

Bad Monday

By,

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD -- EARLY MORNING

A lonely stretch of desert road. Under a hot morning sun, empty concrete winds toward the horizon.

A dirt road forks off at a right angle into the rocky terrain.

In the distance, the staccato blast of a machine-pistol punctuates the silence.

Individual gunfire, then another blast from the automatic.

The roar of an engine approaches from the distance.

A van, dusty, battered, speeds along the dirt road toward the highway.

It careens wildly, making a tire-wrenching turn onto the paved roadway and roars away toward the horizon.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The rear of the van pierced with countless bullet holes, dust flying.

INT. THE VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Inside, four passengers, all young Mexicans, scream at each other wildly in Spanish. CHI-CHI, the driver, wipes sweat from his eyes and shouts obscenities at a blood splattered ALFREDO in the seat behind him. Riding shotgun, THOMAS tears at his sleeve, exposing a vicious gunshot wound that appears to have taken off half his bicep. He groans in agony.

THOMAS

Ahh..mi brazo...hacer algo, Chloe!

From the shadows behind him CHLOE, a dark, exotic young woman leans in.

CHLOE

Esto ayudará, pendejo...

She jams a .45 Glock automatic against the left side of his head and pulls the trigger.

INT. DISCOUNT STORE -- MORNING

Greenish fluorescent lights flicker over a large back room in a Wal-Mart clone. Twenty-five or thirty people sit in rows of metal chairs listening to HANK GREENING, a heavy-set old fart who stands at the front of the gathering. It's a desperate bunch - Anglo, Hispanic, a few African-Americans. Everyone subdued, anxious, beaten down.

GREENING

As you know, we only have six jobs available at the present time. To make things easier for all of us, I'm going to read a series of statements. If you can not answer yes to all - I repeat *all* - of the statements, we appreciate you coming down, but you simply wouldn't be qualified.

The group looks around uncertainly.

Greening raises a printed sheet and begins to read.

GREENING

I have at least six months experience in a retail sales position.

As Greening continues to read his list, we push in on the crowd. With each statement the group seems to become more despondent.

GREENING

I have no outstanding credit problems.

A few members of the group get up and leave, their chairs scraping against the cold concrete floor. Others are gathering up their things.

GREENING

I owe no back alimony or child support payments.

We move in on one individual, O.T. MCKEE, a joe-average guy in his middle thirties who winces slightly as each statement is read. The look on his face says it all - O.T. was toast at statement one.

GREENING

I am up to date on my mortgage or
rent payments.

O.T. glances down at his application form in despair.

GREENING

I have no criminal record and have
never been convicted of a felony or
misdemeanor.

The application form slips from O.T.'s hand and flutters to
the floor.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

A heavily traveled ribbon of concrete running through a
densely populated section of Phoenix. Cars and trucks rumble
through a yellow haze of smog.

Half finished housing developments line the highway. Empty
homes with dusty FOR SALE signs swing in the breeze.

A car moves along with traffic - a nondescript four-door a
few years old.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. sits behind wheel looking anything but happy.

He slams his hand against the rim and winces at the impact.

*

His cell phone goes off. O.T. fumbles for it and fishes it
from his pocket. He checks the caller and goes pale.

O.T.

Jackie...listen...

We hear Jackie's voice from the phone.

JACKIE

O.T., you asshole! Where's my car!

O.T.

I needed it for that job interview I
told you...

JACKIE
That's *my* car. **You got no business
using it!**

*

In the background a child begins to cry.

JACKIE
Shut up, Tommy!
(back to the phone)
Where the hell are you?

O.T.
I'm heading back right now. I'll be
there in five...

JACKIE
**Forget that! I don't want you
anywhere near me. I'm getting a
restraining order.**

*

O.T.
That's ridiculous...

JACKIE
You're ridiculous! **Stay the hell
away from me.**

*

O.T.
What about your car...?

JACKIE
I just reported it stolen.

She hangs up.

O.T. snaps the phone shut and throws it on the seat. He
stares grimly out the windshield.

A cop car approaches, coming the other way. O.T.
involuntarily slouches down in the seat. The cop speeds by.

O.T. lets out a sigh of relief. He pulls over onto the
shoulder and sits for a moment as the dust settles outside
the window. Traffic rushes by inches from the side of the
car.

He rests his head on the steering wheel, then jumps as a
horn blares and an 18-wheeler roars by.

He catches his breath and manages to compose himself, rubbing his hands over his eyes. He eases the car into gear and looks for an opening in traffic.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The sedan pulls back out onto the highway. It narrowly misses the van, which swerves into the next lane.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. glances over as the van speeds by. Chloe gazes out the passenger-side window and gives O.T. a momentary stare he'll never forget.

As the van slides by, the bullet-riddled rear is in full view.

O.T. watches the van move off into the distance, a look of disquiet on his face.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- LATER

A seedy establishment in a strip mall - heavy on neon and cheap beer.

INT. LIQUOR STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

O.T. sets a bottle of cheap booze and a pack of cigarettes on the counter. The CLERK gets the total and punches the register.

CLERK
Twelve ninety-five.

O.T. fishes a debit card out of his wallet, catching a quick look at a photo of a sweet-looking two-year-old inside. *

He stares at the photo sadly.

CLERK
Twelve ninety-five, pal.

O.T. slides his card, punches in his pin.

CLERK
Didn't go through. Try it again. *

O.T. gives it another shot. The clerk shakes his head and takes the card out of O.T.'s hand.

CLERK
Insufficient funds. This card's
been canceled.

He takes out a pair of scissors and cuts it in half.

O.T.
What the hell are you doing?

CLERK
Bank says we gotta destroy the card.

He dumps the pieces in the trash

CLERK
Twelve ninety-five.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

A neon VACANCY sign sputters. O.T. pulls the sedan into a dump that's seen better days - the Bates Motel gone bad.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

O.T. rings the bell on the counter. The office is frozen in 1968. Even the rack of postcards seems to date from some forgotten era.

The owner, CLARA BELMONTE, a woman as wide as she is tall, waddles out from behind a beaded curtain. She wears a faded house dress.

CLARA
Hi, honey, what can I do for you?

Considering the source, her voice is sweet and light, her manner warm and friendly.

O.T.
Need a room.

CLARA
'Course you do. For how long?

O.T.
I...I'm not sure.

CLARA
You can just pay me each day, then.
All we got is smoking rooms. That
OK?

O.T.
It's fine.

CLARA
We don't really have any non-smoking
rooms, but I'm not supposed to tell
folks that.

O.T.
Do I need to sign in?

CLARA
Not unless you want to. That'll be
twenty-two dollars. Two dollars and
eighty cents of that is state tax.
I apologize.

O.T. nods and hands her the money. She stuffs it in the
pocket of her dress and turns to pluck a key off a hook on
the wall behind her.

O.T.
Something away from the road.

She smiles to herself, changes direction and picks a key
from the top.

CLARA
Fifty-two. 'Round back on the south
end.

O.T.
Will anyone be able to see my
wife's...my car from the road?

Clara smiles knowingly and shakes her head no.

O.T takes the key.

CLARA
Get some sleep, honey. You look
like you need it.

Behind O.T. the van pulls into the motel lot.

Clara peers over O.T.'s shoulder and mutters almost to herself.

CLARA
Oh, my. The Mexicans...

EXT. MOTEL -- LATER

Jackie's sedan parked outside room 52. The van sits several doors down.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 52 -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. sits on the edge of the bed, the open bottle of booze in his hand. A third of it's gone.

He slugs down a big swig and takes his cell phone off the table next to the bed and dials.

O.T.
Jackie?

A loud click. O.T. looks at the phone, then redials.

O.T.
Just let me talk to Tommy.

We hear Jackie on the phone.

JACKIE
Not a chance.

O.T.
He's my kid, Jackie.

JACKIE
You're sure of that, are you?

O.T.
Come on...

JACKIE
If he means so much to you how about sending me some money?

O.T.
How can I pay child support if I
haven't got a job? I'm trying...

JACKIE
If you like kids so much why **didn't**
you have one with Vivian?

*

O.T.
Not this again. How many times do I
have to say I screwed up...

JACKIE
You didn't screw up, O.T., you screwed
her!

O.T.
Jackie, please...

The phone goes dead. He drops it on the bed and takes another long swallow.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 52 -- LATER

The whiskey bottle sits on the floor, almost empty. A hand gropes down trying to get a grip. The bottle topples over.

O.T. mutters to himself.

*

He tries to get up, half staggers, half falls out of the bed.

Suddenly the entire bottle of booze starts to come up. O.T. lunges for the nearby wastebasket and vomits violently into it.

He raises his head, trying to escape the odor, when it starts again. He claws at the door knob, opens the door and rushes out.

EXT. MOTEL - OUTSIDE ROOM 52 -- DAY

O.T. splashes puke over the front of Jackie's car. He stands, hands on his knees, trying to recover.

Alfredo, at the rear of the van, watches the spectacle as he pulls an old tarp over the bullet holes.

*

Alfredo ties the tarp off, still watching O.T.

*

O.T. notices the Mexican watching him. He straightens up, embarrassed.

Alfredo cinches the last knot, takes one last look at O.T. and goes back into his room. *

O.T. sits on the edge of the concrete walk and tries to get some fresh air into his lungs.

A muffled thud, followed by a woman's scream snaps O.T.'s head up. He looks over at the room Alfredo just entered.

A crash, another scream - then silence.

O.T. stares at the door.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

O.T. staggers in, leans on the counter and holds his head in his hands for a moment. He finally gets up enough energy to ring the bell on the counter. The sound makes him wince.

Clara shuffles out after a brief wait.

CLARA

What can I do for you, sweetie?

O.T.

Something bad's going on in room 56.
There's a woman in there screaming.

Clara raises her eyebrows. O.T. shakes his head - and instantly regrets it.

O.T.

No, it wasn't like that. I think somebody's hurting her.

CLARA

Are you all right?

O.T.

Ye...yeah. Look, maybe...maybe we ought to call the police.

CLARA

Honey, it's just them crazy Mexicans. I wouldn't pay them no mind. *

O.T.

The back of their van? I think those are...bullet holes. *

CLARA

Honey, I told you - they're Mexicans. They come up here once or twice a month and it's always the same - screaming, shouting and Lord knows what else, but it's nothing to worry about. I can move you to another room if you like, but they'll be gone by tomorrow.

O.T. doesn't look convinced.

She looks at O.T. with obvious concern.

CLARA

You need some aspirin?

EXT. DESERT ROAD -- DAY

Start on a close-up of a California license plate, then we move along the side of the car - a black Cadillac Escalade - the desert reflected in its gleaming side. We clear the SUV to find two black men standing by the wreckage of a sedan. Both are tall and well built, wearing dark clothing and designer shades. ZEE and RASHEED don't seem pleased.

Inside the sedan, ventilated with bullet holes, the bodies of two men equally ventilated, twisted in death. Flies buzz.

Rasheed takes a look in the back seat, while Zee checks the open trunk. They don't find anything.

Rasheed flips open his cell and dials.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

The sun burns down on the motel.

Clara, dressed in bib overalls, vacuums greenish scum off the pool.

Her cell rings. She fishes it out of her pocket and answers, listens for a few seconds, then looks over at the van with concern. *

CLARA

I'll take care of it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 52 -- DAY

O.T. lies on the bed. He stirs and finally sits. Every move is agony. He stumbles up, crosses to the window and pulls the curtains open. A blast of sunlight with the power of an H-bomb sends him reeling back.

O.T. plunges his head into the water-filled basin, then comes up gasping.

O.T. sits on the edge of the bed and tries to open his pack of cigarettes. He struggles with the wrapper, then finally gets one out. He checks the scarred ashtray on the table, but there are no matches.

Disgusted, he gets up and goes out the door.

Several doors down, Chi-Chi stands smoking a cigarette. He gives O.T. a look that is anything but friendly.

O.T. spots Clara by the pool.

O.T.
Excuse me, ma'am. Do you have any matches?

CLARA
Ain't there any in the room?

O.T. shakes his head and winces in pain.

Clara glances over at Chi-Chi.

CLARA
¿Tiene un partido, señor?

Chi-Chi flips his butt and goes back into the room.

CLARA
I'll get you some from the office, sweetie.

O.T.
Forget it.

CLARA
Won't take a minute...

O.T. holds up his hand, shakes his head and retreats to his room.

Clara watches the door close. Her benevolent expression goes hard.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 52 -- MOMENTS LATER

O.T. tosses the cigarettes in the wastebasket and dials his cell. *

O.T.
Don't hang up. Jackie, listen to me...just let me talk to Tommy. I need...

Again we hear Jackie on the phone.

Tommy begins to cry in the background.

JACKIE
Go fuck yourself...

O.T. winces.

O.T.
Not around the kid, Jackie...

Tommy screams.

JACKIE
Fuck...fuck...FUCK! I got the cops on your sorry ass, O.T. **You know the drill. If I don't get my alimony check and my car back, plan on spending some time down at county - behind bars!** *

She slams the phone down.

O.T. sits on the bed staring at the phone. He slowly closes it and puts it in his pocket.

He glances up - and stops.

Alfredo stands outside, staring at him through the window.

O.T. reacts, involuntarily moving back.

Alfredo continues to stare.

O.T. stares back.

Alfredo turns and walks away.

O.T. sits on the bed for a moment, not sure what's going on, then he cautiously gets up, edges over to the window and risks a peek outside.

EXT. VIEW FROM THE WINDOW -- CONTINUOUS

The van backs up and pulls away in a cloud of dust.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 52 -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. watches it go.

He takes one last look around the room and heads out the door.

*

EXT. MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

As he hurries towards Jackie's car, he notices Chloe leaning against the wall by the open door to her room.

For the first time we see how attractive Chloe really is, a dark sultry babe with a spectacular figure - a total package that looks positively dangerous to the touch.

She eyes O.T. and wipes a tear from her cheek. The only thing distracting from her stunning good looks is the split lip and black eye she's sporting.

O.T. stops with his hand on the door handle. He turns away from Chloe and says to no one in particular.

O.T.
Don't do something stupid, O.T.

He pauses and turns back to Chloe.

O.T.
Everything all right?

She looks over.

CLARA
¿Qué?

He walks over to her.

O.T.
Just wanted to make sure you were
okay. I...I heard someone scream...

She seems amused, her dark eyes sparkling.

CHLOE
Eres un estúpido gringo.

O.T. shoots her an embarrassed grin. He starts to back away when his eye catches something through the open door - Chi-Chi sitting on the bed counting stacks of money spread out on the mattress in front of him. *

Chi-Chi looks up. His grin changes to a cold stare as he spots O.T.

O.T. stands there, his mouth hanging open.

Chi-Chi leaps from the bed, yanks an automatic from under his shirt and rushes to the door.

O.T. Hey...look...I...I
didn't...

Chi-Chi grabs O.T. by the front of his shirt and spins him into the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 56 -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. hits the floor with a thud. Chi-Chi and Chloe come in and close the door behind them. The curtains are drawn over the windows.

Chi-Chi begins speaking rapidly - and angrily - in Spanish, waving the gun at O.T.

Chloe yells at Chi-Chi, also in Spanish. He pushes her away.

O.T.
Look, man...cool down...I'm not
looking for trouble...

Chi-Chi snaps the chain on the door and moves along the wall, keeping the gun leveled at O.T.'s head. Chloe moves behind him into the tiny galley kitchen at the rear of the room.

A steady stream of Spanish from Chi-Chi and Chloe, directed at O.T. and each other, fills the room.

O.T.

I don't know what you're...no
oblo...non-a oblato...hey, look, I
grew up in Michigan!

Chloe gets in Chi-Chi's face, gesturing at O.T. and trying to make a point. O.T. doesn't understand. Only the word policia is coming through.

Chi-Chi has had enough, he grabs Chloe by the face and slams her into the wall. She staggers back into the kitchen.

Chi-Chi advances on O.T. grabs him by the hair and presses the automatic to his temple.

Just as he's about to pull the trigger, Chi-Chi gasps in surprise. The blade of a large butcher knife sticks out of his chest right below his collar bone.

O.T. pulls away as Chi-Chi swings around, grabbing at his back. Chloe dangles there, clutching the handle of the knife she's just driven through Chi-Chi's body.

Chi-Chi spits blood. He swings back and forth, trying to throw Chloe off, but she hangs grimly onto the knife handle, her legs wrapped around Chi-Chi's waist.

O.T. watches, stunned.

Chi-Chi backs into the kitchen, smashing into the cabinets. Chloe's ass slides onto the counter top. Dishes fly. She gasps as she's crushed between Chi-Chi and the cabinet door.

Chi-Chi slams her back again. The cabinet door cracks. Chloe's hand desperately gropes the counter top for...

The knife rack.

She pulls a long thin carving knife out and plunges it into Chi-Chi's throat. Chi-Chi's face contorts in an awful rictus. The knife protrudes from his neck. Blood spurts everywhere. He topples forward and hits the floor face first.

Chloe rides him down. She looks at the handle of the knife still in her hands, lets go and gazes at Chi-Chi's corpse - and begins to cry.

CHLOE

Chi-Chi...baby...Mi amor...

O.T. watches in horrified fascination. Then his phone rings.

He gets to his phone.

We hear the voice of MARTIN BAUMGARDEN, O.T.'s lawyer on the other end.

BAUMGARDEN

**I've got notice for a restraining
order against you sitting in front
of me. What the heck did you do?**

*

Chloe looks at the blood on her hands and sobs.

BAUMGARDEN

Says you've been beating on Jackie
and the kid...

O.T.

What...!

Chloe lets out one last wail.

BAUMGARDEN

Now what are you doing to her?

*

Chloe picks up the gun and gives O.T. a narrow-eyed stare.

O.T.

I can't talk right now.

BAUMGARDEN

Can't talk to your lawyer...?

He closes the phone. Chloe holds out her hand. He gives her the phone. She smashes it against the wall.

Chloe wipes away a tear and points the gun at him.

CHLOE

That your car outside?

The accent is heavy - but at least it's English. O.T. nods.

Chloe grabs the bag off the bed, **fills it with the bundles
of cash** and slings the strap over her shoulder.

*

She picks up a Mac10 machine pistol off the nearby table.

CHLOE
Pick up the other bag.

There are actually two bags, one on the floor and a slightly smaller one on the chair. O.T. scoops them both up, avoiding Chi-Chi's body and the blood seeping across the floor.

Chloe moves the curtains on the window and checks outside.

CHLOE
Keep in front of me. Don't do nothing stupid.

O.T. moves out the door fast. Chloe follows right on his heels.

They cover the distance to O.T.'s car quickly. Chloe eyes the sedan with distaste.

CHLOE
Piece of shit, man.

O.T. tosses the bags in the rear seat and climbs behind the wheel.

Chloe rushes to the passenger door. It won't open.

CHLOE
Hijo de mil putas!

*

O.T.
The latch is broken...

She shoves her bag inside and climbs through the window.

O.T.
Sorry...

Chloe holds the bag of money on her lap, cradling it protectively.

*

O.T. fires the engine and pulls out.

The windshield spiders as two bullets slam through. One slug blows off the rear view mirror.

From the door of the motel office, Clara levels a silenced 30-30 rifle. She fires and blows out the back window.

Chloe leans across O.T. and opens fire at Clara. The gun literally goes off in O.T.'s face. Hot shell casings land in his lap.

O.T. fights to control the sedan in the midst of all the mayhem.

*

CHLOE

Keep this heap steady!

She fires again.

Clara ducks as a bullet slams into the door frame above her head. She rises and gets off one last shot that hits the rear of the sedan. Gas sprays from under the car.

O.T. hunches down and floors the accelerator.

Chloe sits back and stares at the Glock in disgust.

CHLOE

**Just like that marricone Chi-Chi to
buy a piece that don't shoot straight.**

*

She tosses the automatic out the window.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The sedan roars away.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. grips the wheel.

CHLOE

Easy, baby, don't want no cops on
us.

O.T. eases off on the accelerator. The car slows along with his adrenaline level.

Chloe checks the Mac10, ejecting the taped, back-to-back magazines to make sure they're loaded. She slaps them back in and jacks a round into the chamber.

CHLOE
So, who you supposed to be?

*

O.T.
 Just a guy...

CHLOE
What's that mean?

*

O.T.
I think it means I'm screwed...

*

The car begins to sputter.

Chloe's eyes blaze.

CHLOE
Now what?

*

O.T. checks the gas gauge. It reads empty.

Chloe glares at him, then quickly surveys their position.

CHLOE
 Get this pile of junk into that alley.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. manages to drive to the alley entrance and turn in. The alley is typical to a residential neighborhood: it runs down the middle of the block, lined with garages, carports and garbage cans.

Halfway down, the sedan rolls to a stop, the engine dead.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Chloe reaches back and gets the two bags from the back seat. She holds up the smaller of the two.

*

CHLOE
 What did you bring this for?

O.T.
 You told me to.

CHLOE

I told you to bring the money not
this shit! Todos los gringos son
idiotas?

She tosses the bag in his lap and unzips the **larger one.**
More money - lots and lots more money. As O.T. stares in
amazement, she stuffs the packets of bills into her bag. *

O.T. looks down at the bag on his lap. Chloe seems occupied
transferring money.

O.T. quietly pulls the zipper open.

CHLOE

Ain't no gun in there, if that's
what you're thinking.

O.T. looks into the bag. It's full of large packets of white
powder.

O.T.

Jesus Christ, this must be worth a
fortune!

CHLOE

Hey, don't you be using the Lord's
name in vain around me, motherfucker!

She kisses a crucifix on a chain around her neck.

CHLOE

And that smack ain't worth dick,
right now. *

O.T. looks at her blankly.

CHLOE

You don't know nothing, do you?

O.T. can't really disagree.

CHLOE

I told Chi-Chi not to get greedy -
but when did he ever listen to me. *

She bursts into tears.

CHLOE

Chi-Chi...Chi-Chi, baby. I'm sorry.

She takes a moment to compose herself, hawks a big one and spits out the window.

CHLOE

We need wheels. You know how to punch a column?

O.T.

What?

CHLOE

You are useless, man. You got a screwdriver?

*

O.T. reaches under his seat. Chloe stiffens and levels the machine pistol at him. O.T freezes.

O.T.

Tool kit...

She nods. He pulls out the tool kit, unrolls it and picks out a large screwdriver.

She motions with the Mac10. They climb out of the car. Chloe reaches in and grabs the bag of money. She slings the bag's strap over her shoulder.

O.T. glances at the bag of heroin.

O.T.

How about the dope?

CHLOE

I told you, it ain't worth the trouble.

O.T. hesitates.

CHLOE

Take it if you want.

O.T. yanks the bag out.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

They hurry down the alley checking garages and carports.

Chloe spots a nondescript four-door sedan. She checks, finds the door unlocked and motions to O.T. He tosses the dope on the passenger side floorboards and climbs in.

He sticks the screwdriver in the ignition and wiggles it. Nothing happens.

O.T.

How is this supposed to work?

Chloe snorts in derision. She pulls a child's restraining seat out of the back and dumps it on the ground, replacing it with the bag of money, then gets in behind the wheel, **shoving O.T. over.** *

She snaps off the housing on the column, punches out the lock and starts the car.

She levels the Mac10 at O.T.

CHLOE

Out. You and me got no more business together.

O.T. carefully gets out. He looks at the bag of dope.

CHLOE

Take the H, man, it's yours - and you're problem. I ain't gonna deal with that heat. *

O.T. grabs the bag and starts to close the door.

Chloe opens fire.

The silenced Mac10 spits bullets.

Blood sprays from O.T.'s head. Bullets slam into the bag of dope sending up a white cloud of heroin. O.T. crashes back into a row of garbage cans.

Chloe mashes the accelerator and tears off down the alley. Inertia slams the door shut. She fishtails out into the next street and disappears in a spray of dust and gravel.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. lies sprawled among the overturned trash cans. The powder slowly settles. A dog barks off in the distance.

O.T. doesn't move.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

A newer red van pulls into the motel and slowly cruises up to room 56. Alfredo gets out and looks around.

He goes up to room 56 and opens the door.

He takes one look and backs out. His eyes scan the lot, his hand on the gun under his shirt for reassurance.

Clara watches from the door of the office.

CLARA
The greaser's back.

Zee and Rasheed walk up behind her.

EXT. ALLEY -- LATER

A large DOG stares at something.

The object of his curiosity, O.T., lies spread-eagled among the trash cans. The dog licks his face. O.T. stirs. The dog licks him again. O.T. comes to and struggles to get up. The dog moves off, sits and watches.

O.T. finally manages to sit. He feels his head. A neat furrow crusted with dried blood runs right next to the part in his hair. He winces and checks his arm. Another slug just nicked the skin above the elbow. Groggy, he examines the bag of dope. It's riddled with bullet holes, a few exiting through the other side of the bag.

O.T. takes a second to realize he's alive and virtually uninjured.

The dog sits watching.

O.T.
(to the dog)
Thank God that woman can't hit
anything she's aiming at.

The dog gives a friendly yip in reply.

O.T. struggles to his feet. He finds two more bullet holes along the side of his shirt and shakes his head.

Deliberating for a moment, he finally picks up the bag of dope and starts back toward the sedan. The dog follows.

With every step O.T. takes, a cloud of white powder puffs out of the holes in the bag. The dog sneezes and trots away. O.T. considers the problem, goes over to a row of garbage cans and takes the tops off, looking inside. He finds a garbage bag that's only half full, empties the contents into the can and puts the bag of dope into the plastic bag. Problem solved.

O.T. walks to the Jackie's sedan.

He checks the rear. A small amount of gas drips from the punctured tank. A faint trail leads off down the alley toward the street.

A screech of brakes at the end of the alley.

He instinctively ducks back into the shadows and retreats into an open garage behind him.

The Escalade backs down the street and turns into the alley, slowly making its way toward Jackie's car.

O.T. flattens against the wall of the garage. It's empty and doorless - he has no cover.

The Escalade stops at Jackie's car. Zee and Rasheed get out.

O.T. watches from the garage.

Rasheed says something and points to the sedan. Zee checks it out, peering into the open windows and examining the trunk. He reaches inside, pulls out the small bag that Chloe emptied, checks inside and tosses it on the ground.

He gestures down the alley, in the direction of the garage.

O.T. ducks back.

Rasheed moves down the alley, gun at his side, checking carports and garages. O.T. is trapped.

INT. GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. looks around desperately. He spots a storage loft in the rafters, maybe six feet wide, extending across the width

of the building, stacked with old boxes and piles of newspapers.

O.T. swings the bag and tosses it up onto the loft.

Rasheed hears the thump and investigates. He sees O.T. and casually points the gun at him.

RASHEED

Out.

O.T. raises his hands and steps out. Rasheed scans the garage, then looks back at Zee.

Zee nods. Rasheed hustles O.T. over to the Escalade. With Rasheed's gun in his face, O.T. climbs in. Rasheed slides in next to him. Zee gets behind the wheel and drives off.

INT. ESCALADE -- CONTINUOUS

Rasheed smiles at O.T., then he smacks O.T. across the face with the gun.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

SLOW FADE IN TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- LATER

As O.T. slowly regains consciousness. He finds himself duct taped to a wooden chair in one of the motel rooms. It's empty except for his chair and another sitting across from him, currently occupied by Clara.

CLARA

How you feeling, sweetie?

O.T. looks around and realizes the room's floor and walls are lined with plastic sheet.

Clara smiles.

CLARA

I get tired of painting the room every time we have a little...problem.

The bathroom door opens and Zee and Rasheed come out carrying Alfredo's body wrapped in more plastic sheeting and sealed with duct tape.

There's blood inside around the head and neck.

CLARA
Did you boys clean the tub?

ZEE
Yes, ma'am.

She nods and smiles at O.T.

CLARA
Sorry about all this. I don't normally give strangers a back room, but you wanted one. I'll know better next time.

O.T.
How about you give me a refund and I leave?

She smiles, then glances over at Alfredo's body.

CLARA
Alfredo's already given us most of the story. I figure you'll tell us the rest.

O.T.
I don't know the rest. *

CLARA
Sweetheart, a man pays me a great deal of money to run this dump and make sure all the transfers in this area go down smooth and sweet. Leave it to the Mexicans to screw things up. *

Zee and Rasheed drag Chi-Chi's wrapped body out and to s it next to Alfredo's. *

Clara looks at what's left of Chi-Chi with distaste. *

CLARA
Unfortunately, Chi-Chi and his crew decided they wanted the money and the heroin. *

She shakes her head. *

CLARA

Then you went and got yourself stuck
right in the middle of things. Poor
judgment on your part, honeybunch.

She gets up.

CLARA

I don't really care to see what's
going to happen next, so I'll turn
things over to Zee and Rasheed and
let them finish up.

She turns to them.

CLARA

He seems like a nice kid. Try and
make it as fast as you can.

Zee and Rasheed nod politely.

CLARA

Good-by, sweetie.

She leaves.

Rasheed takes her place in the chair. Zee stands behind
him.

RASHEED

Clara's a very nice old lady. We're
not so nice.

Zee grins.

RASHEED

I'm going to ask you three questions.
You give me three good answers and
I'll do you quick. You lie to me
and I'll subject you to more pain
then your lily white ass can even
imagine.

Zee's grin gets wider.

RASHEED

Where's Chloe? Where's the heroin?
Where's the money? Three simple
questions.

*

*

O.T.
The girl...Chloe? She's got the
dope and the money...but I don't
know where she is.

Rasheed isn't pleased.

RASHEED
This may take awhile. Zee, bring us
some refreshments.

Zee goes out.

O.T.
I honest to God don't know where she
is.

Zee comes back in with a bottle of expensive vodka and two
glasses. Rasheed takes a glass and allows Zee to pour him a
neat shot. Zee pours himself one and they touch glasses and
tip back.

RASHEED
Bracing.

Zee sets the bottle and the glasses on the floor and regains
his position, standing directly behind Rasheed.

RASHEED
Zee and I were in Angola together.
Six years in the same cell.

Zee begins to massage Rasheed's shoulders.

RASHEED
We shared many interesting...
experiences together.

Zee continues the massage, his fingers kneading deep into
Rasheed's shoulders.

RASHEED
Ah...yes. A little to the
right...that's it.

Zee presses against Rasheed's back as his hands continue to
work.

RASHEED

What's about to happen next will be very pleasurable for Zee and me, but very uncomfortable for you, unless you tell us where Chloe is, where the heroin is and where the money is.

O.T.

You think I'm crazy? I'd tell you if I knew!

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

O.T. is straddled over the back of the chair with his pants pulled down and his ankles taped to the chair legs. Zee, a cigarillo in his lips, holds him down by his arms as Rasheed approaches from the rear.

O.T.

Don't do this...!

The sound of Rasheed's zipper going down.

O.T.

Okay...okay, I know where the dope is!

Rasheed moves close.

O.T.

It's in the garage where you found me. I can show you right where I stashed it!

RASHEED

And the girl, and the money?

O.T.

I don't know. She tried to kill me, then she took off.

RASHEED

But you're not dead.

ZEE

Gonna wish he was, real soon now.

O.T. feels Rasheed behind him. He shouts in terror and agony and begins thrashing around. Zee moves to the side to get more weight on O.T.'s back and hold him steady.

Zee accidentally kicks over the vodka bottle and the liquid spills across the floor around his feet.

O.T. gets an elbow free and smacks Zee in the throat. He gasps and chokes, the cigarillo falling to the floor - right in the pool of vodka.

WOOMPH!

A ball of blue flame erupts around Zee.

Rasheed backs away, eyes wide.

Zee stumbles around the room on fire. His arms stretch out in a flaming embrace as he staggers toward Rasheed.

RASHEED

**I don't want nothing to do with this,
bro!**

*

Rasheed pulls his gun and empties the magazine into Zee, but it's too late. Zee's body crumples on Rasheed and the two go down in flames.

O.T. scrambles to get the tape off his ankles. He gets one leg free and then breaks one of the legs off the chair.

The plastic sheet begins to burn.

Flames crackle across the ceiling.

Pants around his ankles, dragging the chair leg behind him, O.T. bolts for the door and rushes out just as the room explodes in flames.

EXT. MOTEL - OUTSIDE ROOM 56 -- CONTINUOUS

Buck naked from the waist down, with the back of his shirt on fire, O.T. runs out of the room and hits the dirt, rolling on the ground to put out the flames.

Clara comes waddling out of the office to see what's going on.

The fire out, O.T. sees her coming and desperately tries to get his pants pulled up and find an escape route.

The Escalade is parked ten feet away.

O.T. charges for the SUV.

Clara spots the flames coming from the room

CLARA
Goodness gracious!

She pulls up her housedress, revealing a massive leg with an equally massive .44 magnum strapped to her thigh in a leather holster.

O.T. wrenches the door open and dives in. He reaches and - no keys!

Clara wrestles the magnum out of the holster and levels it at O.T. She fires - and the recoil sends her flat on her ass.

The passenger window explodes. O.T. ducks down and kicks at the door handle.

Clara gets off another shot from a sitting position.

The slug rips through the door, over O.T.'s head and punches out the other door.

Clara struggles to her feet. She's winded just trying to get up.

O.T. kicks the door open. He spots a red cell phone on the seat and grabs it as he dives out.

Clara rumbles after him with all the grace of a Mack truck.

CLARA
Stop, sweetie...

*

O.T. frantically punches at the phone. It springs to life, a 911 OPERATOR answering as he bolts for the end of the motel.

911 OPERATOR
911, what's your emergency?

O.T.
She's trying to kill me!

911 OPERATOR
Who's trying to kill you, sir?

O.T.
Desert Sands Motel. Get over here
quick!

911 OPERATOR
Stay on the line, sir...

O.T.
Yeah, right...!

He snaps the phone shut, running full speed for the safety of the corner.

A shot nicks him on the shoulder. Blood sprays from a crease in his shirt. He stumbles and almost falls.

Smoke billows from the burning room. Sirens approach in the distance.

Clara huffs along after O.T., stumbles over a concrete step and goes down. The magnum goes off as she hits the ground.

She shrieks in agony, half her foot blown off. Arterial blood spurts from the wound.

CLARA
Oh, dear God, not like this...not
like this...

Smoke washes over the scene in a blanket of darkness.

EXT. FIELD -- LATER

O.T. staggers along, bloody and beaten, too tired and hurt to go on. He stumbles and drops to his knees. He remains there, trying to catch his breath.

Smoke rises behind distant buildings.

O.T. finds the phone in his hand. He stares at it dumbly for a few seconds, fumbles and hits the memory function.

CLOSE-UP ON PHONE SCREEN

His 911 call is first, followed by an out-of-town number.

He thinks for a second, then hits redial. The phone rings, then someone clicks on. Silence, faint breathing.

O.T. listens.

PHONE VOICE

Yeah?

(beat)

Rasheed?

(beat)

Who is this? Hello...?

*

He drops the phone and keels over.

EXT. FIELD -- LATER

O.T.'s eyes flutter open. The phone is ringing. He picks it up and puts it to his ear.

PHONE VOICE

Hang up on me again and...

*

O.T.

I...I have the heroin.

PHONE VOICE

The hell! What you got is your dick in your hand and a bullet in your head.

O.T. stares at the phone, his features hardening.

*

O.T.

Okay, I've taken all the crap I'm gonna take from you clowns. You want the dope, you're going to pay for it. Anybody else tries to shoot me, **cornhole me** or set me on fire and the price goes up.

*

PHONE VOICE

You better think real hard about what you're doing. You got any idea who you're fucking with?

O.T.
No idea at all. I'll get back to
you.

O.T. hangs up. He slowly gets to his feet, stumbles across
the field, then falls over again. Flat on his back, he
painfully dials another number.

O.T.
Vivian..?

A young woman's voice at the other end.

KI-KI
Wow! Is that you, Uncle O?

O.T.
I need help. Need it bad...

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

A white, heat drenched sky. A shadow appears, a dark wraith
that slowly comes into focus as a beautiful young woman, her
long dark hair blowing with the breeze.

KI-KI
Uncle O?

O.T. , still on his back, watches her. She moves like a
dream.

O.T.
Where's your Mom?

KI-KI
She's dead...

O.T. passes out.

INT. TOYOTA -- LATER

Ki-Ki concentrates on the road. She takes a drag on her
cigarette and looks over at O.T.

KI-KI
You really are a mess.

O.T. slumps in the seat, too exhausted to move.

O.T.
Vivian...?

She takes a huge drag on her cigarette and exhales a thick cloud of smoke.

KI-KI
Lung cancer. Last fall.

O.T. doesn't comment on the obvious. He stares ahead, taking it in, obviously upset to learn the news of Vivian's death.

O.T.
I didn't know...

KI-KI
You still with that bitch?

O.T.
No.

KI-KI
She get Tommy?

O.T.
Yeah.

She takes a another drag and jets smoke.

KI-KI
So what's shaking, Uncle O?

EXT. RIVERBANK -- DAY

Looking down on Ki-Ki's Toyota. She lies on the roof, sunning herself. O.T sits in the passenger seat. She talks to him through the open sunroof.

KI-KI
That's some pretty wild shit. What are you going to do now?

O.T. climbs out of the car.

O.T.
Whatever it is, I'm not doing it with you.

Ki-Ki sits up so she can look O.T. in the eye.

KI-KI

Sure you are.

EXT. KI-KI'S BUNGALOW -- DAY

The Toyota sits out in front. Ki-Ki's place is small but cozy, with a nice lawn and well-tended flower beds.

INT. KI-KI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Inside is an interesting mix - half childhood, half adult. Carnival toys line a shelf over books of Kant and Keroac. A Felix The Cat clock ticks away, the eyes moving back and forth. A framed picture of a younger O.T. with a striking older woman and a thirteen-year-old girl -obviously Ki-Ki.

O.T. sits in a straight-backed wood chair while Ki-Ki stitches up the crease in his head. He hisses in pain as she applies antiseptic and takes another stitch.

O.T.

Where did you learn to do this?

KI-KI

I never miss **Gray's Anatomy**. So how do we handle this?

*

O.T.

We don't.

KI-KI

You think they're going pay you for the dope?

O.T.

He didn't sound real happy when I suggested it.

KI-KI

You have any idea who you're dealing with?

O.T.

That's what he asked me.

KI-KI

Why don't you just drop the whole thing, seems kind of risky.

O.T.
I need the money.

KI-KI
Move in with me. I have a job.

O.T.
Ki-Ki, I used to...

KI-KI
Screw my mom...?

*

She smiles and shrugs. O.T. doesn't know what to say.

KI-KI
Let's go get your bag of drugs.

*

INT. TOYOTA -- DAY

Ki-Ki drives, smoking a cigarette. O.T. sits bandaged and silent.

KI-KI
You know...

O.T.
Don't say anything. I've already been propositioned by someone who I think of as my daughter. I don't need to hear any more.

Ki-Ki grins.

KI-KI
You're cute.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

The Toyota pulls into the alley and slowly drives down toward the garage, passing Jackie's abandoned car.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. points to the garage. Ki-Ki stops the car and they get out.

O.T. checks the loft. The plastic bag is still where he tossed it.

The garage is bare, there is nothing to step up on to get to the loft. O.T. jumps for it and misses the first time. He tries again, misses again.

KI-KI

Boost me up.

He grabs her by the waist. She turns and grins at him. He lifts her easily and she grabs the bag.

MAUREEN (O.S.)

Don't move.

O.T. freezes. He glances up. MAUREEN HITZMAN, forties, bleached blond and, despite the house, pure trailer trash, holds a large .357 Magnum in one hand and a cell phone in the other.

He lowers Ki-Ki.

MAUREEN

What are you two doing in my garage?

O.T.

Does everyone in this town have a gun?

MAUREEN

Listen, asshole, I've been robbed three times this year. I've got a permit.

She punches the dial on her cell phone. Three simple, ominous numbers.

O.T.

Was that 911?

Maureen grins.

KI-KI

I wouldn't do that. There's a big stash of dope in this bag. If the cops find it we'll all have a lot of explaining to do.

Maureen's eyes narrow. She thinks for a moment, staring at the bag. She reacts as someone answers the phone.

MAUREEN

Yeah, the number for Jake's Chop
Suey on North Howard.

(beat)

911? This ain't information? 411?

(beat)

Yeah, so fine me, dickhead!

She clicks off the phone and pulls open the gate in the fence behind her.

MAUREEN

This is a big gun. It makes big
holes. I know how to use it.

She motions with her head toward the gate. O.T. and Ki-Ki cautiously walk by Maureen and through the gate. She follows, swinging it shut behind her.

They walk through a scruffy backyard filled with two rusting cars on blocks, several abandoned lawnmowers and a rotting picnic table loaded with used auto parts.

Maureen follows, keeping the .357 centered on O.T.'s back. She speed dials her cell phone.

MAUREEN

Junior? I need you to get over here.

(beat)

It's your mother, **you moron**, who'd
you think it was? *

(beat)

Just get your **butt** over here, I'll
tell you then. *

They stop at the back door. Maureen clicks the phone off.

MAUREEN

Inside, nice and easy.

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

They enter the kitchen - it's filthy - and continue on to an equally unkempt living room.

MAUREEN

Drop the bag, sit down over on the
sofa.

Ki-Ki does what she's told. She and O.T. sit on the sagging sofa. Maureen toes the bag.

MAUREEN
So, what is it?

O.T.
Heroin...I think.

MAUREEN
How much?

O.T. shrugs.

MAUREEN
What's it worth?

O.T. shrugs again.

MAUREEN
You don't know jack, do you? The
stuff yours?

O.T.
Yeah, sort of.

*

MAUREEN
Looks like it belongs to me and
Junior, now.

She sits down in a chair and holds the gun steady on them.

EXT. MAUREEN'S HOUSE -- LATER

A cherry red Nova with the rear end jacked up over fat tires squeals to a stop outside the house. JUNIOR, a doped out slacker with a green and blond spike cut and multiple piercings hops out and hurries inside.

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Junior slams through the front door.

MAUREEN
It's about time.

*

She gets up. Junior stops dead at the sight of mom holding a gun on O.T. and Ki-Ki.

JUNIOR

What's the haps, mom?

*

MAUREEN

They say that bag on the floor is full of dope.

Junior's eyes widen. He grabs the bag and sets it on the coffee table. He digs in and pulls out the zippered bag. The bag leaks powder. Junior unzips the bag and gloms the packages of dope. He stiffens in amazement.

JUNIOR

Dude! Oh, dude!

Junior holds two packets in his hands, lovingly, like he's holding his firstborn.

JUNIOR

Is this blow?

MAUREEN

Man says it's...?

O.T.

Heroin.

JUNIOR

Well, that sucks.

*

MAUREEN

What?

JUNIOR

Blow I can move. Scag's another story. We're gonna need some help.

*

O.T.

You know who that belongs to?

JUNIOR

Me and mom.

He takes Maureen's phone and dials.

MAUREEN

What are you doing?

JUNIOR
 Calling a friend. He'll know what
 to do.

O.T.
**Don't get anybody else involved in
 this!**

*

JUNIOR
 Shut up.

MAUREEN
 Maybe he's...

JUNIOR
Chill, I know what I'm doing, ma.
 (into phone)
 Chester? It's me. Yeah, well fuck
 you, too. You interested in a score,
 a big one? Yeah, yeah...we'll talk
 that over when you get here. My
 mom's...1650 Waldren...hey, Chester,
 alone, okay...yeah, see'ya.

*

He clicks off the phone and looks up with a smile.

JUNIOR
 I'm starving, ma, got anything to
 eat?

INT. HOUSE -- LATER

Junior and Ki-Ki sit on the couch playing an incredibly
 violent video game. Ki-Ki is beating Junior badly and his
 frustration is showing. He jabs at his controller.

JUNIOR
**This is lame. Something's wrong
 with the fucking thing.**

*

Ki-Ki blows two of Junior's guys apart in a computerized
 orgy of blood and guts. She laughs.

JUNIOR
 That ain't funny!

She dusts off the last of Junior's men, then looks over at
 him with a smug grin as Game Over comes up on the screen.
 Ki-Ki wins by an overwhelming margin.

She laughs out loud with glee.

Junior stuffs his mouth with a huge sandwich, washing it down with a beer. Maureen's half-eaten sandwich remains on the table next to her. She sips a brew of her own while holding the .357 on O.T.

O.T.

You're making a mistake.

JUNIOR

**Dude, will you shut your pie hole!
Ma, you and this feeb need to stay
out of sight while I deal with
Chester.**

*

MAUREEN

Bullshit! I'm the one called you.

JUNIOR

Yeah? This guy hanging around shooting off his mouth ain't gonna look real smart, you know?

MAUREEN

How about the gash?

Ki-Ki looks over at Maureen with a pout.

KI-KI

Gash? That isn't very nice.

JUNIOR

Yeah, ma, watch your mouth.

KI-KI

Besides, I want to play with Junior.

She types GASH into her player name on the game.

MAUREEN

Damn it, Junior...

JUNIOR

You do need to stay out of sight, too, doll. We can play later.

KI-KI

Promise?

He gives her a leer, grabs her by the back of the head and plants a kiss. Her eyes tell it all as she gives O.T. a look.

When Junior loosens the lip-lock she's all dreamy smiles.

JUNIOR

(to Maureen)

You just keep everyone quiet in the bedroom and let me do the talking.

Ki-Ki puts her finger to her lips and grins.

O.T.

Will you two listen...

Junior throws what's left of his sandwich in O.T.'s face.

JUNIOR

One more word and I'm going to have my mom shoot you right in the head.

Maureen seems worried.

MAUREEN

Junior, maybe we should...

JUNIOR

Just take them in the bedroom, ma, and let me handle this.

Maureen leads O.T. into the back bedroom, with Ki-Ki following. She blows Junior a kiss, but her face goes hard as she turns away.

Junior peers out the front window.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ki-Ki comes in and finds O.T. against the wall, Maureen a few feet away holding the gun on him. She turns to Ki-Ki and gestures with the barrel. Ki-Ki joins O.T.

MAUREEN

Think you're real smart, don't you, cunt?

KI-KI

Cunt? I thought I was a gash?

MAUREEN
You keep away from Junior...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Junior watches out the front window.

JUNIOR
Here he is, ma, keep it down!

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

A maroon Camero pulls up behind Junior's Nova. Two men get out: CHESTER, tall and lean, a mean-looking dude with a pockmarked face, and WHITEY, a short squat albino with a ponytail and wraparound dark glasses to protect his eyes.

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Junior sees the two men.

JUNIOR
Shit!

*

The two check the street carefully and then make their way up the walk to Maureen's front door. Whitey reaches back and checks the position of the gun in the back of his belt. Chester knocks lightly.

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Junior lets them in.

JUNIOR
I thought we said alone?

CHESTER
Whitey's an albino, he don't count.

BEDROOM:

O.T., Ki-Ki and Maureen listen, hardly daring to breathe.

LIVING ROOM:

Junior eyes Whitey.

JUNIOR
Damn it, Chester...

CHESTER
Don't worry about it. Where's the
shit?

JUNIOR
Over here.

He leads them into the kitchen. Whitey lags behind, checking out the living room.

KITCHEN:

The packets of dope are spread out on the dinette. Chester takes one look and whistles.

CHESTER
That H?

Junior nods and gives him a big grin. Chester grins back, pulls a gun, presses it under Junior's chin and fires. The top of Junior's head erupts.

BEDROOM:

Everyone jumps at the sound of the shot.

KITCHEN:

Junior's body sprawls on the floor.

BEDROOM:

Maureen starts for the kitchen in a panic. O.T. grabs her and Ki-Ki gets a hand on the wrist of her gun hand. O.T. covers her mouth with his other hand.

KITCHEN:

Whitey comes in from the living room and calmly looks at what's left of Junior. He takes out a small plastic test kit from his pocket, flicks open a switchblade and uses the tip to dig out some of the dope.

Chester looks up at the ceiling, carefully observing the bullet hole with a perfect red halo of blood around it, almost like a crimson rings of Saturn.

CHESTER

Look at that. Ain't never seen
nothing like it before.

WHITEY

Strange shit, man.

Whitey drops the knife-load of dope into the kit pouch,
squeezes and shakes. The dope turns a bright blue.

Chester and Whitey stare at each other.

WHITEY

This ain't local.

Chester flips open his cell and speed dials.

CHESTER

Phil? It's Chester.

(beat)

**We got some primo H just fell into
our laps.**

(beat)

Over at Junior's.

(beat)

No, Junior's no longer involved.

*

BEDROOM:

Maureen struggles with O.T and Ki-Ki..

O.T. pins Maureen against the wall. He urgently whispers to
her.

O.T.

You're going to get us all killed!

KITCHEN:

Chester breaks away from his scientific investigation of the
ceiling and helps Whitey load the dope into the zippered
bag. It puffs out of the bullet holes.

BEDROOM:

Maureen's teeth clamp down on O.T.'s hand. He winces in
pain.

Then the cell phone in his pocket rings loudly.

KITCHEN:

Whitey hears the ruckus and heads into the living room to investigate.

BEDROOM:

Maureen breaks free, charges out the bedroom door, spots Junior's body and lets loose with a scream.

LIVING ROOM:

Whitey has his gun half way out when Maureen shoots. Blood sprays from a leg wound. He fires on the way down, but misses.

Maureen fires again. The recoil sends her back and she trips over the foot stool onto the video game controls which activate the game.

We intercut between the actual gun battle and the mayhem on the screen.

KITCHEN:

Chester drops the bag of dope and pulls his piece. He flattens against the wall and peers into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Maureen dives behind the couch and fires, taking out a chunk of wall above Chester's head.

BEDROOM:

The phone keeps ringing.

Ki-Ki and O.T. rush to the window and try to yank it open. It's stuck.

LIVING ROOM:

Whitey pulls himself up and fires into the back of the couch. Maureen screams in pain.

KITCHEN

Chester stays flat against the kitchen wall.

BEDROOM:

O.T. gets the phone open.

PHONE VOICE

Hey, dickhead, I thought you were going to call...?

O.T.

I'll get back to you...

*

He snaps it shut.

LIVING ROOM:

Whitey crawls to the couch and uses it to pull himself up.

Maureen is waiting. She shoots Whitey in the face. He arcs back and hits the floor with a thud, the side of his head gone.

CHESTER

Whitey...?

BEDROOM:

O.T. tries to get the jammed window open. Ki-Ki pushes him out of the way and smashes out the glass with a chair.

LIVING ROOM:

Maureen hears the crash and looks toward the bedroom. Chester steps out and drills her in the side. He ducks back as she returns fire.

One of Maureen's slugs punches into the wall apparently missing Chester. But as we move around to Chester, the bullet has gone through the corner of the wall and right through Chester's gut.

Chester looks down, not understanding the blood leaking down his shirt.

BEDROOM:

Already outside, O.T. helps Ki-Ki out the window.

LIVING ROOM:

Maureen crawls out from behind the couch leaving a trail of blood.

KITCHEN:

Chester staggers over to the bag of dope, exposing himself to Maureen. She fires. The video game fires. Chester turns and fires. A hail of bullets and blood - real and video.

EXT. BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

O.T and Ki-Ki are halfway to the gate when all goes silent. O.T. keeps moving, but Ki-Ki stops and looks back.

She hesitates, then cautiously heads back toward the back door.

O.T. reaches the gate and sees her.

O.T.

Ki-Ki!

She waves him off and climbs up the back steps. A quick look inside reveals the bag of dope still sitting on the kitchen table amidst the carnage.

She eases the door open, edges into the kitchen and grabs the bag. As she turns, something grabs her foot. She stares down at Chester, his hand around her ankle, his gun pointing up at her.

He pulls the trigger. The hammer falls on an empty chamber. Chester lets out a long sigh and dies.

On the TV screen the game announces that GASH is the winner.

INT. TOYOTA -- LATER

Ki-Ki is driving, smoking another butt. O.T. has his usual wide-eyed stare.

KI-KI

That went well.

INT. KITCHEN - KI-KI'S HOUSE -- LATER

O.T. sits at the dinette, his head in his hands, staring at the red cell phone on the table in front of him. Ki-Ki stacks freshly repackaged Ziplock bags of dope on the table top.

KI-KI

Have you thought this over carefully?

O.T. looks at her.

KI-KI

You really think you're going to hand this over and get a handshake and a fistful of dollars from these goons?

O.T.

What do you suggest, dumping it down the toilet?

KI-KI

It's an idea.

FLASH CUT -- TOILET

Heroin dumped in -- going round and round, flushed away.

FLASH CUT -- STREET CORNER -- DAY

O.T. in rags, begging for a handout.

FLASH CUT -- TOILET

The toilet seat slams down.

FLASH CUT -- EXT. STREET -- DAY

O.T. drives a Ferrari convertible, wearing designer shades and an expensive leather jacket. Tommy rides in a car seat next to him.

KITCHEN:

O.T. decides.

O.T.

**No, I'm going for it. It's worth
the risk.**

*

Ki-Ki shrugs.

He picks up the red cell phone, checks the caller list and dials the number.

He hears the voice on the phone.

PHONE VOICE

Yeah...

O.T.

It's me.

INT. OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

A sumptuous, wood-panelled office. For the first time we see the man who is the Phone Voice. His silhouette, anyway, as the room is dark and shadow covers his face. He sits at a large desk, the lights from the phone glowing eerily in the gloom. He wears horn-rimmed glasses, a blackberry to his ear.

PHONE VOICE

It's about time. You still got the merchandise?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

O.T.

You got two hundred grand?

Ki-Ki's eyes widen.

PHONE VOICE

Two hundred large? That's steep.

O.T.

Inflation.

PHONE VOICE

You've been stirring things up out there, the man in charge isn't happy.

O.T.

Shit happens.

PHONE VOICE

Not around this organization it don't.

O.T.

Have we got a deal or not?

Ki-Ki grabs the phone.

KI-KI
(to O.T.)
Let me talk to him.
(into the phone)
Who's this?

PHONE VOICE
Who are you, sweetheart?

KI-KI
I'm the one you're dreaming about
every time you whack off.

O.T. tries to grab the phone but she pushes him away.

KI-KI
Say my associate and I bring you the
goods. What's to prevent you and
your associates from ventilating us
and saving yourselves the finders
fee?

PHONE VOICE
Ventilating?
(laughs)
You been watching too many movies,
kiddo.

KI-KI
We need a guarantee that we're going
to walk away from this in one piece.

PHONE VOICE
You got my word, angel.

KI-KI
You're shitting me, right? No, here's
what we're gonna do. I bring you
half the merchandise, you give me
two hundred grand. Once I come back
with the money, we call you, tell
you where the rest of the dope is
and everybody's happy.

PHONE VOICE
What's gonna prevent you from taking
the other half?

KI-KI

You got my word.

PHONE VOICE

Now you're shitting me.

KI-KI

You gotta trust me, here.

PHONE VOICE

I'll call you on the cell in four hours with the set-up. We finish this tonight. **You sound like an intelligent young woman, but screw with us and very bad things are going to happen.**

*

She hangs up.

KI-KI

It's on. They'll call, tell us when and where.

O.T.

You were right, let's just dump it in the toilet and forget the whole thing.

She grins and kisses him.

KI-KI

You kill me, O.T. Let's get something to eat.

INT. OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The Phone Voice gets up from the desk. We follow him from behind as he walks through a huge mansion, richly decorated with expensive furniture, sculpture and paintings.

He walks through a huge set of French doors onto a patio. The MAN sits on a deck chair watching a ten-year-old boy and a teenage girl frolic in an enormous swimming pool. We only see the man from behind.

PHONE VOICE

This thing in Phoenix is out of control. I think we're going to have to go hands-on.

*

MAN
That's inconvenient. Rasheed and
Zee can't deal with it?

PHONE VOICE
Not any more.

MAN
Clara?

PHONE VOICE
I'm afraid not.

MAN
Not Clara...?

PHONE VOICE
Sorry.

MAN
Have them get the plane ready.

EXT. DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT -- EVENING

O.T. and Ki-Ki sit in the Toyota and devour burgers.

O.T.
Two hundred thousand...

KI-KI
We don't have it yet, Uncle O.

O.T.
I gotta call Jackie.

KI-KI
Jackie...?

O.T. ignores her and takes out the red cell phone.

Ki-Ki grabs it out of his hand.

KI-KI
Not on that phone!

O.T.
Right...there's a pay phone over
there.

He points at an outdoor pole phone on the edge of the parking lot.

Ki-Ki revs the engine, slams the Toyota into gear, and screeches forward. O.T. is crushed back into the seat. She hits the brakes hard and O.T. flies forward, catching the dash with his hands.

GRANK!

She grinds into reverse and hits the accelerator. O.T. Is almost thrown through the windshield. She brakes, slaps it into first and floors it again. O.T. rockets back into the seat.

SCREECH!

Brakes again as Ki-Ki brings the Toyota up to the phone on O.T.'s side.

KI-KI

So call her.

Shaken, O.T. gropes for change.

O.T.

Got a quarter?

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE-UP of a phone ringing.

We see Jackie for the first time sitting at the kitchen table looking very nervous. She turns out to be a real looker - a hot blond with big blue eyes and plenty of curves - not the shrew we've been expecting. She snatches up the phone and literally shouts into the phone in relief.

JACKIE

Where the hell have you been? I've been here hours waiting for you to call!

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. doesn't know what to make of this.

O.T.

You have?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

JACKIE

O.T., I want you to listen very carefully...

O.T.

Is everything okay?

JACKIE

Shut the fuck up and listen! There's a man pointing a gun at my head and he says he'll shoot me if you don't.

O.T.

Don't what...?

*

JACKIE

LISTEN!

The man is MONTY, a very large guy, and he is indeed pointing a .44 Magnum at Jackie. PHIL, handsome, well dressed, in his thirties, sits across the table watching. He seems amused.

Jackie looks at Phil for encouragement. He nods with a smile.

JACKIE

They want to know if you have the merchandise.

O.T.

Who wants to know?

JACKIE

The men with the guns, you asshole!

O.T.

Let me talk to them.

Jackie covers the receiver.

JACKIE

(to Phil)

He wants to talk to you.

Phil shakes his head no.

JACKIE
 He won't. They said if you don't
 have whatever you took here at the
 house in an hour you'll never see
 Tommy or me again.

She looks at Phil. He smiles back and motions her to
 continue.

JACKIE
Have you got what they want?

*

O.T.
 Yeah, I got it.

Jackie nods enthusiastically at Phil. He grins and points
 at his watch. Jackie's eyes widen.

JACKIE
 One hour, O.T.

Phil reaches over and hangs up the phone.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. tosses the phone on the seat.

*

KI-KI
 What is it?

O.T.
 They've got Jackie and Tommy.

KI-KI
 Who does?

O.T.
How the hell do I know?! Somebody
 else who wants this **garbage** I wish
 I'd never laid eyes on!

*

*

He slams his fist on the dash.

O.T.
 We've got to get to Jackie's, now!

KI-KI
 I don't suppose the police are an
 option?

O.T. glares at her.

Ki-Ki roars off.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Monty sits on the couch with Tommy, watching television. From the music on the soundtrack it's a cartoon. They watch intently as the sound of a typical cartoon whistling fall is followed by a huge crash. Monty and Tommy both burst out laughing.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Jackie makes sandwiches at the counter. Phil sits at the table drinking a beer. He studies Jackie's ass under her tight jeans.

JACKIE

You want mayonnaise or salad dressing?

PHIL

Mustard.

She gets a jar of mustard.

PHIL

This husband of yours gonna give us trouble?

JACKIE

No.

She brings Phil's sandwich over and sets it on the table.

PHIL

Sit down. Take a load off.

Jackie sits down.

PHIL

Anybody ever tell you you were a nice looking broad?

JACKIE

Not for a long time.

He eyes her. She smiles. He smiles back and checks his watch.

INT. TOYOTA -- NIGHT

O.T. checks his watch and realizes it isn't working.

KI-KI

You got any bright ideas what we're gonna do when we get there?

O.T.

They've got Jackie and my kid. I guess I'll do whatever they say.

KI-KI

So we give them the heroin and they kill the four of us?

O.T.

Don't worry about it. You're not going in there.

KI-KI

You got that right, bub.

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The Toyota takes a corner fast, the rear skidding wildly, and speeds off down the street.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jackie and Phil fuck their brains out. Jackie responds enthusiastically, arching her back, her legs wrapped around Phil as he grinds away. He's less involved, checking his watch occasionally.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Monty and Tommy continue to watch cartoons together, oblivious to the noise upstairs.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- NIGHT

The Toyota pulls up to the curb several houses down from Jackie's house.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. reaches back for the bag of heroin.

KI-KI

You sure you know what you're doing?

O.T.

No. What other choice do I have?

He opens the door and climbs out. Ki-Ki watches as he hurries down the street toward what used to be his house.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Monty reacts as the doorbell rings. He gets up off the couch and pulls his gun.

MONTY

Hey, Phil, get your ass down here!

He edges over to the door and opens it cautiously, leveling the Magnum at O.T.

MONTY

Inside...

*

O.T. comes in. Monty closes the door and grins at the bag in O.T.'s hand.

Phil comes down the stairs, tucking in his shirt. Jackie, disheveled and positively glowing, follows.

O.T. takes this in with narrowed eyes.

PHIL

(to Jackie)

This him?

JACKIE

Yeah.

PHIL

(to O.T.)

Bring anybody with you?

O.T. shakes his head as Phil comes up to him. Phil backhands O.T.

Tommy begins to cry.

PHIL
 (to Jackie)
 Shut the brat up.

She goes over and tries to comfort Tommy.

Phil motions toward the bag and Monty takes it. He carries it over to the coffee table and checks it out. Jackie eyes the dope, licking her lips in barely contained greed.

JACKIE
Whoa, Phil, that's a lot of dope.

*

PHIL
 You got that right, baby.

He grins at O.T.

PHIL
 Where's the money?

O.T.
 What money?

Phil backhands him again.

PHIL
Word on the street says a lot of cash got hijacked along with this smack.

*

O.T.
 Chloe took it.

PHIL
Chloe? Who the hell is Chloe?

*

Phil looks over at Monty. **Monty returns the look with a shrug.**

*

O.T.
 And before you start slapping me around again, I don't know where she is.

Phil pistol whips O.T. to the floor. Tommy screams.

PHIL
 Get that little shit out of here!

MONTY
He's just a kid, Phil.

PHIL
He's gonna be a dead kid if he doesn't
shut up.

Monty takes Tommy out of Jackie's arms and carries him into
the kitchen.

O.T. struggles to sit up.

Phil kicks him. O.T. rolls on his side in pain.

Jackie gets up and comes over.

PHIL
Don't worry, baby, I ain't gonna
hurt him that bad.

JACKIE
Hurt him. I don't care.

Phil grins and kicks O.T. again.

JACKIE
Take me with you, Phil.

He looks at her.

PHIL
What about your kid?

She shrugs.

JACKIE
O.T. can take care of him.

Phil gives her a cold smile.

PHIL
See, the problem there, baby, is
that O.T. isn't gonna be taking care
of anybody after we leave.

Jackie looks down at O.T. She considers the situation for a
second.

JACKIE

I'll put him up in his crib. He'll be okay until the cops find him.

Even Phil seems shocked.

PHIL

You are one cold piece of ass. I like that.

*

JACKIE

Let me get some clothes.

PHIL

Forget it, I'll buy you all the new clothes you'll ever need.

*

He grabs her and kisses her hard on the lips. She kisses back passionately.

Suddenly a large thud from the kitchen interrupts the smooch. Phil and Jackie separate and Phil quickly heads for the source of the noise.

KITCHEN:

Phil walks in, gun ready, and finds Monty on the floor, out cold. As he steps toward his fallen comrade, he freezes.

KI-KI (O.S.)

It's a nine-millimeter Glock. Move and I'll blow your spine in half.

Phil doesn't even breathe.

KI-KI

Drop the rod and kick it toward the back door.

Phil does what he's told.

KI-KI

Cool, I've always wanted to say something like that.

*

LIVING ROOM:

Jackie watches Ki-Ki step out of the shadows. Ki-Ki cradles Tommy in one arm and holds a gun on Phil with the other.

Jackie turns to run out the front door...

...and finds O.T. standing there. He drops her with a right to the chin. She hits the floor hard.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

O.T. sits across the kitchen table from Phil who is duct taped to the chair. Jackie, nursing a fat lip, sits next to Phil.

PHIL

Tough guy, huh? Get this fucking tape off me and we'll see who's really got the rocks.

Ki-Ki takes a beer out of the refrigerator and hands it to O.T.

KI-KI

Shut it or I'll tape your mouth.

Phil waggles his tongue at her obscenely. She stalks over and slaps him hard. He spits blood.

PHIL

I'm gonna enjoy doing you before I cut your throat.

Ki-Ki shoves his chair over. Phil lands with his hands under the back of the chair and grunts in pain.

JACKIE

Leave him alone, bitch!

KI-KI

(to O.T.)

You actually cut out on my mom for this cooze?

O.T.

Another in a long list of crummy decisions...

JACKIE

You're Vivian's brat? Jeeze, O.T., you screwing her now?

O.T.
Shut up, Jackie.

JACKIE
What are you and your new girlfriend
going to do now, hotshot? Kill us?

O.T.
It crossed my mind.

PHIL
(from the floor)
He hasn't got the balls.

A groan from the corner interrupts him. Monty, also wrapped
in tape, tries to sit up but can't.

O.T. looks around the table at Phil on the floor.

O.T.
I thought we had a deal. Two hundred
grand.

PHIL
Screw you and your two hundred grand. *

KI-KI
I think we're talking to the
competition here, O.T., not our friend
on the phone.

O.T.
(to Phil)
How did you find out who I was?
About this place?

PHIL
The Psychic Network.

Ki-Ki stands on his chest. Phil gasps in pain.

PHIL
**Your car...in the alley...behind
Junior's place.** *

Ki-Ki gets off. Phil breathes deep, starving for air.

Jackie glares at O.T.

JACKIE
You left my car in an alley?

KI-KI
Might have been a good idea to take
the plates off, O.T.

He nods miserably.

PHIL
So, you gonna kill us or just leave
me lying here?

Ki-Ki rips off a piece of duct tape and plasters it across
Phil's mouth.

KI-KI
Well, it is decision time. What are
we gonna do?

O.T. runs his hand through his hair. He looks at Jackie, at
Phil on the floor, at Ki-Ki.

O.T.
We're taping my slut ex-wife to her
chair and getting the hell out of
here. That two hundred grand still
sounds good.

KI-KI
And Tommy?

O.T.
We'll take him with us.

JACKIE
The hell you will!

O.T.
Yeah, I got a real good look at your
concern for him earlier, Jackie.

JACKIE
Eat shit.

Ki-Ki doesn't move.

O.T.
You got a problem?

KI-KI

Yeah.

O.T. waits.

KI-KI

Well...the way I see it we've got three choices **before we walk out of here.** One, we shoot these three in the head and take the dope...

*

FLASHCUT - KITCHEN

Ki-Ki aims her gun at Phil's head as he squirms on the floor. She puts her hand up to shield her eyes and fires. Blood splatters across her blouse.

KITCHEN:

Phil, eyes wide, emphatically shakes his head no.

KI-KI

Messy...but effective. Two, we leave'em taped up and take the dope...

FLASHCUT - KITCHEN

Ki-Ki kicks Phil in the balls and takes off with the bag.

KITCHEN:

Phil gives a noncommittal shrug.

KI-KI

Dangerous because they'll hunt us down us and kill us.

*

FLASHCUT - DARK ROOM

*

Light from a door swinging open illuminates O.T. AND Ki-Ki caught in the act holding packages of heroin. Their expressions read like a deer in the headlights.

Phil and Monty stand in the doorway with heavy caliber automatic rifles. They open fire in a massive barrage of gunfire.

KITCHEN:

O.T. looks a bit nonplussed. *

KI-KI

Three, we leave them here with the heroin and get out of Dodge.

FLASHCUT - STREET CORNER -- DAY

O.T and Ki-Ki stand with cardboard signs that read: WILL WORK FOR FOOD.

KITCHEN:

O.T. *

Don't like three. We end up with nothing and they'll probably hunt us down and kill us, anyway.

KI-KI

Let them have the heroin and they'll be too busy trying to get out of town alive to worry about us.

Phil's muffled voice comes from the floor. They look down to see him enthusiastically nodding yes.

O.T.

We go with three and I don't have anything to offer you. I haven't got a dime to my name.

JACKIE

I think I'm gonna puke.

Ki-Ki rips off another strip of tape and wraps it around Jackie's head, covering her mouth. She starts taping Jackie to the chair.

KI-KI

I'm with you, O.T., any way you want to go. The money doesn't mean **jack** to me but if you think you need it I'll go along. *

She finishes taping Jackie who attempts to shout obscenities through the tape.

O.T.

Get Tommy.

Ki-Ki nods and leaves the room, heading upstairs. O.T. stands staring at Jackie, his mouth a slash of bitter hate.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ki-Ki comes down the stairs with a sleeping Tommy in her arms, a blanket wrapped around him.

O.T. stands at the base of the stairs waiting. His hands are empty.

O.T.
Let's get out of here.

*

KI-KI
Wait...

She carries Tommy to the kitchen door.

KI-KI
**Last chance, Jackie. Come with us
before it's too late.**

*

Jackie glares at her.

KI-KI
You've got a kid to take care of.

Jackie's eyes drift to the bag of dope, then back to Ki-ki and Tommy. She shakes her head no.

KI-KI
Stupid bitch.
(to Tommy)
Sorry, baby, you didn't need to hear
that.

Ki-Ki turns and hurries out the front door, O.T. right on her heels.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Jackie struggles to release herself from the tape. The bag of dope sits on the kitchen table in front of her.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

The Toyota moves along deserted streets. A light rain falls. Neon reflects off the wet asphalt.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy sleeps on Ki-Ki's shoulder. O.T. drives through the night.

 KI-KI
You all right?

 O.T.
Fine.

 KI-KI
You did the right thing.

 O.T.
Yeah, I'm Mister Wonderful. Where'd
that gun come from?

 KI-KI
Mom's. She got it when she started
making night deposits for the store.

 O.T.
And you just happened to bring it
along.

 KI-KI
Figured we might need it.

 O.T.
Amen to that, sister.

EXT. TIP TOP MOTEL -- NIGHT

A neon VACANCY sign sputters. O.T. pulls the Toyota into a run down motel - this one makes Clara's place look like a five-star resort.

 KI-KI
Oh my...you actually live here?

 O.T.
It's cheap...

He pulls up in front of his room, a unit in the back of the motel away from the street.

O.T. unlocks the door as Ki-Ki brings Tommy up on the covered porch.

INT. O.T.'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ki-Ki looks around the place. A small front room with a couch and a bedroom in the back, shabby, but neat.

O.T.

I know, it's a dump. Let me get my stuff and we'll get out of here.

Ki-Ki puts the still sleeping Tommy on the couch and covers him with his blanket.

O.T. goes into the bedroom and pulls a battered suitcase out from under the bed.

Ki-KI comes in.

O.T. surveys the room with disgust.

O.T.

Still think we should have left the heroin?

KI-KI

Yes.

O.T.

Yeah? What the hell did it all get me?

He looks at Ki-Ki in the soft light of the small lamp by the bed. Then out the door at Tommy, sleeping on the couch. His face softens.

Ki-Ki puts her arms around him. They look at one another. Ki-Ki smiles. O.T. backs off.

"Tear You Apart" by She Wants Revenge fills the track.

O.T.

Oh, no...

O.T. backs across the room.

KI-KI

You know I've had a crush on you since I was sixteen. I saw the way you used to look at me.

O.T.
This isn't going to happen...

KI-KI
That's bullshit and you know it.

Ki-Ki kicks the door closed.

They face off.

O.T.
Oh, hell...

*

At the same moment they both begin tearing off their clothes.

INT. TIP TOP MOTEL - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. and Ki-Ki collapse on the bed in a wild embrace, the room dark except for the neon shining through the window, bathing them in soft light.

They make passionate love. For Ki-Ki it's pure joy. This is no slow, candle-lit romantic ritual, but an athletic marathon. Ki-Ki is literally laughing with pleasure and the fun she's having. O.T. finally breaks out of his shell and responds with equal enthusiasm. The bed, the walls, a chair, the floor...they miss no area of the room in their coupling.

KI-KI
Oh...oh...Uncle O!

INT. BEDROOM -- LATER

O.T. and Ki-Ki lie entangled in the bed sheets, sweaty and content. O.T. stares at the ceiling, somewhat in shock. Ki-Ki smokes a cigarette and sighs blissfully.

KI-KI
Mom was right.

She grins. O.T. isn't amused.

KI-KI
Oh, come. Don't tell me you didn't have fun.

O.T.
It felt a little...

KI-KI
Incestuous?

 O.T.
Yeah.

 KI-KI
O.T. you're not my blood, just in
it.

 O.T.
Just one thing...

She raises her eyebrows.

 O.T.
Don't ever call me Uncle O again.

She laughs, then her mood seems to change.

She rolls over and looks at him, a serious expression on her
face.

 KI-KI
I do have one question for you.
Have you accepted the true glory of
Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior
into your life?

O.T. stares at her, wide-eyed.

Ki-Ki snorts out a big laugh.

 O.T.
That wasn't funny.

 KI-KI
Maybe not, but the look on your face
sure was.

She rolls back over, giggling.

She kisses him. He returns the favor with passion. Finally,
reluctantly, they separate.

 O.T.
You think they'll take the dope and
leave us alone?

EXT. AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS

Still seen from the back, Phone Voice walks away from a private jet across the runway of a small airstrip. The Man walks ahead of him. Both head for a black Escalade. **Two large MEN in black occupy the front seat.** *

A phone rings and Phone Voice takes out his cell.

PHONE VOICE

You're jumping the gun. I said we'd call you...

KI-KI

Change in plans.

Intercut as necessary.

PHONE VOICE

Not the way it works. We change the plans, not you.

KI-KI

You'll like this change.

PHONE VOICE

We'd better.

KI-KI

The merchandise is yours, no charge.

PHONE VOICE

The two hundred large?

KI-KI

Forget about it.

PHONE VOICE

What's the catch, doll?

KI-KI

You're going to find three people with the merchandise. If you move fast they'll still be gift wrapped for you.

PHONE VOICE

And what am I supposed to do with these...gifts?

KI-KI

Your call. **Whatever you want.**

*

PHONE VOICE

I get it. You want me to get rid of your problem. Things get a little out of hand?

*

KI-KI

Something like that. Just so you know, the woman wasn't part of this, not at first, anyway.

*

PHONE VOICE

I may not have the time or the patience to be selective.

KI-KI

Just keep it in mind...

*

PHONE VOICE

How do I know you're not setting us up?

KI-KI

Risk of doing business. 2732 Weston Place. Try not to leave a mess.

She hangs up quickly and lights a cigarette - a tough job the way her hands are shaking - then climbs into the Toyota and roars off in a cloud of dust.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- NIGHT

Ki-Ki sits in the Toyota watching Jackie's house. She smokes nervously, shielding the glowing ember of her cigarette with her hand.

A black Escalade turns into the street, kills its lights and slowly moves down the block.

*

Ki-Ki slides down in her seat.

The Escalade stops in front of Jackie's house. It sits idling for a moment, then turns into the driveway **and stops by the side door leading to the kitchen.**

*

Ki-Ki watches, hardly daring to breathe.

INT. MUD ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The two large men dressed in black, now wearing ski masks, enter. Both have silenced automatics at the ready. They walk into the kitchen and find Jackie, Phil and Monty wrapped and waiting. The bag of heroin sits on the table where O.T. left it.

Phil looks at them and pees his pants.

EXT. STREET -- LATER

Ki-Ki watches from the Toyota. She checks her watch.

She sees activity from the back of the house. **The men carry a heavy load to the Escalade - two body-shaped bundles. They dump them in the back.** *

An engine starts. The Escalade pulls out of the driveway and drives off down the street.

Ki-Ki sighs in relief and tosses her butt out the window.

A latex-gloved hand reaches in the open window and grabs her by the throat. She's silently yanked out of the car.

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

The back door opens and Ki-Ki stumbles in, forced by Phone Voice carrying a silenced automatic.

He leads her through the darkened kitchen. Jackie, Phil and Monty are gone.

Ki-Ki is pushed into the dark living room and forced down on the couch.

She slumps to the cushions.

Phone Voice holds the automatic to her head.

PHONE VOICE

Look what I found.

MAN (O.S.)

Where's the money?

Ki-Ki gasps in fright. The Man sits across the room in a high-backed chair, his face in the shadows.

Ki-Ki looks at him.

MAN

The money...?

KI-KI

A woman...Chloe took it.

MAN

Know where she is?

Ki-Ki shakes her head.

The Man gives Phone Voice a look.

PHONE VOICE

I'll finish up.

The Man nods.

Phone Voice stuffs the gun in his belt and goes into the kitchen.

Ki-Ki watches him disappear into the darkness, then, almost imperceptibly, glances at the front door, sizing up her chances.

MAN

Uh-uh.

He holds a gun on her.

MAN

I hate these things. They're loud
and they're dangerous.

She eases back down on the cushions.

MAN

Why did you walk away from the dope?

In the kitchen, Phone Voice opens the door to a small lavatory. From the living room, Ki-Ki can just see the corner of a sink. He turns on the light, then steps inside and closes the door.

KI-KI

Seemed like a good idea at the time.

The Man smiles knowingly.

MAN
Sticking around to watch...that was
a mistake.

Ki-Ki nods disconsolately.

MAN
You've cost me three key employees -
two of my best men burned to a
crisp...and Clara.

The Man clears his throat, trying to maintain his composure.

MAN
That woman...was with me...twenty-
two years. She'll be impossible to
replace.

KI-KI
We didn't shoot her.

MAN
That's the trouble with your
generation. It's never your fault.
Somebody else is always to blame.
You take my product...but give it
back, so it's okay. You get my people
killed, but you didn't personally do
them, so it's okay.

A sound - maybe a muffled groan - from the lavatory.

MAN
Do you have any idea how much time
and money it's taken to clean up
your mess? Bodies to get rid of,
payoffs to keep things quiet. And
the motel...? Useless without Clara.
There's a recession coming and this
has all been very expensive at a
time when I really need to keep costs
down.

The door to the lavatory opens and Phone Voice steps out.

MAN

My daughter's fifteen. She's having her recital tonight. Piano. She plays beautifully. She's been working on this piece for two months. I should be there, right now, enjoying the moment with my wife and son. Instead, I'm here taking care of a situation that never should have happened in the first place.

Phone Voice comes back into the living room and nods.

MAN

Where's your boyfriend?

KI-KI

Boyfriend...?

MAN

You're a smart girl. We've been having a reasonable conversation. Don't start lying now and ruin everything.

KI-KI

He's nothing to you.

MAN

He took my dope.

KI-KI

You got it back. Give him a break. He just wants to take care of his kid.

MAN

Now that mommy's out of the picture?

Ki-Ki nods.

MAN

And he sent you...to what? Tie up the loose ends?

KI-KI

He doesn't know I'm here. He's a little out of his depth when it comes to **stuff** like this.

MAN
And you're not?

KI-KI
I used to think I was smart.
Sometimes I'm just wrong about
everything...

*

She glances at Phone Voice.

KI-KI
So, is Truman Capote gonna kill me...
(to the Man)
...or are you going to do the job?

MAN
I sell product, I don't kill people.

Ki-Ki shoots him a bemused smile.

MAN
Sometimes the competition has to be
dealt with, but that's business, not
murder.

KI-KI
I'm not your competition.

MAN
You didn't really think you were
going to walk away from this, did
you?

KI-KI
A girl can always hope.

The Man watches her from the shadows.

MAN
Sorry, you and O.T. fucked up.
There's a price to pay for that.

Her eyes widen as she hears O.T.'s name.

MAN
Did you think we wouldn't find out
who you were? You're dealing with
professionals, **young lady.**

*

KI-KI
Anybody got a cigarette?

MAN
They're bad for you. If I every
caught my daughter smoking, there'd
be serious consequences.

KI-KI
What...you'd shoot her?

MAN
Look, the last thing I want to do is
put a bullet through your pretty
little head. But I'd be stupid not
to.

KI-KI
Everybody does something stupid once
in their life.

MAN
Yeah, look at you.

Ki-KI eyes go bright with tears.

KI-KI
Okay, but please end it with me...

MAN
Sorry kid, you and your partner in
crime are just going to have to chalk
all this up to...a bad Monday.

The Man motions to Phone Voice.

Phone Voice moves around the couch to get a front shot at Ki-Ki. He raises his gun.

KI-KI
Wait...

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A dull pop and a flash of light from the living room window.
Silence.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR -- LATER

The Man and Phone Voice come out the back door. We follow them around the walk and down the driveway.

They both strip the latex gloves from their hands and put them in their pockets.

MAN

What a cluster fuck.

PHONE VOICE

Do we have this contained?

The Man shrugs and lets out a quiet sigh.

MAN

Remind me to look for a day job.

*

As they reach the sidewalk, the Escalade pulls up. The two climb in and it drives off.

Jackie's house sits silent in the darkness.

INT. O.T.'S ROOM -- MORNING

Knocking at the door.

O.T., stretched out on the bed in his clothes, snaps awake.

More knocking.

O.T. staggers out of bed and stumbles into the front room. He looks around. Tommy stirs on the couch. Ki-Ki is nowhere in sight.

He pulls the curtain back from the window.

He groans - a police car sits out front.

O.T. walks to the door, hesitates, and opens it. Two cops stand there. JUDD MASON, forties, plainclothes, dark suit and wide tie. FRED DREXEL, mid-thirties, in uniform with a polished Sam Browne and stripes on his arms.

Mason flashes a detectives's badge.

MASON
Detective Mason, this is Sergeant
Drexel. You Oscar McKee?

O.T.
Yeah...

Tommy toddles up to O.T.

TOMMY
Dad-da...?

The youngster rubs his eyes.

Mason tousles Tommy's hair.

MASON
Hey, who's this?

O.T.
My son, Tommy.

MASON
Cute kid.

Tommy grins.

MASON
Mister McKee, you're no longer living
at 2732 Weston Place?

O.T.
My wife and I are divorced.

MASON
When was the last time you saw your
wife?

KI-KI
Yesterday, when I picked up
Tommy...look, do we have to do this
in front of the kid?

Mason gestures toward the room.

O.T. picks up Tommy and carries him to the bedroom.

TOMMY
Ki-Ki...?

O.T.

I don't know where she is, kiddo.

He turns on the TV and tunes in a cartoon show. He sits Tommy on the bed.

O.T.

Daddy'll be right back.

He looks at his young son.

O.T.

I love you.

He kneels there for a moment, then stands.

He goes back to the front door.

MASON

You said you picked up Tommy at your wife's house yesterday? Doesn't she have custody?

O.T.

Yeah. She said she needed to get away for a couple of days. Couldn't find a sitter.

O.T. looks at the empty space where Ki-Ki's car was parked.

MASON

What time was that?

O.T.

What...?

DREXEL

The time you picked up the kid?

O.T.

Oh...around five, I guess.

MASON

Mind stepping outside for a second, Mister McKee?

With a resigned nod O.T. walks out on to the porch. Mason closes the door behind him.

MASON
Sir, I'm afraid we've got some bad news.

O.T. nods, waiting to be cuffed and lead away.

MASON
Your wife is dead.

O.T. staggers, then gets his balance back.

O.T.
What...?

DREXEL
Sorry, Mister McKee.

MASON
I know this is difficult, but we have some questions we have to ask.

O.T.
Yeah...sure...

MASON
Did you know your wife was a heroin user?

O.T.
Jackie?

MASON
She died of an overdose. Sometime last night.

O.T.
I can't believe...

MASON
Neighbor found her this morning...

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- FLASHBACK

We flash back as Jackie's neighbor, DEMI TOWNSDALE, an overweight blond with mall bangs, opens the back door of Jackie's house and steps in.

DEMI
 Hey, Jackie, I got that pack of smokes
 I borrowed last week.

She holds up a pack of cigarettes and looks around the empty kitchen.

DEMI
 Jackie...?

She turns and looks in the lavatory door. Jackie's body sits slumped on the toilet seat, in bra and panties, a syringe sticking out of her arm, a charred spoon and makings on the edge of the sink.

DEMI
Oh, brother!

*

EXT. MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. faces the two cops. He's speechless.

MASON
You sure you didn't know your ex was using?

*

O.T.
I had no idea.

MASON
We found her car near the scene of a shooting. Looked like a drug buy gone bad.

O.T.
I don't know what to say...

Suddenly the door to the unit two doors down opens. Chloe steps out onto the porch, the bag of money slung over one shoulder, a coat draped over her arm.

She sees the cops and freezes.

The cops turn at the sound of the door closing.

Chloe makes eye contact with O.T. and goes ballistic.

*

She drops the coat revealing the MAC10 in her hand.

MASON

Gun!

He goes for his piece, but Chloe is too fast for him. She opens fire and stitches Mason across the chest. He flies back and rolls off the porch.

O.T. flattens against the door.

Drexel has his gun out and fires.

Chloe screams as a bullet slams into her shoulder. She fires as the impact spins her around.

Bullets splinter the porch. Drexel catches two in the leg. His gun flies. He collapses with a groan.

Chloe regains her balance and levels the Mac10 at the helpless Drexel.

O.T. leaps away from the door -- tackles Drexel. The two tumble off the porch.

Bleeding badly, Chloe moves down the porch to get a clear shot.

O.T. drags Drexel alongside the cop car. Drexel clicks on his radio and shouts into the mike clipped on his chest.

DREXEL

Unit 5, Unit 5...shots fired! Officer
down!

Keeping low, O.T. opens the door and tries for the shotgun mounted between the seats.

Chloe blows out the car's windshield.

O.T. ducks back as glass flies.

Drexel reaches down and pulls out a small automatic from an ankle holster.

Drexel pushes up on one hand and fires the automatic over the hood.

Slugs rip into the porch. Chloe catches one in the side and goes down, gun firing, the bag of money sliding off her shoulder.

The Mac10's slugs tear up the porch and the doorway.

Drexel pushes himself up, trying to see Chloe.

O.T. tries for the shotgun again.

Chloe crawls along the porch, leaving a trail of blood.

Drexel tries to stand.

O.T. grabs the shotgun -- its locked to it's mount.

Drexel gets to his feet just as Chloe staggers to her feet and clears the front of the cop car.

Drexel spots her but it's too late. She opens up and catches him full in the chest. He goes down hard.

O.T. crouches between the two cars.

Chloe flips the taped back-to-back clip on the Mac10 and slams it home.

O.T. scrambles toward the back of the car.

Drexel groans. He's alive! He rips at his chest exposing his bulletproof vest.

O.T. stops -- grabs Drexel's shirt and tries to pull him to cover.

Chloe jacks a round into the chamber and levels the Mac10 at O.T. and Drexel.

*

She fires. The cop car is shredded as bullets literally tear it apart. Dust and smoke obscure the scene.

With a roar, the Toyota skids around the corner and slams into the front porch of the motel.

Chloe is knocked off her feet by the impact. The Toyota, wedged against the porch, spins it's wheels, breaks free and backs off.

Chloe gets to her feet and levels the Mac10 at the Toyota.

The driver's door slams opens and Ki-Ki rolls out with her gun in her hand.

Chloe lets loose. Bullets shatter the Toyota's door and window and kick up dust around Ki-Ki.

Ki-Ki unloads the automatic's entire clip into Chloe - who goes down hard and fast on her face.

Silence.

Slowly the dust clears. O.T. lies motionless, covering Drexel. The cop car sits riddled with bullet holes, glass and bits of metal everywhere.

O.T. moves, glass and metal sliding off his back. He rolls off Drexel and spots Ki-Ki.

She drops the gun and falls against the Toyota, blood on her shirt.

O.T. scrambles to her, beside himself.

O.T.
Ki-Ki! Baby...oh, baby...

He takes her in his arms, touches the blood on her breast.

KI-KI
I'm okay...O.T. it's all right...

O.T.
Jesus, baby, I'm so sorry...

KI-KI
O.T. it's just a piece of glass.
I'm not shot.

He looks down and realizes she's just cut.

KI-KI
I am going to be pissed if it leaves
a scar, though.

O.T. almost laughs with relief. A child's cry stops him.

Tommy looks over the side of the couch in tears. O.T. starts to go to his son. Ki-Ki takes his hand.

KI-KI
I'll take care of him. It's that
cop that needs your help.

O.T. looks over at Drexel, bleeding on the ground. He rushes over to him. Blood spurts from a neck wound. O.T. rips off his shirt and uses it to try and staunch the blood.

In the distance sirens approach.

O.T.
Hang in there, man, they're on the way.

Drexel reaches up and takes O.T.'s hand. He nods in thanks.

EXT. TIP TOP MOTEL -- DAY

Dozens of cop cars and emergency vehicles fill the parking lot. Paramedics put Drexel on a gurney. He's hooked to an IV and has large dressings on his neck and legs.

Technicians string yellow crime scene tape across the front of the motel rooms.

Two policemen lead O.T., Tommy and Ki-Ki to a waiting police SUV. O.T. carries Tommy. Ki-Ki, a bandage on her chest, struggles with O.T.'s old suitcase.

One of the cops takes the suitcase from her and she nods in thanks. Other cops stop to shake O.T.'s hand and thank Ki-Ki. The scene has a dreamlike quality to it, a smoky, slow-motion feel.

Holding Tommy close, O.T. walks past the bullet-riddled cop car, past the pools of blood covering the porch, past the chalk outline of Chloe's body, **past the bag of money**, past the yellow crime tape. Cops open the back doors of the SUV and help everyone in, then climb into the front seat.

*

The other cops and techs watch as they drive away.

INT. POLICE SUV -- MOMENTS LATER

Ki-Ki and O.T. sit stunned, speechless. Behind them, a cop car's lights flash as they are slowly escorted home.

*

EXT. KI-KI'S HOUSE -- DAY

The SUV pulls up, a cop car in the lead and one behind. The cops get out and help, one carrying Tommy, the other the suitcase.

INT. KI-KI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN-- DAY

The cops are gone. O.T. and Ki-Ki hold each other close. Tommy toddles around the room and spots the Felix clock with its moving eyes.

TOMMY

Kitty...

Ki-Ki goes up on her toes and kisses O.T. passionately. Then she hugs him and we see the look on her face - a look of haunted pain and remorse.

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE -- DAY

The Toyota pulls up in front of the office. Construction crews work on the burned out room in the distance.

Ki-Ki gets out of the Toyota and looks up at the motel sign. It reads: UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

She takes Tommy out of his car seat and carries him up the steps and into the office. Tears stream from Ki-Ki's eyes.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Ki-Ki comes in and closes the door behind her. An attractive but tough-looking woman in her forties stares at Ki-Ki and Tommy from behind the counter.

Without a word, Ki-Ki walks across the room and hands Tommy to the woman. Ki-Ki stares at the woman and the boy for a moment, then turns and walks away.

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Ki-Ki pushes the door opens and walks down the steps to the Toyota. She wipes tears from her eyes, climbs in and drives away.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Vast, endless desert. A two-lane highway stretches off into the distance. The Toyota blasts by and speeds down the road.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. drives. Ki-Ki sits next to him with her bare foot out the window and a pensive look on her face.

She smokes a cigarette in silence.

O.T.
You're awful quiet.

She doesn't answer.

O.T.
I thought you were looking forward
to Vegas.

Ki-Ki tosses her cigarette out the window, pulls her foot
inside and kneels next to O.T., her chin on his shoulder.

KI-KI
O.T, I have something to tell you.

O.T.
I figured.

She hesitates, then seems to muster her courage.

KI-KI
I haven't been completely honest
with you about a couple of things.

O.T. looks a bit disconcerted. He waits.

KI-KI
You know when I told you about mom?

O.T.
Vivian?

KI-KI
And the lung cancer?

O.T.
Yeah.

KI-KI
I lied, she's not really dead.

EXT. DESERT ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

A dry stretch of the desert by the highway. Suddenly the
Toyota vaults onto the screen as it flies over a mound of
sand, sails fifty feet and lands on the desert floor in a
cloud of dust.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. fights for control as the Toyota careens across the sand. Ki-Ki's eyes are wide. O.T. is beside himself.

O.T.
Vivian's alive!

She nods as he continues to fight the wheel.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Toyota skids back on the highway.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. turns to Ki-Ki, horror dawning on his face.

O.T.
Does she know about us?

KI-KI
Yes.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Toyota careens off the other side of the road and takes out a massive cactus.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

Inside, O.T. fights the wheel.

O.T.
My God, she'll kill me. Hell, she'll
kill us both!

KI-KI
No she won't. She was really pissed
at first, but now she's calmed down.

O.T.
Yeah, right, Vivian calmed down.
That'll be the day! And she knows
were going to Vegas to get hitched?

KI-KI
I told her.

O.T.
When?

KI-KI
When I dropped Tommy off.

O.T.
She's the babysitter!!

INT. MOTEL OFFICE -- FLASHBACK

Ki-Ki stands in the office holding Tommy. Vivian, the hard-looking woman we saw before, stares at her.

Ki-Ki walks over hand hands Tommy to Vivian.

VIVIAN
What are you crying about.

KI-KI
I'm sorry, Momma.

VIVIAN
About what?

KI-KI
O.T.

Vivian shrugs.

VIVIAN
Shit happens. Just make sure he makes an honest woman out of you.

Ki-Ki nods and backs away.

KI-KI
How's the job going?

VIVIAN
You looking for a thank you or something?

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- FLASHBACK

Flash back to Jackie's living room as Phone Voice is ready to put a bullet in Ki-Ki's head.

KI-KI

Wait...

Phone Voice backs into an end table. The lamp topples off and lands with a pop and a flash of light.

MAN

Jesus...!

PHONE VOICE

Sorry...

Ki-Ki takes the chance and begins talking - fast.

KI-KI

**I can get someone to replace Clara
and guarantee O.T. and I never say
anything.**

*

MAN

No one could replace Clara.

Phone Voice puts the barrel of the automatic to Ki-Ki's forehead.

KI-KI

You haven't met my mother.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. gets the car back on the road.

KI-KI

Things are going to be okay, baby.

O.T.

Sure they are, it's simple - Vivian is alive, working for the mob and babysitting Tommy while I'm driving to Vegas with you to get married, with no job and 180 bucks in my pocket.

She climbs onto his lap and puts her arms around his neck. O.T. looks around her, trying to see the road.

KI-KI

That sounds about right.

O.T.
Does Vivian know where we're staying?

Ki-Ki raises her eyebrows.

O.T.
In case something happens with Tommy.

KI-KI
I told her we're at the honeymoon
suite at the MGM Grand.

O.T.
What! Did you hear me? We have 180
bucks and I have to buy gas.

KI-KI
I brought 30 thousand.

She grabs her purse off the seat and pulls out a huge stack
of bills.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The car loses control and almost clips an oncoming car before
O.T. gets the Toyota straight.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

O.T. gapes at the money.

O.T.
Thirty thousand...

KI-KI
The other million six is back at my
place.

O.T.
How in the hell...?

EXT. MOTEL -- FLASHBACK

Chloe lies dead on the porch. O.T. holds Ki-Ki by the Toyota.

KI-KI
I'm going to be pissed if it leaves
a scar, though.

O.T. almost laughs with relief. A child's cry stops him.

Tommy looks over the side of the couch in tears. O.T. starts to go to his son. Ki-Ki takes his hand.

KI-KI

I'll take care of him. It's that
cop that needs your help.

O.T. looks over at Drexel, bleeding on the ground. He rushes over to him.

Ki-Ki gets up and hurries to Tommy. As she runs up onto the porch, she sees the bag of money lying by Chloe, several stacks of bills spilled out.

She snatches up the bag and hurries inside. She checks Tommy and he's fine.

She rushes into the bedroom and dumps a little over half the money into O.T.'s suitcase, still open by the bed, snaps it shut, grabs Tommy, tosses the bag back on the porch and waits, holding Tommy, as the first police cars roar up. *

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

Ki-Ki kisses O.T. hard and long, until the blare of an oncoming horn makes them break.

As O.T. gets the Toyota back in the right lane, Ki-Ki tosses the money up in the air. She laughs with glee. O.T. grabs her and kisses her again.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Toyota weaves down the road toward the distant horizon as Van Morrison's "Blue Money" fills the track and we:

FADE OUT:

THE END