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Bad Guy #2

By Chris McInroy

- [Boss] Oh, fuck.
- Yeah boss, but it wasn't our fault.
There was a guy with a mask.
- One guy,
against 17.
- Yeah, but boss, I mean.
- No, it's okay.
It's alright.
I mean I already pay you guys
over the minimum bad guy wage, right?
And you do your best, you really do.
Maybe if I just pay you more.
But I already pay you fucked over.
- Gross.
- For real, how many bad
guy number two's gotta die?
Shame really.
You,
you're new number two.
(inspiring electronic music)
(blood squirt)
- [Boss] Now clean this shit up!
- I'm sorry number 2!
(chainsaw whirring)
I'm so sorry number 2!
- Fuck, hon.
What are we gonna do?
I don't want you to be number 2.
Can't you turn it down?
- No, a promotion is what you take, okay?
I can't turn down a promotion.
- No, you do.
- This could be really good for us.
- How?
- Well, because,
I get bumped up to the
next bad guy pay grade.
- Okay.
It's...
(knock on door)
- They're here!
(intense music)
Just a squirrel.
Look, the bad guy business

has been in the family
for a long time.
My dad, didn't even make
it past the mail room
mailing ransom fingers.
And now look at me.
All the way to bad guy number 2.
- Why don't you just fucking
kill somebody higher up
and take their job?
- Jesus, those are my coworkers.
(cell phone ringing)
Hello?
Well, I wasn't even there.
Uh huh.
Uh huh.
Uh huh.
(cell phone beep)
I may die right now.
- One guy again,
took out the whole meth lab.
It's like you guys are my fucking wife.
All I wanted to do, is lick my butt hole.
I got it all waxed and
bleached and ready to go.
Won't you please
help me get my butt hole licked!
(blood gushing)
Holy fuck.
Have you ever seen anybody
get stabbed in both ears like that?
I mean I got the guy in both
eyes last week but come on.
I mean I felt the blades
touch in his brain.
(laughing)
- Glad that wasn't you.
- [Boss] Come on man, that was...
- Really?
- Yeah.
- Thanks.
- Hey.
(stabbing sound)
Don't cry you big sissy.

Leave it, leave it.

- I will, I will.

- Consider this a warning.

Go kill this guy.

Oh and do it, crazy.

I wanna hear about it in the news.

You have any gum?

(intense music)

- Sorry about the ropes.

Just a precautionary thing.

They aren't too tight are they?

- (muffled speaking)

- It's just, I can't have you running off while I'm trying to kill you, you know?

- (muffled crying)

- I just got a promotion at work, so you know, I can't have anything go wrong.

- Ready.

- What is that?

- Acid.

We dump it on him.

- (muffled groans)

- That's kind of a body disposal tool.

I usually like to kill the guy before I do a body disposal move.

I was thinking we could jab his eyes out with his fingers.

- (muffled groans)

- And then maybe cut his feet off.

- (muffled cries)

- And beat him to death with his own feet.

- Oh and we could!

(bucket sloshing)

(gasps)

- I almost spilled that on myself!

(all laughing)

- Screw it, let's melt this dweeb.

Bad guys forever!

(melting sounds)

(screaming)

- Stop drop and roll.

Stop drop and roll!

Just shake like this.

Shake it off, shake it off.
Shake it off, shake it off.
Neutralize the burn, neutralize the burn.
You want me to pee on it?
I could pee on it.
(screaming)
Okay, number 3 talk to me.
What are you feeling?
Oh no.
(door opening)
I'll be right back.
(fast paced music)
Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow.
Halt!
- You halt.
Jerk.
- I should have said freeze.
- Hi.
- I'm sorry little chubby boy!
(tragic music)
Bad guys forever.
Buddy, buddy, buddy
what am I gonna do?
- Hey hon.
Want some hot chocolate?
- No, I'm good.
- [Wife] What's in the jars?
- It's number three.
- Okay, that is super fucking gross.
(door slams)
(blood gushing)
(blood gushing)
(blood gushing)
- Thanks for the ride.
- Yep.
- Do you think you could
slap me in the face?
Like slap me, really hard?
- What?
- Just do it.
- No!
- It'll pump me up.
Do it for me.
Come on, come on do it, do it.

(punching sound)

Ah, I said slap!

(slapping sound)

Okay!

Okay.

Thank you, good.

(deep breathing)

Bad guys forever, bad guys forever,
bad guys forever, bad guys forever.

(intense music)

- There he is.

Thanks for coming.

- Of course sir.

- Holy shit, you still got the knife in.

That's impressive.

Come on over here, step
on the tarp for me.

- I don't wanna.

- Oh come on, just one
time step on the tarp.

- No I'm good.

- It's a nice tarp, I laid
it all nice out for you,
you know, just step on the tarp.

- No thanks.

- Come on, one foot, boop.

- Thank you so much, but I'm fine.

- Sit on the tarp.

- No.

- Would you rather a blue tarp?

- Nope.

- Step on the tarp.

- I don't like your little baby tarp.

You get a big boy tarp and maybe I will.

(laughing)

- This guy.

I was just telling the right hand man here
how much hope I had for you.

- Thank you sir, I won't disappoint.

- Again, right.

You won't disappoint me, again.

Because we all know you already have.

You know it's, it's like,
teddy bear you know.

All this teddy bear wants
is to have his butt hole licked.
But he doesn't have one.
Teddy bears don't have fucking butt holes.
I don't even think they have tongues.
Teddy bears have tongues?
Mouths are sewn shut.
You just keep screwing this teddy bear.
Screwing it and screwing it
and screwing it and screwing it,
but teddy bears don't want to be screwed
they wanna have their
goddamn butt hole licked.
(stabbing sound)
(intestines falling onto the ground)
That was crazy.
You're promoted.
You're kingpin.
- I did it.
I'm the new kingpin.
I'm the new fucking kingpin.
(shotgun blast)
- Everybody knows the right hand man
is next in line for kingpin.
Now clean this shit up.
Oh.
(screaming)