

Script

INT. NIGHT - GREASY SPOON

Two men sit at a booth in the diner. HUNTER, a tall, lithe albino, and CHAD, a greasy PI-type of guy, are clearly not comfortable around each other.

Three waitresses sit at the end of the pale yellow counter. Every few moments, their conversation stops as they howled with laughter.

CHAD

You killed him with a watergun?

HUNTER

He controlled the powers of electricity. I got him wet and he electrocuted himself.

CHAD

What a shocking experience.

HUNTER

Couldn't you have picked a better place to meet?

CHAD

What's wrong with this place? Good food, good people, no nosy waitresses.

HUNTER

The term 'greasy spoon' is not meant to be taken literally.

CHAD

You make it sound like a Haz-Mat team is gonna bust through the door any minute.

HUNTER

Perhaps they should, Chadwick.

CHAD

Don't call me that. I've told you a hundred times not to call me that.

HUNTER

Terribly sorry.

CHAD

I can hear the remorse in your voice. Just shut up and eat your food.

HUNTER

I don't know what constitutes good food to you, but I don't call this food at all. Perhaps for a person of your type, this passes for a meal, but not for me.

CHAD

Whadda ya mean 'a person of your type', Whitey?

HUNTER

I meant nothing by it. Let's just do this so I can go.

Hunter removes a jump drive from his jacket. He slides it over to Chad. Chad picks up the drive and drops a thick manila envelope onto the table.

CHAD

Here's your money and your next assignment. Don't like to wait between missions do you?

HUNTER

It's been nearly a week. I don't even want to guess what you have been doing while I have been waiting for this meeting.

Hunter picks up the envelope and heads for the door.

CHAD

Yeah, you better go before I kick your ass.

Hunter doesn't even reply as he leaves the diner.

INT. NIGHT - LAUNDR-O-MAT

At this time of night, there are only a few people doing laundry. ALICE, a gorgeous redhead, talks to a few different people as they come into contact. Hunter finishes loading his laundry into a washer and takes a seat in a hard plastic yellow chair and opens a very outdated magazine. Alice come over to sit next to him.

ALICE

This is some rain, huh?

HUNTER

I guess.

ALICE

I'm Alice. Alice Williams.

HUNTER

Hunter.

ALICE

Nice to meet you.
I've never seen you here before.

HUNTER

I usually come in earlier.

ALICE

Well, then let me introduce
you. That's Crazy Edna. She comes
in here every night and washes the
same white blanket. And that's
Edward. Burned out stock-broker.
Over there is Thelma. Does laundry
to make a few extra bucks. Pretty
sad, really.
So what kind of work do you do?

HUNTER

Work.

ALICE

Not much of a talker, huh. That's
fine. Some people like to work
things out in their head. And some
people like to talk it out.

HUNTER

hmmm.

ALICE

(Rips page out of Hunter's
magazine and writes on it)
This is my cell number and
address. We're having dinner
tomorrow night. 7pm. I'll make
pasta. You bring the wine.

HUNTER

Excuse me?

ALICE

No arguments. I like merlots.

EXT. MORNING - PARK

Hunter walks up to a Donald Sutherland-esque man sitting on a park bench. This is his boss, Mr. Witherspoon.

MR. WITHERSPOON
Ah, Hunter! How are you?

HUNTER
Not bad at all.

MR. WITHERSPOON
Good. Shall we walk?

Hunter gestures for Witherspoon to lead the way. He follows Witherspoon across the park's paths.

WITHERSPOON
The last time you requested a meeting with me was four years ago. And the world almost ended. Please don't tell me that the apocalypse is upon us again.

HUNTER
Not that I'm aware of.

WITHERSPOON
So what is so important?

HUNTER
I just get the feeling that the mission I was just assigned holds some special importance to you. Something that maybe you aren't telling me.

WITHERSPOON
Hunter, I look at you as my own son. I took you in after the accident stole your parents. I could not lie to you even if I wanted to.

HUNTER
I didn't say that you were lieing to me. The information just feels incomplete.

WITHERSPOON
I will admit that this target is proving somewhat troublesome. He moves frequently and without
(MORE)

WITHERSPOON (cont'd)
warning. We have barely been able
to keep track of him at all.

HUNTER
The rumor-mongers beginning to
fail? I didn't think it was
possible.

WITHERSPOON
A bit bitter, don't you think? I
thought I taught you better than
that. The scout is just as
important as the warrior. Perhaps
you should think about that.

HUNTER
I shall.

WITHERSPOON
Good. Now, I must get back to the
office.

HUNTER
Can I give you a ride?

WITHERSPOON
Thank you, but no. I have my car
here. Go with God, Hunter. May
you have luck on the hunt.

INT. MORNING - WITHERSPOON'S CAR

Witherspoon enters his car. His cohort, Gradius, is in the
back seat.

GRADIUS
Is your pet assassin all soothed?

WITHERSPOON
You forget your place,
Gradius. Hunter is the best we
have.

GRADIUS
So I keep hearing.

WITHERSPOON
Don't grumble. Hunter will take
care of the problem soon enough.

GRADIUS

The sooner the better. Eros is proving to be quite troublesome.

WITHERSPOON

That he is. And you should thank God that we have Hunter to eliminate him before he can cause real trouble.