

Brass-K

47.

CONTINUED:

Loyal sticks the golden scabbard out like a penis, sneaks up behind Brass K.

DING DONG, TWO WHITE BOYS, dressed similarly to Brass K walk in the store. Joe sees them, looks back to Loyal who's about to poke Brass K in the ass with his golden phallus. Loyal looks to Joe for laughs. Joe shakes his head and points at the two kids that just walked in. Loyal sees them and-- POKES Brass K in the butt startling him and knocking him into the cardboard display.

Beer holders spill out all over the floor. Loyal LAUGHS so hard he stumbles and slips on a beer holder, goes down backward. He hits his head on the shiny golden scabbard.

BRASS K
What the hell?

Brass K jumps up, looks around, disoriented. His boys run to his side, Joe to Loyal's. Loyal tries to stand up, stumbles dazed. Blood trickles down the back of Loyal's head. Brass K rushes Loyal and Joe stops him. His boys jump on Joe. The STORE MANAGER (40's) sprints across the store and separates everyone.

MANAGER
Get the hell out of my store!

Brass K straightens his crooked jersey.

BRASS K
God damn, son. You should thank this beyotch here fo' savin' yo' punk asses. Otherwise, I'd wipe the floor wit' you, son.

LOYAL
What's stopping you, SON? Why not try it right now, SON?

Loyal lunges at him, drawing the sword. Everyone backs off except for Joe who grabs Loyal's sword-wielding right arm. Joe sees blood running down Loyal's back.

JOE
Loyal. . .

BRASS K
Step back. You don't know me. I am the Brass K!

(CONTINUED)

BRASS-K

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48.

CONTINUED: (2)

LOYAL

So?

BRASS K

So, this is a small town. And next time we meet, you'd better be packin' for real. 'Cuz I will.

Brass K mimics firing a gun at Loyal with his fingers. He turns and his boys follow him as he strolls out the front of the store.

A tricked-out FORD FOCUS FIRES UP in the parking lot out front. Bass BOOMS from the car, audible inside the store as it PEELS OUT.

JOE

You're bleeding, tough guy.

Loyal feels his cracked head and gets blood on his hand. He takes one look at his bloody fingers and gets queasy. Loyal's knees buckle and Joe catches him.

JOE (CONT'D)

Let's go get you fixed up.

LOYAL

Did you see him jump when I penetrated him?

Loyal LAUGHS. Joe tries not to laugh but smiles and CRACKS UP. They stumble out of the store, Loyal leaning heavily on Joe.

JOE

Never a dull moment with you, dude.

INT. RALPH'S '74 FORD TRUCK - RESIDENTIAL STREET -- DAY

RALPH JONES (42), skinny with a grizzled face, and cowboy attire navigates through an upper-middle class suburb. He chews a toothpick.

RALPH

Thirty-eight thirty-eight.

Ralph leans over the passenger seat and squints to catch an address from a passing house. Mid-lean, Ralph nods off and slumps over.