

Crime Ender

Written by

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EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

BRETT, 20s, walks NICOLE, 20s, to her car. Nicole cracks up as she finishes telling a story.

NICOLE
Which is why my whole family now
calls me Mr. Clippy the dumpy lil'
Hedgehog.

Brett looks up from playing a game on his phone.

BRETT
Huh? What'd you say?

Nicole blushes looking at Brett in the eye and smiles.

NICOLE
This... This was really nice. I had
a lot of fun.

BRETT
Yeah well, it was definitely
expensive, I'll tell ya that.

Nicole giggles and sways flirtatiously, she's stalling. She nods to her car.

NICOLE
Sooooo, this is me here.

Brett goes in for a kiss. Nicole closes her eyes and kisses him back. After a magical moment she pulls back ending the kiss. She's completely enamored. Is this love?

BRETT
(frustrated)
Wait, are you serious? That's it?

NICOLE
Gotta save something to look
forward to, right? Tee hee.

She plays with her hair. Brett's pissed.

BRETT
A quick HJ never killed anyone.
Look at me, I'm freakin' boned out
over here. Come on, if I don't seal
the deal the boys will think I'm a
total soy boy cuck!

Brett moves in aggressively kissing at Nicole's neck. She pushes him off. Shocked, Brett throws his arms up and whines.

NICOLE
Brett, I said no!

BRETT
But, wha- I literally paid and
everything! Oh great, now I've got
blue balls! Ahh!!! They hurt so
bad! Ow! Please! Ow! It hurts!

Brett cups his nards as he continues to groan in agony.
Nicole crosses her arms.

NICOLE
Sorry, you'll just have to wait.

Brett gives up.

BRETT
Whatever tease. You're not even
hot.

NICOLE
Uh! You're a jerk Brett!

Brett turns to leave when they hear a loud thud nearby.

DICKIE (O.S)
(in a deep commanding
voice)
Hey pal!... The lady said no!

Nicole and Brett look over to see DICKIE, a masked man in his
early 30's, wearing a tight dark green superhero suit with
the letters CE on the chest. He stands heroically on the now
dented hood of a nearby car.

NICOLE
...Huh?

BRETT
Yeah what? (to Nicole) Who is this?

Nicole shrugs just as confused. Dickie hops down and begins
to circle Brett.

DICKIE
Who, me? Oh, I'm just the guy that
makes sociopathic rapists like you
not able to rape so easily. You
see, the problem is that this
actually isn't Rape Town USA and
and you're not in fact the mayor of
it. And guess what, you're not even
running in the election.
(MORE)

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Because like I said before... The lady. Said. No.

Amused, Brett looks from the masked man to Nicole then back.

BRETT

Yeah, alright. First of all fuck face, I'm not a rapist. Secondly I was just leaving, so get the hell outta my face and--

Before he can finish the sentence, Dickie pulls out a small grappling hook gun, shoots the retracted hook on a line through Brett's leg, then yanks upward pulling his legs out from under him. Brett howls in pain and hits the ground hard. Nicole covers her mouth terrified.

BRETT (CONT'D)

AHHHHH! What the fu-- y-you shot me!? You actually-... What the hell is wrong with you, you psycho!?

Brett shakily picks himself up and pulls out his phone.

BRETT (CONT'D)

I'm calling the police!

DICKIE

Oh, really?

Dickie swats the phone out of his hand then performs a spinning roundhouse kick, connecting with Brett's temple. Brett's unconscious body smashes back down onto the asphalt.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

If you think you can go around on a rape spree in my town, you've got another thing coming.

Dickie hocks a loogie onto Brett's body then turns heroically to the damsel in distress. She's now talking on the phone.

NICOLE

Yeah, definitely paralyzed, possibly dead. (to Dickie) Excuse me, what's your name?

Dickie stands proudly. This is what makes it all worth it.

DICKIE

You can call me... Crime Ender!

Nicole nods and goes back to speaking on the phone.

NICOLE

He says his name is Crime Ender? Uh okay, white, maybe 5'10". Wearing a costume... No this isn't a prank.

DICKIE

(outraged)

Hey! Wait, are you telling on me!?

Nicole ignores him. Dickie fumes at the lack of gratitude.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey lady! Fuck you dude! Real nice way to thank someone for saving your little happy meal ass.

Dickie shakes his head, tosses some pills from a small container into his hand, pops them into his mouth, and grappling hooks out of there.

Music Cue: Sick ass Guitar solo.

Title Screen: CRIME ENDER!

EXT. MOTEL POOL - MORNING

GALE, 50s, an old school detective with a kind heart, walks up to a crime scene with SHANE, early 30s, competent but very green. They both duck under the caution tape. Evidence markers and bodies covered in blood soaked sheets lay around the pool.

GALE

Look at this shit show. No better way to start your first day as a homicide detective, ey Rook?

CSI agents mill around the scene. Shane counts 4 dead.

SHANE

Yeah, I'll say. Jesus, what the hell happened here? Maybe the 7th St. Matadors settling a score?

GALE

Not sure. Or could be the Italians. Associated criminals from all over are coming into town for Tony Parmesan's son's wedding. A real who's who of unsavory characters. Let's have a look.

Gale bends down and pulls back the sheet over one of the bodies. A circular saw blade is lodged in the man's head.

SHANE

(rattled)

Oh my god.

DICKIE (O.S)

Already solved that one. Cause of death appears to be the saw blade in his head there. You better not try and take credit for that one new guy!

Shane looks over to see Dickie in plain clothes standing uncomfortably close to him. Gale sighs and shakes his head.

GALE

Jesus Christ, Dickie, what have I told you about walking on to an active crime scene?

DICKIE

Woah, Gale, where is this coming from?

At first Dickie seems insulted, then he leans in slyly and lowers his voice so just Shane and Gale can hear.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

I get it. You're trying to keep up appearances. But please Gale, don't yell at me in front of this rookie asshole, it's embarrassing... Plus, if you want my help to get these cocksuckers, I'm going to need access to the crime scene, evidence, a company credit ca--

GALE

Dickie, I've told you many times! The LAPD doesn't want your help. I need you to out of here. Why don't you go and get a real job.

Dickie glares at him then chucks his notebook at the ground hitting a victim's body.

DICKIE

FINE!

Gale shakes his head as Dickie stomps off.

GALE

Jesus Christ, that kid is going to
be the end of me...

SHANE

Uh, Sir?

Gale looks over to see Dickie trudging his feet into the side
of a corpse. He pushes it around acting like he's trying
really hard to walk through it.

GALE

God dam- Dickie! Come on!

DICKIE

What? I'm doing my best! You told
me to leave so I'm trying to.
Problem is I parked my car over
there. Oh what, now I can't even
drive my own car?!

GALE

For the love of God, will somebody
please remove him!?

A few officers go and grab Dickie. He whips out his dick and
starts peeing into the air as he's being dragged off.

DICKIE (O.S)

(screaming)

What!? I had to go! Hope I'm still
allowed to have bodily functions!
Oops! Spritzed that body. Oh no
Gale, my DNA hit your precious
crime scene!

Gale rubs his temples as Shane watches in fascination. Dickie
thrashes and fights the officers the whole way out.

INT. IRV'S HOME - MORNING

IRVING SINCLAIR, 60s, an old weathered man walks into his
kitchen wearing a robe. He grabs an old pot of coffee and
pours it into a mug along with some rum.

He puts a tv dinner into the microwave then turns on a little
tv set on the table. The news is on.

TV REPORTER

The vigilante known as Crime Ender
has struck again, this time leaving
a man paralyzed from the neck down.

(MORE)

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

Sources say interest in exposing
the masked man has risen to an all
time--

Irv shuts off the tv and looks at his fridge. It's covered in
photos of YOUNG DICKIE. One shows him in a karate uniform
holding many gold medals. Irv sighs.

The microwave starts to make a strange ticking noise. Irv
turns staring at it in horror. He attempts to run but it's
too late. BOOM! An explosion rips through the home.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

Dickie walks in and up to the front desk. BARBRA, a nice old
woman sitting behind it looks up and smiles.

BARBRA

Why hello there! What can I do for
you today?

DICKIE

Yeah hi, I use to go here and I
need my diploma so I can apply for
jobs.

Barbra politely cocks her head not quite following. Dickie
tries again, this time slower and more obnoxious so the old
hag might be able to understand him.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

A di-plo-ma. For applying... TO

JOBS???

BARBRA

Well Sir, I don't believe we-...
did you receive one when you left
the school initially?

DICKIE

No. That's literally what I'm
saying. You guys forgot to send it.
I'm a bit late getting around to
picking it up because I've been
super busy.

BARBRA

Uhhhhh, okay?...

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Dickie!? No way, Dickie Sinclair,
is that you!?

Dickie turns to see PRINCIPAL BARTLY, 30's, a kind heavysset man, walking his way.

DICKIE
Oh yeah, hey... Guy.

Principal Bartly cracks up.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Classic Dickie! It's me, Carl!...
Carl Bartly... 3rd grade, got beat
up a lot... You stopped Trevor
Madison from basically killing me
once.

Dickie shrugs and nods in semi-acknowledgment.

DICKIE
Oh, uh okay. Great. That sounds
pretty cool of me.

Principal Bartly puts his arm around his shoulder and smiles.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
It really was! So, what are you
doing here?

BARBRA
He thinks we didn't send him a
diploma???

Dickie clenches his fists and glares at her for the discrediting tone. Before Dickie can scream in Barbara's face, Carl jumps in.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
(to Barbra)
You know what Barbra, he's an old
friend. I'll take care of this.

Barbra throws her hands in the air like, "fine by me".

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Principal Bartly motions for Dickie to take the seat on the other side of his desk which he does. Bartly leans back in his chair shaking his head smiling.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Wow! Been a while huh man?

DICKIE
Yeah... So what, you teach here?

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Haha no, I'm the Principal. Can you believe it? Yeah, followed in the old man's footsteps. What about you? You in law enforcement like your dad?

DICKIE
Eh kind of. Can you keep a secret?

Bartly nods and sits up intrigued.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
You ever hear of Crime Ender?

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Oh yeah, he's badass! I mean, I know that's controversial but I think he gets a bad wrap. Why? You know him?

Dickie nods happily surprised and leans in.

DICKIE
I AM him.

Bartly's jaw drops in disbelief. He gets up and quickly shuts his office door and sits back down at his desk. Bartly whispers enthusiastically stoked.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Holy shit man, that's fucking crazy! You're a total badass!... So wait, what are you doing here?

DICKIE
Well, the media has been getting too close lately...

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Gosh, what jerks. They're always trying to make you seem like some sort of insane nut whenever you kill or maim someone. Obviously those criminals deserved it.

DICKIE

Yeah, right. So you know, I need a normal job for a bit. Just to keep up appearances.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY

Well dude, I can get you a job no problem! Least I could do after you saved my ass back in the day!

Dickie is taken aback. This is going better than he expected.

DICKIE

I mean, yeah I guess I could be principal, seems easy enough. What's it pay?

PRINCIPAL BARTLY

Well, no. I could give you a job, not my job. You could be a substitute teacher! Actually a teacher unexpectedly called out today and we were just about to contact one of our subs. Any interest?

Dickie looks hesitant and far less enthused.

DICKIE

Uhhh okay... But like, what is that? What would I have to do?

PRINCIPAL BARTLY

Oh easiest gig in the world. Just watch the class until the end of the day. The teacher probably left a lesson plan, but really just make sure all the students are alive when the parents come to pick them up. Should be easy enough for a freaking superhero!

Deep in thought, Dickie stands up and paces around the room considering the opportunity. Bartly watches Dickie intently. As he mulls it over Dickie opens some of drawers around Bartly's office and rifles through his things.

DICKIE

Hmmm, you know what? Fuck it. I'll do it for the money.

Bartly pumps his arm in celebration.

INT. POLICE DEPT. - DAY

Gale and Shane sit at desks across from each other looking over photos of the crime scene. OFFICER 1 walks up to Gale.

OFFICER 1

Hey detective, an eye witness from the motel pool killings just called in. Say they saw the whole thing. They'll be here any minute.

Gale nods and the officer leaves.

SHANE

That sounds promising.

GALE

(out of it)

Huh? Oh... Yeah. Should be good.

Shane looks at him curiously.

SHANE

Hey Sir, who exactly was that back at the pool? He seemed a bit, I mean, unhinged I guess is the best way to put it.

Gale freezes from moment deep in thought, then looks up at Shane earnestly.

GALE

That was... Dickie Sinclair. He's the son of my old partner.

SHANE

That was Irving Sinclair's son? Wow... Heard a lot of stories about Irv.

GALE

Yeah well, the stories are all true, he was one tough, old school son of a bitch. A real hero.

SHANE

Oh, I meant the other stories.

Gale looks down then nods to Shane grimly.

GALE

Oh, those stories... yeah... Why don't we get a coffee huh?

(MORE)

GALE (CONT'D)

I need some caffeine or I'll start to get cranky.

SHANE

Sure, that sound goo--

Gale stands up and puts on his jacket. Shane looks confused but gets up and follows him.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Oh now? Do we need to wait for the witness or...

Gale waves it off.

GALE

Naw, who cares.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Dickie enters a class full of rowdy 3rd graders. They all quiet down as he walks over to the board and starts writing "Dick" stops, crosses it out, then writes, "Mr. Sinclair".

DICKIE

Alright class, my name is Dickie Sinclair, and I'm your substitute. Basically, a substitute is like a teacher who-- they're not your normal teacher, but they're very much in charge. I know it's confusing, but it's okay if you don't get it.

The kids look around at each other confused. BILLY, 8, a smaller nerdy kid, raises his hand. Dickie points at him.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, Glasses.

BILLY

Ah, it's Billy. We know what a substitute is.

DICKIE

(irritated)

Well, great for you Poindexter. I was explaining it for the other kids. Watch, show of hands, who here just learned something new?

Billy looks around the class as no students raise their hands. Dickie gets frustrated.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
So no one has the balls to admit
it? Fine! Lie to me, just know
you're only hurting yourselves, but
whatever...

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Shane and Gale sit silently at a table with their coffees.
Gale looks deep in thought as Shane just looks bored.

SHANE
So, should we be getting ba-

GALE
The stories you heard about Irv...
Are true. But there's more to it
that very few know.

Shane focuses intently and nods. Gale sits silently for a
while. Shane leans in further to try and spur the discussion.

SHANE
(prompting)
...Can I hear it?

GALE
(overly aggressive)
Fine, I'll say it, alright!? Irv
was a difficult guy to work with at
times!... But you gotta understand,
the man lost his wife.

Shane leans back weirded out and caught off guard by the
outburst.

SHANE
Oh, that's terrible. I never heard
about that.

GALE
She was killed in a mugging by a
career criminal. Bastard just got
out on bail. After that, Irv became
so passionate about stopping crime,
at times he'd just go... Too far.

INT. DROP HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Super: 2006

KIRK, 20s, a junkie sits at his kitchen table across from YOUNG GALE, early 30s, kind and orderly. YOUNG IRV, mid 30s, a larger meaner looking man leans on the wall nearby.

YOUNG GALE

If you don't know anything about the drop then why did Bones say you did?

KIRK

I don't know man. He's crazy! Was probably trying to set me up!

Irv has had enough. He charges the table, slams Kirk's head down and leans in close.

YOUNG IRV SINCLAIR

I know you're lying you dirty criminal! You've got 5 seconds to start talking.

Irv pulls out a gun and puts it to his head.

YOUNG GALE

Hey man, let's all just take a chill pill and calm down for a sec...

Irv looks up at Gale. Then BANG! Gale and Irv both flinch. Irv looks down. He accidentally blew Kirk's head off. He looks back up at Gale with a lame "whoops" look on his face. Gale stares at him in horror with a 1,000 yard gaze.

GALE (V.O)

It all happened so fast... I just wished there was something I could do, but it was too late.

YOUNG GALE

Irv! What the hell was that!?

Irv pulls a steak knife out of a kitchen drawer and waves it at Gale smugly.

YOUNG IRV SINCLAIR

Look at this, it was us or him. Just be glad this isn't in your neck right now. Alright, let's call this in.

Irv places the knife next to Kirk.

GALE (V.O)

But it didn't end there.

EXT. IRV'S BACKYARD - EVENING - FLASHBACK

Gale and Irv sit outside on a patio grilling and drinking.

GALE (V.O)

Irv hated crime so much, it began to consume him. One evening, he invited me over for some burgers and beers and he starts telling me about a side project of his. Something that'll change the world he says... he has me follow him into the basement.

INT. IRV'S BASEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Gale follows Irv down the basement stairs, he looks nervous. Sounds of grunts and pounds emanate from below.

GALE (V.O)

That's when I saw him. Dickie. Just a boy. No more than 13 at the time. He was fighting three full grown men. Criminals that Irv had blackmailed into training with his son.

YOUNG DICKIE, 13, wears shorts and has his hands taped up. He fights 3 larger tough looking men. Gale's eyes widen at the sight before him. Dickie takes some brutal blows but skillfully out maneuvers and attacks knocking them all out.

YOUNG IRV SINCLAIR

(sinister)

My boy here, will make our jobs a thing of the past. He's the future. He'll put an end to crime forever.

Young Dickie bows at Irv and Gale. One of the three criminals on the ground slowly attempts to stand. Irv glares at Dickie.

YOUNG IRV SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

(bloodthirsty)

Son.

Young Dickie looks at the struggling man empathetically, then up to Irv. Dickie nods and his demeanor hardens. In a flash he knees the man in the temple putting him down. Gale winces.

YOUNG IRV SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Going easy on crime is the same as condoning it.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Young Irv and Young Gale stand shoulder to shoulder. Sounds of combat are heard in front of them. Irv grins like a fanatic, Gale looks sick to his stomach.

GALE (V.O)

Dickie began coming out with us on patrol. When we came upon any criminals, Irv let him loose.

We see Young Dickie wearing his Crime Ender uniform and battling 5 thugs wielding bats. Suddenly they get the upper hand and surround Dickie and start beating the living hell out of him. Gale looks at Irv concerned, but Irv is unfazed.

GALE (V.O) (CONT'D)

I've never seen anything like it. He trained the boy to be ferocious, like a wild dog. He never held back.

Out of nowhere Dickie pulls a short sword from a sheath on his back and spins around cutting all the men's feet off. They fall to the ground screaming in pain. Gale starts puking as Irv gives his son a proud thumbs up.

GALE (V.O) (CONT'D)

Dickie Sinclair is Crime Ender. I always wished there was a way to help. Something I could do... But the wheels were already in motion....

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Gale looks down at his coffee remorseful.

GALE

Over the years me and some of the other guys at the department have done our best to keep Dickie's identity and exploits a secret. Misdirection, framing others, hiding evidence, you name it... Honestly the kid doesn't make it easy. If I had a nickel for every time he forgot his wallet or phone at a crime scene I'd be rich... I think you can guess how much trouble Dickie and the department would be in if anyone found out the truth about Irv's little project.

Shane stares at Gale in shock. He legitimately can't tell if he's joking.

SHANE

Are... Are you fucking serious?

Gale nods glumly.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Sir that's... insane. He kills people.

GALE

(earnestly)

I know. I know. Trust me, if there was anything I could do, I would... But now... we can only make sure no one ever finds out the truth.

Shane stares at Gale in confused frustration.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Dickie stands at the front of the class. The kids stare at him silently. He stares right back unsure of what they want from him.

DICKIE

... So anyway a little about me is, my main gig is fighting crime. I know it's cool, just don't go blabbing about it to your parents.

BETSY, 8, raises her hand. Dickie points to her.

BETSY

What's the snack for today?

Dickie is annoyed at this question following the information he just provided.

DICKIE

What th- I don't know, doesn't matter. Nothing.

TOMMY, 8, raises his hand. Dickie sighs and points to him.

TOMMY

Are you a police man?

DICKIE

(insulted)

No dude, are you joking?

(MORE)

DICKIE (CONT'D)

I'm a fucking superhero. The name
Crime Ender ring any bells!?

Dickie smugly waits for an applause that doesn't come which frustrates him even more. A few other kids raise their hands.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Know what? No. Put your hands down.
You're all uninformed and it's not
my job to hold your stupid little
hands and teach you everything.

The kids look around confused. Dickie shakes his head, pulls out a bottle of pills and takes one. BETSY, 8, raises her hand. Dickie groans loudly.

BETSY

Is that a mint?

DICKIE

No numb nuts. It's a Bravey.

The dumb blank stares on the kid's faces tell him they don't know what that is.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Wait, you guys have never heard of
Bravies? *scoffs* Figures. They
make you smart and tough.

BILLY

Mrs. Honey says if you eat during
class you have to bring enough for
everyone.

DICKIE

Fine, I've got tons, no wonder
you're all shrimps. By your age I
was taking these for years. Here,
take some and pass it along.

Dickie tosses the bottle of pills to BILLY.

BILLY

I can't have anything without my
mom's permission.

DICKIE

Jesus Christ Glasses, who cares?
More for the rest of us, pass it
along.

Dickie's phone begins to ring. He holds up a finger to the class and answers it as the kids pass around the pills.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
You got Dickie... Murdered!?

Dickie's eyes widen with horror and he drops the phone.

BILLY
Everything okay Mr. Sinclair?

Dickie takes a moment and looks up at the children.

DICKIE
(dramatic)
Well class... Looks like we're
going on a field trip.

The class cheers wildly.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Shane has his head in his hands as Gale eats a muffin and rambles on. He's much more relaxed than before. Feels reminiscent.

GALE
Get this, Irv even gave the kid
these pills, I think he called them
"Bravies" or something. They were
basically just a concoction of meth
and steroids. Made him all kinds of
nuts but also really strong! Like a
little rabid tank, haha!

Shane just stares forward no longer even listening. Gale's phone starts to ring. He looks at the caller ID and smiles.

GALE (CONT'D)
(playful to Shane)
Watch this.

Gale snickers and answers the phone.

GALE (CONT'D)
(in a terrible asian
accent)
Hello! This massage parlor! I give
you happy ending!

Shane cringes as Gale busts up laughing.

GALE (CONT'D)
Ew, you sick bastard, it's me,
what's up?
(MORE)

GALE (CONT'D)

(grim) Are you serious?... No, it's fine. We'll take it.

Gale, now very serious hangs up the phone and looks at Shane.

GALE (CONT'D)

We have a new case... Irv is dead.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Dickie walks in. Bartly sits at his desk on his computer.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY

Oh, Dickie! Hey! Everything alright? The kids treating you okay?

DICKIE

(brisk)

Yeah, they're great, love 'em. Hey would I still get paid if I had to jet for a bit?

PRINCIPAL BARTLY

Not for the whole day obviously and it'd be a rough start to the job.

DICKIE

Cool, because that's not the case, like I said, I love those little fuckers. But hey, I was thinking, could be fun to take the kids on a field trip, ya know?... It'll be educational of course.

Hesitation overtakes Bartly's enthusiasm.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY

Oh uhh, well Dickie, usually we have to get parental permission for that kind of thing.

DICKIE

(freaking out)

What's the big deal!? They're my class for the day! That's what you said! Admit it!

PRINCIPAL BARTLY

Woah Dickie, relax, I'm sure the kids would love it, its just... rules are rules. You understand, don't you?

Dickie slams his hands on the desk and clenches his fists.

DICKIE
You and your fuckin rules. Guess
what? It was against the rules when
I beat down Trevor Madison to save
your ass! Maybe I should rethink
that decision.

Bartly looks really uncomfortable but nods.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
(hesitant)
... Alright, I- I guess it's fine.
Just please Dickie, make sure
they're back here by 2:15. Okay?

DICKIE
(cheery)
Yeah sure! No problem!

Dickie smiles and turns to leave.

MR. BARTLY
Hey Dickie! Seriously, please keep
them safe.

With a smirk, Dickie looks back nodding intensely and pulls
up his shirt to reveal a gun tucked in his waist.

DICKIE
Oh... I intend to.

Motionless, Bartly stares horrified as Dickie walks out.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Dickie drives the bus as the kids goof around in the back.
Billy sits up front near Dickie.

BILLY
Mr. Sinclair, are we going to the
zoo?

DICKIE
Haha no. Truth be told Glasses, my
father was murdered today.

BILLY
Oh... I'm sorry. How?

DICKIE

Not sure. Probably tortured to death or got his brains blown out all over the place. But don't worry, I have a hunch on who might've been behind it.

BILLY

So we're going to arrest the bad guy?

DICKIE

Not yet. Thing is buddy it's a bit more than one guy. If my gut is correct, then we'll be needing a lot more firepower for where we're heading. Hey, check this out.

Dickie pulls out his phone, dials a number, then holds it up to his ear. Billy watches curiously.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

(polite) Hello, is Aslan there?... Uh okay yeah sure, you got a pen? Sure take your time... Ready? Okay, so yeah, just tell him that this is Crime Ender, and that uhh...
(enraged screaming) I KNOW WHAT HE DID AND I'M GOING TO FUCKIN' MURDER EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU! YOU'RE ALL WALKING CORPSES, YOU FUCKIN' HEAR ME!? SIX FEET UNDER WORM FOOD MOTHER FUCKER!
Dickie hangs up with a smirk and winks at Billy. Now very uncomfortable, Billy sits back and slowly turns forward not to encourage any further conversation.

INT. CHECHEN STRIP CLUB - DAY

ANGELIQUE, a cute hostess at the club in her 20s hangs up the phone looking weirded out. MARTY, 30s, a large henchman stands nearby.

MARTY

Who was that?

ANGELIQUE
Not sure but he was freaking out.
Upset customer maybe?

EXT. IRV'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Gale and Shane pull up to the house. It's badly damaged but still standing. A CSI group is taping off a larger area than usual as a bomb squad walks inside. Gale pulls up to OFFICER 1 who's directing traffic.

GALE
What's going on here?

OFFICER 1
Explosions, poisonous darts, fire,
you name it. Apparently the whole
place is booby trapped. We're not
sure what to make of it yet.

Gale nods and drives on to park. Shane looks at Gale.

SHANE
Someone really must've wanted him
dead.

GALE
Wish that narrowed it down...

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

Dickie walks in with 15 kids in tow as they get off the school bus. Dickie walks up to KEVIN, a heavy set man in his 40s decked out in camo at the counter. Dickie leans in.

DICKIE
Hey Kev. I'm going to need some
serious hardware.

Kevin looks behind him as kids are all pretending to shoot each other with the real firearms displayed around the store.

KEVIN
What's with the kids?

Dickie looks back at the class, then to Kevin and shrugs.

DICKIE
Huh? Oh, what the? I thought they
worked here.

KEVIN

You entered the store toge-- ya
know what, I don't care. What can I
do ya for? What kind of hardware we
talkin?

DICKIE

Uhhhhh... Well, I'll need...

Dickie awkwardly turns around trying to nonchalantly count
the kids, then turns back to Kevin.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Ummm I don't know, psh top of my
head maybe like 15- no 16 ARs or
something?

KEVIN

... That's a lot of guns Dickie.

DICKIE

Yeah, no shit Kevin. Guess it's
your lucky fuckin' then day since
you sell them.

KEVIN

(hesitant)

Fine... But you're not just going
to take advantage of my "end of day
return policy" again, are ya?

DICKIE

Only if I'm not happy with the
purchase.

KEVIN

Fair enough! I'll ring you up.

EXT. IRV'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Gale and Shane sit under a canopy where the police have set
up a control area. An explosion is heard. Everyone looks to
the house as the bomb squad shuffles out dragging a teammate.

GALE

Jesus! What's that now?

SHANE

4 explosions, a tiger trap, and 2
electrified door handles.

GALE
God damn, looks like we got
ourselves a regular Kevin
McCallister on our hands... Wait...

Gale looks over at Shane with a possible lead.

GALE (CONT'D)
Was that character based on a real
person!?

SHANE
(exhausted)
sighs I don't think so.

GALE
Damn! Well then how many bots do we
have left?

In the yard, a bomb defusing robot heading toward the front door trips a mine and explodes. Pieces rain down around them.

TERRY, 30s, tech nerd type sitting by a pile of destroyed robot parts retracts an antenna on the remote he was using. A tear falls down his cheek. He's devastated.

TERRY
That was our last one Sir.

Gale drops his head in frustration.

EXT. DRY CLEANING BUILDING ROOF - DAY

Dickie gears up in his Crime Ender suit while the kids are in a single file line grabbing rifles from a pile. Excluding Billy, the kids all look a bit different. Larger than before.

DICKIE
Alright guys, for most of you
this'll be your first mission.
These Chechen bastards are cold
blooded, so if you're nervous about
killing or whatever, just knock
back a few more Bravies and you'll
be good.

The kids follow the advice and all start throwin 'em back.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Regardless, thanks to yours truly,
most of you won't have to do jack
shit.

Dickie holds up a picture of ASLAN MASKADOV, late 50s.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

This man here, Aslan Maskadov, is the head of the Chechen mafia and our target. Now listen up... because here's how we're going to kill him.

INT. CHECHEN STRIP CLUB - DAY - PLAN

Dickie drops from the air ducts into a nicely furnished office in the club.

DICKIE (V.O.)

I'm going to covertly sneak into Aslan's office. Earlier today I let my emotions get the best of me so his security is going to be on high alert.

Goons all over the club look around vigilant and prepared.

DICKIE (V.O.)

Once I'm in, Glasses will deliver a special note that should spook Aslan into hiding in said office while his crew patrols far away.

Billy hands a goon in the club a note. The henchman all span out while Aslan runs into his office and hides behind his desk. Dickie creeps out of Aslan's office closet behind the desk, rips his head off and chucks it into a wood chipper.

DICKIE (V.O.)

I'll take him out along with anyone that gets in my way, then we'll head back to the school.

Dickie and the kids are on the bus cheering and throwing back a few cold ones.

EXT. DRY CLEANING BUILDING ROOF - DAY

The children all sit silently with blank faces. Tommy, buffer and hairier then before raises his hand. Dickie's annoyed.

DICKIE

It was pretty straight forward, but yeah, what didn't ya get?

TOMMY

What do we do?

DICKIE

You're my support. If anything goes wrong in there, I'll run out and you guys just mow down anyone who's following me. You're also here in case Aslan tries to run instead of hiding.

Betsy raises her hand. Dickie rolls his eyes and lets out a big sigh as he points to her.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, pigtails, what else could you possibly not be clear on?

BETSY

Where's Billy?

DICKIE

(flippant)

No idea who that is. Moving on.

BETSY

The boy with the glasses.

Dickie looks over the kids and doesn't see Billy. Slightly panicked he runs to the side of the roof and looks down across the street to see Billy entering the club.

DICKIE

Fuck!

Dickie now erratic runs back over to the class.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Okay guys, Glasses was suppose to wait for my cue. Scumbag must be trying to sabotage us. Can't say I don't respect how little he seems to care about his own safety... or anything for that matter, but either way, it's go time! Everyone line up across that side of the roof and aim at the door!

Rifles in hand, the kids all hustle over to the side of the roof and aim down. Dickie puts his mask on in preparation.

INT. CHECHEN STRIP CLUB - DAY

Billy walks through the lobby but is stopped by Marty.

MARTY

(sweetly)

Woah, slow your roll there little
guy, this is for adults only. Sorry
pal.

Marty tussles Billy's hair playfully as Billy holds out a note. Marty looks at it curiously and takes it. Billy turns and walks away as Marty begins to read the note.

The note: "Hey Aslan, you no dick fuck head. Come outside to meet your maker BITCH. I DARE you! PS. Don't kill the kid. - Crime Ender"

Marty looks up bewildered to see the boy exiting the building and grabs his radio.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Hey boss... We got an issue.

EXT. DRY CLEANING BUILDING ROOF - DAY

TOMMY

Look, it's Billy!

Dickie looks down to see the little nerd exit the club's front doors, look both ways, then start crossing the street. Dickie holds his chest and quickly lets out a sigh of relief.

DICKIE

Alright! Okay! Very good! Phase one
is complete. Now, just sit tight
here while I go murder this guy.
I'll be back in 10 and like I said,
chances are none of you will even
have to lift a finge...

Aslan and about 10 intense looking Chechen mobsters exit the club doors. Marty taps Aslan's shoulder and points over to Billy crossing the street. They start to pursue him. Dickie quickly grabs an AK-47 from Betsy, shoving her to the ground.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

(screaming like a maniac)

There he is! FIRE AT WILL!!!!!!

Automatic gunfire erupts! In slow-motion the mobsters look up just in time to see Dickie and his child army unloading on them. For 20 seconds straight gunshots ring out as bullets rain down cutting the men to pieces.

Then it's quiet. Just the clicking sound of little kid's fingers pulling triggers. Their magazines are empty.

Dickie looks down the line of his 3rd grade firing squad almost tearing up with pride.

TOMMY

Did we get him Mr. Sinclair?

Dickie peaks back over the ledge checking out the absolute blood bath. Body parts lay all over after being amputated by heavy machine gun fire.

The kids look up at Dickie waiting for his approval of a job well done. He nods at them feeling proud and emotional.

DICKIE

I assume so buddy. It'll be hard to identify any of them, but I assume so.

The kids smile, fist bump each other and cheer!

EXT. IRV'S FRONT YARD - DAY

It looks like a civil war era battlefield. Dozens of law enforcement officers are laid down in Irv's neighbor's yards with any range of injuries. Gale and Shane are still under the mission control canopy. Gale gets a call.

GALE

Yeah?

His brow furrows.

GALE (CONT'D)

Uh huh... Christ, has next of kin in the Sinclair case been contacted yet?... God dammit, I knew it!

Gale hangs up his phone and looks at Shane.

GALE (CONT'D)

Time to go. There's been a mob hit. Got about a dozen dead Chechens.

Shane hustles over to him and whispers.

SHANE
Was it Dickie?

GALE
Could be. Apparently he was
contacted about Irv sometime this
morning.

SHANE
Does this mean the Chechens are
responsible for this death trap?

Gale looks at Shane intrigued but confused.

GALE
How do you figure?

SHANE
Why else would they be Dickie's
targets?

GALE
Oh no. Dickie is a great fighter.
Never seen him outmatched. But he's
an absolute shit detective. Spent
all night in an escape room once
without finding a single clue. Not
saying it's impossible, but more
than likely they were just the
unlucky ones he thought of first
after hearing the news.

Shane just stares at Gale at the situation continually gets
worse than he previously thought.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Bartly paces and looks at his watch nervously. It's

1:00 PM.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Shit! Where in the world is he?
(Calls out) Hey Barbra, can you get
Dickie Sinclair on a call for me?

BARBRA (O.S.)
Can do boss.

Bartly pours a glass of liquor into a cup and swigs it down.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

The kids, again appearing older and more rugged, pass around cheap beer and sing with deep voices as they drive back to school in the bus.

EVERYBODY

96 bottles of beer on the wall, 96
bottles of beer, you take one down,
pass it around, 95 bottles of beer
on the wall!

Dickie pulls over in the school parking lot and hollers out while holding up his hand.

DICKIE

Hold up! Hold up! Shut up real
quick.

The kids all quiet down.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Before we get back to class, I just
want to say something. I've never
been a substitute teacher before,
and had no idea how rewarding it
could be... Hell I've never even
had a sidekick...

BETSY

And now you've got 15!

The kids all cheer and pump their rifles in the air.

TOMMY

I'll kill for you any day Mr.
Sinclair!

DICKIE

(smiling and pointing at
Tommy)

I don't doubt that! This guy's been
munching on Bravies nonstop!

Dickie and the kids all laugh. Then Dickie gets serious.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

But I want to say, I'm proud of
each and every one of you. You all
faced evil today, real life
criminals, and you stood your
ground. Not many adults even have
the stones to do that.

Dickie's phone begins to ring. It's the school.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Alright, that's enough sappy shit
for one day, get back to your song!

The kids cheer and begin to sing again in the background.

Dickie answers his phone.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Substitute teacher Sinclair, how
can I help you?

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bartly is standing, pouring another cup of liquor. He looks surprised at the way Dickie answered the phone.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Di- Dickie? Where the hell are
you!? The parents are going to be
here to pick up the kids in less
than an hour!

DICKIE (V.O.)
Hey big guy, no worries, we're in
the parking lot, just got back.

Bartly looks out the window and lets out a massive sigh of relief upon seeing the bus. Dickie waves at him and Bartly chuckles.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Oh thank god. You had me really
worried there for a second. Okay,
well sorry for bothering you. Good
work.

DICKIE (V.O.)
Hey Bartly.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
Yeah?

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dickie turns and looks at the 3rd grade class fondly.

DICKIE
Thanks for the job. It's been... a
really positive experience.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY (V.O.)
(caught off guard)
Uhhh yeah. No problem Dickie.
Really glad to hear you're enjoying
it! I'll see you in a bit.

Another call comes in as soon the previous ends. Dickie looks at the caller ID. It's Gale. He answers it.

DICKIE
(shit eating smugness)
Well, well, well. Look who came
crawling back. Let me guess, you
want help cracking the motel pool
case.

INT. GALE'S CAR - DAY

Gale drives with Shane in the passenger seat. The call is on speaker.

GALE
What? No! Dickie, Did you have
something to do with about a dozen
dead Chechens!?

DICKIE (V.O.)
(overly innocent sarcasm)
Chechens? Hmmm don't think I know
any Chechens. Especially none who
own strip clubs. Whoever did do
that probably had a good reason
though.

They can hear Dickie snickering on the other end.

GALE
Dickie, where are you?... Look, I
know about your dad, and I'm sorry,
but we can't be sure who's
responsible for blowing him up. I
know you're upset, but you need to
stop before this gets out of hand.
Can you come meet me?

Dickie's line falls silent.

GALE (CONT'D)
Dickie, are you there?

BILLY (V.O.)
What's wrong Mr. Sinclair?

Shane looks at Gale curiously. Gale shrugs.

DICKIE (V.O.)
...He was blown up?... Like when
Luca Parmesan blew up Giovanni
Mozzarell?

Gale realized he's made a mistake and begins to backtrack.

GALE
Wait, no. Well, I guess we can't be
entirely sure, but the point is...

The call ends. Gale hits his steering wheel in frustration.

GALE (CONT'D)
Dammit Dickie!... We need to help
him. Tony's son's wedding is today.
If he goes after Luca he'll be
going up against an army!

SHANE
(clarifying)
We're going to help him by stoping
him... Right?

Gale looks over at him and kind of shrug nods.

GALE
Sure, yeah... We'll see what
happens.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Dickie sits on the bus planning.

BILLY
Mr. Sinclair? Should we go back to
class?

DICKIE
(to himself)
Huh, so he was blown up... By Tony
Parmesan's bomb making nephew Luca.
Interesting. Veeery interesting.

The kids look around not sure what's happening.

BILLY
I thought it was the Chechens?

Dickie looks at Billy shaking his head happily now being
clear on the truth.

DICKIE

No, it's so simple, I don't know
how I could've missed it! I mean, I
definitely had my suspicions
earlier that Aslan had nothing to
do with it. But, yeah! It was Luca
all along!

The kids exchange slightly guilty looks to one another.

BILLY

So... those guys we killed?

DICKIE

(teasing)

Geez Glasses! Enough about them.
What'd you fall in love or
something?

Dickie and the others laugh. Billy looks around uneasy.

BETSY

Yeah Glasses! Did you fall in
love!?

TOMMY

So what now then Mr. Sinclair?

Dickie looks over the class, his inspiration rekindled.

DICKIE

Well guys... Who's up for one more
field trip?

The class cheers and starts shooting their rifles in the air.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Bartly sits in his chair smiling proudly and contemplating
life.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY

(moved)

You're a good man Carl. Who knew,
with a little bit of trust, you
would change a life today?

He chuckles to himself and shakes his head. Suddenly the
sound of gunshots jar him from his self congratulatory jerk
off sesh and he dives under his desk.

Slowly he peaks out. Seeing it's safe he cautiously runs to the window. Bartly stares in terror seeing the shots coming from the bus as it peels out of the parking lot.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE COURTYARD - DAY

Staff members set up tables and a bar. TONY PARMESAN, 60s, fat and Italian, walks through the room with two henchmen LUCA & ANDREA. CAROL, 40s, the wedding planner leads the way.

CAROL

So here we'll have some refreshments prior to the wedding per your request. Everyone will mingle, then at 2:00 we'll head into the church for the ceremony, and then the shuttles will be ready to take us to the reception afterward.

Tony smiles and laughs.

TONY

Carol, you're the best there is. Seriously, Luca, does anybody throw a wedding better than Carol?

LUCA

Nobody.

TONY

What'd I tell ya? The best.

He kisses Carol on each cheek. She smiles. MARIA, 20s, Tony's lazy apathetic niece and assistant walks up.

MARIA

Hey uhhh... Tony?

Tony, the goons, and Carol look over.

MARIA (CONT'D)

So a man just called, could be nothing but figured I'd come and run it by-

TONY

Maria, out with it. Who was it?

Tony leans over to Carol and whispers.

TONY (CONT'D)
Little advice. Never hire your
niece to be your assistant.

Carol nods in agreement.

MARIA
Oookay, so he said his name was
"Crime Ender"? and let's see, that
he was... Where was it, I wrote it
down here...

Tony rolls his eyes and makes a "wrap it up" gesture. She
looks down at her notes then casually back up.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Oh right, "coming to fucking kill
everybody".

She looks up to see everyone staring at her dumbfounded.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dickie hangs up the phone smiling triumphantly. The students
all look forward at him with anticipation of the news.

DICKIE
I found out where they'll be, and
get this, apparently there's going
to be a whole mess of criminals
there!

Dickie holds up his fist victoriously. The kids cheer and
shoot their guns some more!

BILLY
What's the plan Mr. Sinclair?

DICKIE
(annoyed) What? I don't
know yet, relax.
(Excited) Now who's up
for crashing a wedding!
Anyone need more
Bravies!? The kids begin
to cheer and Dickie
starts throwing more
bottles of Bravies
around, the cheer is cut
short by Billy.

BILLY

Mr. Sinclair! If there's a lot of guys there, don't you think it'd be smart to go in with a thought out plan?

Pissed, Dickie gets in Billy's face and screams.

DICKIE

CHRIST GLASSES, I'M THINKING!

OKAY!?

Dickie sits down feeling flustered and starts driving while polishing off a bottle of Bravies. The kids start singing again. He looks back at them now annoyed and screams.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Hey! I can't think if you guys keep singin-

An idea interrupts his scolding and he starts to smile. Dickie turns the radio to a Christian channel and cranks it up laughing like a psychopath.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Hey guys, try this one on for size!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Bartly is sweating bullets and drinking again. A knock on the door startles him. He stares at the door uneasily staying quiet. Another knock, followed by the door opening. Barbra looks at Bartly confused. He's a total wreck.

BARBRA

Did you... not hear me knocking?

Bartly sits, pale as a sheet with massive sweat stains. He tries to speak but just shakes his head "no".

BARBRA (CONT'D)

...Okay? Well, the student's parents for Mrs. Honey's class are going to be here any minute. What would you like me to tell them?

Bartly takes a deep breath, vomits into the trash by his desk, sits up, straightens his tie, and clears his throat.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY

No problem. Just send them in and I'll explain.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL BARTLY (CONT'D)

The kids are just a little late
getting back from a field trip.

Barbra continues staring for a moment longer in case he
changed his mind then shrugs apathetically and leaves.

BARBRA

Okay.

Bartly quickly grabs the trash to puke inside again and
frantically dials a number into his phone. It hits voicemail.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY

Dammit Dickie!

INT. WEDDING VENUE BACKROOM - DAY

Tony Parmesan stands in the center of a nice room that's
absolutely full of well dressed, tough, mean looking men.

TONY

(fuming)

On the day of my son's wedding...
His fucking wedding! This
cocksucker calls and threatens us,
threatens our families... You
believe this guy!? He's got some
balls, I'll give him that... But, I
want him dead. I don't care if it
was just a prank call, this maggot
that calls himself Crime Ender, is
a fucking deadman! You hear me!?

The men all nod and murmur in agreement. A knock on the door
startles them as they all grab for their pistols. Tony sees
that they're all on edge and motions for them to relax a bit.

TONY (CONT'D)

What?

Gale and Shane walk into the room followed by Luca and Andrea
who have pistols in their backs. Shane is beyond frustrated.

TONY (CONT'D)

What's this?

LUCA

Found these two moping about.
They're pigs.

Luca throws the badges on the ground in front of Tony who
looks at Gale and Shane and beckons them closer. Luca and
Andrea shove them into the center of the room.

GALE

Please, we're here to help. We think you may be in danger.

Tony steps up to Gale and gets real close.

TONY

Oh, I'm in danger, huh? And what? you're here to save me?... Or no, maybe you're working with this Crime Ender fella!

GALE

No. I swear!

TONY

(furious)

Then how do you know? Huh? How many goddamn people did this jerk off call just to inform he was planning on offing us!?

Gale holding his hands up at a loss. Tony turns to Shane.

SHANE

Sir... I don't know... He's an unstable person.

ANDREA

Yeah. the guy calls us up sayin' he'd kill all us and our families, cremate us, then use our ashes as his own personal kitty litter.

Shane looks back at Andrea to see if he's serious. He is. Shane nods not entirely surprised.

SHANE

Yeah... Like I said. Unstable.

Tony gets in Shane's face making him very uncomfortable.

TONY

So then what are you here for? Huh?

SHANE

Just want to offer more security and nip this in the bud before it gets out of hand. You can keep our guns.

Tony looks around at some of his men and nods.

TONY

If this mother fucker shows his
face and we put him down-

SHANE

It'll be in self defense.

Tony nods clenching his jaw, turns and walks away waving to his men to get ready. Shane sighs with relief. Tony turns back and looks at Luca and Andrea.

TONY

You two stay with them. Don't let
them out of your sight.

The men nod and Shane and Gale exchange a nervous look.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE COURTYARD - DAY

The venue is full of activity. CATERERS, THE WEDDING PARTY, a CHILDREN'S CHOIR, SECURITY, and arriving GUESTS mill about the courtyard and church. Shady characters from all kinds of different backgrounds drink and chat with each other.

ARMS DEALER

Yeah, I got a great deal this month
on automatic weapons if you're
interested.

HUMAN TRAFFICKER

Can I pay in human beings?

ARMS DEALER

I don't see why not!

They laugh and cheers!

Security is on high alert. Shane stands along the courtyard wall looking around. Luca and Andrea stand nearby. Gale walks over to Shane with two beers and holds one out.

GALE

It is wall to wall hunnies up in
here! Hah, my mom always wanted me
to be some big shot attorney like
my dad, but look who made it to the
most exclusive party of the year,
amiright?

Shane looks at him with contempt and pushes the beer away.

GALE (CONT'D)

Rookie, I know this can all be a bit overwhelming, especially for your first day, but frankly you've been a bit of a wet blanket since the morning.

SHANE

Sir, I just want to stop Dickie before there's anymore bloodshed. And, with all do respect... I can't believe you or the department condones what that maniac does.

GALE

Condone!? Who's condoning it!? I told you multiple times that "I

WISHED THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD

DO". Did I or did I not say that?

Huh? Admit it. Come on, admit that

I have said that!

SHANE

Yeah, you did, but...

GALE

So then why are you mad at me!? I'm legit here solely to try and actually stop Dickie. So like...

Gale grabs some appetizers off a caterer's tray and shoves them into his mouth.

GALE (CONT'D)

(chewing with his mouth
full)

...Couldn't be more the opposite.

Shane sighs and shakes his head. Gale smiles and waves at a sexy female guest.

SHANE

Do you even think he's coming? I have a really tough time judging what Dickie will do next.

Gale shrugs shoving more food into his mouth.

GALE

Eh, who knows, Dicki- er Crime
Ender is a tough guy to track.
Sometimes when he has a target
nothing in the world can stop him,
other times he'll randomly drop it
and won't really seem to care that
much.

Crumbs and spit from Gale's mouth hit Shane in the neck.
Shane looks at Gale upset.

GALE (CONT'D)

Oops, did I get ya?

Luca taps them on the shoulder.

LUCA

It's time for the ceremony. You'll
be sitting with us.

Shane gives Gale and irritated look as the two follow Luca
into the church.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

A GROUP OF PARENTS, confused and upset stand in the office.
Bartly stands in front of them, a bit drunk, covered in sweat
stains, disheveled, and stressed beyond belief. WENDY, TERRY,
and STELLA stand at the front of the mob.

TERRY

What do you mean they're on a field
trip? I never signed any permission
slip!

BARTLY

Well, it was sort of a spur of the
moment thing, a great opportunity
for a- a an experience that- I
assure you, your children are in
good hands...

STELLA

Who is this new sub!? I've never
even heard of him before!

BARTLY

Well, it's true, he is new, but
he's very qualified.

WENDY

Principal Bartly, please, just be honest with us. Where are our kids!?

Bartly looks at the concerned parent's faces and lowers his head in shame.

BARTLY

The truth is, I- ... I don't know.

The parents freak the fuck out.

WENDY

Wait what!? They've been kidnapped?

TERRY

YOU DON'T KNOW!?

STELLA

I'm calling the cops!

WENDY

My brother is a cop, I'll call him!

Bartly walks back into his office, closes and locks the door. He pulls out his phone and again dials. It hits voicemail and he throws his phone against the wall shattering it.

INT. WEDDING VENUE CHURCH - DAY

The church is large and ornate with an atmosphere like an old roman cathedral. Shane and Gale sit in a pew near the middle. Luca and Andrea sitting on either side.

The priest takes his place with the groom. The organ begins to play, the choir begins to sing, and the procession begins.

Gale leans over to Shane looking around intensely. Shane moves closer to hear his thought.

GALE

Such a beautiful venue. Really classy.

Shane leans out and looks at Gale quizzically then nods and shrugs.

SHANE

(whispering)

Yeah? I guess.

Gale waves him back in. Shane rolls his eyes and leans in.

GALE

Psst. Hey relax. I doubt Dickie will even show up. This wedding just has too much security. He's not a total lunatic.

Shane struggles to nod at the comment based on uncertainty.

Meanwhile... Zooming in toward the podium to the side of the stage.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Dickie paces down the aisle of the bus popping Bravies as Billy goes over his idea.

BILLY

You can hide inside the podium. They're typically hollow and we can put a decorative sheet over it. You'll be at the front of the church near the procession, and you'll have a good vantage point to spot your target in the crowd.

DICKIE

Okay, yeah!... But wait, when do I jump out?

BILLY

Doesn't matter. Whenever.

DICKIE

Glasses, I swear to god! If you're trying sabotage another mission...

BILLY

Fine! I just meant whenever during the ceremony would work, but how about when they ask if any of the guests don't want them to get married?

INT. WEDDING VENUE CHURCH - INSIDE THE PODIUM - DAY

Dickie hides fully suited up, scrunched into the podium on stage being covered only by a table cloth. A sinister grin forms on his face as he pops a few Bravies.

INT. WEDDING VENUE CHURCH - DAY

GALE

Let's just try to enjoy the wedding, huh? We deserve a night off.

Luca bumps Shane with his knee. Shane looks up at him. Luca leans in and whispers to Shane.

LUCA

Do I need to remind you two that you're guests here?... Uninvited ones at that?

Shane shakes his head embarrassed and stares ahead. A second later Gale nudges Shane's arm with his elbow. Shane ignores it but Gale elbows him again harder. Shane elbows him back. Gale lets out a loud audible whine and yells.

GALE

OW! What the hell?!

Shane turns and glares at Gale. Andrea and Luca stare daggers at the two of them. Gale points out Shane as the culprit and starts miming how the elbowing to his arm incident went down. Andrea traces his thumb across his neck.

SHANE

(whispering)

Sorry. I-... We're sorry.

Shane is more uncomfortable than he's ever been. The music of the organ and choir continues with the wedding procession.

The wedding party appears unrehearsed, drunk, or both as their confusion regarding where to stand requires the priest step in and place them. The seemingly untrained organ player and out of tune choir luckily help take the focus off the wedding party's mistakes as they too seem all over the place.

Gale snickers and points at the shit show while tapping Shane's foot with his own. Shane doesn't react. Luca, also still staring forward, pulls out a switchblade triggering the blade to extend. Shane eyes it nervously.

The whole wedding procession is finally in place and the ceremony is ready to begin. The priest clears his throat into the mic. The choir and organ continue. He clears his throat louder. The organ stops but choir continues.

Finally fed up, the priest turns around and waves at them to cut it out which they do.

The choir moves off to the side of the stage to sit in a designated area. Gale is turning red holding his breath to stop himself from laughing.

PRIEST
Passionate aren't they?

A few chuckles emanate from the crowd.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Good afternoon. It is a great honor
that my dear friend Tony Parmesan
asked me to officiate his son
Marco's wedding...

The priest continues with the ceremony.

Shane feels a buzz as his cell receives a message. He looks over at Luca then stealthily pulls out his phone hiding it behind his leg. It's a message from Gale.

Gale's text reads: "HAHA! So bad! *ROFL Emoji*.

Shane, now less annoyed and more legitimately scared, takes a breath to calm down and responds.

Shane's text reads: "What's wrong with you? Please. This is seriously dangerous. You need to stop."

They slightly turn and lock eyes. Gale looks insulted and shakes his head. Shane hopes this is the end of it and looks forward. Another buzz on his leg notifies another text. Shane ignores it. It's followed by another, then another.

Shane turns furiously to Gale but sees he's pouting and not texting. He covertly pulls out his phone again and opens it to see multiple messages from LIL' SISTER.

Shane's Sister's texts read: "Shane, Bubby is missing!", "A substitute at school took him!", "Please call me!" "If it helps, the Sub's name is DICKIE SINCLAIR."

Shane's vision blurs as he rereads the text. It's like a bad dream. Trying to catch his breath he offers his phone over to Gale who's ignores him. Not in the mood he desperately whacks him. Instantly a piercing pain throbs in his thigh. He looks down to see Luca's blade sticking out.

LUCA
(whispering)
Jesus Fucking Christ. How hard is
it to be quiet? You two are like
fucking children.

Shane winces from the pain and looks over to see Gale recoiling as he also stares at the knife. Shane emphasizes his phone. Gale finally looks over at it, reads it, then looks at Shane in shock and leans closer and whispers.

GALE

The kid! Remember? On the call?

Shane nods as he recalls the interaction. If the pain from the stabbing was a 10, a new burning sensation that would register as 100 takes its place. Shane's head pounds as he looks down to see Luca twisting the knife then lean in.

LUCA

I don't know if you're into this shit, or if you guys are just legitimately this fucking stupid, but if you make one more noise, I swear to god I'm blowing your fucking brains out right here in this church. I'm serious. I can't even believe I've had to say it this many times.

Shane nods fiercely as he tries to mentally block out the pain. Luca lets go of the knife and looks forward. The priest's voice once again comes into the foreground.

PRIEST

Now, if anyone has any objections to these two joining together forever in holy matrimony...

INT. WEDDING VENUE CHURCH - INSIDE THE PODIUM - DAY

Dickie slips on his mask and gets into a crouching position while rubbing his hands together with anticipation.

PRIEST

Speak now or forever hold your peace.

DICKIE

Go time baby!

Dickie reaches his arm out to slip out from under the cloth.

JARED (O.S.)

WAIT!

Gasps from just about every guest is heard. Dickie freezes. Fuck! Has he already been caught!?

INT. WEDDING VENUE CHURCH - DAY

A silence fills the room as all eyes are on JARED, 30s, the Bride's "Maid of Honor". He grabs the mic from the priest.

JARED

Gianna, I'm sorry. but I- I just
can't let you do this. Not without
first telling you how I feel.

GIANNA, the bride to be, looks at Jared in shock. MARCO, the husband to be, is looking around the room confused and leans in to his Best Man.

MARCO

(whisper)

Is he not gay?

JARED

We've been best friends since grade
school, spent college together...
but you weren't just a my best
friend GiGi, you were my
everything.

MARCO

(whisper)

He's been drunk and came on to me
on several occasions.

INT. WEDDING VENUE CHURCH - INSIDE THE PODIUM - DAY

JARED (O.S)

And I know, I get it, this is
crazy, and if I lose you now, it'll
be awful, worse than awful, it'll
be a nightmare...

Dickie stares forward bored out of his mind waiting for this dickhead to finish so he can start his rampage. He checks his watch and lets out a frustrated sigh.

INT. WEDDING VENUE CHURCH - DAY

JARED

But it's better than never telling
you the whole truth which is...

DICKIE (O.S.)

Uhg goddamn. Fuck it.

Jared looks around agitated, curious to see who just interrupted the speech he's been planning and practicing since he heard about engagement.

JARED

Excuse me, but the priest said this
was my time to spea- what the?

Jared turns, startled to find the source of the comment. A man dressed in a costume crawling out from inside the podium. Another gasp resonates around the room as Jared looks to the guests for support. Tony's eyes widen with rage.

JARED (CONT'D)

Sorry, who are you?

DICKIE

(breezy)

Crime Ender, what's up bitch.

Immediately upon getting to his feet, Dickie casually pulls a pistol from his waistband and shoots Jared in the stomach. Jared falls to the floor holding his tummy groaning. He was not expecting that. Dickie addresses the guests.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Guy likes to talk, amiright!? ...
Hey, anyone see Luca around here?

For a moment it's complete silence as everyone registers what just happened, then panic erupts. Guests start to run for the exits, Shane and Gale watch in horror, and Tony jumps to his feet and starts barking orders.

TONY

All of you! He's a dead man! You
hear me?! I want him dead! NOW!

Hired security along with Tony's mobster cronies jump into action pulling out guns and shooting in Dickie's general direction. Luca and Angelo join their crew. Shane and Gale dive to the floor.

Dickie takes cover behind people standing nearby. First the priest who's immediately shot in the head, then Gianna who he grabs as he runs and jumps behind the marble alter.

TONY (CONT'D)

Hold your fire god dammit!

The security and mobsters hold their fire and start moving forward. Gianna runs out from behind the alter and gets away.

Angle on: Gale and Shane's Position

GALE

Yikes. This wedding has jumped the shark, let's boogie on out of here.

SHANE

We need to get to Dickie! He knows where my nephew is. Son of a bitch could have him locked in a basement somewhere for all we know.

GALE

What!? Dickie wouldn't do that!

Shane looks at Gale like, "Are you joking!?". Gale looks toward the front to see Dickie grab an iron nail from a statue of Jesus on the cross and stab it into a Security guy's eye, then take his automatic rifle and start shooting back at the advancing security.

GALE (CONT'D)

(meekly clarifying)

But... They're, criminals.

SHANE

You really got to stop defending him man. I'm serious. You seemed way more normal this morning before I knew about any of this Crime Ender stuff.

Gale looks ashamed. He nods then looks up with conviction.

GALE

(heroic)

Alright... Let's go get your nephew.

They look up above the pew to see a crazy shoot out.

SHANE

Dammit, how the hell do we get to him? All I've got is this.

Shane winces as he pulls the knife out of his leg. Gale thinks for a moment.

GALE

Wait, I've got an idea.

Shane leans in to hear it. Gale takes a second to get his plan together. Then out of nowhere sprints in a v-line toward Dickie's location waving his hands in the air screaming.

GALE (CONT'D)
DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT! DON'T

SHOOT!

The mobsters and security are unclear who he is or what he's doing. SECURITY 1 looks at SECURITY 2.

SECURITY 1
Is he with us?

Security 2 just shrugs and focuses back on Dickie. Shane peaks over the pew again absolutely baffled that that worked. Gale dives behind the alter. Tony shakes his head.

TONY
Kill the cops as well!

One gunman turns to Shane and starts shooting. Shane dives back to the ground.

Angle on: Dickie and Gale's Position

Dickie intermittently blasts some rounds over the alter then hunches back down for cover. He looks over at Gale.

DICKIE
Let me guess. You guys came to beg me to help you with the motel pool case!

GALE
What? Dickie, no! We came to stop you from doing this!... Also, did you kidnap a kid today?

Dickie looks at him with bewilderment.

DICKIE
What!? NO! Why would you even ask that?

Angle on: Shane's Position

Shane spots a mobster heading his way and starts crawling under pews. The mobster carefully clears each row as he continues down the line looking for Shane.

As the mobster closes in and steps into his row, in one fluid motion Shane stabs the knife into his foot, diverts the barrel, elbows him, takes his gun and shoots him with it.

A few henchmen see this and go after him. With incredible skill and technique he continues to use his surrounding to kill them one by one as he makes his way to Dickie and Gale.

Angle on: Dickie and Gale's Position

Dickie hunches back down into cover after firing at the now rather large group of combatants.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Shit, I'm out. Think they got reinforcements too.

Gale looks at him slightly nervous.

GALE

Uh oh. That's not good.

Now covered in blood and bruises, Shane dives into cover behind the alter joining Dickie and Gale.

DICKIE

But hey, look at the new guy! Saw you giving a few of them the business. Nice couple kills over there.

Shane appears to be on the brink of insanity as he stares at Dickie seething. He clearly doesn't share Dickie's lack of concern for human life. Gale grabs the gun Shane was holding and checks the magazine.

GALE

Out over here too... Well boys, I wouldn't want to go out with anyone else.

He puts his arms around each of them.

GALE (CONT'D)

My two best friends.

Dickie recoils and looks at him like, "What the fuck?". Shane is still staring at Dickie enrage. Dickie points at Shane.

DICKIE

Hey, so what's this guy's deal?

Shane jumps and grabs him ferociously.

SHANE

WHERE IS MY NEPHEW!?

DICKIE

What? I don't know. Gale this guy is freaking me out, get him to chill.

SHANE

My nephew Billy, he goes to Collin's elementary.

DICKIE

Well I'm a substitute there, but I don't know a Billy.

Shane and Gale look at him absurdly.

SHANE

You're a substitute?

GALE

You're a substitute?

DICKIE

Yeah, it's called a day job. Look it up... Wait, are you talking about Glasses?

SHANE

Wha-... Who the fuck is Glasses!?

Bullets chip away pieces of marble from the alter. Gale quickly peaks out at the approaching gunman. About 20 guys are closing in.

SHANE (CONT'D)

If you've hurt him, I swear to god...

GALE

Hey fellas, sorry to interrupt, but we're just about to die. Any rando ideas?

Dickie grins.

DICKIE

You reeeeeeaaally want to know where the kids are?

SHANE

I swear to fucking god man, I'll kill you...

Dickie is bored and gets the picture. He holds up his hand to stop him from going on and points stage left.

Shane and Gale look over confused. Shane peaks out. In all the chaos, seemingly everyone overlooked the choir still sitting calmly off to the shadowy side of the stage.

Shane looks horrified at Dickie who winks and whistles loudly. In one motion Shane watches as the members of the choir calmly stand, remove automatic rifles they've been hiding under their robes, and take aim. The army of security and mobsters are oblivious as they barrel toward the alter.

Sporadic gunfire turns into an absolute unrelenting wave. It's over in an instant. Dickie's child army is a force to be reckoned with. As the men near the alter, they're sprayed with hot metal rounds. It's an absolute massacre. Dickie smiles proudly at Shane and Gale giving them a thumbs up.

The majority of the attackers are riddled with bullets from the sides and back before they have any idea what's happening. As the shooting stops, even the survivors have been hit numerous times and only cling to life.

Shane, Gale, and Dickie peak at the carnage over the alter. Shane and Gale are stunned and silent having never seen this level of violence and gore. Dickie cheers.

DICKIE

WOOOOO! Holy shit guys! That was
fucking BAD! ASS!

The kids celebrate as well with hoorays and high fives. Shane looks them over but Billy is no where in sight.

As Shane searches desperately he sees Dickie walk over to Luca who lies barely conscious on the ground coughing up blood. Dickie gets on top of him and starts punching him in the face as hard as he possibly can. Shane calls after him.

SHANE

Dickie! Dickie stop! DICKIE THAT'S

ENOUGH!

Dickie lets go, grabs Luca's gun next to his body and casually aims it at his head. Shane has had enough and grabs a gun off a nearby corpse and points it at Dickie.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Dickie, you pull that trigger and
it's over. I'm done playing games.

Dickie eyes Shane over his shoulder and calls out to Gale.

DICKIE

Gale? You going to control you
psycho partner over here? Look at
this guy!

They both look over to see Gale almost completely out the door on the other side of the church. He looks caught off guard.

GALE

Oh... I'm so sorry boys... I wish
there was something I could do.

Gale shrugs empathetically then exits the building. Dickie's focus is back on Luca.

DICKIE

He killed my dad.

SHANE

I highly doubt that. Your dad's
whole place was booby trapped. You
think this guy snuck around all
last night rigging up shit the
night before he had to go to a
wedding?

Dickie turns slightly to Shane.

DICKIE

Booby traps? Irv was at home when
he blew up?

SHANE

(unsure of the point)
Yeah?

Dickie lowers the gun and starts walking toward the exit.

DICKIE

Alright guys, let's get a move on!
Got to get you back to school.
Bartly has been blowing me up!

Dickie chuckles. Shane doesn't know what just happened.

SHANE

Wha- Wait, what!?

He hustles after them.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Shane catches up to Dickie and grabs his shoulder turning him around.

DICKIE

Ah! Geez man, what gives?

SHANE

Where's Billy?!

DICKIE

Glasses is on the bus making sure
no one steals it. This is like
criminal central right now man.

Dickie points to the bus. Billy stands on the bus stairs and waves cheerfully. Shane is dumbfounded but more at ease.

SHANE

Why didn't you kill Luca?

DICKIE

Remember when you guys first said
my dad was murdered...

SHANE

(talking over)
Never said that.

DICKIE

And then called and said someone
blew him up.

SHANE

(talking over)
Again, that's not exactly what
happened.

DICKIE

Well I figured it must have been
Luca as I think he makes bombs...
Pretty sure I heard that somewhere.

Shane waits for the explanation.

SHANE

... Okay? And?

DICKIE

Well if it happened at home, it was
probably just an accident. As I'm
sure you know by now Irv's
boobytrapped his whole damn house.
(MORE)

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Might have just forgotten in his old age... I mean, the old man's left me several messages just last week about making sure my baseball mitt was oiled for the big game, so yeah, might be losing his mind as I never even played baseball.

Dickie turns to the bus. Shane is still trying to understand.

SHANE

So why did he have his whole place booby trapped?

Dickie stops in his tracks thinking back.

INT. IRV'S HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Irv stands in his living room looking proud.

YOUNG IRV SINCLAIR

Dickie! Dickie get in here!

Young Dickie runs in and stands upright before his father.

YOUNG DICKIE

Yes father?

Young Irv looks at where his son is standing then holds out his arms.

YOUNG IRV SINCLAIR

Come give your old man a hug!

Young Dickie looks at his dad overjoyed. He holds out his arms to embrace his father stepping forward. The moment Dickie lands on a specific floorboard an underground hydraulic system shoots up sending Dickie rocketing into the wall then crumbling to the floor like a rag doll. Irv shakes his head.

YOUNG IRV SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Spacial awareness Dickie! If you want to really make a difference you'll need to master it! It'll be the foundation of your training!

EXT. WEDDING VENUE PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Dickie's memory fades back to reality as he looks to Shane.

DICKIE
Just a paranoid old man I guess.

Dickie walks on to the bus then looks back at Shane.

DICKIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Need a ride?

Realizing his ride has already left, Shane nods and gets on. Excluding Billy all the kids look ghoulishly rugged. Too tall, muscular, and hairy for their ages but with child-like features. A chill runs down Shane's spine as he takes a seat.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The bus pulls up and the kids get off. The parents run up to their children and hug them, then do a double take at their mature appearance. Wendy group hugs Shane and Billy. Looking like complete shit, Bartly walks up to Dickie.

PRINCIPAL BARTLY
What is wrong with you!? You're 2
hours late! You're fired!

A couple kids nearby hear him and groan loudly. Tommy, now 2 feet taller, jacked, and with a beard gets in Bartly's face. He voice is deep as hell.

TOMMY
Principal Bartly, Mr. Sinclair is
the best substitute we've ever had.
If you fire him, you'll be dealing
with me.

DICKIE
It's okay, I think Bartly's just
drunk. He doesn't mean it.

TOMMY'S MOM comes over and gently pulls her son's arm.

TOMMY'S MOM
Now now dear, be nice.

Tommy looks at his mom.

TOMMY
Let's go mom. I'm hungry for steak.

He spansks his mom's ass. She jumps excitedly and smiles.

TOMMY'S MOM
Oh my! Yes dear! Whatever you want!

Dickie looks at Bartly who is so exhausted and confused he just turns and walks away. Shane walks up to Dickie.

SHANE

Is it just me or are a lot of these kids a bit... Odd looking?

DICKIE

Oh definitely, you should've seen them before they got into Bravies.

Shane nods not clear what Dickie's talking about.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Soooo, you guys still need help on those motel pool murders or what?

Shane shakes his head. He's also had a long day.

SHANE

No man. Honestly, I think I'm quitting the force. Also, not to be a dick, but you're not a good detective.

DICKIE

Oh really... You sure about that? Something tells me I might be able to shed some light on that motel pool case.

Dickie leans in with a coy smile.

SHANE

How could you-Oh...Did you do it?

Dickie snickers and puts a finger up to his lips "shhh". Shane turns and walks away with his Sister and Billy. Dickie waves as they go.

DICKIE

See you tomorrow Glasses!

Glasses turns and waves back happily at his new favorite substitute teacher.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY - POST CREDITS

Dickie drags in a huge bag full of guns. Kevin looks at him and groans. Dickie points to them.

DICKIE

Dude, you sold me a bunch of lemons. Goddam bum gun, every one of them. I need a refund.

THE END