

THE RHINO DISASTER

by

O.T. Daynes

O.T. Daynes  
magician631@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - SUNSET

A group of wealthy young people mingle beneath a bruised sky. Almost every one of them has a drink in one hand, a cigarette in the other. Nobody's dressed like they knew they were going to be anywhere near water.

INT. OWEN'S STUDY - SUNSET

MULLET is standing before a window almost twice as tall as he is. He is watching the party unfurl below. He takes a sip of wine and turns.

MULLET

It's weird. They all love how sick this party is, but how many of them know how it was paid for?

The room regards him from the long glass table at its center. GHETTI is sprinkling weed from what can only be called a mountain into a blunt while OWEN puffs on a joint. Owen shrugs.

OWEN

Who cares? The ones who know aren't gonna do shit and the ones who don't are either wearing miniskirts or chasing them. No need to worry.

MULLET

I'm not worried, I'm just saying.

There's a knock at the door that's to the tune of "Jingle Bells." Owen looks to Ghetti, who is totally absorbed by his rolling. He then looks to Mullet, who turns back to the window and drinks.

Owen takes another hit and gets the door.

RHINO is there with a goofy grin on his face, a clearly spaced-out MIKE behind him.

RHINO

What's up bro?

Owen sounds as if he's in the middle of passing kidney stones when he responds.

OWEN

What's good?

Rhino claps him on the shoulder and steps into the room. He addresses them all:

RHINO

This is my friend Mike. He's got some good tree we can smoke you up on.

Mike is sending a text while trying in vain to brush dangling threads of hair from his face. Owen observes him and sighs.

We cut ahead: the five of them are sitting at one end of the glass table, passing around a nearly-extinct blunt. Rhino takes a swig of his drink, winces, and turns to Mike.

RHINO

Bro, spark that shit you got.

Mike looks utterly baffled over the fact that he has been addressed.

MIKE

Okay. Yeah.

He lights his own blunt, hits it, and passes to Owen. Owen hits it and instantly scrunches up his face. He exhales and repeats the process with a grimace. He passes to Ghetti.

OWEN

What **is** that shit?

RHINO

What do you mean?

OWEN

I mean, what did I just smoke?

RHINO

Weed.

OWEN

No, I -

RHINO

I know, I'm only messing. This is some shit Mike got. What's it called?

Mike is once again shocked.

MIKE

Uh, Magnetic Crystal Cobras.

OWEN

Seems a lot more like Mom's  
Garage Weed.

Mullet exhales.

MULLET

I thought I'd be a lot worse  
off than this when I came  
back to weed like this.

Mike looks heartbroken.

INT. DUST'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mullet is sitting in a mostly dark room. The blinds are drawn, and the small shards of sunlight that manage to burst through reveal a room coated in a thick layer of dust.

Mullet is in a decaying leather recliner. He's playing a video game, silent despite the headset he wears.

The coffee table in front of him is a testament to the dark place his life has ascended to. It's surface is populated by an open, half-empty bag of chips; several open, empty boxes of over-the-counter cough medications; an open jar, housing a few sorry scraps of weed. The jar rests atop a five dollar bill and two singles.

He eases back in the chair and loosens his grip on the controller, letting out a few soft curses. He lifts a one-hitter from the floor next to him, hits it, and lets out a thin cloud of smoke.

There's a "Jingle Bells" knock at his door.

Mullet stands slowly, stretching a bit as he makes his way to the door and opens it. Rhino stands in the doorway.

RHINO

What's up dude?

He peers over Mullet's shoulder and scans the house's interior.

MULLET

Not much.

He looks at Rhino, indifferent. Rhino looks back, waiting.

RHINO

What are you doing?

MULLET

I've been working on a little project. Pretty busy.

RHINO

Dude, perfect. I came here about a little project.

MULLET

What kind of project?

RHINO

A good one. Are you gonna let me in?

Mullet stands for a moment, considering whether he should reject the offer. But then he glides back into the house, leaving the front door ajar.

INT. MULLET'S KITCHEN - DAY

Rhino is at the kitchen table, leafing through Mullet's envelopes and pills.

Mullet sits on the counter, eating peanut butter with a spoon.

MULLET

So what's this project?

Rhino puts down the stack of mail.

RHINO

Okay dude, here it is. I know a guy whose like the new king of the Creek. Me and him do business, and right now he's offering some kind of crazy deal on H.

MULLET

What kind of deal?

RHINO

The kind that gets you to pay some of these bills. To get you some new sweatpants. Maybe even enough to get you a vacuum. At the very least you'll be able to buy some

real pills, not this high school cough medicine shit. How much do those set you back, anyway?

MULLET

I steal em from Target.

RHINO

I'll take that as accepting the offer. Let's go see him.

MULLET

Right now? I told you I got shit to do.

RHINO

Don't worry. Wal Mart will still be open when we get back.

MULLET

Why don't you just go by yourself?

RHINO

No can do. You're my ride. Go get changed into some shorts or something, it's like ninety degrees outside. I'll be waiting by the car.

INT. OWEN'S STUDY - NIGHT

The party continues beneath the stars. The space in front of the window is empty now.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Owen and AUGUST are the only ones in the kitchen. They watch each other sip their drinks.

AUGUST

So.

Owen looks at his glass.

AUGUST

I wasn't gonna come tonight.

His eyes ascend from the swaying vodka to her for half an instant before returning to their original target.

She takes a mildly vigorous swig of her own drink and puts it down.

AUGUST

What have you been up to?

Now Owen holds eye contact.

OWEN

You know. Just living. You?

She shrugs.

AUGUST

About the same. Frank - you know Frank right? My uncle?

OWEN

No. I forgot about the guy who robbed jewelry from his sister to pay for NASCAR tickets.

AUGUST

Yeah, well, he died about a month ago. That's been taking up most of my time.

OWEN

Oh. I wasn't -

AUGUST

I know.

She gives him a grin that doesn't even entertain the idea of reaching her eyes.

He walks to the window and looks out, back to her.

AUGUST

The party is great - the house looks amazing.

He hesitates before responding.

OWEN

Thanks.

AUGUST

Things must be going well.

Owen doesn't answer.

AUGUST

How's business?

He remains silent.

AUGUST

What, you're gonna give me  
the cold shoulder? Fuck you.

OWEN

Glad to see you've matured so  
much.

AUGUST

Quit acting so high and  
mighty you fuck.

Owen starts to reply.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

August storms out of the backdoor, her face a portrait of  
fury. She sparks a cigarette, plasters on a smile and walks  
into the crowd.

Mullet is in the most populous area, standing around a fire  
on the beach. He is trapped in a conversation with Rhino  
and Mike.

RHINO

You know? It's almost like  
they stopped trying after  
that season.

MIKE

Is that the show where the  
one guy is the doctor?

RHINO

I mean, maybe. There's a lot  
of shows like that.

His gaze is suddenly caught by something and he departs  
without another word.

Mullet looks at Mike for a moment, takes a long sip of his  
wine. He begins walking off.

MIKE

This is a ball sac crib, man.

MULLET



Yeah, it's nice.

MIKE

Probably sucks being this close to the water. Must smell like hooker vag like all the time, ya know?

A girl behind him looks at the both of them with disgust and walks off. Mullet prays for an escape.

Behind him, August is almost done with her cigarette, taking her drags as Rhino talks her ears off.

RHINO

So now that I don't watch it anymore, I've been looking for something to do on Tuesday nights. What do you usually do?

AUGUST

Um, nothing.

RHINO

Well, maybe you'd... I mean, you uh, you don't watch *Head Trauma*?

AUGUST

Nope. Never.

RHINO

That's cuz you're stupid.

He laughs. She sort of joins him, but mostly looks like she wants to roundhousekick him in the face.

Mullet turns. He pauses for the half a heartbeat, as if to say something, but then continues walking. He can see Owen standing on the back porch, and heads over.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Mullet's car hisses and pops its way down the road. The houses are almost exclusively ranches, most of them looking like solid ideas that hadn't been able to live up to their potential.

He and Rhino are both smoking cigarettes.

RHINO

Turn.

The car turns to a less dense road; much more trees have been allowed to grow here.

Despite the decrease in houses, this road is much more populated than the previous. Most of the people are in white tees or wife-beaters, either working on fixing something or doing absolutely nothing.

MULLET

Where's the house?

RHINO

At the end of the road, but I guess this whole street is pretty much his. That's how he can run shit so easily - it's impossible to sneak up on him. By the way, you don't have a gun on you, right?

MULLET

Should I?

RHINO

If you think about what we do, you should always be holding. At all times. But don't bring it with you here if you have one.

Mullet stops the car at a house at the end of the road, thin forest extending behind it. The lawn is a city of goons, unanimously meandering about. More than a few of them watch Mullet and Rhino approach; a quartet are already making their way over when the car shuts off.

Mullet and Rhino get out of the car. Rhino smiles at the approaching men and spreads his arms jovially.

RHINO

Hey, Gabe, what's up?

The one leading them, GABE, reaches Rhino at the edge of the lawn.

GABE

What's good, you fat motherfucker? Haven't seen you round here in a while.

RHINO

Yeah, well, I'm back.

He chuckles. Gabe watches him and waits. Rhino seems to be oblivious of his solo.

GABE

I heard a story about you,  
actually.

RHINO

Yeah?

GABE

Yeah, somebody told me a  
funny little tale about how  
you owe Mike a shit load. And  
you've been hiding out all  
this time.

RHINO

What? Who told you that?

GABE

Who you think, motherfucker?  
Lucky for you he decided to  
let you come talk to him.  
That's what you're here for,  
ain't it?

Rhino nods.

GABE

Go on in, then. Your boy too.

He smiles a bit. Rhino chuckles again and begins marching towards the house.

Mullet lingers. He scans the lawn again, taking in a feast of hostility. He looks at Rhino and Gabe, walking ahead.

He tosses his cigarette to the grass and follows them.

INT. RHINO'S ROOM - DAY

Rhino is sitting on his bed, playing Xbox. Mullet is at his desk, loading weed into the bong. Owen is sitting in a rocking chair in the corner, with Ghetti leaning against the wall.

Rhino's phone goes off. He answers it while playing.

RHINO

Yo. My apartment. How much you looking for? Yeah I'll hook it up. Okay call me when you're here.

He hangs up and sets the controller down.

RHINO

Yo, Owen, can you go into that top drawer and toss me the weed and scale?

Owen does it.

Rhino dumps a few handfuls on the scale.

RHINO

That's a cool dude. He's looking for a half, but he's always been real chill with me... I'll just give him a full ounce. Gotta do it sometimes, ya know?

Owen and Ghetti exchange looks of doubt. Mullet takes a hit from the bong.

GHETTI

Yo is this dude the only one you do this shit for?

RHINO

Nah. I'd do the same for you guys. You're cool.

GHETTI

So we'd get free weed?

RHINO

Yeah of course. I'm all about getting money wherever I can, but weed is about sharing. About being friends. All drugs are - it's sharing shit, you know? So I try to give as much deals as I can.

Satisfied with what he sees, he takes the weed off the scale and starts shoveling it into a bag.

RHINO (CONT'D)

You don't do that for friends?

GHETTI

Nah. When it comes to this shit, nothing I do is for my friends. It's not for anything but money. That's why I'm here in the first place.

RHINO

Aw, man, you're going about it all wrong. The way you do it is so stressful, and you always got a bunch of beef. Me, what have I got to worry about? I don't have any enemies.

This time, Ghetti and Owen pointedly don't look at anything but Rhino.

GHETTI

I hope this doesn't mean you don't have our money?

RHINO

I do. Relax, bro. You should go and get a massage or something. Calm you down.

He gets no response.

INT. ERIC'S KITCHEN - DAY

Rhino and Mullet sit across the table from ERIC. He's working on an engine of some sort, exploring it with wrenches and screwdrivers.

There are a few goons scattered about the room, either casually strolling or doing absolutely nothing.

RHINO

So, you're probably wondering why we're here.

ERIC

Not at all. You're here with my money, right?

RHINO

Actually, no dude. I'm here because -

Eric's expression hardens.

ERIC

Why don't you have it?

RHINO

Well, I don't have all the money yet. Almost.

ERIC

Then why the fuck are you here?

The goons have stopped moving.

RHINO

Because. We want to get in on this H deal you got going. Everybody's talking about these prices you got.

ERIC

You're here to cop? Okay. Let's do business.

Rhino half-turns to Mullet and gives him an "I told you so" look. He turns back to Eric.

RHINO

Thanks man.

ERIC

But how are you gonna do that if you don't have any money?

RHINO

Because, it's the two of us. Jay's fronting me.

Mullet momentarily freezes when his name is invoked, then goes back to fidgeting.

ERIC

I see. He can front you money to buy H but he can't for you to pay me back.

RHINO

Why are you being like this, man?

ERIC

Because you said you were gonna have my fucking money by last week and I still don't got shit, and now you come back here empty fuckin handed. I should shoot you in your fat fuckin mouth right now.

Rhino is trying as hard as he can to hold his smile. Mullet is scratching his face like if he does it enough he'll be allowed to leave.

ERIC (CONT'D)

But I'm not. Instead, I'm gonna tell you to get the fuck out of here right now. And I'm gonna put both of you fuckheads on notice. Don't come back around here - don't even come to the Creek anymore. As for your money, you got til tomorrow to get that shit.

RHINO

Tomorrow? Fuck, man, I can't make a hundred grand in a day.

ERIC

You don't need to make a hundred grand - you're friend Jay can front ya a little, can't he?

RHINO

Dude, I can make that back if you sell me some H to flip. I'll be able to -

Eric swings the wrench in his hand, connecting with Rhino's temple with a dull thud. Rhino groans as his chair falls back.

Mullet looks back and forth from Eric to Rhino. All the goons around him are ready to strike.

ERIC

Both of you get the fuck out of here.

Mullet stands, nudges Rhino with his foot.

MULLET (WHISPER)

Get up.

Rhino sings the tuneless pain song, both hands holding the wound and colored with blood, eyes shut. He's in pretty intense pain. But he still stands and staggers after Mullet.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Owen walks out of the cafe and surveys its outdoor patrons. Ghetti is sitting at a table beneath a tree, cup of coffee, cupcake and comic book before him. He smokes a cigarette. Owen sits down next to him.

OWEN

Yo.

Ghetti looks up, grins.

GHETTI

What's good? How you living?

OWEN

Been worse. Been better, too, but fuck it.

GHETTI

Word, I can cosign that.

OWEN

What've you been up to?

GHETTI

Same shit as always. I'm pretty much doing exactly what I used to just at a smaller scale. Quieter.

OWEN

That's smart.

GHETTI

It's boring. And I'm hardly even making any gwap. For the type of risk that comes with all this, I need to be stacking.

Owen shrugs, as if saying, *What are ya gonna do?* Ghetti takes a sip of coffee and Owen reaches into his coat pocket



and retrieves his own cigarettes. He takes a few puffs, looking out at the street and its various forms of traffic.

OWEN

Where's Mullet?

GHETTI

Probably up to some sketchy shit, as usual.

Owen notices something in the distance and chuckles.

OWEN

Of course.

GHETTI

What is it?

He turns to watch Mullet approach, a cigarette of his own in his mouth, nearly down to the filter. He takes a seat.

MULLET

What's up.

OWEN

Jay Lombardo. Right on time and as dirty as ever.

Mullet shrugs.

GHETTI

How you been? How's business?

MULLET

Pretty shitty. Ever since that George shit I've been in the sewers.

GHETTI

Word to that.

OWEN

Fuck him.

GHETTI

I dream of the day where he gets what he deserves. That fuck should get murked.

OWEN

He will.

GHETTI

Why are you so sure? That pussy's been walking around like it's no big deal for a long ass time. Shit hasn't happened to him yet.

OWEN

Cuz we haven't been able to get to him. He's not stupid.

GHETTI

Exactly. Which is why I'm saying we **aren't** gonna get to him.

Owen is about to respond when a WAITRESS stops at their table.

WAITRESS

Anything I can get you gentlemen?

OWEN

French vanilla latte. And whatever he's eating.

GHETTI

Chocolate cupcake.

Mullet is lighting another cigarette.

MULLET

Green tea.

The waitress takes the order down and departs.

OWEN

Green tea? When did that start?

MULLET

I don't know. A while ago.

OWEN

Typical.

Mullet shrugs.

OWEN

What do you think about this whole George thing?

MULLET

What do you mean?

OWEN

I mean do you think we should go after him or not?

GHETTI

I never said we shouldn't go after him, just that we haven't been able to yet. We shouldn't do shit if it's gonna be a suicide. Which is exactly what it is right now and has been ever since he fucked everyone over, by the way.

OWEN

Right **now** it is. But that won't last. All we need to do is get some money.

GHETTI

Not some. A fuckin lot.

OWEN

Either way. We can do that. Did it before.

GHETTI

Yeah, before. Before we all got snitched the fuck out and every cop for miles knew our name and face.

MULLET

The police don't care about us anymore. We're off the radar at this point.

GHETTI

But as soon as our names start ringing again, we'll be right back where we were. And he'll know we're coming, and we'll be fucked. Either ambushed or in jail.

OWEN

So, what? You don't wanna make any more money, ever?

Come on. We get back at George and then by getting money. We get money by working our hustle.

GHETTI

How do we do that? It seems like all our hustles need a tune-up or some shit.

OWEN

I don't know how yet.

GHETTI

Well there ya go.

The waitress returns, places the drinks down and walks back off. Owen leans back.

OWEN

Fuck.

GHETTI

Yeah.

They smoke for a moment.

OWEN

So Mullet, what have you been doing? Besides drinking green tea and shit.

Mullet gives a single chirp of laughter.

EXT. ERIC'S LAWN - DAY

Mullet's car does its best imitation of a peel-off and wheezes down the road.

Gabe is watching them go when Eric comes storming to him from the house, blood-tinged wrench in hand.

ERIC

Get a few people and follow them. I wanna see where they go, especially where Rhino stays.

GABE

I know where he stays. He just invited me over to smoke a couple days ago.

ERIC

Really? That makes things a lot easier. In that case, just go and fuck them both up.

GABE

What do you mean by fuck them up?

ERIC

That fat piece of shit owes me a hundred grand.

Gabe nods and briskly makes his way off, signaling to a few of his boys as he does.

INT. DUST'S CAR - DAY

Mullet lights a cigarette as Rhino continues to moan.

MULLET

How bad is it?

RHINO

I... I don't know. It hurts pretty fuckin bad.

MULLET

Do you want me to take you to a hospital?

There's a moment of consideration.

RHINO

No, fuck it.

Mullet nods and turns on the radio. They've made it back to the highway.

RHINO

You gotta help me get this hundred grand, bro. You gotta.

MULLET

I mean, I'll try. I'm not exactly swimming in money, though, in case you haven't noticed.

Before Rhino can respond, something behind them shatters.

They both curse and turn. There's a ripple of fractured glass in the back seat, an empty 40 at its center. The back window is almost entirely shattered. In the naked air behind them Gabe and four others have arrived on their bikes.

RHINO

Shit bro! They're gonna slice  
open my scrotum.

Mullet pushes the car as hard as it can go, cruising down the sparsely-populated highway. The bikes are within a few feet.

MULLET

Shit.

He sharply cuts to the left, bounding across the weedy divider and onto the other side of the highway.

He checks his pursuers: two are still on the right side of the road; Gabe managed to stay almost exactly where he was in relation to the car; the final chaser is further back.

Up ahead, two of the three lanes have approaching traffic. The middle is the only clear one. Both cars are honking and screeching to a stop, but no one will be able to stop before impact.

Mullet gets into the barren lane. As soon as he is beyond the two cars he swerves back around and past the now-motionless cars.

Gabe tries to replicate this maneuver and his bike skids and then topples, throwing him through the air like a pair of socks.

Mullet is suddenly in a pocket of free space between the cars behind him and the goon in front of him.

The goon isn't moving. His arm raises; sunlight glints off something in his hand.

Then that something flashes and the windshield bursts. Bullets and glass fountain onto Mullet and Rhino.

Mullet roars and cuts hard to the left and across the divider once more, bullets continuing to splatter against the side of the car.

He steers towards his original destination, finally coming out of the range of his assailant.

The final two followers have just made it to the other lane and are trying to get back in pursuit.

Up ahead, there's an exit. He checks his rear-view again and can barely see the other two. He takes the exit.

MULLET

Are you okay?

RHINO

My head's still spewing. But, yeah dude. I'm good. You?

MULLET

My car's fucked.

RHINO

At least it's still going.

MULLET

Yeah.

RHINO

Speaking of, do you think you could give me a ride to my grandma's?

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Mullet lifts his mug to his lips.

GHETTI (TO OWEN)

I've known Rhino was a fuck-up ever since that time he brought that serial killer to one of your parties.

OWEN

Don't be embarrassed. At least you figured it out.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Mullet still holds his cup of coffee. He takes a final drag when the bus pulls up and hops on.

INT. BUS - DAY

He looks at the passengers: a sleeping old man, a crazy bag lady, some guys in clothes almost universally paint-stained. And Rhino. They simultaneously notice each other.

Rhino looks suspiciously at the others on the bus, and tries to covertly wave Mullet over.

Mullet sits down next to him.

Rhino whispers to him.

RHINO

Dude. What's up? How've you been?

MULLET

All right, I suppose.

RHINO

You been keeping your head low?

MULLET

I guess.

RHINO

Good. We both need to keep doing that. Those fuckers are still lookin for us, probably.

MULLET

Well, did you give that guy his money?

RHINO

Fuck no, dude. They tried to kill me last time. I'm not going back there.

MULLET

But... So, what are you gonna do?

RHINO

I don't know. Wait for it to blow over, I guess.

Mullet doesn't say anything to this.

RHINO

Look. I fucked up. I'm sorry I brought you into this whole bullshit scenario and got you caught up in all that shit.

Mullet's stares ahead.

MULLET



It's fine.

RHINO

I just wanted you to know  
that we're still boys. And  
look, I can give you deals.  
Hit me up, anytime. You know  
I'll look out for you.

Mullet gauges him for a few bumps.

MULLET

I might have to take you up  
on that.

INT. DUST'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

The room remains lit by the TV and creases of sunlight.  
Mullet is on the phone.

MULLET

Owen? It's Mullet. I was  
thinking about what we were  
all talking about today and I  
got an idea.

INT. DUST'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mullet, Owen and Ghetti are at the table eating ice ghetti  
and smoking a blunt.

MULLET

You'll never believe who I  
ran into today.

GHETTI

The dude who was Locke on  
*Lost*.

MULLET

No.

GHETTI

George?

MULLET

Nope.

OWEN

Rhino.

MULLET

Yeah. How'd you know?

OWEN

He's pretty much the only person we talked about today that you'd actually have a chance of running into. You'd have to be retarded to think it was anybody else.

GHETTI

Eat a dick.

MULLET

So anyway, I see Rhino and he apologizes for all this shit, and he's acting like he really wants to be friends with me. And he tells me that he can hook up these deals. So I was thinking, why don't we -

GHETTI

Just hustle the shit outta his bitch ass.

MULLET

Basically, yeah.

GHETTI

I'm down. But only because it worked so well the last time he came to you with a deal.

MULLET

Fuck you.

GHETTI

No, fuck rhino.

OWEN

Yeah, seriously.

EXT. RHINO'S GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mullet, Owen and Ghetti stand outside the home. Rhino opens the front door and his face lights up.

RHINO

Oh shit! Long time no see. I didn't know you two were coming along.

GHETTI

Word.

RHINO

Come in, let's smoke some pot.

INT. RHINO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rhino sets up a bowl on his dresser, which is surrounded by mountains of weed and coke, with a few hilly passages of pills.

RHINO

We might have to take this outside; I don't know if my grandma is asleep yet or not.

MULLET

We kind of have plans, so...

RHINO

Okay, I understand. What you guys up to?

OWEN

Going to the club.

RHINO

Sick. Which one?

GHETTI

Deals, son. Hook-ups. What are they?

RHINO

Right.

He places the bowl aside and directs his lamp at the piles.

RHINO (CONT'D)

Okay. The coke is good shit, everybody's saying so. Try some.

Mullet takes a fingertip's worth and licks it; Ghetti sprinkles some on the back of his hand and sniffs the makeshift line.

RHINO

Everybody I sold this to has come back for more.

GHETTI

What high school are you  
selling it at?

Rhino ignores him.

DUST

How much an ounce?

RHINO

Fourteen. Now the weed, it's  
good mids. Not great stuff,  
definitely won't blow you out  
of the water, but you can  
sell a lot of it.

DUST

What're you looking for for  
that?

RHINO

Sixty a quarter.

OWEN

How much do you have? Can you  
only push quarters?

RHINO

No way. I can get you as much  
as you need.

MULLET

What about those?

RHINO

Vicodin. Fifty mg. Five  
dollars a pop.

GHETTI

The Grandmom stash, eh?

RHINO

So, what can I get for you  
guys?

MULLET

It's fourteen thou per oh for  
the coke, sixty a Q for the  
piff, and five a piece for  
the vics?

RHINO

Yes sir.

MULLET

I thought you told me I was gonna get deals.

RHINO

What do you mean? These are all good deals.

GHETTI

Nah, they aren't. When you come around talking about good deals after all that shit you got Mullet into, you need to have better offers than this. Do you realize how badly you fucked my dude's shit up? His car is completely deaded. He's gotta ride the bus and shit. Do you know what that's like?

RHINO

That's where I saw him today.

GHETTI

Oh.

He takes out his phone and doesn't make eye contact with anyone.

MULLET

He's kind of right, though. This is a little expensive.

RHINO

I mean... what do you suggest?

MULLET

That coke isn't that good. Fourteen per oh is a bit much for it - I'm not trying to put down more than ten for an ounce of that. The weed too. It's not the strongest thing ever. It has a pretty strong scent, and it definitely smells like some grass clippings.

RHINO

This is better than you think. Take a hit.

He hoists up the bowl.

MULLET

I can see the seeds from here. Thirty a quarter, tops. The pills, those are actually a pretty good deal. But I know you don't have an endless supply of these things. As soon as you're done with that bottle, you're out. I'll give you two-fifty per pill.

RHINO

Come on. That's not fair.

MULLET

Fair? Really? You almost got me murdered. I **should** be making you pay for a new car, but I'm not.

Rhino looks down for a second, rubs his eyes.

RHINO

Fine. I'll do it.

INT. DUST'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The blinds are still drawn, the TV is still on; but Mullet himself is nowhere to be seen.

INT. DUST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mullet is sitting on his bed, swimming in bags. His phone buzzes and he answers it.

MULLET

Hello. Yeah, I'll let you in.

He hangs up and leaves, taking some of the weed with him.

INT. DUST'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mullet opens the door for a SKETCHY KID. While letting the Sketchy Kid in, he peers out at his road, looking at the parked cars and occasional afternoon jogger. He shuts it.

MULLET

You said you wanted a half,  
right?

The Sketchy Kid nods, leering at Mullet's possessions. He digs into his pocket and produces a few twenties. Mullet quickly flips through it and hands over the bag.

MULLET

Enjoy. Take the backdoor out  
of here.

The Sketchy Kid mumbles something back and leaves. Mullet watches him leave so he knows the Sketchy Kid doesn't steal any of his shit.

INT. DUST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Back in the room, Mullet opens up his closet and picks up one of the shoe boxes on its floor. He scoops a small key from within the left sneaker.

INT. DUST'S BASEMENT - DAY

He goes into the basement, around a heating vent, and picks up a decrepit wooden box from a pile of crap. The key opens the box, revealing a pile of money - easily a couple thousand dollars. He chucks in the newly made cash.

New deals are made, and Mullet throws more and more money into the box.

INT. DUST'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Mullet is asleep on the couch. The TV is on. There are three sharp knocks on the door.

He sort of wakes up. He peels down one of the blinds a fraction and squints through.

There are COPS out there. The one in the front knocks again.

MULLET

Fuck.

He scrambles to his feet and charges for the sliding glass backdoor. He bursts past it and sprints across his back lawn. A dog barks.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Owen and Ghetti sit on a park bench, smoking. Behind them are two heavily populated basketball courts.

OWEN

This is fucking bullshit.

GHETTI

He's done.

OWEN

No, he isn't. Luckily he had just run out of the coke. Knowing him he was probably gonna re-up in a few hours.

GHETTI

What about the pills?

OWEN

Long gone.

GHETTI

Oh, shit. Didn't know that.

OWEN

Yeah. He'll probably get out of this okay, all things considered.

GHETTI

Except that he got fuckin popped.

OWEN

Can't win em all... How did this even happen?

GHETTI

Somebody was snitching.

OWEN

You think so?

GHETTI



There's always a snitch when somebody's getting fucked over.

OWEN

You don't think it was because he acted stupid or something? Wasn't careful enough?

GHETTI

This is Mullet. He makes the people he sells to park five blocks away and bounce through the back door like how your girlfriend in middle school when your parents got home.

OWEN

The handjob days. Who do you think the snitch is?

GHETTI

Rhino. Who else? Probably all butt-hurt because we didn't wanna get robbed for his mediocre drugs. Fuckin pussy.

OWEN

I don't know. I mean, he **is** a pussy, but I don't see him going to the cops.

GHETTI

He didn't have to snitch to the cops, per se.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Owen and Ghetti smoke cigarettes with their coffee and cupcakes.

OWEN

You were right. Rhino's with George.

GHETTI

How do you know?

OWEN

I tailed him.

GHETTI

Tailed him? Okay Mr. Bond.  
Did you murk them?

OWEN

Don't you think I would've  
mentioned that?

GHETTI

Why didn't you?

OWEN

Because it was on Main  
Street, at eleven on a Friday  
night. I just saw the two of  
them chilling and then I went  
home, smoked some blunts, and  
thought about how much I hate  
Rhino.

GHETTI

I always knew this dude was a  
shark, but I didn't think  
it'd come to **this**.

OWEN

Seriously.

GHETTI

So, what's the next move?

OWEN

We wait. We still don't have  
enough firepower to come at  
George.

GHETTI

Fuck coming at George for a  
second. Rhino is the one who  
let George fuck over Mullet  
like this. He's the one we  
gotta fuck up.

OWEN

So, what? Roll up on him?

GHETTI

Obviously. Fuck else are we  
gonna do? There are certain

things that you don't do,  
because you know that if you  
do, somebody is gonna hit you  
in the face with a fuckin  
sprinkler.

OWEN

Sprinkler?

GHETTI

Or something. That's not the  
point. The point is that we  
fuckin kill this piece of  
shit once and for all.

OWEN

No, we can't do that.

GHETTI

Why the fuck not? You gonna  
try and tell me that we  
aren't strong enough to take  
on Rhino? If that's the case  
I'll just cut my wrists right  
now.

OWEN

It's not that. It's just...  
If we kill Rhino, it would be  
pretty easy to make the case  
that it was us. And George  
could rat us out. We'd  
basically just give him our  
heads.

GHETTI

So the plan is to be bitches?

OWEN

The plan is to wait. Make  
Rhino think we don't know, so  
he says some shit that'll  
make it easier for us to get  
back at him **and** George. And  
all the other fucks too.

GHETTI

Fuck that, son. Fuck that.

OWEN

It's either this or we get a few hours of satisfaction before going to jail until we barely remember the days when we could get a boner. It's whatever you want to do.

INT. RHINO'S ROOM - DAY

Rhino is sitting at his desk, loading up the bong.

RHINO

You guys looking to re-up, or what?

Owen is in the rocking chair while Ghetti leans on the wall.

OWEN

Nah dude, not right now. We were just trying to get zooted, you know?

RHINO

Been there. Am there, actually.

He laughs, Owen chuckles, Ghetti frowns.

GHETTI

Yo Rhino. Did you hear?

Rhino stops packing the bong.

RHINO

Hear what?

GHETTI

Mullet. He got arrested.

Rhino blinks a handful of times in less than a second, looking back and forth between Ghetti and Owen.

RHINO

No shit. That... that sucks.

He looks back down at the bong, but doesn't resume packing it.

RHINO (CONT'D)

Any idea how it happened?

OWEN

None. He probably just got too risky.

Rhino's pose eases and he resumes stuffing the weed.

RHINO

Yeah, probably.

Owen and Ghetti both look at him and calculate.

FADE OUT