

KLAMATH COUNTY

Written by

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GLITTERING.

Hints of GOLD in the darkness.

Whispers.

Super Text: "All that glitters in not gold."

CUT TO:

MIDNIGHT. Tiny Lantern moves through the unknown. Little glowing orange ball finally reaches-

EXT. MINE - NIGHT

The Lantern-Holder surveys the entrance to the mine...
Bodies. Workers with GUNSHOT wounds.

A look of HORROR comes on his face as he steps into the entrance to REVEAL: so many more bodies.

One body in particular has BLOODY VOMIT caked on their face.

MATCH CUT TO:

The Lantern-Holder VOMITS in the snow. Wipes his mouth clean. Draws his revolver. FIRES once into the air.

In the distance: several other lantern LIGHTS move closer

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAWN

Townspeople watch as CORNPONE JOHNSON is lead to the gallows. Cornpone is about 50, wispy grey hair, vacant dark eyes.

The hangman fastens the NOOSE around Johnson's neck. The JUSTICE OF THE PEACE reads aloud from a paper.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Cornelius Johnson, you have been
convicted of murdering fifteen of
your own workers, and have been
duly sentenced to be hanged by the
neck until dead.

A grim chilled silence in the crowd as they wait.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE (CONT'D)

Do you have any last words?

Johnson shakes his head. Does not even makes eye contact.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE (CONT'D)

(to Hangman)

Do it.

The Hangman YANKS the lever and trapdoor springs open.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The Johnson home is empty. Eerie. Creaking FLOORBOARDS.
Underneath them: a leather-bound JOURNAL. Hidden away.

EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - MORNING

The home is EMPTY. The Locals BACK AWAY in fear. The
building seems as EVIL as its former occupant.

DISSOLVE TO:

Same home. PRESENT DAY. The Home has been maintained just
enough to qualify as 'rustic.' Two story, unpainted wood,
California Mountain style home. Waiting.

CUT TO:

A black SUV speeds though a mountain pass. Isolation.

Snow capped peaks. Long sloping granite cliffs. Towering
trees. Nature at peace.

The road is a narrow sliver of civilization cutting through
untamed wilderness.

The SUV moves fast around the corners. SPLAT crushes a
lizard in the road.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Modern Johnson Family in their vehicle.

The Father Frank, 45, former athlete, hard look, greying mustache, tight grip on the wheel

The Mother Angela, 40, 1000 yard stare out the window, checked out, coping

The Son Brad, 19, current athlete, blond bully, swiping instagram thots on his phone, chuckling to himself

The Daughter Connie, 18, woke nerd, pride beanie, BLM sweatshirt, reading 'KLAMATH' article on her phone

Angela finally notices the house:

ANGELA
There's the house.

BRAD
Looks like a shithole.

FRANK
(to Brad)
Watch your mouth.

CONNIE
Wow, it's so retro! Dad, do you
know if the house is a protected
historical landmark?

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Brad bounds up the stairs with booming footsteps.

BRAD
Dibs on the good room.

Frank carries a bag inside. Yells up the stairwell.

FRANK
(to Brad)
Be careful!

Angela opens a set of old dusty curtains WHOOSH sunlight
pours onto all the old wood furniture inside.

ANGELA
That's better.

Connie starts taking pictures CLICK of all the antiques.

CONNIE
So cool...

EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The home is now ALIVE and ALIGHT.

DISSOLVE TO:

One team of movers piles all the ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS outside
while another team of movers unloads Johnson family BOXES
and MODERN LUXURIES: flatscreen, speakers, mini-fridges, etc

Frank supervises while smoking a BIG CIGAR. A nervous FOREMAN approaches him.

FOREMAN

Sir? Do you want us to put all the old stuff into the-

FRANK

Just leave it.

FOREMAN

Leave all that old stuff outside?

FRANK

That's what I said.

FOREMAN

I think a lot of that stuff is-

FRANK

I said... Leave it.

FOREMAN

Oh ok, sir, I didn't mean to-

Frank walks away.

FRANK

You just cost your team a tip.

FOREMAN

Sir, I-

FRANK

We're done.

MOMENTS LATER

The movers drive away in their trucks. The Foreman sees Frank pouring GASOLINE on the pile of ANTIQUE furnishings.

FOREMAN

(to himself)

What an asshole...

Frank gets a big smile on his face. Tosses his CIGAR onto the pile FFWWOOOSSH an Inferno in seconds.

Angela watches from an upstairs window. The FIRE reflects in her wide white eyes. She quickly shuts the curtain.

Brad and Connie walk up to see the blaze.

CONNIE

Dad?! What are you doing?

BRAD

Cool fire, Dad.

FRANK

Go back inside.

CONNIE

But Dad-

FRANK

Now!

BRAD

You heard Dad, Connie, get back inside.

FRANK

Both of you. Get inside. Now.

Connie looks CONCERNED and Brad looks ANNOYED as they leave.

Frank stares into an old black and white PHOTOGRAPH of NATIVE PEOPLE as it curls and chars and eventually VANISHES.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank looks through a window at the pile of SMOLDERING EMBERS in his front yard.

Bedrooms: Brad messages girls through an app sending "nudes?" over and over again.

Connie listens to a podcast. Reads a "KLAMATH" article.

PODCAST

(oh phone)

The reservoir was formed when the-

Back in the Master Bedroom: Frank crawls into bed with his wife Angela. He puts a hand on her. She turns away from him.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

Frank drives his truck with his son.

FRANK

The ground is like the lottery.

BRAD

It is?

FRANK

Every bit of dirt we dig, is
another ticket.

BRAD

I thought you said the lotto was
for suckers and illegals?

FRANK

The regular lotto. This is a
metaphor, son.

BRAD

Right.

FRANK

If you can only get one lottery
ticket, that's a lousy game. But
when you can dig up thousands and
thousands of lottery tickets every
day.

BRAD

Better game?

FRANK

Damned right.

EXT. MINE - DAY

The old mine is boarded up. Long Abandoned. Surrounded by a
rusty chain link fence. SNAP Brad cuts the padlock with bolt
cutters.

BRAD

(kicks fence open)

Hell yeah, dude!

Frank drives the SUV through the gate. Brad open the back
and pulls out a giant new wooden sign: "JOHNSON GOLD MINE -
NOW REOPENING - HIRING ALL POSITIONS"

Frank climbs out of the SUV.

FRANK

Put it up high, son. We need to mark our territory.

BRAD

Right, dad.

Brad climbs down.

BRAD (CONT'D)

How does it look?

Frank and Brad admire the new sign.

FRANK

Looks great to me, son. You did good.

BRAD

Thanks, dad.

FRANK

You know why that sign is so important?

BRAD

Why?

FRANK

People will just take stuff. Anything. People are takers. But if we put our name up. And we have a fence. We can keep this. Forever if we work hard enough. I'll pass this to you and you'll pass it to your son.

BRAD

Wow. That's so cool, dad.

FRANK

I'm glad you think business is cool, son, because you're going to have to take care of your sister, Constance.

BRAD

What? Me? Take care of her?

FRANK

She's sweet. But she's silly.
Doesn't like to work. Too big a
heart. You make sure she's okay.

BRAD

Right, dad.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - DAY

Angela stares out the window. Connie eats a bowl of cereal
at the table.

CONNIE

Mom, after breakfast, do you want
to drive into town?

ANGELA

(keeps staring)
I have a headache.

CONNIE

(rolls eyes)
Ugh...

Connie takes her cereal and skulks back to her room.

EXT. MINE - AFTERNOON

Frank and Brad look over a long line of IMPOVERISHED LOCALS.
Worn boots, patched denim, beer t-shirts.

BRAD

Sure are a lot of them.

FRANK

That's good, son. It means we can
pay them less.

Father and son share a chuckle.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Connie listens to PODCAST and plays with her tablet.

PODCAST

And the only animal small enough to
find the crack in the earth, the
rabbit ventured into the underworld-

Suddenly: CREEEAK

Connie takes out her earbuds and looks around.

CONNIE

Mom?

Connie looks out her bedroom door and sees: her mother
Angela sound asleep in her own bedroom with the door open.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Huh. Noisy old house-

CREEEAK. Connie looks everywhere.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

What the heck is that?

CREEAK. Back in her room Connie finds a LOOSE FLOORBOARD.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Are you what was making all the
noise?

Connie pulls the board away: DARKNESS. She uses her PHONE
LIGHT to look around inside.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Anything cool? Gross? Mice?

EXT. MINE - AFTERNOON

An all white LUXURY SEDAN pulls up to the mine. HONKS twice.

FRANK

Wait here, son.

Frank walks over to the sedan. The window rolls down. CHIEF
KLAMATH, 60, long white ponytail and flashy white fake
teeth.

KLAMATH

How you doing, Frank?

FRANK

Chief Klamath. Good to see you.
We're staffing up right now.

KLAMATH
You got time for a quick ride?

FRANK
Always.

Frank waves at his son Brad.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to Brad)
I'll be back in twenty! Hold down
the fort!

Chief Klamath opens the door.

KLAMATH
Hop in.

Frank gets in and they drive away.

MOMENTS LATER

A young woman WENDY, 25, petite, kind face, gets hot coffee
from a SNACK TABLE at the mine.

Brad corners Wendy and starts EYEING HER UP.

BRAD
How you doing?

WENDY
Fine.

BRAD
You know, I could make sure you get
hired.

WENDY
That's alright.

Brad starts playing with hair.

BRAD
You're kinda hot for a native
chick.

Wendy brushes his hand away.

WENDY

I'm sorry, I have to go to the
bathroom.

Wendy quickly flees. Brad stares at her body while she
walks.

BRAD

I got my eye on you, girl...

EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - DAY

Brad lifts weights in the front yard.

BRAD

I'm gonna get so buff. So yoked.
I'm gonna fuck this town. All the
pussy. Fuck this town.

Brad puts on a podcast.

PODCAST

Now you see there are two types of
civilizations. You have the kind of
people who invented football, they
play football.
And then you have the type of
people, they invent lacrosse.
Lacrosse civilizations, folks. Now
when the clash came, and when it
comes again, who do you think comes
out on top? Not the lacrosse
civilizations. No way. You know
that. Football wins. American wins.
Hoo-rah.

INT. SCHOOL - LATER

In the classroom Connie raises her hand.

CONNIE

Teacher, are we ever going to learn
about the history of the town?

TEACHER

Like what?

CONNIE
Cornpone Johnson.

The class LAUGHS.

HECKLER
Connie's a dumb bitch.

Everybody laughs even harder.

TEACHER
Okay, settle down, everybody settle down.

CONNIE
I just want to learn about history!

HECKLER
(*imitating her voice*)
I just want to be a dumb bitch!

The HARDEST possible laughter. Connie sinks in her chair.

TEACHER
Okay, I can start handing out detention slips. I mean it, okay, settle down everybody.

Somebody puts a note on Connie's desk. She opens it: "Fuck this town. Fuck you. Fuck everybody. Fuck." Connie crumples the note.

CONNIE
(to herself)
I hate this place...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - SAME TIME

Chief Klamath and Frank ride through Klamath. Boarded up storefronts, trash can fires, CIVIC DECAY.

Only Liquor Stores, Gun Stores, and Massage Parlors remain.

FRANK
Hell of a town.

KLAMATH
You can say that again.

The car pulls up in front of an enormous almost-finished construction site. Chain link fences and plastic tarps cover the place but otherwise it looks finished.

Frank and Chief Klamath get out to inspect the building.

FRANK

Beautiful.

KLAMATH

Your miners are gonna need some
place to spend their checks, right?

Frank points to a small sub-building.

FRANK

What's this?

KLAMATH

Chapel. Gonna do weddings here.

They share a CHUCKLE and look up at the neon sign waiting to be activated: "LUCKY INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL - RESTAURANT"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

A STREET FAIR to promote the mine and casino. About 300 or so attendees.

Chief Klamath and Frank are GLADHANDING in a reception line.

Connie stands nervously nearby with her mother.

CONNIE

Mom, do you want to look at the
sweat lodge?

ANGELA

Not now, honey, I have a headache
You go.

Connie rolls her eyes and walks off.

She passes a display: a big paper mockup of a red devil labeled ATA-TONKA EFFIGY AT MIDNIGHT

At a GAMES BOOTH: Brad winds up a pitch.

BRAD

Here we go...

Brad hurls a fastball WHAM knocks down the milk bottles.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Ha! Varsity. No big deal.

The teenage volunteer, a scrawny 16 year old native, RUDY, hands Brad his prize: a stuffed teddy bear.

RUDY

Congratulations.

BRAD

What the fuck is this shit?

Brad THROWS the bear back in Rudy's face.

RUDY

I'm sorry, we only have-

BRAD

This town fucking sucks.

Brad storms off. He grabs a plastic cup of BEER without paying for it. ATTENDANT tries to stop him.

ATTENDANT

Hey!

Brad chugs the beer. Crushes the plastic cup. Tosses it away.

BRAD

Problemo?

ATTENDANT turns away.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I thought.

Back at the reception line: Angela watches Frank shaking hands with a woman. He LINGERS just a bit too long. He pats her on the shoulder and leaves his hand there.

The woman is VERONICA REDBEAR, 27, pretty, professional.

KLAMATH

Frank, this is Veronica Redbear,
she's our Director of Hospitality.

Frank awkwardly touches her arm. Again.

FRANK

Well you seem plenty hospitable to me, Veronica. (*Laughs*)

VERONICA

Please, my friends call me Ronnie.

FRANK

Ronnie it is then! (*Laughs*) Lets get you a drink.

Angela continues watching. Stewing. Steaming.

Nearby Brad spot the girl Wendy he menaced earlier. He sees her separate from her friend group: "Bye, see ya later"

BRAD

(to himself)

Jackpot.

Wendy walks down a side street and Brad follows her.

Connie approaches the SWEAT LODGE display area: a recreating of the small dome, line with animal skins, with a fire burning herbs inside.

Connie reads a INFO PANEL.

CONNIE

(reading)

Religious ceremony open only to male members of the-

OSCAR, 68, hippie native with beads, braids, tie-dye.

OSCAR

Don't worry about that, sweetheart.

CONNIE

Huh?

Oscar opens the STEAMY flap of the sweat lodge.

OSCAR

That's ancient history. We want to educate people. All are welcome.

Connie hesitates. Leaning positive.

CONNIE

I do like anthropology...

OSCAR

You can hang up your coat and hat
outside.

CONNIE

Okay!

Connie takes off her coat and hat.

Back on the side street: Wendy approaches a small home with
her keys drawn. Brad closes in.

BRAD

Sup!

WENDY

Who the hell?

Wendy is startled. Defensive.

BRAD

Nice place. You live alone?

WENDY

I live with my grandparents.

BRAD

Doesn't look like anybody else is
home.

WENDY

My grandfather is running the sweat
lodge at the fair, and my
grandmother is asleep. I'm going to
check on her so if you'll excuse me-

Brad puts his hand on the front door.

BRAD

Whoa whoa, what's the rush?

WENDY

Please leave, I don't even know
you.

Brad gropes Wendy.

BRAD

Well you're gonna know me.

WENDY

Stop it!

BRAD

Don't be a bitch.

Wendy shoves Brad away.

WENDY

Get the fuck away from me.

BRAD

Pft. Bitches can't make up their minds.

WENDY

Just go. Now.

Brad walks away.

BRAD

See ya later.

WENDY

I don't think so.

Brad suddenly turns back and LUNGES in her face... stopping just inches away... Wendy JERKS BACK in terror. Shuts her eyes.

BRAD

Oh you don't think so? You don't think so, huh? Well how about that?

Wendy breathes faster and faster. Keeps her eyes shut.

In the distance: faint cries of "Brad? Brad? Brad?!"

Brad finally leaves for real. Wendy frantically unlocks her front door.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(off-screen)

See ya later...

Wendy flees inside and SLAMS THE DOOR.

MATCH CUT TO:

The opening FLAP falls back into place on the...

INT. SWEAT LODGE - SAME TIME

Connie sits awkwardly in the sweat lodge. A small fleshy tent full of moisture. An ANCIENT MAN sits across from her.

CONNIE
(looking around)
I like the...

A bead of water forms and DROPS onto Connie's face.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Ahh it went in my mouth.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - SAME TIME

Brad walks up to his father Frank.

FRANK
Brad! There you are.

BRAD
Sorry Dad, I was looking at all the local culture.

FRANK
Here, here, I want you to meet someone.

Chief Klamath brings over his daughter BERYL, 35, frumpy, grey streaks, thick glasses, cane, limp, hunchback, rosacea.

KLAMATH
Bradley, I'd like you to meet my daughter, the light of my life.
Beryl, this is Bradley.

Brad awkwardly shakes hands with Beryl.

BRAD
Nice to meet you, uh, ma'am.

Frank shoots his son an ANNOYED LOOK. Brad shrugs. He continues the handshake.

BRAD (CONT'D) Uh,
Barrel, ma'am, very nice to
meet you.

Frank shakes his head.

BERYL
Nice to meet you too, Bradley.

Nearby: Angela alone at a table. Sips a plastic cup of WINE.
Stares into the heart of a ROARING FIRE.

MATCH CUT TO:

The same fire REFLECTED in Frank's eye as he gives a
perfunctory speech.

FRANK
Reopening my family's gold mine
brings me so much honor. And you
people are all a part of that.

Mild applause.

INT. SWEAT LODGE - SAME TIME

Connie has ZONED OUT. Until she faintly hears her father's
speech. She wakes up.

CONNIE
Oh, dad's speech.

She opens the flap and walks outside...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - UNKNOWN

Connie steps out into the downtown of the late 19th century.
Wooden buildings, no roads, no lights, SNOW everywhere.

CONNIE
What the hell?

Connie looks behind her: the sweat lodge is gone.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Ok, ok, don't freak out.

A distant NOISE.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

What is that?

A figure RUNS TOWARD her.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Okay what the hell is that?

The figure is CORNPONE JOHNSON

JOHNSON

You!

His boney finger outstretched accusatorially. POINTING.

CONNIE

What?!

He gets closer.

JOHNSON

You!!!

CONNIE

No...

He grabs her arms and screams right in her face.

JOHNSON

YOU!!!

CONNIE

AAAhhh!!!

Connie faints.

FADE TO BLACK.

CRACKLING of burning effigy

RUMBLING of car tires on gravel

FRONT DOOR being opened

CREAK-CREAK of each step on stairs

FADE IN:

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad puts his sleeping sister on top of her bed.

Frank and Angela wait concerned in the hall.

Brad exits her room and moves towards the bathroom.

BRAD

I gotta drop a deuce.

Brad leaves. Frank and Angela have parent talk.

ANGELA

Maybe we should pull her out of school.

FRANK

No. She needs to make friends. Who the hell had the bright idea for a sweat lodge anyways?

ANGELA

It's their culture.

FRANK

Fuck their culture. Almost killed my little princess.

Connie lays sleeping on top of her bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

Connie wakes up a few hours later. Looks around confused.

CONNIE

Mom? Dad? (pause) Brad?

Connie hears that noise again: CREAK. She looks down to the loose floorboard.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Huh? Again?

Connie gets out of bed and moves the floorboard... but this time there is a LEATHERBOUND JOURNAL.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

What the? How did this get here?

Connie pulls out the Journal. The faint cry of "You" from Cornpone Johnson echos distantly.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

What is this?

Connie opens the journal: "THE SECRET CONFESSION OF CORNPONE JOHNSON - KING OF GOLD AND MAJESTY"

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Whoa...

Connie sits on her bed. Turns through the pages. Tightly packed writing. Lunatic style. Until two pages with only three words each: "Please Don't Scream. Please Turn Around"

CONNIE (CONT'D)

(confused)

Please don't scream... Please turn around...

Connie hears a faint KNOCK at her door. She drops the journal. Petrified in place from FEAR.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Brad this isn't funny.

The faint KNOCKING continues. Connie inches towards her door.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Please...

Connie opens the door to find... Cornpone Johnson. But he looks healthier, calmer, cleaner. A regular person.

JOHNSON

Please, Connie, don't be afraid.

Cornpone Johnson extends his gloved hand towards Connie, now tearing up from confusion.

CONNIE

Who are you?

JOHNSON

I'm your great-great-grandfather.

CONNIE

Really?

JOHNSON

That's right.

Connie takes his hand.

CONNIE

I don't understand. Why... How are you here?

JOHNSON

I was the only real person. Now you're the only real person.

Connie nods her head. Mesmerized.

CONNIE

Uh huh.

JOHNSON

We have to destroy this place. Do you agree?

CONNIE

Of course.

JOHNSON

(smiles)

Good.

CUT TO:

Angela cracks open Connie's door to check on her. Sleeping soundly. The JOURNAL on her nightstand goes unnoticed.

Angela shuts the door and goes downstairs. Frank angrily drinks beer at the kitchen table.

ANGELA

I think she's doing better now.

FRANK

That's the last time this town gets one over on me.

Upstairs in his bedroom: Brad finds Wendy's social media profile. Scrolls through her pictures.

BRAD

Wendy you bitch, I'm gonna get you.

CUT TO BLACK. Text: "THREE MONTHS LATER"

FADE IN:

INT. ROADS - DAWN

Frank drives. Podcast on the radio.

PODCAST

Win it. Want it. It's you. You can
have it. The whole world is you. If
you realize it. Take it. Fuck it.
Everything is you. The end is the
beginning is the end.

EXT. MINE - MORNING

Frank stands with his arms folded. Smoking a cigar. Mirrored
sunglasses. He watches the workers enter the mine.

Hack. Cough. Wheeze. The workers are a sorry looking lot.
Tired. Worn clothes and dodgy equipment.

A rabble-rouser among them, PETER BLUEBIRD, 25, hard, tough,
determined. Peter speaks up to Frank.

PETER

Shouldn't we have proper masks?

FRANK

Shut up.

PETER

What about our lungs?

FRANK

You're fired.

PETER

Are you freaking serious?!

INT. SCHOOL - SAME TIME

Connie reads the journal during lunch. Ignoring everything
around her in the cafeteria. Nervous Rudy approaches.

RUDY

Hi Connie.

Connie does not react. Rudy looks defeated.

RUDY (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Their family ruined this town.
Gods!

EXT. MINE - SAME TIME

Peter steps up but Frank does not budge. The Mine SUPERVISOR hands Peter an envelope.

SUPERVISOR
Here's your severance.

Peter opens the envelope.

PETER
It says I owe you money? Is this
some kind of freaking joke?

SUPERVISOR
Training and equipment. Plus some
of the other workers accused you of
stealing.

PETER
That's freaking bullshit!

Peter tears up the letter. Two Security GOONS appear and drag him away. Peter tries to resist.

GOON
Don't be a retard, faggot.

PETER
Frick off, goons!

The Goons pummel Peter into submission.

PETER (CONT'D)
Somebody, help me!

GOON
Gon' crack your skull, maricon.

The other workers enter the mine without looking.

PETER
No! Don't turn your backs on me!

GOON
You got nobody, bitch!

The Goons drag Peter outside the fence. Toss him into a dirty puddle SPLASH.

PETER

You bastards!

The Goons close the gate and lock it. Peter crawls out of the puddle. The Goons report back to Frank.

FRANK

Good work.

Frank hands each of the Goons a stack of CASINO CHIPS.

GOON

Uh, thank you, sir.

FRANK

Chips is better than cash. Right?

(Laughs) Have fun, boys.

Frank watches Peter walk away. Suddenly a BMW drives up through the puddle SPLASH soaking Peter.

PETER

Damn it!

Peter storms off away from the mine. The BMW pulls up to the gate and honks twice.

FRANK

Let that car in and then make yourselves scarce.

Frank straightens his collar. Checks his breath. Grabs his crotch.

FRANK (CONT'D) Time to turn on the old Patented Frank Johnson charm.

INT. CULTURAL CENTER - DAY

Connie enters the local cultural center.

CONNIE

Hello?

The place is sad: faded posters, broken chairs, a few dozing retirees, and a fuzzy muted television set to local news.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh... How did it get like this?

INT. BMW - LATER

Frank gets into Veronica's car. She hands him some documents.

VERONICA

These are the figures you wanted to see.

Frank unbuttons Veronica's shirt.

FRANK

These are the figures I want to see.

VERONICA

What are you doing?!

FRANK

Come on, my wife's practically a vegetable.

VERONICA

Mr. Johnson!

FRANK

Mr. Johnson is my penis. Call me Frank.

Frank sticks his tongue in Veronica's mouth.

VERONICA

Please, Mr. Johnson, you're my boss.

FRANK

Exactly. Don't make me fire you.

Frank pulls her shirt off but struggles with her bra.

VERONICA

You're going to fire me if I don't-

FRANK

Help me get your bra off. I hate these things.

VERONICA

Mr. Johnson, no!

FRANK

I wanna know what color your
nipples are. I'm curious.

Their struggle bonks the CAR HORN a few times. MEEP MEEP.
The Goons and a few other people look over at the car.

Frank and Veronica look back. Momentarily stunned.

FRANK (CONT'D)
These windows are tinted.

VERONICA
Mr. Johnson, please.

Veronica pushes him away. She buttons up her blazer to cover herself.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You wait until now and then just
attack me?

FRANK
I've been married a long time.

VERONICA
I don't think you can blame this on
being married.

FRANK
Whatever.

Frank opens his door and starts to leave.

VERONICA
Wait.

FRANK
What?

VERONICA
Can I come see you at your office
in the casino at midnight on
Friday? To discuss something.

FRANK
Absolutely.

Frank has an evil smile then leaves. Veronica watches him
walk back to the mine.

VERONICA

I'm gonna take him for every penny.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

The SHEEN provided by the street fair is long gone. The Streets look even dirtier. Except for the...

EXT. CASINO - CONTINUOUS

The Brand New Casino. Five stories. Sprawling parking lot. Giant automatic glass door entrance. Tacky.

Cars flood the parking lot. License plates from California, Nevada, Arizona, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Colorado, Arizona, they just keep coming.

Fat white tourists. Sandals with white socks. American Flag tshirts. Rolling oxygen tanks

INT. CASINO - CONTINUOUS

A line of workers at the CASHIER window. PAYCHECKS in hand.

Signs Posted: 10% FEE FOR OFF-HOURS, 15% FEE FOR ID

CHECK A worker trades his check for a WAD OF BILLS

He slaps the WAD directly onto the roulette table - BLACK

The BALLS BOUNCES on the spinning WHEEL

Comes to rest on green DOUBLE ZERO

The wad of BILLS is pulled across the table

EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - LATER

Brad lifts weights in the yard.

BRAD

This town fucking sucks.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - SAME

Connie sits at the kitchen table reading the JOURNAL. Angela secretly pours RUM into her COFFEE.

ANGELA

Do you have school today?

CONNIE

Huh?

ANGELA

Shouldn't you be in school today?

CONNIE

Oh. Uh... No, it's fine.

ANGELA

Okay.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - AFTERNOON

Tents and boxes. Society's REJECTS gathered around trashcan fire. Sadness permeates. Even the trees are dying.

Peter walks up. The lead HOBO meets him.

HOBO

Hello friend.

PETER

That damned mine!

HOBO

The casino boss forced everyone out of their buildings downtown.

PETER

We don't have to live like this.

HOBO

That's right. When the spring comes, we're all going to walk down to San Francisco. It's warm there.

PETER

No I mean, we can fight back.

The other hobos perk up at the word 'fight'.

HOBO

What do you mean, friend?

PETER

The mine needs us more than we need them. Here's what I'm saying...

CUT TO:

A GOLD NUGGET glittering in the darkness...

INT. MINE - NIGHT

CRACK of a miner's pick. The dirt falls away... revealing the Gold Nugget. The miner brushes away the dirt and inspects.

MINER

Pretty good.

SPLIT a drop of water falls on the rock from the ceiling.

MINER (CONT'D)

Careful. We're right under the lake.

The nugget is passed from miner to miner. HAND to HAND. All the way up the tunnel to...

EXT. MINE - CONTINUOUS

The last miner runs the Gold Nugget to FOREMAN who inspects the nugget before he approaches Frank.

FOREMAN

Sir, we're already seeing results like these.

Foreman hands the Gold Nugget to Frank.

FRANK

Excellent.

Frank looks the rock over. Salivating.

FRANK (CONT'D) I want a million more like this by the end of the year.

Foreman chuckles softly at what he thinks is a joke. Frank turns around and shoots him a THREATENING GLANCE.

FOREMAN

(coughing)

Uh... something in the air, excuse me.

Frank turns back around and tosses the nuggets over his shoulder to the Foreman.

FRANK

Get the fuck back to work already.
Night shift needs to be the most
productive.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Connie looks at old HISTORIC MAPS and DOCUMENTS.

CONNIE

(reading)

Cornelius 'Cornpone' Johnson...

The LIBRARIAN, late 50s, frumpy, walks up.

LIBRARIAN

We closing soon, honey.

CONNIE

Do you know about this?

Connie shows an article about Johnson's crimes and death to the librarian.

LIBRARIAN

Oh, he was a very bad man.

CONNIE

Why did he do those things?

LIBRARIAN

Nobody knows. Lots of things still
named after him. They should change
that.

Connie grabs another book "LOCAL DEITIES"

CONNIE

Do you know about this...

Connie points to a picture of a FIERY DEMON.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

He's called--

LIBRARIAN

Honey...

The librarian closes all the books.

CONNIE

Huh?

LIBRARIAN

You should be out with the boys.
You're very pretty. Do you have a
boyfriend?

CONNIE

What? No. I like learning...

LIBRARIAN

You're not a lesbian, are you?

Connie grabs her bag. Flees the library.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Brad sits in his car with his DRUG DEALER, Native, late
20's, long hair, beanie, necklace. Brad passes him FIFTY
BUCKS.

DRUG DEALER

I thought you said sixty?

BRAD

You people need to work harder.

DRUG DEALER

Okay, fine, cool, cool.

The dealer takes the money. Starts rolling a joint.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)

This is the good stuff.

BRAD

Better be.

Brad lights the joint. Takes a big hit.

DRUG DEALER

What I tell ya?

BRAD

Whoa dude...

INT. LIQUOR STORE - SAME TIME

Connie picks out a bag of chips.

CONNIE

Oo, smoky mustard ranch.

Connie see two locals SHOVING at the beer cooler.

LOCAL 1

Out of my way!

LOCAL 2

I need beer, damn it.

LOCAL 1

Fuck that mine.

Connie slinks back into the chip aisle.

CONNIE

The... mine?

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - SAME TIME

Brad lets out a big puff of smoke.

DRUG DEALER

That's the Ata-Tonka.

BRAD

Huh?

DRUG DEALER

I named this cross-strain after
AtaTonka.

BRAD

Is that your ex or something?

DRUG DEALER

Nah man.

CUT TO:

Swirling ball of FIRE.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)

(voice over)

First, there was just fire.

The fireball settles into the shape of the EARTH.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)

Ata-Tonka was there.

First just a FACE. Demonic, all teeth. Spindly long limbs. Swirling, changing. Never settling. Always moving.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D) Ata-Tonka would not fight. But he could make others throw down.

Klamath warriors battle a neighboring tribe. Fierce. Skulls crushed. Necks broken. Arrows sink into backs.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D) Ata-Tonka brought the white man.

FLASH of light: the burst of a rifle. Klamath Braves clash with Frontier Cavalry. TOMAHAWK sinks into a skull.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D) Always fighting, Ata-Tonka.

The tribe celebrates victory over the retreating cavalry.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D) He knew how to make them come back.

FLASH of light: the glint of GOLD. Grizzled Prospector holds up the gold nugget to the light.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D) His spirit is the rock that men covet for no reason.

The Grizzle Prospector quarrels with his wife over the gold nugget. He shoves her to the ground. Grabs his pickaxe. SWINGS HARD. Buries the blade in her belly.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D) Golden shit, man, the gold.

Casino patron toss GOLD SKULLS onto tables. Drink blood cocktails. FIRES burn everywhere. The Lights turn RED.

CUT TO:

The RED is Brad's eye. Stoned.

BRAD

Dude...

DRUG DEALER

Ata-Tonka. The good shit.

EXT. ROADS - LATER

Brad drives Connie home.

CONNIE

Should you be driving like this?

BRAD

Come on, Connie, don't be a bitch.

CONNIE

I told you, don't call me that.

Brad swerves around drunk locals jaywalking.

BRAD

Goddamn drunks!

CONNIE

Don't you wonder why everybody here is drunk all the time?

BRAD

It's genetic. They're weak.

CONNIE

It's because there's only two places to work in town, the mine and the casino, and they both pay low wages.

BRAD

They should have less money for booze then.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The Journal open on Connie's desk. Connie reads local history articles on her computer.

Key Phrases Connie sees: "Infamous Massacre" "Cornpone Johnson" "Gold Mine Closed Forever"

Connie SCANS the byline: "Klamath Mercury News Reporter Oscar Runningdeer". It's the old HIPPIE from the street fair.

CONNIE

Hey! I know that guy...

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Casino top floor: Frank sits at his desk. Veronica enters.

FRANK

Finally...

VERONICA

What's the rush?

Frank unzips his pants.

FRANK

You'll see.

CUT TO:

DICE rolling onto green felt of a craps table.

DEALER

Snake eyes!

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - SAME

Angela is passed out DRUNK in a chair.

Brad is passed out WATCHING PORN on his phone.

Connie is MESMERIZED by the journal. Reading quickly.

EXT. CASINO - DAWN

On the ROOF: Chief Klamath rolls up a dollar bill. Puts in his nose. SNORTS a line of COCAINE from a stripper's butt.

Frank is passed out in a chair beside him.

KLAMATH

Frank, I need a favor.

FRANK

Huh? What?

KLAMATH

Can you ask your son to take my daughter out for dinner?

FRANK

Sure, Klammy, anything for you.

KLAMATH

Thanks Frank.

Chief Klamath squeezes the stripper's butt.

KLAMATH (CONT'D)

I'm ready for round two.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - MORNING

The whole family is gathered around the table. Angela stares out the window and Connie reads the journal.

FRANK

Son, I'd like you to take the chief's daughter out.

BRAD

Take her out where?

FRANK

On a date. Dinner.

BRAD

What?! Gross. She's old and she's busted. I refuse.

FRANK You can't refuse. This is important. Chief is my business partner.

BRAD

So?

FRANK

We need to unite the clans?

BRAD

Ugh. I dunno.

FRANK

You're doing it.

BRAD

Can't you... I dunno... sell him
Connie or something?

FRANK

Friday. Be polite. No beer.

Angela's POV: Frank has a ROTTEN DEMON face. BILE foam on
his mouth. YELLOW eyes.

Angela smashes her coffee mug on the floor. Everyone is
shocked.

CONNIE

Mom? Are you okay?

BRAD

Yeah Mom, what the fuck?

Angela picks up a MUG SHARD and LUNGES at Frank.

ANGELA

Bleed! Bleed fucker!

Frank wrestles with her. BANG SMASH CRASH. Connie SOBS. Brad
PANICS. The whole kitchen is DESTROYED.

CUT TO:

Paramedics roll a gurney with straitjacket Angela into the
back of an ambulance...

EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Angela foams and squawks. The doors shut and the ambulance
leaves. The family watches in horror with Chief behind them.

FRANK

Sorry you had to see this, Chief.

KLAMATH

It's okay. I'm glad you called me.
I was happy to help. She'll receive
the best of care at my cousin's
sanitarium. He's the best doctor in
the county.

CONNIE

What happened to Mom?

BRAD

Dad, is Mom crazy now?

FRANK

You kids go inside.

Connie and Brad walk back inside. Connie glances over her shoulder and sees: Frank and Chief LAUGHING. Slaps on back.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Beryl waits at a table. Alone. Checks her watch. Finally Brad stumbles in. Mismatched suit.

BRAD

Hey! What's up, I thought you said, nine thirty.

BERYL

That's okay.

Brad sits down.

BRAD

Should we get some drinks? Lets get some drinks.

BERYL

Sure, we can-

BRAD

(waving)

Waitress! Refreshments, stat.

Waitress walks by with a tray of food.

WAITRESS

I'll be right with you.

Brad stares at her butt.

BRAD

Take your time.

BERYL

So, how are you adjusting to the town?

Brad still ogles the waitress. Not listening.

BRAD

Yah it was no problem once I found
a parking spot.

BERYL

Oh, well that's-

BRAD

The problem with most of you
people, I think, boils down to work
ethic.

BERYL

Excuse me?

BRAD

Nobody here is a bad person.
They're just lazy.

Brad points to an idle employee gossiping with coworkers.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Look at her. Lazing about. I'd like
to put her to work. (*licks his
lips*) Yeah, she could learn.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Connie wanders the streets. Crime and litter everywhere. An
OLD MAN gets her attention.

OLD MAN

What are you doing around here? Are
you looking for the casino?

CONNIE

There was a man here during the
fair. Who set up a sweat lodge. I
think he might have a store around
here.

OLD MAN

Store? Sweat lodge?

CONNIE

I think he can help me. My mother,
she's in trouble.

OLD MAN

I think I might know that guy.
Follow me.

CONNIE
I don't know about this...

OLD MAN
Please, won't you help a native
local entrepreneur?

CONNIE
Okay, I guess...

Old Man leads Connie down a DARK ALLEY...
Arms fly out from a doorway and GRAB CONNIE

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Three scary DERELICTS pull Connie inside a rundown empty
wear house.

CONNIE
Aaahh--

One of them covers her mouth with his DIRTY ROUGH HAND.

DERELICT
Shut up.

One of them passes the Old Man some BOOZE through the
window.

OLD MAN
Heh heh, sorry, better you than me.

Old Man flees. Derelict CUTS off Connie's clothes with a
RUSTY KNIFE.

DERELICT
Promise me you won't scream, and
I'll break you neck instead of
slitting your throat.

Connie struggles. MUFFLED screams.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - SAME TIME

Beryl waits by herself again at the table. Behind her: Brad
sidles up to the bar to FLIRT with the waitress.

BRAD
How you doin', girl.

WAITRESS
Your food will be out in a minute.

BRAD
You got a boyfriend?

Brad puts his hands on her shoulder and her butt. She swats them away.

WAITRESS
Seriously?! Aren't you on a date right now?

BRAD
Shh shh, shut up.

Brad returns to the table with Beryl.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Sorry, there was a line at the bathroom.

BERYL
That's okay.

BRAD
You ready to bounce?

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - SAME TIME

One Derelict grabs the other.

DERELICT
I'm going first!

Connie tries to scream again. One Derelict goes to cover her mouth... but the other Derelict SLITS HIS THROAT.

DERELICT (CONT'D)
She's all mine!

The Third Derelict climbs out a window and flees. Connie stands up. Backs against the wall.

CONNIE
Let me go, Mister...

The Derelict waves the bloody KNIFE at her.

DERELICT

But I love you!

The Derelict lunges at her. Connie dodges. She searches for an exit. The Derelict chases her.

DERELICT (CONT'D)

I love you!!!

Connie leaps over a pile of RUSTY REBAR... stuck in a dark corner. She turns around... Derelict closing in.

DERELICT (CONT'D)

You love me too...

The Derelict THRUSTS THE KNIFE AT HER... but he TRIPS onto the pile of old RUSTY REBAR.

DERELICT (CONT'D)

Ah!

CLANG the knife drops... Connie rushes away... she looks back over her shoulder to see: the Derelict rolls over onto his back revealing...

STOMACH RIPPED OPEN... GUTS POURING OUT...

DERELICT (CONT'D)

(dying)

Uh... Uh... Nuh...

Awful Choking Wheezing. Connie cannot look away. BLOOD fills his eyes, pours from his nose, bubbles from his mouth.

Suddenly he coughs up a BIG PILE of nasty:

DERELICT (CONT'D)

Connie I love you.

Connie's eyes go WIDE and she flees.

EXT. STEAKHOUSE - SAME TIME

Brad and Beryl exit the restaurant.

BRAD

Okay so I'll see you later or whatever.

BERYL

(surprised)

Oh. Oh, okay. Thank you, I had a lovely-

-

Brad walks away.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - SAME

Casino conference room: the Chief lights the CIGAR of
SENATOR LUNDQVIST.

KLAMATH

Allow me, Senator Lundqvist.

LUNDQVIST

Thank you, Chief Klamath.

Chief Klamath points to an EXPANSION PRESENTATION board.

KLAMATH

This is just the beginning for our
brand.

LUNDQVIST

Of course you realize that such an
ambitious expansion scheme would
require federal cooperation.

KLAMATH

Oh I almost forgot.

Klamath hands a BULGING ENVELOPE to the Senator.

LUNDQVIST

What's this?

KLAMATH

Your room key and hospitality
packet.

The Senator looks inside: baggie of DRUGS, wad of CASH.

LUNDQVIST

I should probably unwind in my
suite for a bit before we continue.

Chief Klamath presses a button on his desk BUZZ Two
beautiful slutty ESCORTS enter the room.

KLAMATH

They can show you to your room.

LUNDQVIST
Most excellent.

INT. SANITARIUM - UNKNOWN

Padded white cell. Angela DROOLS. Looks around confused.

ANGELA
Where's... my family...

DOCTOR GREENCROW, 55, eyepatch, bald, wrinkly, watches Angela through one-way glass. He presses the INTERCOM.

GREENCROW
Your family wants you to feel
better, Mrs. Johnson.

Dr. Greencrow scribbles onto a form. In the box marked "Expected Release Date" he writes "NEVER."

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Brad sits in his parked car across the street from Wendy's house. Drinking. Fuming. He stares at the LIT WINDOW.

BRAD
That's right, bitch, enjoy your
light. Someday real soon I'll teach
you the meaning of work. You bitch.

INT. CASINO - DAY

Frank surveys the casino floor and spots: a DEALER flirting with Veronica. He storms over.

JOHNSON
What the hell is going on?

They are both SUPRISED.

DEALER
Oh, hello Mr Johnson, sir.

JOHNSON
Don't Mr. Johnson me. Get out!

VERONICA

Oh, Mr. Johnson, perhaps we can
discuss his--

JOHNSON
(to dealer)
You heard me! Out!

The whole CASINO now watches in stunned silence. The Dealer
sheepishly walks out the main door.

VERONICA
(quietly to Frank)
What was that about?

JOHNSON
You're not just some whore. You're
mine. My whore. Now shut your legs.

Veronica looks INSULTED but Frank just walks away. People
STARE at him.

FRANK
All of you people need to work
harder! Anybody ever heard of
bootstraps? Well, pull yourself up
by them!

Frank SLAMS the door as he leaves.

INT. CASINO - SAME TIME

Chief Klamath is led by a HOUSEKEEPER into a luxury suite.

KLAMATH
Sweet fuck!

Klamath sees Senator Lundqvist and the Floozy STABBED TO
DEATH. Knives on the bed. Everything is SOAKED WITH BLOOD.

KLAMATH (CONT'D)
You don't tell anybody.

Klamath slips a gold nugget to the housekeeper.

KLAMATH (CONT'D)
Not anybody.

The Housekeeper nods. Quietly exits. Klamath rolls up his
sleeves.

KLAMATH (CONT'D)

Okey-dokey...

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Connie reads the journal. She turns a page to reveal... The word "CONNIE" in giant scary writing.

CONNIE

Ah!

She drops the journal. Looks around. Nothing happens. She picks it back up. Turns another page.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

(v.o. reading)

I am but half the great plan and
you are the completion, Connie. I
have purchased all the
nitroglycerin in the county and
sent away for more. The room is
safe. Open the door, Connie.

CUT TO BLACK. Text: "THREE MONTHS LATER"

FADE IN:

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - MORNING

Connie carefully draws a RED X onto a giant map of Klamath County on her wall... that contains hundreds of other red marks.

CONNIE

I'll find you...

Connie looks sleep-deprived. Frazzled. Obsessed.

INT. CASINO - DAY

Two workers wheel a heavy CART towards Frank's desk where he sits smoking a cigar while Veronica rubs his shoulders.

FRANK

Show me.

The workers unload a baseball sized GOLD NUGGET onto Frank's desk. Then another. And another. SMALL PILE quickly turns into a LARGE MOUND.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Beautiful! More!

The workers keep going until... BIG GOLD PYRAMID on the desk. Frank stares into the gold...

FRANK (CONT'D)
(hypnotized)
Beautiful...

EXT. CASINO - DAY

Two Prostitutes take turns holding the mirror so they can redo their makeup. RUSTY, 40s, redhead, weary applies garish lipstick.

RUSTY
This casino is a whole new
ballgame.

RAVEN, 20s, black hair, naive, gets excited.

RAVEN
You mean no more truckers?

RUSTY
Truckers? Forget it. You know the
kind of fella that visits a casino?

RAVEN
Nope.

RUSTY
Think of James Bond and shit.
Famous people. One time, my cousin
saw George Strait at a casino.

RAVEN
Wow...

Rusty takes the mirror from Raven.

RUSTY
Okay, your turn, sweetheart.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - DAY

A gathered crowd of laid off miners, dealers, hobos, and other social undesirables listens to Peter.

PETER

(rabble rousing)

And they need us more than we need them!

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

If we can convince our brothers and sister to join us, we can shut down that mine, and that casino. And then Mister Johnson and Chief Klamath will have to deal with us!

Peter PUMPS HIS FIST into the air. The crowd cheers. In the back of the crowd: a sketchy character ROLF, 40, fat, bearded, half-heartedly claps and scans the crowd.

INT. CAR - LATER

Chief Klamath rides with Rolf and receives a report.

ROLF

They was all agitated. Talking about strike at the mine, strike at the casino.

Chief Klamath grits his teeth. Hands Rolf an envelope.

KLAMATH Good

work, Rolf. Now scram.

Rolf leaves the car. Chief dials his phone.

KLAMATH (CONT'D)

Get me Ronnie Chou-Koh.

INT. CASINO - DAY

On the floor: Wendy works as a dealer now. Brad sits at the bar. Drunk. LEERING at her.

BRAD

(slurring)

I'm gonna get her...

Wendy notices Brad: he LICKS HIS LIPS. She WINCES.

EXT. CASINO - SAME TIME

A national guardsman in uniform gets shoved through the door by security.

PFC LEGO

Yo, how can you ban uniforms?
That's bullshit man.

Rolf sits on the curb. Eating a corn dog.

ROLF

Hey man! Thank you for your
service!

PFC

LEGO Man, fuck you. PFC
Lego storms off.

ROLF

Whoa, that guy's angry.

EXT. DESERT - AFTERNOON

A little BOY runs through the harsh orange sand. He reaches a great SAND DUNE... each step harder than the last... gradually he climbs to the top.

BOY

Ronnie?

The boy blocks the sun with his hand and scans the valley below... finally seeing a QUONSET HUT.

The boy runs down to the pre-fab steel building... to find RONNIE CHOU-KOH, 40, scarred face, long black hair, chin stubble, leather vest, tattoos, left pinky missing.

BOY (CONT'D)

Ronnie. The man call. He say you go
now.

Johnny stands up. Retrieves a FIREMAN'S AXE. Departs the hut without a second look.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH

Hey Kid. Check the freezer.

Ronnie stalks off. The boy finds a dirty old refrigerator plugged into a chugging generator.

BOY

Hmm...

The boy slowly opens the freezer door... revealing a few brightly colored POPSICLES. He grins and grabs one.

Slams the freezer door...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Frank opens his office door to reveal a FLOOZY.

FLOOZY

I'm looking for Frank.

Frank grabs her boobs with two hands and pulls her inside.

FRANK

No, you're looking for Mr. Johnson.

EXT. CASINO - SAME TIME

Two men ZAP and YAP fight over a TICKET.

ZAP

I placed that bet!

YAP

The hell you did!

Yap get Zap into a HEADLOCK... wrestles him to the ground.

ZAP

You're being a bitch!

YAP

You're so immature.

INT. CASINO - SAME TIME

Frank rips off the Floozy's skirt.

FLOOZY

Easy there, champion.

FRANK

Let me see that.

EXT. CASINO - SAME TIME

Yap lets Zap go.

YAP

Are you going to behave now?

ZAP

Yeah, sure...

Zap tackles Yap to the ground.

YAP

What the fuck?!

ZAP

It's my ticket! Mine!

Zap grabs Yap's head with both hands... POUNDS it into the cement... Again and again:

MATCH CUT TO:

Frank POUNDS the Floozy from behind. Again and again. Frank orgasms and his eyes ROLL BACK.

MATCH CUT TO:

Yap's eyes ROLL BACK as blood pours from his cracked skull... onto the TICKET ruining it... Zap collapses exhausted:

MATCH CUT TO:

Frank collapses exhausted onto the floor.

FLOOZY

Are you okay?

FRANK

You can leave. Now.

MATCH CUT TO:

COP

You can leave now, folks, nothing
to see here.

Some cops lead Zap away in cuffs. Another officer covers
Yap's body with a sheet. A crime scene technician carefully
picks up the SOILED TICKET... places it in a plastic bag

Across the street in a parking lot: Brad watches the whole
scene from his car as a prostitute goes down on him.

BRAD

Whoa, I think that guy killed that
other guy.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Ronnie Chou-Koh rockets down the road at night. No
headlights. Dark sunglasses. CHUG of the motor.

Suddenly he draws his AXE in the air and WHAM chops a
midflight RAVEN in half... bloody feathers everywhere.

Ronnie Chou-Koh GRINS with evil satisfaction.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Brad sits in his car outside Wendy's house again. Drunker
and angrier than ever.

BRAD

This fucking bitch...

Finally he sees Rudy walk up to her door.

BRAD (CONT'D)

What the shit?!

Brad gets out and confronts Rudy.

BRAD (CONT'D)

What are you doing here, you little
queer?

Brad hurls his empty beer bottle on the ground SMASH

RUDY

This is my cousin's house.

BRAD

Pft. Cousin. All you people say that.

RUDY
What are you doing here?

BRAD
Don't fucking talk to me like that.

Brad SMACKS Rudy in the face.

RUDY What
the hell, man?!

A LIGHT goes on inside the house.

BRAD
What, are you gonna cry about it?

Brad SLAPS Rudy again. Rudy slips and falls. Hits his head hard. CHUNK. Not moving.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Oh fuck, dude. Are you faking?

Brad kicks Rudy a few times in the gut. No response.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Oh fuck, dude.

Brad runs back to his car and flees. As he drives off: Wendy opens the front door... She LOCKS EYES with him for a second... before she sees Rudy

WENDY
Rudy?! Oh my god, Rudy, are you
okay? Can you hear me?

Wendy tries to wake up Rudy. Brad drives over the curb KRUNCH and speeds away.

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

Angela sits in her cell. Doped up. Confused. A slit in the door opens up SHUNK.

ORDERLY
Here's dinner.

A bowl of SLOP comes through the slit SHUNK it closes again.
Angela stares into the GREY BLUE SWAMP in the bowl.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Farmer's Market closing down for the day: Oscar loads
vegetables into the back of his truck. Peter approaches.

PETER

Hey Oscar! Do you have that book we
talked about?

Oscar hands a book to Peter: "Labor Rights & Organizing"

OSCAR

Here you go, Petey. I gotta run, I
think something happened to one of
my grandkids.

PETER

Oh I hope he's okay. Thanks Oscar.

Peter leaves. The parking lot is empty now. Oscar loads the
last box of vegetables. He SLAMS the truck gate shut...

Ronnie Chou-Koh stands in front of his truck door.

OSCAR

Oh, I didn't see you there. I'm
sorry, we're all closed for the
week.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH

I have to come back next week?

OSCAR

'Fraid so.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH

'Fraid not.

Ronnie Chou-Koh raises his axe high into the air...
MOONLIGHT GLISTENS on the razor sharp BLADE...

OSCAR

Nooo!!!

SCHLUP! Ronnie BURIES the Axe into Oscar's SKULL.

EXT. CASINO - NIGHT

Brad rolls his car up to the parking lot. He sees Rusty and Raven walking the streets. Honks his horn twice.

RUSTY

How you doing, big boy?

RAVEN

You looking for a date?

Brad reveals a WAD OF CASH.

BRAD

Get in. Both of you.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Connie searches the woods with her FLASHLIGHT. She finds an old BOMB SHELTER. She kneels down and CRANKS the heavy door open... she shines her light inside to find...

Garbage. Dirt. Slime. Animal bones. Crap. Nothing good.

CONNIE

(sighs)

Damn it...

INT. MINE - NIGHT

Workers swing PICKS at the dirt wall.

MINER

We need better tools.

The other workers nod in agreement. The Foreman arrives wagging his finger.

FOREMAN

Talk like that, there's plenty of people on the waiting list for you job.

MINER

Yeah, yeah. We could just work faster if--

WHAM. A big rock falls and crushes his skull.

FOREMAN
Everybody out!

EXT. MINE - CONTINUOUS

Miners RUSH from the exit. Panic. Foreman tries to regain control.

FOREMAN
Single file!

The last workers escape. A cloud of DUST follows them out.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
This is real bad.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Brad has violent sex with Rusty and Raven.

BRAD
You fucking bitches!

RUSTY
Yeah, you like it rough?

RAVEN
Fuck me harder.

BRAD
I'll kill you... I'll kill all you
bitches... Kill bitches!

Brad orgasms and then faints.

RAVEN
What should we do?

Rusty roots through Brad's pants.

RUSTY
I'm getting his wallet and his
phone. You get his watch and shoes.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - NIGHT

Peter talks to Derelict and Bum around the fire.

PETER

Alright, I get it, you old-timers
are pretty slick, is that the idea?

BUM

Kid, we seen it all.

DERELICT

Been around, uh huh.

Peter passes around a bottle of BOOZE.

PETER

Take a swig.

BUM

Hell yeah, kid.

DERELICT

Drink it up, uh huh.

More people gather at the sight of booze.

PETER

Here's my question for you guys.
For anybody who can answer.

BUM

Shoot.

PETER Why is

it that gold is so
expensive?

DERELICT

There's not a lot of it.

BUM

Uh uh. Rare.

DERELICT

Rare. Scarce. God ain't making no
more.

PETER

That's right. But we have to find
it. And dig it up. When a man pulls
gold up out of the earth, he's
pulling with the might of a
thousand men working for a thousand

hours. And yet somehow, when it comes time for paying folks, things don't get portioned out all fair.

BUM

What can we do, uh huh?

DERELICT

Yah, what's shantytown gonna do about it?

PETER

A revolution!

Everybody laughs. Peter looks discouraged. Derelict passes the empty bottle of booze back to Peter.

DERELICT

Cheer up, kid. Everything takes time. Rome wasn't an egg, after all.

EXT. MOTEL - LATER

Brad emerges from his room wearing a towel. Crazed. Delirious.

BRAD

Fucking bitches... Where?!

Brad sees a cleaning woman arriving for a dawn shift. He rushes at her. Grabs her. Screams.

BRAD (CONT'D) Where
are they?! Where are the
bitches?!?

The woman screams AAAHHH she runs away. Brad hyperventilates. Beet red. Insane with rage.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - MORNING

In front of her house: Wendy tells her story to police.

WENDY

It was him. Brad Johnson. I saw him.

COP

Well now, his father says they were together all night. Maybe your brother just slipped and hit his head?

WENDY

He's not my brother.

COP

Oh sorry, right, your boyfriend.

WENDY

He's my cousin.

COP

Yeah, we hear that a lot. Seems like everybody's somebody's cousin. We know Brad Johnson didn't do this. We'll find whoever did.

Wendy TEARS UP at the corruption.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank holds up an FLASH DRIVE labeled "Blackmail - F. Johnson"

FRANK

You want to tell me what this is?

VERONICA

Where did you get that?

FRANK

Answer my question.

VERONICA

You weren't supposed to see that.

FRANK

Oh, I wasn't?

VERONICA

I was gathering opposition research. So no one else could blackmail you.

Frank SLAPS Veronica around.

FRANK

Yeah, you like that, don't you?
Don't you, bitch?

VERONICA

Stop it...

Frank throws Veronica to the floor. She crawls away from him. Frank stares at her ass.

FRANK

I wish this town had just one ass.
So I could fuck it.

VERONICA

You're out of your mind, Frank.

Frank picks Veronica back up.

FRANK

Am I?

Frank slaps her in the face again.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Am I really?

Frank slaps her again and again. Back and forth. Her cheeks are red. Eyes welling with tears.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Wendy clocks out. Heads towards the exit. Brad blocks her path with two goons.

WENDY

What the hell?

EXT. CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Brad opens the door. One goon carries Wendy outside. Other goon roots through her purse to find: \$50 CHIPS

GOON

You was right, boss.

BRAD

It's a shame. Put her in the car.

WENDY

Let me go! You planted those!

The goons stuff Wendy into the back of a car.

BRAD

You're fortunate that we don't
prosecute. You'll have plenty of
time to cool off in the sanitarium.

The goons get in the car. Start the engine.

WENDY

No! You can't do this!

Brad presses his crotch against Wendy's window.

BRAD

See you soon, Wendy my friendly.

The car pulls away. Wendy sobs. Pounds on the window. Brad
laughs.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MORNING

In Frank's office: Veronica is tied up naked face down on
the sofa. Frank smacks her ass.

FRANK

How many gold nuggets do you think
I could fit in your ass?

VERONICA

Frank, stop! You're crazy!

FRANK

No, I'm thinking clearly. All the
gold lets me know things.

INT. SANITARIUM - MORNING

Angela stares at her SLOP. Uneaten hours later. Dr.
Greencrow watches her through the glass.

GREENCROW

She's not like the others. So
determined. Willful. Seductive.

Angela HURLS the bowl across the room.

GREENCROW (CONT'D)
So very willful...

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Connie stares at the BEAUTIFUL CLEAR WATER of namesake Lake Klamath. Breeze. Ripples. She is hypnotized. TRANSFIXED by the center of the lake.

JOHNSON
(unseen)
Connie...

INT. CASINO - AFTERNOON

Packed house of GAMBLERS. Slots spinning, roulette spinning, dice rolling, cards flying: MONEY

Chief Klamath surveys his success with his daughter Beryl.

KLAMATH
Some day, Beryl, some day. You'll
run all this.

BERYL
Some day...

KLAMATH
If the mine keeps fucking up, I
think I can negotiate better terms.

BERYL
Terms?

KLAMATH We're going
to unite the businesses. And
the families. Johnson-Klamath
for the future.

BERYL
Oh no, Daddy, please no.

KLAMATH
I think you'll like being married
to Bradley. He seems like a good
kid.

BERYL

No he's awful. And I'm almost twice as old as him.

KLAMATH

Frank only has one son and I only have one daughter, so this is the way it's gonna be. Capiche?

BERYL

Alright.

KLAMATH

Centuries of prosperity for our people *and* you get a husband. I think we did alright.

EXT. CASINO - NIGHT

Brad follows a woman to her car in the parking lot.

BRAD

How you doin'?

WOMAN

Leave me alone.

Woman opens her car door. Brad shoves it shut.

BRAD

Come on, baby, I run this town.

WOMAN

Get away!

Woman opens her car door again. Brad slaps her ass.

BRAD

Gimme some!

WOMAN

Gross loser!

Woman shoves Brad to the ground. She gets in her car. Speeds away. Brad stumbles back to his feet.

BRAD

You fucking bitch! I got your plates.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank drinks. Delirious. Disheveled.

FRANK

You're just a piece of meat that I
own...

Frank looks to Veronica on the couch.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You must obey me.

No response. Frank smashes his glass on the ground.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Obey!

Veronica does not respond. She's DEAD. Head caved in. Body
covered in blood. Dead for some time.

Frank wobbles... wavers... finally collapses.

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

Doctor Greencrow sneaks into Angela's cell.

GREENCROW

Angela...

She does not look up from her bed.

GREENCROW (CONT'D)

I know we have a connection,
Angela.

Greencrow sits at the foot of her bed.

GREENCROW (CONT'D)

You're not like the others, Angela.

Greencrow pats her body.

GREENCROW (CONT'D)

You're special, Angela. We can be
together.

Angela finally looks at Greencrow.

GREENCROW (CONT'D)

Oh, Angela, tell me you love me.

Angela whips back her blanket to reveal: a SHIV

GREENCROW (CONT'D)

Where did you-

SLASH Angela slits Greencrow's throat.

GREENCROW (CONT'D)

(bleeding)

Gah! Guards! Help!

Angela pins him to the floor. SHREDS him.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Connie circumnavigates the shore of the lake. Eventually she finds: OLD PUMPING STATION

CONNIE

Whoa...

An historic building. Stone Plaque. The front door chained up. PADLOCKED. Connie tentatively climbs over a fence.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Careful...

Connie approaches the lock. Reaches out towards it. Just before her fingertips touch the lock...

BAM! The lock shatters into pieces.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Eep!

Connie jumps back in fright. She looks down: the pieces of the lock STEAM on the ground.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I did... that?

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - NIGHT

Peter walks into camp.

PETER

Hey, where is everybody?

Peter looks around.

PETER (CONT'D)

Guys?

Peter hears someone WHISTLE.

PETER (CONT'D)

Who's there?

Ronnie Chou-Koh emerges from a shack.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH

Me.

Peter is taken aback.

PETER

Who are you?!

Ronnie draws his axe.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH

Your worst nightmare.

Ronnie swings fast. CHOP. Decapitates Peter. His heads flies through the air... Lands in a FLAMING TRASH CAN.

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

The door to Doctor Greencrow's office opens: Angela enters with Greencrow's KEYRING.

She wanders around. She leaves BLOODY handprints and footprints everywhere.

She finds a control panel with a switch labeled: "MASTER OVERRIDE - TOTAL RELEASE"

Angela tightly grips the switch.

ANGELA

Bury my heart in Lake Klamath.

Angela pulls the switch.

EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

Rolf walks down the side of the road. Drinking a beer.

ROLF

(singing)

Baby can you dig your man?

Motorcycle roars up behind him.

ROLF (CONT'D)

Huh?

Rolf sees Ronnie Chou-Koh bearing down on him.

ROLF (CONT'D)

No!

Rolf raises his HANDS in self defense gesture SLICE Ronnie chops off both Rolf's hands with his axe.

ROLF (CONT'D)

Ahh! My hands!!!

Ronnie rides off. Rolf SPURTS BLOOD from his arm stumps. Falls down. Rolls into a watery DITCH. Dead Rolf.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Chief Klamath welcomes GOVERNOR CREEDON, 60's, white hair, fat, black suit, into his office.

KLAMATH

We got expansion plans.

CREEDON

I only have a moment.

Klamath pulls open a curtain to reveal: six topless FLOOZIES. Pouring drinks. Cutting lines. Dancing.

KLAMATH

Pretty cool, huh?

CREEDON

(yawning)

Ehh... What else you got?

Klamath panics. Shuts the curtain.

FLOOZY

(off-screen)

Wait, who turned out the lights?

Klamath leads the Governor over to his desk. Pulls back another sheet to reveal: a little PYRAMID of GOLD NUGGETS.

KLAMATH

The casino and the mine are close partners.

CREEDON

That's fine but I don't like
carrying things.

Creedon starts to leave.

KLAMATH

Wait! I have a third thing to
impress you with.

CREEDON

Sorry but I'm a big shot and I
don't impress easy. Have a good
night.

He leaves. The door SLAMS SHUT. Klamath looks despondent.

FLOOZY

(off-screen)

What's happening? Did it work?

KNOCK-KNOCK at the door. Klamath lights up.

KLAMATH

You changed your-

Klamath opens the door. Ronnie Chou-Koh.

KLAMATH (CONT'D)

Oh! It's you.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH

It's done.

Klamath hands Ronnie Chou-Koh a set of KEYS.

KLAMATH

Parked in spot 78B. Enjoy the gold.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Beryl sits on the bed. Frowning. Brad gets dressed.

BERYL

You're leaving?

BRAD I

got stuff to do.

Beryl gets up. Grabs his arm.

BERYL

But we're getting married tomorrow morning.

Brad SMACKS her in the face. She falls on the bed.

BRAD

Get off me. I'll be there.

Beryl starts CRYING.

BERYL

Why are you like this?!

BRAD

Shut up. You knew what you were getting into.

EXT. CASINO - SAME TIME

Klamath and Frank dump Veronica's body in a dumpster.

KLAMATH

You owe me for this, Frank.

FRANK

Yeah, alright.

KLAMATH

I'm serious. No more bullshit with broads.

FRANK

Fine.

KLAMATH

We got our kids wedding tomorrow morning to worry about. And you pull this?

FRANK

I said fine!

Frank storms off. Klamath shakes his head.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Brad cruises downtown. Waves at a prostitute.

BRAD

Get in, baby. I need some top.
Pronto.

She gets in the car.

PROSTITUTE

Pull behind that building.

Brad parks the car behind a rundown building.

BRAD

Hurry up.

She undoes his pants.

PROSTITUTE

Alright, baby, hold your horses.

She starts blowing him.

BRAD

I'm gonna kill you, Wendy.

She pulls her head back up.

PROSTITUTE

What?

BRAD

It's just a fantasy, keep going.

PROSTITUTE

Alright.

She goes back to blowing him.

BRAD

I'm gonna kill you, Wendy, you
fucking bitch.

Brad stares across the street at a GUNSTORE.

INT. SANITARIUM - DAWN

Wendy sits alone in a cell. Still crying.

WENDY

That son of a bitch...

Old sirens wail WAAAHHHH:

WENDY (CONT'D)

What the hell?

All the doors in every hall OPEN UP. Women emerge. Some rocket out with pent up animal energy. Some are precarious. Some do not move at first.

Wendy leaves her cell. Joins the mob.

WENDY (CONT'D)

We're free? We're free. We're free!

Eventually: All the women are free. They congregate. Mass together. A mob of freedom. Move towards the exit to find:

Angela BLOODY FREEDOM GIVER waiting for them.

Wendy pushes her way to the front of the crowd. Locks eyes with Angela: mutual righteous passion for vengeance.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Lead us.

Angela nods. Kicks opens the front doors to freedom.

EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - MORNING

Frank, Brad, and Connie get ready in the living room.

BRAD

This tux is gay.

FRANK

My boy! The big day.

CONNIE

Is mom coming?

FRANK

I told you not to ask about her.

BRAD

Mom can watch the video or whatever.

EXT. CASINO - MORNING

Guests arrive at the wedding chapel. Brad and Frank stand on the reception line.

CONNIE

Dad, why does it have to be like
this?

Frank is confused.

FRANK

Honey are you talking to me?

CONNIE

Dad, why is the mine and casino so
awful to people?

FRANK

Connie please, this is not the
time.

CONNIE

But they're so poor-

FRANK

Connie! Some people are just
better. Always been that way. Some
lives will always matter more. Now,
if you don't mind.

Connie sulks. Until:

JOHNSON

(voice-over)

Connie...

CONNIE

Huh?

Connie stares off hypnotized at the LAKE in the distance.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I'll be right back...

EXT. ROADS - SAME TIME

Ronnie Chou-Koh rides his bike. He sees Rusty and Raven
hitchhiking. Thumbs out.

RUSTY

Come on, big guy!

RAVEN

Room for two?!

Ronnie smiles. But he does not slow down. VVRROOOM. Roars right by the women.

RUSTY

Damn it.

RAVEN

Don't worry, Rusty, we'll find a ride.

RUSTY

Thanks, Raven.

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

Connie navigates a pitch black tunnel with the FLASHLIGHT on her cellphone.

CONNIE

This doesn't look like an old pumping station.

A voice calls from the darkness: "Connie..."

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Huh?

Connie looks down a long staircase leading into the endless black abyss below.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Down here?

Connie descends the stairs.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Just like the rabbit in that story...

EXT. ROADS - SAME TIME

Ronnie rides his bike out of town.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH

This whole town... beneath me.

Suddenly: the crowd of women. Blocking the road. Ravenous. Bloody. Dirty. Crazed. A POWERFUL MOB.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH (CONT'D)

Ahh!!

Ronnie crashes his bike SNAP breaks his leg in half.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Ronnie draws his AX... but the women pull it from him.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH (CONT'D)

No!

The mob descends on Ronnie. Tears into him. Rends his flesh.
Rips his limbs off. Disembowels him.

RONNIE CHOU-KOH (CONT'D)

(dying)

Fire...

Wendy takes Ronnie's severed HEAD. Hands it to Angela. She
holds it high in the air.

ANGELA

Fire! Blood! Fire!

The mob HOOTS and HOLLERS and YAWPS.

From a distance: Rusty and Raven see the CARNAGE.

RAVEN

What the hell?!

RUSTY We

better get out here.

Rusty grabs Raven's arm and they flee.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Governor CREEDON sits behind his desk. An AIDE enters.

AIDE

Sir, we got a very strange phone
call from the sanitarium out there
in the mountains.

CREEDON

Hmm. There is a national guard unit
in the area.

Creedon rotates his chair. Stares out the window.

CREEDON (CONT'D)

No. No, we'll wait.

AIDE

Very good, sir.

INT. CASINO - LATER

Guests gathered for the wedding. Brad looks like a drunk asshole. Frank looks upset.

FRANK

(whispering)

Where the hell is your sister?

Chief Klamath leads his VEILED daughter down the aisle.

KLAMATH

What a happy day.

BERYL

Sure, dad...

Chief lifts his daughter's veil. Sees her BLACK EYE.

KLAMATH

What? How?!

BERYL

Dad...

Chief Klamath looks to Brad. The Smirking Bully. Brad cannot even pretend to be sorry. He just keeps smirking.

KLAMATH

Oh no... what have I done.

FRANK

What's wrong, chief?

BRAD

Yeah, what's the holdup?

Chief Klamath draws a pistol.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Yo, what the fuck?

KLAMATH

You bastard.

Klamath shoots Brad. Just once. Right in the heart. Blood geysers out. His eyes turn RED and EXPLODE.

KLAMATH (CONT'D)

Die, monster!

FRANK

My boy!

BERYL

Dad, no!

The guests scream. A riot. Panicked rush to the exits.

INT. TUNNEL - SAME TIME

Connie discovers crates of TNT. Glass jars of Nitroglycerin.

CONNIE

What is all this stuff?

JOHNSON

(off-screen)

Do it. Connie. For me. For us. It's finally time. Do it. Connie.

Connie reaches out. Picks up a vial of Nitro.

INT. CASINO - SAME TIME

Full scale riot. Chaos. Looting. Frank wrestles Klamath to the ground.

FRANK

You killed my boy!

Klamath get the upper hand. Pins Frank.

KLAMATH

What is wrong with you people?

Beryl grabs her father's shoulder.

BERYL

Dad, lets flee.

KLAMATH

Go! Go Beryl! Get to safety.

BERYL

But Dad-

KLAMATH

Go now, Beryl, go now!

Beryl flees.

FRANK

Let me go.

KLAMATH

You ruined this town.

FRANK

You had your chance.

Frank flips Klamath on his back. STRANGLES him. Klamath's false TEETH POP OUT. His face turns PURPLE.

KLAMATH

(dying)

Ak! No! Bluh!

FRANK

Fuck you. Savage
Bastard.

Frank stands up above his slain foe.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(spits)

That's for my boy.

EXT. TUNNEL - SAME TIME

Connie drops the vial.

CONNIE

Oops, I--

The entire tunnel instantly fill with FIRE. Connie is INCINERATED painlessly in less than a second.

EXT. LAKE - SAME TIME

A whirlpool forms in the lake. At the shoreline: the water level is CLEARLY LOWERING. Two onlookers point.

ONLOOKER 1 Holy
shit, look! The lake is
draining!

ONLOOKER 2
Oh my god, the lake is draining.

The waterline lowers TEN FEET... then another TEN FEET...
then THIRTY MORE FEET...

All the rocks, plants, bones, wreckage, trash, years of
detritus becomes visible.

INT. MINE - SAME TIME

The miners flee from the WATER filling their tunnels.

FOREMAN
Go! Go! Go!

Foreman waves his men to safety. Ceiling beam collapses
SMASH crushes Foreman to death.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
(dying)
Go...

The whole tunnel fills with lake water.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - SAME TIME

All the bums and tramps react to the earthquake.

HOBO
Earthquake?

DERELICT
Ata-Tonka will finally kill us all!

HOBO
Lets head downtown and burn down
the casino.

The hobos and tramps CHEER and MARCH away.

ALL

(chanting)

Ata-Ton-Ka!

INT. CASINO - SAME TIME

The whole building shakes.

FRANK

What the fuck?

All the slot machines in the building spin at the same time.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Electricity? Malfunction?

All the slots come up with little pictures of DEAD BRAD.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No... Can't be, that's
impossible.

All the slot machines start dispensing BLOOD.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No!

EXT. DOWNTOWN - SAME TIME

The two MOBS meet in the street: Angela and the women run
into all the hobos.

HOBO

Lead the way, Sister of Ata-Tonka.

All the men fall in line behind Angela who leads the
combined mob of over 200 people towards the...

EXT. CASINO - CONTINUOUS

The building is COLLAPSING: debris, fire, chaos. Frank
emerges from the SMOKE.

FRANK

(coughing)

Holy shit...

The building finally turns completely into RUBBLE. So much SMOKE and DUST and NOISE.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Damn it. My legacy...

Frank turns to find: the MOB.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Did you people see what happened?

The women grab Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
No, bitches let me go.

Angela approaches Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Baby! Angela, baby, it's me, your Frank. Our son just died. Where's Connie? Baby, call off this mob.

Angela gestures to Beryl who approaches Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to Beryl)
You? What the fuck?

Beryl takes out a KNIFE. She starts to CUT into Frank's forehead. Angela and Wendy NOD IN APPROVAL.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ah! No! Ah! Stop it!

The women restrain Frank. The Mob chants.

ALL
(chanting)
Scalp! Him! Scalp! Him!

Beryl cuts around the top of Frank's skull.

EXT. ROADS - LATER

A column of NATIONAL GUARD troops march past BURNT OUT CARS in the road. PFC LEGO, black, 20, fit, looks at all the garbage in the road.

PFC LEGO

What the fuck happened here?

PFC RAMIREZ, 21, Mexican, skinny, scopes the terrain.

PFC RAMIREZ

Damn, I hope the town isn't ruined.
I wanted to check out that new
casino.

EXT. LAKE - SAME

They march past the EMPTY LAKE.

PFC LEGO

What the fuck, dude, what happened
to the lake.

PFC RAMIREZ

Shit's crazy, yo.

EXT. MINE - SAME

They march past the entrance to the MINE: FLOODED

PFC LEGO

The mine's ruined? Fuck.

PFC RAMIREZ

This whole place, man, ruined.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - SAME

The town is DESTROYED. It looks like a WARZONE. Fire and
Rubble everywhere. But no people. The Troops march.

PFC LEGO

I don't like this, man.

PFC RAMIREZ

Keep your head on a swivel. Just
like Kandahar.

EXT. CASINO - SAME

The troops reach the rubble of the casino next to city hall
and the county courthouse. Still no people.

PFC LEGO

What the hell happened?

PFC RAMIREZ

Look.

Ramirez points to the top of the town flagpole. All the troops stare in horror:

Frank's BLOODY SCALP flaps in the breeze.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.