

Working Tacoma
by
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Forth Revision

Current Revisions by
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EXT. A LARGE BARN - DAY

On the Olympic Peninsula in Washington State, a barn sits in the middle of a dirt field. The field is a parking lot for hosted dogfights.

In front of the main door, a pair of large dogs are held apart by heavy leashes and strong arms. The dogs lunge at each other ready for blood.

The dog's handlers laugh and encourage the confrontation with shouts.

Two brothers (RED and FRANK HARLAN), watch the "show" from a safe distance.

Red is 37-years-old, 6'2", with a head full of untamable black hair. He has thick muscles and is working on a potbelly.

The dark circles under Red's eyes are permanent.

Frank is 33-years-old, 5'10", and is as wiry as Red is bulky.

His hair is light brown and past his ears.

The ARENA MANAGER, a 58 year-old slob of a man with a .38 revolver strapped to his hip, stomps out of the barn.

ARENA MANAGER

(at the handlers)

What the hell are you morons doing?
Take the damn dogs back to the
kennels.

The dogs are removed.

Frank says something to his brother. Red nods.

ARENA MANAGER

(to Frank and Red)

What do you two want?

RED

Max, here?

ARENA MANAGER

(going back into the barn)

Not till the first fight.

FRANK
(to Red)
Shit, what're we supposed to do?

RED
Wait.

INT. A MEETING ROOM - DAY

In the Tacoma City Council offices, two men sit at a long table. Their meeting is behind closed doors

One is a 52-year-old Tacoma city councilman, RAYMOND PETERS. Peters is a professional politician and a man of some girth.

The man sitting across from Peters is BILLY MIALARET. Billy is 5'11" and 46-years-old.

His smoothed-back dark hair touches his collar.

He wears a suit jacket made of black leather.

BILLY
I've been working my ass off for two years on this deal.

PETERS
It isn't personal. There's a set of new hoops to jump through. Everyone's going through the same shit.

BILLY
SWEETIES has been open for ten years. A spotless record.

PETERS
I know.

BILLY
I got inspectors crawling up my ass.

PETERS
The new mayor's got something to prove. I don't think a new strip club in Tacoma is high on his list.

BILLY
Shit.

PETERS

We both know how it works, you do things their way, sooner or later you get what you want.

BILLY

Sorry, Mr. Peters, I didn't mean to get carried away.

PETERS

Do your paperwork and for god's sake keep that spotless record shiny.

BILLY

Yeah, okay.

PETERS

Listen, Billy, at the right time I'll point out how much tax revenue we're losing by not giving you a license.

BILLY

That should open some eyes.

PETERS

I'm sure it will. I need to get going now.

BILLY

Sure, thanks for your time.

PETERS

It's always a pleasure, Billy.

BILLY

Same here.

PETERS

I want you to know your support is appreciated. We'll take care of this.

BILLY

Yes, sir.

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE CITY COUNCIL BUILDING - DAY

Billy heads for the exit when his pager goes off. He reads the number on the screen.

INT. A PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Billy listens to the phone on the other end ring and waits for an answer.

BILLY

(on the phone)

Hey, What's up?

(listening)

Why ask me? It's not my party.

(listening)

I'm fine with that. Yeah, come.

(listening)

Of course, she will. Come if you want, don't if you don't.

(listening)

Okay, cool. See you later.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is spacious even with its king size bed. The sound of running water comes through the open bathroom door.

GEN sits at an antique vanity applying makeup. She has the bone structure of a runway model.

At 34-years-old she is the senior dancer at Billy's strip club, SWEETIES.

She stops in mid brush stroke and scrutinizes her reflection.

The water in the bathroom is turned off.

GEN

(calling)

Billy?

Billy comes out of the bathroom shirtless, drying his face. A topless hula girl is tattooed on his shoulder.

GEN

I think I need to do something different.

BILLY

Different from what?

GEN

I don't know. Maybe my hair.

BILLY

What are you talking about?

INT. A STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is cluttered and decorated with grunge rock posters.

A 22 year-old woman (ANGEL) sits cross-legged on a mattress holding a plastic bong.

She is 5'7" and has startling blue eyes hidden below long bangs.

A picture taken when she was in high school hangs over her bed.

In the picture, she holds a trophy and a blue ribbon. An inscription reads "Benton County Champion, Gymnastics".

Her specialty at Sweeties is pole dancing.

She lights the bong and inhales deeply.

Next to her a black cat, BEAN, is curled up. A bottle of sweet wine is in her lap.

She lets out the smoke and pets the cat.

ANGEL

(to the cat)

Want to go to a party? You'd come with me, wouldn't you?

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy stands behind Gen and talks to her reflection.

BILLY

What is it? Every time we go to Seattle you want to change something.

GEN

A different cut, maybe.

He shakes his head "no".

GEN

Don't you want me to be "hip"?

BILLY

Seattle's full of posers.

GEN

I want you to be proud of me when we go out.

BILLY

Baby, look at you. You're beautiful. You know? "Beauty is eternal", isn't that what they say?

GEN

You just say that 'cause you got to.

BILLY

I don't "got to" do anything. I do what I want.

GEN

Oh, is that right?

BILLY

Unless I need a city permit.

GEN

Do I look like a fat politician?

BILLY

No, you do not.

GEN

Then you don't need a permit.

BILLY

Best news I've had today.

GEN

But, if you ruin my make-up we won't get there till midnight.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angel holds Bean in her arms and sways to a slow song with heavy grunge chords.

ANGEL

(to the cat)

I'm glad you asked. I would love to dance.

She takes a few more turns.

ANGEL
 (whispered to the cat)
 You'd like that, wouldn't you?

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gen has finished her make-up and is fixing her hair.

GEN
 Shit, Billy, I almost forgot. Your
 sister called.

Billy slips his foot into a black boot.

BILLY
 Which one?

GEN
 From Louisiana. Sabrina? Sounded
 kind of urgent.

BILLY
 (a burdened sigh)
 Sabrina.

The phone rings.

GEN
 She was going to call back.

He leaves the room to answer.

EXT. THE TRAWLER - NIGHT

The Trawler is working class bar near the industrial district
 of Tacoma.

Neon signs advertise beer and whiskey.

A TV is tuned into a baseball game with the sound turned
 down.

CARMEN, a petite, 5'4", 43-year-old woman sits at the bar
 sipping a cocktail.

She looks out of place in her short party dress.

Though she is still attractive, signs of a hard life are
 showing in her face.

The Bartender, JACK, a mid-thirties man with a strong build
 and many tattoos, wipes the bar.

JACK
(to Carmen)
So, where's your date?

CARMEN
Hell if I know.

JACK
You better hope he gets here soon.

CARMEN
Yes, I know.

As she speaks her date, LORENZO, pushes open the door. He is a 45-year-old man with thinning hair.

There is 180 pounds of undeveloped meat on his 5'7" frame.

He is the only person who believes he has a great sense of humor.

CARMEN
Where the hell you been?

LORENZO
(sarcasm)
Ah, you missed me.

A paunchy 59 year-old man (BYRON) steps out from the backroom.

He has scraggly shoulder-length hair and three days growth of gray beard.

BYRON
Oh, too bad. Her ass was just about out the door. Want to go out to Fircrest and make some money?

CARMEN
No. See, what you just about did to me?

LORENZO
Yay, She's saved by Lorenzo. And, the crowd goes crazy.

Carmen pushes him toward the exit.

CARMEN
Keep walking, Mr. Wonderful.

EXT. THE TRAWLER - NIGHT

Carmen gives him a slap on his arm.

LORENZO

Okay, okay. I'm sorry.

CARMEN

I just wish you were on time for a change.

LORENZO

You knew I was going to show. I always show. Sooner or later.

CARMEN

I couldn't take working tonight. You understand?

LORENZO

Whoa! Take it easy. I'm here and I'm taking you out. Good times. Remember?

CARMEN

Sorry. I Had kind of a bad day.

LORENZO

Time to relax right?

CARMEN

Yeah, I guess.

LORENZO

There you go. Good times full speed ahead.

He leads her to his shiny new pickup truck.

CARMEN

(trying to catch the mood)
Full Speed.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gen is dressed and slipping on spiked heels.

Billy is on the phone in the other room.

BILLY (O.S.)

(irritated)
If that happens then call me. But, I don't think so. Okay?

Billy comes back showing no sign of anger.

BILLY
(to Gen)
Look at you.

GEN
What did she want?

BILLY
It's always the same thing. Her
being a drama queen.

GEN
Is your mom okay?

BILLY
Yeah. You know, she's okay.

GEN
What's up? Is she in the hospital
again?

BILLY
Just some tests.

GEN
What kind of tests?

BILLY
She's getting old, you got to
expect "things".

Gen sits on the bed, ready to talk.

GEN
Like what things?

BILLY
I talked to her two days ago. She's
okay. Sabrina likes to get excited.

GEN
I can watch the club. Go see your
mom.

BILLY
What if I need to sign something?
Or, somebody starts asking
questions?

GEN

I'll tell them your in New Orleans
seeing your mother.

BILLY

There are people watching. Taking
notes and shit.

GEN

How do you know that?

BILLY

Peters told me just before he let
me know it's time for another
donation.

GEN

Billy, he's a crooked politician.

BILLY

If I thought for one damn second
there was a real problem, I'd
already be at the airport. I mean,
she's my Mother. Okay?

GEN

Sorry.

BILLY

Shit, listen to me. That was off
the hook, you know? Sorry

GEN

You got lot of pressure.

BILLY

I need to smooth out my attitude.

GEN

I'll help any way I can.

He reaches down to pull her up.

BILLY

You're too hot to sit there and
make sad faces. Let's go party.

She stands.

GEN

He is a crook, though.

BILLY

I know, I know. You take what you
get.

INT. THE BASEMENT OF A WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

In the Pioneer Square area of Seattle, the organized sex
workers are having a party to raise funds.

Ultra decadent hipsters fill the basement of an old brick
warehouse,

Grunge power cords blast over the sound system.

Projected images and lights play on the walls.

On a stage, two women in black leather writhe and grind
inside a cage.

The dance floor undulates with bodies.

Music echoes down a long hallway to the "chill-room".

INT. CHILL-ROOM - NIGHT

There are Persian carpets and large pillows on the floor. Two
folding tables serve as the bar.

Billy stands on the edge of a group of men but his attention
is elsewhere. He is scanning the crowd of partiers, looking
for someone.

At the center of the group is DON, a 60-year-old, square-
built man.

Don owns the oldest strip club in Tacoma and is holding court
among his big-city peers.

DON

So how's that supposed to work? Can
anybody tell me?

MAN #1 IN THE GROUP

Who the fuck knows, Don? You tell
us.

A chuckle rattles through his audience.

DON

Okay here's what you do. If one of
your girls go union you get one of
those punch-card time-clock things.

They got to punch in and out every time they get a 'John'. In out, in out, in out.

More laughter.

DON

Their wrists going too get tired trying to keep count and they'll shit can the union.

More laughter.

MAN#1 IN THE GROUP

There you go.

DON

See? I don't have that problem. I am one hundred percent legitimate.

MAN#2 IN THE GROUP

(laughing)

Bull shit.

More chuckles.

DON

(at Billy)

Hey, I'm just like this guy over here. One hundred percent. Ain't that right Billy?

BILLY

Yeah, Don.

DON

(to the group)

See our new mayor down there can't get a hard-on so he's fucking over everyone who can.

Billy shrugs.

BILLY

It feels that way.

DON

(at Billy)

But you see that guy? He's going to be just fine. Cash talks, baby, and that's what he's got.

BILLY

Come on Don, it's a party.

The guys have heard this fight before. The crowd begins to thin.

DON
(to his audience)
You know, Billy got his start
working for me.
(to Billy)
Ain't that right?

Don notices the exits being made by his friends.

DON
See how you guys are? Bailing out
on me.

BILLY
We've all heard this one before,
Don.

DON
Oh, come on Billy don't be mean
just cause I know your little
secret.

BILLY
What secret is that?

ACROSS THE ROOM

Gen mixes with her own friends but keeps an eye on Billy.

Billy's group begins to disperse.

Don and Billy stay put.

BACK WITH DON AND BILLY

DON
I didn't mean no disrespect to your
mother. She just wants her kid to
do good.

OTHER SIDE OF THE CHILL ROOM

Angel enters holding a drink. She wears a black leather mini dress. The Doc Marten boots on her long thin legs look oversized and have a cartoon quality.

BACK WITH DON AND BILLY

BILLY

Every penny is coming out of my own pocket.

DON

Is that right? I didn't know.

BILLY

Yes, you know because I told you.

DON

Oh, fuck you. I know how much business you got.

BILLY

Maybe I'm just a better businessman than you.

DON

Yeah? You think so? Well, myself, I'm thinking "mommy's money".

BILLY

Fuck you too, Don.

DON

She bought you Sweeties.

BILLY

And I told you up front when she did.

DON

Yes, you did.

BILLY

I don't care enough about what you think to lie to you.

DON

Relax. Money's fucking money, wherever it comes from.

BILLY

You piss me off just so you can tell me to relax. That's messed up.

Before Don can retort Angel interrupts the argument.

ANGEL

Hi, Billy.

BILLY
(smiling widely)
Angel, how you doing?

ANGEL
Come dance with me.

BILLY
I don't know about that.

ANGEL
Everyone's hitting on me.

BILLY
I am not surprised, look at you.

ANGEL
Even the girls. Dance with me.

BILLY
It's the big city, baby. You got to
expect that.

ANGEL
Don't make fun. Come on.

As if from nowhere Gen appears holding two beers.
She hands one to Billy.

GEN
Hey, Angel.

ANGEL
(caught)
Hey, Gen.

GEN
Having a good time?

ANGEL
Okay, I guess. I want Billy to
dance with me.

GEN
Ask him.

ANGEL
I did.

BILLY
I think I'll hang back and drink my
beer.

ANGEL

Whatever.

Angel turns and leaves the way she came.

Don's anger has been outlasted.

DON

Look, Romeo, I got to go.
"Whatever" is right. Who cares.
Congratulations.

Don nods at Gen.

DON

You two have fun at the party.

GEN

Thank you.

He turns and is gone.

GEN

What's his problem?

BILLY

Don being a bitch, like always.

GEN

I guess so.

BILLY

I'm getting tired of his shit.

INT. THE BARN - NIGHT

Temporary bleachers are set up around a blood-spattered fighting pit.

Hard drinkers crowd the betting tables.

The laughter is loud and the language is foul.

IN THE BLEACHERS

Red and Frank sit near the top of a bleacher.

Frank holds up a handful of losing betting slips.

FRANK

We're getting our asses handed to
us.

RED
Don't worry about it.

FRANK
Why shouldn't I? That's our fucking
money.

RED
The main event's coming up here.

FRANK
Yeah? What're we supposed to bet
with?

RED
I said, don't worry about it.

Red stands.

RED
Let's get some air.

INT. THE CHILL-ROOM - NIGHT

Billy and Gen sip on drinks.

GEN
By the way, *Romeo*, Carmen's looking
for you.

BILLY
She made it?

GEN
She's with that guy you don't like.

BILLY
Shit.

GEN
She wants to "ask her Billy
something".

BILLY
Like what?

GEN
I didn't ask.

Gen sees Carmen coming through the crowd, pulling Lorenzo
behind her.

GEN
(lowers her voice)
There you go, you can ask her
yourself.

BILLY
I will.

CARMEN
(at Billy)
There he is.

Billy gives Carmen a hug and ignores Lorenzo.

CARMEN
(at Gen)
Looky, it's 'family' night.

GEN
Hey, Carmen.

CARMEN
(at Billy)
Look at you. Such a stud.

Carmen pulls her date forward.

CARMEN
Say "hi" to Lorenzo.

Lorenzo smiles and extends his hand.

LORENZO
Hey man.

Billy ignores his offer to shake.

BILLY
Yeah, hey.

CARMEN
(to Billy)
Play nice.

Billy shakes.

BILLY
Oh, sorry. Yeah, hey.

CARMEN
(at Lorenzo)
Get us a couple shots and wait for
me at the bar. Okay, honey?

Lorenzo does as he's told.

Carmen waits till he is out of earshot.

CARMEN
It's good to see you.

BILLY
You too.

CARMEN
I was wondering if I could butt
into your night for a second.

Gen takes the hint and turns back to join her friends.

GEN
(leaving)
Excuse me.

CARMEN
(to Gen)
Have a nice evening, sweetie.

GEN
You too, Carmen.

BILLY
So what's up Carmen?

CARMEN
I know I was kind of an asshole to
you back when.

BILLY
I probably deserved some of it.

CARMEN
You know me, always hard headed.

BILLY
I know.

CARMEN
You made me a generous offer once.
It was wrong what I did.

BILLY
That's old business. Long gone.

CARMEN
I just wanted to apologize.

BILLY
Apologize for what? Life? Things go
that way sometimes?

CARMEN
I still feel guilty.

BILLY
Anyway, that was forever ago. You
know we're good. So, what's up?

CARMEN
Working for Byron isn't good.

BILLY
That's not a secret.

CARMEN
I thought I was tough.

BILLY
You are.

CARMEN
I don't want to be tough like that.

BILLY
Okay, so what are we working up to?

CARMEN
Your new place.

BILLY
I thought, maybe.

CARMEN
I'd make a good day manager or
something.

BILLY
Then I get to be the referee
between you and Gen?

CARMEN
I swear to God Billy, I will mind
my mouth.

BILLY
I can't deal with shit like that
again.

CARMEN
I promise.

BILLY
It's not that easy.

CARMEN
I can't keep doing what I'm doing.

BILLY
Okay, if Gen doesn't hand me my
ass, we'll figure something out.

CARMEN
God Billy, thank you.

BILLY
Don't get in a big hurry. Things
are moving slow.

CARMEN
That's okay. I'm okay now. You know
what I mean?

BILLY
That's good.

CARMEN
I'm sorry to do this, I've got one
other tiny favor to ask.

BILLY
What?

CARMEN
Can I borrow your keys?

BILLY
To my Caddie?

CARMEN
Yeah.

BILLY
You're kidding?

CARMEN
We're not going out for a drive.

BILLY
I can't believe you're asking me
this.

CARMEN
This is a real date, sort of.

BILLY
You like that little slimeball?

CARMEN
He's so much better then what I usually meet. Really, he is.

BILLY
Shit.

CARMEN
Yeah.

Billy digs in his pocket and dangles the keys.

BILLY
The way you found it. Understand?

CARMEN
I promise.

He gives her the keys.

CARMEN
Thank you so much.

She hurries off.

BILLY
(to himself)
Shit.

INT. A HALLWAY - NIGHT

The cement walls are stained and layered with graffiti. Party music echoes.

Don is using a pay phone to make a call.

DON
Yeah, it's me.
(listening)
Were you asleep?
(listening)
Have we heard from the Harlans yet?
(listening)
Son of a bitch.
(listening)
Yeah, I know, I know. Okay, I'm on my way home. Go back to bed.

He hangs up.

DON
(to himself)
Fuck.

EXT. THE BARN'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lines of pickups are parked around the barn.

Lights blaze out the open door.

A mid 70s station wagon style ambulance sits near the edge of the field.

HARLAN BROTHERS AMBULANCE SERVICE is printed on the side of the wagon.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Red and Frank pass a joint.

RED
What's the problem little brother?
It's simple.

FRANK
Why me? I don't see one damn
reason...

RED
(interrupting)
You pick the dog you lay the bet.

FRANK
I just said I seen him fight.

RED
Max knows me. He don't know you.
Maybe seen you around but you could
be anybody.

FRANK
Fuck.

RED
What's your problem? Why you being
such a pussy?

FRANK
You always lay this shit on me.

RED
What shit? Think how cool it's
going to be putting a thousand
bucks on the table. They'll piss
themselves.

FRANK
Oh, fuck. Okay.

RED
There you go. It's an even bout.
Five for you, five for me and Don
gets his blow.

Red opens his door.

RED
Come on let's go get some money.

OUTSIDE THE AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

Red takes a pull off a wine bottle then tosses it back in the
wagon.

FRANK
Don't you ever get tired of Don's
shit?

RED
Fuck off. First regular pay you've
ever had.

FRANK
I was selling weed and getting
paid.

RED
Well, you ain't getting paid now by
anybody but Don.

FRANK
Shit. I need a new connection.

RED
Right now you need to lay a bet.

EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

Carmen and Lorenzo stumble onto the sidewalk.

CARMEN
(as they walk)
You want to know something?

LORENZO
Sounds like you want to tell me
something.

Carmen lets silence linger.

LORENZO
What?

CARMEN
Nothing. Just, Billy's a nice guy.

LORENZO
Yeah, he's cool.

CARMEN
Lent us the keys to his Caddy.

LORENZO
No shit? A Caddy? We'll be riding
in style.

CARMEN
Oh, such a bad boy.

Lorenzo tries to suppress a giggle.

She stops in front of a black, 1976-Cadillac Seville.

CARMEN
And here we are.

LORENZO
Holy shit. Now that is fucking
sexy.

CARMEN
Yeah? Well, maybe I'll let you in
and maybe I won't.

Lorenzo steps into her and lets his fingers slip inside her
jacket.

LORENZO
You sure do like to fuck with me.

Carmen remains indifferent.

CARMEN
Almost as much as you like to play
with my tits.

LORENZO
I like your tits.

CARMEN
I charge for public gropings.

He removes his hand.

LORENZO
I didn't think this was that kind
of date.

CARMEN
Depends, you said you had something
special. Let's see what you got.

He produces a small baggy of brown powder. Carmen inspects
the contents of the bag.

CARMEN
I think heroin's my favorite drug.

LORENZO
I thought coke was.

CARMEN
Depends on what you got in your
hand. Never walk away from a party
is my motto.

She takes a taste.

CARMEN
Where'd you get this?

LORENZO
The brunette in the leather, with
the big boobs.

CARMEN
Aren't you the little scooter putt,
putting all over town.

LORENZO
Never walk away from a party.

CARMEN
I guess you've earned your date,
Mr. Lorenzo.

The car alarm disarms with a "bee-boop". She opens that back
door.

CARMEN
Your Cadillac awaits you.

INT. THE BARN - NIGHT

A long line of men waits at the betting booth. Frank walks away with a thousand dollars worth of slips in his hand.

AARON, a tall, gaunt 32-year-old man with long stringy brown hair and bad teeth greets Frank.

AARON
Hey, hey. Look who's here, young Mr. Frank Harlan himself.

FRANK
Fucking-a. Aaron, good to see you, man. What you been up to?

AARON
Up to the usual, as usual man.

FRANK
Cool.

AARON
Except right now it ain't the usual. If you know what I mean?

Frank shrugs.

AARON
I'm holding some of the best glass I've ever, ever seen.

FRANK
No, shit? Damn.

AARON
What's the problem, my brother?

FRANK
I just bet my last.

He holds up the tickets for Aaron to see.

AARON
Look at you, motherfucker. Where'd you get all that?

FRANK
Kind of borrowing it.
(changing the subject)
Pure crank? Fuck me.

AARON
No worries, my bro.

Aaron shoves a small plastic bag into Frank's hand.

AARON
Couple bumps left just for you.

FRANK
You are a fucking rock star.

AARON
Enjoy man, catch up with you later.

FRANK
Goddamn right. We will do some
business.

AARON
Hell, yeah.

INT. THE BACK SEAT OF THE CADILLAC - NIGHT.

The car is dark and spacious.

Carmen has a belt tightened around her arm to take a shot.
Lorenzo awkwardly holds a prepared syringe.

CARMEN
Be careful. I thought you knew how
to do this.

LORENZO
Just don't move.

INT. THE CHILL ROOM - NIGHT

Billy and Gen dance to a slow song.

GEN
Good party.

BILLY
Yeah.

GEN
You know, I'm proud of you.

BILLY
What'd I do?

GEN
Success.

BILLY
I'm not there yet.

GEN
You are on your way. You'll get there.

BILLY
I wish all this crap was done.

GEN
It will be.

BILLY
I feel like I got a government dog with it's nose up my butt.

GEN
That's a pretty picture.

BILLY
Yeah, well you know what I mean.

GEN
It's all about patience, baby.

BILLY
I know, I know.

GEN
Things will be back to normal soon enough. Then you can get bored again.

BILLY
I should thank you too.

GEN
Yeah? Why's that?

BILLY
The books. I never understood that stuff before.

GEN
You're welcome.

BILLY

See, Don had a drawer with three slots. One's for paying employees, one's for bills and one's for him.

GEN

You're making this up.

BILLY

No, when one slot gets low he uses the others for a refill.

For a moment they dance in silence. Then.

GEN

So, you going to tell me what Carmen wanted?

BILLY

My keys.

GEN

And, you gave them to her?

BILLY

Not going to drive it.

GEN

And what else?

BILLY

You sure you want to know?

GEN

A job?

BILLY

Yeah.

GEN

So?

BILLY

Are you cool with that?

GEN

Do you think I'm cool with that?

BILLY

She needs to quit Byron. She can't deal with it anymore.

GEN

Huh.

BILLY

And, I made her swear to keep her
shit together and be nice.

GEN

Oh, hell, give her the job.

After a second.

GEN

I am not going to work with her.

BILLY

No.

EXT. OUTSIDE BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lorenzo jumps out of the Cadillac in a panic and runs away.

The Seville shows no other signs of life.

EXT. AN URBAN STREET - NIGHT

Lorenzo's pickup speeds away from the scene.

INT. THE DOG-FIGHTING PIT - NIGHT

An man on a microphone announces the main event.

Dogs bark.

The crowd yells and pushes in for a better look.

INT. THE BARN - NIGHT

The arena is emptying. Boys with mops and brooms clean up.

Red and Frank slump at the top of the bleachers.

They are drunk.

FRANK

What the fuck we supposed to do
now?

RED

Give me a cigarette.

FRANK

Fuck.

Frank tosses Red a pack of Kools.

RED
"Fucked" is more like it, little brother.

FRANK
I guess so.

RED
Got any more good ideas?

FRANK
Me?

RED
Yeah, you.

FRANK
What the fuck?

RED
You said you knew that dog.

FRANK
I said I seen him fight. But so did you.

RED
You're the one who called him a winner.

FRANK
Cause he won the fucking fight we saw. You and me.

RED
I wouldn't have noticed except for you.

FRANK
Fuck that, this is on you.

RED
You bet Don's money.

FRANK
See what happens? I knew you were going to pull some shit.

RED
What shit?

FRANK
Fuck you.

RED
He is going to be pissed.

FRANK
Yeah? Well, fuck Don too.

RED
"Fuck Don"?

FRANK
That's what I said.

Red flicks his lit cigarette hard next to his brother. A storm of burning ash lands on Frank.

FRANK
What the fuck?

RED
Exactly.

The arena manager interrupts their squabble.

ARENA MANAGER
Come on, get your asses out of here. Now.

RED
Fuck.

ARENA MANAGER
Get the fuck out. We're closed.

FRANK
(as they leave)
Ain't the only one who's got a gun.

RED
Got yours with you?

FRANK
No.

RED
Then keep your mouth shut.

INT. A DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The party is winding down.

Sad melodies play on the sound system.

Billy and Gen slow dance in the middle of the floor.

Angel is drunk wandering through the building.

The sight of Billy and Gen dancing stops her in her tracks.

Angel turns and walks the other way as fast as the alcohol in her system will allow.

Billy watches her walk away over Gen's shoulder.

INT. THE CHILL ROOM - NIGHT

Dark haired and tall, 24-year-old, HEATHER, is talking to some friends waiting in line for a drink.

ANGEL

Heather? You leaving pretty soon?

HEATHER

Go get some water and sit down.
I'll find you.

Angel wanders off and finds a large pillow to curl up on and wait.

EXT. THE BARN'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frank leans against the ambulance, smoking a joint and drinking a beer.

Red is relieving himself a few feet away. He drinks his wine while he pees.

RED

What am I supposed to tell Don?

FRANK

Tell him we lost it. He already thinks we're stupid.

RED

I'm not going to tell him shit about anything. How much money you got at home?

FRANK

What?

Red finishes.

RED
Simple goddamn question. How much?

FRANK
I'm not giving you money.

RED
Did I ask you for money?

FRANK
And I'm not taking the blame.

RED
Did I blame you? Did I say it was
your fault?

Red moves in slow and Frank is in his sights.

RED
You been kind of fucking up lately.

FRANK
Bullshit. When? Tell me fucking
when.

RED
I've covered your ass more than
once.

FRANK
You are full of shit.

RED
I'm just saying maybe it's time you
step up like a man for once.

FRANK
Such a shit head.

RED
I'm out of fucking baby wipes. Get
it?

Frank jabs his finger in his brother's face using the hand
holding the joint.

FRANK
Fuck you.

Red slaps Frank's hand aside, sending the joint flying.

Frank returns the slap by knocking Red's bottle to the ground
where it breaks.

RED
Mother fucker!

The big man grabs his brother by the lapels.

Frank attempts a right cross but is too slow.

Red throws him hard against the ambulance. Frank bounces and hits the ground fighting to breathe.

Red digs through his brother's jacket for the cigarettes.

RED
See what happens to assholes?

INT. THE CHILL ROOM - NIGHT

Angel is propped against her pillow.

She is nodding ready to pass out.

A 23 year-old boy with long hair dyed jet black and a nose ring (PRIMITIVE BOY) sees her.

PRIMITIVE BOY
Aw, looky, a little-lost elf.

Angel tries to push him away.

ANGEL
Leave me alone.

PRIMITIVE BOY
Oh, little elf. Are you in there?

He moves in closer.

PRIMITIVE BOY
What's the matter little elf?

ANGEL
No.

PRIMITIVE BOY
I got something for you. Something you're going to like a whole lot.

ANGEL
I want to go home.

PRIMITIVE BOY
No, no, little elf.

The boy tries to pull her up.

PRIMITIVE BOY

Come on.

ANGEL

Don't.

PRIMITIVE BOY

Magic powder.

ANGEL

Do you know Heather?

PRIMITIVE BOY

We'll have magic powers. Come on
sit up.

ANGEL

No.

INT. THE INSIDE OF THE AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

Red steers down a winding road. Pine trees make a long dark tunnel in his headlights.

The radio fades in and out. Frank taps out a hit of meth.

RED

What the fuck you doing?

FRANK

What's it look like?

RED

You spend our money on that?

FRANK

Aaron gave me a couple hits.

RED

That shit makes you more useless
than usual.

FRANK

Least I got friends.

Frank snorts.

RED

You think that punk is your friend?
You are dumb as a rock.

FRANK

I don't need you to tell me who my friends are.

RED

(scoffing)

Your friends.

FRANK

You and me used to be friends.

RED

You going to whine now?

FRANK

Fuck you.

RED

You still think you're going to be a bandito in Mexico?

FRANK

You was going to be one too. Shit.

RED

There was nothing else to do. I humored you cause I was bored.

FRANK

Why do you got to be a mean shit all the time?

RED

It's my job to get rid of this fantasy crap you got going in your head.

FRANK

Says who?

RED

A guy who knows what the world's about.

FRANK

You think you know what the whole world is about? Bullshit.

RED

See? Your brain shuts down when you do that shit.

FRANK

Oh, fuck you.

RED

You know what the world's about?
It's being of some fucking use.

FRANK

You learn that in Sunday school?

RED

I got us a job. I'm the one who
gives a shit that we live in a
fucking junkyard.

FRANK

Uncle Steve gave us that. Doesn't
cost you a cent.

RED

You ever heard of taxes? So, it's
not free. And, uncle Steve was a
mechanic. You a mechanic?

FRANK

No.

RED

So, why do you need a garage?

FRANK

Since when did you get so
interested in kissing rich ass?

RED

Grow the fuck up.

FRANK

I can tell you how to get Don's
money right now.

RED

Is that right? How's that supposed
to work?

FRANK

Fucking sleazy-marts everywhere.
Just rob one.

RED

You could do that?

They round the corner and in a clearing, a convenience store sits in a pool of light.

Red pulls over short of the parking lot.

RED
Look what I just found.

A lone clerk reads behind the counter.

RED
There she is, all ready for you Mr. Bandito.

FRANK
Shit.

RED
Go get'em, tiger. Show me.

Frank hesitates.

RED
You having a problem getting that door open over there?

Frank exits.

NEXT TO THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Frank holds an open Buck knife. He walks slowly towards the store.

Red lets him get as far as the front of the ambulance then blows the horn.

Frank jumps.

Red laughs and rolls down his window.

Red
(to Frank)
Get your dumb-ass back here.

FRANK
(to Red)
What the fuck, man?

Red points at the side of the ambulance.

RED
See what it says there?

FRANK

Fuck you.

RED

That's our fucking name, isn't it?
How's this supposed to work for a
get-away car?

FRANK

Shit.

Red pushes a few wrinkled dollar bills at his brother.

RED

Get me a pack of cigarettes and a
bottle.

FRANK

You are a motherfucker, you know
that?

RED

Go get my cigarettes.

EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

Billy and Gen are on their way to his car.

GEN

Hold me up, baby.

BILLY

Good party.

GEN

Yeah.

She digs in her purse and finds her cocaine stash.

GEN

A little something for the drive
home?

BILLY

Keep that down.

GEN

There's nobody around.

They stop at Billy's Cadillac.

BILLY
Just wait till we're in the car.
Okay?

Billy digs but his keys aren't to be found.

BILLY
Shit!

GEN
You didn't get your keys back, did
you?

BILLY
Fucking Carmen.

Gen reaches over and gives the driver's side handle a try.

It clicks and comes open.

GEN
There you go. You're lucky it's
still here.

BILLY
Holy-shit, can you believe this?

GEN
If we could figure out how to get
it started.

BILLY
This is just like her. Where the
hell is she?

GEN
At least I can sit down.

She strolls around to the other side of the car and opens the
passenger door.

Carmen is stretched out on the back seat. The belt is still
wrapped around her arm.

GEN
(to herself)
Oh, god.
(calling)
Billy.

BILLY
What?

GEN
Oh god, Billy.

Billy hurries and is stunned by what he sees.

BILLY
Oh, fuck. What's this?

He throws the back door open and grabs her by the hand but her flesh is cold.

His keys are still in her lap. He grinds the needle and drugs into the blacktop with the heel of his boot.

GEN
You know where the hospital is?

BILLY
Get in the car.

IN THE CADILLAC - NIGHT

Billy jumps behind the wheel.

GEN
Where are we going?

The tire squeal as he pulls away from the curb.

BILLY
She was back there too long.

GEN
No. Oh no, Billy.

BILLY
I'm sorry.

GEN
What do we do?

Billy picks up speed.

BILLY
Go home.

INT. THE CADILLAC - NIGHT

He takes a southbound ramp onto I-5.

BILLY
(to himself)
Poor fucking Carmen.

INT. AN APARTMENT - DAY

Don's penthouse apartment is awash in out-of-date luxuries.

Don is on the couch in his bathrobe, talking on the phone.

DON
Yeah, that crossed my mind
(listening)
I remember that.
(listening)

Don's wife, MAEVE, a 5'6", 48-year-old woman, enters the room.

Her hair is a piled mass of blonde and gray. Maeve and Don's bathrobes match.

She sits and listens to Don's conversation.

DON
(on the phone)
Exactly.
(listening)
If you see the assholes... Yeah,
thanks.

He hangs up.

DON
(to himself)
Swear to Christ.

MAEVE
Can't find them can you?

DON
Hell, I don't know where they are.
Maybe if they had a damn answering
machine.

MAEVE
Partying with your money is where
they are.

DON
Jerk-offs. Probably.

MAEVE
You know what your problem is?

DON
Maeve, I'm already having a bad
day.

MAEVE
You want to be everyone's daddy.

DON
(to himself)
Here we go.

MAEVE
It's biting you in the ass again,
isn't it?

DON
I don't know what you're talking
about.

MAEVE
Billy and these two.

DON
Totally different situations.

MAEVE
You helped him out and he fucked
you. Now he's doing it a second
time.

DON
(raising his voice)
It is a different situation.
Completely different.

MAEVE
At least these two ain't smart
enough to be good at it as he is.

He puts the phone back in his lap and starts to dial.

MAEVE
Now, what're you going to do?

DON
Find the assholes.

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Billy is asleep on the couch still in his clothes. On the coffee table, a mirror is streaked with a residue of white powder.

Gen is curled up in an overstuffed chair.

Billy stirs awake. Memories of last night seep through his hangover.

BILLY

Oh, god.

A wave of nausea sends him running for the bathroom.

INT. BILLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Billy leans over the sink. He rinses out his mouth and washes his face.

He looks at his own reflection in the mirror for a second then turns out the light.

BACK IN LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the couch, Billy chops a line of coke and snorts. In a rush of chemical clarity, he makes a decision.

He finds an address book and pages through. He squints to read a number then dials.

EXT. A SECLUDED ROAD - DAY

It is a warm afternoon. The Harlan's ambulance is parked on the shoulder of a dirt road. Red is a few yards from the station wagon.

Frank leans against the car staring at the ground.

Billy's Cadillac approaches creating a cloud of dust as it comes.

RED

(to himself)

Sweet.

(to Frank)

Hey little brother.

Frank shows no sign of interest.

RED

Frank, wake the fuck up.

FRANK

Why do rich motherfuckers always got to be so special?

RED
What's your problem?

FRANK
Why couldn't he just come out to
the yard?

RED
Who gives a shit. The man who's
saving your ass is here.

FRANK
(to himself)
Kiss my ass.

The Caddy slows.

RED
Here is our boy.

FRANK
What am I supposed to do?

RED
Stand here. I'll call you when it's
time.

FRANK
(to himself)
What fucking ever.

Red moves to the center of the road.

RED
(to himself)
That is a pretty car.

INT. BILLY'S CADILLAC - DAY

Gen is in the passenger seat. She holds a wad of tissue.
Billy's behind the wheel. Both wear dark sunglasses.

Some fifty yards from the ambulance Gen undoes her safety
belt.

GEN
Stop here.

BILLY
What?

GEN
Stop now.

EXT. THE DIRT ROAD - DAY

Gen gets out of the car and walks back the way they just came.

Billy gets out and watches her go.

BILLY
(to himself)
Oh, shit.

Red hurries to meet his customer.

RED
How you doing Billy?

BILLY
Hey. Sorry.

RED
Rough night?

BILLY
Yeah.

RED
No reason for anybody to worry. Me
and Frank will take care of shit.

BILLY
Good.

Billy hands Red a thick stack of twenty dollar bills.

RED
You got the right guys on the job.
I promise you that.

UP THE DIRT ROAD - DAY

Gen is a hundred yards back up the road sitting on a stump. She keeps her back turned to the dealings over the disposal of Carmen's body.

THE DIRT ROAD - DAY

The back door of Billy's Cadillac is open. Blankets cover Carmen. Billy and Red stand by the open door.

RED
(shouting)
Frank. Get that thing over here.

(to Billy)
Of all the places to O.D.. Huh?

BILLY
She's a friend.

RED
Sure, man, I understand.

BILLY
Someplace where they'll find her
right away.

RED
It's all worked out.

BILLY
Not in a ditch, or something like
that. You know?

RED
Billy man, we'll treat her like
royalty. Best we can.

BILLY
Okay, yeah, okay.

RED
(to Billy)
It's all good. Don't look so
worried.
(at Frank)
Come on, move your ass.

THE DIRT ROAD

Billy watches Red slam the back-loading door of the
ambulance.

Carmen is inside.

EXT. GEN'S STUMP - DAY

A car approaches from behind her. The ambulance kicks up dust
and rocks as it passes.

Seconds later Billy's Cadillac stops next to her. Gen makes
no sign of being aware of Billy's presence.

BILLY
Gen? Baby?

She ignores him.

BILLY
Come on, baby.

Silence.

BILLY
Baby, I'm sorry I made you come.
I'll make it up to you. I don't
like being out here. Okay? I don't
like this place.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - DAY

Frank drives through the 'rural' suburbs of Tacoma. The two brothers pass a joint. Red unscrews the cap off a bottle of wine.

RED
That's how that's done. Fucking
sweet. Am I right?

FRANK
Okay, so where?

RED
Where what?

FRANK
Where we going to dump her?

RED
You mean, Carman?

FRANK
Oh man, don't say her name.

RED
Why not, little brother?

FRANK
I knew her.

RED
Did you fuck her?

FRANK
Fuck you.

RED
You fucked her.

FRANK
I knew her back when she worked at
Sweeties.

RED
Oh, yeah?

FRANK
Fuck off.

RED
Anyway, We're going to get Don
squared away first.

FRANK
I'm not driving all over the world
with a dead body in back.

RED
Don't worry yourself, I got it
figured.

EXT. THE HARLAN'S JUNKYARD - DAY

A faded sign reads "Steve's Junk". The yard is a pile of
rusted cars and general refuse.

The Harlans live in a dilapidated frame house attached to a
large garage.

EXT. HARLAN'S JUNKYARD - DAY

The ambulance is parked behind the garage.

Red shuts the door on an old commercial-sized ice locker.
Frank throws a switch and the compressor kicks in.

RED
That'll chill her out.
Let's get going.

FRANK
Wait a sec.

Frank trots toward the house.

RED
(to himself)
Jesus.
(loud at Frank)
Hurry the fuck up.

INT. THE HARLAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank walks into the chaotic mess that is their living room.

In his bedroom, he opens the top drawer of a bureau. He pulls out a cheap 9MM PISTOL and sticks it in his jacket pocket.

He finds a wad of twenties in a box and peels off five bills.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Billy sits on the couch. He chops a line of coke and snorts.

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gen is in bed facing the wall. Billy enters and sits next to her.

BILLY
(a whisper)
You asleep?

GEN
No.

BILLY
You okay?

GEN
Migraine.

BILLY
I'm Sorry.

GEN
It's okay.

BILLY
Things got messed up.

GEN
I Can't work tonight.

BILLY
Course not. I should go down
though, check on things. I'll be
back.

GEN
Turn off the light.

She lies in the darkness and listens to the Cadillac back down the driveway.

Gen clicks on the reading light. Her hair is scruffy and her makeup is gone.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen light glares. Gen finds a bottle of white wine in the refrigerator.

She pours into a tall glass and sits at the table.

EXT. DON'S SUPREME - NIGHT

Don's Supreme strip club is a single-story, flat-roofed building. A gravel parking lot surrounds the club.

Next door to Don's Supreme is Fanny's.

Fanny's neon sign advertises "Steaks and Cocktails the Way You Like 'em".

Law prohibits the serving alcohol in strip clubs.

Fanny's gives Don's customers a place to drink.

The parking lot is near full. The Harlan's ambulance is parked at the edge of the lot.

INT. ENTRANCE TO DON'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Red walks up the entry-way.

Rock music is cranked loud.

Frank lags behind Red.

The BOUNCER, a large 35-year-old man with a shaved head, sits on a stool.

BOUNCER

Thought maybe you two moved away.

RED

Why would I do that?

BOUNCER

He's waiting for you.

RED

No worries.

BOUNCER

In his office.

INT. DON'S SUPREME - NIGHT

The club's red-velour interior is worn. The main stage has a long catwalk with bar stools on either side.

Two dancers are grinding to heavy rock music.

Bright colored lights flash on the walls. A haze of cigarette smoke hangs in the air.

Red raises his voice to be heard.

RED
(to Frank)
Watch the titties, I'll be back.

Red abandons Frank in a crowded bar. There is no place for him to sit.

Half the customers are in ties and jackets and flash wads of money.

FRANK
(to himself)
Fucking ties.

INT. TABLE DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

The table dance room is long. Two customers are being treated to an up close and intimate with dancers.

Aaron at a table in the back of the room.

A large man sits across from him.

Cautiously money is exchanged for a small plastic bag.

Aaron finishes his business and sees Frank across the room.

He waves him over.

Aaron stands and gives Frank a 'bro-hug'. Aaron has been tapping into his own supply of meth.

AARON
Hey, my man. I was hoping I'd see you here.

Frank slouches onto a chair.

FRANK
It's too fucking crowded tonight.

AARON

It's Saturday night, man. Everybody wants to come out and see that ass shake. You know?

Frank shrugs.

AARON

Dude, what's up? You look like shit. Like you were in a car wreck, man.

FRANK

Hungover as a motherfucker.

AARON

Feeling bad is bad for you. They've proved that.

FRANK

Yeah.

AARON

Hey, where's the big bro? He's usually lurking around somewhere.

FRANK

Sucking Don's cock.

AARON

Whoa, that's a bit of harshness.

FRANK

It's the truth.

AARON

Red's been pissing you off lately. I can tell.

FRANK

Fuck him.

AARON

He used to be cool. Now he's all Mister Intensity and shit. What's up with that?

FRANK

He thinks he knows everything.

INT. DON'S OFFICE

Don sits behind a large wood desk glaring at Red. Red is in the "guest chair".

DON
The dogfight was Frank's idea?
Really?

RED
Yeah, sorry.

DON
Those guys are my customers. Did
you think I wouldn't find out?

RED
I took some bad advice.

DON
"Bad advice"? You think?

RED
It won't happen again.

DON
And this shit with Billy. That's
over the fucking top.

RED
I needed to take care of things, so
I did.

DON
You didn't tell that prick why you
needed the money? Did you?

RED
Fuck no. I didn't tell him a
fucking thing.

DON
They'd take away my license just
for knowing you, right now.

INT. AT AARON'S TABLE - NIGHT

Aaron casually cups one hand on the table.

AARON
I got your hangover cure right here
young Mr. Harlan.

Aaron slips him a plastic bag of amber granules.

FRANK
This the same shit?

AARON
It's the shit isn't it? Give you a
little "bro discount".

FRANK
Cool. Thanks, man.

AARON
Keep that on the low down or
everybody will want one.

FRANK
For sure.

AARON
We do go back, don't we? Fucking
high school. Isn't that a trip?

FRANK
No shit, man.

Frank slips him two bills.

FRANK
Okay if I get two?

AARON
Of course, you don't need to ask me
that.

FRANK
Far out. Thank you, my brother.

AARON
I was thinking about you the other
day. You still sell weed?

FRANK
Naw, my Humboldt guy got popped.

AARON
Shit. We need to find you a new
connect.

FRANK
No shit.

INT. DON'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Don leans back in his chair in disbelief.

DON
You still got it?

RED
I put you on top of the list of things to do.

DON
Oh, Jesus. You still got the fucking body?

RED
We'll dump it tomorrow.

DON
Fuck me, tomorrow. You're going to take care of this shit tonight. Right now.

RED
It's safe.

DON
Safe my ass. Get rid of it now. Fucking asshole.

RED
Fine, Don. Okay, right now.

DON
I can't believe you brought this shit to my door.

RED
I will take care of it.

DON
Okay, do it now, goodbye, go.

Red stands.

RED
I know we messed up a little but we got you your blow.

DON
A little?

RED
So, could we maybe get paid at
least something?

DON
Paid? You want to get paid for this
goat-fuck?

RED
I just thought...

DON
(interrupting)
Don't think. Tell me when you're
done. Not on the phone. Come here.
Got it?

RED
Yeah, I got it.

INT. AARON'S TABLE - NIGHT

Frank has his buzz on.

FRANK
Fucking perfect. I am so glad I
found you tonight.

AARON
Meant to be, man. In the stars.

FRANK
So fucking true. The stars see all.

Frank bounces to the music from the main room.

AARON
This music is driving me around
like a fast car.

Aaron sips from a flask then offers it to Frank.

FRANK
Hell, yeah. You know what kind of
day it was? A kind of day I had to
say "fuck it".

AARON
(answering Frank)
"Fuck it".

BOTH MEN
(in unison)
"Fuck it, it's time to party."

AARON
You remember. That is awesome.

FRANK
Hell yeah, I remember.

AARON
"The fourth period burnouts", my
man.

Frank stands.

FRANK
I got to hit the head.

INT. THE ENTRANCE TO THE TABLE DANCE ROOM

Red comes in looking for his brother. He sees Aaron at a back
table.

Frank's jacket hangs on a chair next to Aaron.

Aaron waves Red back. Red walks out.

RED
(to himself)
Shit.

INT. AARON'S TABLE

Frank comes back.

AARON
You do another bump?

FRANK
Hell, yeah.

AARON
Young Mr. Harlan you are an animal.

FRANK
Hell yeah, Where's that flask?

AARON
Man, you were right. Red is too big
for his britches. Know what I mean?

FRANK
Fucking-a, that's what I was
saying.

AARON
He walked right out of here.

FRANK
What?

AARON
He's got a kind of snotty thing
going.

FRANK
Just now?

AARON
He fucking blew me off like he was
too good.

FRANK
That fucker.

AARON
Abso-fucking-lutely .

FRANK
That pisses me off.

AARON
It should.

FRANK
What am I supposed to do now? Sit
here like I was his good little
dog?

AARON
You know what we should do? We
should get some real cocktails.

FRANK
(to himself)
That mother fucker.

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE AT THE CLUB - NIGHT

Billy is looking at the books. There is a bottle of whisky
and aspirin on the table.

There is a knock at the door.

BILLY
Yeah, what?

Music comes through the open door.

A 28-year-old brunette, STELLA, steps in.

She is the second head dancer.

BILLY
What's up?

STELLA
Gen's not coming in?

BILLY
She's sick.

STELLA
So, we're covering for two girls,
now.

BILLY
Who else?

STELLA
Angel.

BILLY
Oh, fuck. What's her problem?

STELLA
I just got the message.

BILLY
Did you call her?

STELLA
I'll let the boss handle that.

She closes the door behind her as she leaves.

Billy punches a number into his phone and waits as it rings.

The answering machine picks up.

ANGEL'S MACHINE (O.S.)
"Hi, it's Angel. If you're someone
nice, leave me a message. Okay?"

The machine beeps.

BILLY
 (on the phone)
 Angel?

Silence.

BILLY
 Angel, pick up.

ANGEL (O.S.)
 Hello?

BILLY
 Angel?

ANGEL (O.S.)
 Yeah?

BILLY
 Why aren't you at work.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Angel is in her pajamas sitting cross-legged on the bed. Bean is curled next to her. A trickle of smoke rises from the plastic bong.

ANGEL
 (on the phone)
 Didn't Stella tell you?

BILLY (O.S.)
 Tell me what?

ANGEL
 I don't feel good.

BILLY (O.S.)
 Why? Why don't you feel good?

ANGEL
 Last night.

BILLY (O.S.)
 You drank like a fish.

ANGEL
 I was lonely.

BILLY (O.S.)
 We're two girls short.

ANGEL
Who else?

BILLY (O.S.)
Don't worry about who else. Are you
really sick?

Angel says nothing.

BILLY (O.S.)
If you're not, I really need you
here.

ANGEL
There's no bus for an hour.

BILLY (O.S.)
An hour?

ANGEL
Yeah.

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME.

BILLY
(on the phone)
Fifteen minutes. You're going to be
ready when I get there, right?

ANGEL (O.S.)
Thank you, Billy.

BILLY
Right?

ANGEL
Sure.

He hangs up.

BILLY
Shit.

INT. BACKSTAGE AT SWEETIES - NIGHT

Billy closes the office door behind him as he leaves. On his
way out he passes two dancers. They smile.

STRIPPER #1
Hi, Billy.

STRIPPER #2
Hi.

Billy nods and smiles back.

As they pass the dancers whisper and giggle.

EXT. THE HARLAN'S JUNKYARD - NIGHT

The ambulance is backed up to the ice locker.

INT. HARLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Red enters and slams the door behind him.

RED
Assholes. My whole life, fucking
assholes.

He flips the light on and the filthy living room appears before him.

RED
(to himself)
Fucking shit pit.

He finds two half-smoked cigarettes in an ashtray and puts them in his shirt pocket.

RED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the top drawer of an old dresser, he digs out a pint bottle of whiskey. He takes a long drink and puts the bottle in his back pocket.

Under a pile of socks is a Colt .45 automatic. He sticks the gun in his belt.

THE HARLEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Red comes out of the kitchen with a fresh bottle of wine.

He weaves and bangs his shin on the coffee table.

RED
Fuck.

Red kicks the table, it flies and hits the wall. It lands sideways with a broken leg.

RED
Now it fits right in.

INT. ANGEL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Angel is putting on her makeup still in her pajamas. The plastic bong sits on the back of the toilet.

A knock sends her skittering to the front door.

THE FRONT ROOM OF ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She checks the peephole before opening.

Billy steps in.

BILLY
You're not ready?

ANGEL
I can't get my makeup right.

BILLY
You're high.

ANGEL
So? It keeps me from freaking out
sometimes.

BILLY
What'd you have to freak out about?

ANGEL
Just stuff. You know?

BILLY
Well, we need to go.

Angel heads back to the bathroom.

ANGEL
You get high.

BILLY
Not at the club.

ANGEL
Sit down for a sec, it won't kill
you.

He sits on her bed.

BILLY
When you going to buy a chair.

The cat pushes his way onto his lap. Billy scratches him behind his ear.

ANGEL

Someday, I guess. I don't know.

BILLY

You know if you didn't drink so much you wouldn't be feeling shitty.

ANGEL

Don't pick on me. I had a bad night.

BILLY

What was bad about it?

ANGEL

It just was.

BILLY

Why don't you hang out with the other girls? Talking might slow you down a little.

ANGEL

They don't talk to me, they talk about me.

BILLY

They talk about me too.

ANGEL

Yeah, but I don't own the place.

A second later the bathroom light switches off. Angel comes out and sits close to Billy.

BILLY

You need your purse or anything?

The cat is purring.

ANGEL

See? Bean knows a nice guy when he sees him.

BILLY

Let's get going.

ANGEL

Can't we just chill for a second?

BILLY
I've got a girlfriend. I don't want
to mess things up.

ANGEL
I'm not trying to fuck your shit
up, Billy.

BILLY
That's exactly what's going to
happen.

ANGEL
I'm like Bean.

BILLY
Is that right?

ANGEL
Sometimes I just want to snuggle in
and purr.

BILLY
Look, baby, I don't know about
this.

ANGEL
I meet a lot of assholes, you know?

BILLY
I know.

ANGEL
I kind of need someone who's not a
total shit. Someone on my side a
little.

BILLY
Angel...

ANGEL
I'm not trying anything notorious.
You know?

She runs her hand across his chest.

ANGEL
It's just a little party. Got to be
bad sometimes.

Billy studies Angel's face and they kiss.

EXT. AN INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Harlan's ambulance sits at a red light. Red is taking the northbound lane to Seattle.

Carmen's body is in the back under a blanket.

The streets are deserted.

Red stomps the gas a few seconds before the light turns green and speeds onto the freeway.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gen is on the couch in a blanket with a box of tissues is and a bottle of wine.

She has been crying.

The phone rings. She clears her throat and answers.

GEN

Hello?

An elderly woman's voice, Billy's mother, GRACE, is on the other end.

GRACE (O.S.)

Gen? Is that you?

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Billy's mother is seventy years old with gray hair and the face of someone who's lived a hard life.

She is propped up on pillows in a hospital bed.

GEN (O.S.)

Grace?

GRACE

Yeah, it's me.

GEN (O.S.)

How you doing? Are you okay?

GRACE

Oh, hell yeah.

GEN (O.S.)

What time is it there? Shouldn't you be asleep?

GRACE
It's not that late.

GEN (O.S.)
But you're okay?

GRACE
I heard Sabrina called and got
Billy all jacked up.

GEN (O.S.)
A little.

GRACE
I'm going home tomorrow.

GEN (O.S.)
That's great.

GRACE
They're giving me so many goddamn
pills I'm starting to rattle.

GEN (O.S.)
At least you're going home.

GRACE
So what's going on there?

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GEN
You know, nothing really.

GRACE (O.S.)
Don't give me that shit. You been
crying.

GEN
It was kind of a rough day.

GRACE (O.S.)
They happen.

GEN
I'm okay.

INT. THE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

GRACE
Is Billy being a shit?

GEN (O.S.)
There's not much to tell.

GRACE
Listen, sweetie, I raised him and I know what I did wrong.

GEN (O.S.)
It's not Billy. It's hard to explain.

GRACE
If it's hard to explain he's probably in there somewhere.

GEN (O.S.)
He's always in there somewhere.

GRACE
Ain't that the truth?

GEN (O.S.)
Yeah.

GRACE
He always wanted everybody to love him and pay attention. What a little bullshit artist he was.

GEN (O.S.)
I can imagine.

GRACE
Loving him don't mean you got to take his shit.

GEN (O.S.)
I don't. Much.

GRACE
Listen, honey, you're the only one of his girlfriends I never figured for a gold-digger of some kind.

GEN (O.S.)
Thank you.

GRACE
So I'm going to give you a little advice here.

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GEN

Okay.

GRACE (O.S.)

And, I'm going to make you promise me something.

GEN

Promise you what?

GRACE (O.S.)

You promise?

GEN

Do I get to know what it is first?

GRACE (O.S.)

No.

GEN

Okay, I guess I promise.

GRACE (O.S.)

First, you take care of yourself. Cause when it comes down to it, nobody else will.

GEN

Okay.

GRACE (O.S.)

Promise?

GEN

I promise.

GRACE (O.S.)

Good. And, if the shit really hits the fan, you come see me. Okay?

GEN

I don't think the shit's ready to hit the fan.

GRACE (O.S.)

Whatever.

GEN

Thank you, Grace.

GRACE (O.S.)
It's a "just in case" thing, but
now you know.

Gen hangs up and thinks for a moment.

She dials a number.

INT. BACKSTAGE OF BILLY'S CLUB - NIGHT

A phone on a table rings.

Stella picks up.

STELLA
Sweeties.

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GEN
(on the phone)
Hey, Stella, it's Gen.
(listening)
A little better. Still kind of
shitty.
(listening)
Is Billy around?
(listening)
Is Angel?
(listening)
Never mind I said that.
(listening)
Yeah, I know. Maybe I'll call back
later.

Gen hangs up and the tears come back.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Billy and Angel are in bed. Billy's arm is around Angel but
he is lost in deep thought.

ANGEL
Where you at?

BILLY
What?

ANGEL
A million miles away.

BILLY
Just thinking.

ANGEL
What about?

BILLY
Stuff.

ANGEL
Billy, do you think I'm an evil
person?

BILLY
You?

ANGEL
Yeah.

He sits up to get out of bed.

ANGEL
See, I think I'm a bad person.

He begins to dress.

ANGEL
But, that just means I'm not
boring. You know?

BILLY
Come on, we got to go.

ANGEL
You didn't answer me.

BILLY
Don't start this. I'm dealing with
a lot of shit right now.

ANGEL
What kind of shit?

She starts getting dressed.

BILLY
Stuff. Business stuff. It's
complicated.

ANGEL
I just don't want you to think I'm
evil.

BILLY
What'd you want me to say? I don't
even know what that means. "Evil".

ANGEL
Okay, sorry.

BILLY
People fuck up now and then. They
don't mean to, they just do.

ANGEL
Did we just fuck up?

BILLY
Look, Angel sometimes I need
somebody to be on my side too.
Could you do that for me, baby?

ANGEL
Sure. I'm sorry.

BILLY
Thank you.

ANGEL
You don't have to worry. I'm good
at keeping my mouth shut.

BILLY
That's good, thank you.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Red has come to his exit in south Seattle.
He points the ambulance into the industrial area.
He cruises slowly looking for just the right place.

INT. BILLY'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Billy drives.
Angel sits next to him studying his face.

ANGEL
Are you okay?

BILLY
(caught in deep thought)
What?

ANGEL
You look worried.

BILLY

You're not the only one with a hangover.

ANGEL

I don't think I'd ever want to own a business.

BILLY

What are you talking about?

ANGEL

You're usually so easygoing.

BILLY

People can't be easygoing all the time. It's impossible.

ANGEL

Okay. Is there anything I can do?

BILLY

Just back me up, okay?

ANGEL

Of course.

Billy drives past Sweeties without slowing.

ANGEL

You missed the club.

Two blocks down he takes a left and stops.

BILLY

Tell Stella you took the bus. I didn't show. Okay?

ANGEL

Okay.

BILLY

Thanks, baby. I'll see you later.

ANGEL

Tonight?

BILLY

I don't know. Maybe.

EXT. UNDER A BRIDGE - NIGHT

Tall concrete pillars support the Alaskan Way Viaduct that runs on the west side of downtown Seattle.

Heavy equipment for ongoing construction sits idle in the darkness.

The ambulance is parked between a backhoe and a dump truck.

Red opens the driver side door and gets in. He starts the engine and pulls away.

In the glow of his taillights we can see Carmen's body on the ground.

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF TACOMA - NIGHT

Billy's Cadillac is parked by a phone booth. Inside the booth, he listens to an unanswered ring on the other end.

Finally the answering machine picks-up. Gen's recorded voice is backed by slow sexy jazz.

GEN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You've got Billy and Gen's place. I guess we're doing something else so leave a message.

BILLY

(on the phone)

Hey, it's me. Just checking in to see if you're feeling better. I...

Gen picks up, interrupting Billy.

GEN (O.S.)

Hey.

BILLY

There you are.

GEN (O.S.)

Yeah.

BILLY

How you doing?

GEN (O.S.)

Better.

BILLY

That's good.

GEN (O.S.)
How are you doing?

BILLY
I don't know, okay I guess.

Billy pauses to find the right words.

BILLY
Things got pretty messed up.

GEN (O.S.)
Yeah.

BILLY
You know? All that little prick had to do is come get help. We could have done something.

GEN (O.S.)
I keep thinking the same thing.

BILLY
Yeah. I've got something else I've been thinking about.

GEN (O.S.)
What's that?

BILLY
I shouldn't have made you come. It was a chicken-shit thing to do.

GEN (O.S.)
Nobody twisted my arm. I'm sorry I freaked out.

BILLY
You had every right. It was a bad day.

GEN (O.S.)
I'm glad I went.

BILLY
Yeah?

GEN
I owed her that much. Just being there.

BILLY
She didn't get what she deserved.

GEN

No.

Another pause.

GEN (O.S.)

You're not at the club.

BILLY

Too many people.

GEN - (O.S.)

You should come home, baby.

BILLY

I need to drive for a while.
Breathe some fresh air or
something. Try to feel normal.

GEN

Hey, I talked to Grace.

BILLY

Yeah?

GEN

They're sending her home in the
morning.

BILLY

No, shit? See? I knew it. I knew it
wasn't a problem.

GEN

You were right. Good news, Huh?

BILLY

Really great.

GEN (O.S.)

Yeah.

BILLY

Yeah.

GEN (O.S.)

Baby, There's too much weirdness
out there right now. You know? Why
don't you just come home? Okay?

BILLY

I will. I got to clear things up in my head first. I won't take too long.

GEN(O.S.)

I guess if you got to. Be careful. Okay?

He thinks for a second.

GEN (O.S.)

Billy? You there.

BILLY

Yeah. I been thinking about something else too.

GEN (O.S.)

What's that?

BILLY

I'm not proud of everything I do all the time.

GEN (O.S.)

What do you mean?

BILLY

Sometimes it's hard to know what's my fault and what isn't.

GEN (O.S.)

Like what? What's your fault?

BILLY

Shit, don't listen to me. I don't know what I'm talking about.

GEN (O.S.)

You're confusing me.

BILLY

I just need to drive for a while. Blow out the cobwebs. I'll see you pretty soon. Okay?

GEN (O.S.)

You're sure?

BILLY

Yeah.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gen is sitting on the couch.

GEN
(on the phone)
Okay.

She hangs up and refills her wine glass.

She tries to hold back the tears as long as she can.

GEN
(to herself)
Shit.

EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

The industrial district of South Seattle.

The only light comes from a streetlight a block away.

The ambulance is parked behind a warehouse. Red leans against the vehicle drinking from his bottle of wine.

RED
(to himself)
Mother fuck. Mother fuck all of it.

He digs in his shirt pocket and finds his last cigarette.

RED
You kiss his goddamn ass. Then what happens?

A breeze blows out his cigarette lighter.

RED
Fuck.

Red sets his bottle on the roof of the ambulance. His placement is bad and the wine falls and breaks.

RED
That's right. Shit on everything.

He gets back in his vehicle.

IN THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Red turns the key and guns the engine.

RED
Assholes.

The ambulance throws gravel as it drives off.

EXT. THE TRAWLER - NIGHT

Billy enters.

A few serious drinkers are scattered around.

Jack is behind the bar. Billy sits on a stool.

JACK
What can I get you?

BILLY
A beer.

Jack pours.

BILLY
Byron around?

Billy tastes the almost headless glass of beer that is set in front of him.

BILLY
And a Jameson's.

Jack serves Billy a shot.

JACK
Maybe, I'd have to check.

BILLY
Okay.

JACK
Who are you?

BILLY
Tell him Billy's here.

Jack disappears into the backroom.

Billy drinks the shot in two swallows.

Jack comes back.

JACK
He's coming.

Jack pours Billy another shot.

JACK
On the house.

Byron steps out of the backroom.

BYRON
Look who's come to visit Uncle
Byron.

BILLY
What's up, Byron?

BYRON
What the fuck are you drinking?

BILLY
Your beer.

BYRON
Never drink our tap. It's shit.

BILLY
It is.

BYRON
I'm a simple man. My beer's for
simple people. What brings you out
slumming?

BILLY
Just in the neighborhood. Stop by
to see what's up.

BYRON
You're what's up. Everybody's
talking about Billy.

BILLY
If that's all they got to talk
about, they should get a life.

BYRON
Billy's got a little edge tonight.
Maybe you should tell me what's up?

BILLY
I got a question.

BYRON
Come on back.

Billy follows Byron to the storeroom.

INT. A STOREROOM / OFFICE - NIGHT

Bar supplies are on shelves and stacked in boxes.

Byron's desk is battered and well worn. Next to the desk is a stack of boxes.

BYRON

I got something to show you here.

BILLY

Okay.

He opens one of the boxes by his desk and holds up a videotape with a pornographic cover.

BYRON

Check this shit out.

BILLY

Selling porno now?

BYRON

Fuck that.

BILLY

What?

BYRON

Did you know you can pay a woman to fuck and if you make a movie of it it's not illegal?

BILLY

You're making porno.

BYRON

I'm the damn producer and director.

BILLY

Very impressive.

BYRON

No shit. So, what's up? What can Uncle Byron help you with?

BILLY

You know that Lorenzo guy?

BYRON

That fat little bug-boy?

BILLY
Yeah, you know where he hangs out
or anything?

BYRON
What do you want with that prick?

BILLY
(making it up as he goes)
He owes me money.

BYRON
Oh, fuck me, you loaned that jerk-
off money?

BILLY
Carmen, I didn't know who she was
giving it to.

BYRON
Bitches. Swear to God.

Byron digs through the desk drawers.

BYRON
I think I got something.

BILLY
Cool.

BYRON
You know, I could never figure why
you were such a pushover for the
bitches.

Still searching.

BYRON
Maybe cause you were raised by a
whore.

BILLY
You think so?

Byron finds what he's looking for.

BYRON
Take it easy, I didn't mean
anything. A New Orleans whorehouse
is cool. Old blues songs and shit.

BILLY
I didn't live in a whorehouse.

Byron holds up a business card.

BYRON
There we are.

He hands the card to Billy.

BYRON
Lorenzo, my ass.

Billy reads the card.

BILLY
"Loren Whitcomb"?

BYRON
Cocksucker tried to sell me
insurance once.

BILLY
No, shit?

BYRON
He brags about some yuppie shit-
hole. The 12th Street Bistro.

BILLY
Thanks.

BYRON
Kick his ass.
(as Billy leaves)
And hey, Billy.

BILLY
What?

BYRON
Send some of that good pussy you
got working for you over to see
Uncle Byron. We'll make us some
movies.

INT. BILLY'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Billy sits at an intersection. He starts to take a right turn
but changes his mind and goes left.

BILLY
(to himself)
Bistro.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

A sparsely populated area of Seattle.

Red is parked across the street from a convenience store. He sits behind the wheel and watches as the only customer pulls out of the parking lot and disappears into the night.

INT. THE CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A scraggly young man in a plaid shirt sits behind the counter watching a small TV.

Under the counter is a second screen for the security camera that watches the front door.

Red enters holding his .45 behind his back.

He grabs a pack of gum and tosses it on the counter.

The clerk is nervous but rings up the sale.

The register opens and Red swings the pistol at the clerk's head. The clerk is knocked to the floor and doesn't move again.

The security camera records Red as he walks out the door with the money from the till, two bottles of wine and a carton of cigarettes.

INT. THE MAIN STAGE AT SWEETIES - NIGHT

A spotlight follows Angel's artful gymnastic moves on the dance pole. The song ends. Applause follows her off stage.

BACKSTAGE AT SWEETIES - NIGHT

Angel walks off stage and comes face to face with Stella.

ANGEL

Hey Stella.

STELLA

Hey Angel.

ANGEL

Sorry I was late. I had to wait for the bus.

Stella says nothing. Angel keeps her course for the dressing room.

STELLA
 (dryly)
 Thought you had a ride.

ANGEL
 He never showed.

Angel hurries away.

STELLA
 (calling)
 Angel.

Angel stops in her tracks.

STELLA
 How you getting home tonight?

ANGEL
 I don't know.

STELLA
 Remind me after we close.

ANGEL
 Thank you.

INT. A PUBLIC RESTROOM - NIGHT

Billy rinses his face with cold water. There are dark circles under his eyes.

INT. THE 12TH STREET BISTRO - NIGHT

A rustic Italian restaurant by day, the 12th Street Bistro becomes a sports bar at night.

Billy sits where he has a full view of the bar and all its comings and goings.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT OF DON'S SUPREME - NIGHT

Red parks the ambulance and takes a pull from his bottle.

INT. FANNY'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Fanny's Lounge has pool tables and waitresses in BIKINIS

Aaron and Frank sit in a booth near the back of the bar. Frank is making an angry 'monkey-face'.

Aaron is laughing convulsively.

AARON
Holy shit. You are so good at that.

FRANK
I shit you not. That's how he
looks.

AARON
That's goddamn funny. You should be
on TV, man.

FRANK
It's all the fucking time.

AARON
No shit?

FRANK
I am telling you egg-fucking-zactly
how it is.

AARON
What is with him? You know? If you
can't respect other people, how the
fuck can you respect yourself?

FRANK
He gives me nothing but shit.

AARON
One of my brothers was always
pissed off.

FRANK
Yeah?

AARON
He did some crazy-ass stuff.

FRANK
Was he crazy?

AARON
They locked him up in the fucking
nut house. Shot electricity into
his brain.

A wiry waitress, BECKY, comes to their table. Becky is 36-
years-old and stands 5'0".

Like the other waitresses, she wears a bikini.

A few strands of gray mix with her brown hair.

Frank is smitten and watches her every move.
She stacks their empties on her tray.

FRANK
Thank you, ma'am.

BECKY
You're welcome, sir

AARON
Best damn bar in town. Know what
I'm saying? Am I right?

BECKY
You gentleman having the same
again?

AARON
Works for me.

FRANK
I could do a shot of ta-kill-ya
this time.

BECKY
I suppose you're having Gold?

FRANK
What else is there?

She turns to leave. Frank stops her.

FRANK
Make that two.

BECKY
Yes sir, two shots of gold.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT OF DON'S SUPREME - NIGHT

Red tosses the bottle as he walks toward the club.

INT. THE ENTRANCE TO DON'S CLUB - NIGHT

The bouncer puts up a hand and stops Red.

BOUNCER
Hold on, man.

Red clenches his teeth as the bouncer picks up the phone.

BOUNCER
 (on the phone)
 He's back.
 (listens then to Red)
 Wait here.

Red clenches his fist but turns back for the exit.

RED
 (as he walks)
 I'll be outside.

INT. FRANK AND AARON'S TABLE - NIGHT

The jukebox plays a torch song.

AARON
 Don't you wish it was always like
 this? Like always?

FRANK
 Huh?

AARON
 The perfect music and Becky
 bringing us drinks, man. How cool
 is this? You know?

FRANK
 Best damn waitress there is.

AARON
 (raising his voice)
 Hell yeah. If they told me this was
 heaven I'd say "damn straight".

FRANK
 (shouting)
 Damn straight. Heaven.

AARON
 (wild call)
 Yaaa-hoo.

FRANK
 Let me ask you something.

AARON
 Ask away, bro.

FRANK
 Your crazy brother, what kind of
 shit did he do?

AARON
Oh, he did some fucked up stuff.

FRANK
Like?

AARON
Once he came after me with the chainsaw.

FRANK
A fucking chainsaw?

AARON
Yeah, lucky it was out of gas.

FRANK
I thought about Red maybe being nuts.

AARON
You think he is?

Frank considers the possibility.

FRANK
Nah, he's probably just a dick.

AARON
Probably.

FRANK
When we was kids we played like we was banditos in Mexico.

AARON
See? Now that's cool. That's a good big brother thing to do.

FRANK
Now he flips me shit about it all the fucking time.

AARON
Too bad he got to be such an asshole. What a drag.

FRANK
The bandito thing was just for kids but I'll bet I could get something going down there.

AARON
You know what would be cool for
you? You should go.

FRANK
What?

AARON
Mexico, man. You should go.

FRANK
Takes more cash then I got.

AARON
Fuck.

FRANK
Yeah, "fuck".

AARON
Know what you need?

FRANK
I need some money, man. Need it
bad.

AARON
You need a "windfall".

FRANK
What the hell is that?

AARON
My horoscope last week said I was
going to get one. It's like when
money drops out of nowhere.

FRANK
Yeah, and did you get one?

AARON
Hell yeah. I got a call from the
cook. Started selling gack.

FRANK
No shit?

AARON
No shit.

FRANK
A windfall.

AARON

Yeah.

Aaron stands.

AARON

Dude, my turn to pee.

He heads for the bathroom.

Frank has a realization.

FRANK

(to himself)

Holy fucking shit.

Becky comes to the table with their drinks.

FRANK

(to himself)

A fucking windfall.

BECKY

Say what?

Frank's scoots over to make room for her.

FRANK

(at the shots)

One of those is yours if you want.

BECKY

I was hoping.

They clink glasses and throw them back in one swallow.

BECKY

That makes the shift go easier.

FRANK

Becky, I got a question for you.

BECKY

Yeah?

FRANK

What do you think of Mexico?

BECKY

What about Mexico?

FRANK

Going there.

BECKY
Anyplace I don't have to wear a
swimsuit when it's cold outside.

FRANK
Yeah?

Frank chops three small mounds of meth.

FRANK
Want to go?

BECKY
What? How much of that stuff have
you snorted?

FRANK
You ever have a windfall?

BECKY
Not in this life, sugar.

He snorts two of the three mounds.

BECKY
Easy there cowboy. You'll pop a
gasket.

Frank points at the remaining hit.

FRANK
That's for you.

BECKY
Thanks.

FRANK
You seen Red?

BECKY
The ambulance is outside.

FRANK
Shit, alright.

Frank stands to leave.

BECKY
Where you going is such a hurry,
sugar?

FRANK

I got me a windfall on ice. Time to collect.

He turns to leave.

FRANK

You might have some packing to do.

INT. BYRON'S BACK ROOM OFFICE - NIGHT

Byron sits at his desk making a phone call.

INT. LORENZO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The curtains are pulled shut. The only light is from a large screen television.

Lorenzo is on the couch. He's been drinking.

His phone rings. The sound makes him jump. He's unsure but answers the call anyway.

LORENZO

(on the phone)

Hello?

BYRON (O.S.)

Lorenzo, my friend, glad I caught you at home.

LORENZO

Who is this?

INT. BYRON'S BACK ROOM OFFICE - NIGHT

BYRON

It's, Byron. You must know my voice by now.

LORENZO (O.S.)

Byron? I was going to call you.

BYRON

I just saved you the trouble. I kind of got something I should tell you.

INT. LORENZO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LORENZO

What?

BYRON (O.S.)
 Billy came by tonight. We got to
 talking and he asked for your
 address.

LORENZO
 What?

BYRON (O.S.)
 Without thinking I gave it to him.

LORENZO
 What'd he say?

INT. BYRON'S BACK ROOM OFFICE - NIGHT

BYRON
 Nothing really. Just said he wanted
 to see you. Did I do the right
 thing?

Lorenzo hangs up without answering.

Byron smiles to himself and hangs up.

EXT. DON'S SUPREME - NIGHT

Red smokes a cigarette on the front steps of the club. Don
 comes out with the bouncer close behind.

The bouncer hangs back.

DON
 Well?

RED
 Went all the way to Seattle...

DON
 (interrupting)
 I don't care where you went.

RED
 Okay.

DON
 You got it done?

RED
 Yeah.

DON
Good. So, I can't have you hanging
around. Maybe just for a while. I
got to think about this one.

RED
Whatever.

DON
I can't be taking chances like
this. You need to get your shit
together.

Red takes a long pull on his cigarette.

DON
I mean this in the nicest possible
way, but get the fuck out of here.

Don and the bouncer go back into the club.

RED
(to himself)
Motherfucker.

He flicks his cigarette hard and it hits the railing. A
shower of burning ash falls on him.

INT. FANNY'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Frank pushes his way toward the exit.

EXT. FANNY'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Frank bursts out of the bar. He sees his brother in the
parking lot walking toward the ambulance.

FRANK
Yo, Red.

He jogs to catch up.

FRANK
Red, dude, you got to hear this.
We're going to make us so much
money.

RED
Get away from me.

FRANK
Hold up, man.

RED
I said fuck off.

Red strides away.

FRANK
Goddamn it. That frozen bitch. We
could make ten times...

Red spins on his brother.

RED
Not now, dumb shit. Shut your mouth
and fuck off.

FRANK
We could clean Billy bitch right
the out.

RED
Oh, fuck me.

FRANK
Tell him we'll leave the stiff in
the bus station or something.

RED
There is no stiff.

FRANK
What?

RED
I took it to fucking Seattle.

FRANK
What did you do? You stupid fat
motherfucker.

Red grabs Frank by the lapels and pulls him in close.

RED
Fuck you.

Frank swings and catches Red on the nose. Red lets Frank go
to check his damaged nose.

A drop of blood smears on his fingers.

With all his might Red back-hands his brother. The blow sends
Frank tumbling sideways.

The pistol comes out of Frank's pocket and ends up under him.

RED
I'm going to beat the stupid right
out of you.

Red walks toward Frank.

Frank pulls himself up from the ground. The pistol is in his hand.

The gun goes off and ricochets off the hard gravel.

Red stops in his tracks.

Still unsteady, Frank points the pistol at his brother.

Red advances again.

RED
And, that thing is going up your
ass.

Frank fires a second shot. The bullet hits Red in the chest. He stumbles back a step.

RED
The fuck?

The gun goes off again and Frank is almost as shocked as Red.

A second squirt of blood comes out of Red's chest.

The big man crumples.

RED
Oh, God.

The sound of gunfire has attracted attention.

Shouts and screams come from a growing crowd of onlookers.

Frank rummages in his brother's pockets for the ambulance's keys.

RED
It hurts.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT.

Frank fumbles with the keys and finally gets the engine started. He floors the accelerator and races onto the street.

EXT. DON'S SUPREME PARKING LOT- NIGHT

A crowd of people gather around Red. There are sirens in the distance.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Frank stops in a dark alley but leaves the motor running.

He is frozen in the driver's seat.

His rage explodes and he pummels the wheel with both fists.

FRANK

Stupid motherfucker! Goddamn stupid
motherfucker! Stupid, stupid,
stupid!

Finally, his temper is spent.

Sirens are all around him.

FRANK

God, what the fuck?

Frank does another bump of meth.

FRANK

Motherfucking, yeah.

He punches the gas.

FRANK

Rich-boy, Billy, you hear me
coming? You are going to pay. Going
to pay me.

THE END OF THE ALLEY - NIGHT

Frank shoots back onto the street.

His tires squeal.

FRANK

Fuck this world, Bandito, go get
your money.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Frank is caught behind another car at a red light.

The wail of sirens seem to come from everywhere.

He flips a switch and the emergency lights come on. Red lights swirl.

He cranks the wheel and punches the gas.

There is a near miss in the intersection as he speeds through.

INT. THE 12TH STREET BISTRO - NIGHT

Billy is nodding off in his chair.

A waitress comes to the table.

She is 24 years-old. Her name tag reads RACHEL.

RACHEL

I am sorry, sir, you can't sleep here.

He snaps to.

BILLY

Sorry.

She sets his bill down.

BILLY

Thanks.

He puts a ten on the bill.

RACHEL

I'll get your change.

BILLY

That's okay.

RACHEL

Thank you, sir.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Frank drives through the heart of downtown Tacoma.

He searching every street for Billy and his Cadillac.

FRANK

(to himself)

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Where are you?
Come on, get out here.

One block down a neon sign flashes "Sweeties".

Frank slows to keep pace with two dancers on their way back to work from a break.

He leans out the window.

FRANK

Where's that fucking boss of yours?

The girls walk faster.

FRANK

Hey, goddamn it, I asked you a question.

DANCER ON THE SIDEWALK

Buzz off, Frank.

FRANK

Where's your fucking respect? Where the fuck is Billy?

They ignore him.

FRANK

Don't walk away from me. Who do you think you are?

The dancers make it to the employee's entrance and shut the door behind them.

FRANK

(at the closed door)

He owes me money, you dumb bitches.

A large bouncer walks out the main door.

Frank steps on the gas.

The bouncer stares Frank down as he passes.

INT. THE SAME PUBLIC RESTROOM - NIGHT

Billy dries his face with a paper towel.

He looks in the mirror.

BILLY

Go home.

EXT. A BLOCK FROM 12TH STREET BISTRO - NIGHT

Lorenzo walks up the sidewalk. He stares at the ground as he walks.

Sirens can be heard in all directions.

EXT. 12TH STREET BISTRO - NIGHT

Billy steps out onto the sidewalk.

It takes a few seconds to recognize the man walking toward him.

Then.

BILLY
Son of a bitch.

Lorenzo looks up and sees Billy.

LORENZO
No.

He turns and runs. Billy gives chase.

Lorenzo takes the first turn that comes.

He is running into a dark alley.

Billy is gaining.

BILLY
(shouting)
Hey.

EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

The ambulance pulls onto 12th street well over the speed limit.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Frank spots Billy's car.

FRANK
Oh baby, oh baby. There you are,
you see that? Sweet fuck.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

Billy's getting closer.

Lorenzo doesn't pay attention to where he's going.

He turns in time to see a dark wall in front of him.

Lorenzo slams face first into the side of a dumpster.

He bounces, lands on his back, and does not move.

EXT. BILLY'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Frank stops next to the Seville and turns on the swirling emergency lights.

EXT. THE ALLEY - SAME TIME

Lorenzo is out cold. His face is bloody.

Billy looks down at the soft little man.

There's a jagged piece of concrete at Billy's feet.

Billy picks up the weapon and feels its weight.

BILLY
What did you do?

Sirens from all directions getting louder.

The red swirling light from the ambulance paints the mouth of the alley behind him.

He tosses his weapon aside and wipes his hand.

BILLY
(to himself)
Shit.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Frank does one more hit.

He scans the Ale House, but no Billy.

He gets out of the ambulance with the pistol in his hand.

EXT. THE MOUTH OF THE ALLEY AT 12TH ST. - NIGHT

Billy sees Frank by his car.

Frank stands in the open door of the ambulance.

BILLY
(to himself)
What the fuck?

He takes a few quick steps into the street.

BILLY
What are you doing?

Frank snaps to the sound of Billy's voice.
Billy sees Frank's gun and shifts backward.
Frank points the pistol at Billy

FRANK
You think we're done?

BILLY
Take it easy, man.

FRANK
You think you can play me?

Billy backs away from Frank.

FRANK
I will fucking shoot you. You owe
me.

Frank pulls the trigger but the shot is well off-target.

Billy runs for the alley. Frank jumps into the ambulance and follows.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

In the headlights' high beams, Billy casts a long shadow as he runs.

The alley narrows.

Frank jumps out and fires another shot.

The bullet whizzes past Billy.

FRANK
Goddamn it.

Frank runs after his target.

The sirens are here.

Billy comes to the end of the alley as two police cars speed up from his right.

Frank's next shot hits Billy between the shoulder blades.

Billy falls and blood spurts.

The police cars come to a screeching halt. The officers take cover, guns drawn.

Frank runs into the street and stops.

He squints into the glare headlights and spotlights.

POLICE OFFICER #1
(over a loudspeaker)
Drop your weapon.

FRANK
Fuck...

Frank raises his pistol to emphasize the "you" of "Fuck you" but the word never leaves his mouth.

The officers fire on the movement of his gun.

Frank is hit multiple times and falls dead.

Billy's life pumps out on to the street.

More sirens.

THE STREET

Billy is put on a gurney. His face is covered with a white sheet.

His body is lifted into the back of an ambulance and the door is slammed shut.

ROLL CREDITS