

WAYNE

"Chapter One: Get Some Then"

written by

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TEASER

EXT. BROCKTON, MA. SUBURBS - DAY

Grey New England skies. Hints of a recent snowstorm. Three-decker homes with second and third story porches that sag dangerously on one side or the other. Cars on the verge of breakdown or already sitting on blocks in dirt patched yards.

WE FOLLOW a BMX BIKE from behind as it carves up the road, hopping on and off curbs and weaving between trash cans.

The bike comes to a dramatic skid in front of THREE SEVENTEEN YEAR-OLD TEENS standing in a driveway, smoking butts. They stare back at the BOY ON THE BIKE, confused, un-welcoming.

WE REVEAL: THE BOY ON THE BIKE. **This is WAYNE, 15. WAYNE, 15, does not give a fuck.**

TEEN #1

What?

Wayne stares back, hard eyes, emotionless.

TEEN #2

Get the hell out of here.

TEEN #3

Screw off, retard.

TEEN #3 flicks his butt at him. Wayne doesn't flinch.

TEEN

Go!

Fed up with the awkward silence, TEEN #2 locates a large chunk of melting ice on the ground and kicks it at Wayne. The ice chunk breaks apart at Wayne's feet.

TEEN #2

Now get the fuck out.

Wayne drops his bike to the ground, casually walks past the Teens, picks up a chunk of ice and hurls it through the plate glass window of the home behind the Teens. Crash!

The Teens look at Wayne, shocked.

TEEN

What the fuck?!

TEEN #3

You asshole!

The front door of the home blasts open! A shirtless MAN, late teens/early twenties, storms out, angry and on a mission.

TEEN

Oooh, you messed up now.

MAN

Who did that?! Who the hell did that?!

The Teens point to Wayne, who is unfazed. The Man rushes up to Wayne, grabs his collar, bullies him back.

MAN (CONT'D)

You break my window?!

Wayne's cold stare doesn't wilt. The Man smacks him.

MAN (CONT'D)

Answer me, dough boy!

Wayne spits on the his bare chest. The Man is shocked, then enraged, then...

The Man kicks Wayne backwards into a snow bank. He proceeds to punch the shit out of Wayne, peppering in gut shots for good measure. Wayne tries to shield himself from the blows but he's getting roughed-up, his nose bleeding.

ANGLE ON: THE TEENS STOMPING THE CRAP OUT OF WAYNE'S BIKE.

The Man picks Wayne up by his underarms and heaves him into the snow bank.

One more kick to the ribs. That hurt.

Finally, The Man bends over, breathing heavy, dead tired.

MAN (CONT'D)

(gassed, breathing heavy)

Now... get the fuck out of here...
before I... kill ya.

Wayne, seeming to accept his defeat, wipes blood from his nose and limps to his mangled bike. But instead of picking up his bike, he picks up another ice chunk from the ground and hurls it through another window.

Crash!

Everyone tries to register what the hell they just saw. The Man, bent over, breathing heavy, looks at Wayne, defeated.

SHIRTLESS MAN

(resigned)

What the fuck, man?

Wayne walks off, leaving his mangled bike behind. The Man and the Teens don't bother following.

Wayne wipes more blood from his nose, spits on the sidewalk. NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS and a TRASHMAN watch Wayne with a mix of awe, confusion and fear as he disappears into the horizon like a gunfighter.

This is Wayne, 15. Wayne, 15, does not give a fuck.

MUSIC CUE: A FEW SECONDS OF THE PUMMELING GUITAR OF METALLICA'S "CREEPING DEATH" OVER...

CHYRON: The name "**WAYNE**" HITS THE SCREEN LIKE A THOUSAND-POUND STEEL STAMP and we,

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

CHYRON: CHAPTER ONE: "GET SOME THEN..."

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Wayne limps himself towards his house, chewing on an oversized "Slim Jim" beef jerky stick.

As he turns up the walkway to his door, he's spotted by MR. HERNANDEZ, 54, the landlord, who sits on the porch next door, a large Doberman sitting beside him.

HERNANDEZ

Hey! Hey, boy! Come here!

Wayne considers, keeps walking.

HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

Hear me, boy? I need to talk to you.

WAYNE

(holding up Slim Jim)
I'm eating my lunch.

Hernandez steps down from his porch, leading his dog on a leash. Wayne stops on his porch and turns around, annoyed.

HERNANDEZ

Your father won't answer the door. I need the rent and that son of a bitch has been ducking me.

WAYNE

He ain't ducking. He can't answer the door. He's sick.

MR. HERNANDEZ

I don't give two shits. Sick or not he still has to pay rent.

Wayne turns around and continues on...

MR. HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

Hey!

WAYNE

I'll get it.

Mr. Hernandez approaches Wayne.

MR. HERNANDEZ

You'll be better off.

They're face to face. The dog tries to get at the Slim Jim.

MR. HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
When your old man, you know...

Hernandez drags his finger across his throat, indicating "death." The dog sniffs at Wayne's Slim Jim, just out of his reach. Wayne notices, pulls his Jerky back.

MR. HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
He might be your Daddy but I don't know. Lotta guys came in and out of--

On this, Wayne tosses the Slim Jim back behind Mr. Hernandez. The dog bolts after it, jerking an unprepared Mr. Hernandez back and onto his shoulder, hard. Hernandez groans in pain.

MR. HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch!

As Hernandez rolls on the ground in pain, Wayne enters his house, a smirk on his face.

MR. HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
You did that shit on purpose!

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR

Wayne enters a dark, quiet house. There's little furniture, no woman's touch here. He stops in the middle of the front room and peers down the hall, into a bedroom, spying feet at the end of a hospital bed. As he's deciding if he should go in, a LOUD KNOCK AT THE DOOR...

The feet in the bed stir. Coughing. Wayne rushes to the door to stop the knocking, opening the door aggressively.

WAYNE
What?!

The girl at the door, DEL, 14, is scared and drops her boxes of Girl Scout Cookies. She bends to pick them up, angry.

DEL
What, "What?" I'm tryin' to sell you some goddamned cookies is what. What the crud already?

WAYNE
Sorry. My dad's sleeping.

DEL

Well why the hell you didn't just say that then?! Shoot.

He bends to help collect the boxes. She slaps him away.

DEL (CONT'D)

Why's your dad sleepin' in the middle of the day anyway? He lazy?

WAYNE

Nah. He got cancer.

She softens a bit, unsure of how to respond.

DEL

Alright then. Well, can people with cancer still have cookies?

WAYNE

He ain't been eatin' much lately.

DEL

Well do you like cookies or are you as weird as you look?

WAYNE

I like--

DEL

We got this peanut butter kind and the coconut kind, which tastes like dog shit, my opinion, but some people like em. There's some lemon---

WAYNE

You wanna come in? My house?

Del peers into the house, suspiciously.

DEL

You ain't gonna do anything weird, right?

WAYNE

Weird, like what?

DEL

Like some guy down on Torrey asked if he could see my feet.

WAYNE

I don't wanna see your feet.

She thinks then, agrees...

DEL
Whatever fine I guess.

Wayne sprints up the stairs. Obviously intending she follow. She scans the house a bit before climbing the steps.

INT. WAYNE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Del enters, put off by Wayne's messy room. There's a mattress on the floor, comic books everywhere, punk band posters. Wayne nervously paces like he's on a first date.

WAYNE
You like music?

He starts to fiddle with some compact discs.

DEL
Yeah, most. I like rap mu...

Wayne hits play on a CD player. Hardcore-punk music blasts. Wayne takes off his jacket and starts moshing, awkwardly, as if he thinks it might look cool.

Del sits, looking around his room, bored as he thrashes. Just as suddenly, Wayne stops the music, panting and sweaty.

WAYNE
You have a boyfriend?

DEL
Not really.

WAYNE
You want me to be your boyfriend?

DEL
I don't know. How tall are you?

WAYNE
Pretty tall.

She stands up. Turns her back to him.

DEL
Here. Put your back up against mine.

WAYNE
What?

She gets behind him, pressing her back against his.

DEL
Like this, dummy.

They size themselves up against each other.

WAYNE
Told ya.

They stand there a minute, silent, back to back, then,

DEL
You got brothers or sisters?

WAYNE
A brother. I think.

DEL
What'dya mean, "I think"?

WAYNE
He's in the Marines. He hasn't called
in a long time, so...

DEL
He kills people then.

WAYNE
That's what you do there I guess.

DEL
Cool.

WAYNE
You have a brother?

DEL
Two.

WAYNE
What do they do?

DEL
They're assholes.

Del finally peels herself away from Wayne, digs through his
CDs and inspects the room. She starts to exit.

WAYNE
So you gonna be my girlfriend or
whatever?

DEL
You gonna buy some cookies?

WAYNE

I wanna but I don't have any money.

DEL

Well... get some then.

Del takes her cookies and exits. Wayne listens to her go. Then she peaks around the corner, surprising him.

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

Then find me. I'm in the shit-hole on Norton.

She exits. Wayne smiles, hits play on his punk music. Then, motivated, he starts searching. Finds a nickel. A dime. Throws them in a pile together...

INT. HANCOCK SCHOOL - THE NEXT DAY

This school has metal detectors. They BEEP as Wayne enters on a mission. No one seems to care. It's that kind of school.

Kids stare at Wayne, whisper. A JOCK sees him and b-lines it the other way.

ORLANDO (O.S.)

Wayne!

ORLANDO, 15, African-American, shorter than he wants to be, rushes to meet Wayne, eventually falling in step.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Man, where you been?

WAYNE

I'm only like twenty minutes late.

Wayne continues to survey the lockers.

ORLANDO

Like twenty minutes and three weeks.

Wayne approaches a set of lockers. Scans them.

WAYNE

You still want to buy my nun-chuks?

ORLANDO

The legit real-deal ones? From Japan? Hell yeah. I just unloaded some rare Pokemon shit so I'm flush right now.

Wayne scans the lockers, searching.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Your locker? Man, you know it's the one you punched all the dents in.

Orlando points it out. Full of dents. Wayne grabs the lock that's hanging from it, pulls at it.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

You haven't been here in a month, dude. They must of given it away.
(then, spotting something)
Ooh, hold up.

Orlando approaches a passing GIRL. She's wearing a complex medical brace that supports her neck and surrounds her head.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Hey, girl. I got your back with them Starbucks sandwiches. I'll come around at lunch with em?

She smiles, flirty.

GIRL

All right, Orlando. I'll see you.

Orlando turns back to Wayne.

ORLANDO

Girl's costin' me a fortune. Requestin that high-end Starbucks shit.

WAYNE

What happened to her? With the--

Wayne swirls his finger around his head indicating her brace.

ORLANDO

She got born with something messed up in her spine. But I've been puttin' in work cuz I heard she's getting it took off in like six months. And guess what I noticed that no one else did?

He moves in close like it's a secret...

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

She's fine as hell under there. I do the work now when no one else knows she's secretly fine then in six months-

Wayne shrugs, agreeing it's a good plan. From a distance, The Girl gives Orlando a flirty wave. As he waves back...

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
Plus you know I'm into all that sci-fi
comic book stuff. She's like some
kinda super fine cyborg.
(then, waving at her)
Ain't you, girl?

Bang! Orlando turns to see that Wayne has bashed the lock
open with a small hammer. It's too organized inside.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
You just carry around a hammer?

WAYNE
(shrugs)
I have a hammer.
(re: the locker's contents)
That ain't my stuff.

ORLANDO
Obviously. There's actual books in it.

Wayne walks off, looking for answers.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
Where you going? Wayne!

Wayne doesn't answer.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
See you in another three weeks then?

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

PRINCIPAL COLE, 44, reprimands DARREN and SCOTT, (16).

DARREN
(to Scott)
Would you shut the fuck up, please?!

PRINCIPAL COLE
Hey, we do not talk that way here!

DARREN
I said, "please"!

The door slams open! It's Wayne.

WAYNE
Where's all my stuff?

Principal Cole stands, surprised and annoyed.

PRINCIPAL COLE

Wayne! Jesus! You can't just walk in here like that! Out. I'll see you in a minute.

Wayne turns to the boys.

WAYNE

Go wait outside.

The boys immediately get up to go.

PRINCIPAL COLE

Hey! No! What the hell is going on here? Darren. Scott. Sit down. Now.

The boys are halfway stood. They look at Cole, then, Wayne.

SCOTT

No disrespect, Mr. Cole, but that crazy fool will come to my house. You won't.

Principal Cole drops his head on the desk frustrated.

PRINCIPAL COLE

Why do I even bother?

(then)

Fine. Boys, go wait outside my door.

The boys pass Wayne, head down, and shut the door.

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)

Jesus H., Wayne. You can't do that!

WAYNE

All my stuff from my locker's gone.

PRINCIPAL COLE

Well I don't know where it is! These kids steal everything. They stole Mrs. Healy's shoes a few weeks ago. Not cool shoes. Old lady, teacher shoes.

Wayne turns to go.

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)

Wayne. Whoa. Sit and talk to me.

Wayne opens the door to leave.

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)

I could have called Truancy about five times by now and I haven't.

Wayne stops. Shuts the door. Sits. Annoyed.

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)

How's your dad doing?

Wayne doesn't answer.

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)

You know we go back. Me and your dad.

WAYNE

He called you "Butthole Loyd Cole."

PRINCIPAL COLE

Yes. And thanks to him, that tradition has been passed on to this generation of students. He also beat me up...

(thinking)

Shit. A half dozen times now that I think of it. Beat the shit out of me at my own birthday party.

He looks through the window to see Scott strangling Darren.

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)

You cut that shit out! You cut it out right now! I swear to God!

The boys stop. Cole sits, calms himself.

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)

I know I'm not supposed to but, I hate those kids. Like, real, adult hate.

(then)

Where was I?

WAYNE

Talking about my Dad beating your ass.

PRINCIPAL COLE

Right. Thing is, for every time your Dad beat my ass, he beat someone else's for me two fold. I mean, he was an asshole. No doubt. But he couldn't stand for people getting away with doing wrong. Sound like anyone we know?

WAYNE

Not really.

PRINCIPAL COLE

Every time you're in here it isn't for stealing or cheating or grabbing a girl. You're always righting some wrong.

Wayne takes a banana off Cole's desk, peels and eats.

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)

Could I offer you a banana?

WAYNE

(chewing)

Sorry.

PRINCIPAL COLE

Listen, there's no end to people doing rotten stuff to other people, Wayne. You have to let people handle it the right way. People like me, or the law--

WAYNE

No one handled it for my Dad.

Principal Cole gets it.

PRINCIPAL COLE

And no one liked the way that went down. Everyone knows his work got him sick. And everyone knows he got screwed in court. Wasn't right.

WAYNE

Dad says it's cuz poor people get screwed.

PRINCIPAL COLE

He's not wrong.

(then)

Listen, God knows you have every reason to be mad. Your mom takin' off..

WAYNE

I don't care about her.

PRINCIPAL COLE

OK, fine, but either way, if you choose to run around righting wrongs all your life, that's gonna be the rest of your life.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)
Cuz there's no end to people doing
wrong to people. But you don't have to
be that. I know it's easy to follow in
family footsteps but ya don't have to.

A long beat as Wayne stares out the window.

WAYNE
What should I be then?

PRINCIPAL COLE
I Don't know. I'm just saying. You
have a choice.

A ruckus from outside. The boys fight. Cole shakes his head.

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)
Just don't be those two dickheads.
(then)
God, I hate them so much.

EXT. HANCOCK SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE/HALLWAY

Wayne exits with a lot to think about. Then, he spots
Orlando, on the ground, two BULLIES standing over him. The
Girl in the head-gear, crying, collects books from the floor
as a BULLY imitates a robot, making fun. Wayne moves in.

PRINCIPAL COLE (O.S.)
Wayne!

Wayne looks back to see Principal Cole exiting his office.

WAYNE
This is what I was talking about!
Lemme handle it!

Wayne makes up his mind. Justice. The Bullies see Wayne
coming and smile.

PRINCIPAL COLE
Wayne!

Without stopping, Wayne grabs a trumpet from a passing
MARCHING BAND STUDENT and lifts it above his head and...

PRINCIPAL COLE (CONT'D)
Waaaaaaayne!

Wayne swings and we, **smash to black**.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - LATER

Wayne and Orlando walk.

ORLANDO

Well, you will NOT be going back to that school.

WAYNE

Sorry I ruined your lunch date.

ORLANDO

It's alright. I don't think that with all the teeth and blood... I don't think anyone was hungry anymore.

WAYNE

Your girl gonna be okay?

ORLANDO

She ain't my girl no more. I think when you show the opposite of bravery, as I did back there, turns out, even girls with big birdcages around their heads find it unattractive.

WAYNE

You'll get another one. You always do.

ORLANDO

I better. My mom found the porn I was lookin' at and took all my devices. And you know I got banned from the computers at the library.

WAYNE

You shouldn't be doing that there.

ORLANDO

I'm fifteen, man. It's gonna be done somewhere. Shit.

They walk.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

So you come into school just to knock people's teeth out or what?

WAYNE

I need to get some money.

ORLANDO

For what?

WAYNE

Cookies.

Orlando looks at him, confused.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Girl Scout Cookies.

Orlando's still confused. Wayne stops walking.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

If I buy Girl Scout Cookies from this girl, she might be my girlfriend.

Excited by the news, Orlando starts dancing a little.

ORLANDO

Oooooh shit. The truth comes out.

WAYNE

Cut it out...

ORLANDO

My man Wayne. On the prowl! I'm so proud of you. Growing up before my eyes...

WAYNE

I will kick your teeth in.

ORLANDO

Important question. Do you know where the breasts are located on the female?

Wayne, playing, but rough, puts Orlando in a headlock.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Ok, Ok. I'll stop.

Wayne lets go.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

This is the first time you've ever talked about a girl with me. She must be something special. What's her name?

WAYNE

I don't know.

ORLANDO

Well, that's a great start. Okay, we can still work this. What are you gonna wear when you go over there?

Wayne looks down at the clothes he has on.

WAYNE

This?
(then, off Orlando's look)
I can see if my other shirt is clean.

ORLANDO

Good. Cuz you have like six different kinds of condiments on that one. Man you better get a library card cuz she's never lettin' you near her business.

Orlando starts walking again. Wayne stops, gets an idea.

WAYNE

Hold up. I got an idea that'll help the both of us.

INT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne leads Orlando into a clearing. There's some burned logs and ash and a few tree trunks that have been used as seating. Beer cans everywhere.

WAYNE

There ya go.

Wayne motions towards what looks like a huge pile of old, faded magazines on the other side of the fire-pit.

ORLANDO

"There ya go", what?

Orlando tries to makes sense of Wayne as he makes his way towards the pile. He gets closer, revealing...

A GIANT PILE OF PORNOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

HO. LY. SHIT!

He runs over, digs in.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

This is a giant pile of titty mags!
(sorting through titles)
(MORE)

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
"Nugs", "Monster Jugs", "Older Ladies"
(he shrugs, "eh")
Goddamn! It's like a big... Christmas
tree... decorated in bootie!

He stands, too excited, looks left right and darts out of the clearing. Wayne, confused, watches him disappear. After a moment, Orlando runs back into frame, crazy-eyed!

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get a goddamned garbage bag!

Orlando turns to run again, but Wayne grabs him, stopping him short. Wayne rubs his fingers together, indicating "money."

WAYNE
Money.

ORLANDO
Oh, no problem, my friend.

Orlando breaks out his wallet which is stuffed with ones.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
How muc... You know what?

He grabs most of the ones and slaps it in his hand.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
Guard these with your life until I get
back. With your life!

Orlando runs away from an amused Wayne, who admires the cash.

EXT. DEL'S STREET - EVENING - LATER

Wayne, handful of money, walks a street looking at the houses. He walks by an OLDER MAN pulling his garbage cans to the curb. Wayne approaches him.

WAYNE
Hello, sir. I'm looking for the shit-
hole on Norton.

The Older Man scans the length of the street, thinking.

OLDER MAN
Welp. I wouldn't call any of the
houses on this street mansions but
there's a real shit-hole set back away
from the street a bit, just up on the
right? Yeah, that's most likely the
shit-hole you're looking for.

WAYNE
Thank you, sir.

Wayne walks.

OLDER MAN
That should definitely be your shit-
hole for sure.

EXT. DEL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Wayne approaches the house, money in hand. It's a real heap. Nervous, he takes a deep breath. Then, he knocks.

DEL (V.O.)
Hey, dummy.

She's behind him. He turns around to see her carrying books.

WAYNE
Hey. I, uh...

He holds out a wad of cash. She gets closer.

DEL
Oh no. I just sold my last box.

Wayne seems defeated.

DEL (CONT'D)
Just kiddin'.

She pulls a box out of her bag. Holds it out.

DEL (CONT'D)
I saved you one. It's the shitty
coconut one that tastes like asshole
but still, thought that counts or
whatever.

He takes it. He hands her the money.

DEL (CONT'D)
I don't need that much.

He keeps it dangling.

WAYNE
We had a deal. Right?

She knows what he means. She smiles, takes the cash, sits on the porch. He joins her.

DEL

Ok, here's the rules. I don't like romance shit. I don't like flowers. I don't want a stupid Valentine on Valentine's, I don't wanna hold your fat, sweaty hand all the time, and I'm never gonna cook for you unless I'm making something for myself. Got it?

Wayne smiles at her.

DEL (CONT'D)

And don't look at me like that. Shit.

WAYNE

I don't know your name. Mine's Wayne.

DEL

That's weird. That's my name too.

WAYNE

Really?

She laughs. He smirks, embarrassed.

DEL

Dummy.

(then)

Del. My name's Del. It's not short for nothing. So don't ask.

She takes out a wad of cash and rolls Wayne's cash into it.

WAYNE

What are you gonna do with all that?

DEL

It's for my campaign. I'm gonna be mayor.

WAYNE

Mayor?

DEL

I'm gonna run for Mayor when I'm old enough and then I'll be in charge of this shit ass town and then none of these assholes will be able to tell me what to do anymore, including my asshole Dad and my asshole brothers.

A beat then,

WAYNE

I'm gonna vote for you.

She looks at Wayne, touched. Then, kisses his cheek quickly. Wayne is surprised. She makes a face like she's disgusted.

DEL

I told you don't look at me like that, dummy.

She can't hide the fact that she likes it. A sweet beat-

DEL (CONT'D)

You wanna go cut some snakes in half with a shovel?

WAYNE

Sure.

EXT. DEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Wayne and Del search the tall grass. Del spots something, brings down a shovel. Chomp! (We don't need to see it.)

DEL

I hate chores.
(then)
So what are you gonna be?

WAYNE

Like when I'm older? I don't know yet. I'm trying to figure it out.

DEL

What does your Dad do, aside from dyin' and everything? Can you do that when you grow up?

WAYNE

Nah, his job is the thing that made him sick.

DEL

Okay, not that then.

Wayne brings down a shovel. Chomp!

DEL (CONT'D)

Well I don't wanna have anything to do with my bitch-ass family anyway. I'm gonna do everything I can to make sure everybody knows I'm not one of them.

WAYNE

I don't know. It's your family. Don't you need people or something to remind ya who you are or where you're from or whatever?

Wayne is hit by something from behind, hard. He falls face first into the dirt. He looks to see a pair of bare feet.

DADDY (O.S.)

Who the hell are you?

This is DADDY(40), Del's father. He's no shirt, no shoes, no chill and he stands over Wayne, road hard and angry. He places his bare foot on Wayne's chest as his sons, twins, BROTHER CARL and BROTHER TEDDY, (16) crowd around him, looking down at Wayne like a bug they're about to squash.

DEL

Daddy!

DADDY

Why were his hands on you?

DEL

They weren't! Cut it out!

Wayne starts to get up. Daddy kicks him back down with his bare foot.

DADDY

Stay down there. I asked you a question, pervert.

BROTHER CARL

Pervert.

BROTHER TEDDY

Piece of crap, pervert.

DEL

Let him up!

Del grabs his arm to pull him back. Daddy doesn't like it. He wriggles out of her grip, knocking her on her ass. Wayne jerks up, pissed. But Daddy's bare foot pushes him back.

DADDY

This pervert don't listen. Do you, pervert? What are you doin' alone with my fourteen year-old daughter?

WAYNE

I was just buying some cookies from her.

DEL

Wayne, don't---

It's too late. This is obviously the wrong thing to say as, Daddy and The Brothers turn and look at her with judgement.

DEL (CONT'D)

Daddy, I didn't--

DADDY

What did I tell you?

DEL

I'm sorry.

DADDY

I told you to stop stealing those cookies and sellin' them and now-- Goddamnit. Gimme it to me.

DEL

It's mine.

DADDY

Shut your mouth you little thief. Hand me the money. Now!

Del sourly puts the wad of cash in his hand. Daddy pushes her backwards, roughly. She steadies herself, embarrassed in front of Wayne. As Daddy counts the money...

DADDY (CONT'D)

Raisin' a godamned thief. Useless just like your Mama.

Wayne is pissed, starts to reach for the shovel. Del notices and shakes her head, telling him, "no."

Daddy grabs her by the shoulder roughly and starts pulling her away. She grimaces in pain.

DEL

Ouch. Cut it. Daddy...

DADDY

Guess I have to teach this one another lesson.

Daddy drags Del towards the house. As he exits...

DADDY (CONT'D)

Boys, give this pervert every reason
not to come near my daughter again.

Daddy exits. The Brothers surround Wayne, who makes a move
for the shovel. Brother Carl steps on Wayne's hand.

BROTHER CARL

Uh uh uh.

Brother Teddy punches Wayne in the face and we,

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - PARLOUR

Wayne enters with a black eye and a bloody nose. Offscreen, a
hospice nurse, GAIL (late 30's) playfully argues with Wayne
Sr. who laughs and coughs.

GAIL (O.S.)

Oh, Hell, no! Put that down! I said
put it... Hey!

Wayne Sr. laughs harder, coughs harder.

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

Nope. I don't play that.

She exits the room in a huff.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Shakin' a bed pan at me?! oh no no no.
I will put that bed pan in your ass.

She spots Wayne and his bruises.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Your father ain't funny. He thinks
he's funny as hell but he ain't.

(then)

Sweetie. What happened to your face?

Wayne doesn't respond.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Lemme get my bag.

WAYNE

I'm alright.

As she heads to the kitchen...

GAIL

Just sit. It'll be nice to have a patient today that doesn't try to throw piss at me.

INT. PARLOUR - MOMENTS LATER

Gail dabs alcohol and ointments on Wayne's cuts. Wayne stares directly at Gail's large breasts as she works.

GAIL

Boy I'm having a hard time tellin' between the old cuts and bruises and the new ones.

She stops.

GAIL (CONT'D)

You lookin' at my breasts?

WAYNE

Yes, mam'. Sorry.

She continues to work, shaking her head, amused.

GAIL

Young man, you gotta learn to lie once and a while. I know that ain't who you are but, it just might serve you to bend the truth here and there.

(then)

So I had a visitor here today. One ex boyfriend of mine, sayin' some kid bout your age came to his house and put two rocks through his window.

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK TO TEASER: WAYNE THROWS THE ICE BALL THROUGH THE WINDOW. CRASH!

BACK TO SCENE:

WAYNE

No.

GAIL

So it wasn't you?

WAYNE

I didn't throw rocks. I threw ice.

Gail finishes tending to him, stands.

GAIL
See, right there, that was your
opportunity to lie.

She puts on her coat.

GAIL (CONT'D)
I don't want you doin' that for me.

WAYNE
But he cheated on you.

GAIL
Yeah and I broke up with him. That's
how that works. My messes are mine.
You got enough messes.

She grabs her bag, opens the door to leave.

WAYNE
You really mad?

GAIL
Bout what?

WAYNE
That I broke the windows.

She turns to him, dramatically, hamming it up.

GAIL
(not mad)
Oh, I'm very very mad.
(then, pointed, lying)
See what I did there? Learn to do it.

She kisses him on his head and exits.

Wayne exits to the kitchen. On the table, a homemade apple
pie and a note.

"Thank You. Gail."

Wayne picks it up, grabs two spoons from the sink, wipes them
on his jeans and heads off.

INT. BEDROOM

Wayne enters with the pie. WAYNE SR., a bruiser betrayed by
illness, lies surrounded by medical equipment and pills.

WAYNE
Hey, Dad. You...

WAYNE SR.
Yo. I'm up.

WAYNE
I got pie. And spoons.

WAYNE SR.
I'm not hungry. I wanna watch you eat
it.

Wayne sits there. Doesn't feel right about it.

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
Eat. Sometimes I worry if you're
eating so at least I'll have proof.

Wayne digs in hard. Wayne Sr. reaches for an envelope.

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
Check it out. Someone got lucky on a
football bet and made the rent.

Wayne tosses it to his son. Wayne opens it.

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
How lucky are we?

Wayne Sr. tries to laugh but catches a coughing fit instead.
Wayne looks at the father's medical equipment as his father
starts coughing hard.

WAYNE
Lucky... I guess.

Firecrackers pop outside the window. Between coughs...

WAYNE SR.
Them little Miller shits have been
lightin' those off all day like it's
the 4th or somethin'.

Wayne stands up to do something about it.

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
No. Sit down and eat. Talk.

Wayne looks at the envelope of money, spots a photograph
sticking out. He slides it out.

A SHOT OF A WOMAN and MAN STANDING IN FRONT OF A SHIT-HOT 78' TRANS-AM. THE WOMAN IN THE PHOTO IS LOOKING AWAY AS IF SHE'S UNHAPPY TO BE TAKING THE PICTURE. THE MAN, SMILING AND PROUD. Wayne flips the photo over: "WISH YOU WEREN'T HERE" is scrawled on the back, accompanied by a postage stamp.

WAYNE holds the photo up.

WAYNE
What's this picture?

Wayne Sr. squints to see.

WAYNE SR.
Well, shit. I didn't want you to see--
Give it.

Wayne brings it over.

WAYNE
I like that car.

WAYNE SR.
I did too. Enough to buy it. It's
mine.

WAYNE
You bought a car?

WAYNE SR.
When you were little. Didn't even get
it home. Your mom and that asshole she
took off with just jumped inside and
ran off together the minute I handed
over the money. Every few years that
Godless cock-sucker likes to send me a
pic remindin' me.

More fireworks crackle in the BG. They jump a little.

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
Son of a--

WAYNE
(re: photo)
That's what Mom looks like now.

Wayne Sr. looks closer.

WAYNE SR.
Yeah, her thighs got fat.
(then)

(MORE)

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
You don't remember what she looked like?

WAYNE
I was five.

WAYNE SR.
That ride's pretty pissa, though right?

WAYNE
Hell yeah.

WAYNE SR.
Woulda been yours too.

A beat as they admire it.

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
Biggest shame for a father. Not having something to leave his son.

Wayne looks at the photo of the car.

WAYNE
You left me stuff, Dad.

WAYNE SR.
Yeah, right. I did teach you some good stuff to take with ya.

FLASHBACK - WAYNE SR. TRIES TO CALM DOWN A YOUNG WAYNE, WHO IS SCREAMING, CUT ON THE NECK. THERE'S BLOOD EVERYWHERE. A BLOODY STRAIGHT-RAZOR SITS IN THE SINK.

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
I told ya you can't shave sideways, you dummy. Hold the towel to it!

BACK TO:

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
Still that car shoulda been yours.

Loud fireworks pop off outside.

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch.

Wayne stands and exits, pissed.

WAYNE SR. (CONT'D)
It's all right, son. Don't bother--

ACT THREE

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT LATER

Wayne wakes, gets his bearings. It's still dark. He looks at his Dad, walks to him. He touches his Dad's lifeless hand.

The photo of the Trans-Am slides down off the bed. Wayne grabs it. He takes a minute to ponder it:

The Car. His MOTHER. The ASSHOLE she left with.

Anger passes over Wayne's face. He turns the photo over, looks at the back. A postage stamp. "**Ocala, FL.**"

EXT. WAYNE'S YARD - MOMENTS LATER

BEGIN MUSIC MONTAGE - OVER "JUST GOT TO BE" BY THE BLACK KEYS

CLANG. Wayne flings the door to the shed open and --

STEPS INSIDE. QUICK CUTS AS WAYNE READIES HIS JOURNEY:

CLOSE ON A FLASHLIGHT as it pops on. Its beam searches the shed until it lands on - A DUST COVERED DIRT-BIKE.

He shakes a gas can - the liquid gold sloshes inside.

Goggled and gloved, Wayne grabs beer bottles from the recycling bin and smashes each one with a hammer.

He polishes the dirt-bike which starts to gleam like new.

STOP - Wayne takes a break and slowly eats a SLIM JIM. Beat.

BACK AT IT - Wayne cuts paper up, feverishly writing on them with sharpie.

In the bathroom, he searches his father's dopp kit, finding the bloody straight-razor, a book of matches, a photo of the two of them. Things his father held on to.

He opens his backpack, shoves fireworks and jerky inside.

He sweeps broken glass into a yellow canvas bag, cinches it.

Grabs the envelope of money from his Dad's dresser.

PAUSE... he touches his father's hand one last time.

READY TO GO, Wayne grabs an old army style jacket from a peg on his bedroom wall. The "real-deal" nun-chucks he was looking for fall out from behind it. There they are.

He shoves the photo of the Trans-Am into his backpack.

He kickstarts the dirt-bike. Nothing. He takes a breath, tries again. IT ROARS TO LIFE. Paydirt.

He pulls his goggles over his eyes and tears out of the backyard, disappearing behind a cloud of dirt and the roar of justice soon to be served.

END MUSIC MONTAGE

EXT. HERNANDEZ'S HOUSE - PORCH

Mr. Hernandez, shoulder in a cast, answers the door. Wayne stands there, holding out the envelope of his dad's winnings.

WAYNE

I got your rent.

HERNANDEZ

Well, look at that. Nick of time, huh, dip-shit? This all of it?

WAYNE

I guess so.

HERNANDEZ

And I guess I'll be ya landlord at least another month. Or until your Dad-

Hernandez drags the envelope across his neck like a knife.

A SCOWL forms on Wayne's face. His FISTS CLENCH.

Then, he turns and hops down the steps. Hernandez watches him go, pleased. Wayne kick-starts the dirt-bike, roars off.

Hernandez opens the envelope, pulls out what he thinks will be cash, but --

HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

The fuck?

Flipping through all the paper Wayne had cut up into 'dollar bills. Each one offers up a different message:

EAT SHIT. FUCK YOU. *A crudely drawn penis.*

HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, little prick?! Well I'll just throw your Dad's ass out now, then!

Hernandez tosses the phoney money and stomps down the stairs. He turns the corner and STOPS COLD. We follow his gaze to --

Wayne's house. ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
Holy- Son of a bitch. Fire! Help!

Hernandez races back into his house.

EXT. DEL'S HOUSE - PARLOUR - LATER

Daddy stands watching TV and drinking. Brother Carl and Brother Teddy are spread out on the floor eating chips and enjoying the show with him. They burst out laughing.

BROTHER CARL
Right in the ding-dong!

DADDY
They don't call it "America's Funniest Home Videos" for nothin'. Goddamn.

Daddy grabs smokes, kicks open the door with his bare foot and exits into the front.

EXT. DEL'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Quiet. Daddy walks a bit before settling for the center of the property. He lights a match, brings it to his cigarette.

When he pulls the flame of the match away, WE REVEAL A BIGGER FLAME. A bush in the distance is on fire.

DADDY
What the shit?

Daddy rushes to the fire, throws his beer at it, attempting to put it out. He sees a broom nearby, grabs it.

In the distance behind him, WE SEE A FIGURE calmly walk into frame and DISAPPEAR INTO DADDY'S HOUSE.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

The figure moves from the door and up the stairs in a blur.

BROTHER CARL
Daddy, this squirrel's ridin' a dog like a horse--

He catches a glimpse of the shadowy figure moving upstairs.

BROTHER CARL (CONT'D)
Who the hell was that?

UP IN DEL'S BEDROOM

She's on the bed, listening to music on Beats and doing homework. Wayne charges in, full of purpose. She jumps.

DEL
What the--

WAYNE
You wanna go to Florida with me?

DEL
Why?

WAYNE
To get my Daddy's car back.

DEL
What for?

WAYNE
Because he wanted me to have it.

Del thinks for a second.

BROTHER TEDDY (O.S.)
Del?

Del makes up her mind. Jumps off the bed.

DEL
I need a bikini.

Del rushes off, excited.

DOWNSTAIRS

The Brothers stare up at the landing.

BROTHER CARL
Who in hell's up there?

BROTHER TEDDY
Just go up there then.

Frustrated, he pushes past his brother, slowly climbing--

UPSTAIRS

As Del frantically looks for her bikini, Wayne calmly disappears INTO THE HALLWAY looking for something.

He stops as he passes THE MASTER BEDROOM.

A MOMENT LATER he's rolling a squeaky television stand out of the room and into the hallway. Atop it is a shitty TV.

THE BROTHERS CLIMB CAUTIOUSLY, UNABLE TO SEE ATOP THE DARKENED LANDING.

BROTHER TEDDY (CONT'D)
Del! Who's that up there with you?!

BROTHER CARL
I got a bat, bro!

He doesn't, so he shrugs at his brother silently.

WAYNE PUSHES THE TV BY DEL'S BEDROOM

She pops out holding up a bathing suit in triumph.

DEL
Got it!
(then, remembering)
Ooh, my headphones.

She rushes off. Wayne moves the cart to the stairway.

THE BROTHERS - Halfway up, spot him.

BROTHER CARL
The hell you doin' in my house?!

Del joins Wayne atop the stairs, her eyes bugged with excitement, wearing headphones and holding her bikini.

DEL
Ready.

Wayne offers his hand. She takes it.

BROTHER TEDDY
Del! Get down here now or I'm gonna
beat your ass!

Wayne turns towards the Brothers. Shakes his head slightly. And SUDDENLY KICKS THE TV CART DOWN THE STAIRS.

It crashes down towards the Brothers LIKE A MISSILE.

BROTHER CARL

Aw shit.

They turn to flee. Too late. BAM! The cart NAILS TEDDY IN THE BACK. He flies forward, careening down the stairs. CRACK! His head smacks the banister. His body goes slack. He's out.

The TV, AIRBORNE, CRASHES INTO BROTHER CARL. His leg gets caught on his brother's body, sending him over the banister. His body twisted at a gruesome angle, Carl lands head first.

ATOP THE STAIRS

Wayne turns to Del, nods, and they hop down the stairs, over the cart and Brother Teddy's body. Holding hands all the way.

THEY STEP OUTSIDE

And spot Daddy in the distance, whacking at the fire with a broom. Wayne reaches for something in his bag...

THUNK! Wayne is kicked from behind sending him to his knees. He turns as Brother Carl steps towards him.

BROTHER CARL

I'm gonna kick your ass again.

Wayne reaches behind his back and confidently pulls out the "real-deal" nun-chucks from his bag as he stands.

He hangs them by his side dramatically.

BROTHER CARL (CONT'D)

Those ain't gonna do you any good.

WHOOF! DEL KICKS CARL IN THE NUTS as hard as someone can. Carl folds like a lawn chair onto the ground.

DEL

AND THOSE AIN'T GONNA DO YOU ANY GOOD
NOW NEITHER YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH!

Wayne looks at her, smiles. He likes this girl.

DADDY (O.S.)

Hey!

Del and Wayne turn to see Daddy coming towards them now, holding the broom like a weapon. A BROOM THAT'S ON FIRE.

Wayne reaches into his backpack, calmly.

DEL

Wayne. Don't hurt him.

Wayne withdraws two roman candle fireworks from his bag and a lighter from his pocket. He stares down Daddy, who's running at him, his eyes filled with rage.

DADDY

I told ya, stay away from my daughter!

Wayne calmly lights the roman candles, aims them at Daddy. With the other hand he grabs Del's hand and leads her to the right, angling forward but away from Daddy.

The FIREWORKS IGNITE. SPARKS. A FIRE-BALL BLASTS TOWARDS DADDY, who jumps out of the way, suddenly alarmed. The broom briefly SINGES DADDY in his escape.

DADDY (CONT'D)

You son of a --

Angrier now, Daddy gives chase, trying to cut them off.

Another blast from the Roman Candle, Another! Another! This one hits Daddy in the neck. Sparks fly around his face Daddy wipes the sparks from his eyes, angrily. He stumbles.

DADDY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill you now.

He charges towards them, FULL OF RAGE.

Wayne points to his dirt-bike, inside the edge of the woods.

WAYNE

Get on the bike.

DEL

Wayne, You can't --

WAYNE

Go.

She does. Wayne turns back towards Daddy. WHACK! Daddy slams the broom into Wayne's shoulder. Flames and sparks scatter! Wayne stumbles back. Crouches. Daddy keeps coming at him.

WAYNE THROWS A HARD STRAIGHT RIGHT TO DADDY'S BALLS. Bingo. Daddy stutter steps for a moment. But then keeps coming.

HE ELBOWS WAYNE IN THE FACE, dropping him to his knees. He's taking a beating from the bigger man.

BUT HE'S NOT OUT. From his knees, Wayne throws the exact same PUNCH TO THE BALLS. Harder.

Daddy punches him. Wayne punches his balls.

DADDY GROANS A BIT, this time. WAYNE PUNCHES HIS BALLS AGAIN.

Daddy steps back, trying to hide his pain.

DADDY

You ain't gonna do that again.

He throws a front kick at Wayne. Wayne dodges it and throws A BRUTAL LEFT RIGHT INTO DADDY'S BALLS. OOF. Daddy felt that.

DADDY SCREAMS IN ANGER, runs straight at Wayne. He grabs his throat, lifting him up, STRANGLING HIM UP AGAINST A TREE. His fingers tighten around Wayne's windpipe. Wayne tries to escape. Pry his hands away. Even try to get a punch off.

Nothing's working as Daddy forces the life out of Wayne.

DEL

Stop it! Daddy! Stop!

DADDY

Shut it! You don't get to talk no more!

Wayne's eyes flutter close as starts to lose consciousness. Daddy moves his face closer to Wayne's, ANGRY as hell.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Who the hell you think you are?

Wayne suddenly opens his eyes, HEAD-BUTTS HIM HARD. Daddy's grip loosens for a second. Taking the opening, Wayne leans forward, BITING DOWN ON DADDY'S NOSE VICIOUSLY.

DADDY (CONT'D)

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Daddy drops Wayne, falling back in pain.

WAYNE SPITS OUT THE BLOODY NOSE.

Blood sprays from where it once lived on Daddy's face. Daddy screams. Wayne walks towards the bike, looks at Del.

WAYNE

Your Dad don't have no nose no more.

Wayne gets on the bike. Del follows, looking back at her father squirming, shell-shocked. Wayne kick starts the bike.

Nothing.

Daddy gets to his feet. Wayne kicks starts again. *Nothing.*

DEL
Waaayne?

Again. *Nada.* DADDY STARTS TO CHARGE.

DEL (CONT'D)
Wayne!

He's almost got em. SUDDENLY DADDY SCREAMS. DROPS IN PAIN.

Wayne kick-starts the bike. This time, it rumbles to life.

The bike's lights pop on REVEALING GLASS FROM THE BROKEN BOTTLES SCATTERED EVERYWHERE, the empty yellow bag nearby.

DADDY
You son of a... I'm am gonna...

He pulls a piece of glass out of his foot. SCREAMS AGAIN.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Del. Get off that bike or I'm gonna hurt you worse.

Del looks at Daddy, a mixture of sadness and, "fuck you."

DEL
Bye, Daddy.

Wayne cranks the gas. The dirt-bike screams and kicks dirt at Daddy, who rolls onto his back, clenching his foot in pain.

DADDY
Delilah!!!!

THE DIRT-BIKE DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARK.

ON THE INTERSTATE, MOMENTS LATER

Wayne presses his dirt-bike down the highway. Del holds on, her cheek pressed into Wayne's back as she stares into the thick of trees along the freeway as they blur by.

Wayne pulls goggles over his eyes, focuses on the road before him. Determined. Not sure what lies ahead.

CHYRON: OCALA, FLORIDA. 1,300 MILES AWAY

What lies ahead. A shitty house on the far end of a dirt road surrounded by swamp. The perfect place to not be seen doing stuff you shouldn't be doing.

CLOSE UP ON: A screen door is kicked open by boots that stomp out, pause when they find what they're looking for --

FOUR SHIRTLESS, TATTOOED BOYS watching pit-bulls have sex.

CALVIN (O.S.)

Reggie! Son, quit watching those dogs
and get over here for God's sake.

REGGIE, 17, turns to acknowledge his father. He's chewing on a stick. When he retrieves it from his bite, we see that he has tattoos of hand grenades on each hand. Reggie is as hard as the pit-bulls he's watching fuck.

REGGIE

(to his friends)
You guys good here?

The shady teens don't take their eyes off the dogs.

SHADY TEENS

We're cool. / Uh, huh. / Yeah.

Reggie, all swagger, heads off to find his father.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

A dark, dirty barn. Reggie enters, annoyed.

REGGIE

What I do now?

His father pulls a car cover off a **shit-hot 1978 Trans-am**.
Yeah, **that Trans-Am**.

CALVIN

It's your birthday, right?

Reggie is psyched, the possibilities the car offers, endless.

REGGIE

Yeah, it is.

CALVIN

Happy eighteenth, shit-head.

REGGIE
Seven-teenth.

Reggie smiles, revealing a gaudy, jeweled tooth grill. Inscribed in the front teeth, the word, "**KILLER.**"

BACK ON THE MASSACHUSETTS FREEWAY - SAME TIME

Wayne and Del ride. A big rig pulls up hard behind them, wanting to pass. The driver pulls his horn. Wayne slowly raises his arm. Then his middle finger, without even looking back. The truck-driver leans on the horn, pissed.

We slowly PULL OUT TO REVEAL the beginning of the long road ahead. The road to Florida. To his inheritance. And everything that comes between him and it.

CHYRON: The name "**WAYNE**" HITS THE SCREEN LIKE A THOUSAND POUND STEEL STAMP, and we:

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF CHAPTER ONE