

BRING BACK THE KING

by
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FADE IN:

INT. CLIFF'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The TELEPHONE is RINGING.

A crumpled note with a female's swirling hand writing rests atop a phone answering machine set.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as the answering machine CLICKS ON.

CLIFF

(via answering machine)

Um... this is Cliff. Leave a message. Unless it's Diane. Then don't bother. You've already broken my heart. What else do you want? I mean, seriously.

CAMERA PULLS FURTHER BACK to expose a bachelor apartment done in the decor of a booze binge.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

(via answering machine)

And yeah, I get it. Your dreams are bigger than mine and you don't want to be stuck in my rut. What does that even mean? A rut? What asshole deemed himself to be the one who decides how many days or weeks or months it takes to make a rut? Whatev -

The BEEP ends the outgoing message. CAMERA TRACKS down the hall as we hear the incoming message.

MR. SHINER

(via answering machine)

Cliff, this is Dave Shiner. I know you're on suspension until the Safety Board reviews the catastrophic damage caused in last month's incident, but I'm in a bit of a bind here. Your cooperation would go a long way with my deposition to the Board. I'm not saying it will help if you do, but it's the Hail Mary you're looking for. I need you here within the hour. And, Cliff? Be sober.

The message ends and CAMERA finds CLIFF SPARKS - late 20's, slightly handsome and extremely unkempt - blowing chunks into the toilet.

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

Cliff wavers under the spray with eyes closed and occasionally groans unintelligible things.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Cliff looks at his shaving cream lathered reflection in the mirror. His hand holding the razor is shaking.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Cliff wears a clean, pressed black suit and has half a dozen toilet paper bits covering the shaving nicks along his cheeks and jawline.

He sits at a table and pours a dented box of Lucky Charms into a cereal bowl surrounded by old take-out cartons, fast food wrappers, and half empty bottles of various booze.

Cliff plucks a bottle of Karkov to pour into the cereal bowl. He dips his spoon and has a mouthful.

INT. BATHROOM - NEXT

Cliff, bent over the bowl and throwing up again.

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD - MORNING

Algae green pool with a SUNBURNED FAT MAN floating on an inflatable raft. Standing dangerously close to the pool's edge, two SMALL CHILDREN SCREAM and beat the hell out of each other with brightly colored foam swords.

When Cliff walks past, one of the children SWATS his leg, causing Cliff to trip into a row of rusty chaise lounges.

INT. CLIFF'S VEGA - MOVING - MORNING

Cliff, driving while plucking the toilet paper bits off his face.

He reaches into the glove box for a bottle of Listerine with a final mouthful sloshing at the bottom. He swigs and the Vega hits a bump. Cliff swallows and gags.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERSONAL ELEGANCE TRANSPORTATION - MORNING

A brick bunker building with a row of TOWN CARS parked in front. Cliff's Vega pulls into the last spot at the end.

INT. PERSONAL ELEGANCE TRANSPORTATION - SHINER'S OFFICE

MR. SHINER - an ageing tough guy with a hairline racing to the back of his head - behind a desk cluttered with assorted files, papers, and expensive looking vintage model cars.

Cliff slouches into the chair facing Mr. Shiner's desk.

MR. SHINER
Good to see you, Cliff.

CLIFF
Good to be seen, Mr. Shiner.

MR. SHINER
Are you sober?

CLIFF
As a whistle. Wait, did you say
clean or sober?

Cliff's light hearted laugh quickly turns into an uncomfortable cough as Mr. Shiner gives him a dubious look.

MR. SHINER
The fact of the matter here, Cliff,
is that there is a very important
client at the Beverly Wilshire
Hotel. A Mr. Chester Gore. He's a
big name in the jewel and rare
stone market. Personally, I don't
wear any of that crap. I'm all
about the gold.

Mr. Shiner opens his shirt collar to flash the gangsta-style
GOLD CHAINS around his neck.

CLIFF
Holla.

Mr. Shiner buttons his shirt back up.

MR. SHINER

I gave my word to Mr. Gore that I would send my best man for this job.

CLIFF

I appreciate -

MR. SHINER

Unfortunately, Lopez has a freak lawn mowing accident this morning that has permanently incapacitated his driving ability.

CLIFF

That's terrible.

MR. SHINER

Yes, it is terrible. Not only will Lopez never see six of his fingers again, I've no one to drive this very important client. And that leaves me with you.

Cliff tries not to bristle at Mr. Shiner's tact.

CLIFF

Well, Mr. Shiner, it is true that I've had a few discrepancies on my record.

MR. SHINER

More than a few.

CLIFF

There really was a good reason why I was driving backward down that one-way street -

MR. SHINER

That doesn't concern me right now. What concerns me is this: am I using the right judgment by bringing you in to handle this client?

CLIFF

I'll do my best, Mr. Shiner. Like my job depended on it.

MR. SHINER

Your job does depend on it, Cliff.
Your whole life and future,
perhaps. Mine too, since I'm
trusting you.

Mr. Shiner takes an envelope off his desk and extends it
toward Cliff.

MR. SHINER

That's a company credit card. I
expect receipts.

Cliff reaches for it and there's a moment of awkward tug-of-war until Mr. Shiner relinquishes his grip.

INT. PERSONAL ELEGANCE TRANSPORTATION - GARAGE - MORNING

Cliff, envelope in hand, walks past the various town cars
being worked on and over to the dispatch office.

INT. DISPATCH OFFICE - NEXT

O'DOYLE - an Irish old timer that bares a striking
resemblance to Richard Harris - has his feet up on his desk
while admiring the pages of porn mag "'Passed Out Lasses'".

CLIFF (O.S.)

I see you're keeping up on the
classics, O'Doyle.

O'Doyle lowers the skin mag to see Cliff amble in.

O'DOYLE

The main thing is I'm keepin' it
up, lad. Maybe you'd like to have a
little contest to see who has more
lead in his pencil, yeah?

He stands up behind his desk and reaches to undo the belt
that holds up his slacks. Cliff waves him off. Their banter
is laced with mutual respect.

CLIFF

I'll take your word for it, you
dirty old Irish pervert.

O'DOYLE

Which one of them words are ya
tryin' to insult me with there?

CLIFF

I'll let you decide while you give
me the keys to Number One.

O'Doyle drops the magazine and turns to the cork board behind him that has sets of car keys hanging from numerical slots.

O'DOYLE

So the rumors are true, yeah?
Shiner's called you in. Fucker's
brains must have fell out faster
than his hair!

O'Doyle turns with car keys dangling. He tosses them to...

...Cliff's shaking hand drops them.

O'Doyle cackles while Cliff curses and to picks up the keys.
When Cliff straightens up, O'Doyle is holding out a flask to him.

O'DOYLE (CONT'D)

One for the road?

Temptation is all over Cliff's face. The resolve that wins
brings a sweat to his brow.

CLIFF

Save me a slug when I get back.

O'Doyle cackles again as Cliff walks out.

O'DOYLE

Cliff Sparks turnin' down a drink?
I'm pretty sure that's a sign of
the apocalypse, yeah? Or is this
fer one of them reality prank
shows? Where ya hidin' the
cameras, ya bastards?

EXT. PERSONAL ELEGANCE TRANSPORTATION - MORNING

A black Cadillac Town Car pulls out of the open garage and
into the street, smoothly merging with the traffic.

EXT./INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Cliff, behind the wheel, removes a pair of sunglasses from inside his suit jacket. He slips the shades on and exudes a confidence while driving that we haven't seen before.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

The Cadillac turns up the palm tree lined driveway and up to the car port at the front of the prestigious building.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Cliff whistles a tune while crossing the gleaming marble floor to the front desk.

A pretty HOTEL RECEPTIONIST smiles at Cliff.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST
How are you today, sir?

Cliff leans along the high counter to get a look at the receptionist's name tag.

CLIFF
I'll tell you what, Shelly. I haven't always been the confident figure you see before you. I've recently gone through a pretty bad break up with my girlfriend. Add to that some career woes that I won't get into at the moment and that One-Two combo had me going down for the count. But guess what? Things are starting to look up. There's second chances out there. Cliff Sparks is getting his and you better believe he's going to make the most of it. That's me, by the way. I'm Cliff Sparks. Newly single in case you -

The Hotel Receptionist's smile has formed into an annoyed frown now.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST
Do you have reservation with the hotel, Mr. Sparks?

The air goes out of Cliff's mojo. He clears his throat and leans back from the front counter.

CLIFF

Um... I'm here to pick up Mr.
Chester Gore in Room 319.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - ROOM 319 - DAY

The PHONE RINGS in a suite in shambles. The heavy curtains hang over the windows. The only light comes from the FLICKERING BULB of a lamp knocked over in the corner casting a strobe effect upon...

... the overturned couch, gutted stuffing spilling out from slashed cushions and tufts of cotton float in the air...

... the drawers pulled from the bedroom dresser across from the king mattress stripped bare...

... a middle-aged MAN in a crimson streaked yellow blazer is bound with the bedsheets to a chair. His head appears to be missing from his body and another flicker from the lamp reveals it to be resting in his lap.

CLOSE ON

A LAMINATED PASS from the INTERNATIONAL JEWEL AND RARE STONE CONVENTION clipped to the lapel of the yellow blazer. The name on the pass: CHESTER GORE.

BACK TO

Two FIGURES dressed in black stand side by side, motionless in the shadows. One of them lifts the receiver of the phone.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

The Hotel Receptionist hangs up and turns to Cliff.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Gore requests the discretion of
being picked up from the hotel's
private entrance in back.

Cliff tries to jump start his mojo by winking and knocking his knuckles on the front counter.

CLIFF

Have a good one, Shelly. Don't take
any wooden nickels.

As Cliff walks away, the Hotel Receptionist's frown shifts into a scowl.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST
(under her breath)
What the fuck is that even supposed
to mean?

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

The Cadillac parks past the double doors set back in an alcove.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - ROOM 319 - HALLWAY

The door swings closed. A black gloved hand slips a DO NOT DISTURB sign around the doorknob.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

Cliff walks around to the front of the car. Noticing a smudge on the bumper, he leans over to wipe it away.

The SOUND of the REAR DOORS CLOSING comes from O.S. Cliff straightens up, but doesn't see anyone leave the alcove.

Cliff walks toward the end of the Cadillac.

CLIFF
Hello..?

JEZEBEL (O.S.)
(vaguely Slavic)
Are you from Personal Elegance
Transportation?

Cliff whirls around to see...

... JEZEBEL standing in front of the car. She's mid 20's, dark hair and pale skin, dressed in black, including a vintage leather jacket, and a large pair of dark sunglasses masking most of her face.

Cliff finds himself flummoxed by Jezebel's appearance.

CLIFF
Um... Mr. Chester Gore?

Jezebel strikes a purposely seductive pose.

JEZEBEL

Close. I'm his daughter. Jezebel.

Cliff clears his throat and ambles over to where Jezebel stands. He offers his hand.

CLIFF

I'm your driver. Cliff Sparks.

JEZEBEL

Hello, Cliff Sparks.

Jezebel slinks closer and takes Cliff's hand, squeezing enough for Cliff to wince while pulling free. As Cliff gets his hand back, Jezebel presses her black gloved hand against his chest, toying with his tie.

JEZEBEL (CONT'D)

Are you safe, Cliff?

Cliff can't seem to catch his breath with Jezebel keeping her figure so close.

CLIFF

Um... I can't make any promises.

Jezebel laughs and playfully slaps Cliff's face.

JEZEBEL

Best answer yet!

DANTE (O.S.)

(vaguely Slavic)

Are things cozy yet?

Jezebel assumes a proper stance while readjusting Cliff's tie, giving him a moment before turning around to see...

... DANTE leaning in the alcove. He's Jezebel's age, dressed in a black Mod suit, pale skin pallor, and sunglasses. Aggressively chewing a piece of gum, Dante is the edgy ying to Jezebel's icy yang.

Jezebel sidles away from Cliff as Dante strolls to the Cadillac's back door. She smiles at Cliff.

JEZEBEL

This is Dante. He's my -

DANTE

Brother. I am her brother. We are brother and sister.

Cliff resumes a professional mode and steps to the duo while offering his hand to Dante.

CLIFF

Cliff Sparks, I'll be your driver -

Dante spits while glancing back to the rear entrance. The wad of gum lands right in Cliff's palm.

DANTE

Perhaps we should be going, no?

Cliff tries to shake the gum off,. Jezebel grabs his wrist, plucks the pink gob from his palm, tossing it in her mouth.

JEZEBEL

Father won't be joining us today.

Dante looks back at Cliff.

DANTE

He's dead tired.

EXT./INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Cliff navigates through city traffic.

In the backseat, Dante and Jezebel sit close together and in the same style: right leg crossed over left knee. They keep their sunglasses on.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BACK AND FRONT SEAT

CLIFF

So, where are we going today?

JEZEBEL

You're going in the right direction.

CLIFF

Oh? You've been to L.A. before?

DANTE

Why do you ask?

CLIFF

Um... no reason, really. Just making small talk.

Dante and Jezebel whisper to one another until the tone of the conversation escalates with tension. It abruptly ends with Dante's folded arms indicating his displeasure.

Jezebel smiles at Cliff's reflection in the rearview mirror.

JEZEBEL

We don't mind the short talk. My
brother and I are from all over.
Always traveling.

CLIFF

Oh, wow. Like where?

Jezebel doesn't respond, looking out the tinted window while Dante stares straight ahead.

A very awkward moment lingers.

Cliff clears his throat and tries again.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

What do you think of L.A.?

DANTE

I think it's a filthy stinking
shithole.

Jezebel grabs Dante's arm and they have an intense just-above-a-hush face to face disagreement that ends with her saying something that causes him to snap his jaws shut.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BACK AND FRONT SEAT

Dante uses a considerable amount of effort to smile and moves forward so he is leaning over the front seat.

DANTE

I'm sorry, Cliff. It's been a rough
day.

Jezebel clears her throat.

Dante glances back at her and mumbles irritably in their Slavic language. The falsely plastered pleasantries return to his face as he turns back to Cliff.

DANTE (CONT'D)

And... I have to acknowledge an inability to manage my temper under certain circumstances, but I can assure you that it won't happen with you, Cliff. Can I call you, Cliff?

Cliff does his best to be professional.

CLIFF

All my friends do.

Dante glances back at Jezebel who is in the middle of lighting up a cigarette.

DANTE

You hear that, Jeze? Cliff and I are friends? How jealous are you?

Jezebel lowers the window to exhale smoke.

JEZEBEL

Barely. No offense, Cliff.

CLIFF

None taken.

Dante vigorously pats Cliff's shoulder.

DANTE

So, Cliff, my friend. Now that we are getting along famously, do you mind if I sit up in the front seat with you?

CLIFF

Um... that's against -

Dante climbs over the front seat as Cliff fights to control the car.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Cadillac SWERVES into the next lane and CUTS OFF a RED CHEVY MALIBU. HORNS BLARE and TIRES SCREECH as the Cadillac pulls back into its own lane.

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Dante lands in the passenger side as Cliff regains control of the steering wheel.

CLIFF
Mr. Gore -

DANTE
Call me Dante.

CLIFF
- this really is against company
policy!

Dante reaches into his jacket to produce a few HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS that he stuffs into the lapel pocket of Cliff's jacket.

DANTE
What about now, Cliff?

Cliff takes a moment to pluck the bills from his lapel, get a quick count, and tuck them into his jacket's inside pocket.

CLIFF
It's a negotiable policy.

Dante laughs, clapping Cliff on the shoulder and bares his teeth in a grin to Jezebel.

DANTE
Now this is a real gone cat!

Jezebel remains remarkably still in the back seat, impassively blowing a plume of smoke out the window.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The red Chevy Malibu that was cut off, ROARS its engine as it pulls along the Cadillac's driver side.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Cliff tries to match Dante's level of enthusiastic laughter as the Chevy matches pace.

The MALIBU DRIVER - a tattooed motorhead - is YELLING something out the open passenger window of his car, but with the Cadillac's window up, Cliff's too busy yucking with Dante to notice.

But Dante does. He stops laughing and the smile disappears from his face as he indicates to Cliff's left.

DANTE

I believe that man is talking to you.

Cliff ceases the guffaws and notices the Chevy. He lowers his window.

MALIBU DRIVER

- get your license from a fucking Cracker Jack box, asshole?

CLIFF

(out car window)

I'm sorry, I had a -

MALIBU DRIVER

Fuck you and your 'sorry'! You almost hit my car!

DANTE

(to Cliff)

Are you going to let him talk to you like that?

CLIFF

Um... it's probably better if I didn't -

The Malibu Driver moves his car closer.

MALIBU DRIVER

Hey, fuck nuts! I'm talking to you! Is that your boyfriend sitting next to you?

Dante looks to Cliff.

DANTE

Did he just suggest I am..? That we are..

THE BACKSEAT

Jezebel flicks her butt out the window.

JEZEBEL

He thinks you are lovers.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The two cars stop side by side at red light.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - DAY

Dante leans across Cliff to yell at the Malibu Driver.

DANTE

Follow us, sissy boy, so I can rip
your head off and urinate down your
bloody stump!

The Malibu Driver froths at the mouth and locks eyes with
Cliff.

MALIBU DRIVER

You're going to wish you were never
born, pretty boy!

Cliff stammers a response that the Malibu Driver drowns out
with his REVVING engine.

The TRAFFIC LIGHT turns GREEN.

Dante taps Cliff's shoulder.

DANTE

Green means go.

Cliff, uncertain what to do, looks to Dante.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Just pull down that alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Cadillac pulls in. The Chevy is right behind. Both cars
cut their engines.

The Malibu Driver gets out of his car and pulls his shirt
off, revealing a muscular bulk. He stomps over to pounds his
fists on the Cadillac's hood.

MALIBU DRIVER

Let's go, pretty boy! It's rock-a-
rolla time!

Dante waves at the hulking-out Driver and then pats Cliff's
shoulder.

DANTE

He obviously wants to speak to you.

Jezebel leans over the front seat and brushes her lips close to Cliff's ear.

JEZEBEL

Fuck him up.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Cliff gets out of the car and shuts the door as the Malibu Driver approaches him.

MALIBU DRIVER

It's your lucky day, gimpy. For having the balls to get out of the car, I won't knock all of your teeth out. Just some.

CLIFF

I appreciate that.

The Malibu Driver snatches Cliff's tie in a meaty paw and lifts Cliff off his feet.

MALIBU DRIVER

I didn't say it was Christmas, fuck nuts. I'm still gonna break your face!

Cliff closes his eyes as the Malibu Driver rears back his fist.

Dante is suddenly behind the thug and brings a BLACKJACK down upon his skull.

MALIBU DRIVER (CONT'D)

Mommy...?

He lets go of Cliff and drops like a ton of bricks.

Cliff peeks one eye open to see Dante unleashing a fury of blows, kicks, and curses to the incapacitated Malibu Driver.

Jezebel sidles up next to Cliff and slips her arm around his shoulders while they watch Dante.

JEZEBEL

He gets this way sometimes.

Dante rifles through the Malibu Driver's pockets. He finds car keys and a wallet. Cash extracted, he tosses the rest into a Dumpster, then steps to Cliff and Jezebel.

DANTE

I knew you could take him, but we are in a bit of a hurry.

CLIFF

He's going to need serious medical attention.

Dante tucks the stolen dough into Cliff's inside coat pocket.

DANTE

You flatter me, Cliff. I barely touched him. Come, let's go.

He walks back to the Cadillac.

Jezebel moves to stand in front of Cliff and adjusts his tie.

JEZEBEL

Dante really likes you.

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

INTERCUT BETWEEN BACK AND FRONT SEAT

Jezebel, in the backseat, smoking a cigarette.

Cliff, behind the wheel while Dante lounges shotgun as if he hasn't just beaten a man half to death.

DANTE

Cliff, we need to make a stop for a quick errand.

CLIFF

Um... yeah. Where to?

CUT TO:

EXT. WHA'CHA GOT? PAWNSHOP - DAY

An establishment residing between two shuttered storefronts in a quiet business district.

The Cadillac pulls up out front.

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - DAY

Dante surveys the pawnshop's front.

DANTE
This shouldn't take long.

He's already getting out before Cliff can respond. Cliff nervously stares ahead.

Jezebel leans forward to tap Cliff on the shoulder.

JEZEBEL
I need to get out.

Cliff snaps out of it.

CLIFF
Huh? I mean, right.

EXT. WHA'CHA GOT? PAWNSHOP - DAY

Cliff gets out and opens the back door of the Cadillac. Jezebel steps from the car and joins Dante on the sidewalk.

DANTE
(to Cliff)
We'll be right back.

As Cliff turns away to the car, he misses Dante and Jezebel exchange a kiss that goes way beyond brother/sister relations. The duo start for the pawnshop.

INT. WHA'CHA GOT? PAWNSHOP - DAY

The bell TINKLES above the doorway as Dante and Jezebel enter the shop. There are no other customers.

Behind the glass top counter, a beaded curtain hangs in the doorway. The beads are parted by a belly barely contained under a t-shirt before the rest of the man emerges.

MORRIS - late 40's, rotund, and with magnified spectacles - is in the middle of eating a meatball sub as perches himself on a stool behind the counter.

MORRIS
Good afternoon.

Dante and Jezebel remain standing side by side. They haven't taken off their sunglasses.

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - DAY

Cliff, white-knuckling the steering wheel. He's sweating and nervous.

CLIFF'S POV

ACROSS THE STREET the dirty yellow NEON SIGN of THE BEEHIVE BAR is on.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cliff's will breaks. He shifts into drive and swings a U-TURN through a gap in the traffic, parking the Cadillac right across the street in front of the bar.

INT. WHA'CHA GOT? PAWNSHOP - DAY

Morris holds his meatball sub and watches Dante and Jezebel making their way along opposite ends of the glass counter while rapidly scanning the various items inside.

MORRIS

Is there something specific you two were looking for?

JEZEBEL

Yes.

Morris brings his meatball sub with him as he waddles along the counter to where Jezebel stands.

MORRIS

Perhaps I can help you find it if you let me know what it is?

JEZEBEL

I will let you know.

Morris shrugs and lifts his sandwich for a bite. Jezebel halts her search as he does so.

JEZEBEL'S POV

CLOSE ON Morris' pudgy hand cradled around the meatball sub. There are an assortment of RINGS on his fingers. Most notably is a PINKIE RING with a large AMBER STONE in it.

BACK TO SCENE

Jezebel smiles at Morris chomping down on his sub.

JEZEBEL
I found it.
(over her shoulder)
Dante...

INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - DAY

A dimly lit blue collar bar.

The BARTENDER - in his 50's - talks to a FEMALE BARFLY at the far end.

Three PUNKS - all in their early 20's - share a pitcher of beer in one of the booths across from the bar.

Cliff, at the bar loosens his tie, waiting for the Bartender to notice him.

On the TV ABOVE THE BAR, a televangelist show is on.

CLOSE ON TV

It's the REVEREND ICABOD WHITEHEAD show. The Reverend - a skeletal 70, with a vulpine face and white hair formidably formed in a pompadour - is delivering a sermon.

REVEREND ICABOD
(over TV)
The time of judgement is at hand. I
say unto you, my brothers and
sisters, the time of the King is
neigh to return. Praise the word!

BACK TO

Cliff looks down the other end of the bar. The Bartender is still chatting up the Barfly. Cliff lifts the ashtray in front of him and lets it DROP on the bar. That gets the Bartender's attention to walk over.

BARTENDER
You break that ashtray, wise guy,
I'll break your marbles. Now, what
the hell you want?

CLIFF
Scotch and water, please.

The Bartender turns away to make the drink.

Cliff looks around the bar and catches the three Punks in the booth sneering at him. He looks away just as the Bartender returns with a scotch and water, in two separate glasses.

BARTENDER

Five bucks.

INT. WHA'CHA GOT? PAWNSHOP - DAY

Morris looks nervous with Dante and Jezebel standing on the other side of the glass top counter in front of him.

MORRIS

Did you see something you like?
Not my meatball sub, I hope.

His twittery laugh dies in his throat when the duo don't so much as crack a smile.

DANTE

(indicating the pinkie
ring)

We would like to purchase that.

Morris adjusts the sandwich to glance at his ring.

MORRIS

You mean..? I'm sorry, but I can't
sell you this ring.

DANTE

Of course you can. It is in your
store, is it not? We will pay you
generously for it.

MORRIS

This ring is a personal piece of
mine. It's not for sale at any
price.

DANTE

I am sorry to hear that. You can
see how clearly disappointed my
sister is.

A serpentine smile spreads across Jezebels's face.

INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - DAY

Cliff purposely looks away from the untouched glass of scotch and watches the television above the bar.

CLOSE ON TV

The Reverend Icabod Whitehead's face fills the screen.

REVEREND ICABOD
(over TV)
There are fiends out there doing
the Devil's work. Laboring for
Lucifer. Getting busy with
Beelezbub. The Reverend Icabod has
seen the signs.

BACK TO

Cliff motions to the Bartender, who begrudgingly ambles over.

CLIFF
Can we maybe change the channel?

BARTENDER
By 'we' you mean me?

CLIFF
Um...

The Bartender grabs the remote and turns the television off.

BARTENDER
That better?

He walks back to the other end of the bar where the Barfly is giving Cliff the stink eye.

Cliff's about to get up from his stool but PUNK #1 steps next to him. The other two Punks flank their leader.

PUNK #1
Hey, asshole, you giving Earl a
hard time?

EXT. WHA'CHA GOT? PAWNSHOP - DAY

The window shades are down. A gloved hand flips the sign in the door to CLOSED.

INT. WHA'CHA GOT? PAWNSHOP - DAY

It looks like someone's been redecorating with a baseball bat. The only illumination comes from a PORTABLE TV placed on the counter. The TV is tuned to the Reverend Icabod Whitehead Show.

REVEREND ICABOD

(over TV)

The wicked minions will fall before the King. The only question, my flock, is which side will you be on? I have foretold what happens to those who profit from sin. To those that dance with the Devil.

INTERCUT WITH

Morris's face, eyes wide with fear, and his mouth covered by a black gloved hand.

Another black gloved fist SHATTERS the glass counter top and reaches for a BOWIE KNIFE.

Morris' hand is placed with fingers splayed on the counter.

The meatball sub falling.

The Bowie knife descending.

MARINARA SAUCE SPLASHES across an framed photo of PAT BOONE.

The severed PINKIE FINGER with the ring on it arcs through the air.

ON THE TV

Reverend Icabod peers from the screen.

REVEREND ICABOD

(over TV)

Satan's soldiers are out there doing their dirty deeds. I can see them. I'm watching you, sinners!

The bloody Bowie knife SHATTERS the TV, blade embedding into the screen.

INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - DAY

The Bartender pours tequila into three shot glasses in front of Cliff who is surrounded by the three Punks. Finished, the Bartender goes back down to the other end of the bar.

Punk #2 and #3 swipe their shots off the bar and take them back to their booth. Punk #1 remains close to Cliff. He grips his shot glass, but doesn't drink it.

Cliff carefully regards the Punk.

CLIFF

Ok, I think me buying you guys a round proves I didn't mean to hassle anyone. If it's all the same to you, I'm going to bail now.

Punk #1 glares at Cliff.

PUNK #1

You think your suit and tie makes you too good to drink with us?

Cliff waves at the Bartender. The older man doesn't look happy having to return.

CLIFF

Another scotch and water, please.

The Bartender sets about making another drink as Cliff turns on his barstool to face Punk #1.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Are we cool? I didn't mean any disrespect. You guys got your drinks. I got mine coming, so -

Punk #1 pours the tequila shot into his cupped palm, rubs his hands together, and brushes them through his hair.

PUNK #1

I don't drink with pussies.

He turns away, then stops and growls at Cliff.

PUNK #1 (CONT'D)

Send over another round of shots before you leave. Or see if you can make it to the door if you don't. Up to you.

Punk #1 swaggers back to the booth where the other two punks chuckle and sneer.

The Bartender brings over another scotch and water in two separate glasses again. Indicating the other two untouched glasses on the bar, he scowls at Cliff.

BARTENDER

You better make sure you drink them
others you asked for, sonny-jim, or
I'm gonna bust your marbles.

The Barfly lets out a CACKLE ending in a wet cough that would make Doc Holiday sound healthy.

EXT. WHA'CHA GOT? PAWNSHOP - DAY

While Jezebel shuts the door, Dante pries the amber stone ring off Morris' severed pinkie. Successful, he tosses the pinkie away and tucks the ring into his pocket.

Jezebel steps to Dante's side. Both see the Cadillac isn't at the curb. Dante can barely contain his rage.

DANTE

He's gone on us!

Jezebel points across the street.

JEZEBEL

There.

DANTE

Is he toying with us? I will rip
his -

Jezebel takes Dante's arm and they cross the street without any regard to traffic.

JEZEBEL

We need him still, Dante.

DANTE

What for? He's obviously weak.

JEZEBEL

The next acquisitions will not be
as easy. We will need someone to
take the retribution that is bound
to be on the way. Cliff is perfect
for what we need.

DANTE
He's a coward and a fool.

JEZEBEL
Which means he'll bend to our will
and won't think twice about it.

The duo stop in front of the Beehive bar.

DANTE
Fine, have your way. And when he
outperforms his usefulness, I'm
going to kill him.

INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - DAY

Cliff, at the bar, stares at the two glasses of scotch while
the two waters remain untouched.

CLIFF
(sotto)
Just to take the edge off.

He reaches for one of the scotches.

PUNK #1 (O.S.)
Hey, Suit And Tie!

Cliff glances over his shoulder.

The three punks in the booth have a fresh round of tequila
shots. Punk #1 pours his into his palm and rubs his hands
through his hair again.

PUNK #1
We need another round!

Cliff smiles weakly and waves. Turning away, his face reads
pure anxiety.

ANGLE ON Dante and Jezebel standing side by side in the
darkened doorway, their sunglasses still on.

DANTE
He's pathetic.

JEZEBEL
Why don't you sit in the last
booth. Let me talk to him.

He caresses her cheek.

DANTE
I'll behave.

Jezebel takes one of his fingers in her mouth and gently bites.

JEZEBEL
Such a bad boy.

Dante grins and goes to the furthest booth in back. He passes behind Cliff without notice.

The smile slips from Jezebel's lips as Dante walks away. She begins a slow stride across the floor.

Cliff raises his glass of scotch, but stops when he sees the Bartender's eyes riveted on something, his jaw agape. The Barfly is looking in the same direction but with contempt.

ANGLE ON the punks in their booth. They're in equally stunned gape-jawed awe.

CLIFF'S POV

In the smudged and smeared reflection, Jezebel's dark apparition passes behind him.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff looks over quick enough to almost cause whiplash.

Jezebel saunters over to the JUKEBOX at the back of the bar. She leans provocatively while checking the selections.

Cliff glances to the last booth and gulps when seeing who's sitting there. Dante has his sunglasses on, but there is no doubt his gaze is fixed on Cliff.

Jezebel, at the jukebox, slips a dollar bill into the slot. Her black polished fingernails select a set of buttons.

CLOSE ON JUKEBOX

A RECORD (yes, a jukebox with actual .45's) drops down and the needle lands on the spinning black circle. Elvis Presley's 'Love Me' plays.

BACK TO

Jezebel begins a slow, seductive switchblade swivel hip sway while still facing the jukebox.

THE BACK BOOTH

Dante removes a small BLACK VELVET POUCH from his jacket and opens it. TWO AMBER STONES spill out. The stones each have a LETTER SCORCHED into them. An "S" and the other an "L." Dante takes out Morris' ring and flicks open a SWITCHBLADE. He begins prying the stone from the ring.

BACK TO

The punks in their booth are transfixed by Jezebel's dance.

The Bartender stares at Jezebel with his mouth so far open that his UPPER DENTURES slip out and FALL into the Barfly's drink. She's too busy glaring at Jezebel to notice.

The Barfly lifts her glass and gets a full drink before the dentures touch her lips. She does a SPIT-TAKE into the Bartender's face but he doesn't even notice. The Barfly walks out in a huff.

Jezebel swirls from the jukebox, slowly undulating in place.

THE BACK BOOTH

The third stone hits the table, REVEALING the "V" scorched on its other side. Together, the amber stones begin to PULSE to the music.

Dante takes his sunglasses off for the first time. His eyes are filled with child-like delight.

BACK TO

Jezebel crosses the barroom floor with a feline glide over to Cliff. He musters his best mojo.

CLIFF

Um... I suppose you're wondering -

Jezebel leans forward and tilts her sunglasses up into her hair. We finally see her cobalt blue eyes as she slips her arms over Cliff's shoulders, her hands encircling his neck.

JEZEBEL

Dance with me, silly.

Her grip behind his neck pulls Cliff off his seat and onto his feet. He has no rhythm, but when Jezebel presses her body against his, he moves to her motions.

JEZEBEL

Cliff?

CLIFF

Jezebel?

JEZEBEL

I need your help.

CLIFF

You don't look like you need
anyone's help.

JEZEBEL

Best answer yet.

CLIFF

Um....

JEZEBEL

You know who my father is, right?

CLIFF

Mr. Chester Gore?

JEZEBEL

That's right. Father is a very
wealthy and powerful man. The kind
of power that controls everyone
around him. I came here to be with
someone my father forbids. He sent
Dante to bring me back. No matter
what the cost. When he asks you to
take us to the airport... I don't
know what will happen to me.

Tears well up in Jezebel's eyes.

CLIFF

So you guys aren't brother and
sister?

Jezebel lightly slaps Cliff's cheek.

JEZEBEL

Dante is not my brother. He works
for my father. He's a repairman.

CLIFF

Like he fixes refrigerators or -

JEZEBEL

Dante doesn't fix things. He fixes
situations for my father. He has
sworn if don't return home with
him, he will kill me.

Jezebel buries her face against Cliff.

CLIFF

That son of a -

Jezebel pulls back and takes Cliff's face in her hands.

JEZEBEL

You are my only chance, Cliff. Will
you help me?

CLOSE ON THE JUKEBOX

The song ends and the needle lifts off the record.

BACK TO

Jezebel takes a step back from Cliff with open hope in her eyes. Cliff squares his shoulders.

CLIFF

You can count on me, Jezebel.

He walks past her to the back booth where Dante is. A sly smile twists Jezebel's lips and she follows after him.

THE BACK BOOTH

Dante spots Cliff and Jezebel heading his way. He scoops the amber stones - no longer glowing - into the velvet pouch. He looks up at Cliff and Jezebel.

DANTE

Are we all set?
(to Jezebel)
We have a schedule to keep.

Cliff sits down in the booth across from Dante.

CLIFF

I just need a second. I'm feeling
light headed.

Jezebel sits next to Dante as he gives her a harsh look, then smiles at Cliff.

DANTE

Perhaps it might have something to
do with the drinks you decided to
have despite what I'm certain is a
policy your employers have an
ongoing problem with when it comes
to you?

CLIFF

I just need a few minutes and I'll get you guys on your way.

DANTE

You do know what Jean Paul Sarte said about promises, don't you?

CLIFF

Um.... no.

DANTE

Whatever it was, I'm sure it was something wise. I'm going to the water closet. When I get back, be ready.

Jezebel scoots out of the booth to allow Dante out. He walks to the back of the bar where the restrooms are. She quickly sits down and grabs the black velvet pouch off the table, stuffing it into her jacket.

CLIFF

What's that?

The Bartender stands at the booth. He puts down on the table the two glasses of water and two of scotch while regarding Cliff with a fierce scowl, then boyishly smiles at Jezebel before walking away.

Jezebel regards Cliff.

JEZEBEL

You need a plan.

Cliff looks around, trying to think.

PUNK #1 (O.S.)

Hey, Suit And Tie! Where's our next round?

Getting an idea, Cliff smiles at Jezebel.

CLIFF

I'll be right back.

Cliff walks over to where the three punks are sitting.

PUNK #1

Where's our drinks, swizzle dick?

CLIFF
Before I get the next round, my
friend wanted to talk with you.

PUNK #1
You mean that hottie?

CLIFF
Um... yeah, but before her, my
friend that went into the bathroom
needs to talk to you first.

INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - BATHROOM - DAY

Dante finishes at the urinal and goes to the sink to wash his
hands.

INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - DAY

Cliff keeps his cool while standing in front of the punks'
booth.

CLIFF
My friend wanted to give you all a
little favor in the bathroom. I
told him you guys don't swing that
way, but he said, and I quote: Give
me five minutes with those closet
queens and they'll make Little
Richard look butch.

INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - BATHROOM

Dante pulls a few paper towels from the dispenser. While
drying his hands, he notices the condom machine on the wall.

DANTE
Ah, some bubble gum would be good.

He digs into his pocket for change.

EXT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - DAY

Cliff and Jezebel burst out of the front door and hurry to
the Cadillac.

INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - BATHROOM - DAY

Dante tears open the condom package and removes the rubber. He unrolls it, uncertain what it is.

The bathroom door bangs open and the three punks charge in then pull up short when they see Dante with the condom dangling in his hand.

PUNK #1
Time to die!

EXT./INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

The Cadillac BURNS RUBBER away from the curb.

Cliff steers down the street with Jezebel at his side. She's laughing while kicking the glovebox and slapping at Cliff.

JEZEBEL
I knew you could do it, Cliff. I
knew I picked a winner with you!

CLIFF
What do we do now?

JEZEBEL
Just get us out of here. We need to
get away from Dante as fast and far
as we can.

CLIFF
Don't worry. I doubt Dante is going
to be able to walk out of that bar.

The Cadillac speeds up a freeway onramp.

EXT./INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - DAY

The front door is kicked off its hinges and hits the sidewalk.

Dante stalks outside. He's seething with rage, his upper lip in a twitch. Seeing the Cadillac is gone, he walks back into the bar...

...and into the scene of a massacre.

Elvis Presley's 'Burning Love' plays on the jukebox.

The air is tinged with gunsmoke. Most of the overhead lights are shattered.

Punk #3 is face down on the floor halfway to the door with the handle of the Bowie knife sticking out of his back. Dante pulls the blade from the body as he passes by...

... Punk # is a twisted limb heap in the booth's shadows.

Dante continues past the bar where the Bartender is draped over still clutching a sawed-off shotgun. There's still smoke drifting off the gaping wound in his back.

INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - BATHROOM

Dante goes to the sink. He begins running the water and washes his bloody hands.

DANTE
(to his reflection)
You control your anger. Your anger
doesn't control you. You control
your anger. Your anger doesn't -

He PUNCHES the mirror, SHATTERING it. He RIPS the sink halfway from the wall, sending a GEYSER of WATER SPRAYING up. Dante KICKS something on the floor before walking out.

CAMERA PANS DOWN and we see Punk #1, still twitching and his entire head and face burned to a crisp.

INT. THE BEEHIVE BAR - DAY

Dante walks along the bar while pouring a bottle of whisky behind him. He throws it aside and grabs another, jumping down and leaving an alcohol trail behind him to the door.

He drops the bottle and grabs a pack of matches from the cigarette machine by the door. He strikes one and ignites the whole pack, tossing it to the floor and walking out.

The FLAME races to the bar and along the length. FIRE quickly consumes the bar and fills the FRAME.

MATCH CUT TO:

A FIERY BLAZE FILLS THE FRAME

REVEREND ICABOD (V.O.)
 Feel the flames of Hades tickling
 and licking your soul? The
 Reverend Icabod brings you relief.

INT. REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL - DAY

A COMPUTER ENHANCED WATERFALL extinguishes the fire, creating
 BILLOWING CLOUDS OF STEAM. Through these clouds, the Reverend
 Icabod's face appears.

REVEREND ICABOD (V.O.)
 Feel the relief of your belief, my
 brothers and sisters.

SLOW PULL BACK to REVEAL a WIDE SCREEN VIDEO MONITOR showing
 the Reverend's visage.

REVEREND ICABOD
 (from monitor)
 I bring you the gospel's truth on
 the return of the one true King.
 The faith he has anointed onto me,
 I will give to you. All for a
 reasonably priced ticket for your
 admittance. Cash only. Come join my
 flock, brothers and sisters. The
 healing and great gospel feeling is
 about to begin.

CAMERA is now PULLED BACK to the last row of a LARGE TENT.
 The video monitor is on top of a Roman pedestal at the center
 of the stage. CHURCHGOERS are filing in and sitting down.

On a nearby tent pole we see a FLYER for THE REVEREND ICABOD
 WHITEHEAD'S TENT REVIVAL SHOW.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jezebel looks at the Reverend's flyer in her hands while
 Cliff drives and trying to find music on the stereo. He skips
 past an Elvis Presley song.

JEZEBEL
 Go back.

Cliff tunes the radio back to Presley's 'Love Me Tender.'

JEZEBEL (CONT'D)

That's it.

Jezebel slides across the seat next to Cliff.

JEZEBEL (CONT'D)

Didn't Elvis have the greatest voice? So deep. So passionate. When I was a child, I used to think he was singing just to me. I would listen to his records in my room at night and close my eyes and pretend he was in the room with me.

She snuggles closer to Cliff's chest and sighs. He does his best to remain casual while driving.

CLIFF

That's really ... sweet, I guess.
Kind of shows your childlike -

JEZEBEL

The first time I fucked was to this song.

Jezebel lifts her head from Cliff's chest, but she remains curled up next to him.

JEZEBEL (CONT'D)

What was the song playing the first time you had sex, Cliff?

He glances at her and quickly returns his attention to the road.

JEZEBEL (CONT'D)

What's the matter? I tell you mine but you won't tell me yours? Tell me. It can't be that bad.

CLIFF

The Star Spangled Banner. Don't ask. It's a long, complicated, incredibly embarrassing story that ended in tears, felony trespassing charges, three hundred and forty-seven community service hours, and the girl shipping off to a convert in Guatemala.

JEZEBEL

Her parents must have been very
upset with her to do that.

CLIFF

It was her idea.

JEZEBEL

That wouldn't have happened if you
had been playing an Elvis song.

She laughs and it quickly escalates to a giggling fit that
becomes contagious to Cliff until they're both near tears.

CLIFF

I was always partial to Frank
Sinatra, myself.

Jezebel's laughter disappears with the same speed she slides
away from Cliff while removing a DAGGER from her boot. She
regards Cliff with deadly seriousness.

JEZEBEL

Don't ever mention that cock
sucker's name again.

CLIFF

(confused)

Frank -

Jezebel STABS the blade into the dashboard, leaving the
butterfly knife embedded there. The mood takes a one-eighty.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Awkward...

Jezebel pouts a bit more, then relents. She plucks the flyer
from the seat and shows it to Cliff.

JEZEBEL

This is where I need to go, Cliff.
Please just get me there. It will
be the last thing I ask from you
and the last time you will see me.

Cliff slips the flyer from her grip and studies it.

CLIFF

We're all good.

Jezebel reaches into her inside jacket pocket and hands him
half an inch of ONE-HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS in a banker's band.

JEZEBEL
All good. I like that.

EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - DAY

The Cadillac takes the exit and motors down the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW DEAL USED CARS - DAY

Dante, sunglasses on, stalks the sidewalk in front of the run down lot of dubious looking vehicles. He stops when he sees the '77 black Trans Am.

INT. NEW DEAL USED CARS - SALES OFFICE - DAY

GUY RUSSO - mid 30's, slick hair and suit - at his desk, using a credit card to chop up a monster rail of COCAINE on a CD case of Queen's 'Jazz'. There is a PORTABLE TV on the edge of the desk tuned to the LOCAL NEWS.

Satisfied with the fineness of the line, Guy licks the edge of the credit card as he looks out the showroom window.

THROUGH THE SHOWROOM'S WINDOW, Dante can be seen admiring the Trans Am in the parking lot.

Guy hunches over his desk and snorts the coke off the CD case. He stands and psyches himself up.

GUY
Let me entertain you!

EXT. NEW DEAL USED CARS - DAY

Dante brushes his fingertips along the Trans Am's hood.

GUY (O.S.)
That's the car from 'Smokey and the Bandit', you know?

Dante turns to see Guy approaching.

DANTE
Burt Reynolds' finest film.

Guy gives a teeth grinding grin and dangles a set of KEYS in his hand.

GUY
Come on inside for a little paper
work then we can take her for a
spin and you can be the Bandit.

Dante detects the bit of white powder under Guy's nose.

DANTE
And you're the Snowman.

INT. NEW DEAL USED CARS - SALES OFFICE - DAY

THROUGH THE SHOWROOM'S WINDOW

The Trans Am drives out into the street, disappearing into traffic.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL Guy slumped over his desk with one hand impaled to the phone by an impressive letter opener. The unnatural angle his neck is snapped has his face turned to the portable TV on his desk.

THE PORTABLE TV

Newscaster TINA YAKAMORA - Asian, 40's, enhanced to almost porn star proportions - reports outside of The Beehive Bar's smoking ruins.

TINA YAKAMORA
(to camera)
Firefighters were able to
extinguish the blaze that consumed
the local bar. Coroners were
immediately called to the scene
after the gruesome discovery of the
burned remains of four bodies. In
what police will not comment on as
a related incident -

TELEVISION CAMERA PANS across the street where a CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION has been set up in front of the Wha'Cha Got? Pawnshop.

TINA YAKAMORA (CONT'D)
(over)
- investigations are underway on a
robbery and homicide across the
street at this pawnshop.

TELEVISION CAMERA PANS back to Tina.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SECRET LAIR - MASTER CHAMBER

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the same broadcast as Tina continues her report.

TINA YAKAMORA (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Authorities are withholding details, but a source on the scene cited the violent nature of the crimes suggests a connection. At this time the police have no suspects in custody. Reporting from the scene, this is Tina Yakamora. Back to you -

CAMERA PULL BACK ENDS behind a RED VELVET THRONE at the edge of the glow from the freestanding CATHODE RAY TUBE TELEVISION tuned to the newscast.

Before Tina can finish her sign off, an arm draped in the sleeve of robe, extends from the throne and cocks the hammer on a .44 MAGNUM in hand and FIRES.

The screen EXPLODES and the TV CRASHES BACKWARD onto an accumulation of others in similar vintage and execution, the mountainous proportion hidden in shadow.

INT. SECRET LAIR - UNDERGROUND GARAGE

A cherry red '57 CADILLAC with Tennessee plates RUMBLES to life. The engine ROARS and tires BURN RUBBER as the headlights BLAZE and fill the screen with BLINDING LIGHT.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. JEB'S GAS 'N' GIT - DAY

The BLINDING LIGHT of the sun bleaches the desert surrounding the dilapidated service station with the Cadillac Town Car parked at the pumps.

Cliff leans against the car, filling the gas tank.

INT. JEB'S GAS 'N' GIT - DAY

Jezebel, with sunglasses on and pink shopping basket in hand, strolls the aisles of the snacks and eat 'em ups, plucking items into the basket without even looking at them.

The WHITE TRASH CLERK behind the register flicks the toothpick from his mouth and bookmarks the pages of 'Passed Out Lasses' he's been perusing. He tosses the porn mag on the counter just as Jezebel places the basket next to it.

JEZEBEL

Everyone must have a hobby, I suppose.

WHITE TRASH CLERK

I read it for the articles.

While he rings up and bags the items from the basket, Jezebel scans the shelves of booze behind the counter.

JEZEBEL

Two bottles of Black Label, please.

The White Trash Clerk grabs the bottles, rings them up, and places them into the brown paper bag.

WHITE TRASH CLERK

Thirty-five eighty.

Jezebel hands over the PERSONAL ELEGANCE TRANSPORTATION CREDIT CARD. The clerk swipes it and scowls at Jezebel while holding out the card.

WHITE TRASH CLERK

Halloween ain't 'til next year.

Jezebel's smile disappears as fast as her hand snakes out to grip the clerk's wrist, YANKING him halfway across the counter until they're close enough to kiss.

JEZEBEL

Don't be cruel.

EXT. JEB'S GAS 'N' GIT - DAY

Cliff hangs the pump up as Jezebel saunters out with the brown bag under her arm. Cliff looks at her.

CLIFF

Everything ok?

JEZEBEL

Peachy.

Cliff reaches to open the back door, but Jezebel puts her hand over his.

JEZEBEL
I like sitting up front with you.

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Cliff, behind the wheel, glances at the brown bag on the seat.

CLIFF
They have any Ding Dongs?

JEZEBEL
No, but they did have these.

Jezebel reaches into the bag and brings out a bottle of scotch. She twists the cap off with a flick of wrist and tilts the bottle back for an extended drink.

Cliff's attention drifts from the road as he watches Jezebel's impressive slug. She holds out the bottle.

CLIFF
I think that might be the wrong idea right now..

JEZEBEL
A toast to our escape. What could be wrong with that?

CLIFF
Look, Jezebel...

She shifts closer to him and sips from the bottle, letting the alcohol linger on her lips.

JEZEBEL
You can call me Jeze.

The steering wheel drifts. Jezebel puts her hand on Cliff's to steady the course. Cliff's able to slip his grip from under her's, but he's not able to meet her eye.

CLIFF
Not counting the numerous drinking and driving laws, me having a drink would be about the worst thing possible right now. One drink will lead to another. Before I know it, I'll be fucked up. When I'm fucked up I fuck up. Mostly my life.
(catching himself)
(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Besides, we can't toast until I get
you to the place on the flyer,
right? Where is it?

Jezebel reaches into her jacket to unfold the Reverend's
flyer.

JEZEBEL
This will be our last stop.

Cliff returns his attention to the road.

CLIFF
And you're sure Dante doesn't know
where we're going?

Jezebel puts the scotch bottle back in the paper bag.

JEZEBEL
He knows nothing of this place.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. TRANS AM - MOVING - DAY

The Bandit-moblie tears ass down Highway 15.

Dante has one hand on the wheel and the other gripping a
flyer from Reverend Icabod's Tent Revival. The knuckles of
both hands are bruised and bloody.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - DAY

The Cadillac Town Car pulls off and down a dirt road where a
SIGN for the REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL is posted.

EXT. REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Assorted rundown pickup trucks and rusty vehicles caravan
into the dirt lot.

Churchgoers of all ages make their way toward the ENORMOUS
CANVAS TENT in the middle of the desert.

The Cadillac Town Car finds a spot to park.

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - DAY

Cliff shuts off the engine and turns to Jezebel.

CLIFF
I guess this is the end.

JEZEBEL
Guess it is.

An awkward pause as Cliff works up the courage to slide closer to her. Just as he does, Jezebel glances to her door.

JEZEBEL
I need to get out.

CLIFF
Um... yeah, right. Sorry.

EXT. REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Cliff gets out of the car and goes around to the passenger side to let Jezebel out. She embraces Cliff and lets her lips brush his ear.

JEZEBEL
It's better this way.

Jezebel kisses his cheek and walks away without looking back.

Cliff leans against the car and watches her disappear into the crowd of churchgoers flowing toward the tent.

INT. REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL - DAY

The seats in the tent are quickly filling up as the Reverend's video message continues to play.

Jezebel moves smoothly through the masses.

EXT. REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Cliff paces back and forth while gripping the bottle of scotch Jezebel drank from. The cap is still on.

CLIFF
(sotto)
Just tell her how you feel, Sparks.
Don't be a pussy. Just do it.

He drops the bottle and makes his way toward the tent.

INT. REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL - DAY

Jezebel moves past the barrier at the side of the stage and slips behind the backstage curtain.

OPPOSITE END OF TENT

Cliff, in the flow of churchgoers streaming in. As the LIGHTS BEGIN TO DIM, he's able to find a seat on the edge of a bench at the end of the aisle. Next to him is a frail ELDERLY WOMAN. She gives him a toothless smile.

ELDERLY WOMAN
What brings you into the flock?

CLIFF
I'm looking for someone.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Aren't we all?

ONSTAGE

Becomes dim as the lights go down.

REVEREND ICABOD
Glory onto you.

A SPOTLIGHT finds the Reverend Icabod Whitehead center stage. In person he's tall, gangly yet graceful. He wears an immaculate white suit, his ivory hair in a perfect pompadour. The microphone in his hand brandished with showmanship.

REVEREND ICABOD (CONT'D)
It pleases me to see so many decent
Lord loving folk gathered together.
Let's me know there's others out
there part of God's Squad. Now
who's here to help your good
Reverend fight Satan?

The churchgoers applaud and the rest of the STAGE LIGHTS ILLUMINATE the TWENTY FLOCK MEMBERS dressed in WHITE ROBES as they file onto a grandstand behind the Reverend.

CLOSE ON FLOCK MEMBERS

Jezebel in a white robe among them, her hood pulled low over her face.

BACK TO

Reverend Icabod pridefully striding center stage.

REVEREND ICABOD

Now you all know I cannot start a
sermon without my lovely wife at my
side. Let's hear it for the divine
Rexella.

REXELLA steps from the curtain to thunderous applause. A
statuesque beauty wearing a figure hugging, floor length
white dress and heels. She joins the Reverend's side while
cradling a small MIRRORED JEWELRY BOX.

REVEREND ICABOD (CONT'D)

They say Satan is making a
comeback. I say so is the savior
and he's better than ever. The day
is coming when the King will walk
among us again.

A LARGE TAPESTRY UNFOLDS from above and behind the flock on
the grandstand. Upon it is an IMAGE of ELVIS PRESLEY in
profile, most of his face hidden behind the flipped up jewel
encrusted collar of his white jumpsuit.

The churchgoers cheer.

REVEREND ICABOD (CONT'D)

The King is making a comeback, but
it ain't for rock and roll. It's
for religion! Like he was meant to
preach. I have seen the proof. The
visions within the stone!

Rexella opens the mirrored box and the Reverend removes a
GOLD NECKLACE with an amber stone. He holds above his head.
The stone has the letter L scorched into it.

Reverend Icabod slips the gold necklace on as the churchgoers
are going into delirium.

REVEREND ICABOD (CONT'D)

You all have the spirit, my
brothers and sisters. But I feel
there are some among us with
larcenous hearts.

CLOSE ON

Jezebel slips her dagger from the sleeve of her robe.

BACK TO

Reverend Icabod prowls the edge of the stage.

REVEREND ICABOD (CONT'D)
If you're weak, Satan knows it. He knows the ones lost to liquor and drugs and sin. Maybe there's someone out there among you, lost and looking for someone.

CLOSE ON

Cliff sitting up with rapt attention.

BACK TO

Reverend Icabod sidles up to Rexella's Viking-like perfectness.

REVEREND ICABOD (CONT'D)
Rexella feels it, too! Lucifer loves lost souls. Likes to sink his fangs into them. No one wants to be a meal for Metastaphicles now do they?

The churchgoers are enthralled. Some rise to their feet and others weep and plead to be healed.

Cliff stumbles into the aisle and toward the stage.

CLIFF
I need to be saved!

Cliff takes the steps to the stage and in between the Reverend and Rexella.

REVEREND ICABOD
Behold this epitome of the lowest level of despair. This poor excuse reeking with a degenerate's air.

Cliff glances at Reverend Icabod.

CLIFF
Um... that's a bit -

Reverend Icabod clamps a hand on Cliff's shoulder, holding him in place, displayed to the audience.

REVEREND ICABOD

The Devil dines on denial. Do not
provide him a single morsel. Purge
your sins and confess. You've lost
your faith. You've lost your worth.
Don't hold back! Confess your
regret!

Cliff seems moved by Icabod's words as the Reverend holds the
microphone in front of him.

CLIFF

I lost her. An angel walked into my
life today. And I let her go. The
coolest beauty I've ever seen.
Sweet Jezebel.

CLOSE ON

Jezebel on the grandstand as Cliff's words soften her
features.

BACK TO

Cliff grabs the mic from the Reverend's hand.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I'm not bullshitting you. This girl
was fucking hot.

Reverend Icabod tries to grab the microphone from Cliff.

REVEREND ICABOD

Cease that filth and profanity this
instant, sinner!

CLIFF

Is love a sin? Maybe I barely know
her, but I know I love her so how
can that be a sin?

Pandemonium erupts in the tent as some churchgoers rush for
the exit while others rise up in protest.

ANGLE ON

The Elderly Woman who offered Cliff the seat next to her.
Spittle flies from her mouth as she shakes her fist.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Crucify that son of a bitch!

BACK TO

Cliff and Reverend Icabod in a tug of war with the microphone.

REVEREND ICABOD
Spawn of Satan! How dare you?!

Cliff loses his grip and stumbles back against Rexella. His hands reach out for her to keep from falling.

Rexella tries to pull away, but Cliff's hands are still on the front of her floor length white dress...

... RIPPING it OFF from Rexella's figure. She's left standing with her perfectly paid for bare breasts exposed and wearing only a tiny white thong, white thigh highs and heels.

Rexella's arms waver at her sides as she tries to keep her balance in her impossible high heels. She looks down at her half naked body in silent shock.

Reverend Icabod goes berserk, throttling Cliff by the neck.

REVEREND ICABOD (CONT'D)
Blasphemer! Hedonist! How dare you
besmirch my beautiful Rexella?!
(to the grandstand behind
him)
Smite him, my flock!

The white robed flock descend from the grandstand and the churchgoers rush toward the stage. More than a few male members swarm around the half naked Rexella.

Jezebel moves through the onstage mayhem, her dagger ready in hand.

Several of the flock attack Cliff. He does his best to fight back but he's outnumbered.

REVEREND ICABOD (CONT'D)
Stomp that sinner back down to
Hades!

As the Reverend watches the beat down, Jezebel is upon him. She grabs at his throat, her dagger slashing at his throat, and they fall on the stage.

CLOSE ON

Jezebel's dagger SLASHING the gold chain from Reverend Icabod's neck.

BACK TO

Jezebel stuffs the gold necklace into her jacket. She sheds the white robe and brandishes the Reverend's microphone.

JEZEBEL

Shake, rattle and roll, bitches!

Jezebel drops the microphone onto Reverend Icabod's head as he's sitting up, knocking him out cold. She's about to make a break for it, but glances over her shoulder.

JEZEBEL'S POV

The several flock members attacking Cliff have surrounded him in a tight beatdown circle. He doesn't have a chance.

BACK TO SCENE

Jezebel RUNS and LEAPS through the air and TACKLES the flock around Cliff. They all TUMBLE off the stage. She pulls Cliff from the dogpile and make a dash.

Along the way, Jezebel delivers a perfect side KICK to tentpole. She does it again and it CRACKS.

The flock members untangle themselves and surge toward...

... Cliff looks to Jezebel.

CLIFF

I don't want to rush you but here
they come!

Jezebel KICKS a third time. The pole SPLINTERS and starts to TOPPLE OVER. She and Cliff run for the exit.

EXT. REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL - DAY

Churchgoers flee in all directions.

Cliff and Jezebel make it out just as the tent COLLAPSES.

EXT. REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL - PARKING LOT

Cliff and Jezebel get to the Town Car. He's got the driver side open, pushing her in and across the front seat. He pulls the door closed behind him.

The Cadillac roosters up a cloud of dust and speeds away.

EXT. REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL - DAY

Reverend Icabod pulls himself from under a trampled flap. His white suit and ivory pompadour are still somehow miraculously immaculate.

Less can be said about the condition of his dozen or so robed flock who manage to emerge behind him.

Rexella rises up in her skimpy lingerie and bare breasts still exposed. She joins Reverend Icabod at his side. The Reverend fixes his wrathful gaze upon the Cadillac's departing dust cloud.

REVEREND ICABOD

The Devil has sent his minions to
steal what is sacred, but all of
his fire and fiends still won't be
enough. I'm waging a crusade
against Hades.

(to her)

Rexella, my dear, prepare the -

The Reverend sees Rexella's bare breasts and puts his hands over them. He looks back to the horizon the Cadillac has disappeared into.

REVEREND ICABOD (CONT'D)

We're coming for you, Sinners!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

Several POLICE CARS and a CORONER'S VAN are parked in front.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - ROOM 319 - DAY

Now the scene of a homicide investigation.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS secure the area while a CSI TEAM hover over the decapitated body of Chester Gore. One of the team holds open an evidence bag while another prepares to place Gore's severed head inside.

Homicide Lieutenant BECKETT - older, gruff, and permanently scowling - followed by Detective MILLER - younger, hip, and ponytailed - walk into the room.

Beckett's trajectory bumps the CSI member holding...

... Gore's head falls toward the floor...

... right into the stride of Beckett's scuffed cowboy boots...

... PUNTING the severed head across the room...

... to land CLANGING into the room service ice bucket.

Beckett scowls at the mortified CSI member.

BECKETT

Be careful with that evidence!

Miller follows Beckett.

MILLER

Front desk says the last person to ask for the victim was Cliff Sparks. She describes him as -
(consults notepad)
- the most annoying asshole on the face of this planet.

BECKETT

Same thing was said about Charles Manson.

MILLER

Sounds like Sparks is our perp.

Beckett turns around and scowls at Miller.

BECKETT

Miller, I don't like how your generation abbreviates everything with your Facepage hashtag jibber-jab. If you start a word, finish it.

Beckett surveys the room and we see the CSI member gingerly lifting Chester Gore's head from the ice bucket.

BECKETT

The precise yet maniacal flair of this carnage indicates we're dealing with one unhinged narcissistic individual with the intentional inability for remorse and homicidal indifference to basic laws of society.

(MORE)

BECKETT (CONT'D)
I'm man enough to admit that for
the first time in thirty years
behind the badge, I'm scared,
Miller. Which means you should've
been making skid marks in your
shorts the moment we walked through
the door.

Miller turns to one of the uniformed cops.

MILLER
APB -
(correcting himself)
All Points Bulletin on Cliff
Sparks. Possible 5150. Notify to
proceed with caution.

The telephone RINGS. Miller snatches it up.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Detective Miller, Homicide.

He listens for a moment, then extends the line to Beckett.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Lieutenant.

Beckett grabs the receiver.

BECKETT
(into phone)
Beckett here.

EXT. JEB'S GAS 'N' GIT - DAY

Two BARSTOW POLICE CARS are parked out front.

INT. JEB'S GAS 'N' GIT - DAY

The White Trash Clerk is dead, slouched on the stool behind
the counter. The rolled up issue of 'Passed Out Lasses'
shoved halfway down his mouth.

SHERIFF JIM KNOX - the type of county sheriff seen in a
gazillion movies - chews a toothpick while speaking into the
phone on the counter.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEB'S AND ROOM 319

SHERIFF KNOX
"Buckets of Blood" Beckett?

BECKETT

That's right.

SHERIFF KNOX

Heard how you got that handle after cleaning up Chinatown in '74. Nice work. This is Sheriff Knox -

BECKETT

"Hard Knox" who took the Suarez Brothers down during their last stand in the Barstow Arby's and then stared Death in the face again by eating four double cheddar melts?

SHERIFF KNOX

A demanding appetite is the consequence of dispensing justice.

BECKETT

Told the same thing my last three wives.

Sheriff Knox lifts up a receipt from a Personal Elegance Transportation credit card. The carefully printed signature reads: CLIFF SPARKS.

SHERIFF KNOX

I saw you city boys just put out an APB on this batshit crazy Cliff Sparks fella. Seems he's taken his particular brand of disregard for human life through my town.

BECKETT

Any surveillance footage?

SHERIFF KNOX

Not in this rinky-dink gas station.

BECKETT

Shame. I wouldn't mind seeing this Sparks operate in action to asses what we're up against.

SHERIFF KNOX

From the looks of the victim, I've told my boys to stay locked and loaded. I'd advise you do the same, Lieutenant. Knox, out.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - ROOM 319 - DAY

Beckett hands the receiver to Miller.

BECKETT

Update that All Points to extreme prejudice. And pack an extra pair of shorts, Miller. We're going to get Peckinpah on this one.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. TRANS AM - MOVING - DAY

Presley's 'Trouble' blares from the stereo.

Dante slows to park on the edge of the road in front of Jeb's Gas 'N' Git. He looks at the police cars.

DANTE

(sotto)

Oh, Jeze... such a naughty girl.

A sinister smile curls Dante's upper lip and he drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. '57 CADILLAC - MOVING - NIGHT

A BLUR as it SPEEDS by.

Presley's 'Trouble' blares from the stereo.

CLOSE ON

The speedometer at 90 MPH.

CLOSE ON

Right hand with multiple GOLD RINGS on fingers gripping the steering wheel.

CLOSE ON

The side of the Driver's GOLD SUNGLASSES with the initials TCB on the frames.

BACK TO

The .44 MAGNUM FIRES out the open window.

EXT. HIGHWAY 66 - NIGHT

The road sign for CALIFORNIA 1034 MILES gets a BULLET HOLE dead center as the '57 Caddy ROARS by, the music fading....

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

The drum solo of 'Trouble' kicks off as...

INT. LUSH LOUNGE

DARKNESS and SMOKE hides the countless SWOONING women to Cliff's crooning. SPOTLIGHTED center stage, he's in head-to-toe in black leather, MIC in hand, hair pompadoured.

CLIFF
(killing it)
I'm Evil... so don't mess around
with me.

Jezebel steps from the shadows while raising a SNIPER RIFLE. She FIRES at...

... Cliff, now OVERWEIGHT, wearing a WHITE JUMPSUIT with ENCRUSTED JEWELS and a BLOSSOMING BLOODSTAIN in his chest. Instead of a microphone, he's holding a PORK CHOP.

Dante appears over his shoulder and bites the chop.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Cliff startles awake in the backseat. The flock's beating has left him a cut lip, bruised left eye, and other minor abrasions.

EXT. DUKE'S DINER - NIGHT

The only establishment on this barren highway. The LIGHTS from the diner windows offer illumination for the Town Car in the gravel parking lot.

INT. DUKE'S DINER - NIGHT

A 50's style joint. Not one of those nostalgia franchises. The real deal in that it looks like the last time the Health Board stopped by was in the 1950's.

DUKE - a fireplug of a man wearing grease stained chef's whites - is behind the long counter where no one sits. The booths by the windows are empty.

The bell above the door TINKLES as Cliff walks in. He approaches the counter.

CLIFF
I'm looking for someone.

DUKE
Ain't we all?

EXT. DUKE'S DINER - NIGHT

Jezebel saunters from the darkness and over to the Cadillac.

INT. DUKE'S DINER - NIGHT

Duke suspiciously regards Cliff's condition.

DUKE
Looks like someone's fist took your
face to lunch.

Cliff touches his lip and winces.

CLIFF
Can I use your bathroom?

DUKE
For customers only.

INT. DUKE'S DINER - BATHROOM

Cliff puts one of the diner's plastic menus on the edge of the sink and looks at his reflection in the mirror.

CLIFF
(sotto)
Get out of here, Sparks.

He reaches into his jacket pocket. Then the other. His pants pockets next.

EXT. DUKE'S DINER - NIGHT

Jezebel twirls the keys in one hand while putting the other on the driver's side door.

A MOTORCYCLE GROWL and BRIGHT LIGHT race toward Jezebel.

A MAN IN A BLUE DENIM - sideburned and wearing MIRRORED SUNGLASSES - rides by, arm wraps Jezebel's waist, SNATCHING her with enough force her hand YANKS the car door open.

CLOSE ON

The car keys dropping on the ground next to the Cadillac.

BACK TO

The Blue Denim Man DROPS Jezebel far from the car. He CIRCLES and SPRAYS gravel at her. He dismounts, brandishing a double barrel SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN.

Jezebel coughs dust as the Blue Denim Man places the double barrels to her head. She looks up into his mirrored shades.

JEZEBEL

How does it feel to have only five
seconds to live?

The Blue Denim Man flicks back the triggers.

BLUE DENIM MAN

Better than the two seconds you
got.

CLIFF (O.S.)

What's going on over there?

ANGLE ON

Cliff standing by the open door of the Cadillac.

BACK TO

The Blue Denim Man WHIRLS and SHOOTS at...

... Cliff DIVES for the front seat as buckshot SHATTERS the rolled up window.

The Blue Denim Man brings the sawed-off around at...

... Jezebel draws her dagger from her boot and STABS DOWN on...

... The Blue Denim Man's foot. He goes down to one knee, HOWLING as...

... Jezebel reaches for the sawed-off, but he gives her a backhanded PUNCH that HURLS her away.

The Blue Denim Man, still down on one knee, aims at...

... Jezebel, sitting up from the gravel.

ANGLE ON

Cliff, in the front seat. He spots the car keys and grabs them, leaving the car door open. His shaking hand stabs the ignition key in place and shifts into drive at...

...the Blue Denim Man levels his aim at Jezebel.

BLUE DENIM MAN
You don't look so tough.

Jezebel ROLLS just as...

... the Blue Denim Man turns to be ...

... HIT FACE FIRST by the open driver's side door and crumples as...

... Cliff stops next to Jezebel's prone position. We're talking total hero moment here as he reaches out his hand.

CLIFF
Come on!

Jezebel collects herself and heads toward the Blue Denim Man face-down on the gravel.

Cliff, hand still extended, watches her.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
You're supposed to come this way!

Jezebel removes her dagger from The Blue Denim Man's foot and rises, using her boot to roll him over onto his back.

His face is a BLOODY MESS of missing teeth in a gaping maw of his broken jaw, nose gone bye-bye, mirrored shades now shattered shards in his eyes. He's still alive, but his gurgling groans provide painful consolation.

Jezebel removes the sawed-off from his hand.

JEZEBEL
Who doesn't look so tough now?

CLIFF (O.S.)
Jezebel!

She glances over to Cliff leaning out the open driver's side.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here!

Jezebel points the barrels down at the Blue Denim Man. She changes aim and BLASTS the engine on his motorcycle, sending it toppling over. She crouches next to the Blue Denim Man.

JEZEBEL
Looks like it's your lucky day.

She reaches into his jacket and finds two shells to reload the shotgun. She stands up and strides over to the car.

JEZEBEL
Move over. We've got to talk.

Cliff slides over and Jezebel gets behind the wheel, tossing the sawed-off in the back seat before shutting the door behind her.

EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - NIGHT

The Cadillac Town Car speeds down the two lane blacktop.

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Jezebel, steady behind the wheel while Cliff goes to pieces riding shotgun.

CLIFF
(rambling)
Do we start at Fuck Up Number One and multiply by five? Even that won't be enough. Someone's going to have to invent a new word to define just how the deepest darkest blue ruin of fucked doesn't even come close to describing this new level of fuckitude I've discovered.

JEZEBEL

Relax.

Cliff reaches for the brown bag. He rips free the bottle of Black Label. A flick of the wrist spins the cap off to...

... the windshield to RICOCHET back into...

... Cliff's bruised eye as he's about to drink. He pulls back from the bottle's betrayal and THROWS it out the passenger window. He immediately looks to Jezebel.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

We've got to flip a bitch. That bottle can be saved.

JEZEBEL

Relax.

She reaches for the headlight control.

EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - NIGHT

The speeding Town Car goes black in the surrounding darkness.

INT. CADILLAC TOWNE CAR - MOVING

Cliff straightens up while Jezebel maintains steadiness.

CLIFF

Um... what are you doing?

JEZEBEL

Getting you to relax.

CLIFF

With the Stevie Wonder technique?

JEZEBEL

Relax.

He glances at her with one eye while trying to keep the other on the void outside the windshield.

JEZEBEL (CONT'D)

Relaxed?

CLIFF

Totally.

CLOSE ON

Jezebel's boot pressing the accelerator.

BACK TO

Cliff makes an approximation of nonchalance.

CLIFF

My internal thermostat's been on
chill from the day I was born.
How's your temperature?

Jezebel's hands lift off the steering wheel.

JEZEBEL

Frosty.

CLIFF

Ah shit...

Jezebel glances over.

JEZEBEL

Sorry?

Cliff eases back and keeps eye contact.

CLIFF

What? No, I meant aren't you going
kind of slow?

Jezebel smiles and turns her attention to the abyss while the
car increases speed.

Cliff adopts the same verisimilitude.

They have a moment of serenity only achieved when hurling
through darkness.

JEZEBEL

Relaxed?

CLIFF

For the first time, yeah I -

Jezebel CRANKS the wheel, sending Cliff headfirst into the
dashboard.

EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - NIGHT

The Town Car SKIDS off the highway.

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Jezebel hits the HIGHBEAMS while steering across the desert floor.

Cliff is flung back, hands clutching at his bloody face.

CLIFF
My nose is broken!

Jezebel swerves to a stop. She turns to Cliff, pushing his hands away and places her fingers on either side of his nose.

JEZEBEL
On three. One -

She SNAPS his nose straight. Cliff howls in pain.

CLIFF
Seriously!?

Cliff lifts his tie to his bloody nose.

JEZEBEL
Could be worse.

CLIFF
Worse than me killing that guy back there?

JEZEBEL
You didn't kill him.

CLIFF
Yeah, but you we're about to. No offense, Jezebel, but can you spill the What-The-Fuck clause I missed when by boss told me to -

Jezebel reaches out to cradle Cliff's face in her hands.

JEZEBEL
You saved my life.

Jezebel's hand SLAMS the dashboard radio and Elvis Presley's 'I Want You (I Need You)' fills the air.

The kiss Jezebel plants on Cliff's lips is legend.

EXT./INT. TRANS AM - MOVING - NIGHT

SWERVING all over the road in a loss of control.

Dante tries to STEER, SMASH the dash, and SCREAM at once.

DANTE

No! No! No! Oh you!

Teeth gnashing, Dante has to grip the wheel with both hands to get the Trans Am back in command. Those might be tears brimming in his eyes.

DANTE (CONT'D)

A civilian! Oh Jeze! I'm going to
kill you, Cliff Sparks!

The Trans Am VEERS wildly down the highway, narrowly missing a collision with a vehicle from the other direction.

EXT. DUKE'S DINER - NIGHT

The parking lot all hustle bustle of a new crime scene. A keen eye might notice the Trans Am rocket by on the highway.

Barstow Deputies watch two EMTs carry the stretcher with The Blue Denim Man past them. His face is swathed in white gauze already blossoming blood stains.

On their way to the ambulance, the EMTs move by Sheriff Knox and Duke in front of the diner.

SHERIFF KNOX

You sure it wasn't your Chili Plate
Special didn't do that to him?

DUKE

Hardy har. Like I said, Sheriff,
that poor bastard never set foot in
my diner. Had to have been the
other fella who came in and didn't
order nothing. Knew something was
off about him.

SHERIFF KNOX

How's that?

DUKE

Slinging grease behind a counter
for fifty years is just a good a
learning to read people as going to
any them fancy colleges.

SHERIFF KNOX

Maybe so, but it doesn't sound like
there's much of an English
department behind that counter.

DUKE

Huh?

An UNMARKED FORD drives into the parking lot and pulls up
next to the ambulance where the EMTs are preparing to load
The Blue Denim Man in the back.

Beckett emerges from behind the wheel and Miller from the
passenger side. Beckett points at the EMTs.

BECKETT

Hold up there, boys.
(to Miller)
Get a statement from the victim,
Miller.

As Miller goes to the ambulance, Beckett heads for Sheriff
Knox and Duke.

SHERIFF KNOX

You better have the brass pair to
back up that swagger you're
bringing to my crime scene.

Beckett reaches into his jacket and Knox's hand goes to his
pistol's in his side holster, only to ease up as Beckett
brings out his badge.

BECKETT

Lieutenant Beckett, homicide. Did I
almost get the honor of being
gunned down by Sheriff Knox?

SHERIFF KNOX

Heard about your strange sense of
humor, Beckett.

BECKETT

I also love a good Knock-Knock
joke.
(to Duke)
Knock knock.

Duke's demeanor is nervous uncertainty.

DUKE
Who's there?

Beckett takes out a PHOTO of Cliff.

BECKETT
The maniac that placed an order of
attempted manslaughter to go.

DUKE
That's him. He came in asking about
some girl.

BECKETT
Did you see a girl?

DUKE
The only female I get in this joint
is Large Marge and that's only when
the moon's full.

Beckett glances to Sheriff Knox.

SHERIFF KNOX
Built like a brick shit house and
claims to date a Sasquatch.

DUKE
This fella was sketchy at best. Had
a knuckle sandwich face and asked
to use the can and I went to the
kitchen to prep the grill. A few
minutes later, I hear gunshots
outside and hit the deck.
(off Beckett's scowl)
Just because my name's Duke don't
mean I'm going to play John Wayne.

BECKETT
Nothing wrong for a man wanting to
stay alive and not spend the rest
of his life taking meals from a
tube.

All three look over at the ambulance.

DUKE
I didn't know human hands could do
that to someone's face....
(queasy)
(MORE)

DUKE (CONT'D)
I think I left something on the
stove.

Duke suppresses a gag and hurries back to the diner.

BECKETT
He might want to add a pair of
clean shorts to his menu.

SHERIFF KNOX
Duke may be a lot of things:
borderline illiterate, a weekend
paint huffer, fan of rap music, but
the one thing he's not is a liar.
Sparks put a Humpty Dumpty hurting
on baby blue over there I've never
seen before.

BECKETT
All the more reason to bring him
down, Sheriff.

SHERIFF KNOX
Right about now's when I start the
pissing contest over who's
jurisdiction is who's and making
clever threats about you getting in
my way apprehending Cliff Sparks.

The Kid-Before-Christmas in Beckett momentarily surfaces.

BECKETT
I'll let you go first.

SHERIFF KNOX
I'm three months from retirement.
Got a schooner I've had in dry dock
the last twenty years that I'd like
to put out to sea. Yep, thinking
I'd rather sail the Bermuda
Triangle than find out what
degenerate animal Sparks turns into
when cornered. He's all yours,
Lieutenant. You're welcome to my
deputies who are itching to make a
name for themselves. Happy hunting.

Sheriff Knox walks away, leaving Beckett crestfallen.

BECKETT
(calling after him)
Knox! I spent the entire time
driving here on some really good
threats

Miller, with notepad in hand, steps next to Beckett. The Lieutenant regains his hard as nails composure.

BECKETT (CONT'D)
What'd the victim say?

MILLER
(consulting notepad)
Mmmurmm... hmnnnugh... guhmnnngh.

Beckett scowls at Miller.

DEPUTY #1 (O.S.)
Lieutenant Beckett?

Beckett turns to see five Deputies - a motley bunch ranging from rookie-green to Deputy #1's far side of 40.

DEPUTY #1 (CONT'D)
We're here to help you take down
this sick son of bitch.

Deputy #5 - the rookie - takes a hit off his asthma inhaler.

CUT TO:

EXT. REVEREND ICABOD'S TENT REVIVAL - NIGHT

A WINNEBAGO MOTOR HOME, parked in front of the downed tent. Half a dozen RUSTY PICKUP TRUCKS and OLD STATION WAGONS are corralled around with a group churchgoers waiting with CLUBS, AXES, and PITCHFORKS in hand.

Reverend Icabod approaches with Rexella at his side. She's wearing a skintight white catsuit. Behind them, with their robes still streaked with dirt, are ten flock members.

REVEREND ICABOD
Brothers and sisters, make no
mistake. Once upon the highway,
it's going to be a race with the
Devil. We're all part of the army
of the One True King and he wills
us to do battle with Beelzebub!
Who here is ready to follow my
command and deliver the wrath of
the righteous!

The Churchgoers begin climbing into their vehicles. Flock members head for the motor home.

Reverend Icabod dangles a set of keys to Rexella.

REVEREND ICABOD (CONT'D)
Peddle to the metal, my dear.

They embrace for a kiss that would make a pervert squirm.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Cliff and Jezebel finish a decidedly more sweet lip lock while standing outside of the Cadillac. He's down to his white t-shirt and black slacks. Jezebel is seen for the first time without her black leather jacket on.

CLIFF
Score one for the good guys.

Jezebel's serpentine smile gives Cliff pause.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Um... we are the good guys, right?

JEZEBEL
It's time I show you something.

CLIFF
If it's anything like what we just did, I'm all for it.

This time there's the briefest blush behind Jezebel's smile.

JEZEBEL
It's something even better.

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Presley's 'Surrender' plays on the stereo.

Cliff and Jezebel are close together in the backseat, looking down at a GLOW that illuminates their faces.

CLIFF
No fucking way.

CLOSE ON

Three of the AMBER STONES are laid out on the seat in the order of V I S.

BACK TO

Jezebel reaches into her leather jacket next to her.

CLOSE ON

The Reverend's necklace with the amber stone is placed next to the others in order of L V I S. The amber glow grows stronger.

BACK TO

Cliff can't stop staring at the stones.

CLIFF

Where'd they come from?

JEZEBEL

Some say they were forged at the same crossroads Robert Johnson learned to master his guitar.

CLIFF

What does the other some say?

JEZEBEL

Nothing. They're no longer alive.

Cliff's able to stop staring at the stones.

CLIFF

Are we talking natural causes or..?

JEZEBEL

Occupational hazards.

CLIFF

And which occupation would that be?

JEZEBEL

Bringing back the King. We just need the last stone. It's not far from here. All five must be together to return his voice. His power. Whole again. But there are others after the stones.

CLIFF

Including Dante.

JEZEBEL

Yes, including Dante.

CLIFF

(occurring to him)

My boss said something about your dad Chester Gore being into rare stones. Why isn't he helping you?

JEZEBEL

Because he's dead.

CLIFF

What? I'm sorry for your loss.

Cliff reaches out open arms to embrace Jezebel. She puts her hands on his chest to stop him.

JEZEBEL

Chester Gore isn't my father. Chester Gore was the first person to possess more than one stone since the five were first forged together then scatted from opposite directions of the cross roads.

Cliff ever so slightly scoots back from Jezebel.

CLIFF

Was his demise due to..?

JEZEBEL

Being a thief. And do not feel sorry for him. There are others like him who want all five stones for dark destructive reasons.

CLIFF

And what's your reason?

Jezebel looks away from Cliff to grab her leather jacket next to her. Turned away from him, we see for the first time a vulnerability on Jezebel's face.

JEZEBEL

It's personal.

Slipping her on jacket brings the icy cool Jezebel back. She looks over her shoulder at Cliff.

JEZEBEL

What do you say, Cliff? Want to bring back the King of Rock and Roll?

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Hurling back down the highway.

Cliff, behind the wheel and wearing his black suit jacket over his white t-shirt. He glances at Jezebel next to him.

CLIFF

There's something I've got to confess to you.

JEZEBEL

That you were a virgin?

CLIFF

What? No! I told you about my first time.

(beat; realizing)

Wait, did you think that because of when we were... how I -

Jezebel playfully pokes him.

JEZEBEL

You were great. So what is this confession?

CLIFF

What happened back there in the diner parking lot. I don't know what came over me. I saw you were about to be... Something came over me and I just went on instinct I didn't know I had. What I'm trying to say is... I don't know if I can do something like that again.

She kisses his cheek.

JEZEBEL

Don't worry. The worst is over.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. TRANS AM - MOVING - NIGHT

Speeding well past legal limits.

Most of the dashboard has been pulverized and Dante has reigned his rage to a simmering boil.

DANTE

(sotto)

Start with his face. Breaking the nose first is predictable, but you must respect the classics. Then have some fun and see if you can beat your record for most teeth knocked out with a single punch. Seven and a half won't be easy to beat, but challenge yourself.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - NIGHT

The unmarked Ford has three Barstow police cars following it.

INT. UNMARKED FORD - MOVING - NIGHT

Beckett, at the wheel while Miller consults his notepad.

BECKETT

Hand me the radio.

Miller does as told and puts the mic in Beckett's extended palm.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

(into mic)

Listen up, Deputies. This is a sweep and search operation to locate and neutralize Cliff Sparks. We're going up a most formidable foe. We're talking Billy the Kid, John Dillinger, and O.J. rolled into one. All necessary use of violence to apprehend has been approved.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. WINNEBAGO MOTORHOME - MOVING - NIGHT

With Rexella driving, Reverend Icadbod raises his arms while walking amongst the flock crammed together.

REVEREND ICABOD
The reckoning is nigh, my flock.
Sinners will be slain and we will
dance on the Devil's testicles.
Armageddon is a coming!

The Winnebago races along Highway 15 with the convoy of rusty trucks and old station wagons.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 66 - NIGHT

A COUNTY COP CAR, parked behind a HIGHWAY SIGN: ALBUQUERQUE 47 MILES, MESA 312 MILES, BARSTOW 312 MILES.

The COUNTY MOUNTY asleep behind the wheel has the brim of his hat down and a RADAR GUN poised on the open window.

The gun's frantic BEEPING startles the County Mounty awake. He adjusts his hat and steadies the gun at the empty highway.

CLOSE ON

The radar gun's readout going through 60 MPH, 70, then the numbers move faster than the eye can follow

BACK TO SCENE

The County Mounty grips the radar gun with both hands, the BEEPING turns to a STEADY ELECTRONIC WAIL then DIES.

COUNTY MOUNTY
What the shit..?

A fast moving BLUR approaches.

INT. '57 CADILLAC - MOVING - NIGHT

'Burning Love' crests on the choral bridge.

The Driver extends the 44. Magnum toward the open passenger window and FIRES twice.

EXT. HIGHWAY 66 - NIGHT

Both front tires of the county cop car BLOW OUT.

The County Mounty SCREAMS in a pitch Little Richard would envy and pushes the driver's door open, scrambling out into the middle of the highway. He pulls his pistol and SHOTS into the dark night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Cadillac Town Car slows to a stop.

INT. CADILLAC TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Cliff's fixated on something ahead in the road. Jezebel is keyed up like a live wire.

JEZEBEL

This is it.

Cliff glances over at her.

CLIFF

Are you kidding me?

EXT. AH-HUH HUH CLUB - NIGHT

FLASHING NEON SIGN on top of a large wood and metal honky-tonk in the middle of nowheresville. A BANNER stretched over the entrance proclaims: GRAND FINAL IMPERSONATOR CONTEST.

The Cadillac cruises into the dirt parking lot to find a spot among the CUSTOM VANS and VINTAGE TRUCKS.

Cliff and Jezebel get out of the car and make their way to the Ah-Huh Huh Club.

CLIFF

Is this going to be easy?

JEZEBEL

Lemon squeezy.

She takes his hand and they pass by the parked Trans Am.

INT. AH-HUH CLUB - NIGHT

There's another GRAND FINAL IMPERSONATOR CONTEST BANNER above the STAGE that takes up the far side of the room. Onstage a ROCKABILLY PRESLEY IMPERSONATOR sings 'Rip It Up.'

The place is packed with ELVIS IMPERSONATORS of every incarnation from Sun Records days to Vegas nights at the tables in front of the stage and at the bar.

A CURTAINED OFF BALCONY overlooks the club.

Cliff and Jezebel step inside. He can't believe what he's seeing and she's calmly scoping the place out.

CLIFF

What do we do now?

JEZEBEL

Let's go get a drink.

She doesn't wait for a response and Cliff finds himself following her.

REVEAL

TINY E - a MIDGET Elvis impersonator. Tiny maneuvers through the club to black velvet curtain at the side of the stage.

INT. AH-HUH CLUB - LAIR

Tiny E enters and crosses to a THRONE facing away.

TINY E

The Resurrects are here.

REVERSE ON THRONE

ELVIN PREZLEY - mid 50's, a remarkable resemblance to you know who - lifts himself up from his throne to admire his reflection in a mirror. He's wearing a jewel encrusted white jumpsuit with a gold belt holding up his belly.

ELVIN

Looks like we're gonna have ourselves a roustabout.

PUSH IN ON

Elvin's gold belt. At the center is an AMBER STONE with the letter E scorched into it.

INT. AH-HUH CLUB

Rockabilly Elvis ends his performance onstage, strutting off.

Jezebel has a bottle of scotch and two shot glasses in hand as she and Cliff sit at a table. She pours the glasses full, sliding one to Cliff.

CLIFF

Jeze, I can't.

Jezebel knocks her shot back.

JEZEBEL

Why not?

CLIFF

When I drink, I fuck up. This is the last place I want to fuck up.

JEZEBEL

More for me.

She snatches Cliff's glass away, downs it, then pours herself another.

CLIFF

Um... after we get the fifth stone -

The room erupts into BOOING, CURSING, and BOTTLES THROWN at the Blue Hawaii Elvis stepping to the microphone stand.

Jezebel even joins in. She stands and THROWS one of the shot glass and NAILS the Blue Hawaii Elvis in the forehead. He uses his lei on the wound and hurries off stage.

A Vegas Elvis steps up next with the approval of the crowd. He launches into 'A Little Less Conversation'

Jezebel sits back down, pouring herself another shot.

JEZEBEL

There is a roadhouse north of here. Uncle Bubba's Bar. We must bring the stones there by noon tomorrow to meet our contact.

CLIFF

What for?

JEZEBEL

The stones alone are not enough to bring the King back. Collectively they are just a key to a door.

CLIFF

The contact's bringing a door?

JEZEBEL

A black velvet portrait of the King
that together with the stones will
allow his return to our world.

CLIFF

How's he going to squeeze through a
painting?

JEZEBEL

It's a metaphysical doorway, Cliff.
Not a literal one.

Jezebel laughs and downs another shot. Cliff studies her
while she refills her glass.

CLIFF

So, what's in this for you? Why -

JEZEBEL

- do I want his return? Ask any
girl to describe the depths of the
hole in her heart from a daddy that
never said goodbye. Do you have any
idea what it feels like to be left
behind?

CLIFF

Actually, I've got a pretty good
idea of being left behind. My
girlfriend dumped me.

JEZEBEL

Was she the King of Rock and Roll?

CLIFF

Are you saying your father was -

JEZEBEL

We'll just see, won't we?

Jezebel raises her shot glass in a toast and slugs it down.
Cliff reaches for the bottle of scotch and his hand shakes.
He pulls his hand back.

CLIFF

Um... I've got to use the bathroom.
Be right back.

He gets up from the table. Jezebel turns her attention to the
Vegas Elvis onstage.

INT. AH-HUH CLUB - MEN'S ROOM

Cliff stands in front of the sink, looking into the mirror.

CLIFF

(sotto)

This is crazy. This is crazy. This
is crazy!

He leans over to run the faucet and splash water in his face.

The toilet stall door opens and Dante steps out. He moves behind Cliff and waits for him to straighten up and clear his vision to see who's behind him.

DANTE

This is crazy.

Dante laughs, grabbing Cliff's hair and BASHES Cliff's head into the mirror, SHATTERING it and knocking him out.

The men's room door opens and three Elvis Impersonators crowd behind Dante.

DANTE

Take him away.

INT. AH-HUH CLUB

Jezebel is laughing at an Impersonator onstage as Dante slips into the chair next to her. Her instincts slightly undone by booze, she grips the neck of the scotch bottle but Dante already has the barrel of his 9MM BARETTA at her side.

DANTE

Since when did you start drinking
scotch?

She lets her fingers slide off the bottle.

JEZEBEL

Dante -

DANTE (CONT'D)

Jeze, you've lost it, Taking on
this fool Sparks as a partner
proves it. You weren't going to
take him all the way, were you?

(MORE)

DANTE (CONT'D)

Tell me that after he helped you
gather the five stones, you were
going to slit his throat and leave
him in a ditch for vultures to
feast on. At least tell me that and
I may be able to forgive you.

JEZEBEL

Where is he?

Not the reply Dante wanted to hear. He trembles from holding
onto his rage.

DANTE

You want to see him? Come with me.
I believe there is someone who
wants to meet you. Very slowly now.

Jezebel stands with Dante matching her every move as they
make their way through the club.

INT. AH-HUH CLUB - THRONE ROOM

Six ROYAL IMPERSONATORS are posted three a side of the throne
now faced around for Elvin to watch Jezebel enter with Dante
at her back.

Cliff, conscious now but dazed, is held by two of the Royals.

ELVIN

Step on up, honey. Lemme have a
look at you.

Dante shoves Jezebel forward and two Royals grab her stand in
front of Elvin.

It takes considerable effort for Elvin to stand from his
throne. His hands rest on either side of the amber stone set
in his gold belt.

ELVIN

You came close, darlin', but the
gig is up. Hand them stones over
real proper like.

Jezebel's eyes are fierce as she reaches inside her leather
jacket and drops the velvet pouch into Elvin's extended palm.
She looks over her shoulder at Dante.

JEZEBEL

How could you make a deal with this
imposter?

Dante strolls over to stand by Elvin's throne.

DANTE

Perchance it had something to do with the fact that you stabbed me in the back? That you betrayed me first? Elvin made me understand the far reaching fiscal future a partnership presented.

Elvin smiles at Jezebel.

ELVIN

Lookee here. No one loves the King more than me. I pay non-stop homage to him with every fiber of my being. My every breath. I tour all over the world sharing my gift and I get paid very well. A king's ransom, you might say. The whole lot of them boys out there make their living doing the same. If the real King were to be brought back by these stones... Well, let's just say we'd all be permanently out of a lucrative business. That's something I won't allow.

CLIFF (O.S.)

Pathetic.

Elvin doesn't look away from Jezebel.

ELVIN

What's that, son?

Cliff remains in the grips of two Royals.

CLIFF

You Elvis impersonators. TAll pathetic. Dressing up as the King for Halloween is one thing, but to do it every day? Get a fucking life already.

Elvin faces Cliff.

ELVIN

So, I'm supposed to believe you're the one who put Denimn E in the hospital?

CLIFF

You mean Mr. Blue Jeans back at the diner? If I'd have known that clown was an Elvis impersonator he wouldn't have got off so easy.

DANTE

(to Elvin)

Don't listen to this fool. If he took down your hatchet man, you can bet it was by sheer idiotic luck.

(to Cliff)

But your luck has run out, Cliff. It's time for payback.

(to the Royals)

Take him outside and give him the beating of his soon to be over life. Make sure to save me a piece.

ELVIN (O.S.)

That's a good idea. Take 'em both.

Two other Royals seize Dante.

DANTE

What is the meaning of this treachery?

Elvin has moved back to stand in front of Jezebel being held by his last two Royals. He gazes at her.

ELVIN

He never told me how fine little kitten you are. I've spent a long time looking for a queen. My own Priscilla. That search has come to an end.

(to Dante)

As far as partners go: you're out. She's in.

(to Jezebel)

What do you say there, darlin'?

Jezebel gives him a seductive smile.

JEZEBEL

I've always said if you can't have the King, why not the next best thing?

Elvin nods to the Royals holding her and they let go. He signals to the others.

ELVIN
 Away with them. Make sure they
 suffer.

The Royals begin to drag Cliff and Dante off.

JEZEBEL (O.S.)
 Just a moment.

The Royals stop as Jezebel crosses over to them. She plucks Dante's Baretta from his jacket and tosses it away. She moves in front of Cliff.

JEZEBEL
 I'm sorry it had to come to this,
 Cliff. We'll always have the back
 seat.

She pulls the car keys from his pocket. With a soft kiss on his cheek, she returns to Elvin's side.

ELVIN
 Take them away.

The Royals resume dragging Cliff and Dante to the door. Dante glares at Cliff.

DANTE
 The back seat? You are really
 going to get it now. When I am
 through with you -

Dante's rant continues as he and Cliff are pulled from the room. Elvin turns to Jezebel.

ELVIN
 Rocking good news.

EXT. AH-HUH CLUB - NIGHT

The four Royals walk Cliff and Dante away from the club and through the parking lot.

DANTE
 - and when I get out of this -

CLIFF (CONT'D)
 Out of it? I don't even know how I
 got into it! I was minding my own
 business with a perfectly good
 hangover this morning.
 (MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

The phone rings and just like that,
 Lady Luck gives me a rub and tug I
 didn't ask for. Next thing I know,
 I'm an accessory to grand theft,
 assault and battery, murder,
 mayhem, double crosses, and
 apparently a conspiracy to raise
 Elvis Presley, the King of Rock And
 Roll, from the dead. Funny thing is
 I've always thought the real King
 of Rock and Roll should be Chuck
 Berry.

The Royals bring them to a sudden halt. They let go of their
 captives and stare at Cliff with disbelief and hatred.

DANTE

Did you just hear vile sacrilege
 spoken by this ludicrous fool?

CLIFF

What? Presley didn't even write
 any of his hits. Chuck Berry -

Dante PUNCHES Cliff in the face.

Cliff goes down, slumped against the rear fender of a vehicle
 we notice as the Cadillac Town car.

Dante lunges for Cliff, but the Royals grab him. The four
 Royals - Jailhouse King, Sun Records Elvis, Harum Scarum
 Elvis, and a King Creole - struggle to hold Dante.

DANTE

No! Please let me beat him! I can
 do it better than you! Unhand me
 you Pretenders!

Dante's boot coming down on one of the BLUE SUEDE SHOES of...

... Sun Records Elvis HOWLS and leans down the same time...

... Dante drives his KNEE UP into Sun Record Elvis's jaw,
 knocking him out.

DANTE

One for the money.

Dante HEADBUTTS Jailhouse King in the face, BREAKING his
 nose. Jailhouse King drops to the dirt.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Two for the show.

A REVERSE KICK to Harum Scarum Elvis's groin causes the Arabian clothed King to fall back.

King Creole reaches into his jacket and Dante uses his free arm for an ELBOW STRIKE to the throat. King Creole's hands go to his crushed windpipe. Dante reaches one hand into King Creole's jacket while putting the other on his shoulder.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Three to get ready.

BEHIND DANTE

Harum Scarum Elvis has gotten to his feet and removes a SICKLE from his robes.

BACK TO

Dante PUSHES the defeated King Creole to the ground while pulling the .357 MAGNUM he'd been reaching for in his jacket.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Now go, cat, go!

He WHIRLS around, bringing the .357 up to aim at...

... Harum Scarum Elvis' sickle SLICES Dante's hand, sending the pistol flying. He moves in for a double-handed swipe and Dante uses both hands to grip his assailant's wrists.

ANGLE ON

Cliff, coming to with Dante and Harum Scarum Elvis in a combative waltz. The next thing he notices is he's sitting up against the Cadillac Town car.

BACK TO

Dante and Harum Scarum Elvis grappling. Due to his wounded hand, Dante is losing and the blade gets closer to his throat.

Until both barrels of the sawed-off are put to Harum Scarum Elvis's Arabic headdress.

REVEAL

Cliff holding the shotgun to the temple of Harum Scarum Elvis. He hesitates as Cliff cocks the hammers.

CLIFF
My advice is -

Dante reverses the sickle downward and into Harum Scarum Elvis's groin, taking him down to the ground.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Oh shit! That's just...

Dante stands up, the bloody sickle in hand, facing off against Cliff. Awkward wouldn't begin to describe it.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Looked like you could've used a little help.

INT. AH-HUH CLUB

A Comeback Special Elvis onstage launches into a rendition of 'Suspicious Minds.'

UP IN THE BALCONY

Elvin and Jezebel, side by side on separate thrones. A table between them has a plate of fried peanut-butter and bacon sandwiches, bottles of Dr. Pepper, and the velvet pouch.

EXT. AH-HUH CLUB - NIGHT

Cliff and Dante creep around the back of the building. They stop upon finding a back door. Dante holds the .357 in his hastily bandaged hand. Cliff has the sawed-off shotgun.

CLIFF
I was thinking we made a pretty good team back there.

DANTE
I was thinking the same.

CLIFF
Yeah?

DANTE
No, you idiot. In fact, your inability to identify even basic sarcasm has made me hate you to a point I wouldn't have thought humanly possible.

CLIFF
(playing his card)
Is that anyway to talk to someone who just saved your life?

DANTE

I regret now telling you the code
of honor which comes from having
another save one's life.

CLIFF

(rubbing it in)
Which was..?

DANTE

(begrudgingly)
That the saved is in debt to the
savior. Will allow no harm onto the
savior and...

Dante mumbles the rest. Cliff clearly enjoys the moment.

CLIFF

And..?

DANTE

... and is servitude to the savior
for ten score moon.

CLIFF

How long was that? I forgot.

DANTE

A year of the savior's life. Or his
death. Whichever comes first.

Dante's sinister chuckle flips the script on Cliff. He
studies Cliff for a moment.

DANTE (CONT'D)

You don't even know Jezebel. She's
betrayed you once, which from
personal experience, I can tell you
she has a history of. She targets
losers like you.

CLIFF

That how she found you?

Dante flinches, grimaces, and blushes all at once.

DANTE

No... That's not... You're not part
of the Nameless. The Ones He Left
Behind. The Ones Who Want His
Return.

CLIFF
That's going to be one hell of a
family reunion.

Dante cocks the hammer on the .357.

DANTE
I may mock your stupidity, but
never your emotions.

Cliff nods, fun over.

CLIFF
Sorry about that.

DANTE
It's fine.

CLIFF
Really?

Dante BONKS Cliff over the head with the Magnum's barrel.

DANTE
You make it so difficult not to
want to hurt you. Now, are you
ready?

CLIFF
I guess so.

Dante reaches for the back door and smiles at how scared
Cliff obviously is.

DANTE
It's just a bunch of Elvis
impersonators. Nothing to worry
about.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO MOTORHOME - MOVING - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

We see the Ah-Huh Huh Club's flashing neon sign as the
motorhome pulls into the parking lot.

Reverend Icabod rises from the passenger seat and steps to
the others crammed in back.

REVEREND ICABOD
Behold, my flock! The very den of
the Devil is before us.

CUT TO:

INT. AH-HUH CLUB - BACKSTAGE

Two impersonators are unconscious at feet of Cliff and Dante.

CLIFF
You hit them pretty hard.

DANTE
Would you rather I'd rubbed their
tummy and read them a bedtime
story?

He glares at the Comeback Elvis singing onstage.

DANTE (CONT'D)
He should be ashamed of himself.

Cliff peeks out the side curtain.

CLIFF'S POV

Elvin and Jezebel, watching the show from their thrones above
in the balcony.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff steps back from the curtain and to Dante's side.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Is that his idea of respect?

CLIFF
They're up in the balcony.

DANTE
Showtime.

Dante strides onstage and SHOOTs the Comeback Elvis down. He
swiftly turns to aim up at...

THE BALCONY

... Elvin pulls Jezebel in front of him while standing from
his throne.

BACK TO

Dante FIRES THREE ROUNDS into the balcony around Elvin.

The other impersonators in the club are frozen, unsure what to do.

DANTE

Nobody move or your King dies!

Dante has to glance to the side of the stage while keeping his eye on the balcony.

DANTE

What are you doing? Get out here!

Cliff shuffles out onstage next to Dante.

CLIFF

Um... he kind of jumped the gun on this.

(brandishing the sawed-off)

No pun intended.

THE BALCONY

Elvin keeps Jezebel trapped in front of him.

ELVIN

Go ahead, boys. Shoot. Or did you expect me to just throw down the stones?

ONSTAGE

Dante is flustered. He whispers something into Cliff's ear. Cliff looks up at the balcony.

CLIFF

And don't forget your belt.

(back to Dante)

Wait, huh? What about Jezebel?

Elvin laughs from above.

ELVIN

Looks like we got one of them stand off thingys, boys.

ANGLE ON

The club's front doors BURSTING OPEN and Reverend Icabod, Rexella, his flock, and the churchgoers flow into the entrance.

Reverend Icabod gets one look at the impersonators and goes bible belt ballistic.

REVEREND ICABOD
Behold, my flock! This house of
heretics must be destroyed!

Flock members and churchgoers RUSH forth, CLASHING with the impersonators for a good old fashioned BARROOM BRAWL.

ONSTAGE

Dante and Cliff's attention are diverted by the rumble.

THE BALCONY

Elvin PUSHES Jezebel aside and pulls a NICKLE PLATED .38 from the side of his throne. He aims down at the stage and FIRES at...

ONSTAGE

... Dante is HIT in the shoulder. He collapses.

Cliff looks up to see Elvin has him in his sights.

THE BALCONY

Jezebel delivers a KICK to Elvin's wrist that sends his SHOT high.

Elvin BACKHANDS Jezebel back into her thrown.

ELVIN
You ain't nothing but a hound dog.

ONSTAGE

Cliff aims the sawed-off up at Elvin.

Blue Hawaii Elvis - a huge bruise on his forehead - runs from stage right with his lei in his hands which he uses as a GARROTE to slip around Cliff's neck.

Cliff drops the sawed-off and claws at the lei as Blue Hawaii Elvis's momentum carries them off the stage and into the brawl below.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - NIGHT

The unmarked Ford and Barstow Deputy vehicles are parked off the road.

Beckett watches with barely contained animosity as the five Deputies take a shoulder-to-shoulder piss break.

BECKETT

Do you all have your periods at the same time?!

MILLER (O.S.)

Lieutenant!

Miller approaches Beckett, who WHIRLS around in rigid combat stance.

BECKETT

Clavicle snap!

(relaxing)

Miller! What did I tell you about that?

MILLER

My bad, sir.

BECKETT

'My bad'? I didn't know we were on Yo MTV Craps, Miller. Why don't you freestyle what's so important?

The Deputies begin providing a vocal beatbox. Miller tentatively takes the beat.

MILLER

One two, one two. Here we go -

Beckett WHIPS OUT his 44. DESERT EAGLE MAGNUM and FIRES off a few rounds into the air. Miller and the Deputies go silent.

BECKETT

I'm going to pretend all of you just didn't lose your minds a second ago.

(to Miller)

You were saying?

Miller quickly resumes his professional demeanor.

MILLER

Intense melee reported at a local roadhouse less than a mile from here. Perpetrator identified at the sight.

BECKETT

Who's our source?

Miller holds up his iPhone.

MILLER

Twitter, sir.

BECKETT

What is the world coming to?
(to the Deputies)
Zip your pricks and check your shorts. It's go time!

Beckett marches for the Ford while Miller follows.

MILLER

Should I alert state police for back up?

BECKETT

Did Jim Bowie and Davey Crockett ask for back up at the Alamo?

MILLER

I believe they did.

Beckett slides behind the wheel and reaches up to plant a RED SIREN on top of the car's roof.

BECKETT

Then they were panzies. Let's roll!

EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The unmarked Ford SPEEDS with the three Barstow Deputies vehicles behind and their LIGHTS and SIRENS on blast.

CUT TO:

INT. AH-HUH CLUB

Chairs are THROWN, bottles SMASHED, and bodies HURLED as the rumble rages on between the impersonators and the Reverend's brigade

In the middle of it, Blue Hawaii Elvis pulls Cliff to his feet, still strangulating him with his lei.

THE BALCONY

Jezebel grabs for the velvet pouch on the table as...

... Elvin snatches her wrist while bringing the .38 around on her. Jezebel KNOCKS the pistol from his hand, sending it soaring.

BACK TO

The .38 HITS Blue Hawaii Elvis in the head, knocking him out.

Cliff removes the lei from around his neck and promptly gets a random punch in the face that puts him on his ass.

THE BALCONY

Elvin still holds one hand on Jezebel's wrist to the table.

Jezebel pulls her dagger from her boot and STABS Elvin's forearm that was helping keep a grip on her wrist.

Elvin HOWLS and lets go of Jezebel tries to use his other hand to free the blade from his bloody forearm.

Jezebel swipes the velvet pouch from the table. She slips behind Elvin and YANKS her dagger from his forearm.

Elvin FALLS OVER the table and Jezebel CUTS the back of his gold belt in two, snatching it from around his waist. She STICKS her dagger deep into the cheek of Elvin's ass.

ELVIN
(squealing)
Mama baby!

Jezebel slings the belt over her shoulder and JUMPS from the balcony...

... and grabs onto the one side of the contest banner above the stage. The banner TEARS and she clings to the material as it swings her down to center stage.

ANGLE ON

Reverend Icabod walking untouched through the battle royal as he watches Jezebel land on the stage. He removes an ivory handled COLT .45 from his jacket.

THE BALCONY

Elvin pulls the dagger from his ass cheek. He uses his scarf to apply pressure to the bleeding gash. Able to stand, he waves a fist at the fracas below.

ELVIN
Damn you all to hell!

A BULLET NICKS OFF a PIECE of Elvin's EAR. He removes the bloody scarf from his rear to suppress the fresh wound. His eyes widen when he sees...

ELVIN'S POV

The Reverend down below aiming his Colt up at Elvin.

REVEREND ICABOD
You're the one damned, Brother
Elvin!

BACK TO SCENE

Elvin yells down.

ELVIN
Icabod! What are you doing here?

ANGLE ON

Reverend Icabod thumb cocks the hammer.

REVEREND ICABOD
The Lord's work!

He's bumped from behind by brawlers and the SHOT goes wild.

THE BALCONY

Elvin moves to the wall next to him where there is FLIP SWITCH behind SAFETY GLASS stenciled with: CLUB SELF DESTRUCT. Elvin SMASHES the glass and pulls the switch.

A DIGITAL TIMER lights up and starts COUNTING DOWN from 30... 29... 28...

BACK TO SCENE

Jezebel, crouched behind the bar. She uses a bottle opener to pry the stone from Elvin's belt. She gets it free and puts the stone in the velvet pouch. Standing up, she finds herself facing Rexella on the other side of the bar.

Rexella GRABS Jezebel by the front of her jacket and YANKS her off her feet and OVER the bar.

Jezebel CRASHES on the floor and the velvet pouch falls from her hand.

The scuffle between the impersonators and the Reverend's flock members and churchgoers send the velvet pouch kicked across the floor in different directions until...

...it slides under a table Cliff is hiding under.

Cliff reaches for it just as a BEER MUG SHATTERS on the floor. He has to pull his hand back from being cut by the LARGE CHUNKS of GLASS that scatter around the velvet pouch.

CLOSE ON

The digital timer: 21... 20...

BACK TO SCENE

Elvin steps onto the main floor. He's turned his cape into a sling for his wounded arm. As he wades through the fighting around him, Elvin uses his free hand to KARATE CHOP random churchgoers down in his path.

ANGLE ON

Jezebel and Rexella combatting in series of blows and blocks. Their skills are evenly matched, but Rexella's reach advantage is taking its toll on Jezebel.

CLOSE ON

The digital timer: 18... 17...

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff, just finishes putting the velvet pouch into his jacket when...

... Reverend Icabod OVERTURNS the table and points his Colt .45 down at Cliff.

REVEREND ICABOD
It's Judgment Day, spawn of Satan!

ANGLE ON

Rexella delivers a devastating ROUNDHOUSE KICK that sends Jezebel CRASHING into a set of tables and chairs.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED FORD - MOVING - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

We see Ah-Huh Huh Club's flashing neon sign getting closer as the car SPEEDS along the highway.

Beckett grabs the police radio mic.

BECKETT
(into mic)
All units! ETA thirty seconds!

CUT TO:

INT. AH-HUH CLUB

The rumble rages on between impersonators and the Reverend's army.

CLOSE ON

The digital timer: 10... 9...

BACK TO SCENE

Reverend Icabod holds his hand out to Cliff.

REVEREND ICABOD
The stones, sinner.

Cliff gives over the velvet pouch .

ANGLE ON

Rexella GRASPING both hands around Jezebel's throat. She lifts her up and begins CHOKING Jezebel.

CLOSE ON

The digital timer: 6... 5...

BACK TO SCENE

Reverend Icabod cocks back the hammer on the Colt and smiles down at Cliff.

REVEREND ICABOD
On your feet, sinner. Going to baptize you with a bullet!

Cliff stands, his hands raised, desperate for a distraction.

CLIFF

Um... Chuck Berry is the real King
of Rock and Roll!

Reverend Icabod's aim wavers uncontrollably with anger.

REVEREND ICABOD

Fiend! Time to die!

CLOSE ON

The digital timer: 2... 1... 0.

BACK TO SCENE

An UNDERGROUND EXPLOSION rocks the club and gives everyone a moment of pause. The building begins to TREMBLE and FALL APART.

The impersonators and flock members and churchgoers now fight for their lives to escape the club.

Cliff and Reverend Icabod look above to see a section of the roof COLLAPSE. Cliff DIVES out of the way as...

... Reverend Icabod only has time to SCREAM before he's CRUSHED by heavy lumber and sheet metal.

ANGLE ON

Rexella, holding Jezebel by the throat, looking over to see the Reverend's demise. She WAILS.

Jezebel uses the moment to snatch a beer bottle from a nearby table and SMASHES it upside Rexella's head. The bigger woman drops Jezebel and they both fall to the floor.

BACK TO

Cliff crawls out from under a destroyed table and to the rubble from which only the Reverend's hand can be seen extended from. The velvet pouch dangles from the hand. Cliff reaches for it...

... and Elvin's white platform heeled boot STOMPS down on Cliff's hand. Cliff lets out an agonized YELL as Elvin plucks the velvet pouch from the Reverend's dead grip.

ELVIN

Elvin has left the building!

He slips the pouch into his arm sling, then beelines it for an unmarked exit while the building continues to destruct.

Part of the NEON SIGN FALLS through the ceiling and EXPLODES onstage, SPARKS set FIRE to the curtains.

EXT. AH-HUH CLUB - NIGHT

The Reverend's Winnebago is parked nose first at the entrance of the quaking structure.

Elvin waddles around to the open side door of the motorhome and hoists himself in.

INT. WINNEBAGO MOTORHOME - NIGHT

Elvin squeezes behind the steering wheel. The keys are still in the ignition, allowing him to start the engine, shift into reverse, and FLOORS the accelerator.

The pouch slips from his arm sling and drops on the floor. Elvin glances down to see a few chunks of glass from a broken beer mug spill out of the pouch.

ELVIN

NO!

EXT. AH-HUH CLUB - NIGHT

The unmarked Ford and three Barstow Deputy cars RACE onto the dirt lot at the same time the Winnebago comes barreling ass-backwards at them.

The Ford SWERVES and COLLIDES into a parked car.

The first Deputy car CRASHES into the PROPANE TANKS on the back of the Winnebago. An EXPLOSION consumes both vehicles, turning them into a FIREBALL still rolling in reverse.

The second Deputy car BRAKES, but the third is too close behind and SMASHES into the back of the second, sending both cars into the inferno before them.

Beckett and Miller stumble from the unmarked Ford. Beckett bleeds from a head wound while Miller appears unharmed.

BECKETT

Bastard Sparks booby trapped us!

Beckett staggers to the trunk which has sprung open from the parking lot collision. He reaches in and removes a lever action 30.06 WINCHESTER RIFFLE, racking the action.

BECKETT (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch just made it
personal. Take point, Miller!

Miller pulls his 9MM GLOCK and with Beckett on his heels, they RUSH for the entrance of the crumbling club. Miller KICKS open the double doors.

A STAMPEDE of impersonators and flock members and churchgoers TRAMPLE Miller under foot as they run from the building.

Beckett PLUNGES into the entrance, narrowly missing being crushed by the crowd.

INT. AH-HUH CLUB

Cliff staggers toward a side window with a Budwiser logo across it. He looks across the club.

CLIFF'S POV

Jezebel wields the broken beer bottle while Rexella parries with a splintered chair leg.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff calls out to her.

CLIFF
Jeze, come on!

A SHOT is FIRED and a BULLET ZIPS close to Cliff.

ANGLE ON

Beckett standing center in the burning, destructing club. He racks the lever action on his 30.06.

BECKETT
Don't move a muscle, Sparks!

Another EXPLOSION rocks the room. What's left of the building begins to come down.

Jezebel and Rexella remain fighting to the death as FLAMING TIMBER and TWISTED METAL CRASH DOWN around them.

Cliff RUNS for the Budwiser window and DIVES headfirst for the King of Beers logo as...

... Beckett raises the 30.06 to his shoulder and FIRES just as the rest of the club's neon sign SHATTERS down upon him.

EXT. AH-HUH CLUB - NIGHT

The BLAZING structure COLLAPSES in on itself.

Cliff TUMBLES into a ditch in a shower of glass and his jacket on FIRE. He rolls in the dirt, smothering the flames.

He crawls from the ditch to watch the fiery remains of Ah-Huh Huh Club. He shrugs off the smoldering remains of his jacket, then shambles into the dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

Cliff shambles up to the top of a dune. Down below is a ramshackle roadhouse - Uncle Bubba's Bar.

INT. UNCLE BUBBA'S BAR - DAY

Bill Doggett's 'Honky Tonk' plays on the JUKEBOX. There's two people in the place.

Cliff, passed out face down on the bar.

REGGIE - the bartender, a good 'ol boy in his '50's - grabs a fistful of Cliff's hair and lifts his head up so they are face to face.

REGGIE
Hey, Narcolipsey Russel!

He lets go of Cliff's hair. Cliff's forehead SLAMS down on the bar and he FALLS backward off the stool and onto the sawdust covered floor.

Cliff sits up, blinking and rubbing his forehead.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
You can't sleep in here.

CLIFF
Where's the bathroom?

INT. UNCLE BUBBA'S BAR - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cliff leans over the sink to splash water on his face. He straightens up and smiles at his reflection.

CLIFF
(sotto)
Score one for the good guys.

INT. UNCLE BUBBA'S BAR - DAY

Presley's 'Love Letters' croons from the jukebox.

Cliff steps out of the bathroom, but stops when he sees Reggie pouring a drink at the bar for...

... Dante, aside from the bullet wound to his shoulder, is no worse for the wear. He and Reggie laugh as Cliff approaches.

DANTE
Did I not tell you he'd have that
look on his face?

REGGIE
Yeah, kinda like a golden retriever
that's been in a garage door
accident involving most of the
cranium.

DANTE
Give us a moment, will you?

Reggie keeps chuckling all the way down the bar and through the doorway at the end.

Cliff cautiously approaches Dante. He does his best to put on a happy face.

CLIFF
Hey, Dante... how are -

DANTE
Give me the stones.

CLIFF
I don't have -

Dante pulls the .357 Magnum and points at Cliff's GLOWING groin.

DANTE
My stones or your jewels.

Cliff reaches down his slacks and removes a knotted table napkin from which the stones glow. He holds the napkin out to Dante.

DANTE (CONT'D)
That is disgusting. Sit down, put
them on the bar, and open it.

Dante keeps the .357 aimed at Cliff's crotch as Cliff sits next to him and does as he's told.

CLOSE ON

The five amber stones glowing stronger than ever in the napkin.

BACK TO

Dante becomes childlike again when staring at the stones.

EXT./INT. UNCLE BUBBA'S BAR - BACK ROOM - DAY

Reggie leans in the open rear door, admiring the Trans Am parked behind the roadhouse.

REGGIE
Burt Reynolds must've got a lot of
ass in that baby.

He turns around in the doorway when...

... a 'Burt-As-The-Bandit' LAUGH comes from outside.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Mr Reynolds..?

Reggie turns and his starry eyes go saucer wide with Beckett's .44 in his face.

The Lieutenant looks like a wounded Civil War soldier bandaged in torn and scorched Ah-Huh Huh Club memorabilia, including an eye patch Beckett has made from a Uh-huh Huh Club beer coaster.

BECKETT
You're going to need to check your
shorts when you wake up.

Beckett PISTOL WHIPS Reggie unconscious.

INT. UNCLE BUBBA'S BAR - DAY

'Love Letters' ends on the jukebox.

Dante and Cliff stare at the stone's glow diminishing away with the last note.

Beckett limps out from the back room and around their side of the bar, his .44 aimed at Cliff.

BECKETT
Freeze, shit stain!

Cliff lifts his hands while Dante keeps his .357 pointed at his groin, unseen by Beckett at the other end of the room. Dante raises his free hand, feigning cowardice.

DANTE
I don't know this man! Don't
shoot! I don't want to die!

Beckett limps toward them.

BECKETT
I'm Homicide Lieutenant Beckett
and I'm here for you, Cliff Sparks.

CLIFF
Um... I know you probably hear this
a lot, but seriously, this is a big
misunderstanding -

BECKETT
The only misunderstanding is
thinking you could outrun the long
arm of the law, son And due to the
violent nature of your crimes, I'm
going to skip using extreme
prejudice in your apprehension and
go right to extermination.

DANTE
That sounds like a good idea.

BECKETT
Citizen, I need you to zip it. The
individual next to you is a mass
murderer. His last victims included
my partner. The round I fire from
this here .44 Desert Eagle Magnum
will certainly go through his body
and yours.

(MORE)

BECKETT (CONT'D)
So when I count to three you're
going to hit the deck. One...

Dante lifts his .357 from Cliff's lap and SHOTS...

.... Beckett takes three rounds in the chest, staggering with each one until he's up against the jukebox, sliding down its front in a sitting position, dead.

Cliff keeps his hands raised as Dante shrugs at him.

DANTE
Looked like you could've used a
little help.

EXT. UNCLE BUBBA'S BAR - DAY

The '57 Cadillac pulls into the lot next to the rusty Dodge truck. The car is covered in a coat of dust, making it impossible to see inside.

The mysterious Driver remains on the EDGE OF FRAME as he gets out of the Cadillac and over to pop the trunk open REVEALING a portrait sized PAINTING FRAME WRAPPED IN BROWN PAPER.

INT. UNCLE BUBBA'S BAR - DAY

Dante has his .357 in one hand and in the other, he waves Beckett's .44 while pacing in front of Cliff.

DANTE
Take it! Take it, I said!

Cliff remains sitting at the bar. He crosses his arms.

CLIFF
I don't want it.

DANTE
I saved your life. That amends my
debt of servitude which means I'm
allowed kill you now. So, take this
gun!

CLIFF
No way.

DANTE
It's a Desert Eagle Magnum. Much
better than my gun. Now, you take
it and we're going outside to duel
at ten paces.

(MORE)

DANTE (CONT'D)
I saw it in a movie once. It will
be fun! You'll like it.

CLIFF
You're crazy.

Cliff scoops up the stones in the napkin and scoots off the
barstool to get away but Dante chases him around the room.

DANTE
You're the one who's crazy.
Everyone loves a duel. Come on!
Put the stones down and take this
gun or I will shoot you!

A BURST of SUNLIGHT fills the room as the front door of the
roadhouse opens. Cliff and Dante halt in their tracks to
shield their eyes.

The SILHOUETTE of the Driver steps through the entrance. The
door swings shut behind him, keeping him in the shadows where
he stands with the paper wrapped painting frame under arm.

VOICE)
I take it you're the ones with the
stones.

Cliff and Dante stare at the figure in the shadows.

DANTE
And who are you?

MR. E
I'm Mr. E.

DANTE
Mr. E?

MR. E
Uh-huh.

Cliff glances to Dante.

CLIFF
Mr. E?
(beat)
Oh. Mystery. I get it.
(to Mr. E)
That's a good one.

MR. E
How 'bout them stones?

Dante gestures with his .357 at the item under Mr. E's arm.

DANTE
Is that the doorway?

Mr. E remains in the shadows as he places the brown paper wrapped frame on the bar and SLIDES it all the way down to the end where Cliff and Dante are near.

Dante tucks his .357 away and waves the .44 at Cliff.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Bring it here.

Cliff steps over to the bar and grabs the wrapped frame, holding it up.

CLIFF
The King's going to have to be
pretty small to come through this.

Both Dante and Mr. E correct him.

| | |
|--|--|
| DANTE | MR. E |
| It's a metaphysical doorway, not a literal one. | It's a metaphysical doorway, not a literal one. |

Cliff joins in while taking the portrait to Dante.

CLIFF
Not a literal one. Right, right.
How could I forget?

Dante grabs the frame from Cliff. He turns to the nearby pool table and puts the portrait upon it. Letting go of the .44, Dante giggles like a homicidal birthday boy as he rips away the wrapping paper.

Cliff glances over at Mr. E who hasn't moved from the shadows.

Dante finishes tearing all of the wrapping away. We can't see the painting, but we do see Dante's expression change from joy to confusion to rage. He grabs the frame and turns around, holding it up to his chest so the others can see...

... a black velvet portrait of Wayne Newton.

DANTE
What the hell is this?!

Cliff leans closer to get a look.

CLIFF
That's Wayne Newton.

A SHOT is FIRED from the shadows.

CLOSE ON

A bullet hole punctures the spot between the eyes of the black velvet Wayne Newton. A thin stream of BLOOD leaks out.

BACK TO

Cliff rears back from the portrait.

CLIFF
Holy shit, the portrait's alive!

Dante looks down at the blood trailing down between the eyes of the black velvet Wayne Newton. He drops the portrait for a better view at the gunshot wound in his chest.

Cliff sees it too and looks to Dante.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Um... that doesn't look good.

Dante lifts his fists to grip Cliff's throat.

DANTE
The portrait's alive? Are you
trying to set the World's Record
for stupidity...?

Another ROUND BLASTS into Dante's chest. He looks at Mr E. in shadows.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Now you've done it. When I get
through with you -

Dante falls face first dead upon the pool table. His head knocks the eight-ball into the corner pocket.

Mr. E moves through the roadhouse's shadows toward..,

... Cliff stumbles over a chair and lands on his back, kicking up cloud os sawdust from the floor.

Mr. E stands over Cliff. Between the roadhouse shadows and jukebox neon, his features remain the visual equivalent of a name on the tip of your tongue.

MR. E
The stones.

Cliff holds out the napkin.

MR. E (CONT'D)
Open 'em up.

Cliff unwraps the cloth and holds the five stones to Mr. E.

MR. E (CONT'D)
Uh-huh. Hand 'em over.

Cliff bundles the stones up and holds the napkin out.

REVERSE OVER MR. E'S SHOULDER AT CLIFF

Mr. E leans into the light to accept the stones and Cliff's expression turns to slack jawed awe.

REVERSE ON

CLOSE UP of Mr. E's iconic his upper lip curl.

MR. E
Thank you very much.

Mr. E turns and swaggers to the door, opening it. He's silhouetted briefly by the burst of sunlight, then gone as he exits and the door shuts behind him.

Cliff shambles over to the bar and the bottle of scotch. He hoists it for a drink. Before the bottle touches his lips, Cliff THROWS it to SHATTER the mirror behind the bar.

EXT. UNCLE BUBBA'S BAR - DAY

Cliff exits the bar and into the dirt parking lot to find...

... Jezebel, leaning against the Cadillac Town Car. She's missing her leather jacket and aside from a few impressive battle scars, she looks impeccable.

CLIFF
I thought you were -

JEZEBEL
Bar-be-que?

CLIFF
Kind of.

Jezebel steps toward him.

JEZEBEL
Dante?

CLIFF
Gone the way of Buddy Holly and the
Big Bopper.

He glances down the highway where the '57 Cadillac leaves a
diminishing dust cloud.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Did you -

JEZEBEL
Yeah.

CLIFF
How did -

Jezebel's smile still has that iconic upper lip curl.

JEZEBEL
I didn't see the resemblance.

They embrace for a kiss that puts all lovers to shame.

Jezebel steps back.

JEZEBEL (CONT'D)
He did give me this.

She tosses him a SILVER RING with purple GUITAR PICS dangling
from it. Cliff examines the guitar pics on key ring.

CLOSE ON

The pics each have a letter SCORCHED into them: I M I.

BACK TO SCENE

CLIFF
Is this what I think it is?

JEZEBEL
All we need is one more.

CLIFF
The J?

JEZEBEL

What do you say, Cliff? Want to
bring back Rock and Roll's greatest
guitar player?

Cliff shrugs nonchalantly.

CLIFF

Sure. What's the worst that could
happen?

EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - DAY

The unmistakable opening of Jimi Hendrix's 'Voodoo Child'
blasts from the Cadillac as it drives into the highway's
vanishing point.

FADE OUT.

END