

ISLAND OF THE LOST SOULS

by

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based on his novel of the same name

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SUPER: "The two fastest ways to develop a healthy loathing for the human race and its destiny is to serve it food or clean up after it.

--Gregory David Roberts"

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM -- EVENING

A busy, upscale restaurant in downtown Tucson called Cafe Reddington. The dining room is full. The waitstaff scramble to take care of customers; delivering food, taking orders, etc.

Some of the customers are angry and are yelling at the waitstaff.

The scene is gastronomic chaos.

SUPER: "SOMEWHERE IN DOWNTOWN TUCSON"

A waitress with long blonde hair tied in a ponytail stands at a table scribbling a customer's order on a pad of paper.

The waitress leaves the table and walks to the POS computer and starts entering an order on the screen.

A waiter walks past the POS terminal on his way to the kitchen. He pushes open the door to the kitchen and enters.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

The scene in the kitchen is equally as chaotic. Classic rock blasts from a food-crusted boom box sitting on a shelf near the hot food line. Three men are working on the hot food line.

The head chef, LUIS, a short, stout Mexican man in his mid-thirties, wearing a '70s-style striped elastic headband, a white chef's coat and blue jeans is working on several entrees at once.

On the line next to Luis is TREVOR; late-thirties, six foot tall, Anglo, long hair pushed up in a hairnet, wearing a "Ron Jeremy For President" T-shirt under a food-stained apron.

Next to Trevor is STEVE. He is about the same age as Trevor, medium height, short brown hair, with glasses and an intense expression on his face as he plates food in front of him.

Also in the kitchen are two busy prep cooks and a dishwasher who is more interested in texting than working.

The waiter who entered the kitchen grabs a large wooden pepper grinder, puts it under his arm, grabs two plates of food in the serving window, turns, and leaves the kitchen.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The waiter weaves through the busy dining room with the plates of food in his hands.

He passes by another server named DANIEL who is taking an order from a couple sitting at a table. Daniel is in his late thirties, six-foot-one, with shoulder-length black hair tied in a ponytail. He is dressed in a long sleeve white dress shirt, long white apron and a black tie.

Daniel writes down the woman's order in a black fake leather booklet. What the customers are saying isn't heard.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Welcome to another night of insanity.
That's me right there taking table
thirty-four's order. My name is
Daniel Quinn. You can call me Daniel,
Dan, or Quinn, but please don't call
me Danny. I'm an Irish-Mexican mutt,
born and raised right here in Tucson,
Arizona.

Daniel finishes writing down the woman's order and glances up at the man sitting at the table.

DANIEL

Very good. And what can I get for
you this evening, sir?

The man's words aren't heard.

Daniel writes down the man's order.

DANIEL

Excellent. Is there anything else I
can get for you in the meantime?
More bread? Another glass of wine?

The couple shakes their heads.

DANIEL

Very good.

Daniel walks away from the table, addressing the camera as he speaks.

DANIEL

Tonight will be a night like most nights. In addition to the easy-going, pleasant customers who are out to enjoy a nice meal, there will be those people who shouldn't be allowed out of the house, much less inside a restaurant. There's the rude.

MONTAGE OF CUSTOMERS IN THE RESTAURANT

A woman with a snotty expression on her face, barking at Daniel in a tone that suggests that he is a lowly servant.

FEMALE CUSTOMER #1

You need to take my order right now!

DANIEL (V.O.)

The inconsiderate.

A young child sitting at a table throws a handful of food on Daniel and the parents don't seem to care.

DANIEL (V.O.)

The clueless.

A man with a slightly spacey air about him.

MALE CUSTOMER #1

Do you have gluten-free water?

DANIEL (V.O.)

The really clueless.

A woman sitting at a table holding a wine list.

WINE WOMAN

Do you have any wine made without peanuts?

BACK TO PRESENT -- INT. RESTAURANT

Daniel steps up to the computer POS terminal and starts entering the order for the table he was just at.

DANIEL

I told her that as long as she didn't order the peanut noir or the peanut grigio, she'd be fine.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Then there's those people who think they know what something on the menu is and get pissed at you when the dish isn't what they expected it to be.

FLASHBACK -- OLD LADY IN RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

A wrinkly old woman sitting at a table yells at Daniel.

OLD WOMAN

This tuna tartare is undercooked.

BACK TO PRESENT -- INT. RESTAURANT

Daniel turns from the POS terminal and addresses the camera.

DANIEL

Tonight I'll also get those customers with questions that shouldn't be asked at a steakhouse.

MONTAGE OF CUSTOMERS IN THE RESTAURANT

A hippie-looking guy with dreadlocks.

HIPPIE GUY

Do you have a vegan menu?

DANIEL (V.O.)

Along with the cheap fuckers.

A middle-aged white guy, a religious nut with an empty, aliens-stole-my-brain expression stares wide-eyed into the camera.

RELIGIOUS NUT

I left your tip with the Lord.

DANIEL (V.O.)

The disgusting.

A table of four old women eating bowls of butter and mayonnaise with spoons.

DANIEL (V.O.)

And the never-ending stream of people pissed off and sent into a mental tailspin because of completely inconsequential things.

*

An old woman with an extremely angry expression, yelling.

OLD WOMAN #2
What do you mean you don't have
Roquefort dressing?

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Daniel enters the kitchen, addressing the camera as he walks.

DANIEL
My biggest issue with people is how
they embrace mediocrity in everything,
especially their food. A lot of
people out there like tasteless,
bland food and you better leave out
the onions and garlic.

Daniel points at Luis, the head chef, working on the hot
line.

DANIEL
That's our head chef, Luis. Luis
says it best.

Luis looks up from plating food and addresses the camera.

LUIS
Why is it that Americans will order
a shit taco, literally a turd in a
tortilla, and then complain that
there's onions in it?

Luis goes back to setting up plates of food.

Daniel points at Trevor, who is also setting up plates of
food.

DANIEL
That's Trevor. We've been best
friends since we were nine. Say hi,
Trevor.

Trevor puts his hand up in greeting but doesn't look up from
what he is doing.

TREVOR
Hi, Trevor.

Daniel points at Steve, who is working the cold line, putting together salads.

DANIEL

That's Steve. His birth name is Starchild but he changed it when he was eighteen. I know that some of us with hippie parents might appreciate weird names that were the result of eating one too many pot brownies, but I for one, am happy that I was given a normal name. If I was given a name like Moonbeam or Rainbow or Starchild, I'd be a serial killer by now for sure.

Daniel grabs two plates of food out of the serving window and heads toward the dining room.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Daniel walks through the crowded dining room carrying the plates of food.

DANIEL

I take food seriously. Too seriously sometimes. I actually used to be a chef not too long ago, until this happened:

FLASHBACK -- INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM -- EVENING

Inside a swanky restaurant called Foothills Grill. Daniel is wearing a chef's coat and a black short-brimmed army hat. He is holding a half-peeled cucumber in one hand and a potato peeler in the other.

In front of Daniel is a heavysset guy in his forties with an excited expression on his face.

HEAVYSET GUY

I just wanted to tell you that your food is just as good as the Outback Steakhouse!

Daniel frowns. He swings the cucumber at the guy's face.

FREEZE FRAME

The guy's contorted face as the cucumber makes contact with his face, sending cucumber seeds flying.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Look, he disrespected my food. Say what you want about me, but comparing my cooking to the Outback is like telling my food to go fuck itself. My boss wanted me to apologize to the guy. Fuck that. That guy should've apologized to me. I quit on the spot and haven't worked in a kitchen since.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Daniel sets the plates of food in front of a couple seated at a table. Daniel speaks to the customers in a polite, friendly tone.

DANIEL

And here we are. Is there anything else I might be able to get for you at the moment?

Both the man and the woman shake their heads, staring at the food in front of them with hungry, excited expressions.

MALE CUSTOMER #1

This looks excellent. Thank you.

Daniel nods.

DANIEL

You're quite welcome. Enjoy your meal.

Daniel walks away from the table speaking to the camera.

DANIEL

Now you might be thinking that becoming a server, which entails more interaction with the public seems like a dumb career move. Actually, it makes perfect sense. I love food and I love wine, and I'm good at selling both. If someone complains about the food, it's not my food they're complaining about, so it doesn't bother me all that much.

Daniel walks through the dining room, casually glancing around at the busy room.

He watches as a waitress walks past him with an anxious, deer-in-the-headlights expression.

DANIEL

To survive in the restaurant biz you need four things: timing, personality, a good sense of humor, and thick skin.

Daniel pushes open the doors to the kitchen.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Daniel walks over to cold line, where Steve is busy setting up salads.

Luis looks up from what he is doing and speaks to Daniel.

LUIS

Animal! Is everybody happy out there?

DANIEL

Everybody's good.

Trevor speaks to Daniel.

TREVOR

When are you going to come back to working in the kitchen where you belong?

DANIEL

And miss my nightly tongue-lashings from guests? Not on your life.

Daniel turns to the camera.

DANIEL

Hopefully everything will run smoothly for the rest of night. Nothing can get me off my "A" game.

Behind Daniel, Trevor is messing with the boom box. The music changes from classic rock to Joni Mitchell, which causes Daniel to cringe.

DANIEL

Except that. Joni Mitchell is a special kind of torture that causes me to start thinking homicidal thoughts.

Daniel turns and gives Trevor the middle finger. Trevor grins at Daniel. Daniel turns back to the camera.

DANIEL

The only cure for Joni Mitchell is crunchy, distorted guitars.

Trevor changes the music from Joni Mitchell to heavy metal.

DANIEL

Thank God. Problem averted. Now if I can just get through the rest of my shift with no dumb questions and no angry customers, all will be good. Wish me luck.

Daniel takes a deep breath and exits the kitchen.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

An older, one-bedroom brick house in downtown Tucson.

The living room is small; an easy chair, a slightly ratty couch, a coffee table and a television on a small table in one corner. A black electric guitar case is propped up in the opposite corner of the room.

The shades are drawn, leaving the room semi-dark. It is definitely a bachelor's living room.

Daniel lies on the couch wearing jeans and a ratty Slayer T-shirt. He is drinking a beer and is holding a remote control, channel surfing on the television.

A gray cat lies on the couch next to Daniel, its head down and eyes closed.

Daniel changes the channel on the television. Cate Blanchett appears on the screen. The cat quickly raises its head and stares at the television with a slightly perturbed expression.

DANIEL (V.O.)

This is my roommate, Scuz. He's an easy-going housemate with a fondness for microwave popcorn and he really likes watching movies. And just like people, there are certain actors he doesn't dig too much, like Gene Hackman and Kevin Costner.

Scuz gets off the couch and approaches the television. The cat gets progressively more worked up by the sight and sound of Cate Blanchett on the television. The cat puffs himself up, hisses loudly at the television and pounces at the TV.

FREEZE FRAME

Scuz airborne, swinging his claws at the television.

DANIEL (V.O.)

He really doesn't like Cate Blanchett.

Daniel changes the channel to a rerun of "The Office." The cat immediately calms down and starts purring at the sight of Steve Carrell. Daniel turns to the camera.

DANIEL

Steve Carrell is his favorite.

A KNOCK is heard at the front door.

Daniel stands, goes to the front door, slides the curtain on the front door window to the side, peaks outside, and opens the door.

Trevor enters the house, wearing shorts and a "Death To Hippy Jam Bands" T-shirt. Trevor sniffs the air.

TREVOR

Jesus, Quinn, open the door or some windows. It smells like a dude lives here.

Trevor walks past Daniel, into Daniel's kitchen, returning a moment later with a bottle of beer in his hand.

He stops in his tracks and watches Scuz roll around on his back, while making purring noises of kitty delight. The cat stops for a moment, carefully watches Steve Carrell on the TV for a moment and goes back to rolling around on his back.

TREVOR

Ever tell you how weird your cat is?

DANIEL

Once or twice.

TREVOR

You ready to go play some music?

Daniel finishes his beer, sets the empty bottle on the coffee table and grabs the guitar case in the corner of the room.

Trevor slams his beer and he and Daniel leave the house.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Daniel and Trevor are on Daniel's porch. Daniel's next door neighbor, BENNY OCHOA, waves at them from his front yard.

Benny is a big, intimidating-looking guy; Latino, 6'3" and muscular with a shaved head. He looks like an MMA fighter. Benny is a former Navy SEAL. He is dressed in a short sleeve shirt and shorts.

BENNY
Hey, Daniel.

FREEZE FRAME

Benny waving at Daniel.

DANIEL (V.O.)
That's Benny. He's a former Navy SEAL who witnessed some bad shit over in Afghanistan that seriously fucked him up. He gets these occasional bouts of paranoia where he thinks the government is keeping tabs on him because of the shit he witnessed. Though he looks like a bad-ass, he's pretty mellow and he's a good neighbor.

Daniel waves back to Benny.

DANIEL
¿Que hondas, Benny?

Benny shakes his head.

BENNY
Nothing much, bro. Off to band practice?

DANIEL
Somebody's gotta rock, why not us?

FLASHBACK -- DANIEL'S BAND ON STAGE -- NIGHT

The band is on stage, playing at a nightclub. Daniel plays rhythm guitar and sings. Trevor plays lead guitar.

On bass is SERGEI. He is a couple of years older than Daniel, and about the same height, with short black hair and brown eyes.

On drums is ZEKE. He has short brown hair, green eyes and a reddish-brown goatee. He and Sergei are best friends.

The music the band is playing is heavy, groove-oriented stoner rock similar to Fu Manchu.

DANIEL (V.O.)

This is my band, Republican Kiss. We're probably one of the least popular bands in Tucson. We don't take ourselves too seriously and none of us have tattoos, which makes us really uncool. Fine, I'm not hip. I get that and that's okay. Plus, I think tattoos are lame. I know that sounds weird, but it's true. Sorry, but tattoos are the fast food of the art world.

INT. PRACTICE SPACE -- LATER

A small studio space located inside a building in downtown Tucson. Inside is a ratty Goodwill couch, a small refrigerator, a drum kit, a bass guitar and three stacks of guitar amps. The walls are covered with a variety of posters and stickers.

Zeke sits behind the drum kit drinking beer out of a porcelain stein. He is wearing shorts and a T-shirt with picture of Dennis Hopper as the Sheriff in *Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part 2* on the front.

Sergei sits on the couch, holding a foot tall green plastic bong shaped like a saguaro cactus. He is wearing a T-shirt for Che's Lounge, a bar in downtown Tucson, and ratty shorts.

The door of the studio opens and Daniel and Trevor enter the room carrying guitar cases. Trevor has a six-pack of Nimbus beer in his other hand. He closes the door behind them.

Daniel hands a beer to Zeke.

ZEKE
Thank you, kind sir.

FREEZE FRAME

Zeke pouring beer from the bottle into the porcelain stein.

DANIEL (V.O.)
That's Zeke. In addition to being our drummer, he writes for men's magazines under the name Brock Cannon. The more ridiculous and usually disgusting the article, the more likely you'll see it in print. His most recent article was "10 Drinks Guaranteed to Get You Laid" that included some seriously nasty concoctions, including one called a "Portugese Sweatgland" that I've heard is actually being served at a couple of college bars in town.

Sergei sucks smoke out of the bong and exhales.

FREEZE FRAME

Sergei exhaling a cloud of pot smoke.

DANIEL (V.O.)
That's Sergei. He was born in Russia but grew up here in Tucson. Some people call him the "Mad Russian." When he's not playing bass, he drives a truck for DHL and is stoned pretty much all the time. Whoever came up with the nickname "Too Stoned, Arizona" probably had Sergei in mind.

Daniel and Trevor put their guitar cases on the floor, take their guitars out of the cases and start tuning the guitars.

SERGEI
Anyone want to get stoned? I need to get stoned.

TREVOR
You're always stoned, man.

ZEKE
Are you going to tell them about the gig?

SERGEI

Oh, yeah. I got us a gig next weekend
at a bar on the east side of town.

Daniel and Trevor's eyes shoot wide open.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Not the dreaded east side of Tucson.
It's a dark and dreary place with no
soul and little to no culture. It
might as well be Tucson, Indiana,
the lost Midwestern city and it's
where original music goes to die.

Daniel stares at Sergei.

DANIEL

The east side, huh?

Sergei picks up his bass and slides the shoulder strap onto
his shoulder.

SERGEI

I know you don't like the east side,
but there's a benefit show next
weekend. A band who was scheduled
to play canceled so they called to
see if we could fill in. We might
even get some new fans.

DANIEL

Not likely.

SERGEI

Don't be a pussy. It'll be fun.
Who's ready to rock?

Daniel, Trevor, Sergei and Zeke start playing a heavy, stoner
rock-like dirge.

After about twenty seconds, Sergei steps up to the microphone.

SERGEI

Who wants to get stoned?

DANIEL (V.O.)

Yeah, most of our practices are like
this. Unlike the bands who take
themselves way too seriously, we
just want to rock out and have fun.

Daniel yell into the microphone in a British accent.

DANIEL
Hello, Tucson!

The band continues playing.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Truthfully, I don't care if they
don't like us at the show next
weekend. I just like playing music,
and the louder and dumber the better.

EXT. DANIEL'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

A three bedroom ranch-style house with light brown bricks surrounded by a chain-link fence located in Barrio Hollywood on the west side of Tucson.

A beat-up Toyota Corolla with unmatched doors pulls up in front of the house. Daniel gets out of the car, holding a paper sack in one hand, and walks toward the house.

INT. DANIEL'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Daniel enters the house. Next to the front door is a living room furnished with older furniture; two sofas, a leather easy chair, and a couple of coffee tables. A television sits in one corner.

Next to the living room is a short hallway with walls covered in a variety of family photos.

Daniel walks down the hallway. He stops and stares at his high school graduation photo hanging next to an illustration of a praying Virgin de Guadalupe.

In the photo, eighteen-year-old Daniel is wearing a cheap blue suit, an ugly striped tie and has a mullet haircut.

Daniel cringes at the photo.

The Virgin de Guadalupe hanging next to the photo turns and throws up on Daniel's graduation picture.

Daniel walks to the end of the hallway where the kitchen is. Daniel's NANA stands at the stove wearing a white apron with a pattern of red roses on it, tending to a handful of pots sitting on the stove.

Nana is in her early eighties, Chicana, of average height, with dyed black hair cut in an Elizabeth Taylor style. In her younger years Nana was stunningly beautiful, and is still an attractive woman at her age, and has a bit of a youthful air about her.

Daniel sets the paper bag on the kitchen table and removes two bottles of Spanish Tempranillo wine.

DANIEL

Hi, Nana.

Nana's eyes light up.

NANA

Daniel! So glad you could make it.

Nana hugs Daniel.

DANIEL (V.O.)

My grandparents have been doing family dinners every weekend since long before I was born and I try not to miss a single one of them. I might not work in a kitchen anymore, but there isn't another kitchen in the world that I'd rather be in.

Daniel goes over to the stove, where pots of chicken, enchilada sauce and beans are simmering.

DANIEL

What's the special occasion?

NANA

I was just in the mood for the good stuff.

DANIEL

What can I help you with?

Nana motions to the kitchen counter where a stack of roasted green chilies sit on a plate.

NANA

You can peel chilies.

Daniel puts on an apron and steps up to the counter.

Daniel's MOM is heard in the hallway.

MOM (O.S.)

Hello?

Daniel's Mom enters the kitchen. She is about sixty, average height, Chicana, with long black hair streaked with gray. Like her mother, she too is older but still attractive. She is wearing a flowered sun dress and Birkenstocks with socks. Mom looks like the aging hippie that she definitely is.

FREEZE FRAME

Daniel's Mom with a neutral expression on her face.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Meet my Mom, hippie activist extraordinaire. Unlike most people out there spouting off about saving the planet but not actually doing anything about it, Mom actually practices what she preaches. If Mom has any real faults, it's that she cares too much. These days she works with the homeless and all those campaigns like "save the whales" and "save the rain forests?" She's been a part of those, too. Remember this guy?

Insert an image of the Dig'em Frog from Kellogg's Honey Smacks cereal.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Once, I started a campaign called 'Save the Dig'Em Frogs' because the frogs were disappearing at alarming rates due amphibian diabetes brought about by eating too much sugary cereal. No, my Mom didn't think it was very funny.

Daniel turns from the kitchen counter and hugs his mom.

DANIEL

Hi, Mom.

MOM

Daniel.

Daniel's Mom studies Daniel for a moment, appearing to focus on the apron he is wearing.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Oh yeah, my Mom hates that I'm not a chef anymore. A chef is something she can brag to her friends about, but being a server is one step away from being homeless in her eyes. Growing up, Mom always told me that I could be anything that I wanted to be. I guess a musician slash server wasn't what she had in mind.

Daniel grins at his mom.

DANIEL

So how is saving the world working out for you?

Daniel's Mom leans over the stove and inhales the aromas coming out of the simmering pots.

MOM

Great. Are you still waiting tables at that steakhouse or whatever it is?

Daniel goes back to peeling, de-seeding and cutting green chilies.

DANIEL

Yup, and loving every minute of it.

MOM

Are you ever going to go back to working in a kitchen?

DANIEL

I'm working in a kitchen right now.

MOM

I meant a kitchen where you get paid.

DANIEL

I get paid here. Working in Nana's kitchen is very spiritually rewarding experience.

Both Daniel's Mom and his Nana stare at Daniel as though he's insane.

MOM

You need some direction in your life,
Daniel.

Daniel gestures to the bottles of wine on the kitchen table.

DANIEL

How 'bout a glass of wine, Mom?

The sound of the front door opening and closing is heard. Daniel's TATA is heard in the hallway doing his best Ricky Ricardo impersonation.

TATA (O.S.)

Honey, I'm home.

Tata enters the kitchen. He is a Mexican-American man in his mid-eighties but doesn't look it. He is tall (about 6'2"), stocky, and handsome with short white hair, a bushy Pancho Villa mustache, and a mischievous look in his eyes.

He is wearing a white straw cowboy hat with a black band around the crown, a brown cotton guayabera, new blue jeans and white tennis shoes.

Tata makes a motion like he is going to hug and kiss Daniel. He stops and gives Daniel a confused expression.

TATA

You're not my wife. What did you do
with my wife?

Tata grins at Daniel.

FREEZE FRAME

Tata smiling.

DANIEL (V.O.)

This is my Tata. People in Tucson know him as Diego Vargas, City Council Member representing Ward One and the Vice Mayor of Tucson. He's the longest serving City Council Member that Tucson has ever had and he's the only Independent on the City Council. He is a friend of the people and an enemy of land developers. Republicans despise him and Democrats tolerate him.

(MORE)

DANIEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He's popular with people and the
press likes him for the most part.
My dad wasn't around when I was
growing up, but my Tata was, and
I'll always be thankful for that.

Tata shakes Daniel's hand and turns to Nana to give her a
hug and a kiss. He winks at Daniel.

TATA
Sorry, mijo, but she's a lot better
looking than you are.

Tata glances at the peeled green chilies on the counter.

TATA
Are those from my garden?

Already knowing that the chilies are from his garden, Tata
glances at Daniel inquisitively.

TATA
Speaking of my garden, you wouldn't
know anything about someone planting
mota in my garden, would you?

DANIEL
Francisco planted it.

Tata purses his lips and nods slightly.

TATA
That's what I figured.

FREEZE FRAME

Uncle Francisco, a wrinkly, old Mexican-American man toking
on an enormous plastic bong.

DANIEL (V.O.)
This is Uncle Francisco. He lives
in the guest house behind my
grandparent's house. He's almost
ninety, which makes him one of the
world's oldest potheads. Being stoned
all the time also makes him really
mellow, very agreeable, kind of funny
and he always has the munchies.

Tata folds his arms across his chest.

TATA

Well?

DANIEL

Well, what? He was trying out his new bong and put some seeds in your garden to see if they'd grow.

Daniel's Mom fights back laughter.

MOM

His new bong?

FLASHBACK -- DANIEL'S GRANDPARENT'S BACKYARD -- DAY

Francisco putting pot seeds in the backyard bird feeder. Birds eat the seeds and crash into the back window of the house.

DANIEL (V.O.)

First he was putting the seeds in the bird feeder and was getting a kick out of watching the birds get all messed up and crash into the back windows.

BACK TO PRESENT

Daniel shrugs at Tata.

DANIEL

Then he planted the seeds instead. I'd completely forgotten about it. So what's new in Tucson politics?

Tata's expression is serious but his tone is playful.

TATA

I'm surrounded by scoundrels. Rumors are that pendejo John Cutlass is going to try to force another vote on some land out east that he really wants to build houses on. Other than that, it's all business as usual.

DANIEL

Who else are we expecting for dinner?

NANA

Just Carmen and José.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

A photo of Aunt Carmen, a heavysset Chicana in her early sixties with big hair, a brightly colored dress, and caked-on Tammy Faye Bakker-like makeup.

Next to Carmen is Uncle José, a Chicano in his sixties of average height, with a thick mustache, a pock-marked face, a black cowboy hat and boots, a white Western shirt and blue jeans with an enormous belt buckle shaped like bullhorns.

DANIEL (V.O.)

That's my Mom's older sister Carmen and her loser husband, José. When I was growing up, José always called me 'half-breed' or 'gringo', along with a lot of other colorful names. His kids weren't allowed to be around me because I was 'too white.' And to this day, José usually only speaks Spanish to me, because he thinks I don't understand him. Fuck him. He's a miserable insecure little worm of a man.

Daniel turns toward the camera, speaking to the audience.

DANIEL

And it wasn't just me he was an asshole to. He treated my Mom like shit for years because she married a white guy. Mom tells me to forgive Uncle José. It's hard to, though. I do my best to be polite to him even though I feel like smashing him in the face sometimes.

Daniel gestures to the food cooking on the stove.

DANIEL

I'll be good tonight. We're having my Nana's green chili chicken enchiladas, which is one of my favorites.

Daniel turns and addresses the camera.

DANIEL

Ever notice how good food conquers all and even makes annoying company palatable?

Daniel turns to his Nana.

DANIEL
You ready for me to start on the
enchiladas?

NANA
If you wouldn't mind.

Daniel turns and addresses the camera with a sympathetic tone.

DANIEL
Sorry you can't be here. You have
no idea what you're missing.

INT. JOHN CUTLASS'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

A large, lavishly furnished master bedroom in an enormous house in the el Encanto neighborhood in central Tucson.

A king-sized bed covered with enormous pillows is the centerpiece of the room. Expensive paintings hang on the wall. An exercise machine sits in one corner.

Standing at a vanity with a large mirror is JOHN CUTLASS; sixty-eight years old, average height, blue eyes, thinning dyed brown hair. He is in decent shape for his age, but his large, round head is slightly too large for his body.

Cutlass is wearing an expensive black dress shirt and gray slacks. He is tying a metallic gray silk tie and is admiring his appearance in the mirror.

FREEZE FRAME

Cutlass smiling at himself in the mirror.

SUPER: "JOHN CUTLASS. LAND DEVELOPER. CAR SALESMAN. BANKER. BILLIONAIRE."

MONTAGE -- PHOTOS FROM JOHN CUTLASS'S LIFE

A series of photographs that pass by quickly.

--A pudgy little boy with the words "Dominick Kravchuk, age 8, Chicago" at the bottom center of the picture.

--An average-looking teenager wearing a white apron. He is standing in the door of a corner store with a flat expression. The caption on the photo reads "Dominick, age 15."

--Dominick, now 18, shaking hands with a man with Italian features who looks like a mobster. At the bottom of the photo, the name "Dominick Kravchuk" is crossed out and replaced with the name "John Cutlass."

--A young, 20-something John Cutlass wearing a tool belt, standing next to a construction site smiling for the camera.

--The same age Cutlass standing next to a saguaro cactus.

--The same age Cutlass with an Italian-looking man about his age named Roberto. They are standing in a used car lot called Moretti Motors. Both men are grinning.

--Cutlass and Roberto in front of the sign for a business called the Great American Housing Company.

--Cutlass and Roberto working on a house under construction.

--The house under construction now finished.

--A bulldozer razing a section of desert.

--A sprawl of tract homes.

--Cutlass in his thirties, holding a gun to the back of Roberto's head. Roberto is on his knees, crying, pleading for his life.

--An enormous building with the Great American Housing logo on it.

--A large car lot called Cutlass Motors.

--More desert being bulldozed.

--Dead desert animals.

--More tract home sprawl.

--Present-day John Cutlass surrounded by mountains of money.

BACK TO PRESENT -- INT. JOHN CUTLASS'S BEDROOM

Cutlass finishes tying his tie, admiring himself in the vanity mirror.

The bathroom door next to the vanity opens and Cutlass's wife, LESLIE, enters the room.

Leslie is 31, blonde, fit, busty, and gorgeous. She is wearing a tightly fitting Spandex bodysuit.

Cutlass looks at his wife with an adoring expression.

JOHN CUTLASS

How do I look?

FREEZE FRAME

Leslie Cutlass with an expression of boredom or disgust or possibly both.

SUPER: "LESLIE CUTLASS. TROPHY WIFE."

Leslie walks toward the exercise machine in the corner of the room. Her tone is flat.

LESLIE

You look good, John.

JOHN CUTLASS

Just good? I don't look invincible?

Leslie gets on the exercise machine.

LESLIE

Sure, John. Whatever you say.

Cutlass grabs an expensive gray suit jacket that matches his gray slacks and leaves the bedroom.

INT. JOHN CUTLASS'S KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Cutlass enters an enormous kitchen with stainless steel appliances and granite counter tops.

A flat screen television hangs on one wall, showing a commercial with John Cutlass in it. In the commercial, a smiling Cutlass is walking along a desert path addressing the camera.

Cutlass watches himself on television. He glances down at his midsection and puts a hand on his belly. Satisfied that he isn't fat, Cutlass's eyes go back to the television.

On the television, Cutlass stops walking and smiles broadly.

JOHN CUTLASS ON TELEVISION

...Because nobody is going to make you feel more at home than the Great American Housing Corporation. And I mean nobody.

Cutlass points at himself on the television and grins. He grabs a leather briefcase off the counter and exits the kitchen.

EXT. JOHN CUTLASS'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The door of a four-car garage opens. Parked in the bays are a silver Mercedes CL63 AMG coupe, a red BMW Z4 convertible, a dark green Range Rover, and a red Ferrari from the 1960s.

The Mercedes backs out of the garage. Cutlass is behind the wheel.

INT. GREAT AMERICAN HOUSING CORPORATION OFFICES -- LATER

A large office done in warm colors, frosted glass bricks, brushed nickel fixtures, and leather furniture. A receptionist's desk with the Great American Housing Corporation logo on the back wall sits just inside of large double doors.

The one of the double doors opens and John Cutlass enters the office with his briefcase in hand.

The receptionist, a bubbly young blonde with pigtails named MINDY smiles brightly for John Cutlass.

MINDY

Good morning, sir. How are you today?

Cutlass smiles broadly.

JOHN CUTLASS

I'm good, thanks...

Cutlass stumbles, not remembering Mindy's name.

MINDY

Mindy.

Cutlass nods.

JOHN CUTLASS

Mindy. Right. And how are you today?

MINDY
I'm great. Thanks for asking.

Cutlass nods at Mindy and walks down the hallway toward his office.

INT. JOHN CUTLASS'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

In the office is a large mahogany desk, leather chairs on both sides of the desk, more leather chairs and a coffee table in one corner, and a window with a view of the Catalina Mountains.

Hanging on one wall is an enormous map of Tucson. An area on the east side of town pushing up against the Rincon Mountains is marked off with yellow highlighter marker.

Cutlass sets his briefcase on the mahogany desk and walks over to the map of Tucson on the wall. Cutlass studies the highlighted area with an intense expression on his face.

Cutlass's secretary, WANDA, enters the room. She is in her mid-forties and attractive, with black hair cut in a short, punky style, matching indigo skirt and blouse, and a touch of lip gloss.

Wanda holds a coffee mug in one hand and a legal pad in the other.

WANDA
Would you like a cup of coffee, John?

Cutlass is lost in thought, staring at the map on the wall. He takes the coffee cup from Wanda and sips the contents, which snaps him out of his daze. He stares down at the cup with a partial frown.

JOHN CUTLASS
What's this?

WANDA
I had a cappuccino machine installed so we don't have to go to Starbuck's every hour anymore. Don't be a baby and drink it.

Cutlass takes another sip from the cup.

WANDA
It's good, right?

Cutlass goes back to staring at the map.

JOHN CUTLASS
What do you have for me today?

Wanda checks her legal pad.

WANDA
You have a one thirty meeting with the new contractor we hired. That banker, Mr. French, will be here at three thirty, and you have lunch at noon with Jim Bernardo.

Cutlass doesn't answer. He is still staring at the map.

WANDA
Are you even listening to me, John?

Again, Cutlass is snapped out of his daze.

JOHN CUTLASS
Lunch with Jim Bernardo, attorney at law, at noon. Got it.

Wanda steps up next to Cutlass. Her eyes dart between the map of Tucson and Cutlass staring intently at the map.

WANDA
Something wrong, John?

A small smile creeps onto Cutlass's face.

JOHN CUTLASS
I need you to set up a meeting with the Mayor.

WANDA
And what can I tell his office that the meeting is for?

Cutlass jabs a finger into the highlighted section of the map on the wall.

JOHN CUTLASS
This.

Wanda stares at Cutlass for a moment. She knows that Cutlass wants the land highlighted on the map, but she also knows that the land is currently protected.

WANDA

Last I checked, that land is still a sanctuary for endangered birds and owls.

JOHN CUTLASS

Fuck the birds and the owls. I want to build houses there.

WANDA

And how do you propose you get that land? Or do you have some new insight I'm not aware of?

JOHN CUTLASS

Just call the Mayor. I'm tired of being told no.

WANDA

Diego Vargas might have something to say about that.

A deep frown creases Cutlass's face.

JOHN CUTLASS

I'm not going to be stopped by an old Mexican in a cowboy hat.

WANDA

If you say so.

JOHN CUTLASS

Yeah, I say so. Go make the call.

Wanda leaves the room.

Cutlass opens a closet. A large metal safe is inside. Cutlass enters the combination and opens the safe. Inside the safe is a bunch of papers along with a Rolodex sitting on one shelf. Cutlass grabs the Rolodex.

INT. CLUBHOUSE -- AFTERNOON

A clubhouse in a retirement community in Fountain Hills, just east of Phoenix. A group of elderly ladies sit at a table playing cards. Outside the window, more old folks are seen in and around the swimming pool.

SUPER: "SUNRISE VISTA RETIREMENT COMMUNITY, FOUNTAIN HILLS, ARIZONA."

Two men in their eighties sit at a table playing chess. Both men are quiet, studying the chess board. A cell phone sits on the table in front of the man on the right.

The man on the left is GARY, a retired widower from Indianapolis. He is tall, bald, and beanpole thin. He is wearing a two-button Polo shirt and shorts. A pair of granny glasses attached to a thin chain are perched on his nose.

The man on the right is MR. X, a retired hitman. He has a full head of thick gray hair, is average height and muscular for his age. He is wearing a bright Hawaiian shirt with a pattern of pineapples and palm trees on it, and shorts. The old women the neighborhood refer to him as the "Silver Fox".

FREEZE FRAME

Mr. X staring at the chess board.

SUPER: "SIDNEY WEINBERG A.K.A. SID COHN A.K.A. MR. X. HITMAN (RETIRED)."

MONTAGE -- MR. X'S LIFE

A series of photographs.

--Sid Weinberg age ten inside his father's bakery in Newark.

--Sid Weinberg age twelve at a movie theater. An Edward G. Robinson gangster movie is on the screen.

--Sid Weinberg age sixteen shooting a heavysset guy who looks like a mobster in the gut.

--Twenty-one year old Mr. X strangling another mobster.

--Thirty year old Mr. X filling a syringe with some kind of liquid.

--Multiple pictures of dead bodies, people Mr. X killed.

--Present day Mr. X in his retirement community, wearing another, but equally as loud Hawaiian shirt, with an expression that might be boredom on his face.

BACK TO PRESENT -- INT. CLUBHOUSE

Mr. X puts his chin on his fist as he studies the chess board. Two old women walk by the table and giggle like schoolgirls.

GARY

You know the girls have a bet going on which one of them you're going to ask out first?

Mr. X doesn't look up from the chess board.

MR. X

Is that right?

GARY

They all seem to think that you're going to ask out Lizzie Broadmoor.

Mr. X's eyes dart from Gary back to the chess board.

MR. X

And which one is she?

GARY

C'mon, Sid, she's the one who's always baking those cookies for you. Are the cookies at least any good?

MR. X

Sure, if you like cookies made with salt instead of sugar.

GARY

Mind's going, eh? She seems more with it than that.

Mr. X glances at Gary and his eyes go back to the chess board.

MR. X

Are you trying to distract me from my game, Gary?

GARY

Sorry about that. Did I ever tell you the one about the two nuns at the bowling alley run by nudists?

Mr. X frowns at Gary.

GARY

Geez, Sid, have a sense of humor.

Mr. X's cell phone begins chiming the opening notes of Beethoven's Symphony Number Five.

Mr. X picks up the phone and stares at the faceplate.

GARY
Who is it?

MR. X
Unlisted number.

GARY
Probably one of those asshole phone solicitors. I wish someone would do something about those guys.

FLASHBACK -- INT. PHONE BANK SOMEWHERE IN PHOENIX -- DAY

Mr. X strangles a phone solicitor with a piece of piano wire.

BACK TO PRESENT

Mr. X stares at his cell phone.

GARY
Are you going to answer that? What if it's one of your kids?

Mr. X doesn't have kids, but he answers the phone anyway.

MR. X
Yeah?

JOHN CUTLASS (O.S.)
I'm looking for Mr. X.

Mr. X remains calm.

MR. X
I think you have the wrong number.

JOHN CUTLASS (O.S.)
How's retirement treating you?

MR. X
Who is this?

JOHN CUTLASS (O.S.)
John Cutlass.

MONTAGE -- PHOTOS OF DEAD BODIES

Four photos of men being killed by Mr. X.

BACK TO PRESENT

Mr. X frowns. He stands and walks away from the table. Gary watches Mr. X with an expression of slight concern.

MR. X
How did you get my number?

SPLIT SCREEN

Cutlass in his office is on the left and Mr. X standing in the clubhouse next to a window with a view of the swimming pool on the right.

JOHN CUTLASS
I have my resources.

MR. X
What the hell do you want, Cutlass?

JOHN CUTLASS
I have a job for you.

MR. X
I'm retired.

JOHN CUTLASS
And how's that working out for you?
Aren't you tired of playing cards
and making crafts with the other old
farts? Mashed potatoes for dinner
every night gets old, doesn't it?

Mr. X doesn't answer.

JOHN CUTLASS
I know you gotta be bored out of
your mind. What do you say? I need
the old Mr. X magic one more time.

Mr. X stares at the senior citizens in and by the swimming pool, focusing on those in the pool in their bathing caps.

JOHN CUTLASS
You still there?

MR. X
I'm here.

JOHN CUTLASS
I have something to cure your boredom.

Mr. X takes a moment to answer.

MR. X
What do you have in mind?

JOHN CUTLASS
There's a man named Diego Vargas
making trouble for me.

MR. X
Can't handle your own shit, huh?

Cutlass ignores the jab.

JOHN CUTLASS
He's here in Tucson.

MR. X
I hate Tucson. It gives me the
creeps.

Cutlass grins.

JOHN CUTLASS
I need Vargas gone. I need Mr. X.

MR. X
I'm serious. I hate Tucson. If I'm
coming to Tucson, I'm charging you
double my normal fee. You got that?

JOHN CUTLASS
Loud and clear.

MR. X
And you still want this done?

JOHN CUTLASS
More than ever.

MR. X
Fine.

JOHN CUTLASS
It'll be good to do a job and feel
alive again, won't it?

MR. X
You know, fuck you, John.

Cutlass grins again.

JOHN CUTLASS
It's gotta look like natural causes.

MR. X
You telling me how to do my job now?

JOHN CUTLASS
I'd never dream of doing such a thing.

MR. X
What did this guy do to you?

JOHN CUTLASS
You never used to care. Must be getting soft in your old age.

MR. X
When do you want this done?

JOHN CUTLASS
This week. Sooner the better. We have a deal?

Mr. X continues staring at the old people in the pool outside the window.

MR. X
Yeah, we have a deal.

Both John Cutlass and Mr. X hang up their phones. Both men stare at their cell phones and speak in unison.

MR. X AND JOHN CUTLASS TOGETHER
Asshole.

INT. GROCERY STORE -- DAY

A busy grocery store in central Tucson.

SUPER: "MEANWHILE, BACK IN TUCSON..."

A man named LESTER stands in the canned vegetable aisle next to a shopping cart. He pretends to read the label on a can of pork and beans while ogling the asses of two pretty coeds who are bent over, grabbing items from lower shelves.

Lester is in his early thirties with stringy, shaggy, dirty blonde hair and a couple of days of facial stubble. He is wearing a faded Joe Camel T-shirt and blue jeans with the knees ripped out.

Lester's left arm is in a cast.

An X-ray shot of Lester's arm shows that his arm isn't actually broken. An arrow points at Lester's arm along with the words "NOT REALLY BROKEN."

FREEZE FRAME

Lester staring lasciviously at the coeds' asses.

SUPER: "LESTER ROMLEY. SMALL TIME SCAM ARTIST."

Lester turns from the coeds and pushes his shopping cart down the aisle.

Lester pushes the cart into the refrigerated aisle with cold cuts and cheeses. He scans the selection of meats and grins.

In the basket of the shopping cart is an ad for a lawyer's office called Stanton and Riggs, featuring lawyer JASON STANTON, a smarmy-looking guy with greased back Pat Reilly-like hair and a phony smile underneath a slogan that says "WHEN JUSTICE MUST BE SERVED."

Lester pulls a cell phone from his pocket and hits a number on speed dial.

After a moment, a receptionist's voice is heard.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Stanton and Riggs, how can I direct
your call?

LESTER
Lester Romley calling for Mr. Stanton.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Please hold.

Lester points his middle finger at the picture of Jason Stanton on the ad in the shopping cart.

SPLIT SCREEN

On the left is Lester in the grocery store.

On the right is Jason Stanton. Just like in the photo on the grocery cart, Stanton's hair is greased back. He is sitting at a desk in his office, looking at internet porn on a laptop computer. Stanton's hand is inside his pants making jerking motions. Stanton is on speaker phone.

STANTON
What can I do for you, Lester?

LESTER
I'm at the grocery store.

Stanton's hand begins moving faster in his pants.

STANTON
Okay...And?

LESTER
I'm scouting a place to fall down again.

STANTON
Fall down again? That's not a good idea, Lester.

LESTER
I'm thinking I slip on some lunch meat this time. I gotta say you deciding that I slip and fall on that kiwi fruit last time was a good idea.

STANTON
Listen to me Lester. Don't slip on any lunch meat, okay?

LESTER
Why not? See, if I slip on the lunch meat, it shows how unsafe the grocery store really is and it means I'll get more money.

Stanton's hand stops moving around in his pants. With his free hand he pinches the bridge of his nose.

STANTON
Don't do this Lester. Your suit is already filed and they always settle out of court with cases like this. You just have to be patient.

Lester shakes his head.

LESTER
Naw. I want to do this.

Stanton stares down at his pants with an expression that says his hard-on is gone.

STANTON
Wait, Lester.

LESTER
You watch. This'll be good.

Lester makes a fake scream into the phone.

STANTON
No, Lester!

Lester hangs up his phone, grinning.

Jason Stanton slides off screen.

LESTER
Man, them lawyers are a dumb bunch
sometimes.

Lester stops in front of a large cardboard display for a beer called Nic Ale, a nicotine-infused beer that advertises "IT'S LIKE A CIGARETTE IN EVERY BOTTLE."

Lester grabs a six-pack of Nic Ale, a bologna and American cheese sandwich, and a bag of Cheetos.

Lester pushes the cart to a check-out lane and puts his three items on the conveyor belt.

LESTER
Can I get a pack of Camel Filters?

The pimply-faced cashier smiles at Lester.

CASHIER
What'd you do to your arm?

LESTER
What's it look like I done? I broke
it.

CASHIER
How'd you break it?

LESTER
Beating up nosy kids at grocery
stores.

The cashier's smile vanishes. Lester pays and leaves the store.

INT. LESTER'S HOUSE -- LATER

A slightly rundown house on the east side of Tucson. The living room consists of a ratty-looking couch, an easy chair, a coffee table and a television. A framed Guns N Roses poster hangs on the wall behind the couch.

The front door opens and Lester enters holding his groceries. A large Dalmatian comes tearing around the corner and pounces on Lester. Lester hits the dog in the head with his cast.

LESTER

Get down, Rocco, you dumb dog.

Rocco sulks over to a corner and lies down.

Lester sets his groceries on the coffee table and flops down on the couch. Rocco jumps to attention and runs to the couch. Lester lifts his cast in a threatening manner and Rocco goes back to his corner.

Lester turns on the television. Rocco's head pops up.

LESTER

Don't even think about it.

Rocco drops his head between his paws.

LESTER

Man, this shit itches.

Lester starts digging his fingers under his cast. Rocco springs up and clamps his jaws down on Lester's cast, chewing on it.

Lester lets Rocco chew on the cast for a moment. When it is evident that the dog chewing on his cast isn't doing anything to stop the itching, Lester punches the dog in the side of the head with his free hand.

Rocco sulks back to the same corner in the living room.

Lester inspects his mangled cast, admiring the new look.

After a few moments, Lester's wife DOREEN enters. Doreen is a big and voluptuous woman, about Lester's height and the same age as Lester, with thick, long curly brown hair and brown eyes, who works as a stripper.

Doreen is wearing a UofA sweatshirt and running pants.
Lester's eyes light up at the sight of her.

LESTER
Hey, Luscious.

Doreen frowns.

DOREEN
I wish you wouldn't call me by my
stage name, Lester.

FREEZE FRAME

Doreen frowning at Lester.

SUPER: "DOREEN ROMLEY. LESTER'S WIFE. STRIPPER."

Lester grins at Doreen. Doreen snags the open bottle of Nic
Ale from the coffee table and takes a long drink.

DOREEN
Any word from that lawyer guy?

LESTER
I called him today and told him about
my new plan.

This is the first time Doreen has heard about the "new" plan.
She gives Lester a skeptical frown.

DOREEN
What new plan?

LESTER
My plan to slip and fall in another
grocery store.

Doreen's expression says she thinks the plan is moronic.

DOREEN
Uh-huh. And did the lawyer guy like
the plan?

Lester shakes his head.

LESTER
Naw, but that's just 'cause he don't
see the brilliance of it yet.

Doreen gives Lester the kind of expression usually reserved for "special" children. Her expression morphs into something borderline angry when she notices Lester's cast.

DOREEN
What the hell happened to your cast?

LESTER
I let Rocco chew on it. Don't you think it's tougher looking now?

DOREEN
It looks like you put your cast in a blender. That was a dumb thing to do. What if you have to go in front of a judge with that thing on?

LESTER
It was itching too much.

Doreen scoffs.

DOREEN
The dog chewing on it stopped the itching?

LESTER
Uh, no, not really. I broke my arm twice when I was a kid and I don't remember casts being this much of a pain in the ass.

DOREEN
You shoulda thought about that before you put that stupid thing on your arm.

Lester is suddenly transfixed by the sight of Doreen's ample chest. He reaches out and paws at Doreen's boobs.

Doreen frowns.

DOREEN
What are you doing?

Lester grins but doesn't say anything.

DOREEN
You know the rules.

Lester frowns and speaks in a whiny tone.

LESTER

You ain't gonna charge me again, are you?

Doreen puts an outstretched hand in Lester's direction.

LESTER

But I'm your husband.

DOREEN

Nobody rides for free, baby.

Doreen starts swaying in a rhythmic motion.

LESTER

But I only got five bucks.

DOREEN

Then you better get it ready.

Lester pulls a five dollar bill from his wallet and hands it to Doreen, who stuffs the bill in her bra.

LESTER

You ain't still gonna charge me when we're rich, are you?

Doreen smiles seductively but doesn't answer. She starts gyrating in front of Lester. Lester grins at Doreen.

A commercial for a television show called "The Dangerous Beauties" featuring four beautiful, scantily-clad female secret agents plays on the TV.

Lester's attention jumps between the sight of Doreen shaking her ass in his face and the hot women on the television. Lester is especially interested in one woman on the television with short black hair and large breasts.

Lester's eyes bounce between Doreen and the television. Lester grabs the bag of Cheetos from the coffee table and starts stuffing his face, while his eyes dart between Doreen and the television.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM -- EVENING

Close-up of a five year old girl screaming loudly.

The dining room is about a quarter full. The screaming little girl is at a table with her parents, who are eating and ignoring the girl's screaming.

Half the patrons in the dining room are stare at the table with the screaming little girl with irritated expressions. The other half of the patrons are frowning at Daniel.

A waitress named Katie passes by Daniel with an equally irritated expression.

KATIE

Jesus, Daniel. Do something about the brat at your table.

FREEZE FRAME

The little girl screaming. Her eyes are closed and her mouth is open wide.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Here's another phenomenon that I've never understood. Why do people take little kids to public places and let them scream? The courteous thing to do would be to take the kid out of the dining room, but fuck courtesy. If the parents have to deal with the screaming, then so does everyone else.

Daniel sees angry patrons staring at him.

DANIEL (V.O.)

And here's yet another phenomenon I don't understand. The parents are letting their kid scream, but because they're sitting in my section, somehow it's my fault the kid is screaming and it's my responsibility to make the kid shut up. Makes fuck-all sense to me, but here goes.

Daniel approaches the table with the screaming little girl. The little girl's father frowns at Daniel. When he speaks he has to yell over his daughter's screaming.

SCREAMING GIRL'S FATHER

Is something wrong?

DANIEL

Some of the guests are complaining about the noise level at your table.

SCREAMING GIRL'S FATHER

And?

DANIEL

And it would be nice if your daughter calmed down so the rest of the patrons could enjoy their meals.

The guy's frown increases.

SCREAMING GIRL'S FATHER

Why don't you tell me which tables are having a problem with my daughter and I'll go talk to them?

DANIEL'S DAYDREAM

Daniel turns and points toward a table of customers who are frowning in Daniel's direction.

The screaming girl's father stands, walks over to the table, and punches a guy at the table like something out of an old cartoon.

BACK TO PRESENT

People at other tables are still frowning at Daniel. A smile crosses Daniel's face and he starts laughing. The frown deepens on the father's face.

SCREAMING GIRL'S FATHER

What's so fucking funny? Do I make you laugh?

Suddenly the little girl stops screaming, her eyes locked on Daniel, and she smiles at Daniel's laughter. Her father stares at his daughter and then at Daniel.

SCREAMING GIRL'S FATHER

How the hell did you do that? Once she starts, she never stops.

Daniel grins at the little girl, who lets out a burst of laughter.

DANIEL

Enjoy the rest of your evening.

Daniel walks away from the table, noticing that all of the people in the restaurant have gone back to eating.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Daniel enters the kitchen. Luis, Trevor and Steve are at their places on the line. Daniel frowns at the Top 40 dance music coming out of the boom box.

DANIEL
What the hell are you guys listening to?

Trevor points at a high school age dishwasher named George.

TREVOR
George picked the station tonight. The deal is if we hear any of these songs twenty times tonight, we get to do something horrible to George.

George's eyes widen in surprise.

GEORGE
What?

DANIEL
And how many times have you heard this song tonight?

TREVOR
Twelve. Just a couple more times and George is in trouble.

George is truly frightened now.

GEORGE
Just change the station if you don't like it.

STEVE
Too late. One station per shift. Those are the rules.

DANIEL
You guys want to leave the kid alone?

Steve and Trevor grin.

A waitress named MELINDA enters the kitchen excitedly.

MELINDA
You'll never believe who's in the dining room.

TREVOR
Santa Claus?

DANIEL
Barry Manilow?

LUIS
God? Now there's I guy I'd be proud
to have in the dining room.

STEVE
Is it that one guy?

Melinda shakes her head with a disapproving expression.

MELINDA
No, it's that guy on TV who sells
houses. John Cutlass.

DANIEL
What's the big deal? He's a
douchebag.

MELINDA
But he's on TV, so he's famous.

Daniel points at Luis and Trevor.

DANIEL
Being on TV makes you famous? You
ever seen the commercial for this
place? Those two are in it.

Luis attempts a husky Antonio Banderas impersonation.

LUIS
Would you like my autograph, chica?
One day it will be very valuable
because I am on television.

Trevor glances at Luis.

TREVOR
Was that Antonio Banderas or Ricardo
Mantalban?

Luis pops Trevor in the side of the head with a spatula.

Melinda shakes her head at the idiocy in the kitchen and
speaks to Daniel.

MELINDA

Whatever. He's in your section.
Have fun.

Melinda exits the kitchen. Daniel glances back at Trevor.
Trevor holds an open palm toward the door to the dining room.

TREVOR

You heard the lady. Go have some
fun.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Daniel approaches a table where John Cutlass and two others
sit. One of the other people is Cutlass's son DAVID, who is
thirty-five and looks a lot like his father. Both men are
wearing expensive suits.

Also at the table is David's date, a woman in her late
twenties with curly, shoulder-length black hair in a bright
red cocktail dress.

DANIEL

Good evening. Welcome to Cafe
Reddington--.

John Cutlass cuts off Daniel, not bothering to make eye
contact.

JOHN CUTLASS

We'll take three Ketel One martinis.
Extra dry, up, with a twist.

Daniel nods.

DANIEL

Very good, sir.

David Cutlass makes a shooing motion at Daniel.

DAVID CUTLASS

What are you waiting for? Go get us
our drinks.

Daniel makes a slight bow and leaves the table. Daniel steps
up to the POS systems and pushes a few buttons. He walks
toward the bar.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM -- LATER

Daniel approaches John Cutlass's table holding a tray with three martinis on it. Daniel serves David's date, then John Cutlass, and finally, David.

DANIEL

Would you care to hear about the specials this evening?

DAVID CUTLASS

I doubt they're that special. We'll all have the filet cooked medium-rare. I'll have mine on the rare side, she'll have hers on the medium side.

Daniel turns toward the camera.

DANIEL

Seriously?

Daniel turns back toward David Cutlass.

DANIEL

Very good. Perhaps you would like to start with an appetizer or a salad?

DAVID CUTLASS

I think you should bring us a bottle of your best Champagne. We're celebrating.

Daniel smiles politely.

DANIEL

And what are you celebrating?

David Cutlass fixes Daniel with an icy gaze.

DAVID CUTLASS

I don't think that's any of your God damned business.

David Cutlass's date frowns at David.

DAVID'S DATE

You don't need to be rude.

She gestures toward John Cutlass.

DAVID'S DATE
You know who this is, right?

Daniel turns toward the camera.

DANIEL
Sure, he's the guy who wants to
bulldoze the desert and replace it
with a sea of butt-ugly tract homes.

Daniel turns back toward David Cutlass's date.

DANIEL
Sure, I think everybody knows who
Mr. Cutlass is.

DAVID'S DATE
John, Mr. Cutlass, is pretty sure
that something he's been working on
for a while is finally going to get
finished.

DANIEL
Congratulations, sir. Let me get
that bottle for you.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Daniel enters the kitchen. Trevor looks at Daniel expectantly.

TREVOR
Has John Cutlass's table ordered?

DANIEL
Three medium-rare filets.

Trevor gives Daniel a devious expression.

TREVOR
Can I doctor them?

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM -- LATER

Daniel carries three plates with filets and sets them in front of David's date, John Cutlass, and David Cutlass.

DANIEL
Is there anything else I can get for
you at the moment?

David Cutlass makes a shooing motion at Daniel. Daniel leaves the table, addressing the camera.

DANIEL

Yeah, Trevor "doctored" the filets, but I'm not going to tell you how. A word of advice is when you go to a restaurant, don't fuck with the waitstaff or the kitchen staff because you never know what they'll do to fuck with you back.

INT. MR. X'S CAR -- NIGHT

A teal blue Saturn with Mr. X behind the wheel. The car drives south on Interstate 10, entering Tucson. Mr. X is wearing a lime-green Hawaiian shirt with pink palm trees on it and is visibly agitated.

Mr. X's eyes dart all over the road and he mutters to himself.

MR. X

I hate this place. This is a really bad idea.

EXT. MR. X'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

The Saturn takes the Speedway exit and at the stoplight turns right toward the Tucson Mountains. Mr. X drives while consulting a list of directions. He turns into the Barrio Hollywood neighborhood on the west side of Tucson.

EXT. DANIEL'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. X's car rolls to a stop in front of the house. Mr. X gets out of the car. He pulls on a black windbreaker and a black baseball cap.

Mr. X scans the street. A couple of dogs bark in the distance but other than that, it is quiet. With nobody about, Mr. X approaches the chain link gate across the driveway. Diego Vargas's white Ford pickup truck is parked in the driveway.

The gate has a padlock on it. Mr. X glances around, removes a small lock pick, and quickly pops the lock.

Mr. X lifts the U-shaped latch on the gate, opens the gate, enters the yard, and closes the gate behind him, the entire time scanning for movement.

Mr. X approaches the side door to the house under the carport. He tries the door, finds that it is locked.

A passing car on the street causes Mr. X to press himself into the wall under the carport. When the lights of the car pass, Mr. X uses another lock pick to quickly unlock the side door of the house.

INT. DANIEL'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. X enters the house, silently closing the door behind him. The house is in shadows other than a night light in the kitchen.

Slowly, silently, Mr. X moves into the hallway. He glances at the photos on the hallway wall. Daniel's high school graduation picture causes Mr. X to grimace.

Snoring is heard on the other side of the door leading into Daniel's grandparent's bedroom.

Mr. X eases the bedroom door open.

Inside the bedroom, Daniel's grandparents are asleep. Diego Vargas is on his back, mouth wide open, snoring away. Maria Vargas is on her side, facing her husband, a content, loving expression on her sleeping face.

Mr. X stares at the sleeping couple for a moment, an expression of doubt creeping over his face. For a moment, it almost looks like Mr. X might change his mind.

Mr. X approaches the bed, and lifts the covers, exposing Diego Vargas's feet.

Mr. X removes a syringe from the pocket of his windbreaker and uses his teeth to pull the cap from the syringe. Mr. X pushes the needle into the space between Diego's first two toes and presses in the plunger. Diego barely flinches.

Mr. X quietly leaves the Vargas's bedroom.

INT. MR. X'S CAR -- LATER

Mr. X drives. His face is full of remorse.

Mr. X drives through an intersection. He turns his head in time to see '52 DeSoto with its headlights off and an ancient, wrinkled old man behind the wheel, come plowing into him. Mr. X's expression is one of acknowledging his fate, but not being happy about it.

MR. X
Fucking Tucson.

BLACK SCREEN

The loud sounds of a car crash; metal on metal, shattering glass, the continuous blaring of a car horn.

INT. DANIEL'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE -- DAY

The house is full of an assortment of relatives and friends all mourning the death of Diego Vargas. Daniel sits on the living room couch next to his mother. Both have been crying and look completely drained.

Daniel stands. His mother resumes her sobbing.

Daniel walks to the kitchen, where UNCLE FRANK, a Mexican-American man in his early fifties, with long black hair tied in a ponytail dressed in a dark shirt and slacks is standing by the sliding glass door with a beer in his hand.

Daniel nods at his uncle.

DANIEL
Uncle Frank.

Uncle Frank gestures with his beer bottle.

UNCLE FRANK
You need one of these?

Not waiting for an answer, Frank reaches in the refrigerator, removes a beer and hands it to Daniel. Daniel opens the beer and takes a drink.

Uncle Frank lets out a long breath of air.

UNCLE FRANK
This sucks.

Daniel stares out the sliding glass door into the backyard where a red brick patio, a guest house, and his grandfather's garden can be seen.

DANIEL
He seemed fine when I saw him a couple of days ago.

Daniel's Nana enters the kitchen. Nana looks absolutely frazzled.

She hugs Daniel and buries her face in Daniel's shoulder.

NANA

He was perfectly healthy.

Daniel hugs Nana tighter.

NANA

I'm serious. He had a doctor's appointment last week and Dr. Martinez said he was perfectly healthy.

DANIEL

These things happen sometimes.

Nana pulls away from Daniel, shaking her head violently.

NANA

These things don't just happen. It happens to sick people and accidents sometimes happen. But your Tata wasn't sick and this wasn't an accident.

DANIEL

What does that mean?

UNCLE FRANK

Don't get her started.

NANA

It's true, though.

UNCLE FRANK

You don't know what you're talking about.

Daniel's eyes bounce between Nana and Uncle Frank.

DANIEL

Can someone please tell me what's going on here?

UNCLE FRANK

Maria thinks someone killed Diego.

DANIEL

What? Nobody said anything to me about him being murdered.

UNCLE FRANK

That's because he wasn't. He died after getting a clean bill of health so now there's some kind of conspiracy to kill Diego. Doctors make mistakes. This wouldn't be the first time.

NANA

I know he did it.

DANIEL

Who did it, Nana?

UNCLE FRANK

Don't encourage her, Daniel.

Nana's lips curl into a snarl.

NANA

It was that hijo de puta, John Cutlass.

DANIEL

Why do you think John Cutlass killed Tata?

NANA

He hated your Tata. There's land out east that John Cutlass wants but Diego would never let the City sign away on. Recently things got real ugly between them and Cutlass said he would do anything to get that land.

DANIEL

Do you have any proof?

NANA

This morning the side door was unlocked and someone was in the house last night. They tracked dirt inside.

DANIEL

Did you tell the police?

NANA

When I told them I thought Diego had been poisoned, they stared at me like I was a senile old lady.

Daniel's Mom enters the kitchen.

MOM

Would you stop it already? The paramedics said that Dad died from a heart attack.

NANA

They didn't check for poison, so what do they know?

Daniel's Mom leads Nana out of the kitchen. Daniel and Uncle Frank watch them go.

UNCLE FRANK

Why does this family thrive on drama so much?

DANIEL

What if she's telling the truth? It's not like Nana to make up stories.

UNCLE FRANK

Just drop it, okay, Daniel?

Daniel shrugs. He walks into the living room. His Mom has the curtains pulled aside. Several news crews are standing on the sidewalk outside of the fenced-in yard.

MOM

Vultures, all of them.

Mom lets the curtains fall closed and Daniel wanders back into the kitchen.

DANIEL'S DAYDREAM

Daniel imagines his Tata standing at the stove wearing an apron with a matador on the front. Tata is stirring the contents of a pot with a wooden spoon. He lifts the spoon to his mouth, tastes the contents, and smiles.

Tata turns to Daniel and lifts the spoon, almost like he is toasting Daniel.

BACK TO PRESENT

Mom enters the kitchen and sees Daniel staring at the stove.

MOM

What are you staring at?

DANIEL'S DAYDREAM

Tata winks at Daniel from his place in front of the stove.

A small smile creeps onto Daniel's face.

DANIEL

Nothing.

Daniel sets down the beer and follows his Mom out of the kitchen, stopping to wave good-bye to Tata, who is still standing at the stove with a small smile on his face.

EXT. LESTER'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Lester stands on his front porch. An eviction notice is stapled to the front door.

LESTER

Shit.

Lester tears the paper from the door and enters the house.

INT. LESTER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Lester throws the eviction notice on the coffee table. Rocco leaps at Lester. Lester bashes the dog in the head with his cast and the dog lies down in the corner. Lester begins pacing the room and muttering to himself.

LESTER

I need money. Where can I get money?
Fuckin' lawyer says be patient, but
I need money now. You could rob a
bank. Fuck that, you ain't robbing
no bank. How 'bout a liquor store?
No, all those people have guns.

Lester grabs the remote control, turns on the television and continues pacing.

LESTER

One of those check cashing places?
No. A grocery store? Uh-uh. Need
to find someone with money who
probably won't fight back.

On the television, a commercial for one of Tucson's many expensive detox centers starts playing. The commercial catches Lester's attention and he watches with interest.

LESTER
Celebrities have money...Lots of
money. And there's always celebrities
at those rehab centers here in town.

A smile creeps onto Lester's face.

LESTER
All I need to do is go get a gun and
rob me a rich celebrity or two.
This is going to be too easy.

Lester starts rubbing his hands together like a mad scientist.

MONTAGE -- DANIEL OVER THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS

--Daniel with his Mom, Nana, Uncle Frank and Frank's Wife,
Ximena, inside of a funeral home in downtown Tucson.

--Daniel and the same family members riding in a limo. They
are dressed in somber clothing and have sad expressions.

--Daniel and his family, getting out of the limo in front of
St. Augustine Cathedral in downtown Tucson. There is a large
crowd of people, including television news crews outside of
the Cathedral.

--Inside of the crowded Cathedral. Tata lies in an open
casket at the front of the Cathedral.

--A quick series of speakers at the podium next to Tata's
casket: Father Michael, Uncle Frank, The Mayor of Tucson and
Daniel.

--The crowd in the Cathedral standing and applauding for
Daniel's speech.

--Daniel and his family at a gravesite in Evergreen Cemetery.
They watch as Tata's casket gets lowered into the ground.

--Daniel and his family riding in the limo again.

--Daniel, Mom, Nana, Uncle Frank, Aunt Ximena, Aunt Carmen,
Uncle José, and Daniel's Aunt Irene sitting around a large
table in the conference room of a lawyer's office for the
reading of Tata's will. Carmen and Irene are angry.

--Daniel blankly stares at his family, his angry aunts, and
the elderly attorney overseeing the reading.

DANIEL (V.O.)

The next few days were a blur. The funeral home, the funeral at St. Augustine's. I barely remember any of it. People had some nice things to say about my grandfather. I even got up and spoke, though I don't really know what I said. It must've been okay because people actually applauded. After more nice words about Tata, we said good-bye to him at Evergreen Cemetery. The next day we ended up here for the reading of Tata's will. Ever notice how the idea money turns people into complete lunatics?

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Aunt Carmen, looking as much like Tammy Faye Bakker as ever, frowns at VAUGHN OWENS, the elderly lawyer.

AUNT CARMEN

You mean this is all I get?

FREEZE FRAME

Aunt Carmen's angry face.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Yeah, she just said that.

Vaughn Owens does his best to look sympathetic.

VAUGHN OWENS

Your father wasn't a wealthy man. He wanted to make sure everybody got something.

Aunt Carmen makes a *tsking* noise.

AUNT CARMEN

What am I supposed to do with only five grand?

Daniel turns to the camera and makes a disgusted, tilted-head expression.

Vaughn Owens holds up a manila envelope bulge in it.

VAUGHN OWENS
And then there's this.

AUNT CARMEN
I knew there was something else! Is
it another bank account?

Vaughn Owens motions toward Daniel.

VAUGHN OWENS
Not quite. This is for you, Daniel.

Daniel snaps out of his daydream.

AUNTS CARMEN AND IRENE TOGETHER
Daniel??

AUNT CARMEN
Why does he get it? If it's more
money, I think I deserve it.

MOM
You need to shut the fuck up.

Everyone in the room except Vaughn Owens stares at Daniel's
Mom in shock.

VAUGHN OWENS
Please. Everyone needs to keep their
emotions in check.

Daniel accepts the envelope and opens it. Inside is a small,
worn, brown leather-bound book; Tata's World War II journal.
A smile appears on Daniel's face.

Aunt Carmen and Aunt Irene are impatient.

AUNT IRENE
Well? What is it?

DANIEL
It's Tata's journal from World War
II.

The aunts look disappointed.

AUNT CARMEN
That's it? Big deal.

Daniel flips through the journal.

DANIEL

It's a piece of history written by
your father.

The aunts shrug with indifference. Daniel is excited by the prospect of reading the journal.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Daniel sits on his couch holding the journal. His laptop sits on the coffee table in front of him. Daniel opens the book and removes an old photo from the pages.

The photo is of Tata at age nineteen; handsome, clean shaven, in a military uniform wearing a garrison cap.

Daniel flips through the pages of the journal and a loose scrap of plain white paper falls out of the book. On the piece of paper is a couple of numbers.

Close-up of the numbers: 32.209078, -110.704036.

Daniel stares at the piece of paper, having no idea what the numbers mean.

Daniel types the numbers into Google on his laptop.

The numbers come back as a set of coordinates: +32 (degrees) 12' 36.6502" and -110 (degrees) 42' 14.5296".

Daniel types the coordinates into Google Earth and finds that it is a location inside of Saguaro National Park east of Tucson.

Daniel zooms in on the coordinates using the satellite mode. The image appears to be the top of a large mesquite tree.

Daniel stares at the image and frowns. He grabs his cell phone and dials Nana.

SPLIT SCREEN

Daniel in his living room holding his cell phone on the left. Nana standing at the stove in her kitchen holding her cell phone on the right.

DANIEL

Did Tata talk about Saguaro National
Park at all recently?

NANA
Of course. He talked about the Park
a lot.

Daniel is excited.

DANIEL
What did he say?

Nana is suddenly angry.

NANA
Those people poisoned Diego because
of the Park.

DANIEL
Not this again, Nana.

NANA
The City owns a wildlife refuge next
to Park and John Cutlass is trying
to pressure the City into selling
the land to him so he can build more
of his ugly houses. With Diego gone,
John Cutlass is going to destroy the
wildlife refuge and Saguaro National
Park will be next.

DANIEL
He can't just destroy the Park.

NANA
Who's going to stop him?

Daniel hangs up the phone.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Daniel continues staring at the image on the laptop screen.

A moment later a KNOCK is heard at the front door. Daniel
stands and opens the door. Trevor is in the doorway with an
excited expression his face.

TREVOR
You ready to play some rock 'n roll?

INT. DETOX CENTER -- AFTERNOON

A swanky rehab center called the Mountain Manor Resort. The
reception area is lavishly decorated.

The floors are marble and expensive artwork hangs on the walls.

SUPER: "MOUNTAIN MANOR RESORT. REHAB FACILITY FOR THE RICH AND FAMOUS. OWNED BY UFO CULT CALLED CHILDREN OF NEPTUNE."

Lester walks in the front doors wearing a KISS "Lick it Up" T-shirt and ripped blue jeans. He stares around the lavish surrounding with something borderline on awe.

Lester approaches the reception desk, where a hippie chick in her early thirties with a spaced-out expression sits. The woman's name tag reads "Misti, Sedona, AZ."

LESTER

You have a lot of people staying here right now?

Misti's tone is neutral.

MISTI

We have some availability, if that's what you're asking.

LESTER

Any celebrities staying here right now?

Misti eyes Lester suspiciously, wondering if Lester might be paparazzi.

MISTI

Our list of clientele is confidential.

LESTER

Could I check out the resort?

Misti's tone is icy.

MISTI

You mean wander around unescorted? You most certainly may not. Is there anything else I can help you with?

LESTER

As a matter of fact, there is.

Lester pulls a .45 from the waist of his jeans, jacks the slide on the gun, and points the gun at Misti. Misti stares at the gun but doesn't appear to be frightened.

MISTI

What's this?

LESTER

This is a robbery. So hand it all over.

MISTI

Hand all what over?

Lester waves the gun in Misti's face.

LESTER

The cash! Gimme all the cash!

Misti stares at Lester with a bored expression.

MISTI

There isn't any cash on the premises.

LESTER

What do all the rich people pay with?

MISTI

Like, credit cards. Duh.

LESTER

Then I'll go rob one of the restaurants or bars.

MISTI

There aren't any bars here. There's no liquor, junk food or refined sugar on the premises and all food is included in the cost of the stay.

LESTER

Give me some of those credit cards.

MISTI

Guests don't leave their credit cards at the front desk.

LESTER

God damn it.

Lester trails off when he sees KAYLA PHILLIPS, the short, stacked, black haired woman from the television show "The Dangerous Beauties." She is wearing a red kimono and talking on her cell phone. Lester is transfixed and lowers the gun.

INT. LESTER'S DAYDREAM

Kayla Phillips approaches Lester and wraps her arms around his neck.

KAYLA PHILLIPS
You're the man of my dreams, Lester.

Kayla Phillips gives Lester a deep kiss.

BACK TO PRESENT -- INT. DETOX CENTER

Smitten, Lester watches Kayla Phillips as she approaches the reception desk talking on her cell phone.

SUPER: "KAYLA PHILLIPS. ACTRESS."

KAYLA PHILLIPS
...C'mon Marty. You gotta get me outta this place. It's boring and the staff is creepy. I feel like I'm in one of those "Children of the Corn" movies waiting to get chopped into little pieces by brainwashed retards.

Kayla Phillips walks up to the reception desk, puts her hand over her cell phone and speaks to Misti.

KAYLA PHILLIPS
I'm going to say this just once. Your hot tubs aren't hot enough and the food here sucks.

MISTI
I'm sorry to hear that, Miss Phillips. I'll have maintenance take care of that. Concerning the food, what would you like us to serve to you?

KAYLA PHILLIPS
How about a good juicy burger?

MISTI
We have burgers here.

KAYLA PHILLIPS
I mean a real burger. Not that shit made out of granola and old mushrooms or whatever the hell it is.

Misti turns pale. Her voice is little more than a squeak.

MISTI

You want one made from a cow?

KAYLA PHILLIPS

Yes, made from a cow. Jesus, what the hell is wrong with you people around here?

Kayla Phillips finally notices Lester staring at her chest, but the handgun at his side doesn't register with her.

KAYLA PHILLIPS

See something you like?

LESTER

Uh...

KAYLA PHILLIPS

That's all you can say is 'uh'?

Kayla's eyes widen with what appears to be recognition.

KAYLA PHILLIPS' DAYDREAM

Lester wearing an expensive suit, holding a kilo of cocaine in one hand and an enormous bottle of Gray Goose vodka in the other, as a Barry White song plays in the background.

BACK TO PRESENT

Kayla is wide-eyed and anxious.

KAYLA PHILLIPS

Did Julio send you?

Lester is confused.

LESTER

Who's Julio?

KAYLA PHILLIPS

Do you have the blow or don't you?

Lester is suddenly excited.

LESTER

Hell yeah, I'll do some blow with you.

Kayla Phillips suddenly looks like a full-blown drug fiend.

KAYLA PHILLIPS

I don't have any blow because this is a rehab center, you jackass. Do you have the blow or don't you?

MISTI

Look out, he's got a gun!

From out of nowhere, a large black man built like a bull, former professional football player LONNIE PETERS, appears out of nowhere and tackles Lester.

FREEZE FRAME

Lonnie Peters and Lester airborne.

SUPER: "LONNIE 'RODEO' PETERS. SIX-TIME NFL PRO BOWL LINEBACKER, RETIRED. NOW HEAD OF SECURITY FOR MOUNTAIN MANOR RESORT."

As he hits the marble floor, Lester's "good" arm breaks with a loud SNAP. Lester's face smashes into the floor. Lonnie stands, towering over Lester, and points at him.

LONNIE PETERS

You're mine, motherfucker.

Lester starts to crawl away from Lonnie Peters, his now broken arm trailing behind him. Lonnie nudges Lester with his foot.

LONNIE PETERS

Where you going? We're just getting started.

Lonnie crouches next to Lester with an almost demonic grin.

Kayla Phillips stands behind Lonnie Peters holding a large ceramic pot above her head. She brings the pot down on Lonnie's head with a loud CRACK, knocking the man out cold.

Lester rolls over and stares at Lonnie lying on the floor. Kayla crouches next to Lester, trying to put her hands in his pockets. Lester grins, misunderstanding Kayla's intentions.

Kayla Phillips holds out her hand like a beggar.

KAYLA PHILLIPS

Give me the coke.

LESTER
I don't have any coke.

Kayla stands, kicks Lester in the leg, and screams.

KAYLA PHILLIPS
Doesn't anyone around here have any
fucking blow?

Two guys dressed like hospital orderlies grab Kayla Phillips and drag her away kicking and screaming.

Lester stands and hobbles out the front doors of the Resort.

INT. PHARMACY -- LATER

Lester is inside a CVS Pharmacy with its overly bright fluorescent lights. Lester's face is badly bruised and he clumsily stuffs a box of Advil and an Ace bandage down the front of his pants using his casted arm.

Lester holds his broken arm to his stomach, obviously in a lot of pain.

INT. LESTER'S HOUSE -- LATER

Lester in his kitchen, clumsily pulling the top off the bottle of Advil. He tilts the bottle into his mouth and washes down the contents with a bottle of Nic Ale.

Outside the window, Lester's painted-primer-gray Ford pickup truck backs out of the driveway and drives off.

LESTER
What the fuck?

The kitchen phone rings. The answering machine picks up.

VOICE ON ANSWERING MACHINE
Mr. Romley? This is Jack from Cash
Time Auto Title Loans informing you
that we have repossessed your truck
for being three months behind on
payment. You have a nice day now.

Lester pounds his cast on the wall.

LESTER
Fuck!

Lester winces in pain. He looks for something to splint his broken arm with. He spies two pieces of rebar sitting on the patio and opens the patio door. Rocco lunges at Lester and Lester pushes him away.

LESTER

Not now.

Lester grabs the pieces of rebar.

INT. LESTER'S HOUSE -- LATER

Lester's broken arm is splinted with the two pieces of rebar. Lester moves his broken arm a little and winces.

Lester goes into the bathroom, opens the medicine cabinet, searches for a moment and finds a prescription bottle.

Close-up of the bottle. It is a bottle of pain killers for the dog.

Lester exits the bathroom, twists the top off the pill bottle, swallows two of the dog pain meds with a swig of Nic Ale, and leaves the house.

AT THE END OF LESTER'S BLOCK -- A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER

Three cars are parked on the block. Lester tries the driver's side doors on two cars, but they are locked. The door of the third car, a turquoise blue Toyota Echo, is unlocked.

INT. TOYOTA -- MOMENTS LATER

Lester finds the keys under the sun visor. He puts the keys in the ignition and drives away.

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- LATER

A medium-sized night club called "Rockers" located on the east side of Tucson. The club is about half-full. Daniel's band, Republican Kiss, is on stage ripping through a heavy stoner rock groove.

The band finishes and the only applause comes from a forty-something-year-old rocker chick standing at the front of the stage staring lustfully at Zeke. The rest of the audience stares blankly at the band.

Daniel stands at the microphone.

DANIEL
Thanks. You guys rock.

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- LATER

Daniel, Trevor, Sergei and Zeke sit in a booth with shots of Jagermeister and beers in front of them.

ZEKE
That wasn't too painful.

DANIEL
No, that sucked.

TREVOR
The Loverboy tribute band got more applause than we did.

SERGEI
I need to get stoned.

Zeke shrugs.

ZEKE
Hey, I had fun.

Daniel appears to be lost in thought.

DANIEL
Any of you guys have a GPS unit?

TREVOR
What do you need a GPS unit for?

DANIEL
I found some coordinates in a journal my grandfather left for me. They're for something inside Saguaro National Park. My grandmother thinks John Cutlass killed my grandfather because of the Park and wildlife refuge located next to it.

Trevor, Zeke and Sergei stare at Daniel, stunned.

TREVOR
Your grandfather was murdered?

ZEKE
By John Cutlass, the land developer?

DANIEL
That's what my grandmother thinks.

TREVOR
You believe her?

Daniel shrugs.

DANIEL
She believes it.

A dejected-looking, badly bruised Lester sits in the booth behind Daniel awkwardly holding a beer to his chest with his cast. His Ace-bandaged arm is covered in an old sock with holes cut in the end for his fingers.

TREVOR
And you have no idea what the coordinates are for?

Daniel shakes his head.

SERGEI
Maybe it's not just the land itself.
Maybe there's something buried there,
and whatever it is, it's what got
your grandfather killed.

ZEKE
You mean like buried treasure?

At the word 'treasure' Lester is suddenly interested in the conversation taking place behind him.

SERGEI
We're in.

DANIEL
In what?

ZEKE
We're going to help you find the
treasure.

DANIEL
I don't know that it's treasure.

ZEKE
It's gotta be treasure. What else
could it be?

TREVOR
Whatever it is, we'll help you find
it.

ZEKE
What about John Cutlass?

DANIEL
What about him? Rich people like
him don't go to jail.

SERGEI
Motherfucker needs to pay.

Daniel stands.

DANIEL
You guys need to relax. We'll talk
about this later.

Daniel walks over to the bar to order drinks. A woman in
her early thirties, JENNA, stands at the bar next to Daniel.
She has curly brown hair, green eyes, a dash of freckles and
a nice smile.

JENNA
You guys were good tonight.

Daniel nods, not really paying attention to her.

DANIEL
Thanks.

JENNA
You guys were better the last time I
saw you, but you guys also had a
better sound guy and a much better
crowd last time.

Now Daniel is paying attention to her. Jenna smiles.

JENNA
I'm Jenna.

DANIEL
Daniel.

JENNA
You guys have a CD?

DANIEL
Our new one's called "I Want Life...
Fucker."

JENNA
Cool title. *Blade Runner* is one of
my favorite movies.

Daniel smiles.

DANIEL
Yeah? Mine too.

At the booth, Zeke is looking impatient.

ZEKE
I thought Daniel was going to get us
another round. What's taking him so
long?

Trevor watches Daniel talk with Jenna. Daniel has a
transfixed expression on his face.

TREVOR
He met a girl.

ZEKE
Big deal. I'm thirsty.

SERGEI
I need to get stoned.

TREVOR
Fuck this place. Let's go get a
drink at a real bar.

At the bar, Daniel glances over and sees Trevor motioning at
the booth.

DANIEL
Looks like my friends are trying to
get my attention. Can I get your
number?

Jenna writes her number on a napkin and hands it to Daniel.

DANIEL
I'll call you.

JENNA
I look forward to it.

Daniel walks away from the bar and waves at Jenna.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR -- LATER

A beat-up Saab with Trevor behind the wheel and Daniel in the passenger seat.

TREVOR
Getting some digits?

Daniel smiles and shrugs.

DANIEL
Something like that. She's super cool.

TREVOR
Your luck starting to change with the ladies?

DANIEL
We'll see.

Through the back window of the Saab, the turquoise Toyota Echo with Lester driving is seen right behind them.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Daniel sits on the sofa reading his grandfather's war journal. Scuz lies next to Daniel, with a typical expression of feline indifference.

FLASHBACKS -- DIEGO IN WW II

A large group of American soldiers landing in France. Diego, age 19, is one of the group. He is wide-eyed, apprehensive, and scared as he scans the surroundings.

An explosion is heard in the distance. Diego flinches slightly and gazes in the direction of the explosion.

YOUNG DIEGO (V.O.)
July 25, 1944. Yesterday we landed in France. There are many American, British and Canadian soldiers here. I can hear explosions from American bombing raids in the distance and blasts from German Flak guns used to shoot down American planes.

Diego's platoon walking along a dirt road with green fields on either side. Explosions are seen in the far distance. A truck with dead American soldiers approaches and passes the platoon. Most of the platoon turns to stare at the bodies.

An Italian-American man about Diego's age named Sal nudges Diego and makes an unseen joke.

YOUNG DIEGO (V.O.)

August 2, 1944. Today we moved out. So far the war has been in the distance, and the fighting close by didn't seem real except when we saw dead soldiers coming back from the front. Now we're marching right into the fighting. Sal has taken a liking to me and has given me the nickname Digs.

Diego, Sal and two other soldiers fire their rifles at fleeing German soldiers.

Three dead American soldiers.

Diego crouched down behind the rubble of a destroyed farmhouse. His eyes are clenched shut and he has his fingers jammed in his ears as German machine guns fire nearby.

Diego writing in his journal by candlelight.

YOUNG DIEGO (V.O.)

August 4, 1944. I fired my rifle for the first time in combat today. When people are shooting at you, it is easy to pull the trigger out of fear and excitement. There were three casualties today from German machine guns. The machine guns are loud and you never know when they're going to fire at you. It is hard to write by candlelight.

A young German soldier running away from Diego. Diego shoots the soldier in the back, killing him. Diego lowers his rifle, a stunned expression on his face.

YOUNG DIEGO (V.O.)

August 7, 1944. I shot and killed someone today. I shot him in the back when he ran away.

(MORE)

YOUNG DIEGO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He looked like a schoolboy in a German
army uniform. I know we are at war
but I feel like I just murdered a
teenage boy. A good night of sleep
would be nice.

Diego sitting in the ruins of a building writing in his
journal. He stops writing and looks down at his hands, which
are shaking.

YOUNG DIEGO (V.O.)
August 13, 1944. We have surrounded
the city of Argentan. The fighting
was the heaviest I have seen so far.
It is quiet right now for the first
time in a day and a half. The quiet
scares me. It means the Germans are
reloading or sneaking up on you. My
hearing is almost gone from the
constant shelling and gunfire. My
hands shake all the time. It is
difficult to sleep knowing that there
are people out there who want to
kill me.

Diego lying in a hospital bed writing in his journal.

YOUNG DIEGO (V.O.)
August 15, 1944. I am in a hospital
bed. I got shot in the leg yesterday.
The wound is not bad. The doctors
say I will be back in combat in a
week. I can hear bombing in the
distance but the hospital is the
most quiet place I have been in weeks.
I feel like I could sleep for days.
Maybe I will dream of home tonight.

Diego, Sal and several other soldiers walking through the
wreckage of the town of Argentan.

YOUNG DIEGO (V.O.)
August 20, 1944. I am back at the
front. We have liberated Argentan
but most of the city has been
destroyed. The few civilians who
stayed in the town are happy to see
American soldiers.

(MORE)

YOUNG DIEGO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Tomorrow we will look for more
survivors and hope there are no German
snipers waiting for us.

Diego and Sal are inside of the ruins of a destroyed building. A dead SS Officer lies on the floor of the building. Sal searches the dead Officer's pockets and removes a satchel.

Sal opens the satchel. The satchel contains diamonds. Sal dumps the diamonds in the palm of his hand. Diego and Sal stare at the diamonds and then at each other.

Sal points his finger at Diego in a menacing gesture. He gives Diego half of the Diamonds. Diego stares at the diamonds in his hand with a blank expression.

YOUNG DIEGO (V.O.)
While searching the ruined buildings
of Argentan, Sal and I found the
body of a dead SS Officer. Sal was
excited to get his hands on a German
Lugar but we were surprised by what
else we found. The Officer had a
pouch with twenty diamonds inside.
We split the diamonds. Sal said
that he'd kill me if I told anybody
about what we found. We are now
rich but I do not feel comfortable
about taking the diamonds. Sal said
he's going to open a restaurant when
he gets home. He asks me what I am
going to do with my share. I tell
him I don't know.

BACK TO PRESENT -- INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Daniel looks up from Diego's war journal.

DANIEL
Holy shit.

Daniel flips through the rest of the journal.

DANIEL
What did you do with the diamonds?

A KNOCK on the front door startles Daniel. He hides the journal under the sofa like a child caught with a dirty magazine.

Daniel stands, goes to the door, pulls the curtain to the side, and opens the door.

Benny Ochoa, the ex-Navy SEAL neighbor, is on the front porch with a six-pack of beer in his hand.

DANIEL

Hey, Benny. What's shakin', bro?

BENNY

You interested in drinking a few?

DANIEL

Sure. Come on in.

Benny enters the house, sits in the easy chair, and hands a beer to Daniel. Daniel sits on the sofa and opens the beer.

DANIEL

How's everything?

Benny makes a slight shrug.

BENNY

You know. Same old shit.

Benny starts rubbing the back of his neck in a nervous gesture. Daniel gives Benny a questioning expression.

DANIEL

You okay, Benny?

BENNY

I don't mean to scare you or nothing, but there's a guy parked outside watching your house.

DANIEL

Watching my house?

Benny nods.

BENNY

I thought he might be keeping an eye on my place because it wouldn't be the first time, but I walked by his car a couple of times and he didn't give me a second glance. I've gotten pretty good at spotting the government agents who sometimes follow me, but this guy ain't one of them.

DANIEL

He a cop?

Benny shakes his head.

BENNY

Doubt it. He's all beat up and shit.

Daniel stands and opens his front door.

DANIEL

Show me.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Daniel and Benny step onto Daniel's front porch. The Toyota Echo is parked about half a block down on the right.

BENNY

Ugly-ass blue Toyota Echo at your
2:45 on the other side of the street.

Daniel glances down the street without being too obvious about it.

DANIEL

Can you tell what the guy is doing?

BENNY

He's staring at you like he's a famine
victim and you're a bag of rice. No
idea who he is?

Daniel shakes his head.

BENNY

You piss off anybody recently?

DANIEL

No more than normal.

Benny grins.

BENNY

You have a bat I could borrow? Let's
go see what this guy's deal is.

Daniel goes in the house, returning a moment later with a baseball bat. Benny hefts the bat in his large hands.

BENNY

Nice weight.

With the bat in hand, Benny steps off Daniel's porch and walks toward the Toyota Echo. When Benny is about twenty feet from the car, the car starts up, reverses and takes off down a side street.

Benny returns to Daniel's porch and hands the bat to Daniel.

BENNY

If you see that guy again, call me.

Daniel and Benny fist-bump and Benny walks toward his house. Daniel stares in the direction the Toyota drove off, wondering about who was in the car.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Daniel picks up his cell phone, dials Jenna's number and gets her voicemail.

DANIEL

Hi Jenna, it's Daniel. We met the other night. I was calling to see if you wanted to go out and maybe get something to eat next weekend. Or maybe I could cook for you. I'm not sure if I mentioned that I'm a chef, or was, anyway.

Daniel winces at the words, wondering if he sounds desperate.

DANIEL

Anyway, give me a call sometime.

Daniel hangs up and sets the cell phone on the coffee table. He reaches under the couch, grabs his grandfather's war journal and stares at it.

DANIEL

What other secrets are you hiding?

Daniel opens the journal.

INT. JOHN CUTLASS'S OFFICE -- LATER

John Cutlass sits in the large leather chair behind the mahogany desk in his office.

The office door opens and Wanda steps inside.

WANDA

The Mayor's office just called. The Mayor agreed to an "emergency" land referendum vote on the Rincon Wildlife Refuge. I thought that might please you.

JOHN CUTLASS

Very much so. Thanks, Wanda.

Wanda leaves the office, closing the doors behind her.

A moment later, the intercom buzzes and Mindy's voice is heard.

MINDY (O.S.)

Mr. Cutlass, sir. There's a Mr. Hannity and a Mr. Colmes out here to talk to you. They say they're Private Investigators.

Cutlass appears to freeze for a moment.

JOHN CUTLASS

Private Investigators? What do they want?

The doors of the office open. Zeke and Sergei walk in. Zeke is wearing a Hawaiian shirt with a pattern of bright neon-colored fish on it and shorts. Sergei is wearing a Stolichnaya T-shirt and shorts.

JOHN CUTLASS

I'm a very busy man, gentlemen. If you make an appointment with my secretary, I'd be more than happy to give you a few moments of my time.

Zeke folds his arms over his chest.

ZEKE

Diego Vargas.

JOHN CUTLASS

What's that? Oh yes. What a shame him passing like he did.

SERGEI

You killed him.

Cutlass frowns.

JOHN CUTLASS
That's a pretty serious allegation.
Who did you say you represented?

SERGEI
We represent the family of Diego
Vargas.

John Cutlass scoffs.

JOHN CUTLASS
I can't imagine Diego Vargas's family
hiring you two idiots for anything.
Now please leave before I have to
call security.

SERGEI
We know you had Diego Vargas poisoned.

John Cutlass points at the door.

JOHN CUTLASS
You need to leave.

Zeke does a lame attempt at a movie tough guy.

ZEKE
Better grow some eyes in the back of
your head, 'cause we'll be watching
you.

John Cutlass screams.

JOHN CUTLASS
Get out of my office!

Zeke and Sergei turn to leave. Zeke glances over his
shoulder.

ZEKE
See you around, killer.

Zeke and Sergei walk past the reception desk. Sergei winks
at Mindy.

INT. ELEVATOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Zeke and Sergei stand in an elevator on its way down. Sergei
glances at Zeke.

SERGEI
 Better grow eyes in the back of your
 head? Where'd that nugget of
 cheesiness come from?

Zeke shrugs.

ZEKE
 It was all I could think of at the
 time.

The elevator doors open.

INT. LOBBY OF THE WILLIAMS CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

The ground floor of the Williams Center, the building housing
 the offices of the Great American Housing Corporation. Zeke
 and Sergei walk toward the doors leading to the parking lot.

SERGEI
 So what do we do if we find out that
 John Cutlass really did kill Daniel's
 grandfather?

ZEKE
 Go to the cops, I guess.

SERGEI
 Won't work. Cutlass owns this city.
 I do like the idea that he knows
 we're on to him, though.

WILLIAMS CENTER PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Zeke and Sergei exit the building and walk toward Zeke's red
 Volkswagen Jetta.

ZEKE
 What stops him from trying to kill
 us, too? Wait, if we killed him
 first wouldn't that be self-defense?

SERGEI
 You want to kill John Cutlass?

ZEKE
 I don't, but I know somebody who
 would.

Zeke and Sergei stop next to Zeke's Volkswagen.

SERGEI

Daniel? He doesn't have it in him.

Zeke stares up at the Williams Center building.

SERGEI

We can't let that ugly little troll
get away with murder, can we?

ZEKE

We need to come up with a plan.

INT. WILLIAMS CENTER PARKING GARAGE -- LATER

John Cutlass walks through the underground parking garage toward where his Mercedes is parked. His cell phone is in his hand and he dials a number. Cutlass stops next to his car and talks into the phone.

JOHN CUTLASS

We need to talk about the Diego Vargas
situation. Two guys came to see me
today about your handiwork. You
need to call me immediately.

Cutlass pulls a key fob from his pocket and hits the button, unlocking the car. As Cutlass opens the car door, Zeke appears behind him with a flashlight-shaped stun gun and puts the stun gun to the back of John Cutlass's neck.

The stun gun makes an electric crackle and John Cutlass falls to the pavement. Zeke and Sergei stand over John Cutlass lying on the ground. Sergei turns to Zeke.

SERGEI

I know we talked about this, but
what the fuck do we do now?

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Daniel sits on the sofa, reading his grandfather's war journal. A KNOCKING is heard at the front door. Knowing that someone has been watching his house, Daniel stands and cautiously approaches the door.

DANIEL

Who's there?

Zeke's voice is heard on the other side.

ZEKE
Zeke and Sergei.

Daniel opens the door, confused by why Zeke and Sergei are at his house unannounced. Both Zeke and Sergei are on edge.

ZEKE
We, uh, brought you something you might like.

Daniel eyes Zeke suspiciously.

DANIEL
What's that?

SERGEI
It's in the trunk.

Daniel folds his arms across his chest and frowns.

DANIEL
Okay, what the fuck's going on?

SERGEI
Better if we just show you.

Zeke motions Daniel to follow him.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Daniel follows Sergei and Zeke to Zeke's Jetta parked out front. Zeke uses a key fob to open the trunk of the car.

ZEKE
Don't ever tell me that I don't bring you cool presents.

Zeke lifts open the trunk of the Jetta. John Cutlass is inside the trunk with duct tape covering his eyes and mouth and duct tape binding his arms and ankles behind his back. Cutlass makes a loud HMMMMPPHHH from behind the tape.

Daniel stares at Cutlass in shock.

SERGEI
Jettas have a lot of trunk room, don't they?

DANIEL
What the fuck have you guys done?

ZEKE

We thought you'd want to take a few swings at him. We heard him say he killed Diego Vargas.

Again, Cutlass makes a loud duct-taped HMMMPPH.

DANIEL

What?

SERGEI

We heard him say it. That's why we brought him to you.

DANIEL

This is kidnapping, you assholes! What, I beat him up a little and then let him go and everything goes back to normal? We're going to go to prison for a really long time. Do you fucking understand that?

Cutlass makes another loud noise from behind the duct tape.

ZEKE

That's getting annoying.

Zeke produces the stun gun and zaps John Cutlass, who goes quiet and still other than his ragged breathing. Daniel motions at the stun gun.

DANIEL

Where did you get that thing?

ZEKE

Radio Shack. Cool, huh?

Zeke shuts the trunk. Daniel walks to the steps of his front porch, sits, and buries his face in his hands.

After a couple of moments, Daniel looks up. Zeke and Sergei stare at him with expectant expressions, like they're waiting for Daniel to make a decision about the situation.

ZEKE

I guess we fucked up, huh?

DANIEL

Understatement of the year. What the fuck were you guys thinking? How long will he be out for?

ZEKE
Five, ten minutes, maybe longer.

DANIEL
That's it?

Zeke shrugs.

ZEKE
I could hold the stun gun to him
longer and see what it does.

DANIEL
I hope you guys brought some beer
because we're going to have to figure
out what to do here.

Zeke and Sergei follow Daniel into the house.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Zeke and Daniel sit on the couch. Sergei sits in the easy
chair. Several empty beer cans sit on the coffee table.

DANIEL (V.O.)
After a few beers, I've compiled a
list of our options which are as
follows:

SCENARIOS FOR DANIEL'S OPTIONS

Daniel cuts the duct tape away from John Cutlass and gives
Cutlass a 'sorry-about-that' kind of shrug.

A prison door slams behind Daniel.

DANIEL (V.O.)
One, we let John Cutlass go, tell
him this was a just a big
misunderstanding and go our separate
ways. Result: prison.

John Cutlass sitting in a chair in front of a video camera
on a tripod.

A group of cops watching the video of John Cutlass in the
chair.

A teary-eyed John Cutlass in front a group of reporters.

Daniel in a prison cell.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Two, we videotape a murder confession from John Cutlass and turn it over to the cops. Unfortunately, he'll convince people that he was kidnapped by three moron musicians and was forced to make a false confession. Result: prison.

John Cutlass wandering around, lost somewhere in the desert.

Daniel in the same prison cell. A large, scary looking inmate crawls into bed with Daniel.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Three, we turn Cutlass loose somewhere in the desert. But if he makes it back to civilization, we're fucked.

Daniel, Zeke and Sergei with shovels in their hands filling in a grave somewhere in the desert.

A shot of the gas chamber at the Arizona State Penitentiary.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Four, we kill Cutlass and bury him in the desert. But none of us are murderers and if we get caught we'll die for it.

A shot of the "Bienvenidos a Mexico" sign at the US/Mexico border in Nogales.

Cutlass wandering through the Mexican desert.

Cutlass speaking to a group of Mexicans who stare at Cutlass, not understanding him.

Daniel, Zeke and Sergei wearing large straw sombreros with "MEXICO" stitched into the brims in red yarn.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Five, we haul-ass to Mexico and dump Cutlass somewhere in Mexico. Even if he does stumble across a village, the language barrier will be enough to keep him from getting to the States for a while, and if he actually does make it back to the US, we should think about becoming Mexican citizens.

BACK TO PRESENT -- INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM

Daniel turns and addresses the camera.

DANIEL

But Cutlass hasn't seen my face and doesn't know who I am. If he makes it back to the US, Zeke and Sergei might want to think about going to Canada. But we'll deal with that when the time comes.

Daniel turns to Zeke and Sergei.

DANIEL

Here's what we're going to do: Sergei, you're going to get Cutlass's car and take it somewhere where it'll get stripped or stolen. Zeke, you and I are going to drive Cutlass to Mexico, find a remote location to dump him, and then we'll drive home.

Zeke is horrified.

ZEKE

We're going to kill him?

DANIEL

We're going to let him go. With no money and no i.d., a guy like Cutlass doesn't have a very good chance of getting back to the US.

SERGEI

What if he does get back?

Daniel ignores him.

ZEKE

Why my car?

DANIEL

He's in your trunk.

ZEKE

I don't want to take my car into Mexico.

DANIEL

You guys have a better plan?

Zeke and Sergei stare at Daniel.

DANIEL

We don't want to go to prison and this is our only real option. Nobody sees Cutlass again and we go on with our lives and we don't talk about any of this with anyone. Got it?

Zeke and Sergei stare at Daniel for a couple of moments.

SERGEI

When are we doing this?

DANIEL

Now.

Daniel stands, leaves the room and returns with a large duffel bag, a couple of old fishing poles, and a rusty tackle box.

ZEKE

We're going fishing?

DANIEL

It's our cover. We're a couple of guys going to Mexico to do some fishing.

Daniel fills the cat's bowls with food and water and motions for Zeke and Sergei to follow him.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Daniel throws the duffel bag, the fishing poles and the tackle box in the backseat of the Jetta.

Sergei starts to get into the backseat of the car.

DANIEL

What are you doing?

SERGEI

You're dropping me off at Cutlass's car.

DANIEL

No time for that. Take a cab or the bus.

Sergei is horrified.

Insert image of a Sun Tran bus, Tucson's public bus system.

SERGEI

You're gonna make me take the bus?

DANIEL

One ride won't hurt you.

SERGEI

Easy for you to say.

DANIEL

Look, I'm sorry, but I'm saving all of our asses. Zeke, go zap Cutlass again, get his car keys and let's get going.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The Jetta drives away from the house, leaving Sergei standing on the sidewalk with John Cutlass's car keys in his hand.

Moments after the Jetta drives away, the Toyota Echo pulls out of an alley and follows the Jetta.

INT. TOYOTA -- MOMENTS LATER

Lester is driving. Zeke's Jetta is up ahead of the Toyota. The Jetta turns, drives a couple of blocks and stops in front of Zeke's house.

Lester stops the Toyota about half a block away, keeping his eye on the Jetta. He grabs his cell phone and dials.

SPLIT SCREEN

Lester behind the wheel of the Echo on the left, Doreen in their living room on the right. Doreen is furious.

DOREEN

Where the hell are you, Lester?

LESTER

I know you're angry, baby.

DOREEN

You don't come home last night, hell yeah, I'm angry.

LESTER

I need you to calm down and listen to me. What if I said I found a way to get a hold of a lot of money.

DOREEN

I'd say keep talking.

LESTER

Last night I was at this bar and I heard these guys talking about this treasure map that they had.

DOREEN

A treasure map? Get real.

LESTER

Listen to me, baby. So I followed one of the guys last night to see where he lives. And now I'm following them to where the treasure's buried.

Doreen doesn't answer.

LESTER

Did you hear me, baby? I'm gonna get us a treasure. We're gonna be rich.

A small smile creeps onto Doreen's face.

DOREEN

We're gonna be rich.

LESTER

Yeah, baby. But first I have to find it. Would you give me more time to find the treasure if I came back rich?

DOREEN

Yeah.

LESTER

I'm gonna bring home a treasure, baby.

Lester hangs up the phone. Doreen slides off screen.

Lester sees the Jetta pull away from Zeke's house and he follows the car.

INT. ZEKE'S CAR -- LATER

The Jetta drives south on Interstate 17. Zeke is driving. Daniel sits in the passenger seat. He dials a number on his cell phone.

SPLIT SCREEN

Daniel in the passenger seat of the Jetta on the left.

Daniel's cousin, MATEO, in the driver's seat of a Jeep on the right. Mateo is in his mid-thirties, Mexican, with shoulder-length black hair and a couple days' worth of facial stubble. Loud rock music plays in the Jeep.

SUPER: "MATEO. DANIEL'S COUSIN. MUSICIAN."

Mateo answers his cell phone, yelling over the loud music.

MATEO
¿Quien es?

SUBTITLES
Who is this?

DANIEL
Es su primo Daniel.

SUBTITLES
It's your cousin Daniel.

Mateo yells over the music.

MATEO
¿Quien?

SUBTITLES
Who?

DANIEL
¡Baje la jodida musica,
pendejo!

SUBTITLES
Turn down the fucking music,
asshole!

Mateo turns down the music, obviously perturbed.

MATEO
¿Que chingados? ¿Quien
es?

SUBTITLES
What the fuck? Who is
this?

DANIEL
It's your cousin Daniel.

MATEO
Daniel?...Daniel! How the fuck are
you, man?

DANIEL
Good. I'm coming down your way.
I'll be there sometime tonight. You
gonna be around?

Mateo is excited.

MATEO
 You're coming in tonight? Cool.
 Fuck yeah, I'll be here. I'll have
 some cold beers waiting for you.

Mateo honks his horn and screams at an unseen driver.

MATEO
 Puto! Sorry, man. Shitty fuckin'
 drivers around here. You remember
 how to find my place?

DANIEL
 Yeah. See you tonight.

Daniel hangs up the phone and Mateo slides off screen. Daniel turns to Zeke.

DANIEL
 We're going to my cousin's house
 south of Hermosillo.

ZEKE
 That's kind of a shitty thing to do
 to a relative.

DANIEL
 We're just letting him go, remember?

A loud THUMP is heard in the trunk. Zeke and Daniel glance at each other. Another loud THUMP is heard.

DANIEL
 Pull over.

EXT. ZEKE'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

The Jetta rolls to a stop and Daniel gets out. Zeke turns on the car stereo and Joni Mitchell comes out of the speakers.

Hearing Joni Mitchell, Daniel's mood turns to one of pure rage. Daniel opens the trunk of the Jetta and begins pounding on John Cutlass as the warbly sounds of Joni Mitchell plays.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 Is this really the kind of person I
 am? Less than an hour ago I would've
 said no. Now, I'm not so sure.

INT. ZEKE'S CAR -- LATER

The car is the second in a line of cars crossing the border into Mexico at the Nogales border crossing. A German Shepherd on a leash is being led around the car in front of the Jetta.

Where Daniel looks tense and slightly nervous, Zeke is calm.

The car in front of the Jetta drives away and the Jetta pulls up to the booth.

The woman sitting in the booth is short and round, with dark hair and dark skin wearing a black polyester uniform.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #1
Passports.

Zeke hands two passports to the woman.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #1
Citizenship?

ZEKE
American.

DANIEL
American. We're from Tucson.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #1
Purpose of your visit to Mexico?

ZEKE
We're going fishing.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #1
Where are you going fishing?

ZEKE
San Carlos.

The woman stares at Zeke and Daniel for a couple of moments.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #1
Where are you staying in San Carlos?

ZEKE
Don't know the name of the place.
It's a three-story sky blue place
right on the ocean.

Zeke smiles at the woman while Daniel looks like he might have a coronary. The woman stares at them for a couple more moments, hands them their passports, and waves them through.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #1
Bienvenidos a Mexico.

The Jetta pulls past the booth. Daniel motions for Zeke to keep driving on Highway 15 through Nogales.

DANIEL
We'll get our permit at the next
checkpoint.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

The Toyota Echo is one car from the booth at the US/Mexico border. Lester watches the Jetta drive away.

LESTER
Shit!

The car at the booth in front of Lester drives away. Lester does his best to compose himself as he pulls forward to the booth. He smiles at the Border Patrol Agent in the booth.

The Agent stares at Lester's appearance; his two broken arms, bruised, beat-up face and bad haircut.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #2
Citizenship?

LESTER
You mean where I'm from?

The Border Patrol Agent gives Lester a bored expression.

LESTER
I'm from Tucson.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #2
Which makes you from what country?

Lester smiles proudly.

LESTER
I'm from the United States of America,
the greatest country on Earth.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #2
Passport, please.

Confused, Lester hands over his Arizona Driver's Licence.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #2
This isn't a passport. Do you have
a passport?

Lester stares at the Agent dumbly.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #2
I can't let you into Mexico without
a passport.

LESTER
Where do I get a passport?

The Border Patrol Agent's expression says she wonders if
Lester is for real.

LESTER
How long does it take to get a
passport?

BORDER PATROL AGENT #2
A few weeks, a month.

LESTER
A month? Shit!

The Border Patrol Agent stares at Lester suspiciously and
points to the Immigration Offices.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #2
Sir, you need to pull your car over
there.

Lester grins, thinking that the Border Patrol Agent is letting
him into Mexico. Lester pulls into a parking spot outside
of the Immigration Offices.

EXT. MEXICAN IMMIGRATION BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Within seconds, more Border Patrol Agents have Lester out of
the Toyota and are tearing the car apart looking for
contraband. Lester watches with a horrified expression.

INT. MEXICAN CHECKPOINT -- LATER

A drab looking room with a counter and a few uncomfortable
looking chairs. A woman in a uniform hands a "Sonora Only"
permit to Zeke to hang from the rear view mirror of the car.

EXT. MEXICAN CHECKPOINT -- MOMENTS LATER

Zeke and Daniel walk toward the Jetta, which is parked next to a couple other cars at the checkpoint.

INT. ZEKE'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Zeke and Daniel are in the Jetta. As Zeke puts the key in the ignition, a soldier with a buzzed head, a big machine gun and serious demeanor raps his knuckles on the driver's side door.

SOLDIER
Get out of the car.

ZEKE
Excuse me?

SOLDIER
We need to inspect your vehicle.

Daniel looks like he might shit himself. Zeke remains calm and climbs out of the car.

EXT. ZEKE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The soldier motions to the back of the Jetta.

SOLDIER
What's in the trunk?

ZEKE
Spare tire, a jack, some tools, my suitcase. That's about it.

SOLDIER
Open the trunk.

Zeke begins to look tense. Inside the car, Daniel closes his eyes, expecting the worst. Zeke uses the key fob to open the trunk.

The soldier starts to open the trunk. The radio clipped to the soldier's belt starts squawking in rapid-fire Spanish. The soldier stops to listen to the radio. He lets go of the trunk and waves impatiently at Zeke.

SOLDIER
Go. Get out of here.

Zeke closes the trunk and gets in the car.

INT. ZEKE'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Zeke drives while staring in the rear view mirror at the checkpoint. He pulls the car over on the side of the road.

SIDE OF DESERT HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Zeke climbs out of the car, walks a few feet into the desert, leans over and throws up. Daniel gets out of the car. Zeke stares up at the bright sky.

ZEKE

We were only two seconds from our lives from being over. You know that, right? Whatever happens in the next couple of days I want you to know that I'm sorry.

A loud THUMP is heard inside the trunk. Zeke and Daniel glance at each other. Another THUMP is heard in the trunk.

Zeke walks to the Jetta, opens the passenger side door, reaches into the glove compartment and grabs the stun gun.

Zeke goes to the back of the Jetta, opens the trunk, zaps John Cutlass in the ribs, and closes the trunk.

ZEKE

Fuck you, dude.

Zeke glances at Daniel.

ZEKE

I know I just threw up and all, but we need to stop and get some beer. Lots of beer.

Zeke and Daniel get into the Jetta and drive off.

EXT. MEXICAN IMMIGRATION BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

A Border Patrol Agent is inside the Toyota Echo, tearing the car apart. Another Agent stands outside of the car. Both men are pissed off because they didn't find any contraband inside of the car.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #3

There's nothing in here. It's clean.

The other Border Patrol Agent motions to Lester.

BORDER PATROL AGENT #4

You can leave.

Lester eyes the Border Patrol Agent, wondering if it's some kind of trick.

LESTER

I can go?

The Border Patrol Agent nods angrily and waves him off. Lester gets in the Toyota and drives away.

INT. TOYOTA -- LATER

The Toyota approaches the checkpoint south of Nogales.

LESTER

Fuck! How many of these God damned things do they have in this country?

Lester pulls up next to a soldier wearing dark Ray-Ban sunglasses and chewing on a matchstick. The soldier gives the car a once-over and waves Lester on.

Lester exhales and drives away.

INT. TOYOTA -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Lester is fidgety. He turns on the radio and flips around the stations. Every channel is playing Mexican oomp music. He turns the radio off. His mood lightens when he sees Zeke's Jetta pull onto the highway, leaving a roadside beer stand.

MONTAGE -- THE JETTA DRIVING THROUGH SONORA

--The Jetta passing through the small towns of Imuris, Magdalena de Kino and Santa Ana.

--The Jetta driving through the city of Hermosillo.

--The sun is going down as the Jetta turns right onto a two-lane dirt road.

--The Jetta passes through the small village of Santa Clara.

--The Jetta turning onto a single-lane dirt road.

--The Jetta pulls up to a wrought-iron gate connected to a large cinder block wall surrounding a house.

--The gate opens and the Jetta drives inside.

EXT. MATEO'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A large, ranch-style house with a two-car garage and a black Jeep Wrangler parked out front. The grounds are lit by bright floodlights. The Jetta stops behind the Jeep. Zeke and Daniel climb out of the car.

ZEKE

Your cousin a drug dealer or something?

DANIEL

Nope. A musician.

The front door of the house opens and Mateo steps out. His long hair is tied into a ponytail. He is wearing baggy jeans and a black T-shirt that says "fuck" on the front.

Mateo hugs Daniel.

MATEO

Daniel! How the hell you doin', man?

DANIEL

I'm surviving.

MATEO

I was sorry to hear about your Tata. He was a cool dude. I remember when he used to tell us those ghost stories when we'd go camping on the beach.

Mateo waves a greeting at Zeke and grins.

MATEO

What the hell you doin' down here? You guys on the run or something?

DANIEL

Sort of. Not really.

The smile disappears from Mateo's face.

MATEO

Sort of, not really? What the fuck are you doing here, Daniel?

Daniel walks around the back of the Jetta and opens the trunk. Mateo looks inside the trunk, his voice just a whisper.

MATEO
What the fuck is this?

Mateo turns to Daniel, now very angry.

MATEO
You bring a beat-up guy in the trunk
of your car to my house? Are you
fucking crazy?

DANIEL
I was kind of hoping you'd help me
get rid of him.

MATEO
So because I'm Mexican I know about
killing people and getting rid of
bodies? Do you think we're all
criminals here? Hey, I got a great
idea. Let's go see my cousin Mateo
'cause he'll know what to do with
the half-dead gringo in the trunk.

DANIEL
I don't want to kill him.

MATEO
Yeah? Then what's he doing in the
trunk?

DANIEL
He's the one who killed my Tata.

MATEO
What do you mean he killed your Tata?
I didn't hear anything about him
being murdered.

DANIEL
That guy had someone poison him.

MATEO
You better not be fucking with me,
man. If you're serious, I'll kill
the guy myself.

DANIEL
I was kinda thinking that I could
just ditch him somewhere in the desert
and see if he survives.

Mateo claps Daniel on the shoulder.

MATEO
That's really twisted. I like it.

DANIEL
Any ideas where to leave him?

MATEO
I can think of something, I'm sure.

Daniel motions to Zeke.

DANIEL
Help me get him out of the car.

Zeke shakes his head.

ZEKE
He reeks of piss. I can't believe
he pissed in my trunk.

Daniel frowns at Zeke and speaks to Cutlass.

DANIEL
I'm going to help you out of the
trunk, okay?

Cutlass makes a HMMMPPHH noise through his nose. Daniel
speaks to Mateo.

DANIEL
You have a knife or some scissors?

Cutlass makes a HMMMPPHH of pure terror. Mateo hands Daniel
a folding knife. Daniel takes the knife and slaps Cutlass.

DANIEL
I'm not going to hurt you.

Daniel cuts the duct tape from Cutlass's ankles. Daniel
lifts Cutlass out of the trunk and leans him against the
side of the Jetta.

DANIEL
I wouldn't try running if I were
you. We're in the middle of nowhere.

Even though he's still blindfolded and has his wrists bound
with duct tape, Cutlass takes off running.

Cutlass runs right into the side of Mateo's house with a wet SLAP that knocks him out.

Daniel, Zeke and Mateo stare at Cutlass lying in the dirt for a few moments. Zeke turn to Mateo.

ZEKE

Got any beer?

INT. MATEO'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Mateo sits at a breakfast bar drinking a cup of coffee, tapping on a laptop. Daniel enters the room. He looks tired and very hungover.

MATEO

You didn't tell me that guy is a billionaire. You thought about ransoming him? It would be a shame not to get something from the pendejo.

DANIEL

The thought crossed my mind.

MATEO

You ready to have a talk with your friend in the garage?

INT. MATEO'S GARAGE -- LATER

A well-stocked garage full of power tools and tool boxes. John Cutlass lies on the floor on a soiled mattress, duct tape still over his eyes and wrists still tied behind his back. Mateo nudges Cutlass with his shoe.

MATEO

Time to wake up, man.

Cutlass makes a frightened HMMMPPPHH noise and thrashes around.

MATEO

Stop squirming. We're putting you in a chair.

Mateo pulls a wooden chair out from against the wall. Daniel and Mateo lift Cutlass and put him in the chair. Cutlass kicks out at his captors but misses them completely. The chair tips over and Cutlass lands on his back.

DANIEL

That wasn't too smart, John. Let's try this again.

Daniel and Mateo lift the chair back up. No kick comes.

DANIEL

It's time to have a little talk, John. I'm going to take the tape off your face.

Daniel rips the duct tape from Cutlass's eyes. Cutlass lets out a squeal and bounces in his chair. Cutlass's face is a pulpy blend of ugly colors. He fixes Daniel with a look of pure hatred.

Daniel pulls the duct tape from Cutlass's mouth.

JOHN CUTLASS

You two have no idea who you're fucking with. You two are dead.

DANIEL

Let's talk about why you're here.

An look of recognition passes over Cutlass's face.

JOHN CUTLASS

You're...the waiter.

Mateo glances at Daniel.

MATEO

You waited on this pendejo? Hope you spit in his food.

DANIEL

I didn't, but one of the guys in the kitchen shook his chonies over his food.

Mateo grins at Cutlass.

MATEO

You know you ate all the shit off some dude's balls? Did it taste good?

JOHN CUTLASS

Are you doing this 'cause I left you a bad tip?

The question causes Daniel to pause for a moment.

DANIEL

It was a thirteen percent tip, if I remember right.

Mateo sucks air through his teeth.

MATEO

You kill the guy's grandfather and you leave him a shitty tip? Man, that's cold.

JOHN CUTLASS

I didn't kill anyone's grandfather. I'm a businessman, not a murderer.

DANIEL

Recognize the name Diego Vargas?

Cutlass scoffs, thinking Daniel is too white to be related.

JOHN CUTLASS

Diego Vargas was your grandfather? Not likely.

DANIEL

He'd still be alive if it wasn't for you.

JOHN CUTLASS

I didn't kill Diego Vargas.

Zeke appears behind Mateo with a cup of coffee in his hand, still wearing his Hawaiian shirt with the neon fish on it.

ZEKE

You didn't, but someone you hired did. I heard you talking to them.

Cutlass frowns at Zeke.

JOHN CUTLASS

You. So which one are you supposed to be, Hannity or Colmes?

Zeke doesn't answer. Daniel stares at Cutlass like he's crazy. Cutlass turns to Daniel with a smug expression.

JOHN CUTLASS

That idiot bursts into my office with some other guy claiming to be private investigators and accused me of killing Diego Vargas. I left my office a little while later and the next thing I know, I'm in the trunk of a car. I can assure you that there will be a manhunt for me and when they find me, you three will never see the light of day again.

Daniel turns to Zeke with a slight smile.

DANIEL

You told him you were a p.i.?

MATEO

Like Magnum?

JOHN CUTLASS

Let me go right now and I'll make sure they don't give you the death penalty.

DANIEL

I think you're overstating your importance to the world.

JOHN CUTLASS

Oh, they'll put you to death if I tell them to.

Zeke removes a cell phone from his shorts pocket and holds the phone in Cutlass's direction.

ZEKE

I'm sure you recognize your cell phone. Remember that guy who you left a message for, who supposedly didn't have anything to do with Diego Vargas's death? He called you back. And guess who answered the phone?

Cutlass stares at Zeke.

ZEKE

He said he was happy that you approved of the way he poisoned Diego Vargas.

JOHN CUTLASS

Bullshit.

Daniel leans in close to Cutlass's face.

DANIEL

I want to hear you say you killed my grandfather.

JOHN CUTLASS

I didn't kill anyone.

ZEKE

Why deny it? Just admit it and then we can move on.

Cutlass glares at Zeke but doesn't say anything. Zeke turns to Daniel

ZEKE

Can I talk to you a minute inside?

INT. MATEO'S LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Zeke collapses on the couch. He looks frazzled.

ZEKE

I can't do this anymore.

DANIEL

What do you mean? You're doing great. What else did the hitman say to you?

ZEKE

He didn't say anything to me. I lied about the phone call.

Daniel stares at Zeke.

ZEKE

You see how nervous I made him? The fucker's guilty.

DANIEL

You made all that up?

Zeke shrugs.

DANIEL

Maybe it's time we ransom the motherfucker.

ZEKE

You do that and we never go home.

Zeke scrolls through Cutlass's cell phone.

ZEKE

There hasn't been any missed calls from his wife since last night. If your husband went missing, wouldn't you think you'd be frantically calling to see if he's okay?

DANIEL

How do you know which number is his wife?

ZEKE

It's the one that says 'wife' on the caller i.d.

DANIEL

You up for doing more acting? Let's call his wife.

Zeke dials Leslie Cutlass and puts the phone on speakerphone.

SPLIT SCREEN

Zeke standing in Mateo's living room on the left. Leslie Cutlass in her kitchen on the right. Leslie answers her cell phone.

LESLIE

Where the fuck have you been, John?

ZEKE

This isn't John, Mrs. Cutlass. If you want to see your husband again, you'll pay us...ten million dollars.

Zeke shrugs at Daniel.

LESLIE

Who is this? This isn't funny. I'll call the cops.

ZEKE

Go ahead and call the cops, Mrs. Cutlass. We still want ten million dollars.

LESLIE

How do I know that this is real?

Zeke walks over to the door leading to the garage and opens it. Zeke holds the phone in Cutlass's direction.

ZEKE

Your wife is on the phone.

Cutlass is panicked.

JOHN CUTLASS

Leslie, they have me tied up in a garage somewhere! Call the police and the FBI!

Zeke closes the door to the garage.

ZEKE

Satisfied? Pay up or he dies.

LESLIE

Go ahead and kill him. I won't miss him too much.

Zeke stumbles slightly.

ZEKE

You don't seem to understand--.

Leslie cuts him off.

LESLIE

I'm not paying anything for my husband so go ahead and chop him up into little pieces for all I care. The old fart treats me like shit and can't get it up most of the time. The both of you can go to hell.

Leslie Cutlass hangs up and slides off screen.

ZEKE

That didn't go so well.

Daniel motions for Zeke to follow him into the garage.

INT. MATEO'S GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Daniel and Zeke approach Cutlass.

JOHN CUTLASS

Can I speak to my wife?

DANIEL

Your wife sold you out, John. She said we should just kill you.

JOHN CUTLASS

My wife wouldn't say that. She loves me.

ZEKE

She wouldn't pay your ransom, John. She said we should chop you up into little pieces.

JOHN CUTLASS

So this is about money? You're just more greedy people who want to steal other people's money instead of going out and working for it? And here I thought this was some kind of misguided revenge plot. If it's money you want, I can make you rich.

DANIEL

I'm sure you can, John.

JOHN CUTLASS

What do you want from me?

DANIEL

I want to hear you say you killed my grandfather.

JOHN CUTLASS

If I admit to killing your pain in the ass grandfather, you'll kill me.

DANIEL

I'm waiting.

John Cutlass stays quiet, a defiant expression on his face.

DANIEL

Fine.

Daniel walks over to a wall of power tools and grabs a hand-held belt sander. Daniel plugs the sander in the wall and tests it to make sure it works. Cutlass looks truly frightened for the first time.

JOHN CUTLASS

What are you going to do with that?

Daniel's cell phone begins vibrating in his pocket. Daniel takes the phone from his pocket and sees that it's Jenna.

DANIEL

This phone call just saved your ass.
I met a nice girl last weekend and
this is her on the phone.

JOHN CUTLASS

How sweet.

DANIEL

Or I can just let it go to voice
mail.

JOHN CUTLASS

Go ahead and answer your call.

INT. MATEO'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Daniel steps into Mateo's living room and answers his phone.

SPLIT SCREEN

Daniel in Mateo's living room on the left side of the screen,
Jenna in her house on the right side of the screen.

JENNA

I was about to leave you a message.

DANIEL

You caught me in the middle of
something.

John Cutlass screams in the background.

JOHN CUTLASS (O.S.)

Help me! Your boyfriend is going to
kill me!

JENNA

What was that?

DANIEL

Just some guys working in the garage.

JENNA

Where are you?

DANIEL
At my cousin's house in Mexico.

JENNA
You're in Mexico?

Cutlass screams in the background, followed by the electronic buzz of the stun gun, and Cutlass is quiet.

DANIEL
He lives just north of Guaymas. He needed some help with something so I came down. Are we still on for next weekend?

JENNA
I look forward to it. Have fun in Mexico.

Jenna hangs up and she slides off screen. Daniel stares at his phone with an expression that says he might be in love.

INT. MATEO'S GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Daniel enters the garage. Cutlass speaks sarcastically.

JOHN CUTLASS
How's your girlfriend doing?

DANIEL
Are you going to admit that you killed my grandfather?

Cutlass spits in Daniel's face.

Daniel replaces the duct tape over Cutlass's mouth, grabs the belt sander and sands off the end of Cutlass's nose. Cutlass screams under the duct tape and thrashes in his chair.

Daniel yells in Cutlass's face.

DANIEL
HOW ABOUT NOW??

FREEZE FRAME

Daniel yelling in Cutlass's face.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Yes, I found that proverbial deep end and went right off it.

Daniel peels the duct tape from Cutlass's face. Cutlass cries out.

JOHN CUTLASS

Yes, I killed your piece of shit grandfather! I had him poisoned, just like you said! Happy now?

Daniel puts the duct tape back over Cutlass's mouth. A stream of blood and snot runs down Cutlass's face as Cutlass sobs. Zeke and Mateo stare at Daniel in shock.

MATEO

Mierda. Now you know the truth, what next?

DANIEL

Now we figure out where to dump him.

MATEO

I find that food helps with the decision making process. Let's go to my favorite restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM -- LATER

A beachside restaurant in a small village called Bahia. The walls are covered in American movie posters and American sports jerseys. There are a couple of tables inside and a bar. The back wall is a garage door that is open and faces the Sea of Cortez.

ROBERTO stands behind the bar. He is forty-ish, clean-shaven, with short black hair, medium height and medium build. He is washing bar glasses with a neutral expression on his face.

The only customer in the restaurant is a scary-looking biker sitting at the end of the bar.

Daniel, Zeke and Mateo enter the restaurant. Mateo is grinning wildly at Zeke.

MATEO

You really write for *Maxim*?

Zeke shrugs.

Daniel, Zeke and Mateo sit at the opposite end of the bar from where the biker sits. Mateo waves a greeting at Roberto and points at Daniel and Zeke.

MATEO

Hola, Roberto. Es mi primo Daniel y su amigo Brock Cannon.

At the mention of Zeke's alias, Roberto lights up.

ROBERTO

Brock Cannon? Brock Cannon de revista *Maxim*?

Roberto pulls a copy of *Maxim* in Spanish from under the bar and flips to a story written by Zeke. Zeke smiles at the magazine. Daniel is surprised to say the least.

DANIEL

Did you know about being translated into Spanish?

Zeke nods.

ZEKE

And German and Russian, too. And I'm really popular in India.

Roberto speaks in broken, heavily accented English.

ROBERTO

I make you Sweaty Portugese?

Daniel stares at Roberto in a slight awe and turns to Zeke.

DANIEL

Your list of disgusting shots got translated into Spanish? No wonder our world is in trouble.

Mateo holds up three fingers toward Roberto.

MATEO

Tres cervezas, por favor.

Roberto goes to get the beers. He opens the beers and sets them on the bar.

ZEKE

Where's the menus?

MATEO

No menus here, man. We eat whatever Roberto makes for us.

(MORE)

MATEO (CONT'D)

Right now we're waiting on a fisherman
to bring whatever he caught today.

A wrinkly old man carrying a white cloth sack enters the bar and hands the sack to Roberto, who inspects the contents of the sack and hands money to the old man, who sits at the bar with a beer and a shot of brandy.

MATEO

Right on time. You won't get food
any fresher than this, man.

Mateo points at the cloth sack.

MATEO

Tres especiales, por favor.

ZEKE

What's in the sack?

MATEO

Something good, don't worry.

Roberto removes some fish and a still wriggling octopus from the cloth sack, sets them on the counter behind the bar, and begins cooking.

Mateo turns toward Daniel and Zeke.

MATEO

You talked about leaving your friend
in the garage in the desert, which
could work. Driving him south and
dropping him in the jungle might
work, too, but I wouldn't want to be
two gringos driving that nice red
car down there because it can be muy
pelegroso. So what I'm thinking is
we take him out there.

Mateo points out the back of the restaurant at the ocean.

DANIEL

You think we should drown him?

Mateo shakes his head.

MATEO

We take him to la Isla de las Almas
Perdidas.

DANIEL

The Island of the Lost Souls? What's that?

MATEO

It's a small island that's been used for, what's the word? Banishment, for years. Do something wrong and you get sent to la Isla.

DANIEL

You made that up, right?

MATEO

Okay, yeah, it was story parents told their kids to scare the shit out of them. Be good or we'll send you to la Isla de las Almas Perdidas kind of thing, but the island really does exist.

DANIEL

Bullshit.

Mateo shakes his head, turns and speaks to the old fisherman sitting at the bar.

MATEO

¿Emilio, es la Isla de las Almas Perdidas reales?

SUBTITLES

Emilio, is the Island of the Lost Souls real?

EMILIO

Por supuesto que es real, pero lo que quieres es estar lejos de allí.

SUBTITLES

Of course it is real but you want to stay away from there.

MATEO

¿Dónde está la isla?

SUBTITLES

Where is the island?

Emilio waves his hand in the direction of the ocean.

EMILIO

Es de allí, pero no hay nada. Hay lugares mucho más agradables para visitar.

SUBTITLES

It is out there but there's nothing there. There are much nicer places to visit.

MATEO
¿Podría usted nos
llevar allí?

SUBTITLES
Could you take us there?

EMILIO
¿Por qué? ¿Así que
usted puede pasar tiempo
con los fantasmas?

SUBTITLES
Why? So you can spend
time with ghosts?

ZEKE
What are they saying?

DANIEL
The old man says the island is
haunted.

Mateo speaks to Daniel.

MATEO
There isn't much there other than an
old cabin.

DANIEL
You've been there?

Mateo shakes his head.

MATEO
No, but I know people who have.

DANIEL
And you think this island is the
place to leave John Cutlass?

MATEO
Getting off the island will be hard.
Boats avoid the island because it's
haunted and it's too far to swim
back to land. Plus, the water's
full of sharks. If your friend is
resourceful, he might survive for a
while because the fishing is supposed
to be pretty good there.

DANIEL
Seems cold blooded.

MATEO
So is your friend.

Daniel thinks about it for a moment. Daniel, Zeke and Mateo don't notice when Lester pokes his head around the open back wall of the restaurant and quickly duck back behind the wall.

Daniel glances at Mateo.

DANIEL

Ask Emilio if he'll take us out to the island and see how much it will cost.

Roberto sets a plate of grilled fish with fresh chilies, fried potatoes and octopus ceviche in front of Daniel, Zeke and Mateo.

MATEO

In a moment. Let's eat first.

INT. MATEO'S HOUSE -- LATER

Daniel and Zeke sit on the couch with beers in their hands. Mateo is at the breakfast bar, also with a beer. Mateo's laptop is in front of him. A website for a company called Catalina Builders is on the screen.

MATEO

I have another idea. It would be a waste not to get something from Señor Cutlass. What if we contact his biggest rival and have him pay to make sure that Señor Cutlass doesn't get back to Tucson?

DANIEL

A reverse kidnapping?

Mateo points at the computer screen.

MATEO

Exactly! This guy Orrin McLaren sounds like Señor Cutlass's biggest enemy. We call the guy and tell him that if he pays us, Cutlass stays gone for good.

DANIEL

What if he won't pay us?

MATEO

You're taking Cutlass to the island anyway.

INT. MATEO'S HOUSE -- LATER

SPLIT SCREEN

Zeke holding John Cutlass's cell phone on the left. On the right is Orrin McLaren, a conservative-looking white man in his fifties with a red buzz cut and an angry expression.

SUPER: "ORRIN MCLAREN. ANOTHER LAND DEVELOPER SCUMBAG. ENEMY OF JOHN CUTLASS."

ZEKE

Would you pay money to ensure that nobody saw John Cutlass again?

ORRIN MCLAREN

What kind of sting are you running here?

ZEKE

This isn't a sting, Mr. McLaren. It's a simple question.

ORRIN MCLAREN

Cutlass has cost me nothing but grief and now you want me to hand over money to make sure he doesn't come home? This thing smells of John Cutlass. You tell Cutlass or whoever put you up to this little prank that it was a nice try but go fuck yourself.

McLaren hangs up the phone and slides off the screen.

Zeke sets the cell phone on the breakfast bar and shrugs.

MATEO

We had to try, right?

INT. TOYOTA -- MORNING

Lester is asleep in the front seat of the Toyota Echo.

SUPER: "THE NEXT MORNING"

The car starts rocking, waking Lester up. He looks out the driver's side window to see a cow pulling the plastic siding off the car, chewing up the siding and eating it.

Lester opens the car door and attempts to shoo the cow away.

STREET IN SMALL TOWN -- CONTINUOUS

Lester opens the car door into the cow, who lazily walks away. The car is parked on a side street in the small Mexican village of Santa Clara. Lester gets out of the car, walks to a small restaurant and pushes open the door.

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Lester enters the restaurant. There are only a couple of tables and no customers inside.

The owner, ADELINA, a woman in her forties with long black hair and a long colorful dress, enters the dining room from a back room. She stops in her tracks and stares at Lester's mangled appearance with something resembling revulsion.

ADELINA
¿Te puedo ayudar?

SUBTITLES
Can I help you?

LESTER
Can I get something to eat?

Adelina doesn't understand Lester and continues staring at him. Lester pantomimes the motion of eating food. With a skeptical expression, Adelina points to an empty table and hands Lester a menu, which is in Spanish. Lester sits.

LESTER
Can I get a menu in English?

Adelina stares at Lester. Lester shrugs and points at a random menu item.

LESTER
I'll take this one.

Adelina goes into the kitchen and returns with a plate of food. Lester frowns, not recognizing what is on the plate.

LESTER
Is this what I ordered?

Adelina stares at Lester but doesn't say anything. Lester shrugs again and takes a bite of food. His eyes widen in surprise. The food is amazing. He begins eating quickly.

FREEZE FRAME

Lester stuffing his mouth with food.

SUPER: "LESTER ROMLEY. DOESN'T KNOW HE'S ALLERGIC TO SHELLFISH."

Lester looks up from his food with an excited expression and goes back to stuffing his face. He finishes the food and waves Adelina over. Adelina approaches the table hesitantly.

Lester motions for Adelina to hold out her hand, which she does. Lester drops a handful of American coins in Adelina's hands. Adelina frowns.

ADELINA	SUBTITLES
¿Qué es esto? No puedes pagar con esto.	What is this? You can't pay with this.

Lester smiles at Adelina and stands.

LESTER
That was really good.

ADELINA	SUBTITLES
¿Es estúpido? Dije que no puede pagar por esto.	Are you stupid? I said you can't pay with this.

Lester leaves the restaurant. Adelina watches Lester leave and sighs.

EXT. SMALL RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Lester sees Zeke's Jetta drive past.

LESTER
Shit!

Lester hobbles toward the Toyota. Lester wipes perspiration from his forehead. His body is starting to swell up from the seafood he ate. Lester pulls the bottle of dog pain meds from his pocket and eats several of them.

DOCK -- LATER

The Jetta parks near a dock where a couple of fishing boats are tied up.

Daniel, Zeke and Mateo get out of the Jetta and walk around to the back of the car. Zeke pops the trunk. John Cutlass is inside the trunk with his arms tied behind his back and duct tape over his mouth.

Daniel and Zeke pull Cutlass from the trunk. Cutlass makes a loud noise behind the duct tape and kicks at both Daniel and Zeke. Zeke produces the stun gun. The gun crackles. The sound of the gun makes Cutlass behave.

From the backseat of the car, Daniel removes some plastic bags filled with an assortment of groceries and plastic gallon bottles of water.

Mateo and Zeke lead Cutlass down the dock. Daniel follows with the plastic bottles and bags.

At the end of the dock is a rusty old fishing boat called La Sirena. Emilio, the old fisherman, is on the deck.

EMILIO	SUBTITLES
¿Está seguro de que desea ir a la Isla de las Almas Perdidas?	Are you sure you want to go to the Island of the Lost Souls?

Emilio notices John Cutlass bound and gagged and his eyebrows arch in a questioning expression. Mateo points at Cutlass.

MATEO
Gringo malo.

Emilio shrugs.

Daniel, Zeke, Mateo and John Cutlass get on board the boat.

DANIEL
Give me Cutlass's phone.

Zeke hands the phone to Daniel. Daniel throws the phone in the ocean.

DANIEL
Let's do this.

ON THE DECK OF LA SIRENA -- LATER

Daniel and Zeke are leaning on the railing of the boat, watching the ocean. It is a sunny and beautiful day.

ZEKE
Life's pretty fucking weird sometimes,
huh?

Daniel glances at Zeke but doesn't answer. In the distance a small island can be seen.

ISLAND OF THE LOST SOULS -- LATER

The boat slides up to a small, rickety wooden dock. The island itself is small and rocky with a tiny cabin in the middle. The only life on the island is a group of sea lions sunning themselves on a far rocky beach.

Daniel, Zeke, Mateo and John Cutlass get off the boat and walk the dock toward land. Daniel holds the plastic bags and water bottles. Mateo pulls the duct tape off Cutlass's face and gives Cutlass a little shove.

Just past the end of the dock, Cutlass stops walking.

JOHN CUTLASS

Are you going to kill me here?

Daniel drops the plastic bags and water bottles on the ground.

DANIEL

I thought we'd just leave you here.
It'll give you some time to reflect
on things.

JOHN CUTLASS

Am I supposed to learn something
from all of this? Or are you
expecting me to beg for my life now?

DANIEL

Your greed got you here.

Cutlass spits out his words.

JOHN CUTLASS

My greed? You know nothing about my
greed. My greed forced you to leave
me on an island? You know how stupid
that sounds?

DANIEL

Why'd you kill my grandfather, John?
He wasn't a threat to you.

JOHN CUTLASS

He was in my way.

From behind Mateo, Lester's voice is heard.

LESTER (O.S.)

Hand over the treasure.

Daniel, Zeke, Mateo and John Cutlass turn to stare at Lester, who is behind Emilio with his cast wrapped around Emilio's neck. Lester looks bloated and puffy. He is stoned on dog pain meds and is slurring his words.

Lester pulls the sock off his Ace-banded arm, revealing sharpened rebar spikes making up the splints on the bandage. Lester holds the rebar spikes to Emilio's neck.

LESTER

I said hand over the treasure.

Daniel, Zeke and Mateo exchange glances.

DANIEL

Who are you and what the hell are you talking about?

LESTER

The treasure you came here for. Hand it over.

DANIEL

I wish I knew what you were talking about.

LESTER

Don't fuck with me. You said you had a treasure map and I want that treasure.

At the mention of a treasure map, Daniel's eyes flash surprise.

DANIEL

You're the guy in the Toyota Echo, right? I'm sorry you followed me all the way here because of something you thought I said, but there isn't a treasure.

JOHN CUTLASS

What's this about a treasure?

Daniel turns to Cutlass.

DANIEL

Shut up, will you?

Lester motions at Cutlass, a stream of drool hanging from his lips.

LESTER
You kidnapped him. He's gotta be
worth something.

DANIEL
We tried to ransom him. Nobody would
pay for him.

Lester presses the rebar spikes into Emilio's throat.

LESTER
Tell me the truth or I kill this
guy.

ZEKE
He's telling the truth. There's no
treasure. We're here to leave that
guy's sorry ass here on the island.

Zeke walks toward Lester in a bored, lazy motion. Lester
tightens his grip on Emilio's neck.

LESTER
Don't come any closer.

ZEKE
I'm ready to go home. You can stay
here if you want to.

Zeke walks past Lester, who is swaying and obviously at a
loss of what to do. When he is just past Lester, Zeke swings
his arm, knocking Lester's arm away from Emilio's neck.

Zeke produces the stun gun and holds it to one of the rebar
spikes. The rebar lights up and sparks fly from the rebar.
Lester drops to the sand and starts convulsing.

MATEO
Whoa.

EMILIO
Chingado.

JOHN CUTLASS
Who the hell is that guy?

DANIEL
Your new companion.

JOHN CUTLASS

Wait. You're not leaving me here
with him, are you?

DANIEL

Let's go.

JOHN CUTLASS

Don't leave me here. I'm sorry for
what I did but I don't deserve this.
I'll die out here.

Daniel, Zeke, Mateo and Emilio walk down the dock to la Sirena and get on the boat. Emilio pushes off from the dock. Cutlass runs up to the edge of the dock but the boat is already too far away for him to jump.

JOHN CUTLASS

I can make you all rich! Please
don't leave me here!

Daniel turns his back on John Cutlass and the Island of the Lost Souls, muttering under his breath.

DANIEL

Sayonara, motherfucker.

MONTAGE -- DANIEL OVER THE NEXT COUPLE OF WEEKS

--Daniel and Zeke talking to Trevor and Sergei. They are sitting at a bar drinking beer. Neither Trevor nor Sergei show much reaction what Daniel is saying.

--Lester holding the rebar spikes to Emilio's neck.

--Jenna sitting at the small table in Daniel's dining room. Candles and an open bottle of wine are on the table. Daniel places an amazing-looking plate of food in front of Jenna.

--A news report about John Cutlass.

DANIEL (V.O.)

A few days later, we told Trevor and Sergei what we had done. Neither seemed all that moved by our story. Mostly they wanted to know who the stoned guy with the spikes on his arm was. I cooked for Jenna that weekend.

(MORE)

DANIEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Needless to say, I impressed her a bit and she's made me promise to cook for her again as soon as possible. John Cutlass was all over the news for a while, though there were few clues to his whereabouts. Rumors started circulating about his involvement in organized crime and how he might've been taken out by a professional hitman. If they only knew the truth.

--Leslie Cutlass having her nails done.

--Orrin McLaren reading a newspaper with a story about John Cutlass's disappearance on front.

--Daniel in the busy kitchen at Cafe Reddington.

--Daniel's Mom and Nana, hugging each other with sad expressions on their faces.

--Daniel sitting across the table from his Mom and Nana.

--Birds and owls sitting in trees and cacti in the Rincon Wildlife Refuge.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Leslie Cutlass never told the police about getting a call from her husband's kidnappers and probably never will. Orrin McLaren also kept quiet about the phone call he received. I went back to work at Cafe Reddington and things were exactly the same as when I left. Mom and Nana are still coping with the loss of my grandfather. Part of me wishes I could tell them about what I did, but I know that wouldn't go over so well. I know I should feel bad that I probably killed a man, but oddly enough, I feel completely at ease with what I did. With John Cutlass gone, there's little interest in the Rincon Wildlife Refuge so the desert and the animals that call it home are safe for now. Which brings me to this.

SAGUARO NATIONAL PARK -- DAY

Daniel grips a handheld GPS device and is wearing a backpack. He walks through the desert, staring at the GPS. He stops near the base of a large mesquite tree, takes off his backpack, and removes a collapsible shovel.

Daniel sets the GPS unit on the ground and starts digging.

Daniel's shovel hits something metallic. Daniel gets on his knees and pushes dirt aside. Buried in the dirt is a rusted metal box. Daniel lifts the box out of the dirt and opens it.

Inside the box is a letter.

Close-up of the letter that reads: "I knew you'd find this, Daniel. Hopefully you find more of what you are looking for in life. Here's a little something for your retirement fund. Tata."

Also in the box are five diamonds. Daniel puts the diamonds in his hand and holds them in the sunlight, inspecting them. A smile creeps over Daniel's face. He turns to the camera.

DANIEL

Yeah, life's pretty fucking weird
sometimes. I'll catch you on the
flipside.

Daniel puts the diamonds in his pocket. The shovel, metal box and GPS unit go in his backpack. He slides the backpack on his shoulders and walks off into the desert.