

The Dog House
by
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FADE IN:

INT.SKY DIVING PLANE-DAY

PRENTICE MEREDITH(22)and PHIL Sculley(27) pilot a sky diving plane. They wear matching nineties style jump suits.

Phil's extreme sports fit, wide shoulders, a bushy handle bar mustache, mullet hairstyle.

Prentice is attractive and shapely in her tight fitting jumpsuit.

PHIL

Ready to let the pilot take over?

PRENTICE

I'm ready.

Phil gestures for the PILOT to take over controls. The pilot makes his way to the front of the plane.

Prentice climbs from the cockpit backwards. She wiggles between the seats, turns and notices the pilot staring.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Nice view.

PILOT

Stunning.

PRENTICE

I was referring to the desert.

PILOT

Sorry, I...

Prentice shuffles past the pilot a little too close.

PRENTICE

Thank you for allowing me to handle your controls.

PILOT

You did a great job.

PRENTICE

I get my commercial at the end of the month.

Phil climbs from the cockpit, he moves past the pilot.

PHIL

Prentice will take flights when she receives authorization.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE

I'm also a nurse so I can help with any medical issues at the new academy.

PILOT

I look forward to working with you.

Phil claps the pilot on the shoulder. Phil and Prentice move to the back of the plane.

PHIL

Okay lessons over. Take us to our jump coordinates.

PILOT

Should be 5 minutes.

The pilot moves to the cockpit. He flicks a switch, rolls a dial, the plane banks sharply.

DISSOLVE TO:

Phil and Prentice stand in the back of the plane with the jump door open. Prentice admires her diamond engagement ring.

PHIL

Excited?

PRENTICE

The jump always, the wedding? I don't know, I'm a little nervous.

PILOT

We've reached your target destination. Climbing to your preferred height.

Phil places a hand on Prentice's belly, rubs a slight bulge.

PHIL

And you're sure you want to do this?

PRENTICE

The pediatrician said I could take one last jump.

Prentice places her hand over Phil's, she looks into his eyes.

PRENTICE

This will be forever right?

PHIL

Cross my heart and hope to die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRENTICE

Then I'm sure, but I will hold you
to that promise.

PILOT

Get ready to jump in 10 seconds.

Phil and Prentice face the open door, they prepare to jump.

PRENTICE

Count to 3, set the chute free.

PHIL

Count to 5 and stay alive.

Phil and Prentice jump from the plane together, they fall
through the sky.

EXT/INT. MEXICO DESERT-DAY

Vehicles and campers are parked in a circle. There's a tented
pavilion set up for a wedding.

A limousine is decorated with streamers, tin cans, just
married scrawled down the sides.

Wedding guests mingle underneath a large banner that reads.
The Wedding of Phil Sculley and Prentice Meredith.

DISSOLVE TO:

Phil and Prentice are inside a camper. They're dressing for
their big day.

Phil wears a tux, he puts on leather shoes. Prentice wears a
wedding gown, she checks her makeup.

PHIL

Think of the house as your wedding
present.

PRENTICE

Did you really buy us home in
Mexico?

PHIL

It's small, but we need somewhere
to live when you finish with the
hospital.

PRENTICE

And it's our house right?

PHIL

All ours, Mrs. Prentice Meredith
Sculley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE
Were not married yet.

PHIL
Soon, and you're the most
beautiful bride I've ever seen.

Prentice glides over to Phil, she kisses his cheek.

PRENTICE
Thank you, I'm so glad we decided
to sky-dive on our wedding day.

Phil gently touches the small bulge in Prentice's belly.

PHIL
And you feel okay, you're not too
shaken up?

PRENTICE
The baby's fine, I love you.

PHIL
And I love you back.

The couple exit the vehicle together. The wedding guests cheer and clap when they step outside.

Prentice beams and waves, it's the happiest day of her life.

EXT. MEXICO DESERT-DAY

There's a tented pavilion, vehicles in a circle. The anniversary party is set up similar to last years wedding party.

Guests mingle under a banner that reads. Happy Anniversary Phil and Prentice Sculley.

Prentice stands away from the group. She wears dark clothes, a black floppy hat, sunglasses.

1 guest points skyward at a group of descending skydivers. The other guests look up, they hoot and clap.

The skydivers hold hands, they form a circle, they spin in the sky.

Prentice takes binoculars from her bag, she scans the sky.

Prentice sees the skydivers split from the circle, their parachutes bloom. She focuses on Phil and see's that he's delayed his release.

PRENTICE
(softly)
Count to 3, set the chute free.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Phil pulls his ripcord, his chute doesn't billow, it twists and tangles, he fall's through the sky.

The crowd of party guests gasp, they point, murmur concerned.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

(softly)

Count to 5, stay alive.

Phil releases his tangled parachute and it floats away. He pulls the reserve cord and 2nd parachute billows perfectly.

The crowd of skydivers and guests cheer, they hoot and clap.

Prentice adjusts her binoculars, she smiles coldly.

PRENTICE (O/S) (CONT'D)

Soon.

The rope above Phil's shoulder unravel's, he's unaware of the danger, he pumps his fist.

PHIL

Wahoo, yeah baby!

The rope on Phil's parachute snaps, his body jerks, the chute collapses, he falls rapidly through the sky.

Phil SLAMS into the desert, a dust cloud rises, the useless chute trails down.

PRENTICE

Long drop, hard stop.

The guests stare shocked, a woman screams. The crowd race across the desert to help Phil.

A medical van switches on lights and siren, it shoots toward the fallen skydiver.

Prentice dumps her binoculars in her bag. She turns her back on the scene and walks away.

INT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The basement is gloomy, there's a hospital surgical room set up in the corner.

Prentice is dressed in a nurses uniform, she wears a surgical mask.

There are cabinets filled with medicine bottles above a stainless steel bench.

There's a body lying underneath a white sheet on a hospital gurney, a big operating lamp looms above.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice searches through a tray of surgical tools. She picks out a scalpel, holds it up.

The name on the blade reads, Wesley-Cutter-Morgan Surgical Blade.

PRENTICE
Damn it, too small.

Prentice replaces the blade. She takes an electronic tool with a round cutting blade from a drawer.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
This will work.

Prentice puts on a pair of protective eye goggles. She moves to the hospital gurney.

Prentice turns on the operating lamp and adjusts the light.

Prentice switches on the surgical tool. The round blade WHIRS disturbingly.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Going to fix you, that's what I think.

Prentice pulls back the sheet. She leans over the gurney with the cutting tool.

Prentice lowers the surgical tool. The blade GRINDS into flesh, blood and gore splatters against her uniform.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

YEARS LATER.

Mando(25) is handsome and of Hispanic descent. His wife ASHLEY(23) is attractive and blonde.

The couple live in a neat but cramped apartment in some American city.

There's a wedding picture on a shelf, and a picture of Mando holding up his first published book.

The couple stand in a small kitchen. There's a pile of bills on the bench.

MANDO
I'm not due any royalties for six months. We need to cut costs until I can finish the sequel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY

I understand, and I'm here to support you. But Mexico Mando, what am I going to blog about in Mexico?

MANDO

You write a food blog, why not do a feature on Mexican Restaurants?

ASHLEY

Seriously?

Mando picks up the stack of bills, he shuffles them slowly.

MANDO

Did you know there are currently one million Americans living in Mexico?

ASHLEY

That means there are 320 million who are not.

Ashley snatches the bills from Mando. She slaps them onto the bench.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

What else you got?

MANDO

My grandparents left me the house to give us a start in life, it's in a quiet, gated suburb.

ASHLEY

Then sell the house so we can pay back the money we owe.

MANDO

I'm trying, nobodies interested in Mexican Real-Estate at the moment.

ASHLEY

Okay, so then we redo do the ad, organize a new realtor.

MANDO

We've already done all of that.

Mando gestures at the bills piled on the kitchen bench.

MANDO (CONT'D)

Think of it this way. No rent, cheap utilities, peace and quiet. Then we work on selling the house while we're living there. I see it as a win, win.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ASHLEY

Too much crime, too hot, no
friends, bad food, crappy internet.
Nothing to write about, oh except
your manuscript. Cactus plants and
stuck in a foreign wasteland.
They're all wins in my book.

Ashley turns on her heel and walks away. She calls over her
shoulder.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

The reason you can't sell the house
is because no one wants to live in
frigging Mexico.

MANDO

Six months max, it wont be so bad,
I promise.

ASHLEY

I'm going to bed, good-night.

Ashley opens her bedroom door, she turns and glares at Mando.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

You may want to sleep out here
tonight.

Ashley steps inside her bedroom. She slams the door on Mando.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

2 men sit in a strip club drinking beer. They're dressed in
wannabe gangster suits.

SANCHEZ(30)is handsome, slicked back hair, gold chains, gold
rings.

LIZARD(30)is not as handsome, not as slick. Thinning hair,
beady eyes, a weak chin.

Lizard watches a half-dressed DANCER on the stage. He gives
her a subtle wave, licks his lips.

LIZARD

Hello sweetness.

The stripper smiles, she returns his wave, gyrates faster.

Lizard reaches into his top pocket and pulls out a bill.

Sanchez leans over the table and slaps him on the back of the
head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

I should have known better than to bring you to a strip club. Pay attention Lizard.

Lizard pokes the note back into his pocket. He faces his boss, whines.

LIZARD

What did you do that for?

SANCHEZ

Just stay fucking focused, you hear me?

Lizard pulls out and shakes an asthma inhaler. He takes two puffs then places it on the table.

LIZARD

Yeah okay, but Jeez. I've flown you across the border a hundred times and there's never been a problem.

SANCHEZ

The cartel's getting greedy, they've upped the price. I had to tell them no.

LIZARD

You have to be shitting me.

Lizard looks around nervously, he leans in and mutters.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

No, is the one word the cartel don't want to hear.

SANCHEZ

Yeah well, I'll tell you one word you don't want to hear. Cutter.

LIZARD

No way, I'm not letting that Aussie lunatic on my plane? He's fucking crazy, what if he freaks out and shoots someone?

SANCHEZ

Cutter's no genius but we need the extra fire power.

Lizard shakes his inhaler, he takes a couple of puffs.

LIZARD

I didn't say he was stupid, I said he's fucking insane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANCHEZ

Okay so he's an outback hillbilly with a weapons fetish, but he can help us out if there is a problem.

LIZARD

I hate that fucking guy, he always picks on me.

Sanchez lights a cigarette, he slams his gold Zippo Lighter closed, blows smoke in lizards face.

SANCHEZ

What are you six years old?

LIZARD

I'm just saying it's not lucky to change...

SANCHEZ

(bangs his fist)

And I'm just saying it's not your fucking decision. Cutter's the shooter, he's coming.

Lizard licks his lips nervously, he puffs on his inhaler.

INT/EXT. CAR PARK-DAY.

The chromed up 68 Shebly Mustang is parked in a shopping mall car-park.

CUTTER(25)Australian, trailer trash trendy, sits in the vehicle.

Cutter talks with his mother on the phone in an Aussie accent.

CUTTER

I understand mum, but you know it's hard for me to get up there regularly...

Cutter picks at a packet of french-fries in the passenger seat.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know that's what you think, but I...

Cutter notices 2 uniformed Police officers heading his way.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Look, something's come up, I can't talk right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Cutter holds the phone away from his ear. His mother's voice whines statically from the speaker, he interrupts.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Your right, I'm an ungrateful son
and I don't deserve such a
wonderful mother.

The police officers stroll by the front of the Mustang, Cutter's eye's follow.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
I have to go mum. I'll see you
soon, promise, love you, bye.

Cutter dumps the phone onto the passenger seat. He turns the ignition key and the Mustang's (V8) engine ROARS to life.

The police offices turn and face the vehicle. They place their hands on their weapons.

Cutter waves at the police officers through the windscreen.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Hello officers.

Cutter tap's the accelerator and the engine GROWL'S like a hungry predator animal.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Want to have some fun?

Cutter jams the cars slip-shift into gear. He slams his foot down on the accelerator.

Outside: The vehicle's engine SNARLS, white smoke SWIRLS from its wide wheels.

The muscle car fishtails through the car park, it trails a billowing cloud of smoking rubber as it goes.

Cutter's arm comes from the window. He holds up his middle finger.

The police officers run to their patrol car and open the doors.

The Mustang skids into oncoming traffic and it motors down the road.

EXT. MEXICO SUBURBIA - DAY

A battered Ford Taurus drives slowly down a suburban street in Mexico towing a U-Haul trailer.

The car pulls up to a boom gate outside a gated community and a SECURITY GUARD walks over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mando winds down his car window. He leans out to speak to the guard.

MANDO
We're looking for number 12 Corona street.

The security guard glances at the trailer then back to Mando.

SECURITY GUARD
(surprised)
You moving in?

MANDO
For six months, while we try to sell the place.

SECURITY GUARD
You're kidding right?

MANDO
No, why?

SECURITY GUARD
Nothing, that's fine.

The guard lifts the boom gate, he points, gives Mando directions.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Go to the end of the street, turn right, one back from the corner.

The Security Guard waves the car past, he lowers the boom, mutters.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Welcome to the neighborhood.

INT. CAR-DAY

Mando drives, Ashley sits in the passenger seat, sweet wrappers and chip packets, soda cans litter the car.

Ashley peers at the houses lining the street as they drive past. The homes are single story, Spanish style, old but neat.

ASHELY
The neighborhood looks okay, but I still can't believe I let you talk me into this.

MANDO
You promised to keep an open mind right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ashley turns to Mando and touches his leg reassuringly.

ASHELY

Well there's one bonus, security at the front gate.

MANDO

I promise it'll work out. We sell the house then pay back what we owe.

ASHELY

You just let me deal with selling the house, you concentrate on writing your manuscript.

Mando slows the car to check the numbers. He sees number 12 and pulls over. He parks across from the house.

MANDO

One back from the corner, damn, sorry.

Ashley's POV: The house is a single story Spanish style home. There's a large cactus and a for-sale sign in the front garden.

ASHELY

Don't worry about the cactus, we can hire a gardener with a chain saw...

MANDO

I wasn't referring to the cactus. Look at the house next door.

INT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY.

The front lounge-room is gloomy, the walls are covered in garish wallpaper. The open plan room leads onto a kitchen.

There's a nervous Chihuahua in a cage in the corner, he has a bulbous head and bulging eyes.

A fat tomcat reach's a claw through the bars of the cage, it hisses, spits at the little dog.

PRENTICE (55) sleeps in a battered arm chair. She is fleshy, her hair has a bad burgundy dye job, she wears a fanny pack.

Car doors slam outside, there's the faint sound of people talking. Prentice's eyes ping open.

PRENTICE

Who's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice places on thick glasses. She checks the room, grunts and stands from her chair, mutters.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Now what, what now..?

Prentice crosses over to the Chihuahua's cage on thick legs. She gently pushes the tomcat out of the way with her foot.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Shoo Bad-Cat! You leave Baby Boy
alone, go on scat, shoo.

Bad-Cat jumps out the way, he lopes to the kitchen and leaps onto the bench.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
The nasty tomcat has gone Baby Boy.

Prentice takes the Chihuahua from the cage. She holds him to her chest.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Let's see who's bothering us.

Prentice moves to her front window. She edges the curtains aside. She peers through heavily tinted glass.

Prentice's POV: Ashely and Mando stand beside a moving trailer. Mando points towards Prentice's house.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
They're moving in Baby Boy, that's
what I think.

INT. MEXICO SUBURB-DAY

Ashley and Mando stand in the street, discussing Prentice's house.

ASHLEY
You could have warned me, we'd be
living next door to creepy castle.

MANDO
Without a doubt, that is the
ugliest house I've ever seen.

Prentice's house is buried under slapdash renovations and surrounded by heavily tinted windows.

There is a large unlit floodlight directed at the couple's new home. A nondescript delivery truck is parked in the driveway.

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CONTINUED:

ASHLEY

It doesn't look right, it feels sinister, almost dangerous.

MANDO

It's a house, what's it going to do bite you?

ASHLEY

I know, but seriously, what were owners thinking?

MANDO

Local builder maybe. Come on, we should look inside our new place.

The couple walk towards their new home. Their front garden is tidy and manicured.

ASHLEY

The garden looks neat.

MANDO

I asked the realtor to have it spruced up.

ASHLEY

Thank you.

MANDO

I'm glad you're pleased.

Ashley stops to look at the cactus. She drags a finger across her throat.

ASHLEY

Your days are numbered spiky.

MANDO

Leave Spiky alone. We can organize a tree felling service tomorrow.

Mando takes Ashley's hand and they walk to the front door together.

The muffled sound of dog barks emanates from the house next door.

INT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY

Prentice peers out the window, she strokes Baby Boy, watches the couple enter their home.

PRENTICE

He looks nice, but I don't like her, Floozy, that's what I think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice's 6 dog's start barking, a distant YAP, YAP, YAP, comes from a back room in her house.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
What about the neighbors Baby Boy,
do you like them?

Prentice lets the curtain fall and moves away from the window. She nuzzles her face into Baby Boy's belly.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Do you, do you, do you like them?

Prentice tucks Baby Boy under her arm. She walks into her kitchen.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Scat Bad-Cat, go on shoo, scat!

Prentice pushes Bad-Cat from the kitchen bench. Bad-Cat jumps to the floor, turns and hisses at Baby Boy.

Prentice places Baby Boy on the bench. He looks down at Bad-Cat, sits and shivers nervously.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Feed the puppies, keep them quiet.

Prentice pulls a can of dog food from a cupboard. She places it next to Baby Boy.

EXT/INT. SANCHEZ'S STASH HOUSE-DAY

Sanchez stands on the front porch of a run down suburban house. He's on the phone, he speaks in drug code.

SANCHEZ
The last batch of taco shells were
broken. The box looked like it had
been stepped on. I need untouched
shells.

Cutter pulls into the driveway in his Mustang. He TOOTS the horn and REVS the engine. He calls from the window.

CUTTER
Yo, yo, big man, how's it hanging?

Sanchez holds out his phone and shows it to Cutter.

SANCHEZ
Do you fucking mind, can't you see
I'm doing business?

CUTTER
Yo, I'm sorry dude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cutter ducks into the car. He takes a pistol from his glove compartment.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Big drug boss, pfftt.

Cutter steps from the car, he's wears cowboy boots. He shoves the gun in his waistband, makes his way towards Sanchez.

SANCHEZ
Look tell your taco supplier that I just can't come up with that amount on this shipment of shells.

Cutter steps on to the balcony, he tip-toes around Sanchez. Sanchez angrily waves Cutter past.

CUTTER
Sorry...

SANCHEZ
Shhh, shut it, get inside...

CUTTER
Okay, okay, I'm going.

SANCHEZ
My storerooms bare, I need you to change the pickup date.

Cutter BANGS noisily into the screen door. Sanchez turns angrily. Cutter quickly disappears inside.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mando and Ashely stand in the center of their lounge room. The interior is tidy and furnished, TV, comfortable sofa, coffee table.

ASHLEY
It's all very neat.

MANDO
The realtor promised everything would be working. Let's take a look around.

The couple move out of the lounge room and down a hall. They enter a neat bedroom. Mando moves to the window and opens the curtains.

MANDO (CONT'D)
We have a nice view of the driveway and cactus out front.

Ashley moves towards the cupboards and peeks inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY

There's plenty of storage.

MANDO

With everything we brought down
we're going to need it.

Mando walks away from the window, he steps through the adjoining bathroom door. He flushes the toilet, turns on a faucet, he calls.

MANDO (CONT'D)

We have hot water and the toilet works.

ASHLEY

The house is going to need a good dusting, but I think I'm starting to like this place.

Mando enters behind Ashley he places arms around her waist.

MANDO

So you're happy?

ASHLEY

Happy, and I'm sorry I doubted you.

MANDO

Don't be, I was little nervous myself.

ASHLEY

Shall we look at the rest of the house?

The couple hold hands, they walk from the bedroom together.

INT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY

Prentice enters her SOWING-ROOM with Baby Boy and the dog food. Dogs BARK, and SNARL in the adjoining room.

Parachute material billows from an industrial sowing machine on a desk. Camouflage style skydiving jumpsuits hang on the wall.

PRENTICE

Feed the puppies, keep them quiet.

Prentice crosses to door on the other side of the room. She places Baby Boy on the ground, waggles a finger.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

No peeing on the floor Baby Boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice takes down a tazer that hangs on a wall hook. She pulls the trigger, it BUZZES and CRACKLES viciously.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
You stay Baby Boy, you stay.

Baby Boy barks, he scurries under the desk, sits and shivers.

Prentice cackles, she opens the far door, 6 dogs BARK and Yap!

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Keep it down, keep it down!

Prentice steps inside the DOG-ROOM with dog food and tazer.

INT. SANCHEZ'S STASH HOUSE-DAY

Cutter moves down the hallway. He peeks in the front room, see's a small TV, empty pizza box, a dirty mattress.

Cutter chuckles, moves down the hall. He comes to the kitchen, raps on the door frame.

CUTTER
Nice digs Lizard, probably suit a
Sex-Fiend like you.

Lizard sits at a table drinking a beer, he glances at Cutter.

LIZARD
Oh great, the Blunder from Down-
Under has arrived.

CUTTER
What, you're not glad to see me?

Cutter moves towards the refrigerator. He flicks Lizard on the back of the head as he passes.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
I've missed you.

LIZARD
Fuck you Cutter! Touch me again and
I'll tell Sanchez.

Cutter opens the refrigerator, he helps himself to a beer.

CUTTER
You been hanging down the local
primary school Sex-Fiend,
introducing yourself to all the
kiddies?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZARD

That's bullshit Cutter, the charge was statutory, and I was never convicted.

CUTTER

I was never convicted for the hit in Australia.

Cutter opens the can's ring-pull. He walks to the table, flicks the ring-pull at Lizard, takes a seat.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

That doesn't mean I didn't take the contract.

LIZARD

So you keep telling us, we still haven't seen any proof?

CUTTER

I'll give you proof right now Sex-Fiend, just say the word.

LIZARD

Look why don't you just keep your Aussie twang out of my business Cutter?

CUTTER

Twang is it?

(beat)

You know Sex-Fiend, in Aus-traylia, we have a name for people like you.

Cutter reaches under the table. He slips a switchblade from his boot, spins it in his fingers.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

We call em rock-spiders, do you want to know why?

LIZARD

No, but I figure you're going to tell me anyway.

CUTTER

Because rock spiders like to hide under rocks, bite unsuspecting children when they play.

Lizard slams his beer down. He pushes his chair back, starts to stand.

LIZARD

I've already had enough of your bullshit. I'm fucking leaving...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cutter lunges, he slams the switchblade into the table between Lizard's splayed fingers, WHAM!

LIZARD (CONT'D)
Fucking Aussie!

Lizard snatches his hand back, holds it against his chest. He attempts to regain his composure with bravado, he gestures at the knife.

LIZARD (CONT'D)
Ha, you call that a knife?

Cutter stands slowly. He raises his pistol, points it at Lizard's face.

CUTTER
No, I call that a distraction.
(beat)
This I call a gun.

INT/EXT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Ashley moves into the kitchen. She glides over to a row of cupboards, pulls them open, peers inside.

ASHLEY
We'll need to go shopping.

Mando moves towards the back door. He pokes his head outside, calls to Ashley.

MANDO
There's a courtyard in back, a table and chairs and...

Mando's POV: The house next door looms over the couple's fence. There's a large tinted window and an unlit floodlight aimed at the side of the house.

ASHLEY(O/S)
Good, I've always wanted a herb garden, is there enough room?

MANDO
There's enough room, I'm just not sure how much time you'll want to spend out here.

Ashley sidles up to Mando. They step into the courtyard together.

ASHLEY
Oh my god, what are they doing, spying on us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANDO

Maybe we're reading too much into this.

ASHLEY

Reading too much into it, can't you see the prison search-light hanging over our back fence?

MANDO

Okay, so it's not ideal, but we should worry about it later?

Mando places an arm about Ashley. He leads her back inside the kitchen.

ASHLEY

I'm really disappointed Mando, I had just decided I liked the house.

MANDO

The neighbors are probably just security conscious.

INT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY

Prentice steps inside the DOG-ROOM with the tazer and the dog food tin.

There's 6 mangy street-dogs in cages. Food troughs run the length of the enclosures.

1 dog has 3 legs, another has a stitched over eye. 1 is missing an ear and 1 has no tail. 1 has a shaved fur patch and stitches and 1 has a limp.

The dogs BARK and YAP, the noise reverberates off the walls.

PRENTICE

Noisy animals.

Prentice moves past the cages and past a steep staircase that leads down to the basement.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Feed the puppies. That's what I think.

Prentice comes to her back door, there's a row of switches beside it. She flicks a switch and a pump motor WHIR'S above the din.

CU: Plastic pipes spit out dog biscuits. They fill the food troughs in front of the cages.

The dogs stop barking. They rush forward, bury their noses in the troughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

That's better, a bit of peace and quiet.

Prentice moves to the staircase that leads to the basement.

Beyond the staircase, there's a small table and chair in front of a tinted window, it overlooks the neighbor's house.

Prentice descends the staircase with the tazer and tin of dog food, she calls out.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

I'm coming down so it will keep away from the bars, go on shoo, scat!

INT. SANCHEZ'S STASH HOUSE-DAY

Lizard stands at the table, there's sweat beads on his forehead. Cutter holds a pistol in his face.

CUTTER

Is this enough proof for you Sex-Fiend?

LIZARD

There's no need for this, put the gun away Cutter.

CUTTER

Oh there's a need, how about you raise your hands. Do it nice and slow.

Lizard raises his hands slowly. He licks his lips nervously.

LIZARD

Sanchez needs me to fly the plane. He won't be happy...

Cutter gestures around the room with the pistol.

CUTTER

Sanchez, where's Sanchez? I don't see Sanchez, it's just you and me Sex-Fiend.

Cutter returns the gun barrel to Lizards face. Lizard cringes, shuffles back a step.

LIZARD

I should have known you'd pull some sort of shit like this you fucking psychopath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER

You're on the wrong side of a gun barrel, you should try to be nicer Sex-Fiend.

LIZARD

Fuck you Cutter!

CUTTER

No fuck you Sex-Fiend, but I'll tell you what. Why don't we play a game I like to call truth or die? What do you think?

LIZARD

I think you're fucking insane, but hey, you know that already.

CUTTER

If I was you, I'd really hope I wasn't.

LIZARD

No delusions here you fucking lunatic.

Cutter bops Lizard on the forehead with the butt of the gun.

CUTTER

Behave, you don't get the first turn, I do. And I think you'll pick truth, so I'm going to ask away.

LIZARD

This is nuts, Sanchez's is going to walk in here at any moment...

CUTTER

You raped that teenage girl, didn't you Sex-Fiend? Don't lie, you picked truth remember.

Lizard licks his lips, he chances a look towards the kitchen door.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Call for help and I will kill you where you stand. Your choice Sex-Fiend.

LIZARD

Okay, okay, I'll answer your stupid questions.

CUTTER

I'm proud of you Sex-Fiend, you're a fast learner.

INT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY

Prentice stands in her basement surgical room. Her nurses uniform hangs on the wall beside the medicine cabinets.

There's a bowl of dog food on the bench, the opened can and tazer. Behind Prentice in the gloom there's a room sized cage.

PRENTICE

Looks like a couple are moving in next door.

A shadowy entity moves in the darkness behind the bars of the cage. The creature emits a shrill SQUEAKING noise.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

So it will need to stay quiet.

Prentice opens the medicine cabinet. She takes down a pill bottle.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

We don't need no screaming down here, that's what I think.

Prentice shakes a pill into her hand, places down the bottle. The label reads: Warning Rohypnol Prescription Only.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Time for it to go to sleep.

Prentice SQUELCHES a pill into the dog food. She picks up the bowl and tazer, moves towards the cage.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Stay back from the bars, go on shoo, scat!

Prentice slides the bowl into the cage, steps back. There's shadowy movement behind the bars, the shrill SQUEAK of wheels needing oil.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

It'll finish the food, then lick the bowl clean.

Prentice turns away from the cage. She makes her way to the staircase.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

It will do as its told or it will be punished.

Prentice mounts the staircase. The tazer CRACKLES and SPARKS in the gloom as she climbs.

INT. SANCHEZS STASH HOUSE-DAY

Lizard glances left and right nervously. He wipes sweat from his brow with his wrist.

LIZARD

I told you it was statutory, the case was thrown out of court.

Cutter gestures with his gun for Lizard to keep his hands raised. Lizard jerks them up.

CUTTER

I think you're cheating, and that means I'm allowed to change the rules.

(beat)

We should have a duel to the death instead.

Cutter pulls over his chair, spins it around and sits. He gestures with his gun for Lizard to take a seat.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Take out that pussy little puffer thing your always sucking on. Put it on the table.

LIZARD

You mean my inhaler?

CUTTER

Whatever you like to call it.

Lizard digs in a pocket, he places the inhaler on the table.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Now a bullet from this gun, at this range, is going to blow your fucking head off.

Cutter holds up the gun, allows Lizard to have a good look.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

On the other hand, a puff from your weapon is going to sting me in my eyes.

LIZARD

It won't.

CUTTER

It won't what?

LIZARD

Hurt your eyes, the puff doesn't sting you fucking lunatic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER

How the fuck do you even know that
Sex-Fiend?

(beat)

Did you spray that thing in your
eyes?

Cutter changes his mind. He waves his gun back and forth.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Never mind, don't answer that
question.

Cutter taps the barrel against his temple, pretends to think.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Okay in my reality, one squirt from
the puffer thingy is poison right?

LIZARD

Whatever you say psycho.

CUTTER

I say it's going to sting so bad
that my eyes are going to bleed.

Cutter pokes at the inhaler with the gun barrel. He cringes,
pretends to be afraid.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Now that's a fair fight right? I
mean, who'd want to go through a
pain like that?

Cutter places his gun on the table. Sanchez walks quietly
into the kitchen behind him.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Okay so on the count of 3 we go for
our weapons. You've got the burn
your eyes out puffer thingy, and
I've got this meek little Glock
48...

Sanchez stands behind his men. He looks at the gun, the
inhaler, the knife stuck in the table, he explodes.

SANCHEZ

What the fuck is going on here
Cutter?

Lizard pushes his chair back from the table and stands, he
points at Cutter.

LIZARD

That fuck, that lunatic fucking
psycho. He threatened to...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANCHEZ
Shut the fuck up Lizard.

CUTTER
Yeah, shut the fuck up Lizard.

Cutter slides his pistol off the table. He casually places it in his waistband.

SANCHEZ
You too Cutter, shut the fuck up!

CUTTER
What, I was just messing with him.

SANCHEZ
And put that fucking knife away.

Cutter reaches over and yanks the knife from the table.

LIZARD
Don't ever leave me alone with this maniac again Sanchez.

Sanchez slams his hand on the table and cuts him off.

SANCHEZ
Enough, sit the fuck down Lizard.
And you Cutter, keep that big mouth of yours shut. We have business to discuss.

Cutter shrugs and Lizard sits. Sanchez looks from one to the other.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
The date of the pickup's been put back. The cartel's fucking with us, we got some planning to do.

INT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Prentice walks into the dog-room carrying Baby Boy. She has a wine bottle and glass, she whispers.

PRENTICE
Shhhh Baby Boy, we mustn't wake them.

Prentice tiptoes quietly past the 6 dogs asleep in their cages.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
They're in recovery, they need rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice moves to the row of switches beside the back door. She flicks a switch and high current electricity BUZZES.

Outside the tinted window the floodlight GLOWS brightly and illuminates Mando and Ashely's home.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Should lighten the mood a little.

Prentice chuckles softly. She moves past the staircase to the tinted window and the small table and chair.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
I just made a joke Baby Boy, yes I did.

Prentice sits in front of the window. She places Baby Boy in her lap and pours herself a glass of wine.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Go to sleep Baby Boy.

Prentice nosily gulps down the wine and instantly refills her glass.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Needed a drink.

Prentice looks out the window at the couple's house bathed in light.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Watch Mando's house.

Prentice kicks off her shoes. She softly strokes Baby Bay Boy.

BABY BOY
I feel a bit tired Baby Boy.

Prentice yawns, her eyes flicker closed, her chin droops on her chest.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Mando and Ashley have moved in to their new home. They're in bed, but they're not asleep. Their bedroom is brightly lit by the floodlight next door.

ASHLEY
This is just crazy, I mean, that light is probably illuminating the whole frigging neighborhood.

MANDO
Perhaps something happened in the past that made them nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY

Seriously, what could have happened, some type of alien invasion?

MANDO

Maybe there signaling them in.

(beat)

Ancient Alien theorists believe that nearly two thirds of all people living in the suburbs of Mexico are...

Ashley clears her throat. Mando stops mid-sentence, he turns to look at his wife.

MANDO (CONT'D)

Not the right time?

ASHLEY

Not even close, I'm in no mood for bad jokes Mando.

MANDO

I'm sorry.

ASHLEY

Look, it's been a long day so I'm not going to discuss this right now.

Ashley pulls up the cover's and turns away from her husband. She places her pillow over her head.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

But you're going to need to talk with them tomorrow?

Mando looks down at his wife buried under the bedclothes.

MANDO

I promise, the first opportunity I get.

Mando turns his back and lies down on the bed. He also pulls up the covers and buries his head underneath his pillow.

INT.PRENTICE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Prentice sits in front of the tinted window. There's a wine bottle and a semi full glass of wine on the small table.

Mando and Ashley's house is illuminated by the floodlight.

Prentice is asleep with Baby Boy in her lap. She whimpers softly, her eyes dart in rem sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE
No, please, my baby...

Baby Boy's eye's open, his ears perk up. He looks up at Prentice and whimpers.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT/EXT PRENTICE'S HOUSE-NIGHT.

Prentice (22) sits crying in a older style car, she wears a nurse's uniform. She exits the car, she's heavily pregnant.

Prentice walks to the front door of her home before renovations. She enters the front door quietly.

Prentice silently makes her way through the house and down the hall. The muffled sound of people making love can be heard.

Prentice swings open her bedroom door. She sees Phil and a Mexican woman, MARIA, making love on the bed.

PRENTICE
How could you do this to me?

Maria turns and notices Prentice. She screams, launches herself away from Phil. She clutches the bedclothes to cover her nakedness.

MARIA
Who is this woman?

Phil sits up in the bed surprised, he gapes at Prentice.

PHIL
What are you doing here?

PRENTICE
How could you?

MARIA (CONT'D)
Oh my god, she's pregnant?

Maria scoops up her clothes, her high heeled shoes. She edges past Prentice.

MARIA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. What an asshole.

Phil gets out of the bed. He pulls on a pair of shorts, calls out to Maria.

PHIL
Please Maria we need to talk about this.

PRENTICE
Phil don't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIA(O/S)
 Fuck you, don't ever call me again!

The front door of the house slams with a BANG. Phil tries to go to Maria.

Prentice blocks the bedroom door, tears stream down her cheeks.

PRENTICE
 Phil, I love you, what about us?

PHIL
 I don't have time for this, get out of my way.

PRENTICE
 Please don't do this, what about us, what about our baby?

Phil pushes roughly past Past Prentice, she grabs at him and he shoves her away.

Prentice falls to the floor, grunts painfully when she lands, OHFMP! She drops her car keys and clutches her belly.

Phil reaches down and picks up the car keys. He takes a last look at Prentice.

PHIL
 You brought this on yourself.

PRENTICE
 Phil, something is wrong...

Prentice, flounder's on her side, she moans with pain. Phil rushes after Maria.

PHIL
 Maria, there's been a mistake. I can explain.

Phil follows Maria out the front door, he slams it shut. Prentice crawls after Phil, she reaches out for help.

PRENTICE
 Phil help me, our baby..!

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Prentice shuffles towards her neighbor's house. She cradles her belly, her white nurses uniform is blood stained.

PRENTICE
 My baby, please help my baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice passes a large cactus in the front garden. The home belongs to Mando's elderly grandparents.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Somebody, please help me.

Prentice makes it to the front door of the house. She slams her palm against door, BANG, BANG, BANG!

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
My baby please!

Prentice slides down the wall. She curls into the fetal position, sobs on the doorstep.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Please somebody!

Mando's grandfather (55), MANDO SENIOR opens his front door. He peers outside, covers his mouth surprised.

MANDO SENIOR
Oh my god, what happened!

Mando's grandmother, ELSA (55), stands behind her husband. She makes a sign of the cross.

ELSA
Virgin Mary mother of mercy.

Prentice reach's up to the elderly couple for help.

PRENTICE
Please help my baby.

Elsa pushes past Mando Senior. She goes to Prentice, wraps her in her arms, yells at Mando Senior.

CARMELA
Quickly Mando, call an ambulance now!

Mando Senior steps back through the door, he runs for the telephone.

END FLASHBACK

INT.PRENTICE'S HOUSE-NIGHT-PRESENT

Prentice sits in front of the tinted window. She moans in her sleep.

Baby Boy's on the ground at her feet. He runs in a circle, barks shrilly, YAP, YAP, YAP.

Prentice opens her eyes wide and afraid. She clutches at her belly, croaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE

My baby.

Baby Boy sits, he whines and whimpers. Prentice looks down at Baby Boy, she croaks throatily.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Just a bad dream Baby Boy, that's what I think.

Prentice picks up Baby Boy. She cuddles him tightly, her eyes pool with water.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Just a horrible bad dream.

Prentice closes her eyes. She rocks back and forth, moans softly, heavy tears roll down her cheeks.

EXT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mando's in the back courtyard. He sits at the small table, drinks coffee.

The tinted window looms behind Mando. The floodlight is switched off.

Ashley steps into the courtyard with a coffee cup. She's made up, dressed for a business meeting.

MANDO

You look nice.

ASHLEY

Thanks, you look stressed. How's the manuscript going?

MANDO

Not great.

Ashley kisses him on the cheek, she sits at the table.

ASHLEY

Because of the searchlight?

MANDO

Yep, no sleep the last four nights. I'm getting very little writing done.

ASHLEY

I know, I have the same problem.

Ashley turns and glances at the window and the floodlight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Do you think they're watching us now? What if they can hear what we're saying?

MANDO

Judging by the level of paranoia, it wouldn't surprise me if they had some sort of listening device in place.

ASHLEY

Your kidding right?

Ashley gets out of her chair. She bends to look under the table.

MANDO

What are you doing?

ASHLEY

Checking for a hidden microphone.

MANDO

I was joking, we're married writers, who would want to listen in on our conversations?

ASHLEY

To be honest, I don't think I'd care if they were listening.

Ashley returns to her seat, she raises her voice slightly.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Then maybe they would know to turn off their stupid searchlight.

MANDO

I understand your disappointed but it might be better if I just talk to them, ask them nicely.

ASHLEY

And how is that going, I never seem to see anyone?

MANDO

I've seen one old woman. She leaves in a delivery van early each morning, she's a little hard to catch.

Ashley reaches over and touches him on the arm reassuringly.

ASHLEY

You'll corner her eventually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANDO

I hope so. What about you, meeting with another Real Estate Company today?

ASHLEY.

Yes, they sounded positive on the phone, but we'll see

MANDO

Good luck, I've also got a meeting planned.

ASHLEY

Do tell?

Mando drags his fingernail slowly across his throat.

MANDO

The big ugly prick out front is about to meet his maker.

ASHLEY

No you don't. You're not touching Spiky.

MANDO

I thought we hated that cactus?

ASHLEY

We did, but I've grown attached.

MANDO

I had hoped for a few hours in the garden. Oh well, back to the grind.

Mando stands from the table, he shows his empty coffee cup to Ashley.

MANDO (CONT'D)

Another?

ASHLEY

I have to go, but you should do the garden anyway. It'll take your mind off the manuscript.

(beat)

Just leave my big prick alone.

MANDO

Whoa, when you put it that way.

Ashley joins Mando. The couple walks inside and close the door.

INT.PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY.

Prentice stands by her kitchen window, she holds Baby Boy. She wears heavy makeup, appears garish. Her hair is bundled in a ratty bun.

PRENTICE
Family resemblance, that's what I think.

Prentice pulls the curtain aside, peer's out the tinted window.

Prentice's POV: Mando works in his front garden, he rakes the front lawn.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
We need a picture Baby Boy.

Prentice places Baby Boy on her kitchen bench, she takes her phone from her fanny-pack. She snaps a picture of Mando.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Perfect.

Prentice peers at her phone, she zooms in on the picture, mutters.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Too young to be his son. Grandson, maybe.

Prentice places her phone away. She moves to her refrigerator and takes out a bottle of chilled wine.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
He's been working hard, he could use some refreshment.

Prentice scoops up Baby Boy, she moves towards her front door. She see's Bad-Cat on the doormat preening.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Look at that stupid Bad-Cat Baby Boy.

Prentice gently moves Bad-Cat of the way with her foot.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Move Bad-Cat, shoo, scat!

Baby Boy barks from the safety of Prentice arms. Bad-Cat purrs and he slinks away.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Quiet Baby Boy. Good cat Bad Cat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice steps through her front door with Baby Boy and the bottle of wine, she mutters.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

We need to thank the man for his grandparents.

EXT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mando's on the front lawn of his house, he rakes around the cactus. He doesn't notice Prentice approach with Baby Boy and the bottle of wine.

PRENTICE

Hello, I'm sorry to bother you,
umm, man.

Mando looks up surprised. He leans his rake on the cactus.

MANDO

Hello, you're the lady from next door?

Prentice shuffles a few steps closer. She squints at Mando for too long.

PRENTICE

My name is Mrs. Prentice Meredith Sculley.

MANDO

I'm Mando. My wife and I are new to the neighborhood, we'll be living here a short while.

Mando moves closer and holds out his hand. Baby Boy snarls and snaps at his fingers. Mando quickly pulls his hand back.

PRENTICE

Baby Boy doesn't like strangers.

MANDO

I sort of guessed that.

PRENTICE

Your name is Mando, you're named after your grandfather. That's what I think.

MANDO

You're right, Mando was my grandfather's name. You knew my grandparents?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE

I didn't know them well, but they helped me. Yes, they helped me when I needed their help.

MANDO

That's nice to hear.

PRENTICE

They were nice, they asked me to keep watch over their house when they weren't around.

Prentice holds the bottle of wine stiffly out to Mando.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

I brought this as a gift. To say thank you for your grandparents.

MANDO

That's very kind of you.

Mando reach's for the bottle. Baby Boy bares his teeth and growls. Mando changes his mind, he gestures at his home instead.

MANDO (CONT'D)

Would you and your little dog like to come inside.

Mando leads the way towards his front door. Prentice follows with Baby Boy.

INT. SANCHEZ'S STASH HOUSE-DAY

Sanchez, Lizard and Cutter sit in the kitchen of the stash house. Their table's littered with beer cans and overflowing ashtrays.

SANCHEZ

We've been through this, but I want to go over it again with you Cutter.

Cutter cleans his pistol with a rag. The magazine is on the table.

CUTTER

We fly across the border, collect drugs, switch planes, fly back. It's not exactly rocket science.

LIZARD

You've never done this before, it's not that simple Cutter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lizard puffs his inhaler. Cutter mimics Lizard in a whiney voice.

CUTTER

It's not that simple Cutter.

SANCHEZ

Lizard's right Cutter. The cartel's making me nervous. I don't want you running in and blazing away like Al Capone.

CUTTER

Never heard of him.

LIZARD

What, you never heard of Al Capone?
(to Sanchez)
What's wrong with this guy?

SANCHEZ

Shut the fuck up Lizard.
(to Cutter)
Okay asshole, why don't you tell me what your job is?

CUTTER

Watch your back, keep my mouth shut, don't shoot unless shot at.

Cutter shoves the magazine in his pistol. He loads a bullet into the chamber.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

My only concern is, can the Sex-Fiend actually fly a plane?

LIZARD

Oh I get it, the Chunder from Down-Under thinks this is going to be a cake walk.

Cutter lift his pistol and aims it at Lizard's face. He mouths the word bang, mimes the recoil after a shot.

Lizard jerks his chair back. He licks his lips nervously. He turns to Sanchez.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

Did you see that? How am I supposed to fly a plane with this psychopath sitting behind me?

CUTTER

Fucking pussy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sanchez glares at cutter. Cutter shrugs, he de-cocks his pistol, places it in his waistband.

SANCHEZ

Here, this may even things up a little.

Sanchez reaches into his suit jacket. He pulls out a pistol and places it in front of Lizard.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Just be fucking careful, it's loaded.

LIZARD

I've never owned a gun before.

SANCHEZ

You don't own the gun, its a loaner, you can return it after this is over.

LIZARD

Still its pretty cool.

Lizard reverently picks up the pistol. He rolls his wrist, peers at it impressed.

SANCHEZ

Keep the safety on and try not to shoot yourself.

EXT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mando and Prentice sit in the small courtyard exchanging small talk. There's a wine bottle and two half full glasses on the table.

PRENTICE

I was a nurse, now I run a skydiving academy.

MANDO

Really, and do you sky dive yourself?

PRENTICE

I used to, not anymore.

MANDO

I guess it's sport for younger people.

PRENTICE

I could still do it if I wanted to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANDO

I'm sure you could, I just meant that jumping from a plane seems like a difficult thing to do.

PRENTICE

Not really, I did it naked once. I have pictures on my phone.

Prentice reaches down and undoes the zip on her fanny-pack. Mando holds up his hand to stop her.

MANDO

Umm, no, that's alright, I don't need to see any...

PRENTICE

I not some type of floozy, I wasn't offering to show them to you.

MANDO

Okay, that's good, being that I'm married and all.

Prentice re-zips the fanny pack. The conversation dries up and becomes static.

MANDO (CONT'D)

Speaking of which my wife should be home anytime now.

Mando checks the time on his watch. Prentice makes to stand.

PRENTICE

Me and Baby should be probably going.

MANDO

Why not stay a little longer? You were talking about sky diving.

PRENTICE

I also fix damaged parachutes for the Mexican Army, I like to fix things.

MANDO

Mexican Army, that's interesting...

ASHLEY (O/S)

Anybody home?

Ashley walks into her home and calls out. She slams her front door.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)(O/S)

Mando?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANDO

That sounds like her.

Mando stands, he moves to the back door. He calls out to Ashley.

MANDO (CONT'D)

Out here in the courtyard, we have company.

Prentice stands, she picks up her glass of wine and gulps down the last mouthful.

PRENTICE

I have to go.

MANDO

Please stay, there's something we need to talk about.

Ashley steps through the back door and kisses Mando's cheek. She smiles, holds out her hand to Prentice.

ASHLEY

Hello.

Prentice glances at Ashley's hand. She sniffs dismissively, speaks to Mando.

PRENTICE

Goodbye.

MANDO

Ashley this is Prentice, she lives next door. Prentice, this is my wife Ashley.

ASHLEY

You're the one with the floodlight, I'm glad you're here. It's very bright, we were wondering...

Prentice strokes Baby Boy. She listens impatiently for a moment, she interrupts

PRENTICE

I'm going home now.

ASHLEY

Please don't, I'd like to get to know you. Would your dog like some milk?

PRENTICE

That's just silly, cats drink milk not dogs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ASHLEY

Okay, so I didn't know there were distinctive milk drinking traits between the species.

PRENTICE

I don't even know what you're talking about, goodbye Mando.

Prentice steps towards the door. Ashley moves to the side and blocks her path.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

He's such a lovely little dog, how old is Baby Boy?

Ashley reaches over to pat Baby Boy. The little dog SNARLS and SNAPS at her hand.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Shit balls.

ASHLEY

Pardon?

PRENTICE

I already told your husband, Baby Boy doesn't like strangers.

Ashley glances at Mando and he shrugs. She turns to Prentice, forces a smile.

ASHLEY

Sorry again, I guess I didn't know that either.

PRENTICE

I don't know how old Baby Boy is, I found him in a dumpster. He was mistreated.

ASHLEY

You found him in a dumpster? Oh my, the poor little thing.

PRENTICE

I'm a registered nurse, so I can fix mistreated animals.

ASHLEY

That's a very kind thing for you to do.

(beat)

So, Prentice isn't it, I did want to talk to you about the light...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PRENTICE

I don't have time. Baby Boy and I
are leaving.

Prentice shuffles past the couple. She walks into the house
uninvited.

Ashley glances at Mando and he waves for her to follow
Prentice. Ashley quickly trails after her, she calls out.

ASHLEY (O/S)

Please don't leave Prentice, what I
have to say is very important.

PRENTICE(O/S)

Then you can write it in a letter
and you can post it.

Mando fills his glass with wine, he gulps down the drink.

INT/EXT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY

MINUTES LATER

Prentice steps into the dog room without Baby Boy. She
carries a bottle of wine and a glass, she slams the door.

PRENTICE

How many times do I have to tell
people that Baby Boy doesn't like
strangers?

Prentice strides past the dog cages. The dogs whimper and
cower back from the bars.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

And neither do I, that's what I
think.

Prentice moves to the table and chair in front of the tinted
window.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Oh, and cat's drink milk not dogs
you stupid Floozy.

Prentice takes out her phone, she slides her finger across
the screen. She touches a tab and Ashley's voice crackles
from the speaker.

ASHLEY (O/S)

Did I set her off or was she like
that to begin with?

MANDO (O/S)

I have one word for you, bonkers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice carefully places her phone on the table. She pours herself a glass of wine.

The couple's voices continue to crackle through the phone's speaker.

ASHLEY (O/S)
Don't be mean.

MANDO (O/S)
Mean? She is frigging loony-tunes.

Prentice picks up her wine glass, she leans in closer to the window. She peers through the tinted glass.

Prentice's POV: The couple sit in the courtyard. Mando pours a glass of wine for Ashley.

ASHLEY
She's probably just lonely.

MANDO
I'm telling you, she's cuckoo,
potty, nutty as a fruitcake,
unbalanced.

ASHLEY
Well she did tell me to post her a
letter.

MANDO
I heard, was that a joke, what does
it even mean?

ASHLEY
No idea. Okay, so what else did you
find out about her, any gossip?

MANDO
She was married, now divorced, or a
widow, I'm not completely sure.

ASHLEY
Widow, she has that I haven't had
sex in years look.

Mando passes Ashley her glass and she sips at her wine.

MANDO
There's a look for that?

ASHLEY
If you know what to look for,
anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANDO

She's involved in skydiving, said something about parachutes.

(beat)

It's hard to put a finger on what she does, she jumps around a lot.

Ashley considers the comment for a moment, she swipes Mando across the shoulder.

ASHLEY

Oh, you didn't just say that?

MANDO

Yes I did.

(beat)

And last, but certainly not least, she finds dogs in dumpsters.

ASHLEY

What you mean that viscous disease ridden little rodent is a dog? Did you see, it nearly bit me.

MANDO

I know, I was surprised when you tried to pet it, it nearly gnawed my arm off earlier.

ASHLEY

You could have warned me, but seriously, what was I thinking? That thing is rat ugly.

MANDO

(mimics Prentice)

I found a big hairy rat in a dumpster, I fixed him.

The sound of the couple laughing emits from the phone's speaker. Prentice gulps down her wine, she stands.

PRENTICE

Nutty as a fruit cake am I?

Prentice moves towards the switches beside the back door.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Viscous disease ridden rodent is he?

Prentice opens the back door and stands safely aside. She selects a switch and flicks it down.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

We'll see about that, that's what I think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The grates on all 6 dog cages open with a metallic CLANG. The dogs shoot from the cages and stampede outside the back door.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

How about a bit of noise to go with
all that happiness?

Prentice smirks, she follows the dogs outside into her backyard.

Prentice's POV: The 6 dogs leap against the neighbor's side of the back fence. They scurry about excitedly, they BARK, GROWL, SNARL and HOWL loudly.

INT-SKY DIVING PLANE-DAY

Sanchez, Cutter and Lizard are in a skydiving plane preparing for take-off.

Lizard's piloting, he fiddles with switches and dials on the dashboard.

Sanchez is in the front seat, he toys with his gold Zippo lighter.

Cutter sits in the back next to a black travel case. He concentrates on his phone.

LIZARD

Wind is a little strong, take-off
may be bumpy.

Cutter doesn't look up, he types a message with his thumbs.

CUTTER

What, you're not going to give a
safety demonstration Sex-Fiend? You
going to serve in-flight drinks?

Lizard turns towards Cutter and notices he's using his phone.

LIZARD

What the fuck Cutter. What do you
think you're doing?

CUTTER

I'm sending a text. What the fuck
has it got to do with you?

LIZARD

(to Sanchez)

Please tell the Wonder from Down-
Under why he's not allowed to use
his phone during take off.

Lizard returns to his controls. He punches coordinates into a keyboard on the dashboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

Shut the fucking phone down Cutter.

Cutter puts his phone in his pocket. He slams his palm into Lizard's headrest.

CUTTER

You rat fuck. You'd better get us safely up to Mexico Sex-Fiend.

Lizard scoffs, glances back at Cutter. He speaks to Sanchez.

LIZARD

Did you hear this fucking Aussie?
"Up to Mexico", what does that even mean?

Lizard doesn't wait for an answer. He flicks a switch on the controls. The plane jerks and rolls forward.

SANCHEZ

Mexico is down south Cutter. What the fuck are you talking about?

CUTTER

Americans just don't get it, Mexico is up south, and FYI, Australia isn't down under either.

SANCHEZ

I know I'm going regret this, but explain yourself.

CUTTER

Okay, but it's pretty profound so you'll need to concentrate.

Cutter lifts the black travel case off his seat. He releases his seat-belt and slides closer to Sanchez.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Alright the earth's a globe right, so how do you measure the top and bottom of a globe?

SANCHEZ

How would I know, a long fucking tape measure?

CUTTER

The globe doesn't have to be the size of a planet, it could be the size of a golf ball.

SANCHEZ

Then I'd cut it in half with a saw and I'd measure across the centre.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sanchez pauses, he flicks the lid on his Zippo lighter while he thinks.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

No, wait a minute. The sides of the golf ball would collapse and the rubber strands would all pop out. That could make it hard to gauge.

The plane rattles as it speeds down the runway. Cutter shakes his head, gestures at Lizard.

CUTTER

Your as bad as he is, how do you even know what's inside a golf ball?

(beat)

You cut one open before didn't you?

SANCHEZ

It was just a lucky guess, get on with it Cutter.

Lizard pulls back on the joystick. The plane lurches into the air and takes flight.

LIZARD

Here we go, well be there in 30 minutes.

SANCHEZ

Alright Cutter you have 30 minutes to explain why you're smarter than the rest of the world.

CUTTER

Okay let's try this, a golf ball is round right, so there's no top or bottom?

MANDO

Right.

CUTTER

And the earth is too big to cut in half.

SANCHEZ

Yes, and it would kill everyone if you did.

CUTTER

Yeah, uhh, I guess it would...

The plane banks sharply. Cutter braces himself against the fuselage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Now as we've already discussed, a golf ball is round and so is the earth.

SANCHEZ

Yep I'm following you so far.

CUTTER

But as you said, the Earth is too large, so the only way to create some type of measurement is to employ the use of time. Daybreak to be specific.

EXT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mando sits in the courtyard with a coffee. He's unshaven, tired and unkept.

Next door Prentice's rescued dogs continue to BARK noisily at the back fence.

Ashley steps through her back door with a coffee cup. She wears a dressing gown, she joins Mando at the table.

ASHLEY

Not working on the manuscript today?

MANDO

Almost impossible with the racket next door.

ASHLEY

You know we'll have to say something.

MANDO

Didn't we try that already?

ASHLEY

I know, but between the dogs and the searchlight, we can't live like this for the next six months Mando.

MANDO

I'll knock on her door this afternoon.

ASHLEY

I'll come with you. Maybe I'll bring a gift, a box of chocolates, flowers. Hell I'll even bake her a frigging cake if I have to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ashley's phone beeps. She pulls it from her dressing gown, looks at the screen.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, it's the realtor, she
wants another meeting.

MANDO
No problem, maybe somebodies
interested in buying the house.

ASHLEY
Let's hope so, but what about you?

MANDO
Don't worry, I'll brave the crazy
dog lady alone.

The conversation's interrupted by a loud SHRILL whistle. Prentice calls out from her side of the fence.

PRENTICE (O/S)
Breakfast is ready, time for the
puppies to come inside!

Mando and Ashley look at one another, they sigh in unison.

MANDO
Thank God for that, seriously I was
at the end of my tether.

ASHLEY
Shhhh, don't let her hear you.

The sound of the barking grows distant, the noise slowly fades away.

INT.PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY

Prentice stands at the back door by the switches in the dog room. She's neatly dressed for work.

PRENTICE
Good puppies, in you go, breakfast
is coming.

Prentice watches the last dog enter a cage. She flicks a switch and the cage door closes with a CLANG.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
You can go outside again tonight.
That's what I think.

Prentice flicks another switch, the pump whirs, the troughs fill with dog biscuits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice's phone BEEPS. She fumbles in her fanny-pack, pulls it out, peers at the screen.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Have to get to the academy, they're
on there way.

Prentice exits the dog-room and moves into the sowing room.

There's a parachute pack in front of the industrial sowing machine, it is marked with a red duct tape cross.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Need to return Captain Martinez's
repaired chute.

Prentice hefts the parachute pack over her shoulder. She steps through the far door.

Prentice moves through her kitchen and into her lounge-room. She stops at Baby Boy's cage. Baby Boy sits, whimpers and shivers.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Don't cry Baby Boy, I wont be gone
long.

Prentice sees Bad-Cat stalking towards the cage. She stamps her foot.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
Shoo Bad-Cat! You leave Baby Boy
alone, shoo, scat.

Bad-Cat sits on its haunches and preens. Prentice makes her way to her front door, she steps outside.

INT. SKY DIVING PLANE-DAY.

Lizard flicks switches, maneuvers the plane with the dashboard controls.

Sanchez sits in the cockpit facing the back of the plane and Cutter.

Cutter rests with his feet on the black travel case. He explains his globe theory. He holds up his phone, points out the time and date.

CUTTER
Where I'm from in Australia the
time is about sixteen hours ahead
of the time it is here and now.
Today's date has already been and
past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

I'm not sure I'm getting it, you're saying that time moves faster down there?

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Up there, and no it doesn't move faster.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Then I don't understand, and I think my brain is about to fucking explode.

CUTTER

I'll give you a visual, think of the end of my phone as New Zealand and my fist as the sun.

Cutter holds the phone flat and horizontal. He uses his fist to represent the sun rising.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

The sun rises over New Zealand and then after it sets, it rises over Australia.

Cutter splays his fingers wide to represent daylight.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Then daylight travels across Indonesia, Africa, Mexico and finally it reaches America.

LIZARD

You hearing this shit, Cutter logic.

SANCHEZ

Shut the fuck up, I want him to get this over with before we land.

(to Cutter)

Get to the fucking point Cutter.

CUTTER

The point is, if time is the only form of measurement, and daybreak starts in New Zealand and works it's way down to America. Then my part of the world is up-on-top.

Cutter places his phone in his pocket. He gestures at Sanchez and Lizard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUTTER (CONT'D)

That also means, because of Alaska,
you Americans come from Middle-
Bottom.

SANCHEZ

Middle bottom, are you kidding.

(to Lizard)

What do you think about his piece
of crap theory?

LIZARD

Total horse-shit. The United States
of America could never be known as
Middle-Bottom.

SANCHEZ

Agreed, we're the leaders of the
free world, fuck Middle-Bottom.

(to Cutter)

Thank you, but next time you want
to share one of your philosophies,
don't fucking bother.

CUTTER

Yeah well, you just think about it,
you'll realize I'm right.

SANCHEZ

I'm not going to think about it.
You come from down under, and we're
on top, that's the end of the
fucking story.

Lizard switches the controls off autopilot. He flicks a
switch, the plane banks.

LIZARD

We'll be landing in five minutes.

SANCHEZ

(to Cutter)

Okay listen up, I want to go over
things before we land.

CUTTER

Do we have to?

SANCHEZ

I had to listen to your bullshit
globe theory, so yes, you fucking
do.

CUTTER

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANCHEZ

Good. When we land we will taxi into an empty hanger, then we'll make our way over to a plane in the hanger next door. Any questions?

CUTTER

None so far.

SANCHEZ

We swap planes, then after the exchange, we land stateside. Now remember, if anyone asks, we say we're returning from a skydiving excursion.

Cutter takes his feet off the black travel case, he leans forward.

CUTTER

Okay, now I have a question.

SANCHEZ

Go ahead.

CUTTER

The three of us left together, if the three of us return. Then who the fuck went skydiving?

LIZARD

Put your seat belts on now.

The plane dives and starts to land. Sanchez turns back to the front of the plane.

SANCHEZ

We can discuss it later Cutter.

CUTTER

Can't wait.

Cutter clips in his seat-belt. He readies himself for landing.

INT/EXT. SKY DIVING ACADEMY-DAY.

Prentice drives into her skydiving academy. The small airport has a reception building, 3 hangars next to a runway, a radio tower.

Prentice parks close to reception. She exits the cab, moves to the back of her delivery truck.

Prentice opens the roller door, takes out the parachute marked with a red duct tape cross.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice closes the door. She makes her way to reception with the parachute.

PRENTICE

Oh good, a planes coming in to land.

Prentice stops to watch the skydiving plane land. The plane touches down smoothly.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Nice landing. That's what I think.

Prentice enters a door marked Reception. She places the parachute on the counter. There's a large rack with shelves behind the bench.

Prentice pushes a doorbell on the bench, holds it for too long, BING BONG, BING BONG, BING BONG.

PEDRO (18) is overweight and pimply. He enters the reception area from the back.

PEDRO

Yo, boss lady, thanks for coming down.

PRENTICE

Yo, Pedro, how they hanging.

PEDRO.

All the way to the ground Miss Prentice, what you got for me?

PRENTICE

(chuckles)

I brought Captain Martinez's repaired parachute.

Pedro moves to the counter. Prentice slides the parachute pack over.

PEDRO

Looks like you left the warning tape on Miss Prentice.

PRENTICE

I can guarantee it's been repaired, you'd better take it off.

PEDRO

No problem Miss Prentice, it's cool.

Pedro turns the pack around. He peels off the red duct-tape cross. He screws up the tape and throws it in the trash.

INT/EXT. PLANE HANGERS-DAY

Sanchez, Cutter and Lizard exit the hanger through a door in the back. Sanchez stops to secure a padlock.

Lizard stands with the travel case. He licks his lips, takes a nervous puff on his inhaler.

Cutter holds his pistol, he looks over at the reception building. He sees Prentice's parked delivery truck close by.

Sanchez finishes with the door. He moves toward the adjacent hanger, gestures at Cutter's gun.

SANCHEZ

What the fuck Cutter, put that thing away until it's needed.

Cutter waits until Sanchez passes. He places the gun into his waistband, murmurs.

CUTTER

Jeez, am I the fucking shooter or not?

Cutter follows the group to the adjoining hanger, they step inside a back door.

There's a skydiving plane inside, a bench with tools. The roller door at the opposite end of the hanger is slightly open.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Seems quiet, does it normally go down like this?

SANCHEZ

Normally, there's someone here to meet us.

CUTTER

Alright, so can I take my gun out now?

Cutter doesn't wait for an answer. He takes out his pistol and cocks the weapon.

LIZARD

It's too quiet, I've got a bad feeling about this.

Lizard licks his lips, he looks around apprehensively. He shakes his inhaler, takes a puff.

Sanchez moves towards the plane. Cutter waits, he watches with his gun ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE

Okay, but I expect better next time. How damaged is this chute?

Pedro peels off duct-tape. He marks the pack with a red cross, smooths it down.

PEDRO

As messed up as the last one. Large distress tear and the reserve has rope rot.

Prentice slides the pack over and peers at the date tag.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

I already checked, the dates valid for another year.

PRENTICE

Alright, the repair will take at least a week. That's what I think.

JUAN

I'll let Captain Martinez know when his group returns.

PRENTICE

Oh, and tell him the jump suits he ordered will be ready at the same time.

Prentice slides the parachute across the counter. She hefts it off the bench and places the strap over one shoulder.

INT. HANGER-DAY

2 Mexican cartel members are inside the plane. They jump down at the same time, move towards Sanchez.

TWIN 1

You brought the money?

TWIN 2

The amount the boss asked for?

SANCHEZ

I brought the usual amount, but I added 5 to keep things peaceful.

The Mexican cartel twins halt in front of Sanchez. They turn and address one another.

TWIN 1

He added 5.

TWIN 2

To keep things peaceful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Mexican cartel twins put their pistols in their waistbands in unison.

TWIN 1
Okay, but the price will go up.

TWIN 2.
It'll be 10 next month.

SANCHEZ
I need to discuss it with your boss, I'll give him a call when I get stateside. You brought the stuff?

TWIN 1
We brought the stuff.

TWIN 2
It's in the plane.

Sanchez flicks his fingers at Cutter. He gestures at the plane.

SANCHEZ
Cutter check the plane and make sure the product is there.

CUTTER
I'm on to it.

Cutter puts his pistol in his waistband. He moves to the plane, climbs a small ladder and steps inside.

Sanchez turns to Lizard, he holds out his hand for the travel case.

SANCHEZ
Give me the bag, then open the hanger door so we can get the plane out of here.

Lizard passes Sanchez the travel case. He makes his way to the hangar door.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
(to cartel twins)
I'll hand over the cash when I get an all clear on the product. I take it the planes been fueled?

TWIN 1
There's plenty of fuel in the tank.

TWIN 2
And the products all there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sanchez nods, he looks from one twin to the other and then back again.

SANCHEZ
You're identical twins, but you
have matching facial tattoo's?

TWIN 1
We like getting tattoo's.

TWIN 2
And we like being identical twins.

DISSOLVE TO:

Cutter's inside the plane, there's rows of cardboard boxes stacked in the back.

Cutter uses his switchblade to open a couple of boxes, they're full of bags of Marijuana.

CUTTER
Seems like it's all here.

Cutter closes a box, he moves to the plane door, calls out.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Looks like we're good to go.

SANCHEZ
Okay, keep checking, make sure all
the boxes are full

Cutter gives Sanchez a thumbs up. He ducks back inside the plane.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Tell your boss I said thank you.

TWIN 1
We'll speak to him on your behalf.

TWIN 2
Pass on your thanks.

SANCHEZ
(holds up bag)
Okay so I guess you want to check
the cash?

DISSOLVE TO:

Lizard reaches the hangar door, he steps outside. He looks along the side of the buildings, everything's quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Lizard re-enters the hanger, he pushes open the door. He sees 2 jeeps filled with soldiers drive from behind the adjoining hangar.

Lizard slams the hangar door shut, locks it. He pulls his gun, charges towards Sanchez and the twins.

LIZARD
It's a fucking set up!

The twins look up from the travel case. They snatch out their pistols, point them at Lizard.

TWIN 1
Stop right there!

TWIN 2
Put the gun down!

Sanchez closes the travel case, he moves quickly to the side.

The Twins fire their pistols at Lizard, BAMB, BAMB, BAMB, BAMB!

Lizard hops and jumps as bullets ping off the concrete close to his feet.

LIZARD
What the fuck?

Lizard raises his weapon. He fires back at the cartel twins, BANG, BANG, BANG!

Lizard's bullets hit Twin 1 and he is flung backwards, he's dead on arrival with the floor.

Twin 2 glances at his downed brother, then back to Lizard.

TWIN 2
You killed my fucking twin!

Twin 2 pumps bullets towards Lizard, BAMB! BAMB! BAMB!

Lizard dives to the floor, he rolls to safety behind the work bench.

Twin 2 turns away from Lizard and the bench. He aims his pistol at Sanchez

TWIN 2 (CONT'D)
Hand over the cash, do it now!

SANCHEZ
Here take it.

Sanchez slides the bag over to Twin 2. He holds up his hands, surrenders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TWIN 2
Somebody has to die for the death
of my twin.

SANCHEZ
I didn't shoot your twin Lizard
did.

TWIN 2
He'll be next, say good bye mother
fucker.

Cutter stands in the plane's doorway, he whistles SHRILLY.

CUTTER
Yo, yo, dick features, see if you
can catch this.

Cutter leans back and he throws the switchblade at Twin 2.

The knife spins through the air, it slams into Twin 2's chest
with a dull, THUNK.

Twin 2 drops his pistol, grabs the handle with both hands. He
falls to his knees, collapses dead beside his brother.

Soldiers bang on the door of the hangar, they scream in
Spanish to be let inside.

Lizard stands from behind the tool bench. He calls out to
Sanchez.

LIZARD
The Mexican army is coming. We have
to get out of here!

Lizard sprints to the back of the hanger. He exits through
the back door.

Cutter jumps from the plane. He retrieves his knife from the
dead twin's chest.

Sanchez picks up the travel case. He and Cutter follow Lizard
out the back door.

INT/EXT. DELIVERY TRUCK-DAY.

Prentice walks to her delivery truck with the parachute. She
opens the back roller door, places the pack inside.

Prentice pulls down the door, leaves a small gap at the
bottom. She makes her way to the front cab.

Cutter, Sanchez and Lizard run across the car park, behind
Prentice. Cutter points out the delivery truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER

The truck go.

Prentice opens the door of the cab. She drops her keys and they fall behind the wheel.

PRENTICE

Damn it.

Prentice bends, she feels about behind the wheel. She picks up her keys, climbs clumsily into the cab, slams the door.

Cutter, Sanchez and Lizard make it too the delivery truck. Cutter lifts the roller door, he whispers.

CUTTER

Quick, inside.

LIZARD

I 'm claustrophobic.

Cutter whips out his gun and he points it at Lizard's head.

CUTTER

Do it.

Lizard scrambles inside. Sanchez and Cutter follow, they quietly pull the door down.

Prentice starts the truck's engine. She crunches the gears, pulls out of the loading-bay.

Prentice drives the delivery truck through the carpark. She tuns on to the main road.

Back in the skydiving academy, Mexican soldiers stream from the hanger and into the carpark.

DISSOLVE TO:

Cutter faces Lizard and Sanchez in the back of the humid truck, their clothes are wet with sweat. The vehicle rocks and bumps along the road.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Walk in the park they said. Done it a thousand times they...

SANCHEZ

(interrupts)

Shut the fuck up Cutter. The buy wasn't meant to go down like that.

CUTTER

Oh really, I would never have guessed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lizard shakes his inhaler, he takes a couple of long puffs.

LIZARD
I warned you it wouldn't be easy
Cutter.

CUTTER
And why the fuck would I ever take
your advice Sex-Fiend?

LIZARD
You should have, besides, it's your
fault. We've never had a problem in
the past...

Cutter slaps Lizard across the side of the head, SMACK.

Lizard drops his inhaler. He clutches at his ear, turns to Sanchez.

LIZARD (CONT'D)
Cutter just hit me.

SANCHEZ
I know, you deserve it.
Thank you Cutter.

CUTTER.
My pleasure, let me know if you
want me to give him another one.

Lizard takes down his hand, he checks his fingers for blood.

LIZARD
But Sanchez, what could I do, the
twins were shooting at me?

SANCHEZ
Cutter.

Cutter leans forward and slaps Lizard across the other side of his head, SMACK. Lizard clutches his other ear.

LIZARD
Alright, don't hit me again, I'll
be quiet.

Lizard licks his lips, he shakes his inhaler, takes a couple of puffs.

SANCHEZ
Okay, right now we have to forget
what's happened, concentrate on
what to do next.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CUTTER

Getting the fuck out of Mexico
might be a start.

SANCHEZ

I agree, the problem is how do we
cross the border without a plane?

CUTTER

The obvious answer would be in a
car.

SANCHEZ

You're right, but first we'll need
clean passports.

LIZARD

Lucky you still have the cash
Sanchez.

Cutter raises his hand to slap Lizard. Lizard flinches, he
licks his lips, remains quiet.

SANCHEZ

We have money, but we can't trust
the cartel...

INT/EXT. DELIVERY TRUCK-DAY

Prentice's truck pulls away from the security boom-gate in
her suburb. She turns up a song on the radio, taps and sings
along.

Prentice turns her truck into her street and she drives past
Mando working in his garden.

Mando stops raking his lawn. He waves to get Prentice's
attention.

PRENTICE

He wants to talk about my puppies.
That's what I think.

Prentice's pulls up in front of her house. She watches Mando
walk towards her door in the side mirror.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

He's coming.

Prentice exits the delivery truck's cab, she slams the door.

MANDO

Prentice, I'm glad I caught you. I
was hoping we could talk about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE

I have nothing to say to you or
your floozy.

Prentice walks through her gate towards her front door. Mando follows.

MANDO

Please, I just wanted to have a
quick chat...

PRENTICE

I don't have time, go away, shoo
scat.

MANDO

I just need a second of your
time...

Prentice opens her front door. She steps inside, SLAMS it shut. Mando raises his hand to knock, he changes his mind.

MANDO (CONT'D)

Damn it...

Mando makes his way down the side of delivery truck. He reaches the back and the roller door slides up.

SANCHEZ

Hola, como estas?

Mando comes face to face with Sanchez and Cutter, they have their guns drawn.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mando walks into the front room of his home. Sanchez follows with his gun at his back.

SANCHEZ

Just keep moving, do as you're
told.

MANDO

Who are you, why are you doing
this?

Sanchez dumps the black travel case on the coffee table. He checks around the room.

SANCHEZ

You'll find out soon enough. You're
sure there's nobody else at home?

MANDO

I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mando turns and lunges for Sanchez's weapon. Sanchez sidesteps, slams his pistol on his neck. Mando falls to his knee's.

MANDO (CONT'D)
That was just stupid.

Sanchez places the barrel of his pistol against Mando's head.

SANCHEZ
You have two choices, behave or be-
dead, what's it going be?

MANDO
Okay, I'll do whatever you want.

Cutter shoves Lizard through the front door and he stumbles inside.

LIZARD
Fuck Cutter, keep your hands to
yourself.

CUTTER
You were taking too long, we don't
want the neighbors to see us.

SANCHEZ
What the fuck is it with you two.
Can't you see I'm working here?

LIZARD
Sorry.

CUTTER
Okay boss.

SANCHEZ
Cutter, find something we can tie
this stupid fuck up with. Lizard
search him, then sit him on the
sofa.

Cutter ambles towards the kitchen. Lizard moves to Mando, he hefts him to his feet.

LIZARD
I'm warning you, no funny stuff.

Lizard pats Mando down, he finds his phone. He shoves him backwards and he falls on the sofa.

LIZARD (CONT'D)
No wallet, but we have this.

MANDO
That's private property.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZARD

I don't care, what's your password?

MANDO

Work it out yourself.

The sound of cupboard doors and draws being opened and slammed shut comes from the kitchen.

CUTTER (O/S)

Hey Sanchez, there's nothing in the kitchen but kitchen stuff.

SANCHEZ

(to Lizard)

Watch him, I'll help the idiot.

CUTTER(O/S)

I heard that.

Sanchez moves towards the kitchen. Lizard sits on the coffee table in front of Mando. He holds up the phone, shows him a picture of Ashley on the screen.

LIZARD

Who's the blonde?

MANDO

That's none of your fucking business.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Cutter leans on the kitchen bench surrounded by open cupboard doors and pulled out draws. Sanchez walks into the kitchen to help.

SANCHEZ

Find anything?

CUTTER

I looked everywhere, there's nothing to tie him up with.

SANCHEZ

There has to be something.

Sanchez moves to the only closed draw in the kitchen. He pulls it open, peers inside.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

And this?

Sanchez reaches in the drawer. He takes out a roll of duct-tape, holds it up to show Cutter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER
How did you find that?

SANCHEZ
I looked.

CUTTER
Well done, that should work.

SANCHEZ
I shouldn't have to do your job for
you Cutter.

CUTTER
To be fair, you didn't exactly hire
me for my searching skills.

Cutter pushes off the bench. He moves to the refrigerator and
opens the door.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
But I'll tell you what I did find.

Cutter stands aside and shows Sanchez a six pack of beer and
a bottle of wine on a shelf.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
You want a drink?

SANCHEZ
You can't be serious.

CUTTER
Why?

SANCHEZ
We've just been involved in a gun
battle, and now we're taking
somebody hostage.

CUTTER
Exactly, it's been a busy day. I
thought you might like...

SANCHEZ
This isn't a party Cutter!

CUTTER
Never mind.

SANCHEZ
I want you to check outside, make
sure we haven't been noticed.

Cutter takes the wine from refrigerator, he pulls the cork
out with his teeth, spits it into the kitchen sink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUTTER

I'll look, but I'm taking this with me.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Sanchez walks into the lounge-room and moves towards Lizard and Mando. He holds out the duct tape.

SANCHEZ

Secure his wrists and ankles with this.

Lizard takes the tape, he passes Mando's phone to Sanchez.

LIZARD

He won't tell me his password, but you may want to check the screen saver.

Sanchez swipes the phones screen and a picture of Ashley appears.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

She's cute, what do you think?

SANCHEZ

I think you should stay fucking focused, do as you were told, secure him.

Lizard sits on the sofa next to Mando. He peels a long piece of tape off the roll.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Hold out your wrists, don't cause any problems.

Sanchez holds up the phone to Mando and shows him the picture of Ashley.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Is she your girlfriend? Does she live here?

MANDO

Touch her and I'll kill you.

SANCHEZ

Good, so your expecting her home then, do you two own a car?

EXT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Cutter sits in the couples courtyard. The wine bottle and his pistol are on the table. He mimics Sanchez in a whiney voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER

This isn't a party Cutter.

Cutter takes a long drink from the wine bottle, he burps, puts it down.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Jeez, I was only offering him a drink.

Cutter glances next door. He notices the flood light and Prentice's tinted window.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Big Light, not much privacy.

Cutter stands and places his pistol in his waistband. He carries his chair over to the back fence. He looks up at the window.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Tinted.

Cutter stands on the chair, shades his eyes, attempts to peer through the glass.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Can't see anything.

Cutter raps lightly on the tinted glass, he calls out.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Is anybody in there?

Cutter places his ear against the glass and listens.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Nothing.

Cutter makes a silly face at his reflection, he waves.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Hello handsome.

Cutter leans forward and places his mouth on the glass. He blows out and expands his cheeks.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Lizard moves around the lounge-room, he opens cupboard doors. Picks up trinkets and looks at photographs on shelves.

Mando sits on the sofa, his wrists are taped, his ankles bound.

Sanchez sits on the coffee table, he holds Mando's phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

Look Mando, your stuck with us for awhile, but we want to get away from here as fast as possible.

MANDO

Then leave my house now.

SANCHEZ

We're not bad people, give us what we want and we'll leave, I promise

Sanchez places the phone into the top pocket of Mando's shirt.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Here, take this back, a gesture of good will.

MANDO

I don't care what you do, I'm not giving you anything.

SANCHEZ

I bet you'll change your mind when your girlfriend get's home.

LIZARD

I think she's his wife.

Lizard holds up a picture of Mando and Ashley on their wedding day. Sanchez nods, he smirks at Mando.

SANCHEZ

Your wife, and I should warn you, my friend over there has a way with the ladies.

LIZARD

I'll be happy to spend some time getting to know the blonde.

MANDO

Don't you fucking touch her.

SANCHEZ

Then give us what we want.

MANDO

Okay, you can have my passport. I keep it in the cabinet beside my bed, take it and leave.

Sanchez flicks his fingers at lizard. He gestures towards the back of the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANCHEZ

Find the bedroom, search it, bring me back their passports.

LIZARD

On to it boss.

Sanchez watches Lizard stroll from the room, he returns his focus to Mando.

SANCHEZ

When your wife gets home, we're all going to take a nice drive to the border.

MANDO

You won't make it clear of the suburb.

SANCHEZ

And why is that?

MANDO.

This is a gated community. You'll never get past the security.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Lizard strolls into Mando and Ashley's neat bedroom. He moves over to a bedside cabinet, pulls open the top drawer.

Lizard rummages around, he closes the drawer. He opens the one underneath, reaches in and takes out a passport.

LIZARD

Easy enough.

Lizard opens the document to the photo page. He checks the picture.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

That's him.

Lizard places the passport in his pocket. He sits on the bed bounces up and down.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

Firm springs.

Lizard lies back on the bed. He rolls over and props his head on his elbow.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

Now the blonde.

Lizard pulls out the top drawer in the bedside cabinet on the other side of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZARD (CONT'D)

What do we have here?

Lizard stretches to look into the open draw, it's full of Ashley's underwear, he licks his lips.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

Nice.

Lizard digs his hand through the undergarments. He takes out a pair of lace panties.

Lizard rolls onto his back. He holds up panties stretches them out.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

Wonder what the blonde looks like in these?

Lizard drapes the lingerie over his face. He breaths in a wheezy breath.

Outside the bedroom window, a car pulls into the driveway and TOOTS the horn.

Lizard snatches down Ashley's panties. He lurches from the bed.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

Shit, someone's here.

Lizard rushes to the window. He pulls aside the curtain and peers outside.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

The blonde.

Lizard shoves the lingerie in his pocket. He leaves a trace of the lace material visible. He runs from the bedroom.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Sanchez and Mando are in the lounge-room. They hear Ashley's car pull into the driveway outside, the cars horn TOOTS.

Sanchez lurches from the table. He moves quickly to a window and peeks outside.

SANCHEZ

Looks like the lady of the house has arrived.

MANDO

Ashley don't come inside!

Cutter runs into the lounge room with his pistol drawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER
Somebody just pulled up outside.

SANCHEZ
The wife, go and get her under
control, I'll take care of him.

Cutter runs for the back door. Mando struggles in his binds, he yells.

MANDO
Ashley, call the police!

SANCHEZ
Shut the fuck up!

Sanchez slaps Mando, he picks up the duct-tape. Lizard bursts into the lounge room.

LIZARD
The blonde has just pulled into the
driveway.

SANCHEZ
Quiet! Help me tape his mouth.

Lizard takes hold of Mando's head. Sanchez tapes his mouth.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Okay leave him, watch the front
door.

Sanchez shoves Mando down on the sofa. He and Lizard move either side of the front door.

EXT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Cutter peeks around the corner of the couples house and sees Ashley in her car. He shoves his gun in his waistband.

Cutter watches Ashley climb from the car, move towards the front door, rummage in her handbag for keys.

Cutter creeps from his hiding place. He moves silently behind Ashley. He lunges, covers her mouth, wraps an arm about her waste.

CUTTER
Don't panic, I promise I won't hurt
you.

Ashley kicks back with her high heel shoe. The stem strikes Cutter in the knee.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Shit, damn!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cutter releases Ashley he limps backwards. Ashley rounds on Cutter.

ASHLEY
Who the fuck are you?

CUTTER
That hurt you crazy bitch!

Cutter rubs at his knee. Ashley takes off her high-heel shoe, threatens Cutter with the stem.

ASHLEY
I'm glad it frigging hurt, you want another?

CUTTER
Just calm down.

ASHLEY
You just calm down, how dare you touch me.

Ashley swings her shoe at Cutter. Cutter dodges, he holds up his hands defensively.

CUTTER
Please just put the shoe down, we can talk about this.

ASHLEY
What the fuck are you doing at my house? Where's my husband?

Sanchez and Lizard rush out the front door, they take hold of Ashley. Ashley fights back, she kicks and scratches.

SANCHEZ
Calm down, stop fighting!

ASHLEY
Mando!

LIZARD
Stop it you stupid Bitch

Sanchez and Lizard lift Ashley off the ground, they carry her inside the house.

Cutter rubs at his injured knee. He follows, limps inside and closes the door.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Ashley sits next to Mando on the sofa in her lounge-room. Her wrists are taped, she's gagged. She glares at the men holding her captive.

Sanchez paces the room, he dabs a tissue at a scratch on his cheek. Lizard slouches against a wall, he leers at Ashley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

Have you seen that piece of shit car, we'll never get past the gate security.

LIZARD

Or make it across the border.

SANCHEZ

Or make it to the border, you're right Lizard.

Cutter sits on the floor. He tends to a bloody knee. He touches the wound, grimaces.

CUTTER

I have an idea, but we shouldn't be talking in front of these two.

LIZARD

I could watch them in the bedroom.

SANCHEZ

Okay, help Lizard carry them to the bedroom Cutter.

Sanchez lights a cigarette, slams his Zippo lighter shut. He moves towards the kitchen.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

I need a drink. I'll wait for you outside.

Lizard moves towards Ashley. Cutter stands, he winces, hobbles over, speaks to Ashley.

CUTTER

Whatever you do don't fight, I promise we wont hurt you.

LIZARD

You can fight me as much as you want.

CUTTER

Behave Sex-Fiend, take her by shoulders, no funny business.

Lizard and Cutter lift Ashley, they carry her towards her bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

Ashley sits alone on her bed, she struggles to break the tape binding her wrists. She leans sideways, slides down the bed's headboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ashley sees her open underwear draw. Her eye's widen, she growls angrily behind her gag.

Lizard and Cutter enter the couple's bedroom carrying Mando. Cutter limps, he grimaces.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Drop him here, my fucking knee's killing me.

LIZARD

Real tough gangster, gets beaten up by a woman.

Cutter and Lizard drop Mando at the foot of the bed, he lands with a THUMP.

CUTTER

Yeah well, we both know how you treat women Sex-Fiend.

LIZARD

Fuck you Cutter.

Cutter sits on the bed, he tends to his injured knee. Lizard moves to the head of the bed. He traces a finger along the mattress, ogles Ashley.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

You're all tumbled down, here let me help you up.

Lizard places Ashley in a sitting position. He put's a pillow behind her head.

CUTTER

Take your hands off her Sex-Fiend.

LIZARD

Don't tell me what to do Cutter. I'm helping her sit up.

CUTTER

I promised her she wouldn't be hurt. Don't you touch her.

LIZARD

In case you've forgotten Clutter, I'm armed and your injured.

Lizard lifts his suit jacket, he shows Cutter his gun. Cutter stands, faces Lizard. He places his hand on the hilt of his pistol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CUTTER

Is that so Sex-Fiend, well maybe
I'll teach you how to play a game I
like to call, 'catch my bullet with
your teeth'.

Sanchez interrupts, he calls out to Cutter from outside.

SANCHEZ(O/S)

Cutter! Let Lizard take care of
those two. Stop fucking around and
get out here!

LIZARD

You heard him, do your job, let me
do mine.

Cutter hobbles towards the door, he calls over his shoulder.

CUTTER

This isn't over Sex-Fiend, we'll
play it out later.

Lizard waits for Cutter to leave. He crosses the room and
quietly closes the bedroom door. He swaggers towards Ashley.

LIZARD

We're all alone now sweetness.

Ashley's watches Lizard carefully. Lizard sits on the bed, he
licks his lips.

Mando growls behind his gag. He forces his body up the bed,
he glares at Lizard.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

Well maybe not quite alone.

Lizard kicks Mando on the shoulder. He chuckles when he
tumbles over.

LIZARD(CONT'D)

Your welcome to watch proceedings
from down there.

Lizard turns back to Ashley, he caresses his hand up her
calf.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

Time to have some fun.

Ashley's eyes go wide, she shuffles away, jerks her legs up.
Lizard smirks, he playfully attempts to peek up Ashley's
skirt.

EXT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Sanchez sits in the courtyard with a beer in his hand. The remaining sixpack is on the table. Cutter limps outside and falls into a seat.

SANCHEZ
How's the knee?

CUTTER
Sore, but nothing a beer wont fix.

SANCHEZ
Help yourself, Lizard's watching
the couple?

Cutter reaches for the six pack. He takes a beer, opens the ring-pull.

CUTTER
Yeah, but I don't trust him with
the woman.

SANCHEZ
So he has a little fun, what's it
matter, they're hostages.

CUTTER
They're civilians. They had no idea
they'd get caught up in this.

SANCHEZ
Cutter has a conscious, you're
kidding right?

CUTTER
Not kidding, if he touches her,
I'll teach him a lesson he'll never
forget.

Cutter swigs his beer. Sanchez eyes him suspiciously, he lights a cigarette, slams his lighter closed.

SANCHEZ
If it bothers you that much, I'll
warn Lizard off.

CUTTER
Thanks.

SANCHEZ
Now tell me about this plan of
yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER

We have one passport and there's no way Lizard and I can hide in that piece of crap car.

SANCHEZ

Two passports, we dress Lizard up like a woman. He won't mind.

CUTTER

Probably not, but there's no need. Why don't we take the truck next door, it belongs to an old lady.

SANCHEZ

Sounds good, but how do you know it belongs to an old lady?

Cutter finishes his beer, crushes the can, throws it on the table. He gestures at the tinted window.

CUTTER

I looked over the fence earlier, saw her wandering around her backyard, she wont put up a fight.

SANCHEZ

Save the princess, rob the old woman. Now, that's the Cutter I know and respect.

CUTTER

There's no need to rob her, you have a bag of money, why not make a deal?

Sanchez sips on his drink, he considers. Cutter opens another can of beer.

SANCHEZ

Screw making a deal, I say we just take the truck. I'll send Lizard...

CUTTER

I don't trust him, I'll go along.

SANCHEZ

There it is again, are you getting soft Cutter?

(beat)

You do realize we can't leave witnesses.

CUTTER

I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANCHEZ

Okay, go with Lizard, bring the truck keys and the old woman over here.

Cutter stands, he downs his beer. He dumps the empty can on the table, limps back inside.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mando struggles on the floor, he tries to break his wrists free from his binds.

Lizard sits astride Ashley on the bed. The top buttons on her blouse have popped open, her skirt is hiked up to her thighs.

Ashley thrashes about, she bucks wildly and Lizard nearly falls off.

LIZARD

Settle down you fucking bitch.

Lizard forces Ashley's shoulders down, he licks his lips.

The bedroom door opens and Cutter slips quietly inside. He moves around Mando, sees Lizard raise his hand to strike Ashley.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

I'm going to teach you a lesson bitch.

Cutter hops forward, he takes Lizard by the hair. He yanks his head back.

CUTTER

No I'm going to teach you a lesson bitch.

LIZARD

What the fuck..?

Cutter slams Lizard's head into a headboard, CRACK! He yanks his head back.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

Sanchez, help me!

CUTTER

No ones coming to the rescue Sex-fiend.

Cutter slams Lizard's head into the headboard again, WHAM! He jerks Lizard's head back, there's a bloody gash on his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZARD
I didn't do anything...

CUTTER
You were going to rape her in front
of her husband.

Cutter drags Lizard off Ashley by his hair. He moves in front of him, claps him over the ears with both hands, BAMM!

CUTTER (CONT'D)
I should let him beat you up in
front of his wife?

Ashley rolls off the bed, THUMPS to the ground. She shuffles towards Mando. The couple come together on the floor.

LIZARD
Cutter, stop it!

CUTTER
Nope.

Cutter grabs Lizard's nose with his fingers, he twists it savagely. Lizard tugs at Cutters wrists, whimpers.

LIZARD
Let me go, let me go!

CUTTER
Now why would I do that Sex-Fiend?

LIZARD
You're hurting me.

CUTTER
That's the idea.

Lizard drops his hands, he reaches into his jacket.

LIZARD
Fuck you Cutter.

CUTTER
No, I'm going to...

Lizard's fires his weapon KA-BOOM! Cutter's lifted in the air and flung against the wall.

LIZARD
You shouldn't have hurt me.

Lizard keeps his pistol pointed at Cutter. A puff of smoke rises from the barrel.

Cutter leans against the wall. He holds his stomach, blood seeps through his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUTTER

What the fuck did you do?

Lizard scurries off the bed. He moves to a corner of the room, keeps his gun trained on Cutter.

LIZARD

I warned you, I fucking warned you.

Cutter's legs buckle. He slides down the wall leaves a smear of blood.

INT.PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY

Prentice sits in front of the tinted window with Baby Boy. She watches Sanchez drink beer in the neighbor's courtyard.

The gun is fired next door and Prentice is startled by a loud, KA-BOOM!

PRENTICE

Damn, what was that?

Prentice watches Sanchez get up and rush inside the couple's home. The six dogs in the dog-room behind her bark and howl.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Gun shot Baby Boy, that's what I think. Gun Shot.

Prentice stands with Baby Boy. She hurries to the switches near the back door.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Too noisy, need to calm the puppies down.

Prentice flicks a switch and the troughs fill with dog biscuits. The cacophony of barking stops, the dogs rush to eat.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Thank god for that.

Prentice carries Baby Boy. She hurries past the dog cages and steps inside the sewing room.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Need protection. That's what I think.

Prentice takes the tazer off a hook on the wall. She pulls the trigger and it CRACKLES.

Baby Boy yaps and struggles in Prentice's arms. She releases the trigger, slips the tazer into her fanny pack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
 Sorry Baby Boy, forgot about you.

Prentice steps out the far door, hurries through her kitchen. She moves to Baby Boy's cage, places him inside.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
 You'll be safe in there Baby Boy.

Baby Boy sits, shivers, barks a brave but unconvincing, Yap.

Bad-Cat prowls towards Baby Boy's Cage. Prentice crouches and calls him over.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
 Here puss, puss, puss.

Bad-Cat slinks over to Prentice. She takes him in her arms, stands and pets the large tomcat.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
 Good cat, Bad-Cat, Good Cat.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY-CONTINUOUS

Sanchez barges through the couple's bedroom door. He stops and looks around the room.

Lizard's face is covered with blood from the wound on his forehead. His back is to the wall, he points a nervous gun at Cutter.

LIZARD
 Stay away from me.

CUTTER
 Your a dead man walking Lizard.

Cutter's shirt is bloody from a gunshot wound in the side. He sits with his back against the opposite wall. He points an unsteady pistol at Lizard.

SANCHEZ
 What the fuck is going on in here?

LIZARD
 Cutter attacked me.

Sanchez steps over the bound couple on the floor. He backhands Lizard, snatches away his gun.

SANCHEZ
 So you shot him? You fucking idiot.

LIZARD
 He started it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER

It's my fucking turn to shoot Sanchez. Get out of the way.

Sanchez rounds on Cutter, he points Lizard's gun. Cutter moves his pistol from side to side, tries to aim at Lizard.

SANCHEZ

Put the weapon down Cutter.

CUTTER

Move out of the way Sanchez! I'm going to blow his fucking head off.

LIZARD

Shoot him Sanchez...

Lizard drops to the floor. He scuttles behind the bed and hides.

LIZARD (CONT'D)

He wants to kill me.

SANCHEZ

No one is going to shoot anyone.

Sanchez strides forward, he snatches the gun from Cutter.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

It was an accident, we're going get you help Cutter.

Cutter leans forward, groans. He pulls his knife from his boot, slashes it back and forth.

CUTTER

Come here you Sex-Fiend fuck. I'll cut a new mouth in your face.

SANCHEZ

You're in no condition to hurt anyone Cutter. Give me the knife.

Sanchez grabs Cutters wrist, wrestles the knife from his fingers. He closes the blade, slides it into his pocket.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

You can deal with Lizard later. Right now, we have bigger problems to solve.

CUTTER

Later? If you hadn't noticed, I'm about to die. I won't have fucking time to deal with Lizard later!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANCHEZ

Your not going to die Cutter, I
told you, I'll find help.

Sanchez walks over to Lizard, drags him roughly to his feet.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

I should let him shoot you. Take
his ankles, help me put him on the
bed.

Sanchez shoves Lizard towards Cutter. He slaps him across the
back of the head.

DISSOLVE TO:

Lizard stumbles into the couple's lounge-room. He holds a
bloodied cloth to the wound on his forehead.

LIZARD

This is just like the twins. What
am I supposed to do when I'm
attacked?

Sanchez follows Lizard into the room. He slaps him across the
back of the head, shoves him towards the front door.

SANCHEZ

I don't want to fucking hear it!

LIZARD

But it wasn't my fault, he...

SANCHEZ

I said, I don't have time for your
excuses. Shut up and listen.

Lizard turns and lowers the cloth. He checks the bloody
cloth, winces and replaces it.

LIZARD

But I'm wounded too...

SANCHEZ

Look, we need steal the truck from
next door. You know what to do, go
and get the keys, leave no
witnesses.

LIZARD

The truck from next door?

SANCHEZ

Yes, every fucking Mexican in
Mexico heard that gun shot. We need
to get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LIZARD

I'll need a weapon, can I have my
pistol back?

SANCHEZ

No more fucking guns, take this.

Sanchez slaps Cutter's knife into Lizards hand. Lizard looks
down at the weapon.

LIZARD

But this is a knife.

Sanchez takes him by the back of the neck. He frog-marches
him to the door.

SANCHEZ

I know what it is, just do as your
told.

LIZARD

Okay, I'm going, I'm going.

SANCHEZ

Get the fucking keys, don't come
back without them.

Sanchez opens the front door. He shoves Lizard outside, slams
it shut.

EXT/INT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY

Lizard holds the bloodied cloth to his wounded forehead. He
knocks on Prentice's front door.

Prentice opens the door slightly. She holds Bad-Cat in her
arms, she speaks between the gap.

PRENTICE

Can I help you?

LIZARD

Hello, sorry to disturb you, miss?

PRENTICE

My name is Mrs. Prentice Meredith
Sculley.

LIZARD

My friends call me Lizard. I was
hoping we could talk. May I come
inside?

PRENTICE

You're a stranger and I'm alone.
That just wouldn't do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prentice inches the door closed. Lizard stops it closing.

LIZARD
Please, I wont disturb you for
long.

Prentice opens the door wider. Bad-Cat hisses, spits at Lizard.

LIZARD (CONT'D)
Wow, that's one big Cat.

PRENTICE
His name is Bad-Cat. What happened
to your forehead?

LIZARD
I had an accident, does it look
bad?

Lizard pulls the cloth away. Prentice squints at the wound.

PRENTICE
The injury needs stitches. Lucky
for you I'm a nurse so I'm
obligated to help.

LIZARD
Oh that's great, would you please,
it hurts.

PRENTICE
You should come inside, I have a
medical room in my basement.

LIZARD
Do you think stitches will leave a
scar?

PRENTICE
Probably, but your not so handsome,
so I wouldn't worry.

Prentice opens the door wide. Lizard steps inside Prentice's home and the door closes.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Cutter's on the bed in the couple's bedroom. He rests against the headboard. He's shirtless, there's a wound in his side.

There's a bottle of disinfectant, a pair of scissors, and a bowl of soapy water on the bedside cabinet.

Ashley's untied, her gag removed. She tends to Cutter's wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sanchez walks into the room carrying the travel case. He steps over bound and gagged Mando on the floor.

SANCHEZ
How's it all going?

Cutter, shuffles up the headboard, he winces, grunts painfully.

CUTTER
I've just been shot, so on scale of 1 to 10. I'd have to say not fucking great.

SANCHEZ
Stop being such a baby, your not dead yet.
(to Ashley)
How's it look.

ASHLEY
I've done my best to clean the wound, but he'll need to see a doctor as soon as possible.

CUTTER
No doctor, but thank you for helping me.

ASHLEY
You got hurt getting that slime-ball off me. That's worth something.

Sanchez puts down the travel case. He moves closer to the bed.

SANCHEZ
Enough of the afternoon soap opera. You've stopped the bleeding, now wrap the wound.

ASHLEY
With what?

SANCHEZ
I don't know, use one of the bedsheets.

ASHLEY
I'm not using my good sheets.

Ashley stands and picks up the scissors. Sanchez pulls his gun and moves in front of her.

SANCHEZ
What do you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ASHLEY

I'm trying to help your friend, get out of my way.

Ashley pushes Sanchez aside and moves to the cupboard. She takes out a t-shirt with an image of AC-DC's Angus Young on the front.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Mando, I know it's your favorite.

Mando's eyes widen, he shakes his head no. Ashley cuts the t-shirt in half and Mando groans behind his gag.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

The sheets were a wedding present, and I've always hated heavy metal music.

Ashely moves back to the bed. She dabs at Cutter's wound with a wet cloth. Cutter flinches, inhales sharply.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I told you to stop moving, you've started the bleeding again.

Sanchez takes out a cigarette packet. Ashley looks up from Cutter's wound and shakes her head.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

No you don't, not in my bedroom.

SANCHEZ

Okay, but can we please get this medical drama over and done with?

INT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY

Prentice leads Lizard through her front room towards the sowing room door. Bad-Cat HISSES and SPITS at Baby Boy as they pass his cage.

PRENTICE

That's Baby Boy, Bad-Cat and him don't get along, they argue all the time.

LIZARD

Yeah, dogs and cats tend to do that.

PRENTICE

Bad-Cat's jealous. That's what I think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZARD

What's he got to be jealous over.

Prentice reaches the door to the sewing-room. She steps inside and Lizard follows.

PRENTICE

This is where I do my work.

LIZARD

What kind of work do you do?

PRENTICE

I fix parachutes for the Mexican Army.

Lizard glances at the camouflage jumpsuits hanging on the wall.

LIZARD

Did you just say you work for the Mexican Army?

PRENTICE.

Sometimes, why do you ask?

LIZARD

I may have meet a few of them recently.

PRENTICE

Really, did you meet my friend Captain Martinez? He's very nice.

LIZARD

Not sure, does he drive a jeep?

Prentice giggles, she slaps Lizard lightly on the shoulder.

PRENTICE

They all do silly, it's the army.

(beat)

Now I want you to be careful in this next room.

LIZARD

Okay, why is that?

PRENTICE

You'll see soon enough.

Prentice opens the door to the dog-room and her 6 rescued dogs BARK and YAP. She steps inside and Lizard follows.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Ashley sits next to Mando on the floor of her bedroom. Sanchez wraps tape around her wrists. He finishes, peels off a length of tape to cover her mouth.

Cutter is on the bed, his wound is wrapped with a makeshift bandage.

CUTTER

Don't gag her, she can talk to me when your gone.

SANCHEZ

What do you mean? Lizard should be back with the keys any minute now.

CUTTER

I don't want to die in a sweat box truck with the Sex-Fiend for company.

(beat)

I'll watch these two, free them when you're across the border.

SANCHEZ

You remember what I said earlier?

CUTTER

She helped me, I can't allow that to happen now. Look once you're across the border no one cares.

Sanchez shrugs, he throws the roll of duct-tape on the bed.

SANCHEZ

Your choice, just don't expect me to visit you in a Mexican jail.

CUTTER

I'm not going anywhere near the cops. Leave me some money. I'll visit a doctor, then get a ride to the coast.

Sanchez picks up the travel bag. He places it on the bed and undoes the zip.

SANCHEZ

I'll try fix things with the cartel when I'm stateside, you should keep in contact.

CUTTER

Will do, and you can also tell that Sex-Fiend fuck I'll be gunning for him when I'm well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

Do what you like, just don't kill him, I may need him in the future. How much money?

CUTTER

With the gunshot and what happened with the twins, it's going to cost you extra.

Sanchez pulls a wad of cash from the travel bag. He licks his fingers, starts to count out notes.

SANCHEZ

Don't worry, I'll be deducting it from Lizard's wages.

INT.PRENTICE'S HOUSE-DAY

Prentice leads Lizard past 6 barking dogs in the cages. She moves towards the switches on the back wall, raises her voice over the din.

PRENTICE

We have to hurry, Bad-Cat doesn't like being in this area. He becomes vicious and nasty.

LIZARD

Hence the name Bad-Cat.

Prentice flicks a switch on the wall and the troughs fill with dog biscuits. The dogs stop barking, they rush to eat.

PRENTICE

That will keep them quiet.

LIZARD

They're very noisy.

PRENTICE

Yes, they were mistreated. I fixed them in the medical room down the stairs.

Lizard peers down the staircase. He sees steep and dangerous steps disappearing into a dark area.

LIZARD

It's dark down there.

PRENTICE

Darker than you think so I need to check your wound before we go down.

Prentice steps closer to Lizard. Lizard takes down the bloody cloth, he bends to give Prentice a better view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZARD
Does it look okay?

PRENTICE
Definitely needs stitches. You can
also throw away that dirty rag, its
contaminated.

LIZARD
But I need something to stem the
bleeding with?

PRENTICE
Then maybe you can use these.

Prentice snatches Ashley's panties from Lizard's pocket. She holds them up, dangles them in front of his face, cackles.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
What are you doing with these in
your pocket Lizardy Man?

LIZARD
Give them back.

PRENTICE
Come and get them.

Lizard tries to snatch back the lingerie. Prentice sidesteps, maneuvers him around until his back is to the staircase.

LIZARD
Give them back you old hag.

Lizard flicks out Cutter's switchblade. He points the knife at Prentice.

PRENTICE
You call that a weapon? That's not
a weapon, this is a weapon.

Prentice shields behind Bad-Cat. The large tomcat spits and swipes a claw at Lizard.

LIZARD
Don't fuck with me lady.

PRENTICE
Sic him Bad-Cat, go-on attack!

Bad-Cat leaps from Prentice's arms and onto Lizard's head. He rakes at Lizard's face with his claws.

Lizard shrieks drops the knife, he tries to pull Bad-Cat off. He steps back and slips, grabs at the banister to stop from falling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bad-Cat leaps to safety, he lands softly. Prentice rushes forward, she shoves Lizard in the chest.

Lizard SCREAMS, tumbles backwards, rolls head over heels down the staircase. He thumps into the wall at the bottom with a dull, THUD.

Bad-Cat caresses his body around Prentice's legs. She scoops him up, moves closer to the staircase and peers down into the darkness.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

You may need these Lizardy Man.

Prentice throws the lingerie down after Lizard, she chuckles.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Good cat, Bad-Cat.

Prentice strokes Bad-Cat. She makes her way carefully down the staircase, mutters.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

It's darker down here than you could ever imagine Lizardy man. That's what I think.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Sanchez shoves a bundle of notes into Cutter's hand. He zips up his travel case.

SANCHEZ

That should be enough for a doctor and a holiday once you get to the coast.

CUTTER

Thanks, I'll call you when I've settled in.

Cutter puts the cash in his pocket, he winces painfully.

Cutter and Sanchez are interrupted by a loud knock on the front door of the couple's house.

PRENTICE(O/S)

Hello, I'm Prentice Meredith Sculley from next door.

SANCHEZ

Who's that?

CUTTER

Fuck!

ASHLEY

Prentice, don't come inside. Go home and call the police!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sanchez pulls out his gun, he crosses to the bedroom door.

PRENTICE(O/S)
Where is everyone, is anybody home?

Prentice walks past Sanchez and into the bedroom. She wears her nurses uniform, carries a doctor's bag.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
I heard a gun shot, is anybody hurt?

SANCHEZ
Don't move, put down the fucking bag.

Prentice squints at Sanchez, she dismisses him with a wave.

PRENTICE
Put that thing away, and if you know what's good for you, don't curse at me again.

Prentice moves towards Cutter, she puts her bag on the bed.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)
This man looks hurt, do you need to be fixed?

CUTTER
Sanchez don't let her near me!

Prentice opens her bag, she takes out a syringe, places it on the bed. She rummages in the bag and takes out a scalpel.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Do something Sanchez.

SANCHEZ
Put down the knife nice and slow.

PRENTICE
It's not a knife, it's a Wesley-Cutter-Morgan surgical blade.

SANCHEZ
I don't care what it is, put it down now.

Prentice replaces the scalpel and syringe in her bag. She snaps the case closed.

PRENTICE
I'm a registered nurse. I should be allowed to help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANCHEZ

(to Cutter)

You sure you don't want her to check the wound, she looks like a nurse?

CUTTER

As long the blade stays in the bag.

PRENTICE

Thank you.

Prentice moves to Cutter, she pulls his makeshift bandage aside. She murmurs professionally, pokes at the wound.

CUTTER

Fuck!

PRENTICE

Stop acting like a baby.

CUTTER

How bad is it, am I'm going to die?

PRENTICE

Looks like it went right through.

Prentice replaces the bandage, she moves to her medical bag.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Whoever cleaned the wound did a good job.

ASHLEY

Thank you Prentice.

PRENTICE

Whatever Floozy.

(to Sanchez)

I need to talk to you alone. Come with me.

Prentice walks from the bedroom with her medical bag. Sanchez looks over at Cutter.

SANCHEZ

What you think?

CUTTER

She's an old woman, what's she going to do, bore you to death with church gossip?

PRENTICE (O/S)

I heard that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sanchez picks up his travel bag. He follows Prentice from the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

Prentice places her medical bag on the coffee table in the lounge room, she sits on the sofa. Sanchez enters the room with his travel case and his gun.

SANCHEZ

How bad is he really?

PRENTICE

I've seen worse. He's just a big baby, that's what I think.

SANCHEZ

So he's going to live?

PRENTICE

Infection is the problem, but the Floozy cleaned the wound well enough. He just needs a few days rest.

Sanchez sits on the coffee table, he places his gun in his lap.

SANCHEZ

I sent my friend to get the keys to your truck, where is he?

PRENTICE

No idea, and you can't have my truck.

SANCHEZ

What do you mean, no idea?

PRENTICE

What are you stupid? He's your friend, how would I know.

SANCHEZ

I bet he ran away the chicken shit coward.

PRENTICE

Clever boy, you answered you're own question. And you're not taking my truck.

SANCHEZ

Oh, I'm taking the truck, and you're going to drive me across the border.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Sanchez shows Prentice his gun. Prentice ignores the weapon, she stands and picks up her medical bag.

PRENTICE

I could take you across the border without my truck, but if you don't want my help, I'm leaving.

SANCHEZ

And how would you do that?

PRENTICE

I'd fly you in my plane?

SANCHEZ

You have a plane?

PRENTICE

And I'm a pilot.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Cutter's on the bed in the bedroom. Ashely and Mando are bound in the corner. Cutter pushes himself up the headboard, he winces clutches at his side.

ASHLEY

You should try not to move around too much.

CUTTER

I know, and thanks for the advice.

ASHLEY

I'd say your welcome but then I'd be lying.

CUTTER

This will be over soon, and you'll need to make a decision.

ASHLEY

What's to decide? I just want you out of my house.

CUTTER

I'll do as you ask, but I need to know if you're going to call a doctor or the police.

Ashely glances at Mando, he mumbles angrily behind his gag. She turns back to Cutter

ASHLEY

How about I drag you outside and I call you a hearse?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER

I understand you're angry, but please listen to what I have to say before you decide.

ASHLEY

Look, I'm not your friend, your confidant, or your Patty fucking Hurst. I just want you gone from my life forever.

Mando nods, he mutters his approval behind his gag.

CUTTER

I deserved that, but there's more to this than you know. I'm just asking for a chance to explain.

ASHLEY

I'm not promising anything but give it your best shot.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-DAY

Sanchez sits on the coffee table in the lounge room, the travel case is by his side. Prentice sits on the sofa.

PRENTICE

My military friends cleaned up the mess you left at my academy. But they're keeping your marijuana as part payment.

SANCHEZ

I still have my money, they're welcome to it.

PRENTICE

Don't interrupt.

(beat)

The cash price is two thousand for Captain Martinez to clean up after you. Two thousand for me to fly you across the border.

Sanchez pauses to consider, he reaches into his bag and pulls out 4 bundles of notes. He places them in front of Prentice.

SANCHEZ

I just want this over with. You're sure you can't land the plane in the desert?

PRENTICE

Too many border patrol agents. That's what I think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

But if I jump from your plane,
won't the border patrol see my
parachute?

Prentice picks up her money. She counts the notes, mumbles
distractedly.

PRENTICE

It will be night soon and its too
dark in the desert, they wont
notice.

SANCHEZ

Fine by me, so when do we leave?

Prentice opens her medical bag, she dumps the cash inside.

PRENTICE

As soon as possible. I need to get
back and release Mando and the
Floozy, then check your friends
wound.

(beat)

Oh, and my medical expertise will
cost you another thousand.

Sanchez reaches into his bag, he hands over a wad of cash.

SANCHEZ

And you're sure Cutter can't come
with us?

PRENTICE

To risky with that wound in his
side, no skydiving for him.

Prentice stands and picks up her medical bag. She holds out
her hand to shake.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

I need to call the academy and tell
them to remain open. Say goodbye to
your friend, then meet me out
front.

Sanchez shakes hands with Prentice. She turns and walks to
the front door. Mando moves towards the bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

Sanchez steps through the couple's bedroom door. He
interrupts Cutter and Ashley mid-conversation, they stop
talking, turn to look.

SANCHEZ

That went well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUTTER

What she do, invite you to the church picnic?

SANCHEZ

Believe me, she's a little more gangster than that.

Sanchez places his travel bag down. He sits on the edge of the bed.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

What were you two talking about?

CUTTER

Lizard, and how much of a dick he is.

SANCHEZ

He's gone, he did a runner. He's probably halfway back to the states by now.

CUTTER

See I told you he was a rat fuck.

SANCHEZ

I'm also leaving. Who'd of guessed it, but the old woman owns a plane?

CUTTER

Well we did first come across her at an airport.

SANCHEZ

You're right, anyway, I'll be across the border in one hour. And she's going take care of you when she returns.

CUTTER

No thanks, I can look after myself.

Cutter pushes himself up on the headboard, he gasps painfully, grimaces.

SANCHEZ

I've already paid her, she's a nurse, let her help you.

CUTTER

Just because she dresses like a nurse doesn't mean she knows what she's doing. I'll find a real doctor as soon as I get the chance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANCHEZ

Well do it quickly. I have a piece of work you'll enjoy in the near future. Lizard needs to be taught a lesson.

CUTTER

If I come across that Sex-Fiend fuck you'll never see him again, and that job will be free of charge.

Sanchez stands, he takes Cutter's pistol from his waistband and passes it over.

SANCHEZ

Then you'll need this. I've changed my mind, feel free to do your worst.

Cutter pops the magazine and checks the gun is loaded.

CUTTER

Thanks, I felt naked without it.

SANCHEZ

(to Ashley)

I'm leaving and normally I wouldn't leave witnesses. Cutter convinced me but your silence is on his head now.

ASHLEY

Really your leaving, well have a pleasant flight and I hope your plane crashes in the desert and you suffer an agonising death in twisted metal and a fiery inferno.

Sanchez picks up his travel case. He gestures over his shoulder at Ashley.

SANCHEZ

Good luck with that one.

CUTTER

Bye Sanchez and same, best of luck.

Sanchez walks from the room and he closes the bedroom door.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

You're going to need it, that's what I think.

INT. PRENTICE'S TRUCK-NIGHT

Prentice sits in her truck in front of the couples house. There's a parachute pack in the passenger seat beside her.

Prentice throws a balled up clump of red duct-tape onto the dashboard.

Sanchez opens the passenger side door of the truck. He see's the parachute pack.

SANCHEZ

Is this my parachute?

PRENTICE

Yes all yours. I want you to hold it on the drive over, I'll explain how it's used.

Sanchez picks up the parachute. He climbs into the seat and places the pack on his lap.

SANCHEZ

And your sure it works?

PRENTICE

I repair them for a living, would you like me to sign a written grantee?

SANCHEZ

Sorry, I'm just a little nervous about jumping from a plane.

Prentice starts the ignition. She crunches the gears, the truck jerks forward.

PRENTICE

Don't be, it's easy, my husband and I once jumped out of a plane naked.

SANCHEZ

Why would you do that?

PRENTICE

We thought it'd be fun, but to tell you the truth, body parts were billowing about all over the place.

SANCHEZ

Well that information was nauseatingly vivid, and not really reassuring at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE

It was a long time ago, but we landed in a farmer's field and made love under parachute silk, my only son was conceived that day.

SANCHEZ

Thank you for sharing, and although it sounds like a fond memory, I think I've heard enough.

Sanchez takes out his Zippo lighter and a packet of cigarettes. He winds down his window.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I smoke?

PRENTICE

You'll be jumping from a plane at 13,000 feet soon, then falling through darkness at 130 mph. Be my guest, it may be the last one you ever have.

Sanchez gapes at Prentice. She smiles, reaches over and pats his leg reassuringly.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

I'm kidding, you'll be fine, stop worrying.

Sanchez lights his cigarette he flicks his lighter closed.

Prentice arrives at the security gate. She winds down her window, speaks to the guard.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Hello Fred.

SECURITY GUARD

Everything okay miss Prentice?

PRENTICE

Everything is fine, oh and Fred, do you have a trash can handy?

Prentice picks up the ball of red tape from the dash. She passes it over to the security guard.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Throw this out for me will you?

SECURITY GUARD

No Problem miss Prentice.

The security guard takes the tape and lifts the boom gate. Prentice closes her window and drives past.

INT. COUPLE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Cutter, Ashley and Mando are in the couple's bedroom. Ashley holds her taped wrists out to Cutter. He uses the scissors to cut her wrists free.

ASHLEY

You have some explaining to do.

CUTTER

I'll do my best.

Cutter passes Ashley the scissors. He shuffles back onto the bed, groans painfully.

ASHLEY

You should have let Prentice treat you, asked her for pain killers.

CUTTER

My mother makes me nervous when it comes to anything medical. She has been known to take things too far.

ASHLEY

Prentice is your mother?

CUTTER

Yes, but we couldn't allow Sanchez or Lizard to find out. We've had this planned for a long time.

Ashley rubs her wrists, she flexes her fingers to get her circulation moving.

ASHLEY

I really don't understand any of this.

CUTTER

Sanchez was running drugs through my mother's sky diving academy. She asked me for help.

ASHLEY

Okay, your mother needed help, I get that. But why involve us?

CUTTER

It was an accident, the drug plane was meant to be intercepted by her friends in the military.

Mando growls angrily behind his gag. Ashley shuffles over, she peels the tape off his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY

Sorry I forgot.

MANDO

We're supposed to forgive you because you were helping your mother?

CUTTER

Look, I'm sorry. Lizard messed things up, men were killed, I had no choice but to run here.

MANDO

My wife was assaulted and nearly raped!

Ashley places a comforting hand on Mando's thigh.

ASHLEY

And he stopped all of that Mando.

CUTTER

My mothers always watched over this house, she mentioned it had been empty for years.

MANDO

We know, we noticed her floodlight.

ASHLEY

What's Prentice's attraction to our home?

CUTTER

I was born on the front doorstep.

Mando holds his wrists out to Ashley. She cuts the tape, moves to his ankles.

MANDO

But this was Mando's grandparents house?

CUTTER

The birth was brought on pre-term by a traumatic event. Your husbands grandparents helped my mother, but she never really recovered, she's a little strange.

ASHLEY

Do you know what caused her forced labour?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUTTER

She's never talked about the reason. But it was bad enough for her to send me to live with relatives overseas.

Mando stands, he reaches down a hand for Ashley, helps her to her feet.

MANDO

My parents did mention something about a birth.

CUTTER

We're almost related. I was thinking of making you an offer on this place. I noticed the sign out front.

MANDO

Maybe we should discuss this further.

INT. SKYDIVING PLANE-NIGHT

Prentice's skydiving plane is running on autopilot. She is in the back helping Sanchez prepare for his jump.

Sanchez wears a parachute over his suit, a sky-diving helmet. He holds his travel bag.

SANCHEZ

Can we run through the procedure again?

PRENTICE

I don't have time, I need to switch off autopilot and turn back.

SANCHEZ

You're sure I'm going to be okay?

PRENTICE

You'll be fine. Remember, count to 3 and pull the ripcord. If there's a problem, count to 5 and pull the reserve cord.

Sanchez peers out the open jump door. He steps back nervously.

SANCHEZ

I admit it, I'm scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE

Repeat after me. Count to 3, set the chute free, count to 5, stay alive.

SANCHEZ

Count to 3, set the chute free, count to 5, stay alive.

Sanchez shuffles to the opening, he bends his knees. Prentice takes her tazer from her fanny pack.

PRENTICE

Okay, get ready to jump.

SANCHEZ

Count to 3, set the chute free, count to 5, stay alive.

PRENTICE

Okay, now jump.

Prentice rams the tazer into the back of Sanchez's neck and pulls the trigger. Sanchez shakes and shivers.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

Sorry, you we're taking to long.

Prentice shoves Sanchez. He tumbles from the plane with his bag of money, he falls through the sky, he SCREAMS.

SANCHEZ

Count to 3, set the chute free, count to five stay alive..!

Prentice watches him fall away. She cackles, makes her way to the cockpit.

PRENTICE

Long drop, hard stop.

INT/EXT. TRUCK IN THE DESERT-DAY

Prentice's delivery truck is parked by the side of the road in a barren desert area of Mexico.

Sanchez's body lies in the sand not far away. His parachute trails off and billows in the breeze.

Cutter stands over Sanchez, the travel bag is on the ground beside him.

CUTTER

If I come across Lizard I'll tell him you died, goodbye Sanchez.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cutter picks up the travel case. He turns away from the body and walks towards Prentice's truck.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

And then I'll kill him.

Cutter opens the passenger side door of the truck. He climbs inside with the case. Prentice is waiting.

PRENTICE

Did you make your bye-byes to your gangster friend?

Prentice starts the engine, crunches the gears. The truck lurches forward, drives down the road.

CUTTER

Yeah I said good bye. Did he say anything before he died, you know, any last words?

PRENTICE

He said, count to 5 stay alive, and then splat!

CUTTER

Obviously that didn't help, so what happens next?

PRENTICE

Captain Martinez has offered to sell me his marijuana, how much money is in the case?

CUTTER

A lot.

Cutter opens the travel bag, shows Prentice it's full of cash.

PRENTICE

Good, now that you're moving in next door, we should go into business together.

CUTTER

We'll see.

The truck runs over a pothole and Cutter winces. He clutches at his side.

PRENTICE

Do you need me to stop and redress the wound?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUTTER

No I'm fine. You know Sanchez wasn't such a bad guy, you didn't have to kill him?

PRENTICE

I didn't kill him, the parachute did.

CUTTER

Okay, so it was the parachute's fault, but we could have just taken his money?

PRENTICE

What was I meant to do, he shot my son?

CUTTER

Sanchez didn't shoot me, Lizard did.

PRENTICE

The Lizardy Man shot you?

Prentice scowls, she tightens her grip on the steering wheel.

CUTTER

Yes, when I stopped him sexually assaulting Ashley.

PRENTICE

What, the Lizardy Man tried to rape the Floozy?

CUTTER

Don't let it bother you, Lizard's gone and Sanchez is dead.

PRENTICE

Oh I'm not bothered.

Prentice jams her foot on the accelerator, the truck picks up speed.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

I'm angry, that's what I think.

FADE OUT:

ROLL CREDITS:

FADE IN:

INT. PRENTICE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

There's a large cage in Prentice's gloomy basement. Lizard is semi-conscious in a hospital gurney.

Lizard's eyes are closed, his face shredded with Bad-Cat's scratches.

Phil appears from the shadows in an old hospital wheel chair. His mullet and mustache are gray, he's missing both legs above the knee.

PHIL

Do you mind if we talk? I haven't had company for years.

Lizard head lolls, he moans softly, his eye's flicker.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You're in my wife's basement, she's drugged you.

Phil's wheelchair wheel's SQUEAK as he rolls closer to the gurney.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Your face is all scratched up, and I heard the thump when you fell down the stairs. You probably broke a few bones.

Phil navigates his wheelchair in beside Lizard's gurney.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You must have made my wife very angry, you should never do that.

Phil takes hold of the chair's armrests. He lifts his body to show Lizard his missing legs.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Prentice's handy work after my skydiving accident. I broke my legs, she fixed them.

A light comes on at the top of the staircase. Prentice's heels CLICK as she makes her way slowly down the staircase.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Shit, she's coming, whatever you do don't make her angry.

Phil wheels his chair away. He moves quickly towards the darker shadows of the cage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRENTICE (O/S)

You shot my son and you tried to
rape the Floozy Lizardy Man.

Prentice comes down the stairs dressed in her nurses uniform.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

You've made me very, very angry.
That's what I think.

Prentice's tazer SHOWERS SPARKS, BUZZES VICIOUSLY in the
gloom.

PRENTICE (CONT'D)

You should never do that, do you
understand?

FADE OUT: