

# HENCHMEN

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

1

A man, JORGE, dressed in fine business attire that has been greatly damaged from days of use, nervously paces back and forth.

A metal case sits at the foot of the bed.

Jorge nervously scurries to the case. He opens it, a light is cast on his face.

He pulls out a revolver and checks that it's loaded. It is.

A feint noise of a CAR DOOR SLAMS in the distance.

Jorge jolts up. He closes the case and races to the window blinds to be sure he's not been followed.

The TELEPHONE RINGS, startling Jorge. He hesitantly approaches the phone as it continues to RING.

Jorge awaits another ring, but there is none. He turns away in relief. He places his gun down next to the phone.

RIIIIIING!

Jorge turns back, his hand shakes as he reaches for the receiver.

JORGE

Hello?

There is no response.

Jorge SLAMS the receiver down.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Shit.

He darts to the briefcase, he grasps onto the top handle and rushes to the exit. He opens the door to see TWO MASKED FIGURES, towering over him.

Jorge looks to the nightstand, he sees he's left his gun.

A bag is thrown over Jorge's head.

CUT TO BLACK.

2 OVER BLACK; 2

Title Card: HENCHMEN

3 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 3

LARRY, a tall clean-cut man wearing a dark black suit and tie, sits awake in the driver's seat. He makes a POPPING NOISE with his mouth.

TWO PHONES BUZZ.

GREG, a shorter, scruffier man wearing the same attire, jumps awake in the back seat.

GREG

(Dazed)

Wha -- what? Huh?

LARRY

It's the boss, he sent us a message.

Greg begins to non-gracefully shuffle into the front seat through the opening between the two chairs. He kicks Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ow!

Greg seats himself in the passenger seat. He pulls out his flip-phone.

4 TEXT ON SCREEN 4

**Status update --**

Greg types.

**Target acquired.**

LARRY

So uh what --

BUZZ.

Larry pulls out his phone.

5

TEXT ON SCREEN

5

**Congratulations Wal-Mart Shopper! You have been selected to receive a FREE HOME THEATER SYSTEM! Just enter a valid credit card number and claim your prize!**

LARRY

OH!

Larry excitedly reaches for his credit card.

GREG

This is boring. I'm bored. Are you bored?

LARRY

I'm bored.

GREG

This is boring ... kidnapping seems so much more exciting in the movies. So what were you saying a second ago?

LARRY

Eh?

GREG

You were about to say something?

LARRY

Oh yeah...I uh...I don't remember.

GREG

Oh.

Larry begins to fidget with the revolver from Jorge's room.

GREG (CONT'D)

What's that?

LARRY

Oh, the boss said leave no evidence. So I grabbed the guy's gun.

GREG

Give me that, you'll probably do something dumb like shoot your dick off.

Greg snatches the gun from Larry and sets it on the dash.

The two hear MUFFLED YELLING and POUNDING from the trunk.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Who's turn is i--

LARRY  
Not it.

GREG  
(annoyed)  
Damn it!

Greg steps out of the car. He circles to the back of the car and opens the trunk.

JORGE (O.S.)  
I'm fre--

THUD. Greg AD LIBS as he beats the shit out of Jorge.

GREG (O.S.)  
Yeah? You wanna be quiet now? Huh?

Jorge CRIES OUT in pain.

Larry grabs the gun from the dash and puts it in his pocket. Bored, he makes popping noise with his mouth.

Greg slams the trunk shut. He sits back in the front as he wipes the blood from his knuckles.

Larry continues to pop.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Stop it.

He does. Beat.

Greg looks at his watch.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Fuck this.

LARRY  
What?

GREG  
All this waiting around. Wish I was actually giving the orders, instead of suffocating in a rental car that smells like coconut.

Beat.

LARRY  
Island Oasis...

GREG

What?

LARRY

That smell. It's my new lotion.

Larry holds out a small tube of lotion. He squirts a bit into his palm.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Island Oasis.

He holds his hands to Greg's face. Greg swats away Larry's advance.

GREG

Hey, quit that!

Beat. The two sit in silence.

LARRY

Oh! I remember!

GREG

What?

LARRY

I remember what I was gonna ask.

GREG

Oh, okay.

Beat.

GREG (CONT'D)

What is it?

LARRY

What is what?

GREG

What were you gonna ask?

LARRY

Oh! I-- yeah no it's-- I forgot again.

MUFFLED YELLING and POUNDING can be heard again.

GREG

Your turn.

Larry steps out, he circles to open the trunk.

JORGE (O.S.)

HIYA--

THWAP!

Larry beats Jorge to a pulp as Greg picks his nose.

Greg flicks his snot onto the seat next to him.

Larry comes to the window.

LARRY

Where's the... oh never mind.

He pulls a metal baseball bat from the back seat. He knocks Jorge out, throws him in the trunk, and slams it shut.

He sits in the front seat. He cracks his neck.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ow.

GREG

What's up?

LARRY

My necks been a little off lately.

GREG

I've got a little bit of weed in the dash if you want?

LARRY

Nah, not while working.

GREG

Whatever...

(then)

So you really don't wanna know what it's like to be in charge?

LARRY

I dunno... just saying that I've never seen a problem with henching.

GREG

"Henching"?

LARRY

Yeah, what?

GREG

What the fuck is that?

LARRY

We hench! We're henchmen! We are actively henching!

GREG

No! That is not a word! Do firemen fucking fireing!?

JORGE'S MUFFLED YELLING is heard.

LARRY

Look, I'm just saying that I don't see a point in reaching for something and maybe fail, if I'm confident in what I'm doing now.

Annoyed, they both get out the car.

6

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

6

GREG

C'mon, isn't that like the whole thing? The whole George Washington, Bald Eagle, American Dream?

LARRY

Fuck the American Dream.

GREG

(aghast)  
... Fuck the American Dream?

LARRY

Yeah, I said it.

They cross to the trunk as the yelling gets louder.

GREG

The American Dream?!

LARRY

Yeah, Fuck George Washington, too

GREG

Y'know what?!

LARRY

Yeah? What?!

GREG

I think you're a communist!



LARRY  
Yeah, well I think you're gay!

GREG  
Take that back!

Larry opens the trunk, out jumps Jorge.

JORGE  
SNEAK ATTAC--

Greg sucker punches Jorge, who falls to the ground.

Larry kicks Jorge in the stomach.

LARRY  
Piece of shit!

GREG  
Think you can steal from the boss?!

Greg kicks him.

The two look at the unconscious Jorge. They turn to see, in the trunk, is the metal case.

GREG (CONT'D)  
What do you think's inside?

LARRY  
Oh, probably just bones and tissue.  
Same as you and me...

Greg is dumfounded by the idiotic comment.

GREG  
No... inside the case.

LARRY  
Oh! Well the boss told us not to  
look inside.

GREG  
Yeah, well fuck the boss.

LARRY  
Fuck the boss?!

GREG  
Yeah!

LARRY  
Fuck YOU!

GREG  
Fuck me?!

LARRY  
Yeah!

GREG  
Oh yeah?!

LARRY  
YEAH!

7 INT. CAR - NIGHT

7

Larry takes a deep hit from the joint. Greg is trying to open the case.

LARRY  
(holding his breath)  
This is some good shit.

GREG  
Yeah, right?

JORGE  
Hey, my man, can I get a schlick?

Jorge leans forward, he takes the joint and leans back.

Larry grabs a can from the cupholder. He taps the top thrice before opening it.

*TICK TICK TICK.*

GREG  
Wha-- What was that?

Greg sets the brief case on the center console.

LARRY  
What?

GREG  
That! The--

He mimics the action.

LARRY  
Oh. It settles it.

GREG  
It settles it?

LARRY  
Yeah, so it doesn't explode.

GREG  
That is so fucking stupid.

LARRY  
It works!

GREG  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah! Cuz if I shake up a can and  
tap it few times, that'll magically  
stop it from exploding.

Larry relaxes his neck.

LARRY  
Alright, jeez. I'm sorry. I've just  
felt a little off lately, I don't  
know. Probably cuz the moon's in  
retrograde.

GREG  
(ticked off)  
What the fuck does that mean?

LARRY  
Oh, I'm a Libra. So y'know.

GREG  
No, I don't... enlighten me.

LARRY  
Well based on the relationship  
between the moon and the stars--

GREG  
No. I fucking hate that shit, the  
stars have nothing to do your  
personality!

LARRY  
...Classic Gemini...

GREG  
FUCK YOU!

LARRY  
FUCK YOU, GREG! ... There is  
scientific evidence tha--

GREG  
 (mockingly)  
 Evidence?! "Are you a water-sign?  
 Oh my God, when I saw you breathing  
 I just knew you were a water-sign.  
 Name one water sign who doesn't  
 breath oxygen literally every day!  
 You can't do it!

LARRY  
 You know, Greg, you've really been  
 getting on my nerves lately!

GREG  
 Oh me?!

They AD LIB until...

CLICK.

The two stop dead in their tracks. Behind them sits Jorge,  
 holding a gun to each of their heads.

JORGE  
 Oh ho ho ho.... you see this was a  
 part of my plan all along! For  
 inside of this case, not only is  
 there forty billion dollars in  
 unmarked bills, but also two guns!  
 So now it is I...

He rambles on. Greg looks to the dash where he set the gun.  
 He looks to Larry.

They lock eyes. Greg looks to the gun at Larry's side.

Larry nods.

Outside of the car, we see a flash of light. A GUNSHOT.

GREG (V.O.)  
 Who's gonna tell the bos--

LARRY (V.O.)  
 Not it.

GREG  
 Damn it!

Superimpose: HENCHMEN

FADE TO BLACK.