.

A young manager approaches.

MANAGER  
(with a greasy grin)  
We're like family here. I saw in  
your CV, under "skills," it says  
"decapitation." Yeah... we don't  
really allow that around here.

Jack looks at him without speaking. The manager laughs  
briefly and continues walking.

MANAGER  
These copy machines shoot out a  
hundred sheets a second. Just like  
an M16...  
(laughs at his own joke)

Jack does not respond. The manager stops laughing and leads  
him to a desk.

MANAGER  
This is your desk. The software we  
use is super simple. We send  
requests before lunch, process  
contracts and invoices after. Got  
it?

JACK UZI  
(darkly)  
Crystal clear. Like a fresh sheet  
fired from a copier.

MANAGER  
(amused)  
Perfect! Oh, and... watch out for  
Rachel. She's married, but she  
likes the new guys.

The manager leaves.

Jack watches him go, then sits at the desk.

A woman in a white blouse and black skirt sits across from  
him.

RACHEL  
(smiling)  
Hi! I'm Rachel!

Jack closes his eyes.

EXT. STREET SUPERMARKET - DAY

A neighborhood street. Cars pass. Pedestrians move along the sidewalk.

A small supermarket. Rizho exits carrying grocery bags. He wears sunglasses.

A passerby greets him. Rizho nods.

A stray cat approaches and rubs against his legs. Rizho crouches and pets her.

RIZHO  
(excited, playful)  
Well, aren't you a beauty! Want a  
candy?

Rizho searches through the grocery bags. The cat walks away.

RIZHO  
(calling out)  
Hey, kitty! Come on, I've got  
something for you!

Rizho stands and follows the cat.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

A narrow alley behind several shops. A black van is parked with its rear doors open.

Two men carry boxes from the back entrance of a Chinese store to the van.

The driver stands nearby smoking. A bandage crosses his nose.

The stray cat approaches and rubs against his leg.

The two men return inside the store. The driver reacts.

DRIVER  
(kicks the cat)  
Get lost, you filthy thing!

The cat jumps back, then returns. The driver pulls out a gun and points it toward the cat.

Rizho steps into view.

RIZHO  
(coolly)  
Hey, bro. You know that cat's worth about one month in the hospital and a major headache?

DRIVER  
(snapping)  
Why don't you keep walking, Redhead?

RIZHO  
(smiling)  
Nah. I think I'm right where I need to be... Broken Nose.

More thieves exit the store carrying boxes. An elderly Chinese man runs after them.

STORE OWNER  
(with a heavy accent)  
Help me! They steal everything!

Rizho drops the grocery bags and removes his sunglasses.

RIZHO  
(to the gang)  
You've got two options. One - put everything back. Two - lie down, apologize to the cat, and wait for the cops.

DRIVER  
(points gun at him)  
Last warning.

The cat moves behind Rizho.

RIZHO  
(coldly)  
That was your last one.

Rizho strikes the driver. The driver hits the van and falls.

Rizho moves through the alley and attacks the two loaders.  
Boxes spill open. Golden candlesticks and stuffed toys  
scatter.

The thieves fall to the ground.

The driver gets up holding a knife and approaches Rizho.

Rizho grabs a candlestick and strikes him.

DRIVER  
(screaming as he falls)  
My damn nose!

Rizho puts his sunglasses back on and pets the cat.

RIZHO  
Mission accomplished.

The cat meows. The store owner smiles and gives a thumbs-up.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ZONE - DAY (FOGGY)

An industrial area with multiple warehouse buildings. A black  
van moves between the structures.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE - DAY

A large warehouse space with tall windows.

A music video shoot is in progress in one section of the warehouse. A rapper performs while a small crew works nearby.

On a couch nearby sit two women. They wear jackets on top and lingerie from the waist down. They shiver as filming continues.

The warehouse doors open. A black van enters and stops. The engine shuts off.

Several stocky men exit the van.

On a metal staircase leading to a second-floor office stands JIMMY RUSSELL, wearing a purple trench coat and round sunglasses. A lollipop stick is in his mouth.

Jimmy watches the men, then moves down the stairs toward them.

He reaches the driver and places an arm around his shoulder.

JIMMY RUSSELL  
(excited, to the driver)  
Tell me, man... you like my  
cousin's track? In two days this  
thing's gonna blow up on YouTube!

DRIVER  
(nervous)  
Yeah, boss! It's got a cool beat...  
and the bass hits hard!

JIMMY RUSSELL  
(squeezes his shoulder)  
I put real money into this music.  
I'm gonna be the next Jay-Z.  
(pauses, then colder)  
But that's not what really matters.  
(MORE)

(CONT'D)

What matters is the real business.  
The big money. The power.  
And what really worries me... is  
failure.

The men exchange looks.

JIMMY RUSSELL  
(removes his arm from the driver)  
I don't like seeing my guys come  
back from an important job with  
bruises on their faces.  
(scratches his head)  
Makes me think something didn't go  
right. You know... I've got a sixth  
sense for that kind of thing.

One of the men lights a cigarette.

From the upper office, a large man in a tracksuit with a  
heavy gold chain observes. This is THE SCREWDRIVER.

JIMMY RUSSELL  
(serious now)  
Tell me my sixth sense is wrong for  
once. Tell me it cheated on me with  
my best friend, and I'm just about  
to forgive it.

DRIVER  
Uh... there was this guy...

JIMMY RUSSELL  
(shouting)  
What guy?!

Activity in the warehouse stops.

Jimmy removes his sunglasses.

JIMMY RUSSELL  
Those candlesticks were solid gold.  
They should be in that van. Right  
now.

The Screwdriver steps closer and stands beside Jimmy.

JIMMY RUSSELL  
Now get your asses back in that  
van... and bring me what I sent you  
for.

DRIVER  
Yes, boss... we'll fix it.

The men rush back into the van and leave the warehouse.

Jimmy turns to The Screwdriver.

JIMMY RUSSELL  
Find out who did this... and bring  
him to me.  
(puts sunglasses back on)  
Nobody messes with me in this  
neighborhood.

The Screwdriver nods and walks away.

Jimmy turns toward the film crew.

JIMMY RUSSELL  
(clapping his hands)  
What's the holdup? Why'd you stop  
shooting?

A large black dog walks up to Jimmy and stands beside him.

INT. RIZHO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rizho sits at a table near the window wearing sportswear. He  
cleans his weapons laid out on the table.

His cat moves around his legs and rubs against them.

Music plays from the stereo.

RIZHO  
(thoughtful)  
You know, writing... maybe I didn't  
figure it out right.  
(pets the cat)  
People take vacations to go  
somewhere, and here I am, sitting  
at home like a true hermit...  
Maybe that's exactly what I needed  
after all those missions.

Rizho looks out the window.

Across the street, Samantha appears wearing a tracksuit and  
jogs toward the park.

RIZHO  
(dreamily)  
Look at her, writing... Samantha.  
Damn, she's sexy. That slim little  
body...

MR. WU (O.S.)  
Yeah, she's got it.

RIZHO  
What the hell?

Rizho turns. Mr. Wu stands behind him, also looking out the  
window.

RIZHO  
(angry)  
What the hell are you doing here?

MR. WU  
You told me to come every day at  
two p.m. to check on the cat.

RIZHO  
(realizing)  
Right... perfect. Well, you don't  
need to come for the next two  
weeks.  
(glances back at the window)  
Actually, scratch that. You can  
stay. I think it's time I went for  
a run.

Rizho leaves the apartment.

Mr. Wu sits on the couch, picks up the remote, and switches the television to an adult channel.

MR. WU  
(to himself)  
I love my job.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

A city park with pedestrians moving along paths. Some people feed pigeons.

Rizho crosses a busy boulevard and enters the park. He looks around, then starts running.

Ahead, Samantha jogs alone along a narrow path between trees. She wears headphones.

Rizho runs after her but loses sight of her.

Samantha continues jogging. The path leads under a bridge. No other people are nearby.

Two men stand behind the bridge. They watch Samantha approach.

She notices them and increases her pace. The men move toward her.

One grabs her track jacket. She falls. The men surround her.

JUNKIE 1  
(snarling)  
Hey, baby. You got any money?

SAMANTHA  
(steady)  
I don't carry cash. Can't you see  
I'm out jogging?

JUNKIE 2  
(angry)  
Don't give us that! Hand it over  
before we take it ourselves!

SAMANTHA  
I told you, I don't have any money.

One of the men raises his hand.

Rizho appears behind him and throws him to the ground.

The second man turns and runs.

Rizho picks up a thick branch from the ground and throws it.  
The branch hits the man in the back. He falls.

Samantha remains on the ground. Rizho approaches and offers  
his hand.

RIZHO  
You okay? Did those bastards hurt  
you?

SAMANTHA  
(getting up)  
No... thanks to you.

She stands.

SAMANTHA  
I think I twisted my ankle.

RIZHO  
I can give first aid. I'll take you  
home... I've got supplies.

SAMANTHA  
I run here every day. It's always  
been safe.  
(grateful)  
You showed up at the right moment.

RIZHO  
Glad I did.

They walk through the park together. Samantha leans on Rizho.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR THE PARK - DAY

A black modified car is parked nearby.

Inside the car, THE SCREWDRIVER watches Rizho and Samantha walk away together.

He starts the engine and drives off.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Rizho walks down the hallway beside Samantha toward his apartment door.

SAMANTHA  
(teasing)  
So, you're leading a limping horse home, huh?

RIZHO  
(smiling)  
A little horseshoeing and this one will run like new.

SAMANTHA  
Is the man with the bread machine flirting with me?

Rizho stops talking. They reach his door.

Sounds come from inside the apartment. An adult channel plays.

RIZHO  
(awkward)  
You know what? I, uh... forgot to  
clean up after the cat.  
How about we go to your place  
instead?

Samantha looks at him, then nods and smiles.

INT. OFFICE - SMOKING AREA - DAY

Jack Uzi and Rachel stand together in the smoking area. No one else is present.

They look at each other. Each smokes in silence.

RACHEL  
(flirty)  
It's been a while since a tiger  
like you walked into this office.

JACK UZI  
(not modest)  
Lady... I'm much more than a tiger.

Rachel holds a cigarette in her hand. Her eyes linger on him, restless.

RACHEL  
I know a room nobody ever enters.

JACK UZI  
(confidently)  
Lead the way.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rizho and Samantha sit on the couch in front of the television. Rizho holds Samantha's injured leg and works on her ankle.

The apartment contains paintings on the walls, sketches scattered around, and unfinished pages on a table.

RIZHO  
I think your ankle's dislocated.  
You'll need to grit your teeth.

SAMANTHA  
I don't know why, but I trust you.

Rizho rotates her foot clockwise and presses the joint with his other hand. He pulls to the side. A cracking sound follows. Samantha reacts, then settles.

SAMANTHA  
(curious)  
Where'd you learn to do that?

RIZHO  
On the battlefield. Besides taking  
limbs apart, we had to learn how to  
put them back together.

Samantha laughs.

SAMANTHA  
You're funny.

Rizho looks around the apartment at the drawings.

RIZHO  
Nice sketches. Are you an artist?

SAMANTHA  
I mostly write poetry, but I love  
to draw sometimes.

RIZHO  
That's great. I'm only good at  
polishing boots and loading ammo.

Samantha laughs again and looks at him.

SAMANTHA  
You know, I usually don't like men  
with beards... but yours is so...  
ginger.  
(laughs)  
I mean, I like it.

They stop talking and look at each other. They lean closer.

A meowing sound comes from Rizho's pocket. They separate.

RIZHO  
(awkward)  
Sorry... baby monitor.

SAMANTHA  
(surprised)  
Baby monitor? You have a baby?

RIZHO  
Uh... no. It's for the cat.

Samantha looks at him. Rizho stands up.

RIZHO  
Uh, I should... head upstairs.  
(thinks)  
How about we grab a coffee  
tomorrow?

SAMANTHA  
(smiling)  
Yeah... I'd like that.

RIZHO  
Good... great! See you tomorrow  
then.

Rizho leaves the apartment. Samantha watches him go. She closes the door and leans against it.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Rizho stands outside Samantha's door.

RIZHO  
(irritated)  
That damn baby monitor!

INT. RIZHO'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Rizho sleeps in bed. He snores.

An alarm clock on the nightstand shows 5:59. It changes to 6:00. The alarm sounds. Rizho opens his eyes.

Rizho turns on the stereo.

He does push-ups on the floor.

He showers and sings.

In front of the mirror, Rizho brushes his teeth, combs his beard, and sprays cologne.

In the kitchen, Rizho prepares breakfast.

Rizho cleans the apartment. He sings in front of the mirror and pretends to be a cowboy.

Rizho opens a kitchen cabinet. He takes a pack of coffee and pours it into the coffee maker.

In the living room, SHARLATAN plays with a hand grenade.

RIZHO  
(warning)  
Sharlo, stop playing with the  
grenade! You'll hurt yourself!

The cat meows.

Rizho turns on the coffee maker. It pops and releases smoke.

Rizho drops behind the counter, then looks up.

RIZHO  
Guess it's time for a new coffee  
maker.

EXT. CITY BOULEVARD - MORNING

Traffic moves along the boulevard. People walk on the  
sidewalks. Buses pass.

Rizho's car drives along the road.

INT. RIZHO'S CAR - DAY

Rizho drives through traffic. He looks at women on the street  
and turns on the radio.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
(comedic tone)  
Good morning, dear listeners!  
Today's weather will be...  
bombastic!

RIZHO  
(happy)  
Yeah! Bombastic!

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
This morning we're going retro.  
Here's a warm-up with Red Hot Chili  
Peppers - The Other Side.

RIZHO  
(cheering)  
Woohoo!  
(screaming)  
RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS! COME ON!

Music plays. Rizho sings along.

Another car accelerates and cuts in front of him.

RIZHO  
What's your problem, huh? You want  
me to glue you to my sole?

The car continues to block him.

Rizho brakes hard and exits his car.

EXT. DESERTED SIDE STREET - DAY

Rizho's car is parked by the curb.

Another car is parked in front of it. It belongs to THE  
SCREWDRIVER.

Rizho steps out of his car.

From the other car, THE SCREWDRIVER exits with three large  
men.

Rizho smiles.

RIZHO  
Ohhh... you boys wanna fight?  
(happy)  
Come on then... bring it!

The Screwdriver gestures to his men.

They rush Rizho.

Rizho engages them and drops them one by one.

When the third man hits the ground, the first man gets back up and attacks again.

Rizho strikes him and puts him back down.

All three men lie still.

Only Rizho and The Screwdriver remain.

RIZHO  
You gonna try... or just stand  
there watching?

The Screwdriver takes a fighting stance.

They circle each other.

The Screwdriver attacks. Rizho blocks and punches him in the nose. Blood flows.

The Screwdriver remains standing and strikes Rizho in the stomach.

Rizho absorbs the hit.

They exchange punches, kicks, and grappling.

Rizho gains the upper hand and knocks The Screwdriver to the ground.

RIZHO  
(satisfied)  
Thanks, boys. That's exactly the  
warm-up I needed.

Rizho returns to his car and drives away.

The Screwdriver slowly gets up and watches the car leave.

He spits blood.

INT. OFFICE CAFETERIA - DAY

Several employees sit around a small table with coffee cups.

Jack Uzi sits with them, calm and quiet, holding his coffee.

RACHEL  
(smiling, teasing)  
So, Jack, rumor has it you used to  
be... military?

JACK UZI  
(nods)  
Fifteen years, special ops. Mostly  
anti-narcotics. Jungle raids, night  
drops, the usual.

The group leans in.

DAN, a thin coworker, speaks.

DAN  
You mean like... chasing drug  
dealers?

JACK UZI  
(sipping, dead serious)  
No. Killing them.

The table goes quiet.

The employees burst out laughing.

RACHEL  
(laughing)  
Oh my God, Jack, you're hilarious!  
"Killing them!" That's so dark!

JACK UZI  
(not smiling)  
Wasn't a joke.

The laughter grows louder.

DAN  
So what, you like... shoot them  
with spreadsheets now?

JACK UZI  
Only when the printer jams.

More laughter.

RACHEL  
(laughing, catching her breath)  
You're unbelievable, Jack. You  
should totally come to karaoke  
night.

JACK UZI  
(serious)  
Do they have "Bodies" by Drowning  
Pool?

The group laughs again.

Jack looks around the table.

He takes another sip of coffee.

JACK UZI (V.O.)  
Maybe they're not so bad...  
(pause)  
Still can't believe they put milk  
in this stuff.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rizho walks down the hallway carrying a new coffee maker under his arm. He stops in front of Samantha's door and raises his hand to knock.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
(nervous)  
Nothing to be afraid of. She likes  
you.

He hesitates.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
You got this... Yeah, you got this!  
Just like when you shot those damn  
Mexicans.

Rizho stands motionless in front of the door.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
This is your final warning! You  
knock on that door...  
(screaming in his head)  
RIGHT NOW!

He knocks. Waits. No response.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
She's probably watching through the  
peephole and doesn't want to open.

Rizho adjusts his posture and facial expression, attempting to pose. He knocks again. Still no response.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
You know what to do... Go upstairs  
and grab the battering ram.

Rizho scratches his head.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
That's right... how did I not think  
of that...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rizho reaches his apartment door. He places his hand on the doorknob. It is unlocked.

RIZHO  
(muttering to himself)  
Oh... Mr. Wu.

The door opens. Samantha stands inside the apartment.

SAMANTHA  
(excited)  
Hey, Rizho! You finally showed up.

Rizho reacts and nearly drops the coffee maker.

RIZHO  
Samantha? What are you doing here?

SAMANTHA  
I came for coffee, but you weren't home... Mr. Wu invited me in.

Mr. Wu appears from inside the apartment holding a ladle.

RIZHO  
(sarcastic)  
Oh, that's just great.

INT. RIZHO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Samantha moves around the apartment comfortably.

SAMANTHA  
(making herself at home)  
By the way, your coffee maker doesn't work.

RIZHO  
(confused)  
Uh, yeah... I brought a new one.

MR. WU  
I'm making my special Peking  
chicken! You'll lick your fingers  
clean!

Samantha assists Mr. Wu in the kitchen.

SAMANTHA  
(to Rizho)  
Mr. Wu is always so kind.

RIZHO  
(stunned)  
Always? How do you know him?

SAMANTHA  
(looks at him oddly)  
Everyone knows Mr. Wu... he's lived  
on the second floor for twenty  
years.

RIZHO  
(thinking)  
I knew he looked familiar.

MR. WU  
It's so nice here... I don't have a  
TV at home.

Samantha notices Rizho's torn T-shirt.

SAMANTHA  
Your shirt's ripped. What happened?

RIZHO  
(trying to make something up)  
Uh... a kitten on the street...  
scratched me.

Sharlatan meows.

SAMANTHA  
I thought all cats loved you...

RIZHO  
(defensive)  
This one had... personality.

Sharlatan meows again.

SAMANTHA  
(setting the table)  
We had a coffee date, and look how  
that turned out...

RIZHO  
This is one of those moments when I  
just run out of words.

They sit at the table together.

Rizho and Samantha exchange a look.

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - DAY

A small room with low light. Neon lights flicker. Two large monitors display the edit of a gangster rap music video. The music from the shoot plays.

A large, dark-skinned man sits in front of the monitors, focused on the screens.

JIMMY RUSSELL stands behind him, giving instructions. He massages the editor's shoulders. A lollipop hangs from his mouth.

On a couch behind them sit two women from the music video. They wear jackets over their outfits and shiver.

JIMMY  
(excited)  
That's dope! Just like that!  
(slaps the editor on the neck)  
Wait a sec... why'd you put that  
shot there? It's cringe, can't you  
see?

The door opens. THE SCREWDRIVER enters.

Jimmy turns toward him.

JIMMY  
Is the bastard here?

THE SCREWDRIVER  
(guilty)  
No... he's a tough one.

JIMMY  
You're telling me this clown made  
you look like a clown?

THE SCREWDRIVER  
Pretty much.

JIMMY  
Pretty much? There were four of  
you!  
What is he, Rambo?

Jimmy kicks a chair, then stops.

JIMMY  
Alright... if we can't bring him  
here, then we'll invite him.

THE SCREWDRIVER  
I talked to people in the  
neighborhood. The only thing anyone  
knows about him... is that he loves  
cats.

JIMMY  
Cats? You got beat up by a cat  
lover?

The Screwdriver looks down.

JIMMY  
Okay... this guy officially pisses  
me off.  
(points with the lollipop)  
If we can't use force, we'll use  
brains.

Jimmy exits the room.

The Screwdriver steps toward the couch, forces the women to stand, and takes their place.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

A karaoke bar with neon lighting. People sit at tables with drinks. Someone sings a Bon Jovi song on stage.

At one table sit Rizho and Samantha.

At a nearby table sit Jack Uzi, Rachel, Dan, and Mike.

RIZHO  
(to Jack)  
You settled in fast at the office.  
Which one's your girl?

Jack pulls Rachel closer.

JACK UZI  
(proud, but dry)  
This is Rachel. Tomorrow she's  
filing for divorce.

Rizho and Samantha exchange a look. Rachel laughs.

RACHEL  
(grinning)  
Guess I grabbed the cat by the  
tail.

RIZHO  
(tearing up)  
I like this woman!

The DJ announces the next performer.

Jack drinks his beer and looks toward the stage.

JACK UZI  
(mutters)  
It was quieter on the front line.

RACHEL  
(laughing)  
Come on, Jack. You only live once  
without the uniform.

DAN  
(teasing)  
Come on, soldier, show us what  
you've got. Or are you only a hero  
behind the monitor?

People at the table clap and encourage him.

Jack stands up and walks toward the stage.

RACHEL  
(loudly, cheering)  
That's my tiger!

People laugh.

Jack takes the microphone and stands in place for a moment.

JACK UZI  
(calmly, into the mic)  
This one's for all the soldiers...  
who survived the corporate war.

The song "Bodies" by Drowning Pool starts.

JACK UZI  
LET THE BODIES HIT THE FLOOR!

People react. Dan and Mike stand up and move along with the  
music.

Rachel records with her phone.

Rizho and Samantha look toward the stage.

RIZHO  
(laughing, to Samantha)  
Look at him, my brother... found  
himself a new mission!

SAMANTHA  
(smiling)  
And you... have you found yours?

Rizho looks at her and reaches for her hand.

RIZHO  
(softly)  
I found mine long ago... but it was  
the hardest one.

She takes his hand.

Jack finishes the song.

People applaud.

Rachel hugs Jack and kisses his cheek.

Dan and Mike hand him a beer.

DAN  
(laughing)  
Bro, you're a legend! In my next  
life, I wanna be you!

MIKE  
(smiling, mock-serious)  
I'll pray they promote you so you  
can be my manager!

Jack smiles.

Rizho and Samantha kiss.

Jack raises his glass.

JACK UZI  
(shouting)  
To love, peace... and heavy metal!

The DJ starts another song.

The group gathers at the table.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
(calm)  
Maybe not all battles are won with  
weapons.  
Come to think of it... I don't  
really miss the battlefield that  
much.

INT. RIZHO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is dimly lit. The television is on. LED light strips provide low illumination.

A sound comes from the front door. The lock clicks. The door opens.

Two large men enter quietly.

INTRUDER 1  
(looks at the TV, whispering)  
Look at this guy... left the TV on  
the porn channel.

INTRUDER 2  
(low voice)  
Yeah, total pervert... Let's move  
fast before we end up like the  
others.

Sharlatan, the cat, walks up and rubs against their legs.

INTRUDER 1  
Hey, look... The boss was right.  
The guy really has a cat.

INTRUDER 2  
Find its food and mix in the  
pills...

Intruder 1 moves through the apartment holding a small pill container. He steps forward and stops.

INTRUDER 1  
Is that... a hand grenade on the  
floor?

INTRUDER 2  
(nervous)  
What grenade, man?

INTRUDER 1  
(yelling)  
I just kicked a damn grenade!

Mr. Wu emerges from the shadows and attacks.

He strikes one intruder in the chest, then delivers a high kick to the other's face.

INTRUDER 1  
(screaming)  
Who the hell is this Asian guy?!

MR. WU  
I am the demon of this apartment!

INTRUDER 2  
(to his partner)  
Hit him!

Intruder 1 attempts to strike back. Mr. Wu counters with rapid strikes and kicks, alternating between both men.

Intruder 1 falls to the floor. The pill container breaks open. Pills scatter across the floor.

Intruder 2 grabs him.

INTRUDER 2  
Let's get out of here... This  
Jackie Chan just wrecked us!

The two intruders move toward the door and exit.

MR. WU  
(shouting after them)  
Wait! I'm not done with you!

Sharlatan approaches the spilled pills and begins licking them from the floor.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rizho and Samantha enter the apartment. Rizho turns on the lights.

Samantha laughs loudly and moves unsteadily. Rizho supports her as they walk.

SAMANTHA  
(laughing)  
That karaoke night was bombastic!  
(grinning drunkenly)  
You were hilarious singing that Red  
Hot Chili Peppers song...

RIZHO  
(smiling)  
Yeah... I didn't expect you to nail  
that Britney Spears track either.

SAMANTHA  
(half-asleep)  
Are you kidding me... I'm a Christina  
Aguilera fan!

RIZHO  
(confused)  
Ah... well, same thing.

They reach the couch. Rizho tries to sit Samantha down. She resists.

SAMANTHA  
(suddenly serious)  
Do you want to go to the bedroom?

RIZHO  
(nervous)  
Uh... sure.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They enter the bedroom. Rizho turns on the light.

The bed is neatly made. A large portrait of a cat hangs above it.

RIZHO  
(almost tearful)  
I think... I'm already in love.

Samantha looks at him, then at the cat portrait.

SAMANTHA  
Are you in love with that cat?

RIZHO  
For God's sake, no!

Samantha sits on the bed.

SAMANTHA  
Good... because I wouldn't give her  
up for anything.

Rizho sits beside her.

RIZHO  
(relaxed)  
You don't have to. It gives me a  
reason to come visit this room more  
often.

SAMANTHA  
Oh, how sweet...  
(thinks for a moment)  
You know... I've always thought you  
were kind of weird.

RIZHO  
Well... I'm not exactly the usual  
type.

SAMANTHA  
Yeah... that's what makes you  
interesting.

They look at each other in silence. They lean toward each other.

Samantha suddenly falls back onto the bed and falls asleep.

Rizho remains leaning forward, then straightens.

He pulls a blanket over her.

Rizho looks at the cat portrait.

RIZHO  
(to the portrait)  
Take care of her...  
(turns to leave, then looks back)  
And just so you know, I'll be back.

Rizho winks and leaves the room.

INT. RIZHO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rizho enters his apartment.

Furniture is overturned. Objects are scattered across the floor.

Mr. Wu stands in the middle of the room holding a mop and cleaning.

RIZHO  
(baffled)  
What the hell happened here?

MR. WU  
Two idiots tried to rob you, Mr.  
Kamikaze, but they ran into the old  
master instead.

Rizho stands still.

RIZHO  
(irritated)  
Rats trying to steal from the  
cat...

Sharlatan rubs against Rizho's legs.

Rizho bends down, picks up the cat, and holds him.

RIZHO  
(overacting)  
Tell me... those freaks didn't hurt  
you, did they?

Sharlatan releases a loud fart.

RIZHO  
(gagging)  
Oh... uh. That was serious!

EXT. CITY - MORNING

The city is active. Cars move through the streets.  
Pedestrians gather at intersections. Construction work  
continues. A worker cleans the windows of a tall office  
building.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jack Uzi enters the office holding a cup of coffee and a folder under his arm.

He passes Dan and Mike at their desks.

DAN  
(greeting him)  
Hey, machine!

MIKE  
What's up, MTV star?

Jack gives a brief smile and continues walking.

He reaches his desk, sits down, and places the coffee in front of him.

Office machines operate nearby.

Jack opens the folder.

JACK  
(to himself, annoyed)  
Freaking paperwork...

He opens a desk drawer. A note with a lipstick print lies on top.

He reads it.

The note reads:  
I'm in the secret room. - Rachel

Jack looks up and smiles.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Samantha takes an apple from the kitchen counter and bites into it.

She walks to the living room, sits on the couch, and uses her phone to make a call.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
(excited but nervous)  
Hey, Samantha! How are you?

SAMANTHA  
I'm fine... everything's good.  
(looks aside)  
I was thinking of going for a run  
in the park... want to join me?

INT. RIZHO'S CAR - DAY

RIZHO  
(polite tone)  
I'd love to, but...  
(a fart is heard)  
Sharlo's got diarrhea. I'm taking  
him to the vet right now.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)  
Oh, poor thing... that sounds  
serious.

RIZHO  
Believe me... I've seen all kinds of  
nasty stuff, but this-this is  
disturbing even for me.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Samantha holds the phone.

Another fart is heard through the call.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
(shouting)  
Damn it, Sharlo... the seat!

Samantha pauses.

SAMANTHA  
Okay... I'll just go to the park  
alone then.  
(concerned)  
Call me later and let me know what  
happens.

RIZHO (V.O.)  
Of course! I'll make it up to you  
tonight...  
(yells)  
God, that smell!

SAMANTHA  
(politely)  
Okay... talk to you later!

She ends the call.

Samantha lowers the apple and sets it aside.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Samantha places earphones in her ears and starts jogging  
through the park.

She runs past a lake and a fountain. Other people walk along  
the paths as she passes them.

EXT. STREET NEXT TO THE PARK - DAY

A street runs parallel to the park path.

A black van drives slowly along the street. It matches Samantha's pace.

The driver is the same man with the broken nose.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Samantha approaches the bridge where she was attacked before. She stops and looks around.

She turns and chooses a different path, then resumes running.

She passes a child holding a balloon. The child's mother waves. Samantha waves back.

The path narrows. Fewer people are nearby.

Samantha continues running with her earphones on.

A black van moves closer behind her and stops.

Two men exit the van.

Samantha slows and turns.

One man opens the side door of the van.

The other grabs Samantha and forces her inside.

Her earphones fall to the ground.

Samantha screams.

The van doors close. The van drives away.

The earphones remain on the ground. Music continues playing through them.

The van disappears down the street.

INT. RIZHO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rizho enters the apartment carrying his cat. The cat wears a diaper. The television is off.

RIZHO  
(sighs)  
Finally, some peace.

His phone rings. Rizho takes it out. On the screen is a photo of Samantha from the karaoke night.

He answers.

RIZHO  
(excited)  
Hey... Samantha! Everything's fine now. We solved the diarrhea problem!

JIMMY RUSSELL (V.O.)  
(surprising)  
Uh-uh... guess again. Samantha's a bit busy right now.

RIZHO  
(confused)  
And who the hell are you?

INT. JIMMY'S BASE - DAY

Jimmy Russell sits in an office chair with his feet on the desk. He holds a phone in one hand and a lollipop in the other.

A rap music video plays on a screen behind him. Jimmy appears in several shots of the video.

In the room are The Screwdriver, Samantha tied to a couch, and a Doberman standing nearby.

JIMMY RUSSELL  
(to the point)  
Name's Jimmy Russell, dumbass.  
You've been getting on my nerves  
for days. You beat up some of my  
best men...  
(scratches his chin)  
So I figured I'd invite your  
girlfriend over - against her will.  
If you want her back, be a man and  
come get her.

INT. RIZHO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rizho listens.

RIZHO  
(flat)  
I don't get all this talking  
crap... I've beaten guys tougher  
than you, but it's the first time  
someone takes it personal.

INT. JIMMY'S BASE - DAY

JIMMY RUSSELL  
(getting irritated)  
When someone screws me over on the  
streets... it is personal!  
(waves the lollipop)  
You've got two hours to show up, or  
the lovely Samantha - you'll only  
see her in photos.

INT. RIZHO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rizho responds.

RIZHO  
And how am I supposed to find you?

JIMMY RUSSELL (V.O.)  
I'll send you the location,  
dumbass!

The call ends.

Rizho lowers the phone.

RIZHO  
(tired)  
And I was just about to watch  
Baywatch...

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy sits behind his desk holding a phone. A lollipop is in his mouth.

He removes the lollipop and turns to The Screwdriver.

JIMMY  
Gather the boys... we're expecting  
company.

The Screwdriver exits the office.

Samantha sits on a couch with her hands tied. A Doberman lies on the floor nearby.

Jimmy leans back in his chair.

JIMMY  
(to Samantha)  
Can't wait to meet your boyfriend.  
(sucks on the lollipop)  
Either I'll kick his ass... or offer  
him a job.

SAMANTHA  
(sarcastic)  
Where do I send my resume? I could  
use a job too.

JIMMY  
(interested)  
Tell me... can you sing?

Samantha looks at him without responding.

INT. RIZHO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rizho enters his bedroom.

He bumps a cabinet with his elbow. The cabinet opens,  
revealing a safe.

Rizho enters a code. The safe opens.

Inside are a laptop, documents, and two stacks of cash.

Rizho takes the laptop and carries it to the kitchen.

He places it on the counter and opens it.

His cat jumps onto the counter and moves around the laptop.

Rizho opens a program and enters a password.

A list of names appears. He selects AGENT DRAEGER.

A video call begins. Draeger appears on the screen.

RIZHO

Hey, boss... how's it going?

DRAEGER

Everything's under control, Rizho.  
What's happening?

RIZHO

You got any info on a guy named  
Jimmy Russell?

DRAEGER (O.S.)

Yeah, I know that wannabe  
gangster...

(on screen)

A few years ago, he was on our  
radar. Tried to deal drugs, but  
backed out just in time.

Maybe someone tipped him off...

DRAEGER (O.S.)

Now he's into robbery and  
extortion. Trying to break into the  
music business.

Thinks he's Jay-Z.

DRAEGER

(on screen)

His right hand's a nutcase named  
The Screwdriver.

Got stabbed nine times with a  
screwdriver... the bastard  
survived.

RIZHO

I think I've met that guy already.

DRAEGER

Why do you ask? What happened?

RIZHO

They kidnapped someone close to me.  
I'm going after them.

DRAEGER

You're on leave, Rizho. I'll send  
in a special unit.

RIZHO  
(firmly)  
Thanks, boss... but this one's  
personal.

DRAEGER  
Your call, Rizho. If you need  
backup, send a signal. Stay safe.

RIZHO  
Will do, sir.

The call ends. Rizho closes the laptop.

INT. RIZHO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rizho puts on combat pants.

He straps on magazine pouches.

He zips up a leather jacket.

He ties a pink bandana around his neck.

He puts on leather gloves.

Rizho lifts the mattress.

Beneath it lies an organized collection of weapons.

RIZHO  
(looking at them thoughtfully)  
I'm on leave... no killing today.

Rizho picks up a baseball bat.

EXT. JIMMY'S BASE - LATE AFTERNOON

An industrial compound with rusted hangars and stacked containers. Gangsta rap plays from a boombox somewhere inside the yard.

Rizho approaches on foot holding a baseball bat.

He moves behind an abandoned tanker and looks over the area.

RIZHO  
(to himself)  
Classic... five hangars, ten  
cameras, two idiots with  
automatics.  
And I decided to come with a bat.

Behind a fence, two guards stand near an ammo crate and smoke. One squeezes hot dog sauce onto the crate lid.

GUARD 1  
You see him?

GUARD 2  
Yeah, I just put a little sauce on  
it.

GUARD 1  
(annoyed)  
Not that, idiot, that...  
(then shrugs)  
Whatever.

Rizho moves behind a parked truck.

He takes a small bottle from his bag and shakes it. Inside are paintball balls filled with hot pepper sauce.

RIZHO  
(excited)  
Tactical innovation. Home made.

Rizho throws one of the balls against a wall. The ball bursts and spreads pepper sauce into the air.

The guards begin coughing and shouting.

Rizho advances toward the hangar door. He switches the bat from one hand to the other.

RIZHO  
(to himself)  
Tonight I'll pay you a visit in the hospital.

One guard runs around the corner.

Rizho strikes him in the helmet with the bat.

The second guard attacks with a knife. Rizho ducks, grabs him by the collar, and slams him into the wall.

The guard collapses.

RIZHO  
(smiling)  
You guarding a warehouse or auditioning for "Slowest Reaction in the World"?

Rizho takes the keys from the guard, unlocks the metal door, and enters the hangar.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Light enters through high windows and reaches the floor.

Pallets, crates, and machine parts are scattered throughout the space. Fans operate overhead. A radio plays nearby.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)  
...and tomorrow temperatures will remain high, so stay in the shade and don't play the hero...

Rizho looks up.

Two guards stand on a catwalk above him, holding rifles.

Rizho moves behind a pillar.

RIZHO  
Easy, boys... just here to grab my  
cat and leave.

He scans the area and notices a pallet cart.

Rizho steps onto the cart and pushes off.

The cart rolls quickly across the floor. Rizho rides it forward.

He throws a wrench. A hanging lamp breaks.

The guards react.

One guard loses balance and falls from the catwalk.

Rizho advances and strikes the second guard, sending him into a box filled with rubber duck toys.

RIZHO  
(looking down, shaking his head)  
Is this a weapons depot?  
(picks up a duck)  
Ah, no. Baby supplies.  
(ironic)  
Intruder in the "infant zone."

Footsteps sound nearby.

Rizho turns toward an exit.

A large metal shutter drops and blocks the way.

VOICE (O.S.)  
He's here... get him!

Five armed guards move toward Rizho.

Rizho grips the baseball bat.

RIZHO  
Alright then... now we're having fun.

Rizho runs toward the guards.

He strikes one after another, using the bat and surrounding objects.

One guard is hit and falls.

Rizho uses a pipe to strike another guard and breaks a lamp.

A guard slips and falls into a bucket of paint.

Rizho picks up his hat from the floor and puts it on.

RIZHO  
(breathless, grinning)  
Man, these guys were boring.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The floor is scattered with helmets, rubber ducks, and a broken lantern.

Rizho stands in the center holding his baseball bat.

RIZHO  
(to himself)  
Fifteen to zero...  
(raises a finger)  
Not a single bullet. Eco-fight.

Rizho walks toward the office area at the far end of the warehouse.

A metallic sound rolls across the floor.

Rizho stops and looks down.

A rusty screwdriver lies on the ground.

RIZHO  
(raises an eyebrow)  
Yeah... that's not a good sign.

A voice speaks from behind him.

THE SCREWDRIVER (O.S.)  
Nine years ago... nine stabs.  
Let's see how many you can take.

Rizho turns.

THE SCREWDRIVER stands on the upper balcony and rolls up his sleeves.

RIZHO  
(mocking)  
Not exactly a pretty face...  
Wouldn't mind smacking you one.

THE SCREWDRIVER  
(twisted grin)  
Says the guy with the ginger  
beard...

Rizho reacts.

Lights switch on overhead.

RIZHO  
(shielding his eyes)  
Hey, hey, easy! You're burning my  
retinas here!

Three armed men descend from above using ropes.

Rizho swings the bat.

One man is struck in the helmet.

A second man kicks Rizho from behind.

The third tackles him to the ground.

Rizho fights back and knocks two of them down.

The third presses a stun gun into Rizho's side.

RIZHO  
(breathless)  
Unbelievable...

The stun gun activates. Rizho drops the bat.

INT. JIMMY RUSSELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jimmy sits behind his desk counting a stack of cash.

The office door opens. Two men drag Rizho inside. The  
Screwdriver follows them.

They throw Rizho onto the couch next to Samantha.

JIMMY  
(sets down the money)  
Well, well... our VIP guest!  
(smug grin)  
Kept me waiting.

Rizho lifts his head and notices Samantha.

RIZHO  
(dazed, then concerned)  
Samanthaaaa...  
(snaps back)  
You okay? Did they hurt you?

SAMANTHA  
(bored)  
Only my ears. I had to listen to  
their nonsense and terrible music.  
(glances at Jimmy)  
They didn't even offer me coffee.

JIMMY  
(points with his lollipop)  
Lady... that music's worth  
millions.

SAMANTHA  
(mocking)  
Then I should've been a millionaire  
by now.

RIZHO  
(calmly, to Samantha)  
Easy... the man's a producer. He  
knows the business.

Rizho looks around the office.

In the corner stands a bread machine.

RIZHO  
(amazed)  
Oh... you've got a bread maker!

Samantha stares at him.

JIMMY  
(from gangster to cheerful host)  
You like it? Makes killer whole-  
grain loaves.

RIZHO  
(grinning, as if everything makes  
sense now)  
Man, that's awesome.

SAMANTHA  
(annoyed)  
Can we drop the bread talk and get  
to what's actually going on here?!

JIMMY  
(waves the lollipop)  
The lady's right.  
(turns to Rizho)  
A few days ago I was supposed to  
receive a set of solid-gold  
candlesticks from a Chinese guy  
who... by pure coincidence... owed  
me money.  
(slams the desk)  
And then you showed up... playing  
Batman.

RIZHO  
(correcting him)  
First off, Batman only works at  
night... and yeah, I remember those  
clowns.  
(angrily)  
They kicked a stray cat.

JIMMY  
You really are a cat freak.  
(changes tone)  
Listen, I'm willing to let this  
slide. You could work for me, for  
example.  
(pauses)  
I'll forget the debt for the  
candlesticks, and you'll help with  
a few deals.

RIZHO  
(cuts him off)  
Or what?

JIMMY  
(irritated)  
Or I'll slice you up and feed you  
to my dogs... and your girlfriend  
gets a one-way ticket to the  
nearest desert.

RIZHO  
(bluffing)  
Fine. Challenge accepted.

Jimmy stiffens. Samantha looks at Rizho.

JIMMY  
(nervous)  
Alright then...  
(points at him)  
You're a dead man!

Two gangsters step toward Rizho.

The office door bursts open.

Jack Uzi enters wearing his office suit, a bulletproof vest over it, and a tie wrapped around his head. He holds an Uzi in each hand.

JACK UZI  
(loud and confident)  
Heard there's a party going on!

RIZHO  
(grinning)  
Look who showed up - the stripper!

JIMMY  
(drawing his pistols)  
What the hell is going on here?!

Gunfire breaks out.

Bullets strike the room. Bread pops out of the bread machine.

A cat jumps onto the desk. The dog runs after it.

Jimmy dives through a window.

The Screwdriver disappears.

Samantha crawls under the desk.

Rizho and Jack attack the remaining gunmen in the office.

More men enter. Rizho and Jack fight them and bring them down.

RIZHO  
(to Jack)  
Take care of Samantha... I'll handle  
the rest.

Jack nods.

Rizho jumps out the window after Jimmy and The Screwdriver.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A large warehouse with overhead lamps and stacked crates. Two Hummers are parked inside.

Jimmy runs between the vehicles.

Rizho enters the warehouse from behind.

Rizho spots a heavy metal rod on the floor. He picks it up and throws it.

The rod strikes Jimmy's legs. Jimmy falls to the ground.

Rizho moves toward him.

A chain wraps around Rizho's legs and pulls him down.

The other end of the chain is held by The Screwdriver.

The Screwdriver pulls. Rizho kicks back, pulls The Screwdriver off balance, and strikes him in the chest.

The Screwdriver falls. Rizho frees himself.

Rizho picks up his baseball bat from the floor.

They face each other.

The Screwdriver grabs another chain and swings it.

The chain wraps around Rizho's bat.

They pull against each other. The Screwdriver yanks the bat free.

The bat flies away.

Rizho lunges forward and strikes The Screwdriver.

The Screwdriver crashes into a crate and falls.

Rizho engages him in close combat. They exchange punches, kicks, and grappling moves.

Rizho gains the upper hand and slams The Screwdriver to the ground.

The Screwdriver remains unconscious.

Rizho walks toward Jimmy.

Jimmy lies on the floor, unable to stand.

JIMMY  
You broke my legs, you bastard!  
(through tears)  
You're done, man! You're done!

JACK (O.S.)  
I think you got the wrong dealer,  
kid.

Rizho turns.

Jack and Samantha step into view.

Jack holds Jimmy's dog on a leash.

JACK  
This dog's pretty cool... I think  
I'll keep him.

Jimmy lowers his head.

RIZHO  
(to Jack)  
Just like the good old days.

Rizho and Jack slap hands.

RIZHO  
(thoughtful)  
By the way... how'd you know we  
were here?

JACK  
Dreager called. Told me to watch  
your ass.  
(beat)  
My job's done. I'm heading out.  
Take Samantha to dinner.

Samantha steps closer to Rizho.

Jack turns away.

JACK  
(to the dog)  
Come on, Papi!

JIMMY  
(shouting)  
The dog's name is Zeus!

JACK  
(from afar)  
Not anymore. It's Papi.

PAPI  
Bark!

Rizho and Samantha walk away together.

Jimmy remains on the floor.

SAMANTHA  
Tell me you cleaned your car.

RIZHO  
What do you mean?

SAMANTHA  
What Sharlo did on your seat.

RIZHO  
Relax, I took public transport.

Samantha looks at him.

Rizho laughs and puts his arm around her.

EXT. APARTMENT ROOFTOP - SUNSET (NEXT DAY)

A barbecue party takes place on the apartment rooftop.

Present are Rizho, Samantha, Jack, Rachel, Dan, Mike, Mr. Wu,  
and Papi.

Mr. Wu stands at the grill preparing food. Dan and Mike stand  
nearby holding beers.

Rizho talks animatedly with Samantha and Rachel. Jack stands next to him, listening.

DAN  
(to Mr. Wu)  
So, you're saying soft porn isn't  
porn?

MR. WU  
(definitive)  
Yep.

MIKE  
(takes a sip)  
I can believe that... there's  
"soft" even on the nudist beach.

MR. WU  
(flipping ribs)  
Exactly.

Jack addresses the group.

JACK  
You know... I don't regret my  
choice. Office work's sometimes  
wilder than the front line.

RACHEL  
Do you have secret rooms on the  
front line?

JACK  
Sure. But no women.

RIZHO  
(joins in)  
What about Loving Mother?

JACK  
She looked more like Jason Momoa  
without a beard.

Everyone laughs.

Samantha takes Rizho's hand and leads him away from the group toward the edge of the roof.

SAMANTHA  
(softly, honest)  
In just a few days, I've been  
through so much... even got  
kidnapped.  
(drops her gaze for a moment)  
Honestly... I thought you were kind  
of a loser.

RIZHO  
Maybe it's the cat hair on my  
clothes.

SAMANTHA  
(smiles)  
Not exactly... but anyway... these  
past three days, you've got my  
adrenaline running...  
(pauses)  
And I really like that.

They kiss.

JACK (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
Who said "cheers"?

MIKE & DAN  
(yelling)  
Let's goooo!

Rizho and Samantha rejoin the group.

The group continues talking and laughing around the grill.

FIVE YEARS LATER

RIZHO (V.O.)  
So... things between Samantha and me  
worked out.  
We got married after three months.

We had a son. Rizho Kamikaze Jr.  
A wild little guy. He's already  
chasing my cat like it's a tactical  
exercise.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Jack and Rachel ended up together too.  
Turns out she had a daughter.  
Jack became a stepfather. Military discipline included.

He got promoted. He's now general manager.  
Dan and Mike run their own departments.  
The new employees don't last long.

Mr. Wu made it into the record books.  
Longest continuous porn-watching marathon.

As for Jimmy... music producing didn't work out.  
He opened a roadside diner.  
The reviews are terrible.

And me...  
I'm not the commando I used to be.  
But I can tell one hell of a bedtime story.

INT. KID'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rizho Jr. lies in bed.

Rizho sits beside him on a small chair.

RIZHO  
And then the Terminator showed up,  
kicked the bad wolf a few times,  
saved Little Red Riding Hood,  
the village celebrated with a few  
barrels of gunpowder,  
and the Terminator went back to the  
future.

Rizho Jr. sleeps.

Rizho looks toward the door.

RIZHO  
Good night, little chicks!

SHARLATAN (V.O.)  
Meow...