



## **GREEN ROOM**

**SCREENPLAY BY  
Jeremy Saulnier**

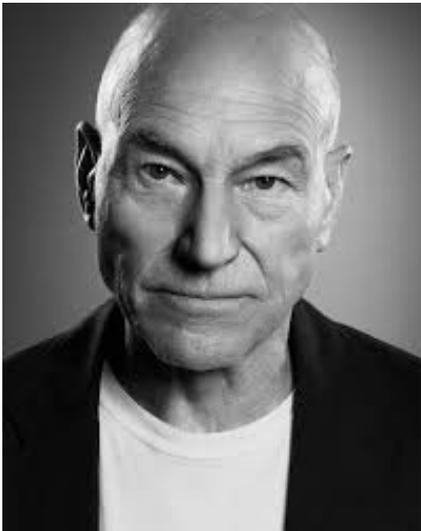
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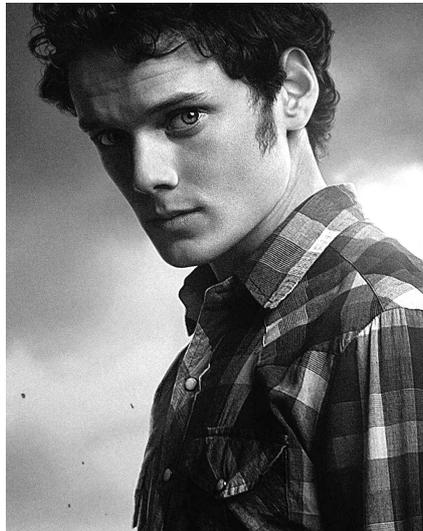
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# GREEN ROOM

## CAST



**DARCY**  
White Supremacist  
leader  
Patrick Stewart



**PAT**  
Band leader  
Anton Yelchin



**AMBER**  
The sidekick  
Imogen Poots

OVER BLACK.

THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE, SPUTTERING DEAD.

CARD: **GREEN ROOM**

FADE-IN:

1 INT. CONVERSION VAN - DAWN 1

LOCAL RADIO quietly rattles through blown speakers.

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

He blinks awake and sits up, grasping for equilibrium.

He turns and wipes the fogged porthole window behind him.

THROUGH THE PORTHOLE:

BATTERED GREEN STALKS tight against the glass.

PAT

Shit.

2 EXT. CORN FIELD - SUNRISE 2

FROM WAY UP HIGH:

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

The landscape is vast, coastal.

3 INT. CONVERSION VAN - SUNRISE 3

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

PAT

Sam. Wake-up.

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

REECE

What's wrong?

Sam wipes the windshield clear, sees the WALL OF CORN.

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

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

TIGER  
Did we crash?

SAM  
You tell us, asshole.

TIGER  
Guess I fell asleep.

PAT  
With the engine running.

THE FUEL GAUGE NEEDLE SITS BELOW 'E'.

REECE  
Well done.

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

SAM  
Full charge. Did you kill the battery too?

TIGER  
You hear the radio?

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

4

EXT. CONVERSION VAN - CORNFIELD - DAY

4

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

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

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

Pat hops from the van, dragging out a battered BMX BIKE.

PAT  
Ice skating or roller skating?

SAM  
Just says they're open. Why?

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

REECE  
Hockey players whoop more ass.

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

SAM  
At 7am? I'll come with.

Pat nods, shrugs the Duffel over his shoulder.

5 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

5

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

PAT  
That thing ruins everything.

SAM  
...huh?

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

It's a serene morning, Sam YAWNS.

6 EXT. SKATING RINK - PARKING LOT - DAY

6

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

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

SAM  
Thar she blows...

Near the edge of the lot sits a monster SUV.

7 EXT. SKATING RINK - PARKING LOT - SUV - MOMENTS LATER 7

Pat and Sam scamper to a crouch beside the SUV.

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

Gas TRICKLES then POURS into the canister. Shared grins.

A metal CLANK. ECHOES from a cavernous interior.

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

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

8 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 8

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

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

SAM  
(looking up)  
Uh oh.

Pat turns to see the SUV gaining, CURSES.

SAM (CONT'D)  
What are we doing?

PAT  
Cover the gas. Get ready to run.

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

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

SAM  
(half-assed)  
We didn't do anything, ma'am.

HOCKEY MOM

I can smell it.

(pointing)

That's it, there.

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

PAT

We're sorry.

HOCKEY MOM

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

SAM

Oh. Thank you.

Her scolding eyes.

PAT

...sincerely.

HOCKEY MOM

Next time, you ask.

SAM

Yes ma'am.

Pat nods earnestly.

HOCKEY MOM

You broken down? I can give you a ride.

PAT

We'll be fine.

HOCKEY MOM

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

The SUV cruises off.

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

SAM

Oh no. Oh dear!

(death-metal ghoulish)

YEEAAAARGHHHH!

Sam's left hand wins out and thrusts into the air: his pinky and index fingers protruding from a balled fist: *THE MANO CORNUTO: THE HORNED HAND OF SATAN!* CUE MAJESTIC METAL ANTHEM.

- 9 EXT. CORN FIELD - HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY 9  
SWEEPING ABOVE CORN STALKS AS SAM, TIGER AND PAT PUSH THE VAN FROM SUNKEN SOIL AND CHASE IT ONTO THE HIGHWAY SHOULDER.
- 10 INT. CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY 10  
WIND WHIPS through the van. MUSIC BLARES, wild hair.
- 11 EXT. THE OREGON COAST - DUSK (AERIAL) 11  
The van cruises along coastal highway.
- 12 EXT. BEACH TOWN - MAGIC HOUR 12  
ON A CELL PHONE TOUCH SCREEN:  
*'Corner of 12th & Ocean\_'*.  
A THUMB TAPS THE REST OF THE TEXT MESSAGE: *'I have a mohawk\_'*  
*'SEND'*.  
THE THUMB HASTILY RE-TYPES: *'Mohawk\_'*  
*'SEND'*.  
TILT UP to reveal the conversion van GROWL up to the corner.  
TAD (19), in homemade rags sporting a liberty-spiked Mohawk, meets the passenger window as Sam TURNS THE MUSIC DOWN.
- TAD  
Sam?
- SAM  
Tad.
- TAD  
Awesome. Hey, I work nights- but I'll catch up with you guys for breakfast.
- Tad hands over HOUSE KEYS on a chain, ties on an APRON.

SAM

Okay...

TAD

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

SAM

(looks to Reece, at wheel)  
Yeah?

Reece raises his eyebrows and the van lurches forward.

13 INT. TAD'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

13

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

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

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

SAM

These all have mushrooms.

Tiger inspects a bookshelf collection of VINYL LPs.

TIGER

This dude's legit.

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

REECE

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

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

TIGER

He's true.

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

SAM

Who you calling?

REECE

That your business?

SAM  
I get the bills.

Reece backs down, cracks his beer.

PAT  
I'm going to bed.

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

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

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

WE CUT TO:

14 INT. TAD'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING 14

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

15 INT. TAD'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING 15

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

ON PAT'S FACE, crudely penned in SHARPIE: A BIG, STUPID MONOCLE AROUND HIS EYE AND CAT WHISKERS ON HIS CHEEKS.

16 INT. TAD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

16

A compact DIGITAL RECORDER blinks RED on a coffee table.

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

TAD

...working on anything new?

SAM

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

TAD

Sweet! Will you actually press one?

REECE

If we can afford it.

TAD

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

Pat contains a wince. Sam turns to face Tiger.

REECE

Because booking more shows and selling more records would blow.

TIGER

It's not hard-rock.

SAM

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

Tiger looks to his plate, eats some eggs.

PAT

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

TAD

What do you mean, texture?

PAT

Just- you gotta be there. The music is for effect. It's time and aggression and...

REECE  
Technical wizardry.

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

SAM  
Unless you're Iggy Pop.

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

REECE  
Tiger will. Right?

TIGER  
I won't live to be seventy.

Reece and Sam blurt out mocking laughs, Pat drifts.

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

Reece rolls his eyes.

TIGER  
Only one?

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

TAD  
No caveats- just name *the band*.

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

TIGER  
Misfits. No, The Damned. Misfits.

SAM  
Poison Idea.

PAT  
(under breath)  
Shit man...

REECE

Cro-Mags.

Pat, shaking his head, stressing out.

REECE (CONT'D)

Just say something, dude.

TIGER

Steely Dan.

SAM

Candlebox.

REECE

He's a Juggalo.

PAT

Ah, man.

(rubs face)

Will this be edited?

TAD

I'll chop it up a bit.

TIGER

Let it go raw.

SAM

When will this air? Shouldn't we  
plug the show?

TAD

(thrown)

Yeah...

He turns off the recorder.

TAD (CONT'D)

My last show at the muni center  
didn't end well. Lots of vomit.  
Some fecal matter.

Tiger smiles.

TAD (CONT'D)

County commissioner got wind and  
pulled my permit. You were already  
en route.

REECE

Damn dude. We need a kill fee.

SAM

We went 90 miles out of our way.

TAD

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

SAM

Anyone else still on the bill?

TAD

They bailed.

Deadpan from the Band as GUITAR FEEDBACK BUILDS...

17 INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

17

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

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

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

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

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

The Band screeches to a halt with heaving chests.

TIGER

(exasperated, to the Fan)

Turn that shit off...

18 EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - WATERSIDE LOT - MAGIC HOUR

18

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

Tad holds two bags of MEXICAN TAKE-OUT, watching Sam count a  
meager stack of CRUMPLED BILLS.

TAD

I gave you my cut. The house got theirs, but I di-

SAM

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

TAD

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

REECE

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

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

SAM

Christ.

TIGER

Easy there, Jujitsu.

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

PAT

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

TIGER

*Fuck yes.* Let's call it.

SAM

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

REECE

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

PAT

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

Reece, Tiger and Sam head for the van.

TAD

Lemme call my cousin. I can get you  
a solid gig.

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

SAM

Where? Here?

TAD

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

19

INT./EXT. CONVERSION VAN - TAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

19

Tiger sits shotgun, Sam behind the wheel.

TIGER

I say we just gank his vinyl.

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

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

TAD

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

SAM

How much?

TAD

\$350, minus your tab.

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

TAD (CONT'D)

And just so you know, it's mostly  
boots and braces down there.

TIGER

Skins? There's some at every show.

PAT

SHARP? DMS? Sabre?

TAD

Right wing- or, technically ultra  
left- but not affiliated.

(MORE)

TAD (CONT'D)

Dude who owns the venue doesn't  
rely on door money- sells more than  
just booze...

PAT

But your cousin is cool?

TAD

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

SAM

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

TAD

I'd play your earlier stuff.  
Heavier stuff.

TIGER

(refined accent)

These gentlemen like to *mosh*.

TAD

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

Tad hands Tiger a black and white FLYER.

TAD (CONT'D)

I usually keep the originals, but  
since this one never happened...

Tiger tucks the flyer away.

TAD (CONT'D)

Can I still run that interview...?

SAM

Yeah- what station is it on?

TAD

FM eighty-five-five- "Breakfast of  
Champions". Thanks.

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

REECE

...sorry I almost obliterated you!

TAD (O.S.)

Not a problemmmmmmm...

20 INT. CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - ROUTE 26 EAST - NIGHT 20

PITCH BLACK. The WHIR of the road.

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM POPS ON, SCANS ACROSS HAND DRAWN IMAGES:

*Horned skulls, fleshy tendrils and a liquid font of zombie vomit: '\$5 Matinee! Missionary Position, Ain't Rights, NTOF Sat 1pm Seaside Municipal Center'*

TIGER

At least dude can draw.

Tiger hands TAD'S FLYER and the flashlight back to Pat. They're all eating rice and beans with plastic forks.

Pat inspects the flyer and offers it to Reece.

PAT

Pretty sweet.

Reece looks up from the flyer, the glow from the flashlight up-lighting his face, and gives Pat a soul-penetrating stare.

REECE

There's something I never told you. Anyone, for that matter...

PAT

What's that?

Holding the stare, Reece RIPS A FART. The Van ERUPTS INTO LAUGHTER as Reece tosses the flyer and Pat pounces.

21 EXT. TURN OFF - MORNING 21

The van passes an APPLE ORCHARD and turns down a two-lane road bordered by dense inland foliage.

22 INT. CONVERSION VAN - MORNING 22

CU: ON SAM'S PHONE:

*Mapping Software tracks their position. Nothing else around.*

- 23 EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - DAY (AERIAL) 23  
FROM ABOVE, TRACKING THE VAN as it's swallowed by woods.
- 24 EXT. RESIDENCE - DAY 24  
FROM BEHIND a closed ENTRY GATE, with a SIGN facing the road.  
The van whips by...
- 25 INT. CONVERSION VAN - DAY 25  
THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: the narrow road opens into a cul-de-sac of dirt and trampled grass.  
  
On the far end lies THE VENUE, a converted public utility building of brick and sandstone with a cheap-siding addition extending from the rear.  
  
The lot is cluttered with 4x4s, WEATHERED SEDANS and TRICKED-OUT HATCHBACKS. ROCKERS and SKINHEADS trickle into the venue.
- 26 EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - DAY 26  
  
The van rolls up and the Band dismounts, gulping fresh air as they're greeted by DANIEL (27), bomber jacket, boots and grown-in buzz cut, breaking from a group of TAILGATERS admiring a pale gold '65 PONTIAC RAGTOP at the lot's edge.
- DANIEL  
You guys Tad's friends?
- SAM  
We- he sent us. Cousin Dan?
- DANIEL  
(shaking hands)  
Daniel. You guys look hammered.
- GABE (30s), crew cut and a general disdain, approaches cradling a clip board.
- SAM  
One night at Tad's will do it. And  
if your girl is crashing t-
- Daniel grabs Sam and presses their foreheads together.
- DANIEL  
(quiet, through a smile)  
*Do not mention that.*

SAM

I was-

DANIEL

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

Daniel releases shaken Sam with a friendly pat.

GABE

(arriving)

Who's the Drummer?

REECE

Me.

GABE

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

REECE

Okay.

Tiger motions to a church-style SIGN out front:

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

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

27

INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - DAY

27

HARD ROCK over the PA.

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

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

Gabe stops at a graffiti-covered door.

GABE

(over music)

STAGE IN HERE. KEEP THE HALLWAY CLEAR- OWNER DOESN'T FUCK AROUND WITH FIRE CODE. SOUND CHECK IN FIFTEEN, YOU'RE ON IN TWENTY.

SAM

GOT IT.

28 INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

28

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

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

PAT

You okay?

SAM

Yeah. Are these guys not creeps?

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

REECE

(stacking cases)

Run a tight ship.

TIGER

But it's a U-boat...

PAT

Hey ya'll. I got a dumb idea.

29 INT. THE VENUE - STAGE - DAY

29

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

STAGEHAND

Where'd you say the power suppl-

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

STAGE MANAGER

It's like a mini-transformer, with three females- like an XLR, but not-

Pat plays a familiar BASS RIFF.

STAGEHAND

GOT IT.

More GUITAR CRUNCH. Then a LOW, RHYTHMIC TOM DRUM MARCH.

TIGER  
(into mic)  
TEST. ONE-TWO. MEOW.  
More guitar on mine, please.

His monitor turns up, then a look to Reece.

Reece nods back. The DRUM MARCH BUILDS.

TIGER (CONT'D)  
(into mic)  
Thank you.

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

PAT  
WE'RE NOT, ARE WE?

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

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

THE BAND GRINDS STRAIGHT INTO a classic DEAD KENNEDYS SONG:

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

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

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

Now some BOOS and middle fingers.

## TIGER (CONT'D)

*If you've come to fight, get outta here,  
You ain't no better than the bouncers,  
We ain't trying to be police  
When you ape the cops it ain't anarchy..*

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

## TIGER (CONT'D)

*Nazi punks, Nazi punks  
Nazi punks- Fuck Off!*

*Nazi punks, Nazi punks  
Nazi punks- Fuck Off!*

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

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

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

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

## TIGER (CONT'D)

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

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

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

## TIGER (CONT'D)

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

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

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

Pat joins Sam off-mic for the chorus:

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

(MORE)

TIGER / SAM / PAT (CONT'D)  
NAZI PUNKS, NAZI PUNKS  
NAZI PUNKS- FUCK OFF!

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

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

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

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

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

TIGER (CONT'D)  
Here's a treat...

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

The BREAKDOWN hits and *the CROWD ERUPTS:*

LIVE SOUND IS CONSUMED BY A SUBLIME, QUIET DRONE:

AND WE GO SLOW-MO...

THRASHING BODIES. HARD-LIT SWEAT. SILENT SCREAMS.

THE BAND ON STAGE, ELECTRIFIED.

TIGER. SAM. PAT. REECE. PERFECT SYNC.

THE PIT ON FIRE...

30

INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - DAY

30

PUSHING DOWN THE HALLWAY, THE DRONE FADES...

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

END SLO-MO.

Gabe hands Big Justin a WAD OF BILLS by the green room entrance and jogs down an adjacent hallway carrying a GROCERY BAG, its plastic contents rattling within.

The Band rounds the corner, sidestepping THEIR OWN STENCILED GEAR, now neatly stacked along the hallway.

SAM  
(over music)  
WHAT HAPPENED TO 'FIRE CODE'?

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

TIGER  
COWCATCHER?

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

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

REECE  
TIGHT SHIP.

BIG JUSTIN  
FOLLOW ME.

Big Justin grabs a case and leads them away.

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

Sam stops and pats his pockets.

SAM  
Shit. My phone...

PAT  
WHAT?

SAM  
MY PHONE. I'LL CATCH UP.

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

PAT  
I GOT YOU.

Pat whips around and heads back.

SAM  
THANKS.

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

BIG JUSTIN  
HEY! STOP!

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

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

BIG JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
MOTHER FUCK.

31 INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

31

Pat goes straight for Sam's phone.

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

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

And there she is...

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

PAT (CONT'D)  
Holy shit.

Werm looks up, flushed but relaxed.

Amber stands horror-struck in the corner.

AMBER  
*Call the police.*

Werm shrugs indifferent.

GUITARIST  
Fuck that.

Big Justin BURSTS into the room.

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

Pat dry swallows. Then BOLTS TO THE DOOR WITH THE PHONE.

Big Justin grabs a fistful of hoodie, RIPPING it off as Pat scrambles past...

32 INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 32

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

PAT  
GO! GO!

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

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

33 INT. THE VENUE - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 33

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

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

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

They sprint to intercept.

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

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

Gabe dives for the cell:

ON THE PHONE: '911: 00:14...00:15...'

Gabe ends the call and pops up.

GABE  
GOD DAMMIT.

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

BIG JUSTIN  
They di-

Gabe points to his ear.

BIG JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
THEY DIDN'T LOCK THE DOOR-

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

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

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

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

SAM  
(to Pat)  
WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?

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

The Band processing adrenaline.

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

Pat nods compliance.

Gabe disappears with the phone around a corner.

34 EXT. THE VENUE - AROUND BACK - OFFICE TRAILER - DAY 34

ON A WIDE: The back door opens and shuts, briefly polluting the quiet air with THRASH METAL.

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

35 INT. THE VENUE - BACK HALLWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 35

ON THE BAND: simmering, sharing looks, METAL still blaring. Breathing regulates...

...until Gabe returns with a RUGER .454 SUPER-REDHAWK REVOLVER by his side.

PAT  
WAIT. WHAT!?

SAM  
Fuck me.

REECE  
WHAT IS GOING ON?

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

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

GABE (CONT'D)  
LET'S GO!

36 INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

36

Everyone shuffles inside, amped-up and bewildered.

GABE  
Turn the PA down!

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

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

BIG JUSTIN  
They didn't *lock* it.

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

GUITARIST  
You were right there!

BIG JUSTIN  
Until I *wasn't*-

GABE  
(hand up)  
Quiet!

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

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

Gabe backs out the door...

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

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

Everyone eavesdropping until Gabe pops back through the door.

BIG JUSTIN  
You call Darcy?

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

REECE  
You can't keep us here.

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

Gabe hands Big Justin the gun.

TIGER  
The fuck is that supposed to mean?

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

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

BIG JUSTIN  
See how easy th- ?

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

GUITARIST  
Chill the fuck out, Amber.

Big Justin takes position by the door, pointing the gun.

BIG JUSTIN

Yes please...

37 INT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - DAY 37

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

CLARK

Darcy here?

GABE

Not yet. I need six hundred cash.

CLARK

(opening a CASH BOX)

You just signed out three fifty-

GABE

Someone's dead.

CLARK

Still gotta keep the books.

38 EXT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - DAY 38

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

CLARK

(catching up)

What do you need?

GABE

A true believer.

CLARK

...how 'bout two?

39 INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY 39

SAM

Maybe she's not dead.

The Guitarist BLURTS a laugh. AMBER shoots him daggers.

SAM (CONT'D)

(calming hand)

Just saying. There's no blood.

Who's to say we-

Werm grips the buck knife and tugs, jerking the body off the couch and onto the floor. He re-grips, puts a boot next to the wound and YANKS THE KNIFE FROM THE SKULL WITH TWO HANDS.

BLOOD POURS.

WERM

There it is!

AMBER

*My god.*

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

BIG JUSTIN

C'mon, man! What are you doing?

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

REECE

(to Sam)

The time to go is now.

WERM

See that...

ON THE DRAPED TOWEL: BLOOD BLOOMS from underneath.

TIGER

(inching to the door)

We didn't see shit. We were so drunk...

BIG JUSTIN

(aiming gun)

Just wait.

Cops are on the way.

40

EXT. THE VENUE - AROUND THE SIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

40

APPROACHING SIRENS.

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

Clark stands facing the road.

GABE

You good?

Twin #1 nods.

GABE (CONT'D)

Good?

Twin #2 nods.

GABE (CONT'D)

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

TWIN #1

Nope, we got this.

TWIN #2

Won't even be the first time.

GABE

Hurry.

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

TWIN #1

GO. Mhmmmmmmmmmm...

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

TWIN #1 (CONT'D)

(clenched teeth)

Yup. Mhmmmmmmmmmm...

THFFT. Another JAB, and a pained exhale.

FLASHING LIGHTS through the trees.

CLARK

(turning)

Okay that's it!

Clark walks coolly back towards the venue.

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

GABE

(waving it off)

Let them see it.

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

GABE (CONT'D)

The *knife*. It's an inch too short for felony possession, so don't worry- actually, gimme back the money.

TWIN #2

What?

GABE

Vouchers and shit- we'll hold it  
for you...

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

GABE (CONT'D)

If you do any time, we double it.

TWIN #2

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

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

CLARK

(lighting cigarette)  
Check out those jokers.

ON A WIDE, FROM FAR BACK:

TWO POLICE CRUISERS and an AMBULANCE kick dust into the lot,  
killing their SIRENS.

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

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

In custom paint: 'BANKER'S HEATING AND VENTILATION'.

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

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

41 INT. GREEN ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

41

Big Justin leans against the door, gun by his waist.

Pat, Sam, Tiger and Reece: standing in silence.

Amber watches the Drummer tap DRUMSTICKS on his lap.

Werm sits on the floor, elbows on knees.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

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

GABE  
Cowcatcher. Clear out.

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

Werm takes his time getting up.

PAT  
Where are the cops?

GABE  
(to Guitarist)  
Get your stuff.

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

TIGER  
What about us?

BIG JUSTIN  
Gabe. C'mon.

Gabe leans in, WHISPERING to Big Justin.

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

AMBER  
What are you doing?

GABE  
Sorting this out. Hang tight.

Werm hangs mid exit, turning to Sam and Pat.

WERM  
Your set was good.

SAM  
What?

WERM  
What was the second to last song?

SAM  
Uh, Toxic Evolution..?

WERM

It's fucking hard, man. That's the one I did her to.

Gabe ushers Werm out and SHUTS THE DOOR behind them.

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

REECE

So... he's got six bullets.

BIG JUSTIN

For real?

REECE

If we all go at once...

TIGER

Christ, hold off a second.

REECE

For what?!

SAM

We haven't done anything.

AMBER

Doesn't matter.

BIG JUSTIN

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

TIGER

(to Reece)

You're making it worse.

Reece shoots Tiger a look.

BIG JUSTIN

We sit. We wait.

AMBER

And we die.

BIG JUSTIN

Not if you sit and you wait.

42 INT./ EXT. CONVERSION VAN / VENUE - LOT- LATE AFTERNOON 42

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

GABE

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

DARCY

You called?

GABE

They- 911 called back and I  
answered.

DARCY

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

GABE

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

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

DARCY

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

CLARK

They played their set. For the  
crowd.

DARCY

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

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

GABE

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

DARCY

*Contain?*

GABE

It was pretty rapid fire...

DARCY

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

GABE

He's a brother.

DARCY

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

Gabe, shaken.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Now we're all in the stew.

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

DARCY (CONT'D)

For an impulsive act. A selfish act.

(moving within inches)

Under *my* roof.

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

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

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

(muffled, outside van)

Do you see a way out of this?

The pair revealed again as Darcy opens the rear doors.

GABE

For them? No.

DARCY

We still need to think of one.

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

Darcy uncaps the can, inhales the fumes.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Okay. This is good.

FEEDBACK from the Venue. All three men look back.

DARCY (CONT'D)

No guns. Clark, you got a 'no trespassing' sign posted at the residence?

CLARK

Got 'beware of dogs'.

DARCY

That's better.

43

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

43

MUFFLED, THROUGH THE DOOR: LIVE GRIND CORE MUSIC ERUPTS.

It takes a beat for it to register.

Reece curls a lip at Big Justin, who can't find words.

TIGER

(inspecting the walls)

Does anyone know we're in here?

SAM

No one who cares. Tad?

PAT

I think we go.

REECE

(rolls shoulders,  
stretches neck)

I think we go.

BIG JUSTIN

(cocks the hammer)

The next person t-

KNOCK KNOCK.

GABE (O.S.)

(muffled, through door)

EVERYONE OKAY?

Eyes gravitate to the corpse and back.

BIG JUSTIN

JUST ABOUT. GABE?

GABE (O.S.)

YEAH. OPEN UP.

Big Justin backs towards the door.



GABE (O.S.)

HE IS.

A THROAT CLEARS on the other side of the door.

DARCY (O.S.)

(muffled, through door)

I AM. GENTLEMEN, I'M THE OWNER.

BIG JUSTIN

(muttering)

...didn't you just say...

Big Justin removes the .454 CARTRIDGES from the cylinder.

DARCY (O.S.)

TRULY SORRY ABOUT THIS. I'M PLAYING  
CATCH-UP HERE MYSELF.

AMBER

(re: the live music)

*They're playing a fucking show.*

PAT

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

Big Justin hands the revolver to Sam.

DARCY (O.S.)

I'VE GOT NO PROBLEM WITH THAT.

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

BIG JUSTIN

THEY'VE GOT THE GUN NOW. OPENING  
UP...

REECE

*Stop.*

TIGER

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

BIG JUSTIN

No one's 'letting' me do anything.

DARCY (O.S.)

HOW'RE WE DOING?

Reece looks to Amber, she shakes her head.

SAM  
He's right.

TIGER  
(anxiously rubbing face)  
Who? Me?

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

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

Big Justin turns to the door, reaches...

BIG JUSTIN  
You got the damn g-

AAHHHHH! TIGER CHARGES BIG JUSTIN, EYES AFLAME.

Big Justin SLIDES THE DEAD BOLT LATCH HALF OPEN.

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

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

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

REECE  
Get him down!

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

DARCY (O.S.)  
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

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

The door handle RATTLES. Locked.

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

Amber lifts her boot with a grin.

AMBER  
(to Big Justin)  
Shouldn't have locked the door.

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

REECE  
Get the bullets.

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

REECE (CONT'D)  
Load it. I got him.

Big Justin flushes with rage, now powerless.

DARCY  
HOW'S IT GOING IN THERE?

BIG JUSTIN  
NOT GOO-

Big Justin GRUNTS as Reece tightens his grip.

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

DARCY (O.S.)  
JUSTIN?

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

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

44 INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

44

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

DARCY  
UNDERSTOOD, GENTLEMEN. Hold tight.

Darcy turns, takes a moment.

GABE  
Think they know?

DARCY

I think they're SMARTER THAN YOU!!!

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

CLARK

Darcy, man...

Gabe gets to his feet, ready for more.

Darcy catches his breath, his lips quivering.

DARCY

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

45

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

45

MUFFLED MUSIC through the door.

Tiger plants his hands to rise, Pat helps him to the couch.

PAT

What was that gonzo shit?

TIGER

I did the math.

REECE

So...

Reece maintains his joint lock on Big Justin.

REECE (CONT'D)

...in a tournament, I snap his arm  
or he taps out and we get burgers.

AMBER

Snap it.

BIG JUSTIN

Come on...

PAT

We've got the gun. Let him-

SAM

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

TIGER

No way...

PAT  
(shaking head)  
Can't shoot.

AMBER  
I can.

SAM  
Not you.

AMBER  
Then fucking keep it.

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

BIG JUSTIN  
Buttfuck everyone in the room.

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

BIG JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
OwOwOwOwOw...

REECE  
You're going to sit crisscross  
apple sauce.

Big Justin nods.

REECE (CONT'D)  
Say it.

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

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

SAM  
Nice.

Sam hands Reece the revolver.

PAT  
(to Amber)  
Is there another way out?

Amber shakes 'no'. Tiger scoots a CHAIR from the wall.

TIGER  
There's gotta be something.

46 INT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON 46

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

DARCY  
You fed them yet today?

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

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

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

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

Gabe drops the pen and stands.

47 EXT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER 47

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

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

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

48 INT. THE VENUE - BACK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 48

Darcy leads Clark and Gabe down the hallway.

DARCY

There's going to be cops, so clean out the residence. Maybe leave 'em a roach in the ashtray...

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

DARCY (CONT'D)

(to Gabe)

Get Daniel on that door and pull their van around - shit, keys?

GABE

I guess inside with them.

DARCY

We'll need 'em.

CLARK

I've got a ton of shit to do.

DARCY

Go on.

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

DARCY (CONT'D)

This is a fire hazard.

49

INT. THE VENUE - CONTINUOUS

49

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

GABE

I WOULDN'T PUT DANIEL ON THE DOOR.

DARCY

FINE. PLENTY TO DO.

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

DARCY (CONT'D)

WHERE'S DANIEL?

BARTENDER

STEPPED OUT. I'M COVERING.

(hand under the bar)

EVERYTHING OKAY?

Darcy leaves the Poured Shot, Gabe follows him out.

50 EXT. THE VENUE - EDGE OF LOT - LATE AFTERNOON 50

The driver's door of the conversion van opens, Gabe climbs in, Darcy steps back.

DARCY

Meet me by the utility shed.

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

A V-8 ENGINE CHUGS AND STARTS.

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

51 EXT. THE VENUE - EDGE OF LOT - CONTINUOUS 51

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

DARCY

This the new ride?

DANIEL

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

DARCY

She's a beaut.

Daniel locks eyes with Gabe, kills the engine.

DANIEL

What's up?

DARCY

Need some of the squad. Red laces only.

DANIEL

Tonight?

DARCY

Now.

(to Gabe)

That list...

Gabe hands over the POST-IT.

DARCY (CONT'D)

This is everyone who knows?

GABE

Yes. Including the band.

DANIEL  
Knows what?

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

Daniel climbs out of the convertible.

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

GABE  
There's eighty people in there.

DARCY  
(to Daniel)  
You, plus four.

Daniel turns, shoving his keys in his pocket.

DARCY (CONT'D)  
Give Gabe your keys.

Daniel pivots, flustered.

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

Daniel folds the keys up in the sun visor.

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

52 INT. GREEN ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

52

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

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

SAM  
Watch out, those could be live...

TIGER  
That's speaker wire.

Tiger yanks down an ALUMINUM DROP CEILING T-BAR.

Pat watching, turns to Amber.

PAT  
You don't have a phone, do you?

AMBER  
They took it.

Pat gestures to the corpse.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
...hers too.

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

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

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

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

Pat kneels by the body, digging through pockets.

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

TIGER  
We could start a fire?

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

SAM  
That'll give us the upper hand.

Pat pulls out the FOLDED NAPKIN, unfolds it.

ON THE NAPKIN, in bleeding blue ink: 'Fleischwolf'.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Got something?

PAT  
(showing napkin)  
'Fleish...wolf'?

Amber eyes Big Justin.

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

PAT  
Meat-wolf?

Sam turns his attention as Tiger plops a DUSTY CEILING TILE in his hands.

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

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

TIGER  
All concrete.

PAT  
Nothing here.

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

PAT (CONT'D)  
Empty your pockets.

BIG JUSTIN  
Come search me, faggot.

AMBER  
Just shoot him.

Reece deadpans Big Justin.

BIG JUSTIN  
Can I get up?

REECE  
Just to your knees.

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

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

Big Justin unsnaps his CHAIN WALLET, throws it forward.

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

PAT  
Turn 'em out.

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

SAM  
Good call.



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

REECE (O.S.)  
*Nobody move.*

MORE SCUFFLES. A CELLOPHANE CRINKLE.

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

REECE (O.S.)  
*Nobody talk!*

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

She LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. Puffs.

AMBER  
Careful now...

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

AMBER (CONT'D)  
Smoke this.

BIG JUSTIN  
Deal.

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

REECE  
Thank you, Amber.

AMBER  
Get comfortable.

She leans to the wall.

Reece puts forearms to knees, levels the gun.

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

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

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

Tiger crawls for a closer look...

SAM  
Pretty smart for a Nazi.

AMBER  
I'm not a Nazi.

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

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

TIGER  
Guys...

AMBER  
You don't know m-

A COLLECTIVE ELECTRONIC WHIR AS **THE LIGHTS FLICKER BACK ON.**

Tiger rips up the carpet, exposing a section of wood floor boards, but the daylight is now invisible.

BROODING MUSIC BUILDS.

53 INT. THE VENUE - SUNSET

53

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

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

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

54 INT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - SUNSET

54

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

Something inside BUZZES, GLOWS.

THE BROODING MUSIC SURGES, CARRIES US THROUGH:

MONTAGE:

A 54 EXT. THE VENUE - SUNSET A 54

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

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

(O.S.) THE CROWD CHEERS.

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

HEADLIGHTS, BRAKE-LIGHTS, DISCARDED CIGARETTES.

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

C 54 EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - MAGIC HOUR C 54

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

DANIEL  
Who hasn't smoked yet.

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

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

D 54 EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - MAGIC HOUR D 54

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

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

Worm, the Guitarist and the Drummer are inside smoking.

55 INT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - MAGIC HOUR 55

GABE

You're not worried they'll talk?

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

DARCY

They've got priorities.

56 EXT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - MAGIC HOUR 56

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

DARCY

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

GABE

(reading stamp)

'Grove Street'?

DARCY

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

(arriving at sedan)

Let's get y'all somewhere safe!

57 EXT. THE VENUE - AROUND BACK - MAGIC HOUR 57

The conversion van is pushed along quiet dirt.

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

58 INT. GREEN ROOM - EVENING 58

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

SAM

Treasure?

TIGER

Daylight. Underneath.

Eyes find Amber. She shrugs ignorance.

MUFFLED, THROUGH THE DOOR: ROLLING, SCUFFS and THUMPS.

REECE

Our gear...

KNOCK KNOCK.

DARCY (O.S.)

GENTLEMEN?

PAT

YES.

DARCY (O.S.)

WE'RE LOADING YOU OUT.

SAM

ARE THE POLICE HERE?!

DARCY (O.S.)

THEY'VE COME AND GONE. GOT A LITTLE  
COMPLICATED.

SAM

We're so fucked.

DARCY (O.S.)

I'M GETTING HOARSE.

(clearing throat)

Can you hear me at this volume?

SAM

YES.

Yes.

PAT

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

Good. And can we elect a single  
voice?

Sam yields, Pat inches closer to the door.

PAT

Yes.

DARCY (O.S.)

You are trapped. This is not a  
threat, just a fact.

PAT

(to door)

We have the gun. Loaded. Also just  
a fact.

DARCY (O.S.)

We've got plenty more guns on hand,  
but we want you out, not harmed.

Pat shoots a look back at the band.

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

REECE  
(whispering)  
Bullshit.

Pat looks for consensus, there is none.

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

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

PAT  
No shit! And we're in a r-

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

A crossfire of looks, a surge of hope.

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

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

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

DARCY (O.S.)  
Just need that gun out of the  
picture...

Pat crosses between Reece and Big Justin, towards the center of the room.

REECE  
(tipping gun barrel away)  
Careful.

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

IN A HUDDLE, *HUSHED*.

PAT  
*What do we do?*

TIGER  
*Dig through the floor.*

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

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

AMBER  
*They have guns. No question.*

SAM  
*SHHH.  
We're going to trust you?*

REECE  
*We've got zero leverage.*

AMBER  
*Ask for a phone. For the gun.*

Pat considers, they all do.

TIGER  
*What about him?*

Big Justin, laying low in Reece's sights.

SAM  
*Soon as we hand it over he'll...*

REECE  
*I can tie him up.*

PAT  
*Okay? See what they say?*

Nods from everyone as Pat approaches the door.

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

DARCY (O.S.)  
Sorry, no.

PAT  
(to door)  
How about a *registered* firearm?

DARCY  
Funny. JUSTIN, YOU ALIVE AND WELL?

Justin waits for approval. Reece nods.

BIG JUSTIN  
I'M *ALIVE*.

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

PAT  
(to door)  
C'mon...

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

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

PAT  
(to door)  
Hold on...  
(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)  
(turning to group)  
Anyone got smart ideas?

REECE  
(smiles)  
Zero leverage.

Reece hands the gun to Sam.

REECE (CONT'D)  
Got it?

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

SAM  
Please don't do anything.

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

REECE  
He's good.

SAM  
Are we really doing this?

TIGER  
This isn't right.

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

AMBER  
I vote for that.

Sam gets to his feet, cradling the gun.

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

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

Pat intercepts Tiger's orbit, grabs his shoulders.

PAT  
At least this way we'll find out.  
All we're doing now is buying time.

AMBER

For them.

Pat nods.

REECE

Amen. At this point I'm just  
fucking curious...

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

PAT

(to door)

Okay. We'll hand it over. But we're  
keeping the ammo.

DARCY (O.S.)

That's fine. Safer for everyone.

Sam nods, inspects the revolver...

PAT

(to door)

Step back, please.

DARCY (O.S.)

You got it.

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

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

SAM

(fiddling with gun)

Where's the-?

PAT

(holding out hand)

Here.

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

REECE

(to Big Justin)

Hold real still...

Tiger and Sam get behind the couch. Amber hops over it, taking a prone position by the base of the door.

She pokes the dislodged vent Big Justin kicked-in earlier with the drum stick, prying open a sliver-view into the hallway beyond.

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

Amber angles her head to see more...

PAT

Here we go.

HE SLIDES THE DEAD-BOLT UNLOCKED.

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

PAT (CONT'D)

Okay. Here.

DARCY (O.S.)

May I approach?

PAT

No. I'm throwing it.

DARCY (O.S.)

Careful. It was a gift.

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

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

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

THROUGH THE SLIVER: JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR...

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

AMBER

(whipping to Pat)

THEY'RE KILLING US.

SAM

Keep the gun!

A HAND THRUSTS INSIDE, GRABS PAT'S WRIST.

PAT

Get off!

PAT PULLS THE TRIGGER: CLICK- CLICK- CLICK-

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

TIGER

OH NO.

PAT

Okay, okay, okay, okay!

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

Immediately, RHYTHMIC HACKING SOUNDS.

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

BIG JUSTIN BUCKS, CATCHING REECE OFF GUARD.

BIG JUSTIN

THE FUCK OFF ME...

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

PAT

GIMME MY HAND!

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

BIG JUSTIN

AHHHHHHHHH.

Amber and Sam grab Pat around the waist, heaving.

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

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

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

REECE

Holy fuck.

Pat crumples to the ground, hunched over his wound.

PAT

Oh god. Oh no...oh god...

Two POUNDS on the door.

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

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

BIG JUSTIN  
...fucking crush you...

AMBER charges Big Justin, he winds-up his good arm...

THWAK. CLOTHES-LINES HER TO THE FLOOR.

Tiger sprawls, pushing the couch back against the door.

BIG JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
WHORES!

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

REECE  
Get it!

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

THE BLADE EXTENDS, BIG JUSTIN BLINDLY SLASHES AT REECE.

AMBER GOES FOR THE WEAPON, GRABBING BIG JUSTIN'S WRIST.

REECE CONSTRICTS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AND JUSTIN FLUSHES RED.

Amber wrestles the box-cutter away.

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

PAT  
Okayokayokayokay...

Sam turns to Pat.

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

REECE  
Tell me when he's out!

SAM  
(turning back)  
Okay...

Tiger unlaces his battered Chuck Taylors.  
Big Justin's eyes go glassy and roll back.

SAM (CONT'D)  
He's out.

Reece holds several seconds, loosens his grip.  
Big Justin sags to the ground.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR, MUFFLED MUSIC RESUMES OVER THE PA.  
Tiger pulls a striped tube sock from his foot.

TIGER  
Here...

Tiger wraps the tube sock above Pat's elbow, tightens a knot.  
Pat GRUNTS/SOBS/SPITS.

REECE  
Tie it so there's enough-

Big Justin JOLTS RIGID AND PLANKS OUT.  
Startled, Tiger whips to see...

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

SAM  
He's not out.

REECE  
Fuck this.

Reece wraps Big Justin up in a rear-naked choke.  
Big Justin comes to, locks eyes with Pat, glazing over.

BIG JUSTIN  
(whispering)  
...me too...

SAM  
(to Tiger)  
We got this! Put pressure on that.

Tiger removes his jacket, wraps it around Pat's mangled arm.  
Amber, box-cutter in hand, steps to Reece.

                  AMBER  
You got it?

                  REECE  
Yeah.

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

                  SAM  
Are we doing this?

Amber crouches, face to face with Big Justin.

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

Reece settles in.

And squeezes.

They watch.

His regulated breaths.

The tears streaming down his cheeks.

*Until it's done.*

                  SAM  
How long does it take? To be sure?

Shrugs, looks.

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

                  REECE  
          (releases grip)  
Jesus.

Tiger winces, looks to the door, dazed.

                  TIGER  
We...need...

Pat clutching his wound, blood seeping through the jacket.

SAM

You said you saw daylight?

TIGER

What? Yeah.

59 EXT. THE VENUE - AROUND BACK - NIGHT

59

A stenciled '*Ain't Rights*' logo lands into frame.

Daniel stacks BRANDED CASES in the conversion van.

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

DARCY

Any and all firearms. Clark will handle it from here...

(to Gabe)

He give you an ETA?

GABE

I told him no calls.

DARCY

Right. Good.

(re: milk crate)

Phones too...

The Skins gather, Daniel sees the BLOODY MACHETE.

DANIEL

What happened in there?

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

DARCY

(to Gabe)

Set up Neil for tomorrow. New drywall, pour a floor. Say we had a leak.

Gabe nods. Darcy checks his watch.

DANIEL

What happened?

DARCY

(to Gabe)

Door with a frame too. I've got carpet on hand-

(MORE)

DARCY (CONT'D)  
(to Daniel)  
Bit of a maelstrom tonight.

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

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

DANIEL  
*Who?*

Gabe steps in, calming...

GABE  
Emily.

DARCY  
Maybe Big Justin too.

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

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

GABE  
Darcy.

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

THROUGH THE TREES, PICKUP TRUCK HEADLIGHTS.

Faintly, the CRUNCH of gravel, RATTLING, BARKING.

Daniel swallows, intense.

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

PULLING OUT FROM THE LOCKED GREEN ROOM DOOR...

Outside, MUFFLED MUSIC...

Inside, a RUCKUS...

THEY'RE TEARING THE PLACE APART.

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

Amber SMASHING WALLS, EXPOSING BRICK.

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

Reece drapes Big Justin's jacket over his corpse.

PAT  
I lost the gun...

REECE  
You held on longer than I would've.

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

REECE (CONT'D)  
I'M GOING.

Sam, Tiger and Amber keep up the DEMO.

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

SMASH.

TIGER  
There we go...

COOL LIGHT SPILLS up through a caved-in floorboard.

Amber turns, watches Tiger and Sam peel up carpet.

PAT  
What time is it?

AMBER  
That's not daylight.

TIGER  
It's something...

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

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

Sam and Tiger swoop in, prying away loose boards.

Sam, Tiger and Reece gaze down a PORTAL OF SPLINTERED WOOD AND FLOATING PARTICLES.

61 INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - MOMENTS LATER 61

INDUSTRIAL WHIR...

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

TIGER

Oh.

Reece drops down behind him. Then Sam.

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

ABOVE: SPRINKLERS and VENTILATION.

BELOW: TARPED LAB EQUIPMENT, INDUSTRIAL TUBS and MIXERS.

REECE

Look for a door.

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

62 INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 62

Amber, looking down the jagged hole in the floor.

To Pat, huddled against the wall with labored breaths.

PAT

Just let me know.

Amber sits, readying to drop.

PAT (CONT'D)

Sorry about your friend.

She nods, shoves off.

63 INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CONTINUOUS 63

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

SAM

Nope.

Reece rips away insulation, revealing RIBBED METAL WALLS.

REECE

Containers.

Tiger parts heavy plastic sheeting and crosses into an 8x20' chamber housing INDUSTRIAL COFFEE GRINDERS, SCALES, AND BAGS OF POWDER. At the far end, a LADDER LEADS TO A CEILING HATCH.

He sprints up it and grabs the welded handle. Doesn't budge.

TIGER

Shit!

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

A 63 EXT. THE VENUE - AROUND BACK - NIGHT

A 63

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

FAINT METALLIC THUMPS from underneath...

63 INT. UNDERGROUND LAB- CONTINUOUS

63

Reece drops down from the latch.

SAM

There a lock?

REECE

Other side maybe. We're burning time.

Sam tilts his gaze to the duct work above.

SAM

There's ven-

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

They push through the sheeting, crossing back.

SAM (CONT'D)

There's ventilation!

REECE

Four inch ducts. Good luck.

Amber stands by the entrance, taking in the operation.

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

SAM  
Shouldn't we look around?

Reece kneels, offering Amber a boost.

REECE  
We just did.

64 INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

64

Amber pops back up through the floor.

ON PAT, eager.

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

Reece surfaces, reaches back for Sam and Tiger.

SAM  
(popping up)  
Big ass bunker.

REECE  
Big ass dead end.

Pat sinks, Tiger knee-slides to his side.

TIGER  
Gimme your hand...

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

TIGER (CONT'D)  
Look away, dude...

SAM  
Can't we use this to our advantage?

REECE  
WE'RE DONE!-  
(fights for composure)  
I'm done. Close the door behind me  
if you wanna strategize.

Tiger yanks a length of DUCT TAPE from the roll, wraps the wound...

SAM  
We're not ready.

REECE  
What do you think *they're* doing?

SAM  
That's just it, we don't know.

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

REECE  
We know they mean us harm.

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

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

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

AMBER  
Grab some shit, get ready to run.

SAM  
We'll die...

Reece picks up the wooden chair leg.

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

Amber kisses Emily's forehead, covers her up.

TIGER  
(tears streaming)  
Almost...

Tiger winds the tape...

PAT  
We gotta treat this like paintball.

Eyes on Pat. Even Amber wants to hear this.

PAT (CONT'D)  
Can't take it so seriously...

SAM

Say what?

PAT

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

REECE

Tiger- you done?

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

TIGER

Okay.

REECE

(to Pat)

Gotta go. Sorry.

PAT

Okay.

Amber fishes the box-cutter from her pocket.

AMBER

Was that a pep talk?

Tiger blows a snot-laugh, wipes his tears.

Sam grabs the 4' fluorescent bulb.

REECE

We won't all live, but- I dunno- maybe we won't all die...

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

PAT

(waving it off)

I'm just gonna run.

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

WEAPONS READY...

SAM  
Fuck it. Simon and Garfunkel.

Heads turn, furrowed brows.

SAM (CONT'D)  
'Desert island' band.

REECE  
Ha. Prince.

They look to Pat...

PAT  
I...

TIGER  
Still the Misfits.

REECE  
(with a nod)  
True school.

AMBER  
*We going?*

Nods.

PUSHING IN ON THE DOOR...

The MUFFLED MUSIC.

Reece puts a hand on the deadbolt, looks back.

Battle positions.

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

REECE  
Here we go...

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

SHE THUMBS OUT THE BOX CUTTER BLADE...

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

SAM  
Watchit.

SAM JAVELIN-THROWS THE JAGGED FLUORESCENT BULB...

65

INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

65

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

...INTO AN EMPTY HALLWAY.

TIGER

(hushed)

What the fuck?

PAT

(re: their gear)

They loaded us out.

REECE

(to Amber)

How many exits?

AMBER

(pointing)

The main, the back, maybe the kitchen? I alwa-

TIGER

What about windows?

AMBER

See for yourself.

Reece has crept halfway down the hall.

They follow...

66

INT. THE VENUE - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

66

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

Suddenly, eerily quiet.

They crouch and find shadows, scanning the interior.

Just darkness.

SCUFFLING FOOTSTEPS. A SUBTLE CREAK.

TIGER

Should we hide?

REECE

Whatever you want.

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

Tiger, Sam, Amber and Pat follow.

SAM

We should split up.

TIGER

Totally.

No one breaks from the cluster.

As they round the bar, waiting in the doorway:

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

CLARK

FASS! FASS!

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

They scramble.

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

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

Amber breaks for the stage, rolls onto it.

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

67

INT. THE VENUE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

67

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

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

THROUGH THE GREASE-CAKED GLASS AS IT SWINGS SHUT:

IN SILHOUETTE, ALAN CHARGES INTO FRAME, WHACKING REECE REPEATEDLY TO THE GROUND WITH A CLEAVER.

68 EXT. THE VENUE - SIDE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 68

ALAN  
OH SHIT?!

Gabe pulls Alan back.

GABE  
Save it.

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

69 INT. THE VENUE - BAR - CONTINUOUS 69

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

Clark steps up, WHAPPING BROWNIE with his break stick.

CLARK  
Aus! Aus!

BROWNIE releases, lapping blood, tongue swinging.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Las es... VORAN!

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

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

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

INT. THE VENUE - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

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

Amber launches from behind a speaker stack, sprints across.

BROWNIE EFFORTLESSLY MAKES THE FOUR FOOT LEAP UP THE STAGE.

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

AMBER  
AHHHWWW...

She crumples to the stage floor, BROWNIE SINKS HIS BITE AND THRASHES.

CLARK  
(keeping his distance)  
FASS! FASS!

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

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

BROWNIE twitches at the sound, anxiously finds new footing.

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

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

The FEEDBACK SWELLS TO AN EAR-SPLITTING FREQUENCY.

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

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

Taped below the monitor is COWCATCHER'S SET LIST.

Pat crinkles a brow, peels it up.

70

INT. THE VENUE - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

70

FEEDBACK, FARTHER AWAY.

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

He creeps along, settling at the back entrance.

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

SCUFFLING.

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

KYLE (O.S.)

Fuck!

COUGHING AND GASPING AS KYLE'S MACHETE BLADE CUTS THROUGH THE BILLOWING CLOUD AND CLANKS AGAINST THE DOOR.

SAM

Shit!

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

71 INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER 71

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

SAM

They're everywhere- you see Reece?

Amber and Pat solemnly shake their heads.

THE FEEDBACK PERSISTS.

72 INT. GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 72

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

SAM

Here we are...

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

PAT

Third one down.

SAM

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

Pat holds up the napkin: 'Fleischwolf'.

They look to Amber.

AMBER

It's a song.

PAT

Agreed.

AMBER

...means 'meat-grinder'.

73

EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - CONTINUOUS

73

Darcy pacing, Clark leading the BLOOD-BATHED PIT (BROWNIE) up the tailgate of his truck and into a CRATE.

CLARK  
(patting dog)  
So ist brav...

DARCY  
You retiring him?

CLARK  
He's worked up.

DARCY  
Send another. Send two. Finish it.

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

Darcy digests that thought, Daniel steps up.

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

Darcy considers.

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

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

DANIEL  
(already moving)  
Okay.

DARCY  
Take Jonathan.

Jonathan joins Daniel, they clasp hands.

JONATHAN  
Brute squad.

DANIEL  
(to Clark)  
Keep them caged 'till we tag out?

AROUND THE SIDE:

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

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

DARCY  
(re: the body)  
He breathing?

GABE  
(turning)  
Little, yeah.

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

Gabe shakes 'no'.

74 INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT 74

RINGING, DISTORTED FEEDBACK...

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

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

75 INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 75

THE FEEDBACK STOPS.

Sam, Amber and Pat look to the door.

AMBER  
They're coming.

MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS up the hallway...

SAM  
I can't do this...

PFFUMP. PFFUMP. CRACK.

The door is succumbing to BOOT STRIKES.

Sam readies his fire extinguisher, Pat steps back.

Amber grips the mic stand.

PFFUMP. CRUNCH. SPLINTERING AROUND THE DEADBOLT.  
CRACK! DANIEL BUSTS THE DOOR OPEN, sliding the couch inward.  
SAM FIRES HIS EXTINGUISHER, FORCING DANIEL BACK.  
The CLOUD envelops the room. ZERO VISIBILITY.  
They hear Daniel SCUFFLING his way back inside.

PAT  
GET BACK!

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

DANIEL KICKS SAM TO THE FLOOR.

DANIEL  
WHERE'S EMILY?

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

AMBER  
Daniel!

Jonathan enters, thrown off, the CLOUD settling.

JONATHAN  
Fuck are you doing?

PAT  
He's the one...

Pat holds up the napkin, looks to Amber.

PAT (CONT'D)  
...gave her this.

Daniel pulls the blanket off EMILY'S CORPSE.

JONATHAN  
Hey!

Daniel white-knuckles the machete, acknowledging Amber.

DANIEL  
Which one did it?

AMBER  
*Werm* did it.

DANIEL  
Bullshit. Which one?

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

AMBER  
What'd they tell you, Daniel?

Daniel, dead-eyed.

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

JONATHAN  
Know what?

Amber putting it together.

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

All eyes on Daniel.

DANIEL  
(turning to Jonathan)  
You should go.

76 EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - CONTINUOUS

76

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

DARCY  
They're taking too long.

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

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

GABE  
Nothing concrete. He... and Emily.

Darcy does an about-face...

77 EXT. THE VENUE - EDGE OF LOT - NIGHT 77

ON THE VISOR OF DANIEL'S '65 RAGTOP.

Darcy flips it down, catches the keys.

TRACKING WITH HIM AS HE OPENS THE TRUNK.

INSIDE THE TRUNK:

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

ONE SIDE: *HIS*. ONE SIDE: *HERS*.

Darcy swipes a FRAMED PICTURE from one of the boxes.

THE PICTURE: *Emily and friends, way back when.*

DARCY

Little love birds...

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

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

78 EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - NIGHT 78

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

Gabe frozen with dread.

DARCY

Recognize this?

GABE

No sir.

DARCY

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

(offering the bat)

It's from last Easter. And it was supposed to disappear after the boot party...

Jonathan pushes out the exit, walking briskly with his machete, dusted with FIRE RETARDANT.

JONATHAN

He just started *talking*? Amber's  
alive, saying Werm did it-

DARCY

(to Jonathan)  
Never mind that.

Darcy steps to Gabe...

DARCY (CONT'D)

You...

...and kisses his forehead.

DARCY (CONT'D)

...Werm- just saved us all.

79

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - NIGHT

79

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

PAT

Sam?

Just the empty lab.

PAT (CONT'D)

It's okay.

Amber drops down behind him. Then Daniel.

PAT (CONT'D)

I mean, it's not *okay*, but he's  
with us. We gotta split.

Pat continues towards the adjacent shipping container.

Daniel takes in the operation.

AMBER

You didn't know either.

DANIEL

Not where.

80

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - SHIPPING CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

80

Pat steps in, finds Sam sizing up an INDUSTRIAL FAN.

SAM  
This has a wider duct. I think.  
(turning)  
Reece was full of shit.

Sam, swollen puffy eyes.

PAT  
We won't fit through there...

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

PAT  
Daniel can help.

SAM  
Why? Who's he?

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

SAM  
Wow, a conspiracy?

DANIEL  
No, just a clusterfuck.

81 EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - NIGHT

81

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

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

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

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

Gabe presents the milk crate, the Skins retrieve the .25  
AUTO, the .38 SNUBNOSE. Darcy picks up the .454 RUGER.

DARCY (CONT'D)

We're still blades and fangs for the visitors, but we're getting lean on time. If you *have* to shoot- shoot once. More than once- keep a tight grouping cuz you'll be digging the slugs out yourself. As for Daniel and Am- wait...

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

DARCY (CONT'D)

...what did we forget?

82 INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 82

Daniel leads Amber, Sam and Pat along the hall...

TRACKING WITH THEM, WEAPONS OUT:

Daniel, THE MACHETE. Amber, THE MIC STAND.

Sam, THE EXTINGUISHER. Pat, THE BOX CUTTER.

83 INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 83

They descend the stairs...

DANIEL

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

AMBER

How do we get past *the door*?

Daniel veers off, circles behind the bar.

DANIEL

I know something you don't...

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

SAM

Good. What?

Sam watches a SHELL roll along the bar and CLINK AGAINST DARCY'S UNTOUCHED SHOT GLASS. He downs it.

DANIEL

...I know where we kee-

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

PAT JUMPS, DROPS THE BOX-CUTTER.

SAM, SPLATTERED IN GORE, DROPS THE SHOT GLASS.

BARTENDER

Too slow...

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

She ducks, DEFLECTS WITH THE MIC STAND.

BOOM. THE WALL EXPLODES.

SAM FIRES HIS EXTINGUISHER, CHOKING THE BARTENDER WITH POWDER.

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

The Bartender shrugs, the gun sagging in his grip.

HIS PRISTINE, POWDERED NECK GAPES OPEN AND BELCHES BLOOD.

PAT

Oh dear...

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

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

AMBER

(to Pat)

Thank-

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

Pat pockets some SHOT SHELLS off the bar.

A CLANK. The PATTERN of paws scraping against concrete.

Amber bears down on the main entrance.

CLARK rounds the corner with the PIT (JD), flinches at the sight of Amber's raised shotgun, YANKING THE DOG back out of sight.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
                  (turning back)  
                  Should we go? Now?

CLANK. MUFFLED YELLING from the back hall.

                  SAM  
                  We have a gun. I guess?

                  PAT  
                  Yes?

                  SAM  
                  YES.

                  AMBER  
                  (to Pat)  
                  Gimme two!

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

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

84

EXT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

84

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

SWIP! FZZZPT! TWANG!

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

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

                  AMBER  
                  AUWW!

                  DARCY  
                  EASY!

DARCY, THE SKINS, WERE JUST WAITING...

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

                  DARCY (CONT'D)  
                  NOT HIM- DON'T FIRE!

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

                  CLARK  
                  FAS! FAS! FAS!

PAT

SAM! Come on!

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

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

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

PAT PULLS AMBER BACK THROUGH THE ENTRANCE...

85

INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

85

THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT.

Pat and Amber hobble back up the stage stairs.

AMBER

We're not getting out...

86

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

86

They push through the battered door and shut it.

PAT

Guess it was always going to end here.

AMBER

At least we bought some time.

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

PAT

So I'm curious. You're smart...

He turns on the sink faucet and gulps water.

PAT (CONT'D)

I don't see how you fall for this shit...

AMBER

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

Pat nods, gulping water.

PAT

Any of them women?

AMBER

It's a problem where I grew up.

PAT

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

Amber, losing her mirth.

AMBER

Fuck you.

Pat turns the faucet off.

PAT

(kindly)

Fuck yourself.

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

AMBER

I'm the lucky one- they might shoot me.

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

PAT

...cell phones ruin everything.

87

EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - NIGHT

87

CLARK PULLS HIS FRENZIED DOG OFF SAM'S CORPSE.

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

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

DARCY

Three will do, gentlemen. The fourth can disappear.

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

DARCY (CONT'D)

Get the clean up started- gear's in the shed. I'll need a push broom.

Gabe nods, heads off. Darcy addresses Jonathan.

DARCY (CONT'D)

I got what I need for up the road-  
but it's supposed to have happened  
already. Time to sprint.

Darcy pats Clark's shoulder.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Well done.

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

CLARK

Thank him.

DARCY

...nearly got away from me. Us.

88

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

88

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

PAT

Shouldn't we be panicking?

AMBER

I'm... hungry.

Pat regards his ruined, duct-taped arm.

PAT

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

AMBER

What for?

PAT

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

Amber closes her eyes.

PAT (CONT'D)

...dried up tub of *hummus*. Like it  
was the end of the world.

(rubs face)

I can't die with you.

AMBER

So don't. Feel free to-  
(almost a smirk)  
I want the rest of your pep talk.

PAT

No longer applies.

AMBER

I'm curious. Paintball? You were cowering?

PAT

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

AMBER

Totally applies.

PAT

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

AMBER

Pretend dead. We're up against real guns.

PAT

Either way, we can't play *real war*.

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

AMBER

Let's pretend.

90 EXT. THE VENUE - SIDE ENTRANCE - PRE DAWN 90

A PADLOCK CLINKS closed on the kitchen exit latch.

91 INT. THE VENUE - OFFICE TRAILER - PRE DAWN 91

Darcy pulls a FELT BOX from an open SAFE.

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

Darcy shuts the door, spins the dial.

DARCY

For you...

Darcy presents a cellophane-wrapped pack of RED BOOT LACES.

GABE

I don't...

DARCY

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

Gabe reluctantly takes the laces.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Maybe push the contractor depending on the mess. Start looking for a new house band- gotta get back to the routine...

GABE

Think Cowcatcher's gonna talk?

DARCY

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

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

92 INT. CONVERSION VAN - PRE DAWN 92

KEYS turn in the ignition. The engine RUMBLES.

Alan stands outside the driver's door, turns back with a thumbs-up.

Jonathan shoves the last of THREE WRAPPED CORPSES into the packed cargo hold and shuts the doors.

93

EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - PREDAWN - CONTINUOUS

93

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

JONATHAN

We're set.

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

DARCY

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

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

CLARK

Bye, buddy...

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

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

CLARK (CONT'D)

He'll stroke out within the hour. I will consider it a personal favor if he dies with meat in his teeth.

Clark hands over the break stick, nods.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Bite command is 'fas'. It's all you'll need.

Clark mounts his truck, Darcy leans to Jonathan.

DARCY

*Disregard. The dog slows you down, just shoot who's left- they don't need to be accounted for. Forensics is no longer a concern.*

(hopping in passenger seat)

We call this in too late, all is for naught.

Kyle, jogs up, dusting off the shotgun.

KYLE

You guys got any twelve gauge?

DARCY

(rolling down window)

Not in the office. Check the bar.

CLARK

How many shots left?

KYLE

Three.

CLARK

So you've got an extra.

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

94 INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - PRE DAWN

94

LOW ANGLE: THE DOOR YANKS OPEN.

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

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

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

Jonathan jogs back to the entrance.

JONATHAN

Behind the bar- better get started.

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

95 INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - PRE DAWN

95

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

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

WRRRHRRRH. The entire venue WHINES WITH FEEDBACK.

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

JONATHAN

SHIT!

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

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
EASY! EASY!...

THE DOG TURNS AND LASHES AT JONATHAN, SNIPPING AND BUCKING.  
KYLE RAISES THE SHOTGUN...

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
NO BUCKSHOT!

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

96 INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - PRE DAWN - CONTINUOUS 96

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

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

A 96 EXT. VENUE - LOT - PRE-DAWN (CONTINUOUS) A 96

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

97 INT. THE VENUE - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER 97

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

GABE  
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

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

GABE  
TRIED. NOT COMING FROM OUR MIXER.

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

GABE  
OKAY.

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

JONATHAN  
WHY THE DAMNED DOGS?

Kyle rubs his ear, raises his shotgun.

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

Jonathan nods. KYLE KICKS IN THE DOOR.

98

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

98

THE UNLOCKED DOOR WHIPS OPEN.

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

KYLE  
HEY!

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

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

JONATHAN  
TURN AROUND!

SKINHEAD  
(muttering)  
Shazbot...

KYLE  
WHAT? WHO IS THAT?

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

PAT  
Odin himself.

PAT DROPS THROUGH THE HOLE, DISAPPEARING INTO THE FLOOR.

99

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB- CONTINUOUS

99

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

100

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

100

Jonathan and Kyle get their bearings.

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

Jonathan yanks the microphone, zeroes the MIXER.

THE FEEDBACK REVERBERATES INTO SILENCE.

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

KYLE

It's them.

BELOW: PAT'S HAIR CLIPPINGS LITTER THE FLOOR.

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

JONATHAN

Gimme the shotgun.

KYLE

I got the shotgun.

JONATHAN

Then go down this fucking hole.

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

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

(checking the breach)

Three shots?

KYLE

Yup.

JONATHAN

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

KYLE

This is a trap.

JONATHAN

No shit. You wanna go tell Darcy?

Kyle shaking his head, cowed.

101 INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CONTINUOUS 101

Jonathan drops down, surveys. HEARS THE CLANKING MACHETE.

JONATHAN

...he's gonna be pissed.

(up to Kyle)

Watch my back.

Jonathan creeps forward...

102 INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 102

A WIDE OF KYLE PERCHED ABOVE, LOOKING BELOW.

BEHIND HIM, THE COUCH PILLOWS SLOWLY PART AND PUSH UP.

CREEPING IN, as he grabs the .25, checks the safety.

103 INT. UNDERGROUND LAB- CONTINUOUS 103

Jonathan follows the CLANKING, shotgun at the ready...

Until he stops in his tracks.

JONATHAN

Fuck this.

And backs up to Kyle, shotgun towards the CLANKING.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Get Gabe, man! We need two down  
here and one up there.

(turning to Kyle)

Who's got the thirty-eight?

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

KYLE

Yeah, somethi-AUQ..

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

JONATHAN

WATCHI-...!

Jonathan swings and levels the shotgun- IN HIS SIGHTS:

KYLE, SPILLING BLOOD, EYES ADRIFT, FIRES THE .25 INTO THE  
FLOOR AND SLUMPS TO THE SIDE.

104 INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 104

Amber, scoots back, prying the gun from Kyle's grip.

AMBER

PAT! HE'S GOT THREE SHOTS.

105 INT. UNDERGROUND LAB- CONTINUOUS 105

ON JONATHAN, patiently waiting for his shot.

JONATHAN

...bitch.

PAT CREEPING BEHIND HIM IN WAR PAINT, MACHETE RAISED...

BMPT! PFFF! POP! AMBER FIRES THE .25 AT JONATHAN FROM ABOVE.

PAT SCRAMBLES BACK AS BULLETS WHIZZ AND RICOCHET.

BOOM. JONATHAN FIRES, SHREDDING THE EMPTY HOLE WIDER.

BEHIND A CONTAINER WALL: Pat, faltering, cowering.

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

GABE!

106 INT. THE VENUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 106

ENVELOPED BY NOISE, grimacing Gabe POWER-WASHES behind the bar. The SHOP-VAC WHISTES up BLOODY WATER and SOAP.

THE CORPSES OF DANIEL AND THE BARTENDER lie in the foreground, wrapped in HEAVY DUTY TARP.

107 INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 107

Amber eyes the door, sprawled on the floor with the .25.

PAT (O.S.)

(low, through the floor)

AMBER!

She turns to the hole in the floor.

AMBER

YEAH?

108 INT. UNDERGROUND LAB- CONTINUOUS 108

PAT  
Nevermind...

Pat rises to his feet.

109 INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 109

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

AMBER  
TWO SHOTS LEFT.

110 INT. UNDERGROUND LAB- CONTINUOUS 110

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

THROUGH THE SWELLING CLOUD, HE MAKES OUT DANGLING FEET.

JONATHAN AIMS AS THE LEGS DROP DOWN...

He takes his eyes off the sights.

JONATHAN  
NICE FUCKING TRY.

KYLE'S BODY DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

AMBER (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Go fuck yourself.

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

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

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

AMBER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(muffled)  
...fuck me...PAT!

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

JONATHAN PIVOTS ON HIS BACK AND FIRES.

BOOM. A LEG BLOWS APART AT THE KNEE.

THE BODY DROPS, THE .25 AUTO CLATTERING NEXT TO IT.

Jonathan checks the breech of his shotgun: EMPTY

He tosses the shotgun and goes for the .25 AUTO.

Picks it up, slides the action. SEES THERE'S NO MAGAZINE.

JONATHAN LOOKS UP: AMBER IS ABOVE, HOLDING THE MAGAZINE.

AMBER (CONT'D)

ZERO!

JONATHAN LOOKS DOWN: SEES EMILY'S MUTILATED BODY.

JONATHAN LOOKS BACK: SEES PAT TURNING OUT HIS POCKETS,  
DROPPING .12 GAUGE SHELLS, HANGING ON TO ONE...

JONATHAN

Shit.

JONATHAN CHARGES PAT...

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

JONATHAN CHUCKS THE EMPTY .25 AT PAT...

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

PAT

FUUUUUCK!

JONATHAN GRABS THE SHOTGUN, BUT PAT CLINGS ON FOR HIS LIFE.

FROM AFAR, in a PILE of CARNAGE, Amber drops down.

She quietly closes in as Jonathan throttles Pat like a rag doll, clinging in agony.

She picks up the .25 and loads it...

Jonathan grabs a SHOT SHELL from the floor.

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

Amber and Pat, faces in ridiculous Sharpie scrawl.

AMBER

Got him.

PAT

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

111 INT. GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 111

PULLING OUT FROM THE HOLE IN THE DUSTY FLOOR.

The shotgun is tossed up through it, CLATTERING to the floor.

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

Amber gets to her feet, locks eyes with Gabe.

GABE

If I had any ide-

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

AMBER

Any more dogs?

GABE

No.

PAT

People?

GABE

Not here. Up the road.

AMBER AND PAT, looking like hammered shit.

GABE, dropping his gear.

GABE (CONT'D)

I wanna go to jail.

SUBTLE, BROODING MUSIC...

112 INT. VENUE - DAWN 112

PUSHING THROUGH THE BACKSTAGE HALL, The greenroom door opens.

PUSHING ALONG THE STAGE, we hear FOOTSTEPS.

PUSHING THROUGH THE MAIN FLOOR, FIRST LIGHT spilling in.

PUSHING PAST THE BAR, towards the main entrance.

PUSHING IN ON THE DOOR...

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

113 EXT. THE VENUE - LOT - DAWN 113

Relative euphoria as they absorb daylight.

Darcy's truck, Daniel's convertible- the only vehicles left.

PAT

Can anyone hot-wire a car?

Amber and Gabe shake 'no'.

GABE

I'd stay off the road anyway.

114 EXT. MAIN ROAD - EARLY MORNING 114

WIDE ON THE ROAD, CRICKETS giving way to BIRDS.

A BUILDING NOISE: metallic, grating...

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

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

115 EXT. THE WOODS - EARLY MORNING 115

TRACKING with Pat and Amber, Gabe just ahead.

GABE

You gonna shoot me?

AMBER

Where's Werm?

GABE

Sent them home, but I don't think-

PAT

Let's stay quiet until we're out.

116 EXT. THE WOODS - FURTHER ALONG - EARLY MORNING 116

WIDE, THROUGH TREES, they push onward.

117 EXT. THE WOODS - EVEN FURTHER ALONG - EARLY MORNING 117

TRACKING PAST TREES, they step through the brush.

A WEATHERED PAPER SCRAP FLOATS AND TUMBLES NEAR...

Pat heads it off, picks it up.

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

FAINT VOICES.

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

AMBER  
(whispering)  
*It's the residence.*

PAT  
(to Gabe)  
*What are they doing?*

GABE  
*Something you don't want to see.*

AMBER  
*We can call the cops from the orchard.*

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

PAT  
(to Gabe)  
*Did you see them die?*

GABE  
*Two. Not the third-*

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

Amber looks to Pat. Shoves Gabe.

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

GABE  
*I will.*

Pat takes the .25 from his belt.

GABE (CONT'D)

*I promise.*

PAT

(to Amber)

*You should go too. Hedge our bets.*

AMBER

*You've got 4 rounds and I've seen  
you pump a shotgun.*

PAT

*Fair enough.*

118

EXT. THE WOODS - FURTHER ALONG - MOMENTS LATER

118

Gabe continuing in the background, Pat and Amber now headed towards the road...

PAT

*You believe him?*

AMBER

*Shhhh.*

BEHIND THEM NOW, TRACKING TOWARDS THE ROAD.

VISIBLE THROUGH THE TREES, THE CONVERSION VAN...

CLARK

(distant)

*Nimm futter...nimm futter!*

ALAN

(distant)

*Jesus. That's gotta be enough.*

MOVING THROUGH TREES, PARTIALLY OBSCURED...

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

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

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

CLARK (O.S.)

*Lass es. Lass es!...*

*...so ist brav.*

ALAN (O.S.)  
Think they'd leave the engine on?

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

THE VAN ENGINE RUMBLES AND IDLES.

LOCAL RADIO quietly RATTLES through blown speakers.

The Presa Canario BARKS.

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

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

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

AMBER  
I got the dog.

ON CLARK, quiet shock as he sees them.

PAT  
Police or murder.

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

CLARK  
Police.

PAT  
(to Alan)  
Then gimme your gun.

ALAN  
I don't have one.

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

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

CLARK  
Listen-

AMBER

Shhhhh. Let's tether that dog.

119 EXT. THE RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING 119

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

CLOSER IN:

ON THE GRAVEL DRIVEWAY, MOVING PAST A DUFFEL BAG, CLUTCHED BY  
THE HAND OF REECE'S STREWN, MUTILATED, CORPSE...

A GNARLED FIGHTING DOG, SHOT DEAD on the ground just ahead.

Then Darcy, dusting away BOOT TRACKS with the push broom,  
away from CLARK'S TRUCK:

By the rear wheels, THE MATTED BLUE HAIR OF TIGER'S CORPSE.

BESIDE IT, THE GAS CANISTER. FROM ITS MOUTH, WE FOLLOW  
PLASTIC TUBING LEADING UP TO THE OPEN GAS TANK. CRAMMED  
WITHIN, THE RUBBER HOSE AND RAG FROM THE SIPHON KIT.

Darcy finishes up with a broom tap.

PAT (O.S.)

Looks fishy.

Darcy looks to the ensemble, sags with despair.

PAT (CONT'D)

The cloth is to make a seal.  
Wouldn't stuff it in like that.

Darcy returns a cautious nod.

ALAN

They got my thirty-ei-.

AMBER

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

Pat takes the SHARPIE from his jacket, scribbles a LARGE  
SWASTIKA above the gas tank.

PAT  
That'll be hard to explain.

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

CLARK  
(turning)  
So why d-

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

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

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

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

PAT  
So we're doing that?

AMBER  
Why else would we walk up here?

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

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

Pat swallows, turns to look back at the carnage.

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

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

Even Amber is reverent.

DARCY

For us all.

AMBER

Tell me those stupid fucking words  
are his last.

PAT

I...

(to Darcy)

You have a cell phone?

Darcy shakes a near-imperceptible 'no'.

PAT (CONT'D)

Funny... you were so scary at night-

DARCY TURNS AND RUNS. It's almost sad.

POP. PAT MISSES with the .25, KICKING UP DISTANT DIRT.

ALAN CHARGES. BOOM! BLOWN BACK BY AMBER'S BUCKSHOT.

POP. PAT HITS DARCY IN THE BACK.

BOOM. AMBER TAKES OUT DARCY'S LEGS WITH BUCKSHOT.

DARCY PULLS THE .454 FROM A CUSTOM HOLSTER UNDER HIS JACKET.

POP. PAT HITS DARCY IN THE EYEBROW. THE SMALL CALIBER ENTRY  
WOUND EJECTS A STEADY ARC OF BLOOD.

DARCY FIRES the .454 RUGER. BOOM. IT'S A CANON.

CLARK'S TRUCK TAKES THE SLUG.

ON A WIDE, TRACKING:

The Presa BARKS on the run-line. Darcy slumps to the ground  
as Amber and Pat approach, guns raised.

They watch him fade, lower their weapons.

SERENE MUSIC BUILDS.

123 EXT. NEARBY WOODS - MORNING

123

The sun crests a hill, backlighting trees. Birds CHIRP.

124 EXT. THE VENUE - MORNING

124

The place is quiet. Little sign of last night's events.

125 EXT. ORCHARD - MORNING 125

MIGRANT WORKERS, men and women, mostly Latin, harvest HONEYCRISPS from a row of manicured TREES.

Gabe, BLOOD STAINED and ragged, approaches from a fence. The HIGHWAY is audible nearby.

GABE  
We need police.

126 INT. TAD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 126

A DOOR OPENS OFF SCREEN, spilling sunlight on THE CLUSTER OF FRAMED CAT PHOTOS.

MOVING ALONG THE DRESSER, A NOTE:

*D-*  
*See you after my shift.*  
*I hope you both like eggs.*  
-T

127 INT. WERM'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING 127

Specks of light penetrate bedsheet-covered windows.

The Guitarist and Drummer are on the floor by the couch, frozen in TIGHT-JAWED RIGOR MORTIS, a NEEDLE IN THE GUITARIST'S ARM.

SOMEONE behind them, rocking in front of the TV.

It's Werm, in cool, fuzzy light, eating a BOWL OF CEREAL.

Hard to tell if the CREEPING SIRENS come from the TV...

128 EXT. MAIN ROAD - MORNING 128

The conversion van remains IDLING by the road, doors agape.

129 INT. CONVERSION VAN - CONTINUOUS 129

ON THE RADIO, the driver's door open in the background.

RATTLING QUIETLY, *Tad's Ain't Rights INTERVIEW on FM 85.5.*

A SHAPE OUTSIDE THE VAN MOVES LOW ACROSS FRAME.

130

EXT. THE RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

130

Amber and Pat are seated on the gravel, heads resting against the bumper of Clark's truck.

They see the shape:

The wounded PIT (JD), BLOOD SOAKED AND GNARLY.

It stalks up the driveway towards them...

Amber and Pat raise their guns. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

All three of them on their last leg, the PIT (JD) limps past, sniffs out Clark's body and curls up next to it.

The Presa Canario whimpers from its tethered line.

Pat and Amber slump back, quiet takes hold.

The van's RADIO barely audible.

PAT

...I know what it is.

AMBER

(eyes ahead)

What *what* is...

PAT

My desert island band.

Two beaten, half-assed warriors in the late summer breeze.

AMBER

Tell somebody who gives a shit.

CUT TO BLACK.