

Where the Devil Comes to Get His Ass Beat

BOULEVARD OF BROKEN FACES

by
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TITLE CARD:

"Rawhead and Bloody Bones
Steals naughty children from their homes,
Takes them to his dirty den,
And they are never seen again."

- Celtic nursery rhyme

TITLE CARD FADES:

EXT. WEST VETERAN'S ROAD - DUSK

Several inches of snow settle on a dilapidated mill town that time forgot.

FLY (V.O.)

It's like the cops kicked in the door catching God flushing his cocaine down the shitter and swilling out here in all its euphoric glory. That's how it looks when winter rolls around Potter's Field.

A condemned church that's seen the better side of the Apocalypse sits at the crossroads of Republican Avenue and West Veteran's Road.

FLY (V.O.)

Potter's Field isn't postcard perfect. In fact, it's what Diane Arbus would consider an abandoned carnival for diseased dead things. But even in a ghost town like this there is a forgotten artery where Republican Ave. meets West Veteran. This small stretch of street is what folks call the Boulevard of Broken Faces. Where the Devil comes to get his ass beat.

Decked out in full Santa gear KIMO (50's, male) limps past the church and on toward Brimstone's Pub sitting at the far end of West Vet--a dead end. His face is chiseled into a permanent state of apathy as he WHEEZES through the cold weather, one hand buried deep into his frayed coat and another carrying a black duffle bag full of deadly goodies.

FLY (V.O.)

If you had a problem with someone, you didn't go to the police. You either crawled up into a hole or you took the initiative.

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

On the north side of Brimstone's Pub rests a large digital billboard advertising a strip club called The Gingerbread House. Above the pub are two window panes indicating apartment units.

Near the Southside exit Kimo notices the bartender, MEDICINE (30's, male), sucking on a cigarette. Medicine is 6' 5" with 15 years of tattoos and piercings paid off with thousands of hard-stolen dollars.

Kimo passes a '61 Lincoln Continental with steam billowing off the hood which conceals the driver.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

A cow bell CLANGS as Kimo enters. The joint is tomb. He stands there for a moment taking it all in. He hears punk rock BLASTING from the unit just above the bar. An out-of-order sign is taped to the jukebox right next to him. The TV hanging over the bar broadcasts amateur porn.

Kimo pulls out a tattered 5x3 notebook. He makes his way to the bar and throws down a 50-dollar bill.

MEDICINE

Hey, man. Be right with ya.

Medicine drags a couple of last puffs and flicks the butt.

KIMO

Let's start with a bottle of Jack and go from there. Santa's got a shit list tonight and Jack is the naughty boy to start it all.

Kimo flips through the notebook that is more of a worn out diary, complete with girlie cursive writing and bloodstains on every page. He runs his thumb over the name "Dirty Ned".

KIMO (CONT'D)

Pretty dead tonight.

MEDICINE

It's Christmas Eve.

KIMO

I thought pubs did their best business on Christmas Eve.

MEDICINE

Not on Broken Faces. Even the rats scrap for food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Medicine plops down a glass and a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

MEDICINE (CONT'D)
Welcome to Brimstone's.

Medicine pours the first drink. Kimo downs it.

KIMO
Who's makin' all the racket up there?

MEDICINE
Dirty Ned most likely. It's where we get all our fine dining entertainment.

Medicine points to the pornographic TV monitor.

MEDICINE (CONT'D)
Want me to go up and smack him around?

KIMO
Tell ya what. Let's turn up the entertainment. I like to hear the moans and groans.

Medicine grabs the remote and clicks up the volume only adding to the noise.

MEDICINE
How's that?

Out of the corner of his eye, Kimo sees someone limping past the Southside door.

KIMO
Good enough. Say. Where's the can?

MEDICINE
In the game room. If you hear an electrical buzzing sound, don't sweat it. It's just the control panel for the digital billboard.

Kimo looks directly to his left seeing a pair of saloon doors leading to a room with a billiard table. Just above the door frame is a boar's head wearing an S & M gas mask with spikes all over it.

KIMO
You shoot that yourself?

MEDICINE
Came with the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Medicine's cell BLEEPs. He heads over to the Southside door where faulty neon frames a Bacardi Rum clock at 5:00 PM.

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - STAIRCASE - DUSK

Grabbing his bag, Kimo makes his way past the stench of the garbage cans beneath the staircase. He heads up the rickety steps toward Dirty Ned's Le Fucke Shoppe, an apartment where UK Subs BLASTs. He pulls out a sledgehammer from his duffle bag, brings it down hard on the door knob and shoves his way into the place.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Wearing a leather fetish hood, DIRTY NED (20's, male) walks out with his cock swinging, pulling the slide on a Desert Eagle.

DIRTY NED
What's this bullshit?

Kimo whips a Taurus Judge and FIRES, SNAPPING Dirty Ned's right femur in half. Dirty Ned's femur bone pops out of his thigh throwing him off balance and sending him flying against a wall of multi-colored dildos. Dirty Ned drops the Eagle and stumbles behind the cashier display case. Kimo steps over the Desert Eagle and rushes up to him wild-eyed.

Kimo UNZIPS the mouth on the leather hood and shoves the Judge into Dirty Ned's mouth. Kimo pulls the hammer back on the Judge as the chamber rolls over revealing engraved text: "Dirty Ned".

Kimo yanks off his fake Santa beard.

KIMO
You remember me, right? Lakeah's big brother.

Dirty Ned spits an incoherent response around the barrel.

KIMO (CONT'D)
Didn't quite catch that!

Kimo whips out the pistol, cracking Dirty Ned's tooth on the front site assembly.

DIRTY NED
Yeah, Lakeah's oinker brother. There ain't nothin' illegal about blowing wang on video! Times are tough. People need jobs even if they gotta blow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMO
You're gonna die in your own
filth!

DIRTY NED
You Puritan! People been fuckin'
since the first boner of Mankind!

KIMO
She didn't have to die for it!

DIRTY NED
No, she didn't! She was my
Employee of the Month!

VALENTINE (20's, female), a hot naked chick storms out with a baseball bat. Kimo spins around pointing the Judge at her.

KIMO
Gonna blast you!

She SCREAMS and rushes him, knocking the Judge over the cash register into a box of porn DVDs. Dirty Ned dives over the cashier display case making for the Judge.

Kimo snatches the bat away and threatens to bash her with it as she cringes, but she clutches him by the balls. He winces. Kimo hoists her up by the crotch and tosses her against the fallen dildos.

Kimo rushes to pick up the Desert Eagle and points it at Dirty Ned who's pointing the Judge back at him.

KIMO (CONT'D)
Everyone responsible is gonna die
screaming and bleeding from here
to the hearse. And I'm gonna be
there every drop of the way!

Valentine jumps back up, this time clutching a steak knife and buries it into the side of Kimo's trapezius.

VALENTINE
Don't fuck with my baby!

He gnashes his teeth as Valentine yanks his hair and takes a bite out of his ear. Kimo HEAD-BUTTS her with the back of his head, SNAPPING the cartilage in her nose.

Dirty Ned limps toward the front of the cashier/display case while holding the bone sticking out of his thigh.

Broken nose and all, Valentine stays on Kimo's back. Kimo reverse BUTTS her again, SMASHING her nose. Kimo aims the Desert Eagle at Valentine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMO

I'll blow this whack-a-doo's head
off!

DIRTY NED

It'll be the last thing you do!

Dirty Ned FIRES! Kimo ducks as Valentine collapses onto the fuck doll display.

Crouched behind the display case, Kimo double-takes and sees that Valentine is sprawled out along the back counter and 9 months pregnant with a bullet wound to the right side of her chest. The baby squirms and kicks from inside. Kimo is disturbed by this revelation.

KIMO

Oh shit, honey.

Dirty Ned hobbles toward the cashier, but Kimo grabs a plastic "Have a Nice Day" bag and wraps it around Dirty Ned's face. He SMASHES Dirty Ned's head through the glass of display case and then tosses him back against the dildos.

Kimo reaches behind his back pulling out a pair of handcuffs and secures Valentine to an exposed pipe running along the wall. He recovers the Judge.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - THE BAR

Medicine returns seeing Kimo's gone. He grins and looks over to the restroom located close to the billiard table.

MEDICINE

Not for the weak, Jack. Not for
the weak.

Medicine pours himself a drink and turns to the porn.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Dirty Ned's on the floor--totally spent. Kimo takes a moment to examine the steak knife protruding from his trapezius. Kimo spies a mug full of pens, pencils and a pair of scissors.

KIMO

I'm sorry about your lady, Dirty
Ned. I truly am. I see she's
still breathing though. I'll get
her medical attention after we're
through here.

Kimo tosses the scissors between Dirty Ned's legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMO (CONT'D)
Pick up one of those cocks.

Dirty Ned looks around while Kimo presses a filthy towel against his knife wound. Dirty Ned finds a pink dildo.

KIMO (CONT'D)
Put it in your mouth.

Dirty Ned hesitates. Kimo presses the Judge against Valentine's stomach.

KIMO (CONT'D)
Put that cock in your mouth!

DIRTY NED
Fuck you!

KIMO
Fuck who?

Kimo pushes the Judge harder against Valentine's belly.

Dirty Ned eases the dildo into his mouth.

KIMO (CONT'D)
All of it.

Kimo places the mug at Dirty Ned's feet.

KIMO (CONT'D)
Get those shears and snip your balls off and drop 'em in the cup. While you're doin' all that, I want you to think about what you did to find yourself in this precarious situation. The faster you do it, the quicker I'll let you go up against the Judge.

Kimo leans back on the glass counter and pulls out the small notebook. He flips his thumbs through it, adding fresh bloody fingerprints.

KIMO (CONT'D)
When I found out my sister was having a baby she started this journal to document all the little moments he or she would miss while gestating. Let me read a little somethin' to ya while you wonder if you deserve to die like this. December 24th. A year ago.
(reading)
"Johnny Thunders sings a song about not being able to hug a memory right now. Just got the tree today. It's a big one. Big for what could fit in Kimo's tiny boat at least. Ha, ha."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kimo holds the Judge out to him as Dirty Ned rests the scissors against his scrotum.

KIMO (CONT'D)

"Christmas is finally filling the air with yuletide cheer as commercials do. I couldn't be more grateful to your uncle for getting me off Broken Faces. It may have cost him a great deal, but we are going start over and make a clean run at life because that's what you deserve, sweetie. And you are due any day now."

Kimo closes the notebook.

KIMO (CONT'D)

She signed it with a heart and a smiley face inside of it. I'd go on, but there wasn't another entry. We had a couple visitors that night. Rawhead and Bloodybones. Rawhead and Bloodybones took my sister's baby! She'd been in a coma since that night until she finally passed on six months later. I vowed I'd make everyone who was responsible go down screaming. Scratched everyone's name on a bullet.

Kimo flips open the chamber of the Judge letting the .410 shotgun rounds drop into his hand and letting the used ones hit the floor. One shell has "Dirty Ned" written on it. He rolls the chamber around with a different name engraved on each slot.

KIMO (CONT'D)

This here is Santa's shit list.

He slides a .410 shell into the chambered marked Dirty Ned. Kimo spins the chamber on the Judge, then slaps it shut.

KIMO (CONT'D)

If my sister lived past summer, I couldn't take care of my sister if I was dead or in prison. So, I promised myself, I'd do the right thing. That meant eating shit. But she passed on. Her body just gave out. The Warlock and his bitches took everything I got which makes me the most dangerous man alive in your world. God may have your soul, the devil may have your ass, but your balls are mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRTY NED

These are rough times. And by
 takin' Lakeah off Broken Faces,
 it's like stealin' from The
 Warlock! And he's got a low
 tolerance for thieves.

Kimo twists his neck until it CRACKS, forcing the blood
 to flow from his knife wound. Kimo smashes the butt of
 the Judge across the side of Dirty Ned's head.

KIMO

Order in the court!

DIRTY NED

Damn, man.

KIMO

Maybe I'll keep you alive long
 enough to chop you up little by
 little! Watch you bleed for days!
 A pint of blood for every day my
 sister stayed in that coma!

DIRTY NED

You'll never make it past the
 hour! I'd hate to be you!

KIMO

Man, you got it all bass ackwards.
 I'd hate to be you.

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - THE STAIRCASE

Kimo HUMS Johnny Thunders' "You Can't Put Your Arms
 Around a Memory".

Dirty Ned SCREAMS.

KIMO (O.S.)

"It doesn't pay to try..."

BLAM!

KIMO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"All the smart boys know why..."

Silence.

But then Dirty Ned SCREAMS in pain.

DIRTY NED (O.S.)

You shot me in the leg!

KIMO (O.S.)

Put that cock back in your mouth!

INT. FLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A symphony of SEX echoes off the thin walls of Fly's apartment. Tiny Christmas bulbs frame the frosted windows thick with sex-induced must. FLY (mid-30's, male) is in the thick of total carnality with ELOISE (40's, female).

Her fingernails dig into the tattoos of quarreling wolves cleverly hiding a series of bullet scars in his back. Their bodies lurch and pound together reaching an ORGASMIC CRESCENDO.

He kisses her long and hard on the mouth as their bodies start to slow to a slight undulation to try and catch their breath. He smiles at her, but she senses something wrong.

ELOISE
Are you okay?

He nods once to fend off her question.

FLY
I'm good. I'm in good company
aren't I?

She runs her fingers along his back feeling a trail of old bullet wounds, making him wince.

ELOISE
I'm sorry.

FLY
They don't hurt.

ELOISE
It makes me sad thinking of you
lying in the desert like that.

FLY
Got a Purple Heart out of it.

ELOISE
I'm sorry this happened to you.

FLY
I'm over it.

He eases over to the side of the bed staring out of the window.

FLY (CONT'D)
I didn't feel bad about it at the
time. I kinda welcomed it. I
didn't really have anything to
come back to. No family. No
home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY (CONT'D)

It just seemed appropriate to die
on some anonymous patch of dirt.

He sees the snow starting to float past the window.

FLY (CONT'D)

As far as I was concerned I just
existed in people's lives. Didn't
really have one of my own.

She sits up behind him and hugs him from behind, resting
her head on the back of his shoulder. Her eyes well and
she just kisses him long and hard on the back of his
neck.

ELOISE

Well, I for one, am glad you
survived.

A Christmas commercial comes on the TV chiming a familiar
carol.

FLY

We gotta get off Broken Faces.
People just wait for their day to
die around here.

ELOISE

What about finding out about your
parents?

FLY

If I haven't come up with anything
in the past couple decades, I'm
never gonna know. There's a whole
wide world out there. We can
start over in every city until we
find a life that fits.

ELOISE

You want to begin a life with me?
Some old lady? I'm damaged goods.

She nestles her cheek into his neck just behind his ear.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

I can't make you whole again. It
breaks my heart to pieces feeling
that I can't.

FLY

Between day one and now, you're
the best part of my life.

She just smiles wide and nuzzles her face into the back
of his ear lobe and kisses him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY (CONT'D)
Okay, now it's cold. Your nipples
are stabbing me in the back.

She ruffles his hair.

ELOISE
Crude.

She starts for the thermostat while he slaps her on the
ass. Eloise rubs her hands quickly along her arms while
adjusting the heat.

The cell BLEEPs. Fly looks over recognizing Medicine's
number. He picks it up.

FLY
Yeah, man?

He listens intently while Eloise gathers up a couple of
drinks and walks over.

FLY (CONT'D)
He left an hour ago? Where was he
going?

Eloise returns holding a glass of whiskey out to him.

FLY (CONT'D)
Gimme 15 minutes.

Fly shuts off his phone and takes the drink. He looks up
at her disappointed, but understanding expression.

FLY (CONT'D)
This shouldn't take more than an
hour. Just have to go to the pub
for a little bit because Funkis
didn't check in.

ELOISE
You can't call in sick?

FLY
Not for what I do. Besides Funkis
is one of my best friends.

Fly heads for the bathroom.

INT. FLY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Fly hovers over the toilet taking a piss. In the
reflection of the broken mirror he sees his naked and
beautiful Eloise slapping a tape into the cassette
player. Some old Cock Sparrer tune starts as she dances
elegantly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY (V.O.)

Eloise. Retired punk rock girl who'd broken out of the downward spiral of the mosh pit to make a decent life for herself. She may have sold out, but instead of complaining about the state of affairs, she did something about it. She'd been a doctor married to a lawyer who puts punks like me away. Then she met me. She's awaiting the divorce papers. What can I say? I break beautiful things.

Fly FLUSHES and starts to dress.

FLY (V.O.)

What I'm willing to admit about myself, for all intents and purposes, I took a wrong turn somewhere. What can I say? Sometimes you lose.

He slips on his black trousers.

FLY (V.O.)

I had a mom and dad for the first nine years of my life, but something happened that landed me a ward of the state. I just don't remember it. Repressed memory or a flatout knock on the head. I grew up in a decent foster home until the mills closed down. Potter's Field had been beaten and battered due to economic neglect devolving into the Wild West.

Fly slides his tattooed arms into the sleeves of a black dress shirt.

FLY (V.O.)

Whoever couldn't scrape up the cash to get out turned to jobs that ate away at their family values. The only way out was the military or the morgue.

He picks up a hideous green argyle tie and drapes it around his neck.

FLY (V.O.)

The war machine chewed me up for years, then spat me back up with a fistful of combat pay after nine years of faithful service. I burned whatever cash I had to try and find out where I came from. Maybe if I came up with answers I could move on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It all came to a dead end though.
At least until I met Eloise.
Sometimes you win.

Eloise leans against the door frame naked and sipping her drink.

ELOISE

That's a shitty tie.

FLY

It's a shitty job.

She balls up his tie and pulls him toward her.

ELOISE

Plant one. A good one. And mean it.

He kisses her long and deep.

FLY

I always mean it.

Fly leaves.

EXT. WEST VETERAN'S ROAD - NIGHT

Fly walks toward Brimstone's Pub and notices the '61 Lincoln Continental hidden in an alley.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Fly enters walking behind the bar pouring a 151 rum and Coke.

FLY (V.O.)

Everything you need to know about Medicine is written on his arms. Poster child for the hardcore. A product of the nuts and bolts of this town... along with a few shaken loose.

MEDICINE

Ah, man. I hate to be the asshole to tell ya, but that's a shitty tie.

FLY

The people I gotta see aren't really gonna care.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fly turns down the volume on the TV.

MEDICINE

You're too good for flicks?

FLY

Just don't wanna hear my
neighbors' kids fuckin' in my ear.

MEDICINE

They're of age, man.

FLY

Don't care. Don't wanna hear it.

MEDICINE

So, where's Funkis, man? The
Warlock's all over my ass about
him.

FLY

Don't know, but his Linc is
hibernating up there on Republican
and West Vet.

MEDICINE

Bullshit.

FLY

Fuck off then.

Fly takes a sip of his drink.

MEDICINE

You know that shit'll kill ya.

FLY

You ain't livin' if you ain't
dyin'.

Medicine tosses Fly the keys while grabbing his jacket.

MEDICINE

Watch the place.

FLY

Who's the bottle of Jack for?

MEDICINE

Some dude running around dressed
up like Santa. He's probably
tossing chow in the can. Seemed
pretty bent on his one-way trip to
Tennessee.

Medicine wrestles with his jacket and heads toward the
door.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Kimo hears the cow bell CLANG. He grabs his duffle bag, limps toward the browsing part of the shop's window and looks down seeing Medicine quick-step along the street.

He reaches into the duffle bag and hurriedly assembles the pieces of a sniper rifle.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Fly takes a look at the whiskey glass seeing a couple drops of blood in it. He looks up at the ceiling where blood is pooling.

Fly sees a set of slushy boot prints lead toward the back. He reaches under the counter pulling out a revolver.

INT. DIRTY NED'S BROWSING ROOM

Kimo aims the rifle at the back of Medicine's head, but Medicine just barely slips into the alley.

KIMO

Shit.

EXT. STAIRCASE

Fly sees Dirty Ned's door bashed in. He peeks through a sliver of an opening seeing Dirty Ned on the floor clutching his bloody leg with a dildo hanging out of his mouth. He sees Fly and motions toward the browsing part of the store.

EXT. ALLEY

Medicine wipes a couple fingers across the seat of the Lincoln and finds blood. A pungent smell gets his attention. He looks around on the floor and picks up a slimy yellow piece of fat deposit.

MEDICINE

Oh! Nasty!

Medicine flings it to the ground. He heads toward the trunk of the car while speed-dialing a number on his cell.

He opens the trunk, pulls out a slat and sees an outline of a sniper rifle that should be there, but it's missing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDICINE (CONT'D)

Damn.

Medicine whips out his handgun and spins around thinking someone is sneaking up on him. He keeps the phone pressed against his ear. He makes a mad dash out of the alley, but a GUNSHOT RINGS OUT--Medicine buckles. He slides into the street. Motionless.

INT. FLY'S APARTMENT

Eloise hears the shot RESOUND throughout the street just as she places Fly's present next to a cheap, plastic tree. She goes to the window to look around, but can't see anything from her angle.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE - NIGHT

Kimo pulls the bolt back on the sniper rifle ejecting the shell from the breach. Then from the corner of his eye he sees Fly pointing a revolver at him.

KIMO
I didn't kill him. I just took
him out of the narrative if you
will.

FLY
Who're you?

KIMO
You're new.

FLY
Back at ya.

EXT. WEST VETERAN'S ROAD - NIGHT

A Potter's Field Police cruiser stops in front of Medicine who's lying in the snow gritting his teeth.

MEDICINE
Shit.

OFFICER TOMMY "RAWHEAD" RAWHIDE (40's, male) steps out of the cruiser. He has a thick scar running from the upper part of his lip to his cheek almost giving him a permanent sneer. He eases a Stetson over his head brandishing an old west sheriff's star.

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CONTINUED:

FLY (V.O.)

Potter's Field police have a casual relationship with the law. Rawhead and Bloodybones we call them. Just what every city needs. They're protected by the city, but make their real money on Broken Faces performing favors for my boss, The Warlock. Say what you will about Rawhead and Bloodybones, they work hard at what they do. Yeah, evil never sleeps.

OFFICER NAZARETH "BLOODYBONES" BOONE (30's, male), a tall, skinny man, steps out of the driver's side and heads for the trunk with all sorts of casual. He's got tattoos of spiders on the backs of his hands with the legs running down his fingers. He pulls out an AR-15 from the gun rack and slaps in a 30-round banana clip.

Rawhide crouches down close to Medicine. Rawhide tilts his head like a curious dog, looking down at his bloody right foot twisted around into an uncomfortable position.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Those are some good boots, hoss. Just a little piece of leather is keepin' that foot from fallin' off.

OFFICER BOONE

That's what happens when you don't check the safety.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Big, macho guys like you slip an automatic into your waistband and kablow! Next thing you know we're hunting down the dirty dog that ran off with your dick.

Boone lets out a low, mellow HOWL.

MEDICINE

I don't need to be fucked with right now while I'm lyin' in the middle of Broken Faces bein' picked off by a sniper! And, hey, you wanna get yourselves shot?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

When he fires again, he'll reveal his position and one of us will blast him. Buh-lam!

Rawhide looks over seeing the Lincoln in the alley.

OFFICER BOONE

Ey, Tommy, say we knock back a couple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER RAWHIDE
I say that sounds about right.

Rawhide picks up Medicine and shoves him in the backseat.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
Toss me the spitter. I'm gonna
check out Funkis's Lincoln.

Boone tosses Rawhide the AR-15. Rawhide locks and loads.

OFFICER BOONE
Want me to take him behind
Brimstone's?

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Yeah, I'll catch up.

Boone steps back in the cruiser and drives toward
Brimstone's Pub.

Rawhide cradles the rifle and walks toward the Lincoln in
the alley.

INT. DIRTY NED'S BROWSING ROOM - NIGHT

FLY
You might wanna put that weapon
down or there will be carnage to
pay.

KIMO
You think you can talk that shit
to me? Know what makes me the
baddest ass in this room?

FLY
Not a damn thing.

Fly keeps Kimo at dead-bang while kneeling close to
Valentine.

Valentine is out of it.

FLY (CONT'D)
Where's the key to her cuffs?

DIRTY NED
That sadistic Santa got it.

FLY
How long does she have?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRTY NED
You can see the baby kicking,
right!

Fly looks at Valentine's belly watching her stomach bulge.

KIMO
Everything you need to know about
me is in that pocket book there.

Kimo nods to his blood-stained book.

Fly pulls out his cell and dials.

FLY
I need you to come by Brimstone's.
Valentine's in labor. She's also
wounded and losing blood. Bring
everything you need.

Valentine grits her teeth in pain as her mucus plug SPLATTERS.

FLY (CONT'D)
You better hurry.

Fly puts away his cell.

KIMO
Who'd you call?

FLY
Someone who can help.

DIRTY NED
Just plug him, Fly! He's another
crooked-ass cop.

Fly puts his revolver on the counter next to Kimo's notebook and approaches him. Kimo struggles to load the round into the chamber of the rifle.

Fly grabs the barrel of the rifle and PUNCHES Kimo in the gut until he lurches forward. Fly grabs the steak knife from Kimo's trapezius and PLUNGES it back into his body just under the ribs.

FLY
I've got a catalogue of areas to
stick before you leave this world.
There ain't no more free rides to
Hell and you're gonna pay with
your ass. Who the fuck are you?

Fly forces Kimo against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMO

Aaah... carnage.

Fly yanks out the knife and forces it into Kimo's left cheek.

FLY

You can talk more shit with a bigger mouth. What do ya say?

The tip of the knife scrapes against the inside of Kimo's mouth. Blood trickles onto his chest. Kimo takes notice to Fly's cold, unflinching demeanor.

KIMO

I'm here for The Warlock.

Fly yanks the knife out of his cheek forcing him to wince in excruciating pain.

KIMO (CONT'D)

He took my job, my money... and the few people I've ever loved in this shitty life including my unborn niece.

There's a slight break in Fly's eyes. Almost sympathy.

FLY

What about this niece?

KIMO

Two cops came to see me. Two of the dirtiest cops I know. They're the kind of evil they only write about in fairy tales. They said they came with a message from The Warlock. The young one, pulled out a Superhawk...

Kimo throws up his fist as if gripping a knife, but Fly grabs his wrist. Kimo clenches his fist so tight that his nails dig into his palm.

KIMO (CONT'D)

...and slit my sister's womb open watching her unborn baby spill out onto the floor!

Kimo's fist trembles.

KIMO (CONT'D)

They went ahead and set my boat on fire. All I could do was watch my sister pull the umbilical cord as her baby shrieked in pain. Pulling her through a wall of flames.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tears roll down Kimo's face.

KIMO (CONT'D)
 You haven't heard shit until
 you've heard a newborn baby scream
 like that. I hear that baby
 screaming in my head all day and
 every second of the few hours I
 can sleep. I can even smell the
 charred skin sometimes. I don't
 even eat meat anymore because of
 it.

Fly gulps. He sees blood trickling out of Kimo's fist.
 Fly's eyes start to well, but he just backs away.

KIMO (CONT'D)
 I'll be fucked if I don't blast,
 chop, claw, chew my way up the
 food chain to right that which was
 fucked. I've got everyone's name
 on a bullet.

Fly tries to shake it off.

FLY
 How is Valentine part of this?

KIMO
 She's not. I didn't know she was
 here. But that Dirty Ned is in on
 this.

DIRTY NED
 Fuck you twice! Mr. Soapbox of
 Morality here went ahead and
 yanked Lakeah off Broken Faces and
 wonders why The Warlock sent
 Rawhead and Bloodybones after him!

KIMO
 Shut up and put that cock back in
 your mouth!

Fly PUNCHES Kimo in the gut.

FLY
 I'm the one you need to worry
 about right now.
 (to Dirty Ned)
 Who's Lakeah?

DIRTY NED
 This girl who used to be in some
 of my flicks. It was before you
 started here.

Fly carries Kimo's rifle to the display case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY
You stay right there.

Fly picks up the notebook and begins reading.

DIRTY NED
You're not gonna call The Warlock?

FLY
He knows what's best for him.
He'll stay where he is.

DIRTY NED
Fuckin' do this guy, man!

FLY
This looks like the Funkis's
rifle. I'm not killing anyone
until I find out what happened to
him. Console your woman. Start
being a dad. Help's coming. In
the meantime, everyone try and
keep your blood pressure to a
minimum. We don't need anyone
bleeding out just yet.

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rawhide walks up to the police cruiser sitting in the
rear parking lot of Brimstone's Pub. Rawhide sees that
Boone's eyes are heavy.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Wake up, son.

Boone yawns.

OFFICER BOONE
I haven't slept in over 48 hours.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Told you not to pull Bronsky's
duty.

OFFICER BOONE
I owe him for pulling duty for me
last week, so now we're square.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
48 hours ain't nothin'. Stay up
for 4 days and come talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER BOONE
I'm not the one so close to the
grave that I need to stay up for
everything.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
We all gotta shake hands with the
Grim Reaper. I'd like to meet him
with my eyes open.

Boone yawns and quickly shakes himself awake.

OFFICER BOONE
Hey, Tommy, you know what this
bullshit is?

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Speak.

OFFICER BOONE
Tell him, Medicine.

MEDICINE
It's that Lakeah mess you botched
up last Christmas. Funkis went
out to pay Kimo some violence and
went missing.

Rawhide chuckles.

MEDICINE (CONT'D)
Where's the joke in that?

OFFICER BOONE
So, Kimo's the one picking you
off? You didn't recognize him?

MEDICINE
First of all, he was wearing a
Santa get-up. Second, I've never
seen him live. Third, Funkis was
supposed to fix your fuck-up.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
How's Kimo gonna suffer if he's
dead? I'm not in the mercy
business. I'm the suffer system.

MEDICINE
Well, this guy's still pretty sore
and probably spent the past year
masturbating all over himself to
all the different ways you're
gonna die.

OFFICER BOONE
What do you care if he comes after
us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDICINE

If you go missing, who knows what kinda sick shit your fellow pigsters are gonna dig up that could incriminate The Warlock.

OFFICER BOONE

Fuck him.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Hey! Watch that shit.

MEDICINE

You better respect this fuck-for-all, Bloodybones! If The Warlock goes down, then so do you.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

So, it behooves us to help each other out.

MEDICINE

Get it yet, Bloodybones?

OFFICER BOONE

Enough with that Bloodybones shit!

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Well, there's two of them up there. One's Kimo and the other's Funkis. Looks like one of them dropped off the other down the street. Funkis musta slipped the Linc into the alley from the river side.

OFFICER BOONE

How do you know that?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

I saw a set of bootprints walking in the middle of the street in plain view of the Gingerbread House. The tire treads come up from the river which are out of sight of the Gingerbread House.

OFFICER BOONE

You sure it's Funkis?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

There's a blood trail from the Linc all the way up behind here. No shoe prints other than Medicine's. And whoever got to him did him in the gut. Splattered his fat all over the driver's seat. Spuh-lat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER BOONE
You don't think Funkis turned?
He's loyal like a dog.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Gettin' shot in the gut will do
funny things to a man. Makes you
wonder if this is the right line
of work and all.

MEDICINE
The shit in the trunk is missing
too.

OFFICER BOONE
At least we know what they got.

Boone lets out a sigh and unlocks the 12-gauge shogun
from the rack.

OFFICER BOONE (CONT'D)
Let's get Funkis.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Open the trunk, hoss. I wanna get
the BlueWater.

Rawhide looks up at the hilltop where a large, red house
sits amid a network of dead trees. He tilts his head in
curiosity.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
(to Medicine)
Gimme the keys to the Green Door.

Medicine searches his pockets and then remembers.

MEDICINE
I don't have 'em. Fly's got 'em.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - NIGHT

Rawhide and Boone walk past the staircase toward the
backdoor of Brimstone's Pub. Boone takes notice to the
shoe prints on the steps leading to Le Fucke Shoppe.

Rawhide moseys over to the porn monitor tossing the
BlueWater nylon rappelling rope on the bar. He pours
some Jack into the glass as the music above continues to
BLAST.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - GAME ROOM

Boone makes his way into the game room of out-dated arcade games and a well-used billiard table. He sees the Green Door at the opposite end of the room--a large steel door painted green.

He turns and walks into the festering bathroom where he hears an electrical BUZZING. The pipes leak shit but none of it seems to phase him.

He hears CREAKING in the ceiling like someone walking around.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - THE BAR

Rawhide picks up the whiskey glass noticing the blood swirling around. He sniffs it, becoming slightly elated. He knocks it back and pours another.

Boone enters with the shotgun casually resting against his collar bone.

OFFICER BOONE

What ya got there?

Rawhide puts the glass down in the same spot and pours another drink for his partner. A drop of blood DRIPS into the glass from the ceiling.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

The blood of a dying virgin.

Boone looks up.

The two cops keep quiet as they step onto the bar. The only sound they make are the leather boots twisting and stretching as they creep toward the drip in the ceiling listening to what they think are voices amid the music and blasting porn.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE - NIGHT

Fly looks at Kimo nursing his wounds with novelty porn pillows.

FLY

You do Funkis?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMO

I didn't kill him? I shot that son of a bitch because he came after me. Got him to calm down a bit so we could talk rationally.

FLY

What do you two need to talk about?

KIMO

He was my niece's father. He just didn't know it until an hour ago.

DIRTY NED

Bullshit. Lakeah woulda said something, man.

KIMO

She said The Warlock would see it as a threat. Puttin' the hurt on the business and all. As for Funkis, when a father finds out he's a father it changes the circumstances. For better or worse. So, she never said anything to him.

DIRTY NED

Lies.

KIMO

I don't do that. I'm straight with people.

DIRTY NED

Fly, he's just puttin' the brain-whammy on you so you won't pop him.

FLY

Shut up, Dirty Ned.

KIMO

Put it back in your mouth.

FLY

What else did you and Funkis talk about?

KIMO

I told him I could help him break into Brimstone's safe. He can keep the bread and make a new life for himself. All I asked was he help me get close to The Warlock, Dirty Ned and Rawhead and Bloodybones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A realization hits Fly and he runs toward the door looking around the parking lot. He runs back into Dirty Ned's bedroom towards the kitchenette window seeing the police cruiser.

FLY
Speak of the devils.

Fly pulls out his cell and dials. The phone BLEEPs in the unit next door.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Boone hops off the bar and runs toward the restroom standing on the sink with his ear close to the ceiling. He hears a cell phone BLEEPING in the unit above.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

FUNKIS (O.S.)
Yeah, man?

FLY
You sound messed up.

FUNKIS (O.S.)
I need to catch my breath for a minute.
(sniveling)
I got shot. Fifteen years I've been working this shit job and I never got shot. I've got pieces of me falling off.

FLY
Listen. I know you're next door. I'm at Dirty Ned's. And Rawhead and Bloodybones are probably somewhere downstairs.

FUNKIS (O.S.)
I'm not moving man. I'm okay just sitting here for a little while. I got lots to think about.

FLY
Funkis, get your ass over here.

Fly looks out the browsing room window seeing the street lamps flutter on. He sees Eloise making her way through a barrage of snow.

FLY (CONT'D)
Eloise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fly makes his way to the door watching FUNKIS (30's, male) hobble into Dirty Ned's nursing an abdominal wound.

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - THE STAIRCASE

Rawhide is crouched under the stairs by the garbage cans listening to Funkis enter as a piece of gooey fat settles half hanging off a step.

FUNKIS (O.S.)
Ah hell! What happened here?

FLY (O.S.)
Sit down.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Funkis plops himself down on a sofa next to a 2-foot Christmas tree planted into a tranquility fountain as fat oozes out of his body. Fly tosses Kimo's duffle bag on the sofa next to him and starts going through it.

FUNKIS
Shit, man. I didn't get you anything.

Fly hands Funkis the Desert Eagle.

FLY
Point it at Santa.
(to Kimo)
And you, stand against the wall.

Fly pulls Funkis's shirt away from the wound, but Funkis is still putting pressure on it.

FLY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna need to you to pull your hand away, Funkis.

Fly forces Funkis's hand away from the wound that oozes blood and clumps of fat. The stench hits everyone.

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Dirty Ned's playlist fades as a quiet ballad starts.

Rawhide returns to the bar. Boone mouths, "what's up?"

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Rawhide creeps back into the bar. He points to the game room.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Just above the billiard table is where Funkis plopped down. I think that's the browsing area. From what I can make out there's five of them up there.

OFFICER BOONE
So, Kimo's got Fly hostage too?

OFFICER RAWHIDE
I don't know what's going on.

They hear footsteps creaking from the game room ceiling to the bloodstain over the bar.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
Someone's walking around up there kinda leisurely.

OFFICER BOONE
Huh?

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Someone with a limp, like Kimo, has more of an immediate follow-up step. There's a slow creak... then the immediate drop-down of the other foot. But Mr. Leisurely is probably Fly.

OFFICER BOONE
I don't get it.

Boone places his shotgun on a bar table and picks up the rope. He begins making a hangman's noose.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
If Fly's walking around up there like he owns the joint he either owns the room or he's working with Kimo.

OFFICER BOONE
Not Fly.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
We don't know much about him. If he wasn't shot up, he woulda gotten into Special Forces. He's a fuckin' hawkeye jack rabbit. That's about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER BOONE
You wanna take out Fly? Not sure
how valuable he is to The Warlock.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
He's just a casualty. We'll find
out where he lives first.

The cow bell CLANGS. The cops turn around watching
Eloise push through the door carrying an athletic bag.

ELOISE
Where's the mom to be?

OFFICER BOONE
Well check my Alan Whickers. Who
is this precious piece of hair
pie?

Rawhide cocks his head to the side while hiding the AR-15
behind his back.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

FLY
That was the cow bell downstairs.
Funkis, watch Santa. Keep him
against the wall.

FUNKIS
Dude, I'm going down.

FLY
I need you to hang tough, Funkis.
I have help coming.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Who exactly called you, ma'am?

ELOISE
My... friend called.

OFFICER BOONE
You sound kinda hesitant, ma'am.

ELOISE
Officers, I really need to see the
mother right now.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
You have any ID, ma'am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELOISE
Can we do this while we walk?

Eloise hurries past them, but Rawhide grabs her by the arm and shoves her against the bar.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
I'm afraid I can't let you touch anyone unless you show me some ID, ma'am. How do I know you are who you say you are?

ELOISE
What are you doing? This hurts, Officer Rawhide.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
It ain't supposed to tickle, ma'am.

Eloise tries to pull her arm away, but Rawhide digs his thumb under the soft part of her bicep forcing her to wince.

ELOISE
What is your problem? There's a woman in labor here!

OFFICER BOONE
Resisting just makes us all the more suspicious, ma'am.

OFFICER BOONE (CONT'D)
Who called you, ma'am?

ELOISE
Both the mother and the baby could die!

Boone snatches her bag as she tries to retrieve it, but Rawhide slams her against the bar. She digs her fingernails into Rawhide's wrist and goes after her bag. She grabs it by the straps.

OFFICER BOONE
You're giving us probable cause, ma'am.

Boone picks up the noose and drapes it around her neck and drags her to the center of the bar. He tosses rope over the rafters and begins to hoist her up forcing her to her tiptoes.

Eloise tries to get her fingers between the rope and her throat. Rawhide picks up her bag and pulls out her wallet.

FLY (O.S.)
Let her down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two cops turn around seeing Fly pointing a revolver at them.

FLY (CONT'D)

I called her. Valentine's in labor as we speak.

OFFICER BOONE

I hope the paramedics get here in time then.

FLY

You know The Warlock's not gonna like it if this place gets too much municipal attention.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Your woman here was giving us trouble. She is your woman right? I mean I can smell your cum all over her.

OFFICER BOONE

Ah, man, Fly. You hittin' this hair pie? She's a little old for ya ain't she?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Have some class, Boone. All the girls on Broken Faces are a bunch of wrecked bitches with broken hopes. You can't blame a fella for wantin' some uptown ass.

OFFICER BOONE

What's uptown ass doin' on Broken Faces?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Married too.

OFFICER BOONE

Shee-it.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

I'm serious, Boone. You think an unidentified fine piece of ass smelling like Hermès could go unnoticed for long? Naw. She's hitched. Twenty years probably. Twenty years of tired uptown dick... until you came along, Fly.

Boone lifts the back of her hair sniffing her neck. He sees a Black Flag tattoo.

OFFICER BOONE

Well, hell. She's got a Black Flag tat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER RAWHIDE
 Seriously?

Rawhide walks over checking it out.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
 Uptown ass with a naughty past.
 Not bad, Fly. She's a keeper.

OFFICER BOONE
 She's probably got a piercing on
 her clit.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
 The wetter the better.

Boone balls up the rope in his fist and tugs on it.

OFFICER BOONE
 I bet you like this shit doncha,
 ma'am.

FLY
 Let her down, Bloodybones.

OFFICER BOONE
 Enough of that Bloodybones shit!

Boone pulls on the rope forcing Eloise to GRUNT.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
 What you think you can do with
 that little six shooter of yours?
 You're out-gunned by more than 100
 rounds of tax-paying firepower.
 Do the math, hoss.

FLY
 I only need two. But if anything
 happens to her you're gonna die in
 all ways nasty. Wishin' you
 handled this differently. That's
 an equation you can't fuck with.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
 Don't get to threaten' me,
 doughboy.

FLY
 You know The Warlock's watchin'
 this little theater play itself
 out.

Boone and Rawhide take a gander at the CCTV cameras on
 the corners of the room.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
 Let her down, Boone. But keep the
 BlueWater on her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boone begins to lower Eloise, but still keeps a grip on the rope.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
What's goin' on up there?

FLY
Some dude who's got some
unfinished business with you two I
take it.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Kimo sees Funkis starting to get drowsy. Funkis lowers the Desert Eagle against his thigh. Kimo steps away from the wall and slowly creeps toward Funkis.

Dirty Ned puts his hand against Valentine's belly.

DIRTY NED
It's gonna be fine, baby.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Rawhide and Boone listen to the CREAKING in the ceiling.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Well, stow your firearm so we can
go get him.

FLY
Let her go, Boone. She's just
trying to take care of Valentine.

Rawhide flicks the AR-15's safety off.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Let's just put away the heat.
Mine's off to the side here.

Rawhide's index finger slides toward the trigger.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
It's not like you can kill us
anyway. You know what kind of
shit can rain down if we go
missing? We've got immunity from
your boss and the city of Potter's
Field.

Boone imitates a sheen sparkling off his badge.

OFFICER BOONE
Ping.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Dirty Ned turns to see Kimo approaching Funkis who's falling into a deeper sleep.

DIRTY NED
Funkis! Wake up! Funkis!

Kimo tries to wave off of Dirty Ned.

Valentine suddenly SCREAMS out in pain as her water breaks. Funkis jumps up and fires a SHOT into the floor. Kimo grabs the barrel of the Desert Eagle and takes it away.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

They all duck as the shot SHATTERS the light over the billiard table. Then they hear STRUGGLING upstairs.

Eloise tries to run, but Rawhide punches her in the gut forcing her to buckle.

Fly FIRES at Rawhide's head hitting him in the cheek and exiting the other one.

Boone yanks Eloise's rope forcing her to her tiptoes. Boone hides behind her for cover while he reaches for his shotgun on the table.

Fly FIRES at the table making the shotgun fall to the floor.

FLY
Let her go now!

Boone unholsters his service pistol and FIRES at Fly. Fly goes diving behind the bar for cover.

OFFICER BOONE
Give it up, Fly!

Boone pulls harder on the rope as Eloise rises off the floor. She clutches at the rope around her throat while her legs kick wildly.

Kimo storms through the door armed with the Desert Eagle and BLASTS away in Boone's general direction forcing him to let go of the rope. Eloise drops to the floor sucking air.

Boone goes diving for the shotgun.

Rawhide takes a knee, swings the AR-15 toward Kimo FIRING. Kimo belly-flops onto the bar as the bullets slip under him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kimo FIRES the Desert Eagle hitting Rawhide centermass. The bullet sends the cop staggering against the jukebox.

Boone scoops up his shotgun and FIRES at Kimo. Kimo rolls over behind the bar with Fly.

Fly FIRES a shot cutting the bridge of Boone's nose in half. Boone drops to the ground grabbing his face.

FLY
Eloise, get out of there!

Eloise makes for her athletic bag, but Boone yanks on the rope and forces her back to the floor. Boone takes cover at the south end of the bar by the Bacardi clock.

Rawhide sprays AR-15 fire at the bar CHEWING it to pieces.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Lynch her! Lynch the bitch, god
dammit!

Boone drops his weapon and pulls vigorously on Eloise's rope until she's hovering over the room and thrashing.

FLY
Let go of the rope, Boone!

OFFICER BOONE
This one's fair game, Fly! Hoo-
wee!

Rawhide struggles to point the AR-15 at the bar while trying to press a hanging piece of flesh on the right side of his face back against his cheek.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Kimo, come out with your hands up!

Fly aims his pistol at Rawhide.

FLY
Tell him to put her down!

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Think about it, Fly! This bitch
or you!

Eloise's eyes roll up into her head as her body convulses.

Fly FIRES a shot at the neckline of Rawhide's Kevlar vest. A ribbon of blood spurts up as he topples over a couple tables next to the front entrance.

Kimo FIRES at Boone's direction. The bullets PUMP through the bar making the cop let go of the rope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eloise once again hits the floor yanking the noose away from her throat.

Fly runs to her aid.

.357 slugs are embedded in the back of Boone's Kevlar. He crawls away from the bar FIRING through it making Kimo take cover.

Rawhide struggles to his feet while his blood spills from between his collar bones.

Fly helps Eloise toward the hall leading to the staircase while Rawhide takes aim at their backs. Kimo jams the Desert Eagle into a bullet hole and FIRES at Rawhide forcing him to take cover.

Boone raises the shotgun over his head and FIRES across the bar SHATTERING the Jack Daniel's bottle. A puff of red mist shoots up behind Fly.

Rawhide FIRES in Fly and Eloise's direction.

Fly spins around tossing Eloise through the saloon doors, into the game room, to avoid Rawhide's MACHINE-GUN FIRE. Fly drops behind the corner of the bar knocking down stools for extra cover.

KIMO

They're not gonna let us out of here alive!

Fly takes out Medicine's keys and tosses them into the game room.

FLY

Eloise, can you walk?

The red mist settles on the keys.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - GAME ROOM

Eloise brings her trembling hand to her shredded throat forcing herself to speak.

ELOISE

(raspy)
Yes.

FLY

That green key opens that door. I need you to open that for us.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - BAR

Boone looks over to Rawhide.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
You stay away from that door,
ma'am! Leave those keys right
where they are!

Rawhide aims his rifle at Fly's end of the bar waiting
for him to expose himself.

FLY
Eloise, I got your back. Do it.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Ma'am, I'm the last stop to doing
what's right. Stay away from that
door.

Fly sees Rawhide's shadow creeping closer. Fly scoots
behind the bar.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
You don't want to get yourself
mixed up with these guys, ma'am.
No matter what happens everyone
believes the badge.

Fly reaches under the counter pulling out a couple speed
loaders.

KIMO
(to Fly)
I didn't hurt Funkis. He freaked
out.

FLY
Shut up. Let's get into the game
room.

Boone feels that his nose is only held up by the skin of
his nostrils.

Rawhide feels a gaping hole in the back of his shoulder
where his arm is completely dislocated.

OFFICER BOONE
Ya know, Kimo. Your sister was
the sweetest little whore the
Gingerbread House ever knew. Can
you believe that cock-trap didn't
want to swallow my baby gravy?
Practically had to force her head
onto my cock. One time she
resisted so hard that I think I
may have snatched out a patch of
her hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boone scoots against the wall just under the Bacardi clock and aims the shotgun at the bar.

FLY
Don't listen to him. He's just
mind-fucking you.

Kimo SNORTS as rage starts to brew.

OFFICER BOONE
Ah, hell, Kimo. I'm just twisting
your tits. I never held her head
down. She licked up and sucked
down every drop.

Rawhide ejects the clip from the AR-15, checks it and slaps it back in.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Hey, Boone, how much she charge
for that shit?

OFFICER BOONE
I don't know, Tommy. A couple
bucks maybe. That's all she was
worth.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
You cheap fuck. She was a tenner
for sure.

Rawhide struggles with is one good arm to lock and load.

FLY
Don't listen to their shit!

Kimo forces himself up and begins to hobble toward the Bacardi clock. He grips the Desert Eagle with every bit of rage he's got left.

KIMO
Nickle-plated wrath is comin' for
ya, boy! I've got a bullet for
every monstrosity that walks
Broken Faces!

Kimo pulls the Judge from behind his back.

KIMO (CONT'D)
Hear ye, hear ye! Court is in
session! The honorable Judge
Taurus presiding, motherfuckers!

Fly sees Kimo nearing the edge of the bar.

FLY
Wait!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eloise snatches up the keys and makes for the Green Door. Rawhide turns to her. Fly FIRES a shot at Rawhide, pinning him down.

Just as Kimo reveals himself over the bar, he sees Boone aiming right at his face--BLAM! Fly yanks Kimo back as the cop's shot grazes his face. Fly drags him toward the game room, but Rawhide FIRES at Fly and Kimo forcing them to make for the parking lot.

FLY (CONT'D)

Eloise, shut the door! Shut the door behind you!

Boone plops himself against the top of the bar and sees that they're gone. Boone motions for Rawhide to check out the opposite end of the bar.

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - STAIRCASE

Rawhide hears them struggle up the steps. Rawhide steps out, but a SHOT forces the cop to throw himself against the wall.

Boone comes up to him trying to hold his nose in place.

OFFICER BOONE

What the hell? Go after them.

Rawhide smooshes his right check together against his face.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

They'll see us coming, hombre.
Get back in the bar.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE - NIGHT

Fly tosses Kimo on the floor next to the fountain tree. He runs over to Valentine who's having contractions.

DIRTY NED

Fly! Do something here! She's bleeding a lot. More than you.

Fly is puzzled at first and then checks his torso. Fly sees blood dripping at his feet. He feels a series of cuts on his back.

FUNKIS

There's no exit wound, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRTY NED

You got wad up in you.

Fly tries to ignore it and tosses Funkis his cell.

FLY

Funkis, you with me? I want you to call Eloise and find out how we're gonna deliver this baby.

FUNKIS

Hey, man, I'm pretty jacked up here. I might have to sit this out.

FLY

Damn it, Funkis. She can probably help you too. Come on.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SPLATTERHOUSE FIVE - NIGHT

Eloise shivers from part cold and fear. She walks down the concrete steps to an old office with furniture dating back to the 40's. She takes a seat behind a desk as the chair makes a loud and annoying CREAK.

She takes a whiff and smells a strong odor. She looks over at the shelf near the steps seeing all the shelves full of pine oil, bleach and ammonia.

She turns to face the wall opposite the desk and sees a large metal locker with an industrial strength pad lock on it. It's labeled: "The Splatterhouse Five".

Her phone BLEEPS, startling her.

ELOISE

Yeah?

FUNKIS (O.S.)

Here.

FLY (O.S.)

Funkis, don't hand it to me. Relay what I've got here. She's bleeding bad. Gunshot to the chest.

ELOISE

Is she responsive? Does she know where she is? Does she know what's going on?

FUNKIS (O.S.)

Does she respond to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY (O.S.)
No. She's in and out of
consciousness.

ELOISE
You're going to have to deliver
the baby yourself. You're going
to have to cut it out of her. Do
you have anything that can double
as anaesthetic?

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Fly rummages through the cashier display case.

FLY
Dirty Ned, do you have any knives
around here?

DIRTY NED
This is a place for fuckin' not
killin'.

Fly picks up a small box of shurikens.

FLY
What're these then?

DIRTY NED
They're Japanese darts.

FUNKIS
Fly, she wants to know what we can
use as an anesthetic.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - BAR - NIGHT

Rawhide ROARS through clenched teeth while STAPLING the
flesh back to his face. He snatches up a bottle of booze
and GULPS.

He circles around to the bar stools picking up Eloise's
wallet and pocketing her license.

OFFICER BOONE (O.S.)
"If you gaze long into an abyss,
the abyss will gaze back into
you." Whatever the fuck that
means.

Rawhide walks toward the game room and snatches the S & M
fetish gas mask off the boar's head hanging over the door
frame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He notices the silhouette of keys inside the bloody mist.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
That's some Nietzsche shit for ya.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - REST ROOM

Rawhide leans against the door frame watching Boone sew his nose back together with dental floss.

OFFICER BOONE
Huh? What's that?

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Friedrich Nietzsche. "He who fights with monsters might take care lest he thereby become a monster. And if you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes also into you."

OFFICER BOONE
Over my head, Tommy. That's what is says here.

Boone taps a bloody knuckle against the mirror where someone graffitied the "abyss" quote. Blood keeps spilling onto his uniform.

OFFICER BOONE (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Boone strips off his shirt and Kevlar vest revealing a large black widow spider tattoo along the front of his upper torso. He snatches the booze from his partner and GULPS.

Rawhide's right arm just hangs to his side. Rawhide feels around his shoulder area.

OFFICER BOONE (CONT'D)
How's the arm?

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Dislocated maybe. I think part of the back of my shoulder bone blew off with the exit wound.

Rawhide's cheek has swelled up like a tennis ball. He pulls the gas mask over his face.

OFFICER BOONE
Why are you wearing that thing?

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Keeps my cheek from slapping around freely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rawhide grips the edge of the doorway with his bad arm. Then leans back a little as blood seeps from the wounds.

OFFICER BOONE
Gonna have a hard time explaining
this to the High Brass, Tommy.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
We'll figure it out. We always
do.

OFFICER BOONE
I hate having to think before
popping a round in someone like
Fly. I should be able to just,
"Bang! You're dead, fuckmeat!" Go
home, beat meat, sleep.

Rawhide winces in pain. He grabs his shoulder and starts to put pressure on it as the sound of bones GRIND together.

OFFICER BOONE (CONT'D)
We're cops for fuck sake.

Rawhide leans back a little further YELLING. Then his bone CRACKS and he falls against the toilet seat. He's able to lift his arm again.

OFFICER BOONE (CONT'D)
They should be fearing us!

OFFICER RAWHIDE
They will. Don't you worry about
that.

Boone pulls a thread from his nose revealing the sloppiest sewing job.

OFFICER BOONE
We've got the edge. They've got
more to lose. We can always burn
'em out. Foom. Set the joint on
fire and when they come out with
their hair ablaze--pop, pop, pop!

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Gonna have a hard time explaining
that after last Christmas. We got
outta that by the skin of our
teeth. No way we're living a
normal life after this.

OFFICER BOONE
Tommy, I'm sewing my nose together
with dental floss, do you think I
believe shit's ever gonna be
normal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER RAWHIDE

This is what I'm saying.

Rawhide looks around the corners of the rest room and doesn't see any cameras. He speaks with a quieter voice.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)

All the money the Gingerbread House makes is behind the Green Door.

OFFICER BOONE

That ain't the only thing that's behind the Green Door.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

On Christmas weekend, how much you think is down there? 3, maybe 500K?

OFFICER BOONE

About that much, I guess. But you know how The Warlock gets around thieves, Tommy.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

For fuck sake, Boone, he's got surveillance video of us lynching a woman in a bar. He's gonna own our asses for life. We can't just bust in there like Macho Man Week and snatch the tapes. He's got the joint fortified. We can hide from the city, but we can't hide from The Warlock.

Boone pokes the sewing needle back into his nose.

OFFICER BOONE

We don't got the keys.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

We'll get the good doctor to open the safe for us. The Warlock's got cameras down there too. Get her on tape absconding with the cash and who looks bad?

OFFICER BOONE

Fly and his uptown hair pie.

(beat)

You think she's gonna help us?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

She will if the place is burning down, hombre. Crackle, crackle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER BOONE
 Medicine and The Warlock are the
 only two with the combination
 right? Don't think Medicine's
 gonna tell us.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
 We'll just have to make him.

OFFICER BOONE
 You're gonna make 250 pounds of
 raw muscle and 30 years of bad
 attitude give us the combination?

Rawhide tilts his head to the side.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
 Yup.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE - NIGHT

Fly enters from Dirty Ned's kitchenette with a bottle of
 whiskey and a silver bowl full of random stuff. He hands
 Funkis the bottle.

FLY
 You're gonna have to make sure she
 drinks some of this.

FUNKIS
 Isn't that gonna mess up her kid?

FLY
 When I start slicing into her
 stomach with this shuriken, she's
 probably gonna wake up shrieking
 and go into shock.

FUNKIS
 I don't think I wanna do this,
 man.

Fly begins taking out the contents of the bowl: a cable
 remote, duct tape and Dirty Ned's cell phone.

FLY
 Funkis, I'm not fully versed on
 the deal you cut with Kimo. But
 it sounds like a good one. The
 Warlock ain't gonna let you just
 retire knowing all the stuff you
 know about his businesses. I know
 because I had to retire a few of
 his previous employees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FUNKIS

Who? Who'd you retire?

FLY

Remember Twenty Eyes? Black Creek McMann?

FUNKIS

Bullshit. Black Creek McMann retired to Miami.

FLY

I took him behind the Green Door. Liquefied his remains and poured him into the concrete. Right next to Twenty Eyes.

Fly cracks open Dirty Ned's cell taking out the receiver and speaker magnets.

FUNKIS

That's why you don't kill the skips. You're there to make sure we do our job. Then by all means you should be wasting me.

FLY

We came through the same Foster system, Funkis. I don't wanna see another one of us die under someone like The Warlock or Rawhead and Bloodybones. If you have a chance to get out, I wanna know you got out, but I don't wanna know where you went. Get me?

Fly jimmy-rigs the magnets to the remote and adheres the remote to a strip of duct tape stretching across the top of the bow.

FUNKIS

Yeah, man. I get you.

Funkis takes a huge gulp. He nods in approval.

FLY

When this is all over, don't write me, don't call don't even email me. I will find you. Because that's what I do and I'm damn good at it.

Fly changes the channel on the remote picking up different mobile phone calls.

FLY (CONT'D)

You wanna get outta this? Then you're gonna have to start carrying your own ass.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY (CONT'D)

Starting with getting that liquor into her system before they both die.

PANTING comes from the silver bowl. Fly listens. Kimo props himself up against the sofa.

KIMO

What the hell is that?

FLY

A cell phone interceptor. I haven't gotten a call from The Warlock since I was told to come down here. Which makes me wonder if Rawhead and Bloodybones were called in to clean house.

KIMO

What are they usually called in for?

FLY

To make an appearance, take care of some business and give the police a thumbs up. Usually.

Funkis cradles his stomach while forcing booze into Valentine's mouth.

MEDICINE (O.S.)

How am I gonna get over there? I'm trapped in the backseat.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (O.S.)

Just kick out the windows.

MEDICINE (O.S.)

With what? I've got one foot flopping around there.

Kimo forces himself up and limps toward Dirty Ned's bedroom area and stares out of the kitchenette window from the door frame. He sees Medicine's silhouette in the backseat of the police cruiser.

KIMO

What do they need him for?

FLY

They don't. Unless they need him to open the Green Door.

KIMO

He has a spare?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY

Nope. There are only two keys.
One here at the bar and one at the
Gingerbread House.

KIMO

Do they know that?

FLY

As a matter of fact they do.

KIMO

Maybe they should call The Warlock
down here and open the joint up.

FLY

He wouldn't come down anyway.
It'd be one of the others. And
since he knows you're here, he's
definitely not making an
appearance.

KIMO

But still, why ain't they calling
someone down?

Fly thinks about it for a moment or two.

FLY

Him and The Warlock are the only
two who actually know the
combination of the safe.

KIMO

You suspect they're gonna rob the
joint?

FLY

They're gonna have to explain a
lot to the High Brass.

KIMO

You really think Rawhead and
Bloodybones would pull a swindle
on The Warlock?

Fly peels off his jacket and turns to pick up the
sledgehammer.

FLY

If Rawhead or Bloodybones attempt
to go out to that cruiser blast
'em. Don't let them near it. And
keep an ear out for cell chatter.

KIMO

I ain't got a problem with that.

EXT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Fly hurries over to Funkis's apartment.

INT. FUNKIS'S PLACE - BATHROOM

Fly hops over the sofa, knocking over a hula table lamp, making for the bathroom and begins to HAMMER AWAY at the bathroom floor.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SPLATTERHOUSE FIVE

Eloise watches the fluorescent lights flicker with the POUNDING.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - NIGHT

Boone walks out of the kitchen and pushes a case of Bacardi 151 rum onto the bar with an assortment of other flammable products. The hammering is just barely audible as Rawhide enters.

OFFICER BOONE

You hear that?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Hear what? We just went through an exchange of 200 decibels of gunfire and you think I can hear what exactly?

(beat)

Now look, the only view they have of the cruiser is Dirty Ned's kitchenette just above the south end door way there. If you see any one of those fuckers up there, just blast away. Chu-chak, boom, chu-chak, boom and I'll snatch up Medicine and drag him back in here. It's cake right?

OFFICER BOONE

Whatever you do, don't look up at the window. Old Kimo probably wants to see your face.

Boone hands Rawhide the keys.

CONTINUED:

KIMO
Show me those beaming red eyes,
Rawhead.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Rawhide is only within steps of the cruiser when something gets his attention. The HAMMERING. He looks toward the staircase. He sees the last few steps of the staircase, but not the doors to the units themselves. He thinks about it for a moment.

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SOUTHSIDE DOOR

Boone takes another cautious step away from the doorway and the Christmas light pattern shifts revealing Kimo holding the rifle.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Still thinking about the hammering, Rawhide opens the back door on the cruiser just as a realization strikes him like a bolt of lightning.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Oh shit!

CRACK! ZIP! Rawhide ducks behind the door as the back door window SHATTERS. He returns FIRE.

Boone BLASTS AWAY at the kitchenette window.

INT. DIRTY NED'S - KITCHENETTE

Kimo rolls up onto the counter trying to yank on the rifle bolt while Boone continues to BLAST the shotgun.

INT. FUNKIS'S PLACE - BATHROOM

Fly drops the sledgehammer whipping out his pistol. He runs to the doorway only seeing muzzle flashes across the parking lot.

EXT. STAIRCASE

Fly runs down the staircase and stops just before the last few steps and hops over the railing next to the garbage cans.

INT. CRUISER - BACKSEAT

Medicine is crouched in the back covering his head and crotch. Rawhide starts to pull Medicine out of the cruiser.

MEDICINE

What the fuck, man?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

For your own safety I need to you get your ass in the pub!

MEDICINE

What am I supposed to do? Hop?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

If that's what you gotta do then do it! Do it, motherfucker!

MEDICINE

You watch that "motherfucker" shit!

Medicine shoves Rawhide out of the way and begins to hop toward the bar with his one foot flopping around loose.

Rawhide FIRES at the kitchenette window just as a shot POPS through the door taking out his knee. Rawhide buckles, but FIRES back. He makes his way into the driver's seat.

INT. DIRTY NED'S - KITCHENETTE

Boone's SHOTGUN BLASTS bust through the floor and the ceiling directly above indicating to Kimo where the cop is positioned. Kimo struggles with the bolt and ejects and shell and FIRES a shot into the floor of the kitchenette.

Kimo gets to a crouching position and jumps to the opposing counter where the sink is. He opens the door on the refrigerator for extra cover as the juices and food splatter everywhere from Rawhide's MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Boone is distracted by Fly running behind the bar. He FIRES at the wall of the game room forcing Fly back towards the garbage cans.

OFFICER BOONE

Come get some pepper, Fly! Lemme show you how you're gonna die!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Taking cover behind the wall, Fly opens the chamber letting the shells fall out. And speed-loads his revolver.

OFFICER BOONE (CONT'D)
You know I got more bullets than you.

FLY
Only one will get the job done.

Medicine flops onto the floor panting.

MEDICINE
Ah shit. Fuckin' Christmas in Baghdad!

FLY
Medicine, you can't trust those cops!

MEDICINE
What's goin' on?

OFFICER BOONE
Word came down from The Warlock that one of your own is about ready to take off with the money behind the Green Door.

FLY
Bullshit, Medicine!

OFFICER BOONE
Think about it, man. Was he supposed to be on the clock today? He brain-fucked you into giving him the keys.

FLY
The Warlock called me in because Funkis didn't check in after he went to see Kimo.

OFFICER BOONE
You ever find Funkis? You know that's because they're all in it together.

MEDICINE
Someone give me a damn gun!

Boone tosses Medicine his service Beretta.

OFFICER BOONE
All three of them are in on this! They know the kind of money that comes in here at the end of the night!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY
 Medicine, they're using you to get
 to the safe! They know you know
 the combination!

Medicine struggles with who to aim at.

OFFICER BOONE
 Yeah, and who has the keys? And I
 tell ya what, Medicine. If The
 Warlock finds out that you helped
 him and his buddies get away with
 his money, you can kiss you life
 good-bye.

Medicine gulps and aims the Berreta at the corner where
 Fly's hiding.

MEDICINE
 (to Fly)
 You didn't give me a gun when I
 asked for it. And you're the new
 guy here. I've known these
 cocksuckers since I was 16.

Fly just shakes his head in defeat. He winces in pain as
 his blood drips in the snow. He just inches his way
 toward the parking lot and peeks around the corner.

INT. CRUISER

Ducking behind the dash, Rawhide thrusts the key into the
 ignition and turns over the motor.

The cruiser speeds toward the Southside door.

Fly heads back up to Dirty Ned's.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE - NIGHT

Fly enters putting away his revolver.

FLY
 How is she?

FUNKIS
 How long does she have to keep
 doing this?

FLY
 How long does it take you to get
 drunk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FUNKIS
Two hours. But I'm a big man.

FLY
Keep at it. I'll be back in a
minute.

DIRTY NED
You all right, man? You're
lookin' pale.

Fly scoops up his cell off the counter and heads to the kitchenette.

INT. DIRTY NED'S - KITCHENETTE

Fly walks in seeing Kimo on the counter cradling his weapon.

FLY
They got Medicine.

KIMO
Shit.

FLY
We've gotta find a way to keep the
cold out. We need to keep this
place warm until we can get that
baby out of here.

Fly speed dials.

SPLITSCREEN:

INT. SPLATTERHOUSE FIVE/DIRTY NED'S

Eloise answers her phone.

ELOISE
How is she?

FLY
We're working on her anaesthetic.
I say another 15 minutes and we
should get to it.

Eloise examines the metal locker.

ELOISE
Make sure whatever blade you are
cutting with is sterilized and razor
sharp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY
Got it covered.

ELOISE
You are going to have to cauterize
as you cut. You are going to have
to cut through lots of tissue.

FLY
Got it.

ELOISE
Good.

FLY
How are you holding up, sweetie?

ELOISE
I think the ceiling's caving in.

FLY
That was me. Sorry about that.
You have the only keys to the
place. You'll be able to get out,
but more importantly, they won't
be able to get in. So, you're
safe down there for the moment.

There's a beat between them. To Fly she's unusually
quiet.

FLY (CONT'D)
I don't know if you've noticed the
locker down there...

ELOISE
It's staring right at me.

FLY
Well, if anything goes down, I
want you to reach in there and
grab the first thing you see.

Eloise walks over to the locker.

ELOISE
The Splatterhouse Five?

FLY
Yeah, well, Medicine's got an odd
sense of humor.

She unlocks the locker seeing five shimmering blades of
scary proportions.

ELOISE
These aren't carpentry tools are
they?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELOISE (CONT'D)

Everything seems to be up to
health code standards I must say.
Is this what you do?

She's both disappointed and sickened by the devices she
sees.

FLY

I'm a skiptracer. It's like a
bounty hunter.

ELOISE

What's the difference?

FLY

A bounty hunter seeks out bail
jumpers I suppose for some
judicial pat on the head. I'm
paid to find people. I happen to
be pretty good at that.

ELOISE

But you've never used these
devices in this room on people
right?

He doesn't answer as a tear rolls down her cheeks.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

Because you know how I feel about
this stuff. I don't even like
watching those horror movies you
enjoy so much.

FLY

There are interesting moral fables
in there. I enjoy the drama of it
all.

ELOISE

They're lullabies for demons.

Fly smiles hearing the levity in her voice.

FLY

Believe me, sweetie, some people
aren't worth saving. Some people
can't be reformed. Sometimes you
have to be a monster to slay the
monster.

ELOISE

I understand your cynical view on
life. I get that. I do. I can't
say what kind of person I would be
if I walked in your shoes.

Fly GRUNTS while feeling around his abdominal area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELOISE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

He walks into the bathroom pulling back his shirt seeing his back has swelled with several small lacerations.

FLY
I've got some scratches. I thought it was a shot wad, but it looks like shrapnel damage.

Eloise holds up Medicine's keys seeing the red mist on them.

ELOISE
Is the pain central to the entry points?

FLY
I feel like it's in different parts of my stomach.

ELOISE
Do you feel queasy? Like you're going to vomit?

FLY
Yeah.

ELOISE
You could have kidney damage. Possibly liver as well. Sounds like the debris has embedded itself into your body and possibly cutting up your insides. The best thing is to not move unless you have to.

Fly's mouth fills with vomit. He spits it out.

FLY
I'll try.

END SPLITSCREEN SERIES:

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - BAR - NIGHT

Medicine drags a cancer stick while taking in how messed up the two cops look. Boone feels the stitches on his nose have come loose.

OFFICER BOONE
God damn it! I feel like a muppet's growing out of my nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDICINE

What happened to you guys?

Boone picks up the staple gun and STAPLES his nose back on.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

I tripped and he cut himself shaving.

MEDICINE

Told ya not to mess with Fly. He's 11 Bang-bang like a motherfucker.

OFFICER BOONE

What the hell's that?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

11 Bravo. The military occupation code for infantry.

Blood trickles out of a bullet hole in the snout of Rawhide's gas mask.

MEDICINE

Welcome to Brimstone's.

Medicine points at the case of 151.

MEDICINE (CONT'D)

More importantly what the fuck's my hooch doin' all boxed up like that?

OFFICER RAWHIDE

I suspect your buddy was either gonna take off with it all or he was gonna burn the place down.

MEDICINE

Some folks you can't figure. You bring 'em in from outta the cold, give 'em a little cash that ain't easy to come by and they turn around and screw you.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Some people don't live by any code at all.

Boone goes to the trunk of the cruiser pulling out a circular saw, road emergency kit and a bullhorn.

MEDICINE

What I don't figure is how was Fly gonna get into the safe? I'm the only one here with the combo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Maybe Santa's a safe cracker.

MEDICINE
Maybe. But he's still gotta get
past the security system.

OFFICER BOONE
I thought The Warlock didn't trust
high tech systems.

MEDICINE
Not for the shit he really wants
to protect. If he really wants
something safe, he'd feed the
snakes. If someone wants in the
safe, they gotta reach into a
serpentarium full of diamondbacks.
They'll probably get what they
want, but only for about two
steps.

OFFICER BOONE
No shit. Diamondbacks, uh?

MEDICINE
You don't like snakes?

OFFICER BOONE
Fuck no.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
How do you circumvent the security
system?

MEDICINE
Very carefully.

Medicine pats around for his phone.

MEDICINE (CONT'D)
Let me use your phone real quick.
Wanna call The Warlock. He can
double check the tapes so I can
get some idea of what's going on
around here.

Rawhide and Boone excuse a look.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Sure.

Rawhide hands his phone to Medicine.

MEDICINE
Kimo and Fly? This makes about as
much sense as dehydrated water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Why do you say that?

MEDICINE

Kimo's the one who killed Fly's parents.

OFFICER BOONE

Well, shit meet fan.

MEDICINE

You won't find this on any official report. As the story was told to me young Officer Kimo and his senior partner go to check out a disturbance call. And this is in a punk-friendly part of town. They lived in a broken down apartment. Kimo and his partner step into a place that's lit by candles. Fly's parents weren't real big on paying the electricity bill.

OFFICER BOONE

How do you play rock and roll without electricity?

MEDICINE

Times get tough sometimes. Anyway, the parents were screaming at each other and probably because of just that. Kimo tried to calm them down, but no one can see each other real good. Kimo sees Fly's daddy pull out something and-- blam! Turns out all that he had in his hand was a candle stick. Kimo tries to explain that it was an accident, but the police bureau were already under fire for cops mistakenly shooting civilians at the time. They couldn't take the bad publicity. So, they rigged that shit Johnny Thunders style. Made it look as though they were killed by a junkie. The police bureau waited until someone complained about the stink. When the cops returned four days later, they found flies swarming all over the place and a nine year-old boy standing there looking at his parents stuffed under the coffee table. Four days that kid stood there. Malnourished all to hell. They say he can't remember anything about that incident or before. That's what was told to me and now what I'm tellin' you.

OFFICER BOONE

Ain't that some shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER RAWHIDE
How do you know this story?

MEDICINE
I work for The Warlock, man.
Believe it or not, Fly and The
Warlock go back a ways.

Medicine points the phone at Rawhide and dials. Boone reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a cell phone jammer.

MEDICINE (CONT'D)
(on phone)
"What the fuck's going on?" Yeah,
that's what I'm trying to find
out! I need you to check the
tapes--

Boone presses the button on the jammer.

MEDICINE (CONT'D)
Hello? Hey?

Medicine looks at the phone: "No Network".

MEDICINE (CONT'D)
It's dead, man.

Medicine looks at Rawhide for a hard second.

MEDICINE (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Medicine looks around at the cops' hands.

OFFICER BOONE
What's the matter?

Medicine struggles to his feet and slaps Boone in his breast pocket.

MEDICINE
Do you have a jammer? Are you
fucking with me in some way?

Boone grabs his baton and choke-holds Medicine.

Rawhide flips open a butterfly knife and SLASHES
Medicine's right eyeball.

Medicine's head BUSTS Boone square in the mouth SNAPPING
OUT his upper and lower front teeth. Medicine stands
lifting Boone off the ground while the cop continues with
his choke hold. Boone wraps his legs around his waist
while putting more pressure on Medicine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Medicine struggles for a breath and stumbles to his knees.

Rawhide hops over the bar.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
What's the combination to the safe? Or I'll slash your other eye.

Medicine forces his middle finger up.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
We're trying to ensure The Warlock's investment here and if we have to get that money out of his safe, then that's what we gotta do.

MEDICINE
The safe is fireproof, you lyin' sack of shit!

OFFICER RAWHIDE
When this place goes down in flames, who's gonna be all over the place but the cops. And all that money will be locked up in the evidence room. And you know how easy shit gets lost there. I don't think The Warlock will appreciate you losin' all his Christmas cash. In fact, you'll wish we woulda killed you.

Rawhide pours some booze into Medicine's eyes. Medicine thrusts his palm into his eye socket and struggles to say...

MEDICINE
Fuuuuuu--

Rawhide puts his knee on his chest and rests the blade close to his left eye.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
You sure you wanna go there, son?

MEDICINE
Fuck you!

OFFICER BOONE
Hold up. I got an idea.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE - NIGHT

Fly tucks a blanket under Valentine's shivering legs.

FLY
Funkis, do me a solid and switch
out her bandages.

FUNKIS
What about her handcuffs?

FLY
(to Kimo)
Where are the keys?

Kimo searches his pockets, but can't find them.

KIMO
Shit. I don't know. I mighta
dropped 'em in the bar.

FLY
I don't suppose you have a
hacksaw, Dirty Ned.

DIRTY NED
Under the kitchen sink.

FUNKIS
I'll get it.

Funkis heads off to the kitchen.

KIMO
You seem to have your shit
together. How's a nice, young man
like yourself get to working for a
guy like The Warlock?

FLY
No one else was hiring.

Fly opens the box of shurikens. He lights a butane lighter and begins to sterilize the shurikens. He drops them in a bowl of rubbing alcohol.

KIMO
But you can't just walk up to The
Warlock and fill out an
application.

FLY
I knew him from my orphanage days.
It was around that time the mills
closed down and cops like Rawhead
and Bloodybones started running
the streets.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY (CONT'D)

The orphanage had us doing mandatory volunteer work helping out the elderly and handicapped. One day I had to help this dude with cerebral palsy do his grocery shopping. He was harassed by these two cops. I helped him out of a jam. Out of gratitude he said if I ever needed a job, to give him a call. Never thought I had to. So, I went ahead and joined the Army.

KIMO

You sayin' The Warlock is some cripple?

FLY

His brain functions just fine. It's just that his body doesn't always do what his brain wants.

KIMO

The cocksucker that killed my sister and niece is some flippin' retard?

FLY

He's not a retard. What makes all this shit confusing is that he doesn't go out and kill people. My guess is something went wrong between The Warlock and Rawhead and Bloodybones. There was some mix-up. There had to have been.

Kimo has to think about it.

KIMO

You got out. You beat the system. Why'd you come back?

Fly tosses a shuriken into the bowl and sterilizes another one.

FLY

In my naiveté, somehow I thought I could return and find out what happened to my parents the first nine years of my life. Spent a lot of time paying off desk clerks, doctors, lawyers with my hard-earned combat pay and hardluck stories until I just ran out of money. Just got stuck here all over again. Then one day, Medicine calls and says that if The Warlock could find out what happened to my parents with all his resources, would I come work for him?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY (CONT'D)

Needing some cash, I just wound up working for him anyway. This is where monsters come to die I guess.

The story gets Kimo's attention, but in a spooky way.

KIMO

Nine years-old you say? That was what, twenty years ago?

FLY

Twenty-four.

Kimo GULPS and shifts his eyes around. Fly catches this.

FLY (CONT'D)

What's that?

Fly tosses another shuriken into the bowl and picking up another.

KIMO

Huh?

FLY

That spooked look you got on your face.

Kimo just shakes his head and starts HUMMING the Johnny Thunders tune. Fly knows the song, but can't quite place it.

FLY (CONT'D)

(singing quietly)
"You're just a bastard kid / And you got no name..."

Kimo stops humming and walks toward the window.

EXT. CRUISER - NIGHT

The police cruiser is parked up onto the sidewalk. Rawhide sits in the vehicle's passenger side while Eloise's picture and record pop up on the mobile data terminal.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Well, piss on me. Doctor Eloise Reed. Shame, shame. Wearin' that black flag proudly I see.

He shakes his head and makes for the bar.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Boone examines his lip that's swelled up on one side and missing front teeth.

OFFICER BOONE
 Man. I look like those evil
 Elvises from that one "Twilight
 Zone" episode. Remember? The one
 with the hot chick who was
 surrounded by those duck-billed
 creatures?

OFFICER RAWHIDE
 I don't watch that shit.

Medicine is tied up with the BlueWater to a chair with his hands bound against the table with electrical tape. Boone grabs a bottle of booze and SPLASHES it into Medicine's eye. Medicine SCREAMS out in excruciating pain.

OFFICER BOONE
 Wake up, cyclops.

Boone forces Medicine's left eye open. Rawhide holds a circular saw. Medicine's head twitches uncontrollably.

OFFICER BOONE (CONT'D)
 Quit moving!

But Medicine's head just keeps on twitching.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
 I cut him pretty deep. Cut
 through to his optic nerve. Must
 be kicking him in the back of his
 brain.

Rawhide leans over Medicine's shoulder while blood trickles out of his gas mask.

OFFICER BOONE
 What's the combination to the
 safe, good son?

Medicine's teeth gnash while his head still twitches. Rawhide gives the circular saw a good REV.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
 Vroom, vroom, vroom! Reviews on
 this 28-volt lithium-ion-powered
 circular saw say it has as much
 power as a corded saw and can cut
 through chains so thick not even
 bolt cutters can get through. I
 bought this for a little over
 \$400. Then I found it at a
 discount store the following
 week... \$50 cheaper.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)

Man, was I pissed. Funny thing
is, I never had chance to use it.
The job has us pretty busy.

Medicine looks down at his fingers individually tape down
to the table.

MEDICINE

More dirty cops. Ain't there
anything lower than that? I wanna
know.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Know what pisses me off? My
profession wouldn't exist if it
weren't for crooks like you.

MEDICINE

You Republicans. No one was ever
robbed or raped. We just offer
services that cater to people's
vices.

OFFICER BOONE

Don't gimme that crap! What about
all those people that just up and
disappeared?

MEDICINE

We deal with our own people with
our own brand of justice.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Know what makes me sick about you,
hoss?

MEDICINE

Just tell me.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

To be as good as I am at my job, I
have to break just about every
commandment in the book. I have
to think and talk just like you in
order to be a great cop.
Otherwise I'd have to Barney Fife
my way through the system--
blissfully ignorant.

OFFICER BOONE

Know what that is? Nietzsche.
That's some Nietzsche shit for ya
there.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

That's right, hombre.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDICINE

(chuckles)

You're so far off the reservation that you don't know where you stand anymore. You're in this bullshit now because you gotta take things too far! No one told you to kill that young mother and her baby! You were supposed to hold Kimo so Fly could confront his parents' killer! That was the deal!

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Bullshit. Fly didn't start working for The Warlock until this year.

MEDICINE

When a solider boy comes home throwing money around to track down his parents, word gets around.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

How about the combination, hoss?

Rawhide REVS the saw and brings the saw close to Medicine's fingers.

OFFICER BOONE

This little piggy went to
Brimstone's!

The saw CHEWS through the table top, cutting through Medicine's index finger, middle finger, ring finger...
Medicine SCREAMS in AGONY while Boone GUFFAWS.

Rawhide tosses his head around to jettison the blood that formed inside his mask. With the gas mask, his head looks like a boar tearing through a carcass.

MEDICINE

Thirteen!

OFFICER RAWHIDE

I can't hear ya! I'm havin'
Saturday night of a time!

MEDICINE

13-7-20-1-5!

OFFICER RAWHIDE

(to Boone)
You get that?

OFFICER BOONE

Yep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDICINE

We're gonna find you! You know
we're gonna find you! We're gonna
cement you right next to Twenty
Eyes!

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Tsk, tsk, tsk. Where's your
loyalty? Just lop off a couple
digits and you're just givin' it
up like a \$25 whore.

Medicine lets out twisted and contorted laugh through the
excruciating pain.

MEDICINE

It's for my own satisfaction
knowing you're gonna get into the
safe.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

How you figure?

MEDICINE

It's not like you're not gonna
cork me anyway. I wanna know
you're gonna have that money in
your hand thinkin' you're gonna
get away with it all. When one of
those beautes nips ya, you're
gonna have an hour to fantasize
about your booty. The only place
you're gonna go is the ER and good
luck explainin' that story. But
no matter where ya go, we're gonna
find you. We always--

Rawhide RUNS the saw across Medicine's forehead.
Medicine's head kicks back with his eyes rolling back
into his head.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

To sleigh the beast, ya gotta be
the fuckin' beast!

OFFICER BOONE

Wait. Did he say twenty and then
one? Or twenty-one?

Rawhide tilts his head to the side.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Shee-it.

Rawhide picks up a bottle of 151 from the case and flings
it against the jukebox.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE - NIGHT

Kimo and Fly listen to the cops smashing bottles downstairs.

Fly leans over Funkis who's still force feeding Valentine. Dirty Ned cradles Valentine's head with one hand on her stomach. He smiles.

DIRTY NED

She kicked!

He smiles like a proud father through is leather fetish mask.

FLY

Alright, man. Let's get it on.

FUNKIS

"Let's get it on"? Hell, man, give me some time to prepare.

FLY

We don't have time to wait for you to compartmentalize everything. She's handcuffed to the pipes and Rawhead and Bloodybones are about to light this place up.

FUNKIS

What? How do you know?

FLY

They've got a case full of flammable products sitting on the bar.

Fly pumps a bottle of Coochy Shave Creme into his hand and applies it to Valentine's pubic area.

DIRTY NED

What the fuck you doin', cocksucker?

FLY

I gotta shave the area because this is where I'm gonna cut.

DIRTY NED

I'll do it!

Dirty Ned struggles to stand, but blood keeps spilling out of his wounds.

KIMO

(to Dirty Ned)

Hey, you got some balls to snip, Neuter Ned!

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SPLATTERHOUSE FIVE

Eloise speed dials Fly's number again, but gets nothing. A land line phone RINGS from somewhere. She looks around for it which leads her to a small room that's set up with an old school electric chair. A pungent smell hits her right in the nose making her gag. But she finds the phone on the wall. She picks up the receiver while cupping her nose and mouth.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (O.S.)

Stinks down there, don't it?
There's not a damn thing you can do about it though. No matter what you clean it with, the smell just lingers. The stink just rolls back into your throat and wells up the eyes. Even long after you've left, the stink just follows. They say it's the souls that have died down there. If you look on the floor at the door way, you can see some stains.

Eloise looks on the floor seeing some splatter marks.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's where the eyes popped out. We used to bet which would pop farther. The left or the right. I suppose you'd be happy to know that I lost most of those bets.

Eloise cups her hand harder around her mouth. Tears crawl over the back of her knuckles.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Tell ya what? I can get you out of there. All you gotta do is open the door. What do ya say?

Eloise doesn't answer and is about to hang up.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know about you, Dr. Black Flag. Looked you up on the MDT. Gotta say. You've got an interesting, little history.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - BAR

Rawhide sits at the bar, cradling the phone between his ear and shoulder. He takes a sip of bourbon through the mask's drinking receptacle.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

You have an interesting knack for finding trouble. Someone in high places must like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boone SMASHES another bottle of 151 against the Green Door.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)

But it looks like you've really backed yourself into a corner this time. Aiding and abetting known criminals. Practicing medicine with a revoked license. The fryer you just crawled out of just landed you in the fire. I hate to see someone as accomplished as you burn up like this.

Boone knocks back a drink of bourbon. He lets out a HOWL and then flings the bottle into the bathroom.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)

I've gotta say though, my heart goes out to your biological situation. P.O.F. is just a nasty thing altogether. And shame on that rotten to-be ex-husband of yours for wanting to divorce such sweet piece like yourself just because she can't have babies. I guess you really ruined his dreams of a Norman Rockwell doctor-lawyer household. Or was it because you lost your license and couldn't sign any more scrips for his pill addiction? Nasty thing that addiction. It takes everybody down with them.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SPLATTERHOUSE FIVE

Eloise SMASHES the receiver against the phone.

ELOISE

What do you want from me?

OFFICER RAWHIDE (O.S.)

Hey, don't take all this so hard. A little reminder where people come humanizes folks.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - BAR

Rawhide holds up a scrap of paper showing the combination.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Tell you what. I'm gonna give you a set of numbers. I want you to write them down if you have to.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE - NIGHT

Fly hovers his shuriken over a butane lighter. He brings the shuriken close to Valentine and begins to slice across her bikini line. Kimo and Funkis look away.

FLY
Funkis, I'm gonna need your help here.

Funkis winces in disgust, but kneels down anyway. Fly's hand trembles while trying to make the cut.

FUNKIS
What do you need, man?

FLY
I need you to heat up the shurikens. I need them hot so I can cauterize the skin as I cut.

Blood starts to spill out of Fly's incision. Valentine starts to twitch in her lethargy.

FLY (CONT'D)
Keep her calm, Dirty Ned.

DIRTY NED
Yeah.

Dirty Ned consoles her hand as her fingers twitch.

DIRTY NED (CONT'D)
Hang in there, baby.

With the back of his wrist, Fly wipes some sweat away from his divot leaving a bloody streak across his mouth.

Kimo just stands there watching these criminals ignoring their own wounds to deliver a baby.

KIMO
I'll be damned.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SPLATTERHOUSE FIVE - NIGHT

Eloise walks behind the electric chair, opening a door to a small room with a serpentarium full of 13 diamondback snakes. She approaches the serpentarium with great caution.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SERPENTARIUM

She kneels down in front of the serpentarium to open the cabinet revealing rubber gloves and containers of Snake-a-Way. She's eye level with the serpentarium when a diamondback raises its head from hibernation. It RATTLES its tail waking up the others.

It lunges for her, but beats itself against the glass squirting venom. Startled, she falls to her ass as the other snakes become agitated and one by one their tails RATTLE.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Rawhide and Boone casually sit on the billiard table staring at the Green Door. The bar begins to fill up with smoke. Boone takes a sip of bourbon.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE - NIGHT

The smoke detectors CHIRP.

FLY
Kimo, get to work on those
handcuffs!

Kimo starts sawing away on the cuffs.

KIMO
The blade's already dull.

FUNKIS
Why don't we just blast 'em off?

FLY
We will if we have to, but we're
down to a handful of bullets and
we're gonna need them to blast our
way outta this if we get this baby
delivered.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SERPENTARIUM - NIGHT

Eloise puts on the gloves and rubs them together with Snake-a-way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She climbs onto the top of the glass encasement looking directly down into the serpentarium. She sees a couple heads sneaking into the shadows of the shrubs.

She sees a small circle of stones in the center of the snake encasement seeing the combination dial. She mouths the combination to herself repeatedly.

There's a small glass handle located just above the circle of stones. She reaches in as the snakes begin to squirm and prepare to strike. She spins the dial to the first number.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Rawhide picks up the bullhorn.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

Hear ye, hear ye, to all the fine denizens of Brimstone's Pub. Let it be known that we've done everything in our power to resolve this issue with as little bloodshed as possible.

Rawhide slips off the billiard table and paces around the table while sipping his drink.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)

Of course, to our under estimation, this pickle turned into a marvelous, blood-soaked folly. And take heed, people, it will get a whole lot worse. Once the first drop of blood is spilled, there's typically more to follow. The bullets are like odds in our favor.

The flames crawl up the liquor shelf behind the bar shattering bottles. Rawhide takes another sip of his drink.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)

Fly. Our resident soldier boy. Our hero in fact. Who braved the fire storms of the war through all four seasons. Brought fury upon our enemies in the desert to retain the ferocity of the American way. To prove to those fuck-minded individuals, you don't fuck with America!

Boone CLAPS his hands and lets out a HOWL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rawhide blows the blood out of the mask's filters. It bubbles and dribbles across his chest like a wild boar chowing down on a fresh kill.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)

So, I ask. Would it even be possible for heroes like Fly to exist without the architect of such malevolence? I'm referring to of course our Officer Kimo.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SERPENTARIUM - NIGHT

Eloise spins the dial to 20 and then 5 and tries to open the safe, but it won't budge. She's startled by the movements coming from a bush close by. She quickly retracts her arm, slamming the serpentarium hatch closed. The snake strikes again smacking its head against the glass.

She's terrified and sees that all the snakes are watching her. There's no way they're going to let her open that hatch again.

She looks at her cell and puts it on vibrate, dials 911 and hangs up.

She waits a moment. Partially to build up her nerve.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

911, what's your emergency?
Hello?

She slides the phone across the glass toward the edge of the serpentarium as it VIBRATES and CLATTERS against the glass. The snakes go chasing after the cell while she opens the hatch and spins the dial on the combo again.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dr. Eloise Reed? Are you there, ma'am? If you are unable to speak can you push the buttons on your mobile phone?

The snakes no longer seem interested in the phone. A couple of them slither back towards her as his spins the dial to 20, 1 and then 5--opening the safe.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE - NIGHT

Fly reaches into Valentine's uterus while the place fills with smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kimo grinds his teeth while he hacksaw sparks against the handcuff chain.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (O.S.)
Let me tell you what I know about
then Officer Kimo.

KIMO
Shut up.

FLY
I feel the head! Funkis, get me
the towel.

Dirty Ned inhales through his teeth as he tries to peek over Valentine's belly.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (O.S.)
20-plus years ago Officer Kimo and
his partner answered a call
leaving a nine year-old boy
orphaned.

Valentine's eyes flip open. She sits up SCREAMING and PUNCHES Kimo in the face. She grabs Fly by the tie and HEAD-BUTTS him. A BABY GIRL slides out of her uterus, along her thigh onto the floor. Funkis scoops it up into the towel while his own guts spill out.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's right, Fly. The man who
killed your mommy and daddy and
made you the man you are today is
standing right there. There he is
with his head on a platter. Don't
say I never gave ya anything.

Kimo is still struggling with the hacksaw.

Fly yanks his tie away from Valentine's grip and sprints out the door.

FLY
(to Kimo)
Get everyone out of here!

INT. FUNKIS'S PLACE

Fly rushes back into Funkis's place, picks up the sledge hammer and POUNDS away at the floor. The more he strikes, the more the blood drips from his body.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SERPENTARIUM - NIGHT

Eloise slams the hatch to the serpentarium shut just as she pulls out the last stack of money.

She grabs her cell and climbs down from the serpentarium and drops the money in a plastic vat. As she walks out of the place, she sees there's a camera staring down at her from just above the doorway.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SPLATTERHOUSE FIVE

She walks toward the steps to the Green Door when suddenly the ceiling caves in. Concrete and brick topple to her feet.

Fly lowers the sledgehammer.

FLY
Grab the hammer!

ELOISE
What about the money?

FLY
Forget it! Just grab the hammer.

ELOISE
Do you know what I had to do to get this?

She tries to reach for the hammer but it's an inch too far. She begins to stack large pieces of brick.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - GAME ROOM

Rawhide has his ears pressed against the Green Door. Rawhide raises the AR-15 and FIRES at a 45-degree angle through the ceiling.

Boone grabs the shotgun and exits.

INT. FUNKIS'S PLACE

Rawhide's bullet SPIT through the floor next to Fly. He takes cover while Eloise's fingertips scrape against the hammer.

FLY
You're gonna have to drop the money!

She places the money on the shelf next to the pine oil.

EXT. STAIRCASE

Boone trots up the stairs coming face to face with Kimo. But Boone is quick on the draw and FIRES hitting Kimo right in the chest forcing him to his back.

Boone rushes for Funkis's place.

INT. FUNKIS'S PLACE - BATHROOM

From the corner of his eye, Fly sees Boone enter aiming. Fly drops to his ass kicking the door shut as a SHOT busts through the door. Fly whips out his revolver and FIRES through the hole hitting Boone in his right lung.

Boone goes down, hiding behind the sofa.

OFFICER BOONE (O.S.)
Just have her toss up the money
and we'll let her go!

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Rawhide rushes out of the Southside door starting up the cruiser, backing into the parking lot and SMASHING UP the bottom part of the staircase pushing the garbage cans into the bar.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Kimo sits up with his chest steaming from Boone's shotgun fire. He looks back at the Valentine with her uterus slit open and blood dripping out and her wrist still handcuffed to the pipe.

He stands up stripping off his jacket, shirt and ultimately his Kevlar vest. He wraps the vest in a towel and drops it in front of Dirty Ned.

KIMO
Put the baby in that.

Dirty Ned puts the baby in the vest.

Kimo looks over to Funkis who's looking down in part shame and finality.

KIMO (CONT'D)
Hey, man. Want your money?

FUNKIS
I'm done, man. I'm gonna burn up
right here. I'm done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Funkis hands Kimo the keys to his Lincoln. Kimo just nods his head.

KIMO
Rest in peace, my man.

Kimo pulls the hammer back on the revolver until the chamber rolls over to "Dirty Ned". He positions the pistol in front of Valentine's handcuffs and SHOTS.

Kimo picks up the needle and dental floss.

KIMO (CONT'D)
You sew her up while I hold 'em off. There's a Lincoln Continental parked in an alley at the end of this street. If we get outta this you get your family outta town. You hear me, right?

Dirty Ned nods vigorously.

Kimo picks up the rifle and the revolver and kisses each barrel.

KIMO (CONT'D)
Let this rock roll.

Flames start to chew through the floor of the kitchenette. Smoke flows through the place like a hurricane.

Kimo runs to the front door seeing Rawhide FIRING from the cruiser. Kimo ducks avoiding Rawhide's GUNFIRE.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Rawhide hops over the roof of the cruiser, sliding down the rear window and off the trunk. He yanks the trunk open pulling out a 25-foot binding chain.

INT. FUNKIS'S PLACE - BATHROOM

Fly picks up the porcelain lid from the toilet and props it against the door and his shoulder. He blindly FIRES a shot through the door.

Fly hears the structure start to CREAK. He sees a small window in Funkis's shower which leads to a two-story drop.

FLY
Baby, you gotta get up here. The whole place is gonna cave in on you down there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He empties out the chamber in his revolver and pulls out another speed loader. Boone FIRES a shot at Fly's porcelain shield. The porcelain SHATTERS near his face making him drop the speed loader into the basement.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SPLATTERHOUSE FIVE

Eloise sees the speed loader drop on the steps throwing the bullets all over the basement floor. She looks up seeing Fly grabbing his bloody face.

ELOISE

Fly!

Fly pushes the porcelain back against the door and lowers the sledgehammer down into the hole.

FLY

Please, baby!

Boone BLASTS another shot taking a chunk out of the toilet lid.

INT. FUNKIS'S PLACE - BATHROOM

Fly hears the CLICKING of dry-fire. He peers through the holes in the door. The knocked over hula lamp shows a shadow of Boone reloading shells.

FLY

Toss me up a bullet!

Eloise grabs a bullet and tosses it up to him. Fly catches it and scrambles to load it just as he sees Boone emerge from the sofa taking aim.

Fly slaps the chamber shut as Boone FIRES cutting the toilet lid in half and spitting chunks of porcelain deep into his face. Fly FIRES through the door. The bullet slips between the space in Boone's broken teeth--blood splatters against the wall behind him.

Boone staggers a bit grabbing the back of his jaw where the bullet exited.

FLY (CONT'D)

Hold on a minute, baby.

Fly drops down the pistol down to her. He jumps to his feet and rushes Boone who tries to steady his shotgun, but his hands are slippery with blood.

Both Fly and Boone go tumbling behind the sofa. The shotgun somersaults over to the wall.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SPLATTERHOUSE FIVE

Eloise jumps just as the Green Door THUMPS. She sees that the Green Door is being WRENCHED open. The whole place is starting to SHAKE.

She picks up the revolver and tries to load a bullet with her shaking hands.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Kimo takes a quick look out of the front door seeing the cruiser spinning out while pulling the binding chain.

The place starts to tilt, forcing Dirty Ned and Valentine against the wall.

INT. FUNKIS'S PLACE

Boone kicks Fly off of him. They both get to their feet taking a fighting stance. Boone locks his thumbs together pointing his bloody knuckles at Fly revealing the partial spider tattoos as one large Black Widow spider.

Fly just holds up his middle finger.

OFFICER BOONE

Dog eat dog.

The two rush each other with flying fists and martial art parrying. Boone lands a punch square across Fly's face. Fly jams his middle finger into the bullet hole in Boone's ribs.

Boone buckles immediately to his knees. Grabbing onto Fly's wrist. Fly just hooks his middle finger in there SNAPPING a rib.

Boone reaches around for his service Beretta. Fly presses the edge of his shoe against the cop's throat. Boone pulls out his Beretta, but Fly catches his wrist.

Boone punches Fly in the solar plexis with his free hand.

Boone struggles to get his finger near the trigger as the barrel points in the general direction of Fly's face. Fly presses his foot harder as Boone struggles to breathe. Boone FIRES a shot as the bullet grazes Fly's face taking a chunk out of his ear.

Fly tries to twist Boone's wrist to point the Beretta away when the whole place shifts, knocking them off balance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boone dives for the shotgun. He holds the weapon in one hand and his Beretta in the other. Boone smiles, revealing a gaping hole through his teeth.

Fly flings a bloody shuriken into Boone's throat. Blood spurts out as he drops his weapon. He falls to his knees, then face-first into the floor as blood just continues to pool.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - SPLATTERHOUSE FIVE - NIGHT

The Green Door is yanked off its hinges startling Eloise. She makes her way back down the steps. It isn't but a few moments before Rawhide arrives with his rifle at the ready.

He sees her cradling herself. She starts to kneel toward the floor.

ELOISE

Please.

The cop looks over on the pine oil shelf seeing the money in a vat. He lowers his rifle, taking the money.

OFFICER RAWHIDE

On a normal day, I'd say "let sleeping dogs lie". But it seems twenty year-old loose ends have claimed more lives.

She whips out the revolver and pulls the trigger. Nothing, but a dry fire--CLICK. Rawhide cradles the money and raises his rifle at her.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)

Adios, muchacha.

She dry fires again and again and then a SHOT right through the snout of the gas mask. Blood SPLATTERS all over the walls and ceiling.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB - GAME ROOM

Rawhide clutches his mask while cradling the vat of money with his other arm.

INT. DIRTY NED'S LE FUCKE SHOPPE

Dirty Ned tries to stand with his baby wrapped up in a bulletproof vest, but his leg gives out. Kimo catches the baby and wraps it up in his free arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMO
I got him. Help your old lady.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Kimo leans the rifle against the cruiser to open the backdoor of the police cruiser.

KIMO
Get her in the back!

Kimo picks up the rifle as Dirty Ned tries to lead Valentine down the staircase. Her c-section incision bleeds profusely. Her face is ghost white.

Kimo sees Rawhide clumsily aiming his service Beretta at him. Kimo turns the baby away and curls into a ball. The cop FIRES a shot into Kimo's back. The bullet goes through him and hits the baby's bulletproof vest.

DIRTY NED
Benito!

Valentine collapses in Dirty Ned's arms. He panics as his woman goes limp and falls into the snow.

DIRTY NED (CONT'D)
Valentine!

Fatigued, Rawhide trudges to the cruiser muttering something through his mask. He GURGLES with the blood filling up into the lenses.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Punish the guilty. Reward the
innocent. Fear the police!

Kimo waddles into the parking lot dragging the barrel of the rifle in the snow. He struggles with the CRYING baby to keep it warm, so he drops the rifle and trudges on with this knees about to give out soon.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
Punish the guilty. Reward the
innocent.

Rawhide steps into the cruiser tossing the vat of money into the passenger seat. He picks up his two-way radio and speaks with a gravelly and distorted voice.

OFFICER RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
Boone? Come back? I got the
cash. Boone?

DIRTY NED
You have to get us to the
hospital! She's dying!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rawhide casually SHOTS Dirty Ned in the head.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
Punish the guilty.

The cop forces himself into the driver's seat and turns over the motor. He starts to pull around the back of the bar where he sees Kimo scampering toward the Southside of Brimstone's Pub.

INT. FUNKIS'S PLACE - BATHROOM

Fly plops himself down on the floor pointing the shotgun through the hole. He sees Eloise holding the smoking revolver with both hands trembling.

FLY
Eloise? You have to get the baby.
The keys I tossed you also has a
spare to the Lincoln parked in an
alley up the street. Get the
baby.

Eloise snaps out of it and dashes up the steps.

INT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

She stops to take notice that the Green Door is lodged across the door frame leading to the parking lot. The rest of the bar is burning down around her. She hears the baby CRYING near the Southside doorway.

She picks up a garbage can and pulls it over her head and runs through the bar toward the Bacardi clock.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Kimo rounds the corner with the baby just as Eloise topples to the ground with the garbage can. She fights off the flames that have caught on her pant cuffs.

Kimo drops to his knees, exhausted. He hands her the baby.

KIMO
Run.

ELOISE
You have to find Fly! He's in one
of the apartments!

Kimo nods his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMO

Just run.

The cruiser BREAKS free from the bar dragging the Green Door with it.

KIMO (CONT'D)

Run!

Eloise grabs the SCREAMING baby and turns for West Veteran's Road. She forces her way into the snow storm while trying to keep the baby warm.

ELOISE

(shushing)
Hush, baby. Don't cry. It's
going to be okay, baby.

Kimo takes a moment to catch his breath. He pulls out the Judge and loads shell labeled "Rawhead". He pulls back the hammer until the chamber stops at "Rawhide".

The cruiser turns the corner.

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Fly sprints through Funkis's place, into Dirty Ned's, into his kinchenette and SMASHES through the kitchenette window FIRING the shotgun into the right siren of the police cruiser.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Fly lands on top of the cruiser's hood. The cruiser SKIDS and fishtails around Kimo.

Rawhide tries to maneuver the cruiser back onto West Veteran's Road to catch up to Eloise and the baby.

Fly is tossed off the cruiser. He tries to fire, but he's out.

Kimo FIRES a shot through the back window. It appears to have been a waste. The cruiser keeps rolling into the haze of the snow. But it slowly comes to a halt.

Fly eases to his feet and walks toward the cruiser.

FLY

Eloise!

EXT. WEST VETERAN'S ROAD

Fly catches up to the cruiser and sees Rawhide slumped over the wheel. He reaches in and yanks him back by the hair.

OFFICER RAWHIDE
The vicious circle. It's futile
to stop it. There's more that
will take my place.

Rawhide just COUGHS and passes away with his eyes open. Fly checks his pulse. He's gone. Fly reaches into the driver's seat, takes his Beretta, the vat of money and limps along West Veteran's Road.

FLY
Eloise!

Fly sees Eloise's silhouette not far ahead.

FLY (CONT'D)
Eloise, baby!

ELOISE
Fly!

Fly walks along the street until he reaches Funkis's Lincoln parked in the alley.

EXT. ALLEY

Fly gets to the Lincoln and steps inside. He slips the key into the ignition and drops the money on the seat. She kisses his blood-soaked face.

ELOISE
Oh, baby, your face. Let's get
you patched up.

She lifts up his shirt seeing multiple bruising around his abdomen.

ELOISE (CONT'D)
You're bleeding internally! We
have to get you to a hospital!

Fly shakes his head.

FLY
I'm not gonna make it. I can't
even feel my body anymore.

ELOISE
You're going into shock--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLY
Listen to me, honey. This money's
yours. You take that baby and
this money and you build a life.

ELOISE
You come with me.

FLY
I won't make it. I need to take
care of something first.

ELOISE
Is this what that cop said about
your parents? You can't trust
him.

FLY
There's a detail that's bugging
me. I have to find out.

Trying to be strong, Eloise can't help but let tears run
down her face.

FLY (CONT'D)
I don't want you to see me die.

Eloise wipes the tears from her face.

FLY (CONT'D)
This is just gonna keep going
around. That kid ends up in a
ward of the state and winds up a
food source for Rawhead and
Bloodybones or winds up a killer
for the United States government.
One day, he gets old enough, he'll
start to seek out his mommy and
daddy and one day he doesn't like
what he sees.

Eloise tries to quiet the baby while holding herself
together.

FLY (CONT'D)
I gotta go. This is gonna kill me
if I keep sitting here. Gotta go,
baby. Gotta go.

Fly opens the door.

ELOISE
Bye.

Fly just gulps and leaves. Eloise bows her head to the
baby, dripping tears.

EXT. WEST VETERAN'S ROAD

Fly walks away listening to Eloise cry. He wipes tears from his bloodied face.

He walks past the police cruiser hearing the Brimstone's Pub CRACKLE and CRUMBLE in the fire.

EXT. BRIMSTONE'S PUB

Kimo is hunched over listening to the bar BURN. He hears someone approaching. He looks up seeing Fly.

KIMO
What's up?

FLY
He's dead. Bloodybones is gone too.

KIMO
I feel like I been cheated.

FLY
How so?

KIMO
I wanted to see them suffer. I wanted to taste it.

Kimo looks up at Fly with the Beretta at his side. Kimo knows this is the end.

FLY
I'm not gonna ask you to beg for your life. I'm sure you didn't ask my parents to beg for their's. I didn't need Rawhead and Bloodybones to tell me. It was when you hummed that Johnny Thunders tune. It all just came back to me like flippin' a switch. It's a damn shame about your family. My heart goes out to them really. That's no bullshit on my part. But the way I see it... they're not around to suffer through this crummy world anymore.

Blood continues to drip from Fly's wounds.

KIMO
Meet ya in the morgue.

FLY
Save a place for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kimo hangs his head and starts HUMMING the Johnny Thunders song.

KIMO

"And even though they don't show /
the scars aren't so old /
And when they go / they let you
know..."

FLY

Court adjourned.

EXT. WEST VETERAN'S ROAD - NIGHT

The Lincoln pulls out of the alley and drives away from West Veteran's Road.

A SHOT rings out.

Brimstone's Pub crumbles to the ground.

SIRENS in the background approach Brimstone's Pub.

And just above the dead thicket of trees sits the Gingerbread House watching over The Boulevard of Broken Faces.

FIN