

JUNKYARD

Written by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. ABANDONED JUNKYARD - DAY**

CLOSE ON -- a RUSTED PONTIAC GTO. A relic.

The JUNKYARD stretches away behind it, row after row of the corpses left behind by a once-vital industry.

COUNTRY-POP MUSIC (maybe Tim McGraw) powers through boombox speakers. The chain-link perimeter fence and PADLOCKED GATE complete the image of a sealed museum exhibit.

TSCHANG! A pair of AIR JORDANS hit the fence, clamber up --

JACKSON (28), clean-cut, coastal city fashion, brown skin, drops to the ground from the top of the fence. He's sweating.

Shoots a look behind him -- no one in view. He runs into the yard, skirting piles of junked cars, stops at

**THE OLD CRUSHER**

and pulls out a BAG OF WEED, maybe half an ounce.

He hesitates, then stashes it at the corner of the crusher.

He takes off, quick and low, deeper into the yard.

**AT THE FENCE**

is OFFICER RICHARD (RICH) STRATTON (28), Caucasian, breathing hard but determined, not one to give up a chase. He climbs. Rips his uniform on the top of the fence.

RICH

Fuck!

He jumps down -- CRIES OUT in pain and stumbles backwards. Holds up his boot. A sharp piece of metal stabs through to the meat of his foot. He yanks it out with a grunt.

RICH

You're fucking dead, buddy.

**AT THE JUNKYARD OFFICE**

Jackson tries the door. Locked.

BLAM! A GUNSHOT echoes through the yard.

Jackson drops instinctively and scrambles to the wall of the office, back to the wall. Peers around. No-one in sight.

He sucks in a breath and MAKES A BREAK for the fence at the far end of the yard. A full-on sprint. The COUNTRY-POP gets louder, closer, as he runs through the

### **CENTRE OF THE JUNKYARD**

BLAM BLAM!

Bullets perforate a METAL SIGN in Jackson's path. Too close for comfort. He stumbles to a halt and drops to the ground. Hands out, head down, he yells:

JACKSON

Okay! I'm here! Don't fuckin' shoot me. I just wanna get outta here!

He's breathing hard. Whispers to himself.

JACKSON

(whispers)

Whatever you need to say, you just say it. You just say anything and get outta this alive.

No sound but the BOOMBOX. Jackson fumbles in his pocket, pulls out a joint.

JACKSON

It's just a joint. All I got!

JACKSON'S POV: DIRTY BOOTS

stomp towards him. Then a SECOND PAIR, hanging back. An OLD RIFLE hangs down next to the second man's legs.

DONNY (O.S.)

What the hell you doin' running around here? Owen nearly shot your ass dead.

Jackson slowly looks up.

DONNY P.(35), a steak and potatoes and cocaine kinda guy, and OWEN STRATTON (31), just the cocaine, stare back. Both in country digs, Donny with the rifle, Owen reloading a REVOLVER and swigging a BOTTLE OF TEQUILA. Their usual weekend.

OWEN

Sorry 'bout that. But hey, fuck, thanks man.

He plucks the joint from Jackson's fingers with his tequila hand, produces a lighter, and puts the joint to his mouth.

Tequila splashes onto his arm from the uncapped bottle. This guy's pretty wasted.

OWEN

Fuck me. Hold this.

He shoves the tequila into Jackson's hand, lights the joint, and drags on it. Jackson stares at the bottle as Donny strolls over to accept the joint from Owen.

OWEN

Take a slug. Quid per quo.

Jackson doesn't want to touch the bottle.

Donny hits the joint hard and starts coughing.

OWEN

C'mon, it's the good stuff.  
Tequila! Makes her clothes fall  
off! Ya ain't a fag, are ya?

DONNY

(getting his breath, to  
Owen)

You're one dumb son of a bitch.

Jackson tilts the bottle, winces as the tequila hits his throat. Owen snatches the bottle back and grins at Donny.

OWEN

Told you he wasn't no fag!

DONNY

He is dumb, though.

He stares Jackson down like he's assessing a farm animal. Slow, wary, Jackson stands to meet his gaze. Still sweating.

DONNY

(to Jackson)

Round here it ain't like where  
you're from in the big city. Lots  
of good ol' boys, and we like to do  
some shooting on the weekends. If I  
were you, I'd stop runnin' around  
private property.

He takes one more drag of the joint and hands it to Jackson.

DONNY

Sound good, boy?

All the emphasis on that last word. Jackson knows what he means. He holds Donny's gaze.

DONNY

I said, that sound good...boy?

Jackson grits his teeth.

JACKSON

Sounds good.

RICH (O.S.)

FREEZE!! Police!

Rich edges into view, gun raised.

RICH'S POV: JACKSON, DONNY, AND OWEN ACROSS THE YARD

They look like they're shooting the shit. Jackson with the joint in his hand, Donny and Owen relaxed -- but now they're turning towards him with CONFUSED EXPRESSIONS.

Jackson backs away as Owen ambles out to meet Rich. When Owen talks, he doesn't sound friendly.

OWEN

Rich! What the fuck are you doin' here, man?

RICH

Owen, Donny, this is nothing to do with you two. Back off. Sir, I need you to get on the ground.

DONNY

Well shit, Tucker's a big man when he's on duty.

Owen snorts laughter. But they don't move.

RICH

Sir! On the ground! Owen, Donny -- you need to back off.

Jackson kneels. Owen backs off. Donny leans against a car, but he's not moving.

RICH

Who was shooting?

Donny shoots a thumb at Owen, who lurks a bit behind him.

DONNY

Just target practice. The usual.

At the reiteration of the word "Tucker," Rich's jaw clenches.

RICH  
I'm gonna ask you two to put your  
guns down.

DONNY  
So ask.

He stares Rich down.

RICH  
Both of you, put your guns down.

DONNY  
No.

Donny crosses his arms, lets the rifle hang. Rich studies his face. Not bluffing.

RICH  
Just sit fucking tight, then.

Donny shrugs: "Of course."

JACKSON  
(whispers to himself)  
Just say whatever you gotta say.

Rich refocuses on Jackson.

RICH  
You selling weed?

JACKSON  
No sir. I had weed. I just wanted a  
-- just needed a joint. Just one --

Wrong thing to say.

RICH  
-- You had weed? Okay. Place your  
hands behind your back, please

Jackson scowls and complies. Rich eases forward and cuffs him. He ignores Donny and Owen, who watch intently while he searches Jackson. Calm and efficient. He's good at his job.

DONNY  
(to Jackson)  
Know why people call him Tucker?

Rich hauls Jackson to his feet. Jackson stays silent.

Donny rests a heavy hand on the rifle.

DONNY  
You gonna ignore me, boy?

JACKSON'S POV: DONNY RESTS A HAND NEAR THE TRIGGER, OWEN  
FIDDLES WITH HIS REVOLVER

JACKSON  
I don't know why...the name. I  
don't know.

Wrong thing to say again. With an angry grunt, Rich pulls Jackson away sharply and pushes him forward down the path back to the gate.

Donny spits on the ground and starts after them.

DONNY  
(to Owen)  
Bring the tunes.

Rich pushes Jackson ahead of him on the path back towards

**THE OLD CRUSHER**

and the spot Jackson hid the weed.

Then Rich pauses. MUSIC'S GETTING CLOSER. He turns. Donny and Owen saunter behind them, Owen swinging the boombox in one hand, swigging tequila with the other. Stumbling drunk, now.

RICH  
I need you two to back off.

DONNY  
(to Jackson)  
See, Rich used to hang around with all the sports fags in high school, the rich kids that spent their time taping guys' nutsacks to lockers. Except there was one, uh --

OWEN  
-- nigger!

RICH  
Owen, you shut --

DONNY  
-- Jesus, Owen, shut your mouth.  
(to Jackson)  
But right. A fella with skin like you, right?

(MORE)

DONNY (CONT'D)

And god damn if they didn't live  
for hazin' and beatin' the shit  
outta that little negro.

Owen staggers in a circle, draining the tequila bottle. He drops it on the ground and leans hard on the crusher.

DONNY

And little Tucker didn't like that.  
He kept bitching and bitching every  
time they whupped this kid, until  
they finally said they'd stop if he  
ran Front Street naked...

Rich pulls Jackson up short and turns to face Donny.

RICH

Leave it the fuck alone, Donny.

Owen tries to catch the spinning world. His vision focuses --

OWEN'S POV, CLOSE ON -- THE BAG OF WEED

lies on the ground, just where Jackson stashed it.

DONNY

...but not just naked...

Owen smiles from ear to ear and leans down for the weed...

DONNY

...with his pecker and balls tucked  
in between his legs. Half the town  
came out to watch and cheer him on.  
"Tucker! Tucker!" First thing  
anyone thinks of when they see this  
guy. All woman in the front, and an  
unholy mess of squashed dick'n'nuts  
in the back, waddling down Front  
Street. "Tucker! Tucker! Tucker!"

An old pain plays across Rich's face.

JACKSON'S POV: RICH'S HAND

tightens on the gun, turning white.

RICH

Donny...

JACKSON

(to Donny, calming)  
Ey man, maybe this isn't the time --

And again, the wrong thing to say.

DONNY

-- This is exactly the fuckin' time! No one in town ever forgot that. The proud protector of negros with his dick shoved half up his own ass. And now he's here hassling a nigger for a fuckin' joint --

RICH

-- DONNY!

Owen collapses on his knees and PROJECTILE VOMITS into the crusher. All three turn to watch him spill his guts. Finally, he struggles to his feet and holds up the weed with a grin.

OWEN

Motherfuckin' jackpot!

With a snarl, Rich grabs Jackson tight.

RICH

I knew it. I knew I saw that bag.  
(to Owen)  
Owen, that's evidence.

OWEN

Evidence of how fuckin' stoned I'm gonna get! Get on, Tucker, get the fuck outta here.

Jackson nods along. Yeah. Let's get outta here.

The boombox hits the end of the album. Switches to the next CD. GANGSTER RAP (maybe N.W.A.) booms out.

OWEN

Oh shit!!

DONNY

Oh shit!!

Owen dances, taking big sniffs of the weed and rapping along.

OWEN

"Fuck the police coming straight from the underground  
A young nigga got it bad cuz I'm brown..."

RICH

It's the fucking -- it's evidence, Owen. I have to take it.

He steps forward. Donny gets in his way. He's a good head taller than Rich.

DONNY

We found that weed. That's ours.

He stares Rich down -- then, suddenly, JOINS IN THE DANCING.

DONNY

Fuck tha police! Fuck tha  
police!

OWEN

Fuck tha police! Fuck tha  
police!

For a moment, Rich and Jackson just stand, slack-jawed, and watch Donny and Owen dance around with the weed. Then Rich shakes it off, holsters his gun, and draws a stun-gun.

Jackson slowly eases himself backwards.

RICH

Shut off the music.

They ignore him.

RICH

Shut it off, Owen.

No response -- RICH SNAPS.

RICH

Hey! Shut the god-damn music off,  
you dumb fucking hicks!

Donny spins. Jackson backs up faster.

DONNY

What the fuck did you just call me,  
you stuck-up fucking cop faggot?

RICH

I called you fucking inbred hicks,  
or is his (re: Owen) momma not his  
daddy's fuckin' first cousin?

OWEN

She's your fuckin' family, too,  
man!

RICH

Not since Gerry caught that slut  
fuckin' around, she's not!

DONNY

It's your sister Sherri who's the  
fuckin' town bicycle slut!

Jackson is almost at the fence...

Rich spins, eyes on Jackson.

RICH  
Where the fuck are you going?

Jackson freezes.

RICH  
Get over here, get that bag of  
weed, and bring it to me.

Jackson looks around. No choice.

JACKSON  
(to himself)  
Just say what you gotta say...

He walks back and holds a hand out to Owen. Owen glares.

JACKSON  
(whispers)  
I could get you more, man.

OWEN  
Get the fuck outta here, nig --

Rich FIRES THE STUN-GUN STRAIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF OWEN'S  
FACE. Owen convulses and drops. Fast and smooth, Rich draws  
his real gun and pivots to cover Donny.

Donny's rifle is TRAINED RIGHT BACK ON RICH.

DONNY  
Better get that fuckin' gun off me.

Jackson scoops the weed up, holds it up to Rich --

JACKSON  
Okay! It's here. It's here!

-- the minute Rich's attention moves, Donny FIRES THE RIFLE.

The BLAST catches Rich in the side. BLOOD SPRAYS onto  
Jackson's shirt as he ducks and rolls away from the gunfire.

RICH STAGGERS backwards, FIRING HIS WEAPON from the hip.

Two shots TEAR THROUGH DONNY'S RIGHT ARM. The rifle drops. He  
staggers back. Rich is already regaining his stance --

He sprints forward and knocks Donny away from the rifle with  
a HARD KICK TO THE JAW. Donny lands flat on his back.

Rich eases forward and rests his boot on DONNY'S TESTICLES. The big man CRIES OUT. Rich looks back at Jackson.

RICH  
He didn't tell you the funniest part of the story. What happened after, Donny? I humiliated myself to save that kid, what happened?

Donny groans in pain. Jackson is silent.

RICH  
Long story short, this piece of shit (re: Donny) and this piece of shit's dad (re: Owen) got drunk and fucking killed him. And I nailed the other guy, but this murdering fuck went free.

His face darkens.

RICH  
Until he interfered with a police investigation and got himself shot. What a dumb-fuck hick thing to do.

CLOSE ON -- DONNY'S HAND EASES A KNIFE out of his pocket.

DONNY  
(through gritted teeth)  
I didn't do shit.

JACKSON SEES THE KNIFE. He opens his mouth to yell out...

...then HE SHUTS IT TIGHT.

RICH  
You've never done shit, you fucking red --

Donny STABS THE KNIFE into Rich's upper thigh as he LEAPS UP, grabbing Rich's gun arm.

Rich stumbles backwards -- SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER. Sheer momentum keeps Donny moving forward as the BULLETS RIP THROUGH HIS TORSO, killing him on his feet.

Rich FALLS, and the last wild shot HITS DONNY IN THE NECK. ARTERIAL SPRAY erupts and splatters across Jackson's face.

CLOSE ON -- JACKSON'S BLOODIED FACE

as a PAIR OF BOOTS plunges down in front of him --

OWEN  
Fuck you, 'cous!

Jackson rolls to the side as Owen, staggering on his feet, opens fire with the revolver. THE FIRST SHOT hits Rich in the stomach. THE SECOND SHOT goes wide. Then -- CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Nothing.

Rich slumps over, eyes wide open.

Owen turns the gun, stares confusedly at the barrel.

OWEN  
I fucked up the reload?

JACKSON  
Aw man, don't --

Owen pulls the trigger again.

BLAM! BRAIN MATTER flies into Jackson's open mouth.

Jackson doubles over, retching. Slowly gets control of himself.

He sits up. Covered in brains and blood. Looks around.

All three of them are dead.

He stands unsteadily, scoops the bag of weed off the ground. Blood dripping off the plastic. The top's still open -- he looks inside. Blood and brains all over the weed.

He drops the bag and crosses to Rich. He fumbles in the dead officer's uniform pocket, finds the joint.

He lights it, takes a heavy drag, and starts to limp towards the front gate.

FADE OUT.