

"MIDNIGHT SIEGE"

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FADE IN:

INT. - LIVING ROOM (WEBCAM POV)

We can see the front door is slightly open, 2 silhouettes on window drapes outside.

EXT.- ON PORCH OUTSIDE DOOR

CYBER COP

See, I told you war driving isn't just for hackers. The network access point is right around here.

(pause)

Looks like the door is open. He said he'd be back in an hour. Can we just go in and wait for him?

SMART COP

Only if you want to violate the 4th amendment.

CYBER COP

Is that an important one? Hey look, I think I can see us on his web cam. Hello.

INT.- LIVING ROOM (WEBCAM POV)

One silhouette waves.

EXT.- BACK OUTSIDE DOOR

SMART COP

Knock it off. I'm calling backup, this is too big to fuck up.

CYBER COP

Oh come on, I want an arrest so they'll treat me like a real cop. I'm sick of always pretending to be a 12-year-old boy in chat rooms. I don't even get to wear the hat.

SMART COP

Who cares? I haven't worn mine since I made detective. It's the badge that's important.

CYBER COP

I lost mine.

SMART COP

You what?

INT.- LIVING ROOM (WEBCAM POV)

Cyber cop pushes door open.

CYBER COP

I think it might be in my car or my
(grunt)

Figure with large knife lunges from just off camera,
stabs cyber cop, and slams door in smart cop's face.
Smart cop tries to open door, but it is locked.

SMART COP

Oh shit. Officer down. Officer down

Camera waves around it is picked up, microphone
movement noises, (click) screen goes black.

INT.- DIRTY BASEMENT

CAMPTOWN CANNIBAL whistles "Camptown Races" and
adjusts flame on camp stove, adding spices to boiling pot.
He types briefly on laptop and checks that the webcam is
recording.

INT.- BASEMENT (WEBCAM POV)

CAMPTOWN

I'm back. It's been a busy week.
Censors are everywhere.

He smiles, waves at the webcam, tastes the broth, and makes
a face. He taps the pot with his knife and listens.

CAMPTOWN

Aluminum.

He spits, throws pot and contents into darkness,
spits again.

CAMPTOWN

Alzheimer's sellers. They're making us
forget our lives 1 soda, 1 pot pie, 1
soup at a time. Just wait a bit longer
future chefs, I'll be back with a steel
kettle for our gumbo. You can't be too
careful--after all, you are what you
eat.

Camptown leaves.

Camera turns and lingers on a terrified child tied up
in the shadows.

Camera moves to table. A notebook is open to a disturbing hand-drawn diagram of how to cut up a lower leg. Camera zooms in on laptop screen.

Credit sequence. Portuguese for Delicious Soda plays. Camera appears to go inside screen. There is a tangle of tubes and wires the camera follows down like a roller coaster. We climb a hill where we can see the snarl below and in the distance the threads connect to other things, cubes with fans, monitors, etc. Light runs along the cables, electricity bridges between items and cables. The view plunges as the hill is crested. The virtual world flashes by as the ride twists and turns.

Names and titles appear on screens, fired from video game guns, etc. Ride to final wall which is the back of a radio dial.

INT.- DRIVING CAR

Music is lower, road noises. BB is driving to work. Song finishes.

We watch BB drive and look out the window and see boarded up houses, dead businesses and other signs of urban decay.

D-ROCK DJ

Now for Crime Watch, brought to you by
Cop Talk--Real crime, Real captures,
Real justice. Deeton may have an
import. The notorious Camptown Cannibal

(music Camptown ladies sing this song,
do dah do dah)

was nearly apprehended by Rockster
Police (yeah!) and escaped in a new
record time of just 48 seconds (wah wah
waaah) after critically stabbing a
junior officer. The entire incident was
posted on facetube and has had over
200,000 views to date. The classically
trained escape artist and chef has
drawn national attention with his
facetube videos where he partially
dismembers and cooks his victims as
they watch. He has been captured and
escaped 9 times, and regularly taunts
police that no lawman can cook his
goose. Victims groups have posted a

combined \$100,000 reward for his capture and incarceration.

(pause)

Isn't that how Rachel Ray got her start? I hear his next target is a school for the retarded.

DJ ASSISTANT

You mean special.

D-ROCK DJ

Yeah. A school for the SPECIALLY retarded, cause he needs more vegetables in his diet (Ohhhhh!)

DJ ASSISTANT

We've got a caller.

ANGRY CALLER

You can't joke about this. He is a monster, he kills kids, the weak and innocent. He is the worst...

D-ROCK DJ

So he'll fit right in. Deeton, where the weak are eaten and the innocent are hard to find. Why do you think Cop Talk--airing at 9PM check your local listings--is so popular?

ANGRY CALLER

It's the internet's fault. The government needs to make it safe and educational, like NPR.

D-ROCK DJ

Interesting thought. You know I almost worked for NPR, but they said I had too much, what was it, oh yeah, TALENT AND PERSONALITY. Seems I would risk waking up their zombified listeners, which could lead to them thinking for themselves. I see it hasn't been a problem for you, though.

EXT.- OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

Car pulls into parking space in front of building. BB gets out of car, walks up steps to front door.

INT.- STAIRWAY

BB walks up stairs to office. TT and RR are wearing

jeans and t-shirts, drinking coffee. RR has a toolbelt on. TT is sitting at the front room computer.

RR

I should be finishing up in 1024 tomorrow or the next day, depending on how well stuff dries. Then I can give you a hand at 921.

TT

Hurry. BB's got HART cleaning the place out and I'm about ready to kill him. Yesterday, he sprayed down the basement with literally two gallons of that commercial-quality bleach.

RR

Fuckin' great.

TT

I told him to use soap, but he didn't listen. You remember how much cat shit there was there and how the cat piss already made your eyes water? All the ammonia in the cat piss mixed with the bleach and...

RR

Poof, mustard gas.

TT

Chlorine gas anyway, and some other shit. I could smell it all the way upstairs. He came up coughing and half blind. I opened up the windows and came back here. I ended up stacking a bunch of the furniture and other junk we cleared out of the rentals. Then BB and I took a truck load of it over to the Salvation Army, so we've got a little more space again on the shop floor.

RR

You should have told Hart he could get high if just stayed down there.

TT

Then we'd have to haul his dead ass out. I guess at least he would be quiet and clean.

BB enters through door.

BB

Good morning TT. Hey RR.

RR

Morning, Boss.

TT waves, clicks with the mouse and gets up.

BB

When is 1026 going to be ready?

TT

Last week.

BB

No. I showed it yesterday and there was pans, bedding, something in the basement.

TT

What's in the basement?

BB

Fuck if I know. I just know I am not getting bit by another pit bull, especially in front of a potential client.

RR

Potential dead beat.

BB

Hey, these guys checked out sorta okay. She has even had a job for more than 6 months.

RR

And the guy is gonna collect disability real soon for his back, knee, neck...

BB

(sighs) Hip, actually.

TT

Great. More crutches for the box when we throw them out in 3 months.

BB

At the rate things are going we might be gone in 3 months. I can guarantee payroll for 2 more months, but if we don't get units filled or sold, I don't know what we're going to do. At least I am up to date on my UIUC payments so you guys will have unemployment. So if you know where I can find the better tenants like the ones we used to get 2

years ago, let me know. You should see the bunch I turn away.

RR

I have. They're up on the wall of scum.

BB walks to the Wall of Scum and looks at the papers. (The Wall of Scum is a bulletin board with printouts of pictures of local bums, crackheads, etc., all labeled with very unflattering names.)

BB

I see a few new faces.

RR

Yeah, since Bone seems to have moved in across the street from 1026, the crackheads and methwhores have been hangin' around 1024, 1026, and 809 a lot more. I swear I am going to start putting barbwire on the porch to keep the fuckin hobos off.

BB

Great, Mazin and Bone in the same place, part of the ghetto renewal program.

TT

Can we get grants for that?

BB

It's called section 8--housing for the incapable and unmotivated.

RR

I hate those guys.

BB

Yeah, but government checks cash, and we need the fuckin' money.

BB

I thought dealers were supposed to keep to their own areas. You think Bone and Mazin will start fighting?

RR

I wish. I think Mazin works with Bone. I saw them talking.

TT

I still find it amazing that cops cannot catch a drug dealer that wears a bright orange suit.

RR

Why? Remember when Q-ball was livin' in upstairs 814? (loaded glance at BB)

BB

Hey, not my fault. He used a shill, with a good job, a clean record, and a two-and-a-half month cash deposit. Too bad we never saw her again.

(pause)

So I call the city finest and they tell me, quote "We can't do anything about drug dealers on YOUR property," and my favorite, "Just ask them strongly to quit"

RR

Which we did.

BB

And just a short month and a half later, we had our court order to evict.

TT

And we learned that it is possible to clog a shower drain with crack pipes.

RR

Hey, when you want to stop playing nice just let me know. The peacetime army gave me all the training but none of the opportunities for killing people and breaking things that my recruiter promised.

TT

You should have stayed in. You could be in a war zone even as we speak.

RR

Who knew? Speaking of which, I'm off.

RR leaves.

TT

(finishes coffee)

I guess I better get going too.

(pause)

How bad are we?

BB

710 and 923 are unsavable. I've got the bank papers from the sheriff's sale on my desk. We've got a six-month redemption period, but I don't see that

kind of miracle happening. I stopped paying mortgages on 608, 610, and 227 2 months ago. If the tenants make good we can keep them. In this economy (shrugs) it doesn't look good.

TT

Oh, a little before you got in, 1617 dude called. They're closing the store his wife manages after the merger goes through. She's got 15 years with them so she gets a 6-week notice.

Why do these guys buy a business if they just plan to close half the stores?

BB

Shit. We buy our kids' clothes there. I thought they were doing good.(sigh)

TT

I know.

BB stares at the phone.

BB

That thing only rang once yesterday and nothing the day before. I checked the ads and signs, made sure everything was still up. I don't know what to do. We can't cut rents any more. We already have a few that are below what I pay on the mortgage, taxes, and insurance.

TT

There's always arson.

BB

Don't think I haven't thought about it, but that would make us no better than the wall of scum. Its not the insurance company's fault that 2 more plants got shut down, or the bank's fault that the best labor jobs in town are turning the old factories into parking lots.

(pause)

Well, I've got to go make a few calls. Barty said he had a line on a preacher who wants to buy some low-income properties. They'll put up the church endowment as a down payment, but I've got to cut it back under the table. I

said I would play ball, but I am not holding any paper on this one.

TT

Is that legal?

BB

I don't know, probably not, but then again the law seems to be pretty flexible these days.

Speaking of our black-robed masters, they rescheduled the tenants eviction hearing for the house you own because it was on a Friday before a Monday holiday.

TT

Columbus Day is still a holiday?

BB

Apparently. The discovery of Cuba was a pretty big deal for us people of Michigan. I marked it on the calendar.

(pause)

Now I am going to go pray for some very selective tornados.

BB walks off

EXT. OUTSIDE 1024 DAY

RR walk up to door enters house.

INT. INSIDE 1024

RR picks up a sanding block and some painter's tape. RR touches some wall patch and rubs fingers together to see if it is dry, then sands spots lightly. RR pull some painters tape off some trim and inspects work.

INT.- UPPER STORY BEDROOM BEING PAINTED

RR is putting painter's tape on window, looks out and sees something.

RR

What the fuck?

View from window, looking down through window next door RR can see Camptown sleeping on the floor. RR takes out cell phone and takes a couple of pictures.

CLOSE UP RR'S CELL PHONE

He looks at the pictures, then flips through a folder of images labeled SCUM, each one labeled with a derogatory name.

RR

Hmmm. Looks like a new one. Wonder how he got in there?

INT. 921 KITCHEN

TT fills a bucket with water and throws a sponge into it. TT breathes deep, and makes a disgusted face, it still stink. TT's cell rings.

TT(ON CELL)

This it TT... No, he's not here yet, surprise... Not really, it could be considered "Hart clean", but it still has the failure stench. I'm going to have him do it again... I'll ask him about the stapler... Later.

INT BASEMENT

TT turns off the water, leaves a note, and then trudges upstairs.

INT. BATHROOM

A plumbing box sits open on the floor. Old supply and soil pipes have been pulled out. TT crawls under the sink basin with a handful of parts and tools.

(clanking)

TT

(sound of water spraying) Ahhhh.
(thunk) Ow. (yells) Turn off the water.

TT comes out soggy and runs out of room.

TT

(yelling)

Turn off the fucking water.

INT.- BASEMENT

TT cranks off water at the main, while Hart looks on.

HART

Sorry. Sorry. Sorry. I needed to get water to wash out the kitchen. I didn't know. You need to tell me if you're working on pipes. You never tell me

anything. You just want to yell at me, everything is Terry's fault. Don't blame me all the time. I cover for you. When you left early yesterday, I told BB you were here all day. You owe me one.

TT holds up sign with large letters "LEAVE WATER OFF"

TT

You fuckin' liar. First, I left a note taped to the shutoff. Second, BB and I were together all yesterday afternoon. BB didn't ask you shit. Get out of here. I'm sick of dealing with you.

INT.- OFFICE

RR enters office, walks to BB at desk, and hands over cell phone.

RR

Hey, could you print these new pics off my cell? I got a picture of the inspector that sleeps in his car when TT and I were getting lunch. I'm going to send them to the newspaper. Maybe I can get him fired.

BB

Our government at work.

RR

And I got a new one for the Wall of Scum.

BB types and starts a printout.

BB

I prefer sleeping inspectors. They cost me less money. The City Planning Office has announced yet another change to the handrail code enforcement so we may be redoing all the railing we just put in to meet the new spec.

RR

Fuck, what's next, are they going to make us put in escalators? Speaking of good news, we've got a squatter in 1026, that must have been who made the mess when you showed it last. Some asshole with his vermin. I got his picture through the window. I didn't see the kid, I just heard it when I was

leaving. I didn't have the keys so I didn't throw him out today. What do you want to do?

BB

Go toss him before he dirties up the place even more, breaks shit, or steals all the copper pipes. I definitely heard something in the basement. If it's a pit bull, just call animal control. They respond pretty quick even after hours. Try not to get bit. You want TT and I to come along?

RR

Nah, you don't need to go. I think it's just one guy and his kid hiding in the basement. I heard the kid crying and it didn't sound old enough to be any trouble.

BB

If the house was locked up, how did he get in? We just changed the locks.

RR

Not sure, none of the windows were broken. Maybe he's just a whiz with locks. Some of these hobos have some real skills when it comes to breaking the law.

TT enters.

TT

What's up?

RR

We're tossin' out a squatter in 1026.

TT

Cool, nothin' on dish tonight anyway. Who is it? Are they on the Wall of Scum?

RR

He will be. His pic is over there. I haven't named him yet. I'm thinking "Puke Mosquito" or "Turd Toker."

TT looks at the paper smirks, obviously thinks he is

being set up.

TT

Okay, so what are we doing? Really.

RR

Really going to 1026. Really throwing assbat and son of assbat into the street. Then really taking all of assbat's worldly possessions and putting them in the truck and then really throwing them in our dumpster. Adding misery to the miserable--what's not to love?

TT

So you expect me to believe that we are tossing the Camptown Cannibal? BB, what are we doing?

BB

We're tossin' a squatter from 1026.

BB Looks at paper.

BB

That's him. RR took his picture today.

RR

Who's the Camptown Cannibal?

TT

The part of the internet you can't unsee. You know, 2 girls 1 cup, Camptown Cannibal, Solar-powered maggot. Look it up.

BB types and brings up reward web page. BB moves RR's cell photo next to it on the screen. It looks like they match up pretty well.

BB

Holy shit, look at this. It might be him. Look at this. He's worth 100K. He's worth more than that house, by a lot.

RR looks at screen.

RR

Sure looks like the same guy. That changes things a bit.

TT

You said you heard a kid with him? That's pretty fucked up. This guy is a total wacko. I wonder what shape the

kid is in.

RR

Now we gotta go. I took the pic this afternoon, but I heard the kid as I was leaving. It's only been maybe half an hour tops. Hopefully they're still OK. I'm a parent--we gotta check or I'm never going to forgive myself. If it is him that's a pretty good payday for doing a good deed. If not, we have to pitch whoever it is out anyway.

TT

33 grand each would make a nice landing pad if no miracle happens and we have to shut down in a few months.

RR

I'm trying not to think about that. Since RRSPOUSE locked me out, I've been crashing here. I don't know what I'm going to do if this place shuts down.

BB

We'll come up with something when the time comes. But seriously, this could be our miracle. Fuck, only in this town could a cannibal moving into your house be considered a good thing.

(pause)

I guess either way we all need to go. Three on one with some element of surprise should stack things in our favor pretty well. We might just scare him off. He is supposed to be quite the escape artist.

RR

Is the reward dead or alive?

BB

Alive and in custody only.

RR

Bummer. Dead would certainly open up our options more.

BB

I think we had better hold off on that line of thinking until we are absolutely positive that we have the right guy. I am not ready to execute some crackhead bum just 'cause he has a

savage case of wrong place wrong face.

RR

You're the boss.

BB

We definitely should be armed though.
'Cause if it comes down to it I'd much
rather have dead bad guy and no reward
than big reward and an expensive
funeral.

BB gestures to TT.

BB

I assume you're carrying today.

TT

Today and everyday.

TT taps where the pistol is carried.

TT

Ten rounds in the pistol and I've got a
spare clip here for another 10.

BB

I've got my derringer, which is better
than nothing, as long as he's not much
farther than 10 feet. I even have a box
of shells for it as long as everyone is
willing to wait while I reload every
two shots.

TT

Not really ideal for a firefight.

BB

It's not supposed to be. It's small,
easy to carry, and has 2 shots for when
things go very wrong. My plan was
always to point and back away slowly.
RR, did you ever get your carry permit?
I paid for your class.

RR

I know, I just hadn't gotten to it. Now
I need to wait until after the divorce
goes through. My lawyer says getting a
permit at this point would send the
wrong message.

BB

What about that rifle you guys were
working on?

TT

The SKS? I got all the cosmoline off, and RR and I got it put together. But the clip doesn't feed right; it jams every few rounds. We were trying to replace the spring but haven't got to it yet.

(pause)

It's got a bayonet so guess that makes it an assault rifle. Do you think we should take it?

RR

Nah, it could attract too much attention and we don't even want to use it. I think that club, duct tape, and wire technology will be what we want. We can take the pistols as backup but let's leave it here.

BB

Well, you guys are the ones with the training. I'll help as best I can. How do you want to do this?

EXT. PARKING LOT WITH TRUCK

Our heroes load a couple of boxes into the back of a panel truck.

RR VOICE OVER

We'll take the truck, because everyone is used to seeing it over there. It shouldn't seem out of the ordinary. We'll carry tool boxes to the back like we are going next door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY NEXT TO 1026

Truck pulls in and stops. BB is driving. RR gets out of front, opens up back. TT gets out, and they grab tool boxes.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE FRONT

Through the front window we can see BB walk up to front door.

RR VOICE OVER

Civilians go loud in the front. Prior service go quiet in the back. Pound really hard on the door. That should keep him from hearing our key in the

back lock. Pound a couple more times to make sure he keeps his attention on you. When you key the door he will either run out the back, hide, or if he is feelin' ballsy he'll come to the door. Either way we should be able to surprise him. If you see anyone or hear anything, just close the door and lock it if you can. That's a good solid exterior door. No one's gettin' through it anytime soon.

BB pounds on the door loudly

BB

Landlord.

INT BASEMENT COOKING SET UP

Camptown is cutting carrots. He hears the pounding and yell. He looks around, drops a small knife on a cutting board with vegetables and picks up a large pointed roast slicer.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE MAIN FLOOR

Camptown hurries up stairs, moves behind front door, a similar set up to the first scene, except now we can see him in frame. BB can't see him from outside. BB pounds some more. Camptown prepares to strike when BB enters.

EXT. EMPTY HOUSE BACK DOOR

We see 2 pairs of shoes on the back step. RR and TT in stocking feet have the door open and are moving quickly and quietly inside.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE FRONT

BB keys lock and opens door slowly, keeping firm hold of the knob. Camptown uses the door to stay hidden.

BB

(shouting) Landlord. Anyone in here?

Campton crouches. The kitchen knife looks large enough to be a short sword. Just as Camptown lunges, RR and TT arrive.

RR

(shouting)Hey.

BB steps back and slams the door hard. Camptown's

knife goes through where BB was standing and stabs deep into wall. He starts to pull it out and RR is on him, beating him down with a baseball bat. RR doesn't stop when Camptown is down, though hits are to body and legs, not head. TT kneels on Camptown's chest.

TT

All clear.

BB opens door and enters with the derringer out and pointed toward ceiling. BB looks at the knife in the wall. BB pulls it out slowly, showing how long it is.

BB

(a little shaken)

That's a really long knife.

RR wraps romax (multi-strand house wire) around Camptown's legs, tying it off every wrap so it can't be easily undone. RR wraps Camptown's hands with duct tape and wires wrists together. Finally several wraps of duct tape go around his arms and body.

TT

Should have brought more wire.

TT grabs up some of the bedding and brings it over to the body.

TT

We can wrap him in these when we put him in the truck so we won't attract quite so much attention.

RR

Look Mittens, swaddling clothes just for you. You can think of us as the three wise guys. We're going to put you in our special manger, deliver you to the sheriff, and it's Christmas for all of us.

TT

More for us, less for you.

RR pulls out cell camera.

RR

Smile. (click click) Hey, TT, take a shot of me.

RR tosses cell phone to TT, then poses with his foot on Camptown. TT clicks a couple.

RR

I feel like Jim Corbett. We just bagged a Midwestern man-eater. Want me to take

yours?

TT

I'm good.

INT BASEMENT

The cook stove, laptop, and web cam set up as seen earlier. BB cuts kid loose and gives hugs. Once the kid's arms are free they hug back hard.

BB

It's okay, you're safe now. The bad guy can't hurt you. We're going to get you back to your parents real soon.

TT enters, looks at setup.

TT

Score. Dibs on the laptop.

TT gathers up laptop and webcam. Looks around with flashlight where kid was tied up.

TT

Hey, kid. Was there anyone else besides you and the freak?

Kid hugs BB again and shakes head no.

TT

(more softly) You're sure? We don't want to leave anybody behind.

Kid nods yes.

BB

I think we just did the biggest good deed of our lives.

INT MAIN FLOOR

RR is rolling Camptown up in a blanket, his head is still visible. The kid sees him and recoils.

TT

It's okay, give him a couple of kicks. If anyone deserves to it's you.

RR

Like this.

RR kicks Camptown in stomach.

RR

Don't worry, you won't break anything worth keeping.

Kid tentatively kicks Camptown in stomach. TT and RR make encouraging gestures. Kid warms up and makes a few real good strikes.

RR

Way to go. Remember, no matter what any fuzzy-headed hippy tells you, this is the side of the boot you always want to be on.

INT EMPTY HOUSE FRONT

BB looks out the front door at people milling around, sees Hart, looks annoyed, starts to close door. Hart hurries to house and through door.

HART

Hey, Bossman, why you out here? I got 921 pretty much cleaned. A couple more days should do it. I sure am glad you're giving me a chance to work off my rent. Work is real scarce right now. Not that I'm lookin'. You're it for me, a real real blessing. You guys need me to do anything you just let me know. I'll get it fixed right up.

BB talks over Hart and continues to look outside at something.

BB

(talks over Hart) Hello Mr. Hart.

HART

Or painting. I am a master painter. I did that trim.

Hart points at an obviously shoddy job. BB smirks at the phrase "master painter." Hart gets a little more frenetic, thinking his work is being challenged.

HART

I can touch up 921 just as good. No need to paint the whole thing, I say. I'll save you a bunch of money in time and paint. These are some skilled hands if I do say so myself. Some are just jealous. I was showing TT a couple of tricks today...

BB ignores Hart and continues to look outside, sees cameraman and reporter.

BB

Why is there a reporter here?

HART

The crazy fat bitch called her and told her the "do dah" killer was here. So she's out there trying to get someone to talk to her on camera besides her and Dirty Darryl. Bone came out, but I think he left when he saw the camera.

Hart sees RR and TT walk by carrying the body wrapped in a blanket. The kid carries a box with the laptop.

HART

Who's that? What's going on?

TT

None of your fucking business.

HART

Hey RR. How's it going? What you got?

RR glares, walks away, and lets the screen door hit Hart in face.

HART

Holy shit. It is true, you got him. Oh shit we're rich. He's got a million-buck reward. Oh yeah, champagne and coke . . . a cola.

BB glares at Hart.

BB

More like 100k. If that's even real. Right now he's just another squatter having a really bad day.

BB turns to TT

BB

Everything loaded in the truck?

TT nods.

BB

Wait up. I'm going to go talk to Lois Lane.

BB walks out to reporter with hand out toward camera.

BB

No camera.

Reporter signals cameraman, and the camera is pointed down. Reporter extends hand.

REPORTER

Hi, I'm Eve from Eve in the Evening, the city's fastest growing news segment.

BB

Yeah, glad to meet you. I've got to get going real soon, but we can help each other. Give me your card and promise you'll wait for us to leave before you turn your camera back on and I will give you half of this year's biggest story. Tomorrow morning I'll call you and make sure you get the other half.

EVE

But (sighs) I've got a deadline tonight. I'm just trying to do a sympathetic look at the record levels of condemned houses so this wild goose case won't be a total waste of time. Why can't I get anyone sane on camera?

BB

Warrants, dead beat dads, dealers, whatever. Don't worry, the half story I'm giving you is still going to be one of the biggest ones you've covered lately.

EVE

Sure, whatever. What have you got?

BB

Follow me.

BB walks to house, Eve follows. Hart is on the porch. BB points at Hart.

BB

Get going. Talk to NO ONE.

HART

Oh yeah, absolutely, mum's the word, Bossman. I saw nothing.

Hart gives a broad conspiratorial wink and leaves.

INT - EMPTY HOUSE FRONT

BB guides kid to reporter.

BB(TO KID)

This lady is going to take care of you. Everything is all right now.

BB(TO EVE)

This brave little one was just about dinner.

Reporter stares as who the kid is sinks in. BB hands her some keys.

BB

There is stuff in the basement. Lock up when you leave. Promise me you'll find the parents and get the kid back okay. Shouldn't be too much trouble--I hear tearful reunions are good for ratings.

Eve takes kid's hand, nods, and crosses her heart with the microphone.

BB points out the window at various unseen people.

BB

That's a crack dealer, those are crack whores, and pretty much the whole lot of them are methheads; you can tell by their teeth. Except for Dirty Darryl, who I guess you talked to earlier. He just pays crackwhores with his crazy check.

(pause)

Put in a plug for community policing. We could sure use it.

BB shoulder hugs kid, then crouches to kid's eye level.

BB

You're a tough kid. I hope my kids turn out as tough as you. You're about to be a TV star. Does that sound fun?

Kid nods slowly.

BB waves card at reporter.

BB

Good luck. I'll be in touch.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE

Heroes get in truck. Truck leaves.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE INTERIOR

Reporter holds kid's hand and walks into basement, followed by the cameraman.

EVE

We'll do a couple of shots here then let's get the hell out of here. We've got enough news for tonight.

CAMERAMAN

Rolling.

EVE

Just moment ago, in this dimly lit basement, evil was making preparations for a sinister feast. The so-called Camptown Cannibal was preparing a recipe from his ominously titled cookbook "To serve Man". We offer our viewers an exclusive first peek at this culinary diary of a madman.

(pages rustle)

Oh my God.

CAMERAMAN

We can't show that until after eleven.

KID

(quietly) I want to go home.

INT. OFFICE

TT comes through door carrying the box with the laptop. TT puts it in on a table and starts tinkering with the pieces. RR and BB follow. BB sits down at desk and begins looking up reward information online.

BB

That went well.

RR

That was awesome.

RR brandishes bat and talks in a funny fake accent.

RR

Baseball has been very very good to me.

TT

Where do we take him for the reward?

BB

The posting says, "Turn in at any State Sheriff's office." Ours is at the corner of Lutz and Vine Street, hours 7:30am to 5:30pm.

RR

The sheriff's office closes at 5:30?

BB

Apparently justice is on a very strict schedule.

RR

It's after six, so now what?

TT

What about the local police? They're open 'til at least ten.

BB

No way. Remember the pistol I found? They checked if it was stolen, told me it wasn't then confiscated it. That was a \$100, piece of crap, 9mm short made in Albania. I am not trusting them with a 100K payday.

TT

True, those goobers could fuck up toast.

BB

Besides, he'd probably just escape. Look at this. He's a trained locksmith, considered a master knife fighter, free climber, base jumper, master chef, escape artist . . .

RR

(interrupting) Car wash technician, movie star, and maybe an Indian chief.

BB

I just think we should be careful and take this guy really serious.

BB points at the screen, clicks, and turns up sound.

BB

Look at what he is capable of.

All 3 look at screen. We see the back of the monitor and the reactions on their faces as they watch.

FACETUBE AUDIO

(Singing) Camptown ladies sing this song . . .

BB

I'll skip ahead.

FACETUBE AUDIO

There, off it goes. Don't worry. The cable tie makes a good tourniquet. You won't bleed to death.

BB

I think that's enough.

BB stops the video and looks sickened.

TT

Let's just tie him to a support post
downstairs for the night and take him
in in the morning. We can take turns .

. . .

Door bell from front door being opened.

TT

Who's that?

We hear feet stomping upstairs and 2 gunshots.

RR

Fuck.

TT

Move.

Our heroes scatter to better positions, RR and TT off
to the sides, BB goes under desk and draws derringer.

Five methheads, stoned and crazy, 3 with clubs, 1
with a revolver, and 1 with a long-handled meat fork,
burst through door. The 2 with clubs are first in,
followed by the revolver wielder. As soon as the
revolver enters he opens fire wildly and guns down
one of the club wielders, 4 shots in the back. Club
1 falls.

INT. UNDER DESK

5 sets of feet. The body of the unlucky club carrier
hits floor. BB aims and shoots the nearest leg
(revolver). The leg gives out and he falls, we can
now see the chest. BB shoots second shot into chest.
Revolver guy falls, blocking view. BB pulls bullets
from pocket and reloads.

INT. OFFICE

TT fires at the meth-brigade 3 well aimed shots into
the chests of each of the remaining club carriers.
The fork guy ducks, charges, and stabs TT in the leg.
TT fires remaining 4 shots into fork guy, emptying
gun.

RR has been holding back to stay out of the lines of
fire, but bat is at ready. After fork guy hits floor,
everyone pauses and listens.

TT

Is that all of them?

RR prods bodies with bat. TT puts in backup clip.

BB

Hope so.

RR

What the fuck was that about?

TT

Isn't that Buck Tooth Fuck and Dirty Hippy?

RR

No, its Dipshit, Methtooth fuck, and Retard Hippy. Dirty hippy has longer curly hair. There is no Bucktooth Fuck. Good name though.

(pause)

Not sure about the others. I could check the wall.

RR walks to the Wall of Scum, flips through papers.

TT

I don't think it matters.

RR

Sure-shot there is Cancer Faker.

TT

Oh yeah. He was going to get us a deposit when his big medical settlement went through.

BB

From the track marks, it looks like it all got spent at Bone's street pharmacy.

(pause)

TT

Uh . . . I hate to interrupt in the outpouring of grief, but isn't this when we're supposed to call the police about our second amendment moment?

TT and RR look at BB.

BB

(sighs) Yeah, we probably should, but then they're going to poke around, find Mr. Camptown, and bye-bye 100 grand. What would we tell them? Please just let him sleep over tonight and we

promise to drop him off in the morning.

(pause)

(light sarcastic tone) I think I'm in shock, overwhelmed by the emotional magnitude of our situation. Which explains why I would ask my equally shell-shocked employees to help throw these assholes into the dumpster and I'll deal with it tomorrow. When we are considerably more popular and can better afford the services of a good attorney.

(pause)

They all look at each other and weigh options.

RR

I know I am certainly too unstable to fully understand the consequences of your request. So I will follow orders like the unquestioning automaton the military taught me to be.

TT

Works for me.

Everyone starts to move bodies.

INT. OFFICE, BODIES GONE

Door bell. Everyone jumps and moves quickly to a defensive position.

BB

We need to lock the front door.

TT

Ya think.

Hart enters. Everyone relaxes some, but it is clear he is not trusted. Hart, surprised everyone is still around, notices blood on floor and TT's leg.

HART

Hey, Bossman. What's happenin'? Hey, TT, what happened to your leg?

TT

I tripped.

TT walks away.

Hart's cell rings.

TT

(suspicious) When did you get a cell phone?

HART

Bone gave it to me.

BB

So you're working for Bone now?

HART

Uh, no. He just had an extra . . . uh, my 10 to 20 hours a week from you guys is all I need.

BB

You going to answer it?

Everyone stares at Hart. Hart answers phone.

HART

Yo... yeah they're here... Its for you.
It's BONE.

Hart hands phone to BB.

INT. BONE'S ROOM

Bone is on the phone. We never see Bone's face, just the mouth, back, or heavily shadowed silhouette. Voice and look are ominous. Bone has a limp. Very little detail can be made out of room. What can be seen is "ghetto rich" expensive in a trashy way.

BONE

I have many more very hungry customers to send over. Those were just a taste.

(pause)

Let's be reasonable and split the reward 50/50. Just send over the do-dah man and I swear to God, no more trouble. I'll have them give you half the reward. We can go on TV and get the big check together.

BB

Right. I think I'll have to pass. My house, my cannibal, my reward. If you want to send over any more crackheads, let them know I've got a chainsaw and a dumpster. We'll fit them right in.

BONE

You may have forgotten, but I am very close to two fine houses that you have spent so much time and money fixing. It would be a fuckin' shame if there was a fire.

(pause)

Don't make me have to hit you where it hurts.

BB

(pissed, anger grows through rant)

Fuck you.

Fuck YOU.

You don't have the balls, you worthless goat-blowing fuck. Everyone knows how you got those scars and that limp. I hear you're too afraid of fire to even light your own glass dick. So, kiss my ass. No, your lips aren't good enough for my asshole, so how about I dump out a thick brown line and you can suck my shitcock.

BB throws phone at Hart. Hart picks it up and leaves, cowering.

TT

That went well.

BB

(calming down, but still fuming)

I don't respond well to threats.

(pause)

Bone just threatened to burn down two of our recently fixed, hard-to-rent, unsellable, but well-insured houses.

TT

Can you call him back and make sure he knows where all of them are?

We hear a crash, sounds like tools being dropped downstairs. Everyone looks around.

BB

You think Hart? . . . Fuck--check Camptown.

RR runs downstairs

INT.SHOP FLOOR

We follow RR. We see RR pass a shirt with duct tape on it. Camera tracks to Camptown, who is finishing clipping wire off of his legs.

RR charges, bat swinging.

Camptown grabs a circular saw and starts the blade moving.

RR swings bat, Camptown blocks with saw, sawdust flies. Camptown swings. The saw is awkward and he is pretty beat up, but he still looks dangerous. RR swings again, another block, more sawdust. It looks like Camptown's plan is to destroy the bat.

TT unplugs saw.

The saw stops spinning. RR strikes down. Camptown blocks, and the saw is knocked from his hand. The bat breaks. RR tackles Camptown and puts him in a chokehold. BB and TT help and Camptown is subdued.

RR drags Camptown's limp body over to the chop saw.

RR

This is not fucking happening again.

RR puts a cable tie (zip strip) on Camptown's wrist and tightens it.

RR

Don't worry--the cable tie makes a good tourniquet. You won't bleed to death.

RR cuts off Camptown's right hand on a chop saw. Camptown wakes up screaming and thrashing. RR holds him and considers removing more parts.

TT puts his hand on RR's shoulder calmly.

TT

Let's just tie up what's left.

RR nods. TT and RR rewire his legs and put his upper torso into a mail sack with a breathing hole cut in it. They cinch the bag closed around Camptown's waist.

BB picks up bloody hand in dustpan and puts it into a clear plastic bag.

We see that Hart is downstairs and has seen everything.

RR

Get away from me.

Hart leaves. BB locks door behind him and puts the

start of a barricade against the door.

INT. SHOP FLOOR

Camptown is drug, all bundled up, over to a cast iron clawfoot tub. The tub is very heavy and both TT and RR strain to lift and turn it over on top of Camptown, trapping him.

RR pounds on tub and talks through drain hole.

RR

How's it going in there, Lefty?

RR takes hand (now in a clear bag), lifts up edge of tub just a little, and throws it under with Camptown.

RR

(into drain) In case you get hungry.

EXT. DARK SIDEWALK.

Hart is shaken up, walks along road/sidewalk. It is much later than when he left the building.

A car pulls up, 2 hot babes (TEMPEST and GLITTER) dressed to tease, are in back.

TEMPEST

Bone would like you to come--with us to the Red Room.

Tempest reaches over to Glitter's top and flips it up, revealing a beautiful chest.

GLITTER

Pretty please.

HART

(perks up) Hell yeah.

Tempest and Glitter flirt as Hart sits between them. Tempest closes the door.

INT. THE RED ROOM.

Tempest and Glitter have changed into very revealing lingerie. Tempest sits behind Hart in a ghetto rich room with a bed and a chair, misc. drug paraphernalia scattered around. Glitter is in front of him with a line of white powder on her breast.

Hart snorts the line of powder on Glitter, grins

broadly, and pushes his face back into her cleavage. Tempest pulls him back by the shoulder and touches his neck and chest with her hand. She seems like she would be equally comfortable kissing or strangling him.

Hart's cell phone rings.

HART

(enthusiastically) Yo.

BONE (OFF)

Hello, Terry. I hope you are enjoying your real friends. I told Glitter and Tempest to take real good care of you. I bet the assholes you work for never respect you like this. You know they aren't going to give you even a piece of the reward.

HART

I don't really work for them. They just make me do shit 'cause I owe them a bunch of rent for their shithole apartment. It's total bullshit. I'm pretty much a carpenter and they won't even let me smoke weed when I'm painting. Stuck up pricks. I seen they keep beer in their office, but they wouldn't even offer me one on payday. So I sold their carpet stapler and bought a six pack. They owe me so much
 . . .

BONE(OFF)

(interrupts) That's all going to change. Your old job is about to catch fire. Your new job is to help me collect what is mine.

Glitter's hands are in Harts pockets. She grabs something and pulls it out. It is a key ring.

GLITTER

Oooh, what's this?

Glitter leans to phone mouthpiece and shakes the keys.

GLITTER

(sing song voice) I found some keys.

BONE

Good girl, Glitter, give them to Tempest and you take good care of

Terry, just like we talked about.

GLITTER

What else do we have down here?

(unzipping sound)

HART

Those keys just go to the house I am cleanin' out, 921. They don't trust me with the shop keys. Even after all the stuff I done for them those jerks don't trust me.

(pause)

Be careful if you go over there. They're crazy. They cut off his freakin' hand. They probably got his arms and legs cut off by now. They're demons. They hate everyone. I bet they've cut up people before, a, a bunch. They threw those guys in the dumpster. I looked. They're all fucked up . . .

BONE

(interrupting) So what are the addresses of these other houses?

Fade out.

INT. OUTSIDE THE RED ROOM

Battered chairs and mattresses are scattered about. Crackheads lounge around on them stoned and mostly oblivious to what is going on.

A door opens, Glitter comes out, gagging and spitting. Her hair, face, and chest are wet and her makeup is running. Tempest follows, carrying a leather garrote.

GLITTER

That was so gross.

TEMPEST

It's natural. Everybody pees when they die. Be glad it wasn't blood. You can get AIDS from blood.

Glitter glares at Tempest.

GLITTER

You could have warned me. I gotta go shower . . . for a year.

Glitter sees guy and perks up.

GLITTER

Want to join me? If you're good I'll
let you wash my glitterous.

Glitter walks to bathroom with guy in tow.

INT. THE RED ROOM.

MAZIN fidgets in a bright orange suit. Mazin's eyes flick from Tempest's scantily clad body to the body on the bed covered by a sheet. Tempest points to the body and gestures to a crackhead who seems to have an intensely itchy groin.

TEMPEST

Put him in Mazin's trunk.

MAZIN

What am I supposed to do with him?

Tempest hands Mazin a piece of paper with an address on it.

TEMPEST

Bone says to get a big crew and go over there. You can dump the body in their dumpster. Apparently he won't be lonely.

MAZIN

A crew? Who does he think he is?
Scarface?

TEMPEST

Be careful.

MAZIN

You know I didn't mean it that way. But a crew? There's no crew, not anymore. It's just Bone, you, me, a few ho's and a whole bunch of hard-up junkies. Bone ain't the same, neither, not since that fire. He's not just tastin' anymore, he's usin'.

TEMPEST

(loyal but not believing)
There's a lot of pain.

MAZIN

Whatever.

Mazin looks at address paper.

MAZIN

I know this place, it's an old church or something. Big stone walls.

TEMPEST

With big glass windows.

MAZIN

Big bullet-proof windows, more like. Back in the day, the city put 'em in all the churches 'cause of the riots. People needed safe places to go and it was cheaper than payin' cops. It's going to take an army to get in there if they want to fight. And if we start shooting, people call the police and the cops call SWAT, and everything goes to shit.

Tempest bends over and picks up a bag filled with little packets of crystals and hands it to Mazin.

TEMPEST

So raise a little army. So what if they don't all make it. We've got bravery in a bag right here. Watch.

Tempest grabs future arsonist by arm and hands him a packet.

TEMPEST

This is for now.

Tempest hands him another packet and holds up a handful more.

TEMPEST

This is for later. And you can come back for all these when you're done taking care of these places.

Tempest removes the world's luckiest magic marker cap with her mouth and starts writing addresses on the arsonist's arm.

INT.SHOP FLOOR

BB paces around. RR sits on tub with a beer. TT enters, carrying the laptop.

BB

You know that we're going to get hit again.

TT

Even after your amazing diplomacy?

BB

You guys up for this? As good as that reward may be, it's only money. We can

still call the police in. Go home. Be safe.

TT

We're going to get hit whether we give up stumpy or not. Bone's people aren't going to know or care what happened to him. They're just going to try to break in. If they succeed they're going to try to kill us and break or steal everything we've got. I'm not letting that happen. It's bad enough seeing what they've done to our all our hard work rebuilding the rentals. Remember, a couple of those are my houses. I'd rather burn this place down myself than let those miserable fuckups take anything more away from us.

RR

I am so in. Where else do I have to go? I've been crashing here since RRSPOUSE decided to hate me. Like the shirt says, your home should be a castle.

(pause)

You might have to hold my share until after the divorce so I have something to start over with. And if I don't make it, just make sure there is an open bar at the funeral, with good beer.

TT

I put the cannibal's webcam up on the roof so we can see what's going on in back.

TT shows window on computer. We see a couple of people standing around.

TT

Doesn't look too ominous yet.

RR

They'll wait until there's a bunch of them before they try anything. We'll have some time to prepare, since those fuckin' hobos have to walk or take the bus to get here.

BB

That's pretty funny. I can just see Bone at the bus stop with 20 fuckups waiting in line, like a crackhead school field trip.

BB impersonates Bone's voice and walks with an exaggerated limp.

BB

Has everyone gone to the bathroom? If you forgot your pipes and needles, I have extra, but you're going to have to share. Find your line partner. Is that heroin? I hope you brought enough for everyone.

(chuckles)

Well, I guess we should get to it.

INT.CLOSE UP OF TABLE TOP

Bullets are poured out of a can onto the table. Sure-shot's revolver and the SKS are there as well.

BB

These came from various clean outs. Anything we can use?

TT and RR sort quickly through the shells.

RR

We win. These 357 mags will work in Sure-shot's pistol. It looks like that's about it. We have 5 rounds left for your SKS, not much but it's something.

BB

We can't use any of this outside unless we absolutely have to. If somebody reports shots fired, they will send in the commando guys the mayor just hired.

TT

ETF, Emergency Task Force. Not to be confused with the ATF, Assholes Taking Freedom. We should be pretty safe with anything shot inside. No one called earlier.

BB

Good point. Do we have to worry about that thing shooting through a wall and killing one of our neighbors?

TT and RR look at each other and grin sheepishly.

RR

No, not these walls. That's pretty thick old brick, and the main floor windows are all bullet proof, shatter

proof Plexiglas from the 70's, after the riots. That's why they won't open. I feel real confident. No worries there.

BB

What?(looks back and forth between the two)

TT

We, uh, sorta sighted it in the basement a month ago. And we might have shot the wall a couple of times.

BB

(looks mildly pained)

Well, I guess that's good to know.

RR

And it is sighted in, which is good, since it jams every other round.

(pause)

RR

(very serious)

We could go out now and pick off a few of them. If we take out the leader now the rest will scatter and never come back. Shit, even if Bone isn't out there yet, junkies are the biggest cowards in the world until they get a fix. TT and I run them off all the time by just yelling. If a few bodies hit the ground bleeding there won't be any army left.

All eyes are on BB. BB thinks, then answers thoughtfully.

BB

I'm sure you are right, but no. If they hit us, they break into our house, no mercy, that's self-defense in the eyes of the law. If we took out Bone, the one who threatened our lives, that's self-defense in the eyes of God, not sure about the law. But God is good enough for me. Killing anybody else out there, no matter how much of a scummy fuck up they are, is just murder. We're not going there.

RR

We've got a war going here. The

military has a saying, "good soldier wrong army." It means take every advantage. They'd sure as hell do it to us. That's why they're out there.

BB

But those aren't soldiers out there. It's a bunch of junkies who think they are going to kill someone for 50 bucks worth of their brand of smack. In reality they're just a bunch of losers who are going to be crippled or die for the price of 10 happy meals.

(pause)

Bad guys have rights, good guys have rules. And as much as it might suck sometimes, we are the good guys.

(pause)

But we don't have to be total pussies about it, either. So let's figure out how we are going to weather this siege.

BB looks from TT to RR.

TT shrugs, looks at RR.

TT

Told ya.

RR nods.

RR

Okay.

(pause)

Actually, for guys that are in a totally fucked up situation, we're in a relatively good position, tactically. Once we brace the doors, no one is getting through the front without a bulldozer or a tank. Which leaves three entry points: First the shitty basement door that even my kids could break through.

BB

Your kids could break an anvil.

RR

Good point, but even your kids could kick in that basement door. The frame is fucked and we need to recement the opening so we can't fix it now.

Then we have the roller door on the

back dock. It's pretty sturdy, but one of those idiots is bound to figure out how to pry it up with a car jack.

TT

Or a grinding wheel or a cutting torch.

RR

Yeah. And, lastly, the second-story windows off the roof. Two years ago we had those kids climbing up, the ones TT caught fucking out there.

TT

The first real use of my cell camera. Then we put up those posters of them out back that kept getting stolen.

BB

Until her mom called and said she'd learned her lesson. Anyway, how do you think they'd get up there? The kids were climbing on the truck, so we changed where it was parked.

TT

They could pile up something, maybe stand on top of a car and boost each other up. Maybe even bring a ladder.

RR

We should start by fortifying the easiest entrance point and then move on from there. We can use the laptop to keep track of what's going on outside.

INT. BASEMENT NEAR THE WEAK DOOR

Our heroes stack pallets at the end of the narrow corridor which ends with the basement door. The pallets completely block the end of the corridor. Against the pallets they prop up a ladder that lets someone look over and down the narrow concrete corridor. They attach the pallets together with the compressed air nail gun. It looks pretty sturdy.

BB

Why not just barricade the door?

RR

We can't make it strong enough that they wouldn't get through. And since we know Bone is partial to fire to solve disputes, this is the only place where

you really would have anything to burn that could take out the building. The door by itself wouldn't do anything, but a big pile of pallets could burn hot enough to cause real problems. One guy up here, with a pistol, or a spear or a nail gun, should be able to hold off a lot of people a real long time.

RR takes a defensive position and fires the nail gun over the wall a few times. Nails ricochet around, one breaks a bulb in the corridor light. BB peeks over the wall.

BB

Not really a precision weapon.

RR

What did you expect? There's no barrel to make it shoot straight, and they're roofing nails, not darts. That big nail head make means they are going to tumble and bounce all over. All those ricochets mean it's probably going to hit somebody down there. It'll probably only penetrate skin on the first or second bounce, but it will still suck to be hit.

RR shoots a couple into a thick board.

RR

At point-blank range, it will be pretty deadly, though. After the first few, we can make sure they stop wanting to come in as long as one of us is here.

TT steps up.

TT

We can do one better. We can make sure nobody can survive there at all for at least a few hours.

INT. BIG YELLOW CHEMICAL CABINET

TT opens a yellow hazardous chemical cabinet. Inside is a bunch of bleach, ammonia, drain cleaner, and other bottles. People carry bottles to basement. TT, wearing respirator and goggles, empties them into three 5 gallon buckets. The buckets are set up on the platform where they can be easily tipped off with a board.

TT

Once we dump this much bleach, ammonia, and drain cleaner, that area should be fatal to stay in for more than a minute, at least for the next hour or so. After that it will still be plenty toxic. It will burn skin, eyes, lungs. I guarantee that once a couple of assholes come out with third-degree chemical burns no amount of crystal is going, make them go back in there.

BB

We had better wait until they are in before we dump the buckets. That way we can be sure to take a few out of the fight.

(pause)

Just don't let it take you out too.
Dump them and get out.

INT.BATHROOM

RR walks into bathroom, shuts door, takes out cell phone and dials.

RR

Hello RRSPOUSE... I just wanted to say good night to the kids... I did not walk out, I went to work. You changed the locks... Look, I don't want to fight... Please, just let me say good night to them... I'll wait for a commercial... Please... (click)

RR closes cell.

RR

Fuck.

INT.CLOSE UP OF PAD OF PAPER

BB writes "I heart you Bess" on page and tears it out. BB writes, "I love you Brian" and tears it out. BB writes in cursive BBSPOUSE "I Love you more every day, Love BB" and tears it out.

BB puts the 3 sheets in a manila envelope, seals it, kisses the seal, then writes "For my family, Love BB" on the outside. BB puts the envelope in the mail out basket.

INT. LAPTOP SCREEN

More people are milling about. RR and TT look at the screen.

RR

I hate just waiting to be attacked. I feel like I should be doing something.

TT

We are. We built a gas chamber. We've set up a position on the roof. Now we're going to figure out how to deal with the door on the back dock. If we went out there now we'd be jumped big time. I'd rather wait and hope the whole bunch OD's in the parking lot.

RR

You're right, but I still hate having everybody else get to make the first move.

INT. BACK DOCK

Our heroes arrange pallets and furniture, forming a narrow passage for would-be assailants to run through. TT sets the latch on the roll door.

BB is using the nail gun to make nail strips. BB is looking more confident and capable with the nail gun's use. They nail down the nail strips and then cover them with thin brown craft paper from a roll to hide them.

EXT. PARKING LOT IN BACK OF BUILDING

Mazin drives into the parking lot. A medium-sized ladder is strapped to the roof. Mazin gets out, and the orange suit seems to glow in the low light. A bunch of others pile out of the backseat like a junkie version of a clown car. They unstrap the ladder from the car roof. Mazin opens the trunk and pulls out a folding ladder. Mazin unfolds the ladder and has someone lean it against the roof. A dozen junkies mill about. We can hear tool sounds coming from inside the building.

Mazin points at body in trunk.

MAZIN

You all should look at what happens when you cross Bone.
(pause)

Throw it in the trash bin.

Crackheads haul Hart's body into the darkness. We hear the clang of the dumpster lid. Mazin listens to the tool sounds and does a quick count of his troops.

MAZIN

What are they doing in there?

INT. BUILDING

A wall of furniture and lumber forms a kill pocket outside of the interior roller door. Several doors have been propped up to make the entrance narrower. Makeshift steps of pallets lead up the back. The nail gun sits at the top with the hose trailing back to the compressor. RR and BB look over the construction. RR grabs and shakes part of it to test how sturdy it is.

RR

Well, it's pretty sturdy. We'll leave this door up so you can shoot at them while they're on the dock. I'd wait until they are in a ways and someone has stepped on a nail strip.

BB lays out strings of nails for the nail gun in a place easy to get at from on top.

BB

You sure you don't want to take the 357? I've got this and TT will come help after the buckets get dumped.

RR

Nah. I'd be too tempted to use it and that's no good.

RR flashes derringer

RR

This thing will be good enough back up if one gets the jump on me.

INT. BUILDING

TT looks at laptop. We see Mazin unloading the ladder from the trunk.

TT

Hey. Mazin just arrived, and it looks like he brought a ladder. Holy crap, how many crackheads were there in the backseat? (pause) Make that two

ladders. I think you better get into position.

RR looks at screen.

RR

Time to go.

RR stops at fridge and takes out a beer.

RR

But first a beer. A nice night like this calls for beer.

RR heads upstairs.

TT

BB, check this out. (laughs) I think Mazin made Hart ride in the trunk. See, even the fuck ups think he's a fuck up.

TT looks back at screen.

TT

Oh shit. It looks like he's dead.

TT gets up and limps to the basement.

TT

I better get in place. I think this is going to start pretty soon.

BB looks at screen.

BB

Maybe it's someone else.

TT

Maybe. It looked like the shirt he was wearing. Either way, it's pretty clear they are playing for keeps.

INT OFFICE

RR climbs out a window onto the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP

RR climbs on to roof. RR looks around. We see that no one is on the lower roof, but we can see the top of the ladder. RR opens beer, takes a drink, and walks around carefully. RR's cell buzzes.

RR

Yeah... I don't see anybody, not sure what they're waiting for. Maybe they're shooting up their courage... Okay, I'll let you know if I see anything.

INT. BASEMENT NEAR GAS CHAMBER

Waiting is hard.

TT puts on respirator and goggles, then shifts goggles up on forehead and respirator down on neck for comfort. TT sets up a chair, sits down. TT gets back up, looks at the buckets, adjusts one. TT makes slow practice moves with the board, simulating how to push the buckets off. TT takes cell and takes pictures of the whole set-up. TT sits back down, fidgets with cell.

TT jumps as the cell rings.

TT

Hello... You wouldn't believe me if I told you... No, I'm not on a date... It's complicated... Okay, okay, we've got a one handed cannibal trapped under a bathtub and 20 or 30 crackheads with a bright orange drug dealer outside trying to steal him from us... No, I am not high... Look, I gotta go, I've got a gas chamber to watch... I'll tell you all about it tomorrow. (click)

TT puts cell away, picks up board, and fidgets with it some more.

EXT. ROOF TOP

RR paces and waits. RR stops, smells the air, and looks around. RR climbs up to the very top section of the roof and looks around.

We have a view from the rooftop of the city. Black smoke and a few flames can be seen in the distance, obviously house fires.

RR

Holy shit.

RR dials cell.

RR

I can see fires from up here. Not absolutely sure that they're ours, but they're close... You said they're insured right, cause we've got a hell of an alibi... Won't be long now.

INT. BUILDING MAIN FLOOR

BB sits up on the furniture wall. The main floor

phone rings. BB looks perplexed, looks through doorway to the dock. BB climbs down and answers it.

BB

(tentatively)

Fortress Construction. How can I help you?

As before, we can't see all of Bone.

BONE

1026, 1024, 809, 818, 814, 808, 1016, 906, 921, all gone. Devil's night came a little early. Now who's sucking what? Hand over my package to Mazin NOW and nothing more happens. TT can go to the hospital for that nasty infected leg. You can go home to your family. Don't make it any harder on yourself.

BB

Did Hart give you those addresses? I hope he's happy--you burned down his apartment too.

BONE

911 is busy. Firemen have got people to save. Cops are callin' all cars for a high-speed chase. It seems there's a firebug junkie with a long list that doesn't want to go to prison.

(pause)

You're all alone now. It's your choice if you want to live or die.

BB

Um, let me think about it. Can I call you back in 10?

BONE

Sure, take all the time you've got left.

BB pulls out cell and runs back to wall. BB climbs up and talks.

BB

They're going to hit us now.

INT. BASEMENT GAS CHAMBER

TT stands, answering cell. We hear crashing sounds.

TT

Hello... Nothing down here yet... (crash)
Gotta go.

TT goes to look down corridor.

INT. WALL NEAR BACK DOCK

BB dials again, we hear a ring.

EXT. ROOF TOP

Close up of cell laying on roof. Suddenly it vibrates.

We look out on lower roof several people climb up the ladder onto roof. They pass the ladder from Mazin's car roof up.

Cell phone vibrates again.

They pull up the other ladder(the one they got to the roof on). Crackheads set both ladders against wall and begin to climb.

Cell phone vibrates again.

A head crests the edge of the roof line. Lights come on, the face squints, temporarily blinded.

RR appears with golf club.

RR

Fore.

RR swings and connects with a thud. The crackhead falls back onto roof.

A fight ensues as RR moves between the 2 ladders.

INT. BASEMENT GAS CHAMBER

We hear the door being pounded on. It rattles and smashes open. Two crackheads run through.

TT uses the board to push over a bucket.

The bucket hits the ground, spreading liquid down the corridor toward the door.

Two more crackheads run in. The first are getting closer to the barrier. The second bucket is pushed over. After the liquids start mixing a mist starts to rise.

Two more enter. It is starting to be crowded in the corridor. The mist is getting thicker. The crackheads are starting to react.

TT's goggles are fogging up, making it harder to push over the third bucket, but after a couple of bumps it falls.

The third bucket of bluish liquid with little crystals in it (drain cleaner) pours directly onto the front 2 attackers. They scream and try to wipe it off ineffectively. The mist increases to a fog. Everyone is in pain, coughing and blinded. The front 2 have fallen down to their hands and knees. The back 2 try to get out but get caught up in the door. A hand from beyond the door grabs one by the arm.

The would-be rescuer has his face covered with his shirt and arm, with the other arm he drags the choking attacker. The fog grows denser. The choker is dragged on his knees to the door. The rescuer lets go and leaves to save himself.

The fog billows out around the barricade. TT's goggles are fogged up, and breathing is hard, even with the air filter. TT limps to the stairs as the fog follows. The fog engulfs TT.

INT. BUILDING DOCK

The latch on the roller door rattles.

EXT. PARKING LOT

A bunch of crackheads lean on a 2x4 to lever up the back roller door. The board breaks.

INT. BUILDING INSIDE ROLLER DOOR

BB hears rattle, and puts the phone away. BB checks nail gun and pistol. BB adjusts for a good firing position. There is a crack and the rattling stops. BB relaxes and looks over to laptop. There are fewer people visible.

CLANG, CLANG. BB jumps. The pounding on the door resumes. Camera zooms in on the latch, which is moving a lot more and it could go at any second.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Crackheads have multiple boards taped and wired together jammed under door. They bounce up and down hard.

INT. BUILDING DOCK

The latch on the roller door rattles. The door flies up and crackheads climb up. A hoard of crackheads surge forward. The first ones step on the nail strips.

INT. EXTREME CLOSEUP FOOT

A sneakered foot steps down and bloody nails come up through the top of the shoe.

INT. BUILDING DOCK

The front group is pushed over onto more of the nail strips. When they try to get up there are bleeding holes in their clothes. They are pushed back down and trampled by the mob.

The WORLD'S LARGEST CRACKHEAD stands in the back and tears pallets from the pile and throws them onto the nail strips. WLC grabs a pallet and herds the others forward.

INT. MAIN FLOOR

BB waits until the mob gets about halfway, and starts firing. Nails go everywhere. The doors narrowing the opening get shredded. BB sees WLC pushing people forward, using the pallet as a shield.

INT. MAIN FLOOR BASEMENT DOOR

TT opens door from basement. We see fog beyond the door. TT slams door shut, strips off goggles and respirator, coughing. TT stumbles toward sink and rinses face vigorously. After a few seconds TT seems to feel better but has a flushed face.

TT grabs some sheet plastic and duct tape, then seals the basement door.

EXT. ROOF TOP

RR pounds the ever-living shit out of a crackhead on a ladder who selfishly refuses to die or fall. Another climbs off the second ladder. A winded RR finally finishes off the crackhead, starts to turn. The golf club is broken. RR is tackled by the final crackhead. They roll around on the roof. There is a muffled bang and the crackhead goes limp. RR pushes him off, breathing heavy, wipes his forehead with hand holding derringer. RR tosses away the broken club.

RR

Stupid game.

RR pulls up the ladders the crackheads were using.

RR

(taunting)

I've got your ladders.

INT. MAIN FLOOR

WLC thunders forward with nails sticking out of pallet shield. BB reloads nail gun. Many strips have been used. WLC takes advantage of the lull and smashes pallet against wall and grabs at BB. Several nail gun shots go off as BB is pulled down.

WLC stands frozen but menacing, nails sticking out of face, neck, and leg. BB kneels up and places nail gun on chest and fires several times. WLC falls back with a circle of nails around his heart.

A crackhead with a shovel whacks BB. TT arrives and shoots shovel wielder.

It is quiet. Some of the bodies still move, but are not very threatening. BB looks around, draws revolver and, gingerly avoiding nail strips, walks into dock and closes roller door.

TT walks behind with the nail gun and shoots the downed bodies. BB hears the pop and turns to look at TT.

TT

What?

TT resumes methodically shooting bodies. BB walks out, climbs back over the wall. BB's cell chimes with a text message.

RR (VIA TEXT)

You rang?

BB dials RR back.

BB

Thank God you're okay. I was worried when you didn't answer.

EXT. ROOF TOP

RR talks on cell, while fiddling with a very bent golf club. There are several on the roof, all of which are broken or wrecked.

RR

It got busy. Then I ran out of sporting equipment, so I had to switch to firearms... Don't worry, I used a silencer...

RR uses a foot to nudge the final attacker. There is a bullet hole in his chest with burn marks around it.

RR

About 150 pounds of crack addict.
Apparently blocking the barrel of a gun really is dangerous. He caught on fire from the muzzle blast. Burned a hole in my shirt...

INT. LAPTOP

BB reverses and fast forwards the video feed, stopping at various points.

Mazin leans on car and hands packets to people.

Mazin points and sends crackheads somewhere.

Mazin has a pistol out, pointing at a crackhead.

Mazin injects WORLD'S LARGEST CRACKHEAD, who goes from calm to raging and runs off screen.

TT

I remember that guy.

BB

It looks like Mazin is calling the shots. Fuck, how many junkies are there in this city?

TT

Several less now.

BB

It might be time to take out Mazin, before there are a lot more people killed.

TT

Like us, for instance.

BB scrolls the video around some more.

BB

Mazin is definitely firing the gun, it's just those people are the bullets.

BB looks up from the laptop and sees that TT is filling a large plastic bottle with packing peanuts.

BB

That's a silencer, isn't it?

TT

Yep.

TT sticks the bottle over the end of the barrel of

the SKS.

BB

Won't that screw up aiming?

TT

Yeah. But a good shot up close should be okay.

BB dials cell.

BB (TO CELL)

Can you get to the lower roof?

EXT. ROOF TOP LOWER ROOF

RR belly crawls along lower roof with the SKS and silencer. There is an extra silencer on RR's belt.

RR aims and fires.

Close up of the bottle on the end of the barrel. It fills with flame, and the peanuts melt and puff out the hole where the bullet left. The sound is muffled.

EXT. PARKING LOT

A red spot appears on Mazin's stomach. Mazin crumples. Crackheads rob Mazin of drugs, pistol, wallet, and car keys. Mazin fights but is beaten down. Crackheads drive off in Mazin's car.

EXT. ROOF TOP LOWER ROOF

RR watches.

RR

Definitely wrong army.

RR stands up and walks/climbs back to windows.

EXT. PARKING LOT

A car pulls up to where Mazin lies. Tempest gets out of the driver's seat and looks at the body. Glitter stays in the car. Tempest takes something out of Mazin's jacket pocket, then gets back in the car.

TEMPEST

Mazin's gone. At least they left the suit. Mazin would have wanted that.

GLITTER

I never really liked Mazin. Too pretty, not enough scars. And no limp. Limps are hot. I mean not limp limp, but a

limp. You know.

TEMPEST

Watch it, Glitter, Mazin and I go way back.

GLITTER

Sorry. Way back like you and Bone?

TEMPEST

No one goes farther back than me and Bone.

GLITTER

Bone's hot. The scars, the limp, the cane. You touch those, you can feel the power. Anyone can act tough. Scars mean you can take it. Are we going to go see Bone now? I'm getting itchy.

TEMPEST

Glitter doll, you're always itchy. That's why everyone loves you.

Tempest starts to drive away.

GLITTER

You just going to leave 'em there?

TEMPEST

You think I'm going to dig a grave in these heels? Time to go.

GLITTER

Time to bone Bone at home--with a gnome. (giggles)

INT. LAPTOP

All watch the laptop screen. The video is scrolled back and we see Tempest's car drive away. Fast forward, the parking lot remains empty.

RR

It's been half an hour since those hookers came through. That may be it.

BB

That was enough.

RR walks over to tub. RR pounds on the tub and yells into the drain.

RR

Did you hear that, Stumpy? No rescue for you.

RR walks back.

RR

I am going to go move the bodies. If I sit here I am going to go to sleep.

TT

I'll go with you.

BB

Be careful.

TT and RR walk to the interior roller door.

EXT. SHOT FROM INSIDE DUMPSTER

Pure black. There is the sound of a body landing in a dumpster.

From inside the dumpster, TT's and RR's heads are silhouetted.

RR

That looks like it.

TT

Yeah, that's it. Good thing, dawn's coming.

RR

(radio announcer voice)

We throw more bodies in dumpsters before dawn than most people do all day.

TT

Sounds like something from a cereal box.

RR

Landlord-ee-O's, the cereal that turns bitter in milk.

The lid closes.

EXT. PARKING LOT

RR and TT, wearing rubber gloves, walk back to dock.

TT

Next time we build a corrosive gas death trap, we should put down plastic sheeting first. It will make it a lot easier to clean up.

RR

Maybe. I think we should just use more drain cleaner. A good 20 gallons more

and we could have just pressure washed them down the drain.

TT

You know what's fucked up? That still wasn't as nasty as 808's fridge that one time. (shudders) maggot soup. It still makes me want to wash.

RR

I'll tell you what's fucked up. When my kids ask me what I did in the army, I'm going to have to tell them, "I sat at a desk, filled out paperwork, and every other Thursday I had to watch 100 people pee into a cup. Sometimes we got to walk a really long way, to go camping in horrible weather, without tents, somewhere in Texas, but only if we were really good."

(mimics child's voice)

But, weren't you in the war?

(normal voice)

No. I didn't see combat until I became a landlord in Michigan. Before then I only drank for fun.

INT. BONE'S HOME

Empty plastic wrap is scattered over table. A large syringe sits next to the candle Bone is using to melt crystals in a big spoon. We still can't see Bone's face. Tempest walks in on Bone.

TEMPEST

Mazin's dead.

BONE

I know. I called and got Little Jeffries, who was feelin' pretty brave. Said some things.

TEMPEST

Want me to take care of it?

BONE

Oh yeah. For Mazin.

(pause)

You're all that's left. Mazin had the last of my inventory, 'cept this.

Bone fills the syringe. It looks like a lot even to people who don't know what a lot is.

TEMPEST

We're all that's left. You, me, we can get it back.

BONE

No. Just you. I haven't been me since the fire. That's why I use this shit. The real me burned away. Besides with Palmer and Malone in an all out gang war there's no good soldiers left for us little guys. I thought the Doo-dah man could be our new stake. Guess not.

TEMPEST

What about them?

BONE

Leave it and get out. We burned them down but good. They're just as fucked as me.

Bone brings the needle up and injects it all into a very scarred arm.

TEMPEST

But. . .

Tempest hugs Bone. Bone goes limp. Tempest wipes eyes and walks out.

INT. MAIN FLOOR

BB has reporter's card out and is calling on cell.

BB

Good morning, Eve. Meet us at Lutz and Vine at 7:30... We'll be the ones in the big white truck with the cannibal.

BB talks to TT and RR, who are sitting relaxed.

BB

Clean up as best you can. We're going to be on TV.

INT. BATHROOM

BB brushes teeth, combs hair, scrubs at a few spots on clothes.

INT. MAIN FLOOR WASH TUB

RR sticks fingertips in water and spritzes face once, looking nonplussed. TT looks on and gives a thumbs up. TT puts on a Deeton - The City You Deserve cap over unruly hair.

INT. MAIN FLOOR TUB

BB and RR lift tub, while TT waits with pistol out. Camptown has lost any fight in him. TT picks up the hand in the bag and duct tapes it to the mail sack. They lead him to the truck.

INT. TRUCK

BB drives. TT sits in passenger seat, dozing. In back as the truck bumps along, Camptown is bungied to truck tie offs. RR dozes. BB turns on the radio. The end of "The Enchanted Tomb" plays.

D-ROCK DJ

Now for Crime Watch, brought to you by Cop Talk--Real crime, Real captures, Real justice.

After a high-speed chase involving over 13 police vehicles, Deeton police were finally able to apprehend the firebug that appears responsible for last night's rash of arsons. Racing at speeds over 90 miles per hour and screaming "Tempest, I love you" out the window, the fiery felon took an ironic turn when he crashed into a firetruck. Over 15 homes and apartments burned to the ground as the fire department ran desperately from one blaze to another, rescuing families tragically struck by this serial flamer. (I dub thee not fabulous) Several of the homes' addresses were written in magic marker on the suspect's arm, apparently as a way of commemorating the moment. He has yet to be identified or regain consciousness.

DJ ASSISTANT

Wasn't Tempest a video game in the 80's? You went in a circle and shot green lines, I think.

(video game sounds)

D-ROCK DJ

Sounds like the last party I was at, except I was jerked in a circle and I

shot white lines. (whoa)

DJ ASSISTANT

We've got a caller.

ANGRY CALLER

It's those video games' fault. Kids today need to get outside and play kick the can and stick ball like I did.

D-ROCK DJ

I don't know grandma, kicking and sticking sound pretty violent to me.

EXT. PARKING LOT SHERRIFF'S OFFICE

Truck pulls up. Cameraman and Eve are already set up, waiting. A sheriff's office employee comes out with a receipt book. TT cuts the top off the mailbag with a large pair of scissors, revealing an unkempt Camptown Cannibal. The employee compares the picture on a reward paper to the person, writes a receipt, and hands it to BB.

Eve is set up, ready to film.

BB, TT, and RR pose with Camptown. Flash.

THE PHOTO

EVE (VOICE OVER)

Today a reign of terror has ended as three courageous local citizens have captured and turned in the infamous Camptown Cannibal. The three plan to share the combined reward, which went over 100 thousand dollars last night after the rescue of his latest victim, reported exclusively right here on Eve in the Evening.

CREDITS

Final credits roll.

The Eels - Mr E's Beautiful blues plays. (or Adam Green's Morning after Midnight)

EXT.DUMPSTER IN PARKING LOT

Garbage truck comes and empties dumpster.

THE END

Deeton - The City You Deserve

Poster/costume idea - BB wearing white
Fortress construction T-shirt, TT has a
Deeton - The city you deserve hat and
wearing black Bitter Hateful filled
with Rage shirt - RR has red fucumon
shirt posing next to Camptown Cannibal
trussed up in wire and mail sack with
hand in bag duct taped to front of
sack. "Just another day at the
office"