GREEN ROOM

SCREENPLAY BY
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SCRIPT STATUS
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Please note that this script may be subject to changes
GREEN ROOM

CAST

DARCY
White Supremacist leader
Patrick Stewart

PAT
Band leader
Anton Yelchin

AMBER
The sidekick
Imogen Poots
OVER BLACK.

THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE, SPUTTERING DEAD.

CARD: GREEN ROOM

FADE-IN:

INT. CONVERSION VAN - DAWN

LOCAL RADIO quietly rattles through blown speakers.

Four YOUNG MEN lie contorted within, sound asleep.
A muted sunbeam cuts through their hanging breath and finds
PAT (20s, a doe-eyed vandal) in the rear cargo hold.

He blinks awake and sits up, grasping for equilibrium.

He turns and wipes the fogged porthole window behind him.

THROUGH THE PORTHOLE:

BATTERED GREEN STALKS tight against the glass.

PAT

Shit.

EXT. CORN FIELD - SUNRISE

FROM WAY UP HIGH:

The weathered conversion van sits in a cornfield, a wake of
trampled stalks marking its thirty yard drift from the road.

The landscape is vast, coastal.

INT. CONVERSION VAN - SUNRISE

Pat crawls between the bucket seats and puts a hand on SAM
(late 20s, scruffy), asleep in the front passenger seat.

PAT

Sam. Wake-up.

REECE (20s, a natural athlete), sits up from between
EQUIPMENT CASES, encased in a SLEEPING BAG.

REECE

What’s wrong?
Sam wipes the windshield clear, sees the WALL OF CORN.

SAM
(slapping the driver)
What’d you do, Tiger?

The driver, TIGER (20s, a wiry mutt with dyed blue hair) jolts alert and surveys the scene.

TIGER
Did we crash?

SAM
You tell us, asshole.

TIGER
Guess I fell asleep.

PAT
With the engine running.

THE FUEL GAUGE NEEDLE SITS BELOW ‘E’.

REECE
Well done.

Sam disconnects his CELL PHONE from a cigarette lighter adapter. It CHIRPS.

SAM
Full charge. Did you kill the battery too?

TIGER
You hear the radio?

Pat reaches over, yanks the keys and kills the LOCAL RADIO.

EXT. CONVERSION VAN - CORNFIELD - DAY

TRACKING SAM, swiping his phone, rounding the open rear doors of the van as Reece and Tiger unload stickered-up CASES.

We see them now. ROCK SHIRTS, TATTOOS, SHITTY HAIRCUTS—THEY’RE A PUNK BAND.

SAM
There’s a skating rink eleven miles from here. Big parking lot.

Pat hops from the van, dragging out a battered BMX BIKE.
PAT
Ice skating or roller skating?

SAM
Just says they’re open. Why?

Pat pulls a DUFFEL BAG and GAS CAN from the van.

REECE
Hockey players whoop more ass.

TIGER
Dunno, dude- I’ve seen some pretty badass roller skaters...

SAM
At 7am? I’ll come with.

Pat nods, shrugs the Duffel over his shoulder.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Pat pedals the BMX down the highway, Sam sits atop a rear mounted luggage rack transfixied by his phone, feet resting on the BACK WHEEL PEGS.

PAT
That thing ruins everything.

SAM
...huh?

PAT
If we didn’t know where we were going, we’d be on a quest. But we do... so it’s an errand.

It’s a serene morning, Sam YAWNS.

EXT. SKATING RINK - PARKING LOT - DAY

PUSHING IN on a gravel lot. The unmanned BMX wheels down a DRAINAGE DITCH and falls over.

Pat and Sam follow its path, taking cover in the ditch. Sam scans the lot as Pat removes a SIPHON KIT from the duffel: 1/4” CLEAR TUBING, a length of BLACK RUBBER HOSE, and a stained RAG.

SAM
Thar she blows...
Near the edge of the lot sits a monster SUV.

EXT. SKATING RINK - PARKING LOT - SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Pat and Sam scamper to a crouch beside the SUV.

Sam unscrews the gas cap. Pat feeds one end of the clear tubing into the tank, the other into their canister. He shoves the rubber hose into the tank and presses the rag down as a seal. Pat blows two hard breaths into the hose.

Gas TRICKLES then POURS into the canister. Shared grins.

A metal CLANK. ECHOES from a cavernous interior.

Pat springs up and peers through the TINTED SUV WINDOWS, seeing PARENTS corralling PEE-WEE HOCKEY PLAYERS from a rink access door into the lot.

Pat crouches, signals to pack it up. Sam pulls the rig.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Pat pedals up the highway, Sam on the rack, hunched over his phone.

An SUV rounds the corner, its RPMs break the quiet.

SAM
(looking up)
Uh oh.

Pat turns to see the SUV gaining, CURSES.

SAM (CONT’D)
What are we doing?

PAT
Cover the gas. Get ready to run.

Sam hastily covers the gas canister with his jacket as the SUV slows beside them. They look ahead, playing it not-so-cool. The SUV window rolls down, revealing a HOCKEY MOM.

HOCKEY MOM
Not safe, what you boys did...

SAM
(half-assed)
We didn’t do anything, ma’am.
HOCKEY MOM
I can smell it.
(pointing)
That’s it, there.

Pat drags his feet to a stop. Hockey Mom follows suit. Now visible are two PEE-WEE HOCKEY PLAYERS pressed to the back-seat glass.

PAT
We’re sorry.

HOCKEY MOM
It’s dangerous. If you boys needed gas, I would’ve given it to you.

SAM
Oh. Thank you.

Her scolding eyes.

PAT
...sincerely.

HOCKEY MOM
Next time, you ask.

SAM
Yes ma’am.

Pat nods earnestly.

HOCKEY MOM
You broken down? I can give you a ride.

PAT
We’ll be fine.

HOCKEY MOM
Alright. Be safe, now... and you go with Christ.

The SUV cruises off.

Sam glances to Pat, who makes the sign of the cross and resumes pedaling. Sam signs the cross with his right hand—BUT GRABS IT WITH HIS LEFT, pantomiming an epic hand fight.

SAM
Oh no. Oh dear!
(death-metal ghoulish)
YEEAAARGHHHH!
Sam’s left hand wins out and thrusts into the air: his pinky and index fingers protruding from a balled fist: **THE MANO CORNUTO: THE HORNED HAND OF SATAN!** CUE MAJESTIC METAL ANTHEM.

EXT. CORN FIELD - HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY

SWEEPING ABOVE CORN STALKS AS SAM, TIGER AND PAT PUSH THE VAN FROM SUNKEN SOIL AND CHASE IT ONTO THE HIGHWAY SHOULDER.

INT. CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY

WIND WHIPS through the van. MUSIC BLARES, wild hair.

EXT. THE OREGON COAST - DUSK (AERIAL)

The van cruises along coastal highway.

EXT. BEACH TOWN - MAGIC HOUR

ON A CELL PHONE TOUCH SCREEN:

‘Corner of 12th & Ocean_’.  
A THUMB TAPS THE REST OF THE TEXT MESSAGE: ‘I have a mohawk_’ ‘SEND’.


TILT UP to reveal the conversion van GROWL up to the corner.

TAD (19), in homemade rags sporting a liberty-spiked Mohawk, meets the passenger window as Sam TURNS THE MUSIC DOWN.

TAD
Sam?

SAM
Tad.

TAD
Awesome. Hey, I work nights- but I’ll catch up with you guys for breakfast.

Tad hands over HOUSE KEYS on a chain, ties on an APRON.
SAM
Okay...

TAD
I’m in 2R, up the stairs, just crash wherever. Park in the side lot- rear doors tight to the wall so no one steals your shit.

SAM
(looks to Reece, at wheel)
Yeah?

Reece raises his eyebrows and the van lurches forward.

INT. TAD’S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

A cramped refuge scattered with ART SUPPLIES, ZINES, and ROCK PARAPHERNALIA.

Reece steals a workout, chair-dipping in the living area.

Sam sorts through PACKETS of Ramen Noodles on the kitchenette counter.

SAM
These all have mushrooms.

Tiger inspects a bookshelf collection of VINYL LPs.

TIGER
This dude’s legit.

Pat examines a cluster of framed CAT PHOTOS on a dresser.

REECE
Why?
(finishing his dips)
He gets up early to do his hair?

Tiger defensively brushes his hair back and un-sleeves an LP.

TIGER
He’s true.

Sam pulls a SIXER from the fridge, tosses one to Reece, who’s unplugging the charging phone.

SAM
Who you calling?

REECE
That your business?
SAM
I get the bills.

Reece backs down, cracks his beer.

PAT
I’m going to bed.

SAM
(cracking a beer)
We’re going to drink.

Tiger seats the LP on a turntable, sets the needle down, and just as the LP CRACKLES TO LIFE with a signature COUNT OFF FROM LEE VING-

LEE VING (ON ALBUM)
...1234 1234!

WE CUT TO:

14 INT. TAD’S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

CLOSE-UP: THE NEEDLE BOBS AT THE EDGE OF THE SPINNING LP.

SOFT IN THE BACKGROUND, Pat stands up out of frame, zombie-walks to the turntable and powers it down.

WE TRACK BEHIND PAT as he grabs half-empty BEER CANS and pours them into the kitchenette sink.

WE PUSH INTO HIS P.O.V. THROUGH THE WINDOW:

Tad climbs the steps two at a time carrying grocery bags.

WE FLOAT BEHIND PAT as he opens the door for Tad.

TAD
Morning!
(biting lip)
You the first to fall asleep?

15 INT. TAD’S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Pat is hunched over the sink. He rises, inspecting his face in the mirror, scrubbing it with a moldy bar of soap.

ON PAT’S FACE, crudely penned in SHARPIE: A BIG, STUPID MONOCLE AROUND HIS EYE AND CAT WHISKERS ON HIS CHEEKS.
INT. TAD’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A compact DIGITAL RECORDER blinks RED on a coffee table.

The Band sits huddled on a couch, plates of scrambled eggs on their laps. Tad sits opposite, cross-legged on the floor.

TAD
...working on anything new?

SAM
A few songs. Maybe enough for a seven-inch.

TAD
Sweet! Will you actually press one?

REECE
If we can afford it.

TAD
I dig the analogue style. Which brings me to the fact: you guys are hard to find. Why no social media presence?

Pat contains a wince. Sam turns to face Tiger.

REECE
Because booking more shows and selling more records would blow.

TIGER
It’s not hard-rock.

SAM
Says the one who gets smashed and plays Darby Crash at the shows I book on my phone...

Tiger looks to his plate, eats some eggs.

PAT
No one wants to starve, but if you take it all virtual, you lose... the texture.

TAD
What do you mean, texture?

PAT
Just- you gotta be there. The music is for effect. It’s time and aggression and...
REECE
Technical wizardry.

PAT
...t’s shared- live. And then it goes away. The energy- it can’t last.

SAM
Unless you’re Iggy Pop.

PAT
And good for him. I just don’t think I’ll be in my 70’s still listening to Minor Threat.

REECE
Tiger will. Right?

TIGER
I won’t live to be seventy.

Reece and Sam blurt out mocking laughs, Pat drifts.

TAD
Okay, so this is a good segue into one of my traditions. For each of you, name your ‘desert island’ band.

Reece rolls his eyes.

TIGER
Only one?

REECE
If I were to say Black Sabbath, would I get Ozzy and Dio?

TAD
No caveats- just name the band.

Sam, Reece, Pat and Tiger size each other up...

TIGER

SAM
Poison Idea.

PAT
(under breath)
Shit man...
REECE
Cro-Mags.
Pat, shaking his head, stressing out.

REECE (CONT’D)
Just say something, dude.

TIGER
Steely Dan.

SAM
Candlebox.

REECE
He’s a Juggalo.

PAT
Ah, man.
(rubs face)
Will this be edited?

TAD
I’ll chop it up a bit.

TIGER
Let it go raw.

SAM
When will this air? Shouldn’t we plug the show?

TAD
(thrown)
Yeah...

He turns off the recorder.

TAD (CONT’D)
My last show at the muni center didn’t end well. Lots of vomit. Some fecal matter.

Tiger smiles.

TAD (CONT’D)
County commissioner got wind and pulled my permit. You were already en route.

REECE
Damn dude. We need a kill fee.
SAM
We went 90 miles out of our way.

TAD
I’ve got a backup lined-up. Lunch, 50% cut on the door, and you guys would headline.

SAM
Anyone else still on the bill?

TAD
They bailed.

Deadpan from the Band as GUITAR FEEDBACK BUILDS...

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

A waterside mexican cafe. No frills except strung-up CHRISTMAS LIGHTS.

THE BAND BLASTS OUT A CHARGED, RAPID-FIRE PUNK SONG.

Sam teases FEEDBACK from an AMP with his LES PAUL. Pat on BASS, eyes trained on the floor. Behind a DRUM KIT, Reece strikes with precision. TIGER SCREAMS into a MIC.

ON THE ETHNICALLY DIVERSE CROWD: Less than a dozen. Most of them sitting down. Some eating Mexican from PAPER PLATES.

TAKE-OUT CUSTOMERS plugging their ears as they’re rung-up. A DIEHARD, slamdancing with himself. Two BACK-PACK KIDS nodding heads. A FAN, archiving the performance with an iPHONE.

The Band screeches to a halt with heaving chests.

TIGER
(exasperated, to the Fan)
Turn that shit off...

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - WATERSIDE LOT - MAGIC HOUR

Tiger rolls CASES to Pat. Pat lifts them into the van. Reece shoves them into place.

Tad holds two bags of MEXICAN TAKE-OUT, watching Sam count a meager stack of CRUMPLED BILLS.
TAD
I gave you my cut. The house got theirs, but I di-

SAM
(finishing the count)
Split four ways it’s six dollars each.

TAD
Six eighty-seven. Eighty-eight if you round up. Which I don’t-

REECE
(charging)
You dipshit fashion-punk clown motherFUCKER...

Reece SLAMS Tad against a wall, the take-out drops.

SAM
Christ.

TIGER
Easy there, Jujitsu.

Reece presses his forearm heavy against Tad’s neck, resisting the urge to inflict real damage.

PAT
(to Reece)
Let’s not go to jail too.
(to Tad)
I think you just ended this tour.

TIGER
Fuck yes. Let’s call it.

SAM
Make a beeline to D.C.? We’ve got enough for one tank- it’d be siphoning the rest of the way.

REECE
(releasing Tad)
Not a problem.
(snatching the take-out)
We’ve got rice and beans!

PAT
We can head up north and catch 80 all the way.

Reece, Tiger and Sam head for the van.
TAD
Lemme call my cousin. I can get you a solid gig.

Reece mounts the van, SLAMS the door. The rest stick around.

SAM
Where? Here?

TAD
Scene’s dead. You’d have to dip down closer to Portland.

INT./EXT. CONVERSION VAN - TAD’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Tiger sits shotgun, Sam behind the wheel.

TIGER
I say we just gank his vinyl.

Pat and Reece sit eyeballing each other in the back of the IDLING VAN.

Sam’s phone CHIMES as Tad jogs up to the window.

TAD
It’s set. Matinee tomorrow, Doors at one, you’re on at three. I texted the addy.

SAM
How much?

TAD
$350, minus your tab.

The band plays it down, but this is a windfall.

TAD (CONT’D)
And just so you know, it’s mostly boots and braces down there.

TIGER
Skins? There’s some at every show.

PAT
SHARP? DMS? Sabre?

TAD
Right wing– or, technically ultra left– but not affiliated.

(MORE)
TAD (CONT'D)
Dude who owns the venue doesn’t rely on door money- sells more than just booze...

PAT
But your cousin is cool?

TAD
Yeah- don’t talk politics, but stick with Daniel. I’d tag along but he and his girl are coming here to crash. Gotta vacuum and shit.

SAM
But no one’s burning crosses or anything- we just play rock?

TAD
I’d play your earlier stuff. Heavier stuff.

TIGER
(refined accent)
These gentlemen like to mosh.

TAD
Girls too. It’s sorta the only scene in town. Here...

Tad hands Tiger a black and white FLYER.

TAD (CONT’D)
I usually keep the originals, but since this one never happened...

Tiger tucks the flyer away.

TAD (CONT’D)
Can I still run that interview...?

SAM
Yeah- what station is it on?

TAD
FM eighty-five-five- “Breakfast of Champions”. Thanks.

Tiger dials in the station, Sam puts the van in gear and Pat smacks Reece’s arm as they pull out.

REECE
...sorry I almost obliterated you!
TAD (O.S.)
Not a problem...
FROM ABOVE, TRACKING THE VAN as it’s swallowed by woods.

FROM BEHIND a closed ENTRY GATE, with a SIGN facing the road. The van whips by...

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: the narrow road opens into a cul-de-sac of dirt and trampled grass.

On the far end lies THE VENUE, a converted public utility building of brick and sandstone with a cheap-siding addition extending from the rear.

The lot is cluttered with 4x4s, WEATHERED SEDANS and TRICKED-OUT HATCHBACKS. ROCKERS and SKINHEADS trickle into the venue.

The van rolls up and the Band dismounts, gulping fresh air as they’re greeted by DANIEL (27), bomber jacket, boots and grown-in buzz cut, breaking from a group of TAILGATERS admiring a pale gold ’65 PONTIAC RAGTOP at the lot’s edge.

DANIEL
You guys Tad’s friends?

SAM
We- he sent us. Cousin Dan?

DANIEL
(shaking hands)
Daniel. You guys look hammered.

GABE (30s), crew cut and a general disdain, approaches cradling a clip board.

SAM
One night at Tad’s will do it. And if your girl is crashing t-

Daniel grabs Sam and presses their foreheads together.

DANIEL
(quiet, through a smile)
Do not mention that.
SAM
I was-

DANIEL
No worries whatsoever. Just shut the fuck up about him and me and her.

Daniel releases shaken Sam with a friendly pat.

GABE
(arriving)
Who’s the Drummer?

REECE
Me.

GABE
Just bring your cymbals- you’re using the house kit.

REECE
Okay.

Tiger motions to a church-style SIGN out front:

In encased changeable letters: ‘1PM DOORS: COWCATCHER, KOKYTUS, AREN’T RIGHTS’

Before Tiger speaks up, Pat calls him off with a look.

INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - DAY

HARD ROCK over the PA.

MOVING DOWN A DARK NARROW HALLWAY: lugging gear, the Band follows Gabe through a backstage corridor.

Gabe rounds a corner and gestures to BIG JUSTIN (26), a tattooed heavyweight who dutifully steps aside for the procession.

Gabe stops at a graffiti-covered door.

GABE
(over music)
STAGE IN HERE. KEEP THE HALLWAY CLEAR- OWNER DOESN’T FUCK AROUND WITH FIRE CODE. SOUND CHECK IN FIFTEEN, YOU’RE ON IN TWENTY.

SAM
GOT IT.
INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

MUFFLED ROCK. A fluorescent-lit interior with carpet remnants, a ratty couch, a bare-bulb Formica makeup counter, and a coffin-sized bathroom with curtains for a door. Two-decades of history told in BAND STICKERS and SHARPIE SCRAWL.

Sam yanks ELECTRIC HAIR CLIPPERS from the counter-top outlet and plugs in his cell phone charger. CHIRP.

PAT
You okay?

SAM
Yeah. Are these guys not creeps?

Tiger and Pat strap on GUITARS, scanning the GRAFFITI SCRAWL. Tiger finds a SWASTIKA, looks to Pat.

REECE
(stacking cases)
Run a tight ship.

TIGER
But it’s a U-boat...

PAT
Hey ya’ll. I got a dumb idea.

INT. THE VENUE - STAGE - DAY

Sun pours through the high casement windows, side-lighting the gathering crowd. Lots of shaved heads and bomber jackets.

STAGEHAND
Where’d you say the power suppl-

SAM’S CRUNCHING GUITAR INTERRUPTS. Sound check fiddle-faddle as the PA MUSIC fades out.

STAGE MANAGER
It’s like a mini-transformer, with three females- like an XLR, but not-

Pat plays a familiar BASS RIFF.

STAGEHAND
GOT IT.

More GUITAR CRUNCH. Then a LOW, RHYTHMIC TOM DRUM MARCH.
TIGER
(into mic)
TEST. ONE-TWO. MEOW.
More guitar on mine, please.

His monitor turns up, then a look to Reece.

Reece nods back. The DRUM MARCH BUILDS.

TIGER (CONT’D)
(into mic)
Thank you.

TUNING guitars, Sam and Pat lean in for an off-mic aside.

PAT
WE’RE NOT, ARE WE?

SAM
YOUR IDEA. YOU BACK OUT NOW, I TELL THEM YOU’RE JEWISH.
(to Tiger)
GO!

TIGER
(into mic)
Okay, everybody! We’re the Ain’t Rights. Or the Aren’t Rights. Either one-TWO-THREE-FOUR!!!

THE BAND GRINDS STRAIGHT INTO a classic DEAD KENNEDYS SONG:

TIGER (CONT’D)
(singing into mic)
Punk ain’t no religious cult
Punk means thinkin’ for yourself
You ain’t hardcore ‘cuz you spike your hair, When a jock still lives inside your head...

The crowd barely sways, those who know the song give cold stares...

TIGER (CONT’D)
Nazi punks, Nazi punks
Nazi punks—Fuck Off!

Nazi punks, Nazi punks
Nazi punks—Fuck Off!

Now some BOOS and middle fingers.
TIGER (CONT’D)
If you've come to fight, get outta here,
You ain't no better than the bouncers,
We ain't trying to be police
When you ape the cops it ain't anarchy..

Carving through the crowd, a towering skinhead, WERM (28) appears leading a pack of four: two GUYS, wearing jackets with white stenciled ‘COWCATCHER’ logos, and two GIRLS.

TIGER (CONT’D)
Nazi punks, Nazi punks
Nazi punks- Fuck Off!

Making his way across the half-stunned pit, Werm glances up at the stage, amused.

Behind him, EMILY (20s), with a Chelsea hairdo, crosses paths with Daniel, who discreetly passes her a FOLDED NAPKIN and disappears into the crowd.

Her eyes meet Pat’s and he is struck. She flips him off.

AMBER (20s), lights a cigarette, steering her back on course.

TIGER (CONT’D)
Ten guys jump one, what a man
You fight each other, the police state wins
Stab your backs when you trash our halls
Trash a bank if you've got real balls

A bottle SMASHES on stage, Sam and Pat share nervous smiles.

Tiger flubs some lyrics, Reece drums too fast to notice.

TIGER (CONT’D)
You still think swastikas look cool
The real Nazis run your schools
They're coaches, businessmen and cops
In a real fourth reich you'll be the first to go...

Pat searches for the Emily, but Werm’s pack is gone.

He finds Daniel, arms crossed at the exit, watching him.

Pat joins Sam off-mic for the chorus:

TIGER / SAM / PAT
NAZI PUNKS, NAZI PUNKS
NAZI PUNKS- FUCK OFF!

(MORE)
TIGER / SAM / PAT (CONT’D)

NAZI PUNKS, NAZI PUNKS
NAZI PUNKS— FUCK OFF!

The rowdy crowd SHOUTS BACK. Another BOTTLE flies on stage.

TIGER
You’ll be the first to go
You’ll be the first to go
You’ll be the first to go
Unless you think!

AND THEY GRIND TO A HALT, sweat drenched, tension in the air.

TIGER (CONT’D)

(into mic)
Thank you. That was a cover.
(off mic to the Band)
Whaddya wanna do next?

Reece pounds a BROODING DRUM BEAT. The Band trades looks, shrugging acceptance. Sam and Pat TUNE DOWN their guitars, and the tone goes evil...

TIGER (CONT’D)
Here’s a treat...

THEY PLUNGE INTO CORONARY— A FOOT-STOMPING, HARDCORE ASSAULT.

The BREAKDOWN hits and the CROWD Erupts:

LIVE SOUND IS CONSUMED BY A SUBLIME, QUIET DRONE:

AND WE GO SLOW-MO...

THRASHING BODIES. HARD-LIT SWEAT. SILENT SCREAMS.

THE BAND ON STAGE, ELECTRIFIED.

TIGER. SAM. PAT. REECE. PERFECT SYNC.

THE PIT ON FIRE...

INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - DAY

PUSHING DOWN THE HALLWAY, THE DRONE FADES...

... INTO EIGHTIES THRASH METAL blasting over the PA.

END SLO-MO.

Gabe hands Big Justin a WAD OF BILLS by the green room entrance and jogs down an adjacent hallway carrying a GROCERY BAG, its plastic contents rattling within.
The Band rounds the corner, sidestepping THEIR OWN STENCILLED GEAR, now neatly stacked along the hallway.

SAM
(over music)
WHAT HAPPENED TO ‘FIRE CODE’?

BIG JUSTIN
(counting bills)
SORRY, HAD TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE HEADLINERS.

TIGER
COWCATCHER?

BIG JUSTIN
(handing over bills)
YUP. GOTTA CLEAR OUT.

Sam takes the cash and looks to Reece, who thumbs-up an equipment inventory.

REECE
TIGHT SHIP.

BIG JUSTIN
FOLLOW ME.

Big Justin grabs a case and leads them away.

Tiger, Reece, Sam and Pat grab cases, rolling out in unison.

Sam stops and pats his pockets.

SAM
Shit. My phone...

PAT
WHAT?

SAM
MY PHONE. I’LL CATCH UP.

Sam tries to squeeze by but Pat holds up a hand.

PAT
I GOT YOU.

Pat whips around and heads back.

SAM
THANKS.
Big Justin turns to roll his case over a floor seam and spots Pat moving toward the green room.

BIG JUSTIN
HEY! STOP!

Hearing only THRASH METAL, Pat casually turns the knob, KNOCKING as he pushes the door open into the room.

Big Justin barrels towards him, encumbered by gear...

BIG JUSTIN (CONT’D)
MOTHER FUCK.

31 INT. GREEN ROOM – DAY

Pat goes straight for Sam’s phone.

PAT
(yanking the charger)
Pardon me, ya’ll-

Four PEOPLE and not a word. All eyes on Pat.

And there she is...

Bent awkwardly on the couch is Emily, a BUCK KNIFE DRIVEN DEEP INTO HER SKULL. Very little blood.

PAT (CONT’D)
Holy shit.

Werm looks up, flushed but relaxed.

Amber stands horror-struck in the corner.

AMBER
Call the police.

Werm shrugs indifferent.

GUITARIST
Fuck that.

Big Justin BURSTS into the room.

BIG JUSTIN
I TOLD YOU...
(big breaths)
...to follow.

Pat dry swallows. Then BOLTS TO THE DOOR WITH THE PHONE.
Big Justin grabs a fistful of hoodie, RIPPING it off as Pat scrambles past...

INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Pat leaps across the threshold with a stretched t-shirt, DIALING and flailing, the charger dangling from the phone.

PAT
GO! GO!

The Band catches on as Big Justin emerges, eyes bulging.

Avoiding their strewn gear, Pat re-directs down the adjacent hall, the Band right behind.

INT. THE VENUE - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

PAT
(into cell)
YES, IT IS...

Gabe appears at the far end of the hallway with the DRUMMER.

PAT (CONT’D)
(into cell)
I DON’T- A ROCK CLUB...

They sprint to intercept.

PAT (CONT’D)
THERE’S BEEN A STABBING, SH-

Gabe SMACKS the phone from Pat and the DRUMMER follows through with a BRUTE-FORCE SHOVE.

Gabe dives for the cell:
ON THE PHONE: ‘911: 00:14...00:15...’

Gabe ends the call and pops up.

GABE
GOD DAMMIT.

Big Justin brings up the rear, the Band caught mid-hallway.

BIG JUSTIN
They di-

Gabe points to his ear.
BIG JUSTIN (CONT’D)
THEY DIDN’T LOCK THE DOOR–

GABE
NO. DON’T TALK. AND DON’T TOUCH
THEM.
(to Band)
STAY PUT.

Gabe speaks into the Drummer’s ear. The Drummer nods.

GABE (CONT’D)
(to Band)
I’LL BE RIGHT BACK. DON’T WORRY.

The Drummer backs off and leans against the wall. Big Justin stands opposite, the Guitarist visible over his shoulder in the green room doorway, Amber within, her pleading eyes.

SAM
(to Pat)
WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?

GABE
(turning back)
GIMME A MINUTE AND SAVE THE TALK.

The Band processing adrenaline.

GABE (CONT’D)
(to Sam)
SOMETHING TERRIBLE.

Pat nods compliance.

Gabe disappears with the phone around a corner.

EXT. THE VENUE - AROUND BACK - OFFICE TRAILER - DAY
ON A WIDE: The back door opens and shuts, briefly polluting the quiet air with THRASH METAL.

Gabe walks several yards to an OFFICE TRAILER. He disappears for several seconds, re-emerging with an awkward stride...

INT. THE VENUE - BACK HALLWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER
ON THE BAND: simmering, sharing looks, METAL still blaring. Breathing regulates...

...until Gabe returns with a RUGER .454 SUPER-REDHAWK REVOLVER by his side.
PAT
WAIT. WHAT!?

SAM
Fuck me.

REECE
WHAT IS GOING ON?

GABE
DON’T WORRY.
(gesturing with gun)
JUST GET BACK INSIDE.

Sam’s cell RINGS, glowing in Gabe’s other hand.

GABE (CONT’D)
LET’S GO!

INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

Everyone shuffles inside, amped-up and bewildered.

GABE
Turn the PA down!

He closes the door, Sam’s phone still RINGING.

The Drummer reaches inside a counter cabinet and slides the fader on a two-channel MIXING BOARD wired to a ‘90s STEREO.

BIG JUSTIN
They didn’t lock it.

Tiger sees the body, the knife, gestures to Reece and Sam.

GUITARIST
You were right there!

BIG JUSTIN
Until I wasn’t-

GABE
(hand up)
Quiet!

The THRASH METAL zeroes out, the Guitarist whips to Gabe.

GABE (CONT’D)
(cordial, into phone)
Hello? Yes, but we got cut off, it’s a bit- yes, ma’am...
Gabebacks out the door...

  **GABE (CONT’D)**
  (into phone)
  We called to report a stabbing...

THE DOOR SHUTS. Behind it, GABE’S MUFFLED WORDS.

Everyone eavesdropping until Gabe pops back through the door.

  **BIG JUSTIN**
  You call Darcy?

  **GABE**
  He’s on his way.
  (gesturing to the corpse)
  Knows about that...
  (gesturing to the band)
  Not this...

  **REECE**
  You can’t keep us here.

  **GABE**
  We’re not keeping you. You’re just staying.
  (nodding to Big Justin)
  You’re up.

Gabe hands Big Justin the gun.

  **TIGER**
  The fuck is that supposed to mean?

  **GABE**
  (exiting)
  Relax. Cops are on the way.

SLAM. Big Justin locks the dead bolt, glares at the Guitarist.

  **BIG JUSTIN**
  See how easy th- ?

The victim’s Friend POUNCES ON WERM, her vicious strikes unanswered until the Guitarist pulls her off and THROWS HER AGAINST THE WALL.

  **GUITARIST**
  Chill the fuck out, Amber.

Big Justin takes position by the door, pointing the gun.
37 INT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - DAY

Gabe steps in, CLARK (40s), a grizzled scarecrow, rises from behind the desk of this dated but tidy office. Cubby holes and shelves of WHITE-POWER/NAZI MERCHANDISE line the wall.

CLARK
Darcy here?

GABE
Not yet. I need six hundred cash.

CLARK
(opening a CASH BOX)
You just signed out three fifty-

GABE
Someone’s dead.

CLARK
Still gotta keep the books.

38 EXT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - DAY

Clark locks the office door, Gabe power-walks ahead.

CLARK
(catching up)
What do you need?

GABE
A true believer.

CLARK
...how ‘bout two?

39 INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

SAM
Maybe she’s not dead.

The Guitarist BLURTS a laugh. AMBER shoots him daggers.

SAM (CONT’D)
(calming hand)
Just saying. There’s no blood.
Who’s to say we-
Werm grips the buck knife and tugs, jerking the body off the couch and onto the floor. He re-grips, puts a boot next to the wound and YANKS THE KNIFE FROM THE SKULL WITH TWO HANDS.

BLOOD POURS.

WERM
There it is!

AMBER
My god.

Tiger’s eyes dart around the room. Pat closes his.

BIG JUSTIN
C’mon, man! What are you doing?

The Guitarist grabs a worn towel from the makeup counter and drapes it over the Victim’s face.

REECE
(to Sam)
The time to go is now.

WERM
See that...

ON THE DRAPE TOWEL: BLOOD BLOOMS from underneath.

TIGER
(inching to the door)
We didn’t see shit. We were so drunk...

BIG JUSTIN
(aiming gun)
Just wait.
Cops are on the way.

EXT. THE VENUE - AROUND THE SIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

APPROACHING SIRENS.

Gabe grips two SKINHEAD TWINS (20s) by their necks, huddled in silhouette against the low sun.

Clark stands facing the road.

GABE
You good?

Twin #1 nods.
GABE (CONT’D)

Good?

Twin #2 nods.

GABE (CONT’D)

Above and beyond, gentlemen. Need me to do it?

TWIN #1

Nope, we got this.

TWIN #2

Won’t even be the first time.

GABE

Hurry.

Gabe hands SOMETHING off and breaks from the huddle. The Twins tighten into a Thai-clinch.

TWIN #1

GO. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

And Twin #2 jabs Twin #1 in the ribs. THFFT.

TWIN #1 (CONT’D)

(clenched teeth)

Yup. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

THFFT. Another JAB, and a pained exhale.

FLASHING LIGHTS through the trees.

CLARK

(turning)

Okay that’s it!

Clark walks coolly back towards the venue.

Twin #2 hands Gabe a fluid-slick COMPACT TACTICAL KNIFE.

GABE

(waving it off)

Let them see it.

Twin #1 raises his shirt to present the wound: TWO SLIVERS OF PUNCTURED YELLOW TISSUE, ONE SEEPING BLOOD.

GABE (CONT’D)

The knife. It’s an inch too short for felony possession, so don’t worry- actually, gimme back the money.
TWIN #2
What?

GABE
Vouchers and shit- we’ll hold it for you...

The twins dig in their pockets and hand over the BILLS.

GABE (CONT’D)
If you do any time, we double it.

TWIN #2
(handing over HOUSE KEYS)
Make sure someone waters my hibiscus...

Gabe stuffs the money in his pocket, turns back to Clark, who steps from the venue doorway, waving various SKINS and ROCKERS outside.

CLARK
(lightning cigarette)
Check out those jokers.

ON A WIDE, FROM FAR BACK:
TWO POLICE CRUISERS and an AMBULANCE kick dust into the lot, killing their SIRENS.

Stepping forward from the gathering crowd, Twin #1 offers a disarming wave, Twin #2 tosses the knife on the ground.

Two POLICE OFFICERS emerge from the cruisers as a SPRINTER TRUCK enters the lot and pulls up beside the Band’s conversion van.

In custom paint: ‘BANKER’S HEATING AND VENTILATION’.

DARCY (50s), steps from the truck, utterly unthreatening, with tucked-in plaid and dad-slacks.

Darcy waves off the crowd and greets an officer, his charisma cutting through the air.

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON
Big Justin leans against the door, gun by his waist.
Pat, Sam, Tiger and Reece: standing in silence.
Amber watches the Drummer tap DRUMSTICKS on his lap.
Werm sits on the floor, elbows on knees.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

Big Justin twists, unlocks and opens the door for Gabe.

GABE  
Cowcatcher. Clear out.

Gabe snags a bag and a SET-LIST from the counter.

Werm takes his time getting up.

PAT  
Where are the cops?

GABE  
(to Guitarist)  
Get your stuff.

The Drummer tosses his sticks in the trash on the way out, the Guitarist grabs his GUITAR and follows.

TIGER  
What about us?

BIG JUSTIN  
Gabe. C’mon.

Gabe leans in, WHISPERING to Big Justin.

Reece makes eye contact with Sam and Pat, shakes his head.

AMBER  
What are you doing?

GABE  
Sorting this out. Hang tight.

Werm hangs mid exit, turning to Sam and Pat.

WERM  
Your set was good.

SAM  
What?

WERM  
What was the second to last song?

SAM  
Uh, Toxic Evolution..?
WERM
It’s fucking hard, man. That’s the one I did her to.

Gabe ushers Werm out and SHUTS THE DOOR behind them.

Big Justin breathes deep, locks the deadbolt and takes position by the door.

REECE
So... he’s got six bullets.

BIG JUSTIN
For real?

REECE
If we all go at once...

TIGER
Christ, hold off a second.

REECE
For what?!

SAM
We haven’t done anything.

AMBER
Doesn’t matter.

BIG JUSTIN
They’re called cartridges.
(showcasing the revolver)
The bullet is the part that enters your brain if you keep talking shit. And this one holds five cartridges, not six. Because they’re big as fuck and only five fit the cylinder. So please shut the fuck up and do not test me.

TIGER
(to Reece)
You’re making it worse.

Reece shoots Tiger a look.

BIG JUSTIN
We sit. We wait.

AMBER
And we die.
BIG JUSTIN
Not if you sit and you wait.

INT./ EXT. CONVERSION VAN / VENUE - LOT- LATE AFTERNOON

Darcy watches Clark slip on GLOVES and search the cabin of the Band’s van. Gabe shadows them, CLICKING Sam’s cell phone.

GABE
...Just the one to 911 at 3:45. Then mine was at 3:47. PM.

DARCY
You called?

GABE
They- 911 called back and I answered.

DARCY
Be clear. Who else knows besides- you said Daniel’s cousin?

GABE
Tad- text from him last night with our address, but he doesn’t know anything.

Darcy turns to Gabe as Clark pops the glove compartment and removes the flashlight.

DARCY
Except who they are, where they are and maybe where they’re supposed to be next. Check emails?

CLARK
They played their set. For the crowd.

DARCY
We’ll assume the wide world knows. And they’ll be tracking that.

Darcy gestures to SAM’S PHONE. Gabe tosses it to Clark, who wipes it clean and shuts it in the glove compartment.

GABE
I just wanted to buy some time, contain it until you- 

DARCY
Contain?
GABE
It was pretty rapid fire...

DARCY
I appreciate your initiative, and we all love Werm...

GABE
He’s a brother.

DARCY
Then you could’ve visited him in prison. Makes all the difference.

Gabe, shaken.

DARCY (CONT’D)
Now we’re all in the stew.

Clark CLICKS the flashlight on, climbs into the cargo hold.

DARCY (CONT’D)
For an impulsive act. A selfish act.
(moving within inches)
Under my roof.

Darcy closes the driver’s side door and walks to the rear.

TRACKING inside the shadowed van, flashlight sweeping, the beam landing on the DUFFEL BAG.

DARCY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
(muffled, outside van)
Do you see a way out of this?

The pair revealed again as Darcy opens the rear doors.

GABE
For them? No.

DARCY
We still need to think of one.

Clark removes the contents of the duffel, training the flashlight beam on THE SIPHON KIT AND GAS CAN.

Darcy uncaps the can, inhales the fumes.

DARCY (CONT’D)
Okay. This is good.

FEEDBACK from the Venue. All three men look back.
DARCY (CONT’D)
No guns. Clark, you got a ‘no trespassing’ sign posted at the residence?

CLARK
Got ‘beware of dogs’.

DARCY
That’s better.

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON
MUFFLED, THROUGH THE DOOR: LIVE GRIND CORE MUSIC ERUPTS.
It takes a beat for it to register.
Reece curls a lip at Big Justin, who can’t find words.

TIGER
(inspecting the walls)
Does anyone know we’re in here?

SAM
No one who cares. Tad?

PAT
I think we go.

REECE
(rolls shoulders, stretches neck)
I think we go.

BIG JUSTIN
(cocks the hammer)
The next person t-

KNOCK KNOCK.

GABE (O.S.)
(muffled, through door)
everyone okay?

Eyes gravitate to the corpse and back.

BIG JUSTIN
just about. gabe?

GABE (O.S.)
yeah. open up.

Big Justin backs towards the door.
AMBER
No.

REECE
Stop!

PAT
Where are the cops?

BIG JUSTIN
Want me to open the door or shoot you in the face?

Reece stalks closer. Amber and Pat too.

BIG JUSTIN (CONT’D)
BACK THE FUCK OFF.

GABE (O.S.)
WHAT’S HAPPENING?

BIG JUSTIN
‘TRYING TO RUSH ME.

GABE (O.S.)
DO NOT SHOOT.

BIG JUSTIN
THAT’S ON THEM.

PAT
WHERE ARE THE COPS?

A muddled CACOPHONY of pleas and threats..

GABE (O.S.)
GIVE THEM THE GUN.

Everyone stops.

BIG JUSTIN
SAY AGAIN?

GABE (O.S.)
IT’S OVER. GIVE THEM THE GUN.

BIG JUSTIN
FUCK NO. THEY WERE JUS–

GABE (O.S.)
THEN TAKE THE BULLETS OUT. HAND IT OVER. NOW. DO NOT SHOOT THEM!

Big Justin lowers the revolver.

BIG JUSTIN
IS DARCY HERE?
GABE (O.S.)
HE IS.

A THROAT CLEARS on the other side of the door.

DARCY (O.S.)
(muffled, through door)
I AM. GENTLEMEN, I’M THE OWNER.

BIG JUSTIN
(muttering)
...didn’t you just say...

Big Justin removes the .454 CARTRIDGES from the cylinder.

DARCY (O.S.)
TRULY SORRY ABOUT THIS. I’M PLAYING
CATCH-UP HERE MYSELF.

AMBER
(re: the live music)
They’re playing a fucking show.

PAT
THANK YOU. BUT WE OPEN THE DOOR FOR
A COP. OR WE KEEP THE BULLETS.
CARTRIDGES.

Big Justin hands the revolver to Sam.

DARCY (O.S.)
I’VE GOT NO PROBLEM WITH THAT.

Big Justin pockets the cartridges. Reece sidesteps towards
the door.

BIG JUSTIN
THEY’VE GOT THE GUN NOW. OPENING
UP...

REECE
Stop.

TIGER
Let him open the door. He gave over
the gun-

BIG JUSTIN
No one’s ‘letting’ me do anything.

DARCY (O.S.)
HOW’RE WE DOING?

Reece looks to Amber, she shakes her head.
SAM
He’s right.

TIGER
(anxiously rubbing face)
Who? Me?

SAM
Pat. Do the math—WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

DARCY (O.S.)
TAKES A WHILE OUT HERE. JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE NO ONE ELSE GETS HURT IN THE MEANTIME...

Big Justin turns to the door, reaches...

BIG JUSTIN
You got the damn g-

AAHHHHH! TIGER CHARGES BIG JUSTIN, EYES AFLAME.

Big Justin SLIDES THE DEAD BOLT LATCH HALF OPEN.

Reece lunges to SLAP IT CLOSED as Big Justin pivots to fend off TIGER’S FOREARM BITES.

TWO THUD PUNCHES TO THE TEMPLE SEND TIGER TO THE FLOOR.

REECE LEAPS FROM BEHIND, WRAPPING UP BIG JUSTIN’S WRISTS AND PULLING GUARD WITH BOTH LEGS. STAGGERING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF TWO MEN, BIG JUSTIN BUCKS AND KICKS, SMASHING A METAL VENT IN THE BASE OF THE DOOR LOOSE FROM ITS HOUSING.

REECE
Get him down!

Amber runs up and BOOT-STOMPS JUSTIN’S KNEES, TOPPLING HIM AND REECE TO THE GROUND.

DARCY (O.S.)
WHAT’S HAPPENING?!

AMBER PUTS A BOOT OVER BIG JUSTIN’S FACE AS REECE SNAKES HIS LIMBS AROUND BIG JUSTIN’S UPPER TORSO, SECURING HIM IN A ‘CRUCIFIX POSITION’ ARM LOCK.

The door handle RATTLES. Locked.

Pat grabs a side of the couch and looks to Sam, fumbling with the revolver.

Amber lifts her boot with a grin.
AMBER
(to Big Justin)
Shouldn’t have locked the door.

She grabs the other end of the couch, sliding it with Pat to blockade the door.

REECE
Get the bullets.

Amber and Pat rush back over, digging cartridges from Big Justin’s pocket.

REECE (CONT’D)
Load it. I got him.

Big Justin flushes with rage, now powerless.

DARCY
HOW’S IT GOING IN THERE?

BIG JUSTIN
NOT GOO-

Big Justin GRUNTS as Reece tightens his grip.

PAT
IT’S FINE. WE’D JUST RATHER WAIT FOR THE POLICE.

DARCY (O.S.)
JUSTIN?

Sam engages the loaded cylinder aims the revolver at Justin. Reece winces from the line of fire, Pat motions for Sam to lower the barrel.

PAT
HE’S FINE, BUT HE’S GONNA WAIT TOO.

INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Darcy and Gabe pressed to the door. Clark standing by.

DARCY
UNDERSTOOD, GENTLEMEN. Hold tight.

Darcy turns, takes a moment.

GABE
Think they know?
DARCY
I think they’re SMARTER THAN YOU!!!

DARCY FACE-PALMS GABE AND SLAMS HIM TO THE WALL.

CLARK
Darcy, man...

Gabe gets to his feet, ready for more.
Darcy catches his breath, his lips quivering.

DARCY
I apologize... We’ll do it here. Stage it up the road.

INT. GREEN ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

MUFFLED MUSIC through the door.
Tiger plants his hands to rise, Pat helps him to the couch.

PAT
What was that gonzo shit?

TIGER
I did the math.

REECE
So...

Reece maintains his joint lock on Big Justin.

REECE (CONT’D)
...in a tournament, I snap his arm or he taps out and we get burgers.

AMBER
Snap it.

BIG JUSTIN
Come on...

PAT
We’ve got the gun. Let him-

SAM
Wait. I don’t feel good with it. (offering the revolver)
Who wants it?

TIGER
No way...
PAT
(shaking head)
Can’t shoot.

AMBER
I can.

SAM
Not you.

AMBER
Then fucking keep it.

REECE
Just keep it, Sam. I’ll take it when I’m up.
(to Big Justin)
When I let go, what are you going to do?

BIG JUSTIN
Buttfuck everyone in the room.

Reece calmly leans back, hyper-extending Big Justin’s elbow until a SUBTLE PROTRUSION surfaces.

BIG JUSTIN (CONT’D)
OwOwOwOwOw...

REECE
You’re going to sit crisscross apple sauce.

Big Justin nods.

REECE (CONT’D)
Say it.

BIG JUSTIN
I’m gonna sit crisscross appl...

Working his hips and pushing off, Reece has already disengaged the joint lock. He rolls to his feet.

SAM
Nice.

Sam hands Reece the revolver.

PAT
(to Amber)
Is there another way out?

Amber shakes ‘no’. Tiger scoots a CHAIR from the wall.
TIGER
There’s gotta be something.

INT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON

Gabe leans over the desk, scribbling names on a POST-IT.

DARCY
You fed them yet today?

CLARK
(sliding on a JACKET)
Doesn’t matter- they’re professionals.

DARCY
Might lose a couple by the morning.
Maybe a bunch.

CLARK
Like I said, they’re pros. They earn.

DARCY
You’ll be compensated.
(to Gabe)
Christ. How many people on that list?

Gabe drops the pen and stands.

EXT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Clark locks the trailer door, hands Darcy a MASTER KEY CHAIN.

CLARK
Twelve hundred for a prospect. Two for a bait dog. No studs. No champs. Unless you wanna pay twenty grand a head...

DARCY
(a patient stare)
This might cost you your livelihood, Clark. As long as it doesn’t cost me mine, you’re covered.

INT. THE VENUE - BACK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Darcy leads Clark and Gabe down the hallway.
DARCY
There’s going to be cops, so clean out the residence. Maybe leave ‘em a roach in the ashtray...

The trio stomp past the green room door, going single file as they pass the BAND’S GEAR littering the hallway.

DARCY (CONT’D)
(to Gabe)
Get Daniel on that door and pull their van around – shit, keys?

GABE
I guess inside with them.

DARCY
We’ll need ‘em.

CLARK
I’ve got a ton of shit to do.

DARCY
Go on.

Clark starts down the hall, Darcy points to the stacked gear.

DARCY (CONT’D)
This is a fire hazard.

INT. THE VENUE – CONTINUOUS

Darcy and Gabe turn the corner, passing COWCATCHER ON STAGE, BLASTING GRINDCORE TO A FRENZIED CROWD.

GABE
I WOULDN’T PUT DANIEL ON THE DOOR.

DARCY
FINE. PLENTY TO DO.

They reach the bar, Darcy leans to the BARTENDER, already pouring him the usual in a SHOT GLASS.

DARCY (CONT’D)
WHERE’S DANIEL?

BARTENDER
STEPPED OUT. I’M COVERING.
(hand under the bar)
EVERYTHING OKAY?

Darcy leaves the POURED SHOT, Gabe follows him out.
The driver’s door of the conversion van opens, Gabe climbs in, Darcy steps back.

DARCY
Meet me by the utility shed.

Gabe checks under the visor, feels for keys in the ignition.

A V-8 ENGINE CHUGS AND STARTS.

Confused, Gabe looks to Darcy, who’s tracking the sound.

Daniel fidgets in his ’65 ragtop, the engine idling, suddenly anxious to see Darcy and Gabe close in.

DARCY
This the new ride?

DANIEL
Yeah, just turning it over. Think it’s getting choked. Wrong filter.

DARCY
She’s a beaut.

Daniel locks eyes with Gabe, kills the engine.

DANIEL
What’s up?

DARCY
Need some of the squad. Red laces only.

DANIEL
Tonight?

DARCY
Now.

(to Gabe)
That list...

Gabe hands over the POST-IT.

DARCY (CONT’D)
This is everyone who knows?

GABE
Yes. Including the band.
DANIEL
Knows what?

DARCY
(handing back the Post-it)
Manageable. From here on out, not a single name gets added...

Daniel climbs out of the convertible.

DARCY (CONT’D)
...unless they’ve got red laces.

GABE
There’s eighty people in there.

DARCY
(to Daniel)
You, plus four.

Daniel turns, shoving his keys in his pocket.

DARCY (CONT’D)
Give Gabe your keys.

Daniel pivots, flustered.

DARCY (CONT’D)
In case we gotta play valet.

Daniel folds the keys up in the sun visor.

DARCY (CONT’D)
(nodding)
We’re losing light.

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

BUZZING LIGHT FLICKERS DEAD AS A 4’ FLUORESCENT BULB IS TWISTED FROM ITS CEILING BALLAST.

Tiger hands the bulb to Sam, who places it on the counter.

SAM
Watch out, those could be live...

TIGER
That’s speaker wire.

Tiger yanks down an ALUMINUM DROP CEILING T-BAR.

Pat watching, turns to Amber.
PAT
You don’t have a phone, do you?

AMBER
They took it.

Pat gestures to the corpse.

AMBER (CONT’D)
...hers too.

PAT
(reverently)
I’m going to search her, okay?

A flash of protest, then a nod. Pat crosses.

Reece sits on the floor by the couch, revolver in hand, eyes on Big Justin.

Big Justin sits cross-legged in the corner, eyes on Pat.

Pat kneels by the body, digging through pockets.

He pulls out a LIGHTER, sets it on the floor.

TIGER
We could start a fire?

Pat pulls out a PACK OF CIGARETTES, sets it down.

SAM
That’ll give us the upper hand.

Pat pulls out the FOLDED NAPKIN, unfolds it.

ON THE NAPKIN, in bleeding blue ink: ‘Fleischwolf’.

SAM (CONT’D)
Got something?

PAT
(showing napkin)
‘Fleish...wolf’?

Amber eyes Big Justin.

SAM
Fleish is flesh, or meat. Like a fleish salad. It’s German. With sausage.

PAT
Meat-wolf?
Sam turns his attention as Tiger plops a DUSTY CEILING TILE in his hands.

SAM
(blowing breath)
Careful! This could be asbestos...

Tiger shoots back a look as Sam sets the tile down.

TIGER
All concrete.

PAT
Nothing here.

He stands over the corpse, looks to Big Justin and tosses the napkin.

PAT (CONT’D)
Empty your pockets.

BIG JUSTIN
Come search me, faggot.

AMBER
Just shoot him.

Reece deadpans Big Justin.

BIG JUSTIN
Can I get up?

REECE
Just to your knees.

Big Justin rocks his way out of the seated position, lumbering to his knees.

Tiger moves into the bathroom, stands on the toilet to inspect the ceiling.

Big Justin unsnaps his CHAIN WALLET, throws it forward.

Digs in his pocket, throws some KEYS and BOTTLE CAPS.

PAT
Turn ‘em out.

Big Justin deadpans Pat, digs out a BOX-CUTTER and throws it forward.

SAM
Good call.
He turns out his last pocket, cupping SOMETHING in his hand.

REECE  PAT
Is that..?   Hand it ov-

In one fluid motion, Big Justin reveals a FLIP-STYLE CELL
PHONE, OPENS IT, SNAPS IT IN HALF and tosses it forward.

SAM (CONT’D)
(scrambling for the phone)
NO!

BIG JUSTIN
Oops.

Reece grits his teeth, Pat curses himself.

AMBER
You piece of shit.

Tiger steps from the bathroom. Sam pelts the phone halves at
Big Justin, who deflects with a shit-eating grin.

TIGER
Wait, was that--?

TICK. THE ROOM GOES PITCH BLACK.

MUFFLED, THROUGH THE DOOR: The amplified GRINDCORE
DISINTEGRATES INTO SOLO DRUMS. Then STOPS.

HOOTS AND HOLLERS FROM THE CROWD.

PAT (O.S.)
SHIT.

SAM (O.S.)
Is it the cops? A raid?

AMBER (O.S.)
Are you serious?

REECE (O.S.)
Shhhhhh...

SAM (O.S.)
Fuck off, Ilsa.

REECE (O.S.)
Quiet. Don’t move, Justin.

SCUFFLING.
PAT (O.S.)
Aim at the door.

REECE (O.S.)
Nobody move.

MORE SCUFFLES. A CELLOPHANE CRINKLE.

TIGER (O.S.)
If we all get behi-

REECE (O.S.)
Nobody talk!

CHIK. Amber’s face in the WARM GLOW of LIGHTER FLAME.

She LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. Puffs.

AMBER
Careful now...

LIGHTER AFLAME, she walks to Big Justin, hands him the cigarette.

AMBER (CONT’D)
Smoke this.

BIG JUSTIN
Deal.

AMBER
If the cherry does something you don’t like, shoot.

REECE
Thank you, Amber.

AMBER
Get comfortable.

She leans to the wall.

Reece puts forearms to knees, levels the gun.

Sam nods. Pat too. Tiger sits, cradles his knees.

The LIGHTER CLICKS OFF. Just the FLOATING CHERRY in the dark.

And a FAINT COOL GLOW from the opposite corner of the room.

Tiger crawls for a closer look...

SAM
Pretty smart for a Nazi.
AMBER
I’m not a Nazi.

Tiger’s eye hits a STRIPE OF DAYLIGHT spilling from under the tattered carpet, near the base moulding.

PAT
Nazis weren’t necessarily stupid... just evil.

TIGER
Guys...

AMBER
You don’t know m-

A COLLECTIVE ELECTRONIC WHIR AS THE LIGHTS FLICKER BACK ON. Tiger rips up the carpet, exposing a section of wood floor boards, but the daylight is now invisible.

BROODING MUSIC BUILDS.

53
INT. THE VENUE - SUNSET

THE LAST RAYS OF SUN filter through the windows, some HOUSE LIGHTS STILL FLICKERING UP TO TEMPERATURE.

FROM THE CROWD, Darcy crosses the stage and takes the mic.

DARCY
(over PA)
Looks like we tripped our main. Our back-up gennie is fired up but we’re gonna to have to call it a day, do some troubleshooting.

54
INT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - SUNSET

ON THE GROCERY BAG Gabe removed from the Green Room, now atop Clark’s desk...

Something inside BUZZES, GLOWS.

THE BROODING MUSIC SURGES, CARRIES US THROUGH:

MONTAGE:
A 54  EXT. THE VENUE - SUNSET

DANIEL LOWERS HIS GLOWING PHONE, SCANNING THE CROWD OF SKINS AND ROCKERS FILING INTO THE LOT. HE EYES TWO CHELSEA GIRLS.

DARCY (V.O.)
(over PA)
We’ll try it again next Sunday. No door charge. Hell, free drinks from two to four.

(O.S.) THE CROWD CHEERS.

B 54  EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - SUNSET/ MAGIC HOUR

HEADLIGHTS, BRAKE-LIGHTS, DISCARDED CIGARETTES.

DARCY (V.O.)
(over PA)
For those of you attending the racial advocacy workshop on Wednesday, assume it’s on until you hear otherwise.

C 54  EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - MAGIC HOUR

DANIEL APPROACHES A CIRCLE OF SKINS PASSING A JOINT, PUTS HIS HAND ON A SHOULDER.

DANIEL
Who hasn’t smoked yet.

Three die-hard skins with boots, braces and bomber jackets KYLE, JONATHAN and ALAN raise their hands.

DARCY (V.O.)
(over PA)
Remember, this is a movement, not a party. Alright, stay safe, and Godspeed.

D 54  EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - MAGIC HOUR

A HAZE OF GLOWING DUST AS THE VISITOR’S PARKING LOT EMPTIES.

Save an idling, BEAT-UP SEDAN with toxic EXHAUST.

Werm, the Guitarist and the Drummer are inside smoking.
GABE
You’re not worried they’ll talk?

Darcy shuts a SECURITY SAFE, turns to present two STAMPED BAGS of HEROIN.

DARCY
They’ve got priorities.

WALK AND TALK, Darcy and Gabe head for Cowcatchers’ sedan.

DARCY
Tell them the party is on us if they hole up for a few days. Put this fire out first...

GABE
(reading stamp)
‘Grove Street’?

DARCY
My dope, nigger stamps- in case one of these meatheads gets booked for possession.

(arriving at sedan)
Let’s get y’all somewhere safe!

The conversion van is pushed along quiet dirt.

A Skin hops in the open door and steers it to a stop.

Sam eyes Tiger, crouching with a SHARPIE, drawing a large ‘X’ on the floorboards.

SAM
Treasure?

TIGER
Daylight. Underneath.

Eyes find Amber. She shrugs ignorance.

MUFFLED, THROUGH THE DOOR: ROLLING, SCUFFS and THUMPS.
REECE
Our gear...

KNOCK KNOCK.

DARCY (O.S.)
GENTLEMEN?

PAT
YES.

DARCY (O.S.)
WE’RE LOADING YOU OUT.

SAM
ARE THE POLICE HERE?!

DARCY (O.S.)
THEY’VE COME AND GONE. GOT A LITTLE COMPLICATED.

SAM
We’re so fucked.

DARCY (O.S.)
I’M GETTING HOARSE.
(clearing throat)
Can you hear me at this volume?

SAM
Pat

DARCY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Good. And can we elect a single voice?

Sam yields, Pat inches closer to the door.

PAT
Yes.

DARCY (O.S.)
You are trapped. This is not a threat, just a fact.

PAT
(to door)
We have the gun. Loaded. Also just a fact.

DARCY (O.S.)
We’ve got plenty more guns on hand, but we want you out, not harmed.
Pat shoots a look back at the band.

DARCY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
That firearm you have is not registered. I wanted it out of the picture before the authorities arrived. You refused, and so here we are...

REECE
(whispering)
Bullshit.

Pat looks for consensus, there is none.

PAT
(to door)
...here we are.

DARCY (O.S.)
I do apologize for my associates. They panicked.

PAT
No shit! And we’re in a r-

DARCY
LISTEN. No one’s trying to wipe this clean. Whatever you saw or did is not now my concern. Tell whoever you want whatever you want. All I ask is that you understand you were held here for your own safety. Before you were let go.

A crossfire of looks, a surge of hope.

PAT
(to door)
Yes. Thank you. To be clear, the police are coming back?

DARCY (O.S.)
They have come and gone.

PAT
(to door)
That’s what concerns us.

DARCY (O.S.)
Just need that gun out of the picture...
Pat crosses between Reece and Big Justin, towards the center of the room.

REECE
(tipping gun barrel away)
Careful.

Sam and Tiger join Pat in the center, Amber hovers close.

IN A HUDDLE, HUSHED.

PAT
What do we do?

TIGER
Dig through the floor.

SAM
While they just wait? They could shoot us anytime.

PAT
But they haven’t. How do we even know th-

AMBER
They have guns. No question.

SAM
SHHH.
We’re going to trust you?

REECE
We’ve got zero leverage.

AMBER
Ask for a phone. For the gun.

Pat considers, they all do.

TIGER
What about him?

Big Justin, laying low in Reece’s sights.

SAM
Soon as we hand it over he’ll...

REECE
I can tie him up.

PAT
Okay? See what they say?
Nods from everyone as Pat approaches the door.

    PAT (CONT’D)
    (to door)
    We’ll hand it over if you give us a cell phone.

    DARCY (O.S.)
    Sorry, no.

    PAT
    (to door)
    How about a registered firearm?

    DARCY
    Funny. JUSTIN, YOU ALIVE AND WELL?

Justin waits for approval. Reece nods.

    BIG JUSTIN
    I’M ALIVE.

    DARCY (O.S.)
    Okay, good. I hope you gentlemen can appreciate the situation.
    Things have gone south, no doubt. But know that if you don’t hand that gun over, it won’t end well.
    You see, as far as I know, I come to my place of business and there’s an out-of-town band, locked in a room with an unregistered firearm—and somebody’s hurt inside. Maybe even a hostage too?

    PAT
    (to door)
    C’mon...

Tiger closes his eyes, Amber fumes, Reece keeps the gun on Big Justin, who cracks a smile.

    DARCY (O.S.)
    What am I to do? Am I within my rights to intervene? Should I kick down the door and start shooting? Or would it be safer to remove the guns from the equation? These are my questions. I’ll wait thirty seconds for an answer...

    PAT
    (to door)
    Hold on...

    (MORE)
(turning to group)
Anyone got smart ideas?

REECE
(smiles)
Zero leverage.

Reece hands the gun to Sam.

REECE (CONT’D)
Got it?

Sam nods, sidesteps and crouches, pressing the gun to the base of Big Justin’s head.

SAM
Please don’t do anything.

Reece scoots on the ground and snakes his limbs around Big Justin’s torso, securing a tight arm bar.

REECE
He’s good.

SAM
Are we really doing this?

TIGER
This isn’t right.

PAT
No one’s saying it is. We either hand over the gun, or open fire with it.

AMBER
I vote for that.

Sam gets to his feet, cradling the gun.

SAM
Your vote doesn’t count. We’re taking chances either way.

TIGER
(pacing wildly)
We’re so dead...

Pat intercepts Tiger’s orbit, grabs his shoulders.

PAT
At least this way we’ll find out.
All we’re doing now is buying time.
AMBER
For them.
Pat nods.

REECE
Amen. At this point I’m just fucking curious...

Tiger breathes, nods. Pat takes position by the door. Amber scans around the room.

PAT
(to door)
Okay. We’ll hand it over. But we’re keeping the ammo.

DARCY (O.S.)
That’s fine. Safer for everyone.

Sam nods, inspects the revolver...

PAT
(to door)
Step back, please.

DARCY (O.S.)
You got it.

Pat scoots the couch back, stands ready by the dead bolt.

Amber eyes a broken DRUM STICK in a wastebasket, plucks it out.

SAM
(fiddling with gun)
Where’s the-?

PAT
(holding out hand)
Here.

Sam hands over the Ruger, Pat finds the cylinder release latch and empties the .454 rounds into Sam’s cupped hands.

REECE
(to Big Justin)
Hold real still...

Tiger and Sam get behind the couch. Amber hops over it, taking a prone position by the base of the door.
She pokes the dislodged vent Big Justin kicked-in earlier with the drum stick, prying open a sliver-view into the hallway beyond.

THROUGH THE SLIVER: Amber sees Darcy’s GENERIC COMFORT SHOES settling back against the far wall.

Amber angles her head to see more...

    PAT
    Here we go.

HE SLIDES THE DEAD-BOLT UNLOCKED.

Puts his foot down in a sturdy stance, blows on his palms, cracks the DOOR OPEN.

    PAT (CONT’D)
    Okay. Here.

    DARCY (O.S.)
    May I approach?

    PAT
    No. I’m throwing it.

    DARCY (O.S.)
    Careful. It was a gift.

Biting her lips, Amber watches THROUGH THE SLIVER: Darcy’s shoes stay put...

The big-bore snub nose needing more clearance, Pat adjusts his posture, opens the door a bit further...

As the door angles inward, Amber’s view widens. She cranes her neck, hearing the SQUEAK of stiff leather...

THROUGH THE SLIVER: JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR...

FIVE PAIRS OF COMBAT BOOTS, LACED IN RED, THE TIPS OF BLADES.

    AMBER
    (whipping to Pat)
    THEY’RE KILLING US.

    SAM
    Keep the gun!

A HAND THRUSTS INSIDE, GRABS PAT’S WRIST.

    PAT
    Get off!
PAT PULLS THE TRIGGER: CLICK- CLICK- CLICK-

HIS ARM IS YANKED OUT, SHOULDER PRESSED TO THE DOOR FRAME.

    TIGER
    OH NO.

    PAT
    Okay, okay, okay, okay!

THROUGH THE SLIVER: THE BOOTS SWARM, ONE KICKS AT THE VENT, SENDING AMBER FLINCHING BACK AS HER VIEW IS CAVED-IN.

Immediately, RHYTHMIC HACKING SOUNDS.

PAT SCREAMS, fighting for leverage, pressing the door against his own arm.

BIG JUSTIN BUCKS, CATCHING REECE OFF GUARD.

    BIG JUSTIN
    THE FUCK OFF ME...

Pat jolts from off screen IMPACTS. Amber scrambles to her feet as Sam rushes to the door.

    PAT
    GIMME MY HAND!

REECE RE-LOCKS HIS ARM BAR, GRITS HIS TEETH AND YANKS, SNAPPING BIG JUSTIN’S ARM AT THE ELBOW.

    BIG JUSTIN
    AHHHHHHHHHH.

Amber and Sam grab Pat around the waist, heaving.

TIGER JABS THE ALUMINUM CEILING FRAME THROUGH THE DOOR. METAL ON METAL IMPACTS.

They pull Pat inside, HIS HAND NEARLY HACKED-OFF ABOVE THE WRIST.

Reece barrels into the door, slamming it shut, twisting around and locking the bolt.

    REECE
    Holy fuck.

Pat crumples to the ground, hunched over his wound.

    PAT
    Oh god. Oh no...oh god...
Two POUNDS on the door.

DARCY (O.S.)
(through door)
THIS’LL BE OVER SOON, GENTLEMEN.

Big Justin staggers to his feet, HIS SNAPPED ARM DANGLING AT HIS SIDE.

BIG JUSTIN
...fucking crush you...

AMBER charges Big Justin, he winds-up his good arm...
THWAK. CLOTHES-LINES HER TO THE FLOOR.

Tiger sprawls, pushing the couch back against the door.

BIG JUSTIN (CONT’D)
WHORES!

He goes for the BOX-CUTTER, Reece JUMPS ON HIS BACK, SECURING A NECK CHOKE.

REECE
Get it!

Big Justin staggers, in shock with no air, thumbing at the slide of his box-cutter.

THE BLADE EXTENDS, BIG JUSTIN BLINDLY SLASHES AT REECE.

AMBER GOES FOR THE WEAPON, GRABBING BIG JUSTIN’S WRIST.
REECE CONSTRICTS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AND JUSTIN FLUSHES RED.

Amber wrestles the box-cutter away.

Tiger sits facing Pat, registering the severity of his wounds: BLOOD, EXPOSED FAT, THE HAND SAGGING BY TENDONS.

PAT
Okayokayokayokay...

Sam turns to Pat.

Reece wraps his legs around Big Justin, now twitching helplessly, biting the air.

REECE
Tell me when he’s out!
SAM
(turning back)
Okay...

Tiger unlaces his battered Chuck Taylors.

Big Justin’s eyes go glassy and roll back.

SAM (CONT’D)

He’s out.

Reece holds several seconds, loosens his grip.

Big Justin sags to the ground.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR, MUFFLED MUSIC RESUMES OVER THE PA.

Tiger pulls a striped tube sock from his foot.

TIGER

Here...

Tiger wraps the tube sock above Pat’s elbow, tightens a knot.

Pat GRUNTS/SOBS/SPITS.

REECE

Tie it so there’s enough-

Big Justin JOLTS RIGID AND PLANKS OUT.

Startled, Tiger whips to see...

BRAYING EXHALATIONS PUSH FOAMING SPIT through Big Justin’s clenched teeth and flapping jowls.

SAM

He’s not out.

REECE

Fuck this.

Reece wraps Big Justin up in a rear-naked choke.

Big Justin comes to, locks eyes with Pat, glazing over.

BIG JUSTIN

(whispering)

...me too...

SAM

(to Tiger)

We got this! Put pressure on that.
Tiger removes his jacket, wraps it around Pat’s mangled arm. Amber, box-cutter in hand, steps to Reece.

AMBER
You got it?

REECE
Yeah.

BIG JUSTIN
(whispering)
..shoulda...locked...door...

SAM
Are we doing this?

Amber crouches, face to face with Big Justin.

AMBER
(whispering back)
Problem wasn’t locking the door.
Problem was killing my friend.

Reece settles in.

And squeezes.

They watch.

His regulated breaths.

The tears streaming down his cheeks.

Until it’s done.

SAM
How long does it take? To be sure?

Shrugs, looks.

Amber RUNS THE BOX-CUTTER UP BIG JUSTIN’S BELLY.

REECE
(releases grip)
Jesus.

Tiger winces, looks to the door, dazed.

TIGER
We...need...

Pat clutching his wound, blood seeping through the jacket.
SAM
You said you saw daylight?

TIGER
What? Yeah.

EXT. THE VENUE - AROUND BACK - NIGHT

A stenciled ‘Ain't Rights’ logo lands into frame.

Daniel stacks BRANDED CASES in the conversion van.

SLAMMING the rear doors, he finds Gabe waiting with a MILK CRATE: inside, the BLOOD-SPATTERED .454 RUGER.

DARCY
Any and all firearms. Clark will handle it from here...
(to Gabe)
He give you an ETA?

GABE
I told him no calls.

DARCY
Right. Good.
(re: milk crate)
Phones too...

The Skins gather, Daniel sees the BLOODY MACHETE.

DANIEL
What happened in there?

A .25 CAL AUTO and a .38 SNUBNOSE are placed in the crate, followed by three CELL PHONES.

DARCY
(to Gabe)
Set up Neil for tomorrow. New drywall, pour a floor. Say we had a leak.

Gabe nods. Darcy checks his watch.

DANIEL
What happened?

DARCY
(to Gabe)
Door with a frame too. I’ve got carpet on hand-
(MORE)
Bit of a maelstrom tonight.

Gabe and Darcy exchange looks. Darcy motions the Skins close.

DARCY (CONT’D)  
(to Daniel)  
Visiting band...  
(gestures to the van)  
...hurt one of ours.

DANIEL  
Who?

Gabe steps in, calming...

GABE  
Emily.

DARCY  
Maybe Big Justin too.

DANIEL  
(fury in his eyes)  
What the fuck are we doing? Let’s-

DARCY  
We are not coming apart is what we are doing. We are saving questions until this pig-fuck is transferred off site-

GABE  
Darcy.

Off Gabe’s nod, Darcy steps back and looks off:

THROUGH THE TREES, PICKUP TRUCK HEADLIGHTS.

Faintly, the CRUNCH of gravel, RATTLING, BARKING.

Daniel swallows, intense.

DARCY  
Last chance if anyone needs to take a leak...

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

PULLING OUT FROM THE LOCKED GREEN ROOM DOOR...

Outside, MUFFLED MUSIC...

Inside, a RUCKUS...
THEY’RE TEARING THE PLACE APART.

Tiger, standing over the Sharpie ‘X’, PUMMELING FLOORBOARDS with a MIC STAND.

Amber SMASHING WALLS, EXPOSING BRICK.

Sam, STABBING CEILING TILES with the aluminum frame, his shirt pulled over his nose.

Reece drapes Big Justin’s jacket over his corpse.

PAT
I lost the gun...

REECE
You held on longer than I would’ve.

Pat gives a drowsy smile. Reece turns to the rest.

REECE (CONT’D)
I’M GOING.

Sam, Tiger and Amber keep up the DEMO.

REECE (CONT’D)
There’s no air shaft, no sewer sys-

SMASH.

TIGER
There we go...

COOL LIGHT SPILLS up through a caved-in floorboard.

Amber turns, watches Tiger and Sam peel up carpet.

PAT
What time is it?

AMBER
That’s not daylight.

TIGER
It’s something...

Reece SMASHES a chair, yanks off a leg, crosses...

Reece drives the chair leg into the floor, STOMPS several times, BREAKING THROUGH.

Sam and Tiger swoop in, prying away loose boards.
Sam, Tiger and Reece gaze down a PORTAL OF SPLINTERED WOOD AND FLOATING PARTICLES.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - MOMENTS LATER

INDUSTRIAL WHIR...

Tiger is lowered into frame, past a DANGLING FLUORESCENT FIXTURE, surveying the interior.

TIGER

Oh.

Reece drops down behind him. Then Sam.

Before them is a near century-old alcove. MODERN PLUMBING FIXTURES tapped into the old WATER MAIN lead to a modernized, insulated room.

ABOVE: SPRINKLERS and VENTILATION.

BELOW: TARPED LAB EQUIPMENT, INDUSTIRAL TUBS and MIXERS.

REECE

Look for a door.

Sam, Tiger and Reece spread out, rushing down the narrow isles between the equipment.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Amber, looking down the jagged hole in the floor.

To Pat, huddled against the wall with labored breaths.

PAT

Just let me know.

Amber sits, readying to drop.

PAT (CONT’D)

Sorry about your friend.

She nods, shoves off.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CONTINUOUS

Sam pulls a plastic curtain: behind it, TANKS, CLIMATE CONTROL UNITS and SUPPLY SHELVING mounted on CONCRETE.
SAM

Nope.

Reece rips away insulation, revealing RIBBED METAL WALLS.

REECE

Containers.

Tiger parts heavy plastic sheeting and crosses into an 8x20' chamber housing INDUSTRIAL COFFEE GRINDERS, SCALES, AND BAGS OF POWDER. At the far end, a LADDER LEADS TO A CEILING HATCH. He sprints up it and grabs the welded handle. Doesn’t budge.

TIGER

Shit!

Tiger drops down, Reece climbs up, gives it a try, POUNDS...

A 63

EXT. THE VENUE - AROUND BACK - NIGHT

Set twenty feet from the back of the venue, a charred, disused BARBECUE PIT.

FAINT METALLIC THUMPS from underneath...

63

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB- CONTINUOUS

Reece drops down from the latch.

SAM

There a lock?

REECE

Other side maybe. We’re burning time.

Sam tilts his gaze to the duct work above.

SAM

There’s ven-

Reece is gone. Sam and Tiger jog after him...

They push through the sheeting, crossing back.

SAM (CONT’D)

There’s ventilation!

REECE

Four inch ducts. Good luck.
Amber stands by the entrance, taking in the operation.

Tiger pulls back the plastic curtain, eyeing a roll of REFLECTIVE DUCT TAPE on the shelf.

SAM
Shouldn’t we look around?

Reece kneels, offering Amber a boost.

REECE
We just did.

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amber pops back up through the floor.

ON PAT, eager.

AMBER
(getting to her feet)
Heroin. This isn’t about her...us.

Reece surfaces, reaches back for Sam and Tiger.

SAM
(popping up)
Big ass bunker.

REECE
Big ass dead end.

Pat sinks, Tiger knee-slides to his side.

TIGER
Gimme your hand...

Tiger pulls the jacket from around PAT’S HAND: EXPOSED TENDONS, LOSING BLOOD FAST. Pat grits his teeth.

TIGER (CONT’D)
Look away, dude...

SAM
Can’t we use this to our advantage?

REECE
WE’RE DONE!—
(fights for composure)
I’m done. Close the door behind me if you wanna strategize.
Tiger yanks a length of DUCT TAPE from the roll, wraps the wound...

SAM
We’re not ready.

REECE
What do you think they’re doing?

SAM
That’s just it, we don’t know.

Tiger winds the tape roll ‘round and ‘round, eyes welling up.

REECE
We know they mean us harm.

SAM
It’s just- if they have guns why aren’t they mowing us down?

Amber pockets the box-cutter, kneels by Emily’s corpse.

PAT
...can’t just go missing. They need us found...

AMBER
Grab some shit, get ready to run.

SAM
We’ll die...

Reece picks up the wooden chair leg.

REECE
The longer we wait the surer that is. Ready? Tiger?

Amber kisses Emily’s forehead, covers her up.

TIGER
(tears streaming)
Almost...

Tiger winds the tape...

PAT
We gotta treat this like paintball.

Eyes on Pat. Even Amber wants to hear this.

PAT (CONT’D)
Can’t take it so seriously...
SAM
Say what?

PAT
Rick Silva. He organized the paint ball for Skate-o’s bachelor party? Let me tag along. We were short a few players to book the whole field, so they paired us with these ex-Marines. First two games, they tore us to shreds. Zero casualties on their side– I just cowered behind trees until I was shot–

REECE
Tiger– you done?

Tiger tears and smooths the duct tape, PAT’S HAND AND FOREARM NOW MUMMIFIED IN A METALLIC SHEEN.

TIGER
Okay.

REECE
(to Pat)
Gotta go. Sorry.

PAT
Okay.

Amber fishes the box-cutter from her pocket.

AMBER
Was that a pep talk?

Tiger blows a snot-laugh, wipes his tears.

Sam grabs the 4’ fluorescent bulb.

REECE
We won’t all live, but– I dunno– maybe we won’t all die...

Tiger lifts the aluminum ceiling frame, offers it to Pat, cradling his wounded arm.

PAT
(waving it off)
I’m just gonna run.

ON THE DOOR: PULLING OUT AS REECE, SAM, TIGER, AMBER AND PAT CONVERGE...

WEAPONS READY...
SAM
F*ck it. Simon and Garfunkel.

Heads turn, furrowed brows.

SAM (CONT’D)
‘Desert island’ band.

REECE
Ha. Prince.

They look to Pat...

PAT
I...

TIGER
Still the Misfits.

REECE
(with a nod)
True school.

AMBER
We going?

Nods.

PUSHING IN ON THE DOOR...

The MUFFLED MUSIC.

Reece puts a hand on the deadbolt, looks back.

Battle positions.

Sam taps the fluorescent bulb to the ground. POP. Raises a ‘business end’ of jagged glass.

REECE
Here we go...

AMBER
(under her breath)
Madonna and Slayer...

SHE THUMBS OUT THE BOX CUTTER BLADE...

REECE SLAPS THE DEAD-BOLT UNLOCKED. TIGER YANKS OPEN THE DOOR.

SAM
Watchit.
SAM JAVELIN—THROWS THE JAGGED FLUORESCENT BULB...

INT. THE VENUE — BACKSTAGE — CONTINUOUS

THE 4’ BULB SPEARS THROUGH THE AIR, IMPACTS THE FAR WALL AND EXPLODES INTO SHARDS AS THEY CHARGE THROUGH THE THRESHOLD...

...INTO AN EMPTY HALLWAY.

TIGER
(hushed)
What the fuck?

PAT
(re: their gear)
They loaded us out.

REECE
(to Amber)
How many exits?

AMBER
(pointing)
The main, the back, maybe the kitchen? I alwa–

TIGER
What about windows?

AMBER
See for yourself.

Reece has crept halfway down the hall.

They follow...

INT. THE VENUE — STAGE — CONTINUOUS

As they reach the stage stairs, THE PA MUSIC FADES DOWN.

Suddenly, eerily quiet.

They crouch and find shadows, scanning the interior.

Just darkness.

SCUFFLING FOOTSTEPS. A SUBTLE CREAK.

TIGER
Should we hide?
REECE
Whatever you want.

Reece descends the stairs, jogs crouched towards the main entrance.

Tiger, Sam, Amber and Pat follow.

SAM
We should split up.

TIGER
Totally.

No one breaks from the cluster.

As they round the bar, waiting in the doorway:

CLARK in silhouette, a BREAK STICK in one hand - in the other, a ROPE LEAD tethered to BROWNIE, an eighty-pound PIT BULL. Lean, grizzled, panting eagerly.

CLARK
PASS! PASS!

He CLINKS a collar chain free and the PIT BULL (BROWNIE) bullets towards the crew.

They scramble.

Reece pivots, hops over the bar. Leaving Tiger exposed, frozen...

THE PIT BULL (BROWNIE) RUNS TIGER DOWN AND GOES TO WORK.

Amber breaks for the stage, rolls onto it.

Sam sprints back up the stage stairs. Pat hobbles after.

INT. THE VENUE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOWING REECE down a corridor of industrial kitchen equipment, towards an exit door.

He glides to a stop, tries the latch - locked. He sidesteps to an adjacent TOP-HINGED WINDOW, quietly pushes it open and slips outside...

THROUGH THE GREASE-CAKED GLASS AS IT SWINGS SHUT:

IN SILHOUETTE, ALAN CHARGES INTO FRAME, WHACKING REECE REPEATEDLY TO THE GROUND WITH A CLEAVER.
68 EXT. THE VENUE - SIDE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

ALAN

OH SHIT?!

Gabe pulls Alan back.

GABE

Save it.

Reece slumps to the ground with glazed eyes, BLEEDING OUT as Gabe searches his pockets.

69 INT. THE VENUE - BAR - CONTINUOUS

TIGER SPRALED ON THE FLOOR, THE PIT (BROWNIE) GNAWING AT HIS NECK.

Clark steps up, WHAPPING BROWNIE with his break stick.

CLARK

Aus! Aus!

BROWNIE releases, lapping blood, tongue swinging.

CLARK (CONT’D)

Las es... VORAN!

HOLD ON TIGER, his drifting eyes catch something...

STRAPPED UNDER THE BAR COUNTER: A SAWED-OFF PUMP SHOTGUN.

ON TIGER: just an observer now, calmly nearing lifelessness.

INT. THE VENUE - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

THE PIT BULL (BROWNIE) DARTS TOWARDS THE STAGE...

Amber launches from behind a speaker stack, sprints across.

BROWNIE EFFORTLESSLY MAKES THE FOUR FOOT LEAP UP THE STAGE.

HE BRIDGES THE DISTANCE IN SECONDS, CLAMPING ON AMBER’S LEG.

AMBER

AHHHWWW...

She crumples to the stage floor, BROWNIE SINKS HIS BITE AND THRASHES.
CLARK
(keeping his distance)
FASS! FASS!

Amber topples a MIC STAND and starts BLUDGEONING BROWNIE with its WEIGHTED BASE. Little effect.

As she thrusts and winds up, the attached MICROPHONE contacts the FLOOR MONITOR SPEAKER, causing FEEDBACK SURGES.

BROWNIE twitches at the sound, anxiously finds new footing.

BETWEEN AMBER’S JABS, A HAND REACHES DOWN BEHIND HER, SNATCHING THE MICROPHONE FROM THE STAND.

IT’S PAT, scared shitless. He presses the microphone to the monitor.

The FEEDBACK SWELLS TO AN EAR-SPLITTING FREQUENCY.

BROWNIE RELEASES HIS GRIP AND CIRCLES, MAKING ERRATIC LUNGES. AMBER CLUNKS HIM ON THE HEAD AND HE SCAMPER OFF.

Amber, spent, looks back to Pat, the SCREECHING FEEDBACK like music to their ears.

Taped below the monitor is COWCATCHER’S SET LIST.

Pat crinkles a brow, peels it up.

INT. THE VENUE – BACK HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

FEEDBACK, FARTHER AWAY.

Sam unhooks a wall-mounted FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Fumbling, he snaps the plastic seal around the trigger pin.

He creeps along, settling at the back entrance.

He pulls the safety pin. Crouching, he kicks open the door.

SCUFFLING.

PPFFSHHHH. SAM TRIGGERS THE EXTINGUISHER, UNLEASHING A JET OF PROPELLENT AND FIRE RETARDANT.

KYLE (O.S.)

Fuck!

COUGHING AND GASPING AS KYLE’S MACHETE BLADE CUTS THROUGH THE BILLOWING CLOUD AND CLANKS AGAINST THE DOOR.
SAM
Shit!

Sam kicks back, dragging the extinguisher, crawling to a run. The door SLAMS behind him. A MUZZLED EXCHANGE OUTSIDE.

71 INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Pat and Amber converge with Sam at the Green Room. Sam grips the extinguisher, Amber the mic stand.

SAM
They’re everywhere- you see Reece?

Amber and Pat solemnly shake their heads.

THE FEEDBACK PERSISTS.

72 INT. GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam, Amber and Pat drop their gear and shove the couch against the battered door.

SAM
Here we are...

Pat picks the napkin off Emily’s corpse, hands Sam the COWCATCHER SET LIST.

PAT
Third one down.

SAM
(reading set list)
Fleish..wo- Fleischwolf?

Pat holds up the napkin: ‘Fleischwolf’.

They look to Amber.

AMBER
It’s a song.

PAT
Agreed.

AMBER
...means ‘meat-grinder’.
Darcy pacing, Clark leading the BLOOD-BATHED PIT (BROWNIE) up the tailgate of his truck and into a CRATE.

    CLARK
    (patting dog)
    So ist brav...

    DARYC
    You retiring him?

    CLARK
    He’s worked up.

    DARYC
    Send another. Send two. Finish it.

    CLARK
    Kill that feedback first.
    (locking crate)
    And if I send in two fighting dogs, whaddya think they’ll do?

Darcy digests that thought, Daniel steps up.

    DANIEL
    Send me in there. I’ll finish up.

Darcy considers.

    DANIEL (CONT’D)
    Just give me the rules.

    CLARK
    Alright. Blades only. Sloppy is fine, but try not to hit the bone.

    DANIEL
    (already moving)
    Okay.

    DARYC
    Take Jonathan.

Jonathan joins Daniel, they clasp hands.

    JONATHAN
    Brute squad.

    DANIEL
    (to Clark)
    Keep them caged ‘till we tag out?
AROUND THE SIDE:

Gabe rounds the corner, pulling REECE’S BODY by the feet.

He spots Daniel and Jonathan heading into the venue, machetes in hand.

DARCY
(re: the body)
He breathing?

GABE
(turning)
Little, yeah.

DARCY
Let him bleed- later is better with
time of death. Keys?

Gabe shakes ‘no’.

INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

RINGING, DISTORTED FEEDBACK...

TRACKING BEHIND DANIEL AND JONATHAN, MACHETES IN HAND...

Moving fluidly past the bar, Daniel goes straight for the green room, Jonathan hops onto the stage, yanks the microphone from the monitor speaker and kills the switch.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

THE FEEDBACK STOPS.

Sam, Amber and Pat look to the door.

AMBER
They’re coming.

MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS up the hallway...

SAM
I can’t do this...

PFFUMP. PFFUMP. CRACK.

The door is succumbing to BOOT STRIKES.

Sam readies his fire extinguisher, Pat steps back.

Amber grips the mic stand.
PFFUMP. CRUNCH. SPLINTERING AROUND THE DEADBOLT.

CRACK! DANIEL BUSTS THE DOOR OPEN, sliding the couch inward.

SAM FIRES HIS EXTINGUISHER, FORCING DANIEL BACK.

The CLOUD envelops the room. ZERO VISIBILITY.

They hear Daniel SCUFFLING his way back inside.

PAT
GET BACK!

SAM FIRES ANOTHER JET OF RETARDANT, but Daniel is on him and snatches the extinguisher away.

DANIEL KICKS SAM TO THE FLOOR.

DANIEL
WHERE’S EMILY?

Daniel wafts the air, sweeps the ground, pulling the jacket off BIG JUSTIN’S GUTTED CORPSE.

AMBER
Daniel!

Jonathan enters, thrown off, the CLOUD settling.

JONATHAN
Fuck are you doing?

PAT
He’s the one...

Pat holds up the napkin, looks to Amber.

PAT (CONT’D)
...gave her this.

Daniel pulls the blanket off EMILY’S CORPSE.

JONATHAN
Hey!

Daniel white-knuckles the machete, acknowledging Amber.

DANIEL
Which one did it?

AMBER
Werm did it.
DANIEL
Bullshit. Which one?

Sam COUGHS, covered in fire retardant, disappears down the hole in the floor. Jonathan observes with mounting confusion.

AMBER
What’d they tell you, Daniel?

Daniel, dead-eyed.

AMBER (CONT’D)
You want to know?
(nodding to Jonathan)
You want him to know?

JONATHAN
Know what?

Amber putting it together.

AMBER
Werm found out she was leaving. She didn’t say it was with you- during the show.
(turning to Pat)
Meatgrinder. The song was their cue.

All eyes on Daniel.

DANIEL
(turning to Jonathan)
You should go.

EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - CONTINUOUS

Darcy paces, Clark leads another PIT BULL (JD) from its cage.

DARCY
They’re taking too long.

Darcy walks to Gabe, TARPING REECE’S BODY NEXT TO TIGER’S.

DARCY (CONT’D)
You didn’t want Daniel on door duty. Why?

GABE
Nothing concrete. He... and Emily.

Darcy does an about-face...
ON THE VISOR OF DANIEL’S ’65 RAGTOP.

Darcy flips it down, catches the keys.

TRACKING WITH HIM AS HE OPENS THE TRUNK.

INSIDE THE TRUNK:

Packed to the hilt with BOXES, BEDDING, RECORDS, ARTIFACTS.

ONE SIDE: HIS. ONE SIDE: HERS.

Darcy swipes a FRAMED PICTURE from one of the boxes.

THE PICTURE: Emily and friends, way back when.

DARCY
Little love birds...

Darcy reaches to shut the trunk, notices something tucked deep inside, pulls it out...

AN ALUMINUM BASEBALL BAT, WRAPPED IN A CLEAR GARBAGE BAG.
It’s weathered, spattered with DRIED, FLAKING BLOOD.

Darcy approaches Gabe with the bat, still wrapped in the bag.

Gabe frozen with dread.

DARCY
Recognize this?

GABE
No sir.

DARCY
Course not. You were handing out leaflets when these boys made their bones.

(offering the bat)
It’s from last Easter. And it was supposed to disappear after the boot party...

Jonathan pushes out the exit, walking briskly with his machete, dusted with FIRE RETARDANT.
JONATHAN
He just started talking? Amber’s alive, saying Werm did it-

DARCY
(to Jonathan)
Never mind that.

Darcy steps to Gabe...

DARCY (CONT’D)
You...

...and kisses his forehead.

DARCY (CONT’D)
...Werm- just saved us all.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - NIGHT

Pat is lowered by his good arm from the hole above, his feet hit the floor.

PAT
Sam?

Just the empty lab.

PAT (CONT’D)
It’s okay.

Amber drops down behind him. Then Daniel.

PAT (CONT’D)
I mean, it’s not okay, but he’s with us. We gotta split.

Pat continues towards the adjacent shipping container. Daniel takes in the operation.

AMBER
You didn’t know either.

DANIEL
Not where.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - SHIPPING CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

Pat steps in, finds Sam sizing up an INDUSTRIAL FAN.
SAM
This has a wider duct. I think.
(turning)
Reece was full of shit.

Sam, swollen puffy eyes.

PAT
We won’t fit through there...

SAM
Signed with Battletorn. That’s why he was so pressed. All his calls—lining up a big winter tour...

PAT
Daniel can help.

SAM
Why? Who’s he?

DANIEL
(stepping in)
A traitor. If they didn’t already know, they know now. I can get us out.

SAM
Wow, a conspiracy?

DANIEL
No, just a clusterfuck.

81  EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - NIGHT

Darcy addresses the crew, Clark paces with his PIT (JD).

DARCY
Light has been shed. Daniel and Emily, it appears, had ill intentions...

Darcy holds up the bat. Some MURMURS from the Skins.

DARCY (CONT’D)
So it is with renewed vigor we will see this through. Everything is at stake, and for us all.

Gabe presents the milk crate, the Skins retrieve the .25 AUTO, the .38 SNUBNOSE. Darcy picks up the .454 RUGER.
DARCY (CONT’D)
We’re still blades and fangs for the visitors, but we’re getting lean on time. If you have to shoot-shoot once. More than once- keep a tight grouping cuz you’ll be digging the slugs out yourself. As for Daniel and Am- wait...

Gabe uncaps a pen, ready to amend his POST-IT. Darcy turns to the Bartender, taps him on the chest.

DARCY (CONT’D)
...what did we forget?

INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT
Daniel leads Amber, Sam and Pat along the hall...
TRACKING WITH THEM, WEAPONS OUT:
Daniel, THE MACHETE. Amber, THE MIC STAND.
Sam, THE EXTINGUISHER. Pat, THE BOX CUTTER.

INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS
They descend the stairs...

DANIEL
There’s a river on two sides, the quarry on another. We can parallel the main road back, go for help.

AMBER
How do we get past the door?

Daniel veers off, circles behind the bar.

DANIEL
I know something you don’t...

Daniel sets his machete atop the bar, runs his hand underneath, tosses up a FEW SHOTGUN SHELLS...

SAM
Good. What?

Sam watches a SHELL roll along the bar and CLINK AGAINST DARCY’S UNTouched SHOT GLASS. He downs it.
DANIEL
...I know where we kee-

BOOM. DANIEL’S SKULL COMES APART IN A BLAST OF BUCKSHOT, HIS
BODY BUCKLES AND FALLS.

PAT JUMPS, DROPS THE BOX-CUTTER.

SAM, SPLATTERED IN GORE, DROPS THE SHOT GLASS.

BARTENDER
Too slow...

The Bartender floats from the shadows, PUMPS A SAWED-OFF
SHOTGUN and sweeps it towards Amber.

She ducks, DEFLECTS WITH THE MIC STAND.

BOOM. THE WALL EXPLODES.

SAM FIRES HIS EXTINGUISHER, CHOKING THE BARTENDER WITH
POWDER.

PAT GRABS DANIEL’S MACHETE FROM THE BAR, SWINGS IT
REFLEXIVELY INTO THE BARTENDER’S NECK AND BACK.

The Bartender shrugs, the gun sagging in his grip.

HIS PRISTINE, POWDERED NECK GAPES OPEN AND BELCHES BLOOD.

PAT
Oh dear...

Amber gently takes the shotgun, aims it back...

But he’s already sliding into his own pool of blood, mouthing
GURGLED WORDS.

AMBER
(to Pat)
Thank-

CRASH. The kitchen door slams open. Sam and Amber trade grim
looks as they back away.

Pat pockets some SHOT SHELLS off the bar.

A CLANK. The PATTER of paws scraping against concrete.

Amber bears down on the main entrance.

CLARK rounds the corner with the PIT (JD), flinches at the
sight of Amber’s raised shotgun, YANKING THE DOG back out of
sight.
AMBER (CONT’D)
(turning back)
Should we go? Now?

CLANK. MUZZLED YELLING from the back hall.

SAM
We have a gun. I guess?

PAT
Yes?

SAM
YES.

AMBER
(to Pat)
Gimme two!

Pat hands over two SHOT SHELLS, Amber loads as she walks.

Sam and Pat follow in line, gaining momentum until they STOMP IN UNISON TOWARDS THE EXIT...

EXT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

AMBER KICKS THE DOOR OPEN, THEY SPILL OUT...

SWIP! FZZZPHT! TWANG!

MET BY A HAIL OF BULLETS THAT RIDDLE THE AWNING...

PFTW! AMBER TAKES A HIT IN THE LEG, CURLS UP AND FIRES BUCKSHOT INTO THE DIRT.

AMBER
AUWW!

DARCY
EASY!

DARCY, THE SKINS, WERE JUST WAITING...

SAM STEPS UP, YANKS THE SHOTGUN FROM AMBER...

DARCY (CONT’D)
NOT HIM- DON’T FIRE!

FROM THE FLANK, CLARK RELEASES HIS PIT (JD) WITH A SMACK.

CLARK
FAS! FAS! FAS!
PAT
SAM! Come on!

FUMBLING, SAM PUMPS THE ACTION AND AIMS FOR THE DOG.

BOOM. JD LOOSES A HUNK OF FLESH BUT DOESN’T MISS A STEP.

HE LEAPS ONTO SAM AND TOPPLES HIM, EATING HIS CHEST BY THE TIME THEY HIT THE GROUND.

PAT PULLS AMBER BACK THROUGH THE ENTRANCE...

85 INT. THE VENUE – MAIN ENTRANCE – NIGHT

THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT.

Pat and Amber hobble back up the stage stairs.

AMBER
We’re not getting out...

86 INT. GREEN ROOM – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

They push through the battered door and shut it.

PAT
Guess it was always going to end here.

AMBER
At least we bought some time.

Pat sets her on the couch, crosses to the bathroom.

PAT
So I’m curious. You’re smart...

He turns on the sink faucet and gulps water.

PAT (CONT’D)
I don’t see how you fall for this shit...

AMBER
I didn’t fall for anything. I was raped once and mugged twice. Let’s just say none of them were white.

Pat nods, gulping water.

PAT
Any of them women?
AMBER
It’s a problem where I grew up.

PAT
What about tonight? [slurp] Think we gotta white people problem?

Amber, losing her mirth.

AMBER
Fuck you.

Pat turns the faucet off.

PAT
(kindly)
Fuck yourself.

He joins her on the couch, they sink into the oversized cushions.

AMBER
I’m the lucky one- they might shoot me.

Pat’s eyes drift to the makeup counter, the unplugged hair clippers under the WALL SOCKET.

PAT
...cell phones ruin everything.

EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - NIGHT

CLARK PULLS HIS FRENZIED DOG OFF SAM’S CORPSE.

Gabe swoops in, wincing at the GORE as he pats Sam’s pockets.

He pulls out a set of KEYS, DANGLES them for Darcy.

DARCY
Three will do, gentlemen. The fourth can disappear.

Darcy, beaming, turns to Gabe, nearly coming apart.

DARCY (CONT’D)
Get the clean up started- gear’s in the shed. I’ll need a push broom.

Gabe nods, heads off. Darcy addresses Jonathan.
DARCY (CONT’D)
I got what I need for up the road- but it’s supposed to have happened already. Time to sprint.

Darcy pats Clark’s shoulder.

DARCY (CONT’D)
Well done.

Clark is patting his BLOODY, INJURED PIT (JD).

CLARK
Thank him.

DARCY
...nearly got away from me. Us.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Pat and Amber, on the couch. Insulated, hopeless.

PAT
Shouldn’t we be panicking?

AMBER
I’m... hungry.

Pat regards his ruined, duct-taped arm.

PAT
...a week before our tour, my sister and my niece were visiting. I got so pissed at them...

AMBER
What for?

PAT
Left the hummus out. One of them did. They drove back the next afternoon...

Amber closes her eyes.

PAT (CONT’D)
...dried up tub of hummus. Like it was the end of the world. (rubs face) I can’t die with you.
AMBER
So don’t. Feel free to-
(almost a smirk)
I want the rest of your pep talk.

PAT
No longer applies.

AMBER
I’m curious. Paintball? You were cowering?

PAT
Yeah. Rick Silva- I know you don’t know him- he’s Spanish. We were getting slaughtered by these legit Iraq vets-

AMBER
Totally applies.

PAT
-full cammo, thousand dollar automatic paint-guns. They knew real war and they played real war. Tactics, hand signals, flanking- just wiped us all out. So Rick gets fed up and says ‘fuck it’. Didn’t care about getting shot. Didn’t take cover. It was hopeless. The last match, the whistle blows and he just tears out there- full jackass, in cut-offs and sneakers- and takes out their entire team. Never stops. Just running and shooting and laughing until they’re all dead.

AMBER
Pretend dead. We’re up against real guns.

PAT
Either way, we can’t play real war.

Amber’s eyes open and drift over the dust-covered carnage.

AMBER
Let’s pretend.
A padlock clinks closed on the kitchen exit latch.

Darcy pulls a felt box from an open safe.

Gabe removes the SIM card from Emily’s phone, tosses it in the shopping bag, sets the bag in the safe.

Darcy shuts the door, spins the dial.

Darcy
For you...

Darcy presents a cellophane-wrapped pack of red boot laces.

Gabe
I don’t...

Darcy
Just mopping up tonight. You already earned these...

Gabe reluctantly takes the laces.

Darcy (cont’d)
Maybe push the contractor depending on the mess. Start looking for a new house band- gotta get back to the routine...

Gabe
Think Cowcatcher’s gonna talk?

Darcy
I’m more worried about their habit. Really gotta stay away from that nigger dope- bad batch doing the rounds...

Gabe flushes with dread. Darcy gives him a kind pat.

Keys turn in the ignition. The engine rumbles.

Alan stands outside the driver’s door, turns back with a thumbs-up.
Jonathan shoves the last of THREE WRAPPED CORPSES into the packed cargo hold and shuts the doors.

EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - PREDAWN - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH Jonathan, turning to keep pace with Darcy, walking with purpose and a PUSH BROOM. Gabe straggles behind.

JONATHAN
   We’re set.

Darcy tosses the broom in the back of Clark’s IDLING truck.

DARCY
   This all hinges on nothing having happened here. Let’s b-
   (suddenly reverent)

Clark nuzzles heads with his WOUNDED PIT (JD), sitting on the tailgate.

CLARK
   Bye, buddy...

HE EMPTIES A HYPODERMIC SYRINGE INTO THE DOG’S NECK.

He hands its chain lead to Jonathan, who twists it around his wrist.

CLARK (CONT’D)
   He’ll stroke out within the hour. I will consider it a personal favor if he dies with meat in his teeth.

Clark hands over the break stick, nods.

CLARK (CONT’D)
   Bite command is ‘fas’. It’s all you’ll need.

Clark mounts his truck, Darcy leans to Jonathan.

DARCY
   Disregard. The dog slows you down, just shoot who’s left– they don’t need to be accounted for. Forensics is no longer a concern.
   (hopping in passenger seat)
   We call this in too late, all is for naught.

Kyle, jogs up, dusting off the shotgun.
KYLE
You guys got any twelve gauge?

DARCY
(rolling down window)
Not in the office. Check the bar.

CLARK
How many shots left?

KYLE
Three.

CLARK
So you’ve got an extra.

Alan hops in the truck bed, Clark guns the engine, pulls out.

INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - PRE DAWN

LOW ANGLE: THE DOOR YANKS OPEN.

The FOAMY-JAWED PIT (JD) leads Jonathan and Kyle through the threshold.

They sweep by the bar, observing the swirl of BLOOD AND POWDER around the BARTENDER’S CORPSE.

Kyle checks under the bar for shot shells, shakes ‘no’, grimacing at Daniel’s (offscreen) body below.

Jonathan jogs back to the entrance.

JONATHAN
Behind the bar- better get started.

Jonathan jogs off, as Gabe wheels a SHOP VAC through the door, wearing a backpack POWER WASHER.

INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - PRE DAWN

As the PIT (JD) rounds the bend, THE GREEN ROOM DOOR SHUTS.

Kyle and Jonathan follow behind, making their approach...

WRRRHHRRRRH. The entire venue WHINES WITH FEEDBACK.

They recoil from the PA speakers above, the powerful PIT (JD) BUCKS ON HIS CHAIN.

JONATHAN
SHIT!
Jonathan is pulled on his heels, COMING DOWN HARD WITH THE BREAK STICK.

JONATHAN (CONT’D)
EASY! EASY!...

THE DOG TURNS AND LASHES AT JONATHAN, SNIPPING AND BUCKING.

KYLE RAISES THE SHOTGUN...

JONATHAN (CONT’D)
NO BUCKSHOT!

JONATHAN THROWS THE LEAD AND THE DOG (JD) BOLTS AWAY.

INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - PRE DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Gabe has propped the door open with a BOX FAN. He connects an EXTENSION CORD and it WHIRS TO LIFE.

Gabe skinnys up to the wall as the PIT (JD) ROCKETS THROUGH THE DOOR...

EXT. VENUE - LOT - PRE-DAWN (CONTINUOUS)

THE PIT (JD) CONTINUES INTO THE LOT, AND BEYOND...

INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

GABE ROUNDS THE CORNER, HANDS CUPPING HIS EARS, BUMPING INTO JONATHAN AND KYLE.

GABE
WHAT’S HAPPENING?

KYLE
DOG FREAKED.
(re: FEEDBACK)
TURN THIS SHIT OFF.

GABE
TRIED. NOT COMING FROM OUR MIXER.

JONATHAN
GO! WE GOT THIS.
(looking to Kyle)
AND DON’T TELL DARCY. OR CLARK.

GABE
OKAY.
Gabe heads back, ears cupped. Kyle and Jonathan double back.

JONATHAN
WHY THE DAMNED DOGS?

Kyle rubs his ear, raises his shotgun.

KYLE
HE’S PUTTING IT ON THEM. WE GOING?

Jonathan nods. KYLE KICKS IN THE DOOR.

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE UNLOCKED DOOR WHIPS OPEN.

Kyle steps in, sees A SKINHEAD WITH A MACHETE beside the couch, back turned, looking down the hole in the floor.

KYLE
HEY!

SKINHEAD
(loud muttering)
DOWN THERE. DIPSHIT FASHION PUNK CLOWN MOTHERFUCKERS!

Jonathan’s in next, pulls the .25 AUTO from his belt.

JONATHAN
TURN AROUND!

SKINHEAD
(muttering)
Shazbot...

KYLE
WHAT? WHO IS THAT?

The Skinhead turns, IT’S PAT, SHAVED HEAD, WEARING BIG JUSTIN’S JACKET, HIS FACE COVERED IN SHARPIE ‘WAR PAINT’.

PAT
Odin himself.

PAT DROPS THROUGH THE HOLE, DISAPPEARING INTO THE FLOOR.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CONTINUOUS

PAT DROPS HARD, his pained grimace meshing with a fiendish smirk before scampering deeper into the chamber, CLANKING HIS MACHETE LOUDLY AGAINST THE METAL WALLS...
INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan and Kyle get their bearings.

The SPEAKER WIRE above the ceiling tile has been YANKED AND ROUTED to the ‘90s CABINET STEREO SYSTEM, a WIRED MICROPHONE PROPPED AGAINST A SPEAKER, KARAOKE LIGHTS FLASHING.

Jonathan yanks the microphone, zeroes the MIXER.
THE FEEDBACK REVERBERATES INTO SILENCE.

Kyle lifts the plugged-in HAIR CLIPPERS from the counter.

KYLE
It’s them.

BELOW: PAT’S HAIR CLIPPINGS LITTER THE FLOOR.

Jonathan squats by the smashed-up hole in the floor.

JONATHAN
Gimme the shotgun.

KYLE
I got the shotgun.

JONATHAN
Then go down this fucking hole.

Kyle hands over the shotgun, Jonathan sets the .25 down and scoots to the edge...

JONATHAN (CONT’D)
(checking the breach)
Three shots?

KYLE
Yup.

JONATHAN
You hear me fire twice, you come down no matter what.

KYLE
This is a trap.

JONATHAN
No shit. You wanna go tell Darcy?

Kyle shaking his head, cowed.
INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan drops down, surveys. HEARS THE CLANKING MACHETE.

JONATHAN
...he’s gonna be pissed.
(up to Kyle)
Watch my back.

Jonathan creeps forward...

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A WIDE OF KYLE PERCHED ABOVE, LOOKING BELOW.
BEHIND HIM, THE COUCH PILLOWS SLOWLY PART AND PUSH UP.
CREEPING IN, as he grabs the .25, checks the safety.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan follows the CLANKING, shotgun at the ready...
Until he stops in his tracks.

JONATHAN
Fuck this.
And backs up to Kyle, shotgun towards the CLANKING.

JONATHAN (CONT’D)
Get Gabe, man! We need two down here and one up there.
(turning to Kyle)
Who’s got the thirty-eight?

WE TRACK FROM BEHIND JONATHAN, PUSH PAST AND UP TOWARDS KYLE, VISIBLE THROUGH THE HOLE.

KYLE
Yeah, somethi-AUQ..

THE BOX CUTTER SWIPES TWICE ACROSS KYLE’S NECK, A GLIMPSE OF AMBER BEHIND HIM, ALSO IN SHARPIE ‘WAR PAINT’.

JONATHAN
WATCHI-....!

Jonathan swings and levels the shotgun- IN HIS SIGHTS:

KYLE, SPILLING BLOOD, EYES ADRIFT, FIRES THE .25 INTO THE FLOOR AND SLUMPS TO THE SIDE.
INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Amber, scoots back, prying the gun from Kyle’s grip.
AMBER
PAT! HE’S GOT THREE SHOTS.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CONTINUOUS
ON JONATHAN, patiently waiting for his shot.
JONATHAN
...bitch.
PAT CREEPING BEHIND HIM IN WAR PAINT, MACHETE RAISED...
BMPT! PFFF! POP! AMBER FIRES THE .25 AT JONATHAN FROM ABOVE.
PAT SCRAMBLES BACK AS BULLETS WHIZZ AND RICOCHET.
BOOM. JONATHAN FIRES, SHREDDING THE EMPTY HOLE WIDER.
BEHIND A CONTAINER WALL: Pat, faltering, cowering.
JONATHAN (O.S.) (CONT’D)
GABE!

INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS
ENVELOPED BY NOISE, grimacing Gabe POWER-WASHES behind the bar. The SHOP-VAC WHISTLES up BLOODY WATER and SOAP.
THE CORPSES OF DANIEL AND THE BARTENDER lie in the foreground, wrapped in HEAVY DUTY TARP.

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Amber eyes the door, sprawled on the floor with the .25.
PAT (O.S.)
(low, through the floor)
AMBER!

She turns to the hole in the floor.
AMBER
YEAH?
INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CONTINUOUS

PAT

Nevermind...

Pat rises to his feet.

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amber grabs the fire extinguisher, crawling to a crouch as she EMPTIES IT INTO THE HOLE...

AMBER

TWO SHOTS LEFT.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan swings the shotgun towards the DOWNWARD JET OF PROPELLANT AND FIRE RETARDANT.

THROUGH THE SWELLING CLOUD, HE MAKES OUT Dangling FEET.

JONATHAN AIMS AS THE LEGS DROP DOWN...

He takes his eyes off the sights.

JONATHAN

NICE FUCKING TRY.

KYLE’S BODY DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

AMBER (O.S.)

(muffled)

Go fuck yourself.

Jonathan turns from the CLOUD, Pushing through the thick plastic curtain into the next-

WHOMP. The MACHETE CUTS THROUGH CURTAIN AND HITS JONATHAN SQUARE IN THE CHEST. HE STAGGERS BACK, HITS THE GROUND AND FIRES.

BOOM. THE PLASTIC CURTAIN SHREDS. HE PUMPS THE SHOTGUN.

AMBER (O.S.) (CONT’D)

(muffled)

...fuck me...PAT!

HALF-VISIBLE THROUGH THE THINNING CLOUD, UNMISTAKABLY FEMALE LEGS DANGLE JUST ABOVE THE FLOOR.

JONATHAN PIVOTS ON HIS BACK AND FIRES.
BOOM. A LEG BLOWS APART AT THE KNEE.
THE BODY DROPS, THE .25 AUTO CLATTERING NEXT TO IT.
Jonathan checks the breech of his shotgun: EMPTY
He tosses the shotgun and goes for the .25 AUTO.
Picks it up, slides the action. SEES THERE’S NO MAGAZINE.
JONATHAN LOOKS UP: AMBER IS ABOVE, HOLDING THE MAGAZINE.

    AMBER (CONT’D)
    ZERO!

JONATHAN LOOKS DOWN: SEES EMILY’S MUTILATED BODY.
JONATHAN LOOKS BACK: SEES PAT TURNING OUT HIS POCKETS,
DROPPING .12 GAUGE SHELLS, HANGING ON TO ONE...

    JONATHAN
    Shit.

JONATHAN CHARGES PAT...

    PAT SLAPS IN THE SHOT SHELL, PUMPS THE ACTION ONE-HANDED...

JONATHAN CHUCKS THE EMPTY .25 AT PAT...

    PAT FIRES MID-FLINCH. BOOM! MISSING BY A MILE...

    PAT
    FUUUUUUCK!

JONATHAN GRABS THE SHOTGUN, BUT PAT CLINGS ON FOR HIS LIFE.
FROM AFAR, in a PILE of CARNAGE, Amber drops down.
She quietly closes in as Jonathan throttles Pat like a rag
doll, clinging in agony.

She picks up the .25 and loads it...
Jonathan grabs a SHOT SHELL from the floor.

    POP. POP. SHE DROPS JONATHAN WITH TWO POINT BLANK SHOTS TO
    THE SIDE OF THE HEAD.

Amber and Pat, faces in ridiculous Sharpie scrawl.

    AMBER
    Got him.
PAT

Totally..
(pained breath)
...flabbergasted that motherfucker.

INT. GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PULLING OUT FROM THE HOLE IN THE DUSTY FLOOR.
The shotgun is tossed up through it, CLATTERING to the floor.

GABE WATCHES FROM THE DOORWAY with his POWER WASHER and SHOP VAC.

Amber gets to her feet, locks eyes with Gabe.

GABE
If I had any ide-

She reaches for Pat, helps him up to his feet.

AMBER
Any more dogs?

GABE
No.

PAT
People?

GABE
Not here. Up the road.

AMBER AND PAT, looking like hammered shit.

GABE, dropping his gear.

GABE (CONT’D)
I wanna go to jail.

SUBTLE, BROODING MUSIC...

INT. VENUE - DAWN

PUSHING THROUGH THE BACKSTAGE HALL, The greenroom door opens.
PUSHING ALONG THE STAGE, we hear FOOTSTEPS.
PUSHING THROUGH THE MAIN FLOOR, FIRST LIGHT spilling in.
PUSHING PAST THE BAR, towards the main entrance.
PUSHING IN ON THE DOOR...

Gabe exits first, Amber follows with the shotgun, Pat brings up the rear...

113 EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - DAWN

Relative euphoria as they absorb daylight.

Darcy’s truck, Daniel’s convertible— the only vehicles left.

PAT
Can anyone hot-wire a car?

Amber and Gabe shake ‘no’.

GABE
I’d stay off the road anyway.

114 EXT. MAIN ROAD - EARLY MORNING

WIDE ON THE ROAD, CRICKETS giving way to BIRDS.

A BUILDING NOISE: metallic, grating...

The wounded PIT BULL (JD) trots into frame, BLOODY, FOAMING.

WE TRACK ALONG WITH IT, it’s CHAIN LEAD dragging behind.

115 EXT. THE WOODS - EARLY MORNING

TRACKING with Pat and Amber, Gabe just ahead.

GABE
You gonna shoot me?

AMBER
Where’s Werm?

GABE
Sent them home, but I don’t think—

PAT
Let’s stay quiet until we’re out.

116 EXT. THE WOODS - FURTHER ALONG - EARLY MORNING

WIDE, THROUGH TREES, they push onward.
EXT. THE WOODS - EVEN FURTHER ALONG - EARLY MORNING

TRACKING PAST TREES, they step through the brush.

A WEATHERED PAPER SCRAP FLOATS AND TUMBLES NEAR...

Pat heads it off, picks it up.

ON THE PAPER: Horned skulls, fleshy tendrils and a liquid font of zombie vomit. TAD’S FLYER FROM THE CANCELLED SHOW.

FAINT VOICES.

Pat looks in their direction, then to Amber. She puts a hand on Gabe’s shoulder, he stops, turns.

AMBER
(whispering)
It’s the residence.

PAT
(to Gabe)
What are they doing?

GABE
Something you don’t want to see.

AMBER
We can call the cops from the orchard.

A VOICE, in the familiar cadence of CLARK’S COMMANDS.

PAT
(to Gabe)
Did you see them die?

GABE
Two. Not the third-

PAT
(motioning to the road)
Think I’m going...

Amber looks to Pat. Shoves Gabe.

AMBER
Call the cops when you get there.
If you disappear I’ll find you.

GABE
I will.

Pat takes the .25 from his belt.
GABE (CONT'D)
I promise.

PAT
(to Amber)
You should go too. Hedge our bets.

AMBER
You’ve got 4 rounds and I’ve seen you pump a shotgun.

PAT
Fair enough.

EXT. THE WOODS - FURTHER ALONG - MOMENTS LATER
Gabe continuing in the background, Pat and Amber now headed towards the road...

PAT
You believe him?

AMBER
Shhhh.

BEHIND THEM NOW, TRACKING TOWARDS THE ROAD.

VISIBLE THROUGH THE TREES, THE CONVERSION VAN...

CLARK
(distant)
Nimm futter...nimm futter!

ALAN
(distant)
Jesus. That’s gotta be enough.

MOVING THROUGH TREES, PARTIALLY OBSCURED...

The conversion van is parked off the road, the driver’s side and rear doors hang open in the MORNING BREEZE.

Clark commands a massive, square-jawed PRESA CANARIO, RIPPING AND TUGGING AT SAM’S CORPSE, DRAGGING IT FROM THE DRIVER’S SIDE DOOR. RAW MEAT CARNAGE.

ON PAT, the faded sharpie war-paint, fighting a gag reflex.

CLARK (O.S.)
Lass es. Lass es!...
...so ist brav.
ALAN (O.S.)
Think they’d leave the engine on?

CLARK (O.S.)
Yeah. It’ll run down the gauge too.

THE VAN ENGINE RUMBLES AND IDLES.

LOCAL RADIO quietly RATTLES through blown speakers.

The Presa Canario BARKS.

CLARK (CONT’D)
Easy.
(to Alan)
Let me get this boy tethered.

PAT (O.S.)
You got the dog?

CREEPING FROM THE WOODS, Pat with the .25 trained on Alan and Amber with the shotgun leveled at the Presa.

AMBER
I got the dog.

ON CLARK, quiet shock as he sees them.

PAT
Police or murder.

Alan glances back to a gated driveway five yards down the road, then to Clark.

CLARK
Police.

PAT
(to Alan)
Then gimme your gun.

ALAN
I don’t have one.

PAT
I’ll shoot you either way if you don’t hand me one.

Alan reaches in his belt and sets the .38 on the ground.

CLARK
Listen-
AMBER
Shhhhh. Let’s tether that dog.

EXT. THE RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING
ON A RUSTED SIGN WIRED TO AN ENTRY GATE: ‘BEWARE OF DOGS’
Clark, his Presa, and Alan move past, Amber and Pat behind.
Clark’s MODEST PRE-FAB HOUSE sits in from the road. Beyond it, the property opens up into acres of low grass fields.

CLOSER IN:
ON THE GRAVEL DRIVEWAY, MOVING PAST A DUFFEL BAG, CLUTCHED BY THE HAND OF REECE’S STREWN, MUTILATED, CORPSE...
A GNARLED FIGHTING DOG, SHOT DEAD on the ground just ahead.
Then Darcy, dusting away BOOT TRACKS with the push broom, away from CLARK’S TRUCK:
By the rear wheels, THE MATTED BLUE HAIR OF TIGER’S CORPSE.
BESIDE IT, THE GAS CANISTER. FROM ITS MOUTH, WE FOLLOW PLASTIC TUBING LEADING UP TO THE OPEN GAS TANK. CRAMMED WITHIN, THE RUBBER HOSE AND RAG FROM THE SIPHON KIT.
Darcy finishes up with a broom tap.

PAT (O.S.)
Looks fishy.
Darcy looks to the ensemble, sags with despair.

PAT (CONT’D)
The cloth is to make a seal.
Wouldn’t stuff it in like that.

Darcy returns a cautious nod.

ALAN
They got my thirty-ei-.

AMBER
Shut up.
(to Clark)
Hook that dog up or I blow it and you away.

Pat takes the SHARPIE from his jacket, scribbles a LARGE SWASTIKA above the gas tank.
PAT
That’ll be hard to explain.

Darcy seethes as Clark lethargically hooks the Presa’s lead to a WIRE RUN-LINE between two METAL POSTS. It trots off.

CLARK
(turning)
So why d-

BOOM. AMBER HITS CLARK WITH BUCKSHOT TO THE RIBS. PAT JUMPS. CLARK CRUMPLES, SPURTING BLOOD FROM A 3” ENTRY WOUND.

120 EXT. THE WOODS - DEEP WITHIN - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS
Gabe reacts to an ECHOING, DISTANT CRACK, quickens his pace.

121 EXT. MAIN ROAD - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS
The injured PIT (JD), slowing, drags his chain up the road.

122 EXT. THE RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING
PAT, REGARDING CLARK’S DEAD BODY, BLOOD SOAKED GRASS.

PAT
So we’re doing that?

AMBER
Why else would we walk up here?

PAT
When I... I was going to ruin the crime scene.

AMBER
(eyes on Darcy and Alan)
Thought we’d leave a new one.

Pat swallows, turns to look back at the carnage.

PAT
(back to Darcy)
...this IS A NIGHTMARE!

Heaving with shock and adrenaline, Pat’s voice carries for miles.

Even Amber is reverent.
DARCY
For us all.

AMBER
Tell me those stupid fucking words are his last.

PAT
I...
(to Darcy)
You have a cell phone?

Darcy shakes a near-imperceptible ‘no’.

PAT (CONT’D)
Funny... you were so scary at night-

DARCY TURNS AND RUNS. It’s almost sad.

POP. PAT MISSES with the .25, KICKING UP DISTANT DIRT.

ALAN CHARGES. BOOM! BLOWN BACK BY AMBER’S BUCKSHOT.

POP. PAT HITS DARCY IN THE BACK.

BOOM. AMBER TAKES OUT DARCY’S LEGS WITH BUCKSHOT.

DARCY PULLS THE .454 FROM A CUSTOM HOLSTER UNDER HIS JACKET.

POP. PAT HITS DARCY IN THE EYEBROW. THE SMALL CALIBER ENTRY WOUND EJECTS A STEADY ARC OF BLOOD.

DARCY FIRES the .454 RUGER. BOOM. IT’S A CANON.

CLARK’S TRUCK TAKES THE SLUG.

ON A WIDE, TRACKING:

The Presa BARKS on the run-line. Darcy slumps to the ground as Amber and Pat approach, guns raised.

They watch him fade, lower their weapons.

SERENE MUSIC BUILDS.

EXT. NEARBY WOODS – MORNING

The sun crests a hill, backlighting trees. Birds CHIRP.

EXT. THE VENUE – MORNING

The place is quiet. Little sign of last night’s events.
EXT. ORCHARD - MORNING

MIGRANT WORKERS, men and women, mostly Latin, harvest HONEYCRISPS from a row of manicured TREES.

Gabe, BLOOD STAINED and ragged, approaches from a fence. The HIGHWAY is audible nearby.

GABE
We need police.

INT. TAD’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

A DOOR OPENS OFF SCREEN, spilling sunlight on THE CLUSTER OF FRAMED CAT PHOTOS.

MOVING ALONG THE DRESSER, A NOTE:

D-
See you after my shift.
I hope you both like eggs.
-T

INT. WERM’S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING

Specks of light penetrate bedsheet-covered windows.

The Guitarist and Drummer are on the floor by the couch, frozen in TIGHT-JAWED RIGOR MORTIS, a NEEDLE IN THE GUITARIST’S ARM.

SOMEONE behind them, rocking in front of the TV.

It’s Werm, in cool, fuzzy light, eating a BOWL OF CEREAL.

Hard to tell if the CREEPING SIRENS come from the TV...

EXT. MAIN ROAD - MORNING

The conversion van remains IDLING by the road, doors agape.

INT. CONVERSION VAN - CONTINUOUS

ON THE RADIO, the driver’s door open in the background.

RATTLING QUIETLY, Tad’s Ain’t Rights INTERVIEW on FM 85.5.

A SHAPE OUTSIDE THE VAN MOVES LOW ACROSS FRAME.
Amber and Pat are seated on the gravel, heads resting against the bumper of Clark’s truck.

They see the shape:

The wounded PIT (JD), BLOOD SOAKED AND GNARLY.

It stalks up the driveway towards them...

Amber and Pat raise their guns. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

All three of them on their last leg, the PIT (JD) limps past, sniffs out Clark’s body and curls up next to it.

The Presa Canario whimpers from its tethered line.

Pat and Amber slump back, quiet takes hold.

The van’s RADIO barely audible.

    PAT
          ...I know what it is.

    AMBER
          (eyes ahead)
          What what is...

    PAT
          My desert island band.

Two beaten, half-assed warriors in the late summer breeze.

    AMBER
          Tell somebody who gives a shit.

CUT TO BLACK.