

FADE IN:

EXT. TEXAS STATE HWY 143 - UNCERTAIN, TX - DAY

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Flying low, the camera skims the waters of Caddo Lake. It lifts up high near the water's edge, almost touching the tops of the shore line's remaining trees. We find and follow HWY 143 below. A 1968 Buick GS 350 speeds into frame, hangs for a minute, then speeds on.

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EXT. MEL'S BEER BARN - UNCERTAIN, TX - DAY

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The GS 350 pulls into the parking lot of Mel's Beer Barn, a small town gas station/convenience store and finds a space near the entrance.

INT. BUICK GS 350 - DAY

We meet Riley JANSEN. Mid 30's and rough around the edges, he wears a leather jacket with a dark, collared shirt and slacks. Jansen sits in his car for a moment contemplating. He watches the people entering and leaving the gas station.

INT. MEL'S BEER BARN - UNCERTAIN, TX - DAY

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Jansen peruses the isles at the convenient store, grabbing bread, beans, THREE TOOTHBRUSHES and other essentials. There's a slight anxiousness to him. He continuously looks up as if taking inventory of who's in the store with him. Nothing unusual to us. Several customers make small-talk with each other.

CUSTOMER 1

Plans for the weekend?

CUSTOMER 2

Fishin tomorrow. Judy's gone til Tuesday, gonna get out there while I still can.

(glancing out the window)
Clearing the leaves a little early this year.

Jansen casually glances out the store window at the billow of smoke from the brush fire a few miles away. He then heads to the front, placing his goods on the counter. The CASHIER, a teenage skater punk at his first job finishes texting someone on his LG Something, then addresses his customer.

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CASHIER

That gonna be it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANSEN
I think it's enough. Oh, and some
Reds.

The cashier turns around to grab the cigarettes. Jansen takes
another look around the store.

CASHIER
Shorts or 100's?

JANSEN
Shorts.
(to himself)
They even made 100's?

CASHIER
Yeah. Matches?

JANSEN
I'm good.

CASHIER
They're longer.

JANSEN
What?

CASHIER
100's, they're longer.

JANSEN
Right.

The cashier starts to bag the groceries when Jansen's CELL
PHONE RINGS. He looks at the caller ID on his flip phone.
It's an unknown number. He takes a moment decides whether or
not to answer. *

JANSEN ANSWERS.

PHONE CALL

CALLER
(O.S.)
Mr. Jansen? *

BEAT

CALLER
How are you? *

BEAT *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANSEN

Fine.

*

CALLER

Do you like it out there, away from
everything, getting back to nature?
I hear the water's quite peaceful
this time of year.

Jansen doesn't answer, but his heart races as he listens.
Nobody is supposed to know where he is.

CALLER (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something, Mr.
Jansen.

PAUSE

*

JANSEN

Shoot.

*

CALLER

Clearing of the leaves a bit early
this year, don't you think?

*

*

Jansen takes a moment to process the question, then rushes
out of the store dropping the phone.

EXT. MEL'S BEER BARN - UNCERTAIN, TX - DAY

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The sky fills with smoke from a fire, off in the distance. He
races to his car and peels out of the parking lot onto the
rural black top road.

INT. JANSEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Through glassy eyes, Jansen races down the two-lane road
towards the fire. He guns the engine, passing cars and
narrowly avoiding oncoming traffic. An oncoming Eighteen-
wheeler forces him behind slower moving cars and he slams on
the brakes.

SOUND: The sound of a large commuter buses' air brakes.

INT. METRO BUS - HOUSTON, TX - DAY

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Jansen jolts awake as his bus comes to a quick stop on a busy
Houston street. He braces himself with the back of the seat
in front of him.

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BUS DRIVER

Shit Head!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BUS DRIVER is addressing the A-Hole in the Prius that just cut him off. Jansen sits in his seat, half a sleep and irritated that he's half awake. Wearing a pair of dark slacks and white, collared 'waiter-styled' shirt, he is more disheveled now than what we'd seen in previous sequence. He could use a shave and his outfit could use an ironing. The biggest difference is the pain he carries in his eyes. Jansen is damaged goods. He glances around and notices TWO HISPANIC NUNS sitting one row back. They are both looking at Jansen with blank stares. He grins politely and gets no reaction, then turns back around. An eight Year old BOY in the seat in front of him turns around.

BOY

You okay mister?

Jansen's scowl takes a break and a slight grin colors his face with the boy's question.

JANSEN

I'm still here.

BOY

(smiling)

Me too. I'm still here too.

Jansen smiles. The boy's father turns his son around and Jansen's grin disappears almost as fast.

EXT. LIPSTICK GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY

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Stepping off the bus, Jansen heads across the parking lot towards the sleazy strip club.

INT. LIPSTICK GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY

*

Jansen steps behind the bar and gets ready for his bartending shift. Jerry SLOSS, his pain-in-the-ass manager approaches him from the other side of the bar.

SLOSS

What's your problem?!

JANSEN

Trick question?

SLOSS

That a joke? Huh? When Coolidge called me and said he had another one of his fuck ups needing a job, I asked for three things.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOSS (CONT'D)

I said to him, make sure he don't drink on the job, hit drugs on the job and that he shaves once in a while.

JANSEN

Sorry. I'll...

SLOSS

Quit dickin with me fucktard! This is a blatant kick in the nuts! You think you're tough do ya? Keep dickin with me Jansen and it's one call to your PO. Some money might come up missing tonight from the drawer. Oh shit right? You like that? Go clean the shitter then prep the bar and fuckin shave before you come to work tomorrow.

Jansen grins and bears it. Even though he could bury the jackass, he doesn't want any trouble. He tosses his wash rag on a cooler and heads to the bathroom.

SLOSS (CONT'D)

Wash your hands!

INT. OFFICE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

MANNING McCready, a transplant originally from Boston, sits at a desk in this dark and dingy office. He has an intense feel about him and is trying to control his agitation. He sits across from Wayne CARTER and ANDERSON. Manning's girlfriend, BELLA is leaning against the wall behind them with her arms crossed. Carter, late 30's and originally from New Orleans, is a mix of southern charm and street smarts. Anderson is little more than a short-fused sociopath, the loose canon of the bunch. He's got tatted arms, a Mohawk and is clearly not a 'fun and games' kinda guy. The Only person with any type of control over him is Manning. There's a bit of awkward tension in the room.

MANNING

(to Bella)

You heading out?

BELLA

No. Why?

MANNING

Just thought... weren't you gonna go do something with Sara?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLA

Sara? No.

MANNING

I coulda swore...Didn't you have
 somethin goin on...could you leave?
 We're about to have a meeting.

Bella shoots him a 'You're an asshole' look before leaving.

MANNING (CONT'D)

(to Carter)

How'r things?

CARTER

Things are things. What's all this? *

MANNING

We gotta problem. Medina's out?

CARTER

What?!

MANNING

We gotta find a replacement...

CARTER

A replacement? By tomorrow night
 you kiddin me? Bean burrito eatin
 motherfucker... breaks into this
 country, wanna work, they want
 jobs, our fuckin jobs mind you
 and...

*

MANNING

You don't have a real job... *

CARTER

Not the point. Make him do it! I'm
 serious! Fuck that guy... *

*

MANNING

Not that simple...

CARTER

Why?

FLASHBACK:

INT. GRANTS PLACE - NIGHT

Six guys are sitting around a card table playing a game of
 poker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The game is complete with beers, cigarette smoke and a few hot girls to entertain the guys. ANDERSON CHECKS HIS HAND and feels pretty confident. Sitting across from him is David MEDINA. Medina is a loud, annoying sleaze ball. He's been getting on Anderson's nerves all night.

MEDINA

Holy Jesus Christ! Show me some titties!

Anderson lays out a "Straight" and eyes Medina, waiting on his hand.

MEDINA (CONT'D)

Aww. Look at that shit. Look at that shit! He's like Paul Newman, this guy. A-Dog's droppin bombs son!

Anderson is irritated by his antics.

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MEDINA (CONT'D)

Let's see what's what on this muthafucker. Pinche gringo's got me all tied up in knots here.

(checks his cards)

Shit. I shoul'da folded. I knew I shoul'da folded right!! I am so fuckin stupid. I'm the dumbest of the dumbest Mexicans!

Medina lays down a "Full House", beating Anderson's hand then breaks out into obnoxious laughter.

MEDINA (CONT'D)

OH SHIT! HA HA! Whoa! Huh!? Look at that shit! Look at his face HA HA! Beat that nigga, What!? Not so stupid after all! I'm a Mexi-CAN, not a Mexi-CAN'T HA HA!!

Medina starts grabbing the cash as Anderson coldly stares at him. He is brewing. Anderson is about to bust. He busts.

ANDERSON COMES OVER THE TABLE WITH A SMALL BALL-PING HAMMER, SMASHING IT INTO MEDINA'S SKULL AND PROCEEDS TO BEAT HIM.

FLASHBACK END:

BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

MANNING

He's out.

Carter looks over at Anderson in disbelief.

CARTER

Uh yeah.

(to Anderson)

The fuck you doin with a hammer?...

MANNING

So, we gotta find a gunner can do this.

CARTER

(to Anderson)

...at a card game? Just carry it around with ya? In case you gotta hang some pictures, bust out an entertainment center or somethin, gotta hammer with ya?

ANDERSON

Go fuck yourself.

MANNING

Hey...

CARTER

(to Anderson)

What's that?! What'd you say?!

ANDERSON

You heard me.

Manning slams his fist on the desk to restore order in his court. The two men stop the antics.

MANNING

That's enough.

CARTER

So what now?

MANNING

We panic. We find someone and we get it done. Who do we know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARTER

Ain't gonna be that easy man. We know a lot...I know a lotta folks, but short notice is short notice. Carnahan?

MANNING

He's dead. Who else? Jones?

CARTER

Jones? Rick?

MANNING

Mike.

CARTER

Mike Jones? He got pinched. GTA six months ago.

MANNING

Dumb shit. Can't steal a fuckin car...who's Rick Jones?

CARTER

Money washer. No good to us.

MANNING

Fuck!

CARTER

(sarcastic)

We should call Jansen.

*

PAUSE

CARTER

Kidding.

Like Carter, Manning knows this is nothing more than a joke, but then considers his options.

MANNING

What's he doing?

Carter is clearly caught off guard.

CARTER

(must be joking)

What's who doing? I was kidding.

Carter sees Manning is serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARTER (CONT'D)

Serious?

MANNING

We had seven guys to do a ten man
job and just lost one. So, unless
you have a another option, yeah I'm
serious. What's he doing?

*
*
*
*

It's apparent that Manning and Jansen have some sort of a
history and not a good one.

Carter is surprised Manning is even considering it.

ANDERSON

Who's Jansen?

CARTER

(to Manning)

What's he doing?

(to Anderson)

Don't worry about it...

(to Manning)

He's not even... You guys don't
even...okay, he fuckin hates you
for one. So there's that. There, I
said it.

ANDERSON

Who is this guy?

MANNING

(to Anderson)

Riley Jansen. We ran together for a
while. He was on the Union Bank
job.

Carter shoots Manning a look with the 'Union Bank' reference.

CARTER

(at a loss for words)

He's not the same. You know the
deal. Let's push the job back, we
can find another guy...

Manning explodes and THROWS A POOL BALL ACROSS THE ROOM,
SMASHING A PICTURE.

MANNING

(to Carter)

Like how!?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)