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"THE RIGHT TO ARM BEARS"

EXT. - CECIL'S MOTOR COURT - DAY

It is just past dawn. BIRDS CHIRP in the early morning air. The motel is a run down, u shaped, one storey building. Six cars and one semi rig are parked in front of rooms around the building.

A small pool in the center of the courtyard ripples with an early morning breeze. Several drowned and drowning insects float on the surface of the water.

A BOY (17) steps out of the office, stretches, then looks around. He is medium height and thin, with short bleached blond hair and a tan. Both of his ears and his lower lip are pierced and studded. He is wearing a tank top, baggy cargo pants, and sandals. An iPod is clipped to the waist of his pants; he slips the headphones on and cranks the volume.

After a few beats, he pulls a set of keys on a ring from his right pocket, then walks toward the pool.

EXT. - THE POOL - DAY

The kid is culling the water with a pool sieve. He dumps the bugs from the net, then lays the tool on the deck. Reaching into his left pocket, he turns and looks back toward the office. The kid pulls a joint and a bic lighter from his pocket; he pops the joint in his mouth, lights it, takes a giant hit, then picks up the net and returns to work.

EXT. - THE MOTEL - DAY

Three cars, two of them South Carolina State Patrol cars, pull up and park in front of the office.

A TROOPER (40'S) gets out of one of the marked cars and enters the office.

EXT. - THE POOL - DAY

The kid turns to dump a load of bugs, the half smoked joint dangling from his lips; he rests the net on the ground and takes another hit, then looks back toward the office.

P.O.V.: A DETECTIVE (50'S) gets out of the unmarked car and stretches.

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He is tall and heavy, with short gray hair and a slight paunch, and is dressed in a brown suit, dark tie, white shirt, and brown loafers.

The kid's eyes go wide; he spits the joint onto the ground and stands stock still, barely breathing. After a beat, he crouches low and backs away from the cop cars.

EXT. - THE HIGHWAY IN FRONT OF THE MOTEL - DAY

The kid runs down the road, looking back over his shoulder every few steps.

INT. - ROOM SIXTEEN - DAY

JOHNNY SEYMOUR (18) and ALLIE BUTTZ (16) are asleep in the double bed. Johnny is thin and sallow, with short dark hair and a face like a ferret. Heavy stubble shades his jawline.

Allie is rather plain, with shoulder length mouse brown hair and acne scars on her cheeks.

After a few beats, Johnny stirs and sits up. He looks around the room, seemingly disoriented. After a couple of seconds, he gets out of bed and walks toward the bathroom. He wears plaid flannel boxers.

EXT.- -THE MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

The trooper exits the office and returns to his car. The detective joins him.

A BURST of RADIO STATIC comes from the car's radio.

INT. - THE BATHROOM - DAY

Johnny stands at the toilet, PEEING, as the STATIC SOUNDS, O.S. and FAINT. A look of panic flashes across his face.

INT. - THE ROOM - DAY

Johnny runs to the window and peeks through the blinds.

P.O.V.: Two more TROOPERS (LATE 20S; EARLY 30'S) are getting out of the cars.

The detective and the other trooper are standing by the rear of the unmarked car. Its trunk is open.

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Johnny turns and pulls Allie up to a sitting position and shakes her awake. She wears only panties. Her eyes are bleary for a split second, then instantly focused on his.

ALLIE (SOFTLY)

Shit!

Johnny is pulling on his jeans and t shirt as Allie begins to dress quickly.

Johnny, now dressed is back at the window.

P.O.V.: The troopers and the detective are loading twelve gauge shotguns and checking their sidearms.

Johnny turns and looks quickly around the room. Allie pulls two .45's and a scattergun from under the bed.

EXT. - THE OFFICE - DAY

The four troopers stand ready as the detective lowers the trunk lid. He shuts it with a SOFT POP, then PUMPS a round into the twelve gauge.

After a few seconds, they begin to walk slowly and quietly toward Johnny's and Allie's room.

INT. - ROOM SIXTEEN - DAY

Johnny kneels by the connecting door between their room and the next, jimmying the lock with a lock blade knife.

Allie is at the window, peering out.

P.O.V.: The cops are thirty yards away and approaching, slowly.

The lock gives with a SHARP CRACK.

Johnny turns back to Allie as she tosses him first one .45, then the other. He tucks them into the waist of his jeans, then steps into the adjacent room

Allie PUMPS the scattergun, then follows him

EXT. - THE MOTEL - DAY

The cops are twenty yards away. Their pace quickens as they raise their weapons.

INT. - ROOM SEVENTEEN - DAY

Johnny is at work on the connecting door to room eighteen.

INT. - ROOM EIGHTEEN - DAY

A MAN (50'S) is asleep in the bed. He is balding and overweight, dressed in old boxers and a wife beater t shirt. He SNORES SOFTLY.

Johnny walks over to the bed, clamps his hands over the man's face, then stabs him several times with the knife. After a few seconds, the old man's MUFFLED GRUNTS subside.

Allie grabs car keys off the nightstand, then turns to Johnny, who is wiping his knife clean on the dead man's sheets.

Their eyes lock.

JOHNNY

See to the office, baby. I'll
take care of the law.

She walks up and grabs his crotch and leans in for a quick kiss.

EXT. - ROOM SIXTEEN - DAY

The cops are standing by the door, weapons ready.

The detective takes the pass key and slides it slowly into the lock.

EXT. - ROOM EIGHTEEN - DAY

The door opens a crack.

INT. - ROOM EIGHTEEN - DAY

Johnny pulls a .45 from his waistband and racks the slide, then pulls the other and does the same. He peers out the door.

P.O.V.: The cops are poised to move in.

INT. - ROOM SIXTEEN - DAY

The door opens and the cops storm the room.

Behind them, Allie flits by the open door, heading for the office.

EXT. - ROOM SIXTEEN - DAY

Johnny takes a deep breath, then enters the room, guns up.

EXT. - THE MOTEL - DAY

FIVE SHOTS from the .45's fill the air, O.S. After a couple of beats, a SHOTGUN BLAST rips the air, O.S.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Johnny and Allie speed down the road in the dead man's Cadillac.

FADE OUT

OPENING CREDITS

FADE IN

EXT. - A CITY STREET - NIGHT

Abandoned buildings and warehouses line both sides of the street. The corner space on one side of the street houses a bar with a sign above the door that reads "GATSBY'S".

MUFFLED MUSIC and MUFFLED VOICES emanate from the bar as people begin to exit the place in small groups.

They stray slowly toward their respective vehicles.

EXT. - A PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Cadillac sits, battle parked in a space. The parking lot is across the street from the bar.

Two figures are visible in the Caddy.

INT. - THE CADDY - NIGHT

Allie is snorting crank off a key. Johnny sits back, a cigarette dangling from his lips.

She takes another bump, then hands the dope to Johnny.

JOHNNY

Time to get hot...get jumpin'. I got a real good feelin' about this place.

Allie dips the key into the baggie, then holds it up to Johnny's nose. He snorts, then takes the key from her and digs into the bag again. He snorts once more, then throws his head back and begins to grab at his crotch.

She looks down at his hand, grins, then bats it away. She unzips him, then buries her face in his lap.

INT. - GATSBY'S - NIGHT

The place is still crowded. To the right of the entrance, two COUPLES (20'S) are playing cricket at one of the boards. The other board is unoccupied. A row of booths line the wall to the left of the entrance. A few tables are set in the center of the place. Beyond the booths and tables, a 3/4 size pool table is the site of a game of nine ball, being played badly, by a DRUNK COUPLE (20'S). Behind the billiard area is a short hallway that leads to the restrooms.

SHAWNA WALLACE (MID 30'S) is behind the bar, filling orders and taking money. She is a tall African American woman with short hair and a ready smile. Shawna wears a tank top, tight jeans, and Nikes.

At the other end of the long bar, FRANK CONNIFF (40'S) pours a shot of Cuervo Gold for a CUSTOMER (25). He takes a five from the customer and heads toward Shawna's end of the bar, where the cash register is located.

Frank is medium height and chubby, with prematurely gray hair combed in a pompadour. He is dressed in a Gatsby's t shirt, black slacks, and huaraches. A lethal looking black cigar is clamped between his lips.

As he reaches Shawna, he leans in close to her.

FRANK

What time is it? My piece a shit watch is busted.

Shawna checks her watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWNA

One thirty. Bar clock says
quarter til.

Frank rings up the tequila.

FRANK

Man, this fuckin' night's never
gonna end. I feel like I was born
in this motherfucker.

Shawna opens a beer and hands it to a YOUNG WOMAN (20'S),
takes her money and turns to the register.

SHAWNA

I heard that shit.

FEMALE (O.S.)

Need a shot of Jagermeister down
here!

Frank rolls his eyes, grins, and heads off toward the
voice.

INT. - THE CADDY - NIGHT

Allie's head bobs up and down in Johnny's lap. He MOANS
WORDLESSLY and twines his fingers in her hair as he
watches her blowing him. After a few seconds, she stops
and looks up at him. Her hands continue to play.

ALLIE

What time is it?

Johnny is jolted by her stopping.

JOHNNY

Huh? Wh-What?

ALLIE

What time is it? Do we have time
to finish? He checks his watch.

INSERT: His watch reads 1:45.

JOHNNY

It's quarter til. We got time.

He pushes her head back down.

INT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

BILL BELL (LATE 30'S) bellies up to the bar and holds up two fingers. Bill is tall and medium built, with thinning dark hair and a goatee. He wears a faded denim shirt, jeans, and cowboy boots. A livid red scar crosses his cheekbone under his right eye.

Shawna brings him two shots and two draft beers.

Bill slides a ten across the bar to her and attempts to pick up all four drinks, unsuccessfully. After a beat, he downs one of the shots, grins, then picks up the remaining three drinks and weaves toward a booth near the back of the bar.

Shawna and Frank watch him go. Frank grins, and after a beat, so does Shawna.

SHAWNA

I believe I'm gonna hafta cut him off real soon.

Frank makes a gin and tonic.

FRANK

Yeah, he's getting pretty shitfaced. But it's a good kinda shitfaced. Ya know?

Shawna CHUCKLES as he takes the g and t to the other end of the bar.

INT. - THE CADDY - NIGHT

Allie's head bobs up and down, just missing the steering wheel. Johnny MOANS and writhes against the seat back.

SUPER ON BLACK: JOHNNY AND ALLIE, FOREVER

INT. - A CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

The CLERK (LATE 20'S), wearing a store smock, too tight knit pants, and sandals, stands behind the counter, hands in the air and a look of terror on her face.

CLERK JOHNNY

D-d-don't shoot me- Shut the fuck up and gimme the money!

She starts to BAWL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

Now, you fat bitch!

He reaches across the counter and grabs the clerk by the hair and pulls her toward him.

She SOBS HARDER as he shakes her head back and forth.

Allie walks up to the counter, carrying a twelve pack. She sets it on the counter, then, shotgun in hand, walks over to the window to keep watch.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up! Jesus H. Christ!

He shoves her backward and gestures with the .45 in his right hand.

The clerk opens the cash drawer and removes the tray from the register. She tosses it on the counter and cowers against the back counter.

Johnny snatches the bills from their compartments, looks down at them, and scowls.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Fuck! There ain't even seventy five bucks! Shit!

He shoves the money into his pocket, then leaps across the counter and backhands the clerk with the pistol. She drops to the floor, unconscious.

Johnny grabs a plastic shopping bag and rakes several packs of cigarettes into the bag from the overhead rack.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Grab some chips!

Allie grabs three large bags of chips, then heads toward the door.

ALLIE (OVER HER SHOULDER)

Don't forget the beer!

Johnny starts to jump back over the counter, stops, and looks down at the unconscious clerk.

P.O.V.: She is still out, but MOANS and starts to move.

He points the .45 down.

EXT. - THE CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Allie hops into the Caddy and starts it.

TWO MUFFLED GUNSHOTS are heard, O.S.

Johnny exits the store at a dead run, carrying a twelve pack, and leaps into the Caddy. It PEELS OUT, TIRES SCREECHING.

EXT. - THE ROAD - DAY

The Caddy turns onto an entrance ramp to I-95.

INT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

Bill sits in the booth, sipping his beer. Across from him is CLAY WHITLEY (50). Clay is a bear of a man, with a barrel chest and tanned, leathery skin. He wears a white t shirt, jeans, and work boots. His salt and pepper hair is close cropped, military style.

Clay downs his shot, takes a sip of his beer, then jabs an index finger at Bill.

CLAY

Looka here, bubba. I think everybody in this country oughta be packin'. Show these punk ass gangstas what's what. I mean, shit, ya can't even walk the streets at night anymore. Am I right, or am I right?

Bill sips his beer and nods.

BILL

You're right. Absotively posilutely. I ain't ever gonna get caught again, that's for goddamn sure.

He fingers the scar for a beat, then drains his beer.

FADE OUT

SUPER ON BLACK: BILL BELL, GOOD SAMARITAN

FADE IN

EXT. - A PUBLIC PARK - DAY

It is near sundown. The park is nearly deserted. BIRDS CHIRP, O.S.

Bill jogs down a trail through the trees. He wears baggy shorts, a sweat soaked t shirt, and Nikes. Sunlight filters through the trees and dapples his face as he runs.

Ahead of him, a squirrel skitters across the path.

As Bill passes a stand of trees, a MUFFLED FEMALE SCREAM is heard, O.S.

Bill jerks to a stop and heads toward the SOUNDS.

As he rounds a clump of bushes, he stops dead.

P.O.V.: Two TEENAGE BOYS (17) have a YOUNG GIRL (15) pinned against a tree and are tearing at her clothes. The two boys are white and dressed like gangbangers, with bleached hair cut short like Eminem. The girl is Asian, and wearing a halter, shorts, and sneakers.

Bill stops for a beat, then runs toward the three.

BILL

Hey! What the fuck you doing to her?

The taller of the two boys pulls a 9mm from his waistband and turns, aiming at Bill.

BOY

Get the fuck on, yo!

Bill starts to turn, in SLOW MOTION.

The boy FIRES the pistol, gouging a furrow in Bill's cheek. He falls in SLOW MOTION to the ground, blood pouring from the wound.

FADE TO
BLINDING WHITE

INT. - A HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Bill lies in the bed, I.V.'s suspended above him and a bulky dressing spotted with blood over his wound. A tube snakes out from under the covers, connecting to a catheter bag hung on the lower bed rail.

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CONTINUED:

A POLICE OFFICER (30'S) stands by Bill's bed, pad and pen in hand. He is muscular, with short dark hair and blue eyes.

BILL

That's all I remember.

The cop takes a business card out of his notebook and hands it to Bill.

COP

If you think of anything else, give me a call. If I'm not in, Dispatch will find me or the detective handling this. Bill nods, looking at the card. The cop turns to go.

Bill props up on his elbows.

BILL

How old was she?

The cop turns back to face him.

COP

Fifteen.

Bill lowers himself back down in the bed.

BILL (TO HIMSELF)

Fuck. I couldn't do shit about it.

The cop eyes him for a beat.

COP

We got a concealed/carry law in this state. Take advantage of it.

The cop pops a stick of gum in his mouth, chews thoughtfully for a few seconds.

COP (CONT'D)

See ya, Mr. Bell.

He turns and leaves the room.

Bill lies back, staring at the ceiling.

INT. - A SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Bill stands in a lane, loading a short barrel .357. He wears headphones and dark glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A small dressing covers the wound on his cheek. MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS are heard, O.S.

Clay stands in the lane next to Bill, FIRING a Glock. He also wears ear protection.

Bill squeezes off SIX SHOTS.

P.O.V.: All the shots hit the target; four are bullseyes. He presses a button on the wall and the target is reeled in toward him.

Clay pulls his earphones down around his neck and looks in as Bill pulls the target loose from the hooks.

CLAY

Nice groupin', bubba. Now watch this.

Clay replaces his earphones, steps into his lane, and FIRES SIX SHOTS.

P.O.V.: All six are near bullseyes.

Bill lets out a LOW WHISTLE, then removes his earphones.

BILL

Wyatt fuckin' Earp, ain't ya?
Wish you'd been in the park that day.

Clay FIRES NINE MORE SHOTS, emptying the clip, then leans out to look at Bill.

CLAY

World's as crazy as a shithouse rat trapped in a sardine can. Sure as fuck don't hurt to be ready in case things get ugly, bubba.

He loads another clip and FIRES RAPIDLY.

Bill watches Clay for a beat, then returns to his lane.

BILL (TO HIMSELF)

Goddamn straight.

INT. - THE CADDY - NIGHT

Johnny MOANS as Allie's head bobs in his lap. After a few beats, he LETS RIP, then rests his head against the headrest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allie sits up, mouth full, opens the passenger door, and spits into the parking lot. She closes the door, pulls a pack of smokes off the dash, and lights one. Johnny grabs one and lips it as Allie puts flame to tip.

Johnny checks his watch.

INSERT: The watch reads 1:57 AM.

He looks over at Allie, then at the bar across the street.

P.O.V.: Groups of people are exiting the bar and making their ways towards their cars. More than a few TALK LOUDLY and weave a bit as they go.

Johnny takes a deep drag and grins as he exhales.

JOHNNY

Look at all these drunk
motherfuckers. We're gonna make
some money tonight.

Allie leans over and cups Johnny's face in her hands and looks into his eyes.

ALLIE

Half way to Toronto.

Her eyes flash.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Success-

Johnny grins.

JOHNNY

-to crime.

They kiss, long and deep.

EXT. - THE CADDY - NIGHT

A MAN (30'S) walks unsteadily by the Caddy and sees them. He is medium height, dressed in a Polo shirt and jeans, with short dark hair.

MAN

Get some! Woooo-hooo!

He staggers on to his car.

INT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

Clay slides out of the booth.

CLAY

I got an early day tomorrow.
Catch you on the flip, bubba.

Bill grins.

BILL

So do I, but I find I fail to give
a shit.

Clay claps a hand on Bill's shoulder, then walks away.

BILL (CONT'D)

Drive cheerful, man.

CLAY

Will do, bubba. You too.

EXT. - THE CADDY - NIGHT

Allie gets out of the car and flicks her cigarette away.

EXT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

Clay walks slowly down the street, away from the parking lot, toward his truck parked at the curb a block down.

EXT. - THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Allie watches Clay leave, then crosses the street, heading for Gatsby's.

INT. - THE CADDY - NIGHT

Johnny loads bullets into first one .45 clip. Then the other. He pops the clips into the pistols, then pulls the scattergun and a box of shells from under the seat and begins to load it.

EXT. - THE BAR -NIGHT

Allie reaches the door as seven CUSTOMERS (LATE 20'S; MALE AND FEMALE) exit the bar, heading for their cars.

As the last one steps out, she grabs the door handle and lets it nearly close.

INT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

Shawna, Frank, and Bill are the only ones left in the place.

Frank is going around the place, tossing empty bottles and cans into a trash can he drags with him.

Shawna runs totals on the register.

Bill leans against the bar, drunk and grinning.

BILL

I guess another round is outa the question.

Shawna turns as the register prints and LAUGHS.

SHAWNA

You got that right. I got some coffee made.

Bill makes a face.

BILL

I don't wanna be rude, but I've tasted your coffee already. Gonna tap a kidney.

He turns and heads for the restroom.

Shawna grins.

SHAWNA (TO HIS BACK)

Smartass.

Bill waves a hand without turning around.

EXT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

Allie looks back toward the Caddy for a beat, then opens the door.

INT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

Shawna comes around the bar to lock the door as Allie enters. Shawna stops, startled a bit.

SHAWNA

Sorry, we're closed.

Allie smiles sweetly.

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CONTINUED:

ALLIE

I gotta pee really bad. Please?

She edges around Shawna.

ALLIE (OVER HER SHOULDER)

(CONT'D)

Thanks. Won't be but a minute.

Shawna watches her go, a look of resignation on her face.

SHAWNA (To herself)

Ya gotta go, ya gotta go...

Shawna turns and goes back behind the bar, swinging a bar towel absently in her right hand.

FADE OUT

SUPER ON BLACK: SHAWNA FEELS SAFE

FADE IN

EXT. - A MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The development is new, with each house slightly resembling every other one. All are covered in various pastel shades of vinyl siding and the lawns are well kept.

EXT. - SHAWNA WALLACE'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is pale blue with darker blue shutters and trim. A VW Bug is parked in the driveway.

A police cruiser pulls into the driveway and parks. KENNY WALLACE (40) gets out of the car and stands, staring at the house, a hopeful look on his face. He is tall and muscular, with short hair and a neat mustache. He is dressed in his blues; his hat is off.

INT. - THE SHOWER - DAY

Shawna stands with her face under the sprayer, eyes closed, letting the water wake her.

EXT. - THE HOUSE - DAY

Kenny walks up to the back door and slides a key into the lock, turns it, and enters the house.

INT. - THE SHOWER - DAY

Shawna's face is all soaped up. She rinses it off and begins to lather her chest.

INT. - THE KITCHEN - DAY

Kenny pulls a coin from his pocket as he walks through the kitchen. As he passes an island counter, he stops and looks down.

P.O.V.: An empty Smith and Wesson box lies between the cutting board and the knife block.

He picks it up, stares at it for a beat, then places it back on the counter and continues on out of the kitchen, fingering the coin.

INT. - THE BATHROOM - DAY

Shawna is toweling off. O.S., a DOOR HINGE CREAKS SOFTLY. She stops drying and stands stock still.

SHAWNA

Who's there?

INT. - THE BEDROOM - DAY

Kenny stands in the doorway, still holding the coin.

KENNY

It's me, baby.

Shawna walks out of the bathroom wearing a terrycloth robe, drying her hair.

Kenny holds the coin out to her.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Here.

She takes the coin and looks at it, smiling.

SHAWNA

I'm proud of you, you know that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He smiles and looks down.

KENNY

Couldn't a done it without you.

He looks up at her.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Where is it?

A puzzled look flashes across her face, gone in an instant. She places her hands on her hips and cocks her head to one side.

SHAWNA

In the safe, where'd ya think I'd put it?

Kenny nods, then removes his gun belt and crosses to the closet.

KEITH WALLACE (10) enters the bedroom, wearing pajamas and looking barely awake. He is big for his age, with short hair and large eyes.

Kenny kneels in front of a small safe in the closet and dials the combination, opens the door, and places his gun belt and service 9 mm in the safe.

Keith rubs his eyes and yawns.

KEITH

Mom's got a gun too, daddy.

Kenny closes the safe, spins the dial, stands and walks over to take Keith's hand.

KENNY

I know, buddy. Let's get you ready for school, 'k?

Keith nods and they exit the bedroom, hand in hand.

Shawna watches them go, a grin on her face, then walks over to the dresser and grabs panties and a bra out of one of the drawers and heads back into the bathroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE WALLACE BEDROOM - DAY

Kenny lies in bed, arms crossed behind his head, watching Shawna finish getting ready.

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CONTINUED:

She slips on a sweat shirt and kneels by the safe, dialing the combination.

SHAWNA

I'm gonna hit the range, then I'll be back, 'k?

Kenny rolls over and gets comfortable.

KENNY

I'll see you when you get back.

She takes her pistol out of the safe, clips the holster at the back of her waistband, then walks over to the bed. She leans down and gives her husband a kiss.

SHAWNA

See you in a few.

She exits the bedroom.

INT. - A PISTOL RANGE - DAY

Shawna stands in a lane, earmuffs on, loading her Smith and Wesson.

SPORADIC GUNFIRE fills the range.

Three lanes over is Bill; Clay is in the next one.

Shawna SNAPS the cylinder shut, aims and FIRES SIX SHOTS at the target. She punches a button and the target reels in.

Shawna watches it, her expression sombre.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - GATSBY'S - NIGHT

Shawna, Frank, and CARLA BIGGS (25) are locking the bar closed for the night.

Carla is a fresh faced brunette beauty, dressed in a white t shirt, jeans, and sneakers.

CARLA (SOUNDS FAR AWAY)

SHAWNA (SAME SOUND)

See ya tomorrow
careful.

Drive careful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

I'm off tomorrow. Goin' fishin'.

Frank and Shawna head toward their cars, parked in the lot across the street.

Carla's VW Bug is parked at the curb, a block down.

EXT. - CARLA'S BUG - NIGHT

Carla unlocks the door, then looks up and waves as Frank and Shawna drive by in their respective vehicles, each TOOTING their horns in goodbye.

She opens the door and slides into the Bug, then STARTS IT.

As she puts the car in first gear, the driver side window SMASHES inward as a man's arm reaches in and grabs Carla by the throat.

The MAN (35) is medium height, with a shaven head and a powerful build. He is dressed in a black tank top, black jeans, boots, and a black leather vest. Tattoos are visible on his arms and neck.

EXT. - THE BUG - NIGHT

He drags Carla, kicking and SCREAMING, from the car and into an alley.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE PISTOL RANGE - DAY

Shawna frowns as she eyes the target.

P.O.V.: The target shows three headshots, one in the left shoulder, and two in the torso.

She pulls another target out, clips it to the runner, and sends it back down the lane, then starts to reload.

INT. - THE MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bill kneel at the toilet, throwing up. As he finishes and starts to stand, his cell phone falls out of his back pocket and hits the floor. He picks it up, stands, then slips it back into his pocket and walks out of the stall and leans over the sink, SPLASHING his face and rinsing his mouth from the tap.

INT. - THE WOMEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Allie snorts more crank off a key. She closes the bag, shoves it into her pocket, then drops her pants and sits down to pee.

INT. - THE CADDY - NIGHT

Johnny sits, smoking a cigarette, glancing at his watch, all tension and nerves.

After a few beats, he flips the butt out the window, then opens the door and steps out of the car.

He pulls the .45's out, tucks them into his waistband, then takes the sawed off shotgun and begins to load it, watching the door of the bar the whole time.

INT. - THE WOMEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Allie stands, looking in the mirror. After a beat, she takes a deep breath, then opens the door.

INT. - THE MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bill dries his face with a paper towel.

INT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

Frank hauls cases of beer out of the stockroom behind the bar.

Shawna wipes the bar surface down with a towel.

Frank sets the cases on top of the cooler and lights the stub of an evil looking cigar clamped in his teeth.

Allie appears from the back hall and heads for the door.

Shawna waves the towel in front of her face.

SHAWNA

Damn! That is one stank ass cigar. Got to be what burnt rat shit smells like. Got to be...

Frank grins and takes a puff.

FRANK

They're an acquired taste. What can I say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shwana shakes her head.

SHAWNA

Ass is an acquired taste too.

Allie walks slowly toward the door.

ALLIE (OVER HER SHOULDER)

Thanks. Sorry it took so long.

Frank grins and watches her ass as she heads for the door.

FRANK

Yeah, we thought you fell in.

Allie turns and flashes a smile at him.

EXT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

Johnny stands by the door, pistol in his left hand, shotgun in his right. He glances at something on the door and CHUCKLES.

P.O.V.: A small sign that reads "No Firearms Allowed," complete with a picture of a pistol in a red circle with a red line through it sits right above the door handle.

He brings the .45 up and takes a deep breath.

INT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

Allie reaches for the door handle.

Shawna is counting money.

Allie opens the door and Johnny rushes in, the .45 pointing. He tosses the scattergun to Allie and pulls the other .45.

Shawna drops the bills in her hand as she sees Johnny.

Frank's cigar drops from his mouth onto the floor.

SHAWNA

What the fuck?

FRANK

Oh my God!

JOHNNY

This is a fuckin' stickup! Bag up the fuckin' cash! Now, goddammit!

Shawna is jolted by his voice. She begins stuffing bills into the bank bag on the cooler by the register.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank holds his hands up to calm Johnny.

FRANK

Look, friend, you ain't gotta-

Johnny aims the .45 in his right hand at Frank's head.

JOHNNY

-Shut the fuck up, you fat
bastard, you!

Frank's eyes are wide with fear.

FRANK

You don't understand...her
husband's a-

ALLIE

-A goddamn widower if she don't
shake it!

INT. - THE MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bill hears MUFFLES SHOUTS, O.S. He goes to the door,
opens it quietly, then sneaks out into the back hallway.

INT. - THE BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bill inches up and peers out into the bar.

P.O.V.: He sees the four people in the bar, frozen in a
tableau.

He retreats quickly back into the bathroom.

INT. - THE MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bill, his hands shaking, pulls his cell phone out and,
flipping it open, punches 911. As he waits for an
answer, he stares in the mirror at himself. After a
beat, he closes the phone, lays it on the sink, then
kneels and pulls his Ruger from the calf of his right
boot. He cocks the pistol, takes a deep breath, then
steps out into the hallway.

INT. - THE BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bill edges toward the bar, pistol up.

INT. - THE BAR - NIGHT

Shawna has the bag stuffed full. Frank stands by her, tears streaming down his face.

FRANK

Don't shoot us please...oh
God...oh my God!

Johnny crosses to him, pistol aimed at the man's head.

JOHNNY

Shut the fuck up! Goddamn! Get
me a bottle of Jagermeister, you
snivellin' fat fuck! Jesus!

Frank reaches into the cooler and brings out an unopened bottle of the liqueur. He offers it to Johnny, his hands trembling. As Johnny moves to take it, Bill walks quickly into the bar area and draws a bead on Johnny.

BILL

Hold it right there, you assholes!

All four turn and look at him for a beat.

Without waiting for a response, Bill FIRES at Johnny; the shot goes wide, hitting Allie in the face. She jerks with the impact, falling sideways over a chair. The SHOTGUN FIRES, tearing a chunk of plaster out of the wall beside the bar.

JOHNNY

Oh, no. Oh fuck me, no!

Bill stands still, a shocked look on his face.

Johnny turns and SHOOTS him TWICE in the chest. The impacts slam him back into the pool table. He drops to the floor, convulsing.

Shawna SCREAMS.

Frank, galvanized by the shots, turns to run.

Johnny whirls and FIRES FOUR SHOTS into Frank, hitting him in the back. Frank is thrown headfirst into the stockroom door. He slides to a stop, face down and still.

SHAWNA

Frank!

Johnny turns toward Allie's body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shawna pulls her Smith and Wesson from behind her and draws a bead on Johnny. At her motion, he turns, bringing up the .45 in his left hand.

They stand, facing each other, for a beat.

JOHNNY

Fuck it.

They FIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY. His shot hits her in the chest, slamming her against the barback. LIQUOR BOTTLES SMASH, sending a cascade of alcohol gushing to the floor.

Shawna's shot hits Johnny in the throat. He staggers backward and sits down heavily, against the front door. He CHOKES and GAGS on his own blood.

Bill lies on his side, almost under the pool table. His convulsions have stopped, and his eyes are vacant.

FAINT SIRENS are heard, O.S.

Frank lies face down on the floor. A pool of blood spreads beneath him.

The SIRENS GROW LOUDER.

Shawna lies on her back behind the bar. A RAGGED SUCKING SOUND comes from the gaping hole in her chest. Tears streak her face.

SHAWNA

Oh. Oh my...

The SUCKING SOUND CEASES, and she lies still.

Johnny sits against the door, both hands to his throat, trying to stem the flow of blood.

The SIRENS GROW LOUDER still.

Johnny looks over at Allie.

P.O.V.: Allie lies dead, her ruined face turned toward the ceiling.

The SIRENS are RIGHT OUTSIDE.

As he watches, the screen:
FADES TO WHITE