

CUT THE ROT

written by

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Darkness...

FADE IN:

1 INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

1

NATHAN KANE, early twenties, greased-back black hair and slight frame, blinks, opens his eyes.

He sits up on the ornate, padded oak couch.

Confusion, disorientation, fear...

Darkness - a single Gothic candle burns on the coffee table. Beside it are:

A leather satchel.

A Swiss passport.

A sandwich bag.

A makeup mirror.

Nathan runs fingers down his face, feels the bumps of fresh stitching along his cheek.

He picks up the mirror -

the flickering flame reveals a horribly mangled face.

He opens the passport.

NATHAN

This is...me?

There is a sandwich bag near the satchel. He holds it to the flame - empty, with some yellow powder residue.

NATHAN

What the hell is going on?

In answer to his question, or in spite of it, he hears a door crash open.

Jerks his head to the left -

Running steps -

Torch beams -

Men approach -

NATHAN

Who-?

A black neoprene-masked INTRUDER bashes him across the forehead with a flashlight.

Lights out.

2 EXT. SEATTLE, WA - NIGHT 2

Icy rain cuts into the dark, foreboding cityscape. Black clouds and fog merge, melt into the downtown area.

3 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 3

Rainwater cascades off the broken brick walls of the seedy liquor store and flows across a dirty sidewalk into the dead street.

A dim streetlight and a couple of flickering neon beer signs cast an eerie glow.

4 INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 4

Outdated, yellowed beer posters featuring an aging Swedish Bikini Team and other scantily-clad girls cover the walls.

A sign over the beat and chipped wood counter states "Yes, I pack a .44, asshole."

BRUCE CAVENAUGH, fifties, a mean-looking sunuvabich, leans on the counter, shoves another bite of meatball sandwich into his maw. Sauce drips on an already stained-beyond-hope West Coast Choppers tee shirt.

Nathan kneels on the floor, stocking a shelf with Mad Dog 20/20.

BRUCE

Tell you I got laid the other day?

Nathan continues shelving, wipes sweat off his boyish, yet sickly face with the back of an arm.

Bruce squints at him.

BRUCE

This broad comes in looking like she been in a dumpster the last year. Smelled like a backed-up shitter, but hot as hell.

Nathan stands, grabs the price gun and starts stamping bottles.

BRUCE (O.S.)  
 She's begging me for a bottle of  
 SC and I'm like "What...I'm a  
 charity, lady?" Finally, we work  
 out a deal in the back.

Bruce drops the sandwich on the floor.

BRUCE  
 Damn. Pick that up.  
 (beat)  
 Here's the funny part. We're done  
 and she wants her bottle and I'm  
 like "What bottle?" Gotta hand it  
 to her, bitch could take a punch.

Nathan kneels at Bruce's feet - picks up the sandwich,  
 scoops the sauce off the floor, smears it on his dirty  
 apron.

A malicious grin creeps across Bruce's whiskered face.

BRUCE  
 How bout you? Get your cherry  
 popped yet?

The ding of a bell and the front door opens.

GRETCHEN LEFEVRE, early twenties, sultry, thin and  
 curvaceous, steps out of the raging storm into the store.

Water drips from her nose and chin, puddles around her  
 spiked heels. There is an elegance to her - standing in that  
 rain-soaked black dress clinging to her shimmering skin.

Bruce's jaw drops. Clearly this is not their typical  
 clientele.

She walks over to the counter, running a hand through soaked  
 hair - now instantly dry?

Bruce shoots behind counter.

Eyes lined with perfect mascara unaffected by the rainwater  
 take in the bottles lined up behind Bruce.

BRUCE  
 What can I get you, Ma'am?

Gretchen looks him up and down - a slight sneer, like she's  
 eying a smashed bug on her windshield.

She turns and looks at Nathan -

- caught staring. He averts his eyes, spins around.

GRETCHEN (O.S.)

(to Nathan)

What do you recommend on a night  
like this?

Nathan turns back -

- looks into her dark eyes. There is a connection, but he's  
not sure what.

NATHAN

(semi-  
confident)

On a night like this, or any  
night, I recommend you find a  
classier place.

GRETCHEN

Careful, you may just lose a sale.

NATHAN

I'll manage.

GRETCHEN

I'm sure you will.

Gretchen laughs, amused.

Bruce, face reddening, looks back and forth at them.

BRUCE

(to Nathan)

Hey dickhole, go grab some cases  
from the back.

(smiles at  
Gretchen)

Take your time.

The bell rings again and TWO STREET PUNKS, mid-twenties,  
sporting urban-wear, dash in - a couple drowned rats.

They shake off, jerk down their hoods.

PUNK ONE

Damn, man, hate this city.

PUNK TWO

Grab the shit and let's go.

Bruce, agitated by the disruption, walks around the counter.

BRUCE

Take a hike, we're closed.

PUNK ONE  
Look like you're open to me.

BRUCE  
Just locking up. Beat it.

PUNK TWO  
What the fuck, man? Sell us our  
shit and we're gone.

Bruce stares down the two smaller men.

Punk One looks at Nathan.

PUNK ONE (O.S.)  
What you staring at, motherfucker?

PUNK TWO  
Let's get the fuck outta here.

Punk One keeps his eyes locked on Nathan as they exit.

Bruce returns to the counter.

BRUCE  
(to Gretchen)  
Where were we?

GRETCHEN  
"We" weren't anywhere. You were  
standing there gaping like an  
idiot and I was leaving.

She heads to the door, looks over to Nathan.

GRETCHEN  
Thanks for the advice.

He half smiles, nervous.

Bruce shoulders past the other man -  
leans into the front door, arms folded.

Gretchen halts, unfazed.

BRUCE  
Come on, honey, that's not very  
friendly. I was thinking you and  
me get to know each other...real  
intimate and sweaty like.

GRETCHEN

Charming. I have several responses to that, however, I feel the sarcasm would be lost on you.

BRUCE

Whatever. Hows about you strip that dress off...or I can do it for you?

Bruce leans in -

The muzzle of Gretchen's semi-automatic jabs his balls -

He jerks back.

GRETCHEN

(to Nathan)

Always prepare for the unexpected.

She opens the door, steps into the pelting rain, disappears.

BRUCE

(sotto voce)

Nice cockblock, bitch.

(to Nathan)

Go scrub the head.

5 EXT. LIQUOR STORE/STREET - NIGHT

5

Nathan exits the liquor store, holds a satchel over his head in a futile attempt to block the watery onslaught.

He races to a covered bus stop, runs into shelter.

The two punks watch from the shadows of a nearby building.

Punk One nods, motions for the other to follow him.

They saunter down the sidewalk, look from side-to-side, make sure the area is clear.

Nathan watches them approach -

- turns his back to them, looks at a non-existent watch on his arm.

PUNK ONE (O.S.)

Hey!

Nathan, fold his arms, shrinks into himself. The men enter the shelter.

PUNK ONE  
I'm talking to you.

Nathan looks at him, pale-faced, shaken.

Punk One goes nose-to-nose with him, presses the smaller man into the glass.

PUNK ONE  
Give your boss a message for me.

He knees Nathan in the groin -

Cracks him in the jaw with a fist -

Splits his nose with an elbow.

Nathan curls into a fetal position on the sidewalk, covers his head, bawls.

PUNK ONE  
(laughs)  
Jesus Christ, listen to this  
pussy. Nothin' I hate more than a  
punk-ass bitch.

The two men commence to kick the shit out of him.

PUNK TWO  
Someone's coming.

PUNK ONE  
Get the fuck outta here.

Clicking grows louder -

- a pair of feet in spiked heels stop by Nathan's face.

GRETCHEN  
Get up, Nathan.

He groans, stands.

Blood pours from his face.

Gretchen frowns, shakes her head.

GRETCHEN  
What did I tell you? Follow me.

Gretchen walks to a black Jaguar, opens the passenger door.

Nathan hesitates, stumbles over, plops into the seat.



6 INT. GRETCHEN'S JAGUAR - NIGHT

6

The engine roars to life.

Gretchen pulls into the dead street.

Nathan stares out the window. He wipes tears from his eyes.

She hands a linen handkerchief to her new friend.

Nathan blows out snot and blood.

NATHAN

How'd you know my name?

A flash of white light...

Nathan, hair now greased and mussed, old wounds stitched up with a fresh beating over the top -

- looks back at the woman.

CARMEN KILPATRICK, mid-twenties, slides her shades over her beret, jerks the wheel to the left.

Nathan bangs his head into the side window.

She shifts her eyes back and forth to the rear-view mirror.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Who - are - you?

CARMEN

Carmen. Now, get your seat belt on. And for god's sake, keep your head down.

Nathan reaches for the belt - eyes go wide.

He lifts his left palm to eye level.

All five fingers are missing from his bloody hand.

He freaks and shrieks.

NATHAN

What the fuck? My hand!

Carmen reaches into the backseat, tosses him a towel.

CARMEN

Wrap it. There's some duct tape in the glove box.

7 EXT. LIQUOR STORE/STREET - DUSK 7

Nathan lies on the sidewalk in the bus stop.

Several ADULTS and CHILDREN share the covered shelter with him.

The children stare at the broken man on the pavement, one idly picks his nose.

The adults are oblivious, used to such neighborhood sights.

Nathan sits up, confused, disorientated.

He whips his hand to his face - fingers intact.

He flexes them thoughtfully, relieved, stands up.

Nathan stumbles toward the liquor store.

8 INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 8

Nathan slams the door open, enters, dazed.

Bruce sits behind the counter, feet up, reading an issue of Juggs.

He jumps up and:

BRUCE

You're late.

(beat)

What the hell happened to you?

NATHAN (V.O.)

How'd you know my name?

SMASH CUT TO:

9 INT. GRETCHEN'S JAGUAR - NIGHT 9

The vehicle shoots down a deserted street.

NATHAN

You make a habit of picking up losers off the street?

Gretchen does a California roll around the next corner, tires screech.

GRETCHEN

First time, actually.

NATHAN  
I guess I'm special.

Nathan looks in the rear view mirror, dabs his swollen face.

NATHAN  
Where are we going?

10 EXT. DINER/BLACK JAGUAR - DAWN 10

The Jag turns into the dirt parking lot of a quaint rural diner, a cloud of dust trails.

It slams to a stop near the entrance.

Carmen kills the engine, applies red lipstick via the rear view mirror.

Nathan inspects the bloody towel taped to his hand.

NATHAN  
Now what?

CARMEN  
We wait. Come on.

She exits the car, heads toward the diner entrance.

Nathan follows.

She enters, the door slams behind her.

Nathan opens the door steps inside.

A flash of white light...

11 INT. BAR - DAY 11

Nathan, wearing a filthy wool turtleneck, steps into the bar.

It may be daytime outside, but in this craphole the clock stands still.

He takes a bar stool at the counter, breathes - the dimly lit room a welcome sanctuary to collect himself.

Hands shaking, he sips a whiskey.

The bartender ignores him; he's seen worse.

The door opens, sunlight sneaks in - an unwelcome guest in this pit of swill and misery - a female silhouette outlined by the sunlight.

Familiar clicking heels.

GRETCHEN  
Barkeep...red wine.

Nathan spins his head around,-  
- almost snaps his neck.

Gretchen daintily slides onto the bar stool beside the shaken young man. She smiles at him, sips her wine.

NATHAN  
You. What the hell is going on?

SMASH CUT TO:

12 EXT. GRETCHEN'S TOWNHOUSE/BLACK JAGUAR - NIGHT 12

The vehicle jerks to a stop in the driveway of the luxurious, three story building.

GRETCHEN  
Welcome home.

She steps into the rain,-  
- strolls up the stone path.

Nathan watches her swaying hips,  
shrugs, exits the Jag.

13 INT. GRETCHEN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 13

The couple enter the dark interior. Gretchen takes his hand, leads him down a narrow corridor. They step into the

LIVING ROOM

Nathan's taken aback:

The room is well lit with dozens of Gothic candles and wall sconces.

The walls and padded oak furniture are colored a combination of black and blood red. Red drapes hang across the entire back wall.

Nathan strolls along the left wall, inspecting a row of shrunken heads, daggers and aged photos - an art connoisseur in a museum of the macabre.

NATHAN

Nice. I'd ask who does your  
decorating but I'm scared you'd  
say you.

Gretchen pours wine,-

- sprinkles a pinch of yellow powder from an envelope into  
Nathan's goblet.

She walks over to Nathan.

GRETCHEN

And you'd be correct. Just a few  
nick-knacks I collected over the  
years.

NATHAN

I'd say. Looks like you've had a  
busy life.

She smiles, hands him the goblet.

Nathan searches the weird, ornate glass for suitable place  
to put his lips without jabbing himself. He sips.

NATHAN

Wow...good.

GRETCHEN

Better than what you sell at your  
quaint little store?

NATHAN

Hands down.

GRETCHEN

Pity. I was thinking of doing all  
my shopping there in the future.  
By the way, does your mother know  
you work in such a place?

NATHAN

(serious)

I didn't know my parents.

GRETCHEN

An orphan. Now I'm convinced I did  
the right thing bringing you home.

Gretchen slips from the room.

Nathan peers at the photographs,-

- many featuring Gretchen and and icy-eyed man with slicked-  
back black hair and leather jacket.

She returns, the black dress replaced with a revealing red silk bathrobe.

NATHAN  
You really like red.

Gretchen approaches.

GRETCHEN  
(smiles coyly)  
Among other things.

Nathan points at a picture of the man.

NATHAN  
His face is really familiar. I  
know that man from somewhere-

A flash of white light...

14 INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

14

NATHAN (V.O.)  
I know that man...

Nathan opens his eyes, rolls onto his back. Sighs...a dream...

Shocked, he sees the whirling ceiling fan of the liquor store above his head.

He jerks up to his hands and knees, the blood drains from his face.

Beside him lies the bloody corpse of Bruce, -

- eyes frozen in a death stare. A bottle neck protrudes from his ripped throat, a balisong knife lodged in his arm.

Now on his feet, Nathan backs up, not believing this.

The front door is ripped off the hinges.

He jogs out the doorway, stops.

The light of the rising sun slaps him in the face.

Police sirens approach.

Nathan looks around.

Nathan spots a HOMELESS MAN sitting on the sidewalk talking to himself, his shopping cart of treasures parked nearby.

He digs through the mess of junk, spots a wretched wool turtleneck.

The homeless man jumps in his face, Nathan backs up, scared.

HOMELESS MAN

(spitting)

I know who you are! I know who you are!

Shaken, Nathan dodges around him, grabs the sweater, pulls it on, covering his own bloodied apparel.

Nathan shoves his hands in his pockets, does a brisk walk down the street.

15 INT. DINER - DAY

15

Nathan and Carmen enter.

The diner is practically empty, except for a waitress and a, twisted, imbred-looking trucker, who gives them a passing look (damn city folk), returns to his biscuits and gravy. Sunlight breaks through the venetian blinds, casts eerie shadows across the foreboding interior.

They take a seat in a booth.

The waitress approaches, hunched over. A large, infected herpes sore covers the corner of her mouth.

WAITRESS

(depressed)

Hi, folks...

Alarmed, she looks Nathan over, spots his towel.

CARMEN

Coffee...and menus, please.

WAITRESS

Yeah, sure.

She returns behind the counter, whispers to the trucker, who turns, looks.

Nathan squirms, self-conscious.

CARMEN

How you doing?

NATHAN

I feel...Jesus, how do you think I feel?

A light bulb goes off - she winks, puts her finger up.

Moments later, her Jimmy Choo handbag is upended and a pharmacy's worth of prescription bottles cascade onto the

tabletop.

CARMEN (O.S.)  
 What's your poison? K, X, Vicodin,  
 percodan, Oxy...you name it, I got  
 it.

NATHAN  
 What's all this for?

CARMEN  
 Fun.

He dry pops a rainbow of pills.

CARMEN  
 Careful, cowboy.

NATHAN  
 What are we waiting for?

CARMEN  
 Darkness. Then we find her.

NATHAN  
 Who?

CARMEN  
 Why, Gretchen, silly!

Carmen picks up the leather satchel, inspects the contents.

CARMEN  
 Oh, that bitch!

She dumps stacks of bundled newspaper in the shape of  
 currency.

Nathan stares blankly.

CARMEN  
 My...your money!

NATHAN  
 Huh...

16 INT. GRETCHEN'S TOWNHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

16

Gretchen and Nathan stand in front of her wall of  
 antiques.

GRETCHEN  
 Drink your wine.



NATHAN  
I know that man.

Nathan gulps absentmindedly,-  
- focused on the photo of the man.  
He snaps his fingers.

NATHAN  
Got it. I remember him from the  
papers when I was kid. Something  
about a murder.

Gretchen retreats, sullen. She swirls her goblet.

GRETCHEN  
Murders.

NATHAN  
(excited)  
That's...he's Walt Tapper, the  
Meat Man!

GRETCHEN  
(screams)  
Don't ever say that again!

NATHAN  
(sotto voce)  
He's the Meat Man.  
(realization)  
He's the Meat Man.

Nathan sets his glass on the fireplace mantle,-  
- heads toward the door.

NATHAN  
It's been fun, but I have to go.

GRETCHEN (O.S.)  
What's the hurry?

NATHAN  
Don't take this the wrong way, but  
hanging out with the...friend of a  
guy who slaughtered fifty innocent  
people-

GRETCHEN (O.S.)  
Don't exaggerate.

NATHAN  
 Okay. Okay, right.  
 (beat)  
 This goes way beyond creepy.

His head spins, his vision blurs.

Stumbles, catches himself on a chair.

GRETCHEN  
 He's not like they say, you know.

NATHAN  
 What...did you put in my drink?

Nathan collapses on the floor, stares up at the ceiling.  
 Gretchen leans down, smiles.

GRETCHEN  
 I've waited a long time for this,  
 Nathan-

Blackness...

17 INT. NATHAN'S NIGHTMARE - NIGHT

17

Swirling...

A face...

WALT TAPPER leers at Nathan, winks, laughs maniacally.

A hand with a curved, Turkish blade slices across the throat  
 of a terrified woman-

Her eyes fade in death -

A man watches in horror as the blade splits him from stern  
 to stem, the blade buries into the underside of his jaw -

He spits blood, drops...

The silhouette of Tapper, dripping blade in hand...

Rivers of blood...Nathan is drowning...

18 INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

18

Nathan slams the door open, enters, dazed.

Bruce sits behind the counter, feet up, reading an issue of  
 Juggs.

He jumps up and:

BRUCE

You're late.

(beat)

What the hell happened to you?

Nathan waves his hand, scurries to the back

BATHROOM

Stares at himself in the mirror - a bloody mess.

BRUCE (O.S.)

I'm not paying you for the first  
hour you missed, just so's you  
know.

Nathan rips off his polo shirt, reveals bruised ribs. He  
splashes water on his wounds.

LATER

Nathan, toilet paper stuffed in his nose -

- and wearing one of Bruce's over-sized biker t-shirts,  
sweeps the floor of the retail area.

Bruce, behind the counter, weaves his magic on a FEMALE  
STREET JUNKIE bartering for a bottle and smokes.

Nathan watches -

Bruce wiggles his eyebrows at him, grins.

The junkie sways, falls to her knees, pukes an ungodly  
amount of vomit for her slight frame.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Jesus! You gotta be kidding.

He races around the counter,-

- the girl stands, wipes her mouth.

Bruce grabs her by arm -

Jerks her to the door -

And flings her outside.

JUNKIE (O.S.)

I'm sorry, man. What about my  
stuff?

Bruce, hands on hips, stares in wonder at the lake of gunk  
on his dirty floor.

BRUCE  
Mop this before it stinks up the  
place.

Nathan freezes in place, a wave of nausea floods over him.

BRUCE  
You hear me, dipshit? Get this  
cleaned up.

Nathan leans against the wall, dizzy.

--Tapper's grinning face fills his vision--

Bruce grabs his shoulder, spins the sick man around.

He stares into the demonic, pissed-off eyes, backs up.

BRUCE  
Look, get this...taken care of,  
will ya?

Nathan rips his apron off, tosses it in Bruce's face.

He stomps toward the door -

rips it off its hinges, steps outside.

19 INT. RAZORED CLAM PUB/BASEMENT - NIGHT

19

Darkness...

MAZDOC (O.S.)  
Wake up.

Nathan opens his eyes.

BOSS MAZDOC, mid-twenties, wearing suffocating pseudo-dominatrix leathers that clearly outline her luscious figure, faces him.

She straddles a chair backwards, arms folded across the back, a look of pure hatred on her tight face.

She holds a stained Turkish blade between her index fingers, the same one from Nathan's nightmare.

Mazdoc studies it then:

Flicks it in the air -

Snatches the grip -

Sinks the blade into the table beside her.

Carmen sits demurely cross-legged on the edge of the table,

smokes, watches wide-eyed. She is clearly turned-on by the sight of:

Nathan seated in a high-backed wooden chair, his wrists secured to the arms of the chair with wrapped barbed wire.

Barbed wire criss-crosses his chest and is spooled around his forehead.

He's going nowhere.

NATHAN

What the fuck is going on?

MAZDOC

Where is she?

NATHAN

Who? And who are you?

MAZDOC

I'm affectionately referred to as Boss Mazdoc. Now, where is she?

NATHAN

Who are you talking about?

Mazdoc bends down and picks up -

- a pair of rusted hedge clippers.

A HENCHMAN in a black neoprene mask -

- presses Nathan's left hand to the wooden arm, spreading his fingers.

20 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

20

Bruce lunges at the doorway, stares in fury at his broken door.

BRUCE

You're paying for that, asshole!

He watches Nathan's shrinking figure cross the street.

BRUCE

That's right, run. Come back I'll kick your ass.

ACROSS THE STREET

Nathan crashes against a brick wall, drained.

He falls to his ass, drops his chin into folded arms.

Shadows fall across him...

PUNK ONE (O.S.)

What do we have here? Look at this  
sorry motherfucker.

Punk Two grabs Nathan's shirt front,-

- jerks him to his feet.

PUNK TWO

It's that guy from last night  
...the liquor store.

Punk One studies him with a keen eye, nods.

PUNK ONE

Oh, yeeeah. How ya doing, man?

He flicks a balisong open, -

- places the blade against Nathan's throat.

PUNK ONE

We never did get to finish our  
business. Hand it over.

NATHAN

What?

PUNK ONE

Tickets to the ballet.

(beat)

What you think, fool? The wallet.

NATHAN

I...I...

PUNK ONE

(idiot mimic)

I...I...

Punk Two busts out laughing, giddy. This is great fun.

NATHAN

I don't have any money. Please,  
just-

Punk one fishes in Nathan's front pocket, pulls out rolled  
bills and a small envelope.

He dips his pinky in the envelope, licks off the yellow  
powder, grimaces.

PUNK ONE  
 What the fuck's this? Fucking  
 awful.

He grabs Nathan's chin, shoves the envelope in his mouth.

Nathan gags, coughs out a yellow cloud of dust.

Punk One flicks the blade -

Flays his cheek open -

Blood spills - a nasty gash.

Nathan grabs the wound, sinks to his knees.

Punk Two, ready to cream, hisses:

PUNK TWO (O.S.)  
 Do it! Do it now!

Punk One lifts the blade, drives it down -

SMASH CUT TO:

21 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

21

Carmen slinks through the moonlit tree cover.

A giddy Nathan stumbles along behind, giggling, talking to himself.

CARMEN  
 (hisses)  
 Shut the fuck up!

Nathan giggles.

CARMEN  
 I told you to watch the pills.

The pair snake through the trees toward a distant light.

They approach a

LOG CABIN

Stop, crouch.

NATHAN  
 (slurred)  
 Where we going?

CARMEN

I told you...Gretchen. She's -  
right - over - there...

She points at the cabin.

Nathan stands, sways.

NATHAN

Okay, then, let's go say "hi."

He walks toward the building.

22 INT. BAR - DAY

22

Nathan sits at the bar counter, the dimly lit room a welcome  
sanctuary to collect himself.

Hands shaking, he sips a whiskey.

The door opens -

Familiar clicking heels.

GRETCHEN

Barkeep...red wine.

Nathan spins his head around,-

- almost snaps his neck.

Gretchen daintily slides onto the barstool beside the shaken  
young man. She smiles at him, sips her wine.

NATHAN

You. What the hell is going on?

GRETCHEN

(coy)

What do you mean?

Nathan grabs her arm.

NATHAN

You know damn well what I mean!

BARTENDER

(to Nathan)

Hey!

Nathan releases her arm, puts his hands in the air to show  
"we're cool" and:



NATHAN  
 (sotto voce)  
 You know damn well what I mean.

GRETCHEN  
 You're a mess. Come on.

She stands. Nathan vigorously shakes his head.

NATHAN  
 No way. Look what happened the  
 last time I went with you.

GRETCHEN  
 You want answers, right?

NATHAN  
 Forget it.

GRETCHEN  
 Suit yourself. Good luck.

Gretchen strolls across the bar, exits.

Nathan grits his teeth,-

- stands and follows.

BARTENDER  
 Yo, asshole. The drinks.

Nathan digs a ten spot out of his pocket, tosses it on the  
 counter. He turns and heads outside.

23 EXT. BAR/STREET - CONTINUOUS 23

Nathan catches up to Gretchen.

She stops,-

- stares into his eyes, rakes her nails along his swollen  
 cheek.

A moment, then they continue walking down the street.

24 EXT. RAZORED CLAM PUB - NIGHT 24

A non-descript building nestled amidst a row of dilapidated,  
 non-descript buildings lining a grimy, dead street.

25 INT. RAZORED CLAM PUB/BASEMENT - NIGHT

25

Stacks of liquor boxes line the walls.

A single, incandescent bulb swings lazily over a round war table in the center of the room.

An oak cane slaps down across the table -

The crack startles the THREE HENCHMEN standing at-ease nearby.

Carmen winces in vicarious pleasure, wishing she were the table at that moment.

The owner of the cane, Mazdoc, wears a severe expression across here already severe countenance.

The WEASELY MAN sitting at the table shrinks into his shell.

She leans on the cane, steps forward on her good leg, circles the table.

MAZDOC

My son, my boy, Richard. Dead!

WEASELY MAN

I'm so, so sorry, Boss Mazdoc. I thought you should know.

Mazdoc stops behind the man, grasps his cheeks between both palms - swings his head back and forth harder and harder.

MAZDOC

How?

WEASELY MAN

(cringes)

A knife of some sort. It's hard to tell, he was chopped up pretty badly-

He immediately regrets the last statement as he feels Mazdoc's fingers dig into his face.

MAZDOC

Who?

WEASELY MAN

No one saw anything, it was pretty late...but...

MAZDOC (O.S.)

Spit it, dammit.

WEASELY MAN

One of the men says he saw  
Lefevre's Jaguar parked on the  
street.

Mazdoc releases him, grips her cane in both hands, snaps it  
in half.

Fury grows and:

MAZDOC

Gretchen! That fucking cunt!

She tosses the broken cane pieces aside. Holds out her hand  
and a henchman tosses another cane to her.

She leans on it, in thought. Mazdoc bends down and shoves  
her tongue in the man's mouth - a short, sloppy make-out  
session.

MAZDOC

(to Weasely  
Man)

You realize I just need to release  
some pent up tension? Nothing  
personal.

WEASELY MAN

(confused)

Of course..?

Mazdoc reaches over his face -

Shoves her fingers in his mouth -

Hooks his upper row of teeth -

A quick jerk backwards-

SNAP -

The Weasely Man flops forward on the table.

One of the henchmen grabs the corpse's ankles, drags it off  
to the side.

Mazdoc walks around the table, the dead man already  
forgotten.

MAZDOC

(cold)

Find her. Bring her to me. Now.

SMASH CUT TO:

26 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

26

The two punks stand over the fallen Nathan, relish his misery.

PUNK TWO  
Do it! Do it now!

Punk One lifts the blade, drives it down -

His arm freezes midair, caught in the crushing grip of Nathan's clawed fingers.

SNAP!

The forearm breaks, bends at a strange angle.

The knife clatters to the ground.

Nathan lets go, falls to his face.

Punk One stumbles back, screams.

Punk two pisses his pants.

27 INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

27

Bruce, back sitting behind the counter, snorts awake from the ear-piercing scream.

BRUCE  
Now what?

He walks over to the door, stares out at the commotion...

ACROSS THE STREET

The punks are frantic.

PUNK ONE  
Fuck! This motherfucker broke my  
arm! My fucking arm! Fuck!

Punk Two notices that Nathan is laying on the pavement, unmoving.

Confidence bolstered, he picks up a brick, warily approaches.

Nathan moans, turns his head-

- sees the Doc Martins approaching.

The knife -

is in his hand.

Nathan lunges the blade,-  
 - sinks it into the calf of the punk.  
 He jumps to his feet, growls.  
 Punk Two grabs his leg, hops on one foot.

PUNK TWO  
 Oh, shit! He tagged me!

Nathan stands, licks yellow powder off his lips. Slowly  
 turns his head, curiously eyes the bloodied balisong in his  
 fist.

He flicks it shut, open, shut, twirls it like an old pro.

Like a part of his own body, Nathan clicks the balisong  
 faster and faster, the blade a blur.

Steps forward -

Shreds the throat of Punk Two.

Another step -

In/out of Punk One's eye socket.

Both men fall simultaneously like broken rag dolls, dead  
 before they hit the ground.

Nathan stares blankly at his handiwork.

Looks up -

Spots Bruce in the Liquor store doorway.

An evil smile creeps across the killer's face, reminiscent  
 of Tapper's grin.

He charges at Bruce.

28 INT.LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

28

Bruce shits a brick, runs behind the counter.

He digs through a garbage can of old porno mags.

BRUCE  
 Fuck me!

Nathan races into the store -

Leaps on the counter, crouches -

Bruce jerks the revolver out of the can -

Swings around,-

- points -

And feels the blade slide through his muscled forearm.

The revolver tumbles to the floor.

Bruce falls backward, stares in horror at the knife protruding from his squirting limb.

Nathan rubs his chin, admires his blade work.

He jumps to the floor,

breaks a whiskey bottle and -

buries the jagged glass neck straight into Bruce's windpipe.

Bruce weaves around the counter -

Slips in the junkie's puke -

Crashes to the floor on his back.

Nathan gets down eye level, fascinated,-

- watches the life drain from the store owner.

His eyes roll to the back of his head -

Blackness...

LATER

Nathan opens his eyes, rolls onto his back. Sighs...a dream...

Shocked, he sees the whirling ceiling fan of the liquor store above his head.

He jerks up to his hands and knees, the blood drains from his face.

Beside him lies the bloody corpse of Bruce,-

- eyes frozen in a death stare. The bottle neck protrudes from his ripped throat, knife in arm.

Now on his feet, Nathan backs up, not believing this.

The front door is ripped off its hinges.

He jogs out the broken doorway, stops.

The light of the rising sun slaps him in the face.

Police sirens approach.

Nathan looks around.

Now in the sweater, he shoves his hands in his pockets, does a brisk walk down the street.

29 EXT. GRETCHEN'S TOWNHOUSE/BLACK JAGUAR - DUSK 29

The Jag pulls into the driveway of the townhouse.

GRETCHEN

We're home...

30 INT. GRETCHEN'S TOWNHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DUSK 30

Gretchen flicks the stereo on - it blares out. She adjusts the volume down, casually walks over to Nathan, seated nervously on the ornate love seat.

She sits next to him, pours two goblets of liquor from the decanter on the glass coffee table.

NATHAN

No thanks.

GRETCHEN

Come on. Untouched, I promise.

Nathan reluctantly accepts the drink, sips it.

Gretchen lights a cigarette, offers him one.

NATHAN

I don't smoke.

GRETCHEN

How do you know? Yesterday you would have said you don't kill.

She kicks off her heels, curls her legs under her.

Momentarily distracted, Nathan stares at her breasts, then:

NATHAN

(deflated)

I don't know what's happening to me.

GRETCHEN

Sure, you do, Nathan.

NATHAN

Stop it. Just be straight with me.  
One minute I'm fine, the next,  
it's like this dream...and Walt  
Tapper...and I can't go home, the  
cops, and-

Gretchen places her finger against his lips, shushes him.

GRETCHEN

I've followed you a long, long  
time. Ever since your mother gave  
you up.

NATHAN

Bullshit. You're the same age as  
me.

GRETCHEN

Don't let my youthful grace and  
charm fool you. I'm much...more  
experienced than I look.

Nathan takes this in for a moment.

NATHAN

So, you're saying you knew my  
mother?

She stares into his eyes, intense.

GRETCHEN

Nathan, I am your mother.

Nathan throws the goblet across the room, smashing it on the  
wall.

He jumps to his feet,-

- jabs his finger into her face.

NATHAN

You fucking crazy bitch! You gave  
me something last night that  
screwed up my head.

(calms  
slightly)

Drugs. I was drugged.

Calm, Gretchen takes a drag on her cigarette, watching him  
with amusement.



NATHAN

(to himself)

That's it. I tell the cops some insane lady drugged me. They'll believe that. It wasn't my fault, I...I...oh god, I - am - so - screwed!

GRETCHEN

I had a feeling you'd react badly to this news.

NATHAN

"React badly?" There are three bodies because of me...or you. Shit, I don't know.

He grabs Gretchen by the arms, shakes her.

NATHAN

What was in that drink?

GRETCHEN

Something to help you remember who you are...where you came from.

Nathan releases her, drags his hands down his face.

NATHAN

And what does Walt Tapper have to do with this?

Gretchen raises her eyebrows.

Nathan's eyes widen in realization.

Gretchen nods.

He leans his hands against the fireplace mantle.

NATHAN

(sotto voce)

This is crazy, this is crazy...

Gretchen slides up behind him, rubs his shoulders.

GRETCHEN

I know this a lot to handle. Please, sit down.

She leads Nathan by the hand to a nearby couch. He flops down, covers his eyes with his arm.

NATHAN

So tired...

Gretchen strokes his hair as he sleeps.

LATER

Nathan jerks awake.

He is still in Gretchen's living room.

He sighs: There is a certain, twisted relief in finding himself in the same place he lay down in.

Candles and sconces flicker, cast their perpetual glow.

He grabs a nearby makeup mirror, studies his face. His gashed face has been stitched up, blood washed off.

BATHROOM

Nathan is silhouetted in the shower, hot water blasts his sore body.

LATER

Nathan stands in a towel, stares at himself in the bathroom mirror. He almost looks human again. He walks into the

CORRIDOR

Looks around. He spots an open, lighted doorway. He enters the

MASTER BEDROOM

He sees dark slacks and a button-up shirt laid out on the four-poster bed.

LATER

Nathan enters the

LIVING ROOM

Gretchen, in a black silk bathrobe, listens to music and sips wine - in her own world.

She is shaken from her reverie by the approach of Nathan.

GRETCHEN

Magnificent! You look so much like him...

Nathan flops down next to her, tents his fingers.

NATHAN

(resigned)

Tell me everything. From the beginning.

GRETCHEN

When I first saw your father, it was...

(a lump in her throat)

He is...was wonderful. The love of my life. So considerate, kind-

NATHAN

Sounds like a great guy. Get to the part where he kills people.

GRETCHEN

No one understood his... appetites. This hunger grew until he was your age..it was his "Becoming."

NATHAN

"Becoming?"

GRETCHEN

When he first crossed over and took a life.

NATHAN

And this is my Becoming? Is that what you're telling me.

GRETCHEN

You're your father's son.

NATHAN

What kind of mother instigates this shit?

GRETCHEN

You're...weak. You needed prodding in the right direction to become what you were born to be.

Nathan stands, crosses the room, agitated.

NATHAN

A killer? Why would you do this?

Gretchen, with slight desperation, picks up a photo and walks over to her son.

She jerks the picture in his face.

GRETCHEN  
Because of him.

Nathan takes the photo, studies the cruel face of the man.

NATHAN  
What about him?

GRETCHEN  
You kill him or he kills me.

NATHAN  
That simple, huh?

GRETCHEN  
that simple.

NATHAN  
Do I need to bother to ask why?

GRETCHEN  
Does it really matter?

Nathan flicks the photo into the air.

NATHAN  
And what do I get? My life is  
ruined.

GRETCHEN  
I can give you your life back.

She pulls an envelope out of her bathrobe, pours a line of  
yellow powder on the hand mirror.

GRETCHEN  
This will erase your memory. A new  
identity, a new life somewhere far  
away, money. You can disappear  
back into anonymity.

NATHAN  
What's with the drugs?

He looks around at the decor of the room, eyes stop on a  
pentagram on the wall. He thinks for a minute and:

NATHAN  
You're a drug dealer?

GRETCHEN  
Don't ask stupid questions.

NATHAN

So you are a drug dealer?

GRETCHEN

I prefer to think of myself as an old-school chemist.

NATHAN

So you make drugs?

GRETCHEN

Look, you idiot...

(regains  
composure)

Nathan, just do what I tell you,  
hmm?

NATHAN

How about I just walk out of here  
and go straight to the police?

GRETCHEN

(dead serious)

You'd never leave this house  
alive.

NATHAN

Is that what passes for motherly  
love these days?

GRETCHEN

Whatever it takes to make a son  
perform his duty.

NATHAN

How do we do this?

She points at the yellow line.

GRETCHEN

Snort.

Nathan hesitates, then kneels down. One last look at her and then he snorts the line.

She nods, a graven expression on her face.

Nathan falls back on his ass, eyes roll to the back of his head...

31 INT. NATHAN'S NIGHTMARE - NIGHT 31

A hurricane of blood, limbs, screaming faces...

Nathan shrieks, soul is ripped from his chest...

A crown of thorns, blood runs down his agonized features...

Walt Tapper covers Nathan's mouth with his own - blows blue smoke into his boy...

Pulls his face away, Nathan's tongue pinched between his teeth...

He jerks his head, rips the quivering organ from his son's mouth,-

- spits it, a hideous laugh...

Blood pours down Nathan's tortured face...

32 INT. GRETCHEN'S TOWNHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 32

Gretchen shoves Nathan's face into the mirror.

GRETCHEN

Snort it!

Nathan sucks up another line. His face is plastered with yellow powder and snot.

He falls back on the couch, delirious.

Gretchen sops perspiration off the prostrate Nathan's forehead. Clearly, an internal battle is being waged in the young man.

She stares down with sick fascination.

Nathan sits bolt upright, blinks his eyes.

Gretchen kneels beside the couch, grasps his hand.

GRETCHEN

Nathan...honey?

Nathan smiles wickedly at her, eyes glazed.

NATHAN

Mother...

She pats his knee, smiles.

GRETCHEN

My little boy. You've finally arrived.

LATER

Nathan, now in his father's leather jacket, stands looking out the living room window, runs a comb through his greased-back hair. No longer sickly, he has an aura of confidence and strength - once the prey, now the predator.

Gretchen enters the room, a hinged wooden box in her hands.

GRETCHEN

Before you go, I have a present for you.

She opens the box. Lying on the blue velvet interior is the curved Turkish knife from his nightmares.

Nathan grips the knife, flashes it through the air a couple times.

GRETCHEN

(pleased)

It was your father's. He never went anywhere without it.

NATHAN

Thank you, mother. It's beautiful.

He turns, heads toward the doorway.

Gretchen flings the Jag keys at his head.

Nathan catches them by his ear without looking.

He disappears from the room.

A self-satisfied Gretchen smiles.

33 I/E. BLACK JAGUAR/STREET - NIGHT

33

Nathan sits behind the wheel,-

- watches a darkened doorway across the street.

The roadway is dark and dead.

Rain pelts the car, the ting ting ting on the fiberglass deafening.

Nathan cranks up the music pouring from the speakers.

He digs in his jacket pocket, pulls out an envelope of powder, snorts some off the back of his hand.

He lights a cigarette with a Zippo, settles back comfortably in the seat to wait.

LATER

Light floods out from the open doorway across the street.

A shadowy figure emerges, RICHARD MAZDOC, late twenties, clean cut, wearing a dark business trench, darts his head around.

The man from the photo.

He heads down the sidewalk in Nathan's direction.

Nathan nonchalantly watches him pass,-

- then steps out of the car into the rain.

He follows the figure at a leisurely pace, blade in hand.

Richard senses a presence behind him,-

- jerks his head around.

Nathan continues forward.

Richard, jogs over to his Mercedes, fumbles with his keys, drops them in the rain gutter.

He crouches, fishes, watches Nathan close the gap.

Nathan's shadow falls over him.

Richard stands, uses his cell phone to open the car door.

He jumps in, slams the door and locks it.

He looks into Nathan's face through the glass.

The killer nods "That's riiigght" and -

- raises the blade.

The hilt shatters the glass, rains down on Richard.

Nathan grabs his leg, begins to drag him out of the car.

Richard grabs the seatbelt, pulls himself back.

He hits the eject button on his stereo, grabs the CD.

Nathan pulls him out the window.

Richard turns and slices Nathan across the throat with the CD.



Nathan releases him, grabs his throat, blood squirts.

NATHAN  
Motherfuck..?

Richard sprints down the sidewalk, turns into an alley.

Nathan laughs, gives chase.

NATHAN  
Whoooo, whooo, little doggie!

He tackles Richard from behind -

They crash into a stack of garbage cans -  
roll, flail -

Nathan straddles Richard,-

- helpless on his back.

His spins the blade in his palm.

RICHARD  
Wait! Don't-

Nathan plunges the blade down and up, down and up - sewing machine style - twenty or thirty times.

A geyser of blood covers Nathan.

He stops.

Richard's chest and face are completely minced, looking more like roadkill than a human being.

Nathan leans his head back, slaps his chest, releases a satisfied howl.

A good night.

34 INT. GRETCHEN'S TOWNHOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

34

Shuttered windows block the sunlight.

Nathan sits at the kitchen table, his bare feet up on a nearby chair.

He is cleaned up, his throat bandaged and in a silk black bathrobe.

He flicks cigarette ashes into a bowl, lost in thought.

Gretchen stumbles sleepily into the room, unaware of Nathan's presence.

He stares at her face, startled.

Disgusting, fleshy folds criss-cross on her mottled face. Thick black spines hang from patches on her liver-spotted scalp.

She picks up a coffee cup.

NATHAN

The hell..?

Gretchen drops the cup - it shatters.

She covers her face with twisted, bubulous fingers and -  
- darts from the room.

Nathan chuckles. Whatever womanly secrets the old witch hides, he could give a shit.

A subdued Gretchen re-emerges, her former beauty once again intact. There is a streak of yellow powder under her nose - blood and green mucous run from her nostril.

She carries a leather satchel, sets it by the table.

Gretchen grabs another cup, pours some coffee.

NATHAN

Kind of a fright in the morning,  
aren't you?

She sits at the table, sips her coffee.

Nathan hands her a napkin.

NATHAN

You got a little something...

Gretchen wipes her nose, nonchalant.

GRETCHEN

Richard Mazdoc..?

NATHAN

Done.

No reaction. She takes another sip of coffee, wheels spinning in her head.

GRETCHEN

I suppose it's time.

NATHAN

I suppose it is. Like they say,  
"It's been real, and it's been  
fun-"

She reaches into her robe,-

- slides a sandwich bag of yellow powder across the table.  
She also slides a Swiss passport toward him.

GRETCHEN

Knock yourself out.

Nathan picks up the passport, opens it.

NATHAN

Thomas Clifton? I guess that'll  
do.

He picks up the sandwich bag, plays with it.

NATHAN

And the money?

She sets the satchel on the table.

Nathan stubs out his cigarette, opens it. He stares inside  
for a moment, rolls his eyes toward her.

GRETCHEN

Quarter million. It's legit.

He nods, sets the bag at his feet. A moment, then:

NATHAN

Any eggs?

35 INT. GRETCHEN'S TOWNHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

35

Nathan blinks, opens his eyes.

He sits up on the ornate, padded oak couch.

Confusion, disorientation, fear...

Darkness - a single Gothic candle burns on the coffee table.  
Beside it are:

The leather satchel.

The Swiss passport.

The sandwich bag.

The makeup mirror.

Nathan runs fingers down his face, feels the bumps of fresh stitching along his cheek.

He picks up the mirror -

The flickering flame reveals a horribly mangled face.

He opens the passport.

NATHAN

This is...me?

There is a sandwich bag near the satchel. He holds it to flame - empty.

NATHAN

What the hell is going on?

A crash.

36 INT. RAZORED CLAM PUB/BASEMENT - NIGHT

36

Darkness...

MAZDOC (O.S.)

Wake up.

Nathan opens his eyes.

Barbed wire secures him to the high-backed wooden chair.

Mazdoc faces him. She straddles a chair backwards, hedge clippers in hand.

A henchman presses Nathan's left hand to the wooden arm, -  
- spreading his fingers.

She opens and closes the shears a few times - they make a wicked scraping sound.

Carmen, aroused, watches with mounting excitement...

MAZDOC

Where?

NATHAN

I don't-

SNIP -

Nathan feels the clipper slice through the flesh and bone of his pinkie.

He screams.

Carmen orgasms.

Mazdoc picks it up, studies it, flicks it over her shoulder.

She raises her eyebrows, gives him a look: Well?

NATHAN

Look, I don't know who you mean!

SNIP -

The ring finger.

Nathan wails in agony.

MAZDOC

Talk.

SNIP -

The middle finger.

MAZDOC

I wish we could play this game all night, but you're running out of fingers.

Nathan rolls his eyes - head bobs.

NATHAN

Please...

CARMEN

Yes, yes...

SNIP -

Index.

MAZDOC

The next words out of your mouth better be an address.

NATHAN

Wait...

Mazdoc sighs,-

- places the blades on his thumb -

CRUNCH.

MAZDOC

That one was a little tougher.

Mazdoc flicks her chin.

The Henchman moves to the other side, spreads out the fingers of Nathan's right hand.

She places the shear blades against his pinkie.

The clipper bangs on the floor.

Mazdoc quivers -

Slaps her palms to her cheeks.

Her silky black hair turns in stiff spines.

Her skin melts, crawls across her face, form globby, mottled folds over dark crevaces along her once porcelain skin.

Mazdoc stands -

Wobbles on her good leg -

Tumbles to the floor, shrinking before their eyes.

MAZDOC

Carmen! The shit!

Carmen, dumps her purse on the tabletop -

Pill bottles scatter -

A small wooden box tumbles to the edge -

Falls -

Carmen snags at it, misses -

The box hits the concrete, latch springs open and -

Yellow powder poofs out across the stained floor.

MAZDOC

Goddammit, Carmen!

CARMEN

(pouty)

Well, sooorrrrry...

Mazdoc crawls over on her hands and knees, shoves her face into the powder -

Snorts it up like a pig.

Carmen reaches down to help her -

- Mazdoc scratches Carmen's palm with her nails.

Carmen jerks her hand back, licks the blood.

CARMEN

Owwie.

The process reverses and in moments Mazdoc returns to her former gorgeous self.

MAZDOC

Don't just stand there...help me up, idiots.

Two henchmen pull her to her feet by the elbows.

Another hands her her cane.

She pushes them off, regains her composure.

MAZDOC

You'll have to excuse me for a bit. I need...rest.

She spins, hobbles to the rear doorway.

MAZDOC

Make sure our guest is comfortable.

She exits up the steps.

A henchman steps in front of Nathan, bashes him in the chops with a meaty fist.

Nathan spits out a stream of blood.

37 EXT. LOG CABIN/WOODS - NIGHT

37

A wobbly Nathan and a tense Carmen ease towards the cabin's front door.

A parked black Audi noses against the bushes.

Light filters through the shaded front door glass.

Someone's home.

Carmen slides a luger from her bag, pulls the slide back.

She grips the doorknob, slowly turns it.

The door creaks open.

Carmen slides in, disappears.

Nathan steps into

THE CABIN

and feels the hypodermic needle sink into his neck.

Fading, fading, fading...

38 INT. NATHAN'S NIGHTMARE - NIGHT

38

Glossy white walls, floor, ceiling.

No doorway.

Nathan wears a white suit, gloves and shoes.

Footsteps in the distance.

Clack, clack, clack - approaching...

TAPPER

Hello, son.

Nathan whirls around.

Three feet behind him stands his father Walt Tapper.

Tapper, mid-twenties, black suit, greased-back black hair, appraises his son.

TAPPER

You have work to do.

NATHAN

What work?

TAPPER

Family business. First you need to save yourself.

NATHAN

How do I do that?

TAPPER

Look inside.

NATHAN

That's it? Listen-

Tapper slaps him across the face.

TAPPER

Wake up, Nathan.

The room fades into nothingness...



39 INT. RAZORED CLAM PUB/BASEMENT - NIGHT

39

TAPPER (V.O.)

Wake up...

HENCHMAN ONE

Hey, asshole, wake up.

Nathan's eyes flip open.

A demonic rage fills him -

eyes narrow...

The henchman, in the middle of beating him, steps back, frightened.

Nathan peers down at his damaged hand.

He flexes his left arm -

lifts, and rips through the barbed wire -

Pieces fly across the room.

He jerks his right arm up, barbed wire frays and flies apart.

He grits his teeth, pushes his head forward -

Barbed wire barbs sink into his forehead -

Blood gushes -

The wire gives way.

With a mighty heave, he stands -

The wire criss-crossing his chest snaps -

And the killer is free.

Nathan snags a line of wire -

Steps past the henchman -

Loops it across the man's eyesockets-

And flips him over onto the table.

The man crashes back first onto the table, -

- eyeballs spraying blood.

Nathan leaps onto the table -

Rips his Turkish blade from the wood -  
And sinks it into the henchman's screaming mouth.  
He crouches on the table, -  
- survey's the room, -  
a playful look on his battered face.  
Carmen and three henchmen back up towards the far wall,  
terrified.  
One of the henchmen draws a pistol -  
Nathan leaps -  
The henchman brings the pistol around -  
The killer severs his gun hand with a a well-placed chop of  
the blade.  
Nathan spins, sinks the knife into the man's balls -  
drags the blade up his stomach and chest -  
Slices him from stern to stem.  
The former henchman flops to the concrete,-  
- spasms.  
Another henchman takes a louisville slugger and hits a  
homerun with the back of Nathan's skull.  
The killer drops to his hands and knees - down but not out.  
The two remaining henchmen haul ass out the door.  
Carmen watches them go, then:

CARMEN

They're going for help. Come on.

She wraps Nathan's arm around her shoulder, -  
- lifts him to his feet.  
Steadies him, and they make for the door.  
She grabs the leather satchel off the table as they pass by.

40 EXT. RAZORED CLAM PUB/STREET - NIGHT

40

Carmen leads the whoozy Nathan towards Gretchen's black Jaguar parked at the curb.

She opens the passenger door, slides him in.

Now in the driver's seat, she starts the engine and zooms down the street.

Nathan comes to his senses, -

- looks around -

Confusion...

Carmen slides her shades over her beret, jerks the wheel to the left.

Nathan bangs his head into the side window.

She shifts her eyes back and forth to the rearview mirror.

NATHAN

Who - are - you?

CARMEN

Carmen. Now, get your seatbelt on.  
And for god's sake, keep your head  
down.

Nathan reaches for the belt - eyes go wide.

He lifts his left palm to eye level.

He sees his missing fingers.

He shrieks.

NATHAN

What the fuck? My hand!

Carmen reaches into the backseat, tosses him a towel.

CAR

Wrap it. There's some duct tape in  
the glove box.

41 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

41

TAPPER (V.O.)

Wake up...

Nathan shakes his head violently, angry. Looks around.

Once again he wakes in an unfamiliar location.

The small cabin is lit by a single gas lamp on the bedside table.

Nathan's wrists are handcuffed to the metal headboard above his head.

His fingers are bandaged and face stitched and restitched.

A shadowy, unmoving figure is seated in an armchair across the room - stares at the immobile killer.

CARMEN (O.S.)

Yeah? Well, I don't care. I want my fucking money!

Nathan raises his head, -

- spots Gretchen and Carmen across the room.

Gretchen shoo-shoos the other woman, runs her fingers through her hair.

Carmen slaps her hand away.

NATHAN

Hey.

(beat)

Hey!

The two women turn and look at him a moment, turn back.

GRETCHEN

You know very well, dear, that I would not screw you over.

CARMEN

Says you.

Nathan wiggles his arms, jerks against the cuffs - no go.

He takes a deep breath, sighs, relaxes. Considering all things, this isn't the worst situation he could wake up to.

He falls asleep listening to the bickering women...

42 INT. RAZORED CLAM PUB/BASEMENT - NIGHT

42

Mazdoc shakes her head in disgust, hobbles around the mess in her basement.

MAZDOC

Really?

Three sullen henchmen stand along the far wall like little boys waiting for mother to hand down a punishment for naughty behavior.

MAZDOC

Can't I leave for five minutes without the whole operation falling apart?

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN, mid-thirties, blue business suit and trench, sucks a lollipop, watches the scene with amusement.

MAZDOC

And the traitorous little shit helped him escape?

HENCHMAN ONE

Yes, Boss Mazdoc. Hank saw them leave in Gretchen's Jag.

MAZDOC

That's my goddamn Jag.

HENCHMAN ONE

Right, your Jag.

MAZDOC

Get the GPS coordinates, give them to Brian The Good Humor Man. Brian The Good Humor Man?

BRIAN THE ASSASSIN

Yes, Boss Mazdoc?

Mazdoc cane walks over to him,-

- plays with his lapel, lifts his hand, sucks on his finger.

Brian The Good Humor Man laughs his trademark maniacal laugh.

Two of the henchmen give each other a puzzled look.

MAZDOC

Find them. Kill them. Bring back  
my money. Bring back the formula.  
Bring back any and all remaining  
shit. Understood?

He nods his head, still giggling -

- spins around-

Skips out the doorway.

MAZDOC

You others...clean this place up.  
It's disgusting...

43 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

43

Nathan feels a slap across his face.

He awakens.

Gretchen looks down at him lovingly, strokes his forehead.

GRETCHEN

Wakey, wakey, son. Time to get  
down to business.

Carmen sits on the edge of the bed, holds a kilo of clear  
plastic wrapped yellow powder.

NATHAN

What's happening?

GRETCHEN

You're going to help me bring your  
father back.

NATHAN

What are you talking about?  
He's...here?

GRETCHEN

Look to your right and say hello  
to your father.

Nathan slowly turns his head-

A rotten, putrid corpse lies on the floral comforter next to  
him.

Nathan shimmies to the left as fast and far as he can  
without ripping his hands out of the roots.

NATHAN

Fuck me! Get that thing out of here!

GRETCHEN

(stern)

That's no way to speak about your father, young man.

NATHAN

What the hell do you need me for?

GRETCHEN

I guess I should tell you the truth. I didn't reach out to you from any sense of motherly obligation-

NATHAN

That much I figured.

GRETCHEN

(continues)

-or because I needed help to kill Richard Mazdoc. That was purely ...entertainment. Plus a test of your abilities. And, I suppose, some vindictiveness directed towards his mother.

CARMEN

He was an asshole.

GRETCHEN

Quiet, dear. Now, I need you to snort this bag.

Carmen hands her the package.

NATHAN

The whole thing? What for?

GRETCHEN

(sighs)

You and your father share a psychic link. Ingesting this will enable his body to share your lifeforce. After this, your fates will inexorably be linked for eternity.

CARMEN

She means that if he dies, you die. And the other way around, too. Pretty cool.

Gretchen pulls out a small vial of yellow, pustulating liquid.

NATHAN

What's that?

GRETCHEN

Oh, I also need you to drink this.

NATHAN

What is it?

GRETCHEN

Ancient herbs, spices, some of Walt's body fluids-

NATHAN

Fuck that. I'm not drinking that piss.

GRETCHEN

Carmen..?

Carmen pinches his nose shut.

Nathan clenches his lips together as long as he can -

Gasps for breath.

Gretchen dumps the gunk into his mouth.

Nathan and Tapper both shudder, spasm in unison.

Carmen shoots from the bed, backs up.

CARMEN

God, it's working!

Gretchen dips a coke spoon in the bag, holds it under Nathan's nose.

GRETCHEN

Time to party, son.



44 I/E. BLACK MERCEDES/DIRT ROAD - DUSK 44

Brian The Good Humor Man speeds down the rural country road in his black Mercedes, map in hand.

He grips the steering wheel, agitated.

BRIAN THE ASSASSIN  
Where the heck is this turn off?

The quaint diner comes into view.

He turns into the parking lot, stops.

45 INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS 45

Brian The Good Humor Man steps in, -

- walks over to the counter.

The disgusting waitress leans on the counter, reading a People magazine, snapping her gum.

The place is deserted.

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN  
How's the pie?

The waitress gives him a once over.

WAITRESS  
(cold)  
Available.

Brian The Good Humor Man clears his throat.

BRIAN THE ASSASSIN  
Say, you wouldn't have happened to see a couple of city folk in here today? One guy all bloody, missing some fingers. A dingy chick, talks alot?

WAITRESS  
Nah.

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN  
You sure?

The waitress rolls her eyes up, thinks real hard.

WAITRESS

Oh, there was this couple in here...guy had a towel wrapped around his hand. That them?

Frustrated, he reaches into his waistband, grips the pistol butt.

He cools, counts to ten, smiles. Then breaks into his maniacal laugh.

The waitress stares at him.

He places the map on the counter.

BRIAN THE ASSASSIN

Perhaps you could point out a road for me. I keep missing the gosh-darned thing somehow.

The waitress looks at the point his index finger touches on the map.

She laughs.

WAITRESS

Only an idiot would miss that. Go back about a mile, you'll see it on the right.

Brian The Good Humor Man grits his teeth and forces a smile.

He heads toward the door.

WAITRESS

(yells)

You just missed them. Left about ten minutes ago...

46 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

46

Walt Tapper sits up in bed, pivots his head around - creeeak.

He smiles a rotten-toothed grin at his wife.

TAPPER

(hoarse)

I'm...back...?

Gretchen, ecstatic, races around the bed, -

- hugs him.

Tapper raises stiff limbs, kind of returns the hug.

NATHAN

Holy shit!

CARMEN

Holy shit is right.

Tapper bends in to french kiss his wife, extends his black tongue. Trapped brown gas from his bowels escapes his mouth, clouds around Gretchen's face.

Gretchen wrinkles her nose, turns away.

GRETCHEN

I'm sorry, darling. We'll need to get you some mouthwash.

Tapper stands, attempts to stretch his limbs -

Crackle, pop, rip...

TAPPER

Kinda stiff, babe.

CARMEN

Pilates.

Tapper turns and looks at Nathan and Carmen for the first time.

Stiff legged, he stilts over to Carmen -

Places his fingers around her narrow nape -

Squeezes...

Carmen gags, scratches his arms.

TAPPER

Babe, grab my Turkish, will ya?

Gretchen races over, grabs his arms.

GRETCHEN

No, Walt! We need her.

Reluctantly, Tapper releases the girl.

Carmen drops to her ass, gasping.

TAPPER

(re: Nathan)

What about him?

GRETCHEN

No, that's your son. We need him  
as well.

TAPPER

(pouty)

Well, shit.

Gretchen hugs him from behind.

GRETCHEN

Let's get you dressed. We'll go  
out...have some fun.

47 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

47

Brian The Good Humor Man tromps through thick brush, swats  
bramble and branches from his scratched face.

He approaches a light in the distance.

Closer...

He stops beside a large tree overlooking the bumpy grass  
yard of Gretchen's cabin.

Binoculars to eyes, -

- he scans the cabin, treeline, yard - spots the black  
Jaguar parked by the porch.

He slides his back down the tree, rests his butt on the  
moist moss.

Ipod earphones are jammed in his ears, cranks the music -

- watches the light flickering through the cabin windows.

48 INT. DINER - NIGHT

48

Gretchen and Tapper enter the diner.

Tapper wears a tan business trench, a black fedora and a  
white bandage wrapped around his face and head.

The lovey-dovey teen couple in the corner take no notice.  
There is something strangely nostalgic about them, lovers  
from a bygone era dressed like kids from the fifties.

The inbred truck driver at the counter gives them a passing  
glance (damn city folk)- back to his beer and pie.

The waitress nods in their direction, grabs some menus.

Tapper takes Gretchen's hand leads her over to the couple's  
booth.

He takes inventory of their untouched dinner and deserts.

His eyes move slowly up the girls blouse, stop on her modest cleavage.

TANNER

Mmm, what's good tonight?

49 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

49

Carmen sits next to Nathan on the bed, bare feet crossed, eating a carton of Ben & Jerry's Chunky Monkey.

The TV plays a romantic comedy - a terrible one.

Carmen shoves a mouthful of ice cream into Nathan's mouth.

She laughs hysterically when the female actor makes some keen observation about men.

CARMEN

God, ain't that the truth! Men are all the same. You tell him sister!

NATHAN

Please uncuff me and let me go.

CARMEN

No can do, Nate. Strict orders. I can't let anything happen to you - and we both know what kind of trouble you can get into. Uh, uh.

NATHAN

Have you thought about-

Carmen bursts out laughing again when the male actor does something doofishly sweet.

CARMEN

Did you see that? He - is - hopeless.

NATHAN

Have you thought about what they are going to do to you when this all over?

Carmen thinks for a moment.

CARMEN

Hmmm, not really. I suppose I'll collect my fee.

NATHAN

You think she's really going to honor her agreement?

CARMEN

Sure, why not?

NATHAN

You know we are talking about Gretchen, right?

Carmen giggles when the male actor makes a Freudian double entendre slip of the tongue and acts completely flustered.

CARMEN

Did you see that? He meant to say beanpole, not weiner pole. What's that, anyway? Weiner pole?

(beat)

You ever had a girlfriend?

NATHAN

(embarrassed)

No. Been...busy.

CARMEN

Uh huh. So you're a virgin.

Nathan jerks at the handcuffs again.

CARMEN

I've been with tons of virgins. Kind of a kick, you know?

Carmen sets the ice cream on the bedside table.

She unbuckles Nathan's belt, -

- yanks his pants down.

NATHAN

What the hell are you doing?

CARMEN

Devirginizing you, silly!

50 INT. DINER - NIGHT

50

Tapper sits across from Gretchen in the teen lovers' booth.

He wipes his Turkish on the tablecloth, -

- surveys his handiwork.

The teens are sprawled on the floor, split gut to gullet.

The truck driver's beheaded body sits in his counter stool, the staring noggin, with Grain Belt Beer hat still on, positioned next to the cake carousel.

TAPPER

Coffee, ma'am.

The quivering waitress walks slowly to the booth.

Shaking, she pours them each a cup of java -

- coffee splashes onto the tabletop.

Gretchen serenely picks at her salad.

Tapper shoves a bite of steak into his maw, chomps loudly.

TAPPER

Goddamn, that's good. Been about  
...oh ten years since I had steak.  
I actually had a t-bone for my  
last meal in the joint.

GRETCHEN

Glad you're enjoying it, honey.

WAITRESS

Me...me too, sir.

TAPPER

You want anything else, babe?

GRETCHEN

No, I think I'm good.

TAPPER

(to waitress)

Thanks. Just the check.

WAITRESS

Sir..?

TAPPER

Kidding.

He whisks the blade off the table and plants it in the waitress' ear up to the hilt.

Blood pours from her tear ducts.

She collapses to the floor like a sack of sand.

Tapper reaches down, -

- slices off her ring finger.

He carefully slides the waitress' diamond wedding ring off, brushes away the blood.

Gretchen extends her left hand, shocked.

Tapper slides the ring on her finger, kisses her hand.

TAPPER

Baby, I know the first time around didn't go so hot, so I want to make it up to you.

(beat)

Let's get married again.

GRETCHEN

Oh, Walt! Yes, yes, of course, yes! I love you.

TAPPER

Yeah, ditto on that, hon.

51 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

51

Carmen and Nathan lie under the covers, enjoying their post-coital bliss.

Carmen nuzzles her face into his bruised chest.

CARMEN

(yawns)

You are such a great boyfriend.

NATHAN

And you are such a great...you.

CARMEN

I love you, Natie.

Nathan nods, looks over at the handcuff keys on the bedside table next to her panties.

Carmen slips into a deep sleep.

Nathan reaches over to the table, grabs the keys with his toes.

52 INT. GRETCHEN'S AUDI - NIGHT

52

Gretchen and Tapper lie naked under a blanket in the backseat.

Gretchen snuggles up to Tapper's rotted torso.

Arm behind head, he smokes a cigarette, thinks.



GRETCHEN

I love when we make love.  
 (beat)  
 I could lie here forever.

TAPPER

Not me. Got plans.

Gretchen sits up, perturbed.

GRETCHEN

Plans? You have something better  
 to do than this?

TAPPER

Yeah. I gotta visit an old pal.

He leans down, kisses her forehead.

TAPPER

Don't worry. Won't take long. Then  
 we can fuck again.

53 EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

53

The JUDGE, sixties, rotund and red-faced, settles down into  
 his leather arm chair, hot toddy in hand.

Music fill the luxurious den - his hideaway from the turmoil  
 of the world.

He is about to take his first sip -

The doorbell rings.

JUDGE

Dangit.

He sets the cup down on the foot rest, -

- pushes his large girth up and off the chair.

Ding, ding, ding.

JUDGE

I'm coming, I'm coming.

He waddles out of the room and down the

CORRIDOR

to the front door.

He peers through the security hole, sees the face of a  
 lovely woman.

The judge adjusts his smoking jacket, looks in the wall mirror, runs his fingers through thin gray hair.

He unlocks the door and:

JUDGE

Hello, miss. Can I help you?

Tapper skirts around the corner, blows a cloud of cigarette smoke in the judge's face.

TAPPER

Hey, Judge. Remember me? Long time no see...

54 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

54

Nathan reaches his feet toward the headboard, stretching yoga style.

The keys dangle from his left big toe.

He watches Carmen - loud snoring.

Sttttrrrreeeettccchhh...

The keys fall on his face, slide onto the sheets by his ear.

NATHAN

(hisses)

Goddammit.

55 INT. MANSION - NIGHT

55

Tapper hustles the judge down the hall, kicks him in the ass.

Gretchen follows, bored.

They enter the den.

Tapper pushes him over the footrest and into the chair,-

- spilling hot toddy everywhere.

JUDGE

Please, I'll give you anything.

TAPPER

Anything? Look at me. Can you offer me anything?

JUDGE

I have money.

TAPPER

That's a start.

Tapper leans into his face, eyeballs him.

TAPPER

What you suppose it feels like to  
fry in the chair, judge?

JUDGE

I...I don't-

TAPPER

(tearful)

Pulled away from your family.  
Never getting to see your kids  
grow up. Feeling ten thousand  
volts coursing through your body  
and knowing, and knowing...your  
life is over.

JUDGE

I'm so, so sorry, Mr. Tapper.

Gretchen is touched - eyes tear up.

Tapper stands, laughs.

TAPPER

Just fucking with you.

(beat)

Where's the dough?

The judge hefts himself up -

races over to a painting, taps the frame -

it opens to reveal a hidden wall safe.

The judge, sweat rolling down his wrinkled forehead, -

- twirls the dial.

Tapper folds his arms, winks at Gretchen.

GRETCHEN

We really don't need any money. I  
have plenty.

TAPPER

Never enough for me in this life.

The safe door creaks open.

Tapper shoves the old judge aside, -

- licks his lips at the sight of the stacks of bundled cash.

TAPPER

Thanks, pal. You almost made up  
for all the shit you put me  
through.

Tapper hooks the Turkish under the judges jaw -

Lifts him off the ground.

The blade sinks through the fatty double chin. Blood runs  
down the blade.

The Judge grabs his throat, looks up.

TAPPER

Live or die?

JUDGE

What?

TAPPER

You heard me. Which is it?

JUDGE

Live! I want to live.

TAPPER

Glad to hear it. Life is such a  
precious thing. But you're going  
to have to earn it.

Tapper reaches into his trenchcoat, pulls out a ball-peen  
hammer, drops it to the floor at the Judge's knees.

JUDGE

What's this?

TAPPER

Pick it up.

Gretchen looks concerned.

JUDGE

Why?

TAPPER (O.S.)

Pick that fucker up.

Hesitant, shaky, the Judge picks up the hammer.

TAPPER

Smash your hand.

JUDGE  
What? I can't-

GRETCHEN  
Walt, don't-

Walt, snaps he head around.

TAPPER  
Shut up!  
(to Judge)  
Do it.

JUDGE  
I...I-

GRETCHEN  
Killing's one thing, but  
torture...that's just wrong.

TAPPER(O.S.)  
Would you please shut the fuck up?

GRETCHEN  
(miffed)  
Fine. Do what you want.

Turns away.

GRETCHEN  
(sotto voce)  
Asshole.

TAPPER  
Do it.

The Judge picks it up.

He clenches his eyes shut, lifts the hammer and smashes his hand.

The Judge screams. Tapper grins widely.

The judge holds his broken hand, cries.

Disgusted, Gretchen shrugs and lights a cigarette.

TAPPER  
What are you doing? Pick up the  
hammer...we're just getting  
started...

LATER

Tapper sits in the Judge's easy chair, sipping a hot toddy.  
Gretchen stands behind him, smoking.

The judge is kneeling in a pool of blood, slumped over, bawling.

TAPPER

Okay, again.

The judge is a horrid, broken bloody mess. His facial bones are broken beyond repair, all his teeth missing, eyeball dangling from socket.

Wearily, he lifts the hammer again and -

Smashes himself in the forehead.

Tapper looks at his watch, sets down the cup and stands.

TAPPER

Man, time sure flies. You know what they say, "It was real and it was fun yadda yadda yadda" but we gotta go. Thanks for the floor show.

Tapper kneels down next to him, grabs his hair, jerks his head up.

He slices his throat, drops the corpse.

Tapper walks over to the safe, picks up a couple bundles of currency.

TAPPER

(to Gretchen)

What are you waiting for? Grab a bag or something.

56 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

56

Nathan reaches the keys to the headboard again -

They rake against the wall, drop to the floor behind the mattress.

NATHAN

Fuck!

Carmen stirs.

CARMEN

Huh, what?

The front door opens and in walk Tapper and a pouting Gretchen, hefting a bag of cash.

TAPPER  
Put that anywhere, babe. I'll  
count it later.

The four freeze, stare at each other.

CARMEN  
(shrieks)  
Mom!

NATHAN  
(to Carmen)  
Mom?

Gretchen drops the bag, slaps her hands to her waist.

CARMEN  
Young lady, just what do you think  
you're doing?

Carmen wraps a sheet around herself, scurries to the  
bathroom.

Tapper shakes his head, amused.

He flings the fedora across the room, -  
- flops into the other queen-sized bed.

TAPPER  
Make me a sandwich, hon. I'm  
famished.

57 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

57

Brian The Good Humor Man watches the cabin through his  
binoculars.

The lights go out in the window.

He pulls his pistol from his waist -  
Hunkers down to wait...

58 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

58

Darkness...quiet...

Then -

The door crashes open -

Brian The Good Humor Man rolls in -

Tosses a handful of glowing party sticks -

Stops on one knee -

Points his pistol at the beds.

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN

Surprise!

Everyone jerks up in bed.

Brian The Good Humor Man laughs.

An eerie glow is cast from the party sticks on the shocked foursome.

TAPPER

Who the fuck are you?

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN

What the heck are you?

LATER

Brian The Good Humor Man rocks back in a padded chair, legs crossed, pistol gripped in his lap.

He surveys the foursome:

Nathan handcuffed to the headboard.

Carmen curled under the blanket.

Gretchen and Tapper in the other bed, arms folded, staring with contempt at him.

On the foot of Gretchen's bed is an open suitcase lined with kilos of yellow powder. Next to it is a loose stack of bundled currency.

Brian The Good Humor Man dials his cellular, rings, and:

MAZDOC (ON PHONE)

What?

Gretchen jumps when she hears Mazdoc's voice over the speaker phone.

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN

Got them all here in the room with me. And I have the powder and money.

MAZDOC (ON PHONE)

Fabulous! What about the formula?



BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN  
The lady ain't saying jack.

MAZDOC (ON PHONE)  
Kill the others and bring her back  
to the Razored Clam Pub.

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN  
Yeah, about that. There's  
something freaky going on. Some  
walking dead guy named Tapper is  
right here in the room, staring at  
me.

Nothing.

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN (CONT'D)  
You should probably come down and  
check this out.

(beat)  
Hello..?

Click.

He stares at the phone for a moment, sets it down.

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN (CONT'D)  
She's on her way.

Tapper nudges Gretchen.

TAPPER  
You sure this guy can kill me with  
a bullet?

GRETCHEN  
A head shot will do it.

TAPPER  
But anything else I'm fine, right?

GRETCHEN  
Brian The Good Humor Man always  
goes for the head shot. And he  
never misses.

Nathan kneels Carmen under the covers.

NATHAN  
(sotto voce)  
Carmen. I need you to get the  
handcuff keys.

CARMEN

Shut up.

NATHAN

Carmen...

CARMEN

You could have told me you were my brother. What kind of sick, twisted pervert are you? As far as I'm concerned, you're no longer my boyfriend.

NATHAN

(hisses)

Carmen, dammit. This is no joke. Get me the keys.

Carmen pulls the blanket down a bit, revealing pissed-off eyes.

CARMEN

Fine. Where are they?

NATHAN

Behind the mattress on the floor.

Carmen reaches her hand down between the wall and the mattress, fishes around.

59 INT. RAZORED CLAM PUB/BASEMENT - NIGHT

59

Mazdoc straps on a samurai katana.

The henchmen scurry about, gathering melee weapons.

MAZDOC

Warm up the Audi.  
(Beat)

MAZDOC (CONT'D)

Here I come, bitch.

60 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

60

Tapper scootches the covers down, -

- places his feet on the floor.

TAPPER

Fuck it.

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN  
 What the heck do you think you're  
 doing? Get back in bed.

Tapper stands, stretches.

Brian The Good Humor Man jumps up, aims the pistol at  
 Tapper's head.

Tapper picks up his Turkish, twirls it in his hand.

Carmen yanks her arm up, keys in hand.

Brian The Good Humor Man steps over to the foot of the bed -  
 Cocks the semi-automatic.

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN  
 I'm not telling you again, freak.  
 Get back in that bed.

TAPPER  
 Or what?

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN  
 Or I shoot you in the head.

Tapper edges closer.

Carmen unlocks Nathan's wrists.

TAPPER  
 Now see, here's the thing. My girl  
 says a head shot will kill me  
 dead. But I'm not sure. Hell, I'm  
 not really sure what I'm capable  
 of or what I can withstand in this  
 body. And sure as shit you don't  
 either. And that's the rub. Maybe  
 you kill me, maybe you don't. If  
 you do, bravo. If you don't, hell,  
 then I rip your throat out. The  
 question is, are you willing to  
 gamble? I know I am.

Brian The Good Humor Man bites his lip, thinking over his  
 options.

He picks up the bag, shoves bundles of currency in it, keeps  
 the pistol pointed at Tapper.

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN  
 Heck, it was about time I retired.

He manages to shove about half the money in the bag -

Throws it over his shoulder -

Backs up toward the door and:

BRIAN THE GOOD HUMOR MAN  
 You have balls, my friend.  
 (beat)  
 Say "hi" to Mazdoc for me.

Brian The Good Humor Man disappears into the night.

Tapper lights a cigarette, pulls on his pants.

Gretchen bolts from the bed -

Scurries around to Tapper -

Slaps him across the face.

GRETCHEN  
 You crazy bastard! You could have  
 gotten yourself killed.

Tapper picks his cigarette off the floor.

TAPPER  
 Again.

GRETCHEN  
 What's that?

TAPPER  
 I could have gotten myself killed  
 again.

Nathan yanks on his jeans.

NATHAN  
 I don't know about you three, but  
 it's time to get out of here.

Carmen and Gretchen begin to dress.

TAPPER  
 What the fuck for?

NATHAN  
 You heard him. Mazdoc and her  
 goons are on the way.

TAPPER  
 So?

Nathan holds up his bandaged hand.

NATHAN

This is what happened last time I  
crossed her path. Not looking for  
round two.

TAPPER

Not so fast, kid. I gotta a little  
score to settle with that lady.  
Sit tight.

Tapper flops on the bed, clicks on the TV.

TAPPER

Wheel of Fortune! Man, haven't  
seen that in ages.

61 EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

61

Three black Audi's pull up to the cabin -

Screech to a halt -

Kick up a cloud of dust.

Mazdoc and ten henchmen jump out of the cars.

They stop twenty feet from the doorway.

MAZDOC

(screams)

Hey! Brian The Good Humor Man!  
Come out!

62 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

62

Nathan peeks out the shuttered window.

NATHAN

Oh, shit. Mazdoc's here with an  
army.

TAPPER

Relax. She thinks we're locked  
down.

NATHAN

So?

TAPPER

So we have the advantage.

NATHAN

What advantage? You can fight, but  
what about the rest of us?

Carmen pulls the slide back on her pistol.

CARMEN  
Speak for yourself.

Gretchen reaches into the case of powder -

Pulls out a kilo -

Walks over to Nathan.

GRETCHEN  
Nathan, honey, I know your  
memory's a little fuzzy and you're  
very confused. But you have to  
trust your mother. Snort this.

NATHAN  
What? No way. That stuff is really  
starting to fuck me up.

CARMEN  
(sotto voce,  
singsong)  
Understatement.

NATHAN  
You what, Carmen. You shut the  
fuck up. Yeah, you. You shut the  
fuck up.

GRETCHEN  
Kids, please don't fight. We're a  
family, and families stick  
together.

NATHAN  
Oh, man, this is fucked up on so  
many levels.

GRETCHEN  
We need you at your full...  
potential if we are going to  
survive this. Do you understand?

TAPPER  
Stop being a whiny little pussy  
and snort that shit.

Nathan grimaces.

He takes the kilo and rips it open.

63 EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

63

Mazdoc paces around with her cane.

MAZDOC

What the hell is taking so long?

The henchmen stand around, idly playing with their weapons.

The front door swings open -

Tapper springs down the steps -

Leaps on the nearest henchman -

Buries the Turkish in his forehead.

Nathan charges out the door, -

- an evil grin on his face -

he wraps his arms and legs around a henchman -

Sinks his teeth into his throat -

Rips it out like a rabid dog -

And revels in the bloodlust.

Gretchen and Carmen slide out the door together -

Raise their pistols and fire.

Mazdoc whips out her katana, slices down at Nathan -

Sinks the edge into his exposed left leg.

Nathan howls in agony -

rolls away -

Limps to his feet.

GRETCHEN

Nathan!

She stops short, confused by this new-found concern for her son.

Tapper crouches swings a wide arc, shreds the stomachs of two henchmen.

The two men stumble back -

Try to hold in their guts -

No go - intestines spill to the ground.

A henchman sinks a katana into Tappers chest.

Tapper is shocked, then laughs.

He yanks the Japanese sword from his torso -

Chops the head off his attacker.

Tapper then goes to town and in a matter of seconds -

The remaining henchman are dead.

[SEE APPENDIX A ---

--- CHOREOGRAPHY]

Mazdoc looks around at her fallen comrades -

Lowers her sword.

Gretchen and Carmen ease down the steps, guns pointed at Mazdoc.

Nathan hobbles over on his bad leg, stands by Gretchen.

Tapper wipes his Turkish in his pants leg, a happy look on his face.

MAZDOC

(to Tapper)

How you been, Walt?

TAPPER

Been better.

MAZDOC

We had something once, remember?

TAPPER

I remember you ratted me out to the cops and got me sent to the electric chair.

MAZDOC

You pissed me off. You and...her.

Gretchen wraps her arm around Tapper's waist, kisses him on the cheek.



TAPPER

You always were a vindictive  
little cunt.

(beat)

That's what I liked about you.

MAZDOC

We could have that again, Walt.  
You and me. You could be king with  
me as your queen. Think about  
it...money, power, prestige.

Tapper scratches his chin.

TAPPER

Tempting.

MAZDOC

I wouldn't stand in your way. You  
could go on as big a mass murder  
killing spree as you wanted and I  
would always support you. Fuck, I  
would join you.

TAPPER

You always were-

MAZDOC

Fun.

TAPPER

-Fun. And, you know, I was never  
one to hold a grudge.

Gretchen steps back.

GRETCHEN

Walt?

TAPPER

Hell, one bitch's good as another,  
I reckon. Take care, Gretch.

Tapper walks over to Mazdoc -

Takes her in his arms -

They french kiss, real sloppy.

CARMEN

Ewww.

Mazdoc pulls back.

MAZDOC  
We need the formula.

TAPPER  
Right.

He jumps at Gretchen -

Slaps the pistol from her hand -

Punches her in the face -

She drops.

Tapper grabs Carmen's gun hand -

breaks her wrist.

Carmen screams.

He takes his index finger and pushes Nathan -

Who tips over into the dirt.

TAPPER  
Let's get to work.

64 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

64

Gretchen is taped to a wooden chair.

Nathan lies delirious in bed.

Carmen bandages his half severed leg.

Tapper is face down in a pile of yellow powder -

He snorts, raises his head, howls.

TAPPER  
Ahhh, yeaaaaah. Life is good.

Mazdoc plays with a pair of rusty hedge clippers.

TAPPER  
That always was your favorite.

MAZDOC  
They do the job.

Tapper squirms, shifts his ass around.

TAPPER

What the hell? I think...I have to  
take my first shit. How about  
that...

Tapper hurries to the bathroom, slams the door.

Mazdoc turns her back for a moment to watch him.

Gretchen, eyes bulging, -

- catches Carmen's attention.

She darts her eyes to the -

- powder case, -

- blinks rapidly.

She nods at Nathan vigorously.

Carmen catches on, nods.

Mazdoc turns back to Gretchen, smiles.

MAZDOC

I am really, really going to enjoy  
this.

Carmen silently fingers through the case -

Pulls out a kilo.

TAPPER (O.S.)

Oh God, this is a real groaner.

Mazdoc winces, shakes her head.

Carmen tilts Nathan's head up, dumps powder in his mouth.

Mazdoc places the the shear blades on Gretchen's pinkie.

Nathan coughs, spasms violently.

MAZDOC

Keep him quiet.

Nathan sits bolt upright, -

- a wild look in his eyes.

The bathroom door opens -

Tapper steps into the room, buckling his pants and:

TAPPER

You know how you take a crap and  
it feels like it ripped out your  
asshole? I literally-

Nathan springs onto Gretchen's bed -  
Scoops up the Turkish blade -  
Sinks it into Mazdoc's neck.  
She claws at the blade protruding from her neck -  
Stumbles backwards -  
crashes to the floor.  
The life drains quickly -  
Her eyes glaze over -  
The corpse rapidly melts into fleshy folds, shrivels -  
All that remains of Boss Mazdoc is a dry, gray pile of dust  
on the floor.

TAPPER

Damn, I picked the wrong time to  
take a dump.

TAPPER (CONT'D)

(to Gretchen)

I suppose "I'm sorry" isn't going  
to cut it?

Nathan grabs the blade from the floor -  
And charges Tapper.  
He steamrolls into his father's stomach -  
They smash into the wall -  
Hit the floor.

GRETCHEN

No! You'll kill each other!

Tapper lifts Nathan up -  
Hurls him across the room -  
Into the door.  
The door smashes apart and Nathan flies outside.

TAPPER

We'll see.

Tapper stomps out the door.

GRETCHEN

Help me, Carmen!

Carmen runs over to her mother, tugs at the duct tape.

65 EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

65

Tapper kicks Nathan in the chest -

His son flies backwards -

Hits the dirt.

Nathan springs to his feet -

Stabs the blade into Tappers neck.

Tapper laughs, yanks the blade out -

Slices Nathan across the chest.

66 INT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

66

Free at last, Gretchen kneels in front of the case -

Feeling, feeling...

Got it. She pulls out a vial of yellow liquid.

She and Carmen dart out the door...

67 EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

67

Tapper straddles Nathan -

Nathan grips his father's knife arm -

Tapper presses down, closer...closer...

GRETCHEN

Hey, Walt!

Gretchen holds up the vial.

GRETCHEN

Say good bye to your lifeforce,  
you motherfucker.

Nathan looks over.

Gretchen dumps the liquid down her throat.

Tapper rolls off Nathan -

Grips his head -

Shrieeks.

Gretchen and Nathan spasm simultaneously.

Nathan stands, woozy.

Gretchen leans on the porch rail.

GRETCHEN

(to Nathan)

Now it's you and me, kid. 'Til  
death do us part.

Nathan picks up the Turkish.

He kneels next to his father and -

Buries the blade between his father's eyes.

Tapper is once again nothing but a stinking, rotted corpse.

Gretchen runs over to her son -

Hugs him, kisses his cheek.

Nathan collapses to the dirt, drained.

68 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

68

Establishing.

69 INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

69

A drastic transformation to the store:

Gone are all the tacky poster, neon beer signs, stacks of  
porno mags, and shelves stocked with rotgut.

In their place are ornate wine racks, flowers and potted  
plants.

A cleaned up and glowing Nathan whistles, stocks a shelf  
with wine.

Ding.

The brand-new front door opens.

Familiar clicking heels.

Nathan turns and:

NATHAN

Mother! How nice to see you.

Gretchen, looking gorgeous and sexy as ever, pecks her son's cheek.

She takes in her surroundings.

GRETCHEN

My, you've really done wonders with the place. Very nice.

NATHAN

Thanks. Except for Bruce, I always kinda liked this place. More so, now that I own it.

GRETCHEN

I'm glad you're happy. Now, do you happen to have Rombauer?

Nathan raises a finger -

Walks behind a wine rack -

Pulls a bottle out.

NATHAN

It just so happens I do.

GRETCHEN

Impressive. Maybe I'll stop by more often for wine.

NATHAN

Maybe you should.

Gretchen takes her bottle, exits out the front door.

Nathan glances at his watch -

Scoots over to the front door -

Locks it, flips over the "CLOSED" sign.

He places his hands on his hips, looks around his store, smiles with pride.

He walks through the back doorway into the

STORAGE ROOM

and kneels beside the bound and gagged young woman on the floor.

He whips out his Turkish blade.

NATHAN  
Let's have some fun...

FADE OUT.

THE END