

ALMANDETO  
I want to talk to Hiram.

DARRYL  
You don't talk to Hiram. Or more specifically, Hiram doesn't talk to you.

Darryl reaches for the briefcase. Almandeto slams it shut.

ALMANDETO  
Then it's no deal.

Esteban and Juan move in. Mitch and Stan spread out.

DARRYL  
Tell you what, we'll leave 5 for 150 plus 30 for our commission.

ALMANDETO  
Fuck off.

DARRYL  
Be reasonable, Almandeto. You don't want to piss Hiram off. Not your first time out.

Tension builds as the two men stare each other down.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

The john boat motors silently through the swamp, propelled by it's electric motor.

Shep, Tyler and Grady sit apart, lost in their own thoughts.

A single gun shot rings out. The men bolt upright.

TYLER  
What the hell was--

An intense volley of gunshots breaks the still, muggy air.

GRADY  
Everybody down!

The men drop to the bottom of the boat.

The gunfire subsides. A final shot rings through the swamp. Silence.

TYLER  
Don't suppose that was hunters.

GRADY  
Sounded small caliber. Hand guns.

SHEP  
More like a drive-by than hunting.

GRADY  
Hunting humans.  
(to Tyler)  
You got them be-nocs?

Tyler passes Grady his binoculars.

Grady lifts his head above the gunwale and peers through the binoculars.

SHEP  
See anything?

GRADY  
Nah. Yeah. I can just see the peak  
of the Henderson place.

TYLER  
The ol' huntin' shack?

GRADY  
Yeah.

SHEP  
Probably a bunch of kids horsing  
around.

GRADY  
Sounded pretty intense for kids.

TYLER  
Maybe we should go check it out.

GRADY  
No.

TYLER  
Someone could be hurt.

GRADY  
Let 'em call 911.

SHEP  
We could just. . .Have a look.  
It's the Christian thing to do.

GRADY  
Yeah? How'd that work out for Jesus?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Grady, Shep and Tyler are concealed in the saw palmetto just beyond the yard of the Henderson place. Grady peers through the fronds with the binoculars.

GRADY

Got two cars. No movement in the house.

TYLER

So let's go.

SHEP

Hold on. Just 'cause we can't see anyone, doesn't mean they're not there.

GRADY

Safe to say they wouldn't leave without their cars.

Grady repositions for a better view.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Hold on. Got someone on the porch.

Through the binoculars, Stan is seen sitting at the top of the front steps, leaning against a support column.

TYLER

What's he doing?

Grady lifts the binoculars. He sees a smear of blood on the column above Stan.

Grady lowers the binoculars. He sees Juan sprawled in the dirt, a gun lying nearby.

GRADY

Think he might be dead.

TYLER

Why's that?

GRADY

'Cause the guy in front of him is.

SHEP

Hold on.

Shep wings a handful of stones at the house.

The stones scatter across the porch. Stan doesn't blink.

GRADY

Yep, he's dead.

EXT. OLD FLORIDA CRACKER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Grady, Shep and Tyler slowly pick their way across the yard.

Grady pokes Juan in the ribs with his shoe. No response.

They continue to the house and cluster around Stan. Tyler waves a hand in front of Stan's unresponsive face. Shep smacks Tyler.

SHEP

Show some respect.

Tyler reaches for the gun at Stan's feet.

GRADY

And don't touch anything.

TYLER

We might need it.

GRADY

That's what these guys thought.

Grady pulls back Stan's t-shirt revealing the B.P vest.

GRADY (CONT'D)

He's wearin' armor. Took one under the arm, another in the leg.

Grady follows the blood trail leading from the house.

INT. OLD FLORIDA CRACKER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Grady steps into the house and stops short.

GRADY

Holy fuck!

TYLER

What? What is it?

Tyler pushes past Grady to see the room firsthand.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(under)

Whoa.

The walls are spattered red. Esteban and Mitch lie in pools of blood. Mitch still clutches his weapon.

Darryl lies in a spreading pool of blood in front of the table; Almandeto lies unseen behind the table.

Tyler spies the briefcase and moves toward the table. Shep and Grady tiptoe around the room in shock.

GRADY

We need to get out of here.

SHEP

Should we call someone?

GRADY

No. Whatever happened here, we aren't a part of it--

Tyler opens the briefcase.

GRADY (CONT'D)

And we don't want to be a part of it.

TYLER

Shep! SHEP!

SHEP

What?

Tyler lets Shep see the \$180,000 in cash.

TYLER

We're fuckin' rich.

Shep lifts a packet of cash in disbelief.

Tyler pulls a cellophane brick from the canvas bag.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Holy mother fuckin' shit from hell, we are so fuckin' rich.

Shep grabs the brick and rubs Tyler's fingerprints off.

SHEP

Are you mad? You know what this is? It's a drug deal.

TYLER

Yeah, and we just scored.

GRADY

Shep? We gotta problem.

Shep drops the brick on the table and crosses to Grady.

SHEP

What?

Grady kneels at Darryl's side. He shows Shep an open wallet with a sheriff's star pinned to one side.

GRADY

He's a cop.

SHEP

Fuck.

Tyler rummages in the canvas bag.

TYLER

Four, five, six!

The faint ringing of a cell phone catches his ear. He looks over the table and sees Almandeto.

Tyler kneels next to Almandeto. He withdraws the phone from Almandeto's pocket and answers it.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(cautiously)

Hello?

REYDEL (V.O.)

Almandeto? What's going on?

EXT. WOODED GLADE - DAY

Reydel stands next to his car.

REYDEL

(on cell)

Almandeto? Who is this? Darryl?  
What the fuck is going on? Talk to  
me?

SHEP (V.O.)

Are you out of your fucking mind?

There is a snapping, crackling noise and the phone line goes dead.

Reydel turns to Carlos and Mateo.

REYDEL

Let's go. Now.

INT. OLD FLORIDA CRACKER HOUSE - DAY

Shep lifts his foot off the crushed remains of Almandeto's cell phone.

SHEP  
What were you thinking? Answering  
his cell phone?

TYLER  
I don't know. I didn't mean--

SHEP  
They know we're here now.

TYLER  
Who knows? We don't know that was--

SHEP  
Oh, for fuck's sake, Tyler! What do  
you think this is?

GRADY  
Either the cops or this guy's friends,  
or maybe both, are on their way.  
Whoever gets here first, we don't  
want to be found.

TYLER  
Fine. Let's get out.

Tyler reaches for the briefcase. Shep slaps his hand away.

SHEP  
What the hell are you doing?

TYLER  
We are not leaving that.

SHEP  
Oh, yes we are. Now get your ass--

Almandeto coughs and sputters. The men spin in panic to  
face him.

TYLER  
Jesus Christ!

SHEP  
He's alive.

ALMANDETO  
Ayudame. Ayudame.

TYLER  
What the fuck do we do now?

Grady kneels beside Almandeto.

TYLER (CONT'D)

No, no, no. We have to get out of here.

SHEP

Hold on a sec.

TYLER

No, you said--

SHEP

You're the one who wanted to help.

GRADY

Shut up, both of you!

Grady places his ear near Almandeto's mouth, listening to his fading whispers.

GRADY (CONT'D)

(nodding)

Yes, of course.

Shep kneels.

SHEP

What is it? What'd he say?

GRADY

Shhh.

Grady continues to listen. Shep takes Almandeto's hand.

SHEP

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom  
come, Thy will be done on Earth as  
it is in Heaven. Give us this day  
our daily bread--

Tyler quietly places the bricks back in the canvas bag and hoists it onto his shoulder. He grabs the briefcase and quietly moves to the front door. He picks up the gun lying next to Esteban.

SHEP (CONT'D)

And forgive us our sins as we forgive  
those who sin against us. Lead us  
not into temptation but deliver us  
from evil, for Thine is power and  
kingdom and glory forever. Amen.

Almandeto stops speaking and stares pleadingly up at Grady.

GRADY  
You are forgiven.

Almandeto smiles faintly. His body tenses. He gives a final gasp and goes limp.

SHEP  
Is he--?

GRADY  
Yeah.

TYLER  
Great. Let's fucking go.

Tyler exits with the briefcase and canvas bag.

EXT. OLD FLORIDA CRACKER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler jumps down the front steps and makes his way across the yard.

Reydel's car skids to a stop directly in front of him.

Carlos and Mateo leap from the vehicle, guns drawn.

MATEO  
Don't fucking move, maricon.

Tyler drops the briefcase and bag.

TYLER  
It's cool, man. It's cool.

MATEO  
Where's Almandeto?

TYLER  
Who?

CARLOS  
Mateo.

Carlos gestures toward the house where Juan lies in front of the steps.

MATEO  
Son of a bitch.

Mateo aims his gun at Tyler.

BAM! ZING! A bullet ricochets off the hood of the car.

Carlos and Mateo turn simultaneously toward the house, guns blazing.