

CASSIUS & CLAY

"The Chief"

written by

Adam Reed & Megan Ganz

Fifth Draft: 3/6/2015

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT ©2015 BLUEBUSH PRODUCTIONS, LLC.
NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED, SOLD
OR DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS OR QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM, INCLUDING
ANY WEBSITE, WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF BLUEBUSH PRODUCTIONS, LLC.
DISPOSAL OF THIS COPY DOES NOT ALTER ANY OF THE RESTRICTIONS SET FORTH ABOVE.

TEASER

A lonesome fiddle begins to play a mournful bluegrass ballad, as we slowly FADE IN to a film-grainy, BLEACH BYPASS image of

1 EXT. HOUSE -- DAY

A quaint Craftsman bungalow a quiet, small town street, with a new, white 1980 AMC EAGLE 4X4 STATION WAGON sitting in the driveway, and a LITTLE GIRL standing on the front walk beside her TRICYCLE. As we PUSH IN to her plucking the petals from a DAISY, we hear an ancient woman's voice: THE CHILD HAROLD.

THE CHILD HAROLD (V.O.)

I wern't but a little girl, the day
what the world ended. The day folks
round here come to know as The Fall.

The little girl raises her head to look at something, then squints and raises a hand to shield her eyes as the screen washes and bleeds out to pretty damn near WHITE. FADE TO:

2 MONTAGE: AFTER THE FALL

Still bleach bypass-y, a few shots (TBD) illustrating collapse of society (though no nuclear war or any major devastation), ending on an interior of a thoroughly looted grocery store.

THE CHILD HAROLD (V.O.)

But it weren't The Fall what killed
us. That just quieten'd things down
for a spell... 'til the food run out.

(Here the FIDDLE ballad shifts into punchy, tense, dramatic.)

Now some shots (TBD) of people in 1980's clothes and cars burning shit down and murdering each other; soldiers killing civilians, civilians killing soldiers, generalized mayhem.

THE CHILD HAROLD (V.O.)

And then we set about our own killin'.
And burnin' and warrin' and rapin'...

Ending on a grim tableau of a FAMILY whose 80's wood-paneled station wagon has obviously broken down on the highway trying to escape to anywhere - goods and jerry cans lashed to the roof, etc. - now with its doors flung open and clothes and shit scattered around on the ground and three KILLBILLIES jumping around on the hood and roof beating on it with BATS and probably a GO-DEVIL (maul), hooting and screaming all

BILLIES

[hooting and screaming]

THE CHILD HAROLD (V.O.)

Oh, and cannibalism-in? Lord, yes...

Now their screaming is drowned out by a far more terrible sound: a WOMAN screaming for her very life, as we PAN TO

A pretty young mother, her 1980's clothes mostly torn from her body, screaming and spread-eagled at waist height as four other billies, all hooting horribly, one on each wrist and ankle, literally try to pull the woman limb from limb.

80'S WOMAN

[screaming]

BILLIES

[hooting and screaming]

THE CHILD HAROLD (V.O.)

And them freaks'll eat you standin'
up. Killbillies, we come to call 'em.

And then BOOM! We hear a GUNSHOT, a billy goes down, the others turn and react in hatred and horror as we CUT TO see

A grim, mostly black-clad group of men, a MILITIA (of sorts), now blasting the remaining shit out of the remaining billies.

THE CHILD HAROLD (V.O.)

Course they brung us the militia...

The poor woman barely has time to gather herself before the militia men close in.

TRANSITION TO an ESTABLISHING SHOT of RICHWAY, former race track and capital of a loose confederation of city-states, which looks almost like a combination of the old Richmond Motor Speedway and Mordor: all very dark and sinister, etc.

THE CHILD HAROLD (V.O.)

Which brung us a goddamn government...

Some quick shots (TBD) illustrating (teenage) CONSCRIPTION, TAXATION, STILL BUSTING, (maybe?) CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, etc. One shot should be a large company of government SOLDIERS (and vehicles) at the gate of a RACETRACK CITY-STATE (like Wilke), its leader yelling up at the citizens on the wall.

THE CHILD HAROLD (V.O.)

With all the taxes and press gangs
and leevies and... just the all-around
catshit that comes with it. Just
grindin' good folks down. [spits]

TRANSITION TO:

3 EXT. HWY 421, WILKES COUNTY, NC -- PRESENT DAY (2217 A.D.)

Which, surprisingly, is lush and verdant and very overgrown.

THE CHILD HAROLD (tiny, ancient, probably female) wipes spit from her mouth with one hand as the other holds up the maggot-shimmering carcass of a dead POSSUM for closer inspection.

THE CHILD HAROLD

But some folks, you cain't keep 'em
down. They go their own way. We
got us a couple like that around
these parts. Hell, you might could
even call 'em folk heroes...
(sniffs possum, exhales)
Although you prob'ly won't.

As the FIDDLE is suddenly joined by a BANJO and we slam into a full-on breakdown of the Foggy Mountain variety, here comes

CASSIUS

(approaching, Dopplered)
Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit --

A rather beat-up, white, 1980 AMC EAGLE 4X4 STATION WAGON

exploding out of the weeds behind Child Harold, BROWWWWWWWMP, briefly bouncing airborne, skidding onto the two-lane blacktop and nearly clipping the ancient woman, but settling for the POSSUM getting splashed across the windshield with a FLRRMP!

CASSIUS (O.S.)

-- iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit!

The battle wagon roars by and we CUT TO its ass, fishtailing a bit before tearing off down the road. The 1980 NORTH CAROLINA PLATE reads "BUNNY," so that's what we'll call her.

4 INT./EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

On the driver, CASSIUS CORDWOOD. Mid-30s, brassy, gawky-but-trying. She looks concerned as she drives her ass off: cowboy boots working the pedals, leather-gloved hand working the shifter. As she checks her SIDEVIEW MIRROR, her eyes widen.

CASSIUS

Shit shit shit shit shit shit!

Then we CUT TO see what Cassius is seeing and, yeah, shit:

5 EXT. HIGHWAY 421 -- CONTINUOUS

Screaming - literally and figuratively - onto the highway is a band of the most terrifyingly inbred cannibal monsters you can imagine: a century's worth of eating strangers and fucking relatives. The KILLBILLIES (BILLIES, hereafter) are swarming toward our heroine on 1970's dieselized DIRT BIKES, trailed by a PICKUP TRUCK full of even more of these backwoods fucks.

BILLIES

[screams]

6 INT./EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

Cassius still driving her ass off, almost redlining the Bunny.

CASSIUS

Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit...

7 EXT. HIGHWAY 421 -- CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, the BILLIES are starting to close the gap, and now we see they have a variety of skirmish weapons: mostly old bolt-action RIFLES (e.g. Mosin-Nagants, Krag-Jørgensens, etc.) but also a COMPOUND BOW or two.

BILLIES

[screams]

The pillion rider on the front bike fires a round: BOOM!

8 INT./EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

FZZZINK! The SIDE MIRROR, with Cassius' face in it, shatters.

CASSIUS

Shit!

She swerves right, leaving the highway. She's looking at the passenger's side for a good long while, until:

CASSIUS

And that's not helping anything!

In the passenger seat is SHOPCARTER CLAY: mid 30's, muscular, Mohawked, sexy (though possibly asexual) stunning. She looks up from the fat JOINT she's rolling as the car swerves again - spilling a lot of the WEED - and the tires go SKRREEEEEEEEEEP!

CLAY

And that is?

CASSIUS

And where'd you get papers?!

Cassius reaches down, holds up a faded packet of ROLLING PAPERS.

CLAY

Been savin' 'em for a special occasion.

CASSIUS

And this qualifies?

BOOMFZZZINK! The REARVIEW MIRROR, right between them, shatters.

CLAY
Well, unless Preacher's got it wrong...
(licks joint shut)
You only die the once.

THUNK. The LIGHTER pops up. Clay reaches for it as Cassius keeps swerving, the BILLIES keep screaming/shooting.

CASSIUS
Oh for -- go ahead and say it!

CUT TO Clay, lighting the JOINT and taking a big deep drag.

CLAY
(holding smoke)
Say what.

CUT TO the rear of the Bunny to see that the entire back half of their car is stuffed, to the roof, with POT PLANTS -- just stuffed in there, like they've got six Christmas trees -- all of them hanging out the back.

CASSIUS (O.S.)
That stealing this weed from the
killbillies was a bad idea!

CUT TO the front seat as Clay passes Cassius the hogleg joint.

CLAY
(holding smoke)
Yeah I said that.

CASSIUS
(inhales, holds it)
Betcha take it back now though, huh?

Clay reaches for the joint again when BOOMFZZZRT! a slug rips through the very outer meat of Clay's deltoid, leaving a gash of torn flesh and sleeve.

CLAY
(coughs out smoke)
Rrk!

CASSIUS
[big cough/exhale]

CLAY
Mmmno, I stand by that statement.

CUT TO the billies being crazy, closing in.

THUNK. Clay pushes the lighter back in, then reaches up and slides back the (totally non-factory) SUNROOF: SHHHHHUNK.

BILLIES

[screams]

CUT TO Clay, now standing out of the sunroof, as she draws two tremendous COLT PEACEMAKER REVOLVERS and starts methodically firing. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Each time we CUT TO see a billy get drilled square in his big, lumpy forehead.

CASSIUS (O.S.)

So what, you just gonna pout?

CUT TO Cassius, mid-sentence, as Clay squats back down inside the Bunny just as the lighter pops up with a THUNK. We stay on Cassius but should see Clay's hand/arm reach over and pull out the lighter, taking it off-camera.

CASSIUS

... for all the good it does, which by the way is none. Two, maybe try helping instead of just sittin' there, waiting for my ideas to go to --

FZZZZ. We hear a SIZZLE and Cassius turns to the passenger seat. REVEAL Clay, pistol in her left hand, is pressing the LIGHTER against the wound on her arm, with appropriate smoke.

CLAY

What.

A beat, then Clay pulls the lighter off her CAUTERIZED WOUND.

CASSIUS

[small retching noises, then]
(looks up)
Shhhhhhhit!

Cassius stomps on the BRAKES with both feet. SKRRRRRRRRRRRT!

9 EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

The car skids toward a FALLEN WOODEN BRIDGE, the remaining planks of which jut out over a deep, treacherous GORGE. Nearby, a hand-painted sign reads "BRIDGE BEIN' BUILT."

10 INT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

They come to a stop not an inch too soon and everything is quiet. The women look out over the lush expanse, astonished.

CLAY

Pretty, huh?

BILLIES (O.S.)

[screams, still faint, but...]

CASSIUS

(building)

So pretty. Which will bring me
such comfort when they start making
sausage by stuffing the rest of me
into my own goddamn intestines!

CLAY

(loading her pistols)

Doubt they'll go to all that trouble.

CASSIUS

Goddammit, Clay! I can't get eaten!
You know I got a thing about that!

CLAY

Well, then...

Clay looks out the windshield at the bottomless gorge. We
hear the first gentle strains intro to a bluegrass breakdown.

CASSIUS

What're you sayin', Clay? Clay,
what're you sayin'? Are you sayin'
what I think you're sayin', or --

CLAY

Cassius.

They smile devilishly at each other. Cassius clunks the
Bunny into gear. And then her boot slams down on the GAS.

11 EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

Music swells and tires squeal as the Bunny takes off.

BACKWARDS.

Straight into the oncoming horde of (rather surprised) billies.

12 INT./EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

Clay stands up out of the sunroof and starts happily blasting
away at the Billies as the Bunny barrels into, through them.

CASSIUS

Whoooooo-hoooo!

The wheels cut and the Bunny does a BOOTLEG TURN as we CUT TO

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

13 EXT. HIGHWAY 421 -- MOMENTS LATER

On the empty highway for a beat, then the Bunny goes tearing ass through frame, Clay still standing out the sunroof and firing methodically. Another beat and here come the Billies.

BILLIES

[screaming]

14 EXT./INT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

Cassius, with the JOINT from earlier dangling from her lip, drives with one hand and fiddles around pushing the LIGHTER back in with the other, absolutely not watching the road.

CASSIUS

Want me to let 'em get in closer so
it's easier?!

CUT TO Clay, pausing her shooting a moment, looking down.

CLAY

No, I want you to -- whoa!

They swerve, barely missing an abandoned car on the highway.

CLAY

Watch the damn road so you don't hit
som'n!

CUT TO Cassius, now lighting the JOINT with the LIGHTER.

CASSIUS

Calm down, woman! I ain't hittin'
shit!

(inhales, holds it)
'cept this little dude...

CLAY (O.S.)

What?

CASSIUS

Nothin'!

Clay ducks back inside the car, kneels on the seat backwards.

CLAY

I'm out.

Cassius taps the FUEL GAUGE, and we CUT TO see it's on EMPTY.

CASSIUS
So's this fat bitch, just about.

BULLETS from the Billies will zing through the Bunny below.

CLAY
Wh-?! Well did you fill 'er up?!

CASSIUS
Obviously not, Clay!

CLAY
I asked you to do one thing, one --

CASSIUS
You asked me to do two things!

CLAY
And?!

CASSIUS
I didn't do the other one either.

Clay offers Cassius a CB RADIO MIC.

CLAY
Then guess what you're doin' now!

CASSIUS
I am not callin' Mack! I'm covered
in enough shit as it is, thank you!

15 EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

One billy leans out of a pickup, using a flaming TORCH to light the nocked ARROW of another billy on a dirt bike.

CLAY (O.S.)
We got no choice!

CASSIUS (O.S.)
We always have a choice!

SHUNK! The FLAMING ARROW is fired, and

FWZZZZZZZZSHUNK. It flies straight toward the Bunny and disappears deep inside the thick, thick bundle of POT PLANTS.

16 INT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

CASSIUS
Self-determination, Clay, it's what separates us from the lower beasts!

CLAY

No, not being food is what...
(sniffs)
Separates us...

Clay stops, SNIFFS, looks confused. She turns to Cassius, who returns her confused look. They both turn, to see...

17 EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

The POT PLANTS are now fully on fire, and thick WHITE SMOKE billows out of the Bunny -- so it looks like a crippled fighter plane -- and the BILLIES are going totally batshit.

BILLIES

[screams]

CASSIUS (O.S.)

Uh, Mack, this is Cassius, come back?

18 INT./EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

Cassius has the CB MIC in one hand as Clay kicks at the big smoking/flaming bulk of POT PLANTS with both cowboy boots.

CASSIUS

Mack, you got your ears on? Over.
(beat, then explodes)
Maaaaaaack!

MACK (O.S.)

God! Dammit! What!

19 EXT. MACK'S SKYBOX -- BEDROOM

Leaning out the window of her (by post-apocalyptic standards) swank penthouse is CONNIE MACK. She is barely awake but completely furious, and holding a big clunky WALKIE-TALKIE.

CASSIUS (O.S.)

Well good mornin', Mack!

MACK

It is too goddamn early for morning.

LEE HARVEY (O.S.)

Sorry, Mutha Mack.

On hearing (yet another!) woman's voice, we CUT TO

20 INT. MACK'S SKYBOX -- CONTINUOUS

Mack scowls at yet another young woman, LEE HARVEY (early 20s, rumped, whorish). She's sitting on the bed, very nearly naked, looking at a nasty BLACK EYE in a piece of MIRROR.

MACK
(annoyed sigh)
And why're you in here?

LEE HARVEY
I felled asleep.

CASSIUS (O.S.)
So hey, Mack?

MACK
Why'd you come in here?

Lee Harvey just points to her swollen black eye.

MACK
You'll tell me who.

Mack looks out the window again, raising some old BINOCULARS.

MACK
(into walkie)
And you'll tell me why I'm not gonna
just go back to bed and let those
billies smoke yer dumb ass into bacon.

21 POV BINOCULARS -- CONTINUOUS

The whole smoking, screaming, swerving caravan is heading straight towards Mack/us.

CASSIUS (O.S.)
Mack I promise I'll --

MACK
And don't say you'll pay me back!
You don't have a pot to piss in!

22 INT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

CASSIUS
(to Clay)
Pff, shows what she knows, we just
got that nice new pot.

CLAY
Which you better not be pissin' in!

A beat of Cassius looking guilty, until Clay grabs the MIC.

CLAY
(into mic)
Mack, it's Clay. We're good for it.

23 INT. MACK'S SKYBOX -- CONTINUOUS

CLAY (O.S.)
You got my word on that.

Mack clenches her jaw at the sound of CLAY'S VOICE. Too damn early. She turns the CHANNEL KNOB on her walkie.

MACK
(into walkie)
All right, then... hose 'em off.

24 EXT. SPEEDWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Fairly WIDE, looking from the road toward where the skyboxes are, and now we see that this structure used to be some sort of stadium -- but probably not anymore, as popping up from the top of the outer wall just now, are two hand-cranked MACHINE GUNS (Gardner guns, circa 1900) whose OPERATORS clunk them into position and start cranking: DOON DOON DOON DOON...

CUT TO the concrete door between the stadium and the road as the Bunny (and truck and bikes) comes skidding in -- flinging a few BILLIES off at the turn -- then CUT between the MACHINE GUNS firing -- DOON DOON DOON DOON -- and a CLOSE UP of .45 CAL SHELLS falling into five-gallon buckets -- PLINK DINK TINK -- and the DOOR, where BILLIES scramble to get away...

BILLIES
[screams]

25 INT./EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

The Bunny skids to a stop, punching/kicking at the remaining billies that are half in, half out of the car, as SLUGS rip through the roof and body panels -- KAPLINK, KAPLUNK, PAZING! -- taking off the only remaining mirror.

CASSIUS
(to guns)
Okay! Okay! OKAY! We've got it
from here, thanks! Watch the goddamn --

A bullet ZINGS through the car's hood, killing the engine.

CASSIUS
Paint, son of a --

MACK (O.S.)
Stop! Ya damn fools!

26 EXT. MACK'S SKYBOX -- CONTINUOUS

Mack, looking out the window and pulling on clothes, yells into the clunky WALKIE cradled on her shoulder.

MACK

Put a girl in the damn poorhouse.

27 EXT. SPEEDWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The townsfolk - including DOC BENZ and SMIFFY, our version of Master-Blaster consisting of a grizzled, angry legless old man harnessed to the back of an enormous blacksmith - have gathered around the smoking Bunny, as Cassius fends off the last, armless 'billy. It finally runs off, screaming.

CASSIUS

(calling after)

That's right! Go suck your stumps,
shitpoke!

SPLUTCH! A single bullet rips through the billy's temples.

EVERYBODY

[reactions to this]

They turn to see Mack, holding a smoking GUN. Mack doesn't break stride as she holsters her gun and removes her rings.

MACK

[rackem frackem type grumbling]

CASSIUS

Now, Mack, hold on, before you --

KWHUNCH! Mack smashes Clay right in the eye.

CLAY

Ungh!

KLONK, THUD. Clay bounces off the Bunny, thuds on the ground.

EVERYBODY

[reactions to this]

CLAY

It was her idea to steal that billy
weed! What'd ya hit me for?!

MACK

Cause she doesn't have the sense God
gave a duck, but you oughta know
better.

CASSIUS

(to Clay)

That's true, you should.

(to Mack)

And --

KWHUNCH! Mack smashes Cassius in the nose with a hook.

EVERYBODY
[reactions to this]

MACK
Don't you ever let your voice be the
first thing I hear in the morning.

Mack sees Smiffy smiling at her and KWHUNCH! socks him in the
face, knocking him down onto Doc Benz.

SMIFFY
Owww!

DOC BENZ
Oh, you owww?!

SMIFFY
Why'd you hit us?!

MACK
Just making Doc's wish come true.

DOC BENZ
What wish?!

MACK
Doc, you know the minute I walked
off you'da said "Man, I wish that
thick bitch woulda hit me like that."

DOC BENZ
(chuckling)
Yeah, I probably woulda...

SMIFFY
That's why you're not well-liked.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

28 EXT. THE SNUG -- ESTABLISHING -- LATER

The Snug is Mack's SALOON and, like all the "buildings" in the "downtown" section (the former infield) of Wilke, it was constructed out of shipping containers long, long ago. We hear some soft, slow, bluegrass/old time MUSIC from inside.

WEEKS (O.S.)

Well, but look at it from her side,
girls. She's got a right to be upset.

29 INT. THE SNUG -- CONTINUOUS

On the inside, though, it pretty much just looks like a bar. There is no electricity, so the light comes in through windows casts a nice afternoon warmth over everything, which is complimented by the house band -- WAYLOW, THURLOW and PERLOW -- playing their guitar, banjo and fiddle quietly in the corner.

Several townsfolk, who we will all come to know and love, sit/stand around the place. LEE HARVEY is behind the bar, maybe pouring or pulling DRINKS, of which there are only two: BEER and a sorghum-based liquor known to the Chinese as *baijiu*, but to these folks just as HOOCH. Empty bottles of which surround THE CHILD HAROLD, who is passed the fuck out.

At the bar sits MAYOR WAITSTILL WEEKS (think a combination of Jeffrey Tambor and Henry Blake from MASH) and his whore, JACK RUBY (early 20s, short, thick). He's talking to Clay (bruise on her cheek) and Cassius (COTTON in each nostril).

WEEKS

The town leases those guns from Mack
and they're about the only thing
keepin' Wilke safe from those damn
cannibals. The guns, the wall...
and myself. Though I suppose the
wall also keeps in the floodwaters
so it really goes guns, me --

LEE HARVEY

(to Cassius)
You got shit in your nose.

CASSIUS

(nasally, building)
Thank you, Lee Harvey, I'm well aware
of the fact that I have shit in my
nose, now may we have two shots and
two beers please and also thank you!

MACK (O.S.)

I got it, Harv.

Mack emerges from a BACK ROOM, in which we glimpse SMIFFY and DOC BENZ towering over a seated, whimpering OLD MAN. She sets about clinking down four TIN CANS on the bar, two fifteen-ounce and two small (like tomato paste ones).

CASSIUS

(nasal)

Oh no, Mack, you don't have to --

MACK

Cassius, shut that hole of yours. You sound like a duck. Talking through another duck's asshole.

CASSIUS

I --

CLAY

[Ahem!]

Mack pushes the empty TIN CANS across the bar towards them.

MACK

Okay, two and two. There you go.

A good long beat as Cassius and Clay look at the empty CANS. Then at Mack. Then at the cans. Then back up at Mack.

MACK

Oh, sorry, you want those filled up?

CUT TO Cassius and Clay (to cover Mack's next move here) as they look at each other a beat, then turn back toward Mack.

CLAY

Um...

REVEAL Mack now has one of those five-gallon BUCKETS, from which she dumps hundreds of BRASS SHELLS -- like she's filling a hog trough -- onto the bar, with the sound that would make.

CASSIUS

Okay, look that's not --

CLUNK. Mack clunks the upturned BUCKET onto Cassius' head...

CASSIUS

-- necessary.

(lifting bucket)

C'mon, Mack, you know we're good f --

(MORE)

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
(sees all the shells)
Are you shitting me?! How many even
is that?!

JACK RUBY
Five-hundred forty-eight.
(off their looks)
She made us count 'em twicet.

CASSIUS
And thank you! Jack Ruby! For that!

JACK RUBY
Twicet.

MACK
And when you add that to your tab...

CLAY
Her tab.

CASSIUS
Which is why we stole that weed,
Mack, to pay off... the tab!

CLAY
Your tab.

MACK
Whoever's tab, I personally don't
give a lumpy shit, but one or both
of y'all owes me a thousand rounds.

CLAY
Whaaat?

CASSIUS
I'm squeeze me?!

MACK
Yeah, I rounded it off.

CASSIUS
And up...

MACK
Damn right up. Cause Richway's got
themselves a new Reeve, and he's
gonna be rollin' through here on The
Chief tomorrow, roundin' up conscripts
and collectin' taxes, so I am...
(at Child Harold)
Callin! In! Taaaaabs!

WEEKS
Yeah, so about that...

MACK

Oh don't you fret, Mayor. You know
I couldn't take a round from you.
At least not before Jack Ruby could.
(to Ruby)
And about that.

Ruby produces a heavy SACK OF BULLETS and hands them over.

CLAY

(chuckling)
Jack Ruby, how much you chargin'
him for a screw these days?

JACK RUBY

Same as everybody else, w --

WEEKS

Okay, yes! I have my weaknesses,
same as everyone here. And thank
Krog for it! Makes a man reasonable.
Not like this new Reeve, huh-uh.
They're sayin' he can't be bought
with hooch, home-cookin' or whores.

JACK RUBY

(gasp)
You think he's a ghost?

A beat as they all give her the look this deserves.

CASSIUS

So what, we're just gonna let the
government's man come into our town
and do his job?! Where does it end?!

MACK

Oh, I wouldn't worry about him,
Cassius. I'd worry about payin' me.

Cassius makes a decidedly unsexy attempt at being sexy -
maybe unbuttoning her shirt a bit, trying to wink, etc.

CASSIUS

Well... how's about I work it off?

CLAY

[a pained/sympathetic sigh]

MACK

Why not? Hope springs eternal...
(chuckling, to crowd)
Hey boys! Gotta special on Cassius!
(holds up a .45 round)
One round, one screw!

CUT TO Mack's POV: nobody is moving at all. Or even looking.

MACK

But wait! If you act now, the first screw is completely free. Of charge, not free of god-knows-what.

CUT TO Mack's POV: still no movement. Until handfuls of empty SHELL CASINGS come wizzing at the patrons, who duck.

SNUG PATRONS

[ad-lib reactions and cussing]

CUT TO the bar, as Cassius whips handfuls of SHELL CASINGS.

CASSIUS

Hey [BEEP] y'all! And [BEEP] the [BEEP] [BEEP] of the [BEEEEEEEEEP]!

DRUNK (O.S.)

Hey now hang on thar!

A huge, linebackery, grizzled, prospectory, SHITFACED Snug patron staggers up beside Clay, with a fistful of .45 ROUNDS.

SHITFACE

(boozy, re: Cassius)
Not... that one, obviously, but...
(slaps down rounds)
I'll blow a load into this bald one.

Clay slowly turns and looks at this ursine giant for a beat...

SHITFACE

Or -- [oof!]

WHUMP! In a flash, Clay sidekicks big Shitface right in the chest, smashing him into/through a card table with a KRSMASH!

A beat, then everything (music included) goes back to normal as Mack swipes up Shitface's five or so ROUNDS off the bar.

MACK

(chuckling)
That's gotta hurt, huh? They'd all pay her just to whip their asses, but nobody'll screw you for free?

CASSIUS

We both know I could find a hundred guys to screw me for free. I still won't have anything to give you.

MACK

Well, you better find something to give me. Or I'll find it for you.

We hear a door open and CUT TO an old man, SHEM, exiting the back room, his left arm ending in a bandaged, bloodied STUMP.

SHEM

Thanks for bein' so reasonable, Mack.

Cassius looks grim. Shem sits at the bar and lifts his stump to signal Lee Harvey for a drink.

SHEM

Lee Harvey, can I get one of them?

A tin can SLIDES PAST Shem's stump and CLATTERS to the ground.

CASSIUS

(huge laugh, then)

Thanks, Shem. I needed that.

30 EXT. MAIN STREET -- LATER

Cassius and Clay WALK-AND-PUSH the Bunny down the main thoroughfare, giving us a chance to see some storefronts and vendors' stalls: general store, icehouse, Weeks' newspaper office, a restaurant, etc. The buildings are all SHIPPING CONTAINERS stacked this way and that, two or three stories, all different colors and logos (though now very much faded). Townsfolk walk to and fro, going about their daily doings.

Clay pushes the car from behind, while Cassius pushes and steers through the driver's side window.

CASSIUS

And so I suppose you think now's when I ask you for help gettin' out of this particular jam or scrape or what have you, but you are mistaken.

CLAY

Already?

CASSIUS

'Cause I don't need your help, 'cause I'm gonna win my way out of it playin' cards, with my real best friend, a classy gal by the name of Lady Luck!

CLAY

(chuckling)

Cassius, I've seen you gamble...

31 FLASHBACK: INT. THE SNUG -- GAMBLING AREA -- NIGHT

A shitfaced Cassius, holding five CARDS, flops them onto a big pile of BULLETS in the center of a green felt card table.

CASSIUS
Full house, shitheels! Queens over
nines!

WIDER: the other PLAYERS just stare at her like she's insane.

DEALER
Again, this is blackjack.

CASSIUS
(thinks, turns)
Marker!

32 EXT. MAIN STREET -- BACK TO SCENE

CASSIUS
Well then I'll get it some other
way, smartass, so don't come cryin'
to me the next time you need help,
'cause I won't be there! I'll be...

Beat.

CLAY
Wonderin' how to pick shit up with
no hands?

CASSIUS
Well maybe I'll hire a shit-picker-
upper! Who shares my lust for life!

CLAY
You mean lust for bein' an asshole.

CASSIUS
Wh-? Who's the asshole here, Clay?
The woman who cracks open the bones
of life and sucks out the very marrow,
or the woman who kills the buzz of
the first woman, the marrow-sucker!

CLAY
You, Cassius. Are the asshole here.

CASSIUS (O.S.)
Well you vouched for me, so...

CLAY
Well then I guess I'm the asshole!

CASSIUS

S'what I been tryin' to tell ya.

33 EXT./INT. GARAGE/SURGERY -- A BIT LATER

Two-story garage/blacksmith/surgery combo, with wide open bays in the front, a full-on old-school forge inside. Doc Benz -- his harness attached to the ceiling by ropes and pulleys -- looks and pokes around under the Bunny's hood.

DOC BENZ

Now, I'm not gonna lie to you girls...

CASSIUS

That'd be a treat.

DOC BENZ

Keep smartin' off, see what happens.
That slug holed your cylinder head,
so that's a tear-down and rebuild.

CLAY

Smiffy?

DOC BENZ

Wh-?! Don't ask him!

CASSIUS

But he's the one who's gonna fix it!

DOC BENZ

He's not gonna do shit unless I give
the say-so. I'm tired of you harlots
takin' advantage of his weak mind.

SMIFFY

Like you did on your busted oilpan.

CLAY

(to Cassius)

Your what?

CASSIUS

You said we were square on that!

SMIFFY

You and me are square. But the Doc's
still all pointy about it.

CLAY

When did you bust the oilpan?!

CASSIUS

Can't our relationship have a little
mystery?!

(MORE)

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

(sexy, to Doc)

And c'mon now, Doc, maybe I can't
pay exactly right now but I bet we
can work out some way to swing it...

(gently swings him)

I mean, don'tcha ever get lonely?

DOC BENZ

I do.

(eases her hand away)

But a man has limits.

CASSIUS

Well then [BEEP] you runnin, Doc!

CLAY

[suppressed laughter]

SMIFFY

[suppressed laughter]

CASSIUS

It's your loss! I wouda broke you
in... whatever half of a half is.

SMIFFY

Are you serious?

CLAY

I am.

Clay holds up a small burlap sack of WEED, hands it to Smiffy.

CLAY

We need y'all to fix the Bunny.

Doc climbs Smiffy like a tree, trying to grab the WEED.

DOC BENZ

Fine! I will consider this a down
payment. Earnest weed, if you will...

SMIFFY

Oh, I will!

CASSIUS

Thank you, yes, that's --

CLAY

Thanks Doc, I apprec --

DOC BENZ

But you're still gonna owe me parts
and labor... plus your other tab.

CLAY

[weary yet annoyed sigh]

CASSIUS

I can explain this.

34 EXT. MAIN STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Cassius and Clay walk away from Doc Benz' (visible in B.G.)

CLAY
Three hundred?! On your teeth!?

CASSIUS
Hey, if you take care of your teeth
they will take care of you, now that
is truth. And I think three hundred --

SMIFFY leans out of the front door, calling after them.

SMIFFY
Hey! Doc said it's another hundred
for that titty lift!

Cassius visibly deflates as she and Clay stop in their tracks.

SMIFFY
And then I said I felt uncomfortable
screamin' that! Well... okay then!

CLAY
What. Is a titty lift.

Cassius puts a hand in her shirt, digs around and pulls out
a SMALL WOODEN LIFT formed to the shape of, well, a titty.
One boob noticeably droops. Clay says nothing, just storms
off, followed by Cassius who reinserts her wooden lift.

CASSIUS
C'mon, they've already practically
paid for themselves.

CLAY
Wh-?! How?!?

CASSIUS
Discounts?

CLAY
Well great! Then maybe you can get
a discount on what we owe, which all
of a sudden is two thousand!

CASSIUS
I still think I could win it at cards.

CLAY
Cassius, have you seen you gamble?

CASSIUS
Parts of it.

35 FLASHBACK: INT. THE SNUG -- GAMBLING AREA -- NIGHT

An even more shitfaced Cassius flops her CARDS - the ACE and JACK of SPADES, for what it's worth - onto the green felt.

CASSIUS

Twenty-one! Suck shit, shitsuckers!

WIDER: Cassius has thrown her cards down on a CRAPS TABLE. The other players stare at her a beat, then the DEALER rakes in her huge pile of BULLETS with a (curtain rod) CRAPS RAKE.

DEALER

New shooter, comin' out...

CASSIUS

Marfler!

Cassius passes out, her chin smacking the table on way down.

36 EXT. MAIN STREET -- BACK TO SCENE

Cassius and Clay still walking, past some different shops.

CASSIUS

Okay, so maybe we borrow it!

CLAY

Then we'd just owe somebody else.

CASSIUS

Yeah, but what if that somebody was nine different kinds of stupid?

37 INT. THE SNUG -- WHORES' ROOMS -- A BIT LATER

On Jack Ruby, maybe washing her (hidden) privates in a makeshift sink (that has a makeshift handpumped faucet).

JACK RUBY

I mean, I got some saved up, but y'all cain't have it. I'm savin' to buy myself from Mother Mack.

WIDER: Cassius and Clay are in the room (or the doorway).

CLAY

Well how -- no offense, Jack Ruby, but how much could you possibly cost?

JACK RUBY

Five thousand.

CASSIUS
What?! Is she selling you for parts?!
How much've you saved up?

JACK RUBY
(excited whisper)
Three thousand nine-hunnerd and one!

CASSIUS
Wait, what? Who paid you one?

JACK RUBY
(confused)
Everybody.

CASSIUS [shudder] CLAY [shudder]

38 EXT. MAIN STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Cassius and Clay still walking, past some different shops.

CASSIUS
Well, you know it kills me to say
this, but... maybe we could earn it?

CLAY
Ugh. Although ol' Shuck Stamey said
he'd pay me to kill Preacher.

CASSIUS
Our Preacher? Why haven't you?

CLAY
(shrugs)
Drivin' the price up.

CASSIUS
Well? Let's go see ol' Shuck Stamey.

39 EXT. GRAVEYARD -- LATER

OTS on Cassius and Clay, looking down at a makeshift HEADSTONE
(maybe 80's computer tower?) that reads "SHUCK STAMEY - SHOT"

CASSIUS
Dammit! Wait, did you shoot him?

CLAY
Why would I shoot him?

CASSIUS
Why do you shoot anybody?

CLAY

Well that obviously depends.

CASSIUS

Okay, so if we can't borrow it and we can't earn it... we pivot.

CLAY

Pivot how?

40 EXT. THE NEW REFORMED CHURCH OF KROG -- LATER -- SUNSET

On the stoop of the church sits the fat, tonsured, monkish-robed PREACHER. Very skinny ORPHANS lurk about like rats.

PREACHER

Huh. Well, as much as I'd like to pay you for not having killed me, Miss Clay, I have barely means enough by which to care for these poor waifs. Hard living has made them... tough.
(wipes some drool)
So they need a lot of tenderizing.

A loooooooooong beat, and then we CUT TO

41 EXT. WILKE -- ESTABLISHING -- LATER -- (NIGHT, NEARLY DAWN)

HIGH ANGLE, WIDE. Looking out over the town, to see the very first hint of the false, pre-dawn light illuminating Wilke and the woods beyond, where tree frogs are raising a ruckus.

And as we hear tires crunching slowly on gravel, we CUT TO

42 EXT. GARAGE/SURGERY -- CONTINUOUS

Cassius and Clay are pushing the (presumably repaired) Bunny out of Doc and Smiffy's garage/surgery under cover of darkness.

CASSIUS

Did that seem like a funny way to put that?

CLAY

Funny strange, or funny "nom nom nom I'm eatin' these delicious orphans"?

CASSIUS

Does it matter?

CLAY

I guess it won't, once Doc and Smiffy realize we stole the Bunny without payin' for this new cylinder head.

CASSIUS

We can't steal her, Clay. She's ours.
(grins)
But I'll tell you what we can steal...

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! On the blast of a TRAIN HORN, we L-CUT TO:

43 EXT. OLD LOGGING ROAD -- MORNING

Cassius and Clay, both totally tooled up with GUNS and wearing BANDANAS around their necks, stand on the hood of the Bunny. Cassius is looking through a battered old pair of BINOCULARS.

CLAY

Cassius, we are not robbing The Chief.

CASSIUS

On the contrary, Clay, we are robbing
the absolute shit outta The Chief.

On a calm-shattering hoot from the TRAIN HORN, we L-CUT TO:

44 POV BINOCULARS: EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- CONTINUOUS

Below them, maybe a half-mile away, a DIESEL LOCOMOTIVE pulling (I think) just three cars comes chugging slowly toward them/us.

CLAY (O.S.)

This is a bad idea.

45 EXT. OLD LOGGING ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

CASSIUS

Yeah, but it's the best bad idea
I've had in, like...
(beat)
Like a while.

Clay turns and gives this idiocy the look it deserves, and we

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

46 EXT. WILKE -- ESTABLISHING -- DAWN

(NB: Some laid-back bluegrass will fade in here, which will ramp into full-on "train robbing caper" when appropriate.)

HIGH ANGLE, WIDE. Looking out over the town, to see the early morning sun painting everything with golden light. Which reminds us that, unlike other post-apocalyptic worlds, this one, with its general lack of people and cars, is actually quite beautiful, once you get away from what man hath wrought.

After another long blast on a TRAIN HORN, we L-CUT TO:

47 INT. MACK'S SKYBOX -- CONTINUOUS

Mack -- sleepy, rumped, drinking a cup of DANDELION COFFEE -- sits up in bed again the headboard looking down at Lee Harvey.

MACK

Yeah, honk it up. Ya shitass train.
(to Lee Harvey)
And why're you in here this time.

LEE HARVEY

(sleepy)
I got skeert.

MACK

Of?

Jack Ruby - sleepy, rumped - appears on the far side of Mack.

JACK RUBY

(sleepy)
We smelt a ghost.

MACK

[weary sigh]

And on another farting blast of the TRAIN HORN, we L-CUT TO

48 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- CONTINUOUS

As the thundering locomotive - The Chief - rounds a curve, dragging its three yes?) cars along at a pretty good clip.

CASSIUS (O.S.)

Okay, so here's what you wanna do!

Just after the last car of the train passes, the Bunny comes barreling in from a service road, angled toward the tracks.

(And this would be a good place to kick up the music tempo.)

49 INT./EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

Cassius drives expertly alongside the train, gaining ground to get them up beside the last car, as Clay loads her big REVOLVERS in between passing a JOINT between her and Cassius.

CLAY

Are you gonna tell me how to rob a train?

CASSIUS

No, I'm just --

CLAY

Because I've robbed more trains than you've had hot dinners, so --

(stiffens)

Whoa, whoa! Watch where you're goin'!
Where the hell'd you learn to drive?!

This in response to Cassius - not watching straight ahead - almost running them under the wheels of the last train car.

CASSIUS

Where'd you learn to be so scared of trains?!

CLAY

I'm not scared of trains! I don't think they're under my bed at night, I don't have nightmares about givin' a speech to some trains and then I look down and I'm nekkid! I'm scared of jumpin' on trains and then fallin' under trains and gettin' cut in half!

CASSIUS

And you're nekkid?

CLAY

(holsters pistols)

Will you just get me in close?!

CASSIUS

You might not be gettin' enough sleep.
(inhales, holds smoke)

Like, quality sleep.

Clay stares at Cassius a beat then starts exiting the sunroof.

CLAY

Maybe that's why I'm so irritable.

CASSIUS
Pff, you're irritable 'cause you
never get any.

Clay, now on the Bunny's roof, yells back down at Cassius.

CLAY
Don't worry about me gettin' any!

CASSIUS
I'm just sayin'! It might help!

Clay's head, upside down, appears in the passenger window.

CLAY
Cassius, if puttin' a dick in
something helped it, your teeth
wouldn't be so fucked up.

CASSIUS
[long, insulted gasp]

Clay pulls her BANDANA up over her face, and disappears.

50 EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS - CONTINUOUS

On Clay as she crouches and jumps from the Bunny's roof to

(NB: and here, on this jump, the music should kick in to a
real up-tempo bluegrass piece, a real train robbing tune...)

51 EXT. TRAIN -- LAST CAR -- CONTINUOUS

WHUMP! Clay lands hard on the last car's ladder, starts
climbing up the ladder onto the roof of this car, which,
like the other cars, is a FREIGHT CAR, not a passenger car.

CLAY
And like I need advice from a woman
with wooden tits...

Clay peers through a crack in the car's wall and we CUT TO

52 CLAY'S POV -- CONTINUOUS

Rough-hewn benches have been added to this former freight
car, benches on which now about twenty SOLDIERS -- kids,
really, 14-16 years old, with shitty whitewall haircuts and
uniforms (type/style TBD) -- sleep and snore, their smooth
cheeks smushed on the barrels of their WWI-era RIFLES.

SOLDIERS
[low snoring]

53 INT. TRAIN -- LAST CAR -- CONTINUOUS

One young soldier briefly wakes up and looks at the ceiling as we hear the clomping footsteps of (presumably) Clay. But then he just goes back to sleep. Because teenagers are lazy.

54 EXT. TRAIN -- LAST CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The train climbs a hill as Clay makes her way down the ladder between the last car and the one just forward of it, and looks down at the COUPLING MECHANISM. She looks over to see Cassius driving alongside, and gives Cassius an OKAY SIGN.

Cassius replies with an OKAY SIGN, then jams her other index finger in and out (in the universal sign for fucking), almost loses control of the car, then floors it and roars away.

CLAY

Well, look on the bright side...

Clay pulls the PIN from the coupler between the cars. The last car loses momentum as the rest of the train pulls away.

CLAY

Maybe she'll crash.

55 INT. TRAIN -- LOCOMOTIVE -- MOMENTS LATER

Inside the locomotive, an ENGINEER and a FIREMAN go about their train-driving business - sweet-faced old guys, straight out of Petticoat Junction. A YOUNG SOLDIER stands guard.

Clay jumps down from the roof, both big PISTOLS drawn.

CLAY

Mornin', boys.

EVERYBODY

[reactions to this]

The Engineer and Fireman raise their hands. The young Soldier clutches his RIFLE at port arms, unsure of what to do. Beat.

CLAY

So, not to tell you your business,
but usually about now somebody stops
the train.

The Engineer pulls back the throttle and the Fireman pulls the brake lever, starting the loud process of stopping as we

CLAY

And then right about now, somebody
realizes they don't wanna do that.

REVEAL: the young Soldier is now pointing his RIFLE at Clay.

SOLDIER

You're the one who don't wanna --

CLUNK. Clay jams her PISTOL'S muzzle into the RIFLE'S muzzle.

SOLDIER

Wh-?! Well now nobody can shoot!

Clay cocks her other PISTOL, levels it at the teen's face.

SOLDIER

Oh. So now what do we dooof!

This "dooof!" explodes out of the teen as Clay kicks him in the belly, knocking him backwards out the door, off the train.

CLAY

Teachable moment.

Clay pulls out (or picks up) some ROPE and sets about tying the two kind old men together, back-to-back by their wrists.

ENGINEER

You ain't gotta teach us nothin'.

FIREMAN

No ma'am, we know who y'are.

ENGINEER

(kicks him)

No we don't!

FIREMAN

That's right, we don't.

CLAY

Good, that's better all around.

(re: next car back)

What's back there?

ENGINEER

Well, there's a bunch of green-ass troopers back there in the last car...

CLAY

Not anymore.

ENGINEER

But we don't know what's in the other two, and you can believe that or not.

CLAY

I do if it's the truth. 'Cause if I walk into an ambush I'm gonna be extremely upset with y'all.

FIREMAN

Aw, we wouldn't lie to -- you, the
stranger whose name we do not know.

Clay stares at the old Fireman for a beat and then we CUT TO

56 INT. TRAIN -- FIRST CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

On the front end door of the dark freight car as it slides
open and we see Clay silhouetted, a big PISTOL in one hand.

We can hear the Fireman and Engineer talking to each other.

ENGINEER (O.S.)

Goddamn, Donnie, shut yer gob!

CLAY

Seriously.

FWSSSSH! Clay pops the cap on a ROAD FLARE (that, yes, still
works, shut up) and jams it into a crevice somewhere up high,
illuminating the dark car. We see some fifty-gallon drums,
some pallets, some big lumpy piles covered with tarps, etc.

And then we REVEAL: in the middle of the floor is a STRONGBOX,
just sitting there all by its lonesome, wanting to get stolen.

CLAY

Hmmm, and just what do we have here?

SHHHUNK! We hear the back end door of the car slam-slide
open. Clay wheels, raising her PISTOL, and we CUT TO see

A scrawny, slippery, greasy, bug-eyed, just complete ferret
of a man pointing a GUN (type TBD) at her. This is ODUM.

ODUM

I'z fixin' to say the same thang...

More bored than anything, Clay cocks her big PISTOL: SHKLIK.

CLAY

Actually you're fixin' to get shot.

WHOOMP. Behind her, a tarp is thrown aside by another man -
this one all in black, lean and ruggedly almost-handsome,
but just a bit too mean looking with that scar and all - who
puts a bigger PISTOL to Clay's head as he cocks it: SHKLIK.

This tough hombre is REEVER GRINT, the law in these here parts.

GRINT

Is that right.

CLAY

Dammit.

Odum hops around, laughing insanely (like Ernest T. Bass).

ODUM
Yeeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheehee!

GRINT
Odum!

ODUM
[whimper]

GRINT
That was some good decoyin' you did.
(to Clay)
Drop it.

CLAY
You drop it.
(aims at Odum)
Because I will shoot him in the --

BLAM! Grint shoots Odum in the knee. Odum drops, howling.

ODUM
[howling]

GRINT
You were saying?

CLAY
Kinda lost my thread.

GRINT
I bet. Now lose that iron.

Clay drops her big PISTOL onto the floor with a heavy CLUNK.
She unholsters the other PISTOL, drops it with a heavy CLUNK.

GRINT
There we go.

Grint moves in front of Clay, keeping his big PISTOL on her.

GRINT
Now then, seems introductions are in
order, since I don't know you, and
you damn sure don't know me, or you
wouldn'a tried to rob my train. That
snivelin' rat[BEEP] yonder, bleedin'
all over said train, is Odum. Odum?

ODUM
(doffs hat, wimpers)
How do.

CLAY
(waggles hand)
Eh.

GRINT
I myself am Grint. The new Reeve.
On my way back up to Richway with my
collection plate damn near full up of
brass and lead and cherry young boys
and don't you mind what all else...
(pulls BOWIE KNIFE)
Cause before I kill you, probly when
I'm slicin' off your eyelids, you're
gonna tell me who you are. And who
your people are. And when I'm slicin'
off their eyelids, they're gonna
tell me who their people are, and so
on and so forth. How's that sound?

CLAY
Mmmm, like you're tryin' to win the
prize for biggest bag of eyelids?

Grint raises the tip of the BOWIE KNIFE right up next to
Clay's eyeball. Clay, however, doesn't flinch one bit.

GRINT
And I'm gonna start with yours, ya
dogtit, baldhead little cocksucker.

CLAY
And I'll save you the trouble of
asking, 'cause I ain't got no people.

GRINT
Aw, everybody's got peop --

KLONK! Grint wobbles for a beat, then topples forward like a
felled tree, landing on the floor (off-camera) with a THWUMP
to REVEAL (a masked) Cassius standing behind where Grint stood,
a WOODEN BREAST LIFT clutched in her hand (like a coconut).

ODUM
Aaaagh! Aaaagh! Aaaa --

KLONK! Cassius klonks Odum, knocking him unconscious.

CASSIUS
"No people?" Now that hurts me.

CLAY
Help me with this.

Clay struggles to lift the strongbox.

CASSIUS

And maybe you'd have people if you didn't run from intimacy of every kind. I'm your closest thing to people, and we barely share a car.

CLAY

Cassius...

CASSIUS

You jumped off a speeding car onto a speeding train just to get out of having an honest conversation about your sex life! Which'll never get goin' unless you learn how to --

CLAY

(explodes)

Will you please! Help me! With this box!

CASSIUS

Exactly! I mean, you're maybe gonna definitely wanna finesse that? But that right there's your pickup line.

Clay glares at Cassius for a good beat, and then we CUT TO

57 EXT. HIGHWAY 421 -- A BIT LATER

CASSIUS (O.S.)

So! The Reeveer Grint...

GRRROWRRR! The Bunny comes roaring through frame, the big STRONGBOX stuffed into the back with some BARRELS and BOXES.

58 INT./EXT. AMC EAGLE -- CONTINUOUS

Cassius drives, grinning shit-eatingly. Clay rolls a JOINT.

CASSIUS

(chuckling)

Didn't look so tough to me. I say he's trying to break the record for world's biggest pussy. Huh? Clay?

CLAY

I'm not talkin' to you right now.

CASSIUS

After I saved your life on that train?!

CLAY

The only reason I was on that damn train is because every time you open your fat mouth, I go deeper in debt!

CASSIUS

Oh now, that's --

CLAY

The truth, Cassius! And I hate to say it, but in the long run, it'd be cheaper to shoot you!

CASSIUS

(gasps, tears up)
Well then! Then maybe you and me! Oughta just go our separate ways!

Clay looks sideways at Cassius. Then back down. All remorse.

CLAY

C'mon, I mean, I wasn't sayin' that...

CASSIUS

(snotty snuffle)
Well?! What were you sayin'?!

CLAY

Well for starters, if anybody's gonna win world's biggest pussy, it's Jack Ruby...

CASSIUS

(explosive laugh)
I mean right?!

CLAY

(chuckling)
Shit's gotta be like... Echo Canyon.

CASSIUS

Eww!

CLAY

(as an echo)
Eww, eww, eww, eww...
(serious)
But for real, though, this new Reever, he seems... possibly kinda badass.

CASSIUS

Pffffplease. How badass could he be?

59 INT. TRAIN -- LOCOMOTIVE -- CONTINUOUS

BLAM! BLAM! The Engineer and Fireman are each shot in the forehead and topple to the floor - WHUMP, WHUMP - in a heap.

ODUM (O.S.)

Um...

CUT TO Grint standing over the bodies with a smoking PISTOL in one hand, some sort of homemade ICEBAG held to his bruised head with the other. Odum - his shattered kneecap wrapped in some sort of makeshift bandage - hangs onto Grint's shoulder.

ODUM

W-wha'd you do that fer?

GRINT

(building to mini-stroke)
Because I told them not to stop this train. But stop it they did. Allowing its very special and top-secret cargo, especially entrusted to my personal care by our great leader, to be stolen! By... brigands!

Beat.

ODUM

Then but, why'd you shoot 'em fore you asked 'em who the brigands was?

A good long beat, then Grint, without looking, points his PISTOL at Odum's remaining knee and pulls the trigger: BLAM!

ODUM

[howling]

GRINT

(sad sigh)
I wish you had more knees to shoot.

And as we hear a faint metallic CLANK! CLANK! We L-CUT TO

60 EXT. WILKE -- ESTABLISHING -- EVENING (OF THAT SAME DAY)

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK! The sound continues as we CUT TO

61 EXT. CASSIUS' AND CLAY'S GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

We hear more clanking coming from inside a pretty big garage (two containers?).

CASSIUS (O.S.)

Son of a whore, that thing!

62 GINT. CASSIUS' AND CLAY'S GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Junky but organized. The garage of women who do a fair amount of work on their car. And steal shit for a living. Clay (now maybe stripped down to her husband-beater, and wow, muscles) stands over the open STRONGBOX (that we can't see inside) with a SLEDGEHAMMER, beside a tired, sweaty Cassius.

(And Clay might have a fat hogleg JOINT hanging off her lip.)

CASSIUS

Well? What do you think?

CLAY

I --

MACK (O.S.)

I think I owe the Doc an apology.

They go wide-eyed at the sound of Mack's voice and we CUT TO

WIDER: Mack and the Doc Benz/Smiffy combo are behind Cassius and Clay. Smiffy has two five-pound SLEDGES. Mack has her hand resting on the butt of her PISTOL. None are smiling.

DOC BENZ

Which I accept, in the charitable spirit in which it was offered.

Mack starts moving toward Cassius and Clay. Doc/Smiffy follow.

MACK

(to Cassius, Clay)

I didn't believe him. I said "Doc, as much as those two little shits owe us? They're long gone. No way they're just sittin' in their garage."

SMIFFY

Beatin' on shit.

MACK

Beatin' on shit, exactly. Do tell.

CASSIUS

Well, good news, we're beatin' on shit so we can pay everybody back with whatever's in this damn box...

MACK

I sense a but.

CASSIUS

But, good instincts, bad news, we've
been beatin' on that piece of shit
for just ever...

Mack and Doc/Smiffy lean in, peer into the strongbox and we

REVEAL: down in the middle of the large STRONGBOX, packed in
excelsior and covered with shiny silver scars (from where
somebody was beating on it with a sledgehammer) is a CYLINDER,
about the size of a slender pony keg. On it - clearly visible
despite all the shovel-beating - is a large, black-and-yellow

RADIATION SYMBOL

CASSIUS (O.S.)

And we barely put a dent in it.

CUT TO the group standing around the strongbox.

CASSIUS

And I personally have got better
shit to do than stand around tryin'
to pay my debts.

CLAY

So unless y'all have a better idea...

Clay produces a stick of DYNAMITE from somewhere on her, and
holds the fat blunty JOINT near the fuse, ready to light it.

CLAY

I say we shove this thing up its ass
and see what happens.

Beat.

CASSIUS

Huh.

CLAY

What.

CASSIUS

Those were my daddy's exact last
words. Then the mule kicked him.

They all look at Cassius for a good long beat and then we

SLAM TO CREDITS