

Fade In:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A sliver of a moon cuts a white crescent in a clear black sky.

A SNIFF of an animal. Eyes glowing in the dim moon light. A lone coyote on the prowl. It catches a scent. Hungry, it follows

The coyote sniffs out something sticking out of recently disturbed ground. It digs, then snaps down on something metallic. Snarling, it pulls, dragging out of the dirt a small chain.

Attached the chain, which now we can see is actually handcuffs, are TWO HANDS. The right hand is fat and swollen, the cuffs biting into it's flesh, and it is roughly severed at the wrist. The Left hand is attached to an arm!

The coyote yelps with joy at the feast. It pulls harder.

Then, the Left Hand twitches to life. The coyote scuttles back, unsure.

The ground erupts, a second arm bursting from the dirt. Then a head! Black hair caked with dirt, face pale, eyes try to focus, blinking in the moon light.

The coyote snarls. The man coughs up something chunky. Winces. The coyote inches closer, smelling death and dinner.

The man finally sees the coyote. He whips his hand back and cracks the coyote hard across he snout with the handcuffed hand.

It leaps back with a yelp. The man growls at it. The coyote eyes him for a moment, then wanders away in search of easier prey.

The man coughs again. Grabs his side in agony. He wipes some dirt aside and sees two bullet holes.

He cautiously check his back. Thru and thru. No bullets to dig out again.

Wincing, he staggers up. He takes a few tenuous steps. Frowns. Looks down. Where the hell are his shoes?

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The man stumbles into a dirt hill, face scrunched in pain.
He looks at the moon.

MAN

Not yet, smiley. Not yet.

In the distance he hears music.

He gathers what will power is left and stumbles towards it.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Two pick-ups sit near a campfire that casts dancing shadows.
Music plays. A POP of a beer can opening.

JIMMY, early twenties, college frat type, takes a huge chug
then belches. BRAD, a clone of Jimmy, just dumber, high
fives him.

BRAD

Nice one bro!

JIMMY

Totally! Where's Tina and her
twins?

A car's lights swerve past them, then honks as it stops in a
cloud of dust. Three hot co-eds pour out, much to the
delight of both guys. TINA, mis-20's, alpha female, slamming
blonde, frowns at the boys as hops out the passenger side,
waving a GPS.

TINA

What the fuck, Jimmy?

JIMMY

So you did get my email.

Jimmy gathers Tina to him, trying to cool off her anger.
Tina isn't having it.

TINA

You call this a Party?

JIMMY

I sent everyone these GPS coords!
C'mon, baby. It's only eleven. I
just wanted to get you out here for
myself. Before the rager starts!

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The other two girls, JENNY, late 20's blonde, smarter then she looks, and KELLY, mid-20's, brunette, dumb as she looks, wander over to the campfire.

BRAD
Hey! Beer?

KELLY
Sure!

JENNY
Didn't know you two could even
operate a GPS.

Brad tosses Kelly a beer, who totally fumbles it. It hits a rock and cracks open, spraying both girls with foamy beer.

BRAD
Awesome!

JENNY
What the FUCK!

BRAD
I mean that sucks. Here let me
help you-

Jenny gives Brad the death ray stare. Kelly, trying to hard to work out what happened, looks at Brad.

KELLY
That'd be great.

Jenny looks at Kelly, then at Brad. A match made in glorious idiot heaven.

JENNY
I'm going to. Clean up.

Jenny swipes a beer from the cooler as she heads back to her car.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Jenny pops open her trunk. She digs through her bag as she mocks her friends.

JENNY
Sure, Jenny, let's meet up with
Brad and Jim. It's gonna be a
kegger in the desert! Have some
beer, get some sand in your vag-

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A shadow shoves her hard. She smacks her head on the car as she is hoisted into the trunk.

JENNY (CONT'D)
SHIT! OWW! Hey what the hell!!

The trunk slams down on her. Darkness.

EXT. DESERT

The MAN slides down the side of the car, peering out to watch for other people. Muffled banging from the trunk.

JENNY (V.O.)
Hey! HEY! This isn't funny!!

Another car's headlights flash across the landscape.

Jimmy cheers.

JIMMY
Whoo-HOO! Let the kegger begin!

The MAN gently clicks open the drivers door. Trying not to gasp in pain, he slides into the seat and closes the door.

EXT. DESERT

Jimmy, with his arm wrapped around Tina, rips off a tarp from the bed of his truck. A Keg gleams in the moonlight.

Jenny's car starts up as the other car pulls in.

JIMMY
Hey. What's up with Jenny?

Brad saunters over.

BRAD
Pissed as usual.

TINA
What'd you do this time?

BRAD
Not my fault!

Kelly laughs as she grabs a red party cup.

KELLY
She got sprayed by my beer. She went to change.

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The other car pulls to a stop as Jenny's car backs up, spins dirt, and races away.

The kids all cough and wave the dust cloud away.

JIMMY

Eh, fuck her.

Out of the newly arrived car pops HENRY, 20's, and his date, SARAH, 20's.

SARAH

Where's Jenny going?

INT. TRUNK

Jenny pounds the trunk as she slides about.

JENNY

Let me out of here assholes!

Her eye's go wide as she feels the car gain speed, bumping down the dirt road.

She grabs the emergency trunk release handle. The Trunk pops open. She looks out. A cloud of dust fills the air as the car races through the night.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

The car hits asphalt. The trunk ricochets off her head. She flops down, out cold, almost launching out of the trunk.

The car screeches to a stop.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The MAN peers into the trunk. Grimaces. He gently lifts Jenny's head up. She's got a nice cut and a hell of a grapefruit lump.

He paws about the contents of the trunk. Gym bag. Backpack. Emergency medical kit. Nodding in approval and surprise, pulls the kit out.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

FRANKIE, white, and VINNIE, black, both in their late 20's, could have been linebackers if they were smarter, stand in the sweltering heat, looking confused.

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FRANKIE
You sure this is the spot?

VINNIE
Can you read this?

Vinnie shoves a GPS in Frankies face.

FRANKIE
Fuck you Frankie. Course I can read.

VINNIE
Then what does it say?

FRANKIE
The coords of the dump site.

VINNIE
Right. And where are we?

FRANKIE
At the dump site.

VINNIE
Harry's gonna shit a brick.

FRANKIE
Not if he don't know.

VINNIE
We know. And if we know, he knows.
Shit I hate the desert!

Vinnie stomps back to their silver SUV, swipes a water bottle from the back seat, and chugs. He pats his face dry with a towel, then frowns as he sees another SUV come up over a ridge, right towards them.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
Aw shit.

The other SUV stops, the dust swirling about Vinnie and Frankie. Out from the SUV steps a well dressed man, his silver mane of well groomed hair glinting in the sun, designer sunglasses and clothes hang on a fit frame. We'll call him SILVER. He pops open the rear and grabs a nice new shovel.

Silver glances about, walks over to both men. He looks down. Peels back his sunglasses, his brilliant blue eyes squinting at both Vinnie and Frankie.

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SILVER
Why are we here?

VINNIE
We got a problem.

SILVER
No. You two have a problem.

FRANKIE
Shit, we put two bullets into the
motherfucker.

SILVER
Who dug?

FRANKIE
Huh?

SILVER
Who dug?

VINNIE
I did.

Silver tosses the shovel at Vinnie, who questioningly takes off his jacket and begins to dig into the ground. Into the same grave the MAN crawled out of last night!

Silver walks back to the SUV, taps on the window. It rolls down, and from behind it's darkened glaze peers HARRY. He's maybe 25, well groomed hair, sharp dresser. Harry flicks his sunglasses down and sighs, exasperated.

HARRY
So what the fuck are we doing out
here?

SILVER
Fixing a problem.

HARRY
Aw jesus christ on a fucking
cross!!

Harry throws down his game controller and leaps out of the car.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Which one of you mother fucking
morons did the drop?

Vinnie and Frankie both stammer in the sweltering heat.

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HARRY (CONT'D)
Nevermind!

He takes out his rather too large gun. Well polished of course. Might even say Dolce and Gabbana on it.

HARRY (CONT'D)
If there is one thing I've learned
from my dad and call of duty 4 is
that when you shoot some body, make
sure they are fucking DEAD!

Harry levels his bulging pistol at Frankie and blows his brain to mush. Vinnie holds back a sudden surge of vomit as he wipes off a bit of Frankie from his shirt.

HARRY (CONT'D)

AM I GOING TO
HAVE TO FIX THIS
PROBLEM MYSELF?

VINNIE
No sir.

Harry holsters his gun. Slides his shades back down. Smacks Silver as he heads back to the SUV.

HARRY
Good. Now get me back to my
girlfriend. The ball and chain's
flight ain't due for another couple
o' hours.

Harry slams the door shut. Silver looks disapprovingly at the grave Vinnie is digging.

SILVER
Remember. Six Feet. Don't want no
coyote diggin' up our shit.

Silver hops in the SUV, revs in, and heads out. Vinnie coughs slightly in the cloud of dust. Then looks down at Frankie.

VINNIE
Hate this fucking desert.

He takes a big shovel full of dirt and chucks it.

INT. MOTEL - DAY

Jenny moans and groggily grabs her head. She flinches in pain. Then blinks as she feels a well placed head bandage.

JENNY
What the hell?

She realizes she's not tied up. Nor is the motel room above one star quality. Maybe a half star. The TV is on, the only light in the room, the Weather Channel glaring at her.

And the MAN, sitting in the dark, gasping for breath, pointing a gun at her.

MAN
How's the head?

JENNY
What?

MAN
Took a trunk right to the noggin.

He taps the gun to his head, then back at her.

JENNY
And you've lost a lot of blood.

MAN
Been dead. Does that to ya.

Jenny eyes the gun, then the door.

MAN (CONT'D)
Before you bolt, and head back to the most awesomely stupid kegger ever, stitch me up.

The man waves his gun over to the medical kit, it's contents spewed across the floor. Right next to her gym bag and backpack, open to her medical books.

JENNY
That's it?

MAN
You want I should smack you up a bit?

JENNY
You kidnap me, ask me to stitch you up, then you're gonna set me free?
(MORE)

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JENNY (CONT'D)

How do I know you won't blow my head off as I bolt? I've seen your face!

MAN

Sorry to hear that, Jennifer Strong. Second year Med student from Las Vegas. Five foot five, buck thirty. Licence number a756-

JENNY

How did you-?

The MAN flicks out her driver's licence with his other hand, the handcuffs dangling the dead hand.

MAN

First, you're not my mark. Second, hell, there ain't no second. So, Jennifer Strong, can you patch me up then get the hell outta here?

INT. BATHROOM

Jenny pulls out the medical scissors from the kit and cuts off the Man's shirt.

He's fit, wiry, a spring wound too tight. And covered in far too many scars to be alive.

JENNY

Jesus!

MAN

He's a bit busy right now. So, why don't we take care of those GSW's.

Her hands gently prod the wounds as he grimaces in pain.

MAN (CONT'D)

I aint no pin cushin.

JENNY

Could'a fooled me.

MAN

Don't worry. Thru and thru.

JENNY

How do yo know?

MAN

Not the first time been shot.

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Jenny looks at the dirty crusty wounds, then at the clean ones in front. Nice stitch job. Not the first rodeo for this gunslinger.

JENNY

You need serious medical-

He taps the gun impatiently as he points to a drugstore bag.

MAN

Let's just say men like me don't like, serious medical attention.

From the bag, Jenny fishes out a bottle of rot gut whisky.

JENNY

Really?

MAN

Out off alcohol. And I could use a stiff one.

He reaches for a glass, but the handcuffed hand swings about and knocks it to the ground, the glass shattering on the floor.

Scowling, the MAN grabs the whisky bottle and chugs. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, momentarily staring at his extra hand.

JENNY

How'd you end up with an extra hand?

He shoves the bottle into Jenny's hand.

MAN

Might do you some good.

Jenny looks at him. The wounds. Then the bottle. She shrugs, Fuck it. Takes a swig. Rot gut is too nice a term.

She looks at the MAN, about to pour the whisky on the bullet holes.

JENNY

This is gonna hurt.

MAN

Tell me something I don't know.

He bites down on the toilet roll tube as she pours the whisky down his back.

EXT. MOTEL

A LOUD howl of pain comes from the room. A wobbly hooker, counting her money, looks askew at the room as she passes by.

HOOKER

Take it like a man, honey!