

1%

by

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EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- AFTERNOON

The city is across the bay. It's late afternoon. The camera moves down: we were just above the roof of a three story building in an office park.

EXT. OFFICE PARK -- AFTERNOON

We move into an office on the second floor.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE -- DAY

The BOSS is giving bad news to BOB. They're dressed in the regulation computer biz uniform of long sleeved button down shirt, and casual pants.

BOB

Is this going to stop me from going
to the next level?

Outside the office the MAILROOM GUY is pushing his cart. The Boss picks up an envelope and waves it to him even as he talks. The mailroom guy is forty, shaggy haired, wearing blue jeans. There's a relaxed indie feeling to most of the young people working in the office.

BOSS

You have to admit it was your mistake.

BOB

It was my mistake.

BOSS

They want to fire me and it's your
fault.

The Mailroom Guy comes in. Bob and the Boss suspend the conversation. The Mailroom Guy wordlessly takes the envelope and walks out.

BOB

I said it was my mistake. What more
do you want me to say?

The Mailroom Guy pushes his cart along and we cut to him.

INT. OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

The Mailroom Guy moves from Bob and the Boss to the next office, and we hear the SECRETARY on the phone.

SECRETARY

Well, you shouldn't have sent me the
credit card!

And she slams the phone down. The mail room guy picks up a stack of OUT documents and drops a few FedEx packages, and moves on while she ignores him.

He continues on his way to an office with a HIPSTER EXECUTIVE.

INT. HIPSTER EXEC'S OFFICE -- DAY

The HIPSTER EXECUTIVE is on the phone with his child. The Mailroom Guy comes in, and waits for the executive to finish.

HIPSTER EXECUTIVE

Sweetie, they need Daddy to work late tonight and he can't come home to put you to bed. I know I promised, but they need me here tonight.

He makes a face at the Mailroom Guy, saying, "Kids, you know?" The Mailroom Guy drops off and picks up.

HIPSTER EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

(pause: change of tone, his wife must be on the line now)

I can't stand it when she cries like that. I just can't stand it.

The Mailroom Guy leaves. The Executive studies him as he moves through the office.

HIPSTER EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do. I'm trapped here, babe. Just fucking trapped here. What are we doing? How did we get this way? Is this what we wanted? What were we thinking? I'm not going to see that girl grow up. I'm going to be here. Staring at the mail room guy.

The mail room guy continues along. Now that we're leaving the executives he's the focus of our attention.

He pushes the cart into the mail room and comes out a moment later carrying a motorcycle helmet, the smallest legal helmet in California, and wearing a leather vest.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT -- DAY

The leather vest has a few patches on the front. One patch is white, with 1% sewn in orange. The other patch is his name: MISFIT.

He stops where the motorcycles are parked. Most of them are Japanese, and slick. Misfit rides a perfectly maintained 1984 Harley Davidson FXRT.

He gets on the bike, buckles his helmet, and starts the engine.

Harley Davidson has a patent on the sound. There is no other bike like it.

EXT. ROAD -- AFTERNOON

Misfit is riding toward us.

As he does, the camera lifts over him and looks down at him from above and then turns and drops down to see the patch on his back.

The top rocker: DEATH RANGERS.

Small square patch: MC

Central Embroidered Symbol: Death in a way we haven't seen him.

Bottom rocker: OAKLAND.

The access road leads to the freeway.

The sun is setting lower.

EXT. FREEWAY -- EVENING

Rush hour. Traffic is crawling, but it doesn't faze Misfit. He lane splits, doing 75.

EXT. FREEWAY -- NIGHT

Down the road. He gets off at an Oakland exit.

EXT. OAKLAND -- NIGHT

It's still a poor city. There are rough sections.

Misfit rides past liquor stores, a dirty bookstore, and a row of whores.

He stops for one whore, DONNA SEATON, a goth.

MISFIT

Hey.

Donna has a sense of humor. They know each other.

DONNA

(like a suburban sitcom wife)

How was work today?

MISFIT

(not a lot of humor
today)

I'm here, ain't I?

DONNA

I know what you need.

They ride away. We go with them just down the block and then stay with the hidden POV of another man on another motorcycle in the shadow of an alley. This is Z-MAN, and he also wears a Death Ranger patch.

EXT. WATERFRONT -- NIGHT

Some remote place overlooking the bay, with San Francisco shining across the water.

Misfit's bike is parked. Donna is giving him a blowjob as he leans against a wall and watches the water.

MISFIT

The guy who owns the company just spent two hundred and seventy-five million dollars on a sailboat. On a fucking sailboat. The longest sailboat in the world. And I don't have a fucking health plan worth shit. The sailboat costs him two million dollars a month just to run. And he's got a Picasso painting on the sailboat and the painting cost him sixty million dollars and they tell me that's a bargain. And he built the boat so he could sail it underneath the Alameda bridge, which they did, and then he had this big party and invited all the best people, and they got on the boat for a sail up the bay and when they got to the Alameda bridge the top of the fucking mast of the boat hit the fucking bridge because when they measured the height of the fucking bridge they measured at low tide. Low fucking tide and they sailed out at high tide. So they had to wait four hours before they could pass, and now he has to keep the boat up the bay, so he's building a high speed ferry boat to carry up to sixty of his best friends from Alameda under the bridge up to the sailboat, and that toy sets him back another thirty million.

(MORE)

MISFIT (CONT'D)

(he's starting to
feel the release)

If the working man and woman of this
country had the view of things that
I've had where I'm working now, man,
we'd be... we'd... the rich would..
there'd be... a fucking... revo...
rev--uh...rrrr.... revuh... oh...
oh... loooo, looo... shhh. shhhh.
shhhh... unnnnnh. Yeah.

Some satisfaction. Donna gets up.

DONNA

(without a beat)

You always think about what you don't
have, Misfit. That's why you're
always so sad.

MISFIT

Is that it?

DONNA

The rest of whatever it is, that's
none of my business unless you invite
me to make it my business.

(in a self-mocking
way to protect herself
from the rejection
she knows is coming)

Here I am.

He shakes his head. Can't even say it.

They walk back to the bike. She looks at it in the light.

DONNA (CONT'D)

(impressed)

You got a Crane ignition.

MISFIT

(impressed)

Yeah. Cost me a lot, cost me two
hundred million dollars. Now I can't
afford a new jet, which is a shame
because the ashtrays on the jet I
have are full.

DONNA

They let you smoke on a plane?

MISFIT

It's my motherfucking plane, Donna.
Mine, all mine.

They ride away.

EXT. OAKLAND -- NIGHT

He lets her off where he found her. He rides away.

And then Z-Man rides in.

Z-MAN

Is he still such a fucking depressive
about everything?

DONNA

He's okay.

Z-MAN

How much did he give you?

And off her puzzling refusal to give him the answer, which,
so far as we know, is nothing, we cut to:

EXT. OAKLAND HILLS -- NIGHT

Misfit rides through a neighborhood of nice houses, older
bungalows, with a good view.

He stops his bike and then walks up the street a bit.

He looks at one house, from the side. An attractive woman
is in the kitchen, with a man and a child. And they're happy
together.

Misfit turns and walks down the hill and gets on his bike.
He starts it up.

ON THE WOMAN IN THE KITCHEN: she hears the bike. Her husband
doesn't. But she does. She looks out the window, and sees
Misfit's tail light.

The camera rises above the house, rises above the city, rises
above the bay, rises above California... to the proper
emotional musical background, the start of a country and
western song that, when we select it, will be the perfect
choice...

And then the world turns as the camera crosses the Sierras
and the desert until it's over Utah (a matter of about 14
seconds) when the camera flies south over Arizona and then
drops as fast as the speed of sound until it settles on the
I-10 and the freeway sign:

PHOENIX.

And then the camera jumps to:

EXT. TRACT HOUSE -- SUNSET

The sky is purple and gold over worn out street of tract
houses in Phoenix.

A large ROTTWEILER is barking furiously, viciously, rabidly, at MACKENZIE, a four year old girl playing with a doll. The dog strains at the end of a heavy chain, and the distance between the dog and the girl is about two feet. Mackenzie talks to her dollie and doesn't pay the dog any attention. We should believe the dog will kill her if he can only break the chain, which is why he's pulling so hard against it.

We push into the house.

INT. TRACT HOUSE -- SUNSET

CLOSE UP OF AN ARIZONA LOTTERY "TYE DYE DOLLAR," THE CHEAPEST SCRATCHER LOTTERY TICKET AS A GREASE STAINED HAND scratches the silver paint over the number. The ticket has not been separated from the next ticket and the number is scratched, and then the next one. While this is established we are already hearing KIMMY talking.

KIMMY

So she comes out of the prison wearing her collar up in a way that makes me think she has something to hide because I can always tell when someone has something to hide because I'm a psychic.

The camera pulls back. SCRATCH is a Death Ranger, skinny from a childhood of hunger as much as from speed today. KIMMY, we can assume, is MacKenzie's mother. She's a thirty year old speed freak. She's talking, and whoever she's talking to is in the kitchen, we don't yet see. The house has an amiable quality, with lots of Death Ranger swag and memorabilia in the living room; banners, photographs, and testimonial plaques.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

I have the mind of the seventh son of the seventh son. Gypsy. Like a gypsy.

SCRATCH

Like a gypsy she says, like a gypsy.

KIMMY

She traded her rice pudding for a dilaudid and chicken and rice for a generic oxycotin, and that's a good fucking deal right there. Yeah. That's rice times two. Rice pudding and rice in the soup. Your tax dollars at work. Cameron Diaz, not Cameron Diaz...

(MORE)

KIMMY (CONT'D)
(realizes in her speed
brain who she meant
to talk about)
Russell Crowe, he's a gypsy. I
could do a mind meld with Russell
Crowe, that'd fuck with him...

SCRATCH
That'd fuck with him.

KIMMY
He'd be saying, 'hey, where's that
fucking voice in my head coming from?'
And I'd say, 'whoo, whoo, it's me,
Cameron, Russell, it's me, Kimberly
Delantash herself, the Arizona gypsy
woman, and your mind is under my
control now.'

SCRATCH
Winner! I got a winner! Twenty-
five dollars. Yeah, twenty-five
dollars.

He holds it up. A VOICE from the kitchen: COOKER.

COOKER (O.S.)
And how much was your investment?

SCRATCH
One dollar.

COOKER
Not for the ticket, Scratch, for the
whole roll.

SKETCH
Fifty, so I'm half way there.

Kimmy walks into the kitchen, where three Rangers are cooking
up methamphetamine. They are TWEAKER, SKETCH, and COOKER.
They talk to each other about what they're doing, and pretty
much ignore Kimmy. From here, we can see the dog barking
and the girl still sitting close to him. And we can see
Scratch in the background, scratching away.

KIMMY
It'd be interesting to mind control
Russell Crowe and make him jack off
and see what it feels like, if it's
true that men don't feel as good as
women do when women come. Or I could
have him go on a date with Cameron
Diaz and fuck her. Yeah. I'd like
to feel Cameron Diaz through Russell
(MORE)

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Crowe's fingers. Slip my finger inside Russell Crowe's finger and inside the elastic band on Cameron Diaz's thong. Her Hollywood thong.

TWEAKER

What'd Jane do with the dilaudid and the oxycotin?

KIMMY

Generic oxy. Traded it for a tattoo on the back of her neck, some fucked up thing that was supposed to be all the symbols of the world's religions but the girl who did the tattoo work was using like just food coloring or some shit and it got infected and scarred. Now she says she wants to make it one color, like turquoise, but she still wants it to be spiritual, maybe a Navajo kind of spirituality. Navajo.

There's a problem on the stove.

SKETCH

This is getting too hot.

COOKER

I know what I'm fucking doing, just fucking back off. Tweaker, tell Sketch to let a man do his job.

TWEAKER

Sketch, Cooker's done this before. Let's just watch him.

SKETCH

It don't feel right.

KIMMY

(to Sketch)

I am eternally amazed that you know everybody's business better than they do.

SKETCH

Because maybe there's some things I actually know about, Kimmy, maybe because I just sell speed and don't do speed I might have a clear head.

KIMMY

And maybe because you sell speed but you don't make speed, you don't fucking know the whole story.

SKETCH

Why don't you go back to being a negligent mother and leave the men alone, you fucking bitch?

Tweaker puts a hand on Sketch's shoulder; Ranger to Ranger, but also man to man.

TWEAKER

Sketch, brother, I'll say this one time only. My old lady and that tone of voice do not belong in the same zip code.

Tweaker takes out a cigarette pack while Cooker is looking at the meth brew.

KIMMY

Yeah, Sketch, and if I'm such a bad mother, how come the court gave MacKenzie back to me? The court gave her back to me.

TWEAKER

Because the state don't usually award custody to the father when the father is on Arizona's fucking death row!

Tweaker snaps open a lighter. Cooker sees this a half second too late.

COOKER

Tweaker!

And then the fumes from the apparatus on the stove ignite, there's an explosion, and the fireball blows out the kitchen windows and walls.

EXT. TRACT HOUSE -- SUNSET

There's already less light in the sky. The kitchen explodes behind MacKenzie and the barking Rottweiler, tearing out enough wall to expose Scratch in the wrecked living room, on the floor, while the little girl shrieks as Sketch, on fire, is catapulted over her head. He lands on the ground, burning.

Cooker is walking, stumbling about, on fire.

Tweaker and Kimmy are on fire, but they roll around on the ground and get the fire out.

MacKenzie is screaming.

TWEAKER

We gotta get out of here.

Neighbors are coming out of their houses.

Kimmy rushes to MacKenzie.

KIMMY
Mommy'll be back soon, baby.

Scratch runs out of the house, in some shock, just in time to see Tweaker and Kimmy speeding away on their bike...

AND THEY IGNORE THE STOP SIGN AT THE CORNER AND SMASH INTO A CAR AND GO FLYING.

And die.

SCRATCH
Oh shit... no... no...

He's torn, not the brightest light, what to do? Scratch realizes he's forgotten something, and runs back in, disappears, and comes out again with his winning \$25 lottery ticket, and a cordless phone. MacKenzie is shrieking, the dog is barking, neighbors are coming out to the street. The fire consumes more of the living room.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)
(to MacKenzie, while
he's dialing a number)
Just a second, hold on, think nice
thoughts, baby, think about a good
day...
(someone answers)
The shit went down, dude, the shit
went down but it wasn't my fault, I
told them, I told them...

The phone is dead. MacKenzie is screaming.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)
(to the little girl)
Well I sure as fuck ain't gonna leave
you here, MacKenzie.
(to the barking dog)
Bluto, shut the fuck up!

And Bluto shuts the fuck up. Scratch tucks MacKenzie under one arm, she drops her doll and screams for it, he picks it up and gives it to her, then gets on his bike, and rides away in the other direction as neighbors try to grab him, reaching for him like the living dead.

EXT. EXPENSIVE HOUSE BACKYARD -- NIGHT

JACUZZI DAVE ELGIN is looking at the cell phone in his hand. He's standing by the free form swimming pool in the backyard of an expensive home high on the hill in Carefree, a modernist hacienda. Behind him, two Mexican laborers are splicing electric lines into garden lights. Dave dials a number. It's busy. He dials another number. Busy.

He dials another number, VOICE MAIL:

COOKER (O.S.)

Ass, grass, or gas, nobody leaves a
message for free.

(tone)

JACUZZI DAVE

Cooker, Scratch called me and got
cut off. Call me if he calls you
and we should have a fundraiser to
buy him a cell phone.

He hangs up. He dials another number.

INT. DRUGSTORE -- NIGHT

SAILOR is at the counter. His old lady, CANDACE, early
thirties, is behind him on the floor, making a circular tower
of toothpaste boxes, overlapped like logs.

SAILOR

But, but, but... I know I don't have
the money but she's sick, she's having
a bad time of it and sometimes she
takes Zyprexa and sometimes Trilafon.

Sailor's phone rings.

DRUGGIST

I can't. You know I can't. I wish
I could. I didn't make the system.
(about Candace)
You can't let her do that.

Sailor sees what she's doing. But he sees the caller ID on
his phone and he has to answer.

SAILOR

Candace, baby... It's Dave, I gotta
take.

(to the druggist)

She is having an episode, man, I
mean, really, and she hates it when
she has no control.

(answers the phone)

Dave?

EXT. EXPENSIVE HOUSE BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Dave watches the last of the sun as he talks. INTERCUT with
Sailor in the drugstore. While he's talking, the owners of
the house, a well groomed couple for whom this is a second
or third home, come into the garden and wait patiently.

JACUZZI DAVE

Scratch called me but the line went dead and all I could hear was 'the shit went down.'

SAILOR

He didn't call me and I'm in the middle of something with Candace.

JACUZZI DAVE

(off the arrival of
the couple)

And I'm working right now. No answer at Cooker's. I couldn't reach Rabbi or Sketch either. I have to go. Call you in an hour. If you hear anything...

SAILOR

When I have the time.
(hang up and he gently
takes her hand)
Candace? Candace?

CANDACE

I'm not finished.

SAILOR

Candace, we have to go.

The Druggist watches her closely.

CANDACE

I don't like this, Sailor. I don't like having to do this. I don't want to do this anymore. I need medicine. You gotta find me medicine.

She grabs his hand and kisses his gold DR ring. The Druggist sees this.

DRUGGIST

Hey. Come here.

Sailor goes to him. The druggist hands him a bottle of pills.

DRUGGIST (CONT'D)

Listen, we lost some Zyprexa. We can't lose anymore, so you can't come back, but there's two weeks in there.

SAILOR

Two weeks can save her life. Thank you.

INT. EXPENSIVE HOUSE BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Jacuzzi Dave is with the old couple. The backyard is dark. The workers stand back, quietly.

JACUZZI DAVE

One. Two. Three.

One of the workers flips a switch. The yard comes to life and we come around to see a huge artificial waterfall over a tiled grotto that feeds into the pool which is landscaped to look like a lagoon. Off the waterfall:

EXT. CONVENIENCE MARKET -- NIGHT

Scratch puts coins into a pay phone and dials a number. MacKenzie is in his arms, eating a Twinkie and sipping from a jumbo sized cup of Pepsi.

INT. LH AND MONTANA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Two couples are in bed together, entwined. The phone rings.

MONTANA

Let it ring.

The men are LH MANSON and TED, the women are MONTANA and LAUREL.

The sex continues and then a cell phone rings.

LH

Excuse me.

MONTANA

(annoyed)

You don't have to get it.

LH

They never call on both unless it's serious.

MONTANA

Ruin the mood.

LAUREL

It's okay.

TED

Nothing could ruin my moon, nothing at all.

LH gets the phone. So now we sense the configuration: Montana is LH's wife and Laurel is Ted's, but the couples are swapped right.

LH

(as he answers)

This better be important. Scratch...
yeah...

(he listens)

Oh shit. Oh... oh shit. Both of
'em? Cooker and Tweaker? Where are
you now? You tell JD? Where're
Sailor and Rabbi? Fuck. Oh fuck,
no.

Montana is furious and apologetic.

MONTANA

This is so rude.

LH holds up a hand.

LH

Try to get everyone to the clubhouse
ASAP. ... As soon as possible...
yeah, that's what it meas. No, Scratch
RSVP means I'll get back to you.
Scratch... Scratch... NASA means...
fuck it Scratch, hang the fuck up
and make some fucking phone calls!
... Well then fucking steal the
fucking change!

(he hangs up)

Jesus fucking Christ.

TED

Trouble?

LH

You're nice people, but two of my
brothers just died.

LAUREL

I'm so sorry.

MONTANA

They're not real brothers.

LH

Yes, they fucking are. More than
blood. Kimmy's dead, too.

MONTANA

Why am I not surprised?

LH

Why are you not sorry for that poor
girl, even a little?

Ted and Laurel signal to each other that it's time to go.
As they withdraw from the bed...

MONTANA

Because I've been sorry for her for almost ten years.

LH

Well, then I guess it doesn't matter to you that Scratch has MacKenzie.

INT. LH AND MONTANA'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

LH is getting on his motorcycle. Montana is getting into her pickup truck.

MONTANA

I want a normal life, LH.

LH

I'm not quitting the Death Rangers.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

A motorcycle. The Death Ranger Patch. RABBI. He's on his cell phone as he rides.

RABBI

I'm on the way.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Jacuzzi Dave on his bike. Riding hard.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Sailor has Candace in his side car as he rides.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Scratch rides without MacKenzie. Where is she?

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Montana has MacKenzie beside her in the truck. MacKenzie is sleeping. We see that we're outside of the city, with few houses and no street lights.

A good dirt road, a few potholes, and we come to Jacuzzi Dave's house.

Montana gets out and picks up MacKenzie and takes her to the house as the front door opens and in the light above the door we see RHONDA, Jacuzzi Dave's wife, the noblest of the Old Ladies. Standing behind her is a little boy, her son ERIC.

And there is tension between Montana and Rhonda, suspicion and doubt, in both directions.

RHONDA

Come on, MacKenzie. Let's get you a bath and into bed, sweetheart.

MONTANA

I'm not even sure if it's legal for us to be taking her like this. We should take her to Child Protective Services.

RHONDA

(what cannot even be considered)

That's calling the police, Montana.

MONTANA

CPS is not the enemy. You could get arrested for kidnapping, Rhonda, so could I.

RHONDA

(deeply suspicious)

Who's going to tell?

MONTANA

Kimmy had a parole officer, didn't she? And a social worker.

RHONDA

Right now that's not anything I have to worry about, and you have even less to worry about because I have her now, so you can go home to your lifestyle.

MONTANA

That's what I'm going to do.

RHONDA

(to MacKenzie)

Come on, baby, let's get you inside where it's warm.

She turns and leaves Montana there, without saying anything more. Montana, pissed, goes back to her truck.

EXT. DEATH RANGERS MC CAREFREE CHAPTER CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

The club house is a cinder block building with no windows, painted white, on a street of small houses.

All the bikes are parked in front. Candace sits placidly in her sidecar, listening to country music.

INT. DEATH RANGERS MC CAREFREE CHAPTER CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

Jacuzzi Dave, LH Manson, Scratch, Rabbi, Sailor and others, about twelve altogether. The club is a bland room, with a dancing pole, a big screen TV, a wall with plaques and honors, and a wall of pictures of dead or jailed Rangers. They're drinking beer, or harder stuff, and they're morose. There are four security monitors above the long bar.

JACUZZI DAVE

The club president and vice-president
are cooking drugs and most of us
don't know about it?

SCRATCH

I knew.

LH

You were there.

SCRATCH

Y'ask a question...

SAILOR

I think I'd heard about it.

LH

You should have said something.

RABBI

Old habits die hard.

LH

Thank you, Rabbi, thank you for the
wisdom of the obvious.

RABBI

Doesn't mean I'm wrong. Just because
your wisdom comes from reading a T-
shirt doesn't make it any less
profound.

And on that line, Scratch points to the security monitors.

SCRATCH

Company.

The house is surrounded by the police. And the door implodes
as the cops open it with a ram. The police swarm them.

POLICE

Police! On the floor, now, down,
down, now, now, you, you...

And the Rangers are forced to the floor by the police, a
routine they seem to know well, because they drop to the
floor with resignation, not outrage.

The cops start to tear the room apart as someone new enters.

SHERIFF JOHN GLEASON. He's lean, handsome, polished.

SHERIFF JOHN

Three can keep a secret if two are dead? Isn't that what you say? Well, two are dead already, actually, three are dead already and one is in a burn ward, it's either Randolph Henry AKA Sketch, or Dale Martin, AKA Cooker, but he's so fucked up that we can't get fingerprints. We'll wait on the DNA, I guess. There was a little girl kidnapped from the scene of the crime tonight. We only know that her kidnapper wore a Death Rangers patch. I count in this room all the Death Rangers not yet dead today. Where's the girl and who took her? That's why we're tearing the clubhouse apart. Do you understand? You might have that little girl hidden in the walls, for whatever kind of satanic sacrifice you're going to make of her. And I want to rescue that child before you kill her. Where is she? Jacuzzi. Dave, do you know? LH Manson, do you know? Rabbi, do you know?

RABBI

(quietly, to Jacuzzi
Dave)

A perfect example of a rhetorical question.

Dave smiles as the Sheriff boots Rabbi.

SHERIFF JOHN

I heard that. Scratch, do you know? Sailor? Do you know?

They give nothing away.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

All right boys, let's go to jail.

SAILOR

My wife's on meds.

SHERIFF JOHN

Whose isn't? Let's go.

AND WE GO BACK TO:

EXT. DEATH RANGERS MC OAKLAND CHAPTER CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

Another clubhouse, with the Rangers in charge. Rangers are pulling up to the front of the windowless brick fortress. Thirty Harleys are lined up perfectly in front, watched over by a couple of Hangarounds. The camera takes a moment to track over the machines, this is our first introduction to the central fact of everyone in the story. The bikes are all Harleys, but each one, like its rider, is different.

We recognize Z-man's bike. We end with Misfit's bike pulling into the pack. He turns it off but leaves the key in the ignition. He nods to the hangarounds.

HAPPY DAN opens the door. He's old, he's heavy, he's bearded. He greets Misfit with a big, loving, hug.

HAPPY DAN

Hello, brother.

INT. DEATH RANGERS MC OAKLAND CHAPTER CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

Misfit goes into the clubhouse. It's a simple room, with a long bar at one end, a dancing cage for strippers, forty ax handles on a rack just inside the front door, a WALL OF MEMORY with pictures of Rangers who have gone to ride the endless winding road, four folding tables pushed end to end, surrounded by a variety of chairs, banners and hangings from various Death Rangers chapters around the world, ("Switzerland Congratulates Oakland for 50 Years of Rangerhood"), a pool table, Z-man laughing with others, a large screen internal projection TV tuned to the History Channel, sound off, and above the TV a row of small monitors, each connected to a different camera mounted around the outside of the building.

PAUL, the Prospect behind the counter, hands Misfit a beer. Misfit takes the beer, sips, then turns back to Paul. Misfit looks angry about something.

MISFIT

You got something to say to me?

Paul looks confused.

MISFIT (CONT'D)

Hey, Paul, Prospect. I asked you a question...

He puts his face an inch from Paul's.

MISFIT (CONT'D)

I asked you, 'do you got something to say to me?'

PAUL

Ummm

Then Misfit relaxes: this was just a test.

MISFIT

All you have to say is 'no.'

(a menacing beat)

Do you got something to say to me?

PAUL

No.

And those around him laugh.

MISFIT

(amiable)

I'm here if you need me.

The sound of a GAVEL on wood cuts through the room, and immediately all the men are quiet. We see PREZ, the club president, smack his gavel down a second time.

PREZ

Meeting called to order. Prospects
leave the room.

As the members take their seats around the table, the Prospects leave the room and go outside. We see them on the security monitors.

Prez sits beside OKIE, the Club Secretary, WILDMAN SAM, the Sergeant at Arms, and BUDDY, the Treasurer.

It may be a long table, but for us, it's also the Round Table, and these men take their places like Knights of the Realm. This is a solemn and serious ritual for them.

PREZ (CONT'D)

Meeting called to order.

(to the Sergeant)

Brother Sam, attendance.

Sam looks over a membership list and scans the room.

BROTHER SAM

Pete, Doctor John, Norcal Billy.

PREZ

That's Billy's third meeting he's missed.

MEMBER

His father's sick.

PREZ

He shoulda called. But noted. Buddy, treasurer's report?

BUDDY

Hi. Uh... after paying city taxes last month we have \$6,350 in the bank.

WILDMAN SAM

Is that good or bad?

BUDDY

Yes.

PREZ

Buddy, I request permission to ask you to table the treasurer's report either until the end of this meeting or the start of next, because of pressing world wide club business.

(to Wildman Sam)

I can do that, right?

WILDMAN SAM

Yessir, but no matter what, come the next meeting, Buddy's report must be that first order of business.

BUDDY

(asking Okie)

So noted?

Okie writes that down.

OKIE

Duly noted.

PREZ

By now you all know what's happened in Arizona.

He holds up a headline from the Arizona Republican, the front page. : DEATH RANGERS DIE IN METH LAB INFERNO, CLUB ARRESTED, TODDLER MISSING. There are pictures of the dead Rangers, and then the arrested Rangers. The leading four are shown with their club names: JACUZZI DAVE, SAILOR, LH MANSON and RABBI.

PREZ (CONT'D)

This was a major fuck up.

Z-man raises his hand.

Z-MAN

Point of order.

WILDMAN SAM

You can't raise a point of order while Prez is speaking.

OKIE

Yes he can.

Z-MAN

I can. I know I can.

(to Okie and Wildman
Sam)

I think I can.

Wildman Sam grabs a dog-eared Roberts Rules Of Order from a nearby shelf.

WILDMAN SAM

One second.

He checks something.

WILDMAN SAM (CONT'D)

He has the right.

PREZ

Z?

Z-MAN

The point of order is that a member can ask for the suspension of the issue on the floor in a meeting if he has a beef with another member over breaking one of the big three.

PREZ

Someone get Paul.

A member runs to the door. We can see the door open on the security monitor. Paul is called in.

Paul comes in, a bit nervous.

PREZ (CONT'D)

Prospect!

PAUL

Yessir.

PREZ

What are the big three?

PAUL

No messing around with another Ranger's Old Lady, no pulling a gun on another Death Ranger, and no calling law enforcement under any circumstances.

PREZ

Well said. Thank you. Outside.

Paul, relieved, goes back outside. The door closes.

PREZ (CONT'D)

What's your accusation?

Z-MAN

Every word has a meaning and sometimes it means something else at the same time and sometimes only one thing. People call each other certain things. Like, people sometimes call me a pimp. And I'm not ashamed of the word, some guys who have the ladies working for them want to call themselves managers. I'm not a manager. I'm a pimp. I'm also a body guard and dog trainer and a damn good diesel mechanic.

No arguments there.

Z-MAN (CONT'D)

So let's be clear: is a whore a woman who takes money for sex?

It is agreed that a whore is a woman who takes money for sex.

Z-MAN (CONT'D)

And y'all know Donna Seaton, who works for me. Is Donna Seaton a whore?

It is agreed in the room that Donna Seaton is a whore.

WILDMAN SAM

Whore.

OTHER MEMBER

Yep, whore.

MEMBER 3

Whore.

MEMBER 4

Whore, but a nice whore, a real friendly person.

Z-man assumes, in his own mind at least, the dignity of Gregory Peck in To Kill a Mockingbird and goes in for the righteous kill.

Z-MAN

Did you, Brother Misfit, pay Donna Seaton, who by general consensus is a whore, for the sex you had with her?

Misfit feels like a butterfly in a killing jar.

MISFIT

No.

Z-MAN

Then if you didn't pay her, and she wasn't expecting money, Donna Seaton was off the clock. She gave it to you for free, same as she gives me, same as my wife gives me, same as my girl friend gives me, same as my girl friend gives me and my wife. A person is not defined by their job alone. Donna Seaton was not a whore with you, Misfit. She was a nice person, the same nice person who makes love with me sometimes. Everyone knows that I take care of her, and protect her, and I claim the right and I have always claimed the right to call her one of my old ladies. I love you like a brother, brother, but we only have three rules. You had sex with a brother's old lady. You're out of the club, brother, and I hate to see you go.

PREZ

You have the floor, Z, but let me say that, not naming names, and not me frankly, but a lot of us have had a taste of Donna Seaton.

Z-MAN

Right, and you all paid me for it. And not on credit.

PREZ

Misfit, is it true you didn't pay for a blowjob from Donna Seaton?

MISFIT

Uh... well...

PREZ

(stops Misfit)

By the way, Z, how much is that blowjob?

Z-MAN

Ranger discount, twenty dollars.

WILDMAN SAM

Excuse me. May I have the floor?

PREZ

Misfit is about to answer.

WILDMAN SAM

This is not an official hearing,
we're just in discussion, so I want
to offer the stipulation that I can't
see kicking brother Misfit out of
the Death Rangers for not paying
twenty bucks for a blowjob from a
whore. That's the kind of chickenshit
technicality that put some of our
brothers...

And he points to the Wall of Memory...

WILDMAN SAM (CONT'D)

Behind four high walls and sleeping
on a concrete palette, up to and
including death row.

Z-MAN

I don't like it neither, but no names
and no judgment, I know for certain
that at least three of us are the
unembarrassed sons of whores, so...
I take exception to calling this
infraction of a big three rule a
technicality. Slippery slopes,
brothers. Slippery slopes.

MISFIT

Shut the fuck up with that fucking
slippery slopes bullshit,
motherfucker.

WILDMAN SAM

I'm trying to be on your side, Misfit,
but you're out of order.

(to Prez)

He's out of order.

Z-MAN

(wise enough to let
this pass)

Let it pass, brothers.

MISFIT

I'll pay the fucking money now.

(He whips out his
wallet and counts
out twenty: a ten,
five, five singles.)

Twenty, here you go. Five, ten,
sixteen, seventeen, eighteen,
nineteen, fucking twenty!

Z-MAN

Well... I guess.

PREZ

Leave it there, Z-man. Misfit, I wish it were that easy. I wish I could summon the powers of magic and make that so. But the offense of messing around with a brother's old lady can't be taken care of with a fine. And I also don't want to be the man who holds you down, according to the tradition, while your Death Rangers tat is scraped off with steel wool and lye.

(to the table)

I got to say this thing. Brother Misfit has been in the club for twenty-two years. He's never been anything but a loyal brother, a good brother. We can vote him out ourselves, but I also have the right, as President of the chapter, to put a vote to all the chapters. We need a ruling from our brother officers around the world.

He hits the gavel.

Which leads to a short montage that begins with another gavel.

INT. DEATH RANGERS NEW YORK CHAPTER CLUBHOUSE -- DAY

We're behind the NY PREZ, so we can see the NEW YORK on his bottom rocker. These are tough looking guys.

NY PREZ

Personally I think we should have a rule that says a whore can't be nobody's old lady if he already has two old ladies ahead of her, but that don't mean he shouldn't have paid the bitch the twenty bucks.

NY MEMBER

Rules, rules, rules. We're becoming the fucking Girl Scouts. Keep him in the club.

INT. MOSCOW CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

Moscow on the bottom rockers. In Russian, subtitled. These rough men are the enforcers for people best not mentioned even in a script, for all of our safety.

RUSSIAN RANGER #1

(in Russian)

What kind of man keeps a prostitute on the street if she fucks for free? Brother Misfit was taking advantage of a situation, and Brother Z-man wasn't taking care of business. He calls his prostitute his old lady? If he doesn't beat her every day, what kind of pimp is he?

INT. MILAN CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

The Milan club. A passionate argument in Italian, with subtitles.

ITALIAN RANGER #1

(in Italian)

We have three rules. He broke one. He's out.

ITALIAN RANGER #2

(in Italian)

But he didn't think of her as Z-man's old lady! He approached her as a man approaches a woman, a woman he loves from a distance but cannot have because she belongs to everyone and no one, and such a woman cannot be claimed by any one man, cannot be claimed by the lover, or by the pimp, or even by the men who pay her twenty dollars.

From this, an abrupt jump to:

EXT. SAN QUENTIN -- DAY

Guard towers. High prison walls. Come down to:

Three old tough men are sitting on a bench in the yard. CHIEF founded the club and he's here for the rest of his natural life. TRAMP was an early member and has been in jail for thirty years. MARVIN is also old.

A fourth man stands about ten feet away, back to them, watching the other prisoners, guarding these three men, more out of honor than necessity.

CHIEF

When Misfit was a hangaround, I sponsored him as a prospect.

TRAMP

But he broke the big rule. The majority agrees, Chief.

MARVIN

Z-man should have taken the brother aside, man to man, and tapped him once or twice with a ball peen hammer and then bought him a drink. He shouldn't have taken this to the public square.

CHIEF

Z-man didn't keep it private, and he wasn't under obligation to keep it private, though he should have, Marvin, you're right, he should have done this man to man.

TRAMP

You can't weaken this rule with exceptions.

CHIEF

What if we work out a compromise that puts Misfit out of California? Carefree is a fucked up mess. Them guys have been on their own and they've gone too far.

TRAMP

Send him there to straighten them out? Is that a punishment or a promotion?

MARVIN

You ever been in Phoenix in August?

CHIEF

And he loses his Oakland patch. I know how much that patch means to him. It's gonna hurt deep. Real deep.

INT. DEATH RANGERS MC OAKLAND CHAPTER CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

The OAKLAND rocker is taken off the vest. In a quick cut, a NOMAD rocker is sewn in its place.

It's time for Misfit to say goodbye.

MISFIT

I bear no one ill will. The club is my life. You are my brothers. 24/7. I swore to that when I joined and I swear to that now. Z...

Z-MAN

Misfit.

MISFIT

You were right, brother. Slippery slopes. Gotta stay away or ride a bike with a heavy tread and a lot of momentum.

PREZ

Amen to that, Misfit.

MISFIT

Is there anyone in this room to who I owe money, or an apology, for anything?

No. One by one, the men give him great big unembarrassed bear hugs.

MISFIT (CONT'D)

I love you, brothers. I love you all.

And he walks out, alone. A prospect opens the door for him.

INT. OFFICE PARK -- MORNING

Misfit looks at the boss.

BOSS

Well, I guess I envy a man who can just pick up so quickly. But I'll miss you. I really will.

EXT. OAKLAND -- DAY

Donna Seaton stands at the corner. Misfit rides up to her.

DONNA

It's all my fault.

MISFIT

Generosity is never a mistake, Donna. I should have remembered that you were still on the clock, and respected that.

DONNA

Well...

He offers his hand. She likes that. They shake hands.

And he rides away.

EXT. OAKLAND HILLS -- DAY

He rides up the hill toward the old girlfriend's house. He sees it, that's enough. He turns around.

EXT. SAN QUENTIN -- DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. SAN QUENTIN -- DAY

Misfit is facing Chief through a plexiglass window.

CHIEF

This is an opportunity for you,
Misfit.

MISFIT

My home is Oakland.

CHIEF

Them guys in Arizona are a threat to
all of us. They don't behave like
family. I taught you what family
is.

MISFIT

Yes you did.

CHIEF

You teach them.

MISFIT

I understand.

CHIEF

Misfit, you're a proud member of the
greatest motorcycle club in the
history of the universe. Can you
show them what that means?

MISFIT

I think so.

CHIEF

When you came up for membership, I
knowed then that you was basically
an uncheerful sort of a guy, and I
voted you in anyway. You got
qualities even if you don't know
them.

MISFIT

What qualities would those be? I
got nothin' to show for myself. I'm
forty-two years old. I got twelve
hundred dollars in cash. I got
nothing in the bank.

CHIEF

You got your bike.

MISFIT

I'm not going to sell my bike.

CHIEF

Then get your ass to Arizona.

Misfit, on this, manages a smile.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

What's that on your face? That thing
you're doin' with your mouth?

Misfit is really smiling now.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

I got to tell the guys you must be
sick, because you're out there free
and we're in here for life and I'm
the one doing the cheering up.

MISFIT

RFFR, brother. RFFR. Rangers
Forever.

CHIEF

Forever Rangers.

Misfit gets up to leave. Chief has one last thought.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Misfit! Two more things!

MISFIT

Whatever you got.

CHIEF

Just remember this: the better the
old lady, the better the Ranger.
And if you're not six minutes early,
you're late.

EXT. BAY AREA -- DAY

Misfit leaves the city.

EXT. SUBURBIA -- DAY

The freeway through the suburbs.

EXT. CENTRAL VALLEY -- DAY

Farm country. He's starting to ride free.

EXT. SIERRAS -- DAY

He rides through the rain.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

He's riding through the desert. Traffic is light.

There's a motorcycle moving quickly from behind him.

It's a Suzuki Hayabusa, and it's fast. It's faster than the Harley.

The rider is wearing an orange and yellow suit, with a full helmet covered in flame decals. He looks like a spaceman. The bike screams past Misfit.

He gives chase. The bike disappears.

Misfit keeps riding.

EXT. SMALL TOWN -- DAY

Misfit rides through a small town. The Japanese bike is parked outside a cafe.

Misfit sees it, and then rides out of town.

EXT. DOWN THE ROAD FROM THE TOWN -- DAY

Misfit waits, drinking a soda. He hears the whine of the Japanese bike. He starts his motorcycle and pulls into road.

He rides back and forth across the road, and the Japanese bike has to slow down. Misfit gets close to the rider to grab his handlebar.

The rider sees the Death Ranger patch and knows he's in trouble.

Misfit pulls him over. When he pulls off his helmet, we find a nervous guy in his twenties. We'll give him the name Misfit gives him.

MISFIT

A Suzuki Hayabusa. New?

SPACEMAN

Two months ago.

MISFIT

Fastest production bike in the world. The Hayabusa. Japanese for Peregrine Falcon. You know why Suzuki called it that?

SPACEMAN

Because the fastest bike before this was the Honda CBR1100XX Super Blackbird, and the peregrine falcon attacks blackbirds.

MISFIT

And out of the box, the Hayabusa goes 190.6 miles an hour. 1340 cc, 4-stroke, four cylinder, liquid cooled, DOHC, 16-valve; 156.1 horsepower, 143 miles per hour in ten seconds from a dead stop. Wow. My bike is a Harley Davidson FXRT, it was built in 1984, before you were born. Top speed, going downhill with a good wind behind me, is 160. But I like to keep it simple. I usually cruise at 85, 90.

(slight change)

Hey spaceman. Do you know why we ride Harleys?

SPACEMAN

'Cause they're made in America?

MISFIT

'Cause we like 'em, that's why we ride them.

(intimidating pause)

I have a warm spot in my heart for anyone who rides a motorcycle.

(face to face, close)

Do you mind if I call you Spaceman?

SPACEMAN

I'll take it.

MISFIT

You broke the law, Spaceman! You passed me without asking permission. And it is against the law of the road to pass a Death Ranger without permission!

SPACEMAN

Please, please. I'll never do it again.

MISFIT

Because all you have to do, Spaceman, all any Death Ranger expects of you is that you slow down when you meet a Ranger going your way, and if he's behind you, you let him pass, and if he's ahead of you, like I was, you come up beside him, give him a wave, let him see your respect, and then, unless he has a bad feeling about you, he'll give you a little wave and on you go, pretty as pie.

SPACEMAN

Got it. Thank you. I'll remember that.

And Misfit starts his bike.

MISFIT

Did you know that Harley Davidson has a patent on the sound of this motorcycle?

SPACEMAN

No.

MISFIT

Yeah. Some Jap bike company tried to make a motorcycle that looked like a Harley and sounded like a Harley. I'm not one for the courts, you know, but property ain't always theft, if you know what I mean, and the sound of the Harley belongs to Harley. I think, to tell the truth, that's why we ride 'em. Because it's the sound, Spaceman, it's the sound of the Harley. Only other sound I like is a Triumph Bonneville 650, vintage 1967. Your bike, and I can't put this any other way, sounds like a district attorney. You got a great machine there, that's a fact, but I can't get over that it sounds like a DA fucking my best friend's sister against her will. The sister that raised him when his mother ran off with the district attorney that put his father in prison. That's kind of the sound your bike is making when I hear it behind me on the road. So... Sayonara, motherfucker.

And with that, he brings his pure sound of the Harley to complete the thought, and popping a wheelie, flies down the road on one wheel.

Spaceman gets on his own bike, starts it up and watches Misfit riding away. He puts on his helmet.

He goes about fifty feet in Misfit's direction and skids to a stop. Then Spaceman makes a slow U-turn. Then he hits it and goes for top speed, in the opposite direction.

EXT. ARIZONA BORDER -- SUNSET

A roadrunner scampers over the desert. Pull up to find a sign: YOU ARE NOW ENTERING ARIZONA.

We hear the Harley and a second later, Misfit's helmet flies into frame, with the sunset distorted in the shiny steel when it lands on the ground.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY -- SUNSET

Misfit, his helmet off, is riding free.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Ahead of Misfit, there's a broad glow in the Eastern sky; the lights of Phoenix.

EXT. I-10 FREEWAY -- NIGHT

Misfit, in traffic, comes over a rise, and Phoenix is spread out below him.

EXT. CAREFREE EXIT -- NIGHT

Misfit leaves the freeway at the Carefree ramp.

EXT. CAREFREE EXIT -- NIGHT

Misfit rides in traffic. He's driving beside a family van, the driver is a Dad.

Stop light.

Misfit stops beside the van.

The Dad pushes down the van's doorlock.

Misfit gives him a nod, and at the green light, leaves the line at the same speed, riding beside him, keeping up with him and slowing down, so that he can look over at the guy, just to fuck with him.

Then Misfit makes a left turn. He has business to take care of.

EXT. DEATH RANGERS MC CAREFREE CHAPTER CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

Misfit rides to the club house, which is surrounded by yellow crime scene tape and a NO TRESPASSING sign.

He stops, lets his engine idle; he's not staying. There's a voice behind him, an older woman.

NEIGHBOR

I miss them. It's safe with them here.

Misfit turns.

MISFIT

We'll be back.

NEIGHBOR

The cops tell us different. But the cops don't come around here except to bother the Rangers. What does Nomad mean?

MISFIT

I have no home club.

NEIGHBOR

Too late to make a home with this crew.

MISFIT

Maybe not.

NEIGHBOR

They brought it on themselves.

MISFIT

(he's interested)

How?

NEIGHBOR

How does anyone bring trouble on his own head when he has free will?

MISFIT

You tell me, old timer.

NEIGHBOR

(the wise teacher)

Ah hah hah. That's the answer you only learn the hard way.

MISFIT

So they'll learn.

NEIGHBOR

Oh. There's levels to the consequences of our mistakes and sometimes we're lucky just to get from the end of the world to merely fucked up beyond hope.

MISFIT

What's the difference?

NEIGHBOR

The hurricane is blowing 200 miles an hour. It drops to 199.

MISFIT

How do you get to a better level?

NEIGHBOR

Good question. Very good question. Judging by the material position both of us have in the world as it has been given to us, speaking as one who recognizes in you a similar loss of control over destiny, I'd say neither can supply the answer yet, and maybe, well, maybe even the question is wrong. Good night.

And she walks away.

INT. GAS STATION CONVENIENCE MART -- NIGHT

3 AM in the convenience market. The Ping of a microwave timer.

Misfit takes a burrito out of the microwave. He adds some hot sauce and carries it outside.

EXT. GAS STATION CONVENIENCE MART -- NIGHT

He sits on the bike and eats his burrito.

RUMBLE OF HARLEYS.

Twenty black men on customized Harleys. They're wearing club patches that say: GRYPHONS. They're here for gas. The bikes are tricked out differently than the bikes of the white outlaw clubs, more saddle bags, lights, ribbon streaming from the handle bars. And the riders sit more upright.

The leader is CARTER. He sees Misfit, and more importantly, he sees the front of the patch. He gets off his bike while others are filling their tanks. Misfit doesn't stop eating his burrito.

CARTER

Ranger.

Misfit lowers the burrito.

MISFIT

That's my club, not my name.

He eats again.

CARTER

You're not from Arizona.

MISFIT

I might be, soon.

CARTER

Do you know John Jamison in Oakland?

MISFIT
Not very well.

CARTER
Does he know you?

MISFIT
Even less than I know him.

CARTER
Your brothers down here fucked up.

Misfit puts down the burrito and walks toward Carter. This focuses everyone's attention.

MISFIT
That's not a judgment anyone outside of the Death Rangers is allowed to make.

CARTER
You can't rat pack twenty black men by yourself, Ranger.

MISFIT
Maybe not, but I can sure fuckin' try.

That breaks the fever.

CARTER
Misfit. I'm Carter.

Carter starts his bike. They all start their bikes, and they ride away. Loudly. Misfit returns to his burrito.

EXT. SAILOR'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Misfit rides up to another modest house. He knocks on the door.

Sailor answers.

SAILOR
Brother Misfit, come on in. It's been a long time.

MISFIT
Sturgis last summer, just a year.

SAILOR
That was a long year for me and Candace.

Candace is there, too, looking happy and relaxed.

CANDACE

Welcome to Carefree, Misfit.

MISFIT

Thank you. And thank you for having me.

CANDACE

Can I get you something to eat?

MISFIT

I just ate, thanks.

SAILOR

Don't make that mistake again, bro', not when Candace is in the kitchen.

MISFIT

I'll remember, thanks.

Sailor indicates to Candace that he needs a word with Misfit.

CANDACE

Beer?

MISFIT

Just water, thanks.

She leaves. Sailor watches her with love.

MISFIT (CONT'D)

She's doing better.

SAILOR

(then, quietly)

I have to cut her pills in half, and I don't know how long she'll be okay, but she's good now.

MISFIT

Good, because I need someone I know who isn't distracted.

SAILOR

Distracted? We're all distracted, brother. It was make bail or pay for my wife's medicine, and I figured I was no use for her inside. We're up against a Sheriff who wants to be governor of Arizona. And he says that if he can shut down the Death Rangers, he can do anything. He worked his way from dog catcher, literally dog catcher, to Sheriff. And he made his bones as dog catcher by going after the pit bulls.

Candace comes into the room with water.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

One postman gets mauled and every
pit bull in the county has to pay.

CANDACE

(correcting)

Two postmen.

SAILOR

One, two, who needs mail anyway now
you got the internet?

MISFIT

What about the clubhouse?

SAILOR

There's a club lawyer from Vegas.
Karl Malloy. He's dealing with it.
He's in and out of town. How long
are you here for?

MISFIT

Depends.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR -- DAY

LH Manson is working on the tattoo on the back of an Iraq War veteran, one arm missing. The tattoo copies a photograph of three men, arm in arm, in uniform. RIP is in a banner over their heads. The War Veteran is accompanied by another man, could be his brother, who never says a word during the scene.

WAR VETERAN

... and you never saw one of their
sons in uniform much less combat.
That was the last time I ever voted
Republican.

L.H. MANSON

I wish I could vote, but I'm a felon,
you know, so... lost the privilege.

WAR VETERAN

You did your time, right?

L.H. MANSON

I did.

WAR VETERAN

I guess that's not right.

The bells on the door ring.

L.H. MANSON
(without looking up)
Samples are on the wall but if you
don't see it, I can still do it.

MISFIT (O.S.)
You L.H.?

L.H. looks up and sees Misfit, sees the patch.

L.H. MANSON
Whoa, brother. Hi. Yessir, I am
L.H.

Misfit sees the tattoo and understands its meaning.

MISFIT
(to the Veteran)
Sorry for interrupting.

WAR VETERAN
That's okay. You a Death Ranger?

MISFIT
Yeah.

WAR VETERAN
I used to ride a bike.

MISFIT
Oh yeah, what kind?

WAR VETERAN
An old rigid frame panhead.

MISFIT
Brother, that just adds another credit
to the many ways you're a better man
than I am.

WAR VETERAN
Take a seat.

MISFIT
Excuse me while I make a couple of
calls.

Misfit walks outside.

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR -- DAY

Misfit dials a number.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

We find Scratch at his job. He's a roofer, working on one
roof in a housing development. His phone rings.

He has to take off his gloves to answer it.

SCRATCH
Honolulu Hilton.
(listens)
I'll be there.

INT. HOSPITAL BURN UNIT -- DAY

Rabbi is visiting a heavily bandaged Cooker.

RABBI
So there's this new guy in town,
Oakland sent him. And he's called a
meeting and all of us have to be
there. Chief sent him. You think
you can make that meeting?

Cooker gives a bandaged thumbs up.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TATTOO PARLOR -- EVENING

The tattoo is done. The Veteran looks at it in mirrors held
by Misfit and L.H. His friend looks at it with him and nods
his approval.

WAR VETERAN
Now, when it's my time, and I get
buried in American soil, they get
their burial in American soil too.

Done. He puts on his shirt and reaches for his wallet.

L.H. MANSON
What's that?

WAR VETERAN
What?

L.H. MANSON
That thing in your hand. The fucking
thing scares me worse than a gun.
Put it away, just put the thing away.
Just do me that service and put that
thing back in your pocket.

The War Veteran understands. And he accepts.

WAR VETERAN
Thank you. Thank you very much.

He leaves with the other man. When the door closes.

MISFIT

You do good work.

L.H. MANSON

It pisses me off that Oakland sends
someone to Carefree instead of kicking
him out of the club.

MISFIT

Ride up to Q, go see Chief, and tell
him that yourself.

L.H. MANSON

Coming around here and acting like
you fucking own Phoenix isn't gonna
endear you to us.

Misfit grabs L.H. by the throat, pushes him into the wall,
and even though Manson is somewhat larger, Misfit has the
advantage right now.

MISFIT

How much for a tattoo, no discount,
right across my fucking forehead,
that says, "DOES NOT WANT TO ENDEAR"?
How much? Right now!

EXT. END OF RUNWAY AT PHOENIX AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Misfit is alone, standing by his bike, as the jets pass
overhead.

One rider, then another, then three more, then a few others
as yet unnamed.

MISFIT

~~Sailor and I go back a few years,~~
and I've met L.H. Manson over here.
Tell me who you all are.

JACUZZI DAVE

Jacuzzi Dave.

MISFIT

Hello, Brother.

RABBI

Rabbi. Do you know why they call me
Rabbi?

MISFIT

No.

RABBI

Cause I'm a Jew. You got a problem
with that?

MISFIT

(ignores the posturing
and asks the next)

You?

SCRATCH

Scratch. And I just want to say
that it was the fault of the president
of the chapter, and we don't need no
babysitter from Oakland. That's all
I want to say.

L.H. MANSON

It was Sketch, not Tweaker.

SAILOR

It was both of them.

MISFIT

(ignores the squabble)
And the rest of you?

OTHERS

THEIR NAMES.

Misfit finally has to face his responsibility.

MISFIT

Nice bikes. Yeah. Bikes.

(changes tone)

Your meth dealing president is dead
and your meth cooking vice president
is dead and your meth cooking Sergeant
at Arms is on life support in a burn
unit. So who's in charge now?

He's quietly taking money out of his pocket.

JACUZZI DAVE

I'm Treasurer.

MISFIT

Who's in charge?

JACUZZI DAVE

I am.

Misfit peels off a five and hands it to Sailor.

MISFIT

In Oakland we pay a five dollar fine
for this. I want to pay in advance.

Sailor, puzzled, takes the bill, and then Misfit looks at
Jacuzzi Dave... and... knocks him down with one hard punch
to the face.

MISFIT (CONT'D)

I do not recognize the living signs of an active leadership in the Carefree chapter of the Death Rangers Motorcycle Club. If Jacuzzi Dave were the fucking leader, when I called him, he would have told me that he would call everyone else, and instead he let me call you.

JACUZZI DAVE

I thought you wanted to introduce yourself.

MISFIT

That was your job. Not mine. Can someone tell me what the Death Rangers is about? Rabbi, tell me.

SCRATCH

(to the others)

He'll have a good answer.

L.H. MANSON

He'll have an answer, anyway.

RABBI

Well, I think the essence of the Death Rangers is something you can only experience, you can't define. But I'd like to try.

MISFIT

Pass. Sailor.

SAILOR

~~I don't know. Uh...~~

MISFIT

Wrong answer. L.H... and what the fuck does L.H. stand for?

L.H. MANSON

Lee Harvey. Lee Harvey Manson.

MISFIT

And did a friend give you that name, or did you get that in prison from someone who didn't like you?

L.H. MANSON

I pulled a gun on a cop, shot him at close range, and missed.

MISFIT

How close was close range?

L.H. MANSON

Three feet.

MISFIT

So you got a nickname the cops gave you?

L.H. MANSON

I guess you could say that.

MISFIT

I'd rather be called Bendover Billy than have a joke name I got from a cop. What's your real name?

L.H. MANSON

Charles Mantooth. Mantooth, Manson. You know.

MISFIT

I don't know anything anymore.

He walks beside the bikes.

SAILOR

What's it all about, the club? For you.

MISFIT

There's only two thousand three hundred people in the whole world who have earned the right to wear this patch. That's it. Twelve hundred in all of America, and we are the most famous and most feared club in the world, of any club, anywhere! All the rest of the world, when we ride through town, no matter who they are, they all become the same thing when they see us. Bystanders. They lock their doors or they open the window with the same jealous grin and ask,
(he imitates a rich soccer)

'was I drooling? I saw you in the rear view mirror of my Hummer, over the heads of my children and my mother-in-law and my obligations to the bank and Mastercard and private school and tennis lessons and everyone else that owns me and there you were, riding high and living free and I was just wondering if you saw my face in my rear view mirror and could you see that I was drooling?'

(MORE)

MISFIT (CONT'D)

(he answers the
motherfucker)

Yes. You were drooling. That's fine
by me. They're all just bystanders.
Innocent fucking bystanders. And
the opposite of innocence doesn't
have to mean guilt. It can also
mean wisdom. Something sorely lacking
in the Carefree chapter of the Death
Rangers MC. Let's go to a bar.

He jumps on his bike and speeds away. They get on their bikes
and catch up with him.

EXT. PHOENIX -- NIGHT

They ride down a long straight boulevard between Walmarts
and Home Depots.

A police car is behind them, and a police motorcycle. Sirens.
They're pulled over.

Misfit watches the club more than he watches the cops.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Licenses. Registrations.

Everyone knows, or should know, the drill. He takes them.
When he comes to Scratch...

SCRATCH

You're riding a Yamaha? I thought
you guys only rode Kawasakis.

MOTORCYCLE COP

---(suddenly-amiable)---
They're trying something new.

SCRATCH

How do you like it?

Scratch sees Misfit's cold stare. This friendliness is a
big fuck up. He understands.

MOTORCYCLE COP

I'd rather they gave me a BMW, if
you know what I mean.

SCRATCH

No. I don't.

The cop gets what he's doing, and moves on. He hands the
documents to the cop in the squad car, who enters the
information into his computer.

Time cut.

EXT. SAME -- MOMENTS LATER

The documents are returned. The Motorcycle cop stops at Misfit.

MOTORCYCLE COP
California.

MISFIT
Yep.

MOTORCYCLE COP
Welcome to Arizona. We do things
our own way.

MISFIT
Great.

MOTORCYCLE COP
I've got my eye on you.

MISFIT
Okay.

The cops look at the crew. Outnumbered. They leave.

The club is alone at the curb.

MISFIT (CONT'D)
Scratch!

SCRATCH
I know, I know. I fucked up.

MISFIT
Hold your mud. That's all. When
the cops come up to you, just hold
your mud.

Misfit heads off, leading, they follow.

EXT. STEEL HORSE SALOON -- NIGHT

The biggest biker bar in Phoenix. Two hundred bikes lined up outside. The Rangers pull into the parking lot. Inside, a good country rock band is doing covers of good songs, with a woman lead singer.

They get off their bikes and walk in.

INT. STEEL HORSE SALOON -- NIGHT

It's a Western kind of moment. The Rangers are here. Everyone there knows about the busts. The band quiets. No one moves. The club owner, PARKER (man or woman, I don't know yet), nods to the singer and the band starts up again.

MISFIT

They got beer in this town?

The band starts again. Parker comes over.

PARKER

I'm Parker.

MISFIT

I'm Misfit.

PARKER

The club spot is over there, I'll get it back for you.

He points to a far corner, near a side exit, but it's filled with other bikers, wearing Harley Riders Club. They're not a threatening looking bunch at all. Meanwhile, around the bar, we do see other clubs that do look threatening: MONGRELS, VISIGOTHS, DEVIL'S CRUSADERS, SOBER RIDERS OF AMERICA. Even those guys look tough.

MISFIT

And that's the best spot to be, you see everyone coming in, and if you need to get out, you can, but I see people in our seats. You see their jackets? Harley Riders of Arizona. Anyone can join that club, all you need is a jacket that says Harley Riders Club. And we'd be pussies to take our seats back from them because if we had any real respect here, everyone would know to leave those seats. So we'll take a pass on the beer. We don't belong here.

And he leads them outside.

EXT. STEEL HORSE SALOON -- NIGHT

In the parking lot.

MISFIT

Anybody wants to quit the club, they have the freedom to do so. You know that.

They're waiting for more from him.

RABBI

I don't want to quit.

JACUZZI DAVE

Neither do I.

MISFIT

Let's see what we can do.

(pause)

There's something else. I need a job.

SCRATCH

You do construction?

MISFIT

Everything. Anything.

JACUZZI DAVE

I got a job starting next week, nothing until then.

SAILOR

I may know something.

L.H. MANSON

I'll teach you tattoos.

MISFIT

I'll go with Scratch. See you all soon.

They ride away, in different directions.

INT. WORST MOTEL IN GREATER PHOENIX -- NIGHT

Misfit in the worst motel room within a hundred miles. It's just godawful depressing, not the cliché of the whore being fucked in the next room, it's worse than that; fluorescent flicker and buzz, noise from a truck stop, the oldest TV, dirtiest mirror, and a rusting metal shower stall with no curtain.

INT. SAILOR'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dave and Rhonda, and Sailor with Candace, and Scratch and Rabbi, and LH, without Montana. They're sitting in the living room, drinking beer, sharing their concern. Rhonda is really their den mother.

RHONDA

And you didn't hit him back?

JACUZZI DAVE

No. He was right. I should have made the calls myself.

RHONDA

Sailor, how well do you know him?

SAILOR

A couple of national runs, last time I saw him was Sturgis.

L.H.

I made a call.... okay? I called Oakland, I called Z-man in Oakland about this guy, okay? You all know I'm a man to give everyone three benefits of the doubt. But if somebody transfers here without an invitation, it's my right as a Death Ranger to get the fucking goods on the man.

SAILOR

Just tell us what Z-man said.

L.H.

The first thing he said was that Misfit is a complicated man.

RABBI

Which is code for Z-man doesn't like him or trust him but for political reasons doesn't want to rag on a brother.

L.H.

Well put, Rabbi, that's exactly what it means. But Z-man and I go way back, I did the full sleeve on his right arm, and the Battle of Stalingrad on his back, so we've had plenty of time to get know each other. So I said, telling me he's complicated is less than I need. So he took a pause and then he says Misfit isn't just complicated, he's dangerous and we got to watch ourselves with Misfit all the time. He says there's people who know stuff about Misfit... Some things that maybe only Chief knows because anyone else who might know is dead.

CANDACE

I trust him. I think he's great.

L.H.

Candace, I actually value your insights, but no offense, Candace, are you in a manic stage now or is that opinion based on a measured study of the man?

SAILOR

(protecting his wife)

Hey! Easy.

RHONDA

L.H., you know better than that.

CANDACE

I know what he's talking about.

JACUZZI DAVE

Take a breath, everyone, come on.

SCRATCH

Oakland wants him here, that's the point. Like we're the only chapter in the world with felons and ex-cons wearing the patch. Anybody checked out the Rochester crew? Those guys even scare me. What the fuck did we do here in Arizona that was so bad and so special that now we got this guy snoopin' around all of our lives? That's the pointy point I want to make.

RHONDA

(anger)

And if you had just spoken up about what you knew about Sketch and Cooker, we wouldn't be in the position of having a babysitter, Scratch.

SCRATCH

Well excuse me, Rhonda, but you don't have the floor.

RABBI

This is not a legal meeting.

SAILOR

We're all family here.

CANDACE

We're not all here. Tweaker and Kimmy aren't here, and Cooker and Sketch, they're not here.

SAILOR

(patiently)

They're dead, Candace.

CANDACE

Is Montana dead, too?

Rhonda reacts to this, she's glad that Candace brought this up.

RHONDA

No.

(MORE)

RHONDA (CONT'D)
(attitude)
She didn't want to come tonight.

L.H.
(his version)
Montana couldn't come tonight,
Candace.

CANDACE
Couldn't or didn't want to?

RHONDA
Thank you, Candace.

L.H.
She had something to do.

RHONDA
L.H.? Are you really going to lie to
Candace?

CANDACE
Are you?

L.H.
(takes a breath, no
one lies to Candace)
I need you all to help me with this.
Rhonda, I know you don't see eye to
eye with Montana, but you're all the
family I've got. No, I've got other
family but... But you're all the
family I want. And I want to share
that with Montana. She wants me to
quit.

SCRATCH
(crudely)
Get rid of the bitch.

Silence. LH leaps on Scratch and the scene ends with everyone
pulling the two men apart. Rhonda protects Candace.

RHONDA
Stop it! Stop it!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

Misfit climbs a ladder carrying a heavy roll of tar paper,
and when he gets to the top, we find Scratch waiting for
him. Misfit hands the roll to Scratch without a word from
either one of them; this is the twentieth roll, and he climbs
back down. When he gets to the bottom, we're tight on him,
so that when he stands on firm ground, we're not prepared
for what happens.

He turns away from the ladder, and straight into the face of Sheriff John Gleason in his gray cowboy hat and mirror shades.

SHERIFF JOHN

Hello, Misfit.

MISFIT

Do I know you?

SHERIFF JOHN

I'm the Sheriff around here. And you're new to town. And I like to meet the boys who are new to town.

MISFIT

You've met me now, so I'll get back to work.

SHERIFF JOHN

Not on this site, Misfit. Not here. Between you and I, Misfit, I can have the city inspectors check this site for adherence to the codes, and if anything is remiss, all these good old boys out here are going to be out of work. And they'll blame you, not me, because they'll know you were given the choice to quit the job or have it shut down.

Scratch looks down from the roof.

SCRATCH

You need help?

SHERIFF JOHN

Scratch, how can you help anyone?

(to Misfit)

Just quit. Scratch needs this work. They all need this work.

MISFIT

(no argument, cheerily agreeable about this)

Who am I to fight a situation when the outcome is known both to God and to man?

He walks away. He looks back at Scratch and gives him a signal that he'll be all right and not to give up his job. Scratch understands.

INT. ADULT BOOK STORE -- DAY

Misfit is behind the counter of an adult book store, not as bright as the Hustler store, but not one of those cinderblock places on the edge of some desert towns.

It's much more middle class, and in his own rough way, Misfit doesn't seem out of place. Context should tell us that the Sheriff won't harass him here.

A chubby GOTH WOMAN, with a SILENT GOTH MAN, has a technical question for Misfit.

GOTH WOMAN

Excuse me, but what's the difference between the plastic anal beads and the metal anal beads?

MISFIT

The plastic is cheaper.

GOTH WOMAN

But how do they feel different?

MISFIT

I don't know.

GOTH WOMAN

You work here.

MISFIT

I don't know.

GOTH WOMAN

Does anyone know?

MISFIT

I'm the only one here right now. Why don't you take them both and come back and tell me?

GOTH WOMAN

You can't pull that trick on me. There's no money back on sex toys.

MISFIT

I'm really not trying to trick you.

GOTH WOMAN

You can warm the metal, right?

MISFIT

If the beads are silicon, you can probably warm them too, in hot water.

GOTH WOMAN

But the metal is kind of sexy. I'll take the metal.

This is his job now.

EXT. ROAD NEAR CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

LH Manson on a motorcycle, followed, to our surprise, by Montana on her own bike. She rides as well as he does. Scratch pulls up beside LH. Then Sailor joins them with Candace riding behind him. Montana, knowing protocol, falls in line behind the others.

A new face: KARL MALLOY, the club lawyer. He's on a Harley, yes, and he's wearing a leather jacket, yes, but it's not a club patch. And he's seventy, with a smile, although his smile has competition from his short orange mohawk.

He stops at the clubhouse, where all the members are waiting for him. First, he addresses Misfit.

KARL

You're Misfit. We'll talk. Not now.

(to all)

I have the court order allowing us reentry to the clubhouse for purposes of maintenance, not habitation or use for club business.

However, there's no limit for how long maintenance should take. So, shall we go?

He has the key.

They tear aside the yellow tape and he hands the key to Jacuzzi Dave.

KARL (CONT'D)

You're ranking officer, sir, you do the honors.

Misfit approves.

Dave opens the door.

INT. DEATH RANGERS M.C. CAREFREE CHAPTER CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

Lights on.

MONTANA

Oh my God.

The women haven't seen it yet, how badly the place has been trashed. All symbols of the club have been taken down or taken away. Every drawer is open.

The Wall of Memory has been torn apart. During this, Misfit watches the members and their old ladies more than he studies the room.

RABBI

They tore up the Wall of Memory to hit our most precious symbol.

SCRATCH

Your tax dollars at work.

CANDACE

This is all my fault.

SAILOR

No it's not, honey.

CANDACE

Yes, the police know what I think, they have special radios. And when I'm with the club, they know what the club is thinking.

SAILOR

(to the others)

She's having a bad reaction to the meds.

RABBI

That happens to a certain percentage of everyone who takes these drugs, even when the drugs are effective. It's part of the risk. But we ride motorcycles, which are inherently risky, of course.

MONTANA

Candace? Candace, let's get some trash bags and help clean up.

JACUZZI DAVE

They're in the back closet.

Montana takes Candace by the hand as she throws a look at LH that says, "Do you want this to be our life?" And Misfit sees the look.

L.H. MANSON

(has to say something)

This is worse than Russia. First they came for the Rangers, then they came for everyone else.

KARL

They had a legal search warrant. The behavior of some members gave them legal cause to search for evidence.

MONTANA

That's right. Making trouble for the rest of us.

KARL

I would have been surprised if they hadn't. Misfit, let's talk.

Misfit follows Karl to the stage with the pole, where they sit. They talk quietly, and no one eavesdrops on them.

KARL (CONT'D)

Chief sends his best.

MISFIT

Tell him hello.

KARL

You should ask yourself how the Sheriff knew where you were working, how he even knew you were here.

MISFIT

We got stopped. They had my license.

KARL

Yes, but... still... it was convenient for them to stop you, wasn't it? Why? One second. Dave! Can we talk to you?

Jacuzzi Dave comes over.

JACUZZI DAVE

What do you need?

KARL

You live outside the county line. You're out there on the edge of everything. It's not a good idea for Misfit to be sleeping in town right now. He needs to have some place where the Sheriff doesn't have the authority to bother him.

JACUZZI DAVE

You want him to move in with me, with my family and me?

MISFIT

(surprised by Karl's suggestion)

Karl, you're out of line with this.

JACUZZI DAVE

Misfit, he's doing what he thinks is best for all of us. He's right. You should be out there with Rhonda and me. I got a barn. It's got a room. It's got a shower. It's got an inflatable bed, pretty good, you can adjust the... never mind that, you're coming.

MISFIT

You should check with your old lady.

JACUZZI DAVE

You're a brother. I don't have to ask her. She's a great old lady.

Candace and Montana trade a look that says, "this is none of our business, but he's full of shit."

KARL

Until we know where things stand with the trial, and with the Sheriff, it's the best thing you can do, for yourself and the chapter.

MISFIT

Thank you.

JACUZZI DAVE

(this has given him a bit of authority and he speaks to all)

Everybody, listen up.

They stop.

JACUZZI DAVE (CONT'D)

I want to thank brother Misfit for coming to Carefree. I want us all to thank him.

They do. Misfit looks at them.

MISFIT

Thank you, too, brothers, thank you very much.

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

Misfit rides beside Jacuzzi Dave. They're leaving Phoenix. The lights behind them are a line that meets the desert. There's only a few developments out here, billboards for future homes, roads not finished.

EXT. HORSE COUNTRY -- NIGHT

They leave the black top and ride on a dirt road, with potholes and bumps.

EXT. JACUZZI DAVE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The house, a simple ranch house with a barn behind. The houses in the neighborhood are all the same, a few acres, with horses in metal pens. We hear a few horses whinny as the motorcycles stop and are turned off.

MISFIT

Nice out here.

JACUZZI DAVE

The city is on the way. It's three years and no more frontier. Come on in.

He opens the unlocked front door.

INT. JACUZZI DAVE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rhonda is there with MacKenzie and her little boy, Eric. MacKenzie holds her doll. Bluto the Rottweiler is with them, too, amazingly calm.

Quick view: a shrine to all things Ranger, plus erotic Navajo maiden oil paintings, western kitsch, and, Rhonda's contribution, a wall of Betty Boop figurines. Rhonda is beautiful. Misfit feels something for her immediately. If she feels it, too, she covers.

JACUZZI DAVE

Rhonda, this is Misfit. He's staying in the barn. Misfit, this is my old lady, my wife, Rhonda.

RHONDA

(a little surprised)

Oh. We have to get things ready. It's not ready.

JACUZZI DAVE

It's fine. This is important.

She understands.

MISFIT

If it's a problem.

RHONDA

It's not a problem. If it were, I'd say so.

And we believe her.

JACUZZI DAVE

The rug rat there is Eric. And that's
Kimmy's girl, MacKenzie.

MISFIT

Well, hello Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE

Hello.

MISFIT

Eric.

ERIC

Hello.

MISFIT

Nice to meet you. Thank you for
having me.

RHONDA

You're safe here.

MISFIT

Thank you.

RHONDA

Would you like something to drink?
Are you hungry?

MISFIT

A beer would be welcome, thank you.

JACUZZI DAVE

(to Rhonda)

Get two, while I show him his room.

They go out the back, passing the Boop stuff.

JACUZZI DAVE (CONT'D)

She loves that Betty Boop.

EXT. JACUZZI DAVE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Stars, moon. The barn, horses standing asleep near the fence.

INT. BARN -- NIGHT

Lights on. It's a simple room, with a window looking at the
house. It may be like a monk's cell, but it's not bad.
Dave rummages in a closet.

JACUZZI DAVE

There's a... here it is... this is
an electric beg. It's pretty
comfortable.

He lays it on the floor, plugs it in, and turns on the pump and the bed inflates quickly.

Rhonda comes to the room with bedding and towels.

RHONDA

Here you go. It's... Betty Boop if you don't mind, but that's what fits.

She puts Betty Boop sheets on the bed.

MISFIT

That's fine.

RHONDA

What did you have on your bed when you were a kid?

MISFIT

A blanket.

RHONDA

I mean rocket ships or race cars or motorcycles?

MISFIT

I don't remember that far back.

She's been around Rangers long enough to know that this means: my childhood is out of bounds for now.

RHONDA

We have soap, shampoo, all that stuff, toothpaste, brushes.

JACUZZI DAVE

And if you need anything, brother, we're here.

MISFIT

Thank you.

They leave. He watches them.

He turns off the light so he can watch them in the house without them seeing him. They put on a song in the house, a country song, a woman singing about lost impossible love.

The kitchen window is closest to his window, the living room is farthest. He watches Rhonda go to the living room, and then return to the kitchen. She looks out at the barn, a little too long. She's looking at Misfit.

Then she turns fast and walks away.

INT. JACUZZI DAVE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

We go with Rhonda back to the living room.

We hear the sound of Misfit's bike.

RHONDA

Who is it?

JACUZZI DAVE

It's Misfit, he's going out for a ride.

RHONDA

Where?

JACUZZI DAVE

I'm learning not to ask any questions about him.

RHONDA

He's a sad man.

JACUZZI DAVE

Rangers aren't born happy, Rhonda. Happy doesn't make you want to join the club. It's other things.

RHONDA

Yeah.

She listens to the bike as the sound fades. End on her face.

EXT. DESERT ROADS -- NIGHT

Misfit rides away from the lights, fast. The desert here is home to tall saguaro cactus. Misfit looks back, the line of the city is now broken by the hills.

He rides up a hill and below the crest, it's darker. He looks back and the city is gone.

He rides farther, faster. There's no traffic out here. He's in a broad bowl surrounded by sharp rocky peaks.

Without warning, he stops on the shoulder.

He gets off the bike.

He walks into the desert, until he's standing before the tallest saguaro we've seen, with a central trunk and two arms, so that it looks like a man with his hands up, about to be crucified.

Misfit drops to his knees as he looks at the cactus, as though he's about to pray. He sums up the agony of his life, all the wrong choices.

8-16-07

65.

MISFIT
Twenty fucking dollars.

FADE OUT:

THE END