

DONNYBROOK

by

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Based on the novel Donnybrook by Frank Bill

Donnybrook (*noun*): an uncontrolled fight, brawl; a melee.

- Merriam-Webster Dictionary

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1 EXT. OHIO RIVER - TWILIGHT 1

An indigo sky hovers over the rural landscape as a small BOAT makes its way up the winding river.

The water's surface is like glass and the old motor's stutter blends with the hushed SOUND of crickets.

2 EXT. BOAT - EVENING 2

The SILHOUETTES OF TWO MEN sit wearily on the splintered benches. They gaze out at the dark pine trees.

JARHEAD EARL (28) has the build of a soldier of fortune who's been through hell. His unwashed short hair sticks to his forehead under a greasy *Ford* baseball cap. U.S. Military issue cargo pants and boots, a frayed sleeveless T-shirt, a hunting knife on his belt.

PURCELL (mid 50's) his weather-beaten face, missing teeth and mangy hair give him the look of a man born the week homo sapiens first walked upright. Rail thin with a shoulder tic.

He looks up river, then spits off the side.

PURCELL
World's changed.

He takes his time...

PURCELL (CONT'D)
Criminals running everything. Got
no money. Just debt, and vice.

He runs a hand through his thinning mane.

PURCELL (CONT'D)
It comes back to a man's got to
know what he's good at. Things your
father and grandfather taught you.
How to use your hands. Plant a
garden. Hunt. Fish. Fight.

Jarhead throws a small stone into the river, which ripples circle after circle upon the surface.

PURCELL (CONT'D)
And how you fight's the only thing
that matters at the Donnybrook. The
pot is, what, a hundred thousand?

Jarhead nods...

PURCELL (CONT'D)
Human cockfight.

They listen to the crickets...

JARHEAD
But if I win, then its more money I
ever dreamed of. And I'm free.
Whole family. New start.

PURCELL
No such thing.

JARHEAD
Then I'll have to make it so.

Again, silence runs between them.

PURCELL
Got your entrance fee?

JARHEAD
Thousand dollars.

PURCELL
And can I ask where you came by
that illustrious sum?

Jar looks down at his hands. He clenches his left, gripping
it in and out of a fist.

He peers into the boat's bow at...

A SLEEPING WOMAN, her long brown hair visible under a
blanket.

JARHEAD
The only way I know.

3

INT. DOTE'S SHOP - DAY

3

Framed against a RED WALL behind a long glass counter hangs
an inventory of SHOTGUNS, PISTOLS, AUTOMATIC RIFLES and
KNIVES.

The SOUND of a shell being loaded into a shotgun.

Standing behind the counter with the wrong end of a .20 gauge
digging a mark into his forehead is DOTE (40's), a pear
shaped weasel wearing sweatpants and a tank top over his beer
belly.

On the trigger end, staring down the barrel is JARHEAD.

Beady eyes twitching, Dote's hairy arms move toward the ceiling.

 DOTE
We got layaway, if you can't handle
it all right now, Jar.

 JARHEAD
Open the register.

 DOTE
Hell no.

Jar smashes the gun barrel hard against Dote's face.

Dote opens the register.

 JARHEAD
Start counting, out loud.

Dote gets to work, narrating as he lays out crumpled bills until he gets to ONE THOUSAND.

 JARHEAD (CONT'D)
That's enough.

Jar shakes a white plastic Walmart shopping bag.

 DOTE
You don't want all of it?

 JARHEAD
Nossir.

4 EXT. STRIP MALL (PARKING LOT) - DAY

4

The strip is rundown, broken windows taped up.

Gripping the Walmart bag, Jar walks toward his rusted '94 white Buick Le Sabre. He scans the perimeter, gets in the car.

5 EXT. JARHEAD'S CAR - DAY

5

The engine barely turns over. When it finally does, Jar puts it in gear and steers through the lot, passing numerous abandoned storefronts.

He pulls onto a service road in the middle of nowhere.

6 INT. JARHEAD'S CAR - DAY 6

Jar drives, squinting out at the empty hills on the horizon. The hate TALK RADIO blares.

At a STOP SIGN he looks out his window and stares at...

A huddle of MEXICAN MEN standing on the corner passing a bottle, cheap labor in wait.

7 EXT. DIRT ROAD - WOODS - DAY 7

MOSES (13) rides a beat-up pink bicycle too small for him. Stick thin, crewcut, flannel shirt and sweatpants, the kid looks tough and hungry.

8 EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY 8

The rundown park on the forest's edge houses a cluster of trailers. SCOUT (6) sits in the weeds next to a rusted swing set with no swings. Her hair has been cut by a shaky scissors and her cheeks are dirty but she's cute as hell, playing with a ragged doll and two GERMAN SHEPHERDS.

The dogs see Moses approach and run to him.

SCOUT
What you doing riding my bike?

MOSES
Wasn't yours 'til I stole it for you.

Moses pets the dogs and pushes the bike toward his sister, who holds out her doll.

SCOUT
Dolly says ask next time.

MOSES
Deal.

Moses looks over toward an idling '89 brown Ford Bronco outside their trailer, a woman's arm hanging out the passenger window.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Who's that?

SCOUT
Mama's friends came over and she told me to play.

Jarhead's car turns in the trailer park. He leans out the window as he pulls up.

JARHEAD
Told you to get things packed.

MOSES
Did it.

SCOUT
Where we going daddy?

JARHEAD
Where you want to go?

SCOUT
Candy Land.

Moses points to the Bronco.

MOSES
Mama has friends over.

Jar looks over at the car and cuts the engine. He grabs the Walmart bag, gets out and stalks toward the Bronco.

JARHEAD
Stay there and don't come in until
I'm done.

MOSES
Done with what?

Jar walks up to the car and can hear *Slayer's Raining Blood* on the tape deck as he finds...

DELIA (25), eyes closed, listening to the thrash metal like it was a whisper. Long brown, unwashed hair, she wears a Slipknot concert T-shirt faded to the color of spent charcoal, cut-offs and untied work boots. She opens her eyes.

DELIA
Hey Jar.

Jarhead nods, preoccupied with what's inside his trailer.

JARHEAD
What you doing here?

DELIA
Errands. You still tweaking from
killing all them Muslim babies?

JARHEAD
Proud of what we done.

DELIA
Yeah. Good times.

JARHEAD
If your brother is in my house
you're gonna wish I never made it
back.

9

INT. JARHEAD'S TRAILER - DAY

9

Jarhead pushes on the screen door and enters his messy domain, walking toward the back bed area where, partly obscured by the door is...

TAMMY (43), a former county beauty queen wearing cut-offs and a white tank, sweat on her brow and gritting her teeth in pain. She sits flustered on the unmade bed.

Between her and a MAN sitting in shadow is a bag of pills.

TAMMY
But I don't have that kind of cash.

JARHEAD
What's going on?

TAMMY
Jar, baby, I can barely move.
Doctor's phone is off the hook.

JARHEAD
Send the kids outside so you can
cop Oxy? Kind of mother are you?

Tammy's eyes glisten with tears.

The man in shadow rises from his seat on the bed, his profile illuminated by the shaft of daylight coming in through the small window. CHAINSAW ANGUS (45) is the darkest sight to behold. A thug enforcer with a meat packing build, long black hair, neck tattooed with barbed wire.

ANGUS
Should take better care of your
mother, boy.

JARHEAD
Watch your tongue. I'll cut it off,
feed it to my dogs.

TAMMY

Jar, baby don't listen--

ANGUS

Not my fault bitch is on a feeding frenzy.

Enough.

Jarhead throws a furious right to Angus' jaw, lands it like a hatchet into a stump, forcing the brute down onto one knee. But that's as far as he bends.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Hit like mule, just like they say.

Angus rises and squares to Jarhead.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

But can you take it like you give?

Fast, Angus levels Jar and the two men slam against the flimsy trailer walls, going for each other without mercy.

The sound of Tammy screaming and the dogs barking hides the slam of the screen door.

Angus offers a knee to Jar's ribs. Connects.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

This all you got, man?

Jar leaps up, reaches through a jab and grabs Angus' throat, death in his eyes. Just then... a GUNSHOT rings out, silencing the action.

Delia aims the gun next at Tammy. Jar freezes.

Delia eyes the Walmart bag on the counter, bills visible.

DELIA

Goddamn.

She moves closer to the bag, sneaks a quick look at Jar.

Angus rises and then drops a vicious fist to Jar's skull, knocking him flat on the floor.

ANGUS

What you find?

DELIA

Nothing.

Jar meets eyes with Delia, then tries to push himself up as Angus steps on his back.

Angus grabs Delia's gun, cocks it and points it at Jar...

He then points the gun at Tammy... she cowers...

Angus wears a psychotic stare over a wide smile.

ANGUS

Gonna leave a trail of dead by the
time I'm done.

Delia carefully approaches Angus. His finger on the trigger.

DELIA

Angus, let's go.

He snaps to and pushes Delia toward the door.

TAMMY

Said you'd front me couple pills.

JARHEAD

Tammy, stop.

At the door, Angus winks, then he and Delia exit the trailer.

Jar coughs up blood, grabs the Walmart bag and crawls over to the bed. He leans over Tammy.

TAMMY

You mad?

JARHEAD

Hard to be mad at you.

TAMMY

I'm such a mess.

JARHEAD

No ma'am.

Tammy can't meet his eyes... but she tries, a tear slipping down her cheek as she strokes Jar's head.

TAMMY

Is it all this bad?

Moses and Scout enter.

SCOUT

Mama, you okay?

TAMMY

Come here you two.

The kids obediently flop down on the bed, Scout cuddles up, Moses more distant on the edge of the mattress. Far from perfect, but they're a family.

MOSES

I smashed the bastard's back windshield.

JARHEAD

With a rock?

MOSES

Shovel.

Jarhead smiles and playfully grabs the kid.

SCOUT

Can we eat supper? I'm hungry.

JARHEAD

Gonna have it on the road, lady.
Hey, Dolly like drive thru?

10

INT. BRONCO - DAY

10

Angus drives with Delia shotgun. After a bit, he pulls over.

DELIA

What...

Before she can finish, Angus grabs her by the hair and brutally slams her face against the dashboard.

ANGUS

Took you long enough to get in there and help me out.

DELIA

I, I'm...

ANGUS

You're what?

She looks out her window, hiding her tears.

Her view is nothing but empty fields.

A few shards of glass drop onto the back seat from the smashed hole in the back windshield.

Delia looks down, and whispers...

DELIA
I'm sorry.

11 EXT. TRAILER PARK - LATE AFTERNOON 11

The sun glows golden shafts of light through the pines.

Jarhead exits his trailer, throws the Walmart bag in the front seat of the car and walks toward a heavy punching bag hanging from a tree. He pulls the knife off his belt and cuts the rope, heaving the bag onto his shoulder.

He watches Moses and Scout play with the dogs across the grounds. A wistful smile spreads across his face then quickly disappears. He heads toward the car.

JARHEAD
Time to move out.

With the dogs trailing, the kids walk toward the car.

12 INT. JARHEAD'S TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON 12

Tammy searches through her vanity and finds a small, ROSE COLORED GLASS STONE on a thin black thread.

She puts the stone around her neck.

13 EXT. JARHEAD'S TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON 13

Tammy exits and heads to the car. Scout is in the backseat, Moses taking a piss off to the side.

Jar and Tammy look at each other across the car.

JARHEAD
Take a last look.

TAMMY
Really?

JARHEAD
Buy us a new house somewhere else.

TAMMY
What happens if you lose?

JARHEAD

Can't lose. Let's go Mo, you done already?

MOSES

Had to piss like a racehorse.

JARHEAD

Been there, brother.

They get in the car. Jar starts it up - again the engine barely turns over.

SCOUT

What about the dogs?

The two dogs pant playfully outside the car.

JARHEAD

Can't take the dogs, honey.

SCOUT

What? We can't leave them.

JARHEAD

Neighbors'll take them in.

SCOUT

But they're my dogs.

Scout starts to cry.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

What if nobody feeds them? What if they die?

Moses puts an arm around his sister.

MOSES

They've got each other.

Scout grips Dolly tight.

14 EXT. TRAILER PARK - LATE AFTERNOON 14

The Le Sabre pulls out and heads down the road.

15 EXT. FACTORY (PARKING LOT) - EVENING 15

Red brick buildings scarred with years of soot. Exhausted FACTORY WORKERS wander toward their cars. End of the shift.

16

EXT. BRONCO (PARKING LOT) - EVENING

16

ED (30) grits rotted teeth behind cracked lips as the passenger side window rolls down half way. Delia's hand comes out holding a small baggie of crystal.

DELIA

Evening Ed.

She trades him for a couple of wadded up bills. Angus leans in from behind the wheel.

ANGUS

Place still shutting down end of the month?

Ed nods, then...

ED

Law came around looking for you.

Angus stares back with dead eyes.

Ed looks down at the baggie of powder in his grip.

DELIA

So what's next for you, Ed? Big plans on the horizon?

Ed looks up grimly at Delia's crooked smile, then spits at her and walks off. Delia watches him hobble away.

DELIA (CONT'D)

Good times.

She rolls up her window, genuine sadness on her face.

ANGUS

Need customers. Fools gonna have no cash as soon as the factory closes.

DELIA

Let's sell the shit at the Donnybrook. One big buyer and we're done. Gets us out of town. You could fight--

ANGUS

Done it.

Delia backs off.

DELIA
Just saying we could make a
fortune. Then disappear.

ANGUS
Disappear from what?

Angus stares at Delia.

DELIA
No - I mean, we could do whatever
we want. All that money.

ANGUS
Let's check the house.

17

EXT. FARM HOUSE - EVENING

17

Angus steers the Bronco down a rural dirt driveway and they
come upon a house with black smoke billowing out of two
windows.

Angus parks and he and Delia jump out of the car, immediately
covering their faces with their shirts to ward off the
burning chemical smell.

Angus pulls out his .38 and heads around the house.

DELIA
What you need that for?

In the back yard, FLAT (22) sits picking blades of grass next
to the burnt corpse of his brother BEETLE.

Delia approaches, then gently touches Flat's shoulder...

DELIA (CONT'D)
Hey...

He looks up at her, but sorrow has his tongue.

Angus stalks over, gripping his .38, unmoved.

ANGUS
Suppose I got what I deserved,
leaving you two meth heads in
charge of the cook.

Delia stares down at the two brothers.

DELIA
Maybe he's in a better place now.

Flat nods, wipes his dirty face.

Angus aims the gun at the back of Flat's head.

ANGUS

Don't worry, you'll be there soon.

18

EXT. LEYTON PHARMACY - EVENING

18

The Bronco is parked among a few cars in front of a suburban pharmacy in a strip mall.

Delia sits in the car, staring out the front windshield.

After a moment, she hangs her head and starts to cry.

Angus walks up, opens the driver's side door to the Bronco and slams it behind him.

ANGUS

Eldon's out at his ranch-the hell
you crying for?

Delia wipes her eyes.

DELIA

I don't know, period coming on or
something.

ANGUS

Better not be crying over those
two.

DELIA

They were like family.

ANGUS

No they weren't.

DELIA

They were to me.

Angus stares at Delia.

ANGUS

I'm all you got. You keep acting
this way, I'll put an end to your
suffering, that's a promise.

Delia meets his stare, then looks down.

DELIA

I'm sorry.

Angus puts the car in gear.

19 EXT. ELDON'S RANCH - NIGHT 19

On a hilltop surrounded by acres of brush sits a single-story ranch house and three car garage starting to fall apart.

The Bronco's glowing tail lights snake up the long drive.

20 INT. ELDON'S RANCH - NIGHT 20

What was once a respectable home is now a hole. Dishes haven't been washed in ages, crap stacked everywhere.

ELDON (50), drunk, skinny except for a pregnant gut, thinning hair, wears a stained pink *Lacoste* shirt and slacks and sips a watery Knob Creek. He warily eyes Angus, leaning on the kitchen counter.

Delia wanders into the living room, imagining what once was.

ANGUS

Can't offer your partner a drink?

ELDON

Where are my manners? Get yourself a glass.

Angus finds a mug and holds it out. Eldon pours the handle of whisky shakily.

ANGUS

Developing quite a tremor there, Eldon.

ELDON

Shit, right?

Eldon looks into the living room.

ELDON (CONT'D)

Delia, beautiful, you want some?

Angus watches Eldon lust over his sister as she walks into the kitchen. Eldon finds her a glass and pours, not taking his coyote eyes off her breasts.

DELIA

You grow up in this house?

ELDON

I did indeed. And you can spend as much time here as you want.

Angus drains his glass.

ANGUS

So what you say, Eldon? Front us?

ELDON

But you still owe me for the last batch.

ANGUS

Told you, went up in the fire.

ELDON

Well, that's got nothing to do with me. You gotta pay up. I'm down 20g's to some very unforgiving types and need that money.

ANGUS

You'll have it next round.

ELDON

No way, man. People I'm into are not to be fucked with. Unlike the sweet lady here.

Delia smiles, flirtatious.

ANGUS

We gonna have to take you back down to your daddy's pharmacy? Hardly worth the gas money.

ELDON

I'm telling you, I can't front it. Hell no. Anyway I got more Allegra than you can imagine right here. Shit.

Eldon sips his drink.

Angus smiles wide.

ELDON (CONT'D)

What?

21

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

21

Moses carries Scout piggyback into the room and lays her gently on the bed as Jar walks Tammy in - she's doped up and can barely stand on her own.

Jar kisses a sleepy Scout, who clutches her dolly.

SCOUT

Don't forget to kiss Dolly.

JARHEAD

Yes ma'm.

SCOUT

Give 'em hell at the Donnybrook.

JARHEAD

Will do, lady.

Jar turns and sits by Tammy, who's lying on the other bed.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

You got some cash. Your cousin'll be here bright and early. You and Scout stay indoors until then.

TAMMY

I will.

JARHEAD

You okay?

TAMMY

Feel bad.

JARHEAD

All this pain is gonna go away. We'll get you a good doctor. Things'll be different.

Tammy's fingers rub the rose glass stone around her neck, her eyes look confused, her mind soft from the pills.

TAMMY

Hey...

Jar looks at her.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

It's not our fault.

Her eyes welling up...

TAMMY (CONT'D)
It's not our fault.

Tammy brings him closer and kisses him tenderly, her fingers gripping the back of his neck.

Jar rises, heads toward the door.

Moses goes to Tammy's side.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Take good care, mister.

MOSES
Yes ma'am.

She pulls the rose necklace over her head, hands it to him.

TAMMY
So that you think of us.

MOSES
Okay.

TAMMY
You know, sometimes I hold it up to my eyes... and it makes everything look all rosy.

22 INT. LIVING ROOM (ELDON'S RANCH) - NIGHT 22

Curled up on a Lazy-boy, Delia watches the Home Shopping Network on TV. She's deeply focused.

23 INT. KITCHEN (ELDON'S RANCH) - NIGHT 23

Tied to a chair, pants around his ankles, bloody face beaten to a pulp, Eldon opens a swollen eye.

Angus leans against the counter, staring at him.

ELDON
Where my pants, man?

Eldon sees the industrial-sized bottle of Allegra-D in Angus' possession on the counter.

ELDON (CONT'D)
If you take that shit, split is the same as before.

ANGUS
No split this time.

ELDON
Godammit Angus! What's fair is
fair.

Eldon breaks down in tears.

ANGUS
You know, Eldon, life isn't fair,
at least in my experience.
(beat)
Anyway, stop crying, I'm going to
let you have my sister's pussy one
last time before you check out.
Said yourself it was worth dying
for.

ELDON
What?

ANGUS
But you have to do me a favor.

Angus stares at Eldon.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
When you see God, you can't tell
him I'm a bad person. Deal?

Delia enters the kitchen.

DELIA
Stop fucking around, let's go.

Angus grabs her by the neck and shakes her like a rag doll.

ANGUS
You fuck the whole team, but you
can't fuck the mascot? Show the man
a little mercy.

Angus hands her the .38.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
For when you're done.

Angus grabs the handle of Knob Creek and refills his mug.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Goodbye Eldon.

He slips out of the kitchen.

Delia stares at Eldon, her cold anger toward her brother begins to soften into sympathy as she looks at the helpless wreck trembling before her. They're both prisoners.

ELDON

Should use that .38 to kill him,
not me.

Yet, even near death, he can't help but notice her breasts under the T shirt. He starts crying.

ELDON (CONT'D)

You're so beautiful.

DELIA

Shhh.

Delia slips out of her cut-offs and then steps slowly up to Eldon and, still holding the gun, slowly sits down onto his lap, arranging herself just so. She drapes her arms around his neck and nuzzles him with her lips, then whispers...

DELIA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill him next.

She starts rising and falling, finding a rhythm.

ELDON

Oh Jesus.

Rocking back and forth, she lifts her shirt up and pulls it over his head, sweetly suffocating him against her softness. The ghostly contours of his face push through the material.

DELIA

That feel good?

ELDON

Yes ma'am.

She speeds her movements...

DELIA

You getting ready?

ELDON

I think I'm gonna...

She pushes the gun against his face through the shirt.

ELDON (CONT'D)

No, oh God.

DELIA
You ready?

ELDON
I'm gonna...

Faster, faster, she lifts her head back.

ELDON (CONT'D)
Oh god, I'm gonna, I'm gonna c--

Delia stands up and fires the .38 just as Eldon reaches climax. The chair tips backward and slams onto the floor.

And then quiet...

She slowly slips her cutoffs back on, then looks down at him.

Black blood slowly spreads out onto the linoleum.

DELIA
Good times.

24

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

24

Surrounded by yellow police tape, the smoke-damaged cookhouse is now a crime scene. DEPUTY SHERIFF DON WHALEN (45) with an acne-scarred, hollow-cheeked face below his aviators cuts a rugged figure in his white button down, badge, jeans and work boots.

He squats to inspect the corpses of Flat and Beetle.

ASSISTANT DEPUTY POTTS (32), green and lesser in stature, comes up behind him.

POTTS
What you think?

WHALEN
I think the world's gone to hell.

Potts laughs half-heartedly, with obvious discomfort. Whalen looks at the bodies.

WHALEN (CONT'D)
Damn mess here.

He looks back at Potts.

WHALEN (CONT'D)
Where you been?

POTTS
Chief had me doing something.

Whalen grits his teeth, stares at Potts, who can't meet eyes with his superior.

WHALEN
Sounds serious. Mrs. Chief need a ride to the salon again?

POTTS
Nossir. Wasn't that, exactly.

Disgusted, Whalen looks back to the scene and points to a bullet casing on the grass.

WHALEN
Looks like a .38. Scoop that up.

He stands and surveys the perimeter.

WHALEN (CONT'D)
Not a stretch to think the brothers here fell asleep on a cook, turned into human barbecue, then got shot for fucking up this quarter's earnings.

POTTS
Okay.

WHALEN
Bag the meat. I'll be doing my nails by the car.

25

EXT. WHALEN'S TRUCK (CRIME SCENE) - DAY

25

Whalen sits in his black Chevy Suburban listening to Skynyrd's *Simple Man* on his tape deck and rubbing a cigarette between his thumb and finger, focusing on it as if it were a rosary.

Potts knocks on the window. Whalen rolls it down.

WHALEN
We good?

POTTS
Want me to call in State?

WHALEN

These two don't have family. No different than any other trap house disagreement in management, and I can all but guarantee who was on the other end of the pistol.

Whalen retreats into his head for a moment...

WHALEN (CONT'D)

Let's wait a few before calling anyone in. What you got there?

Potts hands Whalen some clear plastic bags with two bullet casings and a few baggie's of white powder.

POTTS

Found those on the one who didn't get all burnt up.

Whalen stares darkly at the crystal.

WHALEN

I'm heading to the station, I can drop it.

Potts looks at Whalen, trying to mask his concern.

POTTS

You sure that's a good idea?

Whalen glare-smiles at the junior officer.

WHALEN

It's a short drive.

Potts puts his hand on the Suburban's window sill.

POTTS

You okay, Donny?

WHALEN

No, not really. Know why?

POTTS

No.

WHALEN

Two reasons. I bring this crystal to the shop, it'll be back on sale a day later. Flow of traffic of this shit never stops. That's one.

POTTS
What's the other?

WHALEN
Your hand on my window.

Potts pulls his hand away.

Whalen rolls up the window.

26 INT. WHALEN'S TRUCK - DAY 26

Whalen drives the county road, *Simple Man* still on the radio.

After a while, he reaches for a flask, takes a long pull then tosses it back onto the passenger seat - it lands on the evidence bags.

27 INT. DOTE'S GUN SHOP - DAY 27

Cleaned up a bit and with a bandaged nose and badly bruised face, Dote leans over the counter as Whalen - wearing plastic gloves - tests the action on the .20 gauge shotgun.

WHALEN
Not exactly your grandfather's weapon but a venison maker, for certain. Least he didn't steal the gun too.

NOTE
Not sure I understand, Donny. I got robbed yesterday. And yet here you are, today. Which happens to be, if I've done the math, a day later.

WHALEN
Come on, Dote. Fat bastard getting held up versus double murder, arson, narcotics manufacturing. You need to do your math better.

Whalen hands the weapon back over the counter and strips the plastic gloves off his hands, scanning the inventory...

NOTE
Give you a deal on any of these. I need the money now. Wife is pissed.

WHALEN
What you describe him looking like?

NOTE

Ain't any detective work necessary, man. I already told whoever answers the phone over there who stole the shit. Jarhead Earl. He got a full grand in a white plastic bag.

WHALEN

Just enough to get him to the Donnybrook.

NOTE

What's that now?

WHALEN

Donnybrook. Bare knuckle affair on some rich fuck's acreage further west. Big Pot. Lots of undesirables betting on the fights, indulging all kinds of unseemly habits.

Whalen flashes Dote a smile of somewhat decayed teeth...

NOTE

I don't really care about habits, Don - yours or anyone else's. I care about my money. I care about you bringing me some justice, law and order, and whatnot.

Whalen continues to browse...

WHALEN

Dote, I could say I'm gonna get that money back for you. But I'd rather be honest.

NOTE

The hell you talking about?

WHALEN

Stolen money gets spent, not returned. What world you living in? Best I got, he ends up with a beating or a bullet. Anyways, worse things than a Vet trying to win a fight and pick himself up by the bootstraps.

Dote stares at Whalen.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

You take care of that wife.

Whalen heads toward the door, stopping when he gets there.

WHALEN (CONT'D)
I'm curious, Dote. Since when you
think justice ever have shit to do
with law and order around here?

Whalen walks out into the high sun.

28 INT. JARHEAD'S CAR (COUNTY ROAD) - EVENING 28

Jarhead behind the wheel, Moses spread out in the backseat.
The engine starts convulsing.

29 EXT. COUNTY ROAD - EVENING 29

The hood is up on the Le Sabre off on the side of the road.
Jar and Moses stand outside.

JARHEAD
Can't be far to a gas station.

Back in the distance, a set of headlights pierce the void.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)
I'll flag it down.

As the car gets closer, RED AND BLUE LIGHTS start spinning
from the roof. Police.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)
Get in the car.

Moses gets in the back, shoving the Walmart bag under the
seat. Jar stands by the driver's side.

The POLICE CRUISER pulls off the shoulder. The flashing red
and blue lights make Moses and Jar's faces glow intensely.

Finally, a POLICE OFFICER (35) gets out and walks over.

POLICE OFFICER
Evening.

JARHEAD
Yessir.

POLICE OFFICER
Need a jump?

JARHEAD

We might need a ride. Car's had it.

POLICE OFFICER

We?

The officer retrieves a flashlight from his pocket and shines the beam, slowly panning across the backseat - illuminating the feral looking Moses.

MOSES

Evening.

The Officer comes back to Jar.

POLICE OFFICER

Where you headed?

JARHEAD

Got family up county.

POLICE OFFICER

Lets see the license and registration.

As Jar sits in the driver's seat and leans over to open the glove compartment, a VOICE comes over the officer's radio.

POLICE RADIO

All units in the bi-state between Routes 18 and 143...

Jar slows. The officer lightly touches the Glock resting in his holster.

POLICE RADIO (CONT'D)

Looking for a white Le Sabre, O-Hi plate Roger Omega Tango 4-7-6. Robbery, assault. Suspect believed to be a U.S. Veteran and armed.

In a flash, the Officer draws his weapon but Jar's fist smashes his face - the Cop's head snaps back, his body landing hard on the pavement.

Jar stands over the barely conscious Cop, then quickly pulls a pair of handcuffs off the Cop's belt, flips him over, and cuffs his wrists.

JARHEAD

Got nothing against the badge.

Jar leaves him flat on the pavement, walks to the police car and cuts the red and blue lights, giving the evening a deep visual hush.

He walks back to the Le Sabre and looks into the backseat, Moses faces him, silent.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

Get everything over to the other car.

MOSES

The cruiser?

Jarhead drags the Cop off the road.

30

INT. POLICE CRUISER - EVENING

30

Moses is in the back. Jar gets in front, shuts the door, keys the ignition, then turns back to face him.

JARHEAD

It was me or him. That true?

MOSES

Yes.

JARHEAD

And if it was me, would have meant the end for all of us. And that will never happen. Hear me?

MOSES

Yessir.

JARHEAD

Given you're in a similar situation, I expect you to do the same.

MOSES

I will.

JARHEAD

Pop up then, ride shotgun.

Moses gets out of the back and jumps into the passenger seat. Jar puts the cruiser in gear and off they go into the night.

Moses can't help but wear a smile of excitement.

Jar switches the red and blue lights back on and looks fondly over at Moses as he drives.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

Bet you never thought you'd be a
lawman, did you Mo?

Moses smiles even wider, shakes his head.

31 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 31

A haze coats the rolling, desolate landscape as the glowing red and blue lights lead the cruiser, dreamlike, deeper and deeper into the night.

32 INT. BRONCO - NIGHT 32

Angus and Delia turn onto a dirt drive, stopping at a rusted metal mailbox.

ANGUS

Check for mail.

33 INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT 33

Angus inspects the interior. The place is abandoned and anything left inside is covered in dust or animal droppings.

Delia joins him inside and wanders through the place.

She finds a NEST OF BABY SPARROWS on the floor.

She bends down and slowly swoops her hand over the nest and the babies open their mouths, chirping with hunger.

Angus turns a squeaky faucet and the water runs rusty, then clear.

ANGUS

Home sweet home.

34 INT./EXT. POLICE CRUISER PARKED (DIRT ROAD) - NIGHT 34

Hidden by overgrowth on an isolated dirt path in the woods, Jarhead is stretched out up in the front seat of the police cruiser, Moses lies in the back, holding Tammy's rose stone in his fingers. He grabs a pretzel rod out of a bag.

MOSES

How 'bout a story or something? War story.

JARHEAD

Yeah? Okay, let me just think of one...

MOSES

Ain't got all night, man. Tell it.

Jar smiles, shakes his head at the kid.

JARHEAD

Well, okay, let's see...patrol was quiet that night. Could hear the calls to prayer, sounds of mortar. We were 'alert and in the dirt,' which means we was ready for anything. It was me and Roddie. He was from Puerto Rico, grew up eating coconuts and fighting tigers in the jungle.

MOSES

What's coconut taste like?

JARHEAD

Shit if I know.

Moses nods.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

So we're patrolling the area, and we come upon a beggar - down and out, left for dead. So we checked him out and then gave the *Salaam Aleekum* and pass by.

MOSES

What's that mean? Sounds like its made up.

JARHEAD

It's Arabic. It means 'go with god.' But it also just means 'hi.'

Moses yawns.

MOSES

That's funny.

JARHEAD

So we're about to turn the corner, and I give the beggar another look, and... he... waved at me. Like he knew me. And... it struck me as just... strange...

Jarhead is silent, now deep inside his head.

Moses waits...

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

Roddie had already turned the corner. Then I heard the shots. Couldn't see the shooter from where I was standing.

Jar takes a deep breath, holding it all back.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

Damn well didn't hear Roddie scream - wasn't like that - boy was tough as shit. But I heard his body drop. Knew he was dead. Left me with one thing to do. M4 locked and loaded. Took that corner fast, spotted the sniper and brought him down from a window like a squirrel in a tree.

MOSES

Damn.

JARHEAD

I looked back for the beggar man... but he was gone.

Moses stares at Jar with wide eyes.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

He must have been in on it.

Jar takes a moment...

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

You know, sometimes its hard to see what's really happening right in front of your face. Things may look one way but turn out the opposite. And, man, if that isn't something to try and prepare yourself for in life then I don't know what is.

MOSES

Yessir.

JARHEAD

Get some shut eye.

Jar opens up the car door and stands under the trees, clearing the ghosts from his head.

MOSES

You gonna win that Donnybrook?

Jar looks back into the car.

JARHEAD

They'll have to kill me. And if they couldn't kill me over there, then I'm sure as hell not going to let them kill me here.

Moses smiles and closes his eyes.

35 EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING 35

The sun rises over Angus and Delia's new hideout. Black garbage bags are duct-taped to every window.

36 INT. FARM HOUSE - MORNING 36

Surrounded by blackened mason jars, camping stoves, box fans, ammonia jugs, Allegra-D jars and wearing gas masks, Angus and Delia finish cooking a large batch of crystal.

37 INT. FARM HOUSE - MORNING 37

Angus and Delia scoop small mounds of crystal into clear baggie's and seal them - one after the other, a two-person assembly line.

Delia takes a fingernail full for herself.

DELIA

Damn. You sure we can't unload it all at once at the Donnybrook?

Angus stops what he's doing.

Silence...

Delia almost coils up, expecting the worst...

DELIA (CONT'D)

I didn't--

ANGUS

You know what a hound round is?

She can't help but slip out a smile.

DELIA

No.

ANGUS

It's when they chain a fighter to a post, pour blood over him, and let a coked-up pit bull try and eat him alive.

Angus goes into himself for a beat....

ANGUS (CONT'D)

People bet on the action..

Delia isn't smiling anymore.

Angus then grabs a rucksack and starts loading the baggie's.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Let's wash the stink off.

38

EXT. CREEK - MORNING

38

Surrounded by swaying trees and overgrowth of vines, Delia and Angus undress by the side of the creek, throwing their dirty clothes into a garbage bag.

They slowly wade into the cold water. Angus squirts liquid soap into his hands and hair then throws the bottle to Delia, who does the same.

ANGUS

Do it good.

She lathers up. After a bit Angus comes closer and turns.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Get my back.

She scrubs his mountainous shoulders, back and arms. He dips under then comes back up.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Turn around.

She does and he starts scrubbing her back, arms and hair. Delia smiles and lets him do it.

She reaches back for him, touches his stomach, then reaches lower...

He recoils, splashing her face. The water stings her eyes.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

That ain't in my interests. Clean yourself, dry yourself, then get the fuck out my sight.

He stalks out of the creek and up onto the grass.

She sinks down so her shoulders go beneath the surface. She turns away. Quiet, confused, ashamed.

DELIA

I'm sorry.

39

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

39

Angus steps out of the Bronco and shuts his door.

Delia slides over to the driver's seat.

ANGUS

The shit you doing?

DELIA

Gonna have a drink.

ANGUS

Got a handle inside.

DELIA

Somewhere else.

She turns over the engine and backs out the driveway.

Angus watches her go.

40

INT. BRONCO (COUNTRY ROAD) - DAY

40

Delia drives fast, a dead stare through the windshield.

She slows down and pulls off onto the side of the road.

She cuts the engine and listens to the quiet, staring out at nothing, deep in her head.

Her breathing quickens until...

She lets out an agonizing SCREAM.

41

EXT. STRIP MALL (PARKING LOT) - DAY

41

Whalen's Suburban is parked in the lot.

SARAH (38), pretty but tired, exits the Price Chopper, fishing for keys in her bag as she walks toward her car.

Whalen steps out of the Suburban and moves toward her. She sees him and quickens her pace to avoid him.

WHALEN

Just-- hold on, Sarah, please! I don't want anything. I'm on a job, just wanted to see you.

Sarah stops abruptly and gives him a hard look. She leans in toward his face and sniffs. Her eyes go dead.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

A little booze. That's it.

She turns and walks toward her car, Whalen follows.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

I'm trying, Sarah. Can't even remember the last time I messed with the other shit.

She keeps walking, ignoring him.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

I know you hate me. I just thought - come on, please talk to me!

She stops.

SARAH

He came by my house, Donny.

Whalen stops in his tracks. Dead serious.

WHALEN

What?

SARAH

Couple times. With his sister. Wanted to know if there were any customers still about.

Disgusted, she turns and starts to walk away, Whalen grabs her wrist-- hard-- pulling her back toward him.

WHALEN

Did he hurt you?

SARAH

(softly)
No. You did. Let go.

He loosens his grip and she walks away, not looking back.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Just sign the papers, Don.

Whalen watches her go, his eyes burning.

42

INT. LEYTON PHARMACY (STRIP MALL) - DAY

42

Whalen walks slowly down the Hallmark card aisle as the elevator music version of *The Greatest Love of All* plays over the store's sound system.

DAWN (39), a pudgy employee with a giant head of frosted hair and an elaborate manicure leans over the counter as he approaches.

DAWN
Help you?

WHALEN
Mr. Leyton on the premises?

DAWN
Eldon has not yet come in today.

WHALEN
He been in at all this week?

DAWN
Not when I've been here.

WHALEN
Popular guy, town pharmacist.

Dawn doesn't respond.

Whalen looks at the rack behind her.

WHALEN (CONT'D)
I'll take a Zippo lighter fluid.

DAWN
Excuse me?

Whalen shoots her an angry look.

WHALEN
Ain't that fucking hard. Zippo
lighter fluid.

Dawn plucks one from the shelf and drops it on the counter.

DAWN

Well you are so very welcome then.

43 INT. WHALEN'S TRUCK (STRIP MALL) - DAY 43

An hour later, still parked with the engine off, Whalen stares darkly out through the windshield.

Then he looks at the flask sitting on top of the evidence bags of crystal still nestled on the passenger seat.

44 EXT. ELDON'S RANCH - DAY 44

An '86 ice blue Dodge Omni turns up Eldon's long driveway, winding toward the ranch house in the middle of nowhere.

45 Dawn parks and gets out of the car, struggling with her pleather purse. She walks to the house and enters the front door. 45

DAWN

Eldon?

She starts closing the door behind her...

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

Eldon? You better wake up, take an Alka-seltzer and call the cleaning girls. Place stinks.

The front door closes...

After a leisurely beat...

Piercing, horrified SCREAMS echo through the house.

45 INT. KITCHEN (ELDON'S RANCH) - DAY 45

FLASH PHOTOGRAPHS are being taken of Eldon's body.

The kitchen is now a crime scene. TWO MEN from the Sheriff's office wearing white masks over their noses and mouths wait with an empty body bag.

Whalen, hat in hand, leans against the counter watching the Knob Creek jug get bagged as evidence. The PHOTOGRAPHER'S FLASH POPS, forcing Whalen to squint as he watches the bullet casings getting picked up and bagged.

WHALEN

Betting those are 38's.

Whalen leans over Eldon's corpse.

WHALEN (CONT'D)
His brother was a classmate of
mine, before he drank his liver
black.

He places his hat gently on his head.

WHALEN (CONT'D)
Eldon was the pride of the family.
(to officer collecting evidence)
DNA too. I know who he was fucking.

Potts enters.

POTTS
She says she's got to leave.

WHALEN
Who's that now?

POTTS
Lady from the drug store, one who
found him. She's in the living
room.

46

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

46

Dawn chews her lip as Whalen sits down across from her. Her eyes don't leave the TV - Home Shopping Network still on - gold plated teacups on display.

DAWN
Aren't those darling.

Whalen motions for Potts to turn the TV off, which he does, then remains in the background.

WHALEN
We meet again, miss...?

DAWN
Dawn.

WHALEN
That's a pretty name.

She stares at him coldly.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about how I acted back at the pharmacy, Dawn. This job turns me into a damn monster if I let it.

DAWN

Uh huh.

WHALEN

So, anything happen at the pharmacy that made you come out today?

DAWN

Eldon never comes in these days. Was worried about him. Gambles a ton. Cards.

WHALEN

Deputy Potts here said something about an Indian.

DAWN

Wasn't an Indian just made me think of one because how he wore his hair. But this guy, lots of muscle, dirty clothes, tattoos. Smelled him from down the aisle.

WHALEN

This is all helpful. What the tattoos look like?

DAWN

On the neck. Barbed wire.

Whalen's face turns to stone.

WHALEN

I know him.

Whalen stands up.

DAWN

Well I guess you'll just take it from here then.

POTTS

Want me to write up her statement?

Whalen clicks the TV back on, which immediately sucks Dawn's attention back in... he motions to Potts toward the door.

47

EXT. ELDON'S RANCH - DAY

47

Whalen lights a cigarette, deep in thought, as Potts waits for him...

WHALEN

Eldon gets the same bullet as the tweaker brothers... Chainsaw's set to cook a new batch somewhere.

POTTS

Yessir. So write it up?

WHALEN

Motherfucker is the reason this place... everything's gone to hell.

POTTS

What you gonna do?

WHALEN

I'm gonna find him.

Whalen walks toward his vehicle...

POTTS

Hey, why do they call him 'chainsaw'?

Whalen doesn't turn around.

48

EXT. DIRT ROAD - AFTERNOON

48

Just off the path where the police cruiser is parked, the heavy punching bag hangs over a thick tree branch as Jarhead trains, giving the bag a pummeling.

Nearby, Moses throws a knife at a tree, bark splintering with every throw. As he pulls the knife out of the trunk, he sees Jar doubled over, catching his breath from the workout.

MOSES

You alright?

Jar looks up at Moses.

JARHEAD

Yessir. Just thinking we gotta ditch the cruiser, figure out a new vehicle.

Moses says nothing, but his face darkens, and he throws the knife harder on the next one.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

What's up?

Moses stalks to the tree to retrieve the knife.

MOSES

Nothing.

JARHEAD

Like that cruiser, do you?

Smiles sneak out of both father and son.

MOSES

Yeah.

JARHEAD

Alright. We'll see how it goes.
Let's move though.

49 INT./EXT. BRONCO (ROADSIDE) - AFTERNOON 49

A golden haze from the sun washes over the car, still parked on the side of the road.

Sitting behind the wheel, Delia stares at the .38 on her lap.

She's been staring at it for hours.

She raises it up, and opens the chamber.

One shot left.

She snaps it shut.

She starts the car, puts it in gear, pulls a U-turn and heads back the way she came.

A trail of dust is left in her wake.

50 EXT. FARMHOUSE - EARLY EVENING 50

The Bronco slowly drives the dirt path toward the farm house.

Delia parks the car, kills the lights, and slides out from behind the wheel, leaving the door wide open.

51 INT. FARMHOUSE - EARLY EVENING 51

She quietly walks into the living room where Angus sits with two fingers of whisky in his hand.

ANGUS

How long you planning on making me wait?

The sparrow babies in the corner of the room chirp wildly.

DELIA

Not much longer.

Angus downs his drink, then stands up.

A single GUNSHOT rings out, dropping Angus to the floor.

He lays on his back, gasping for air, blood seeping through his shirt.

.38 in hand, Delia walks across the room and stands over him.

DELIA (CONT'D)

After all this time, just takes a single bullet?

Angus is fighting the pain.

ANGUS

Bitch.

She kicks his head with a steel toe.

DELIA

Bastard.

She grabs the RUCKSACK filled with drugs and his pack of Pall Malls and starts walking out.

The baby sparrows are still shrieking. She stops.

DELIA (CONT'D)

You hear that?

Then she turns back to the door and walks out.

52 EXT. GOLDEN DRAGON CHINESE BUFFET - EVENING 52

The same cheap Chinese restaurant in every town in America with only a few cars parked in the lot.

53 INT. GOLDEN DRAGON CHINESE BUFFET - EVENING 53

An OBESE WHITE COUPLE stands at the steaming buffet table, piling their plates with egg rolls, chow mein and fried rice.

At a table by the window, Whalen drinks from his Bud bottle and directs his attention across the table at his informant, KC (30) a mellow, recreational user type with an empty plate and full beer in front of him. The two men are familiar.

KC
Don't you want to try a Chinese
beer? Like, when in Rome?

WHALEN
This what Rome looks like? Shit.

Whalen takes another sip.

WHALEN (CONT'D)
Why you come here if you don't eat
the food?

KC looks around.

KC
The ambiance.

WHALEN
Who'd Eldon owe money to?

KC
That I do not know.

WHALEN
Where's Angus now?

KC
Cooking somewhere, surely.

Whalen stares out the window.

WHALEN
Helpful.

KC sips his beer.

KC
How much powder were the moron
brothers holding when they turned
to charcoal?

WHALEN
Not for you to worry about.
Anyway thought I'd ask the
questions, if that's alright.

Whalen drinks...

KC

I know you got the job and all but seems like one cop ain't gonna stop the whole shit storm. Listen, I'm your friend and--

WHALEN

We're not friends.

KC

Okay, fine, but we've spent enough time together that--

WHALEN

Those days are gone.

KC

Okay Donny.

KC tries not to smirk, then shakes his head.

KC (CONT'D)

I'd just leave Angus alone, man.
He's the devil.

Whalen pulls a money clip out of his pocket, along with it comes his Zippo lighter and the tin of Zippo lighter fluid. He drops some cash on the table before stuffing the other items back in his pocket.

WHALEN

Well, someone's gotta kill the devil then.

(beat)

Anyways, what else am I gonna do?

KC smiles across the table.

KC

I bet you still got that powder.

Whalen stares back...

54

EXT. WHALEN'S TRUCK (GOLDEN DRAGON PARKING LOT) - NIGHT 54

Whalen sits behind the wheel of the parked Suburban, smoking a cigarette, grinding his jaw on overdrive as KC leans back against the passenger seat headrest, having just indulged in the contents of one of the evidence bags Whalen has yet to turn over...

KC looks around the truck's interior...

KC
This a new truck?

Whalen's mood is darkening by the second.

WHALEN
Get the fuck out.

KC looks over at the guilt-ridden Whalen, then smiles.

55

EXT. GOLDEN DRAGON PARKING LOT - NIGHT

55

High as a kite, KC walks leisurely through the parking lot.

Without warning, Whalen comes up from behind, pushes him hard into the shadows and then cracks KC's face with his fist. KC drops to the asphalt, screaming bloody murder, and Whalen squats over him.

WHALEN
Shut up! Enough of this bullshit,
man, where's Angus?

KC is both confused and bleeding.

KC
Told you. I don't know.

WHALEN
Where the fuck is he?

KC
Whalen, come on--

WHALEN
It's Deputy Whalen to you,
motherfucker!

Whalen pulls the tin of Zippo lighter fluid out of his pocket and starts squirting it all over KC's face.

KC
What the shit?

WHALEN
And my job is to protect the people
of this county...

Whalen lights the Zippo and holds it up.

KC is frozen, petrified, as Whalen has gone insane.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

So, buddy, you're gonna help me do my job. Or I'm going to see fit to light you on fire. Talk.

KC

I swear. I don't know where he is.

A long beat...

Whalen then pockets the lighter, presses up and walks away, leaving KC trembling on the ground.

56 INT./EXT. BRONCO (HIGHWAY REST AREA) - NIGHT 56

Delia's car is parked alone in the darkened, isolated lot.

The rucksack sits on the passenger seat.

She turns off the car, pushes the driver's seat back and curls onto her side, closing her eyes.

57 INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT 57

The baby sparrows are sleeping, huddled together, shivering.

Angus is gone - in his place is a TRAIL OF BLOOD smeared on the floor, which goes all the way through the living room...

Down a hallway...

58 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 58

The trail of blood runs across the floor and over the tub...

Where Angus lies, alive, struggling with a knife as he digs the bullet out of his ribs, blood everywhere.

His howls of pain fill the dark house.

59 EXT. FOOD MART PARKING LOT - MORNING 59

Sunrise peeks over the rural food mart.

The cruiser is parked on a far corner of the quiet lot. Jarhead waits by the car, watching as Moses walks toward him carrying coffee and a small bag of supplies.

JARHEAD

Shit, think you grew another inch last night.

MOSES

Come on.

Moses hands Jar the coffee, which he blows on to cool down.

JARHEAD

Gotta tighten the belt a little. Entrance fee to the Donnybrook ain't negotiable.

Moses guiltily looks down into the shopping bag.

MOSES

We can take some of it back.

JARHEAD

Not for you to worry, Mo. We'll figure it out.

They get in the cruiser.

MOSES

I kind of like living this way.

JARHEAD

Don't miss the girls?

MOSES

A little.

The police radio sounds off in a loud fuzzy voice, jarring them both. Jarhead turns the volume down.

MOSES (CONT'D)

We criminals, you think?

JARHEAD

Nossir. Fighters.

Jar starts the engine and pulls out onto the road.

60

EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

60

Another ravaged rural house, hole in the roof, rusted out farm equipment scattered throughout the unkempt yard.

Whalen's Suburban is parked by the road, he's on the radio.

WHALEN

That's correct, off Balina Road,
not yet to Perryville. Requesting a
car for back up. Believe the
suspect is on the premises.

He cautiously walks the drive toward the house...

Smells the chemical air....

The house's windows are covered in dirty blue tarps...

He draws his .38 snub and approaches a side door.

61 INT. HOUSE - DAY

61

Whalen silently enters an infested kitchen to find a mangy
COUPLE cooking a batch, wearing nothing but goggles.

The fans, stove, and music are so loud, they don't hear him.

Whalen has his gun trained on them.

WHALEN

Hey!

The couple looks up and the woman covers her saggy torso. The
man squints through his goggles, his eyes crazed.

GOGGLES

Don't take the batch, Donny, its
all we got!

Whalen inches closer, the look on his face beyond intense.

The music blares.

Both Whalen and Goggles look ready to pounce at any moment...

Goggles reaches for something on the table in front of him--

WHALEN

Don't--

62 EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

62

Quiet. Almost bucolic.

Potts and another OFFICER stalk quietly toward the smoke-
charred house, guns drawn.

POTTS

Whalen?

Nothing. Then...

WHALEN (O.S.)

In here.

63 INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

63

Potts and the Officer come upon Whalen quietly smoking, sitting on an old sofa in the squalid living room.

Two CRIBS are in the corner of the room.

POTTS

Jesus. What'd you do?

Whalen takes a drag, then looks out the window, earnestly in his eyes as he looks back at Potts...

WHALEN

Think any of this matters?

64 EXT. DELIA'S CAR (REST AREA) - DAY

64

Delia leans against the hood, stretches, then walks further into the rest area to discover...

65 EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

65

A peaceful spot. TEENAGERS sun on rocks. A few swim.

Delia swims in a T-shirt and underwear.

She warms herself on the rocks near the teenagers.

Delia takes a deep breath and smiles. She's free.

DELIA

(to herself)

Good times.

66 INT. POLICE STATION (LOCKER ROOM) - DAY

66

Freshly showered, dressed in black T-shirt and jeans, Whalen sits in front of his locker lacing up his boots. His arm is bandaged and his face is raw with scratches.

A BIG MAN in a Sears suit stands over him - SHERIFF KELSEN (59), humorless with a paunch and an ass the shape of his chair.

WHALEN

It was goddamn probable cause.
Could smell the cook a mile down
the road. Thought I had him.

KELSEN

I got Social Services all up my
ass, Donny. You just orphaned two
kids.

WHALEN

Self goddamn defense.

KELSEN

Looks more like an execution.

WHALEN

Bullshit! Get the fuck out the
chair once in your life and you'd
see it different. There's poison
everywhere and ain't nobody trying
to clean it up!

KELSEN

Is that what you think you're
doing? Cleaning it up?

WHALEN

Shit, those kids are better off
with State, we both know it.

Kelsen stares at his Deputy in disbelief.

KELSEN

Jesus, you're some kind of mess.
Once again you're on forced leave,
Donny, starting now. Drop your
badge and .38 at the desk before
you exit the building.

WHALEN

Fuck you. I'm gonna bring that
bastard back in a bag or lay in
some dirt myself if that's what it
takes.

Dead silence as the two men stare tough at each other until
Whalen's wild, guilty eyes go desperate.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

I have to.

Whalen then does his best to regain composure.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

You can help me, or stay out of the way.

Kelsen looks around the empty room, then back at Whalen.

KELSEN

We see you on the scene, you're a bad guy, got that?

Kelsen walks out of the locker room, slamming the door almost off its hinges.

Whalen combs his wet hair back, over and over and over, stewing in a silent fury.

He then grabs his personal Glock from the locker and stuffs it into his waistband.

WHALEN

Good, bad, ain't no difference.

67

EXT. PARKING LOT (POLICE PRECINCT) - DAY

67

Whalen grits his teeth, stalking the parking lot toward his truck. He pops a clip into the Glock.

WHALEN

Where you at, Chainsaw?

68

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

68

Way off on the horizon, under a big sky of dark clouds, a LONE FIGURE walks down the road.

A closer look shows that it's Angus, wearing a jacket that covers his bandaged wound.

After a while, a car comes from behind him and pulls up. Dodge wagon. The driver (60), BRUCE, a good citizen type, leans toward the passenger window.

BRUCE

You alright there?

ANGUS

Broke down ways back.

BRUCE
That a limp you got?

ANGUS
Picked it up in Afghanistan.

BRUCE
That right? Well, need a ride,
soldier?

ANGUS
Yessir.

BRUCE
Where you headed?

ANGUS
Hope to meet up with my sister.

69 INT. BRUCE'S CAR - DAY

69

Angus rests stiffly in shotgun, eyeing the cross hanging from the rear view mirror.

BRUCE
Sister huh? Older or younger?

ANGUS
She's younger.

BRUCE
Ha! A little sister. That's just great. Bet you've spent half your life keeping all the boys off her.

ANGUS
That's right.

BRUCE
Like my son did. He's done real well. Wife, four kids - my grand kids. At this point I have to pinch myself, could this kid be that big a success? Where'd it come from? College? High school? Military - like yourself there. I mean where?

Angus stares out at the passing nothingness.

ANGUS
Don't know.

BRUCE

Well I do. Finally came to me watching him play with one of his boys past summer. Jake - think it was Jake. It struck me. Success is something that you build long before a promotion or even a job - its generations deep. How you treat your family - how you take care of the ones closest to you, that's where it starts.

Angus is quiet as they drive...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Mind if I ask you something? Was there something that happened to you, got you down like this?

Angus doesn't answer.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Heck, maybe I can help you.

Angus takes his time, gazes out the window...

ANGUS

Back some years, my father had a logging business. Decent man. Made just enough to keep steady. I got of age, started working, taught me everything, machines first. I loved it. Fought bare knuckles on the side for extra change. I liked the fighting. My father retired. Left me the business. I couldn't have been prouder. You mind pulling into the rest stop coming up, gotta piss.

BRUCE

Why sure.

Bruce slows a bit, eying a turn-off up the road.

ANGUS

Was all going great, until a fight went bad. I got angry and couldn't let it go. It being a logging business, there were lots of tools everywhere. I saw black. Started on the guy with a hammer and then finished him with a chain saw. I butchered him. Did 12 years for it.

(MORE)

ANGUS (CONT'D)

While I was inside, economy tanked.
No more steady clients. I got out,
took on a couple shady loans.
Couldn't pay them back. Lost the
business.

Bruce parks the car in the rest area, mesmerized.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Fell deeper into darkness. Sister
got me hooked on meth. Perked me up
but wasn't no good. Started cooking
it. Selling it. Then turned my
sister out, made her into a whore.
Disgraced my father, before cancer
killed him.

Bruce is dumbfounded.

Angus reaches into his pocket and pulls out a hunting knife.

BRUCE

What you gonna do with that?

Angus slits Bruce's throat.

Bruce's eyes fill with horror as blood pours from his neck
onto his lap. He reaches shakily toward Angus, who brushes
the man's hands away.

ANGUS

What, think I owe you something?

Angus watches Bruce bleed out.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

You can talk about your boy all you
want. Talk about success all you
want.

Bruce is fading.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

But you're about to be dragged into
the woods and buried in an unmarked
grave while I head down the road
with a new car.

He leans closer to the dying man.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Now, that's success.

70 INT. BRUCE'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON 70

Angus drives. Nobody else in the car. Ice cold stare. Turns on the radio.

The distant gongs of AC/DC's *Hell's Bells* sound off.

71 EXT. BRUCE'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON 71

The song continues as the car speeds down the empty road.

Nothing but pines on either side, and nobody in his way.

72 INT. CRUISER - EVENING 72

Jar drives, Moses in shotgun.

Jar eyes something up ahead and slows the vehicle...

73 EXT. CUR'S WATERING HOLE - EVENING 73

Jar steers into the tavern's lot. Lots of cars, happy hour.

MOSES
What we doing?

JARHEAD
Looking for a fight.

74 INT. CUR'S WATERING HOLE - EVENING 74

A squalid place but the beer is cold.

Money is being collected by the bartender POE (30) a skinny man wearing a stained rebel flag T-shirt. The collection gets larger as GREASY PATRONS wage bets.

Moses watches from the corner.

POE
We'll do it out back, per usual.
Wolf Cookie Mike, feeling good?

WOLF COOKIE MIKE (29) a giant, unfit man with a head of dirty curls and beard snorts a huge line of speed, clears his throat, then does a second equally huge line. He licks the rolled up dollar bill.

WOLF COOKIE MIKE
We used to do this with 100's back
in happier times.

He stands, wired.

WOLF COOKIE MIKE (CONT'D)
Where the soldier boy at?

He walks past a booth, revealing...

Delia.

She's sitting alone, Bud bottle and rucksack on the table.

75

EXT. CUR'S WATERING HOLE (BACK LOT) - EVENING

75

Men have assembled in a beer-soaked scrum, surrounding
Jarhead and Mike.

POE
Set to pop, fellas?

WOLF COOKIE MIKE
Yessir.

JARHEAD
Hold a second.

Jar breaks the scrum, walks over to a dumpster and starts
rummaging around.

POE
You hungry, stranger?

WOLF COOKIE MIKE
Let's go pussy, I got plans later.

Jar pulls a 2X4 out of the dumpster, walks back through the
dumbfounded group and hands it to Mike.

JARHEAD
Figure you're gonna need this.

Poe chuckles curiously.

Mike throws the 2X4 to the ground.

WOLF COOKIE MIKE
You're fucking dead.

The giant comes toward Jar, fists up.

With a straight punch to the windpipe, a kick to the ribs and a pile driver to the skull, Wolf Cookie is a pile of fat and hair on the pavement.

The group stares in disbelief.

Jar then reaches down and pulls Mike up to his feet and helps him over to his friends, who take it from there.

Jar grabs Moses and the two walk up to Poe, who silently starts counting out Jar's cut of the pot.

POE

Damn, killer, you ever hear of the Donnybrook?

JARHEAD

Headed there.

POE

Semper Fi then. Name's Poe.

Poe finishes counting - stripping out a few bills for himself before handing the rest to Jar - flashing a toothy grin.

POE (CONT'D)

Promoter's fee, mind you.

Just then, a MAN'S VOICE shouts out from the bar.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Cops out front!

POE

Local?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

State. Checking the cruiser.

Moses looks up at Jar, tense. Poe reads it.

POE

I got a truck.

Jar doesn't like it, holds back.

Poe smiles again.

POE (CONT'D)

You'd rather deal with them, have at it.

Moses silently pleads with Jar...

They follow Poe around the bar to his Ford F150.

POE (CONT'D)
Lay in the bed.

They get in and then Poe's truck pulls out...

Followed at a distance by Delia in the Bronco.

76 INT./EXT. POE'S TRUCK (ON THE ROAD) - NIGHT 76

Jar and Moses lay on their sides in the back as the truck drives under a darkened night sky.

Jar tenderly puts his arm around Moses.

77 EXT. WHALEN'S HOUSE (DEEP WOODS) - NIGHT 77

A double-wide with chipped vinyl siding off a dirt driveway nestled in the backwoods, Whalen's Suburban is parked out front.

The house is mainly dark, except for one light offering a low glow to a single window.

The SOUND of a hand-saw cutting back and forth...

78 INT. WHALEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 78

You can tell that the place used to be a home - but has rotted into a bachelor squat.

A number of guns are laid out on a messy table also adorned by a Wild Turkey bottle and a dirty mug.

The sawing sound is louder as...

Whalen finishes sawing off the barrel of a shotgun.

He inspects his work... then lays the gun lovingly on the table along with all of the others - a small arsenal.

Whalen stares down at the weapons as if looking into a bleak crystal ball.

79 INT. DELIA'S CAR (COUNTY ROAD) - NIGHT 79

Behind the wheel, Delia tracks the F-150 from a safe distance. Eventually the truck pulls into...

80 EXT. NONDESCRIPT STOREFRONT (STRIP MALL) - NIGHT 80

Poe parks the Ford in the dark lot, Jarhead and Moses hop out and the three walk toward the storefront.

An EXOTIC DANCER type walks out of the storefront trailed by a squat, swarthy GUY. They aren't speaking to each other.

Poe smiles...

POE
How'd it work out?

The guy offers a mute shrug as they pass.

JARHEAD
What's here?

POE
I keep an office.

JARHEAD
What kind of business?

POE
Regular kind.

81 INT. STOREFRONT - NIGHT 81

Jar splashes cold water on his face from a sink in the corner of the mostly empty, cheap space with a sagging drop ceiling. Moses sits on one of two ratty couches, watching TV. A few out-of-date video cameras and tripods are set up.

Poe pulls two beers out of a mini fridge.

POE
Taking a stab at the internet with those cameras.

JARHEAD
Got a phone? Want to check in with the wife.

POE
Be my guest. I can step out.

Poe steps out into the lot, closing the door behind him.

Moses' eyes are glazed on the TV...

Phone to his ear, Jar leans against the wall, listening to the dial tone...

He's about to hang up when Scout answers.

SCOUT (O.S.)
Good evening.

Jar softens when he hears that voice.

JARHEAD
What you doing lady?

SCOUT (O.S.)
Hey daddy.

JARHEAD
Sound tired. You okay?

SCOUT (O.S.)
Fine. You win that Donnybrook?

JARHEAD
Not yet.

SCOUT (O.S.)
Oh...

A long pause, silence and too many miles between them, just Scout's breathing comes from the other end.

SCOUT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mama's bad.

Jar tenses.

JARHEAD
Okay lady, let me talk to her.

SCOUT (O.S.)
Yessir.

JARHEAD
And Scout?

SCOUT (O.S.)
Yeah?

JARHEAD
You still ready for Candy Land?

SCOUT (O.S.)
Born ready.

This makes Jar smile - which fades as soon as he hears Tammy's weak voice take over for Scout.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Jar?

JARHEAD
I'm here.

TAMMY (O.S.)
You win?

JARHEAD
Not there yet. You okay?

TAMMY (O.S.)
Come get us soon. It's bad with me.
And Scout's starving.

JARHEAD
Get her fed.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Gave my cousin some cash to stock
up and he took off.

JARHEAD
Where to?

Silence. She doesn't even need to answer. They've been down
so long and wronged by so many people...

Anger starts to take over Jar's face...

TAMMY (O.S.)
Please hurry. Feels like bad things
are coming fast.

JARHEAD
You hold tight for me. I gotta go.

TAMMY
Love you, Jar.

He hangs up, and opens the door...

Poe...

And Delia.

POE
Didn't mention you had a girl up
here.

They enter, close the door, Jar's face is stone.

JARHEAD
Where you come from?

DELIA
The road.

JARHEAD
Get back to it then.

DELIA
Saw you at the bar. Thought we
could pair up at the Donnybrook.
Watch each other's back.

JARHEAD
You had a gun pointed at my wife
last time I saw you.

DELIA
And I'm sorry for that.

JARHEAD
Where's your brother?

DELIA
He's gone.

Jar waits for more. Delia looks at him, hurt.

DELIA (CONT'D)
I'm alone.

Poe looks out the window and sees hazy red and blue lights
coming around the bend.

POE
Cops.

They lock the door and switch off the light. A table lamp
remains on.

JARHEAD
Mo, cut that light.

Moses does as he's told. Delia turns off the TV, leaving the
room in a darkened silhouette.

The Police spotlight slowly pans across the strip as the
trooper trolls the lot.

They hold their breath.

POE
Proposition for you.

Poe draws the shade, looks through a crack.

POE (CONT'D)

You got no vehicle, no safe place to stay, and you're still a day's journey to McGill's plot of land.

JARHEAD

McGill?

POE

The Nazi who runs the Donnybrook.

JARHEAD

So.

POE

I'll get you out of here, stash the boy safe for a couple days and get you to the 'brook.

MOSES

Like hell. I'm going with you.

JARHEAD

Moses.

POE

Donnybrook's no place for a kid.

JARHEAD

And what you want from me?

POE

You win, then we peel off more of that pot. Like tonight, promoter's fee.

Jarhead eyes Poe, considering his dwindling options.

POE (CONT'D)

Stay here, nothing but handcuffs for you, and juvie for him.

Jar looks at Moses.

DELIA

I can go with. Be an extra set of eyes. You know I can handle myself.

JARHEAD

You for real?

DELIA

I get to the Donnybrook with you,
sell what's in the rucksack,
disappear. All I want.

POE

When the cop pulls out, we get in
the truck, lady and the boy ride in
her car. Head down toward the
river.

Jarhead's time for choices is long gone.

82 INT. POE'S TRUCK (DIRT ROAD) - NIGHT

82

Jar is silent in shotgun. Poe's eyes are on the road.

POE

My guy's boat won't have a trace of
the cruiser to it. It'll look like
you're on the river fishing.

They rumble further down the dirt road covered by brush until
a rickety BOAT LAUNCH appears - a shack next to a dock, with
the river spreading out from there.

POE (CONT'D)

And he's one hell of a character.

PURCELL (from the film's opening scene) walks out from the
shack as Poe rolls his window down. Purcell looks in, his
shoulder tics. He nods at Poe, then looks straight at Jar.

PURCELL

Been waiting for you.

83 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

83

Angus fills up Bruce's car under the florescent lights.

84 INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

84

A couple of TRUCKERS talk by the coffee station as Angus
steps to the register.

ANGUS

Pall Malls. And 20 in gas.

From behind bullet-proof glass, the CLERK looks out past
Angus at the Truckers.

CLERK

He really take him down that quick?
Goddamn, I hate this job. Miss all
the fun.

He eyes Angus.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Sorry, just hearing about a fighter
these boys seen.

ANGUS

That so?

Angus turns and eyes the men, then back to the clerk as he
collects his pack of cigarettes.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

You guys bare knuckle regular?

CLERK

At Cur's. Usually good scrapping,
but I guess this guy was something
else.

ANGUS

Marine?

CLERK

Yeah. Had his kid with him. And a
sweet piece of ass slinging some
tasty crank too, fellas brought me
a nibble.

Angus is dead silent, calculating.

ANGUS

Cur's?

CLERK

Yessir.

Without another word, he turns and walks toward the exit.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Why you care anyway?

Angus doesn't respond.

CLERK (CONT'D)

You a fighter?

Angus keeps walking, the door swings shut behind him.

85

EXT. PURCELL'S LAND - NIGHT

85

Jar tends to a campfire, sparks floating up into the dark night sky, as Delia and Moses lay stretched out in it's warmth, eyes staring at the flames.

Purcell and a TEENAGE GIRL appear in the hollow. Like the old man, she looks almost as much wolf as she does human, and doesn't say much, if anything...

PURCELL

Don't have any more blankets.

DELIA

That's fine.

Purcell looks around, uncomfortable...

PURCELL

I'm not much for socializing.
We'll head out tomorrow. When the current's right.

(beat)

Your boy'll be okay with her.
Plenty of food.

Jar looks at Moses, then back at Purcell.

JARHEAD

Thank you.

Purcell shakes his head.

PURCELL

Don't thank me yet. Got that fee to discuss, you don't mind.

Purcell and the girl turn back into the darkness.

Jar drops another log on the fire, which crackles and hisses, the flames licking wildly, then he follows the old man, leaving Moses and Delia alone.

After a bit...

DELIA

How'd your mama meet Jar anyway?

Moses gazes into the fire...

MOSES

I don't know. He was just there one day. Wasn't sure what to think for the first while.

(MORE)

MOSES (CONT'D)

But he spent a lot of time with us,
and it was good when he was around.
He was always looking out for me. I
guess that I decided the right
thing to do was to start looking
out for him. From then on, he was
my dad.

DELIA

That's real lucky.

MOSES

Yes ma'm.

Delia smiles at Moses.

DELIA

Nobody's ever called me that
before.

86 EXT. STRIP MALL (PARKING LOT) - NIGHT 86

Her shift having just ended, Sarah walks from the Price
Chopper through the darkened lot toward her car.

87 INT. WHALEN'S TRUCK (STRIP MALL PARKING LOT) - NIGHT 87

Parked at a distance, Whalen is behind the wheel, watching
Sarah get in her car. Rolling a cigarette between his thumb
and finger, he looks wired, and then takes another long plug
from his flask.

His phone rings.

WHALEN

What you want?

POTTS (O.S.)

Called you a bunch, boss.

WHALEN

I gotta repeat the question?

POTTS (O.S.)

The girl was spotted.

WHALEN

Who?

A pause on the other end of the line...

POTTS (O.S.)
 The girl. Delia. With Jarhead Earl.
 Scrapping at a bar on their way to
 the Donnybrook.

Phone wedged between his ear and shoulder, Whalen listens.

WHALEN
 Not Angus?

POTTS (O.S.)
 Gotta be nearby, figure.

Whalen thinks on it, looking out the window as Sarah's car
 drives away into the darkness.

WHALEN
 You got a name for this bar?

88 EXT. OHIO RIVER - DAWN 88

A pale grey morning fog hovers over the river's surface.

89 EXT. RIVER BANK (PURCELL'S LAND) - DAWN 89

Jar walks out of the woods, still waking up.

He crouches by the river and splashes water on his face.

He looks out and finds...

Delia floating peacefully on her back, eyes closed, her body
 dipping and bobbing languidly on the surface.

In the water she's free.

After a bit, she comes to, finds her feet and stands. Jar
 can't help but keep watching, but turns away as she comes
 closer.

DELIA
 It's okay. I don't mind.

JARHEAD
 Didn't know you were down here.

DELIA
 Trying to get the dirt off. There's
 a blanket right over there.

Jar scans the grass then bends down and picks up the blanket. He holds it spread out in front of him, his arms wide, the blanket obstructing his view of her, and when she's close enough he gently wraps it around her.

DELIA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Jar steps backward, shy...

JARHEAD

Damn. You look brand new.

Delia smiles.

DELIA

I highly recommend it.

JARHEAD

A swim?

DELIA

That too.

90

EXT. RIVER BANK (PURCELL'S LAND) - SUNRISE

90

A few minutes later, Delia and Jar sit quietly by the river as the sun comes up...

Jar can't take his eyes off of her.

JARHEAD

Ask you something?

DELIA

Shoot.

JARHEAD

Back in my trailer, when I was taking a beating from your brother, you saw all that money in the shopping bag?

DELIA

Yeah.

JARHEAD

You didn't take it. Why?

She fixes the blanket around her, then looks deeply into him.

DELIA

Don't know why.

She looks out at the view...

JARHEAD
Why you here, Delia?

DELIA
Donnybrook. Same as you.

Jarhead searches her eyes for something more.

It takes a moment to let her guard down...

DELIA (CONT'D)
I... I don't know a man who doesn't
want to use me. Not my whole life.
That's why I'm the way I am.

She tries to keep it together.

DELIA (CONT'D)
Then I see how you treat Tammy, how
you act for your kids, and it just
made me wonder... I want to know
what's it like to mean something to
somebody. That's all.

Quietly, they share the space...

After a bit, Delia looks up at the big sky above.

DELIA (CONT'D)
Wonder what's gonna happen next?

91 INT. CUR'S WATERING HOLE - DAY

91

Angus busts into the daytime-dark dive as two OLD TIMERS in
the midst of a morning drink watch him through bleary eyes.

Behind the bar, Poe looks up from his local *Gazette*.

POE
Don't open up for another hour.

ANGUS
Turkey 101.

Poe sighs.

POE
Single or double?

ANGUS
Bottle. We got a lot to talk about.

POE

I know you?

ANGUS

Turns out, we got friends in
common. Family, even.

Poe sets the bottle and a shot glass on the bar. Angus pours himself a shot, staring hard at Poe.

Knowing bad news when he sees it, Poe's face grimly shows two and two coming together.

Angus holds up his glass to the Old Timers.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

To my sister, Delia!

They nod, lift their glasses.

Angus throws back the whisky, and then smashes the glass against Poe's face.

92

EXT. PURCELL'S BOAT LAUNCH - SUNSET

92

At the end of the rickety dock, Purcell and Delia wait in the skiff as Jar hugs Moses goodbye.

MOSES

Take it to 'em.

JARHEAD

You bet. Before you know it we'll
be riding high back to the girls.

Moses nods, trying to swallow his fear. Jar holds his forehead against his son's, looking into his eyes.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

You're strong as they come, Mo. Say
it.

MOSES

I'm as strong as they come.

Jar hops into the boat, Moses takes a few steps back...

The sun bleeds through the pines as Purcell guides the skiff away from the dock and into the calm of the river.

Delia wraps herself in a heavy blanket and stretches out in the bow. Jar sits on one of the boat's benches, looking back as Moses recedes in his view until he slips out of sight.

93

EXT. BOAT - RIVER - SUNSET

93

Not long after when we first met them - the soft sky of evening, dark pines, glassy surface of the river.

Jar and Purcell travel in silence. After a while...

JARHEAD

Not a bad way to travel.

PURCELL

Ain't it though? Wish I never had to shore up. Better out here.

JARHEAD

Yessir.

They listen to the quiet...

PURCELL

Seems every town I ever been to, it's the same. And I been around. Some military training in Georgia in my youth. The other direction, been as far as California, don't ask me why.

They drift as Purcell gets lost in his thoughts...

PURCELL (CONT'D)

They're all lined up, these towns. Street. Curb. Sidewalk. Patch of grass. House. You follow? Even if you're in a tent, campground is all mapped out for you. Make your own site, Ranger informs you that you owe the government money. For nothing more than walking in the woods. How's that for land of the free?

Purcell watches the water pass by.

PURCELL (CONT'D)

River only says so much. You find the current. Float with it. Then it changes. So you go and find it again. And so on. Until you're there.

Jar looks at Purcell.

JARHEAD

Where?

PURCELL
Wherever. Here.

Purcell offers a toothless grin and a shake of the head.

PURCELL (CONT'D)
Keeps you on your toes, anyways.
But... I'll say it out loud, I'd
rather starve like a rat on the
river than be a fat cat up on the
banks.

They float on in silence.

Jar looks beyond the bow into the river's next bend.

PURCELL (CONT'D)
Not much longer.

94

INT. CUR'S WATERING HOLE - EVENING

94

The two OLD TIMERS haven't moved an inch but the hour has brought a few more DRINKERS to the establishment.

POE is slumped over the far end of the bar, nursing a drink, bloodied and bruised.

The door swings open...

Wired tight, Whalen enters, then heads straight for Poe.

WHALEN
I'm looking for the guy who did
that to your face.

Poe lifts his chin.

POE
Have at him. Maniac stole my truck
and my Weatherby too.

Whalen stares at Poe, waiting for more.

POE (CONT'D)
He was looking for his sister.

Poe starts gingerly pushing himself off the bar.

POE (CONT'D)
She was selling crank couple
evenings here, peaked his interest.
Girl is long gone, but I told him
she'd be slinging tonight.
(MORE)

POE (CONT'D)

He'll come round. Gives me a chance
to get my shit back.

Poe smiles those teeth.

POE (CONT'D)

And seems like we both want to kill
the same animal.

Whalen takes it in for a long beat...

Then leans his forearms onto the bar, bellying up.

95 EXT. PURCELL'S LAND - EVENING 95

Purcell's girl sits on a beat-up lawn chair watching Moses
wander around outside of the shack. He's bored, picking
through the usual trailer junk...

Under an old tarp he finds a couple of rusty BMX bikes lying
in the mud.

96 EXT. DIRT ROAD - PURCELL'S LAND - EVENING 96

Moses rides one of the bikes. His cheeks are flushed and he's
pedaling hard and loving it - finally, the kid gets his bike.

He stops, then looks over the dirt road and scraggly field
toward a bend in the river off in the distance.

He lifts Tammy's rose stone to his eyes and the view becomes
washed in a SOFT PINK LIGHT.

97 EXT. BOAT - RIVER - EVENING 97

Delia sits low in the boat's bow, rocking gently with the
current, deep in thought.

Her arm is draped over the side of the boat and her fingers
gracefully slice through the glassy river's surface as
evening peacefully turns to night.

98 EXT. CUR'S WATERING HOLE - NIGHT 98

Whalen sits in his truck in the far corner of the lot under a
glowing street lamp. It's a slow night, not a lot of cars.
The radio softly plays Conway Twitty's *Hello Darling* as he
rolls a cigarette between his thumb and finger like a rosary.

The sawed-off shotgun sits in waiting on the passenger seat.

After a while...

Whalen watches with glassy eyes as Poe's F-150 pull into the lot and park in front of the bar. After a long beat, Angus steps down out of the vehicle.

Whalen gets out, the Suburban's door clicks shut...

Angus scans the large gravel lot to find...

Whalen in the zone, walking toward him out of the shadows, drawing his gun, his eyes hooded by the lights overhead.

WHALEN

You ready, motherfucker?

Angus pulls out the Weatherby shotgun he stole from Poe, cocks it, and starts toward Whalen, his face a psychotic's calm...

The two men walk at each other...

There's no hiding behind cars, no serpentine runs, nobody trying to save themselves...

A collision course...

As they get closer, Whalen shoots first - two GUNSHOTS ring out - and a bullet grazes Angus' shoulder, but it barely slows him down more than a step.

Returning fire, Angus pulls the shotgun's trigger and, in a flash, Whalen takes the bullet in the chest and falls backward onto the hard pavement, his head snaps and he loses handle of his Glock.

As smoke rises from his shoulder up into the dark sky, Angus slowly walks up and stands over the bloody, writhing Whalen, who's gasping for air...

ANGUS

Deputy.

Whalen looks up, blood gurgling from his mouth, sweat beading on his greying face, he's fading fast...

WHALEN

What the fuck you looking at?

Angus stares coldly.

ANGUS

A deadman.

Whalen starts chuckling, then laughing like a lunatic... until he quiets, his pain-gripped expression transforming into a sense of utter calm.

WHALEN

Me too.

Angus walks away... leaving the lawman alone.

Whalen gives one last effort to move, roll, crawl, anything to stave off the inevitable...

He reaches for the Glock...

But it's not going to happen.

On his back, he stares up at...

A glowing STREET LAMP hovering high above, its bulb a bright and soft orb - an opening in the darkness.

He stares into it. Beyond it.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

I'll be damned.

99 INT. CUR'S WATERING HOLE - NIGHT 99

Angus walks in with the shotgun practically still smoking in his hand as a few drinkers scatter.

Poe looks up from the bar knowing the game is over.

ANGUS

Where is she?

100 INT. POE'S TRUCK - NIGHT 100

Angus drives the dark backroad toward the river, high beams the only source of light on the gravel and pines.

Spooked by Whalen, there's trouble on his mind.

101 EXT. RIVER - NIGHT 101

Purcell steers the boat toward a BONFIRE on the riverbed.

The silhouettes of wild KIDS with sticks run around with barking dogs.

It feels like the far edge of the world.

JARHEAD
Where's the dock?

PURCELL
Ain't none. Just dropping you near
the big fire up there.

A DRUNK peeing off the river bank launches a bottle that
splashes just shy of the boat.

DELIA
You're not coming in with us?

PURCELL
No. I'm just the messenger.

Purcell cuts the engine and they glide until coming upon the
bank. Jar jumps off, then helps Delia off. Purcell hands her
the rucksack.

PURCELL (CONT'D)
Mind giving the bow a shove back?

Jar crouches down, steadies the skiff, then gives it a push.
Jar and Delia watch as Purcell floats back into the current.

PURCELL (CONT'D)
Time for you to fight, son. Nothing
else left.

Jar and Delia climb the bank and disappear into the darkness.

102 EXT. OHIO RIVER - NIGHT 102

The surface of the calm river glows in the moonlight and the
sound of crickets blankets the dark landscape.

103 EXT. PURCELL'S LAND - NIGHT 103

Still on the bike, Moses rides along the dark river toward
Purcell's shack and dock.

A man is standing by the water's edge.

Moses rides closer, and comes up upon...

Angus.

Moses brakes the bike, stunned, and skids to a stop.

The two stare at each other for a long beat, then Moses steps off and drops the bike in the dirt.

ANGUS
They at the Donnybrook??

MOSES
I don't know.

Angus stares at the kid.

ANGUS
Ain't gonna pedal away?

MOSES
Nossir. I ain't afraid.

Even Angus has to admire the kid's guts...

He walks closer.

104 EXT. DONNYBROOK - NIGHT

104

On a massive field surrounded by thick pine forests, Jar and Delia wander together through Gomorrah.

Hundreds of cars, trucks, and tents fill the field.

Campfires mix with headlights to give a smoke-filtered glow.

Dogs bark viciously from all directions.

Grills cook up varmint, venison, squirrel.

The ground is covered in crushed cans and shattered bottles.

The dispossessed sit by fires, drinking, screaming at each other, snorting or shooting drugs, fornicating in plain view. Rebel flags. Nazi flags.

In the middle of it all, lit by a huge flood light is...
A 30x30 barbed wire cage...

105 INT. BARN (DONNYBROOK) - NIGHT

105

Two roadie type GUARDS holding semi-automatic weapons and restraining PIT-BULLS guard the door.

Jar stands in a line of sweaty MEN - fighters, scrappers, killers, survivors - registering for the fight.

He holds the Walmart bag in his fist and approaches a long table where two other ROADIES sit counting money.

A MAN with tatted-up arms crossed over a barrel chest under a black T-shirt watches over the table. MCGILL (50) has a crew cut with flecks of grey, black eyes, pock-marked face, thin lips and a natural sneer. His handshake can break knuckles.

He watches Jar sign the register and hand over his fee.

MCGILL

Hell, you're Jarhead Earl?

Jar looks across the table at the stranger.

MCGILL (CONT'D)

Shit, you're even tougher-looking than they said. Afghanistan?

JARHEAD

Couple of tours, both places.

MCGILL

Looking forward to watching you.

JARHEAD

Just here to win the pot, never come back.

MCGILL

Well, you'd be the first. Winner always blows through the money, got no choice but come back.

A Roadie holding a stack of Jar's money looks up at McGill and nods.

McGill offers a wide grin.

MCGILL (CONT'D)

Name's McGill. This here's the Donnybrook. You're on my land. Was my daddy's before me. And now you're in my fight. Which makes you like one of my dogs.

Jar stares at McGill's sneering face.

JARHEAD

That's it? Rich man, been given everything, fights his slaves to entertain himself?

McGill's smile gets impossibly wider.

MCGILL
American dream. In the flesh.

106 EXT. BARN - DONNYBROOK - NIGHT

106

In a makeshift training area, a cluster of FIGHTERS prepare for battle - stretching, sparring, etc.

Delia sees Jarhead and goes over to him.

JARHEAD
You okay?

DELIA
Will be soon.

There's not much left to say between them...

Delia leans in and gently kisses his cheek.

DELIA (CONT'D)
Take care of yourself. Got too much to live for.

JARHEAD
Yes ma'm.

Delia smiles just enough, before Jar watches her go.

107 EXT. PARKING LOT - DONNYBROOK - NIGHT

107

Delia finishes up a deal with a BUYER sitting with others in a dark, shadowy VAN. This is the deal she's been waiting for...

Then, in a quiet spot away from the revelry, Delia counts the substantial stack of cash - thousands of dollars - her smile getting wider and wider, approaching ecstatic.

She stashes the wad of bills and looks through the rucksack, finding just one baggie of crystal left.

She's so close.

108 EXT. DONNYBROOK - NIGHT

108

Rucksack on her shoulder and the last baggie of crystal in her hand, Delia weaves through the mayhem of tent sites, selling. Her walk almost a strut, her genuine smile out of place in the grime.

DELIA

Last of the godliness here...

An OLD WOMAN (70) cooking a squirrel on a spit meets eyes with Delia as three KIDS beside her stare into the fire.

As Delia walks over to the woman, a HAND reaches out of the shadows and grabs her by the hair, snapping her head back.

Delia reacts in horror as Angus slips out of the shadows.

ANGUS

Shot me and left me for dead. But forgot one thing.

His face comes close to Delia.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

I'm just not the dying type.

He shoves Delia over to the Old Woman.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Sell grandma the crystal.

The old woman hands her money and Delia drops the baggie into the woman's shaky palm.

Delia smiles beneath her sad eyes.

DELIA

Take good care, ma'am.

Angus strips Delia of the rucksack.

109

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

109

The fires from the Donnybrook glow through the trees.

A shaking and weak Delia leads Angus into a grassy patch beneath the towering, thorny pines.

ANGUS

Good a spot as any.

He brushes past, then stands in front of her - no emotion.

She looks at him sadly.

DELIA

Not gonna make me dig my own grave?

ANGUS

You did that a ways back, Rhodelia.
Anyways, leave something for the
crows.

He raises the gun.

DELIA

Good times.

The sound of the gunshot echoes into--

110 EXT. DONNYBROOK - NIGHT 110

Two PIT-BULLS bark wildly at each other, yanked back by the chains around their necks.

SWARMS OF REVELERS surround the fight cage.

A sickening howl from the chaos comes as the FIGHTERS begin to duck under the barbed wire and into the cage.

Stripped of his shirt, hat, belt and knife, Jar enters the cage. The look on his face says one thing: death machine.

111 EXT. PARKING LOT (DONNYBROOK) - NIGHT 111

Walking between the darkened cars and carrying the rucksack, Angus smashes the driver's side window to a car. Before he can open the door - CLICK-CLICK - two SHOTGUNS are cocked and aimed at either side of his head.

A dog straining on the end of a chain growls and snaps at the rucksack in his hand, which a Roadie snatches.

McGill walks out from the shadows.

MCGILL

Shit, Chainsaw. Not without a
fight.

112 INT./EXT. CAGE - NIGHT 112

TWENTY MEN stalk the space in wild eyed readiness.

Through the barbed wire, the feverish crowd resembles an Old Testament stoning at a Lynrd Skynrd show. They want blood.

Jar watches as McGill leads Angus into the cage, two shotguns pointed at his head.

Angus meets Jar's stare.

McGill grabs a megaphone and shouts through it.

MCGILL

Make that twenty-one this year,
folks! And one bare knuckle legend -
fucking Chainsaw Angus!

The crowd hollers, bottles smash.

McGill then holds up a hand, the crowd quiets somewhat...

MCGILL (CONT'D)

We all know some death gonna happen
here tonight.

Howls of joy from the crowd...

MCGILL (CONT'D)

Now, we respect the dead here, so
all you hang your heads a moment -
let's give these fellas a full
minute of silence before they
journey off.

The crowd slowly quiets into murmurs... then silence.

The fighters stare at each other... quieter still.

The hush of the crickets in the trees are the only sound...

Until we are left in TOTAL SILENCE.

Then McGill mouths an angry, silent 'FIGHT!'

- The brawl ensues in total SILENCE -

And the fighters go at each other.

Fists crush faces.

Boots kick teeth.

Skin torn by barbed wire.

Elbows break ribs.

A fighter is ganged up on by three others and pummeled into
the dirt. Then the three fighters turn on each other.

The crowd rages in silence.

Through the fighting, Jar and Angus stay away from each other. Instead, they send others into the barbed wire, stomp a fallen fighter's kneecap, break a beaten man's arm.

Gruesome bodies litter the cage until...

- The SOUND comes roaring back. The crowd is deafening -

Jar and Angus are the only men standing - exhausted and covered in grime, sweat, blood...

They circle each other as...

McGill steps into the cage to an explosion of hollers.

He looks at Angus and Jar, both wary as hell...

MCGILL (CONT'D)
Last cigarette time, boys.

113 INT. BARN - NIGHT

113

Jar and Angus sit next to each other, slumped on a bench, guarded at gunpoint. Too exhausted and wounded to mind each other, they stare off.

Angus takes out his pack of Pall Malls and puts one gingerly on a battered lip.

ANGUS
Smoke?

Jar looks at him, shakes his head.

Angus lights up, drags deeply and inhales.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
He took it like a man, tell you that.

Jar looks at Angus.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Gave me a pretty impressive fight,
for his stature at least. You'd
have been proud.

Angus slowly stands up and drops something onto Jar's lap. Then, at gunpoint, walks out of the barn.

Jar looks down at his lap. His exhausted eyes well up with sorrow as he holds Tammy's ROSE BIRTHSTONE in his palm.

Everything starts to sink in...

He looks up. No more tears. Pure rage.

114

INT. CAGE - NIGHT

114

Jar and Angus stand on opposite sides of the cage, staring at each other with only death between them.

The surrounding crowd chants in ecstasy.

The two men attack each other. Too exhausted and beaten for skill, they lumber with brute force, beating each other like early man, like animals, hatred oozing from every pore...

Pushing out of a suffocating clinch, Angus offers a grimace of a smile, a quick nod, and it's all Jar needs...

Jar grabs Angus' throat and grips it like a vice, fingers digging so deep that they almost puncture the skin.

Jar spins him and then kicks Angus' back, forcing him onto his stomach on the ground.

JARHEAD

Kill my boy?

Jar drops both knees into Angus' spine and kneels all of his weight onto Angus' back...

He forces Angus into a headlock, stretching Angus' neck backwards... further... further.

JARHEAD (CONT'D)

Kill my boy?

Angus can't move, can't breathe until...

Jar snaps Angus' neck and drops his dead torso into the dirt.

The crowd rages, delirious.

Jar slowly rises, covered in sweat, blood and gore.

He stands in the middle of the cage...

On his feet, wavering, numb, his eyes hooded in shadow.

He has won the Donnybrook...

And falls to his knees in the dirt.

115 EXT. ROADSIDE (PENNSYLVANIA HILLS) - DAY 115

A peaceful spot under a razor blue sky.
Quiet, just a little bit of birdcall.
Then we hear...

SCOUT (O.S.)
Anyone seen dolly?

TAMMY (O.S.)
She's right over here, lady.

116 EXT. REST AREA (COUNTY ROAD) - DAY 116

Jar, Scout and Tammy are packing up a picnic on the grass -
an idyllic looking scene, warmth and peace.

JARHEAD
Let's move down the road some.

Days, maybe weeks have passed... Jarhead's cuts are healing,
his bruises fading.

Tammy looks better. Rested, healthier. But her shoulders bear
the weight of sadness.

Jar gently kisses her, noticing her rose stone necklace.

SCOUT
This place really a battlefield?

JARHEAD
Yes ma'am. Civil War. Right down
the road. North turned back General
Lee and the South never recovered.

Scout looks out at the field.

SCOUT
I wish Moses were here.

Jar swallows hard... and squints to hold back his tears.

Tammy tries to smile, but has to turn away to hide her grief.
The longest beat...

Scout turns back to Jar.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
How'd the North beat 'em back?

Jar looks at Scout's face...

Then looks down at his own battered and worn hands...

JARHEAD

They fought for it. Never been any
other way for folks like us.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS