

# THE ART OF PANIC

by

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FADE IN:

As OPENING CREDITS roll:

BMW 2002 MONTAGE -- set to "No Big Deal" by Love and Rockets

A rusted-out BMW 2002 with mismatched paint on the hood, doors and trunk lid rolls into an immaculate white, monochromatic garage.

Gloved hands remove a Sonora, Mexico license plate from the bumper.

Gloved hands cut holes in the doors, quarter panels, and bumper with a grinder.

Gloved hands place half kilo bricks of heroin into the new holes in the BMW.

A MAN, obscured by a large welder's mask and acetylene torch, welds the holes in the BMW shut.

The man smooths the welds with the grinder. He applies Bondo to the holes and rusted-out areas then smooths again.

The man obscured by goggles and an aspirator applies a gorgeous fresh coat of brown paint to the BMW.

Gloved hands screw Colorado license plates onto the vehicle.

A large metal door rolls up and the brown BMW 2002 emerges into daylight. It pulls out onto a crowded Mexican street.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. HISTORIC DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

The BMW slinks down a wooded, downtown street. The street is lined with massive maples, pine trees, aspens and aged, red-brick buildings.

Atop one of these buildings, lying on his back and staring at the night sky, we find JOE JENSEN (17), dressed in throw-back punk: leather jacket, torn jeans and black creepers.

He takes a long drag on a cigarette when a shooting star flashes across the sky. The slightest hint of a smile forms on his lips.

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He gets up, grabs a well-worn record bag and walks toward the back of the building. He climbs onto the fire escape ladder and slides down.

EXT. HISTORIC DOWNTOWN ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

Joe strolls confidently down the dark streets, some pep in his step as if he's listening to his own internal music.

He passes the back of an organic bakery. The large lids of a dumpster BANG against the back of it. Joe pauses as RUSTLING SOUNDS emerge from the dumpster.

He strolls toward it and suddenly two heads pops up. TWO HIPPIES: MIKE BROWN (19), white, and his boyfriend BROWN MIKE (18), black with short dreads, appear inside the dumpster. Mike sees Joe and smiles.

MIKE

Hey Joe. There's some great stuff in here tonight. Anna must have made way too much French bread. You wanna come over later?

JOE

No thanks, fellas. Heading to the park.

MIKE

Cool, we'll probably see you over there. Peace, man.

Joe gives them a peace sign and smiles as he walks away.

EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Joe strolls by a Denny's. Two strung out-looking teenaged girls run up to him as he passes.

TEENAGE GIRL 1

Hey Joe. Can we get some money for coffee? Please, Joe? Please, please, please?

TEENAGE GIRL 2

We'll make it worth your while, Joe.

JOE

Whoa... take it easy. All I have is some change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands them some loose change.

TEENAGE GIRL 1

Thanks!

They dash off. Joe keeps strolling.

EXT. SIDEWALK DOWNTOWN -- NIGHT

As Joe strolls, the sidewalk becomes crowded with JEHOVA'S WITNESSES. They are LATINOS with slicked, black hair. COWBOYS with large belt buckles, cowboy hats and ski parkas. They all carry black satchels.

When they catch sight of Joe, they GREET HIM and attempt to hand him pamphlets. Joe slows down and the religious followers swarm him.

LATINO JEHOVA'S WITNESS

Mira, amigo. We've got a message you should hear.

COWBOY JEHOVA'S WITNESS

That's right, son. Read this for your own good.

Joe reaches into his bag and pulls out a joint. They become confused as he sparks the joint and takes a massive inhale. When he exhales, they all swat the air and move quickly away from him.

Joe continues down the street as the JW's give him a wide berth and COMPLAIN LOUDLY.

EXT. EL PASO PARK -- NIGHT

The BMW 2002, slinks slowly down a street bordering El Paso Park, a gathering place for the alternative culture in the Denver suburbs. Large trees fill the park reaching up into the night sky.

The sound of CRICKETS blends with the sounds of SKATEBOARDING and passing traffic. At the center of the park, a large, well-lit amphitheater rises out of the concrete.

Around it a gang of very talented skateboarders, THE SICK BOYS, do tricks, smoke and hang out. Among them, BRITTAIN (18), cute and tomboyish films their tricks.

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Closer to the stage, a CROWD OF BUMS has gathered and above them onstage, a short, very stocky punk rocker, LOYAL PARSONS (17), preaches a fiery sermon. He rocks a mohawk, a tight tee that says, "fuct" across the front, and 9 eye Docs.

CROWD  
Hallelujah!

Joe joins the crowd of bums and smiles up as Loyal preaches to the hobo crowd.

LOYAL  
Thank you, my hygienically-challenged brethren. Now, I exhort you, for best results, shake well and refrigerate after opening. Can I get an amen?

CROWD  
Amen!

Joe spots the BMW and watches it until it rounds a corner out of sight.

LOYAL  
When you see the light, head towards it, my friends. But beware, millions will enter but few will win. Results may vary. Come on and give me a hallelujah!

Joe LAUGHS and shouts along with the crowd of homeless people.

CROWD  
Hallelujah!

Brit pushes close to Joe. In his ear--

BRITTAIN  
Allen wants to see you. You sell that weed yet?

JOE  
I've been trying but I just can't part with it.

BRITTAIN  
So dank, right? Joe, seriously though, do me a fav and sell that shit, 'k? I hate covering for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Hey, it's me you're talking to here.

Joe flashes her a smile. She nods.

BRITTAIN

A'ight. Peez!

She bails. An ASIAN BUM rushes the stage.

ASIAN BUM

Bless me father for I have sinned.

LOYAL

Demons out!

With this, Loyal double karate chops the bum on both sides of his head sending him flying into the crowd. The crowd breaks his fall. Loyal jumps down and claps his arm around Joe as they stride away from the stage.

JOE

Hell of a sermon, man.

LOYAL

Those poor freaking bums. Ever since the city pool started charging 'em a dollar they've got nowhere to shower and no one to terrorize. It's a damned shame!

Joe sees two GOTH CHICKS sit down at a picnic table.

JOE

Oh, shit. There she is, Loyal.

LOYAL

Don't let looks deceive you, man. Catherine's not one of us. Her dad is a doctor, a real country club guy. Go for Maya, dude.

JOE

Not a chance. I've worked it all out in my head. Watch me work.

He winks at Loyal and walks toward the girls.

LOYAL

Oh yeah? Don't get your hopes up.

EXT. EL PASO PARK PICNIC TABLE -- NIGHT

CATHERINE (16), quietly stunning in a black crushed velvet dress over fishnets and red boots, sits with her friend MAYA (16), who wears similar clothing. Joe swaggers toward them.

He's intercepted by two LATINO NEW WEVERS, CESAR (14) and JESUS (14). They rock Morrissey shirts, buckets in their tight jeans and black Chuck T's.

JOE  
Morrissey and Johnny Marr. How are  
the rest of The Smiths?

CESAR  
Hey Joe. We need some weed, man.

Joe pauses and looks them over.

JOE  
How old are you guys?

They look at each other.

BOTH  
Sixteen.

Joe LAUGHS.

JOE  
Your peach fuzz betrays you, young  
ones. Maybe next year.

Joe pushes by them. Cesar goes to hit the much larger Joe but Jesus holds him back.

CESAR  
You're a maricon, Joe.

Maya smiles as Joe approaches, Catherine feigns disinterest. Joe climbs onto their table, lies down on his back and looks up at the stars.

MAYA (O.S.)  
Hey, Joe. What are you and Loyal  
up to tonight?

Joe turns to Catherine, ignoring Maya.

JOE  
The sky is amazing tonight.

CONTINUED:

Joe jams his hands into his coat pockets, looks back up into the night.

INSERT:

Shot of the sky filled with thousands of stars.

BACK TO SCENE:

JOE (CONT'D)

I saw a shooting star earlier and it reminded me of that part in "On the Road" when he's riding in that flat bed truck looking at the sky. He's almost to Denver and the stars come out and he shouts for joy and he feels like an arrow that could fly the rest of the way.

Maya smiles at him.

MAYA

That's beautiful.

Joe, still ignoring Maya, focuses all his attention on Catherine.

CATHERINE

So you read one book before you dropped out, huh Joe?

JOE

Yeah, one. But, it was a damned fine book.

He smiles at her, a confident, handsome smile. He looks back at the stars.

JOE (CONT'D)

Listen, Catherine. I'm gonna tell you your future. You're going to go to an ivy league school out East and meet some smart guy from a nice family that your dad will approve of.

CATHERINE

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Yeah. But you're going to blow him off and here's why: you're going to be crazy in love with me.

CATHERINE

You must have me mixed up with someone else.

Mike Brown and Brown Mike walk up to the table.

BROWN MIKE

Pardon the interruptus. Allen's looking for you, Joe.

Catherine takes the opportunity to grab Maya and leave. Joe sits up and SIGHS as they walk away. Loyal puts his arm on Joe's shoulder.

LOYAL

I don't know why you're wasting your time with her, man. Personally, I love me some of that Maya.

JOE

It's getting late. We'd better go see Allen.

LOYAL

I've got to make a stop on the way. My dad's birthday.

He whips out a birthday card. "LARRY" is printed in bad lettering on the envelope.

JOE

Ahh. Memory lane in the old neighborhood. This can't end well.

LOYAL

Ha! I bet your dad still has that piece of shit in the driveway.

They trot off toward a bus stop across the street from the park.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

Joe and Loyal cruise down the sidewalk, their fists jammed into their pockets.

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CONTINUED:

All the houses in the neighborhood look exactly the same. All around them, rolling hills of house after identical house.

They pass by a small rancher with an OLD CHEVY NOVA on blocks in the driveway. A blue tarp makes a half-assed attempt at protecting it from the elements.

LOYAL

Yep. There it is. How long is that mother fucker gonna let that Chevy Nova rot here?

Loyal runs over and lifts the tarp.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Lost my virginity in this very backseat, in this very driveway. And, I used to moon you through that front window while you suffered through piano lessons.

Joe smiles.

JOE

Memories. Now, let's roll before my parents call the cops on us.

They hurry down the sidewalk to a--

EXT. LOYAL'S DAD'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

As they approach the house, Joe grabs Loyal and stops him.

JOE

Maybe you should leave your dad's card here on the doorstep. Why ruin a perfectly good night?

LOYAL

Easy! Unlike your parents, mine dad's dying to see me.

JOE

If it's cool with you, I'm staying right here.

Loyal slaps Joe on the back and winks at him. Joe shakes his head. As Loyal opens the door and strolls inside, Joe leans against the house.

JOE'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Down the street, the porch light flips on at Joe's parents' house. Joe lights a cigarette.

INT. LOYAL'S DAD'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Loyal steps into a darkened entryway. The layout of the house is a tri-level with a split entry. A set of carpeted steps lead down to a living area. Another leads up to a kitchen/dining area.

From downstairs, a TV BLARES and the flashes illuminate Loyal's face as he takes in the scene.

LOYAL

Dad?

He makes his way into the living room. No one is present watching the television.

A DOG BARKS calling Loyal's attention.

He creeps toward a hallway.

INT. LOYAL'S DAD'S HOUSE BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

The DOG BARKING INTENSIFIES as we follow Loyal OTS down the basement stairs and into a large, unfinished basement divided into dog kennels. ROTTWEILERS and PIT BULLS bark at Loyal.

A LARGE MAN SMACKS THE CAGE with a flashlight as Loyal walks in.

LARGE MAN

Who the fuck are you?

LOYAL

Me? Who the fuck are you?

The dogs BARK AND SNAP AT THE CAGES on either side of Loyal. As the man lumbers toward him, Loyal turns and bolts up the stairs.

INT. LOYAL'S DAD'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Loyal flies up the stairs, through the living room, up another flight to--

INT. LOYAL'S DAD'S HOUSE BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Loyal slows as he makes it to his dad's bedroom. It's dark except for a sliver of light escaping the bathroom. THE SHOWER IS RUNNING. GRUMBLING can be heard from the bed.

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As Loyal creeps toward the bed, a fat, GRIZZLED MAN in a wife beater lies splayed across the bed. This is LOYAL'S DAD (55). A bottle of whiskey sits half-full on the night stand, two empty bottle next to it.

A shadow moves across the light from the bathroom. Loyal creeps to the bathroom and through the slit sees --

INSERT BATHROOM:

A WOMAN, rail-skinny and middle-aged, rummages through the medicine cabinet. She finds a disposable razor and jumps into the shower.

BACK TO SCENE

Loyal heads back to the bed.

LOYAL

Dad. Hey dad! I wanted to tell you happy birthday. I brought you a card.

He shakes the fat man in the bed, but only INCOHERENT BABBLING escapes his drunken lips.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Dad. Can you hear me? I brought you a card for your birthday!

He SLAPS the fat man but gets a LOUD SNORE in response. Light pours into the room.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Who the fuck are you?

Loyal looks up and finds the woman from the bathroom, standing naked in the doorway.

Loyal fumbles for the card and places it on his dad's chest.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

Loyal runs out of the room and down the stairs and out the front door.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD -- CONTINUOUS

He passes Joe who runs to catch up as Loyal quicksteps it to the sidewalk. FAINT DOG BARKING in the bg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
How'd it go in there?

LOYAL  
Great! He really digged the card.  
Even gave me a shot of whiskey to  
celebrate. Cool huh?

Joe's not buying it.

JOE  
Did he get some dogs?

Loyal puts his arm around Joe as their street fades into  
darkness behind them.

LOYAL  
Let's get the fuck out of Suburbia  
and go see Allen.

JOE  
God, I hope Eliza's not there.

LOYAL  
What's wrong with Eliza, dude?  
She's cool.

JOE  
I don't know. I get the vibe that  
she thinks I'm into her or  
something. Freaking drives me  
crazy. Know what I mean?

Loyal shakes his head.

JOE (CONT'D)  
You don't see it?

Loyal LAUGHS.

LOYAL  
It's in your head, man.

JOE  
Just watch. When she looks at me  
she's just saying, "You wish" with  
her eyes. Fuckin' weird, man.

LOYAL  
There's the bus!

They sprint up the street toward a bus stop.

EXT. ALLEN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Allen's house is a small brick rancher in a nice suburban neighborhood. It's getting colder as Joe and Loyal head up the walkway to the front door.

JOE  
Watch for the look.

Joe KNOCKS. Some RUSTLING inside. ELIZA (32) answers the door dressed in a tight t-shirt with no bra, mini skirt, a large crystal hanging around her neck.

ELIZA  
Hey boys. What's going on?

JOE  
Just here to see . . .

LOYAL  
Hey, Eliza. We're really glad you're here. Joe was just talking about you.

She gives him a look of complete disinterest. Joe suppresses a laugh.

JOE  
(to Loyal)  
There it is.  
(to Eliza)  
Is Allen here?

ELIZA  
You two are such children. He's downstairs.

INT. ALLEN'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The inside of the house is dark and full of New Age trinkets: large crystal bowls, pyramids, and books about tantric sex. It's illuminated minimally by candles.

LOYAL  
You know what, Eliza? Invite us in at the beginning of the conversation next time. It's as cold as your ice queen [in latino accent] "vajina" out there.

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CONTINUED:

ELIZA

Fuck you, Loyal. And, in case Allen forgets, you still owe him for that weed, Joe.

JOE

I'm on it, Eliza.

She walks with them into the kitchen where a stairway leads down into darkness.

JOE (CONT'D)

Shit. I hate it down there.

As Eliza walks away, Loyal reaches around Joe and slaps her ass making it look like Joe did it. He dives down the stairs. Eliza turns around, gives Joe an "As if," look. Joe shrugs and heads down into the darkness.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM -- NIGHT

The mattress room is an unfinished basement filled with mattresses, cushions, pillows and blankets. The walls are covered with Mexican blankets and tie-dyed sheets.

The room is lit by a few lamps with dark colored bulbs. HEROIN USERS litter the floor. Joe grabs his nose.

JOE

I'll never get used to the smell.

LOYAL

It wakes me up. Like smelling salts.

Loyal INHALES DEEPLY and begins bouncing up and down like a boxer before a fight.

ALLEN (O.S.)

Hey boys. I've been expecting you.

ALLEN (35), wearing a silk robe with long johns underneath, carries a silver tray with little baggies of heroin and picks his way through the bodies toward Loyal and Joe.

JOE

(still covering his nose)  
We heard.

Allen shakes hands with Joe. Loyal grabs Allen in a bear hug and squeezes his butt. Allen nearly drops his precious tray of goodies.

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CONTINUED:

LOYAL

It's the gulag for you, you  
capitalist swine!

Loyal releases him.

ALLEN

Why did you bring him, Joe? Can't  
we meet without this pervert?

Joe LAUGHS. Loyal unzips his pants, pulls out his testicles.

LOYAL

Pervert? What do you mean pervert?

ALLEN

Oh god.

JOE

(laughing)

Come on, Loyal. Put those away. Go  
find something to do while we chat,  
okay? Sorry, Allen.

ALLEN

Let's go somewhere where we can  
talk.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Joe and Allen sit at a small dining table. They each have a  
cup of steaming tea. Loyal pulls out an oversized book about  
Tantric sex. He flips to a particularly erotic picture of  
two people in an unusual sexual position.

JOE

So it's a delivery?

ALLEN

I'm getting there. I've got some  
weed that I need you to transport  
to Mr. Boulder. It's no big deal,  
just a small amount hidden inside a  
car.

Loyal sneaks up behind Allen. He holds up the picture for  
Joe to see. Joe struggles to ignore Loyal and talk to Allen.

JOE

How much is a small amount? I  
mean, are we talking misdemeanor or  
felony?

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CONTINUED:

ALLEN

Felony for sure. But, I'll give you a grand now plus two when you get back. I'll even throw in the car as a bonus-- once they remove the drugs.

JOE

What kind of car is it?

INT. ALLEN'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

Allen flips on a light revealing the shiny brown BMW 2002. Loyal smiles.

JOE

This car drove by the park.

Allen unlocks the door and Loyal hops into the driver's seat.

LOYAL

Check this out. Wow! The inside looks great too. You're going to give this to us?

Joe inspects the exterior of the car.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

We've got to do this Joe! This is your in with Catherine!

Joe bends down and looks inside the car.

JOE

This is a little bigger than selling weed, Loyal. We're talking a felony here.

LOYAL

Only if we get caught.

ALLEN

The drugs are undetectable. They're welded into the body work so there's no scent. Well . . . I think there's no scent . . . Just don't get pulled over by a K-9 unit.

Loyal jumps out of the car, puts his arm around Joe and pulls him away from Allen.

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CONTINUED:

LOYAL

Don't you see, man? You can't just walk up to a girl like Catherine looking like we do and expect to impress her. Remember how she dogged you at the park? She's used to guys with Polo shirts and nice cars. Like this one!

Joe looks back at the car; he's still considering.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Think about it. With this money we get you cleaned up, new clothes, new haircut, new you, dude! Then you meet her dad, make a good impression, get his permission to date her.

Loyal steps back convinced he's made the sale.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Key me, Allen.

Allen starts handing the keys to Loyal, Joe grabs them.

JOE

We'll do it for four g's and throw in the weed I owe you.

ALLEN

Thirty-five hundred and the weed.

JOE

Done.

Joe and Allen shake it in.

LOYAL

Oh yeah! I'm driving.

Loyal FIRES UP THE CAR as Joe eyes it one last time before climbing in.

INT. BMW 2002 -- NIGHT

Loyal drives by a freeway on-ramp sign.

JOE

You missed the on-ramp.

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CONTINUED:

LOYAL

I'm starving and I've got a thousand bucks burning a hole in my wallet.

JOE

So what?

LOYAL

So, we're hitting Denny's first. We've got to be tiptop for our drive tonight and I need food and coffee.

JOE

Loyal, let's just hit the open road.

Joe grabs the wheel and Loyal slaps his hand away.

LOYAL

Do you know what would happen if we crashed? You'd be taking it in the heinie for the next twenty years down in Carson City. Oh, Joe. Oh, oh Joe! Work it like that!

JOE LAUGHS.

JOE

All right! All right! I could use some caffeine.

INT. DENNY'S -- NIGHT

Joe and Loyal follow a chubby, smoked-out HOSTESS as she leads them toward the back of the restaurant. As they walk through the tables, Loyal and Joe greet different groups of people: Mike Brown and Brown Mike, A punk named SPIDER (26), and three S.H.A.R.P.S (SkinHeads Against Racial Prejudice) UNCLE (31), BOBBY (21), and VICENTE (22).

Loyal and Joe take a seat in a little booth.

JOE

Remember, make it fast okay? I'm nervous about the car out there.

LOYAL

No problem. I already know what I wan--

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CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Nice hair, queers!

Joe and Loyal look over at a table brimming with AIR FORCE CADETS. The cadets LAUGH and the biggest of them, MILLER (21), gives them THE BIRD. Loyal makes fists with his hands.

JOE  
(to Loyal)  
Simmer down, man. It's cool. Just ignore them. We're staying focused tonight.

Loyal relaxes.

LOYAL  
I hate Cadets. Muscle headed freaks.

Something catches Loyal's eye.

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
Catherine and Maya just walked in.

Joe turns around and watches as Catherine and Maya stroll down an aisle together and sit down at the booth with Mike Brown and Brown Mike.

JOE  
Maya was asking what we were up to tonight. I think she digs your shit, man. Let's go say hi.

LOYAL  
All right.

Joe stands and walks toward their table. Loyal sneaks away, grabs an UNEATEN FRIED EGG off an unfinished plate then creeps over behind the table with the cadets. Joe stands at the table with Catherine, Maya and the Mikes.

JOE  
Hey, Catherine.

CATHERINE  
Did you lose Loyal?

JOE  
Huh? Oh, I guess so.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE

Better go find him. He's about to start a riot.

Loyal slowly rises behind Miller with the fried egg in his hand. Joe sees him and gestures for him to stop. SPLAT! Loyal slaps the over-easy right on Miller's crew cut.

CHAOS ensues as Miller stands up and the other cadets jump over the table to get Loyal. Joe rushes over to help out, so do the Mikes and the S.H.A.R.P.S. The MANAGER runs in from the kitchen.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

A CROWD surges into the parking lot populated with everyone from the restaurant. They form a massive circle. Loyal stands behind the edge of the crowd loosening his neck and jumping around.

JOE

Is this your idea of making it fast, Loyal?

LOYAL

He disrespected my best friend. I can't let him get away with that. He's gotta taste the pain, brotah!

Joe looks over Loyal's shoulder at Miller in the circle. Miller has taken off his shirt and flexes his beefy muscles. He dodges and weaves, punching the air.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Please give me this, Joe. Please?

JOE

Okay. He's a big kid, but you've got the Eye of the Tiger, Loyal. You can take him. Eye of the Tiger!

Joe LAUGHS and slaps Loyal on the back. Loyal SHOUTS and runs into the circle. He raises his hands like a rock star and everyone CHEERS. At home in the spotlight, Loyal takes off his jacket, swings it around disco-style, then throws it out to the crowd. They LAUGH and CHEER.

He kicks off his combat boots. More CHEERS and LAUGHS as the already short Loyal loses another two inches.

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CONTINUED:

MILLER

Look at this short little bitch!  
Are you kidding me?

Miller walks into the center of the circle and puts up his dukes.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Come on, little bitch. Let's go!

But, Loyal is still playing to the crowd. He puts his hand to his ear like the Hulkster and everyone YELLS and LAUGHS. Miller walks over and punches Loyal in the back of the head then spins him around and punches him in the stomach bending him over. The crowd BOOS. Brit, filming the event, SHOUTS from the crowd along with a couple Sick Boys.

Miller punches Loyal in the face sending him flying backward into the crowd. They bounce him back like a WWF wrestler. He flies at Miller. Loyal soars into the air and kicks Miller right in the chest stunning him and sending him down on one knee. Loyal leaps up, bounces off the crowd again and clotheslines Miller sending him choking backwards.

Miller's boys try to break in to help him but Bobby, Uncle and Vicente hold them back. Loyal turns to the crowd and puts his hand to his ear again. CHEERS erupt from the crowd. He grabs Miller and gives him a DDT, knocking him out cold.

The crowd OOHS then CHEERS. In the distance, a POLICE SIREN GROWS. Everyone scatters for their cars or the restaurant. Loyal searches through the crowd.

LOYAL

(to Joe)  
Where's my jacket?

JOE

I don't know. Where did you throw it?

They pick their way through the disbanding audience, and find, one by one, Loyal's: socks, boots and eventually his leather jacket hanging on a bush. They head to the spot where the BMW had been parked and find an empty parking space.

JOE (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Where did we park?  
Loyal reaches into his jacket pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He panics, pats all his pockets. He checks them all again, then re-checks them. He slowly sits down. Joe runs up and down the parking lot searching, in vain, for the BMW.

JOE (CONT'D)

Did we get towed?

Joe runs around the building looking for the car, but it's not there. He makes it back to Loyal who sits where the car had been parked. The POLICE SIREN GROWS louder.

JOE (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Loyal?

Loyal stands up, snapping out of a trance.

LOYAL

Promise me you won't freak out.

JOE

I'm already freaked out, Loyal!

Loyal picks up Joe, slings him over his shoulder, and trucks him out of the parking lot and through some bushes right as a POLICE CAR pulls into Denny's with its lights on.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

Loyal sets Joe down in the alleyway and leans against a wall to rest. He breathes deeply.

LOYAL

The keys were in my jacket, man.  
Someone must have grabbed them and  
taken the car.

Joe cups his hands over his mouth as the reality sinks in. He massages his temples, trying to think.

JOE

Ok, this is very, very bad.

JOE (CONT'D)

But, we can figure a way out. I  
just need a sec to think.

LOYAL

Dude, Allen will understand. Cars  
get stolen everyday. Can you  
believe I threw my jacket out there  
like that? And that DDT . . .

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
awesome!

He LAUGHS.

JOE  
Who would have taken the car? It  
must have been someone in the  
parking lot.

LOYAL  
Let's go get high, man. That's the  
best plan. Joe?

Loyal waves his hand in front of Joe's face. Joe doesn't  
respond. Loyal reels back and kicks Joe right on the ass.

JOE  
OW!

Joe jumps up at Loyal and grabs him. Headlights appear on  
both of them. A car approaches them from down the alley. It  
burns rubber right at them. They jump to either side of the  
alley. The brown BMW 2002 whizzes between them.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Hey wait!

But it's too late. The 2002 jumps into the street at the end  
of the alley and makes a right. Joe and Loyal run after it.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT

Loyal and Joe run into the street from the alley and watch as--  
- The 2002 rockets down the street, swerving and CLIPPING A  
GARBAGE CAN. Its TIRES SQUEAL as it makes another right and  
disappears.

LOYAL  
Bastards! That's our car! Shit!

JOE  
Did you see who was driving?

Loyal shakes his head.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Me either. Probably some punk ass  
kids on a joyride.

Loyal puts his arm around Joe and they start walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

Let's go get some sleep. That car's not leaving town. We'll find it tomorrow and deliver it like nothing happened. Who's gonna care if their weed arrives half a day late?

INT. BLACK MERCEDES SEDAN -- DAY

LOCKE (37), impressively large with a handlebar stash and mullet straight out of Canada, drives. He sports a cheap dark suit. SAMIR (32), Middle-Eastern, also wearing a dark suit, sits in shotgun.

SAMIR

Locke, I want you to stop me if I try to kill him.

Samir pulls out a 9mm and checks it to make sure it's loaded.

LOCKE

Oui.

SAMIR

This is just a fact-finding mission. A little, "Where the fuck are Mr. Boulder's drugs?" mission. Hopefully he runs and we can kick that lowlife prick a few times.

Samir LAUGHS.

LOCKE

Oui.

EXT. ALLEN'S HOUSE -- DAY

Samir and Locke KNOCK on Allen's door. No one answers. Samir POUNDS ON THE DOOR.

SAMIR

Allen!

Locke TAPS Samir on the shoulder. Samir BANGS ON THE DOOR again.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

Allen, open up! Allen! Locke taps on Samir's shoulder again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOCKE  
Samir, please. Allow me.

SAMIR  
Fine. Go ahead.

Samir steps out of the way.

BOOM!

The enormous Locke BOOTS THE OLD DOOR with enough force to splinter the door frame. The door flies open. They step inside. Locke picks up the door and puts it back in its frame.

EXT. ALLEN'S HOUSE -- LATER

Joe and Loyal cruise up the sidewalk in front of Allen's house.

LOYAL  
You were Mormon. Did you ever want to go on that two-year mission thing? You know, head down to South America, save the heathens from their pagan ways?

He LAUGHS.

JOE  
Maybe when I was little ... I don't know.

Joe notices Locke and Samir's car as they walk by. They turn up the sidewalk toward Allen's front porch.

LOYAL  
(singing)  
The Mormons go biking two by two  
hurrah, hurrah!

JOE  
Have you ever seen that car here before?

Loyal shakes his head while he SINGS. He RINGS THE DOORBELL as Joe looks back at the Mercedes again.

INT. ALLEN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Samir puts down an empty strong box and looks at Locke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOYAL (O.S.)  
 (singing)  
 The Mormons go biking two by two  
 with skinny black ties and black  
 shoes and they all go marching down-  
 -

INT. ALLEN'S HOUSE -- DAY

Loyal KNOCKS and the door falls off its frame.

LOYAL  
 Check it out.

INT. ALLEN'S HOUSE -- DAY

Joe and Loyal step into the living room and look around. The once tidy room is littered with tipped-over bookshelves and broken crystal bowls.

SAMIR (O.S.)  
 Where's Allen?

Loyal and Joe wheel around and find Samir and Locke standing in the hallway.

LOYAL  
 We were just talking about you  
 guys. Mormons right?

Samir pulls out the 9mm and aims it at them.

SAMIR  
 I said, where's Allen?

Joe and Loyal look at each other for a moment then break on the double for the back door.

EXT. ALLEN'S BACK YARD -- DAY

The back door BURSTS OPEN and Joe and Loyal beeline it across the yard toward a fence. Locke explodes through the back door in pursuit. Joe makes it to the fence and leaps over.

Loyal gets to the fence right as Locke gets to him. Locke grabs Loyal by the belt and yanks him backward.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ALLEY BEHIND ALLEN'S -- DAY

Joe bolts down the alley away from Allen's house but slows down when he realizes Loyal is no longer with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Shit.

He turns around and sneaks back to the fence. Joe BREATHES HEAVILY as he peeks through the cracks.

EXT. ALLEN'S BACK YARD -- DAY

Locke takes a punch from Loyal right in the face then throws Loyal on the ground, face down and bends his arm behind his back. Loyal YELLS. Locke produces a Zipstrip, slips it around Loyal's wrists and pulls it tight. Samir walks up.

SAMIR

I have seen you before. You and your friend deal for Allen, yes? But, where did your friend go?

Joe turns away from the fence, looks around for a place to hide, spots a garbage can and heads for it. Locke kicks Loyal. Loyal SHOUTS. Joe stops, gives in.

JOE (O.S.)

Don't hurt him! I'm right here.

Joe jumps back over the fence.

JOE (CONT'D)

What do you guys want with us?

SAMIR

We want you to step into our office so we can chat.

INT. BLACK MERCEDES SEDAN -- DAY

Loyal, still restrained, sits in the backseat with Locke. Samir is in the driver's seat, Joe in shotgun.

SAMIR

So you have no idea what we're talking about? Never heard about a BMW going to Mr. Boulder?

Joe shakes his head. Samir pushes in the cigarette lighter.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

Hand me the shears, Locke. Locke hands Samir a large pair of pruning shears.

Loyal's eyes go wide; he struggles against his restraints.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Locke grabs Joe from behind, puts him in a choke-hold.

Samir takes Joe's hand and places his pinkie into the blades of the shears. He squeezes them together until they start to pinch. Joe SHOUTS in pain.

LOYAL

Wait! It was me! I lost the car.

SAMIR

Put him out!

Locke knocks loyal out with one blow to the side of his head.

JOE

Please! The car was stolen from us. We stopped to get something to eat and someone took it.

SAMIR

See Joe, I would take your friend's finger, but it's obvious it wouldn't do any good. So know this: any and all punishment will be exacted swiftly and directly on you and you alone.

JOE

We can work something out. Let us pay for the weed.

SAMIR

Weed?

He squeezes harder and the blades begins to cut into Joe's finger.

JOE

No!

SAMIR

That was heroin in that car, kid.

JOE

What?

The cigarette lighter pops out.

SAMIR

You owe me 200 g's U.S. That's not in Pesos, Dinars, or Rupees.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAMIR (CONT'D)

If you don't find that car or pay up, by the end of this week, I'll kill you and find the car myself. And, to show you I'm serious.

Samir snaps off the end of Joe's pinkie, then cauterizes the wound with the cigarette lighter. Joe SCREAMS.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

In the meantime, if I see you and you're not driving that car to my room at the Four Seasons, I'll take the rest of that finger.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SIDEWALK -- DAY

Samir and Locke's Mercedes pulls up to a residential sidewalk. The back door flies open and Joe and Loyal tumble out. Loyal, still bound, lies face down on the concrete. Joe sits up and looks over at him. Loyal COUGHS and spits, opens his eyes.

LOYAL

You know what this reminds me of? Karen Stans. She was into this kind of bondage shit, remember?

He looks at Joe who stares at the missing end of his finger. Loyal sees what he's staring at.

JOE

I need to get to a hospital.

INT. JOE AND LOYAL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A large blanket covers a couch. A hand has fallen out from under it and rests on the floor. A white lump of gauze covers the left pinkie of the hand. KABOOM! The door SLAMS and Joe shoots up from the couch.

LOYAL

Joe! I've got it!

Joe lies back down, buries himself in the blanket.

JOE

Where have you been?

Loyal paces the floor in front of the couch.

LOYAL

The park, man, schemin' and whatnot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Listen up, are you ready for this?

Loyal pauses for dramatic effect.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

I call it Rocky Mountain Big Score. We rob banks, man, like Bonnie and Clyde, or Butch Cassidy and Sundance. We'll pay off those animals and live like kings! Or we wind up in jail which is much safer than being free with them running around. Or... we die.

Joe doesn't move except for his hand which gives Loyal the bird.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

I know that's just the Vicodin talking. Speaking of, that stuff's making me hallucinate. I can't stop seeing that polar bear in the corner of the room.

Loyal looks into the corner. A GLEAMING WHITE POLAR BEAR stands there staring back at him with glowing blue eyes.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

(to the polar bear)

Can you see the fear or just smell it?

Joe MOANS. Loyal shakes his head.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

(to Joe)

Spider has some guns he could loan us. We'll hit banks all the way to Mexico.

JOE

Vicodin.

Loyal zips into the kitchen and returns with a glass of water. He pours three Vicodin into his palm. He pops one and hands the other two to Joe.

LOYAL

Take this. I'm out, gonna go see Spider. No offense, Joe but I feel like you've become distant ever since you lost your finger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joe sits up, pops the pills, sips the water.

JOE  
That was like four hours ago.

A KNOCK at the door. They freeze.

ANOTHER KNOCK.

Joe stands up, wraps the blanket around himself. Loyal runs into the kitchen and returns with a hammer.

MAYA (O.S.)  
Loyal? Joe? You guys in there?

They breathe a SIGH of relief. Joe fixes his hair in his reflection off the television, attempts to make himself presentable. Loyal opens the door.

Catherine and Maya walk in. Maya carries a plate of cupcakes with black icing. Loyal grabs a cupcake and jams the whole thing into his mouth. The black icing turns his lips, teeth and tongue black.

LOYAL  
(muffled)  
Mmm! Great goth cakes, ladies.

He stuffs another one in.

CATHERINE  
Those weren't for you, Loyal.

MAYA  
We heard about your finger, Joe.  
Is it true?

Joe conceals his finger behind his back.

JOE  
Hi, Catherine. It's great to see you. Sorry about the mess in here. Loyal jams yet another cupcake in.

LOYAL  
(muffled)  
I'm out of here. Thanks for the cupcakes, Maya. Shake on it.

Loyal sticks out his hand. When Maya goes to shake he pulls his hand away and sticks out his crotch so she touches it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

Ah! Loyal!

Loyal runs out.

MAYA (CONT'D)

(to Joe)

We made these for you. Want one?

She proffers what's left of the cupcakes to him. They drip with frosting. Joe's pallor changes to a dull green.

JOE

No thanks. I'm a little nauseous from the pain meds. Could you just put them in the kitchen?

Maya disappears into the kitchen. Catherine scoots the blanket down on the couch and sits down. Joe, a little woozy from the Vicodin settles down next to her.

JOE (CONT'D)

You look really great tonight.

Sensing the vibe, Catherine stands up. Joe pursues her and stands uncomfortably close.

CATHERINE

The real reason we came is because Loyal's been telling everyone you're in serious trouble. And, I know a way you can get out of it. Tonight. Are you ok, Joe? What kind of pain meds are you taking?

Joe, now fully buzzing from the meds can't tell that he's being too forward.

JOE

I'm cool. I'm just really glad you're here.

He grabs her hands. She pulls them away and grabs him by the shoulders. Maya re-enters.

MAYA

Did you tell him?

CATHERINE

I'm trying to. Focus for a second, Joe. Do you remember Erica Gilbreth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joe shakes his head. He puts his finger on her lips to shush her. She pulls his hand away, ignores him.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I used to hang out with her when I was little. She lives on the hill. Her dad has a safe full of cash and I can tell you how to get it.

Joe smiles at her through half-closed eyelids.

JOE

Cool plan . . . Wow. Does this mean you like me?

Catherine and Maya exchange looks. Catherine LAUGHS.

CATHERINE

I think you're high and we should talk about this when you sober up.

JOE

Ok. I'm really tired.

Joe buries himself again in his blanket.

CATHERINE

We should go.

The girls walk to the door.

MAYA

Feel better!

CATHERINE

And, think about what I said, Joe.

INT. SPIDER'S RUNDOWN APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Spider's place is straight out of the 70's with plastic-covered furniture and bad wallpaper. Spider climbs onto the counter and feels around on top of one of the kitchen cabinets.

LOYAL

What did your grandma die and leave you this place? Nice plastic.

SPIDER

Yes, she did, asshole. Thanks for pouring salt in a very tender wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOYAL

Well at least she's not here. No offense, but old people give me the creeps.

SPIDER

Shut up, Loyal. Here it is.

Spider produces a bandanna and slowly unfolds it. Inside is the sorriest excuse for a .45 revolver on the planet.

LOYAL

Shit, Spider I thought you were a gun dealer. What the hell is that?

SPIDER

I'm not going to loan you something good, especially after what you said about my grand nan. She was a very special lady.

Loyal takes the gun and the hammer falls to the floor.

LOYAL

Couldn't you at least loan me something that works?

Spider picks up the fallen hammer.

SPIDER

I thought you weren't planning on using it.

LOYAL

I'm not. I just want the option, you know?

Spider takes the gun and points it.

SPIDER

Trust me. It looks mean enough. Just point it at someone and watch how they step into line.

Loyal grabs the gun, aims it at a tacky mirrored wall with gold trim.

LOYAL

Yeah. You're right. Thanks, man. I'm going to test it out right now.

INT. JOE AND LOYAL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Loyal bursts into the apartment with a William Shatner mask on. He brandishes the .45.

LOYAL

On your knees mother fucker!

Joe YELLS and falls off the couch, completely confused. Loyal flips on the light and LAUGHS hysterically. He lifts up the mask. Joe shakes his head and tries not to laugh but can't help it. He grabs the wad of bloody gauze on his pinkie and winces.

JOE

Vicodin me.

Loyal runs into the kitchen and grabs a glass of water. He finds the bottle of Vicodin on the table. He takes one. Loyal brings Joe the Vicodin. Joe pops a pill and swigs some water.

JOE (CONT'D)

Thanks, man. Nice mask.

LOYAL

I've got one for you too. He breaks out a Leonard Nemoy mask.

JOE

Who is that?

LOYAL

Spock, man. Old school. We've got all the gear we need to start earning that money back.

Joe takes the gun from Loyal.

JOE

Is this real?

The pistol hammer falls on the floor. Loyal picks it up, takes the gun back from Joe and replaces the hammer.

LOYAL

Hell yeah it's real. And, like my penis, it's a weapon of mass destruction. It's time we started Rocky Mountain Big Score!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
We're not robbing banks, Loyal!

Joe reaches for the gun and Loyal shoves it down into his underwear.

LOYAL  
Go ahead, make my day.

JOE  
I'm not in the mood for this shit,  
Loyal.

Joe lies back down on the couch.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Besides, Catherine's got a better  
plan that won't require that thing.

INT. MAYA'S BLACK VOLKSWAGEN BUG -- NIGHT

Maya drives with Loyal in shotgun. A glow-in-the-dark Virgin Mary casts a strange green glow from the dashboard. Catholic stickers, prayer cards and candles decorate the car. Joe sits in the backseat with Catherine.

JOE  
Thanks, Catherine. Sorry for  
coming on so strong earlier.

CATHERINE  
It's cool. You've had a rough day.

Loyal pulls out a large piece of folded-up tinfoil from his pocket. He rips off a little piece and jams the rest in his trench coat. He begins fashioning something with the piece.

LOYAL  
I didn't know you were religious.

Maya smiles.

MAYA  
I'm not, actually. I'm an atheist.  
I just collect Catholic  
iconography. It's beautiful. It's  
filled with blood, pain and death.  
What about you? I heard your  
sermon tonight.

Loyal LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOYAL

Just giving those poor bastards something to do. Someone should take up a collection. Get them out of our park.

Loyal finishes making a little tinfoil blindfold and places it over the Virgin's eyes.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

That way she doesn't see us when we ah, ah, ahhhhhh in the back seat.

He winks at her. Maya blushes. Joe LAUGHS, glances at Catherine who rolls her eyes.

JOE

Just chill tonight, Loyal. We don't need any problems.

LOYAL

Exactly. That's why I came prepared.

He breaks out a pack of beef jerky.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

This for any dogs that show up.

He pulls out the gun.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

And this for any humans.

Maya sees the gun and swerves, SCREECHING THE TIRES. Loyal is jostled and knocks the Virgin off the dashboard.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

It's just for show! It doesn't even work.

Loyal tucks the gun back in his pants. He replaces the Virgin back in her holder at the center of the dash. He carefully replaces the little homemade blindfold. Loyal looks over at Maya who resumes driving. He winks at her. She smiles back.

EXT. THE INTREPID GOLF COURSE -- NIGHT

Catherine and Maya lead Joe and Loyal across the ninth hole in the bright moonlight. NIGHT SOUNDS fill the air: CRICKETS, FROGS, and the DISTANT HUM OF CARS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They cross the fairway and into the rough. In between two large, ominous trees they find two heavy wooden trap doors padlocked shut.

CATHERINE

When you get down there, make a right and follow the main tunnel. It will take you right to the Gilbreth's.

Loyal takes a pair of bolt cutters and attacks the padlock. Joe recoils at the sight instinctively pulling his wounded pinkie to his chest. The old steel padlock is too tough for Loyal. He pulls out his gun and aims it at the lock but it won't fire.

JOE

(to Catherine)

Is there another way in?

Loyal SLAMS THE LOCK with the butt of the gun and the lock breaks apart instantly.

LOYAL

Voila!

They look around and Catherine pulls open the wooden doors. Loyal and Joe step cautiously into the dark opening.

INT. PROHIBITION TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Joe and Loyal step down into a narrow cement tunnel and Loyal CLICKS on a flashlight. The tunnel stretches out in both directions curving out of view. Catherine calls down from above.

CATHERINE

Remember, seventh rivet from the right will open the door. You'll see it because it's less rusty than the others.

MAYA

Good luck!

The girls shut the doors above them. Joe and Loyal walk cautiously down the tunnel. It drips with condensation and old electric wires dangle from the ceiling.

LOYAL

Wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stop. Loyal digs into his trench coat and pulls out the folded-up piece of tin foil again. He slowly unfolds it in the flashlight beam. Inside are four tiny squares of blotter paper with Elvis printed on them.

JOE

Where'd you score the king?

LOYAL

Spider had them. He felt bad loaning me this piece of shit gun.

Loyal puts two of them on his tongue. He offers the other two hits of acid to Joe.

JOE

I don't know, man, probably not a good idea.

LOYAL

We'll be in the car and done before this stuff hits us anyway.

JOE

You're right, man.

They SLAP FIVE and LAUGH. Joe places them on his tongue.

INT. PROHIBITION TUNNEL -- LATER

The flashlight illuminates a large metal door covered with rusted rivets. Joe points to the bottom row of rivets. He begins counting them from the right.

JOE

One, two, three . . .

Joe finally decides on a rivet and pushes it in until it makes a LOUD CLICK.

JOE (CONT'D)

That's it! Help me push the door.

He leans against the door and Loyal heaves against it with him.

LOYAL

Wait. Masks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Okay. Just don't look at me a lot.  
Shatner freaks me out and I can't  
have a bad trip tonight, man.

INT. GILBRETH MANSION STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

The door swings open with a metallic CREAK. Joe and Loyal creep inside, masks on. The room is filled with old furniture covered with sheets.

JOE

This place looks like a mausoleum.

Joe heads for the door. He turns around and Loyal is gone. He walks back toward the tunnel.

JOE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Loyal. Loyal.

One of the sheets grabs him. Joe jumps, hits his pinkie on a piece of furniture and lets out a little SHOUT. Loyal LAUGHS and Joe SHUSHES him. Two DOBERMAN PINSCHERS burst in the room BARKING.

One tears the sheet from off of Loyal. The other one traps Joe in a corner. As the dog chews on Loyal's boot, he produces the beef jerky from his coat. He hands it to the dog who quiets down and sniffs it.

It takes the offering from Loyal and masticates it for a second then spits it out and resumes the attack. Loyal pulls out his gun.

JOE (CONT'D)

No, Loyal. Don't.

POW!

Loyal strikes the dog over the head with the butt of the gun, knocking it unconscious. The other dog runs over and mellows out when he sees the fate of his companion.

FOOTSTEPS from upstairs. They both look up.

INT. GILBRETH MANSION STAIRS -- NIGHT

A man in his fifties, red robe over silk pajamas and slippers hurries down the stairs carrying a golf club. This is MARCUS GILBRETH.

INT. GILBRETH MANSION STORAGE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marcus bursts into the room and flips on the light. The room is now void of life except for a dog chewing mightily on a piece of beef jerky.

MARCUS  
(to dog)  
Hey there, Blossom. Did you find a mouse?

He walks over and pats the dog on the butt.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Where's Flower?

INT. PROHIBITION TUNNEL -- NIGHT

THE SCREEN IS DARK.

LOYAL  
If this dog wakes up, we're so fucked.

JOE  
Shh.

LOYAL  
I'm starting to sweat, man. That acid's kicking in.

JOE  
Shh!

INT. GILBRETH MANSION STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus yawns and stretches.

MARCUS  
That stupid dog's always disappearing.

He turns and walks toward the light switch.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
All right. Enjoy your little snack.

He flips off the light and heads up the stairs.

INT. MAYA'S BLACK VOLKSWAGEN BUG -- NIGHT

Maya snoozes in the driver's seat. Catherine stares at the Virgin Mary. She looks at her watch then back at the Virgin. She SIGHS and closes her eyes.

INT. GILBRETH MANSION STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

The tunnel door opens up again and Joe and Loyal creep out. As they slip past the dog, it backs away from Loyal and walks over to the tunnel entrance. They creep up the stairs.

INT. GILBRETH MANSION STUDY -- NIGHT

Joe and Loyal enter the study. Loyal lifts his mask so that it's sticking off the top of his head.

LOYAL

I can't take this thing anymore.

Joe goes straight to a painting behind the desk and pulls it down. Behind it a safe. Loyal, meanwhile, fixates on a golden sword and scabbard hanging on the wall. In his POV the opening of "Headhunter" by Front 242 FADES IN over the SOUNDTRACK. Joe looks at his hand where he's written the digits: "9-14-

Joe's POV as the numbers swirl around on his hand and form into fish that eat each other. As Joe SPEAKS his voice is slowed down and strange.

JOE

That's weird. I can't remember why  
I brought these fish. Oh shit, the  
acid.

He looks at Loyal whose lifted mask looks like a face on the top of his head. Joe shudders.

LOYAL'S POV as the sword now exploding in brilliant gold vibrates to the rhythm of "Headhunter" as the chorus blasts: ". . .Three you slowly spread the net/And four you catch the man" Loyal touches the sword, smiles.

LOYAL

Do you really see right through me?  
Is it that obvious?

Joe shakes his head, looks back at his hand. The numbers written on his hand form again but quickly dissolve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Keep it together, keep it together.  
Loyal I'm going to punch you so  
hard for talking me into tripping.

Loyal turns to Joe and LAUGHS. Joe dials in the combination and tries the brass lever on the safe but it won't open. He tries it again. No dice.

JOE (CONT'D)

He must've changed the combo.

LOYAL

Let's try the piece. It's been  
working all night.

Loyal pulls out the gun and hits the safe with the butt of it. The gun FIRES and blows a huge hole in a copy of the book "Little Women" on a shelf. The gun drops heavily to the floor.

Lights flip on and Marcus runs into the study, this time carrying a shotgun. He aims the bead right at Joe who backs up against the safe with his arms up.

MARCUS

What the Hell? Don't move.

Loyal, with mask on, sneaks up behind Marcus with the sword drawn. He places it against Marcus' neck. Joe drops behind the desk.

LOYAL

Drop the gun or I'll cut your head  
off, you gorilla!

Loyal starts LAUGHING.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

You're like that gorilla Koko. Can  
you do sign language?

Joe LAUGHS behind the desk. Marcus hesitates, unsure what to do.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Drop it now!

Loyal applies more pressure and the sword digs into Marcus' skin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCUS

Ok, ok! Be careful with that sword.

He sets the shotgun down. Loyal grabs the gun with his free hand.

LOYAL

Now open that safe on the wall there. Don't worry about that polar bear in the corner. He's harmless.

As Marcus walks over to the safe, Loyal catches sight of an enormous polar bear in the corner.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

(to the bear)  
How did you find me?

The bear's eyes glow bright blue. Marcus works the dial and opens the safe.

MARCUS

To whom are you speaking?

LOYAL

No one. Now step aside, primate.

Marcus moves away. Joe stands up and looks inside the safe. He reaches inside and pulls out a small stack of hundreds.

JOE

Where's the rest of the cash?  
Marcus smiles.

JOE (CONT'D)

It's just papers in here!

Loyal hands the shotgun to Joe. He draws the sword back threatening Marcus.

LOYAL

Where's the rest?

MARCUS

That's it. I spent it! Please.

He holds his hands up defensively. AN OLD WOMAN enters the room and SCREAMS. Loyal turns the sword on her. The woman passes out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE

Let's get out of here!

They bolt over the prostrate old woman.

INT. MAYA'S BLACK VOLKSWAGEN BUG -- NIGHT

Catherine, now in shotgun, startles awake as a SIREN grows. A police car flies by her as she ducks down in the seat. She looks up to the Virgin.

CATHERINE

Please watch over him and bring him back safe.

The Virgin still has the blindfold. Catherine flicks it off. Joe and Loyal suddenly appear in the window and BANG on it startling her. Catherine unlocks it and they jump in the back.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What took you guys so long?

Maya FIRES UP THE BUG and they tear out of there.

INT. MAYA'S BLACK VOLKSWAGEN BUG -- LATER

Maya drives through the pitch black night.

CATHERINE

You dropped acid? Jesus, Joe. Didn't you think that was a bad idea?

JOE

Yeah, but the king told me to do it. Now my tongue is too big for my mouth. And . . .

He throws a stack of hundreds onto the dash. It lands next to Mary. Joe hangs his head.

JOE (CONT'D)

The safe was a bust.

CATHERINE

What? Are you sure? Joe nods.

LOYAL

I scored though. Check out my new golden, diggita dingdong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls out the sword and starts waving it around in the front seat. Loyal LAUGHS. Maya SCREAMS.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT

Loyal springs out of the car like a jack-in-the-box. Joe climbs out, hanging his head.

JOE

Thanks again Catherine. If I weren't tripping right now, I'd come up with something cool to say. Can I call you tomorrow?

CATHERINE

I've got school.

JOE

Yeah.

He shuts the door and they drive off. He watches her round a corner. Loyal comes up behind him.

LOYAL

We should have bummed a ride off them to the liquor store. I'm dying for some fiah watah!

He jumps around Joe.

JOE

This cool air will help us sober up.

INT. CACHE LE POUDRE LIQUOR -- NIGHT

Joe pushes a cart while Loyal uses the sword to knock a bottle down from the top shelf. Loyal catches the bottle and places it in the cart.

Loyal spots a white, wannabe-thug wearing a Nuggets Jersey and pulled-up white socks sorting through a promotional display full of beer holders. This is BRASS K (21).

LOYAL

What wigger through yon window breaks? Why it's Brass K! Watch me fuck with him.

JOE

He's probably not alone, man.

(CONTINUED)

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)

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.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- DAY

Ralph's Ford drifts off the road and plows right over a wood-carved bear holding up a sign saying, "The William's Den - Please wipe yer paws." This jars Ralph awake and he deftly maneuvers the truck back onto the road.

RALPH

Whoa!

He checks the windows and mirrors to spot any witnesses of which there are none. He SIGHS deeply and CHUCKLES to himself. He pulls a pill-bottle from his pocket, pops it open with one hand, and pours a couple pills into his mouth.

EXT. GILBRETH MANSION -- DAY

Ralph's Ford pulls up in front of a mailbox with brass numbers 3646 and parks.

INT. GILBRETH MANSION -- DAY

Marcus Gilbreth opens the front door revealing Ralph on the other side.

MARCUS

You must be Mr. Jones. Please come in.

Ralph steps inside and checks out the place.

RALPH

You can call me Ralph. Well, Mark, I hear you lost something.

MARCUS

Actually, it's Marcus. Please come into the study.

INT. GILBRETH MANSION STUDY -- DAY

Marcus pours a bourbon and a soda water at the bar. Ralph sits in a leather chair in front of a large oak desk. Marcus hands Ralph the soda water and sits at the desk.

MARCUS

There were two items stolen from here last night, an antique sword and its scabbard. Two derelict teens, one with an injured pinkie took them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marcus slides a set of photos over to Ralph. As Ralph reaches for them, his shoulder twitches.

RALPH

I appreciate you calling me over here. But, I should warn you, I track dead-beat-dads, not antiques.

Ralph sifts through the photos. He shakes his head as he sifts.

INSERT:

Various photographs of the sword with a loving Marcus in the bg.

MARCUS (O.S.)

I've heard you're discreet. I'll pay you 25,000 dollars if you help me locate them.

On the word "them," the photos in Ralph's hand begin to shake.

BACK TO SCENE

Ralph steadies his trembling right hand with his left.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You ok?

Ralph nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

The sword's worth a great deal of money which is why discretion is paramount. I'm afraid it's going to be very difficult to locate, if it hasn't already disappeared in someone's private collection forever.

RALPH

Why is it worth so much? If you don't mind my asking . . .

MARCUS

It's the sword Cortez thrust into the ground when he proclaimed the New World for Spain.

Ralph's eyes widen at the image.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

When it clove the earth, it foreshadowed the destruction of one of the most powerful of all the ancient civilizations.

Ralph polishes off his soda water.

RALPH

Well, I'll be danged.

Ralph stands up and heads for the door.

RALPH (CONT'D)

My daddy, a rancher by trade, used to say, you can pay me in cash or you can pay me in beef. Twenty-five thousand is a lot of beef. I'm on the job.

Ralph shakes Marcus' hand. He turns for the door.

MARCUS

I've sent word to all the major collectors telling them to keep an eye out for it. Wait, there's one more thing...

Marcus follows Ralph out of the study.

EXT. GILBRETH MANSION -- DAY

Ralph makes a beeline for his truck. Marcus follows him.

RALPH

(over his shoulder)

I need that money awful bad. Shoot, I needed that money yesterday. The sooner I find your toy, the sooner my exes get off my back.

MARCUS

Aren't you going to take the photos?

Ralph climbs in his truck and shuts the door with a noisy CREAK and BANG.

RALPH

Got a photographic memory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ralph STARTS THE TRUCK. Marcus leans into the window.

MARCUS  
I purchased the--

Marcus looks around.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
"antique" under less than reputable  
circumstances. So if we could keep  
this between--

RALPH  
Say no more, Mark. We've all got  
our little vices.

Ralph winks at him and pulls away.

MARCUS  
It's Marcus!

INT. JOE AND LOYAL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The living room is a disaster: empty bottles, beer cans,  
spilled salsa, crunched up chips and an empty chip bag,  
litter the floor.

BLAM BLAM BLAM! Someone pounds on the front door. A large,  
down comforter stirs in front of a television set featuring a  
bad morning show.

BLAM BLAM BLAM!

SAMIR (O.S.)  
Open the door!

Joe sits up, winces in pain, then runs to the front window.  
He slowly lifts the bottom corner of the curtain and sees  
Samir standing there.

BLAM BLAM!

SAMIR  
Joe! Open up!

Joe runs back into the living room.

JOE  
Loyal! Loyal!

The couch cushions part and Loyal, sans clothing, except for  
a beat-up pair of briefs, leaps out. Joe grabs him and pulls  
him toward the back door. Loyal stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Loyal runs back into the living room and reaches under the couch. He pulls out the sword and scabbard. He unsheathes it and rushes toward the front door. Joe restrains him.

JOE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
No! No! He's probably got a gun!  
Let's go up and out!

They rush out the back and onto the fire escape.

BOOM!

Samir BLASTS the lock and pushes the front door open. He walks into the living room. He crosses to the bedroom. It's empty. He can hear MUFFLED YELLING outside. He opens the window and sticks his head out.

EXT. JOE AND LOYAL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Locke calls up from the alley below.

LOCKE  
Samir! The fire escape!

Samir spots a half naked Loyal climbing over a wall and onto the roof. The sword hangs from his briefs.

EXT. JOE AND LOYAL'S APARTMENT ROOF -- DAY

Joe and Loyal run to one corner of the building. Joe spots a drainage ditch in the distance.

JOE  
If we can get to that ditch, we can  
lose them in the tunnels.

CLANGING from the fire escape. The ladder on the escape shakes. Someone is coming up. Loyal points to a tall pine tree at the front of the building.

LOYAL  
Jump to the tree and we'll climb  
down.

JOE  
You're crazy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks around but there is no alternative. Loyal throws the scabbard into the tree. It strikes the trunk and plummets downward, sticks straight into the dirt below. Joe looks at Loyal who just shrugs.

LOYAL

Make sure you grab a branch.

He notices Joe's bandaged pinkie, the gauze now stained black and red.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

With your good hand.

He LAUGHS. Samir tops the building and pulls out a gun.

SAMIR

I'm going to kill you both!

Joe and Loyal jump from the roof and into the tree. They both manage to grab a branch but Joe's branch SNAPS. He falls being knocked around by branches. They slow him enough that when he hits the ground below he just gets the wind knocked out of him.

Loyal climbs down and drops next to Joe. Joe COUGHS and GASPS for air as Loyal helps him up. Loyal grabs his wounded hand. Joe YELLS IN PAIN.

Samir aims his gun down at them. But, BUILDING TENANTS look up at him from various windows. Samir holsters his gun and runs back to the fire escape.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

(to Locke)

Go around to the front!

EXT. DRAINAGE DITCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Loyal peer over the brink of the ditch. Water flows down it.

LOYAL

Shit. So much for the tunnels.

JOE

Ha! Those guys will never follow us through that.

They shuffle down the side of the ditch and into the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOYAL

This water is cold! I wish I would've grabbed some clothes.

JOE

We can get some from the Mikes.

They scramble up the other side of the ditch as Locke and Samir roll up on the opposite side in their Mercedes. Locke and Samir climb out, stop at the edge of the ditch. Safe on the other side, Joe leaps over a fence. Loyal stops and pulls down his underwear waving his bear ass at Samir.

BOOM!

Samir shoots at Loyal hitting the fence right next to him. Loyal, his underwear down to his knees, leaps over the fence.

SAMIR

You're wasting your time running!  
Bring me that car!

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ALLEY -- DAY

Loyal's dressed like a hippie from head to toe: Mexican style poncho over a tie-dyed shirt, baggy jeans and Birks with wool socks. The sword rests horizontally in the large front pocket of Loyal's poncho.

LOYAL

I thought brown Mike and I were the same size.

JOE

What are you talking about, Wee Man? He's got you by a foot at least.

LOYAL

Well, I knew he was a little taller but I'm swimming in this fucking poncho.

A Ford Focus cruises by a cross street right in front of them. Neither of them notice as it stops and slowly backs up.

JOE

And, you reek like patchouli oil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When the DOORS OPEN they look up to see Brass K with his boys climbing out. The biggest is FATBOY (17), as wide as he is tall.

JOE (CONT'D)

Perfect. Let me handle this,  
Loyal.

Loyal unsheathes the sword and hides it behind him. Brass K LAUGHS loudly as he and his boys fill up the alley about fifteen feet from Joe and Loyal. Brass K pulls out a shiny silver .38 and aims it at Loyal. Joe raises his arms defensively.

BRASS K

I told you I'd come heated, son.

He and his boys LAUGH again. Brass K stares right at Loyal who just stares back.

BRASS K (CONT'D)

Yo ass should be axing, what can  
you do to make up for disrespecting  
me last night?

JOE

Look, we're really . . .

BRASS K

Shut up! I'm not talking to you!  
I'm talking to . . .

Before he can finish his sentence, Loyal charges directly at him, sword raised, waving it wildly over his head, SCREAMING LIKE A BANSHEE. Brass K's eyes widen and his boys turn and run for the car.

Just before Loyal gets to him, Brass K chickens out and follows their lead. Brass K jumps into the driver's seat and FIRES UP the Focus as Loyal leaps onto the hood. Loyal jams the sword through the windshield nearly scalping Brass K.

As Loyal prepares for another thrust, the Focus peels out. Loyal launches off the hood. Joe runs up the alley and attempts to help Loyal up, but he is dazed. The Focus gets to the end of the alley, slams on the brakes, then flips a U-turn.

The Focus races back up the alley toward Loyal and Joe. Loyal comes to and they bolt over a fence just as the Focus flies by nearly clipping Joe's foot.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD -- DAY

Joe and Loyal rest against a tall wooden fence BREATHING HARD. They take a moment to catch their breath. Joe reaches out and Loyal gives him five. They smile and LAUGH, celebrating their victory.

JOE

That was fucking sick. You really are crazy.

LOYAL

Hellz yeah, dawg! Getting shot? psht. Now, getting your arm lopped off by a sword, that's fucking scary. He looked like he was going to shit.

Loyal beams. He looks down at the sword, shining in the sunlight. His smile fades.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

We've got to go back!

He starts to jump back over the fence but Joe pulls him down.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

I left the cover-thingy. We've got to go back and get it.

They both freeze as the sound of BASS THUMPING then a CAR ENGINE passes by on the other side of the fence.

JOE

We'll have to come back for it.

LOYAL

But, someone's going to grab it.

Joe restrains him.

JOE

Let's just take a look first.

They sneak along the fence and duck into a neighboring yard. They peek through a crack in a fence. From the crack they can see the alley where they left the scabbard. They watch as--

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ALLEY -- DAY

Brass K's Ford Focus stops in front of the SCABBARD in the middle of the alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brass K steps out of the driver's seat leaving the car running. His boys follow. He picks up and admires the scabbard. Fatboy reaches for the shiny object and Brass K slaps his hand away.

BRASS K

Don't even think about it, Fatboy.  
This is my new idol, son. You think  
I'll let you defile it with your  
greasy fingers?

They walk back to the car and Fatboy reaches around Brass K and touches the scabbard then jumps in the backseat. Brass K runs around the car, opens the back door, and punches Fatboy in the face.

FATBOY (O.S.)

Ow. Shit, bro. Jeez!

CUT TO:

SUBURBAN BACKYARD -- DAY

Joe and Loyal watch as the Focus REVS loudly then pulls away.

JOE

What is that thing called? A  
sheath?

LOYAL

I don't know, man. It's my golden  
prophylactic and I want it back. I  
don't want it getting herpes from  
that freak. Then it would be like  
Spider.

They LAUGH. Joe rubs his throbbing finger.

JOE

I left my meds back at the  
apartment.

LOYAL

Speaking of, I wonder if Spider'll  
let us crash his granny pad.

JOE

Nah. We've got to lay low. I know  
where we can stay on the cheap.

They head out from behind the fence.

EXT. EL PASO PARK -- DAY

Brittain, Sal, and another sick boy, FISH (13) take a smoke break on a bench. Sal and Brittain watch the SKATERS, but Fish watches as Ralph climbs out of his truck. Fish eyeballs him as Ralph pulls a tiny bottle from his pocket and pops a couple pills. Ralph strides over to them confidently.

RALPH

There's something very Zen about watching skateboarders.

Brit and Sal, surprised by his presence, turn to see who's talking. Ralph ignores their stares, eyes on the skaters.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Maybe it's the spontaneity of it, or the athleticism and the underlying danger that makes it so captivating. I cain't explain the thing. It's just cool to watch.

Unimpressed, Sal tosses his cigarette butt and skates away, does a heelflip to tailslide on the stage. Fish smokes and watches Ralph. Ralph's shoulder twitches.

BRITTAIN

What do you want, cop? I'm not going to sell you any weed.

RALPH

I'm not a cop. Just looking for a friend of yours. He's got an injured pinkie. I owe him some money.

Ralph flicks the toothpick. He pulls a box of them from his jacket pocket, takes out a fresh one, clamps down on it. He offers the box to Brittain; she shakes her head.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Know who I'm talking about?

BRITTAIN

Go find another kid to molest, Chester. Let's roll, Fish.

Brittain skates away but Fish stays, still smoking. Ralph's eye twitches. Ralph slaps a twenty on the table. Fish regards the cash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISH

I'm not going to blow you.

RALPH

I'm only interested in your friend,  
the one with the pinkie.

Fish holds out. Ralph lays down another twenty on the table.

FISH

I want what's in your pocket.

RALPH

I don't follow you.

FISH

I think you do, tweaker.

He mimics a muscle spasm in his shoulder. Ralph gives him a cold hard stare. Fish's smile fades.

RALPH

You're very perceptive but I ain't  
giving speed to some dumb kid. I  
will pay you a thousand bucks  
though, if you help me find him.

He adds three more twenties to the pile.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Here's a hundred up front.

Fish regards him for a moment, smiles, and pockets the cash.

EXT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL COURTYARD -- DAY

Joe and Loyal stroll through the courtyard carrying a room key.

JOE

I've got to go back and get my  
Vicodin. This thing is killing me.

The gauze on Joe's pinkie is now black and bloody from the day's events. Loyal doesn't answer. He's fallen behind and gazes through an open motel room door. Joe turns around, and goes to Loyal. He follows Loyal's gaze.

INT. MILLY'S MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Through the open door, a brunette bombshell dips a needle with thread wrapped around the tip into a bottle of India ink then dabs it into a tattoo on the shoulder of a hard-ass MEXICAN DUDE. She is MILLY (24). The dude sees Joe and Loyal peering into the room.

MEXICAN DUDE  
Cierra la puerta!

Milly looks up at Joe and Loyal. Another DUDE shuts the door. Just before it closes, Milly winks at Loyal.

LOYAL  
Holy shit, did you see her wink at me?

Joe pats Loyal on the back.

JOE  
Let's just get to the room, man.  
They turn and walk across the courtyard.

Loyal lets out a LOUD SIGH.

LOYAL  
Oh well. I wanted to take a nap but now I have to jack off because of that hot chick.

JOE  
I did not need to hear that.

Joe opens the door to their room. Loyal glances back at her door.

LOYAL  
Yep. If our bathroom's a rockin' don't come a knockin'.

JOE  
I'll crank the t.v.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. ALLEN'S VOLKSWAGEN VAN -- DAY

Allen drives through a stark, flat, Eastern Colorado landscape. Eliza sits in shotgun knitting. The van is packed with New Age clutter.

ELIZA

We should be heading South. Let's go stay with my sister in Vegas.

ALLEN

We are NOT going to live with your sister. Please, love. I don't have near enough THC in my system for this conversation.

She pauses from knitting, walks into the back of the van and returns with a crystal bowl and wand.

ELIZA

I want you to take a deep breath and relax.

ALLEN

Eliza!

ELIZA

Shh!

She moves the wand around the rim of the bowl and it begins to RING.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Clear your mind of all negative thoughts.

He takes a deep breath, nods.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

See clearly the path you have before you.

He nods again. Suddenly in the road, A RACCOON.

POW!

Allen and Eliza cringe. He looks in the rear view mirror. Carnage across the highway.

ELIZA

Mother Earth! Was that a raccoon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks to the back of the van.

ELIZA (CONT'D)  
Poor little creature.

She looks at Allen. He's lost in thought.

ELIZA (CONT'D)  
I don't understand. Where did it  
come from? There aren't any trees  
for miles.

Allen nods.

ALLEN  
That's it!

This startles Eliza.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
I've seen the path. I'm calling  
Mr. Boulder and making it right!  
And maybe, just maybe he won't gut  
me like a fish.

Eliza regards the crystal bowl in her lap, questioningly.

INT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL JOE AND LOYAL'S ROOM -- LATER

The television plays an ACTION FILM as Joe and Loyal nap on twin beds. GUNSHOTS POP from the set startling Joe awake. Sweat covers his forehead. Joe rubs his finger, MOANS, then wipes his forehead.

JOE  
Loyal, wake up. If I don't get some  
pain killers, I'm gonna die.

Loyal SNORES. Joe gently pulls the sword out from Loyal's poncho front pocket and places it under the bed.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Loyal!

Loyal opens his eyes for a second and drifts back to sleep.

EXT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Joe cruises across the courtyard bundling up against the chilly night air. A HUGE MAN smoking a hand-rolled cigarette watches him from the shadows.

EXT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL -- NIGHT

The sidewalk has LIGHT FOOT TRAFFIC as Joe steps out of the Motel. The Huge Man comes out right after him.

HUGE MAN  
(very thick Mexican  
Accent)  
Joe, stop. Por favor.

Joe turns around and comes face to face with EL CID (52). He is an enormous, handsome, Mexican man dressed in an expensive camel's hair coat with scarf and gloves.

EL CID  
I want to offer you a ride.  
Please. Won't you join me?

A taxi cab pulls up to the curb behind them. The driver gets out and opens the door. Joe looks around for a place to run.

EL CID (CONT'D)  
I insist.

El Cid opens the side of his coat to reveal the butt of a SHINY SILVER PISTOL. Joe sees the gun and, crestfallen, walks over to the taxi.

INT. TAXI -- NIGHT

El Cid's perfectly groomed appearance contrasts greatly with Joe who looks like Hell.

EL CID  
Allow me to introduce myself. I'm  
Bryan Umberto Rodriguez Rodriguez.  
My friends call me El Cid. You do  
not look well, my friend. Here,  
wipe your forehead.

He hands Joe a handkerchief. Joe complies.

JOE  
Thanks. Should I call you, Mr.  
Rodriguez Rodriguez?

EL CID  
No, call me El Cid, pues claro.  
Mind if I smoke?

Joe shakes his head. El Cid expertly rolls a perfectly tight cigarette and lights up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EL CID (CONT'D)  
Do you want one?

JOE  
No thanks.

EL CID  
I'm someone you should really  
become close friends with, Joe.  
Know why?

Joe shrugs.

EL CID (CONT'D)  
Because I'm an art collector. I  
specialize in antique weapons.

The Brown BMW 2002 pulls up next to the cab. Joe can see it through the window next to El Cid. He jumps over El Cid to the window.

JOE  
Wait! My car!

The BMW makes a left and disappears again.

JOE (CONT'D)  
No!

Joe POUNDS THE GLASS.

EL CID  
Your car?

Joe hangs his head and SIGHS. He suddenly looks up at El Cid.

JOE  
Collector? Do you know anything  
about swords?

El Cid reaches over and grabs a briefcase. He opens it revealing STACKS OF CASH.

EL CID  
I'll give you half a million  
dollars if you can get me the sword  
that you stole, with it's  
accompanying scabbard.

Joe stares at the money then at El Cid in complete shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE  
Scabbard, eh? So that's what it's  
called.

EL CID  
That sword is very special to me.  
It's been in the possession of Los  
Rodriguez for generations.

The taxi stops at a curb.

EL CID (CONT'D)  
You have done my family a great  
service by finding it again, Joe.

JOE  
Well, the sword is with my partner.  
The scabbard is with . . . a  
friend.

EL CID  
You didn't sell it did you?

El Cid leans in toward Joe, filling up his side of the taxi.

JOE  
Of course not. To keep it safe, I  
left it at a friend's house.

El Cid sits back, collects his cool.

EL CID  
I want them together, and  
undamaged, me comprendes?

Joe nods.

EL CID (CONT'D)  
You can leave messages for me here.

He hands Joe a card. Joe looks down at it.

INSERT:

El Cid's card reads "FOUR SEASONS STE 901"

EL CID (CONT'D)  
I trust you won't share that card  
or this conversation with anyone.

Out of his suit coat, El Cid pulls out an enormous DESERT  
EAGLE. He sets the massive hand cannon in his lap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Joe nods. El Cid taps on the plexiglass divider and the cab driver runs around and opens Joe's door. Joe climbs out of the taxi, dazed.

EXT. JOE AND LOYAL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

El Cid nods at Joe as he pulls away. Joe places El Cid's card in his pocket.

EXT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL -- NIGHT

Joe makes his way down a CROWDED downtown sidewalk. As he approaches the Big Indian Motel, the sound of VERY LOUD MUSIC can be heard. A diverse crowd of BIKERS, BUMS, DEGENERATES, JUNKIES, WHORES streams in and out of the front entrance to the motel.

JOE

What is going on?

TRANSVESTITE WHORE

Honey, some kid was throwing a fab party until some shaved-head pigs showed up. One of 'em started waving a sword around. I thought he was going to chop his own balls off.

Joe pushes past them.

WHORE

Then he'd be like you.

TRANSVESTITE WHORE

Honey, that is so inappropriate. But so true!

They both LAUGH. Ralph appears in the crowd, chewing on a toothpick, with Fish in tow.

RALPH

(to Fish)

Keep your eyes open. Ralph takes out a pill and pops it.

EXT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL COURTYARD -- NIGHT

The courtyard is packed wall to wall with PEOPLE. They form a semicircle around Loyal and Joe's room wherein a brawl between BIKERS and the DENVER SKINHEADS has broken out. Joe joins the crowd and watches as the leader of the skins, FRANKY (25), swings the sword down onto a chair that a biker uses to defend himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Loyal is nowhere in sight. Joe pushes back through the crowd brushing into Fish and Ralph. As he passes, Fish taps Ralph and points to Joe. He mouths "JOE." Ralph nods and they follow him.

Joe walks by stairs leading down to a door marked "Laundry Room" when a flash of light through the cracked door catches his eye. More flashes of light from the cracked door. MOANS, SQUEALS, and a DRYER RUNNING escape the room.

INT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL STAIRWAY -- NIGHT

Joe creeps down the stairs toward the door when someone grabs him from behind. From the courtyard, Ralph sees this and stops. He motioning for Fish to stop. Ralph peaks around a corner and watches as Joe slams into a wall with a hand covering his mouth.

SAMIR

I told you we'd find you. Hold up his hand.

Joe struggles against Locke's powerful grip. Muffled GRUNTS from under Locke's hand covering Joe's mouth. Locke holds up Joe's injured hand. Samir grabs the wad of gauze and punches it. Muffled SHOUTS from Joe.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

That's for running away.

EXT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Ralph turns back to Fish, points down the stairs and gestures asking Fish who the thugs are. Fish shrugs and shakes his head.

INT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL STAIRWAY -- NIGHT

Joe struggles for air in Locke's hold.

SAMIR

Now, how goes the search for my missing BMW? And don't scream, or I'll tear this finger right off.

Locke removes his hand from Joe's mouth. Anguish on Joe's face.

JOE

Forget about the car. We've got a sword.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMIR  
Forget the what?

He grabs Joe's hand.

JOE  
No wait! A sword, worth like half  
a million bucks. We took it from a  
mansion on the hill.

SHOUTS and SCREAMS from the courtyard above. Samir and Locke  
look up the stairs. Samir looks back at Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Please, you've got to believe me.  
This dude offered me 500 grand for  
it.

SAMIR  
What dude?

JOE  
I don't know who he is. He's some  
huge Mexican guy staying at the  
Four Seasons.

POLICE OFFICERS swarm into the courtyard above and everyone,  
including Ralph and Fish, scatters. Joe breaks free from  
Samir and Locke and bolts into the laundry room.

INT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT

Joe slams the door behind him and jams a trash can under the  
door handle. Samir and Locke POUND ON THE DOOR. Joe flips on  
the light. When his eyes adjust, he discovers Milly and  
Loyal mid-coitus on a dryer. Loyal snaps photos with a  
POLAROID CAMERA. Polaroids cover the floor.

JOE  
Loyal?

Joe covers his eyes. Then peeks.

LOYAL  
Joe! Hey man. I'm a little busy.  
Could you come back in five  
minutes?

JOE  
I've got great news. But you've  
got to get dressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCREAMS and YELLING from behind him in the courtyard. SOUNDS OF PEOPLE RUNNING AROUND. Joe goes to the door and listens.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Your sword is worth a shitload of money, Loyal. Way more than enough to pay off those creeps.

JOE (CONT'D)  
We'll even have enough left over to get cleaned up, start over. But, you've got to help me go get it, right now!

LOYAL  
You're really spoiling the mood, Joe.

POLICE SIRENS and more SCATTERING from up the stairs.

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
To be continued, baby!

Loyal and Milly get dressed. Dirty Polaroid photos cover the ground.

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
Joe, I want you to meet Milly, the love of my life.

JOE  
Hi. Hurry and get dressed there's still a chance we can get it before and the skins bolt.

LOYAL  
Get what?

JOE  
The sword, man. Your sword!

INT. TAXI -- NIGHT

El Cid's cab cruises slowly by the Motel that now has a couple of police cruisers, with lights flashing, out front. Bikers, hookers, and others, including Ralph and Fish, stream out of the Motel.

EL CID  
Take me around the back.

INT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT

Loyal scrambles to pick up dirty photos WHEN SOMEONE BANGS ON THE DOOR. The garbage can holding the door shut begins to buckle. They run to a small window opposite the door. Loyal boosts Milly up to it. As she climbs out, he looks up her skirt.

LOYAL  
Check it out dude.

Joe declines, shakes his head.

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
What do you think? It's that hot chick from the room. You know, the one giving that dude the tat?

JOE  
Sure, man.

Loyal climbs out the window. Joe follows.

INT. TAXI -- NIGHT

El Cid's taxi sits in the alley behind the Motel. He watches as Franky clears a path through the crowd by waving the sword. One of his boys, NOISY (17), follows close behind. They jump into a white cargo van with no windows. The van FIRES UP. As it's pulling out, BUG (22), skinhead, appears out of the crowd carrying a beat-up skinhead, COLLIN (18).

They jump in the van. Ralph and Fish spot the van tearing out of the parking lot.

EXT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL BACK ALLEY -- NIGHT

As the skinhead's van pulls onto a street, El Cid's taxi pulls out from the alley and follows the van. Ralph and Fish jump in Ralph's truck and follow the taxi and the van.

EXT. MILLY'S MOTORCYCLE -- NIGHT

Milly hauls ass on a badass vintage Indian with a sidecar. Loyal rides behind her. Joe rides in the sidecar. They shout to be heard over the MOTORCYCLE NOISE.

LOYAL  
I knew my sword was worth a lot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Yeah? Then why'd you throw a party,  
invite the whole world into our  
motel room and leave the sword  
there, dumbass?

MILLY

Watch it.

Loyal smiles up at her, adoringly.

LOYAL

She's so cool. This has been the  
greatest night of my entire life.

As he says this, Samir and Locke drive by in their Mercedes.  
The Mercedes flips a U-turn and pursues them. Milly takes a  
hard right, fishtailing the bike, pulls it back like a pro.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Honey, we've got to lose these  
guys.

MILLY

No problem.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS -- NIGHT

Milly expertly pilots the bike, dodging left and right then  
turning down alleys as the Mercedes gives chase.

INT. SAMIR AND LOCKE'S MERCEDES -- NIGHT

Locke drives as Samir pulls out his gun and cocks the hammer.  
He climbs out the passenger-side window and levels his gun at  
the bike directly ahead of them.

EXT. MILLY'S MOTORCYCLE -- NIGHT

Milly sees Samir with the gun in her side mirror.

MILLY

Hold on.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT

Suddenly, Milly slams on the breaks. Locke and Samir swerve  
right to avoid hitting the motorcycle and fly up over a curb  
and onto a grassy field of an Elementary School. Milly guns  
the bike and it rockets down a side street and out of view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Locke swerves left to bring the car back onto the street, Samir is thrown from the window onto the field. He skids and rolls across the grass.

EXT. MILLY'S MOTORCYCLE -- NIGHT

Loyal and Joe watch the street behind them. The Mercedes is gone.

LOYAL  
You're amazing, Milly.

MILLY  
You're goddamned right.

She smiles back at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL FIELD -- NIGHT

Locke walks up to Samir who lies, face down, on the grass. The Mercedes idles in the background.

SAMIR  
Pick me up and take me to a hospital.

LOCKE  
Oui.

Locke bends down and picks up Samir.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLY'S MOTORCYCLE -- NIGHT

Joe tightens up his sweatshirt hood and ties it. He looks over at Loyal who hugs Milly. Joe frowns.

JOE  
Catherine lives close to here.  
Drop me off at that corner ahead.

LOYAL  
At her house?

INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The room is dark but we can make out Catherine sleeping on the bed. A SUBTLE KNOCK at the window. Catherine stirs and sits up, listens. A LOUDER KNOCK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gets out of bed and turns on a lamp. Posters of Bauhuas, Siouxsie and the Banshees, the Damned, Dead Can Dance, etc, hang on the walls.

She goes to the window wearing a long shirt and panties and parts the black curtains. She finds Joe and Loyal standing there. She opens the window.

CATHERINE

What are you guys doing here?

Loyal CLAPS Joe on the back.

LOYAL

Lates.

JOE

Tomorrow, Denny's.

Loyal jets.

JOE (CONT'D)

Sorry to bug you, Catherine. But, Loyal took all my Vicodin. Isn't your dad a doctor?

CATHERINE

Coroner, actually. And, he's a very light sleeper.

JOE

Please. This is killing me.

Joe holds up his injured hand. Catherine softens at the site of the shortened pinkie. She pops off the screen. Joe climbs in and she closes the window behind him. Even though it's a cold night, beads of sweat are visible on Joe's forehead. Catherine feels it.

CATHERINE

You're burning up.

She inspects his injured pinkie, a messy wad of dirt, gauze and blood.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Why haven't you changed the gauze?

Joe shrugs.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Well, it's probably infected, Joe. Stay here, I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She creeps out the door. Joe looks around the room and spies a keyboard sticking out from behind the dresser. He pulls it out, sits down on the bed and without turning it on begins fingering a complicated piece with his left hand.

He adds his right hand carefully keeping his injured pinkie above the keys. Out of habit, he tries to play a note with his right pinkie and winces.

CATHERINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That looks complicated. What are you playing?

Catherine at the foot of the bed carrying an arm full of medical supplies. Joe stops playing, stands up and goes to put the keyboard back.

JOE

Oh, nothing. Just, uh, Chopin.

CATHERINE

Chopin? Really? I want to hear it. Bring the keyboard back.

Joe hesitates.

JOE

It's been ages. I just wanted to see how the finger would-- Won't your dad wake up?

Catherine sets the supplies aside and plops down on the bed. She sits cross-legged, her long shirt tucked in front of her. She places a pillow down for the keyboard and pats it.

CATHERINE

Bring it right here and come play.

She grabs headphones from her Ipod next to the bed. She pops in an ear bud and offers the other to Joe.

JOE

All right.

He sits in front of her, HEAVES A HEAVY SIGH and begins to play CHOPIN'S NOCTURNE IN E-FLAT. The piece begins slowly then SWELLS. Catherine's face moves from surprise to awe. As she watches, mesmerized, Joe struggles to play the piece without his injured finger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He becomes lost in the music and attempts to strike a key with his bad pinkie. The bandage hits a bunch of SOUR NOTES. This wakes him from his reverie.

JOE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Joe looks up, finds Catherine leaning toward him for a kiss. He closes his eyes and leans toward her. Their lips are about to meet when-- She leans onto his finger.

JOE (CONT'D)

Ow!

She pulls away.

CATHERINE

Sorry. Sorry. Let's take care of that finger.

INT. CLUTTERED SHED -- NIGHT

Milly pulls on a little chain and a hanging light bulb illuminates a shed. Boxes, old music equipment, and car parts surround Loyal and Milly.

MILLY

He made me pack my little babies away because he believes that guns kill people.

LOYAL

Any idea which box?

MILLY

"Guns" isn't the kind of thing you write on the outside of a box, ya know? And, Leland has moved stuff around.

LOYAL

You married a guy named Leland? No wonder things didn't work out.

They each grab a box and tear it open.

INT. SKINHEAD VAN -- NIGHT

Noisy drives down I-25. Bug sits in shotgun. OI MUSIC BLASTS from the two tiny speakers up front. Noisy watches as a TAXI ROCKET PAST THEM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The van is carpeted and surprisingly immaculate with two couches facing each other against the side walls. On one wall a Nazi flag. Franky lies on one of the couches admiring his newly acquired sword. Collin lies on the other couch, smoking.

FRANKY

This sword is incredible. Did you see those people run?

COLLIN

Yeah. That was awesome. Collin shakes ashes from his cigarette onto the carpet.

FRANKY

Use a fucking ashtray, you pig!

Franky points to an ashtray on the floor with the sword.

COLLIN

Sorry!

Collin grabs the ashtray, sweeps up the ashes as best he can and puts them in the tray.

FRANKY

It's like being surrounded by five-year-olds sometimes.

Franky returns to admiring his sword.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

I need a scabbard for this beauty.

Franky carefully pulls the flag down and wraps the sword in it.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Noisy sees a taxi with its hazards on up ahead and slows down. Suddenly a larger-than-life El Cid appears in the center of the road with a monstrous pistol pointed at them.

BOOM! El Cid blows out their windshield. BOOM, BOOM, their front tires.

INT. RALPH'S CAR -- NIGHT

Ahead of them, the van jams on the brakes. Ralph SCREECHES his brakes and pulls to the side of the of the road. He and Fish watch as . . .

EXT. I-25 -- NIGHT

The van veers off the road and rolls multiple times before coming to rest upside down against a tree.

INT. SKINHEAD VAN -- NIGHT

Franky lies motionless on the ceiling of the van. In the driver's seat, Noisy GROANS, hanging upside down by his belt, the only one to have buckled up. Neither Collin, nor Bug are in the van.

CREAK, the back door flies open. El Cid steps into the van CRUNCHING BROKEN GLASS. He finds the sword still partially wrapped in the Nazi flag.

EL CID  
Pinche nazi pendejos.

He spits on Franky. Franky MOANS.

FRANKY'S BLURRY POV: as the huge Mexican climbs out the back of the van carrying the sword.

INT. RALPH'S CAR -- NIGHT

Ralph and Fish look on as the taxi rolls up to El Cid carrying the sword.

RALPH  
Who is that?

Fish shakes his head.

FISH  
I've never seen that dude before.

EL Cid's taxi pulls out onto the highway. Ralph pulls out to follow him.

FISH (CONT'D)  
You're going to follow that maniac?

RALPH  
Yeah.

INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Catherine and Joe sit on the bed. She carefully winds clean gauze around his pinkie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

How did you learn to play piano like that?

JOE

My mom noticed I had a talent for it when I was really young. And, she became obsessed with it, really. She made me practice every fucking day. It was a huge letdown for her when I quit piano.

She finishes taping the gauze.

CATHERINE

Ok. This is all done. Here are some antibiotics to take with you.

She throws a bunch of sample pill packs in a Macy's bag and gives them to him. He looks at the pristine white bandage on his pinkie. He and his finger look infinitely better.

JOE

Thank you so much, Catherine.

He leans in to kiss her. She follows his lead and they kiss briefly before Catherine pushes him away.

CATHERINE

Sorry, Joe. This is not gonna happen.

He nods, disappointed.

JOE

So Loyal was right. You're not one of us.

CATHERINE

What?

JOE

You're just another rich kid trying to co-opt cool from us poor folk.

He stands up, grabs his coat and goes to the window.

CATHERINE

Is that what you think this is about?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Maybe I don't want to make out with a drug dealer who's so into himself, he can't appreciate someone trying to help him.

A light flips on in the hallway. Joe opens the window.

JOE

You know what, Catherine? You can keep your fucking pills and your bourgeois charity.

He kicks the Macy's bag spilling the pill packs then jumps out the window.

EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

We can now see how impressive Catherine's house is as it looms like a great bully behind Joe as he hurries away. Joe pauses and looks back. A MAN leans out Catherine's window and surveys the yard before shutting it. Joe walks away.

INT. CLUTTERED SHED -- NIGHT

Open boxes, wadded-up newspaper, and knickknacks cover every available surface. Loyal opens a box marked "Goodies" and finds sex toys and costumes inside. He pulls out an enormous dildo.

LOYAL

Sweet Mary, look at this thing. I hope you're not comparing me with this.

MILLY

That wasn't for me.

Loyal drops it. Milly LAUGHS. Loyal pulls out a ball gag and looks at it. He pulls out a nurse's hat out and puts it on.

MILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Found it!

Loyal runs over and peers over Milly's shoulder into an open box filled with various types of guns.

BOOM! The door behind them flies open. LELAND (45), a giant, lumberjack-looking dude stands in the doorway with a baseball bat ready to strike. Loyal grabs a sawed-off shotgun out of the box and levels it at him.

INT. RALPH'S CAR - FOUR SEASONS HOTEL PARKING LOT-- NIGHT

Ralph watches as El Cid climbs out of his taxi and heads into the Four Seasons hotel. Fish is out cold in the passenger's seat. Ralph reaches into the back seat, finds a beat up trench coat and places it on Fish.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

Locke leans back against the bar. Samir hovers over a beer like a vulture. Above Samir's eye, a bandage.

SAMIR

You come from a long line of separatists, right? Your people deserve to be free of their Canadian oppressors.

Locke spots El Cid walking by the bar on his way to his room. He carries the sword wrapped in the swastika flag. El Cid stops at the front desk to ask the clerk a question. The flag slips down for a moment, revealing the sword underneath. El Cid covers it back up. Locke taps Samir.

LOCKE

Regarde! The huge Mexican at the Four Seasons.

SAMIR

You and I are in the same boat. We owe it to ourselves to be free of Mr. Boulder. I'm sick of this shit.

El Cid continues on to his room. Locke sits up.

LOCKE

Suivez-moi!

Locke pulls Samir after him.

SAMIR

Wait!

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT

El Cid waits for the elevator ignoring Samir and Locke as they approach him.

SAMIR

What's gotten into you, you crazy Canuck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stop behind El Cid and Locke silently gestures to the flag. Samir regards the flag, catches a glimpse of something golden and shiny underneath. Samir smiles at Locke. The elevator arrives and all three get onto the car.

INT. CLUTTERED SHED -- NIGHT

Leland squirms on the floor with a ball gag in his mouth and a nurse's hat on his head. His arms are tied with a french maid costume and his feet with a leather bra.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The elevator doors open. El Cid hurries off and down to his room. Locke and Samir let the doors close until, at the last minute, Locke sticks his foot out and the doors open.

They peer out quickly and watch El Cid walk into room 901. They smile at each other and let the doors close.

INT. BACK OF DENNY'S -- DAY

Ralph chats loudly over the CROWD CHATTER into a pay phone. He cups his hand over his free ear. Through a window, Fish skates in the parking lot.

RALPH

It's safe and sound at the Four Seasons. Now, I'm working on the scabbard.

Ralph spots Joe enter and plop down at an empty booth. Ralph KNOCKS on the window, signals for Fish to come inside.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Yes, they got separated. And, I think the mafia might be involved. I saw them shaking down the kid that took . . . them . . .

Ralph's eyes slowly close. He drops the receiver and leans forward.

THE SOUND FADES OUT, THEN BACK IN

Ralph jolts awake and catches himself. Hangs up the phone.

INT. DENNY'S -- DAY

A WAITRESS sets a new cup of coffee in front of Joe who sits alone at a booth. He smiles up at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Thanks.

She smiles and walks away. Fish and Ralph sit down at his booth. Ralph takes off his shades, grabs Joe's unused napkin and begins cleaning them. Ralph's shoulder twitches once.

RALPH

Hi, Joe. I'm happy to finally meet you. I've been wanting to chat with you about . . .

His efforts to clean his shades slow until, Ralph slumps forward onto the table, completely asleep. Joe eyes Ralph carefully. He SNAPS HIS FINGERS next to Ralph's ear-- nothing.

JOE

So, sell-out, who is this clown?  
Is he paying you to blow him?

FISH

Ha ha ha. No. He's paying me to show him around.

Joe adds creamer and sugar to his coffee, stirs.

JOE

Don't give me that. Does Sal know about this?

Fish shrugs. Joe stops stirring his coffee.

JOE (CONT'D)

Walk out of here with me and Loyal, man. We need you tonight.

FISH

What for?

JOE

Is this between me and you?

FISH

Fuck yeah. This guy's just a tourist. Joe leans in over the table.

Ralph wakes up, plays asleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE  
(whispers)  
I'm rounding up all the Sick Boys.  
We're hitting Brass K's house  
tonight at nine. That prick has a  
payback coming.

Over Joe's shoulder, Fish spots Milly and Loyal breezing into the diner.

FISH  
I'll be there tonight. You can find  
the Boys at the Park.

Joe smiles. Fish nudges Ralph who feigns waking with a start.

FISH (CONT'D)  
(to Ralph)  
Let's go. Peace, Joe.

Ralph assesses the situation, nods. Loyal and Milly get to the booth.

RALPH  
Nice to meet you, Joe.

Fish walks away and Ralph follows.

LOYAL  
(to Fish)  
Yo Fish. Who's your boyfriend?  
The president of N.A.M.B.L.A?

Fish gives Loyal the bird over his shoulder. Loyal LAUGHS, turns to Joe.

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
Hey man!

Loyal jumps on Joe and pretends to HUMP HIM LOUDLY. Milly sits across from them. Loyal makes loud MOANING noises that draw the attention of the patrons. An OLD WOMAN covers her GRANDDAUGHTER'S eyes.

JOE  
All right, all right! I missed you  
too! Get off!

Joe LAUGHS. Loyal get off of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LOYAL

Don't be ashamed of our bromance,  
Joe.

Loyal sits next to Milly and begins canoodling with her. Joe watches uncomfortably as Loyal hangs on Milly.

JOE

The plan is: we recruit the Sick  
Boys to help us get the scabbard,  
then head to Denver to get the  
sword back from those racist moth--

Loyal sticks his tongue in Milly's ear. She GIGGLES. Joe GAGS.

JOE (CONT'D)

Damn, Loyal. You want some coffee  
with that ear wax?

Loyal ignores him.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL ROOM ACROSS FROM EL CID'S -- DAY

Locke holds the room door open and watches suite number 901. The door opens and El Cid steps out of the room.

LOCKE

He's leaving.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL HALLWAY -- DAY

Samir and Locke creep out into the hallway and watch as El Cid gets on the elevator. They walk down the hall to an open door and motion for someone to come out.

A TRASHY WHITE HOUSEKEEPING GIRL (20's) comes out into the hall. Samir puts his arm around her. She looks uncomfortable but accompanies them to El Cid's door.

SAMIR

I'm an idiot. I let the door shut  
behind me. Will you let us back  
in? Please.

She looks at the two thugs, shrugs and opens door 901. They both stroll into the room and SLAM THE DOOR on her. She turns to walk away. The door re-opens, and Locke pops his head out.

LOCKE

Merci, baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He winks at her, shuts the door. She smiles to herself and walks away.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HALLWAY -- DAY

El Cid reaches into a vending machine and pulls out a Coke. He grabs his change and heads back toward his room.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EL CID'S ROOM -- DAY

Locke and Samir ransack El Cid's room, opening drawers and flipping over mattresses. Locke dumps out the trash can and the swastika flag plops onto the ground. Samir emerges from a closet with the duffel bag. He opens it.

The duffel contains stacks of cash.

SAMIR

Holy shit! Joe wasn't lying.  
There's got to be half a mil in  
here.

Locke stops searching through the drawers to look in the bag. They smile at each other. The door handle JIGGLES. The door opens and El Cid walks in drinking a coke. Locke and Samir draw their guns on him.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

Come in, Senor. And please shut  
the door.

El Cid pushes the door shut, sets the Coke down on a table and takes a seat on the bed.

EXT. MILLY'S MOTORCYCLE -- DAY

Milly pilots the bike with Loyal on back and Joe in the sidecar. Joe shuffles around in his seat, his legs being cramped by a large bag.

LOYAL

So, Milly and I were thinking.  
Fuck the sword. Let's start Rocky  
Mountain Big Score.

JOE

Are you serious?

The motorcycle sputters then dies.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- DAY

Milly, her shirt sleeves rolled up, works on the bike while Joe and Loyal chat on the sidewalk.

LOYAL

With the three of us it's perfect, kid. Milly with the sawed off covering everyone while we get the cash.

Milly tries to start the motorcycle but it just sputters.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- LATER

Milly flags down an eighties van with a sunset painted on the side. Joe and Loyal sit on the curb.

LOYAL

She's a chick and she's hot. Who's going to shoot at her?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- LATER

Loyal and Joe lie on the sidewalk as the van pulls around and stops, faces the bike. The hood pops and a huge BODY-BUILDER DUDE with sweats and a rat tail jumps out.

LOYAL

And, she's a bad ass driver. No one will be able to catch us.

JOE

Just give me one more day, Loyal. If we don't get the money from El Cid tonight, then we can talk about Rocky Mountain Big Score.

The dude whistles at Loyal. Loyal walks over to the bike, Joe follows him.

DUDE

Now, your girl here is going to start the bike, but we need you to hold these on the battery.

He hands Loyal some old, crappy jumper cables with bare wires on the ends. Loyal goes to touch them to the battery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE (CONT'D)

Wait! Don't touch those to the battery until I get mine connected. I don't want to get shocked.

The dude turns around and walks toward his van. Loyal shoots Milly and Joe a gleeful look as he holds the bare wires above the battery connections. Joe shakes his head not to do it, but Milly smiles and nods.

Loyal touches the wires to the battery.

DUDE (CONT'D)

OW!

The Dude jumps straight up in the air, dropping the cables. Joe and Milly hide their laughter as best they can as the dude turns around and runs up to Loyal.

DUDE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

LOYAL

I thought you said to connect them.

DUDE

I said don't connect them! Jeez Louise!

He picks up the cables and walks back to the van. Joe, Milly and Loyal all LAUGH quietly.

LOYAL

You've got tonight, Joe. Tomorrow, Rocky Mountain Big Score is on.

Joe stops laughing and SIGHS.

JOE

Deal.

EXT. KANSAS TRUCKSTOP -- DAY

Allen, in a long-sleeved silk shirt, his long johns peeking out of the sleeves, stands at a payphone with the enormous Kansas landscape behind him.

MR. BOULDER (O.S.)

You were wise to call me.

ALLEN

Thank you, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BOULDER (O.S.)

I still need that car. Do you know what chiaroscuro means?

ALLEN

No, sir.

MR. BOULDER (O.S.)

It means light and dark and refers to something with high contrast. Artists use it to add emphasis to something light in their work or something dark. Bring me that car, by tomorrow and you're in the light. Don't and you're in the dark. Do you understand?

Allen looks over the seemingly endless fields of Kansas.

ALLEN

I understand, sir. I'll find it.

EXT. EL PASO PARK -- LATER

Joe and Sal sit next to each other plotting. The other Sick Boys have gathered around the two of them like soldiers listening to their commander make battle plans.

SAL

I don't know. A lot of dudes hang over there at night. You know? And, if he hears about it, he can text in a whole army.

Sal looks up at the skaters around him. Sal pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

SAL (CONT'D)

Let's do it. I hate that wigger mother fucker!

The skaters LAUGH.

JOE

Sweet, we'll meet in the field behind his house at nine tonight.

SAL

A'ight. Don't be late, man.

JOE

I won't.

INT. RALPH'S TRUCK - RESIDENTIAL STREET -- LATER

Ralph hauls ass down the street.

RALPH

Hand me that case in the back.

FISH

What are we going to do?

RALPH

Get the scabbard from Brass K  
before Joe does.

Ralph opens the case revealing two large Taser guns. They look like regular pistols. Instead of a barrel, there is a little cartridge on the end that shoots two pin-sized darts.

RALPH (CONT'D)

My brother loaned me these. He's a sales rep for Taser. We'll knock them out then head to the Four Seasons for the sword. No one gets hurt, we get rich.

Fish reaches in and pulls out a Taser gun. He aims it at Ralph.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Whoa! I'm driving here. Do you realize what would happen if that were to hit me right now?

EXT. SMALL RANCHER BRASS K'S HOUSE-- DAY

Ralph and Fish stand on either side of the front door. Ralph BREATHES HEAVILY and is sweating. He holds his Taser in one hand and slowly twists the doorknob with the other.

Ralph counts down from five with the fingers on his left hand. At "one" they burst into the house.

INT. SMALL RANCHER LIVING ROOM-- DAY

The door flies open, daylight floods the room. Ralph and Fish burst in, Taser guns drawn. The living room is empty except for them. Beer cans and bags of chips litter the floor. Ralph slips on a large pool of spilled beer and falls backward.

POP!

The Taser gun in his hand fires and two darts hit Fish in the neck. Fish goes down, writhes in pain on the floor. A LOUD RUSTLING from the bathroom. Ralph jumps up, ejects the cartridge attached by tiny wires to the darts in Fish's neck.

He grabs another cartridge from his breast pocket and CLICKS it into place.

RALPH  
(Whispering to Fish)  
Sorry, kid.

Ralph creeps toward the bathroom, reaches the door, readies his weapon. He boots the door open. An enormous bull mastiff launches out the door, hits him in the chest, and knocks him backward.

POP! Ralph fires the Taser which hits a mirror and ricochets back hitting him in face and chest.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Dang it all.

Ralph collapses to the floor, paralyzed by the high voltage burst. The dog trots over to the pool of beer next to Fish and licks thirstily at it. Brass K and his boys walk into the house carrying groceries.

BRASS K  
Nah, son. I'm saying he should  
have dropped Ice from that hotel  
balcony--

He stops when he spots Fish and Ralph paralyzed on the floor. Brass K and his boys drop the groceries and scatter. They return with various weapons.

BRASS K (CONT'D)  
Fish? What happened to you two?  
You boys have a fight?

Ralph and Fish, still mute, eyeball each other. Brass K kicks the Tasers away from Fish and Ralph. The boys pick them up and examine them. Brass K reaches into a grocery sack and pulls out a bottle of Southern Comfort. He opens it and takes a drink from the bottle.

BRASS K (CONT'D)  
You know I hate skaters, son.  
(to Ralph)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRASS K (CONT'D)

And, unfortunately for you, I hate  
people who hang with skaters.

He gives Fish a swift kick to the stomach then kicks Ralph.  
They COUGH and WHEEZE. Brass's boys LAUGH.

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT COMPLEX - FRANKY'S PLACE -- DAY

Milly's bike comes to rest in front of Franky's apartment.  
Joe points to a unit on the ground floor.

JOE

That's where Franky lives, but I  
don't see his van.

Milly looks around and pulls the bike into a thick group of  
bushes off the side of the road.

EXT. BUSHES -- DAY

Milly kills the engine. They climb off the bike. Joe looks  
through the bushes at the apartment.

MILLY

Hand me the gear, baby.

Loyal hands her the green bag from the sidecar. Milly pulls  
out a sawed-off shotgun, a mirror and a little baggie.

Loyal pulls out two shiny revolvers, puts them in his pants.  
Milly cuts up some cocaine and forms three small lines on the  
mirror. Loyal pulls a .38 out of the bag, taps Joe on the  
shoulder. Joe turns around sees the gun.

JOE

No thanks. I'll stand behind you  
guys.

Milly SNORTS a line of coke off the mirror and hands it to  
Loyal. Joe frowns. Loyal thinks about it, shrugs, SNORTS a  
line. Loyal looks up, BLOW ALL OVER HIS FACE.

LOYAL

Whoa!

He hands the mirror to Joe.

JOE

Actually, I'm more of a weed/acid  
kind of guy. In fact, I thought  
you were too, Loyal.

Loyal rolls his head around and CRACKS his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOYAL  
It's game time, Joe!

JOE  
(to Loyal)  
Yeah and you've got blow all over  
your... nevermind.

Milly SNORTS the remaining line.

MILLY  
Listen up.

She COCKS THE SHOTGUN.

MILLY (CONT'D)  
I'll go in first with the shotgun.  
You boys follow me and watch the  
kitchen and the bedrooms. Got it?

She tosses the .38 back to Joe. He catches it, SWALLOWS  
HARD.

INT. FRANKY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Franky lays on the couch bandaged and bruised. Franky's  
apartment is spotless. A beer sits on a coaster on the glass  
table in front of him.

BOOM!

The door flies open, Milly rushes in, sticks the sawed-off in  
Franky's face. Joe and Loyal follow guns drawn. Nothing  
stirs except for Franky who, with difficulty, raises his  
arms. Joe walks over to him.

JOE  
Where is it, Franky?

FRANKY  
Where's what?

Loyal walks over and boots him in the stomach. Franky MOANS.  
Milly LAUGHS. Loyal smiles at her.

JOE  
The sword. Just hand it over and  
we'll leave you in peace.

LOYAL  
Yeah, you racist dick wad! Loyal  
kicks him again even harder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
Easy Loyal.

Loyal gives Joe a confused look.

FRANKY  
You're too late, stupid. Some  
wetback, spick in a Taxi took it  
from us. So take your little kike  
friend and his jew girlfriend and  
fuck off!

Loyal aims his gun right at Franky's forehead.

LOYAL  
What did you say, you Nazi piece of  
shit? What did you say to me?

Joe puts his arm on Loyal's shoulder.

JOE  
Take it easy. The guy's obviously  
a moron. Let's go.

Loyal shakes Joe's arm off and cocks the hammer.

LOYAL  
Say it again.

JOE  
Come on, man.

LOYAL  
Say it!

Franky looks Loyal right in the eyes, sweat beads down his  
forehead.

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
POW!

Franky flinches and Joe jumps. Milly and Loyal LAUGH. Joe,  
Milly and Loyal bail out the front door.

EXT. BUSHES -- DAY

Loyal, Milly and Joe jump back on the bike. She FIRES IT UP.  
Joe regards Loyal with a frown as Loyal LAUGHS and hugs onto  
Milly. She guns it, they BURN OUT into the street.

INT. BRASS K'S UNFINISHED BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Brass K stands over bruised and bloodied Ralph and Fish, who sit bound in their underwear on a bare concrete floor. Brass smokes a fatty blunt.

BRASS K

You're not being straight with me,  
Fish. If Joe wants my scabbard,  
how's he plan on getting it, son?  
He gonna come to my door and ask me  
for it?

SNORES. Everyone looks at Ralph who has fallen fast asleep. Brass K takes a huge hit of the blunt, the tip glowing bright red and holds it close to Fish's bound foot.

FISH

No, wait! He's coming here tonight  
to get it.

Brass K stands up.

FISH (CONT'D)

With Sal and the Sick Boys. I'd  
let us go if I were you. They'll  
be here any minute.

BRASS K

You serious?

Fish nods.

BRASS K (CONT'D)

You're such a pussy, Fish.

Brass turns to his boys.

BRASS K (CONT'D)

We got some calls to make.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EL CID'S ROOM -- NIGHT

El Cid sits on the bed, smokes a hand-rolled cigarette. Samir has his gun aimed at El Cid's head. Locke lifts ceiling panels looking for the sword.

SAMIR

Where's the sword?

EL CID

No hablo Ingles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Locke walks out onto the balcony. He spots two hooks on the side rail.

SAMIR (O.S.)  
(louder and slower)  
Where is the sword?

Samir pantomimes a sword fight.

SAMIR (CONT'D)  
The sword! Where is it?

Locke pulls on the hooks and retrieves a large black case hidden behind a planter box. He opens it.

LOCKE  
I've got it!

SAMIR (O.S.)  
Bring it here!

Locke hands the sword to Samir. It captivates Him. El Cid reaches for it, but Locke is too fast. He keeps El Cid at bay with his pistol.

EXT. 7 ELEVEN -- NIGHT

Joe stands at a payphone, holds the card with El Cid's information on it. The receiver RINGS in his ear.

INTERCUT WITH--

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EL CID'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Locke and Samir finish tying El Cid's arms behind his back on a chair.

The PHONE RINGS. Samir and Locke look at each other. Samir motions for Locke to get it. He picks up the receiver.

LOCKE  
Si.

JOE  
El Cid?

LOCKE  
Si.

JOE  
It's Joe. I heard you got the sword. But, um . . .  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

I've still got the scabbard. And,  
I was hoping we could still make a  
deal for half.

Samir watches Locke and listens to the conversation. El Cid works one hand free and scoots over to the bed where the sword lies.

LOCKE

Hmmm. Si?

JOE

Ok. We'll meet at midnight in the  
park for the exchange. Cool?

El Cid grabs the sword and lunges forward with the chair still attached to him. he plunges the sword deep into Locke's back. Locke COUGHS blood.

JOE (CONT'D)

All right then.

Joe hangs up the receiver.

Samir sees the sword sticking through the front of Locke and turns on El Cid. As Samir aims his gun at El Cid, El Cid spins and knocks Locke into Samir with his chair. Locke falls on top of Samir stabbing him with the front of the sword and MUFFLING A PISTOL BLAST that catches El Cid in the stomach.

El Cid falls backward onto the bed. El Cid crawls over and cuts the cords binding his hands on the sword still buried deep in Locke and Samir. He draws it out and cuts himself free of the chair.

He crawls over to the bed, grabs a pillowcase, struggles to turn over and sit up against the bed. He begins cleaning the sword with the pillowcase.

INT. BRASS K'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sal, backed by his Sick Boys, squints as he looks across the field at Brass K's place. From his POV two modified cars full of white gangsters roll up into Brass's driveway.

Brass K steps out of his house and greets them. They shake it in and look around.

SAL

Shit! There are a lot more of them  
than usual. What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brittain tapes the scene with her camera. One Sick Boy shows a roll of nickels in his right fist. Another shows a Molotov cocktail.

SAL (CONT'D)

Loyal and Joe are no shows? Let's roll!

Through the crowd step the three SHARPS, Bobby, Uncle and Vicente.

SAL (CONT'D)

What's up, Bobby, Uncle, Vicente.

UNCLE

We heard you were gonna stomp Brass K's gang tonight. And, we wanted in.

BOBBY

Yeah, I heard he dropped some anti-semetic shit in a freestyle and I want some payback.

SAL

You're jewish?

BOBBY

Fuck yeah. I'm the O.G., Hasidic, punkrock, Hebrew, bro. So's Uncle.

Uncle nods. Sal shakes it in with the SHARPS.

SAL

Word. Thanks fellas.

MILLY'S MOTORCYCLE REVS in the distance. It tears around a corner and cruises into the field. When it rolls up Joe, Milly and Loyal jump out.

JOE

Sorry we're late. We hit some traffic coming back from Denver.

SAL

It's cool, man. What up, Loyal?

LOYAL

Hey, Sal. I thought you'd be in there already, you pussy. What are you waiting on us for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They look across the field again. Another car pulls into Brass's driveway. More GUYS head into Brass K's house.

SAL

Let's do this before any more of his buddies show up.

Loyal turns to Joe.

LOYAL

Stay close to me, dude.

Joe nods. Loyal SHOUTS and starts running toward the house. Everyone follows running across the field toward Brass's house.

EXT. BRASS K'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sal, Loyal, et al., jump over Brass K's back fence. Brass K and his buddies rush out of the house with bats and golf clubs and the BRAWL BEGINS.

Loyal draws first blood when he jumps off the fence and hits Brass K. Loyal gets hit in the back with a bat and goes down, but Sal is there and takes out the kid with the bat.

BOOM! The incendiary device explodes on the back porch temporarily stopping anyone else from exiting the house. Joe gets hit in the face and goes down the instant he lands over the fence.

A gang-banger kicks Joe repeatedly as he lays on the ground surrounded by bloody violence. Loyal comes to his rescue waylaying Joe's attacker.

LOYAL

Damn it, Joe. I told you to stay close to me.

Loyal helps Joe to his feet and gets tackled by Brass K. The fire on the porch goes out and the Sick Boys surge into the house. Joe rushes inside next to Bobby and Uncle. Brit films the entire battle like a pro.

INT. BRASS K'S UNFINISHED BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Ralph and Fish look up as the sounds of a BRAWL pound away above them.

RALPH

Flip over. Let me see your hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fish complies sitting back to back with Ralph. Ralph works on the large knot binding Fish's hands.

FISH  
Listen, old man, I'm outta here.  
I've suffered enough for that  
worthless piece of metal.

Ralph succeeds in undoing Fish's bindings. Fish turns around and works on Ralph's knot.

RALPH  
You're quitting on me now? We're  
so close.

He sets Ralph free. They throw on their clothes, piled in a corner.

FISH  
Peace.

Fish heads for a window. Ralph grabs him.

RALPH  
You're serious? Come on, Fish.  
Just one more day. Don't you want  
the money?

CRASH! Something breaks above them. They both look up. Fish opens the window, punches out the screen.

FISH  
Keep it, tweaker. I'm out!

Ralph watches him go up and out. He shakes his head then runs up the stairs. Peeks through the door at the top of the stairs.

INT. BRASS K'S KITCHEN/DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

The riot rages before Ralph's eyes. Joe lies under a cheap chandelier, the source of the earlier crash. Bobby slams a kid into the fridge. Sal gets punched from behind in the ear. Uncle grabs a chair sitting against the wall and throws it at the sucker-puncher, bull's-eyes him.

Uncle picks up Joe, now a bloody mess. Joe staggers through the brawl, down a hallway toward the bedrooms. Ralph slips out of the basement and follows Joe.

INT. BRASS K'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Tags and graffiti cover the room from floor to ceiling. A king-sized waterbed with mirrored headboard sits against one wall. Above it, the scabbard gleams on the wall.

Joe stumbles in, sees the scabbard and smiles. He rips the pillow case off of one of the pillows, takes the scabbard off the wall and wraps it in the pillow case.

EXT. BRASS K'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Brass K has Loyal doubled-over and punches him. SHOUTS ERUPT within the house. Gangsters stream out to their cars. Brass K looks over and Loyal blasts him right on the knock-out button. Brass K goes down for good. CARS START UP in front of the house, and gangsters begin to peel out in their cars.

Loyal raises his arms and YELLS. The Sick Boys pour into the backyard CHEERING and SHOUTING triumphantly.

INT. BRASS K'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Joe stumbles down the hallway looking down at the pillowcase in his hands. A closet door opens right into Joe, knocking him down. Ralph steps out and grabs the pillowcase/scabbard.

RALPH

Sorry, guy. I've got to return this to the rightful owner.

Joe looks up and sees Ralph racing through the living room and out the front door with the pillowcase/scabbard. Joe reaches out and blacks out.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. DENNY'S -- DAY

Joe, Loyal, and Milly sip coffee in a booth. Joe and Loyal's faces look beat to hell. Milly shines like a movie star compared to them.

A SERIES OF SILENT QUICK CUTS to "All We Ever Wanted Was Everything" by Bauhaus:

Loyal reenacting the legendary brawl, punching the air. Raising his arms triumphantly. Loyal making out with Milly.

Loyal, angry, pounding the table, mellowing out when the manager walks by. Joe's pathetic, empty expression.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Loyal, enthused laying out Rocky Mountain Big Score. Makes a pistol with his finger.

Joe sees Catherine enter the restaurant. He tries to get her attention as she walks by. She ignores him. Loyal jumps up on the table, Milly pulls him down, laughing.

THE SOUND COMES BACK UP. Loyal and Milly look at Joe.

LOYAL

Bring it in for Rocky Mountain Big Score.

Loyal puts his hand out and Milly claps hers on top. They both look at Joe waiting for him to clap his hand on top completing the team. Joe finally breaks his stare. He looks down at his pinkie. He looks back up at Loyal and Milly.

JOE

Yeah. I'm in.

His hand claps on top of Loyal and Milly's hands.

LOYAL (O.S.)

Yee-haw!

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL LOBBY -- DAY

Ralph stands at the front desk. A hotel employee leans over the counter.

EMPLOYEE

I can't tell you which room he's in, I'm sorry.

RALPH

Could you just please call up there and let him know I'm here. He'll tell you it's all right.

The employee gives Ralph a perturbed look.

EMPLOYEE

And your name?

RALPH

Joe. He'll know who I am.

The employee turns around and grabs a phone. Ralph leans over the counter and watches the numbers as he dials. The employee turns back around and Ralph is gone.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL HALLWAY -- DAY

Ralph walks up to room 901 chewing on a toothpick and KNOCKS. He checks his watch. No answer. He tries the door but it is locked. He bends down and peeks under the door.

JOE'S POV: he can only make out lumps on the floor. He KNOCKS again, looks under the door again. He uses the door handle to stand back up.

HOUSEKEEPING GIRL (O.S.)  
Leave your key in there again?

Ralph turns around and smiles at a housekeeping girl.

HOUSEKEEPING GIRL (CONT'D)  
Here.

She uses a master key and opens the door for him.

HOUSEKEEPING GIRL (CONT'D)  
You should be more careful.

RALPH  
I certainly should. Thanks,  
darlin'.

HOUSEKEEPING GIRL  
Don't you mean merci?

Ralph stops chewing his chew stick.

RALPH  
Oui?

She winks at him and opens the door for him. Ralph, confused, smiles and nods at her.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EL CID'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ralph steps cautiously inside, spots a bloody towel on the bed and gore on the wall.

HOUSEKEEPING GIRL (O.S.)  
Do you want me to change the towels  
while I'm here?

She tries to open the door, but Ralph stops it with his foot.

RALPH  
No thanks! Merci, though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ralph creeps into the room. El Cid sits on the bed, his head forward, eyes open, a smile on his face. Ralph walks up to him, checks his pulse.

In front of him a wadded up bloody pillowcase. Next to it a clean pillowcase, folded in half. From behind the bed, two sets of designer black shoes poke out. Ralph walks over. He winces when he sees Samir and Locke, expired in a bloody heap.

He walks into the bathroom and grabs a hand towel. He then pokes around the room using the hand towel so as not to leave fingerprints. He opens the duffel bag on the dresser.

The toothpick falls from his mouth when he discovers the money inside. He zips up the bag and tosses it by the door. He walks over to El Cid. He follows El Cid's empty gaze to the folded pillowcase. He lifts the top layer and discovers THE SWORD, cleaned and shiny. He smiles.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - EL CID'S ROOM -- LATER

Ralph has the duffel slung over his shoulder. The sword, wrapped in the clean pillowcase sits on the duffel. Ralph uses the hand towel to hold the room telephone.

RALPH

(disguised voice)

They're in Room 901 at the Four Seasons. There are three bodies, so be prepared.

He hangs up the receiver and uses the towel to open the door and exits.

INT. DARKSLIDE SKATESHOP -- DAY

The shop is a ghost town this early in the day. Brittain sits on the couch watching a video of the Brass K brawl on the big screen. Someone comes up behind her and claps their hands over her eyes. The hands are manicured man's hands with long nails.

MAN

Guess who?

She grabs the hands and feels the nails.

BRITTAIN

Allen!

She jumps up and hugs him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

Hey, Brittain.

BRITTAIN

Where have you been? Jesus. I heard you skipped town. Where's Eliza? Why didn't you tell anyone where you were going?

She punches him in the shoulder.

ALLEN

Ow, love. Go easy on me. Eliza's here at a little motel. But, listen.

He puts his hand on her shoulder.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I need a favor.

BRITTAIN

Oh yeah. I forgot.

She runs over to her camera bag and pulls out a roll of money with a rubber band around it, hands it to Allen.

BRITTAIN (CONT'D)

I need more of that bomb dank when you can get it.

ALLEN

Oh, thanks, darling. You were always so much more reliable than Joe. But, I had something else in mind.

He takes her hands and pulls her down on the couch. Looks into her eyes.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Brittain, love, I need you to help me find that car that Joe and Loyal lost. You know the one I mean?

BRITTAIN

Yeah. It got stolen from Denny's the night Loyal fought that cadet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLEN  
Always fighting. Loyal is so  
angry.

She jumps up and grabs her camera.

BRITTAIN  
I've got it on tape actually.  
Funniest fight I've ever recorded.  
Want to watch it?

ALLEN  
Yes. Very much.

Allen watches the television carefully from the couch.  
Brittain ejects a tape from her camera and loads another.

INSERT VIDEO FOOTAGE:

Static, then in REWIND we see Loyal fighting Miller the  
cadet. We see Loyal's jacket fly from the crowd into his  
hands.

BACK TO SCENE:

Allen gets up from the couch and gets close to the screen.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Wait, wait. Let it play from here.

INSERT VIDEO FOOTAGE:

The video plays. Loyal swings his coat around and around. He  
lets it fly into the crowd.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Pause it.

The tape pauses when Cesar and Jesus catch it.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Who are those two guys? See how  
they've got Loyal's jacket?

BRITTAIN (O.S.)  
I've seen those kids before. Cholo  
Morrissey contingency. Catherine  
and Maya would know them.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SMOKING SECTION -- DAY

POV OF A VIDEO CAMERA:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see Catherine and Maya hanging with the smokers on a loading dock. They are surrounded by METALHEADS, STONERS, and PUNKS.

BRITTAIN (O.S.)  
Hey, ladies.

CATHERINE  
Brit, you know the penalties are double for bringing weed into a drug free zone, right?

BACK TO SCENE:

Brittain stands with Allen behind her. She stops recording and ejects the tape. She puts in a different tape.

BRITTAIN  
Relax. We're not here to sell weed. We just want to ask you about a couple of cholos.

Brittain turns the LCD screen so that Catherine and Maya can watch the new tape she's inserted. They gather close eyeing the monitor.

BRITTAIN (CONT'D)  
These two guys.

She points to the screen.

BRITTAIN (CONT'D)  
Do you know them?

MAYA  
It's hard to tell but it could be Cesar and Jesus. Cesar wears a black jean jacket like that.

CATHERINE  
Yeah, that's them. They were at Denny's that night and I recognize Cesar's Morrissey 'do.

ALLEN  
So, where can we find these two little car thieves?

CATHERINE  
Right over there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Catherine points through the crowded smoking section to two Latino boys. They turn and it's Cesar and Jesus.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT -- DAY

It's a gorgeous Colorado day with perfectly clear skies over the Rockies. Two SPARROWS CHIRP as they chase each other in a leafless Aspen tree. A MOTORCYCLE IDLES. A sign reads "Wells Fargo."

Across the street in an alley, Milly, Loyal and Joe climb off her bike and gear up for the robbery.

EXT. ALLEYWAY ACROSS FROM WELLS FARGO -- DAY

The would-be bank robbers crouch behind Milly's idling bike. Loyal holds two shiny revolvers, Milly a shotgun, and Joe a .38. Milly and Loyal watch the bank.

THEIR POV:

A WOMAN approaches the bank and a GUARD opens the door for her.

BACK TO SCENE :

Joe looks down at the tiny gun in his hand. Milly and Loyal turn back around, face Joe in a tiny huddle.

MILLY

Ok, the guard's at the door. So we're clear: you guys wait for him to open up for me. When he does, I'll jam this in his face.

She COCKS the shotgun.

MILLY (CONT'D)

I disarm him, work crowd-control. You two get the cash.

LOYAL

We should blow a couple of holes in the counter just to let them know we're serious.

Joe looks like he's about to be sick.

JOE

If you start firing in there, you're going to kill someone or get us killed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOYAL

Don't take us to a negative place,  
Joe. We know what we're doing.

Loyal takes one last glimpse at the bank.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

All right, masks on.

Loyal pulls on his William Shatner mask. Milly puts on a black leather mask that just covers the top of her face. Joe reluctantly pulls his Leonard Nemo mask.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Ok, we'll go as soon as traffic  
clears.

Behind Loyal, Joe pulls up his mask. He BREATHES HEAVILY and sweat beads on his forehead.

LOYAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's clear. Let's go.

Loyal and Milly stand up.

JOE

Wait!

They turn around.

LOYAL

What's up, Joe? Your mask is off.

Joe shakes his head and sets down his gun.

JOE

Sorry, Loyal. I can't do it.

LOYAL

What do you mean? It's Rocky  
Mountain Big Score, dude. Let's  
rock.

JOE

This has gone way too far, Loyal.  
How did we go from occasionally  
selling weed to aiming guns at  
people?

Loyal sets down his guns and lifts his mask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LOYAL

You can't be serious. Joe glares at Loyal.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

We had a deal, man! We've tried it your way and it didn't work. The score, dude! You're pussing out after everything I've done for you?

JOE

What have you done for me except talk me into a deeper and deeper shit hole? If it weren't for you, we never would have taken that stupid car in the first place.

LOYAL

You're a backstabber, a sellout!

Joe punches him in the face. Loyal tackles him and they fall punching and kicking at each other.

Milly sets the shotgun down and leans against the bike calmly observing the fight. They struggle on the ground but Loyal, the better fighter, nails Joe a couple times in the face. He ends up on top of Joe pinning him. When he sees Joe's bloody nose he jumps off.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Joe, dude. I'm sorry. Are you okay?

Loyal tears up.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Are you all right, man? Jesus.

He helps Joe to his feet then hugs him close.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, pal. I thought you were going to bail on me and I just . . . We're a team, you know?

Joe pushes Loyal away. Joe does a farmer's blow spraying blood and snot onto the ground, spits. Joe looks up at Milly and Loyal. He spits again, turns and walks down the alley toward the Park.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
 Don't walk away from love, dude.  
 It's waiting right here, bring it  
 back. Come on.

Loyal smiles and opens his arms. Joe glances back over his shoulder at Loyal who motions for him to come back. Joe turns around and walks away.

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
 So that's it? You're walking away?  
 All right. You're on your own,  
 man!

Joe rounds the corner at the end of the alley, stumbles out of view.

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
 Shit! Okay, let's go.

With that, Loyal pulls down his mask and picks up his guns. Milly follows his lead and the two of them bolt toward the bank.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Milly sprints ahead of Loyal as they cross the street.

LOYAL'S POV:

He runs by an enormous POLAR BEAR in the middle of the street. It turns and looks at Loyal. Its eyes glow bright red. Loyal slows down to a walk watching the bear. It opens its mouth, light shoots out engulfing Loyal. It's so bright, Loyal shades his eyes with his hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANDY FIELD/INT. ALLEN'S VAN -- DAY

Allen's van cruises down a dirt road. Allen drives, Brit in shotgun, Cesar and Jesus are in the back.

CESAR  
 We left it in a ditch right around  
 the corner up here. The tires got  
 stuck in the sand.

They pull around the corner-- The ditch is empty. Allen gives him a stare through the rearview mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CESAR (CONT'D)  
I swear it was here.

Allen stops the van.

EXT. SANDY FIELD -- DAY

Allen jumps out and looks down the long empty ditch. No BMW in sight. Brit, Cesar and Jesus climb out of the van.

CESAR  
(laughing)  
What do you know? Somebody stole  
it from us.

He turns to Jesus and they LAUGH together.

ALLEN  
I'm a dead man.

Brit pats Allen on the back.

CESAR  
Hey, can we get a ride back to  
school?

Allen shoots him an angry look.

CESAR (CONT'D)  
Dang, man. All right.

INT. GILBRETH MANSION STUDY -- DAY

Marcus wears a hot pink Polo shirt and bad golf pants. He places the sword/scabbard back on it's holder on the wall and admires it. Ralph sits in a leather chair behind him.

MARCUS  
I'm very impressed, Ralph. You  
work quickly.

RALPH  
Yeah, that's why you're about to  
pay me the big bucks.

Marcus looks back at him and smiles. He walks over to his big oak desk and sits down.

MARCUS  
Lets talk about that fee, Ralph. We  
both know \$25,000 is way too much  
money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ralph shakes his head, he's heard this speech before.

RALPH

You rich people are so cheap. I'm willing to come down a little, say 20, because I'm used to this kind of bull shit. Just cut the check and I'll be on my way.

Marcus leans forward in his chair.

MARCUS

Here's why I think you should settle for 10.

Marcus places four VCR tapes on the desk between them.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Here are the surveillance tapes from the Four Seasons. I'm just gonna assume they show you going in and out of suite 901.

Marcus smiles at him.

INT. RALPH'S TRUCK -- DAY

Ralph climbs into the car.

RALPH

Cheap bastard.

He tosses a check for \$10,000 and four VCR tapes onto the duffel bag in shotgun and STARTS THE TRUCK.

EXT. EL PASO PARK -- DAY

Sal and the Sick Boys do tricks off the stage and hang out. Bums kick a hacky sack. Catherine and Maya sit at a table watching the skaters and talking. Fish watches the action in the park from a distance.

RALPH (O.S.)

Still labelled as a sell-out?

FISH

Leave me alone. I was such an asshole for hanging out with you.

Ralph offers him a toothpick. Fish shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISH (CONT'D)

You being here is just making it worse.

RALPH

Relax. I'm gone. Just wanted to give you this.

Ralph hands him a white envelope. Fish opens it and sees a stack of cash inside.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Our deal was a thousand bucks. I put in a little extra for unforeseen problems during the job.

Fish smiles at him.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Just buy 'em an ounce of good weed and some pizza. They'll let you back in.

Ralph sticks out his hand. Fish shakes it.

FISH

You're all right, tweaker.

RALPH

See you later.

FISH

Thanks, man.

Ralph turns around and runs right into Joe who trudges into the park. Blood has dried on Joe's face, his shirt is torn and bloody.

RALPH

Pardon me.

Joe, dazed, continues walking.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Hey you. Wait a sec. Joe!

At his name, Joe pauses, snapped out of his trance. Doesn't turn around. Ralph strolls over to him.

RALPH (CONT'D)

You look like you could use some good news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He steps in close to Joe.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Those two mafia-looking guys that  
took your finger? They won't be  
bothering you anymore.

Joe looks at him, gives him a confused look.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
You didn't hear this from me, but  
they've departed this world. Saw  
it with my own eyes.

He winks at Joe and pats him on the back.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Yep. You're gonna be alright  
there, Joe. See ya.

Joe watches as Ralph saunters toward his truck. Joe smiles.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Allen walks into the room and finds Eliza, standing on her  
yoga mat in Warrior pose, arms out.

ELIZA  
So? Can we go back home?

He screws on his most optimistic face.

ALLEN  
You said you wanted to see your  
sister. Looks like we're going to  
Vegas, baby!

Her arms drop.

EXT. EL PASO PARK PICNIC TABLE -- DAY

Joe walks over to the table where Catherine and Maya hang out  
watching the skaters. Maya spots him first.

MAYA  
Holy shit, Joe, did those guys  
catch you again? Where's Loyal?

Joe ignores Maya. Catherine stands up to leave.

JOE  
Catherine, wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs her hand. She stops.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for what I said to you in your room the other night. The truth is I'm totally in love with you and I wish that you felt the same.

She blushes.

JOE (CONT'D)

And now that this car nightmare is over--

MAYA

You found the car?

JOE

I'm gonna get my shit together and hope that some day you'll go out with me.

CATHERINE

Well, lucky for you, I can see your future.

He gives her a warm, confident smile even through the blood and dirt on his face.

JOE

Yeah?

She looks into his eyes and nods.

MAYA

I'll leave you two alone.

Maya heads off toward the stage.

CATHERINE

We're gonna go to your place. You're going to take a shower and get cleaned up. Then, your going to take me out to a movie and buy me ice cream afterward.

JOE

That sounds very nice.

They stroll arm in arm out of the park. Maya plops down on the steps of the stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LOYAL (O.S.)  
Brothers and sisters gather round!  
I have seen the light.

Maya turns around and finds Loyal on the stage behind her. The same CROWD OF BUMS from the beginning of the film gathers at his feet.

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
I was walking down the path of  
utter destruction, a sinner to my  
very core. When suddenly I beheld  
a vision! Can I get an amen?

CROWD  
Amen.

Loyal kneels down.

LOYAL  
There appeared before me a demon, a  
harbinger of my assured  
destruction. That demon looked me  
in the eye and told me I needed to  
atone for all my sins. It told me  
to take my last 40 dollars and buy  
all your way into the city pool!

SHOUTS OF EXCITEMENT begin to swell within the crowd. The Sick Boys, some of them bruised from the previous night's brawl join the crowd. Loyal pulls out two twenties, holds them up to the sky.

LOYAL (CONT'D)  
Today is the day we take back  
what's ours! Today we wash away  
our sins and the cares of this  
world! Let me hear a hallelujah!

Fish and Brit join the crowd, so do Mike Brown and Brown Mike.

CROWD  
Hallelujah!

LOYAL  
Onward, stinky soldiers! To the  
community pool!

A MOTORCYCLE REVS OFF SCREEN. Milly watches as Loyal leads everyone out of the park. She BURNS OUT on the street and cruises away.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Milly's bike makes its way down a bustling downtown street.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Milly's bike passes a tow yard filled with vehicles then suddenly stops. Milly slowly backs up the bike.

MILLY'S POV: There in the far corner of the lot, the brown BMW sits at the end of a row of cars. The front end has been smashed. At one end of the damaged bumper, a torn corner of a half-kilo brick pokes out.

Heroin trickles out forming a tiny pile on the ground. Milly's perfect lips part in a smile.

ROLL END CREDITS

EXT. MUNICIPAL POOL -- DAY

AS CREDITS ROLL--

MUNICIPAL POOL MONTAGE:

The Municipal pool is a sparkling outdoor pool with a chain-link fence around it.

Bums of all shapes and sizes and in various states of undress dive, cannonball and belly flop into the pool.

Brown Mike and Mike Brown sit in chaise lounges watching the events.

Brit films it as one of the Sick Boys does a hard flip into the pool.

Underwater shot of two bums sitting on pool furniture on the bottom. They pretend to pour and drink tea.

The S.H.A.R.P.S. stand by a barbecue grilling up steaks. Fish gets shoved into the pool by Sal. The rest of the Sick Boys grab Sal and throw him in.

Loyal, soaking wet from swimming, sits with Maya explaining his vision. Maya looks on in adoration.

FADE OUT: