

The Last DJs

A crime-fantasy/horror-comedy screenplay by J. Patrick Rigney

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FADE IN:

Title:

"the early 1990s..."

EXT. CLEVELAND STREETS - NIGHT

A Cleveland Indians game lets out -- throngs of fans head to dive bars in the surrounding neighborhoods.

Sportscasters buzz about ALBERT BELLE on the airwaves.

EXT. STREET SANDWICH CART - NIGHT

A SHORT ORDER COOK slaps down a hunk of meat on a grill and cranks up the volume on his portable radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

It was Albert Belle who rallied to keep the Indians in the game until they once again encountered some trouble in the last four innings -- not since last year's three broken ribs on behalf of Wade Boggs & the Green Monster has Belle garnered so much media attention...

INT. SLUMMY BAR - NIGHT

SPECIAL AGENT PETE RILEY, 25, catches the end of the game highlights and drinks a beer.

A few PATRONS mull about. Classic rock blares from the jukebox. Some CHICKS play darts.

He plops down a five dollar bill. The BARTENDER brings over another beer.

BARTENDER

Last call.

Riley gets up, stumbles, and heads towards the back, ostensibly to take a piss.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Riley rounds the corner, passes the bathroom -- and immediately sobers up.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Riley ascends the staircase and unholsters his firearm.

EXT. DOOR

Riley peeks through a small crack in the door.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Two THUGS smoke cigarettes and laugh. They separate massive quantities of heroin into smaller containers.

EXT. DOOR

Riley breathes heavily, collects himself.

He kicks in the door.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Riley, gun drawn -- startles the thugs.

RILEY
Alright assholes, hands up!

THUG ONE dives for his Uzi on the opposite side of the room.

Without batting an eye, Riley blows off THUG TWO's head.

The other thug returns gunfire. Riley barely misses getting turned into Swiss cheese.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Shit.

Riley kicks over the metal table with the heroin on it & crouches down. A cloud of heroin obscures him from view.

The thug's leg is in plain view.

Riley takes a clean shot, straight through.

The thug winces in pain, his head pops out from behind cover and tumbles into view.

SPLAT. Riley paints the wall (Jackson Pollock-style) with the thug's brains.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Footsteps slog up the staircase at a steady pace.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The thug coughs up the last bit of blood. Riley repositions himself by the door.

A pair of feet appear.

The heroin cloud clears.

The bartender -- armed -- squints:

BARTENDER
(stupefied)
What the fuck is going on in here? Sal?

Pete produces a knife from his boot.

The bartender marvels at the carnage:

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Jesus H. Christ.

Pete's knife digs in -- he cuts across the Achilles' heel. The bartender drops to the floor. Agony - blood-curdling cream.

Pete gets a quick few stabs in on the bartender and disarms him.

The bartender reaches for his gun.

PETE
Bad move.

Pete digs his knife into the bartender's kidney.

PETE (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Do it. Do IT!

The bartender reaches AGAIN - Riley STICKS HIM, turns him over, and PISTOL WHIPS him across the face.

PETE (CONT'D)
Where'd you get the drugs? Where'd you
get the drugs? Huh?!

Riley kicks the gun to the side.

PETE (CONT'D)
WHERE DID YOU GET THE DRUGS?

BARTENDER
Fuck you.

PETE
Who's your supplier? Hey. Hey.

Riley snaps his fingers in the bartender's face. He leans in and whispers:

PETE (CONT'D)
Where'd ya get the drugs?

The bartender's on the verge of passing out.

BARTENDER
Hospital...

PETE
(practically singing)
If you want an ambulance to come, you're gonna tell me where -- YOU --- GOT -- THEEEE -- DRUUUGGGGS.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Pete wipes blood off his hands with a white towel. A grizzled vet, CHIEF THAD CULLER, walks along side him.

CULLER
You're telling me, Special Agent Riley - that two men are dead and one's in critical because of YOUNGSTOWN.

PETE
Chief -- there's two hundred grand worth of THIS.

Pete hands Culler a bag full of dope.

PETE (CONT'D)
Vis-à-vis... the good guys win.

CULLER
And the casualties?

PETE
(shrugs it off)
The NBA loses a couple players. Bird retired. Now all **we've** got is Schrempf.

CULLER

Fuckin' kraut. And fuck the NBA. Nigger
Basketball Association. So what now?

PETE

Have your contacts look into the
Youngstown tip. And I'll see what I can
dig up.

CULLER

Get some sleep, you got circles under
your eyes darker than a coon in a coffee
can.

PETE

I want on this case, Culler.

EXT. DONUT SHOP - MORNING

Pete exits his car.

CULLER (O.S.)

Your hunch was spot on. Youngstown. Who
the fuck woulda **thunk** it?

CUT TO:

A MAP:

Depicting the distance between Youngstown, Cleveland, and
Pittsburgh.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DONUT SHOP - MORNING

Culler has a few bear claws in front of him.

CULLER

Now... you gotta understand something.
What we're talking about here is deep
undercover. We can't acknowledge you.
You are on your own. Local PD ain't
givin' us shit. There's so many layers
to this and all signs point to...

PETE

Shooters Lounge. Every ranking official
has ties to that titty bar.

Pete pages through the photo print-outs, stops on a topless girl, oogles the picture.

PETE (CONT'D)

What's the gig? Am I a bouncer? Dancer?

CULLER

(laughs)

Hate to break it to ya, kid -- but you got a face for radio.

INT. CAR - DAY

Pete's car is littered with cassettes - homemade mixes.

EXT. 107.5 BROADCAST HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Pete arrives at the radio station, he's grown out a beard slightly, wears flannel, and looks like a disc jockey.

CULLER (V.O.)

107.5 FM - a rock and roll station. They host a weekly Bike Night at the what-have-you. You're gonna DJ. I figured it'd be right up your alley. We arranged for an interview next Wednesday.

There is a giant banner that reads *107.5 The Abyss*.

Next to the radio station, there is a beach volleyball court.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

BILL, the hefty -- but slick, newly hired station manager sits behind his desk with his feet up, smoking a cigar.

BILL

Your ratings and Todd Stallone's word are all I need.

PETE

Well, I hosted a show in college, and I was just getting my feet wet in the major market, I just wanted to make sure I --

BILL

Yeah, no, I understand. It's part of the consolidation process. It's about stations sticking together. Yeah yeah.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
Baltimore -- hell of a trip for an
interview.

PETE
I'm just looking forward to getting on
the air again.

Bill laughs and chomps on his cigar.

BILL
I think you're going to like it here.

Bill opens up a glass container full of dried meat.

BILL (CONT'D)
Jerky?

EXT. LOBBY - DAY

They walk through the hallway. Half of it is run-down
with concert posters & memorabilia from the 60s-90s.

BILL
This is a transitional period.

Pete admires a vintage Doors poster next to a Gold
record. They move along.

BILL (CONT'D)
We're building a more - accessible -
brand. Quality is our utmost priority.
You seem like you're on the level, not
like these other jackasses.

The other half is slick, completely polished chrome and
glass. Very yuppie. There are a bunch of posters for
Wilson Phillips and other shitty Top 40 stuff.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Cigarette smoke fills the room.

The studio's an outdated space with wood panels and more
vinyl than a dominatrix convention.

RICK "THE BONE MAN" RHODES, a rough looking dude with a
crew cut leans into the microphone.

BONE MAN
You're listening to 107.5. Here's a
track from the poor man's Creedence,
Three Dog Night with "Chest Fever".

He throws his headphones off while Three Dog Night's cover of The Band song plays.

He gives Bill the finger through the glass.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bill hands the Bone Man a sheet.

BONE MAN
What's this?

BILL
It's a **suggested** playlist, Rhodes -- from corporate.

BONE MAN
Well I SUGGEST they suck my dick.
(reads)
Culture Club? George Michael? I hate this Top 40 shit.

Bone Man power smokes a cigarette while he looks at the list.

BILL
Play the records. Oh, by the way -- one more racial epithet on air, you're gone!

BONE MAN
Huh? What the fuck?!

BILL
Yesterday, when you walked in the studio as Brynn was finishing up Lunch at Noon, your voice was clearly audible in the background saying, *You stink like a sweaty Negro.*

BONE MAN
Just so you know that's exactly what she smelled like. Malt liquor and black men.

BILL
You better watch yourself, Rhodes.

BONE MAN
Get outta here.

Bone Man lights the playlist on fire w/ his cigarette.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)
Who's the stooge?

PETE

I'm Ian Wood.

BILL

Ian's taking the mornings. But keep it up and your drive time slot might be his.

BONE MAN

Why don't you fuck off, Bill?

BILL

Yeah, yeah... clean it up.

Bone Man clears off a busted up orange recliner with his foot -- a stack of DiRienzo's Pizza boxes and beer bottles smash against the ground.

The door shuts.

BONE MAN

Check the numbers. I'm God! Fuckin' asshole.

INT. STUDIO - LATER

The Bone Man's got stacks of old issues of obscure music and *skeezy porno rags* stacked two feet high. On top, there's an ashtray filled to the brim with cigarette butts.

BONE MAN

When do you start?

PETE

T'morrow, I guess.

Bone Man lights up another smoke with a match.

PETE (CONT'D)

So how'd the morning slot open up?

BONE MAN

(laughs)

Trent Stevens, guy in his 50s - used to be station manager, hosted mornings. Got the axe when those corporate jackoffs bought the station. That's what THEY told us. Probably a pederast. And now we've got FUCKIN' Bill.

PETE

Same thing happened in Baltimore. More and more, man. No loyalty.

BONE MAN

Yeah. Well, Bill usually stays the fuck off my back. I get the ratings. Just make sure you the same. Lotta young blood 'round here now. You, me, Viper...

Bone Man digs through the records and pulls out Neil Young's *After the Goldrush* and *Tonight's the Night*.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

Which one? QUICK.

PETE

Tonight's the Night. Only Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks* might give it a run for album with the most unmatched desperation.

BONE MAN

(like a buzzer)

Ehhhh... wrong.

He gets on the microphone - ON AIR light goes on.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

Rush hour traffic is movin' right along. Next, we got some Neil Young. Coming up: stay tuned for your chance to win tickets to the SMOKIN' CRUISE GETAWAY. Keepin' rock hard with the Bone.

A BEAT. Bone Man indicates for Pete to pick a track.

PETE

"Southern Man" coming up next on 107.5!

BONE MAN

(nods in approval)

107.5 *The Abyss* where we play the hits and never miss.

OFF AIR. Bone Man cracks open a sixer from the mini fridge, tosses one to Pete.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

Good call. I gotta say, *Blood on the Tracks*? Dylan blows.

Bone chugs a beer of his own.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

Somebody like Petty didn't quit rock and roll and sell out for Jesus.

(MORE)

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

Can't let Christ get in the way of a good guitar solo. By going to church, Dylan might as well've committed suicide or done a fuckin' Pepsi commercial. Lennon gettin' shot by a fat sweaty guy - That's the way to go. "*Catcher in the Rye*, motherfucker!" BOOM!

He crushes the beer can on his head.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

You like to party, man?

PETE

Uh, yeah.

BONE MAN

Tell you what, swing by Bike Night tonight at *Shooters Lounge*. Some real mutants'll be there. See what Youngstown's got to offer.

The Bone Man pulls a vial.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

You're cool, right?

Pete nods. The Bone Man taps out some cocaine onto the spinning record, picks up a rolled up \$20 bill, leans in and bumps the line off the spinning record.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

(sings along)

*Southern change
gonna come at last
Now your crosses
are burning fast
Southern man!*

EXT. DUPLEX - DAY

An American flag waves in the July breeze.

Pete unloads a massive and impressive vinyl LP collection from the trunk of his car.

Across the street, a CREEPY OLD LADY brooms her porch. A WEIRD KID ON A GREEN BICYCLE peddles by on the street.

A red pick-up truck is parked in the driveway.

Something eerily unsettling about all of this.

Pete leans in and picks up the box of records. He turns around:

TWO COPS stand behind him. Grizzled veteran beat cops.
COP 1 is Seamus O'Grady, a tough Irishman.

COP 1
Lotta records you got there.

PETE
They were my dad's. I'm --

Pete goes to shake his hand.

COP 1
Ian Wood. Heard all 'bout you. Hotshot
disc jockey from Baltimore.

PETE
(puts down the records)
Can I help you officers?

COP 2
Wanted to welcome you to the
neighborhood.

PETE
Well, thanks. I gotta unload the rest of
this stuff --

COP 1
You in some kinda hurry?

PETE
Kind of.

COP 1
Good. You must know this city's
reputation. Highest arson, theft, and
murder rates in the YOUUUU-nited States.

PETE
Huh. Didn't know that.

COP 1
This neighborhood's safe - most are.
Just steer clear of niggers, dope, and
Shooters Lounge and *WE* won't have any
problems. ¿Comprende?

The cops walk back to their idling car.

PETE
Shooters Lounge?

The cops look at each other and laugh.

COP 2

You seem like a smart kid. Trust us --
just steer clear. That's what we do.
It's for the best.

EXT. SHOOTERS LOUNGE - NIGHT

There are several rows of motorcycles/choppers parked in front of the seedy two-story brick strip club.

A BLOODIED UP BIKER gets tossed out the front door by some BOUNCERS.

His face hits concrete. He gets up, hobbles over and steadies himself on a nearby garbage can. He kneels.

Pete makes his way over.

PETE

Hey. I saw that. You alright?

BIKER

Ugh. Don't do it, man! There's
something *fucked up* happening in there.

The biker VOMITS VIOLENTLY. A concoction of blood, teeth, and booze makes its way into the trash can.

BOUNCER

(holding biker by the throat)
Thought we told you to get the fuck out,
Shit Hound!

The biker's swollen eye urges Pete to leave. Pete ignores it and walks hard past him.

Bone Man comes out front, passes the bouncers carrying a submarine sandwich.

BONE MAN

Wood! Get in here. They got subs!

Pete looks back.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

(quiet, cool)
Just keep walkin', Shit Hound's about to
get thrashed! He's all messed up.

EXT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - NIGHT

A big, bad party is happening out back. ALL SORTS OF LOCAL COLOR -- some off duty CITY OFFICIALS, BIKERS, MOB GUYS, LOWLIFES, and LOCAL GIRLS.

STRIPPER

Hello?

The lights dim in the van.

VIPER

Piece of shit. Fuckin' power surges.

A LOUD BANG, the stripper is startled.

A banner hangs across the van -- LATE NIGHT SKUZZ with DAN VIPER.

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

You got a request or WHAT?

STRIPPER

(sweet as a Georgia peach)

Viper -- you got anything for me?

She sniffs. DAN VIPER, lanky, bearded, disgruntled bastard -- mid 20s stares at her.

VIPER

Do me a solid and scram, Crystal.

(pulls out a record and

tosses it aside)

I'm scouring the archives for a certain 7 inch and I ain't talkin' about my dick!

Viper cues up out Hell's "Save Us From Those Who Would Save Us" and grabs the mic -- goes ON AIR.

VIPER (CONT'D)

BIKE NIGHT! Get ready for HELL!!!!!!!!!!

INT. SHOOTERS LOUNGE BAR - NIGHT

Metal blares as The Bone Man guides Pete through the club to the bar.

BONE MAN

Take a look around. Impressive, right? Happy endings at no charge to employees of 107.5.

STRIPPERS give lap dances and strut their stuff on stage. Fresh meat, everywhere.

Under the table deals are going down. There's a big pile of sandwiches next to the bar, Bone Man grabs one.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)
(to bartender)
Two shots and two brews.

A TOPLESS BARTENDER walks over.

BARTENDER
Who's your pal?

BONE MAN
New jock. Bustin' his cherry tonight.

BARTENDER
(handing him two whiskey
shots & two beers)
Speaking of bustin' cherries. They're
breaking in a new girl tonight, Bone Man.

BONE MAN
Yeah?

BARTENDER
Stick around.

BONE MAN
No one could ever top you, Tina.

BARTENDER
Yeah yeah...

LOUD PATRONS yell/whistle for the bartender's attention.

BONE MAN
(mouth full of submarine
sandwich)
Kilpatrick, you Mick fuck!

KILPATRICK, the owner of *Shooters Lounge*, oozes sleaze as he makes his way through and with his gravelly voice says:

KILPATRICK
Rhodes! M'boy! How do you eat that
shit?

BRYNN, pushing 40, the lunch time DJ on 107.5 pounds drink after drink at the bar while puffing intermittently on a cig.

BRYNN
I can put my legs behind my head.

The DUDE next to Brynn gets just uncomfortable enough to walk away.

Pete stands by the bar.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
I like fuckin' doggystyle.

She checks out Pete's ass.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
(peering through a half-squinted eye)
You got an ass like a rodeo.

PETE
Uh?

BRYNN
You wanna go to the cowboy?

KILPATRICK
Brynn. Y'old drunk. Leave the kid alone. Rhodes, introduce me to your friend.

INT. KILPATRICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kilpatrick spins the Rolodex on his desk.

KILPATRICK
Shit, kid. Sorry to hear about your pops. My ol' man's still kickin' -- I don't know what I'd do without the bastard.

Pete looks at the gun on Kilpatrick's desk.

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)
You talk or what?

Bone Man looks at him.

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)
You got a dick in your mouth or somethin'? What are you -- one of the bitches that works here? You nervous or somethin'?

Bone Man laughs.

BONE MAN

C'mon, Wood.

PETE

This place has quite the reputation.

KILPATRICK

Oh?

PETE

Two cops stopped by my place earlier and warned me not to come out here.

KILPATRICK

We keep it contained. As far as they're concerned, we control adult entertainment. We ARE the police. And totally nonviolent.

PETE

Oh yeah, I saw that when we walked in. Your guys are real disciples of Gandhi.

Kilpatrick watches as Pete picks up the gun.

KILPATRICK

We provide a kind of -- pressure release -- for the City. The people get what they crave out here... a friendly game of poker, a show, something to relax. There's a general understanding.

(shoots a shit-eating grin)

Hey, sometimes you gotta let the dog eat.

Pete looks inside the six-shooter underneath the desk, never breaking eye contact with Kilpatrick.

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)

People look forward to seeing me. I'm Santa Claus. They love all my ho, ho, hoes.

The Bone Man looks uneasy and Pete fusses with the gun.

PETE

Hollow points, huh?

The hammer pulled back, Pete lifts the gun slowly, pointing at a giant nude cardboard cutout.

KILPATRICK

Please, we treat our girls with respect, alive or cardboard.

He points the gun at Kilpatrick. Kilpatrick looks at the Bone Man.

PETE

So you can get away with anything, huh?

KILPATRICK

You think you're the ultimate badass or somethin' by comin' here, actin' tough?

Kilpatrick laughs nervously as a bead of sweat drips down his temple onto the desk.

Pete fingers the trigger -- Bone Man looks away.

PETE

Bang.

Pete, relaxed, puts the gun down on the desk.

Kilpatrick looks at Bone Man, Bone Man at Kilpatrick.

Pete puts his fist out -- and lets the hollow points drop onto the desk, walks out.

The door shuts quietly.

KILPATRICK

Jesus, who is that crazy fuck?

The Bone Man loves it.

BONE MAN

That's the new DJ.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pete walks past the WORKERS taking a smoke break, breezes by a STRUNG OUT YUPPIE who stops him.

YUPPIE

Hey man, hey. You holding?

PETE

Nah, man.

The yuppie laughs.

PETE (CONT'D)

You know where we can get some?

YUPPIE

(snide)

Good one. Yeah, they're just passing out free H to everybody. How do you think it gets here, man?

The yuppie, looks over his shoulder nervously:

YUPPIE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

How do you think it gets here, buddy?
Bodies. Dead people, man.

RILEY

(shrugging him off)

Uh huh...

YUPPIE

Corpses! They pack dead people full of drugs. You think the guy in customs gives a shit? Nah. Easy to look the other way -- I mean, do you wanna dig through a dead guy's stomach or asshole?

The yuppie punches Riley in the arm playfully.

The BATHROOM DOOR opens -- a MAN exits. Yuppie jumps in.

YUPPIE (CONT'D)

Those Mexicans sew that shit in! Fucked up, right?

EXT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - NIGHT

Viper's in his zone.

VIPER

Where's what's-his-fuck?

BONE MAN

I dunno, Viper. He's a wild dude.

VIPER

Yeah, ok. Whatever.

BONE MAN

He pulled a gun on Kilpatrick. I thought he was gonna shit his pants.

VIPER

Yeah, we'll see what BILL and those other fucks do.

BONE MAN
Wood's legit.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Pete walks down an industrial staircase.

INT. STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

Pete goes through the storage area. He digs through boxes.

PETE
C'mon. C'mon.

He rips open a box.

INT. BASEMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pete watches as the COOK slams the butcher knife into the block. He steps out.

A RED LIGHT GOES ON -- there is a low frequency buzz.

COOK
(on intercom)
Yeah?

VOICE
Delivery.

There's a GIANT CUT of raw meat on the slab. Flies buzz around.

The freezer door is left slightly ajar.

Pete, disgusted by the smell covers his nose, trying not to gag.

DOORWAY:

Pete reaches in his boot, producing a small firearm.

He snakes out into the back alley.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The cook stands next to a MAN IN GRAY.

COOK
Is it all there?

MAN IN GRAY
Every ounce.

COOK
That's a shitload.

MAN IN GRAY
Kilpatrick doesn't want it? Is it not
selling?

COOK
Just bring it in. Are you fucking with
me? We've been running out every Goddamn
day. Too bad you can't get this shit at
the store... yet.

They laugh.

Pete peers through the grate -- the boxes are marked
MEAT. The cook watches while the CRONIES of the Man in
Gray unload the pallets.

PETE DUCKS BACK INSIDE. The freezer door is ajar...

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

Riley breathes heavily, thinks quick. Lots of empty
boxes marked MEAT. He digs through the Styrofoam inside.

Nothing.

PETE
(to himself)
Where the fuck is it?

THE SOUND OF THE KITCHEN DOOR OPENING.

Pete looks.

PETE (CONT'D)
Shit.

He quiets up and ducks down.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The cook, cronies, and man in gray enter the kitchen.

The man in gray walks over to the freezer while they push in the cart.

Through the back door, the bouncer brings in SHIT HOUND, battered and bruised.

BOUNCER
What should I do with him?

MAN IN GRAY
Leave him.

Shit Hound, gagged and bound tries to let out a scream.

MAN IN GRAY (CONT'D)
(to the cook)
You shouldn't leave this open. It'll
spoil the product.

Without hesitation, he shuts and locks the freezer door.
We linger until we...

CUT TO:

EXT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - NIGHT

The door to the back of the DJ truck opens, Viper loads in a case of booze.

BONE MAN
Kilpatrick's boys really did a number one
Shit Hound tonight.

VIPER
Saw that.

Viper goes ON AIR.

VIPER (CONT'D)
You've been listening to Late Night Skuzz
with Dan Viper sponsored in part by Cox
Tobaccary - you're not a smoker unless
you're a Cox Smoker.

Viper switches OFF AIR.

INT. BASEMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ungagged, but still bound, Shit Hound is propped up in a chair.

SHIT HOUND

(calmly)

I ain't blowin' the lid off nothin'. You guys -- it's fuckin' safe.

KILPATRICK

You fuck. You should've left when you had the chance. But no. You had to come back, huh? Didn't you? You think I don't know. You THINK I don't know?

SHIT HOUND

(spits)

Fuck you, Kilpatrick. Fuck alla you.

KILPATRICK

Gimme the knucks!

The bouncer hands Kilpatrick a set of brass knuckles. HE LAYS INTO Shit Hound. BOOM! MOUTH SHOT.

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)

How much of my shit you got on you? How much?

SHIT HOUND

I been clean for months, Kilpatrick.

Kilpatrick winds up and SLAMS Shit Hound in the face again and then gives him a couple body shots up close.

KILPATRICK

You don't fuck with me. Nobody fucks with me. Nobody.

He takes the knucks to Shit Hound's lower back.

SHIT HOUND

You ain't tenderizin' me, yer bruising me, you limp dick asshole. It's poolin' in my kidneys.

Shit Hound laughs as he takes a few more shots.

SHIT HOUND (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's it Kilpatrick. Put it on me. You think people don't know what's going on? What a fucking joke. Ha ha. Everybody knows what's happening out here. You think you're untouchable. You think you own the cops. Everybody here is fucked. Everybody!

KILPATRICK

You wanna squeal like a pig, huh?

Kilpatrick takes the butcher's knife off the chopping block, sneaks up from behind Shit Hound.

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)

Fine. You can bleed like one, too.

He calmly grabs Shit Hound from behind by the face and cuts from ear to ear.

Kilpatrick gets off on this shit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Viper's closing up shop, Bone Man helps.

BONE MAN

Shit's getting more fucked up every week.

VIPER

Hey man, we got a good thing goin'. They don't want a piece of us. They know we don't make shit for pay. Operating on a shoestring budget, I just don't get how they can hire a new DJ.

BONE MAN

Speaking of which, he left me hangin'. I should be fuckin' that new girl. Where is that bastard?

VIPER

Wood musta bailed. Good luck huntin' for the end of the night slash.

BONE MAN

I can still get a ride from you, right?

INT. FREEZER - LATER

Riley takes a meat thermometer to the lock, using the butt of his gun and putting all of his weight into it.

PETE

Ugh.

He repeats his positioning and does it again.

He's in serious pain from repeatedly bashing the door.

Riley's really jacking up his shoulder.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the darkened room, a burst of light from the freezer.
Riley breaks through and immediately slips, falling down.

PETE

Shit.

He struggles to get up. Riley looks down at his hands - covered in blood. He struggles to get up.

Through the dimly lit, light, he looks up and sees the lifeless face of Shit Hound.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

Riley gets up, staggers back, looks around, gun drawn.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNRISE

Riley's car is stopped by the guard rail. Next to the vehicle, Riley leans against the passenger door.

PETE

What the fuck am I doing?

INT. KITCHEN - SUNRISE

The cook walks into the kitchen, he's trailed by the Man in Gray.

COOK

(brushing away the stench)

Whew.

The freezer door is ajar.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Riley stands in the half-decorated living room pouring cereal into a bowl, phone receiver on his ear.

EXT. BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Thad Culler exits the courthouse with his COHORTS. A YOUNG WOMAN runs over to him with a note.

CULLER
What is it, JAN?

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Pete paces back and forth.

PETE
(on phone)
I told you I don't know who did it! But
somebody killed that fucking biker!

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Culler stands at the window with a snow globe, looking out at Cleveland.

CULLER
I told you not to contact me. What if your phone is bugged? You and your fuckin' hunches. You got any idea what you're dealin' with?

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

A half-drained bottle of Wild Turkey sits on the counter. A Flying Burrito Brothers LP spins.

PETE
(takes a swig)
Culler, don't bullshit me. I just got off my first shift -- I haven't slept in three days, I'm talking about *murder*.

SPLIT SCREEN BETWEEN CULLER AND PETE:

CULLER
Yeah. So you're gonna blow your cover on account of some dead biker? You got a body? How about heroin?

PETE
Well, no.

CULLER

Then you're too fuckin' late. Here's the deal, Riley -- you act on all the suspicions you want. And when I get a call from you, you better be bleedin', standing' on top of a pile of bodies with a kilo of heroin, or dead. Until then, quit wasting my time and compromising your identity. Don't call me.

PETE

It's not even in the NEWSPAPER! This is a fuckin' murder.

CULLER

You're on your own, kid. *Investigate.* That's your fuckin' job. Just do it.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

ANGLE ON CULLER:

CULLER

(sets phone down)

He's good.

Across the desk, an UNIDENTIFIED FIGURE, motionless.

UNIDENTIFIED FIGURE

He's moving fast. Too fast.

INT. STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Brynn enjoys a cigarette inside the studio.

Bill walks in carrying a stack of CDs and promo items.

The phone rings off the hook.

BILL

You gonna get that?

Bone Man enters, takes off headphones Walkman blaring.

BONE MAN

That a running back or the Center?

BRYNN

You asshole.

BONE MAN
 (lines up for the snap)
 Set... HUT!

Brynn looks at him, Bill takes the lit cigarette out of her mouth.

BILL
 (to Brynn)
 What's he talking about?

BONE MAN
 Oh you didn't hear, Bill?
 (lights up a smoke)
 Brynn had the entire offensive line of
 Hardin Catholic run a train on her.

Bill yanks the cig outta Bone Man's mouth.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)
 What the fuck?

BILL
 Corporate's implementing a no smoking
 policy. They're going for a different,
 fresh image.

BRYNN
 (lighting another one)
 You gonna rat us out, *Bill*?

BILL
 Listen, you guys better shape up.

BONE MAN
 Or what?

BILL
 107.5 is in the red. Deep. Our sponsors
 are dropping like flies. We need to
 maintain an affiliation with our current
 supporters and branch out or corporate
 will move on. You're just pieces of
 meat.

BONE MAN
 And they're chunks of corn in my stool.
 So why the fuck are they bringing in a
 new guy then? To boost ratings? How the
 fuck are we supposed to branch out? What
 the fuck does this have to do with music?

Bill throws a phone book at Bone Man.

BILL
Open THIS -- and sell ad time.

BONE MAN
(throws the book at Bill)
Cold calls? Eat me!

Bone Man slams the door.

BILL
Fine. You wanna go back to jockin'
weddings and 8th grade dances? Good luck
getting any pussy there, Rhodes. RHODES!

The door opens up.

BONE MAN
8th grade dances are where I get the MOST
pussy.

Door slams again.

BILL
Where do you think you're going? You've
got a shift!
(to Brynn)
He's got a shift! Where's he going?

BRYNN
(pours scotch into her
coffee)
I'm covering for him. He's gotta meet-up
with his parole officer.

EXT. DUPLEX - AFTERNOON

BEEP.

A black 1987 Chevrolet El Camino SS is parked in the
driveway. On the hood of the car is a screaming skull
with a Mohawk.

This is Viper's ride.

BEEP -- BEEP.

INT. EL CAMINO - AFTERNOON

Viper, clad in sunglasses - rifles through his cassettes.

VIPER
I'm looking for my fuckin' copy of *Metal Church*.

Bone Man's in the passenger seat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

There are files all across the floor -- news clippings, profiles, etc.

PETE
(going through newspaper)
C'mon. C'mon. Where's the report?

R.E.M.'s version of Velvet Underground's "Here She Comes Now" is spinning on the record player. Riley's got his studio headphones on -- tuning out the world.

EXT. EL CAMINO - AFTERNOON

Bone Man gets out of the car.

VIPER
(exits)
He's probably not here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Riley breezes through police files and puts them into the folder -- Bone Man's mugshot is among the last we see.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

The Bone Man's expressionless face.

He BANGS on the front door.

BONE MAN
Obviously he's in there. He's probably just jerking off or something.

VIPER
I dunno, man.

BONE MAN
(bangs harder, stops, and at
top volume yells)
WOOD!

A beat. Viper goes for the door knob, turns.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Pete's in full detective mode, talking to himself as he pours through the newspaper.

All of a sudden, the volume cuts from his headphones.

PETE
Holy shit!

Bone Man and Viper stand in Riley's living room. Bone Man holds the headphone cord.

PETE (CONT'D)
Uh, hi -- guys. What's up?

BONE MAN
(makes himself at home)
Gotta meet up with my parole officer,
then we're gonna grab some burgers, some
beers, & show you around.

VIPER
(grabs the newspaper)
Wood. Quit reading this shit.

PETE
How'd you guys know where I lived?

VIPER
Ganked your address from your tax return.
Just so you know Bill's paying you shit
compared to us.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

The car speeds along - Metal Church's "Merciless Onslaught" blares from the tape deck.

Bone Man rides in the back, lighting bottle rockets with his cigarette -- air drumming with Roman candles.

The car heads over the hill. A POLICE CRUISER, lights flashing is pulled horizontal across the street.

BONE MAN

Aw shit.

Bone Man shoots the remaining bottle rocket in the opposite direction.

INT. EL CAMINO - AFTERNOON

Viper slows down to a standstill. Riley takes off his seat belt.

VIPER

Whoa. What're you doing?

PETE

I'm gonna see if they need any help.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

A bullet-riddled car is wrecked in the ditch.

HENRY, a man in his late 60s gets into a red pick-up truck drives up to the scene.

COP 1

Have a good day, Henry.

ONE BLOODIED PASSENGER dangles out the window, in the passenger seat -- ANOTHER OCCUPANT is slumped to the side.

A CORPSE is zipped into a body bag by the CORONER who writes on his clipboard.

PETE

You need any help?

COP 1

Think we got it all taken care of.

(looks up)

Well, if it isn't the rock jock. You staying out of trouble?

PETE

Jesus. What happened?

COP 1

No reason to concern yourself with it.

PETE

Are they all dead?

COP 2
Just loading 'em into the Meat Wagon.

COP 1
Triple homicide.

BONE MAN
Cool.

PETE
Don't you mean *quadruple*?

THE PARAMEDICS load a BODY from the gurney into the ambulance. The body makes a gurgling noise.

PARAMEDIC ONE shakes his head.

Bone Man and Viper saunter over.

VIPER
Awww Jesus. Fuck this shit.

Viper immediately turns back when he catches wind of the violence.

CHIEF BETTS walks over.

CHIEF
You boys best be on your way. Official police investigation. Oh! Hey, Rhodes!

BONE MAN
(gritting his teeth)
Hi... Chief Betts.

CHIEF
You oughta play more Zeppelin. Oh, and tell Officer Jansen I said hello -- today's your day to meet up with him, right?

BONE MAN
(paying lip service)
Uh huh...

INT. AMBULANCE - AFTERNOON

PARAMEDIC TWO takes vitals. The body COUGHS.

COP 1
What do you think?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

The El Camino Drives off. The Chief waves.

COP 2
Well Chief...

CHIEF
(under his breath)
You know what needs to be done for the
investigation...

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

The body's bloody eye opens up. Sun obscures his vision
at first.

A darkness overtakes his vision.

He's staring down the barrel of Cop 1's gun.

BODY
(barely audible)
I have a daughter.

The hammer pulls back.

BODY (CONT'D)
No. Please.

COP 3 enters the picture.

COP 3
(pulling out billy club)
Chief wants it quiet.

Cop 1 holsters his piece.

COP 1
(raises up his billy club)
Good. Don't want no Rodney King tape
shit.

The body closes his eyes and readies for IMPACT.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

THWACK. THWACK. A blood-curdling scream.

The Chief sips his coffee.

CHIEF
Case closed.

The cops finish dousing the blood-spattered car in gasoline -- they light it up.

EXT. ROYAL BURGER - EARLY EVENING

Bone Man throws his milkshake against the curb.

BONE MAN
Crooked fuckin' cops!

PETE
C'mon, Rhodes. They extend parole when you **fail** a drug test.

BONE MAN
It's bullshit!

PETE
Didn't you fail the test?

BONE MAN
Well... YEAH! Of course! Jansen never made me do a piss test before!

VIPER
Change your fuckin' tampon & clean up -- I'm already late.

A ROYAL BURGER EMPLOYEE, 16, stands next to them with a tray of burgers.

ROYAL BURGER EMPLOYEE
I -- uh -- have to ask you gentlemen to take your order To Go.

BONE MAN
Oh? Yeah? Is that RIGHT? Nice fuckin' try. We're eating here.

PETE
We can go.

BONE MAN
No!

ROYAL BURGER EMPLOYEE
C'mon. Be cool. My manager's watching.

They all look at the kid, violence in their eyes.

ROYAL BURGER EMPLOYEE
(CONT'D)

Please...

EXT. THAYER'S WEST END BUICK - NIGHT

A COUPLE looks at a top-of-the-line Buick.

The lot is PACKED with people.

There is a MONSTER TRUCK parked out front.

PETE

So if we don't sell this ad space
tonight, Bill's threatening to shut us
down?

BONE MAN

He's all talk. Maybe...

Pete knows what this means.

INT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - NIGHT

Viper switches ON AIR.

VIPER

It's MA-MA-MA-Midnight Madness over at
Thayer's West End Buick! Broadcasting
live til midnight. Come on out and
register for the big Smokin' Cruise
Getaway. And check out SASQUATCH before
it makes its debut next Sunday Sunday
Sunday... at the THE EIGHTH ANNUAL
MONSTER TRUCK RALLY AND RIB BURN-OFF out
at THE DIXIE LEDGES!

THAYER

Thayer West End Buick --the best deals on
the classiest wheels.

VIPER

You're listening to 107.5 The Abyss!

He switches OFF AIR -- tunes crank.

VIPER (CONT'D)

Sounded good, Mack.

MACK THAYER, 50s, slightly overweight -- grabs a burger
from the bag.

THAYER

(munching)

You know if you guys are looking for anything in the automobile department -- the time to buy is now.

VIPER

So you're gonna commit to more advertising?

THAYER

Just hold your horses. We'll see how the rest of the night goes. I've got customers to deal with.

Thayer casually slips off his wedding ring.

THAYER (CONT'D)

Ciao for now.

A 20-something GIRL puts her entry in for the Smokin' Cruise Getaway and walks off with her FRIEND.

Thayer puts his arm around the two girls as they walk away.

THAYER (CONT'D)

You look like two ladies that appreciate style and a comfortable ride -- but enough about me -- wanna buy a car?

Viper fishes through and pulls out the girl's number.

VIPER

(reads)

Veronica.

Bone Man snatches it up.

BONE MAN

You wouldn't even know what to do with that.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The couple - JAY CREW and his WIFE - sign the paperwork in the office for the top of the line automobile.

Thayer shakes Jay's hand.

WIFE

We made the right choice coming here.

THAYER

Being new in town, I had to give you the discount.

JAY

But practically half the price. That's a deal to die for!

THAYER

Hey, Mr. Crew, I ain't here to screw ya!
(winks)
That's Mrs. Crew's department.

They laugh.

INT. THAYER'S WEST END BUICK - NIGHT

The happy couple drives off.

THAYER

Gentlemen, what can I say? You did a bang up job promoting tonight. Ten sales in five hours...

They wait for it.

THAYER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna commit to another year of advertising -- and let's bump up the frequency.

He hands them a check.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Viper and the gang wrap stuff up. The van door closes.

VIPER

(looks at his watch)
Only 12:30.

BONE MAN

We can still catch Ladies NIGHT!

PETE

(thinking quick)
We gotta swing by my place real quick.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pete opens a dresser drawer and pulls out a small camera and shoves it in his sport coat inner pocket.

He rips open a package of film and heads out.

EXT. SHOOTERS LOUNGE - NIGHT

HOT CHICKS wait in a line -- KOOL AND THE GANG's "Ladies Night" blasts from inside: *SOPHISTICATED MAMA...*

INT. SHOOTERS LOUNGE - NIGHT

The DJs walk past security and immediately head to the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bartender makes 3 boilermakers.

BARTENDER
It's your favorite night.

BONE MAN
AWESOME!!!!

The guys grab the booze and head out back.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)
(to Riley)
You're gonna love this, Wood.

EXT. BACK YARD PIT - NIGHT

A group of MEN IN SUITS hold wads of cash and bark out bets.

KILPATRICK
(laughs)
Bring out the **bitches!**

A TRAINER holds back a VICIOUS PIT BULL that foams at the mouth -- across the way Kilpatrick smokes a cigar.

Cop 1 - out of uniform - walks along with the GERMAN SHEPHERD.

The dog sniffs a BIKER and BARKS.

COP 1
(yanks on leash)
Focus on the RING!

The dog's attention is immediately re-focused.

The men throw their money in and the dogs bark wildly at one another.

VIPER
I'm comin', Crystal! Jesus.

Viper heads out.

PETE
I thought Kilpatrick didn't like cops.

BONE MAN
Are you kidding me? They're his best customers. Aw! Shit. Here it goes!

The trainer unhooks the chain and the dogs unleash on one another.

INT. BAR - LATER

There's a palpable tension between BIKERS & LAW ENFORCEMENT present. Bone Man stands hits on the THE NEW GIRL.

BONE MAN
Was that incredible or what? Tore his jowls off!

PETE
I'm gonna go catch a smoke out front.

In slow motion, Riley walks through the who's who of the AREA OFFICIALS. He casually takes note of everything going down with glimpses.

The BEAT COPS making under the table money exchanges.

In the corner of the bar, the Man in Gray chats up Kilpatrick and hands him a wad of cash.

Riley has a fleeting glance back at the cops -- an OFFICER points a finger gun at him and mouths the word "pow".

Viper's getting a lap dance in the corner.

INT. CELLAR DOOR - NIGHT

Riley tries to turn the knob. LOCKED.

PETE

Shit.

EXT. SHOOTERS LOUNGE - FRONT - NIGHT

Riley taps a pack of smokes as he exits -- the line has not dwindled -- and has, in fact, increased. The bouncers aren't letting anyone in.

EXT. SHOOTERS LOUNGE - CORNER - NIGHT

Riley rounds the corner -- a dumpster & a few scattered broken down cardboard boxes are all that greet him.

EXT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Riley's back is against the dumpster, the light of a match/glow of a cigarette illuminates his face -- he makes sure the coast is clear.

Riley reaches for the handle to the basement door -- ALL OF A SUDDEN:

TWO UNIFORMED COPS exit the basement, laughing.

Riley makes a break for the other side of the dumpster.

The cops stop.

UNIFORMED COP

(sniffs)

You smell that?

The cop looks around.

The cigarette drops out of Riley's mouth.

Riley casually extinguishes the cigarette with his shoe.

The other cop shrugs his shoulders & they keep walking.

THE DOOR TO THE BASEMENT SHUTS TIGHTLY.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A credit card jimmies the lock.

EXT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Riley nervously glances around.

PETE
Come on, dammit!

CLICK.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A light peeks through, Riley kicks open the door.

He feels his way through the darkness, down a staircase.

INT. STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

Riley's hand hits cold metal -- a slab. His breath is visible.

He reaches in the boxes -- empty.

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

His hand inches along -- and then he feels it -- COLD FLESH.

Riley backs up, finds a light switch:

Laid out on the slab -- SHIT HOUND.

His torso is completely split down the middle.

Riley holds back blowing chunks all over... barely.

PETE
Fuck this!

Riley shuts the door.

Riley puts his gun down, grabs his camera from the inside pocket of his sport coat.

He takes out the canister and sets it down.

PETE
(snapping away)
Fine Culler -- you want a body? Here's a fuckin' body.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A glow of light from the door in the storage area and freezer as Riley searches for a light switch in the main area.

The room is illuminated: FOUR MORE BODIES

The car "accident" victims.

Limbs are sawed off each body -- each of which has been completely/strategically shaved bald.

Riley takes out his camera and starts snapping again.

PETE
(snapping)
This is all I need. Wait a minute. Wa-
ha-haiiiiiitttt a minute.

Riley looks at the gunshot-riddled corpses.

Setting his camera down, Riley takes out his standard issue handgun.

PETE (CONT'D)
Oh please... please.

He takes out a bullet and holds it up to the wound.

Riley gets closer.

PETE (CONT'D)
(snaps picture)
You bastards are going down.

He looks through the camera. Shitty exposure.

PETE (CONT'D)
Dammit.

Standing on the table, Riley tries to point the hanging lamp at the bodies while photographing.

CLANKING and LOUD FOOTSTEPS FROM ABOVE.

PETE (CONT'D)
(packs up)
Shit.

He makes a run for it out the back basement exit.

Just as the door closes, Kilpatrick, the Man in Gray, and Chief Betts make their way down the stairs, clambering.

CHIEF
I had 'em bring the bodies in.

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

They stand over Shit Hound.

KILPATRICK
I want it processed and shipped by
tomorrow. No more excuses.

MAN IN GRAY
You know how high the demand is! It
isn't gonna be enough.

KILPATRICK
This is just a taste. A fuckin' taste
for them. Rapid expansion. I want to
flood the market. People won't know what
hit 'em.

MAN IN GRAY
But, Mr. Kilpatrick -- IS THERE ENOUGH?

KILPATRICK
This operation's tighter than a Jew with
a shiny fuckin' penny. Look, we control
the means, production, and shipment.

MAN IN GRAY
So simple?

KILPATRICK
Retarded kid jigsaw puzzle simple.

MAN IN GRAY
And until then...

Kilpatrick reaches into the chest cavity of Shit Hound
and gets some blood on the tip of his index finger.

KILPATRICK
(cold stare)
Patience.

He licks the blood off -- the Man in Gray looks down and
sees the empty film canister.

He holds it up.

The Chief, Kilpatrick, and Man in Gray exchange glances.

MAN IN GRAY
How tight did you say it was?

INT. SHOOTERS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Viper's in the middle of getting a lap dance. Bone Man is hanging out with a hot broad. Brynn is with a football player from the local high school.

The lights go up.

VIPER
(throws his arms up)
Aw. What the fuck?!

KILPATRICK
Everybody out! There's been a security breach. Protocol.

EXT. SHOOTERS LOUNGE - NIGHT

People file out. The cops organize in their little clique.

The bikers are pissed off.

CHIEF
Officer Richards -- I want the names of everyone here.

INT. DARKROOM - NIGHT

Pete's in a makeshift darkroom -- he pops open the back of the camera.

He hangs the pictures on the photo paper up on a clothesline and waits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Riley wipes sweat from his brow.

On the mantle, a framed photograph on of his late FATHER.

PETE
We'll get 'em, dad.
(dialtone...)
C'mon Culler, answer. Answer dammit!

OPERATOR

The number you have dialed is no longer
in service. Please --

He slams the phone down, pops open the Wild Turkey and
takes a swig.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - MORNING

Chief Betts walks through the hall -- on a mission.

A DESK CLERK walks out.

DESK CLERK

Here's the list, sir.

He grabs it.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - MORNING

Everything on the oak desk is in perfect piles. Neat and
orderly. A lone mug of coffee.

OFFICER SUGGS, a rookie desk jockey closes a file cabinet
(possibly has a paralegal degree from an accredited
"university"...).

SUGGS

I organized the file cabinets like you
asked -- and I've got all the evidence
filed.

CHIEF

Suggs, get outta here! You're a real
GODDAMN HERO!

Betts knocks everything off the desk and sits down.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Listen up, Suggs -- you gotta do some
real Goddamn investigative work.

SUGGS

(reluctantly comes around
front)

Ok, Chief. You sure you don't want
Michaels or Richards to do it?

CHIEF

Fuck them. You, Suggs. I NEED ANSWERS.
Find out where this came from.

(MORE)

CHIEF (CONT'D)

You got your nose in every Goddamn ass crack corner of town. I wanna know where it was bought -- check every convenience store, film shop, and gas station in the tri-county area -- and Goddamn it make it happen before the end of the day or you're gonna be doing body cavity searches on every AIDS-infected, gang-banging nigger we bring in.

SUGGS

(picking up the files from
the ground)

S'cuse me Chief, but what case is this for?

Chief THROWS the film canister in an evidence bag at Suggs.

CHIEF

CASE? WHAT FUCKING CASE? PUT THOSE FILES DOWN! It's gonna be the Case of the Missing DESK JOCKEY if you don't get your ass moving.

The Chief SLAPS the files to the ground and gets in Suggs' face.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Or did you wanna call in the Feds again for **ANOTHER** audit of the department? Because I'm sure with your track record they'll find something this time -- like the other eight times. Oh wait... that's right. They didn't find shit. I mean, if they DIDN'T find something -- well, gee, you sure would look like the boy who cried wolf, huh?

Suggs is pissed.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

We gotta stick together, Suggs. Lotta bad people out there. Y'understand?

SUGGS

Yes, Chief.

CHIEF

You're a good man. And next to every good man is a good-looking woman.

Chief looks down at a framed picture of Suggs & his girlfriend.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Let me say Carla is one delicious-looking Georgia peach. I'd like to take a bite out of that.

Suggs raises his eyebrows.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Get me a suspect -- or start lookin' for a new precinct to work at.

INT. STUDIO - MORNING

Riley closes out his show.

PETE

You've been listening to Morning Wood with Ian. Now taking you into Lunch at Noon with Brynn here's one from the Lizard King himself, Mr. Mojo Risin' -- Jim Morrison and The Doors. It's *Texas Radio and the Big Beat* on 107.5 The Abyss where we play the hits and never miss.

He cues up The Doors, takes off his headphones and bolts.

EXT. STUDIO - EARLY AFTERNOON

Riley exits the studio.

A COP CAR is parked across the street.

EXT. STREET - EARLY AFTERNOON

Riley's car pulls out -- the cop car tails him.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - EARLY AFTERNOON

Riley passes a 25 MPH sign. He looks at the dashboard - 24 MPH.

ANGLE ON:

Rearview mirror.

The cop car is still behind him.

PETE

Seriously? GOOD. GREAT. GRAND. WONDERFUL!

EXT. DUPLEX - AFTERNOON

Riley exits his car.

PETE
(waves)
Afternoon, officers. Thanks for
escorting me home. Really appreciate it.

EXT. STOOP - AFTERNOON

The cop car is parked in front of the creepy kid on green
bike's house.

The cops stand on the stoop of the porch across the
street.

COP 4
Afternoon, Wood.

COP 5
(tips his hat)
You have yourself a good day now.

PETE
Great. Next time I'll be sure to break a
law or four.

Wood goes inside.

The creepy old woman from across the street answers the
door.

COP 4
Mam, may we come in?

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Riley paces back and forth while the phone rings.

PETE
Answer -- answer. C'mon Culler.

He slams the phone down, grabs his keys and police
research and heads out.

PETE (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

The cops sit at the table across from the old woman who dries her eyes with a tissue.

The old woman's grandson, the creepy kid, chases their dog sheep dog, SHEP around.

The old woman's voice warbles:

OLD WOMAN

Henry kept insisting there was something wrong. He kept saying that you all were up to no good and that he was on to somethin'.

Cop 4 looks at Cop 5.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Didn't know what he was talking about. He was always drinkin' and talkin' nonsense. So when's he getting out of the hospital?

COP 4

Mam, he's not in the hospital.

FLASHBACK

EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DAY

A red pick up drives along -- it rounds the corner.

EXT. WOODED AREA - LATER

Henry staggers out of the pick-up truck, empty beer bottles spill out.

Henry gets a horrified look on his face.

HENRY

(putting up his hands to shield himself)

No! No!

POP. POP. Two in the chest.

Henry looks down. Disbelief washes over his face, fear -- impending death. He slumps to the ground.

The camera pans over to reveal Cop 1 and Cop 2 holstering their firearms.

EXT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Paramedics wheel the gurney out and head back to the ambulance.

The coroner takes over.

CORONER
(counting cash)
Closed casket for the bereaved?

COP 1
You know what to do.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

The coroner puts on his welding mask & ignites a blowtorch.

The old man is laid out on the slab. His left arm has been sawed off completely, wedding band visible.

Three teeth have been pulled out.

The coroner strategically burns the victim's arm.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ROOM - AFTERNOON

The cop holds a chart.

COP 5
Are you sure?

COP 4
Pending a dental record confirmation,
we're sure we have a positive
identification... you don't have to do
this if you don't want to.

OLD WOMAN
No. I told you I have to see him. I
have to.

The coroner lifts up the blanket to reveal the severed arm. She sees his wedding band.

CORONER
(stone-faced)
Can you tell us -- is that your husband?

Holding back tears, she nods.

INT. STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Brynn finishes up the lunch time slot and goes OFF AIR.

The Bone Man blows a WHISTLE.

BRYNN

Ok. It's getting old.

BONE MAN

No. No, YOU'RE getting old.

Brynn packs up.

BRYNN

I gotta get Philip from daycare. I'm already late.

BONE MAN

I just gotta know. For my own sake: Did any of 'em say "*Put me in, coach!*"?

BRYNN

You're an asshole.

BONE MAN

Ok. Just one more thing. Instead of Gatorade did they dump a cooler full of semen on you?

He stops for a thought -- it just "pops in there" -- he flips through the records.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Good call.

Bone Man switches ON AIR.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

Alright, here's is a dedication from the football team over at Hardin Catholic -- Rod Stewart and The Faces going out to -- well, I guess they'd call her a special lady...

EXT. INTERSTATE 80 - WEST - AFTERNOON

The Faces blare as Riley's car speeds down the highway and takes exit 173 toward I-77/Cleveland/Akron.

EXT. CULLER'S PLACE - EARLY EVENING

Riley casually walks up Culler's driveway.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - EARLY EVENING

Riley knocks.

PETE

Culler!

HE KNOCKS AGAIN.

PETE (CONT'D)

CULLER!!!!!! You tell me my phone's
bugged -- now HERE I AM. Jesus. CULLER!

The door opens.

INT. DEN - EARLY EVENING

Culler sips some Scotch and looks through the pictures.

A fire burns in the fireplace.

PETE

Just look! Will you look? Look right
there!

He points to the picture of the CORPSE of SHIT HOUND.

PETE (CONT'D)

LOOK!

CULLER

(not looking at the picture)
You're not supposed to be here, Riley.

PETE

Fuck *supposed to*! That's not what this
is about.

CULLER

This is NOT protocol. You gather the
facts and you --

PETE

Fuck protocol. I did what I was sent to
do. You wanted bodies, I got bodies!

CULLER

And if we go back in right now -- they're still gonna be there? Yeah?

Culler stops.

CULLER (CONT'D)

You're drawing unnecessary attention to yourself.

PETE

You keep saying that, but I'm telling you we can nail these fuckers! Just LOOK!

CULLER

(he looks)

I don't know what I'm seeing.

PETE

(flips through the
photographs)

You're looking at a bunch of mutilated corpses that they're gonna stick heroin in!

CULLER

Ok. I see a buncha dead people. So, where are the drugs?

PETE

Kilpatrick's dipping his hands in, the police are in on it, and maybe the politicians -- I'm telling you -- WE HAVE GOT TO ACT NOW before this gets bigger.

CULLER

I -- I don't know.

PETE

What the fuck are you talking about?

CULLER

Without the drugs, we don't have a case.

PETE

Thad! Listen to me. These cops are crooked. Everything at *Shooters* is shady as fuck.

CULLER

And what about the station? The whole fucking reason we sent you there. Where's that connection. There's too many loose threads.

PETE
(defeated)
I'm -- I'm working on it.

CULLER
You have to leave, Riley. You have to get out of here now. There's NOTHING else I can do for you. We don't have the resources or manpower to wage war on these people. It's in your hands. Any blood spilled is on your hands, Riley. You're living on borrowed time.

PETE
So this is how it's gonna be?

CULLER
I'm sorry.

PETE
No. But you will be.

INT. LUCKY'S DRUG STORE - NIGHT

A JERK CLERK looks at Suggs.

"Pictures of You" by The Cure plays over the radio.

JERK CLERK
NO. I'm NOT mistaken, officer.

SUGGS
(nods)
And you're sure it was that new DJ.

JERK CLERK
That's what I said, wasn't it? That film stock is rare. Nobody uses that any more -- it's got higher contrast than most other still film. Only crime scene photographers and perverts. Anything else, officer?

SUGGS
That'll be all. Thank you for your cooperation.

Suggs leaves.

Jay Crew and his wife approach the counter.

JAY

Just need a copy of these house keys for
the mother-in-law.

Jay's wife snuggles up to him. The jerk clerk grabs the
keys.

WIFE

My mother can't even let us move into our
new place without sending her a copy of
her keys. I mean, she's all the way in
South Carolina -- which is where I'm from
-- it's so amazing down there and here --
ugh, if Jay didn't have to move her for
work, well I just --

JERK CLERK

(grabs keys from Jay)

Yeah. Great. Thanks for your life
story.

He goes into the back room.

JERK CLERK (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Fucking bitch.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - EARLY EVENING

Riley dials on a pay phone outside a gas station.

PETE

Answer.

INT. STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

Bone Man switches between lines. He's wearing shades and
a flannel with a black T-Shirt underneath that says
"SCUMBAG" in white print.

BONE MAN

You're rockin' with the Bone Man! Who's
this?

PETE

It's Riley.

BONE MAN

Well hey Riley.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - EARLY EVENING

Riley realizes his mistake INSTANTLY.

PETE

It's Wood.

BONE MAN

Oh - oh man, you got me good, Wood? You pranking me? Good one, fuck brain.

PETE

Listen, you gotta come over to my place after your shift. Burgers?

BONE MAN

Pick me up at the station -- Viper takes over at 9. I go back on in 20 seconds -- you wanna hear some AC/DC?

PETE

(playing along)

Uh... sure. Bon Scott -- not that Brian Johnson shit.

INT. STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

Bone Man smacks himself in the face. ON AIR.

BONE MAN

Stay tuned for your next chance to enter to win the Smokin' Cruise Getaway on Friday -- Just because you didn't get it this time doesn't mean you were "SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES"!

The needle hits down on AC/DC's *Shot Down in Flames*.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EARLY EVENING

Riley's car speeds down the empty highway.

INT. CAR - EARLY EVENING

Sweating bullets, Riley drives along. He looks down at the speedometer - 65 MPH.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EARLY EVENING

A STATE TROOPER pulls out from behind a bushy area,
immediately tails Riley.

INT. CAR - EARLY EVENING

Riley eases off the gas - 60 MPH.

PETE
(laughs)
Of course! Of COURSE!

EXT. HIGHWAY - EARLY EVENING

The trooper gets off the radio. He flips on his lights.

INT. CAR - EARLY EVENING

Riley reaches in his glove box and pulls out his gun.
He tucks it into his sock.

PETE
Fine. Fine!

Riley cranks up the gas.

PETE (CONT'D)
Let's make it worth our while!

He rounds a curve and speeds to a halt.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EARLY EVENING

The emergency flashers flash -- Riley's car idles on the
side of the road.

The cop on the motorcycle approaches.

INT. CAR - EARLY EVENING

Riley -- license and registration in hand -- puts his
head on the steering wheel - total defeat.

He glances over at the driver's side mirror:

The cop is nowhere to be seen.

PETE

C'mon...

He looks through his front windshield and sees the trooper buzz by.

PETE (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

INT. OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

The Man in Gray stands in front of Bill.

INT. STATION LOBBY - EARLY EVENING

Bone Man reclines his feet -- he's reads a packet about the DIXIE LEDGES 8th ANNUAL MONSTER TRUCK RALLY AND RIB BURN-OFF.

BILL

Hoooooly shit. Are you actually READING something?

Bill shuffles over to the Bone Man.

BONE MAN

This whole fuckin' budget -- and NOTHING for RIBS! How do you have a fuckin' Rib Burn-Off without RIBS? Ludicrous.

BILL

Just got off the phone with Todd Stallone in Baltimore. Wood -- he ain't who he says he is.

BONE MAN

What the fuck are you talking about?

BILL

I talked to Todd Stallone. The REAL Todd Stallone -- there's no record of any Ian Wood ever working at WKPR.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Riley's car slows to a stop -- a small traffic jam is revealed.

Road flares are set up -- STATE and LOCAL P.D. clean up the end of the scene.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Riley looks around, shaking his head.

PETE
Jesus, what now?

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

A TOW TRUCK loads up the top-of-the-line Buick. Thayer stands there as it's loaded in.

THAYER
That's good, Marty!

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Riley looks out his window.

Thayer waves and smiles.

The cops eye him up.

EXT. CRUISER - NIGHT

The chief looks at the coroner.

CHIEF
Tell O'Grady.

COP 1
Tell me what, chief?

CORONER
Our numbers, they're off. We're gonna need a lot more for the shipment next Monday.

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The coroner looks at the BODIES.

COP 1
(to the coroner)
How many?

CORONER
A LOT.

COP 1
We're moving serious pounds.

CORONER
You think a skinny couple is enough to suffice for the order?

CHIEF
Well, they're expecting more than we've got right now...

CORONER
I can pack 'em and get the most I can out of 'em... but, this just isn't going to cut it.

CHIEF
But we'll be able to get it. Right, O'Grady?

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Killing's your business.

One of the bodies SQUIRMS.

COP 1
(smiles)
And business is good.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Bill closes the lid on his beef jerky.

BONE MAN
Who gives a shit? So he lied to get a job? The kid's good. I said I wasn't a CONVICTED felon -- I guess at the time that was HALF TRUE.

BILL
I just don't know about this guy. My gut tells me something's up.

BONE MAN
Don't care. Get fucked.

BILL
I'm sorry?

BONE MAN
Sorry, I'll say it a little louder. *Get fucked.*

BILL
I'm thinking about firing Wood -- and
keep it up and you're next.

BONE MAN
Told you, I'm God. Suffer my wrath.

BILL
Just keep your eye on him, alright?

BONE MAN
Great -- the **fuck** I am.

Bone Man flips him off.

INT. CAR - LATER

Bone Man rides shotgun.

BONE MAN
I admire your balls, man. Faking the
credentials and pulling it off. That's
badass. Way to stick it to the Man.

PETE
What're you talking about?

BONE MAN
I'll be honest, when I first met you I
thought you were a limp-wristed dick
dangler, but the gun -- fucking with Bill
-- THAT is rock and roll.

PETE
Huh? I don't --

BONE MAN
C'mon man, you don't gotta bullshit me.
I know you ain't from Baltimore. Jig's
up.

PETE
Oh Jesus. And Bill told you this?

BONE MAN
(laughs)
Heh heh. Yeah.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The headlights of Pete's car reflect off a police cruiser
that is parked in the driveway.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Pete shakes his head.

PETE
This town is fucking killing me.

BONE MAN
What the Hell's this?

Suggs gets out of the cruiser, gun drawn.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Pete throws up his hands, Bone Man follows suit.

SUGGS
I'm gonna need you to step inside.

PETE
What now, man?

BONE MAN
What's with the hassle, jackass? You got
a warrant?

SUGGS
We need to chat --

Suggs looks at Riley.

SUGGS (CONT'D)
(he puts down his gun)
Got a second, Pete?

BONE MAN
What the fuck's he talking about, Wood?

SUGGS
You mind waiting outside, Mr. Rhodes?

BONE MAN
Blow me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Suggs sits across from Pete.

PETE
I can't find the Goddamn heroin. I look
and I look and I look -- and it's fuckin'
nowhere.

SUGGS
You don't get it!

PETE
I DO get it. Every cop in this town is crooked. And I can't trust the fuckin' FBI -- how the fuck do I know I can trust you?!

SUGGS
They're onto you, Riley. They found THIS.

He produces the film container.

PETE
Oh shit.

SUGGS
And I'm supposed to give them a name.

Riley considers this.

SUGGS (CONT'D)
But I'm not. You're using an extremely rare Nikon camera. It's not hard to track down the ONE place in this town that has the film you need for it. Leaving THIS behind! That's sloppy investigative work. I'd expect more from a Fed.

PETE
They killed a couple that had nothing to do with this! I saw Thayer's tow truck reposessing the fucking car. All this FOR DRUGS?! I just can't fucking believe it. What the fuck am I doing?!

SUGGS
This is bigger than the drugs.

PETE
So what are you gonna tell them then when you go back with the film?

SUGGS
I'll buy you time, Pete -- how much, I don't know. They're gonna track you down and they're gonna kill you.

Suggs goes for the door.

SUGGS (CONT'D)

Trust me.

He looks into his eyes.

PETE

Hey, I didn't even catch your name, man.

SUGGS

Suggs. G. Warren Suggs. Deputy.

PETE

And how do I know you're not gonna sell me out?

SUGGS

Because I'm assigned to the same case as you, Officer Riley. And we're gonna take these bastards down. I've tried to play by the rules -- but no more. Fuck. The. Rules.

Suggs goes to exit.

SUGGS (CONT'D)

I'll update you when I can. Lay low.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Cop 1 cranks up the stereo.

Peter Gabriel's *Sledgehammer* comes on.

O'Grady unzips the body bag.

COP 1

Now, dontcha go makin' any sudden moves, Mr. Crew.

Jay Crew POPS UP, eyes wide open, hair mussed up.

Crew tries to scream, but his mouth is covered in duct tape.

Dissected bodies are everywhere.

He wriggles out of the bag and tries to run. He trips.

COP 1 (CONT'D)

C'mon, Crew. What's the one thing I toldya not to do?

O'Grady approaches him with the sledgehammer above his head.

Jay writhes around, trying to escape the bondage.

Mrs. Crew, tied up in a chair, watches on in horror.

COP 1 (CONT'D)
Until death do you part...

O'Grady makes a kissy face at her. She screams and cries.

COP 1 (CONT'D)
Don't worry. You're next, sweetheart.

He brings down the sledgehammer, FULL FORCE.

SPLAT.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - LATER

Bone Man pounds down on the raw meat with a metal cooking mallet.

He flips the burger onto the grill with a spatula -- it sizzles.

BONE MAN
(takes a swig from a beer)
You're fuckin' FBI!

PETE
You'll have to understand, I didn't think
a convicted felon would be the only
person I could trust in this whole
fuckin' city.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

O'Grady, covered in blood and brains -- whistles.

The door opens & the coroner walks in.

COP 1
(wiping blood from his
forehead)
Carve 'em up good, Charlie.

CORONER
 Jesus, O'Grady. They don't call you "The
 Veal King" for nothing -- you really
 tenderized the shit outta them.

The coroner picks up skull fragment.

CORONER (CONT'D)
 You didn't leave me much to work with.

COP 1
 (calmly)
 I got a little excited.

EXT. SHOOTERS LOUNGE - NIGHT

O'Grady smokes a cigarette out back.

KILPATRICK
 How am I supposed to keep 'em all cold?

O'Grady shrugs him off.

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)
 And NO MORE KIDS.

COP 1
 You tellin' me how to do my job?

KILPATRICK
 We've already got too many -- ease up,
 O'Grady.

CHIEF
 He's right. The preschool's looking
 pretty empty these days.

O'Grady walks off.

COP 1
 Yeah yeah...

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Bone Man slams down his beer, throws his hand out for a
 handshake.

BONE MAN
 I'm in.

PETE
(shaking hands)
In?

BONE MAN
I'm ready to bash some skulls. Let's
figure this shit out.

PETE
That's it?

BONE MAN
You obviously aren't trying to fuck me
over -- so what the fuck, y'know? Good
enough for me.

PETE
I wouldn't ask you to risk your life,
Rhodes.

BONE MAN
No, I'm TELLING YOU. You mind if I --

Bone Man pulls out some cocaine.

Pete obliges his request.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)
(bumping a line)
You want some? Whew! Yeah.

VIPER
You guys hate the cops, right?

Bone Man walks over to the grill -- Viper emerges from
the bushes.

VIPER (CONT'D)
This is gonna be rad.

Viper zips up his fly.

VIPER (CONT'D)
Well?

Riley looks at Bone Man.

Bone Man flips the burger & shrugs his shoulders.

BONE MAN
What can we do?

EXT. FRANK'S JUNKYARD - ENTRANCE - DAWN

Bone Man cuts the lock to the junkyard entrance with bolt cutters, kicks it open.

FRANK, the owner of the junkyard looks at him.

FRANK
What the hell?

Bone Man gets back in the car.

BONE MAN
Official secret investigator business.

FRANK
Fuck you, Rhodes. Pay me.

The car pulls up and Riley hands him a wad of cash.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(papers through)
That should cover it.

INT. CAR - DAWN

The guys drive along through the junkyard side road.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAWN

Bone Man and Viper walk on a pile of garbage.

BONE MAN
It smells like shit.

VIPER
You think this is bad, wait till the sun comes out. Believe me, man.

Riley pulls out two badges.

PETE
By the power vested in me by the state of Ohio, by state of emergency and dire necessity --

Bone Man looks at Viper, confused.

PETE (CONT'D)
I declare you temporary officers of the law for investigative purposes.

BONE MAN
Did I just get deputized?

PETE
This is just a temporary thing -- so now
I've got to train you.

VIPER
Awesome. Now where's my gun?

INT. TRUNK - DAWN

The trunk to the car opens up, the guys take out their
firearms -- assault rifles.

Bone Man's got the biggest gun of all of them.

EXT. WALKWAY - DAWN

Three badass amigos walk along, carrying their big ass
guns.

Bone Man's got a toothpick in his mouth.

EXT. FRANK'S JUNKYARD - DAWN

The guys shoot wildly out into the junkyard.

INT. 107.5 LOBBY - LATER

Brynn wakes up on the couch in the lobby, bottle of Jack
on her lap.

She scratches her crotch and moseys on over to the
studio.

INT. STUDIO - MORNING

MITCH, the late night studio janitor mans the operation --
reads through an old copy of *Rolling Stone*.

His mop & bucket sit next to the couch.

Brynn picks up the pot of coffee, a cigarette dangles
from her lips.

MITCH
I think that's from last night. I'll
heat ya up a fresh pot.

Brynn looks at the coffee, takes out her cigarette.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(setting down the magazine)
Where's Wood?

He looks up as Brynn chugs directly from the pot.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Riley, paranoid, eyes up the clock.

PETE
(on phone)
Thanks Brynn.

INT. STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Brynn leans back in her chair.

BRYNN
Whatever, just get me a carton of smokes.

PETE
Sure thing.

BRYNN
UNFILTERED.

PETE
You got it.

EXT. CONDO - AFTERNOON

Riley locks his door.

A cop car is parked in front of Pete's place.

Riley waves.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

Riley is tailed by three cruisers on his way into the radio station.

INT. SUGGS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Suggs puts on his tie in the mirror. He's pretty impressed with himself.

CARLA, his girlfriend, walks out of the bathroom, putting her towel on.

SUGGS

This could be it, Carla. I'm finally going to do it. It's all lining up. No more desk job. I'm going to get out there. My name's gonna be all over the paper.

CARLA

(adjusting his tie)
That's great, Warren.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bill looks at Pete.

PETE

C'mon, Bill! You wanna FIRE ME? That's bullshit and you know it!

BILL

Coming in late -- switching shifts with Brynn without notice -- the Goddamn JANITOR covered for you.

PETE

I was hungover.

BILL

(listing off)
Forging documentation, lying about your credentials -- you think you're above this? You seemed like corporate material. What the hell are you doing?

PETE

No. Bill, you know I'm capable of doing this job. So I fucked up...

BILL

You're buddies with a felon and hanging out with lowlife scum. You're... you're killing the reputation you didn't have.

PETE

Bill... sponsorship's up. I can't lose this job.

BILL
(hands him an advertisement)
Well good, you gotta prove it this
weekend -- *Sunday, Sunday, Sunday...*

PETE
THE EIGHTH ANNUAL MONSTER TRUCK RALLY AND
RIB BURN-OFF out at THE DIXIE LEDGES?

BILL
Rhodes, Viper, you, and Brynn are
hosting. Don't blow this, Wood.
Sunday's the announcement of the big
Smokin' Cruise getaway.

PETE
Thank you, Bill. You're making the right
decision.

BILL
So who the fuck are you?

PETE
I'm just a DJ.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Suggs, dressed to the nines, has his feet up on the
Chief's desk.

He looks through a dossier.

CHIEF
The fuck are you doing?

Suggs hands him the dossier.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
(looks at a picture of
Wood/Riley)
...him? Wood? We've already got him
under 24/7 surveillance. What else've
you got?

SUGGS
This is special agent Pete Riley. And
this --
(produces the film container)
-- belongs to him.

CHIEF
Good work, Suggs. You sneaky little
shit.

SUGGS
HE'S F---- B---- I.

Chief looks him over.

CHIEF
Great. Now get your fuckin' feet off my desk.
(brushes off Suggs' feet)
So what do you want? Huh?

SUGGS
Just a taste...

The Chief is NOT amused.

SUGGS (CONT'D)
Let's talk promotion -- let's talk new position --

CHIEF
(opens his drawer)
So you wanna play ball with the big boys, huh?

SUGGS
Let's talk -- *distribution*...

Chief pulls out a cigar.

CHIEF
Let's talk -- fuck yourself.

SUGGS
I know you have a deadline. And I know the shipment has to go out on Monday.

CHIEF
Ok, Suggs, I'll bite...

He bites off the tip of the cigar and lights it up.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
How much do you know?

INT. STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Riley walks into the studio.

Bone Man sits at the controls -- a giant grin on his face.

PETE
You're here early.

BONE MAN
(holds up plastic baggie with
human teeth)
Basically, it's case closed, Riley.

PETE
What -- what the hell?

BONE MAN
(digs through his backpack &
pulls out another bag)
That's street smack. I shook down one of
the junkies downtown and he told me it's
all going through *Shooters*.

PETE
Dude, you can't just go ripping people's
teeth out.

BONE MAN
That's the hilarious thing! I didn't
mean to. I put the pliers in -- and they
were already loose!

PETE
Rhodes, you can't go blowing our cover.
What if he goes to the cops?

BONE MAN
Oh -- I don't think that's gonna happen.
What time d'you get done? You got some
time? You got time.

EXT. BONE MAN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bone Man's on the outskirts of town -- exactly where
you'd expect a hard rockin' DJ to live -- a scummy one-
story dilapidated house.

This is white trash central.

The lawn's littered with every piece of junk.

Above the front door there's a giant Confederate flag.

EXT. SHED - AFTERNOON

Bone Man unlocks the shed.

BONE MAN
Don't worry, my mom's at work. We got
the place to ourselves.

Pete looks around.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)
(opening the door)
Nobody tailed us, right?

There's a battered and bruised JUNKIE passed out on the
floor.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)
Look, I got 'em.

PETE
(looking at burnt spoon on
the ground)
Is that a spoon?

BONE MAN
I let him shoot up to dull the pain.

The junkie's got a syringe hanging out of his arm.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)
Yankin' out teeth. You get answers
quick, man. Am I right?

Bone Man opens a cooler and cracks open two beers.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)
(handing a cold one to Riley)
So what do we do with him now?

PETE
(sips his beer, considers)
How long has he been out?

BONE MAN
Hour?

EXT. SIDE STREET - AFTERNOON

The junkie's body slumps out of the car next to some
trash bags.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - AFTERNOON

Pete takes a hard right, pops in a piece of gum, and
chomps away.

PETE

Ok, here's the deal Rhodes. I'm fucking freaking out here. This situation is a powder keg and I feel like you're carrying a fucking torch. We can't compromise this. I really really reallyyyyyyy appreciate the enthusiasm. But you can't just go ripping bum's teeth out and stealing their smack. You can't be that aggressive.

BONE MAN

Fair enough.

Bone Man looks out the window, nervously.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

Then we better swing by Viper's place then. Cuz uh -- I think he also did some preliminary investigating as well that might potentially jeopardize our under-the-radar status.

PETE

Oh Christ.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Riley's phone rings. Again.

It goes to the answering machine.

PETE (V.O.)

Hey it's Wood. Can't get to my phone right now. Leave a message.

SUGGS

It's Suggs. We need to talk -- Chavez Coffee Shop. 8 P.M.

INT. CHAVEZ COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The clock on the wall ticks away. The place is empty, spare the WAITRESS & an OLD MAN.

Riley sits in the booth. Suggs exits the bathroom.

SUGGS

Shouldn't smoke. It's not good for ya.

PETE

Tell you what's not good for me, Suggs -- me being completely fuckin' paranoid. What've you got?

SUGGS

Saturday night. *Shooters Lounge*. This is gonna be the big one -- they're getting a big shipment. You should be able to see everything. All the major players are gonna be there.

PETE

Great. So what the fuck am I supposed to do?

SUGGS

It's in the sub-basement.

PETE

The hell are you talking about? I told you I got locked in the basement. That's it?

SUGGS

No. The real shit goes down in the sub-basement.

PETE

Wait...

SUGGS

They load the bodies in the regular basement, Riley. The *processing* is downstairs.

PETE

And the big deal's going down?

SUGGS

All the prep is happening Saturday night so everybody can go to the monster truck rally on Sunday.

PETE

What the fuck? Does everybody in town go to this Goddamn thing?

SUGG

I can get you down in the basement. I've got the keys. But Riley -- no pictures, no guns, no nothin'.

(MORE)

SUGG (CONT'D)

And no guarantees, but from the sound of
what the boys downtown are saying... this
is the night to be there.

PETE

And I can trust you?

SUGGS

If not me, then who?

EXT. BASEMENT ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

Suggs' keys jangle -- he opens the door.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is clean. No bodies in sight.

They go over to a door behind a stack of boxes.

SUGGS

You'd never know it was here.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - EARLY EVENING

The sub-basement is packed with bodies.

There are rows and rows -- all shaved hairless -- they
practically look like mannequins.

PETE

(coughs -- bad smell)
These are all victims.

SUGGS

A lot of 'em are related. Betts acts
like they're cleaning up the streets.

Suggs situates Riley in the utmost corner of the basement
-- the custodian's closet.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Suggs shows him where to crouch down.

PETE

And then I wait for the signal, I know...

SUGGS

You kneel down here -- it's a bitch on your knees, but believe me you'll see everything... when the coast is clear, and I give you the go ahead -- come out.

PETE

(keels into position)

Don't fuck me over, Suggs.

SUGGS

I'm here for you, Riley. We're gonna take these bastards down.

They shake hands.

SUGGS (CONT'D)

Just wait for my signal.

Riley crouches down and looks through the grate.

SUGGS (CONT'D)

(shutting the door)

Don't worry about a thing. I'll take care of it.

Suggs walks off.

The lights go out.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Suggs sits at the desk in the Chief's office.

SUGGS

I -- I just couldn't get him to cooperate. He didn't buy it.

The Chief looks at him from across the desk. O'Grady stands by the door.

CHIEF

Well, Suggs. That's unfortunate. Very unfortunate.

(makes his way to the mini-fridge)

Something to drink?

The chief opens his mini-fridge. It's full of Coca-Cola.

SUGGS

Sure. I have to say though, y'know?
It's been so unpredictable. I think
it'll line up.

CHIEF

Ice?

SUGGS

(nods)

Sure. I mean, I tried to keep up my end
of the bargain. I'm sure the promotion
isn't necessary... but y'know, if it's
still out there.

Chief pours the Coke into a cup.

CHIEF

I'm a simple man. We had a simple
arrangement.

O'Grady closes the door, casually.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

And you -- simply -- didn't comply.

SUGGS

(smiles)

Well, chief. We'll get him -- Sund---

O'Grady's hands clasp around Sugg's neck. Coke spills
from his mouth.

The Chief casually closes his blinds.

Suggs' windpipe is cut off.

No noise.

Suggs makes an attempt to kick out of it -- to no avail.

He goes limp.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

TWO HEAVIES push two gurneys stacked with bodies.

HEAVY 1

My forearms are ripped from carryin' all
this dead weight.

HEAVY 2

I know! I quit going to the gym.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

The elevator stops dead. The doors open. The lights click on.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Riley watches it unfold.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

The heavy stops.

HEAVY 1

Where does the boss want 'em?

HEAVY 2

Just leave over here. They'll be right down.

The heavies park the bodies on the gurneys next to the closet. The cloth draped over it blocks all the light.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Riley shifts around. The bodies block his view.

RILEY

(quietly)

Dammit.

He sighs, stands up, opens the door.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kilpatrick, Chief Betts, O'Grady, the Man in Gray, & Charlie the Coroner exit the elevator.

KILPATRICK

Smells like ass in here. This shit's been lying around for too long. I need grade A. Fresh kills...

The bodies on the gurney have moved to the middle of the room.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Riley tries to muffle his heavy breathing, but he's fuckin' tired from pushing those corpses.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

The chief walks over.

CHIEF

Well, Kilpatrick, I wouldn't worry about it. In fact, you should be thankin' O'Grady.

KILPATRICK

Oh yeah, Betts?

CHIEF

Tomorrow night at the Dixie Ledges -- Let's just say... there might be a little -- accident. The people in the stands are gonna get a real show -- to die for. 8 P.M. when Sasquatch comes rolling out -- everybody's cheering. And then it goes over the cars -- and INTO the crowd. And we use that commotion and chaos to get a whole stack of fresh, ready-to-process shit. All my boys will be there. And Charlie says he can do it in time for Monday.

CORONER

Of course. But my job is contingent on "The Veal King" and the rest of your boys in blue doing what's necessary.

COP 1

Have I ever failed?

CHIEF

(pats O'Grady on the back)
This man's responsible for 75% of what you've got down here.

KILPATRICK

You know what kind of demand we got? We need the Grade A shit. From here on out, focus on bulk -- not quality.

COP 1

You just leave it up to me, Kilpatrick. And Charlie, have the meat wagon on deck. Gonna be makin' quite a few runs.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Riley struggles to watch, he repositions himself.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

The coroner unzips the bag, revealing the dead face of Suggs.

CHIEF

Sorry, m'boy. That's what happens when you don't deliver.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

A look of disbelief washes over Riley's face.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

The coroner pulls out his knives, makes a good cut out of Suggs' torso.

MAN IN GRAY

A sample then...

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Riley is helpless.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

The coroner slices the chunk of stomach flesh -- thin with surgical accuracy... like he's preparing sushi.

COP 1

It's better raw.

CHIEF

Looks like you weren't worthless after all.

MAN IN GRAY

I've got the pricing sheets all worked out -- and if this shipment of meat goes well...

KILPATRICK

(tasting the man meat)
Holy shit.

MAN IN GRAY

You know what kinda upselling I'm doing
on this in New York or Los Angeles?

KILPATRICK

After this stash sells, we're gonna be
fuckin' rich. Oh my God, this is
delicious.

MAN IN GRAY

Human meat... gentlemen, the future of
food.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Riley watches painfully as the CROOKED CANNIBAL COPS
devouring human flesh that belonged to his confidante --
the inside man.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

The men laugh amid a sea of shaved cadavers.

A light flickers above the table.

It goes out.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Riley dials Culler's number again.

PETE

Get back to me Culler, YOU FUCK!!!!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - LATER

The light flicks on.

Riley stands over the dead body of Suggs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Riley gets the same message, hangs up, dials again.

INT. RILEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Riley rips the phone out of the wall -- he tosses everything into a pile.

A cigarette dangles from his lips.

INT. RILEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Riley fires down some pills -- probably Valium -- with some booze.

He has a bit of a psychotic freak out, destroying his bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Riley collects all of his things into a big empty box.

He rounds up other vital information related to the case.

EXT. RILEY'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

Riley pours lighter fluid all over the amassed pile.

He tosses his lit cigarette on top.

It goes up in flames.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

He stares into Suggs' lifeless eyes.

PETE

I'm gonna kill all those motherfuckers.

EXT. RILEY'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

Riley watches as the pile burns.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The 107.5 van pulls in.

Bone Man gets out -- Viper's next -- they see smoke and a glow from the back yard.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Riley rounds up his arsenal -- shotguns, grenades, revolvers, assault rifles, everything one would expect.

Boxes of ammo, knives, billy clubs, batons.

Viper and Bone Man stand there.

BONE MAN

You look like you're ready for World War III.

PETE

(down to business)

You brought the van, right?

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

They pack the speaker boxes with the supplies.

PETE

(loading in gear)

I tried calling the FBI and my boss wouldn't answer. The only good cop on the force is dead. I don't know who I can trust.

VIPER

So... Suggs is dead?

PETE

Yes! And they're gonna kill the spectators at the monster truck rally tomorrow.

BONE MAN

To pack the heroin in the bodies? Don't they have enough?

PETE

No, Rhodes! I told you! They're SELLING THE BODIES.

BONE MAN

For organs?

PETE

For the MEAT. *Shooters Lounge* seems to be the epicenter for a tri-state man-meat operation. The heroin outfit was a front!

VIPER

And they're gonna wreck a monster truck into the crowd. That's unbelievable -- that's...

BONE MAN

That's fuckin' awesome.

Viper and Pete look at him.

BONE MAN (CONT'D)

What? You're telling me wrecking a MONSTER TRUCK into the crowd for the purposes of harvesting the meat is not awesome?

PETE AND VIPER

No.

BONE MAN

Fags.

The van door shuts.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Pete and the guys toast beers.

PETE

It's just us. If you wanna leave. Get outta town now. I'll do this myself.

VIPER

Fuck that noise, I'm in.

Viper looks at Bone Man.

BONE MAN

You know I am.

PETE

Then it's settled. The three of us are gonna do this... and we're gonna take these bastards down.

They hoist their alcoholic beverages -- tap -- and chug.

Bone Man crushes the can on his head.

VIPER

You really think we can pull this off?

PETE
 (finishes chugging, says
 confidently)
 I have no fucking clue.

EXT. DIXIE LEDGES - MORNING

The sun rises over the former hippie camp ground -- now biker/special event corporate paradise.

Banners all around announce the corporate sponsorship of the event... all the usual suspects are there.

Tents adorn the sides of the main pit -- a tractor digs up some dirt.

Junked up cars have been brought in and are being lined up for the main event of the night.

Memorabilia huts have sprung up -- tons of portable toilets -- and food vendors have set up shop.

A semi-truck full of meat is parked over by the barbecue pits.

The Corporate Radio country, rock, and talk radio stations have all set up booths.

The main DJ area is set up for the 107.5 crowd.

A large banner advertising the Smokin' Cruise Getaway.

Dunking booths, hot dogs on a stick, there's even a Tilt-a-Whirl set up.

Confederate flags, fatty fried food, cheap beer, and scantily clad women.

This truly is a white trash wet dream.

Cue title:

 8th ANNUAL DIXIE LEDGES
 MONSTER TRUCK RALLY AND RIB BURN OFF

EXT. DIXIE LEDGES BACK ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

The place is swarming with POLICE.

And people are lined up to get in.

Everybody on the police force is there -- some in uniform -- others plainclothes, just enjoying the festivities. All armed & dangerous.

EXT. POLICE CHARITY RIB STATION - EARLY EVENING

Police Charity Rib station is in full effect.

In a smock, Chief Betts fires up the grill.

EXT. PARKING AREA - EARLY EVENING

Riley parks his car.

HARDIN CATHOLIC FOOTBALL PLAYERS walk around selling raffle tickets.

Riley passes by.

LINEBACKER

Raffle ticket? 10 for \$5!

EXT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - EARLY EVENING

Viper & Bone Man sort through the vinyl.

Riley walks up.

PETE

Hey guys. How's it going? Everything still on schedule.

VIPER

(nods)

Looks like it.

PETE

Bill being a prick?

BONE MAN

Does that ever change?

Bill, standing with O'Grady & a few other BEAT COPS -- comes over to the tent.

Bill comes over -- shockingly in a good mood.

BILL

Wood! Glad I caught ya. Slight change of plans. Brynn's gotta go early. Something about a football scrimmage. You're going on the late shift.

PETE

But this is my first monster truck rally out here! I really wanted to check it out.

BILL

Hey, you fucked up big time by lying to me. Try not to make today miserable. Just do your fuckin' job. Oh...

Bill pins a ribbon on Pete.

BILL (CONT'D)

You're our designated representative for the rib judging contest. Better hurry up -- first round starts in ten minutes.

Bill hustles off.

BILL (CONT'D)

Have fun, everyone! Remember -- this year you're not a bunch of drunken idiots. You're representing a BRAND.

Bone Man pulls out a bottle of rum and openly consumes.

BONE MAN

I dunno, man. Are we gonna be able to pull this off? Look at all these people.

There are a significant amount of people.

EXT. THAYER'S BUICK BOOTH - NIGHT

Riley passes Thayer's West End Buick's set-up.

The top-of-the-line model that the Crews bought and then had repossessed (upon their death) is the giveaway prize.

Thayer smiles and waves at Riley.

Something reeks of shit in Denmark... or Youngstown, Ohio, rather.

EXT. RIB CITY - EARLY EVENING

Riley enters "Rib City".

The rib contenders are in full swing.

Patrons drink beer and eat ribs -- all around him --
Riley sees barbecue sauce and flesh dangling from
people's lips.

He backs up.

He sees the creepy kid on the green bicycle and his
grandmother.

He sees YOUNG CHILDREN gnawing away at the meat.

And he can't stop thinking about all the bodies.

EXT. RIB STATION - DAY

Riley walks up to the rib station.

An ELDERLY WOMAN serves him up some ribs.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Hope the judge likes what we've got to
offer.

Riley smiles.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)
Well go on, now.

Riley looks around and sees all the cops -- eating away.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)
You don't want to offend an old woman
now, do you?

Riley reluctantly takes a bite -- and fakes a smile.

A hand SLAMS onto his shoulder -- KILPATRICK.

KILPATRICK
Well, if it isn't IAN WOOD. RADIO
PERSONALITY. Could I steal him for a
minute, Miss Butler?

EXT. RIB CITY - DAY

Kilpatrick walks along with Riley.

KILPATRICK

Haven't see you around the lounge lately,
Riley? You been around?

PETE

Just getting used to things I guess.

KILPATRICK

Oh yeah... I understand. New to town.
Getting acquainted with the locals.

Kilpatrick gets him close -- and puts a gun into his back
at close range.

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)

Now, you wouldn't go and do something
stupid, right? Good, Wood. Because
you're a loose cannon... and I said this
day one. I like loose cannons. They
shake things up. But there's one problem
- I think your fuse is lit. And the only
thing I don't like is a loose cannon with
a lit fuse. Now, don't you go doing
anything you'll regret -- and me and none
of these here po-lice officers will have
to put a bullet in your fuckin' spine.
Capiche?

EXT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - EARLY EVENING

Viper switches on.

VIPER

(ON AIR)

Stop on out to the 107.5 mobile truck to
get registered for the Smokin' Cruise
Getaway. The drawing's after the Monster
Truck Main Event with Sasquatch --
winners must be present to collect their
prize.

EXT. MONSTER TRUCK PIT - EARLY EVENING

The monster trucks are parked in a row.

The DRIVERS mull about.

The PYROTECHNIC GUYS set up the last few effects.

EXT. POLICE CHARITY RIB STATION - EARLY EVENING

The ribs at this station have exorbitant prices.

Half a rack is close to \$100.

KILPATRICK

Gentlemen... next customer's a special
guy. Give 'em somethin' special.

Kilpatrick eases up on the gun.

A YUPPIE parent with his YUPPIE son leave the station,
satisfied customers -- munching down on the expensive
MEAT.

Riley goes face-to-face with Chief "Chef" Betts.

COP 1

Next.

Riley approaches the station - he looks at the price list
-- and beyond sees what looks like a HUMAN TORSO on the
spit.

COP 1 (CONT'D)

You're probably wonderin' why the prices
are so Goddamn high. Well, we do it for
charity. Lotta orphaned kids here --
what with the high murder rates. So we
try to keep them in our thoughts and
prayers -- and help 'em out when we can.

CHIEF

(sneers)

Well, the judge is here. Get the Suggs
special, O'Grady.

O'Grady smiles.

With a pair of serving tongs, he brings over the large
rack.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Just gotta heat it up. Hope you like 'em
spicy.

Riley can't say anything. He knows what's happening.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

(basting the meat)

Beautiful day out. Just beeeautiful.

COP 1
 You steer clear of niggers and dope,
 Wood?

PETE
 (nods)
 I sure did, officer.

COP 1
 Good. But -- ya didn't steer clear of
Shooters Lounge, did ya? Well, I'm sure
 you've learned your lesson.

The ribs hit the plate and the cop hands them over to
 him.

CHIEF
 On the house. Compliments of your **honest**
 local police MAN.

Riley observes the rack of ribs... do they belong to
 Suggs? Are they just fucking with him?

Riley picks it up, holds it up,-- he looks over -- and
 sees PERFECT CHILDREN feasting on flesh next to their
 PERFECT PARENTS.

Everybody's loving it.

The PERFECT DAD lifts up his rack of ribs in approval,
 smiling -- gives the 'thumbs up'.

It's eating Riley up to be doing this.

Riley goes in for the bite -- when all of a sudden, Brynn
 grabs onto his crotch and spills beer on his shirt.

She's a real shit show right now.

BRYNN
 (slurring her speech)
 Got a second for a friend?

PETE
 Brynnnn... what's up? I've been looking
 all over for you.

BRYNN
 You got a show to put on.

PETE
 Duty calls.

Pete hands the ribs back to the cops.

CHIEF
Aw, yeah. They'll be waitin' right here
for ya, Riley.

The jig's up -- Riley stops.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Don't go doing something stupid.

EXT. ANNOUNCEMENT TENT - NIGHT

The ANNOUNCER gets on the loudspeaker.

ANNOUNCER
Coming up in FIVE minutes -- the main
event with SaSaSa---Sasquatch! Don't
miss out on the monster track ma-ma-ma-
mayhem!!!

EXT. DIXIE LEDGES - NIGHT

A crowd of people flock over to the main pit.

EXT. PATH - NIGHT

Brynn and Riley make their way speedily through the
crowd.

PETE
Is everything piped in?

BRYNN
The truck is connected to the main
loudspeakers.
(she stops)
Don't fuck this up, Riley. Look, I even
stayed sober.

He looks at her. She's got a wonky eye, Riley's
skeptical.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
Ok... I was sober when I DROVE here.

PETE
Brynn, you gotta get outta here. You
have a kid.

BRYNN
You sound like my boyfriend.

PETE
Which one?

BRYNN
(winks)
All of 'em.

EXT. POLICE CHARITY RIB STATION - NIGHT

The Chief flips the sign to "Closed".

The cops make their way over to the pit for the main event.

INT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - NIGHT

Viper flips through the records.

PETE
(ON AIR)
107.5 The Abyss -- broadcasting live out at the Dixie Ledges for the 8th annual Monster Truck Rally & Rib Burn-Off. Winner for the Smokin' Cruise comin' up after the main event with SASQUATCH. Remember, you gotta be here to win. So if you're not here -- make your way over.

OFF AIR.

Bone Man watches as the group of cops pass by.

BILL
I gotta go.

Bill follows the cops like a lap dog.

PETE
Where are the bikers, man?

VIPER
Don't worry about it. Any minute. They've got their own code -- but they WILL be here. They OWE me.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A GIANT POSSE of SEEDY BIKERS roll in -- they're looking particularly drunk & aggressive.

A COP walks over to them.

A COP
Tickets?

SNAKE TATTOO BIKER
Yeah, I got it right here.

He turns and then turns back & HEADBUTTS him.

Blood spurts from the cop's nose.

SNAKE TATTOO BIKER
(CONT'D)
Let's do this.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Monster truck mayhem ensues -- one of the vehicles blasts flames -- the pyrotechnics go off as THE BEHEMOTH plows over a bunch of junked up automobiles.

The crowd eats it up.

EXT. MONSTER TRUCK WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Cops position themselves by the exits.

INT. HOLDING AREA/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

A dark and dingy holding area.

SASQUATCH's DRIVER walks out of the bathroom.

Betts stands there.

DRIVER
Hey, you're not supposed to be back here.

CHIEF
Little last minute change in who's driving.

The chief smiles.

O'Grady "THE VEAL KING" steps out of the shadows.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

The Behemoth finishes up riding around.

Pyrotechnics flaring. THE CROWD GOES WILD!

ANNOUNCER
Coming up in just a few moments... we've
got Sasquatch!

INT. MONSTER TRUCK PIT - NIGHT

O'Grady goes to get in the truck. The Chief, Kilpatrick,
Man in Gray -- all there.

INT. ANNOUNCEMENT TENT - NIGHT

The announcer goes on.

ANNOUNCER
Well it looks like it's time -- what
you've all been waiting for...
SASQUATCH!!!

INT. PIT - NIGHT

The crowd goes WILD -- practically tearing at the seats
for the mayhem that will surely ensue.

The chief looks on -- all the meat in the crowd.

He's practically licking his lips.

INT. ANNOUNCEMENT TENT - NIGHT

The announcer looks on as Sasquatch moves forward slowly

ANNOUNCER
(practically falling out of
his seat)
And HEREEEEEE WEEEEEE ---

All of a sudden the mic cuts:

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
GO! What the fuck?

He grabs his microphone and taps it.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

There is a noticeable pause.

GIRLS IN BIKINIS -- drunk HILLBILLIES -- FAMILIES -- it's
a packed house.

ALL
(chanting)
SASQUATCH! SASQUATCH!

Sasquatch revs his engine.

EXT. AREA ADJACENT TO THE PIT - NIGHT

The snake tattoo biker gives the signal to Viper.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Sasquatch idles.

INT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - NIGHT

Viper looks at Riley and switches him ON AIR.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Sasquatch revs up. Fireworks EXPLODE out of the sides of the main area.

ALL
(going wild)
SASQUATCH! SASQUATCH!!!!!!!

People cover their ears as a SCREECHING NOISE overtakes the speakers.

INT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK NIGHT

Riley broadcasts throughout the fair.

PETE
(honing Jim Morrison)
Is everybody in? IS EVERYBODY INNNN?
The ceremony is about to begin...

INT. PIT - NIGHT

The Snake Tattoo Biker walks out into the middle of the arena, smoking a cigarette.

KILPATRICK
(running out)
What the fuck? WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE DOING?!

SNAKE TATTOO BIKER
A magic trick.

KILPATRICK
What?

SNAKE TATTOO BIKER
I'm gonna make this crowd disappear.

The snake tattoo biker pulls out a police-issue smoke bomb and puts it up to his lit cigarette -- and tosses it toward the crowd.

INT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - NIGHT

Viper points to Bone Man.

VIPER
Hit it!

Bone Man lets the needle drop on Blue Cheer's cover of "Summertime Blues".

INT. PIT - NIGHT

The other MOTLEY BIKERS follow suit and begin smoke bombing.

The area becomes a smoke-filled haze quickly -- this begs for a spilt-screen (quad-split) of everything going on.

People look confused, frightened, worried...

EXT. MONSTER TRUCK WAITING AREA - NIGHT

The chief freaks out.

CHIEF
What the fuck is going on?

INT. PIT - NIGHT

The crowd scatters like roaches. People are tripping over each other.

The cops try to subdue the fleeing people. The bikers make MAYHEM.

TERRORIZING people into freaking the fuck out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

People stage a mass exodus.

Cops outside shoot at CIVILIANS, bash their heads. They revolt.

The BIKERS act as security -- against the cops.

They start THRASHING THEM with knives, chains, whatever they've got.

Car accidents, panic, danger.

TOTAL CHAOS.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

The cops go into crowd control mode.

CHIEF

O'Grady!

COP 1

They're running, chief!

CHIEF

WE GOT A QUOTA TO MEET!

COP 1

What should we do?

O'Grady hops out of Sasquatch and gets down to the ground.

CHIEF

(screaming)

The bikers! THE DJS! Kill 'em all!

INT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - NIGHT

The DJs pull out their weapons -- they start firing on the cops.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Viper is mowing COPS down -- the music blares.

Viper CHARGES AT PEOPLE through the smoke.

EXT. BEER STAND - NIGHT

Bone Man reloads a clip in his assault rifle.

He ducks behind a beer keg -- bullets WHIZ BY.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A handful of the BIKERS hop on their bikes, rev up -- they pull out clubs, chains, and knives.

EXT. PIT - NIGHT

Riley's taking out motherfuckers left and right -- just like at the begging of the flick.

He comes around the corner -- the chief -- his back is to Riley.

Riley points his gun at him, aims.

The chief fires a clip into a BULKED UP BIKER who charges him.

The chief turns around.

CHIEF
(laughs)
You gonna shoot a decorated officer of
the law?

Riley aims.

PETE
I'm gonna decorate you, alright...

CLICK.

EXT. PIT - SIDE WINGS - NIGHT

Bone Man positions himself on the upper level of the rented grandstand.

He pulls out a vial of cocaine and bumps a little.

He raises his rifle.

SNIPING POSITION.

He picks people off through the smoke...

EXT. PIT - NIGHT

The chief aims at Riley and smiles.

CLICK. He goes to fire again. CLICK.

CHIEF

Fuck it.

The chief cracks his knuckles and gets ready to brawl.

EXT. PIT - WINGS - NIGHT

Viper finishes shooting through a CROOKED CANNIBAL COP -- picks up a chain.

VIPER

(throws gun down)

Dammit!

EXT. PIT - NIGHT

The chief laughs, rolls up his sleeves.

CHIEF

I'm gonna enjoy this.

Viper comes outta nowhere and tackles the Chief to the ground.

The chief -- in desperation, digs his teeth into just above Viper's clavicle.

Viper slams the chief's head onto the concrete.

Viper has the chain wrapped around his hand.

VIPER

Pucker up, fucker!

Viper nails him in the FACE. HE BLASTS HIM HARD.

The chief's mouth fills with blood. Viper hits him again. REALLY BLASTING THE FUCK OUTTA HIM.

Viper launches into a kill-crazy barrage of blows.

The chief's face looks like raw meat, he's barely conscious.

INT. MAIN PIT - NIGHT

The smoke and lights and pyro go off like crazy.

Everybody's seeming running out of bullets -- and it's all hand-to-hand combat.

BIKERS THRASH COPS. CROOKED CANNIBAL COPS beat bikers with billy clubs and whatever they've got around.

Riley and O'Grady face off -- O'Grady bare hands -- Riley with a billy club.

EXT. PIT - SIDE WINGS - NIGHT

Bone Man casually takes out Kilpatrick -- head shot.

He gets O'Grady within range.

INT. MAIN PIT - NIGHT

One BIKER parks his bike on top of a cop and revs the wheel up, just decimating the cop's face.

O'Grady is beating the FUCK out of Riley -- slamming him around -- he's getting off on this shit.

EXT. PIT - SIDE WINGS - NIGHT

CLICK -- Bone Man's outta bullets.

The music is blasting -- coming to crescendo.

INT. MAIN PIT - NIGHT

The smoke finally starts to clear -- and the carnage that has happened is fully visible. There are blood stains everywhere. Bodies writing in pain... others lifeless.

Still a handful of SURVIVORS continue to fight.

Sasquatch still idles.

Viper comes in to join the rest of the fight, swinging the chain around... taking on the few crooked cops that remain.

O'Grady beats the fuck out of Riley. He mercilessly continues.

Riley's pretty banged up. Viper gets a good CHAIN in on O'Grady.

VIPER

Hope you like the taste of your own
blood, motherfucker!

Viper takes on O'Grady -- puts chain around neck,
strangles him to death slowly.

Riley sturdies himself, gets oriented -- and from the
ground says:

PETE

(tired, practically defeated)
What? That all you got?

Pete goes to get up.

And then... out of nowhere Bill towers over Pete, holding
his gun.

BILL

Just stay down.

PETE

Bill?

BILL

(cocks the hammer)
You little fuck. You fucked it all up.
You think this is a bunch of cops selling
meat? Do you have any idea what the fuck
you're dealing with?

PETE

What the fuck are you talking about?

BILL

The operation. Production, distribution!
RILEY! This is no small operation. You
think 107.5 is makin' its money on
advertising? HA! Not advertising for
radio, I'll tell you that. Radio's dead -
- like you're gonna be. Turn around --
LOOK AT ME IN THE FACE.

EXT. MONSTER TRUCK WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Bone Man watches some bikers STOMPING a crooked cop --
and he makes his way over toward Sasquatch.

EXT. PIT - NIGHT

Riley turns around to look Bill in the face.

BILL

I had my hunches... but now, I know...
and this is what it's come to.

Bill raises up his gun. An engine revs.

BILL (CONT'D)

The conglomerate of radio stations is the parent company responsible for the whole operation of advertising, coordinating, and distributing the product. Networking, networking, networking. Why do you think all the stations are linking up? HUH? You think it's because the formats are the same or because we care about THE LISTENERS? FUCK THAT -- we cater to our own audience. We are here to feed the hungry. Those hungry for HUMAN FLESH! You think a Strip Club isn't the perfect front? Kilpatrick was a PATSY. This is about money. This is INTERNATIONAL.

The smoke really has all but cleared.

BILL (CONT'D)

You got any idea what a guy like you is WORTH? What a pound of your flesh is WORTH?

PETE

Go ahead, take my pound of flesh!

BILL

I'm gonna keep you for myself. I'm gonna grill me up a nice RILEY STEAK.

Bill aims.

Riley closes his eyes and waits for it.

THE SOUND OF A HONKING HORN.

Riley opens his eyes:

OUT OF NOWHERE BILL IS FLATTENED BY A MONSTER TRUCK TIRE -
- **GUTS SPEWING EVERYWHERE.**

Riley looks up and BONE MAN is in the driver's seat of SASQUATCH.

Bone Man backs up over Bill's body, fully crushing and grinding what remains.

Riley, speechless.

BONE MAN
You're welcome.

PETE
Thank you!

BONE MAN
Seriously, I just major league violated my parole.

PETE
I won't tell on you.

BONE MAN
Good. Uh oh. I see some people who might.

He throws it in gear.

Bone Man drives the monster truck around in circles -- chasing down the remaining crooked cannibal cops.

Viper continues his brutal beatings/ the melee continues...

Just as the gore factor hits its maximum -- it all slows down.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The FBI TEAM headed by CULLER bursts onto the scene.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Some FBI guys vomit...

Culler surveys the damage.

LOTTA BODIES.

Tire tracks, gunshot wounds, stab wounds, chain wounds, knife wounds -- some people are gonna be hard to identify.

CULLER
Save any teeth you can. We're gonna need
to go to dental records to ID some of
these bodies. Agent Smith!

FBI AGENT
Sir?

CULLER
Better call in the meat wagon.

FBI AGENT
SOMEBODY RADIO FOR PARAMEDICS!

EXT. 107.5 ABYSS MOBILE DJ TRUCK - LATER

The guys, tired, bruised, broken, sore... pack up the DJ
truck.

CULLER
Holy shit, RILEY!

Riley walks over.

CULLER (CONT'D)
Jesus. WHAT HAPPENED?

PETE
On time as always, Culler...

CULLER
Hol-leeeee shit. I mean, HOLY SHITTTT.

PETE
I'm putting in for vacation.

CULLER
You got it. Where do you wanna go?

Riley looks around.

PETE
I dunno, Culler.

Bone Man holds up the Smokin' Cruise Getaway tickets.

BONE MAN
Gotta be here to claim the prize -- and I
think you're the only person who entered
who made it til now. Congratulations.

PETE
(looks at the tickets)
For four?

VIPER
(carrying a box of LPs)
Oh, I'm DEFINITELY in. You know the
pussy you can get on a CRUISE SHIP?
International waters, man. NO RULES.

CULLER
You were right all along, Riley. I can't
believe it... but Goddamn it, you were
right. The heroin was just a Goddamn
decoy. You made your dad proud. You're
a Goddamn hero.

BONE MAN
(pulls out badge)
Do I return my badge to him?

PETE
No, you can keep that.

CULLER
Wait a minute -- let me see that.

PETE
I had to deputize them. Emergency
situation. You were kinda TOUGH to get
in touch with. Y'understand.

CULLER
Yeah yeah... well you certainly left a
mess for me to clean up.

PETE
You know what, Culler? I'm officially
done with this FBI shit.

CULLER
What are you gonna do?

PETE
I dunno, man. Guess I'll figure it out
when I get there.

Pete's face is covered in blood and is beginning to
bruise.

CULLER
You got a good face for radio.

PETE
That's what I've heard.

EXT. PIT - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS arrive on scene and start cleaning up the bodies.

The 107.5 Mobile DJ van drives along.

EXT. RIB STATION - NIGHT

The LAST DJs drive along at a snail's pace.

BONE MAN
I'm hungry. You think there any ribs left?

Pete laughs. "Meat Man" by Jerry Lee Lewis plays as we...

FADE TO BLACK:

CUE TITLE:

THE LAST DJs

INT. MONSTER TRUCK WAITING AREA - NIGHT

The MAN IN GRAY emerges from the shadow next to Culler.

CULLER
I'm sorry.

MAN IN GRAY
Oh? No need for apologies, Mr. Culler.
By my estimation, we've got just enough here to meet the order. I've instructed your men to collect what's left.

CORONER
I'll take care of it.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.