

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Light coming out the back door of the warehouse silhouettes a man and casts his shadow into a long stretch. This is JULIUS VALENTINE. He walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM, WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A man in a trench coat and hat is twirling a shiny army blade on his finger. They call him THE SHARK. His face is hideous. An Asian girl, Betty (15), is sitting in a chair in the middle of the room. She's tied up.

BETTY

He's not coming.

SHARK

He's coming. He wouldn't leave his precious Betty darling alone with me, would he?

BETTY

I can take care of myself.

SHARK

Sure, and you've proven that by getting caught, right?

He chuckles. Betty stares him down, a fire in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

Valentine sneaks around the building bracing his gun.

VALENTINE (V.O.)

My name's Julius Valentine. I'm a freelance hit man. I'd tell you more, but then I'd have to kill ya.

(beat)

Well, I wouldn't have to, but where's the fun in that?

He hears whispering around the corner. He takes a peek: Two HENCHMEN are conversing. One just got off the phone, the other is stacking boxes.

HENCHMAN 2

What is it? I got the night-shift?

HENCHMAN 1
No, I get it today.

HENCHMAN 2
What, I called night-shift duty!

HENCHMAN 1
Too bad, you're already responsible
for 'being gay' duty. Now go clock
out before I write you up.

Henchman 2 lets out a big sigh, puts the box down and heads out. Valentine watches Henchman 2 leave and then approaches Henchman 1. Valentine is in the shadows in front of Henchman 1, but he doesn't notice him.

VALENTINE (V.O.)
Handsome fella. Nothing a good
punch in the face won't fix.

Valentine appears and slugs Henchman 1 in the face before he knows what hit him. He immediately gags him with a small metal canister.

VALENTINE
You know what this is?

Henchman 1 shakes his head frantically.

VALENTINE
It's Zyklon B. Hydrogen cyanide.
The stuff those guys in Texas use
for their gas chambers. Where's the
Shark?

Henchman 1 doesn't answer. Sweat rolls down his face. Valentine puts his finger through the pin. Yanking it just slightly.

VALENTINE
Where's the Shark?

Henchman 1 reaches down and grabs a key from his key ring and hands it to Valentine. Valentine examines it, there's a label attached: 'Maintenance'. Valentine looks at Henchman 1 and smiles deviously.

VALENTINE
Whoops, my finger slipped.

He pulls the pin out of can. A muffled scream can be heard throughout the warehouse.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY

Valentine reaches the Maintenance room. He unlocks the door then slowly creaks it open.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM

Valentine lurks through the dark room with caution.

VALENTINE (V.O.)

I'm here to fetch my little sidekick. When I found her she didn't know her own name, so I called her Betty. I've been training little Betty since she was 6. She'll kill you so fast you'd be waiting in line for Heaven before you knew you were dead. But she got sloppy, always rushing into things; just like me.

He follows the light at the end of the hallway. He sees The Shark and Betty in the middle of the room, but he waits for an opening.

The Shark stands next to a table with guns and knives.

SHARK

Now, what do I have to do to get his attention? Hm, let's see how loud the girl can scream.

BETTY

Go ahead and shoot me.

SHARK

Oh, now, who said anything about shooting? They don't call me the Shark for nothing.

The Shark smiles revealing razor sharp teeth. Betty's eyes open wide in horror. The Shark moves towards her.

Valentine points the gun at the Shark's head, ready to fire but-- the Shark knows, he reaches into his coat and darts a knife at Valentine. It gets him in the shoulder, Valentine fires a blind shot.

VALENTINE

Fuck!

The Shark runs up to Valentine and kicks him in the face. Valentine tries to block the attacks, but he's dazed. Another hit in the face. Another. And ANOTHER.

Betty stares at the weapons on the table and struggles towards it.

SHARK

That's all you got!? You're nothing without your gun are you, Julius? To think I was actually looking forward to this!

The Shark attacks with an open palm and forces the blade further into Valentine's shoulder. He screams in agony. The Shark continues to beat on him.

VALENTINE (V.O.)

He's stronger than me. Faster than me. Smarter than me. There's only one thing you can do in a situation like this.

(beat)

Cheat.

Immediately, Valentine knees the Shark in the crotch. The Shark stops, then moves back stunned. Valentine is against the wall, breathing heavily. The Shark chuckles into a maniacal laugh.

SHARK

You thought that would hurt me good, didn't you? Everyone makes that mistake. Like those stupid boys in the school yard, making fun of an innocent girl because she looked manlier than they. Well, they're all dead now, Valentine. They're all dead!

She steps on Valentine's foot hard. She picks him off the floor.

SHARK

You're getting your ass beat by a girl, Valentine!

She pins him against the wall and exposes his neck. Valentine tries to free himself but she's too strong, his feet slide on the concrete floor.

SHARK

I wonder how a strong man like you would taste.

She opens her jaws ready to take a big bite when--

BETTY

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

She's free, holding a gun aimed at the Shark. Shark lets go of Valentine and turns to Betty.

SHARK

Oh, now Betty, you wouldn't shoot a lady would you?

BETTY

Who said anything about shooting?

Shark's eye's furrow. From behind her, Valentine removes the blade from his shoulder. The Shark turns around and realizes, but it's too late. She meets the swinging force of the blade. Her head goes flying into the air. It hits the ground next to Betty with a face of horror. Betty smiles.

BETTY

Saved your ass again, Valentine.

VALENTINE

Yeah. Right.

He looks at Betty, he has to smile.

VALENTINE

Well, you gonna help me up?

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE

The same door from the beginning becomes a means for an exit. Betty has Valentine on her shoulders, Valentine limping.

VALENTINE

I'm God damn starving.

BETTY

Me too. I've been hankering for a
good eighteen ounce prime rib.

VALENTINE (V.O.)

Good girl. Just like me.

THE END