

John Fisher Kills L.A.

Written by

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INT. WASHINGTON DC - 3999 M. ST. NW - BODEGA - DAY

A HIPPIE, late 60s, pony tail and gnarly beard, tosses a regular color Rubik's cube across the register, followed by: 5 bags of gummy worms, a backpack, a GEORGETOWN sweatshirt, a strange male sunhat, and a retractable cane.

ASIF, late 30s, the register / manager / owner / also a cabby, looks confused.

HIPPIE

It's just about keeping the peace
man- fuckin' oil and sugar man...
brainwashing our kids.

ASIF

Ummm...Okay? Will that be all sir?

HIPPIE

IS THAT ALL?! Pshht. Yeah ALL we do
is send our young to the slaughter
house, "nbd" huh?

ASIF

Please... 35.35\$

The hippie reaches into his back pocket.

HIPPIE

Pigs...makin' us dance and sing for
our foods. Don't even get me started
on spys. The COLD WAR NEVER ENDED.

The Hippie looks up at a suddenly terrified ASIF.

A gun gently rests near the Hippie's temple- SKI-MASK robber is doing his day job.

SKI-MASK

Just stay cool boys and no one...

SQUISH-CRUNCH.

Ski-mask stands frozen, a cough and blood starts to pour from his eyes, nose and mouth, a thin metal rod sticks through his ear, the hippie smirking.

Recoiling at the mess of what used to be a robber, ASIF screams.

ASIF

Whhhhaaat thee hell man?

The hippie slips his items into the new backpack, pauses, looks directly at the camera, looks at ASIF, shrugs and walks out.

ASIF (cont'd)

SIR I need to call the authorities!
Ah... not again.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - 3329 M ST NW - BENCH - DAY

The Hippie sits peels the price tags off his new purchases.

Pulling out a monochromatic (just black and whites) color RUBIK'S CUBE, the Hippie begins rotating it till all sides are full black and white.

RING RING. He pulls a solid black phone from his pocket, presses the only visible button.

HIPPIE

Hello?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

It is time, Major Klepper. We found the coordinates, looks like a NIS black site. *Fed-Fax* cover. Coordinates sent to phone. AGENT EAGLE is not on the board. Repeat, target Eagle will not be on-site.

BING. Major Klepper looks down at his phone.

MAJOR KLEPPER

Got it. Operation Indispensables then.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Roger, will set up necessary arrangements. Readings at NIS site, 8 guards. 10 minutes upon entry till reinforcements.

MAJOR KLEPPER

Consider it done.

CLICK, he stares at the coordinates, drops the phone to the ground and smashes it with a boot.

Standing he turns to face his back-pack, two silenced pistols, all black stare back next to the normal cube and gummies. He pulls out the gummies and guns- chews some gummies.

INT. 3436 M ST. - FED-FAX - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A sparse layout where two armed guards sit behind a circle welcoming station.

GUARD 1
Hey! Who the fuck are you?

MAJOR KLEPPER
I brought snacks.

He tosses his bags of gummies in the air, the guards follow their trajectory when- PFFT. PFFT.

Klepper Fires off two shoots, seamlessly ripping through the bags of chewy treats, painting the walls a dark red.

Klepper checks his watch, and looks at a stationary camera.

MAJOR KLEPPER (cont'd)
Six...

INT. FED-FAX - HALL WAY BETA - CONTINUOUS

Three guards stand with shoulders to the wall, ready to pinch the corridor- looking pay back the intruder in kind.

One makes a fist, points two fingers to the ground, one at him, and turns the corner.

PFFT. He falls back instantly, a hole in his head, the other two scramble to fire back.

GUARD 2 (SHOUTING)
We have some old psyc-

Major Klepper walks up silent as ghost- PFFT PFFT, drops them both without looking.

KLEPPER
Four...

INT. BASEMENT SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two guards attempting to barricade the door, through the glass - PFFT PFFT- Two shots and they both drop to the ground, shot through the ear and eye respectively.

KLEPPER
Two...

He bursts the door open with a shove and a grunt of pain, but heads towards the server farm interface - quickly slips a tiny flash drive into a port.

BANG! The doors fly open as the last two guards storm through - splitting up in hopes of a pincer maneuver.

They arrive at the interface and see a download in progress, quickly turn left and right, no Klepper.

GUARD 3

Shiiit-

He clumsily grabs a walkie-talkie.

GUARD 3 (cont'd)

Base we are com-

PFFT PFFT.

Klepper drops to the floor in time with the guards, turns to the terminal.

KLEPPER

Gotcha.

SCREEN: WHITE LIST TRANSFER COMPLETED

Klepper pulls out the mono-chrome Rubik's cube, pushes the center of a side- a cover pops open revealing a heavily padded container.

EXT. FED-FAX - ENTRANCE - DAY

A man falls backwards out the front doors, two bullet holes gaping in his chest. The Klepper calmly walks out, quickly turning into an alleyway nearby.

KLEPPER

Hmm. Intel was off one...

EXT. ALLY WAY - CONTINUOUS

As he turns the corner Klepper darts behind a dumpster.

Ripping off his shirt, beard and pony tail, scrunched over in his wife-beater checking his shoulder- Klepper looks like someone forgot to retire 007, mid-50's, hair silver with some pepper, face scared and worn like the rest of his body.

He whips out the retractable can and hat, slips on a plain white button up, puts the gentleman's sunhat on, khakis and the *Georgetown* sweat shirt finish the outfit.

Klepper blends right back into the now flooded foot traffic in front of the *Fed-Fax*, walks the opposite way of his "work."

He checks his shoulder though to make sure he isn't followed.

INT. 32 ST. - FED-FAX - MAIN COUNTER - NIGHT

A teenage boy, Kevin, 19, finger trying to "itch" his nose, stands behind the counter as Klepper feigns being aged, struggling to finish writing two address cards.

He slaps them onto two separate boxes: **TO: AGENT E.** and **DO NOT OPEN TODD. I SWEAR. K-** Klepper slides the boxes over to Kevin.

KEVIN

And what kind of speed are you looking for sir?

KLEPPER (*OLD*)

Hhrrmm? Ah. Over-pass would be preferable.

KEVIN

Do you mean over-night sir?

KLEPPER (*STILL OLD*)

Hrrrnn?! Yeah! Mehm. Fast as can, over-pass...

KEVIN

Okay sir, that's... \$224 total.

Klepper whips out and drops his wallet over the counter, Kevin drops to get it as Klepper springs over and puts Kevin into a sleeper choke-hold.

KLEPPER

Shhh... kid... Just- there.

Kevin's unconscious body slinks over.

Klepper grabs his boxes, whistling, he heads over to the computer- grabs the two labels Kevin had printed up and slaps them on top of his boxes.

Klepper smiles widely as he drops both packages through the "out-o-town" slots.

Dancing back to the computer Klepper drops below and finds the security camera tapes.

Casually he pops it out and leaves the drooling Kevin behind the register.

EXT. 32 ST. - FED-FAX - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A smile, almost creepily, plastered across his face, Klepper pulls a new phone out and presses ONE.

KLEPPER

Todd my- Todd... TODD! You will be receiving... (fade out)

INT. LA - WESTWOOD - STARZZ BARRZ - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A surrealist take mixing the bars from *Cheers* and *Happy Days* with a serious penchant for neon lights.

ANTON BORDJEAU ("bore-doze"), 42, slim built, muscles a bit wiry but still there - cuts, faint and fresh, cover his exposed skin, very drunk.

Walking over towards the bar, Anton surveys the clientele: Sorority Moms from Ohio are shrieking on his left, the right has about 5 of the remaining crew members from *Golden Girls*, A bachelorette party catches his eye.

INT. - STARZZ BARRZ - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Anton tosses his drink back, before he sets it down ABBY WINTER, mid-twenties, a LA native who managed to not get a piercing or a tattoo - swipes his glass.

ABBY

Slow night for *Sam Whistler* is it? No more till you sign some damn autographs... Don't know why-

ANTON

HEY! Hey. Come on now, it's *JOHN FISHER*, the man who killed the moon! The man who beat back the sun!

Beat.

ABBY

No more drinks till you do your job
Anton. Make some *old* fans happy and
maybe I'll wet your whistle later.

ANTON

Well now we are talking doll-face.

He jumps up, trips a bit, rejiggers his shirt, marches
towards the bachelorette party- most likely place for
"poon".

A wail of screams, Anton smiles wide, hands open.

ANTON (cont'd)

Have no fear ladies, Sa- John Fisher
is here!

BACHELORETTE #1

OMG! Are you like that guy who killed
Walt Disney in that one movie?

ANTON

No... But I did once kill *George*
Washington in **The REIGN OF**
WASHINGTON.

All of them scream again.

BACHELORETTE 1

MY MOTHER. God bless her, she
actually had posters of you from when
she was young! I thought you were so
fuckin' hot.

ANTON

Really? I-

BACHELORETTE 1

WERE!

They all laugh hysterically- Anton sneaks out, brushes off
Abby who smirks from the bar, heads to the back.

EXT. STARRZ BARRZ - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Banging through the door Anton rummages for his smokes,
fishing out a lighter and a cigarette.

BRING. BRING.

Anton tries desperately to get his cigarette to light.

ANTON
Fuck. Who the fu- LIGHT DAMN IT!

Finally striking the tip, Anton inhales deeply grabs his phone, while exhaling.

ANTON (cont'd)
Go for Bordeaux.

INT. OLYMPIC BLVD - MAD TALENTS - TODD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

TODD WILKINSON, 50, tired of this new era of stardom, sips from a flask.

TODD
Baby Bordeaux- how you doin?

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

ANTON
Are you serious? I'm working stunts in the day and fucking getting laughed at by night!

TODD (V.O.)
Good, good.

Anton's face flushes with fury, veins pushing through.

ANTON
NO! Not good! You know you saved me the trouble of calling cause I am so gonna fi-

INT. MAD TALENTS - TODD'S OFFICE

Todd finishes a long swig, his eyes transfixed on his desk.

TODD
I think I got you a spot on the dependables 2.

ANTON (V.O.)
FUCKING KISS YOU- YOU BEAUTIFUL MAN.

TODD
That's what I thought. Listen close, finish your contract on *BRO COPS* and we may just see John Fisher back where he belongs.

Todd puts his feet up, sips a bit more, closes the flask, he places it next to a BLACK-AND-WHITE RUBIK'S CUBE, Todd gingerly picks it up.

ANTON (V.O.)
ON THE SILVER FUCKIN' SCREEN. YES! Oh
yyyyyeah!

Looking at every corner, it seems to be just a regular if not strange model for a Rubik's cube... still Todd holds it with finger tips.

TODD
Just finish up the contract and we'll
meet the producers in like a week or
so.

CLICK. He sets the phone and cube down, picks his flask up and goes to drain it, to find he's gone through it all already.

TODD (cont'd)
Ah fuck...

He slams his head a few times on the table, A red spot on his forehead, Todd lays facing away.

KLEPPER
So...you got a guy then?

TODD
WHY CAN'T YOU JUST HOLD ONTO IT. WHY
ME?

KLEPPER
I have shit to do Todd. You owe me.
Also, I'll kill you if you don't.
I'll be back in two weeks. If that
cube is gone so are you.

Todd slumps back into his chair, but Klepper is gone, Todd keeps slipping back and GROANING.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS - ANTON'S HOUSE - DOOR - NIGHT

Keys jingle and scratch the front door, CLICK- Anton falls through the door onto his marble floor.

Pain numbed by numerous drugs and drinks, Anton pulls himself up and staggers across the hall.

INT. ANTON'S HOUSE - MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Slumping onto a gray fur couch, Anton grabs a mirror with a bit of powder still set up in lines.

Snorting one, then another, and finishing the third rail, Anton's snowy nose brings a smile across his face.

Clicking some buttons on a universal remote, All the lights flicker and a screen starts to drop from the ceiling.

As it reaches full length a VHS can be heard coiling up, across the screen: **JOHN FISHER KILLS GEORGE WASHINGTON.**

ANTON

Walk Futzing Dissey... I coulda
killed him to.

Anton falls over snoring heavily as the movie plays on:

JOHN FISHER

KING GEORGE! Stand down, let the
republic go sir!

Brandishing a wooden smile, KING GEORGE, cackles.

KING GEORGE

Thou shal't not intervене devil! I am
anoointed in my Monarchy!

KRRRA-ZZZAPP. A hole burns through where George's teeth used to protrude.

JOHN FISHER

Now you're anoointed by my SONIC
LASER, I call 'er the King Killer.

TO BE CONTINUED IN: **JOHN FISHER KILLS L.A.**