

THE BAYTOWN DISCO

by
Barry Battles and Griffin Hood

Revised
October 24, 2008

WGA # 1311382
Barry Battles (205)646-4370
Griffin Hood (818)331-1324
Barry@bearhoodproductions.com

EXT. BACON STREET - DAY

Billboards for ALABAMA COMMUNITY COLLEGE and MONTGOMERY LOCAL NEWS sit atop rows of dilapidated project homes that line Bacon Street in east Montgomery, Alabama. HISPANIC CHILDREN play in the midst of drug deals on every corner. An OLD HISPANIC MAN sits on his front porch as he watches TEENAGE GIRLS getting off of a school bus. A few small HISPANIC BOYS run back and forth over an old woman's garden sprinkler in an effort to find relief from the Alabama humidity. A little boy plays FETCH with his dog. The dog hands him a bone.

The sound of daily activity is interrupted by the faint rumble thump of rock-a-billy music in the distance. The music grows louder as the group of boys continue playing.

The boy throws the bone far across the neighborhood street. The dog feverishly runs after it. He is the pinnacle of raw power and driven instinct. He crosses the scene and reveals in the background--

---A 1976 FORD MAVERICK.

It barrels around the corner and squeals its way to a stop in front of the house marked 809 BACON STREET. The Maverick has a bumper sticker on the back of the trunk that reads: PRIDE NOT PREJUDICE

The neighborhood stops in awe.

The Maverick's driver side door opens and BRICK OODIE hops out. Brick is 30, 5'9" proudly displays a tank top made of a confederate flag and holsters a sawed off scatter gun down the front of his leather pants. He leans against the hood of his car while he lights a cigarette. His brother MCQUEEN OODIE steps out of the passenger seat. McQueen is 24, 6'1" and immediately removes his filthy, sweat stained t-shirt brandishing a cross tattoo that covers his entire back and reaches shoulder to shoulder.

MCQUEEN

Hot as hell down here in ole
Mexico.

Several HISPANIC MEN that were washing a nearby ESCALADE take offense to the comment and start to walk over to the Maverick when LINCOLN OODIE climbs out of the backseat. The HISPANIC MEN about face and the street begins to clear as Lincoln stands 6'5" 250 pounds of muscle, has a five inch mowhawk, and carries a shotgun he casually rests on his shoulder. Lincoln removes a ratty old SPEAK-N-SPELL he wears around his neck and tosses it into the driver's seat.

MCQUEEN puts an obviously fake detective badge around his neck as the three brothers make their way up to the front door.

MCQUEEN
I got this.

McQueen bangs on the door.

MCQUEEN
Open up! This is the dog bra, and
we got a warrant for Hector Del-a-
taco. So send him on out.

Brick and McQueen can barely control their laughter as Lincoln stands stoic.

A LARGE VATOS that is sitting inside the house grabs a hand gun off of the coffee table and makes his way over to the door. He looks out the peep hole to find the Oodie brothers.

LARGE VATOS
I think you got the wrong house
ese.

BRICK
Yeah, but seriously this is the FBI
and we need to speak with the man
in charge here.

The large vatos chambers a bullet.

LARGE VATOS
You hillbillies don't look like no
FBI.

BRICK
It's cause we're undercover. Now go
on and send Paco Grande out here
for us to whip his illegal ass and
we'll be on our way.

Brick and McQueen continue to snicker.

A few more members inside the house start making their way toward the door.

LARGE VATOS
I'm gonna give you puntas ten
seconds to get the hell off my
stoop.

Brick reigns it in.

BRICK

Alright, listen! We are cops. We just need to speak with you about some tickets. Just take a closer look at our credentials. Officer McQueen, show him your badge.

The large Vatos puts his eye up to the peep hole once again, but sees nothing but black.

LARGE VATOS

I don't see shit.

Brick pulls the trigger of his hand cannon he has firmly placed against the peep hole blowing a hole in the door and the large vatos' head off. Brain matter and blood cover all the other members gathered around the door. They quickly begin to scurry around for their weapons.

Lincoln tosses McQueen the shotgun.

Lincoln kicks what is left of the door in as Brick and McQueen follow behind blasting away in all directions.

A heavy exchange of gunfire takes place between the Oodie boys and the 11 GANG BANGERS left inside the house.

Drugs and money come flying off of tables as bullets riddle the home. Half naked women flee from the couches and bedrooms as they exit the house screaming.

Lincoln spots the largest man in the house he can find and spear tackles him through a wall. The room he is now in contains several high powered rifles.

Brick and McQueen make quick work out of 8 of the gang bangers. They are in a stand off with the remaining 2 who are hunkering down in the kitchen.

GANG BANGER 1

(in Spanish)

Squeeze through the doggie door and come around through the front.

GANG BANGER 2

(in Spanish)

Fire some shots in there to cover me.

A grenade comes flying into the kitchen landing between the two gang bangers.

Upon realizing what it is, they come out of the kitchen as fast as they can only to be mowed down by Lincoln and his new found gun.

No more shots are fired out as the gun battle comes to an end.

BRICK

Well I'll be danged if that just don't work every time.

MCQUEEN

Where'd you get those?

Lincoln points to the hole he made in the wall. McQueen goes through the hole.

MCQUEEN

They got any *cervasos* back there?

Brick surveys the house making sure there are no others when he sees some life left in a man attempting to crawl.

Brick walks over and turns him on his back.

The mortally wounded man begins to plead with Brick in Spanish as he is bleeding out from the mouth.

BRICK

I'm sorry fella, I don't understand a damn word you're saying. But I did know enough to figure out that your two friends in there were cooking up a plan on us.

The man grabs his leg and begs in Spanish.

BRICK

I told you I don't speak no Spanish! Now see if you'd just learn the damn language you could be saying, "Please sir, don't let me die. I'm a Federale and this was all a mistake." And I'd help ya. But you come on in to this country speakin all that jibba jabba and don't even bother learnin how to talk. What am I supposed to do with that? I don't go into your country and expect everybody to speak English, now do I?

Brick begins to reload his gun.

BRICK

But despite how it looks that ain't what all this was about. I figure since you can't speak my language you can't hear my language none either, but just so you know, the Latin Kings paid us to come make all this mess. I don't know why and I don't give a shit, but the point is...they want you dead, whoever you are. I am sorry for that.

The man's plea is getting louder.

McQueen comes out of the room with a piece of mail.

MCQUEEN

You ain't gonna believe this.

Brick fires a shot into the man's face finally silencing the him.

BRICK

What?

MCQUEEN

We got the wrong house.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

MONTAGE - The Oodie brothers are flying down a two lane highway in their Ford Maverick snorting coke and drinking a Spanish labeled soda they took from the house on BACON STREET. Lincoln does a line of coke off of his SPEAK-N-SPELL then makes it say.

SPEAK-N-SPELL

That yayo is good sheet.

They continually swap out drivers, while never stopping the car.

SUPERIMPOSE: THE BAYTOWN DISCO

The Maverick flies past O'Houlihan's Pub, which sits remotely by the highway. The Maverick backs up and pulls into the parking lot.

INT. O'HOULIHAN'S PUB - DAY

The Oodie brothers stroll into the pub that is littered with Irish memorabilia and patrons. The POUGES play on a juke box as Lincoln, Brick, and McQueen saunter up and sit at the bar.

BARTENDER
What can I get you boys?

MCQUEEN
(mumbles)
Bowl of lucky charms.

BARTENDER
What?

BRICK
Some beers.

BARTENDER
Coming right up.

The bartender walks away.

BRICK
Something American!

Bricks spins around on his bar stool to check out the crowd. He spots a few fair complected gentlemen playing pool and elbows McQueen for him to turn around.

They smirk at each other.

BRICK
(loudly)
What's two miles long and has an IQ
of forty?

MCQUEEN
(loudly)
I don't know brother, what?

BRICK
(loudly)
A Saint Patty's Day parade.

A deafening silence falls over the crowd. The pool players they were targeting begin to rustle about.

CELESTE MARTIN, 35 strikingly beautiful Hispanic woman, sits in the back of the bar watching all of this unfold.

The bartender walks back over with their beers.

BARTENDER
C'mon boys lets not have any
trouble here today.

Brick and McQueen continue to sit with their backs to him.

BRICK
Awe, we ain't gonna make no
trouble. We just like tellin' a few
jokes.

MCQUEEN
Yeah, you need one of them open mic
nights. I got one. What happened
when the Irish woman bought a
vibrator?

The bar is completely silent.

MCQUEEN
She smashed all her teeth out.

BARTENDER
All right boys that will be enough.

Brick and McQueen spin around focusing all their attention on
the bartender when a SMALL MAN makes his way from the pool
area over to Lincoln, who is without his speak-n-spell.

Lincoln sits drinking his beer.

SMALL MAN
And what about you big fella? You
got something to say?

Lincoln just sits quietly drinking.

MCQUEEN
Ah shit, look at the wee little
fella.

BRICK
Got himself a Curley complex.

SMALL MAN
I asked you a question, you big
inbred faggot.

Lincoln says nothing.

SMALL MAN

What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?

BRICK

Sir, you might want to take your little ass on back to the Shire. This ain't gonna end well.

SMALL MAN

For you.

The small man smashes a glass beer bottle over Lincoln's head as the other men that were playing pool run over to join in.

McQueen jumps up and marches in a circle.

MCQUEEN

Thank you for getting it started!

He punches the nearest bar patron he sees.

Brick grabs the bartender and head butts him to the ground.

BRICK

Don't you ever talk to me like I'm a child!

He grabs his beer and takes a swig.

BRICK

Pub? Horseshit! This is bama!

Brick smashes the bottle on the head of a man trying to get out of the way of the fight.

BRICK

Where you going?

Lincoln calmly stands up as he towers over the small man.

SMALL MAN

Nice to meet you Goliath. I'm David.

The small man punches Lincoln in the dick as hard as he can, dropping Lincoln to the floor.

A full on bar room brawl has begun.

CUT TO:

EXT. 809 BACON STREET - DAY

Police cruisers and uniform officers cover up the street as several cops are taping off a perimeter around the house. Several CORONER VANS line the street as a steady stream of body bag topped gurneys flow out of the house. DETECTIVE REYES, 29, physically fit Caucasian, emerges from the front door. He makes his way over to DETECTIVE MILLARD, 50, thickly built African American, who is wrapping up a witness interview.

REYES
Anything good?

MILLARD
Just the usual. Nobody saw nothing,
nobody heard nothing, nobody wants
to talk to the po-po.

REYES
Shocking.

MILLARD
So you want to wrap it up and go
grab a bite? I'm in the mood for
Chinese.

REYES
The thing that bothers me about
this one is that it was just a
rampage. No exterior hits, so
nothing got ugly out here. Nobody
tagged the house and somebody got
their big ass thrown through a
wall. That does not fit usual
gangland behavior.

MILLARD
Yeah, well you know how it goes.
These kids will smoke navel lint or
peach juice or some shit like that.
Makes them do crazy shit.

REYES
Well, I may very well have
something this time.

Reyes pulls an evidence bag that has the dummy grenade in it,
out of his pocket.

MILLARD
Whatcha got there?

REYES
Calling card.

MILLARD
To who?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. O'HOULLIHAN'S PUB - DAY

A coke induced Brick is standing on the bar shirtless and flexing his biceps. His face is bloodied and his ear has been gashed.

BRICK
I just slaughtered twenty Cholos!
I'll kill all you dirty micks!

Brick dives into a crowd of brawling patrons as McQueen has a bar stool broken over his back. Lincoln staggers around the corner with the small Irish man on his shoulders continually punching him in the ear. Lincoln can't defend himself with two additional men attached to each arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. O'HOULLIHAN'S PUB - DAY

Cars sit quietly in the parking lot as McQueen burst out the pub's door sprinting toward the Maverick then diving into the passenger side window. His legs dangle as he retrieves a shotgun and dashes back into the pub.

CELESTE MARTIN sits outside in her car watching as she hears three loud shotgun blast coming from inside the pub.

Patrons begin pouring out of the bar going for their vehicles.

Almost every car in the parking lot clears out as quickly as possible.

After a moment, the Oodie brothers exit. Lincoln is holding his ear as they make their way over to the Maverick.

BRICK
You boys hungry?

MCQUEEN
I could eat.

Lincoln just holds the side of his head as they get in the car.

Music blares as they crank up and peel out of the parking lot.

Celeste Martin cranks up her car and proceeds to slowly follow the Maverick.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Millard is sitting at the desk of Detective Reyes while phones are ringing all around the bustling police station. Reyes is searching through a filing cabinet that is located in the corner of his three-wall cubicle. Millard is casually laid back, reclining in a chair.

REYES
The Oodie brothers.

MILLARD
The Oodie brothers?

Reyes finds a thick file and pulls it from the cabinet.

REYES
Three of the four redneck sons of
Jonathan Warren Oodie, Johnny Boy
Oodie is what he was called.

Reyes hands one of the files to Millard.

REYES
These files were buried and I do
mean buried, but I still can't
believe you've never heard of them.
It says that Johnny Boy came from
one of the biggest shine running
families east of the Mississippi.

MILLARD
Shine?

REYES
Moonshine.

MILLARD
I know you meant moonshine, I was
being condescending.
(MORE)

MILLARD(cont'd)

It just sounded funny coming out of
a guy from New Mexico.

CUT TO:

EXT - OLD SHACK HOUSE - DAY

MONTAGE: An 18 year old Johnny Boy sits barefoot on the front porch of a shack house. He keeps a rifle perched on his lap as he watches out.

REYES (V.O.)

Apparently these were real mountain folk, they didn't care who you were. If you came on their property you were shot, plain and simple.

CUT TO:

EXT - KKK RALLY - DAY

MONTAGE: 20 white cloaked and hooded men stand in formation at the end of a stage. A cloaked and hooded leader raises a torch in one hand and a confederate flag in the other. The crowd cheers.

REYES (V.O.)

In his mid twenties Johnny Boy got involved with the Klan. Didn't take him long to take control from the elders.

MILLARD (V.O.)

Because he handled the booze.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

REYES

Right, and plus you got to remember that this state had thirty-five or forty dry counties back then. So, as you can imagine, there were a lot of thirsty people around. Then businesses started to desegregate and Johnny Boy got pissed. He had his Klan lean on any owner willing to allow black customers,

Reyes takes out police photos of burned and vandalized businesses and hands them to Millard.

REYES

Well anyway, flash forward, the KKK just about dumbbed themselves out of existence, counties got wet and Johnny Boy went out in a blaze of glory during a federal drug raid in March of eighty-four. All that was left was the three boys.

MILLARD

What did it say about the mom?

REYES

Disappeared in January of eighty-three, never turned up. I can only assume she's buried somewhere out in the sticks thanks to Johnny Boy. There were no grandparents or kin suitable to take the children so they were sent into foster care.

Reyes slaps a stack of juvenile arrest photos, of all three brothers, down on the desk for Millard.

REYES

Foster care turned into juvie real fast. In and out of one place for another. Then when they became of age they started to become everyone's problem. The oldest is Brick.

Reyes flops a mugshot of Brick on the desk.

He's Johnny Boy in the flesh. Busted for a handful of things here and there but, ransacking military supply stores was his big fetish.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY MULE - DAY

MONTAGE: Brick burst in the front door of a military surplus store with a gun drawn. He exits the store completely loaded down with military gear. Bandoleers, vests, helmets, pants, boots, guns,...the works.

MILLARD (V.O.)
Ah, dummy grenade, got it.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

REYES
Then it looks as though they tried
to go legit for a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - NIGHT

MONTAGE: A masked Lincoln is being escorted, by Brick, to a wrestling ring as the few scattered fans jeer.

REYES (V.O.)
They put the middle brother Lincoln
in Southern Circuit Wrestling. He
ended up killing seven men in the
ring.

MILLARD (V.O.)
Seven? Why'd they keep letting him
wrestle?

MONTAGE: Lincoln snaps the neck of his opponent. The freaked out referee starts screaming at Lincoln so Lincoln grabs him and snaps his neck as well. Then another wrestler runs into the ring, Lincoln snaps his neck. Four more men run frantically into the ring one after another to try and stop Lincoln. All of them have their necks snapped. The bodies pile on top of one another. The crowd cheers.

REYES (V.O.)
He did it at one time. Couldn't do
anything with him cause the
promoters wouldn't charge, said it
was accidental and part of his
gimmick. He was the neck breaker.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

REYES

This freak looks to be as big as a house and according to this, hasn't spoken a word in fifteen years. Then there is McQueen, the baby of the brood.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTDOG STAND - DAY

MONTAGE: McQueen is standing at a hotdog stand eating, when an OLDER WOMAN and a YOUNG, WELL DRESSED MAN walk past him. The couple stop and turn back toward McQueen.

REYES(V.O.)

This cat almost had a chance when a modeling agent approached him once, but he nearly beat the agent to death for "thinking he was a fag."

CUT BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Millard tosses a picture of a badly beaten older woman on the desk in front of Reyes.

MILLARD

Tell me that's not...

REYES

The agent.

MILLARD

Now why do you think nobody has put a stop to this?

REYES

They've all served stints here and there. Juries hear their story and can't help but feel sympathy for kids that have become products of their environments.

MILLARD

I got to tell you that this is some wonderful detective work you've done here. But being a man with a badge for twenty years, I find it hard to believe you found all of that in there.

REYES

Yeah, I stumbled across a cold case file a while back. I've been piecing this together for about three months.

MILLARD

We been together for three months already?

REYES

Little over that.

MILLARD

Well ain't that something. Good work, I guess.

REYES

I really think we got something here.

MILLARD

Yeah, we might, but sometimes it ain't as easy as all that.

CUT TO:

INT. OODIE BOYS TRAILER - LATER

Coming off of the drug and adrenaline induced morning, Brick stands at the kitchen sink of their modest double-wide manufactured home eating a FISH SANDWICH quietly. McQueen stands at the counter as he eats a SLOPPY BURGER quietly. Lincoln is sitting on the couch as he eats his BURGER quietly. The home is littered with VHS TAPES in clear rental cases as wrinkled movie posters cover the majority of wall space. They all eat in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. OODIE BOYS TRAILER - DAY

Celeste Martin pulls up to the Oodie's trailer. She parks behind the Maverick that sits in the driveway as she surveys knee high grass all around. A huge satellite dish from the 1980's sits in the front yard as well as a massive oak tree. Empty chains, that used to house guard dogs, lay on the ground still attached to the tree.

As she steps out of her car she is immediately welcomed by swarms of gnats and the loud chirping of Cicadas.

She makes her way up to the door and knocks.

She stands waiting for a response.

BRICK (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Celeste screams as she turns to see Brick standing at the side of the trailer. He has a shotgun resting over his shoulders.

CELESTE
I'm so sorry. You scared me.

BRICK
That's what I do.

CELESTE
My name is Celeste Martin and I was hoping to talk to you and your friends.

BRICK
My friends? I ain't got no friends. I've got my brothers, I've got my home.

Brick starts to make his way over to Celeste.

BRICK
I've got my car and I've got a gorgeous little chica standing on my front step, but I ain't got no friends. You wanna be my friend?

CELESTE
I saw you back at that bar and I was hoping to acquire your services.

BRICK
What kind of services might that
be?

CELESTE
I want to hire you and your
brothers to kidnap my son back from
my ex-husband.

The front door of the trailer flies open as a shirtless
McQueen walks out pulling his pants up.

MCQUEEN
Hello?

BRICK
Dibs.

MCQUEEN
Dammit!

A frustrated McQueen grabs the door and slams it shut as he
walks back inside.

BRICK
Lady, I don't know who sent you
here but that ain't exactly what we
do.

CELESTE
I can pay you fifty thousand
dollars.

BRICK
Well shit, come on in and meet the
family.

CUT TO:

INT. OODIE BOYS TRAILER - DAY

McQueen and Lincoln sit on the couch as Celeste and Brick
walk into the living room.

BRICK
Hey dipshits, this is Celeste
Martin and she wants to give us an
ass load of money to go and kidnap
her kid back from a deadbeat ex-
husband. That about cover it?

CELESTE

I guess so.

BRICK

I'm Brick Oodie, I think you just got a look at the faggot of the bunch McQueen and the big'en there is Lincoln.

Celeste walks over to shake hands with McQueen and Lincoln.

MCQUEEN

Did you let her know that kidnapping ain't exactly what we do?

CELESTE

I witnessed your handy work at O'HOULLIHAN'S earlier. I saw *that* and thought if these guys will march in here just to instigate trouble, they are not afraid of anything.

Lincoln quickly begins to type on his speak-n-spell.

SPEAK-N-SPELL

Bull sheet. What's the catch?

BRICK

That's true, why don't you just go to the cops? They handle junk like this, for free.

CELESTE

I need this done quickly and quietly. My ex-husband Carlos is a dangerous man and I want someone who is not afraid to go down to El Paso and get Rob. The police won't touch him, he's too well connected. I realize that this is a strange request. That it may not fall into your usual *area of interest*.

BRICK

We ain't got no *area of interest*. This ain't Oodie Brothers incorporated. We got one simple goal; Satisfy our needs.

Beat as Brick stares at her.

BRICK
So the question is...Can you
satisfy our needs?

McQueen chuckles. She smiles.

Lincoln types.

SPEAK-N-SPELL
Tension.

She turns to Brick.

CELESTE
If I may ask, why does your brother
speak through a toy.

Brick and McQueen begin to snicker.

BRICK
There was an accident when he was a
child.

CUT TO:

INT. OODIE FOSTER HOME - DAY

A tiny 11 year old Brick is mounted on the back of a very tall 9 year old Lincoln. Brick has Lincoln in a choke hold as he is being slung around violently.

LITTLE BRICK
Don't you ever sass me Chewbacca!
I'm Han Solo and you will do as I
say!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OODIE BOYS TRAILER - DAY

BRICK
And another one when we were teens.

CUT TO:

INT. A DIFFERENT OODIE FOSTER HOME - DAY

A 17 year old Brick is mounted on the back of a very tall and muscular 15 year old Lincoln.

13 year old McQueen is holding Lincoln's feet down while Brick wrenches his hold on Lincoln's neck.

TEEN BRICK

I'm not going to tell you again,
your big ass better growl like a
wookey when I tell you to!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OODIE BOYS TRAILER - DAY

Lincoln types and shoots Brick a bird.

BRICK

Vocal chords were crushed. Hasn't
been able to speak since.

SPEAK-N-SPELL

Feck you.

MCQUEEN

So what about you? Where you from?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

CARLOS MARTIN, 43, iron chin with jet black hair, stands over
a table with an apron on.

He is swinging a cleaver, chopping down on a massive slab of
meat.

CARLOS

So I'm sitting there flipping
channels, and I run into this movie
that was just out at the theaters,
like three months ago.

Carlos chops down.

CARLOS

I mean what happened? Didn't movies
used to run at the theater for an
entire summer, then a year later,
it would come out on video, then
another year later, it would show
up on HBO? Now days if you don't go
see something immediately, it's
gone from the theaters.

He chops down again, spraying blood on his apron.

CARLOS

But I guess that's okay if you miss it at the movies, they come out on DVD almost immediately. It's just some movies really need to be seen at the theater, you know? Jurassic Park is a prime example. When that T-rex roared, you felt it in your bones.

Carlos chops down again.

CARLOS

You just can't get that at home.

Carlos looks over at a bound MAN AND WOMAN in their 40s sitting in petrified awe.

CARLOS

Not that you guys are ever going to see another movie again. I'm just saying.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET

The Oodie boys are flying down the highway in the Maverick driving west into the sunset. Brick drives while McQueen reads a map in the passenger seat. Lincoln is nodding off asleep in the back.

BRICK

We should make it to Dallas by midnight, but I'll just drive til I'm done.

McQueen stares at the map for a moment before crumbling it up.

MCQUEEN

Yep. Can you believe she went ahead and paid us five grand up front?

BRICK

I know, right.

MCQUEEN

You'd think that bitch would have some trust issues, but hey to each his own.

They ride for a moment in silence.

MCQUEEN

I know we got an address for El Paso, but shouldn't she have given us a picture or something of the kid?

BRICK

How many kids you think they got laying around there?

MCQUEEN

Well what if we get there and Rob is a baby, what if it's little baby Rob and then we got to go get a baby seat and formula and shit.

BRICK

Well I'm sure if Rob is a baby then there'll be all that junk there. If Carlos took a baby it's not like he just rides around with it in a shoe box, I'm sure he has that shit there.

MCQUEEN

You're right, you're right, you're right.

They ride for a moment in silence again.

MCQUEEN

What if there is more than one baby? How will we know which one is Rob?

BRICK

Did we not just go over this!? Drop it already. We'll roll up in there and be all *hand over Rob*. We'll make sure we clarify we want *Rob*, alright.

MCQUEEN

Alright, sorry. I'll drop it.

BRICK

This is no more complex than a smash and grab. We smash whoever is in our way and grab the Rob kid. Plain and simple.

The Maverick continues down the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHADE TREE MOTEL - LATER

A flickering neon sign that reads \$29.99 SINGLE & FREE HBO sits mounted at the entrance to the Shade Tree Motel. The forty room flat level property is in terrible shape. Five cars sit scattered throughout the motel in front of their respective rooms.

The Maverick pulls into the parking lot and up toward the office.

McQueen is asleep in the passenger seat as Lincoln is curled up in the back seat snoring.

Brick shuts off the car.

BRICK

I'm done.

McQueen groggily wakes up.

MCQUEEN

Where are we?

BRICK

Abilene.

MCQUEEN

Shit, what time is it?

BRICK

Almost four. You wanna take us on in?

McQueen shakes his head "no" while he stretches his arms.

MCQUEEN

It's been a hell of a long day and we got another one starting in a few hours. Let's just stay here.

Brick opens his door and steps out, McQueen does the same. They shut their doors simultaneously.

Lincoln darts up from the back seat to find an empty car. His mowhawk is matted down and deep impressions mark his face from sleeping so hard.

Lincoln looks around for a moment then lays back down.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADE TREE MOTEL ROOM 14 - NIGHT

Brick opens the door and turns on a lamp from a doorway switch. McQueen and Lincoln stand behind him peering into the room. They take notice that the room has one twin bed and two cots. The bed is in decent shape while the cots are broken down and slightly stained.

Brick makes his way over to the only bed and flops down face first.

BRICK

Dibs.

McQueen and Lincoln come after Brick.

MCQUEEN

The hell you say.

McQueen and Lincoln grab Brick and begin to wrestle him off of the bed. Brick violently puts up a fight.

BRICK

Quit! I'm tired! You're gonna get me woke up!

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL FRONT OFFICE - MORNING

McQueen walks into the front office of the Shade Tree Motel. A Pakistani CLERK stands behind the counter watching the morning news on a small television that sits on the front desk.

CLERK

Good morning, sir. Checking out?

MCQUEEN

Yeah, room 14.

The clerk begins to type on the computer as a receipt prints out. McQueen turns to an old sleeping dog that lays by the far wall, by the clerk's bathroom door.

MCQUEEN

(Kissing sounds) Cute dog.

CLERK
Did you enjoy your stay sir.

MCQUEEN
Wonderful. How much further is it
to El Paso?

CLERK
I think about six hours.

MCQUEEN
That ain't bad.

McQueen takes notice of a BROCHURE STAND sitting next to the
desk.

He picks up a bunch of assorted pamphlets.

MCQUEEN
These free?

The clerk looks rather befuddled.

CLERK
Yes sir, take as many as you want.

MCQUEEN
Hells yeah.

The clerk hands McQueen the receipt.

McQueen never takes his eyes off of the clerk as he continues
gathering pamphlets.

CLERK
You have a good day.

MCQUEEN
We just might.

The Maverick pulls up outside the front door. Bricks sits on
the horn.

The Clerk watches through the front office window as McQueen
jumps into the Maverick.

MCQUEEN
Got us some free shit!

The Maverick smokes it's tires as it quickly pulls out of the motel driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. MAVERICK - DAY

The Maverick is flying down Interstate- 20 west bound.

McQueen flips through the brochures as Brick drives and Lincoln sits in the back eating on some beef jerky.

MCQUEEN

We could go to Six Flags, The Alamo, did you know the President was from Texas?

BRICK

Yes I knew the president was from Texas.

MCQUEEN

Alright then what town?

BRICK

Shut the hell up.

MCQUEEN

See you don't know. He's from Odessa.

BRICK

We ain't stoppin.

MCQUEEN

Come on Brick don't you wanna see where the president lives?

BRICK

He don't live there you idiot that's just where he's from.

MCQUEEN

Lincoln don't you wanna see the President's house?

SPEAK-N-SPELL

What for?

MCQUEEN
Says here the stadium from Friday
Night Lights is there too.

Brick shows interest as he looks to Lincoln in the back seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERMIAN FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Brick, McQueen and Lincoln stand in front of the stadium
looking up at it disappointed.

BRICK
I really thought this might be more
exciting.

SPEAK-N-SPELL
This blows.

MCQUEEN
You think all the cool stuff in
movies is really just boring in
real life?

Brick and Lincoln look over at McQueen astonished at the
depth of his comment.

BRICK
I bet if an astroid crashed into
your damn home, or Chuck Norris
kicked your door in you wouldn't be
too bored.

MCQUEEN
True.

The brothers get back into the Maverick, McQueen throws torn
up pieces of brochure out the window as the car drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARLOS' HOUSE - DAY

The Maverick is parked hidden behind a tree line that borders
the house that sits quietly at the end of a dirt road.

McQueen and Lincoln are loading themselves down with weapons
out of the trunk of the Maverick as Brick watches the house
through a pair of binoculars.

McQueen shuts the trunk and walks around to Brick. He puts his fake BADGE around his neck.

Brick snatches it off.

BRICK
Not this time. I've got a better plan.

Brick turns to Lincoln.

BRICK
You feeling strong?

CUT TO:

INT. CARLOS' HOUSE - DAY

Seven thuggish looking men sit around the living room of the modest ranch style home.

The front door is broken down as a body is thrown through. All of the men inside the house scurry for their guns and point them at the body laying on the ground. Brick Oddie shakes off the impact and looks around to see the guns being pointed at him.

BRICK
Hola.

MCQUEEN (O.C.)
That plan wasn't for shit.

The men look toward the door, where the voice was coming from.

MCQUEEN (O.C.)
You still down?

The men cock their weapons.

BRICK
(to the men)
Wait a minute fellas,
(to McQueen)
yeah!

Through the dust and debris rounds are unloaded on the men surrounding Brick, from outside.

Brick pulls his guns out and begins shooting at the men as he scrambles to get behind the couch.

Two of the men turn to go out the back Lincoln busts through close lining them simultaneously. McQueen quickly runs through the front door and up the stairs dodging bullets along the way.

Some of the men retreat into the kitchen. McQueen is about to enter the hallway.

MCQUEEN (SMIRK)
Here we go.

McQueen draws his guns and faces the hallway.

MCQUEEN
Give us Ro!!!!

A hail of bullets are fired through the hallway. McQueen takes cover.

MCQUEEN
Shit!!

Brick charges into the kitchen firing away. McQueen notices Brick's heroic push.

MCQUEEN
We're all fuckin impressed Brick.

McQueen focuses, gets his guns prepared and moves into the hallway. He shoots a guy coming down the hallway and ducks into the first room he comes to.

He can still hear yelling and gunshots being fired from down stairs as he slowly makes his way through the upstairs. He hears rustling a few doors down. The door is cracked and he can see, what he thinks, is the reflection from a gun in the room. He inches down the hallway with a gun in each hand. Just as he is about to reach the door he sees the reflection move in the mirror through the crack. He immediately drops to the floor and shoots through the door.

He hears a body drop and sees blood come out from underneath. McQueen stands up and slowly pushes the door open he can't quite get it all the way because the body is blocking the path. He gives the door a good shove to reveal a SPANISH WOMAN, THAT WAS TRYING TO HIDE, laying in a pool of blood and ROB, 15 thin and pale sitting in a wheel chair wearing pajamas that read: ROB.

McQueen is taken aback for a moment at the site of Rob.

MCQUEEN
You Rob?

Rob sits frozen in awe.

MCQUEEN
Brick!!

CUT TO:

INT. CARLOS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

CARLOS enters the house stepping over bodies and destruction. He is flanked by two of his men.

One of the bodies laying face down on the ground begins coughing up blood and wheezing. CARLOS walks over to DENNY, 45 large build, on the floor and kicks him over on to his back.

CARLOS
Denny, what happened here?

DENNY
They took Rob.

CARLOS
Who took Rob?

DENNY
Th...Thr...Three guys came in
and...

DENNY begins to run short of breathe. Carlos steps on his bloodied hand.

DENNY
Ahhhh. They came in looking for
Rob.

CARLOS
Denny, I need you to hang in there
buddy and tell me exactly what the
hell happened.

DENNY takes a few more breathes before giving out.

CARLOS
Ah, shit! I knew that bitch
wouldn't give up.

Carlos takes off and runs up the stairs to see for himself.

CARLOS (O.C.)
Bastards killed my maid?!

Carlos runs back down stairs, pulls himself together and swallows his anger. He turns to one of his men.

CARLOS
Marty, I need my pills please.

MARTIN
Yea sure thing.

Martin hands him an iron tube that rattles with pills.

CARLOS
Thank you.

Carlos turns around and BEATS Martin with the long box of pills; stabbing it into his face. After what seems like fifteen stabs he tires himself out.

Reveal that Martin is dead, with the long tube of pills wedged in the bloody hole where his eye was.

CARLOS (RELAXED)
That's better.

Carlos calmly walks over to a closet that houses security camera monitors. He immediately begins rewinding a tape.

He pulls a cell phone from his pocket.

He dials.

CARLOS
(to himself)
What the hell did Carlita do to these fuckers?

The phone is ringing as he is watching the mayhem in reverse.

CARLOS
Eve, This is Carlos. Can I get you to go on a little hunting expedition for me? And I'm gonna need for you to bring a little sugar to the party.

CUT TO:

INT. MAVERICK

Brick drives as McQueen sits in the passenger seat. Lincoln is in the back next to Rob, who is obviously frightened as tears roll down his cheek. The brothers have blood on their clothes and wear the stains of the assault on the house.

MCQUEEN

(to Rob)

That Carlos man make you crippled?

BRICK

I don't think he can talk.

MCQUEEN

Well ain't this just some shit.

BRICK

What?

MCQUEEN

That he's all...

McQueen slaps his hand into his chest several times as to imply he's retarded.

BRICK

Don't do that shit. He can't help that.

BRICK

(to Rob) Are you Okay? Are you hurt?

Rob shakes his head up, down and side to side.

BRICK

You're okay? See, he can understand us.

MCQUEEN

How the hell did you get, "I'm okay" from that?

BRICK

We're not gonna hurt you, we were hired to come and take you back to your mom.

Rob immediately starts making noises.

BRICK

He understands just fine. We're gonna get you home buddy.

MCQUEEN

Once again, how the hell do you know what he's saying? You the tard *whisperer*?

BRICK

Say something like that again, I'll kill you.

MCQUEEN

I'm not making fun, I'm just saying...

BRICK

What? You're just saying what?

MCQUEEN

Nothing! It's just a little weird that she didn't mention the poor kid would be all buggered up.

BRICK

It don't matter none that he is. The job was to go get Rob, and we did.

MCQUEEN

I don't know man, just something don't seem right.

BRICK

Let's just stop up here and get him something to eat.

The Maverick continues flying down the highway with Rob's wheelchair tied to the back of the car.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S BROTHEL - DAY

A few women in lingerie sit around the foyer of this old plantation style home. A few men in suits wander throughout the downstairs mingling with the women.

EVE, 30, beautifully trampy tattooed woman, is putting on a tightly cut motorcycle jacket as she exits a bedroom at the far end of the hall. The jacket has a logo on the back that reads: FLAMEBANGERS

Eve proceeds to walk down a long upstairs hallway. Bedroom doors come one after another.

EVE

Bangers! Bag it up, we got to move.

As she walks past the second door, a scantily clad MONA, 21, tall and thin falls in behind Eve.

As they walk past the third door, JEZ, 22 petite Asian, emerges with a sawed off shotgun she hands to Mona. Jez puts on a pink satin jacket with a FLAMEBANGER LOGO on the back, and falls in line as they walk.

Eve, Mona and Jez continue down the hall as ANGEL and PAMMY, 23, extremely slutty/sexy twins simultaneously appear from the last two bedrooms and join the pack. Angel and Pammy both have matching semi- automatic assault rifles they sling over their shoulders as all of the women, but Eve, finish buttoning, zipping, or fastening their clothes.

All of the conversations downstairs come to a halt as they approach.

The five FLAMEBANGERS stride in a perfect "V" formation out the front door and mount their individual motorcycles parked in a row out in front of the house.

The ladies crank up their bikes and begin to head east down a long dirt driveway that ends at the brothel.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S DINER - DAY

A few patrons are scattered throughout the diner. A homemade apple pie sign sits on the counter. Booths line the walls as waitresses serve coffee to their customers. The diner looks like it was built in the early 80's then left to fend for itself. The place is as clean as it can be considering the 20 plus years of wear and tear it's endured. Behind the counter an older lady stands at the cash register. The kitchen can be seen through a window in which the orders are served. It's the kind of place where "regulars" are often found. A casually dressed Reyes and Millard sit in a booth drinking coffee.

The waitress, CANDICE, 43, thin and formerly cute, approaches and sets two pieces of pie on the table.

CANDICE
Anything else Mike?

MILLARD
That's it for now Candice but we're gonna camp out here for awhile if that's okay.

CANDICE
Sure thing.

MILLARD
Did you get enough to eat?

REYES
Yeah everything was fine I appreciate you bringing me here. I hope you don't mind but I brought the Oodie files with me.

MILLARD
What for? This is where I come to get away from work.

REYES
I've been looking through these files and I can't even count how many cases we could build against them.

MILLARD
I thought you said nothing sticks.

REYES
From what I can tell, nobody has really tried. A handful of misdemeanors but everything criminal gets tossed. I want to know why no one takes them seriously.

MILLARD
Boy you can't take a hint can you.

REYES
Excuse me?

MILLARD
Son how bad at my job do you think I am?

REYES

Sir, that's not what I was implying.

MILLARD

Don't you think if I wanted to stick something on these boys I could. Of course I know who the hell they are. Fact is we got a genie in a bottle with these red necks.

REYES

Are you sayin you help them? You've covered all this up?

MILLARD

Oh, good grief. This ain't some spy Nancy Clancy movie with some big ass conspiracy theory. Do you know how much federal and state money is spent prosecuting these bottom feeders that are out there? Way I see it I'm doing taxpayers a favor letting trash take out the trash. We could stop them, that's true but somebody else would just replace them.

REYES

You can not be serious.

MILLARD

Why mess up a good thing? Let em do what they do and if things get out of hand we bring em down.

Reyes takes it all in. He suddenly springs up.

REYES

Wait, what time is it?

MILLARD

Four fifteen.

REYES

I gotta call the Mrs.

As he gets up.

MILLARD

All she's doing is setting the tone for the rest of your married life.

Reyes walks off.

REYES

Well when you get one of your marriages to work, you can talk to me.

MILLARD

Wise ass, I speak from experience.

Millard smirks, takes a sip of his coffee and watches Candice's rear as she strolls by.

MILLARD

My my.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED STABLE BAR - EVENING

A vacated bar called THE RED STABLE sits along the highway in east Texas. The face of the bar looks like an old west saloon complete with water troughs and horse ties. The Oodies Maverick pulls into the parking lot.

To the side of the Red Stable is a group of six teenagers and twenty-something kids, pissing off an angry dog in a cage. Two of them, Jordan and Matthew are rattling the cage bars and poking him with a stick, as the dog barks ferociously. The four other boys are scattered about, drinking and finding amusement at the antics.

The Oodies casually walk up behind the two agitators. They take notice of the men behind them and turn around to face them. Brick stares right at Matthew.

BRICK

Can I ask what you boys are doing?

Jordan arrogantly gets between them.

JORDAN

You can fuck off if yo----

Lincoln punches Jordan in the face and begins wailing on him. The young men are in shock as Lincoln just pummels the kid into oblivion. After what seems like a minute of beating, he throws his unconscious body into a stack of beer bottles and leaves him there. Brick then turns to Matthew.

BRICK

Sorry about that interruption. Now,
can I ask what you're doing?

Matthew is scared, but clearly trying to put on his unafraid face.

MATTHEW

Nothing. Just having fun.

BRICK

Fun huh? Does that pup look like
he's having fun to you?

Brick takes the stick Matthew was using to poke the dog and begins poking Matthew in the chest repeatedly.

BRICK

Maybe I wanna have some fun.

Brick continues to poke Matthew as he winces in pain, but stands frozen.

BRICK

You might be on to something, this
is a grand ole time. You having
fun? You think it's fun to pick on
something that can't defend itself?
What about that boy over there?

Brick looks back at Rob.

BRICK

You think it'd be fun to poke him
with this here stick? Would that be
fun?

(To Matthew's friends in the back,
but without taking his eyes off
Matthew)

You boys better stop eyeballing me
if you know what's good for you.

Marty, one of the friends bows up.

MARTY

There's five of us, and three of
you.

BRICK

Lincoln, shut that turd up.

The boys stand, readying themselves for a moment.

Lincoln takes one step in their direction, and they scatter frantically.

Brick never takes his eyes off of Matthew. The two are locked on each other.

BRICK

You wanna run them numbers again?
You see, you can't cage a wild dog.
It goes against nature. And ain't
nothing more powerful than mother
nature. You may think you got the
upper-hand, you hold the key,
reinforce the bars. Eventually
though, you'll slip up. Because
watching him is only a small
fraction of your life, but getting
out...that's his whole reason for
living. That freedom is what
drives him. Because ain't nothing
more important to a wild dog than
his freedom. And if you're standing
in the way of that...BARK BARK!!!!

Matthew almost has a heart attack as he catches his breath.

BRICK

That's your ass.

The Oodies walk away.

INT. RED STABLE BAR - EVENING

Brick and McQueen walk in first and begin to survey the layout. An OLD MAN sits in the back portion of the bar four feet from an old sixty inch projection television. The light of the screen flickers on the old man's face as the sounds of moaning from porn are softly heard coming from the TV.

The BARTENDER takes notice of Brick and McQueen as soon as they walk in.

There are no other patrons in the bar.

BRICK

Classy joint you got here.

The bartender takes notice of Brick's Dixie flag tank top.

RED STABLE BAR TENDER
Yeah thanks, nice shirt.

Brick and McQueen chuckle.

BRICK
That's cute.

McQueen grabs a seat at a table in anticipation of what might transpire.

BRICK
You mind having him cut that shit off?

RED STABLE BAR TENDER
He's ninety-eight years old, I think he's earned the right to watch a little T and A.

BRICK
What for? Unless he's got a billion dollars it ain't like he's gonna marry one of them.

RED STABLE BAR TENDER
He's been sitting there watching that stuff for the ten years I've been working here. He can't get enough.

BRICK
Just turn it off.

RED STABLE BAR TENDER
Mac's not hurting anybody. You don't want to see it don't go back there.

BRICK
If I go back there I'm gonna kick the shit out of Mac and your TV.

RED STABLE BAR TENDER
Is that a fact?

BRICK
We got a minor with us and I don't want him listening to that.

Lincoln enters pushing Rob in his wheelchair.

The bartender looks over Brick's shoulder at Rob.

Brick smugly grins at the bartender in order to make him feel bad.

The bartender sits three bottled beers and a soda on the counter.

RED STABLE BAR TENDER
Hey Mac why don't you give it a
rest for a little bit huh?

The bartender punches the power button on the remote shutting off the television. Mac doesn't flinch he remains motionless staring at the television.

Brick turns around setting two beers and the soda on McQueen's table. He walks back and grabs a seat at the bar.

RED STABLE BAR TENDER
Mac?

The bartender walks over to check on Mac feeling his neck for a pulse. He lowers his head and closes his eyes.

BRICK
Guess he got enough.

McQueen holds up his bottle.

MCQUEEN
To you Mac. You dirty old perv.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED STABLE BAR - EVENING

The FLAMEBANGERS drive in a single file line past the Red Stable Bar with Eve out in front. As soon as they pass by Eve notices the Maverick sitting in the parking lot. She leads them in a turn around pulling into the parking lot.

Eve parks directly next to the Maverick. She pulls a computer print-out photo of a surveillance camera shot of the Maverick leaving Carlos'

CUT TO:

INT. RED STABLE BAR - EVENING

Brick sits at the bar swigging his beer while Lincoln and McQueen sit with Rob at a table.

They all turn toward the door as they hear the rumbling of the Flamebanger's motor cycles parking in the lot.

The bartender is on the phone.

RED STABLE BAR TENDER
Yes I'm going to need an ambulance
down here at the Red Stable bar.
Seems Mac has done past on.

MCQUEEN
As soon as your done with that can
we get the kid some food.

RED STABLE BAR TENDER
Sure.

MCQUEEN
(to Rob)
Damned if you ain't like a golden
ticket.

The bar door flies open as Eve, Mona, Jez, Angel and Pammy stroll in to survey the bar.

All of the men turn to notice the Flamebangers, except for Mac who still sits staring at the black television screen.

The bartender finishes up his call quickly and hangs up the phone.

RED STABLE BAR TENDER
Hello ladies, what can I get for
you?

Eve stares at the Oodies.

EVE
Don't know what I'd like yet.

Eve begins making her way over to an old juke box that sits at the back of the bar. Eve pulls her hair up to reveal a tattoo on her neck that reads Flamebangers under the silhouette of a woman with her legs spread and flames coming out from in between them.

She looks upon Rob sitting at the table then her eyes make their way over to McQueen who gives her a wink and a smile. McQueen keeps his eyes locked on Eve as she walks toward the back. Brick leans from his bar stool over to McQueen. Before Brick can get a word out McQueen face shoves Brick.

MCQUEEN
Dibs.

BRICK

Damnit.

The rest of the girls grab a booth in the corner and immediately start batting their eyes at the Oodie table.

McQueen saunters up to Eve who is standing in front of the juke box perusing the selection of songs.

MCQUEEN

They got any David Allen Coe?

Eve never looks up.

MCQUEEN

Names McQueen, can I buy you a drink?

EVE

Names Eve and you can buy *us* a drink.

Eve turns around and looks at the other girls. McQueen thinks for a second then decides he's game.

MCQUEEN

Bar tender! Some beers for my new friend Eve and her ladies.

RED STABLE BAR TENDER

I'm gonna have to dig something up for the kid in the cooler, we ain't got much.

MCQUEEN

Figure it out.

EVE

What's with the kid?

MCQUEEN

Uh that's our little brother.

Eve looks over at Rob in his pajamas.

EVE

Is it bedtime?

MCQUEEN

Something like that, maybe.

EVE

Great place for him to be in.

MCQUEEN
He can hold his own.

EVE
And him?

Eve looks over at Lincoln.

MCQUEEN
My other brother Lincoln.

EVE
And the fella at the bar that won't
stop staring at me?

MCQUEEN
That's my older brother Brick he's
born with out a pecker real sad. So
what's your story?

Eve presses J5 on the panel selecting: ANGEL by MASSIVE
ATTACK

EVE
No story just riding free. You
wanna dance?

MCQUEEN
Hells yeah.

McQueen grabs a chair from a nearby table and sits squarely
in front of Eve in preparation for a lap dance.

EVE
Not like that.

She grabs McQueen by the collar leading him to a small cube
of dance floor in the middle of the bar.

As she moves with McQueen the other Flame Bangers take their
que and begin moving into place.

Mona makes her way over to Brick and begins seductively
dancing for him. He grabs her firmly so she can continue her
dance on his lap.

Pammy and Angel glide over to Lincoln, pulling him up and
away from Rob, leading him over to a booth where each girl
straddles a leg and comes together closing him off from the
room.

Eve removes McQueen's belt and uses it much like a stripper
uses a boa as they dance.

The Oodies are in a hypnotized trance as the music grinds on.

Jez slowly makes her move over to Rob and begins wheeling him out when Lincoln notices what she is doing through a crack in between Pammy and Angle.

Lincoln raises up sending the girls flying off of his lap in opposing directions.

Without saying a word he marches directly toward Jez and Rob only to be stabbed in the back by Pammy. He slowly turns around to face his assailant while removing the knife from his back. She stands in awe of the fact that Lincoln never flinched. He quickly grabs her by the hair and spins her around and stabs her in the back in the very same spot he was stabbed.

Pammy screams as she drops to the ground.

Everyone takes notice.

Jez hastily continues to wheel Rob out of the bar, with Lincoln in pursuit. Angel pops up to finish what Pammy started but before she can get within striking distance of Lincoln he turns around and punches her in the face exploding her nose and knocking her off her feet.

McQueen attempts to sling Eve off of him and assist his brother when she whips his own belt around his neck and begins to strangle him from behind. She plants her stiletto heel in the small of his back to give her leverage for the choke. The heel begins to pierce through his shirt as blood begins to soak to the surface from the puncture wound she is creating over McQueen's spine.

Lincoln turns around to find that Jez and Rob are gone.

Mona head butts Brick staggering him momentarily. When she goes in for a second one he swiftly moves to the side slamming her head into the bar railing.

McQueen struggles to get the belt from around his neck, but once he does Eve kicks him into the bar. Her leg lands back on the ground awkwardly as she notices that she broke her heel off into McQueen's back.

Eve grins as she backs up to the door.

Lincoln, Brick and McQueen stagger together at the bar against the lone Eve, who stands in between them and the door. As they make their way toward Eve, Jez returns with a semi-automatic rifle.

The confident brothers turn around in retreat diving over the bar as Jez opens fire.

CUT TO:

RED STABLE BAR COOLER - CONTINUOUS

The bar tender looks around thinking he hears some racket going on outside. He shakes it off and continues to look for anything edible for Rob to eat.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RED STABLE BAR

Bottle shards rain down on the brothers as McQueen spots a sawed off shotgun mounted on a swivel under the bar. He slaps the handle so the gun will rotate toward Brick. Brick meets the handle and blasts a hole through the bar sending Jez back out the door in a violent fury.

Brick, McQueen, and Lincoln peer at Eve through the hole in the bar.

Brick pulls the trigger again to an empty chamber. Eve turns and runs out the door. The brothers hop over the bar and follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED STABLE BAR - NIGHT

Eve stands outside the door of the bar holding a pipe she picked up, ready to connect with the first Oodie out the door she sees.

As Lincoln comes barreling through, Eve swings only to have her pipe caught by a suspecting Lincoln. He snatches the pipe, smacks her in the knee with it before slinging it across the road.

McQueen and Brick follow behind Lincoln and quickly spot Rob sitting, quite upset, next to Jez's bike. They run over to secure Rob's safety.

As Eve back peddles Lincoln marches steadily toward her. She drops to her knees to beg for mercy when Lincoln sweetly caresses her head before snapping her neck.

Lincoln stares down at the Flame Banger tattoo on her neck, then puts her hair down to cover over it.

CUT TO:

INT. RED STABLE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The bar tender comes out of the kitchen holding a plate littered with celery, cheese and a few crackers. He stops in his tracks looking at what is left of his bar and the bodies of the remaining Flame Bangers splattered across the floor. Mac still sits in the chair unmoved by the events. A paramedic cautiously comes through the front. The bar tender and paramedic stare at each other in complete silence.

CUT TO:

INT. MAVERICK - MOMENTS LATER

Brick drives down the road, Lincoln is in the passenger's seat, McQueen is sitting in the back with Rob.

BRICK

What the hell was that?!

MCQUEEN

I don't know but that bitch broke her damn heel off in my back.

BRICK

They were after Rob, but who the hell sent them is what I wanna know?

MCQUEEN

Maybe Celeste thought we'd double cross her because if it was Carlos, he got them on us fast.

BRICK

We're sure as hell gonna find out.

Lincoln removes a blood soaked stained shirt exposing his stab wound. Brick, McQueen and even Rob grimace at the sight of it.

BRICK

That bitch stabbed you?

MCQUEEN

Hells yeah, Rambo time.

McQueen pulls out a Rambo style knife that was taped under the driver's seat. He opens the handle to get out the supplies he needs to sew up the wound.

MCQUEEN

You might wanna bite on somethin I
got a feeling this is gonna hurt.

BRICK

You need me to pull over to do
that?

MCQUEEN

Why?

McQueen pours out some whiskey on a piece of clothe after which he takes a swig for himself and presses the clothe on the wound. Lincoln just sits stoic taking the pain like it was nothing. McQueen sticks the needle into the skin and waits for a moment expecting Lincoln to react.

Lincoln does not.

MCQUEEN

Look at him! Look at him take it!
Look at him Brick he's takin it.

BRICK

He's takin it like Drago.

MCQUEEN

Drago!!!!

BRICK

MCQUEEN

Drago!!!!

Drago!!!!

Their yells can be heard as the Maverick continues to barrel down the road.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Millard sits at his desk when Reyes comes in tossing a newspaper down in front of him.

REYES

Looks like they went too far!

Millard picks up the paper reading the headline. "Bar room massacre".

MILLARD

In Texas?

REYES

If you read a little further it says there was a 15 year old crippled boy in a wheelchair with them. The name Rob was monogrammed on his shirt.

MILLARD

Where are you going with this?

Reyes pulls out a file handing it to Millard.

REYES

Robert Evan Spivo son of Jonathan Spivo, as in the Spivo crime syndicate.

MILLARD

As in the New York organized crime family.

REYES

The very one. The one with a disabled son that went missing with his mother seven years ago when he was eight.

Millard looks perplexed.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: Teresa Spivo, 25 with long blond hair is seen exiting a massive mansion quickly. Mascara streams down her face as she pushes a young Rob in his wheelchair toward a YELLOW CAB.

REYES (V.O.)

Spivo's wife, Teresa fled with Rob when he was eight. Stole half a million dollars from Spivo in cash.

MONTAGE: As she puts duffle bags in the cab, dollar bills spill out.

REYES (V.O.)

but I guess it takes a lot of money to hide, because two years ago she resurfaced and went to the feds and turned states evidence on her husband.

MONTAGE: A modestly dressed Teresa Spivo is sitting on the witness stand in a crowded court room. She looks over at a large man sitting at the defendants table. The man is only seen from behind.

MILLARD (V.O.)

Yeah, I remember, Jonathan Spivo gets three to seven on a Rico.

REYES (V.O.)

Report says she and the boy were offered protection in exchange for ratting him out. They were relocated to a safe house in Biloxi Mississippi, but apparently she'd had enough of the quiet life and after about a year or so started finagling every river boat gambler that would buy her a decent dress.

MONTAGE: A much more glammed up Teresa Spivo is hanging all over an OLD GAMBLER in the middle of a Biloxi Casino. She blows on his dice before he rolls at a craps table. Carlos and Celeste are also at the table. Teresa, the Old Gambler, and Rob are dining at the Casino as Carlos and Celeste watch them.

REYES (V.O.)

I'm thinking she let the wrong people get the impression she was loaded because Rob was kidnapped, or I guess I should say, re-kidnapped about six months ago.

MILLARD

It wasn't the Oodies.

REYES

What do you mean it wasn't the Oodies? They had the kid at that bloodbath.

MILLARD

I'm telling you, they wouldn't be the kidnappers.

REYES

And why not?

MILLARD

That ain't exactly what they do.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

The Maverick pulls into the parking lot of a service station. The station is the only building visible on a long stretch of highway besides a small trailer that sits about 100 yards away most likely owned by the people that run the gas station. A single pay phone stands in the parking lot seemingly like the rest of the surroundings to have been untouched for years. The lone gas pump appears to have been installed in the nineteen seventies.

CUT TO:

INT. MAVERICK - CONTINUOUS

Brick slaps McQueen awake who sleeping in the passenger's seat.

BRICK

Go inside and get Rob some food, I
gotta call Celeste.

McQueen pours himself out of the car still half asleep and grabs the wheelchair to put Rob in.

Brick makes his way over to the pay phone.

McQueen pushes Rob toward the gas station popping wheelies with the chair as he walks.

Brick reaches in his pocket pulling out a few quarters and a small piece of paper with Celeste's number on it.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

McQueen wheels Rob through the door making car engine noises. The clerk, 46 wafer thin wearing a short sleeve button down that looks as if at one time was some shade of white sits behind the counter. He takes a moment to look up from his six inch television to see what's going on. The news pops up with a special bulletin displaying artist renderings of the Oodie brothers and Rob.

The clerk takes a moment to look back and forth between the television and McQueen who is holding up t-shirts for Rob to look at.

McQueen hears the cock of a pump shot gun and looks up at the clerk.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Brick picks up the phone and puts a couple quarters in before dialing. In the back ground you can see the clerk holding McQueen and Rob at gunpoint. Lincoln steps out of the car stretching and looks around. He notices Brick on the phone and turns around to the commotion going on inside. He pulls the scatter gun out of the door of the Maverick and marches toward the gas station.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

CLERK

You think you can kidnap some
helpless kid and get away with it?

The door chimes as the clerk swings around with the shotgun. His mouth drops and he lowers the gun as Lincoln towers over him holding the scatter gun at his face. McQueen snatches the shotgun out of the clerks hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Brick slams down the phone, grabs the quarters out of the tray and puts them back in to dial again. He is still unaware of the events that are going on behind him as McQueen waves the shotgun around yelling at the clerk. He begins to grab things off the shelves waving them in the clerk's face before handing them off to Rob.

BRICK

The hell is going on? I don't
remember you saying anything about
nut case biker bitches in our deal
or how you and Carlos managed to
pop out a creamy white buggered up
baby.

(pauses)

This Celeste?

CELESTE

Brick you're right I'm sorry.

BRICK

Damn right you're sorry now you better start filling me in on some of this shit.

CELESTE

I just want to get Rob back to his rightful parents.

BRICK

Seeing how that ain't you, why the hell did you get us involved?

CELESTE

Carlos and I were desperate, so we kidnapped Rob from this rich couple we spotted at a casino. I swear to you we were never going to hurt Rob, we just needed the money.

BRICK

Bitch, we all need money.

CELESTE

I knew it was wrong but Carlos convinced me, he said that we would keep him for a week, ask for ransom, return him and the whole thing would be over.

BRICK

Well that ain't exactly what happened now was it?

CELESTE

Carlos started getting involved with all these bad men, then he got greedy and just left with Rob, cutting me out completely. I begged him to just end it.

BRICK

Well it's ended now.

CELESTE

Brick, I just want to get Rob back to his family. Will you please just get Rob back home?

BRICK

This don't make no sense, how come
you had enough money to hire us
when you're the damn kidnappers...

Brick starts piecing things together.

BRICK

...you never had enough money to
pay us.

CELESTE

The five grand was everything I
have.

Brick ponders for a moment.

CELESTE

Will you and your brothers please
take Rob to the Durango Inn in
Jackson, Mississippi. That's where
I told his parents he would be. I
messed up but Rob didn't do
anything to deserve this.

Brick looks back to see McQueen pushing Rob's wheelchair out
of the store. McQueen and Rob are covered in merchandise and
snacks from the store.

BRICK

Did you send them biker women after
us?

CELESTE

No, that was Carlos, and he won't
stop.

BRICK

I hope you're not lying, because we
just killed five bitches. I won't
hesitate to make it six.

Brick slams the phone down.

MCQUEEN

We gotta go! We made the news!

Lincoln comes strolling out the door holding the land-line
phone and the little television from inside the store.

He chunks the phone away and tucks the little TV under his arm as though it was a football as they all pile into the Maverick.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Celeste sits for a moment drying her tears from her conversation with Brick.

She picks up the phone and dials a number from a note pad lying on the night stand.

Celeste snaps into a southern accent.

CELESTE

Yes, is Mr. Amberson in?

Celeste waits for a moment.

CELESTE

Mr. Amberson, I won't take much of your time, I'm sure you're busy so I'll just take a minute. Before you deny what I'm about to say I want you to know that I have proof and know for a fact that you are in deed Mr. Jonathan Spivo's Consigliary. You're far more than his lawyer, you handle all of his family business.

Celeste listens.

CELESTE

Now, I'm on your side. I want to help give you and your boss something he's been wanting back for a long time. I know who has his son Rob and I know where they are, and yes, this information will cost Mr. Spivo.

Celeste listens again.

CELESTE

I knew you would handle this situation much more gently than your employer.

(MORE)

CELESTE(cont'd)

And just to show you how much I appreciate your professional and discreet manner in this unfortunate situation, I'll tell you where the wife is for free.

Celeste watches the muted television as a news report is doing a story on the RED STABLE BAR shoot out.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLOS' HOUSE - DAY

Carlos is pacing back and forth while watching a news broadcast on the RED STABLE BAR shoot out.

He has several cleaning ladies scrubbing the blood stains out of his floor while he paces around them on his cell phone.

CARLOS

I don't know, I guess if you do the math, five whore assassins can't trump three retards and a cripple.

Carlos walks over to one of the cleaning ladies.

CARLOS

That looks great, when you get finished here can you hit the upstairs bathroom? Are you available full time?

Carlos goes back to his phone call.

CARLOS

Listen, I don't know where they are exactly! But as best I can guess they should be getting close to your area, but then again that's not my job to figure out. Isn't that your thing? You guys own the road or some shit like that?

Carlos listens.

CARLOS

That's fine, I don't care if you kill them, just bring me back the boy.

Carlos hangs up the phone and walks back over to the same cleaning lady.

CARLOS
These Mad Max sons of bitches
better bring it home. I am looking
to hire immediately.

CUT TO:

INT. MAVERICK - LATER

The brothers fly down the road as McQueen squints, from the passenger seat, at the tiny television that sits in his lap watching the ongoing news report. Brick drives as Lincoln and Rob are in the back.

BRICK
Damn it I needed to make another
call.

Lincoln digs in his front pocket and hands up a cell phone.

BRICK
Where'd you get this?

Without looking up from the screen McQueen answers.

MCQUEEN
Clerk gave it to us.

Brick dials and waits for an answer.

BRICK
This Brick.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Millard sits at his desk on his personal cell phone.

MILLARD
What the hell's going on? Why are
you in Texas?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MAVERICK - CONTINUOUS

BRICK

We were hired by a lady named Celeste Martin to grab this kid now we're kinda caught up in a shit storm.

MILLARD

I'd say. Where you heading?

MCQUEEN

They give us some faggoty name callin us the bar room brawlers.

BRICK

Would you shut up. Not you, we're on our way to the Durango Inn, Jackson, Mississippi. I think you might wanna check this kid's parents somethin just don't feel right about it.

MILLARD

I know exactly who you got. We've been doing some digging on our own and you're right you have stepped into a shit storm.

MCQUEEN

I swear if I find out who came up with that I'm gunna beat em with in a inch of their life.

BRICK

I said shut it!

Brick starts to punch McQueen grabbing the television and chunking it out the window. Millard can be heard through the cell phone asking what is happening. McQueen goes wide eyed as he can't believe Brick just threw his television out of the window.

MCQUEEN

The hell you did.

The Maverick swerves all over the road as Brick and McQueen bat at each other. McQueen manages to get the cell phone from Brick and tosses it out the window.

BRICK

You're a damn child.

MCQUEEN
You started it.

BRICK
Unbelievable. You haven't grown up
a damn bit...

McQueen looks back at Rob and makes faces as Brick talks.
Brick looks over and notices this.

BRICK
That's it.

Brick slams on the brakes and pulls over to the side of the road. He starts to punch McQueen but McQueen squirts out of the passenger side and runs. Brick climbs out and chases McQueen through a field. Lincoln gets out of the car and walks away.

Rob sits patiently watching all of this unfold.

Brick continues to chase McQueen while removing his belt.

BRICK
Come here! I'm not gonna do
anything!

MCQUEEN
Quit it! Quit it!

After a minute Lincoln comes back with cell phone in hand and gets back in the car.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Millard walks over to Reyes' cubicle he holds up his phone. Reyes sits leaning back in his office chair flipping through files.

MILLARD
Got it.

REYES
Yeah? Where are they?

MILLARD
Texas headed to Jackson. They said
they were hired by a Celeste Martin
to get the kid. See what you can
find on her.

REYES

What are you gonna do?

MILLARD

I'll try and contact the boy's mother.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LEXON FUELS - DAY

An old closed garage sits in a desolate area. Rust covers almost all of the three bay door structure that has an old tin sign which used to read: LEXON FUELS now has a JOLLY ROGER (pirate) logo painted over it.

The door, to what used to be, the office area springs open as MONTANE, 30, filthy leather clad leader emerges. He has long dreadlocks and his left eye is completely white.

He chews on a cigar as he squints at the sun. He puts on a pair of sunglasses that have one lens, to cover his functioning eye leaving the other side open to expose his white iris.

As Montane starts walking over toward the bay doors, SMOKE, 27, dust covered mechanic pops up and follows behind Montane.

SMOKE

Hood pirates!

The three bay doors rise up simultaneously.

RONDO, 33, massive and tattoo covered from head to toe emerges first.

TUCKER, 20, thin and ripped, follows behind.

MEWES, 33, short and stocky brings up the rear.

They all fall in line as a black flat bed truck pulls out of the middle garage door. It is modified to look similar to a sailing vessel, with wooden sides complete with gun ports and an eleven foot crows nest that rises from the middle.

DIGG, 21, bearded Rastafarian, drives the impressive truck that reads: THE NUBIAN PRINCESS across the back. All of the other Hood Pirates climb aboard as it is pulling away from the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. MAVERICK - DAY

Brick drives as McQueen sits in complete silence in the passenger seat. He is flipping through the pages on an old ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE. Lincoln sits in the back helping Rob eat a burger.

BRICK

How long you had that one?

McQueen says nothing to Brick as he is still fuming from their earlier altercation.

BRICK

You should have got you some new ones back there.

MCQUEEN

Well what do you want me to do?
It's not like I can watch my TV.

The two sit in silence.

BRICK

Did anybody ever tell you about our oldest brother?

MCQUEEN

No.

BRICK

I know he died before you were born, I just didn't know if anybody ever told you anything.

MCQUEEN

What about him?

BRICK

He was...ah, he was like Rob.

MCQUEEN

Bull shit.

BRICK

I'm serious. I barely remember myself, but I do remember that.

MCQUEEN

He was in a wheelchair and all that?

BRICK

I don't think so, at least not what I remember.

MCQUEEN

How come you've never said anything about this?

BRICK

I don't know. I was embarrassed.

MCQUEEN

Well damn, it's not like you was the one all buggered up.

BRICK

I'm telling you now.

McQueen ponders the new information.

MCQUEEN

How'd he die?

BRICK

Not sure. He was there one day and gone the next. That's about all I know.

The two sit in silence for a moment.

MCQUEEN

What was his name?

Brick contemplates the question.

BRICK

Nothing, they never named him.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Nubian Princess is barrelling down the highway. Tucker is perched in the crows nest with a pair binoculars looking down the road.

He spots the Oodies Maverick ahead in the distance.

TUCKER

Got them bitches dead ahead.

Digg steps on the gas while all the other member of the HP, that are in the back, start gathering weapons.

Montane raises a JOLLY ROGER FLAG (skull & cross bones) to the top of the crow's nest.

The Hood Pirates cheer.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MAVERICK - CONTINUOUS

Brick is listening to McQueen when he double takes into the rear view mirror.

MCQUEEN

...I mean what the Hell? I know daddy was a sack of shit, but not gonna name a kid because he's got a case of the cripples,...that's just, that's just... wrong.

BRICK

What the hell?

Brick's eyes are fixated on the mirror and not the road in front of them at all.

MCQUEEN

What?

McQueen turns around to see the Nubian Princess gaining on them rather quickly.

MCQUEEN

You want to step it up a bit?

BRICK

Yeah, I'm gonna do that.

Brick puts the accelerator to the floor as McQueen and Lincoln start loading guns.

BRICK

Strap him in.

The Nubian Princess catches up to the Maverick and pulls along side them. Only Digg, the driver, is visible.

MCQUEEN

What the hell is this mess?

McQueen sticks a shotgun out the window and points it at Digg.

MCQUEEN

Hey! Stankhead! You best back the hell off!

DIGG

Is that all you got?

The gun ports along the side of the Princess open up as shotguns spring from all three port openings.

MCQUEEN

Ah Hell, Brick!

Brick sees the arsenal and slams on the breaks.

MONTANE

FIRE!

The Maverick burns rubber off of the tires as the Princess flies by firing all their guns. They miss the brunt of the assault, but the radiator is hit.

Smoke begins to poor out from under the hood of the Maverick.

BRICK

They did not just do that.

Brick once again steps on the gas.

Now with the Maverick behind the Princess McQueen hangs himself out of the passenger side window. Lincoln does the same on the driver side as they both fire shotgun blast into the back of the Princess, which they are now within ten feet of.

Their blast are merely scratching the surface of the back of the Princess.

The mayhem passes by a POLICE CAR sitting behind a ground level billboard.

CUT TO:

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

The cop in the passenger seat reaches over and flips on the siren, the cop in the driver seat immediately flips it back off.

COP 1

Now I don't know about you, but my pension plan don't cover shit like that.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MAVERICK - CONTINUOUS

MCQUEEN

It's steel! We got to get the driver!

BRICK

I know, but that means we got to go past that!

Brick looks ahead as weapons protrude from the gun ports that run along both sides of the Princess.

MCQUEEN

We need to do something because we ain't gonna last too much longer!

BRICK

What?!

MCQUEEN

I don't know! I just know we need something!

CUT TO:

INT. NUBIAN PRINCESS - CONTINUOUS

All of the Hood Pirates are manning guns along the side.

MONTANE

Get the anchor ready!

Mewes and Tucker grab a grappling hook with a line attached.

MONTANE

Hook the driver!

RONDO

They're making their move!

Tucker shimmies up to the crow's nest and looks to target the Maverick.

TUCKER

Shit!

MONTANE

What?

Lincoln comes flying, through radiator and muzzle smoke, over the walls and into the back of the Nubian Princess.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MAVERICK - CONTINUOUS

McQueen gets back into his seat as Brick keeps as close to the Princess as he can.

Brick and McQueen look at each other in amazement.

BRICK

Well, that definitely was something.

All they can do is watch as muzzle flashes and stray bullets come from the back of the ship.

Tucker, the only Hood Pirate visible to the Maverick, is yanked down by the ankle from the crow's nest.

Blast are continually heard as the Princess swerves violently.

MCQUEEN

Shit, this ain't good.

McQueen hangs himself back out the window.

MCQUEEN

Get me close!

BRICK

They're slowing down!

The Nubian Princess begins to slow down as the Maverick pulls along side of it. McQueen shoots the front right side tire.

The sound of gears grinding shrieks out from the Princess.

BRICK

I said they were slowing down.

As soon as Brick pulls them even with the cab of the truck McQueen extends the shotgun to find Lincoln in the driver seat struggling with the manual transmission.

The vehicles come to a stop.

They are the only things visible on an endless stretch of two-lane highway.

McQueen hops out immediately and trots over to Lincoln. Brick jumps out but turns to Rob.

BRICK
You doing okay? Just hang tight,
I'm gonna be right back.

Brick follows McQueen.

Lincoln opens the door and climbs out over a dead Digg, in the passenger seat.

MCQUEEN
How the shit did you pull that off?

Lincoln holds his side to cover over a bloodied gun shot wound.

McQueen sticks his gun into the cab of the Princess first, then follows with his head.

He finds a massive hole Lincoln blasted into the cab from the back of the truck.

MCQUEEN
Big ass loves making holes.

Brick climbs over the side of the truck to take a look at the carnage in the back.

BRICK
Shit!

He jumps back down and sees Lincoln leaning against the Maverick.

BRICK
Hey! Where'd they get ya?

Lincoln lifts his hand to expose the bloody pool on his side.

BRICK
Ah shit man, I think that's a
little past McQueen's stitch up
level.

Lincoln reaches in the car and grabs his Speak-n-spell.

He types.

SPEAK-N-SPELL
Fine.

BRICK
You are not fine. That's an ass
load of blood.

Lincoln types again.

SPEAK-N-SPELL
I said fine.

BRICK
Okay.

Lincoln tosses his speak-n-spell back into the car.

Brick sticks his finger into Lincoln's side wound. Before
Lincoln can swat Brick's hand away he grimaces in extreme
pain then passes out.

BRICK
Fine my ass. Told you.

Brick goes around to the front of the Maverick and pops the
hood.

Smoke billows out as he finds most of the radiator in shards.

BRICK
Ah, shit.

Brick looks around, in all directions, for any sign of life

BRICK
McQueen! Come on! We got to get him
into town.

McQueen ambles back over to the Maverick adorned in a hodge-
podge of all the Hood Pirate's regalia.

MCQUEEN
(imitating Johnny Depp)
*Remember this as the day you almost
shot McQueen Oodie. What are we
doing?*

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Lincoln is passed out in Rob's wheelchair as Brick pushes it down the side of the highway. Rob is on McQueen's back wrapped up in a pappous made from the jolly roger flag. The brothers and Rob are all decked out in hood pirate gear. A bag of guns is strapped on top of Lincoln. A WHITE VAN approaches in the distance slowing as it nears.

Brick and McQueen begin to reach for their weapons.

A Mexican man is driving, his wife sits in the passenger's seat holding a baby. Brick releases his grip on his gun but McQueen stays tense eyeballing the baby.

MEXICAN FATHER
Do you guys need a ride?

MCQUEEN
Watch at baby.

Brick gives McQueen a look.

MCQUEEN
Don't act like it couldn't happen.

BRICK
Na, we're alright.

MEXICAN FATHER
You're friend. He looks pretty bad.

BRICK
He's alright.

The Mexican man notices blood trickling down off of the wheelchair.

MEXICAN FATHER
Listen it's none of my business...

BRICK
You're right, it ain't so why don't
you keep movin.

MEXICAN FATHER

The nearest hospital is 30 miles
away I don't think your friend will
make it.

BRICK

Hospital ain't gonna help us no
way.

MEXICAN FATHER

Then let my sister take a look at
him. She is a nurse.

Brick looks over to McQueen who shakes his head no.

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN VAN - LATER

Lincoln is laying in the middle of the van as ARIANA, 27
BEAUTIFUL HISPANIC WITH STRIKING FEATURES, looks over his
wound. Brick, McQueen, Rob and a small Mexican child sit on
the floor of the van as they all look on.

ARIANA

What's his name?

BRICK

Lincoln.

ARIANA

Lincoln? Can you hear me?

She slaps the nonresponsive Lincoln.

ARIANA

How long has he been out?

BRICK

Bout an hour.

ARIANA

I can stitch your friend up but he
really needs a hospital.

BRICK

Ain't got time for that just do
what you can...and he's my brother.

She notices the bad stitch job on his back.

ARIANA
What happened here?

MCQUEEN
I did that.

ARIANA
The stabbing or the stitches?

McQueen chuckles.

Ariana does not.

MCQUEEN
The stitches.

ARIANA
It's a miracle he hasn't died of infection.

MCQUEEN
I poured whiskey on it.

ARIANA
Let me guess, you saw it in a movie.

MCQUEEN
Several.

ARIANA
The human body is meant to endure but he is pushing it. He's going to need to rest for a couple of weeks.

BRICK
We ain't got that option.

ARIANA
Gringo estúpido.

BRICK
What'd you say? Don't be talking that shit to me.

ARIANA
I said you're stupid. Willing to risk the life of your brother for what?

BRICK
Now you listen here.

ARIANA

No you listen, I don't care what you are mixed up in but if you want your brother to live then you better listen to me.

BRICK

Don't talk like you know me. My brothers is all I got. Think I want him lying here like this? Huh?

MCQUEEN

Brick!

ARIANA

And what about him?

Ariana looks over to Rob.

ARIANA

Is he your brother too?

BRICK

Just fix him please.

Ariana nods and goes back down to stitching.

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN VAN - LATER

Lincoln is propped up in the back of the van. The color in his face is starting to come back. He has bandages around his mid section and a new dressing over his old stab wound.

McQueen and the small Mexican boy are asleep curled up near one another.

There is still a tension between Brick and Ariana

BRICK

He gonna be alright?

ARIANA

Like I said before that's up to you.

BRICK

Where'd you learn to do all that?

ARIANA

I was a nurse back in Peru.

BRICK
Why'd you come here?

ARIANA
Our town was run by a man who
didn't care about the well being of
the people. After our father was
murdered I couldn't stay and put
the rest of my family at risk.

BRICK
Somebody shoulda kicked his ass.

ARIANA
Violence only brings more violence.
We may have had peace for awhile
but then somebody else would have
taken over. Good people become
corrupt and it all starts again.

Brick begins to light a cigarette.

ARIANA
Don't do that.

Brick puts the cigarette back in the pack.

BRICK
So what do you do now?

ARIANA
I clean rooms at a Holiday Inn.

BRICK
Why don't you be a nurse here?

ARIANA
Hospitals don't hire illegals.

BRICK
Then get legalized.

ARIANA
Your country doesn't make it easy
on us.

BRICK
How hard can it be? Just go tell
somebody or something you wanna be
legal. I mean you speak our
language, that's better than most
of you.

ARIANA
You're ignorance is unbelievable.

BRICK
Well you're chicken shit. Hiding in
a Holiday Inn when you got smarts.

ARIANA
Yeah I've settled and yes I may be
chicken shit but it beats watching
my friends and family die for
nothing.

BRICK
But you're a nurse, it's you're
job.

ARIANA
Is that why you do this? Because
it's your job?

BRICK
Some of us ain't got a choice.

ARIANA
Everybody has a choice. People like
me lose interest in healing the
world because people like you have
too much fun in destroying it.

Brick is taken back.

BRICK
Well that's not very nice.

McQueen rolls over.

MCQUEEN
Would you two do it already, me and
Pepe are tryin to sleep.

McQueen lays back down keeping one eye open.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The VAN flies down the highway passing a green milage sign on
the side of the road.

SIGN READS: BRANDON 5, GLUCKSTADT 15, JACKSON 35

CUT TO:

INT. CARLOS' HOUSE - LATER

Carlos sits on his couch reading a magazine and eating a sandwich. The phone rings, he quickly grabs it and answers with a mouth full of food.

CARLOS

Talk to me Montane, you bringing my boy back?

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Celeste, on the other end of the phone, is packing a suitcase that lays on her bed. She stuffs bikinis, shoes, and sundresses into the small carry on piece of luggage.

CELESTE

Montane, huh? You went for theatrics in round two. Nice choice me matey.

CARLOS

You beautiful filthy bitch.

CELESTE

How's it feel you piece of shit? Did you think I was going to let you get away with this?

CARLOS

You haven't won yet.

CELESTE

Please. I'm sure you've seen what my boy toys did to your whores, it's over. Just be happy I didn't let them kill you too.

CARLOS

What happened here sugar? We were happy once, right?

CELESTE

By tomorrow Rob will be back with his family and I'll be off with all the money you planned on swiping.

CARLOS

Now that just hurts.

CELESTE

I'm having my boys drop him at our old honeymoon spot. Mob Spivo's going to pay big because I also let it slip where mom Spivo's been hiding, Oops.

CARLOS

My God, you are evil. I miss you.

CELESTE

You forced me to improvise you greedy little bastard.

CARLOS

The Durango Inn? Right?

CELESTE

How sweet, you remembered. I figured you screwed me good there so I'd repay the favor.

CARLOS

Why are you even telling me this?

CELESTE

Salt in the wound. I win. You lose. Bitch.

Celeste hangs up the phone. Carlos smashes is repeatedly on the counter top.

Even though the phone receiver is smashed to bits Carlos still picks it up and screams into it.

CARLOS

Durango Inn it is! Now, I'm going to have to kill the boy just for spite! See how much Spivo trust you when Rob's head is on his door step!

The new house keeper is working in the background.

Carlos looks like he's going to explode.

CARLOS

Hey sweetheart. Can you hand me my pills?

CUT TO:

EXT. DURANGO INN - DAY

An old sign sits high in the sky. Most of the bulbs are smashed or blown out, but it still clearly reads: THE DURANGO INN.

The MEXICAN VAN is pulling into the parking lot of what is left of the Durango Inn Motel. The run down property sits off of an old highway that hasn't had traffic or seen costumers in ten years. Nothing can be seen around the property, just dust and dead foliage surround the Inn for as far as the eye can see.

ARIANA

Are you sure this is where you want us to drop you?

BRICK

Yeah, this is it.

The van parks for a moment.

The side cargo doors open and McQueen hops out first. He then pulls Rob out in his wheel chair.

Brick helps a weakened Lincoln get out of the van.

ARIANA

It's none of my business, but whatever it is that's about to go down here, please keep the kid safe. He doesn't deserve this.

BRICK

Nothing bad is gonna go on, we're just gonna finish up a job.

ARIANA

I'm foreign, not stupid. I've seen a lot of bad things and most of them start like this.

Brick gives Ariana a knowing smirk.

ARIANA
And change his bandages, I don't
want to lose another patient.

Ariana winks at Brick and shuts the door.

Brick, McQueen, and Lincoln stand and wave goodbye to the van
as the brother, his wife and baby sit in the front seat
waving back wearing the Hood Pirate gear.

BRICK
Thank you guys.

MCQUEEN
Much appreciate it. It hardly
stank in there.

BRICK
Don't be a dick.

Brick smacks McQueen.

MCQUEEN
I'm just playing.

The cell phone rings in Lincoln's pocket.

BRICK
Where's that comin from?

MCQUEEN
Lincoln's pants.

BRICK
Grab it out see who it is.

Lincoln shoots Brick a look, grimaces and pulls the phone out
himself handing it to Brick.

MCQUEEN
Answer it.

BRICK
You answer it. This ain't even our
phone how's somebody gonna be
callin us?

MCQUEEN
Give it here.

McQueen grabs the phone from Brick and answers.

MCQUEEN
Hello.

MILLARD
You guys make it to Jackson?

MCQUEEN
Who is this?

MILLARD
It's Millard.

MCQUEEN
Shit man you're a good detective
how'd you know to call this phone?

MILLARD
Let me talk to Brick.

MCQUEEN
Here he is.

Brick grabs the phone.

BRICK
Hello.

MILLARD
Listen we talked to Teresa, Rob's
mom, Celeste never had any
intention of turning Rob in to her.
Turns out Celeste called Jonathan's
people.

BRICK
Who?

MILLARD
Jonathan Spivo, Rob's dad, Spivo
crime syndicate. A bad guy alright,
point is she told them you guys
were the kidnappers.

BRICK
The hell for?

MILLARD
Seems Jonathan had a reward posted
for information on his son. She
even told them where Teresa was, we
got the local authorities headed to
pick her up now.

BRICK
I'm fuckin confused.

MILLARD

Celeste sold you guys out! You got an angry crime boss that wants you dead and who the hell else knows gunning for you.

BRICK

Not much we can do about it now.

MILLARD

Just hold tight we'll get there as soon as we can.

Brick hangs up the phone.

MCQUEEN

What'd he say?

Brick looks at Rob.

BRICK

Why didn't you tell us your dad was a crime boss?

Rob sinks his head.

BRICK

Hey buddy I'm only messing with you.

(to McQueen)

Does Runt still live in Meridian?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Reyes and Millard get ready to get on the road. Millard passes by Reyes, sitting at his desk. He hangs his phone up.

MILLARD

I think it's about time we put a stop to this.

Reyes stands up behind Millard.

REYES

I couldn't agree more.

Click sound.

Reveal that Reyes has pulled a gun on Millard. Millard doesn't turn around.

MILLARD

I knew you weren't married.

REYES

Detective Millard, you are under arrest for corruption and aiding and abetting known felons. You have--

MILLARD

Cut the CSI. Who sent you under me?

REYES

Assistant DA has been under a major campaign to clean house. That's all districts, even chicken shacks like this one. You gotta watch the news more often Robert.

Millard turns around.

MILLARD

Robert? Is that what my file says?

REYES

You've shuffled your duty as a law enforcer for years. You should be ashamed.

MILLARD

Three damned months...

REYES

And how many lives were lost? Trash taking out trash? You think you got a system here? You're a joke.

MILLARD

You lying little punta.

REYES

The only system is the one that writes our checks. The one that I took an oath to. You want be a vigilante? You want to be batman? Have no fear, with the case I built on you, you're gonna be wearing the same suit for a long time.

Cops walk in.

REYES

Take him.

MILLARD
Before you guys do that. I gotta
know one thing.

Reyes motions to the cops to allow him to speak.

REYES (ALL SMILES)
What's that Robert?

Millard points at his face.

MILLARD
Does that hurt?

REYES
What?

Millard CLOCKS him. Reyes falls over his desk.

REYES
Get him out of here!!

The cops grab Millard and drag him away. Reyes wipes a spot
of blood off his mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVERSTAR CASINO - DAY

The four story SILVERSTAR CASINO sits attached to it's eight
story HOTEL in Philadelphia, MS. Cars, buses, and motorcycles
liter the massive parking lot. A colorful electronic marquee
sign sits atop the set of four revolving doors at the
entrance of the casino. The sign reads: SILVERSTAR CASINO
OWNED AND OPERATED BY A BAND OF MISSISSIPPI CHOCTAW INDIANS.

The revolving doors begin to spin as seven leather vest
wearing Native Americans exits the casino. Their eyes never
look anywhere but straight ahead as they emerge stoically.

They all have long straight hair, that is pulled back tightly
in a pony tail. Their vests have an emblem stitched across
their backs of two crossing tomahawks and a banner that
reads: THE NATION

They all fall into a "V" formation as they descend down the
front steps into the parking lot. They are led by CHOGAN, 40,
chiseled physique under leathery skin, who leads them to
their motorcycles that sit parked in HANDICAPPED spaces
directly in front of the casino.

HELAKU, 27, tall and lean follows behind Chogan. Helaku is bare chested and scar free underneath his vest.

LOKNI, 22, thick and vascular, accompanies Helaku.

KANGEE, 30, fit but broken, follows behind Lokni and Helaku. He has a slight limp and heavy blade scars pour down his arms and out the sleeves of his stained white V neck t-shirt he wears under his vest. The tattoo of a CROW rest on the right side of his neck.

TAKODA, 38, medium build, wears a long sleeve thermal shirt under his vest in order to conceal burn scars that creep up his neck and approach his face.

NEKA, 24, thin and ripped, has chunks of red and purple died into his hair. He wears a massive belt buckle that reads: SMALLPOX? REALLY?

NASTAS, 27, tall and muscular, has a six inch scar right at his hair line and adorns braided scalps down the seams of his vest.

They pull new stainless silver hatchets and sawed off shotguns from saddle bags at the back of their bikes and mount them into holsters near the gas tanks.

The Nation mount their individual model of vintage Indian Motorcycles and roar through the parking lot, nearly running over several patrons that are in their way.

CUT TO:

EXT. DURANGO INN - DAY

Brick and McQueen kick the door to one of the rooms in. Dust stirs everywhere unlocking a room that's been vacant for several years. Spider webs hang from the ceiling and across the door frame, signs are stapled to the plywood covering the windows that reads "Condemned". Brick looks at the sign.

BRICK
That's fitting.

Brick and McQueen help Lincoln into the room and lay him down on a ratty mattress that sits on the floor in the corner. Graffiti covers the floral pattern wallpaper.

MCQUEEN
If we make it through this you
think your girlfriend can let us
stay at a nice hotel for once?

BRICK
Just grab the bag.

McQueen steps back outside and tosses the bag through the door. Brick steps outside with McQueen and strikes up a cigarette.

BRICK
Well I guess we better have a look
around see what we got to work
with.

MCQUEEN
What about Rob?

BRICK
You can bring him, just leave
Lincoln to rest.

McQueen steps back inside and wheels Rob out of the door.

MCQUEEN
Did you try Runt again?

BRICK
Can't, seems they finally shut the
phone off.

MCQUEEN
Lasted longer than I thought.

McQueen continues to pop wheelies with Rob's wheelchair.

EXT. CUTTER'S GARAGE - DAY

A gravel parking lot surrounds a pieced together mechanic's garage. The sheets of tin metal look like patch work thrown together to create the outer walls of the building.

Singing can be heard from inside the garage. The garage door is lifted open revealing RUNT BEGGLEY, 30, he stands at 5'6" his hair is greased back. He appears to have just crawled out of the engine of a car. His faded wranglers are held up by a belt that has RUNT branded into the back of it and a rebel flag belt buckle. He has on a sleeveless button up shirt with a wife beater underneath. He holds a chain in his hand that is attached to the feet of a man lying on the ground behind him.

RUNT
(singing)
Can't pay on time now you gotta
ride the train on out in the mornin

Runt exits the garage dragging the body behind him. The man is bloodied bound and gagged obviously trying to plead with Runt.

RUNT
(singing)
Gonna find my hammer in this truck
gonna find that hammer and fix you
up.

Runt opens the door to his 1987 CHEVY SILVERADO he notices the light blinking on his cell phone. He picks it up to check the voice mail. He continues to hum while digging through a tool box pulling out a small hammer putting it back and grabbing a bigger one. The man on the ground continues to plead through the piece of clothe shoved in his mouth.

RUNT
(singing)
Gotta improvise cause my cousin's
are in trouble. I was just gonna
beat you with hammer now I'm gone
drag you with my truck.

While Runt is singing he grabs the chain and wraps it around the trailer hitch on the truck. The man begins to kick and wail violently.

CUT TO:

EXT. MERIDIAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - LATER

Runt's truck pulls into the parking lot while an empty chain rattles on the pavement as it drags behind the truck. The school is average looking. Children can be heard playing on the playground that is nothing but a cloud of dust. Runt gets out of the truck and makes his way up to the front of the school.

CUT TO:

INT. MERIDIAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Runt enters the principal's office. From the inside everything is very plain, it obviously hasn't been renovated in several years.

A SECRETARY, 70, wrinkled and sweaty, sits pecking away on a 1990 macintosh computer. A SMALL GIRL, 7, blonde with what used to be pigtails, sits waiting in one of the chairs. Her pink dress is filthy, obviously from romping around on the playground. The secretary looks up as Runt enters.

SECRETARY

May I help you?

RUNT

Yes ma'am I need to speak with
Dirt, I mean Maxwell...Carter?

SECRETARY

And you are?

RUNT

I'm his brother, it's a family
emergency.

SECRETARY

Have a seat I'll call him up, I
think it's his free period.

Runt sits down in a chair next to the little girl.

SECRETARY

(into intercom)

Mr. Carter, please report to the
main office...

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

DIRT BEGGLEY, 28, 5'10" exudes rock star, with leather pants to contrast his short sleeve button down dress shirt. His clip on tie completes the ensemble as he leans on the teachers desk making out with a SEXY FEMALE TEACHER in an empty classroom.

SECRETARY

(through the speaker)

...Mr. Carter, please report to the
main office.

They never even look up from their throes of passion.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MERIDIAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

RUNT
(to little girl)
Whatcha in for?

LITTLE GIRL
I kicked Bobby Gayles in the penis.

RUNT
Did ya now? Why'd you do that?

LITTLE GIRL
Because he called me a bad word.

RUNT
Yeah? What'd he call you?

The little girl leans over to whisper into Runt's ear. Runt's face goes sour.

RUNT
The hell are they teaching you kids these days? If he calls you that again you grab him up like this by the side of the mouth and you snatch...
(runt grabs the side of his mouth and demonstrates a fish hook maneuver)

DIRT enters the office. He's sweaty and disheveled as he tucks the remainder of his shirt back into his pants.

As he rounds the corner he spots Runt first.

SECRETARY
Mr. Carter you have a visi...

DIRT
What're you doing here?

RUNT
(whispering)
We got a call from Brick uh sees they run into some "trouble" down in Jackson and could use some "assistance" with some guns.

Dirt shakes his head at Runt's inability to be discreet.

DIRT

Nancy I'm gonna need to take the rest of the day. Family emergency.

SECRETARY

Mr. Carter do you propose I get a substitute for a substitute?

DIRT

Well yeah I suppose.

(flirtin)

Come on Nancy you know I wouldn't do this to you if it weren't *real* important.

SECRETARY

Well I guess I can watch'em next period. Go on and get out of here. Can we expect you tomorrow?

DIRT

Lord willing and the creek don't rise.

As Runt is about to walk out of the office he looks back to address the little girl.

RUNT

(to little girl)

Member what I said, grab and snatch.

LITTLE GIRL

Yes sir.

The little girl attempts to mimic the move on herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. MERIDIAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The brothers exit the building and head toward the truck. Dirt rips off his tie and takes off his shirt revealing a stained LYNARD SKYNARD t-shirt underneath.

DIRT

You know you were draggin a chain?

RUNT

Yep.

Runt grabs the chain off of the hitch and slings it into the back of the truck. The brothers get in and fire it up. Runt throws the truck in reverse and peels out of the school parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. RUNT'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

DIRT

What's Brick got himself mixed up in this time?

RUNT

Don't much know, he left a message. Said they were at the Durango Inn outside of Jackson. I tried callin him back but I just got some ole man yellin at me. Must be somethin bad he asked us to bring everything.

DIRT

Be a good opportunity to break out the new toy.

RUNT

I reckon it would.

Dirt cranks up the radio as Runt steps on it speeding down the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. DURANGO INN - LATER

The Oodie brothers have set up in one of the rooms of the inn. Brick has all the artillery available to them laid out on the floor around them. Lincoln still lays on top of the mattress in the corner asleep. Brick chambers shells into one of the shotguns.

CUT TO:

EXT. DURANGO INN - CONTINUOUS

McQueen sits on the ground and Rob sits next to him in his wheelchair.

MCQUEEN

You scared?

Rob nods yes.

MCQUEEN

Bout damn should be with what you've seen the past two days. Shit man we've had some good times though. I'll never forget the look on your face when them Fire Bangers grabbed you, I thought sure as shit you were gonna get up outta that chair and round house kick one of them bitches right in the face.

Rob smirks at this comment.

MCQUEEN

For what it's worth I think you deserve more than what you've been through. Ain't right people using you just because you can't help yourself. I know you may not have had a lot of people in your life you could look up to and I sure as hell ain't tellin you to look up to us, I just want you to know we're gonna do everything we can to keep you from getting hurt. I better go in and see if Brick needs my help. Why don't you just stay out here and be the lookout.

McQueen stands up and slaps Rob on the back. He goes inside the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DURANGO INN - CONTINUOUS

McQueen looks at the supplies on the floor.

MCQUEEN

That ain't much.

BRICK

It'll have to do.

MCQUEEN

What's the plan?

BRICK

Just do what it is we know to do,
shoot what moves and sort it out
later.

MCQUEEN

You think they'll come?

BRICK

I don't know.

McQueen watches Brick for a moment.

MCQUEEN

Brick.

BRICK

Yeah.

MCQUEEN

Why you reckon God make somebody
like him?

BRICK

What?

MCQUEEN

Why would God let somethin like
that be wrong with him.

BRICK

Shit man why are you askin me
something like that?

MCQUEEN

I don't know, me and Rob was talkin
outside and it got me thinkin about
it.

BRICK

I don't question why God made men
like him. I question why he made
men like us.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: Teresa Spivo is being escorted from her home by two MISSISSIPPI STATE TROOPERS. Blue lights bounce off of everything as they walk down the drive way toward the parked vehicles. Right before Teresa gets in the back of the police car she makes eye contact with a MAN, she recognizes, that is driving by very slowly.

He winks at her and shakes his head.

Reyes is barrelling down the interstate toward Jackson, with a group of cop cars in tow. They pass by a green INTERSTATE SIGN that reads: JACKSON 60.

Nation members fly down a small two lane highway toward Jackson. As they pass by a SIGN that reads: PELAHATCHIE, MS HOME OF THE WEST PELAHATCHIE RED SKINS; Chogan whips out a tomahawk and fires it into the sign.

Brick and McQueen are getting themselves ready for battle. They are laying out assorted weapons, Lincoln's condition seems to worsen, as he is pale white and sweating profusely.

CUT TO:

INT. DURANGO INN - DAY

Brick and McQueen are surveying Lincoln's condition as he lays soaking sweat into the mattress.

MCQUEEN
He ain't lookin too good.

Brick slaps McQueen.

BRICK
Outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DURANGO INN - CONTINUOUS

Brick and McQueen step outside the room.

MCQUEEN
Shit man, we need to get him some water or something.

BRICK
I know.

MCQUEEN
I saw a little mom and pop shop about mile out when we was coming in. I'll run up there.

BRICK
Yeah, that'd be good.

McQueen runs back inside the room while Brick lights a cigarette.

BRICK
And get some soup or something, and
something for the kid.

McQueen comes out the room wheeling Rob.

MCQUEEN
He can pick it out himself.

McQueen wheels Rob past Brick.

BRICK
What the hell you doing?

MCQUEEN (O.C.)
I need some company.

CUT TO:

INT. MOM AND POP SHOP - LATER

McQueen is pushing Rob as they go inside the little store.
The Mom and Pop Shop has a hodge podge of items ranging from
milk in a cooler to motor oil and cowboy hats.

MCQUEEN
We found the mother load.

Rob smirks.

McQueen wheels Rob over to the toy and canned meats aisle.
McQueen spots a toy gun and removes it from it's packaging.

MCQUEEN
(announces)
I'm gonna pay for it don't worry.
(to Rob) When you open up stuff in
a store you got to pay for it.
Nobody taught me that when I was
young. Cops taught me that one.

McQueen looks up to find an old barber style razor hanging at
the end of the isle.

He looks at Rob holding the gun and thinks...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

McQueen is pushing Rob down the side of the highway. A bag full of supplies hang from the back of Rob's chair as McQueen chews on a piece of beef jerky and Rob proudly sports a new mowhawk.

Runt's Silverado passes by the duo along the highway, then backs up to Rob and McQueen.

Runt and Dirt stick their heads out the passenger side window to check out McQueen and Rob.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Millard is in the back of a police car driving on a dirt road. He sees a gas station coming up in the distance.

MILLARD

Hey you boys mind if I stop and use the bathroom.?

COP

We got about fifteen minutes and we're at city headquarters.

MILLARD

C'mon please?

COP

No.

MILLARD

Mikey, I used to baby-sit you when you were twelve. I'm not going to try anything.

COP

Bobby I can't do it.

MILLARD

You know what urinary incontinence is? Involuntary leakage. I'm a diabetes patient and quite frankly I got weak bladder muscles. I pull over to the side of the road every four miles because of this shit, it's torture.

(MORE)

MILLARD(cont'd)

You know how it is to not be able
to buy a plane ticket unless you
can get an aisle seat? And the
smell, fuck sake, the smell--

COP

Alright! Pull over.

EXT. DURANGO INN - LATER

Brick has brought a chair out into the dirt parking area of the motel. He sits with his elbows on his knees looking down at the ground, smoking.

In the midst of complete quiet, he hears the faint sound of an engine.

He looks up.

In the distance he see's dust kicking up from a vehicle approaching.

Brick darts up and grabs a rifle he had lying next to his feet.

He targets the vehicle, through the mounted scope, that is quickly nearing.

BRICK

(to himself)

Guess It's gonna be just me and
you.

He tightens his grip as he prepares to squeeze the trigger.

As he is lining up the cross hairs he recognizes a mowhawk sporting Rob perched up in the back of the truck.

Rob screams with excitement as they make their way toward Brick.

BRICK

What the hell?

Dirt sticks his head out the passenger's side window yelling and bangs on the side of the truck as it roars into the parking lot in front of Brick.

MCQUEEN

Look who I found!

DIRT
(laughing)
Brick you filthy son of a bitch!
What were you plannin on doin with
that pea shooter?

BRICK
I was plannin on shootin your ass
in the face.

Dirt exits the vehicle and grabs Brick in a bear hug.

BRICK
Put me down you fag.

Runt exits the truck and comes around to greet Brick.

RUNT
This better not be about no blacks,
cause I don't do that no more.
Where's biggun?

BRICK
Inside shot to shit.

McQueen lowers Rob down from the back of the truck.

MCQUEEN
Don't worry I got some stuff for
him. I'll go in and see if I can
get him to eat anything.

Brick looks at Rob.

BRICK
You do that?

MCQUEEN
It was his idea.

McQueen wheels Rob toward the room.

BRICK
Damn it's good to see you two. What
you boys doin these days?

RUNT
Been workin as a bit of a tax
collector of sorts. Dirt here got
himself a job as a teacher.

BRICK

I knew Mississippi education was bad but damn.

DIRT

One good stolen identity and the world just opens up.

RUNT

So what kinda trouble you got? I assume it has somethin to do with that tard.

BRICK

Watch your tongue, don't call him that.

RUNT

Okay, don't get your dick in a pinch.

BRICK

I wish I could tell you what's headin this way, but judgin on what we've been through so far I just don't know.

RUNT

Why don't you boys just hop in the truck we'll stow you away at our place for a bit.

BRICK

Ain't no point. We've been tracked from El Paso to here we can't run no more. It ends here one way or another.

DIRT

Alright. God help whoever does show.

Dirt walks over to the bed of the truck and pulls a blanket off a bevy of guns. A crate sits to the side with U.S. Government stamped on the side.

BRICK

What's in the box?

RUNT
That there's a little special
treat.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUTER AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Celeste is sitting by herself on a row of seats in a sparsely populated commuter airport terminal.

She is fumbling through her large purse when a MAN, 55, casually dressed in business attire walks up and sits down in a seat that directly faces Celeste.

He opens up a news paper.

MAN
These gas prices are unbelievable.

Celeste looks up from her purse.

CELESTE
Excuse me?

The man drops the paper to his lap.

MAN
I said these gas prices are getting
out of control.

CELESTE
Oh, yeah. I don't think it's ever
going to end.

MAN
No, it's going to end.

Celeste smirks uncomfortably and goes back to her purse.

MAN
So where you headed?

CELESTE
Just taking a little vacation.

MAN

That's great. I guess you could go anywhere in the world, with the kind of money Mr. Amberson paid you.

Celeste drops her purse.

CELESTE

Look, we had a deal. It was a business arrangement. I didn't have anything to do with the Spivo kid being abducted. I just found out about it and called Mr. Amberson.

MAN

Ma'am I appreciate you telling me this, but I'm not the guy you need to explain this too.

CELESTE

Let's not bullshit each other here. What are going to do? I don't think you're going to kill me out here in public. You need me to get the money and I really don't think...

The man shoots five shots rapidly into her chest from a silenced nine millimeter concealed under the news paper.

Celeste is stopped in mid sentence as she falls back in her seat.

A few on lookers turn around, but do nothing since they are not sure what the five "thuds" they heard was.

MAN

Some things aren't about money.

The man gets up and walks over to Celeste who is gargling blood with her last breath.

MAN

You can't extort a man like Mr. Spivo. This will always happen.

The man walks away from Celeste down the terminal.

No one does a thing.

CUT TO:

EXT: GAS STATION

The cops who escorted Millard are waiting in their car. COP is twirling Millard's handcuffs around on his finger.

COP #2 notices.

COP #2
Did you take those off of him?

COP
Give the man some dignity.

COP #2
And you don't think that may have
been a bad idea?

COP
What's he gonna do? Climb through a
window?

They both take a moment and look at the bathroom door.

Knocking is heard on the bathroom door.

COP
You alright in there?

COP #2
Move.

The bathroom door is kicked in. The two cops find an open window in the bathroom.

COP #2
Shit!

Cop#2 immediately calls it in.

COP
I have never seen a window *like*
that in a bathroom!

EXT. DURANGO INN - LATER

Three black SUVs roll up in front of the motel. Eleven different men, wearing dark casual suits, emerge from the vehicles. They all have pistols or semi-automatic rifles.

RAY, 50, thick black coif of hair sits atop thick Italian man. He pulls a hand gun from a shoulder holster concealed under his navy blazer.

Ray and the men look around to find that all of motel doors have been kicked in.

RAY
I know you're here! Bring out Mr.
Spivo's son and all of this will go
away.

Ray leans over to one of his men.

RAY
Kill anything not in a wheelchair.

BRICK (O.C.)
Who the hell are you?

Ray looks around for the voice but finds nothing.

RAY
I'm the man sent to get Rob,
peacefully.

BRICK (O.C.)
All them damn guns look real
peaceful.

RAY
Yeah, yeah, yeah, just bring the
little bastard out!

BRICK (O.C.)
Runt!

Ray is rocketed to the ground.

The echo of Runt's sniper bullets rings all around the area.

Ray's men scatter as they look down to find Ray dead on the ground with blood pouring out of the bullet hole in his forehead spilling into his coif of hair.

Runt chambers another round while he lays hidden in a sniper's nest two-hundred yards away from the motel.

Brick pops out from room 27, at the back end of the property. He opens fire on the men and SUVs.

As they return fire, Brick ducks back into the room.

McQueen comes out of room 3, at the front end of the property.

He opens fire, drawing their attention away from Brick.

As the men turn to fire at McQueen, Brick pops out of room 14, in the middle of the property. He fires at the cluster of men, dropping two of them.

Even though, they are trying to hide behind their car doors, Runt is successfully piercing the doors landing kill shots.

RUNT
(to himself)
Saw that on Mythbusters. Don't
protect you from shit.

Brick retreats back into room 14, while McQueen burst out from room 11 firing away.

Bricks runs from inside room 14 through the adjoining door into room 15, through a hole they made in the wall into room 16, through it's adjoining door into room 17.

He pops out the door and fires at the disoriented men and the SUVs.

After he fires he ducks back into the room. He waits for a moment but doesn't hear the sound of McQueen's gunfire.

Brick peaks his head out to find one of the men holding McQueen at gun point.

He's using McQueen as a shield.

MCQUEEN
Brick!

Brick ducks back in.

BRICK
Yeah?!

MCQUEEN
This faggot guessed right!

RAY HENCHMEN
How long did you think this wak-a-mole shit was going to work?

MCQUEEN
We just needed it to work for a few minutes while Dirt set up.

RAY HENCHMEN

What?

MCQUEEN

Say cheese.

A shot drops McQueen as a bullet pierces his shoulder. McQueen's blood squirts all over the henchmen.

McQueen has to improvise and grabs the gun away from his assailant, shooting the henchmen in the heart.

The Henchmen drops, as McQueen looks at his shoulder mortified.

Dirt appears on the top of the roof.

He stands behind an M134 Gatlin gun. In a matter of thirty seconds, the gun sprays 1,500 bullets into the SUVs and the men tearing them all to shreds.

The hum of the mini gun is silenced as Dirt removes a pair of goggles he wears. He has a cigar crammed in the side of his mouth.

DIRT

We about done? I got a teachers conference I need to be at.

McQueen staggers out looking toward the sniper's nest.

MCQUEEN

(yelling)
What the hell? You never miss!

Helaku stands up proudly holding Runt's scalp in one hand and a bloody tomahawk in the other.

Helaku war cries.

Dirt immediately turns the Gatlin gun spraying bullets toward the sniper's nest chopping Helaku down.

His scream is silenced as he falls away from the gun with a tomahawk in the middle of his back.

Nastas mounts the fallen Dirt and begins to scalp him.

Takoda comes from around the corner on his motorcycle, directly toward McQueen who is out in the middle of the parking area.

BRICK
McQueen!

McQueen, without having to turn around to see what's coming, bolts back toward the motel.

Takoda is swinging a bola (rope with balls attached at each end) over his head and releases it to ensnare McQueen's legs.

McQueen drops to the ground.

Kangee, on his bike, coming from the opposite direction has a hook in his hand. He plans on snatching McQueen by the bola and dragging him to his death.

Right before Kangee drops low to grab McQueen he is shot off of his bike by Brick.

Kangee immediately springs back up and charges Brick.

He brandishes a tomahawk as he sprints, Brick attempts to chamber another round in his shotgun, but it jams.

Kangee fires the tomahawk at Brick.

All Brick can do is hold the shotgun out in front of him for protection.

As luck would have it, the tomahawk lands squarely in the wooden stock of the shotgun.

Brick looks up to see Kangee still coming.

With no other means of defense, and Kangee running top speed at Brick, Brick kicks Kangee squarely in the chest stopping him in mid run.

Brick then proceeds to stomp Kangee's head into mush as he lays at his feet.

Nastas, reloads the Gatlin gun and puts McQueen in the cross hairs. McQueen is attempting to get the bola from around his legs.

Several shots come up through the roof underneath Nastas feet striking him in the groin, chest, and ultimately his chin.

Nastas drops.

Lincoln staggers into the doorway of room 18, the room directly below the Gatlin gun. He can barely hold himself up.

McQueen sits on the ground in amazement.

Everything is quiet for a moment.

MCQUEEN
 (imitating a sickly Doc Holiday)
*Why Wyatt, I wasn't as sick as I
 let on.*

Lincoln staggers back into the room.

A bullet strikes the wall next to Brick's face splintering
 shards of the wall into his eye.

Brick drops to the ground holding his face.

MCQUEEN
 Hang on Brick!

McQueen gets the bola off his legs.

McQueen makes his way over to Brick dodging gunfire from the
 remaining Nation members taking cover behind the shards of
 SUVs.

Lincoln stumbles trying to reload the pump shotgun. He leans
 on the hole in the wall in between rooms 17 and 18. He looks
 to Rob sitting in the wheelchair, Rob turns, looks out the
 door and looks back to Lincoln, Lincoln's eyes widen. A gun
 shot is heard as a bullet strikes Rob in the chest. The
 impact of the bullet sends Rob's wheelchair rolling
 backwards. Lincoln blasts the open door frame before passing
 out on the floor.

McQueen makes it to the room with Brick and sees the
 wheelchair roll backwards through the passageways they
 created in the rooms.

MCQUEEN
 Rob!

McQueen grabs the tomahawk out of the rifle handle and gets
 up to rush Takoda.

BRICK
 Don't!

Brick grabs at McQueen trying to get him to sit back down.
 Bullets pepper the wall forcing Brick to retreat back into
 the room.

McQueen chunks the tomahawk at Takoda who catches it and
 prepares to refire at McQueen when McQueen pulls a revolver
 out and unloads on Takoda.

Takoda drops in mid air.

A bullet zips into McQueen's leg putting him to the ground near the SUVs. Brick continues to fire out of the door frame unable to see out of his left eye, he looks down the passage way to see Lincoln lying on his back in the floor and Rob slouched down in the wheelchair.

Bullets continue to pop all around Brick as he looks out the door to see Chogan approaching McQueen who is pulling himself over to one of the bodies laying on the ground going for a gun. Brick attempts to warn McQueen but isn't able to as Lokni and Neka continue to lay cover fire. Chogan grabs McQueen by the ankle and drags him away from the gun. He pulls McQueen up, drawing out his 10 inch blade from his side holster.

CHOGAN

Any last words?

McQueen struggles in Chogan's grip, the knife begins to dig into McQueen head.

McQueen spits in his face.

MCQUEEN

(screams)

Dirty savage!

Blood begins to stream down McQueen's face. A gunshot is heard, Chogan stops, two more shots ring out Chogan drop to the ground bringing McQueen with him. Millard stands behind Chogan with a pistol drawn. He then draws on Lokni and Neka. McQueen rolls over and stabs Chogan's dead body repeatedly with the knife.

MILLARD

Put your weapons down! On the ground, get on the ground!

Gunshots ring out.

Lokni and Neka fall to the ground Millard swings around to see Brick holding the smoking gun. Brick tosses the gun to the side and puts his hands in the air.

MILLARD

Put your hands down. Where's the kid?

Brick looks to the room and runs to check on Rob.

McQueen tires of stabbing Chogan and rolls over on his back exhausted. He looks at Millard's weapon.

MCQUEEN

Nice piece.

MILLARD

Found it on the ground. Quite a selection down there. You boys made a mess.

Brick enters the room and sees the bullet in the KEVLAR VEST Rob is wearing.

BRICK

Son of a bitch.

He shakes Rob who slowly wakes up. Millard and Reyes help McQueen to his feet.

BRICK

He's alright.

MCQUEEN

Where's the cavalry?

MILLARD

Oh, they're coming.

McQueen puts an arm around Millard as he helps him over to the room. Brick taps Lincoln's body with his foot. Lincoln barely opens one eye. Millard pulls McQueen into the room.

BRICK

Where'd this vest come from?

Lincoln motions to a bag in the corner several vests can be seen in it.

MCQUEEN

(laughing)

We had vests? We're getting all shot up and we got we got...

Millard lets go of McQueen who leans on the window sill.

They look outside to see a fleet of cop cars and SWAT vehicles surround the motel. Reyes emerges and takes the lead while uniform officers draw their weapons.

MCQUEEN

Is that your boy?

MILLARD

Not anymore.

Brick gives Millard a knowing look.

Reyes gets on a MEGAPHONE.

REYES

Alright boys, unless you can flush yourselves down the toilet, there's only one way out of there. Let's not make this dirty.

MCQUEEN

So what now?

They turn to Millard.

MILLARD

Don't look at *me*. I'm one of *you*.

Brick looks at one of the fallen Indians. He sees a carving of a Cheyenne Indian flag on one of their belt buckles. He points to the buckle area.

BRICK

You know what this is?

MCQUEEN

Dead In'gen cock.

BRICK

I'm talking about the belt buckle.

MCQUEEN

No.

BRICK

Any of you guys? That is a Cheyenne nation flag.

MCQUEEN

...and?

BRICK

Those were the boys that took down General Custer in little big horn. Ain't you never seen the movie?

REYES

You have two minutes to drop your weapons and come out or I'm sending my men in!

BRICK

What do you think was going through that general's head when he saw those warriors coming over the ridge?

Mcqueen looks at the blockade of cops.

MCQUEEN

Brother, if you have a point, could you get to it, seein as how we're all about to bleed out.

REYES

You have one minute!

BRICK

They want a show. They expect it. They think we're mindless animals.

MCQUEEN

Aren't we?

BRICK

Yeah, I guess we are. But I got enough sense to know it's better to be tried by twelve than carried by six. Besides, I ain't seen a cage that can hold us yet.

REYES

Thirty seconds!!

BRICK

Now we can go out there and satisfy our instincts. Give'em what they want, fuck it, I'll do it. I can get fired up like general Custer and be a legend in this hotel. That's the spot where some typical inbred dumb fuck got shot up by a bunch of cops....or...

MCQUEEN

Or what?

REYES

Your time is up! Come out now!

Beat.

BRICK

...We let Lincoln decide.

Lincoln types on his speak and spell. He plays it.

SPEAK-N-SPELL
(weird sputtering noise)

MCQUEEN
Holy shit. The batteries died.

MILLARD
Shall we?

EXT. PARKING LOT

Reyes stands firm in front of the cops.

REYES
Alright boys, let's get ready to
move!

Suddenly the men move out to of the hotel. The scene seems to
slow down as the wind covers the area with sandy dirt.

The cops tighten up as they lock on the boys. The boys all
have their hands behind their backs.

REYES
Get your hands on your head!!

An armed cop turns to another.

COP
Get ready.

The boys continue walking towards the blockade.

REYES
Get your hands on your head or we
will fire!!

The boys continue walking towards them. The cops seem anxious
as the boys creep towards them. Their trigger fingers loosen
up.

COP
Shit.

The boys get closer. Reyes nervously glances at his fellow
officers. He turns back to face the boys.

REYES
This is your last warning, I said
get your han---

BRICK
I heard what you said!!

The scene goes absolutely frozen.

The lot of them stand with baited breath, waiting on Brick's response. Reyes is silenced.

BRICK
Are you gonna yell like a little
bitch all day or you gonna arrest
us?

Brick puts his hands on his head. The rest of the boys follow suit.

Reyes and the cops are in shock.

The boys get on their knees.

The shouting of all the arresting officers is MUTED as they seize the men.

They push them all to the ground.

Brick looks to the right and sees a loose STRAY DOG looking at him.

As he gets cuffed, the dog takes a last look and runs off into the woods. Brick seems hopeful as he watches the dog proudly running through his territory.

Brick is helped to his feet.

Rob is taken out of the room. Reyes is holding Brick by the cuffs. Mcqueen and Lincoln are cuffed nearby.

BRICK
Can we talk to the boy?

The officer allows it. Brick bends over to eye level with Rob.

BRICK
You're a tough little shit. You
took a bullet today, and that makes
you a man. Don't let anybody take
that away from you. If we could
we'd keep you with us.

The boy tears up.

Mcqueen turns to him.

MCQUEEN

Listen buddy, you're gonna be on your own. We won't be there to protect you, but you can handle it. But if shit gets too hard, we'll find out. Don't you worry about how.

The boy smiles. Lincoln gives him an approving salute.

BRICK (SMIRKING)

Now fuck off.

The kid is rolled away, he looks back at the boys and smiles.

They are put into the squad cars.

Brick is put in the same car with Millard.

BRICK

Where they takin him?

MILLARD

They'll send him back to his mother and relocate the both of them. They'll be fine. Now us on the other hand.

BRICK

You let me worry about that. Any idea where they'll stick us?

MILLARD

I'm guessing St. Martin.

BRICK

Is that a fact?

The two give each other a smirk.

BRICK

Seein as we'll be in the pokey, you still want me to call you detective?

MILLARD

I'd rather you didn't.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLOS' HOUSE - DAY

Carlos sits in his living room watching an episode of DEAL OR NO DEAL, when a news broadcast interrupts the program.

NEWS REPORTER ON TV
 Massacre in Mississippi is what the local authorities are calling this one. Police raided the scene to stop a murderous rampage by the Oodie brothers; Lincoln, McQueen and Brick. The raid came on the tail end of a twenty man massacre in a condemned motel in Jackson. Members of the notorious Spivo crime family, a Native American biker gang known as the Nation, and the three men accused of horrific slaying at a bar in east Texas this past week have all been shot dead.

The news broadcast shows artist renderings of the Oodie brothers.

NEWS REPORTER ON TV
 The story takes an even darker turn with the discovery of a young, wheel chair bound boy with cerebral palsy who was a tragic casualty in this already gruesome scene. Because the victim was a minor, no names have been released at this time.

Carlos flips off the television.

CARLOS
 Done and done.

The door bell rings.

Carlos happily answers the door to find a DELIVERY MAN, brown jacket and pants, standing there with a package.

DELIVERY MAN
 Mr. Carlos Martin?

CARLOS
 Yeah.

DELIVERY MAN
 Could you sign here?

CARLOS
Absolutely. How's it going?

He hands Carlos a small box and gives him the electronic pad to sign.

DELIVERY MAN
I'm good, and you?

CARLOS
I couldn't be better.

Carlos signs the pad and hands it back to the delivery man. He looks down at the address label on the box.

It reads: Moe Greene

CARLOS
Hey buddy, I think you got the wrong house. Who the hell is Moe Greene?

The delivery man looks up, revealing that it's the hitman that Teresa Spivo encountered when she was being picked up by the state troopers.

DELIVERY MAN
Haven't you ever seen the Godfather?

CARLOS
No.

DELIVERY MAN
Well I ought to kill you just for that.

The delivery man pulls a revolver and pulls the trigger.

THE BAYTOWN DISCO.