

Cut-and-shoot, Texas

Written By:

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FADE IN:

EXT. JOANN'S FABRICS - DAY

A bright and sunny day outside the Joann's fabric's on Westheimer in Houston, Texas. HENRY GOODMAN (33) stumbles up to the door of the shop, with blood rapidly oozing out of his right shoulder.

Henry is wearing only a hunter green hoodie, some carpenter jeans, and T-shirt.

Henry falls against the door. A loud greeting bell sounds off. GREG WESTON (34) quickly sprints to the door with a duffel bag. He looks both ways before entering.

INT. JOANN'S FABRIC'S - CONTINUOUS

GREG

Oh, shit! Buddy listen to me.  
Listen to me! You need to stay  
awake and stay alert. Hello!  
Anybody!

BETTY INGRIM (68) steps out from the backroom.

BETTY

Yeah, yeah I'm--

She sees the injured Henry.

BETTY

I'll... uh...

Greg applies pressure to the wound. Betty stares at them for a long moment.

GREG

Lady, Hello. Can you help me over  
here?

Betty stammers over.

BETTY

Well what do you need?

GREG

Get me a study piece of cloth or  
something.

BETTY  
Like cotton fiber cloth.

GREG  
What?! What is that?

BETTY  
Well it's one-hundred percent  
cotton, its--

GREG  
--Just a sturdy piece of cloth.  
Okay?! I don't care what the name  
is!

BETTY  
Well excuse--

Greg takes a snub-nosed pistol out of the duffel bag. He points in her direction.

GREG  
Hurry up!

Betty runs to the back. Greg looks out the window and sees a gigantic ford truck parked out front.

GREG (cont'd)  
Dammit! Lady come here! Shut off  
everything.

Betty runs back.

BETTY  
What do you mean--

GREG  
Hit the power. Turn it all off.  
Now!

She hurries over to the light switch and cuts the light.

BETTY  
What am I supposed to--

GREG  
(whispering)  
Shut up. Shut the fuck up!

BETTY  
But what if I--

GREG

If you don't shut up, I'm gonna  
blow a hole so big in your head  
that you can fuck it.

Betty quiets down.

EXT. JOANN'S FABRICS - DAY

The truck door slams shut. A pair of crocodile skin boots slowly step to the entrance of Joann's.

The Figure in the boots is known as JOE KING (43). Joe is wearing a long sleeve denim shirt and some dockers jeans. He carries in his hand an AA-12 automatic shotgun. He opens the front door to Joann's.

INT. JOANN'S FABRIC'S - CONTINUOUS

Joe closes the door behind him. He reaches into his jacket and takes out a flash light. He shines it around the store. He steps in something.

Joe bends down and looks at the pool of blood on the floor. He dips a finger into it and looks at it in the light. He stands up. Something falls a couple of yards away.

Joe turns around and blasts a full of round of AA12 ammo towards the direction in which the sound came from. Nothing is hit.

Greg DASHES up from behind him and STABS him in the back with a pair of scissors. Joe lets out a bloodcurdling scream. He peels Greg off his back and throws him over the counter.

Joe walks around into the counter and picks up Greg by the collar. Joe PUNCHES him over and over and over again until Greg just passes out. Joe hoists him onto his shoulder and carries him out of the store.

EXT. JOANN'S FABRICS - CONTINUOUS

Joe carries Greg over to his truck and tosses Greg in the back. He gets in the truck and drives off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Joe takes a long drag off of his cigarette while driving down the highway. He looks at the car's gas levels and sees that it is almost empty.

EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT

Joe fills up a tank of gas. He heads over to the payphone. He puts in a few coins and dials a number. It rings three times and then... a MAN picks up.

MAN (V.0)

Hello.

JOE

I've found him.

MAN (V.0)

Where?

JOE

Houston.

MAN (V.0)

Jesus Christ. How the hell did he...

JOE

That doesn't matter. What matters is that I found him and I have him.

MAN (V.0)

Alive?

JOE

Alive but barely.

MAN (V.0)

He can't die. You have to keep him alive. You--

JOE

--What's in it for me?

MAN (V.0)

What do you mean?

JOE

Ten grand.

MAN (V.0)  
That's bullshit. I'm already paying  
you--

JOE  
--Or I could break his neck and  
call it a day.

MAN (V.0)  
Alright, alright. Don't do nothin'  
that ornery.

JOE  
Will you pay?

MAN (V.0)  
I will. Just don't hurt him  
anymore. I need him alive and well.

Joe hangs up.

INT. FREE CLINIC - ROOM 7 - NIGHT

A DOCTOR (54) stitches up Joe's wound.

DOCTOR  
So how did you get this again?

JOE  
I fell.

DOCTOR  
On what?

JOE  
A nail.

DOCTOR  
Well I'm just about finished.

Joe gets up and puts his shirt on.

DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Must have been a mighty big nail.

JOE  
What?

DOCTOR  
I said--

JOE  
No, no. I heard you. What's that supposed to mean?

DOCTOR  
I'm just saying that--

JOE  
What exactly are you saying?

DOCTOR  
For a cut that deep something else must have...

JOE  
Are you calling me a liar?

DOCTOR  
No, no. I... I'm sorry I'll just be on my way.

The Doctor goes into the bathroom to wash his hands.

EXT. FREE CLINIC - NIGHT

Joe heads into the parking lot without looking back. He gets in his truck and drives off.

INT. HOME - DAY

Joe sits on the couch with his feet up. RON LERMAN (40) comes in with an envelope. Ron sits down and gives it to Joe. Joe gets up.

RON  
Wait... Wait... Wait... Where you goin'?

JOE  
Our business is done here, isn't it?

RON  
Sit down... Sit down. We're just gittin' started.

Joe sits.

RON (cont'd)  
I have something for you. Something big.

JOE

What?

RON

This guy...This young kid has a bounty on his head. I'm tellin' you because--

JOE

Who put it there?

RON

What? Let me--

JOE

Who put the bounty on his head?

RON

Does it matter? Another dead Mexican can't hurt.

JOE

How much is it?

RON

Well that's the thing, Joe. It's fifty thousand and I was thinking we could split it.

JOE

Split it? What's that supposed to mean?

RON

Twenty-five twenty-five. Whaddya say?

JOE

Why would I split with you?

RON

You have to. My contact...

JOE

Dead or alive?

RON

Either will do.

JOE

Sixty-forty.

They shake hands.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

SUPER: Austin, Texas. 1:27 PM

Joe takes a long drag off his cigarette and then looks at the little paper with "4110 Summit Valley Drive" written down on it.

EXT. SUMMIT VALLEY - DAY

A disgusting, suburban neighborhood. Joe pulls up in his truck and parks beside the driveway of the house marked "4110".

He unearths his AA12 automatic shotgun with a silencer attached. He gets out of the truck with the shotgun firmly in his hand and gently shuts the door.

He steps quietly to the driveway. He looks down at the paper in his hand and looks up at the numbers "4110" sprawled across the front of the house.

He opens the front gate and walks down the through the patio. He knocks on the door and it slides back.

INT. 4110 SUMMIT VALLEY - DAY

CRACK ADDICTS align the floors. Some passed out and presumably dead and others alive and using. The house is a crack den.

Joe steps over a few crackheads. He goes to the master bathroom.

INT. 4110 SUMMIT VALLEY - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

He flicks on the light. Nothing happens. He opens the shower curtain. A BASEHEAD (24) sits in the tub, almost out of his mind on freebase cocaine and many other illicit substances.

Joe opens his jacket and takes out some gloves. He slaps the addict.

JOE  
Where is Rick?

BASEHEAD  
(drooling)  
Whugggh?

Joe shakes him.

JOE  
Where is Rick Rojas?

RICK ROJAS (36) stands in the living room watching Joe. Joe turns around just as Rick runs for his life. Joe slowly gets up and takes off the gloves. Joe lets out a deep breath.

INT. 4110 SUMMIT VALLEY - DAY

Joe blasts a round of AA12 ammo towards Rick, who is now running towards the backdoor. Joe patiently starts towards him. Rick struggles to get the backdoor unlocked.

Just as Joe is about to get to him, Rick unlocks the backdoor and runs for his life.

EXT. 4110 SUMMIT VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Rick hops over the backyard fence and continues down through the muddy bayou surrounding the neighborhood.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joe walks in. A ringing noise comes from the bell above the door. Joe goes up to the counter. The CASHIER (19) stands there nervously.

CASHIER  
What w--

JOE  
The number eight.

CASHIER  
Okay.

The Cashier presses some buttons on the machine.

CASHIER (cont'd)  
Would you like fries or--

JOE  
No fries, no drink. Just the hamburger.

CASHIER  
Okay that will be five fifty.

Joe gives him a ten. The Cashier puts the ten in the register and gives Joe back his change and a receipt.

JOE  
Are you alone here?

CASHIER  
Huh?

JOE  
I said do you serve cones here?

CASHIER  
Oh, No.

JOE  
Anyone in the back?

CASHIER  
What?

JOE  
Can't you hear me? I said is anyone  
in the back with you?

CASHIER  
Well...

The Cashier gets nervous and starts running his sweaty hands  
through his hair.

CASHIER (cont'd)  
Well why do you wanna know that?

JOE  
How long is that burger going to  
take?

CASHIER  
Just a few minutes.

JOE  
How long... is just a few minutes?

CASHIER  
Well I don't know exactly.

JOE  
What constitutes just a few  
minutes?

CASHIER  
Listen, Mister. I just...

JOE  
You just what?

The Cashier walks away and goes to the back. He turns on the grill and starts flipping the burger. The bell above the front door rings again. RICHARD MILLER (44) grins as he takes a seat in the corner.

Joe leaves the counter and sits in the table that is next to Richard.

RICHARD  
You not supposed to know me now?

JOE  
I wouldn't like for any fans to see us together.

RICHARD  
What is it you need? You know you Texas boys got a real cute way of askin' for things and bein' rude about it.

JOE  
Us Texas boys?

RICHARD  
You and Ronnie. What is it you need?

JOE  
I need one of your guys.

RICHARD  
One of my guys to do what?

JOE  
Track someone. Name's Rick Rojas.

RICHARD  
Got a location on this here Mister Rojas?

JOE  
Not currently, but he's got a bad Coke problem. Check all the crackdens from Alief into Harris. Maybe notify all the dealers around town.

RICHARD

Will do.

The Cashier brings the meal over to Joe and puts it down on the table. The Cashier walks away.

JOE

How much?

RICHARD

Three hundred and...

JOE

And what?

RICHARD

Your burger.

Joe gives him the burger.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joe gets in his truck and shuts the door. He takes off a pair of Isotoner gloves. He flexes his wrists and then looks down at his boots.

INT. FREETON MOTEL - ROOM 18 - DAY

The phone rings in the shabby motel. Joe picks it up.

JOE

Yeah.

RICHARD

Seems our boy went on over to Leroy.

JOE

Leroy, Texas?

RICHARD

Yeah.

JOE

Well, alright.

Joe hangs up.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Joe carries the extra large bucket of popcorn as he makes his way into theater 7.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - THEATER 7 - CONTINUOUS

Joe sits down in the dark theater as the movie begins. Joe stares down the aisle at Rick Rojas who is at the front of the theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - THEATER 7 - LATER

Joe patiently looks at his wrist watch. Rick finally gets up and exits the theater and goes into the lobby. Joe gets up, still holding the large bucket of popcorn.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Rick passes a few movie signs, and walks towards the restroom.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

A MAN (39) leaves the restroom just as Joe enters. Joe looks around and sees nobody. He puts the trashcan up against the door and takes a silenced Steyr M1912 out of the popcorn bucket.

Joe slowly puts each foot in front of the other, walking as silently as a cat. He looks under the first stall. Nothing. He looks under the second stall. Nothing. He looks under the third stall and...

Nothing.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY - DAY

Rick is behind a huge promotional cardboard cut-out. He looks to the bathrooms. He sees Joe slowly exiting. He runs and makes his way out of the front doors of the theater.

INT. THE ROADWAY MOTEL - DAY

Rick takes his key from the LOBBY CLERK and walks outside of the lobby.

EXT. THE ROADWAY MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Rick looks at the number on his key. The key is a slightly-tarnished silver color and it has a huge 7 on the back of it.

INT. THE ROADWAY MOTEL - MOTEL 7 - DAY

Peeling wallpaper aligns the walls, and cockroaches rule the carpet. Rick picks up the phone and dials a number.

DEPUTY

Leroy police department.

RICK

Yes, hello.

DEPUTY

How may I help you sir?

RICK

There's a guy. He's been following me. I don't know what to do so I checked into this motel and...

DEPUTY

Woah, woah. Slow down. Where are you exactly?

RICK

The roadway motel.

DEPUTY

Is this man still following you?

RICK

That's the thing, officer. I don't know.

DEPUTY

Do you want us to send someone over?

RICK

Yes, please.

EXT. THE ROADWAY MOTEL - MOTEL 7 - LATER

OFFICER LANGDON (27) knocks on the door. Rick opens it.

OFFICER LANGDON  
Are you the gentlemen who called  
about the...

RICK  
Yeah, that's me.

OFFICER LANGDON  
Well the Sheriff would like to have  
a word with you. I'll bring you on  
over to the department right now if  
you want.

RICK  
Sure, that would be fine.

EXT. BLACKTOP ROAD/HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rick sits in the back of the squad car. Officer Langdon drives down the barren highway as streaks of thunder and dark clouds engulf the cerulean sky. The sun nowhere to be found. Blue and red lights flash behind them.

OFFICER LANGDON  
The hell is this?

RICK  
Wait... No, no. Don't stop.

OFFICER LANGDON  
Will you calm down boy.

RICK  
It could be him.

OFFICER LANGDON  
I think you need to relax. I'm  
gonna go see what this mess is all  
about.

Officer Langdon stops the car.

He gets out, gun drawn. Rain pelts down on his face. The other car's lights go off. Officer Langdon paces to the Pickup truck. Officer Langdon taps on the window with his knuckles. No response.

OFFICER LANGDON (cont'd)  
(looking into the window)  
Hello anybod--

A bullet delivered from a .44 magnum explodes through the window and goes straight through the officers chin.

The Officer falls on the floor. Instantly dead. Brainmatter and skull fragments surround the puddle of blood that is growing.

Joe steps out of the truck. On the floor next to his crocodile skin boots is what is left of Officer Langdon. Joe steps around the mess and starts walking towards the Officer's car. Joe gets in the car.

INT. LANGDON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe lights a cigarette. He lights another one and gives it to Rick. Rick takes an enormous drag off of it.

JOE  
You knew it would come to this.

RICK  
Please. Just don't. I'll give you money.

JOE  
I don't want your money.

RICK  
Just please.

JOE  
Listen here boy, cause I got somethin' real important to say. Do you believe in fate?

RICK  
What?! What the hell do you mean?

JOE  
I'm tryin' to be easy on you here. I said do you believe in fate?

RICK  
I'm a Catholic.

JOE  
That's not what I asked. There's a difference between fate and faith.

(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)

Faith is your belief in somethin' and fate is your destiny, your path. Your whole life follows a path. Everyone's does. Whether you can change that path, I have no idea. So I ask you again do you believe in fate?

RICK

I guess I do. What's that got to do with anything? Can't you just let me go?

JOE

If it's not me, then it will be somebody else.

RICK

What do you mean?

JOE

Did you not hear a word I said about fate?

RICK

Yeah, so what?

JOE

I'm here, and you're here, and I have a path and you have a path. And we're both going to follow those paths no matter what happens tonight. Do you get what I'm saying?

RICK

Just do it goddamnit. Get it over with. Stop taunting me with these mind games.

Joe takes out his Magnum .44 and holds it to Rick's head. Rick closes his eyes and says a prayer under his breath.

JOE

Spin it.

RICK

But...

JOE

Spin it before I change my mind.

Rick spins the cylinder on the .44 magnum.

EXT. BLACKTOP ROAD/HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Lightning cracks through the sky and makes a sharp whipping noise as blood fills the back window of the squad car.

THE END