

CRANKSHAFTED

Written by

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Messy. Crack pipes, bongos, syringes litter the room.

DETECTIVE DEREK ROGERS(43), dark features, tall, circles around a GANGSTER with a large afro, who is bound to a chair in the centre of the room.

DETECTIVE ZAK WANG (30), Asian-American, clean cut, leans against the wall, his mind somewhere else.

DEREK

Where's the D-O-A warehouse?

GANGSTER

I ain't telling you L-A-P-Dicks  
shit.

DEREK

Detective Wang here doesn't take  
too kindly to being called a dick.

GANGSTER

Wang?! Bitch should be used to it  
then, huh?

DEREK

The last dirt-bag who called him  
that... Well, it took the surgeon  
seven hours just to remove the  
guy's foot from his own ass.

He and the Gangster stare at Zak, who doesn't notice.

DEREK

I said, you don't take too kindly  
to being called a dick, Wang.

Zak snaps out of it, tries to look mean, lion-like.

ZAK

Grrrrr-- I'm sorry, I can't be bad  
cop right now. I'm still freaking  
out about Lily's present.

DEREK

This again?

GANGSTER

Huh?

Derek pulls out a stick of gum, offers it to the Gangster,  
who refuses. He unwraps the gum for himself.

DEREK

My daughter.

(to Zak)

She's probably into some other toy by now. Kids have short attention spans. Relax.

He fumbles with the gum, it drops to the floor. He picks it up, examines it for dust, shrugs and pops it in his mouth.

ZAK

Did you just-- Gross.

DEREK

What? A few germs won't kill ya. Look, don't tell Monique I told you this, but get Lily a puppy. She's been busting our balls for one since last summer. Puppy's are nice, right?

He looks at the Gangster for support, who glances at each detective in confusion.

GANGSTER

Puppies are a'ight?

ZAK

But I promised her the doll.

GANGSTER

What doll?

ZAK

The Surfer Sarah Party Doll.

GANGSTER

That shit's like crack cocaine to them kiddies, and I gots me a supplier who's selling 'em... For a premium.

He winks at Zak.

ZAK

You do?! Where?!

GANGSTER

Man, I ain't hookin' you up with no doll less you turn me loose, mother fucker.

Zak storms to the Gangster, pushes him so he falls back onto the ground. He sits on the Gangster's tied legs.

ZAK

Where is he selling the Surfer Sarah Party Dolls?!

Derek drags Zak back.

DEREK  
Relax, Wang! It's just a doll!

Zak shrugs him off, straightens his shirt, composes himself.

ZAK  
You're right. I'm sorry. I don't  
know what came over me.

He moves to the Gangster, pulls him, and the chair, upright.  
He circles the Gangster.

ZAK  
I need a Surfer Sarah Party Doll.

The Gangster's head swivels as he keeps an eye on Zak.

ZAK  
I'm a good Godfather. I mean, I  
want to be a good Godfather.

GANGSTER  
Let this birdie fly, we got a deal.

Zak massages the Gangster's shoulders. The Gangster MOANS  
with pleasure.

GANGSTER  
Damn. You got fingers like an  
angel, B.

ZAK  
Feels nice, right?

The Gangster's head lolls as Zak massages.

ZAK  
If I want to be a good Godfather, I  
should get Lily her Surfer Sarah  
Party Doll, right?

He squeezes hard on the Gangster's shoulders.

GANGSTER  
Ow! Sure, man, sure!

Zak runs his hands through the Gangster's afro.

ZAK  
Good. I'm glad we have an  
understanding.

GANGSTER  
I understand. You're a crazy-ass  
pig that likes to play with dolls.

Zak LAUGHS. The Gangster joins in, uncertain, then LAUGHS harder. All three men LAUGH like idiots--

Zak grabs two handfuls of the Gangster's afro, pulls. The Gangster SCREAMS in pain.

ZAK

Tell me where I can find the Surfer Sarah Party Dolls or I'm gonna rip your afro clean off your head!

GANGSTER

Winter! On Winter! Let me go, you psycho-ass pig!

ZAK

Where's the warehouse located?!

GANGSTER

Fuck you, man!

ZAK

Spit it out or I'm going to sell your afro off as a merkin!

GANGSTER

A what?!

Zak releases the Gangster's afro.

ZAK

A merkin. It's a toupee for your junk.

GANGSTER

Oh.

Zak pulls the afro again.

ZAK

Where's the warehouse!

GANGSTER

Ahhh! Sacramento! On nineteenth!

ZAK

You better not be lying!

GANGSTER

I ain't lying, man! Please!

Zak releases his grasp.

ZAK

Now that wasn't so hard, was it?

The Gangster watches with a "What the fuck?" expression as Zak struts out of the room.

**INT./EXT. DEREK'S CAR - NIGHT**

Derek drives, Zak in shotgun. Zak holds a Surfer Sarah Party Doll in its box.

ZAK

Lily's gonna be over the moon.

DEREK

You spoil her more than I do...  
There's the warehouse.

Derek parks the car in front of the warehouse.

ZAK

Place looks dead. He better not--

SMASH-- A bullet SHATTERS Zak's window. The Surfer Sarah Party Doll's head explodes.

Zak and Derek scramble out of the driver's side of the car.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Shelves and crates litter the area.

In an aisle of shelves, CRANKSHAFT (25), a slightly plump African-American gangster with baggy pants, stands near--

RAZOR (34), who holds a gun out to Crankshaft. Hispanic, skinny and in a pimp suit, Razor is blinged up to, and including, his teeth.

RAZOR

They're here. You know what to do,  
right, esse?

CRANKSHAFT

I ain't volunteer for this shit--

Razor points the gun at Crankshaft's head.

RAZOR

You want out? The only way out of  
the D-O-A is in a body bag. Maybe  
an extra large one for you.

He shoves the gun into Crankshaft's hand, turns to leave.

RAZOR

Fuck this up and you're gonna wake  
up with a gat stuck up your ass.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Zak and Derek hide behind their car as bullets hit and ricochet off it. Zak yells into his radio.

ZAK

Repeat. Requesting backup!  
Warehouse fifteen on nineteenth!

Five Gangsters SHOOT at the detectives.

Zak and Derek SHOOT back.

DEREK

(to Zak)

Shit. We're balls deep. Cover me  
and I'll go around the side. You go  
to the other end and we'll meet up  
in the warehouse.

ZAK

Wait for backup!

DEREK

And miss the chance to bust this  
all by ourselves? Fuck that!

Derek bolts, rolls behind a forklift.

ZAK

Derek!

Zak SHOOTS a gangster dead, ducks back behind the car.

ZAK

Are you insane?!

DEREK

Cover me!

Derek takes pot SHOTS at the gangsters as he bolts to the side of the warehouse.

ZAK

Shit.

Zak jumps up, SHOOTS.

Derek makes it to the warehouse, sneaks in.

Zak SHOOTS a gangster dead, ducks behind the car. He leaps sideways from behind the car, SHOOTS.

The last two gangsters drop to their knees, each with a bullet between their eyes.

Zak gets up off the ground, dusts himself off.

ZAK  
Crazy son-of-a-bitch.

He charges to the warehouse.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Silence. Zak eases open the door, slides in. He sneaks his way down the stairs to the sub-floor, alert. He uses the aisles of boxes as cover.

ZAK  
(whisper)  
Derek. Derek. Where the hell are  
you?

He rounds a corner. BANG. BANG. BANG--

Zak GASPS, swings around--

Derek stands behind him. His eyes wide, face pale. He drops his gun, then to his knees.

Further behind Derek stands Crankshaft. He looks with shock at his gun, then Derek-- Bolts.

ZAK  
Freeze!

Zak SHOOTS at Crankshaft, misses. He looks through the shelves of boxes, catches a glimpse of Crankshaft's face.

ZAK  
Shit... Derek!

Zak rushes to Derek. He checks Derek's chest, THREE BULLET HOLES ooze blood. He applies pressure to Derek's chest.

DEREK  
Wang--

ZAK  
You're gonna be okay.

DEREK  
Take care of Lily and Mo--

Derek grabs onto Zak's shirt, smears blood over it as he takes rapid, shallow BREATHS. He COUGHS up blood, dies.

ZAK  
Derek? Derek?

Time slows down as he stares at Derek's blood as it DRIPS into a crack in the ground. DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

Time goes back to normal-- Zak CRIES out in anger. He stares at his bloody hands, wipes them on his shirt, checks again... Still red.

ZAK  
It won't come off.

He wipes his hands again, and again.

ZAK  
It won't come off!

**INT. ZAK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

Zak bolts upright in his bed. Sweat drips off his body.

**SUPER: "SIX MONTHS LATER"**

He checks his hands in a panic-- Clean. He calms down.

**KITCHEN - LATER**

Immaculate. Clean. Zak, in a suit, sits at his table. His plate laid out to perfection. Two eggs in perfect circles to one side. Three symmetrical strips of bacon on the other. A slice of toast with jelly in the middle.

Zak picks up the slice of toast, takes a bite--

A DROP OF JELLY falls onto his tie.

Zak rips the tie off, rubs his earlobes, shuts his eyes. He takes in deep BREATHS.

ZAK  
Calm down... Calm down.

He rips the rest of his suit off.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Zak, in another suit, walks around cracks in the sidewalk as he makes his way to the station steps. He gets to a CRACK which runs the entire width of the sidewalk.

Zak's eyes grow wide as he stares at the crack. He BREATHES hard, rubs his earlobes. He steps onto the road--

A car SCREECHES to a halt inches from him. The car's horn BLARES.

Zak, eyes still on the crack, pulls out his detective badge and shows it to the driver as he walks past the crack. He jumps back onto the sidewalk, continues to the station.

**INT. POLICE STATION - RESTROOM - DAY**

Zak lathers his hands up at the basin. He pumps more and more soap onto his hands.

DETECTIVE SMITH (40), tall and solid, struts in with  
DETECTIVE O'LEARY (36), a short ginger with a thick Irish  
accent.

DETECTIVE SMITH

(to Zak)

Well I'll be. I'd never expect to  
see you in a--

(feigns horror)

Public restroom!

He and O'Leary LAUGH. Zak continues to lather.

ZAK

Smith. O'Leary. You two always seem  
to go at the same time. Bladders  
synchronised?

Smith nudges O'Leary, whispers to him.

DETECTIVE SMITH

I told you people will notice.

ZAK

Any updates on Derek's case?

DETECTIVE SMITH

We've been detecting our asses  
off.

Smith struts to a stall, touches the flush button. Zak  
watches him via the mirror's reflection.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

Yeah. No stone left un-turned.

Smith moves back to Zak, who washes the mountain of lather  
off his hands.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Putting in the hard yards.

He SLAPS his "toilet" hand onto Zak's shoulder, massages.  
Zak suppresses a gag as he cringes.

DETECTIVE SMITH

But the case is cold, Wang, just  
like Derek's corpse.

He and O'Leary try to hide their smiles.

Zak shrugs Smith's arm off of him, uses a lot of paper towels  
to dry his hands.

ZAK  
He's one of us--

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Was one of us.

ZAK  
You should be out there right now.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Well why don't you go investigate--  
Oh that's right. You're broken.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY  
Yeah, broken like my marriage.

O'Leary realizes what he just said, fights back some tears.

Zak pushes past Smith and O'Leary, takes his suit jacket off, tosses it into the bin as he leaves.

**INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN HOWARD'S OFFICE - DAY**

CAPTAIN HOWARD (55), balding, stares hard at his monitor.  
FEMALE MOANS, SLURPS and horse NEIGHS come from his computer.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
You dirty girl.

Zak opens the Captain's door--

Captain Howard scrambles to close the porn on his computer. a loud HORSE WHINNY echoes before he's able to shut it down.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Wang! Just the man I was looking  
for.

ZAK  
Captain, I need to speak to you  
about Smith and--

Captain Howard scrambles under his desk.

ZAK  
Captain?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Get under here, son.

ZAK  
Under there? On the... Floor?

Zak fidgets for a moment.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Well?

Zak grabs a few tissues out of a tissue box on the Captain's desk, places them on the floor, kneels on them.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
We-ay got-ay us-ay a squealer-ay.

ZAK  
What are you doing?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Code, son. Pig Latin. Didn't you learn it as a kid?

ZAK  
So did everybody else. And you're doing it wrong.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Damn, if only I learnt real Latin, then they couldn't listen in.

ZAK  
Who's they?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
You know. Them.

ZAK  
I'm confused.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
We got us a squealer. Says he's got information on the D-O-A--

ZAK  
D-O-A?

He swallows hard.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
That's right. He's got info on their drug smuggling ring. Says there's cops, from my department, in on it too. I need you--

ZAK  
Me?! I'm not a detective anymore, ask someone--

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
You're the only one I can trust.

ZAK  
But Captain--

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Wang you're a-- Were a damn fine detective. One of the L-A-P-D's finest. Your O-P-P--

ZAK

O-C-D--

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Y-M-C-A, whatever the hell it is, ain't getting better being all cooped up in here. I'm putting you back on as a detective. You're the only one I trust because I know you're clean.

ZAK

Captain, please. I... I can't.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Don't you think you've grieved long enough? Monique even found a new man after six months, the filthy slut. Six months! And that bitch had Derek's child. I didn't see you bearing the fruit of his loins now, did I?

He jumps to his feet, scans the room like a meerkat.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Did you hear that? Damned bent cops probably got this room all bugged up.

He gets back under the desk.

ZAK

Who's with me on this?

CAPTAIN HOWARD

You're on your own.

ZAK

What?!

CAPTAIN HOWARD

I can't trust anybody. Even the janitor was looking at me funny this morning... Probably hid a bug in my plant pot... Look, you just need to fly the witness over to the safe-house in Utah and the F-B-I will do the rest. Understand?

ZAK

Why can't the F-B-I pick him up?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
 Something about budget cuts, I  
 don't know.

ZAK  
 This is very unorthodox--

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
 I'm not asking you to do it,  
 understand?

ZAK  
 Yes, Captain.

The men get back to their feet. Zak sanitizes his hands.

**INT. POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Zak lays on the couch, fiddles with his sanitizer bottle as the psychologist, FIONA (31), librarian-pretty with Tourettes Syndrome, takes notes.

FIONA  
 And how does this make you feel?

ZAK  
 I'm just not ready for this. I  
 mean, I still dream about that  
 night. I just--

FIONA  
 It's been six months. We've made  
 little progress. I think this could  
 be a good thing for you. The push  
 you need--

Her leg kicks out as her eyes twitch. NOTE: She fits like this at each outburst.

FIONA  
 In my assssss! Thrust! Thruuusst!  
 Toward a cure. You could finally be  
 free of your compulsions. Free to  
 gain control of your life again.  
 Get out more... Meet somebody.

She brushes her hair back, smiles. Zak looks down at his sanitizer bottle.

ZAK  
 It's... It's hard to have a  
 relationship when you can't touch  
 somebody without freaking out.

FIONA  
 I'm sure there are plenty of women  
 who'd love to be with you...  
 (MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

Facing your demons is the best form of therapy. Look at me. Who would have thought I could do psychology even with my issue.

ZAK

It's ah, hardly noticeable.

FIONA

You're such a gentleman. But Coulrophobia, or the fear of clowns, is something I, and many people, struggle with every day. But I faced my demons, conquered them, just like you can. You just need to take control and face your demons.

ZAK

I want to take control and beat my O-C-D. I want to take the D-O-A down and make that bastard pay for what he did to Derek and his family... To me.

FIONA

You have my number. Call me whenever you want. I'm here for you, professionally... And as a friend.

She rests her hand on Zak's shoulder. Zak gazes up, locks eyes with her--

FIONA

Shhhove it i-- i-- In my ham wallet!

The outburst separates the two. Zak jumps off the couch.

ZAK

Okay. Thanks, Doctor--

FIONA

Please, call me Fiona.

ZAK

Better get going, huh? Face my demons and all that.

Zak rushes out of the room. Fiona smacks her head.

FIONA

Idiot. Idiot. Idiot. I knew I shouldn't have told him about my fear of clowns.

**INT. LOCK-UP - DAY**

A guard BUZZES Zak, who wears another suit jacket, through the security door.

Zak shuffles past a few cells. He grabs at his collar, rubs his hands down his pants as he makes his way.

CRANKSHAFT (O.S.)  
Aw, shit. Got it on my hands.

Zak approaches Crankshaft's cell sees--

**CRANKSHAFT'S CELL**

Crankshaft, who pisses into the toilet. He jiggles the last few drops out. He ZIPS himself up, wipes his hands on the front of his tight fitting t-shirt. He turns, sees Zak.

CRANKSHAFT  
Ahhh. My chauffeur is here.

He struts over. Realization dawns on Zak's face.

CRANKSHAFT  
So where to-- Hey, I know you? You look--

ZAK  
Uh... No! I'm Asian. We all look alike, right?

He rushes off.

CRANKSHAFT  
Hey! Where you going? My breath smell or some shit?

He BREATHES into the palm of his hand, SNIFFS it.

CRANKSHAFT  
Damn.

**LOCK-UP**

Zak talks on his cell phone.

ZAK  
It's the guy.

**INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN HOWARD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Captain Howard holds his desk phone to his ear.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
What-ay are-ay you-ay--

**INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION**

ZAK  
No need for the code, remember?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Is the line secure?

ZAK  
Capt--

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Is the line secure, Wang?

ZAK  
Yes. Yes, it's secure.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Excellent. I saw the janitor  
pushing his cart earlier.

ZAK  
He always does that.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Yes, but this time he had two mops.

ZAK  
What does that even mean?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
That's what I'd like to know.

Zak pinches the bridge of his nose.

ZAK  
The snitch. He's the guy that  
killed Derek.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
What?! Are you yanking my chain,  
son?! Cause you know I don't like  
my chain being yanked, don't you?

He picks up an orange, twirls it in his hand.

ZAK  
I'm not yanking your chain.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
It sure feels like it. My crotch is  
tingling and I know my herpes ain't  
flaring up.

ZAK  
That bastard's face is burnt into  
my brain. I'm gonna--

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Listen to me. If we start flapping  
our yappers it'll scare him  
shitless and he'll never reveal the  
information on the D-O-A. Got that?

ZAK  
But--

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Got that, Wang?

ZAK  
Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Once he spills his guts we'll grab  
him by his cop killing balls.

He squeezes the orange hard, it explodes in his hand.

**CRANKSHAFT'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Crankshaft, hand down his pants, scratches his crotch. He  
pulls his hand out, rubs his fingers together.

CRANKSHAFT  
(to himself)  
Bit damp down there.

Zak suppresses a gag, rubs his earlobes, composes himself.

ZAK  
Make your way to the cell door.  
We're leaving.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Zak guides Crankshaft, in handcuffs, to his old-ass car.

CRANKSHAFT  
Sweet ride, piggy.

Zak opens the rear car door, pushes Crankshaft hard so he  
head butts the door frame.

CRANKSHAFT  
Ow!

ZAK  
Apologies. My mistake.

He does it again.

CRANKSHAFT

Damn!

He pushes Crankshaft into the car.

**INT./EXT. ZAK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Crankshaft face-plants onto the back seat.

CRANKSHAFT

That's po-lice brutality, man. My lawyer's gonna sue yo' ass!

Zak sanitizes his hands, walks around the car once.

CRANKSHAFT

What you doin'?

Zak circles the car another two times to complete his "car dance", enters it.

CRANKSHAFT

You're like a goddamned dawg circlin' to find the sweet spot.

Zak glares at Crankshaft through the rear view mirror. He starts the car, speeds off--

Crankshaft's head flies back into the seat.

CRANKSHAFT

Watch it, speed racer.

Zak slams on the brakes--

Crankshaft's head careens into the front seat.

CRANKSHAFT

Mother fucker!

**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Zak drives off. A BLACK SUV pulls out, follows.

**INT. D.O.A. CRIB - DAY**

Boarded windows. Hydroponics. Tables of different kinds of drugs. Gangsters sort and bag them.

Razor walks past the tables, samples some cocaine on his teeth as he talks on his cell phone.

RAZOR  
Utah, eh? I'll take care of  
Crankshaft myself.

He hangs up, looks to LIL' MIKE (27), tall and bulky. Lil' Mike HUMS a dainty tune as he bags some drugs.

RAZOR  
Lil' Mike.

Lil' Mike doesn't respond.

RAZOR  
Lil' Mike.

Lil' Mike HUMS with more gusto. Razor BANGS on the table hard. Cocaine puffs into the air.

RAZOR  
Do I have your attention now, esse?

LIL' MIKE  
Sorry, boss. Lil' Mike thought you  
was speaking to someone else.

RAZOR  
You're the only Lil' Mike here,  
idiota. Crankshaft's squealing to  
the cerdos. They're moving his fat-  
ass to Utah.

LIL' MIKE  
Lil' Mike better pack thermals if  
we're going to Canada.

RAZOR  
Cana-- Utah's in the U-S-A, you  
yeti!

He jumps up to reach Lil' Mike's head, SLAPS it.

RAZOR  
I'll never finish the set if he  
testifies.

He smiles, all his teeth are gold except for one canine. He pulls out his long bladed knife, strokes it.

RAZOR  
I'm gonna gut that fat shit like a  
pescado. Slit his throat. Cut off  
his testículos and eat them!

He stabs at the air in frantic motions.

LIL' MIKE  
Er, boss. You alright?

Razor stops, composes himself.

RAZOR  
We're gonna make sure he never gets  
to Utah.

LIL' MIKE  
Letter.

Razor face-palms.

RAZOR  
It's word, homes. Word.

**INT./EXT. ZAK'S CAR - DAY**

The car cruises down the highway. CLASSICAL MUSIC plays on the radio.

Crankshaft BANGS his head on the seat.

CRANKSHAFT  
Shut that shit off. It's givin' me  
the runs back here.

Zak glares at Crankshaft through the rear view mirror.

CRANKSHAFT  
We gonna play the no talkin' game,  
huh? Well I'm the mother fuckin'  
king of keepin' quiet. Watch.

Silence for five seconds--

CRANKSHAFT  
Come on, man. I can't handle this  
shit!

No answer. Crankshaft HOCKS a loogie deep in his throat.

Zak looks at him via the rear view mirror, aghast. He takes in deep BREATHS, speaks to himself.

ZAK  
Calm down... Calm down.

CRANKSHAFT  
You like the sound of that?

He HOCKS with more force.

CRANKSHAFT  
Mmmmm, yeah. This is gonna be the  
mother fuckin' Hindenburg of  
loogies and I'm gonna spray it all  
over yo' damned car if you don't  
turn that shit off.

No answer.

CRANKSHAFT

One.

Zak eyes Crankshaft from the rear view mirror, says nothing.

CRANKSHAFT

Two.

Still nothing.

CRANKSHAFT

Thre--

ZAK

Stop! Fine, I'll talk.

Crankshaft swallows the loogie back down.

CRANKSHAFT

The piggy can speak.

Zak switches the stereo off.

CRANKSHAFT

I'm hungry.

ZAK

So?

CRANKSHAFT

So, I'm hungry, piggy.

ZAK

You just ate breakfast.

CRANKSHAFT

I... I have a hernia--

ZAK

What's that got to do with food--

CRANKSHAFT

Diabetes, man! Diabetes!

He convulses.

CRANKSHAFT

Ahh! My sugar levels are droppin'!

He convulses harder, faster. Zak ignores him, drives. Crankshaft stops.

CRANKSHAFT

This is a violation of my human rights! What about the Geneva convention?

ZAK

It doesn't apply to people like you.

CRANKSHAFT

Playin' the race card now, huh?

ZAK

What? I'm the minority here, pal.

CRANKSHAFT

And I'm the star witness. Get me what I want or else I ain't testifyin' and you can kiss my black ass and the D-O-A goodbye. How you like that, bitch?

Zak curses under his breath.

The Black SUV follows a few car lengths behind Zak's car.

**INT. DINER - LATER**

Zak and Crankshaft sit at a window seat. Crankshaft's hands are cuffed in front of him.

CRANKSHAFT

Sure is nice and cozy, ain't it?

Zak ignores him as he sanitizes the table-top and place mats.

CRANKSHAFT

There be waitresses for that shit.

**EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS**

The black SUV pulls up to the curb on the opposite side of the diner. The driver side window opens-- Detective Smith.

**INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS**

Through the window behind Crankshaft and Zak, Smith watches.

A waitress delivers Zak and Crankshaft's order. A French salad for Zak and a large stack of pancakes with bacon and mayonnaise on top for Crankshaft.

Crankshaft pours maple syrup over his bacon pancakes as Zak looks on with disgust.

CRANKSHAFT

My grandma always used to make us bacon pancakes before she died of a heart attack.

ZAK  
Heart attack? That's a shock.

CRANKSHAFT  
We was all shocked when she died.

He crams a large serving into his mouth, chews with his mouth open. Zak turns away.

ZAK  
Must you do that?

CRANKSHAFT  
What?

ZAK  
Breathe.

Zak pushes his salad to the side. Crankshaft points to it. Food sprays out as he speaks.

CRANKSHAFT  
You gonna eat that?

ZAK  
I'm suddenly not hungry.

Crankshaft tips the salad on top of his bacon pancakes.

CRANKSHAFT  
Gotta watch my figure, you know  
what I'm sayin'?

He shoves a large wad of the concoction into his mouth. Zak suppresses a gag, rubs his earlobes.

**LATER**

Zak guides Crankshaft by the shoulder to the exit door.

CRANKSHAFT  
Mmmm. Mmmm. Mmmm! That was some  
good eatin'.

Zak opens the diner door to guide him out.

CRANKSHAFT  
That salad was damned--

Zak pushes Crankshaft into the window beside the door.

CRANKSHAFT  
Ow!

ZAK  
I should get my eyes checked.

Zak shoves Crankshaft through the doorway.

CRANKSHAFT  
Mother fucker.

**EXT. DINER CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS**

Zak guides Crankshaft to their car. Detective Smith and Detective O'Leary intercept them.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Fancy seeing you here, Wang.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY  
Yeah, fancy seeing you here.

ZAK  
Smith.  
(to O'Leary)  
Lucky Charms.

Smith eyes Crankshaft.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Who's that tub of lard?

CRANKSHAFT  
I'm just big boned, piggy.

ZAK  
Classified.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Oooo. Detective Wang here has a  
classified case.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY  
Mister fancy pants.

The two detectives dance in circles, wave their hands over their heads as they chant.

SMITH & O'LEARY  
Mister fancy pants! Mister fancy  
pants! Mister fancy pants--

They stop.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Let us take this scum off your  
hands.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY  
Yeah, off your clean hands.

DETECTIVE SMITH

We all know you're way out of your comfort zone. How many bottles of sanitizer have you used already?

CRANKSHAFT

He's addicted to that shit, man. Like my nan and her smack.

DETECTIVE SMITH

(to Zak)

This scum-bag probably hasn't showered in days, and you have him sitting in your car?

Zak glances at Crankshaft with disgust.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

Yeah. Breathing in your personal space?

CRANKSHAFT

Hey! I showered on...

(to himself)

Monday. Tuesday. Wed--

(to the others)

I showered, okay?

Zak shudders, guides Crankshaft toward Smith.

DETECTIVE SMITH

We'll look after him real good.

CRANKSHAFT

Don't do this, dawg.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

The squealer will get what he deserves.

Crankshaft and Zak share a look--

Zak kicks Smith hard in the balls. Smith drops to the floor with a SQUEAL.

O'Leary throws a punch at Zak, who dodges it, punches O'Leary in the face. He pushes O'Leary to the ground, head first.

Zak grabs Crankshaft by the shoulder.

ZAK

Move!

They scramble to the car. Zak shoves Crankshaft into the back seat. He sprints to complete his "car dance."

CRANKSHAFT

What the fuck you doin'?!

Crankshaft's head pivots as he follows Zak.

Zak scrambles around the back of the car. His cell-phone RINGS. Zak answers it as he runs.

ZAK

Hello?

FIONA (V.O.)

Hi, Zak. Just calling to see how you're going.

Smith stumbles back up to his feet, clutches his balls with one hand, pulls out his gun with the other.

ZAK

(on phone)

This is a bad time, Doctor.

FIONA (V.O.)

Call me Fiona, remember?

Smith SHOOTS--

The bullet ZINGS past Zak.

FIONA (V.O.)

Are you taking control of your fears?

ZAK

(on phone)

Kind of! I really need to go now!

FIONA (V.O.)

Great! I just wanted-- Ballssss in my mmmmmouth--

Zak hangs up as he dives into the car. He starts the engine, slams it into reverse.

DETECTIVE SMITH

You're as dead as he is, Wang!

He SHOOTS at the car. Bullets RICOCHET off it.

O'Leary gets up, SHOOTS at the car.

Zak drives, peels out back onto the highway.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Damn it!

Smith drops to his knees, clutches his balls.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

You, ah... You want me to rub them for you?

DETECTIVE SMITH

What?! No. Go get me some ice... Do  
I want you to rub them for me...  
You, blood-nut moron.

O'Leary heads into the diner. Smith uses his cell phone.

DETECTIVE SMITH

He decided to be all heroic... In  
my balls... I want him alive. Do  
you hear me? He's mine.

He turns to a group of diner patrons who stare at him with  
shock.

DETECTIVE SMITH

What?! I'm a detective, okay?!

He flashes his badge. The patrons rush away.

**INT. ZAK'S CAR - DAY**

Zak checks his rear vision mirror, anxious.

CRANKSHAFT

What the fuck was that?!

ZAK

They must be dirty. They knew you  
were squealing--

CRANKSHAFT

Not that shit. The runnin' around  
the car shit.

ZAK

Nothing.

CRANKSHAFT

It ain't look like nothin'--

ZAK

I can't concentrate with you  
yammering on. I need to think.  
(to himself)  
I should call the Captain.

Little Captain Howard heads appear, float around Zak's face.

CAPTAIN HOWARD HEAD #1

I'm counting on you.

CAPTAIN HOWARD HEAD #2

You better not be yanking my chain,  
cause I don't like my chain being  
yanked.

CAPTAIN HOWARD HEAD #3  
No he doesn't.

CAPTAIN HOWARD HEAD #4  
Wearing panties makes me feel lady  
like.

CRANKSHAFT  
This is fucked up. What we gonna do  
now?

Zak shakes the little Captain Howard heads away.

ZAK  
We keep going to the safe-house so  
you can testify.

CRANKSHAFT  
Testify? Fuck that, piggy.

ZAK  
You think they'll let you live just  
because you changed your mind?

CRANKSHAFT  
I'll go incognito. On the lambs.

ZAK  
It's lam, idiot. And they'll kill  
you before you even pack your bags.

CRANKSHAFT  
Call for backup.

ZAK  
We can't trust anybody, don't you  
get it?

CRANKSHAFT  
The damned po-lice wants my black  
ass and I got the poster boy for  
Purell protectin' me! Just cap me  
right here.

ZAK  
Don't tempt me... Just relax. Don't  
get all dramatic.

CRANKSHAFT  
This is my life, man. I can be as  
dramatic as I wanna be, a'ight?

ZAK  
At least you have a life.

CRANKSHAFT  
What you say?

ZAK

Tell me, why'd you decide to be all heroic and go against the D-O-A? You don't seem like the type.

CRANKSHAFT

That's cold, dawg. Let me tell you somethin'. I don't mind sellin' drugs to some crack-head in the projects, but I don't do killin' or kidnappin', and the D-O-A's new business plans went against my values, a'ight?

ZAK

Values?! That's hilarious. You're a low-life, just like the rest of--

CRANKSHAFT

Fuck you.

ZAK

A gangster with moral values. Now I've heard it all.

**EXT. LAX AIRPORT - LATER**

Buses and cars drop off and pick up travelers.

**INT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY**

Zak guides Crankshaft into the airport. Crankshaft's hands are in front of him, under a jacket.

**NEWS KIOSK**

They move past two men who each hide behind a newspaper. The first man, Razor, throws his down.

RAZOR

There they are. Let's go.

He storms off. Lil' Mike still has his newspaper up. It shakes as he LAUGHS for a moment--

Razor storms back to Lil' Mike, SLAPS the newspaper down.

RAZOR

What's wrong with you?

LIL' MIKE

Sorry, boss. That Garfield is so funny. He loves lasagna, just like Lil' Mike!

Razor jumps up, SLAPS Lil' Mike across the back of the head.

**CONCOURSE**

Crankshaft's stomach RUMBLES.

CRANKSHAFT

Man, my sugar levels are droppin'  
again. I need to get me some food.

ZAK

There's some on the plane.

Crankshaft spins around.

CRANKSHAFT

But I saw a Krispy Kreme back--

He notices Razor and Lil' Mike follow them. They notice him, stop, try to be nonchalant without success.

CRANKSHAFT

Damn. Oh shit. Fuck!

ZAK

What now?

CRANKSHAFT

Razor and Lil' Mike. Shit is  
getting serious now.

Crankshaft nods them out to Zak.

ZAK

Follow me.

They pick up the pace.

Further back, Razor and Lil' Mike speed up, barge past people.

Zak checks behind, grabs Crankshaft by the cuffs, breaks into a run. Crankshaft stumbles to keep up.

ZAK

Move your ass!

Zak and Crankshaft barge past people.

A large family with a lot of luggage get in Razor and Lil' Mike's path. They try to shove through, trip over the luggage.

Two airport carts sit to the side of the walkway. Two old ladies, BETTY (85), and MARIA (87), each sit on the rear facing seat of the carts. Both have overdone makeup and dresses that reveal too much.

BETTY

I told you, Fred came onto me.

MARIA

Really? I couldn't tell with your wrinkly ass gyrating on top of him.

BETTY

I'm telling you, Maria, you're seeing things. Have you been taking your medication?

MARIA

I'll give you, medication.

Maria and Betty joust with their canes.

MARIA

I'll kick your ass.

BETTY

Try it, you arthritic cow.

Crankshaft jumps onto Maria's cart. Zak sanitizes the steering wheel.

CRANKSHAFT

Get yo' ass on the cart already!

MARIA

What are you doing?

ZAK

We're commandeering this vehicle.

Zak sanitizes the seat.

MARIA

See, Betty. At least he knows how to clean things, unlike my Fred. He can't even clean his ass properly.

Zak sits, starts the cart.

BETTY

Fred cleaned me out pretty good last night.

Zak drives the cart off as Maria swings her cane at Betty.

MARIA

Well, I had a threesome with your brother and husband last Christmas!

She flips Betty the bird as her cart zooms away.

BETTY  
You said you were playing bridge...  
That bitch.

Razor and Lil' Mike jump onto Betty's cart.

BETTY  
Get off, you hooligans. Help!

RAZOR  
Quiet, Vieja Bruja.

Razor starts the cart, whizzes after Zak and Crankshaft.

BETTY  
I'll kick your ass. I was in World  
War Two, you know.

Betty swings her cane behind, tries to hit Razor and Lil' Mike. The cart zig zags all over the place, people SCREAM and jump out of the way.

Zak drives his cart, BEEPS his horn to alert the walkers.

ZAK  
Excuse me, please. Official police  
business.

CRANKSHAFT  
Get the fuck out of the way!

MARIA  
Do you kiss your mother with that  
mouth?

She spots Razor and the others close in.

MARIA  
Hurry! Betty is catching up!

CRANKSHAFT  
Step on it!

ZAK  
I'm going as fast as I can.

Maria calls out to Betty.

MARIA  
Come and get me.

BETTY  
I'm gonna rip you a new colostomy  
bag, you slut.

Razor catches up to Zak. They drive side by side. Razor pulls out a knife.

RAZOR  
You're dead, Cranky. I'm gonna cut  
your clogged corazón out.

CRANKSHAFT  
But I need that!

Razor swipes the knife at Crankshaft. Zak swerves away from  
Razor just in time.

Razor drives after Zak, rams their cart. He catches up again,  
neck and neck. Betty is in line with Maria.

BETTY  
My brother and my husband? How  
could you?

Razor rams into Zak's cart.

MARIA  
It was Christmas eve. We were drunk  
and you were asleep farting on the  
couch.

BETTY  
You know turkey gives me gas!

They joust with their canes.

Zak bumps Razor's cart back, breaks ahead. People SCREAM and  
jump out of the way.

RAZOR  
(to Lil' Mike)  
Take the wheel.

LIL' MIKE  
But Lil' Mike don't got a license.

RAZOR  
Just steer the damned cart!

Lil' Mike steers. Razor climbs over the front of the cart,  
tries to get onto the back seat of Zak's cart.

CRANKSHAFT  
He's gonna climb on our cart!

Zak tries to steer away, Lil' Mike keeps up.

Razor jumps onto the back of Zak's cart.

RAZOR  
Now, what was I saying about your  
heart?

He brings up his knife, ready to cut Crankshaft--

Zak grabs Maria's cane, slams it into Razor's face--  
Razor falls off back onto his cart's hood.

RAZOR  
(to Lil' Mike)  
Cap their asses!

Lil' Mike pulls out his Glock.

CRANKSHAFT  
Oh shit!

Maria blows a kiss to Razor and Lil' Mike.

MARIA  
Yoo-hoo, boys.

She spreads her legs.

Lil' Mike and Razor stare like deer in headlights.

RAZOR  
It's hideous, but I can't look  
away.

LIL' MIKE  
Lil' Mike's eyes are burning.

The cart loses control, crashes into a large stack of  
luggage. Razor launches into the air--

And crashes into a sanitary worker's cart.

CRANKSHAFT  
Ta, ta, bitches!

Zak drives away.

ZAK  
Well done, ma'am.

MARIA  
It worked on Hitler too.

Razor pulls his head out of the sanitary cart. A tampon  
sticks out of his nose. He does the sign of the cross.

RAZOR  
That's the meanest coño I've ever  
seen.

#### **LAX AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER**

Zak brings the cart to a stop. He and Crankshaft jump off,  
race toward the check-in desk. They both skid to a halt--

A group of GANGSTERS run toward them.

CRANKSHAFT

Damn. Razor has the whole crew on our asses.

Zak grabs Crankshaft by the handcuff chain.

ZAK

We gotta get out of here. Now.

**EXT. LAX AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER**

Razor, Lil' Mike and the crew of gangsters rush through the automatic doors. They see a bus taking off with a large black ass squashed up against the window.

**INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS**

Razor points and shouts at the bus. Crankshaft presses his naked ass against the window.

Zak sits in the window seat. Crankshaft's ass is inches from his face.

CRANKSHAFT

Kiss it! Kiss my chocolate ass!

Zak closes his eyes, rubs his earlobes, takes deep BREATHS.

ZAK

I'm going to need more sanitizer.

**EXT. LAX AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS**

The bus drives off. The destination display on the back reads: "LAS VEGAS."

RAZOR

Porco Santo!

He throws his hat to the ground, stamps on it.

LIL' MIKE

Maybe them guys can drive us to Vegas?

Razor turns to where Lil' Mike points--

A group of TSA agents charge toward them.

RAZOR

Hijo de puta! Run!

He bolts off with the other gangsters. Lil' Mike stumbles behind them.

**INT./EXT. BUS - LATER**

The bus cruises down a freeway.

Zak and Crankshaft sleep. Crankshaft's head is on Zak's shoulder, his arm hugs Zak's body. His drool drips on Zak's jacket and makes a large wet patch.

ZAK

Derek!

His body jerks forward from his seat. Crankshaft's head falls onto Zak's lap.

CRANKSHAFT

Not again, Father Roberts.

Zak pulls Crankshaft's head off his crotch. Crankshaft wakes up, wipes drool off his chin.

CRANKSHAFT

What? Where we at?

ZAK

Probably around the Mojave Desert.

Zak notices the large wet patch on his shoulder.

ZAK

What's thi-- Great!

Passengers turn to Zak with annoyance.

Zak apologizes with a smile. He rips his jacket off. Checks his shirt, no wet patch.

ZAK

That was my favorite jacket. Now I'll have to burn it.

Zak throws the jacket under his feet. Pulls out his sanitizer bottle, squirts his hands.

CRANKSHAFT

What's up with that shit? Do you have that thing, O-M-G--

ZAK

O-C-D. Obsessive compulsive disorder.

CRANKSHAFT

Hope it ain't catchy.

ZAK

It's not catchy, idiot. Look, I don't want to talk about it. Especially with you.

CRANKSHAFT

What's that supposed to mean?

ZAK

What's that supposed to mean?! Are you serious?!

Some passengers turn to Zak with annoyance.

Zak apologizes with a sheepish smile, lowers his voice.

ZAK

You're a low-life gangster. My partner was killed by a low-life gangster.

He shoves the bottle into Crankshaft's face.

ZAK

And now I do this because of it.

Crankshaft's eyes go wide as realization dawns.

CRANKSHAFT

Did you... Did you get look at who capped him?

Zak studies Crankshaft's face for a moment. Crankshaft's pale, sweats.

ZAK

No. He got away before I could.

Crankshaft wipes his brow, stares out the window. Zak studies him for a moment.

ZAK

He had daughter. Lily. A real princess. You know what she said to me at his funeral? At her father's funeral? Why did the bad man take her daddy away. What do you say to that? How can you even begin to explain?

Crankshaft doesn't answer, continues to face the window.

ZAK

I promised her that I'd catch the bastard that took her father away... I will keep that promise.

Crankshaft swallows hard.

**EXT. VEGAS BUS DEPOT - DROP-OFF AREA - LATER**

Zak and Crankshaft get off the bus.

CRANKSHAFT

Ahhh, Vegas. I ain't never been here before. How 'bout we go play some poker, get some hookers, score some blow?

ZAK

This isn't a vacation.

**INT. VEGAS BUS DEPOT - CONTINUOUS**

A number of people go about their business.

CRANKSHAFT

We can skip the blow and get us some hookers. Double team some bitch!

ZAK

Move.

CRANKSHAFT

It ain't gay if our balls don't touch, dawg.

Two pairs of hands grab Zak and Crankshaft by their shoulders, pull their arms behind their back.

CRANKSHAFT

Hey, What the--

Zak and Crankshaft check over their shoulder--

PANTHER (45), bleached blonde hair, muscles, imposing, and MACK (43), mullet and tattoos, hold Zak and Crankshaft.

Panther takes Zak's gun out from his holster.

ZAK

Hey! I'm a detective!

PANTHER

We know, Detective Wang.

CRANKSHAFT

How'd they know yo' name?

MACK

Cause your fugitive faces are all over the news, fugitives.

ZAK

What?! I'm escorting this prisoner.

Panther and Mack LAUGH.

MACK

Escorting a prisoner?! That's a good one.

PANTHER

Pretty inventive, punk.

CRANKSHAFT

He ain't makin' shit up, a'ight.

PANTHER

We know you two are drug dealers.

MACK

And cop killers.

ZAK

This is a mistake.

PANTHER

Ain't no mistake. That detective... What was his name...

ZAK

Smith.

PANTHER

That's it. He said you two were on the run. Put a pretty nice reward on your heads.

ZAK

You guys are bounty hunters?

Panther and Mack shove Zak and Crankshaft toward the exit.

PANTHER

We prefer the term, criminal collection agents.

MACK

Sounds more respectable.

Crankshaft winks at Zak. Zak shrugs back.

CRANKSHAFT

Unattended suitcase, y'all!

Depot patrons SCREAM in panic, scramble for an exit.

MACK

What the--

An overweight customer ploughs into Mack's shoulder. Mack spins to the ground.

Panther looks about in confusion--

Zak elbows him in the jaw, spins around punches him in the face. Panther stumbles back but regains composure.

PANTHER

You gotta do better than--

A bunch of hysterical patrons barge past Panther, knock him flat on his face.

ZAK

Run!

**EXT. VEGAS BUS DEPOT - DAY**

Crankshaft and Zak scramble out of the main exit amongst scared patrons.

ZAK

Over there! Taxi!

Zak races around a crack in the sidewalk as they bolt to the second taxi in the rank.

The FAT CABBIE of the first taxi shakes his fist at them.

FAT CABBIE

Hey, what you do?! You come in my car. Me first!

They ignore him, jump into the second taxi.

**INT. SKINNY CABBIE'S TAXI - DAY**

The SKINNY CABBIE, a Greek man, turns around with a yellowish toothed smile. He wears a large cowboy hat.

Loud Country music with Greek instruments BLARES on the car's CD player.

SKINNY CABBIE

(thick Greek accent)

Hello varmints. Where to, fucken?

CRANKSHAFT

Huh?

Zak flashes his badge to Skinny Cabbie.

ZAK

Just drive! Now!

SKINNY CABBIE

Okay, pardners. Yee-haw!

CRANKSHAFT

Say what?

Skinny Cabbie floors it.

Zak and Crankshaft slam back into the seat.

**EXT. VEGAS BUS DEPOT - DAY**

Skinny Cabbie flips Fat Cabbie the bird.

SKINNY CABBIE

Suck on my cactus, idgit.

FAT CABBIE

That last fare you steal, cowboy!

Panther and Mack Sprint out of the Bus Depot.

PANTHER

Those punks. I'm gonna shoot them a new asshole.

MACK

I'll get the truck.

PANTHER

No time!

He rushes to Fat Cabbie.

PANTHER

Follow that cab!

FAT CABBIE

With pleasurable, sadiqi. Asshill steal my fare again.

MACK

Ass-what?

Fat Cabbie turns around, bends over, points to his asshole.

FAT CABBIE

Hill. Asshill. You know? Poopy shooty?

PANTHER

We don't have time for this shit!

FAT CABBIE

Shit, yes! Asshill make the shit.

PANTHER

Get in the taxi already!

**INT./EXT. TAXI CHASE ON STREETS - DAY**

Crankshaft grimaces at the Greekish country MUSIC.

CRANKSHAFT  
Turn that shit off.

SKINNY CABBIE  
This country music from my home  
land. This is knee slapping good  
time, fucken.

ZAK  
Can you take us to Utah?

SKINNY CABBIE  
Utah? City of lakes with salt?

ZAK  
That's it.

SKINNY CABBIE  
Yee-Haw! We cattle drive!

CRANKSHAFT  
This cracker's seen one John Wayne  
film too many.

SKINNY CABBIE  
John Wayne? I love John Wayne!  
(bad John Wayne voice)  
Out here a man settles his own  
problems, fucken.  
(back to normal)  
Good, eh?

Zak and Crankshaft fake a smile.

ZAK & CRANKSHAFT  
Great, fucken!

Zak checks behind them--

Panther and Mack catch up in Fat Cabbie's taxi. Panther waves  
Zak's gun at him.

ZAK  
Shit, those bounty hunters are on  
our asses.

SKINNY CABBIE  
Rattle snake get in our nap sack.

Skinny Cabbie looks over his shoulder out the rear window,  
ignores the traffic ahead of him.

Cars swerve to avoid the taxi as it veers all over the road.

Panther and Mack stare in disbelief.

PANTHER  
What are they doing?

FAT CABBIE  
That's how cowboy drives, all over  
shops.

Zak and the others look out the rear window of Skinny  
Cabbie's taxi as it veers onto the opposite side of the road.

Cars head straight for them. Horns HONK and BEEP.

Zak cell-phone RINGS. He answers it.

ZAK  
Hello?

FIONA (V.O.)  
Hi. It's just me, Fiona. Just  
calling to see how your therapy's  
going?

CRANKSHAFT  
(to Skinny Cabbie)  
We need to lose--

Crankshaft faces the front again, sees--

Cars almost at them. Car lights flash, horns BEEP.

CRANKSHAFT  
Look the fuck out!

He and Zak SCREAM.

Skinny Cabbie turns back around, yanks the steering wheel--

The taxi veers hard back onto the correct side of the road.

Zak, Crankshaft and Skinny Cabbie BREATHE in hard and fast.

SKINNY CABBIE  
I think I have cow patty in my  
pants.

FIONA (V.O.)  
Is everything alright?! I heard  
screaming-- Asssscracks of doooooom!

ZAK  
I'm facing my fears!

Fat Cabbie catches up to Skinny Cabbie. They drive side by  
side. Panther rolls down his window, sticks his gun out.

PANTHER

Pull over.

SKINNY CABBIE

That's not a gun, pardner.

He reaches into his glove box, pulls out a MAGNUM. He points it at Panther.

SKINNY CABBIE

This is a gun, fucken.

PANTHER

Shit!

Skinny Cabbie takes a SHOT--

Panther and Mack duck--

The trunk of Fat Cabbie's taxi flips off into the air.

CRANKSHAFT

Hells yeah!

FIONA (V.O.)

Was that a gunshot?!

ZAK

Yes-- No-- I'll call you back!

FIONA (V.O.)

But--

Zak hangs up.

Fat Cabbie shakes his fist at the other taxi.

FAT CABBIE

That's second trunk you shoot off!  
I kill you and rape your dog!

He smashes into the side of Skinny Cabbie's taxi.

Skinny Cabbie drops his magnum outside of the taxi as it fishtails, almost loses control. He straightens the taxi.

SKINNY CABBIE

You rape my dog for last time,  
varmint!

Panther aims his gun at Zak, gets ready to shoot--

Skinny Cabbie smashes back into Fat Cabbie's taxi--

Panther squeezes off a SHOT, but the jar from the taxi causes it to go skyward.

PANTHER  
Goddamnit!

Skinny Cabbie's taxi fishtails, goes onto the opposite side of the road.

Zak and Crankshaft hold onto each other as they slide from side to side.

CRANKSHAFT  
He's gonna kill us before the bounty hunters do!

A truck heads toward them.

Panther taps on Fat Cabbie's shoulder.

PANTHER  
Box them in.

FAT CABBIE  
But, sadiqi, there is truck.

MACK  
Exactly.

FAT CABBIE  
No. They die.

Panther points his gun at the cabbie's head.

PANTHER  
I'm not asking.

Fat Cabbie drives beside Skinny Cabbie's taxi, blocks it.

The Truck driver HONKS his horn in a panic.

ZAK  
Get on the other side of the road!

SKINNY CABBIE  
That idgit malaka stop me, fucken.

He turns his taxi into Fat Cabbie's. Sparks fly as the taxis push against each other.

The truck careens down the road. The truck driver has his hand flat down on the horn.

Panther and Mack wave goodbye to Zak and Crankshaft. Panther still points his gun to Fat Cabbie's head.

PANTHER  
I hope you got good health insurance, Detective Wang.

The truck is meters away from Skinny Cabbie's taxi--

Zak leans over the front seat, yanks the steering wheel--

The taxi veers off the road, smashes through a barrier, launches into the air--

Zak and Crankshaft SCREAM like girls.

The taxi lands nose first into a downhill. Dirt kicks up everywhere, along with the taxi's bumper.

SKINNY CABBIE

Yee-haw!

Skinny Cabbie sticks his hat out the window, holds it up like a rodeo cowboy as the taxi bumps and jumps down the hill.

Crankshaft, eyes shut, clasps his hands in prayer.

CRANKSHAFT

Please God! I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die!

The taxi slams into a mound of dirt--

Zak smashes through the windshield, lands on the hood.

Skinny Cabbie stares at Zak and the situation in silent disbelief--

SKINNY CABBIE

Yee-haw! We have knee slapping good time, fucken!

Zak looks back at Skinny Cabbie, not amused. He spits some dirt out. Shards of glass sticks in his hair. His face has cut marks all over.

Crankshaft opens one eye, looks around.

CRANKSHAFT

I don't wanna-- Praise the Lord! I'm alive! Hallelujah!

PANTHER (O.S.)

Miss us?

Zak looks up--

Panther and Mack point their guns at him.

#### **EXT. DESERT - DAY**

Scorching sun. Desert as far as the eye can see.

Mack's pickup SCREECHES to a halt. Panther and Mack exit the vehicle. They each open the back doors of the car, point their guns inside.

PANTHER

Get out.

He pulls Zak out of the vehicle. Mack yanks Crankshaft out.

The bounty hunters manhandle Zak and Crankshaft away from the car. Both Zak and Crankshaft have handcuffs on, their arms behind their backs.

PANTHER

On your knees.

He shoves Zak to his knees. Mack pushes Crankshaft to the ground.

MACK

You heard the man.

Crankshaft pushes himself up, mouth full of sand. Mack yanks Crankshaft back up onto his knees.

ZAK

You're gonna shoot us? What about the reward?

PANTHER

We ain't gonna shoot you, punk. We're waiting for that detective to turn up. Speak of the devil.

A black SUV rolls up. Detectives Smith and O'Leary exit the vehicle. O'Leary carries a black briefcase.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Nice to see you again, Wang.

Zak struggles against his cuffs.

ZAK

Framing me's a dirty move, even for a piece of shit like you, Smith.

Smith struts up to Zak, left hooks him in the face. Zak spits out blood.

PANTHER

The money?

Smith nods to O'Leary, who hands the briefcase to Panther.

SMITH

Fifty-K. As promised.

Panther opens the briefcase, checks the first layer of bills.

PANTHER

Pleasure doing business with you, detectives.

He and Mack strut off to their pickup.

ZAK  
They're going to kills us!

MACK  
We don't give a shit if they ass  
rape you. We got our money.

He and Panther LAUGH, enter their pickup, drive off.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY  
Four... Three--

CRANKSHAFT  
What you countin' for?

DETECTIVE O'LEARY  
One.

Mack's pickup EXPLODES into a brilliant fireball.

CRANKSHAFT  
Damn!

Smith and O'Leary LAUGH.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
No one ever checks under the cash.  
Now, where were we?

Smith and O'Leary pull out their guns.

ZAK  
Don't do this. Think about your  
careers, your family.

Detective Smith backhands Zak across the face. Zak spins to  
the ground.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
That's what I'm doing. My wife has  
grown accustomed to the perks of  
having a crooked husband. The  
tennis lessons. The big-ass pool. I  
also promised the kids I'd take  
them to Disneyland.

CRANKSHAFT  
I've heard it's nice.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY  
It's a fun place, alright. I go  
there every year with the family.

CRANKSHAFT  
Damn, I wish I could. I wanna go on  
that tea cup ride--

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

Oh, yeah. That's a heap of fun, that is. I love the Small World ride too.

CRANKSHAFT

Oh. Oh. You got those Mickey Mouse ears? Man, I'd love to get me some of those.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

I get a pair every year. Put them up on my mantel. I have a pair from eighty-three.

CRANKSHAFT

Eighty-three? Damn--

DETECTIVE SMITH

Would you two shut up?

He yanks Zak back up onto his knees, dusts him off.

DETECTIVE SMITH

There you go. We all know how you get if your clothes get dirty.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

I wonder how he'll get when his brains are all over his shirt?

DETECTIVE SMITH

I think he'll be fine as long as we shoot him three times!

O'Leary and Smith LAUGH.

CRANKSHAFT

You won't get away with this.

O'Leary smacks Crankshaft up-side the head with his gun.

DETECTIVE SMITH

We're in the middle of the desert, with no one around except the buzzards. It's pretty safe to say that we're gonna get away with it, you fat piece of shit.

CRANKSHAFT

I have a gland problem, a'ight?

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

More like an eating too fucking much problem.

ZAK  
You could do with a diet,  
Crankshaft.

CRANKSHAFT  
My metabolism is slow!

ZAK  
Maybe if you did some exercise.

CRANKSHAFT  
I exercise plenty, bitch.

ZAK  
Putting food in your mouth doesn't  
count.

Smith and O'Leary LAUGH.

CRANKSHAFT  
That hurts, dawg.

ZAK  
That's what your momma said last  
night.

CRANKSHAFT  
Don't you be talkin' about my momma  
like that!

He shoves himself into Zak. They fight as best they can with their hands behind their back.

O'Leary and Smith move in to break up the fight. Smith reaches over for Zak--

Zak head-butts Smith in the gut. As Smith doubles over, Zak head-butts him square on the nose.

Smith reels back, drops his gun. He covers his nose, falls to his ass.

O'Leary looks up in confusion--

Crankshaft bites on O'Leary's balls, shakes his head side-to-side like a dog. O'Leary SQUEALS in agony.

CRANKSHAFT  
(mouth full)  
Am I eatin' too much now, bitch?!

He lets go. O'Leary drops to his knees. Crankshaft head-butts him in the head, knocks him out.

CRANKSHAFT  
Arrgh, my head! That shit never  
hurts the hero in the movies! Damn!

Zak struggles to his feet, kicks Smith in stomach. Smith cowers into a fetal position.

ZAK  
(to Crankshaft)  
Come on!

CRANKSHAFT  
I ain't movin' 'til you apologize.

ZAK  
You can't be serious?! I was just egging you on to trick these guys.

CRANKSHAFT  
Apologize.

ZAK  
Fine! I'm sorry for calling you fat, and alluding to any sexual misconduct between myself and your mother. Happy?

CRANKSHAFT  
We're cool.

He tries to get to his feet, but can't.

CRANKSHAFT  
Little help here, piggy.

Zak grabs Crankshaft's shoulder, pulls forward as Crankshaft pushes himself up to his feet.

Crankshaft moves to Smith, kicks him with each word.

CRANKSHAFT  
I'm-- Big-- Boned-- Asshole.

ZAK  
Come on. Let's go.

Zak and Crankshaft rush to the SUV.

CRANKSHAFT  
Forgettin' somethin'?

Crankshaft spins around, shows the cuffs to Zak.

ZAK  
Quick. I have keys in my back pocket.

He turns around to Crankshaft, sees Smith get back up.

ZAK  
Get in the drivers seat! Now!

Crankshaft crams himself into the driver's seat.

ZAK  
Suck in your gut.

Zak turns the key over in the SUV's ignition, starts the SUV.

ZAK  
I said suck in your gut!

CRANKSHAFT  
I am!

**INT./EXT. SMITH'S SUV AND DESERT - DAY**

Zak slides himself onto Crankshaft.

CRANKSHAFT  
Get yo' ass off--

ZAK  
Shut up and put your foot on the  
gas. I'll steer with my legs.

CRANKSHAFT  
Say what?

A bullet SHATTERS the rear window.

Smith, on his knees, points his gun toward the car. He can't focus as his nose bleeds and eyes water.

ZAK  
Drive!

Crankshaft slams his foot down on the gas pedal.

The SUV speeds off, swerves all over the place.

Smith aims at the SUV. Wild SHOTS, he misses.

SMITH  
I'm gonna kill you, Wang! You hear  
me?! I'm gonna fuck you up!

He winces as he touches his nose, throws his gun down.

Smith's SUV bounces and drives all over the place.

Zak turns the wheel left and right with his legs.

CRANKSHAFT  
You're grindin' on my junk!

The SUV hits a ditch, launches into the air--

Zak's head smashes into the roof as he rises into the air--

The SUV crashes back down to the ground--

Zak smashes back down onto Crankshaft.

CRANKSHAFT

My ball!

ZAK

Ball?

CRANKSHAFT

Long story.

The SUV hits a rock, BLOWS a tire, loses control.

Zak and Crankshaft SCREAM like girls.

The SUV slams into a large cactus. Steam plumes out from under the hood.

Zak's legs and face squash up against the air-bag.

ZAK

(muffled)

Are you okay?

CRANKSHAFT

I think my foreskin's inside out.

ZAK

One ball and foreskin? You're a genital mess.

The cactus SNAPS, smashes onto the roof.

#### **DESERT - LATER**

Crankshaft and Zak, now cuffless, shuffle under the hot sun.

Zak's shirt drapes over his head and back. His tie wraps around his head to keep the shirt there. Crankshaft has his tucked under his cap, so it drapes over his back.

CRANKSHAFT

Hey, dawg. You ain't do yo' crazy-ass runnin' around the car shit befo'.

ZAK

Ha. You're right.

CRANKSHAFT

Hangin' with me must be helpin'.

ZAK

Doubtful.

CRANKSHAFT

I'm the gangster Sigmund Freud.

ZAK

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

CRANKSHAFT

I'm should be startin' my own practice and charge them crackers through their white asses.

ZAK

Okaaaay.

CRANKSHAFT

They'll be all--

(tries to sound white)

Er, I have trouble expressing my feelings.

(back to normal)

And I'll be all, that's cause you didn't suck on yo' momma's titties when you was a baby.

ZAK

There's more to it than that.

CRANKSHAFT

Nah, piggy. It's all about them titties.

**DESERT - LATER**

Buzzards circle in the sky as Zak and Crankshaft stumble through the desert.

CRANKSHAFT

My lips be dry like a nun's trim.

Crankshaft sits his ass on the ground.

ZAK

We should be at a road soon. Keep walking.

CRANKSHAFT

C'mon, dawg. I'm about to have a heart attack here.

Zak, in resignation, sits beside Crankshaft. A moment of silence hangs.

ZAK

(to himself)

We're balls deep.

CRANKSHAFT

Huh?

ZAK

What?

CRANKSHAFT

You said somethin' about bald sheep?

ZAK

Bald Shee-- Balls deep... Derek would always say it when we were in trouble... He said it the night he was...

CRANKSHAFT

Yo' partner and you weren't... You know?

ZAK

I don't know.

CRANKSHAFT

Riding the Hershey highway? Packing fudge? Doing a Tom Cruise?

ZAK

No! He was like a big brother to me. The reason I joined the force. If it wasn't for him, I'd probably would have ended up like... You. No offense.

CRANKSHAFT

It's cool.

ZAK

He didn't deserve to die.

CRANKSHAFT

Sometimes shit happens for a reason, dawg.

ZAK

Tell that to his wife and daughter because they're still trying to understand the damned reason.

Zak gets back up.

ZAK

Let's keep moving.

They hear the RATTLE of a rattle snake.

CRANKSHAFT

What's that?

ZAK

Shut up and don't move.

Zak stares at a RATTLESNAKE between Crankshaft's legs.

Crankshaft's eyes follow Zak's--

CRANKSHAFT

Rattlesnake!

He scrambles--

The snake strikes--

Crankshaft HOWLS in terror as he jumps up and stomps the snake to death.

CRANKSHAFT

He bit me! He bit my shaft!

Crankshaft undoes his pants, pulls them down.

ZAK

What are you doing?!

CRANKSHAFT

You gotta do somethin'! I'm gonna die, dawg!

ZAK

What do you want me to do?!

CRANKSHAFT

Suck the poison out!

ZAK

What?!

CRANKSHAFT

It's your duty! Serve and protect, remember.

ZAK

I didn't swear to suck and swallow!

CRANKSHAFT

If I die then the D-O-A go free. You want that shit, man?!

Zak paces back and forward. He GAGS as he thinks.

CRANKSHAFT

Well, do you?!

Zak rubs his earlobes, shuts his eyes.

ZAK  
(to himself)  
Calm down... Calm down--

CRANKSHAFT  
Hurry. I can feel the venom movin'  
into my ball!

ZAK  
Okay, okay!

Zak takes his tie off his head.

CRANKSHAFT  
What you doin' that for?

Zak wraps the tie between his hands, crouches in front of Crankshaft.

CRANKSHAFT  
A cock sling? That's some mother  
fuckin' MacGyver shit right there.

Zak checks Crankshaft's penis.

ZAK  
Argh, it smells like moldy Parmesan  
cheese. And what's with all the  
warts? Looks like a mangled French  
tickler.

CRANKSHAFT  
Yours ain't like that?

A long silence as Zak checks. Crankshaft closes his eyes.

CRANKSHAFT  
Damn, that silk feels fine against  
my shaft.

ZAK  
Stop.

CRANKSHAFT  
I'm just messin' with you, G...  
Hey, is it gay if I get a semi?

ZING-- A bullet whizzes past them.

ZAK  
What the hell?!

He looks up. Crankshaft stares over his shoulder.

Zak looks around Crankshaft.

JED (55), redneck, fat and drunk, points a rifle at Crankshaft and Zak. He chugs down a beer, throws the empty can to the ground.

Jed's truck shines in all its rusty glory beside him.

JED  
Goddamned sausage smokers. Can't even go huntin' without finding some Goddamned fudge packers desecrating my desert.

ZAK  
Run!

Zak bolts. Crankshaft tries to run, trips over his pants. Jed opens the rifle, fishes some rounds from his pocket. Crankshaft pulls his pants back up, scrambles to his feet.

JED  
Your kind will burn in hell!

He loads his gun, cocks it, SHOOTS--

The bullet hits a cactus beside Crankshaft.

CRANKSHAFT  
He was just checkin' my junk for a snake bite, you hillbilly retard!

Jed stumbles after them.

JED  
I don't care what you queers are calling it these days. A man just shouldn't suck on another man's love trumpet.

He SHOOTS--

It ZINGS past Zak.

ZAK  
Just shut up and run, Crankshaft!

Crankshaft looks down at his crotch, rummages down there.

ZAK  
What the hell are you doing?! Put it away!

CRANKSHAFT  
The venom! Gotta get it out!

Crankshaft jacks off as he runs-- SLAP. SLAP. SLAP.

ZAK

But there was no bite mark!

Jed SHOOTS--

It misses Crankshaft, hits the ground beside his feet.

Crankshaft CRIES, runs and jacks off. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP.

CRANKSHAFT

I don't wanna die, Jesus! I don't  
wanna die!

Jed trips over a rock. The gun spins into the air, faces Jed.  
It falls to the ground--

JED

Oh shi--

BOOM-- The gun goes off.

CRANKSHAFT

I don't wanna die!

SLAP. SLAP. SLAP.

#### **DESERT - LATER**

Crankshaft and Zak stand over Jed. Crankshaft nudges Jed with  
his foot.

Jed wakes up with a start.

JED

Am I dead? Is this hell?! Are yer  
gonna butt rape me?!

CRANKSHAFT

The bullet missed yo' redneck,  
homophobic ass. You just pissed yo'  
pants and fainted.

JED

Again?

Crankshaft drops the mashed rattlesnake onto his chest.

JED

Well I'll be damned. A snake did  
bite yer cock. Bastard rattlers.  
One bit my pecker last year. Thank  
God for the yoga lessons or I'd be  
a dead man.

ZAK

Can you give us a ride?

JED  
 Sure, but I think y'all should be  
 doing the driving. I probably had a  
 little too much to drink.

CRANKSHAFT  
 No shit.

**INT./EXT. JED'S TRUCK DRIVING - NIGHT**

The truck rumbles on a dark road.

Zak drives, Crankshaft in the middle and Jed beside him.

CRANKSHAFT  
 Where the hell we at? I ain't seen  
 shit since we started drivin'.

JED  
 Hog's Biker Bar should be up ahead.

CRANKSHAFT  
 Let's stop. I'm hungry, and still  
 thirsty.

ZAK  
 I don't think--

CRANKSHAFT  
 Come on, piggy. I'm dyin' here. I'm  
 wastin' away.

JED  
 He does look like he needs a feed.

ZAK  
 We're wanted, remember?

JED  
 Son, it's a biker bar. Half of them  
 are running from the law  
 themselves.

**INT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - NIGHT**

Rough and tough bikers drink and play pool. MUSIC plays.

Crankshaft bursts through the entrance doors.

CRANKSHAFT  
 Whassup, my honkies?

The MUSIC halts. Bar patrons turn in unison toward him.

CRANKSHAFT  
 Got a forty?

**EXT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - NIGHT**

Zak stands beside Jed's truck. Jed sits inside it.

ZAK

If you don't mind, we'd really appreciate a lift to--

JED

Son, I'm real sorry to leave yer hanging like this, but my wife, God bless her rotten-ass soul, will kick my balls if I ain't home soon.

He pulls out a photo of his wife, shows it to Zak: She is built like a line backer.

ZAK

She's a keeper... Thanks again.

Jed drives off.

Zak takes out his cell, dials.

**INT. CAPTAIN HOWARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Captain Howard sits on a sofa. He holds a hotdog filled with ketchup and mustard. His cell phone rings. He licks his fingers, picks up the phone.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Who's interrupting hotdog Friday?

**EXT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - NIGHT**

ZAK

It's Wang.

**INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION**

CAPTAIN HOWARD

This better be important. You know I don't like being interrupted on hotdog Friday.

ZAK

We missed the flight to Utah.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Are you yanking my chain again? My sack is starting to flare up.

ZAK

There's no yanking of any kind.

Captain Howard stuffs his face with hotdog. Food spits onto his cell as he speaks.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Shit. Gonna need some ointment.

ZAK  
Smith and O'Leary are dirty.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Then tell them to take a shower. Is this why you interrupted--

ZAK  
No. Corrupt. They put out a bogus warrant for our arrest. Said I'm armed and dangerous!

Captain Howard licks chunks of food off his phone.

Zak hears SLURPS at his end.

ZAK  
Captain?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Oh, ah... That was my dog. Down, Betsey. Down.

ZAK  
Aren't you allergic to dogs?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Oh yeah.  
(fake sneeze)  
You're going to the pound tomorrow, Betsey. Making me sneeze all the Goddamned time. Humping my Goddamned leg, even when I don't want it--

ZAK  
You have to stop the warrant.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Where are you now?

ZAK  
At Hog's Biker Bar. Somewhere off the Mojave Freeway. We will be in Utah by tomorrow morning.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Hog's Biker Bar... I'll get the warrant stopped. Don't let me down, Wang.

**END INTERCUT**

Zak hangs up.

Two bikers throw Crankshaft out of the bar. He skids onto the ground, stops at Zak's feet.

ZAK

Wow. You lasted longer than I expected.

Crankshaft spits out a mouthful of dirt.

JOANNE (O.S.)

Lookie here, Sarah. Fresh meat.

JOANNE (45), and SARAH (46) stand behind them. Both built like wrestlers, with tats, tight leather skirts, and overly-tight tops, they look the guys up and down as they each suck hard on a cigarette.

SARAH

Fancy a beer, boys?

**INT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - NIGHT**

Crankshaft and Sarah, very drunk, kiss, tongues akimbo.

Joanne twirls Zak's hair. Zak rubs his earlobes.

JOANNE

I wanna ride you like a Harley on a bumpy road.

She reaches down, grabs Zak's crotch.

ZAK

Okaaaay.

He jumps out of his seat.

ZAK

I really think it's time to go.  
Crankshaft. It's time to go.

Crankshaft pulls his tongue out of Sarah's mouth.

CRANKSHAFT

And leave these lovely young bitches after the hospitality they've shown us? Besides, we ain't got no ride, remember.

Joanne slips a PILL into Zak's coke.

Sarah rubs Crankshaft up.

SARAH

I hope I got a ride.

CRANKSHAFT

My meter's already runnin', baby.

Sarah rams her tongue back down Crankshaft's throat.

Joanne pats the stool beside her, smolder eyes Zak.

JOANNE

Sit back down, baby. I promise I  
won't bite, yet.

Zak shuffles to the stool, sits. He drinks from his coke.

JOANNE

That's it, baby. You'll need all  
the fluids you can get 'cause I'm  
gonna make you cum 'till you bleed.

Zak, eyes wide, stares straight ahead, chugs his coke down.

#### **MONTAGE - DRUNKEN SHENANIGENS**

-- Crankshaft and Sarah grind each other on the dance floor.

-- Zak, in a drugged daze, tries to keep away from Joanne as she dry humps his leg on the dance floor.

-- Zak, very drunk, pulls the white ball off a billiard table, just as a burly biker is about to take his shot. He laughs in the biker's face.

-- Zak, Crankshaft, Joanne, and Sarah take a shot of black liquid.

-- Crankshaft motorboats Sarah's breasts

-- Zak pulls his head from between Joanne's breasts, GASPS for air.

-- Zak and the others have more shots.

-- Zak takes the white ball again, laughs in the burly biker's face. The biker goes for Zak, Joanne comes to the rescue.

-- Joanne and Sarah make out in front of the guys who watch with very drunk beer goggles.

CRANKSHAFT

This-- This-- ish the besht--  
besht night ever!

He and Zak CHINK beer bottles together.

CRANKSHAFT

Man, I-- I-- I love shyou. I wanna-- wanna-- tell shyou shomething.

ZAK

You. You can-- can tell me anything. I-- I love you, man.

CRANKSHAFT

I-- I-- was there when yo' partner was shot.

ZAK

I-- I-- I know!

They LAUGH, hug.

ZAK

I-- I got something to tell-- To tell you. After you squeal--

Crankshaft SQUEALS like a pig. They LAUGH.

ZAK

After that, we're gonna lock you up for killing him!

He LAUGHS in Crankshaft's face. Crankshaft flashes a look of terror-- LAUGHS in hysterics.

Zak LAUGHS like a maniac, passes out.

**INT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - TOILETS - DAY**

Zak lays on the floor. Shirtless, pants around his ankles, boxers over his crotch.

Joanne lays next to Zak. Topless, her panties down around her ankles, her skirt still on.

Zak holds his head, sits up with a GROAN. He looks around, notices Joanne, grimaces.

He struggles to his feet, notices the tiles cracked, with an indentation of his ass in the floor.

ZAK

She wasn't lying about the Harley thing.

He winces, pulls out his boxers, checks his penis, winces.

ZAK

Or the bleeding.

He exits the restroom, into the--

**BAR AREA**

Zak puts his shirt back on as he stumbles to the Bartender.

BARTENDER  
Rough night?

ZAK  
I think I was raped.

BARTENDER  
Having sex with Joanne sure feels  
like it. Trust me.

Zak slumps on the counter.

ZAK  
Have you seen my friend?

BARTENDER  
He left with Sarah.

ZAK  
What?! Where did they go?!

BARTENDER  
Far from you so he doesn't get  
arrested.

ZAK  
What? Arrested? By who?

BARTENDER  
You.

ZAK  
Me?! Why-- Oh, shit.

BANG-- Bullets rip through the front of the bar. Shots ring out in every direction. They smash bottles, hit billiard tables, splinter chairs.

ZAK  
Get down!

The Bartender drops behind the bar.

Zak drops to the floor. Scrambles behind the bar. Glass and alcohol rain over them as the bullets stop.

RAZOR (O.S.)  
Come out, come out, wherever you  
are.

ZAK  
Shit. D-O-A. How'd they know we'd  
be here?

BARTENDER

D-O-A?

ZAK

The guys I'm meant to be protecting  
Crankshaft from.

BARTENDER

Who's gonna protect you from them?

**EXT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - DAY**

Razor, Lil' Mike and several gangsters point their guns at the bar. Razor wears a new pimp suit, strokes his knife.

RAZOR

Come on out Cranky. I promise not  
to hurt you.

LIL' MIKE

Yeah. We's just gonna shoots you.

Razor jumps to slap Lil' Mike over the head.

RAZOR

Idiota!

Razor turns back to the bar.

RAZOR

We'll give you until the count of  
twenty before we come in there and  
get you ourselves, esse.

He pulls Lil' Mike close to him.

RAZOR

You count to twenty, I'll go round  
back.

LIL' MIKE

Err, boss.

He holds up his ten fingers to Razor.

RAZOR

Fine. Count to ten... Idiota.

**INT. MOTEL - ROOM 69 - DAY**

Dingy. Sleazy. Sarah lays on the bed, topless. Crankshaft has a wife-beater on and boxer shorts.

The alarm clock BUZZES. Crankshaft, still asleep, raises his hand and SLAPS on Sarah's breast to snooze the alarm. The alarm still BUZZES.

He raises his other arm and SLAPS the alarm quiet, scratches his crotch, sits up, YAWNS.

**EXT. MOTEL - DAY**

Crankshaft struts out the door, ZIPS up his pants.

CRANKSHAFT  
Breakfast time.

He walks downstairs to ground level, stops at a vending machine. He eyes the items available, rubs his belly.

CRANKSHAFT  
Twinkie... Nah, gotta watch my figure... Snickers. That's the shit.

He goes to put a coin in the slot, fumbles, drops it.

The coin rolls under the machine.

CRANKSHAFT  
Damn.

He gets on his knees, tries to look under the machine.

CRANKSHAFT  
Come to daddy.

His ass sticks in the air. His boxers are almost translucent with sweat.

A GUN slides between Crankshaft's ass cheeks.

CRANKSHAFT  
Father Roberts?

He scrambles to his feet, turns--

Detectives Smith and O'Leary point their guns at him.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
You too?

**INT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - DAY**

Zak and the Bartender huddle behind the bar.

LIL' MIKE (O.S.)  
One.

ZAK  
Do you have any guns?

BARTENDER

Detective, I am a reputable  
business owner. I would never  
illegally house any form of  
weaponry.

ZAK

Where are they?

LIL' MIKE (O.S.)

Three-- No. Two.

The bartender kicks a secret button behind him.

The shattered bottle shelf spins upwards and behind, reveals  
a wall full of firepower.

ZAK

Reputable, huh?

The Bartender shrugs.

**EXT. MOTEL - DAY**

Smith and O'Leary manhandle Crankshaft to the carpark.

DETECTIVE SMITH

I just love issuing rewards. Lots  
of greedy people willing to turn in  
their fellow man.

CRANKSHAFT

I don't gotta squeal, man. Please.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Where you're going will guarantee  
that.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

Yeah, guarantee.

They move to a black car. O'Leary opens the rear door.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Get in.

SARAH (O.S.)

Leave my love monkey alone!

Sarah fly-kicks O'Leary into the car. He crumples to the  
ground.

Crankshaft throws a punch at Smith, who dodges and returns  
with a jab to his gut.

Sarah roundhouses Smith, knocks him to the ground. She takes  
Crankshaft's hand, kisses him.

SARAH  
Let's go, baby!

She drags Crankshaft by the hand.

Smith gets up, helps O'Leary to his feet.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Let's get that fat bastard.

**INT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - DAY**

Zak holds two handguns, the Bartender holds a double-barreled shotgun.

LIL' MIKE (O.S.)  
Eight.

Joanne stumbles out of the restroom.

JOANNE  
I haven't had sex like that since  
the convent.

Zak charges to her.

ZAK  
Get down!

JOANNE  
You want to go again, baby?

**EXT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - DAY**

Lil' Mike counts his fingers.

LIL' MIKE  
Ten!

He CLAPS his hands together like a happy child as the other gangsters SHOOT at the bar.

**INT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - DAY**

Bullets rip through.

Zak leaps at Joanne, they smash through the restroom door--

**RESTROOM**

They slide on the tiles.

JOANNE  
Grrr. I like it rough.

Zak scrambles to his feet, runs back to the--

**BAR AREA**

A bunch of gangsters bust through the main doors.

Zak SHOOTS two gangsters, jumps behind a table, tips it over.

Gangsters SHOOT the place up.

The table Zak hides behind SPLINTERS as bullets rip through.

**INT./EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 69 - DAY**

Bullets rip through the door. Crankshaft cowers on the floor against it as it SPLINTERS.

Smith and O'Leary SHOOT at the door from the outside.

Sarah crawls on all fours toward the toilet.

SARAH

Follow me!

Crankshaft watches, mesmerized at Sarah's ass as she crawls to the other room--

A bullet rips through the door just beside his head.

CRANKSHAFT

Comin'!

He follows Sarah.

**INT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - DAY**

Zak crawls behind the bar as bullets fly.

The Bartender jumps up from behind the bar, lets out a WAR CRY, SHOOTS his shotgun.

The shotgun bullet blasts through a gangster.

More gangsters scramble in.

Zak jumps sideways from behind the bar, SHOOTS--

Three gangsters drop dead.

Zak slides behind a billiard table.

**INT./EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 69 - DAY**

Sarah is half out the small window.

CRANKSHAFT

Hurry!

Sarah pushes herself out of the window. She calls to Crankshaft.

SARAH

Come on, honey!

Crankshaft heaves himself up.

Smith and O'Leary, still at the entrance door, reload.

SMITH

Play time's over.

He BOOTS the door in.

Crankshaft hears the door CRACK. He scrambles through the window, gets stuck at the waist.

CRANKSHAFT

Pull, bitch, pull!

Sarah pulls on Crankshaft's legs, he's still stuck.

Smith and O'Leary step into the room, point their guns at Crankshaft's nose.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Maybe you should cut back on the Snickers.

O'Leary whacks Crankshaft across the head with his gun. Crankshaft goes limp, unconscious.

**INT. HOG'S BIKER BAR - DAY**

Zak and the bartender eye each other as bullets ZING past.

BARTENDER

Fuck this.

He cocks his shotgun, jumps back up--

Bullets rip through his body, blood splatters the wall behind him as he slams into it, slides back down.

ZAK

Shit.

Zak peeks under the billiard table, SHOOTS at the feet of the Gangsters--

Two gangsters drop to the floor, they SCREAM in pain.

Zak jumps up, FIRES his guns--

Gangsters drop like flies.

Zak's guns run out of ammo but he keeps pulling the triggers.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Zak realizes, stops.

Lil' Mike and five gangsters come through the front entrance. They point their guns at Zak.

LIL' MIKE

Thaw.

ZAK

Huh?

RAZOR (O.S.)

He means freeze, esse.

Zak turns around--

Razor and more gangsters stand right behind Zak with their guns aimed at his head. Razor straightens his hat.

RAZOR

Night, night.

He whacks Zak across the face with the hilt of his knife.

**EXT. GARBAGE DISPOSAL CENTRE - DAY**

Early morning. The sun is just at the horizon.

SPLASH-- Water hits Zak's face. He comes to with a SPLUTTER and COUGH. He looks around in a panic. Realization hits--

He puts his hands to the ground to push himself up, freaks when he realizes his hands touch more garbage. He scrambles to his feet, searches his pockets.

ZAK

Where's my sanitizer?!

He gawks around like a caged animal. Tries to keep his feet off the ground, one at a time.

He's in a sloped ditch of wall to wall garbage.

Zak closes his eyes, BREATHEs deep, rubs his earlobes.

Crankshaft tumbles down the side of the ditch, slides to Zak's feet.

Crankshaft spits out garbage as Zak helps him up. Crankshaft shrugs Zak's hands off of him.

CRANKSHAFT

Get yo' backstabbin' hands off me.

DETECTIVE SMITH (O.S.)

I just love happy endings, don't you, Wang?

Zak and Crankshaft look up--

Smith and O'Leary, along with Razor and Lil' Mike stand at the edge of the ditch.

ZAK

Smith, you bastard! Get me out of here!

Zak paces, rubs his earlobes.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Now, why would I do that? I put you in there in the first place. Pretty good huh? Kinda like Superman and his--

LIL' MIKE

His dog, Scooby?

DETECTIVE SMITH

Kryptonite, imbecile.

(to Razor)

Is he retarded?

RAZOR

His madre did a lot of smack while she was pregnant.

ZAK

I'll kill Crankshaft myself if you let me go. Then we can forget about all this shit.

CRANKSHAFT

I knew you was a two-faced mother fucker.

ZAK

Just like you, cop killer.

CRANKSHAFT

Cop killer?!

Zak hooks Crankshaft in the face. Crankshaft drops.

ZAK

(to Smith)

Give me a gun. I'll blow his fucking brains all over this place.

Crankshaft gets up, takes a swing at Zak. Zak dodges, jabs Crankshaft in the gut. Crankshaft drops to his knees.

DETECTIVE SMITH

My, my. How one's true colors shine  
when caged.

Zak faces Smith.

ZAK

Give it to me. I wanna do this...  
For Derek.

Smith and Zak eye each other for a moment.

DETECTIVE SMITH

I'm a man of honor. O'Leary.

Detective O'Leary tosses a gun to Zak. Zak turns to Crankshaft, points the gun straight at him.

Crankshaft spits at Zak's feet.

CRANKSHAFT

Yo' partner was dirty just like the  
rest of them. He wasn't gonna bust  
the D-O-A, 'cause he was the D-O-A.

ZAK

Wha-- What?

CRANKSHAFT

Yo' partner and some other high-up  
piggy ran the whole show. That  
gangster you interrogated was a set-  
up. They wanted to cap yo' ass  
'cause yo' investigation was  
gettin' too close. I was supposed  
to kill you!

ZAK

And you expect me to believe that?!

He yanks Crankshaft to his feet.

ZAK

I've heard enough of your shit.  
Derek was my partner. My best  
friend.

He points the gun to Crankshaft's chest.

ZAK

And you killed him!

Zak spins around to Smith, pulls the trigger-- CLICK.

Smith and the others CLAP.

DETECTIVE SMITH

I gotta hand it to you, Wang. I thought you really were going to shoot him. Lucky I don't trust my own instincts. I guess that's why I'm such a bad detective.

ZAK

He's the only thing I got to bring you and the D-O-A down. And I will take you down.

DETECTIVE SMITH

And how are you gonna do that from beyond the grave, huh? Call long distance?

RAZOR

Ring, ring. Hola?

Razor and the others LAUGH. Detective Smith waves at something O.S. A ROAR of an engine as it comes to life.

CRANKSHAFT

That don't sound too good.

A bulldozer rolls up over the side of the ditch, pushes a pile of rubbish into it. The rubbish lands onto Crankshaft.

RAZOR

Maybe now you might smell a little better, Cranky.

Razor and the others LAUGH. They walk away.

ZAK

Smith... Smith!

The bulldozer pushes another mound of rubbish into the ditch. It covers most of Crankshaft's body. He tries to free himself, but can't.

Zak moves to help Crankshaft.

CRANKSHAFT

I don't need your backstabbin' help, bitch.

Crankshaft tries to free himself again, but it's useless.

ZAK

Looks like you do.

He grabs Crankshaft's arms, yanks him out.

Another bulldozer pushes rubbish into the ditch from the other side. It slides to their feet.

ZAK

Move!

They run to the other side.

ZAK

Give me a boost.

Crankshaft holds his hands out, Zak puts his foot on them.

ZAK

Push!

Crankshaft boosts Zak up--

Rubbish falls on top of them, knocks them over.

Zak spits out rubbish, pushes more off himself in a panic.

ZAK

Ahhh!

He scrambles, back to the side, eyes wide. He scratches at his tongue, rubs his earlobes.

CRANKSHAFT

Don't freak out, man. We can do this. You can do this.

ZAK

I-- I can't. Too many germs... I can't.

Zak stares ahead, rubs his lobes. Crankshaft looks around--

A Bulldozer pushes more rubbish into the pit.

Crankshaft bolts over the rubbish as it slides down. He scrambles up it, jumps off, reaches out--

He grabs onto a "tooth" of the bulldozer's scoop as it reverses.

#### **OUTSIDE THE PIT**

Crankshaft rolls onto the ground, gets up.

The bulldozer driver sees him, leaps out of the dozer with a monkey wrench.

CRANKSHAFT

It's show-time.

He launches at the driver.

**IN THE PIT**

Zak stares straight ahead, rubs his lobes.

**OUTSIDE THE PIT**

Crankshaft dodges a swing from the driver's monkey-wrench. He grabs it, yanks, causes the driver to lurch forward and punches him in the face. The driver drops onto his ass.

He boots the driver in the face. The driver crumples to the ground, out cold.

Crankshaft checks his sneakers.

CRANKSHAFT

Damn. Now I got blood on my Pumas.

The second bulldozer roars toward Crankshaft. Crankshaft notices, moves to dodge, his foot gets stuck in a bucket.

CRANKSHAFT

Shit.

He yanks at his foot, it's stuck fast.

CRANKSHAFT

Come on!

The Bulldozer is almost on top of him--

Zak appears beside the second bulldozer's driver, punches him out cold. He steers the bulldozer toward the pit, just misses Crankshaft.

Zak jumps off just as the bulldozer tumbles into the pit.

CRANKSHAFT

Fuckin' A.

Zak helps Crankshaft yank his foot out of the bucket--

Crankshaft hooks Zak in the face. Zak slams to the ground.

CRANKSHAFT

Now keep yo' backstabbin' piggy ass  
away from me, a'ight?

He bolts off. Zak scrambles back to his feet, charges Crankshaft.

He fly-tackles Crankshaft to the ground. Zak grabs him in a headlock.

ZAK

You're coming to the safe-house,  
even if I gotta drag you kicking  
and screaming.

Crankshaft elbows Zak in the gut, reverses the headlock.

CRANKSHAFT

Like hell I am.

He spots a dirty diaper close by, drags Zak's head toward it.

CRANKSHAFT

I ain't testifyin', and I sure as  
hell ain't goin' to jail.

He hovers Zak's face over the diaper then tries to force it  
down against Zak's struggle.

ZAK

What about your so-called values?

CRANKSHAFT

I value keepin' my black-ass out of  
prison more.

Zak's face is inches from the diaper. He shoves his fingers  
up Crankshaft's nose, causes him to slacken his hold,  
reverses the headlock.

He pushes Crankshaft's face into the diaper.

CRANKSHAFT

Arrrgh!

Zak picks up some old rope, ties Crankshaft's hands behind  
his back.

Zak pulls Crankshaft to his feet. The diaper sticks to the  
side of Crankshaft's face.

CRANKSHAFT

Someone else was in the warehouse,  
man! I ain't pull no damned  
trigger.

ZAK

Then why'd you run?

CRANKSHAFT

You had murder in yo' eyes, dawg.

They stare each other down. Zak shoves Crankshaft forward.

ZAK

Move, you piece of shit.

**EXT. GARBAGE DISPOSAL CENTRE - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Fiona holds a gun, points it at Crankshaft, who now wears a pair of greasy overalls and a flannel shirt. He clips the final overall buckle on his chest.

CRANKSHAFT

I look like Buckwheat in this shit.

FIONA

That's all I had. You should be thanking me-- Dick-cheese sand-- Sand-- Scrotums!

CRANKSHAFT

Say what?

FIONA

Put your hands where I can see them.

Crankshaft puts his hands on Fiona's sedan.

CRANKSHAFT

This is some bullshit right here.

Zak walks toward the sedan. He wears an old blue tuxedo, complete with ruffles. He dodges a crack in the ground, moves to Fiona.

CRANKSHAFT

(to Zak)

Nice outfit.

ZAK

Thanks, Buckwheat.

CRANKSHAFT

(to Fiona)

See! I told you, girl!

ZAK

Thanks again, Fiona. I didn't expect you to fly all the way here yourself though.

Fiona blushes.

FIONA

Sorry about the tux. It was my father's. The only thing I had at home. I think you look very handsome in it. C-- C-- Cock slap mmmmy face!

ZAK

The F-B-I will be waiting for us at the safe-house. We should get going.

CRANKSHAFT

Ain't nobody hearin' the shit comin' out of this bitch's mouth?

Zak grabs Crankshafts by the cuffs, shoves him to the back of the sedan. He moves to guide Crankshaft's head into the sedan, slams it into the door frame.

CRANKSHAFT

Ow!

ZAK

My eyes must be playing up again.

He shoves Crankshaft into the sedan.

**INT. FIONA'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS**

Zak eyes the warehouse as they pull up at the curb.

ZAK

This is the place.

FIONA

You sure you don't want me to come?

ZAK

No, you've done enough. I couldn't live with myself if you got hurt.

Fiona clutches her chest with delight.

CRANKSHAFT

What about me?

ZAK

I'm sure I'd be fine.

Zak moves to exit the car--

Fiona pulls him in for a long, sloppy kiss.

CRANKSHAFT

Damn.

Zak pulls away, aghast.

FIONA

I'm so sorry! I just-- Good luck!

Zak relaxes, smiles.

ZAK

Thanks.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Dusty. Empty. Full of crates and boxes.

Crankshaft and Zak sneak in, scope out their surroundings.

ZAK

Where is everybody?

The door SLAMS behind them.

Zak and Crankshaft spin around--

Detective Smith leans against the door.

DETECTIVE SMITH

The costume party is down the road.

CRANKSHAFT

What the hell?!

Crankshaft makes a run for it--

Razor and Lil' Mike jump out from behind some crates, block his path. Razor strokes his knife, Lil' Mike aims his Glock.

RAZOR

Uh, uh, ah. Where you think you're going, huh?

Crankshaft steps back to Zak.

ZAK

What the hell is going on here?

CAPTAIN HOWARD (O.S.)

Allow me to explain.

Captain Howard and Detective O'Leary strut out from behind more boxes and crates.

Gangsters emerge from behind various crates, each pack heat.

ZAK

Captain?

CRANKSHAFT

He's yo' Captain?

Captain Howard saunters to Zak and Crankshaft.

CRANKSHAFT

He's the pig that runs the D-O-A.  
That ran it with yo' partner.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Ran is the key word in that  
sentence, shit stain--

He punches Crankshaft in the balls. Crankshaft drops to his  
knees.

ZAK  
What the hell is going on?

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Six months. Six months of  
heartache.

ZAK  
Heartache?

Captain Howard rips open his shirt. Underneath is a T-shirt  
with Derek's face printed on it. A rainbow sparkles over his  
head with a unicorn running on it.

RAZOR  
That was unexpected.

CRANKSHAFT  
(to Zak)  
Looks like yo' partner was doin' a  
Tom Cruise.

Captain Howard pulls a locket from under his T-shirt, opens  
it, admires the pictures inside.

**INSERT LOCKET:** A picture of Derek on one side, Captain Howard  
on the other. They face each other, each pouts a kiss.

**BACK TO SCENE**

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Derek... My Pookie.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Did he just say--

DETECTIVE O'LEARY  
Yep.

Captain Howard strokes the image of Derek in his locket.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
We were going to be so happy with  
the money we made off the D-O-A. We  
planned to elope to the Bahamas and  
start our own all-male party cruise  
business.

He closes the locket, holds it to his chest, shuts his eyes.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Our cabana boys were going to be so beautiful. The most oiled in all of the Caribbean.

He wipes a tear away, glares at Zak.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

If you just gave up the investigation then Pookie would still be alive!

He back-hands Zak, hooks Crankshaft across the face.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

We would be dancing with our oiled cabana boys!

He punches Zak in the gut, who drops to his knees beside Crankshaft. Zak COUGHS.

ZAK

The F-B-I is gonna take you down.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Ha! Don't you get it yet?! I made them up. I used them to get you out from behind your clean fucking desk so these idiots could kill you. You weren't even meant to make it out of California! But these morons couldn't even kill a suicidal lepper in an acid bath.

He hooks Crankshaft across the face.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

And you. If only I knew you killed my Pookie when you came to my station. I would have slit your fucking throat myself.

He whips out his gun, slams it to Crankshaft's forehead.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

This is for my Pookie.

CRANKSHAFT

Wait! Please! I ain't kill yo' damn boyfriend!

ZAK

That's right! Ah... I did!

CRANKSHAFT AND CAPTAIN HOWARD

What?!

DETECTIVE SMITH

What?!

CRANKSHAFT

You ain't kill yo' damned partner.

Captain Howard points his gun at Zak.

ZAK

But I must have if you didn't.

Captain Howard moves his gun from Crankshaft to Zak in confusion as they speak.

CRANKSHAFT

Yo' back was turned.

ZAK

Then if it wasn't me, it must have been you, right?

CRANKSHAFT

I ain't pull no damned trigger!

ZAK

Then it must have been me!

CRANKSHAFT

What the fuck--

DETECTIVE SMITH

Enough! I killed that son-of-a-bitch, okay?!

Everyone turns to Smith.

DETECTIVE SMITH

You're like my parents on Christmas morning! You didn't cook the turkey enough. This eggnog is too watery. The dog's eaten my Viagra. Can't we just have a nice Christmas for once?! I'm still waiting for my Stretch Armstrong, daddy!

O'Leary comforts Smith.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

It's okay. It's okay.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

You-- You killed my Pookie?

Smith points his gun at Captain Howard. O'Leary falters for a moment, does the same.

Razor, Lil' Mike and the other gangsters stare in shock and confusion.

CRANKSHAFT

I told you I ain't kill nobody!

DETECTIVE SMITH

What can I say? I'm an ambitious man. Your and Derek's business model was, well, not economically viable. My wife really loves her lavish lifestyle.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

I'm gonna--

BANG-- Captain Howard's head snaps back as he stumbles. A BULLET HOLE in his head. He drops to the ground.

Smoke plumes from Smith's gun.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Looks like I've been promoted.

RAZOR

Hell you have.

He, Lil' Mike and the other gangsters point their weapons at Smith and O'Leary.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Gentlemen, please, settle down. With the Captain out of the way, our little business venture will really take off. We'll all be swimming in money and bitches.

DETECTIVE O'LEARY

Yeah, money and bitches.

ZAK

I don't think so.

Zak rips open his shirt to reveal a wire.

DETECTIVE SMITH

A wire?

ZAK

Thanks to Crankshaft, I realized the Captain was tipping you guys off to our whereabouts so I took the liberty of calling in the F-B-I. After all, they were meant to meet me here, right?

Smith raises his gun--

DETECTIVE SMITH

Son of a--

SMASH-- FBI agents bust into the warehouse.

RAZOR  
It's the Feds!

Smith flees as a shoot-out erupts.

Zak and Crankshaft scramble separate ways behind some crates.

Razor bolts.

Lil' Mike SHOOTS at an agent, who FIRES his shotgun--

Lil' Mike flies back onto a crate, shot.

O'Leary hides behind crates, SHOOTS at agents.

Zak lays low, sees Smith, who waves bye then charges off.

Zak grabs a dead gangster's gun, crawls behind some crates.  
Crankshaft hides behind them.

ZAK  
Smith is getting away.

CRANKSHAFT  
I saw Razor hightailin' it too.

Zak points in the distance.

ZAK  
Look!

Smith sneaks through a hole in the warehouse wall.

CRANKSHAFT  
What we gonna do?

ZAK  
We're doing nothing.

He rushes to the hole, leaves Crankshaft behind.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

A maze of shipping containers.

Zak ducks out of the hole, moves into an aisle.

ZAK  
It's over, Smith.

Crankshaft stumbles his way through the hole. He uses the sharp edges of the hole to cut the rope securing his hands.

Zak moves deeper into the maze of containers.

ZAK  
If you turn yourself in, they'll go  
easier on you.

Crankshaft catches up to Zak.

CRANKSHAFT  
Hey, hold up.

ZAK  
Get out of here.

CLANG-- A bullet hits the container beside Zak.

Up ahead, Smith darts between containers, around a corner.

Zak and Crankshaft bolt. They turn the corner. Nothing.

ZAK  
Keep running.

They turn a corner, then another, Crankshaft lags behind.

CRANKSHAFT  
Hold up.

He stops for a BREATH as Zak turns another corner.

CRANKSHAFT  
I said hold up! Damn.

He stumbles forward, moves past an aisle--

WHACK-- A fist punches Crankshaft in the face. Crankshaft  
stumbles back onto his ass.

Razor emerges from the aisle. He adjusts his hat before he  
pulls his knife out from behind his back.

RAZOR  
Not so tough without your bodyguard  
are you, perro?

Crankshaft spits blood onto the ground.

CRANKSHAFT  
The Feds are gonna bust yo' ass.

RAZOR  
Not before I cut yours, esse.

Razor strokes his blade.

#### **DEEPER IN THE MAZE**

Zak eases his way past a container.

ZAK  
 You're just digging yourself deeper  
 into this shit, Smith. Give  
 yourself up.

Smith runs past the aisle further ahead--

Zak SHOOTS, misses.

ZAK  
 Damn it.

He runs after Smith.

#### **FURTHER BACK IN THE MAZE**

Crankshaft scrambles backward, Razor slinks toward him.

RAZOR  
 I'm gonna slit your throat.

Crankshaft gets to his feet.

RAZOR  
 Nothing's gonna stop me from  
 completing my set. That canine is  
 mine, esse.

He lunges at Crankshaft--

Crankshaft side steps, punches Razor in the mouth. Razor  
 stumbles back, holds his jaw. He spits a gold tooth out.

CRANKSHAFT  
 My bad.

RAZOR  
 Hijo de puta!

He charges Crankshaft.

#### **OUT OF THE MAZE**

Zak gets to the end of the maze, eyes alert.

A ROAR of an engine-- Detective Smith drives a forklift with  
 a crate at Zak--

Zak dives out of the way at the last second--

The forklift crashes into a container.

Zak hits the ground hard. His gun tumbles out of his hand.

**FURTHER BACK IN THE MAZE**

Razor slashes at Crankshaft--

CRANKSHAFT

Ahh!

He jumps back, looks down at himself. He has a long gash across his abdomen. Blood oozes from the wound. He has other cuts on his arms and legs.

RAZOR

It's gonna be like carving a turkey on Thanksgiving. A fat, squealing turkey.

He lunges at Crankshaft who side steps, jabs Razor in the gut, elbows him in the back.

Razor stumbles forward, drops his knife. He recovers, faces off with Crankshaft.

The knife lays dead center between them.

CRANKSHAFT

You dropped somethin'.

RAZOR

My baby always finds its way home.

He glances at the knife, wiggles his fingers.

**OUT OF THE MAZE**

Smith raises his head from the steering wheel, wipes blood away from his forehead. He stumbles out of the forklift. He whips his gun out at Zak, pulls the trigger-- CLICK, empty.

Zak moves to charge Smith--

Smith throws his gun at Zak--

It hits Zak in the chest, who stumbles back against it. Zak palms his chest in pain.

SMITH

I think you got something on your...

Smith points to Zak's chest with a shit eating grin.

Zak lifts his hand off his chest. Smith's blood is over his shirt. He freaks out, wipes his hands down his pants--

Smith tackles Zak into a container. Zak jabs into Smith, who elbows him on the back.

Zak drops to a knee, Smith hooks him in the face. Zak crumples to the ground.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
You've ruined me, Wang.

He boots Zak in the gut.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
What am I gonna tell my wife?

He grabs Zak by the hair, pulls his head up, punches him in the face. Zak slams back to the ground.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
My kids?! I promised them  
Disneyland. Disneyland!

He boots Zak again.

#### **FURTHER BACK IN THE MAZE**

Crankshaft and Razor still face off.

RAZOR  
I'm gonna cut you into pieces and  
mail you to your madre.

CRANKSHAFT  
I'll cut yo' threads--

RAZOR  
Don't be cutting my threads--

CRANKSHAFT  
Gonna look like a damned Brazilian  
man-lady at Mardi-Gras.

Crankshaft fake reaches for the knife--

Razor dives for the knife--

Crankshaft kicks Razor in the face. Razor crashes to the ground.

CRANKSHAFT  
I can't believe you fell for that  
shit.

He pulls Razor up. A number of Razor's gold teeth all fall out, one by one. Razor, groggy, struggles to stand straight.

CRANKSHAFT  
Lights out, mother fucker.

He uppercuts Razor--

Razor launches in the air, crashes to the ground, out cold.  
More of Razor's gold teeth bounce to the ground.

CRANKSHAFT  
I just Mohammed Allied yo' ass.

Razor, unconscious, lays with his mouth agape. Only his non-gold canine remains.

Crankshaft rubs his fist in pain, notices the gold teeth, picks them up.

CRANKSHAFT  
Daddy's goin' to Disneyland!

### **OUT OF THE MAZE**

Zak slams into a container, drops to the floor. He spits out blood, holds his side as he takes in harsh BREATHS.

Detective Smith picks up Zak's gun.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Derek was one hell of a detective,  
but a better drug-lord.

Zak struggles to his feet. He leans against the container for support. Smith struts back to him.

ZAK  
You're just a two bit criminal with  
a badge, just like he was. You  
don't deserve the honor of being a  
detective.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Honor?! We realized long ago that  
we get shit, while the drug dealers  
and crime bosses get it all.

He aims the gun at Zak's head.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
And I want it all.

CRANKSHAFT (O.S.)  
Bonzai, bitch!

Crankshaft charges Smith, who steps back at the last second and trips up Crankshaft.

Crankshaft tumbles, face-plants to the ground.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
Next time you surprise attack  
someone, don't say a catchy zinger.

Crankshaft lifts his face off the ground, spits out blood.

Smith stalks over to Crankshaft, boots him hard in the body. Crankshaft SCREAMS in pain.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Did you two really think you could stop me? You got lucky the other times, but this time I'm in the zone.

He boots Crankshaft again.

DETECTIVE SMITH

In the zone!

Zak looks around in a panic-- He spots Smith's blood covered gun. He stumbles to it as he pulls out a new ammo clip, goes to pick the gun up, falters.

ZAK

(to himself)

It's just a little... Blood.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Whoa. I got a sense of deja vu just now. Did you, Wang? I wonder why? Oh, yeah, it's because I'm about to blow another one of your partner's brains out!

BANG-- He SHOOTS Crankshaft in the leg. Crankshaft HOWLS.

ZAK

No!

He drops to a knee, struggles to BREATHE, instead COUGHS.

Smith points the gun at different areas of Crankshaft's body.

DETECTIVE SMITH

How many times did I do Derek? Once? Nah, that's not it.

Zak grimaces, picks up Smith's gun with two fingers. He drops it again, wipes his hands on his clothes, rubs his lobes.

ZAK

(to himself)

Calm down... You can do this.

Smith spots Zak, LAUGHS.

DETECTIVE SMITH

What will you obsess about after I kill this tub of lard, huh? Let's find out.

BANG-- He shoots Crankshaft in the arm. Smith LAUGHS like the Count from Sesame Street.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
 (Count accent)  
 Two shots! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
 (back to normal)  
 Hmm... Nope, that's not the right  
 number either.

Zak focuses on Crankshaft's blood as it runs into a CRACK in the ground. He drops to all fours, COUGHS out blood.

Smith steps on Crankshaft's neck.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
 I think I remember now.

Crankshaft squeezes his eyes shut. Tears stream out.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
 One...

Smith eases back the trigger.

DETECTIVE SMITH  
 Two--

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Crankshaft's eyes open wide with horror, then blink with confusion. He looks up at Detective Smith--

THREE BULLET HOLES ooze from Smith's chest. Smith looks down at them in disbelief, tries to wipe the blood off his shirt. He falls flat to the ground, dead.

Zak's on his knees, Smith's gun in hand. Smith's blood covers his hands.

ZAK  
 Three.

Zak throws the gun down in disgust. He holds his side, SPITS out some blood as he struggles to BREATHE.

CRANKSHAFT  
 You saved my life, man.

Zak collapses to the ground, unconscious.

CRANKSHAFT  
 Piggy?

FBI agents storm out from the shipping container maze.

CRANKSHAFT  
 Officer down! Officer fuckin' down!

Agents sprint to Zak.

**INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY**

Zak lies in bed. He wakes up, looks around as he focuses.

Fiona smiles at Zak from the side of his bed.

FIONA  
You're awake! Cli-- Cli-- Clitoris  
Camels!

She hugs Zak a little too hard.

ZAK  
Ouch. Still tender here.

FIONA  
Sorry. I'm just glad you're okay.

ZAK  
Thanks.

Crankshaft, in a motorized wheelchair, wheels into the room. His leg's bandaged, his other arm is in a sling. A plastic bag sits on his lap.

CRANKSHAFT  
Hallelujah! Mother fucker's back  
from the dead! How you feel, man?

ZAK  
Like I've been hit by a truck.

CRANKSHAFT  
Smith fucked you up pretty good.  
Punctured yo' damned lung.

ZAK  
So that's why I hear a whistle when  
I breathe?

CRANKSHAFT  
And guess what? Yo' famous, dawg.  
Yo' ass is all over the news!

ZAK  
Say what?

CRANKSHAFT  
Straight up. Check it.

Crankshaft switches on the T.V.

**INTERCUT WARD AND T.V.**

A news program on the T.V.

REPORTER

The F-B-I arrested key members of the drug smuggling syndicate known as the D-O-A late last night. An organization run by corrupt police and gangsters alike.

FBI agents escort Razor and Detective O'Leary to a sedan.

RAZOR

Watch the threads, cerdo!

REPORTER (V.O.)

The D-O-A has been responsible for the recent increase in illicit substances hitting the L-A streets.

RAZOR

That BEEP stole my BEEP teeth!

He flashes his gums at the camera.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Detective Wang, who was framed just yesterday for the murder of his partner, worked with the F-B-I to bring the group to justice.

A picture of Zak unconscious, in his hospital bed, legs spread, crotch blurred out, shows on screen.

ZAK

What the hell?!

CRANKSHAFT

They needed a shot so we took one.

ZAK

My balls are on national television! Hang on. We?

Fiona gives a shy LAUGH.

FIONA

I made sure my hands were warm, and sanitized, before I cupped them.

ZAK

Cup them?--

CRANKSHAFT

Relax, piggy. They're pixilated. Small, but pixilated.

ZAK

Great. So everyone will think I got small, square nuts.

CRANKSHAFT

Small fo' sure.

Fiona mouths "They're not small" to Zak, blows him a kiss.

The reporter speaks to the camera.

REPORTER

So who is Zak Wang? We interviewed his best friend, a Mister... Crankshaft for the inside scoop.

Zak face-palms. Crankshaft nudges Zak.

CRANKSHAFT

That's me!

On T.V., Crankshaft smooths his eyebrows.

REPORTER

So tell us, Crankshaft, what kind of man is Detective Wang?

CRANKSHAFT (ON TV)

Let me tell you somethin'. My man, Wang ain't afraid to touch a brother's junk--

**END INTERCUT**

Zak holds the T.V. remote, presses the "off" button, frantic.

CRANKSHAFT

Hey!

Zak hides the remote under his cushion just before Crankshaft turns to him. Zak shrugs at Crankshaft.

CRANKSHAFT

Where's the damned remote?

A HOT NURSE saunters into the ward.

HOT NURSE

(to Crankshaft)

There you are. You're late for your sponge bath.

Crankshaft CLAPS his hands together, rubs them with joy.

CRANKSHAFT

Hells yeah. Cranky's been a very dirty boy.

Hot Nurse smiles a hot smile-- She calls out to the door.

HOT NURSE  
Hey Bubba, your patient's ready.

BUBBA, a large, hairy male nurse lumbers into the ward.

BUBBA  
Ready, sweet-cheeks?

Bubba moves toward Crankshaft.

CRANKSHAFT  
Y'all be playin', right?

Bubba grabs hold of Crankshaft's wheelchair, pushes him toward the exit.

CRANKSHAFT  
Y'all playin'... Right?!

Crankshaft pushes his wheelchair's control stick into reverse. Its wheels SQUEAL and smoke as they drag.

CRANKSHAFT  
I ain't need no bath! I'm clean,  
man. Clean!

Crankshaft PLEADS as Bubba pushes him out of the ward.

CRANKSHAFT (O.S.)  
I'm clean, mother fucker!

Fiona grabs hold of Zak's hand.

FIONA  
So, you faced your demons and  
conquered them?

ZAK  
You're holding my hand, aren't you?

FIONA  
Good, because I wanna hold  
something else!

She rips her blouse off.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Crankshaft jumps out of his wheelchair, falls flat.

ZAK (O.S.)  
Now let's take it easy. I have a  
punctured lung, remember?

Crankshaft tries to scramble away from Bubba.

ZAK (O.S.)  
Don't throw your panties on the  
floor. People step there!

Bubba picks Crankshaft up, shoves him back into the  
wheelchair as Crankshaft struggles against him.

ZAK (O.S.)  
You know, your hands are warm.

Bubba pushes Crankshaft down the hallway, who tries to latch  
onto any patient in his path.

FIONA (O.S.)  
Cli-- Cli-- Clitoris Camels!

**FADE OUT.**