

South Bend

screenplay by

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FADE IN

EXT. VAN NUYS MANSION - EARLY AFTERNOON

An overweight man is seated against the side of a house with an ugly pink exterior, drinking coffee. Next to him, two men are watching a small video monitor.

Behind them is CLARENCE, a tall, athletic man with a serious face. He is reading a book and does not look up from it.

Across from them, JOHNNY, a naked man on a lawn chair, is receiving oral sex from TABITHA, a blonde, surgically augmented woman. They are next to an oval swimming pool.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA"

Two men with video cameras are recording the sex act while a boom operator stands nearby. The DIRECTOR is also nearby, gloomily watching Tabitha fellate Johnny.

JOHNNY

Oh yeah, baby... Oh yeah... That's fucking great...

DIRECTOR

Don't talk so much, Johnny.

(checking his watch)

Um... Okay, in a minute or so you should lift her up and turn her around on the towel into dorsal.

(looking around)

Can we get some lube over here?

The man who was seated by the house rises for this errand. Clarence continues reading his book, undisturbed.

INT. VAN NUYS MANSION - LIVING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Clarence leans against a wall inside. Tabitha walks by him, nude.

TABITHA

I'm done, Clarence. Just let me get my clothes and I'll be ready to go.

CLARENCE

Okay.

Tabitha disappears into a room with her make-up kit. A moment later, Johnny, wearing an undershirt and tight jeans, walks into the living room. He notices Clarence, considers him, then approaches.

JOHNNY

Hey, man. You work for Louie T. and Abraxus, right?

CLARENCE

That's right.

JOHNNY

I'm Johnny.

Johnny extends his hand. Clarence stares down at it. After a moment, Johnny laughs.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's cool, I washed up.

Clarence hesitates, then reluctantly shakes Johnny's hand.

CLARENCE

Clarence.

JOHNNY

Cool to meet you. So you're what, like, Tabitha's bodyguard?

CLARENCE

I supervise the talent we represent, keep them out of trouble.

JOHNNY

So you're not really a bodyguard?

CLARENCE

I have a personal protection license, yes.

Behind Johnny, Tabitha emerges from the room, doing a poor job of removing cocaine from her nostrils. Johnny brushes his hair back, still focused on Clarence.

JOHNNY

Cool. You know, I studied Gracie jujitsu. Maybe we could get together and spar sometime?

TABITHA

He's not gay, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Oh.
 (disappointed)
 You're not?

Clarence shakes his head. Johnny turns to Tabitha.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I figured because he was the only other guy here not hypnotized by your tits... but perhaps I've just finally found a straight guy with some taste.

Johnny smiles at Clarence, still flirting.

TABITHA

I just might not be exactly Clarence's type, but I know one thing: You're definitely not his type, so run along now, gay-boy. We wrapped early, thanks to you, so you can probably get down to West Hollywood before happy hour.

JOHNNY

(turning to exit)
 Yeah, well, you've got some white stuff on your nose, lover, and for once it's not from me.

Tabitha rubs the cocaine off her nostrils, looks at her fingertips and then sticks her tongue out at Johnny cattily. She then turns to Clarence, her pupils unnaturally small.

TABITHA

Listen, Clarence, what are you doing tonight?

CLARENCE

Why?

TABITHA

I've got a party gig with Minxx. Some rich kid's fucking bachelor thing that Abraxus set up. Greg was supposed to go with us but he's got fucking strep throat or some shit.

CLARENCE

No way. What about Justin? He'd go. He's practically in love with you.

TABITHA

Yeah, but Justin won't handle things if the guys get weird. I'd feel a lot better if you were there. Why not?

CLARENCE

(flatly)

Because the guys always get weird. It's your job to make them that way. Besides, I'm not your pimp.

TABITHA

We'll do all the negotiating, you just handle the cash. Minxx and I are getting two grand each, plus any "extras." We'll give you three hundred, just to stand around and look... well, look like you do.

(pleading)

Come on.

Tabitha presses her breasts into Clarence's arm, looking up at him with wide eyes. He edges away from her, grimacing. She sighs in frustration.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

Alright, five hundred. Greg was only going to get three, though.

CLARENCE

I'll think about it.

TABITHA

Five hundred fucking dollars to stand around and do nothing while we work and get fucking pawed at? It's a man's world.

Tabitha storms off, towards the front door. With a scowl, Clarence leans down, picks up her purse and follows her.

INT. WESTWOOD MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clarence sits at a large, wooden kitchen table, drinking from a bottle of water and staring off into space.

From outside the kitchen, the sound of very loud DANCE MUSIC can be heard. In the next room, a strobe light is flashing, and the sound of guys HOOTING AND CHEERING is audible over the music.

A very drunk man, ROGER, staggers into the room, dressed expensively and holding a bottle of champagne in one hand. A sheer stocking hangs limply from his hair.

ROGER

Hey, man.

Clarence looks up at Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I just got to ask you, man.
 Seriously. I mean, I'm cool. But
 seriously. How much for a blowjob
 from one of the girls?

Clarence just looks at Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I mean, shit, um-
 (with exaggerated
 pronunciation)
 How much is a "private dance" from
 one of the girls? Just one of them.
 But I want, like, a private dance,
 you know? You know what I mean,
 right?

Clarence continues staring at Roger. Just then, there is a female SCREAM from outside the room and the music suddenly STOPS.

MINXX (O.S.)

What the fuck?!

Clarence wearily closes his eyes, inhaling slowly. Roger looks around in confusion. A moment later, MINXX, a small, Asian woman with fake breasts, storms into the room, followed by Tabitha. They are both nearly naked.

MINXX (CONT'D)

He fucking just shoved his fucking
 finger in my pussy!

Clarence opens his eyes.

CLARENCE

Okay. Get your things.

Tabitha nods. Minxx is still yelling, enraged.

MINXX

Motherfucker didn't even lick it first or anything, he just jammed it in like I'm a fucking doorbell! What the fuck?

Clarence rises, exiting the room. The two women follow him.

INT. WESTWOOD MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Clarence walks out into a room full of sweaty, well-dressed young men. The room is opulently furnished, the strobe light still flashing.

As Minxx and Tabitha begin hastily gathering up their clothing, MARTIN, the party's host, quickly approaches Clarence, holding a wad of cash.

MARTIN

Hey, look, man. He's sorry. Look, we'll pay them extra. It's no big deal. Here...

Martin counts out the money in his hands.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Here's a grand extra, to give to the girls.

Both Tabitha and Minxx have stopped what they were doing and are watching this transaction, apparently mollified.

Martin turns to a taller man, SEBASTIAN, who is standing nearby, drinking from a beer bottle and glaring at Clarence.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You're sorry, right, man?

SEBASTIAN

Fuck no. Fuck those two whores.

MARTIN

(to Clarence)

Um...

SEBASTIAN

Fuck this shit. What are you sucking his dick for? There's like, ten of us. What the fuck's he gonna do to us?

As Sebastian speaks, he moves closer to Clarence.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, so fucking what? She was waving her cooch in my face, all like, "look and don't touch," and I fucking touched her. So fucking what? What the fuck are you gonna do about it? Huh?

Sebastian reaches out with his free hand to shove Clarence. Clarence neatly moves to the side, grabs Sebastian's arm and PUSHES HIS HEAD INTO THE NEAREST WALL, putting a dent in the plaster.

Sebastian gives a grunt of pain. Several of the other men are on their feet now.

CLARENCE

You don't touch the girls. They can touch you, but you can't touch them. I believe I explained that to you at the beginning of the evening, yes?

Sebastian does not answer, struggling to get away. Clarence holds him tightly.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

(to Minxx)

Which hand was it?

MINXX

What?

CLARENCE

Which hand did he touch you with?

MINXX

Um... His right one?

Clarence reaches down, grabs Sebastian's right thumb, and bends it back with an audible SNAP. He then releases Sebastian, who falls to his knees, clutching his broken hand.

Everyone in the room is staring at this with shock.

CLARENCE

Anybody else want to fight? Anyone got a gun, maybe?

Clarence reaches back into his waistband, pulling out a revolver. Everyone stares at it.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Because I do. So... no? Okay, then.

Clarence tucks the gun back into his waistband and heads towards the front door.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Come on.

Minxx and Tabitha hurry after Clarence, clutching their clothes in front of them. Clarence takes an antibacterial wipe out of his pocket and begins scrubbing his hands.

INT. ABRAXUS MANAGEMENT OFFICE - MORNING

LOUIE T., an overweight man in his fifties, is seated behind a desk in a sunlit office. Clarence is standing in front of him.

LOUIE T.

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Clarence does not respond.

LOUIE T. (CONT'D)

Are you mentally fucking ill, is that it? You go to a fucking bachelor party, one that's been arranged through Abraxus, and what the fuck do you do?

CLARENCE

Look, things got out of hand-

LOUIE T.

You broke a groomsman's thumb and then waved a gun around! Are you trying to be fucking funny? The reason we hire guys like you - ex-cons, ex-military - is because we expect that you can handle a room full of drunken frat boys without acting like a psychopath!

CLARENCE

The guy was an asshole.

LOUIE T.

You're a fucking asshole! He could fucking sue us! Fortunately, he knows we'd countersue him and his family out of fucking existence, so that's not an issue. We are going to pay his medical bills, though, and you know where that's going to come from? Your fucking salary.

CLARENCE

Whoa, hey, you can't-

LOUIE T.

You're going to tell me what I can and can't do? Huh? No. I should fucking fire you, but I like the way you handle actual situations, so I'm just docking your pay two hundred bucks a week until that shit's paid off. But whatever's fucking wrong with you, Clarence, you need to take care of it, or I will fucking have to take care of you next time. You understand?

CLARENCE

Yeah. I got it.

LOUIE T.

Good. Now, I've got a job for you that maybe you can pull off without fucking killing anyone. I need you to pick a girl up from the airport today. Name's Katie Jane, though we might be changing that if we can't work out a deal with the domain name. I can't decide. Katie Jane. You like it?

Clarence shrugs.

LOUIE T. (CONT'D)

Laura's got the flight details for you out there. And Clarence? Real red carpet treatment for this one.

Clarence, about to exit the room, stops.

CLARENCE

She special or something?

LOUIE T.

You better fucking believe it. Eighteen and a half, and she looks and talks like my fucking virginal middle school girlfriend, god bless her heart. She's from fucking Kansas, one of our scouts found her on some model thing, taped an interview. She was a high school beauty queen, like, I mean fucking literally.

(MORE)

LOUIE T. (CONT'D)
 We're offering her a three year
 contract, mid six figures each one.

Clarence whistles.

LOUIE T. (CONT'D)
 You got that right. This could be
 the one for us. The next Stormy
 Daniels, or fucking Jenna Jameson.
 But don't take my word for it.
 You'll fucking know it when you see
 her.

Clarence nods, dismissed, and exits the room.

EXT. BURBANK AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - EARLY AFTERNOON

The baggage claim at the airport is outside the building. Clarence stands near the airport's exit in a group of people eagerly waiting for relatives, friends, and lovers.

In this group are also several bored, professionally attired chauffeurs, who, like Clarence himself, are holding signs bearing the name of their assigned passengers. Clarence is loosely holding a sign that reads, in hand-written capital letters, "KATIE JANE."

People begin filing out of the airport, hugging their loved ones and happily wandering away. After a moment, a blonde girl comes out of the airport, carrying a large backpack.

She looks around, unsure, then her eyes light up when she sees Clarence's sign. She quickly walks over to him, smiling. She is young, radiant and beautiful. This is KATIE JANE.

KATIE JANE
 Hi there! You're for me?

CLARENCE
 Ms. Jane?

KATIE JANE
 Oh, no! Katie! Well, Katie Jane,
 really. I've got two first names,
 and I don't use my actual last
 name. So everyone calls me Katie
 Jane, or K.J. for short. You can
 call me whatever you want, really.

CLARENCE
 Do you have any other luggage?

KATIE JANE

No, this is it.

Clarence frowns at this.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

They said they'd be giving me some money to buy a new wardrobe once I got out here, so I figured I should pack light. It's part of my contract and all, I get a budget just to buy clothes.

CLARENCE

Well, then may I carry your bag for you?

KATIE JANE

Oh no! It's fine, just clothes and books and stuff. Where's your car?

CLARENCE

I'm parked over here. Come right this way.

INT. CADILLAC - EARLY AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER

Inside the airport parking garage, Clarence opens the rear door of the Cadillac for Katie Jane, who climbs inside.

KATIE JANE

Fancy!

Clarence shuts the door, then climbs into the front seat. He starts the engine and puts the car into reverse.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

Wait! Hold on a second!

Clarence hits the brakes. Katie Jane gets out of the car, then climbs into the passenger seat, next to Clarence.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

There. I feel weird sitting in the backseat, talking at the back of your head. Seems rude and all.

CLARENCE

It's fine. That's how it works.

KATIE JANE

Well, I'm more comfortable sitting up here. If you don't mind.

CLARENCE

No. Whatever you'd prefer.

Clarence backs the car out of its space and heads for the garage's exit.

EXT. ABRAXUS MANAGEMENT OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Clarence stands by the Cadillac, holding a small, consumer-grade VIDEO CAMERA. The car is parked in front of a fairly nice office building in the Canoga Park area.

Clarence is aiming the video camera across the street, where several birds are perched on electric lines, dark against the blue sky. He watches them through the camera's view screen.

Katie Jane exits through the front door of the building, holding two padded envelopes. She crosses over to the car. Clarence quickly ducks in front of her, opening the passenger door.

KATIE JANE

Well, aren't you the gentleman?
(climbing into car)
What were you videotaping over there?

CLARENCE

Just, um, some birds and stuff.

KATIE JANE

Huh. That's cool.

Clarence shuts the door after her and circles to the other side.

INT. CADILLAC - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence navigates the car through traffic. Katie Jane, in the passenger seat, watches him closely.

CLARENCE

Your apartment's in North Hollywood, right on the Studio City border. People there might call it West Toluca Lake, just because North Hollywood's got a lousy reputation, but it's really not so bad an area.

KATIE JANE

I'm sure it'll be fine.

They drive in silence for a moment.

CLARENCE
You've got the key?

Katie Jane shakes one of the envelopes in her hand.

KATIE JANE
Say, you want to grab something to eat before you drop me off? It's on me.

Katie Jane holds up the second envelope.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)
Believe me, I can afford it.

CLARENCE
I'm not hungry, thanks. But, uh, you signed on with Abraxus then?

KATIE JANE
Mm-hmm. I'd be crazy not to.
(sighs)
You know, ever since I can remember, I always wanted to be a real movie star, just like Grace Kelly in those old movies. I wanted to see myself on T.V., my face up on billboards in cities I'd never been to. If this is the closest I can get to that, well, that's not so bad.

Clarence drives in silence, obviously not sure what to say.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)
So what about you?
(appraising)
Louie T talks about you like you're some real tough guy, a real bruiser.

CLARENCE
He does, huh?

KATIE JANE
Mmm-hmm. So, how'd you get into this line of work?

CLARENCE
Well... Awhile ago, I got into a situation where my best option was to go into the armed forces.

(MORE)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

I trained down in Pendleton, so after I got back from the Middle East I moved out to this part of the country. I got work as a bouncer at this strip club, and one night Rico- That's Louie T.'s brother, you meet him?

KATIE JANE

No.

CLARENCE

Well, anyway, Rico was there, and he saw me throw a couple of guys out. He came up to me after, said he liked how I handled it, and offered me a protection job. That was a couple of years ago. Pay's good enough, so...

KATIE JANE

You were over in Iraq?

CLARENCE

For a bit, but I was in Afghanistan, mostly.

KATIE JANE

I had a brother get sent to Iraq, my brother Skeeter. He got kicked out, though, so now he's back home.

CLARENCE

Ah. We're here. That's your building.

KATIE JANE

Oh.

Clarence pulls the car over to the curb next to a nice apartment building. Katie Jane sits in the passenger seat, looking out the window at it.

CLARENCE

You need anything, you know how to reach someone, right?

KATIE JANE

Yeah, I'm fine. It's just- Say, why don't you come inside and check out my new place with me? It might be weird being here, my first night in the city all by myself.

Clarence appears to consider his response before speaking.

CLARENCE

I don't think that would be such a good idea.

KATIE JANE

I mean, um, no big deal or anything. But alright.

Katie Jane climbs out of the car.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

I guess I'll see you later.

Katie Jane shuts the door. Clarence watches her walk up into her building, then drives away from the curb.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clarence sits up in bed, watching a PORN MOVIE on a television screen across the room from him. He shifts uncomfortably, then uses a remote to turn the movie off. Clarence leans back and puts his hands over his eyes.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Clarence, asleep in bed, opens his eyes the instant his cell phone RINGS. He fumbles for it in bed, then answers.

CLARENCE

Hello?

LAURA (ON PHONE)

Clarence, it's Laura. I'm just letting you know you're supposed to pick up Katie Jane this evening for a meeting with the director on her first shoot, Marcus Treadwell. She's supposed to be there by seven, so I told her you'd pick her up around six-thirty.

CLARENCE

Okay. That's fine.

LAURA (ON PHONE)

Great. She specifically requested you, by the way, Loverboy. Guess you made an impression.

Clarence makes a noncommittal noise and hangs up the phone.

INT. CADILLAC - EVENING

Clarence pulls the Cadillac over in front of Katie Jane's apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence walks down the hallway and comes to a stop in front of an apartment door. He rings the doorbell, then knocks. There is no answer.

Clarence waits a moment, then knocks on the door again. Again, no response. He knocks a third time.

CLARENCE

Katie Jane!

Listening at the door, Clarence can hear nothing within the apartment. He reaches into his jacket, takes out his cell phone, and dials a number.

LOUIE T. (ON PHONE)

What?

CLARENCE

Hey, yeah, it's Clarence. I'm outside Katie Jane's apartment and she's not answering the door.

LOUIE T. (ON PHONE)

What? Is she in there?

CLARENCE

I don't know. No one's answering.

LOUIE T. (ON PHONE)

Well, can you hear the shower running or music or anything?

CLARENCE

No.

LOUIE T. (ON PHONE)

Jesus... These fucking bitches... Listen. Fucking break in there. You can do that, right?

Clarence examines the lock on the door.

CLARENCE

Yeah, probably.

LOUIE T. (ON PHONE)
Fucking do it, then. And then call
me back.

Clarence hangs up the phone and, looking up and down the hallway, takes a small tool kit out of his pocket. He fiddles quickly at the door's lock with two picks.

INT. KATIE JANE'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

After a moment, the door unlocks with a CLICK. The door swings open and Clarence steps inside.

CLARENCE
Hello? Katie Jane?

There is no answer. Clarence walks further into the apartment.

The apartment is furnished cheaply but is clean. In the living room, a lamp is lying on its side, on the floor.

Clarence walks over and looks at the lamp. He then moves further into the apartment.

INT. KATIE JANE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Katie Jane's bed is unmade, the mattress bare, with a stack of folded sheets and blankets at the foot of the bed. None of her personal belongings seem to be in the room.

On the floor of the bedroom, a bottle of wine has SPILLED, creating a large, purple stain on the off-white carpet. An empty wine glass rests on the carpet a couple of feet away.

Clarence takes this in, then exits the room, dialing his cell phone.

INT. ABRAXUS MANAGEMENT OFFICE - EVENING - MINUTES LATER

Clarence walks into Louie T.'s office. Louie T. is seated at his desk. JUSTIN, a very muscular black man, is standing nearby.

CLARENCE
Hey, Justin.

JUSTIN
Clarence.

CLARENCE
 (to Louie T.)
 So what's up?

Louie T. clears his throat.

LOUIE T.
 After you called, I checked my
 voicemail on the office line. This
 was waiting for me.

Louie T. hits a button on the speakerphone on his desk. A
 moment later, Katie Jane's voice emits from the phone,
 sounding odd, shaky.

KATIE JANE (O.S., ON PHONE)
 Hey, Louie T., it's me, K.J.
 Listen, I, uh, I changed my mind
 about the shoot. I just don't think
 I'm cut out for that kind of
 thing... So I'm heading back home.
 I mean, I am home, I'm already
 there, and I'm not coming back.
 And... I'm really sorry if I messed
 anything up.

There's a fumbling sound, and then a click. Louie T. regards
 Clarence and Justin.

JUSTIN
 How much was her cash advance on
 that contract?

LOUIE T.
 (clears throat)
 Thirty K.

JUSTIN
 Fucking shit.

Louie T. gives Justin a look, then points at Clarence.

LOUIE T.
 This is the second time you've
 fucked up this week, Clarence.

CLARENCE
 How is this my fault?

LOUIE T.
 Maybe it's your fault, maybe it
 isn't, but that girl was on your
 watch.

(MORE)

LOUIE T. (CONT'D)

You were the last one to see her and you were the one who discovered her missing. As far as I'm concerned, that makes it your fuck-up. So you're going to fly out to Kansas with Justin and bring her the fuck back here.

JUSTIN

We going after the money or the girl?

LOUIE T.

The girl. She signed a three year contract. That's binding. If you can't get the girl-

(sighs)

Then just get the money. But make sure you get every fucking cent of it back. If you come back with anything less than thirty grand, well, Clarence, you probably shouldn't be coming back at all.

INT. AIRPLANE - MORNING

Clarence and Justin sit next to each other on a small, rattling, puddle jumper airplane. They are the most formally dressed passengers.

Clarence is holding his video camera and aiming it out the plane's window, taping corn fields beneath them as they fly past. Next to him, Justin appears to be asleep. Behind them, a baby is shrieking.

EXT. GREAT BEND AIRPORT - LATE MORNING

Carrying their luggage, Justin and Clarence walk towards a car rental dealership adjacent to the airport. They both look disheveled and weary.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "GREAT BEND, KANSAS"

INT. CAR RENTAL DEALERSHIP - LATE MORNING - CONTINUOUS

A cheerful, sunburnt woman, MARTHA, is the sole representative behind the counter. She beams at Justin and Clarence as they walk inside.

MARTHA

Good morning! How may I help you
two gentlemen?

JUSTIN

(setting down his bags)
What's the best car you've got?

MARTHA

Well, we have a limousine that's
very nice. But we mostly rent that
out just for weddings and the prom.

Justin scowls at her. Clarence takes over.

CLARENCE

We want something that won't stand
out, but that can go fast and
handle turns well.

MARTHA

Oh... I don't know if we have
anything exactly like that.

CLARENCE

Well, what have you got?

INT. FORD F-150 PICK-UP TRUCK - LATE MORNING - MINUTES LATER

Justin drives a giant, white pick-up truck, with Clarence in
the passenger seat.

JUSTIN

At least we'll blend in.

Clarence nods.

EXT. RURAL ROUTE - AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER

Justin pulls the truck over across the street from a small
trailer park.

Clarence, holding his video camera, aims it out the window,
filming the trailer park. He zooms in on a pair of denim
shorts hanging from a line strung in between two trailers.

JUSTIN

This is the address?

CLARENCE

That's what it says.

JUSTIN
This is a trailer park, man.

CLARENCE
Yes, it is. There's nothing on
there about a unit number?

Justin glances down at a folded piece of paper, with a map
from a website printed above it.

JUSTIN
Nope.

CLARENCE
Alright, well, we'll ask around.
Act friendly.

Clarence sets the camera down and they climb out of the
truck.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence and Justin enter the dirt lot to the trailer park.
Justin has removed his blazer and is sweating in the
afternoon sun.

An overweight woman, EDNA, is seated on a lawn chair, wearing
a one-piece bathing suit, sunbathing. She is drinking beer
from a can with a foam holder. Clarence addresses her.

CLARENCE
Excuse me, ma'am, we're trying to
find a Mr. Jake Andrews. Does he
reside hereabouts?

EDNA
Whatchu' want with him?

CLARENCE
Well, we're trying to find his
daughter, actually. Katie Jane. Do
you know her?

EDNA
'Course I know Katie Jane. Always
running around here. Last I heard,
she'd run off to Hollywood to
become a big movie star.

The last few words are dripping in sarcasm.

CLARENCE

Well, this is sort of about that.
Do you know if she's still out
there in California, or if she
might have moved back home?

EDNA

Well, now how in the hell would I
know that? You ought to be asking
Jake. He was out for a bit, but
he's back now. He's up there in his
trailer.

CLARENCE

(grits his teeth)
Which one is that?

EDNA

Right behind you.

Clarence nods to Edna, then he and Justin turn and approach
the trailer behind them. Clarence knocks on the door.

JAKE ANDREWS (O.S.)

Come in!

Clarence looks at Justin, then opens the door and steps
inside.

INT. JAKE ANDREW'S TRAILER - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the trailer is dimly lit, the blinds on all
of the windows drawn. In the corner of the kitchen, JAKE
ANDREWS, a husky man in his mid-fifties, is seated at a
linoleum table, watching television and drinking bourbon from
a plastic cup. He has a half-empty bottle in front of him,
surrounded by empty cans of beer.

As soon as Jake sees Clarence and Justin, he rises to his
feet with alarm, staggering just slightly as he does so.

JAKE ANDREWS

Whoa, hey. Jonah said we were
straight. I done settled up with
y'all.

JUSTIN

What?

JAKE ANDREWS

(confused)
Well, wait... Who are you?

CLARENCE

We're from Abraxus Entertainment in Los Angeles, Mr. Andrews. Your daughter, Katie Jane, signed a contract with us and then disappeared. We were hoping to locate her and speak with her before taking any sort of legal action. Just to make sure she's alright, if nothing else.

A cagey look comes over Jake's face as he sits back down.

JAKE ANDREWS

Well. I'm sorry about the confusion there. I've had some business troubles as of late, nothing major, though.

CLARENCE

I'm relieved to hear that.

JAKE ANDREWS

Can I offer either of you two gentlemen a drink?

CLARENCE

No, thank you.

JAKE ANDREWS

You mind-?

CLARENCE

Help yourself.

Jake pours himself a shot of bourbon and drinks it quickly. His fingers tremble slightly as he sets the cup back on the table, then fills it again with a slightly steadier hand.

JAKE ANDREWS

That's better. Now, you all said you're looking for Katie Jane?

CLARENCE

That's correct.

JAKE ANDREWS

Now, that can't be right, because I believe she's out in Los Angeles right now. Said she had her own place out there and everything.

(MORE)

JAKE ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Signed with some sort of smaller
studio, some of kind adult
entertainment thing with a funny
name, Ab-something.

JUSTIN
(annoyed)
Abraxus. We just told you that.
That's where we're from.

JAKE ANDREWS
Abraxus, right. So she's not out
there with you?

CLARENCE
No, sir. She isn't.

JAKE ANDREWS
Well, that has me worried. Because
last I heard, that's where she was.
Are you all telling me that you
lost her?

Clarence and Justin both are staring hard at Jake, who looks
back at them, innocently. Clarence looks around the filthy
trailer; Jake has clearly been the only resident for awhile.

CLARENCE
So you don't know where she is,
then?

JAKE ANDREWS
Far as I know, still in Los
Angeles.

CLARENCE
Does she have any other relatives
or friends in the area who she
might be staying with?

JAKE ANDREWS
Well, sure. Katie Jane's always had
plenty of friends. You might want
to look up her brothers first.
She'd go to them if she was in a
pinch, probably before her old man.
(laughs, somewhat harshly)
Can't say as how I'd blame her.

CLARENCE
Her brothers live here in town?

JAKE ANDREWS

Just outside, actually. Farther than this, anyway, but it's real easy to find. They all live in a big ol' house together. Here, I'll write down the address for you.

Jake scrawls down an address on a torn bill fragment, which he hands to Clarence. Clarence takes it carefully by one corner.

JAKE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

You just go by there, tell them what you told me, I'm sure they'll let you know if they know anything.

CLARENCE

Alright, then. Thank you.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence and Justin step back out into the sunlight. They begin walking back towards their truck, Clarence cleaning his hands with another antibacterial wipe as they do so.

JUSTIN

That old drunk's a liar.

CLARENCE

Yes.

JUSTIN

We should go back in there and beat it out of him.

CLARENCE

Beat what out of him?

JUSTIN

Whatever he knows. Give me five minutes with him, I'll have him talking.

CLARENCE

Probably not the best way to get Katie Jane to come back with us, we show up and put her father in the hospital. No, let's head back into town and get hotel rooms. I need to shower. Then we go out and see these brothers of hers.

JUSTIN

And what if they won't tell us anything?

CLARENCE

I guess we can hope they're even worse liars than their dad.

They reach the truck and climb inside.

JUSTIN

This entire place makes me wish we could've brought guns. Even the air here feels wrong.

CLARENCE

It's just the humidity.

Justin starts the truck and they pull away.

INT. HOTEL OFFICE - AFTERNOON - A HALF HOUR LATER

Clarence and Justin stand at the counter of the front office of a small hotel.

On the other side of the counter, an elderly woman, AGATHA, the hotel's proprietor, fishes a metal key with a plastic tag off a hook and hands it to Clarence.

AGATHA

There you go. Room twelve. I'd say it's the best, but it's just the same as all the others.

CLARENCE

That's fine. We'll let you know if we need to extend our stay.

AGATHA

Well, you can take your time on that. We ain't exactly booked up for the tourist season.

Clarence nods and exits the office with Justin.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM TWELVE - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

The hotel room has two full-size beds. Clarence packs his video camera into his duffel bag on one of the beds while Justin stands and flips through the channels on the room's television set with a remote.

JUSTIN
No pay channels? Not even Showtime?

CLARENCE
It's not so bad. Clean enough. No
mildew in the shower.

Justin gives Clarence a look.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
Come on, get unpacked so we can get
going.

EXT. METH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Clarence and Justin, wearing different clothes and looking more composed, walk up a dirt path through an unkempt lawn.

They reach the porch to a dilapidated house, with boards on the windows and paint peeling. There are no other houses nearby. As they climb the stairs to the porch, skinhead PUNK ROCK MUSIC is just audible coming from within.

JUSTIN
Shit, if I couldn't hear that, I'd
assume this place has been
abandoned for years.

CLARENCE
Keep your eyes open here.

JUSTIN
You're kidding, right? One of these
hillbillies starts shit with me,
I'll knock his brains loose in his
skull.

Clarence nods and, reaching the door, knocks.

Immediately, the sound of SCRAMBLING and SHOUTING comes from within. Something heavy is pushed up against the other side of the door. Then a voice comes:

CREEK (O.S.)
Who the fuck is it?!

Clarence addresses the door.

CLARENCE
We're looking for Katie Jane. We
were told she might be here.

CREEK (O.S.)
You cops?

CLARENCE
No.

CREEK (O.S.)
Say it! Say you ain't cops!

CLARENCE
We are not police officers.

From inside, there is a frantic conversation.

SKEETER (O.S.)
You hear how he said that! It's the
A.T.F.! Ask 'im if he's A.T.F.!

CREEK (O.S.)
You A.T.F.? Answer me!

JESSE (O.S.)
Shut the goddamn fuck up and get
that shit away from the fucking
door, Creek. You just heard the man
say he's looking for Katie Jane.
Open the door and let's hear
exactly why he's goddamn lookin'
for her.

There is silence, then the sound of something being moved away from the door. The door opens a crack, through which CREEK, Katie Jane's second youngest brother, a 19-year-old tweaker, sticks his mottled face. Beneath that, he is holding a REVOLVER, loosely aimed at Clarence's abdomen.

Clarence politely holds his hands out to the sides. Creek looks from him to Justin, then back again.

CREEK
Well, alright. You come on in.

INT. METH HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Clarence and Justin walk inside the meth house. Creek immediately shuts the door behind them.

The windows to the house are boarded up and booby-trapped with meth-addled defense rigs; cannisters of AMMONIUM SULFATE aimed at the door and a SHOTGUN filled with RUSTY NAILS and SYRINGES pointed at one of the windows, a string running from its trigger to the window sash.

Above the door, an open BEAR TRAP has been nailed to a wooden board on a hinge, which is attached a string that hangs down limply. Both Clarence and Justin move to avoid standing under this.

JESSE
That ain't set.

JESSE, Katie Jane's eldest brother, is seated on the sofa, drinking a beer. He watches Clarence taking in the traps.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Anyone busts in on our stash,
they'll sure as fuck regret it
quick.

SKEETER, older than Creek but younger than Jesse, is seated on a chair, wearing a desert camouflage jacket and holding a cigarette that has almost burned down to his fingers. He stares at Clarence and Justin as if they had just emerged directly from a nightmare.

SKEETER
Jesse, but now we got to change all
the traps, 'cause he's seen 'em!

JESSE
Shut the hell up, Skeeter. That man
look like he's here to score some
Billy Whizz?
(to Clarence, facetious)
How 'bout it, mister? Best cristy
in four counties!

Creek laughs as if Jesse has just made a brilliant joke.

CREEK
Only in four counties.

JESSE
Five.

Creek stops laughing, chastened and confused. Clarence looks into the next room to see that the kitchen has been rigged up as a FULL METH LAB. A very THIN WOMAN, wearing only underwear, is curled up on the linoleum floor, asleep.

CLARENCE
(to Jesse)
Would you mind opening a window?

JESSE

(laughing)

You want to try opening a window,
go right ahead. I recommend that
one there. It'll only maim you.

Jesse gestures towards a window with a large, spring-loaded,
RUSTY SAW BLADE positioned above it. Clarence scowls.

CLARENCE

Never mind.

JESSE

'Sides, the fumes ain't a problem.
I've been breathing 'em in for
years and I'm about as sharp as
I've ever been, no foolin'. Which
brings me to you, mister- Hang up.

(shouting)

Cooter, get the fuck in here!
Cooter!

A moment later, a small teenager, COOTER, comes into the room
with a PIT BULL on a lease. The pit bull immediately begins
BARKING and LUNGING at Justin, who takes a step back, but the
boy holds the lease tightly, staring mutely at the floor.

JESSE (CONT'D)

That's Champ there on the rope. He
ain't never liked him no nigroes.
Ain't no fault of ours, we didn't
bring him up that way, I swear, but
a nigra must've done something bad
to him when he was just a pup.
That's my guess, anyways. Anyway,
it ain't nothing personal, mister.

JUSTIN

(muttering)

I'll keep that in mind.

JESSE

Okay, so, family conference. We got
Cooter there with the dog, Creek
with the gun, Skeeter's by my side
and I'm Jesse. Katie Jane's our
sister. Now who might you be?

CLARENCE

My name is Clarence. This is
Justin.

JESSE

Mmm-hmm, alright, Clarence and Justin, I think I can keep that straight. Now, what business might you all have with our sister?

Champ lunges at the end of his rope again, BARKING FURIOUSLY at Justin. Cooter continues holding the rope with both hands, his skinny torso straining against the dog's strength, still just looking morosely at the floor.

Clarence looks from Cooter to Justin, who just stares back at him. Clarence turns back to Jesse.

CLARENCE

I, uh. Well. We work for a management company called Abraxus Entertainment. Your sister, Katie, is contracted to our company as an actress, but she recently went missing, and we've been trying to locate her. Just to make sure nothing's happened to her.

JESSE

"Just to make sure nothing's happened to her."

Creek, still idly aiming the gun at Clarence, laughs meanly.

CLARENCE

That's right.

JESSE

I gotta say, I ain't had a whole lot to laugh at since John Candy died, but this here strikes me as funny. Let me tell you this tale from my perspective and see if it don't strike you as funny, too.

Jesse pulls a knife out from one of his boots and begins gesturing with it as he speaks.

JESSE (CONT'D)

A few days ago, our lovely, beautiful sister goes missing. We find out from our dear pa that she's run off and signed a contract with a company that's going to put her in the movies. Except, of course, there's a twist.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)

Their talking about putting her in porno movies, the kind where she takes a nigra's dick in her ass while a bunch of sad-sack guys line up to shoot their fuckin' jizz on her. S'called boo- What do they call that?

The cigarette between Skeeter's fingers burns down to his flesh and goes out with an audible HISS, the skin smoldering. He does not appear to notice, his eyes on Clarence.

SKEETER

Boo-kah-kay.

JESSE

That's right. Bukkake. And she's been tricked into a signing a contract with these motherfuckers, who are keeping her locked up in an apartment until she's ready to be filmed gettin' her back cherry popped. Big bucks for that, I guess. So our pa says he's sending some fellas, buddies of his who don't mind flying, to rescue her and bring her back, and that's what they did. Ain't that right, Skeeter?

SKEETER

Yes, it is.

JESSE

And then when she's finally back here, our daddy explains to us that it still ain't over, that we got to hide her, because that rich fucking company is probably going to send people after her to get her back. So he finds a safe place for her to stay, and tells us to be on the lookout for anyone from- What was the name of that company again?

SKEETER

Abraxus Entertainment, LLC.

JESSE

That's right. Now where'd you boys say you were from again?

There is a moment of silence.

CLARENCE

I think there's been a misunderstanding. You said your father, Jake Andrews-

JESSE

(interrupting)

Clean 'em up.

Cooter immediately RELEASES CHAMP, who leaps past Clarence and BITES DOWN onto Justin's arm, taking him to the ground.

As Creek raises his gun to aim it at Clarence, Clarence spins into Creek and ELBOWS HIM IN THE HEAD, grasping Creek's gun arm as he does so.

Clarence then yanks the revolver out of Creek's hand and smashes the butt of the gun into Creek's head, KNOCKING HIM OUT.

Clarence turns to see Jesse THROWING A KNIFE AT HIM. He twists away just in time as the knife flips past, hitting the wall behind him with its handle and falling uselessly to the floor.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Well. Didn't time that right.

Clarence looks at Justin, who is still beneath Champ, struggling. Clarence kicks out with one foot, BREAKING THE DOG'S SPINE. Champ goes limp, DYING with a short HOWL.

Justin rises to his feet with a YELL and, lifting the dog's body, smashes it down against the ground in a horrible heap. Justin's arm is bleeding.

JUSTIN

Fuck!

Skeeter rises up out of his chair, reaching for a pistol on a table nearby. Clarence immediately has the gun aimed at him.

CLARENCE

No, you don't.

With a horrible WAIL, Cooter throws himself at Clarence, kicking and biting.

Clarence kicks Cooter ACROSS THE ROOM. Cooter immediately leaps to his feet and charges Clarence again, HOWLING.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Justin!

Clarence tosses the gun to Justin, who catches it and uses it to cover Jesse and Skeeter. Clarence turns just in time to block Cooter's second onslaught as he flails furiously at Clarence with his skinny limbs.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Goddammit.

Clarence picks Cooter up and THROWS HIM, hard. Cooter smashes against the far wall, breaking a dusty framed painting, and hits the ground, inert. He does not move.

Both Clarence and Justin are gasping for breath. Skeeter is frozen in mid-stride, staring at the gun in Justin's hand with pure venom. Jesse is watching the entire scene calmly, almost amused, still on the sofa.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Where... Where's Katie Jane?

JESSE

(shrugs)

Don't know. Pa said the less folks know, the better.

Justin cocks the revolver.

JUSTIN

Want me to start working on him?

Jesse does not change expression.

CLARENCE

No. They're telling the truth. These idiots don't know anything. They got fed a bunch of lies.

(to Jesse)

You talk to Katie Jane, you tell her what she does with her life is her business and none of mine or ours. But she's got some money that's owed to our people, and she needs to give that back.

JESSE

(thoughtful)

Well. That's certainly news to me, but should I find myself in a position to communicate with her, I will relay the message.

Clarence nods. He and Justin carefully back out through the front door.

EXT. METH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

As they hurry towards the pick-up truck, Justin tucks the revolver into the waistband of his jeans and examines his bloody arm.

JUSTIN

Fuck. I need to go get a rabies test.

CLARENCE

Yes, you should. Actually, though, dog's mouths are relatively clean, compared to human mouths, anyway. Dog's mouths contain only three different types of bacteria, whereas the human mouth contains over a hundred. We should get some iodine and bandages, and that'll probably be enough for now.

JUSTIN

Huh.

(pause)

Well, fuck it, then. Let's get a drink first.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER

Driving down a winding country road, Clarence checks the rearview mirror. Headlights are just barely visible in the darkness behind them, a good distance away.

JUSTIN

What? They following us?

CLARENCE

It's not them. They couldn't be after us this fast.

As Clarence continues watching, the car behind them turns onto a gravel road and its headlights disappear from view.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Never mind.

JUSTIN

You've got me fucking paranoid, man.

EXT. GREAT BEND STREET - EARLY EVENING - MINUTES LATER

Clarence drives the truck down a business street, back in town. A neon Miller Genuine Draft sign identifies a bar up ahead. The street is otherwise dark and quiet.

JUSTIN
There's a place.

Clarence pulls the truck over.

INT. SMITTY'S BAR - EARLY EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence and Justin walk inside the bar, Justin still holding his bloody arm.

There are only a few patrons inside the bar, and they all stop and stare at Clarence and Justin as they walk inside. Country music blares on the jukebox, and a few men are playing billiards.

Clarence and Justin walk and sit down at the otherwise empty bar. The BARTENDER, watching a high school football game on a television, ignores them.

JUSTIN
Hey.

The bartender continues to ignore them.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Hey, Jethro. We would like to exchange money for beverages over here.

The bartender glances over and, with exaggerated slowness, walks over to where they are seated.

BARTENDER
What'll it be?

JUSTIN
Give me three shots of Dewar's,
line 'em up.

CLARENCE
Ginger ale.

The bartender nods and pours the drinks.

BARTENDER
That'll be eight-fifty.

Justin whistles slowly and hands the bartender a twenty.

JUSTIN
You just keep that.

The bartender looks at the cash, nods stiffly and returns his attention to the television set.

As Justin downs his shots, Clarence sips his ginger ale and surveys the bar. Everyone is glancing at them occasionally. A group of men who were playing pool have ceased playing and are openly watching Justin. Clarence holds eye contact with one of the men, then turns back to the bar.

CLARENCE
I think we should get out of here
before too long.

JUSTIN
What, and leave this ambience
behind? Hang on.

Justin finishes his last shot and slams the glass down on the bar.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Now I'm ready for you to pour
iodine on me.

CLARENCE
Great. Let's go.

They rise from their bar stools and exit.

EXT. SMITTY'S BAR - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Justin and Clarence step outside, Justin glancing down at his arm. They walk over to their truck. Nearby, tires SCREECH.

JUSTIN
You know, it's stopped-

An SUV abruptly comes to a halt directly in front of them and Justin's chest EXPLODES as he is shot multiple times. A figure in the passenger seat is firing an AUTOMATIC RIFLE out the window.

As Justin flies backwards, bloody and perforated with bullets, Clarence throws himself down behind the truck, crouching just behind one of its tires.

The gunman, a thickset younger man named FITZ, continues shooting at the truck.

Clarence cringes as bullets riddle the truck, flattening its tires, breaking out its windows and punching holes in the metal, but missing him.

Finally, the automatic rifle clicks empty.

FITZ

Shit.

There is another squeal of tires and the SUV barrels off down the street.

Clarence leans over, grabs the revolver out of Justin's waistband, and takes off running in the other direction.

EXT. GREAT BEND SIDE STREET - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence runs down the sidewalk of an empty street, revolver in hand. He can hear the SUV's tires screeching in the distance.

Clarence ducks down an alley and runs past a couple of dumpsters. He stops behind one of them, catching his breath.

Looking around, Clarence sees a couple of cars in a parking lot across the street. The parking lot adjoins a dark store and is mostly surrounded by a chain link fence. There is no one around.

Clarence heads towards the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence kneels by one of the older cars in the lot, his lock kit in hand. He inserts a rod into the keyhole on the driver's side and begins working it around.

CLARENCE

Shit...

Clarence frowns, concentrating on his work. A moment later, a SPOTLIGHT lands on Clarence, illuminating the area around him.

Clarence turns around. A SHERIFF'S CAR has pulled up near the edge of the lot. SHERIFF CONRAD, an overweight man in his fifties, is standing, positioned behind the open driver's door, his gun and the car's spotlight aimed at Clarence.

SHERIFF CONRAD

You'd best stop right there.

Clarence grimaces and slowly rises to his feet, his hands in the air.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)
That's just fine. Now turn around
and put your hands on the vehicle.

Clarence complies, placing his hands on the roof of the car. The sheriff moves over to him.

CLARENCE
Listen-

SHERIFF CONRAD
You wouldn't happen to be involved
in a shooting that just occurred,
would you, mister?

CLARENCE
I would, but we were the ones who
were shot at. My friend was killed.
We weren't doing anything.

SHERIFF CONRAD
You'll forgive me if I find that
slightly difficult to believe. Two
strangers come into town, get
involved in a street shooting, and
then the surviving one tries to
steal a car? Spread 'em.

Clarence spreads his legs and the sheriff pats him down, immediately finding the revolver in the back of Clarence's waistband. The sheriff pulls it out and examines it.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)
Hmm.

CLARENCE
That... I can explain that. It's
not mine.

SHERIFF CONRAD
Well, there'll be plenty of time
for explaining things down at the
station.

The sheriff removes Clarence's wallet from his back pocket, then taps one of his jacket pockets with the revolver barrel.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)
What's that?

CLARENCE
My cell phone.

SHERIFF CONRAD
I'll see that, if you don't mind.
Slowly.

Clarence slowly removes the cell phone from his jacket pocket. The sheriff takes it and pockets it.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)
Hands behind your back.

Clarence puts his hands behind his back and the sheriff fastens handcuffs around his wrists.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The sheriff pushes Clarence into the back of the car, then climbs into the driver's seat. They are separated by a metal grid.

The sheriff begins driving.

CLARENCE
I need to make a phone call.

SHERIFF CONRAD
Hold your horses.

As he drives, the sheriff begins dialing a number on a cell phone. He speaks into it.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)
Hey, Jonah, it's me. I got your
boy, the one that run away. I told
you, you shouldn't send those kids
to do a man's job.

The sheriff pauses, listening. Clarence stares at him.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)
(into phone, laughing)
Yeah, well, maybe you're right
about that. No, I can just bring
him up there right now. It ain't
like I've got anything better to
do. Steve and the coroner are
taking care of your mess right now.
(pause)
That's fine.

The sheriff hangs up the phone. As he steers the car onto a highway, he looks up into the rearview mirror and sees Clarence looking at him.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)
Well. Ain't you got some sort of
clever comment you want to make,
city boy?

Clarence continues silently watching.

EXT. JONAH'S MANSION - EVENING - A HALF HOUR LATER

The sheriff's car pulls up in the driveway of an enormous house, in the style of Greek revival plantations. The house is in the middle of nowhere, surrounded on all side by haphazard cornfields, the stalks tall and green.

The sheriffs climbs out of the front seat of the car, opens the back door and hauls Clarence out by one cuffed arm.

SHERIFF CONRAD
Come on out.

The sheriff leads Clarence up the stairs to a white painted porch. A porch swing hangs in front of an ornate front window.

The sheriff presses the doorbell. A series of CHIMES ring audibly inside.

The sheriff glances up at Clarence as they wait.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)
Well. You've really become the
strong silent type all of a sudden.

Clarence says nothing. The sheriff smiles.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)
We'll see how long that lasts.

The door opens.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - FRONT ROOM - EVENING

The gunman from the street shooting, Fitz, opens the door. His face is bruised and he is holding a cloth filled with ice to a bleeding gash on his forehead.

The sheriff laughs at the sight of him.

SHERIFF CONRAD

Hey! Fitz! What in tarnation
happened to you? You get in a fight
with a bear, boy?

The sheriff pushes Clarence past Fitz and into the front room. A spiral staircase leads up to the second floor. An enormous GLASS CHANDELIER hangs above them.

Fitz's speech comes out slurred through his swollen mouth.

FITZ

Jonah's waitin' on y'all in the
sitting room.

SHERIFF CONRAD

Well.

(gestures)

By all means, lead the way.

Fitz shoots the sheriff a look and walks through the front room towards a short hallway. The sheriff follows, still leading Clarence by the elbow.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Three men are in the sitting room, one standing, the other two seated on an antique couches. The standing man, MICHAEL, is wearing a dark suit and thick eyeglasses. Across from him, DERRICK, in his late teens, is looking nervous and chastened, his head lowered.

The other seated man, JONAH, is rotund and sweating, fanning himself with a magazine as he sips from a brandy cocktail. He looks up and smiles as the three men enter the room.

JONAH

Now. Who is this?

The sheriff takes out Clarence's wallet and tosses it onto a coffee table in front of Jonah.

SHERIFF CONRAD

License says his name's Clarence
Fontaine.

Jonah lifts up the wallet and flips through it. Looking in the billfold, he sees that it is empty.

JONAH

Huh. Was there any cash in here?

SHERIFF CONRAD

Yeah, uh, a couple hundred bucks in twenties. Why, you want it?

JONAH

No, no, you keep it. You did good work tonight, Conrad, and I'll see to it that you're rewarded. I've got your little extra something upstairs, too, if you so desire.

SHERIFF CONRAD

(grinning)

Oh, I do indeed, most definitely. Here's the keys for his cuffs if you want 'em.

The sheriffs sets a key down on the coffee table, next to Clarence's wallet, and exits the sitting room, leaving Clarence and Fitz still standing near the doorway.

Jonah points to a chair across from him.

JONAH

Fitz, sit him down.

Fitz leads Clarence over to the chair and roughly shoves him down. Clarence glares up at Fitz as he moves away.

With his hands cuffed behind his back, Clarence sits poised at the edge of the chair. He looks at the key on the table in front of him.

MICHAEL

Uh uh.

Clarence looks up and sees that Michael, watching him, is shaking his head. Reluctantly, Clarence settles back in his seat a bit.

JONAH

That's better. You're from Los Angeles?

Clarence looks around, then answers.

CLARENCE

Yes.

JONAH

I understand you've been inquiring after my property. I'll tell you truthfully, I don't take too kindly to that.

CLARENCE

Your property?

JONAH

Katie Jane Andrews. You all seem to think she might be yours, but she isn't. She's mine. You see, her father and I came to a business arrangement. I run a few private gambling establishments in and around Wichita, and, one way or another, Mr. Andrews, who I believe you've met, found himself substantially in my debt. Which is when he came to me with a proposition: Forgiving his debts in exchange for his daughter. So when you all came around, he called me first thing. Protecting his interests, as it were. Which entails, certainly for him, remaining in my good favor.

Clarence is frowning at Jonah.

JONAH (CONT'D)

I see you're a bit slow, son. I dabble in all sorts of business here, and I'm sure I don't need to tell you that a girl like Katie Jane can be worth a considerable amount of money. Keeping her on just in one of my clubs, she could bring in a couple hundred grand a year. Put her in a few tapes - and I know I don't have y'all's production values, but we do some good business on the trucker circuit catering to, shall we say, the needs for more extreme fare, generally featuring somewhat younger performers, you know, and that's quite a bit of profit, too. I know you understand this; I know that's why you're here. But you see, my arrangement with Mr. Andrews predates any sort of agreement you may have come to with his daughter.

There is a silence as Jonah waits for a response. Clarence looks around the room, then back at Jonah.

CLARENCE

What? I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention.

Jonah frowns at Clarence, chewing on ice from his drink.

JONAH

Don't provoke me, boy. The fact that you're even alive to be hearing these words can be either chalked up to some sort of incredible luck on your end or the equally incredible fucking incompetence of these two nimrods, who somehow missed shooting you at a range of a few feet with a goddamned assault rifle!

These last few words are spat in the direction of Fitz and Derrick, both of whom avert their eyes.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Fitz here, who also happens to owe me just a bit of funds, was asked to do just one fucking thing, but apparently is too fucking blind to hit the broad side of a barn, leaving you running around to God knows where. Our fucking luck you got picked up by the sheriff.

Jonah looks over his shoulder at Michael.

JONAH (CONT'D)

In fact, Michael, I think it's time. Why don't you and Fitz go have a conversation about his performance tonight? See if you can't clarify to him exactly what he did wrong.

Michael, his expression dreamy, moves forward, gesturing for Fitz to precede him in exiting the room. Fitz, looking terrified, leaves through the hallway. Michael follows.

Jonah rises from the couch with an effort, using a cane with a silver handle.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Derrick, would you help our guest into the entertainment room? I imagine he's going to want to see this.

Derrick lifts Clarence to his feet. They follow Jonah towards a back room.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Using the cane to walk, Jonah moves into a room with a wall of television screens. Derrick and Clarence follow behind.

The dozen or so television screens all show different angles of the cornfield, into which a labyrinthine MAZE has been cut in the tall corn. There are cameras placed throughout this maze, their different angles showing on the screens.

Jonah sits down in a rocking chair facing the wall.

JONAH

You ever seen a cornfield maze before?

Clarence says nothing.

DERRICK

Maize is the Indian word for corn.

Jonah frowns at Derrick.

JONAH

Well, ain't you a wealth of interesting information.

(to Clarence)

You see, I run a cornfield maze haunt out here every October, leading up to Halloween, as just one of my many ways of giving back to the community. I'm regarded as quite the philanthropist in Great Bend, ain't I, Derrick?

DERRICK

(to Clarence, sincere)

He is.

JONAH

Of course, the other eleven months out of the year, the corn maze don't see much use. I sure as fuck ain't growing no crops here. But every now and then, it comes in handy. Ah, there he is.

In one of the bottom screens, Fitz moves into view, followed by Michael, who is aiming a gun at him. They are facing the entrance to the maze.

Derrick's eyes widen when he sees this.

EXT. JONAH'S MANSION - BACKYARD - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Fitz stands in front of the gap in the corn that leads into the maze, pleading. Michael is aiming a revolver at him.

FITZ

Come on, Michael, please, just let me go! I can get Jonah his money!

MICHAEL

Oh? How are you planning to do that?

Fitz hesitates, as if trying to think of something.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Nah. You've got nothing and you've fucked up too many times. Get going. I'll give you at least a minute's head start, I promise, Fitz.

FITZ

Michael, please...

Michael FIRES THE GUN, the bullet hitting the soil inches from one of Fitz's feet. Fitz leaps away, startled.

MICHAEL

Go on.

As Michael lifts the gun higher, Fitz turns and runs into the maze.

EXT. CORNFIELD MAZE - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Fitz runs down the dark path, surrounded on either side by corn. The cornfield is mostly visible by moonlight.

Fitz reaches an intersection in the maze. He looks frantically right, then left, trying to decide in which direction to go, then takes off down the left path.

As he runs, he passes by a small camera, mounted on a stalk in the corner of the maze, that follows him as he runs. Fitz does not notice this.

Continuing down the maze, Fitz rounds a corner and finds himself suddenly facing a life-size SKELETON, which bounces on a wire, LAUGHING SHRILLY.

Fitz gives a sharp SCREAM of terror, stumbling back. He stares at the fake, mechanical skeleton for a second, then takes off running again.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonah is laughing heartily, his face red, as he watches Fitz run through the maze on various screens.

JONAH

Oh! The skeleton got him! It always does! Always gets 'em!

Clarence and Derrick both stare at him, then back at the television screens.

EXT. CORNFIELD MAZE - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Fitz runs past a pair of GLOWING RED LIGHTS in the corn, designed to look like EVIL EYES.

Turning a corner, Fitz slams his shoulder into a SCARECROW with a WITCH MASK for a face, which is bound to a post. A recording device somewhere on the scarecrow emits an EERIE MOANING sound.

Fitz looks up at the scarecrow, clutching his shoulder, then moves on.

From far behind Fitz, the sound of DOGS BARKING can be heard. Fitz looks back in horror.

EXT. JONAH'S MANSION - BACKYARD - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

A BUTLER is leading three large dogs, DOBERMAN PINSCHERS, on chains from around the house. Michael nods over at the butler as he approaches.

The dogs TUG ON THEIR CHAINS in the direction of the maze, BARKING. The butler, pulling back on their leashes, restrains them with an effort.

Michael lights a cigarette, staring off into the cornfield.

BUTLER

Should I release them, sir?

MICHAEL

(lightly)

In a minute.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The butler and the dogs are visible on one of the lower screens, the one that showed Michael and Fitz earlier.

Derrick takes a step back from the screens. Jonah addresses Clarence:

JONAH

The thing is, he *could* get through the maze, you know. There is an exit. 'Course, when the kids go through there for fun, it takes 'em at least an hour. But look, he's running pretty fast.

In one of the top screens, Fitz is indeed visible running quickly down a long path.

On the bottom screen, Michael gestures sharply towards the cornfields.

MICHAEL (ON TELEVISION)

Now! Let 'em go!

The butler, on the television screen, releases the dogs, which race into the maze, barking.

EXT. CORNFIELD MAZE - LATE EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Fitz is running faster and even more frantically now that the BARKING of the dogs can be heard moving closer to him.

Fitz turns a corner in the maze and finds himself suddenly facing a dark WALL OF CORN. He is at a DEAD END.

FITZ

Fuck! *Fuck!*

With a quick look back, Fitz begins plowing forward into the dead end, into the corn, PUSHING THE STALKS ASIDE, out of his way. The barking of the Dobermans is getting LOUDER.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the televisions, Fitz can be dimly discerned on one of the screens, trying to push his way into the cornfield. The camera angle is lousy, from far away.

Jonah angrily shouts up at the screen:

JONAH

Aw, he can't do that! That's
cheating!

EXT. CORNFIELD MAZE - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Fitz, pushing further into the corn, suddenly gives a YELL OF PAIN.

Drawing his arm back from the corn, his shirt sleeve is torn away, his forearm BLEEDING from several deep scratches. A BARBED WIRE GRID FENCE, as tall as the corn, stands just a few feet within the cornfield.

Fitz pulls his other hand away from the barbed wire; there is a deep puncture wound in his palm that is oozing blood. He stares at the barbed wire, trying to see if there is a way past it, but appears to encompass the entire wall.

FITZ

Shit!

Fitz, panicked, turns and begins running in the other direction, retracing his steps.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonah smiles broadly up at the image of Fitz running back through the maze on the television screens. He leans over towards Clarence, confiding:

JONAH

Barb wire. We tell 'em we need it
sturdy to keep the corn that high.

(pause)

'Course, I wanted to use razor
wire, but Michael convinced me it'd
be harder to explain if one of them
dumb-ass kids stumbled into it.

EXT. CORNFIELD MAZE - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The BARKING of the dogs is growing LOUDER.

Fitz reaches another intersection, this one featuring a HOWLING GHOST represented by two black eyes painted on a white sheet, which moves back and forth on an automated clothesline.

The dogs sounds as if they are RIGHT BEHIND Fitz.
Desperately, he chooses a direction, running off to the left.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonah laughs up at the wall of screens in delight.

JONAH
Oops! Bad choice!

EXT. CORNFIELD MAZE - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Fitz rounds a corner, then another, then suddenly finds himself facing yet another DEAD END.

With a scream of fear and frustration, Fitz turns around and begins running back the way he came, towards the intersection with the ghost.

As he does so, the three DOBERMANS emerge from behind the ghost, RACING TOWARDS HIM.

Fitz reverses direction so quickly he almost slips, scrambling back towards the dead end, the dogs RUSHING AFTER HIM.

Fitz reaches the dead end and rushes INTO THE CORN. He hits the barbed wire fence and, oblivious to the cuts he is receiving, begins trying to force his way through it as the dogs move in behind him.

The lead dog LUNGES UP and BITES onto Fitz's back, KNOCKING HIM TO THE GROUND. The three dogs then converge up Fitz, biting him as he struggles and flails on the ground. They begin TEARING HIM APART.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On one of the television screens, the dogs can be seen biting and tearing at Fitz. Fitz is soaked in blood and no longer moving. He is clearly DEAD.

Jonah smiles at the screen, then looks over at Clarence.

JONAH
Of course, these videos right here do quite alright on the circuit too, once we edit this all together. I guess people like the suspense of it compared to all that other snuff junk.

Jonah rises laboriously to his feet.

JONAH (CONT'D)
 Come on, now, let's head on out
 back and have a chat with Michael.
 Help him get things cleaned up.

Jonah begins moving towards the door. Derrick is still looking up at the screen in shock, watching the dogs rip apart Fitz's corpse.

Jonah clears his throat, sharply.

JONAH (CONT'D)
 Derrick. I said, come on.

Derrick gives a nervous start.

DERRICK
 Yes, sir!

Grabbing onto Clarence's cuffed arms again, Derrick begins leading him after Jonah as they exit the entertainment room.

EXT. JONAH'S MANSION - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence, Jonah and Derrick emerge from the mansion, out into the backyard. As soon as Jonah steps outside, he gives a sharp WHISTLE and calls out towards the corn maze:

JONAH
 Come on, now! Here!

Michael and the butler are standing nearby, watching them. Michael lifts one foot and grinds his cigarette out on the sole of his shoe.

MICHAEL
 How's the footage, boss?

JONAH
 Fine. Just fine. They took him down
 real good.

A moment later, the three dogs emerge from the corn maze, their jaws dripping with BLOOD. They all trot over to Jonah, tails wagging.

Jonah pets the dogs, rubbing their heads. The dogs wiggle with excitement.

JONAH (CONT'D)
 Oh, you're good boys! Yes, you are!
 Good boys!

Clarence and Derrick both take a step away from the bloody dogs. The butler comes over and begins reattaching the Dobermans' leashes to their collars.

BUTLER

Do you want me to take them in and clean them up now, sir?

JONAH

Clean them off just enough so they'll catch a new scent, but don't feed them nothin'.

(looks at Clarence)

I think we've still got one more show scheduled for the evening.

Clarence stares at the maze as the butler begins leading the dogs away, back around the house. Jonah turns to Michael.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Michael, go in and get that body out of there so it don't confuse 'em. It's in the north quadrant, by the ghost. You can put it in the ground tomorrow.

MICHAEL

Sure.

Michael moves into the maze. Jonah turns back towards Clarence.

JONAH

I'm sorry, son, but you knew I weren't about to let you live, you knowing about my business now and wanting what's mine. You've got to go. For what's it's worth, I know it didn't look like it, but my dogs are usually pretty quick. They're trained to go for the throat.

Clarence nods, smiling understandingly.

CLARENCE

That's perfectly reasonable. It's just business.

JONAH

Well, I'm glad you see it that way. I certainly-

In a sudden movement, Clarence wrenches his arm out of Derrick's grasp and begins RUNNING as fast as he can with his arms cuffed behind his back, moving around the house, disappearing from view.

Jonah stares after him in exasperation.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Well, what in the hell-
(to Derrick)
Go get him!

Derrick, startled, draws a pistol from the inside of his jacket and begins running after Clarence.

A moment later, though, Clarence emerges back from the side of the house, a grim expression on his face. Derrick stops running and starts to laugh.

The sheriff is walking behind Clarence, marching him back towards Jonah, a gun pressed against the back of Clarence's head.

The sheriff is flushed and sweating, chewing on a cigar. His belt buckle is unfastened.

SHERIFF CONRAD

Hey, Jonah! Something get away from you again? Jeez, can't you fellas keep a hold of this boy for as long as it takes for me to get my rocks off?

JONAH

(amused)
Yes, well, once again, sheriff, you have my gratitude. It would have been quite a hassle to chase him down, I'm sure. Speaking of, though, how was she?

SHERIFF CONRAD

Oh, fine, real nice.
(laughs)
You got yourself quite a bargain with that one. She's going to be an earner, I can tell you that. Where is she now? I brought her back here. She's just being shy.
(calls out)
Katie Jane! Get the fuck back here!

Clarence turns to look, the sheriff still holding the revolver to his head.

From the side of the house, Katie Jane emerges, her head lowered. She is wearing a small robe and slippers. Her face is shiny and she has tears in her eyes.

As soon as Katie Jane sees Clarence, she runs towards him.

KATIE JANE

Oh my God, Clarence! Oh, I'm so sorry!

Katie Jane rushes towards Clarence and embraces him, wrapping her arms around his waist. She sobs against his chest.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to get you all involved in this... Why did you come after me?

Clarence stares down at her in surprise.

CLARENCE

I, uh...

JONAH

Well, ain't that sweet.
(to Derrick)
Get her the fuck off him.

Derrick pulls Katie Jane away from Clarence. She stares after him, her eyes filled with tears, but with an incongruously meaningful expression in her eyes.

Clarence stares back at her. Behind him, one of his hands is holding the KEY TO HIS CUFFS, which Katie Jane just slipped to him. Clarence wraps it tightly in one of his fists.

SHERIFF CONRAD

I heard the dogs barkin' out here while your girl was taking care of the Little Sheriff. I'm assuming that was Fitz. You gonna feed this one to 'em, too?

JONAH

Reckon so, unless you got a better idea. You need a guy to evade arrest for something, sheriff?

SHERIFF CONRAD

(laughs)

No, not at the moment, though I do appreciate your asking. No, I think the dogs'd be fine for this one. He's big and strong.

(MORE)

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)

Give 'em some exercise, maybe.
Can't imagine Fitz put up too much
of a run.

JONAH

No, not much.
(to Derrick)
Take her back inside and put her in
the studio. I may feel like having
a bit of fun before bed.

Jonah winks at Katie Jane, who gives him a look somewhere between disgust and fear before Derrick begins dragging her away, through the rear door of the mansion.

Katie Jane shoots Clarence one last pleading look, then Derrick shoves her inside.

DERRICK

Go on!

Derrick moves in after Katie Jane, closing the mansion's rear door. The sheriff watches Derrick depart.

SHERIFF CONRAD

He's turning out real okay, that
one there.

JONAH

Yah. I shoulda' had him do the
shooting earlier, but Fitz is the
one what owed me.
(to Clarence)
That boy Derrick was quarterback of
the football team starting his
senior year of high school, a real
star in this town. Had a couple of
big schools looking at him, too,
'til he tore out his rotator cuff.
Can't throw much of anything now,
but I figured he's still a talent
to have.

CLARENCE

(laughs)
Yeah, I bet you did.

Jonah frowns at Clarence.

JONAH

I don't quite get the gist of that
remark.

CLARENCE

Well, it's just, what kind of grown-up man gives a fuck about high school football? Seems to me you'd have to be a pederast to watch that sort of thing.

The sheriff and Jonah exchange a look.

SHERIFF CONRAD

"Pederast"...?

JONAH

He's calling me a faggot, Conrad.

The sheriff lifts the gun again, jabbing it into the side of Clarence's head.

SHERIFF CONRAD

You little shit, I don't think you get the situation here-

Clarence cranks the key behind his back, releasing one side of his cuffs, FREEING HIS HANDS.

In a quick motion, Clarence steps to the side, grabs the gun out of the sheriff's hand and PUNCHES the sheriff IN THE FACE with the unfastened cuff wrapped around his hand like brass knuckles. The sheriff stumbles back from the blow.

Clarence spins, aiming the gun at Jonah, who raises his hands.

JONAH

I'm unarmed.

CLARENCE

(snarling)

I should kill you both.

The handcuffs are hanging from the wrist of Clarence's gun hand. He unlocks the cuffs and tosses them to Jonah, who catches them. Clarence points at the sheriff.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Cuff yourselves together.

Jonah moves towards the sheriff. The sheriff is staring at Clarence, his face bleeding. Clarence moves back so he can cover them both with the gun.

SHERIFF CONRAD

Don't do it, Jonah. Ain't no need.
(to Clarence)

(MORE)

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)

Think about this, boy. You gonna shoot a cop? Let's talk this through.

As he talks, the sheriff is moving slowly towards Clarence, his hands out.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)

See, that ain't my gun there. I left mine back in the car. That's the gun I took off of you, which means they can trace the bullets back to you. And you shoot a cop in this state, a sheriff, all kinds of hell are gonna come down on you. You want that?

Clarence SHOOTS THE SHERIFF in the knee. The sheriff falls to the ground with a CRY of shock and pain, blood pouring from his shattering kneecap.

CLARENCE

I tried to tell you earlier. It's not my gun.

Clarence quickly aims the gun at Jonah' legs.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

You going to cuff yourself to him or do I have to do you, too?

Moving with surprising speed, Jonah kneels down next to this sheriff and cuffs one of his wrists to one of the sheriff's.

JONAH

This alright?

Clarence leans down and tightens the handcuffs until Jonah gives a grunt of pain. The sheriff is moaning in agony, clutching his knee.

CLARENCE

Yeah, that'll do.

Clarence reaches into the sheriff's pants pocket and pulls out his set of car keys. He then gives a quick glance over to the cornfield; there is nothing there to be seen.

Clarence turns and runs towards the back door to the house.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence runs up the stairs to the second floor, the gun in his hand. A MUFFLED SCREAM comes from down the upstairs hall; Clarence moves in this direction.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - STUDIO ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence KICKS OPEN the door to a room and moves inside.

The room is brightly lit, with stark white walls and carpeting. At one end, a video camera on a tripod faces a large bed with pink sheets. Handcuffs are attached to each of the bed's four posts.

On the bed, Katie Jane is STRUGGLING with Derrick, who is on top of her, trying to remove her nightgown.

Derrick stops when he sees Clarence and the gun, quickly rolling off of Katie Jane, his hands in the air.

DERRICK

Whoa, hey, man, look, it's not-

Clarence crosses quickly over to Derrick and PISTOL WHIPS HIM, cracking the barrel of the gun across Derrick's forehead.

When Derrick drops to one knee, clutching his bloody face, Clarence brings the butt of the gun down on the top of Derrick's head. Derrick falls forward and is still.

Clarence looks over at Katie Jane, who is cowering on the bed, staring at Derrick in fear.

KATIE JANE

Is he dead?

CLARENCE

No. Just out. Where's your stuff?

KATIE JANE

I don't know where my clothes are.

Katie Jane begins wrapping her robe around herself.

CLARENCE

Okay. By "stuff," I was partially referring to the cash that we gave you.

KATIE JANE

It's not here. I hid it.

CLARENCE

Then let's go.

Clarence sticks the pistol in his waistband, turns towards the door to the room, and sees MICHAEL standing in the doorway, watching him.

MICHAEL

Interesting.

Michael moves forward, very quickly. Clarence grabs the gun from his waistband, but, as he extends it, Michael KNOCKS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND with an outward crescent kick.

As Michael moves in, kicking for Clarence's knee with his other foot, Clarence steps back into a defensive fighting stance.

Michael punches Clarence, several times. Clarence blocks some of the strikes, but Michael is faster than him, throwing combinations of chops and hits that leave Clarence staggering back.

Michael extends a finger strike into Clarence's windpipe and simultaneously cross-kicks Clarence in the shin. Clarence FALLS TO HIS KNEES, clutching his throat and choking. Michael kicks Clarence TWICE IN THE HEAD, in quick succession.

Clarence blocks his head with his forearms, covering up and swaying like a punch-drunk boxer. Blood is flowing from his mouth and nose.

Michael shifts closer to Clarence, his hands raised, looking for an angle at which to finish him off.

The side of Michael's head EXPLODES with a gunshot. Blood and brains splatter the nearest wall. Michael stands for a moment, then his body falls to the floor. A pool of blood begins forming on the white carpet next to the exit wound in his skull.

Katie Jane is holding the revolver that Michael kicked out of Clarence's hand; smoke rises from the barrel. She is trembling. With a short CRY OF DISGUST, she drops the gun.

Clarence crawls over and picks the gun up off the floor. His speech is muffled through his bloody lips.

CLARENCE

We might need that.

Clarence tries to rise to his feet but stumbles, dizzy. He leans up against the wall, one hand braced against it.

Katie Jane quickly moves over to Clarence. She hefts one of his arms over her shoulders so that she can partially support his weight.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
I'm fine. I just need a second.

KATIE JANE
I know, but we gotta go. Come on.

Katie Jane and Clarence exit the room, Katie Jane staggering under Clarence's weight.

EXT. JONAH'S MANSION - FRONT DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

Katie Jane and Clarence stumble out of the mansion's front door.

CLARENCE
Sheriff's car. I've got the keys.

Katie Jane looks at him incredulously.

KATIE JANE
You didn't think to take something
a little less conspicuous?

Clarence grunts.

They make their way over to the sheriff's car. Around the back of the house, the sound of the Dobermans BARKING can be heard. Clarence looks back at this noise.

CLARENCE
Get in.

Clarence opens the driver's door the sheriff's car and pushes Katie Jane in. She slides over to the passenger side.

Around the side of the house, the three DOBERMANS APPEAR, racing towards them.

Clarence, supporting his weight on the car door, angles his body into the driver's seat. He SHUTS THE CAR DOOR after him just as the DOGS REACH IT.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

One of the Dobermans SLAMS into the car door, leaping up, its nails clawing on the window glass.

Clarence exhales. He inserts the ignition key and starts the car, shifting into REVERSE.

The dogs are still leaping up and BARKING on the driver's side of the car, trying to get in at Clarence, their breath fogging the glass.

Clarence hits the gas and the car FLIES BACKWARDS, the driver's side rearview mirror hitting one of the dogs in the head and knocking it spinning.

Clarence pulls out onto the rural route and begins driving away from Jonah' mansion. The dogs chase the car for a couple hundred feet, but are soon left behind.

Clarence sees his lock kit resting on the dashboard in front of Katie Jane. He reaches for it and pockets it, looking around the car.

CLARENCE

There should be another gun in here. Find it.

Katie Jane opens the glove compartment and pulls out a gigantic .50 caliber chrome revolver. Clarence gives it a contemptuous glance.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that'd be it. Give it here.

Katie Jane hands Clarence the giant handgun.

KATIE JANE

What is that, fifty cal? I can tell you for a fact, he is compensating for something.

CLARENCE

(grimacing)

Don't need to know the details.

KATIE JANE

Okay. Sorry. You kill them?

CLARENCE

No. Left them cuffed together. Shot the sheriff in the leg, but aimed for the bone. He won't bleed out.

KATIE JANE

Oh.

(pause)

Too bad.

(MORE)

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

(pause)

Where we headed?

CLARENCE

Where's the money?

KATIE JANE

I got a safety deposit box at the bank my first morning back in town. I figured that was the only way to keep anyone from finding out about it. It's in there. We can get it tomorrow when they open.

CLARENCE

You had a chance to get away and do that?

KATIE JANE

Yeah. I was staying with my daddy that first night. Jonah knew I wouldn't run.

CLARENCE

Who took you away from Los Angeles?

KATIE JANE

Michael, that... fella I just shot, and Derrick, the one you beat with the pistol. They didn't tell me the deal until I got here. They told me my daddy was sick at first, and they'd come to bring me to the hospital.

(staring out the window)

He's sick, alright.

They drive in silence for a moment.

CLARENCE

I don't get it. Your father sold you to pay off his gambling debts. Couldn't you have just given Jonah the money and got out of it?

Katie Jane turns to him, wide eyed.

KATIE JANE

Oh, but I couldn't do that! That money was for acting I was supposed to do. After I left Los Angeles, that money wasn't mine any more. I knew I'd have to send it back.

Clarence looks at her. Katie Jane stares back at him, apparently sincere. Clarence turns his attention back to the road in front of him.

CLARENCE

Okay.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT - ONE HOUR LATER

Clarence pulls the car into the hotel's parking lot.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Clarence turns to Katie Jane in the passenger seat.

CLARENCE

Wait here. I need to go check on something.

KATIE JANE

They'll find us here.

CLARENCE

I know that. Wait here. I'll be right back.

Clarence climbs out of the car and slams the door shut. Katie Jane looks anxiously after him.

INT. HOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence steps into the office. Agatha is seated behind the counter, reading a romance novel. She looks up at his approach, peering at him through thick reading glasses.

AGATHA

You're up late, mister.

CLARENCE

Yes. I was just wondering if there were any messages for me.

AGATHA

I'm sorry, what's the name again?

Clarence is looking at the rack of keys behind Agatha. Only a few keys are missing from their hooks.

CLARENCE

Randall. Randall Smith.

AGATHA

Nope, no messages, Mr. Smith. Don't know why I asked. We haven't had anyone call in to any of our rooms all day.

CLARENCE

Well. Thanks anyway.

Clarence exits the office.

EXT. HOTEL - ROOM FIFTEEN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

With Katie Jane standing lookout, Clarence picks the lock to a dark hotel room, using his tools. The door opens after a few seconds.

CLARENCE

Okay. Get in there and lock the door. I'm going to ditch the car and get my stuff from our room so that it looks like we cleared out. I should be back within an hour.

KATIE JANE

Okay.

Katie Jane steps into the dark hotel room. She starts to close the door, then stops.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

Should you tell me a special way you're going to knock, like, a code, so that I know that it's you?

CLARENCE

You'll know that it's me because I'll say, "Katie Jane, it's me, Clarence. Open the door."

KATIE JANE

Oh. Okay.

Clarence hands Katie Jane the sheriff's large revolver.

CLARENCE

Here. Just in case.

Katie Jane nods, taking the gun. Clarence pulls the door shut and then hurries over to where the car is parked nearby.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Several blocks away from the hotel, Clarence pulls the sheriff's car over at the curb of a dark business district. The street is quiet and completely deserted.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Removing a cleansing wipe from the packet in his jacket pocket, Clarence begins wiping down the interior of the vehicle, smearing clean the steering wheel, gear shift, and every other surface that either he or Katie Jane touched.

EXT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Stepping out of the car, Clarence continues the process on the outside of the vehicle, cleaning the edges of the door and the door handles. Clarence then folds the dirty wipes into his pocket.

Glancing at the trunk of the car, Clarence hesitates, then crosses to the trunk and opens it with the sheriff's keys.

Inside the trunk are miscellaneous supplies; a spare tire, boxes of ammunition, a mag light. Also, on a suspended rack, is a single barrel shotgun and, beneath it, a folded BULLETPROOF VEST.

Clarence grabs one of the boxes of bullets. Ignoring the shotgun, Clarence then reaches in and takes out the bulletproof vest. He unfolds the vest, holding it up.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Clarence runs down the sidewalk, back in the direction of the hotel, staying close to the buildings, in the shadows. He holds the bulletproof vest in one hand as he runs.

EXT. HOTEL - ROOM FIFTEEN - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Clarence is carrying both his and Justin's bags across his shoulders. He moves next to the door to the room.

CLARENCE

Katie Jane, it's me, Clarence. Open the door.

There is a silence, then the sound of the door being unlocked. The door opens and Clarence steps quickly inside.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM FIFTEEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Clarence shuts the door behind him and drops the bags on the floor. The hotel room is dark, the lights all off.

Katie Jane is standing next to the door with only a thin towel wrapped around her body. Her skin and hair are wet. Clarence looks at her, then quickly looks away.

KATIE JANE

I took a shower, but I didn't turn any lights on, don't worry. I just... I needed to get clean.

CLARENCE

It's okay. We should get you some clothes. Here, you can wear some of mine for now.

Still not looking at Katie Jane, Clarence lifts his duffel bag up onto the bed and unzips it. He removes his video camera, which is on top of his clothing, then pulls out a white dress shirt. He hands the shirt to Katie Jane and continues fishing through his bag.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

I've got some boxers here you could...

Katie Jane drops her towel to the floor, revealing her nude body, and slips on Clarence's dress shirt. She begins buttoning the front of the shirt over her chest.

Clarence stares at her, then forces his attention back to his duffel bag.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

...wear. Here.

Clarence hands Katie Jane a pair of cotton boxer shorts. Turning from him, she pulls them on, then looks down at herself. She is still quite scantily clad.

KATIE JANE

Well. I don't know if I could exactly go to church like this.

CLARENCE

Justin's got some undershirts and gym clothes that might work better.

KATIE JANE

Justin?

CLARENCE

A colleague that was here with me.
He's dead.

KATIE JANE

Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

Katie Jane embraces Clarence, hugging him. Clarence stiffens uncomfortably.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

Were you two close?

CLARENCE

No, uh, not really.

Katie Jane pulls back, looking at Clarence sadly.

KATIE JANE

I feel like this is all my fault.

CLARENCE

It's not. So far as I can tell,
it's your father's fault, and I'll
deal with him eventually. For now-

KATIE JANE

Shhh. I know you'll keep me safe.

Katie Jane moves closes to Clarence, turning her face up to his, to kiss him. Clarence steps away.

CLARENCE

I, uh-

Katie Jane's face crumples. She turns away from him.

KATIE JANE

You don't want me. I'm damaged
goods now, right?

CLARENCE

No, look. It's just, you don't owe
me anything. If you're trying to
thank me for helping you out of
there or something, well, I
couldn't have done it if you hadn't
got me the key or shot that guy. So
you don't owe me anything.

KATIE JANE

Is that why you think I'm doing
this? To repay you? I'm not a
hooker, you know!

There is a silence. Clarence gestures awkwardly.

CLARENCE

I know that. Listen, I should- I should tell you. I just don't really like people touching me. I don't, um, do so well with that.

KATIE JANE

Why not?

CLARENCE

I don't know. It wasn't so bad at first, when I got back from Afghanistan. But these past couple of years, it's gotten... worse and worse.

Katie Jane looks at the camera on the bed.

KATIE JANE

Do you think it's because of your job?

CLARENCE

I don't know.

(pause)

I don't like to think about it very much.

KATIE JANE

Mmm-hmm.

Katie Jane walks over to the bed and picks up the camera.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

How do you turn this on?

CLARENCE

There's a button on the-

Katie Jane switches the camera on, pulling out the view screen so that she can see Clarence in it.

KATIE JANE

Got it. Here.

Katie Jane hands Clarence the camera and then angles the camera in his hand so that it is aiming at her. Clarence can see her in the view screen; the camera is recording.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

Can you see me?

CLARENCE

Yes.

Katie Jane begins unbuttoning her shirt, looking into the camera.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

KATIE JANE

Shhh. How do I look?

CLARENCE

(swallowing)

You look good.

Katie Jane strips off the dress shirt, then the boxer shorts. She stands in front of Clarence, naked.

KATIE JANE

Come here.

Taking Clarence's free hand, Katie Jane pulls him towards her. Clarence lowers the camera and starts to pull away.

CLARENCE

I don't... I can't-

KATIE JANE

Stop talking. Just watch me through the camera.

Clarence lifts the camera again, holding it in front of his face. He allows Katie Jane to lead him towards the bed, where she begins undressing him.

Katie Jane pushes Clarence gently down onto the bed, so that he is lying on his back, aiming the camera up at her. She climbs on top of him and they kiss, passionately.

CLARENCE

Wait.

Clarence sets the camera down on a small table next to the bed, aiming it towards them. He swivels the view screen around on the camera so that it is facing him.

Katie Jane continues kissing Clarence throughout this process, mounting him. He turns his attention back to her, kissing her and embracing her as they begin to have sex, Katie Jane on top.

As they continue, Clarence turns and watches them on the video screen. He keeps his eyes on the screen as Katie Jane continues to ride him.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM FIFTEEN - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Clarence and Katie Jane lie in bed, sweating, their limbs intertwined, her head resting on his chest. Katie Jane's eyes are closed. Clarence looks up at the ceiling.

CLARENCE

It's been... kind of a long time
for me.

Katie Jane smiles, not opening her eyes.

KATIE JANE

(mumbling, sleepy)
Go to sleep.

Katie Jane begins breathing rhythmically as she drifts off. Clarence continues looking up at the ceiling, then he slowly closes his eyes.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM FIFTEEN - EARLY MORNING

Clarence and Katie Jane lie in bed in roughly the same positions. Dim morning light creeps in around the hotel room's blinds.

Suddenly, the door to the hotel room is loudly BROKEN IN, flooding the room with LIGHT. Three men, visible only as SILHOUETTES, enter the room, one of them holding the SLEDGEHAMMER they used to knock open the door.

Both Katie Jane and Clarence are awake. Katie Jane SCREAMS, shrinking away and covering her body with the blanket.

Clarence, naked and confused, tries to rise up. One of his hands reaches UNDER HIS PILLOW.

One of the silhouettes steps rapidly towards him. His eyes adjusting to the light, Clarence can see that it is DERRICK.

The top of Derrick's head is bandaged and he is holding a collapsible baton, which he FLICKS OUT to its full length, shoving Clarence back onto the bed with his other hand.

DERRICK

Payback, motherfucker.

Derrick SWINGS THE BATON into the side of Clarence's head with both hands. Clarence's world GOES BLACK.

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL - ROOM FIFTEEN - LATE MORNING

Clarence blinks his eyes open. He is naked, lying on his back on the floor of the hotel room, looking up. A FIGURE is standing above him.

The figure is blurry, then slowly comes into focus. It is AGATHA, standing with her hands on her hips, looking down.

AGATHA

This isn't your room, Mr. Smith.

Clarence tries to speak but cannot. The entire side of his head is crusted BLACK with dried blood, which has pooled out onto the carpet. He tries to speak again, his voice coming out thin and raspy.

CLARENCE

I know that.

AGATHA

Well. And I'd like to know who's going to pay for this mess. That door's going to need replacing, you know. Not to mention the carpet there.

Clarence struggles to rise, finally moving up into a seated position on the floor. He holds his head in his hands, swaying back and forth.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

You're not going to throw up, are you?

CLARENCE

(slowly)
No.

AGATHA

Well, that's good. Not that it's much of my business, but I reckon you ought to get yourself to a doctor. It looks like somebody tried to kill you.

CLARENCE

Yes. I should do that.

Clarence very slowly rises to his feet, then sits back on the bed.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

There was a girl here with me.
Blonde, young, pretty. Did you see
her?

AGATHA

(distasteful)

No, I did not. I came out to do my
housekeeping rounds this morning
and found the door to this
unoccupied hotel room broken in and
you looking dead inside it. I
didn't see anyone else. I haven't
even had time to call the police
yet.

Clarence lifts up his pillow on the bed. Both of the GUNS are
beneath it, the sheriff's large revolver and the pistol he
took from Creek.

CLARENCE

I'd appreciate it if you'd hold off
on that phone call, please.

AGATHA

(eyes wide)

Well. Alright.

Clarence picks up both of the guns and tosses them into his
duffel bag. He then throws the video camera into the bag and
begins putting on his clothes.

Buttoning his shirt, Clarence again rises to his feet, more
steadily this time. He crouches next to Justin's luggage and
begins rooting through it, beneath the sheriff's bulletproof
vest, which is folded on top of Justin's clothing.

CLARENCE

When you call the police. How are
you going to describe me?

AGATHA

Um... How do you mean?

CLARENCE

I mean, how would you describe me?

AGATHA

Well, I'd say you're about six foot
five... Caucasian... Maybe two
hundred pounds?

Clarence produces a small roll of bills from Justin's luggage. He removes the band from it and peels off a few bills, all of which are hundreds.

Clarence pockets the few bills and then tosses the rest of the roll to Agatha, who catches it. She begins unrolling the bills, impressed.

CLARENCE

How would you describe me?

Agatha looks at the money, then back up at Clarence.

AGATHA

I'd say you're about five foot six, Mexican, with a beard and, uh, a tattoo on your neck that says something in Spanish?

CLARENCE

Good enough.

Hefting both his and Justin's luggage, Clarence moves towards the door.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Clean up good in here, okay? That should cover the door and carpet.

AGATHA

Sure thing. Where are you going? Do you want me to hold your room for you?

CLARENCE

I'm going to go find the girl that was taken from here, and then I'm going to kill all the people that took her.

AGATHA

Oh.

(pause)

I won't be holding your room, then?

CLARENCE

No, thank you.

Clarence walks outside.

EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - LATE MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Clarence walks through the hotel parking lot, towards the street.

EXT. MAIN STREET - LATE MORNING - MINUTES LATER

Clarence walks down the street with his luggage. He looks horrible, his head still crusted with blood. Passerby stop and stare at him as he walks past.

Clarence turns down a side street.

EXT. SIDE STREET - LATE MORNING - MINUTES LATER

Clarence stands next to a dirty red sedan, trying to break into the car with a bent wire. He finally succeeds and opens the door, throws in his bags, and then cracks open the plastic cover beneath the steering wheel.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - A HALF HOUR LATER

Clarence drives the dirty red sedan down a country road surrounded by woods on either side. After a few moments, he pulls the car over on the side of the deserted road.

INT. RED SEDAN - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Clarence, wearing a different colored dress shirt, awkwardly pulls on a pair of dark slacks in the front seat of the car, changing his outfit. He then reaches into his duffel bag and takes out both of the guns, examining them.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence climbs out of the car and begins walking down the country road, both guns tucked into the waistband of his pants.

EXT. METH HOUSE - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Clarence continues down the country road until the Andrews brothers' house appears around a bend. He walks across the dead front lawn to the porch and knocks on the front door, drawing the sheriff's revolver with his other hand.

A moment later, the door is opened by Skeeter, who is blearily rubbing his face. His eyes widen when he sees Clarence.

Clarence HITS Skeeter in the face with the butt of the sheriff's revolver, knocking him out of view. Clarence then steps into the house, shutting the door behind him.

INT. METH HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Skeeter lays sprawled out on the floor, clutching his face with one hand, fumbling for a straight razor in his belt with the other.

Clarence STOMPS down on Skeeter's groin and Skeeter folds up, retching, the razor falling from his fingers. Clarence moves to stand away from the bear trap on the ceiling and looks around the room.

Jesse is seated on the sofa, frozen, a small bag of meth crystals in one hand, staring at Clarence. A scale rests on the coffee table in front of him.

Cooter is curled up on the floor, next to the corpse of Champ, the dog. Cooter is smoking meth using two pieces of tinfoil, holding a plastic lighter to melt the meth. He continues sucking on the rolled piece of tinfoil, looking up at Clarence through a haze of smoke.

Clarence addresses Jesse, tucking the sheriff's gun back into his pants.

CLARENCE

I need to talk to you.

Jesse is still staring at Clarence and holding the bag of meth crystals.

JESSE

You have my attention.

CLARENCE

Where's the other one of you? Is he going to run in here and do something stupid?

JESSE

Creek?

(nods)

If he wakes up, chances are pretty good.

Clarence looks at Jesse for a second, then pulls the gun he took from Creek out of his waistband and wipes it clean on his shirt.

CLARENCE
Here's his gun back.

Clarence tosses the gun to Jesse, who catches it.

Jesse cocks the gun, aims it at Clarence, and pulls the trigger. The gun clicks EMPTY. Jesse examines it.

JESSE
You took the bullets out.

CLARENCE
(clearing his throat)
Yes, I did.

JESSE
Huh.

Jesse sets the gun down and looks back up at Clarence, who is watching Cooter. Cooter has run out of meth on the tinfoil but is continuing to try to smoke the blackened remains, making frustrated noises.

JESSE (CONT'D)
I'd heard you fellas were dead.
That's what our dad said.

CLARENCE
Yeah. Look, can you get your brother to stop smoking that stuff while I'm in here? How old is he, twelve?

JESSE
Cooter? He's sixteen. And he's almost done. Look.

CLARENCE
Jesus.

Skeeter, wheezing heavily, has crawled over to the sofa and propped himself up against it, facing Clarence.

SKEETER
Jesse. What's he doing here?

JESSE
Oh yeah.
(to Clarence)
You had somethin' to tell me?

CLARENCE

Yes. It's about your sister, Katie Jane. You know a guy named Jonah, lives in an old mansion about thirty miles south of here?

Before Jesse can respond, Creek walks into the room, looking sleepy.

CREEK

Hey, what's with all the damn commotion?

When Creek sees Clarence, his eyes widen.

CREEK (CONT'D)

Motherfucker!

Creek runs at Clarence, fists raised.

CLARENCE

Goddammit.

Clarence shuffles his feet and KICKS Creek in the stomach as Creek comes at him. Creek flies back, landing on the floor. His mouth opens and closes as he GASPS FOR BREATH.

Jesse is nodding and smiling.

JESSE

See? I told you so.

(to Creek)

Hey, Creek, look. The man brought back your gun.

Jesse tosses the gun to Creek; it lands on the floor nearby and slides over to him. Creek immediately lifts the gun, cocks it, and aims it at Clarence, pulling the trigger. The gun again clicks empty.

Creek continues trying to shoot Clarence, the gun CLICKING again and again. Clarence sighs and turns back to Jesse.

CLARENCE

Jonah. Some kind of country-fried mafioso, looks like a fat Colonel Sanders. You know him?

Creek stops trying to shoot Clarence and begins examining his gun, puzzled.

JESSE

Yeah, Jonah. I more 'an know him.
Had business dealings with him in
the past. 'Course, he mainly stays
out of the meth trade. That's ours.

Jesse smiles, revealing dark teeth. Creek is staring in the empty chamber of the gun.

CREEK

Hey, Jesse, we got any more bullets
for this gun?

JESSE

In a bit, Creek.
(to Clarence)
You were saying?

CLARENCE

You know, Jonah, he dabbles in the
adult entertainment business a bit
himself. Or so he claims.

JESSE

I did know that.

SKEETER

'Strue. He got houses of ill
repute.

Clarence looks at Skeeter, then back at Jesse.

CLARENCE

Well, did you know that your father
sold Katie Jane to Jonah to pay off
his gambling debts? That's why he
doesn't want anyone to know where
she is, because she's at Jonah's
place, where he's planning to pimp
her out and put her in his movies
until he's made his money back.
Plus, presumably, interest.

Jesse is watching Clarence. Clarence nods.

JESSE

(slowly)
That's true, huh?

CLARENCE

For a fact.

JESSE

Jonah is gonna put K.J. in his flicks?

CLARENCE

I saw the set myself.

JESSE

Huh.

Creek and Skeeter are both watching this conversation intently. Cooter is resting his head on Champ and glaring at Clarence's feet.

CREEK

Hey, Jesse?

JESSE

Yeah?

CREEK

You remember when Scott Hobbes showed us that one video Jonah made with that girl and the dog?

JESSE

Shut up, Creek, I'm trying to think here.

CREEK

Well... It's just... Remember how, at the end, when it was done, the dog just wouldn't stop barking at her?

JESSE

I said, shut up, Creek!

Creek falls into an introspective silence. Jesse continues staring off into space, chewing on his lower lip.

CLARENCE

You don't believe me, we can go to your father's place, ask him. Or just go straight to Jonah.

Jesse abruptly rises to his feet.

JESSE

Let's go talk to Pops. Cooter, you hold down the fort. You know the drill, set all the traps and kill anything that ain't a customer.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)
Creek, your bullets are in the
drawer above the flares. Go get
'em.

Creek rises to his feet and scrambles into the kitchen.
Skeeter also stands, uncomfortably adjusting his jeans.

EXT. METH HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence steps outside the house, followed by Jesse, Skeeter
and Creek, who is holding his gun. The three brothers all
squint, hiding their eyes from the daylight. Jesse flips on a
pair of large plastic sunglasses.

JESSE
Where's your ride at?

CLARENCE
I parked it down the road a bit.
Didn't want you all to hear me
driving up and get all freaked out.

JESSE
(nodding)
That was smart. Get in the truck.
Creek, you ride in back.

INT. JESSE'S PICK-UP TRUCK - AFTERNOON - A HALF HOUR LATER

Clarence sits in the front seat of Jesse's rusted, old pick-
up truck, sandwiched in between Skeeter in the passenger
seat, who is looking sullenly out the window, and Jesse,
whose expression is stony as he steers the truck down a dirt
road towards the trailer park.

A shotgun rack is visible behind the truck's seats. Clarence
looks at the two brothers, then looks straight ahead.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER

Jesse pulls the truck over in front of Jake Andrews' trailer,
sending up a cloud of dust. Creek immediately leaps out of
the bed of the truck, his hair disheveled. Clarence, Jesse
and Skeeter all climb out of the front of the truck.

CLARENCE
What if he's not home?

JESSE
That ain't too likely.

Jesse climbs the stairs to the door of his father's trailer and knocks on the door.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Pop? We're comin' in.

Jesse opens the door and walks inside, followed by Clarence. Skeeter and Creek remain outside, Skeeter lighting a cigarette.

INT. JAKE ANDREW'S TRAILER - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Clarence and Jesse move into the dimly lit trailer.

Jake Andrews is seated on a small sofa across from a television, watching wrestling and drinking from a can of beer. He looks up as Jesse enters, then frowns at Clarence in surprise.

JAKE ANDREWS
Jesse, what, ah, what are you doing here?

JESSE
Just dropped by for a visit. Creek and Skeeter are outside.

JAKE ANDREWS
Ah. Well, I'd offer you boys a beer, but I've only got one left. I was just about to head out to the store as soon as the sun went down.

Jesse nods, looking around the cluttered trailer.

JESSE
Don't look like K.J.'s been staying with you. She would've cleaned at least some of this mess up.

JAKE ANDREWS
No, she hasn't. I told you that.

Jesse nods.

CLARENCE
Mr. Andrews, do you remember me?

JAKE ANDREWS
Fellow from Los Angeles, looking for my daughter. Of course I remember you. I ain't that bad a drunk.

Jake Andrews sets the empty can of beer down, his hand trembling.

CLARENCE

Well, I found her.

JAKE ANDREWS

You did?

(pause)

Uh... Where at?

Jesse lunges forward and PUNCHES his father in the face, knocking him down across the sofa. Jesse straddles his father on the sofa, punching him again and again with his skinny fists.

JESSE

You fucking sold her, didn't you?!
You fucking sent her to Jonah to
cover your goddamn betting debts!
Didn't you?!

Clarence watches this altercation passively. Jesse isn't doing much damage with his punches, but his father is too frail to block him, and his nose has begun bleeding.

JAKE ANDREWS

Yes! Yes, alright!

Jesse stops hitting him. Jake looks up pleadingly.

JAKE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

But... I didn't sell her. More
like... she's just, like, working
for him for a little while to pay
off what I owe.

Jesse begins hitting Jake again.

JESSE

You fucking goddamned worthless
piece of shit drunk motherfucker!

JAKE ANDREWS

Hey! Hey!

Jesse pauses.

JAKE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

You think I don't know why you're
so upset? You think you'd be so
upset if it was one of your
brothers?

(MORE)

JAKE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

You think I don't know what you and
your sister used to do together?

Jesse's eyes widen. He grabs an empty bottle of whiskey up
off the floor.

JESSE

You goddamn...

Clarence moves quickly behind Jesse, grabbing his arm as he
starts to swing the bottle forward. Pinning Jesse's arms,
Clarence hauls him off the sofa and away from Jake Andrews.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Oh, and what did you do? Ask him!
Ask him what he used to do to her!
When she was just a kid! A kid!

Clarence pushes Jesse away and turns to look at Jake Andrews,
who has righted himself on the sofa and is holding one hand
to his bloody nose. Jake Andrews glares over at them.

JAKE ANDREWS

I had... I had problems back then,
when your mother left us. You know
that.

(shakes his head)

Airing our private business out in
front of strangers.

Jesse lunges forward again but Clarence stops him with a palm
to his chest. Clarence looks perturbed.

CLARENCE

Stop. We might need him.

JESSE

For what? He ain't good for shit.

CLARENCE

Your sister has the money to pay
off his debts, or at least some of
them, if that's how she chooses to
spend it. He didn't know about it.
We go to see Jonah, we might need
him there to help arrange things.

Jesse nods slowly.

JESSE

That's big thinkin'.
(to Jake Andrews)
Come on, you.

Jake Andrews slowly gets to his feet, muttering to himself.

JAKE ANDREWS

Whatever, boy... Think you're all
somethin' just 'cause you can beat
up on your old man now...

EXT. JONAH'S MANSION - EARLY EVENING - ONE HOUR LATER

Jesse drives the pick-up truck into the circle drive of
Jonah's mansion. Four other cars are already there, including
the sheriff's car and a large white SUV.

Clarence, Jesse and Skeeter climb out of the front of the
truck. Creek helps Jake Andrews down out of the back.

Skeeter removes a double barrel SHOTGUN from the rack in the
truck, along with some bullets, and checks to confirm that
it's loaded. He lights a cigarette, letting it hang out of
the corner of his mouth.

Jesse begins walking up towards the house. His relatives
follow, Jake Andrews lagging behind.

CLARENCE

Wait. Don't you want to look around
first?

JESSE

Why? We know they're inside, right?

Jesse continues walking, up to the house. Clarence hesitates,
then follows them.

EXT. JONAH'S MANSION - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Jesse moves to one side of the thick, white door to Jonah's
house. His brothers follow, Clarence moving to the other
side.

JESSE

Creek, check the door.

Creek, closest to the doorknob, reaches out and opens the
door slightly.

CREEK

It's unlocked.

Jesse looks over at his father.

JESSE

Get in there.

JAKE ANDREWS

What? But- Why me?

JESSE

You've had dealings with the man.
He's more likely to expect you than
us. You go first. Get on in there.

JAKE ANDREWS

Yeah, but-

With a snarl of frustration, Jesse grabs onto Jake Andrews by his shirt. He KICKS THE DOOR open and throws his father through the open doorway.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake Andrews, eyes wide, staggers into the front room of Jonah's mansion.

HIS BODY IS IMMEDIATELY HIT BY SEVERAL BULLETS. Gunshots explode all over the room and blood splatters from Jake Andrews' torso as he is shot repeatedly.

EXT. JONAH'S MANSION - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The force of the gunshots knocks Jake Andrews' corpse back out through the open front door, sliding to a stop on the porch, leaving a large RED SMEAR across the white paint.

Jesse looks down at his father's dead body. He clenches his jaw, so that the muscles in his face bulge.

JESSE

Yep. Creek, go get the side mirror
from the truck.

Creek nods and hurries away. Clarence is watching all of this with calm interest.

Creek runs over to the passenger side of Jesse's pick-up truck and takes hold of the side rearview mirror. He detaches it from the side of the truck, then runs back up to the porch with the mirror.

Creek tosses the mirror to Jesse, taking cover to one side of the open door. Jesse holds the mirror out into the doorway and angles it so that he can see inside the house.

Visible in the mirror's reflection are TWO LARGE MEN hiding behind a couch with GUNS, facing the doorway. Another man is crouched on the stairs above them.

A moment later, the mirror SHATTERS with a GUNSHOT, flying out of Jesse's hand. Jesse sits back, shaking his hand lightly.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hmm. I don't know these fellas.
Looks like he called in some
reinforcements, pros, brought 'em
in from Kansas City, probably. He's
got the contacts.
(to Clarence)
All 'cause of you?

Clarence shrugs. Jonah's voice calls out from inside:

JONAH (O.S.)

You think I wouldn't see you
comin', boy? Was worried we'd have
to come gunnin' for you, but you
came to us, with your sorry
jibbhead crew! You killed my man in
cold blood, and by God, you'll pay
for that!

Clarence waves at Jesse, then points to a small SECURITY CAMERA positioned behind him, at the end of the porch, on the ceiling. It is barely visible in the darkness, facing them.

JESSE

Well, that explains it.

Jesse reaches over and takes Skeeter's shotgun from him. He gives the camera the FINGER, then lifts the shotgun and BLOWS IT OFF THE CEILING.

JONAH (O.S.)

Aw! You'll fucking pay for that,
too!

JESSE

Skeeter.

Skeeter nods and takes a STICK OF DYNAMITE from his back pocket. Clarence's eyes widen.

Holding the fuse to the glowing end of the cigarette in his mouth, Skeeter LIGHTS IT, then holds the sparking stick of dynamite in his hand, frowning at it as the fuse burns down.

CLARENCE

Um...

Just as the fuse has nearly burned down to the stick of dynamite, Skeeter moves swiftly and throws it into the doorway of Jonah's house.

A moment later, a scream comes from inside.

SHERIFF CONRAD (O.S.)

Look out! That's-

The rest is drowned out by the EXPLOSION. The windows on either side of the doorway SHATTER OUTWARDS. Clarence and the Andrews brothers hunch down as the broken glass flies past them.

JESSE

Now! Get 'em!

Jesse, Skeeter and Creek rush inside, guns drawn. Clarence starts to follow them, then stops, remaining outside.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the mansion is filled with smoke from the explosion. Jesse, Skeeter and Creek move into the cloud.

The man who was positioned up on the stairs is visible slumped against the railing, COUGHING. Bits of DEBRIS rain down from the ceiling. Above them, the glass chandelier sways, CREAKING, fragments of it dropping around the three brothers.

Creek lifts his gun and SHOOTS the man on the stairs, who pitches forward, his blood dripping down the railing.

The sofa positioned with its back facing the doorway has been partially DESTROYED, its innards exposed. The two large men that were hiding behind it suddenly both RISE UP, remaining crouched behind the sofa as cover. They are both clearly wounded from the blast, their ears bleeding.

The two wounded men OPEN FIRE on the three brothers, who, without taking cover, fire back. CREEK IS SHOT in the shoulder, spinning him around, then the HEAD, as he falls to the marble floor, DEAD.

Jesse and Skeeter continue firing upon the two men behind the sofa. SKEETER fires one barrel of his shotgun into the back of the sofa; the blast penetrates clear through, sending one of the wounded men FLYING BACK with a hole in his torso.

Jesse shoots the other wounded man in the forehead as he rises up to return fire.

Both of the men behind the sofa are dead. Jesse and Skeeter hesitate in the sudden silence, looking around. Jesse glances down at Creek's body on the floor.

JESSE

Creek dead?

SKEETER

Yep.

Muzzles flashes are abruptly visible in the smoke from the hallway as SHOTS ARE FIRED. Jesse is shot in the arm, causing him to stumble back.

Skeeter lowers his shotgun in the direction of the hallway. Before he can fire, another shot comes from the hallway and Skeeter is shot in the chest. He FIRES THE SHOTGUN as he falls back, the blast going up, into the ceiling.

JESSE

Shit!

Jesse dives to the floor just as the GLASS CHANDELIER comes CRASHING DOWN. It lands directly on Skeeter, crushing him and splattering blood across the floor.

Jesse slides across the smooth floor, in the direction of the hallway. He comes to a stop only a few feet in front of JONAH, who is aiming a nickle-plated pistol down at Jesse's head. Jonah is chewing on a toothpick.

JONAH

Hey there, Jesse.

Jesse, lying on his stomach, can only see Jonah's cowboy boots. He arches his neck to look up at Jonah's face, then sighs.

JESSE

Yeah. Hey, Jonah.

Jonah spits out his toothpick and SHOOTS Jesse in the top of his head. Brains splatter out through the hole in Jesse's scalp. His head falls back to the floor.

Jonah looks around the completely destroyed, smoldering front room of his mansion.

JONAH

Un-fucking-believable.

Jonah turns around to face the sheriff and three other men, who are crouched in the hallway, the sheriff leaning against the wall on CRUTCHES, his leg in a brace.

The three other men are RAMSAY, ELLIS and POOLE, all large, all with the mildly disinterested demeanor of professionals.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Where's the other one?

RAMSAY

What other one?

JONAH

The other one, the evil fucker from California I called you all out here to protect me from. He's the one we want. Did he come in here?

RAMSAY

No.

SHERIFF CONRAD

If he's smart, he took off running and we'll have to search the roads.

JONAH

Yeah. And if he's not, he's still here on my goddamn property, trying something. Either way, get looking for him. And try not to kill him if you can avoid it. I want some answers.

SHERIFF CONRAD

(growling)

And I want to kill him with my own two hands.

RAMSAY

No promises. That wasn't an original part of our contract.

Jonah nods and the three professionals move from the hallway.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - BASEMENT ROOM - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Clarence is downstairs, making his way through a darkened room, the .50 caliber gun in his hand. He has entered through the back door of the house, which is open behind him.

The room is filled with boxes of electronic equipment. Clarence glances at some of this, then continues moving.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clarence steps out into a hallway area. A flight of stairs leads up to a kitchen on the first floor.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - BASEMENT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Clarence begins to go up the stairs, then stops and crouches down when a dark figure steps out into the stairwell above him. It is Ellis, one of the professionals Jonah hired.

Ellis aims his gun and FIRES at Clarence just as Clarence leaps back down the stairs and rounds the corner, back into the hallway. The bullet hits the side of the stairwell wall.

INT. JONAH'S MANSION - BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clarence stands with his back to the wall, just out of view from the stairwell, his gun drawn, catching his breath. A shout comes from the stairwell above him.

ELLIS (O.S.)
He's down in the basement! Go
around the back! I've got him
trapped down here!

Clarence quickly looks around; there is no exit available to him other than the back door.

CLARENCE
Shit.

Clarence beginning running for the back door to the house.

EXT. JONAH'S MANSION - BACKYARD - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Clarence emerges from the rear of the house. The CORNFIELD MAZE is in front of him.

Ramsay comes running around the side of the house, his gun held out in front of him. Clarence, seeing this, flees towards the maze.

Ramsay FIRES HIS GUN at Clarence, twice, but as they are both running is unable to hit him. Clarence disappears into the cornfield maze.

Poole follows Ramsay, running behind him from the front of the house. They both enter the maze together.

EXT. CORNFIELD MAZE - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Moving into the maze, Ramsay and Poole both stop running and begin cautiously walking down the entrance path, guns drawn and remaining close the walls of corn on either side.

They reach the first intersection. Looking down, Ramsay can see FRESH FOOTPRINTS in the soil, showing where Clarence ran left at this intersection.

Ramsay points at the prints and Poole nods. They go left, rounding the corner, Ramsay in the lead, moving quietly.

Immediately the SKELETON on a wire LEAPS OUT at Ramsay, CACKLING and swaying in front of him.

RAMSAY
Jesus Christ!

Ramsay, startled, lifts his gun in a swift motion and SHOOTS THE SKELETON twice through its hollow ribcage.

Immediately a third GUNSHOT comes from behind the skeleton. The shot hits Ramsay in the forehead and blows off the ENTIRE TOP OF HIS HEAD, leaving only his lower jaw intact. Ramsay's corpse drops to the ground.

Clarence is crouched on the ground behind the laughing skeleton, aiming the .50 caliber revolver. Poole, seeing this, immediately FIRES AT CLARENCE as he moves to the side.

Poole's bullet HITS CLARENCE in the side of his thigh, knocking his leg out from under him. Clarence sprawls out on his back with a CRY OF PAIN.

Clarence immediately lifts his gun, but stops the movement when he sees Poole standing, his gun already AIMED AT CLARENCE'S CHEST.

POOLE
Stop right there.

Clarence is still.

POOLE (CONT'D)
Toss your gun over here.

Clarence hesitates, then tosses the gun a few feet towards Poole, where it lands on the dirt.

POOLE (CONT'D)
(calling out)
I've got him!
(to Clarence)
(MORE)

POOLE (CONT'D)

You don't try anything funny, now.
You just lie there and bleed.

Clarence does not respond. A few moments later, Ellis rounds the corner, followed by Jonah, walking with his cane, and the sheriff, who is sweating and struggling with his crutches.

The skeleton begins rattling and LAUGHING again as they approach.

JONAH

That's annoying.

Jonah reaches up and turns off the skeleton by flicking a switch on its back. Clarence shifts into a seated position, facing them, still covered by Poole's gun.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Well. Isn't this pleasant?

Jonah lifts his cane, flips it, and brings the metal handle down on CLARENCE'S COLLARBONE, just to the side of his head. Clarence gives a shout of pain and clutches the bruised area.

Jonah swings the cane down on the other side of Clarence's collarbone, hitting him again. With a SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH, Clarence falls forward onto his hands, holding himself up.

Jonah STOMPS DOWN on the back of Clarence's head, pushing his face down into the soil.

JONAH (CONT'D)

There. That's a start. That your gun there, Conrad?

SHERIFF CONRAD

Well, I'll be. Would you mind picking that up for me, Poole?

Poole lifts the .50 caliber revolver off the ground and hands it to the sheriff, who begins wiping it clean on his shirt.

JONAH

See? Things are looking up.
(to Ellis)
Roll him over onto his back.

Ellis moves over and KICKS CLARENCE in the WOUND on the side of his leg. With another YELL OF PAIN, Clarence rolls away, onto his back, but is stopped when Jonah places the wooden heel of one boot on his forehead.

Jonah looks down at Clarence, who stares up at him.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Now, I imagine you already know some of the questions I'm going to ask you, right? Such as, where's Katie Jane? Where did you take her?

CLARENCE

You don't have her?

Keeping his boot planted against the top of Clarence's head, Jonah swings his cane down, like a golf club, into the SIDE OF CLARENCE'S FACE. There is a wet sound of impact and blood BUBBLES from between Clarence's lips.

JONAH

(to Sheriff Conrad)

Never was much for playing sports myself. All that runnin' and fussin'. Still, I've always enjoyed golf. Now that's a man's game.

The sheriff laughs, tucking his large gun into his waistband. Jonah returns his attention to Clarence.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Well, you failed that round. Let's see how you do with round two. Before you killed Michael and stole the girl, you were talking about some money. Tell me about that.

CLARENCE

How did you-

JONAH

(interrupting)

I've got the whole house wired for sound. You never know when that might come in handy, especially in keeping local officials in line. But I'm asking the questions. The money you mentioned. What money?

Clarence hesitates. Jonah lifts his cane again, and again SWINGS THE HANDLE DOWN into the side of Clarence's face.

Clarence chokes, coughing out blood, then spits out TWO TEETH, both side molars. Jonah scowls down at him.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Goddammit. Are you going to make me get a workout here?

Jonah lifts the cane again. Clarence speaks thickly, his mouth full of blood.

CLARENCE

Katie Jane. She took some money that belongs to my company. I was sent here to get it back.

JONAH

Uh huh. How much we talking here?

CLARENCE

Thirty thousand. In cash.

Jonah slowly lowers this cane, looking at the sheriff.

SHERIFF CONRAD

Thirty grand could go a way towards repairing your front room.

JONAH

Ah, don't even get me started on that. Only thing's gonna make me feel better about that is hearing this boy here beg us to kill him after spending a few hours working on him with a pair of pliers. Still...

(to Clarence)

I bet you can guess what I'm going to ask now, though, right?

CLARENCE

The money's back at the brothers' house. Katie Jane's brothers. She and I hid it there, in a place even they won't know to look for it.

JONAH

Ah hah. She there, too?

Clarence hesitates just a moment.

CLARENCE

No. But I know where she is.

JONAH

And where's that?

CLARENCE

I put her up in a hotel a couple of towns over, in Otley. She's waiting for me there.

Jonah nods, thinking. He removes his boot from Clarence's forehead.

JONAH

Well, first things first. Let's go get that money.

Jonah nods at Ellis and Poole, who reach down and roughly haul Clarence to his feet. They march him out of the maze between them.

INT. JONAH'S SUV - EVENING - MINUTES LATER

Ellis is driving the white SUV that was parked in Jonah's driveway. Jonah is seated in the passenger seat.

Clarence is sitting in the backseat, between the sheriff and Poole. The sheriff leans over and points to the bullet wound on Clarence's leg.

SHERIFF CONRAD

Hey, son. That hurt?

Clarence just looks at him. The sheriff jabs his finger into the wound, twisting his finger into Clarence's flesh. Clarence grits his teeth and squirms.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)

How about now?

The sheriff sits back, laughing, then wipes his bloody finger clean on the sleeve of Clarence's shirt.

EXT. METH HOUSE - LATE EVENING - ONE HOUR LATER

Ellis pulls the SUV into the dirt driveway of the Andrews brothers' meth house. They all climb out of the SUV, Poole pulling Clarence out by one arm.

The sheriff makes his way up to the front door on his crutches. Jonah follows him.

JONAH

Christ, what a shithole.

The sheriff leans on one crutch and shoves Clarence forward, towards the front door.

SHERIFF CONRAD

Make him go in first. Could be some sort of trap.

Clarence turns and glares back at the sheriff. The sheriff moves forward on his crutches, after him.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)

What?

Clarence reaches for the doorknob to the front door and turns it; it is unlocked.

Clarence hesitates, then throws open the door and LEAPS INSIDE, rolling into a SOMERSAULT, out of view. The sheriff lurches forward, into the house, after him.

SHERIFF CONRAD (CONT'D)

Goddammit! He's getting-

As the door opens, the BEAR TRAP on the ceiling SWINGS DOWN, moving harmlessly above Clarence, and HITS THE SHERIFF FULL IN THE FACE. Its tab depressing, the JAWS CLAMP DOWN ON HIS HEAD, the teeth digging into his scalp and the soft flesh beneath his chin.

The sheriff's SCREAM is muffled, as his lower jaw is BROKEN and CLAMPED SHUT by the bear trap. He drops both of his crutches but is held upright in the doorway by the trap on the hinged board, blood flowing out around his face and splattering the floor. His eyes roll around desperately, visible through the traps's jaw.

Poole and Ellis immediately try to get a shot at Clarence, but cannot aim past the sheriff's trembling bulk, which is blocking the doorway.

JONAH

Goddammit! Get after him!

INT. METH HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Clarence rolls out of his somersault, landing on his unwounded leg. Cooter is standing in the doorway to the dining room, holding a double barrel shotgun cradled in his thin arms.

CLARENCE

Look! Intruders! Shoot them!

At the doorway, Ellis and Poole are squeezing past the sheriff, who makes MUFFLED HOWLS of protest as they shift him around. Cooter stares back at Clarence malevolently.

COOTER

You kilt my dog.

CLARENCE

Yeah, but... Listen, Cooter, that was a long time ago. Can't we just-

Clarence ducks to one side as Cooter AIMS THE SHOTGUN at him and pulls one of the triggers. The blast hits the wall, just missing Clarence as he moves.

Clarence finishes his leap by rolling away into the kitchen, out of Cooter's view. At the front door, Ellis has squeezed past the sheriff and has his gun out, facing Cooter.

ELLIS

Hey, kid, we're on your side. We-

Cooter turns and EMPTIES the second barrel of the shotgun into ELLIS' CHEST.

The BLAST sends Ellis flying back into the wall just to the side of the doorway, where he crashes into the old wood, dead, leaving a smear of blood on the broken boards.

Cooter, without changing his scowling expression, breaks the shotgun and begins reloading both barrels from a handful of shells in one of his overall pockets, facing the doorway.

INT. METH HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen has been converted into a METH LAB, various baubles and cannisters linked together by rubber tubing on the kitchen sink. An iron skillet full of crystal residue rests on a hot plate, next to an old TOASTER.

Across from the meth lab is a GAS STOVE and a small refrigerator. Clarence leans up against the stove, looking around for a weapon.

Clarence grabs a dirty STEAK KNIFE out of the sink, which is filled with grey water, then his eyes settle on a metal cannister on the counter that is labeled "AMMONIUM SULFATE."

INT. METH HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

As Cooter snaps his shotgun shut, Poole, moving in front of the sheriff, SHOOTS AT COOTER, blasting a hole in the wall just to the side of Cooter's head.

Cooter jerks to the side and fires at Poole, who leaps away. Cooter's shot instead HITS THE SHERIFF IN THE GUT, blowing out a chunk of flesh and KILLING HIM. The sheriff's limp body continues hanging from the bear trap.

As Poole rolls to the side, Cooter fires at him again, once again MISSING. His scowl increasing, Cooter breaks open his shotgun and again begins the process of reloading it without taking cover.

Poole rises to his feet, frowning, and SHOTS COOTER TWICE in the chest. Cooter staggers back, dropping his shotgun, and falls back on the sofa.

Cooter slumps on the sofa, blood spreading across the front of his overalls, then looks over to one side.

Cooter is right next to the SHOTGUN WITH SYRINGES AND NAILS poking out of its barrel, which is strapped to a swivel hinge and aimed at one of the windows, with a white cord tied to its trigger.

Cooter reaches out, turns the shotgun and pulls back on it. With a BLAST, both BARRELS EXPLODES TOWARDS POOLE.

Poole is instantly hit by a cloud of SHARP OBJECTS: rusty nails, needles, bits of wire and broken glass all stick into his flesh.

Poole is knocked back but remains on his feet, hunched over with pain, resembling some sort of strange, industrial hedgehog. His torso, legs, arms and face are all PIERCED by various objects.

POOLE

Fuck!

Poole reaches down and pulls a rust-speckled UTILITY BLADE out of his chest. He looks up at Cooter, who is still slumped on the sofa, SMILING at him.

POOLE (CONT'D)

You little fucker!

Poole lifts his gun and SHOTS COOTER AGAIN, twice more, in the chest. Cooter falls to one side, DEAD.

A broken syringe is sticking out of the side of Poole's face. He yanks it out, sending out a SPURT OF BLOOD, and staggers in front of the kitchen doorway.

INT. METH HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Clarence is standing just inside the kitchen. He has lit one of the burners on the gas stove and is holding the cannister of ammonium sulfate in both hands.

The cannister, removed from its tubing, is sending out a FINE SPRAY of gas, which Clarence aims away from him.

As soon as Poole steps into the doorway, Clarence SLAMS the gas cannister down on the stove so that the spray from the cannister is facing the open flame of the gas burner.

The GAS IGNITES with a WHOOSH OF FLAMES. Immediately the CANNISTER FLIES OFF THE STOVE, shooting through the air, through the kitchen doorway.

INT. METH HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The ammonium sulfate cannister HITS POOLE SQUARE IN THE CHEST, knocking nails DEEPER INTO HIS FLESH and LIFTING HIM UP OFF THE FLOOR as it sails through the air.

Both Poole and the flaming cannister CRASH INTO THE FRONT WINDOWS of the room.

Immediately, the SAW BLADE rigged above one of the windows comes down on Poole, HACKING OPEN THE SIDE OF HIS NECK and partially decapitating him, severing his spine. Poole crumples in the window frame, DEAD, pinned by the blade.

The cannister hits the floor and SPINS until it lodges into a corner of the room. Flames shoot from it, then it EXPLODES, sending bits of shrapnel flying across the room.

INT. METH HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Clarence hits the floor as the gas cannister explodes in the front room. Pieces of metal sail into the kitchen, imbedding themselves into the walls, but nothing hits him.

After a moment, Clarence cautiously climbs to his feet and steps into the front room.

INT. METH HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The corner of the front room is burnt and smoldering. The entire area, including the corpses of Ellis, Poole, Cooter and the sheriff, has been hit with shrapnel and singed. The sheriff's corpse is still hanging from the bear trap, but he is now missing part of one leg.

JONAH (O.S.)
Anyone still alive in there?

Jonah slowly squeezes past the sheriff's body, into the front room, a .22 pistol in one hand and his cane in the other. He stops when he sees Clarence.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Oh.

Jonah lifts the pistol to aim at Clarence. Clarence LAUNCHES HIMSELF at Jonah with a SNARL.

Jonah fires; the bullet goes into CLARENCE'S SHOULDER. The next moment Clarence SMASHES INTO JONAH, knocking him to the floor. Jonah drops his gun, which skids across the floor.

Clarence scrambles to his feet and kicks Jonah in the stomach with his unwounded leg, hard. Jonah chokes, curling up.

Clarence reaches down and grabs Jonah's CANE.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Wait...

Clarence swings the metal handle of the cane down on the top of Jonah's head. Jonah SCREAMS, grabbing his head. Clarence brings the cane down again, then again.

CLARENCE

You fucking... motherfucking...
piece of shit...

Blood SPATTERS the far wall as Clarence continues hitting Jonah with the cane, gradually CAVING IN HIS SKULL.

The final swing of the cane makes a horrible WET CRUNCHING SOUND. Clarence releases the cane. With its handle imbedded in Jonah's crushed skull, the cane remains sticking upright in front of Clarence.

Clarence, breathing heavily, looks down at Jonah's dead body, his shoulders heaving. His back is to the front door.

There is a LOUD BOOM of a gunshot and CLARENCE IS SHOT IN THE BACK. He spins around, landing on the floor with his shoulders slumped against the wall, leaving a SMEAR OF BLOOD on the wood behind him.

With blurred vision, Clarence sees KATIE JANE standing next to the sheriff's hanging corpse, holding the sheriff's SMOKING REVOLVER.

Katie Jane walks over to glance at Clarence, who is breathing shallowly and staring blearily up at her.

KATIE JANE

You're still alive? Jeez, you really are tough. Not so smart, maybe, but gosh, just in terms of sheer meanness, I couldn't have picked much better than you.

Behind Katie Jane, Derrick moves into the front room of the house, his head still bandaged. His eyes widen at the sight of all of the corpses within. Katie Jane looks from him to Clarence.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

Clarence, you remember Derrick. It was him and a couple of his old football buddies that broke in on us at the hotel. He told them he was rescuing me from an abusive ex-boyfriend I'd picked up in California. Like I'd told him to.

Derrick moves up next to Katie Jane and puts an arm protectively around her, looking anxious. She leans against him, smiling. Clarence's eyes move from one to the other.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

Yeah, me and Derrick go back all the way to sophomore year, though we had to keep our seeing each other a secret as my Pops didn't like me going out with fellas. He was like you: not so smart. Though it was bright of you to lead Jonah and them back here. I was hoping you'd try that after I saw you leave with Jesse and the boys.

Katie Jane walks into the kitchen, leaving Derrick standing in front of Clarence.

INT. METH HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Katie Jane lifts the top off the gas stove and BLOWS OUT BOTH OF THE PILOT LIGHTS. She then puts the top of the stove back on and switches on all the burners. The HISSING OF GAS fills the room.

Katie Jane calls out, still addressing Clarence:

KATIE JANE

Have you ever seen a meth lab explode? It happens all the time.

(MORE)

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

Half the stuff tweakers use isn't just flammable, it's explosive. Red phosphorus? Boy.

Katie Jane lifts another cannister of ammonium sulfate and sets it on top of the stove, unscrewing the cap so that more gas hisses out. She then moves back into the living room.

INT. METH HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Katie Jane walks up to stand next to Derrick.

KATIE JANE

We need to let it fill up with gas for a bit.

Derrick nods. On the floor, Clarence is trying to speak.

CLARENCE

Wh... Why...?

KATIE JANE

Why? Is that what you're asking? I told you, Clarence. I'm going to be famous. I'm going to be a star. This will start that. And second, well, you met my family. My father, and all of them.

Katie Jane hesitates, and when she speaks again, her voice is harsh with disgust.

KATIE JANE (CONT'D)

Can you imagine what they'd have done when I got out of here, and got real money? Can you imagine me trying to start a new life, with them still leeching off me, or trying to sell their sick stories to the tabloids?

(pauses, lost in thought)

And beyond all that, I just wanted them dead.

Katie Jane walks back into the kitchen.

INT. METH HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Katie Jane lifts a soiled paper napkin up off the counter and wedges it down into one of the slots of the TOASTER. She then depresses the toaster's lever, turning it on.

Electric coils within the toaster begin to glow ORANGE around the paper napkin as the toaster heats up.

INT. METH HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Katie Jane walks back in front of Clarence. Behind her, Derrick hovers near the front door, nervously looking into the kitchen.

DERRICK
Come on, let's get out of here.

KATIE JANE
Just a second.

Katie Jane aims the giant handgun down at Clarence. Clarence, unable to move, just looks back up at her. His voice is barely audible.

CLARENCE
No... Please...

KATIE JANE
Oh, Clarence. You couldn't have really thought that I liked you, did you? Look at you, Clarence. Look at you. You're scum.

Katie Jane PULLS THE TRIGGER. The bullet hits Clarence in the chest, blood splashing out onto his shirt. He slumps back, still, his eyes closed.

Katie Jane looks down at Clarence for a long moment. Derrick is still standing near the front door, watching this.

DERRICK
Come on, K.J. We should go!

Katie Jane grimaces, looking over her shoulder.

KATIE JANE
No, Derrick. You stay.

Katie Jane turns and SHOOTS DERRICK IN THE HEAD. The impact of the shot causes his bandaged head to EXPLODE, spraying blood and brains everywhere. His headless corpse drops to the floor near the front door.

Walking forward, Katie Jane wipes the gun clean on her shirt, then, using the bottom of her shirt to hold it, presses it against the palm of the sheriff's dead hand a couple of times. She then lets the gun fall to the floor.

Katie Jane gives the inside of the corpse-filled room one last look, then squeezes past the sheriff and exits the house.

A few moments later, there is the sound of a CAR STARTING outside, and then the sound of Katie Jane driving away.

On the floor, Clarence is still, then he suddenly coughs and SUCKS IN A BREATH, coughing again.

Still lying on the floor, Clarence tears open his bloody dress shirt, revealing the BULLETPROOF VEST he stole from the sheriff's car strapped tightly beneath it.

Clarence feels at the hole the .50 caliber bullet punched through the vest. BLOOD IS FLOWING through the hole, but the wound does not seem to be deep.

With great effort, and in obvious pain, Clarence RISES TO HIS FEET. He staggers towards the front door.

EXT. METH HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Exiting in the house, Clarence GASPS for breath, sucking in clean air. The front yard of the house is dark and empty, except for Jonah's SUV in the driveway. The moon is visible in the sky overhead.

Clarence stumbles forward, towards the dirt road. Just as he reaches it, the house behind him EXPLODES.

The blast knocks Clarence forward, onto his face. Flames shoot from the windows of the house as a giant FIREBALL expands within, then the house BEGINS TO BURN.

Clarence very slowly rises to his feet and begins limping down the dirt road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The red sedan that Clarence stole is exactly where he left it, on the side of the road around the bend from the burning meth house.

Clarence staggers over to the car, opens the driver's side door, then falls into the driver's seat.

INT. RED SEDAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Seated in the driver's seat, Clarence breaths for a moment, then begins unstrapping the bulletproof vest.

With a groan of agony, Clarence strips off the vest. There is a large wound on his chest where Katie Jane shot him, and a smaller wound on his shoulder where he was shot by Jonah. His back is also bleeding.

Clarence reaches into the wound on his chest and, gritting his teeth, pulls out a FLATTENED .50 CALIBER BULLET that is embedded in the muscle. It is completely flat, like a coin.

Fresh blood flows from the wound. Wheezing, Clarence tosses the bullet onto the floor of the car, then STARTS THE CAR again with the exposed ignition wires.

Clarence pulls the car out onto the dirt road, turns it around, and begins driving away.

EXT. COLORADO HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

Clarence drives the red sedan down a Colorado highway. The sun is beginning to rise on the horizon, filling the sky with pale light.

Clarence pulls the car into a large gas station.

INT. GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING - MINUTES LATER

Wearing a dark dress shirt, Clarence approaches a bored clerk behind the cash register. The clerk's name tag reads ERIC.

Clarence's arms are filled with boxes of bandages and bottles of rubbing alcohol. He has obviously made an effort to clean himself up, but his face is still swollen and dark with bruises.

Clarence sets the bandages and other goods down on the counter. The clerk looks up at him, then reacts with shock at Clarence's face.

ERIC

Jeez Louise! What the heck happened to you, mister?

CLARENCE

I got into a car accident. Do you have any iodine?

ERIC

No, I don't think we do, I'm sorry.

CLARENCE

That's fine. This will do, then. And whatever's on pump two.

Clarence pulls out his small roll of cash and pays the clerk, who begins bagging up his goods.

EXT. COLORADO REST AREA - MORNING

Clarence sits in the front seat of the red sedan, which is parked at a nearly deserted rest stop next to the interstate. Clarence appears to be wearing no shirt or pants.

Clarence unscrews the bottle of alcohol and pours it out onto his leg, then splashes some more onto the wounds on his chest and shoulder. His SCREAMS OF PAIN are barely audible from outside the car.

INT. NEVADA GAS STATION - LATE EVENING

Clarence limps inside a gas station that appears to be on the outskirts of an urban area. Two quarter slot machines are next to the door. Clarence approaches the counter, sliding a folded bill over to a skinny woman behind the register.

CLARENCE

Pump six.

SKINNY CLERK

Mister, you look like you've-

CLARENCE

(interrupting)

Car accident.

SKINNY CLERK

Ah hah.

She points at Clarence's shoulder, handing him his change.

SKINNY CLERK (CONT'D)

You know, you're bleeding through your shirt there.

Clarence looks down at his shoulder, where a dark blotch of RED BLOOD has begun soaking through his light shirt.

CLARENCE

Yeah, um...

Looking past his shoulder, Clarence sees a stack of USA Today-style newspapers, piled in front of the counter.

On the cover is a color picture of Katie Jane, standing next to a police lieutenant, in front of a podium with several microphones.

She looks distraught but beautiful, her hair and make-up immaculate. The headline reads, "SURVIVOR OF KANSAS MASSACRE SPEAKS."

Clarence quickly grabs the top copy of this newspaper, looking it over. Beneath the headline, a subheading reads, "High school beauty queen watched as her entire family was slaughtered by crime gang."

SKINNY CLERK

Yeah, that's pretty wild, huh?
She's all over the news, it's all they're talkin' 'bout. Wouldn't be such a big story if she wasn't such a looker, I reckon. You wanna buy that?

CLARENCE

Yes.

Clarence slides a dollar over to the clerk and walks out with the paper.

EXT. NEVADA GAS STATION - LATE EVENING - MINUTES LATER

The newspaper is spread out on the passenger seat, opened to the second and third pages of the front section, where the front page article continues. Next to a senior year glamour shot of Katie Jane, a bold quote reads, "Innocent Girl Kidnapped By Pornographers."

There is also a photo of the burnt meth house, with emergency personnel in hazardous materials suits carrying out covered bodies on stretchers, next to the heading, "War Escalated Between Gangs - Twelve Bodies Found In Two Houses."

Clarence scowls down at the paper, then reaches for his luggage in the backseat, pulling out a dark dress shirt.

As Clarence moves the shirt, his VIDEO CAMERA is revealed beneath it, packed in with the rest of his clothing.

Clarence looks down at the camera.

FADE TO:

INSERT TITLE: "ONE MONTH LATER."

EXT. ABRAXUS MANAGEMENT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Clarence walks down a sunny sidewalk in Canoga Park. His bruises and cuts all appear to have healed, but he still walks with a slight limp.

Clarence reaches the door to the Abraxus Management office building and steps inside.

INT. ABRAXUS MANAGEMENT OFFICE - DAY - MINUTES LATER

A television screen shows an image of Katie Jane, flatteringly lit, in an interview chair on what appears to be an entertainment news program. She is facing an INTERVIEWER, who is shown in profile.

INTERVIEWER (ON MONITOR)

I have to say, I think it's just amazing how you've managed to overcome this tragedy. It's really an inspiration to us all in these troubled times.

KATIE JANE (ON MONITOR)

Thank you. That's very kind of you to say.

INTERVIEWER (ON MONITOR)

I guess the only question that remains is, what's next for you? Beyond being the new face of Ogami Cosmetics in North America, do you have anything else planned for the future?

KATIE JANE (ON MONITOR)

Actually, I'm glad you asked. I've been putting together a new series that's going to premiere on this station next month. As you know, I've just moved to Los Angeles and am starting a career as an actress, and I've had a film crew following me around and documenting most of that. It should be interesting.

INTERVIEWER (ON MONITOR)

Well, I know I'll be sure to tune in. Katie Jane, thank you so much for your time.

KATIE JANE (ON MONITOR)

Thank-

The monitor goes dark, cutting off Katie Jane's response. Louie T. is visible in the reflection on the dark screen. He is sitting at his desk, Clarence seated across from him.

LOUIE T.

That's it. That was on last night. Can you imagine how much they paid her for that exclusive interview, just to promote her new show?

CLARENCE

No. How much?

LOUIE T.

Well, I don't know the exact figure. But it had to be a few hundred grand.

Clarence does not seem too impressed by this.

CLARENCE

And so far she's kept Abraxus out of it?

LOUIE T.

Not a peep. Of course, you being alive and all...

(shrugs)

Smartest move on her part. She's not gonna say nothing, and she knows we damn well don't want to get caught up in it. What a fucking mess.

CLARENCE

And Justin's body?

LOUIE T.

Nothing. Kept waiting to get a call for awhile, but it's like he just vanished off the face of the earth. Probably buried in a ditch somewhere, the poor bastard.

CLARENCE

Yeah.

Clarence, lost in thought, stares off into space.

LOUIE T.

How about you? You're looking better; you're not all stumbling around like a goddamn Frankenstein monster anymore.

(MORE)

LOUIE T. (CONT'D)

You ready to come back and work off
some of your fucking debt yet?

CLARENCE

No, I don't think so. But I wanted
to show you something.

Clarence rises to his feet with a little difficulty and hands
Louie T. a DVD-R.

LOUIE T.

What's this?

Clarence gestures at the television on Louie T.'s desk,
sitting back down in his chair.

Louie T. shrugs and inserts the DVD-R into a DVD slot built
into the monitor. He leaves a remote control and presses a
button.

Immediately an image of Katie Jane appears on the screen. She
is taking off her clothes, back in the hotel room in Great
Bend, looking directly into the camera.

KATIE JANE (ON MONITOR)

Can you see me?

CLARENCE (O.S., ON MONITOR)

Yes. What are you doing?

KATIE JANE (ON MONITOR)

Shhh. How do I look?

Louie T.'s jaw is agape as he stares at the television
screen.

LOUIE T.

Oh my God. Clarence. Tell me she...

Louie T. trails off, his attention focused on the screen.

Clarence watches the screen for a moment, grimacing
uncomfortably, then looks away from it. The sound of he and
Katie Jane copulating comes from the monitor speakers.

KATIE JANE (O.S.)(ON MONITOR)

Oh, Clarence... Yes...

CLARENCE

Turn it off.

LOUIE T.

What?

CLARENCE

Turn it off. You get the idea.

Louie T. reluctantly stops the DVD player.

LOUIE T.

Jesus, if that was me, I couldn't stop myself from watching it.

Louie T. takes the DVD-R out of the player and turns to face Clarence, a wide grin on his face.

LOUIE T. (CONT'D)

Clarence. Clarence. This is fucking amazing. Katie Jane didn't want to be in an Abraxus Entertainment movie, well, she's in one now! Do you know how this is gonna sell? We'll have this DVD lining the shelves in every adult store in the country! You shot this, so you're the sole owner, right? We can do pay-per-view streaming on the website, or-

CLARENCE

Give it here.

Louie T. looks at the DVD-R in his hand, then back at Clarence.

LOUIE T.

You sure you don't want me to watch the whole...

Clarence is staring at Louie T., his face serious.

LOUIE T. (CONT'D)

Alright, alright.

Louie T. hands the DVD-R back to Clarence, who slips it into his blazer pocket.

CLARENCE

I already met with both Wicked and VCA. They each offered me a flat million for the rights. Obviously I'd rather do business with you, as you're in a better position to handle the whole... media reaction element, but I wanted to feel out the market.

Clarence rises to his feet.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

It's yours for a million, then you can do whatever you want with it. You'll be getting a call from my lawyer this afternoon to work out the details.

Louie T. is staring at Clarence in shock.

LOUIE T.

Clarence... Come on, a million dollars? Listen, we can work out a deal on this! I mean, what the fuck are you going to do with a million dollars?!

Clarence, walking towards the door, stops and turns back towards Louie T.

CLARENCE

Something else.

Clarence exits Louie T.'s office, letting the door shut behind him.

EXT. ABRAXUS MANAGEMENT OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence exits the office building, limping back out onto the sidewalk. He begins walking down the busy street.

As Clarence reaches the end of the block, he passes under a billboard that shows a close-up shot of Katie Jane's face. Her lips are parted suggestively, a tube of red lipstick held to her bottom lip. The billboard bears the slogan, "OGAMI - TRUE BEAUTY."

Clarence rounds the corner and disappears from view.

FADE OUT.

THE END