

GRADY

They don't know what we're driving.
 Didn't know it was us.
 (pause)
 So where to, chief?

TYLER

Your place.

Grady glares, but lets his thoughts go unspoken.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The desolate back country road leads onto a bridge.

A flicker of light illuminates the bridge.

Reydel's car barrels down the road at full throttle. As he approaches the bridge, his headlights pickup a boat trailer parked on the side of the road.

Reydel slams on the brakes. The car skids onto the bridge and idles quietly for a moment. Reverse lights flare; the car backs up.

The boat trailer is fully illuminated in Reydel's headlights. Below the boat is a dusty patch of ground, a makeshift put in area for boats.

Reydel climbs out of his car, flashlight in hand. He stares at the trailer, then up the road to where the SUV has long since disappeared.

REYDEL

Son of a bitch.

Reydel moves past the trailer to the water's edge. He shines the flashlight around. The beam catches Grady's boat tied to the shore.

Reydel checks the boat, but finds nothing except fishing tackle strewn about. He kicks the side of the boat and walks away. Stops. Turns around and shines the flashlight on the bow of the boat. The boat's registration number is caught in the beam of light.

REYDEL (CONT'D)

Got you, mother fucker.

EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The SUV skids to a stop in the driveway. The open garage door reveals a cluttered garage too full for the vehicle.

Tyler and Grady leap from the SUV and scramble to extract Shep from the back seat.

Grady's wife, MAURAH, 30s, plain, simple enters the garage from the house. She is followed by her kids, CODY, 10, and Jane, 7.

MAURAH
Grady Adams, where in the hell have you been?

GRADY
Grab his feet, Tyler. His feet, for Christ's sake.

TYLER
I'm trying.

MAURAH
What is going--Oh, my God! Is that Shep?

GRADY
Bring me some towels, Maurah.

MAURAH
Is he--Has he been shot?

GRADY
Maurah, please.

MAURAH
I'll call 9-1-1.

GRADY
No.

TYLER
(simultaneous)
No.

GRADY
Just bring us towels and washcloths. And get the kids inside.

Maurah ushers the kids back in the house. Grady and Tyler drop Shep into a chair.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Pull the door down.

Tyler grabs the garage door and pulls it shut, sealing them off from the outside world.

INT. GRADY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Grady unties the t-shirt from Shep's black and swollen shoulder.

TYLER

Holy fuck.

GRADY

Yeah.

Grady moves to his workbench and selects tools. A utility knife, needle nose pliers and a screwdriver.

TYLER

You're gonna use tools?

GRADY

You got a better idea?

Tyler shakes his head.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Didn't think so. Grab that table.
Move it next to him.

Tyler wheels a worktable next to Shep.

Grady gathers his tools. He spies a bottle of alcohol and grabs that as well.

Maurah re-enters the garage. The kids peer in the door behind her.

MAURAH

I've got the towels.

GRADY

Great.

Grady sweeps his arm across the worktable, clearing it.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Spread one across this.

Tyler helps Maurah spread a towel over the table. Grady drops the tools and alcohol on the table.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Okay, I need a pot of warm water,
couple of bowls, turkey baster--

MAURAH

A turkey baster?

GRADY

Maurah!

MAURAH

All right, all right.

GRADY

And some thread. The heaviest you got. And the curved needle.

MAURAH

The upholstery needle?

GRADY

Yeah. And get those fucking kids inside.

Maurah retreats to the house.

Grady carries a wash cloth to the utility sink. He soaks it and tosses it to Tyler.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Put that in his mouth.

TYLER

He's not awake.

GRADY

He will be.

Grady scrubs his hands and arms in a utility sink.

Tyler leans Shep's head back. Shep's eyes flutter open.

TYLER

Hey, buddy. How you doin'? We're gonna take care of you, all right. Bite down on this if it hurts, okay?

Tyler places the washcloth in Shep's mouth.

Grady rinses and crosses to Tyler.

GRADY

Sterilize those for me.

Tyler pours alcohol on the tools.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Now my hands.

Tyler obliges.

Maurah enters with the pot of water and bowls.

GRADY (CONT'D)
(to Shep)
You ready for this?

Shep nods.

GRADY (CONT'D)
(to Maurah and Tyler)
You might want to hold him.

Grady examines the lump on the back of Shep's shoulder.

MAURAH
You want to tell me what's going on
here?

GRADY
I'm busy, Maurah.

Grady presses the utility knife into Shep's shoulder and slices.

Shep screams and flails.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Hold him!

Grady presses the knife in further. Shep screams again. Maurah and Tyler do their best to restrain him.

Grady spreads the incision with his fingers.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Crap. It's deeper than I thought.

Grady cuts again. Shep flails, stamping his feet on the ground.

GRADY (CONT'D)
There you are.

Grady inserts the needle nose pliers into the incision. He tugs. Nothing. He spreads the pliers wider and presses deeper. He tugs again. Nothing.

GRADY (CONT'D)
C'mon.

Grady yanks forcibly on the pliers. They snap out, clutching the slug in their jaws.

TYLER
That the bullet?

GRADY
 Yep. Looks intact.

Grady drops the pliers and bullet on the table. He fills the turkey baster with water.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 (to Tyler)
 Hold one of those bowls under the incision.
 (to Shep)
 This next part might sting a bit.

Grady sprays a little water on the entrance wound, then inserts the baster.

Shep squirms.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 Ready?

Before Shep can nod, Grady squeezes the bulb.

A burst of water, clotted blood, muscle tissue and subcutaneous fat ejects from the incision on Shep's shoulder.

Shep convulses in pain.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 Any bone fragments?

TYLER
 I don't think so.

GRADY
 I'll take that as a good sign.

Grady slips his finger into the wound.

TYLER
 Is that safe?

GRADY
 None of it's safe, but it's what you insisted on.
 (to Shep)
 I don't feel anything sharp or broken, so you might have lucked out.

Grady withdraws his finger. He rinses the baster, then pours alcohol into a bowl.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 This next part. . .It's gonna suck.

Grady fills the baster with alcohol.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Take a deep breath.

Shep does. Grady inserts the baster. Shep squirms as the alcohol dribbles out. Grady slowly squeezes the bulb, forcing alcohol into the wound.

Shep struggles violently, screaming and biting down on the washcloth. His body suddenly goes limp. His eyes roll back in his head and the washcloth drops from his mouth.

TYLER

What is it? What happened.

GRADY

Relax. He just passed out.

Grady withdraws the baster.

TYLER

Now what?

GRADY

We stitch him up and pray.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Reydel's car bounces over the heavily rutted road. It turns onto a dirt driveway. The head lamps briefly illuminate a weathered, hand-painted sign: "Ramón's Landscaping Service".

Reydel continues along the driveway past potted palms, railway ties and bags of mulch haphazardly scattered about.

The car comes to a stop in front of. . .

EXT. RAMÓN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RAMÓN, 60s, grey hair and a wash of white stubble across his face, sits in a creaky rocker on the front porch of his dilapidated shack of a house. He drinks from a whiskey bottle.

As Reydel parks, Ramón rises unsteadily to greet him.

RAMÓN

I was beginning to worry.

Reydel exits his car, bloody and disheveled.

RAMÓN (CONT'D)

What the hell happened to you?

REYDEL
Spare a drink?

RAMÓN
Sure.

Ramón passes the bottle. Reydel drinks.

REYDEL
You get it done.

RAMÓN
Yeah.

REYDEL
Get in.

EXT. RAMÓN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two men drive to the rear of Ramón's property. The area is covered with broken machinery, industrial drums and dying potted plants.

An old work shed threatens to collapse, supported only by years of piled garbage and refuse. Beyond the shed stands a mini-excavator next to a pile of dirt. In front of the excavator, a gaping hole.

Reydel parks next to the hole.

INT. REYDEL'S CAR - NIGHT

The men sit quietly in the car. Reydel takes a swig from the bottle and passes it to Ramón.

REYDEL
You tell anyone I was coming?

RAMÓN
Who would I tell?

REYDEL
How's your wife?

RAMÓN
The bitch is in Miami again. Con su madre.

REYDEL
(laughing)
Leave you for good this time.

RAMÓN
She'll be back. She always comes back.

An uneasy moment passes between the two men.

REYDEL
You knew my father.

RAMÓN
Si, a good man.

REYDEL
He told me you were the only man he
could trust completely. I need that
trust now.

Ramón takes a swig of whiskey and nods.

EXT. RAMÓN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Reydel opens the trunk of the car. Ramón leans in to look.

RAMÓN
Ah, Dios mio, Reydel. Cómo?

REYDEL
Policía.

RAMÓN
Policía? No. Whatever you are
involved in, Reydel, I can be no
part of.

REYDEL
No one will know.

RAMÓN
I will know.
(points to trunk)
They will know.
(points skyward)
He will know. And now you throw
them away, like garbage. No good
can come of this.

Ramón walks away. Reydel raises his gun.

REYDEL
Ramón!

Ramón turns back.

RAMÓN
You kill them, and now you will kill
me?

REYDEL
I didn't shoot them.

RAMÓN
And yet they are dead.

Reydel lowers his weapon.

REYDEL
Please, Ramón. I need your help.
My brother. . .

RAMÓN
Almandeto?

Reydel nods.

Ramón crosses back to the car and stares down at Almandeto.

RAMÓN (CONT'D)
No good can come of this.
(makes sign of the
cross)
Perdóneme?

The two men lift Almandeto from the trunk and carry his body to the pit and drop him in.

INT. GRADY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Maurah bandages Shep's shoulder.

Grady dries his hands with a towel. Tyler approaches him.

TYLER
He gonna be okay?

GRADY
I don't know. Maybe.

TYLER
Thanks. For what you did. I'm sorry
if I--

In a flash, Grady grabs Tyler by the throat and slams him against the garage door.

Tyler reaches for the gun in his waistband. Grady beats him to it. He places the gun against Tyler's temple.

GRADY
Listen to me, you little shit. You
ever point a gun at me again, I will
kill you. Understand me?

Tyler chokes and sputters.

MAURAH (O.S.)

Grady!

Grady turns to his wife.

MAURAH (CONT'D)

Grady, no. We've seen enough tonight.

Grady releases Tyler and tucks the gun in his waistband.

TYLER

I'm sorry. I just didn't know what else to do.

GRADY

You want something to do?

Grady tosses his truck keys to Tyler.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Go get my boat.

TYLER

What?

GRADY

My boat. The one we left behind. Go pick it up.

TYLER

You--you want me to go back out there? Alone?

GRADY

Yes, I do. And after you drop the boat off, don't ever come back to my house.

EXT. RAMÓN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Reydel and Ramón drop the last body in the pit.

Reydel picks up a five gallon can of gas and pours it into the pit.

RAMÓN

You're going to burn them?

REYDEL

They must never be found.

Ramón laughs disgustedly, sits on the hood of the car and drinks.

Reydel lights a rolled up newspaper. He tosses the improvised torch into the pit. Flames erupt with a whoosh as the gas ignites.

Reydel gags and pulls his shirt over his nose.

RAMÓN

They smell like cattle, no?

Ramón drinks and laughs.

RAMÓN (CONT'D)

When I was a boy, we had to walk the fields each morning. If we found a dead cow, we would burn it. They were too big to bury. Is that what your brother is to you? A dead cow? The smell is the same.

Reydel crosses to Ramón and raises his gun.

RAMÓN (CONT'D)

Tell me, Reydel, whatever you thought you were going to get out of this, was it worth the price you've had to pay?

Ramón laughs wickedly. Reydel fires the gun. Ramón rolls off the hood of the car. His body twitches briefly on the ground and grows still.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - CODY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shep twists feverishly in Cody's bed. Grady sits at his side, watching anxiously.

CODY (O.S.)

Is he going to be okay?

Grady looks up to see Cody standing in the doorway.

GRADY

He's going to be just fine. C'mere.

Cody crosses to his father. Grady pulls him onto his lap.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Kinda scary earlier, wasn't it?

Cody shrugs.

GRADY (CONT'D)

That's my little man.

CODY
How'd he get shot?

GRADY
Well, that's a story best told when
you're a little older.

CODY
Everything's when I'm older.

GRADY
Seems that way, doesn't it, but soon
enough you'll wish you were young
again.

EXT. BOAT RAMP - NIGHT

Tyler pulls Grady's boat from the water. He kills the SUV's engine and climbs out of the cab. Crossing to the trailer, he rummages in the bottom of the boat and pulls out his tackle box.

Tyler crosses back to the SUV and opens the tail gate. He uncovers the briefcase and opens it.

\$180,000 in crumpled cash stares back at him in the pale yellow overhead light.

Tyler dumps the contents of his tackle box on the ground. Selecting higher denominations of bills, he stuffs them in the empty tackle box.

EXT. BOAT RAMP - NIGHT

Tyler scurries up the dirt embankment under the bridge. He stuffs the tackle box into a crevice beneath the concrete support beams, then seals the opening with rocks.

EXT. RAMÓN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BEGIN MONTAGE

- A) Reydel operates the excavator to fill in the pit.
- B) Reydel rolls industrial drums and drags potted plants over the burial site.
- C) Reydel rinses the hood and trunk of his car, removing blood evidence.
- D) Reydel drives his car into the old shed.
- E) Reydel removes the license plate from the car.
- F) Reydel pulls an old canvas tarp over the car.

G) Reydel climbs into Ramón's beat up truck and drives away as the first rays of dawn break the horizon.

INT. REYDEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Dirtied and bloodied, Reydel sits on the edge of the bed next to his sleeping wife, CALIDA, 30s, and gently strokes her hair.

CALIDA
Where the hell have you been?

REYDEL
Out.

Calida rolls away from Reydel.

CALIDA
Elena called. Wants to know where Carlos is.

REYDEL
He's with Esteban. And Juan. And Mateo.

Reydel chokes up, but controls himself. He curls up next to Calida, pulling her warm body close.

Calida swats him away.

CALIDA
No, no, no. You don't come in at six in the morning and think you getting anything.

REYDEL
I don't--Things didn't work like they were supposed to.

Calida jerks away from him.

CALIDA
You spend all day with your friends doing God knows what, then spend all night drinking with them--

REYDEL
I wasn't--

CALIDA
Don't even. I can smell the liquor from here. Now you come home thinking I'm gonna be all happy to see you. No, I don't suppose things did work out for you.

Calida pulls a pillow over head, sealing Reydel out.

FADE OUT:

A television news report is heard.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Davis County Sheriff's Investigators are continuing their search for clues in the shooting deaths of three undercover officers earlier this week in a sting operation turned bad. While no suspects have been publicly identified, Sheriff Walter Hiram is scheduled to hold a press conference later today.

FADE IN:

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - CODY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The reporter's voice fades into the background.

Shep stirs in his bed. His eyes flutter open. He blinks blearily in the bright light trying to bring the room into focus.

GRADY (O.S.)

Welcome back.

Shep turns to Grady not sure of where he is or why. Then the realization.

SHEP

Oh, crap.

GRADY

Exactly. How you feelin'?

SHEP

100 percent. How'm I doin'?

GRADY

You're still here.

Shep tries to pull down the covers to look at his arm. He flinches in pain.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Here, let me.

Grady pulls back the sheet revealing Shep's black and swollen shoulder.

SHEP

Holy shit!

GRADY

Shoulda seen it yesterday.

SHEP

Looks like it should hurt a lot more'n
it does.

GRADY

You're pretty doped up.

SHEP

On what?

GRADY

Maurah found some of her mother's
old prescription pain killers and
some antibiotics.

SHEP

Isn't Maurah's mother dead?

GRADY

Two years now.

SHEP

You gave me a dead woman's medicine?

GRADY

She didn't need it.

SHEP

Is it still good?

GRADY

You haven't complained.

SHEP

Where's Tyler?

GRADY

We thought it best if he didn't--
Maurah's not real happy about any of
this.

SHEP

Understand.

GRADY

And just so you know, story is you're
laid up with a bum shoulder from
chopping wood.

SHEP
Why was I chopping wood?

GRADY
Don't know. Thought we'd leave that
up to you.

SHEP
Thanks. So, the \$64,000 question,
what's going on?

GRADY
We've been all over the news. Well,
not us, but--hell, it even went
national.

Grady picks up a remote on the bedstand and points at a tv
on the dresser. The volume increases.

SHERIFF HIRAM, 60s, heavysset and balding, is in the middle
of his press conference.

HIRAM
We have several significant leads,
but it would be imprudent to divulge
them at this time.

REPORTER 1 (O.S.)
If this was a sting operation,
wouldn't you know the identities of
those involved?

HIRAM
We believe the identities given were
aliases. This seems to have been an
ambush from the beginning.

REPORTER 2
Did you recover the money or the
drugs used in the operation?

HIRAM
The only thing we recovered were
three dead police officers.

SHEP
What happened to the money? That
big freakin' bag of coke?

GRADY
Either they're not tellin' or somebody
else got there after us.

SHEP
Shit!

GRADY

What?

SHEP

Tyler. When I came out of the house,
he had the briefcase.

REPORTER 2

I understand there was a car found
at the scene. Were you able to get
any evidence from that?

HIRAM

No, there was no evidence with the
found vehicle. We have determined
it was abandoned there sometime before
the crime took place.

SHEP

What is he talking about? That car
wasn't abandoned.

Grady turns the tv off with the remote.

GRADY

They're not looking for the spics,
bro. They're looking for us.

SHEP

We need to find my brother.

INT. REYDEL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Reydel tosses a football to his son, CARLITO, 5. Carlito
attempts to run past Reydel. Reydel tackles him. Carlito
squeals happily as his father rolls him playfully on the
floor.

REYDEL

No, stopped at the goal line!

A woman's voice is heard shouting from outside.

ELENA (V.O.)

Reydel! Where is my husband? Where
is my Carlos? Reydel! Come out
here and tell me where is my husband?

REYDEL

(to Carlito)
Stay here.

EXT. REYDEL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

ELENA, 30s, dressed in spandex too tight for her plump figure, pulls at her disheveled hair.

ELENA

(yells)

Reydel? What have you done with him? What have you done?

Neighbors begin to congregate in their yards.

Reydel exits his house.

REYDEL

What is it you want, Elena?

ELENA

They found his car.

REYDEL

Who found his car.

ELENA

La policía. They found it where those cops were killed.

REYDEL

I don't know anything about that.

Calida and Carlito exit the house.

ELENA

Make him tell me, Calida. Where is my husband?

REYDEL

You need to go home, Elena. To your children.

ELENA

He's dead, isn't he? You killed him.

REYDEL

He's not dead--

Elena beats her fists on Reydel's chest.

ELENA

Tell me! Tell me where my Carlos is.

Reydel pushes Elena away.

REYDEL

He's gone, Elena. He left you. He found a job in Miami and left.

ELENA

He wouldn't.

REYDEL

He did. Esteban and Juan went with him. Is that what you want to hear?

(gestures to the
onlookers)

Is that what you want everyone to know? That your husband left you. That you grew too fat for him.

Elena collapses in sobs.

REYDEL (CONT'D)

(softly)

Get up. Get up and go home.

INT. REYDEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Reydel pours a hefty glass of tequila. Downs it. Pours another.

Calida enters, arms folded across her chest.

CALIDA

Almandeto find a job in Miami, too?

REYDEL

Not now.

CALIDA

Is he dead?

REYDEL

Nobody's dead.

CALIDA

What about the cops?

REYDEL

I wasn't there. I don't know what happened.

CALIDA

My God, they will kill us. They will come for us while we sleep.

REYDEL

If they wanted us, they would have been here by now.

CALIDA
How could you let this happen?

REYDEL
I didn't let it happen.

CALIDA
And I didn't marry a murderer.

Reydel backhands Calida. She sprawls across the kitchen table. Blood trickles from her mouth.

REYDEL
I am exactly who you married. Not some migrant worker picking fruit. Not a laborer working twice the hours for half the pay of some local redneck. You knew what I did when you married me. It's why you married me, so get off your high horse, Calida, and go fuck your new found morality.

Calida runs sobbing from the room.

Reydel pours another shot and downs it.

EXT. STAN'S HIDEAWAY BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Stan's is a windowless, decrepit CBS structure on the outskirts of town. A handful of equally decrepit pickup trucks are lined up in the crushed shell parking lot.

Grady's SUV pulls off the highway and takes its place alongside the other trucks.

INT. STAN'S HIDEAWAY BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

The interior of the bar is as drab and grey as the exterior. The only hint of color comes from dusty neon signs advertising assorted beers.

A worn pool table occupies one end of the room, a weathered wooden bar the other. In between are haphazardly scattered vinyl chairs and wobbly tables.

REGGIE, 30s, a bartendress too attractive for Stan's, chats with a couple of good ol' boys at one end of the bar.

A small bell clangs dully over the door as Grady and Shep enter the bar. Shep's bandaged arm hangs in a sling.

REGGIE
Oh, my God! What happened to you?

SHEP
Hey, Reggie.

REGGIE
You in an accident?

SHEP
It's nothin'. I was. . .

GRADY
Chopping wood.

SHEP
Chopping wood, yeah.

REGGIE
Why were you chopping wood?

SHEP
For--uh--my fire pit.

REGGIE
You have a fire pit?

SHEP
No. I was gonna build one. In the
backyard.

REGGIE
So why chop wood if you don't have
the pit?

SHEP
Guess I wanted to see if I could do
it before I went through the trouble
of building a pit. Apparently I
can't, so the pit's on hold.

REGGIE
(laughing)
Let me get you a drink.

Reggie turns away from the men. Grady grins at Shep.

SHEP
What?

GRADY
A fire pit?

SHEP
Best I could do, all right?

Reggie returns with beers. Shep hands her a ten spot.

REGGIE
Un-uh. First one's on me.

SHEP
Thanks.

Shep places the bill on the bar and slides it toward Reggie.

REGGIE
(seductively)
Thank you.

Reggie drops the bill in a tip jar.

GRADY
You hitting on her?

SHEP
Shut up. No.

Grady grins and glances around the bar.

GRADY
No sign of your boy.

SHEP
Hey Reg, you seen Tyler?

REGGIE
No, probably out of money though.
He's been in last couple of nights
buying everybody drinks.

SHEP
Really?

REGGIE
Yeah, and that new truck must have
cost him a pretty penny.

SHEP
Truck?

REGGIE
You haven't seen it? Big fancy Ford
with all the trimmin's.

GRADY
Any idea where we might find him?

Reggie nods toward the pool table.

REGGIE
Check with Willie. He seems to know
everybody's business.

INT. STAN'S HIDEAWAY BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

WILLIE, a large, heavysset man with shaggy grey hair bends over the pool table to take a shot. RAY glumly watches nearby as Willie runs the table.

Shep and Grady approach.

SHEP

Hey, Willie. How's it hangin'?

WILLIE

Don't you know better'n to talk to a man while he runs a table?

SHEP

You ain't gonna make that shot.

WILLIE

Says you.

SHEP

Your angle's wrong.

Willie sighs and stands to face Shep.

WILLIE

If you feel so strongly about it, slap some money down and play.

Shep waggles his injured arm.

SHEP

A little out of it right now.

WILLIE

Mm-hmm. Might give me the chance I need to win back some of that money I lost to you last time.

Willie bends over and lines up his shot. He fires.

The cue ball clanks softly into the three ball. It bobbles between the bumpers at the edge of the corner pocket, but doesn't drop.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Christ on a stick.

SHEP

Told ya.

WILLIE

Don't matter. Ray here can't shoot worth shit. Ain't that right Ray?

RAY
Fuck you, Willie.

WILLIE
He's about to lose.

Ray lines up his cue stick and shoots. The shot goes wild.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
Nice leave, Ray.

Willie lines up and sinks the three ball. He crosses to the other end of the table and lines up the eight.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
Side pocket.

Willie shoots. The eight ball drops as predicted.

Ray throws his cue on the table and storms off to the bar.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
Don't walk away mad, Ray!
(to Shep)
Sure you don't want to play? Seem
to be running out of challengers.

SHEP
Naw, was hoping you might know where
my brother is.

Willie drops quarters into the table and racks the balls.

WILLIE
Mmm. Tyler. That boy ain't nuthin'
but trouble.

SHEP
Wha'dya mean?

WILLIE
Him n' his crew been carousin' it up
last couple of nights. Spendin' too
much money. Then head off to the
Doll's House.

GRADY
The strip club?

WILLIE
Yeah. Not that they'd be any good
there, coked up as they are.

SHEP
Coked up?

WILLIE

Little brother's got a new profession,
Shep. Course if Stan finds out he's
selling at his bar, pretty boy might
not be so pretty anymore.

Willie prepares to break. Shep turns to Grady.

SHEP

(under)

Little son of bitch took everything.

GRADY

Best find him and soon.

SHEP

Thanks for the heads up, Willie.

WILLIE

Sure you don't wanna play?

SHEP

Maybe next time.

Shep and Grady head for the exit.

INT. DOLL'S HOUSE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

House music thumps loudly as a topless woman spins around a pole. Patrons watch the young woman from scattered tables. Around the perimeter of the club are private booths with sheer curtains drawn across them.

Grady and Shep scan the patrons, but don't see Tyler.

SHEP

You take one side, I'll take the
other.

The men separate and make their way down the line of booths.

Shep peels back the curtains on one booth.

SHEP (CONT'D)

Oops. Sorry.

Shep moves on.

Grady peeks in one booth, moves to the next.

A scantily clad YOUNG WOMAN approaches him and throws her arms around his neck.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hi, you look like you're lost.

GRADY

No, I'm good. Thanks.

YOUNG WOMAN

You want a dance?

GRADY

No, no. I'm looking for someone.

YOUNG WOMAN

Maybe you found her?

GRADY

No, really. . .
 (waves wedding ring)
 I'm married.

YOUNG WOMAN

Me too.

Grady pulls the young woman's arms from his neck.

GRADY

Yes, but your spouse is more
 accommodating than mine.

Grady moves away.

YOUNG WOMAN

Fag!

Grady approaches Shep.

GRADY

I don't think I can stay here.

Shep motions to a booth. Tyler can be heard laughing from within.

Grady draws back the curtain revealing Tyler in the booth with two barely dressed women, NADINE and AMBI. Nadine snorts a line of coke off Ambi's breast.

SHEP

What the hell are you doing?

AMBI

Hey! Close that.

TYLER

Hey, guys. What are you doing here?

Nadine wipes her nose.

NADINE
You know these two?

TYLER
Uh, yeah, yeah. My brother, Shep,
and his friend, Grady. Join the
party fellas. We got room.

Shep glances down at the pile of coke in front of Tyler.

SHEP
Party's over, Tyler.

Shep pulls Ambi from the booth.

SHEP (CONT'D)
C'mon, ladies, time to go.

AMBI
Hey, let go of me.

TYLER
Yo, relax. Why you gotta get all
harsh?

SHEP
You haven't seen me harsh.

Grady lays a hand on Shep's shoulder, calming him.

GRADY
Outside, Tyler. Now.

EXT. DOLL'S HOUSE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Shep shoves Tyler into the parking lot, followed by Grady.

TYLER
What the hell is wrong with you?

SHEP
What's wrong with me? Do you know
the trouble you're in? The trouble
you've gotten us all in?

TYLER
There's no trouble here except you
actin' like some big shit.

SHEP
You're dealing drugs.

TYLER
I'm not dealing.

SHEP

For fuck's sake, Tyler, you're selling out of the bathroom at Stan's.

TYLER

I hooked up a couple of friends. No one knows nuthin'.

GRADY

How do you think we know?

TYLER

Fuck you both. I'm outta here.

Tyler turns to walk away. Shep grabs his shoulder and spins him back. Tyler takes a swing at Shep and the two men go at it. Grady separates them.

GRADY

Hold it. Stop. Back up, both of you.

The brothers back off, but eye each other cagily.

SHEP

You stole that money and the drugs.

TYLER

I didn't steal anything. They left it.

SHEP

And who do you think the guys came rolling up were?

GRADY

You could've gotten us all killed.

TYLER

You really think they wouldn't have opened up on us if I hadn't been carrying the shit?

GRADY

Doesn't matter what they would have done, it's what they will do. They're gonna come looking for it. For us.

TYLER

They don't even know who we are.

Shep's eye is caught by something in the parking lot.

SHEP
Christ Almighty. This your new truck,
Tyler?

A jacked-up, red Ford F-150 gleams brightly in the neon light
of the strip club signage.

TYLER
Yeah.

SHEP
How much?

TYLER
It's paid for.

SHEP
HOW MUCH?

TYLER
Close to 30.

Shep slams his fist on the hood of the truck.

SHEP
God damn you!

TYLER
Hey!

SHEP
Could it be any flashier?

TYLER
How they gonna know it's me?

GRADY
They'll ask. And if they don't,
cops will. They're all looking for
us.

SHEP
And wha'dya think they're gonna think
when they discover an out of work
punk paid 30 grand cash for a new
truck, all the while passing out
coke to the whores at the local strip
club? Fuck me.

Shep leans against the truck, beaten.

TYLER
I'm sorry.

SHEP

Sorry? When were you going to tell us? Were you going to tell us? Or did you think we wouldn't know either?

TYLER

You've been unconscious, and this asshole wouldn't let me back to his house. So I didn't exactly have an opportunity.

GRADY

How much was there?

TYLER

Relax, you've still got your share.

SHEP

How much, Tyler?

TYLER

(fidgeting)

Close to a hundred.

SHEP

A hundred grand? So you've spent your *share*?

TYLER

Not all of it. Plus the little I made selling.

GRADY

For fuck's sake.

TYLER

I'll cut you in on that too, if you want.

SHEP

You'll cut us in?

Grady restrains a seething Shep.

GRADY

(calmly)

Where is it, Tyler?

TYLER

Back at the house.

SHEP

You brought that shit into my house?

TYLER

Well, it's not like I could leave it
in a locker at the bus station.

SHEP

Give me your keys.

TYLER

No.

SHEP

Give me the fucking keys. You're
not driving in your condition.

Tyler relents and tosses the keys to Shep.

SHEP (CONT'D)

And dump out whatever you got left.

TYLER

Are you kidding me?

SHEP

I hear there's plenty at home. Grady,
we'll meet you there and sort this
thing out.

GRADY

No.

SHEP

What?

GRADY

I'm done, Shep.

SHEP

What're you talking about?

GRADY

I got a wife. Two kids. I can't--I
won't have a stake in this. It's
too much. I'm sorry.

Grady walks away.

SHEP

Grady? Grady, wait. Grady!

TYLER

Let him go. Just ups our share.

SHEP

Get in the God damned truck.