

MAD MOUNTAIN MASSACRE

by

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CHAPTER ONE - 'MORE MONEY, MORE PROBLEMS'

1 PRESENT DAY REDDISH DUSK OVER MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAINS

2 AND TOWERING 'TWO-LANE' CINEMATIC COLORADO HIGHWAY

STARCOACH EXECUTIVE TOUR BUS handles curve with caution.
2,000 feet down, a valley town resembles an ant colony.
On bus radio, a raspy **DJ** who's had one Red Bull too many.

DJ GRAVEL (O.S.)

What's good, sexy people! DJ Gravel
here with the latest on American
Idol winner, Rachele. Despite rumors
to the contrary - Rachele's sold-out
Red Rocks show is a go!

3 INSIDE 'MOVING' TOUR BUS - EXECUTIVE DRIVER CAB

Royal red interior, two chairs, and stairwell entrance.

RACHELE, 20s, 'ROCK STAR' with dark dreads sits shotgun.
Struggling with newfound fortune. *More money, more problems...*

DJ GRAVEL (O.S.)

Rachele's stoppin' by the studio
tomorrow. We'll talk about what it's
like to be couch surfin' in a Missouri
trailer park, one day, performin' in
front of the world, the next. That's
got to be crazy...

ROXIE, 30s, 'CHILD BEAUTY QUEEN' wears sunglasses, drives.
Former trailer park princess turned lush. *Mad at the world...*

DJ GRAVEL (O.S.)

And you know I gotta ask. Were they
robbed in Vegas, or what? Why's nobody
talkin'? What the hell is goin' on?!

Rachele taps radio off. Pissed in her perfect make-up.

RACHELE

This fuckin' guy. I told him the
fuckin' rumors ain't true. I'm callin'
the station...

ROXIE

Bitch, you ain't doin' shit.

RACHELE

Watch me, slut.

Hungover Roxie grins. Rachele grabs her iPhone7...

Roxie wipes nose, quickly licks blood off finger.

Behind the sisters, a 'not quite shut' sliding door.

We scope next section...

4 **INSIDE 'MOVING' EXECUTIVE LOUNGE**

Royal red interior fit for a queen with scattered TVs. All showing a savage shootout similar to SCARFACE's last stand.

On left, a **BRUNETTE** sips wine in captain's chair watching **HUSBAND**, in shoulder holster, pump push-ups, facing rear.

On right, **TWO DUDES** sit in a booth across from each other. Table covered with cocaine, marijuana, and gun-shaped bongos.

Introducing the rest of Rachele's entourage from hell...

ELI, 20s, 'WILD MAN' Rachele's hustlin' husband snorts line. Former dopeman in wife-beater muscular. *Livin' large...*

Wild Man pops up from powder. Face bruised from fighting.

Military I.D. tags hang from his neck.

ELI

God damn, Superman!

Eli hits Superman pose.

Like he scored in the Super Bowl.

Showing off for his **BEST FRIEND** across table.

DEMARCUS, 20s, 'WEED MAN' Roxie's boyfriend. Gas mask with marijuana pipe over his black face. *Loves weed - and Roxie...*

In gray camo, Demarcus slides mask aside.

Reveals black eye. Talks like Snoop Dogg.

DEMARCUS

Nigga, please. You gon' fuck around and kill yourself.

ELI

Stop hatin' - just stop. You been sayin that since high school. Admit I'm the man. Take it in, dogg. Embrace that shit.

DEMARCUS

Embrace my big black dick...

Eli holds out rolled up dollar for his buddy.

Demarcus shakes head, no.

DEMARCUS

Hell, nah. I got enough problems
with Roxie doin' that shit.

Demarcus donnes mask. Eli *grabs* 'GUNS AND AMMO' magazine.

Holds up picture of weapon. Demarcus peeps mini-machine gun.

DEMARCUS

That's the joint Roxie wants next
time we hit the range.

ELI

Man... if we could've gotten to our
gear, we'd a filled them so full of
fuckin' lead. I'm tellin' you.

JACOB, 35, 'BODYGUARD'

Stops push-ups. Eli's ex-cop brother in a blue Polo with
huge gash on forehead is Rachele's one-man security team.

He'd do anything for his boss, Rachele...

Jacob hops up in shoulder holster, stands at booth table.

JACOB

Tellin' me, what? What do you know
about the range? What do you know
about lead?

Eli gets out of booth seat, grabs TV remote, cuts TVs off.
Stands eye to eye with Jacob.

ELI

Mind your business, boy.

JACOB

I should shoot you.

ELI

Not if I shoot you first.

Eli points TV remote, like a gun, at Jacob.

Jacob pulls pistol from holster, spins Nine Millimeter.

Holds pistol. Handle facing Eli. Daring Eli to take gun.

JACOB

Do it...

Bodyguard lock eyes on muscular brother.

JACOB
Show me what you know, bro...

Eli won't.

Bodyguard grins at

MEG, 20s, 'OUTCAST'

Jacob's sexy redheaded wife holds a wine glass. Distant.
Doesn't like Jacob's job. Doesn't like being insecure.

Hates being on bus...

Meg zooms in on hubby talking down to Eli.

JACOB
That's what I thought.

Eli thinks.

ELI
Don't worry about me, bro. Worry
about your job.

Jacob doesn't like that at all.

Another staredown.

RACHELE (O.S.)
J-Jigga!

Bodyguard holsters pistol.

Does 180. Foots up front.

Eli sits, tosses remote.

ELI
Mothafucka's gettin' weird, man.
Really fuckin' weird.

Eli yells at brother.

ELI
You wanna be *me* so bad it's killin'
you. Run lil' bitch.

Jacob flips middle finger.

Opens sliding door...

5 INSIDE 'MOVING' EXECUTIVE DRIVER CAB

Jacob enters enthusiastic, leaves sliding door open.
Over his shoulder, Meg watches from Lounge.

JACOB

Yes.

Rachele holds phone, blunt between lips. Leans for a light.
Jacob gladly does. She puffs marijuana cigar.

Bodyguard and Rock Star smile. Over Jacob's shoulder, Meg
storms out of Lounge, slams rear door, unnoticed by Jacob.

RACHELE

I told that rock-for-a-brain, DJ
Gravel, the fuckin' rumors were fake.

Rachele listens.

Resumes conversation.

RACHELE

Fuck that! I don't give a shit what
other sources say. I'm the god damn
source.

Phone to ear, Rachele rolls eyes.

RACHELE

Stop it with the gossip, or I don't
stop by your fucked-up station.

She ends call, puts phone on dash, puffs blunt.

Jacob looks over at driver. Even in shades she looks rough.

Rachele talks under her breath.

RACHELE

People are fuckin' stupid.

She peeps out jumbo windshield.

Stars shine bright.

Rachele turns.

RACHELE

How do I stop this from blowin' up?

Jacob and Rachele share curious look...

CHAPTER TWO - 'SISTERS'

6 TWILIGHT ON TOWERING 'TWO-LANE' CINEMATIC HIGHWAY

Tour Bus handling another cliff curve with caution. Roll off the road at 2,000 feet and you're dead long before landing.

7 INSIDE 'MOVING' TOUR BUS - EXECUTIVE DRIVER CAB

Hungover Roxie drives while a concerned Rachele admires cinematic view over valley.

Jacob pondering a solution to the rumor issue in doorway when he sees Roxie wipe nose and lick blood off her finger.

Jacob scopes highway ahead. *No oncoming traffic - for now...* Ex-cop questions driver possibly under the influence.

JACOB
Why is your nose bleeding?

ROXIE
Fuck you.

Jacob plays it off. Turns to Rachele.

JACOB
You cleared her, boss?

RACHELE
She said she was cool.

JACOB
That's not how we clear drivers.
She's high as a kite.

ROXIE
Fuck you! I am not!

Roxie automatically guilty to Rachele.

RACHELE
Fuckin' lush.

Hungover Roxie fumes behind the wheel.

Takes eyes off road.

Glares at Rachele.

JACOB (O.S.)
Roxie!

Through windshield, we're veering into wrong lane.
 And on-coming SHAKE **FAMILY SUV**.
 Closing in fast...

8 **ON THE DEADLY 'TWO-LANE' MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY**

Shake SUV and Starcoach headed for head-on collision.
 Michelin tires turn hard...

9 **INSIDE 'HARD TURNING' TOUR BUS - EXECUTIVE LOUNGE**

Eli presses chest to table, protects drugs.
 Flames from butane torch just miss Demarcus's face.

10 **ON THE DEADLY 'TWO-LANE' MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY**

Michelin tires zigs zag across yellow lines.

11 **INSIDE 'OUT OF CONTROL' TOUR BUS - EXECUTIVE DRIVER CAB**

Ragin' Roxie struggles for control.
 Jacob reaches for steering when Roxie regains grip.
 Outside windshield, Starcoach back on track.

RACHELE
 You almost killed somebody.

JACOB
 Pull over Roxie.

Roxie drives. Jacob exhales.

RACHELE
 Bitch! You fuck up my half million
 dollar bus, I'll fuckin' strangle
 you. Fuckin' crackhead. Pull over -
 Pull over or your background singin'
 ass is fired.

Ragin' Roxie springs!

Shoves Jacob back.

Lunges at Rachele...

12 **ON THE DEADLY MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY**

Starcoach Tour Bus rolling downhill.

100 yards from cliff's edge.

Closing fast...

13 **INSIDE 'DESCENDING' TOUR BUS - EXECUTIVE LOUNGE**

Meg braces self in rear-door frame.

Demarcus braces self to booth table.

Eli braces to stand...

14 **INSIDE 'DESCENDING' EXECUTIVE DRIVER CAB**

Outside windshield, we're speeding to cliff's edge.

75 yards away from freefall flying.

In open doorway, Ragin' Roxie has handful of Rachele's dreads.
Blocking Rachele and Jacob from drivers seat.

Behind Jacob, drawers underneath couch slide open.
Guns and ammo in one. Sealed marijuana pounds in other.

Jacob and Rachele see the danger ahead, struggle with Roxie.

Outside windshield, 50 yards away from freefall flying.

Bodyguard and Rock Star share look.

Somebody's gotta do somethin' now!...

Rachele stops resisting Roxie's pull.

Headbutts Roxie hard.

Pulls Ragin' Roxie just enough.

Jacob leaps in driver's seat.

Slams brake. Cranks steering.

Hard right turn throws sisters into stairwell entrance.

Outside windshield, we're skidding to cliff's edge.

20 yards away- 10 yards away -

15 **INSIDE 'SKIDDING' TOUR BUS - EXECUTIVE LOUNGE**

Powder flies off table. Gun pipes, gun mags, go airborne.
iPads and iPhones fly past Meg holding on at rear door.

MEG

Oh, God.

Demarcus braces against booth.

Eli tossed across bus just missing Meg holding on at door.

Wild Man thrown head first into kitchen counter.

Stiff arms sink to save face, stumbles backward.

Meg loses grip, falls.

Eli knocks Meg into booth as Eli crashes on carpet.

He sees 2 drawers underneath couch sliding open.

One with guns and ammo. Other with sealed pounds of marijuana.

Eli jumps, reaches, pushes, holds drawers shut.

Meg's bloody nose and powderface didn't see guns or weed.

Demarcus did. They share 'good save' look.

Eli focuses on cocaine covered carpet in his face.

16 **ON THE DEADLY 'TWO-LANE' MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY**

Smoking Michelin Tour Bus tires stop at cliff's edge.

17 **INSIDE 'STOPPED' TOUR BUS - TRASHED DRIVER CAB**

Powder cocaine floats like fog as Jacob leans back.

In stairwell entrance, Rachele pushes Roxie off.

Rachele stands beside Jacob stare out windshield.

JACOB

You ok?

RACHELE

No.

Rachele ready to kill Roxie...

CHAPTER THREE - 'ENTOURAGE FROM HELL'

18 TWILIGHT OVER 'TWO-LANE' MOUNTAINSCAPE HIGHWAY

Tour Bus on cliff's edge overlooking valley town...

19 INSIDE 'STOPPED' TOUR BUS - TRASHED LOUNGE

Powder cocaine floats like fog. Place is a wreck.

Meg in Eli's former seat. Demarcus seated, back to us.
Eli lays beside couch, facedown on cocaine carpet.

Wild Man snorts floor, springs up.

Points to Jacob, holds pose.

ELI

God damn, Superman. Y'all see my
brother? That mothafucka leaped to
the seat like god damn, Batman.

Jacob could care less about Eli's props.

Bodyguard focuses on Meg in Eli's former spot in booth.

Her bloody nose and cocaine covered face.

MEG

I can't believe you made me come on
this trip.

Jacob and Rachele stand near drivers section.

Watch Roxie strut to booth.

Demarcus mumbles.

DEMARCUS

I knew it.

ROXIE

Fuck you.

Rachele watches her sister.

Roxie spots some powder on table.

Reaches in pocket, pulls out, rolls dollar bill.

RACHELE

Have you lost your fuckin' mind?

Rough Roxie ignores her younger sister.

DEMARCUS
She asked you a question.

Rachele approaches Roxie.

RACHELE
I got this.

Roxie rolls dollar bill tighter to snort.

ROXIE
Leave me alone! I didn't do any fuckin
coke. But I'm about to, god damn it.

RACHELE
Bitch, I'll beat you ass all over
this fuckin' bus. Then your sorry
ass is goin' to rehab.

Roxie pauses.

Rachele gazes .

Cocaine dust in air. Cocaine on carpet.

RACHELE
Look at this shit.

Rachele scans mess again.

RACHELE
Nobody's doing any more coke.

ELI
That's bullshit. This is between you
and her. Nobody else.

RACHELE
You're the reason she does so much
much damn coke.

ELI
Ain't this a bitch.

Eli struts to kitchen cabinet.

Grabs bottle of tequila and shot glasses.

Brings to table. Pours shots for Demarcus, Roxie, Meg.

ELI
Pack that bowl brotha...

Demarcus lights gun pipe.

Roxie looks down.

Meg evil eyes Jacob.

Eli sits in booth, evil eye Rachele.

RACHELE

Let's go, J.

Rachele returns to the front.

Jacob closes driver section door.

Back at booth, Eli and Roxie share look.

Eli lightens up.

ELI

Shit happens, homie.

Eli raises shot glass.

Locks eyes with Roxie.

ELI

You *didn't* kill anyone. We still here, homie. Still here.

Meg raises her shot glass.

Roxie doesn't raise her glass.

Neither does Demarcus.

ELI

D.

Demarcus raises shot glass.

Eli waits for Roxie to give in.

She raises her shot glass.

All shot glasses in the air.

ELI

To life.

ROXIE, DEMARCUS, MEG

To life.

They toast. *Lucky to be alive...*