

THE HOMESTEAD

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EXT. LOS ANGELES - OVERLOOK - NIGHT

From a mountainous overlook we see the Los Angeles cityscape.

Hundreds of fireworks explode in the sky, rivaling the massive urban jungle that is LA. *It's the 4th of July.*

We descend on a parked IMPALA SEDAN. Muffled music blasting.

INSIDE THE CAR

In the driver seat is **TYE LONDON**. 17. Mixed race. At the junction between black and white. Between poor/privileged.

He's stoic. Maybe even conflicted while he watches fireworks and simultaneously listens to **MO** in the seat behind him.

MO

Aight remember, we see any mickey-mouse funny shit, we're gone. You see a witness... we're gone.

Mo is Tye's age, but a tad darker, a tad rougher, and a tad more "hood", just like the other TWO TEENS in the car.

TEEN ONE passes Mo a joint. He takes a hit with ease.

MO (CONT'D)

We see red and blue... shit, say a prayer, my niggas. You got me?

TEEN ONE

Does the jewelry store got any security though?

MO

I got it all scouted. Fourth of July night. Nobody there. No owners. NO NOTHIN'. Just an alarm that Tye is gonna handle. Right?

Mo passes the joint to Tye, who nods. As the others talk, Tye takes a half-assed hit of the joint. He's pensive and uneasy.

TEEN ONE

This man Mo a whole secret agent-ass-nigga. James Bond wit' it.

MO

That part. Nigga, fuck a nine-to-five, we tryna' get pailid tonight.
(noticing Tye)
Tye? You heard me? I said fuck a nine-to-five we gonna be ON.

TYE

I heard you... And I got you.

TEEN TWO

You sure, butter-nigga? Good english n' shit. White boy hair n' shit. Lookin' scared n' shit.

Teen two frizzles up Tye's silky, wavy hair.

TYE

Chill out. I did some double-0-seven shit, too... Last I checked, they got an old alarm system with a back up battery. We hit the fuse box, and we got sixty seconds to get rich...

MO

My nigga, can we get a translation?

TYE

Old security system needs a current. Disable current, R.I.P. to old security system... *'Til that back-up battery kicks in.*

Silence. The car is in awe of Tye's spark of intelligence --

TYE (CONT'D)

Fuck a nine-to-five, right? So, let's collectively shut the fuck up and do the shit then.

Tye rolls his "beanie" down over his face... It's a SKI MASK.

INT./EXT. TYE'S CAR / DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT

Somewhere in the dark core of LA, Tye stops at a red light.

Everyone's masks are ON. Rap blasts on the radio. The light turns green -- Tye hits the GAS -- car STALLS.

Tye pops open the ignition port and HOT-WIRES the car.

Wires connect and we hear the engine REV BACK ALIVE.

As we hold on the unspoken connection between Tye and Mo --

EXT. BEHIND THE JEWELRY STORE - SERIES OF SHOTS

-- A lock is snapped from a FUSE BOX in an alley.

-- WIRES protruding from the box are cut with pliers.

-- Tye sets a sixty-second TIMER on his watch.

-- Tye snips one last GREEN WIRE.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

STOREFRONT LIGHTS go dark.

Mo and teens, armed with BATS, take this as their cue to --

TWACK! The WINDOW of the jewelry store explodes open.

The three leap through and ransack the store, bashing display cases while filling bags with as much jewelry as possible.

ACROSS THE STREET

Tye hustles back to the car and throws his tools in the trunk. Slams its door, then checks his watch -- 20 SECONDS.

TYE

Hurry up.

INSIDE THE STORE

Mo fills a sac to the brim with sparkly items.

The three case out the scene until -- a WHISTLE from Tye.

They peer outside to see Tye signaling it's time to flee.

ACROSS THE STREET

Tye checks his watch which counts down from 10...

IN THE STORE

The two teens hustle out, knocking over a display case.

Mo finishes bagging jewelry, dashes -- trips over the case, spilling gold, silver, watches, and necklaces.

TEEN ONE

Mo, come on, we need to go.

Mo gathers himself and begins desperately picking up his fortune within the store.

Tye checks his watch: 3... 2... 1...

STORE ALARM BLARES. STROBE LIGHTS FLASH.

Mo panics and scavenges even faster, finally gathering the goods and scampering out of the open door.

MOMENTS LATER

Mo and the guys pile into the car with bags in-hand.

Rings of POLICE SIRENS echo in the distance.

Tye HOTWIRES the ignition. Nothing. He tries again. CREAK. A spark, but it won't start. Collective frustration sets in.

MO
Come on, not now, Tye.

TYE
It's an old car... Maybe we should have thought about that before we stole it. Hold on.

Tye tries again, but his effort is futile. Now, RED, WHITE, and BLUE lights round the distant block. It's the COPS.

The group shares eye contact. *What comes next?*

MO
Ya'll three split up. GO.

TYE
No. Fuck that. I'm with you.

MO
Then you better keep up.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA STREETS - NIGHT

Tye and Mo sprint side-by-side down the dark boulevard. The sounds of the sirens are within striking distance.

He peeks over his shoulder. Distant RED AND BLUE is visible.

MOMENTS LATER

Tye and Mo cut through a quiet alley lined with SHODDY TENTS. A few vagrants loiter, observing Tye jog past.

The two plod out of the alley and scurry down the --

EMPTY STREET, filled with closed taco trucks -- at the CROSS STREET ahead, a POLICE CRUISER skulks past.

Tye and Mo freeze in fear. The cruiser reverses back into view... A SPOTLIGHT flicks on, illuminating the two of them.

The two start their run the other direction.

Tye and Mo round a corner full speed at a lively BOULEVARD --

Two more POLICE CRUISERS encroach from the distant traffic.

They make a break for the opposite direction down the sidewalk. It feels like one big urban maze with no escape when --

Another POLICE CRUISER skids to a stop 20 feet away.

Tye is conflicted. Frantic and frozen in place.

MO
Tye, keep going! Fuck 'em!

Mo's not going easy tonight. He books it across the massive intersection of boulevards in the distance. Cars zoom past.

Dozens of feet from Tye, TWO COPS exit the cruiser, pistols fixed on Tye and using their doors as barriers.

COP ONE (THROUGH INTERCOM)
HANDS IN THE AIR, ASSHOLE! SLOWLY
WALK BACKWARDS TOWARD US.

Tye submits. He carefully backpedals his way to the cops, but his eyes track Mo as police cruisers close in to wrangle Mo.

As Tye is apprehended, we see what Tye and the cops observe:

ACROSS THE STREET, Mo runs right into oncoming traffic --

THUNK. Mo is struck by a car. His body flies like a rag doll.

Tye and even the cops gasp. Dismay in all of their faces.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Tye sits in the sterile room. He's numb. Deadpan as can be. In the WINDOW is his mom, **ANGEL**, still in her nurse scrubs.

Angel is Black, 40, but she looks ten years younger...

She talks to a DETECTIVE (40s, former frat star).

IN THE HALL

Angel isn't fond of what's being said. The detective has Tye's CASE FILE in-hand.

DETECTIVE
You know, this kinda thing results in probation. Restitution. Maybe a long sabbatical behind bars.
(reading his file)
And according to this, it seems a third strike's on his horizon.

ANGEL
He's also a juvenile.

DETECTIVE
A juvenile strike is still a strike, Mrs. London.

ANGEL

So, what's the plan for my son?

His mood shifts. He's oddly ingratiating. Now he whispers --

DETECTIVE

Between us... we're all big fans of what his daddy did over in Iraq.

ANGEL

His father was a special one.

Angel looks to Tye in the holding room. *Nothing like his dad.*

DETECTIVE

Mhm, and the son of any soldier who brings a Medal of Honor back to the two-one-three, gets a pass with me.

Angel wears her confusion on her face. She's skeptical.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

His friend Mo is in a coma, and it's not looking swell. He's got Hoover gang ties. Felonies. That's a bad apple we don't want around Tye London Jr. For all we know, Tye was at home with you tonight...

He comforts a now distraught Angel.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

We're gonna make sure this blows over. But do yourself a favor. Get him out of the neighborhood.

INT. ANGEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Silence. Angel drives. Tye rests his head against the window.

TYE

Is Mo good?

ANGEL

I don't know... That's what happens when you play silly games... You win silly prizes. Just be thankful your daddy was white and respected.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - SERIES OF SHOTS

-- A framed HEADSHOT of **TYE SR.** He's late 20s here. White, former prom king look, in his Army officer uniform.

-- A framed picture of baby Tye, bundled between his parents. A perfect combination of both.

-- STEW is stirred in a pot by Angel.

-- Two PLATES are set on the table. It's a claustrophobic dining room/kitchen, just like the rest of the apartment.

Tye sets the rest of the table while his mother cooks.

ANGEL

You're forgetting something.

Tye glares at her. He takes account of 2 plates on the table. But there are 3 chairs as if another guest were here.

Tye begrudgingly sets a third ornate plate, fork, and knife on the table. *Where his father's seat used to be.*

MOMENTS LATER

The two eat across from each other. It's quiet. Awkward.

Splitting the two is his father's plate and vacant seat.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

How's summer school going?

TYE

It's going. And it's going. Andddd
it's going.

ANGEL

You been to class?

A long annoying "mhm" from Tye. Angel scans Tye. Distrusting.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Go get me that wine. Now.

Tye snaps to his feet. Approaches the fridge. Grabs the wine, but something catches his eyes.

In the midst of photos, is a pinned LETTER. Tye grabs it.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Go on. Read it.

TYE

(reading; haphazardly)

Mrs. London, we're informing you of your son's continued absence during this past summer school session. If the issue persists, your son may be in danger of getting expelled...

Tye tosses the paper on the counter. Doesn't even finish. Angel takes the wine bottle from him. Pours a glass.

ANGEL

I need you to clean up.

TYE
It's already clean in here.

ANGEL
Your act, Tye.

TYE
It's okay. I'll move out. Once Mo's
all good, I turn eighteen...
Problem solved.

ANGEL
Oh, now you and your "two-strike-
twin" can really do the get-rich-
quick shit.

TYE
He's trying to get by. Just like
you. Like me.

ANGEL
I don't need my only son trying to
'get by'. You attend school. You
get a job... You don't cut corners.

TYE
Yeah, Dad did the opposite. Got a
cute little medal for it, too...

This strikes a chord with Angel. Tye stands over her now.

TYE (CONT'D)
Look where that got him. Six feet
deeper than he was--

Angel SMACKS him with power. Tye takes it on the chin.

TYE (CONT'D)
Some Dad he was. Gettin' himself
killed fighting a bunch of goat
farmers in a desert... You need to
move on. 'Cause I'll never be him.

Tye knocks the PLATE reserved for his father off the table.

SMASH!

The plate explodes on impact.

Angel plops to the floor, collecting the pieces.

Tye glides away, leaving his distressed mother behind.

As she collects each fractured bit of porcelain, she fixates
on a LARGE PICTURE on the fridge:

8-year-old Tye, posed next to Tye Sr. in a military
uniform... and **Tye's GRANDPA, BUCK.**

Buck is 55 in this picture and white as can be. Shirt tucked, with a Bass Pro Shop aura about him.

The light bulb in her head is flickering. She grabs her PHONE. Dials a 432. Hesitates. Then finishes typing a number.

EXT. TEXAS CANYON - MORNING

Gray haze fills the Texas sky. Fog covers the mountains.

Behind a small knoll, BUCK (**now 65**), is clad in tan colors that blend in with the canyon. He studies the horizon.

On his head rests a hat with a stylized "L" stitched on.

On his wrist, a thick PARACORD UTILITY BRACELET.

A walkie-talkie sits on the log he uses to mount his RIFLE.

Through Buck's suped-up M14 RIFLE SCOPE we see what he sees:

His scope pans through the rocky, brush-filled landscape.

ARTURO, *who we'll meet*, is on the other end of the radio --

ARTURO (RADIO)
Do you see him?

Buck's scope finally settles on a mid-sized COUGAR.

Buck gives an "mhm". Exhales. Slowly pulls the trigger. **BANG**.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - RANCH HOUSE - MORNING

From behind Buck, we see he carries the dead cougar.

He approaches the porch of his massive two story RANCH HOUSE.

BUCK
Arturo! ... Arturo get your cute
lil' Brown ass out here and help!

ARTURO (late 30s, Mexican cowpoke) opens the screen door.

ARTURO
You got a few calls. It's Angel...
Wants to speak about your grandson.

We hold on Buck's deadeyed pensiveness. Not exactly enthused.

INT. ANGEL'S CAR

Angel and Tye ride in the car. Travel bags fill the backseat.

ANGEL

Buck's going to put you to work.
It's going to be hard, hot... but
it'll be good for you...
I need it to be.

TYE

Great. Can't wait to be big bad
Buck's house-nigga.

ANGEL

I guess it's safer than you being a
high-yellow *street-nigga* right now.

TYE

You're wasting your time.

ANGEL

I'll leave the glass half full.

TYE

The glass doesn't exist.

EXT. BURBANK AIRPORT - DAY

Tye exits the car. Angel helps him unload.

TYE

When's the return flight?

ANGEL

I haven't bought one yet.

TYE

I'm eighteen soon. I can go any
place I want after. Remember that.

ANGEL

Hopefully you fix things by then...
I love you

The two hug. Tye turns, not sure of how to continue.

He considers a response for a beat, but keeps it moving.

INT. PLANE

Tye sits in a lonely window seat. He gazes out as they fly
over the deserts of West Texas. Arid. Massive. Foreboding.

INT. EL PASO AIRPORT - TERMINAL

Tye de-boards. Cowboys, outdoorsmen, and patriots pass by.

EXT. EL PASO AIRPORT - DAY

Tye stands at the pick-up area in front the airport. The airport entrance is as mundane as the surrounding desert.

Roads, empty. Bus stops, sparsely crowded. It's lifeless.

Breaking the silence is a roaring engine. A suped-up, matte gray Ford Raptor TRUCK, trundles in the distance.

The Ford Raptor slows, stopping right in front of Tye. The window lowers -- It's ARTURO. *Buck's ranch hand.*

ARTURO

Tye London?

Tye nods and gives the six-figure, custom truck a once over.

TYE

This Buck's?

Now Arturo nods. He wears the HAT with the stylized "L".

TYE (CONT'D)

Didn't know he had cash like that.

ARTURO

I'm sure there's a lot you don't know... Come on. Let's go.

INT./EXT. BUCK'S TRUCK - EL PASO - DAY

The truck rolls through town. Tex Mex and Barbecue restaurants on every corner. They stop at a red light.

ARTURO

Buck said you've had an exciting summer... I'm Arturo by the way. Somedays I'm Buck's ranch hand. Other days, his assistant.

TYE

Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

Tye peeks out and observes -- The **EL LOBO LOCO ADULT CLUB**. An enormous RED, neon WOLF sign looms over the entire town.

TYE (CONT'D)

Anything fun to do around here?

ARTURO

You don't wanna do things around here. Trust me.

TYE

What about this place?

Arturo peeks up at the giant RED WOLF and its snarling grin. Something about the sight of it doesn't sit well with him.

Nefarious, tattoo'd RED NECK THUGS loiter out front of the club. Dozens of RED MOTORCYCLES line the parking lot.

ARTURO
Definitely not there. And if you
get the chance, go the other way.

TYE
What? Buck doesn't let his workers
go see an ass cheek or two?

No answer. Arturo keeps his eyes on the road. Tye gets it.

EXT. TEXAS PLAINS - DAY

Buck's Ford Raptor takes us through the isolated West Texas. Only signs of life are a few shrubs which mix with arid dust.

INT./EXT. BUCK'S TRUCK / THE HOMESTEAD - DAY

The truck revs past a gate that reads: LONDON HOMESTEAD.

The stylized "L" is etched into the ARCHWAY.

Tye takes in the sights of the homestead. A ranch on 'roids. White fencing surrounds the estate like a fortress. Tall brush as far as the eyes can see.

The homestead's white, renovated two story RANCH HOUSE sits hundreds of feet in the distance.

Off to its right, cows congregate in corrals.

Tye takes a photo. Hits upload. His phone reads: NO SERVICE.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - DAY

Tye exits the truck and withdraws his duffle from the trunk. We hear the ranch house FRONT DOOR OPEN.

Arturo drives off to park the truck. Tye proceeds towards the house and STOPS in his tracks, glaring up at --

BUCK, standing on the porch. A fat tobacco wad in his mouth.

It's a silent standoff... Buck spits his tobacco on the soil.

BUCK
Anytime now, sweetheart.

TYE
HELLO, Buck.

BUCK
Ain't gonna ask me how my years of
marinating under the beautiful West
Texas sun have treated me?

TYE
How are you, Buck?

BUCK
A lot better now... Go on up and
get unloaded, meet by the pens.

Tye begrudgingly proceeds --

BUCK (CONT'D)
Oh. There's a pair of London
Homestead clothes and boots under
the bed. Try 'em on.

TYE
Boots?

BUCK
Yeah, boots. It's a ranch. Now,
step on it, we're losin' light.

INT. RANCH HOUSE

Tye holds up a button up SHIRT with the London "L" stitched on. A HAT on the dresser bears the same logo.

Tye eyes a pair of fresh boots under the bed. He's not a fan.

MOMENTS LATER

Tye taps the floor with his new boots, testing their comfort.

IN THE HALL MOMENTS LATER

Tye breezes down the hallway, but a room catches his eye --

BUCK'S DEN ROOM. Tye takes a peek inside.

A giant AMERICAN FLAG covers a wall with Buck's black and white Vietnam pictures framed nearby.

Buck's old COMBAT HELMET hangs aside the flag.

Then Tye sees it -- an entire wall dedicated to Tye Sr.

News clippings are pinned, featuring Tye Sr. at press events.

A headline: ARMY RANGER RECEIVES A HERO'S WELCOME.

TYE

Hm. Her people. Good one... I just wanna be clear, since I'm working--

BUCK

NO. You won't be on payroll. But see, what I didn't get to, was our most important rule! Everything we do, is earned here. Food. Water. Money. Especially money. It's earned... Not stolen.

That hits Tye hard. Buck knows what he's doing. A beat.

TYE

So, let me get this straight, you got me wearing cowgirl boots that don't fit, I don't know where the fuck I am, and now I'm gonna slave away for you? *For free*. This has gotta be a joke, right? Buck?

BUCK

No comedy here. Look around. I'm afraid your boat's been burned at the shores... Time to lock in.

Buck gestures to the endless plains. Tye realizes he's here for the long haul. Out of the corner of his eye he notices --

A THICK CONCRETE BUNKER protruding out of the soil, in between two MASSIVE HAY ROLL FIELDS, hundreds of feet away.

Tye can't help but fixate on it. A beat.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Let's go. Dinner's on you.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - KITCHEN

An OLD STOVE ignites. Meat chunks are poured. Tye stirs meat in a pan. Arturo adds seasoning.

BUCK

Be sure he makes it the way you do, Arturo. Nice n' Mexican-ly.

TYE

You just let him holler at you any old way?

Arturo finishes and re-joins Buck at the table nearby. The two toast with opened Modelo beers. Buck sips.

BUCK

Tye, how was the ride over?

TYE

Should I tell the truth? Or should I tell you it was sensational?

BUCK

(to Arturo)

You know, when I was his age, I used to walk 10 miles through the sticks, the trailer park, hell, even the ghetto just to get home.

TYE

And your exact point is?

BUCK

Point is... modern kids got a ride at the tips of their fingers. See, riding a bike or walking, and the bits of danger that came with it? That puts hair on your chest.

TYE

Danger? You realize why I'm here?

BUCK

Mhmm. Your momma filled me in on that punk panzy ass trick you pulled back in LA.

TYE

Then you should know what I'm about.

BUCK

I think you're about as useless as them brown hounds you run with.

TYE

Brown hounds? Tell us how you really feel, old little man. Go on.

BUCK

That's the best come back you got? Us Londons talk our shit, ya know.

Tye scoffs. He holds his tongue.

BUCK (CONT'D)

I'll correct myself. I think you're even more useless than them brown hounds. Not only were you too lazy to work for your money, you were lazy when it came to stealing it too.

Buck notices Tye grip the burning pan. His confident eyes are almost daring Tye to do something. It's a standoff.

TYE
Dinner's ready, Mr. Redneck.

Buck looks to Arturo. The two burst into laughter.

BUCK
We gotta work on the banter.

Tye dumps the meat in a bowl and brings it to the table. He slams himself in the chair. Awaits another snide remark. Buck stifles his laughs and glares at Tye --

BUCK (CONT'D)
Stove top's old. Leave it on too long, gas leaks out. One spark --
(gesturing an explosion)
Turn it off.

Tye plods, returning to the stove. Turns both burners off. Buck now gives him that facetious grin. Tye isn't having it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tye settles in on the couch. Grabs the remote and attempts to turn an old, clunky 90s television on.

He clicks POWER but the TV remains lifeless.

He stands and approaches the TV, attempting to configure --

BUCK
TV don't work. Don't touch it.

Buck stands at the edge of the room. Spittoon in hand.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Best you get to sleep. Long days ahead.

INT. GUEST ROOM

Tye's phone illuminates his face as he scrolls through his social feeds. His screen buffers. The signal is shoddy.

Finally, an IMAGE appears. It's a GO FUND ME PAGE.

Tye scrolls through multiple pictures of MO in a COMATOSE STATE, reeling from his injuries he sustained.

Tye closes the app. Screen reads: 4 AM. He locks his phone. Exhales. He's as FURIOUS as ever.

He puts the phone down and once again notices the BUNKER hundreds of feet in the open hay field behind the ranch.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - MORNING

The sun pierces through the gloomy haze in the Texas sky.
Buck steps out onto the porch and he admires the estate.

BUCK

Buenos morning, Arty'. God has once
again shined his light on thee.

Arturo nods and "mhm" while he shines SADDLES.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Is the boy awake yet?

Arturo shrugs. Tye isn't here. Buck checks his watch.

INT. TYE'S ROOM

Tye sleeps in his bed. His SNOOZE ALARM rings. He doesn't budge... Then WATER splashes his face, waking him. Buck empties out a bucket of water over his head. Then bangs it.

TYE

What the fuck --

BUCK

Wake up, vacay's over! It's six-
twenty, Tye, what time was wake up?
... Six AM! Get your piss hot and
meet me outside.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - HORSE PEN - DAY

Arturo ties a saddle to a strong BLACK HORSE, named **JESÚS**.
Buck approaches the pen with a shit eating grin.

Tye nears them, now dressed in his London Homestead branded
ranch clothing. The two clap it up for Tye.

BUCK

Now that the halfrican princess has
risen, we can finally raise the
curtains on this show.

Buck snickers at his own joke. Tye remains bleary-eyed.

TYE

What if I wanna say fuck the show
today?

BUCK

Then I'm properly gonna make your
life a perpetual, fiery hell storm.

TYE

Eh. I think it already was.

BUCK

Says the kid who has his dad's get-outta-jail free card for every time he fucks off. Having nine lives must be oh so hard, little Pussy Cat.

TYE

How about -- suck me, Buck.

BUCK

I bet you don't even have the grit to make it through a full day here.

TYE

Maybe I can and just don't wanna do it for a dry cracker who disrespects me. How about that?

BUCK

Ain't about me. You're the one too lazy to find legitimate, *legal* work. Runnin' 'round with no direction. Stolen goods in one hand, and your little cock in the other. Quite frankly, I'm not sure what you're contribution is to the world... Enlighten me.

TYE

Alright. You know what? ... Fuck it. Let's go. Where do I start?

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - DAY - MONTAGE

-- Tye and Arturo load bales of hay on the back of a John Deere GATOR (a small farming vehicle).

Tye struggles but does his best. Buck drives the gator away.

-- Tye carries paint buckets. His arms tremor. Sweat drips.

-- Tye paints the chipped outer walls of the BUNKER. By now, the SUN bakes him.

He fixates on INITIALS carved into the faded paint: **T.L.** - **1999**. *His father's initials*. Tye paints right over them.

-- Tye loads more hay bales on the back of the Gator. The day has kicked his ass. He's gassed beyond belief.

-- Tye holds a heavy wood PLANK in place for Arturo, who uses a NAIL GUN to plant nails in the hinges of a cow pen fence.

-- Tye sprays SPRING COWS with WATER. They chuff and scramble. The young cows are quite lively. Tye takes note.

-- Tye stands atop a ladder, repainting the window sills of the ranch house. PAINT BUCKETS sits on a sill.

-- Tye descends the ladder. Checks his phone. NO SERVICE.

He walks off, leaving the PAINT BUCKETS sitting idle at the base of the window sill.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Tye douses himself with a water jug as he sits on the porch. Buck is nearby, SPITTOON in hand, nowhere near as exhausted.

BUCK
Somebody been skippin' cardio.

TYE
It's dry as hell. This desert sucks.

BUCK
This desert made your father. Hence why he was able go for them long distance missions in Iraq.

TYE
I think I'm more of a short distance guy.

BUCK
Then you shoulda' planned the logistics of that robbery a lil' better. Ya know, I'm actually surprised you got caught... Given the blessed genes I passed to your daddy, and we already know what your momma's genes good for.

TYE
What might they be good for, Buck?

Tye stands. Now face to face with Buck who feels his anger.

BUCK
I'll see you in the stables.

Buck walks off towards the pearly white horse stables.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Gotta thicken' that brown skin up!
World is a *haaard* place for a *soooft* brother!

TYE

Least this brown skin doesn't get sun burnt... *Sunburnt bitch.*

INT. HORSE STABLES - DAY

Buck and Tye stand in the middle of the horse stables. In the background, Arturo collects shovels.

BUCK

Now, if you want to work with these fine creatures, like everything here, you gotta earn it.

TYE

Never said I wanted to, though.

BUCK

Would you rather milk cow titties?

Tye offers no response. Arturo hands Tye a shovel.

MOMENTS LATER

Tye covers his nose as he shovels MOUNDS OF HORSE SHIT. A wheel barrow behind is half-filled with poop. Nearby, Arturo's wagon is filled to the brim with turds.

TYE

What's with that bunker out back?

ARTURO

It's for storms. Your dad and Buck built it a while ago... But Don't go in there. You'll piss him off.

TYE

If my dad built it why can't I have a look? What, is there skeletons in there? Guns? Ooo, money?

ARTURO

I don't ask. And I doubt you could guess the code... Just stay away.

Arturo sets the shovel down and wheels the wagon out. Tye eyes the remaining shit in the stable, there's not much, but still a significant amount.

Tye gives a "fuck it" sigh and wheels his wheel-barrow out.

EXT. HORSE PEN - DAY

Using a NAIL GUN, Tye shoots nails into a horse pen fence. In the neighboring pen, Arturo rides the strong horse (Jesús).

Jesús neighs, a tad wild but Arturo whistles, calming Jesús.

ARTURO
You ever rode before?

TYE
I'm from Los Angeles, man.

ARTURO
I hear there's cowboys in
Compton... Jesús is young. Strong.
You think you can handle him?

Tye looks out at the homestead. Buck is nowhere to be found.

MOMENTS LATER

Tye balances himself on a cantering Jesús. Arturo is at his side, using a LEAD SHANK (a horse leash) to guide Jesús.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
That's it. Easy. He's a little
crazy. Kicks when he gets startled.

TYE
Great horse to learn on I see.

ARTURO
You stay calm and so will he.

Tye pulls the reins. Jesús stops on a dime. Tye is enthused.

Tye squeezes his legs against Jesús. Jesús trots the other direction. Tye looks excited for once, as Arturo claps.

INT. STABLES

FROM THE PILE OF SHIT, Buck enters frame. He's livid at the sight of the half-cleaned stable. He unholsters a REVOLVER.

EXT. HORSE PEN - DAY

Tye now rides the horse without Arturo there to guide him.

Just as his fun has run its course -- *BANG! BANG!*

Gun shots sound in the distance. Jesús jolts, rearing up on his hind legs, sending Tye flying to the unforgiving DIRT.

Nearby, Arturo ducks for cover, hand on his holstered gun.

The CATTLE, across the way, scramble in their pen like ants.

OUT FRONT THE STABLES

Buck holds a smoking revolver in the sky. *Simply shots to startle Jesús.* Buck holsters the revolver.

Tye is reeling on the dirt.

INT. STABLES

Now Tye and Buck stand by the steaming horse poop.

TYE

I'm goin' on like ninety minutes of sleep, man. It's a real... honest mistake.

BUCK

When I was your age, *in Vietnam*, you know how much sleep I got? ... You know how much sleep your daddy got, in Ramadi?

TYE

What does he have to do with this?

BUCK

All sorts of horrible ailments ensue when you take shortcuts and leave shit in horse's homes. Just like in Ramadi, if your father took shortcuts, he'd get someone killed. Keep fuckin' off like this, same thing'll happen to the horses.

TYE

Hm. Maybe my dad shoulda' took a few shortcuts and came home then.

BUCK

Piss on his grave why don't you... Fuckin' punk. Your daddy would wake up and work up before I did. Ninety minutes of fuckin' sleep, my ass.

TYE

Wanna see how many alarms I set?

Tye withdraws his phone... the screen is CRACKED.

BUCK

Oh, you gonna cry about your phone? Who did that? Jesús?

TYE

No. You did!

BUCK

Aw, would be such a shame if you wasn't able to text them big-booty-Judy's you got waitin' back home.

Tye holds his anger. He could hit Buck right now.

Buck gives him his typical daring smirk.

TYE

Big booty Judy's? 'Brown hounds'. Say it Buck. Say it with hard R. Go on. Let it fly, I'm right here.

BUCK

What, that's what they are, ain't they? Just like them Brown Hounds.

TYE

Don't think those are the types of nouns you should be using in 2022, don't you think?

BUCK

My ranch. *My nouns*. Perhaps if you wasn't such a lazy, half-Brown thief, your half-**Brown** ass wouldn't have to deal with me.

TYE

Fuck you.

Tye walks off airily. Buck grabs his arm. Tye jostles him and pushes him away. Buck really loses it.

Buck grips the back of Tye's collar and snatches him back. Tye throws an elbow -- Buck catches it.

He tugs Tye's arm behind his back, twisting it in an anatomically awkward position. Tye drops to a knee.

BUCK

I can hogtie you right here if that's better. Now, calm yer ass.

Tye shrugs Buck off of him as he recuperates on the ground.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Make sure you finish what you started. Everything here, clean as a puppy mouth... Cause this is gonna be your bedroom tonight.

INT. STABLES - NIGHT

On a makeshift HAMMOCK, in the midst of the stable is Tye. His eyes, wide. Staring at the massive fan whirling above.

Tye checks his phone and attempts to work around the cracks, but still -- NO SERVICE.

He ruminates for a beat. Lets his eyes flutter shut...

Then a KNOCKING. His eyes snap back open. Buck has entered.

BUCK
Voicemail for you. Come listen.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tye sits, listening to the LANDLINE VOICEMAIL. Buck monitors his grandson, waiting for his reaction.

ANGEL (O.S.)
(through speaker phone)
Hey, baby. Um. I don't know how to sugarcoat any of this, but Mo didn't make it through the surgery.

Tye sets the phone down. Lets his body sink into the chair.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get you a flight home soon. I love you, baby.

The phone clicks off. Tye's tears seep through.

Buck rises to return to his bedroom. He stops and comforts Tye, gripping his shoulder. He searches for consoling words.

BUCK
Rough one. All I can say is... don't do nothin' stupid.

INT. BUCK'S DEN ROOM (MOMENTS LATER)

A drawer opens. CAR KEYS are snatched. Tye holds them up, shining his phone light on them. BINGO.

Tye exits, then he backtracks, clocking Buck's London Homestead branded HAT looped around a peg.

He considers as he eyes the "L" on the hat's crown.

INT./EXT. BUCK'S MEGA TRUCK - NIGHT

Tye guns it down the highway, using his cracked phone for GPS. Buck's hat sits firmly over his head.

The clock on the car dashboard reads: 10:00 PM.
Tye grips the wheel. He looks numb. Dead inside.

As he edges closer to civilization, flurries of TEXTS swoosh across his phone screen. One of the texts from **MOM** reads:

Flight home is tomorrow evening. 6 PM. Love you baby.

Tye swipes the texts away and keeps speeding.

EXT. EL PASO - NIGHT

Lights are off. Streets are dead. Tye slows Buck's truck down as he once again passes -- EL LOBO LOCO. *The strip club.*

The neon WOLF looms large, casting a red hue over him. Tye considers for a beat, then pulls into its PARKING LOT, passing rows upon rows of RED MOTORCYCLES.

INT. EL LOBO LOCO

Tye enters the El Lobo Loco. His face is obscured by the London Homestead branded "L" HAT.

He scans the crowd of patrons. They feel as archaic as El Paso itself. Every nefarious figure here eyeballs him back.

Tye is certainly out of place. He proceeds forward.

AT A PRIVATE TABLE

A group of hard-o redneck mobster types commiserate. Their pale skin is covered in tattoos. Many depicting WOLVES.

One of the GANGSTERS taps **DOM** (mid 40s) to the left of him.

Unlike the others, Dom wears his tank-top undershirt tucked into his suit pants, allowing his tattoo'd arms to rock out.

The gangster gestures to Tye, the only brown face in the crowd of white people. Then he speaks over the loud MUSIC --

GANGSTER
His hat. Look at it --

Dom and the gangster study Tye closely.

AT THE BAR MOMENTS LATER

Tye sits. A "working girl", **CRYSTAL** (early 20s, not as jaded as her colleagues) approaches. She cozies in next to him.

CRYSTAL
Hey, stranger. You're new here.

Tye GULPS excessively from a glass full of bad shit.

TYE

What, you got everyone's face in
the city memorized?

CRYSTAL

No. If I could do that I wouldn't
be working here. You just don't
look from 'round this way.

TYE

Cause my skin.

CRYSTAL

Don't go jumpin' on me. You just
look a little -- youthful.

Tye finishes his drink. Slams it down. He's feeling it.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Little young to be doing that too.

TYE

Young... and hung, is more like it.
And according to this ID I'm twenty-
fun. So, what's the issue?

CRYSTAL

We just don't get good lookin',
pretty boys comin' in these doors
often... Got anything in mind?

Crystal readjusts her hair. She's fond of Tye. He considers.

AT THE ATM MOMENTS LATER

Tye swipes his card. His account balance: **\$106**. Tye presses
WITHDRAW on the **\$100** button.

BACK AT THE BAR MOMENTS LATER

Crystal speaks to Dom and his lieutenant, **LANDRY**. He's late
30s. So buff he's probably insecure about his penile length.

Tye approaches. Landry eyeballs Tye with disdain in his eyes.

TYE

There a problem here?

LANDRY

Yeah, boy. I think there might be.
We noticed the hat. The shirt --

Tye checks his ranch shirt with the stylized "**L**" stitched on.

TYE

Didn't know red necks had a problem
with clothes like this.

LANDRY

Speak that a little louder for me?

Tye takes a swig of Crystal's drink. In a drunken blurb --

TYE

You heard me...

Tye peeks around at the back of Landry's NECK.

TYE (CONT'D)

Red neck.

LANDRY

Dom, come on, give me the go ahead.

Dom clears his throat. There is a gentle elegance about him.

DOM

Son, it's that wretched logo on
your clothes that we've taken
offense to... Did Buck direct you
here to cause trouble?

TYE

Buck? ... Buck London?

Tye snickers hard.

LANDRY

Hey, boy, Dom asked you a question.

TYE

(wryly)

Yeah, sure, Buck London of all
people sent me here to hit not just
one... but *all* of your hoes --

Landry looks to Dom with fury. He then turns back and PUNCHES
Tye in his jaw. Tye lurches back against the bar.

LANDRY

We had a fuckin' deal --

Landry grabs Tye's collar and punches him again.
Dom intervenes with fellow thugs to break it up.

DOM

Hey. Easy! Easy.

Landry is pulled off Tye whose nose is GUSHING.

LANDRY

We had a treaty, Dom! Buck's
fuckin' with us again!

DOM

He's just a boy. Let him speak his
piece!

LANDRY

He ain't a boy, he's a goddamn nig--

BLAM. Tye returns the favor, striking Landry in his jaw.
Landry's jaw collides with Dom's. Tye gets a few more hits --

Until the rest of the thugs pile into Tye. He's tossed to the
floor and stomped. Landry joins in on the brutal kicks.

Tye curls up in a fetal position, bracing for multiple blows.

DOM

Stop! Stop! ENOUGH. We aint' the
fuckin' KKK.

Dom quells the barbaric MOSH PIT. He kneels down --

DOM (CONT'D)

(to Tye)

Son, I need transparency here. Did
he send you?

Tye coughs up blood. He steels himself.

TYE

I don't know what you're saying.

LANDRY

I'm telling you, he's fuckin' with
us. Buck's stirrin' the pot again.

DOM

(to Tye)

Inform Buck that he's toeing an
exceptionally delicate line...
Somebody, anyone, get him up!

Landry and the thugs snatch Tye up to his feet.

DOM (CONT'D)

I'm doin' you a lifelong favor.
Return my favor by never letting me
ever see your face again. Hear me?

Tye begrudgingly nods.

DOM (CONT'D)

Landry, gently see him out, and keep any blood away from the Ducati, will ya'? I just got it detailed. *Thank you.*

EXT. EL LOCO LOBO - NIGHT

Tye is TOSSED onto the hard, dusty pavement.

LANDRY

This is the land of the wolf. Stay away from it... *Nigger.*

The thugs slither back into the club and shut the doors.

Tye turns over on his back. Welts and bruises are apparent.

He digs in his mouth and pulls out -- A CRUMBLED TOOTH. Then spits the rest of the tooth chunks out.

The NEON RED WOLF looms high in the sky over top.

Tye turns, clocking a mint-condition, cream colored DUCATI MUSCLE BIKE, with RED stripes at the edge of the parking lot.

MOMENTS LATER

Tye opens the TRUNK of Buck's truck. He withdraws a CROWBAR.

Then he spots a roadside FLARE. Considers.

MOMENTS LATER

-- Tye POPS open the front panel of the fancy Ducati bike.

-- Tye taps EXPOSED wires together. The Ducati REVS ALIVE.

-- Tye parks the Ducati next to the various, cheaper MOTORCYCLES. He scopes the entrance out. *Coast is clear.*

-- Tye ignites the FLARE. Phosphorus flames burn bright.

-- He dumps the flair inside the Ducati's FUEL INTAKE VALVE.

MOMENTS LATER

Tye pulls out in Buck's truck. He saunters at the edge of the lot, eyes fixed on the Ducati in the REAR VIEW.

TYE
Anytime now...

The bike EXPLODES. Flames spread to the other bikes.

As the gang exits to observe the fiery chaos, Tye peels off into the El Paso streets, speeding away. He's in the wind.

EXT. EL LOCO LOBO - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

A handful of gangsters spray the remaining collection of FLAMING vehicles with fire extinguishers.

Buckets of water douse what's left of crackling flames.

Dom stands near his Ducati, now reduced to a smoldering, black shell of a once elegant vehicle. Landry is by his side.

DOM
Landry, food for thought, never pay six figures for anything capable of exploding... the age ol' Murphy's law.

LANDRY
Thankfully my salary don't enable me to do such things.

That draws a glare from Dom.

LANDRY (CONT'D)
I say we just take it to him. Buck ain't half the man he used to be.

DOM
No. We don't wanna ignite a war just yet. Got to be tactical first.

LANDRY
Fuck that, Dom. He already started a war by sending that little nig--

DOM
Hey. That noun has brought your face nothing but pain tonight. That's the old regime talkin'.

LANDRY
Yeah, well, the old regime wouldn't let some city punk sent by ol' Buck London, cause two-hundred-K in damage and not fire back.

DOM
 How did that bode for us?
 (off Landry's silence)
 Hence why Buck's the kinda guy I'd
 rather ask questions first... Sound
 good?

LANDRY
 You know what it sounds like? ...
 Sounds like you've gone soft. Or
 maybe that was always the case.

That irks the fuck out of Dom. Landry holds his eyes.

LANDRY (CONT'D)
 Dom, is it true what they say? You
 ain't ever killed a man before?

Flames cast orange hues on Dom. His pupils, seemingly RED.
 Dom bends down and grabs a shard from the destroyed car.
 Unease overtakes Landry. Dom faces him. No words. Silence.

LANDRY (CONT'D)
 Dom...

Dom digs the SHARD into his own palm. BLOOD begins to flow.
 Nearby, a few gang members, wielding extinguishers, observe.
 With his finger, Dom draws "war paint" on Landry's face.

DOM
 Now you look like a wolf who's
 ready to follow orders.

INT. BUCK'S DEN - EARLY MORNING (LATER)

Tye stumbles into Buck's den room. Phone FLASHLIGHT is on.
 He opens a drawer and gently places Buck's car keys back.
 Tye debates leaving, but something catches his eye --
 Buck's old COMBAT HELMET hanging by the flag in front of him.
 Still goofy from the liquor, Tye tries the helmet on.

BUCK (O.S.)
 You know, this used to be your
 dad's room.

Tye startles, quickly sets the helmet against the wall.

BUCK (CONT'D)
I'd sit up some nights, right here,
when I knew he snuck out on me...

In the dark corner of the room is Buck, sitting in a comfy love chair. He's wide awake. Spittoon in-hand.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Depending where he went, I usually
could smell it on him. A party.
Rodeo. The lake. His girl's house.
But each time I caught him, he'd
take it on the chin and own it.
So, Tye, where'd you drive to?

TYE
Uh, the store. Had to get uh--

BUCK
Oh, are the girls at *said store*
flatbackin' too? Cause you smell
like you spent the past five hours
swingin' dick in a whorehouse.

Tye is bewildered. We INTERCUT WITH --

THE HOMESTEAD

A BLACK SEDAN, with lights turned off, parks at the edge of the homestead. Out hops Landry and a gangster with masks on.

BACK TO BUCK'S DEN

BUCK (CONT'D)
Just tell me where... and I'll
leave you be.

TYE
El Lobo Loco.

Buck perks up in apprehension.

THE HOMESTEAD - GARAGE

Landry creeps through ranch, entering the BARN GARAGE where --

Multiple expensive trucks and flashy muscle cars are parked. Landry peruses with absolute envy.

BACK TO BUCK AND TYE

Buck approaches Tye. His levity is now gone.

BUCK
I'm gonna ask you one last time.

Buck intensifies. Inches closer to Tye.

BUCK (CONT'D)
What transpired last night?

TYE
You know, threw a few shots down,
peeped a few strippers...

BUCK
Stripper give you that shiner?

Buck references Tye's BRUISED cheek.

TYE
Oh this? I just-- I roughed some
creep redneck up. Thought he was
hard with all his wolf tattoos and
shit. I settled it. No big deal.

Buck's face drops in disbelief.

BUCK
It's a big fuckin' deal.

IN THE BARN GARAGE

The two peer out of the barn at the distant BUNKER.

GANGSTER
Think that's where he keeps his
stash?

LANDRY
How about we find out?

GANGSTER
What about Dom? Didn't he say to --

LANDRY
To just scout it out? Fuck that. We
been underpaid far too long. Dom's
trying to be all fancy white-collar
now. I say we do the same and take
our own piece of pie. Fuck Dom.

BACK IN BUCK'S DEN ROOM

Buck withdraws a pelican case. It's taped shut. He retracts a SMALL BLADE from his utility bracelet and cuts the tape.

BUCK
Did anything else happen?

TYE
No... I came straight home.

BUCK
You're lying. And we ain't fuckin'
done here...

TYE
Can you just tell me what's wrong --

Buck withdraws his SCOPED M14 RIFLE. Reality hits Tye.

BUCK
Remember when I said don't do
nothin' stupid?

Buck exits out to his "sniper's nest" of sorts.
Scanning for trouble. Tye follows.

Buck kisses a pair of DOG TAGS on his neck. Then aims.

THROUGH HIS SNIPER SCOPE: we settle on a parked, familiar
BLACK SEDAN, at the edge of the homestead's entrance.

BUCK (CONT'D)
You roughed the wrong red neck up,
and now you invited them right in.
Fucker. Go find me a walkie-talkie.

Tye hurries inside. Buck pans his scope. Seconds later Tye
returns with a walkie-talkie. Buck grabs it. Speaks into it --

EXT. MILES AWAY ON THE PLAINS - EARLY MORNING (SAME TIME)

Jesús (the horse) stands in the midst of the tall grass.

Protruding from Arturo's saddle bag is the WALKIE-TALKIE.

BUCK (O.S.)
(through radio)
Arturo, get your ass to the house --

Buck keeps repeating himself, but it's no use.

UNDER A PEACH TREE IN THE DISTANCE

Arturo picks peaches from a branch. A bucket by his feet.
Jesús' neighs grab Arturo's attention. But the radio doesn't.

INT. RANCH HOUSE

Buck creeps down the hall, aiming his rifle. Tye is in tow.

BUCK

I need you to tell me exactly how
it went down.

Buck peeks each room he passes, checking all corners, until arriving at the stairwell. He edges downstairs slowly.

TYE

I... I was just minding my
business. I don't know--

BUCK

Did you wear anything with our
logo?

Tye tips the hat he's wearing. The "L" is clear and present.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Of course he wore the fuckin' hat.

Buck snatches the hat from Tye's head and wears it himself. He continues, Tye in tow, entering the --

LIVING ROOM

Buck clears through the room. Checks his corners.

TYE

Is there some negative
connotation surrounding this
hat I should know--

BUCK (CONT'D)

SHH. Put that tongue in that
pocket and help me.

Buck approaches the front door. He quietly gestures to Tye to open it. Steadily, Tye creaks the door open for Buck.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Unbeknownst to Buck, Landry and the gangster hide on opposing sides of the front door. They both wield CATTLE PROD BATONS.

They observe Bucks gun barrel slowly extend outwards.

Landry GRABS the barrel. The gangster JABS Buck in the JAW with the baton knocking Buck backwards into the foyer --

Buck hits the wood, inches from Tye. Tye is frozen in fear until Landry and the gangster storm the house.

ZAPPP. The gangster zaps Tye with the cattle prod baton. He stumbles. Before he can regain focus, CRACK --

The cattle prod baton strikes him across the face. He falls.

Tye attempts to crawl to the RIFLE on the ground. Until a BOOT kicks the rifle out of the way. Tye looks up --

LANDRY
Long time no see, boy.

Landry removes his mask.

TYE
Fuck...you.

Landry grips his baton. Ready to use it...

INT. BARN/GARAGE - MORNING

The gangster finishes tying Tye to a support beam.

Across from Tye, Buck sits half-asleep in a chair. His hands are also taped to a support beam.

Landry hops off of Buck's super truck. Except it's been DEMOLISHED, as has every other vehicle in the barn.

Landry approaches a reeling Buck. He taps his face.

LANDRY
Wake up, Santa Clause. Atta boy --

His taps progress to slaps as each one stings Buck's face.

BUCK
Ah, piss, okay, okay! Fuckdamnit-daddgummit, I'm up!

LANDRY
That's more like it.

Buck eyes Tye with disappointment. Tye eyes him with remorse.

LANDRY (CONT'D)
We got a dilemma here, Buck.
Whoever your little monkey is,
decided to come on our lot n' raise
a significant amount of hell.

Buck glares at Tye. Tye's eyes shift away.

LANDRY (CONT'D)
Two-hundred-thousand dollars of
hell, to be approximate. Now, my
boss wants restitution money...
(MORE)

LANDRY (CONT'D)

But I also realize I have a unique opportunity here, at this fine Homestead, to come away with a lot of my own capital...

BUCK

Seems you chose the wrong one. I'm not sure of what Homestead you're referring to.

LANDRY

Don't feign senile with me. I'm talkin' about the big ol' Homestead that's home to all these swanky vehicles. Fancy barns. Fancy horses. I'll go off on a limb and assume you've had some fruitful years since you survived our little conflict. Didn't you?

Buck eyes the demolished vehicles in the barn.

BUCK

Don't know what you're gettin' at.

Landry withdraws a revolver.

LANDRY

Of course you don't. Not yet at least. SO, we're gonna play a game. It's called... *Redneck Roulette*.

Landry puts ONE bullet in the empty chamber of his REVOLVER.

LANDRY (CONT'D)

For each answer I don't get, or each load a' crack you give me, You... and the boy keep playing.

Tye and Buck share sullen eye contact. The two now truly feel the sea of shit they're drowning in. The gangster takes note of this unspoken connection. He speaks to Landry.

GANGSTER

Hey, somethin' tells me these two are closer than they're letting on.

While Landry and the gangster flit their eyes between Buck and Tye... Unbeknownst to everyone, Buck surreptitiously retracts the SMALL BLADE within his utility bracelet.

GANGSTER (CONT'D)

Yeah. In a strange way, they sorta-kind look alike.

Buck uses the blade to cut through bits of tape. He stops --

LANDRY

Ya' know, there's a reason dogs breed with dogs. Cats breed with cats. Wouldn't make a whole lot of sense otherwise. Cross species and you'd tarnish canines forever.

(to Buck)

You were in Vietnam... Jungle fever run in the family? That your boy?

Buck eyeballs the two, then makes eye contact with Tye.

BUCK

He's just a real stupid ranch hand.

That almost stings as bad as the baton did for Tye.

LANDRY

Then I'm sure you won't mind if he plays with you...

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MORNING (SAME TIME)

Arturo returns to the ranch house with a bucket of peaches. He stops dead in his tracks, in shock of what he sees --

IN THE FOYER -- signs of a struggle. Buck's M14 and HAT on the floor. Blood. Boot tracks.

INT. BARN/GARAGE - MORNING

Landry spins the chamber. Places it against Tye's temple.

LANDRY

Where's your safe located?

BUCK

There's a few bills upstairs. You can take what you want.

Landry grits his teeth. He pulls the TRIGGER. Tye closes his eyes. CLICK. Nothing happens. Buck exhales.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Let's be reasonable here --

Landry now loads TWO MORE BULLETS in the chamber. Spins it.

LANDRY

Where the fuck is the MONEY?

BUCK
I swear. There is no --

Landry pulls the trigger on Tye. CLICK. Nothing.

LANDRY
Last time I ask. And I have no
qualms doin' unto your boy what you
did unto all my brothers.

Landry awaits a response.

BUCK
Funny, given you're fixing to cheat
your brothers and make off with
your lil' slam piece here like
Clyde and Clyde... Very cute.

Landry loads THREE BULLETS into the chamber. The revolver is
now at full ammo. He places the barrel to Tye's FOREHEAD.

TYE
Buck, just tell them already!

LANDRY
You gonna take that mouth and that
money to the grave with you? Huh?

Buck's internal debate is apparent. He muses what to do.

LANDRY (CONT'D)
How about this. THREE..... TWO--

BANG! A distant gunshot from outside the barn --

Landry's stomach EXPLODES, blood and guts sprawl out from his
lower back. Blood splatters all over Buck. Tye is untouched.

Landry collapses to the floor, holding his own intestines.

Before the gangster can even process what happened -- Buck's
blade on his utility bracelet slices through his bindings.

Buck dives for Landry's revolver on the ground. Clenches it.

Aims. *BANG-BANG-BANG.*

Buck fills the gangster with bullets. The gangster falls to
the dirt like a rag doll.

Buck relaxes. Finally a moment of respite.

He looks to Tye, as shell shocked as a teen would be here.

Arturo enters with the RIFLE in hand. Searching for enemies.

BUCK
Señor Arturo. Took you long enough!

ARTURO
Is Tye okay?

Arturo sets the gun down. Scurries and cuts Tye's restraints.

TYE
I-- I can't believe I just saw--.
This is real-- that happened.

A COUGHING then a gurgle nearby. LANDRY is alive. Blood spews from all holes. Buck approaches him.

BUCK
Oh, thank God you're still kickin'.
Would have been such a tragedy to
see you taken from us so soon.

Now Arturo and Tye join Buck. The sight of Landry's oozing stomach incites a gut wrenching, queasy reaction from Tye.

Tye plods away and vomits into Buck's destroyed truck.

LANDRY
You broke the treaty...

Buck looks back at Tye, busy with his nausea and unaware.

BUCK
I didn't break shit.

LANDRY
If I don't return, the pack is
coming. Sun down.
(to Arturo; re: Buck)
He ain't the man he pretends to be.

ARTURO
I know. Neither am I.

Landry grips his exploded stomach. His eyes flutter. Arturo grabs the rifle, preparing to put Landry out of his misery.

Buck blocks Arturo from raising the rifle further.

BUCK
It's okay. We're here with you. You
can die now, son.

Buck and Arturo watch Landry gently fade out of existence.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - OPEN FIELD - DAY

Dirt sprinkles over, covering Landry's arm full of wolf tattoos. Buck shovels dirt into the shallow grave he's in.

Tye sits on a tree stump nearby. Dejected. Buck digs.

BUCK

You gonna help give these poor bastards a burial?

TYE

You gonna tell me what treaty they were talking about, sketch-ball?

No response. Buck stops digging and darts a glare at Tye.

TYE (CONT'D)

Does it not occur to you that you almost just let these two blow your grand-- blow MY head off?

BUCK

Welp. If you'd listened, we wouldn't have found ourselves in this quandary... I just wanna know, what'd you do? Did you drill the wrong white woman? Was she Dom's?

TYE

No.

BUCK (CONT'D)

--You get in a confrontation?

TYE (CONT'D)

Sorta'. They started hassling me. Somethin' about the clothes and the hat. I don't know...

BUCK

You couldn't at least wear a non-branded, non-ranch hat to the titty club?

TYE

It's not like I wore a damn Red Sox hat in LA? Wearing the wrong hat gets you killed where I'm from. This is bumfuck-ville for all I ca--

BUCK

Get down to the brass tacks, come on. Cut to it.

TYE

I threw hands. Got a little active.

BUCK

Then why was that peckerwood
talkin' about property damage? *Tye?*

Tye wishes he could hold his tongue a little longer, but:

TYE

I blew up a fancy Ducati. And based
off the explosion, the other bikes
probably aren't looking too fresh.

A beat. Buck snickers and plants his shovel in the ground.
His snickers progress to profuse laughter.

TYE (CONT'D)

What? They stomped me out. Called
me nigger. Hard R included.
Fuck am I supposed to do?

BUCK

I don't know, refrain from inciting
the gang that runs enough dope to
overdose half of Texas?

TYE

I don't give a shit who they are.

BUCK

It's wild to think, your boys back
home -- endear -- you that word,
and you love them for it. One
cracker lets it fly and you blow up
a whole parking lot up... One day,
Tye, you're gonna realize, you
can't always be the last one to
laugh. Now help me dig.

Those words sting for Tye. Buck returns to digging.

INT. RANCH HOUSE

Arturo conditions the rifle in Buck's den room.

Tye plops down in a chair. He's drinking from a beer bottle.
Arturo snatches it out of his hands. Sets it down.

ARTURO

Not the time for that.

Tye sinks into the chair.

TYE

I don't know how you do it.

ARTURO

Do what?

TYE

How you deal with him.

ARTURO

He may sound like a jackass... he is a jackass. But he means well. Whereas you are just a jackass.

TYE

He's also a racist. I'm not. He's also a narcissist. I'm --

ARTURO

You are. Unlike Buck. If Buck was truly a narcissist, racist, would he take a chance on me? Despite my record. My history.

TYE

And what does your history include?

ARTURO

Not important. My point is, Buck's allowed me to live with him. Share his time, energy, money. What do you call that?

TYE

I think that's called slavery.

ARTURO

Did the slave masters send money to the families of slaves? 'Cause once a month, Buck wires money to my family in Juarez. If I died today, I know my family will be okay.

The two look outside and see Buck returning with shovels.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Keep that in mind, next time you have choice words to say about him.

As Tye ponders, Arturo heads to the balcony and leans the rifle against the ledge. Pistols are near. Tye tracks him.

The balcony is fortified with a few sheet metal barriers.

TYE

What is all this? Why aren't you putting the guns away?

ARTURO

Before the guero died, he said more
"Wolves" would be back by sun down.

TYE

Are we not gonna get help?

ARTURO

I would advise against that. The
Wolves are everywhere.

Arturo shifts a sheet metal barrier in place. Stops --

ARTURO (CONT'D)

And your grandfather made a lot of
enemies in life.

TYE

So, what's that treaty about, then?

ARTURO

It's a very long story that I don't
have much time to tell.

TYE

First Buck. Now you. Jesus, talking
to you two is like listening to --
sign language.

(off Arturo's confusion)

Exactly. Makes zero fucking sense.

Tye plods out of the room.

ARTURO

Where are you going?

TYE

I'm calling the police for you
both, then I'm taking my ass home.

MOMENTS LATER

Tye storms down the stairs. Arturo in tow.

ARTURO

Tye, stop.

Tye continues to the kitchen and grabs the landline. He dials
9-1-1. Arturo stops before him, mouthing a "NO".

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Nine-one-one, what's your
emergency?

TYE
Uh, hello, yes my grand, uh,
grandfather is in danger and --

As Tye goes to talk, the line goes DEAD. Tye looks --
Buck stands next to the severed cord with a BLADE in hand.

Buck yanks the rest of the cords away, and tosses the phone.

BUCK
We're not callin' the sheriff.

TYE
There's literally more of them
coming... Buck?

BUCK
We can't call any law enforcement!

TYE
Then I'm leaving to LA early.

BUCK
... No you ain't.

TYE
I gotta go bury a friend. And it's
partly my fault... I don't want a
repeat of that here.

BUCK
It's not about you.

TYE
Then what is it about?

Buck can't find a response.

BUCK
You don't need all the answers yet.

TYE
What is it with you two and this
cryptic bullshit? Treaties? Wolves?
... You know what, I'm over it.

Tye withdraws his cracked phone and heads for the door --

TYE (CONT'D)
I'm calling the cops.

BUCK
With what kinda' cell service?

TYE
I'll find me some.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Tye holds his phone, searching for service. He reloads the screen -- NO SERVICE. Then he hears a horse's whinnies.

MOMENTS LATER

Tye mounts Jesús who's hitched up out front. Arturo nears --

ARTURO
Hey? What're you doing?

TYE
Taking your advice.

Tye squeezes Jesús' chest with his boots and he canters off.

Buck hurries out to the porch. He sees Tye speeding away on Jesús, now shrinking on the horizon. He scoffs.

BUCK
(shouting at Tye)
Yeah! Run along! Flee from the sea
of shit you flooded us with!

Tye continues riding, blocking those words out.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Go 'head and change your name too!
Ain't nothin' like the real Tye!
(to Arturo)
Did you really have to teach him to
ride a horse?

ARTURO
Want me to go after him?

BUCK
He's off to the races now... He
ain't gonna find service anyways.

ARTURO
You sure about this, Buck?

BUCK
What car we gonna use, Arty'?

Arturo looks over to the destroyed trucks in the garage. Then he clocks Landry's car, still parked in the distance.

ARTURO
How about the gringo's?

BUCK
No. We're gonna need that for our
"dinner guests" later.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The sun bakes Tye as he rides the horse.
He canters along the roadside. Withdraws his PHONE --

NO SERVICE. Tye continues his ride until Jesús jitters, Tye
regains his balance but drops his phone.

He dismounts. Grabs his phone... slowly turns the screen
around. It still lights up. A sigh of relief.

EXT. REST STOP - DAY (LATER)

Tye is on the phone with a 9-1-1 operator. He's sat up
against Jesús. Both lounge at the edge of the rest stop.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Alright, Tye, are you in any
immediate danger at the moment.

TYE
No, well, I'm not. My -- grandpa
had his ranch broken into today.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
You have a description of the perp?

TYE
He was white. Had a lot of tattoos.
Tattoos of wolves. All over. Yeah.
(a beat)
Hello? ... Hello?

Tye waits. He peers out at the surrounding scenery -- he may
just be the only person out here for 20 miles.

Now a DEPUTY with a raspy voice picks up the line.

DEPUTY (O.S.)
Hello, son, where are you exactly?

TYE
I'm at the Eagle Pass rest stop.

DEPUTY

And what'd you say your name was again?

TYE

Tye London.

DEPUTY

Okay. **Stay put.** I'll come find you.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - BASEMENT

A FLOOR BOARD is pulled from its hinges revealing a STASH of:

Two M4 rifles. Pistols. Barrel suppressors. 100 round ammo clips. Coiled tripwire. GUN POWDER jugs. Kerosine canisters.

BUCK

You recall that story in North Vietnam I was telling you about?

ARTURO

It didn't end well.

Buck hands him a small kerosine canister.

INT./EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - DAY - MONTAGE

-- Buck and Arturo place kerosine canisters in the back seat of the black sedan that Landry drove earlier.

-- In Buck's den room, Arturo hooks up an INTERCOM SPEAKER. He sets the walkie-talkie down in front of its speaker.

He turns both devices on. A high pitched hum emits.

-- In the basement, Buck pours gun powder into a couple severed PIPES. Then **NAILS**. The coiled TRIPWIRE lays nearby.

-- The same pipes, now PIPE BOMBS, are JAMMED into the dirt. TRIPWIRES are fastened to the pipe heads. They're DIY MINES.

Arturo plucks at the tripwire, checking its tautness. He joins Buck as they behold the tripwire mines strung throughout the massive HAY ROLL FIELD behind the property.

-- In his den, Buck approaches his desk. Grabs a REMOTE.

He can't help but notice an old framed PICTURE of himself with Tye Sr. Tye Sr. looks 18 here.

Buck clicks the remote. A beat. Then -- METAL SHUTTERS lower, covering each window with titanium reinforcement.

THROUGHOUT THE RANCH HOUSE

Metal shutters descend, covering every inch of glass...

A SHUTTER sputters as it descends over a window at the back of the house, jamming against thick PAINT BUCKETS Tye left on the window sill.

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

Tye rests on a bench. He's parched. Jesús rests nearby.

Tye withdraws his phone and makes a call. It's on speaker.

ANGEL (VOICEMAIL)
Hey, it's Angel, can't get to the phone right now, please leave a message and I'll get back to you.

A BEEP. Tye gathers himself.

TYE
Hey, mom. I guess this is me finally returning your call...
(growing sullen)
Um, Some things went down. You're not gonna like this... I won't be making that flight home later. I don't really know what's gonna happen next, but I just want you to know you were right. And I was on a good track for a minute. Then --

Tye stifles the load of his remorse.

TYE (CONT'D)
I don't know, Mom. I guess I found a whole new way to fuck it up... You might hear some things, just know, I was trying to get it right.

Tye sees a SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT CAR, expanding on the horizon. Dust trails fly in its wake.

TYE (CONT'D)
I gotta go. Love you, Mom.

Tye hangs up the phone and flags the sheriff's cruiser down. The car comes to a stop across the way.

Out steps a DEPUTY (late 40s, country cop). He approaches. Tye looks a tad unsettled.

DEPUTY
Got here soon as I could. How ya'
holdin' up?

TYE
Better than this morning.

DEPUTY
You Mr. London?

Tye nods. Now letting his vigilance ease up... A beat.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
Nice to meet you.

The deputy withdraws a STUN GUN. Points and SHOOTS Tye, sending two electrified prongs square into his abdomen. Tye hits the dirt. His muscles pulsating.

The deputy zip ties Tye's hands behind his back.

As Tye squirms like a fish out of water, the deputy places his boot on Tye's back. He withdraws his own phone. Dials.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah... I got him. Come on 'round.

TYE
I'm not a criminal. Please.

DEPUTY
'Course not. You're an asset.

Now, a small cluster of three cars strolls into frame. They're all red. A sedan, an SUV, and also a big van.

Leading the pack is DOM. He exits his SUV and approaches. Dom's gang joins him.

Dom shakes the deputy's hand.

DOM
Beautiful work, Deputy.

Dom crouches down over Tye. Speaks to him --

DOM (CONT'D)
Son, I'd like to formally apologize
for my gang's rambunctious
behavior.

(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

I'll admit, that ain't a way you treat a human being, but to their defense there was misinterpretation of your presence. See, somewhere along the line, people in society just stopped listening to one another. I mean, just imagine all the trouble you and I could have evaded if we all just held our tongues last night and kept our ears open.

TYE

If I keep listening good, will you let me go?

DOM

Afraid I can't do that. We had a lifelong agreement, you and I. I never wanted to see your face again.

Nearby, Jesús neighs loud. It's pesky. Dom snaps.

DOM (CONT'D)

Who the fuck brought a nag here?!

DEPUTY

Was here with the boy.

DOM

Little Mr. London, that horse wouldn't happen to be owned by your old man, now, would it?

Tye contemplates an answer -- shakes his head. Dom can see right through that lie.

DOM (CONT'D)

I told myself I was gonna be a benevolent, righteous leader this year. But thanks to your actions, the treaty has been broken, and I've now postponed my resolution.

Dom gestures to the Deputy. Deputy unholsters a long REVOLVER and -- *BLAM!* Shoots a bullet in Jesús' heart.

Jesús slams against the dirt, right next to Tye as he watches the horse convulse, gasping for air.

DOM (CONT'D)

This is all your doin', lil' London.

Tye remains indignant. Musters the courage to speak up.

TYE
Killin' that horse doesn't make you
tough. Can't even do it yourself.

Dom shushes Tye. He's provoked. He withdraws his own pistol.

DOM
You wanna be comedic? Question my
manhood, in front of my men?

Dom places the pistol against Tye's jugular. He steals glances at his gang, checking if he's captivated them.

DOM (CONT'D)
I can always do *this* myself.

Tye tenses. A beat. Dom removes the pistol.

DOM (CONT'D)
While I am not a skilled equine
appraiser, I can assume this fine
creature costed upwards of fifty
thousand. That means you two are
still on the hook for one-hundred
and fifty thousand more dollars.
(to his gang)
Listen up! We don't sleep tonight,
'til we get one-hundred and fifty
thousand from Buck London. Let's
go.

Tye is snatched from the dirt. Wolves escorts him to an SUV.
Tye and the gang look back at --

Dom, who stays behind, raising his pistol and unloading a
flurry of bullets into Jesús. The Deputy is taken aback.

DOM (CONT'D)
Figured I'd do it '*myself*'.

EXT/INT. TEXAS ROADS - DAY

The group of various cars trundle down the barren road,
contrasting the sheer natural beauty of the Texas wilderness.

INSIDE AN SUV

Tye sits in the back seat, dejected, smushed between: **BIG NED**
(40s, overweight and snaggle-toothed) and **LIL' RED** (35,
orange hair, freckles, reckless, and built like an olympian).

DOM

You know, it's a shame you withheld
your name from us. Tye London?
Like, *Tye London*, the Army Ranger
who defended that outpost in Iraq?
Whew. That's a *baaaad* man.

LIL' RED

Killed 'bout thirty insurgents too.

DOM

I'd wear that name with pride...
Talk about some serious DNA.

LIL' RED

Too bad the boy's all mixed up.

Tye gives Lil' Red a glance. Eyes his freckles. Orange hair.

TYE

I wouldn't throw those kinds of
stones if I looked like you.

DOM

Lil' Red. Tye. Simmer down. Enjoy
the calm while we still got it.

TYE

You never told me who you are.

DOM

Let's just say, Buck and I go back.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - ENTRANCE - EVENING

Like four horsemen of the apocalypse, the sheriff's cruiser,
a van, Dom's SUV, and a sedan prowl down the road.

Ten gangsters exit their cars. **TEX** and **LEX** (early 30s, wiry,
sly), prop sedan doors open and use them as cover.

They're fraternal twins, but the scars on Tex's cheek and
forehead render him incomparable to his sister, Lex.

Dom emerges from the crowd, escorting Tye front and center.

They split the distance between the Wolves and the house.

DOM

Come on out, Buck! We know you're
in there. Not like you ever leave.

Dom takes note of the metal shutters covering every window.

DOM (CONT'D)

You got your shutters up and Landry hasn't returned my calls, which I assume means you know why we're here... Let's be sensible.

Buck's voice emits from a LOUD SPEAKER --

BUCK (O.S.)

We stopped being sensible long ago. Let him go, Dom. Then we can talk.

DOM

Okay. How about we strike a deal. Your boy in exchange for the debt you now owe...

(no response)

We had a treaty. Inadvertently or not, your boy nullified it...

INSIDE BUCK'S DEN ROOM

We see the WALKIE TALKIE, sitting in front of the PA SYSTEM.

BUCK (O.S.)

(through walkie talkie)

Sorry, Dom. There's no money for you here. But I do know you aren't gonna stop 'til you get it. So --

BACK OUTSIDE

Dom, along with his gang, are bewildered.

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

I have an alternative.

Tye catches something out of the corner of his eye.

Now, Dom sees it too... Landry's BLACK SEDAN, rambles out of the surrounding trees, **unmanned**. Filled with kerosine cans.

Landry's rigged sedan collides with the van -- **BOOM!**

EXPLOSIONS erupt as the van and the Deputy are blown to bits.

Tye and Dom are knocked backwards.

Gangsters scramble to reorient as the shrapnel has pierced their skin. Several members, on fire, burn to a crisp. Then --

PEW. Barely even making a sound, a BULLET rips through a gang member. Then another. It's CHAOS. One of the gangsters --

GARTH (20s, country pretty boy but soft) aims frenetically.
A shot rips a HOLE through Garth's HAND. He drops his gun.

NEARBY

Tye gathers himself. This is his chance to make a run until --

Dom withdraws his gun, aims at Tye until -- *PEW-PEW-PEW*.
BULLETS razor the soil near Dom. He lurches back to cover.

Tye makes a run to the surrounding wilderness and hay fields.

ON A NEARBY HILLSIDE

Buck, clad in his tan hunting outfit, blended in with the rocks, shoots his **SILENCED** RIFLE at the gang in cover.

Buck's SCOPE tracks Tye as he sprints to the hay fields. Buck grabs his WALKIE-TALKIE from atop a stump. Speaks into it --

BUCK (CONT'D)
Hawk him down before they do.

BACK AT THE HOMESTEAD

Lil' Red and remaining 5 gangsters pull Dom to cover. They're huddled behind their vehicles like soldiers.

Dom shoos Lil' Red away from him.

DOM
Get off me! I ain't hit, I'm fine!
Stop touchin' me, Lil' Red and find
the boy. You two -- go with him.

Big Ned and another gangster muster up the courage to head out into the open until a barrage of near-silent bullets plaster the dirt. They duck back into cover.

BIG NED
I don't know about that, boss.

DOM
The kid's our only leverage here.

LIL' RED
What about that devil in the hills?

Dom searches around. He grabs a damaged SIDE VIEW MIRROR.

DOM
Tex, take a peek!

Tex grabs the mirror. Slowly raises it, allowing himself to get a view of the surrounding hillside from behind cover.

Tex examines closely as he sees a shining GLINT on the mountainside. *BANG*. A bullet shatters the mirror Tex holds.

TEX
He's in the hills.

The rest of the gang loads their weapons. Except Garth, who remains in cover, yowling, gripping his bleeding hand.

<p>TEX (CONT'D) (to Garth) Sac' up --</p>	<p>LEX (to Garth) -- All you got is a pin prick.</p>
---	--

Nearby, Dom opens the door to his SUV. Grabs two AR-15s from the back seat. They're suped-up, with scopes and attachments.

Bullets hit the window. It only splinters. *It's bullet proof.*

DOM
That ain't gonna cut it, Buck!

Dom hands the AR-15s to Tex and Lex.

DOM (CONT'D)
Tex. Lex. Lay it down so they can
get across... You too, Garth.

Garth tenderly raises his gun with his remaining good hand.

MOMENTS LATER

Tex rises from behind the SUV and FIRES automatic rounds upon the distant hillside. Lex and Garth join in on the fun.

Errant bullets spray all around Buck. Dirt spurts. A bullet grazes his arm. He rolls behind the tree stump and lays low.

Big Ned, Lil' Red, and another GANGSTER use this opportunity to scurry off the same direction Tye fled --

Past the cattle pens, towards the massive HAY ROLL FIELD.

ON THE HILLSIDE

Bullets continue to fly in all directions. Buck repositions for a shot, mounting his rifle on the tree stump.

Tex and Lex cease fire. Garth fires his pistol once more --

GARTH

I think we got him.
Hey, Dom I think he's --

FOOMP. Garth's ear cartilage is pierced by a shot, flesh explodes. He falls to the dirt behind the SUV, screaming as a barrage of bullets pelt the bulletproof windshield nearby.

BACK ON THE HILL

Buck keeps squeezing the trigger. CLICK. CLICK. *Out of ammo.*

BEHIND THE SUV

The group tends to Garth's wounds. He squirms as the hole where his ear used to be bleeds profusely.

LEX

Hold the fuck still.

GARTH

My ear! He shot my fuckin' hand AND
my ear. Fuckin' burns like pepper!

Lex stretches duct tape over the wound. As Garth grunts --

We hold on DOM. Beyond disgruntled. Slowly losing it.

EXT. HAY ROLL FIELD - NIGHT (LATER)

Dusk falls on the acres of overgrowth and hay rolls. Tye stumbles through bales. He's been running for oh so long.

Somewhere in the distance behind him, the echoes of voices.

Tye hides behind a hay roll. He peeks and sees FLASHLIGHTS beaming all directions. The Wolves are on the hunt.

LIL' RED

(from a distance)
Couldn't a' gone far.

Tye returns to his hiding spot. A beat. Then --
TWO HANDS clasp over his face, covering his mouth.

ARTURO (O.S.)

Shhhh. It's me.

Arturo sidles next to him. Tye's nerves are quelled.

TYE

Those guys, they're gonna kill us,
right? I mean, they want our heads.

Arturo gives a dreadful sigh.

TYE (CONT'D)
How're we gonna get out of this?

ARTURO
We gotta get back there.

Arturo gestures to the ranch house looming a mile away.

TYE
You don't think they found a way
inside?

ARTURO
No. Buck's got that covered.

Arturo speaks into his WALKIE TALKIE --

ARTURO (CONT'D)
I got him. Making our way back.

BUCK
(through radio)
That's how it's done, Arty... Hey,
Tye, ya' looked pretty fast there,
kid. Where was that speed at in LA?
I heard the local, JV girls soccer
team is holding tryouts. FYI.

TYE
Fuck off.

Buck snickers as the mic cuts off.

ARTURO
Alright. You ready to grow up, now?

Tye nods. Arturo withdraws a pistol and hands it to Tye --

IN THE FIELD MOMENTS LATER

Arturo leads Tye through the maze of hay rolls.

Arturo stops in his tracks, motions to Tye to hold.
He gestures to the soil where -- TRIPWIRE hovers across.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Tripwire mines. Stick to the hay
rolls, stay away from the bales.

Arturo and Tye continue forward, cognizant of each step.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

The remaining gang convenes in cover behind their vehicles.
Garth is clearly suffering. His wounds, now fully bandaged.

GARTH

We gotta get outta here. We're
sittin' ducks... Hell, not even,
'least some ducks can fly. We're
more like sittin' chickens.

TEX

Garth. Sh.

LEX

Garth. Sh.

DOM

We're not leaving til' we see this
through.

GARTH

Why not come back with help?

Lex withdraws her phone, it lights up -- NO SERVICE.

LEX

We can't call for help --

TEX

-- we're out in the fuckin
boonies.

Dom checks his phone, he also has NO SERVICE. He hands the
phone to Garth.

DOM

Here, since you're outta commission
and good with this kind of shit, go
find service and call the Wolves.

GARTH

But... Buck is out there.

DOM

Then drive fast and pray he doesn't
have night vision. Mr. Chicken.

INT. BUCK'S DEN

Buck enters. Through the slits in the metal shutters he sees -
- one of the gang sedans driving off, exiting the estate.

Buck rushes onto the high balcony, M14 in-hand. Points. Aims.

He lowers his rifle.

The sedan is now a tiny spec on the horizon.

EXT. HAY ROLL FIELD - NIGHT

Arturo and Tye tiptoe through the hay roll field.

They stop -- up ahead, a FLASHLIGHT beams out at the tree leaves. Tye gets a closer look.

It's a gangster. His flashlight is in his mouth. He unzips his pants and begins to pee.

TYE

Let's go around.

ARTURO

No. We handle him.

TYE

But there's more of them out there.

ARTURO

Then it's one less to deal with.

MOMENTS LATER

Arturo steadily creeps behind the gangster. A ROCK in hand. Tye is in tow, gripping the pistol.

As Arturo nears the man, we hear a DING-DING.

Tye freezes. He reaches in his pocket and realizes his PHONE has found service. It DINGS as a flurry of messages rush in.

The gangster realizes danger lurks behind. Arturo has no choice but to rush the gangster as he spins and aims a GUN.

Arturo tackles him. The pistol fires, but the shot goes errant, hitting a HAY BALE mere feet from Tye.

SOMEWHERE IN THE HAY FIELD

Lil' Red is alerted by the shot.

BACK WITH ARTURO & TYE

Arturo and the gangster wrestle, trading blows. Nearby Tye is tentative, unknowing of whether to help or aim the pistol.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Tye... Shoot him.

As Tye steadies the pistol, pointed right at the gangster --

A building of footfalls. Tye turns, too late, Lil' Red tackles Tye to the dirt. They both hit the ground hard.

The massive man restrains Tye. Tye swats at his face, but its like a fly swatter hitting a rhino. No use.

Tye scrambles for an alternative. He POKES his EYE. This really incites him. He slams Tye's and grabs his collar.

NEARBY

Arturo crawls for a ROCK, extending his arm out towards it. His enemy lays disoriented behind.

The gangster comes to, grabs Arturo's leg and pulls him back.

But Arturo turns and bashes the gangster's face with the rock, knocking him out cold.

BACK WITH TYE

Lil' Red strangles Tye with Tye's shirt collar.

LIL' RED
Past bed time, boy. Go to sleep.

Tye tries to fight it, chopping at his massive, pulsating arms. They don't budge. Then --

Arturo rushes over and boots him off of Tye, sending the massive Lil' Red rolling in the dust.

Lil' Red stumbles to the midst of the clearing. He spots his dead partners PISTOL nearby. He stands, reaches for it.

A DEEP CLICK. We float down to his BOOT, is firmly tangled within a TRIP WIRE. He freezes.

Arturo and Tye recognize what he's entangled in.

Arturo shakes his head, gesturing for him to stay put, but Lil' Red locks on to the pistol that's just out of reach.

Arturo rushes and bear hugs Tye, serving as a human shield.

Lil' Red's boot glides firmly through the trip wire mine and and BOOM -- Arturo and Tye are blasted backwards.

Arturo lands on Tye as he's filled with shrapnel.

A face full of agony, inches from Tye's.

Tye discerns what just happened.

TYE
Arturo? ... Arturo?!

Arturo flops on his back. He gasps in pain. Tye comes to aid.

TYE (CONT'D)
Come on, Arturo. You gotta get up.

Arturo coughs up blackish blood. His future looks dim.

ARTURO
You have to leave me.

TYE
I can't do that.

Arturo shakes his head. Tye examines shrapnel that's literally turned his flesh into mini shish-kabobs.

ARTURO
I have lived life as a man... It is
your turn to do the same.

Now Tye sees the rays of a flashlight at a distance.

He looks back to Arturo, but his life force has left him.

EXT. CATTLE PEN

Tye surreptitiously makes his way past barns, now arriving at the cow pen entrance. He peeks back in the DISTANT CLEARING --

A FIGURE with a flashlight.

Tye opens the gate to the cattle pen and proceeds forward.

50 COWS stand stodgy and dull. Tye maneuvers into the crowd.

OUT IN THE DARK OPEN CLEARING

Big Ned scouts the terrain. Flashlight and pistol in hand.

BIG NED
Pss! Red! Where are you?! Red!

Big Ned kneels down and observes Tye's tracks in the soil.

BACK IN THE CATTLE PEN

Tye checks the magazine count in the PISTOL. He now stands at the backside of the pen. Nothing but cow ass faces him. He raises the pistol high in the air. *BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG.*

The entire herd of cows are collectively startled. They begin to canter at a slow, but steadily accelerating pace.

BACK IN THE CLEARING

Big Ned is also startled by the shots --

He aims his flashlight and pistol in all directions.

The ground vibrates. The footfalls of cattle grows louder.

Big Ned shines his flashlight in the distance --

The light reveals the STAMPEDE of FIFTY COWS, now barreling full sprint towards him like fifty runaway trains.

He starts his scamper the other way until WHAM, a young, yet to be de-horned COW impales Big Ned. He SCREAMS.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Tye sneaks towards the back side of the ranch house.

He passes, unbeknownst to him, the half covered window. *The window the metal shutter malfunctioned on earlier.*

Tye nears the BACK DOOR. Just as he readies to enter -- it opens and a HAND snatches him inside.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's BUCK. He holds Tye by the collar, checking his body.

BUCK
Are you hit? Let me see?

TYE
I'm good. I'm good. Stop.

Buck exhales.

BUCK
Where's Arturo?

Pure dread overtakes Tye... Buck catches on and for once, it looks as if Buck could cry.

TYE
(beat)
It's on me... My phone went off.
That gave us away and...

BUCK

You and the damn phone... Classic. All this, cause you people can't just keep the pecker in your pants and the phone on silent. Now, we're FUBAR and Arturo's GONE. *Thank you.*

TYE

Oh, this situation is on me now? That's where you're taking this?

BUCK

I suppose it is.

TYE

Sure, Buck, I'm seventeen and I like girls. Maybe even girls at strip clubs. Were you any different?

BUCK

Yeah. I was seventeen and falsifying my enlistment forms, and promptly heading off to go fight.

TYE

So, the entire time you were in Vietnam, you didn't make one, 17-year-old decision? One fuck up?

Silence. Buck isn't ready to divulge. Finally --

BUCK

Well, I never got anyone killed.

TYE

Right, 'cause how was I supposed to know El Lobo Loco was owned by, whoever the fuck that is outside.

BUCK

The Wolves.

TYE

Yeah. Them. Now, I think *you* owe me a non-cryptic explanation... No more secrets.

Buck sits down, distraught, but Tye stays intense.

BUCK

How 'bout I get us out of this and--

TYE

Fuck. That. I just got shot *with a taser and* choked out in the same twenty-four hours. And for what?

BUCK

I suppose I haven't been exactly forthcoming with you...

INT. BUCK'S DEN (MOMENTS LATER)

Buck flips the light on in his den room. He digs in drawers while Tye waits with baited breath.

BUCK

As you know, I did a lot of morally -- neutral -- things for old Uncle Sam. Some I liked, others, well... *you know*. Not great for one's sleeping habits. But your grandma, she worked wonders on me. Brought me back to the land of the living.

Buck finally withdraws a news article.

BUCK (CONT'D)

We tended our home, raised ponies, raised a boy too... and it gave me peace for once... 'cept peace don't last very long out here. Cancer got Pam. Then after your dad passed, well, my spirit went with him.

Buck takes a beat to kiss the pair of DOG TAGS on his neck.

TYE

What'd you do about it?

BUCK

I was in the hole, trying to find a way to not roll credits on my life... So, I did somethin' I surely shouldn't have.

Buck hands Tye the news article.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Went to the Lobo Loco...

Tye's anger slowly builds -- he reads the old article:

SHOOTOUT AT STRIP CLUB LEAVES THREE BIKERS DEAD.

Tye's eyes flit around to: **SUSPECT STILL AT LARGE.**

TYE

And here you are, giving me these long-winded, fancy sermons about *doing the right thing*? Guess you were just projecting all this time.

BUCK

Guess so.

Buck finally accepts defeat. A beat.

TYE

You gonna at least stop teasing and tell me how it all went down?

Buck wises up.

BUCK

Like you, I got in a lil' tangle. Words devolved to fists, fists turned to stomps, and stomps turned into me making use of my .44 Magnum... Funny thing is, I kinda' even enjoyed that last part... Not like the world was going to miss a few Wolves. Their fentanyl has killed a lot more than I have.

TYE

Hm. I'm assuming the operator of that .44 Magnum was never caught.

Buck shakes his head with smugness.

BUCK

See, as much as I disdained the jungle for the number it did on me... I can't lie, I loved the hunt. Sadly, for the "Wolves", when they sought revenge on me, they reawakened that love.

By the look on his face, Buck is reliving all of his warfare.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Only this war was in West Texas... Part of me was hoping they'd kill me... But they just kept coming, and I just kept -- *not missing*.

TYE

How'd it all end?

BUCK
The peace treaty of course.

TYE
You aren't one to give up easy,
though.

BUCK
You know me well... *I* signed it,
'cause my six-year-old grandson was
set to visit me that week.

Tye lets that sink in. He digs for a response.

TYE
Wow. Well then. That was cutting it
a tad close... *But thank you.*

BUCK
If only we knew the predicament
we'd be in twelve years later.

The two share a long laugh. Tye gestures to Dom and the
Wolves outside, bringing the two back to reality.
Buck peeks through the shutters at the remaining gang.

TYE
It's too bad you missed the Wolf
that mattered most.

BUCK
I thought getting one's own ass
handed to them by an old man would
lead them to realize that -- maybe
this kind of career path ain't for
them. But in my time I've come to
realize young men can never cheat
what they're meant for. Hence why I
got faith in you.

TYE
What gives you faith?

BUCK
For as much as I disapproved, your
daddy married a real good one.
Maybe you can find a way to be the
best of all of us.

A beat of reflection from both. Tye loosens up.

TYE
You're a bold mother fucker...

Buck shrugs.

BUCK
Bold is in our genes, too.

TYE
I'm even more surprised you chose
to remain staying an hour away from
these psychos.

BUCK
Well, now, common sense? That tends
to skip a generation in the family.

They share a laugh until Tye realizes it's a dig at him too.

BUCK (CONT'D)
This place belongs to the Londons.
You included. Which is why I don't
leave it, and it's why we protect
it.

A long beat of reflection. Buck takes another peek outside.

EXT. BUCK'S BALCONY - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Buck peeks below at the collection of cars 50 feet away.
Through his WALKIE-TALKIE connected to the SPEAKER, he talks:

BUCK
How we doin', Dom? Gettin' sleepy --

BANG-BANG-BANG. Bullets hit the barrier atop the tall balcony
-- Buck lurches back into safety.

AT THE CARS IN THE DISTANCE

Tex and Lex are camped out in cover, rifles fixed on Buck's
looming balcony. Dom is just behind.

BUCK (CONT'D)
That ain't a way to treat your
host!

A couple weapons and tactical equipment is laid out in the
back of Dom's SUV.

BUCK (CONT'D)
At least let me eat dinner first
before we get into more gunplay.

Dom SHOUTS back --

DOM
I think you've lost a step, Buck!
All good things come to an end.

BUCK
And what about them?

Dom observes the multiple dead bodies on his property --

BUCK (CONT'D)
Tell that to their mothers.

Dom thinks. He enters the nearby vacant sheriff's cruiser.

Grabs the LOUD HORN. Turns it on, then speaks to Buck --

DOM
You know, for years I thought about
our treaty. I reflected on that
massacre you gave us, too. And I
respected you for it. You made us
exponentially stronger by feeding
us what we'd been doling out.

BUCK
Well hope it didn't taste too sour.

Dom remains thoughtful.

DOM
But as I look back on the
destruction that you and *your boy*
caused tonight, I realize it's now
on *me* to provide you a comeuppance.
So, not only am I coming for that
money, but I'm coming for you too.

Buck lets that simmer for a beat. All very amusing.

BUCK
I'll be looking forward to it.

Buck retreats to his den, then something dawns on him.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Dom, if I can recall, you were just
a little, gentle man, not too long
ago... Now, you're leadin' a pack
of menaces, but I never once heard
of you partakin' in any -- *menacing*
behavior yourself.

Dom doesn't have an answer for that.
Lex and Tex glower back at Dom with skepticism.

BUCK (CONT'D)

The most vilest of all vile acts is takin' life. Takes years from you too. If you ain't ready for that, road home is behind you.

DOM

Sorry, Buck. Only road I see runs straight through your home.

Buck reflects for a beat. He heads back inside.

IN BUCK'S DEN ROOM

Buck reenters. Tye is apprehensive.

TYE

So, I guess compensating them for the damages I caused is out of the question.

BUCK

Don't worry about the money.

Buck picks up an M4 RIFLE sitting on his desk. He does a quick inspection. Pulls the lever and peeks the chamber.

BUCK (CONT'D)

How many of 'em in the forest?

Buck reaches in an a box and withdraws the heavy duty, 100 round ammunition clips from earlier.

TYE

They're gone. I handled them.

Buck lowers the rifle down with the ammo clips.

BUCK

Well I'll be dogged! Look at you. Maybe I was wrong all this time.

A beat. Tye gestures to the rifle and ammunition clips --

TYE

What're we gonna do with that?

BUCK

I'm gonna finish this. I got high ground. Different windows to pop shots from... I can occupy them giving you time to call state police. *Not the Sheriff.*

TYE

Okay. Tell me what I gotta do then.

BUCK

Do what you do best. Use the phone.

TYE

That'd be a lot easier if we could make outgoing calls at the moment.

BUCK

If we can get you to the bunker, there's an emergency phone. I Just gotta provide enough of a distraction in the form of high powered bullets to--

(realizing)

SHIT.

Buck checks the 100 round barrel magazine. EMPTY.

BUCK (CONT'D)

The ammo's in the damn basement.

TYE

I can go find it. You keep watch.

BUCK

Green boxes... Be safe.

The two share a nod of assurance. As Tye exits, Buck peeks --

OUTSIDE

Reinforcements arrive. Two more SUVs arrive across the way.

Out steps EIGHT more GANG MEMBERS. They commiserate with Dom. For once, Buck actually appears concerned.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

Garth, now bandaged to the max, rendezvouses with Dom.

GARTH

How's this for back up?

Dom is pleasantly surprised.

GARTH (CONT'D)

We got some boys from Midland bringing some ammo down, too.

Dom continues enjoying what he's hearing.

GARTH (CONT'D)
Oh, and you can't forget the best
feature of all...

Garth points to the horizon where --

A MASSIVE RED TOW TRUCK rounds the entrance, trundling
menacingly down the road, stopping just before the Wolves.

DOM
What the fuck are we gonna do with
the big rig?

Garth references the steel barricades protecting the FRONT
DOOR of the ranch house.

GARTH
Rip that steel clean off, of
course.

DOM
Garth, I love your generation.
Soft, yet sharp. You did well. But
God willing that's gonna be plan Z.

He gives Garth an "atta boy" pat. Garth observes the scene.

GARTH
Where are the twins?

DOM
They're plan A right now.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Lex and Tex furtively shimmy along the backside of the house.

Lex gestures to the only window in the whole house that isn't
currently covered by the metal shutters: the same window sill
where Tye left the pain buckets sitting earlier.

INT. BASEMENT

Using his phone's flashlight, Tye scans through the basement.

He spots three green military ammo boxes under the workbench.

TYE
They're all fucking green, Buck.

Tye contemplates which to open.

Using his bodyweight, Tye slams Lex against the work bench sending the pistol skidding across the floor.

Lex butts the crown of her head into Tye's nose, CRACK.

Lex reels. Her head hurts just as bad as Tye's broken nose.

Tye drops to a kneel. Lex gathers herself and plods towards the pistol until Tye TACKLES her, pinning her to the floor.

TYE

Just stop! Please!

She furtively snatches the baton from nearby and -- JAMS Tye in the stomach. He grunts. Leaned over and incapacitated.

She wraps around like a spider, pinning the baton against his THROAT, using it to suffocate him. Eyes bulge. Veins pulse.

Just out of reach on the work bench -- the NAIL GUN.

Tye extends for it. Lex squeezes harder. He stretches.

Tye's eyes flutter just as he grabs the NAIL GUN. Presses it against Lex's arm and SHOOTS shot after shot.

Lex coils in pain, softening her grip and dropping the baton.

Tye steels himself, grabs the baton. Then digs his hand in the metal box full of batteries.

He quickly jams a fat 9V battery in the base of the BATON.

It POWERS ON.

Lex gathers herself and rushes him. Tye turns and ZAP --

The electrified end of the baton sticks her NECK.

She stumbles, trips, and CRACK! Her head smashes open against the sharp corner of the workbench as she falls.

Tye waits for a sign of movement.

TYE (CONT'D)

Hello? ... Yo?

She's OUT. Possibly out forever. A pool of blood seeps.

Tye picks up her PISTOL. Examines it. Then cocks it.

INT. BUCK'S DEN (SAME TIME)

Buck perks up as he hears heavy footfalls in the hallway.

BUCK

Tye?

He clocks his pistol sitting on his desk. Grabs it.

He shimmies along the wall, listening to the heavy footsteps.

We float above, as we can see both Buck and...

TEX. They track the vibrations of each other's footfalls.

Buck aims at the door. He watches it slowly creep open...

Then a military FLASH BANG plops into the room.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Fuck.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Dom and his men are startled by the *BOOM*.

The Wolves gaze up as -- multiple FLASHES as white as the SUN, emit from Buck's towering balcony window.

INT. BUCK'S DEN (MOMENTS LATER)

Buck clenches his eyes. Beyond incapacitated.

Another FLASH BANG lands in the room. It explodes -- filling the air with the whitest, blinding light one could witness.

FROM BUCK'S POV: Every color of the rainbow. His vision is blurred. As his eyes flit around the room --

Tex appears in front of him and WHAM! Plants him with a FIST.

CUT TO BLACK.

Over black, we hear the cheers and chants of the entire gang.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - BUCK'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Tex holds his captured prey (Buck) up for all to see.

TEX

I did it, Dom! I think I'm gettin'
a raise tonight, what do ya' say?!

DOM

Where's Lex? Where's the boy?!

Tex can't make out what Dom is saying.

TEX

What was that, Dom?

Tex leans over the balcony barricade.

Dom shushes his men. Cups his hands over his mouth. Shouts --

DOM

I said where is the --

BANG. BANG... BANG. Tex gets razored with bullets.

Dom's face drops in horror. The gang goes silent, in shock.

ON THE BALCONY

Tex teeters over the edge -- Buck watches, bewildered, as even more bullets pierce Tex.

Tex falls from the ledge, splattering on the front steps of the ranch house below. Everyone GASPS. Disgusted.

Tye, stands feet away in Buck's den room. A sizzling PISTOL is in his hands. He's trembling.

Buck looks to him, surprised -- then he peers out to Dom.

The Wolves look to Dom for an answer. Guns at the ready.

Dom lets out an elongated SCREAM. He shouts at Buck.

DOM (CONT'D)

That's it for you Buck. We're gonna
hit you and your nig-- your negro
grandson with everything we got...

Tye lowers the gun, now holding Buck's eyes.

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

I know you hear me! Buck --

Buck recedes into his den. His eyes remain linked with Tye's for a beat. Buck finally gives him the nod of approval.

BUCK
Thank you, son.

Tye's face is jaded. He's aged tonight.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

Dom directs his men -- they're hesitant to move.

DOM
Everybody fan out. I want guns
fixed on that balcony, I don't care
how much steel cover he has--

GARTH
Hey, Dom?

DOM
WHAT-- *Garth.*

GARTH
Ammo's still forty-five minutes
out. Some runaway cows got hit on I-
20, caused a seven car accident.
Roads are jammed.

DOM
Fuck.
(shouting to everyone)
Alright, forty-five minutes. Stay
locked-in. Stay on patrol, and stay
mean. Okay?

Some of Dom's men look to him with skepticism. Dom can't help
but notice the collective morale shift.

GARTH
Please tell me I get to be the one
to kill his ass when we get inside.

DOM
We get our money first, then I'll
kill him and the boy myself.

GARTH
Boss, I got no problem doin' it.
You don't gotta get no blood on
your boots.

DOM
I think it's 'bout time I did.

INT. BUCK'S DEN ROOM

Tye sits on the floor. His face in his palms. Buck sits across. Tye raises his head to check on --

His PHONE, laying FACE UP in the middle of the two. A **COUNT DOWN** has been initiated on its screen: 44:31... 44:30...

More silence ensues.

TYE

Do you still think about it?

BUCK

'Bout what?

TYE

The men you... you know...

BUCK

The men I've taken from the Earth?

Buck nods. He eyes the wall of former Wolves above him.

TYE

I really didn't wanna do it...
Guess I never had a choice.

Tye sighs.

BUCK

Killing has context.

TYE

What's that supposed to mean?

BUCK

Killing on purpose? Shit, anyone can do that. Girls kill on purpose. Boys kill for revenge. But men, *like you*. Your Dad. Ya'll kill to protect... Sometimes survival necessitates bad shit.

Tye ruminates for a moment.

TYE

Was my dad ever around for any of this?

BUCK

Na. I sent him away long before. Needed the army to do what I couldn't.

TYE

I thought he was the golden boy.

BUCK

Wasn't a rebel like you, but he wasn't perfect... He had the seeds of greatness. Sure. I just wasn't the one to sprout them.

(growing despondent)

You know why I turned his bedroom into this shrine? Because everyday, I want it to serve as a reminder...

Buck withdraws a pair of DOG TAGS, chained to a necklace tucked under his shirt. *Tye Sr's dog tags.*

BUCK (CONT'D)

That I failed him... Sent my boy off to war, so the army could fix my depressing attempt at being a father... but in reality, I sent my boy to his death.

Buck's emotions bubble through. Tye checks the countdown on the phone **43:25** left.

He joins Buck, comforting him in this moment of reflection.

BUCK (CONT'D)

See, I've been all kinds a' critical with you, because you got potential too... I'm just trying to finally sprout those seeds this time around.

TYE

You did... I'm gonna be a lot better from here on. Cause this kind of life, it ain't for me.

BUCK

Okay... Then start living how your momma would want you to.

Tye nods. Buck finally cracks some semblance of a smile.

Buck takes the DOG TAG necklace off and bestows it to Tye.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Keep 'em.

Tye reads the two tags: TYE M. LONDON. 9942643. B POS. PROTESTANT. Underneath it is BUCK'S rusty Vietnam DOG TAG.

BUCK (CONT'D)
You're the man now.

Tye puts them on his neck, feeling their sentimental weight.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Own that.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

The tow truck reverses in between the pile up of cars.
It breaks equidistantly between the Wolves and the house.

BEHIND DOM'S SUV

Dom checks his watch, impatiently. His men loiter.

BEHIND THE HOUSE MOMENTS LATER

Five Wolves patrol and commiserate at the back of the house.

INT. TYE'S ROOM (SAME TIME)

Tye watches the gang get situated in the hay field.

INT. KITCHEN (MOMENTS LATER)

Tye enters. Buck's wooden dinner chairs are spread out.
Buck's in the midst of sawing a DIVOT in the back of a chair.

TYE
Forty minutes left. Got a plan?

Nearby, one of the M4 RIFLES has been mounted to a wooden chair. Pounds of DUCT TAPE secure it to the chair back.

The large DRUM MAGAZINE CLIP, capable of holding 100 rounds, is locked into the rifle.

A long STRING has been tightly fastened around its trigger. If the gun weren't on safety, it'd be firing bullets.

This is Buck's DIY, jerry-rigged, self-firing turret.

BUCK
Hand me that one over there.

Buck points to an identical M4 RIFLE sitting on the counter.

Tye hands it to Buck. He grabs another piece of string and starts wrapping it around the trigger.

TYE

You know, it's lookin' less likely
you can just shoot our way out of
this. At least four are out front.

Buck fixes the rifle onto the back of the chair. It fits.

TYE (CONT'D)

Five hovering out back.

BUCK

Yeah... playing Alamo ain't gonna
end pretty. BUT --
(re: M4 rifles)
Like I said. These are gonna
provide ample distraction.

TYE

We're surrounded, Buck. Both sides.
I like where you're goin', but
we're missing half a plan.

BUCK

I know. I'm workin' on it. Any
solutions you been keepin' close to
your vest would great to hear.

TYE

I can wander around the house and
try to find service.

BUCK

Eh. I don't wanna waste anymore of
the time we got left.

Now Tye ponders. His eyes float to the STOVE TOPS nearby.

TYE

Remember what you said, when we had
that taco night? About the gas? One
bad leak, this whole place. Poof.

Now the light bulb flickers for Buck.

BUCK

Wolves do hate fire.

TYE
 Exactly. If a gas leak can send
 this place up in flames, call me
 crazy, but maybe we find a way to
 set it off...

BUCK
 Now you really sound like a London.

INT. BASEMENT

Buck and Tye amble through the basement. Buck carries a BAT.

Buck leads Tye to the GAS LINE in the basement.

TYE
 Want me to do the honors?

Buck hands Tye the bat. Tye corks back and swings, breaking
 the GAS LINE PIPE in the basement. A *HISSING* ensues.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Gunpowder is poured into a PIPE CAPSULE.

BUCK
 With the right explosive device --

Behind, Buck tapes a bundle of PIPE BOMBS together, creating
 an improvised explosive device. A FUSE is attached.

BUCK (CONT'D)
 We can ignite gas, then we get all
 of them in one go.

TYE
 We just gotta set it off. *Remotely.*

Tye's eyes wander to the NO-DIAL LAND LINE PHONE nearby.

-- Tye disassembles a NO-DIAL LAND LINE PHONE.

-- The NO-DIAL land line PHONE has been completely stripped
 like its undergoing surgery. Buck watches --

Tye weave exposed wires from the phone, connecting it to the
 FUSE protruding from his IED BOMB.

TYE (CONT'D)
 Now, we just need a way to send a
 current. You sure the phone in
 there works?

Buck nods with pride. Then he points to the WINDOW:

In the distance, between two hay fields, is the BUNKER.

BUCK

We just gotta make it there.

TYE

Long as the power's on. We're good for a boom. No more house. No more rednecks.

Buck is in awe of Tye.

BUCK

Where'd you learn how to work with wires?

TYE

Many years of street education.

Buck loves that. A moment of silence. Then an ALARM sounds.

Tye's phone shows **60 seconds** are left in the countdown.

Unease washes over Tye. He watches the countdown.

BUCK

What's the matter?

TYE

(flippant)

Nothin' much, just thinking about how I might be dead by the morning.

BUCK

HEY. We're dead the day we step on this Earth...

Buck takes Tye by the shoulder.

BUCK (CONT'D)

And based off your dauntless display tonight, you've already swallowed that pill. So, *Tye Jr.*, knuckle the fuck up, and meet me upstairs.

Buck kisses Tye's head and trails off to the stairwell.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dom and the alpha Wolves gear up behind two pick-up trucks.

Their truck beds are filled with ammunition clips and AR-15s.

DOM
Safety's off. Thirty seconds we're
on.

They lock and load. Click their guns off of safety.

Dom's eyes trail off towards the house for signs of movement.

A beat. Then --

All the lights in the house CUT OFF.

A metallic whirring echos. The METAL SHUTTERS protecting every window lift HALF WAY up. Another quiet beat...

Now everyone's attention is on the house.

AT A DARK WINDOW

The BARREL of an M4 RIFLE slowly extends out.

BACK OUT FRONT

Dom and his men brace for any signs of movement.

DOM (CONT'D)
Alright.
(to his men)
Green light! You see it, you shoot
it.

Dom spots the TRUCK CAB driver and gives him a thumbs up.

INSIDE A DARK BEDROOM

Buck has the DIY self-firing turret set up at the window. Buck gathers himself. His finger floats over a SAFETY SWITCH.

BACK OUT FRONT

A long beat -- MACHINE GUN FIRE erupts from a dark, left side 2nd story window. Dom's men duck and cover, returning fire.

IN ANOTHER DARK BEDROOM

Tye angles another HOMEMADE RIFLE TURRET.

In the background, Wolves are preoccupied with the gunfire from the adjacent side. Tye flips the SAFETY switch to FIRE.

It begins erratically firing on its own. Tye backs away and lets the unmanned gun fire aimlessly into the distance.

BACK OUTSIDE

Dom uses the cover of his SUV to blindly shoot at the windows. Little does he know, the machine guns are un-manned.

MOMENTS LATER IN THE HALLWAY

Tye and Buck rendezvous. The automatic gunfire is perpetual.

BUCK

That'll buy us a minute.

(shouting over gunfire)

How many did you say were out back?

TYE

Four! Maybe five! You ready?

EXT. BACKSIDE OF THE HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

More goons jolt at the sounds of the automatic machine gun fire in the distance.

They remain in cover throughout, waiting for signs of Buck.

The door bursts open, but no one appears. They're perplexed.

INSIDE

Tye remains in hiding behind the edge of the wall.

We FLOAT OVER to the next room -- Buck aims his rifle out through the faulty shutter.

A **SILENCER** remains fixed to the end of his M14 rifle **BARREL**.

BACK OUTSIDE

PEW. PEW. A gangster aiming at the open door is dropped.

Before another gangster can aim -- he doesn't even know what hit him as he's pelted with soundless rifle shots.

BACK AT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Dom and his men litter both windows with gunfire. They fail to realize no one is up there firing those automatic rifles.

BACK INSIDE THE HOUSE

Buck shoots. One body collapses in the distance.

A remaining gangster fires, chipping the window. Glass explodes on Buck cutting his cheek open. He grunts in pain.

The gangster retreats deeper into the field of hay rolls.

Tye enters to check on Buck's status --

TYE
Let me see it.

BUCK
No. I'm good. We gotta push.

Buck wipes the blood from his cheek.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dom and his men remain in cover as the turret fire CEASES.

Smoke emanates from their red hot barrels.

DOM
They're reloading, get up there!

Dom signals to the tow truck driver in cover. He scurries out and hops in the big truck cab. Starts the engine --

Reverses it towards the front porch of the ranch house.

Dom's men slowly advance with the trundling tow truck.

EXT. BACK OF RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Buck and Tye trek into the hay field, passing a bleeding gangster, inching towards his pistol on the ground.

Tye picks the pistol up and places it in his waistband.

The dying gangster concedes and lays his head in the dirt.

EXT. FRONT OF RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

One of Dom's henchman latches a HOOK to the metal barrier covering the front door. He signals to the driver.

The engine revs. A TOW CABLE connecting the hook to the back of the tow truck stretches, pulling on the barrier.

Wheels grind in the dirt. The metal barrier begins to torque

EXT. HAY FIELDS - NIGHT

Buck mounts his rifle on the edge of a hay roll. Tye follows in tow, checking their surroundings.

He sees the cold BARREL of a rifle extending from behind hay rolls across the way. Buck's trigger finger doesn't hesitate.

SILENT BULLETS litter the hay roll, exploding its edges.

A gangster falls from behind it, crumpling in pain. Buck plants another shot in him.

BUCK

It was just four of 'em, right?

Buck advances to check the gangster's status --

TYE

No. I told you, five--

TWO GUNSHOTS. Buck is pierced by bullets in his leg.

TYE (CONT'D)

Buck!

Buck slams himself in cover behind a hay roll, gripping his thigh. There's two bullets near some pretty crucial veins.

Tye withdraws the PISTOL from his own waist band. Debates.

Buck shakes his head to Tye. Tye doesn't care in this moment.

EXT. FRONT OF RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The metal barrier is pulled to its near breaking point.

Dom watches closely. Fire in his eyes.

The barrier contorts. SNAP!

DOM

Go! Go! Go!

The metal barrier is ripped off. Gangsters rush past Dom, entering the house, scanning for signs of Buck and Tye.

EXT. BACK OF RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The gangster shoots, pinning Buck in cover. As he reloads --

BULLETS ricochet with the tractor. TWO plant in his SHOULDER.

AT A HAY ROLL NEARBY

Tye fires on the gangster, almost emptying the chamber.

While the gangster remains cowered behind the tractor, Tye repositions, scurrying, sliding right in next to Buck.

TYE

How bad is it? ...
Stay with me now. That sunburnt
skin can take a bullet.

BUCK

Ha. Guess I'm a sunburnt bitch
after all.

Tye moves Buck's hand, revealing pink and red carnage.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Feels like one got my femoral. The
other grazed my junk... Safe to
assume you won't be gettin' a new
uncle anytime soon.

Buck chuckles. Tye doesn't. He examines Buck's jumble of veins and blood. Buck grits and bears. Stifles his pain.

Tye removes his shirt and wraps Buck's leg with it.

Buck notices Tye's intense demeanor. He looks proud for once.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Don't hate me for saying this, but
you sure as hell are startin' to
remind me of him.

TYE

I'm not him... Wasn't meant to be.

BUCK

Then find a way to be the best you.
Simple as that.

Tye finally accepts this notion. A sense of respite. Then --

Buck grabs his rifle, disregards Tye. He musters his strength and shoots back at the gangster behind the tractor.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Tye... Only one of us is making it
out tonight. I think you know who.

TYE

No...

Buck and Tye look out and see the LIGHTS to the ranch house flash on. Silhouettes of henchman disperse throughout.

TYE (CONT'D)
Buck... We go together.

BUCK
Next time I fire, you better run
like a fox and get to the bunker.

Buck loads his rifle. He's unflappable. Tye is baffled.

BUCK (CONT'D)
I already failed one son...
Get to the bunker. Give it five
minutes. Then make that call and
blow the house. Only way this ends.

The gangster fires errant shots their way.

INT. RANCH HOUSE

Dom and company storm through. Garth stops, noticing the backdoor open. SHOTS echo from outside.

GARTH
Dom. Check it out.

Dom and Garth approach the back door.

EXT. HAY ROLL FIELDS - NIGHT

Buck finishes reloading his rifle. Tye is mulling a choice.

BUCK
These boys are gonna hunt us 'til
they get what they want... I got
penance to pay. You got life to
live... Make the hard choice.

Tye takes a beat to come to grips with what he's about to do.

TYE
Love you, grandpa.

Tye hands Buck the pistol.

BUCK
Love you, too.

Buck considers, then places his branded "L" hat on Tye's head. Tye composes himself, preparing to leave.

TYE

Wait. What's the code?

BUCK

Your birth date... Now RUN.

Tye takes off into the field. The gangster aims at him --

Buck rises from cover, walking and shooting from the hip, unloading as many shots as he can at the gangster.

Bullets rip the gangster's rib. With one hand still on his rifle, the gangster fires back at Buck.

A shot pierces Buck's shoulder, but he's unfazed.

Buck continues firing while closing distance on the gangster. The gangster's torso explodes with bloody holes.

Click. Click. Buck is out of ammo. He withdraws the PISTOL.

The gangster lays in pain, reeling from his wounds.

APPROACHING FOOTFALLS.

The barrel of a pistol floats over the gangster's eyes.

Buck stands over. Imbued with vigor. Finger on the trigger.

BANG! A GUNSHOT. Except Buck hasn't fired.

DOM (O.S.)

Party is over, Buck.

Dom's smoking pistol is raised in the air. A warning shot.

Buck looks down at his CHEST, RED LASER DOTS all over him.

Alpha Wolves converge. The pack is hungry.

BUCK

Suppose the chickens have finally
come home to roost.

Buck drops his gun. Faces them with a "here I am" gesture.

Dom emerges from the pack and STRIKES Buck in his jaw.

Buck stumbles to a knee. Dom strikes him again.

Now Dom grips Buck by his grey stringy hair.

DOM
You're gonna give us what you owe.
Then I'm gonna bury you.

BUCK
You sure you got that in you?

Dom clears his throat and SPITS in Buck's face, then lets him collapse to the dirt. Dom's men move in and apprehend Buck.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - BUNKER - NIGHT

Tye arrives at the bunker. Before he presses on the KEYPAD --
He stops to gaze back half a mile in the clearing:

BY THE RANCH HOUSE

Buck is forcefully escorted towards the house.

All the lights are on. The gang appears in every window,
every open door. An inevitable wave of malevolence.

INT. BUNKER

The door to the bunker unlocks. Tye enters. Locks the door.

His eyes flit past the doomsday prepper nature of this
bunker, finally locating a PHONE hooked to the wall.

He continues to the phone at the edge of the bunker.

Something catches his eye on the shelf beneath...

He examines an ENVELOPE titled "TYE".

Considers. Pockets it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Buck flips the light on. Dom and company stand behind. Gun
barrels from every directions are fixed at his back.

He opens the doors to his TV STAND. Inside is the massive,
old 90s TELEVISION.

Buck unhinges the front of the old TV revealing a HUGE SAFE
is sitting inside of it. The TV itself is simply a shell.

Buck twists the combination lock.

INT. BUNKER (SAME TIME)

Tye picks up the phone. He dials three numbers on the keypad.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Buck leisurely opens the safe. Dom waits with bated breath.

DOM
Stop fuckin' about. Open it.

Buck now reveals the opened massive safe to Dom --

INT. BUNKER

Tye considers dialing more numbers, but his eyes float to --

A FRAMED **MAP** of the land on the wall, titled:

The London Family Homestead.

The amount of land is expansive. Way larger than imagined.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dom's eyes dart around the safe. There is NO money.

DOM
Where is it, Buck?

Buck takes a beat to think. He feigns a senile look.

BUCK
Ah! You know what? I remember now,
I musta' spent it all on the land.
Yeah, that's it...

Darkness overtakes Dom. Buck shrugs.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Guess I got nothing for you.

Buck chuckles.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Suppose that leaves you with one
thing to do...

Dom shares grim looks with his men. Contemplates.

Dom turns back to Buck and fires a round into Buck's chest.

Buck collapses back INTO THE SAFE.

INT. BUNKER (SAME TIME)

Tye dials three more numbers. Pauses before the last digit.
Through the dirty, reinforced window: the RANCH HOUSE looms.

INT. LIVING ROOM (SAME TIME)

Dom approaches and stands over Buck. Pistol raised.

DOM
'The most vilest of all vile acts
is takin' life.' A quote from the
great Sergeant Buck London.

Dom readies to pull the trigger once more until --
A distant **RING. RING. RING... RING. RING. RING** from below.
Dom and Buck lock eyes.
Buck grins. His last one ever.

IN THE BASEMENT

-- The land line PHONE connected to the IED rings.
-- BROKEN GAS LINE HISSES.
-- IED BEEPS.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

A beat. The house EXPLODES in a ball of FIERY RED.

INT. BUNKER

Tye watches the explosion through the translucent reinforced window. He drops the phone. Sorrow is in his eyes. Splinters of wood fly. A fiery mushroom in the sky.

As we hold on Tye's distraught face --

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Water blasts what remains of the smoldering house.

A FIRE TRUCK has arrived. FIREMEN spray the rubble.

Horses and cattle run free amongst the property.

BY DOM'S ABANDONED CARS

Yellow tape is everywhere. So are Texas State police cars.

Dozens of **TEXAS STATE POLICE** and **TEXAS CID DETECTIVES** are canvassing the scene. Many dead bodies. Charred bodies too.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Tye snaps awake. Apprehensive. Uneasy. Was it all a dream?

Nope. He quickly discerns he's still in the bunker.

MOMENTS LATER

Tye approaches the window and peers out. Red lights illuminate the morning. Fire trucks spray the house.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

A couple DETECTIVES examine one of the cold, DEAD GANGSTERS.

Bullet wounds are incrustated into his shoulders and chest.

DETECTIVE ONE has his gloves on. Tweezers are out.

DETECTIVE ONE

Clean exit. Something high caliber.
Knowing Texas, probably five-five-six rounds. Maybe seven-six-two's.

DETECTIVE TWO writes in his notebook.

DETECTIVE TWO

Jesus, these boys were poppin' off
like it's World War Three.

APPROACHING FOOTFALLS.

They spring to their feet. Hands rest on their holsters.

It's Tye. Battered. Bruised. Dreary eyed. Zombie-like.

TYE

Please. Don't shoot. Please.

Detective One gets a once over at Tye. Eases off his holster.

INT. TEXAS STATE POLICE STATION - HOLDING ROOM

Tye sits in the holding room.

A BANDAGE sits over his crooked nose. He rolls up his sleeves to reveal the bruises and cuts that litter his arms.

As we hear the echos of the chaos from the previous night...

A KNOCK on the glass. Detective One opens the door.

DETECTIVE ONE

Got someone that'll make your day.

Angel enters and meets Tye with a hug.

ANGEL

Thank God. Oh, thank God.

Angel notices the battle scars of last night on Tye's arms.

TYE

I'm fine, Mom.

She hugs Tye again. Her attention diverts to the detective.

DETECTIVE ONE

(to Tye)

We'll need you for some questions later. Enjoy the reunion.

The detective exits. Now it's just Angel and Tye. Angel holds nothing back. Her eyes water.

ANGEL

I'm so sorry, about... about all of this. When I sent you off, this is the last thing I uh--

TYE

It's okay. I'm gonna be good.

Angel feels her own remorse. Cries ensue. Tye hugs her tighter than he ever has.

TYE (CONT'D)

Look at me... I needed all this.

ANGEL

No, no, no kid deserves to suffer through what just transpired.

TYE

Hey. I ain't a kid. You don't gotta worry about me no more. All that fuckin' off is behind me--

ANGEL

Language.

TYE

Sorry, Mom.

Angel accepts. She kisses Tye's head.

ANGEL

Your birthday's next week. I hope you're still not thinkin' about--

TYE

I'm not leaving you.

Angel exhales, and gathers herself.

ANGEL

Thank God... Let's get you home.

TYE

Can we make a detour first?

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - ENTRANCE - EVENING

Tye and Angel exit a RENTAL CAR you'd get at Hertz.

They take in the sights of the RANCH HOUSE. Now, reduced to charred wood and alloy. Caution tape surrounds the house.

Chalk body outlines are everywhere. Angel is appalled.

ANGEL

I knew I raised you strong... but this? Only a warrior makes it through.

TYE

Yeah. But sooner or later things like this woulda been life for me in LA. Don't want any part of that.

ANGEL

When we get back, don't you worry about nothing. Just, rest. We'll talk when you're ready.

TYE

Mom, I was actually thinking... You know, Grandpa lived here. Dad, too. Maybe we could rebuild and...

Tye gestures to the property.

TYE (CONT'D)

Do the same... This place, it teaches you things about you that you didn't know existed.

Angel looks conflicted.

TYE (CONT'D)

Dad would approve.

ANGEL

And how do you know that?

Tye reaches in his pocket and reveals -- the ENVELOPE with his name across it. He withdraws a letter.

TYE

Read it.

Angel is bemused. She takes the letter from Tye. Reads:

ANGEL

I didn't bother to leave this for your mother, cause she opens things, and I don't wanna give her anymore tears --

Angel can't bring herself to finish it. Tye takes the reins and reads the rest of the letter for her --

TYE

If you're reading this...

Now, Tye Sr.'s voice takes over.

TYE SR. (V.O.)

... I'm gone. So is Buck. Which means this land, it belongs to you two. Handle with care.

Tye peers at the enlarged "L" etched into the IRON GATEWAY. Feeling the entire weight of the family crest.

TYE SR. (V.O.)

I understand life here might get hard, but you'll find a way. Londons usually do...

(MORE)

TYE SR. (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Can't wait to look down and witness
 the man you become.*

TYE
 Love, Dad.

Tye lets that simmer. Then withdraws the DEED to the land.
 He unfolds and hands it to Angel. She examines. Eyes go WIDE.
 Written atop the deed: TYE LONDON JR & ANGEL LONDON.

TYE (CONT'D)
 All thousand acres. It's ours.

ANGEL
 I just -- I don't know a damn thing
 about ranches. Cows. Horses?

TYE
 And I'll teach you. The rest we
 can figure out on the fly.

ANGEL
 Your ass is eighteen soon. So, I'm
 not sure what I say even matters...

Angel references the gateway that reads "LONDON HOMESTEAD".

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 But this place already has our name
 on it. We don't have anything like
 that back home.

TYE
 Then maybe... we make this home...
 The Homestead.

For once, she approves of her son's reasoning.

ANGEL
 The Homestead.

Tye comforts his mom as the two look on at --

THE HOMESTEAD

Float up, passing the LONDON HOMESTEAD GATEWAY, rising above
 the destroyed property. We continue on over the hot plains.

Thousands of acres, all belonging to Angel and Tye now.

FADE OUT.

THE END