

Small Town Blues
by
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FADE IN:

TITLE CARD

"Sherborn Island, Massachusetts - 1987"

INT SHERBORN ISLAND HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway is crowded with kids walking and talking between classes. The school is obviously pretty small, and everyone seems to know everyone. The lockers are clean, the hallway carpeted and well vacuumed. For the most part, the place seems pretty mellow.

DARREN BUCK, a white sophomore with the glint of wise-ass permanently planted in his eyes, is walking with CURT WILSON, a black sophomore with a good-natured grin and kind disposition. They are scrawny kids, a far cry from "cool". They pass by JULIA, an extremely hot junior in a cheerleader uniform.

CURT

Hi, Julia.

Julia doesn't hear or notice him.

DARREN

Nice.

CURT

At least I try to talk to her.

DARREN

Saying "hi" is not talking. You say "hi" to the mailman, you say "hi" to the guy working on your septic tank. That's not a conversation, it's just pleasantries.

CURT

You just stand quietly in the corner, staring and drooling. You have no right to judge.

DARREN

I'm content with my drooling. And I do have the right to judge. I'm intellectually superior.

CRAIG BERNARD, an uber-geek with coke-bottle glasses, awkwardly steps in front of Curt and Darren. They nearly bowl him over.

CURT

Whoa, Craig! Almost ran you down, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRAIG

Sorry, sorry. Look, a couple of my D&D guys bailed out for tonight. You guys up for the ultimate experience in fantasy play?

DARREN

Yeah, why, you know a good 900 number?

CURT

Craig, we told you we're not into "Dungeons and Dragons". Not our thing.

CRAIG

Oh, come on! It's the coolest ever!

DARREN

We can't. We're allergic to twenty-sided die.

CRAIG

Fine, but--

ERIC NIMS, sporting a football jersey and a mean-spirited cocky smirk, jumps at Craig and screams in his face. Craig immediately starts crying and runs down the hallway.

CURT

Nims! Why you gotta do that?

NIMS

You guys going to the pep rally tonight?

DARREN

Weren't planning on it.

NIMS

As captain of the football team and president of the senior class, I really feel you should.

(then, to his buddies)

Skaggs. Paul. We've got a pep rally problem.

Two of Nims lackeys come up behind him, SKAGGS and PAUL. Both also wear football jerseys.

SKAGGS

Yeah, you don't want to miss the rally. That's the most important event of the year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CURT

Why don't you guys just leave us alone?

NIMS

Okay, guys, they want us to leave them alone.

PAUL

Then I guess we should, huh?

NIMS

But if I don't teach them about proper school spirit, I'll feel like I've shirked my duties. I'll tell you guys, I'm torn.

Skaggs and Paul laugh menacingly.

NIMS (CONT'D)

Tell you what, Darren and Curt. Let me just do this one thing, and then we'll be out of your hair...

DARREN

No!

Skaggs grabs Darren and Paul grabs Curt. Eric gives them both "wedgies" as they are held captive. Then the bullies walk off, laughing, leaving Curt and Darren with torn up underwear and humiliated expressions.

DARREN (CONT'D)

We're going to have to fight back one of these days, or he's just going to keep on going.

CURT

Let's do it tonight. Let's wreck his stupid pep rally.

DARREN

You got an idea?

CUT TO:

EXT FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

A stage has been constructed in the middle of the field, complete with a roof and lighting system. A huge portion of the student body has gathered on the field. Darren and Curt are off to the side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

Let's get this show on the road.

Curt pulls a small remote control device out of his pocket. Meanwhile, on the stage, Eric has walked out and stepped up to the microphone. Skaggs, Paul and a bunch of other jersey-wearing team members are behind him.

ERIC

(into mic)

Sherborn Island High! Who kicks ass?!

The crowd cheers.

ERIC (CONT'D)

As captain of this team, and president of the senior class, I have this one solemn pledge to make: we're going all the way this year!

The crowd cheers again.

DARREN

Okay, I'm bored. The time is now.

Curt hits the button on the remote control. From above the football team spills an incredible amount of K-Y jelly. The lubricant covers the players and the stage. The players all start screaming and slipping all over each other.

The crowd starts laughing, as do Darren and Curt, who share a high five.

But then it gets ugly. Eric falls on his forearm, breaking it severely. Other players go down, seriously injuring themselves. Legs are broken, fingers are jammed, heads are split open.

Darren and Curt are horrified.

DARREN (CONT'D)

We went too far.

CURT

(trying to justify their
action)

After two straight years of beatings?
They had it coming.

DARREN

But they're really hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CURT

Let's get out of here.

They disappear into the crowd, the football team screaming in pain on the lubricated stage. Eric, trying to pull himself off stage, notices Curt and Darren fleeing with the remote control device. His face contorts from shocked confusion into pure rage.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD

"Fifteen Years Later"

CUT TO:

INT KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

MR. JONES, your basic suburban dad, is readying to leave, putting on his coat and gloves. His LITTLE GIRL runs up to him, jumping up and down.

LITTLE GIRL

I wanna come get Gram! I wanna come get Gram!

Mr. Jones smiles at his little girl. MRS. JONES stops working on her apple pie to look at her husband and daughter.

MR. JONES

You have to stay here and help your Mom.

MRS. JONES

I can't make this pie all by myself, sweetie.

LITTLE GIRL

Oh, yeah, I forgot.

MR. JONES

Gram and I will be back from the mainland in no time. You watch.

LITTLE GIRL

This will be the best Thanksgiving ever! Can we eat the turkey tonight?

MR. JONES

No. We have to wait for tomorrow.

LITTLE GIRL

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gives her a little pat on the cheek. She smiles and bounds over to her Mom.

MRS. JONES
You better hurry, or you'll miss that
ferry.

Mr. Jones looks at his watch.

MR. JONES
Shit.

LITTLE GIRL
Watch your mouth, young lady!

MR. JONES
I said "shoot". It's okay to say "shoot".

Mrs. Jones shoots him a look. Mr. Jones grabs his car keys off the counter and gives his wife a kiss.

MRS. JONES
Love you.

MR. JONES
Love you, too.

LITTLE GIRL
What about me! What about me!

MR. JONES
I love you, too.

LITTLE GIRL
Bye, daddy!

EXT ISLAND HOME - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Jones hops into his Volkswagon and drives down the driveway.

EXT APPLE ORCHARD - SAME TIME

RICHARD MELBYE, a flannel shirt-wearing thirty-something Sherborn Island townie, is sitting behind the wheel of a big old pick-up truck. He is talking on his cell phone.

RICHARD
Guess this is the last cell call I'll be
making for awhile.

He laughs at something the person on the other end says.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Let's synchronize this thing.

Richard hops out of the truck, pulling a tarp covering the bed, revealing a bomb with a timer.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I've got it set for twenty minutes. Still
what you want? All right...and...

EXT HILL TOP - SAME TIME

A cell phone tower sits atop the hill. A man, who's face we don't see, is hitting a button on another bomb timer. (We'll later learn that this is an older Eric Nims.) It is attached to the tower. It starts counting down from twenty minutes.

EXT SHERBORN ISLAND PHONE COMPANY BUILDING - SAME TIME

Paul, now a police officer in uniform (who looks to be forty although he is younger), is standing next to the small building. The front door is open, and a dead man is lying in the doorway. Another bomb is wired to this building, and Paul starts the timer.

PAUL
Done.

EXT APPLE ORCHARD - SAME TIME

Richard hits his button, and the timer begins its countdown from twenty minutes.

RICHARD
All right...I'll talk to you later...

He hangs up his phone, tosses it into the truck. He pulls a flask out of his pocket and holds it up, making a toast to the apple trees.

RICHARD
Here's to revenge.

EXT DOWNTOWN SHERBORN ISLAND - MINUTES LATER

Mr. Jones' Volkswagon cruises slowly through the gorgeous Island town. The sun is shining off the water, just getting ready to set.

INT MR. JONES VOLKSWAGON - CONTINUOUS

MR. JONES
Perfect afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He clicks on the radio and immediately starts laughing hysterically at whatever the Massachusetts shock jock is saying.

EXT APPLE ORCHARD - SAME TIME

Richard finishes off what's left in his flask as he sits behind the wheel of the truck. He looks back at the bomb timer, then shuts his driver's side door. He peels out, and kicks up dust as he flies down the dirt road that runs alongside the orchard.

INT MR. JONES VOLKSWAGON - SAME TIME

Mr. Jones is now busting a gut, he is laughing so hard. The shock jock keeps saying the phrase "lick me" over and over again.

EXT FERRY LANDING - CONTINUOUS

The Volkswagon heads down the ramp and onto the ferry boat.

EXT GREEN LANE - SAME TIME

Richard's truck is screaming down the country road. He swerves off the road and onto a giant front lawn. He does a number of "donuts", completely destroying the grass. The ANGRY HOMEOWNER comes out his front door, wearing only a bathrobe, and curses at the truck as it speeds away. Richard is laughing hysterically.

ANGRY HOMEOWNER

What the fuck was that about?

EXT FERRY BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Jones is leaning against his car, and looking out over the ocean. His is the only car on the small boat.

The ferry boat sounds it's horn, ready to depart.

Then Richard's truck comes out of nowhere, engine growling like an angry bear. Mr. Jones barely has time to look at what is running at him before his car has been smashed like a bug. He tries to get out of the way, but it is too late. He is run over by his own car.

Richard launches through his windshield, screaming as he does so, and is jettisoned head first out onto the deck of the boat. He rolls over several times, lies for a moment, then struggles to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ferry boat CAPTAIN comes running out of his control room to see what's happened.

CAPTAIN
What happened?!

Richard looks at the Captain, obviously woozy as hell, blood running down his face.

RICHARD
Had too much to drink. Wasn't part of the plan, the crash thing.

Richard then looks to the side of the boat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Gotta go.

Richard stumbles over to the rail, and does his best to throw a leg over the side.

CAPTAIN
What the hell are you doing?

RICHARD
Getting off.

CAPTAIN
You're insane.

RICHARD
Only a little.

He points at the bed of his smashed up truck, then flops over into the water.

The Captain slowly approaches the bed of the truck, and confusedly looks at the large explosive device. The timer is about to hit zero. The Captain runs over to the side of the boat, and looks at Richard swimming towards shore.

A look of resignation comes over the Captain's face as he looks back to see the timer hit zero.

EXT HILL TOP - SAME TIME

The base of the cell tower explodes and collapses.

EXT SHERBORN ISLAND PHONE COMPANY BUILDING - SAME TIME

The small building blows up, immediately turning into a pile of burning rubble.

EXT FERRY BOAT - SAME TIME

The ferry boat explodes, disintegrating into the water. Richard, desperately swimming for shore, is killed by flying debris from the destroyed vessel.

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT COUNTRY ROAD, OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

Darren, now thirty-three, is driving down the road. He's got the radio cranked up and is marveling at all the trees on the side of the road.

DARREN

Damn. This island is nothing but trees.
Forgot about that.

INT DARREN'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

He is smiling, remembering these familiar sights. It's been awhile. Darren flips the radio to popular Boston radio station, WBCN. An overproduced "alt rock" song is playing.

DARREN

Oh, BCN, you used to play good music.
What happened?

Darren then laughs at himself.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. I got old.

Then he becomes pensive:

DARREN (CONT'D)

Fifteen years. Fifteen years. Fifteen.

EXT DOWSE'S ORCHARD APPLE STAND - MINUTES LATER

Darren pulls up to the little apple stand, hops out and heads into the stand. He hits the button on his key chain to set the car alarm. He then looks around at all the trees, and lack of much else.

DARREN

What am I doing? Trees can't steal cars.

He hits his key chain again, turning off the alarm with another beep. He then heads inside.

INT DOWSE'S ORCHARD APPLE STAND - CONTINUOUS

Darren goes straight to the refrigerators and pulls out a gallon of apple cider. He walks up to the cash register where a miserable-looking teenage CLERK GIRL is chewing gum and reading a *Vogue* magazine.

DARREN

(jovial)

I've been dying for a glass of this stuff
for I don't know how long! No one makes
cider like the Dowse's!

The girl barely looks at him, and rings up the gallon of cider. It is five dollars. He hands her the money.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I remember when we sold a gallon for
three bucks!

(then)

Yep, I used to work here myself when I
was your age.

She hands him the change, gets up, and disappears into the back without a word.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Hey, great! How ya doing, by the by?

(pause, no answer)

Thanks for all the help! You have a great
day, and say hello to your mom for me!

(still no reaction)

I miss her so very much! Oh, before I
forget, I'm your real dad! The guy who
you've been living with is a lie!

She still doesn't come back out.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Okay, bye, sweetheart! I'm so glad we
finally got to talk!

Suddenly, she comes back out.

CLERK GIRL

(accusatory)

I can't believe you're in here buying
cider and being a big fat stupid wise-
ass!

DARREN

Well, it's in my nature.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK GIRL

How can you be so flippant with what's happened?

Darren is taken aback.

DARREN

What happened?

CLERK GIRL

The ferry exploded.

DARREN

What?

CLERK GIRL

Go look.

Darren runs back out to the parking lot.

EXT DOWSE'S ORCHARD APPLE STAND - CONTINUOUS

Darren looks out over the tree line to see an immense black cloud of smoke rising into the sky. He gets in his car and takes off, completely having forgotten about his cider.

EXT FERRY LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Darren drives up to the ferry landing, and jumps out of his car. A cop is standing with his back to Darren, looking on as VOLUNTEER FIREFIGHTERS are putting out what's left of the burning boat.

DARREN

What the hell happened here?

The cop is Curt, looking like he's carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders. He turns toward Darren as he says:

CURT

We don't--

Darren and Curt instantly recognize each other as former high school classmates...and former best friends.

DARREN

Curt?

CURT

Darren?

DARREN

Long time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

Fifteen years. You must be here for the big reunion.

DARREN

Exactly. Wow, you deduced that right off. You haven't made detective yet?

Curt looks at Darren's fancy wardrobe.

CURT (CONT'D)

(jabbing at Darren)

Look at your flashy Hollywood duds.

DARREN

And you're all dressed up like a cop. You look cute.

Darren notices the size of Curt's biceps under his uniform, reaches out and gives one a squeeze. Curt yanks his arms away, noticing one of the volunteer firefighters looking at him strangely.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Good god, man, that's inhuman! Do you spend your nights at the gym instead of sleeping?

CURT

Very funny.

DARREN

Still got a complex about being a scrawny little high school geek, huh?

CURT

(re. Darren's physique)

Well, I guess you made your peace with it.

Darren launches into a ridiculously loud fake laugh, and gives his knee a slap.

DARREN

Ha-ha. Very funny.

(then, looking at the wreckage)

Do you know what caused it?

CURT

I told Captain Tony that he had some serious upkeep hanging over his head...stubborn old idiot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DARREN
Was he on board?

CURT
He was always on board.

DARREN
Anyone else?

CURT
It looks like there may be a couple cars
in the wreckage.

Paul and a couple of other cops, JOHN AND FRANK CRONIN (twins, Darren's age), are standing around a cruiser down by the water. They are all trying to use cell phones, and looking aggravated. Paul leaves the cruiser and approaches Curt.

PAUL
Nobody's got cell service, land lines are
down. I don't know what the hell.

DARREN
What?

CURT
I really don't know.

DARREN
Is this related to the ferry?

CURT
I don't know, my head's still reeling,
here.

(then)
I know there's probably an explosion
every twenty minutes out in LA, but up
until this morning, this job was just
busting teen keg parties and eating
donuts.

DARREN
The explosions really only happen once
every thirty minutes.

(then)
Land lines and cell service? That is
really weird.

CURT
I know, makes me nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DARREN

You want me to go up to the hill, check the cell tower?

CURT

No, Mr. Hollywood Actor-man. That's what we have officers of the law for.

DARREN

(crudely mimicking, like a child making fun)
Officers of the law, na-na-na.

CURT

Why don't you take off, get ready for the reunion? Applying make-up can be very time consuming.

(then, to Paul)

Radio the chief, tell him we're gonna need Boston on this one. And why don't you send the Cronins up to the hill.

PAUL

You got it.

He heads back to the cruiser.

DARREN

Frank and John? The twins? They're cops, too? And wasn't that Paul Brodtkin?

CURT

Yeah.

DARREN

That guy used to beat the shit out of me.

CURT

You deserved it.

DARREN

He kicked your ass, too, as I recall.

CURT

Funny how things change.

DARREN

Whole damn class went into law enforcement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CURT

Aren't a lot of jobs on the island. You take what you can get...or you leave for LA and never talk to your friends again.

DARREN

Didn't realize we were friends.

Curt says nothing.

DARREN (CONT'D)

And I'm here now, right?

CURT

Don't expect any kind of prodigal son reception from me, all right?

DARREN

All this over a cheerleader.

CURT

She was a hot cheerleader.

DARREN

True. True.

There is an awkward silence.

DARREN

So. I guess they'll cancel the reunion?

CURT

Not with Nims in charge.

DARREN

Eric Nims?

CURT

Yeah.

DARREN

Why is he involved with our class reunion? He graduated two years before us.

CURT

I don't know, he does a lot of the alumni functions on the island. Guess he still hasn't given up those class president glory days. Got nearly our entire class out here, too. Must've worked his ass off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DARREN

Seems strange to have a party, given what's happened.

CURT

The ferry's gone, the phones are all down. You aren't getting off the island, so you might as well go.

DARREN

Well, only if you promise to show up and give me a dance. You, me, a little Foreigner? Just like old times?

CURT

Get out of here.

DARREN

Someone's wearing a soggy diaper that leaks.

CURT

Go. Maybe I'll see you later, okay?

Darren looks at him, a bit aggravated.

DARREN

Fine, you don't want my help, maybe the Sherborn Island Volunteer Firefighters might want it.

CURT

That requires two weeks of training. You can pick up an application at the fire station on your way to the Inn.

(then)

Bye now!

Darren shakes his head in disgust, then heads back to his car and takes off. Curt watches him go, grimacing.

EXT APPLE ORCHARD - JUST BEFORE DUSK

John, holding his gun, and his twin brother Frank are standing in the middle of the orchard, looking at the capsized cell tower.

JOHN

Looks like explosives were used. This was no accident.

FRANK

I never said this was an accident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

I know, I was just saying.

FRANK

Why do you always state the obvious? It's so annoying. Nobody would think this was an accident, a cell tower just capsizing for no reason. That's stupid. You're stupid.

JOHN

Why do you always have to be so critical, why can't I just do my police officer thing the way I want to do my police officer thing?

FRANK

Because when you do it your way, you sound like an idiot.

John, done listening to his brother, is looking at something strange on one of the trees. In a small round section on the trunk, there is some bark falling off.

JOHN

This is weird. Bark's coming off.

FRANK

Probably bugs or rot of some kind. Why is that so weird?

JOHN

Look.

Frank has a look. Underneath the peeling bark is what looks like clay.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Is that clay?

FRANK

No...it's more like...plastic.

Then there is an immense sound of cracking wood. About a hundred yards from them, one of the apple trees explodes, splintering all over the place. The twins spin around, startled out of their wits.

JOHN

Huh?

He looks at the burning tree, then looks back at what his brother just called "plastic".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh. Oh no.

FRANK

We probably better go.

A tree much closer to them bursts into flames. Then another one, even closer. They start to run as more trees start to explode.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Move, you slow poke!

JOHN

I'm going as fast as I can, dickhead!

The explosions seem to be chasing Frank and John. If they turn a corner, so do the explosions. And the exploding trees are *gaining* on them. A flying apple hits John in the head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ouch!

John starts firing his weapon back at the trees.

FRANK

Stop that! They're trees!

JOHN

They're trying to kill us!

Just next to John, another apple tree explodes. A large branch is jettisoned from the tree and impales him. He dies instantly, a look of surprise on his face.

FRANK

John! No!

(then, out to the orchard)

Why are you doing this?! Why?!

Another tree goes up, and a sharp stick lodges itself in Frank's temple. He collapses to the ground, bleeding and delirious.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is a massacre!

Another tree blows up, and Frank is pelted to death by apples. Skaggs (looking like the years haven't been too kind on him) and Paul come out of some shrubs, both holding remote control devices and laughing like a couple of mean-spirited kids who just tortured some squirrels to death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKAGGS

That was awesome!

PAUL

That was too easy, man.

SKAGGS

No one ever expects apple trees. They look so innocent.

He laughs at his own joke.

SKAGGS (CONT'D)

All right, Paul, he wants you to go deal with the chief.

Paul sets off. Skaggs looks over the destroyed apple field, small fires burning here and there, and he laughs.

SKAGGS (CONT'D)

I hate small town cops.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND INN FRONT LOBBY - DUSK

The Inn is a former estate mansion that has been converted into a restaurant, tavern, and incredibly tiny lodge (just a few rooms upstairs). Darren walks through the lobby door. MRS. BEAN, a grumpy 100-year-old woman, is sitting behind the desk.

DARREN

Hey, Mrs. Bean.

MRS. BEAN

Hello, young Mr. Buck, did you hear about the ferry?

DARREN

Yes, I did. I'm still in a bit of shock.

MRS. BEAN

As we all are.

DARREN

So they're still having the reunion, anyway?

MRS. BEAN

That's my understanding.

DARREN

Well, I guess I'll head up to my room, grab a nap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BEAN

A nap? Must be nice, I'm a hundred years old, and I don't get a nap.

DARREN

(taken aback)

Ah...well, that's no good.

MRS. BEAN

I just sit in the back office, knitting all damn day.

DARREN

(trying to be kind)

Knitting is a nice hobby.

MRS. BEAN

Yeah, well. I'd rather read a good book, but I can't see a damn thing with these cataracts.

DARREN

How about a book on tape?

MRS. BEAN

Can't hear a fuckin' thing, either.

DARREN

(awkward)

Ah. Sorry. Have you thought about a hearing aid?

MRS. BEAN

Oh, great idea. You want to deal with my Medicare paperwork, you just let me know.

Darren, at a loss, awkwardly backs up the stairs to his room.

INT CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CHIEF MATONDI, an aging overweight man with a cheesy moustache he probably grew during the seventies, is sitting behind his giant oak desk, talking on a CB radio. His mouth is full with donut and he is constantly sipping coffee and eating more donuts while he talks.

CHIEF MATONDI

I'm telling you, I need a whole mess of FBI guys and some ATF guys and CIA would be cool, too.

VOICE ON THE CB

Why do you need all those people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF MATONDI

I told you! The goddamn ferry blew up, and there's no way off the island unless you are one of these rich tourists and you've got one of them cigarette boats or whatever they call 'em...

VOICE ON THE CB

With whom am I talking?

CHIEF MATONDI

The chief! Chief Matondi, dammit, how many times do I gotta repeat my name?

He drops the CB trying to pick up another jelly donut. He takes a huge bite of the donut before picking the CB back up and resuming the conversation. The voice says something he can't quite make out.

CHIEF MATONDI (CONT'D)

Sorry? What? I dropped the CB thing.

VOICE ON THE CB

Don't you have a patrol boat?

CHIEF MATONDI

Yeah. Of course we've got a patrol boat, but it's busted. I got Hamilton Camp workin' on it right now.

VOICE ON THE CB

Hamilton who?

CHIEF MATONDI

He's the island mechanic. Who do ya think?

VOICE ON THE CB

Is there danger? How should they approach the island?

CHIEF MATONDI

What are you going on about? Helicopters, send 'em in helicopters. Jesus, do I gotta think of everything? And they could hitch a ride with the Coast Guard, too, ya know. The ferry isn't the only goddamn boat you can take onto Sherborn Island.

Just then, a mangy looking dog, with a pack strapped to his back, shuffles into the Chief's office. Matondi sees the dog, and puts down the CB.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF MATONDI (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

He recognizes the dog.

CHIEF MATONDI (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Told Paul not to bring that mutt in to
work.

Suddenly, something shoots out from inside the pack on the dog's back. Small poisoned pins are jettisoned all over the place, sticking into the wall, the desk...and Chief Matondi. It seems there are hundreds of the small pins.

The Chief's eyes roll back in his head, he begins to convulse violently, and then he stands up, knocking donuts and coffee to the ground. He is groaning and trying to yank out the pins that have stuck in his eyes. He collapses, pulling the entire CB radio to the floor as he does so.

Paul then walks into the office, surveys the damage, and gives the dog a loving pat on the head.

PAUL
Good girl.

He is holding a hammer, and uses it to smash up the CB radio.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Communication bad.

Behind the desk, he pushes the Chief's body out of the way so he can sit in the desk chair.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(to the dog)
Daisy-girl, we've been promoted.

He puts his feet up on the desk, and smiles a wretched smile.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND INN TAVERN - NIGHT

The tavern is very classic looking, and very richly done. There are several tables and chairs, a large bar, and a small jazz band on a stage wedged into the corner. Darren walks through the door, everything is already well under way.

Eric Nims, now a gangly looking fellow with a bad haircut, stops Darren at the door. He is wearing a name tag, and has a basket filled with them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC NIMS

Darren Buck.

DARREN

Oh, hey, Eric. Good to see you.

(then)

Can't believe you organized my class reunion. I'd think you'd have your hands full with your own class.

ERIC

The other class presidents aren't in town anymore, really, so it's easier for me to take care of it. I certainly don't mind, it's good to see all the old underclassman back in town.

(then)

Let me get your name tag out, then.

DARREN

Thanks.

Eric sifts through the tags and pulls out Darren's, which has his high school year book photo printed next to his name. Darren looks at the picture.

DARREN

I had actually hoped to never see that again.

ERIC

You were a hard one to track down.

DARREN

I was surprised to get the invite. But I'm glad you managed it.

ERIC

Hey, listen, buddy, about all those times me and Paul busted on you back in the day. Real sorry. No hard feelings, huh?

DARREN

Of course not. As I remember, Curt and I got you back pretty good.

ERIC

Yeah, the K-Y jelly all over the stage at the pep rally. That was a good one!

DARREN

Yeah, well, we went too far. A lot of you guys got hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

We had it coming. Couple busted arms and legs, you know, that stuff heals. If we weren't such a bunch of dicks, it never would have happened.

DARREN

How's your dad's landscaping business treating you?

ERIC

Sold it, my friend. Landscaping just wasn't for me, I guess. Whatever, my dad ain't around to argue. I'm thinking about moving out to LA, like you, but I'm afraid I might slip back into my old habits, start hazing you all over again.

Eric laughs. Darren looks at him like he's an idiot.

DARREN

All right, man, well...when you're done here, I'll buy you a drink. See you at the bar?

ERIC

Can't wait.

Darren starts to move toward the bar, and he looks around at all the people from his high school, many of whom have become overweight or bald or both.

DARREN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Jesus, we're all old.

He approaches the bar, and the BARTENDER looks up at him.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

DARREN

Something that won't make me look like these people.

BARTENDER

I've got water from the fountain of youth on tap.

DARREN

Better make mine a double.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The bartender pours him a beer, then goes to help someone at the other end of the bar. Darren has a long sip on his beer. As he puts down his glass, a stunningly gorgeous Italian girl sits down next to him. She is wearing a ridiculously sexy dress...you'd think she was going to the Oscars. Her name tag says "Julia".

JULIA
Hello, stranger.

Darren looks at her, and is speechless for a moment before he can spit out her name.

DARREN
Julia! My favorite cheerleader.

He gives her a quick hug.

JULIA
I can't believe you're here. Never thought I'd see you at one of these things.

DARREN
Well, it's been a long time.

JULIA
Fifteen years.

DARREN
Yeah, fifteen years. Just thought, where else could I go to rekindle an old high school romance, you know?

JULIA
Who exactly do you plan on rekindling with, now?

DARREN
There was only ever one high school romance for me, Jules. You know that.

She grimaces a bit.

JULIA
We were never a romance, Darren. We were just friends.

DARREN
That's what you kept telling me.

He looks down at her tight dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DARREN (CONT'D)

You look delicious.

JULIA

You know, now that we're older and living separate lives, what you're doing right now is called sexual harassment.

DARREN

But this is a high school reunion, I want to act like I did in high school.

JULIA

Well, I wasn't married in high school.

She shows off her ring.

DARREN

(genuinely excited)

You got married! Congratulations! That's the greatest thing I've ever heard!

(then)

Of course, you realize, you just broke my heart.

JULIA

Poor baby.

EXT SHERBORN ISLAND INN - SAME TIME

A stretch Humvee limousine pulls up to the Inn entrance. The LIMO DRIVER, a porn-star looking hottie wearing her driver's cap and coat and what is apparently trashy lingerie underneath, gets out to open the back door. TWO MORE HOTTIES, both wearing ludicrously tight and revealing outfits, step out onto the curb, followed by Craig Bernard, who is now a Bill Gates type with an expensive Italian suit...but still has the thick-rim coke-bottle glasses.

Craig gives his limo driver a disgusting french kiss before heading inside. His two hotties follow him.

TWO ALUMNI grabbing some smokes outside watch this unfold with jaw-dropped disgust.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND INN TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Craig walks in with his two dates, and pushes past Eric Nims who is holding out a name tag. Everyone in the tavern turns to look at Craig and his girls.

JULIA

Is that...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

Craig Bernard. Can't believe he showed up.

Craig jumps up on the bar.

CRAIG

Hello, Sherborn Island High! I'm sure most of you are saying to yourselves, "Why the hell is Bernard here?" Well, I'll tell you. I just wanted to stop by to tell you that now that I am a fucking billionaire, and I can buy this shitty little island one-hundred times over, I forgive you. I forgive you for all the wedgies, all the name calling, all the crap you put me through for my entire young life.

He looks down at the bartender.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Give me the most expensive drink you have.

(then, back to crowd)

Aw, who am I kidding? You are a bunch of assholes, always will be, and I don't really forgive you.

(he pauses for a second)

Oh, yeah, and I am going to buy this island and turn it into a toxic waste dump!

He laughs angrily, jumps down from the bar, and lays some more of his sloppy french kisses on his two dates.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Woo-hoo!

Julia and Darren are dumbfounded. When they look at one another, they both burst into a giggling fit.

DARREN

That was awesome!

JULIA

I did not expect that at all!

They laugh some more, as the rest of the room gets back into the swing of the party. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DARREN

So where is this husband of yours, when do I get to meet him?

JULIA

I don't know if he's coming by.

She looks back toward the door.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Oh! There he is.

Darren turns around to see Curt coming into the tavern.

DARREN

Oh, no, you didn't.

JULIA

What did you expect?

DARREN

You were supposed to move on. I didn't think he would actually win...Neither of us have you, then I'm not the loser, see? I wanted it to be a tie.

JULIA

It's not a contest, and I'm not a prize.

DARREN

It is and you are. I'm not going to just all of a sudden stop objectifying you because I graduated high school.

JULIA

(rolling her eyes)
Nice, Darren. Nice.

DARREN

I'm just kidding.

Curt walks up to Julia, and couldn't be more stone-faced.

CURT

I'm shutting down the party.

DARREN

I really don't think you can call this a party. It's more of a gathering of the undead, I think. And if you want to kill them, officer, make sure to hit them in the head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIA
What's wrong, hon?

CURT
The Sheriff's been murdered. One of the
Dowse's orchards is on fire, and I think
John and Frank might have been in
there...

DARREN
You're telling me Sherborn Island is
under siege?

CURT
That's exactly what I'm telling you.

JULIA
What do you need us to do?

CURT
Help me get everyone out of here.

Curt is about to make an announcement to the room, but he is interrupted by the sound of gunfire coming from the restaurant in the next room.

Darren dives to the floor, immediately taking cover. Everyone else, including Curt, just stand there like deer caught in headlights. Darren looks up at everyone and can't believe his eyes.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Everyone get the fuck down, for
crissakes!

Jolted from his shock, Curt pulls Julia to the ground.

CURT
Everybody down!

Everyone obeys Curt's order.

DARREN
Who's behind all this?

CURT
I have no idea.

DARREN
Those were automatic weapons. We could be
in a lot of trouble, here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Darren pulls a gun out of his belt. Curt immediately pulls out his gun and points it at Darren.

CURT

Freeze!

DARREN

What are you talking about?

CURT

You're under arrest! You and your friends in there!

DARREN

I don't know who the hell's in there!
Come on! I'm a cop!

He pulls out his LAPD badge. Curt looks at it, and stops pointing his gun at Darren.

CURT

You're a cop? What happened to acting?

DARREN

Didn't work out.

Curt looks at him, disbelieving.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that. You were supposed to be a graphic artist.

Julia hits them both in the leg.

JULIA

How about you two *cops* do your job?

Darren looks at Curt.

DARREN

Follow me.

CURT

No! You follow me, this is my town.

DARREN

You didn't know enough to get out of the way of flying bullets!

CURT

Well, unlike Los Angeles, we don't live with constant gun battles!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JULIA

Guys! Jesus!

Curt frowns and lets Darren lead the way. They crawl past their old high school classmates on the way out of the room. Darren says "hello" to a few as he goes past. One of them, A BROWN-HAIRED GUY, recognizes Darren.

BROWN-HAIRED GUY

Hey, you were in glee club!

DARREN

Yeah. Oh, hey, Jimmy.

BROWN-HAIRED GUY

(looking at the gun)

Nice gun.

DARREN

Thanks.

Darren crawls past a DROP-DEAD SEXY ALUM, and then immediately crawls back to talk to her.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Hey, good to see you! How you doin'?

CURT

Pick up the pace!

Darren and Curt scramble out of the tavern, into the lobby, and toward the restaurant.

INT SHERBORN INN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Curt and Darren, staying low, move cautiously through the double doors and into the sizeable restaurant portion of the Inn. It is a very fancy place, white linens and flowers on the tables. In the center of the room, a circle of hostages stands with their hands on their heads. They are all facing the table around which they stand.

Darren looks at Curt: "What the hell is this?" Curt shrugs. They make their way through the tables, crawling on the ground, toward the hostages.

Darren is the first to arrive. A HOSTAGE WOMAN looks down at him, tears of fear in her eyes. Darren gives her a reassuring smile and puts his index finger to his lips, telling her to be quiet. He slowly peers over the edge of the table, to see a pile of plastic explosives where the flowers should be. The explosives are wired to a digital timer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Darren drops back below the table top, his eyes wide with panic. He finds Curt on the floor, waiting for him. Curt looks at him with a questioning expression, "What did you see?"

Darren, in order to remain undetected, leans in to Curt's ear and whispers:

DARREN

There is a bomb on the table.

Curt can't hear him, because he's whispering so quietly. Curt leans into Darren's ear.

CURT

(slightly louder whisper)

What?

Curt's breath is hot and wet, and Darren spastically rubs it off, completely grossed out.

DARREN

(still whispering)

A bomb.

(then, re. Curt's whisper)

Gross in my ear.

Curt leans into Darren's ear again.

CURT

We've got to get these people out of here.

DARREN

Stop with the hot nasty breath, dammit!

(then)

Yeah, we've got to get everyone out of here.

The Hostage Woman nudges Darren with her foot, and he looks up at her. She beckons with her eyes that someone is coming towards them. Darren looks at Curt, motions for him to hide under the next table. They both scramble under the table cloth.

A pair of legs walks by, and Curt reaches out and trips the guy. A GUY IN A SKI MASK falls to the ground. He sees Curt and Darren and immediately starts yelling.

GUY IN A SKI MASK

The fuckin' cops! Guys, the fuckin' cops!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The guy in a ski mask points a huge automatic weapon at Darren and Curt. Darren and Curt immediately open fire, filling his shirt with bullet holes. A SECOND GUY IN A SKI MASK calls from the other end of the restaurant.

SECOND GUY IN A SKI MASK
Bad call, pigs!

Curt and Darren get up, pushing the table they are under up into the air. As it lands, smashing into other tables and breaking a lot of glassware, Darren screams:

DARREN
Everybody down! DOWN!

The hostages hit the deck as Curt and Darren open fire on four guys in ski masks standing at the other end of the restaurant. THE THIRD GUY IN A SKI MASK is immediately killed, his face shredded by flying bullets. The Second and FOURTH GUY IN A SKI MASK disappear behind some tables, while the FIFTH GUY IN A SKI MASK jumps onto the nearest table and starts sprinting across table tops at Curt and Darren. He fires his weapon and screams like a madman.

Unable to kill him right away, Curt and Darren drop to the floor and out of view. The Fifth Guy in a Ski Mask continues his sprint toward Curt and Darren, now pointing his gun down at the floor to be sure to take them out when he gets to them. If he isn't stopped within seconds, he is sure to take out some of the hostages on his way.

Having moved out in different directions, Darren and Curt pop up in new places like a couple of "Whack-a-Moles". Before the Fifth Guy can lift his weapon to destroy them, he is riddled with bullets and collapses haphazardly onto a table. His blood spatters all over the white linen. Darren and Curt then hit the deck again, disappearing into the sea of tables.

The Second Guy pops up from behind a table, fires his weapon at nothing, then disappears again. Darren pops up, sees nobody, then goes back down. Curt is then up, stays up, and waits. The Fourth Guy pops up and Curt takes him out with one shot.

The Second Guy pops up, and fires at Curt. Curt is gone before the guy gets the shot off, and the bullet hits an espresso machine, smashing it to pieces.

Darren pops up just behind the second guy, gun pointed right at his head.

DARREN
Sorry, no teddy bear for you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SECOND GUY IN A SKI MASK
(totally confused)
What does that mean?

DARREN
Well, this was sort of like a game of
"Whack-a-Mole" at the amusement park,
don't you think? You know, with this
popping up and trying to hit each other
and all that?

SECOND GUY IN A SKI MASK
"Whack-a-Mole"?

DARREN
You know, when you try to hit the little
mechanical mole that pops up with a big
foam hammer? It's fun.

SECOND GUY IN A SKI MASK
I've never played that. Must be an old
guy thing.

DARREN
Oh, no, no. You lost the game, you don't
get to make the mean comments to the
winner. Doesn't work like that.

SECOND GUY IN A SKI MASK
Well, guess what?

DARREN
What?

SECOND GUY IN A SKI MASK
Game ain't over.

The Second Guy shoots himself in the head, spattering
Darren's face with blood.

DARREN
Holy shit!

Curt pops up near the table with the bomb on it.

DARREN (CONT'D)
He just shot himself! For no reason!

Darren pulls off the guy's ski mask, revealing that he is the
same age as he and Curt.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Oh, no, it's Howie Flanders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Curt pulls a mask off another one of the guys.

CURT
(grimacing)
And Stu Panek. Jesus. We know all these
guys.

Curt, suddenly remembering, looks at the timer on the bomb.

CURT
Darren! We've got ninety seconds to get
everyone out of this building!

DARREN
You heard the man! Haul out!

The hostages all jump to their feet and get run out the
front.

CURT
(to Darren)
The tavern! The tavern!

Darren and Curt run through the lobby and back into the
tavern.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND INN TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Curt and Darren bust in, Curt immediately pulling Julia to
her feet as he orders:

CURT
Everyone up and get the hell out of here!
The building is going to explode.

DARREN
Move! Move! Move!

Curt pushes Julia out of the tavern, then he and Darren stand
by the door, rushing everyone out through the lobby and onto
the street.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Get as far away as you can!

Jimmy, the guy from the glee club, rushes by with pure panic
on his face.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Good to see you again, by the way!

Everyone is out, and Curt and Darren head after them.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND INN FRONT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Curt and Darren are about to rush out of the door when Darren stops himself, realizing he's forgotten someone.

DARREN
Mrs. Bean!

CURT
What?

DARREN
The old lady! Mrs. Bean!

CURT
Oh shit!

They both jump over the front desk, and smash open the door behind it. Mrs. Bean is knitting, completely oblivious to the violence.

MRS. BEAN
What's the big idea!

DARREN
We gotta go, Mrs. Bean!

Darren and Curt pick her up and together carry her out the front door.

EXT SHERBORN INN - CONTINUOUS

Curt and Darren run with Mrs. Bean between them. She is screaming in terror and clutching her knitting. They run across the lawn and into:

EXT DOWNTOWN STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

This is the strip mall with the Sherborn Island bank in it, as well as the post office, a hair salon, a drug store, and a gift shop. Most of the high school class reunion is standing in the lot, waiting for the explosion.

Curt and Darren race right through it, the screaming Mrs. Bean in hand.

CURT
Probably want to keep running!

DARREN
Big, big explosion!

Their old classmates turn to start running with them, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Inn explodes into a ball of flames. The force of the blow sends the entire class of people flying through the air. People land all over the place, scratching up elbows, knees, hands and faces. Luckily, Mrs. Bean lands perfectly on top of Curt and Darren, which breaks her fall.

MRS. BEAN
What the hell?

She sits up to look at the burning Inn. Darren looks up at her.

DARREN
I keep wondering that same thing.

CURT
Mrs. Bean?

MRS. BEAN
Yes, young Mr. Wilson?

CURT
Can you get your knitting needle off my spleen?

MRS. BEAN
Sorry.

She pulls the knitting out from under herself. Curt utters a sigh of relief. Darren then helps her to her feet. Everyone else in the class is also beginning to rise and look at the wreckage, all of them stunned.

CURT
Three fires in one day? Man, the volunteer firefighters are going to be pissed.

EXT DOWNTOWN STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - LATER

Darren and Curt, both scraped and bruised, are leaning against the Sherborn Island ambulance. A couple paramedics are helping injured people into the back of the ambulance...it is very crowded. A fire engine is near the Inn, volunteer firefighters struggling to put out what is left of the fire.

DARREN
Who would have thought that Sherborn Island would ever need more than one ambulance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT
I've got help on the way.

DARREN
Government people, I suppose.

Curt nods. Then:

DARREN (CONT'D)
Who would put these guys up to this?

CURT
I don't know. Someone with money, I guess.

DARREN
Who's got that kind of money?

CURT
Nobody I know...

Then Darren realizes:

DARREN
Craig Bernard!

CURT
Where is he?

They start moving around the parking lot, looking for Craig. Neither can find him, and they meet back in the middle of the lot.

DARREN
He's gone.

CURT
I can't believe Bernard would do all this. Why?

DARREN
He said it himself. He still hates this place. And now he's spending all of his money blowing it up.

CURT
That's a serious grudge.
(then)
Small towns can get pretty strange, huh?

DARREN
Yeah, that's why I moved to LA, where it's normal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Julia walks up to them.

JULIA
So when's the FBI getting here?

EXT ISLAND SHORE LINE - NIGHT

Eric Nims is sitting in a large tree with two other men, former high school teammates ANTONIO and Skaggs.

ANTONIO
Is that them?

Skaggs squints to try and make out what Antonio is seeing.

SKAGGS
Do you see helicopters?

ANTONIO
I think so. Yep. They're comin' in fast.
And there are a couple boats with them.

ERIC
Then that's them. Get ready.

He makes hand signals at some other trees off to their left and right. He then pulls a rocket launcher out of the bag strapped across his back. Antonio and Skaggs also pull rocket launchers out of their bags.

ERIC (CONT'D)
This is going to be a good time.

Three helicopters and two boats come into view, and are rapidly approaching the shore.

SKAGGS
Say when.

Eric waits a moment, then says:

ERIC
When.

Skaggs, Antonio, and Eric all fire simultaneously, and all three make direct hits on the helicopters. The birds explode, raining wreckage onto the Coast Guard boats below.

Two more rockets from the tree off to the left and one from the tree off to the right, and the two boats are quickly destroyed. The dark water lights up as if under a fireworks display.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, a small, privately owned motorboat takes off from the shore, way off to the left.

SKAGGS
Who's that?

ERIC
That would be Mr. Hess making a run for the mainland.

Eric loads his rocket launcher, aims, and blows the small boat into dust. Eric then shouts at his men in the other trees.

ERIC (CONT'D)
All right! Good work, fellas!

SKAGGS
How much time do you think that just bought us?

ERIC
Plenty enough to tear this town apart.

ANTONIO
(jazzed by the explosions)
Damn! Just like shootin' womprats in Begger's Canyon back home!

Eric instantly looks irritated.

ERIC
What?

ANTONIO
You know, "womprats". *Star Wars*.

Eric just stares at him.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
(quietly)
It's a good movie.

Eric shoots him in the face.

SKAGGS
Jesus Christ! You shot Antonio!

ERIC
Star Wars is for geeks. He was a fuckin' geek.

Skaggs looks at him, shocked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC (CONT'D)
Why? Did you like *Star Wars*?

ANTONIO
(lying)
No! Fuck no! It was retarded!

EXT DOWNTOWN STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - LATER

The parking lot is still abuzz with the chaotic aftermath of the explosion. Curt is doing his best to calm down the crowd.

CURT
All right, everybody, I need you to do something for me. Go home to your families, and leave this to me to sort out.

Darren and Julia are leaning up against a cruiser, watching him work. A Lincoln Towncar comes screeching into the parking lot. GERN BLANSTON, a sixty-something retiree, jumps out and runs up to Curt.

CURT (CONT'D)
Gern, what's going on?

GERN
I was reading on my porch, saw a bunch of helicopters and boats coming in, and then they all blew up! Rockets from the trees! They all just blew up!

Darren and Julia, hearing this, come running over. Curt looks at Darren.

CURT
Jesus, Bernard's declared war on Sherborn Island!

DARREN
You need to find him.

Curt looks at Julia.

CURT
Get these people out of here, okay babe?
(then, to Darren)
Let's go.

DARREN
I can be a cop now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

It's down to me and Paul, and he's back at the station trying to put our radio back together.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT CHIEF'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Paul is busy smashing all the radio pieces into much smaller pieces.

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

EXT DOWNTOWN STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

CURT

I need all the help I can get.

DARREN

Now you're talking. Where do we start?

CURT

I have no idea, but there's no way on or off this island, and it's a small place.

DARREN

And a limo filled with porn stars won't be hard to find.

They jump in the cruiser and take off. Julia watches them go, then turns to her former classmates.

JULIA

All right, I guess I've got to, um...clear the area.

They all look at her, still terribly confused.

INT POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Curt is driving, Darren is reloading their guns.

DARREN

What street did Craig grow up on?

CURT

Ahh, I'm not sure. I want to say Course Brook Road?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

It's as good a place to start looking as any, right?

CURT

If he was dumb enough to go back to his parents house, fantastic. Dumb is just not what I'd expect from someone who made a fortune in computers.

DARREN

People with that much book smarts are always short on common sense.

CURT

Is that true?

DARREN

No.

(then)

But Craig was always such a dweeb. So, in his case, it just may be.

EXT COURSE BROOK ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The cruiser is moving slowly down the dark road. Darren is searching the night with a spotlight.

INT POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

DARREN

Man, I forgot how dark it gets out here.

CURT

Lights always on in LA?

DARREN

For the most part.

Darren sees the limo parked in a driveway.

DARREN (CONT'D)

The limo!

CURT

I guess you were right about the common sense. That's his parents house, I'm pretty sure.

EXT THE BERNARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Curt turns off the lights as he pulls into the driveway. He and Darren get out of the cruiser very quietly, guns drawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Staying low, they move to the limo. They come up on the left side of the vehicle and each take a position on either side of the back door. Curt signals for Darren to open the door, as he points his gun at it.

Darren opens the door, and Curt jumps into the vehicle. He comes back out quickly, shaking his head.

CURT

Empty.

DARREN

Inside.

They move to the front of the house. They approach a large picture window. Darren is the first to peek inside, and he is amused by what he sees.

CURT

What is it?

DARREN

Unbelievable is what it is. Take a look.

Curt looks inside, and his face contorts in disbelief.

INT THE BERNARD LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Craig and his three porn stars are engaged in a game of "Strip Dungeons and Dragons". Craig is shirtless, and the three girls are all down to their trashy lingerie. Craig rolls the die.

CRAIG

(to his driver)

I'm afraid your warlock is dead.

He laughs at this victory.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I am the king of dungeon masters! Woo!

The three girls are obviously bored to tears. The limo driver chick, rolling her eyes, removes her bra. Craig laughs and points at her breasts.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Oh, my god! I love those things!

Just then, Darren and Curt bust into the room, pointing their guns at Craig. The girls all scream and scramble for their clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

Sorry to bust up the Dungeons and Dragons, Craig, but it's time for you to pay the piper.

Craig, wide-eyed with panic, immediately starts to cry.

CRAIG

How'd you find out?

CURT

Wasn't hard to do. You should have stuck to computer programming, crime just isn't your thing.

Craig then starts screaming and runs for the picture window. He leaps through the glass. Curt and Darren open fire, but miss him as he flies out of the window.

DARREN

I did *not* see that coming!

He and Curt both jump out of the window, after Craig.

EXT THE BERNARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Darren and Craig land on their feet and frantically look around the front lawn for Craig.

CURT

Where'd the little dork go?

Off to the right of the house is a barn. Darren sees it, and immediately heads for it.

DARREN

The barn.

INT THE BERNARD BARN - CONTINUOUS

Darren and Curt slide open the big barn doors.

CURT

All right, Craig, it's over. Get out here.

There is no answer, no movement. Everything is quiet.

DARREN

He's got to be in here.

They move slowly into the barn, past some stables. A horse grunts, startling Darren.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN (CONT'D)
Dammit, I hate horses.

CURT
You hate horses? Why?

The stable they currently stand in front of bursts open, a giant horse knocking them both to the ground. Craig rides the horse out of the back side of the barn.

CURT (CONT'D)
Shit!

Curt immediately pops open another stable and pulls out a horse. He jumps on and gives chase.

DARREN
Wait! I don't know how to ride!

CURT
Then go arrest the porno chicks!

And Curt is gone, in hot pursuit.

DARREN
Bullshit!

Another horse whinnies.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Shut up! I hate you!

He starts looking around the barn for an alternative to a horse. He spies something.

EXT PATH IN THE WOODS - SECONDS LATER

Craig's horse is tearing up the path, but Curt is gaining on him. Craig grabs a large branch as he rides by and snaps it back at Curt in an attempt to knock him off the horse.

Curt leans off the side of the horse, the branch barely missing him. He pulls himself back up awkwardly, as he is working without a saddle.

In the meantime, Craig has snagged another branch, and just as Curt gets himself back upright, the branch hits him dead on and he flies off the horse.

Craig and his horse disappear into the forest, Curt's horse still pursuing them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Curt is face down in a muddy puddle, and he jumps up, pissed as all hell.

CURT
Fuckin' tree branches!

He cocks his head as he hears a tiny motor coming towards him. He sees a light coming down the path. Darren then pulls up on a small, three-wheel ATV. Curt looks at him, eyebrows raised.

CURT (CONT'D)
You're kidding me, right?

DARREN
Best I could do.

CURT
He went that way.

Darren takes off after Craig. Curt watches him go, then looks back in the direction of the house.

CURT (CONT'D)
I guess I'll deal with the porno chicks.

EXT DEEPER INTO THE FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Craig slows his horse down to a trot. The horse walks along the bottom of a small bluff.

CRAIG
Good girl. We lost him. Now I won't have to go to jail. Jail is bad. Jail is stupid.

Then the faint sound of a small engine comes to Craig's ears.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

He looks all around trying to see where it's coming from...he can't figure it out.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Where are you?

He starts turning the horse around in different directions, unable to choose a direction in which to run. The engine just grows louder.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Dammit! Where the hell?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, the ATV comes flying off the top of the bluff and over the horse. Darren, in mid air, jumps from the tiny vehicle and tackles Craig from the horse. The horse cries and takes off in fright.

Darren and Craig roll through the leaves on the forest floor and into a small creek. Darren, filled with adrenaline, stands Craig up in the shallow water and socks him in the jaw. Craig splashes back down into the creek. Darren goes to grab him again, and Craig puts up his hands in terror. He is crying like a baby.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

No! No! It's like high school all over again!

DARREN

Well, that's what you get!

CRAIG

Please just arrest me! Don't hurt me!

DARREN

Well, all right, but you shouldn't have run.

Darren slaps some cuffs on Craig, and leads him back down the path towards the house.

EXT THE BERNARD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Curt is leaning up against his cruiser, holding court with three completely charmed ladies of the night. They are cracking up at something he just said.

CURT

No, no, I'm serious. That's what happened!

THE LIMO DRIVER

Was it a jelly?

CURT

No, thank goodness, just glazed.

Darren, covered in muck and soaked to the bone, shoves Craig against the cruiser.

DARREN

You havin' a good time?

CURT

Yeah, actually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Darren opens the back door of the cruiser and angrily throws Craig inside.

CRAIG
Police brutality!

DARREN
Oh, shut up.

Darren slams the door and then looks at the smiling girls.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Why aren't they cuffed?

CURT
They're just escorts, Darren, they didn't know what he was doing here.

HOTTIE #1
You're all wet.

DARREN
Yes. There's a creek. We fell in. Now we're wet.
(then, to Curt)
Can we go, then?

CURT
Yeah, I guess.

Darren looks at the three girls, then at Curt.

DARREN
Don't think I'm not telling Julia.

CURT
What? We were just talking.

THE LIMO DRIVER
He was telling us the donut story.

DARREN
Donut story?

CURT
It has been a long time, hasn't it? Hop in, I'll tell you on the way to the station.
(then, to the girls)
Have a good night, ladies.

They all smile and wave as Curt and Darren get into the cruiser and leave.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Everything about the police station is small, including the tiny cell in which Craig is incarcerated. Craig is crying uncontrollably. Curt is just getting off the phone. Darren and Paul are sitting on a desk as far away as possible from the wailing Craig.

CURT

All right. I've called a town meeting. We'll do it down at the Presbyterian church in a half hour.

DARREN

That's a good idea. Let everyone know things will get back to normal.

(then)

What a fucked up reunion. Man.

PAUL

(re. Craig)

You really think this guy is capable of everything?

DARREN

Well, he's certainly got the funds to hire a small army. And he busted into the reunion, said he hated everyone, then the next thing you know the place is a great ball of fire. I'd say he has motive.

(then)

Shakes my nerves. Rattles my brain.

CURT

I'm sure there's a couple guys left on the island who are waiting their orders, Paul. See if you can sniff them out.

Craig stops his crying, overhearing Curt.

CRAIG

What are you talking about?

DARREN

Can it, Bernard. Playing stupid isn't going to work.

Craig instantly starts sobbing again.

PAUL

I don't know. He seems like kind of a ninny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

Yeah, well, a crazy ninny.

PAUL

(suddenly remembering)

Oh, man! I remember this guy! Craig Bernard... Jesus, everyone used to beat the hell out of him.

Paul laughs. Craig is practically choking he's crying so hard.

DARREN

I never beat the hell out of him.

PAUL

That's because you were too busy running from me.

He slaps Darren on the back, and gives a hearty laugh. Darren is not amused.

DARREN

You know what, Paul? You're still a dick.

PAUL

Easy, sister, I'm just kiddin' around.

DARREN

Really? Well, when I kick your ass, I'll just be kidding around. How about that?

PAUL

Oooo. Big scary Los Angeles copper.

DARREN

What's with everyone's attitude about LA around here? You know, we don't sit around in LA and talk about how stupid little towns are.

Curt steps in between this growing friction.

CURT

Hey, Darren, let's head over to the church, okay?

DARREN

Yeah, fine, but Paul's a big idiot and I don't like him.

PAUL

You're breakin' my heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CURT

Paul, get to work on rounding up the rest of Craig's ragtag mercenaries, will ya?

PAUL

Yes, sir. Have a nice town meeting, Darren.

Darren gives him the old raspberry. Curt and Darren leave for the town meeting. Paul is left alone with Craig, who is still weeping. Paul runs toward Craig, and then kicks the bars of the holding cell.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Stop your whimpering, you little bitch!

Craig, frightened, does his best to control himself. Paul reaches into a desk, and pulls out a straw and some small wadded up pieces of paper. He starts shooting spitballs at Craig.

CRAIG

What are you doing?

Paul nails him dead center in the forehead. Craig, disgusted, spastically wipes off the spitball.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Hey, what's the big idea? I have rights, you know.

Paul lands a big, gooey one right in Craig's hair.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(whining)
Stop!

PAUL

What rights do you have? The right to take credit for someone else's work?

Paul fires another spitball.

CRAIG

What do you mean?

PAUL

You know as well as me that you didn't have anything to do with the Inn blowing up.

CRAIG

The Inn blew up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL
Why do you think Curt arrested you?

CRAIG
Embezzlement.

PAUL
What?

CRAIG
Stealing money from my company.

PAUL
I know what embezzlement is, wussy-boy.

He hits him with another spitball.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Craig. I need you to do something for me.

CRAIG
What?

PAUL
Approach the bars.

CRAIG
Why?

PAUL
I am a cop! You are a prisoner! You don't
ask why!

Craig hesitantly approaches the bars.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Turn around.

Craig, now scared witless, does as he's told. Paul gives him a violent wedgy, tearing Craig's boxer shorts to shreds. Craig screams in pain, and then collapses to the floor.

PAUL (CONT'D)
That brought me back. All right, little
guy, time to go talk to Eric.

Paul unlocks the holding cell door.

INT ERIC'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage door is open, several burnt out old vehicles sitting in the gravel driveway. (In fact, the entire yard is filled with these old cars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some look more picked apart than others.) The garage is a mess, wires and plastic explosives scattered all over the place, obviously a makeshift bomb-making factory. There are lots of guns mounted on the wall.

Eric is sitting on a cooler, while Skaggs and two other local hired guns, JULIUS and LEFLURE, are standing around, sipping beers. Julius is good-looking and he's got a limp, while LeFlure is so straight-up dirty that you can't tell what he looks like.

SKAGGS

What are we doing here?

ERIC

Paul has something to show us, apparently. It better be good. I should be out terrorizing right now.

LEFLURE

We lost a lot of guys, Nims.

ERIC

No shit. They knew what they signed on for.

LEFLURE

Well, yeah, I just figure you should divvy up their shares for the rest of us.

ERIC

What are you... LeFlure, there are no shares! We're not robbing a bank. We're getting revenge. For my knee, your elbow, Julius's leg. And out of the kindness of my heart, and because you are all too fucking wimpy to do it for revenge's sake, I paid you guys twenty grand a pop, and now you get to either die or live and spend it. Got it? Retard?

JULIUS

Shares. You're a fuckin' idiot.

LEFLURE

Shut up, Julius.

SKAGGS

LeFlure, you oughtta watch your ass. Eric shot Antonio just for liking *Star Wars*.

ERIC

Would you let that go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKAGGS

Just thought it was a bit of an
overreaction is all.

Eric shoots Skaggs a death stare, but Skaggs is unimpressed.

JULIUS

Where are the rest of the guys?

ERIC

They're getting our shit together on Ivy
Lane. Stop asking so many questions.

JULIUS

Just curious. Jeez. Why aren't we on Ivy
Lane?

ERIC

Because I need you with me, for Christ
sake. What did I just say about the
questions?

JULIUS

I just don't--

ERIC

Shut up!

Paul appears in the garage doorway with Craig.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

PAUL

This is Craig Bernard.

ERIC

I know who it is, piggy. I don't care
about him, all he ever did was take his
beatings. Like a good boy.

PAUL

Curt and Darren arrested him for
everything.

ERIC

What?

PAUL

As far as their concerned, they've got
their man. They're having a town meeting
right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIC

They think a little turd like this could
destroy this entire island? What? What?

Eric is freaking out, completely beside himself.

ERIC (CONT'D)

This is my thing! How could they not
think it's my thing!

PAUL

I don't know. I guess they think he's the
only one with the money to pull this sort
of thing off.

ERIC

I sold the goddamned landscaping
business! I told Darren that!

PAUL

I don't know what to tell you.

Eric is red with rage. The rest of the crew is looking a bit
nervous, wondering what he's going to do. Eric points at
Craig.

ERIC

Give that man the worst wedgy he's ever
had in his life!

PAUL

Way ahead of you, boss.

ERIC

What? You couldn't wait until you brought
him here?

PAUL

Got a little over-excited, I guess.

ERIC

Why are cops always so stupid?
(then)
Come on. Grab the geek. We're crashing
the town meeting.

EXT PRYSBETERIAN CHURCH - NIGHT

A few townspeople are walking quickly up the front steps, and
into the church.

INT PRYSBETERIAN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The church is packed with townspeople. A few stragglers are just coming in and finding standing room in the back. Curt is standing on the altar, Darren sitting just behind him. Julia is sitting on the aisle of the front row of the pews. The place is alive with worried chatter.

CURT

Ladies and gentlemen! Ladies and gentlemen! Your attention please!

He waits for everyone to settle down and focus.

CURT (CONT'D)

Okay. I called you here at this late hour with good news. We have apprehended the man responsible for the terrorism.

The crowd murmurs.

CURT (CONT'D)

There may be a few more from his gang still out there, but I don't think they'll act alone. We're working on rounding the rest of them up, right now. So. You can get some sleep tonight, there is no need for panic.

He looks back at Darren, who gives him a somewhat sarcastic thumbs up. Curt turns back to the crowd. A MAN IN THE BACK stands up and blurts out a question.

MAN IN THE BACK

What about the phones?

CURT

We are still cut off as far as communication is concerned, but I will be heading out in the police boat first thing in the morning to alert the mainland. Hopefully, we'll be up and running in no time.

MAN IN THE BACK

Well, a lot of us have boats, too, you know! Mine is big enough to make it all the way to the mainland. I could take off, now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

There is still some danger in leaving the island as we haven't apprehended all the suspects. I'm fully confident that we'll have everything cleaned up by the morning. So, everyone just take it easy, I don't want what happened to the choppers and Coast Guard boats to happen to any of us.

A WOMAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CHURCH stands up, enraged.

WOMAN IN THE MIDDLE

Well, which is it? Are we safe or not?

CURT

We've got the mastermind behind the attacks in custody, which means we have basically won. We just have a little more to clean up, is all.

WOMAN IN THE MIDDLE

Well, I've been sitting on my ass afraid to leave the island, but if my boat isn't going to get blown out of the water, quite frankly, I'd like to go. This has been one hell of a terrible holiday.

DARREN

It really has.

The crowd starts rumbling in agreement.

CURT

All right! All right! Let's just play it safe, okay? Give me until morning!

EXT PRYSBETERIAN CHURCH - SAME TIME

Eric is standing outside the church with the guys from the garage. Paul and Skaggs are holding Craig.

ERIC

Time for a wake up call.

CRAIG

What are you going to do?

ERIC

It's what you're going to do, actually.
(then, to the guys)
Bring him here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paul and Skaggs bring the struggling Craig to Eric. Eric pulls out a can of oil and starts to spray Craig's arm with it.

CRAIG
Don't do this.

ERIC
Shh. I need you to go in there and tell them that it is me who they are dealing with, not you. Simple enough?

CRAIG
Okay, okay, I'll do it.

ERIC
I'm not asking.

Eric then pulls out a lighter and sets Craig's arm on fire.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Now, hop to it, buddy! Quick! Get in there! They've got holy water in there!

Craig sprints up the steps, screaming.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Light a candle for me!

Eric laughs. The other guys give an obligatory chuckle.

ERIC (CONT'D)
All right, Paul and Skaggs, get out of here.

Paul and Skaggs hop into Paul's police car and take off.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Julius, go cut the power. Come on, LeFlure.

Julius heads around the side of the church. Eric and LeFlure, with machine guns at the ready, walk toward the entrance.

INT PRYSBETERIAN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Craig, arm on fire, runs down the center aisle, towards Curt.

DARREN
(jumping up)
Holy shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Darren and Curt grab the white cloth off the altar and tackle Craig, smothering his arm. The entire church panics.

CURT
(to Craig)
Who did this?

Craig is insane with pain. Eric and Leflure come through the church doors and start firing their machine guns. The panicked townspeople all drop to the floor, falling all over each other. Craig then points at Eric.

CRAIG
He did.

DARREN
Nims?

CRAIG
I thought you wanted me for embezzlement.

Craig passes out.

CURT
What?

Eric signals for LeFlure to stop firing.

ERIC
That's right, Curt! Remember the K-Y incident? Broke my arm! And the rest of the team didn't fair to well, either. Right, Leflure?

LEFLURE
Yeah.

ERIC
You don't get a football scholarship with broken bones! You think I was dreaming of staying on this pathetic little rock and landscaping for the rest of my life?

DARREN
Nims! Jesus Christ! That was high school!

ERIC
You destroyed my glory days, nerd.

DARREN
Oh, fuck you. Well, Nimmy-nimmy-nimrod, we're right here! Kill us and have your revenge!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

No way, not that easy. I want you to watch this whole island burn and crumble into the ocean. Then I'll kill you.

DARREN

Oh, I didn't realize you had a whole itinerary planned out for my vacation. Thanks so much. You think I can squeeze some rock climbing in there somewhere?

CURT

Hey, Darren. Let's just shoot him.

DARREN

Yeah, good idea!

They pull out their weapons.

ERIC

Oh, boys! One more thing!

Just as Darren and Curt are about to fire, the lights go out, plunging the church into complete darkness. The townspeople start screaming and scrambling for the door.

CURT

Everyone calm down!

DARREN

(sarcastic, to Curt)
That should do the trick.

Curt and Darren start moving through the crazed crowd toward where Eric was standing. Someone smacks into Curt, and he knocks into Darren. They both fall to the floor.

EXT PRYSBETERIAN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The townspeople are violently spilling out of the church. A WOMAN falls on the steps and is trampled by other blindly panicked people. An OVERWEIGHT GUY gets stuck on the door frame, crushed by the bottle-necked throng of townspeople.

INT PRYSBETERIAN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Darren and Curt are back on their feet, continuing through the chaos.

DARREN (CONT'D)

We're coming, nimrod!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just then, the lights come back on. Eric and LeFlure are gone.

CURT
Where'd they go?

DARREN
Don't know. Why'd they turn the power back on?

CURT
Maybe they want us to see something.

Darren looks back toward the front of the church.

DARREN
Where's Julia?

CURT
She's got to be here somewhere.

At this point, the church is mostly emptied out. Darren and Curt run around the church calling out Julia's name. She's not there. They run outside.

EXT PRYSBETERIAN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Darren and Curt run outside, most of the crowd having run off down the street. Darren stops to help out the woman that was badly injured by the trampling.

CURT
Julia! Julia!

Darren stops him.

DARREN
Curt! She's gone. They took her.
(then, pointing to the
overweight guy)
Help him.

Curt, in a state of shock, does as he's told.

Then, just a few miles away and visible just over the tree line, there is a massive explosion.

CURT
That's my neighborhood.

A CONCERNED CITIZEN and HIS BROTHER run up to Curt and Darren.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONCERNED CITIZEN

We'll take these people to the doctor.
You go deal with that!

He points at the smoke above the tree line.

DARREN

Thanks! The guy with the fiery arm is
still in the church!

Darren and Curt hand over their nursing duties and run to
Curt's cruiser.

EXT CURT'S CUL-DE-SAC NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

It's a short dead-end street, with just six houses. Curt's
house is the one on the end, perfectly framed by the
neighborhood trees and other houses. The house to the left of
his is the one that has been destroyed. It is still burning.

Curt's cruiser screeches to a halt in the middle of the
street. Darren and Curt hop out, surveying the damage.

CURT

I'm glad everyone was at that town
meeting.

DARREN

Was that one yours?

CURT

No, mine's on the end.

Darren looks, and he's impressed.

DARREN

You can afford that on a cop's salary?

CURT

No, dufus. Julia can afford it on an
architect's salary.

DARREN

Ah.

(then, down to business)
Wait. Are there any kids in this
neighborhood?

CURT

Not in that house, but yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

Well, we ought to get them out, then. I
have a feeling this isn't over.

Behind them, several cars come to screeching halts. Curt's
FRANTIC NEIGHBORS all jump out of their cars.

NEIGHBOR #1

Our kids!

CURT

We'll round 'em up! You people wait here!
(then, driving the point home)
No matter what happens. Stay here. And
stay down.

Curt and Darren, guns drawn, start walking slowly down the
middle of the street.

CURT (CONT'D)

Nims! You there?

DARREN

Hey, nimrod! You got our attention!
Whaddaya want now?

CURT

Stop calling him "nimrod".

DARREN

Why?

CURT

You'll piss him off.

DARREN

I would say he's already as pissed off as
a person can get.

CURT

Okay. Good point. But still.

DARREN

Oh, come on. This is my Thanksgiving
vacation. Let me have some fun.

Curt thinks for a moment. Then:

CURT

Let's go, nimmy-nimmy-nimrod!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DARREN
(smiling)
Nimrod, let's do this!

Eric appears on the front lawn of the house to the left of the one he just blew up.

ERIC
Don't call me that.

Darren and Curt spin and point their weapons at Eric.

DARREN
I'm sorry, did we hurt your feelings?

ERIC
Hey, now! Kill me and you won't find your pretty cheerleader wife!

CURT
Where is she?

Eric points at the house behind him.

ERIC
She's in there.

The house explodes, knocking them all over. Curt is the first up, screaming in agony.

CURT
Nooooo!

Eric then gets up, dusting himself off and laughing.

ERIC
I was just kidding.

Darren, up himself, rushes at Eric. Eric disappears into some bushes.

DARREN
You are just a...big jerk! I hate you! I hate you more than horses! Hate!

Darren runs back to Curt.

DARREN (CONT'D)
You all right?

CURT
I don't know how much more of this I can take.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DARREN

Let's focus on the kids.

Curt turns around to face the three houses on the other side of the street.

CURT

There's an infant and a little girl in the house next to mine. Three young ones on the end. Middle house has got teenagers.

DARREN

We'll do that one last, then.

Darren takes off for the house next to Curt's. Curt heads to the one on the end.

INT FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Darren slowly opens the front door. He peers in, sees nothing, then steps into the hallway, closing the door behind him.

DARREN

Hello? Little girl? Infant? Are you there? Hello, infant? Infant?

(then)

Don't be afraid, I'm a police officer. I want to take you out of here, it's not safe. Little girl? Infant? Please?

The front hall closet creaks open, and a fourteen-year-old LITTLE GIRL, holding her INFANT sister, comes out of the closet.

LITTLE GIRL

Where's your police clothes?

DARREN

I left them in LA. Come on.

He takes the infant from her, and then grabs her hand.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Just stick with me. Everything is going to be okay.

Just as he says "okay", the front door is riddled with bullets. He pulls the little girl to the floor with him, and they head down the hall toward the kitchen.

INT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DARREN
You got a favorite hiding place in here?

The little girl points at a cabinet in the corner.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Okay, I want you to take your little, um,
infant sibling here, and stay in there
until I come get you. Okay?

The little girl nods.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Go.

The little girl takes her sister, and hides in the cabinet.
Darren heads back out of the kitchen, now on the hunt.

EXT LITTLE GIRL AND INFANT'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Skaggs is on the front lawn with a RED-HEAD gun-for-hire and
the dirty LeFlure. He signals for them to head up the walkway
and through the door they just blew off its hinges. He
follows.

INT FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The three gunmen walk through the door.

SKAGGS
Remember, Nims wants these guys alive. We
lured 'em here to capture 'em, not kill
'em.

He notices the door to the basement is open.

SKAGGS (CONT'D)
Move.

They go through the door.

INT BASEMENT RECKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The three men, automatic weapons at the ready, come down the
stairs. There is a pool table, a pinball machine, some old
sofas and a jukebox. No sign of Darren. The jukebox starts to
play. All three guys jump.

SKAGGS
All right, Darren. Your best bet is to
come on out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKAGGS (CONT'D)
 This house is scheduled for demolition.
 Along with the rest of this shit
 neighborhood in...

He looks at his watch.

SKAGGS (CONT'D)
 ...just ten minutes or so.

The three gunmen spread out, searching behind and beneath
 furniture for Darren.

EXT BACKYARD WITH ABOVE GROUND POOL - SAME TIME

Curt is moving through the backyard toward the back porch. As
 he moves past the pool, he hears a tiny beeping noise. He
 whips his head around to see a small explosive device stuck
 to the side of the pool.

CURT
 Shit.

He dives away from the device as it explodes, tearing open a
 side of the pool. Curt is swept up by a wave of water and
 jettisoned across the lawn toward some shrubbery.

Julius and a SEVEN-FOOT GOON jump out of the bush and tackle
 Curt.

JULIUS
 Gotcha!

Curt punches him in the kidney.

JULIUS (CONT'D)
 Son of a bitch!

The seven-foot goon has no problem getting Curt in a
 headlock.

CURT
 Get off me!

SEVEN-FOOT GOON
 No.

INT BASEMENT RECKROOM - SAME TIME

The three gunmen have looked everywhere. They are now
 standing around, perplexed.

RED-HEAD
 I don't think he's here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKAGGS

Then who started the jukebox?

LEFLURE

We've looked everywhere.

The giant bean-bag chair that Darren is hiding under flies up and knocks Skaggs on his ass. Skaggs' machine gun goes flying, smashing into the pinball machine.

DARREN

No, you didn't!

He fires his gun twice, instantly dropping both Leflure and the red-head. Skaggs manages to jump back up to his feet and knock Darren's gun out of his hands. Darren punches Skaggs in the face. Skaggs spins around and gut-punches Darren.

Darren falls backwards onto a coffee table, rolls off, and scrambles behind a couch. Skaggs runs for the dead LeFlure's weapon, but Darren dives out from behind the couch and tackles him before he can get to it. They roll around on the floor, both fighting dirty. Skaggs bites Darren's ear, latching on and not letting go.

Darren screams in pain, and then grabs onto Skaggs' crotch and squeezes. Skaggs lets go of Darren's ear and capsizes. They are now right next to the pinball machine, and Darren moves to get Skaggs' machine gun.

Darren gets the gun, but before he can turn to open fire on Skaggs, Skaggs is running up the stairs. By the time Darren gets off a shot, Skaggs is gone.

EXT BACKYARD WITH ABOVE GROUND POOL - SAME TIME

Curt is being dragged across the lawn by Julius and the goon. He can't wrestle free. Suddenly, the goon's face explodes and he drops like a sack of potatoes. Freed, Curt smashes Julius in the throat. Julius steps back, the wind knocked out of him, and Curt punches Julius in the face, the blow driving Julius' nose up into his brain. Julius collapses, dead.

Curt, out of breath, turns to see who shot the giant goon. A WOMAN WITH A SHOTGUN, one of the frantic neighbors, is standing fifteen feet away from him.

CURT

Thanks.

(then)

You were supposed to stay by the cars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN WITH A SHOTGUN

It's my kids in that house.

THREE LITTLE KIDS and their BABY-SITTER come running out the front porch, all of them screaming.

CURT

Let's get them out of here!

Curt, the woman and the baby-sitter run the kids back towards the cars.

EXT CURT'S CULDESAC NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Curt arrives at the haphazardly parked cars just as Darren does. Darren hands off the infant and little girl to their grateful parents, then immediately turns to Curt.

DARREN

They're going to blow up every damn house on the street.

CURT

The teenagers.

Darren and Curt both run for the teenagers' house.

INT TEENAGERS' HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Curt and Darren run into the living room, and Curt trips over a keg of beer.

DARREN

Watch yourself!

CURT

Little late on that.

Darren shrugs.

DARREN

Is that a keg?

CURT

Teenagers.

A TEEN BOY and a TEEN GIRL pop up from behind the couch.

TEEN BOY

Sorry! Sorry! We were going to have an apocalypse party! We didn't know! Please don't tell my parents!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

The evidence is about to blow up, so
you've got nothing to worry about!

TEEN GIRL

What?

DARREN

Let's go!

Darren and Curt lead the two teenagers out of the house.

EXT CURT'S CULDESAC NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Curt, Darren and the teens run down the street toward the cars. Before they can get to the cars, the house with the above ground pool explodes. Curt, Darren and the kids are all knocked off their feet.

Then, the teens' house blows. Then the little girl and infant's house. There is so much fire, the street is lit up like day time.

The only house left standing is Curt's. Darren and Curt get up slowly, shaken. They turn around to look at Curt's house.

DARREN

Curt, I'm sorry.

CURT

Me too.

They continue to look at Curt's house, knowing it is going to blow up.

CURT (CONT'D)

He saved mine for last.

DARREN

It's just like high school. He's bullying
us.

CURT

Blowing up my house--

Before he can finish, his house explodes.

CURT (CONT'D)

(finishing the thought)
--is a far cry from a wedgy.

DARREN

We got everyone out. That's what matters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Curt is silent.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Should I call the volunteer firefighters?

CURT
There are only three left. The rest of them quit.

DARREN
I guess they're pretty tired, huh? What do they normally average, one fire every two years?

Curt smiles a little, and Darren gives him a warm squeeze on the shoulder.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Let's go get some bad guys.

They both walk toward the cruiser, the entire neighborhood behind them completely destroyed. Curt's neighbors all watch as Darren and Curt wordlessly get into the cruiser and take off, sirens and lights on full blast.

INT ERIC'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Eric and Paul are sitting in the garage, door open, as Skaggs pulls up in his truck and hops out. Paul is petting his dog, Daisy.

PAUL
Hey, Daisy-girl, look who's here. It's Skaggs!

Daisy wags her tail, excited. Skaggs comes in, looking beat up.

SKAGGS
We got trouble.

ERIC
You didn't get them?

SKAGGS
Not only that, I'm the only one left standing.
(then, getting steamed)
You underestimated these small town blues, Mr. Class President.

PAUL
Well, one of them's from LA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKAGGS

Shut up, pig. It doesn't matter where they're from! They're a couple of bona fide bad-asses.

Eric stands up, furious.

ERIC

They are not! They are nerds. Understand? Nerds!

SKAGGS

People change.

ERIC

Watch yourself, Skaggs.

Skaggs looks around the garage. It is empty. No weapons of any kind.

SKAGGS

What are you going to do? Shoot me? With what? There's nothing left.

ERIC

Careful. You don't know that I'm not packin' right now.

SKAGGS

The way you planned everything? I *know* you don't have any hidden weapon!

ERIC

Bullshit.

SKAGGS

Fine, then, asshole! Shoot me!

Skaggs and Eric face-off in a staring contest.

SKAGGS (CONT'D)

What's keepin' ya?

(then)

Hey, guess what? I think *Star Wars* is the best fucking movie of all time!

Eric's face turns red...but he's beat. He has no weapon.

ERIC

Enough with this bullshit! It's time to end this thing. Time for Mr. Wilson and Mr. Buck to meet their geek maker.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC (CONT'D)

We've still got the cheerleader, and that means we've still got the upper hand.

SKAGGS

It's time to pack it in, Eric. We need to get the fuck off this island and out of the country.

PAUL

I think you may be right.

ERIC

You both still seem unclear on the concept. *I am a madman bent on revenge.* I am not doing this in the name of god, I am not doing this for money. Because of those two assholes, I have lived a dull life. I wanted to treat myself to something special. This is it.

(then)

I am not done yet!

SKAGGS

I am.

PAUL

Guys. Take it easy.

ERIC AND SKAGGS

Shut up, pig!

ERIC

Skaggs, you bail on me now, I promise I'll turn myself in and take you down with me. You want to go to prison for the rest of you life? You've got a sweet little ass, you know.

SKAGGS

What are we going to do? We can't have your little climatic showdown at the high school...you used up all the explosives! We've got nothing.

ERIC

You are such a dumb-ass. A pussy dumb-ass. The science labs at the high school are filled with all kinds of chemicals. And when combined properly...

He looks at Skaggs like he just showed him up. Skaggs just shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIC (CONT'D)

And as far as guns go...Paul can round some up at the police station.

PAUL

They've only got a couple of shotguns, I don't know--

ERIC

Well, that's a couple more shotguns than we got, isn't it? Get on it, dipshit!

Paul looks at his dog.

PAUL

Okay, come on, Daisy.

ERIC

Oh, leave the stupid mutt! Get your ass in gear!

Paul looks sadly at Daisy, then runs out of the garage, and takes off in his cruiser.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(to Skaggs)

I don't get you. They fucked you up, too, man, with all the fucking sex lubricant.

SKAGGS

Jesus, Eric, I'm doing this for the money. You closed the landscaping business, I lost my job. I got no skills, and no college education. I don't give a damn about the K-Y jelly, I was never going to get a football scholarship. Eric. It was high school. It's over.

ERIC

I want my revenge.

Eric walks out of the garage, and Skaggs reluctantly follows. They get in Skaggs' truck, and Skaggs angrily peels out of the driveway.

EXT ERIC'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A few moments pass, everything silent, then Curt and Darren pull up in their cruiser. Darren jumps out, immediately realizing the place is vacant.

DARREN

They're not here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Daisy comes running out of the garage, tail wagging.

CURT
What the hell is she doing here?

DARREN
What?

CURT
That's Paul's dog.

Darren and Curt look at each other for a second, perplexed, then realize just what Daisy's presence must mean.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Paul is unlocking a metal wire cabinet with four shotguns in it. Just as he is about to pull out a gun, Curt appears.

CURT
Hey, Paul.

PAUL
(startled)
Oh, hey, Curt. What's the haps?

CURT
The haps?

PAUL
Yeah, any luck with catching Nims?

CURT
No, Paul, nothing but bad luck. He's always one step ahead, it seems. I wonder how he does it, you know?

PAUL
Some kind of wacko genius, I guess.

CURT
Yeah, those wacko geniuses! Nothing but trouble, huh?

Curt pretends like he's about to go, then stops.

CURT (CONT'D)
Oh, hey, I almost forgot. Found your dog. She was wandering around at the Nims place. Wonder how the hell she got out there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paul knows he's busted, and he makes a move for a shotgun. Darren pops up behind him, putting a gun in the back of his neck.

DARREN

You had to know I was here somewhere,
right?

He then kicks Paul in the back of the knee, and Paul falls to the ground. Darren starts violently kicking the hell out of Paul, who can only writhe around on the floor and whimper. Curt stops Darren.

CURT

Hey! Take it easy, you'll kill him!

DARREN

Sorry. It's an LA thing.

Curt pulls Paul to his feet.

CURT

All right, asshole, where's he taken
Julia?

Paul says nothing, just spits up some blood. Curt then shakes him by the collar.

CURT (CONT'D)

Talk, or I'm going to let Rampart
Division here tear you apart!

Darren smiles.

DARREN

Ooo, fun.

PAUL

Fine, fine. The high school.

CURT

Where in the high school?

PAUL

Science labs. He wanted a little more
time, but he was gonna tell you anyway.
He wants to end it where it all started.

CURT

I guess he wants to blow that up, too,
huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DARREN
Aww, man, why the high school? Why not
the island movie house?

Curt looks at him strangely.

DARREN (CONT'D)
(to Curt)
The new Ben Affleck-Jennifer Lopez movie
is playing there.

Curt looks back at Paul.

CURT
What should we do with this guy?

DARREN
I've got an idea.

CURT
Tell me.

DARREN
Wedgy.

CURT
I love it.

Paul looks at Darren.

PAUL
No. Don't.

DARREN
It's payback time!

Darren reaches into Paul's pants. He fumbles around, trying
to find the guy's underwear.

CURT
What's the problem?

DARREN
Can't find his underwear.

PAUL
That's because I'm not wearing any.

Darren yanks his hand out of Paul's pants, horrified. Paul
pushes Curt off him and lunges for a shotgun. Curt fires, and
Paul's chest explodes. Paul crumples to the ground. Darren
screams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CURT

What are you so upset for? He was going to kill you!

DARREN

I touched his swampy ass!

He holds out his hand as if it has been contaminated with a terrible disease.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Where's the nearest sink and anti-bacterial agent?

Curt points to a doorway, and Darren runs through it.

INT POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Curt has a look of determination on his face. Darren is still looking at his contaminated hand.

CURT

Here's the plan.

DARREN

What?

CURT

First, we rescue Julia. Then, we kill Nims.

DARREN

That's...good. It's more of an outline than a plan. But, yeah. Good outline.

CURT

What are you talking about?

DARREN

Well, a plan might have more details, such as how we rescue Julia, how we catch Nims to kill him, that sort of thing.

CURT

Why are you riding me?

DARREN

I'm not. I said the outline was good.

CURT

It's a plan. A simple plan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

Sure, sure. A good outline...plan-outline.

(then)

So, you're going to kill him, huh? What about police brutality and all that?

CURT

He kidnapped my wife. I am not a cop as far as he is concerned. I am an extremely pissed off husband.

DARREN

Cool. Then I'm a pissed off estranged friend of the pissed off husband.

CURT

And pissed off guy who once had a crush on my wife.

DARREN

Yeah, sorry about that.

CURT

You didn't know I was going to marry her.

DARREN

Who could? Geeks don't get cheerleaders.

CURT

Watch yourself.

DARREN

Yes, I keep meaning to do that.

(then)

So, let's review the outline: kill Nims, rescue Julia.

CURT

You've got it backwards.

DARREN

Right. Rescue Julia, then kill Nims.

CURT

And you wanted me to trust you with a whole plan.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

Julia is tied up to a lab table, a vat of acid suspended over her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The vat is linked to an elaborate pulley system, which leads out through a door to an adjoining lab. Eric and Skaggs come in through that door.

NIMS

Ah, Jules. The hottest cheerleader in school. Good lord, how I wanted to poke you.

SKAGGS

Me, too.

JULIA

That's nice. Can I go now?

ERIC

Nope. We're going to call your boyfriends and get them here to see you. They'll walk through the door, and we'll yank on that rope, see.

He points to the adjoining lab.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Then, that vat of acid will spill all over your pretty face.

SKAGGS

Is this really necessary?

ERIC

Skaggs? Fuck off. Get out of my sight. Go make the call.

Skaggs goes back into the other lab.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Curt and Darren make their way down the hallway, covering each other while using banks of lockers as cover.

DARREN

(whispering)
Hey, Curt!

CURT

(whispering)
What?

DARREN

This reminds me of when we use to run around during our free period playing Starsky and Hutch. That was awesome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

Yeah, except now there's real bullets and real bullet wounds and real bleeding to death.

DARREN

Why you gotta wreck a perfectly good walk down memory lane? First, you screw up my reunion, now this.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE LAB - SAME TIME

ERIC

I can't wait to see Curt's face when that acid makes you all ugly.

JULIA

He'll love me anyway.

ERIC

Oh, is that what he told you? Telling a pretty girl you'd love her even if she got ugly? That's a no-brainer lie. You don't much hear fellas telling ugly girls they'd still love them if they got... pretty.

JULIA

That doesn't make any sense.

ERIC

(feeling stupid, threatening)
Shut up! ACID!

He storms out of the lab. Then, Darren and Curt both peek in through the door leading to the hallway. Julia sees them, and motions with her eyes to Eric and Skaggs' location. Darren and Curt quietly sneak through the lab to Julia. Curt points questioningly at the vat suspended above her.

JULIA

(barely a whisper)
Acid.

Darren looks at Curt, and also speaks in an extreme hush.

DARREN

They still teach the weekend CPR class in here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Curt nods, getting him. Julia looks at them, confused. Darren walks over to a storage cabinet and opens it up, revealing "Oral Annie", the life-sized doll used for CPR training. Curt unties Julia, and they replace her with the doll.

They then send Julia out into the hallway, and stand by the doorway.

CURT

Nims!

Nims sticks his head into the lab.

NIMS

You're early!

He ducks back into the adjacent lab to pull on the rope. The vat of acid spills all over "Oral Annie". Darren and Curt start screaming in horror, playing it way over the top.

DARREN

Noooooooooooooo!

CURT

Julia! God, she's melting! Aaaarrrrrgghh!

Then, they stop their antics, going completely deadpan.

CURT (CONT'D)

You wanna get some donuts?

DARREN

Yeah, I'm a cop, aren't I?

They back out into the hallway. Nims comes into the lab, seeing "Oral Annie".

NIMS

Son of a bitch!

Curt and Darren bust back into the lab, guns blazing. Eric dives back into the adjacent lab.

DARREN

What's wrong, Eric? No return fire? No weapons? Hah!

He starts toward the adjacent lab, but is stopped dead in his tracks when a Molotov cocktail lands on a lab table, immediately setting a whole half the lab on fire.

NIMS (O.S.)

We're in a science lab, you idiot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Darren and Curt are forced out of the lab, back into the hallway.

INT SHERBORN ISLAND HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julia runs up to them as they come out of the lab.

JULIA
What the hell just happened?

CURT
He set the lab on fire.

JULIA
The whole building's going to burn!

Curt looks out the floor-to-ceiling hallway window, spies something, then hands Julia his car keys and walkie-talkie.

CURT
My car's in the parking lot. Get to it, get out of here, and see if you can raise the volunteer firefighters on this thing.

JULIA
Are there any left?

DARREN
Last count was three.

JULIA
(to Curt)
What are you going to do?

CURT
Take care of the second part of the outline.

JULIA
What are you talking about?

DARREN
Never mind. Curt, we don't know where he is, we shouldn't leave Julia alone.

CURT
I know where he is.

Curt points out the window. Julia and Darren look out to see Eric and Skaggs making their way to the grounds keeper's garage. The first light of dawn is peeking over the trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT (CONT'D)

There's a couple of skid-loaders in that garage, I busted a couple kids stealing them last spring. They're making a run for it.

(then, to Julia)

Go!

Julia starts running down the hallway, calling for volunteer fire-fighters as she goes. Curt and Darren head off in the other direction.

EXT GROUNDS KEEPER'S GARAGE - FIRST LIGHT

Curt and Darren are running across the large open field of grass in front of the garage. Nims and Skaggs come smashing through one of the garage doors in a skid-loader (a forklift-sized vehicle that can be used as a forklift, tractor, or back-hoe depending on what attachment is used). The skid-loader is fitted with a tractor bucket in the front, and is pulling a small trailer filled with track and field equipment.

DARREN

Why didn't he just open the door?

CURT

I have no idea.

Eric and Skaggs head off into the woods. Curt and Darren run into the garage and come out with a skid-loader of their own. This one is fitted with a forklift attachment. They head down the woody trail after Eric and Skaggs.

EXT TRAIL THROUGH THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Curt is at the controls, Darren hanging off the side with his gun aimed straight ahead.

CURT

Careful hanging like that, these things tip easy!

DARREN

Okay, then! Important information!

Darren pulls himself in a bit. Then he sees Eric and Skaggs as they turn a corner.

DARREN (CONT'D)

There he is!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

They're moving slow with that trailer.

Curt rapidly closes the distance between the two skid-loaders. Eric throws a Molotov cocktail at Darren and Curt. Curt swerves his way around the explosion.

ERIC

(to Skaggs)

Give me the other one!

SKAGGS

Shouldn't you wait until they get closer?

ERIC

I don't want them to get closer!

SKAGGS

It's the last one!

ERIC

Give it!

Skaggs reluctantly hands it over. Eric lights it and throws it. He actually overthrows and it goes over Darren and Curt, exploding behind them.

DARREN

Damn, he's got a good arm.

CURT

Jock dickhead.

Skaggs, seeing them gaining, pushes his accelerator control as far down as it will go.

SKAGGS

We need to dump that trailer, or they'll be on top of us in a second!

ERIC

What about the weapons?

SKAGGS

It's a couple of lousy javelins!

ERIC

And shot-puts!

SKAGGS

What the hell are you going to do with shot-puts?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

Throw 'em!

SKAGGS

Eric! How far do you think you can throw
a shot-put?

Eric, getting pissed beyond belief, climbs his way out onto the trailer. He picks up a shot-put and throws it as hard as he can. It goes about four feet.

ERIC

Okay, I'm getting rid of the trailer! But
I'm keeping the javelins!

He picks up the three javelins and precariously balances himself between the trailer and skid-loader so he can get the "weapons" onto the skid-loader.

SKAGGS

They're catching up!

ERIC

I got it! I got it!

Skaggs rolls over a rock, causing the skid-loader to jump. Eric nearly loses his balance as he pushes the javelins into the cab of the skid-loader.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Careful, goddammit!

Eric then hangs off the back of the skid-loader and detaches the trailer. The trailer capsizes, spilling shot-puts all over the trail. Then, just as Eric is about to hoist himself back into the cab of the skid-loader, the vehicle veers off the trail and into a small streambed.

Darren and Eric, about to catch up, see the skid-loader disappear off the trail and into the trees.

CURT

Where the hell's he going?

EXT SHALLOW STREAMBED - CONTINUOUS

Eric's skid-loader splashes into the shallow water and stops.

ERIC

Where the hell are you going?

Eric loses his balance and falls into the stream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC (CONT'D)

Asshole!

He then gets up to see that Skaggs crashed because he's been killed. Eric accidentally stuck one of the javelins right through Skaggs' neck. Eric, surprised, laughs at his mistake.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Whoa! Sorry, dude. I was on the fencing team.

He jumps into the skid-loader, shoves Skaggs out into the water, then decides to follow the stream. As Eric heads up the stream, Skaggs' blood clouds the water and floats down in the opposite direction.

EXT TRAIL THROUGH THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Curt comes up on the downed trailer, and rolls over a bunch of shot-puts. Darren is nearly thrown from the vehicle.

DARREN

Go around the shot-puts! You're supposed to go around shot-puts on the trail! It's skid-loader chase-driving 101!

CURT

You're okay. Whiner.

He turns off the trail.

EXT SHALLOW STREAMBED - CONTINUOUS

Curt and Darren come splashing down into the stream, and see Skaggs. Curt stops and Darren jumps out to see if Skaggs can be helped. He turns him over in the stream, seeing that the javelin has poked clear through Skaggs' neck.

DARREN

Jesus. He's dead.

Curt is looking at Eric, who is a ways down the stream. Eric is turning around his vehicle.

CURT

What's he doing now?

DARREN

Looks like he's coming back this way.

Eric swings the skid-loader all the way around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

No more running. Let's do this.

Curt is straining to see what Eric is up to. Eric isn't yet moving. Darren climbs back up next to Curt.

DARREN

What do you think?

CURT

I think he wants to play chicken.

DARREN

Chicken? But we have guns.

CURT

So...he's not just crazy. He's also stupid.

DARREN

All right. He wants to play, we'll play.

Eric hits his accelerator and charges forward. Curt follows suit, and charges at Eric. Darren, still hanging off the skid-loader, starts firing his weapon at Eric. The bullets cling and clang as they ricochet off the metal of Eric's skid-loader.

ERIC

Cheater!

Eric throws a javelin at Curt and Darren. The javelin lands right in front of them, forcing them to swerve around it. The skid-loader nearly capsizes going up the side of the streambed, but Darren uses his weight to keep it upright.

CURT

He's good with those things.

DARREN

Jock dickhead.

Curt starts raising and lowering his forklift.

DARREN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CURT

Like the movie!

DARREN

What movie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CURT

Footloose!

The skid-loaders, going at break-neck speed, are getting very close to a head-on collision.

DARREN

You've got to be kidding me!

CURT

Don't you remember the chicken match on the tractors in *Footloose*?

DARREN

No, I don't remember the chicken in *Footloose*!

Eric, seeing Curt's forklift raising and lowering, starts to do the same with his tractor bucket.

ERIC

You wanna play, bitch?!

Curt smiles.

CURT

Looks like he remembers the chicken in *Footloose*.

DARREN

Why are you being so silly about all this?

CURT

Remember what I said about the balance on these things?

Eric brings his bucket up too high, too fast. His skid-loader rolls over backwards. He jumps out as it rolls.

Curt and Darren shout in victory, then realize they can't stop before hitting the downed skid-loader. They slam into it, and both are thrown out into the stream.

Darren and Curt immediately jump up, guns drawn. They frantically look for Eric, but he's disappeared.

DARREN

Where'd he go?

CURT

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DARREN

So, he's magic now?

(then)

I'm not up for another chase through the woods, man!

CURT

Well, if we can figure out where the hell he might be trying to go, then we can head him off.

DARREN

Head him off. I like heading people off. It's a hobby I'm very passionate about.

(then)

Where do you suppose he's trying to get exactly?

CURT

If you just destroyed a good portion of a small island town, and the cops were on your trail, where would you go?

DARREN

Off the island.

CURT

And what does he need to do that?

DARREN

Money.

CURT

And if you were an idiot, where would you hide your money?

DARREN

In my house.

CURT

Which is at the other end of the trail we were just on.

DARREN

Good. Nature walk. I love a nature walk.

They head up the stream bed and back to the trail.

EXT TRAIL THROUGH THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Darren and Curt are jogging down the path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

I said "walk". Nature "walk".

CURT

You said you were passionate about heading people off.

DARREN

Not running passionate.

CURT

Come on. Pick up the pace.

EXT ERIC'S GARAGE - MORNING

Eric runs from the woods and into his garage.

INT ERIC'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Eric runs to a piece of plywood lying on the floor at the back of the garage. He pulls up the wood to reveal a hole in the floor. He grabs a gym bag from a shelf nearby, and starts to pull cash out of the hole and put it in the bag.

Curt and Darren step out of the shadows.

DARREN

Hey, Eric. We totally headed you off.

ERIC

I guess so. I'm caught.

He is keeping one of his hands in the hole.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I guess there's no way us dumb jocks can possibly beat you smart nerds.

CURT

Eric. Pull your hand out of the hole.

ERIC

You mean this hand?

He comes up with a handgun.

CURT

Gun!

Darren and Curt both dive out of the way as Eric opens fire. The gun squirts water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

Ha-ha! Just a water gun! Tricked you!

Eric is gone before Curt and Darren can struggle to their feet.

EXT ERIC'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Eric jumps into one of the old cars in his driveway. Darren and Curt run out of the garage, guns blazing, as Eric peels out.

Curt and Darren then start running around all the old burnt out cars in the yard, trying to find one that might actually work. Darren finds an old V.W. Bug that looks whole. He jumps in and hot-wires it. It fires up.

DARREN

Got one!

Curt runs over and hops in. They take off after Eric.

EXT COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Eric's old car has begun to smoke and sputter, slowing down dramatically.

INT ERIC'S OLD CAR - CONTINUOUS

ERIC

What are you doing, you old bastard?!

He sees the V.W. Bug in his rearview.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Come on! Come on!

The car suddenly lurches forward and starts picking up speed again.

EXT COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The V.W. Bug is fast catching up to Eric's car. Just over a hill looms downtown Sherborn Island.

EXT SHERBORN ISLAND MOVIE HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Eric is just about to pass the theater.

INT ERIC'S OLD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Eric's power steering kicks out, and he loses control of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC
Fuckin' power steering!

EXT SHERBORN ISLAND MOVIE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eric's car drives head first into the tiny theater's box office. Eric jumps out and runs inside.

Curt and Darren pull up, seeing Eric's crashed car. They jump out of the Bug.

DARREN
I should be careful what I wish for.

They head inside. The marquee above the theater entrance says, "Ben Affleck and Jennifer Lopez in *That Challenged Pirate's Kid*". And, in smaller lettering, a tag line: "It's pirates! It's zany!"

INT MOVIE HOUSE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Darren and Curt come running into the lobby. There's no sign of Eric. There is a giant standee of Ben Affleck, Jennifer Lopez, and a mentally challenged boy, dressed as pirates. The Affleck and Lopez cardboard cut-outs hold *actual* swords. The kid's is missing.

CURT
Where do you suppose he is?

DARREN
I don't know. It's still too early for the matinee.

Eric pops up from behind the concessions counter.

ERIC
Don't forget your popcorn, dweebs!

He dives back behind the counter as Curt and Darren open fire. They only get off a few rounds before both their guns are clicking empty.

DARREN
Tell me you've got more ammo.

Curt looks at him and shrugs apologetically. Eric leaps on top of the concessions counter, sword poised.

ERIC
(playing pirate)
Arrrgh! I'll run ya through, ya nerdees!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lunges at Curt. Curt sidesteps him, but Eric still manages to tear Curt's shirt. Eric spins around to go at him again. Darren, nearest to the standee, pulls down Affleck's sword and throws it to Curt. Curt catches it with all the grace of Errol Flynn.

CURT

Thanks!

ERIC

You weren't on the fencing team in high school! You were too busy playing "Dungeons and Dragons"!

CURT

I did not play D&D!

Curt then charges Eric, and the two begin a very adept round of swordplay. Eric is stunned at how good Curt is with his sword. He jumps up onto the roof of his crashed car.

ERIC

Where did you learn how to fight?

CURT

Adult education classes! There is life after high school, you bonehead!

Curt jumps onto the hood of the car, and they continue their fight. Eric is very fast, however, and Curt finds himself backing down off the car and onto the ground.

Eric then backs Curt into the concessions counter. Curt rolls over the top of the counter and onto the other side. They continue to fight over the counter. Darren just stands by watching, actually quite amused.

Curt gets an upper hand for a moment, and sends Eric flying into the cardboard standee. Darren sidesteps to avoid being bowled over. Affleck and Lopez come crashing to the ground, Lopez's sword sliding across the floor and stopping at Darren's feet.

Eric flies up from the cardboard wreck, jumps up and grabs a hanging light, and swings out of Curt's reach. Curt runs after him, and they continue their fight. They move past several movie posters hung on the wall, tearing them up as they go. Soon, as the lobby is a small one, they've looped back around to the concessions counter.

Eric jumps up onto the counter, and Curt joins him. They go back and forth on the counter, sometimes Eric getting the upper hand, sometimes Curt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Eric takes a swing at Curt's ankles, but Curt jumps up avoiding the cut. Unfortunately, the counter top is made of glass, and Curt goes right through.

Eric sees his opportunity and lunges at Curt. Just before he can do his worst, Darren stabs Eric right through the thigh with the other sword. Eric screams, drops his sword, and falls off the counter and onto the floor.

DARREN

Never had one lesson.

Darren helps Curt out of the cabinet as Eric lamely tries to crawl out of the theater. Once Curt is out of the counter and on the floor, he moves to Eric. He kicks Eric over on his back, then points his sword at his throat.

ERIC

Fuck you.

CURT

(mimicking Eric like a child)
Fuck you. Na-na.

Curt tenses up, about to stab Eric right through the neck. Darren stops him with a hand to his shoulder.

CURT (CONT'D)

What?

DARREN

I just want to have a little fun with him first, okay?

Curt steps off, and beckons for Darren to have his fun. Darren grabs Eric's hands and forces Eric to hit himself.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Why are you hitting yourself? Why would you do that? Are you stupid? Stop hitting yourself!

Darren then sees Eric's boxer shorts peeking over the top of his belt line.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Hey! This one's got underwear!

Darren then gives Eric the most hard-core wedgy anyone's ever seen. Eric's face turns bright red, and he opens his mouth to scream, although the only sound he can make is a pathetic squeak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CURT

All right. Now get out of the way.

Darren drops Eric, who just curls into a fetal position. He does not, however, get out of the way.

DARREN

All right, Curt. You can kill him if you want to, I'm not going to say a single goddamn thing to a single goddamn soul. But I just want you to consider something: if you don't kill him, he's going to prison to the rest of his life.

Curt just looks at him, unwavering.

DARREN (CONT'D)

And what happens in prison? Anal rape. The worst hazing known to man. Isn't that a more fitting fate for this asshole than a sword in the neck? Don't let him off easy.

Curt looks at Darren, then hands him his handcuffs.

CURT

I like that logic.

Darren cuffs Eric, who is still squeaking in pain.

DARREN

Well, I guess that's that, then. I'm going to back to LA. Where it's safe.

CURT

Well, if you could hang for a couple more weeks, I really could use the help. I'm the only cop Sherborn's got until we can get some new recruits in.

(then, re. Eric)

There's some real dangerous people in this quiet island town.

Darren looks at his friend for a moment, then smiles.

DARREN

I'll make some calls.

Eric, delirious, starts laughing hysterically.

CURT

What the hell's so funny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ERIC
Skaggs was wrong.

CURT
Wrong about what? What are you talking about?

ERIC
He thought I was too stupid to save a back-up weapon, but he was wrong. It just wasn't a gun.

Eric continues to laugh like an idiot, and Darren and Curt look at each other. Suddenly they notice a faint beeping noise, ticking away in the background.

DARREN
(to Curt)
This again?

ERIC
You'll never make it! You'll have to leave me behind! I don't have to go to prison! I'm gonna blow up instead! Ha!

CURT
Wrong. We've had a lot of practice with this.

Eric starts screaming like a spoiled child as they pull him to his feet (just as they did with Mrs. Bean at the Sherborn Inn). They run out the front.

EXT SHERBORN ISLAND MOVIE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Darren and Curt manage to get across the street with Eric, just as the movie theater explodes in a great ball of fire. The force of the explosion knocks them all to the ground.

Eric is about to get up and run when the "J", "L", and "O" from the movie marquee all hit him in the head and knock him cold.

Darren and Curt get up and dust themselves off.

DARREN
You think those last three volunteer firefighters are done at the high school yet?

CURT
If they are, I'm sure they've all sworn to never put out a fire again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

That's the thing about not paying your
firefighters.

They look at the destroyed movie house. The building has completely disappeared, revealing a beautiful view of the ocean. The sunlight is sparkling on the water, and a pod of dolphins is swimming by.

DARREN

Shit. What are people going to do for
entertainment around here?

CURT

(re. the ocean)
This isn't so bad.

DARREN

(oblivious to the beauty)
What?

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT SMALL TOWN ROAD - NIGHT

Curt's police cruiser is moving slowly down the road.

INT POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Curt and Darren, Darren now in a police uniform, are driving down a country road. Darren is holding a box of donuts.

CURT

Small town cop lesson number one: the
jelly donut. Open the box.

Darren does so.

CURT (CONT'D)

Take out the donut.

Darren does.

CURT (CONT'D)

Take a bite.

Darren does.

DARREN

Delicious. What's lesson number two?

CURT

There really isn't one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

Let me ask you something, then. If we're the only two cops in town, and there's no one working dispatch, how are we supposed to get any calls?

Curt holds up his cell phone.

CURT

Tower's back up. Everything will be forwarded right here.

The phone rings.

CURT (CONT'D)

Here we go.

DARREN

(praying)

Please don't be an explosion. Please don't be an explosion.

CURT

(into phone)

Sherborn Island Police. Where? We're on the way.

He clicks off the phone.

DARREN

What do we got?

CURT

Noise complaint. Teenagers having a party.

(then)

You want some beer to wash down that donut?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT SUBURBAN HOME BACKYARD - NIGHT

Curt and Darren are chasing a bunch of teenagers out of a party. They are really enjoying themselves.

CUT TO:

EXT APPLE ORCHARD - LATER

Curt and Darren are sitting on the hood of the cruiser, enjoying some donuts and cans of beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

I could get used to this.

CURT

You do, my friend. You do.

(then)

Give me a maple frosted.

FADE OUT.