

Butterscotch

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Close up on a man's hands sharpening a #2 pencil with a mechanical sharpener while he whistles "Bringing In the Sheaves."

He sets it down on a coffee table next to six other freshly sharpened pencils. He picks another one up and starts over.

Once finished he holds it up to his eye revealing the target carved into his bare forehead. It's the psychopathic assassin Bullseye.

He smiles a smile that would put a shark to shame.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A shop owner named Will and his daughter Joan put away merchandise behind the check out counter.

JOAN

...This sick ass laser hologram show down at the park. I mean, they had everything but the kitchen sink. Spaceships, dragons, fighter jets, even Captain America knocking out Red Skull like in the old days.

WILL

Yeah, the thing about that...

JOAN

What?

WILL

They're the old days. You need to keep your head in those books and make something of yourself so you can stop helping your old man stock cigarettes and cheap sodas, not fantasize about punching out clowns in costumes.

JOAN

You need to lighten up.

WILL

I will when you finally got Doctor
in front of your name. Give our
family something to be proud of for
once.

JOAN

I know, I know. You told me a
million times already.

WILL

And I'll tell you a million times
more.

VOICE (O.S.)

Keep an eye out, alright, Tik?

Two young men with black bandanas around their faces and
armed with handguns come into the shop.

WILL

Be with you in a moment.

They stand in front of the counter with their handguns
brandished. The leader has the word "KILLR" sloppily tattooed
on his forehead.

Joan spots the men and drops the box of candy in her hands.
It falls to the floor and spills out.

JOAN

Dad!

KILLR

Put your hands where I can see
them!

Will turns to face them.

WILL

Oh, come on. Seriously?

ROACH

Don't make him ask again. Unless
you want to meet Saint Peter early.

WILL

Relax.

He puts his hands up.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hon', do what he says.

Joan obeys and puts her hands up.

KILLR
Now, very slowly, open your drawer
and give us the cash.

WILL
Okay, you got it.

Will tries to open the cash register but it refuses to open.

ROACH
We got a problem?

WILL
No. The thing's old, you know? It
sticks. Just give me a sec.

KILLR
You have until the count of three
or I put a hollow point in your
head! One!

JOAN
Please, dad!

WILL
Wait, man! It's jammed!

KILLR
Two!

JOAN
Come on!

KILLR
Three!

Killr steps forward to shoot. The sudden thump of a body
hitting the ground is heard outside.

Killr and Roach look at each other perplexed.

ROACH
Fuck was that?

The door is kicked open and they turn towards it. It's
Bullseye in full costume.

BULLSEYE
Heads up!

He throws two pencils into Roach's eyes. Joan screams. He
laughs hysterically as Roach drops to the floor dead.

Killr fires his .44 Magnum revolver but Bullseye swiftly dodges it and throws a pencil into his cheek.

KILLR

Ahh! Damn it!

BULLSEYE

Nice shooter. What's a pipsqueak like you doing with a hand cannon like that? Compensating?

Killr growls angrily and fires again. Bullseye dodges it and throws another pencil into his trigger finger.

He screams in pain and drops the revolver.

KILLR

Who are you?!

Bullseye kicks him in the stomach and stabs him in the throat with another pencil. He grabs the revolver off the ground.

BULLSEYE

"Killr." Don't make me laugh.

He shoots him in the head and he falls to the ground dead.

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)

Ho, boy. What a rush! It's safe, everybody. The bad guys are gone.

With tears in her eyes Joan hugs Bullseye and starts kissing his face.

JOAN

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

BULLSEYE

Cool it with the theatrics, kid.

WILL

Thank you so much, sir. We would have been goners for sure if you hadn't come.

BULLSEYE

God forbid.

JOAN

You're our guardian angel, mister.

BULLSEYE

Don't sweat it. The kind of mood
I'm in, a measly three kills
wouldn't scratch my itch.

JOAN

What do you -

He shoots Will in the head with the revolver. Blood and brain matter sprays Joan's face. She shrieks.

BULLSEYE

This is the part where you run
away, toots.

Joan frantically runs through the nearest aisle and Bullseye follows. He grabs a box of corn flakes off the shelf and throws it at the back of her head.

She crashes to the floor and he laughs.

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)

Bullseye. Heh. Never hit someone
with breakfast food before. No time
like the present, I guess.

He throws the revolver at her as she tries to rise off the floor and the butt knocks her back down.

Bullseye approaches her with a toothy grin.

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)

Usually I get paid to do stuff like
this but what can I say? Murder's
my way of life. You wouldn't knock
the paintbrush out of Picasso's
hand, would you?

He pulls out a throwing knife fastened to his thigh. Right before he throws it someone speaks.

VOICE (O.S.)

Lester.

Bullseye turns around, knife at the ready. Standing amidst the carnage is the villain Taskmaster in full costume.

BULLSEYE

Taskmaster? Funny seeing you here.

TASKMASTER

Drop the knife, Lester. Let her go.

BULLSEYE

This one?

He throws it into the woman's skull and her face slams into the tile.

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)

Oops.

Taskmaster sighs and pinches the bridge of her nose.

Bullseye walks towards him and stops when he's at arm's length.

TASKMASTER

You're insufferable, you know that?

BULLSEYE

Big whoop. When did you become a Good Samaritan?

TASKMASTER

Is this what you've been doing lately? Random killing sprees?

BULLSEYE

Something like that. I'm in between jobs.

TASKMASTER

And three dozen dead between here and Newark was your idea of what? A way to pass time?

BULLSEYE

Bingo. I take it you frown upon that kind of thing.

TASKMASTER

Yeah. My boss does too.

BULLSEYE

Who's that?

TASKMASTER

President Skull, jackass. He's trying to reshape this country and bring it back to order. Which means keeping psychopathic killers like you on a tight leash.

BULLSEYE

Nah. I don't do leashes.

TASKMASTER

Skull doesn't want you to stop. He wants to give you a job. Talent like yours is in high demand given the all around pear shaped state of things. The rest of the world isn't doing too hot either. It'll be like working for the Kingpin all over again.

BULLSEYE

Hmm. I see. And the alternative is?

Taskmaster unsheathes his sword.

TASKMASTER

I don't think you want to go that route. Neither do I, to be honest.

Bullseye blankly stares at him for several moments and finally smiles.

BULLSEYE

'Kay.

TASKMASTER

You accept the offer?

BULLSEYE

Yup. But I got one condition.

Taskmaster sheathes his sword.

TASKMASTER

Let's hear it.

BULLSEYE

I want a penthouse overlooking the Hudson. One in Miami too. A special rank would be nice. Oh, and five million dollars yearly salary.

TASKMASTER

That's doable. What else? Super Bowl tickets? A date with Taylor Swift?

BULLSEYE

Nah. I'm more into Slipknot.

They head towards the front door.

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)

Hold it.

Bullseye walks over to the counter and reaches inside a plastic container of lollipops.

TASKMASTER
Are you serious?

BULLSEYE
Give me a second, will you?

He continues searching while Taskmaster crosses his arms impatiently.

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)
Gotcha!

He pulls a lollipop out and takes the wrapper off and gleefully puts it in his mouth. Taskmaster looks on in disbelief.

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)
It's butterscotch, dude.

TASKMASTER
Never change, Lester.

They exit the store.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

They walk past Tik laying dead on the sidewalk with a pencil in his eye and make their way down the street into the night.

FADE OUT.

THE END.