THE RHINO DISASTER

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE – SUNSET

A group of wealthy young people mingle beneath a bruised sky. Almost every one of them has a drink in one hand, a cigarette in the other. Nobody's dressed like they knew they were going to be anywhere near water.

INT. OWEN'S STUDY – SUNSET

MULLET is standing before a window almost twice as tall as he is. He is watching the party unfurl below. He takes a sip of wine and turns.

MULLET
It's weird. They all love how sick this party is, but how many of them know how it was paid for?

The room regards him from the long glass table at its center. GHETTI is sprinkling weed from what can only be called a mountain into a blunt while OWEN puffs on a joint. Owen shrugs.

OWEN
Who cares? The ones who know aren't gonna do shit and the ones who don't are either wearing miniskirts or chasing them. No need to worry.

MULLET
I'm not worried, I'm just saying.

There's a knock at the door that's to the tune of “Jingle Bells.” Owen looks to Ghetti, who is totally absorbed by his rolling. He then looks to Mullet, who turns back to the window and drinks.

Owen takes another hit and gets the door.

RHINO is there with a goofy grin on his face, a clearly spaced-out MIKE behind him.

RHINO
What's up bro?

Owen sounds as if he's in the middle of passing kidney stones when he responds.
OWEN

What's good?

Rhino claps him on the shoulder and steps into the room. He addresses them all:

RHINO

This is my friend Mike. He's got some good tree we can smoke you up on.

Mike is sending a text while trying in vain to brush dangling threads of hair from his face. Owen observes him and sighs.

We cut ahead: the five of them are sitting at one end of the glass table, passing around a nearly-extinct blunt. Rhino takes a swig of his drink, winces, and turns to Mike.

RHINO

Bro, spark that shit you got.

Mike looks utterly baffled over the fact that he has been addressed.

MIKE

Okay. Yeah.

He lights his own blunt, hits it, and passes to Owen. Owen hits it and instantly scrunches up his face. He exhales and repeats the process with a grimace. He passes to Ghetti.

OWEN

What is that shit?

RHINO

What do you mean?

OWEN

I mean, what did I just smoke?

RHINO

Weed.

OWEN

No, I -

RHINO

I know, I'm only messing. This is some shit Mike got. What's it called?

Mike is once again shocked.
MIKE
Uh, Magnetic Crystal Cobras.

OWEN
Seems a lot more like Mom's Garage Weed.

Mullet exhales.

MULLET
I thought I'd be a lot worse off than this when I came back to weed like this.

Mike looks heartbroken.

INT. DUST'S LIVING ROOM – DAY

Mullet is sitting in a mostly dark room. The blinds are drawn, and the small shards of sunlight that manage to burst through reveal a room coated in a thick layer of dust.

Mullet is in a decaying leather recliner. He's playing a video game, silent despite the headset he wears.

The coffee table in front of him is a testament to the dark place his life has ascended to. It's surface is populated by an open, half-empty bag of chips; several open, empty boxes of over-the-counter cough medications; an open jar, housing a few sorry scraps of weed. The jar rests atop a five dollar bill and two singles.

He eases back in the chair and loosens his grip on the controller, letting out a few soft curses. He lifts a one-hitter from the floor next to him, hits it, and lets out a thin cloud of smoke.

There's a “Jingle Bells” knock at his door.

Mullet stands slowly, stretching a bit as he makes his way to the door and opens it. Rhino stands in the doorway.

RHINO
What's up dude?

He peers over Mullet's shoulder and scans the house's interior.

MULLET
Not much.

He looks at Rhino, indifferent. Rhino looks back, waiting.

RHINO
What are you doing?

MULLET
I've been working on a little project. Pretty busy.

RHINO
Dude, perfect. I came here about a little project.

MULLET
What kind of project?

RHINO
A good one. Are you gonna let me in?

Mullet stands for a moment, considering whether he should reject the offer. But then he glides back into the house, leaving the front door ajar.

INT. MULLET'S KITCHEN - DAY

Rhino is at the kitchen table, leafing through Mullet's envelopes and pills.

Mullet sits on the counter, eating peanut butter with a spoon.

MULLET
So what's this project?

Rhino puts down the stack of mail.

RHINO
Okay dude, here it is. I know a guy whose like the new king of the Creek. Me and him do business, and right now he's offering some kind of crazy deal on H.

MULLET
What kind of deal?

RHINO
The kind that gets you to pay some of these bills. To get you some new sweatpants. Maybe even enough to get you a vacuum. At the very least you'll be able to buy some
real pills, not this high school cough medicine shit. How much do those set you back, anyway?

MULLET
I steal em from Target.

RHINO
I'll take that as accepting the offer. Let's go see him.

MULLET
Right now? I told you I got shit to do.

RHINO
Don't worry. Wal Mart will still be open when we get back.

MULLET
Why don't you just go by yourself?

RHINO
No can do. You're my ride. Go get changed into some shorts or something, it's like ninety degrees outside. I'll be waiting by the car.

INT. OWEN'S STUDY – NIGHT

The party continues beneath the stars. The space in front of the window is empty now.

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Owen and AUGUST are the only ones in the kitchen. They watch each other sip their drinks.

AUGUST
So.

Owen looks at his glass.

AUGUST
I wasn't gonna come tonight.
His eyes ascend from the swaying vodka to her for half an instant before returning to their original target. She takes a mildly vigorous swig of her own drink and puts it down.

AUGUST
What have you been up to?

Now Owen holds eye contact.

OWEN
You know. Just living. You?

She shrugs.

AUGUST
About the same. Frank – you know Frank right? My uncle?

OWEN
No. I forgot about the guy who robbed jewelry from his sister to pay for NASCAR tickets.

AUGUST
Yeah, well, he died about a month ago. That's been taking up most of my time.

OWEN
Oh. I wasn't -

AUGUST
I know.

She gives him a grin that doesn't even entertain the idea of reaching her eyes.

He walks to the window and looks out, back to her.

AUGUST
The party is great - the house looks amazing.

He hesitates before responding.

OWEN
Thanks.

AUGUST
Things must be going well.

Owen doesn't answer.
AUGUST
How's business?

He remains silent.

AUGUST
What, you're gonna give me the cold shoulder? Fuck you.

OWEN
Glad to see you've matured so much.

AUGUST
Quit acting so high and mighty you fuck.

Owen starts to reply.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

August storms out of the backdoor, her face a portrait of fury. She sparks a cigarette, plasters on a smile and walks into the crowd.

Mullet is in the most populous area, standing around a fire on the beach. He is trapped in a conversation with Rhino and Mike.

RHINO
You know? It's almost like they stopped trying after that season.

MIKE
Is that the show where the one guy is the doctor?

RHINO
I mean, maybe. There's a lot of shows like that.

His gaze is suddenly caught by something and he departs without another word.

Mullet looks at Mike for a moment, takes a long sip of his wine. He begins walking off.

MIKE
This is a ball sac crib, man.

MULLET
Yeah, it's nice.

MIKE
Probably sucks being this close to the water. Must smell like hooker vag like all the time, ya know?

A girl behind him looks at the both of them with disgust and walks off. Mullet prays for an escape.

Behind him, August is almost done with her cigarette, taking her drags as Rhino talks her ears off.

RHINO
So now that I don't watch it anymore, I've been looking for something to do on Tuesday nights. What do you usually do?

AUGUST
Um, nothing.

RHINO
Well, maybe you'd... I mean, you uh, you don't watch Head Trauma?

AUGUST
Nope. Never.

RHINO
That's cuz you're stupid.

He laughs. She sort of joins him, but mostly looks like she wants to roundhouse kick him in the face.

Mullet turns. He pauses for the half a heartbeat, as if to say something, but then continues walking. He can see Owen standing on the back porch, and heads over.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Mullet's car hisses and pops its way down the road. The houses are almost exclusively ranches, most of them looking like solid ideas that hadn't been able to live up to their potential.

He and Rhino are both smoking cigarettes.

RHINO
The car turns to a less dense road; much more trees have been allowed to grow here.

Despite the decrease in houses, this road is much more populated than the previous. Most of the people are in white tees or wife-beaters, either working on fixing something or doing absolutely nothing.

MULLET
Where's the house?

RHINO
At the end of the road, but I guess this whole street is pretty much his. That's how he can run shit so easily - it's impossible to sneak up on him. By the way, you don't have a gun on you, right?

MULLET
Should I?

RHINO
If you think about what we do, you should always be holding. At all times. But don't bring it with you here if you have one.

Mullet stops the car at a house at the end of the road, thin forest extending behind it. The lawn is a city of goons, unanimously meandering about. More than a few of them watch Mullet and Rhino approach; a quartet are already making their way over when the car shuts off.

Mullet and Rhino get out of the car. Rhino smiles at the approaching men and spreads his arms jovially.

RHINO
Hey, Gabe, what's up?

The one leading them, GABE, reaches Rhino at the edge of the lawn.

GABE
What's good, you fat motherfucker? Haven't seen you round here in a while.

RHINO
Yeah, well, I'm back.

He chuckles. Gabe watches him and waits. Rhino seems to be oblivious of his solo.

    GABE
    I heard a story about you, actually.
    RHINO
    Yeah?
    GABE
    Yeah, somebody told me a funny little tale about how you owe Mike a shit load. And you've been hiding out all this time.
    RHINO
    What? Who told you that?
    GABE
    Who you think, motherfucker? Lucky for you he decided to let you come talk to him. That's what you're here for, ain't it?

Rhino nods.

    GABE
    Go on in, then. Your boy too.

He smiles a bit. Rhino chuckles again and begins marching towards the house.

Mullet lingers. He scans the lawn again, taking in a feast of hostility. He looks at Rhino and Gabe, walking ahead. He tosses his cigarette to the grass and follows them.

INT. RHINO'S ROOM – DAY

Rhino is sitting on his bed, playing Xbox. Mullet is at his desk, loading weed into the bong. Owen is sitting in a rocking chair in the corner, with Ghetti leaning against the wall.

Rhino's phone goes off. He answers it while playing.

    RHINO
Yo. My apartment. How much you looking for? Yeah I'll hook it up. Okay call me when you're here.

He hangs up and sets the controller down.

    RHINO
    Yo, Owen, can you go into that top drawer and toss me the weed and scale?

Owen does it.

Rhinodumps a few handfuls on the scale.

    RHINO
    That's a cool dude. He's looking for a half, but he's always been real chill with me... I'll just give him a full ounce. Gotta do it sometimes, ya know?

Owen and Ghetti exchange looks of doubt. Mullet takes a hit from the bong.

    GHETTI
    Yo is this dude the only one you do this shit for?

    RHINO
    Nah. I'd do the same for you guys. You're cool.

    GHETTI
    So we'd get free weed?

    RHINO
    Yeah of course. I'm all about getting money wherever I can, but weed is about sharing. About being friends. All drugs are - it's sharing shit, you know? So I try to give as much deals as I can.

Satisfied with what he sees, he takes the weed off the scale and starts shoveling it into a bag.

    RHINO (CONT'D)
    You don't do that for friends?
GHETTI
Nah. When it comes to this shit, nothing I do is for my friends. It's not for anything but money. That's why I'm here in the first place.

RHINO
Aw, man, you're going about it all wrong. The way you do it is so stressful, and you always got a bunch of beef. Me, what have I got to worry about? I don't have any enemies.

This time, Ghetti and Owen pointedly don't look at anything but Rhino.

GHETTI
I hope this doesn't mean you don't have our money?

RHINO
I do. Relax, bro. You should go and get a massage or something. Calm you down.

He gets no response.

INT. ERIC'S KITCHEN - DAY

Rhino and Mullet sit across the table from ERIC. He's working on an engine of some sort, exploring it with wrenches and screwdrivers.

There are a few goons scattered about the room, either casually strolling or doing absolutely nothing.

RHINO
So, you're probably wondering why we're here.

ERIC
Not at all. You're here with my money, right?

RHINO
Actually, no dude. I'm here because –
Eric's expression hardens.

ERIC
Why don't you have it?

RHINO
Well, I don't have all the money yet. Almost.

ERIC
Then why the fuck are you here?

The goons have stopped moving.

RHINO
Because. We want to get in on this H deal you got going. Everybody's talking about these prices you got.

ERIC
You're here to cop? Okay. Let's do business.

Rhino half-turns to Mullet and gives him an “I told you so” look. He turns back to Eric.

RHINO
Thanks man.

ERIC
But how are you gonna do that if you don't have any money?

RHINO
Because, it's the two of us. Jay's fronting me.

Mullet momentarily freezes when his name is invoked, then goes back to fidgeting.

ERIC
I see. He can front you money to buy H but he can't for you to pay me back.

RHINO
Why are you being like this, man?

ERIC
Because you said you were
gonna have my fucking money
by last week and I still
don't got shit, and now you
come back here empty fuckin
handed. I should shoot you in
your fat fuckin mouth right
now.

Rhino is trying as hard as he can to hold his smile. Mullet
is scratching his face like if he does it enough he'll be
allowed to leave.

ERIC (CONT'D)
But I'm not. Instead, I'm
gonna tell you to get the
fuck out of here right now.
And I'm gonna put both of you
fuckheads on notice. Don't
come back around here - don't
even come to the Creek
anymore. As for your money,
you got til tomorrow to get
that shit.

RHINO
Tomorrow? Fuck, man, I can't
make a hundred grand in a day.

ERIC
You don't need to make a
hundred grand - you're friend
Jay can front ya a little,
can't he?

RHINO
Dude, I can make that back if
you sell me some H to flip.
I'll be able to -

Eric swings the wrench in his hand, connecting with Rhino's
temple with a dull thud. Rhino groans as his chair falls
back.

Mullet looks back and forth from Eric to Rhino. All the
goons around him are ready to strike.

ERIC
Both of you get the fuck out
of here.

Mullet stands, nudges Rhino with his foot.
MULLET (WHISPER)

Get up.

Rhino sings the tuneless pain song, both hands holding the wound and colored with blood, eyes shut. He's in pretty intense pain. But he still stands and staggers after Mullet.

EXT. CAFE – DAY

Owen walks out of the cafe and surveys its outdoor patrons. Ghetti is sitting at a table beneath a tree, cup of coffee, cupcake and comic book before him. He smokes a cigarette. Owen sits down next to him.

OWEN

Yo.

Ghetti looks up, grins.

GHETTI

What's good? How you living?

OWEN

Been worse. Been better, too, but fuck it.

GHETTI

Word, I can cosign that.

OWEN

What've you been up to?

GHETTI

Same shit as always. I'm pretty much doing exactly what I used to just at a smaller scale. Quieter.

OWEN

That's smart.

GHETTI

It's boring. And I'm hardly even making any gwap. For the type of risk that comes with all this, I need to be stacking.

Owen shrugs, as if saying, What are ya gonna do? Ghetti takes a sip of coffee and Owen reaches into his coat pocket
and retrieves his own cigarettes. He takes a few puffs, looking out at the street and its various forms of traffic.

**OWEN**

Where's Mullet?

**GHETTI**

Probably up to some sketchy shit, as usual.

Owen notices something in the distance and chuckles.

**OWEN**

Of course.

**GHETTI**

What is it?

He turns to watch Mullet approach, a cigarette of his own in his mouth, nearly down to the filter. He takes a seat.

**MULLET**

What's up.

**OWEN**

Jay Lombardo. Right on time and as dirty as ever.

Mullet shrugs.

**GHETTI**

How you been? How's business?

**MULLET**

Pretty shitty. Ever since that George shit I've been in the sewers.

**GHETTI**

Word to that.

**OWEN**

Fuck him.

**GHETTI**

I dream of the day where he gets what he deserves. That fuck should get murked.

**OWEN**

He will.
Why are you so sure? That pussy's been walking around like it's no big deal for a long ass time. Shit hasn't happened to him yet.

OWEN
Cuz we haven't been able to get to him. He's not stupid.

GHETTI
Exactly. Which is why I'm saying we aren't gonna get to him.

Owen is about to respond when a WAITRESS stops at their table.

WAITRESS
Anything I can get you gentlemen?

OWEN
French vanilla latte. And whatever he's eating.

GHETTI
Chocolate cupcake.

Mullet is lighting another cigarette.

MULLET
Green tea.

The waitress takes the order down and departs.

OWEN
Green tea? When did that start?

MULLET
I don't know. A while ago.

OWEN
Typical.

Mullet shrugs.

OWEN
What do you think about this whole George thing?

MULLET
What do you mean?

OWEN
I mean do you think we should go after him or not?

GHETTI
I never said we shouldn't go after him, just that we haven't been able to yet. We shouldn't do shit if it's gonna be a suicide. Which is exactly what it is right now and has been ever since he fucked everyone over, by the way.

OWEN
Right now it is. But that won't last. All we need to do is get some money.

GHETTI
Not some. A fuckin lot.

OWEN
Either way. We can do that. Did it before.

GHETTI
Yeah, before. Before we all got snitched the fuck out and every cop for miles knew our name and face.

MULLET
The police don't care about us anymore. We're off the radar at this point.

GHETTI
But as soon as our names start ringing again, we'll be right back where we were. And he'll know we're coming, and we'll be fucked. Either ambushed or in jail.

OWEN
So, what? You don't wanna make any more money, ever?
Come on. We get back at George and them by getting money. We get money by working our hustle.

GHETTI
How do we do that? It seems like all our hustles need a tune-up or some shit.

OWEN
I don't know how yet.

GHETTI
Well there ya go.

The waitress returns, places the drinks down and walks back off. Owen leans back.

OWEN
Fuck.

GHETTI
Yeah.

They smoke for a moment.

OWEN
So Mullet, what have you been doing? Besides drinking green tea and shit.

Mullet gives a single chirp of laughter.

EXT. ERIC'S LAWN - DAY

Mullet's car does its best imitation of a peel-off and wheezes down the road.

Gabe is watching them go when Eric comes storming to him from the house, blood-tinged wrench in hand.

ERIC
Get a few people and follow them. I wanna see where they go, especially where Rhino stays.

GABE
I know where he stays. He just invited me over to smoke a couple days ago.
ERIC
Really? That makes things a lot easier. In that case, just go and fuck them both up.

GABE
What do you mean by fuck them up?

ERIC
That fat piece of shit owes me a hundred grand.

Gabe nods and briskly makes his way off, signaling to a few of his boys as he does.

INT. DUST'S CAR – DAY
Mullet lights a cigarette as Rhino continues to moan.

MULLET
How bad is it?

RHINO
I... I don't know. It hurts pretty fuckin bad.

MULLET
Do you want me to take you to a hospital?

There's a moment of consideration.

RHINO
No, fuck it.

Mullet nods and turns on the radio. They've made it back to the highway.

RHINO
You gotta help me get this hundred grand, bro. You gotta.

MULLET
I mean, I'll try. I'm not exactly swimming in money, though, in case you haven't noticed.

Before Rhino can respond, something behind them shatters.
They both curse and turn. There's a ripple of fractured glass in the back seat, an empty 40 at its center. The back window is almost entirely shattered. In the naked air behind them Gabe and four others have arrived on their bikes.

**RHINO**

Shit bro! They're gonna slice open my scrotum.

Mullet pushes the car as hard as it can go, cruising down the sparsely-populated highway. The bikes are within a few feet.

**MULLET**

Shit.

He sharply cuts to the left, bounding across the weedy divider and onto the other side of the highway.

He checks his pursuers: two are still on the right side of the road; Gabe managed to stay almost exactly where he was in relation to the car; the final chaser is further back.

Up ahead, two of the three lanes have approaching traffic. The middle is the only clear one. Both cars are honking and screeching to a stop, but no one will be able to stop before impact.

Mullet gets into the barren lane. As soon as he is beyond the two cars he swerves back around and past the now-motionless cars.

Gabe tries to replicate this maneuver and his bike skids and then topples, throwing him through the air like a pair of socks.

Mullet is suddenly in a pocket of free space between the cars behind him and the goon in front of him.

The goon isn't moving. His arm raises; sunlight glints off something in his hand.

Then that something flashes and the windshield bursts. Bullets and glass fountain onto Mullet and Rhino.

Mullet roars and cuts hard to the left and across the divider once more, bullets continuing to splatter against the side of the car.

He steers towards his original destination, finally coming out of the range of his assailant.

The final two followers have just made it to the other lane and are trying to get back in pursuit.
Up ahead, there's an exit. He checks his rear-view again and can barely see the other two. He takes the exit.

MULLET
Are you okay?

RHINO
My head's still spewing. But, yeah dude. I'm good. You?

MULLET
My car's fucked.

RHINO
At least it's still going.

MULLET
Yeah.

RHINO
Speaking of, do you think you could give me a ride to my grandma's?

EXT. CAFE – DAY

Mullet lifts his mug to his lips.

GHETTI (TO OWEN)
I've known Rhino was a fuck-up ever since that time he brought that serial killer to one of your parties.

OWEN
Don't be embarrassed. At least you figured it out.

EXT. BUS STOP – DAY

Mullet still holds his cup of coffee. He takes a final drag when the bus pulls up and hops on.

INT. BUS – DAY

He looks at the passengers: a sleeping old man, a crazy bag lady, some guys in clothes almost universally paint-stained. And Rhino. They simultaneously notice each other.
Rhino looks suspiciously at the others on the bus, and tries to covertly wave Mullet over.

Mullet sits down next to him.

Rhino whispers to him.

**RHINO**
Dude. What's up? How've you been?

**MULLET**
All right, I suppose.

**RHINO**
You been keeping your head low?

**MULLET**
I guess.

**RHINO**
Good. We both need to keep doing that. Those fuckers are still lookin for us, probably.

**MULLET**
Well, did you give that guy his money?

**RHINO**
Fuck no, dude. They tried to kill me last time. I'm not going back there.

**MULLET**
But... So, what are you gonna do?

**RHINO**
I don't know. Wait for it to blow over, I guess.

Mullet doesn't say anything to this.

**RHINO**
Look. I fucked up. I'm sorry. I brought you into this whole bullshit scenario and got you caught up in all that shit.

Mullet's stares ahead.

**MULLET**
It's fine.

RHINO
I just wanted you to know that we're still boys. And look, I can give you deals. Hit me up, anytime. You know I'll look out for you.

Mullet gauges him for a few bumps.

MULLET
I might have to take you up on that.

INT. DUST'S LIVING ROOM – EARLY EVENING
The room remains lit by the TV and creases of sunlight. Mullet is on the phone.

MULLET
Owen? It's Mullet. I was thinking about what we were all talking about today and I got an idea.

INT. DUST'S KITCHEN – NIGHT
Mullet, Owen and Ghetti are at the table eating ice ghetti and smoking a blunt.

MULLET
You'll never believe who I ran into today.

GHETTI
The dude who was Locke on Lost.

MULLET
No.

GHETTI
George?

MULLET
Nope.

OWEN
Rhino.

MULLET
Yeah. How'd you know?
OWEN
He's pretty much the only person we talked about today that you'd actually have a chance of running into. You'd have to be retarded to think it was anybody else.

GHETTI
Eat a dick.

MULLET
So anyway, I see Rhino and he apologizes for all this shit, and he's acting like he really wants to be friends with me. And he tells me that he can hook up these deals. So I was thinking, why don't we -

GHETTI
Just hustle the shit outta his bitch ass.

MULLET
Basically, yeah.

GHETTI
I'm down. But only because it worked so well the last time he came to you with a deal.

MULLET
Fuck you.

GHETTI
No, fuck rhino.

OWEN
Yeah, seriously.

EXT. RHINO'S GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mullet, Owen and Ghetti stand outside the home. Rhino opens the front door and his face lights up.

RHINO
Oh shit! Long time no see. I didn't know you two were coming along.
INT. RHINO'S ROOM – NIGHT

Rhino sets up a bowl on his dresser, which is surrounded by mountains of weed and coke, with a few hilly passages of pills.

RHINO
We might have to take this outside; I don't know if my grandma is asleep yet or not.

MULLET
We kind of have plans, so...

RHINO
Okay, I understand. What you guys up to?

OWEN
Going to the club.

RHINO
Sick. Which one?

GHETTI
Deals, son. Hook-ups. What are they?

RHINO
Right.

He places the bowl aside and directs his lamp at the piles.

RHINO (CONT'D)
Okay. The coke is good shit, everybody's saying so. Try some.

Mullet takes a fingertip's worth and licks it; Ghetti sprinkles some on the back of his hand and sniffs the makeshift line.

RHINO
Everybody I sold this to has come back for more.

GHETTI
What high school are you selling it at?

Rino ignores him.

DUST
How much an ounce?

RHINO
Fourteen. Now the weed, it's good mids. Not great stuff, definitely won't blow you out of the water, but you can sell a lot of it.

DUST
What're you looking for for that?

RHINO
Sixty a quarter.

OWEN
How much do you have? Can you only push quarters?

RHINO
No way. I can get you as much as you need.

MULLET
What about those?

RHINO
Vicodin. Fifty mg. Five dollars a pop.

GHETTI
The Grandmom stash, eh?

RHINO
So, what can I get for you guys?

MULLET
It's fourteen thou per oh for the coke, sixty a Q for the piff, and five a piece for the vics?

RHINO
Yes sir.
MULLET
I thought you told me I was gonna get deals.

RHINO
What do you mean? These are all good deals.

GHETTI
Nah, they aren't. When you come around talking about good deals after all that shit you got Mullet into, you need to have better offers than this. Do you realize how badly you fucked my dude's shit up? His car is completely deaded. He's gotta ride the bus and shit. Do you know what that's like?

RHINO
That's where I saw him today.

GHETTI
Oh.

He takes out his phone and doesn't make eye contact with anyone.

MULLET
He's kind of right, though. This is a little expensive.

RHINO
I mean... what do you suggest?

MULLET
That coke isn't that good. Fourteen per oh is a bit much for it - I'm not trying to put down more than ten for an ounce of that. The weed too. It's not the strongest thing ever. It has a pretty strong scent, and it definitely smells like some grass clippings.

RHINO
This is better than you think. Take a hit.

He hoists up the bowl.

**MULLET**
I can see the seeds from here. Thirty a quarter, tops. The pills, those are actually a pretty good deal. But I know you don't have an endless supply of these things. As soon as you're done with that bottle, you're out. I'll give you two-fifty per pill.

**RHINO**
Come on. That's not fair.

**MULLET**
Fair? Really? You almost got me murdered. I *should* be making you pay for a new car, but I'm not.

Rhino looks down for a second, rubs his eyes.

**RHINO**
Fine. I'll do it.

**INT. DUST'S LIVING ROOM – DAY**

The blinds are still drawn, the TV is still on; but Mullet himself is nowhere to be seen.

**INT. DUST'S BEDROOM – DAY**

Mullet is sitting on his bed, swimming in bags. His phone buzzes and he answers it.

**MULLET**
Hello. Yeah, I'll let you in.

He hangs up and leaves, taking some of the weed with him.
Mullet opens the door for a SKETCHY KID. While letting the Sketchy Kid in, he peers out at his road, looking at the parked cars and occasional afternoon jogger. He shuts it.

MULLET
You said you wanted a half, right?

The Sketchy Kid nods, leering at Mullet's possessions. He digs into his pocket and produces a few twenties. Mullet quickly flips through it and hands over the bag.

MULLET
Enjoy. Take the backdoor out of here.

The Sketchy Kid mumbles something back and leaves. Mullet watches him leave so he knows the Sketchy Kid doesn't steal any of his shit.

INT. DUST'S BEDROOM – DAY

Back in the room, Mullet opens up his closet and picks up one of the shoe boxes on its floor. He scoops a small key from within the left sneaker.

INT. DUST'S BASEMENT – DAY

He goes into the basement, around a heating vent, and picks up a decrepit wooden box from a pile of crap. The key opens the box, revealing a pile of money – easily a couple thousand dollars. He chucks in the newly made cash.

New deals are made, and Mullet throws more and more money into the box.

INT. DUST'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Mullet is asleep on the couch. The TV is on. There are three sharp knocks on the door.

He sort of wakes up. He peels down one of the blinds a fraction and squints through.

There are COPS out there. The one in the front knocks again.

MULLET
Fuck.
He scrambles to his feet and charges for the sliding glass backdoor. He bursts past it and sprints across his back lawn. A dog barks.

EXT. PARK – DAY

Owen and Ghetti sit on a park bench, smoking. Behind them are two heavily populated basketball courts.

OWEN
This is fucking bullshit.

GHETTI
He's done.

OWEN
No, he isn't. Luckily he had just run out of the coke. Knowing him he was probably gonna re-up in a few hours.

GHETTI
What about the pills?

OWEN
Long gone.

GHETTI
Oh, shit. Didn't know that.

OWEN
Yeah. He'll probably get out of this okay, all things considered.

GHETTI
Except that he got fuckin popped.

OWEN
Can't win em all... How did this even happen?

GHETTI
Somebody was snitching.

OWEN
You think so?

GHETTI
There's always a snitch when somebody's getting fucked over.

OWEN
You don't think it was because he acted stupid or something? Wasn't careful enough?

GHETTI
This is Mullet. He makes the people he sells to park five blocks away and bounce through the back door like how your girlfriend in middle school when your parents got home.

OWEN
The handjob days. Who do you think the snitch is?

GHETTI
Rhino. Who else? Probably all butt-hurt because we didn't wanna get robbed for his mediocre drugs. Fuckin pussy.

OWEN
I don't know. I mean, he is a pussy, but I don't see him going to the cops.

GHETTI
He didn't have to snitch to the cops, per se.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP – DAY

Owen and Ghetti smoke cigarettes with their coffee and cupcakes.

OWEN
You were right. Rhino's with George.

GHETTI
How do you know?

OWEN
I tailed him.

GHETTI
Tailed him? Okay Mr. Bond. Did you murk them?

OWEN
Don't you think I would've mentioned that?

GHETTI
Why didn't you?

OWEN
Because it was on Main Street, at eleven on a Friday night. I just saw the two of them chilling and then I went home, smoked some blunts, and thought about how much I hate Rhino.

GHETTI
I always knew this dude was a shark, but I didn't think it'd come to this.

OWEN
Seriously.

GHETTI
So, what's the next move?

OWEN
We wait. We still don't have enough firepower to come at George.

GHETTI
Fuck coming at George for a second. Rhino is the one who let George fuck over Mullet like this. He's the one we gotta fuck up.

OWEN
So, what? Roll up on him?

GHETTI
Obviously. Fuck else are we gonna do? There are certain
things that you don't do, because you know that if you do, somebody is gonna hit you in the face with a fuckin sprinkler.

**OWEN**

Sprinkler?

**GHETTI**

Or something. That's not the point. The point is that we fuckin kill this piece of shit once and for all.

**OWEN**

No, we can't do that.

**GHETTI**

Why the fuck not? You gonna try and tell me that we aren't strong enough to take on Rhino? If that's the case I'll just cut my wrists right now.

**OWEN**

It's not that. It's just... If we kill Rhino, it would be pretty easy to make the case that it was us. And George could rat us out. We'd basically just give him our heads.

**GHETTI**

So the plan is to be bitches?

**OWEN**

The plan is to wait. Make Rhino think we don't know, so he says some shit that'll make it easier for us to get back at him and George. And all the other fucks too.

**GHETTI**

Fuck that, son. Fuck that.
It's either this or we get a few hours of satisfaction before going to jail until we barely remember the days when we could get a boner. It's whatever you want to do.

INT. RHINO'S ROOM – DAY

Rhino is sitting at his deck, loading up the bong.

RHINO
You guys looking to re-up, or what?

Owen is in the rocking chair while Ghetti leans on the wall.

OWEN
Nah dude, not right now. We were just trying to get zooted, you know?

RHINO
Been there. Am there, actually.

He laughs, Owen chuckles, Ghetti frowns.

GHETTI
Yo Rhino. Did you hear?

Rhino stops packing the bong.

RHINO
Hear what?

GHETTI
Mullet. He got arrested.

Rhino blinks a handful of times in less than a second, looking back and forth between Ghetti and Owen.

RHINO
No shit. That... that sucks.

He looks back down at the bong, but doesn't resume packing it.

RHINO (CONT'D)
Any idea how it happened?

OWEN
None. He probably just got too risky.
Rhino's pose eases and he resumes stuffing the weed.

       RHINO
       Yeah, probably.

Owen and Ghetti both look at him and calculate.

FADE OUT