

Blacktop Heathens

by
Zack Matheson

WGA #168802
6841 N 2200 W #13-L
Park City, UT 84098
435-659-4173
zack_math72@hotmail.com

SUPER: "INSPIRED BY ACTUAL EVENTS"

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

A bedroom in a four-bedroom house in central Tucson.

The curtains are closed. The room is dark and it is a complete mess; clothes are strewn across the floor and empty beer cans on sit on both the wooden dresser and on the end table next to the stacked mattresses on the floor that comprises the bed.

Haphazard stacks of books and magazines cover the top of the dresser. Posters for punk rock bands and skateboard companies blanket the walls. A well-used skateboard leans against a wall.

A digital alarm clock with a cassette player sits on the end table next to the bed under a small lamp.

A sleeping figure is curled up on the disheveled bed, wrapped up in the sheets, his head buried under a pillow.

SUPER: "TUCSON, ARIZONA, JUNE 1992"

The digital alarm clock reads 6:59. The clock changes to 7:00.

CU of the cassette tape player on the digital alarm clock. A tape is in the player. The two spoked wheels in the cassette tape begin turning.

The song "Cold Feelings" by Social Distortion starts playing loudly in the room.

The figure in the bed sits up. ALEX is just a few days shy of his twenty-first birthday, a little over six feet tall, skinny, and clean-shaven, with short, usually spiky brown hair that's currently messy from sleep.

He's wearing a green Powell Peralta Bones T-shirt with an image of a skeleton riding a skateboard and ratty shorts.

Alex rubs his eyes and looks at the alarm clock for a moment, listening to the music.

Alex runs his fingers through his hair, swings his feet out of bed, finds a pair of black Chuck Taylor hightops, slips on the shoes and ties them.

Alex grabs his skateboard and leaves his room.

INT. ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The house is a chaotic aftermath of a party from the night before. A mass of empty beer cans and pizza boxes cover tables and counter tops. A few ashtrays are overflowing. A large glass bong sits on a coffee table.

Posters for rock bands and skateboard companies cover most of the walls in the house.

In the living room, several people are passed out on the floor and on the couches. Someone drew on the one of the walls using a variety of kitchen condiments as paints.

Alex wakes up the people crashed out on the floors and on the couches, telling them they have to go home.

The living room is now (sort of) alive with half-awake guys and one girl, all in their late teens to mid-twenties.

ALEX

C'mon people, time to go.

A guy with a ratty haircut wearing a Bad Brains "Rock For Light" T-shirt, groans and rolls away from Alex. Alex nudges the guy with the toe of his shoe.

ALEX

I'm serious. You gotta go. I don't give a shit where you go, but you ain't staying here.

The guy with the ratty hair gives Alex a tired, slightly angry expression and sits up.

Slowly, the people in the living room start leaving the house.

Alex makes his way to the other bedrooms in the house.

JAKE is asleep in his bed, curled up next to a girl. Jake is twenty-one years old, short and stocky, with short black hair and a slightly dominating personality. Because of his below average height, he has sometimes been accused of having a bit of a Napoleon complex.

ALEX

Wake up.

Jake's eyes open slightly. He's less than happy.

JAKE
What the fuck, dude? What time is
it?

ALEX
Seven.

Jake closes his eyes.

JAKE
Fuck you. It's too early.

ALEX
In an hour it'll already be too hot
outside.

Jake opens his eyes slightly.

JAKE
I just went to sleep a few hours
ago, bro.

ALEX
And you can sleep all day once it's
a million degrees outside. Doesn't
a killer morning session sound good?

Jake clears his throat and closes his eyes again.

JAKE
Fine. Give me a few minutes.

Alex leaves the bedroom.

BRIAN trudges out of his room, heading for one of the two shared bathrooms in the house. He is twenty-three, tall with wide-shoulders, and short blonde hair. Both of his arms are covered with sleeves of tattoos.

ALEX
Yo.

Brian gives Alex the middle finger and closes the bathroom door behind him.

Alex goes to the last bedroom and pounds on the door.

ALEX
Wake up. We only have about an hour
before it gets too hot.

Alex heads for the kitchen. Like the rest of the house, the kitchen is a disaster of empty beer cans, dirty cups and glasses, pizza boxes and random trash.

A guy about Alex's age with a buzzed head is asleep under the kitchen table. Alex nudges the guy with his shoe.

ALEX

Bob. You gotta go home, man.

Bob cracks an eye open and grins slightly.

BOB

Killer party last night, dude.

Alex nods.

ALEX

Yeah. Now get up and go, okay?

Bob crawls out from under the kitchen table, looking slightly hurt.

BOB

You said I could crash here and join the morning session.

Alex opens a pizza box sitting on the table, inspects the contents, lifts a slice out of the box and takes a bite.

ALEX

I did? Did you bring your board?

Bob nods.

ALEX

I guess that's cool, then.

The fourth and last roommate, ANTONIO, enters the kitchen. He is twenty years old, Chicano, short and stocky, with slightly curly black hair, wearing baggy shorts and a Suicidal Tendencies T-shirt.

Antonio stops in front of a cupboard and removes a white ceramic bowl and a large box of Fruity Pebbles cereal. Antonio fills the bowl with cereal, reaches inside the refrigerator, removes a can of beer, opens the beer, pours the beer in the cereal and starts eating.

Bob stares at Antonio in disgusted awe. Alex isn't fazed in the least.

Antonio sits at the kitchen table with his cereal. Alex begins pulling on knee pads from a pile of skateboarding pads and helmets lying next to the back door.

ALEX (V.O.)

Things seemed pretty simple back then. I lived in a cool house with my best friends that we called "The Pit." We partied a lot and we had a lot of fun. Summers in Arizona can be brutal, so you had to do things at night or in the early morning before the desert furnace kicked on. And this was one of our favorite things to do.

Alex finishes putting on knee and elbow pads, puts on a helmet, grabs his skateboard, and opens the back door.

EXT. ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Alex steps into the backyard. A halfpipe ramp six feet tall and twelve feet wide, covered with smooth brown Masonite sits in the backyard.

The backyard is surrounded by gray cinderblock walls. Other than the ramp, the only other thing in the backyard is an old storage shed that has seen much better days.

Alex climbs a ladder on the left side deck of the ramp. He sets his board on the white PVC coping on the lip of the ramp and stands on his board.

Alex takes in his surroundings. He can see houses on either side of the backyard and beyond the back wall is the back of a large boxy building.

Alex drops in on the ramp, rolls down one side of the ramp and up the other, where he blasts a large backside air. He sticks the landing and rips another large air on the other side of the ramp. Alex continues riding the ramp.

ALEX (V.O.)

To me, this is what life was all about. Things were chill and we had no real concerns about much of anything. But that was about to change. That's me on the board. My name is Alex.

(MORE)

ALEX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'll be twenty-one next weekend, so I can finally buy my own beer, which is going to be way cool. I wait tables at a nearby restaurant and I go to school at the U, but it's summertime, so I have a couple of months to goof around and enjoy myself before I have to pretend to study again.

Alex finishes his ride.

Jake climbs up the ladder on the side of the ramp. He's wearing pads and a helmet and holding a skateboard.

Jake drops in on the ramp and rips a huge frontside air, sticking the landing. He continues riding on the ramp.

ALEX (V.O.)

That's Jake. We've been best friends since we were nine. His dad owns this house, but he lives on the other side of town, so he's rarely around to give us grief about how much we're trashing the place. As for my parents, I haven't seen my dad since I was thirteen, and the day after I turned eighteen, my mom moved to Sedona where she spends her time talking to crystals and being one with the vortex or some crap like that. Anyway, my mom split town and that's when I moved in here with Jake.

Brian exits the house, walking toward the ramp. He's wearing pads and a helmet, a skateboard in hand. Bob is right behind Brian, also with a skateboard.

ALEX (V.O.)

That's Brian. He lives here, too, with his girlfriend, Lori, who tells everyone she's a model, but we all know she's a stripper, so why she continues with the bullshit story is beyond me. Brian's somewhat of a local celebrity.

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- EVENING

Brian is on stage, playing guitar. His band is fast and aggressive. Brian furiously works the neck on his guitar.

ALEX (V.O.)

Brian plays guitar in a speed metal band called Desecrated that is really starting to blow up and they're about to be signed by a record label.

RETURN TO EXT. ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Brian and Bob walk toward the halfpipe.

ALEX (V.O.)

That's Bob, right behind Brian. He lives in the neighborhood and has this kind of hero worship-type-thing with Brian because Bob plays in a band, too, but his band won't go anywhere because they pretty much suck ass and nobody likes them all that much. Brian kinda feels sorry for Bob and sometimes lets Bob's band open for Desecrated, which makes Bob feel like the rock star that he'll never really be.

Antonio exits the house, wearing pads and a helmet, carrying a skateboard.

ALEX (V.O.)

That's our other roommate, Antonio. He's a cook at the same restaurant I work at. We've been friends since high school, when he chased down a guy who tried to steal my board and beat the crap out of him. His bad dietary habits aside, he's a cool dude and a good friend. Oh yeah, and check out his car.

Insert photo of a cherried-out, red wine-colored '64 Chevy Impala.

ALEX (V.O.)

Sweet, huh?

INT. GARAGE AT ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Alex is inside the two-car garage. A car sits under a gray car cover. Alex approaches the covered car, speaking directly to the camera.

ALEX

I have a pretty cool car, too.

Alex removes the gray cover from the car. The car is a dark blue '66 Pontiac GTO 389 Tri-Power. Alex stares at the car with an almost loving expression.

ALEX

Believe it or not, this car was actually given to me. There was this old guy who lived at the end of the street who I sometimes talked about cars with. When the old guy died, he left me the GTO. Surprised the hell out of me 'cause I didn't really know the guy too well. It doesn't run the best right now, but I'm working to change that, so at the moment I drive this...

Insert photo of a white four-door '84 Toyota Corolla.

ALEX (V.O.)

...Which isn't too cool, but it gets me to where I need to go and back.

EXT. ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Alex, Antonio, Jake and Bob watch Brian ride the halfpipe.

SUZIE walks into the backyard carrying a skateboard. She's in her early twenties, medium height and build, with short dark brown hair and a pretty but not gorgeous face.

ALEX (V.O.)

That's Suzie. She lives a couple of houses down from us. She's a friend.

Insert clip of Alex and Suzie having fast, frantic sex.

ALEX (V.O.)

...With benefits, I guess.

RETURN TO SCENE

Suzie joins the rest of the group watching Brian ride the halfpipe. Suzie and Alex exchange nods and continue watching Brian ride his skateboard.

ALEX (V.O.)

It seemed like that summer was going to be like the rest of the summers; a little bit of work mixed with a lot of skating and a lot of partying. None of us made enough money to get out of Arizona in the summer, so it looked like we'd be stuck dealing with the scorching heat. That was when Jake told me about this offer he'd gotten from his uncle.

INT. PIZZA PLACE -- DAY

Jake and Alex are sitting at a table inside of a small, mostly empty mom-and-pop pizza place. They're midway through scarfing a couple of slices of pizza. Red plastic Coca-Cola cups sit on the table in front of them.

JAKE

You remember me telling you about my Uncle Gerald who lives in Salt Lake City?

Alex speaks with his mouth full of food.

ALEX

What, he a Mormon or something?

Jake frowns.

JAKE

Fuck no, he's not a Mormon. He's cool as shit. You'd like him. So Gerald calls me the other day and tells me about this business deal he's got going that he needs some help with. This friend of his owns a car lot in Salt Lake City and wants to buy some cars down here. Cars last longer here than they do in Salt Lake City because of the cold weather and the salt in the air and all that shit.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

So they're going to buy cars here
and sell them up there for a bunch
of money.

Alex appears more interested in his pizza than Jake's story.

ALEX

Okay. So what?

JAKE

So they need people to drive cars
from here to Salt Lake City.

Again, Alex speaks with his mouth full.

ALEX

Why don't they just put them on a
truck or something?

Jake shrugs.

JAKE

Don't know. Anyway, Gerald asked me
if I could drive one of the cars to
Salt Lake City for him. He said
they'd pay me to drive the car and
pay for my flight home.

The mention of money catches Alex's attention.

ALEX

How much they paying you?

JAKE

Three hundred bucks.

ALEX

No shit?

JAKE

No shit. Now here's the cool thing.
I asked if you could go with me and
Gerald said yeah.

Alex frowns slightly.

ALEX

You want me to go to Salt Lake City
with you?

JAKE

It's a way to get the hell out of Tucson for a few days. Sounds cool, doesn't it?

ALEX

So you get paid and I tag along just for the hell of it?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

I asked Gerald if he'd make it five so we'd each get two-fifty out of it and he said yes.

Alex is skeptical.

ALEX

He's going to pay us five hundred bucks to drive a car to Salt Lake City and then fly us home?

JAKE

Yeah. Cool, huh?

Alex goes back to eating his pizza.

ALEX

Seems like your uncle could just come down here and drive the car up to Utah on his own for a lot less money.

Jake shakes his head in a dismissive manner.

JAKE

Gerald's back is all fucked up from a car accident. He's on pain meds and can't do long drives. That's why he asked me to drive the car up there.

Alex has heard stories about Gerald being somewhat of a scammer-type and is therefore still skeptical.

ALEX

You sure he's gonna pay us?

JAKE

He's my uncle. He's not going to fuck us over.

ALEX

When are we supposed to do this?

JAKE

This weekend.

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX

This weekend? Shit, dude, I can't go this weekend. It's my birthday. I don't want to spend my twenty-first birthday in fucking Salt Lake City.

Jake grins.

JAKE

I thought we'd make a stop along the way and celebrate your birthday in Vegas.

Alex stares at him.

JAKE

Turning twenty-one in Vegas would be way cooler than turning twenty-one in Tucson, wouldn't it?

A small smile creeps over Alex's face.

JAKE

We could hit some of the casinos and then go to a couple of tit bars. What would you be doing if you stayed here? Going to a some bars and then partying at the house? You can do that anytime. What do you say? You up for a roadtrip?

Alex thinks about it for a moment, his smile increasing.

ALEX

Sounds cool. Let's do it.

Alex grins, obviously lost in thought, thinking about the possibilities for the weekend.

ALEX (V.O.)
Having my twenty-first birthday in Vegas sounded killer. And being someplace other than Tucson for a few days...well, that sounded killer, too. The day that Jake showed up in the car that we'd be driving to Salt Lake City was the day where it all started for us.

EXT. ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

SUPER: "THREE DAYS LATER"

A red '86 Cadillac DeVille pulls into the driveway and stops. Jake steps out of the car wearing baggy shorts, a Black Flag "Jealous Again" T-shirt and black-and-white checkered Vans. He's grinning madly.

The front door of the house opens. Alex steps outside wearing baggy shorts, an Independent trucks T-shirt and Chuck Taylors. He stops in his tracks.

ALEX
What the hell is this thing?

JAKE
It's the car we're driving to Utah.

ALEX
Please tell me you're kidding. It looks like a pimpmobile.

Jake nods enthusiastically.

JAKE
I know. Fucking sweet, huh? We're gonna roll into Vegas in style.

Alex stares at the Cadillac for a moment.

ALEX
We're getting reimbursed for gas money, right? It's gonna cost a fortune to drive this thing up there.

JAKE
Stop worrying, will you? I talked to Gerald and everything's cool.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

He's really stoked that we're doing this for him. Let's grab our shit and get out of here.

INT. CADILLAC -- LATER

The interior of the car is plush and everything is electronic. Jake is driving. Alex sits in the passenger seat. A small box full of cassette tapes sits on the arm rest between them.

Jake cranks up the air conditioning, while Alex plays with the electric seats and touches everything on the dashboard.

JAKE

Sweet, huh?

ALEX

My mother would have a coronary if she saw me in this thing.

JAKE

Not exactly your mother's Volkswagen, is it?

The Cadillac turns onto Interstate 10, heading toward Phoenix.

Jake grabs a cassette from the box and puts it in the player.

JAKE

Ready to get this roadtrip started?

Bad Religion blasts out of the speakers. Both Alex and Jake bob their heads furiously to the music.

MONTAGE

--The Cadillac driving on Interstate 10.

--The Cadillac passing through Phoenix.

--The Cadillac driving on US 93, passing through the Joshua tree forest.

--The Cadillac on the bridge by Hoover Dam.

--The "Welcome to Las Vegas" sign.

--The Las Vegas Strip.

--The inside of a brightly lit casino.

--Jake and Alex toasting with beers and shots.

--An Elvis impersonator.

--Alex throwing dice at a craps table.

--Alex having another shot of booze.

--Alex and Jake smoking a joint.

--Jake and Alex drinking cocktails.

--Jake and Alex sitting at a table in a strip club having drinks.

--Alex getting a lap dance from a blonde stripper with large breasts.

--Alex in a hotel room having sex with the same stripper.

ALEX (V.O.)

It was the best birthday ever. I'd never been to Vegas before, though I guess if you're not old enough to drink, then what's really the point of going? Vegas is a place that demands that you be drunk. At night, it seems like the greatest place on earth, where the fun never stops. But the next morning when you're hungover and broke, it seems like a lonely, desperate and depressing place.

INT. CADILLAC -- MORNING

Jake is driving. Alex sits next to him wearing sunglasses. He looks tired and hurting from the night before. A large plastic container of Gatorade sits between them.

JAKE

Fun night.

Alex grunts an affirmative.

Jake glances at Alex with a slight smirk.

JAKE

No 'damn, Jake, that was the best night of my life' or even a thank you?

ALEX

Thank you. Last night rocked. That stripper was smokin' hot.

JAKE

Fuck yeah, she was. I still don't understand why she couldn't bring a friend with her, though.

Alex ignores the comment and massages his temples.

Jake hands Alex the bottle of Gatorade.

JAKE

Drink more of this and take a couple more aspirins. You need to be recovered for tonight. I guarantee that Gerald is going to want to take us out tonight.

ALEX

Somehow I have this feeling that Salt Lake City is going to be pretty boring compared to Las Vegas.

In the rear view mirror, a Highway Patrol cruiser approaches quickly. The cruiser sits on their tail for a few moments.

Alex glances back at the police car that is right behind them, almost tailgating them.

ALEX

What does this guy want?

JAKE

Just to sweat us. We're not doing anything wrong. I've got the cruise control set at sixty-five. He doesn't have anything on us.

Alex tenses.

ALEX

I still have a little bit of that dope from last night in my pocket.

Jake glances quickly in the rear view mirror.

JAKE

Just relax.

The Highway Patrol cruiser pulls around to the side of the Cadillac, matching the Cadillac's speed. The cop behind the steering wheel wears mirrored sunglasses and turns his head to stare at Jake, who does his best to ignore the cop.

ALEX

Should I eat the dope?

Jake's jaw sets.

JAKE

Just fucking relax. Everything will be fine. If this guy actually pulls us over, then you can worry about ditching the weed, or swallowing it, or whatever. Until then, be cool.

The Highway Patrol cruiser continues to drive along side the Cadillac.

Jake turns his head toward the cop and smiles slightly. The cop doesn't return the smile.

ALEX

What's this guy doing?

Jake speaks through clenched teeth.

JAKE

I said be cool.

After a couple of moments, the cop car slows to turn around and head off in the opposite direction.

JAKE

See? No big deal. Those guys are looking for anything that might be kinda suspicious, so as long as you're cool and don't do anything dumb, you won't get pulled over.

Alex rolls down the window and throws the little bit of pot that he has out of the car.

JAKE

What'd you do that for?

ALEX

You know, just in case.

Jake shrugs with a 'whatever' gesture.

They drive in silence for a few moments.

JAKE
I'm thirsty.

Alex gestures at the bottle of Gatorade. Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
I want a beer. You ready for a beer,
birthday boy?

Alex's expression says that a beer doesn't sound very good.

JAKE
It'll get rid of the hangover.

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- LATER

A truck stop in the middle of nowhere. The Cadillac is parked on the side of the building. Alex leans against the car, still looking a little sick from the night before.

Jake walks around the corner with a six-pack of beer cans. He tosses one of the cans to Alex. Alex starts to open the can but Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
Shotgun it.

Alex stares at Jake for a moment.

JAKE
Serious. Shotgun it. C'mon, do it.
It'll be good for you.

Jake removes a pocket knife from the pocket of his shorts and hands the knife to Alex. Alex uses the knife to puncture a hole near the base of the can. He lifts the can to his mouth, putting his mouth around the hole in the can, pulls the tab and begins chugging.

Jake watches Alex with the type of grin normally associated with people watching sporting events.

Alex finishes the beer and lets out a long belch.

Jake hands Alex another beer.

JAKE
Good. Do it again.

Wordlessly, Alex repeats the process of shotgunning a beer. Jake pops open his own beer.

JAKE

Better?

Alex nods and lets out another belch.

JAKE

Good. Let me drink this and we'll get back on the road.

Jake claps Alex on the shoulder and grins.

JAKE

Happy birthday, bro.

EXT. CAR LOT -- AFTERNOON

A used car lot called "Century Motors" located on State Street in South Salt Lake City. The cars are a mixture of decent-looking to really ugly beaters. The area around the car lot is seedy and slightly run down.

The Cadillac approaches the car lot and turns into the lot, driving slowly.

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Jake is behind the wheel. Both Jake and Alex survey the surroundings.

ALEX

This is the place? This place is a dump.

JAKE

So what? We're not here to buy a car.

Jake drives to the back of the lot, turns and parks the car in front of a closed garage door.

JAKE

Welcome to Salt Lake City.

Alex isn't impressed.

ALEX

Yeah. Whatever.

EXT. CAR LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Jake and Alex get out of the Cadillac and walk toward the office.

INT. CAR LOT OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Alex enter the office and are greeted by TOMMY, a middle aged man with short, light brown hair and mustache, sporting a fake salesman's smile and a cheap blue suit.

TOMMY

You boys in the market for a cool new ride?

JAKE

I'm Gerald's nephew, Jake. I'm here to deliver a car.

Tommy's demeanor changes from shyster salesman to extremely excited. Tommy puts his hand out to shake Jake's hand.

TOMMY

You're the nephew from Arizona. Fantastic. I'm Tommy. Who's your friend?

ALEX

Alex.

TOMMY

Yeah, right on. How was the drive? Any troubles?

Jake shakes his head.

TOMMY

Why don't you boys follow me? We'll pull the car in the garage and I'll let Gerald know you're here.

EXT. CAR LOT OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jake and Alex follow Tommy out of the office and around back to where the Cadillac is parked.

Tommy whistles at the sight of the Cadillac.

TOMMY

Wow. She's a beaut, isn't she?

Tommy lifts open the garage door. And motions to Jake to hand over the car keys.

TOMMY

Keys?

Jake hands the car key to Tommy.

Tommy continues admiring the Cadillac. He gets inside the car, starts it up and pulls it inside the garage.

INT. CAR LOT GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Jake and Alex walk inside the garage, which looks like a typical three-bay garage filled with tools, machinery, tires, etc. A small office sits to the left side of the garage. A wooden bench sits outside of the office door.

A black Ford Taurus is parked in the bay next to the Cadillac.

Tommy shuts off the Cadillac, gets out of the car and goes to close the garage door.

TOMMY

I can't tell you how happy I am that you guys did this for us. You have no idea how much of a help this is.

Jake and Alex exchange glances, not really sure what the big deal about the Cadillac is.

TOMMY

Take a seat and I'll let Gerald know you're here. There's a soda machine right around the corner if you guys are thirsty.

Jake and Alex sit on the wooden bench outside of the office while Gerald goes inside the office to use the phone. Alex is bored.

ALEX

What now?

JAKE

I guess we wait for Gerald.

ALEX

When do we get paid?

JAKE
What's your rush?

ALEX
We've been in a car for six hours.
I'm tired of sitting. Let's go see
what there is to do in Salt Lake
City. Better yet, let's go find
someplace to skate.

JAKE
Soon, bro. Just relax.

Two men in their thirties wearing mechanics uniforms exit the office and walk toward the Cadillac, not paying the slightest bit of attention to Alex and Jake.

One of the mechanics opens the trunk of the Cadillac, lifts Alex and Jake's duffel bags and skateboards out of the trunk, and sets the bags and skateboards on the concrete floor.

The mechanic turns to Alex and Jake and speaks in a cold tone.

MECHANIC
Come get your shit out of the way.

Alex and Jake grab their bags and skateboards and return to the bench outside of the office.

The first mechanic removes the carpeting from the trunk of the Cadillac and drops it on the floor of the garage.

The second mechanic leans into the trunk of the Cadillac with a cordless power drill. The whirring of the drill fills the garage.

The second mechanic removes what appears to be the flooring of the trunk and sets it against the wall of the garage. He reaches into the trunk of the Cadillac and removes a large clear plastic bag shaped like a pillow stuffed with dark green marijuana.

The bag of pot is passed to the other mechanic and a second, almost identical bag of pot is removed from the trunk. Both bags of pot are placed in the trunk of the Taurus.

The first mechanic closes the trunk of the Taurus and both men leave the garage without giving Alex and Jake a second glance.

ALEX
What the fuck was that?

Jake shakes his head. Alex turns to Jake, angry.

ALEX
Did you know about that?

Jake shakes his head again.

JAKE
Naw, man. I had no idea.

Alex frowns.

ALEX
You better not be fucking with me.
Did you know what was in the car?

JAKE
No, serious. I had no idea. Promise.

ALEX
If that cop had pulled us over
earlier, we'd be seriously fucked,
Jake. Look at me again and tell me
you didn't know we were driving a
Cadillac stuffed with dope.

Jake, looking slightly stunned, turns to Alex.

JAKE
I didn't know, bro. Sorry.

ALEX
Two hundred and fifty bucks for a
possibility of going to prison for
the rest of our lives? That's
bullshit. Your uncle used us, man,
and that is so not cool.

Jake stares at the floor for a couple of moments.

JAKE
Well, we made it here, anyway.

Alex's voice drips with sarcasm.

ALEX
Yeah. We made it here. Good for
us.

Alex studies Jake for a moment. Jake appears to be oddly calm about the situation.

ALEX
Doesn't this bother you?

JAKE
Yeah...I guess.

ALEX
You guess? Your uncle just had us drive a car stuffed with pot to Utah, of all fucking places, and you guess you might be bothered by it?

JAKE
But we didn't get caught.

Alex stares at Jake.

ALEX (V.O.)
I could see the expression on Jake's face and I knew he was thinking about money. If I had someplace I could've gone, I should've just left right then.

The door to the office opens and Jake's uncle GERALD enters the garage. He is in his early forties, average height and build, with dark hair combed straight back, and a bushy mustache.

Though he is dressed plainly, Gerald almost looks like a biker. He is a con man with a sometimes disarming smile, but at the moment, he isn't smiling, he's furious.

GERALD
You guys are a fucking day late, Jake.

JAKE
We stopped in Vegas for the night.

GERALD
Why the fuck did you stop in Vegas? You were supposed to drive straight through. That's why I hired two of you.

JAKE

Yesterday was Alex's twenty-first birthday. I thought it would be cool to have his birthday in Vegas.

Gerald frowns.

GERALD

Is that supposed to make me feel better? What if the car got stolen while you and your friend were out having fun? You ever think about that? You know how much shit was in that car?

JAKE

Maybe if you woulda told me that there was shit in the car I would've been more cautious.

Gerald sneers.

GERALD

You woulda been more cautious? Fuck me.

JAKE

Why didn't you just tell me what was in the car? Don't you trust me?

Gerald fixes Jake with an icy stare.

JAKE

You trust me to drive for you, but you don't trust me to know what's in the car? That's bullshit.

GERALD

Would you have still done the drive if you knew what was in the trunk?

Jake thinks for it a moment.

JAKE

Yeah, I would've.

Alex stares at Jake in surprise.

Gerald's tone softens.

GERALD
You would've, huh? And what about
your friend here, what does he think?

ALEX
I think you used us.

GERALD
You think so, do you?

Alex glares at Gerald but doesn't answer.

GERALD
So what do you want? An apology?

Alex still doesn't answer.

GERALD
Will more money do it for you?

ALEX
That's a start.

GERALD
How's five hundred a piece?

Alex knows the price is low, but he also knows that Gerald might not pay them anyway, so he just shrugs.

ALEX
I guess, if that's what you're
offering.

GERALD
Done. You finished pouting now?

JAKE
I want to do another run for you.

Alex stares at Jake in surprise. Gerald's face curls into a slight smile.

GERALD
You do, do you?

Jake nods.

JAKE
Yeah. But because we're doing the
driving, we want a bigger cut.

Alex's head snaps toward Jake at the mention of "we".

Gerald grins.

GERALD
Look at you getting all greedy
businessman on me.

JAKE
Seriously. Bigger risk, bigger cut.

Gerald shakes his head with a loose smile on his face.

GERALD
My nephew the gangster. Never
would've thought.

JAKE
Actually, we want to be partners.

Alex frowns in confusion.

ALEX
We?

Gerald's voice is cold.

GERALD
You do, do you? Drive one small
load and now you think you're hot
shit. I'm not sure I like your tone.

JAKE
How many other people you have doing
these runs for you? Probably nobody.
Why wouldn't you want to work with
me? I'm family. You can trust me.

Jake turns to Alex.

JAKE
Tell him he can trust us.

ALEX
I'm not sure I want to be a part of
this.

Jake frowns.

JAKE
What the fuck, bro? Would you rather
be waiting tables for bullshit wages?
Think about it. We could make some
serious cash.

Alex looks skeptical.

JAKE
Don't be a pussy.

Jake turns to Gerald.

JAKE
We're in. I'm ready to start doing
this.

Gerald motions for Jake to follow him the office.

GERALD
I need to talk to you in private.

INT. GARAGE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jake follows Gerald inside the office and closes the door
behind him.

GERALD
Is your friend trustworthy?

JAKE
Yeah, man, he's my best friend.
He's cool.

GERALD
He's not going to start blabbing
about our little enterprise?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
Not his style.

GERALD
He doesn't seem too excited about
this.

JAKE
He'll change his mind once he sees
how much money we'll be making.

GERALD
You're sure about that?

JAKE
I'm sure.

Gerald studies Jake for a moment.

GERALD
You really want to be my driver?

JAKE
Driver and partner. That's the deal.
No partnership, you go find someone
else to drive.

Gerald purses his lips, thinks a moment and holds out his hand.

GERALD
Okay, deal.

Gerald and Jake shake hands.

INT. CAR LOT GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Gerald exit the office. Jake is grinning and rubbing his hands together like a mad scientist.

ALEX (V.O.)
And that's how we became drug runners.
Apparently Gerald and his buddy Tommy,
the cheeseball used car salesman,
had only planned on doing the one
run as a way to make some quick money.

MONTAGE

--Gerald with the large bags of pot from the trunk of the Cadillac.

--Gerald holding a wad of money, grinning deviously.

--Gerald splitting the money with Tommy.

--A conservatively-dressed serious-looking man driving the Cadillac away from Tommy's car lot. Tommy waves good-bye to the man.

--An X-ray view into the trunk of the Cadillac as it drives away, showing the space in the trunk for the spare tire

stuffed with bags of pot. The bags of pot vanish and are replaced with a spare tire.

--Gerald handing money to Jake and Alex.

--Gerald giving Jake and Alex a *sorry about that* kind of shrug. Alex frowns and shakes his head.

ALEX (V.O.)

So Gerald gets his dope, makes some cash, splits the money with Tommy, and Tommy sells the Caddy for some insane markup. Apparently there's a big demand with the Mormons for used luxury cars. The idea of some Mormon guy driving a car that was just used to smuggle dope seemed really funny to me at the time. Oh, yeah, and speaking of the Caddy, Gerald paid us the five hundred, which was still chintzy as fuck, by the way, but he weaseled out of paying us back for the gas money we spent on the drive to Utah, which would be a sign of things to come. At least he paid for our plane tickets home.

MONTAGE

--Alex and Jake playing Roshambo. Alex holds up two fingers for scissors. Jake holds up his fist like a rock. Alex loses. They play again. Alex holds up a fist. Jake holds up his open palm. Alex loses again.

--Alex's white, four-door '84 Toyota Corolla.

ALEX (V.O.)

With no car courtesy of Gerald and Tommy to use for our next run, we had to use one of our cars. After losing a round of Roshambo, it was decided that we'd use my car, so the next trip would be far from the luxury we enjoyed on the last ride.

MONTAGE

--Ronnie, a bearded, slightly heavysset guy with shaggy hair in his early twenties wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt for the rock band Badlands. The words "RONNIE. FRIEND FROM HIGH SCHOOL."

appear on the screen followed by an arrow that points at Ronnie.

--Ronnie handing a small bag of pot to a customer whose face is unseen.

--Ronnie's dad. He's a big guy in his fifties with a handlebar mustache and long hair tied in a ponytail who looks like a pissed-off roadie for the Allman Brothers.

ALEX (V.O.)

So this is how it worked: Jake got money from Gerald, and using some of our own money, we bought a bunch of weed from this guy named Ronnie who we went to high school with. Ronnie slings weed on the side, mostly nickel and dime bag kind of stuff, but Ronnie's dad was a biker who occasionally moved some serious amounts of dope, so getting several pounds of weed from Ronnie wasn't too difficult.

MONTAGE

--Alex and Jake stuffing large quantities of pot into plastic turkey roasting bags.

--A long-haired, hippie-looking guy holding a Ziploc bag full of pot. The guy opens the bag, and smells the contents, his face twisting into an absolutely ecstatic expression.

--An angry-looking Highway Patrolman opening the trunk of a car.

ALEX (V.O.)

Once we got the dope, we'd put it in those big plastic bags for cooking turkeys in. See, weed smells, which is great if you're a pothead, but not so great if a cop is checking out the trunk of your car. The turkey bags trap in odors so hopefully Mr. Police Officer doesn't get wise to what's hiding in your trunk.

MONTAGE

--Plastic turkey bags full of pot being put in the bottom of large duffel bags.

Dirty laundry is put on top of the bags of pot, hiding the bags.

--The same angry Highway Patrolman unzipping one of the duffel bags. Upon seeing and smelling the dirty clothes, he turns his face away in disgust and zips the duffel bag closed.

--Alex putting skateboarding pads inside a duffel bag on top of the dirty clothes and bags of dope.

--The same angry Highway Patrolman unzipping the duffel bag with the skateboard pads inside. The cop turns and pukes on the side of the highway.

ALEX (V.O.)

Once the pot is in the turkey bags, we put the bags inside of large duffel bags, which we pack full of old, stinky, sweaty clothes. The smellier the better. When the dope is buried under dirty clothes, if people smell anything, it's the dirty clothes. And if that cop who pulls you over is so inclined to open your duffel bag, what he gets is a whiff of nastiness, which makes him disinclined to search the duffel bag more thoroughly, which would lead to the discovery of the weed hiding at the bottom of the bag. Just as a precaution, I even stuffed my bags with old skate pads that smelled like death warmed over. One smell of my bag and any typical cop would probably start puking. Sick cop means safe stash.

HIGHWAY IN SOUTHERN UTAH -- AFTERNOON

The Toyota Corolla drives on a section of Interstate 15 in Southern Utah.

ALEX (V.O.)

With a car full of weed that would most likely carry a mandatory life prison sentence, unfortunately Vegas was out of the question, so we pushed straight on through from Tucson to Salt Lake.

Insert image of a road map outlining the route from Tucson to Salt Lake City.

BACK TO SCENE

The Corolla slows down as it approaches a backed-up line of traffic due to an accident further up the road.

INT. TOYOTA -- CONTINUOUS

Alex is driving. Jake is in the passenger seat. His seat is reclined and he has his eyes closed. As the car slows, Jake opens his eyes.

JAKE

What's going on? Why are we slowing down?

ALEX

There's an accident up there.

Jake rubs his eyes.

JAKE

Where are we?

SUPER: "JUST NORTH OF ST. GEORGE, UTAH"

Alex points to the words superimposed on the screen. Jake reads the words and nods. He raises his seat and leans toward the side window, trying to get a better view of what is ahead of them.

The traffic slows to a crawl. Up ahead, an eighteen-wheeler is lying on its side. A couple of Highway Patrolmen are directing traffic.

As vehicles inch by the accident, a Highway Patrolman wearing mirrored sunglasses stands next to the lane of traffic, glancing inside each of the passing cars. The Highway Patrolman is the same Patrolman who followed Alex and Jake on their last drive.

As the Toyota inches past the Highway Patrolman, the Patrolman looks inside the car, making eye contact with Jake.

Jake freezes.

As the car passes him, the Highway Patrolman gets an expression of recognition on his face. He knows Jake's face, but isn't sure from where.

JAKE
Fuck. It's that same cop from last weekend.

ALEX
What cop from last weekend?

JAKE
That fucker who followed us and sweated us for a while.

ALEX
So?

JAKE
So, he looked right at me and recognized me.

ALEX
And?

JAKE
And what if he radios to one of his cop friends and tells them to pull us over.

ALEX
Why would he do that?

Jake is exasperated.

JAKE
Because he's a fucking cop, that's why.

ALEX
Last time you said be cool. Now I'm telling you to do the same.

The traffic in front of the Toyota comes to a stop.

In the passenger side view mirror, the Highway Patrolman is seen walking toward the Toyota.

JAKE
Fuck! Here he comes.

The cop steps up to the car and raps his knuckle on the passenger window.

Jake swallows and rolls down the window.

JAKE

Can I help you, Officer?

The Highway Patrolman leans in the window, glancing around the interior of the car, sizing up both Alex and Jake, being a typically suspicious cop.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You boys know your back passenger side tire is low?

ALEX

Thanks for letting us know, Officer. I'll take care of it at the next gas station.

The traffic inches forward. The cop walks along side the Toyota and speaks to Jake.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Do I know you?

Jake shakes his head, doing his best to remain calm.

JAKE

I don't think so.

The cop studies Jake for a moment.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Am I making you nervous?

Alex keeps his eyes locked on the road in front of him. Jake shakes his head again.

JAKE

No, sir.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You have something to be nervous about, son?

JAKE

No, sir.

The cop cocks his head slightly.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You sure we've never met?

Jake nods.

JAKE
Yeah, I'm pretty sure.

The traffic starts moving and the Toyota drives forward, leaving the Highway Patrolman behind them. The cop watches the car leave, still wondering why Jake looks so familiar to him.

Jake rolls up the window and sighs.

ALEX
What the hell was that all about?

JAKE
Fuck if I know. Let's keep moving.

SALT LAKE CITY -- EVENING

The Toyota drives north on Interstate 15 through Salt Lake City.

ALEX (V.O.)
Fortunately the rest of the trip was uneventful. No mishaps and no weird confrontations with cops. We weren't going to jail today. Gerald told us he'd gotten a hotel room and we were supposed to meet him there. We were going to do the handoff, stay the night, get paid in the morning, and split back to Tucson. Seemed pretty straightforward.

EXT. RESIDENCE INN SALT LAKE CITY -- LATER

The Toyota rolls to a stop and parks in front of a building at the back of the hotel.

Alex and Jake get out of the car. Alex opens the trunk of the car and he and Jake both remove two large duffel bags from the trunk. They take the duffel bags, close the trunk and approach the door to one of the rooms.

Jake sets down one of the duffel bags and knocks on the door. Gerald's muffled voice is heard inside.

GERALD (O.S.)
Who's there?

JAKE
It's me.

The door opens.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A nice but not overly fancy hotel room with a living room area with a couch, chairs, television, a kitchen, a small table and a bedroom with a king-sized bed.

Gerald ushers Jake and Alex inside the room and closes the door behind them. Gerald appears nervous, possibly stoned.

GERALD
Any problems?

Jake and Alex set the duffel bags on the couch.

JAKE
We're good. You got any beer in here?

GERALD
In the fridge. You grab me one too?

Jake grabs a couple of beers from the refrigerator and hands one to Gerald, who pops open a prescription bottle, takes several pills from inside and washes them down with beer.

JAKE
Your back still all fucked up?

Gerald winces.

GERALD
Worse than ever.

Gerald walks to one of the duffel bags, unzips it and frowns.

GERALD
What the fuck is this?

Gerald grabs a handful of dirty clothes from the duffel bag and angrily throws the clothes on the floor.

GERALD
Where's the shit, man?

JAKE
Jesus. Relax, man. It's underneath the clothes.

Gerald digs under the clothes in the duffel bag and removes one of the plastic turkey bags full of pot. His mood lightens.

GERALD
Oh, this is beautiful. How much did you bring?

JAKE
Ten pounds.

GERALD
Fantastic. Oh, this is good.

Alex makes his way to the refrigerator. Alex opens the refrigerator, grabs a beer and closes the refrigerator as Gerald approaches him, pulls a .45 from the back of his pants, jacks the slide on the gun and points the gun at Alex.

Alex almost drops his beer in surprise and raises his hands.

ALEX
What the fuck, man?

Gerald's expression is wide-eyed and crazed.

GERALD
Who are you?

ALEX
What the fuck are you talking about?
You know who I am.

Jake motions to Gerald to lower the gun.

JAKE
Put the gun down, man.

Gerald ignores him and keeps the gun pointed at Alex's face.

GERALD
Are you a cop?

ALEX
Fuck no, I'm not a cop.

GERALD
Then who are you?

Alex lowers his hands, frowning.

ALEX

I'm the one who just drove eight hundred miles with ten pounds of pot in the trunk of my car so we could all make some money. That sound familiar to you?

JAKE

Jesus fuck, Gerald! Put down the gun! What the fuck is wrong with you?

After a moment, Gerald lowers the gun and rubs his face with his free hand.

GERALD

Sorry, man. My head's all fucked up from the meds. Sometimes I just kinda lose it.

Alex is steamed.

ALEX

You stick a gun in my face for no fucking reason and all you can say is you're sorry? How about thanks for risking your life and your freedom so that I might make some money from selling a shitload of weed? How about that, motherfucker?

Gerald glances at Jake, anger creeping back into his voice.

GERALD

Your friend needs to calm the fuck down.

JAKE

You just waved a gun in his face. What do you expect?

Gerald sets the gun on the kitchen counter and blinks a couple of times.

GERALD

You're right. Sorry, man. I don't know what came over me.

Alex motions toward the front door.

ALEX
Just take the shit and get the fuck
out of here, okay?

Gerald frowns.

GERALD
I said I was sorry.

ALEX
Yeah, right.

A knock is heard at the front door. Gerald grabs his gun and goes to the door. He frowns at Alex, still wondering if Alex is a cop or not.

GERALD
Who is it?

A woman's voice is heard on the other side.

CASSIE (O.S.)
It's me, daddy.

Gerald opens the door. Standing in the doorway is CASSIE, Gerald's twenty-one-year-old daughter. She has long dark hair, smooth features and big brown eyes. She's gorgeous.

Gerald pokes his head out the door and glances around to see if anybody suspicious is around.

GERALD
Get in here.

Cassie shakes her head and steps inside the room. Gerald closes the door behind her.

CASSIE
So grumpy. Oh, hey, Jake. Long
time no see.

JAKE
Yeah, you too. How you been?

Jake and Cassie hug.

CASSIE
Good. You still hanging out in that
desert wasteland known as Tucson?

JAKE
C'mon. Tucson's cool.

Cassie shrugs slightly.

CASSIE
If you say so.

Cassie glances at Alex with a small smile.

CASSIE
Who's your friend?

Alex is noticeably smitten.

ALEX
My name's Alex.

Jake hears the flirty tone in Alex's voice and hopes Gerald didn't hear it too.

JAKE
What are you doing here?

CASSIE
Daddy can't drive because of the
meds he's on, so I get to chauffeur
him around, like he's a movie star
or something.

Alex stares at Cassie for a moment, wondering if she knows about the large quantity of pot in the room.

CASSIE
You guys staying in town long?

JAKE
We're just passing through. We're
leaving in the morning.

Cassie checks out Alex again for a moment, a small flirty smile on her face.

CASSIE
That's too bad.

ALEX
You want to stay for a while and
have a beer?

Gerald sees the chemistry between Alex and Cassie and is less than happy about it.

GERALD

We can't stay. Gotta go. Honey, go get in the car.

Jake goes to the couch and transfers all the bags of pot into a single duffel bag and hoists it onto his shoulder.

JAKE

Let's go.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jake puts the duffel bag in the trunk of Cassie's car, an old, beat up '79 Dodge Aspen, and closes the trunk. Gerald stands next to Jake with a sour frown on his face.

GERALD

Keep your friend away from my daughter. Next time I see him talking to Cassie, I'll shoot him in the face.

JAKE

Jesus, Gerald. The guy's my best friend and he just did us a huge fucking favor. So relax, okay.

GERALD

I'm serious.

JAKE

Yeah, you're serious. We'll see you in the morning.

GERALD

Can we really trust this friend of yours?

Jake sighs and cocks his head sideways in a *give me a break* kind of expression.

JAKE

Seriously?

GERALD

I don't like him, okay? He reminds me of someone who burned me once.

(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)
I'll trust him if you tell me to,
but I'm not happy about it.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
See you in the morning.

Jake waves at Gerald and Cassie sitting in the front seat of her car as the car drives off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jake closes the hotel room door behind him. Alex sits on the couch drinking a beer. Alex turns to Jake with an unhappy grimace.

ALEX
What the fuck was all that about?

JAKE
Gerald's just nervous is all.

ALEX
Your uncle's an asshole and he's all wacked-out on paid meds. Not a good combination for someone we're supposed to be doing business with.

JAKE
Gerald doesn't trust you.

ALEX
Yeah? Well, it's mutual. I have this bad feeling that he's gonna screw us on our cut.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
Last time was a fluke, Alex. He'll make good this time. I promise.

ALEX
I just don't understand why you trust him so much. Jake, he's a con man.

JAKE
He's family.

ALEX

He's a con man who doesn't mind
screwing over his family. What does
that say about him?

Jake makes his way over to the refrigerator and grabs a beer
from inside. Jake doesn't like Alex's words because he loves
his uncle dearly, and though he knows better, refuses to
believe that Gerald is the con man that Alex says he is.

ALEX

If we're going to do this whole thing
again, we're going to have to get
partners on this end who we can trust.

Jake is surprised by Alex's words.

JAKE

Do this whole thing again? I thought
you didn't want to do this at all.

Alex shrugs.

ALEX

I have a feeling that seeing all
that money tomorrow is going to change
my mind.

Jake nods, pops open the beer, and takes a long drink. He
stares at the open duffel bags for a few moments.

JAKE

Let's go skating.

Alex's mood lightens.

ALEX

Great idea.

OUTDOOR SKATING AREA -- LATER

There are concrete benches, parking blocks and small concrete
inclines. Jake and Alex ride their skateboards and do tricks.

ALEX (V.O.)

A little skate therapy was exactly
what I needed. Oh, and I was right
about Gerald screwing us. He shorted
us about two grand and acted like it
was no big deal. Fuck it.

(MORE)

ALEX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was time to go back to Arizona.
Even being short money, the amount
of money in our pockets seemed like
a small fortune.

MONTAGE

--Alex's Toyota Corolla driving on a desert road.

--A party at Alex and Jake's house.

--Alex, Jake, Brian and Antonio riding on the halfpipe in
the backyard of the house.

--The open hood of Alex's dark blue '66 GTO in the garage.
Alex is under the hood, working on the engine.

--Alex behind the wheel of the GTO, revving the car, a large
grin on his face.

--Another party at Alex and Jake's house.

--Alex handing a black apron to the manager of the restaurant
he used to work at. Alex waves good-bye to the manager.

--Alex standing on the side of a desert road, staring down
the road with an intense expression.

ALEX (V.O.)

Once we got home, things went right
back to normal. And now that I had
a few bucks in my pocket, I could
finish some projects I was working
on. For the next few weeks, we
partied a lot and more or less laid
low. I eventually quit my job.
Jake was right. Working for shit
wages was for suckers. It was almost
time for another run to Utah. I
have to admit that I was actually
looking forward to it. Yes, I was
hooked. It wasn't just the money.
It was the adrenaline rush of the
whole thing; the drugs, the drive,
and the possibility of getting caught.

DESERT ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The same desert road from the last shot in the montage.
Alex standing on the side of the road staring down the road.

Alex turns and speaks to the camera.

ALEX

With our next run, things were different.

MONTAGE

--Alex's GTO cruising down a road in Tucson.

--A couple of Hefty garbage bags full of pot being put in the trunk of the GTO by Felipe, a large, burly, very serious-looking Mexican guy in his late thirties.

--Split screen. Jake on the phone with Ronnie, Ronnie nodding in approval.

--Black screen.

ALEX (V.O.)

For one thing, we had a better car to drive. So here's what went down. We picked up twenty pounds of weed from Felipe, the dude who supplied Gerald with the dope that was stuffed in the Cadillac. Ronnie told us that his supplier had gotten some better weed than what he had before. So we figured why not pick up some pounds from Ronnie, too, and find out who had better dope, seeing that the price was about the same. Jake called up Ronnie and put in an order for five pounds to be picked up on Friday morning, right before we split town for Salt Lake. Unfortunately, things never seem to go as planned, especially in the world of drug running.

INT. ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- LATE MORNING

Alex is in the living room. He is nervous and pacing. Jake enters through the front door, a grin on his face.

ALEX

Where you been?

JAKE

I went to buy a phone.

ALEX
You bought a phone? What do you
need a phone for?

Jake removes a Nokia 101 cell phone from his pocket. In 1992, cell phones are not very common, so Alex just frowns at the sight of the phone.

ALEX
What's that?

JAKE
A mobile phone. So we don't have to
stop when we need to make calls.

Alex grins.

ALEX
Aren't you all Miami Vice and shit.

JAKE
C'mon, it's cool.

Alex resumes his impatient demeanor.

ALEX
You talked to Ronnie? We're running
out of time, man. I don't want to
make this drive in the dark.

JAKE
You need to relax, bro.

ALEX
The trunk of my car is full of pot
that's baking in the heat. I'm having
a hard time calming down...Ronnie
knew that we needed the stuff this
morning, right?

JAKE
Yeah, he knew. He said it wouldn't
be a problem.

ALEX
Then call him on your fancy new phone
and see how much longer we have to
wait.

Jake dials Ronnie's number and waits.

SPLIT SCREEN

Jake holding the cell phone to his ear. Ronnie is lying in his bed asleep. An old rotary phone next to the bed is ringing. The phone is hooked to an answering machine. Ronnie leans over and picks up the receiver with a tired groan.

RONNIE

Hello?

JAKE

Dude, it's Jake.

RONNIE

Yeah? What do you want?

Jake blinks in slight confusion.

JAKE

I needed to see how much longer it was going to take to get that thing we talked about.

Ronnie yawns but his eyes stay closed.

RONNIE

I'll have it by tonight.

JAKE

Tonight? I can't wait for tonight. I have someplace I need to be.

Ronnie's brow furrows but his eyes stay closed.

RONNIE

I'll have it by four.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

Four? Nah, man, I can't wait until four. I can wait another hour, tops

RONNIE

I can't do it in an hour.

Jake sighs. He thinks about it for a moment.

JAKE

We'll have to do this some other time, then.

RONNIE

Fine.

Ronnie hangs up the phone, throws a pillow over his head and goes back to sleep.

The split screen slides away so only Jake is on screen.

ALEX

What'd he say?

JAKE

He said we could do it another time.

ALEX

Great. Let's get the hell out of here.

INT. ALEX'S GTO -- LATER

Alex is driving. Jake is in the passenger seat. The car is driving on a stretch of Interstate 10, somewhere between Tucson and Phoenix.

ALEX (V.O.)

If only things were that easy. We were quickly figuring out that in this game, you had to question almost everything people said. More so than with other people, when you're running dope, the people you deal with have selective memories and explosive tempers.

Alex hooks his thumb toward the back seat of the car.

ALEX

Hand me that box in the back seat.

Jake reaches into the back seat, grabs the box and hands it to Alex.

Alex opens the box. Inside is a small black rectangular radar detector. Alex plugs the cord into the cigarette lighter and hangs the radar detector from the sun visor.

Alex turns on the radar detector, which lets out a squawk.

JAKE

You sure that's a good idea, speeding with a trunk full of merchandise?

ALEX

We'll do the speed limit most of the time. But what fun is having a fast car if you don't make it go fast?

Alex punches the accelerator.

MONTAGE

--Several shots of the GTO driving on Interstate 10 and US 93 between Wickenburg and Interstate 40 and between Kingman and Las Vegas.

"A New Level" by Pantera plays during the montage.

INT. ALEX'S GTO -- LATER

Through the front windshield, Las Vegas can be seen in the distance.

ALEX

Too bad we can't stop in Vegas.

JAKE

We'll stop on the way back when we have some cash in our pockets.

A ringing noise fills the car. Alex and Jake stare at one another.

It takes Jake a moment to realize that the ringing is coming from his new cell phone. Jake picks up the phone and stares at it, slightly confused that someone is actually calling him.

Alex motions at him.

ALEX

Well, answer it already.

Jake clicks the "answer" button and holds the phone to his ear.

JAKE

Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN

Jake in the passenger seat of the GTO with the cell phone to his ear and Ronnie with a cordless phone to his ear sitting

on the couch in his living room wearing a dirty T-shirt and boxers.

Porn plays on the television in front of Ronnie. A few lines of cocaine sit on a plate on a coffee table in front of him. Ronnie's tone is relaxed.

RONNIE

God damn, motherfucker. You left enough messages for me this morning.

JAKE

We're good, though, right?

RONNIE

Hell yeah, we're good, Jake. When you coming over to pick it up?

Jake is confused.

JAKE

What do you mean?

RONNIE

What do I mean? I mean you need to come over here and get your stuff.

JAKE

What? We talked about this this morning.

Ronnie's tone goes cold.

RONNIE

We didn't talk this morning.

JAKE

Yeah, we did, bro. I told you we had to leave early because we had someplace to be tonight and you said it was cool if we did this some other time.

Ronnie speaks through clenched teeth.

RONNIE

I didn't say that. I never woulda said that. So stop fucking with me, man. How soon you going to be over here?

JAKE

We're not. We're right outside of Vegas right now.

RONNIE

Vegas? Well, you better turn your ass around and come get your stuff.

JAKE

Can't, man. We have to be in Salt Lake City tonight. Sorry, bro.

RONNIE

What about all this shit you asked for?

JAKE

I don't know.

Ronnie's brow furrows into a deep crease. His expression is murderous.

RONNIE

I asked what about all this shit you asked for? I pull strings to help you out and you just bail on me like a little bitch?

JAKE

Look, Ronnie, when I told you I wanted it, I also told you I needed it by Friday morning because that's when we were splitting town. You said that wouldn't be a problem, but this morning you said you wouldn't have it until four. We couldn't wait until four, so we split.

RONNIE

You're saying this is my fault?

Jake doesn't answer.

RONNIE

Is that what you're telling me, motherfucker? That this is my fault? 'Cause that's what it sounds like to me.

JAKE

Ronnie, just chill, man, okay?

RONNIE

I'm not going to chill, asshole. I got you what you asked for and you're bailing on me. I can't do anything with all of this shit. You gonna tell me what I should do with all this shit? And what about the money I owe to the guy who dropped it off? What am I going to tell him? Sorry, the clients are in Vegas? It doesn't work that way, Jake, you stupid motherfucker.

Jake stares out at the road for a moment.

JAKE

Look. We'll be back on Sunday. Hold onto the stuff until then and we'll come pick it up when we get back into town.

Ronnie reaches under his couch and grabs a Beretta 9mm. Ronnie jacks the slide into the phone receiver.

RONNIE

You know what that sound is?

Jake swallows.

RONNIE

It's the sound that says don't bother coming home, 'cause if you come back here I'll fuckin' kill you.

JAKE

Jesus, Ronnie, it's just a couple of days. Then--

Ronnie cuts him off.

RONNIE

Then you and Alex die. You got that? You're dead. Enjoy your weekend.

Ronnie slams down the phone and he slides off screen. Jake stares ahead at the road, looking pale.

JAKE

Let's stop and get a six-pack.

ALEX
What'd Ronnie say? We cool?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
Naw, bro. We're fucked.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

A suite at the Hampton Inn in Murray, Utah, just south of Salt Lake City. Several large duffel bags sit on the kitchen table. A pizza box and a twelve-pack of beer sit on the coffee table between the couch and television.

Alex sits on the couch with a beer in his hand, watching the television but not really seeing what is on the screen.

Jake is sitting at the kitchen table, talking on his cell phone, but his words aren't heard.

ALEX (V.O.)
We're fucked. The words kept repeating in my head during the entire ride from Vegas. Just how fucked we really were remained to be seen. Was Ronnie crazy enough to kill us? With the amount of shit Ronnie put up his nose every day, I guess the answer was yes.

Jake hangs up the phone.

JAKE
Gerald says the plan is that me and him will meet up with his guy in the morning.

ALEX
You and him? What about me?

JAKE
Better if you just stay here. I don't need Gerald flipping out because you're tagging along.

ALEX
Dude, I'm hardly just tagging along. I'm in this, too.

JAKE

Let's just keep the peace, okay?

EXT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Alex stands in the open doorway of the hotel room and watches Cassie's beat-up Dodge Aspen leave the parking lot. Cassie is driving. Gerald is in the passenger seat. Jake is in the back seat.

Alex's GTO is parked right outside the hotel room. The parking lot is mostly empty.

ALEX (V.O.)

I was wondering what the hell was going on. This was now twice in a couple of weeks that someone threatened to shoot me and Jake seemed to be taking pages out of the Gerald playbook for screwing people. I trusted Jake, but I was starting to wonder if he was going to try to fuck me over, too.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

Alex sits in front of the television. A KNOCK is heard at the door. Alex stands and goes to check the peephole on the front door.

ALEX (V.O.)

If my life didn't seem dangerous or fucked up enough, things were about to get even more interesting.

Alex opens the door with a slight grin on his face.

Cassie stands outside the door. She's wearing shorts, a tight T-shirt and dark sunglasses. Her long hair is combed and shiny. She's grinning.

ALEX

Hey. What are doing here?

CASSIE

I thought I'd get you out of your hotel room for a while.

ALEX

Your dad know you're here?

CASSIE
He actually suggested it...but he
said he'd kill you if you so much as
touched me.

ALEX
I've been hearing that a lot lately.

Alex studies Cassie for a moment, wondering about Gerald's
change of attitude.

CASSIE
You want to go for a ride?

Alex points at the GTO.

ALEX
You want me to drive?

CASSIE
That's your car?

Alex nods. Cassie grins

CASSIE
Then yes, you're driving.

MONTAGE

"Return to Serenity" by Testament plays.

--The GTO driving in downtown Salt Lake City.

--Cassie points out the window, telling unseen stories about
places they pass.

--The GTO passing by Pioneer Park near downtown.

--Alex and Cassie having lunch at a pizza place called The
Pie. They're both laughing.

--Cassie taking Alex into a music store called the Heavy
Metal Shop.

--The GTO driving north on Interstate 15.

--Alex and Cassie riding a roller coaster at the Lagoon
amusement park.

ALEX (V.O.)

It was one of the best days ever. Cassie was way cool and she listened to some really kick-ass music. As much fun as I had, though, I still couldn't distance myself from all the recent threats and I wanted to know why Gerald was suddenly okay with the idea of me hanging out with his daughter. With Gerald, there was always an angle to everything. I wanted to know what his angle was today. Maybe I should just stop being paranoid. After the killer day I just had...

EXT. HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

Alex and Cassie stand in the parking lot right outside of the hotel room next to Cassie's Dodge Aspen.

Alex talks to Cassie, continuing the end of the last voice-over.

ALEX

...I wanted to know if I could see you again.

CASSIE

I had fun today, too.

ALEX

So you didn't mind babysitting me today?

Cassie wrinkles her brow.

CASSIE

Babysitting? That's what you thought today was? Are you really that much of an ass?

Alex puts up his arms in mock surrender.

ALEX

I was kidding. Today rocked. I'd like to hang out again when I'm back in town.

CASSIE

I'd like that, too.

Alex leans in for a kiss. The kiss lasts longer than they both expect. When they pull away, Cassie glances around the parking lot.

ALEX
What was that?

CASSIE
I was just making sure my dad wasn't nearby ready to kill you.

ALEX
Great.

Cassie hands Alex a slip of paper.

CASSIE
Call me sometime if you're not too busy. See ya.

Cassie gets into her car, waves and drives off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Alex enters the room, a happy grin on his face.

ALEX (V.O.)
Fuck Gerald. Cassie was the coolest girl I'd met in ages and his threats wouldn't keep me from seeing her again.

Alex's smile disappears. While the room looks the same, something doesn't feel right.

Alex checks the bedroom and bathroom. Everything looks fine.

Alex opens his bag and discovers the contents in disarray. He frowns.

ALEX (V.O.)
Someone had been in the room. So that was Gerald's angle. Get me out of the room so he could have someone check to see if we were hiding something from him, like more weed or maybe money. And I thought I might be paranoid. I wondered how much to tell Jake. Not that he'd listen, anyway.

(MORE)

ALEX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He looked up to Gerald for some reason and if I told him about our room getting searched, who knows what he'd say or do. Maybe it was better to just leave things be. But how could I? And for how long?

MONTAGE

--Alex and Jake sitting at to the dining room table in the hotel room, admiring a stack of money sitting on the table.

--Jake on the phone with Ronnie.

--Ronnie loading large bags of pot into the trunk of a car.

--A party at Alex and Jake's house. There are a lot of people at the party, including Ronnie, who slaps Alex on the shoulder in a friendly way.

--A closed door at the back of Alex and Jake's house. An X-ray shot of the door reveals a small storage room filled mostly with junk, along with several large bags of pot.

ALEX (V.O.)

Much to my surprise, Gerald didn't screw us on our cut this time around. We got paid, we went home, and everything was cool. Jake even smoothed things over with Ronnie by buying all the weed we'd asked for last time around, plus ten more pounds. The weird thing was how buddy-buddy Ronnie started being with us, as though he hadn't just threatened to kill us just a few days earlier. With all that weed stashed in the back room of the house, we had to make another run to Utah sometime soon.

MONTAGE

--Gerald on the phone with Felipe, the pot dealer from earlier.

--Bags of pot from Ronnie and Felipe sitting side-by-side. The weed from Ronnie is dark green and full of buds. The weed from Felipe looks dry and slightly brown-ish.

SUPER: "WEED FROM RONNIE. WEED FROM FELIPE."

--Arrows point from the superimposed words to the bags of weed from Ronnie and Felipe.

--Alex holds up a green bud sticky with resin.

--Felipe and an equally as burly-looking Mexican guy who look really pissed off. Felipe holds a sawed-off shotgun and the other guy brandishes a machete.

--Gerald eying the extra pounds of weed and rubbing his hands together conspiratorially, like Snidely Whiplash.

ALEX (V.O.)

So this is where we ran into a slight predicament. Gerald had already lined up another buy with Felipe, but his weed was shit compared to what we'd gotten from Ronnie. We couldn't say no to Felipe, 'cause his crew were crazy motherfuckers who really would kill us, and telling Gerald about the extra weed we'd picked up would mean he'd want a large cut of the profits, which I didn't think he deserved.

MONTAGE

--Jake and Alex unloading duffel bags from the trunk of the GTO.

--Jake putting some of the duffel bags in the trunk of a car, where Gerald stands watch, making sure nobody approaches.

--Plastic gallon-sized Ziploc bags full of quarter pounds of pot.

--Jake shaking hands with a clean-cut looking guy in his thirties named Mike.

--Mike loads the quarter pound bags of dope into the trunk of a car.

--Mike opening a duffel bag full of money, which he shows to Alex and Jake, who nod.

--Alex and Jake high-fiving each other.

--Alex mouthing the words "...worried about Gerald getting pissed about our side deal."

--Jake shaking his head.

ALEX (V.O.)

That's when Jake surprised me by telling me his new plan, which went like this: we'd take all the pot up to Utah. Gerald would get Felipe's dope and go make the sale to his guy. Meanwhile, Jake had lined up another guy, some dude not connected to Gerald, who wanted to buy pot that was already cut into QP's--That's Quarter Pounds for those not hip on pot terminology--so he could distribute a lot of the pot immediately. This guy, we'll call him Mike, Mike would buy all the pot that we got from Ronnie, but because the pot was cut into QP's, we could charge more, which meant more money in our pocket. I asked Jake if he was worried about Gerald getting pissed about our side deal. Once again, Jake surprised me by telling me that Gerald didn't have to know about the other weed.

MONTAGE

--The quarter pound bags of weed being stuffed in duffel bags under dirty clothes.

--The duffel bags are loaded into the trunk of the GTO, along with a couple of red and yellow metal gallon gas cans.

--Alex slams the trunk of the GTO closed.

--The GTO drives north on Interstate 10.

--A cop car drives along side the GTO. The cop driving nods at the car in approval.

--The GTO driving into Salt Lake City on Interstate 15.

--The GTO pulls up in front of a hotel and parks.

ALEX (V.O.)

Now our next problem was the weed we got from Ronnie was some pretty stinky shit. The plastic turkey bags and dirty laundry alone wasn't going to hide the smell. We also put leaky gas cans in the trunk. Any cop that pulled us over would smell the gas and think we just had a fuel leak. Or that was the assumption, anyway. We packed up the car and were on our way. There were a couple of close calls along the way, but the only cops that spent anytime staring at us seemed to be admiring my car more than they were trying to sweat us. We got to Salt Lake City with no problems. I wanted to get our shit sold and I wanted to see Cassie.

MONTAGE

--A cartoon image of a man melting under intense sunshine.

--Alex and Jake sitting in a hotel room, drinking beer. Several duffel bags sit on the floor near the television.

--An X-ray shot into the room next door, shows several more duffel bags sitting on the couch and on the table.

ALEX (V.O.)

Being the end of July meant Arizona was a furnace, so we decided to stay a few days in Salt Lake City, instead of doing our usual of driving to Utah, dropping the load, and heading right back home. It also gave us time to do our deal with Mike and not feel rushed about it. Plus, Gerald didn't need to know what we were up to. We just told him we wanted to escape from the heat of Tucson for a few days. We even rented a second hotel room to stash the good weed in. I told Jake my suspicions about Gerald and he agreed that the extra hotel room was a good idea.

MONTAGE

--Gerald and Cassie driving away from the hotel in Cassie's Dodge Aspen.

--Mike, Alex and Jake in a hotel room. A large duffel bag sits on the table. Mike unzips the bag, showing that it is full of money.

--Mike selling a small bag of weed to an unseen customer, who pays Mike, and Mike pockets the money.

--A cartoon of a pot plant and a large dollar sign that inflates and explodes.

--A shot of the Mormon Temple and Mormon missionaries in their white dress shirts and black ties.

--Two teenagers leaning against a wall on the other side of the Mormon Temple, smoking a joint.

ALEX (V.O.)

Things went smooth that time. Gerald showed up, we loaded up the dope, what we started to refer to as "work", and Gerald went to make his sale. Meanwhile Mike showed up. He got his cut pounds of good weed and we got paid a small fortune. When Mike sold his stuff to his customers, he also made a small fortune. Even though we were just middlemen, it was win-win for all of us. See, if I didn't mention this before, the price of weed in Utah compared to Arizona was crazy expensive, but someone was obviously buying it, even at inflated prices. The idea that a place that appeared to be as conservative as Salt Lake City being as weed crazy as it was is actually pretty funny when you think about it.

MONTAGE

--Alex and Jake showing each other bundles of money from the duffel bag full of cash that Mike gave them.

--Alex and Jake buying dress shirts.

--Alex and Jake with nicely combed hair wearing their new dress shirts and pants with Chuck Taylor shoes. They walk into a nice restaurant.

--Alex and Jake sitting at the table in the nice restaurant. A waiter with a disappointed expression on his face shows Alex an expensive bottle of red wine. Alex shrugs and motions for the waiter to pour the wine.

--The entrees are served at the restaurant. Both Alex and Jake stare at the food sitting in front of them, obviously having no idea what the food they ordered is.

ALEX (V.O.)

With the money we split with Gerald and the money we made outright from selling to Mike, we made a fuckload of money that weekend, which meant we had a lot of money and some time to hang out in Salt Lake. Though neither of us knew anything about good food and wine--I mean shit, Jake was the kind of guy who lived off fried bologna sandwiches on white bread--we thought we'd pretend we knew what we were doing. We also had time for some other extracurricular activities.

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

A heavy metal band is on stage. The music is loud and fast and the club is full of people rocking out to the music. Some people are moshing, though most are just standing in place waving their fists to the music.

Jake and Alex are in the crowd wearing T-shirts for rock bands and baggy shorts, while holding plastic cups of beer. Both appear to be enjoying themselves.

After a moment, Jake signals to Alex that he wants to go outside for a moment.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Alex follows Jake outside. They stand on the sidewalk outside of the club. Alex looks up at the lights of downtown Salt Lake City.

JAKE
Fuckin' hot in there. I thought we
stayed here for the weekend to get
out of the heat.

Alex shrugs.

ALEX
Band's decent, though.

Jake and Alex walk toward the parking lot of the nightclub.
A small group of people their age are leaning against the
back wall of the club sharing a joint.

Jake and Alex nod a greeting at them.

JARED is twenty-two, with long brown hair wearing a Slayer T-
shirt and ripped blue jeans. Jared motions at Jake and Alex
and holds the joint out at them.

JARED
You guys want a toke?

Alex and Jake exchange glances. They shrug an approval and
join the group.

JARED
You guys aren't cops, are you?

Alex and Jake grin.

JAKE
Hardly.

Jared hands the joint to one of his friends.

JARED
You guys from around here?

ALEX
Tucson.

Jared nods.

JARED
Ah yes, the desert. What brings you
to the illustrious home of the Mormon
Church?

JAKE

We're visiting my uncle...who's not Mormon.

Jared grins and points at a girl in the group.

JARED

No big deal if he is. Odette there is Mormon. Aren't you, baby?

Odette flashes a shy smile. The guy with the joint takes a hit and blows pot smoke into Odette's open mouth.

Jared accepts the joint from his friend and takes a puff.

JARED

I'm sure you guys get some really good pot down in Arizona. Here. Take a hit.

Jared hands the joint to Jake.

JARED

Up here, it's usually pretty dry so we take what we can get. There's been okay stuff so far this summer, but we just got this today and it's the shit. We heard that someone's bringing it up from Arizona or something.

Jake takes a toke from the joint. Alex stares at Jake smoking and sniffs the air. Jake's eyes light up in recognition. Jake exhales and passes the joint to another person in the group.

Jake and Alex watch as the people in the group take turns smoking the weed.

Jake turns to Alex and flashes him an all-knowing, almost proud grin.

ALEX (V.O.)

That's when I knew we were smoking the weed we got from Ronnie and the other dope the guy was talking about was probably Felipe's shit. What were the odds that these random strangers were smoking our weed?

(MORE)

ALEX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It hit me that we had to be supplying a lot of the weed for the Salt Lake City area. After just a short period of time, we were major players in the Salt Lake pot market. As long as we kept doing our runs, the dope smokers in Salt Lake City, like our friends in the alley, would have weed. The look on Jake's face told me that he knew it, too. It gave me a skewed sense of power and if it wasn't true before, it was official now: we were dope dealers.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

Jake sits on the couch. Alex hands Jake a beer and sits on the other end of the couch with a beer of his own. They both open their beers and toast.

Jake gestures at the duffel bag full of money, grinning.

JAKE

Can you believe this shit? We're fuckin' rock stars, bro.

Alex nods.

JAKE

Please tell me you're having fun with this 'cause I know I'm having a blast.

ALEX

Yeah, it's pretty crazy.

Jake gives Alex a wide-eyed expression of disbelief.

JAKE

Pretty crazy? It's fucking insane, bro.

Alex nods.

Jake studies Alex's calm demeanor for a couple of seconds.

JAKE

Then why aren't you ready to get stupid crazy fucked up and howl at the moon like I'm ready to do?

Alex pretends to inspect his beer for a moment.

ALEX

What would you say if I said that I wanted to start seeing Cassie?

JAKE

My cousin? Sure. Go for it. Why?

ALEX

'Cause you're the one wanting me to keep the peace with Gerald and Gerald would shit if he found out about me and Cassie.

Jake shrugs.

JAKE

Gerald knows he's got a good thing going. He might get pissed about you two at first, but he'll get over it. And if he doesn't, well, fuck him cause we got other things going, too.

ALEX

You willing to risk our partnership with him?

Jake waves it off.

JAKE

If he flips out, we'll tell him to find new drivers. That'll calm him down...So what's all this about Cassie? You like her or something?

Alex nods.

ALEX

She's awesome. I just wanted to make sure you were cool with it, that's all.

JAKE

So you going to ask her out?

ALEX

I already did. She's on her way over.

Jake is surprised.

JAKE
Tonight? You dog.

ALEX
I asked her to bring some friends
over.

JAKE
You did? What'd she say?

Alex doesn't answer. He just smiles.

JAKE
C'mon, asshole, what'd she say?

ALEX
She said she'd bring some friends of
hers from West Valley who like to
party.

Jake nods, though he has no idea what West Valley is.

A KNOCK is heard at the door.

ALEX
That's probably them now.

Alex motions for Jake to hide the duffel bag of money. Jake takes the bag in the bedroom, returning a moment later.

JAKE
It's safe.

Alex opens the door. Standing outside is Cassie and three women in their early to mid-twenties. They are all shiny-faced and look like they have been out barhopping.

Cassie steps through the door, wraps her arms around Alex and gives him a deep kiss. The three women make hooting noises.

One of the women, MARY, steps past Alex and Cassie. She holds a plastic bag in one hand and a case of beer in the other.

MARY
Is this where the party is?

JAKE
C'mon in. I'm Jake.

Another one of the women, LAYLA, steps forward and hugs Jake.

LAYLA
So this is the hot cousin we've heard
about.

The third woman, KATHY, makes a whooping noise. She opens the plastic bag that Mary was carrying and removes two large bottles; one vodka, the other whiskey.

KATHY
Who's ready to party?

Cassie whispers in Alex's ear.

CASSIE
I've been thinking about you all
week.

ALEX
Me, too.

Cassie grins.

CASSIE
You've been thinking about yourself
all week?

Alex tilts his head at Cassie.

ALEX
You know what I mean.

CASSIE
Is there someplace we can be alone
together?

ALEX
I got us the room next door.

Cassie motions Alex to follow her and calls out.

CASSIE
Have fun. Don't do anything I
wouldn't do.

LAYLA
Oh, we won't don't worry.

Layla starts giggling.

Alex and Cassie leave the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM NEXT DOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Cassie and Alex enter the room, slamming the door behind them. Alex pushes Cassie against the wall and they begin kissing frantically.

The frantic kissing turns to them pulling their clothes off.

Alex leads Cassie to the couch, where they start having sex.

INT. HOTEL ROOM NEXT DOOR -- LATER

Alex and Cassie lie under the twisted sheets of the bed, wrapped in each other's arms. Alex stares up at the ceiling with a contemplative expression. Cassie's eyes are closed and she has a content smile on her face.

Alex turns his head to face Cassie and starts stroking Cassie's hair.

ALEX

Do you know what I do?

Cassie's eyes remain closed.

CASSIE

What you do?

ALEX

Yeah. Why I'm here on weekends.

CASSIE

I'm not stupid.

ALEX

So what do I do?

Cassie opens her eyes and turns toward Alex.

CASSIE

You work for my dad. You and Jake are the drivers.

Alex doesn't like the sound of that.

ALEX

Is that what your dad told you?

CASSIE
No. It's just what I figured.

ALEX
We don't work for your dad. We work
with him...Does what I do bother
you?

CASSIE
Would I be here if it did?

Alex doesn't answer.

CASSIE
Speaking of which, do you want to
smoke out...I heard someone brought
some really good weed to town.

Alex misunderstands Cassie, thinking she's talking about the
dope he got from Ronnie. Alex stares at her for a moment,
wondering how Cassie knows about the other weed. He reaches
into a dresser drawer and removes a joint.

ALEX
You mean this?

Cassie takes the joint and smells it.

CASSIE
Wow, this smells great. I wasn't
talking about this, but...where'd
you get it?

Alex catches himself.

ALEX
It's from my personal stash.

CASSIE
Can we smoke it?

ALEX
Sure.

Cassie lights up the joint, holds in the smoke and exhales.

CASSIE
This is good. Do you have more?...
You're a driver, of course you do.

Alex wonders about Cassie ratting him out to her dad. He shakes his head.

ALEX
It's just a little stuff from home.
I didn't bring very much.

Cassie takes another hit and inspects the joint.

CASSIE
Why aren't you guys selling this
instead of the other stuff?

Alex doesn't answer, wondering how much he's just fucked himself.

CASSIE
If it's because this is a lot more
expensive, don't let that stop you.
People will pay for better weed,
trust me...Just something to think
about.

Alex watches Cassie carefully.

ALEX
I'll do that.

INT. HOTEL ROOM NEXT DOOR -- MORNING

Alex wakes up and finds Cassie is gone. He sits up, a blank expression on his face, still not sure if he'd screwed things up for him and Jake by letting Cassie smoke the joint of the good stuff the night before.

He stands and stretches. Suddenly he can hear the unmistakable sound of Gerald yelling coming from the room next door.

Alex begins pulling his clothes on.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- A FEW MINUTES EARLIER

SUPER: "A FEW MINUTES EARLIER"

Jake leans against the kitchen sink with a nonplussed expression on his face as Gerald stands near him looking extremely agitated.

GERALD

I've been hearing these rumors about a new kind of pot that just arrived in town that's supposed to be amazing. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?

Jake reaches for an open bottle of beer sitting on the kitchen counter and takes a pull from the bottle.

GERALD

You wouldn't be the one who brought it in, would you?

Jake clears his throat but doesn't say anything.

GERALD

What about your asshole partner? Does he know anything about this new dope in town? Maybe I'll ask him.

JAKE

He's not here.

GERALD

What do you mean he's not here?

JAKE

He's not here. He stepped out for a few.

GERALD

Don't bullshit me, man. His car's out front.

Jake motions toward the bedroom.

JAKE

See for yourself. He's not here.

GERALD

If he's out dealing that new pot I'll...

Gerald's voice trails off. His face is red and he's angry. Gerald screams.

GERALD

You guys better not be fucking me.

JAKE

Calm the fuck down, okay?

Gerald pulls his handgun from the back of his pants and shakily points the gun at Jake.

GERALD

If you guys are fucking me, I'll shoot both of you motherfuckers! I swear to fucking God I will!

The front door opens and Alex enters the room carrying two cans of soda from the vending machines. Gerald swings around and points the gun at Alex.

ALEX

What the fuck, man?

Gerald motions at Alex to close the door and Alex does.

GERALD

Where the hell did you go?

Alex holds up the cans of soda.

ALEX

To get a soda, but the vending machines here were broken so I had to walk next door, okay?

GERALD

You and Jake are fucking me.

Alex glances at Jake who is stone-faced.

ALEX

How are we fucking you? You got the dope. You made the sale. We all got paid. So how are we fucking you?

GERALD

You guys brought in other shit. Better shit.

ALEX

Says who?

Gerald frowns but doesn't say anything.

ALEX

Yeah, that's what I thought. You still got paid, so what's the big deal? Cool your jets.

GERALD

If you guys brought something else in, I want a cut.

JAKE

You got what we agreed on, so what's the big deal?

GERALD

The big deal is if you guys are making deals behind my back, I want it to stop. You work for me and don't forget that.

ALEX

We work for you? I thought this was a partnership.

Jake folds his arms across his chest.

JAKE

If you don't like our services or don't trust us, get some new drivers.

Gerald shakes his head.

GERALD

So you two can go out on your own? Not a chance.

JAKE

We don't know anybody around here. Who would we go through? You're the one with the connections.

GERALD

Fuck right I am.

JAKE

So lower the gun. You got paid. We got paid. We're all happy. Besides, we can't possibly be the only people running dope into Utah, right?

Gerald lowers the gun and turns toward Alex with a frown. Behind Gerald's back, Jake smiles at Alex deviously.

MONTAGE

--The GTO driving south on a highway. The sun is setting in the west, off the passenger side of the car.

--Passing dashed lines on blacktop.

--An enormous party at Alex and Jake's house with several kegs of beer. Brian's speed metal band is playing in the backyard. The inside and outside of the house is packed with people, including Antonio, Bob and Suzie.

--People at the party are drinking and smoking dope.

--Ronnie pours a small mountain of cocaine on a plate and begins chopping up lines.

--Jake snorts a couple of large lines of blow.

--A group of strippers enter the house.

--Alex and Jake snorting lines with the strippers.

--Alex working on the GTO.

--Jake driving away from a car lot in a flashy, silver 1991 BMW M5.

ALEX (V.O.)

So we went home, our uneasy alliance with Gerald still intact for the time being. I wondered what the possibility of Gerald crossing paths with Mike was. Not like Mike would tell some random asshole like Gerald where he was getting his supply, but still, it made me wonder. Back at home, we had more money than ever. The parties got bigger and crazier. The beer and booze flowed freely, so did the pot. The bigger parties also attracted new kinds of friends. I put more work into the GTO and Jake bought a new ride from a car dealer who was willing to take cash and ask no questions.

MONTAGE

--A shot of the University of Arizona and students in a classroom.

--Students in graduation caps and gowns being handed diplomas.

--Those same students in caps and gowns at a job, being handed paychecks.

--Alex standing outside of small building called "WEED INC." with a proud smile on his face.

--The GTO driving a stretch of empty road.

--A split screen shot of Jake holding his cell phone to his ear and Mike on the other end standing at a pay phone, talking into the receiver.

ALEX (V.O.)

School was about to start again, but I decided to take the semester off. The reason you went to college was to get an education so you could get a job that hopefully paid well, right? Well, I was getting paid. In just a couple of months, I'd made more money than I'd ever thought possible and there was still a lot more money to be made. I wasn't kidding myself that what we were doing was a career, and it probably wouldn't last long, anyway, but I might as well go along for the ride for a while. College would always be there as long as I didn't get caught, which was something I didn't spend much time thinking about. Then Jake got a call from Mike. He was ready for more product, which meant it was time for us to go back to work. A few days later, we got a call from Gerald.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE -- DAY

Alex and Jake are in the kitchen. Alex has a slice of cold pizza and beer sitting in front of him. Jake is chopping up a line of blow, while his other hand is wrapped around the neck of an expensive bottle of Champagne.

Alex stares at Jake angrily.

ALEX

He what?

JAKE

Gerald wants me to pick him up from the airport tomorrow night.

ALEX

What the fuck for? We're leaving the next morning.

Jake snorts a line of cocaine.

JAKE

That's the point. Gerald's going with us.

ALEX

I thought he couldn't travel long distances in a car because of his back. Wasn't that was the reason he got us do that first run for him?

Jake shrugs.

JAKE

He wants to ride with us. What was I supposed to tell him?

ALEX

So he's back to not trusting us? Your uncle is a paranoid son of a bitch. He needs to lay off the booze and the pain meds...So what are we doing about the dope? Gerald's locked in with Felipe, so we can't back out of that. Do we just tell him about the weed we get from Ronnie? We do that, we have to cut him in. You can bet that the paranoid motherfucker will check the trunk to see what we're hauling. So what do we do?

Jake snorts another line of blow.

JAKE

I'm thinking.

ALEX

What if you two go up in your car and I'll drive up later?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

No good. Gerald will know something is up.

ALEX

What if we cut back on the amount we get from Ronnie?

Jake's facial expression says he doesn't like the idea.

ALEX

Hear me out. Now that we're friends with Ronnie and Ronnie's biker pals are happy to be moving some weight thanks to us, we take less this time, with a promise and a down payment that we'll take more on our next run. We stash the good weed in the very back of the trunk 'cause I doubt Gerald will check every bag. We make the run, Mike still gets some of what he wants, and next time we go, we take Mike a shitload of good weed.

Jake looks skeptical.

ALEX

Or we can just tell your uncle about our side business and listen to him throw a fit about not getting his share of cash and have him threaten to shoot us again...Have you thought about cutting Gerald out altogether? We could be doing our own runs without his connections on either end and he wouldn't have to know.

Jake shakes his head.

ALEX

Look, I know he's your uncle and you love him and all, but he's a liability, and one less liability in the work we do would be a good thing. I say we go solo after this. What do you say?

Jake thinks about it for a moment.

JAKE

Let's do ten pounds from Ronnie and hide it at the back of the trunk. If Gerald actually finds it, we tell him that we wanted to surprise him with some primo weed. If he doesn't believe us, we'll deal with that when it happens.

INT. ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Alex and Antonio are sitting in front of the television watching skateboarding videos. Alex is drinking a beer. Antonio is adjusting the wheels on his skateboard with a socket wrench.

The front door opens and Jake enters the house followed by Gerald, who is carrying a small overnight bag and is grimacing in pain. Gerald's face is shiny. He is either drunk or stoned on meds, or both.

GERALD

God damn, did that flight fuck up my back.

ALEX

Just think what a twelve hour drive tomorrow will do to you.

Gerald ignores the sarcasm. He sets his bag on a table and fumbles for a prescription bottle of pills. He wanders into the kitchen, followed by Jake, who flashes a slightly distressed expression at Alex.

Antonio whispers to Alex.

ANTONIO

Who's the *borracho*?

ALEX

That's Jake's uncle Gerald. He's staying the night and taking off in the morning.

ANTONIO

Something's not right about him.

ALEX

You got that right.

ANTONIO

No, I mean something's not right about him. His aura is fucking black, man.

Alex grins.

ALEX

His aura? Didn't know you were all mystic and shit.

Antonio doesn't smile.

ANTONIO

I'm serious, man. I'd watch your back around him.

ALEX

Gotcha.

Alex goes to the kitchen, where Jake and Gerald are standing by the sink.

ALEX

So your flight wasn't that great?

Gerald ignores him.

GERALD

I understand you have something in the trunk of that fancy car of yours to show me.

Alex glances at Jake, who just shrugs.

INT. GARAGE AT ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Alex, Jake and Gerald enter the garage, where the GTO is parked.

ALEX

You flew all this way to critique the way I pack my trunk? You could've saved yourself the hassle. It's packed the same way it always is.

Gerald frowns at Alex and motions impatiently.

GERALD

Will you tell your friend to open the fucking trunk?

Alex opens the trunk of the GTO, releasing a strong smell of gasoline. Gerald wrinkles his nose.

GERALD

What the fuck? You have a fucking gas leak or something?

Alex shrugs.

ALEX

The way this car burns through gas, we need the gas cans so we don't have the possibility of getting stuck in the middle of nowhere during one of our runs.

GERALD

Get some new gas cans, then. You have money.

The trunk of the GTO is filled with duffel bags. Gerald unzips one and rifles through the dirty clothes on top, finding the plastic bags of weed underneath. Gerald repeats the process with the next two duffel bags.

ALEX

What are you doing, man? I spent all afternoon sealing those bags and packing the trunk.

Gerald doesn't answer.

ALEX

Can you at least let me know what the fuck you're looking for?

Gerald continues searching through duffel bags. Jake and Alex exchange slightly worried glances.

GERALD

I know you're hiding something from me. And yes, you're hiding something from me. I trust Jake, but I don't trust you.

ALEX

I'm hiding something from you? Oh, that's right, I bought new *chonies* recently. Would you like to see them?

Gerald finds a skateboarding pad, wrinkles his nose in disgust and tosses the pad aside. He stops, stands upright, and puts a hand on his back in pain. Pain gives way to disappointment.

GERALD

There's nothing here but pot and
dirty clothes in here.

Jake and Alex seem to relax.

JAKE

Exactly what should be in here.

Gerald stumbles back toward the house, turning, and fixing a glare at Alex.

GERALD

You're not getting away with anything
around me.

Gerald leaves the garage. Both Jake and Alex let out long exhales.

TWO LANE DESERT HIGHWAY -- DAY

The GTO drives on a stretch of Highway 89, somewhere in southern Utah. The car is by itself. No cars are in sight.

ALEX (V.O.)

If it wasn't bad enough having to drive with Gerald ripped out of his skull on pain pills, blow and light beer, which made him have to piss every twenty or thirty minutes like a little kid, Gerald insisted that we take a different route. I don't like deviating from the plan. The old route kept us on well-traveled highways. The more cars, the less likely cops will pull you over out of boredom or for committing minor traffic infractions. Gerald's route had us driving deserted highways through northern Arizona and southern Utah. I guess one advantage was we could make up the time lost because of Gerald's piss breaks.

INT. ALEX'S GTO -- CONTINUOUS

Alex is behind the wheel. Jake sits in the passenger seat. Gerald sits in the back seat looking uncomfortable and irate. The song "Fly Me Courageous" by Drivin' and Cryin' plays on the stereo.

Gerald throws an empty beer can out the window, pops open a can of Bud Light, takes a snort from a bright green cocaine bullet, and leans over the back of the driver's seat, holding his face just inches from Alex's.

GERALD

When are you stopping again?

Alex pushes Gerald backward.

ALEX

Again? Fuck, dude, you have a baby bladder. You just pissed like ten minutes ago.

GERALD

So? I gotta piss again. You want me to piss on your seats?

Alex ignores him.

A moment later, Alex glances in the rear view mirror and sees a white Utah Highway Patrol car coming up on them with its lights flashing.

Alex looks at the speedometer and sees they're doing nearly 80 in a 55 mph zone. Alex notices that the light for the radar detector is off.

ALEX

Shit.

JAKE

What?

ALEX

There's a cop coming up on us.

JAKE

How fast you doing?

ALEX

Almost eighty.

GERALD

What the fuck are you speeding for when we have all that shit in the trunk?

JAKE

That's a good question.

ALEX

I thought the radar detector was on. We can see for miles and with no traffic around I thought we could really fly for a while.

Jake puts his finger on the cigarette lighter adapter for the radar detector and the radar detector comes to life with a buzz.

GERALD

Nice going, shit-for-brains.

ALEX

We just need to play it cool. We'll get a speeding ticket and be on our way.

Gerald lays down on the back seat as Alex puts on the breaks and lets the car slow down and finally roll to a stop.

Alex glances in the rear view mirror at the patrol car sitting behind them with its lights flashing.

After a moment, the door of the patrol car opens and the Highway Patrolman steps out of the car. It is the same Highway Patrolman from the two prior encounters.

The cop steps up to the driver's side of the GTO and Alex rolls down the window.

ALEX

Good afternoon, Officer.

The cop leans over and glances inside the car, inspecting the interior of the car and sizing up the three occupants.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You know how fast you were going?

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX

No, sir.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

I clocked you going seventy-seven in a fifty-five. Where you going in such a hurry?

ALEX

We're going up to Salt Lake. I don't like doing the drive at night.

The cop nods but doesn't say anything for a couple of moments.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Can you step out of the vehicle, please, and bring your license, registration and proof of insurance?

ALEX

Sure.

The cop walks back toward his car.

Gerald whispers.

GERALD

We're fucked.

JAKE

Just keep calm.

Jake motions at Alex.

JAKE

You too.

Alex grabs paperwork from the glove compartment and gets out of the car.

DESERT HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Highway Patrolman stands between the back of the GTO and the front of his cruiser, with a blank expression on his face.

Alex approaches the cop, doing his best to look calm.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You were going pretty fast back there.

Alex tries to play it off.

ALEX

Yeah. Sorry about that. Sometimes you forget how fast you're going in this thing.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

It's got some serious power, then?

ALEX

Yes, sir.

The cop's expression remains neutral.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Yeah, I'll bet it does.

The cop motions for Alex to hand over his license and paperwork, which Alex does. The cop looks over the paperwork.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Okay, here's the deal, Alex. It's bad enough that you're driving at dangerous speeds out here, but the real reason I pulled you over is I saw a beer can thrown out of this car a little way back, which is a really dumb thing to do. You been drinking, Alex?

Alex shakes his head.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You know it's illegal to drink and drive, right?

ALEX

Yes, sir.

The cop leans in and appears to be smelling Alex.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Someone else in the car drinking, then?

ALEX

Yes, sir.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You know that's illegal, too, right?

Alex doesn't answer.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

So here's the deal: I have you for excessive speeding, littering and consumption of alcohol in a vehicle, all of which carry some serious fines. Do you understand all of that?

Alex nods.

ALEX

Yes, sir.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You and your friend in the front seat look familiar to me. I'm pretty sure I've seen you out here before, though not in this vehicle, because I would've remembered a GTO like this one. And I'm pretty sure I've never seen you on this stretch of highway because I don't see too many people at all out here. You say you're going to Salt Lake City?

Alex nods again.

ALEX

Yes, sir. Me and my friend are taking his uncle back home to Salt Lake City where he lives.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

This uncle have a name?

ALEX

Gerald.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Is Gerald the one drinking and throwing beer cans out of the car?

Alex nods again.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

You want to open your trunk for me, please?

Alex is noticeably shaken.

ALEX
Pardon me, what?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
I said open the trunk.

Alex stares at the cop but doesn't do anything. The cop's neutral demeanor turns angry.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
You're not going to make this
difficult for me, are you, son?

Alex takes a deep breath. He fishes the keys out of his pocket, puts the key in the lock for the trunk and lifts open the trunk, which is stuffed full of duffel bags.

The cop stares at the contents of the trunk for a moment. His neutral tone of voice returns.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
That's a lot of bags. You boys
planning a long trip or something?

Alex doesn't answer.

The cop leans toward the trunk, reaching for one of the duffel bags, when a loud GUNSHOT rings out. Blood from the back of the cop's head sprays all over Alex.

Gerald stands at the side of the car holding a handgun. Gerald steps over the cop and checks to see if the cop is dead.

Alex stares at the cop in shock. Jake jumps out of the car and rushes toward Alex and Gerald.

JAKE
What the fuck did you do?

GERALD
This pig was going to ruin everything,
man.

Jake's eyes bounce from one direction of the highway to the other.

JAKE
Jesus, Gerald, you just killed a
cop, man. That's some serious shit.

Gerald slams the trunk closed, picks up Alex's license and registration and hands them to Alex, who takes them, though it is obvious that he is stunned.

GERALD

We don't have time to think about it. We have to get out of here.

Alex takes one more look at the cop missing a good portion of his head and stumbles toward the front of the car. Jake steers Alex toward the passenger side of the car.

JAKE

Maybe you should let me drive.

INT. ALEX'S GTO -- LATER

Jake drives. Alex is in the passenger seat. Most of the blood is wiped off his face, but he stares off in the distance with a dazed expression.

Gerald is in the back seat, drinking a Bud Light. If he is agitated about killing a cop, it doesn't show.

ALEX (V.O.)

I guess that answered the question of what Gerald was capable of. It also meant that there was no turning back for us. We were in deep, tied to Gerald whether we liked it or not. We might have been drug runners, but now we were murderers, too.

INT. ALEX'S GTO -- DAY

Alex is driving, eyes locked on the freeway, a stretch of Interstate 15 just north of Cedar City. Jake stares out the side window with an expression on his face that says he's lost in thought.

ALEX (V.O.)

Things changed after that. We got to Salt Lake, we did our deals, and then we went home. But we never talked about Gerald shooting the cop. Jake knew that Gerald crossed a line and I guess he was having a difficult time dealing with it.

MONTAGE

--Another crowded, raging party at Jake and Alex's house.

--Jake sits at the kitchen table snorting enormous lines of cocaine.

--Jake in the living room of the house handing a baggie of pot to a stoner-looking guy with long scraggly hair.

--Jake in the living room of the house handing small plastic seals of blow to a burned-out looking guy who hands Jake a wad of crumpled-up dollar bills.

--A sketchy-looking guy standing outside of the house pounding on the front door. Jake opens the door. Jake is wide-eyed and wired on blow. Jake lets the guy inside the house.

--Stacks of money and bags of pot and blow sitting on Jake's bed.

--A small self-storage unit with several large duffel bags sitting on the floor of the unit. Alex pulls the sliding, corrugated metal door closed and puts large padlocks on the outside locks.

ALEX (V.O.)

When we got back to Tucson, Jake was a different person. He was partying harder and doing a lot more blow than before. He even violated a strict rule we put in place at the start of all of this, mainly no dealing at the house. Jake started slinging bags of pot and also started selling blow. It was bad enough having the potheads around, but cokeheads are a completely different breed of people, and having sketchy people show up at the house at three in the morning looking to score was not cool. With the amount of cash and drugs stashed in our house, I knew it was only a matter of time before someone tried to roll us. I moved all my cash to a storage unit. Anything that happened at the house to Jake and his money was his problem.

MONTAGE

--Jake, coked out of his mind, pawing at girls who are at the house for a party. The girls give Jake a dirty look, which pisses him off. Jake shoves one of the girls.

--Jake tries to kiss Suzie, the woman from the neighborhood. Her face wrinkles in disgust and she puts her hands up to push him away.

--Jake and Lori, Brian's stripper girlfriend, in bed. Jake is fucking Lori from behind. Lori's expression is emotionless.

ALEX (V.O.)

And if dealing out of the house wasn't bad enough, his behavior got more erratic, especially around girls. Guys knew better than to bring their girlfriends around because Jake suddenly started acting like any girl who walked in the house belonged to him and was fair game to hit on. Suzie from next door stopped coming over because Jake creeped her out. Jake even started banging Lori, Brian's girlfriend, behind Brian's back. I'm not sure who was more at fault, Jake or Lori. I just felt bad for Brian.

MONTAGE

--Gerald on the phone. His eyes are heavy-lidded and he looks completely zonked.

--A cartoon image of a pot plant and a map of the Southwestern US. The pot plant jumps from Tucson to Salt Lake City.

--A large clear plastic bag of weed with a heavenly glow about it.

--A group of bikers holding pistols, with outstretched open palms, like they're stealing someone's money.

ALEX (V.O.)

Meanwhile, Gerald, in his pain med and beer-fueled moronic idiocy somehow told Felipe about the Tucson to Salt Lake City dope pipeline, which he

(MORE)

ALEX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
now wanted a cut of. I didn't want to deal with Felipe anymore, anyway. Ronnie and the bikers had better weed and people in Salt Lake were smoking up that weed like there was no tomorrow. The problem was, with the weight we were moving, now the bikers wanted in on the action, too. What had started as a way to make some cash had blown up into something big and dangerous and was making me start to have second thoughts about what we were doing.

MONTAGE

--Jake's BMW M5 driving on a highway.

--The interior of the Beemer. Both Jake and Alex are laughing. Alex turns up the stereo and bobs his head to the music.

--Mike shaking hands with Alex and Jake. Mike walking away carrying two large duffel bags full of pot.

--Alex and Cassie kissing frantically.

--Alex and Jake at a craps table in a Las Vegas casino. They both have cocktails in their hands and appear to be having a blast.

ALEX (V.O.)
But first we had to do another run, this one being the first without Gerald and without Felipe's product. The bikers were getting anxious about moving some weight and Jake was happy to oblige them. This time we'd take the Beemer. I didn't want to take the chance of the GTO being recognized after the shit with the dead cop. Maybe Gerald and Jake's paranoia was starting to rub off on me. We did the run and everything seemed normal, like things were before. We cranked some tunes and laughed a lot. We met up with Mike and made a shitload of cash. I got to see Cassie, and then we went home, stopping in Vegas on the way for some fun.

MONTAGE

--A party at Jake and Alex's house. Jake has big bags under his eyes, looking completely wasted. He holds a .45, jacks the slide on the gun, and drunkenly points the gun at people at the party.

--Jake punching a guy at the party.

--Jake drunkenly grabbing at a woman's ass. The woman slaps him.

--Several sketchy-looking cokeheads walking in and out of the front door of Alex and Jake's house.

--Jake behind the wheel of the Beemer. He is alone in the car. The car is on the Interstate just south of Salt Lake City.

ALEX (V.O.)

That was the last time I saw the old Jake. After that, his behavior got even worse than before. Sometimes he'd disappear for days at a time, and when he was around, the house was a never ending stream of sketchy people looking for drugs. It was time for me to move out because I knew this wasn't going to end well. Then I found out that during those days when Jake disappeared, those days that I figured he was holed up somewhere partying and getting high, he'd been making runs to Utah without me.

INT. TAP ROOM BAR -- DAY

Alex sits inside of the bar at Club Congress in Tucson called the Tap Room. He is wearing shorts, black Chuck Taylors, and a T-shirt for the band FEAR, with an image from the band's first album, with the band members wearing gas masks.

Alex speaks to the camera. A half-empty pint of beer sits in front of him.

ALEX

Part of me was hurt, because we'd started doing this thing together.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

The other part of me realized this was the wake up call I needed. It was time to get out. Jake was about to fuck up and I didn't want to be around when it happened.

MONTAGE

--Jake meeting with Felipe. He stuffs several garbage bags of weed into the trunk of his Beemer.

--A large mountain of a man named Zen. Zen is dressed in all black. He looks menacing. He has long curly black hair and his fleshy features are almost Polynesian in appearance.

SUPER: "ZEN. BAD MOTHERFUCKER."

--Zen holds a photo of Jake. He folds the picture, puts it in a pocket and slips on a pair of black wraparound sunglasses.

ALEX (V.O.)

And it didn't take Jake long to fuck up, either. High on coke and anxious for a payday, much to Jake's surprise, he discovered the bikers were out of product, so he turned to Felipe and promised him some kind enormous payout when he got back to Tucson. Then Jake disappeared for over a week, which pissed off Felipe and his crew, who brought in this big, scary motherfucker named Zen to find Jake. Zen is not a guy to be messed with and he obviously doesn't understand the irony of his name, though I doubt anybody has bothered to confront him about it.

EXT. ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Alex walks away from the GTO parked in the house's driveway, toward the house. He is holding a cell phone to his ear and glances over at a black 1970 Plymouth Barracuda parked on the street.

ALEX (V.O.)

With everything else going on, I got a call that I definitely didn't expect.

Alex stops at the front door, his face morphing into an expression of confusion.

ALEX
You're pregnant?

FREEZE FRAME

Alex with a wide-eyed expression on his face.

ALEX (V.O.)
Yeah, you heard that right. I was going to be a daddy. Oh shit.

BACK TO SCENE

Alex grabs the handle on the front door and pushes open the door. His lips twist into a smile.

ALEX
No, I think that's awesome.

INT. ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Alex steps inside the house, still talking, and freezes.

ALEX
No, baby, that's amazing. No, I'm happy. I'm...Shit. I have to call you back.

Alex hangs up the phone and raises his hands in the air. Zen is standing in the living room, dressed in all black, carrying a sawed-off pump shotgun. Zen racks a shell into the chamber and points the gun at Alex's chest.

Zen's voice is calm and business-like.

ZEN
Where's Jake?

ALEX
No idea. Haven't seen him in a week.

ZEN
You sure about that?

ALEX
Very sure. You mind if I lower my hands?

Zen doesn't answer and keeps the shotgun pointed at Alex. Alex lowers his hands anyway.

ZEN
Your friend has really pissed off some people who asked me to get their money for them. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?

Alex shakes his head.

Zen slowly walks around the living room, casually eyeing the posters on the walls. He stops at a poster of Brian on his skateboard launching a big air off the lip of a halfpipe.

ZEN
Looks difficult.

ALEX
That's actually one of my roommates.

ZEN
Is he the one with the hot girlfriend?

Alex's eyes open wide.

ZEN
They're in the back bedroom. They weren't much help. But the girl's got some balls, I'll give her that.

Zen turns his attention back to Alex, pointing the shotgun at Alex's head.

ZEN
Now about that money. Where is it?

Alex stares at Zen with a blank expression.

ZEN
You're his partner, aren't you?

ALEX
Used to be.

Zen's eyebrow rises slightly.

ALEX
He went solo.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

That call I just had, my girl just told me we're going to have a baby. I'm done with all of this.

ZEN

Is that so?

Alex nods.

ZEN

So the money isn't here?

ALEX

You can check if you want.

Zen's flat expression says that he already checked the house.

ZEN

You know you're on the hook for the money, too, don't you?

Alex's brow wrinkles in confusion.

ALEX

Why? That deal he made had nothing to do with me.

ZEN

The people who hired me seem to think otherwise.

ALEX

So what am I supposed to do?

ZEN

Tell me where Jake is.

ALEX

I told you I don't know.

Zen casually lifts the window blinds and stares out into the front yard.

ZEN

I'll give you twenty-four hours to produce your business partner or the money. Both would be preferable, though. And running isn't a good idea. I'll find you.

Zen walks to the front door, opens it, and lowers the shotgun.

ZEN
Nice ride, by the way.

Zen leaves the house.

Alex rushes to the back bedroom and opens the bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Brian and Lori jump slightly and raise their hands in the air. They've both been beaten up. Lori has a black eye. Brian's nose is broken, he has a big welt on his forehead and his face is crusted with blood.

Brian and Lori both lower their hands.

BRIAN
Jesus, Alex. We thought you were that guy coming back to finish us off. What the fuck is going on?

Lori's tone is anxious.

LORI
Do you see what that guy did to us?

ALEX
If you have someplace to go for a few days, I'd go. Now.

Brian puts a hand on Alex's shoulder.

BRIAN
Hold on, man. That big fucker busts in here and beats the crap out of both of us, wanting to know about some money that Jake owes him. I want to know what the hell is going on.

ALEX
Jake's in some deep shit and he's pretty much buried me in it, too. Sorry you guys got in the middle of this. Where's Antonio?

BRIAN
At work, I think. Does he have something to do with this?

Alex shakes his head.

BRIAN
This is about Jake's drug dealing,
right?

ALEX
The less you know, the better.

Alex walks through the house, appearing to be lost in thought.

ALEX (V.O.)
I was in a bind. I had to find out
where Jake was and figure out what
to do next. Then, for the second
time in less than an hour, I got an
unexpected phone call.

Alex's cell phone rings. Alex answers the phone.

ALEX
Hey, Jake.

INT. DANNY'S BABOQUIVARI LOUNGE -- LATER

A dive bar in central Tucson with several pool tables, a
long wooden bar and vinyl booths along one wall.

Jake sits at the last booth in the bar. Though he doesn't
look as strung out as before, Jake is definitely nervous.

Alex sits down in the booth across the table from Jake and
stares at Jake for a couple of seconds.

JAKE
I'm fucked, bro.

ALEX
That's one way to put it.

JAKE
No, you don't get it. I'm really
fucked, bro.

ALEX
This guy came to the house earlier.
He said I have twenty-four hours to
give him you and a bunch of money.
How much money we talking here, Jake?

Jake lets out a groan and runs his fingers through his hair.

JAKE

A lot.

ALEX

Then pay him, already.

JAKE

It's not that easy, bro.

ALEX

I'm listening.

JAKE

The Mexicans gave me a load on credit,
'cause, you know, we'd been moving
so much weight with them.

Alex looks skeptical.

ALEX

You got a load on credit? Sounds
like a bunch of bullshit to me. How
much did they give you?

JAKE

Fifty pounds.

Alex lets out a small snort of a laugh.

ALEX

There's no way you got fifty pounds
on credit.

JAKE

I explained to them that with you
not involved, the amount of money
they were going to make was huge and
they went for it.

ALEX

They? Who's they?

JAKE

You know. The Mexicans.

Alex isn't buying a word of it.

ALEX

You drove fifty pounds of weed in
the Beemer?

JAKE
I rented a moving truck.

ALEX
Right. So what happened?

Jake stares down at the table.

JAKE
The load got clipped.

ALEX
What do you mean it got clipped?

Jake is anxious.

JAKE
It got clipped, bro. Stolen. I stopped to get some dinner and I came out and the truck was gone. I think it might've gotten towed.

ALEX
You think? Sounds pretty sketchy, Jake.

JAKE
It's what happened, bro.

ALEX
Let's say that's really what happened. So now you're in fifty pounds, plus the sales from that fifty pounds, which is a lot of dough.

Jake lowers his head.

JAKE
I know.

ALEX
So why not just tell him what happened? Loads get lost every day.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
This isn't like losing a load at the border or getting busted by the cops. I lost the load. There's a big fucking difference, bro.

ALEX
So what do you want me to do?

JAKE
Help me pay them back.

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX
With my money? No can do.

JAKE
Then we need to make another run
right as soon as possible.

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX
You mean you have to make a run as
soon as possible. This is your fuck
up, so fix it.

JAKE
You won't do this for me?

ALEX
I'm not doing it, period. I don't
do this anymore. I'm moving to Salt
Lake City. Cassie is pregnant.

Jake starts to get fidgety.

JAKE
But this is your deal, bro. You're
the brains behind all this.

ALEX
Did you hear what I said? I'm going
to be a father.

Jake's voice bleeds anxiousness.

JAKE
Can you please make a call to the
Mexicans or the bikers? You're the
one who always sets up the deals.

Alex squints at Jake. Something about Jake's words and his
demeanor is wrong.

ALEX

What the fuck are you talking about?
You're the one who sets up the deals.
And what's with this 'Mexicans' shit?
You know his name.

Jake skirts the comment.

JAKE

No, bro, you make the calls and set
up the deals. It's you. I work for
you. This whole thing was your idea
from the start, right?

ALEX

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Alex stands and motions for Jake to stand up as well. When Jake doesn't stand, Alex drags him from the booth and lifts Jake's shirt up. There is a small microphone taped to Jake's chest with white athletic tape.

Alex shakes his head, partly in anger, partly in disgust.

ALEX

Jake, you asshole.

Jake is on the verge of tears.

JAKE

Please, bro. I just need this one
favor. Say it was you, please. I'm
begging you. Say this was your
operation. C'mon, bro, you owe me.

ALEX

Fuck you, Jake.

Alex turns and leaves.

MONTAGE

--Jake loading large duffel bags into the back of a small yellow Ryder rental truck.

--The Ryder truck parks in front of a truck stop.

--A Sheriff's cruiser parks next to the Ryder truck. A deputy climbs out of the cruiser, stops and sniffs the air.

--The deputy opens up the back of the Ryder truck and sees the duffel bags inside.

--The duffel bags unzipped. All of them are full of weed.

--Jake in an interrogation room being questioned by Federal agents. Jake is talking, though his voice isn't heard.

--Jake having a microphone taped to his chest.

--Jake behind the wheel of his BMW, going fast down a highway.

ALEX (V.O.)

Jake did rent a truck and filled it with the "borrowed" weed from Felipe, though I still don't know if that part is bullshit or not. So Jake stops at a truck stop and a local cop parks next to the truck and happens to smell a really pungent odor coming from the truck. The cop opens the back of the truck. Jake, the dumbshit, was too coked out to remember to put a lock on the back of a truck carrying fifty pounds of dope. Jake gets arrested and the Feds got involved. Instead of rolling over on Felipe or the bikers, because that would mean him getting killed, my once-best friend tried to give me up to the Feds, claiming that I was some kind of drug kingpin mastermind and he was just a driver, a hired employee, and he was going to wear a wire to prove it. Some friend, huh? Wire or not, Felipe still wanted his money and I wanted to get the fuck outta Dodge. So did Jake, apparently, because he made a run for it.

EXT. ALEX AND JAKE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Alex approaches the house in the GTO. A crew of firemen are putting out the smoking remains of the house. Brian, Lori and Antonio stand in the street with dazed expressions, watching the firemen.

Alex parks the GTO and approaches Brian, Lori and Antonio.

ALEX

What happened?

Lori is seething angry.

LORI
What does it look like? That big
guy came back and burned the house
down.

Brian's tone is somber.

BRIAN
Everything I owned was in there. My
guitar, my amps, everything.

ANTONIO
This sucks, man.

ALEX
What did you tell them?

BRIAN
I told them the truth, that some big
motherfucker said that the owner of
the house owed him a bunch of money
so he torched the house.

Lori glares at Alex.

LORI
This is your fault, Alex.

Alex stares at the burnt house for a moment longer and reaches into his pocket. He removes his wallet and starts peeling off hundred dollar bills.

ALEX
Here. Take this. I'm sorry about
your stuff.

LORI
We don't want your money.

Alex forces the money into Brian's large hand.

ALEX
Please take this, Brian. When I get
resettled, I'll send you enough to
get a new guitar and some amps.

Brian wordlessly accepts the money.

ALEX

I'm going to Utah. I'm going to be a father.

Brian, Lori and Antonio stare at Alex, as though he's gone completely insane.

INT. ALEX'S GTO -- LATER

Alex drives the GTO on Interstate 10, somewhere between Tucson and Phoenix.

ALEX (V.O.)

I cleaned out the storage space and split town. I lost most of what I owned in the fire, but somehow I was okay with that. I felt like this was my chance to start over and maybe completely reinvent myself. But first I had to get to Salt Lake and I wasn't about to take any chances.

Alex glances down at a sawed-off pistol grip shotgun sitting in the passenger seat of the GTO.

INTERSTATE 17 -- CONTINUOUS

Interstate 17 north of Phoenix. A high-speed chase is in progress between Jake's Beemer and two police cars.

SUPER: "MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE NORTH OF PHOENIX..."

The BMW and the police cars weave through traffic on the freeway. For as fast as the cars are going, another car is quickly gaining on them. The car is the black 1970 Barracuda that was sitting in front of Jake and Alex's house earlier and Zen is driving.

The Barracuda approaches the rear police car and rams the back of the car. The police car swerves, loses control and goes off the side of the blacktop.

The Barracuda rides up along the passenger side of the second police car.

INT. ZEN'S BARRACUDA -- CONTINUOUS

The interior of the car is pristine and a switch on the dashboard shows that the car is equipped with nitrous.

Zen rolls down the window and points the sawed-off shotgun at the passenger side window of the police car. The cop driving the car has an instant to glance over at the passenger side window before Zen pulls the trigger and the side window of the cop car explodes inward.

The police car veers to the left and flips off the highway.

Zen sets the shotgun on the seat next to him and focuses his attention on Jake's BMW further up the highway.

Zen flips the nitrous switch on the dashboard and the Barracuda rockets toward Jake's Beemer.

As the Barracuda approaches the BMW, Zen grabs the shotgun, puts the gun between his legs, racks a shell into the chamber, and leans partly out of the window.

Zen squeezes off a shot, which peppers the back of the BMW.

Zen attempts to pull up along side the BMW, but Jake keeps swerving the car to prevent the Barracuda from driving along side of him.

The BMW and the Barracuda play car slalom with other cars on the highway, weaving around the other cars at high speeds.

With no other traffic to contend with, Zen pulls up behind the Beemer and bumps it a couple of times. The BMW holds solid on the road.

Zen maneuvers the Barracuda into position to clip the tail end of the Beemer with the Barracuda.

To Zen's surprise, Jake puts on the brakes. Zen snaps his head back and watches the BMW fall behind him.

INTERSTATE 17 -- CONTINUOUS

Jake's Beemer speeds up and rams the back of Zen's Barracuda, with little effect.

Zen leans out of the window of the Barracuda, with his shotgun in hand, aiming back toward the BMW.

Zen squeezes the trigger and blasts the windshield of the Beemer into a spider web of cracked glass.

The BMW drops back. Jake leans out the driver's side window with a .45 in his hand and pops off a couple of shots.

Having no luck with shooting the car in front of him, Jake punches the accelerator in another attempt to ram the back of the Barracuda.

Zen slams on the brakes of the Barracuda and the BMW hits the back of the Barracuda and flips over the top of the Barracuda, landing upside down with its roof on the pavement.

The BMW skids on its roof, where it slides off the blacktop into the scrubby grass on the side of the highway.

Zen pulls the Barracuda onto the side of the highway and gets out of the car, shotgun in hand. He walks to the overturned BMW. Jake's face is bloody and he hangs upside down in the BMW, limply trying to get himself free from the seat belt.

Jake's eyes dart from the .45, which is just out of his reach, to Zen, who stands next to the overturned BMW, watching Jake with a curious expression.

ZEN

Where you going, Jake?

Jake doesn't answer.

ZEN

You think you can run away from all this? I'll find you no matter where you go. Where's the money, Jake? My employers want to get paid.

Jake sputters.

JAKE

I don't have the money. Alex has it.

ZEN

Interesting. Your partner said he didn't have anything to do with the deal and I believed him.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

He wanted to do one last deal and then he's moving to Utah.

Zen is puzzled.

ZEN

Why would anybody want to move to Utah?

JAKE

His girlfriend, my cousin, in Salt Lake City, is pregnant.

Zen nods.

ZEN

Family is a good thing...He's having a baby with your cousin? How do you feel about that?

Jake squirms against the seat belt.

JAKE

I don't care about it one way or another.

ZEN

I see.

JAKE

Can you get me out of here? Please?

ZEN

You wouldn't be lying to me about the money, would you?

JAKE

No, bro, just get me out of this car.

Zen walks around to the back of the car, tries the trunk, which is locked. Zen uses the butt of the shotgun to smash open the trunk. Two duffel bags fall to the ground.

Zen unzips the duffel bags and inspects the contents, which is mostly clothes. Zen finds some money, but nowhere near the amount he expected. Zen walks back around to the side of the car.

ZEN

What did you do with all the product?

Jake sputters.

JAKE

What?

ZEN
Very little money and no product,
something must've happened to the
product.

JAKE
It got clipped.

Zen frowns.

ZEN
By who?

JAKE
The cops, man. The cops have it.

Zen thinks about the statement for a moment.

ZEN
Yet you're here. I don't believe
they just let you go. Are you telling
me the truth, Jake?

JAKE
Yeah. Swear to God, bro.

ZEN
About everything?

Jake nods and glances at the .45. He feebly reaches toward
the gun.

JAKE
Can you get me out of here now?

Zen shakes his head.

ZEN
I don't think so.

Zen aims the shotgun at Jake and pulls the trigger.

INT. TRUCK STOP -- LATER

A truck stop off Interstate 15 somewhere in southern Utah.

Alex exits the bathroom and stops to inspect trinkets hanging
on racks. He looks at cheap sunglasses, video tapes, cheap
Utah-themed souvenirs and a rack of trucker hats. He tries
on a hat that proclaims "I LOVE MY 4X4" and puts the hat
back.

Alex appears to be in a good mood, a small grin on his face. He grabs a plastic bottle of soda from one of the coolers and steps up to a video game called "Kill Zone". He watches the game for a moment, pushes a couple of the buttons and plays with the joystick on the game.

Alex takes the bottle of soda to the register. There is one person in line in front of him. Alex glances out the front glass doors and he sees Zen's Barracuda parked right out front.

FLASHBACK

Zen's black Barracuda parked in front of Alex's house. Alex noticing the car and walking toward the front door of the house.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Alex's smile disappears. His eyes anxiously dart around the truck stop, looking for Zen, but Alex doesn't see him.

It is Alex's turn at the cash register. He nervously sets the plastic bottle of soda on the counter and is reaching for his wallet when Zen's voice is heard behind him.

ZEN (O.S.)

Hey, Alex.

Alex dives to the ground as Zen pulls the trigger of his shotgun. The blast catches the cashier, lifts her off the ground, and slams her into the rack of cigarettes on the wall behind her.

A couple of the customers scream. Everybody in the truck stop drops to the floor.

Alex crawls toward the front door of the truck stop.

Zen racks another shell into the chamber of the shotgun and walks toward Alex. A heavysset, good ol' boy-looking trucker comes out of the bathroom with a pistol aimed at Zen's back.

TRUCKER

You best put down that gun, boy.

Zen spins and shoots the trucker, blasting him into a rack of cheap souvenirs.

Zen racks another shell into the shotgun and walks toward Alex, who has almost reached the front door of the truck stop.

ZEN

Your friend, business partner,
whatever, told me that you have the
money.

Alex stops crawling on the floor, rolls over and stares at Zen.

ALEX

I didn't steal from your employers.
The money I have, I earned it.

ZEN

I'd like to believe you, but see, I
can't go back empty-handed.

ALEX

Get it from Jake. It was his deal.
He was the one who got busted and
tried to rat me out to the cops. He
wouldn't rat out your employers
because he knew they'd kill him.
Me, I was expendable.

ZEN

How touching.

The voice of another trucker is heard behind Zen.

TRUCKER #2

Drop the gun, asshole.

Zen spins around and the trucker, a middle-aged guy wearing a mesh cap and blue denim overalls, shoots Zen in the shoulder. With Zen's sheer size, the bullet doesn't appear to affect him.

Zen shoots the trucker once and shoots him again for good measure.

Alex gets to his feet and runs.

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- CONTINUOUS

Alex runs out the front doors of the truck stop as another shotgun blast rings out and the front doors of the truck stop shatter.

Alex runs toward where the GTO is parked near an island of gas pumps.

Alex is almost to his car when he hears Zen racking his shotgun again.

ZEN (O.S.)
Stop running. I don't want to shoot
you in the back, but I will if I
have to.

Alex turns, lifts his hands above his head, and watches Zen walk toward him with his shotgun raised.

ZEN
The money, is it in the trunk?

Alex pauses and nods after a moment, resigned to lose his money, but hopefully not his life.

A semi truck barrels into Zen, running him over. The air brakes sound and the truck stops.

Alex stares at the motionless figure of Zen for a moment, half expecting the mountain of a man to get up.

The driver gets out of the truck and goes to look at Zen. The driver kicks the shotgun away from Zen's lifeless body.

Alex walks to the GTO, gets in, starts up the car and drives away.

CASSIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

A neighborhood in Murray, a suburb south of Salt Lake City. Most of the houses are brick single-family homes with white siding.

Alex's GTO enters the neighborhood and pulls into the driveway of a house at the end of a cul-de-sac, parking behind Cassie's Dodge Aspen.

EXT. CASSIE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Alex gets out of the car, carrying a duffel bag and the shotgun. He looks incredibly tired and though he's only twenty-one years old, something about his face makes him appear much older than he really is.

Alex locks the car door and approaches the front door of the house, which is behind a metal and glass security door.

Alex presses the door bell and leans his forehead against the glass of the security door, dropping the duffel bag on the ground.

After a moment, the porch light goes on. Alex hears the door being unlocked, so he opens the metal and glass security door.

The front door opens and Gerald stands in the doorway wearing a grubby T-shirt and sweatpants, aiming a .45 at Alex's head.

GERALD

You motherfucker. You actually show your face here? You think I don't know what you did to my daughter?

Alex gives Gerald a tired expression. After the day Alex has had, he's in no mood for Gerald's antics.

ALEX

Can I come in, please?

GERALD

Fuck no, you can't come in. You're never going to see Cassie again.

ALEX

Cut the crap, okay?

GERALD

I'm serious. You and her? No more.

ALEX

So you want your grandson growing up without a father? Who's going to help Cassie raise him? You? You can't even take care of yourself.

Gerald appears to contemplate the words for a moment and lowers the gun somewhat.

Alex smashes the butt of the shotgun into Gerald's face, crushing his nose. Gerald screams out, drops to the ground and puts his hands up to his gushing nose.

GERALD

You broke my fucking nose, man.

Alex kicks the .45 away from Gerald.

ALEX
I'm tired of you sticking guns in my
face. That shit stops now.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Cassie enters the living room wearing slippers and a robe, her face slack from just having woken up. She sees Alex standing over her father, who is on the floor, blood running from his nose through his fingers.

A slight smile creeps onto Cassie's face. She walks toward Alex, stepping over Gerald in the process. She gives Alex a long kiss and looks down at her father.

CASSIE
Let me get you a towel for that.

Cassie goes to get a towel.

Alex points the barrel of the shotgun at Gerald.

ALEX
I'm serious. No more of that.

Alex steps over Gerald and walks into the house.

Cassie returns with a dish towel for Gerald to hold over his mangled nose.

Cassie and Alex embrace.

CASSIE
How was the drive?

Alex gives Cassie a tired smile.

ALEX
Fucking crazy. I'm here now, though.

MONTAGE

--Alex working on cars in a garage.

--Alex's business, a mechanic's shop called Alex's Garage.

--Alex in a groom's tuxedo and Cassie in a white wedding gown riding skateboards down a street.

--Cassie in a hospital bed holding a newborn baby boy. Alex stands next to the bed. Both parents smile at their son.

--Gerald and Alex giving each other the evil eye. Gerald's nose is severely crooked.

--A television news report about the arrest of several people involved in a workman's comp scam.

--Gerald popping pills straight from a prescription bottle.

--Gerald wearing a jailhouse orange jump suit.

--Open duffel bags full of cash. The duffel bags disappear.

--A young boy about ten years old, opening the beat up shed in the backyard of Alex and Jake's burnt down house. The boy opens the shed and finds several duffel bags inside.

ALEX (V.O.)

So I stayed in Salt Lake City and I stayed out of trouble for the most part. The days of drug running were behind me. I got a job and eventually opened my own business. I married Cassie and our son, Connor, was born. Gerald and I had an uneasy truce going. I couldn't turn him in for killing the cop because I was more or less an accessory. And he couldn't set me up to take a fall because of the dirt I had on him. In chess, I guess it's what they call a stalemate. Gerald would go to jail later for being part of an enormous workman's comp scam. All that crap about his back being fucked up? Guess it was just a bunch of bullshit. He started taking the pain meds as part of the ruse to make people think he was actually in a bunch of pain from a fake accident and he got hooked on the pills. One of his friends bragged about the scam to the wrong guy, and, well, Gerald and his buddies went away for a while. The one thing I don't know is what happened to all the money Jake made from our runs. I don't think he could've spent it all...But who knows? Maybe some lucky person will find it someday.

INT. BEDROOM IN ALEX AND CASSIE'S HOUSE -- EVENING

The bedroom is a baby's room, with a crib, baby toys and colorful animal wallpaper.

Alex sits on a chair, holding his one-year-old son, Connor. The baby stares at Alex, wide-eyed. Alex smiles at his son.

ALEX

And now you know everything about
Daddy. You know how Mommy and Daddy
met, and you even know how Grandpa
got his bent nose.

Alex bounces Connor on his knee a couple of times, smiling. It is obvious that Alex loves his son.

Cassie enters the bedroom, staring down at Alex and Connor, her lips curled into a small smile.

CASSIE

What kind of ridiculous stories are
you telling our son?

ALEX

They're not ridiculous. They're all
true.

Cassie scoffs.

CASSIE

Yeah, sure they are.

Alex glances at Connor with a wide-eyed expression and points at Cassie's stomach.

ALEX

Here's a true story for you. You're
going to have a little brother.
That would be pretty cool, huh?

Alex stands, hands Connor to Cassie, and gives Cassie a kiss.

ALEX

I won't be out long.

CASSIE

Hurry back.

INT. ALEX'S GARAGE -- LATER

Alex stands in one of the bays as Antonio's wine colored '64 Chevy Impala pulls into the garage.

Antonio steps out of the Impala and he and Alex embrace.

Antonio looks around the shop.

ANTONIO

So this is your new place? Pretty kick-ass, bro.

ALEX

Thanks. Uneventful trip, then?

ANTONIO

Just long. Woulda been better in a different ride. Not so much wear and tear on my baby, you know?

ALEX

Let's see what you got.

Antonio pops open the trunk of the Impala, which is filled with duffel bags. Antonio unzips one of the duffel bags, removes a plastic turkey bag full of pot and shows it to Alex, who nods.

Alex turns and addresses the camera.

ALEX

Okay, so maybe I didn't get out of the game completely. And maybe I told a few other lies along the way, too, but that's for you to decide. I'll catch you on the flipside.

DESERTED ROAD -- DAY

An empty stretch of road in the middle of nowhere. Alex's GTO sits on the road revving. The car peels out, leaving a trail of smoke and disappears down the road.