

GOODBYE GENE

by

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1

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/BIOLOGY LAB - MORNING

A high school biology lab is gleaming under fluorescent light. Fifteen kids sit blatantly bored.

MR. GRADY is trying to convey something about photosynthesis. This man's clip on tie is an insult to well dressed teachers everywhere.

MR. GRADY

..in plants these proteins are held within organelles called chloroplasts. Other types of light are stored in the form of adenosine triphosphate, or ATP..

Snooze.

One of the torpid students, KILEY WATERS, abruptly rises from her lab station. The small girl ambles to the rear of the laboratory. In between a bracket of flasks and a queue of microscopes -- sits a glass cage.

A golden hamster is on the inside -- zigzagging over cedar chips.

KILEY reaches in.

An Asian lab partner watches stoically as KILEY reappears at their assigned workspace. The hamster is cupped lovingly in her hands.

Clumps of honeyed fur distend from the cracks of KILEY's skinny fingers.

Then this happens:

KILEY flippantly wedges the hamster's head in between her jaw. She pinches the tiny cranium with her molars -- squints her eyes. Then bites down.

SQUISH/CRUNCH

The critter begins to squirm -- itty bitty feet trembling.

She chomps down again. HARD.

KILEY pulls the hamster away from her face -- like a fuzzy piece of beef jerky -- brutally tearing the animal apart. It's little body begins to spurt blood. A somber hemorrhage.

YIKES!

The head tumbles from KILEY's mouth. She drops the oozing mini torso on the tile below.

A female student's piercing scream detonates.

MR. GRADY looks up from his lesson plan.

MR. GRADY (CONT'D)
What is the problem?

Two cheerleaders point toward KILEY.

The concerned instructor eagerly jogs over -- kneels down beside the carnage.

FEMALE STUDENT (OS)
(crying)
She is so crazy!

PAUSE

MR. GRADY morosely pokes at the headless body.

After the shock wears off, he looks up at KILEY.

Her WHOLE face is revealed for the first time.

KILEY WATERS is a 14 year old freshman. Greasy blond hair slightly covers her darling visage. Hardly a nerd. Not exactly a princess either.

Hamster blood trickles down her chin.

FREEZE AS:

MUSIC blares over the soundtrack - Something you can dance to.

TITLE: **GOODBYE GENE**

UNFREEZE AS:

MR. GRADY's arm comes into view and yanks KILEY out of her chair.

2 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The PARTY MUSIC continues as MR. GRADY's lab door swings open.

He pulls the diminutive girl into an empty hallway. Blue and red school colors envelop the walls around them. Homecoming decorations are rampant.

MR. GRADY madly pushes KILEY toward the front office. His face is crimson. Eyes watery.

KILEY jerks free from his grip. Bad move! He mercilessly wraps his fingers around her bony arm. A very taught clench. MR. GRADY's fury is intensified as they make headway.

After a while, their shadowy back profiles disappear. The long high school corridor is left stark.

3 INT. VICE PRINCIPAL HARTLEY'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

The MUSIC abruptly stops --

MS. HARTLEY is Vice Principal of Southwest High School. The middle aged woman is serenely standing at her office window. She sips from a coffee mug while observing campus activity.

KILEY sits markedly in front of her desk.

MR. GRADY appears at the office door. He wipes a tear from the corner of his eye and joins MS. HARTLEY at the window.

After a moment of silence, MS. HARTLEY breaks her gaze and turns to face him.

The two adults speak in a whisper. Still incredibly audible.

MS. HARTLEY
Where is the carcass?

PAUSE

MR. GRADY
It's in an old Lunchables.

MS. HARTLEY
Good God. Both pieces?

MR. GRADY slowly nods.

MS. HARTLEY (CONT'D)
Anything in her purse?

MR. GRADY
Just a pack of cigarettes. 100's.
The longer ones.

KILEY WATERS isn't so quiet.

KILEY

Don't jack my cigs! Seriously.
That's gay. That's gay as hell.

The two educators seem oblivious to KILEY's immediate presence.

MS. HARTLEY

Such an inopportune time for a decapitation. Wouldn't you say? The locker room sodomy debacle is barely a month old. Homecoming is right around the corner. Mop handles up the butt? A Beheading? What is happening here?

MR. GRADY

(bereaved)

My classroom pet was just executed. For no discernible reason. What do you intend to do about it?

MS. HARTLEY

Saturday detention?

MR. GRADY

Satur-?! Brenda! This is a murder. A..tiny murder. And I want vengeance.

MS. HARTLEY

Vengeance? Don't be ridiculous, Carl. Please.

MR. GRADY

Is this a new fad? Biting off heads?

MS. HARTLEY

Oh, good God.

MR. GRADY

What if a squirrel scampers through the parking lot? Or stops to nibble on a nut? Is she gonna go after it?

MS. HARTLEY

I doubt she could even get a squirrel's head in her mouth, Carl.

MR. GRADY

What about a baby squirrel?

KILEY's chuckles go unheeded.

MS. HARTLEY

What I meant, was..I don't think she could catch a squirrel. Even if she did manage to catch one, the damn thing would be squirming all over the place. Clawing. I wouldn't worry about the squirrels.

MS. HARTLEY takes a gentle sip from her mug.

PAUSE

KILEY

Look at this.

KILEY points to a bandage wrapped around her forearm.

KILEY (CONT'D)

Self harm. I'm cutting on myself, all day long-

MS. HARTLEY carelessly cuts her off.

MS. HARTLEY

Alright then. Let's deal with this..happening, accordingly. Starting with a lengthy suspension. We can iron out our future course of action in the meantime. Instead of trying to sweep this..tiny murder, as you put it, underneath the rug..we will choose to make an example out of this crazy little girl.

She determinedly nods her head.

MS. HARTLEY (CONT'D)

These children are going to realize, that nobody..and I mean nobody..comes to my high school and bites the head off of anything.

The Vice Principal takes another sip from her cup and rotates back to the window.

4

INT. KILEY'S HOUSE - DAY

KILEY enters her dim residence and quietly closes the door. This little brat lives in a huge ultra modern mansion. It's an icy chrome castle. Twisty furniture. Gigantic windows. Cool shit everywhere.

She starts to creep up the stairs.

DAD (OS)

Hello?

KILEY's DAD appears at the foot of the massive staircase.

He's in his late 30's and stubbly. Unkempt. A couple of tough years marinate behind his wounded hazel eyes. The silk robe draped across his pudgy body is gross.

DAD (CONT'D)

Oh. You're back home, huh? Very good. Say, have you happened upon my sandal by any chance?

KILEY

Happened upon your sandal?

DAD

Mmm hmm. One of my Sperrys is missing. With the cognac leather and the strappy thing.

KILEY

No, Dad.

DAD

Damn it. Very good then. Hey, before I forget..your principal left me a voice mail this morning. Something about you biting a rodent's head off?

KILEY slowly nods.

DAD (CONT'D)

Gross. I've never bitten a rodent's head off before. I doubt your Mother did either.

He pulls a wooden marijuana pipe from his robe and takes a long drag.

Exhales. Coughs.

DAD (CONT'D)

So, you're in trouble I would assume?

KILEY

As of now, suspension. Possible alternative school.

DAD

Ouch. Bummer. Say, keep an eye out for my sandal, will you?

KILEY

If I happen to happen upon your sandal..you will be the first to know, Dad.

DAD

Very good.

KILEY'S DAD fades into the opulence of the darkened mansion.

5 INT. KILEY'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

KILEY'S roost is in the middle of an evolution; from a simple young girl's room -- to a scary teenage girl's lair. A frightening mixture of pink and black.

Fancy electronic devices are scattered among crusty cereal bowls and makeshift ashtrays.

KILEY sits at the edge of her bed. She removes the bandage from her arm. Smooth skin is revealed. No cutting scars.

LIAR!

She softly presses a kitchen knife into her forearm.

KILEY

(to herself)

Come on, bitch.

She takes a deep breath.

KILEY (CONT'D)

One..two..three, cut!

NOTHING

KILEY (CONT'D)

One..two..three, cut!

NOTHING

KILEY (CONT'D)

Ugh!

KILEY throws the knife in a drawer and pulls out a box of cigarettes -- flips the lid. It's empty.

She heads to the closet and pulls out another pack -- flips the lid. Also empty.

KILEY (CONT'D)
This is NOT happening.

6 INT. GROOMING SALON - DAY

An electric razor glides in all directions over marbled swirls of orange and white cat fur.

The man grooming this fluffy tabby -- is THOMAS JAY. A fellow of 29 years. He's boyish. Very non-threatening.

The words "Pet Planet" can be seen through a large piece of glass in the background.

A rotund man hastily barges into the salon -- slams the door. This is SAM. He's the General Manager.

THOMAS switches the razor off.

THOMAS
What's up?

SAM
You're a sex offender! A registered sex offender! That's what's up.

He slams a computer print out of THOMAS' mug shot and registry info down on a nearby table.

SAM (CONT'D)
You lied on your application.

PAUSE

THOMAS
No. I just left the felony section blank. There's a difference.

SAM
Don't do that. Don't mess with me.

THOMAS
I thought the company would run a background check, and that would be the end of it. I was blown away when you guys called me back for an interview.

SAM
You're terminated.

THOMAS
Sam-

SAM
Put down the electric razor and
step away from Alf!

THOMAS
It's not what you think.

SAM points to the paper on the table top.

SAM
Indecency with a child!

THOMAS frantically tries to explain himself.

THOMAS
I was a child too! This happened in
high school, Sam. Over a decade
ago. Seniors date the freshman. You
know? It was consensual. Her
parents found out and lost it. They
freaked. Had me arrested. Texas hit
me hard, man. Texas...ruined me.
They're gonna make me register as a
sex offender. Forever. I've never
hurt a child. I would never..hurt a
child.

PAUSE

THOMAS (CONT'D)
It's kind of hard to put all of
that on an application. People lose
their shit when they hear the words
sex offender-

SAM
It's too late for this. Pet Planet
doesn't care. I don't care.

THOMAS
Let me ask you something. In the
ten months I've worked here..was I
indecent with any children?

PAUSE

SAM
Not here in the store, no.

Ouch.

The look on THOMAS' face tells us -- this is all too familiar.

He begins to remove his smock.

THOMAS
It was Cathy wasn't it?

SAM
She is probably on the phone with your Parole Officer, right now.

THOMAS
That old busy body. She's had it in for me since day one. Cathy can't stand me. Look at this clipping!

He points to ALF.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Alf looks fabulous. Cathy is just jealous of my work. That's all it is.

SAM
That's not all it is. You lied to the company. That's a big deal. You can't be lying about..sex offender stuff.

THOMAS leans down and scratches ALF's neck.

THOMAS
Bye, pal.

He walks over to the door and pulls it open.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
This is so silly. You know me, Sam. We went and saw that movie. Remember?

THOMAS exits the grooming salon.

7 INT. PET PLANET - MOMENTS LATER

THOMAS wades through the Pet Planet shopping area.

It's early. Only a few customers are scattered throughout the spacious store.

As THOMAS passes the front registers, he notices co-workers staring back at him. Disgusted.

The word has DEFINITELY gotten around.

THOMAS stops at the automatic doors and turns to face the concourse of repulsed employees.

CATHY looks nauseated underneath her conservative haircut.

THOMAS loses control for a brief moment. He marches up to the crowd and screams in CATHY's direction.

THOMAS
Eat a dick, Cathy!

CATHY gasps and places a hand over her mouth.

SILENCE

Ok. Maybe not the best move.

THOMAS takes a few steps backwards. He realizes it's probably in his best interest to flee.

He turns and casually walks through the automatic doors.

PAUSE

Pet Planet reanimates.

8 INT. HYATT REGENCY - DAY

A banner in the lobby of a Hyatt Regency reads:

SEX OFFENDER MANAGEMENT AND ACCOUNTABILITY ** PRESENTED BY
THE AUSTIN POLICE DEPARTMENT AND TODD'S TACO HOLE

Standing under this banner is JOSH DEAN. A small man. His 38 years are pushing through a dissipating baby face.

He has a cell phone up to his ear.

JOSH DEAN
He actually said, "eat a dick"?

JOSH pulls his suitcase to a more secluded part of the lobby. As he turns, we see the words PAROLE OFFICER stamped across the back of his windbreaker.

JOSH DEAN (CONT'D)
Shouted.."eat a dick"? Geez. Ok.
I'm going to need a full statement
from you....today's no good,
ma'am....

He pulls out a note pad and pen before scribbling a few notes.

JOSH DEAN (CONT'D)
Because I'm not even in Fort Worth
today. I'm in Austin for a
symposium....of course I take this
seriously....my fault? Do you know
what a caseload is, ma'am?

CATHY's accusations have upset JOSH. He gets all flustered. This man doesn't seem like a no nonsense, tough guy Parole Officer. Not at all.

JOSH DEAN (CONT'D)
No, ma'am. I don't think I'm
ineffectual. Now, what was your
name again?

PAUSE

JOSH DEAN
....Cathy.

He puts pen to paper once more.

CUT TO:

LANCE, a fellow Fort Worth Parole Officer, wheels his suitcase into the nucleus of this Hyatt Regency. He can best be described as "takes sports very seriously."

Symposium attendees are gathered in clusters throughout the lobby. Talking shop. Schmoozing.

Other travelers come and go. A bellboy pushes a luggage rack through the commerce.

LANCE seems very disinterested. Indifferent to the whole affair. He spots JOSH DEAN on the other side of the lobby -- waving him over.

He pulls his suitcase that way.

CUT TO:

A quick handshake between peers.

LANCE seems worried or upset. JOSH notices.

JOSH DEAN
Everything alright?

LANCE
It's my kid. Tristan. He's..

Leans in close.

LANCE (CONT'D)
..he's been wearing a trench coat.

JOSH DEAN
A trench coat?

LANCE pulls back.

LANCE
Yeah. A trench coat. I don't know
what to do. Amanda is flipping out-

JOSH DEAN
I'm sorry, what does that mean?

LANCE
He's not Inspector Gadget, Josh.
He's fifteen. It always starts with
these kids moping around in a
trench coat. If Tristan blows up
his school, then that's it for me.
I will be finished in Fort Worth.

JOSH DEAN
I had no idea.

PAUSE

LANCE
Anyway, good to see you, buddy.

JOSH DEAN
Thank you. You as well.

LANCE
I've been meaning to get a little
face time with you. Stuff is just
so hectic back in Fort Worth.

JOSH DEAN
Face time? About what?

LANCE
Whispers. I've been hearing
whispers around the office.

JOSH DEAN
Whispers?

LANCE
Yes. About you. Sobbing. Are you
sobbing at the office, buddy?

He hesitantly responds.

JOSH DEAN
No.

JOSH's bottom lip starts to flutter.

LANCE
Are you about to sob right now?

PAUSE

JOSH DEAN
Nah.

LANCE
Is this about what happened a
couple of months ago? On your first
day.

9 INT. JOSH DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

A few unpacked boxes are stacked in a bare office.

JOSH is perched against his desk -- staring at the door.

JOSH DEAN
(to himself)
Here we go. It all starts here. You
can do this, Josh.

He takes an anticipatory breath -- smiles.

A SKINHEAD comes through the door. He has a huge swastika
tattooed across his scorched face.

JOSH DEAN
 (with a smile)
 Hey there! Have a seat for me.

SKINHEAD
 You barking orders at me, Pig?

JOSH DEAN
 Pardon?

Thereupon, SKINHEAD guy throws a punishing right hook. It connects with JOSH's jaw. He crumbles to the carpet.

Unresponsive.

PAUSE

The white supremacist raises his fists high.

SKINHEAD
 White power!

10 INT. HYATT REGENCY - DAY (**RETURN FLASHBACK**)

LANCE shakes his head. JOSH trembles a tad.

LANCE
 If you need to talk, I'm here, Ok?
 Adjustment takes time. Just stay
 redoubtable. I looked that word up
 on my phone. It means strong. I'm
 going to sign in. I'll see you in
 there, buddy.

JOSH quickly retrieves his pad and pen.

As LANCE walks away, he takes a note.

NOTE PAD

-Thomas Jay

-eat a "D"

-Cathy

-Redoubtable

11 EXT. CORNER STORE - DUSK

KILEY wanders into the parking lot of a convenience store. The evening sky is purple above her.

She approaches an African American woman stepping out of her car.

KILEY

Excuse me, ma'am. Could you buy me some cigs? I have the cash right here.

WOMAN

Child, you better go on.

KILEY laughs out loud as the woman plods away.

A little silver car pulls in off the street. It settles into an adjacent parking space.

KILEY zeros in on this person. She accosts the man as he exits his dumpy vehicle -- it's THOMAS JAY.

KILEY

Can you buy me some cigs, dude? I'm fiending.

THOMAS

Cigs?

KILEY

Cigs. I've got cash. A pack of Jewell 100's.

THOMAS

Just, ask someone else.

KILEY

I already asked a strong black woman. She wasn't having it.

THOMAS

Sorry.

He keeps walking.

KILEY

Old douche.

THOMAS suddenly stops. He turns to face her.

THOMAS
What? I'm 29 years old.

KILEY
And?

He's definitely bothered by this. KILEY has struck a nerve.

12 INT. CORNER STORE - MOMENTS LATER

THOMAS stands at a sparse medicine rack. He slips a box of Advil from a prong.

THOMAS
(to himself)
Old douche? What a mean little girl. This day is a piece of shit.

He stomps down a colorful candy bar aisle.

13 EXT. CORNER STORE - MINUTES LATER

THOMAS emerges from the store. Kiley is still loitering by his car.

On the down low, he hands her a pack of Jewell 100's.

THOMAS
(under his breath)
There. Would an old douche buy you
cigs?

KILEY
Oh, right on, dude. Here-

She reaches in her purse for some cash.

THOMAS
Just keep it. And be nice.

KILEY
Hells yes!

KILEY enthusiastically jumps in the passenger seat of his crappy car.

THOMAS
Hey! What are you doing?

KILEY (OS)
Anyone who'd buy a fourteen year
old some cigs, would SURELY give
her a ride home.

THOMAS pulls the driver side door open.

THOMAS
No way. Get out of my car.

14 INT. THOMAS CAR - CONTINUOUS

KILEY's feet are comfortably perched on the dashboard.

KILEY
It's not far. Come on. Don't be an
old douche.

She knows who's in charge of this relationship. The girl
smiles and pulls the cellophane from a new pack of
cigarettes.

15 INT. THOMAS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Night has fallen as THOMAS and KILEY charge down the road.
THOMAS seems uneasy. KILEY on the other hand -- is having a
blast.

She takes a long drag from her cigarette.

KILEY
Are you a homosexual man?

THOMAS
No, I'm not a homosexual man.

KILEY
What's your name?

THOMAS
I'm not telling you my name. Which
way am I going?

KILEY
Take a left up here at Bryant Irvin
Road.

KILEY pops open the glove box and pulls out his insurance
card.

KILEY (CONT'D)

Thomas R. Jay. 5401 River Stone
Way. Apartment 1710. I know where
those apartments are. My friend
Amber used to live there.

THOMAS

Give me that. You snooper.

She laughs again.

THOMAS shakes his head.

KILEY slides a piece of paper out from under the visor.

KILEY

What's this?

She unfolds it.

KILEY (CONT'D)

A job application. For The Kittie's
Paw?! You are gay!

THOMAS

Will you stop going through
everything?!

KILEY

You actually want to work at The
Kittie's Paw? That's way gay.

THOMAS

You know what? You're way gay. And
for your information, I lost my job
this morning. As head groomer over
at Pet Planet. So-

KILEY

Fired from your job as a pet
groomer? Why? Did you accidentally
cut a dog's dick off?

THOMAS

No.

KILEY

Did you irritate a cat's anal gland
with chemicals?

THOMAS stares her down.

KILEY laughs again. She is totally amused by this guy.

THOMAS

No anal glands were irritated. It was a clash of personalities type thing. Why am I even telling you this?

KILEY

Because we're friends. Oh! Camo hat!

She punches him in the arm.

KILEY then motions to a man riding in the bed of a pick up truck. He's wearing a camouflaged baseball cap.

THOMAS

Camo hat?

KILEY

It's like slug bug. Only with camouflaged hats. If you see some hick in a camouflaged hat, call it, and punch somebody. It's fun. Bust a left here.

She points out the window.

KILEY (CONT'D)

You should totally follow me on Twitter.

THOMAS

I don't have a Twitter thing.

KILEY

Sign up, nigga. Damn.

THOMAS

Nope.

KILEY

Gay. Right at this light.

She takes a huge puff off of her cigarette and exhales.

KILEY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. Can I smoke a cig in here?

16 EXT. KILEY'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

THOMAS' car approaches KILEY's lavish home. His silver compact stops beside a wrecked Porsche, parked sadly in the motor court.

He looks up at the mansion and nods his head in approval. KILEY pushes the door open and steps onto the driveway.

KILEY
Thanks for the ride and the cigs,
Thomas Jay.

THOMAS
Just..don't tell anyone.

KILEY
Oh, I'm telling EVERYBODY IN FORT
WORTH!

She laughs.

THOMAS
Goodbye...

KILEY
Kiley Waters.

THOMAS
Goodbye, Kiley Waters.

KILEY
Toodles, Thomas Jay. Good luck with
the Kittie's Paw thing.

KILEY makes a limp wrist gesture at THOMAS. It's funny. He smiles.

She closes his door.

KILEY watches as his dirty yellow headlights disappear from her winding driveway.

17 INT. KILEY'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

KILEY is settled at a large desktop computer. Dance music plays from her iTunes library.

She types THOMAS JAY into the Facebook search engine. A few results. None of which -- are the THOMAS JAY she's looking for.

She moves to Google. Types in -- THOMAS R. JAY FT. WORTH TEXAS

KILEY scrolls the results.

TEXAS SEX OFFENDER REGISTRY jumps out at her.

THOMAS RODNEY JAY is in bold black letters.

KILEY

No way!

She clicks on the link. THOMAS' mug shot and registry info load onto the screen.

KILEY (CONT'D)

No. Way.

Her jaw is on the floor as she reviews the info.

RISK LEVEL: HIGH

VICTIMS AGE/GENDER: 14, FEMALE

5401 RIVER STONE WAY, FORT WORTH, TX

KILEY (CONT'D)

He's a perv. A real life perv. And I'm totally his demographic.

KILEY looks up to a kitchen knife -- stabbed into the wall above her desk.

She stares at it for a beat, then turns her attention back to the computer screen.

Oh, my. What's this kid up to now?

18 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

KILEY dodges students on a busy quad.

She walks up to a row of picnic tables bordering the high school cafeteria. Her best friends JOANNA and LONNIE are sitting at one of these tables -- gabbing away.

JOANNA is a skinny red head -- KILEY's age. She talks fast and fierce. JOANNA doesn't consider herself mean, just "frustrated."

LONNIE is very tall. Very lanky. And very effeminate. He brings a unique balance to the crew. He's also old enough to drive.

LONNIE

Look who it is.

JOANNA glances over her shoulder as KILEY wanders up to the table.

JOANNA

Jesus, Kiley. Too far! Biting a hamster's head off? I mean..Jesus, Kiley.

KILEY

The last time I checked, the whole point of a "sickest bitch contest" was to see who could do the sickest shit. No?

LONNIE

That's right. You're right. She's right.

JOANNA

Shut up, you meat hound.

KILEY

So..

JOANNA

Fine. I'm out. You win. You're the sickest bitch.

KILEY and LONNIE high five.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

I sniffed Musty Mark's dirty scrotum sack for nothing.

LONNIE laughs.

LONNIE

So you're the sickest bitch. What now?

KILEY shrugs her shoulders.

JOANNA

I still can't believe you did that.

KILEY

What's the big deal? Hamsters are like six dollars. Everybody can get over it.

A couple of bone heads in letter jackets walk by. They make biting gestures at KILEY and laugh hysterically.

JOCK
Yeah, Ozzy! Biting heads off!

JOANNA
Ugh. Creeps.

KILEY
What the hell is an Ozzy? Anyway-

KILEY leans in close.

KILEY (CONT'D)
You guys, are never gonna believe what happened to me yesterday.

LONNIE
Dish? Spill that shit. Now.

She smiles.

KILEY
I so, got molested last night. It was way taboo.

SILENCE

JOANNA
What?!

LONNIE
For serious?

KILEY
For serious.

JOANNA
You got your cooch burgled? OMG. By who?

KILEY
A genuine sex offender, that's who. Totally registered and everything. He said, I was the coolest little girl he ever molested.

JOANNA seems jealous. There is obviously some SERIOUS competition between these two.

She tries to steal some of KILEY's thunder.

JOANNA

I told you many times, that my Uncle Darin grabbed my vag last Easter.

KILEY

Eww. Nast. My dude is of no relation. And way cute.

KILEY pulls the sleeve of her sweater up -- bandages cover fraudulent cutting wounds.

KILEY (CONT'D)

Cutting is so July. It's time to mix shit up.

JOANNA

Lovely. You came up here just to tell us this?

KILEY

I was sooo bored at home. Suspension isn't as awesome as it sounds. Can we get off campus please?

JOANNA

I can't ditch, hooker. Test in pre-cal today.

LONNIE

Yeah, I actually like going to 1st period Media Tech. So..I'm just gonna go.

KILEY

Whatevz, Lonnie. You shemale. And you have fun doing mediocre on your pre-cal test.

JOANNA

This test is important. Don't jinx my shit. I'll punch you in the puss.

KILEY

I'll see you tards later. Bring cigs! I don't want you two homos smoking my cigs all night.

KILEY disappears into the high school crowd.

JOANNA

I could get molested. And not just by my goofy Uncle Darin either.

LONNIE

For sure.

JOANNA

Come on. Let's go ridicule the choir.

They raise up and promptly walk off.

Revealed at a picnic table behind them, is MR. HUFFMAN. One of those pseudo hip teachers in a corduroy jacket. He was definitely eavesdropping on the trio's conversation.

MR. HUFFMAN finishes his milk box -- watches as LONNIE and JOANNA disappear into a sea of students.

19 INT. HYATT REGENCY - MORNING

DING

Elevator doors pull apart -- JOSH DEAN steps out into the busy hotel.

Travelers and symposium attendees pick at fruit and breakfast stuff on a fancy serving table.

LANCE meets JOSH by the front desk with a coffee. He hands the steaming cup over.

JOSH DEAN

Thank you.

LANCE

Oh, get this. Amanda just called me. Apparently Tristan downloaded a Rammstein album off of iTunes last night. Here we go. Here we freakin' go.

LANCE shakes his head.

20 INT. BANQUET HALL/HYATT REGENCY - HOURS LATER

The proceedings in the packed room are underway.

JOSH and LANCE sit apathetic amongst the Registry Officials, Law Makers, Parole Officers, Probation Officers, etc.

A man with awful taste in suits is on stage, speaking into a podium microphone.

SPEAKER

Now, let's ask ourselves what
recidivism, really is..

JOSH leans over to a bleary eyed LANCE.

JOSH DEAN

(softly)

I'm gonna go grab some water.

JOSH DEAN begins to carefully maneuver down the row of attendees.

He makes his way to the aisle and approaches the hindmost part of the banquet hall.

JOSH arrives at the exit. As he pushes the metal bar in -- the door is malevolently pulled open from the other side. JOSH falls to the ground. Laid out flat. A large black man nonchalantly steps over him.

FERMAN T. ASH

Excuse me.

Meet FERMAN T. ASH. A beast of a bro. His age is a bit of an enigma. He could be in his 40's. THIS is your no nonsense, tough guy Parole Officer.

JOSH pushes himself up to one knee.

The oration is still ringing throughout the room.

SPEAKER

Making ourselves aware of the
offenders thought process, is an
important piece of the puzzle...

JOSH watches in some kind of astonishment as FERMAN T. ASH struts down to the stage. He steps up.

FERMAN gently pushes the man away from the podium.

FERMAN T. ASH

Look out, partner.

The large man takes his sunglasses off. He slides them into his cool red leather jacket.

FERMAN bows down into the microphone.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
Afternoon. This here's my first
foray into public speaking. They
say you always open with a joke. So
here goes. Knock, knock.

The room hesitantly responds: "Who's there?"

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
The pervert.

The room responds again: "The pervert who?"

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
An auditorium full of P.O.s and
nobody knows who the pervert is?

He laughs out loud. It echoes throughout the banquet hall.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
My name is Ferman T. Ash. I've been
a Senior Parole Officer with the
Houston Police Department for the
past 15 years. Overseen thousands
of cases. This old bull knows his
way around a deviant. That's for
damn sure. I'm here today, to
introduce Ferman's Law. My law. A
bill from hell. Ferman's law
states, that any re-offending piece
of perverted shit..is going to get
kicked in his dong. No court date.
No paperwork. Just immediate and
painful retribution upon a naughty
wiener.

Some of the attendees laugh. A few head for the exit.

JOSH never left to get a water bottle. He's still in the
banquet hall -- transfixed by this man. His eyed are GLUED
to the stage.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
I ain't talkin' about no frat house
meat thump neither. I'm talkin'
about a legit boot to the dong.

FERMAN laughs again.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
It's widely known throughout the
Houston sex offender community..if
your case ends up on Ferman T.

(MORE)

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Ash's desk, you're more than likely
 gonna get kicked in the dong.
 That's fear. I use that shit. Now,
 Plato wrote about temperance as a
 virtue.

JOSH DEAN quickly pulls out his note pad and writes under
 his prior notes:

-PLATO

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
 These sick bastards weren't blessed
 with that. If you're a man who
 can't control himself..then shit,
 in Ferman T. Ash's folio, you ain't
 no man at all. I for one, have no
 qualms with assaulting a non-man.
 You shouldn't either. Hell no. It's
 the dong kicker movement.

SILENCE

From the back of the auditorium, JOSH DEAN puts his hands
 together.

Clap. Clap.

JOSH is trying to start a slow 80's movie clap! Hell yeah!

Clap. Clap. Clap.

It's not catching on. JOSH looks kind of dumb. Awwww.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
 One comrade is all I need. Aim for
 that zipper, homie. You Dig Doug'n
 me?

A few officers surround FERMAN and point to the side of the
 stage. Politely asking him to leave.

He steps down and calmly walks toward the exit.

SILENCE

JOSH DEAN is still in awe. Inspired. He watches as the large
 man passes by. It's looks like FERMAN is moving in slow
 motion.

He kicks the door open and assimilates into the bustle of
 the Austin Hyatt Regency.

SPEAKER
Wasn't that interesting? Ok, on
that note, we're gonna adjourn for
lunch..

The room begins to disperse.

21 EXT. TARGET - NIGHT

LONNIE is up to something in the parking lot of a Target. The flamboyant young man is crouched down beside THOMAS JAY's small silver car.

He inserts a long clear hose into the gas tank. LONNIE sensually wraps his lips around the other end of the tube. He begins to suck.

LONNIE starts working his head back and forth -- vigorously.

Gasoline geysers from the open end. LONNIE turns his head and spits out the excess fluid. He then feeds the hose into a large gas can.

22 INT. LONNIE'S JEEP - MOMENTS LATER

LONNIE stealthily slides into the driver's seat of his Jeep Grand Cherokee. KILEY is in the back. JOANNA rides shotgun.

JOANNA
This is balls out crazy. Stalking a
molester to Target and siphoning
his gas?

KILEY
Can you let me and Gay Lon execute
our plan? Just zip it.

JOANNA
So twisted.

LONNIE
Shut up, Joanna! This shit is
awesome.

23 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

THOMAS stands gazing at his car in disbelief. Hazards blinking. Speeding headlights whiz by.

LONNIE's Jeep pulls up beside the violated vehicle. KILEY leans out of the back window.

KILEY
Beep beep. Sup, nigga?

THOMAS
What?

KILEY
It's me. Little Kiley Waters.

THOMAS
Oh-

KILEY
Car troubles?

THOMAS
Huh?

KILEY
Car trouble?

THOMAS
Yeah. I guess I'm out of gas. I
just put thirteen dollars in this
morning-

KILEY
Sucky. Hop on in.

THOMAS
No. I'm just gonna-

KILEY
What? Walk in the cold like a dick
head?

JOANNA
Jesus christ! Get in the car, sir!

THOMAS leans down. Three young kids stare back at him.

He shakes his head.

THOMAS
Thanks though.

KILEY
You're pissin me off TJ. Get in
Lonnie's Jeep. We'll take you to
get some gas.

She kicks the back door open.

PAUSE

THOMAS

Alright. Ok. Let me lock up. Hold on.

THOMAS steps back to secure his car.

KILEY leans in between the two front seats.

KILEY

Don't go saying anything about the molestation. He's sensitive about it.

JOANNA

Are we supposed to believe THAT guy is molesting you?

KILEY

Believe it, slut teeth. I sent you the link. I sent both you guys the link. Once we get behind closed doors, it's all death grips and fondling.

JOANNA rolls her eyes. Her jealousy is growing by the minute.

JOANNA

Give me one of those cigs!

24 EXT. QUICK TRIP - MINUTES LATER

KILEY and JOANNA are chilling by a gas pump. They're gulping down huge cans of energy syrup. LONNIE is talking on his cell phone a few feet away.

THOMAS is in the background filling a plastic gas container.

A slightly older girl, MARGOT, and her two preppy friends pass by the gang.

MARGOT

Facebook loser.

JOANNA

Kiss my clam, Margot.

MARGOT turns and begins walking backwards as she yells:

MARGOT

Your last post had 6 comments! Mine had 90! And over 200 likes!

JOANNA grabs her crotch.

JOANNA
Like this, Boat Squid.

MARGOT
You're disgusting!

JOANNA
You better keep walking. I'm about
to punch you in the tramp stamp.

THOMAS appears with his gas.

THOMAS
Did you just call some girl a Boat
Squid?

JOANNA
Yup. She yanked off eight different
guys..in one afternoon..on one
pontoon boat. Total boat squid.

THOMAS
Eight?

KILEY
Ocho, brocho.

25 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

LONNIE pulls up to THOMAS' car on the side of the road.
Still flashing in the night.

As THOMAS exits LONNIE's Jeep with his can of fuel -- KILEY
vaults out from the other side.

SCREECH!

LONNIE guns his Jeep down the road. Wasting not a second.
A dust cloud fills the space between them.

THOMAS stares her down.

THOMAS
Why did you do that?

KILEY
Looks like I need a ride home.

THOMAS
Kiley..

KILEY
Yes.

PAUSE

THOMAS
I don't know.

THOMAS begins to remove his gas cap.

26 INT. THOMAS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The wrecked Porsche is briefly illuminated by THOMAS' headlights as he rolls into KILEY's motor court. He puts his car in park.

A few seconds of silence -- the engine rattles ever so slightly.

THOMAS
So. Here we are.

KILEY
Man, my arms are like jello. I helped my dad move a piano off of a truck today. I'm way weak right now.

THOMAS
What are you talking about?

PAUSE

KILEY
Is that it?

THOMAS
Well, yeah.

KILEY
Are you kidding me?! Screw you TJ!

She elbows the door open. Slams it.

The ticked off teen angrily pounds her way up to the mansion.

THOMAS is left confused. He nails a quick U-turn and pulls off into the night. Two red lights get further and further away.

KILEY runs back to the driveway. She screams at his car in the distance:

KILEY (CONT'D)
High risk my ass!

27 EXT. 6TH STREET - NIGHT

It's closing time in downtown Austin. A well known party hub. College kids and cowboys are going wild in the streets.

JOSH DEAN is walking by a chain of loud bars, screaming into his cell phone.

JOSH DEAN
LANCE! LANCE!

He plugs one ear.

JOSH DEAN (CONT'D)
I can't hear you! LANCE! I'll see you back at the hotel!

JOSH taps the screen of his smart phone.

A huge pick up truck slows down beside him. This monster truck is full of alpha males and countrified meat heads.

One of these jerks obviously thought it would be funny to pelt poor JOSH DEAN with a cup of repugnant tobacco spit. Because he does.

SMACK!

JOSH recoils in horror as the slimy brown substance streaks down his face.

The occupants of the truck laugh like idiots and pull away. Probably high-fiving.

After about two blocks or so -- JOSH gently screams out:

JOSH DEAN (CONT'D)
Buttholes.

The huge machine comes to a screeching halt. The brake lights come on and the truck squeals backward.

CUT TO:

JOSH runs into a tight alleyway bisecting two beer joints. A tall chain link fence stops his escape.

The truck thunderously blocks the other end. Two burly men jump out with a quickness.

They begin to skip down the alley. Posturing.

JOSH falls against the fencing.

BUTTHOLE
What did you say?

JOSH DEAN
Nothing-

BUTTHOLE
Oh, yes you did. You called us
buttholes, asshole.

BUTTHOLE #2
You're a big tough man when we're
two blocks away. Is that it?

JOSH DEAN
No! I'm not a big man.

BUTTHOLE #2
We know that!

BUTTHOLE
We're gonna whoop your ass and then
keep you in our prayers!

BUTTHOLE #2
Violence!

Butthole #2 rears his fist back.

FLASH TO BLACK

FLASH ON

JOSH DEAN awakens on the cold ground. Seemingly alone in the alleyway.

The streets are eerily empty.

Suddenly -- a voice comes from the shadows.

FERMAN T. ASH (OS)
Josh, tell me something. What did
you want to be when you were young?

FERMAN T. ASH steps into the beam of a streetlight. He pulls out a cigar and lights it up.

JOSH DEAN
You scared me.

FERMAN flips his zippo shut.

FERMAN T. ASH
Sorry about that, partner. So,
what'd you want to be?

JOSH DEAN rises to his feet.

JOSH DEAN
I always wanted to be a conductor.

FERMAN T. ASH
Of heat, trains, or symphony
orchestras?

JOSH DEAN
Trains.

FERMAN T. ASH
The old iron horse. So, what's the
news, my man? Why aren't you on the
tracks?

JOSH DEAN
I can't say.

FERMAN T. ASH
Maybe you should look into it.
Keeping degenerates in line doesn't
seem to be your thing. Remember
this shit?

28 INT. JOSH DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

JOSH DEAN in his office. Sweating at his desk. Jittery.

A pimp in a fur coat sits across from him.

JOSH looks up from a file.

JOSH DEAN
Mr. Goulsby, having your CURRENT
address on file is absolutely
necessary.

ELEGANT ERNIE
I ain't gonna tell you again. My
name is Elegant Ernie, Dog.

JOSH dabs some sweat from his forehead.

JOSH DEAN
Mr. Goulsby..please-

ELEGANT ERNIE
Who is Mr. Goulsby? I don't know.
My name is Elegant Ernie. S'all I
answer to.

PAUSE

JOSH DEAN
Fine..Elegant Ernie..
(shaking his head)
..having your CURRENT address on
file, is absolutely necessary-

29 EXT. 6TH STREET - NIGHT (**RETURN FLASHBACK**)

FERMAN puffs away at his cigar.

FERMAN T. ASH
You should have slapped Elegant
Ernie in his god damn head. The
man's a rapist. A pimp. Who cares
what he prefers to be called?

JOSH has his head down. Ashamed.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
Some skinhead messed you all up. So
what? You gonna let one little ass
beating derail your whole career?
You know how many times I've been
attacked by some perverted
skinhead?

JOSH DEAN
No.

FERMAN T. ASH
Four times.

FERMAN holds up his cigar and blows on the glowing orange
tip.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
You don't see me sobbing all over
the office. Look here-

FERMAN pulls a seven year old girl out of the darkness.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
Hey, baby. What's your name?

BAILEY
My name is Bailey and I want to be
a cheerleader.

FERMAN T. ASH
Awww. She wants to be a
cheerleader. Thanks, baby.

He gently pushes her off screen.

FERMAN then pulls a ten year old boy from the dark.

FERMAN T. ASH
What's your name, partner.

DECLAN
Declan.

FERMAN T. ASH
Declan. You a ball player, Declan?

DECLAN
No. I like video games.

FERMAN T. ASH turns to JOSH.

FERMAN T. ASH
He likes to play video games.
Thanks, little man.

He pushes the boy back into the dark.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
THAT'S why we do what we do. Those
kids. What if one of those little
babies got hurt on your watch? What
if Elegant Ernie got his greasy
mitts on Bailey?

JOSH DEAN
No. No.

JOSH holds his stomach. He may barf.

FERMAN T. ASH
You gotta get control. If not..get
on a train, homie. You Dig Doug'n
me?

PAUSE

JOSH DEAN
I'm Dig Doug'n you.

FERMAN holds his palm out.

FERMAN T. ASH
Skin it.

JOSH slowly skins it.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
I believe in you, Josh Dean. I can
see control. Bubbling behind your
eyes. Wantin' to bust out. All over
some scoundrel's ass. You're a
madman, Josh. Don't let us down.

FERMAN turns and walks away.

JOSH DEAN
Hey! What now?!

FERMAN T. ASH
What now? Wake up.

FERMAN T. ASH dissolves into the contours of the evening.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

JOSH looks around for the source of this mysterious beep.

Suddenly..

JOSH DEAN awakens in the middle of a deserted alleyway. A
street sweeper slowly rolls by the opening of the
passageway.

He brings his hand up to a bruised jaw.

Beep. Beep.

30 EXT. THOMAS' APARTMENT - MORNING

A skinny arm comes into view and knocks on the door of
apartment #1710.

PAUSE

A disheveled THOMAS slowly pulls the door open. He sees
KILEY standing before him.

THOMAS

Oh, no.

He slams the door in her face.

KILEY

Haha!

She knocks again.

KILEY (CONT'D)

Come on! Open up, my morning nigga!

THOMAS whips the door open.

THOMAS

What are you doing here? I live here.

KILEY

Duh. Ihop! Rootie Tooties. On me.

THOMAS

No way.

KILEY

I'll scream.

THOMAS

Don't scream!

THOMAS peeks his head out of the door and looks in both directions.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Have you had a cig this morning?

KILEY

Dude, I've had like four cigs this morning.

THOMAS

Well, walk down there and have another one. I'll be out in a few minutes.

KILEY

Ugh. Hurry up.

She walks a few feet away and reaches in her purse.

THOMAS

Further!

KILEY

Will you quit being a fag and go
brush your hair and put on your
tapered jeans?

THOMAS

I don't wear tapered jeans!

THOMAS slams the door.

31 INT. PET UNIVERSE - DAY

THOMAS sits in the waiting area of a Pet Universe
superstore. He's filling out an application. We hear birds
chirp off screen. Maybe even a dog bark or two.

He runs a pen under this paragraph:

Have you ever been convicted of a crime involving - sex,
indecency, minors, weapons, robbery, burglary or drugs?

He writes in the section provided:

"No."

He crosses it out.

Then writes:

"I can explain. I can explain. Please just let me explain."

A few seconds of debate.

He crumples the paper into a ball. In a huff, THOMAS exits
Pet Universe forever.

31A INT. THOMAS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

KILEY watches from the passenger seat of THOMAS' car as he
crosses the Pet Universe parking lot.

He quietly enters his vehicle.

KILEY

Well, how did it go?

THOMAS

It went fine. Are you going to bug me all day long?

KILEY checks the time on her phone.

KILEY

Shit! No. I actually have to deuce.

She opens the door -- gathers her purse and car charger.

THOMAS

Thanks for breakfast. Have a nice life. Good luck.

KILEY

TJ. You are a straight tard for not accepting my uncle's offer.

THOMAS

I'm not driving out of town with a couple of kids. End of story.

KILEY

It's a work trip! Like you couldn't use three hundred bucks.

THOMAS

I would love to groom your uncle's cat for three hundred dollars, yes. That's a damn good deal for a single animal. But, if you insist on me riding up there with you and your friend Lonnie, the answer is hells no. Give me the contact info or forget it.

KILEY

Ugh. Such a fag. Camo hat!

She slugs THOMAS -- points to a man entering an old truck. Camo hat on his noggin.

KILEY is obviously late for something. She slams his door and makes her way down the grinding street.

THOMAS

Quit slamming my door! You little..turd.

THOMAS pulls a cell phone from his coat. He does a couple of taps and swipes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Oh, man. No way.

He taps again and holds the phone to his ear.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 Service disconnected. Yes. I can
 see that.

THOMAS reaches in his center console and pulls out his most recent bank statement.

It says: Amount Available \$205.12

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 All the money I have in the world.
 Wonderful.

He stares at KILEY -- moving in the distance. It's a long stare. Maybe even a "hell of a stare."

31B EXT. PARKING LOT/PET UNIVERSE - MOMENTS LATER

THOMAS steps from his car and yells at KILEY:

THOMAS
 Hey!

She stops and turns toward him.

KILEY
 Yeah?!

THOMAS
 I'll go! I'll do it!

KILEY
 Yay!

THOMAS
 I'll just..I'll talk to you later!

KILEY
 Duh!

32 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Pink spray paint spritzes over a brick wall. Numerous strokes spatter in all directions.

JOANNA is spray painting satanic symbols. A PENTAGRAM and 666 -- are sloppily tagged in pink.

She steps back to admire her work. The building that is now adorned with evil graffiti -- is revealed to be a church. Steeple and stain glass and all.

KILEY speed walks into view.

JOANNA
You're late.

Without missing a beat, KILEY removes a can of spray paint from her purse. She hurries to the church wall.

KILEY shakes her can and immediately sprays: LUCIFER!

KILEY
Well?

JOANNA
Well what? You know I'm the ebay sniper, bitch. We won that shit.

KILEY
Wicked. This is going to be the funniest.

JOANNA
What if he won't even go?

KILEY
He's going. I lied and told him my uncle had a cat who needed a grooming. And that he'd pay three hundred bucks.

JOANNA laughs out loud.

JOANNA
A pedophile pet groomer? Laugh my ass off. Somebody call TLC. That's a show I'd watch. TJ is going to shit his pants when he sees your little ebay gift.

JOANNA applies some finishing touches to her work.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Ugh. I can't believe you and your
god damn molester have me semi
riveted.

KILEY

What was that band you were telling
me about?

JOANNA

Oh, Slayer.

KILEY

Yeah.

KILEY writes: SLAYER -- across the church wall.

JOANNA lights up a cigarette.

PAUSE

JOANNA

How does it happen?

KILEY

He just attacks, ho. Like one of
those Burmese Bamboo Sharks we read
about in Mr. Palmer's class. Trust
me, slut. It's balls.

JOANNA rolls her eyes.

JOANNA

You are a psycho bitch and a half.

KILEY smiles big. She seems to be priding herself on
JOANNA's reaction to all of this bullshit.

JOANNA shakes her can. It's empty. She throws it down the
church sidewalk.

33 INT. JOANNA'S HOUSE - DAY

JOANNA busts through the front door of her swanky home. This
house has a not so subtle western theme going on. A lot of
red and blue plaid. Lassos adorn the walls. JOANNA -- HATES
IT!

She bee lines up the staircase.

34 INT. JOANNA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

JOANNA's living space is very neat. Scarily organized. It looks like a dorm room.

She fires up her computer.

JOANNA's MOM appears at the door. She has a red bandanna tied around her neck.

In a thick southern accent:

JOANNA'S MOM

Jo, you still haven't accepted my friend request.

JOANNA

Ugh.

JOANNA'S MOM

It smells like cigarettes in here.

JOANNA

Jesus. Don't start. You smoked in the early 90's.

PAUSE

JOANNA'S MOM

I was also in my twenties in the early 90's.

JOANNA

What's up with the bandanna? Are you a bandit?

The sarcasm isn't lost on her mom. Not one bit.

JOANNA'S MOM

So, we can't be Facebook friends?

JOANNA

No! I hate Facebook! Facebook is for whores who live inside bathroom mirrors and people who don't understand the difference between there, their, and they're. Look, I'm busy, Linda. Why don't you go stand around in the kitchen since you do it so well.

JOANNA moves over to the bedroom door.

Her mom takes the hint and slowly walks out. JOANNA slams the door behind her.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Ugh!

35 INT. HARLEY DAVIDSON STORE - NIGHT

The Harley Davidson parts and accessories store is probably ten minutes away from closing and locking up for the night. The only person browsing is JOSH DEAN.

JOSH is staring up at a single leather vest on a crossbar. He reaches up and benevolently runs his hand over the material.

He turns around.

JOSH DEAN

Sir?

An employee who is definitely ready to leave reluctantly obliges.

ANNOYED MOTORCYCLE GUY

Yeah.

JOSH DEAN

Is this the only leather vest you have?

ANNOYED MOTORCYCLE GUY

That's the only leather vest we have.

JOSH cocks his head back up to the black leather accessory.

JOSH DEAN

I love it. It's an extra large though. I need a medium.

(under his breath)

Dang it.

36 EXT. SMALL HOME - DAY

LONNIE's vehicle stops in front of a small home right out of Tender Mercies.

KILEY and THOMAS step out of the Jeep, onto a dirt road.

Just as their feet hit soil --

SCREECH!

LONNIE immediately speeds away. Again.

THOMAS, with his bag of grooming gear, chases after the dust cloud.

THOMAS

What was that?! Where is he going?

LONNIE makes a u-turn and speeds back towards them.

THOMAS' only option is to scream as LONNIE flies by.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hey!

KILEY is laughing a few feet away.

A middle aged man, TROY, in a Don Henley T shirt -- steps out of a screen door. This man's pony tail says everything we need to know about him.

TROY

Hola. You must be the girl from the ebay.

KILEY

Yes, sir. From the ebay.

TROY

I'm Troy. How was the hike from Fort Worth?

KILEY

Eh.

TROY

Such a beautiful city. A real delight.

KILEY

Place smells like cow shit, sir.

TROY

I actually find a lot of beauty in stinks.

SILENCE

THOMAS explodes.

THOMAS
What in the hell is happening!

CUT TO:

TROY, THOMAS and KILEY -- are standing around an old van. This van has no side windows and is pretty damn scary. Baby blue. Grey bondo splotches. It's what the kids today call a "rape van."

You don't want to end up in the hull of this bad boy. No, sir.

TROY
Here she is. 1993 Econoline van,
with NO WINDOWS. Just like you
wanted. Runs real nice. I took some
amazing, powerful journeys in this
van, you guys.

KILEY quickly looks it over.

KILEY
No windows here.

She taps the side of the van.

TROY
No windows there.

KILEY
What was it? Five?

TROY
Five it was.

He drops the keys into KILEY's hand. She pulls out five 100 dollar bills and hands them over.

THOMAS explodes.

THOMAS
Alright! Hello! What's the van for?

KILEY
It's yours.

She tosses him the keys.

THOMAS
What?

KILEY
A van with no windows. For you!
Surprise, nigga!

TROY
Surprise, nig- Surprise, guy!

THOMAS looks down at the keys in his hand.

THOMAS
A van with no windows?

37 INT. PAROLE OFFICE/HALLWAY - DAY

LANCE moves down a narrow office hallway. He's off in his own little world -- perusing a file.

He passes by JOSH DEAN's office. Something odd in his periphery demands some attention.

LANCE furrows his brow and comes to a stop -- looks up from his paperwork.

38 INT. JOSH DEAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

LANCE peeks in.

JOSH sits at his desk, polishing a snakeskin boot. He looks different. Very different.

Awful hair extensions fall over JOSH DEAN's shoulders. The coloration is about three tones off from his natural hue.

A pair of mirror sunglasses rest on his nose.

He obviously decided to purchase the vest that was two sizes too big. Because he's wearing it. With no undershirt! The over sized vest gives him a strange midget like quality.

Around his neck -- is a Native American Dream Catcher.

JOSH DEAN is now a facsimile of DOG THE BOUNTY HUNTER. DOG THE BOUNTY HUNTER however -- will not be mentioned.

LANCE
Josh?

JOSH rubs in some more polish. All done. He slides the boot back on and looks up at LANCE.

A drawn out stare.

JOSH DEAN

The Crocodile. I'd appreciate it,
if you could make the adjustment,
and refer to me as The Crocodile
from now on, bra.

We're definitely going to make that adjustment. JOSH DEAN is
now THE CROCODILE.

LANCE

You don't say?

THE CROCODILE rises up from his desk and abruptly exits the
office.

LANCE is still trying to process this.

PAUSE

THE CROCODILE returns with JAMES -- a fifty six year old
parolee. Everything about JAMES screams sex offender. From
his glasses to his sweater.

THE CROCODILE erupts at the feeble man.

THE CROCODILE

Empty your pockets!

JAMES is immediately petrified as he falls into a nearby
chair.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)

Now! Empty your pockets!

LANCE

Hey, take it easy-

Scared shitless -- JAMES starts to empty his pants. He has
some take out menus in his front pockets.

THE CROCODILE

What is this, huh?

JAMES

Asia Bowl menus..

LANCE

Josh-

He turns to LANCE.

THE CROCODILE
The Crocodile! Please!

THE CROCODILE turns back to JAMES.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)
What is this, huh? Asian take out menus? Are you trying to fill some under ground sex bunker..with a bunch of Asian delivery boys? Have your way with them?! You old rascal!

JAMES
No!

THE CROCODILE
Are you building an underground sex bunker?!

JAMES
(almost crying)
No! The menus, they were on my car!

LANCE
Can I see you in my office!?

THE CROCODILE
You can see me right here, bra.

LANCE
Listen, we adhere to a certain protocol, Josh. What are you doing?

In a fit of rage, THE CROCODILE shoves some files and miscellaneous paperwork off of his desk. A manila avalanche.

JAMES screams out loud.

THE CROCODILE
Sometimes taking control, means getting all unconventional on somebody's ass!

PAUSE

LANCE
That was ridiculous.

THE CROCODILE
Was it? Your good pal James here, snatched a six year old boy from a public pool and performed a bj on
(MORE)

THE CROCODILE (cont'd)
 him. Six year old boys should NOT
 be getting beejs from older
 gentleman like James.

He points to JAMES.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)
 So excuse me if I'm using my
 outside voice.

LANCE
 I'm painfully aware of the kind of
 people we regulate here.

PAUSE

THE CROCODILE
 James. Did you go to your scheduled
 meetings this month?

JAMES
 (sobbing)
 Yes.

THE CROCODILE
 Then get your ass out of my office,
 you slime dog. I'll see you in two
 weeks, James! I'm coming to your
 mom's house. Don't think I wont!

JAMES gathers what's left of his dignity and slowly exits
 THE CROCODILE's office space.

FUN FACT: JAMES is going back to his Mom's house to kill
 himself.

LANCE moves to the doorway. He turns to face his friend.

LANCE
 I don't know what's gotten into you
 today, but you had better get it
 together. Also, you need to put a
 shirt on under that vest. You can't
 be in here, with a damn..leather
 vest on, and no undershirt. This
 isn't the Sturgis motorcycle
 rally.*

*Or, "this isn't a Bob Seger show."

THE CROCODILE

I'm not putting on an undershirt.
This is how I'm doing it. Leather
vest. No undershirt.

LANCE

You know what? I've got other
things to deal with. Tristan
googled "how to mix chloroform"
last night. Amanda and I are
terrified. You want to play dress
up and act all bonkers, so be it.
It's your butt, buddy.

LANCE steps into the hallway.

THE CROCODILE kneels down and begins to pick up his files.
Something stops him dead in his tracks.

It's this:

NOTE PAD

-Thomas Jay

-eat a "D"

-Cathy

-Redoubtable

-Plato

-Fingerless gloves

THE CROCODILE

Thomas Jay. Oh, I see. You want to
tell old ladies to eat your dick,
huh? Eat your dick?

He let's out a sinister laugh.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)

Not in this lifetime, bra.

CUT TO:

THE CROCODILE is standing at his desk with a phone receiver
to his ear.

PHONE VOICE (OS)

We're sorry. The number you have
dialed is no longer in service.

(MORE)

PHONE VOICE (OS) (cont'd)
Please check the number or try
again.

39 EXT. THOMAS' APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

THE CROCODILE's little white Prius skids to a stop in front of THOMAS' apartment building.

CUT TO:

THE CROCODILE darts up to THOMAS' door. He pounds hard. No answer. He pounds again.

THE CROCODILE
I saw your car, partner! Open this
door!

THOMAS' neighbor, RICK, cracks his door and peeks out.

He points to the Dream Catcher -- still hanging around THE CROCODILE's neck.

RICK
That's a sick dream catcher.

THE CROCODILE
Never mind the dream catcher. Do
you know Thomas Jay?

RICK
Who's asking?

The Parole Officer flashes his badge.

THE CROCODILE
The Crocodile is asking.

RICK
Seen him a few hours ago. Took off
in a Jeep Cherokee.

THE CROCODILE
License plate number?

RICK
Would you be amazed if I were to
remember it?

THE CROCODILE slides off his mirror shades.

THE CROCODILE
Extremely.

RICK
The license plate number is Gay
Lon.

THE CROCODILE
Gay Lon?

RICK
G-A-Y L-O-N. You don't forget Gay
Lon. He was with some little girl.

THE CROCODILE
What!?! Thomas Jay was with a little
girl?

RICK
That's right.

THE CROCODILE nearly topples over.
He composes himself.

THE CROCODILE
Your neighbor Thomas Jay..WILL die
tonight. You wanna know why?

RICK
Why?

THE CROCODILE
Because I'm going to kill his punk
ass.

THE CROCODILE slides his sunglasses back on -- sprints away.

40 EXT. SMALL HOME - DAY

It's very cold on this particular day. Cold but bright. The
scary van sits alone.

THOMAS and KILEY both walk into view from either side. She
hands him a piece of paper folded in half.

He unfolds it to reveal another computer print out of his
mug shot and registry info.

PAUSE

THOMAS
God..damn it!

THOMAS crumples the paper. He winds up like a major league ball player -- pitches it into the distance.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I hate that thing!

KILEY pulls out her phone and starts recording.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

KILEY
Ha! Oh my god, TJ. You should see your face!

THOMAS just stares back at her.

THOMAS
Kiley, put the phone down.

KILEY
This is the moment I just paid five hundo for. I'm not putting my phone down. That's stupid. Step closer to the van, man.

THOMAS
Seriously. Stop.

KILEY
What's going through your head?

THOMAS
Lonnie isn't coming back, is he?

KILEY
It's you and me, dude.

THOMAS
What? Is this for your blog?

KILEY
Blogging is for fatties.

KILEY reaches in her front pocket -- pulls out \$300. Hands it over.

KILEY (CONT'D)
Here. I'm not burning you completely. Pay some bills, TJ.

LONG PAUSE

He sadly accepts it.

THOMAS
You've known this whole time?

KILEY
This whole time.

THOMAS
What about Joanna and Lonnie?

PAUSE

KILEY
I didn't rat you out.

THOMAS
What now? What happens now?

KILEY
I don't know.

THOMAS
You don't know?!

KILEY
Dude! I'm a fourteen year old. I
don't think that far ahead.

THOMAS
Let me comprehend this.
Basically..you just wanted to
present me, with an old van, that
has NO windows, because I'm a
registered sex offender? That's the
whole joke? Set up and punchline?

KILEY
Correct.

THOMAS
Wow. Just..wow.

KILEY
Sell it when we get back to Fort
Worth. Pocket the cash. I'm so over
it.

KILEY stops recording -- slips the phone in her coat.

KILEY (CONT'D)

Ok, I'm dying. Tell me about your indecency!

THOMAS

Kiley. Seriously. You've got it all wrong.

KILEY

Then what the hell? That piece of paper, that you just threw like a girl, into the yard says-

THOMAS

It says I'm a child molester! The paper says I'm a child molester!

KILEY

Yes! It most definitely says you're a child molester! I don't think you've even checked out my ass n' titties once, since we met. What kind of pedophile are you?!

TROY (OS)

Ahem.

THOMAS and KILEY quickly look over their shoulders.

TROY has been watching the scene play out from his porch. He sits Indian style in a rocking chair.

TROY (CONT'D)

Alright. The vibe here..has soured in a major way, you guys.

PAUSE

THOMAS

Guess we better be, gettin' on. Kiley, after you.

KILEY

Thank you, gracious sir.

KILEY walks around to the passenger side of the van as THOMAS readies the keys.

He points to TROY's shirt.

THOMAS

The end of the innocence.

TROY

I'm sorry?

THOMAS

Your shirt. Don Henley. Good tune.

He throws his bag of grooming gear into the van before climbing into the driver's seat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

See ya.

THOMAS tries to start the ancient machine. It doesn't start. He tries again. Nothing. Finally -- it turns over.

The van sounds awful. Something is definitely loose somewhere.

They slowly take off down the dirt road.

41 INT. JOANNA'S ROOM - DAY

JOANNA is seated at her computer.

She's surfing through the SEX OFFENDER REGISTRY -- stalking potential molesters.

She settles on a younger looking offender and clicks the link.

JOANNA skims the man's info.

RISK LEVEL: HIGH.

VICTIMS AGE/GENDER: 14, FEMALE

401 W. STOCKTON RD, FORT WORTH, TX

A sly smile comes across JOANNA's face.

JOANNA

Alright, Daniel Rocco. Let's get molesty.

42 INT. DANIEL ROCCO'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

DANIEL ROCCO is placidly driving along in a residential neighborhood. He's approximately a 4.7 on the creepy scale.

The man glances through his passenger side window.

JOANNA is standing by the curb. Wearing a half shirt -- making sexy eyes at the man as he passes by.

She puckers her lips seductively.

43 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

DANIEL ROCCO's brakes lock up. He cuts left and immediately skids into a parked SUV. This is a pretty bad crash. Steam billows from beneath the hood.

JOANNA stands frozen.

JOANNA

OMFG.

A banging noise begins to emit from the sex offender's crumpled car. DANIEL ROCCO is frantically kicking at the door. It won't open. It's jammed.

His foot impetuously smashes through the driver's side window -- splintering shards of glass on the concrete below.

DANIEL ROCCO slithers through the window frame. His body slams down on the pavement.

He struggles to pull himself up. A gaping forehead wound sends a sheet of blood cascading down his face.

The man finally makes to his feet. He yells across the street to JOANNA:

DANIEL ROCCO

You wanna go grab an ice cream cone?! Or a candy bar or something?!

Blood continues to flow as the damaged man starts to wobble.

DANIEL ROCCO (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna..lay down for a sec.

DANIEL ROCCO collapses in the street.

JOANNA's eyes are huge. She looks left. Then right. The frozen little girl slowly begins to side step out of view.

44 INT. JOANNA'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

JOANNA is back at her computer -- annoyed.

JOANNA
Let's try this again.

She shakes her head and lights a cigarette.

The brash young girl once again starts scrolling through the SEX OFFENDER REGISTRY. Determined.

45 EXT. LONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

LONNIE exits his modest two story home. After jumping in his Jeep, the effeminate young man backs into a cul de sac.

The license plate does in fact say GAY LON. Wait -- would the DMV even approve that?

As LONNIE descends down the road, THE CROCODILE's Prius is revealed. It looks like the car is empty, until --

THE CROCODILE springs up in the drivers seat.

46 EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

LONNIE pulls up to a red light. He sings a pretty good falsetto to some dance track.

47 INT. LONNIE'S JEEP - MOMENTS LATER

We see THE CROCODILE's Prius creep up to the light. LONNIE can feel a dagger like gaze. He glances over. THE CROCODILE is staring back -- right through him.

The sight of this long haired man, in an over sized leather vest, with no undershirt -- has frightened LONNIE. He looks away, pretending not to notice.

THE CROCODILE revs his Prius plug in a few times. Lol.

Green light.

LONNIE accelerates -- as does THE CROCODILE. They both simultaneously advance forward.

LONNIE'S REAR VIEW

THE CROCODILE falls behind the Jeep. He begins to ride LONNIE's ass, and nudge his bumper. Toying with the poor kid.

LONNIE

Oh my God! Who are you?! Stop!

LONNIE flips his turn signal. He veers off into a shopping center. Real easy like. A very anticlimactic ending to THE CROCODILE's puffery.

48

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

THE CROCODILE quickly exits his Prius. He runs toward LONNIE.

The Parole Officer tries to pull the Jeep door open. It's locked. He screams at the boy through the window.

THE CROCODILE

Thomas Jay and an unidentified little girl, got into your car earlier today! This car!

LONNIE

Yes!

THE CROCODILE

Don't bullshit me, bra!

LONNIE

I'm not! TJ and Kiley got into my car. Yes!

THE CROCODILE

Where are they now?

LONNIE

She bought him a van. I dropped them off in the country so they could drive it back. I just got back home! I swear!

THE CROCODILE

I'll take your life!

He slaps LONNIE'S window.

LONNIE

Why?! Please! I'm not bullshitting you, mister!

THE CROCODILE
 Bought him a van? This sick piece
 of shit has this little girl
 completely brainwashed.

LONNIE slowly puts his window down.

LONNIE
 He has been molesting her. Like, a
 lot.

THE CROCODILE
 What?!

49 INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

LONNIE's picture pops up on KILEY's cell phone. It begins to
 vibrate the center console of the empty van.

We hear some faint conversation outside. KILEY and THOMAS
 are at a gas station, getting some unleaded.

The phone goes to voice mail.

50 EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

LONNIE stands with his back against the Jeep. A cell phone
 up to his ear.

LONNIE
 Voice mail.

A boot knife comes from off screen and pushes
 gently against LONNIE's throat.

THE CROCODILE (OS)
 (gruff voiced)
 Leave a message.

LONNIE
 Hey bitch, it's me. Where you at?
 Hit me up with some deets. K.
 Later. Bye.

He turns his phone off.

THE CROCODILE steps into view.

THE CROCODILE
 You say anything about this to
 anybody..and I'll stab you. Dead.
 (MORE)

THE CROCODILE (cont'd)
This is my collar. Keep your mouth
shut, or get cut.

He lowers the blade and slides the weapon into his boot.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)
Hand me your phone.

LONNIE reluctantly gives the man his device.

THE CROCODILE starts to punch in some numbers.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)
You call me as soon as you hear
from her. The instant, you hear
from her. I meant it! If you tip
her off, it could mean her life. Do
you understand?

LONNIE
Yes.

THE CROCODILE
You call me!

THE CROCODILE tosses him the phone. Snakeskin boots clack
loudly as he heads toward the Prius.

Lonnie is relieved -- but curious.

LONNIE
Hey! Are you a bounty hunter?

THE CROCODILE turns back toward LONNIE.

THE CROCODILE
Negative, Gay Lon. My name is The
Crocodile..and I'm a Parole
Enforcer.

51 INT. THE CROCODILE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

THE CROCODILE slams his Prius door. He adjusts the rear view
mirror. In it -- we see FERMAN T. ASH.

FERMAN T. ASH
You ready for this?

THE CROCODILE nods.

FERMAN T. ASH (CONT'D)
Get him, The Crocodile. Get him.

- THE CROCODILE turns the key
- His car aggressively whips out into the street
- The Prius sort of burns rubber down the road

52 INT. WORK TRUCK - DAY

TITLE CARD: **Meanwhile**

A Spanish man with white paint all over his clothes, stares at us from behind the wheel of a tattered work truck. This is HECTOR. He speaks with a heavy accent.

HECTOR
Can I take off your blouse?

JOANNA is revealed to be in the passenger seat.

JOANNA
My blouse? Umm, well..

HECTOR
Please, Mejia.

He is a little too eager. JOANNA is visibly uncomfortable.

JOANNA
Uhhh, you looked a lot younger in your mug shot, Vato. What gives?

He grabs at her.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Play it cool.

HECTOR doesn't slow down. JOANNA weasels from his tentacles and kicks the truck door open. She runs away -- into the cold afternoon.

The man is devastated. He screams for her:

HECTOR
Mejia!

JOANNA (OS)
(from a distance)
You're wiggin' me the hell out,
Cheech! I'm bouncing!

HECTOR pounds his dashboard.

HECTOR
(softly)
Come back, Mejia.

53 INT. VAN - MOVING - DUSK

The trek back to Fort Worth has begun.

It looks like THOMAS is getting the hang of guiding this old van around.

THOMAS
It's going to take us twice as long to get home. You realize that, right? If we go over fifty miles an hour, this van may fall apart.

KILEY
Maybe if you weren't standing around in Troy's driveway, in shock for an hour and a half, we'd be home. Classic shit, dude.

THOMAS
Can I be honest with you?

KILEY
Ok.

THOMAS
I'm frightened. Driving this van is scaring me. It's shaky. It's loud.

KILEY pulls her cell phone from the center console. She notices LONNIE's missed call and taps his number.

KILEY
Hush, TJ.

54 INT. LONNIE'S JEEP - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

LONNIE is nervously smoking a cigarette as he speeds down the road.

His cell phone chimes.

He quickly answers the call. LONNIE speaks in a forced calm tone.

LONNIE

Hey.

BACK AND FORTH

KILEY

What's up, batty boy?

LONNIE

How are you?

KILEY

How am I? What the hell is your problem?

LONNIE

Where are you?

She turns to THOMAS.

KILEY

Where are we?

THOMAS

Highway..um-

KILEY

We're on Highway um. We'll be home later. Dance party at TJ's tonight! Start inviting people.

THOMAS

Don't!

KILEY

Ha! Anyway, my connection sucks out here. I'll hit you up later.

LONNIE

Wait!

KILEY

Yeah.

LONNIE

Is he..raping you?

PAUSE

KILEY looks over at THOMAS struggling to maneuver the clanking machine.

KILEY
Oh, yeah. Hardcore style.

LONNIE
Alright. Cool.

KILEY
Holla.

KILEY switches her phone off.

55 INT. HOUSE OF BLADES - DAY

The House of Blades is..well, a house of blades. Wall to wall knives for sale. Ted Nugent was in here once.

THE CROCODILE is standing over a long glass case -- full of big knives and other stabby things.

He's browsing. Intensely.

Suddenly, we hear a bad instrumental version of Kenny Loggins' "Danger Zone."

Oh, it's THE CROCODILE'S ring tone. He presses the answer button on his celly.

THE CROCODILE
The Crocodile.

56 INT. LONNIE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

LONNIE is still confused. Driving down the road.

LONNIE
She called.

BACK AND FORTH

THE CROCODILE
And? Where are they?

LONNIE
She said they're going back to his apartment. He's raping her.

THE CROCODILE
No!

A few House of Blades patrons look over.

THE CROCODILE gets quiet.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)
Did you tip her off?

LONNIE
Not at all. I heard TJ screaming in
the background. Something about a
party.

THE CROCODILE looks up to a huge pirate sword mounted on the
wall. He's mesmerized.

THE CROCODILE
A party, huh? I'll bring the chips.

He ends the call and motions to an employee behind the long
glass case. An enthusiastic knife guy approaches THE
CROCODILE.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)
What's that?

He points to the pirate sword.

EMPLOYEE
That there, is a reproduction of an
old pirate's sword.

THE CROCODILE
May I?

EMPLOYEE
Sure, sure.

The employee removes the large sword from it's mount. He
hands it over to the anxious Parole Officer.

It's about sixty inches long -- with a golden handle and a
gigantic crescent blade. It shimmers.

THE CROCODILE slips his hand through the circlet.

He brandishes the ridiculous weapon with an impassioned
focus.

THE CROCODILE
Can I ask you something else?

EMPLOYEE
Oh, sure.

THE CROCODILE
Where do I swipe my debit card?

57 INT. VAN - MOVING - DUSK

The shady looking automobile speeds down the freeway. An auburn November dusk pours through what windows the van does have.

THOMAS
Can we talk about something else?

KILEY
No god damn way.

PAUSE

THOMAS
Ok. Do you know anybody, your age, who has..hooked up..with a Senior?

KILEY
Oh, yeah. I know this girl, Denise. She's fourteen. She's banged at least six Seniors since August.

THOMAS
Well, there you go. It happens everyday, at every school, everywhere.

KILEY
So you tapped at Freshman?

THOMAS
Don't say that. I had..sexual relations-

KILEY busts out laughing.

KILEY
Hahaha! Sexual relations! Grampa!

THOMAS
I hooked up with a Freshman when I was a Senior. I mean, we phone talked all the time. Went on Friday night movie dates.

PAUSE

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Her parents found out and freaked. Pulled her out of school. Had me arrested. Then bang, boom. Sex offender guy.

PAUSE

KILEY
You went to jail?

THOMAS
I did. Can you believe that?

KILEY
Did you drink toilet wine?

THOMAS
No.

KILEY
Did anyone make sweet butt love to you?

THOMAS
No.

KILEY
Did you make sweet butt love to anybody else?

THOMAS
Nope.

PAUSE

KILEY
Don't you have to report to a Probation Officer or some shit?

THOMAS
Parole Officer. Not today.

KILEY
When?

THOMAS
Second Wednesdays. I got assigned a new guy a couple of months back. I don't think he's very organized yet. Nice man, though.

KILEY pulls a fresh Jewel 100 from her pack and lights up.

THOMAS gets curious.

THOMAS
What's up with your parents? What do they think of you?

KILEY
My mom died.

That's all THOMAS needed to hear.

KILEY (CONT'D)
My Dad sold a website he created in
the year 2000. For a sheez load of
cash. He's real bad into marijuana.
He's always, like..passing out in
things. He passed out in a
refrigerator box once. The bushes.

PAUSE

KILEY (CONT'D)
And I don't know what he thinks of
me.

PAUSE

THOMAS
I think you're very interesting.
And smart.

SILENCE

THOMAS (CONT'D)
That's what I think.

The sun is setting behind the barely functioning Econoline.

KILEY looks over to THOMAS. It's a different kind of look.
Not KILEY's usual smart ass bullshit look. Something more.

58 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD/BLEACHERS - DUSK

JOANNA sits bored at the apex of some bleachers. It's about
thirty minutes before the big Homecoming game. The high
school football stadium is alive.

Teams are running through some drills down on the field. A
marching band can be heard warming up.

JOANNA's phone vibrates. Her ringtone is some crazy ass
metal song.

She answers it.

JOANNA
Hello.

59 INT. BATHROOM - DUSK

KILEY is standing in a fifthly public restroom on the other end of the line.

KILEY
Ok, ok. He never molested me.

BACK AND FORTH

JOANNA
What? I don't believe you.

KILEY
I'm serious. He never did.

JOANNA
Bitch, you're so full of it. I saw his mug shot! His registry info. He's high risk, Kiley!

KILEY
He's not like that-

JOANNA
You just don't want me to have a sex offender. You want to be the only one getting molested. Well guess what? I'm gonna find me a registered man. When I do, he is going to take complete advantage of me.

KILEY
Don't! Joanna-

JOANNA
All of a sudden you care? You've been throwing this molestation thing in my face all week. Now, it's my turn. Mama J is gonna get her beav invaded. Tabooya, bitch!

She switches her phone off -- real pissy like.

A little kid in a toboggan is staring back up at JOANNA from the lower bleachers.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Nice beanie, queer.

60 EXT. STADIUM/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The homecoming game rages in the background. Thunderous cheers and applause are sporadic.

JOANNA is sitting on some steps smoking a cigarette.

MR. HUFFMAN or should we say MR. EAVESDROPPER -- wanders up. Still in his corduroy jacket. He sits a little ways down from her on the school steps.

The man slowly inches his way over. Before long, he is right by her side.

He snatches her cigarette -- takes a drag.

MR. HUFFMAN

You're lonely. I've overheard you at school before. Would you like to come back to my apartment and watch a flick?

JOANNA

(perplexed)
Which flick?

61 INT. MR. HUFFMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MR. HUFFMAN is holding a withered VHS tape in his cluttered living room.

MR. HUFFMAN

It's called Screwballs. A gem among the teen sex comedies of the early 1980's. The director went on to do two more installments in the Screwball series. Loose Screws in '85 and Screwball Hotel in '88.

He pops in the tape.

JOANNA is reserved and quieter than usual.

MR. HUFFMAN (CONT'D)

I want to show you something.

The teacher retreats to a back room.

JOANNA is still as the movie starts.

MR. HUFFMAN re-enters. He now wears old basketball shorts. From the 70's. The really short ones.

MR. HUFFMAN (CONT'D)
 Look at this. Old 70's basketball
 shorts! Isn't that great? Check
 these things out. They're so short!

SILENCE

MR. HUFFMAN (CONT'D)
 Do you like them, Joanna?

JOANNA
 Am I supposed to?

He gets stern.

MR. HUFFMAN
 Look over here at me, Joanna.

JOANNA
 Looking.

Then -- this weirdo slowly pulls the shorts down. Just below
 his crotch.

We pan up or something. No penis in this movie. Sorry.

MR. HUFFMAN
 Look at me. Do you like the way it
 looks? Hangin' down there like
 that.

She looks.

JOANNA puts a hand over her mouth.

JOANNA (VO)
 Oh, my Jesus. That thing looks like
 a mushroom in a fur forest. Nast.
 So very nast.

MR. HUFFMAN
 Keep looking at me.

She keeps looking.

62 INT. THE CROCODILE'S CAR - NIGHT

THE CROCODILE is parked at THOMAS' apartment complex. Staked
 out. Waiting.

The intense Parole Officer is fiddling with a cigar
 guillotine. He struggles to cut the tip off of a thick
 cigar. Success! He then bites down on the stogie.

THE CROCODILE holds up a flame and inhales. He erupts into an AWFUL coughing fit.

His face is beat red as he lowers the Prius window to breathe in some fresh air.

The huge pirate sword is resting comfortably in the passenger seat. The moonlight reflecting from it's blade.

63 INT. MR. HUFFMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MR. HUFFMAN and JOANNA are both nestled on the couch, watching SCREWBALLS. The room is lit only by the blue glow of a flatscreen. JOANNA is still fully dressed.

MR. HUFFMAN has stripped down to his shorts.

The adult stands. JOANNA looks up at him as he extends his arm. She strangely accepts MR. HUFFMAN's hand.

He slowly leads her into the bedroom. The door clicks behind them.

JOANNA's purse lights up.

In it -- her cell phone is vibrating. The caller ID says:

MOM 5 missed calls

64 INT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

THOMAS and KILEY are again speeding down the road. Darkness is all that can be seen outside the van. Static radio can be heard.

KILEY

..the whole movie is pretty much about, this French lady..trying to cut a fetus..

KILEY yawns big, then tries to shake it off. She takes a big sip from a giant cherry slushie.

KILEY (CONT'D)

..a French lady trying to cut a fetus, out of another French lady's womb..with scissors..and she finally cuts the fetus out. It's way..

KILEY yawns again.

KILEY (CONT'D)
..way awesome. I can't quit
yawning. Ugh!

The FM radio softly plays on.

KILEY (CONT'D)
My shit is..feeling
all..peculiar..and shit..

PAUSE

KILEY (CONT'D)
(slurring)
Does my face..look like..pudding?

Her head is wobbling.

KILEY looks down at her icy drink.

65 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

THOMAS is standing over that cherry slushie at a convenience store.

He carefully empties a vile of clear liquid into the mush -- shakes out every last drop.

THOMAS moves to a swirling frozen drink machine -- pulls the lever -- more red ice gathers in the tainted cup.

THOMAS looks up nervously.

66 INT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT (**RETURN FLASHBACK**)

KILEY fights to keep her eyes open. Not happening. She keels over against the window.

THOMAS stares blankly at the incapacitated little girl from the driver's seat. For the first time, he is TRULY CREEPY.

The van continues to rattle down the dark highway.

He reaches over and takes KILEY's half burned cigarette from in between her fingers.

THOMAS cracks the window and pushes the glowing cigarette butt out into darkness.

67 EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

The van is parked between two large dumpsters in a barely lit alleyway.

THOMAS emerges. All fidgety and nervous. He walks out a few feet and looks in all directions.

Ugh. The coast is clear.

68 INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The sliding door is zipped shut from the inside.

THOMAS appears behind the passenger seat. He ejects KILEY's seat belt and carefully pulls her into the back.

NO WINDOWS.

He slowly begins to unbutton KILEY's jeans.

THOMAS eagerly pulls at her zipper.

FLASH TO BLACK

FLASH ON

69 INT. THE CROCODILE'S CAR - MORNING

The glaring morning sun beats down on THE CROCODILE. He's passed out in his car. Still staked out at THOMAS' apartment complex.

He slowly comes to.

As he removes his sunglasses, the man with no undershirt goes into minor shock.

THE CROCODILE
What in the-!

70 EXT. THOMAS' APARTMENT COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

THIRTY, maybe FORTY raggedy old VANS have THE CROCODILE's car completely besieged.

THE CROCODILE's Prius is a tiny white speck in an ocean of shabby vans.

THE CROCODILE tries to open his car door.

CLANK!

It slams into the grill of an old GMC.

71 INT. THE CROCODILE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

THE CROCODILE checks his rear view mirror. Nothing but van.
Van for days.

THE CROCODILE

No!

THE CROCODILE rests his head on the steering wheel.

Deep breath. Another deep breath.

He looks up -- not a van in sight.

72 INT. MR. HUFFMAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

JOANNA wakes up on MR. HUFFMAN'S water bed. Alone.

She steadies herself and glances to the floor.

70's basketball shorts are crumpled up next to a box of old
cassette tapes.

She makes a gag face and struggles to catch a wave.

JOANNA

God damn stupid water bed! I'm
getting sea sick over here.

Finally, she manages to throw a leg over. JOANNA heaves her
body upward.

She gathers her crap and bolts.

73 INT. VAN - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

The van is back on the chilly highway. It's gray outside.
Still very cold.

All is not well. All is weird.

THOMAS unwraps a breakfast burrito.

Suddenly..

KILEY springs up in the passenger seat.

She catches her breath.

THOMAS
Hey, sleepy face.

PAUSE

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Morning.

THOMAS bites into his breakfast.

SILENCE

KILEY
Wait...what happened? My head hurts
so bad.

THOMAS
You fell asleep, dude. Made me
tired. So, I pulled over and slept
it off.

KILEY
Where are we?

THOMAS
Almost home.

KILEY adjusts in her seat. She screams out in pain.

KILEY
Ouch!

She grabs her crotch.

KILEY (CONT'D)
Ouch!

PAUSE

KILEY's jaw hits her seat belt.

KILEY (CONT'D)
Oh, my god. You drugged and raped
me? TJ? Did you do that?

THOMAS
What? No way.

KILEY
Then why does my vagina hurt like
hell, dude?! And why can't I
remember anything?!

SILENCE

KILEY starts to cry. Uncontrollably. Her machismo is gone.

THOMAS laughs.

THOMAS
Your vagina hurts? Give me a break.

PAUSE

KILEY
There was no freshman girl.

KILEY snuffles.

THOMAS
Huh?

KILEY
The freshman girl. And her parents.

Snuffles again.

THOMAS takes a sip of his orange juice.

PAUSE

THOMAS
When your picture is out there like that, you have to have good cover stories. For awkward situations. You know?

KILEY
So, you drug girls?

THOMAS has tuned her out. He continues a weird self revelatory diatribe.

THOMAS
I get so lost in the act, that, sometimes I actually believe it myself. Which helps. I've found myself reminding MYSELF that..yes..

He stops there. These creeps never come right out and admit they're sick. THOMAS JAY is no different.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Believe me..I've been wanting to get in you..bad.

SILENCE

KILEY

Are you going to rape me again?

THOMAS

Shut up, dude. You're cool with all of this.

KILEY

You raped me! TJ!

She continues to cry.

LONG PAUSE

THOMAS

You asked me what kind of pedophile I was. I guess..I'm the patient kind.

PAUSE

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Camo hat!

He nudges KILEY in the arm -- points out the window.

A dude on a motorcycle looms in the other lane. He's wearing a camouflaged hat. Backward style.

74 INT. THE CROCODILE'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

THE CROCODILE looks like shit. He's half alive as he speeds through a cold morning. Presumably on a coffee run.

A long white van approaches from the other side of the road. He slides his sunglasses off.

As the van hastens by -- FERMAN T. ASH appears in the passenger seat.

FERMAN T. ASH

I think that was him.

THE CROCODILE

Really?

FERMAN T. ASH

I think so, The Crocodile. We ain't gonna know until you turn this car around.

75 EXT. FORT WORTH STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The Prius cuts an irresponsible u-turn in the middle of the road. Nobody was hurt, thankfully. THE CROCODILE guns it toward the van.

CUT TO:

The long white van is the last vehicle to stop at a four way. THE CROCODILE's Prius stops behind it.

76 INT. THE CROCODILE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Through THE CROCODILE's windshield, we see a little girl magically appear inside the van. She moves to the back window. The little girl delicately touches the glass with her finger. She mouths the words, "help me."

FERMAN T. ASH

It's him! Son of a bitch has a little girl! In a god damn van!

THE CROCODILE

Not for long he doesn't!

THE CROCODILE boots his door open.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)

Let's murder this pervert-

He turns to FERMAN. Nobody's there. THE CROCODILE is alone.

77 INT. TRANSPORT VAN - STOPPED/MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

The driver of this transport van is a harmless older gentleman. He stretches his palm over a vent to feel warm air.

SILENCE

An old person shoe pushes in the accelerator pedal.

The van slowly dispatches from the stop sign.

Gains momentum.

SILENCE

Up to at least forty five miles an hour.

Suddenly..

THE CROCODILE casually slides down the windshield on his belly -- pirate sword in hand.

INNOCENT MAN

Holy crap!

The transport van is barreling down the streets of Fort Worth. The Parole Officer with a weave struggles to hang on. He puts the huge pirate sword in between his teeth, trying to free up a hand.

THE CROCODILE's bite isn't strong enough. Not by a long shot. The shiny sword falls from his mouth and clanks off of the van.

THE CROCODILE

No! My sword!

He focuses on the real task at hand.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)

Park this hunk of junk, Thomas Jay!

Oh, no! THE CROCODILE has projected THOMAS' image onto this poor son of a bitch.

78 EXT. CAR WASH - MOMENTS LATER

The INNOCENT MAN pulls the van into a self serve car wash business.

He stops by a long row of DIY vacuums. The stunned gentleman steps down from the van.

INNOCENT MAN

Now, just what in the Sam Hill?

THE CROCODILE does a pathetic roll of off the hood.

THE CROCODILE

Where's the little girl?

INNOCENT MAN

Little girl?

THE CROCODILE

Don't lie, Thomas! Don't disrespect me!

INNOCENT MAN

My name is Joe Hern!

THE CROCODILE
No it isn't!

The INNOCENT MAN leans over and slides the van door open.

INNOCENT MAN
See. No little girl in this van.
Just me.

THE CROCODILE glances in -- turns back to the man.

THE CROCODILE
Come closer!

INNOCENT MAN
Why?

THE CROCODILE
Do it, pervert!

INNOCENT MAN
You listen here, hippy! I'm not
perverted.

THE CROCODILE makes a sad attempt to kick him in the dong. A total miss.

INNOCENT MAN (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Don't you kick
at me!

THE CROCODILE
Gimmie that dong!

The INNOCENT MAN has had enough. He's not sticking around for this dong business. The man begins to run in frightened circles around the transport van.

THE CROCODILE chases after him.

INNOCENT MAN
Stop!

THE CROCODILE
I said, "gimmie that dong!"

The INNOCENT MAN falls to the ground.

THE CROCODILE, not far behind, rears his right leg back.

He thrusts it forward. The tip of his boot scrapes up off of the pavement -- directly into the man's thigh.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)
Hadouken!

DONG KICK: 2.3 out of a possible 10

INNOCENT MAN
That didn't even hurt, you dadgum
psychotic. Yelling about donges.
Knocking me down. I got three pins
in this hip!

THE CROCODILE
Shut it, Thomas!

THE CROCODILE sprints back to the van and dives in.

79 INT. TRANSPORT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The wacked out Parole Officer is jumping over each row of
seats.

THE CROCODILE
Little girl? Honey? It's ok. The
Crocodile is here.

He sticks his head under the seat.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)(OS)
Little girl?

The van is empty.

THE CROCODILE pops his head up.

His mind is spinning -- wildly. He steps out of the van.

80 EXT. CAR WASH - MOMENTS LATER

Through THE CROCODILE's shades we see THOMAS -- laying on
the concrete. Cupping his nuts.

As the crazy Parole Officer raises the sunglasses from his
eyes -- THOMAS morphs into the INNOCENT MAN.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)
What the-?

He steps back to read the lettering on the van.

"Need a Lift? TRINITY MEDICAL - Wheelchair and Stretcher
Transport"

He peeks in through the back window. Yep. There's a wheelchair lift.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)

Oops.

He takes three steps backward -- then pivots on his boot heel. THE CROCODILE nonchalantly starts to jog away. His footwear, clicking against the pavement. Awful hair extensions fly in the wind.

INNOCENT MAN

Yeah, oops. Get out of here you dadgum, bozo!

Boot clops get fainter and fainter.

81 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MINUTES LATER

THE CROCODILE sits alone at an empty construction site. He is surrounded by plastic orange fencing and towers of reinforcement steel.

FERMAN T. ASH comes over a mound of dirt.

THE CROCODILE

What did you make me do? Why did you make me do all of this?

FERMAN lights up a cigar.

FERMAN T. ASH

I ain't real. And you know that. So don't go blaming me, The Reptile.

PAUSE

THE CROCODILE

The Crocodile.

FERMAN T. ASH

Whatever.

POOF!

A ten speed bicycle materializes out of thin air.

FERMAN reaches off screen. When he pulls his arm back, a bike helmet is in his hand. The large man smooshes it down on his head and clicks the strap under his chin. He throws his ham hock of a leg over the compound machine -- peddles off into the distance.

THE CROCODILE
Hey wait! Where are you going!?

FERMAN stops abruptly -- turns to face the confused man.

FERMAN T. ASH
What in the hell is your problem?
Quit fartin' around and put out an
APB on Mr. Thomas R. Jay. You Dig
Doug'n me?

He peddles off into the gray horizon.

THE CROCODILE covers his eyes. Peek-a-boo style. He slowly
removes his hands.

FERMAN T. ASH is nowhere -- he's GONE.

82 INT. VAN - MOVING - MORNING

THOMAS is quiet behind the wheel.

KILEY has her head up against the grimy passenger side
window.

SILENCE

She turns to face the convicted sex offender.

KILEY
You're a trash can man.

THOMAS
What?

KILEY
A trash can man. A loser.

THOMAS
Shut up.

KILEY
Quit telling me to shut up, loser!
You can't even pay for a cell
phone. Nobody will hire a pervert.
Will they? Asshole! You're almost
30 and don't have shit. My Dad made
more money, by the time he was 25,
than you'll EVER make. Loser!
Dirtbag!

Tears begin to roll down her tiny face. She slightly
hyperventilates.

THOMAS looks over at her.

KILEY (CONT'D)
Pervert!

PAUSE

KILEY (CONT'D)
Loser pervert nobody!

THOMAS
Enough! Enough! Stop!

PAUSE

KILEY
I hope you like bro sausage for
breakfast. Because you're going
back to jail! Rapist-

THOMAS violently spins the wheel to the right.

SCREECH!

83 EXT. FORT WORTH STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The van grinds to halt. A cloud of white dust is awoken.
Gravel flies everywhere.

The driver side door creaks open. THOMAS slides out. He
steps down onto a sparse road, winding into a residential
neighborhood.

THOMAS
That's it.

PAUSE

KILEY
You're just gonna leave me here?!
Asshole-

THOMAS doesn't care. He's done. He softly pushes the door to
-- slides his hands into coat pockets. Starts to walk.

This day isn't so bright. Grey patches and white streaks
hover overhead. Cold winds are a bitch this morning.

THOMAS pushes towards us. Calmly putting distance between
himself and KILEY and her stupid ebay gift.

The van grows smaller in the distance. THOMAS is about
seventy five yards away from the scene.

KILEY appears like a fuzzy dot in the background. She screams at the top of her lungs:

KILEY (CONT'D)
DON'T YOU WANT YOUR BAG OF COMBS,
FAGGOT?

THOMAS stops -- turns back to the van.

PAUSE

Yes. He needs that stuff. Damn it.

THOMAS pushes away from us. Urgently closing the gap between himself and the van. KILEY and the Econoline gradually come in to focus as he nears closer.

He steps up behind the old machine. KILEY stands a few feet away, casting a bitter scowl. She drops the bag -- jolts backward -- quickly.

THOMAS steps toward his gear. He leans over -- jerks his head to the left.

He sees a rag on fire -- hanging out the van's gas tank!

KILEY runs in the opposite direction -- quickly.

THOMAS
Shit!

THOMAS instinctively reaches over and pulls at the ghetto wick.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Shit! Shit!

He manages to pinch it out. The rag falls to the concrete. THOMAS gives it three or four angry stomps.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Shit!

KILEY runs back up. She isn't happy her destruction was just thwarted.

PAUSE

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You could have burned me!

She extends her middle finger.

THOMAS throws his hands up.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

That's it.

He turns.

THOMAS pushes toward us -- grooming bag over his shoulder. He anxiously creates another gap between himself and KILEY and her stupid ebay gift.

The van grows smaller and smaller. THOMAS is about seventy five yards away from the scene.

Suddenly..

The rape van ignites in the background. BOOM!

A bulbous poof of orange explosion rises over THOMAS' shoulder. The vehicle comes off of the pavement -- crashes down. Real matter of fact like.

THOMAS flinches forward -- covers his ears.

PAUSE

He DOES NOT turn around to see the damage. It doesn't matter.

THOMAS straightens up. He walks walks right by us. Out of view.

CUT TO:

KILEY pops out from behind a large wooden utility pole. She meanders as close to the flames as she can get. Steps back. The young girl coughs into her hand as a GOOD SAMARITAN appears beside her.

GOOD SAMARITAN

(frantic)

You alright? What happened?

PAUSE

Ugly black smoke seeps into the sky from the melting machine.

KILEY

(dazedly)

I forgot to get my stuff out of there. Balls.

A SOCCER MOM runs up to the spectacle -- cell phone to her ear.

SOCCKER MOM

Is she ok?

GOOD SAMARITAN

I think so. She said her things
were in there.

SOCCKER MOM

Was that your Daddy?

The SOCCER MOM turns to the GOOD SAMARITAN.

SOCCKER MOM (CONT'D)

I saw a man jump out of the van and
walk down Waits Street over
here..then it blew up! It blew up!

The woman turns back to KILEY.

SOCCKER MOM (CONT'D)

Was that your Daddy, sweetie?

PAUSE

KILEY slowly shakes her head.

SOCCKER MOM (CONT'D)

Was that your friend?

PAUSE

KILEY

Uh uh.

Sirens sound off screen. They grow louder -- louder.

MINUTES LATER

The van is nothing but a sad charcoal shell. A fire engine
and a few police cars surround it.

The SOCCER MOM is giving a statement to some uniformed
officers.

Another squad car pulls to the scene -- THOMAS JAY is in the
backseat. Weirdly comatose looking.

The SOCCER MOM walks over to the police cruiser. She glances
through the back window at THOMAS. The woman turns to an
officer and nods -- "That's him."

The woman falls into slow motion as she steps back toward
the officers. Everything else does too.

MUSIC RISES - THE SHORE by BASIA BULAT -- would be lovely.

A firefighter leads a blanketed KILEY by the police car detaining THOMAS JAY.

She dejectedly glances back to him. Their eyes lock.

KILEY -- red faced and puffy, swipes a greasy strand of hair behind her ear. She continues on. Slowly.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Red and blue flashing police lights. A long red fire engine. Smoke. Spectators. Rape van -- burnt to a crisp.

84 INT/EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

MUSIC continues --

MONTAGE

We are in JOANNA's Southern tinged home. Her Mother is on the couch -- crying -- scared to death. JOANNA comes through the front door. She walks over and sits beside her Mom. Then lays her head on the scared woman's lap. It's probably the first time this has happened in ages.

MS. HARTLEY, the Vice Principal of Southwest High School, sips her morning coffee. She's still observing the students she doesn't understand in the least, as they walk by her office window.

LANCE and his wife AMANDA sit on a large leather sofa. A young teen, TRISTAN, slowly walks by them, cloaked in a trench coat. After he passes -- they calmly reach over to hold hands. Their scared fingers interlock.

LONNIE stands in front of a huge Michael Phelps poster in a glittery room. We really haven't gotten to know LONNIE, so it's unclear what he's thinking. But -- there he is.

MR. HUFFMAN is in a Movie Trading Company. He's holding an old VHS copy of the classic 1985 film HOT MOVES. The perv smiles with joy. He's found a treasure.

A man is in the fetal position -- holding his genitals in pain. The real FERMAN T. ASH steps beside him -- with the biggest shit eating grin slathered across his face.

KILEY sits in the passenger seat of a moving police car. She no longer cries. She just watches the city fly by.

85 EXT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

The MUSIC fades down as a jailhouse van inches toward a sally port.

TWO ARMED OFFICERS emerge from the vehicle. They wave out a row of prisoners in orange jumpsuits -- chained together at the wrists and waist.

The prisoners file out.

THOMAS is the 3rd one down.

This transfer is going smoothly until:

THE CROCODILE (OS)

Ahhhh!

He charges the train of shackled men.

An OFFICER goes on the defensive and easily contains a furious CROCODILE.

He's in full on regalia. Only now -- a feather earring is dangling from a possibly infected earlobe.

GUARD

What are you doing?

THE CROCODILE holds his badge up.

THE CROCODILE

(out of breath)

Let me kick him.

He points to THOMAS -- THOMAS looks up.

GUARD

You can't kick that guy.

THE CROCODILE

Why not?

GUARD

Because he's in custody. Are you crazy? Running up here like that.

THE CROCODILE

This man just pulled a rape. He raped a little fourteen year old girl. Do you hear me, convicts? He's a pedophile. So..let's make sure he gets raped too. I'm not

(MORE)

THE CROCODILE (cont'd)
 saying any of YOU guys are gay
 rapists. I'm just saying..maybe..
 once you're on the inside..and get
 all situated..perhaps you might run
 into another convict..who's willing
 to rape this guy. Just a thought-

GUARD
 Keep it moving!

THE CROCODILE
 Wait! Can I at least say something
 to him? Real quick. Please.

THE GUARD is peeved -- yet sympathetic.

GUARD
 Stop!

Chains stop rattling as legs freeze.

THE CROCODILE
 Thank you.

THE CROCODILE pulls out three pieces of loose leaf from his
 tight black jeans.

He clears his throat.

To THOMAS:

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)
 I was once weak. Scared. But now,
 Thomas Jay..I'm a gnarly beast.
 From hell. And I'm here to rain all
 over your perverted picnic. Stevie
 Nicks once sang, "never have I been
 a blue calm sea-"

GUARD
 Alright! Keep it moving over here!

THE CROCODILE
 Wait! You said I could say
 something to him!

GUARD
 Yeah. Real quick. You're venturing
 into Fleetwood Mac lyrics. You got
 twenty seconds.

THE CROCODILE

Twenty secon-! I was up until lam
working on this!

The Crocodile shuffles to the last page.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)

This is bull corn. There was some
good stuff in there. All wasted!

PAUSE

He clears his throat.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)

Plato believed that four specific
qualities lie within everyone who
is truly good. Everyone who is
truly decent. Courage. Wisdom.
Temperance. And Justice. Courage.
You wouldn't run into the fire.
Cowards like you, run the other
way. Wisdom. Like the old owl who
lived in the oak said-

THE GUARD has had enough.

GUARD

That's it! Keep it moving!

THE CROCODILE

No!

The prisoners begin to shuffle back toward the sally port.

THE CROCODILE follows along side, reading to THOMAS.

THOMAS stares coldly back at him.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)

Temperance. That's self control.
You rape! Anybody who rapes..has no
self control! Think about that! 0
for 3. Justice. What about justice?

The SECOND GUARD stops THE CROCODILE from moving any further
into the facility.

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)

Do you hear me Thomas Jay?! What
about justice?!

All the prisoners ascend down the sally port corridor.

The crazy looking Parole Enforcer finishes big:

THE CROCODILE (CONT'D)
The Crocodile IS justice! You
rotten fuck!

Echoes of laughter fill the air. The prisoners got a good laugh out of that. The guards too.

JOSH DEAN feels accomplished. Today, on this day, perhaps JOSH DEAN is a man. I can't speak for tomorrow, or the day after that, or even yesterday. But TODAY..

JOSH DEAN has some kind of control. And he knows it.

Good for him.

JOSH DE-excuse me..THE CROCODILE slides his shades back on. And you know what? He actually looked like a bad ass doing it this time.

CUT TO:

THE CROCODILE straddles a little red Vespa in the jailhouse parking lot. His cool snakeskin boot swipes a kickstand up. He turns the key.

THE CROCODILE nods his head.

He scoots into the chilly vigor of Fort Worth. Ready for anything -- maybe.

Adios, THE CROCODILE...

86 EXT. KILEY'S HOUSE/BACK YARD - NIGHT

Beside a lovely swimming pool -- a big metal barrel is burning on the inside. Hobo style.

KILEY is standing over the flames. She drops in small miscellaneous items.

Tiny embers pop out and rise away.

She looks over to see her DAD's legs sticking out of some bushes -- with one sandal on.

The man awakens. He slowly rises out of the shrubbery.

KILEY's DAD wipes dirt and leaves from his robe as he approaches the fire.

DAD
Hey.

KILEY
Hey.

He stares into the blaze.

DAD
What's the deal?

KILEY
I'm burning some stuff.

DAD
Very brazen.

PAUSE

DAD (CONT'D)
You know, I burned all my stuff
once.

KILEY
No way. Really?

DAD
Oh, yeah. I didn't have a steel
drum like this, but, still.

KILEY
What happened?

DAD
I had to buy all new stuff.

PAUSE

KILEY
Dad.

DAD
Mmm hmm.

KILEY
What do you think of me?

DAD
You?

KILEY
Me.

PAUSE

DAD

Hmmm.

PAUSE

He senses she may need him right now. KILEY's DAD offers what he can.

DAD (CONT'D)

Slow your roll, Kiley Soleil.
That's what your beautiful Mother
would say to you right now.

A devastatingly sad laugh erupts out of the man.

DAD (CONT'D)

You remind me of her. You both..

He gets choked up.

DAD (CONT'D)

You both laugh the same way.

After a few sniffles -- he composes himself.

LONG PAUSE

The fire crackles.

He turns toward her.

DAD (CONT'D)

I think..you need to slow your
roll, Kiley Soleil.

The flames snap.

DAD (CONT'D)

THIS-

He points to her heart.

DAD (CONT'D)

..needs to catch up..to THIS.

KILEY's DAD touches her forehead.

The man emits an genuine smile and wipes the water from his eyes. A phone rings from inside.

DAD (CONT'D)

Oh, that's probably Big Skeeter
with the Marijuana.

He hurries back to the patio door.

KILEY

Dad..

KILEY'S DAD looks back at his only daughter.

DAD

Yes..

KILEY

Thanks, dude.

He blows her a kiss and continues inside.

KILEY'S hand comes into frame. She drops Thomas' crumpled up registry print out, into the fire.

It turns from orange to black. Slowly burning away.

87

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

JOANNA is leaning against a church wall. In her hand -- a can of spray paint. Her demeanor is altered. She's calmer.

KILEY appears. She moves over to JOANNA.

JOANNA

What's up, nigga?

KILEY

Sup, nigga?

JOANNA

Craziness, huh?

KILEY

Weird..craziness.

PAUSE

JOANNA

Look. I'm glad your ok.

KILEY looks at her.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Even though you're a psycho. You're still my bitch. And I'll always hate/love your ass. Always.

That wasn't easy for JOANNA.

KILEY laughs.

KILEY
Same. Bitch.

The competitive edge that strained this relationship for so long -- will soon fade away completely.

JOANNA
My Mom wanted to know- We wanted to know..if you wanted to go to Holiday in the Park.

KILEY
At Six Flags?

JOANNA
Yeah. Saturday.

KILEY
Funnel cake?

JOANNA
Funnel cake all day, ho.

KILEY
I'm so down. I'm going to eat at least three of those bitches.

The two fourteen year old girls laugh.

SILENCE

JOANNA spins around and faces the wall. She sprays a ribald, upside down crucifix.

KILEY pulls a can from her purse and turns to the brick. She writes: TEAM SATAN! -- in thick pink goo.

They proudly step back to delight in their satanic vandalism.

MUSIC rises - Nothing to happy. Or too sad. I WILL LIGHT YOU ON FIRE by GOLDEN SHOULDERS -- would be perfect.

88 INT. PET PLANET - DAY

The MUSIC continues as KILEY steps through the automatic doors into Pet Planet. Yes. That Pet Planet.

KILEY walks down a few aisles. She can't seem to find what she's looking for.

CUT TO:

KILEY comes blazing around a corner. Rows of bright blue fish tanks are situated behind her.

The small girl approaches us from a distance. She moves in -- staring directly back. KILEY is right in our face.

What she's looking at, remains a mystery until:

89 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/BIOLOGY LAB - DAY

MUSIC abruptly stops --

The biology lab is almost empty.

MR. GRADY is sitting in silence -- sporadically marking test papers with a red pen.

KILEY appears in the doorway. A small box rests on her palm.

He looks up.

MR. GRADY

Kiley Waters, what are you doing in my lab?

PAUSE

Saying nothing -- she walks over to the empty glass cage.

KILEY dangles the box over it. A baby hamster gently falls into the cedar. The young girl leans down and smiles at the little animal.

She moves to a sink and fills the feeding bottle with fresh water -- then fastens it back on.

MUSIC rises back over the soundtrack as:

KILEY looks up to a hand made poster, tacked above the cage. It's a collage -- old lab pictures of the poor golden hamster she took the head from.

The poster reads: IN REMEMBRANCE OF GENE

Honor students and nerds have written messages underneath it:

RIP GENE - GOODBYE GENE - WE MISS YOU GENE

KILEY turns around to face MR. GRADY.

She nods at the man. After a few seconds and some thought --
MR. GRADY nods back.

KILEY WATERS hasn't changed. Not yet. But -- this is an
interesting first step.

She makes her way back to the door.

MR. GRADY barely cracks a smile.

KILEY pulls the door ajar -- she coalesces into some
strange, funny, teenage galaxy.

Through the glass cage -- we see the lab door slowly closing
in the background. In the foreground -- a baby hamster.
Already spinning it's wheel.

TITLE CARD: **THAT'S IT**

TITLE CARD: **GOODBYE GENE :)**

THE END