

**THE LEGAL GUARDIAN**

screenplay by

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EXT. WOODS - VERNONIA - OREGON - DAY

SUPER: 1947

Light snow falls. LOGGERS, hard men dressed in overalls, stand on top of giant logs next to caterpillar tractors, arch yarders, a steam powered DONKEY MACHINE.

EXT. LANDING SITE - DAY

The HEEL BOOM of yarding machine sets a felled tree onto a motor truck.

INT. MOTOR TRUCK - DAY

BILL MONROE flicks a cigarette out the window. His two boys STACY 7, JOHN 10, sit next to him.

BILL  
What's a barkie?

STACY  
A dog.

Bill slaps Stacy in the back of the head.

BILL  
Don't play with me boy.

JOHN  
Pole sold with the bark on it.

INT. MONROE HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bill sits at the kitchen table with the boys. His WIFE, worn, purple welt under her eye, empties food into their plates.

Bill shoots Stacy a daring look. John smirks from across the table. Stacy stares at the document in front of him.

THE CREED OF THE KLANSMAN.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Two little black kids VERNON and TINSLEY Jenkins are being kicked on the ground by a group of white kids in a circle. Stacy raises his BB GUN.

A big husky looking KID steps to him.

BIG KID  
Come to get a piece?

STACY  
Rather unload on you.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

Stacy, Vernon, and Tinsley walk next to each other up a dirt filled road.

VERNON  
Wanna go huntin'?

STACY  
Got church.

TINSLEY  
My pops said people go to church  
feel to better about the sins they  
gonna commit on Monday.

STACY  
Your daddy's a drunk.

TINSLEY  
Better than being a racist.

INT. VERNONIA COMMUNITY CHURCH - DAY

A dull CHOIR sings "A Mighty Fortress is our God". Bill glances at Stacy, he barely mouths words.

EXT. MONROE HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Cardboard tacked to a tree stump with words NIGGER COUNTRY. Next to it three scarecrows in black face.

A gunshot WAILS, half the black face blown to pieces.

Bill hands Stacy a Remington rifle. Stacy cocks the rifle to his shoulder. A cardinal jets from brushwood into air, tip of the rifle swims -- BAM.

The cardinal drops to the ground, lifeless. Bill strikes Stacy across the face.

EXT. STACY'S RANCH - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

A CLAY DISK flies into the air.

SFX: A GUNSHOT.

The disk explodes.

STACY, now in his 60's, a gruff, slim, old timer with the face of a dried prune, slate blue eyes, and a PROSTHETIC ARM, lowers his 12 gage shotgun.

STANLEY (O.S.)

Twenty six.

Stacy removes his felt cowboy hat, wipes the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

As he does this, STANLEY HENDERSON, a burly bow legged black man in his 60's with a noticeable limp hustles toward him.

STANLEY

Fella from the federation called.  
Said you hung up on him three  
times.

STACY

He shows his face up here again  
I'll treat him like quail.

STANLEY

Not every day you see a marksmen  
with a prosthetic.

Stacy's cold blue eyes fix on him as he loads bullets into the shotgun.

STACY

ISF's for rednecks with big guns  
and small peckers.

Stacy snaps the fore-end of the shotgun into place. Then hands the gun to Stanley.

STACY

Ain't my cup of tea.

As he begins to walk towards the skeet trap, off in the distance he notices a tree fall in the woods.

SFX: MEN YELLING. A TRACTOR MACHINE.

Stacy whips around. Stanley knows this look.

STACY

Time to go huntin'.

Stacy darts past him, he's surprisingly agile for his age.

STANLEY

Shit.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

A '67 Ford pickup truck moves down a long dust filled road. Sign on the truck door says MONROE LUMBER CO.

TRUCK CAB

Stacy drives with Stanley in the passenger seat.

STANLEY

Plan on showing up this time?

STACY

I'll be there.

Stacy's hook tipped PROSTHETIC ARM changes the tuner. Settles as JOHNNY CASH belts "RING OF FIRE".

EXT. WOODS - DAY

JOHN, a stout, country bumpkin in his 70's, stands next to a group of loggers in hard hats. The men stare at a map as they survey the land. One of his CREW MEMBERS nudges John.

John turns to notice Stanley and Stacy moving towards the men with shotguns raised.

STANLEY

Get off my land.

Silent tension.

JOHN

Pack it up boys.

John tips his hard hat.

JOHN

Evory. Ivory...Happy Thanksgiving.

INT. HENDERSON FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stanley, his wife EVELYN, son ERVIN, daughter in law PAMELA, and three grandchildren KEITH 11, MARCUS 8, and TREY 6 sit around a table littered with food.

TREY

Can we start now?

STANLEY

Wait for your uncle Stacy.

Stanley glances at his watch. Ervin leans into him.

ERVIN

Been two hours pops. Foods gettin'  
cold.

Stanley thinks, nods.

STANLEY

Alright son. Say grace.

Trey bows his head in prayer.

TREY

Dear God, we thank you for grandma  
Evelyn's turkey, mash potatoes,  
green peas, not so much the beats,  
I think the devil got hold of  
those...

INT. STACY'S RANCH - NIGHT

Military placards hang from Stacy's wall. We see the --

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS. COMBAT ACTION RIBBON.  
HUMANITARIAN SERVICE AWARD.

Pictures of Stacy shaking hands with prominent figure's of  
the 60's. *JFK. Sidney Poitier. John Wayne. Dean Martin.*

DINING ROOM

Stacy sits alone at the table munching on a TV dinner. He  
swigs from his beer. Looks around.

The house is quiet. Too quiet.

He stands and walks over to a wooden console containing a  
classic 1930's style wind up phonograph.

He removes an LP. Places it on the phonograph and drops the  
tonearm. Doris Day's LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME fills the room.

DORIS DAY (V.O.)

*Love me, or leave me...let be  
lonely. You won't believe me, and I  
love you only, I'd rather be  
lonely, then happy with somebody  
else...*

Stacy moves back to the dining table. Pulls a joint out of  
his pocket and lights it.

He takes a deep drag, leans back in his chair, satisfied.

EXT. HENDERSON FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: 4 A.M.

A large burning WOODEN CROSS sits on the Henderson lawn.

Hooded KLANSMEN armed with shotguns throw lit torches on the house. Sandbags block doorways and windows.

John removes his grand wizard hat, sparks a cigar.

INT. HENDERSON FARMHOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Fire rages. Thick black smoke encases the attic. Family members huddle by a small victorian window.

Stanley secures knots from a bed sheet around the waist of his three grandsons.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The bed sheet with the three boys secured by the waist is lowered slowly from the attic window.

The sheet catches fire, snaps -- Boys drop to the ground, topple each other -- SCREAMS.

Marcus notices his mother's gemstone necklace land in the dirt. He reaches for it -- CREAKS from the rooftop above.

A large solar panel sways full of fire.

Marcus darts to the necklace as the solar panel breaks from the roof. He manages to grab the necklace just as the solar panel crashes to the ground, only inches away.

The three boys dash towards the woods.

SFX: POLICE SIRENS

EXT. WEST SIDE LUMBER MILL - DAY

Police squad cars flood the parking lot.

INT. MILL - TOP FLOOR - DAY

Several mill WORKERS stuff hollowed logs on a conveyor belt with small brown packages.

FACTORY FLOOR

Pulpwood logs passed through a debarking drum. Sheets of paper run between heavy polished rollers.

VERNON JENKINS, 60's, spruce, and his ring of cops move quickly past machinery.

A WORKER tries to interject, he's gently whisked to the side.

INT. - OFFICE - DAY

Vernon opens the door to find John sitting behind a desk, boots hiked on the desktop.

JOHN

Come to put me in the oven?

EXT. STACY'S RANCH - PORCH - DAY

SUPER: 1 MONTH LATER

Stacy whittles a fat wooden wedge with his trusty RAMBO CUTTER knife.

A '59 Cadillac Eldorado rattles into the driveway.

ELDORADO

Vernon sits behind the wheel. Three boys next to him. They stare at Stacy on the porch as he scowls in their direction.

VERNON

This is it.

The boys hop out.

PORCH

Trey walks over to Stacy, glaring at his prosthetic arm.

STACY

Something on your mind son?

TREY

Your arms broken.

STACY

Say that every time you see me.  
Anything else?

TREY

You got ice cream?



STACY

Maybe.

TREY

Maybe's not an answer.

STACY

Depends on whose asking.

TREY

Vanilla. Two scoops, and I prefer a cone.

Trey move past Stacy, Keith and Marcus lock eyes with him.

STACY

You two got somethin' to say then say it.

Marcus smiles. Keith frowns. The boys walk up the porch stairs into the house, Stacy's eyes track Keith.

VERNON

You know you could have picked them up.

STACY

Waste of gas.

VERNON

Case worker been by?

STACY

Called seven times this week.

VERNON

She black?

STACY

Yeah.

VERNON

Better watch yourself. I think the oldest don't like anyone that got skin lighter than him.

STACY

They need discipline.

VERNON

Be nice. They'll be choosing your nursing home. See you at supper.

INT. STACY'S RANCH - BEDROOM - DAY

Trey jumps on the bed screaming. Marcus and Keith shove each other by the window.

Stacy stands in the doorway, sticks his fingers between his teeth, WHISTLES. The boys freeze.

STACY

Get off the bed and line up.

Trey hops off the bed, the boys stand side by side.

STACY

Three things in life I hate. Guns, hospitals, and most of all, kids.

KEITH

Then why are we here?

STACY

I need that mouth shut.

Stacy gives Keith his death stare. It's a little DIRTY HARRY mixed with WYATT EARP.

STACY

You're here cause your grandfather appointed me legal guardian. Don't know why...but I'm gonna teach you woodwork.

KEITH

I don't want to learn woodwork. Especially from a funny looking old man with a bad arm.

STACY

That's right, I'm old, and I don't have time for BS. Each of you will have a set of chores. Make your beds in the morn'. Raise your hand if you have question. Clear?

Keith glares at Stacy. There's an unspoken intensity between the two.

STACY

Clear?

BOYS

Clear.

Stacy storms out.

INT. CRUMMY CAR - DAY

Stacy drives with the three boys next to him. He lights a cigarette. Marcus jacks the cigarette from Stacy's lips.

He Inhales. Coughs. Stacy plucks the cigarette from Marcus's lips, tosses it out the window.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - WOODS - DAY

Light gives way to an army of thunderous clouds. Rain falls like a clammy nasal drip.

A group of loggers breeze through a dozen slender tree trunks with chainsaws. FELLER BUNCHER buzz cuts a tree base.

Large double-sheaved carriage rides on a skyline towards the haulback section. Leather gloves attach chokers to the drop line. CHOKE SETTER signals. Giant logs lift into the air.

EXT. LANDING SITE - DAY

Stacy checks off a list as he moves past a deck of timber. His Nextel phone CHIRPS.

STACY

Go on.

LOGGER (V.O.)

Hand started a fire again.

STACY

Fuckry...I'm on my way.

EXT. BONEYARD - DAY

Men splash water over smoldering machinery. A massive man REGAN HAND, a little slow in the head, watches the men with the three boys next to him as Stacy approaches.

STACY

What happened now?

REGAN

I was usin' a drip torch. I was usin' a drip torch-

STACY

Christ. Lift your boot.

Regan lifts one of his steel toe boots. Tapered nails are fastened to his shoe sole.

STACY  
Cork still ain't right.

A grotesque wad of tobacco juice splatters over Regan's boot tip. He looks up to notice a decrepit old man, DUSTY GALLOW.

DUSTY  
Grease monkey keeps screwin' up.

STACY  
Less you want a size twelve shoved up your third eye I suggest you get back to work.

DUSTY  
Boy's a widow maker.

STACY  
Then go join my bother's crew. Sure he'd love to have ya.

Dusty bares his rotted gums.

DUSTY  
See you round Sambo.

EXT. COLUMBIA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Large crowd surrounds the courthouse. Mixed faces hold up signs. God HATES KLANSMEN. MURDERERS.

Pictures of MALCOLM X, MARTIN LUTHER KING JR., OBAMA.

Media clamors to get photos and responses of several men as they exit the courthouse. John moves down the steps, pulls a cigar out of his pocket and lights. Camera flashes.

REPORTERS shove microphones in his face.

REPORTER 1 (O.S.)  
MR. Monroe how do you respond to the allegations that many in this town feel your a racist murderer?

JOHN  
Well...far as I'm concerned justice was served. A man's innocent until the court sees otherwise. Good day.

John moves down the steps, shoving his way past them to get to the black SUV waiting curb side.

INT. HEAVENLY HOLY BAPTIST - PORTLAND - DAY

People stand in line to receive communion. A choir hums softly on stage. TINSLEY JENKINS, 60's, homely, places dried bread in the mouths of his congregation. Vernon approaches.

VERNON

Brother...

They share a frosty stare. Tinsley places the bread on Vernon's tongue.

TINSLEY

Body of Christ...

INT. LOGGER LUNCH DINER - DAY

Stacy sips coffee amongst cork faced patrons. He stares at a wall mounted TV in the corner of the ceiling.

ON THE TV

John addresses the media. Cuts to middle aged REPORTER.

REPORTER

The verdict has led to a backlash across the country...

STACY

Football game on Bobby?

A COOK flicks channels to football. Vernon enters, takes a seat next to Stacy.

VERNON

News on Bobby?

The cook grumpily changes back to the trial.

A WAITRESS walks over.

WAITRESS

Regular?

VERNON

Yes mam.

She moves back to taking orders. Vernon stares at John on the TV. He glances over at Stacy.

VERNON

The question is, did he burn them over race or money?

STACY

Christ...Got nothin' to do with me Vern.

VERNON

If I recall correctly, your father started runin' drugs out of his plant in '85. Dealt with the Mexicans and Cubans. FBI boys used to come see him twice a month. When things got hot, he buried his drug money on the Henderson property. Didn't trust banks. Isn't that how it went?

STACY

At what point do you quit pushin'?

VERNON

Two hundred and fifty thousand. That's the rumor.

Stacy stands, gathers his coat.

STACY

My daddy never owned the land to begin with. Stanley purchased it from Joe Huntley up on Jefferson. If there is money there, it belongs to those boys.

EXT. JOHN'S BARN - DAY

John stands next to Dusty. Taxi pulls into the driveway.

DUSTY

Sure bout this?

JOHN

Bills look real. Less he's a hawk we'll manage.

DUSTY

Member don't touch him. Keep eye contact, and don't raise your voice.

JOHN

Might as well suck his pecker while  
you're at it.

Two well polished RED HORNBACKS hit pavement. Metal spurs in  
the shape of PISTOLS jet from the soles.

DECATOR NASH, 60's, rail thin, eye patch, foxy white hair,  
steps out of the cab. He moves to the men with a sense of  
purpose. John sticks out his hand, Nash breezes past.

INT. JOHN'S BARN - DAY

John, Nash, and Dusty sit around a large casino style poker  
table. John wipes down his specs with a handkerchief.

JOHN

Dusty tells me he served with you  
in Nam.

Nash places a black voice box to his neck. Sounds like a  
cross between DARTH VADER and ET.

NASH

(With Voicebox)  
Let me see the money.

John reluctantly pushes a briefcase across the table. Nash  
opens, takes a long hard look, pushes the briefcase back.

JOHN

Will's in the boys names. Twenty  
five acres. I need them dead so I  
can make a play for that land.

NASH

(With Voicebox)  
Who did you vote for Monroe?

JOHN

Come again?

Dusty whispers into John's ear.

DUSTY

Believe he said who did you vote  
for?

JOHN

Didn't vote. Don't believe in  
government. You?

NASH  
(With Voicebox)  
Obama.

INT. STACY'S RANCH - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Silverware CLANKS against porcelain plates around the dinner table. Vernon feverishly polishes his fork with a napkin. Trey slowly raises his hand.

TREY  
Can we play the question game?

STACY  
Foods meant to be chewed.

VERNON  
What's the question game?

TREY  
You get to ask someone a question. They have to answer yes or no. And you can't ask the same person twice.

VERNON  
Alright. Whose first?

TREY  
I am. One more thing, you have to tell the truth.

VERNON  
What happens if you lie?

TREY  
The black birds will come and pick out your eyes.

VERNON  
Black birds?

TREY  
Bats.

Trey stares at Stacy, he's totally disinterested.

VERNON  
Shoot.

TREY  
Keith said you're gay. Is that true?



Stacy coughs, tries to fight back a laugh. Vernon scowls.

VERNON

No.

TREY

(To Stacy)

Have you ever shot anyone?

Stacy lifts his face to Keith.

STACY

No.

TREY

Now it's your turn.

STACY

Finish your supper.

INT. JOHN'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

John at the dinner table, bibbed, fork and knife in each hand. His wife FANCY, her face beaten to a pulp, sets a lean plate of turkey slices in front of him.

JOHN

You know I didn't mean much 'bout earlier.

Fancy begins to walk back into the kitchen. John grabs her arm, his cold hazel eyes settle on her.

JOHN

Come sit. Food ain't as tasty without you by my side.

Fancy sits nervously while John stuffs his face. She stares at him, trying to hide her disgust.

FANCY

Perry Farms called. Said he's going into construction. Joe Meyer's joining up with your brother.

JOHN

Never liked him.

FANCY

Two months behind on the mortgage. Used the last of our savings to pay the electric company.

JOHN  
Bring me a brew will ya.

Fancy looks away from him, she seems distant.

FANCY  
I've been thinking about takin'  
some classes-

JOHN  
Brew would really hit the spot.

FANCY  
Yes dear.

EXT. STACY'S RANCH - PORCH - NIGHT

Stacy whittles, Marcus takes his place next to him.

MARCUS  
(Signing)  
What are you doing?

STACY  
(Signing)  
Go inside.

MARCUS  
(Signing)  
Can I try?

STACY  
Must be related to Curious George.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Nash stands next to a tree. His Remington sniper rifle aimed at the porch.

EXT. STACY'S RANCH - PORCH - NIGHT

Stacy hands Marcus a small slender wedge, tiny swiss army knife. Marcus stares at the wedge, the knife, he's lost.

STACY  
Never mind.

Stacy snatches the knife out of his hands.

STACY  
(Signing)  
Go to bed.

MARCUS

(Signing)

I'm not sleepy. My mom taught me sign language. Who taught you?

STACY

Pain in my ass. Sniping partner in vietnam.

Marcus reaches over and grabs Stacy's large rambo cutter.

MARCUS

(Signing)

This could kill someone. You've probably killed a lot of people.

STACY

Go to bed.

Stacy snatches it back. Marcus doesn't budge.

STACY

Go on.

Marcus walks inside.

STACY

Should've got a dog.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Nash lowers his rifle.

EXT. ROCKY CLIFF - DAY

Nash's blade is driven into a rattle snakes cranium. He turns his attention to the worksite below, places his eye behind the scope of his Remington.

Nash's sight shifts to a crummy car, Stacy and the boys inside, their sitting ducks.

INT. CRUMMY CAR - DAY

Stacy watches a LOGGER move down the hillside. The logger sticks stakes in the ground.

STACY

What's the bullfrog doin' Keith?

KEITH

Don't know, and don't care.

MARCUS  
(Signing)  
Putting slope stakes in for the  
grading crew.

Keith hops out of the truck.

TREY  
What's a barkie?

Loud THUMP on the window. A LOGGER stares at Stacy, he rolls  
down the window.

LOGGER  
Hand got his arm slashed open.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Stacy pushes his way through a crowd of men. Regan lies on  
his back, T-shirt tightly wrapped around the flesh wound. He  
peers up at Stacy.

REGAN  
Fir tree boss. Didn't see it  
comin'. I would have moved if I  
seen it comin'. But I never seen  
it. Promise.

STACY  
Stop callin' me boss.

EXT. BASIN - DAY

Keith tosses pebbles into the river. He turns, Stacy's cookie  
cutter eyes blaze down on him.

STACY  
Told you not to wander.

KEITH  
Who do you think you are?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Stacy and Keith fight their way through jagged tree limbs. In  
the distance, Nash lies on top of a large boulder. Eye to  
sight, finger on the trigger.

STACY  
...I ain't tryin' to be your daddy.

Keith stops, turns to Stacy.

KEITH

My brother's think you're a good man. I know better.

STACY

Son I ain't been a good man in years.

KEITH

Don't call me son. Me and you have nothing in common.

STACY

You're right. We grew up on different sides of the tracks. But we both bleed red.

KEITH

My grandfather always talked about you. He said you were decent, helped a lot of people.

STACY

You mean blacks.

KEITH

No. AA.

STACY

AA?

KEITH

African American. But to you we're double A batteries you use for a while then throw away.

STACY

What the hell does that mean?

KEITH

Figure it out Bunyan.

Keith storms off. Gentle breeze rustles the trees. Stacy whirls as if he feels something, his steely eyes dart. He looks toward the boulder, Nash is gone.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Stacy moves through a wooded area, points to trees. Boys mark red x's with paint brushes.

Stacy hands Keith an axe. Keith hands the axe to Marcus with a pissy scowl. Marcus cuts off the head of a dead tree limb.

Trey braves a tall wooden post, dressed in spike tipped boots, hard hat. He flexes a bodybuilder pose as he reaches the top. Stacy hands Marcus a \$20 bill.

EXT. MULLIGAN'S ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Stacy, Regan, and the boys step outside with ice cream cones. They're greeted by John and his crew in the parking lot.

JOHN

No need to get excited.

STACY

Get in the car.

DUSTY

Do what your master tells ya boy.

Regan ushers the boys to the pickup.

STACY

How's business?

JOHN

Pie's smaller. You're doing well.

STACY

You're in the red.

JOHN

Economy's a shitter.

STACY

So are you.

Stacy moves to the pickup.

STACY

Stay off that land.

JOHN

Don't stray too far. Love to have dinner with you and your family. Maybe pot roast.

EXT. TRUCK - REGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Regan hops out of the truck, moves around the driver's side.

REGAN

See you tomorrow boss.

STACY  
Regan.

REGAN  
Yeah boss.

Stacy glances at the boys.

STACY  
Stop calling me boss. Makes me feel  
uncomfortable. Stacy's fine.

REGAN  
Sure thing boss.

Regan heads up the driveway with his SNOOPY lunch box.

An OLD BLACK WOMAN steps on the porch. Waves to Stacy, he  
waves back.

TRUCK CAB

TREY  
Is he retarded?

STACY  
No. Couple years back he fell out  
of a cherry picker. Put him in a  
coma for six months. When he woke  
up he was a little slower. That's  
all.

Stacy drives down the road.

TREY  
Now where are we going?

STACY  
Bookstore.

KEITH  
For what?

STACY  
Boys gonna educate yourselves half  
hour every night.

INT. BIG JIM'S BOOK STORE - DAY

The boys stand in front of Stacy each with a book.

STACY  
Well?

Trey holds up *Capt. Hook: The Adventures of a Notorious Youth*. Marcus Curious George Visits the Library. Keith The Fiery Cross: *THE KU KLUX KLAN IN AMERICA*.

STACY

...Christ.

Book catches Stacy's eye on the shelf, *Kids, Parents, and Power Struggles*.

EXT. STACY'S RANCH - DAY

Social service specialist DIANA LAWRY knocks on the door. Trey opens.

DIANA

Hello. You must be Trey. Is Stacy here?

TREY

Maybe. Depends on whose asking?

DIANA

My name is Diana Lawry. I'm with social services.

TREY

Are you gonna take us away?

She kneels down to his height.

DIANA

No, I just wanted to check up on you and make sure you're doing okay.

TREY

I don't believe you. Your breath stinks, and you wear too much makeup. We're fine.

Trey slams the door shut. Diana checks her breath. Pulls a small mirror out of her purse, looks at her face. Stacy opens the door.

STACY

Diana.

DIANA

Mr. Monroe.

Stacy steps aside.



STACY

Have at it.

INT. STACY'S RANCH - LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

White knight removes a black pawn from the chess board.  
 Marcus moves the pawn to his growing collection.

STACY

Trey damn near drove that lady to  
 tears.

MARCUS

(Signing)

He says what he thinks. He doesn't  
 want to go back to the youth home.  
 But Keith thinks you're the devil.

STACY

He's right.

MARCUS

(Signing)

Your brother is the devil. But  
 you're good. Better than my dad, he  
 left my mom when I was 2.

STACY

No such thing as a good man.

MARCUS

(Signing)

President Obama's good.

STACY

Son, they're some people in this  
 world that don't like you no matter  
 how good you are. Now shut up and  
 play.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Banner reads ASSOCIATED OREGON LOGGERS. Men in flannels, hard  
 features, take shots at a panel on a stage.

Stacy takes his place at the back of the room, John stands.

JOHN

Most of you know I'm third  
 generation. Granddaddy started my  
 business over sixty years ago.  
 Now the bank won't even blink in my  
 direction.

(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)  
 This ain't bout individuals. Global  
 nature of our industry's at  
 stake...

Banter.

JOHN  
 I can't maintain equipment cause  
 margins keep gettin' squeezed. Laid  
 off half my crew this mornin'.

A husky LOGGER stands, missing several fingers, teeth to  
 match. He turns to John in the row behind him.

HUSKY LOGGER  
 Shut up Monroe. Everyone knows you  
 got a gamblin' problem. It's cause  
 of you people think we're tobacco  
 spit'n cross burners in the first  
 place.

JOHN  
 Go to hell Brimley.

The logger leaps over chairs, punches John flush in the nose.  
 Fight breaks out.

INT. STACY'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's chowing down. Keith picks at the chicken breast on  
 his plate.

STACY  
 What do you hate most?

Keith gives Stacy a harsh look.

KEITH  
 It has to be a yes or no question.

STACY  
 Fine. You hate white people?

KEITH  
 Yes.

Uncomfortable silence.

STACY  
 Least you're honest. Why?

KEITH  
 Can't ask that. Yes or no only.

STACY

New rules.

KEITH

I hate you cause you're greedy  
repulsive racists that think you're  
better than everyone else.

STACY

Suppose Bobby Kennedy and Joe Gibbs  
were racist too?

KEITH

What about your boy Rush Limbaugh?

STACY

My boy. How bout your boy Mr.  
Farrakhan?

VERNON

Alright settle down. I can see you  
two are getting along nicely. What  
do you love most Stacy?

STACY

Hear that?

The boys look at each other.

KEITH

Hear what?

STACY

No sound comin' out your mouth.  
It's called peace and quiet.

EXT. STACY'S RANCH - PORCH - NIGHT

Stacy whittles. Marcus sits next to him, wrinkles his hands.  
Stacy's annoyed.

This time Stacy hands him a fresh wedge with a bigger knife.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Nash's crosshatch moves from Marcus to Stacy. Just as he's  
about to pull the trigger a small hand rests on Stacy's  
shoulder. Stacy turns to Trey, wanders off inside.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

A fresh salmon twitch's caught on a fly hook. Vernon hauls  
the salmon into a row boat.

VERNON

...Man like you needs God more than the rest of us.

STACY

Only reason men go to church is for tits and ass.

VERNON

What exactly do you want out of life Stacy?

STACY

Bottle of jack. Marlbro's. And a piece of a woman every now and then will do. Yourself?

VERNON

Well, now that I'm retired a sense of purpose. Biggest thing to ever happen in this god forsaken town was your brother and his crew of idiots.

STACY

(Mumbles)

A sense of purpose ain't intentional.

VERNON

What?

RIVER BANK

Nash is hidden behind a large cluster of thin piled sticks. Horton cross bow strapped to his back -- Quiver holds three brightly colored carbon strikes.

Nash removes a strike, places it into a mechanism in the stock...

ROW BOAT

Stacy flips through a hunting magazine. Flock of birds bolt from tree top to sky.

On the shore line a mammoth sized GRIZZLY wades water. The grizzly releases a deep GROAN.

Saliva drips from his frothy mouth. Both men stand in the boat. Stacy looks toward the waterfall.

Suddenly, Vernon slumps against the nose of the row boat, strike flush in his back. Stacy whirls, scans, strike catches him in the chest.

Stacy topples into the water, floats downstream. The grizzly surges toward the boat.

Vernon plucks the strike from his back, pained. Two loud POPS. The bear suddenly falters, slides down into the water.

Vernon looks to the shore. Nash stands, rifle in his hands.

EXT. WATER FALL - UNDERWATER

Stacy's blood coagulates. His FACE peaceful, gone.

Then both eyes blink open in a hard felt shock. He struggles, moves upward.

EMBANKMENT

Stacy pulls himself onto the muddy embankment. Flips to his back. Removes the strike from his chest. He lets out a pain filled drawl as blood oozes from the pinkish hole.

Stacy looks up at the cloudy sky, death calling. Thunder CRACKS. Nash blocks out the sky, hovers over Stacy.

NASH

Monroe.

Nash gives him a good SMACK to the side of the head.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LEGACY MEDICAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Amethyst colored gemstone slowly tweaks into clarity. Stacy turns his head to notice Marcus dangling the necklace above him. Regan, Keith, and Trey next to him.

TREY

...Told you it would work.

REGAN

Doc said heaven must been too crowded boss. Arrow just mist your heart.

VERNON (O.S.)

Guess God don't like ugly.

Stacy pulls back the flowery drape. Vernon lies stiffly in bed.

STACY  
That makes two of us.

VERNON  
Whose Robin Hood?

STACY  
Decator Nash. Served together in Nam. He's odd as a turkey in a hen house.

VERNON  
Maybe you should apologize.

INT. JOHN'S BARN - DAY

Curtailed rattle snake hacked into thirds sprawled over the poker table. Nash, ticked off, wipes his blood soaked hunting knife with a cloth.

John, wearing a nose cone, and two KLANSMEN watch in disgust.

NASH  
I'm upping the price.

JOHN  
Bit short of the target.

KLANSMAN 1  
Hell with this. You're gone buddy.

The klansman moves to Nash, grabs his shoulder.

Decator's reflexes are catlike, he bends the man's wrist at an awkward angle.

The klansman drops to his knees. Nash punches him in the face. He turns to John, places the voice box to his neck.

NASH  
(With Voicebox)  
Man goes up to the mountains, while he sleeps two snakes approach. One if he bites you, you're okay. The other you'll die in five minutes. Guess which one bit'em?

INT. LEGACY MEDICAL HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy opens his eyes. Regan paces nervously, mumbling.

STACY  
What happened?

REGAN  
I was...damn. Now I was-

STACY  
Spill it for cryin' out loud.

REGAN  
I was watchin' cartoons. I was  
watchin' cartoons. Boys was playin'  
out back. Now...wait a minute, boys  
was playin' out back. I was-

STACY  
Damn it Regan!

REGAN  
They disappeared boss. Just like  
that.

INT. STACY'S RANCH - BEDROOM - LATER

Stacy opens a garnet case on the bed. Exquisite polished  
Winchester rifle with scope attached, SM engraved on the  
magpul. Vernon stands in the doorway.

VERNON  
Least let me call it in.

STACY  
No cell phone reception.

Stacy loads bullets into the rifle.

VERNON  
I'll use the land line.

STACY  
Don't have one.

STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Vernon follows Stacy down the stairs.

VERNON  
...Can't go wagen' your own private  
war.

STACY  
Says who?

VERNON

The world belongs to enthusiast's  
who keep cool.

STACY

That's pure fuckry.

VERNON

Told you bout cursin' round me. Now  
Stacy-

REGAN (O.S.)

Boss!

EXT. STACY'S RANCH - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Regan stands on the porch.

REGAN

Seen a light flash in the woods.

Stacy looks to the woods. All of a sudden the three boys run  
out of the woods toward the yard.

They reach Stacy, panting hard.

KEITH

He's got a gun.

STACY

Get inside.

EXT. WOODS - TREETOP - NIGHT

Nash has taken refuge in a treetop. His guili suit blends  
with the tawny coloration of the branches. Nash pans his  
rifle slowly across the brush below.

Then...A loud BANG. Nash's body falls limply.

GROUND

Stacy trots toward Nash. No sign of the body. Stacy's  
flashlight follows the blood trail. Dark drips stain leaves,  
rocks, branches, then stops. Stacy whirls -- BANG.

A bullet tears flesh in Stacy's neck. Both men on their backs  
a few feet from each other. Stacy's hands to neck, Nash to  
gut, they suck pain.

Each man picks up their weapon, eyes glued on their enemy.

SFX: VOICES.



Both turn to see lights in the distance. Nash pulls himself alligator like to a steep drop, rolls, disappears.

INT. STACY'S BARN - NIGHT

Regan keeps watch through a crack in the barn doors, shotgun in his hands. The boys huddled next to a seaplane.

REGAN

Needs to go back to the hospital.  
I'm gonna take boss back to the  
hospital Mr. Vernon.

TOOL SHED

Stacy sprawled over a metal table, milky hole on the side of his neck. Vernon drops a bloody bullet into a metal pan.

Stacy's glassy eyes shift to Vern's gaze.

VERNON

No you ain't. This dog ain't  
budgin'.

INT. STACY'S BARN - NIGHT - LATER

Barn light fizzles. Vernon and the boys catch shut eye while Regan keeps watch. Marcus opens his eyes.

TOOL SHED

Marcus gently shakes Stacy awake.

MARCUS

(Signing)  
Is the bad guy going to get us?

Stacy eyes linger on the amethyst gemstone around Marcus's neck. Points.

MARCUS

(Signing)  
It was my mom's.

STACY

(Signing)  
Luck?

Marcus nods.

MARCUS

(Signing)  
You going to kill him?

Stacy shakes his head "yes". Marcus removes his necklace. Places round Stacy's neck.

MARCUS  
(Signing)  
Now you're my dad.

Stacy's uncomfortable.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Nash lies on his stomach, staring through his binoculars at the barn.

INT. - BARN - SEA PLANE - DAY

Stacy behind the wheel, gauze wrapped around his neck. Vernon in the passenger seat, three boys secured in the back. Bed rolls have been taped to the windows.

VERNON  
(Into Nextel)  
We're comin' out.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Regan squats on the sloped roof. Exposes his head to get a peek of the field.

REGAN  
(Into Nextel)  
Ready.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A bright glint of light filters through Nash's lens. He squints. Searches.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Sunlight beams off a large mirror, Regan swings wildly. BUCKSHOT shatters glass on the mirror.

Regan slides down the roof.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Another BUCKSHOT. This one catches a wheel on the plane. The plane slumps. BUCKSHOT. Second wheel bursts. Front wheel lifts, retracts. Plane takes to air.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Nash tracks the plane, then removes his eyes from the scope.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Vernon heaves into a brown paper bag.

TREY

We going on a field trip?

STACY

No.

VERNON

How long till Florida?

STACY

A while. Stop to refuel in New Mexico.

INT. STACY'S BARN - DAY

Nash clips stitching thread with his hunting knife. Applies a red hot branding iron to his gun shot wound. Barely flinches.

INT. JOHN'S BARN - DAY

John slams his palms to the poker table. Nash is seated in front of him.

JOHN

We ain't speakin' the same language. That nigger family's been a pain in my ass for years. Now I know it don't mean much to you, but I got a wife and a mortgage.

Nash kicks his Hornbacks on the table, John slowly sinks into his chair.

NASH

(Raspy voice)

Man's family is his life.

JOHN

Come again.

NASH

Man's family is his life.

JOHN  
 Maybe you should use that box of  
 yours.

Nash takes out the voice box, holds it to his throat.

NASH  
 I said a man's family is his life  
 you deaf son of a bitch.

JOHN  
 Yessir.

NASH  
 Know where they're headed?

JOHN  
 Jamaica's a good guess. Town called  
 Accompong.

EXT. BROWN'S SEA PLANE BASE - FLORIDA - DAY

Sea plane glides over water.

INT. DINER - FLORIDA - DAY

The boys eat at a table across from Stacy and Vernon.

KEITH  
 He kidnapped us. I'm going to the  
 police.

MARCUS  
 (Signing)  
 No stupid. He's trying to protect  
 us.

KEITH  
 You don't know that.

MARCUS  
 (Signing)  
 Yes I do.

KEITH  
 How?

MARCUS  
 (Signing)  
 Cause I'm smarter than you.

Keith glares at Stacy from across the aisle.

VERNON

Why do I get the feelin' there's  
more to this than your spillin'?

STACY

Nash was the best trigger man I  
ever seen. Superstitious as all  
hell. Loves a chase, loves a good  
kill even more. Used to keep a  
count of his victims on his shoe  
soles.

INT. VIETNAMESE MILITARY COMPOUND - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 1970

Nash sits at a table sickly humped over, hands tied to his  
chair. A fleshy hole in his bloody face.

A VC SOLDIER rests a meaty HUMAN EYE on the table.

SOLDIER

You want to loser other eye.

NASH

Go to hell.

SOLDIER

(Vietnamese)

Where is base camp?

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Stacy lies on his stomach. Eyes to the sight of his XM21. He  
can see A VC soldier pacing in front of a SMALL window.

STACY (V.O.)

Shot was roughly 1800 yards with an  
improbable chance to hit.

INT. VIETNAMESE COMPOUND - NIGHT

The VC soldier backhands Nash's face.

SOLDIER

(Vietnamese)

Which way you want to die?

The soldier rests an M1 bayonet and M1911 pistol in front of  
Nash. Nash smiles, nods to the bayonet.

NASH

Cut me open nice and slow. I want  
to enjoy it.

SOLDIER

White hero.

The soldier picks up the pistol, unlocks the safety, aims.  
All of a sudden the soldier slumps across the table.

EXT. VIETNAMESE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Nash treks for the jungle as grenades and mortar fire explode  
around him. The compound going a blaze.

F-5A Freedom fighters streak above.

STACY (V.O.)

Son of a bitch didn't want to wait  
for the air raid. Had a date with  
death.

INT. DINER - DAY - PRESENT

VERNON

So you saved his life. And he  
resents you for it?

STACY

Not exactly.

INT. NORMAN MANLEY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TOWER - DAY

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER watches a small plane blink on his  
radar screen.

CONTROLLER

All clear ghost.

STACY (V.O.)

Thanks Andy.

INT. SEA PLANE - DAY

Stacy stares down at the island of JAMAICA below. The crested  
mountains, rolling hills, winding roads. Surrounded by  
crystalline water. Beautiful.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - DAY

The group piles out. Vernon hunches over, tries to catch his  
breath. He vomits.

Stacy notices BRIGGS, gawky, spirited, pacing towards them. He's on two cells, pager going off, ranting about something.

VERNON

Whose that?

STACY

Briggs.

BRIGGS

Ghost. What a take ya so long rasta. Ya' no call me.

STACY

Change your number every month.

BRIGGS

Business man. Who dis?

STACY

This is Vernon. And that's Marcus, Trey, and Keith. Demons from hell.

BRIGGS

First time in Jamaica?

VERNON

Yes.

BRIGGS

Welcome to da rock.

VERNON

Rock?

STACY

Jamaica.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Briggs 4x4 careens down thin unpaved winding roads at 90 MPH.

It weaves past old Datsun's. Honda's. Toyota's. Jets into oncoming traffic, nearly smashes a bus.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

The 4x4 rumbles up the mountainside. Landscape changes from exotic to rugged. Pot hole roads grow thinner. They pass villagers on the side of the road. Everyone waves, stares.

School kids dressed in private uniforms. Burnt out vehicles. Rusty shacks. School houses. Churches.

Black plastic water catchers top each roof. Small pockets of fire burn away the brush.

VERNON

Where are we?

BRIGGS

You in the country right. Jamaica mean land of wood and wata'.

Street signs of various towns. WELCOME TO Springfield. Welcome Hall. Kensington. Point.

BRIGGS

We in da' guinness world book of records. Most churches per square mile.

The 4x4 continues. Races around a sharp turn, clips a stray dog. Vernon looks back, the dog shakes, keels over. Dead.

VERNON

Hell.

BRIGGS

No worries.

More signs. Flamsted. Mocho. US AIDE. Finally --

WELCOME TO ACCOMPONG.

4x4 approaches a group of locals. One MAN holds up the metal gate pole, allowing entry.

ACCOMPONGTOWN

4x4 flies past villagers. A brawny male sports a brightly colored dress, bandana, selling POWER RANGERS.

Another poses with four bags of GANJA.

Street kids run alongside the truck, some with their hands in the shape of a gun.

KIDS

Bullet ja, bullet.

The 4x4 turns off a side road.

EXT. ROCKY ROAD - DAY

Truck shakes violently. Road is pendulous, lumpy, riddled with rocks. Tall angular weeds line the sides.



The truck dips, stuck in a pot hole. Briggs pushes the gas, wheels churn with no luck. The group treks up the long steep incline. Briggs stays with the truck.

VERNON

These people are crazy.

Stacy stops, glares at Vernon.

STACY

Keep your insults to yourself.  
People round here don't take kindly  
to your kind. They'll kill you.

VERNON

Whatever that means, look I had a  
life back home. You expect me to  
sit around all day and play mamma  
to these boys.

STACY

He's gonna come lookin' for them.  
Next time he won't miss.

VERNON

You really don't care about anyone  
else but yourself do you.

STACY

I had to scratch and claw the court  
just to gain custody of them  
misfits.

VERNON

One thing to gain custody. Another  
to really care.

STACY

Said you wanted purpose, here you  
go.

Stacy marches up the hill, Vernon watches him.

VERNON

Hell...

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

The warm sunlight bathes a series of colorful green and yellow huts. It's distinctly decorative, peaceful.

To the left an under constructed cement safe house. A long tube runs from the roof to a large well.

Stacy's beat up pickup truck parked next to it. To the right fruit trees. Rolling hills. Pigs graze.

The boys run off to explore. Marcus runs past hammocks. An outhouse. Outdoor shower constructed with bamboo sticks.

Down the backside steps lead to a maze of winding huts, connected by stick bridges.

Marcus moves down a thin frilled path, past a swollen rotund rock made of limestone. At it's end a hexagonal stone tower, topped with banana leaves.

INT. STACY'S BUNGALOW - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A fire flickers. Everyone sits in bamboo chairs along a wooden table. Vernon wipes the brim of his drinking glass with a cloth.

VERNON

What exactly is this?

STACY

It's called sorrel.

VERNON

And the food?

STACY

Salt fish and achy.

Vernon shoves food into his mouth, he spits it out quickly.

STACY

What?

VERNON

Peppers.

STACY

So?

VERNON

I hate peppers. Make my face swell up.

STACY

Vern I believe you're part bitch.

Trey raises his hand.

STACY

Go on.

TREY  
Is this our new home?

STACY  
Yeah.

KEITH  
No beds. No tv's. No video games.  
This place sucks.

STACY  
You want to go back to Oregon?

KEITH  
Yeah.

STACY  
Don't let me stop you.

Keith looks out into the surrounding darkness.

STACY  
Tomorrow I'm heading to Kingston.

VERNON  
And what am I supposed to do?

STACY  
You can play with the kids honey.

Briggs studies Vernon.

BRIGGS  
Him a batty man?

STACY  
No. But he's a little thick in the  
head.

INT. WAREHOUSE - PORTLAND - NIGHT

John and his klansmen stand on one side of the warehouse,  
armed with shotguns. Tinsley and a group of black men holding  
automatic weapons across the room.

JOHN  
Hope you're not wearing a wire.

TINSLEY  
A bird told me you took some of my  
paper.

JOHN

Maybe you should have that bird  
shot for lyin'. Got no use for fake  
bills.

TINSLEY

What is it that you want from me  
Monroe?

JOHN

I got a couple dogs need to be put  
to sleep. In return we'll transport  
your pepsi free of charge this  
time. Cross country. You'll make  
Frank Lucas look like an amateur.

TINSLEY

What kind of dogs?

JOHN

Two pit bulls. One's got a bad arm,  
the other a bad eye. And three  
chihuahua's. Throw in a black lab  
for good measure.

Both men pilfer lighters, puff cigars.

TINSLEY

That labs been sniffing around my  
property for a while. Why put them  
to sleep?

JOHN

Let's just say...it's the principle  
of the whole thing.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - GATE 41 - NIGHT

Nash stares up at the flight readout. Checks his watch. Dials  
his phone.

NASH

It's Nash...I'm upping the  
price...five hundred K.

Nash hangs up. He notices a little boy staring hard. Voice of  
the BOARDING ATTENDANT blares over the intercom.

BOARDING ATTENDANT

Now boarding flight 459 from Miami  
to Jamaica, first class.

The little boy smiles at Nash. Nash removes the patch over his eye, dead skin is mottled, scary.

The boy cringes, Nash smiles.

INT. ASYLUM NIGHT CLUB - KINGSTON - JAMAICA - NIGHT

Reggae music pumps through the club. The atmosphere is hot, sexy, full of life.

OFFICE

The man known as BLUE, black as night, adorned in gold jewelry, overlooks the club through his large window. Blue's on the phone, speaking in his deep raspy voice.

BLUE  
Murder him. Got a call, irie.

Clicks over.

BLUE  
What a go on?

INT. WAREHOUSE - PORTLAND - NIGHT

Computer. Scanner. Inkjet printer. Printer spits out freshly duplicated bills.

Armed MEN count large money stacks piled on tables. Tinsley stands off to the side on his cell phone.

TINSLEY  
Got a job for you...

INT. ASYLUM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Blue listens.

BLUE  
Yeah...alright. I gon' handle.

Blue hangs up. Lights a spliff. An attractive FEMALE seductively moves toward him. Drops to her knees to do business.

INT. JCF BUILDING - NEW KINGSTON - DAY

POLICEMAN sticks his head through the door of a small office. Chief BUMBA GILL'S on the phone.

POLICEMAN  
Monroe here to see you sir.

CHIEF GILL  
Send him in.

Chief hangs up, the policeman dips out, Stacy walks in.

CHIEF GILL  
Mr. Monroe. Have a seat, have a seat.

Stacy sits.

CHIEF GILL  
What can I do for you?

STACY  
Got a little bit of a hiccup. Could use your help.

CHIEF GILL  
Go on.

STACY  
There's a fella name Nash on his way here to do a job. He ain't the friendly type. Me and him have some history, thought you could help.

CHIEF GILL  
Cuban?

STACY  
No.

The chief leans back in his chair. Lights his cigar. Something about the way he looks rubs Stacy the wrong way.

CHIEF GILL  
You Americans seem to have this stigma about Jamaicans. Maybe we all tote guns, drink red stripe, and walk around with gold lions heads around our necks.

STACY  
Hollywood bullshit.

CHIEF GILL  
There were over 700 killings reported last year alone, many of those drug related. I'm feeling the heat from both political parties and the prime minister.

STACY

I understand. What I really-

CHIEF GILL

I can't be involved with anything  
that slightly resembles a clean  
graft.

Stacy gets it, this guy's of no use. Stacy stands, the chief stands. The chief extends his hand, Stacy takes it reluctantly.

CHIEF GILL

But as you know, everything in  
Jamaica is grey. There is no black  
and white.

Stacy releases his grip. He's out the door.

STACY

Fuckry.

EXT. NORMAN MANLEY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Nash hops into a taxi.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Nash looks at a map.

NASH

Accompongtown.

INT. 4X4 - DAY

Briggs behind the wheel.

BRIGGS

The chief a batty man. You got talk  
to da don.

STACY

Thought he was dead.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Briggs 4x4 approaches the Accompong entrance. He has words with the Rastafarian gatekeeper. Briggs truck rumbles past.

Few minutes later Nash's taxi pulls up. The TAXI DRIVER rolls down the window.

TAXI DRIVER  
Open the gate nuh.

GATEKEEPER  
Can't pass. Gate closed.

The gatekeeper peers through the window at Nash. Nash rolls down the window, hands the man a few bills.

GATEKEEPER  
Respect.

He lifts the pole to open the gate.

EXT. DON'S STOMPING GROUND - DAY

Briggs and Stacy move past tufted outgrowths. A few rough looking THUGS armed with machetes clear away brush.

Small fire smolders. Charred leaves and wood heaped into a pile. Briggs approaches a thug.

BRIGGS  
Come to see da Don.

THUG  
Who dat?

BRIGGS  
Ghostman.

The thug gives Stacy a half convinced once over. Motions for the men to spread their arms and legs, thug pats them down.

THUG  
Come.

The thug leads them up the hill to a large white tent. Two more swollen thugs stand near the entrance armed with AK-47's, machete's.

THUG  
Ghostman to see Don.

SWOLLEN THUG  
Me do no Ghostman.

The smaller thug leans in, whispers in his ear.

SWOLLEN THUG  
Come.



INT. TENT - DAY

The men move through an expansive array of marijuana bushes.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

The men move toward a large rusted building.

INT. DRUG LAB - DAY

The room is jam packed with NAKED WOMEN sporting hair nets and surgical masks huddled over cluttered metal desks.

The women chop methamphetamines. Measure cocaine ounces with scales. One WOMAN in particular eyes Stacy.

DARK ROOM

Dark room lit by black lights. Stacy makes out the statuesque shadows in the darkness. The MOANS and GROANS of sex as they move down a long flight of steps.

TUNNEL

The swollen thug approaches a bony GUARD in front of jacked TV hooked to a long extension cord.

He's playing Madden Football on playstation. Machete on his back, uzi by his side.

SWOLLEN THUG

Ghost here to see Don.

The guard's irritated.

BONY GUARD

Bumblicat ras. Come.

The men begin to follow. The guard waves his uzi in front of Briggs face.

BONY GUARD

Him only.

Stacy follows him down the dank tunnel. He covers his nose as they move past a couple dead bodies.

They stop in front of a door with a enormous gold LION'S HEAD. Two more armed guards man the door.

INT. RED ROOM - DAY

Stacy enters. Red glow illuminates a showy room. Framed pictures of Al Pacino. Castro. Tupac. Bob Marley.

The fluffy carpet leads past a mini bar, black jack table, well shined stripper pole.

A half naked WOMAN dances seductively to reggae music.

Two elongated leather couches man each side of the room. In the center, a man sits in front of an enormous flat screen in a swivel chair, back turned. He's watching a soccer game.

Snake like stream of smoke floats into the air. The chair turns slowly to reveal -- THE DON.

Black drug lord glasses cover his face. The Don's in a Jamaican color jump suit. His facial skin cratered. He smiles, teeth made of gold.

DON  
(Deep crackly voice)  
Ghost.

STACY  
You're still ugly as ever.

The Don smirks.

DON  
Pull a seat right. Respect.

Stacy sits at the mini bar.

DON  
You wan' drink?

STACY  
Jack Daniels.

DON  
Help ya self.

Stacy fishes the mini bar. Pulls a bottle of Jack, pours into a decorative high ball glass.

DON  
Smoke?

STACY  
I'm good.

The Don removes his glasses. Eyes eerily bloodshot.

DON  
You need fava'?

STACY  
Got a cog in my wheel. Thought you  
could help.

DON  
What kind a cog?

STACY  
Fella by the name of Nash. He's  
comin' down here to kill my  
friend's boys.

DON  
Every bad man in Jamaica wan'  
murder me. But dey can fuck wit' I  
and I cause dey know me too strong.  
So dey link up wit police. Drive me  
into da bush.

STACY  
Chief Gill?

DON  
Yeah.

STACY  
Figure somebody from the other  
sides paid him off.

The Don totes his spliff.

DON  
Don't trouble ya self rasta. I'll  
handle it.

Don nods to the stripper.

DON  
In Jamaica man must have a strong  
back.

INT. LOOK OUT TOWER - NIGHT

Stacy and Marcus play a game of MANCALA. Stacy pulls a joint  
out his pocket and lights.

STACY  
(Signing)  
What?

MARCUS  
Can I try?

Stacy's confused. Marcus is talking.

STACY  
Didn't know you could talk?

MARCUS  
I talk when I have something to say.

STACY  
It's called none of your business.

Stacy can't shake his gaze. He hands Marcus the joint. Marcus inhales slowly, has a coughing spell.

MARCUS  
That stuff is nasty.

STACY  
Make you a man.

MARCUS  
I'm already a man. More of a man than you.

STACY  
You're a little runt that talks too much.

MARCUS  
Just cause your bigger than me doesn't make you a man. A man is someone that takes care of his family.

STACY  
You ain't my family.

MARCUS  
My brother was right about you. You're a coward.

Marcus makes his move.

STACY  
And what is it that I'm afraid of?

MARCUS

The man with the eye patch. He's stronger than you.

STACY

I liked you better when you didn't talk.

MARCUS

(Signs)

Maybe you are like your brother.

STACY

Your grandfather's dead son. Bout time you accepted that.

Marcus knocks over the Mancala board. Stands, furious.

MARCUS

(Signs)

I want my necklace back.

Stacy removes the necklace around his neck. Hands it to Marcus. Marcus heads down the stairway, tears in his eyes.

MARCUS

You really are a miserable old man.

Marcus disappears.

STACY

Fuckry.

INT. ASYLUM NIGHT CLUB - KINGSTON - NIGHT

The club is closed. Blue sits at the bar knocking down shots. The girl from the drug lab approaches.

GIRL

Seen a white man come upon de mountain. Him a talk to Don.

Blue reaches into his pocket. Hands the lady a crumpled wad of cash.

BLUE

Go on.

GIRL

Look like ghost.

BLUE

Ghostman. You sure?

GIRL

Yeah.

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

Nash stands on a gravesite. Binoculars focused up the hill on Stacy's bungalow.

INT. LOOKOUT TOWER - NIGHT

Stacy sits in a rocking chair smoking a cigarette. Vernon approaches sucking on a mango.

VERNON

Kids back there cryin' his eyes out.

STACY

He'll get over it.

Vernon sits. They stare out into the darkness in silence.

VERNON

So why do they call you ghost?

STACY

Bout as bad as the rugrats.

VERNON

Humor me.

STACY

Couple years back a young girl came runin' up here scared to death. She was the daughter of a drug lord they call Don. Don was in the midst of a turf war with a dealer from the west side, fella called Blue. When Blue's guys came over the hill I gave them a piece of my mind.

VERNON

I'm guessing that means you put holes in them. Then what?

STACY

Then I went back to the states. Missed the next two summers. When I came back, people started calling me ghost.

VERNON

You're going to have to practice  
patience with those boys.

STACY

Patience is a waste of time.

VERNON

There's more to life than being  
tough.

STACY

Like what?

VERNON

That kid back there needs a father.

STACY

That's what they have you for.

VERNON

You never lose by loving. You  
always lose by holding back.

EXT. HILLSIDE - WOODS - NIGHT

Nash moves up the hill toward Stacy's bungalow. He stops,  
looks down, aims his flashlight.

A thin wire runs across his boots.

Nash follows it. The wire runs through the underbrush up the  
base of a tree. Following -- the wire attaches to a fixed  
wooden pulley. At the axel, a well sized METAL axe.

INT. TENT - BOYS HUT - NIGHT

Keith shines his flashlight in Trey's face.

TREY

Stop it.

KEITH

(Whispering)  
We're leaving.

EXT. STACY'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The boys round the corner to find Stacy comfortably  
entrenched in the hammock.

He's reading *Kids, Parents, And Power Struggles.*

STACY

Soon as you make it down the hill  
hit a left. That'll take you into  
town. Doubt you find a ride this  
time a night, so you'll have to  
walk. Good luck.

INT. STACY'S BUNGALOW - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy sits at the table with the boys. They look jolted.

STACY

You boys lack respect. When I was  
growin' up you did as you're told.

KEITH

Yeah but you're not our father. You  
said it yourself. That's why you  
made my brother cry.

STACY

Your brother's weak.

Stacy scorches Marcus with his eyes.

KEITH

Vernon told us about your son. How  
he died cause a snag came off a  
line and killed him. Then your wife  
left you.

STACY

Mind your trap son.

KEITH

He even told us how you lost your  
arm in that chainsaw accident. He  
feels sorry for you but I don't.  
Cause you like being miserable.

Stacy's face turns red. He stands.

STACY

Now you're going to shut that hole  
in your face and go to bed.

KEITH

Or what? You going to kill me like  
all the other men. You're a killer,  
and a liar. But the internet don't  
lie. I googled you. Purple heart.  
Distinguished service cross. Silver  
star. Lonely hero.



Stacy rushes Keith, grabs him by the neck, yanks him out of his chair. He pushes Keith against the wall.

STACY  
You got a hell of a mouth on you  
boy. Maybe I should wash it out  
with soap.

KEITH  
Maybe you should. Or why don't you  
just call me a nigger. Cause that's  
what I am to you right?

Keith's words penetrate like an ice pick. Stacy slowly releases his grip.

STACY  
Go to bed. All of you.

The boys don't budge.

STACY  
Now!

They fly off. Stacy stands in the middle of the room. Searches. His eyes settle on a bottle of JACK DANIELS on a small coffee table.

EXT. STACY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Stacy swings in the hammock fast asleep. Empty bottle of Jack on the ground. Book on his chest.

VERNON (O.S.)  
Monroe!

INT. BOY'S HUT - DAY

Stacy and Vernon stare into the empty tent.

EXT. ACCOMPONGTOWN ROAD - DAY

Stacy, Vernon, and Briggs move through a large crowd. Pockets of villagers shout and give praise.

Leafy dancers give a cultural demonstration.

A Man shakes on the ground, caught by the spirit as men beat on djembe drums.

VERNON  
What's going on?

BRIGGS

Today is Cudjoe's birthday.

VERNON

Who the hell is Cudjoe?

BRIGGS

Every January 6 the town give praise to him. He helped the Maroons gain de independence from the British.

VERNON

Where are we going?

BRIGGS

To see the colonel.

INT. COLONEL'S BUILDING - DAY

Stacy exits the colonel's office peeved. Vernon and Briggs stand by the reception desk.

VERNON

What happened?

STACY

He won't help us.

VERNON

What do we do now?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Three trucks move toward the gate full of rugged GANGSTERS armed with machetes and automatic machine guns. They're met by the gatekeepers. The truck slows.

Gunshots CRACKLE. The gatekeepers riddled with bullets. The truck crashes through the gate. Moves up the road.

Locals walking roadside notice, these are out of towners. A TEENAGE BOY takes off down the hill.

EXT. PEACE CAVE - DAY

Stacy approaches an ungainly old man whistling into a large sea shell horn. They talk for a minute, Stacy disappears in the cave.

DOWN THE HILL

Vernon paces. Briggs sits on a rock checking his cell phone.

VERNON  
What's he doing?

BRIGGS  
Figure him making peace wit  
himself.

VERNON  
Making peace with himself. We don't  
have time for this shit.

BRIGGS  
End of the first Maroon war wit da  
British colonel Guthrie and colonel  
Cudjoe sign a blood broda peace  
treaty in dat cave.

VERNON  
What's that got to do with him?

BRIGGS  
In Jamaica we have a sayin'. Go  
foward. Means no goin' back. If da  
bad man got hold of de children,  
he'll find him.

VERNON  
They could be anywhere. This is  
ridiculous.

BRIGGS  
Calm yourself.

Briggs stands, moves to a bush. Urinates. He glances over his  
shoulder at Vernon suspiciously.

VERNON  
Alright, what's your deal?

BRIGGS  
Me no have no deal batty man. Just  
stay your side right.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Kids clap and sing. They seem happy.

INT. VAN - DAY

The three boys sit next to each other. Scared. Nash behind  
them in the back seat on his phone.

INT. VERNONIA CHRISTIAN CHURCH - OREGON - DAY

Black church. Tinsley stands at the pulpit giving his sermon. John and Fancy sit in the front row. Fancy's wearing dark sunglasses, her lip swollen.

TINSLEY

...Today's word is penitence. Can I get an amen.

CONGREGATION

Amen.

John's cell phone rings.

INT. VAN - JAMAICA - DAY

NASH

I got em.

JOHN (V.O.)

Fantastic. Knew you were the man for the job.

NASH

Gonna cost ya.

JOHN (V.O.)

How much?

NASH

One million.

INT. VERNONIA CHRISTIAN CHURCH - OREGON - DAY

John walks down the aisle, receiving a couple sour looks from black members of the congregation.

JOHN

Don't you think that's a little unreasonable?

NASH (V.O.)

I can always let them go.

JOHN

A friend is someone that has the same enemies you have.

NASH (V.O.)

We ain't friends.

Click. John stares at the phone. He stops, turns, heads back down the aisle.

The choir begins to sing "OH HAPPY DAY". John takes his place at the pulpit next to Tinsley.

John's clapping and singing enthusiastically. They embrace each other, sharing fake smiles.

TINSLEY

Last time I do your racist ass a favor.

JOHN

Go fuck yourself.

John steps to the podium. The choir simmers to a low hum.

JOHN

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures. He leads me beside still waters. He restores my soul...

INT. PEACE CAVE - DAY

Stacy sits on a rock. Slices across his good arm with his sharp metal hook -- BLOOD DRIPS.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - JAMAICA - DAY

The school bus rushes up the mountainside. The van races in the opposite direction. The two vehicles turn individual bends. The slinky road thins, leads to a sharp curve.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

School girls play patty cake.

INT. VAN - DAY

Marcus and Trey have their heads bowed in prayer. Keith crosses his arms, stares out the window.

INT. DON'S STOMPING GROUND - RED ROOM - DAY

Don dials on his cell, teenage boy in front of him.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

The van and the school bus approach the sharp curve. Each driver HONKING. Too late. Too much speed. They turn...

SCHOOL BUS

The BUS DRIVER'S eyes grow wide.

BUS DRIVER

Rasclat!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Both vehicles swerve. The road's too thin. BOOM! The van clips the front side of the bus, smashes head on into the rocks. The bus topples end over end down the mountain.

EXT. STACY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

The gangsters unload. Swarm toward the bungalow.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Stacy, Briggs, and Vernon walk down a path.

VERNON

Why don't we just call the police?

STACY

You ain't in Kansas no more  
Dorothy.

VERNON

Those boys lives are in our hands.

Stacy whirls.

STACY

I didn't want no part in this.

VERNON

Loretta left cause she couldn't  
understand me. Helen left you cause  
you don't have a loving bone in  
your body.

STACY

Loretta left cause you got no  
balls.

Vernon punches Stacy in the face. Stacy gives Vernon his death stare. He spits blood.

STACY

There you go. Grow a pair.

Stacy and Briggs move down the hill.

VERNON

Asshole.

INT. SCHOOL BUS -DAY

School girls bodies are lifeless. Bloodied. The bus driver's face smashed to pieces.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Steam rises from the van's engine bay. It's front mashed. Windshield shattered.

INT. VAN - DAY

A long sharp piece of glass lodged deep into the shuttle drivers forehead. Keith groggily wipes a trickle of blood from his eyes.

He notices Trey hunched over the head rest of the passenger seat, crying. Keith leans over, pulls his brother toward him. Trey SCREAMS.

TREY

My arm!

Keith notices a bone protruding out of Trey's lanky arm. He takes off his shirt, wraps the shirt around Trey's arm.

KEITH

Marcus.

Keith searches, looks toward the rear. One of Nash's pointy red Hornback's draped over the back seat. The rest of his body in the trunk.

Keith moves to the back. Nash trembles, spits blood, covered in glass chunks. His face unrecognizable.

KEITH

Marcus.

Keith opens the van door. The boys hop out. They notice Marcus's slight frame twisted on the ground several feet from the van.

EXT. STACY'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - DAY

GANGSTER with a prickly mohawk on his cell phone.

MOWHAWK GANGSTER

Yeah...him long gone.

EXT. STACY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

The gangsters walk toward the trucks. All of a sudden a small army of tribal looking men appear over the hill.

They're armed to the tee with weapons. Zip guns. Muskets. Spears. Wooden bows. These guys are ready for war.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Stacy, Briggs, and Vernon move up the pathway.

They notice the toppled bus. Men run up the hill carrying DEAD SCHOOL GIRLS.

VERNON

Hell.

The men hustle toward the bus. Local MAN hands Stacy a body.

STACY

What happened?

LOCAL

Murderous mashup.

Stacy moves up the hill. Vernon and Briggs behind him, each with a limp body. They reach the top of the hill.

A local WOMAN recognizes her daughter in Stacy's arms. She's hysterical as she grabs her baby from Stacy.

He scans, notices two men arguing next to the van.

Stacy follows the streaky blood trail speckled over the pebbles. Blood mixes with oil and glass.

Stacy's face becomes flushed. He looks at the amethyst gemstone necklace in the man's hand.

Stacy snatches it from his grasp.

STACY

Where did you get this?

The VILLAGER flicks open a rusty butterfly knife. Stacy reaches behind his back, pulls out his large rambo cutter. The man lowers his knife.

VILLAGER

Found it lyin' by de van.



Stacy storms off. As he moves through the crowd he's stopped by a dark skinned man with deep sunken eyes. The man points up the hill.

MAN

War up on da hill. At your home.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Briggs 4x4 streaks toward the top of the hill. All of a sudden it's front dips. Stuck. The men exit. Front wheel caught in a pot hole.

A blaring RAUCOUS. Stacy stares up the hill.

STACY

(To Vernon)

You stay here.

Stacy moves. Vernon's stuck between going with Stacy and staying with Briggs.

BRIGGS

Go on batty man, go on.

TOP OF THE HILL

Stacy and Vernon reach to notice the maroon warriors firing behind trucks at Stacy's bungalow. The gangsters fire back, pinned inside. The men dip behind a truck next to a MAROON.

MAROON

Ghost. Bad man come here to kill ya.

STACY

Who sent them?

MAROON

Duno.

STACY

Who sent you?

MAROON

Don.

The maroon stands. Pulls back his long bow and releases. ARROW catches a gangster in the neck.

Mohawked gangster fires his AR-15. The maroon drops to the ground. Stacy moves behind the trucks.

Couple maroons scattered, fire from the cement safehouse.

Stacy takes off for the safe house, weaves. Bullets fly past him. He makes it, disappears into the building.

Vernon darts, stumbles over rocks. A maroon notices he's in trouble, gives cover. Vernon makes it.

INT. CEMENT SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Vernon stands in the doorway. Stacy's staring at an abundance of guns tacked to the wall. Revolvers. Semi-autos. Double barrel flint-lock pistols.

Stacy removes a .38 special made of stainless steel. He straps a Thompson center encore rifle to his back.

Opens a file cabinet. Small tubs each labeled with calibers. Stacy pockets .22 rimfires, cartridges.

STACY

You should head down the hill. This is man's work.

VERNON

Been a cop forty two years. I can deal.

STACY

Fired your pistol once. Dogs don't count.

VERNON

Go to hell.

STACY

Plan to.

Stacy storms out. Vernon stares at the guns.

VERNON

Nutcase.

EXT. CEMENT SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Stacy takes refuge behind a stack of cinder blocks. He unstraps the Thompson rifle, peers through the sight.

STACY'S BUNGALOW

Couple gangsters move about. The rifle swims to the gangster behind the outhouse. Another posted in the bamboo shower.

Stacy takes a minute -- been a while.

Vernon takes his place next to him, armed with a 12 gauge pump action shotgun. Stacy scowls.

Vernon looks through the gaps in the cinder blocks -- FIRES. Gangster by the outhouse gets it in the stomach.

Stacy aims -- FIRES. Gangster in the shower drops. Gangsters fire back.

A stream of bullets pelt the cinder blocks. Stacy reloads.

VERNON

If I die I'm coming back from the dead to kill you.

STACY

Said you could deal so deal.

Vernon takes off, runs into open ground. He fires, jamming the pump after each shot. No fear. No hesitation.

Stacy rises, picks off four gangsters in a row. *These are bad ass old men.*

INT. STACY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Three gangsters scatter around the dining room. Firing. Shell casings and gun smoke everywhere.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Stacy appears. Lifts the .38, gives the men the business. He hops through the window, moves to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Gangster rises from behind the stone cooking counter. Stacy delivers slugs into his chest.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Stacy moves over the connecting bungalow bridges, enraged. Gangsters drop like flies. Stacy fires till his .38 CLICKS.

Out of bullets. Stacy tosses the .38, removes the Thompson rifle from his back.

Bullet grazes Stacy's shoulder. Blood seeps through his shirt. Stacy looks up to notice -- the MOHAWK GANGSTER aiming his semi-auto at him.

The gangster smiles, Stacy's in the open. Deer in headlights.

HUT

A piercing WHUMP. The spiky head gangster crashes against the wall. Egg sized hole in his side, the flesh ripped open. He looks up into the window of the hut.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Vernon stands, eyes behind his shotgun.

HUT

Stacy enters the hut, rifle drawn. The gangster shakes violently on his back.

STACY  
Who sent you?

The mowhawk gangster smirks, Stacy fires into his leg. The gangster SCREAMS.

STACY  
Who sent you?

MOWHAWK GANGSTER  
Me no fear death.

STACY  
Alright tough guy.

Stacy throws down the rifle, pulls out his rambo cutter and kneels. Stacy nicks the gangster's throat, moves the knife to the gangsters private area.

VERNON (O.S.)  
Always forgive your enemies. But  
never forget their names.

Stacy gives the gangster his death stare.

STACY  
Me and him don't think alike. So  
you better start talkin'.

The gangster whispers through his blood stained teeth. Stacy can't hear, moves in closer.

The gangster drops his head. On his last breath.

MOWHAWK GANGSTER  
Blue...

INT. LOOKOUT TOWER - LATER

Stacy and Vernon watch as the remaining gangsters trickle down the hill followed by the maroon warriors.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Two gangsters run over a faulty leaf trap, fall inside.

LEAF TRAP HOLE

The gangsters bodies punctured by long sharp wooden stakes.

WOODS

GANGSTER trips a wire. Razor sharp axe head swoops down, right into the side of the gangster's cranium.

GANGSTERS run. Land mines EXPLODE. Body fragments everywhere.

FIELD

The maroon warriors cheer, do victory dances.

INT. LOOKOUT TOWER - DAY

Stacy paws his chest with a pain riddled face.

STACY

Vern...

VERNON

Yeah.

STACY

Think I...think I need to go the hospital.

Stacy slumps to the floor.

VERNON

STACY!

INT. CORNWALL HOSPITAL - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Blood pressure monitor BEEPS. Small tables full of bloody cartilage scissors. Scalpels. Autoclaves. Catheter forceps.

Doctors huddled over two examination tables. Repulsive tubes run through Nash and Marcus. Oxygen masks over their faces. Their bodies sliced open.

INT. CORNWALL HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Vernon sits in front of Keith and Trey. Trey's arm in a sling, Keith's head wrapped with medical tape.

Both cut and bruised.

KEITH

If my brother dies I'm gonna kill him.

VERNON

Come again?

KEITH

Bunyan. I'm gonna kill the bastard.

There's a long guilty beat.

VERNON

Don't talk like that.

DR. EVELYN GREYSON, late 50's, dainty good looks, approaches. Vernon stands.

VERNON

How is he?

DR. GREYSON

He suffered a mild heart attack. Couple days rest and he'll be back on his feet.

VERNON

Good luck with that. What about the boy?

Dr. Greyson looks at the Keith and Trey.

DR. GREYSON

Come with me.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

They move into the hall.

DR. GREYSON

Both his lungs collapsed. His vertebrae broken in three places. And his spleen is severely damaged. Even if he survives the surgery, which is fifty-fifty, he may never walk again.

Vernon paces.

VERNON

Dear God.

DR. GREYSON

Good news is he's a fighter. Best thing you can do is stay calm and wait.

Vernon stares through the glass window into the waiting room at Keith and Trey.

STACY

What about Nash?

DR. GREYSON

Couple broken ribs. He's bruised but he'll live.

INT. STACY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Stacy lies in bed reading a newspaper, Vernon walks in.

VERNON

How you feelin'?

STACY

Useless. How's the boy?

VERNON

Recovering nicely.

Stacy gives him his death stare.

VERNON

Hell...he's in a bad way. Doc said it's fifty, fifty.

STACY

Fuckry.

Stacy sits up, glances at his sewn up shoulder, then climbs out of bed as Dr. Greyson walks into the room.

DR. GREYSON

What are you doing?

STACY

What's it look like?

DR. GREYSON  
You have to stay in bed.  
(To Vernon)  
Tell him he has to stay in bed.

VERNON  
No use.

Stacy heads for the door.

DR. GREYSON  
Where are you-

STACY  
Don't get your panties ruffled.

He's gone. Dr. Greyson rubs her hand to her forehead.

DR. GREYSON  
That man's impossible.

VERNON  
He mentioned you dated for two  
years?

She shoots him a cold look.

DR. GREYSON  
One and a half, and it was like  
dating a child.

She storms out.

HALLWAY

DR. Greyson moves down the hall.

STACY (O.S.)  
Doc.

She turns to notice Stacy resting against the wall, weary.  
Greyson massages her temple.

DR. GREYSON  
Why do I seem get a migraine every  
time your around?

STACY  
I have that effect on people. I  
could use my clothes. Sponge bath  
wouldn't hurt.

She glares at him, annoyed.



INT. MARCUS'S ICU ROOM - LATER

Stacy stands bedside in his street clothes. Marcus lies unconscious hooked to catheters, sucking from his oxygen mask. His blood pressure monitor BEEPS. Heart monitor dips.

Stacy grows nervous. For the first time he's broken and weak.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the amethyst gemstone necklace, drapes it around his neck.

His cell phone RINGS.

INT. SOCIAL SERVICE BUILDING - PORTLAND - DAY

Diana sits at her hunky desk on the phone. She's staring at Stacy's profile on the computer.

DIANA

Mr. Monroe it's Diana. How are the boys?

INT. MARCUS'S ICU ROOM - DAY

Stacy stares at Marcus, coughing.

STACY

They're...they're fine.

DIANA

Great. I'll be stopping by next week to check in.

STACY

Sounds good.

DIANA

Alright. See you soon. Take care.

Stacy hangs up, looks up at the ceiling.

STACY

Know me and you ain't been on friendly terms. But I'm asking a pass on this one. Let the boy live you wretched son of a bitch.

INT. NASH'S ICU ROOM - DAY

Nash's head is heavily bandaged, his face masked. Nash's good eye blinks open. Wanders.

Stacy stands at the foot of the bed.

STACY  
Can you hear me?

Nash nods slowly.

STACY  
Soon as you can walk we're gonna  
settle.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Stacy exits to find Keith staring at him in the hall.

KEITH  
What did you say to him?

Stacy tries to move past him. Keith kicks him in the shin,  
punches him where the sun don't shine. Stacy hunches over.

KEITH  
From now on you stay away from us.  
If you don't, I'll kill your honky  
white ass.

Keith storms off. Dr. Greyson moves past Stacy.

DR. GREYSON  
Hope you're a better father than  
you are a lover.

INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Dr. Greyson sits at a table playing cards with Keith and  
Trey. She glances across the room at Stacy and Vernon. Stacy  
reads a newspaper.

Front page article ACCOMPONGTOWN WAR. Vernon wolfs down  
hospital food.

VERNON  
How'd you let that firecracker go?

STACY  
Caught her folding my undies.

VERNON  
Ain't that a crime.

STACY  
Woman don't fold a man's undies  
less she plan on setlin'. Told her  
the rules when we met.

VERNON

I'd let her fold my undies.

STACY

Doubt that.

VERNON

Even a self centered prick like you needs a good woman. Hell, you barely know how to butter toast.

STACY

Why don't you just get to the point.

VERNON

Fine. You got a half dead kid fighting for his life. His brother wants to rip your testicles to shreds. A beautiful woman that can't stand your guts. And a social worker on your ass cause she thinks you're a condescending racist.

STACY

So?

VERNON

So what is it with you and Nash. And don't jerk me.

Stacy removes his reading glasses, sets down the paper.

STACY

Summer of seventy six...

INT. CHURCH - NORTH CAROLINA - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 1976

Nash dressed in a tuxedo stands next to his glowing BRIDE. He lifts the veil to notice...TEARS streaking down her face.

She lifts her hand to Nash's jaw line. Strokes softly. Takes off down the aisle. Spectators GASP.

EXT. STACY'S HOME - VERNONIA - OREGON - DAY

Nash's bride plants marigold's in a garden. She's wearing a large floppy flower hat. She notices two cowboy boots out the side of her eyes. She glances up to see --

STACY (V.O.)

Don't take pride in stealin' a man's wife. Especially your best friends. But love don't know no better.

Stacy hands her a tall glass of lemonade. She smiles, stands. Removes her hat, plops it on Stacy's head.

They share a laugh, then lovingly kiss.

EXT. STACY'S HOME - ROAD - NIGHT

Nash stands across the street watching Stacy and his bride through a window. Rifle in his hands.

INT. STACY'S HOME - NIGHT

Stacy and the bride kiss over the baby. Door swings open, Nash bursts into the room, rifle drawn, filled with rage.

The bride SHRIEKS. Nash moves swiftly. Tip of his rifle barrel touch's Stacy's forehead.

NASH

Give me one good reason.

Stacy looks at the baby, back to Nash. Nash flips the rifle, cracks Stacy in his dome with the butt of the gun.

Stacy drops. Nash snatches the baby from his bride's arms -- They tussle. He sets the crying baby on the dining table.

Grabs his bride by the neck, pushes her against the wall, rifle to her face.

He wants to kill her so bad he can taste it. Nash slowly releases his grip. Turns the rifle on the baby.

BRIDE

No!

She lunges. Nash strikes her across the face with the rifle.

She falls to the floor, out cold. Nash paces. Baby WAILS in his arms. He stares down at Stacy and his bride sprawled across the floor, unconscious.

Nash sets the baby and the rifle on the dining room table.

He lights a cigarette -- Tick. Tick. Tick.

He removes a nickel plated Beretta from his waistline, staring at the baby.

Stacy eyes his rambo cutter on a corner table. He crawls to it behind Nash.

Stacy's shaky hand clasps the knife just as Nash stands. Nash aims the Beretta at the baby. Finger on the trigger. Begins to pull when --

Stacy slices across Nash's neck from behind with the rambo cutter. Blood spews. Nash falls to the ground.

INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Vernon stares at Stacy, stunned.

STACY

Baby never looked like me. She was always tight nit at the mouth.

VERNON

So you took his girl and his son.

STACY

When Calib died Teresa couldn't handle it. She hated the woods. Hated me even more. Came home from work one day and she was gone.

VERNON

Know the feeling.

STACY

Hell if you do. I took a man's family. Had a son he never met. I would kill me too if I was him.

Dr. Greyson stares at her pager. She stands, heads for the doors. Stacy runs toward her.

STACY

Doc?

DR. GREYSON

It's Marcus.

INT. MARCUS'S ICU ROOM - DAY

Marcus's heart monitor BEEPS rapidly. Two NURSES remove sensors stuck to his body.

DR. GREYSON

Clear.

Dr. Greyson applies shockers from the heart defibrillator to Marcus's chest as he shakes violently. Eyes rolled up in the back of his head.

Stacy, Vernon, and the boys stand in the hall watching through the window. Trey and Keith cry.

NURSE

B.P. is 58 over 30. Pulse at 150.

DR. GREYSON

Clear.

Dr. Greyson shocks his small frame again.

DR. GREYSON

Increase lidocaine two percent.

She shocks again. Marcus's chest heaves.

DR. GREYSON

300 mg of amiodarone.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Vernon paces nervously with a cup of coffee. Stacy sits in a chair thinking hard.

He glances up at Briggs sitting next to the boys.

Dr. Greyson walks in. Judging by her facial expression Stacy already knows.

STACY

No.

DR. GREYSON

He went peacefully-

STACY

*NO!*

Stacy takes off down the hall, pulls out his cell, dials.

STACY

...You're a dead man.

EXT. WOODS - VERNONIA - SAME TIME - DAY

Bulldozer clears away debris. Loggers dig into the ground with shovels. John stands off to the side on his cell phone.

JOHN

Stacy?

CLICK. John stares at the phone.

LOGGER (O.S.)

Hey Johnny I think we got somethin'.

John walks over to his men standing over the deep hole in the ground. He peers down.

The Logger brushes away the dirt from a small tin lunch box.

JOHN

Open it.

The logger opens. Nothing but dirt.

JOHN

Keep diggin'.

INT. CORNWALL REGIONAL - NASH'S ICU ROOM - DAY

Stacy flies through the door. Nash's lone eye meets him. Stacy walks to the bed.

STACY

Time to settle.

INT. BRIGGS 4X4 - NIGHT

Briggs drives with Vernon and the two boys in the front cab.

VERNON

Where we going?

BRIGGS

Don't worry yourself batty man.

INT. STACY'S CEMENT SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Stacy and Nash stand in front of the gun display. Nash's face brutally cut up. Blood still fresh. Nash notices --

HIS NICKEL PLATED BERETTA. Stacy kept it. Nash removes the Beretta from the wall.

Stacy takes down a single action revolver.

EXT. PEACE CAVE - NIGHT

Both men trek up to the cave, Nash limping.

The moon shines brightly.

STACY

Your call.

Nash lifts the voice box to his neck.

NASH

Gun slinger style. Ten steps.

INT. PEACE CAVE - NIGHT

Nash and Stacy stand back to back. The moon's light seeps into the darkness of the cave.

They pace in opposite directions, counting steps, guns drawn.

EXT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - NIGHT

Briggs 4x4 pulls into an expansive driveway. Armed thugs stand at the entrance of a large house.

INT. BRIGGS 4X4 - NIGHT

Thugs surround the truck. Machine guns pointed inside. Vernon looks through the front window.

Blue walks down the stairs toward the truck.

BRIGGS

Ras take my gal. She pregnant ya.  
Me no have no choice.

INT. PEACE CAVE - NIGHT

Stacy and Nash stop. Both men turn -- FIRE. They duck behind the rocks. Guns BLARE, cave echoes, bullets skirt.

They position themselves behind rocks. More gunfire.

Both men move in closer, toward a large rock covered in crystals. They reload on opposite sides of the rock.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tinsley, Vernon, Blue, and the boys sit around a long marble dinner table.



Vernon stares at his steak sprinkled with peppers.

TINSLEY

Scotch bonnet...how rude. I forgot  
you don't like peppers.

INT. PEACE CAVE - NIGHT

Stacy SNAPS shut the chamber of his revolver. Nash flips back the safety on his Beretta.

STACY

Shame it had to end like this.  
You're the best trigger man I ever  
seen.

Nash puts the voice box to his throat.

NASH

Felt the same way bout you.

STACY

Calib was a good boy. Always did  
well in school. Yes mam, no sir.  
Never touched drugs. Green when it  
came to woodwork, but he came  
'round eventually.

NASH

The boy dead?

Stacy lowers his head.

STACY

Yeah.

NASH

Your brother's an idiot. Tried to  
pay me with fake bills.

STACY

Sounds 'bout right. Figured you  
wouldn't like him.

NASH

Yeah...what can you do.

Both men rise to their feet, guns trained on each other. A pause draws out between them. The men toss the guns, move around the side of the rock.

Stacy lunges into Nash, puts him on his back. The men grapple. Roll over rocks.

They stand -- circle each other like old school boxers.

Nash strikes Stacy's body using karate style moves.

Then drop kicks Stacy in the chest, sending Stacy to the ground. Nash mounts him -- strikes Stacy's face rapidly with his fists.

Stacy manages to wrap his legs around Nash's neck. He squeezes his thighs together, cutting off Nash's circulation.

Stacy flips him, mounts. He punches Nash in the face repeatedly until Nash's face is covered in blood.

Stacy lifts his prosthetic into the air.

STACY

Give me one good reason.

NASH

Always told you if I was gonna go out. I wanted you to be the one to do it. Knew this day would come.

STACY

You son of a bitch. That little boy is dead cause of you.

NASH

You always said...death comes at just the right time...whether or not your ready for it, it don't wait on nobody. It just comes.

Nash smiles. Those words have Stacy a little shaken.

STACY

That ain't right. That ain't right what you just said.

NASH

So be it. Just kill me.

Stacy lowers his hook.

STACY

Wise man told me...Always forgive your enemies...But never forget their names.

He dismounts Nash, clutching his chest, breathing heavily. He lies on his back.

STACY  
I'm too old for this shit.

NASH  
Pussy.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Vernon chokes as he forces down the pepper steak. Tinsley dials his cell phone.

INT. BUNNY RANCH - NEVADA - NIGHT

A glitzy pink and purple room. John stands in front of a line of scantily dressed women on his cell. The women whisper to each other.

JOHN  
Yeah.

TINSLEY (V.O.)  
I got them. I'll kill them after dinner.

JOHN  
Beautiful.

Click. John lights a cigar, stares at the girls. Moves to a voluptuous black girl with Double D hooters.

JOHN  
What's your name darlin'?

PRECIOUS  
Precious.

John sticks out his arm.

PRECIOUS  
Aren't you the guy that burned that family?

JOHN  
No. I get that all the time. Saw him on dateline. Guess we look alike.

PRECIOUS  
You sure?

JOHN  
My wife's black.

Precious takes his arm.

JOHN  
You are precious indeed.

EXT. PATHWAY - NIGHT

Stacy walks down the path, Nash draped on his shoulder. They stop to rest.

NASH  
You should have killed me.

STACY  
Ain't no honor dyin' in a place  
like that. Bats rip your body to  
shreds.

NASH  
I meant in seventy six.

STACY  
Men like us don't die easy. God  
keeps given the devil a pass.

Stacy's cell phone rings. He looks at the caller ID. TXT  
MESSAGE: TRBLE. 149 PINE ST. HRY. VN.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - LATER

Vernon eases his phone back into his pocket. His face  
hideously SWELLED.

TINSLEY  
What happens if you lie?

TREY  
The black birds will come and pick  
out your eyes.

Tinsley looks at Blue, they share a laugh.

TINSLEY  
Alright you're first.

TREY  
Do you believe in God?

TINSLEY  
Of course. You believe in God don't  
you Blue?

BLUE

Yeah man.

TINSLEY

Vernon. Do you believe in God?

Vernon just stares.

TINSLEY

Uh oh. I don't think Vernon's a believer. We have to convert him. Especially with a face like that. He's going to need all the help he can get.

INT. STACY'S CEMENT SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Stacy piles an army of guns into two gym bags.

STACY

Can you manage?

NASH

Kiss me in the mouth while you're at it grandma.

INT. STACY'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Stacy weaves through traffic, Nash next to him. He's driving like a maniac.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Blue and Tinsley are laughing it up. Tinsley rests his cell phone on the table.

TINSLEY

I like these boys. Shame I have to kill them.

Keith and Trey squeamishly stare at Vernon.

VERNON

Remember when we were on that field. Those white kids kicking our face in.

TINSLEY

Yeah. Stacy rolled up with a bb gun.

VERNON

That's right. Son of a grand wizard  
saving two black kids. Imagine  
what's going to happen to you  
should you harm these boys.

TINSLEY

You know...you've been trying to  
lock me up for years. I think I'll  
kill you first.

EXT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Stacy and Nash look through binoculars. Three armed thugs  
talk at the front entrance.

NASH'S POV

Binoculars move up to a second floor patio. More thugs  
involved in a crap game.

Five more congregate in the back yard next to a luxurious  
swimming pool.

Nash speaks without the voice box.

NASH

(Raspy voice)  
Too old for this shit.

Stacy grins.

STACY

Pussy.

Nash opens one of the gym bags. Pulls out a semi-auto Barrett  
sniper rifle. Attaches the silencer.

NASH

Alright...let's have some fun.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

VERNON

Think it's about time.

Blue stands. Aims the .45 at the boys. Trey quickly raises  
his hand.

TINSLEY

Yes.

TREY  
You have any ice cream?

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Nash's eye to scope. He focuses on one of the thugs on the balcony. BAM! Thug drops.

EXT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - BALCONY - NIGHT

Loud reggae music plays from a bedroom through open patio doors. Two remaining thugs stare at the thug on the ground.

THUG 1  
Him dead?

THUG 2  
Heart attack.

THUG 1  
Wallet.

The thug reaches down, frisks the fallen thugs sides. All of a sudden he keels over. Blood pours from his head. The last thugs frozen.

THUG 1  
Bloodclat.

The thug tries to remove his uzi, catches a bullet in the chest. He falls to his back, dead.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Stacy removes his eyes from the Remington.

NASH  
Nervous?

STACY  
What?

NASH  
Your hook was shaking.

STACY  
Least I can see straight.

NASH  
Go to hell.

STACY  
Plan to.

Stacy straps a satchel over his shoulder, moves down the hill. Nash lifts his Barrett. Aims.

INT. GUARD TOWER - NIGHT

Guard reads a PLAYBOY MAGAZINE, he's wearing a bulky head set. Bullet catches him in the neck. The guard slumps.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Large TUB of vanilla ice cream on the dining room table. Everyone slurps on cones.

TREY

Are you really going to kill us?

TINSLEY

Yes.

TREY

Why?

TINSLEY

Because I'm a bad man. And bad men do bad things.

TREY

But you said you believed in God.

TINSLEY

I do.

TREY

But if you believe in God, that makes you a good man.

VERNON

He lied.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Nash stares through his binoculars. Down the hill, Stacy has made it to the guard gate.

He's switched from rifle to semi-auto. Stacy signs to Nash. Nash removes a hand held grenade from a small metal box.

He pulls the pin and throws.

EXT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Grenade lands next to the group of thugs. They stare at it. BLAM! Explosion. Bodies fly.



INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

TINSLEY  
What was that?

VERNON  
Told you.

TINSLEY  
Go check it out.

Blue leaves. Tinsley moves to a dining cabinet. Runs his hand underneath a shelf full of finely made china. He pulls out a Derringer, turns to Vernon and the boys.

TINSLEY  
Let's go.

EXT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - NIGHT

Pandemonium. Thugs funnel through the front door.

INT. GUARD TOWER - NIGHT

Stacy presses a button. Front gate swings open.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Stacy moves through the gate. Runs toward the house, huffing and puffing. Three guards spot him.

Stacy's M4 BLARES, thugs fall.

Stacy moves up the steps to the front doors. Removes the satchel from his shoulder.

Thug drops to the ground from the balcony above. Aims at Stacy. *WHUMP!* Thug falls. Nash stands behind him, lowers his shotgun, runs up the steps.

NASH  
Now we're even.

STACY  
Took you long enough.

Stacy pulls out two gas masks, hands one to Nash.

Nash straps up, then removes four canister type smoke grenades from his satchel.

NASH  
Green and yellow.

STACY  
Good choice.

Nash tosses the grenades through the front doors.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - HALL - NIGHT

The canisters roll down the hall. Green and yellow smoke filters through the emission holes.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tinsley hustles Vernon and the boys down a flight of stairs. He pulls a light switch.

TINSLEY  
Move that shelf. Help him.

Vernon and Keith push a rickety book shelf out of the way. A large hole has been bored into the cement wall.

TINSLEY  
Get in.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - NIGHT

Stacy and Nash move through the brightly colored fog. Red dots from the thugs auto's lurk in the shadows.

Both men unleash rounds. Gangsters SCREAM. The men move in opposite directions.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stacy enters, thug rises from behind the stainless steel counter. Stacy gives him the business, moves toward a door.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy moves past the dining room table. He notices the TUB of vanilla ice cream.

Thug appears behind him, Stacy doesn't see. BLAM! The thug drops. Briggs stands behind him holding a .9mm.

Bullets rip into Briggs back. He falls to the floor. Stacy unleashes a haze of bullets around the smoke filled room.

Stacy runs over to Briggs, checks his pulse. Briggs is dead.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Tinsley drops out of the small hole. Breaks open an emergency flare. The light illuminates the winding cave.

Vernon and the boys are frozen stiff. They stare up at the ceiling. BATS. Lots of them, cover the walls.

TINSLEY  
Never mind them. Move.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - NIGHT

Nash creeps through the smoky haze.

A deep raspy voice booms out.

BLUE (O.S.)  
You wan' murder.

Out of the smoke -- Blue darts by, slashes Nash across the shoulder with his blade. Nash FIRES in a circle.

Out of bullets, he switches from Mk4 to a FAMAS.

Blue appears behind him, cuts deep across his back. Nash drops to the floor. Gun slides away from him.

Nash crawls to it. Just as he reaches for the gun, Blue's boot tip steps on his hand, crunches the fingers.

He leans over Nash, bandana tied around his face.

Blue wipes the blood from his blade across his shirt. Flips the blade, hands the butt to Nash. Nash takes it.

Blue removes an enormous Boker hunting knife from his waist, gut hooked at the tip. He backs off.

Nash wearily rises to his feet. Both men circle. They swipe at each other, both missing. Blue disappears in the fog.

Nash searches -- Blue charges straight into Nash, drives his blade into Nash's gut. Nash hunches over, falls to the ground. Blue's won.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Stacy pulls himself through a small dirt tunnel.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Vernon and the boys walk in front of Tinsley. Each footstep arouses the bats. Keith picks up a rock, Tinsley doesn't notice, Vernon sees this.

VERNON  
Off my nod.

TINSLEY  
No talking.

VERNON  
Where are we going?

TINSLEY  
Keep walking.

VERNON  
If you don't know where you're going how do you expect to get there?

TINSLEY  
I said no talking.

VERNON  
God is clever but not dishonest.

Vernon turns to him, Tinsley lifts the Derringer.

The bats STIR.

TINSLEY  
First Corinthians one twenty one.  
The foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

VERNON  
God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.  
And God has chosen-

TINSLEY  
The weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

Vernon NODS. Keith throws the rock, hits Tinsley in the face. Tinsley's gun discharges. The bats come alive.

VERNON  
*Run!*

The boys take off as the bats circle over head. Tinsley FIRES. Vernon and the boys dip through an opening. Tinsley chases after.

Before Tinsley can make it several bats swoop down, pick at his head. Tinsley SCREAMS. The bats bite all over his body.

Tinsley drops his gun as he falls to the floor, rolls, he looks up. Two bats land on his face.

TUNNEL

Vernon and the boys run through the tunnel, several bats chasing. They notice the moonlight from an opening ahead.

They run towards it, the bats gaining ground.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Stacy falls into the cave. He can hear Tinsley's SCREAMS.

He runs -- panting hard.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Vernon and the boys spill out of the cave just as the bats streak by overhead. They tumble down the steep incline.

FOOT HILL

Vernon hits his head on a large rock. He lies unconscious. Keith and Trey rise groggily.

Trey tries to shake Vernon awake. Vernon doesn't budge. Keith grabs Trey's shoulder.

TREY

Is he dead?

KEITH

Let's go.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Stacy looks down at Tinsley's dead body. His EYES have been picked out.

A soft YAPPING. Stacy looks into the dark opening ahead. He can barely make out the trickle of moonlight.

The yapping grows louder, then -- A sea of bats streamline out of the opening headed straight for him.

STACY

Fuckry.

Stacy takes off, running as fast as his old legs can carry him. The bats move at the speed of light.

Stacy trips over the rocks, picks himself up and runs, huffing and puffing. He lifts himself to the opening of the tunnel just as the bats reach.

He turns -- FIRES multiple rounds. The bats scatter.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Stacy crawls. One BAT bat still gives chase. The bats mouth open, jagged teeth exposed. It bites Stacy in the ass.

He flips, pained, pins the bat against the wall with his sharp hooked tip. The bat shakes, slumps.

Stacy drags himself through to the end of the tunnel.

BASEMENT

Stacy falls into the basement, spent. He stares into the dark tunnel. A bat flies out, HISSING, mouth open.

Stacy FIRES. The bat drops in front of him, he stomps on the bat angrily.

STACY

Son of a bitch.

EXT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The boys run toward the front gate.

BLUE (O.S.)

Rasclat.

They turn to notice Blue, standing at the front door. Gun aimed at them.

INT. TINSLEY'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy removes Nash's gas mask. Vernon enters, hand to his head. Stacy looks up at him.

STACY

What happened to you?

Nash jerks, spits blood onto Stacy's face.

NASH  
Ain't dead yet.

INT. BLUE'S JEEP - NIGHT

Blue drives with the boys next to him. Scrolls through TINSLEY's cell phone. Stops on MONROE.

INT. BUNNY RANCH - ROOM - NEVADA - NIGHT

John dressed in his undies flips open his cell phone. Precious, half naked, counts money on the bed behind him.

JOHN  
How was dessert?

BLUE (V.O.)  
Tinsley dead. You deal wit me now.

JOHN  
Who's this?

BLUE (V.O.)  
Slum dag. I got de two yut'. Talk to me.

JOHN  
Alright slum dog. How's a cool mil sound to you?

BLUE (V.O.)  
Sound good.

Precious leans into John, kisses him on the cheek.

PRECIOUS  
Thanks daddy.

JOHN  
(To Precious)  
One minute...you were great.

Precious walks out.

JOHN  
Tell you what slumdog. You bring those boys up to Oregon. I'll make you a millionaire.

EXT. SOMEWHERE OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Helicopter hovers over a border patrol boat.

Two black CBP OFFICERS pluck Keith and Trey off a ladder hanging from the helicopter.

Blue hands one of the men a large money roll.

BLUE  
Everyting' safe?

CBP OFFICER  
Irie. Jet wait'n for ya in Miami.

INT. CORNWALL HOSPITAL - EXMINATION ROOM - JAMAICA - NIGHT

Dr. Greyson removes a syringe from Stacy's dimpled butt cheek. She grins.

STACY  
You're enjoying this too much.

DR. GREYSON  
Not as much as that bat.

Greyson turns to Vernon, he's holding an ice pack to his face. Side of his head bandaged.

DR. GREYSON  
Swelling should go down in thirty minutes.

Greyson heads for the door.

VERNON  
Doctor Greyson.

Greyson turns.

VERNON  
Thanks for everything.

DR. GREYSON  
When I come back I want that dog out of my site.

Greyson leaves, Vernon glances at Stacy.

VERNON  
You really got a way with women.

INT. CORNWALL HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Vernon scarfs down hospital food. Stacy stares down at his plate, disgusted.



VERNON  
What's your problem?

STACY  
Face ruined my appetite.

Vernon pours his water bottle over Stacy's food.

VERNON  
Then don't eat.

Stacy notices Nash moving to the table using a walker, looks half dead. Nash plops down next to them.

He reaches across the table, grabs Stacy's plate.

He takes Vernon's knife and fork, smiles at the food, coughs blood. Vernon hands him a napkin.

Nash slowly sticks the wet food in his mouth. He speaks without the voice box.

NASH  
(Raspy voice)  
Hate these fuckin' places. What's the plan?

STACY  
Got one good arm.

NASH  
Got one good eye.

Vernon stares at them, two nuts.

VERNON  
Hell.

EXT. AIRPORT - MIAMI - NIGHT

Blue hustles the boys up the steps of a large private jet.

EXT. BOB MARLEY CAFE - STREET - JAMAICA - NIGHT

Stacy approaches DOMINO, an old man with long dread locks, smoking a cigarette.

STACY  
You Domino?

DOMINO  
Maybe.

Stacy sticks out his closed fist, money inside. The man takes the money, coolly slides it into his pocket.

STACY  
Don sends his regards. Where's Blue?

DOMINO  
Went up to da states.

STACY  
Where?

DOMINO  
Oregon.

STACY  
He got two boys with him?

The old man stares off into space.

Stacy looks around, reaches into his pocket, pulls out more money, hands it to him.

DOMINO  
He got da two yut'. Went to go see a man by name of Monroe.

EXT. JOHN'S BARN - OREGON - DAY

John stands next to Dusty. Taxi pulls up the driveway.

DUSTY  
This fella speak english?

JOHN  
Ebonics.

Blue and the boys step out of the Taxi. John walks over, extends his hand.

JOHN  
You must be slum dog. Pleasure-

BLUE  
Where da money?

INT. JOHN'S BARN - DAY

John sits at the poker table across from Blue, he shuts the briefcase full of fake bills.

JOHN  
Buy a lot of smoke with that ha  
man.

BLUE  
Don't play wit' me ras ya here.

JOHN  
What he say?

DUSTY  
Think you pissed him off.

John pushes the briefcase across the table. Blue takes it,  
but John has hold of the handle.

JOHN  
Now if you could kindly hand over  
the musketeers.

Blue nods to Dusty. He walks over to the boys, grabs them by  
the neck.

DUSTY  
Africoons comin' with me.

Dusty takes the boys through a back door. Blue stands with  
the briefcase. Heads for the barn doors.

JOHN  
There's more where that came from.

Blue turns to him.

JOHN  
My brothers gonna come lookin' for  
me. Could use a man like you.

Blue walks out.

INT. JOHN'S CELLAR - DAY

Dusty loads the chamber of a pump action shotgun. Snaps back  
the fore-end. Aims at the boys.

DUSTY  
Say goodbye ghetto hamsters.

John walks down the steps holding the leashes of two  
ferocious ROTTWEILER'S. They BARK loudly.

JOHN

Dusty I appreciate your dedication  
but we're gonna let the spooks live  
a little longer.

DUSTY

For what?

JOHN

Gotta do it right. Strap them up at  
sun down. Target practice.

Dusty smiles.

DUSTY

Where's the yard ape?

JOHN

Took the money and ran.

John ties the dog leashes to a rusted metal pipe. The  
Rottweiler's jump forward, inches from the boys.

John lights a cigar.

JOHN

Boys this is Kibbles, and that's  
Bits. Friendly, but they can get a  
little tart when hungry.

The boys stare at the dogs, scared to death.

JOHN

Now where's that brother of yours  
huh? Oh that's right, he couldn't  
make the trip.

Dusty laughs, spits tobacco on Trey's shoes. Keith spits in  
Dusty's face. Dusty lifts the shotgun.

JOHN

Settle down. This ones got a little  
spunk to him. Tie em up.

EXT. LAKE OSWEGO - OREGON - DAY

Sea plane glides over water.

EXT. STACY'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Stacy, Vernon, and Nash move past dead farm animals strewn  
about Stacy's property.

VERNON

Looks like the devil paid you a visit.

INT. STACY'S STABLE - DAY

Stacy walks past horse stalls. Every one of his horses dead. As he rounds the bend he looks up to notice...

REGAN'S NAKED BODY, face bloodied, hanging from a rope in the center of the stable. Vernon and Nash turn the corner.

VERNON

Hell.

EXT. STACY'S STABLE - DAY

Cops swarm the property. Chief of police TEX WINTERS, pudgy, moves toward Stacy slumped against his Ford pickup smoking a cigarette. He looks aloof.

WINTERS

Know you and him was close. It'll be handled in the proper manner.

Stacy walks away.

WINTERS

Monroe...shit.

INT. JOHN'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Fancy stands at the sink washing dishes. Her nose bandaged, black ring around her eye.

The kitchen door flies open. Fancy drops a glass on the floor, it SHATTERS.

She turns to see Stacy in the doorway, rifle drawn.

STACY

Where is he?

FANCY

Red line.

INT. RED LINE SPORTS BAR - DAY

John, Dusty, and several klansmen stand at the bar cracking jokes. Their laughing LOUDLY.

JOHN  
...What's black, white, and red all  
over?

DUSTY  
Shoot.

JOHN  
An interracial couple in a car  
wreck.

The klansmen laugh. Stacy enters with Vernon and Nash, they  
walk to the bar.

The klansmen notice. The BARTENDER, a large Grizzly Adams  
type, wipes down glasses.

JOHN  
Well I'll be damned. The one eyed  
bandit decided to join up with  
captain hook.

Nash coughs, spits blood into a cocktail napkin.

DUSTY  
Looks like colonel Stauffenberg's a  
little sick.

JOHN  
Jacky. Give the African and his  
friends a round on me.

NASH  
Don't accept gifts from pussys.

One of the klansmen stands, John eases him back to his chair.  
The bartender sets three beers on the counter.

BARTENDER  
Ain't gonna be no foolishness in  
here fellas. Just got the floors  
refurbished.

JOHN  
Tryin' to be hospitable.

STACY  
Where are they?

JOHN  
Come again?

STACY

You know damn well what I'm talking about. Where are they?

JOHN

Well...as for Alvin and Simon I got no clue. But I'm guesin' Theodore's is up in heaven somewhere singin' the blues.

Stacy picks up a beer bottle, launches the bottle at John's face. John dodges the bottle, it breaks against the wall.

Stacy runs over to the klansmen. Bar fight. Nash and Vernon assist, others join in. The bartender picks up the phone.

EXT. RED LINE SPORTS BAR - DAY - LATER

Chief Winters dips Stacy's head into the back of his squad car. Nash and Vernon stand off to the side. Nash spits blood.

VERNON

Maybe you should get checked.

Nash gives him a hard look.

VERNON

Or not.

NASH

Any ideas?

INT. KATU NEWS STATION - DAY

News reporter MYRA WALTERS is being touched up by her makeup assistant on the set. Vernon approaches.

MYRA

Detective Jenkins. What brings you here?

VERNON

Hello Myra. I was wondering if you could do me a favor...

INT. JOHN'S CELLAR - DAY

John walks down the stairs with two plates. The boys tied to chairs, mouths gagged.

JOHN

You boys must be hungry.

The boys nod.

JOHN

Well...my wife made some barbecue chicken. Know you probably like that. Ain't KFC but it's good. Watermelons for dessert.

John sets the food in front of the dogs. They take to it.

He picks up a bag of DOG FOOD, pours into two bowls. He walks over the boys, puts the dog food in front of their faces.

JOHN

Don't be shy, have at it.

John smirks at Keith's death stare.

JOHN

Alright I'll help you.

John sets Trey's bowl in front of him. He grabs a hand full of dog food. Forces it down Keith's mouth, Keith chokes.

JOHN

There we go. Good boy.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Chief Winters fat fingers clasp around the shank of a tobacco pipe. He's on the phone, looking through a window at a mob of angry people.

WINTERS

Trouble on the horizon.

JOHN (V.O.)

Ain't nothin' I can't handle.

WINTERS

You should consider gettin' out of town.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

John peers through blinds. Crowd of people throw rocks at the house, hold up signs. GET OUT OF OUR TOWN. Picture of JOHN AND HITLER -- MAY THEY ROT IN HELL.

JOHN

Tex my daddy had a sayin'. Winners never quit. And quitters never win.



EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Chief Winters steps outside to address the mob. They're yelling "FREE MONROE. FREE MONROE."

WINTERS

Alright people settle down.

Winters is pelted with stones.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Winters sticks a key into Stacy's holding cell.

WINTERS

Stacy I'm releasen' you. But I'm warnin' ya. This thing with you and your brother is gonna come to an end. Got me?

Stacy walks past him.

STACY

Got you.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Fancy stares through the kitchen window. John hustles the two boys into a pickup truck. Fancy moves to a 50's crosley style wall mounted phone.

INT. VERNON'S CADILLAC - DAY

Vernon behind the wheel, Stacy on his cell. Stacy hangs up.

STACY

He's taking the boys to Military Green.

INT. STACY'S STABLE - TOOL SHED - DAY

Stacy and Nash lock and load rifles. Vernon walks in, stares.

STACY

Ain't in the mood for your God farin' bullshit.

Vernon paces, eyeing both men. Nash spits blood, puts the voice box to his neck.

NASH  
 (With Voicebox)  
 What we're about to do ain't your  
 cup of tea.

VERNON  
 Give me a pistol.

NASH  
 Can he deal?

Stacy gives Vernon his death stare.

STACY  
 He can deal.

EXT. MILITARY GREEN - LANDING - DAY

Yoder. Truck skidder. Tall deck of logs. Large group of  
 klansmen hustle the boys towards the woods.

Dusty holds the leashes of the two rottweiler's. John carries  
 a picnic basket, grabs Keith around the neck.

JOHN  
 Suprise waitin' in the woods for  
 ya.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Stacy's Ford pickup races up the mountain.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

John tacks a card board sign to a tree stump. Words say  
 NIGGER COUNTRY.

The boys strapped to cedar trees. Faces painted black. Their  
 mouths half open, apples stuffed inside.

John removes the apple from Keith's mouth.

JOHN  
 You pigs caused me a lot of  
 trouble.

KEITH  
 You can have the land.

JOHN  
 Ain't old enough for that decision.  
 Besides...

John lights a cigar.

JOHN

...It was never about the land. You people got your equal rights. Drive your fancy cars listening to that monkey music. But you're always complainin'. Now we got a nigger as commander and chief. Not in my country. Not on my watch.

KEITH

Ain't your country.

JOHN

What?

KEITH

I said, it ain't your country devil.

John smiles.

JOHN

You got some balls on you.

John turns. Several klansmen stand in a line, shotguns raised. Trey looks over at Keith.

Tears streak down Trey's face.

KEITH

Look at me.

Trey shivers, looks up at his brother.

KEITH

I love you baby bro.

JOHN

Fire away boys.

Gunshots WAIL.

INT. FORD - TRUCK CAB - DAY

Stacy's cell phone rings.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The boys flinch as bullets WHIZ past them. John stands off to the side on his phone. Round of gunshots CACKLE.

JOHN

...People are always laughing at me. Sayin' the klan's dead. Country's changin'. Way I see it all this I have a dream stuff's for the birds. These boys represent a cancer in our society. Cancer that should be exterminated.

INT. FORD - TRUCK CAB - DAY

Stacy on the phone.

STACY

So much as graze them and I'll stuff that cigar strait up your ass.

JOHN (V.O.)

What kind of a man do you think I am. I'm gonna scare 'em first...then I'll kill them.

STACY

You're good as dead.

Click.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

John motions to the firing squad.

JOHN

Lower your rifles.

John walks over to Keith, he's shook. John unties the cloth holding the apple in Keith's mouth.

Keith spits out the apple.

JOHN

Now. Who's country is it?

Keith doesn't respond.

JOHN

Your little brothers scared to death. You gonna let him die over your ego?

Keith gazes over at Trey. He's crying.

JOHN  
Come on, say it.

KEITH  
It's...it's..it's your country.

JOHN  
Little louder banjo lips.

KEITH  
It's your country.

JOHN  
Very good. Now, say it to my  
friends.

EXT. MILITARY GREEN - LANDING - DAY

Stacy stands on top of a log loader machine. Peers down the hill through his binoculars. He can see the klansmen aiming.

Binoculars shift to the boys strapped to the trees.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The klansmen laugh as Keith screams.

KEITH  
*It's your country!*

JOHN  
Louder.

KEITH  
*It's your country!*

JOHN  
One more time baboon. Then I'm  
gonna let the boys light you up.

Keith stares at Trey. Tears roll down Keith's cheek. He lowers his head, ashamed. Scared. Keith looks up to the sky.

KEITH  
Our father, who art in heaven-

JOHN  
Yeah, yeah. Ain't gonna do you no  
good now.

Out of the corner of his eye Keith notices Stacy, Nash, and Vernon moving down the hill. Keith glances over at Trey.

Keith speaks to him with his eyes.

KEITH

My brother wants to say something.

John takes the apple out of Trey's mouth.

TREY

Can we play the question game?

DUSTY (O.S.)

Johnny you're blocking our view!

John turns to the klansmen.

JOHN

One minute. Guttermonkey wants to play a game.

John turns back to Trey.

JOHN

Alright boy. Make it quick, wife's expecting me for dinner.

TREY

I'm going to ask you a question.  
And you have to answer yes or no.  
Got it?

John smiles.

JOHN

Shoot.

TREY

Do you hate black people?

JOHN

You know, that's a good question.  
I'm a bit misunderstood. See I  
don't-

DUSTY (O.S.)

Damnit Johnny hurry up!

JOHN

Shut your yapper Dusty, boys got a right to ask a question 'for he dies...As I was sayin'. I don't hate all of ya. I actually like your women...

Keith notices the men approaching behind the klansmen. They don't see them.

JOHN

Now. One more time nigger for I  
send you ta hell. That's where you  
all belong anyway. Whose country is  
it?

Keith gives him a fierce death stare. John spits tobacco into his face. Spit oozes down Keith's face.

He looks John dead in his eyes.

KEITH

*It's everyone's country. Obama  
bitch!*

Stacy, Vernon, and Nash UNLOAD. Klansmen fall to the ground.

Some scatter, hide behind trees. John grabs his shotgun, takes off up the hill, Stacy flies after him.

The klansmen fire back. Vernon and Nash duck behind trees.

Nash peers out from behind a tree, lifts his Winchester rifle, picks off three klansmen in a row.

Nash moves, ducks behind trees as bullets pelt into bark. He's got angle on Dusty. FIRES.

Dusty's hand blown to shit. Dusty screams.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Stacy chases John up the hill, both men with shotguns in their hands. Stacy's a little ways behind.

John turns, lifts his rifle, FIRES down the hill. Stacy jumps out of the way as John runs off.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Big BURLY KLANSMAN cracks Nash in the back of his head with his rifle. Nash drops to the ground, loses his rifle.

The Klansman hovers over, aims his rifle, smiles.

Nash entangles the klansman's feet, trips him to the ground. The klansman loses his rifle.

Nash begins to stand, the klansman rushes him. Puts him on the ground.

All of his 350 pounds on top of Nash's slender frame.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Two trucks fly down the muddy road.

JOHN'S TRUCK

John grabs his shotgun, sticks it out the window, FIRES.

STACY'S TRUCK

Stacy's front windshield SHATTERS. Truck swerves. Stacy lifts his shotgun, FIRES at John's tire.

ROAD

One of John's rear tires blows out. Stacy FIRES again, a second tire POPS.

John's truck spins out of control, comes to a stop.

Stacy's truck headed straight for him doing a hard 95 MPH. John lifts his shotgun, FIRES. Stacy ducks in the cab, truck swerves, flies off the side of the mountain.

HILLSIDE

Stacy's truck tumbles violently, rolls to a stop. John peers down from the road above.

EXT. LANDING SITE - DAY

Vernon stands over Dusty, shotgun raised. Dusty's slumped against the yoder, staring at his pulpy bloody hand.

VERNON

Out of bullets?

DUSTY

Come on bush boogy...do it.

Vernon places the tip of his shotgun to Dusty's forehead.

VERNON

A word to the wise ain't necessary.  
It's the stupid ones that need  
advice.

Vernon lowers the rifle.



EXT. WOODS - DAY

Nash and the klansman circle each other. The klansman throws a speckle of dirt in Nash's good eye. Nash is blinded.

The klansman notices, runs toward the shotgun. The klansman aims the shotgun at Nash. Nash still can't see.

BURLY KLANSMAN  
Say goodbye nigger lover.

Nash quickly reaches behind his back, throws a knife, lands square in the klansman's forehead.

The klansman drops to the ground. Dead.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Stacy drags himself slowly away from the truck. He's covered in blood. John steps on Stacy's good hand, crunches his fingers. Stacy screams.

John kicks him in the gut, Stacy rolls over.

JOHN  
Sun's goin' down. Shoot you in the legs, let the coyote's get the best of ya.

STACY  
The words United States of America are printed as a line in the left collar of Ben Franklin's coat. Nash says hi.

JOHN  
Figured one eyed Willy for a hawk.

John shoots Stacy in the leg. Stacy writhes in pain. John pulls a cigar out of his pocket, takes a whiff, lights.

JOHN  
Did you hear the kkk bought the movie rights to roots. They're going to play it backwards so it has a happy ending.

John laughs. Shoots Stacy in his other leg.

JOHN  
Alright...alright. You're going to like this one.  
(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)  
How do you keep black children from  
jumping up and down on the  
bed...put velcro on the ceiling.

John bends down. Ash's his cigar into Stacy's gun shot  
wounds. Stacy SCREAMS.

JOHN  
Last one...what's red and black all  
over?

John stands.

JOHN  
A freshly whipped black.

He stares up at the sky.

JOHN  
Hear that Marcus. You dead son of a  
bitch.

Stacy gives John his death stare.

JOHN  
Why do you care so much bout them  
niggers anyway?

John moves off to the side, unzips his pants. Stacy notices a  
RATTLE SNAKE gliding across the dirt behind him.

STACY  
I'm their guardian.

John smiles, urinates.

JOHN  
Fella said the oddest thing to me  
the other day. Said a man goes up  
to the mountains, while he sleeps  
two snakes approach. One if he  
bites you, you're okay. The other  
you'll die in five minutes. Guess  
which one bit him. Then walked off.  
You know the answer to that riddle?

Stacy grabs the snake by the neck.

STACY  
Yeah...the one closest to him.

Snake RATTLES it's tail. John whirls as Stacy launches the  
snake towards him.

The snake lands between John's legs. Frightened, it bites him in the jewels. John SCREAMS, drops his gun, falls to the ground as the snake glides away.

Stacy drags himself over to John's shotgun. Aims at John, now rolling on the ground. Blood seeping through his pants.

STACY  
Ain't no money on that land. I dug  
it up in '98.

JOHN  
Go ta hell.

Stacy FIRES into John's body. John SCREAMS again.

STACY  
Get some.

Stacy FIRES. Jams the pump after each shot. *Satisfied with every bullet.*

STACY  
That's for Regan.

FIRES.

STACY  
Marcus.

FIRES.

STACY  
The Henderson family.

Stacy crawls on his elbows over to John's body, he's still alive, shaking. Stacy puts the shotgun to John's temple. Whispers in his ear.

STACY  
This one's for me you rotten' son  
of a bitch. See you in hell.

FIRES. John's blood splatters over Stacy's face, seeps over rocks. John looks up at the sky, dead, eyes wide open.

INT. STACY'S HOME - NIGHT

Stacy, Vernon, and the boys sit around the dinner table with their heads bowed.

TREY

...And lord we thank you for Stacy  
and Vernon. And the one eyed  
bandit. And vanilla ice cream. And-

STACY

For cryin' out loud.

TREY

Shhhh. I'm praying.

STACY

Fu-

VERNON

Don't you dare.

Stacy looks at the boys.

STACY

Go on.

TREY

And for my brother up in heaven. I  
love you Marcus. Amen.

VERNON & KEITH

Amen.

Vernon glares at Stacy.

STACY

Amen.

EXT. STACY'S HOME - NIGHT

Keith whittles on the porch with Stacy's rambo cutter. Stacy  
rolls his wheel chair next to him.

STACY

Got somethin' to show you.

Stacy pulls a stack of pictures out a manila envelope. He  
sifts through them.

Keith notices pictures of Stacy with MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.,  
ALI, MALCOLM X, JFK, JESSIE JACKSON.

The last picture is Stacy shaking hands with OBAMA.

KEITH

...Wow.

STACY

Back in the 60's I fought along  
side Dr. King. Spent some time in  
Washington after the war. Tried to  
make a difference.

Keith thinks long and hard.

KEITH

You know what...you're alright.

Keith sticks out his hand. Stacy goes to give him a pound  
with his prosthetic arm.

KEITH

Other hand.

They share a laugh. Stacy switches hands, they pound. Police  
squad cars BLOOP.

Stacy looks up to notice three police cars pulling up the  
driveway, along with Diana Lawry's SUV.

KEITH

What's going on?

STACY

Boys in blue comin' to get me.

KEITH

Why? You're the good guy.

STACY

Things ain't always black and  
white. We're all a little grey son.

Vernon and Trey step outside. Chief Winters and the policemen  
approach.

WINTERS

Stacy. Gotta take you in, you too  
Vern.

VERNON

Understood.

COP slaps hand cuffs on Vernon.

KEITH

My brother would want you to have  
this.

Keith removes Marcus's necklace. He drapes it around Stacy's neck. Smiles.

KEITH

You're a hero in my book.

Winters rolls Stacy's wheel chair down the steps.

WINTERS

Boys will go to the foster home  
till we get things figured out.

Stacy looks at Diana.

STACY

Diana.

Winters helps Stacy into the squad car. Stacy looks at Keith and Trey. They wave, Stacy nods.

EXT. ASYLUM NIGHT CLUB - KINGSTON - JAMAICA - DAY

Blue sits at the bar knocking back shots. Nash takes a seat next to him wearing a fedora hat, sunglasses.

Nash spits blood on to a cocktail napkin. Blue stares at him.

BLUE

I know you broda?

Nash lifts his Beretta, voice box to his neck.

NASH

(With Voicebox)  
Revenge is a cold dish.

Nash FIRES.

EXT. CLACKAMUS COUNTY JAIL - DAY

SUPER: FOUR YEARS LATER

Stacy walks past an electronic gate. Vernon and the boys wait by the car. Trey runs over, gives Stacy a big hug.

STACY

Man you're gettin' big.

TREY

Been working out.

Stacy walks over to Vernon and Keith.

STACY  
Hope two years in the pen toughened  
you up. Married yet?

VERNON  
No.

STACY  
What about you?

KEITH  
Got a girlfriend.

STACY  
Bet she's uglier than Vern.

KEITH  
No. But she's white.

They hop in the car. Drive down the road. The sun sinks  
slowly over the rose colored horizon.

VERNON (O.S.)  
Meant to ask you. What is a batty  
man?

STACY (O.S.)  
Means you prefer banana's over  
peaches. Where we headed?

VERNON (O.S.)  
Church.

TREY (O.S.)  
Can we stop for some ice cream?

STACY (O.S.)  
Fuckry.

FADE OUT.