

HAIR OF THE DOG

by
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FADE IN:

PADRE ISLAND, TX - END OF THE SEASON

INT. HOTEL ROOM - VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING

Sunlight BLAZES in through the curtains. The light spills across two bodies strewn across the king size bed. A MAN lies sprawled out, face down and naked on one side of the bed bare ass to the ceiling. Next to him is a LATINA GIRL facing the wall with the sheets draped delicately over her naked form. They both appear to be sleeping.

Slowly the man comes too. His eyes open and a HISS escapes his lips as the sun licks across his blood shot eyes.

He swings his feet off the bed and slowly sits up.

That was a mistake!

He clutches his head and runs his fingers through his wildly disheveled hair.

His body sways.

After stabilizing himself he carefully gets to his feet.

More swaying.

He claws at the wall for stability.

Once he's up for a few beats he begins to survey his surroundings. It appears he has no idea where he is.

The man glances back and notices the sexy form of the girl on the bed. She's a dark complected woman with a modelesque figure.

He nods and smiles approvingly to himself.

And then he's suddenly aware that he's standing there naked.

After a short bit of staggering around and self orientation to the hotel room he finally maneuvers into:

THE BATHROOM

He closes the door behind him.

As he slowly regains some of his fine motor control he cranks the handles of the sink and lets the water run.

After splashing water on his face he looks up into the mirror.

The late 20's guy looking back at him looks like he had a hard fucking night where Bob Marley taught him how to carb, Slash schooled him in the fine art of Jack Daniels and then the Marlboro Man took his ass to Marlboro country and back.

He leans in close.

MAN

Gavan, you look like shit.

GAVAN scratches his three day scruff. He scans the bathroom. Something on the floor catches his eye. Bending down he scoops the trash can off the floor and digs through it.

He produces THREE OPEN CONDOM WRAPPERS.

MAN / GAVAN

Jesus...I'm a stud.

And then he thinks for beat. Quickly he chucks the three wrappers back into the can and washes his hands.

Shaking his head.

GAVAN

I hope those were mine...

Gavan stares back into the mirror again.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

OK, what's her name?

There's something on his chest.

A few drops of something dark. He touches it and brings it up to inspect. It looks like blood. Quickly he inspects the area surrounding the drops for a sign of a wound. Finding nothing he quickly washes it off.

After attempting to tame his wild 'fro with little success Gavan turns to the door.

He looks up at the ceiling.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Why can't I just remember her name.

He grabs the door knob and he moves back into:

THE HOTEL ROOM

The girl on the bed hasn't budged. Gavan quietly digs through the mess in the room searching for clothes. He can't seem to find any of his own.

Finally he grabs a light blue pair of velour shorts and pulls them on.

As quietly as he can he opens the door to the room and steps out.

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL

Gavan finds himself standing on the second story balcony facing the ocean. It would be a beautiful view if the pounding in his head wasn't starting to feel like an impending stroke.

The BLAZING summer sun hits Gavan like a Mack truck. It takes him a second to stabilize himself. He starts forward and kicks a TEQUILA BOTTLE.

Gavan bends down and scoops it up.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Everything is a little distorted as the memory replays.

Gavan and the latina girl are running across the beach playing grab ass. The race over to the stairs leading to the second floor.

She's holding the bottle of tequila, it's about a quarter full.

She's laughing.

LATINA GIRL

If you beat me you've gotta eat me.

She playfully waves the bottle at Gavan.

He runs towards her.

She SQUEALS.

And he jukes around her to sprint up the stairs.

About three stairs up it becomes apparent that he's a lot less graceful than his beer balls had lead him to believe.

He falls on the stairs.

She runs up and pounces on him.

They're both laughing.

He opens his mouth and she pours tequila in.

More laughing.

GAVAN

I guess you'll be eatin' me...

Drunk and trying to look seductive.

LATINA GIRL

I think that can be arranged.

They clamber to their feet and she leads him up the stairs.

BACK TO:

GAVAN

Moving down those same stairs, still holding the empty bottle.

He looks around, searching.

He's still pretty out of it.

Finally he sees what he's searching for.

The HOTEL BUILDING where his room is.

Gavan walks towards:

EXT. HOTEL SUITES

He stands outside the structure for a moment.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. HOTEL SUITES - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Gavan's mind superimposes the sight of the hotel today with the sight of the building the night before. Slowly the "day" image fades.

MUSIC THUMPS from inside a room with the door open.

Two guys tote ASSLOADS of liquor down in front of the building.

TOMICH, looks to be pushing 30 (but still bleaches his hair like he's 20) and is a tall lanky bastard with a frock of bottle blonde hair. He's carrying enough cases of beer to completely obscure his vision. Stumbling along he runs into LAMAR in front of him. One of the cases spills off the top and a few cans of beer EXPLODE upon impact.

TOMICH

Jesus Lamar watch where yer fuckin' going!

The kid in front of Tomich spins, balancing a box of liquor on each arm. Lamar, mid 20s, is shorter, thicker with dark hair.

LAMAR

I told you to take two trips fucktard!

Tomich swings the cases of beer out of the way and comes face to face with Lamar.

TOMICH

Boy, I will end you if you!

LAMAR

Anytime bitch! Bring it.

Lamar heads into the room.

TOMICH

Oh, I'll bring it.

LAMAR (O.S.)

Bring it then!

Tomich walks through the door.

TOMICH

Consider it brought-en.

Lamar sticks his head out the door.

LAMAR

Gavan! You comin' or what?

Gavan rounds the corner of the building. He's got a cell phone to his ear.

GAVAN

I'm talkin' to Noots! Hold the fuck on...

LAMAR

Tell Noots that he's a big fat pussy for bailing on us this weekend.

Gavan closes on the room.

GAVAN

Noots says shut up or he'll pay some illegal 50 pesos to jump the border, come up here and cornhole you in your sleep.

He enters the:

SUITE

It's barely a suite (if the definition of suite is slightly better than the rest of the shitty hotel rooms), but big enough to throw a decent beach party in. There are two bedrooms off the main room along with a kitchenette and a fairly large seating area.

LAMAR

Tell him that cholos don't speak stuck up prick!

Gavan hands him the phone.

GAVAN

Tell him yourself.

Lamar puts the phone to his ear.

LAMAR

Noots, cholos don't speak stuck up prick.

TOMICH

Tell him he's ruining a long lived college tradition.

Gavan grabs the phone from Lamar. He steps into one of the:

BEDROOM(S)

And closes the french doors behind him to drown out the music.

GAVAN
Dude, it sucks that you couldn't
make it.

CUT TO:

INT. NOOTS' KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Noots is late twenties, well built with his hair cut high and tight. He's sitting at the kitchen table with his phone to his ear.

INTERCUT

NOOTS
Sorry brotha, the badge doesn't get
to take off for drunken partying
holidays.

GAVAN
Yeah, probably better you're not
here. Plausible deniability and
all.

NOOTS
Exactly.

GAVAN
Take care of that wife of yours.

NOOTS
Don't be too rough on the ladies!

Gavan smiles.

GAVAN
I can't make any promises.

NOOTS
Make one. Come out and see Cindy
and the kids.

Gavan grimaces.

GAVAN
I'll try man...

NOOTS
Alright brotha! Have a good time.

GAVAN
But of course...

NOOTS

Peace.

GAVAN

Lates.

He hangs up the phone and moves back into the:

SUITE

Where he finds Tomich and Lamar shotgunning beers.

TOMICH

Did he whisper sweet fuck-mes in
your ear.

Gavan flips him off.

LAMAR

Screw Noots! Tonight we are going
to party!

Tomich smashes the beer can against his head.

TOMICH

We need some bitches!

BACK TO:

GAVAN

Staring at the eerily still building in front of him.

The sound of the WAVES seems to bring him back to the
present.

He strides over and enters the still open door of the:

SUITE

The room doesn't look so hot today. It has been severely
partied in. Beer cans and liquor bottles litter every
available surface and there's clothes and crap thrown
everywhere. A couple of half eaten pizzas are scattered about
the kitchen.

One set of french doors is closed. Gavan makes his way
through the set of open doors into the:

BEDROOM

He finds a duffle bag in the corner and rifles through it.
Finally he produces a pair of cargo shorts and a t-shirt.

He quickly changes out of his pale blue booty shorts into something a little more hetro.

Gavan searches around a little more until he discovers his wallet, and his cellphone.

He studies his:

CELLPHONE

Two missed calls.

Both from an unavailable number.

Gavan moves back into the:

SUITE

He scans the room one more time and then punches a number on his cell.

RINGING (O.S.) comes from beyond the closed french doors.

He hangs up and then types in another number.

DIFFERENT RINGING (O.S.) comes from beyond the closed french doors.

Gavan flips his phone shut and looks at the time.

5 AM

He shakes his head.

GAVAN

Those guys won't be up until noon.

And he leaves the room.

EXT. BEACHSIDE CAFE - LATER

At one of the tables outside Gavan chows on some greasy eggs and sips some coffee to quell his pounding head.

A WAITRESS walks up to the table. She's young, cute and smacking her gum.

WAITRESS

Get you anything else?

Gavan glances up and has to shield his eyes from the blinding sun.

GAVAN
(mumbling)
Sunglasses...

She cocks her head.

WAITRESS
What?

Gavan looks up at her. His wild hair and bloodshot eyes don't seem to phase her.

In fact she smiles back at him.

GAVAN
Sunglasses. Sunglasses would have
been a good idea.

He pulls out his wallet and throws some bills on the table. And then he gets up and starts to walk away.

WAITRESS
Wait!

She chases him down.

Gavan turns.

She hands him a worn pair of sunglasses.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Maybe these'll help.

Gavan looks down at the sunglasses and then back up at her, she can't be more than 18 or 19 tops.

GAVAN
I couldn't...

She shoves them into his hand.

WAITRESS
Maybe you can return them to me
later?

Gavan can't resist her young flirtatious attempts.

He takes them from her.

GAVAN
Thanks...uh...

He looks at her name tag. It says BECKY.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

...Becky.

WAITRESS / BECKY

No problem.

She spins and bounces away.

Gavan walks away.

Once he's at a safe distance, he smacks himself in the forehead.

GAVAN

She's fucking jailbait you idiot.

And he wanders off.

EXT. HOTEL SUITES

MONTAGE:

Gavan sitting on the steps.

Gavan lying down in the hammock.

Just generally fucking around.

Back to the hammock.

A COUPLE HOURS LATER

He checks the time on his phone.

GAVAN

Fuck it.

He walks back into the:

SUITE

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Alright you fuck-a-ducks!

He BEATS on the bedroom door.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

It's time to get up.

He throws the doors open.

OTHER BEDROOM

Gavan stands outside the doors with a look of absolute horror on his face.

The room is covered in blood.

He slowly takes it all in.

Against the far wall Lamar is slumped over. His throat has been slit and the blood has already begun to dry all over his chest. It looks like he died fairly quickly. He was lucky.

A BLONDE GIRL is draped across the bed and looks like she's been skinned. Her face is about the only thing that remains intact and its twisted into a horrible silent scream.

On the other bed a REDHEAD with her head twisted almost backwards.. Stab wounds riddle her body.

Tomich is lying next to her. The only way to recognize him is by the frock of bleach blonde hair. His face has been sliced and diced. His hands and forearms have been severed and rest neatly on the tits of the redhead next to him.

The room has been tossed about and arcs of blood from arterial spray paint the walls like some fucked up psycho's idea of art.

Gavan stumbles backwards back out into the suite.

He reels to and fro before getting his bearings and running out of the door screaming for help.

GAVAN

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Somebody call 911!!

He glances over his shoulder as if someone is chasing him as he runs towards the office.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Fucking...shit...holy goddamn...

He gets to the office.

A sign hangs in the window that reads: BACK IN A JIFFY.

His back slams against the door and he slides to the ground trying to take in what's happened.

He pulls his cell phone out and punches in 911.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Hello...there's been an
accident...where?

He stands and takes a look at the sign.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
The Beach Blast Inn...what?
Jesus...people are dead...who? My
friends...and these girls from
last...

Something dawns on him.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
...night.

He jumps to his feet and runs towards the room he was in the
night before.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
...no I'm not going anywhere...

Bounding the stairs two at a time.

He looks at the row of identical room doors.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Shit! Just hurry!

He slams the phone shut and runs to the third door.

His head moves left to right as he inspects it.

And then he starts pounding on it.

A Mexican man opens the door.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Shit! Sorry...wrong room.

He tries again.

This time it's and ELDERLY WOMAN.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Fuck! Sorry...

And he runs to the next room

ELDERLY WOMAN
Damn kids!

She slams her door.

Gavan slaps his hand on the next door.

It swings open.

The girl he woke up next to is still lying on the bed. Gavan dashes in and starts to shake her.

GAVAN

Hey...hey...wake up...what the fuck
happened last night...

Her body rolls over and her eyes have been gouged out and her throat slit. The formerly obscured portion of the bed is soaked in crimson.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

HOLY FUCKING CHRIST!!

As if in disbelief Gavan reaches over and puts his hand face down in the blood. The instant he touches it he knows it's for real.

He wheels backwards moving out of the room. When he bangs into the door way he puts his blood soaked palm against the jam to steady himself.

Now people have started coming out of their hotel rooms.

Gavan pushes his way passed them and back down to the beach.

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL, OFFICE

Several cop cars are parked at skewed angles around the office with red and blues blazing. An ambulance and a fire truck sit off in the distance.

Two men in cheap suits with badges around their necks stand around Gavan. One of them is a short Asian guy who holds himself like someone who's got a napoleon complex. The other cop is tall and lanky, looks a little creepy.

TALL DETECTIVE

So Gavan, why don't you walk
Detective Streck and myself through
the whole thing...

Gavan is powering down a Gatorade.

He brings the bottle away from his mouth.

The look on his face says he still hasn't quite got his head around what has happened.

Gavan stares off into space while he talks.

GAVAN

I fucking walked in and there was blood everywhere...

The two detectives look at each other.

DETECTIVE STRECK

I think what Detective Dalton mean was...start at the beginning.

DETECTIVE DALTON

How long have you been here at the hotel?

GAVAN

We got here yesterday morning. Came in from Roswell...

FLASHBACK TO:

STRETCH OF HIGHWAY

JEEP WRANGLER

The top's off and the jeep is barreling down a blank stretch of road. Gavan's driving with Lamar riding shotgun. Tomich is sprawled across the backseat taking hits off a pipe that looks like an alien head.

TOMICH

Dude...this weekend's gonna be sweet!

He passes the pipe to Lamar.

TOMICH (CONT'D)

Now tell me again why we're going *after* spring break?

GAVAN

Cuz we've officially reached the age where if we went *during* spring break we'd be the creepy old guys...

Lamar takes a hit.

Tomich runs a hand through his freshly bleached hair.

TOMICH
Speak for yourselves
fuckers...young chicks still dig
me...

GAVAN
Yes that 90s Eminem look doesn't
make you stick out or anything.

Lamar bursts out in a fit of laughing, coughing and pot
smoke.

LAMAR
Dude...it's funny cuz it's true...

Tomich smacks the back of Gavan's chair.

TOMICH
Fuck off!

Gavan smiles into the rearview mirror.

LAMAR
Chill out dude. I heard the local
chicks in Padre are hot!

Tomich comes up from behind Lamar's seat, reaches around and
starts running his hands over Lamar's chest.

TOMICH
(in his best girly voice)
Oh Lamar...you are so hot...with
your 2 inch pecker...I live in a
shit hole town, but I wanna be a
super model some day...

Lamar tosses the pipe into Gavan's lap and spins around. He
punches Tomich in the chest.

LAMAR
Get the fuck off me.

The both wrestle for a minute.

Gavan takes a hit.

GAVAN
Kids, don't make me get the hose.

Tomich pushes Lamar back up in the front seat.

TOMICH

The only thing we're gonna find
there this time of year is trailer
trash...

LAMAR

Never stopped you before...

Tomich ignores him.

TOMICH

...and crabs...or the hiv...

GAVAN

Tomich, a bit of advice...be
careful. Where. You. Stick. Your.
Dick.

TOMICH

Ha ha...funny...this coming from
the Manwhore himself.

Gavan smiles at Tomich in the mirror.

GAVAN

I can't help it.

He shrugs.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Which one of you wants to be the
Whore-wonder?

LAMAR

Dude, I wish Noots was gonna be
here...won't be the same with out
him.

Tomich leans up in between them and snatches the pipe from
Gavan's hand.

TOMICH

Yeah, what kind of pussy backs out
at the last minute...

Lamar shakes his head.

LAMAR

It's fucking tradition.

GAVAN

Guys...he's a fucking
cop...sometimes shit comes up.

TOMICH

I don't care...Noots is still a punk for not coming.

LAMAR

Yeah, we've been doing this every year since our freshman year in college.

He glances back at Tomich.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

Well, *our* freshman year.

Lamar motions to Gavan and himself.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

The child molester back here had been there for a few years...

Tomich smacks Lamar upside the head.

TOMICH

Fuck you, dick lick!

He tries to take another hit of the pipe but it's cashed. He throws it down on the floor.

TOMICH (CONT'D)

Dude, pull over...I'm fucking hungry.

GAVAN

Fuck that! We're almost there.

LATER

The jeep pulls up at the Beach Blast Inn.

The three of them climb out of the Jeep. Lamar has two arm loads of booze and Tomich lifts several cases out of the back.

Gavan climbs out of the jeep on his phone.

BACK TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL, OFFICE

The cops and Gavan have moved over to a shaded picnic table next to the office.

GAVAN

We just bought a ton of alcohol and were planning on partying balls out all weekend...you know?

DETECTIVE STRECK

So the three of you stayed here last night?

GAVAN

No...the booze was for after bars.

Detective Dalton pulls out a pack of smokes and taps one out.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Mind if I have one of those?

Detective Dalton offers him the pack.

DETECTIVE DALTON

Not at all.

GAVAN

Thanks.

He takes the light that the detective offers.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

We went Louie's...to find some...women.

DETECTIVE STRECK

Like the one you woke up next to?

Gavan's eyes seem to shift out of focus. It takes him a second to come back to reality.

GAVAN

No. Well, she was there...at Louie's...but she didn't come home with us...

DETECTIVE DALTON

Gavan, you're going to have to explain how you wound up in bed with her corpse.

Gavan COUGHS.

He looks like he's going to throw up.

GAVAN
It's complicated...yes she was at
the bar...no she didn't come home
with us...there were these guys...

DETECTIVE DALTON
Guys?

GAVAN
Cholos.

DETECTIVE STRECK
Cholos?

Gavan takes a drag off his cigarette and nods.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LOUIE'S - LATER THE NIGHT BEFORE

Gavan is sitting in a booth with Tomich and Lamar.

The three of them are dressed nice and having a good time.

He has a drink in his hand.

He nods.

The three of them start laughing.

TOMICH
No shit? You fucked that little
Annie girl while Noots and her were
together?

GAVAN
Unfortunately...yes.

TOMICH
You're a dick dude.

GAVAN
Hey! I was the victim...she gave me
crabs.

Lamar throws back a shot.

LAMAR
You fucked your friend's girlfriend
and somehow still came out the
victim? I think you mean douchebag.

Gavan nods and then shakes his head.

GAVAN

You're probably right. But in my
defense...she fucked *me*.

Two CHOLOS enter the bar. They're dressed like gang bangers with their pants hanging off their asses, etc. One of them is extremely tall with long hair. As they move through the crowd, people move out of their way.

Tomich climbs out of the booth.

TOMICH

When I get back from the bar you're going to explain how she fucked you...I don't think I've heard this story. Who needs beers?

He surveys the table and then turns and

RUNS INTO the TALL CHOLO.

Tomich turns quickly.

TOMICH (CONT'D)

Sorry dude.

The tall cholo looks him up and down.

TALL CHOLO

Watch yourself gringo.

Tomich holds his hands up and backs away.

TOMICH

Like I said...sorry.

The tall cholo walks passed. The OTHER CHOLO follows close behind, but makes it a point to slam his shoulder into Tomich as he walks by.

The two walk off into the crowd.

TOMICH (CONT'D)

Did you see that?

LAMAR

What the fuck?

TOMICH

I'm gonna go say something to them.

He starts.

Gavan grabs his arm.

GAVAN
Tomich, don't start shit with the
locals. Especially little wanna be
gansters.

BACK TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL, OFFICE

DETECTIVE DALTON
But you're buddy...uh...

He checks his note pad.

DETECTIVE DALTON (CONT'D)
...Tomich went and started shit
with those two anyway right?

GAVAN
What? No.

He shakes his head.

DETECTIVE STRECK
Dalton! Let the man talk.

Gavan's cell phone vibrates while the detectives bicker.

They don't seem to notice.

Gavan glances down at a:

TEXT MESSAGE

It reads:

"U R BEING SET UP"

Gavan taps a few buttons.

"SENDER UNAVAILABLE".

The detectives turn their attention back to him.

DETECTIVE STRECK (CONT'D)
OK, Gavan what happened next?

GAVAN
We met...the girls...

He motions towards the hotel room.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LOUIE'S - LATER

Lamar taps a cigarette out of a pack.

He offers one to Gavan.

Gavan shakes his head.

GAVAN
I quit...remember.

Lamar looks at him funny.

LAMAR
You smoked on the way down here.

GAVAN
Cigarettes...I quit smoking
cigarettes...not pot you dim wit.

They scan the bar.

The blonde girl and the redhead (from the hotel room) are dancing near the bar. They are very much alive. Both of them are wearing bikinis with stylish cover-ups.

The boys are standing at the bar. Lamar smacks Gavan on the shoulder and points at the two girls.

LAMAR
Dude, check them bitches out.

With his head he motions to Tomich.

Tomich is arguing with the guy next to him about something on ESPN.

LAMAR (CONT'D)
Let's leave sporto here to argue
with his boyfriend and go chat them
up.

Gavan shrugs. This scene seems all to familiar to him.

He motions towards the girls.

GAVAN
Lead the way.

Lamar looks uneasy.

LAMAR
Maybe you should go first.

Gavan smiles.

GAVAN
I thought you'd say that.

TIME PASSES

The bar is in full on party mode now.

Gavan and Lamar are sitting with the two girls. The table is covered with empties. They are all laughing.

Tomich stumbles up to the table.

TOMICH
I've been looking all over for you fuckers!

He's plowed.

LAMAR
Ladies...this is Tomich.

Tomich barely pays them any mind.

TOMICH
You left me at the bar by myself you fucktards!

GAVAN
You were busy talking sports.

TOMICH
And so you went off to score hookers without me.

They all LOOK at Tomich.

LAMAR
Smooth man...real smooth.

The girls politely excuse themselves and walk away.

Gavan smacks Tomich in the chest.

GAVAN
Nice move. ASS!

The events that just transpired slowly register to Tomich.

TOMICH

Awww..shit! I'm sorry...I didn't mean...

Gavan stands up.

GAVAN

Just do me a favor and keep your mouth shut.

As he walks away.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

...the rest of the fucking weekend.

Gavan approaches the girls.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Ladies...I have to apologize for my friend...

REDHEAD

Yeah, he's a real fucking asshole.

Gavan nods and gives them that playboy grin of his.

GAVAN

You'll get no argument from me...Tomich can be...

REDHEAD

A dick.

GAVAN

I was going to say difficult...but I guess dick does kind of sum up his most prominent characteristics.

Both girls seem to let their guard down a little.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you two come back to the table.

The smile again.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Come on...we'll buy you more liquor...

The blond perks up.

After a little more pleading body language the two girls finally give in.

REDHEAD

OK, but keep that dickhead away from me.

Gavan offers a hand.

GAVAN

Consider it done.

He leads them back to the:

TABLE

Where the boys meet them with open arms.

Gavan gives Tomich a look.

TOMICH

(croaks out)

I'm sorry about that...I was out of line...

Both girls sit near Lamar.

GAVAN

I think the next round is on Tomich.

LAMAR

Now that's what I'm talking about!

Just then Gavan eyeballs the sexy Latina as she saunters by.

The way she walks looks like the song "Brick House" should accompany the swing of her ass. She strides up to the bar.

Tomich starts to stand up.

GAVAN

On second though...this round is on me.

Gavan makes his way to the:

BAR

Where the sexy Latina has just gotten her drink. Gavan moves quickly to the bar and snatches the money out of her hand before she can pay the bartender.

SEXY LATINA

Hey!

GAVAN

I'm sorry...but you can't pay for that.

SEXY LATINA

What? Why?

GAVAN

Well you see, I own the place...

There's that fucking grin again.

SEXY LATINA

Oh yeah?

GAVAN

Yeah. And I can't have such a beautiful girl *paying me*...that's borderline male prostitution.

A smile creeps across her face. Now she gets it. He's hitting on her.

SEXY LATINA

So you are Louie?

GAVAN

Louie's my uncle...I manage the place for him.

SEXY LATINA

That's funny...Louie's MY uncle too...I haven't seen you at any of the family gatherings.

Gavan shakes his head. She's on to him and giving him some of his own medicine.

GAVAN

With cousins like you, incest would be too much of a temptation.

She shrugs.

SEXY LATINA

That's too bad. You're so cute.

She reaches up and rustles his hair.

SEXY LATINA (CONT'D)
But now that I know we have family
lineage...I guess I'll just have to
forget about you.

Sexy Latina spins and walks away.

She looks back over her shoulder.

SEXY LATINA (CONT'D)
Thanks for the drink cuz.

And then she disappears into the crowd.

GAVAN
(to himself)
Soooo hot.

He starts to follow.

BARTENDER
HEY! Gringo!

He turns to the bartender who is still waiting for his money.

Gavan looks back but she's gone.

GAVAN
That could've gone better.

The bartender eyes him.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Not one of those bartenders that
listens to your troubles huh?

The bartender emits a sound that can only be described as a
growl.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
OK...Put her drink on my tab, and
give me a couple of beers.

TABLE

Gavan quickly tosses the beer bottles down.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
I'll be right back!

GAVAN

He searches through the crowd.

He can't find her anywhere.

BACK TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL, OFFICE

GAVAN

I had just about given up when...

Detective Dalton cuts him off.

DETECTIVE DALTON

OK kid...all of this is giving me a big hard on. What with all the romantic story line and all, but in case you forgot the girl of your dreams is laying back there...

He jerks a thumb over his shoulder.

DETECTIVE DALTON (CONT'D)

...with her throat slit and her eyes gouged out. I'd really like to hear the part that relates to THAT.

A YOUNG UNIFORMED OFFICER approaches in the distance.

YOUNG UNIFORMED OFFICER

Detectives!

Dalton looks over his shoulder.

DETECTIVE DALTON

What?

YOUNG UNIFORMED OFFICER

I think we found something.

He holds up an evidence bag with a BLOODY KITCHEN KNIFE in it.

Dalton glances at Streck and then motions towards the officer.

DETECTIVE DALTON

Go check it out.

Detective Streck gets up and walks briskly over to the officer.

The speak to each other in the background.

Detective Dalton turns back to Gavan.

DETECTIVE DALTON (CONT'D)
 Alright kid...fast forward to the
 part I give a shit about.

Gavan pushes his wild hair back.

GAVAN
 I finally found her out on the
 beach.

DETECTIVE DALTON
 Kid! What did I just tell you?

GAVAN
 It's important!

The detective shakes his head.

DETECTIVE DALTON
 Alright kid. Thrill me.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. LOUIE'S, THE BEACH

GAVAN (V.O.)
 She was just out there walking in
 the surf.

Gavan is standing on the deck of the bar looking out at her.

She seems to be dancing along with the MUSIC that is pumping
 out of the bar. She's so sexy.

Gavan approaches her.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
 Hey...

She turns, startled.

SEXY LATINA
 Hey...

Awkward silence.

GAVAN
 You're not going to thank me?

She glances at her drink and then back at him.

A smile.

SEXY LATINA

Thank you for the free alcoholic beverage.

Gavan shakes his head.

GAVAN

That's not what I'm talking about.

She eyes him.

SEXY LATINA

Then what?

GAVAN

For not embarrassing you back there.

She doesn't understand.

SEXY LATINA

Embarrassing me?

Gavan's turn to smile.

GAVAN

Well...you see a lot of girls hit on me.

She nods, smiling.

SEXY LATINA

Oh they do, do they?

Gavan waves her sarcasm away.

GAVAN

And I thought it was very gentlemanly of me to not just blow you off in front of a lot of people like that.

Sexy girl looks surprised.

SEXY LATINA

You...blew me off?

He nods.

GAVAN

So I figured I'd throw you a bone and at least talk to you while everyone was watching...

SEXY LATINA

Wow! I guess I do owe you a thanks.

Sarcasm drips from her words.

He shakes his head.

GAVAN

No thanks necessary. But, why don't you tell me your name?

The two cholos from the bar see the two talking and start walking briskly towards them.

SEXY LATINA

My name is...

She sees the cholos and stops abruptly.

GAVAN

Is?

She shakes her head.

SEXY LATINA

You should go.

GAVAN

What?

SEXY LATINA

Please go...

She looks scared.

Gavan steps forward and touches her arm gently.

TALL CHOLO

Hey!

Gavan turns to see the both of them coming towards him.

TALL CHOLO (CONT'D)

Hey, gringo. What the fuck do you think you're doing?

Gavan's confused. He motions to the latina.

GAVAN

We were just talking.

The other cholo marches straight up to Gavan and PUSHES him down into the sand.

OTHER CHOLO

Don't you ever fuck with my shit
gringo!

He points at her.

OTHER CHOLO (CONT'D)

She. Is. My shit!

He grabs the latina by the wrist and drags her off.

Gavan starts to get to his feet.

The tall cholo's boot smashes him in the chest. He pushes
Gavan further down into the sand.

He shakes his head.

TALL CHOLO

That would be a very bad idea.

The tall cholo pulls a large hunting knife from his pocket
and points at Gavan with it.

TALL CHOLO (CONT'D)

Go back to the bar...tourist...have
drinks, and get shit faced...

He slides the knife back into his belt before removing his
foot from Gavan's chest.

Gavan sees the sexy latina struggling to get away as she's
dragged off.

The tall cholo turns to leave.

Gavan leaps to his feet and rushes the tall cholo.

The tall cholo's elbow comes out of nowhere and smashes Gavan
in the chest.

Gavan drops back to the ground. The wind has been knocked out
of him.

The tall cholo doesn't even look back, he just walks away.

Gavan lays in the sand, staring at the stars while he tries
to catch his breath.

BACK TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL, OFFICE

DETECTIVE DALTON
So you think these two guys had
something to do with all this?

He motions behind him.

GAVAN
Had to be...I don't know who else
would do this.

DETECTIVE DALTON
Do you have any enemies son?

GAVAN
Detective...I'm on fucking
vacation...if I had any enemies I
doubt they'd follow me here just to
ruin my vacation.

DETECTIVE DALTON
Son, you'd be surprised.

In the distance Detective Streck looks back at the two of
them.

DETECTIVE STRECK
Dalton!

Dalton looks over his shoulder.

DETECTIVE STRECK (CONT'D)
Dalton, you better get over here!

Dalton turns to Gavan.

DETECTIVE DALTON
Stay put, I'll be right back.

He starts to get up.

GAVAN
Dectective?

DETECTIVE DALTON
What?

GAVAN
Do you mind if I use the bathroom?

DETECTIVE DALTON
Nah. I think there's one in there.

He points at office door.

Gavan looks over.

GAVAN

Thanks.

Detective Dalton walks off.

Gavan walks into the:

INT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL OFFICE

It's a shitty little beat up hotel office. Gavan notices a stuffed DEER HEAD mounted on one wall. There's a CLERK behind the desk reading a dirty magazine.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Bathroom?

The clerk jerks his head towards the door without looking up from his magazine.

CLERK

There...

Gavan goes into:

OFFICE RESTROOM

Gavan enters a cramped dirty little bathroom.

It's pretty disgusting.

He grabs a wad of toilet paper and wipes off the seat before he drops his shorts and has a seat.

EXT. DETECTIVE DALTON AND DETECTIVE STRECK

DETECTIVE STRECK

So, we have the murder weapon...and
the bloody hand print on the
door...

Dalton is in no mood, the heat's getting to him and he's getting bitchy.

DETECTIVE DALTON

Something that I knew over there.

He points violently at the picnic table.

DETECTIVE DALTON (CONT'D)
Now that I'm here...

(he rigorously points at
the ground)
...what else do you have.

Another officer approaches. He holds up two more evidence bags. One bag has a navy blue, blood stained button down shirt and the other has a pair of Khakis, equally as covered in blood.

DETECTIVE STRECK
We have the killer's clothes.

DETECTIVE DALTON
I knew he did it!

DETECTIVE STRECK
That kid, Gavan? You really think
he did this?

INT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL, OFFICE RESTROOM

Gavan has just gotten settled in.

POUNDING on the door.

Gavan looks up.

GAVAN
Occupied.

DETECTIVE DALTON (O.S.)
Gavan?

GAVAN
Yeah?

DETECTIVE DALTON (O.S.)
What were you wearing last night?

Gavan thinks.

He has a FLASH of him laying on the ground looking up at the stars.

GAVAN
Blue shirt, tan shorts...why?

DETECTIVE DALTON (O.S.)
Nothing. I'm going to leave an
officer out here, alright?
(MORE)

DETECTIVE DALTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
When you get done in there you stay
with him OK?

GAVAN
Yeah...OK, cool.

BEACHFRONT HOTEL, OFFICE

Detective Dalton walks towards the door.

A UNIFORM moves past him.

DETECTIVE DALTON
(to the officers)
When he comes out of there, get him
in cuffs and take him back to the
station.

He nods.

BEACHFRONT HOTEL, OFFICE RESTROOM

Quiet.

Gavan's elbows are on his knees.

Man, alone with his thoughts.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. LOUIE'S, THE BEACH

Gavan is lying on his back staring at the sky.

He jumps up and runs back towards the bar.

BACK TO:

BEACHFRONT HOTEL, OFFICE RESTROOM

RING!

Gavan cell rings in his pocket and nearly scares the shit out
of him.

He digs through his pockets to retrieve it.

He looks at the caller ID:

"UNKNOWN CALLER"

He flips the phone open and puts it to his ear.

GAVAN

Hello?

It sounds like someone blowing smoke into the mic on the phone.

VOICE (V.O.)

You're being set up.

The voice is rough and male, hard to place how old exactly.

GAVAN

Who the fuck is this?

VOICE (V.O.)

Did you get my text?

GAVAN

Who. Is. This? And how'd you get this number.

VOICE (V.O.)

You can call me Thadius. You need my help.

GAVAN

I'm sorry man, I'd love to mentally jerk each other off, but I'm kind of in the middle of some serious shit right now...

VOICE / THADIUS (V.O.)

All that blood...I can see why you're testy.

GAVAN

What?

He glances around and then lowers his voice.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

What did you just say?

THADIUS (V.O.)

And the bodies of your friends...wow...and that chick you picked up last night...

Gavan is getting pissed.

GAVAN

Who the fuck is this?

THADIUS (V.O.)

Now, now Gavan...relax...take a deep breath. The police officers outside think you did it.

GAVAN

You've got to be kidding me.

THADIUS (V.O.)

Relax. Like I said, I'm here to help.

GAVAN

Relax?! What the fuck! I'm going to ask you one more time. WHO. THE. FUCK. IS. THIS?

THADIUS (V.O.)

I'm the guy who killed your friends.

GAVAN

I...what?

THADIUS (V.O.)

I'm sorry, but they had to die.

Gavan throws his head back.

GAVAN

WHAT?! WHY?

Awestruck.

THADIUS (V.O.)

Relax Gavan we'll get through this.

Gavan shakes his head. He grabs a handful of toilet paper and vigorously starts whipping his ass.

GAVAN

We nothing you sick fucker! I'm sure the cops would love to hear this little nugget of information.

Pissed.

Gavan starts pulling his pants up with one hand, phone in the other.

Thadius LAUGHS on the other end of the receiver.

THADIUS (V.O.)

What are you going to tell them Gavan? That even though all the physical evidence of the murders points to you. You just happen to have a mysterious caller on the phone that is the actual killer?

GAVAN

What physical evidence?

THADIUS (V.O.)

I'd say the knife with your finger prints on it and your clothes soaked in blood should be sufficient.

GAVAN

But, I didn't...

Confusion.

THADIUS (V.O.)

(cutting him off)

Let's not worry about semantics right now Gavan, let's worry about getting you out of the toilet and away from the cops.

GAVAN

Why...would you do this...to me.

THADIUS (V.O.)

Gavan...I'd love to chat all day, but time is of the essence right now.

GAVAN

Why should I listen to you?

Bargaining.

THADIUS (V.O.)

You don't have to, but I think it would be wise...that is if you don't want to go to jail.

Gavan shakes his head. A few macho tears are running down his cheeks. He's just run the emotional gamut.

Acceptance.

GAVAN

What should I do.

THADIUS (V.O.)
I'm glad you decided to let me help.

GAVAN
Fuck off.

THADIUS (V.O.)
Gavan! That's not very nice.

CLICK!

There's a long pause. Gavan checks the phone. The call is gone.

He panics, pacing back and forth in the bathroom. Carefully he tries to peek out the bathroom door into the office but loses his nerve before he can see anything substantial.

GAVAN
(to himself)
Fuck!

RING!

Gavan jumps and then snaps the phone open.

THADIUS (V.O.)
Still want my help.

GAVAN
Yes.

THADIUS (V.O.)
OK. I want you to walk out of the bathroom and make a bee line for the door. What ever you do keep your eyes forward. And for god's sake don't touch anything. Understand?

GAVAN
Yes.

THADIUS (V.O.)
I want you to walk out to your jeep, slowly and nonchalantly like somebody that *isn't guilty of a crime...*

GAVAN
(cutting in)
But I'm not...

THADIUS (V.O.)
We don't have time to argue this
right now!

GAVAN
OK. OK! Then what?

THADIUS (V.O.)
Just get in your jeep and drive
away.

GAVAN
Just like that?

THADIUS (V.O.)
Just like that.

GAVAN
And then?

THADIUS (V.O.)
I'll be in touch.

CLICK.

Gavan has a little conflict with himself pacing about the
cramped dirty little space.

He washes his hands

And then his face.

Then again

Splashing water on his face.

GAVAN
Just walk out...like nothing
happened...get in the jeep and
leave.

He puts his hand on the doorknob.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Surely they don't think I did it.

He pulls his hand away.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Fuck! I'm the only one that
connects all the pieces...of course
they think its me.

He kicks the wall.

And then he grabs the doorknob again.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
OK, here goes...eyes forward...get
in the jeep...

He pulls the door open and emerges into:

BEACHFRONT HOTEL OFFICE

Gavan starts forward, eyes on the door.

At first he doesn't look around.

BUZZ.

But then he hears flies.

He glances to his left.

The clerk is sprawled out on the floor in a pool of blood. A nightstick is lying next to his bashed in head.

Gavan's hand goes to his mouth.

He spins around

Only to find the officer draped over the office desk impaled by the antlers of the wall mounted deer head, which has been remove from the wall and is currently residing in the officer's chest.

Gavan eyes the officer's gun, still in it's holster.

After a second of contemplation Gavan reaches for the gun.

As he's pulling it free the officer SPUTTERS blood and GRABS Gavan's arm.

IMPALED OFFICER
Help me...

Gavan pulls the gun free of the holster and yanks out of the dying man's grasp.

He races to the door and BURSTS:

OUTSIDE

The door of the office SLAMS open.

Several officers glance over and see Gavan.

He's holding a gun.

RANDOM OFFICER

Hey! Stop!

Gavan glances down at the gun.

GAVAN

Oh shit!

He RUNS across the short distance to the parking lot stumbling along as he tries to move faster than his still hung over body can actually travel.

After zigzagging through a maze of cars he finally finds the jeep. Gavan clambers over the backseat and into the front as officers shorten the distance of his pursuit.

Shouts to "stop" and "put the gun down" fill the air.

Gavan jams the key into the ignition and twists.

The jeep starts to turn over...and dies.

He slams his hand into the wheel.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

FUCK!

One NOOBIE OFFICER closes on the jeep. He approaches from the back.

NOOBIE OFFICER

Get out of the car with your hands up.

Gavan spins around and aims the gun at his head.

The poor little noobie officer forgot to draw his gun in all the excitement. When he realizes his probably fatal error he slowly puts his hands up and backs away.

Gavan tries again.

This time the engine turns over.

Gavan punches it and tears out of the parking lot.

Detective Dalton runs up, having observed the noobie's mistake, he shakes his head.

DETECTIVE DALTON

Smooth...real smooth...

Detective Streck screeches to halt along side them and flings the door open.

DETECTIVE STRECK

Get in!

Dalton jumps in.

DETECTIVE DALTON

Still think he's innocent?

Streck just looks straight ahead and squeals the tires as he pulls away.

GAVAN'S JEEP

Gavan drives WILDLY down the road swerving back and forth.

Two police cruisers and the detectives' car are in hot pursuit.

Gavan whips out his cell and hits speed dial.

GAVAN

Noots! I'm in the shit man.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOOTS' BACKYARD

Noots' is watering the lawn and drinking a beer.

INTERCUT

NOOTS

What's going on G? Is Tomich in jail? Or is Lamar in the hospital.

GAVAN

Fuck...I wish.

Dust flies as Gavan speeds down a straight stretch of road.

NOOTS

Do I hear sirens? What the hell did Tomich do?

GAVAN

Tomich is fucking dead man!

NOOTS

Funny.

GAVAN

So's Lamar...cops think I did it.

NOOTS

Holy shit, you're serious.

Gavan looks over his shoulder,

The cops are gaining on him.

GAVAN

Like a godamn heart attack.

NOOTS

What happened?

GAVAN

I don't fucking know. I've got some
guy calling me telling me he did
it.

NOOTS

What?

Gavan looks madly around, searching.

GAVAN

Thadius...he said his name was
Thadius.

NOOTS

Did you tell the cops.

GAVAN

That's not really an option right
now.

Up ahead there's a bend in the road and along one side a
hill.

NOOTS

Are you fucking running? Gavan!
Don't be an idiot.

GAVAN

Noots, I don't want your shit. Can
you find out who this guy is?

NOOTS

Thadius? You wouldn't happen to
have a last name?

GAVAN

Sorry, to busy running from the
cops.

NOOTS

So what do you want me to do?

GAVAN

Pull my cell records. I have to find this guy.

NOOTS

I can't just *pull* cell records man.

GAVAN

You're a smart guy...think of something.

NOOTS

Don't do anything stupid.

GAVAN

Too late!

Gavan flips the phone closed.

Instead of turning when the road does, he drives right up the hill, through a fence and over into the sand of the beach.

The jeep bounces over the sand dunes as he off-roads across a portion of rough beach.

The police cruisers come up over the hill.

One buries it's hood in the sand.

Another SMASHES into the side of a sand dune.

The detectives' car comes over the hill and rams into the back of one of the cruisers.

Gavan is watching in his rearview mirror.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Haha! Fuckers!

He turns his attention forward and

Runs

In

To

A

Tree.

SMASH!!

His head slams into the windshield and he losses consciousness.

FLASHBACK TO:

SUITE - LAST NIGHT

Gavan and his two buds are sitting around. The blonde and the redhead have come back to the hotel with them.

They're pounding drinks and having a good time.

KNOCK KNOCK

They look up at the door. Everyone gets quiet.

LAMAR

Oh yeah, I ordered pizza.

Tomich chucks an empty beer can at him and then goes and answers the door.

Tomich comes back from the door with six pizza boxes.

TOMICH

Jesus fuckwad...order enough pizza?

LAMAR

I may have told a few more people that we were having a party.

Lamar stands and joins Tomich in the kitchenette area.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

Pizza ladies?

The both say yes.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

Gavan?

Gavan is just staring off into space.

BACK TO

THE JEEP

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Gavan comes to.

He touches his head and winces.

There's a big gash, and blood all over his face.

He falls out of the jeep trying to climb out the door.

Swiftly and awkwardly he climbs to his feet, grabs the gun and tucks it in his waistband.

He starts away.

RUNNING

And stumbling through the sand. He makes his way up over another dune and spots:

MOM AND POP DINER

The shop is quaint and sparsely decorated. A GEEZER and his OLD WOMAN mill about the place. She's dusting and he's counting the money in the register.

The geezer holds up a handful of fives.

GEEZER

Goddammit woman! How many times
have I told you to face all the
bills the same way?

She waves him away and goes back to what she's doing.

GEEZER (CONT'D)

Answer me when I'm talking to you!

OLD WOMAN

Stop yelling! The bank doesn't care
if the money is facing the same
way.

GEEZER

I don't give a fuck about the bank!
It's a matter of principle. I ask
my wife to do one simple thing...

This appears to be an ever present argument.

OLD WOMAN

One simple thing? That's easy. I
fold your socks the way you please,
I cook the food you want to
eat...oh wait that's two things.

GEEZER

Don't sass me!

OLD WOMAN

I'm not sassing you. I'm just pointing out that it's not *one simple thing* that you expect me to remember.

GEEZER

I don't know how I put up with you. All you do is nag, nag...

SLAM!

The front door to the door bursts open and Gavan stumbles in.

OLD WOMAN

On my god!

GEEZER

What in THE hell?!

Gavan can't stand upright anymore. He staggers to a booth and plops down.

GAVAN

There was an accident.

OLD WOMAN

(to the geezer)

Get me some ice and a towel.

GEEZER

And now you're ordering ME around?

She glares at him. If looks could kill.

The old man shuts his trap and goes into the back of the diner.

The old woman rushes to Gavan.

She wipes the blood with the rag in her hand.

It stings.

Gavan hisses.

She looks down and realizes it's the rag that she's been cleaning tables with.

OLD WOMAN

Oh...sorry.

The old woman drops that rag and grabs a clean cloth napkin front the table. She presses it against the gash in Gavan's head.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
Was anyone else hurt?

GAVAN
No...

The old man returns with some ice wrapped in a towel.

GEEZER
Need me to call the police?

Gavan sits up.

GAVAN
No! That...uh...won't be necessary.
I just wrecked my jeep over that
hill.

OLD WOMAN
We need to get you to the hospital.

GAVAN
I'll be alright...just give me a
minute.

GEEZER
I'm calling 911.

GAVAN
NO!

The couple turn to look at him.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
I...my jeep's not licensed...

The geezer seems satisfied with this answer and returns to the register to count the rest of his money.

OLD WOMAN
Is there anyone we can call?

Gavan takes the towel and the ice and applies it to his head.

GAVAN
No...I'll be alright...just give me
a second.

She regards him for a minute.

OLD WOMAN
You need to lie down.

Gavan shakes his head.

GAVAN
No...really...

OLD WOMAN
I won't take no for an answer.

She helps him up and guides him to:

THE BACK ROOM

There's some grocery items stored on shelves and a small cot in the corner.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
We had a young
man...dishwasher...that stayed here
for a while...

She sits Gavan on the cot and then turns around to search the shelves for something.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
...poor thing...his parents kicked
him out when he flunked out of
school...he stayed here until he
got back on his feet.

She turns back.

Gavan is out like a light.

INT. MOM AND POP DINER - LATER

The geezer turns the sign on the door around from 'open' to 'closed'. The old woman finishes wiping down the counter and she flips off some of the lights. She may be old, but she's rockin' out to music from her iPod pumping through her earbuds.

The old man makes his way back into the kitchen and the old woman is busying herself off in another part of the diner, in her own little world, when

CRACK

Something hits the store front window. In an old man giddy-up the geezer bangs through the kitchen door clutching a MEAT CLEAVER. The glass is SPIDER-WEBBED out from a single contact point.

GEEZER
Goddamn good for nothin kids!

The geezer sticks the cleaver into the counter and moves quickly to the door.

GEEZER (CONT'D)
Maw...get my gun.

She comes around the corner.

OLD WOMAN
I'm *not* getting you're gun you old coot! You'd probably hurt yourself anyway.

The geezer rips the door open and steps outside looking for the culprit.

The old woman is still bouncing her hips a little as she surveys the damage from the inside.

A figure moves behind her. It emerges from the kitchen and darts across the room.

She stands there shaking her head at her husband's overreacting. The figure closes the distance behind her.

EXT. MOM AND POP DINER - SAME TIME

The geezer scans the area in front of the store for suspects and finds none.

GEEZER
Where are ya, you little sons-a-bitches? Got a goddamn silver star in Nam and this is the kinda shit I've gotta deal with?

He turns his attention to the window and shakes his head.

GEEZER (CONT'D)
Sometimes I miss those rice patties.

INT. MOM AND POP DINER - SAME TIME

The figure is standing right behind her silhouetted in darkness.

She notices something on the ground. The old woman stoops down and scoops up a rock?

As she stands she looks from the rock to the window.

EXT. MOM AND POP DINER - SAME TIME

The geezer reaches up and touches the glass. He looks puzzled.

GEEZER

The crack is on the inside?

SLAM!

The old woman's face smashes into the window. Startled, the geezer jumps back and falls on his ass.

Blood runs from a fresh wound on her face. Her eyes dance around wildly as her face is pressed harder into the glass.

She's struggling.

The geezer is trying to climb to his feet.

The glass CRACKS more as the pressure increases.

The orbit around on of her eyes cracks and the bone deforms along with the window.

GEEZER (CONT'D)

Oh sweet fucking jesus!

Too much of her eyeball is now visible.

More blood from fresh cuts.

Tears stream down her face.

The geezer makes it to his feet.

His eyes are welling up.

GEEZER (CONT'D)

I'm comin' baby girl...hold on...

He limps forward.

Suddenly, his wife's face disappears from view.

The geezer pauses.

Her face SMASHES back into the window, effectively crushing the rest of her fragile elderly skull.

Slowly her face slides down the glass, leaving a wake of blood behind.

INT. MOM AND POP DINER - SAME TIME

The door bursts open and the geezer rushes in. His dead wife lies in a heap on the floor surrounded by blood. The buds from her iPod are out and the music is still going.

He kneels down.

GEEZER

No...no...no...

He clutches his mangled wife's body to his chest. After a brief period of mourning he looks up and scans the diner.

The meat cleaver is missing.

The diner appears to be empty.

GEEZER (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

He climbs to his feet and moves towards the kitchen.

GEEZER (CONT'D)

Where the hell are ya?

Carefully the geezer walks behind the counter.

Something MOVES behind him.

He spins.

And the meat cleaver comes down burying itself in his skull.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. LOUIE'S, THE BEACH - LAST NIGHT

SEXY LATINA

You should go.

GAVAN

What?

SEXY LATINA

Please go...

She looks scared.

Gavan steps forward and touches her arm gently.

TALL CHOLO

Hey!

Gavan turns to see the both of them coming towards him.

TALL CHOLO (CONT'D)

Hey, gringo. What the fuck do you think you're doing?

Gavan's confused. He motions to the latina.

GAVAN

We were just talking.

The other cholo marches straight up to Gavan and PUSHES him down into the sand.

OTHER CHOLO

Don't you ever fuck with my shit gringo!

He points at her.

OTHER CHOLO (CONT'D)

She. Is. My shit!

He grabs the latina by the wrist and drags her off.

Gavan starts to get to his feet.

The tall cholo's boot smashes him in the chest. He pushes Gavan further down into the sand.

He shakes his head.

TALL CHOLO

That would be a very bad idea.

The tall cholo pulls a large hunting knife from his pocket and points at Gavan with it.

TALL CHOLO (CONT'D)

Go back to the bar...tourist...have drinks, and get shit faced...

He slides the knife back into his belt before removing his foot from Gavan's chest.

Gavan sees the sexy latina struggling to get away as she's dragged off.

The tall cholo turns to leave.

Gavan leaps to his feet and rushes the tall cholo.

The tall cholo's elbow comes out of nowhere and smashes Gavan in the chest.

Gavan drops back to the ground. The wind has been knocked out of him.

The tall cholo doesn't even look back, he just walks away.

Gavan lays in the sand, staring at the stars while he tries to catch his breath.

CLOSE ON: Gavan's face staring at the sky.

BACK TO:

THE BACKROOM

RING.

Gavan wakes with a start.

RING.

He looks around, lost.

RING.

His hand slides into his pocket and produces his cell. With a flick of his wrist he opens it and brings it to his ear.

GAVAN

Hello?

THADIUS

Didn't I tell you to keep your eyes forward?

GAVAN

Dude, you are one sick fuck.

THADIUS

It was necessary.

GAVAN

To kill more people in order to help the guy you framed in the first place escape? How is any of this necessary?

THADIUS

Good. You don't seem to have a concussion.

GAVAN

What?

THADIUS

You hit your head pretty bad back there when you wrecked the jeep.

Gavan BOLTS upright. He looks around wildly.

GAVAN

Who the fuck are you?

THADIUS

You're going to have to learn to trust me Gavan.

GAVAN

Trust you? I don't even know your last name. You're a goddamn VOICE on my phone!

THADIUS

Graves.

GAVAN

What?

THADIUS

Graves. Thadius Graves. Happy now?

Gavan clutches his head.

GAVAN

My fucking head is pounding.

THADIUS

Well, with that kind of impact, I would believe it. And that ignorant old bitch...if you'd had a concussion...when laid down you may not have regained consciousness...

GAVAN

She's just some helpful old lady.

THADIUS
She was a nuisance.

Gavan catches that.

GAVAN
What do you mean was?

THADIUS
She was a loose end.

GAVAN
Oh fuck.

He races to the door and pulls it open. Quickly he moves into

THE DINER

Where he sees the woman's body on the floor. Next to her is the corpse of her husband, meat cleaver still buried in his face.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
What in the fuck did you do?

THADIUS
You'll understand soon Gavan. Trust me.

GAVAN
Trust you? Fuck you, you homicidal mother fucker. You're a goddamn nut job.

There's a long pause on the phone and then a heavy exhale.

THADIUS
I'll give you a moment.

CLICK.

Gavan stares back at the phone.

GAVAN
Great, Ted Bundy has me on speed dial.

He stuffs the phone back into his pocket. For a few moments he contemplates what he should do with the bodies. Finally he stoops over, closes the geezer's eyes and hurries out the door.

GAVAN

Discombobulated, Gavan stumbles his way down the sidewalk. A police cruiser comes over the hill in front of him.

He ducks down an alley.

The car passes.

Gavan pulls his cell out.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Noots!

NOOTS (O.S.)

Gavan, you're all over the police bans down there. They know who you are and what you look like. You need to turn yourself in.

GAVAN

I can't....I know it sounds stupid, but I'm being framed.

NOOTS (O.S.)

By Thadius? Right...

GAVAN

It's true.

INT. NOOT'S STUDY - SAME TIME

INTERCUT

NOOTS

You remember how fucked up you got after your foster dad died?

Gavan knocks the back of his head against the wall.

NOOTS (CONT'D)

Come on man...I'm your friend...I came to see you in the hospital...

GAVAN

Fuck you man! This is nothing like that.

The police cruiser passes back by the alley. Gavan presses on deeper into the alley.

NOOTS

Then turn yourself in.

GAVAN
I can't.

NOOTS
Why?

GAVAN
Because it looks like I did it.

Gavan reaches the end of the alley and crawls through a hole in the fence.

NOOTS
Did you?

Gavan stops cold.

GAVAN
What?

NOOTS
You know I gotta ask.

GAVAN
No Noots! I didn't brutally murder two of our best friends, a couple of chicks and an elderly couple.

He wants to take it back right after he said it.

NOOTS
Elderly couple? I didn't hear anything about that on the radio.

GAVAN
Things are getting more complicated.

NOOTS
Jesus Gavan...what have you done.

GAVAN
Graves.

NOOTS
What?

GAVAN
His name is Thadius Graves.

CLICK.

INT. NOOT'S STUDY

CINDY, Noots' wife, walks in the room and begins rubbing Noots' shoulders.

Noots looks at his phone.

NOOTS

He did not just hang up on me.

Noots looks down at his note pad. The name "THADIUS GRAVES" stares back up at him.

Cindy quietly tries to relax her husband.

Noots ignores her.

He taps his pen against the desk in contemplation.

NOOTS (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Noots pulls up the "Roswell Police Database" and punches the name in.

"NO SEARCH RESULTS"

He shakes his head.

NOOTS (CONT'D)

Let's try New Mexico's database.

She finally can't stand it anymore.

CINDY

What did they get into this time?
It was Tomich wasn't it?

NOOTS

No. Believe it or not it's Gavan.

CINDY

Gavan?

NOOTS

Yeah, you remember when I told you
he had kind of a breakdown after
his foster dad died?

Cindy nods.

NOOTS (CONT'D)

His original family were a bunch of
fuck ups.

(MORE)

NOOTS (CONT'D)

Abusive in every sense of the word.
Gavan really lucked out by getting
placed with his foster father.
When he died...

CINDY

Gavan went to the mental hospital.

Noots shakes his head.

NOOTS

It's not like he went to the looney
bin or anything. It was more of
like a medicated vacation. And when
he came back, he was a changed man.
He mellowed out big time, stopped
pulling crazy stunts. Hell, he even
quit smoking.

CINDY

So, seems like not too much to
worry about.

NOOTS

I don't know about that.

CINDY

You don't think he'd hurt anyone
else do you?

NOOTS

New improved Gavan? Absolutely not.
Old Gavan? I'm not so sure he was
pretty wild, even before college.
His foster dad was about the only
person that could keep him in
check...now Tomich and Lamar are
dead.

CINDY

What!?! And you think *Gavan* did it?

Noots leans back and rubs his temples.

NOOTS

I don't want to think he did
it...but he's not giving me much to
work with...just a name.

She climbs into his lap.

CINDY

You'll figure it out. You always
get your man.

NOOTS
Funny...that's what they used to
say about you.

She laughs and playfully slaps him.

CINDY
Fuckler!

CUT TO:

GAVAN

He makes his way through back alleys, backyards, and any
place else that lends him cover.

Soon Gavan emerges from an alleyway and starts across the
street. A police car passes by one street over.

Gavan backpedals and ducks around a corner. Where he RUNS
INTO Becky, the waitress from the diner this morning. She's
wearing the same PINK shirt.

BECKY
Hey you!

Gavan glances around. He must have inadvertently navigated
back to the diner. He looks down, she's still wearing her
apron.

GAVAN
Hey!

He looks around.

Yup. He's at the diner.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
I thought you worked lunch?

Becky shrugs.

BECKY
I do normally, but one of the girls
didn't show up for her shift so I
worked a double.

Gavan's still a little twitchy. He keeps looking around.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Hiding from the cops?

Gavan's eyes grow wide.

GAVAN

What? No...

She laughs.

BECKY

The way you're looking around you'd think the FBI was after you.

He forces a grin.

GAVAN

Homeland Security...we smuggled some tequila back across the border...

They both chuckle. Gavan's is forced.

Becky unties her apron.

BECKY

Well, I just got off. You want to find a dark little hole and crawl in?

Gavan looks relieved.

GAVAN

You have no idea.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAZY ED'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Crazy Ed's is an absolute hole in the wall. The kind of place that white trash call a shit hole.

Gavan and Becky sit across from one another in a booth in the back. They each have a drink in front of them.

A kid plays guitar on a shitty little stage in the corner and croons into the mic.

GAVAN

This isn't exactly what I had in mind.

She studies him.

BECKY

Fuck. You really have somebody looking for you don't you?

Gavan is getting uneasy by the second.

GAVAN
You could say that.

BECKY
Well don't worry. Nobody'll look
for you here. This is a local
hangout that even the locals don't
hang out in. I only come here
because they don't card...

This seems to calm him down a little. And then a puzzled look
crosses his face.

GAVAN
Just exactly how old are you?

BECKY
I'll be twenty next month.

GAVAN
Jesus.

His hand smacks his head.

BECKY
What? It's not like I'm statutory
or anything!

She takes a drink and draws a pack of cigarettes out of her
purse.

BECKY (CONT'D)
While we're on the topic how old
are you old man?

He eyes the smokes.

GAVAN
You really shouldn't smoke.

He doesn't sound like he means it.

BECKY
You want one don't you?

Reluctantly Gavan nods.

She taps two out and passes him one.

BECKY (CONT'D)
You need a shot!

Gavan grimaces.

GAVAN

I don't think so...after last night
I think I'll be cutting WAY back.

BECKY

Come on...just one shot. You need a
little hair of the dog.

GAVAN

What?

BECKY

You know! Hair of the dog that bit
ya?

She hops up and moves to the bar.

SEVERAL ROUNDS LATER

The table is littered with shot glasses and the ashtray is
full of cigarette butts.

Gavan and Becky are drunkenly slow dancing to a horribly
performed cover song.

Her hands run down to the insides of his thighs. He lets it
happened. They smile at one another and lock lips.

Gavan breaks away first.

She leans up and whispers in his ear.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here.

He smiles.

GAVAN

My thoughts exactly.

He pulls away.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Just need to use the little boys'
room first.

She looks at him funny.

BECKY

The little...

She makes a small penis reference with her fingers at him.

BECKY (CONT'D)
 ...boys' room?

Gavan smiles back at her. He walks up and brings her other hand up to represent the measuring of a gigantic penis.

Her eyes get big.

He winks.

GAVAN
 I'll be right back.

Gavan moves down around the bar, down a hallway and into:

THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's a dirty little one seater that probably smells worse than it looks. And it looks like shit.

Gavan is swaying in front of the toilet.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
 Come on dude...daddy wants to go
 get laid.

His phone RINGS.

He digs it out of his pocket and puts it to his ear.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
 This better be good!

THADIUS (V.O.)
 Who's the spinner?

Gavan lets his forehead fall against the wall in front of him in defeat.

GAVAN
 What the fuck do you want?

THADIUS (V.O.)
 I want a piece of that ass in the
 pink shirt.

Gavan's eyes get wide.

He quickly zips up.

GAVAN
 Don't even think about it you
 mother fucker!

Gavan runs into:

CRAZY ED'S

He spies Becky gathering her things.

THADIUS (V.O.)
She's a little young for
you...don't you think?

GAVAN
You just leave her out of this
dickwad. She has nothing to do with
this.

THADIUS (V.O.)
I beg to differ...you brought her
into this...now you need to listen
to me carefully...

Gavan slaps his phone shut. He moves quickly across the bar
and GRABS Becky by the arm.

GAVAN
Come on! We're going.

Becky thinks he's role playing.

BECKY
Ohhh...I like it rough big boy.

Gavan digs some bills out of his pocket and throws them down
on the table.

GAVAN
Now!

And he drags her out the door on to:

EXT. THE STREET

Becky can hardly keep up as Gavan pulls her along. He ignores
her protests.

They round the corner and Gavan spies a police cruiser in the
distance.

He stops.

And then spins and ducks back behind the building.

Becky glimpses the cop car.

BECKY
You really ARE running from the
cops aren't you?

Gavan ignores the question.

GAVAN
Do you have a car?

BECKY
Yeah...why?

GAVAN
Where is it?

She points.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Keys?

She looks at him. He looks back, pleading.

BECKY
Are we going some where?

Becky digs the car keys out of her pocket. And offers them to him.

He snatches them from her hand.

GAVAN
Let's go.

Gavan drags her towards the car.

BECKY
Gavan!

He whips back around and pulls her close.

GAVAN
The cops are the least of our
worries right now. Let's get out of
here and I'll explain everything.

He studies her face and sees that she's frightened.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Trust me.

She still doesn't look convinced.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Please?

Becky nods slowly.

CUT TO:

EXT. BECKY'S CAR - NIGHT

The two of them race down a country highway.

INT. BECKY'S CAR

Becky is in the passenger seat gazing out the window. She looks over at Gavan. He is quiet, tense and staring intently out the window.

BECKY

Gavan.

Nothing.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Gavan...you promised me an explanation...

Still nothing.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Gavan?

Gavan looks over at her. His eyes soften.

GAVAN

You're right. Hungry?

Becky thinks for a second.

BECKY

I could eat.

Gavan cranks the wheel to the left and pulls over to:

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER

The place is deserted.

A sign outside boasts that they're open 24 hours.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - LATER

The employees of the diner consist of a FRAZZLED WAITRESS, a overly HAIRY FEMALE COOK and an equally hairy FAT MANAGER who looks like he's one cheeseburger away from a heart attack. The manager sits on a stool at the end of the diner bar reading watching Mexican wrestling on TV and smoking a cheap cigar. The cook and the waitress go about their business.

Gavan and Becky are sitting at a table with finished dinner plates in front of them. Becky is working on a piece of pie.

BECKY

So, you have no idea who this Thadius guy is?

Gavan shakes his head.

BECKY (CONT'D)

So why is he doing this to you?

GAVAN

I have no idea.

He rests his head in his hands.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

He says he wants to help.

BECKY

Help?

GAVAN

I don't know...I think this is just some sort of sick fucking game to him.

He leans back.

BECKY

I don't understand.

Gavan seems sleepy.

GAVAN

I don't either.

He yawns.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

But we need to get back on the road.

BECKY

Gavan, you can barely keep your eyes open.

Gavan flags down the waitress. He holds up his coffee cup.

GAVAN

Can I get one of these to go?

The waitress turns and wanders off.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

Problem solved.

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER

Gavan stalks off to the car, Styrofoam cup in his hand.

Becky walks briskly behind him to catch up.

BECKY

So what? You just run?

Gavan twirls on his heel and Becky almost runs into him.

GAVAN

You got a better idea? Cuz I'm fresh out!

BECKY

He has to WANT something.

GAVAN

I have no fucking idea what he wants. At first I thought it was he was just some sick fuck, but now I'm finding out that he's an imperially gigantic sick fuck that has it in for me.

BECKY

Then you have to find him.

GAVAN

How?!

BECKY

I don't know. Think Gavan, who could it possibly be?

Gavan takes a sip of coffee and shakes his head.

GAVAN
I DON'T KNOW!

Becky doesn't back down. In fact she closes the distance between them and puts a gentle hand on his arm.

BECKY
Who would want to make all this trouble for you.

Gavan looks like he's on the edge of tears in all his frustration.

GAVAN
I really don't know.

BECKY
Then you have to make a stand.

GAVAN
What?!

She motions to their surroundings.

BECKY
Look! There's nothing around us.

GAVAN
What are you saying?

BECKY
I say we wait. We can see him coming.

Gavan turns the thought over in his head.

GAVAN
Fuck...that just might work.

He walks around to the driver's side door.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Get in...looks like we're on a stakeout.

INT. BECKY'S CAR

Gavan flips open his phone and dials a number.

GAVAN
Noots! Tell me you've got good news.

NOOTS (V.O.)

Christ Gavan, I might have something, but you need to be careful. The cops down there are going to shoot first and ask questions later. You neglected to mention the cop that was added to the body count.

GAVAN

Shit. Sorry. So what do you have?

NOOTS (V.O.)

It's a long shot. I found ONE Thadius Graves, but the records are sealed.

GAVAN

So unseal them.

NOOTS (V.O.)

It's not that simple. I'll need a court order...

GAVAN

Doesn't that badge mean shit?

NOOTS (V.O.)

I'm going to call in a favor...

GAVAN

Noots you're the shit!

NOOTS (V.O.)

I doubt it'll turn up anything, usually sealed records mean it was a juvy record or some shit.

GAVAN

Anything's better than what I've got.

NOOTS (V.O.)

Where are you?

Gavan surveys the surroundings.

GAVAN

You know that diner about half way between Padre and Roswell where we always stop.

NOOTS (V.O.)
After I look this up I'm coming to
get you.

GAVAN
What? Fuck you.

NOOTS (V.O.)
Gavan, you'll need to be brought
in, even if you're innocent...if I
bring you in they might not shoot
you on sight.

Gavan stares out the window.

GAVAN
Fuck...I guess you're right. Call
me when you've got something.

CLICK.

Gavan bangs his head against the backseat.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
One fucked up day.

BECKY
You kidding me? I bet all your
first dates are this exciting.

They both laugh.

She puts a hand on his leg.

BECKY (CONT'D)
So...what do you want to do to pass
the time.

Gavan looks over at her and frowns.

GAVAN
Don't take this the wrong way, but
having a serial killer following
you around trying to frame you and
playing the most fucked up game of
phone tag with you ever...kind of
kills the libido.

Gavan produces another yawn.

Becky grins. She crawls over and talks in a seducing voice as
her lips hover near his.

BECKY

Well if we're not going to sleep
together then maybe we should sleep
in shifts.

Gavan's eyes droop.

BECKY (CONT'D)

And it looks like you qualify for
the first shift!

She kisses his nose.

He studies her for a minute as his eyelids grow even heavier.

GAVAN

(sleepily)

Maybe you're right...wake me up if
anything happens.

Gavan leans his head against the window and is out like a
light.

TIME PASSES

Becky sitting on the hood of the car.

The sun is rising.

Becky leaning against the door smoking.

Morning is here.

Becky pacing back and forth.

INT. BECKY'S CAR

Gavan is still sound asleep in the driver's seat. A little
drool is dripping from his lip.

Becky is not in the car.

A semi BLASTS passed on the road.

Gavan ROCKETS up. He looks around disoriented. He wipes his
face and looks around. It takes him a minute to acclimate. He
slowly remembers where he is. And then he realizes that Becky
is not there.

GAVAN

Shit!

There's a car parked in front of the diner.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Shit! Shit! Shit!

Gavan hops out of the car and slowly draws the gun from his waistband. He drops it down next to his leg and moves carefully towards the diner.

He tries to sneak a peek into the front window but the glare from the morning sun makes the glass opaque.

Slowly he slinks up to the front door.

The door BURSTS open.

Gavan reacts.

As Becky comes out holding a couple of Styrofoam cups.

Gavan quickly tries to hide the gun.

BECKY
Jesus!

She holds up the cups.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Just getting a refill.

And then she offers him one.

Gavan looks surprised, but relieved. He takes his cup of joe.

GAVAN
Shit! Sorry...I guess I'm...jumpy.

They both turn and walk back towards the car.

Gavan attempts to stash the gun back in his waistband.

BECKY
Is that a gun?

He shrugs and quickly tucks it back in his pants and then leans against the car.

Becky stops. Her hand goes to her hip. And the attitude comes out.

BECKY (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing with a gun??

GAVAN
Jesus, relax.

BECKY

Don't you tell me to relax. You say you're innocent...you say that this guy is trying to frame you...

Gavan takes a sip.

GAVAN

Becky...calm down. I grabbed it from a cop.

Becky's not satisfied with that answer.

BECKY

A cop?

GAVAN

He was dead...well...kind of...

BECKY

Kind of?!

Gavan nods.

This sets her off worse.

BECKY (CONT'D)

And that makes it better?!

Gavan puts his hands out in an effort to calm her.

GAVAN

It seemed like a good idea at the time.

She looks right into his eyes.

BECKY

All this time I thought you were telling the truth.

GAVAN

I am.

BECKY

No, fuck this...you're a psycho...

She turns and starts to storm off.

BECKY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Why do you always pick the head cases? Are you fucking mental?

Gavan follows after her.

GAVAN

Becky!

He grabs her wrist.

She whips around at break neck speed.

She puts her finger in his face.

BECKY

Get. The. Fuck. Away. From. Me.

GAVAN

You can't honestly...

She cuts him off.

BECKY

You tell me this big story about
some guy that's following you
around...and I've been with you for
over half a day and we haven't seen
or heard anything from him...

Becky starts away again.

Gavan doesn't let go of her wrist.

She turns back and starts to speak. And then she sees fear on
Gavan's face.

GAVAN

That means he's watching us...

BECKY

What? No...no...now listen...if he
was...

Gavan's turn to cut her off.

GAVAN

No. You listen. He always knows
what's going on around me. He knew
what color your shirt was in the
bar.

That gets her attention.

Gavan searches the horizon.

GAVAN (CONT'D)

He's got to be watching...

Becky's starting to buy it.

She starts looking around too.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Maybe we should try and act normal.

The both stiffen.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
Back to the car.

Both of them walk slowly back and climb into:

BECKY'S CAR

Becky's still looking around.

BECKY
You really think he's out there.

GAVAN
It makes sense. It seems like he's
always watching.

LATER

The gun is in Gavan's hand resting in his lap.

Becky's fidgeting in the passenger seat. She looks around nervously. Cigarette dangling from her thin fingers as she taps her foot on the dash.

BECKY
So...we're just going to sit here?

GAVAN
(annoyed)
Yes.

BECKY
Until what? He comes down here and
cuts us into pieces like the girls
from the hotel?

GAVAN
We wait...

She interrupts.

BECKY
For what Gavan? For what?

He turns to her.

GAVAN
We. Wait. For. Noots.

Gavan's hand comes up, clutching the gun. He scratches his temple.

BECKY
Jesus! Would you put that thing
away? You're making me nervous.

Gavan studies the gun. Then he looks to Becky.

GAVAN
I thought you'd feel safer.

BECKY
Safer? Are you shitting me?

GAVAN
You know...protection.

She shakes her head violently.

BECKY
Just put it away.

GAVAN
OK. OK.

He reaches over and puts the gun in the glove compartment.

GAVAN (CONT'D)
There. Gone. OK?

Becky nods and then goes back to surveying the countryside.

BECKY
When's Noots going to get here?

GAVAN
Soon.

BECKY
Soon?

GAVAN
Yeah...soon.

LATER

Becky is asleep in the passenger seat. Gavan's phone is sitting on the dashboard. He is not in the car.

Becky awakes with a start.

Her eyes search the car.

BECKY
Where the fuck did he go?

She scans the parking lot beyond the door.

Nothing.

A new car is parked in front of the diner.

BECKY (CONT'D)
That's new.

She tries to gauge what time it is by finding the sun in the sky.

It's too bright.

BECKY (CONT'D)
What time is it?

She reaches for Gavan's cell phone.

Just as she's about to grab it...

It RINGS.

And scares the living shit out of her.

She picks it up and looks at the display:

NOOTS CALLING

She flips the phone open.

NOOTS AND BECKY INTERCUT

NOOTS
Gavan?

BECKY
No. He's not here.

NOOTS
What do you mean he's not there?

BECKY
I woke up and he was gone.

NOOTS
Where are you?

BECKY

At the diner Gavan told you about.

NOOTS

You the girl he's been with the whole time he's been there?

BECKY

Yes.

NOOTS

What's your name?

BECKY

Becky.

NOOTS

Listen Becky I need you to get as far away from there as possible. Did he leave the keys?

BECKY

What? I don't know.

NOOTS

Check.

Becky observes the keys are not in the ignition. She searches around the seat.

BECKY

I don't think they're here. What's going on.

NOOTS

Becky, you could be in danger. I need you to get as far away from there as possible.

Becky's still searching around the car.

She opens the glove box.

The gun is gone.

She looks panicked.

BECKY

Did you figure out who he is?

NOOTS

Who, who is?

BECKY
Thadius...the guy that's doing all
this.

NOOTS
Um...yes.

BANG!

There's a gunshot from the diner.

BECKY
Jesus!

NOOTS
What?

BECKY
Oh god...oh fucking god...

She opens the door to the car.

NOOTS
What happened Becky? What's going
on.

BECKY
He's HERE!

She begins sobbing.

NOOTS
Who is?

BECKY
Thadius!

Curiosity draws her towards the door of the diner.

Everything is quiet.

NOOTS
Becky, why do you think Thadius is
there?

BECKY
The gun is gone...

Slowly drawing closer to the door of the diner.

BECKY (CONT'D)
And I heard a shot...

NOOTS
Who's gun? What shot?

Becky has reached the door of the diner.

BECKY
Gavan's gun.

NOOTS
Gavan has a gun?

BECKY
Yes.

NOOTS
Becky. Listen carefully. You have
to get out of there now!

BECKY
Why?

NOOTS
I pulled Gavan's cell records.

BECKY
So?

NOOTS
So, there's no records of any calls
to his number except mine over the
last couple days.

Becky's not paying attention.

BECKY
So?

NOOTS
Just get out of there.

She peers through the window in the door of the diner. Gavan
is standing in the middle of the diner with his back to the
door with the gun in his hand.

BECKY
He's alive! Gavan's alive.

NOOTS
You're not hearing me...get out of
there.

She's not listening to the phone anymore.

Becky steps into

THE DINER

The phone falls to the floor.

CELL PHONE

Noots voice continues through the speaker of the phone.

NOOTS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Becky? Are you still there?

(pause)
Gavan was adopted. When he was
adopted, his foster father adopted
him and changed his name...

Becky cautiously walks towards Gavan.

NOOTS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He legally changed Gavan's name
from Thadius...Thadius Graves.

ANGLE ON GAVAN'S HAND

His knuckles are WHITE as he clutches the gun in his grip.

ANGLE ON GAVAN'S FACE

His eyes are wild and his facial expression is twisted. He's
staring off into the distance.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. LOUIE'S, THE BEACH - THAT NIGHT

TALL CHOLO
That would be a very bad idea.

The tall cholo pulls a large hunting knife from his pocket
and points at Gavan with it.

TALL CHOLO (CONT'D)
Good back to the
bar...tourist...have drinks, and
get shit faced...

He slides the knife back into his belt before removing his
foot from Gavan's chest.

Gavan sees the sexy Latina struggling to get away as she's
dragged off.

The tall cholo turns to leave.

Gavan leaps to his feet and rushes the tall cholo.

The tall cholo's elbow comes out of nowhere and smashes Gavan in the chest.

Gavan drops back to the ground. The wind has been knocked out of him.

The tall cholo doesn't even look back, he just walks away.

Gavan lays in the sand, staring at the stars while he tries to catch his breath.

Gavan's mannerisms seem to change. He becomes more calm.

As he lays there he cracks his neck left, then right. And then slowly climbs to his feet.

He runs quickly back towards the bar.

The other cholo pushes the girl back towards the bar.

OTHER CHOLO

Go get in the car...I'll be there
in a minute.

The sexy Latina looks pissed, but instead of saying anything she just storms off.

The tall cholo pulls out a joint.

TALL CHOLO

Smoke?

The other cholo pulls out a lighter. Tall cholo puts the joint to his lips. Other cholo looks over his shoulder and sees Gavan standing behind them.

OTHER CHOLO

You gotta a lot of nerve Gringo.

Gavan steps forward and pulls the knife out of tall cholo's pocket and drives it into the poor guy's spine. He grabs the guy by his hair and pulls him backwards exposing his neck. Tall cholo grunts. Gavan swiftly pulls the knife out and slits his throat with an assassin's precision.

OTHER CHOLO (CONT'D)

Jesus!

He turns to run.

Gavan pounces on him, stabbing him repeatedly in the back. Blood sprays from the cholo's mouth as he falls to the sand.

Gavan quickly pushes the bodies up under the wooden deck of the bar, straightens his shirt and walks back to the party.

CUT TO:

INT. SUITE - THAT NIGHT - LATER

Tomich, Lamar and the two girls from the bar are sitting on the couch.

The girls are obviously drunk, horny and ready to fuck.

LAMAR

Welp...

Fake yawn.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

I bushed...think it's time for bed.

He stands and leads the blonde back to the bedroom.

The redhead give's Tomich a wink and then they follow in suit.

Gavan is in the kitchenette cutting a slice of pizza with a BUTCHER KNIFE.

Tomich pauses at the door.

TOMICH

Dude, sorry that chick blew you off...You alright? You haven't said a word since Louie's.

Gavan stares off blankly.

TOMICH (CONT'D)

Alright dude! Catch you manana.

He closes the door silently.

Gavan stands and crosses the room. He grabs a bottle of tequila, twists off the top and takes a swig right from the bottle.

Girls LAUGH beyond the bedroom door.

Gavan cooly walks over and grabs the butcher knife.

INT. SUITE, BEDROOM

The girls have wasted no time getting undressed. They are paired up on the two beds making out.

Gavan kicks open the door.

Lamar jumps to his feet.

LAMAR

Dude! What the fuck.

Gavan closes the distance between them quickly and slits Lamar's throat.

CUT TO:

INT. SUITE - THAT NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Gavan emerges from the room covered in blood. Carefully he closes the door as if the occupants are sleeping. And then he walks into the bathroom and strips off his clothes. After he cleans up, he stuffs the bloody clothes under the sink.

Then he casually walks into his bedroom, puts on a new outfit and walks out the door with the butcher knife tucked in his belt, and bottle of tequila in hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL - THAT NIGHT

Gavan and the Latina girl are running across the beach playing grab ass. The race over to the stairs leading to the second floor.

She's holding the bottle of tequila, it's about a quarter full.

She's laughing.

THIN GIRL

If you beat me you've gotta eat me.

She playfully waves the bottle at Gavan.

He runs towards her.

She SQUEALS.

And he jukes around her to sprint up the stairs.

About three stairs up it becomes apparent that he's a lot less graceful than the beer balls had lead him to believe.

He falls on the stairs.

She runs up and pounces on him.

They're both laughing.

He opens his mouth and she pours tequila in.

More laughing.

GAVAN

I guess you'll be eatin' me...

Drunk and trying to look seductive.

THIN GIRL

I think that can be arranged.

The clamber to their feet and she leads him up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Gavan and the Latina are having some serious sex.

Doggystyle.

LATER

The two of them are still going at it.

Now, they are spooning.

She seems close to climax.

Gavan reaches back and retrieves the butcher knife. As she begins to buck back towards him he draws it across her throat.

She dies quickly, only convulsing a little.

After he's sure she's dead, he finishes.

He proceeds to cut out her eyes and

Then he rolls over

Slips the knife in the bedside table

And goes to sleep.

BACK TO:

INT. DINER

Gavan still stands motionless.

Becky approaches cautiously.

BECKY

Gavan?

His cheek twitches.

GAVAN

Who?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BEACHFRONT HOTEL, OFFICE

Gavan BURSTS out of the restroom in a rage, grabs the clerk and pulls him from behind the desk. Before the officer can react Gavan has grabbed his nightstick and begins to pummel the clerk with it.

The officer closes but Gavan is too quick he whirls and gets the best of the officer with a swift crack to the jaw.

Back to the clerk. He beats him violently until he stops moving. Then he jerks the deer head off the wall and gores the semi conscious officer with it.

CUT TO:

INT. MOM AND POP DINER

Gavan slowly sneaks up behind the old woman at the window. He GRABS her and smashes her face into the glass repeatedly.

MOMENTS LATER

Gavan steps out of the kitchen and slams a meat cleaver into the geezer's head.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS AGO

Gavan is sitting on the hood of the car. Becky is asleep in the passenger seat.

RING

Gavan answers his phone.

GAVAN
Noots?

THADIUS (V.O.)
Guess again.

Gavan looks back at Becky and then lowers his voice.

GAVAN
What the fuck do you want?

THADIUS
I thought we should talk before the cops show up.

GAVAN
The cops?

THADIUS
Surely one of the several witnesses you left in that diner has called the cops by now.

Gavan looks at the diner.

GAVAN
Jesus, you didn't.

THADIUS
Not yet.

GAVAN
What do you want?

THADIUS
A face to face.

GAVAN
Where?

THADIUS
I'm in the diner right now.

GAVAN
Bullshit.

THADIUS
Come on in and we'll take care of
them together.

GAVAN
What? Fuck you.

THADIUS
Do it, or the girl dies.

CLICK

Gavan looks back at Becky.

He walks around and carefully opens the door of the car. He quietly reaches across her, setting the phone on the dash so he can retrieve the gun from the glove box without disturbing her. Gavan tucks the gun into his waistband.

Gavan approaches the diner.

GAVAN
Witnesses...

He shakes his head.

He looks worried and confused.

INT. DINER

Gavan walks into the diner.

His facial expression has completely changed. Now he looks determined.

GAVAN / THADIUS
(growling)
Witnesses.

A sole CUSTOMER dines at a table near the rear.

The frazzled waitress is filling catsup bottles.

He casually walks up behind the fat manager. While he watches the TV Gavan reaches over and grabs a steak knife. He taps the manager on the shoulder.

THADIUS
Excuse me, there's something on my
knife.

The manager is agitated.

FAT MANAGER
Oh yeah? What is it?

He spins on his stool.

Thadius RAMS the steak knife into the manager's eye.

THADIUS
Chunk of fat.

The frazzled waitress see this and SCREAMS.

The customer makes turns, takes it in and makes a break for the door.

Thadius body checks the poor guy into the wall back behind the front door.

THADIUS (CONT'D)
Now, now. Let's all play nicely and nobody else will get hurt.

The customer climbs to his hands and knees.

He looks up, begging.

CUSTOMER
I'm s-s-sorry...I didn't mean...

Thadius kicks him in the face. And proceeds to stomp on him until he's dead.

THADIUS
Now who wants to party?

The waitress has frozen in place.

She's sobbing.

THADIUS (CONT'D)
What's wrong Gladys? Nobody ever play with you?

As soon as he acknowledges her she begins to sob harder.

Thadius walks over to her.

He strokes her hair.

THADIUS (CONT'D)
What's wrong baby?

She's convulsing with sobs. She notices the cook cross through the kitchen with a shotgun.

The waitress tries to calm down.

FRAZZLED WAITRESS

Please...you can have all the money
in the register...

Thadius chuckles.

THADIUS

Money? I don't want your money...I
want your blood.

The waitress is reduced to hysterics once again.

The kitchen door SLAMS open and the hairy cook emerges with
the shotgun pointed at Thadius.

Before the cook can react, Thadius SHOOTS her in the face.
Her body wheels backwards back into the kitchen.

THADIUS (CONT'D)

Hmmm...that's too bad. Now where
were we?

He strokes her head again.

THADIUS (CONT'D)

Oh yeah...your blood.

She tries to run.

He SLAMS her face into the counter.

AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.

Eventually she stops moving.

BACK TO:

INT. DINER - NOW

The waitress has been propped up at the bar, her mangled face
pointed away from Becky. The manager has been turned away
from her as well.

From Becky's POV Gavan is standing there. And the waitress
and the manager are just sitting at the bar.

BECKY

Oh god Gavan...you're alright.

The expression on his face returns to the present.
He turns and points the gun at her.

EXT. DINER

A car SQUEALS to a halt in the parking lot.

Noots jumps out.

He has his cell in his hand.

He punches a number.

It rings.

On the other end:

THADIUS (V.O.)
Hello?

NOOTS
Gavan...thank god!

INT. DINER

Thadius has the phone to his ear.

The gun is still pointed at Becky.

THADIUS
I'm sorry, Gavan can't come to the
phone right now.

EXT. DINER

BAM!

The phone falls from Noots' ear.

He draws his gun and BURSTS into

THE DINER

It's empty.

Becky is lying dead on the floor with a bullet wound in her chest.

Noots moves into the room slowly.

A gun barrel presses into the base of his skull.

Thadius steps from behind the door.

THADIUS

Noots. You shouldn't have come.

NOOTS

Listen Gavan...we can fix this.

THADIUS

I told you that Gavan's not here.

Thadius pushes Noots head with the gun.

THADIUS (CONT'D)

Why don't you drop that.

Noots nods.

He tosses his gun to the ground.

NOOTS

Let's just talk about this.

THADIUS

Fuck you.

NOOTS

I'm your friend Gavan.

THADIUS

Lies! You act like his friend to control him. Well you can't control me you little fuck.

NOOTS

I don't want to control you. Can't we just talk about this?

THADIUS

I don't think so. Noots, you've been a constant thorn in my side. I don't know why HE listens to you, but he does.

NOOTS

Then listen to me now Gavan.

Thadius cocks the gun.

THADIUS

Say that name again and I'll give you a new blow hole, cop.

NOOTS
What do you want.

THADIUS
You know it's funny...the waitress
just asked me the same thing...

Noots' eyes fall on the waitress just as her corpse slides off the bar stool and falls to the floor. Her mangled face stares back at him.

THADIUS (CONT'D)
I want your blood pig...and after
that I'm gonna go to your house and
I'm going to...

Noots SPINS around and locks Thadius' arm. They struggle for the gun.

EXT. DINER

BAM!

The gunshot echoes throughout the empty plains.

BEAT

The diner door opens.

Noots steps out, gun in hand.

And then drops to his knees.

Several police cruisers pulls up.

Noots sobs.

The cops hurry passed Noots and into the diner.

Noots puts the gun to his head.

BAM!

FADE TO BLACK.