

RUFUS
(ominous, spooky)
'Course, next week...

SHAWN
What?

Kat shakes her head.

KAT
I swear, Rufus.

RUFUS
What?

KAT
Mr. Mysterious.
(to Shawn)
Next week we got a particularly--

RUFUS
Even for this place.

KAT
We got a special piece arriving.

SHAWN
Ok, so...? Next week...?

Rufus jumps up.

RUFUS
(ring master-like)
Thaaaaat's right! Laaaady aaaaand white gentleman! Next week, for your viewing pleasure, direct from some rich asshole's third largest living room, by way of the plains of Africa, we bring yooouu....

(a sudden whisper)
The Black Rhino.

Rufus makes a spooky "Oooh" sound. Kat smacks him with the newspaper.

KAT
Really? Stupid.
(to Shawn)
We're getting a Black Rhinoceros head next week.

RUFUS
Jackpot!

SHAWN
I don't...is that good?

KAT

Not *good*, per se, but definitely rare. Won't find any back on those shelves.

SHAWN

So that's pretty rare?

RUFUS

The Black Rhino!

KAT

Top of the poacher food chain, for sure.

RUFUS

That'd be a good name for me. "The Black Rhino." Right?

(ring master again)

Now entering the ring, weighing in at 195 pounds of pure, lean, jungle-bred muscle...the Blaaack Rrrrhino!!!

KAT

Okay. First: Black Rhinos don't live in the jungle. They prefer the savannas and grasslands.

RUFUS

Professor.

KAT

Second: 195 pounds?! Be the skinniest Black Rhino ever. Get yourself up to 1295, then *maybe* you can be worthy of the name.

RUFUS

Yo, it's a stage name. Don't be so exact.

SHAWN

You fight?

RUFUS

(nodding)

Mixed Martial Arts. You wanna spar?

*He assumes a fighting stance, swaying slightly.
Shawn steps back quickly.*

SHAWN

I mean...

Rufus breaks up laughing. He sits down. Kat flips a page of the paper.

RUFUS

Naw, just playing, new guy. You jumpy.

No, just...

SHAWN

Uh-huh.

RUFUS

Black Rhino horns fetch a good dollar on the black market.

KAT

Dude got busted a while back selling horns. Sold one bundle for a half million dollars!

RUFUS

Oh shit.

SHAWN

Right?

RUFUS

And this what we're getting here? A full head? Intact?? With the horns still on???

KAT

Cha-ching!

RUFUS

Wow.

SHAWN

I mean, "cha-ching" if you hadn't gotten busted and lost your money *and* your product.

RUFUS

"Cha-ching" if you weren't a selfish human being with absolutely no regard for the natural order of life on this planet.

KAT

Oh, I think the natural order been beat down long ago. You see the news?

RUFUS

You see me reading it?

KAT

Another one.

RUFUS

Mm-hm. Over and over again.

KAT

How many's that make?

RUFUS

KAT
Please. I done lost count.

RUFUS
Shit.

Beat. Shawn fiddling on the shelves. Kat reading the paper. Rufus staring at his laptop, punching keys every now and then.

KAT
Anyway, you coming on at the right time. Gonna see some top-of-the-line illegal goods.

RUFUS
Johnny would be pissed.

SHAWN
Johnny?

KAT
Guy you're replacing.

RUFUS
Man, who *knows* what Johnny woulda said to the Black Rhino!

KAT
Johnny, he...retired.

RUFUS
Yeah, *retired*.

Kat shoots him a look.

KAT
He ain't here no more and let's just leave it at that.

RUFUS
Okay.

SHAWN
What?

KAT
Nothing. Johnny was old. Did what was right by him.

RUFUS
Please. You didn't have to clean it up.
(standing up)

Gonna do me a lap.

He takes off his blue security guard shirt, stripping down to a white tank top. Shawn turns to