

**Random Pain**

A Tale of Desperation

EXT. WASTELAND-DAY

Nothing for miles, except for one lone rider. Covered in black, wearing a poncho and hat. He stands out from the yellow and orange world he travels through. The rider radiates toughness and self-reliance. This is DRAKE, dark hair and rough features.

DRAKE (v.o.)

A bright man once said that poker is a godless game, full of random pain. Who would have thought five cards could ruin a life?

Drake pulls out a silver flask and takes a sip.

DRAKE (cont'd)

I stick my head out of the gutter for one second and life shovels shit into my face.

EXT. THE TOMBSTONE-DAY

The Tombstone.

The rudest, sleaziest, decrepit, dilapidated saloon in all of Arizona. It lies at the top of a jagged hilltop, overlooking a modest small town. Loud music reverberates from within the thin wooden walls.

DRAKE (v.o.)

Out here, there are hundreds of ways to lose money, but only two sure ways of making it. Breaking the law and gambling.

INT. THE TOMBSTONE-DAY

The place is packed.

Most are crowded around a small circular pit. Their fists filled with cash. Two gamecocks do battle in the small arena. Feathers fly and blood is spilt. Each bird has small metal spurs taped and tied onto their feet.

Drake slowly walks in and is immediately approached by a small Hispanic man dressed in an expensive white suit, he is flanked by two large bodyguards. This is CASTILLO, the proprietor of the bar.

CASTILLO

Drake, what a pleasant surprise.  
What brings you to my humble  
establishment.

DRAKE

The same reason everyone else is  
here, to gamble.

CASTILLO

Gamble?

DRAKE

Yeah, gamble.

CASTILLO

Word is you're in deep with Valdez.  
Seems you owe him quite a bit of  
money.

DRAKE

And?

CASTILLO

You know Valdez runs protection for  
me. If he catches you in here,  
we're both dead.

DRAKE

You got it all wrong, Valdez gave  
me a extension.

Castillo looks hesitant.

CASTILLO

(beat)

Fine, but after this, we're even  
for that thing in Tijuana.

DRAKE

That sounds fair.

CASTILLO

Now down to business, the normal  
amount?

DRAKE

(beat)

No, that won't be enough this time.

CASTILLO  
That isn't an option. Not unless  
you're hiding some extra cash.

DRAKE  
How about some collateral?

CASTILLO  
Collateral? What do you have in  
mind?

DRAKE  
My horse.

CASTILLO  
And?

DRAKE  
(hesitantly)  
And the Valkyrie.

Castillo glances down at the *silver* revolver, holstered on  
Drakes belt.

CASTILLO  
Drake, this isn't like you.

DRAKE  
What?

CASTILLO  
You reek of desperation.

DRAKE  
Don't confuse desperation with  
determination. It'll get you  
killed.

Castillo extends his hand, Drake hesitantly accepts and they  
shake.

DRAKE  
It seems like we have a deal.

CASTILLO  
Enjoy the match, I know I will.

Castillo and his men head back towards the cockpit as Drake  
turns to the bar. An elderly man cleans glasses.

DRAKE  
Beer.

The bartender ducks underneath the counter and quickly retrieves a warm beer. Drake snatches up the *brown* bottle and finds a nearby table. The match begins as two birds are released into the pit.

DRAKE (v.o.)

Just look at those people. Having the time of their life. The cockfight, to many, is all about social interaction. All of the kinship and social bonds are built, stressed and maintained.

Drake gives a devilish grin as his gamecock leaps into the air and finishes off the smaller bird. A swath of blood coats the nearby audience who are all now in a frenzy.

DRAKE (cont'd)

But for me, it's all about the money.

Drake finishes the warm beer and slams it down on the table next to him. Castillo and his *white* suit stand out among the villagers and drunks.

Drake slowly stands and strolls over toward Castillo who stands next to the bar. Castillo radiates tension as he downs a shot of some dark booze, Drake still carries that devilish grin.

DRAKE

Pay up.

CASTILLO

No. This was a unfair match, and that makes our agreement void.

Within a fraction of a second, Drake has the Valkyrie out and pressed between the eyes of a shocked Castillo.

DRAKE

(beat)

Don't start with that bullshit. Pay up right now.

Drake pulls back the hammer.

DRAKE (cont'd)

Or you and a lot of people are going to die.

CASTILLO

You're good Drake but not that good.

The audience has scattered, Drake is surrounded by ten very large bodyguards.

DRAKE

Last chance, give me the money.

CASTILLO

I just don't see that happening.

Drake suddenly lowers the gun and pulls the trigger.

*BAM.*

The bullet tears through Castillo's scrotum. Blood and particles of white tissue splatter everywhere. Castillo slumps to the ground, screaming in pain. Two more shots and the large guards flanking Castillo go down.

Drake picks up Castillo and hurls himself and the wounded man behind the bar counter just as the other guards open fire.

They land next to the bartender, who mouths Hail Marys in Spanish. Hundreds of bottles explode, raining shards of *glass* down on both Drake, Castillo and the bartender.

Drake finds an unharmed bottle of Jack Daniels and tears the cap off. He glances around and suddenly snatches a dirty cloth from the bartender's apron.

The piece of cloth is shoved into the bottle. He shakes the bottle, soaking the stuffed cloth with the Tennessee whiskey.

The shooting suddenly stops.

Drake points the Valkyrie over the edge of the counter and fires aimlessly. The guards hunker down and open up once again.

Drake produces a small silver lighter from his pocket and ignites the cloth. He gives the Molotov cocktail one last glance and then flings it over the counter.

*KABOOM.*

The crackling of burning wood is accompanied by the screams of men, burning alive.

EXT. THE TOMBSTONE-DAY

Drake bursts out of the burning saloon, an unconscious Castillo over his shoulder and the bartender follows closely behind. He carries Castillo a small distance before dropping him to the scorched earth.

DRAKE  
(coughing)  
Wake up.

Drake nudges Castillo with his boot. After a few more kicks, he begins to regain consciousness.

DRAKE  
Wake up and smell the ashes.

The pain hits Castillo like a freight train and he begins to sob.

DRAKE  
I've got some questions and need  
some answers.

CASTILLO  
Go straight to Hell.

DRAKE  
Wrong answer.

Drake puts a bullet into Castillo's right knee, he screams with pain.

CASTILLO  
(screaming)  
Please stop.

DRAKE  
(annoyed)  
I'll stop when I get those answers.  
Now tell me where you keep your  
profits from the fights.

CASTILLO  
(sobbing)  
No, not that.

Drake kneels down beside Castillo.

DRAKE  
Do you know how long of an  
extension Valdez gave me?

CASTILLO

No.

DRAKE

He gave me a day.

Drake kneels down next to Castillo.

DRAKE (cont'd)

And that was a week ago. Are you starting to see where I'm coming from?

Castillo just nods.

DRAKE (cont'd)

Within a matter of hours, they're going to catch up. If they find me without their money, they will kill me.

Castillo continues to sob and bleed.

DRAKE

(screaming)

Now tell me where your fucking stash is, now!

He points the *Valkyrie* at Castillo's head.

CASTILLO

(beat)

The General Store, in town. Its in a safe.

Drake turns around and looks out over the small town of Tombstone.

Suddenly a loud rumbling sound reverberates from underneath the dusty ground. His confusion is obvious as he looks for the source of the disturbance.

He glances over his shoulder and spots it. Several horses race towards the burning saloon. Confusion turns to fear.

DRAKE

Damn, they're early.

Drake leaps onto his horse and rockets towards the small town.

EXT. TOWN-DAY

The small town is in terrible shape, the result of countless years under the merciless sun. Each building looks almost identical; each wooden, crumbling and covered in a thin layer of sand. The old buildings are designated by a large wooden plank hung over entrances.

EXT. GENERAL STORE

The General Store is larger than the other buildings, over the small wooden entrance hangs a large wooden plank which reads: **George and Bert's General Goods**

Drake arrives in town and pulls back on the reins of his horse, stopping in front of the General Store.

INT. GENERAL STORE

Drake doesn't waste any time, he burst into the store with the Valkyrie in hand. He catches the clerk completely off guard.

BERT

How can I help yo-

DRAKE

The safe, where is it.

BERT

(beat)

In the backroom, down that hallway.

Drake heads toward the hallway, turning his back on the clerk. Bert slowly reaches under the counter for a massive *shotgun*. Drake glances back just as Bert raises the weapon.

With amazing speed Drake raises the Valkyrie and fires off one shot before Bert can pull the trigger.

The bullet tears a massive hole into the clerk's neck, blood begins to gush out from the wound as he slumps to the ground.

Drake quickly makes his way down the hall and reaches for an old rusty doorknob. The door suddenly opens and there stands a monster of a man. At least seven feet tall, he towers over Drake.

GEORGE

Who the hell are you?

Without hesitation, Drake pistol-whips the guard with the back of the Valkyrie. A mixture of blood and a few teeth splatters against the wall next to them.

INT. BACKROOM

George stumbles backward in pain, Drake then administers a powerful uppercut which sends George flying backwards. He lands next to the safe, unconscious and bloody.

Drake kneels next to the safe and studies it for a few seconds.

He then reaches into his jacket and pulls out a single stick of *dynamite*. He places it between the metal handle and the safe itself.

He unravels the fuse and pulls out his small silver lighter. It takes several attempts, but the lighter finally ignites and he places it against the fuse.

The fuse catches and Drake bolts back into the front room and takes cover.

*KABOOM.*

Drake walks back into a smoky room. The smoke settles, and the room slowly becomes visible. The walls are charred and splintered. The safe can now be seen again, it is unscathed.

DRAKE  
Son of a bitch!

He grabs the handle and pulls with all his strength but nothing.

VALDEZ (o.s.)  
Drake.

A powerful voice echoes through the thin wooden walls. Panic sets in, Drake slowly backs away from the safe. He glances down the hallway and out the front window. Valdez and his men have arrived in force, ten heavily armed men.

VALDEZ (o.s.)  
No more games, Drake. Come out.

DRAKE  
(to himself)  
Just gotta bye some time.

He suddenly glances down at George, now covered in smoke and chunks of charred wood. Drake kneels down and checks for a pulse. That devilish grin reappears.

Drake begins to shake and slap George.

DRAKE

Wake up. Wake the hell up.

George slowly wakes. Drake points the Valkyrie at the guard.

DRAKE

Take off your clothes.

GEORGE

What? What are you doing?

DRAKE

Just do it, or your headache gets a lot worse.

George begins to take his coat off, Drake then begins to undress himself.

EXT. GENERAL STORE

The back of the General Store.

The back-door slowly opens and a now blindfolded George appears, followed closely by Drake. They have switched clothes. Drake now wears a suit far too large for him and George has squeezed into suit far too small.

Drake marches George over to a nearby horse and helps him climb on.

He raises his revolver into the air and fires off one shot. The frighten horse darts away with a blind and bound George along for the ride.

Drake hurries back inside as the armed men in front of the store take off after the *disguised* rider.

INT. BACK-ROOM

Drake is back in front of the safe. He grabs the handle pulls with everything he has, but nothing. He sighs with disgust.

*CLICK.*

The barrel of a black revolver is placed against his head.

VALDEZ (o.s.)  
You've been busy today. If my count  
is correct, twelve men dead.

Drake slowly stands and turns around. We finally get a good look at Valdez. A overweight and elderly Hispanic man, he smokes a large cigar.

DRAKE  
Castillo probably wont make it.

VALDEZ  
Fine then, thirteen. But that isn't  
my point.

DRAKE  
Valdez, just let-

VALDEZ  
My point is that after all this  
death and destruction, you still  
haven't manage to get my money.

DRAKE  
It is just a matter of seconds  
before you get your money. I just  
need a little more time.

VALDEZ  
No. No more extensions, no more  
games and no more mercy.

DRAKE  
Please, Valdez. Let me make this  
right.

VALDEZ  
Its over, Drake.

*BOOM.*

Valdez looks shocked, his gun hasn't fired yet. His eyes widen and he collapses to the ground. Behind him stands a bloody but alive Bert. He holds his shotgun, smoke coming out the barrels.

Before Bert can reload, Drake pulls the Valkyrie and sends a round into the clerks forehead, killing him.

EXT. WASTELAND-DAY

George lies on the ground dead, shot to death. The horse lies next to him, sharing a similar fate. In the distance the armed men head back towards the small town.

INT. GENERAL STORE/BACKROOM

Drake leans against the wall and slides to the floor. The room is a slaughterhouse. Blood and smoke everywhere.

Suddenly the safe door *swings* open. It is completely empty.

DRAKE

I stick my head out of the gutter  
for one second and life shovels  
shit into my face.

**THE END**

