

BADASS BENEDICT BRADLEY

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM, CRIME SCENE - DAY

A cheap, small motel room with a king sized bed in front of a small TV. In the back corner of the room is a small bathroom. A small closet is just before the bathroom door.

A DEAD WOMAN lays on the bed.

Just outside of the room we see an officer-in-blue interview a Hispanic maid.

The room is full with a few forensics officers, a photographer and two detectives. The two detectives stand at the right side of the bed looking down at the dead body.

One of the detectives is Morrison McKenny. He is in a brown suit and is average height. He is portly and clean cut with fairly short brown hair.

The other detective is Kevin Keyser and he is tall and thin. He is wearing a black suit and has longer grayish hair and a five o'clock shadow painted on his face. Both men are pushing 50 and look as if they have been doing this a while.

They take their sweet ol' time during their dialogue.

MCKENNY

When did she find her.

KEYSER

Hour ago.

MCKENNY

Like this?

KEYSER

Yep.

MCKENNY

Damn shame.

KEYSER

Hmm mm

MCKENNY

Anyone see or hear anything?

We hear a camera take a picture.

KEYSER

Nope.

MCKENNY

What's her name.

KEYSER

Emma Emmerson.

MCKENNY

Hot little thing, damn shame.

...Where she from?

KEYSER

D.C.

MCKENNY

No shit?

KEYSER

Hmm mm.

MCKENNY

Huh.

Got ourselves a little excitement  
in this town.

KEYSER

Yee haw.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE WOODS - DAY

We see FOUR MEN in trench coats digging with shovels in the middle of a thick, lush forest. It is raining lightly.

We circle around the four men a couple of times and we see that they appear to be digging out TWO LARGE HOLES in the ground.

INT. COUNTY JAIL, BOOKING ROOM - NIGHT

A fairly small room with no windows inside of the county jail. This room is where the breathalyzer tests are done.

We see two uniformed officers escort a young man in handcuffs into the room. One of the officers is Sheriff Bo and the young man in handcuffs is Bradley.

Sheriff Bo uncuffs Bradley.

Sheriff Bo and another officer stand facing Bradley. A table with a BREATHALYZER MACHINE is to Bradley's left.

Sheriff Bo holds out the hose of the breathalyzer for Bradley to take.

The other officer stands by a small table with a phone on it and does paperwork.

SHERIFF BO

You understand the charges son?

Bradley takes the hose and prepares to blow. He looks drunk and tired.

BRADLEY

Yes sir...

Bradley puts the hose in his mouth.

The screen goes black.

SUPER - "Based on true ideas."

SHERIFF BO (V.O.)

Good, now blow.

TITLE SEQUENCE/OPENING CREDITS

EXT. BEDROCK CAMPGROUND, BRIDGE - NIGHT

"BRADLEY"

Bradley and T.C. are walking from their campsite to a bridge that leads to the highway. They each have a beer in hand. We see that the bridge they are about to cross is 35-40 feet tall and goes over a small creek that runs from east to west between the campground and the highway.

Bradley has shaggy blonde hair, a hairy chest, squinty blue eyes and has an athletic build. He looks like a Scottish hippy.

T.C. is a couple inches shorter than Bradley. He is half-Irish and half-Portuguese and also has an athletic build but with a solid little beer belly.

Bradley and T.C. are both in their early to mid twenties and both think and talk fast.

We hear a young woman's voice call out from the campsite.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)

Where you guys going?

They stop and turn back to the campsite. T.C. points at a large rock across the creek and to the right of the bridge.

T.C.

Jumping off that rock.

We see that the jump is about 25 feet high.

Bradley and T.C. turn back toward the highway and continue to walk across the bridge. We see T.C. and Bradley's frontsides from the stomach up as they walk and talk.

BRADLEY

All I'm saying is the spot is where we go when it all goes down, man. It's fuckin' paradise and no one knows where the fuck it is. Just a few of a us turds. I mean, yeah, shit's gonna look good in the short term- That's why everyone's eating this shit up right now: it looks like everything has been fixed and things are lookin' up- I'm just callin' bull shit. These mother fuckers have too much power now and it's fuckin' scary. That's all i'm saying.

T.C.

I know bro. And all I'm saying is the two things that are the most pointless to discuss-or fucking whatever that was you just did-are politics and religion. ESPECIALLY when you're fucking drinkin'.

BRADLEY

I'm just saying.

T.C.

No need to bring this shit up all the time.

BRADLEY

I don't bring it up all the time, and, this time, I didn't bring shit up.

Sassy started asking about the spot.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (cont'd)

So, why wouldn't I automatically  
tell her about our plan?

Bradley and T.C. reach the highway and turn right to walk  
down the road.

T.C.

Our plan-it's a fantasy man...just  
talking shit.

BRADLEY

Well it's fucking fun to think  
about it.

T.C.

-Yeah we could see that-

BRADLEY

And she was quizzing me.

The question still remains: why  
wouldn't that plan, or fucking  
daydream, fantasy- whatever you  
wanna call it- why wouldn't that  
pop right in my head when Sassy  
started asking about the spot?

T.C. glances at Bradley then looks back up the road.

T.C.

Whatever.

BRADLEY

Cuz you're a bitch.

T.C.

Fuck you.

T.C. and Bradley stop walking because they see something up  
ahead of them.

BRADLEY

(sipping beer)

-Who else is still coming up  
tonight?

T.C.

Dunno.

I know we're still waiting on,  
like, six or seven more people.

(MORE)

T.C. (cont'd)

Just don't know if their coming up  
tonight or tomorrow.

CUT TO:

STEADY SHOT BEHIND BRADLEY AND T.C.

We see oncoming headlights between the naked backsides of  
Bradley and T.C.

SUPER: "Bradley" "T.C."

The oncoming car passes Bradley and T.C. and slams on the  
breaks.

They run back toward the stopped car yelling and being  
silly, thinking it has to be someone they are expecting.

The car door opens and a man steps out quickly with a shiny  
object in his hand.

MAN

You think my kids wanna see that  
shit you sick fucks?!

Bradley and T.C. stop in their tracks. Without missing a  
beat they turn the other way and take off running.

We follow them as they sprint down the highway.

They dart off the road to the right and into the woods.

They make their way through the thick woods and come to a  
hill too steep to go down.

We see a fallen tree provides a makeshift bridge down to the  
bank of the creek.

Bradley and T.C. climb on the log and carefully make their  
way down.

T.C.

What in the fuck was that shit  
man?

BRADLEY

He didn't like what he saw I  
guess.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (cont'd)  
...All I wanna know is, how'd we  
get to, like, reverse bear  
crawling down this fucking log,  
naked as shit

T.C. laughs. The two of them get the giggles, slowing them  
down on the log.

T.C.  
That guy had like a hatchet or  
some shit.

I mean, what the fuck?

We hear a branch snap. T.C. starts to fall off the log to  
the right and clings to the log.

Bradley stops crawling.

T.C. looks back at Bradley with a look of desperation and  
lets go.

We hear twigs snap as we see T.C. fall about 8 feet through  
the middle of a blackberry bush; a thud when he lands.

T.C. (O.S.)  
Shiiiiit!

Bradley loses it with laughter. He almost slips but braces  
himself quickly.

BRADLEY  
Dude?! Are you alright?!

T.C. (O.S.)  
Blackberry bushes, what the fuck?!

Bradley laughs harder and harder.

T.C. (O.S.)  
No.

I got like, fucking tiger stripes  
across my dick.

Bradley loses it completely, still trying not to fall off  
himself

T.C. slowly and painfully climbs to a clearing at the top of  
the blackberry bush and stands carefully on a thin stick.

He reaches up toward the log and grabs on.

T.C. tries to pull himself up but we hear the thin branch snap under his feet.

T.C. falls back into the sticker bush.

Bradley losses it again.

INT. PT BAR & GRILL, BAR TOP - DAY

A good sized sports bar in Esstown late in the afternoon.

Bradley is sitting by himself at the long bar top smoking a cig. A bottle of bud sits in front of him on a coaster. The place is starting to hop.

Two attractive young women are tending the bar. A cocktail waitress is working the floor wearing a slutty shirt that reads: 'Cocktease Waitress'.

One of the bartenders approaches Bradley playfully.

She is a skinny brunette, wearing her hair in two pigtails behind her head. She has a beautiful triangle shaped face with strong features, squinty hazel eyes and a huge smile.

BRADLEY

Why hello there beautiful?

Like the goofball that she is, Sassy says the following three lines in three different voices as she pours out a couple wounded soldiers and washes her hands.

SASSY

Ooooo yeeea. How you doing?  
Whatcha sippin on darlin'-nother  
bud?

By the way, your outfit is  
fabulous.

We see that Bradley is wearing blue and white flannel pajama pants; flip flops; a Jimi Hendrix shirt; and a rosta hat.

BRADLEY

That was like six different  
fucking people...

Sassy turns her back to Bradley and opens a cooler, grabs a bud and turns around and slides it in front of him.

SASSY

There ya go punk.

She leans in almost as if she's gonna kiss him, but winks at him then quickly turns and continues to the other side of the bar top to help another customer.

Bradley watches her walk off. He grabs his bud, shakes his head with a smile and leans back on his stool.

He takes a large chug off the bottle and slams it back down on the bar top. He folds his arms and spaces off for a moment listening to the music playing in the bar.

We see T.C. and another YOUNG MAN sneak up behind Bradley. The other young man is Ziggy.

SUPER: "Ziggy"

Bradley, T.C. and Ziggy have been friends since childhood. Ziggy is the same height as Bradley and has an athletic build. He has a shaved head and a scruffy face hidden under an old, worn in ball cap.

Ziggy reaches back and slaps the back of Bradley's head. We hear a fart and a yelp as Bradley falls out of his stool.

Ziggy, T.C. and about a dozen others laugh at Bradley.

BRADLEY (O.S.)

Mother fucker!

Bradley stands up and picks up his stool.

ZIGGY

What's up slut muffin?

T.C.

Was that a fart dude?

Bradley sits back in his stool. Ziggy sits to Bradley's right, T.C. sits to Bradley's left. Bradley grabs his beer and takes a chug while he rubs the back of his head with his free hand like a dog scratching for fleas.

T.C.

(laughing; shaking  
his head)

When you guys gonna stop playing  
that game?

Bradley looks over at Ziggy.

BRADLEY  
I dunno, what's the score? Like,  
14-14 or some shit?

ZIGGY  
15-14.

Bradley flips ziggy off.

BRADLEY  
Didn't make me look.

ZIGGY  
Didn't need to.

Brad leans back in his chair so he can see both T.C. and Ziggy.

BRADLEY  
What are you guys drinking?

T.C.  
You buying?

BRADLEY  
For one of ya'...

ZIGGY  
Fuck off.

Ziggy shoves Bradley's shoulder.

BRADLEY  
(laughs)  
Yeah, I got first round.

Bradley takes another a chug.

ZIGGY  
I was telling T.C. that I'm sorry  
I didn't make it up camping.

BRADLEY  
No worries man.

I thought you were coming Saturday  
but figured you got held up.

T.C.  
Held up playing with his nuts.

BRADLEY  
It happens.

Ziggy shrugs his shoulders, playing along.

BRADLEY

We did get chased by a guy with a  
fucking hatchet though.

ZIGGY

No shit?

Sassy comes over to greet Ziggy and T.C. She hears last part  
of conversation.

SASSY

So adventurous.

What are you two studs drinking?

T.C.

Bud and a jeger bomb.

ZIGGY

Same here.

BRADLEY

Mother fuckers-

Make it three...

Ziggy and T.C. laugh.

SASSY

(looking at  
Bradley)

You need another beer too?

BRADLEY

Well, if you're gonna twist my  
arm, I guess.

Sassy smiles and winks at Bradley again. She turns to the  
cooler behind her and grabs three buds and puts them in  
front of the boys.

SASSY

And I just ran out of jeger so I  
gotta run downstairs real fast and  
grab another bottle. Hang tight?

T.C.

Don't think we're in too much of a  
hurry sweetheart.

Sassy smiles and darts off. T.C. and Ziggy cheers toward Bradley to thank him. All three take a chug.

ZIGGY

When you gonna fuck her man?

BRADLEY

Sassy?

T.C.

-Sassy McFuckin Sasspants.-

ZIGGY

Yes, Sassy.

BRADLEY

Shiiit.

You can't hit on the bartender,  
man-

T.C.

Sure you can. You're always  
hitting on her-

BRADLEY

I'm flirting back, playing her  
game, ya know. We're buddies. I  
can't, like, ask her out; it's  
like asking a stripper out-

Ziggy and T.C. look at each other like: "what's wrong with that?"

BRADLEY

-It's their job to be nice- they  
flirt, they tease, they just want  
your money-

T.C.

And how's that different from any  
other fuckin' woman?

BRADLEY

(smiling)

Touche'

Bradley grabs his beer and finishes it off. He slides the empty bottle closer to the bartender's side and grabs the full bottle in front of him and takes another sip.

Sassy comes out from the back with a bottle of jeger and sits it down on the counter below the bar top.

She turns behind her to the cooler again and pulls out two red bulls.

She pours the two red bulls evenly into three pint glasses then tosses the cans.

She grabs three shot glasses and slams them down on the bar top in front of the boys.

She grabs the jeger bottle and smoothly fills up the three shot glasses.

She takes the 3 pints half-full of red bull and sets them next to the shots.

SASSY

Enjoy boys...

Sassy grabs two more pint glasses and fills them up with beer and takes them over to a couple of customers at the opposite end of the bar.

T.C., Ziggy and Bradley all drop their shots of jeger into their glasses of red bull.

ZIGGY

She wants you dude. I'm tellin' ya.

BRADLEY

Yeah, like, She LIKES me. Like she thinks I'm cool, thinks I'm a nice dude and shit; we hang out...

But, she'd rather give me a fucking high five than a hand job, you know what I mean?

Bradley gulps his beer.

T.C.

Man, fuck a hand job.

Bradley holds out his fist for T.C. to bump.

The three of them grab their pints of drop-shots

-Toast them together

-Slam them off the bar top

-And chug, chug, chug.

The empty glasses slam down in order of Ziggy, T.C. and Bradley

ZIGGY  
I'll drink to that.

T.C.  
Well, I mean shit. What are they thinking when they put their hand down there? We're sensitive too.

BRADLEY  
Word.

T.C.  
They just grab it and fucking kill it.

T.C. pantomimes a boxer hitting a heavy bag, George Foreman style.

Ziggy and Bradley laugh.

BRADLEY  
Pretty much. And when they fucking stroke up against the tip?

ALL  
Ohh!

They all three cringe as if they just got kicked between the legs.

ZIGGY  
-No fucking shit.

T.C.  
-God damn.

BRADLEY  
I mean, I know we're fucking males and we're stupid when it comes to this shit-we're stupid when it comes to any kind of shit-but we can't really hurt the bitch unless we are doing one hell of a good job.

If they're hurting us that bad, the last thing they're doing is a good fucking job. Pun intended.

Bradley reaches for his pack of smokes sitting next to the ashtray in front of him. He puts one in his mouth and lights it.

BRADLEY

Who's gettin next round?

ZIGGY

I got it man, same shit?

BRADLEY

Word

T.C. points to his right past Bradley and Ziggy.

T.C.

There ya go.

A COUGAR walks through the front doors of the bar with a group of three guys behind her.

She is in her mid thirties but, between the fake tanning and hard partying, she looks closer to her mid-forties. Her hair is died three different colors and she has too much make up on. She looks haggared, but ready to party.

BRADLEY

Fuck you.

ZIGGY

Didn't you date her?

BRADLEY

We worked together for a while.  
Before I quit and went back to school.

T.C.

He dated her.

ZIGGY

What's with you and the older ones man?

T.C.

It's his weakness; his kryptonite.

Bradley holds up both of his middle fingers, flipping T.C. and Ziggy off.

The cougar heads past the guys and over to a table in the back corner of the bar.

The three white trash, hillbilly looking guys that came in with her follow her to the table like puppy dogs.

Sassy comes back over to T.C., Ziggy and Bradley.

SASSY  
Another round turds?

ZIGGY  
Yeah, on my tab this time please.

SASSY  
Jeger bombs and all?

ZIGGY  
Fuckin' a.

Sassy gets three more beers and starts preparing the jeger bombs same way as before.

As the guys continue talking she listens in while making their drinks.

ZIGGY  
You didn't answer.

BRADLEY  
Well why do I need to explain myself? I mean, it's not like I don't like girls my age, I just have a thing for the older ones I guess. The younger ones aren't as good in the sack.

Sassy slams the glasses in front of them, followed by the three shots of jeger.

BRADLEY  
Sorry.

Sassy walks off, working the rest of the bar.

T.C.  
What are you like Dr. fucking Drew or some shit? Mr. Sex expert now?

BRADLEY  
I'm just saying, generally, I have more fun with older women in bed. All women are fucking crazy, so it's not anything like that-

(MORE)

BRADLEY (cont'd)

-And I know it's more than just what goes on in the bedroom, but, you asked me to explain myself.

ZIGGY

No, you just kinda starting doing it.

BRADLEY

Whatever.

The guys grab their shots and drop them in their red bull.

T.C.

I mean that shit is all cool and all, but THAT can't be that fucking fun.

Bradley looks over to his left where the cougar and her dudes are at.

She is laying across all three of their laps.

She takes a cigarette butt out of an ashtray, puts her head back, and drops it in her mouth like a queen eating a grape.

BRADLEY

It's not.

They all take their drop shots again and finish in the same order as before.

T.C.

Plus she's the fucking sheriff's daughter man...that mean old bastard.

T.C. takes another sip of beer. He can't keep his eyes off of the cougar. He appears disgusted with what he sees.

T.C.

I mean look at that...You can see those crow's feet from here. Those glasses aren't hiding shit.

BRADLEY

-fucking pteradactyl feet-

T.C.

-And that orange ass skin, jesus christ. Looks like she works at a country breakfast joint. Has that jumper cable hair and shit.

T.C. finally takes his eyes off of the cougar and looks at Bradley.

T.C.

I bet she would fuck a country fried steak, man- atleast think about it.

BRADLEY

Coug Nasty, man.

T.C.

Fuckin Coug Nasty.

They take a swig of their beers.

ZIGGY

Coug Nasty?

BRADLEY

That's what we call her.

ZIGGY

(laughing)

What's her real name?

BRADLEY

Dunno.

ZIGGY

You don't know?!

BRADLEY

That book's already gotta title, man.

ZIGGY

But you dated her...

BRADLEY

Worked with her.

T.C.

Oh you fuckin' dated her.

Bradley sips his beer and lights another smoke.

T.C.

We're just fucking with you man,  
It's all good just giving you  
shit.

BRADLEY

No I know, man. I aint butt hurt.

And, I'm ready to settle down and  
shit, it's not like I wanna settle  
down with an older lady-

T.C.

-Especially her-

BRADLEY

-They are just fun sometimes,  
that's all.

The three guys chug their beers.

ZIGGY

Well, now that we have that  
settled- fuckin' fuzz nuts- you  
guys are both done with school  
this week, right?

T.C.

Yeah, my last final is tomorrow.

ZIGGY

Looks like you're more than ready  
for it.

T.C.

Fuck it.

T.C. chugs his beer.

BRADLEY

My last one was yesterday. I just  
have to turn in my final draft of  
my English paper tomorrow. Then  
it's summer, summer, summer  
tiiiime.

Bradley and Ziggy slap hands like Fresh Prince and Jazzy  
Jeff.

T.C.

The one that calls out for a  
revolution?

BRADLEY

Yeah, and slams Paulus and the newspaper he works for; the Samaritan Party; fuckin' all of 'em.

ZIGGY

Why do they care what you think?

BRADLEY

They don't. It's a fucking assignment.

I mean it might get published, if my final turns out as good as my last two drafts, but the main reason I wrote it is cuz I had to. I picked our shitty economy as the subject cuz I know a lot about how our money works, how it SHOULD work, how the government is about to ruin it, and how fucked everything is in this country...Time for a revolution, man.

T.C.

Oh here we fucking go. I gotta piss.

T.C. gets up from his seat and walks to his left toward the bathrooms.

Bradley yells after him.

BRADLEY

Your round when you get back, monkey tits!

Bradley looks back to his right and points behind Ziggy toward the front doors of the bar.

BRADLEY

Look at that shit, dude.

Ziggy takes a sip of his beer and turns away from Bradley to see what he's pointing at.

Bradley reaches back and slaps the back of Ziggy's head making him fall forward out of his stool and into the bar. His beer goes flying as he falls.

INT. BRADLEY'S PATHFINDER, DRIVING - DAY

Bradley is driving in his SUV. It is early in the morning and the sun is shining. We hear the radio where a man's voice blabs over the air about how the great the Samaritan Party is and how it saved all the chaos and stopped all the riots.

Bradley argues with the radio.

He is too pissed to listen to it and turns the station to some music.

We see him pull into a driveway of a luxurious condo.

There is a black Audi A6 in the driveway. The license plate reads: "TheDoctors".

INT. THE DOCTORS' CONDO - DAY

A spacious luxury condo furnished with a leather sectional and two leather recliners. Behind the sectional are very large WALK IN CABINETS.

We can see that one cabinet has all sorts of bong, pipes and other weed paraphernalia; the other cabinet has an assortment of guns and other weapons.

A small, attractive blonde shares the sofa with a man on her left and a man on her right. They are playing MarioKart on the Wii.

The man on her left is DEEBAHDU WILLIS and the man on her right is ANTOINE THE CABBAGE. The young woman goes by CUFFY.

Dee is Mexican; Cuffy and Antoine are white; Dee is Cuffy's boyfriend. They are all in their late twenties to early thirties.

Cuffy is in sweatpants and wearing a mushroom beanie on her head. Dee is in basketball shorts and a tank top with two holster slings on. No guns are in the holsters. Antoine has muscle pants on, combat boots and no shirt on; a shoelace tied around his head sporting a green mohawk.

We see Dee and Cabbage duke it out at Mario Kart.

Dee throws his controller.

ANTOINE

All day!

DEE

You're lucky all day! You hit me with a fucking green shell right before the finish...horse shit man.

ANTOINE

I'll hit you with a green card next time mother fucker.

Dee stands up and walks into the kitchen.

We hear Dee open up the fridge and pop a bottle cap off a beer.

Cuffy has a legal pad in her lap and pen in her hand.

CUFFY

Who still owes us?

DEE (O.S.)

It'd be no one if we didn't front so many mother fuckers.

CUFFY

Whoa.

Was I talking to you. Did you think I was talking to you?

DEE (O.S.)

Sounded like you were talking to someone...

CUFFY

So you assume that it's you?

Dee comes back in the screen and sits down on the sectional with a dos equis in his hand.

DEE

There's only two of us here.

CUFFY

And my question remains the same...

And when I do ask a question, I expect some sort of an answer...not your opinion on how I do business. I don't remember ever asking for that. But, is that what you heard, baby?

Dee shakes his head and takes a chug of his beer.

Cuffy looks over at Antoine with a smile.

DEE

Yeah, fuck you guys.

You keep fucking with me I know  
where you sleep and shit-

CUFFY

Well that's good honey, cuz it  
wont be next to your burrito ass  
tonight.

Dee stares Cuffy down.

ANTOINE

(to Cuffy)

How much are we short?

CUFFY

Oh, not much.

We wont need any more from the  
machine for a couple more weeks  
anyway.

(turns to Dee)

I was just asking.

Dee takes another chug.

We hear the door knock three times then open.

We see Bradley enter the condo.

ALL

What's up?

BRADLEY

Yo.

Bradley comes and sits on the sectional.

CUFFY

How are you?

BRADLEY

Good so far...

Just have to drop off an essay for  
English class after I leave here.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (cont'd)  
After that, I plan to sit around  
naked and smoke bowls all summer.

ANTOINE  
Gotta have them goals.

BRADLEY  
That's what I'm saying.

CUFFY  
So how'd you do?

BRADLEY  
Haven't started yet.

CUFFY  
(laughing)  
The term. How'd you do this term,  
dork?

BRADLEY  
Oh, good. I know i got two A  
pluses and another A. Depending on  
what I get on this essay, I could  
have a 4.2. It will be no lower  
than a 4.0 though, for sure.

CUFFY  
Oooo...Well, slap my tits and call  
me Suzy...got Mr. smarty shorts  
over here.

BRADLEY  
Well, Suzy, I still gotta long  
ways to go till I reach your  
level.

CUFFY  
Aw, aw, aw, I didn't feel my tits  
jiggle. It's gonna take you even  
longer if you don't learn to  
follow directions better.

BRADLEY  
(laughing)  
Well fuck me.

CUFFY  
I, on the other hand, follow them  
quite well...

DEE

-Alright, what the fuck? I'm  
sitting right here!

Bradley, Cuffy and Antoine all laugh. Dee takes a chug of his beer.

Cuffy gets up and walks with the legal pad over to a file cabinet in the corner of the living room.

BRADLEY

(to Dee)

Can i get another half-o yo?

DEE

You got cash, homes?

A legal pad is hurled through the air and hits Dee in the back of the head. He spills his beer, almost dropping it from his hand. He turns around to Cuffy.

DEE

Jesus, what the fuck?

Cuffy walks to the back of where Dee is sitting and picks up the legal pad. She pretends she's gonna hit him. Dee flinches and drops the bottle of beer from his hand.

CUFFY

Bitch.

Dee curses and mumbles to himself in Spanish as he cleans himself off.

Cuffy picks up the legal pad and walks it back over to the file cabinet.

We hear a cabinet drawer slide open then slide shut. We see Bradley reach into his back pocket, grab his wallet and toss a small wad of bills on the table.

Dee gets up and walks around the sectional to the large cabinet containing all of the weed paraphernalia.

He crosses paths with Cuffy as she heads back to take a seat. Cuffy pinches Dee's ass as they pass. He leans back and gently kisses her on the cheek. Cuffy smiles and Dee continues around the sectional to the large cabinet. Cuffy sits back down where she was earlier.

CUFFY

What are you getting?

BRADLEY

Half-o.

CUFFY

Wow. A little more than the usual...

BRADLEY

Naked summer...

Dee comes back to sit down where he was sitting earlier and tosses a bag across the table to Bradley.

BRADLEY

Fuck, yeah.

As always: Thank you.

Bradley picks up the sack and happily studies it.

Dee picks up a bong from underneath the table and hands it to Bradley. Bradley takes a nug out of the sack and loads a bowl into the bong.

He passes it to his left for Cuffy to take greens.

Cuffy takes a hit.

SUPER: "Cuffy".

She passes it to her left to Antoine. Antoine grabs the pipe.

Antoine hits the pipe.

SUPER: "Antoine" "The" "Cabbage".

He passes it to Dee. Dee grabs the pipe and hits it hard.

SUPER: "De" "bah" "du" "Willis".

Dee passes it to Bradley who finishes the bowl off.

BRADLEY

Ass cakes.

Bradley reaches into his bag and loads another. This time he passes it to the right to Dee to start off the festivities.

CUFFY

How much longer till you graduate?

BRADLEY

Fuuuuck. Like I was saying I gotta long while till I reach your guys's level-

DEE

-You going for it huh?

BRADLEY

Might as fucking well.

I mean I'm done with manual labor bull shit- I dunno know what the hell I wanna do and who knows how bad all this shit's gonna get, ya know?

I just figure the more knowledge, the better off you are- especially if things do get bad.

Cuffy passes the pipe to Bradley. He takes a hit.

BRADLEY

(blowing out hit)

How long did it take you guys to get your Doctrates again?

We hear Bradley cough in the b.g.

CUFFY

-Six years

DEE

-Six years

ANTOINE

-Six years

BRADLEY

(still coughing)

That's pretty fuckin' fast.

CUFFY

We're pretty fuckin' good.

BRADLEY

Can't argue that shit. And I mean, it has always kinda, like, amused me how you three are the smartest mother fuckers I know, but you do this shit instead.

ANTOINE  
 (like a mobster)  
 Do I amuse you?

Tell me, how'my funny? Like ha, ha  
 funny? Like a clown; how'my funny?

DEE  
 Joe Pesci would woop your ass,  
 man.

ANTOINE  
 Oh no, I'd fuck Joe Pesci the fuck  
 up.

DEE  
 Shiiit.

ANTOINE  
 (Mobster accent)  
 Fuckin, bring em all, fuck it.  
 All the Goodfellas, The  
 Godfathers, The fuckin' Soprano's;  
 Donnie Brasco- Bring em fuckin'  
 all. Forget about it. Fugazees.

BRADLEY  
 -I wanna fuck that shrink in  
 Soprano's-

ANTOINE  
 -Word.

DEE  
 She in goodfellas too, man.

ANTOINE  
 I know, I'd tear that shit up. All  
 day.

DEE  
 (Flashing west  
 coast)  
 She wouldn't even know how to  
 handle this shit.

Dee gets up and starts c-walking.

CUFFY  
 And like she's just dying to fuck  
 you three.

DEE, BRADLEY, ANTOINE  
(like Italian  
mobsters)  
Ohhhhh! 'eyyyy!

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

We see Bradley walk down a street filled with college students. There are a couple coffee shops, a few restaurants, and a handful of other small shops on both sides of the street.

We see the campus is up ahead about a block or so at the end of the street: old looking buildings covered in ivy, lots of trees and the grass goes on for miles.

Bradley has on a backpack and walks up the street toward campus.

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS, OUTSIDE OF PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Bradley is in a chair in a hallway with his back against the wall . We see that there is a door to his right about two arm lengths away with a poster on it that reads: "Open Minds Open Eyes."

The door opens and out steps a cute girl who looks like she just got out of high school. She turns back toward the office before walking off and says, "thanks again."

Bradley stands up.

CUT TO:

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Bradley is in an office chair. A desk sits between Bradley and an older man who looks like he's a combination between Einstein and Bill Murray. This older man is Bradley's Professor.

Bradley opens up his backpack and pulls out a folder and puts it on the desk.

BRADLEY  
There she be.

PROFESSOR

Excellent.

The professor slides the folder toward him.

PROFESSOR

How did those last two paragraphs treat you?

BRADLEY

Good, good. It ended up being more than just a paragraph each, but I think I might have done alright

PROFESSOR

Excellent. I look forward to reading it.

BRADLEY

And you said at the beginning of the term you were hoping that a few of us would write an essay good enough for publication.

I'd be interested if my paper is good enough.

PROFESSOR

I should have it graded by the end of the weekend. I'll email you and tell you how you did and, if applicable, what you can do with it.

Sound good?

BRADLEY

Perfect. Thank you.

PROFESSOR

Enjoy your summer, Bradley.

INT. BRADLEY'S STUDIO - DAY

A small cottage-style studio. It is pretty messy with mostly clothes laying around. There are all sorts of movie and music posters covering the walls.

His bed is two queen sized mattresses in the back left corner of the room. A computer, computer desk, and computer chair are against the far wall to right of of the bed. A kitchen, TV, lazy-boy and a small couch complete the studio.

Bradley is passed out in the lazy boy.

INT. BRADLEY'S STUDIO, COMPUTER - DAY

Bradley sits in front of his computer. He looks as if he just woke up.

We see him check his email and that he has one new message from his professor.

INT. PT BAR & GRILL, BAR TOP - NIGHT

SUPER: "2 weeks later"

Bradley is sitting the bar by himself, sipping on a bottle of bud. Sassy and two other women are bartending. The place is pretty packed. Bradley is wearing a kilt, converse high tops, and a shirt that says "Team Jesus" on it.

Bradley notices T.C. coming though the front doors of the bar. T.C. walks over and sits down next to Bradley.

T.C.

Whaaaaat up?

BRADLEY

What it is? Where's Ziggy?

T.C.

Held up.

BRADLEY

Word.

Sassy stands in front of T.C. and Bradley with a big smile.

SASSY

Heeeeeey.

T.C.

Hello doll face.

I like your face.

Sassy laughs, then makes a goofy, unattractive face.

T.C.

Oh, damn girl!

T.C. leans back and rubs his nipples.

Sassy can't help it and laughs. Bradley shakes his head.

SASSY

Bud?

T.C.

Bud, baby!

SASSY

(like a soul diva)

You still doing good, suga?

BRADLEY

I'm good sugar tits.

Bradley quickly puts his hand over his mouth.

BRADLEY

I meant sugar lips. Sugar lips! I swear, I'm sorry.

Bradley can't help but laugh at himself.

BRADLEY

But, um, yes: I'll take another bud now if you don't mind.

Sassy turns and grabs a bottle of bud and leans over to Bradley as she sets the beer down in front of him. Brad starts to chug the beer he's already working on.

SASSY

This one's on the house, Ding-Dong Balls.

Bradley spits his beer out.

Sassy quickly heads off to the right toward the end of the bar to help other customers.

Bradley grabs a handful of cocktail napkins and sets them over the fairly small mess he's made.

T.C.

Dude, all I know is if a bitch ever calls me Ding Dong balls, I fucking get down on one knee right fucking there. Holy shit-

BRADLEY  
(laughing)  
I was not expecting that shit.

T.C.  
-I mean what more do you need  
dude. Get your shit together, come  
on now.

T.C. slaps Bradley on the back like he was his basketball coach and chugs his beer.

BRADLEY  
I'll do whatever man, fuck it.  
I'm crazy!

Bradley turns in his stool to a barely legal couple sitting to the left of them at the bar and lifts the front of his kilt.

BRADLEY  
Wooooo!

The couple looks over and quickly looks back straight ahead. They can't help but laugh but are also a bit traumatized and disturbed by what they just got a glimpse of.

T.C.  
(laughing)  
That's what I'm saying.

Jeger bombs?

Bradley spins back around on his stool as if 'jeger bomb' was the magic word.

BRADLEY  
Hell yes.

Bradley grabs a cig from his half empty pack, puts it in his mouth and lights it.

T.C.  
Can I steal one of those?

Bradley pushes his pack over to T.C.

BRADLEY  
Fuckin a.

You a smoker tonight, huh?

T.C. lights up a cig and pushes pack back over to Bradley.

T.C.

I'm Crazy!

Bradley chuckles and finishes off his first beer. He slides empty bottle away from him and starts on number two.

T.C.

But, for real man, good for you.  
I'm happy for you.

Good excuse to get fucked up too.

BRADLEY

Thanks, bro. I'm happy too. Pretty cool shit for sure...

T.C.

How many fuckers picked it up again?

BRADLEY

It appeared in like 55 different newspapers or some shit like that.

T.C.

Nice. Like a fucking celebrity over here.

BRADLEY

Shit, I'm sure it's already forgotten. I just can't believe the fucking Samaritan printed it. The last like two pages of my essay slams them and that turd Paulus. It slams the whole fucking party. It was printed right next to the mother fucker's column it was beautiful, man. No one ever gets to see him get called out like that. He had to of shit his pants.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SEMARITAN HQ, KRUEGER PAULUS'S OFFICE - DAY

A nice, important-person-looking office. A middle aged man is sitting behind a large desk reading the Times. He has on a dress shirt and slacks. His hair is short and has a full beard. His name is Kruegar Paulus.

A very attractive secretary, dressed like a very attractive secretary, steps in front of Paulus's open door. It is Emma Emmerson.

EMMA

Mr. Despot is here now.

PAULUS

Can you believe this shit?!

Paulus stands up and slams the paper on the desk. We see a headline in the op-ed section that reads: 'Death By Bailout'. We can also see that the author is 'Bradley Sullivan.'

PAULUS

I mean who the hell does this piece of shit think he is? A god damn political science student has it all figured out now, huh?

Taking shots at me? Who in the fuck?- I thought we already made enough examples out of people like this little piece of shit...

Paulus trails off and looks at Emmerson.

EMMA

I'm sorry sir-

PAULUS

Tell him I'm on my way.

We follow Paulus as he gets up from behind his desk, grabs the paper and walks out of the door. To his right is Emmerson's desk. Her phone is ringing. She sits down and answers the phone as Paulus passes by.

We follow Paulus down a long hallway: Straight; then a right; then a left.

He passes FOUR MEN in matching suits walking the opposite direction and approaches a closed door to an office at the end of the hallway.

We see etched on a plaque on the door: "Mr. Despot."

INT. SAMARITAN HQ, MR. DESPOT'S OFFICE - DAY

Looks more like a 5-star hotel suite than an office.

In front of us is a large desk. An older, powerful looking man stands behind it.

To the left of us looks like a game room.

Three DART BOARDS are on the far left wall. We can also see a POOL TABLE, a SHUFFLE BOARD TABLE and a couple of PIN BALL MACHINES.

We see that two men in suits are holding down a FRIGHTENED YOUNG MAN pushing his face down against one end of the shuffle board table.

A MAN WITH A MESSY BLONDE PONY stands at the other end of the table. His name is THE CRICKET. He's wearing an all black suit with a brown vest and is in his early 50's. His hand is over a puck and he looks ready to slide it; two other pucks are off to the right

We focus back on the desk in front of us and see the older man has silky white hair and has on a navy blue suit.

He is calm, confident and looks extremely powerful. His name is Mr. Despot.

Paulus stands near the entrance of the room facing Mr. Despot.

PAULUS

How the hell did this get in our pages?

Paulus tosses paper on Despot's desk.

MR. DESPOT

Good morning Mr. Paulus.

You seem upset.

Paulus says nothing. Annoyed, but trying not to show it, Paulus looks at the paper on Despot's desk.

Mr. Despot takes the visual cue and spins the paper around so it's not upside down.

MR. DESPOT

Ah yes. We read that this morning.

Paulus appears frustrated with Mr. Despot not taking the situation seriously.

PAULUS

Why did it appear in our paper?  
 Why would we put that little  
 prick's essay, which is nothing  
 more than an attack against me,  
 our party and this beautiful  
 country, in the same paper that I  
 appear in every Monday, Thursday  
 and fucking Saturday? Why?! I'm  
 the voice of this god damn  
 country!

Mr. Despot cracks half of a smile and studies Paulus rather intently.

MR. DESPOT

Don't go losing your cool on me  
 now, Mr. Paulus. It will be taken  
 care of.

Why don't you ask our lovely  
 editor right over there?

Mr. Despot looks over to the game room part of the office.

One of the men holding the editor down rips the tape back so the editor can talk.

EDITOR

I swear to fucking god that paper  
 never-

The man quickly puts the tape back over the editor's mouth.

MR. DESPOT

(laughing)

Ha!

He thinks I really give a shit!  
 How delightful...  
 (yelling to editor)  
 It's not up to me at this point my  
 friend!...(chuckles)

The Cricket slides the puck back and forth with his finger tips on top of it. We hear the editor's muffled yells.

We are at board level behind the puck.

We wait.

Suddenly, The Cricket sends the first puck screaming down the extra long board.

The puck grazes the editor's taped lips and slams in to the back wood.

The editor freaks out.

We can hear Mr. Despot laugh in the b.g.

The Cricket grabs the second puck.

He stares down the table at the editor.

We hear the editor whimper through the tape.

He sends another puck zipping down the table.

It misses to the left and slams hard off the back wood.

The Cricket grabs the third and final puck.

He gives it a few practice strokes to torment the editor.

He waits.

He suddenly sends the last puck screaming down the board. It grazes his lips again and smacks off the back wood.

The editor looks extremely relieved.

We hear a gun cock. The two men holding down the editor turn their heads away. The editor yells.

We hear the gun fire and see the editor get shot in the head.

We see the cricket put his gun away.

Mr. Despot looks at Paulus

MR. DESPOT  
Cheater, cheater, pumpkin, eater.

INT. PT BAR & GRILL (CONTINUED) - NIGHT

We catch right back up with T.C. and Bradley at the bar top.

T.C.  
Yeah I guarantee they shit themselves. That's awesome.  
  
Watch em' come after you or some shit.

BRADLEY

I know, right. I mean, what were they thinking putting my paper in there? They had to of fucking read it first.

Ziggy walks into the screen and sits down to the right of T.C. the same time that Sassy walks up to them.

SASSY

How we doin'?

BRADLEY

Three jegerbombs pretty please.

SASSY

You got it.

Bradley looks down the bar to Ziggy.

BRADLEY

What's up man.

ZIGGY

Congrats dude.

Ziggy and Bradley bump fists.

BRADLEY

Thanks man, fuckin a.

Ziggy quickly turns his attention to Sassy as she prepares the three jeger bombs in front of them.

ZIGGY

Sweetheart, can we get a round of Bud's too. I'll get 'em.

Ziggy reaches into his back right pocket and pulls his wallet out. He opens the wallet, grabs a card and slides it over to Sassy.

SASSY

Why certainly.

You missed your buddy talking all dirty to me earlier. We might have to cut him off.

Sassy and Ziggy look over at Bradley. Sassy is smiling mischievously.

ZIGGY

Oh yeah? How's that working for you?

Bradley flips off Ziggy. Sassy giggles and grabs three beers out of the cooler and slides them in front of the guys.

She finishes making the jeger bombs and passes them out in the same order as the three beers.

ALL

Thanks.

Sassy winks at them and walks off. The three guys drop their jeger shots into their pint glasses of red bull.

ZIGGY

So whataya fuckers been doing?

BRADLEY

Chillin.

Holds up his beer then takes a drink.

T.C.

Yea, I just got here like 5 minutes ago or some shit.

This alcoholic ass was already here throwing 'em back.

BRADLEY

Fuck off.

Ziggy laughs.

BRADLEY

I wasn't even halfway done with my first one when your ass showed up.

ZIGGY

Sure, sure.

BRADLEY

You can fuck off too.

They chug their jeger bombs and slam their empty glasses back on the bar top in the order of Ziggy, T.C. and Bradley.

BRADLEY

Every fucking time.

Bradley grabs another smoke and lights it up.

All three of them focus their attention on the many sports TV's in front of them.

They sip their beers a couple of times.

Bradley breaks the silence.

BRADLEY

Shit's sad, man, it's fucking pathetic.

T.C. and Ziggy try to tune out Bradley and maintain their gaze toward the TV's in front of them.

T.C.

What's that?

Bradley points up to the TV's with his beer.

We see a commercial about the Samaritan party on one of the TV's.

BRADLEY

I mean all of this shit is just shoved in our face, constantly. You know, like we don't even have time to step back and actually fucking think about something for a minute or two. We don't have a chance to ever make up our minds; they're made up for us!

All of this instant information, this technology; it's fucking terminator 2 man, I'm tellin' ya. We're fucked.

They wanted all of that chaos to happen. They wanted the dollar to be destroyed. People will turn to any-fuckin'-thing for help in times of chaos. This is what they wanted ya know.

Bradley takes another sip of his beer.

BRADLEY

Blatant as all hell. Our natural rights that we were born with are shit upon every day. And we just bend over and take it right up the ass.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (cont'd)

We enslave ourselves: "Here's the shackles, now lock my ass up and throw away the key, I'm a fucking dipshit!"

I mean, it shows you how primitive our species really is. We have dug ourselves into a huge shit hole and justify the things we do because of the fact that we ARE in such a huge shit hole.

Primitive, fucking, species.

We jump ahead a little bit in time and see that the three guys look pretty drunk by now. They all have a beer in front of them.

Two girls come up to the bar top to the right of Ziggy and order drinks.

T.C., who is in the middle, leans across Ziggy toward the girls.

T.C.

Meeeeeeeeooooooooowww

The girls ignore him and wait for one of the bartenders to pour their drinks.

T.C.

(to the guys)

Stuck up like the tampon I'm sure she's wearing.

Bradley and Ziggy chuckle.

The girl turns to T.C. and looks him dead in the eyes. She has an almost playful look in her eye and speaks calmly and clearly.

BAR GIRL

I'm going to tell all the girls in this whole bar that you gave me the clap.

A handful of people hear the comment and laugh and cheer. A few random claps are heard in the b.g.

T.C. is speechless. He reaches his arms out and acts like Ziggy is holding him back. The girl smiles.

We jump ahead in time once again.

The three guys are still in the same place and are looking pretty hammered. The bar is dying down.

T.C.  
You got any bud?

BRADLEY  
(laughs)  
Not fucking on me. You don't smoke anyway, what the fuck?

T.C.  
I have a feeling I'm gonna want to tomorrow.

I am drunk right now though so it's best to ignore any requests that I might have.

BRADLEY  
Yeah...  
I know I'll be smoking tomorrow morning. Yeeeeee....

ZIGGY  
(drunken like)  
And tomorrow afternoon; tomorrow evening; that time between afternoon and evening--and then between evening and morning: you'll be puffing that shit.

Smokin' dat sit.

BRADLEY  
What the fuck?

Ziggy stands up real drunken like.

ZIGGY  
Pee pee time.

He does the SMASH POTATO to the men's room..

BRADLEY  
-Niiiiice.

T.C. and Bradley both take a sip of beer.

Bradley grabs a smoke from his pack and lights it up.

BRADLEY

I did get some killer bud from the doctors a couple weeks ago. Straight fucking chronic, man.

T.C.

What, you gotta medical card now?

BRADLEY

Plural, not apostrophe.

T.C.

Word.  
(impression of gangbanger)  
Your talkin' like the biggest weed slingers in the state and shit yo?

BRADLEY

Second biggest.

T.C.

Who's first?

BRADLEY

Their Supplier.

T.C. shrugs like, "I guess that makes sense."

BRADLEY

He goes by the War Machine. Used to be in the Green Beret or some crazy shit like that.

T.C.

(laughs)  
No fucking way...ever meet him?

BRADLEY

Nope

T.C. reaches across Bradley and grabs his pack of smokes. He takes one out and lights it up.

T.C.

I guess the doctors are scary enough friends for now...

BRADLEY

I know, why is everyone so damn scared of them? They are like the coolest people to hang out with. Nice as all hell; make you feel welcome and shit...

T.C.

Then why is everyone so fucking scared of them?

BRADLEY

I just fucking asked you that, poop nuts.

T.C.

Haaaaahhh-

BRADLEY

Haaaaahhh-

They both take another sip of beer.

BRADLEY

No idea why man. They never leave the god damn house!

I mean, maybe I'm bias here. Cuffy used to babysit me; and the cabbage is my fucking cousin or some shit, but their good people. I've never heard anything scary about them. I mean they have a fucking business to run...need to protect it and shit- I don't know, ya know?

They have the best bud, fuck it.

T.C.

Word...I'm fuckin' drunk, man.

BRADLEY

Dude, I like, am a beer right now.

T.C.

(laughs)

Yeah I'm leaving my truck for sure...get the fucker in the morning or some shit.

BRADLEY  
 (feminine)  
 So responsible...

Ziggy walks back from the restrooms and stands behind Bradley and T.C. He puts his arms around both of them.

ZIGGY  
 I'm taking off fuckers. I'm donezo.

BRADLEY  
 Thanks for coming out man, hell yeah.

ZIGGY  
 Fun times dude. Congrats again. You're the fucking man.

BRADLEY  
 Shit, We're all the fucking man.

They all yell!

BRADLEY  
 You aint driving are you?

ZIGGY  
 Nope, I rode my bike.

BRADLEY  
 You can still get a fucking DUI on a bike, man-

ZIGGY  
 -Dude, If a cop is gonna fuck with me on a bike than fuck him. They don't have shit better to do?

T.C.  
 Never seems like it.

BRADLEY  
 Yeah, they're fucking cops dude. That job can only attract one specific type of person: A fucking douche bag.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) We see Zach exit the bar.
- B) We see T.C. give Bradley a five, hug and exit the bar.
- C) We see an UNKNOWN MAN sit next Bradley. They converse for a moment and the man leaves Bradley some sort of card.

Bradley is sitting at the bar top by himself. A half empty beer bottle is in front of him. Sassy comes over with her bar apron in hand.

SASSY  
All by your lonsome?

Bradley picks up the pack of smokes in front of him and shakes them to see how many are left. He pulls the last smoke out of the pack.

BRADLEY  
All by my lonsome.

Bradley lights his smoke.

SASSY  
Well good lookin', I'm getting off the floor, off the clock, and in to bed. You be safe.

BRADLEY  
Sassy, it's always a pleasure. See ya sooner than later.

Sassy smiles and walks off the screen.

Emma Emmerson comes and sits down next to Bradley.

She looks to the left down the bar for some service.

She pans to the right and locks eyes with Bradley.

INT. MOTEL ROOM (ESTABLISHED) - NIGHT

We see Bradley gaze up at the ceiling. Emma appears to be asleep and her head is resting on Bradley's chest.

Bradley carefully climbs out of the bed and gathers his clothes.

INT. BRADLEY'S PATHFINDER, DRIVING - NIGHT

Bradley drives as the radio plays softly.

He sees lights getting closer in his review mirror.

BRADLEY  
Shit...shit...

The car behind Bradley flips on blue and red lights. Bradley starts to pull over.

BRADLEY

Fuck!

INT. COUNTY JAIL, BOOKING ROOM (CONTINUED) - NIGHT

"BENEDICT"

Bradley blows in the hose for a breathalyzer test. Sheriff Bo looks down at the machine and glances at his wrist watch every couple of seconds.

Sheriff Bo is a redneck who is around 60 years old, but built like a brick shit house. He talks with a heavy hillbilly accent and always has a scowl on his face.

SHERIFF BO

Good...keep going...keep going...alright, and stop.

Thirty seconds and you'll blow again.

Bradley lets the hose fall and hang down from the machine.

BRADLEY

Sir, I would like to call my lawyer now.

SHERIFF BO

Still got two more to go.

Sheriff Bo looks at his watch.

BRADLEY

You said that before I blew I could make a phone call and to let you know if I were calling a lawyer.

I would like to make that phone call now and I am letting you know that it is indeed a lawyer.

SHERIFF BO

K, first: I'll slap your smart ass-

BRADLEY

-And you'd love it-

Sheriff Bo slaps Bradley hard across the check knocking Bradley over.

SHERIFF BO

Second:

I did say that; but, like you just so rightfully pointed out: that was before you consented to a breathalyzer test.

You have already started. Once you finish, you may make your phone call; assuming you keep that smart mouth of yours shut.

Bradley gets back to his feet and rubs the side of his face a few times.

BRADLEY

I'm just letting you know I wanna call my lawyer.

Sheriff Bo pulls out a toothpick from his breast pocket and puts it in his mouth.

He stares Bradley down.

SHERIFF BO

Are you trying to be a thorn in my ass boy?

Bradley bites his lower lip at "thorn in my ass" comment.

BRADLEY

Look, I was minding my own business just trying to get home. You brought all this on yourself.

SHERIFF BO

That's the most retard shit I've ever heard you Birkenstock lovin' son a bitch. You were driving under the influence of an intoxicant.

BRADLEY

Yeah, allegedly; I know what the charge is sir.

Sheriff Bo looks down at the breathalyzer machine. We see that the reading of Bradley's test was a .20.

BRADLEY

What?

That test is bull shit anyway-

SHERIFF BO

You refused the field sobriety test as well, bitch boy.

BRADLEY

Yeah, cuz that's such a better test. That's even fucking worse! I can't walk a straight line sober.

SHERIFF BO

(almost grins)

You implying you're drunk, boy?

BRADLEY

I'm not implying shit. I'm just saying that these tests are bullshit-

SHERIFF BO

-Son, take this hose; shut the fuck up; and blow your smokey little lungs out. Then, you can have your phone call you annoying piece of hippy shit.

BRADLEY

Sir, I just want my lawyer. You said that I could-

SHERIFF BO

-I know what the hell I said Mr. Sullivan and I already discussed IT with you. Now blow God damn it! Two more!

BRADLEY

I have the right to have an attorney present-

SHERIFF BO

God damn it! The test has already started boy! You just said you did NOT have a lawyer, I asked you! If you were to give me such exciting news 10 minutes ago we wouldn't be arguing about this and you wouldn't be wasting so much of my god damn precious time!

(MORE)

SHERIFF BO (cont'd)

I'm 63 years old, son; I aint got much of it left! And it's smart mouthed pieces of shit like you that are gonna be the end of me boy!

BRADLEY

I just met him tonight. I remembered that he gave me his card and told me to call if I needed anything.

And I'm pretty sure he was a lawyer.

SHERIFF BO

Well how god damn sweet. Sounds like some queer shit.

BRADLEY

I think he was a lawyer. I dunno.

We were fucking hammered man; can I please just call him?

Sheriff Bo is speechless and glares at Bradley.

Sheriff Bo walks over to a smaller table by the door. He grabs the phone that is on the table and throws it in Bradley's direction.

The phone slams in the breathalyzer and breaks the machine.

Sheriff Bo leaves the room and tells the other officer to deal with Bradley.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL, DRUNK TANK - DAY

It is the next morning and we see Bradley laying on the cold, hard floor of the drunk tank.

There is a handful of other men being held in the same large cell. Some are asleep on the floor or on the benches and some are up and pace around the cell.

We hear a large door shut that wakes Bradley up. He opens his eyes, stands up and presses his face against the glass wall holding him in.

A man in his early forties walks up to the case worker's desk with a confident but goofy walk.

He has black shoes, black pants, black hat and a black shirt underneath an ugly green vest. He has straight black hair that hangs down shoulder length and a pencil thin goatee.

He speaks in a drunken English accent and appears to be always smiling. His name is Sir Livingston Softbatch the Third

INT. COUNTY JAIL, CASE WORKER'S DESK - DAY

Softbatch stands in front of the case worker's desk. A heavy set woman looks up at Softbatch in anticipation: half intimidated; half intrigued.

Softbatch leans over her desk getting closer to heavy woman's eye level.

He raises his eyebrows to make his sunglasses slide half way down his nose. We see the whites of his eyes.

SOFTBATCH

I understand you are currently holding a client of mine: One Mr. Bradley B. Sullivan. He is to be released to me immediately; and we shall quickly venture out of this most horrific of habitats.

The less I wait, the more of my appreciation you will rightly earn.

Softbatch stands up straight, pushes his sunglasses back to covering up his eyes completely, and looks over to his left where the drunk tank is. Bradley is still pressing his face against the glass.

When Softbatch looks at him, Bradley backs away from the glass, trying to be smooth.

HEAVY WOMAN (O.S.)

And you're Mr.-

Softbatch quickly returns his focus back to heavy woman.

SOFTBATCH

-Sir Livingston Softbatch the Third, my dame.

(MORE)

SOFTBATCH (cont'd)

I'm afraid I am starting to feel as if my most recent request is being ignored. Therefore my appreciation is now depreciating ever so quickly.

I have signed what I needed to sign and paid what I needed to pay. Please go open that door and release to me my client.

Maybe you-  
(looks at the guard)  
-could help this poor, beautiful lady gain my appreciation back by going to grab Mr. Sullivan's belongings instead of standing there trying your damndest to look important.

I shall thank you in advance.

CUT TO

INT. SOFTBATCH'S VW BUS, DRIVING - DAY

A beat up, primer colored VW bus races away from the county jail. A wide variety of 'classic rock' posters cover the interior.

The two front seats are ripped up

In the back we see two bean bag chairs, a stove, and a cheap little kitty pool half full with water. A six pack of tall boys floats around in the pool.

Softbatch is driving, staring intently out at the road in front of him. Both hands are on the wheel and he has a cigarette resting between his lips.

Bradley is riding shotgun. He looks around the bus to try and take it all in as they speed down the road.

BRADLEY

So, I guess this shit should get dropped then right?

Softbatch glances over in Bradley's direction, then quickly focuses back on the road.

SOFTBATCH

I wouldn't worry about it.

Softbatch stares straight ahead at the road and puffs on his cigarette.

Bradley sits back in the torn up passenger seat and watches trees race by out the window.

Softbatch breaks the silence.

SOFTBATCH

DUI's are rubbish.

BRADLEY

Fuckin' a.

SOFTBATCH

You didn't harm anyone or anyone else's property...what did you really do wrong?

BRADLEY

That's what I'm saying, man.

Always eager to ramble, Bradley seems to get comfortable rather quickly.

BRADLEY

I mean, that's the only law we fucking need. Punishable only by death. Simple as that. Don't kill, don't steal.

SOFTBATCH

Ah, George Carlin did a bit about that.

BRADLEY

Yeah, and it was funny as shit. But, anyone that critically fucking thinks agrees with that; at least to an extent. I mean what do people think: If we didn't have all these laws there'd be chaos everywhere? Take a look around; I don't see any proof in the pudding.

I mean, you get a fucking DUI and you're fucked. You get in a lot more trouble over a DUI than a lot of smaller felony's...

SOFTBATCH

There is a lot of emotions behind drinking and driving laws. It has ruined a lot of lives; killed little kids; torn apart families. And the fact that the drunk driver usually walks away unhurt doesn't make anyone less mad.

Softbatch throws his butt out the window and lights another smoke.

SOFTBATCH

But the potential is there. And as soon as you step in a car that is what they nail you for; the potential. But you haven't harmed anyone...But you could...You could harm someone a million different ways but all of their heart and soul has been dumped in to drinking and driving.

They should take away all the guns from you yankees. Prevent murders, robberies and accidental shootings. Prevention.

We don't have any guns, but I prefer poisoning people so I could fucking care less. But, try that over here and you're country would collectively shit its pants. Prevention...

I mean you're the same country that goes to war to prevent war.

BRADLEY

Where in the hell did you come from, man, you ARE like the fucking British angel on my shoulder...

Didn't you say something like that to me last night?...I was pretty wasted and it seemed like you were only there for a second-

SOFTBATCH

I'd say it's rather apparent that I'm not to be associated with any Angels...

Softbatch takes his right hand off of the steering wheel to take a nice long drag off of his cigarette.

BRADLEY

You know you can also get a DUI for riding on a fucking skateboard? How is that protecting and serving anyone?

SOFTBATCH

We always need something to blame; something to go after. Who better than a bloody drunk?

All the wickedness that exists in society...

One must ask themselves: Are we only contributing more to the wickedness by trying to prevent it? Are we just making things worse? I don't see more good than bad due to all these laws, that's for damn sure.

People will continue to drink and drive; no matter what laws you make. So you might as well go back to square one: If they make it home, fine; if they harm and individual or their property, well, then, you know the drill. Survival of the fittest. You don't need a fucking judge, jury or police force for that.

You can't prevent evil without being evil...So you might as well deal with it as it comes.

A beat.

BRADLEY

You must be one badass lawyer.

Softbatch looks over at Bradley and smiles mischievously then returns his stare back to the road.

Bradley sinks back into his seat and scopes out the scenery; inside and outside of the car.

SOFTBATCH

I gotta piss.

Softbatch slams on the breaks. His cigarette flies out of his mouth somewhere down by his feet and near the pedals. Bradley is violently thrust forward. His seat belt locks up, so he doesn't go very far but it causes a hell of a whip lash.

Softbatch jumps out of the car neglecting to shut his door or put the e-brake on.

The bus slowly rolls forward as Bradley looks out of the open driver's side door in disbelief.

The van slowly comes to a stop after a a few yards. We hear the sound of urination coming from the driver's side of the road.

Bradley looks in his mirror, then turns around to look all the way back behind him to see if any cars are coming.

The sound of urination stops and Softbatch jumps back in the bus. He puts his head underneath the steering wheel for a couple of seconds and comes back up with a half-smoked, half-lit cigarette back in his mouth.

He smiles at Bradley, shuts his door, shifts into first gear and heads on down the road.

SUPER: "Sir Livingston Softbatch the 3rd"

SOFTBATCH

I'm afraid I nearly pissed myself.

BRADLEY

Yeah, So did I.

Softbatch slams the breaks again, this time bouncing Bradley's head off the dashboard in front of him. Softbatch's cigarette flies out of his mouth again.

BRADLEY

What the fuck man?!

Bradley rubs his head and glares over at Softbatch who has his head back between his knees fishing for the half of a cigarette he dropped.

Softbatch pops back up, cig back in mouth, and looks at Bradley in anticipation.

SOFTBATCH

Got stage fright haven't you?

BRADLEY

What? No man, I'm just saying you  
fucking scared the piss out of me.

SOFTBATCH

You already went?

BRADLEY

No, I'm just saying!

But if you keep banging my fucking  
head off the dashboard, I'll piss  
all over this fucking car.

Softbatch looks at Bradley and chuckles like only a drunken  
Brit' could do.

Bradley rubs his forehead again.

BRADLEY

Got any more of those smokes?

Softbatch reaches into his vest pocket, without taking his  
eyes off the road, and pulls out an  
almost-empty-box-of-smokes.

He flips open the lid to the hardpack with his thumb,  
holding it open, and points it in Bradley's direction. With  
his middle finger he flicks the bottom of the hard pack and  
a cigarette is launched into Bradley's lap.

Bradley looks down at the cig and then over to Softbatch who  
is staring intently down the road. Bradley picks up the  
cigarette from between his legs and puts it in his mouth.

BRADLEY

I'd ask you for a lighter but I  
don't wanna catch the fuck on  
fire.

Softbatch lets out a half laugh that sounds more like a  
cough and points to the cup holders in the center console.

Bradley grabs the green zippo in the cup holder that  
Softbatch pointed to. He lights his smoke by snapping his  
fingers. He sets the zippo back into the cup holder.

BRADLEY

Thank you.

So what was up with that fucking  
card last night man?

SOFTBATCH

What's that?

BRADLEY

Getting your card last night and  
shit...what was up with that? You  
know the Doctors'?

SOFTBATCH

-I thought you were queer.

Bradley, in the middle of taking a drag, coughs his hit out.

BRADLEY

You thought I was what?

SOFTBATCH

That you wanted to tickle me  
bum...stranger walk...

BRADLEY

Niiiiiiice.

Well, I hate to burst your bubble,  
but just cuz I'm a friendly drunk  
and can be a bit campy, doesn't  
mean I'm fucking-

SOFTBATCH

-Women?

BRADLEY

...What?

Oh, fuck you. Funny.

SOFTBATCH

Ha Ha!

BRADLEY

Well, anyway, like I was saying-

SOFTBATCH

Oh no no no....No need to get  
defensive now, Mr. Sullivan.  
(turns to Bradley)  
I believe that is my job.

Softbatch winks at Bradley then looks back out at the road.

Bradley sinks into the seat as he takes another drag.

SOFTBATCH

How you holding up? Head hurt?  
Needa Beer?

BRADLEY

Do I need a beer?

He looks over at Bradley with a sudden look of agitation. We can see the whites of his eyes over the top of his sunglasses as Softbatch points his chin down and eyes up.

SOFTBATCH

If I want to hear what I say  
repeated, I'll ask that cunt of a  
court reporter to read it back to  
me...

You look hungover. Do you want a  
fucking beer?

Bradley is half put off; half impressed by Softbatch's sudden mood change.

BRADLEY

Sure...

Softbatch stares at Bradley while he reaches into the kiddie pool in the back. We hear water swish around and hear him peel off a couple tall boys from the floating six pack and crack one of them open, apparently all with one hand.

Softbatch hands the open beer to Bradley.

Bradley looks at his beer. He takes a sip and then another drag.

We hear Softbatch crack his beer and then light up another smoke.

SOFTBATCH

They killed a loved one of mine  
once. Just as this party was  
coming to power...

We tried to do the same thing  
you're trying to do; tried to  
speak out.

It's not worth it, Mr. Sullivan.  
But, now I'm afraid we have no  
choice but to carry it out all the  
way through and really fight back.

They will do the same to you as

(MORE)

SOFTBATCH (cont'd)  
 they did to my wife and tried to  
 do to me-

Bradley appears equally confused and concerned.

BRADLEY  
 (laughs)  
 What's that? What are you talking  
 about, man?

Softbatch hesitates for a couple seconds.

SOFTBATCH  
 They will kill you Mr. Sullivan,  
 and anyone who is close to you.  
 You are a threat to them, now.

BRADLEY  
 (nervous laugh)  
 What are you talkin about, man?

A threat to who? Why?...What in  
 the fuck?-

SOFTBATCH  
 -The party and your paper...

BRADLEY  
 My paper? You mean that essay I  
 wrote for class? Kill me cuz of my  
 essay? -The fuck, man, what are  
 you talkin' about?

Softbatch looks over at Bradley.

Bradley tries to take it all in and make it register.

He hesitates a couple of beats.

He opens his door and jumps out of the Bus.

INT. MR. DESPOT'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Despot sits in his "throne" behind his big black desk.  
 The Cricket stands in the far right corner.

We see the backs of four men across from Mr. Despot on the  
 other side of the desk. The two men in the middle are in  
 chairs, the other two are standing, one on each side.

Mr. Despot's delivery is calm, steady and confident.

MR. DESPOT

A young man fails to understand that things have to be a certain way. The other day this man called into question our motives, our purpose as a party; filling millions of heads with rebellious thoughts.

And we sure as hell can't have any of that...we have restored order to this once chaotic country...The people need us.

We see the fronts of the four men in matching suits. They all have dark hair and matching buzz cuts. They are all built the same: Tall, slender and fit. The two men standing have sunglasses on.

MR. DESPOT

We now have a system in place, see. And when the fabric that keeps us all in line threatens to be unraveled, a few of us have to step in. Make things right. Maintain.

Mr. Despot opens a folder that is on his desk and spins it around and slides it closer to the two men sitting down.

We see that a picture of Bradley is on top of a short stack of other papers.

One of the men sitting down casually grabs the folder and holds it in his lap and skims it over.

MR. DESPOT

Our party is keeping the peace and we have things the way we want them-more importantly-the way we need them.

Now we have a little bit of a hiccup.

Results were expected immediately, and of course, that didn't happen. But results don't matter; only plans do...

We don't have to really change anything we just have to say we are going to. And when a people

(MORE)

MR. DESPOT (cont'd)  
starts to get a bit restless it  
doesn't always have to take that  
much to spark a fire. Unravel the  
fabric.

This little bastard threatens to  
spark a fire

Mr. Despot gets up from his throne.

MR. DESPOT  
(sighs)  
Everything you need to know is in  
that folder.

We see Mr. Despot reach down to the right of his desk. We  
hear him open a cabinet. His hand appears above the desk  
with a check in his hand. He sets it on the desk on top of  
the folder and slides the folder toward the two men sitting  
down.

MR. DESPOT  
100 million dollars says that this  
man is a threat to our national  
security.

Mr. Despot looks over to the corner at the man in the  
shadows.

MR. DESPOT  
As always, bring her back home.

The two men who are sitting stand up. All four of them nod  
their heads to Mr. Despot. We follow them out of the door as  
they exit Mr. Despot's office and shut the door behind them.

Mr. Despot picks up his phone and calls Paulus's secretary,  
Emma Emmerson.

MR. DESPOT  
Emma, I'm gonna need you to go out  
to Esstown for me in a couple  
weeks. You're raise is in the  
mail.

Mr. Despot looks over to the editor being held down by the  
two henchmen in suits then looks over to The Cricket again.

The Cricket steps out of the corner and into the light. He  
heads across Mr. Despot's desk and toward the shuffle board.

INT. SAMARITAN HQ, HALLWAY - DAY

We follow the four men down the hallway away from Mr. Despot's office. We see Kruegar Paulus come around the corner and head toward the four men. They pass Paulus and turn the corner.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BRADLEY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

We see a BLACK SEDAN pull up in front of a little wooden fence that surrounds a cottage-style studio house: Bradley's house.

Two of the men step out from the back seat, each with a duffel bag.

They head through the gate and toward Bradley's front door.

INT. BRADLEY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

The two men set the duffel bags on the floor and close the door behind them.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Man#1 pulls explosives out of the bag.
- B) Man#2 sits at Bradley's computer and inserts a CD. We see "save to hard drive?" on the computer screen.
- C) Man#1 carries two baskets full of documents, binders and books into Bradley's room and puts them in his closet.
- D) Man#2 pulls two clear garbage bags full of shredded paper out of one of the duffel bags and put them out in the laundry room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

One of the men is looking around the small motel room for something or someone. The other man is next to Emma with his fingers on her neck checking for a pulse.

One of the men pulls out a cell phone and types a text message.

We see that it says "not here, M dead"

EXT. BRADLEY'S STUDIO - STREET - DAY

Bradley runs toward us. He has scrapes on the side of his face, his elbow and on his forearm.

He looks around to make sure the VW Bus isn't following him.  
He comes up to the wooden gate in front of his studio.

INT. BRADLEY'S STUDIO - DAY

We see the four men have united. They sit around a T.V. patiently waiting. They look as if they have been their for a while.

We hear the wooden gate slam shut outside. The four men slowly perk up like old dogs. One of the men casually grabs a remote and turns the T.V. off.

EXT. BRADLEY'S STUDIO - DAY

We follow Bradley as he pushes through the wooden gate and slams it shut.

He walks up to the front door and pulls his keys out of his pocket.

He stops about 5 paces shy of the front door.

We see the door is not all the way shut and appears to have been recently forced open.

Bradley stops and stares at the door concerned.

He looks behind him. We see what looks like a white VW bus through the cracks between the fence boards.

INT. BRADLEY'S STUDIO - DAY

The four men all look at one another. One of the men has his hand on the door knob and is slightly bent down like a lion ready to pounce.

EXT. BRADLEY'S STUDIO - DAY

Bradley looks back at the door.

He glances quickly over to his right toward the corner of his house.

Suddenly the door rips open and the man pulling the door open lunges out at Bradley simultaneously.

Bradley darts to the right and around the corner toward the back of his house. We see there is no backyard and no fence; just an alleyway.

We follow Bradley in a dead sprint to the back fence line. He turns right and sprints down the alley way toward a residential street perpendicular to the alleyway.

One of the men bursts out of the back door and shoots at Bradley with a silenced 9mm but Bradley reaches the street and turns left just before the shot is fired.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD. - DAY

An older looking suburban neighborhood. A few random people are out and about.

MONTAGE

A) Bradley quickly sneaks through someone's backyard and hops a fence onto another residential street.

B) We see a small APARTMENT COMPLEX about 5 blocks in front of Bradley.

C) Bradley waits in a bush as a VW bus slowly creeps down a residential street. He gets out of the bush, crosses the street and heads toward the apartment complex.

D) Bradley is behind the apartment complex and peeks around the corner to the parking lot. An orange 69 t-top stingray corvette pulls in to the parking lot.

Bradley comes around the corner and starts jogging toward the car. A young teenage boy steps out of the car.

BRADLEY

What the fuck am I doing? What the fuck am I doing? Fucking shit...

The teenager takes a couple of steps away from his car toward his apartment when he notices Bradley jogging toward him. The teenager stops and throws his hands up.

TEENAGER

What?

Bradley goes from a jog to a swift walk without missing a beat.

BRADLEY

Oh I remember when I thought I was a badass too.

Bradley's fist lands right between the teenagers eyes knocking him down and out instantly.

Bradley takes the kid's keys from his hand.'

We hear the engine start.

INT. STINGRAY, DRIVING - DAY

Bradley holds his cell phone up to his ear. He is in the middle of a call. We can't hear who is on the other end or what they are saying.

BRADLEY

I don't fuckin' know, I don't know-

No, I was about to walk in the door and my door was open-

-Yea, and a mother fucker jumped out at me and someone tried to shoot my ass when I ran away-

It is fucked up, way fucked up-

Some British dude-

Yeah, he fuckin' bailed me out and shit-

Fuck off-

No it's still at the repo place, I just got dropped off and all this shit happened-

...I stole it-

I dunno, What the hell was I supposed to do? Mother fuckers are shooting at me! I just did it-

No shit, I gotta ditch it-

Ok, ok, ok...I'm almost there-

I wont park the car in your fucking driveway-

Yeah, bye.

INT. T.C. AND ZIGGY'S HOUSE (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

A typical bachelor pad: posters cover the walls, dishes are in the sink, and a small circuit city is in the living room.

Bradley paces around the room. T.C. stands by a high top table with two bar stools. Ziggy sits on one of the stools.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, CRIME SCENE (CONTINUED) - DAY

We're back at the side of Emma Emmerson's "deathbed" with the slow-talkin' partners, Detective Mckenny and Detective Keyser.

KEYSER

I've been doing some homework since I got here, quick like, cuz I'm a bad SOB.

MCKENNY

Yeah?

KEYSER

Yeah.

Keyser holds up a bag containing a cut out newspaper article. They move to an open space between the foot of the bed and the small TV.

KEYSER

This was on top of the T.V.

Keyser hands a ziplock baggy to Mckenny. Mckenny holds bag up and we see the baggy contains a cut out news article. Mckenny tries to read what is on the article.

MCKENNY

What's this?

KEYSER

Editorial from the Samaritan.

"Death, by, Bailout". That's what it's called.

Written by a Bradley Sullivan.

MCKENNY

What's it about?

KEYSER

Bunch a happy horse shit.

MCKENNY

As the title suggests.

KEYSER

It's about Kruegar Paulus, the media, and basically how the whole Samaritan Party is evil.

Says we're socialists moving toward totalitarianism.

MCKENNY

Nice.

KEYSER

Yep.

MCKENNY

Anarchist?

KEYSER

Dunno.

MCKENNY

Terrorist?

KEYSER

Probably.

Mckenny stops examining the article inside the baggy and sets it back on the T.V.

KEYSER

And you know that homework I was talking about?

Well, you wanted excitement, so hold on to your hat:

Ms. Emmerson over there happens to work for Kruegar Paulus. She's his secretary.

MCKENNY

Oh yeah?

KEYSER

Yeah.

I said hold on to your hat so lets hope your grip's strong...

That man that wrote that paper

(MORE)

KEYSER (cont'd)  
lives here in Esstown.

MCKENNY  
No shit?

KEYSER  
Hmm mm.

MCKENNY  
Where is he?

KEYSER  
You still holdin' it tight?

MCKENNY  
Like a god damn gator jaw.

KEYSER  
Good.

Just found out not a minute before  
you walked through that door that  
he got picked up for DUI last  
night.

Booked him at 1:14 this morning.

Mckenny looks at his watch.

MCKENNY  
I'm assuming he's no longer there.

KEYSER  
They said a lawyer came and bailed  
him out around 8:30.

MCKENNY  
Where'd they go?

KEYSER  
Dunno.

A Livingston Softbatch signed for  
him.

As you could imagine nothing came  
up when I ran the name.

MCKENNY  
We know Bradley's address?

KEYSER

Uh huh.

MCKENNY

Why aren't we there?

KEYSER

Dunno.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM, PARKING LOT, CRIME SCENE - DAY

Dozens of police and other emergency vehicles are in the parking lot of the cheap motel. Local news vans are all over the place as well.

We see detective Mckenny and Detective Keyser walk out of the open door to the room and head for a silver taurus. Reporters crowd Keyser and Mckenny and yell questions at them as they get into the taurus. Mckenny gets in the passenger seat; Keyser gets in the driver's seat.

The silver taurus speeds off.

INT. T.C. AND ZIGGY'S HOUSE (CONTINUED) - DAY

We're back with the guys in the living room. T.C. stands in the kitchen; Ziggy sits on a stool at the high top table; and Bradley stops pacing and stands in the living room so he can see both of them.

ZIGGY

You haven't, like, done anything to anyone, or-

BRADLEY

Fuckin' no man! What the fuck would I do?! I have no fucking clue what is going on. Someone was in my house and they fucking, like, ninja jumped out of my front door and then shot at me. That's all I fucking know.

T.C.

This doesn't make any sense man.

BRADLEY

Man, I have no clue what's going on, what to do, or where to start, I fucking hear ya, dude-

We hear a REPORTER come on over the T.V. The three guys turn their attention to the T.V.

We see a female reporter on the T.V. standing in the motel parking lot. "Breaking News" is displayed at the bottom of the screen.

REPORTER

We come to you live from Esstown from what appears to be a serious crime scene. Police have been here for the last hour: a room at the Offshire Motel. Details are very limited right now as the officers here are keeping the crime scene extremely private. All that we can report now is that it appears that a young woman and her 2 year old black lab were brutally, brutally murdered.

No victims or suspects have been confirmed thus far. We will keep you posted as this story unfolds.

The three guys stare at the T.V. in shock.

BRADLEY

No way. No fuck-ing way!

T.C. and Ziggy turn their attention to Bradley who continues to stare at the T.V. in disbelief.

T.C. & ZIGGY

What man?

BRADLEY

(pointing to T.V.  
screen)

Dude, I was fucking there last night.

T.C. and Ziggy look back at the T.V. screen. We see that it has now went to some patriotic type of commercial.

T.C.

Where?

You mean the fucking Motel?

BRADLEY

The fucking motel ROOM, dude.

ZIGGY

No way.

T.C.

Someone's gotta be fucking with you.

BRADLEY

It aint April 1st mother fucker, I'm telling you...some shit is going down.

T.C.

What the fuck were you doing there last night?

BRADLEY

Dude, k, after you guys left, I was about to leave, right, I was waiting for a cab. This girl comes and sits down-

T.C.

Cougar?

BRADLEY

-no, god damn it...and she looks at me and gives me the fuck eye.

ZIGGY

Who was this?

BRADLEY

Some girl, man, I dunno. She said she was from out of town and had a room we should go back to.

That room.

T.C.

And you didn't find any of that odd or suspicious?

I mean, you're wearing a fucking Kilt, dude.

BRADLEY

Fuck, I wasn't thinking like that. I was thinking about getting laid man. And I was pretty lit at that point.

ZIGGY

And then, what, you killed her? I mean what the fuck, dude?

BRADLEY

Hey I'm seeing what you guys are seeing right now, ok. I fucking left that fucking room at like midnight or some shit.

T.C.

Why?

BRADLEY

...She fell asleep.

T.C.

She fell asleep?

What, while you were fucking her?

BRADLEY

Yeah, while I was fucking her. You gonna let me finish? -

ZIGGY

You did kill her.

BRADLEY

This aint fuckin' funny, man. Ok, then I try to drive home like a dip shit but get pulled over and get a fucking DUI. Some weird captain hook mother fucker who says he's a lawyer, who I briefly met last night after you guys left, gave me a fucking card with his number and some weird message on it. I call him and he bails me out this morning and takes me back to my house. He says mother fuckers are trying to kill me because of my paper or some shit like that, I dunno...I jump the fuck out. Scuuurrrt.- And now I think that mother fucker is after me too.

And there was no fucking two year old black fucking lab there either, man.

T.C.

That's the silliest shit I've ever heard you gotta be shittin me, man, come on.

BRADLEY

Wish I fucking was. It's like I'm getting set up or some shit, I don't know what's up.

ZIGGY

What did the card say?

BRADLEY

Something about blowing town and Doctor's orders - I dunno, I threw it away after I made the call.

T.C.

The Doctors? He knows 'em?

BRADLEY

That's what I was wondering, I don't know, man, this is all fucked.

Bradley begins to pace around the room again.

BRADLEY

Fuck it, I gotta get the fuck out of here.

T.C.

Why? Where you gonna go?

BRADLEY

I can't go to the police; I can't go fucking anywhere. Where am I gonna go?

(a couple beats)

I'll tell you where I'm fucking going: The Spot.

Shit's going down and I've always said, "If shit goes down that's where I'm fucking going."

The fucking spot, man.

T.C.

That shit was never serious man.  
It's just us bull shitting; talkin  
shit, come on now-

BRADLEY

-I don't think I should stay  
fucking here! Fuck all these  
mother fuckers. Look what's  
happening, man, people are  
shooting at my ass and telling me  
I'm not safe...out of fucking  
NOWHERE! What am I supposed to do?

I fucking told you guys...these  
mother fuckers!

T.C. studies Bradley for a couple seconds.

T.C.

You're serious right now?

BRADLEY

Look, sorry guys. But this shit  
seems real as hell...and I'm  
scared, confused, and fucking  
hungover. I need some help real  
fast, then i'm getting the fuck  
out of here. I'll start really  
thinking later. I gotta get the  
hell out of dodge, scuurr...you  
know what I mean? Like, now and  
shit. Gotta go.

T.C. and Ziggy stare at Bradley for a few seconds.

T.C.

Alright man. Fuck.

Whatdaya need?

INT. T.C. & ZIGGY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Bradley shaves his hair to a length of about a quarter inch.
- B) Bradley sticks his head underneath a running shower and brushes loose hair off of his head and shoulders.
- C) Bradley looks in the mirror at himself as he puts on a red St. Louis Cardinals hat and a pair of lightly tinted sunglasses.

INT. BRADLEY'S STUDIO - DAY

Detective Keyser and Detective Mckenny meticulously stroll through the room coming across the incriminating evidence planted earlier in the story.

We hear a loud noise. The two detectives turn quickly toward the door with their guns drawn. We see the four men in trench coats stand calmly just outside of an open front door. Man #1 stands in front of the other three.

MAN #1

Detective Keyser, Detective  
Mckenny.

Man #1 holds up a SAMARITAN BADGE.

MAN #1

The man you are after is a serious threat to our national security. Details are classified detectives, but I can tell you that we have intelligence on an attack against the members of the Samaritan Council.

It is top priority to apprehend this man and bring him to us. Do you understand?

Keyser and Mckenny look at each other.

KEYSER

We were kinda hopin' we'd find him here.

MCKENNY

How'd you guys know we were here?

Man #1 glances back over his right shoulder to the three other men standing behind him.

McKenny looks at Keyser; Keyser keeps focus on Man #1.

MCKENNY

Ah...classified.

KEYSER

Uh huh.

McKenny turns back to The Man #1.

MCKENNY

Is this connected to that poor  
dead gal over at Offshire?

Man #1 steps through the doorway and into the studio. He pulls out a card from inside his trench coat and hands it to Detective Keyser. He suddenly speaks in almost a whisper but with a very serious tone.

MAN #1

You bring him straight to us if  
you find him, understood?

Keyser looks down at the card as he takes it from Man #1. We see the words, "Reward=\$100 million," written in blue ink at the bottom of the card. Keyser's eyes go back up to Man #1.

Man #1 slightly cocks his head at Keyser and then turns and follows the three other men away from the house and back toward the front gate.

INT. ZIGGY'S 4RUNNER, DRIVING - DAY

A Toyota 4Runner rumbles down the road. Ziggy is behind the wheel; T.C. is shotgun and Bradley is in the back ducked down below the windows.

T.C.

I can't believe I'm gonna let you  
use my fucking truck, man.

BRADLEY

Cuz you're a good friend, bitch.

ZIGGY

Did you park in the parking lot or  
across the street from PT?

T.C.

Parking lot.

BRADLEY

Make sure you get right up next to  
that mother fucker. I wanna jump  
out and jump in.

ZIGGY

No worries.

BRADLEY

And you guys will be coming up  
with a bunch of shit in a couple  
days?

T.C.

Yep.

BRADLEY

Promise?

T.C. looks back at Bradley.

T.C.

We don't promise we're gonna stay  
or anything like that, but we're  
coming up man. No worries.

BRADLEY

I'm tellin' you, man, shit's gonna  
go down. This don't look good.

MONTAGE

- A) T.C. looks out the window as they pass the crime scene at the Motel.
- B) We follow behind the 4Runner as it makes a right turn.
- C) We see the 4Runner pull up to a RED PICKUP in the PT Bar & Grill parking lot.

INT. ZIGGY'S 4RUNNER, STOPPED - DAY

Bradley opens the back door and crawls out of the 4Runner. He ducks down between the 4runner and T.C.'s red pickup. He shuts the door then quickly opens the driver's side door to the red pickup with T.C.'s keys. He climbs inside the truck and we see him drive away.

T.C. and Ziggy look at each other as they sit in the parking lot. We hear Ziggy turn off the engine.

ZIGGY

You still hungover?

T.C.

I'm definitely something right  
now, man...

ZIGGY

I need a fucking beer, man. This  
is fucked.

T.C.

No shit.

EXT. SHERIFF BO'S RANCH, FRONT PORCH - DAY

Detectives Keyser and Mckenny stand on a deck that runs along the entire front of a ranch-style home. A waist-high handrail runs along the perimeter of the deck.

Sheriff Bo is at the far end of the deck and leans against the handrail. The two detectives are to the side of him.

MCKENNY

Sorry If we're keeping you.

SHERIFF BO

Na, I was just on my way up to the market. Nothing too exciting.

MCKENNY

We're looking for him.

Mckenny hands a picture of Bradley to Sheriff Bo.

MCKENNY

And we heard you bumped into him last night.

SHERIFF BO

Yeah, I brought him in for driving under the influence of an intoxicant.

I fucked up the test a little bit...

(smiles)

We still held his ass though.

MCKENNY

How's that?

SHERIFF BO

He annoyed the piss out of me.

Keyser turns to Mckenny.

KEYSER

Sounds like a terrorist.

MCKENNY

He got bailed out early this morning.

SHERIFF BO

'Scuse me?

MCKENNY

We believe he may have been involved in the murder of a young woman last night. We went to pay him a visit today and found a damn barracks in his house.

Four agents from the Samaritan show up right after us and offer us 100 million dollars if we apprehend this Bradley kid and bring him straight to them.

They're saying he's a threat to our national security.

Mckenny hands Sheriff Bo the card he was given earlier.

SHERIFF BO

100 million...?

KEYSER

Smells somethin' shitty don't it?

Sheriff Bo stares at the "reward card" for a while longer then holds it out to give back to Mckenny.

MCKENNY

No, no. Keep it. He gave us both one.

SHERIFF BO

Well, lucky me.

Sheriff Bo puts card in his shirt pocket

MCKENNY

We heard a rumor that this man was involved with your daughter romantically Sheriff. You ever talk to him, know anything about him?

SHERIFF BO

I heard about that paper he wrote. Didn't read it, cuz I don't read much, but I didn't like what that  
(MORE)

SHERIFF BO (cont'd)  
hemp humpin' bastard said about  
this country. I can tell you that.

Insulting our intelligence...

He don't know what's best for the  
people; for the country.  
(turns to the detectives)  
Do you boys love this country?

Keyser and Mckenny look at each other then look at Sheriff  
Bo.

A beat.

Sheriff Bo stares back out off his deck. He looks disgusted  
and a bit suprised.

SHERIFF BO  
I didn't know he knew my daughter  
though...Kinda pisses me off,  
actually...In fact, it makes me  
sick to my stomach. Feel like I'm  
gon' shit my pants.

Keyser and Mckenny slowly look at one another with casual,  
suprised expressions on their faces.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S CONDO - DAY

Cuffy and Dee sit on their sectional and pass a bong back  
and forth. Antoine is in the cabinet with all the weapons  
and is gathering up a few toys. They all look ready to play.

CUFFY  
(to Dee)  
You need to call the machine!

DEE  
I said I would, hold on.

CUFFY  
Like a half hour ago. What the  
hell have you been doing that has  
prevented you from making a phone  
call that lasts no longer than ten  
seconds?

Dee looks at Cuffy and takes a hit from the bong.

DEE

I don't know why I'm even smoking this with you right now, man. This is bull shit, man.

ANTOINE

Just call him. It'll take two seconds.

DEE

Whoa. K, both of you can fuck off.

Dee pulls out a cellphone from his pocket. He presses a few buttons and lifts the phone to his ear.

EXT. WAR MACHINE'S HOUSE, BACK PATIO - DAY

A covered patio heavily decorated with various plants. We see a water fountain in the center of a well kept backyard. On the edge of the patio is a small shed with a sauna inside.

We see a small man with long black hair step out of the sauna and walk onto the back patio. He has a goatee and earrings in both ears. He has on a red robe that is not tied in front. He has a large tattoo of a tank on his stomach.

He walks to a patio table where his cell phone is. He grabs the cell phone and puts it up to his ear.

INT. THE DOCTORS' CONDO (CONTINUED) - DAY

DEE

War, go time.

INT. PT BAR & GRILL - DAY

"BADASS"

There's a small lunch rush but the place isn't too busy. Ziggy and T.C. sit at the bar top.

Sassy is the only bartender on duty. We see that the two guys look beat and look like they've seen a ghost.

Sassy approaches the two guys. She has a semi-concerned look on her face.

SASSY

Hey lovers. Back for more so soon?

I'm still dead from working...

T.C.

What's up Sass.

SASSY

Guys look like you're still hurting pretty good.

Bloody Marys?

T.C.

Sounds amazing.

ZIGGY

Yes. And a bud too, please.

T.C.

Make that two.

SASSY

Comin' up.

Sassy grabs two bottles of bud out of the cooler behind her and slides them to the guys. She strolls over to the other end of the bar and prepares the bloody marys.

Both guys take a chug of beer at the same time.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE (ESTABLISHED) - DAY

A ma-and-pa type of store. Sheriff Bo is inside at the check stand dressed in street clothes. An older lady is the lone clerk. There are no other customers in the store.

A can of GRIZZLY STRAIGHT chew is on the counter top. Sheriff Bo reaches in his back pocket for his wallet.

A red pick up truck pulls into the parking lot outside in the b.g.

We hear the same female reporter's voice from earlier come over a T.V. behind the older lady on the back counter. Sheriff Bo looks up and at the television. We look right back at him.

REPORTER (O.S.)

We are still here live at the Offshire Motel in Esstown: the scene of a grizzly murder.

(MORE)

REPORTER (cont'd)

F.B.I. and agents from the Samaritan are now on the scene. While there still has been no confirmation of any suspects, officials are asking for your help regarding the whereabouts of this man.

We see a picture of Bradley taking up the television screen.

REPORTER

If you know anything you are are being instructed to call the good Samaritan hot line immedietly.

INT. PT BAR & GRILL (CONTINUED) - DAY

We see T.C. and Ziggy stare in front of them. We see that the T.V.'s all show the same thing: the female reporter

REPORTER

We now go to a press conference that took place just one hour ago where the voice of our nation briefed the public.

We see T.C. and Ziggy chugging their beers. Sassy comes up to the two guys and gives them their bloody marys.

SASSY

(whispers)  
What the hell?

The two guys talk back quietly, trying to be sly.

T.C.

We don't fucking know.

ZIGGY

He came over saying he needed help. Said someone was after him-

T.C.

-And he says it's like he's being set up. He says he don't know shit either.

SASSY

Where is he?

T.C.

Don't know. He just took off. We came down here trying to take it all in.

T.C. points to the T.V.

T.C.

And as you can see it's workin' out real nice for us.

We hear Kruegar Paulus's voice come over the T.V.

Sassy, Ziggy and T.C. all look up at the T.V.'s and see Paulus stand behind a podium.

PAULUS

First, I'd like to clarify that an earlier report stating that a two year old lab found dead in Ms. Emmerson's room is untrue.

There were really two, two year old labs found dead in Ms. Emmerson's room. We apologize for the mix up.

Now, earlier today, a 17 year old high school student had an encounter with Mr. Sullivan early today when Mr. Sullivan attacked him and stole his 1969 Stingray Corvette. This was the last anyone has seen Mr. Sullivan and we are uncertain as to where he went...Please be on the lookout.

Again, we have no suspects. Mr. Sullivan is merely a person of interest in this horrific, gruesome crime. This is a top priority.

We are offering a 100 million dollar award... Be a good Samaritan.

That is all we can say at this time, thank you.

We see Sassy and the two guys look at each other in disbelief. T.C. pulls out a 50 from his wallet in his back pocket.

SASSY  
 (loud whisper)  
 Guys! Where is he?

T.C.  
 All I know is we gotta get the  
 fuck out of here too.

You wanted to know where the spot  
 is? That's where we're going.

You know my number? Bradley  
 doesn't have his phone with him.

SASSY  
 Yes.

T.C. sets the 50 on the bar top.

T.C.  
 All you sweetheart.

EXT. PT BAR & GRILL, PARKING LOT - DAY

T.C. and Ziggy walk toward the 4Runner. They stop in their  
 tracks, looking at something in front of them.

We see Cuffy, Antoine and Dee leaning on the hood of their  
 black Audi. We see the front license plate that reads  
 "TheDoctors" behind their legs.

Cuffy motions with her index finger for the guys to "come  
 here".

EXT. WAR MACHINE'S HOUSE, BACK PATIO - DAY

T.C. and Ziggy sit next to each other at a patio table with  
 six chairs; three on each side. Across from the two guys  
 sits Cuffy and War Machine. Antoine and Dee stand behind  
 them. Antoine is smoking a cigarette, Dee is smoking a  
 joint. They pass both of them, switching back and forth.

The doctor's look like a switch went off inside of them  
 since the last time we saw them; they look like they mean  
 business. T.C. and Ziggy look scared and nervous.

T.C.  
 ...and then he said some lawyer  
 who gave him a card bailed him  
 out.

ANTOINE

-He's not a lawyer

CUFFY

-He was supposed to go with him.

T.C. looks a bit overwhelmed.

T.C.

What? Yeah, no, he did go with him. He got bailed out and taken home-

ANTOINE

-Why the fuck did he jump out of the van?

T.C.

What van?

CUFFY

Softbatch

T.C. & ZIGGY

Softbatch?

CUFFY

The lawyer.

ANTOINE

But he's not a lawyer.

T.C. looks at Ziggy.

They both suddenly try and jump up and run. We hear a loud crack and see T.C. and Ziggy fall over the chairs they tried to just jump out of.

We hear guns cock as we see Dee and Antoine both pointing DESERT EAGLES at the two guys.

The two guys grunt and moan a little as they slowly get back to their feet.

T.C. (O.S.)

-What the fuck?

ZIGGY

(looking at War Machine)

-Was that a fucking lasso?!  
You like a cartoon or some shit?

ANTOINE

Sit the fuck down.

They sit down.

CUFFY

I can play dirty, I can play rough, I can play nice- I have no preference. And I'm the absolute shit at all three of them.

Why did he jump out of the van?

You try something cute again and I'll bite your god damn dicks off.

T.C. waits a couple a beats.

T.C.

K, don't fucking whip me again...

We ran cuz we're scared, and, we're sorry...

...Bradley told us that guy was a lawyer and that he said people were going to come after him and kill him or some shit. So he jumped. Scuuurrt.

He showed up at our house and said mother fuckers were there waiting for him.

CUFFY

And where's this spot?

T.C.

Way the fuck up there, man.

ANTOINE (O.S.)

Way the fuck up where?

Without looking behind her, Cuffy raises her right hand for Antoine to be quiet. She stares at T.C waiting for him to answer Antoine's question.

T.C.

Middle of the fucking cascades man, no one knows how to get there. We got spots to hide all our cars and everything.

Cuffy leans forward with a half a smile on her face.

CUFFY

Well, we would like to know how to get there.

T.C.

We'd have to show you.

Cuffy looks behind her at Dee and Antoine.

T.C.

We go to this place every year for a week. It's like a god damn paradise. We've always had this all planned out, but it was like a fucking joke, ya know? Just talkin' shit for fun.

CUFFY

Planned what out?

T.C.

If shit went down. You remember how bad it used to all be before this last election. We thought it was revolution time and shit, ya know. But, even then, we didn't take this shit seriously.

We'd rob the G.I. Joe and grab all the shit we'd need to get started: guns, ammo, tents and shit-I mean it was all planned out but it's all fucking talk.

For fun, like a fantasy or some shit....

CUFFY

Looks like you get to play one out, lucky you.

T.C. looks at Ziggy then back to Cuffy. He pauses for a couple beats.

T.C.

...Hell no.

We can't fucking really rob a store. Look at us! That's not us, we don't do that kinda shit.

Cuffy looks over at War Machine. They make eye contact and Machine nods his head. Cuffy turns back to T.C. and Ziggy.

CUFFY

We have plenty of guns and ammo.

We just need some tents and shit.

CUFFY

(points at War)

He'll go with you- trust me,  
you'll be fine.

Cuffy stands up from the table.

CUFFY

We'll go get the rest of our shit  
and meet up with you guys  
somewhere up the road.

Don't worry: I have a puss, but I  
haul balls.

Cuffy turns to War Machine.

CUFFY

You have a radio? Like a trucker  
radio?

ANTOINE (O.S.)

A C.B.

CUFFY

He knows what I mean.

WAR

I will.

CUFFY

Channel 2.

And talk dirty to me.

INT. BOX VAN, DRIVING - DAY

War Machine blankly stares out of the window at us with his hands 10 and 2 on the wheel. We see a DEAD MAN in a delivery uniform sits in the passenger seat. His neck appears to have been broken. We see a C.B. at the top of the cab in the center.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

We follow T.C. and Ziggy as they walk through a sporting goods store toward the back room.

They are dressed as beer vendors.

We hear a LOUD CRASH and see a few employees run out from the back room through 2 floppy, rubber doors.

T.C. and Ziggy go through the rubber doors and into the back room. We see the back of the box van has crashed through the receiving dock overhead door.

War comes running through a smaller man door with two masks in his hand. He tosses the masks to the two guys and continues toward the rubber doors. As he goes out into the store, he drops behind two smoke grenades.

We stay behind the rubber doors in the smoke.

We hear a few random screams, warlike sounds, and explosions: Sounds that one man should not be making by himself.

War pops back through the rubber doors.

SUPER: "War Machine"

INT. CONVENIENT STORE (CONTINUED) - DAY

We see the T.V. has a tacky commercial playing. Sheriff Bo looks at the lady behind the counter.

SHERIFF BO

Just when you thought things were getting better.

Sheriff Bo pulls out a TEN DOLLAR bill and slides it across the counter. He grabs the can of chew and puts it in his flannel shirt pocket. The older lady snatches the bill and opens the cash register. She puts the bill in the register and pulls out two one dollar bills.

CASHIER

Aint it just a shame.

The older lady hands the two bills over to Sheriff Bo. He puts them in his wallet; his wallet back in his pocket. He turns toward the front door and sees a man in red hat and sunglasses come through the front door: we know it's Bradley.

Bradley stops and looks at Bo. Sheriff Bo looks back at Bradley.

A beat goes by and Bradley starts walking casually back to the coolers in the far corner of the store.

Sheriff Bo follows him with his eyes for a second or two then continues out the front doors.

Bradley opens up a cooler door and grabs a Gatorade as we hear a ringing sound from the front doors opening and closing. Bradley comes up to the cashier.

BRADLEY  
Pack of lights too, please?

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE - DAY

We see Bradley come through the front doors and out of the store. He looks around quickly and gets into the red pickup.

INT. RED PICKUP, DRIVING - DAY

Bradley is cruising in the pickup. Music is playing. The window is down and he puffs on a smoke. He appears to be anxious but deep in thought.

SERIES OF SHOTS: POV

- A) Bradley passes a sign that reads "Leaving Esstown".
- B) Bradley passes a LARGE RANCH-STYLE HOUSE.

Bradley notices in his rear-view mirror a SEDAN approaching quickly.

The sedan gets over into the oncoming lane and speeds up almost next to Bradley.

The sedan does a pit maneuver on the pickup. Bradley spins out.

INT. PICKUP, STOPPED. - DAY

Sheriff Bo appears outside of the pickup. He opens the door.

SHERIFF BO

I thought that was you, I'll be.

I just live right back down the  
road.

We see a fist quickly cover the screen and hear the sound of a LOUD PUNCH.

INT. BASEMENT (ESTABLISHED) - DAY

Bradley sits in the middle of a large, empty basement unconscious. His hands are handcuffed behind the back of a chair.

We see sheriff Bo lean down close to Bradley. He wraps a towel around the top of Bradley's head like a turban.

We hear laughter O.S.

Sheriff Bo smiles and slowly puts his hand by Bradley's nose with his fingers in FLICKING position. He flicks the side of Bradley's nostrils really hard. Bradley awakes.

We see Sheriff Bo stand up in front of Bradley. We see 10 MEN stand shoulder to shoulder in the b.g. Nine of them have shotguns or rifles; the tenth, on the far right of the screen, holds a defibrillator in his hands. Sheriff Bo has a wicked smile on his face.

SHERIFF BO

Well, how god damn convenient,  
don't you think?

Bradley appears to be in some minor state of shock. He gazes up at Sheriff Bo, staying silent.

SHERIFF BO

You came right to me.

Sheriff Bo looks behind him at the 10 men with guns and smiles. A couple of the men chuckle.

SHERIFF BO

Hell, you pretty much drove right  
on up to my front porch and shit  
on my door mat.

Where were you headed to Dr.  
Kimble?

Silence.

SHERIFF BO

You were talking all kinds of shit  
last night; what's the matter,  
boy?

Cat got your dick?

We see the man with the defibrillator walk slowly up to the  
side of Sheriff Bo; both stare at Bradley the entire time.

The officer sets it down on the floor in between Bradley and  
Sheriff Bo.

SHERIFF BO

Now, see, this is at only a "1"  
right now.

Sheriff Bo bends down and picks up a paddle connected to  
small box. The box has a numbered dial on the front of it.

Sheriff Bo moves a little closer to Bradley.

SHERIFF BO

And, don't get me wrong, a "1"  
will still make you whimper like  
the bitch that you are. Calling  
for daddy, begging for mommy.

But you're balls will remain  
attached to your dick.

Sheriff Bo places the paddle over Bradley's crotch. Bradley  
begins to squirm.

SHERIFF BO

This little devil goes all the way  
up to 6. And that'll blow your  
dicksack into your asshole.

BRADLEY

I didn't kill anyone, man-

SHERIFF BO

Clear.

We see and hear the paddle explode into Bradley's crotch. It  
flips him and the chair on to their sides. He yelps as he  
flips and whimpers in pain after he lands.

Sheriff Bo stands up straight and drops the paddle to the  
ground.

SHERIFF BO  
God damn! Do you love this  
country, boy?!

Sheriff Bo bends back down over Bradley.

SHERIFF BO  
Do you have plans to terrorize  
this country?

Sheriff Bo pulls out his wallet from his back pocket and  
pulls out a card.

SHERIFF BO  
And I don't give seven shiny shits  
what you did boy.

Sheriff Bo flips the reward card on the floor next to  
Bradley's face.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE WOODS - DAY

We see four men with shovels finish digging two large holes,  
each about six feet deep, in a thick, lush forest. It is  
lightly raining. Two of the men stand around one hole while  
two of the men stand around the other.

INT. BACK OF BOX VAN - DAY

The uhaul-sized "cube" is packed with all sorts of random  
stuff from a sporting goods store.

We see the dead delivery driver has been moved from the  
passenger seat to the back. The body lays on the floor  
surrounded by all sorts of "goods".

INT. BOX VAN, CAB, DRIVING - DAY

We're back with War Machine as he speeds up Lonely Highway.  
We see that T.C and Ziggy are also in the cab. T.C. is in  
the middle. They both have an almost glazed over look in  
their eye.

We see them pass a convenient store.

We see them pass a Ranch-style house

We see that something gets T.C.'s attention up ahead. He  
squints his eyes and has a puzzled look on his face.

T.C.

Dude.

No way.

Dude, that's my truck, that's my  
fucking truck. That's what Bradley  
was driving.

ZIGGY

No way.

T.C.

It fucking is. What the fuck,  
man?! What the fuck?!

We see that War slows down and quickly scans the scene as he  
passes the pickup, but he doesn't stop.

T.C.

You're just gonna keep fucking  
going, that's the truck he was  
driving man; that's my truck!

War looks at the pickup in both rearview mirrors.

WAR

(calm, focused)

Hold on...give me a second.

We hear War speed up a bit and continue to cruise up the  
highway.

T.C.

Whatya gonna do?

WAR

...I'm thinking...

We see a black sedan way up in the distance pulled off to  
the right side of the road.

WAR

(quietly to  
himself)

Ooo. What's this, what's this?

We approach the black sedan and slow down as we do.

We pull up behind the black sedan about 15 yards back. War  
glances at the two guys.

WAR

Stay in this fucking truck.

T.C.

What's going on, what the fuck,  
what do you mean stay in the  
truck? What the fuck's going on?  
We're not gonna check out my  
truck-

War looks past T.C. and over at Ziggy.

WAR

Tell your girlfriend that if he  
makes one more sound, I'll stick  
my hand as far down his throat as  
I can reach, grab on to the first  
thing I feel, and yank it out his  
fucking mouth.

INT. MIDDLE OF THE WOODS - DAY

We're back with the four men as they pack up their shovels  
in a large duffel bag. Two smaller duffel bags sit off to  
the side. We can see that both of them are unzipped and are  
filled with stacks of cash.

We hear a phone ring. Man #1 pulls out a phone from his  
pocket and puts it to his ear. We can't hear who is on the  
other line.

MAN #1

Go ahead-

Yes-

Mile post 21; you'll follow us  
from there-

Good-

Again, your country loves you and  
thanks you, Sheriff; you're a good  
Samaritan-

Well done.

We see an army knife suddenly fly into Man #1's forehead.  
We see the phone fall from his hand. We hear the three  
remaining men die quickly and violently as we see the phone  
drop from Man #1's hand down to the ground.

We hear the sound of a knife getting pulled out of a skull.

We see a hand pickup the phone.

INT. BOX VAN, CAB, STOPPED - DAY

We are behind T.C. and Ziggy's heads as they watch War reemerge from the trail with two duffel bags and walk back to the van.

He climbs back in, closes the door and starts the van.

He reaches up to the CB and we see him turn a knob to "2".

INT. PT BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Emma Emmerson sits by herself at a table with a glass of RED WINE in front of her. She is wearing tight jeans, high heeled boots and a pink t-shirt that reads "Curse of the letter M".

A man with a top hat approaches the table. He has an English accent.

MAN (O.S.)

Why hello me love. You look  
absolutely glorious if I must say  
so myself.

We see Softbatch standing next to the table with his hand held out toward Emma. She reaches out and grabs his hand.

Softbatch kneels down and kisses Emma's hand like a gentlemen.

EMMA

Thank you.

Emma looks curious but is as cool as a cucumber.

EMMA

Are you?-

SOFTBATCH

Sir Livingston Softbatch the  
Third, my dame.

May I?

EMMA

Of course...

Softbatch sits down across from Emma.

EMMA

Emma Emmerson.

SOFTBATCH

A pleasure to meet you Mrs.  
Emmerson.

EMMA

It's Ms...And you can call me  
Emma.

Emma looks at Softbatch as if she knows him from somewhere.

SOFTBATCH

But of course.

Softbatch stares Emma down, cocks his head and grins.

Emma sits back in her chair, crosses her legs and grabs her  
glass.

Softbatch sits back in his chair, crosses his legs and grabs  
his glass.

He goes to take a drink and sees that his glass is empty.  
He puts it back down on the table and shrugs his shoulders  
at Emma with a smile on his face. Emma smiles and sips her  
wine.

SOFTBATCH

I hope you haven't been sitting  
here all by your lonely for very  
long. I just got here, but if I  
was to get here any earlier and  
saw you sitting over here by  
yourself my reaction would be  
exactly the same.

EMMA

You would-

SOFTBATCH

Come ask to sit down, yes...

EMMA

That was only my second sip of  
wine, Mr. Softbatch.

SOFTBATCH  
Sir...and you can call me  
Livingston to be fair.

Emma smiles and takes another sip.

Softbatch smiles back

The "cocktease waitress" comes over to their table.

COCKTEASE  
Anything to drink, sir.

Softbatch winks at Emma.

SOFTBATCH  
A soda please.

COCKTEASE  
Be back.

She darts away with a tray of drinks in hand.

EMMA  
Pace yourself party pants.

SOFTBATCH  
I shall do my best.

Emma chuckles.

This time she grabs a small glass of water next to her wine  
and takes a sip.

Softbatch looks directly in Emma's eyes like he is trying to  
send her a message. Emma looks back at Softbatch calm, cool,  
collected and confident.

Softbatch smiles.

Emma smiles.

She takes another sip of wine.

EMMA  
When did you get in?

SOFTBATCH  
Pardon?

EMMA  
(giggles)  
Are you from here?

SOFTBATCH

I am not.

EMMA

Do you live here?

SOFTBATCH

I do not.

EMMA

So you're just visiting like me then?

SOFTBATCH

(smiling)

I am.

They both laugh.

SOFTBATCH

I arrived yesterday.

EMMA

So did I.

SOFTBATCH

Just visiting like you...

Emma smiles and takes another sip of her wine.

EMMA

Well where do you call home,  
Livingston?

The cocktease waitress returns with a glass of soda and sets it down in front of Softbatch.

Softbatch continues to look at Emma as he reaches into his coat.

He pulls out a flask and unscrews the lid.

SOFTBATCH

Well, I'm English--Obviously...

Emma seems pleasantly surprised as she watches Softbatch pour a shot into his soda.

SOFTBATCH

...I came from English parents but I moved here to the states a few years ago. I'm still in a great bit of denial over it.

Softbatch sets the flask down on the table and takes a large sip of his drink.

He slams the glass down in front of him and we see that it is about half full. Softbatch grabs his flask and fills the drink back up to the top with alcohol.

He screws the lid back on to his flask and puts it back into his coat.

EMMA

(smiles)

Do you not like it over here  
Livingston?

SOFTBATCH

I don't like it anywhere. People  
are nuts.

But you all certainly take the  
cake. It's complete fuckin'  
insanity over here.

Softbatch takes a sip of his drink. He coughs, wipes his chin, shakes it off and takes a large drink that leaves the glass half full.

He sets the glass back on the table.

His eyes water as he shakes his head back and forth a few times.

SOFTBATCH

- Forgot to stir that fucker -

EMMA

So then what's your issue, grumpy?

Softbatch sticks his finger in his drink and stirs it around.

SOFTBATCH

Aside from the obvious?

Emma cracks a smile.

EMMA

Complete fucking insanity...?

SOFTBATCH

Ah, yes, yes.

Do you mind if I smoke?

Emma shakes her head as she sips the last wine out of her glass.

Softbatch reaches into his pocket and pulls out his flask and a case of smokes.

He puts a smoke in his mouth and lights it.

He chugs some of his drink then fills it back up with his flask.

He puts his flask away, sets his drink down on the table and takes a drag from his smoke.

SOFTBATCH

Do you want me to go get you another?

Emma studies Softbatch then looks off to the side toward the bar.

EMMA

I can wait for her.

SOFTBATCH

Fair enough.

Softbatch takes another drag.

SOFTBATCH

What brings you here, my love?

EMMA

Vacation.

Softbatch laughs.

Emma smiles.

SOFTBATCH

Just visiting, that's right, that's right.

EMMA

Do you find it humorous that I would choose to come all the way out here for a vacation.

Softbatch takes another drag of his cigarette then puts it out in an ashtray.

SOFTBATCH

I think it's a lovely choice.

Softbatch stares at Emma with a slight grin.

Emma confidently stares back at Softbatch.

EMMA

Would you excuse me for a moment?

SOFTBATCH

Of course.

We stay at the table with Softbatch as we see Emma get up and go back to the restrooms.

We follow Softbatch as he quickly gets up and walks across the room to the bar top.

Sassy comes over and greets him.

SASSY

What can I do you for sunshine?

SOFTBATCH

Two glasses of red please.

SASSY

Coming right up buttercup.

Sassy darts off. Softbatch looks to his left down the bar. We see Bradley saying goodbye to T.C.

T.C. walks past Softbatch toward the front doors.

Softbatch gets up and we follow him as he goes to Bradley and sits down next to him.

Bradley looks rather intoxicated.

SOFTBATCH

Hello Bradley.

Bradley drunkenly looks over at Softbatch and puts his hand on Softbatch's near shoulder.

BRADLEY

Do I know you man?

SOFTBATCH

I'm the angel on your shoulder.

Softbatch hands Bradley a card then quickly gets up and walks back over to where he ordered the drink from Sassy.

Bradley looks down at the card and we see that it says "IT'S TIME TO BLOW TOWN DOCTORS' ORDERS"

Bradley puts the card in his wallet and stares up at the T.V.'s

We see Softbatch get his drink from Sassy.

SASSY

There ya go country joe.

SOFTBATCH

Much appreciated my love.

We follow Sofbatch back to the table with two GLASSES OF RED WINE in hand.

He sets them on the table: one in front of where Emma is sitting; one in front of where he is sitting.

Softbatch sits down and pulls out his cigarette case. He grabs a cig and SMALL VILE OF POWDER out of the case.

He only pours the powder into the small glass of water next to Emma's wine.

He puts the vile back in the case and the case back in his coat. He lights up a smoke and sits back down behind his glass of wine.

INT. PT BAR & GRILL, LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Emma stands in front of a mirror with a phone in her hands.

She closes her phone, puts it in her purse, and pulls out some lip stick. We watch her put it on.

She puts the lip stick back in her purse and we follow her out of the bathroom

INT. PT BAR & GRILL, (CONTINUED) - NIGHT

We follow Emma from the bathroom door back to her table as we see Softbatch patiently waiting.

Emma sits back down.

Softbatch takes a drag of his smoke.

SOFTBATCH

I must confess, I missed your  
company more than I thought I  
would Emma.

Emma smiles.

She glances down at her glass then casually glances at his  
glass.

Her eyes end up quickly back on Softbatch.

Softbatch stares back with a smile and takes a sip from his  
mixed drink.

EMMA

What is it that brings you here,  
Livingston?

Softbatch grins and takes another drag.

SOFTBATCH

The complete fucking insanity I  
suppose.

For instance, Emma, I can argue  
that what brings you here is  
complete and utter insanity.

Maybe because, yes, this is a  
bumfuck town and your vacationing  
here, or maybe I argue that it is  
insane for entirely different  
reasons...

Emma's mood seems to change but she still appears to play it  
cool; she can't be rattled.

The cocktease waitress appears at their table.

COCKTEASE

Looks like we're doing good here.  
Can I bring you anything else.

Emma and Softbatch grin at each other while locking eyes.

SOFTBATCH

Good here, me love.

EMMA

Another glass of red please.

All three look down at the full glass in front of her.

The cocktease darts away.

SOFTBATCH  
Pace yourself.

EMMA  
I'll do my best.

Softbatch puts out his smoke and lights another one.

He takes another sip of his mixed drink.

EMMA  
What is it that you think brings  
me here, Livingston?

Softbatch looks O.S. toward the bar. Emma follows his eyes  
and looks over left her shoulder toward the bar.

We see a drunken Bradley put a cigarette in his mouth while  
Sassy says goodbye to him.

Emma and Softbatch return to looking at each other.

The cocktease waitress returns with another glass of red and  
sets it next to the other full one in front of Emma.

COCKTEASE  
I'm getting out of here so  
anything else you two need your  
going to the bar. Cool beans?

SOFTBATCH  
Cool beans.

The waitress darts off.

Softbatch takes a drag. Emma takes a sip of her new glass of  
wine.

SOFTBATCH  
Don't mix 'em up.

Emma casually takes the old glass of wine and sets toward  
the back of the table out her way.

SOFTBATCH  
(quietly to  
himself)  
All grown up.

The two look at each other for a couple beats.

EMMA

And just why is that you think  
it's so insane for me to be  
here...?

Is he bad in the sack?

Softbatch glances toward the bar then back to Emma.

SOFTBATCH

You should ask him?

Emma raises her glass.

EMMA

I'm planning on it.

Emma takes another sip of her wine.

SOFTBATCH

But of course...

Softbatch takes a drag from his cig.

They share silence for a couple beats.

SOFTBATCH

See, my dear Emma, a bit ago- when  
you were a bit younger- I had a  
wife...And the people who you work  
for, some of whom are very, very  
close to you...some would even say  
related to you; and not too much  
really in the public eye so to  
speak...

...those people did something  
horrible for reasons that could  
never in the least bit justify  
such a cruel, inhumane act.

I feel as if you are trying to do  
something similar for reasons that  
are similar...

Softbatch leans in a tad.

SOFTBATCH

Would I be more warm or more cold,  
my lovely little bird?

Emma goes from cool to cold as ice. She speaks calm but is frank with her words.

EMMA

I feel as if you are trying to get in my way Mr. Softbatch and I must tell you it is beginning to irritate me.

SOFTBATCH

- Sir -

EMMA

-Sir Livingston Softbatch the Third...Whether or not you think the purpose of my trip is insane, I am still here for that purpose. And it will be carried out. That is what I do.-

Softbatch leans in a tad more.

SOFTBATCH

What if stopping you is what I do?

Emma leans in toward Softbatch and wraps her fingers around the glass of water.

EMMA

Well, are you the best at what you do? Because some would say I am the best at what I do.

And what's going to be done is something way over your head that you shouldn't try to interfere with.

I'm going over to that bar, taking him back to my room and giving him a pleasant little going away gift.

Four little friends of mine will be here shortly after to pick me up and you'll never see me again.

And just like you don't wanna get in my way, you sure as hell don't wanna get in their way. What they do is protect me and they, too, are the best at what they do.

Emma leans back in her chair. We see her fingers slide off the glass of water as she leaves it on the table.

EMMA

So, Livingston, sir, If you do tend to get in the way - and getting in the way is what you do - then I truly hope that you are the best at it.

Softbatch cocks his head.

EMMA

Otherwise, stay the fuck out of my way.

Softbatch puts out his cig in the ashtray and leans back in his chair with a smile.

SOFTBATCH

As you wish.

Softbatch stands up from the table with his glass of wine.

SOFTBATCH

I do seem to be a bit out of my league, don't I?

To the best.

Softbatch chugs all of his glass of wine then sets it down on the table.

He reaches across Emma to grab the glass of wine she never touched. Emma's eyes follow the drink all the way to his mouth.

Softbatch chugs it all again and sets the empty glass next to other one.

Softbatch winks at Emma.

SOFTBATCH

To the best.

Emma watches Softbatch exit the bar with a slight look of disgust on her face.

She looks over her shoulder at Bradley, takes a sip of her wine followed by a sip of water and heads over next to Bradley.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Emma and Bradley are going at it pretty good on the bed.  
Emma is rough and aggressive.

She flips Bradley on to his back.

She pushes away from Bradley and backs up to the foot of the  
bed on her knees.

Emma takes off her shirt.

Her body suddenly goes limp and falls onto Bradley.

Brad seems confused and still plenty drunk.

BRADLEY

Hello?

He starts to laugh to himself.

BRADLEY

(slurring to  
himself)

You gotta be fuckin' kidding me...

Bradley gazes up at the ceiling. Emma's head is on his  
chest.

He climbs out of bed, puts on his clothes, and stumbles out  
the door.

INT. BLACK AUDI A6, DRIVING - DAY

A black Audi hauls balls up the highway. Cuffy drives, Dee  
rides shotgun, and Antoine relaxes in the backseat.

We hear a voice come over the C.B.

WAR (V.O.)

Got some dirty talk for ya'.

Cuffy reaches down at her center console and grabs her CB.

CUFFY

I'm all ears.

WAR

Where you at?

CUFFY

Oh damn, you have me sittin' in a puddle already; you better slow it down there, stud pants.

Cuffy looks out her windows and in her mirrors.

BRADLEY

Just left Esstown.

WAR

Well if that got you going sweetheart, you're gonna shoot through your damn roof like old fucking faithful...I just had a little run in with four dudes up here.

Depending on how fast your crazy ass drives, that's 4 to 6 miles up from you. And I don't know where Bradley is, but I bet my little troll lookin' ass these men were expecting him. And these are guys you don't want to be expecting you. They had a shit ton of cash, four shovels, a gun and two large holes dug in the earth....Looked very welcoming.

We're at like milepost 21. We'll wait for you here and see what happens.

CUFFY

Take the money and run sweetheart. Just get to the spot and set up camp or some shit; get it all ready. We'll stay back at the party and play host.

WAR

Fuckin' a. You sure you guys are good?

Antoine rips the CB out of Cuffy's hand.

ANTOINE

Mother fucker do you know who you're talkin' to?

WAR

Whoa.

Do you know who you're talking to?

Cuffy snatches the CB back from Antoine.

CUFFY

K, you guys can compare your dicks later-I'll even judge if you like.

Just get to the god damn spot and we'll get there when we get there, over and fucking out.

INT. BASEMENT (CONTINUED) - DAY

Bradley is still on the ground in his chair.

BRADLEY'S POV

watching cowboy boots step closer and closer.

SHERIFF BO (O.S.)

It's time to transport your rainbow lovin' ass...

How's your dick feel?

We see sheriff Bo yank Bradley and the chair off the ground and sit him upright.

SHERIFF BO

I don't know what they're gonna do to you, boy. But, I have to admit it kinda puts a little hitch in my step knowing it probably aint gonna be nothing good. Need to learn to keep your mouth shut.

Especially if what you are wanting to say-or write-is negative toward this country.

A couple beats.

BRADLEY

You know what?

SHERIFF BO

Uh oh, look out!

Sheriff bo glances back at the 10 men.

BRADLEY

What's your point?

You feel good about what you're doing deputy douche nuts?...need all that back up?

You guys are doing a great job, man...great fucking job.

Fuck you.

SHERIFF BO

There's that smart mouth I been missing

Sheriff Bo strolls over to the defibrillator. He picks the paddle up, turns the knob to "2" and shocks Bradley in the lips. Bradley is knocked on his back immediately.

SHERIFF BO

Not that I'm obligated, or even feel the need, to explain ANYTHING to you! But, whenever I'm dealing with 100 million dollars, a group of spooks, and a fugitive terrorist, I tend to take a few extra precautions. I'm an old school, do-it-your-fuckin'-selfer, you tie-dyed vagina lickin' son of a bitch.

Sheriff Bo leans down closer to Bradley's level.

SHERIFF BO

And I don't care what you did, son. I don't like loud mouth little bitches like you. Bad for the country. Plug my ears and drink a beer.

Plus, I heard you got a little close to my daughter. And that makes me feel as sick as an old dog you little shit.

Sheriff Bo yanks Bradley off the ground and sits him upright.

SHERIFF BO

(whispers)

Now, what hurt worse? A "2" to the lips, or a "1" on your dick?

Sheriff Bo slowly stands up and walks back toward the 10 men.

BRADLEY

You're daughter? The cougar slut?  
looks about as old as  
you?...Speaking of old dogs right?

I saw her at the bar last night...

Sheriff Bo stops with his back still to Bradley.

BRADLEY

Yeah, I did used to fuck her.

In the ass.

Sheriff Bo casually turns and walks back over to Bradley. He goes past Bradley, grabs the defibrillator, and appears back in front of Bradley. We see him turn the knob to "3" and quickly put the paddle on Bradley's crotch.

SHERIFF BO

GET IT!

Bradley tenses up in anticipation.

We hear Sheriff Bo laugh at his little prank.

Bradley relaxes.

A beat.

Bradley laughs.

SHERIFF BO

Clear.

We see and hear Bradley get blasted once more.

EXT. LONELY HIGHWAY, CONVOY - DAY

We're flying above a convoy of three cars heading up Lonely Highway. The front and back cars are unmarked sedans; the middle is a police car.

We see the convoy wind up Lonely Highway.

INT. POLICE CAR, DRIVING - DAY

Sheriff Bo is driving with a slight grin on his face. He has his cowboy hat on and is wearing aviator sunglasses. One of the 10 men is in the passenger seat and Bradley is handcuffed in the backseat. Music plays on the radio.

We "ride along" next to Bradley in the backseat of Sheriff Bo's car as the music plays for a couple moments.

We see the sedan in front of us break and come to a stop. Sheriff Bo turns the music off.

EXT. LONELY HIGHWAY, PARKED AUDI - DAY

We are behind Cuffy's black Audi which is pulled off to the right side of the road. The engine is running. The back rear passenger door is open. Antoine stands behind it.

The window rolls down and Antoine kneels down with a small RPG and sticks it through the open window.

We see that we are on the other side of the pickup road block. The front car in the convoy is about 3 car lengths back from the red pickup. Antoine is about 30 yards back from the pickup on the other side.

Antoine fires a round and rises to his feet, ditching the RPG into the backseat without missing a beat. He continues in one motion and shuts the backdoor while walking to the front of the Audi, flanking to the right of the red pickup.

The red pickup explodes. Antoine covers his face with his left hand and pulls out a Desert Eagle from his back waistband with his right, all in stride.

As he comes around the burning pickup he UNLOADS his clip through the front windshield of the lead sedan alternating between driver side and passenger side. He drops the empty clip from the gun and runs up to the hood to use it for cover.

The doors on the police car and the rear sedan fly open. Four men step out of rear sedan with shotguns.

We hear an automatic weapon fire and see the two men getting out of the back seat get shot in the back multiple times.

The two men that got out from the front seats turn around reacting to the gunfire behind them and see Dee with an AK-47.

He fires off a few more quick rounds and the two men drop dead. Dee runs up and ducks down behind the rear sedan for cover.

We see the back driver's side door of the lead sedan fly open. We see a foot step out and down on the ground. Antoine pokes around the front bumper and shoots the man's ankle. The man falls out of the car as Antoine unloads 5 more rounds in his chest.

Just to make sure, Antoine pokes up from behind the hood and unloads another clip through the shattered windshield of the lead sedan.

The man in the passenger seat of the police car steps out firing a shotgun at Antoine. It is extremely LOUD.

Antoine ducks back down behind the hood of the lead sedan.

Dee pops up from behind the trunk of the rear sedan and fires the AK-47 from behind the man. The man ducks down and scrambles to the front of the police car; between that and the lead sedan.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Sheriff Bo is kneeling down behind his open driver door and with a GLOCK 40 in his hands.

We see Bradley pull his cuffs over his feet, bringing his hands to the front of his body.

He lays down as flat as he can on the seat as we hear AK 47 rounds fire at Sheriff Bo and bounce off the open door.

Sheriff Bo scrambles to the front of his car and joins the other officer.

We hear the sound of Dee reloading.

Bradley squirms quickly out of the broken rear windshield and flops on to the trunk then on to the ground between the rear sedan and the police car.

EXT. LONELY HIGHWAY, SHOOTOUT - DAY

We see that Dee is ducked down leaning back against the trunk of the rear sedan. He is peering around the driver's side tail light with his AK-47 ready.

We see Bradley ducked down between the trunk of the police car and hood of the rear sedan.

We see Sheriff Bo and the other man between the hood of the police car and trunk of the lead sedan.

Sheriff Bo leans over the hood and around the driver's side. His glock is pointed toward the rear sedan where Dee is taking cover.

The other man leans over the trunk of the lead sedan and around the passenger's side. His shotgun is pointed toward the hood where Antoine is taking cover.

We see Antoine leaning back against the hood of the lead sedan peering around the passenger's side with his desert eagle.

They all wait a beat.

Antoine suddenly jumps up on to the hood and runs up the car. He rapidly fires off two rounds at the officer with the shotgun as he steps on to the roof of the car.

The officer gets hit twice in the head, fires off a round from his shotgun into Antoine's vest and falls down dead.

Antoine SOARS backwards off the roof the car.

Sheriff Bo runs along the driver's side of the police car.

Dee pops up with his AK and unloads.

Sheriff Bo dives between the trunk of the police car and hood of the rear sedan and blindly fires back at Dee until his clip is empties.

Dee reloads again as Sheriff Bo searches his belt for another clip.

We see Bradley come up behind Sheriff Bo. He puts his handcuffs around Sheriff Bo's neck and pulls back as hard as he can.

Bradley leans his head back and yells up at the sky as he pulls.

We see sheriff Bo release one of his hands and feel for keys on his belt.

He finds a set of keys; feels out the right key; and sticks it in the keyhole of one of the cuffs.

Bradley falls backwards when the cuff releases; the sheriff doubles over forward onto all fours and coughs trying to catch his breath.

Bradley gets to his feet quickly and walks over to Sheriff Bo as he crawls for his gun.

Bradley kicks the gun away from Sheriff Bo's reach and stands over him with a cuff dangling from his right wrist.

We see Antoine and Dee appear from both sides with their guns pointed at Sheriff Bo. Antoine is hunched over and hurt pretty good, but we see the bullet didn't penetrate his vest.

Bradley swings the dangling handcuff as hard as he can into the throat of Sheriff Bo. He is knocked to the ground instantly and wheezes for air.

BRADLEY

You shocked me in the fucking  
dick!

We hear tires squeal.

We see Cuffy waiting in the black Audi to continue up Lonely Highway.

Bradley swings the cuff down. It cracks into the back of sheriff Bo's head. Bradley continues this motion and repeatedly hits down on sheriff Bo, faster and faster.

CUFFY (O.S.)

Dee!

Dee quickly steps in, grabs Bradley, and pulls him off of Sheriff Bo. Bradley yells, pauses a beat, then slowly walks over to the Audi.

In the f.g., we see Antoine and Dee follow behind Bradley to the Audi.

EXT. BEDROCK CAMPGROUND, CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Bradley, TC, Sassy and two other girls sit around a fire. The two girls are attractive and work at PT bar & grill. One girl is a BARTENDER; the other girl is a COCKTAIL WAITRESS. We recognize them both from earlier.

All of them have a drink in hand. Bradley, Sassy, and the other bartender each smoke a cigarette. Bradley and T.C. have their shirts off. The girls all have their pajamas or sweat pants on.

T.C.

See, he can't fucking help himself! It's insane.

BRADLEY

Fuck off.

SASSY

I think it's funny; it's cute.

BRADLEY

Thank you.

SASSY

Such details.

BRADLEY

Shit, we've talked about it forever.

I guarantee shit is gonna get fucked up though. It aint looking good. Might as well have a plan.

A detailed plan...

T.C.

You're a dip shit.

Sassy and the other two girls laugh.

BRADLEY

Fucking what, man?

All I wanna know: why are you such a bitch?

GIRLS

Hey!

BRADLEY

Sorry.

T.C.

(to girls)

See what I mean.

Bradley flips T.C. off.

BRADLEY

Who needs one?

Bradley gets up and walks over to a cooler.

ALL

Woo!

BRADLEY

Everyone except T.C., gotcha.

T.C.

Fuck off.

Bradley chuckles and reaches into the cooler, pulling out four cans of beer.

He comes back to the circle and hands everyone a beer except for T.C.

T.C. looks at Bradley in disbelief as he sits back down.

T.C.

Dude.

BRADLEY

What?

T.C. looks at a loss for words and starts to get up. Bradley laughs and jumps to his feet. He tosses his beer to T.C.

BRADLEY

Oh keep your fucking shorts on,  
relax.

We follow Bradley to the cooler this time.

He grabs a beer, cracks it open, and chugs away.

We follow him back to where he was sitting.

SASSY

So, all that crazy shit happens,  
and...

BRADLEY

...And...fucking...that shit's  
just the beginning, man-It gets  
fucking crazy and shit.

T.C.

-He'll keep going if you keep  
encouraging his ass.-

The girls laugh. Bradley flips T.C off again.

BRADLEY  
(like a hippie)  
Then...it's fucking revolution  
time. Take em' all down; take em'  
all out, you know?

The Revolution WILL be televised  
man, yeah.

A beat

T.C.  
You are such a dirty hippie.

SASSY  
Sounds more like an anarchist to  
me.

BRADLEY  
Hey...I'd be fighting for my  
natural born rights as a citizen.  
That is not anarchy; that is the  
only just cause to fucking fight-

T.C.  
-Oh jesus christ.

T.C. gets up. The girls laugh.

T.C.turns around, drops his pants and walks off.

They all pause and look curious as to what T.C. is up to.

Bradley stands up and throws his cig in the fire.

BRADLEY  
Fuck it.

Bradley takes off his shorts and shakes around.

BRADLEY  
Wooooo!

The girls quickly cover their eyes and turn away, laughing.

Bradley runs off, following T.C., then slows to a walk once  
he catches up.

We see them approach the bridge.

SASSY  
Where you guys going?

INT. AUDI A6, DRIVING - DAY

The Audi hauls balls up Lonely Highway.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) We see Bradley riding in the backseat. He's beat up and tired looking. SUPER "Benedict Bradley"

B) We see Antoine riding next to Bradley in the backseat. SUPER "The Cabbage"

C) We see Dee riding shotgun. SUPER "Deebahdu Willis"

D) We see Cuffy driving. SUPER "Cuffy"

EXT. THE SPOT - DAY

Looks like paradise. The box van is backed up to what looks like the beginnings of a makeshift hut.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) We see T.C. and Ziggy unloading "stolen goods" from out of the back of the box van. SUPER "T.C." and "Ziggy"

B) We see War working on building the hut/shelter. SUPER "War Machine"

INT. VW BUS - DRIVING - DAY

We see Softbatch cruising in his Bus with a cig between his lips and drunken grin stuck on his face

SUPER: "SIR Livingston Softbatch the 3rd".

SUPER "Are..."

EXT. THE SPOT - NIGHT

SUPER "The Anarchists"

We see Bradley, T.C., Ziggy, The Doctors and the War Machine all sit around a bon fire in the middle of their paradise.

EXT. LONELY HIGHWAY, CRIME SCENE - DAY

We see the aftermath of the shootout between Sheriff Bo's crew and The Doctors. Emergency vehicles and law enforcement officers crawl all over the crime scene.

We see Detective Keyser and Detective Mckenny stand over Sheriff Bo's dead body.

They stare down at us for a beat.

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

The End