

# PINEAPPLE EXPRESS

Story By

Judd Apatow, Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg

Screenplay By

Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg

A Judd Apatow Joint

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PINEAPPLE EXPRESS

EXT. FARMLAND - DAWN

IN BLACK AND WHITE, A black 1930s Cadillac speeds down the only visible road amidst endless plains of farmland. The road curves sharply ahead - the car accelerates. Ignoring the turn, the Caddy drives directly off the road and through a massive field of emptiness. \*

The car abruptly stops in the middle of the vacant field. GENERAL BRAT (58, a patch covers one of his eyes) and AGENT BLACK SUIT (an agent in a black suit) step out of the car.

Although there is clearly nothing in sight for miles, the General scans his surroundings with concern.

TITLE CARD UP: THE PAST \*

Agent Black Suit crouches down and pulls open a METAL HATCH in the ground. Both men walk down the hatch and into the earth.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

They descend a metal staircase and walk with great urgency down a narrow corridor. The hallway spills into a hauntingly huge metal room with a lone SCIENTIST standing in the middle. The Scientist immediately begins leading them across the room.

GENERAL BRAT

When did it start?

SCIENTIST

At 05:00. We're seven minutes in.

INT. OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

The three men enter a large room divided by a one-way mirror.

On their side, numerous SCIENTISTS, utilizing several archaic devices, are busy at work monitoring the subject on the other side of the mirror.

The subject: PRIVATE MILLER (22, naive and dutiful) sits at a small table with a microphone on it. Miller raises his hand, REVEALING a smoldering JOINT.

He takes a long and awkward hit from the joint and bursts into a coughing fit.

The scientists begin to scribble profusely as their devices blink manically. General Brat and Agent Black Suit exchange a concerned look. The General lights a cigarette as the Scientist steps up to a small microphone in the corner.

SCIENTIST  
(into microphone)  
Private Miller, we are now going to ask you several questions. How do you feel?

His voice booms through large speakers on Miller's side of the room. Miller leans towards the microphone.

PRIVATE MILLER  
Uh, I feel a little queer sir. But...  
It's good. Good queer.  
(beat)  
Sir. Good queer, Sir.

The scientists scribble madly. One of them mumbles into General Brat's ear.

PRIVATE MILLER (CONT'D)  
But...uh...even though I feel queer, Sir,  
I should mention that I'm also feeling quite gay...so, a little queer, but mostly gay.

SCIENTIST  
Private Miller. When you think of your superiors, what emotions do you feel?

PRIVATE MILLER  
(holding out the joint)  
This went out...Sir.

SCIENTIST  
We will send someone in. Now answer the question.

A door opens beside Private Miller and an AGENT steps out wearing an intricate uniform that resembles an old fashioned diving suit, an air hose leading out the door that he came from. He slowly walks toward the Private, who looks at him in shock.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D) (O.S)  
(through speakers)  
Private Miller? Answer the question.

PRIVATE MILLER

Oh...um...what was the question again?

The Agent in the strange suit reaches the private and holds a lighter up to the joint.

SCIENTIST (O.S.)

(through speakers)

What are your emotions towards your superiors?

Miller pulls at the joint until it is lit again. The Agent exits the room.

PRIVATE MILLER

\*COUGH\* \*COUGH\* Fucking shit.

(beat)

Well, now that I think of it, it's strange that they are called my 'superiors'. Does that make me their 'inferior'? I mean, that's pretty fucked up.

General Brat scowls.

GENERAL BRAT

(curtly to the scientists)

I've seen enough. Shut it down. Bury the hatch, sell the land, and dispose of him. This never happened.

Instantly, the scientists start packing up their equipment. Staring at Miller, General Brat grabs a RED PHONE and dials. Two Agents in the scuba-like suits emerge from behind Miller and start aggressively dragging him away.

PRIVATE MILLER

(freaking out)

Hey! What the...what are you guys doing! \*

Let go of me!

(desperately looking at the mirror)

Sir!!! Sir!!! Help me!!!

GENERAL

(into phone)

This is General Brat. We've reached a final conclusion on Item 9.

(beat)

Illegal.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD UP: THE PRESENT \*

INT. DALE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS \*

DALE DENTON (late 20s, out of shape, slightly unkempt) looks out of place in his black suit as he drives he sits in his cluttered and worn old lady car. He smokes a joint while listening to talk radio. \*

TALK RADIO DJ \*

Well, let's look at the facts. \*

Financially, coins are better because \*

they're cheaper, and environmentally, \*

forget-about-it, coins win hands down. \*

For those just joining us, we're with \*

caller Dale Denton discussing if America \*

should lose the paper dollar bill. \*

We see that Dale has a wireless ear piece in. \*

DALE \*

Of course not! Who wants a pocket full of \*

coins? Seriously. Weighs down your pants, \*

clangs around. With all this unnecessary \*

new security everywhere, we'll be setting \*

off alarms left and right! \*

TALK RADIO DJ \*

We certainly do, Mr. Denton. Crude, but \*

to the point. Next caller! \*

Dale puts away his phone and pulls up in front of a nice house. \*

EXT. FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER \*

Dale, wearing a name tag that reads "Garth", holding a clip board and wearing a greenpeace hat, knocks repeatedly on the door. A woman cautiously answers the door. \*

WOMAN \*

Um, I didn't order a pizza. \*

DALE \*

Excuse me, miss? Are you Sandra Danby \*

WOMAN

Uh...yea-

Dale shoves an envelope into her hand.

DALE

Sorry, miss, but you've failed to show up to your divorce proceedings 4 times under court order. You've been served.

WOMAN

Oh great! Thanks a lot asshole! Real clever! Go fuck yourself!

Dale dashes back to his car as the upset woman starts to open the envelope.

INT. DALE'S CAR - SOON AFTER

Dale is driving and smoking a joint. He looks at his check list - it is a list of people he served that day. He's only got a few left. He listens to a different talk radio dj while playing music from a tiny iPod boom box that sits in his passenger seat.

TALK RADIO DJ 2

...forget about Area 51, Roswell sightings, Atlantis and the Boogie Man, let's talk about real threats, threats to our home and security...

DALE

Fuckin' eh.

His iPod starts playing HOT STEPPA by INI KAMOZE.

DALE (CONT'D)

Nice! Hot Steppa!

Dale turns down the talk radio and puffs away at his joint; he enthusiastically dances in his car while singing along.

DALE (CONT'D)

(singing)

You think you know, chico/I know what Bo, don't know/touch them up and go - uh oh!/ Chi-chi-ching-chang!!!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER \*

Dale, wearing a Zerox hat, walks into the building. \*

SECRETARY  
Can I help you? \*

DALE  
Just here to check out some units. \*

The secretary nods and goes back to her work. Dale  
casually waltzes down the office halls looking at the  
names on the doors. He glances down at his clipboard, it  
read: Walter Tandum. \*

He finds the office and knocks on the door. \*

WALTER (O.S.)  
Come in. \*

Dale enters to see Walter, a 40 year old accountant,  
seated at his desk. \*

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Oh! Hey there. Are you here to fix the  
fax machines? \*

DALE  
Nope. \*

Dale drops a blue envelope on Walter's desk. \*

DALE (CONT'D)  
You owe American Express \$4068 dollars.  
Sorry, but you've been served. \*

Dale turns and walks away. As he does, he notices a small  
kitchen. He enters and is delighted at the array of  
snacks and beverages. He helps himself. \*

INT. DALE'S CAR - LATER \*

Dale is parked at a look-out enjoying the food, smoking  
weed and has his ear piece in. \*

RADIO DJ 3  
What gives you the right to say that? \*

DALE  
Everything! They should be able to  
collect garbage TWICE a week. Why not?  
(MORE) \*

DALE (CONT'D)

As a tax payer, can't I say that? Come  
get my garbage a bit more! Is that so f-  
ing crazy? I'm not asking for free beer  
Tuesday's or anything. And the whole city  
would be more aesthetically pleasing and  
smell better. And don't pretend you can't  
smell it. Ever been to New York? Great  
place, smells like piss, though.

(takes a hit and starts  
coughing)

Twice a week, \*cough\* might fix that.

(starts coughing harder)

Hold on one sec.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Dale gets out of his car, followed by some plumes of  
smoke, and goes to his trunk. He chuckles as he takes out  
a lab coat and walks towards the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - SOON AFTER

Dale, looking very professional in his lab coat, rushes  
to reception.

DALE

I need Dr. Terrence, immediately.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course. One moment.

The receptionist immediately picks up the phone.

INT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

DR. TERRENCE runs towards reception, where Dale is still  
waiting.

DR. TERRENCE

(to Dale)

Hi there, I don't think we've met, I'm-

DALE

Dr. Edgar Terrence. You're the guy who  
repeatedly refused to take care of the  
monkey tree that spills onto your  
neighbors property. And now, because of  
that, you've been served.

INT. DALE'S CAR - LATER \*

Dale hits a pipe. It is clear he strongly disagrees with what the DJ is saying. \*

TALK RADIO DJ \*

...stay in your own country. Five simple words. And stay the hell out of mine! I'm not a racist, per se, but I'm not some hippy tree humper. \*

We see his ear piece and hear that he is on hold. \*

DALE \*

Let me through, damnit. \*

EXT. HOTEL - VALET \*

Dale, wearing a chauffeur hat, stands by the main entrance holding a sign that reads: JOSH CORBER. A man walks out of the hotel and, seeing the sign, approaches Dale. \*

CORBER \*

My name's Corber. \*

DALE \*

You're Joshua Aaron Corber? \*

CORBER \*

(overjoyed)

Get out of town! Clarice did this, didn't she? I was just telling her before I left how I've never been in a limo. Can you believe it? 35 and I've never been in a limo. Man! It's not stretched, is it?

Dale hands him a BLUE ENVELOPE.

DALE

Sorry, but you've been served.

Dale walks away. CORBER opens the envelope and reads it. \*

CORBER \*

Ah fuck!

(reads more)

Fuck! You fucking asshole!!! FUCK!

Dale completely ignores Corber as he dumps the sign and walks out of the airport. Then, a huge smile comes across his face. He has noticed a nearby Burger King. \*

DALE  
(excited)  
Hey! Nice. New chicken fries.

He happily walks toward the food.

INT - DALE'S CAR - DAY

Dale sits in his car outside a high school. An array of Burger King wrappers surrounds him as he rolls a joint with the last of his weed on top of a Batman comic. He lights the joint and turns on the radio. \*

RADIO DJ  
...3:09 in the PM and we-

Dale turns off the radio, takes one last haul, and then snubs out the joint. He then pulls out a small leather kit and sifts through it's contents: handi-wipes, hand sanitizer, a little vial of cologne, Visine, mouthwash and breath mints. \*

Dale vigorously wipes his hands, face, and mouth with wet naps and then starts futilely attempting to put visine in his blazing red eyes. Frustrated, he squirts Visine all over his finger tips and simply rubs them into his eyes. He uses the mouthwash, chews up a mint, dabs on some cologne, and then gets out of the car. \*

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS \*

Dale walks towards the school. \*

ANGIE  
Dale! \*

Dale turns to see his attractive 19 year old girlfriend, ANGIE ANDERSON, walking towards him with her group of friends. She kisses him. \*

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Mmm. Minty. \*

ANGIE'S MALE FRIEND  
Yo Dale. 'sup. \*

DALE

Hey Kyle.

(to Angie)

So, should we head back to my place and finish up the trilogy? Matrix: Revolution. Whose it gonna be, Angie? Man or machine?

ANGIE

Of course. But can we just head to my locker first? I left some stuff by mistake.

DALE

Sure.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SOON AFTER

Dale and Angie walk hand in hand towards the locker.

ANGIE

So, are you going to come over for dinner tomorrow, 'cause my parents are beginning to think I made you up.

DALE

Well, yeah, I really want to meet them. Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow...let me think.

ANGIE

You don't have to feel weird about it. They know how old you are and they're fine with it. They just want to meet you and see that you're a cool guy and that I'm not dating you just because you're older.

DALE

Of course. I know that. It's just...tomorrow's tight. I've got a whole bunch of cases that I can finish tomorrow. It's probably going to take me into the night.

ANGIE

Fuck. Well, then you have to just come over sometime this week or something, okay? 'Cause it's getting weird for them.

DALE

I will. I promise. I'm not trying to avoid this, for real, I've just been crazy busy.

TEACHER

Hello? Can I help you?

Dale and Angie turn to see a TEACHER, a guy about the same age as Dale.

DALE

Pardon?

TEACHER

You can't just waltz in here and hit on the students. Get out now before I-

ANGIE

Mr. Edwards, he's my boyfriend.

Mr. Edwards looks at Dale, then shoots Angie a confused look.

MR. EDWARDS

This is your boyfriend? How old are you, 30?

DALE

24.

MR. EDWARDS

And you're dating an 18 year old?

ANGIE

I'm 19. I moved here from Morocco.

Dale doesn't know what to make of Mr. Edwards comments and looks.

MR. EDWARDS

Alright, well this school is for students and faculty only. Friends can't just stop by.

DALE

Dude, you may be a teacher here, but we're about the same age, so don't get all high and mighty. It's not that weird. Frankly, it's natural.

MR. EDWARDS

Well, in that case, get off school  
property or I'm calling the Police  
Liaison officer. Angie, no offense to  
you, but if this guy's dating someone  
your age, it's because nobody his age  
will date him.

Then, four HANDSOME AND FIT STUDENTS walk by.

HANDSOME STUDENT

Hey Angie. You were hilarious in drama  
today.

Angie smiles at the guys. Dale doesn't like how all this  
is going down.

DALE

I'll wait in the car.

INT. DALE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dale and Angie sit in the parked car making out.

ANGIE

So, do you want to get some food?

DALE

No...actually I can't. I have to go serve  
a guy.

ANGIE

Now?

DALE

Yeah. It sucks. I'm sorry. We can hang  
out later though. You can come over.

ANGIE

We'll see if Neo is truly the one.

They share a long kiss, and Angie gets out of the car.  
Dale watches her walk away, then whips out his cell phone  
and hits speed dial.

SAUL (O.S.)

(over phone)

Yo?

DALE

Yo. It's Dale. Mind if I come by and pick up some shit?

INT. SAUL'S APARTMENT - LATER

SAUL SILVER is constructing a CROSS-SHAPED JOINT (two joints that intersect one another). Pot and paraphernalia are scattered all over the coffee table. A large "Scarface" movie poster hangs on the wall. There is a knock at the door and Dale enters.

DALE

What's up, Saul.

SAUL

(unpleasantly surprised)

What the fuck?!?

DALE

What?

SAUL

I didn't buzz you in. How the monkey did you get in here?

DALE

Whoa...sorry, man. someone just let me in. I-

SAUL

That's fucked up, man! This building is filled with fuckin' assholes. What else is the buzzer for? Fuck.

DALE

I'll buzz next time, man. I'm real sorry. I'm just not familiar with your, uh...protocol yet.

\*  
\*  
\*

SAUL

Hey, stuff your sorry's in a sack, bro. We're always cool. It's those fuckin' jaggoffs.

\*

DALE

Um...sure.

Dale awkwardly sits down on the other side of the couch.

SAUL

Brass tacs. I've got this new bud. Unfortunately, it's a few more bones, but fortunately, it's hands down the dopest fuckin' shit I ever smoked. And I've smoked some dope fuckin' shit.

DALE

Better than that Blue Oyster weed?

SAUL

Dude. Seriously. It's like if that Blue Oyster shit and the Afghan Kush I got had a baby, and meanwhile, the craziest Northern Lights and that red-ass Espresso Snowflake had a baby, and then by some miracle those babies met, and fucked - then this would be the shit they'd birth.

Saul pulls out a big bag of weed. He places it on the coffee table as though it was his child. He pulls out a large bud.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Smell it.

Dale takes the weed and looks at it. It looks spectacular. Bright red hairs and large crystals, huge purple and blue leaves - just spectacular! Dale smells it and is taken aback.

DALE

What is this? It's spectacular.

SAUL

It's called Pineapple Express. My guy Red told me it's when this Hawaiian flood takes special dirt to the weed or some shit. It's pretty scientific. And I'm the only guy in the whole city who has it. And, its only ten bones more for a quarter.

DALE

So...can I get a quarter?

SAUL

No doubt. Just let me grab my scale.

Saul walks into another room. Dale looks around anxiously; he clearly wants to go.

\*

A moment later, Saul comes back into the room and sits down. Dale notices that he didn't bring anything back from the other room. Saul notices Dale looking at him strangely.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
What's with the look? What?

DALE  
Where's the scale?

SAUL  
Oh shit! The scale. Be right back.

Saul hustles into the other room.

SAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(from other room)  
You know what's weird? How sometimes,  
your brain just chooses to like, not keep  
things in it, you know?  
(beat)  
Fucking scale.  
(beat)  
Shit. Where is it?

Dale checks his watch and then looks at the door; suddenly, something catches his eye - it's the cross-joint Saul was constructing.

DALE  
Holy shit! What the fuck is this thing?

Saul comes back in and puts a small electronic scale on the coffee table.

SAUL  
(nonchalantly)  
Ah, the cross-joint. You've never seen  
one of these? Not surprising. They are,  
like, the apex of the vortex of joint  
engineering. NASA built the first one in  
the eighties. \*

Saul chuckles at his joke as he places some weed on the scale. \*

DALE  
You can actually smoke that contraption?

Saul puts Dale's weed in a baggie.

SAUL

You light all three ends at the same time, then, you smoke it as it resonates the main section, creating a "trifecta" of smoking power. It's like, three times as powerful as a normal joint.

Dale hands Saul some money and Saul gives him his weed. Dale lingers for a moment.

DALE

Well, be careful with that thing.

Dale gets up and heads to the door.

SAUL

Dude...you wanna smoke this thing with me?

Dale turns around. He clearly wants to smoke it, but he tries to play it cool.

SAUL (CONT'D)

I can't even light it on my own.

Dale sits back down on the couch, giddy as a schoolgirl.

DALE

(excited)

Wow. So like, uh...so like, so like what do I do?

Saul gathers three lighters from the coffee table.

SAUL

Alright. Firstly you light these two ends. Then I will light the tip, making the trifecta complete. Are you ready?

Dale nods and they light the joint. Saul tokes hard; plumes of smoke fill the air as he bursts into a COUGHING FIT.

DALE

Holy...

Dale takes the joint and hits it, exploding into a coughing fit.

SAUL

It's...uh, it's good to cough. \*COUGH\* It opens the \*COUGH\* capillaries...gets you twenty-five percent higher.

(MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)

And that, combined with the pineapple weed, and the cross-joint \*COUGH\* you're a good thirty to forty times higher. I don't know the exact math, but, pff, you're pretty fucking gong-showed. You know what I mean?

Saul takes a toke. Dale coughs HARDER and HARDER. He seems like he might throw up.

SAUL (CONT'D)

It's crazy. The better the weed, the more I wish I could think of how to explain what's so good about it, but the...uh, the better it is, the less shit I can think of in total, you know?

\*

Saul passes Dale the joint, obliviously dropping ash all over his suit. Slightly agitated, Dale brushes it off.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Okay, so, like, you've been buying from me for, like, a few months now and I really gotta ask.

(beat)

What's with the suit?

\*

DALE

I'm a process server.

SAUL

You're a servant? Like, a butler.

DALE

No, process server.

Saul looks confused.

DALE (CONT'D)

I'm hired to give people papers they don't want. It's pretty much the easiest job on earth.

\*

\*

SAUL

Nice, man. Where'd you get that job?

Dale takes a big hit from the joint.

DALE

Well...uh, I got a totally useless degree two years ago, then I did nothing for a year, then my dad got so fed up he hooked me up.

\*

They both revel in the thought. \*

DALE (CONT'D) \*

I got it pretty sweet, though. Today? I  
smoked like five joints, gave out some  
pieces of paper, and I ate some Burger  
King- \*

SAUL

Hey man, did you get those new chicken  
fries? \*

Dale passes the join to Saul.

DALE

Yeah man. I'd get on that shit. They're  
fucking mind blowing. So, then I hot-  
boxed my car and then...got some action  
from my girlfriend. \*

Saul laughs at this.

SAUL

Does she smoke pot? \*

DALE

A little. She's in high school. \*

SAUL

That's fuckin' sweet! Illegal love! You're  
like Jerry Lee Lewis. I just read his  
biography. \*

DALE

No, no. She's 19. \*

SAUL

(dissappointed) \*

Oh. It's still cool I guess. \*

DALE

Yeah, it's awesome, although I think  
she's getting old enough where she's  
realizing I don't do much. And these high  
school guys these days. They're all  
roided out and going to Harvard. Even on  
my best days, I look like a fat, dumb  
piece of shit next to them. \*

SAUL

Whatever, man. It sounds like you got it  
pretty good. I wish I had a job that  
easy. Fuck. \*

DALE  
Dude...you've got, like, the actual  
easiest job in the world.

SAUL  
Hey! You're right, man. I never thought  
of it like that.

DALE  
You can actually do whatever the hell you  
want. You get to sleep all day and people  
come buy weed at night.

Dale passes Saul the joint.

SAUL  
That's totally true. Except tomorrow.  
Thanks to that bitch daylight savings, I  
gotta go change my grandma's clocks  
forward at 7am. Or 8am. I seriously can't  
figure it out.

DALE  
Sorry to hear that.

Saul passes Dale the joint.

SAUL  
Yo, so, like, what have these people done  
that you go after?

DALE  
Let's see...tonight I'm going after-

Dale pulls a blue envelope out of his pocket.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Ted Jones. He forgot to pay his-

SAUL  
Dude! My guy, Red, gets his weed from a  
Ted Jones. He's, like, #1 supplier in  
town. Maybe it's him!

DALE  
I doubt that, man. There's probably a lot  
of Ted Joneses's out there.

SAUL  
Yeah, but not like this one, man! He's  
what I want to be one day. He's like the  
"Jesus of Weed". So...I guess he's like  
Jah. Or Scarface.

Saul points to his Scarface poster. The joint ends. After a few moments it seems as though their ability to have a conversation burnt out with the joint. They sit in awkward silence. Dale gets up. \*

DALE

Well Saul, that was crazy. Thanks.

SAUL

No worries dude, peace.

They slap each other five and Dale exits. Saul turns on the TV. Saved By the Bell is on. It makes Saul chuckle.

INT. DALE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dale cruises down side streets and locates Ted's house. It is a large well-to-do home. Having difficulties, Dale parks in between two cars across the street. He turns off the engine and starts smoking a joint. SUDDENLY - FLASH! Two head lights appear up the street. Holy shit! It's a COP CAR! \*

He sits still, holding the joint between his legs as the cop car drives past and...parks a few cars down! The FEMALE COP walks up the block - TOWARDS DALE'S CAR! \*

DALE

Oh shit on me. \*

Fortunately, the COP crosses the street and walks towards Ted's house. Confused, Dale watches as she is let in. Dale waits a moment and then re-lights the joint. He tries to see into Ted's house as he takes a MASSIVE TOKE. \*

**BANG!** A SILENCE SHATTERING BLAST comes from Ted's house. Dale holds the toke in and tries to keep quiet as he focuses on the large front window. SUDDENLY, the drapes are torn down by an ASIAN MAN as he falls forwards and crashes through the front window! \*

Dale watches in horror as a LARGE GREY-HAIRED MAN and the Female Cop step forward and shoot the Asian man! BLAM! BLAM! Blood splatters! \*

Dale starts COUGHING UNCONTROLLABLY! He starts the car and, in a panicked fit, tries to pull out. CRASH!!! He smashes directly into the car in front of him! He flicks the roach out onto the grass and slams the car in reverse - CRUNCH!!! He backs into the car behind him! Still hacking his lungs out, Dale drives away! \*

The Grey-Haired Man and the Female Cop sprint out of the house in time to see Dale's distant tail lights vanish into the darkness. Something catches the Grey-Haired Man's eye - a trail of smoke rising from the grass. He lowers his blood-stained hand and picks up...DALE'S ROACH! He brings it to his nose and sniffs, then rips open the paper and examines the weed closely. \*

TED  
Pineapple Express.

INT. SAUL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Saul is laying on his couch watching Saved By the Bell, laughing so hard that he's crying.

SAUL  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Screech. \*

Suddenly, the BUZZER sounds repeatedly.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
(mumbles)  
Fucking hell.

He grudgingly walks to the intercom and presses talk.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Hello?

He presses listen.

DALE (O.C.)  
(through intercom)  
...me in! Let me in! Let me in! Let me  
in! It's Dale! Let m--

Saul casually presses the talk button.

SAUL  
(annoyingly casual)  
Denton? Dale Denton?

He smiles to himself, then presses listen.

DALE (O.C.)  
(through intercom)  
...the love of shit, let me in! Pleeeea-

Annoyed, Saul buzzes him in and unlocks the door.

SAUL  
(to himself)  
...fucking, don't smoke that shit if you  
can't handle it.

A moment later, Dale, completely freaking out, BURSTS  
through the door and SLAMS it shut.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
(startled)  
Dude, whoa. What the fuck are-

DALE  
He fucking killed him, man!

SAUL  
Be quiet, man, I got neighbors-

DALE  
(quietly)  
He killed him!

SAUL  
(loud)  
Somebody killed somebody?!?

DALE  
Yeah, man! I can't believe it. A cop! A  
lady, and a guy.

SAUL  
Somebody killed a cop, a lady and a guy?

DALE  
No! A guy!

SAUL  
A cop killed a guy?

DALE  
No! A cop and a guy killed another guy!  
The lady and the guy...No, a fucking  
woman, a police woman, and an old guy,  
shot a guy, a younger guy, in the fucking  
window at Ted's house!

SAUL  
Was the guy Ted?

DALE  
Which guy?

SAUL

I don't know, the old guy who shot the guy?

DALE

I don't fucking know. He was this big, old, grey haired guy with a gun, and he fucking took him, and he shot him! Right there in the fucking window! BAM!

SAUL

I heard Ted's got grey hair!

DALE

And they saw me! They saw me see them shoot the guy!

Saul jumps to his feet.

SAUL

What!?! They saw you?!? Why the fuck did you come here? Did they follow you?!?

Saul dashes to the window and peeks out.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Did they follow you here!?!

DALE

No! I panicked. I was having a coughing fit, I crashed, I crashed into a car. Fuck, two cars. They must've heard at least. They knew someone was there.

SAUL

But they don't know it's you?

DALE

No. I don't think so. No.

SAUL

So...they're not coming here?

Dale shakes his head, on the verge of tears. Saul shrugs, sits back down, then picks up his joint and re-lites it.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Cool. So, what's your game-plan? You gonna call the cops? Cause if you do, I'd appreciate it if you left my shit out of this shit.

DALE

I'm not calling the cops - one of them  
was a cop. They could all be cops!

\*

SAUL

Did you see any blood? Was it sick?

DALE

Yeah. I saw some blood.

SAUL

I wonder who the guy he shot was?

DALE

I don't know, who do drug dealers kill?  
 It was probably another drug dealer. He  
 was Asian. Are there Asian drug dealers.

SAUL

Hell yeah, man. The Koreans teamed up  
 with, like, the Vietnamese or some shit.  
 They're crazy mother fuckers. Number two  
 in town.

(beat)

Heh. Ted's cappin' the competition. Yo,  
 you want some of this?

Saul passes Dale the joint. Dale takes the joint and  
 frantically smokes as he paces.

\*

\*

SAUL (CONT'D)

So, like, exactly what was the sequence  
 of happenings?

\*

DALE

I'm sitting across from Ted's smoking a  
 massive joint of that weed you sold me-

\*

SAUL

Oh, the Pineapple Express. It's so rare  
 it's almost a shame to smoke it, like  
 killing a unicorn...with, like, a bomb.

\*

DALE

When I threw it...out...the window...

\*

Dale stops pacing and stares at Saul. He then looks down  
 at the joint of pineapple weed. Saul notices wheels  
 turning in Dale's head.

\*

SAUL

What?

Dale continues staring at the joint.

DALE

This weed is actually that rare?

SAUL

(proudly)

Yeah, it's like, "the rarest".

DALE

So, you are actually the only guy in town with this weed?

SAUL

Fuckin' rights, I am. Red told me he was giving me an "exclusive sneak preview".

DALE

And am I the only guy you gave it to?

SAUL

Yeah. So, we're the only guys.

DALE

But, like, another dealer, couldn't identify it, the pineapple weed? Like, if they found a roach of it, right?

Saul thinks for a moment.

SAUL

I could. Why?

DALE

(panicking)

We should go, we shouldn't be here! We should go!

SAUL

No...seriously, why?

DALE

I left a roach of this weed in front of Ted's house!

SAUL

So what? I leave roaches all over fucking town.

DALE

No, listen - they could find the roach and say, "This is pineapple weed, Saul's the only guy in town who has pineapple weed, therefore he must have witnessed the murder or know who did - let's go kill him."

Finally, Saul understands.

SAUL

Mother of fuck!

He SPRINGS to his feet and BOLTS for the door.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Let's go!

Dale grabs Saul and stops him.

DALE

Wait!

SAUL

Why!?! Let go of me! Let's get the fuck out of here!

DALE

Saul, wait! Grab anything we might need, like your weed and money and stuff. \*

Saul grabs his bag of weed and shoves it in his backpack. They run for the door.

DALE (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're not forgetting anything?

SAUL

Yes! Come on!

INT. SAUL'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Saul and Dale run to the elevator and frantically press the button, terrified for their lives.

SAUL

Fuck! I forgot something!

Saul runs back to his apartment, leaving Dale alone and frightened. Saul BURSTS back out of his apartment holding his cell.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Dude, I was so scared going back, I thought there was gonna be guys there, and then you'd be gone, and there was this music in my head-

DALE

We'll take the stairs, it'll be faster.

They scramble towards the distant stairwell. Almost at the door, they hear the DING of the elevator arriving.

DALE (CONT'D)

Go back! Go back!

They DASH back to the elevator. Dale shoves his arm between the doors and they hop in. Saul rapidly presses the LOBBY button as the doors shut. They're both on the verge of hyperventilating.

DALE (CONT'D)

Okay, man. We gotta try to relax.

SAUL

Why?!?

DALE

We don't want to draw attention.

SAUL

(freaking out)

Whose attention!?! You think they could be down there? In the Lobby? Right now!?!

DALE

I don't know! Who knows? Just try to be cool.

\*DING\* The elevator SUDDENLY STOPS on the second floor.

DALE (CONT'D)

Oh my god!!!

SAUL

Ahhh!!!

The doors OPEN! There's no one there. The doors close.

SAUL

What the fuck was that?

DALE

That was bad - Calm! Calm! Calm!

The elevator stops at the lobby and the doors open, they step out, bumping into two rough looking guys.

\*

DALE (CONT'D)

Oh. Pardon.

Dale and Saul quickly leave as the bikers enter the elevator.

INT. SAUL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The rough looking guys, BUDLOFSKY and MATHESON, kick in Saul's door and dash into the room, guns drawn. Matheson spots a smoldering joint in the ashtray. \*

MATHESON \*

Look.

Budlofsky whips out his cell and hits speed dial. \*

BUDLOFSKY \*

Ted? He's gone, but he was just here. I think he knew we were coming. \*

INT. DALE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS \*

Dale peels out of his spot and down the road.

DALE

Okay, what do you know about Ted?

SAUL

What? Ted? Nothing. For all I know he's tracking us with space satellites right now! He's got grey hair, that's all I knew.

Saul checks behind them.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Let's go to your place.

DALE

No way! What if they did see my license plate!?! \*

SAUL

Okay, so let's got to a hotel, or a motel, or a Holiday Inn.

DALE

Well, how much money do we have?

SAUL  
All I've got is the seventy-five you gave me.

DALE  
That's it!?!

SAUL  
Well, how much money do you have?

While Dale gets out his wallet, Saul opens Dale's change tray. It's full of roaches.

DALE  
Uh...nine bucks.

SAUL  
Well, shut up then! I've got more than you!

DALE  
Fine. Forget the hotel.

A tense beat.

SAUL  
I wish we could just go nowhere.

DALE  
Okay...where's nowhere?

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The car is parked on a small dirt path in the moon-lit woods. Dale paces back and forth as Saul walks over.

DALE  
So what do we know? Nothing. We may or may not be followed because we don't even know if he found the roach or not. And, we could just be completely crazy. But, the question is this: even if he found the roach, how could he know where you were?

\*

SAUL  
(thrilled)  
He couldn't. Cause I'm in the woods. It's impossible! Unless he's, like, hanging on the bottom of the car or some shit, but I mean-

\*

DALE

No, what I mean is, if Ted found the roach and identified the weed, how could he connect it to you?

SAUL

There's no way. He could only find out from Red.

DALE

Who is this Red guy? \*

SAUL

Red's pretty much a middleman between Ted and guys like me. And we're mad fucking tight. One time he convinced some girl he knew to give me a hand-job within, like, five minutes of me meeting her.

DALE

But let's say someone calls asking who he sold this pineapple weed to, he'll say you, because...why wouldn't he?

SAUL

Fuck that. That's bullshit. He would have called me if that happened. A hand-job, Dale! Imagine if I'd gotten you a hand job by now! \*

DALE

Yeah, but Saul, he's a fucking drug dealer. \*

SAUL

So? I'm a fuckin' drug dealer. What, you don't trust me then? \*

Saul stares at Dale, who doesn't know how to respond. \*

DALE

Um...I...call him. Yeah, sure, call him. \*

SAUL

Thank you! \*

Pleased, Saul pats Dale on the back. \*

DALE

You're right. You are. I'm just being paranoid. Sorry, dude. \*

Saul takes his cell phone out and presses speed dial. We hear someone pick up.

RED (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Ow! Hello?

SAUL  
Yo, Red. You okay man?

RED (O.S.)  
Saul! Oh. I, uh...stubbed my toe.

Red sounds nervous.

SAUL  
Dude, watch the toes. Wear shoes in the house. But Red, I gotta get straight to brass tacs, I need a favor.

RED (O.S.)  
Sure man, anything. I'm Red.

SAUL  
You sure as fuck are, buddy. So, you know how you gave me some of that pineapple express stuff? Don't tell anyone you gave it to me.

RED (O.S.)  
Sure man, no problem. Red swears it, hombre.

SAUL  
So, can I come on over now?

Dale waves his hands in front of Saul's face.

DALE  
(loudly whispering)  
No! We should do it tomorrow!

SAUL  
(covering phone, talks to Dale)  
I'm in the middle of a convo, man. Let's just go and get this shit over with.

DALE  
Come on, man. Tomorrow. I'm scared shitless. I want to think things through before I do anything. Let's go in the morning. Please.

Saul looks around the dark forest.

SAUL  
Yeah...okay. Less scary shit happens in  
the day.

Dale nods.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Red?

RED (O.S.)  
(talking to someone else)  
-I can hear him talking to someone, so-  
Yo! Saul? So, you're gonna come by in the  
morning?

SAUL  
Yeah, right after I see my grandma.

RED (O.S.)  
Sure, your Grandma's retirement home- Ow!  
Fuckin' stupid god-damn toe. I, uh, is  
that the one on Granville and 41st.

SAUL  
Yeah man. I've only got one. So, we'll be  
chillin' by noon.

Saul gives Dale the thumbs up.

RED (O.S.)  
Well, cool brother. Noon it is.

SAUL  
We should definitely hit up the casino  
again sometime.

RED (O.S.)  
For sure. We should definitely hit up the  
casino.

Saul hangs up the cell.

SAUL  
Nice. Now let's do some fucking stone  
cold chilling. I'll role a jigga, on the  
house.

\*  
\*

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RED, 30, stalky and short, sits between the BUDLOFSKY and  
MATHESON

BUDLOFSKY

Why isn't he coming now? What did you  
say?

RED

(incredibly afraid)  
I didn't say shit, man! There was another  
guy there and he said tomorrow!

MATHESON

Why did he mention the casino? The Asians  
run the casinos. Is Saul Asian?

RED

No, man!

This worries the thugs.

MATHESON

This might be more than we thought.

BUDLOFSKY

Than you thought. I thought it would be  
more than you did. I'll call Ted.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

SAUL

I always liked smoking weed in the  
forest.

Saul lights a joint and starts smoking. He passes it to  
Dale. Dale puffs. They look around at their expansive,  
dark surroundings and immediately become overwhelmed with  
paranoia. Saul notices a shooting star zip across the sky  
as Dale takes out his cell phone.

DALE

I'm going to go call Angie. Make up some  
bull shit.

As Dale dials, Saul, paranoid from the pot, looks at his  
cell phone. He takes another hit, and then looks up to  
the sky again. He looks back at Dale's phone. Dale starts  
to walk off.

SAUL

Dale...wait!

Saul snubs out the joint and runs over to Dale.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Yeah, the phone...I mean, I don't know how this shit works, but...can cops... you said they might be cops...could they triangulate our phones or trace 'em or some shit like that? I don't know. I feel like I've seen that.

Dale stares at Saul, then flips open his phone - \*beep\*

SAUL (CONT'D)

I mean, shit Dale, maybe they can trace them when we're not even on them!

Dale takes a hit as he looks up to the sky. Just then, a loud rumbling noise is heard.

DALE

What the fuck is that?!

The rumbling gets louder.

DALE (CONT'D)

Are we on fucking "Lost"?! What the hell is that?!

SAUL

It's them!!!

The noise builds to a deafening crescendo as the guys dive behind a tree stump. A moment later, a JUMBO JET buzzes overhead, heading towards the nearby airport. Dale and Saul pop up.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Holy fuck. That was close.

DALE

(clutching cell phone)  
You know what? You're right. We should just get rid of them. We should just smash 'em.

Dale looks at his phone, which is a new, expensive Razor.

DALE (CONT'D)

Fuck. I just bought this thing. Maybe I can just take the batteries out?

SAUL

No! Smash it!

Dale sighs, then SMASHES his phone on a rock. Saul looks at Dale, then HURLS his phone into the woods as hard as he can, sending it SAILING into the FOREST.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Shit!

DALE

What the fuck was that?!

Dale tosses the joint aside.

SAUL

Fuck! I was trying to throw it at that tree!

DALE

What tree?

SAUL

That one.

Saul points out a group of trees about 30 feet away.

SAUL (CONT'D)

It was a cheap piece of shit. Came free with the plan. It must've smashed when it landed.

DALE

Who the fuck knows?!? I don't know!! Why couldn't you have just smashed it on a rock like a normal person?

SAUL

I was trying to smash it! How often does a guy smash things? I'm rusty. Fuck.

DALE

Did you at least see where it landed?

SAUL

Over there, somewhere. Wait! We could call it!

DALE

With what? I just smashed my phone!

They look into the scary dark depths of the woods. Both of them are clearly terrified.

SAUL

Man, it's not like they got McGuyver workin' on the case. I bet they can't even triangulate it.

DALE

Well, then you shouldn't have said anything, cause now you've convinced me that they can!

SAUL

Fine! Fine. Let's just find the stupid thing and get back to doing what we were doin'.

Horrified, they cautiously inch into the forest.

DALE

Do you see it?

SAUL

Dude, this is the scariest place I've ever been in my life.

They nervously walk on.

SAUL (CONT'D)

You ever see that movie where all the people are in the woods and they slowly get killed?

DALE

The "Blair Witch Project."

SAUL

No...Shit. That one's way scarier than the one I was thinking of. Mine had Arnold Shwartzenegger in it. Now I'm thinking of the fucking Blair Witch.

They inch forward, nervous.

DALE

(whispering)

Stop!

They both freeze.

SAUL

(whispering)

What-

DALE  
(whispering)  
Sssh!

SAUL  
(whispering)  
What is-

DALE  
(whispering)  
Sssh! Can you hear that?

SAUL  
(whispering)  
What?

DALE  
(whispering)  
Just listen.

Saul listens.

SAUL  
(whispering)  
I literally hear nothing.  
(gasp)  
Wait...

SUDDENLY, Saul SPRINTS off into the darkness!

DALE  
SAUL!!!

Dale looks in horror as Saul vanishes amongst the trees.

SAUL(O.S.)  
(screaming in pain)  
ARGHHH!!!

Dale hears a loud THUD.

Scared for his life, he SPRINTS in the opposite direction! He weaves in between the trees, avoids some rocks and tree roots, stumbles on some loose dirt, then SLAMS half his body against a tree and FALLS HARD.

ANGLE ON: SAUL

Saul gets up, covered in dirt. Panting, he looks around the forest and sees no one. He thinks he hears something and SPRINTS off! WHAM! He trips on a tree root and SLAMS into the ground.

ANGLE ON: DALE

Dale stumbles to his feet while futilely trying to wipe the dirt off his suit.

DALE

Shit.

Saul hears Dale and whips around, breaking a twig -  
\*CRACK\*

Dale looks towards the noise, then SPRINTS off.

Saul hears someone and BOLTS in the opposite direction.

Like chickens with their heads cut off, they both scramble through the woods trying to evade their imaginary enemies.

Dale spots his car! He jumps in and SLAMS the door shut. He's about to turn the ignition, but stops. Panting and wheezing, he sinks into his seat.

BAM! Something slams into the car.

DALE (CONT'D)

AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Dale sees Saul BANGING against the passenger side door.

SAUL

(muffled through the window)

Let me in! Let me in!

Dale unlocks the car and Saul JUMPS in.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Let's go! Go!

DALE

Is there anyone even out there?!?

SAUL

I don't know!

DALE

If you don't know then why the hell did you run like that?!?

SAUL

I don't know! I'm freaking out, man!  
Let's just go!

DALE \*  
No! We're not going anywhere! \*

SAUL \*  
But there could be something out there! \*

DALE \*  
There's nothing out there, that's why \*  
we're here. God, man, you scared the \*  
fucking shit out of me. \*

SAUL \*  
Well, I'm not getting out of the car. I'm \*  
staying in the car. \*

A moment of silence. They both look around. There is  
clearly nothing out there. Dale turns on the car. Talk  
radio comes on.

RADIO DJ \*  
-white accent walls would go nice with a \*  
dark colored room, say a burnt sienna, \*  
but don't forget... \*

SAUL \*  
Talk radio? You fuckin' joshin' me? Why \*  
don't we just shoot ourselves in the \*  
nuts? \*

DALE \*  
Shut up, okay? It's my car. \*

SAUL \*  
Fine. Well, I'm going to smoke a joint \*  
before I go to sleep, and don't worry \*  
about it, even though you're being a \*  
dick, it's on the house. \*

DALE \*  
Don't do me any fucking favors. I got my \*  
own. \*

SAUL \*  
Thanks to me! \*

DALE \*  
Shut up. \*

Dale and Saul start rolling separate joints. \*

INT. DALE'S CAR - THE NEXT DAY

Dale slowly wakes up. He stretches, and then shakes Saul.

DALE  
Saul. Saul. Get up. Wake up.

Saul opens his eyes and realizes where he is.

SAUL  
Fuck me.

DALE  
What's the time?

SAUL  
(groggy)  
It's too early.

Saul brings his wrist up close to his eyes.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
It's...

Saul stares at his watch, confused.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
This can't be right.

DALE  
What does it say?

SAUL  
It says, uh...

Saul looks outside towards the sun.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
It couldn't be three in the morning,  
could it?

DALE  
It's three o'clock!?! We were supposed to  
be there at noon!

SAUL  
(excited)  
Wait! My grandma's clocks! It's daylight  
savings!  
(beat)  
Fuck! No! They go forwards an hour!  
Dammit-

DALE  
It's four o'fucking clock?!

SAUL  
-I didn't go to my Grandma's! Fuck! And we've gotta call Red.

DALE  
(angry)  
How?

Dale digs in his pockets for the keys.

SAUL  
We'll find a pay pho...fuck! His number was in my phone!

Dale notices the keys are in the ignition.

DALE  
You remember where he lives, right?

SAUL  
Yes, I remember. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Are you insinuating I'm forgetful? That's right, I know the word insinuating.

DALE  
Let's just get out of here.

He turns the keys. NOTHING. He tries again. NOTHING.

DALE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck? Come on.

He tries twice more, but nothing happens.

DALE (CONT'D)  
(pissed off)  
I think the battery's dead.

SAUL  
Are you fucking serious?

He tries again.

DALE  
It's dead.

SAUL  
It's dead?

Dale shoots Saul an angry look. \*

SAUL (CONT'D) \*  
 What the fuck happened? How did this  
 happen?

DALE \*  
 How? We fell asleep!

SAUL \*  
 Yeah. With your stupid talk radio. No \*  
 surprise, that stuffs, like, made to put \*  
 people to sleep. \*

Frustrated, Dale tries to gather his thoughts.

DALE \*  
 We gotta...let's just...we'll walk. We'll \*  
 walk to a road and hitchhike to Red's.

SAUL  
 For real?

Dale opens his door and hops out.

DALE \*  
 Yeah, "for real". We'll be late, but \*  
 we'll get there. Then we can fix this \*  
 insane situation.

MONTAGE: \*

- Dale and Saul walk down a seemingly unused forest road, \*  
 each smoking their own joint. \*

- Saul points out a giant caterpillar crawling on a leaf.  
 Dale is grossed out. Saul pokes the caterpillar and then  
 blows weed smoke onto it.

DALE (CONT'D) \*  
 Stop fucking around, man. Come on. Leave \*  
 that thing alone. \*

- They emerge at the highway and try to hitch a ride.

- Dale notices Saul has his thumb sticking out of his \*  
 zipper.

SAUL  
 It's like, my thumb is my cock!

Dale doesn't laugh. \*

- Bored and tired, they wait. Saul lights a joint. Dale notices. Saul shifts his body away from Dale. Just then, an eighteen wheeler slows for them. Saul snubs out the freshly lit joint and puts it in his pocket. \*

EXT. RED'S HOUSE - LATER \*

Dale and Saul get out of the eighteen wheeler.

SAUL  
(to the driver)  
Thanks a fucking ton, Sharid.

Saul shuts the door and he and Dale run towards Red's house - a small, dilapidated place in a rundown part of town. Exhausted, Dale and Saul reach Red's door. Saul knocks. \*

DALE  
So, what's this guy like?

SAUL  
I don't know. He's short...and stout. So he's like a tea pot. Hehe.

DALE  
Well, do you think he'll be there?

SAUL  
I don't know, I mean, we are only...eight hours late.  
(beat) \*

That's actually pretty late. \*

RED (O.S.)  
(through door)  
Who is it?

SAUL  
Red! It's Saul. Open up.

Red opens the door. He has a SPLIT LIP and has clearly been CRYING. He tries to act normal. Dale immediately suspects something is up.

RED  
(sniffing)  
Who's this guy?

DALE  
Dale. Nice to meet you.

Red ushers them in and shuts the door.

RED

Dale who?

DALE

I think it's better if you don't know my last-

\*  
\*

SAUL

(oblivious)

Dale Denton. He's with me. No worries.

\*

Red notices their dirty clothes.

RED

(to Saul)

What happened to your clothes? Where'd you call me from, man?

Dale notices Red quivering as he lights a cigarette and becomes increasingly suspicious.

SAUL

We were in the forest laying low. Thinking.

DALE

Uh, Red...what...uh, is your lip okay?

Saul finally notices Red's dishevelled appearance.

SAUL

Whoa! Dude, have you been crying?

RED

What? Oh, I uh...

(feeling his split lip)

...I got a cold sore, I've never got one before. I started crying.

SAUL

A cold sore? Is that fucking herpes?

RED

...uh, yeah, man.

SAUL

Ewww! That's sick, man. Do you know how many joints we've shared? I told you, man. This is from that time you ate the lollypop straight from the strippers sna-

\*

DALE

Saul. Ask him.

SAUL

(to Dale)

Okay, Captain Demando. Can you just chill out, maybe? So, Red. I gotta ask-

RED

Okay, first of all, stop. What's this all about? That's what I want to know.

SAUL

Alright. Well, Dale's a servant for protest lawyers, and-

\*

DALE

Whoa, whoa! Saul, I don't think...well, Red, I don't mean to be rude but I don't think we should tell you any more than you need to know.

RED

Fuck that, Dale. This is my house, I deserve to know.

SAUL

Dude! Let's just tell him. It is his house.

DALE

Look. Red, I just don't want to pull you into the shit we're in. It's just trouble.

SAUL

Don't be weird about this. If he wants trouble, it's his right to have it.

RED

Whoa! Whoa! I don't want trouble.

DALE

That's why we only need to clarify one thing - nobody's called about Saul or the pineapple express or anything like that?

RED

No one. Nada.

SAUL

Awesome! Look at that! Everything's fine.  
We had a crazy night in the woods, which  
I assume we can both put behind us like  
grown ups, and now we can use Red's giant  
bong to get super-duper high.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dale doesn't seem convinced. Saul picks up Red's huge  
bong and starts to pack a bit of Red's weed into it.

\*  
\*

RED

Alright, well, wicked. Make yourselves at  
home. I'm just going to use the ol'  
telephone-o.

\*  
  
\*

Saul sits down and picks up a lighter as Red walks  
towards the phone. Dale watches Red, suspicious of his  
odd behavior. Red begins to dial...

\*  
\*

SMACK! Dale knocks the phone out of Red's hand.

RED (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

Saul jumps up. Dale SNATCHES the phone and backs up.

DALE

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

SAUL

Dale! What the fuck are you doing?

DALE

(to Saul)

We can't let him call anyone! He's acting  
weird!

RED

Fuck you man - this is my house!

\*

DALE

I'm sorry. I just, I don't think I can-

SAUL

Dale! You fucking nut. You're stoned and  
paranoid. Just chill the shit out, guy!

(to Red)

I'm sorry, Red. I shouldn't have brought  
this guy over here, he's a total lunatic.

\*  
\*  
\*

Without warning, Red grabs a LARGE ASHTRAY filled with  
cigarette butts and WHIPS it at Dale. **BAM!** It smashes him  
in the head!!!

DALE  
(in pain)  
AAAHHH!

Ash EXPLODES everywhere as Dale drops the phone and clutches his head.

SAUL  
Holy cock!

Red approaches the cowering Dale. Saul intercedes.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Dude! He's sorry! Wait!

Red PUNCHES Saul in the face! Saul SCREAMS and drops to the ground.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
WHY!?!?!?

Dale snatches the phone and scurries into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

INT. RED'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Disoriented, Dale scans the small bathroom. Saul and Red can be heard fighting outside.

SAUL (O.S.)  
Dude, we're friends, what the fuck is wrong with you? Ow! Dude! Are you fucked off that shit again!?! Ow! \*

RED (O.S.)  
I have to! They'll kill me!!! Please don't fight! \*

A loud CRASH is heard from the other room.

SAUL  
AAAHHHHHHH!!! \*

Dale throws the phone in the toilet bowl and smacks down the seat. He runs back to help Saul.

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Red is BEATING the shit out of Saul.

SAUL  
Why, man!?! Why!

\*  
\*

RED  
I'M SORRY!!!

\*  
\*

Saul manages to stand up when Red boots him in the BALLS! He SHRIEKS and stumbles backwards. Dale dashes into the room and LEAPS onto Red's back. Red wobbles forward, then starts RUNNING BACKWARDS. He trips on his coffee table and CRASHES Dale through it, landing on top of him. Red gets up, sprints into the bathroom and locks the door. With great effort, Dale and Saul manage to get up.

\*  
\*

DALE  
He's going for the phone! Bathroom!

\*  
\*

INT. RED'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frantically searching for the phone, Red flips the toilet seat up and grabs it. He begins to dial as Dale and Saul sprint down the hall.

Just as Red is about to finish dialing, Dale and Saul CRASH into the bathroom door! They knock it completely off it's hinges, SLAMMING it directly into Red! The phone flies into the bathtub.

DALE  
(pointing at the phone)  
SAUL!!! Phone!!!

Saul jumps into the bathtub and begins STOMPING the phone. Dale continuously SLAMS his body against the door in an attempt to keep Red pinned down.

SAUL  
What the fuck Red!?! What the fuck is going on!?!?

RED  
I don't know!!! They're going to kill me!!!

SAUL  
You didn't stub your toe, did you?

Red stops struggling and tries to catch his breath. Dale kneels on top of the door, keeping him pinned.

DALE  
Now tell us-

RED

They're gonna come back and kill me!!!

In an impressive show of strength, Red shoves the door off him, knocking Dale aside. He runs.

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Saul chases Red and TACKLES him into a wall. Dale follows seconds later, and notices Red's LARGE GLASS BONG. He looks back to see Saul getting pummelled.

SAUL

DALE! HELP!

\*  
\*

Dale grabs the bong and swings around - CRASH!!! It shatters on the back of Red's head.

Red falls to the ground moaning, blood dripping from his head. Dale and Saul stand over him, out of breath, bruised and battered.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Red, you motherfucker.

\*

Dale, lost in thought, starts to seriously freak out.

DALE

It's happening! It's actually happening!  
He knows my name! Red knows my name!

SAUL

We should beat it out of his sellout brains. You're a shitty friend, Red! Fuck the Casino! Go alone!

DALE

This is fucked, what do we do now, he knows my name!?!

SAUL

He knows my name too!

DALE

Well what do we do? He's gonna tell them!

SAUL

We're not gonna have to kill him, are we?  
I don't think I could do that.

Dale stares at the almost motionless Red.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Maybe we could talk him into killing  
himself, or, like, make him promise not  
to tell.

DALE  
Well, we have to find out what he knows.

RED  
(in great pain)  
I don't know anything...you broke my  
bong...

Dale, trying to act tough, grabs Red by the collar.

DALE  
Tell us everything. Now!

Red looks to Saul for sympathy.

SAUL  
Don't look at me, you sellout bastard.  
Now start talking!

RED  
I can't...I don't know anything.

Dale pulls Saul aside.

SAUL  
What do we do? He's not gonna talk.

DALE  
I think we beat it out of him.

SAUL  
For real?

DALE  
Okay. Red. Here's the deal: if you don't  
tell us everything, we're going to beat  
you up.

RED  
Don't beat me up! Saul, dude, I'm Red!

SAUL  
You were Red. Now you're no one to me.

DALE  
You've got five seconds, okay? Ready?  
Five, four-

\*  
\*

Dale raises his fist.

RED  
Please don't.

DALE  
Three, two...one!

Red cringes as Dale softly "punches" his gut. It doesn't hurt him.

RED  
That didn't hurt.

SAUL  
You didn't even hurt him! Hit him hard, man. Like, fucking hit him!

Dale takes a deep breathe and raises his fist.

RED  
Wait! I...I...

Dale grabs a potted plant.

RED (CONT'D)  
No!

Dale swings the plant back to strike Red. The pot flies off the plant and Dale smashes the dirt covered roots of the plant against Red's face.

RED (CONT'D)  
Ow! Fuck, man! Stop it.  
Listen...two...two guys came here,  
they...they were here when you called-

SAUL  
Seriously?

DALE  
Who were they?

Dale raises his fist.

RED  
They work for Ted. Budlofsky and Matheson. Fuckin' crazy weird guys. They were here all day, but you guys didn't show. They said they'd kill me if I didn't bring you to them, they said I'd-

DALE

How many cops does he have in his...uh,  
payroll, or whatever?

RED

I know there's this lady cop. He could  
have more, I don't know. He's got pretty  
crazy connections. He's also got a cool-  
ass hideout. It's crazy man. \*

Dale and Saul exchange very worried looks.

RED (CONT'D)

Listen, I-

Dale swings the PLANT upwards, prepared to strike Red  
again. \*

DALE

Who's his competition?

RED

The Asians!

DALE

Asians? Which Asians? Indians are  
technically Asian.

RED

The...the Koreans, I think. Everyone just  
calls them the Asians.

Dale and Saul exchange an even more worried look.

SAUL

What else?

RED

I swear to god that's all I know...I  
swear... \*

DALE

Alright. We should...tie him up and...and  
get the fuck out of here.

SAUL

I made a gravity bong here once. I know  
where his duct tape is.

Saul runs off. Dale puts on Saul's backpack and looks at  
the battered Red moaning on the floor.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Come on, let's tape this piece of shit  
up.

Dale pulls Red's hands behind his back. Saul is picking  
at the tape.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
I can't find the edge.

DALE  
What?

SAUL  
I can't find the, oh...wait...

Saul rips open the DUCT TAPE. He quickly BINDS Red's  
hands and feet. SUDDENLY, there's a KNOCK at the door. \*  
They stop, silent. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Red starts \*  
thrashing and trying to scream. \*

SAUL (CONT'D)  
(whispering) \*  
Shit. They're actually here to kill him.

DALE  
(whispering) \*  
What do we do? \*

SAUL  
(whispering) \*  
I don't know. \*

KNOCK! KNOCK! \*

DALE  
(whispering) \*  
Fuck. Oh, man. \*

Frozen in terror, they don't know what to do. \*

RED  
(whispering) \*  
Guys, guys...listen to me- \*

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! \*

RED (CONT'D)  
(whispering) \*  
I'm fuckin' sorry. Okay? I fucked up. I'm \*  
a son-of-a-bitch. I forgot bros before \*  
hoes, even though these guys aren't hoes. \*  
You know what I mean. But I can fix this. \*  
(MORE)

RED (CONT'D)

I know these guys, it's cool. Just head  
out the back, I'll stall 'em. Won't tell  
'em nothing. You can count on me!

\*  
\*  
\*

SAUL

Thanks, Red.

\*  
\*

Red frantically tries to wriggle out of his bonds while  
Saul leads Dale out the back door. SUDDENLY, the door is  
KICKED open! Budlofsky and Matheson enter, guns drawn.  
They see Red.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RED

Dale Denton! It was Saul and some dude  
named Dale Denton! They just ran out the  
back!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

\*

Dale and Saul run like hell. Saul spots a dumpster.

\*

SAUL

In here!

Saul jumps into the dumpster.

DALE

No. I've got to get to a phone!

SAUL

We should hide!

DALE

But, if Red tells Ted's guys my name,  
then they'll go to my apartment and find  
out about Angie!

SAUL

I think we should stay!

DALE

Why?!

SAUL

Because I'm in the dumpster already!  
Shit! Fine!

Saul hops out of the dumpster and follows Dale.

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Budlofsky dashes back into the apartment.

\*

BUDLOFSKY \*  
They're long gone. \*

Matheson stands over top of Red, talking to Ted on the \*  
phone. \*

TED (O.S.) \*  
Find out what he knows. \*

MATHESON \*  
Red, you gonna tell us anything helpful? \*

RED \*  
I just did, Matheson. Fuckin' Dale \*  
Denton's the other guys name. He was with \*  
Saul, they kicked my ass. What more do \*  
you want? \*

MATHESON \*  
You hear that? \*

TED \*  
Ask if either of them were Asian. \*

MATHESON \*  
Hey. What skin color were these guys? \*

RED \*  
What? Um...white, they're both white. I \*  
think Denton might be a Jew, but I \*  
couldn't really tell. \*

MATHESON \*  
You hear that, Ted? \*

TED (O.S.) \*  
Dale Denton. Not Asian. Alright. Kill \*  
Red. \*

Matheson pulls out a gun and shoots Red in the gut. \*

RED \*  
(clutching his bleeding gut) \*  
Oh fuck...you shot me, you motherfucker! \*  
Fuckin' Matheson...fuck you! You've eaten \*  
dinner here, man! Tacos! And now I'm \*  
gonna fuckin' die from this, probably. \*  
Get the fuck out of my house! \*

INT. TED'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TED (the big grey-haired guy) puts his portable phone back in its charger.

TED

Fuck.

\*  
\*

The living room windows are covered by black sheets. Workers are busy scrubbing blood stains off the floor and walls. The dead Asian man lies on top of bubble-wrap in the corner.

\*

Ted walks into the kitchen where CAROL BRAZIER (female cop from the murder, in full uniform, mid-30s) is playing with her gun.

TED (CONT'D)

Carol, there's another name to run. Dale Denton.

\*

CAROL

Does he have something to do with our friend in there?

TED

If the Asians have the balls to send an assassin right into my home, we can't be too cautious. The boys say Denton and Saul are Caucasian. Maybe after their assassin failed, they hired this outside guy Denton to finish the job.

\*  
\*

(pondering)

Also, the boys said that Saul mentioned "going to the casino."

CAROL

"Going to the casino"? I don't like that.

\*

Carol holsters her gun.

CUT TO:

EXT. TED'S HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Inside an Escalade with tinted windows sit two frightening looking Asian men. They have earphones on and an eavesdropping tool aimed at Ted's house. They hear every word. One of them writes down info in Korean.

CAROL (O.S.)  
 (through one of the Asian  
 mens ear piece)  
 I'll be back in an hour with everything  
 there is on Dale Denton. He'll be dead by  
 the time we make our pick-up tomorrow.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dale and Saul are still running and are unbelievably  
 exhausted. \*

SAUL  
 (gasping and wheezing) \*

But my parents live in Canada. You don't  
 think they're going to go to Canada, do  
 you? How would they get a Canadian phone  
 book even? \*

DALE  
 (gasping and wheezing) \*

All I know is Angie's new number is on my  
 fridge and they could see that, so I have  
 to get to her. \*

SAUL \*

My Grandma lives here. They wouldn't go  
 after her, would they? She's got a  
 different last name. Belogus.

Dale hails a cab.

INT. DALE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS \*

Dale's apartment door BURSTS open. Budlofsky and Matheson  
 enter, guns drawn. They start searching the apartment. \*

Budlofsky presses a button on the ANSWERING MACHINE. \*

ANSWERING MACHINE \*

(Dale's voice) \*

"\*cough\* It's Dale. I'm probably at work,  
 maybe we'll talk later. \*BEEP\*" \*

Matheson walks to the fridge and yanks off a NOTE. \*

MATHESON \*

Budlofsky! \*

Budlofsky looks at the note: \*

" - Memorize Angie's New Cell: 366-3666 - Go get weed - "

EXT. OUTSIDE ANGIE'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER \*

Dale and Saul get out of the cab in a pleasant neighborhood. Saul begrudgingly pays the driver. They walk towards Angie's house. \*

DALE

Dude, stay here. I'll be back in a minute.

SAUL

Hells no! I don't want to be alone! I want to go with you!

DALE

Saul, just watch my back. I'll literally be five minutes. Please. \*

SAUL

Fine. But hurry. \*

Dale runs up to the front door and frantically knocks. Angie answers the door. \*

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS \*

Dale dashes in. \*

DALE

Angie! \*

Angie opens the door with a smile, the phone in hand. Her attention is towards the phone conversation she is having. Dale enters her apartment.

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS \*

ANGIE

It's Dale! You came. \*

Dale freezes in horror: ANGIE'S PARENTS (SHANNON and ROBERT) are pleasantly eating at the dining room table. \*

SHANNON

Hi, Dale. Nice to meet you, sit down and have some couscous. Can I get you a drink? \*

Robert sees that Dale is DIRTY, DISHEVELLED, BRUISED and BATTERED. \*

ROBERT \*  
 What the hell happened to you? \*

ANGIE \*  
 Dale? What happened to you? \*

Robert and Shannon exchange worried looks. \*

DALE \*  
 Nothing, I was in the woods and... \*  
 (turns to Angie's parents) \*  
 ...Hi, I'm Dale. Uh...it's nice to \*  
 finally meet you both...I apologize for \*  
 my appearance. Robert, Charlotte- \*

SHANNON \*  
 (not amused) \*  
 Shannon. \*

DALE \*  
 Yes! Shannon. I've heard a lot about both \*  
 of you. \*

Dale walks to Robert and extends his DIRTY, BLOODY HAND. \*

DALE (CONT'D) \*  
 Very nice things. \*

Robert smugly declines Dale's hand shake. \*

ANGIE \*  
 You were in the woods? \*

DALE \*  
 (at a loss for words) \*  
 Alright, now, here's what's happened - \*  
 I've been thrust into a kind of, \*  
 ah...situation. So, uh, if we could all \*  
 just start to evacuate... \*

Dale starts gathering all their jackets and shoes. \*

DALE (CONT'D) \*  
 ...that'd be really, really good right \*  
 now. I'll answer all your- \*

ANGIE \*  
 Is this a joke? \*

ROBERT \*  
 What is this Angie? \*

SHANNON  
I think it is a joke.

DALE  
(deep breath)  
Listen. There are people after us and  
they could come here. I'll tell you  
anything you want, just please, let's go!

ROBERT  
He's serious?

DALE  
Yes, I'm serious. Super serious! We have  
to get the "F" out of here!

The Anderson's stare at him dumbfounded. Robert gets up  
and stands tall.

ROBERT  
Get the hell out of my house.

DALE  
Okay, Mr. Anderson, look, here's the deal  
- I saw a crooked cop kill a guy while I  
was working...this morning. The cop shot  
the guy then saw my car drive off, and I  
think they might have seen my license  
plate and, so, I ditched my car...in the  
woods, so...

They stare at Dale as though he were crazy.

EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Saul sees a car nearing. He sees Budlofsky and Matheson  
are in it.

SAUL  
No fucking way.

He runs like hell towards Angie's.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Angie and her parents try to make sense of what Dale is  
saying.

ANGIE  
Who are these people? Why are they-

DALE  
I think their drug dealers.

ANGIE  
(on the verge of tears)  
Why?

DALE  
Well, it's complicated. See,  
the...uh...it doesn't matter right now,  
we just have to get out of here.

ANGIE  
Let's go to the police!

DALE  
No, they are the police!

ROBERT  
I'm getting my gun.

SHANNON  
Robert! No!

ROBERT  
We bought it for a reason!

Robert runs up the stairs to his bedroom.

Suddenly, Saul bursts through the front door in a  
panicked frenzy.

SAUL  
(completely out of breath)  
You...\*huff\*...Angie? Dale! It's  
happening!

ANGIE  
EEEEHHH!!!

Angie grabs a fork off the table and stabs it into Saul's  
shoulder.

SAUL  
ARGGG!!!

ANGIE  
(freaking out)  
Dale, it's one of the drug dealers!!!

SAUL  
No! I'm Dale's dealer, I'm S-

DALE  
Angie! Stop! It's Saul! \*

SHANNON  
What did you do, Angie?! \*

Saul yanks the fork out and tosses it on the ground. \*

SAUL  
Ow!! Fuck. Now I'm gonna need a tetanus  
shot! They fuckin' kill. Fuck! \*

ANGIE  
Saul? Dale, who is- \*

SAUL  
Dale, they're coming! \*

Then - Robert appears at the top of the stairs with his  
gun. He sees Saul bleeding and SCREAMS. BLAM! He fires at  
Saul! \*

EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS \*

Budlofsky and Matheson are walking towards the front door  
when they hear the gunshot and dive behind some bushes. \*

BUDLOFSKY  
Fuck! What the hell? \*

MATHESON  
Get out your fucking gun! \*

BUDLOFSKY  
What the fuck is going on? \*

BANG! Blasts through the front door and almost hits them! \*

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS \*

Everyone is in shock. Saul frantically pats himself down  
to see if he got hit. \*

DALE  
Stop! Stop! He's with me! \*

SAUL  
Holy fuck! Holy fuck! Holy fuck! Holy  
fuck! \*

ANGIE \*  
Dad, put the gun down! \*

SHANNON \*  
Robert, what's going on? \*

ROBERT \*  
Just nobody move, okay? Except Shannon \*  
and Angie. So, you two don't move! \*

SHANNON \*  
Oh my god. \*

DALE \*  
Sir, please, he's my friend, he's helping \*  
me, he's- \*

SAUL \*  
Stop shooting, man! I'm Dale's dealer \*

Dale looks at the pandemonium as everyone tries to be \*  
heard. \*

DALE \*  
Guys! Please! We have to get out of here. \*  
Robert, Angie...Mrs. Anderson- \*

SAUL \*  
(whispers to Dale) \*  
It's Shannon. \*

DALE \*  
I know! Look, we have to get out of here. \*  
I'm sure everything is going to be fine \*  
but better safe than...not. \*

SHANNON \*  
Is this...for real- \*

DALE \*  
Yes. Terribly real. \*

Dale and Saul lead Angie and her parents towards the back \*  
door. \*

EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS \*

Budlofsky and Matheson are now at the front door. They've \*  
each got a gun drawn and are preparing to burst in. \*  
Budlofsky is loading his bullet cartridge. \*

MATHESON \*

Ready? \*

BUDLOFSKY \*

No. One sec. \*

Budlofsky puts in the last few bullets. \*

MATHESON \*

Hurry the fuck up. \*

BUDLOFSKY \*

Chill out, man. You're nagging isn't \*

helping. \*

Budlofsky cocks his gun and nods at Matheson. \*

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BAM! They kick open the doors and run into her house. No \*

one is there. Budlofsky cautiously walks over to the \*

table and touches the food. It's still warm. Matheson \*

bends down and picks up a bloody fork. \*

MATHESON \*

Ew! It's a bloody fork! What are these \*

people doing? \*

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS \*

Dale, Angie, her parents, and Saul burst into the garage. \*

Robert is fumbling with the keys. He manages to open the \*

car. Saul pulls up his shirt to look at the stab wound. \*

SAUL \*

Fuck. Look at that. Fuckin' mashed \*

potatoes in my wound. \*

ROBERT \*

Baby! Get in the car quick. Angie, in the \*

car! \*

The Andersons get in the car. \*

ANGIE \*

Dale - get in the car! \*

ROBERT \*

(to Dale) \*

You stay the fuck away from my family! \*

ANGIE \*  
Shut up dad! \*

DALE \*  
(glances at Robert) \*  
I...I think it would be best if I didn't \*  
go with you. I don't want to put you in \*  
any more danger. \*

ANGIE \*  
What are you going to do? What should we \*  
do? \*

ROBERT \*  
Angie, get in the car! \*

DALE \*  
Alright, baby. Here's the plan - go to \*  
the Holiday Inn downtown and use a fake \*  
name. Something like... \*  
(looks around, focuses on \*  
Robert's car) \*  
Car...lyle. \*

ANGIE \*  
Carlyle? \*  
(beat) \*  
I...I have so many questions. I \*  
just...how can this be happening? \*  
Where...where are you going? \*

DALE \*  
I have to stop this. I don't know how, \*  
but don't worry. I'll keep you safe. \*  
(beat) \*  
But still, watch your back. You never \*  
know where they might be, whoever they \*  
are. \*

Angie gets in the car. Dale pecks her on the lips. \*

DALE (CONT'D) \*  
I love you. \*

Beat. \*

ANGIE \*  
Uh...thanks. \*

Angie gets in the car. Dale pecks her on the lips. \*

DALE

Um...you're welcome. And nice to meet you  
guys.

She shuts her door and the Anderson's pull out. Dale  
watches them depart with great concern.

SAUL

Why aren't we in that car?

DALE

Let's run, man! Run!

They start to sprint.

SAUL

\*Huff\* \*Huff\* Where are we running?

DALE

Somewhere we can think.

INT. TED'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ted and Carol are in mid-discussion, and rather  
distraught at that. Behind them two henchmen take the  
dead Asian man's body out the back door.

CAROL

A fork?

TED

A bloody fork. In his girlfriends house.  
And the blood was fresh.

CAROL

Maybe he killed her, to protect himself.

TED

Or maybe it's the Asians fucking with us.  
What the fuck is going on!  
(a frustrated beat)  
Any luck with the cell phones?

CAROL

They smashed one and left the other one  
in the woods to distract us. Took us an  
hour to find it. And we found Denton's  
car, which was filled with all these  
strange disguises. These guys are for  
real.

Ted slams his fist on a table. He ponders.

TED

I want to talk to the Asians. Get me  
Cheung's number. Now.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHEUNG'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Cheung, the leader of the Asians, has a lavish mansion which is covered in ornate decorations and expensive merchandise. It is immaculately clean and organized. Several armed men with earpieces stand in strategic locations throughout the house. Cheung is reading a Korean book alone in his study. The phone rings and he picks it up.

CHEUNG

(in Korean)

Hello?

TED

Cheung. It's Ted.

Cheung sits up, shocked to have his opponent calling him. He snaps his fingers and two guards run in. He covers the phone.

CHEUNG

(in Korean)

Record this conversation.

He uncovers the receiver.

CHEUNG (CONT'D)

(perfect English)

Ted. This is surprising. What would you like?

TED

Cheung, I want you to call off your man Denton. I don't know what he is, a scout, assassin, and frankly I don't care. I just want him gone. I want him dead. If you do this, I'll consider it a peace offering, otherwise, you're asking for war. And just in case you forgot, I'm number one, and there's a reason for that. You've got 24 hours to reply.

We stay on Cheung. He hails another guard.

CHEUNG

Ted Jones is slipping. Our assassin  
failed to kill him, but it did rattle his  
confidence. It's earlier than planned,  
but we should strike now, while he is  
confused. Let it be known-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He turns to a picture of the Asian Ted killed earlier.

\*

CHEUNG (CONT'D)

-Li-Youngs death will not be in vain.

\*  
\*

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Dale and Saul are sitting in the branches of a tree. Fast  
food wrappers lie scattered. Saul is rolling a joint.

\*

SAUL

Victory joint complete. Here ya go.

Saul passes it to Dale, who lights it. Dale takes another  
puff and starts to seriously relax. A smile creeps across  
his face as he passes the joint to Saul.

DALE

"Tell us what you know!" How fuckin'  
balls was that?

Saul takes a puff.

SAUL

Like, really balls.

DALE

And I think I fought pretty well, don't  
you? You know, for my first time. We were  
like Tango and Cash, man.

SAUL

Or Scarface!

DALE

BOOM! Knocked the door right off it's  
hinges!

Saul passes the joint to Dale.

SAUL

And you probably saved Angie, which is  
fucking pimp.

DALE

I probably couldn't have done it without you. Thanks, man. It is fucking pimp.

SAUL

We're in this together, right? So, ya know.

Saul passes the joint to Dale.

DALE

Thanks, man.

(beat)

You know, my last dealer was a total dick. You're by far the coolest dealer I've ever had.

SAUL

(sincerely)

Wow. Thanks, man. I seriously appreciate that.

DALE

Yeah...like, the time before last time, I totally had weed. I just kind of wanted to chill with you. \*

SAUL

(over-joyed)

Really? That's awesome, man. That means a lot to me, 'cause, like, plenty of dudes come in to buy and pretend to be all buddy-buddy with me, but in my head I'm always, like, "you don't like me, you like my drugs, so fuck you, buddy!" You know? And just so you know, I totally could have lit that cross-joint on my own. I'd just have to use candles, but, like, I've never smoked one of those with anyone before. \*

Dale passes Saul the joint. \*

DALE

So, do you think we should leave town? We could just get on a bus and go, right? \*

SAUL

We only have, like, fifty bucks. I don't think that could even pay for one ticket.

Saul rubs the roach out in the dirt.

DALE

What about your sack?

Saul rubs his balls again.

SAUL

Oh man. It's still fucking killing me.

DALE

(laughing)

No dude, your sack of weed. Can't we sell some?

SAUL

Of course. That's my bread and butter. We just have to go to a highschool. It's the easiest market. Chester A. Arthur is like, a block a way.

\*  
\*

DALE

No way, man. I'm not going to sell to kids.

\*  
\*

SAUL

Why? They're gonna get it from somewhere. I mean, we got it from guys like us.

\*  
\*  
\*

DALE

Well, then not kids at that school.

\*  
\*  
\*

SAUL

Well, there's a bunch of private ones nearby, but they're into way crazier shit than weed-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALE

I can't do it, man. I'm not going to a high school is there anywhere else we could go?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAUL

(thinks, then-)

We could go to Crackhead Park.

DALE

What's that?

SAUL

It's a park. Really close, actually. Full of crackheads. They smoke weed too, though.

\*  
\*

EXT. CRACKHEAD PARK - NIGHT \*

There are several tarp-houses set up, garbage all over, and crazy/dangerous homeless people milling about the park. A deranged looking homeless man walks over to another one and starts pissing on his leg. They begin fist fighting. Suddenly, a half eaten hamburger hits Dale in the face and a bag lady comes up to Saul and starts poking him. \*

SAUL \*

Hey, stop it. Stop it. You wanna buy some weed, or, like, what? \*

The bag lady runs off. \*

SAUL (CONT'D) \*

See, that's the problem around here. Target demographic has a real, uh, fickle attention span. You gotta wow 'em. \*

(beat) \*

Hey! Who wants some weed!?! \*

DALE \*

Fuck this place. \*

CUT TO: \*

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCHTIME - THE NEXT DAY

At the same high school Angie goes to, Dale and Saul walk up to four thirteen year old students. (DESMOND, WALT, ACK and BLAKE) \*

SAUL \*

Yo. 'sup. You guys want some chronic? \*

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND A CONVIENANCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Dale and the four kids all laugh hysterically as Saul marches around pretending to be Godzilla, blasting weed smoke out of his nose and mouth as though it was fire. Saul passes Ack the joint. He takes a puff and starts coughing. \*

DALE

(very stoned)

Man, this is great.

ACK

\*Cough\* \*Cough\* What's it called again?

WALT

Pineapple express. They said it, like, eight times, you fucking 'tard.

ACK

Oh, so sorry if I-

BLAKE

Come on, man. Puff, puff, pass.

SAUL

You know, I went here for a year. Kicked me out for having a swiss army knife. Everyone has a swiss army knife!

\*

DALE

I got like, thirty for my Bar Mitzvah.

DESMOND

My Bar Mitzvah sucked.

ACK

I touched Jessica Lubell's tit at your Bar Mitzvah.

DALE

You touched a tit when you were twelve?

WALT

Lubell? Are you joking? Those are the finest tats in the grade!

ACK

Fuck that, dude. Angie in 12th grade has, like, the sweetest tits ever.

\*  
\*  
\*

DALE

Hey!

\*  
\*

WALT

What? You know her?

\*  
\*

DALE

Yeah. She's my girlfriend.

\*  
\*

DESMOND

Whoa. You're that dude. You lucky fucker.

\*  
\*

DALE  
 (proud)  
 Yeah. She's pretty sweet.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

SAUL  
 And we're all high, that's hilarious.

\*  
 \*

Blake passes the joint to Dale.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
 Alright gentlemen, it's time for me to  
 teach you some business. Brass tacs -  
 this is the best weed you've ever smoked,  
 agreed?

\*

The kids all nod in agreement.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
 So I'm gonna make this simple. How much  
 did you get between you?

BLAKE  
 A hundred and seventy eight.

Saul pulls out his impressive bag of weed. The kids GASP.

SAUL  
 Alright. You gimme all your money, you  
 can each take two handfuls of weed. That  
 treat ya right?

The kids cheer as Desmond takes two BIG handfuls.

DESMOND  
 That's fucking awesome!

SAUL  
 I know. Keep it on the down low.

They pay Dale and take their weed. Happy as hell, they  
 run off, stuffing HANDFULS OF WEED into their pockets.

ACK  
 (to Walt)  
 Jason'll never believe this...until I  
 show him all this weed!

Dale holds the un-lit joint as Saul takes the pot and the  
 money.

SAUL  
 And we, my good man, are officially scott  
 fuckin' free.

DALE

There are still people trying to kill us. \*

SAUL

But at least now we can afford to run.  
I'm gonna go buy some celebration snacks.  
Let's have us a little mardi-gras  
fiesta. \*

Saul laughs as he puts on his backpack and walks around the corner. Dale re-lights the remaining roach and casually smokes. He blows some smoke rings, coughs a bit, stretches; for a few moments, looking completely relaxed, but then- \*

A COP CAR screeches to a halt right in front of Dale! A female POLICE LIAISON OFFICER (who is not Carol) gets out of the car. Dale freezes in horror.

POLICE LIAISON

Don't move!

She walks towards Dale. He seems prepared to run, but she places her hand on a can of pepper spray.

POLICE LIAISON (CONT'D)

Don't move! This stuff hurts. What's in your hand?

DALE.

I'm sorry, Ma'am. It's weed. I'll get rid of it right away, I was just smoking this. I...I thought it was decriminalized. Or something. For medical purposes. I have epilepsy.

POLICE LIAISON

Selling pot to my students isn't "decriminalized." I'm the liaison officer for this school and I just caught four students showing off handfuls of marijuana to their friends. They told me they got it back here. Put your hands up.

She cuffs Dale's hands behind him!

DALE

Wait! I wasn't selling anything! All I have is this little joint.

Police Liaison takes the large joint out of Dale's hand.

POLICE LIAISON  
You call this little?

She throws it on the ground and smears it around with her foot.

DALE  
I don't even have any money! How did I  
sell weed if I don't have any money?!? I  
was just smoking it. I swear. Please.

She pats him down, finding only his wallet. The Police Liaison sees he only has nine dollars. She pulls out his DRIVER'S LICENSE.

POLICE LIAISON  
It's possible you're telling the truth.  
I'm going to run a check and if it turns  
out you don't have any priors and all  
you've got is this small amount of  
marijuana, I'll let you go with a fine.  
Take a seat.

She walks towards her car as Dale sits on the ground.

ANGLE ON: Saul

Saul merrily turns into the alley holding TWO RED SLURPEES, when he jumps back in terror! He sees the cop car up the alley. He ducks back behind the corner. \*

SAUL  
They got Dale. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh  
fuck...

ANGLE ON: Dale and the Police Liaison

She looks at her car computer. The screen reads:

DALE DENTON: OUTSTANDING WARRANT - DOUBLE HIT AND RUN.

She looks back at Dale and types into her computer.

INT. CAROL'S COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

We see Carol (who is in fact Ted's evil accomplice) speeding down the road. Her police computer beeps. She looks at the screen.

CAROL  
(smiling)  
Denton.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Police Liaison stuffs Dale in the back of her squad car.

DALE

What is this for? What did that thing tell you? What did I do?

POLICE LIAISON

Hit and run, Mr. Denton. A double, actually. You hit two parked cars two nights ago.

A look of crippling horror comes across Dale's face as she throws him in the back seat and slams his door shut.

ANGLE ON: Saul

He peaks down the alley and sees Dale in the back of the car and the FEMALE Police Liaison getting in the front.

SAUL

The lady cop. She's gonna kill him.

The car slowly makes a three point turn.

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

DALE

You don't understand! You have to let me go! Dirty cops are gonna kill me! Please!

The Police Liaison ignores Dale.

DALE (CONT'D)

This...this lady cop, and these guys Budlofsky and Matheson, they all work for Ted Jones, and-

\*  
\*

POLICE LIAISON

(suddenly interested)

Ted Jones?

DALE

Yeah. With grey-hair. Tell me you know what I'm talking about. He lives near Evergreen Heights. He-

POLICE LIAISON

Are you telling me you saw Ted Jones and  
a police officer shoot someone?

DALE

Yeah. An Asian someone.

The Police Liaison ponders as she finishes her three  
point turn and drives toward the exit of the alley.

POLICE LIAISON

Stay calm, do as your told, I'll get you  
down to the station.

DALE

(ecstatic)

Yes ma'am.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Saul peeks out and sees the approaching cop car. He looks  
at the two red slurpees and thinks, then suddenly jumps  
out and THROWS himself onto the hood of the cop car!

The Police Liaison and Dale see a body SLAM against the  
car and RED LIQUID SPLATTER everywhere, covering the  
windshield. They SCREAM.

WHAM! In the impact, we clearly see Saul's BALLS getting  
ROCKED on the car! The Police Liaison slams on the  
brakes, causing Dale to SMASH into the metal cage.

POLICE LIAISON

Oh my god! Is that blood? Oh my god!

She puts the car in park. As the Police Liaison gets out  
of her car, Saul can be seen crawling around the back of  
the vehicle, clutching his testicles. The frightened  
Police Liaison looks at the windshield.

She notices the two slurpee cups on the ground and  
quickly turns around. She sees Saul jumping into the  
drivers seat.

Saul sees a SHOTGUN beside the passenger seat. The Police  
Liaison reaches for her GUN!

DALE

NO! What are you doing!?!



DALE  
Turn on the wipers!

Saul mindlessly starts grasping at switches in the car. He finally turns on the wipers, which wipe away the slurpee and reveal that the window is so badly cracked he still can't see through it. Carol's car emerges right behind them. \*

SAUL  
Dude, I seriously can't see!

DALE  
Kick out the window! Isn't that what they do?

SAUL  
I don't know. Okay.

Saul, with great effort, keeps one foot on the pedals and, with all his might, kicks his other leg through the front window. His leg PUNCHES straight through the glass, but he can't pull it back in!

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Oh fuck! Shit!

DALE  
Get it out of there!

Suddenly, their car gets jerked to the side.

SAUL  
Ah! Ah! My leg!

Carol is ramming them from behind.

DALE  
(hysterical)  
She's following us! She's gaining on us!

SAUL  
Her car's better!

Saul yanks at his leg and manages to wriggle it out of the hole. He begins to accelerate and realizes he can see where he's going through the hole.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Ha! I can see! Through my leg hole!

Saul bumps over the curb and cuts through a LARGE PARK. Carol is right behind them.

DALE

Do something!

Saul thinks hard, then buckles his seat belt.

SAUL

Hold on. I've got an idea.

Dale does what little he can to brace himself. Saul SLAMS on the breaks. Carol sees Saul screeching to a halt and slams on her breaks. She grunts and whips out her GUN. Both cars come to a full stop beside one another.

\*  
\*  
\*

She opens fire - BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! - Bullets rip through the stolen cruiser. Shattered glass flies everywhere. Dale and Saul desperately duck for cover.

Saul hits the gas and the bullet riddled car takes off. Carol follows.

DALE

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!?!?

Saul pops back up and begins steering again.

SAUL

Oh shit, man! I'm sorry! I thought she'd keep going.

The car bumps back on to a main road. Carol follows, sirens blaring.

DALE

Turn on the sirens!

Saul's hand flails around, grasping everything. He feels the SHOTGUN and accidentally pulls the trigger-

BOOM! The blast blows through the roof of the car and hits an overhead TRAFFIC LIGHT - shredding it to pieces!

SAUL

JESUS!!!

DALE

SHIT!

Carol flies into the intersection on a collision course with Saul and Dale.

CRUNCH! A car smashes into the side of the Carol's cruiser.

As Dale and Saul speed off, Carol emerges from the smoking wreckage, a look of hate in her eyes.

EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The stolen cruiser screeches to a halt and Saul hops out.

SAUL

Run!

He starts running up the block at top speed.

Dale, still handcuffed in the back of the cruiser, starts thrashing and screaming.

DALE

Saul! Saul! I'm locked in!

Dale continues to scream as Saul obliviously bolts to the end of the block and just keeps going.

DALE (CONT'D)

You dumb fucking fuck!!! HELP ME!!!

Dale sits in the car, helpless. He has a look of utter disbelief on his face. After a moment of silence he starts wildly kicking the door window. He soon gives up.

Just then, Dale notices Saul, over a block away, running back towards the stolen car. Saul soon arrives, completely out of breath, and opens the door.

SAUL

So...\*huff\*...\*huff\*...fuckin'  
sorry...\*huff\*...forgot...

Dale flops out of the car and onto the grass. Saul tries to help him to his feet, but Dale pulls away.

DALE

Don't touch me, you asshole!

Dale wiggles to his feet runs for it. Saul follows.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Dale and Saul enter the hardware store, walking very close together so that no one sees Dale is handcuffed. They receive a few odd looks as they search and locate what they are looking for: saws. Saul quickly finds a sturdy looking hack-saw.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAUL  
 Okay, only one way to do this, hard and  
 fast. Bend over.

Dale gets on his knees and bends over, pressing his face  
 up against the wall. Saul begins to manically hack away  
 at the cuffs.

DALE  
 Ow! Ow! Hurry!

SAUL  
 I am!

Suddenly, Saul sees a store clerk coming and shoves the  
 saw underneath Dale's suit jacket.

DALE  
 Which saw do you like most?

SAUL  
 The brown ones nice, but the metallic  
 ones seems more...

They watch the clerk walk off and immediately return to  
 sawing the handcuffs.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - SOON AFTER

Dale stretches his arms. The handcuffs are still on his  
 hands, but no longer attached.

DALE  
 (relieved)  
 Okay, I'm going to go call Angie. Be  
 right back.

SAUL  
 A thank you would be nice!

EXT. PAY PHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Dale is on the phone.

DALE  
 Could I have the, uh, Carlyle room,  
 please?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angie is watching TV alone in a hotel room. The phone rings and she picks it up.

ANGIE

Dale?

DALE

Angie! Thank god you're okay!

ANGIE

I'm fine. How are you? Are you okay?

DALE

I'm great. I'm fine. I miss you. So,  
here's the plan, babe. I'm going to leave  
town and contact a government official or  
something. From somewhere safe. I know  
this shit is all fucked up and I just  
can't apologize enough.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ANGIE

Dale. I've realized some problems and-

DALE

I know there's a problem! That's the  
thing, that's why I-

ANGIE

Dale, shut up and listen. People are  
trying to kill you, and me! Dale, drug  
dealers are trying to kill me, because of  
you! It's fucking over, man. Are you  
kidding me? For gods sake...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALE

Angie, no! No! Don't you get it? I was  
thrown into this situation, I had no  
control, but I am dealing with it. This  
kind of thing happens, you know-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ANGIE

NO! IT DOESN'T!

(beat)

You're immature, Dale! I'm six years  
younger and I'm saying this! And the fact  
that you think you're some kind of  
fucking genius just makes it a hundred  
times more infuriating!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALE

What? You're telling me you think I'm a dumb guy?

ANGIE

You're not how you think you are Dale, and it's pathetic. Call me when I can go home.

Angie hangs up.

EXT. PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

As Dale walks out of his phone booth, we see that Saul is on the phone in the next booth and is also smoking from a pipe.

SAUL

Alrghit, I'll see you soon. And I'm sorry again about the clocks.

(beat)

Ha! What a douche bag.

(beat)

Yeah, love you too.

Saul hangs up and exits the phone booth.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Yo, so before we go on the lamb I gotta go see my grandma, okay? She was worried 'cause I didn't show up to help with the locks. But before that I've got to smoke another bowl.

DALE

Are you joking? You're actually gonna smoke marijuana?

SAUL

Why not?

DALE

How can you smoke marijuana after what we just went through? That clearly happened because we were smoking marijuana.

SAUL

No. It happened because those fucking kids didn't keep that shit on the down low. Which is weird, 'cause they really seemed like cool kids.

DALE

If you haven't noticed, we're not very functional when we're stoned, Saul.

SAUL

When I saved you with those Slurpees I was stoned. What do you gotta say to that? Maybe the pot is what gave me the creative capacity to come up with such a great plan! The Beatles were high!

\*

DALE

You didn't save me! She was going to protect us, and now we're wanted for all sorts of crazy shit!

Saul lights his bowl.

\*

DALE (CONT'D)

Fine. Smoke marijuana. But you know how "Scarface" ends. Face down, dead, in your own fuckin' water fountain.

SAUL

For one thing, I'm done dealing pot. Mostly, because I don't know where I would get it now, but still. And "b", fuck you, man. You can't judge me. We're exactly the same, and this whole thing's your fucking fault. You're the one who dropped the roach!

DALE

It's not my fault!

Dale points at Saul's bowl.

\*

DALE (CONT'D)

It's marijuana's fault!

SAUL

Stop calling it marijuana!

DALE

Grow up, you fucking two year old.

\*

\*

SAUL

See! This is why you're a douche bag, Denton. Because you think you're better than others, but you're just a dumb pothead burnout, same as me.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

DALE

Maybe I am a pothead burnout, but at least I'm not the dumbest most annoying guy in the world. The only reason I ever bought weed from you was because you're shit is so good, not because you're cool.

SAUL

But you said you bought when you already had a few times, just to hang out?

DALE

Bullshit! I just like...liked having lots of different kinds of weed at once.

Saul takes out his wad of cash and throws half of it at Dale.

SAUL

Here. Buy yourself a good last meal.

He throws fifty more cents at the shocked Dale.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Super size it, bitch.

Saul walks off.

DALE

Saul! I'm sorry, man! I didn't mean all that! Saul!

A sad Dale starts picking up the money.

INT. TED'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carol, who is a little bruised up from the car crash, sits with Ted. They are both furious.

CAROL

Guy drove like a mother-fucker. It was amazing.

TED

This is not good. We should have this under control. We haven't heard shit from the Asians. Got these lunatics after us. Shit.

Carol checks her watch.

CAROL

We should probably get to the farm. \*

MUSIC UP: THE END by THE DOORS

- Saul gets on a bus and sits down, sad and deject. \*

- Dale sits against the phone booth, crying like a baby. \*  
He buries his hands in his pocket and pulls out his baggy \*  
of weed. He hurls it away. He gets up to retrieve it. \*

- Saul is in a really shitty fast food restaurant, nearly \*  
crying as he eats his burger and fries. \*

- Dale stares at a joint in his hands, thinks for a \*  
moment, and then, crying profusely, lights it and starts \*  
smoking.

A solitary tear rolls down his cheek and drips directly \*  
onto the tip of the joint, putting it out. Dale hears the \*  
sizzle and looks at the joint. He continues crying. He \*  
puts the joint down, beside three large roaches. \*

- Walking down the street, Saul sees the Point Grey \*  
Retirement Home. \*

- Dale feverishly looks through the phone book. He finds \*  
what he's looking for: Belogus. \*

- Saul, hiding behind a bush across the street, surveys \*  
the retirement home. Seeing the coast is clear, he walks \*  
towards the entrance. As Saul enters the building, \*  
Budlofsky and Matheson pull up. \*

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - CONTINUOUS

Saul casually walks into the lobby. The elderly residents \*  
of the retirement home are milling around the massive \*  
common room.

ELDERLY WOMAN(O.S.)

Solly?

Saul turns and sees an ELDERLY WOMAN.

SAUL

Hey! Mrs. Mendelson!

Saul peers over her shoulder and sees Budlofsky and \*  
Matheson walk in! \*

SAUL (CONT'D)

HOLY SHIT!!!

Saul runs for it, and they chase after him. He maneuvers through the elderly like a pylon course, the thugs right on his ass. He bursts into another room. \*

INT. CAFFETERIA - CONTINUOUS \*

He tears through the room, filled with old people eating. Budlofsky and Matheson pursue him. \*

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS \*

As Saul runs through the hall, Budlofsky and Matheson appear. \*

MATHESON \*

Eat it! \*

Matheson whip out his gun and fires - BLAM! The bullet whizzes past Saul and two elderly men, who don't even flinch, and then shatters a distant window. Saul turns the corner and- \*

BAM! He slams into someone, sending the person crashing to the ground. \*

INJURED PERSON \*

OW! Shit...ow, ow, ow! \*

Saul looks, terrified he's hurt an old person, but sees it is a young male nurse. He runs for it and sees an open door with chatter coming from inside. He runs into- \*

INT. TEA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dead end! Several startled OLD WOMEN look up from their Majong. One of them instantly recognizes Saul-

MRS. CORBER

Solly Silver?!?

SAUL

Mrs. Corber! You gotta hide me!

The Budlofsky and Matheson bursts into the room. Saul looks around, sees a teapot and grabs it. He hurls it at Matheson and nails him in the face. The tea pot shatters and hot water pours all over his face and hand. \*

MATHESON \*  
 AHH!!! FUCK!!! \*

Budlofsky GRABS Saul and knees him in the balls. \*

SAUL \*  
 (wheezing) \*  
 NOOO!!!

BUDLOFSKY \*  
 Yeah! \*

Budlofsky punches Saul in the face. \*

CUT TO BLACK \*

EXT. POINT GREY RETIREMENT HOME - CONTINUOUS \*

Dale hustles towards the entrance of the building when he \*  
 sees several police cars parked outside, their lights \*  
 flashing. \*

He sees a bunch of old people gathered on the front lawn. \*  
 Doing his best to avoid the cops, he joins the cluster of \*  
 elderly. \*

OLD WOMAN \*  
 Oh, god this is terrible. Poor Faye. \*  
 Poor, poor Faye. \*

DALE \*  
 Hey, uh, what's going on here? \*

OLD MAN \*  
 It just happened. \*

DALE \*  
 What did? \*

OLD WOMAN \*  
 Faye Belogus' grandson was kidnapped from \*  
 right inside the building. We all saw it. \*  
 They fought in the majong room and hurt \*  
 the new nurse, Stefan. \*

Dale is terrified. \*

DALE \*  
 Uh...thanks. \*

OLD MAN \*  
 If I was there, I would've kicked an ass. \*

Dale looks, circle of people comforting a crying old woman, clearly Faye Belogus. He walks over. \*

DALE \*

Mrs. Belogus. I wouldn't worry, Saul's going to be fine. \*

Dale walks off, determined. \*

INT. THE BARN - SOON AFTER \*

Saul wakes up but can't see anything. From his POV we see tape get ripped off his eyes and mouth. \*

SAUL \*

ARRGGGHHH!!! \*

Saul sees a BUDLOFSKY wielding a knife. He struggles and realizes that his arms and legs are bound. Saul closes his eyes, assuming he's about to die. \*

SAUL (CONT'D) \*

(whispers to himself)

Fuck. I regret everything. \*

BUDLOFSKY cuts the tape away from Saul's legs. \*

BUDLOFSKY \*

Get up. \*

Saul gets up and hops out of the car. He looks around and see that he is in a LARGE BARN. Saul notices SIX THUGS talking as they move bricks of weed and cocaine into a van. \*

Matheson appears and looks at Saul with smoldering hatred. Saul sees that his face and neck were burnt from the tea and the broken shards of pot cut his cheek. \*

SAUL \*

Oh fuck. That looks painful. \*

Matheson walks over, lowers to one knee, and punches him straight in the balls. \*

SAUL (CONT'D) \*

EEHHH!!! \*

Matheson whips out his gun and shoves it in Saul's mouth. Budlofsky taps Matheson on the shoulder. \*

BUDLOFSKY  
Don't. Ted wants him.

MATHESON  
Fine.

Matheson looks at the wheezing Saul, curled over by his feet, and punches him in the back of the head.

Matheson pokes Saul in the back with his gun, ushering him towards the corner of the barn. They come to an old TRAP DOOR. Matheson opens the hatch and they descend.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Saul is led along a narrow tunnel. As they reach the end, Saul's eyes go wide. He enters the same massive metal room that the government used in the 30s (at the beginning of the movie)...only now it is rather worn down, and filled with HUNDREDS OF HUGE MARIJUANA PLANTS.

SAUL  
(breath-taken)  
El Dorado.

Matheson urges Saul through the dense forest of weed, passing several of Ted's thugs, the hum of the giant grow lights filling the air.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Dude, look at all this weed.

MATHESON  
Shut the fuck up and keep moving.

As Matheson ushers Saul through the foliage, Saul notices a strange suit that resembles an old fashioned scuba diving uniform (the one from the 1930s intro) hanging on a wall.

SAUL  
What the hell is that?

They arrive at a door. Matheson opens it and shoves Saul in, causing him to almost trip.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Ow.

It is the same room Private Miller was in. Matheson shuts the door.

INT. RED'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS \*

BAM! Dale kicks open Red's door and dashes into Red's, ready for anything. \*

DALE  
Hello? Anyone here? Red? \*

Dale starts looking around. He hears music and then sees he's stepping in a pool of blood. \*

DALE (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. \*

Dale follows the music into the bathroom. \*

INT. RED'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS \*

Dale enters and is shocked to see Red lying on the floor, clenching his bloody gut with one hand and a joint and beer in the other. The music is coming from a small boom box. \*

RED  
(a little out of it)  
What? Who the fuck! \*

Red turns toward Dale and picks up a kitchen knife with his bloody hand. \*

RED (CONT'D)  
Stay the fuck back, Denton! I didn't do shit! I'll gut ya if I have to, tooled ya once, tool ya again! \*

DALE  
(utterly shocked)  
I...what? I'm not here to fight, man, I- \*

RED  
Good, man. I'm fuckin' tired. \*

Red drops the knife and then takes a puff of his joint and a sip of his beer. \*

RED (CONT'D)  
I'm dyin', Denton. Fuckin' shot. Right here-  
(he points at his wound)  
(MORE) \*

RED (CONT'D)

I'm having a little going away party and I don't remember inviting you, cocksucker. So I'm gonna ask you to leave. In my dying moments, I don't want some asshole I barely know around.

DALE

Go to the hospital, man! Are you crazy. You don't have to die.

RED

Yes I do! What? I go to the hospital, I'm gonna end up in But that doesn't matter 'cause once Ted finds out, which he will, I'm dead wherever I am. I'm fucked through and through. Now if you'd be willing to give a dying man his wish, could ya run on into the other room and pop in disc two of Tu Pacs "All Eyez On Me". I want to listen to it while I die.

DALE

You don't have to die.

RED

Will you stop saying that, I've excepted it, man. I'm at peace. \*cough\*

Red takes a hit and coughs. It clearly brings terrible pain to his bullet wound.

DALE

Red, I need you to tell me where Ted's base is. He took Saul, and I can't bail on him. I'm going to get him back.

Red stares intensely at Dale.

RED

Fuckin eh, amigo.

Red heroic-ish-ly rises from the floor. He hobbles over to the hall and opens a cabinet on the wall. Dale looks in and sees several hand guns inside.

RED (CONT'D)

Blaze of glory, motherfucker.

INT/EXT. RED'S CAR - NIGHT

Dale and Red are in Red's car, a FORD FIESTA, driving through the countryside. Dale stops the car 100 yards from the barn.

RED

This is awesome! We're so gonna show those motherfuckers. Think they can kill me? Fuck no, you can't! Not how I roll.

Red gets out and walks to the drivers side. Dale gets out, gun in hand. Red gets in the drivers seat.

DALE

What are you doing?

RED

So, this is the backside of the farm. If you stay low in the grass you should be fine. If someone is shooting at you with an automatic weapon, zig zag. It makes you harder to hit.

DALE

You're not coming to help?

RED

Fuck no! I've been shot. By these guys. I was in shock before, but the air on the drive cleared my mind, I should get to the hospital. You saw Reservoir Dogs, right? I got shot in the best spot possible. I could have a long and fruitful life ahead of me. Full of possibilities. Go get 'em, slugger.

DALE

But how do I get out of here if I rescue Saul?

RED

I've no idea. I'm sure it won't be that hard. Kill some dude and take his car, or just take it or whatever. Good luck, amigo!

Red drives off. Dale takes a deep breath, clenches his gun, and starts cautiously moving towards the barn. He checks to make sure his safety is off and he's ready to fight. Dale sneaks up on the building and peers in between two boards. He sees Budlofsky supervising as the thugs load the van.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS \*

Budlofsky is about to light a cigarette, when SUDDENLY Dale does a jumping role into the barn and then quickly scampers to his feet and puts a gun to THUG 1's head. \*

DALE \*  
I'll blow his fuckin' brains out if you \*  
don't- \*

BLAM! Budlofsky shoots Thug 1 in the chest. \*

DALE (CONT'D) \*  
Oh my god. \*

Dale drops his gun and puts his hands up. \*

THUG 2 \*  
What the fuck was that, Budlofsky? \*

BUDLOFSKY \*  
Haven't you seen "Speed"? "Shoot the \*  
hostage". \*

THUG 2 \*  
In the leg, you fucking moron! \*

Budlofsky points his gun at Thug 2. \*

BUDLOFSKY \*  
Still worked. \*

Two of the thugs grab Dale and punch him several times. \*

BUDLOFSKY (CONT'D) \*  
Throw him in with the other guy, and \*  
everyone stay alert. Jared, go watch \*  
outside. This is fucked up. Somethings \*  
going down. \*

The thugs start bringing Dale towards the hatch. Suddenly one of them motions for the other to stop, feeling something on Dale's back. \*

THUG 3 \*  
I think he's got a gun. \*

BUDLOFSKY \*  
What? \*

Thug 3 lifts up Dale's shirt, revealing that he has taped a gun to his back. \*

BUDLOFSKY (CONT'D) \*  
 You're kidding me, right? Die Hard? \*

DALE \*  
 I had to try. \*

The thugs bring him down the trap door. \*

THUG 3 (O.S.) \*  
 Hey! He's got another one taped to his \*  
 stomach! \*

THUG 4 (O.S.) \*  
 And his leg! \*

INT. OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

Saul is sitting against the wall with his hands bound and \*  
 a look of complete defeat. Suddenly, the door opens and \*  
 Dale is tossed in by Budlofsky. \*

SAUL  
 Dale!?! What the fuck? Did you rat me  
 out, you shitty bastard? That what  
 happened?

DALE \*  
 No! I came here to save you!

SAUL \*  
 To save me? Ha! That's rich! You're \*  
 caught, too. And now I have to die with \*  
 some asshole. \*

DALE \*  
 Saul, I deserved that, because I fucked \*  
 you. You're right, this whole things my \*  
 fault, and they only way I can make it up \*  
 to you is by rescuing you, and that's why \*  
 I'm here. To save my friend. \*

SAUL \*  
 Tell ya what, Dale. You actually save me \*  
 and I'll consider forgiving you for this \*  
 mad shit. \*

DALE \*  
 Good. 'Cause I will. \*

SAUL

Oh really? What, you forget to tell me you shoot lasers out of your eyes, or you got some kind of secret blowtorch strapped to your dick? We're not gonna escape, Dale, we're losers, and sinners, and after we die, we're gonna go to hell!

DALE

We're not losers! We did that car chase. That was all you, man! You got away from the cops. I've watched, like, nine billion hours of worlds wildest police chases and I've never seen a guy get away. Not once! But you did it. You did the impossible.

Suddenly, they both hear someone coming. The door opens. Matheson pokes his head, and gun, in. \*

MATHESON \*

We can hear you out there, and it's annoying. Shut the fuck up.

He looks Dale and Saul up and down, then shuts the door. Dale sits down and thinks, but is disturbed by his belt buckle, which is digging into his gut.

DALE \*

(whispering)

Perfect! Now rub your wrists against my belt! My belt buckle'll cut the tape. Do it! This is it!

Saul is hesitant, but awkwardly gets in position anyway.

DALE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Hurry!

In an unavoidably sexual-looking motion, Saul begins to gyrate against Dale's belt buckle.

DALE (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Yes! Yes! You know what this is called, \*  
Saul? This is called saving you. \*

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The barn door slides open. Ted and Carol walk in.

TED

You have them?

BUDLOFSKY

Got them downstairs.

CAROL

Where did you find them?

BUDLOFSKY

We found Saul at his grandmother's and  
Dale Denton busted in here like a madman,  
armed to the teeth, and-

Budlofsky looks over at the man he shot.

BUDLOFSKY (CONT'D)

Yeah, he just plugged Frank and then I  
disarmed him. We got 'em both holed up  
downstairs.

TED

He shot Frank? Jesus. Fuckin' Frank.

CAROL

Who the fuck is this Dale Denton?

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Five Asian men lay on their stomachs in the tree line  
dressed in black and armed with machine guns. One of them  
stares through a pair of night-vision binoculars while  
utilizing a listening device. We see his view of Ted and  
hear what he hears.

TED

Well, we'll torture these two bastards  
and find out everything they know. What  
about the shipment? Ready to move out?

BUDLOFSKY

We'll be good to in 10 minutes or so.

The Asian leader nods and does some hand signals to his  
men. They acknowledge they understand. He holds up a  
flashlight and flashes three times. From the opposing  
side of the barn two other flashlights blink back. They  
all get up and start to slowly move towards the barn.

INT. OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Saul are still "humping" away.

DALE  
This isn't working. Turn around. I'm  
using my mouth.

Dale drops to his knees and starts gnawing at the tape on  
Saul's hands. Suddenly, they hear approaching footsteps.

SAUL  
(whispering)  
Someone's coming!

DALE  
(whispering)  
Yo - if I cough, I'm going to make a  
move, if I cough twice, you take the  
lead. Got it? \*

SAUL  
(whispering)  
What? No! What if you actually cough?

Dale stands up just as Matheson walks in, gun drawn. Dale  
looks at Saul and notices that he's managed to free his  
hands. \*

Dale COUGHS TWICE. Saul shoots him a worried look and  
shakes his head. Matheson notices. Saul COUGHS TWICE. \*  
Dale shoots him a confused look. Saul motions at him and  
COUGHS TWICE MORE.

MATHESON \*  
Hey man, whatever you're doing, I get it,  
okay? So just stop it, alright? Just cut  
it-

DALE CHARGES DIRECTLY AT MATHESON!!! \*

**BLAM!** Matheson shoots at Dale's head! Dale falls to the  
ground, specks of blood hitting Saul as he dives  
forwards, TACKLING Matheson into the wall! \*

The Matheson's gun slides across the room, hitting Dale's  
motionless body. Saul scrambles for the gun and grabs it. \*  
Matheson gets to his feet. Saul turns and- \*

BLAM! He shoots Matheson in the gut. \*

MATHESON (CONT'D) \*

AAAHHHHH!!!

SAUL

Holy shit, man! I'm sorry!

Matheson writhes in pain. \*

MATHESON \*

AAAHHHHH!!! ARGH!!! YOU SHOT ME! I'VE  
NEVER BEEN SHOT! HELP! HELP!  
AAAAHHHHH!!!

Saul turns to see Dale lying face down.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Ted and Carol talk as Budlofsky and the thugs silently  
stands by. Ted is holding a large hunting knife. \*

TED

Has anyone seen my bigger knife? \*

(beat) \*

Do you guys hear that? \*

SUDDENLY, there is an EXPLOSION and a hole is blown in  
the barn wall. Budlofsky is blasted back and badly torn  
up. \*

BUDLOFSKY \*

Arg... \*

Asian assassins start pouring into the barn. One of them  
sees the wounded Budlofsky and blasts him away with a  
machine gun. \*

TED \*

BUDLOFSKY!!! \*

ASIAN ASSASSIN 1 \*

(subtitled in Korean)

WAR IS UPON YOU!!! \*

RATA-TAT-TAT!!! Everyone opens fire! \*

INT. UNDERGROUND STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matheson moans and groans behind Saul, who is staring at  
Dale's motionless body. Horrified, he flips Dale over... \*

He's alive! The top of his left ear has been blown off! \*

SAUL  
Dale? You're alive!

DALE  
What happened?

Saul analyzes Dale's wound.

SAUL  
They got your ear.

Behind Saul, Matheson tries to stand up, but immediately falls back down. \*

DALE  
(difficulty hearing)  
My what?

SAUL  
Here. Get up.

Saul helps Dale stand up, freeing his hands. Dale feels his ear.

DALE  
(in pain)  
AAHHHH!!! MY EAR!!!

Dale turns to the injured Matheson. \*

DALE (CONT'D)  
YOU KILLED MY EAR!!!

MATHESON  
(to Saul)  
You shot me.. \*

SAUL  
(to Matheson)  
Well, you kneed my balls! \*

DALE  
You shot him?

Dale notices Saul is holding a gun.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Whoa.

Dale turns to Matheson, who has stopped moving. \*

DALE (CONT'D)

Uh...stay there.

They walk out the door and cautiously enter the forest of weed.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The Asians riddle the barn with bullets as they scream at Ted and his men in Korean. The remaining thugs scamper about, returning fire to the Asians. Ted and Carol hide behind a vehicle. \*

CAROL

On three. \*

Ted nods. \*

CAROL (CONT'D) \*

One, two, three! \*

Carol and Ted pop up and unload their guns, hitting several of their assailants. They watch in horror as several more creep in through the hole the Escalade made. \*

CAROL (CONT'D) \*

You go down. I'll take care of this. \*

Ted nods as Carol steps out from behind her cover and nails several assassins. \*

RAT-A-TAT-TAT!!! Carol is shot several times in the chest! She lurches backwards, but does not fall. Her bullet proof vest has taken the bullets. \*

CAROL (CONT'D) \*

ARGGG!!! \*

Carol continues firing and kills another attacker as Ted runs for the trap door. \*

INT. GIANT UNDERGROUND GROW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Saul slowly make their way through the dense marijuana foliage.

SAUL

Look at all this fucking weed, man. Where the hell are we? Is this some underground weed city we don't know about?

Saul suddenly GRABS Dale and pulls him down.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
What's that noise?

DALE  
(whispering)  
I don't know! That guy just blew half my  
fucking ear off!

SAUL  
(pointing across the room)  
There's some dudes in here. I saw them  
when I got dragged down. And there's some  
kind of super-suit or something. \*

DALE \*

Were they armed? \*

SAUL \*

(whispering) \*

I don't think so. \*

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Dale and Saul both scramble along a row  
of weed planets as bullets ricochet all around them. They  
continue running and then stop. \*

DALE \*

I can't hear them. \*

Saul spots an air vent in the middle of the room. \*

SAUL \*

You could boost me up! We'll sneak out. \*

BLAM! BLAM! They are being shot at again. \*

DALE \*

Shoot back! \*

SAUL \*

Really? \*

DALE \*

YES! \*

Saul hesitantly takes aim and pulls the trigger. BLAM!  
BLAM! BLAM! \*

DALE (CONT'D) \*

Now run! \*

They run and turn several corners when Saul suddenly  
trips over a dead thug. \*

SAUL DALE  
AH!!! WHOA!!! \*

DALE (CONT'D)  
Nice. You got him. \*

Dale picks up the thug's machine gun. Suddenly, a thug  
appears behind Saul. \*

THUG 7  
Lance? Holy fuck! You sons-of- \*

Dale shoots right over Saul's shoulder and nails the thug  
several times. \*

DALE  
Holy shit. I killed him. \*

SAUL  
About time you killed somebody. You're  
the one whose supposed to be saving me,  
and I've killed two bad guys already. \*

Saul looks to the vent in the middle of the room. Dale  
looks at the pipe, sizes up Saul and himself, and takes a  
deep breath. \*

DALE  
You'll never be able to pull me up, but  
I'll boost you up there and you just  
fucking run for it, man. \*

SAUL  
What? No fucking way, Dale. What about  
you? \*

Dale cocks his gun. \*

DALE  
Don't worry about me. \*

SAUL  
Whoa. That was awesome. \*

Saul tucks the gun in his belt and awkwardly climbs atop  
Dale's shoulders and tears the vent off. \*

SAUL (CONT'D)  
You're a good man, Dale Denton. \*

Saul lifts himself in. SUDDENLY, Dale sees Ted enter the room and immediately go for his gun. \*

DALE \*

Hold on!

SAUL \*

Wha-

Dale walks out from under Saul, raises his gun, and unloads - RATA-TAT-TAT!!! Ted ducks as the plants around him are torn asunder. Dale runs out of ammo. \*

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Ted shoots at Saul, who narrowly avoids the gunfire as he pulls himself into the vent. Ted redirects his attention to Dale, who is running through the bushes. Ted blasts off a few shots before Dale vanishes into the foliage. \*

TED \*

Denton!!! \*

INT. VENT - CONTINUOUS

Saul wiggles his way through the vent. He turns a corner and-

SAUL

AHHH!!!

There is a skeleton wedged in the vent. A grate leading out is directly above the corpse. Saul squeamishly crawls over the skeleton.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Ew. Gross, man. A fuckin' dead guy.

He spots dog tags around it's neck as he crawls by. They read: Private Greg B. Miller.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Thirty feet from the barn there is an air vent sticking out of the ground. The top flies off and Saul emerges. He flops onto the ground, then immediately scampers to his and pulls out his gun. Saul looks to the open road to freedom, then back at the barn.

SAUL

Fuck...

INT. GIANT UNDERGROUND GROW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dale frantically runs through the rows of plants, when  
SUDDENLY he sees the strange scuba suit out of the corner  
of his eye and swings his gun at it, nearly opening fire. \*

DALE  
(whispering)  
Oh god. \*

Dale slows down to catch his breath, staring at the  
strange scuba suit. Then, he gets an idea. \*

ANGLE ON: Ted, quietly walking through the room \*

Ted raises his gun as he spins around a corner. \*

TED  
Where are you, you son-of-a-bitch? \*

Ted turns another corner and sees the strange scuba suit.  
He starts to walk past it, when he stops himself. He  
creeps back and looks at it, suspicious. He walks closer,  
breathing as quietly as he can, his gun clenched tightly.  
He slowly reaches his hand out to lift the face-hatch. He  
gently takes hold of the latch and is about to open it,  
when- \*

Dale jumps out from behind him and swings a FIRE  
EXTINGUISHER at Ted's face - SLAM!!! Ted drops his gun as  
he falls to the floor. \*

DALE  
Ha! \*

Ted leaps upwards and uppercuts Dale hard!!! \*

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Saul inches towards the barn, hearing a melee of gunfire  
and screams as he nears it. He cautiously peers in and  
watches as Carol shoots an assassin in the chest then  
spins around and shoots at another assassin who  
desperately runs with a METAL BRIEFCASE handcuffed to his  
wrist. Carol hits him several times; he lurches over and  
falls through the trap door. She smiles and drops her  
empty gun. \*

Saul watches Carol as she heads towards the trap door. He  
takes a deep breath and CHARGES into the barn, unleashing  
a barrage of bullets at her! BLAM BLAM BLAM! CLICK. \*

CLICK. CLICK. None of the bullets hit her. She turns and sees Saul, who drops his empty gun.

SAUL  
Fuck tha po-lice.

They both SCREAM in rage and CHARGE, fists flying as they collide. Carol whips Saul around by his collar and hurls him to the ground. She runs up and kicks him in the gut, time and time again.

CAROL  
I'm a fucking cop, you moron.

SAUL  
AAAAAAARRRRRGGGGGHHH!!!

Saul leaps to his feet and PUNCHES Carol in the face. He PUNCHES her again. She reaches for her mace, so Saul kicks her in the groin and grabs it for himself, then sprays her in the face.

SLAM! He punches her in the face.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Ted and Dale are squared off. Both are bloody lipped and bruised. Dale continuously shucks and jives on the spot as they talk.

DALE  
You can't fucking take me. I'm young.  
Virile. Prime of my life. You're old. Old  
and dying.

TED  
I don't know who you are, Denton, or why  
you're trying to ruin my life, but you're  
fuckin' dead!

Ted rips off his shirt, revealing dozens of fearsome tattoos and scars. Dale quickly picks a grow light up off the ground. Ted does the same. The humming of the grow lights is heard as the two men walk in a circle, squared off.

TED (CONT'D)  
AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

DALE  
AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

They both swing and their grow lights collide, sending shards of glass everywhere.

Both receive several small cuts. The immediately charge  
at each other and are soon grappling on the ground. \*

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS \*

Carol writhes on the ground as Saul runs towards her with  
a plank of wood. SMASH! He shatters it over her head. \*

Carol drops, unconscious. \*

Saul drops to his knees, exhausted. \*

SAUL  
Crazy \*huff\* \*huff\*, psycho bitch... \*

MATHESON (O.S.)  
Hey Saul! \*

Saul turns around to see Matheson clutching his bleeding  
gut with one hand and a loaded gun with the other. \*

MATHESON (CONT'D)  
I owe you one. In the gut. Then the  
balls, and then the- \*

CRASH!!! Red's car SMASHES through the side of the barn  
and SLAMS into Matheson, PULVERIZING him!!! \*

It lurches to a stop directly ON TOP OF THE HATCH leading  
underground. Red steps out of the car. \*

RED  
(to Matheson's corpse)  
You just got killed by a Ford Fiesta  
motherfucker!!! How you like me now!?! \*

SAUL  
R...Red? \*

RED  
Saul! 'sup! Dude, me and that Dale guy  
are rescuing you. And getting revenge on  
those whose shot us in the gut. \*

BLAM! Red gets shot in the gut and drops! \*

SAUL  
RED!!! \*

Saul spins around to see Carol standing behind him, a  
machine gun aimed. \*

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Oh no... \*

CAROL  
Oh yeah!

\*  
\*

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Ted and Dale grapple violently on the ground. His gut jiggles as he lunges forwards, punching Dale in the throat! Dale falls to his knees, gasping for air. Ted kicks him in the head and picks up his GUN.

\*

ANGLE ON: AN ASIAN ASSASSIN

\*

Barely alive, the Asian Assassin with the briefcase drags himself down the corridor and enters the grow room. He opens the briefcase and we see that it is a bomb. The assassin inserts a key.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Ted stands over Dale, aims the gun to his head, and-

**KA-BOOM!!! THE BRIEFCASE EXPLODES!!!** Flames sweep over the room as Dale rolls for cover. Ted gets blasted back.

\*

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Saul tries to be brave as Carol takes final aim.

\*

CAROL  
Now prepare to eat shit and die-

\*  
\*

KABOOM!!! The explosion BURSTS UP from the hatch with incredible force. Saul and Carol get blown back as Red's Ford Fiesta is sent flying up in the air. The flaming car lands DIRECTLY on Carol and explodes. The entire barn is now engulfed in flames.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The air thick with weed smoke, Dale slowly rises to his feet. He sees Ted slumped against the wall, dead, partially aflame. Dale walks over to Ted's body and takes the gun out of his hand.

\*  
\*

DALE  
Sorry, Ted...

\*

He pulls a small BLUE ENVELOPE out of his pocket and drops it on Ted.

DALE (CONT'D)  
...but you've been served.

Dale turns to see the exit blocked by a wall of fire. The air is thick with smoke and he can barely breath. Dale looks around desperately. He spots the FIRE EXTINGUISHER. He looks at the flames. He takes a deep breath, picks up the fire extinguisher, hurls it with all his might at the fire, and then quickly whips out his gun and shoots at it!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! He hits the extinguisher and it explodes, blasting out the fire in the hallway towards the barn. Dale runs like hell.

As he bolts down the hallway, the flames rush back in and chase after him.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The barn starts to buckle, when Dale suddenly leaps out of the trap door, flames licking his heels. Coughing profusely, Dale stands in the barn, then realizes his pants are on fire.

DALE

Holy fuck! Holy fuck! Aaaahhhh!!!

Dale wriggles out of his pants and kicks them away.

DALE (CONT'D)

Ow. Ah. Ow. Okay...\*cough\* \*cough\*

He starts to walk out of the barn when he suddenly trips over someone.

DALE (CONT'D)

Saul!

He grabs one of the unconscious Saul's feet and starts to drag him out of the barn. Just as they exit, the barn COLLAPSES in on itself, crumbling into a massive heap of burning wood. Dale pulls Saul onto the grass. Saul starts coughing.

DALE (CONT'D)

Saul! \*Cough\* \*Cough\* You're okay!

SAUL

(confused)

\*Cough\* \*Cough\* What the fuck happened?

DALE

We...\*Cough\*...we did it. We beat them.  
We won.

SAUL  
 No fucking way. Seriously?  
 (pointing at the fire)  
 How did that happen?

DALE  
 I have absolutely no idea.

SAUL  
 They were fighting Asian dudes, man. \*

DALE  
 Asian dudes? So, okay...maybe this is  
 revenge for that Asian dude I saw Ted  
 kill. \*

SAUL  
 So we're, like, in a drug war. That's  
 cool. \*

DALE  
 What's cool is that you came back for me  
 man. You did, right? You weren't just  
 captured again, were you? \*

SAUL  
 Hell no! I was scott-free. But how the  
 hell was I going to leave you there after  
 you came to save me? Fuck that. \*

They take a few deep breathes and each cough a bunch.  
 Suddenly, they see something moving in the rubble. RED  
 emerges, lightly crisped with his clothes on fire. He  
 roles around in the dirt trying to put himself out. \*

RED  
 Motherfuckers. Motherfuckers. Light me on  
 fire? Kill my Fiesta? Fuckers. \*

DALE  
 Red? You okay? \*

Red pats out the flames and stands up, all charred and  
 covered in dirt. \*

RED  
 Fuck yeah, I'm fine. I'm Red. You're  
 makin' me feel like a broken record. Now  
 can we get the fuck out of this shit  
 hole. \*

They all stand up. Red puts his arms around Dale and Saul  
 for support. They start to hobble towards the forest. \*

SAUL  
What should we do now? Can we go home?

\*  
\*

DALE  
I've gotta get downtown, try and win  
Angie back.

SAUL  
Tell her you cut off your ear for her,  
like that crazy artist.  
(beat)  
But, seriously dude, your joking right?  
She'll never take you back, ever. Just  
grow up and date a woman your own age.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALE  
Do you think we should have looked for  
the ear? They probably could've re-  
attached it, eh? I mean, this ear thing  
kind of fucking sucks.

\*

RED  
Oh my god, they blew your ear off, man!  
Fuck that's gross. Can you dudes switch  
sides? I don't want to look at it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SAUL  
Don't worry, man. Look at Evander  
Holyfield, he looks totally normal. And  
plus, I saw this thing on the Discovery  
Channel, they can actually grow ears,  
like, in a petri dish, or even on the  
side of a mouse. And you only need half  
of one. It'll be a fuckin' cinch.

DALE  
I just realized I've 100% lost my job by  
now. I haven't called in for days.

SAUL  
Who fuckin' cares? I thought you wanted  
to be a talk radio dude anyways? And,  
like, I never said anything, but you do  
have the voice. Like, when I didn't know  
what you did, I kind of thought you might  
have been doing cartoon voices, you know,  
like that Shrek shit, and that's why you  
wore a suit.

RED  
You do have a good talk radio voice. I  
love that shit, too. I...wait, say  
something again?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALE \*  
 What? Why? \*

RED \*  
 You're that dude whose always calling \*  
 KSTAR about havin' two garbage days. I \*  
 totally agree with you, man. I work out \*  
 of my house, and it's, like, one of my \*  
 main concerns, garbage pile up. \*

DALE \*  
 Saul, what're you going to do? \*

SAUL \*  
 Work at a bong shop. \*

RED \*  
 I'm still selling weed. Fuck you guys. \*

They walk together in silence, delighted at their new prospects. After a brief moment, Saul suddenly seems afraid. He starts nervously looking back towards the barn.

SAUL  
 Do you hear something?

Dale motions at his wounded ear.

DALE  
 All I hear is ringing.

SAUL  
 Dude, I'm kind of freakin' out. Like...I don't know...like, there might be someone out there. I mean...how do we know we got them all?

RED \*  
 What the fuck are you guys talkin' about? \*  
 I don't hear shit. \*

Dale starts getting nervous, but tries to hide it.

DALE  
 Well...the barn did collapse in a ball of fire, and we probably each inhaled about ten pounds of weed smoke, so...it's just, you know-

Dale suddenly looks over his shoulder, but sees nothing.

DALE (CONT'D)  
 ...a little paranoia.

Saul grabs Dale.

SAUL  
 (whispering)  
 Stop!

They freeze. \*

RED  
 (whispering) \*  
 Are you guys fuckin' with me? \*

DALE  
 (whispering)  
 What-

SAUL (whispering) RED (whispering) \*  
 Sshh! Sshh! \*

DALE (CONT'D) \*  
 (whispering)  
 What is-

SAUL  
 (whispering)  
 Sshh! Can you hear that?

DALE  
 (whispering)  
 What?

RED \*  
 (whispering) \*  
 Oh fuck. I'm freakin' out. \*

SAUL  
 (whispering)  
 Just listen.

Dale listens intently.

DALE  
 (whispering)  
 I literally only hear ringing.

They stand in silence.

RED \*  
 Fuck this noise! \*

Red pushes himself off Dale and Saul and run into the  
darkness.

\*  
\*

DALE  
I'm following him.

\*  
\*

SAUL  
Wait! Me too!

\*

With the barn's flaming remains the only light in sight,  
Dale and Saul run off into the endless, dark country  
side. And as enchanting music fills the air, we humbly...

\*

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**