

BAD GUYS INDUSTRIES

Written by  
Nicholas Morrison

Draft 2

[nicholaswmorrison@gmail.com](mailto:nicholaswmorrison@gmail.com)

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY. DAY.

Two people pick their way through the remnants of the factory floor.

TOMER  
What do you think?

SASKIA  
I'm... not getting a good vibe.

TOMER  
No, neither am I.

They keep moving through the room, looking more and more dismayed.

SASKIA  
Are those lead pipes?

TOMER  
Oh no.

SASKIA  
THAT is asbestos!

TOMER  
Shit.

They approach a doorway. The room beyond has no floor. They stare sadly down into it.

Saskia stoops, picks up a rock and throws it into the hole. They wait.

Eventually, a sound as it hits a floor.

TOMER (cont'd)  
Shit.

They turn back to the main room and look around again.

SASKIA  
Okay. Let's say... the throne was here.  
(gestures to one end of the room)

TOMER  
So... trapdoor here!  
(indicating a spot in  
front of the  
'throne')

They consider for a moment.

TOMER (cont'd)  
Maybe a pit of spikes instead?

SASKIA  
(shaking head)  
He's not interested in clean up.

TOMER  
Hence the acid bath, right.

SASKIA  
But we can't suspend an acid bath  
from this floor. I don't even trust  
it with our weight.

He nods in agreement. This doesn't look good.

TOMER  
Also, think of all the automation.

Saskia checks her tablet. Swings around and points at a wall.

SASKIA  
THIS wall is supposed to be to slide  
away revealing the "Torture" room.

TOMER  
"Torture" room?  
(Confused)

SASKIA  
Ya know, like the huge circular saw  
thing and the guy lies on the table  
and it moves up and eventually cuts  
his dick off.

TOMER  
Oh right, the 'dick' saw.

SASKIA  
Right. The point is, it's supposed to  
roll out automatically on a line of  
tracks right up to about here.  
(MORE)

SASKIA (cont'd)  
(she indicates a spot  
near where the  
throne would be.)

TOMER  
All of which has to be concealed in  
the floor until needed. Fuck.

They look around one more time. It's just no possible.

SASKIA  
I don't think we can do this.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR. DAY.

They sit in the front seats of a car. They are both trying  
to compose themselves, nervous.

Eventually...

TOMER  
Okay.

He picks up a mobile phone and starts to dial. They wait.

TOMER (cont'd)  
(Terrified)  
Hello, your excellency! This is  
Tomer. I'm here with Saskia/

SASKIA  
Hello sir!

TOMER  
We just completed the walk through.  
Yes. Yes, exactly. Well sir, we have  
serious issues with the overall  
structural integrity of the building.  
We do not have confidence that any of  
it would withstand the amount of  
renovating you require.

(MORE)

TOMER (cont'd)  
 (Pause. Breathing  
 heavily, trying not  
 to sound scared)

Yes, sir. As an example, the plans  
 have the acid bath under the throne  
 room taking up most of the second  
 floor, with the maintenance and  
 electrical systems. Yes. So, the  
 second floor isn't there any more.

SASKIA  
 Neither is the first floor.

TOMER  
 Yes, exactly.  
 (Looking more hopeful  
 now.)  
 Of course, sir.  
 (To Saskia)  
 He wants to know what you think he  
 should do.

SASKIA  
 Sir. I think we destroy the whole  
 thing and start from scratch. We  
 would have complete control over the  
 build, the acid baths can go under  
 ground, they won't take up any square  
 footage. It's overall more cost  
 effective, and you'll be able to get  
 it just the way you want it.

They listen. Then, they hear what they wanted to hear. Relief  
 floods into them, and they scream their "Fuck yeah"s  
 silently, celebrating without making a noise.

TOMER  
 Thank you, your excellency. Yes, I  
 completely agree. Okay. Good, we'll  
 go ahead and draw up a time line and  
 contact some demo people. Thank you,  
 yes, have a good rest of your/ ok  
 he's gone.

Huge sighs of pent up energy are released!

SASKIA  
 THANK FUUUUCK!

TOMER  
 YEEEEESSSSSS!

SASKIA  
Oh my god. My heart is hammering.

TOMER  
No "dick" saws for us!

SASKIA  
Damn right.

They look out, satisfied and deeply relieved.

SASKIA (cont'd)  
Alright. Let's blow this fucker up.

CUT TO BLACK:

Sound of a building being destroyed.

CREDITS