

THE BREAKUP AGENCY

"Unsteady"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BRIAN, African-American, soldier in his early 20s, has NATALIE, Caucasian, in her early 20s slung over his right shoulder as she is punching him in the back.

NATALIE

Put me down! I will have you arrested for battery!

Brian fumbles with the keys. He finally opens the door and attempts to take a step into the apartment. He forgets to step up in to it. Both of them crash to the ground. Natalie slides across the floor and into the wall.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I hope you die in Iraq!

BRIAN

What?

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

Natalie's still drunk from the nights activities slowly crawls away into the bedroom.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian scrambles to his feet and goes into the kitchen and fumbles around for a knife. He finds one , walks around the kitchen counter and sees Natalie is not there. He stumbles into the bedroom.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian hands the kitchen knife to Natalie.

BRIAN

Here!

Natalie slashes at Brian's stomach sideways and attempts to forward thrust the knife into his stomach.

Brian grabs her hand just in time to have the tip inserted a quarter of an inch. Brian snatches the knife out her hand and chuck's it into the wall, handle first. The knife creates a hole with the blade sticking out.

Brian and Natalie both look at each other in disbelief. She slaps Brian repeatedly as he tries to sit her down on the bed.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Stop it damn it! Stop! What is your problem? Sit down and let me explain what happened.

Natalie temporarily calms down as Brian squats down in front of her and places his hands on her knees. She front kicks Brian into the wall behind him. A loud thud created by the front kick shakes the wall and a large picture crashes to the floor.

Brian leaps to his feet as Natalie and him are nose to nose. She attempts to slap him again. He grabs her hand in mid swing and throws it down to her side. Brian picks her up by her armpits and toss her on the bed.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
What the hell is your problem huh?
I told you what the truth was and
you still don't believe me? But
you're going to believe a person
that you don't even know! Open your
eyes! Jesus Christ woman!

EXT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS approach and knock on the door.

POLICE OFFICER #1
This is the police! Open the door!

Brian scrambles to get a shirt, walks by a mirror and realizes there is enough blood coming out of the superficial wounds that it looks worse than it truly is. Brian grabs a towel and wipes the blood off. He puts on his military issued brown T-shirt and jumps into his desert camouflage pants.

As Brian opens the door, he is met with 2 blinding beams from the officer's flashlights.

POLICE OFFICER #2
We received a call about a domestic disturbance at this residence. Is anyone hurt?

One of the police officers lowers his oppressive flashlight down, as the other is still blinding Brian. Natalie comes out from around the corner. The police officer moves the light to her face.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Ma'am. Are you OK?

Brian's face is contorted with him holding back emotions and physical pain. He lowers his head as he knows he is going to jail.

NATALIE
No sir, nothing is going on here.
We were just arguing because he is deploying to Iraq in the morning with the 4th Infantry Division.

The police officers look at each other; extend their hands to Brian as he has a look of total confusion met with relief.

POLICE OFFICER #1
We thank you for your service sir and comeback in one piece.

Brian still with the look of utter confusion with a side of relief shakes their hand and nods his head. As Brian shakes the last officer's hand. The officer retracts his hand and sees blood. The police officer motions with his head over to the other officer. They both look at Brian.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Are you OK?

BRIAN
I'm good officer just exhausted.
Thank you and sorry to waste your time.

Brian lets the front door close as he watches the police leave. He turns around, shuts the apartment door behind him. He is met with a right hook. WHACK

Brian falls to the floor and quickly comes to. As soon as he opens his eyes. Natalie's dirty foot is quickly descending upon his face and is stomped unconscious.

FADE TO BLACK.

BRIAN (V.O.)
So you want to be a soldier huh?
This is how my second marriage started. Yeah I said my second marriage. Oh yeah and my first deployment to Iraq started too. Well, it was one of those emotional impulses accelerated by being in the military and fueled by fear and loneliness.

(MORE)

BRIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I realize it now that I was already
fighting a war before the real one
started.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - PADDED ROOM - DAY

Brian sits at his table writing on a piece of paper. A noose made out of bed sheets hangs over his bed.

BRIAN (V.O.)
Yeah that's me. Sitting at the table and I'm not going to lie. I need to be here. But I don't want to be. How did I go from getting stabbed to being here? Well to be honest. My best friends pushed me to be here. It sucks. But their loyalty transcends the word brotherhood and was a bond that was forged on the battlefield through the proverbial, blood, sweat and many tears. As you can see I have all my limbs. Thank God. But, the wounds you can't see are the ones that are the most damaging. I know this, but I deny it. I would have rather lost a physical body part to show why I am the way I am now. I know I need to find a reason a reason to live a normal life and one with actual purpose. But I'm stuck once again in a cycle of finding the right person for the wrong reasons at the right time once again. Can I break this cycle? Sure. But I need some help. I feel helpless because I can't take another loss because that would make me 0-2. I'll comeback to what happened during my deployment after I tell you what happened after it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY - 2 YEARS LATER

An ORDERLY, Caucasian, large frame, early 40s walks in.

ORDERLY
Sir, you have a guest.

The Orderly looks at Brian writing and notices the noose hanging from the pipes above. He walks over to it and shakes on it.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Come on sir. Get rid of this thing.
Sir, I've warned you about this
countless times. This is your last
warning.

Brian grins wide.

BRIAN

Hey man, I use this thing as a rope
climb you know for working out.
It's something that you know
nothing about, apparently.

Brian taps the Orderly on the belly.

ORDERLY

Hey man. Get up and lets go.
Medications first then your guest.

The Orderly taps Brian on the shoulder and gently guides him out his room and into the media room

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

The Orderly motions for Brian to wait a moment as he goes to the medication dispenser window and grabs the tiny paper cup labeled THISAIN TREAL with pills in it and a small cup of water. The Orderly hands Brian both paper cups.

Brian has a look of confusion as he mouths the words on the paper cup labeled Thisain Treal. He shrugs his shoulders and tosses back the pills in an exaggerated motion and brings the small cup of water above his head and pours in into his mouth. The Orderly doesn't seem amused. Brian crushes both cups in his hand and tosses them into the air one at a time. He swaps at both of them and hits them away.

Brian turns to the Orderly with his hands raised. The Orderly still with the same look of non-amusement, motions for Brian to sit down at the table. Brian motions for the Orderly to leave.

In walks BUCKET, very large Samoan in his early 30s, with a military issued duffle bag on his back.

Brian notices Bucket walking in and moves toward Bucket with a mile wide grin as they embrace. Brian motions for Bucket to take a seat.

BUCKET

What's up bro. How are you feeling?

BRIAN

Better I think my brother. Wait.
Why do have you have our deployment
duffle bag with you?

BUCKET

I'll show you what's in this thing
after I tell you what's happened to
Chris and I ever since you've been
in here. Scouts honor.

BRIAN

Deal.

BUCKET

How long you got left man?

BRIAN

I have about a week left until I
can leave here. Do you realize
there are people here that are
actually broken? We are all
soldiers in here, but goddamn it.
Some of our fellow brothers and
sisters in here completely gone. I
feel as if I am in the minority
here. With a small amount of
issues.

BUCKET

A small amount of issues? Brother,
your the issue daddy. You just
broke in half man. Plain and
simple. You erupted in a safe place
when others like you were not as
fortunate to implode in. Plus, you
didn't become a statistic. You
know. The 22 a day and all. For
that we are proud of you my
brother. But, Chris and I hate how
it went down man.

BRIAN

I know my brother. I was a total
blue falcon.

BUCKET

Yes you were. But the thing is we
don't care. We are family you know.

BRIAN

Thanks man. I appreciate it.

BUCKET

Well. Chris and I have some news to tell you.

BRIAN

Did you break up with your boyfriend?

BUCKET

Dude, come on. The answer is yes. But that's another story for another time and not the point of this call.

BRIAN

Oh? Please continue.

BUCKET

Well, Chris and I are going to be on the news tomorrow.

BRIAN

What? Umm. What?

BUCKET

Like I said we are going to be on the news.

BRIAN

What?

BUCKET

OK. Do remember why you were brought to the place of padded rooms and Jello?

BRIAN

Yeah but it's hazy you know with all these medications they're having me scarf down.

BUCKET

Well, we thought you needed some help in the execution department of things. Because you always talked about leaving Natalie once you got out of the military. But you never were fully able to. So we got tired of seeing you struggle and we just helped that along a little.

BRIAN

Oh lord. Don't leave me hanging.

BUCKET

All right here it goes.

FADE TO:

INT. BUCKETS GARAGE - AFTERNOON - DAYS EARLIER

Brian, CHRIS, Caucasian, Northeasterner, in his late 30s and Bucket are in Bucket's garage. Drinking beer and smoking cigars.

CHRIS

What in the hell are you going to do about Natalie?

Chris points to Brian.

BRIAN

Me?

CHRIS

Yes you dummy. You're the one who's married to that succubus, that jezebel.

Brian interrupts.

BRIAN

No, No, No she's the scarlet of the scrotum and the tart of the taint.

Bucket interrupts Brian.

BUCKET

No. She is the surveyor of semen. She loves all dick's, just not yours.

Bucket stands up and starts doing the "UMPA LOOMPA DANCE"

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Umpa loompa dupity do. How many times, can she cheat on you? Umpa loompa dupity de, if you saw her right now, she'd be on her knees.

Bucket drops to the ground on his knees his eyes are closed and he makes the motion of performing oral sex.

Brian gets up from his military issued cot and attempts to front kick Bucket in the chest. Because of Bucket's physical stature, he feels no effect.

Bucket stands up towering over Brian. Brian attempts to punch him in the face repeatedly. Bucket no sells the punches as he looks over at Chris and shakes his head. Brian turns his fist pounding to Buckets chest and eventually tires himself out. Brian impacts his head on to Buckets large chest and starts to cry uncontrollably.

Bucket once again looks over to Chris and this time he motions for Chris to come to him. As Bucket wraps his large arms around Brian, Chris joins in and wraps up Brian too.

BRIAN

(sobbing)

I'm sorry. I don't know what to do.
I can't tell her it's over, because
I love her.

Bucket and Chris look at each and roll their eyes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I can't do it alone. I need help
man.

CHRIS

Listen. We have heard the same tired crap from you for over a year and you never took any action what so ever. We let this crap slide for a long time. You know at first it was a small crack in your foundation. Now it's as if your foundation has shifted completely off goddamn kilter. If you want us to take care of it for you. We will, guaranteed. But all you have to do is trust us, do what we say and we will make your pain go away.

Bucket looks at Chris with the look of confusion then his face turns to one of sorrow. Bucket nods in acceptance.

Chris turns Brian around and places his forehead against Brian's.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We got you brother. But first you need to do something for us and get some help. Like professionally.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

If you let us drop you off at the Veteran's Affairs hospital and admit yourself. We will promise to take care of her.

BRIAN

Like murder, death, kill?

Bucket slaps Brian on the back on the head slightly.

BUCKET

All right Demolition Man. Do you think I need another charge?

BRIAN

No, but I heard you liked it in jail. It's your Disney Land isn't it?

BUCKET

Not all gay guys like jail. But it was all right. It was more like going to a candy store. Except those candies are shaped like dicks. Lots of them.

All three laugh and embrace each other in a circle

EXT. BUCKETS GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Chris and Bucket are escorting Brian to the van.

EXT. CHRIS'S VAN - AFTERNOON

The boys driving down the road.

INT. CHRIS'S VAN - AFTERNOON

Bucket calling ahead to have an attendee meet them outside to escort Brian inside.

EXT. VETERANS AFFAIRS HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

The boys pull up to the VA Hospital and the attendee meets them at the drop-off point.

As Brian is escorted by the attendee, he looks back and gives Bucket and Chris the finger with a wide smile.

Bucket and Chris return the gesture with the same genuine smile.

EXT. CHRIS'S VAN - AFTERNOON

Bucket and Chris get back in the van.

BUCKET

This bitch is done for my friend.

CHRIS

Absolutely. OPERATION RELATIONSHIP
EXTRACTION starts now.

INT. BUCKETS GARAGE - NIGHT

Bucket and Chris clear off the wall in front of them. Bucket grab's a photo of Natalie from Brian's cot in the garage where he was sleeping and pushes a thumbtack into the top of it. Bucket turns around to face Chris.

BUCKET

OK. We know where she lives. We know where she works. But how can we tell her that Brian doesn't want to be married anymore? How do we extract him from this relationship like our last mission in Iraq when Brian saved my life.

CHRIS

Well. Lets approach this as if we are going to engage our enemy. We have to have a battle plan.

BUCKET

Very true.

CHRIS

First and foremost what is her weakness, vulnerabilities?

Bucket raises his hand. Chris looks around and points to him.

BUCKET

I know.

Bucket goes to the cot where Brian was sleeping and looks for the diary that he keeps.

CHRIS

Come on man. That's a violation of
the code. That's his personal
items.

BUCKET

No man, it was his shit and his
problem. Now it's our problem. He's
our brother, By any means necessary
remember?

CHRIS

I know, but
(Bucket interrupts)

BUCKET

But what man? I would do the same
for you. Remember, leave no man
behind. He feels left behind man.
It's like he is a prisoner of war.
He is being held captive by the
enemy and we need to extract his
ass, Rambo style.

CHRIS

All right man. No violence though.

BUCKET

No shit dude. Like I said before, I
can't go back to jail for whooping
someone's ass, especially not a
woman.

CHRIS

No dummy. I mean I know you get
heated man. Fast. You know. The
best parts of P.T.S.D.

BUCKET

Nah man I'm good for now. As long
as I keep on top of my medications
I'll be good.

CHRIS

All right then.

Bucket flips through Brian's extensive worn out notebook.
Finally lands on a page titled Natalie's childhood.

BUCKET

Thank you, Brian.

CHRIS

What?

BUCKET

Thanks to Brian's O.C.D. He made an extensive list labeled "Do's and Don'ts" for Natalie. One of the things here says that she is COULROPHOBIC.

CHRIS

What the hell is that?

BUCKET

It's a fear of fucking clowns!

CHRIS

Like Stephen Kings creepy and scary "IT" or like BOBCAT GOLDTHWAIT'S SHAKES THE CLOWN. But funny and way more creepier.

BUCKET

Hey. Do you still have Brian's power of attorney from Iraq?

CHRIS

Yeah, I think so. It's at my mom's house.

BUCKET

Good. Ask her to send that shit over. So we can get his divorce paperwork started on his behalf. I have the perfect battle plan.

CHRIS

Oh lord.

BUCKET

Are you still in those Facebook groups and don't you still go to the VFW regularly?

CHRIS

Yeah and don't you use Facebook and Tinder all the time?

BUCKET

No. Come on man. I'm on Grinder. I stopped that double dipping a while ago.

CHRIS

What?

BUCKET

Never mind. Put out a post or an invite, whatever it is, to all of our brothers and sisters to help one of their own.

CHRIS

OK? What? Explain man.

BUCKET

OK. I'll explain for you hetero. Put in there that we need our band of brothers and sisters to help deliver a message to the epitome of a BLUE FALCON. We want everyone to show up in clown makeup, wigs, red noses and the whole deal. We will meet on post and drive to Sarah's house where each person will deliver a copy of the divorce paperwork to her. Kind of like a process server, but with flair and a JOHN WAYNE GACY creep factor. We don't want perfect makeup. You know the kind like at a kid's birthday party. We want the most unapologetic clowns with the saddest faces this side of DOINK THE CLOWN.

CHRIS

OK, I'm feeling ya. Where are you going to get a bus for like 30 people?

BUCKET

I know a dude that drives the bus for the range. He owes me a favor.

CHRIS

You know a dude? Like carnally or blackmail type?

BUCKET

Trust me, he owes me a favor.

Chris walks over to the whiteboard and erases some of the caveman like drawings of dicks and writes, OPERATION BLUE FALCON.

CHRIS

We will call it Operation Blue Falcon.

BUCKET
(chuckles)
Oh man that's perfect!

Chris sits back down and starts to blast out on all social media platforms the details of OPERATION BLUE FALCON.

INT. VFW LODGE - NIGHT

Chris travels to VFW's and tells them what's going on and invites the old timers to help.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Bucket travels on the military post to find the driver of the bus to call in his favor. The man regrettfully relents after Bucket pulls his pants down and the man smiles.

EXT. VFW LODGE - DAY

A few days later Bucket and Chris go to the local VFW where Chris was a few days ago and pull into the parking lot. Where it is packed with every single veteran from that lodge. Some of them are in wheelchairs, have canes or are being held onto by others. The one thing in common is they all have the creepiest completed clown ensembles.

INT. BUS - DAY

As Bucket pushes the button to open the door, he looks over at Chris.

BUCKET
Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit!

CHRIS
Umm. This is umm. I don't know.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Bucket and Chris hop off the bus to help these veterans on the bus. As each and every one these heroes pass, Bucket and Chris's smile widens.

EXT. MILITARY BARRACKS PARKING LOT - DAY

As Bucket and Chris pull up. They see a sea of hundreds of their military family dressed as only they would do.

All have some variations of the prerequisites of the clown ensemble, but with a military flair. Some clowns have ghillie suits on with full clown regalia, while others have gas masks on with the clown paint on underneath and the red hair sticking out.

INT. BUS - DAY

Cheers erupt from the men and women on the bus.

BUS OCCUPANTS

Hooah!

EXT. MILITARY BARRACKS PARKING LOT - DAY

A louder cheer erupts from the parking lot.

PARKING LOT CROWD

Hooah!

INT. BUS - DAY

GENERAL BRADLEY M. FARRION, Caucasian, wiry, in his late 80s with a WWII hat on slowly gets up out of his seat and asks Bucket to let him off.

GENERAL BRADLEY M. FARRION
Let me off goddamn it!

BUCKET

Yes sir!

Bucket opens the door and General Bradley M. Farrion steps off the bus.

EXT. MILITARY BARRACKS PARKING LOT - DAY

GENERAL BRADLEY M. FARRION
FALL IN!

All of the soldiers look at each other in disbelief. After a few moments they realize they are in the presence of a legend.

GENERAL BRADLEY M. FARRION (CONT'D)
I said, fall in!

All of the soldiers fall into a perfect military formation. General Bradley M. Farrion by the front row of soldiers and starts to inspect their costumes.

As he passes and inspects each soldier, they look at each other in disbelief at who he is. He is the man that the military base is named after. General Bradley M. Farrion, also known as General "Bad Mother Fucker" after his initials of B.M.F.

General Bradley M. Farrion steps back in front of them and calls them into a standard military jogging formation.

GENERAL BRADLEY M. FARRION (CONT'D)
Double Time, March!

General Bradley M. Farrion leads the formation out of the parking lot and onto the street.

Bucket looks at Chris. Chris looks at Bucket as both of them have looks of total disbelief at what just transpired. A raucous cheer is heard from inside the bus. As Bucket pulls out of the parking lot behind the hundreds of soldiers all dressed I some form or another like a parade of the most mismatched clowns on Earth. All lead by, General Bradley M. Farrion who is a hunched over old man.

Chris grabs the bullhorn that all military buses have and starts to call a military cadence.

As the parade of hundreds of clowns are followed by the bus and the military cadence is being called. They pass a local news crew interviewing a homeowner about a recent burglary.

BILLY THE CAMERAMAN
What the hell is that noise?

BILLY THE CAMERAMAN turns the camera towards the sound of the oncoming onslaught of clowns.

BILLY THE NEWS CAMERAMAN
Sweet Jesus! Janet, look!

Billy the Cameraman points above JANET'S shoulder

JANET THE NEWS ANCHOR
Sorry folks, We got to go! Billy
I'll drive, you just film.

The news crew drives up to the back of the parade, then to the side and finally up to the front where Janet see General Bradley M. Farrion leading the parade.

JANET THE NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Are we still live?

BILLY THE NEWS CAMERAMAN
Hell yes we are!

As the news van leads the parade down the street. People are coming out of their houses as they are hearing the cadence and thunderous footsteps of the parade pass them. Soon hundreds more follow the parade.

General Bradley M. Farrion leads the parade to the cul-de-sac where Natalie lives. He stops them directly in-front of her house.

The news van pulls over. Janet and Billy jump out while still on the air and position themselves in front of the formation.

Bucket and Chris open the bus doors and help all the other veterans off the bus and into formation.

General Bradley M. Farrion moves to face the formation in front.

EXT. MILITARY BARRACKS PARKING LOT - DAY

GENERAL BRADLEY M. FARRION

An army is a team. It lives, eats, sleeps, and fights as a team. This individual hero stuff is bullshit.

INT. BUS - DAY

CHRIS

Is he quoting General Patton's speech? Holyshit!

BUCKET

No way! Look man, a news crew!

Bucket points to the news crew following general Bradley M. Farrion around the formation as his gives his speech.

EXT. MILITARY BARRACKS PARKING LOT - DAY

GENERAL BRADLEY M. FARRION

The bilious bastards who write that stuff for the Saturday Evening Post don't know any more about real battle than they do about fucking. And we have the best team. We have the finest food and equipment, the best spirit and the best men in the world. Why, by God, I actually pity these poor bastards we're going up against.

SOLDIERS IN FORMATION
Hooahh!

GENERAL BRADLEY M. FARRION
Now, ladies and gentlemen, let's
show this civilian, why when you
mess with one of us. You mess with
us all.

Bucket and Chris walk up to Natalie's front door.

GENERAL BRADLEY M. FARRION (CONT'D)
Fall out on them!

General Bradley F. Marrion points to Bucket and Chris.

Bucket knocks on Natalie's door and nails a list of 95 things that she has done to Brian over the years over his career. To include the name of every single man she has cheated on him with and the gentlemen's phone number, address and picture.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natalie looks through the peep hole and realizes its Bucket and Chris. She hesitates to open the door. After a moment of reflection, she opens the door. As soon as she does, she hears the RUMBLING and the loud CHEERING. She stands on her tippee toes and sees a parade of the world's creepiest clowns coming at her.

Bucket hands her the divorce paperwork.

BUCKET
Hi Natalie, how are you?

NATALIE
Umm. What? What are you doing here?
Oh my God! What are you doing here?

BUCKET
Sign these papers Natalie. There
your goddamn divorce paperwork!

NATALIE
What? Where's? Oh God.

Chris pulls a pen out of his pocket and hands it to Bucket as Bucket transfers it to Natalie.

BUCKET
Sign please.

Natalie signs her name twice.

Bucket grabs the paperwork and lifts it up above his head in a triumphant motion. The parade lets out a loud and thunderous ROAR and rush to Natalie's front door.

Natalie is in complete shock. She falls back against the door as hundreds of clowns walk up to the door and says "Hi, Natalie". All the while the news crew is fixated on the thick packet of paper nailed to the door.

After realizing what is on the paper, the news crew sticks the camera in the face of Natalie.

JANET THE NEWS ANCHOR
Ma'am, ma'am. Do you have anything to say for yourself?

Natalie attempts to shut the door and she is successful on the third try. When the door slams shut it elicits an eruption once more from the crowd of clowns and regular people who came to see the spectacle.

The news crew interviews Bucket and Chris about who they are, why they are doing this and how it came about. They dub them THE BREAKUP AGENCY.

FADE TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY - DAYS LATER

Bucket and Brian are sitting at the table.

BRIAN
Jesus! Are you serious?

BUCKET
Dead serious.

BRIAN
What? How? Damn.

BUCKET
Listen brother. We would bury a body for you. No questions asked.

BRIAN
I know man.

BUCKET
We knew you needed help and so do (Bucket pauses)

Bucket stands up and dumps the contents of the duffle bag on the table and hundreds of letters come flying out.

BRIAN

Dude. What's all this?

BUCKET

These are people just like you man.
They need help. Just like you did.

BRIAN

What?

BUCKET

All these people need help leaving
their relationship. They all need
an emergency extraction from their
relationship. These people
(Bucket pauses)

Bucket picks up a handful of letters.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Need us. Hell, some of these
letters are from people who need
help leaving their dead end job or
letting their cheating spouse know
its over. Just like you did.

BRIAN

Jesus!

BUCKET

The best part is man we have a name
already.

BRIAN

What? From who?

BUCKET

The news man. They are calling us
The Breakup Agency.

BRIAN

I don't know man. Should we do
this? I really don't think we
should actually.

BUCKET

We should and we already have
started. This is our calling man.
How hard could this be?

BRIAN

Fucking terrible. But not as bad as
being in the fucking sandbox.

ORDERLY

Sir, we need you not to use that language in here! Please be considerate of the other patients.

BRIAN

Well, sir. I'm out in two days anyway. So, screw'em!

ORDERLY

Sir!

The Orderly runs over to Brian and snatches him up out of the chair. Bucket seeing this snatches Chris by his white linen shirt and tosses him back as he stands in between Brian and the equally as large Orderly.

BUCKET

Trust me bro. You don't want any of this. The Brotherhood is strong here.

ORDERLY

Brotherhood? Dude, you mean Aryan Brother Hood? Cause you and your boyfriend here are not welcomed in my brotherhood.

BUCKET

Boyfriend?

Bucket looks over at Chris. Chris puts his head down knowing what's coming next. In one quick motion Bucket belly to belly supplexes the Orderly through the table behind them.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Brotherhood. You racist fuck. You don't know shit about brotherhood and if you want to know what being someone's boyfriend is like. Just go ask your father what its like to have this big Samoan dick in his mouth. You bitch.

Bucket spits on the Orderly. Bucket walks over to Brian and gives him a meaningful hug and whispers in his ear.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

(Whispers) Sorry man. I couldn't help myself. He put his hands on you. Plus

Brian interrupts.

BRIAN

It's OK man. I actually loved it.
I'll see you in two days. I love you
man.

BUCKET

Love you to brother.

Bucket leaves the room as Brian goes back to his room but not before kicking the Orderly who is still writhing in pain.

BRIAN

That's what brotherhood is about
asshole.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUCKETS GARAGE - DAY - DAYS LATER

Brian pulls up in a cab. Chris and Bucket run out to greet him.

CHRIS

Brooks!

Brian looks confused and happy at the same time.

BRIAN

What? Brooks. Who's that?

CHRIS

Brooks man, from SHAWSHANK
REDEMPTION. You know the old crazy
guy who marked his name on the wood
after he got out in the halfway
house and who talked to birds and
shit.

BRIAN

Jesus man. I didn't kill anybody.
But you know who almost did. This
guy.

Brian points to Bucket.

BUCKET

Not really. But that asshole put
his hands on you man. I had to do
something.

BRIAN

I know brother. Thanks.

CHRIS
Hey man let us show you what we
got.

All three go into Buckets garage.

INT. BUCKETS GARAGE - DAY

In the garage the boys have amassed dozens of military duffle bags full of letters from people needing help. On the table in front of the large marker-board is four nicely evenly stacked opened letters. Brian walks over to them and starts to flip through them.

CHRIS
Whoa man. Hands off.

Chris SLAPS Brian's hand like a child. Brian looks back in shock.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Come on man. Its my O.C.D. Let me
show you something first before we
get into this.

Chris walks over to a box already opened and reaches inside to grabs 3 T-shirts out and tosses one to Brian and one to Chris and keeps one for himself.

BRIAN
What's this?

CHRIS
Turn it around.

BRIAN
What the fuck?

The back of the t shirt reads BREAKUP AGENT and the front reads THE BREAKUP AGENCY, WE ARE THE RELATIONSHIP EXTRACTION EXPERTS, in a police badge logo.

BUCKET
Bro. Why did you put my phone
number on this goddamn T-shirt?

CHRIS
Dude. We started this thing here at
your place.

BUCKET
All right. Man. Now I got to change
my number.

CHRIS

Not yet man.

BRIAN

First boys, I want to thank you all for letting me be an asshole for a little while and helping me get rid of Natalie. Man, was she pissed?

BUCKET

Was she pissed? Holy shit! She damn near had a coronary. It was beautiful and on that note. We have another thing to do before we get started.

Bucket goes to the marker board and retrieves paperwork that was attached by a magnet and hands it to Brian.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Here you go brother.

BRIAN

What's this?

CHRIS

This my friend is your emancipation proclamation from tyranny and oppression. Or what we like to call divorce paperwork. Signed by your now ex wife Natalie.

Brian looks at the paperwork and thumbs through it, places it to his chest and starts to tear up.

BRIAN

You guys are my brothers man. Goddamn it! Thanks man. Thanks so much.

CHRIS

Now don't go get married again in the next six months.

BRIAN

No man I'm good. Ill wait at least 9 months.

BUCKET

Jesus Christ, Elizabeth Taylor. Slow down. You don't want to be 0-3 in marriage do you?

BRIAN

Well. Just like the Minnesota Vikings who went 0-4 at the Superbowl. At least they made it there and I don't see you assholes trying to get married. You guys aren't marriage material. I don't
(Chris interrupts)

CHRIS

All right. Lets toast to Brian being out and us starting on this adventure. Wait. Brian can you drink on your medications?

BRIAN

Not really. But what is one drink going to do?

CHRIS

A whole shit load. That's one of the factors that landed you in the ward.

BRIAN

I know man but this is a celebration boys.

BUCKET

All right. One drink. Then we get to work.

The boys toast. Bucket grabs the first letter off of the first stack and places it on the marker board and points to it.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Number one reads "Dear Breakup Agency, I saw you guys on the news and I have to say that what you did for your friend was beautiful. You guys really care for him like he's family. Well, I have no actually family that gives a complete shit about me. Not even my boyfriend. But the thing is I don't want to stay with him anymore and I have tried to break it off with him but he seems to not get the picture. He is abusive. Not only mentally, but also physically"
(Bucket pauses)

BUCKET (CONT'D)

This sounds like your kind of relationship. Did you write this letter Brian? Is your name, Sharon?

BRIAN

Piss off!

CHRIS

Come on man. That's kind of funny isn't it? Sort of? Help me out man.

BRIAN

All right its kind of funny. The best part is she will be single soon. Am I right?

Chris slaps the back of Brian's head.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I got it. No dating the clients.

BUCKET

No shit Sherlock. Don't even think about looking at them in any kind of teenage dreamy eyes type shit. Your not 13.

CHRIS

He's not even 35 anymore either.

Bucket high fives Chris.

BRIAN

Touche sir, touche.

BUCKET

All right, I'll continue."But also physically. I feel trapped in this relationship and could use your help in getting me out and letting him know that its over. Can you help? Sincerely, Sharon. P.S I have enclosed a check for \$2,000 to pay for any expenses. His team is having their version of the Superbowl on July 4th weekend. I'll be watching. If you cant help. Please send the money back because it is all that I have. He is the wide receiver for the ORLANDO PREDATORS Arena football team. His number is 85, Williams. Thank you very much. Sharon."

CHRIS

For sure we are keeping the money.

BRIAN

No. Well, not all of it. All we will take from it is travel expense to include hotels, that's it. Is that a deal boys?

BUCKET

I'm with you brother.

CHRIS

Wait a second. You two idiots realize that its July 1st and we are in Killeen goddamn Texas. That's like 24 hours of straight driving. No pit stops.

BUCKET

Look its not like we haven't done it before, remember Iraq and those long ass convoys?

CHRIS

Dude, we got out so we didn't have to do that shit anymore.

BUCKET

Look man. Are you in or out?

BRIAN

I'm in for sure. I could stop and see my parents too.

BUCKET

Chris, are you in?

CHRIS

Of course. Jesus. But I'm driving.

BUCKET

All right, but I call shotgun and we are taking Chris's rape van. So we can save this lady money.

CHRIS

Fine. We might as well look through these other letters too and find other people that are close to Florida on our way back home.

Chris smacks himself on the forehead.

BRIAN

Good call.

CHRIS

Fuck man. I'll just shut up now.

Brian and the boys search through the other letters looking only for two addresses that are along Interstate 10 after coming back from Florida's mission. They pull out two. They label at the top of one NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA "VIETNAM VETERAN" in quotes and the last one is labeled ATLANTA, GEORGIA with "RAPPER" in quotes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS'S VAN - NIGHT

As the boys roll down the highway. Chris is driving and has to pee.

CHRIS

Dudes. Dudes! Wake up! I gotta piss!

BRIAN

What? Go in this bottle man. We cant stop dude.

Brian checks the GPS.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Man we are like 300 miles form Orlando. Didn't you piss a while ago?

CHRIS

Yeah asshole. But that was 8 hours ago.

BUCKET

Listen bro. I just pissed in these other bottles earlier. See.

Bucket hold up three 1-liters of piss bottles.

CHRIS

Come on man. I thought we were passed this military convoy shit.

BRIAN

But it works though. Don't disrespect the piss bottle son.

CHRIS

I don't want to happen again, what happened last time.

BUCKET

Oh shit that's right. Your dick got stuck in the Gatorade bottle.

CHRIS

Sorry to amuse you two fuckers but I'm sorry that I'm working with a tripod and you two asshole are working with what only one can assume is an anteater dick for you Brian. You Gentile you.

BRIAN

Just because I have a shield over my dick to protect it from rain, sleep and snow. Doesn't mean you can make fun of it. While yours gets all dried out hanging out of your pants and shit.

CHRIS

Enough. I need to piss. Give me a goddamn bottle.

Brian hands him a bottle.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Dude, Bucket hold this bottle for me while I piss into it.

BUCKET

Why?

CHRIS

Cause you know.

BUCKET

What? Because I'm gay you think I like looking at dicks all the time?

CHRIS

No man. You shot the best at the range. You have the steadiest hands. Plus, Brian's on medications and shaking like he's been on a three day bender.

BRIAN

Come on man.

BUCKET

Its true.

Bucket grabs a bottle form the back and opens it up and places it in front of Chris pants as Chris urinates into it.

CHRIS

Thanks man. I needed that.

BUCKET

Now. We toss these bitches out.

BRIAN

No!

Bucket grabs his piss bottle.

BUCKET

Fire in the hole!

Bucket tosses it out his window and grabs the other two between his feet.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Fire in the hole!

Chris raises Buckets passenger side window up as he tries to toss it out the window.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Goddamn it man! I got piss all over my self.

BRIAN

At least its your piss.

BUCKET

Shut up asshole.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORLANDO PREDATORS ARENA - NIGHT

Brian and the boys pull into the parking lot where everyone is tailgating.

BRIAN

All right. Finally.

CHRIS

Don't you start with that shit. The only reason you didn't drive is because you are on those fucking medications. But fuck that. Your driving back.

BUCKET

One question. Well actually two. No, three questions. One, where and when am I going to shower and two how the fuck are we getting in this place and number three what's the plan to give what this guy his notice.

BRIAN

Well. You, you big mountain are going to do this. Your going to run on the field and tackle the guy and deliver it to him.

BUCKET

Oh shit. I like it. I haven't crushed any souls lately.

CHRIS

Hey dummy. How is he going to get past the security guards and jump the rail? All without getting caught?

BRIAN

Man. Look. This dude over there has the whole football uniform. He's a lot smaller than you Bucket. But it will work. Go ask him how much.

BUCKET

Really man.

CHRIS

That's brilliant. Use the money that this lady gave us. Count it as a business expense.

BUCKET

Fine.

Bucket exits the back of the van and walks over to the guy wearing the football uniform. Bucket asks the man if he can buy the uniform. The man gives bucket the stink face.

MAN IN PARKING LOT
Dude you smell like piss. Are you
OK?

BUCKET
Yeah, I had a crazy night. How much
for the uniform?

MAN IN PARKING LOT
\$500.

BUCKET
Fine.

MAN IN PARKING LOT
Your not going to fit into it.

BUCKET
I don't give a shit. Here take this
money and take it off.

MAN IN PARKING LOT
Now?

BUCKET
Yes now, Jesus.

The man in the parking lot takes off the complete uniform where he is only left with his boxers on. All the while this is going on people around them are taking pictures. With Buckets back turned his T-shirt that reads BREAKUP AGENT is visible. People recognize him.

WOMAN IN THE CROWD
Hey man. Aren't you guys The
Breakup Agency?

BUCKET
Oh shit. I guess your right.

WOMAN IN THE CROWD
You guys are awesome. Tell your
friend that's bullshit what
happened to him. Are you guys here
to do something like that again?

BUCKET
Actually yes.

WOMAN IN THE CROWD
Hey ya'll this is the group called
The Breakup Agency form the news in
Texas.

PERSON IN CROWD

Oh shit! It's going down. How can we help?

BUCKET

Umm. Talk to the guys in the van.
They will tell you.

As the crowd mobs the van. Bucket takes off his shirt and puts on the full uniform. With the last being the Orlando Predators uniform jersey. Bucket stops and picks up the Breakup Agent T-shirt in the other hand, weighing his options. He decides to put on the Breakup Agent shirt over the shoulder pads as his uniform top and puts the helmet on his head.

Bucket walks back over to the van as the crowd dissipates.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

What the fuck man. Did you here
these people? They recognized us.

CHRIS

That's a good thing. But the only bad thing here is that goddamn helmet. Its fucking tiny on your head.

BRIAN

That's why we call him Bucket.
Because the only thing that fits his massive head is an actual bucket. Kevlar be damned.

CHRIS

Your a genius.

BRIAN

I am.

Chris reaches behind the seat and grabs Buckets old military backpack and pulls out his old Army helmet.

BUCKET

Mother of GOD there she is.

Bucket kisses the helmet and making sure he kisses the side where a bullet is still embedded in it.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

So what's the plan?

BRIAN

Listen, all these people know who we are and they want to help. So we are going to proceed with you running onto the field and tackling the shit out of number 85 Williams. Got it.

BUCKET

What about getting arrested?

CHRIS

Trust me your good. These crazy Floridians like violence. Just tackle that dude and run out the tunnel that says exit and the crowd will run interference for you.

BUCKET

Got it. Lets go!

The boys exit the van and the crowd from the parking lot follows them into the arena. They start chanting.

PARKING LOT CROWD

T.B.A! T.B.A! T.B.A!

BRIAN

What are they chanting?

CHRIS

Their chanting T.B.A. I'm guessing it stands for "The Breakup Agency."

BUCKET

This is going to be good.

The boys buy their tickets and the crowd follows them into the arena as the chants continue. They enter the nose bleed seats. The initial crowd has infected the whole arena with their chant.

INT. ORLANDO PREDATORS ARENA - NIGHT

CROWD IN ARENA

T.B.A! T.B.A! T.B.A!

The boys look at each other and grind wide.

BRIAN

All right, lets make our way down to the edge of the field.

As Bucket and the boys make their way to the edge of the field. People are getting up out of their seats and following them.

BUCKET

I don't know man. This shit is to much.

CHRIS

Listen bro. This lady needs our help, plain and simple. Now to help her out and you at the same time wait until he receives the kickoff and run out there and crush his soul.

Chris slaps the top of Buckets helmet.

BUCKET

Roger that!

CUT TO:

INT. SHARON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon is sitting on the edge of her couch with a wine glass in hand.

SHARON

Come on guys where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. ORLANDO PREDATORS ARENA - NIGHT

The referee blows the whistle and the opposing team kicks off to the Orlando Predators number 85 Williams.

BRIAN

Go Bucket!

Bucket jumps the rail and onto the field.

CUT TO:

INT. SHARON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SHARON

Holyshit! Holyshit!

CUT TO:

INT. ORLANDO PREDATORS ARENA - NIGHT

Bucket darts onto the field.

CROWD IN ARENA
T.B.A! T.B.A! T.B.A!

Bucket tracks the football spinning through the air as it lands in number 85 Williams hands. A referee see's Bucket bulldozing onto the field and tries to stop him. But Bucket tosses him aside like a rag doll. Other football players notice him too. They all try to tackle him. Bucket bulldozes over all of them.

Number 85 see's Bucket coming straight for him. Number 85 shakes his head and puts on a full sprint towards Bucket.

BOOM. Number 85 gets hit so hard he flies back with his helmet coming off in the process.

CROWD IN ARENA (CONT'D)
Holy shit! Holy shit!

At this time the police are swarming the field. With that que Chris and Brian motion for the surround crowd to jump the rails and charge the field. The crowd hold their end of the bargain in blocking all the police and other players trying to get at Bucket. Chris and Brian jump the rail too in pursuit of Bucket.

Bucket chases after number 85 again and jumps on top of him.

BUCKET
Hey asshole. Do you know Sharon?

NUMBER 85
What?

BUCKET
Do you know Sharon?

NUMBER 85
What? Fuck you man!

BUCKET
Well, asshole she said its over!
Don't contact, her talk to her
nothing! You got it! You piece of
shit!

NUMBER 85
Dude you smell like piss!

BUCKET

Good! Breakup Notice serviced
motherfucker!

NUMBER 85

What?

As Bucket head-butts number 85. He looks up at himself on the giant TV screen and waves to the screen and mouths the words "Hi Mom." At this time Chris and Brian get to Bucket.

CHRIS

Bro! We got to go! This shit's bananas!

The boys get up and the crowd parts and protects them for their exit off the field and they get even more loud as cheers escort them off the field.

CUT TO:

INT. SHARON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon is seen jumping up and down cheering and swearing at the TV.

SHARON

Fuck you, you prick!

Sharon grabs the bottle of wine and chugs the rest all the while having a grin from ear to ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORLANDO PREDATORS ARENA - NIGHT

The boys are running as fast as they can to their van. As the crowd from the arena files out they continue to chant.

PARKING LOT CROWD

T.B.A! T.B.A! T.B.A!

The boys jump in to the van and speed off all the while waving out of the back of the van as the crowd grows bigger and bigger as they leave the parking lot.

INT. CHRIS'S VAN - NIGHT

CHRIS

Holyshit! Holyshit!

BRIAN

Dude. That was unreal! Are you OK
Bucket?

BUCKET

Dude. I think I got a hard on.

BRIAN

What? For real?

BUCKET

No asshole. Not physically. But
emotionally and mentally. I haven't
felt that kind of rush since we
were in combat.

CHRIS

I agree my friend I think we really
have found our calling.

BRIAN

Yeah man. I just can't. Wow. Just
fucking wow.

BUCKET

Dude can I change now? I smell like
piss?

BRIAN

Yeah. We will go to my parents
house and get you some clothes and
we all can rest for a bit.

While Chris stares out the window he notices blue and red
flashing lights.

CHRIS

Umm. Guys. The cops are behind us!

BUCKET

Oh shit!

BRIAN

Turn on the radio man. See if there
is anything about us on there.

BUCKET

Dude we got to get out of here. You
know police don't really like brown
skinned brothas like me. You two
shitheads are good. But me I'm
double fucked. Plus I cant get
another charge. Remember?

(MORE)

BUCKET (CONT'D)
Or Ill go to big boy jail. Like
prison and shit! Fuck man!

As Chris turns up the radio a broadcast comes on.

RADIO DJ

Ladies and gentlemen. If you
haven't heard. The Orlando
Predators game was stopped because
of a fan jumped the rail and
tackled our number 85 Jermaine
Williams. As this bone head tackled
him he caused a riot and the whole
damn arena filled the floor. These
idiots in the crowd were chanting
something. Well hear for yourself.

CROWD OVER THE RADIO

T.B.A! T.B.A! T.B.A!

RADIO DJ

Ladies and gentlemen we have our
own Daniel Dennis with an exclusive
interview with Jermaine Williams on
exactly what happened.

BRIAN

Take the back roads man to my
parents house. You gotta loose
these fools.

CHRIS

Their ain't no back roads in this
concrete jungle!

BRIAN

No shit. Just stay off the main
streets. Go our old way we used to
go to my parents house.

CHRIS

All right!

DANIEL DENNIS

Jermaine, what happened out there?

JERMAINE WILLIAMS

Well. I only remember this big
bastard was wearing some type of
big ass military helmet coming at
me. So I did what anyone would do.
I charged that dude.

DANIEL DENNIS

What happened next and Did that gentleman say anything to you?

JERMAINE WILLIAMS

Well. All I remember is he spelled like piss and he gave me a message form my girlfriend.

DANIEL DENNIS

What? What type of message?

JERMAINE WILLIAMS

Well. He said some personal shit.

DANIEL DENNIS

Come on man. Not on the radio.

JERMAINE WILLIAMS

He said "Breakup Notice Served," and head butted me and then I was out.

DANIEL DENNIS

Well there you have it. Now back to you at the studio.

RADIO DJ

Thanks Daniel. Well, I am being informed that the people responsible for this gang type violence are the same people responsible for the same type of hoodlum shenanigans that happened at Fort Hood a few days ago. The news their called them "The Breakup Agency" So that's what we are going to call them. They don't seem like no agency to me.

The boys CHEER.

RADIO DJ (CONT'D)

Again we have some news on this so called "Breakup Agency." They were last seen leaving the Orlando Arena headed out to the toll roads on 4-17. Police are blocking off the exits now.

CHRIS

Goddamn it! What are we gonna do?

BRIAN

Get off on Redbug Lake Road and take the back way to my parents house. When we get there we will Grab my moms minivan and leave.

BUCKET

Won't they be pissed. Well yeah. But if we act normal when we get there we will be OK.

CHRIS

What about the van?

BRIAN

Its old and just sitting there were good.

EXT. CHRIS'S VAN - NIGHT

Chris takes the exit to Brian's parents house. As they pull up. Brian jumps out and goes into the house and wakes his parents MARIA, African-American, late 50s and CARL, African-American, early 60s. They are happy to see him. But they know that Iraq has changed him and he doesn't look well.

INT. BRIAN'S PARENTS GARAGE - NIGHT

MARIA

Do I dare even ask son?

BRIAN

No mom please don't. You remember Bucket and Chris.

MARIA

Oh yes. Hi boys. What do you need?

BUCKET

Ma'am we need the van.

MARIA

The keys are on the wall boys. But first give me a hug I haven't saw you boys since your homecoming from Iraq.

Bucket and Chris give Maria a hug.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Jesus son. You smell like, you look like pee.

BUCKET

Yes ma'am.

MARIA

Stand there son and Chris go wake
my husband to get Bucket some
clothes.

CHRIS

Yes ma'am.

MARIA

Strip son.

BUCKET

Excuse me?

Maria picks up the hose next to the house.

MARIA

Strip son.

BUCKET

But.

MARIA

No buts. Its not like I haven't
seen anything like what you got
ever in my life. I've seen it all.
I was a nurse remember.

BUCKET

Yes ma'am.

As Bucket is taking off his clothes Chris and Maria's husband Carl come out.

CHRIS

Where's Brian?

BUCKET

I don't know.

Brian is in his parents medication cabinet grabbing his mom's pain pills from her knee surgery last year. He opens up the bottle and takes five Vicodin out and chews them up and turns on the sink to drink form the faucet to wash them all down.

Maria starts to hose down Bucket. But she suddenly stops.

MARIA

Jesus son. Was your father an
elephant?

BUCKET

What?

MARIA

Was you father an elephant? Because
you got a big old trunk there. Your
girlfriends must be happy.

CHRIS

Oh Jesus.

Brian comes out of the door.

BUCKET

I don't have a girlfriend ma'am.

MARIA

Why not?

BUCKET

I like dudes.

MARIA

OK. But it must be uncomfortable
for them. Its probably like
splitting wood. Kind of like Paul
Bunyan and his big ass axe.

BRIAN

Mom! Jesus.

MARIA

What? He should be proud.

BUCKET

I am.

Everyone laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIAN'S MOM'S VAN - MORNING

As the boys take EXIT 246, toward Fulton St./Downtown into
downtown Atlanta. They pull over on the next turn.

INT. BRIAN'S MOM'S VAN - MORNING

With Bucket and Brian passed out in the back. Chris looks at
their next mission. When he gets to the bottom his eyes open
wide.

CHRIS
Guys. Guys!

BUCKET
What!

CHRIS
We're here. But we have a problem.

BRIAN
What? Did we run out of gas?

CHRIS
No. But the person we are helping
next is the boyfriend of a famous
rapper.

BUCKET
What? Who?

CHRIS
Umm. You know who WHITE CHINA is?

BRIAN
Of course. She's gorgeous.

CHRIS
Beyond that. Her boyfriend is
Southern rap legend Creole.

BUCKET
What? Is she asking for help?

CHRIS
No man. Its him. He needs help.

BUCKET
Oh shit!

CHRIS
He says he will be at the studio
like clock work everyday at 2:00
PM.

Brian looks at his watch.

BRIAN
That's in like 4 hours.

CHRIS
He says that he will let us in the
back-door at that time and let us
know his plan then.

BRIAN

Well damn. Let's go there and park
near by.

EXT. CREOLE'S RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

Chris drives over to the recording studio and pulls over to the side of the road. The boys all go back to sleep.

EXT. CREOLE'S RECORDING STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

CREOLE, African-American, late 40s, knocks on Chris's driver side door with the barrel of the gun pointed at him. He motions for Chris to roll down the window.

I/E. BRIAN'S MOM'S VAN

CREOLE

Your in the wrong place white boy!

CHRIS

Hey man! Wait we are
(Brian interrupts)

BRIAN

Hey it's Creole. Hey man. Were The Breakup Agency! You contacted us.

CREOLE

Well damn son. You almost got your soft ass killed. Here.

Creole tosses a three inch thick envelope.

CHRIS

What's this?

CREOLE

Open it fool!

CHRIS

Jesus man, there must be \$10,000 in here!

BUCKET

Let me see.

Chris tosses the envelope to Bucket as he thumbs through it. Then he chuck's it back to Brian.

CHRIS

Well, we must be in over our heads man. What can we do for you that you can't do for your self. With all do respect of course.

CREOLE

None taken. You white boys and with all do respect to you too man.

Creole points to Bucket.

BUCKET

Respect.

CREOLE

You boys show heart and loyalty to your family. That's something these blood suckers here on my payroll know nothing about. Well these dick riders here are all on her payroll now cause I'm leaving this rap game shit and moving to Montana to raise motherfucking Alpacas.

BRIAN

Alpacas?

CREOLE

Yeah bitch. Alpacas. There's tons of money in that shit. You crazy white-folks will pay out the ass for Alpaca wool. It pays better than this shitty rap game. You know with these 360 deals and shit.

BUCKET

I got it. But what do you want us to do?

CREOLE

I want you my brotha.

Creole points to Bucket.

CREOLE (CONT'D)

To be my bodyguard for 10 minutes and watch my back. So I can leave this crazy bitch leave with my life.

BUCKET

Why me?

CREOLE

Well dummy. Your big as hell and its seems like you've seen some shit. Again, no disrespect to you white boy.

CHRIS

None taken.

BUCKET

How do you know?

CREOLE

I saw your tattoos from the news story. You had Operation Iraqi Freedom on your forearms with three different dates on them. Plus on your other arm you have the memorial tribute to your fallen brothers.

BUCKET

What? How do you know what that is?

CREOLE

Man, I can read. Plus, one of my partners who just left again for Afghanistan had the same memorial on his forearms too. If he was here he'd be doing this. But I got you all.

BUCKET

Let's get it.

CREOLE

All right then big boy. Let's go.

Bucket exits the van and follows Creole inside.

BRIAN

Chris. Keep the van running.

CHRIS

No shit. He can handle himself right?

BRIAN

Yeah. He's been shot before man. He's good.

CHRIS

That's fucked up.

BRIAN
It's true.

CHRIS
Jesus.

INT. CREOLE'S RECORDING STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Creole introduces Bucket as himself.

CREOLE
Hey ya'll. I hired a new head of security. His name is Bucket.

Creoles now former head of security looks at Bucket sideways.

BUCKET
What it do?

CREOLE
Where's White China?

STUDIO ENGINEER
Shes in the booth.

Creole knocks on the booth window. WHITE CHINA, Latina, early 20s, looks out at him, pissed off.

INT. RECORDING BOOTH - AFTERNOON

WHITE CHINA
What do you want Creole?

CREOLE
We need to talk.

WHITE CHINA
Now?

CREOLE
Yes now.

White China motions for the studio engineer to cut off the mic in the booth. But the studio engineer looks around the room and smiles and fakes turning off the booth mic.

WHITE CHINA
Speak.

CREOLE
I'm leaving China.

WHITE CHINA
What did you say?

CREOLE

I said, I'm leaving this shit. All of this shit behind. I'm done with rap. This game has become pop rap. Nobodies paying homage to the legends like myself anymore. They're all stealing from their own people. No more originality. It all sounds the same!

WHITE CHINA
What are you gonna do then?

CREOLE

I'm gonna raise Alpacas somewhere?

WHITE CHINA
Al what?

CREOLE

Alpacas you dumb ass.

WHITE CHINA
So your leaving this shit I built.
To be Old McDonald? What are you?
Your turning into an old crusty white dude.

CREOLE
Bitch, your dad is white. Don't forget.

WHITE CHINA
Bitch?

CREOLE
It's over. I'm out this motherfucker!

WHITE CHINA
The hell your not!

White China slaps Creole, twice.

As Creole gets right in her face. All of White China's body guards rush in. Bucket springs into action once again bulldozing people over and throwing them like rag dolls against the equipment in his attempt to get to Creole.

Creole steps to White China after noticing the ruckus that is coming.

White China throws haymakers at Creole as he is trying to defend himself. Bucket realizes he can't get in to the booth. He looks around for something to break the recording booth glass. He picks up one of the big speakers and shot puts it through the glass. Shattering it into a million pieces.

Bucket lunges thru the open recording booth window and snatches Creole by his collar and dragging him over the sound board. Bucket puts Creole behind him and Bucket is throwing punches and kicks like a Spartan at White China's bodyguards. Bucket turns around and picks up Creole and slings him over his shoulder and blasts his way through the door, down the stairs and out to the van.

WHITE CHINA (CONT'D)
What are you pussies waiting for.
Kill that mother fucker.

White China's bodyguards all pull out their guns and give chase to Bucket and Creole.

EXT. CREOLE'S RECORDING STUDIO

Bucket has Creole still slung over his shoulder as shots zip past them.

CHRIS
Holy shit Brian! We're being shot at! Keep your head down!

Brian slings the van door open as Bucket dives in the van with Creole still on his shoulder. All four of them hear and feel the impact of the bullets hitting the van as Chris takes off.

INT. BRIAN'S MOM'S VAN

CHRIS
Is everyone OK? Roll call. Bucket?

BUCKET
I'm good. I think?

CHRIS
Brian?

Brian doesn't answer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Brian goddamn it! Answer me!

Bucket look over at Brian in the corner crying uncontrollably.

BUCKET
Fuck. He's not good!

CHRIS
What?

BUCKET
I mean he's alive but he's gone again man. Goddamn it!

CHRIS
Creole?

CREOLE
I'm good man. You motherfuckers are some real life GI JOE'S man! Hey. Is your friend gonna be all right?

BUCKET
No bro. He's having flashbacks again. He went through some terrible shit to save mine and Chris's life. Some thing like what just happened.

CREOLE
No shit.

BUCKET
Yeah, he carried my big ass through a hail of gunfire so I could get medical attention and Chris too. Chris wouldn't be here either if he wouldn't have done what he did. We owe him our lives. He's our brother.

CREOLE
Respect man. Mad respect. That's family.

CHRIS
Not to interrupt this hugfest. But where do you want to be dropped off Creole?

CREOLE
Dropped off? Shit I'm riding with you fools to wherever your going.

CHRIS

Umm. Excuse me? Why?

CREOLE

Because this kind of thing is what I need. I need a family. I left my old family back there. So I'm going with ya'll crazy motherfuckers until you get where your going. Then I'll go do my Alpaca shit. Plus, this shit can be a number one hit man. This is some real shit.

BUCKET

Christ. All right then. Welcome to The Breakup Agency. Next stop is New Orleans, Louisiana. The 6th Ward to help one of our own. A Vietnam Veteran who's wife has been screwing around him ever since he's been in hospice. You know that Agent Orange shit is deadly. This veterans wife is a Vietnamese national who's green card expired years ago. So he wants her to leave his place so he can go home and die in peace.

CREOLE

6th Ward huh? That's not a place where they like new faces. I got people there, we'll be good.

CHRIS

Good.

Bucket slides over to comfort him as Brian lays down in Buckets lap.

CREOLE

That's love man. That's love.

Bucket nods in acceptance.

FADE TO BLACK.