

# ROADHOUSE LEGACY

SCENE 1 > MARTYDOG

In the city of Vero Landing , summers were hot and this one was no different. The large gated fence surrounded a brick building that was once an old church, as old as Vero Landing itself. There was no wind to combat the heat today, the flagpole out front stood tall as the over hanging roof but the flags hung motionless . A marine corp flag just below the stars and stripes was starting to show its age. Music could be heard in the distance as a vehicle entered the front gate. It was not long before the one could hear AC/DC screaming from the stereo. 'Dirty deeds and they're done dirt cheap'... 'Dirty deeds and they're done dirt cheap'.. The black jeep pulled into a parking spot that had a metal sign that read 'Sensei'. The bald headed driver in Oakley shades pounded the steering wheel as he drummed to the beat. Marty killed the tunes as he stepped out of the jeep. He pulled a canvas gym bag off the passenger seat and stood back to admire the view of his school. The words 'Iron Tiger Dojo and Gym' were painted on a large sign that hung over the front entrance. Marty advanced to the front door and unlocked it. A couple of marine dog tags rattled against his keys as He pulled them from the lock and entered the gym.

Marty turned on the florescent lights that hung from the tall ceiling and spanned the total length of the gym.

Marty opened an old wooden door directly to his right and step into his side office. He moved behind his desk, threw down his gym bag in the chair and pressed the answering machine's blinking red 'messages' button.

KATHERINE

"Marty I got your message and I appreciate your offer to go to dinner but I don't feel much like socializing plus Casey is not feeling well, but thank you, good-bye"

Marty slammed his finger down on the "Erase" button. He breathed in deeply though clenched teeth and exhaled slowly though his nose

MARTY

"Fuckin bitch.. 2 years of working that number and still no dice.. Well if I ain't tappin that keg..nobody's tappin it!!"

Marty finished undressing and put on his black Gi. The embroidered picture of a Hydra on the back of his Gi was a match the identical tattoo on his back. Marty stepped out of the office and entered the main gym area to prepare for the evening class. He snapped a saluted in the large mirror that ran the total length of the gym wall.

He rocked his head from side to side, his neck cracked like a whip as he flexed and stretched out his 6'4" 245 lb heavily muscled body.

MARTY

"Still got it...the bitches want it.. 'Semper fi , do or die!"

In the mirror Marty saw a rock solid fighting machine, a Veteran, a war hero. He refused to see it any other way, as far as he was concerned the Marines did him wrong. They fucked him over. The court marshal was fucking political bullshit from the word Go!

Marty began to speak as an image behind his reflection began to transform.

MARTY

"You Fuckin self-rightious SOB..."

In the mirror MARTY sees a vision rapidly take the shape of four high ranking military officers seated at a large wooden table, thumbing through Marty's military file, The Ghost's of War were back for the reckoning. The officer in the center of the table begins to speak:

SENIOR OFFICER

(a vision in the mirror)

" The following is the Court-Martial proceedings brought against Gunnery Sgt. Marty Doggart -2nd Marine Div. 9th platoon - Desert Storm The prosecution puts forth the first of three depositions. Deposition one is the testimony of Cpr. Wayne Williams -2nd Marine Div. 9th platoon - Desert Storm"

Marty glares into the mirror at the image of Corporal Wayne Williams, his old comrade-in-arms turned Judas. Beside the Corporal sits two other soldiers from his unit. They sit quietly, as the prosecution read the Corporal's written statement that told his side of the story. The three testimony's would be the nails used in Marty's crucifixion.

SCENE -2 > DESERT STORM - IRAQ

The Al Wafrah oilfields were not too far away. The minefields had been under the watchful eyes of Marine Snipers throughout the night. Sgt. Marty Doggart deployed a two man recon. The already dark night sky was made much worse by the oil well fires that burned like giant birthday cake candles in a dark room. Thick black smoke shot high into the air, blocking all the natural light. The fires themselves could be seen from horizon to horizon as the flames lit up the dark desert. The recon patrol radioed back, that they had spotted two Soviet made Iraqi T-55 main battle tanks. But they were going to have a closer look. Fifteen minutes later it was confirmed that the tanks had been previously destroyed by allied air forces.

The whole area showed signs of War zone. Other fires burned in the distance of what used to be enemy armored vehicles, artillery cannons, and supply trucks. Now they were nothing but worthless twisted pieces of melting steel. Five kilometers north they found an area that was littered with Iraqi debris. 9th platoon participated in clearing operations of the houses, buildings, and bunkers at Al Wafrah Forest. Shots were fired. However, this was standard operating procedures when clearing a house or building. At various places, dead enemy soldiers lay in the sand. The nauseating smell of burning flesh was thick in the air.

The platoon began to search the area and found bunkers stockpiled with Soviet ammunition. Sgt. Doggart found AK-47 assault rifles in a tunnel outside one of the bunkers.

Sgt. Doggart reported these findings to Central Command. MI "Military Intelligence" comes back with a report that these weapons specifically belonged to either a Iraqi Republican Guard unit or to an Iraqi Special Forces/Commando type unit. Confirming that somewhere close by was an elite Iraqi unit. Once it was dark, HQ ordered us to stop and deploy security & recon patrols for the night.

On the morning of February 28th 1991, HQ radios's that a ceasefire was in the works and would probably be implemented within hours. Shock, disbelief, and frustration hit Sgt. Doggart hard. He's angry that the War was actually winding down. As far as he was concerned, there were still hostile Iraqi Soldiers in Kuwait. Sgt. Doggart was really pissed off because we had been in a combat zone for several days now and not been allowed to engage to enemy in a single firefight.

#### MARTY

'I can't believe this fucking shit! Were Marines not fuckin' NATO pussies'.

A few hours later, the official report was sent to Sgt. Doggart. All offensive combat operations were to cease immediately. Sgt. Doggart orders Cpl. William's to disregard the standing orders and to prepare the men for combat. Sgt. Doggart informs the platoon that they would be engaging an Iraqi Republican Guard unit at a stronghold 3 kilometers northwest of their position in the Al Wafrah forest region. Cpl. Williams follows Sgt. Doggart.

CPL. WILLIAMS

(In a low stern voice)

"Sir, we have our orders..we are to cease all offensive combat operations.This was a direct violation of the ceasefire!"

MARTY

'What orders Corporal?'

The squad arrives at the target zone. There Sgt. Daggert and 9th platoon engaged the Iraqi's that are there. When it was over they killed 22 Iraqis and lost four soldiers. William's knows at this point he needed to do something, even the other soldiers suspected that Sgt Daggert had flipped and is not fit for command. Cpl Williams gets an opportunity to radio command with his coordinates and reports that Sgt. Daggert had gone rogue.

Command deployed a special MP unit by Black Hawk chopper and Cpl. Williams is told to subdue Sgt. Daggert by any means. Cpl. Williams and the remaining men hold Sgt. Daggert at gunpoint until support arrives and he is taken into custody.

SCENE 3 > BACK IN THE DOJO

The prosecuting officer in the mirror reading the deposition stops and looks up from the report he holds in his hands. His eyes are now black; eye sockets blazing with hell fire as the skin melts away to reveal the skull of death. The Grim Reaper points a boney finger at the accused. Marty's eyes are now wide open, glaring intensely at the demon in the gym mirror.

Fear and anger kicked his Schizophrenia into overdrive as he began to shout at the specters in the mirror.

MARTY

(screaming)

" William's is a fuckin' traitor and a coward!"

MARTY

(he spits)

"A fucking disgrace!"

Marty pauses for a second to try and gather himself and catch his breath.

MARTY

"Disobeying orders! you goddam pimps! I got the job done. Yes goddammit, I lost men. They knew the fuckin' risk when they signed up!

Marty move back from the mirror.

MARTY

"You can stick that Dishonorable discharge up your fuckin' ass!" The tribunal vision began to fade away giving way to ghosts in white hospital jackets that at once begin to surround Marty's reflection in the mirror...each one holding a large hypodermic needle.

Marty howled like a demon locked in a pentagram, as he reeled from the mirror, a powerful round house kick sent the nearest heavy bag propelling backwards, swinging like a dead man on gallows. Marty landed like a trapped panther, crouching with both feet planted firmly on the floor, he lunged at the returning heavy bag. A striking hammer punch sent the bag flying off in another direction, the chain holding the heavy bag squeaked under the strain. Marty followed this up with a flurry of punches and elbow strikes.

He kept hitting the bag until the phantoms in the white hospital jackets were again locked away in his head. Marty backed away from the swing bag and gathered himself. Slowly he began walking toward the locker room showers, a migraine pounded in his head like ocean waves hammering the hull of a storm ridden ship. Marty's palms held his head in a vise like grip, in an attempt to combat the nauseating pain.

A trail of sweat marked his every step toward the shower. Ten years and the hellhounds still run his trail. At first it was just in his sleep, but in the last couple of years it's got worse. PTSD and Anti-social personality disorder, the VA doctor's described him as 'an interesting study' during his incarceration at the mental health unit following the court Marshall. But that was all in the past now.

## SCENE 4 &gt; THE BOONE HOME

Katherine stands at the kitchen sink and washing the dishes from the morning breakfast, periodically gazing out the window at her ten year old daughter Casey playing on the dock. It is a beautiful day, a warm breeze made the small boats rock in there slips. Kat, her father Chet and Casey lived in a small house that shares the same 10 acres of land that the Booncat Seaside Saloon sits on. Around 2/3's of the saloon, is a large wooden deck. Directly behind that , a small boat dock that joins the Intercoastal waterway. The land, the water rights and the two buildings have been in the Boone family since the whaling days. Pops comes in the door, he stomped his boots off on the mat as he removes his grey cheesecutter to reveal a semi bald head.

CHET  
 " sons a bitches.  
 (MORE)

CHET (CONT'D)  
 Those suits just don't take no for  
 an answer!  
 If I wanted to sell my place hell  
 I'd put up a damm sign!"

KAT  
 "don't cuss dad - Casey might here  
 you."

Kat walks over to the coffee maker. She pulls a large coffee mug from the drawer below and fills it. At the kitchen table Chet, pulls out a chair and throws down a white business card on the table.

CHET  
 (sits back a smirks)  
 "CASEY HEARS WORSE AT SCHOOL.."

Kat just shook her head and smiled as she hands her father his coffee. Kats long blonde hair hangs in waves off her shoulders but on most days she prefers it braided thick and long, like a viking maiden her father likes to call it.

Emerald green eyes complement her fair complexion and attractive facial features. At thirty-three her voice is soft and hasn't changed since her teens. Small freckles dot her cheeks adding to her school girl smile and charm. Kat is athletic built from being on the school gymnastics team. Womanhood took care of the rest blessing her with a perfect balance of curves and angles.

CHET

"Your as beautiful as your mother,  
God bless her soul."

Pops sighed as he puts on his cheesecutter. At sixty-five Chet 'Pops' Boon looked good. A serious middleweight back in the day, he many times recalled with great pride sparring with the likes of Sugar Ray Robinson and Jake La Motta. An era when prize fighters were hungry and hard as nails. Pops was old school and no bullshit. Back in the day, he packed beer and bar tended with a reputation respected by all who knew him. But there were those who out of oddity or just plain stupidity decided to push an issue and ended up on the receiving end of his bone crushing left hook.

Casey comes in the door from playing outside

CASEY

"Grampa!"

CHET

"hows my princess this fine day?"

Casey was just a smaller version of her mother, blond hair, blue eyes and a smile that could melt a glacier. She hops in his lap.

CASEY

"I am fine grandpa, just playing  
in the yard"

Kat stands motionless as a statue staring past Casey and her dad at the wedding picture of her and Casey's father David hanging in hallway. She begins to fill with sadness as she recalls that dreadful day, that day all military wives fear...that knock at the door. The grimreaper dressed in class 'A's. She could still remember her watery eyes locked on the one soldiers chest medals. The words cut though her like exploding shards of glass, David's jet crashed in the desert. She didn't need the rest of the story. Kat quickly turns back toward the window just above the kitchen sink, fighting to keep the tears at bay. Pops recognized his daughter's overcast mood and decides she needs a change of scenery.



CHET  
"Lets go in the boat for a ride"

CASEY  
(Shouts & jumps down)  
" OH YA!!"

CHET  
"Kathrine?"

Kat turns back from the window and strains a smile

KATHERINE  
, "yes.. that sounds like a good idea."

## SCENE - 5 &gt; DEMON LEGION ON THE BEACH

On a dark beach, 50Cent blares out of the boombox. Sticks was into his rap, pump'in to the beat as he lip-sinks his hero. His long, tall skinny frame hidden under his baggy clothes. Sticks pulled out his nunchucks and spun them as he takes a kung-fu stance. The beach is deserted, a cool night breeze blew off the water. A large bonfire lights the area, its ominous light reflecting off the motorcycles that surrounded the encampment.

STICKS

(does a gang hand sign)

"All Raw baby.."

T-BONE

"Thuglife dog.."

T-bone looks over at Tommyhawk sitting in the sand, snorting a thin line of cocaine off the flat side of his chrome bladed Tomahawk.

T-BONE

" yo, Chico..come off a line of that cake dog.."

TOMMYHAWK

)

"Score your own bitch.."

T-BONE

"Wetback motherfucker.."

TOMMYHAWK

(gets angry)

"I'm - not - FUCKIN- Mexican..  
and I don't share my white shit  
with black shit!"

T-BONE

"If the chief wasn't here, i'd  
bust a cap in your wetback ass!"

A loud voice booms in from the dark..

BEEF  
"Cut the shit!!"

Beef did not tolerate fighting among the dogs. He was sgt-at-arms and second in command of the Demon Legion.

A second voice is heard on the night air..

CYRUS  
"we got a problem Beef?"

BEEF  
"No problems my King"

King Cyrus & Medusa are off in the distance just out of sight in the darkness..Medusa makes the gang members nervous and they avoided her whenever possible.A self-proclaimed voodoo witch, they hold on to the notion that Medusa has a spell on their leader. Fear is a mighty leash that binds even the most fierce.None of the gangmembers ever forgot the argument that their brother JoJo had with Medusa a few months back. King Cyrus stepped in and iced the situation but Medusa was infuriated. With eyes of fire she pointed a finger at Jojo who stood behind the King Cyrus and began to chant some kind of Voodoo shit. Two days later they found JoJo dead with his eyes bulging out and white foam flowed from his lips. Some even rumored that there was a snake crawling out of his ass!! This shot fear though the gang like a plague. Even Tommy Hawk wore a Comanche medicine bag around his neck and Booman would kiss his cross chain at times she cross his path.

MEDUSA  
(Cajun accented hiss )  
"What do you fear my love.."

King Cyrus pulled Medusa to him & kisses her hard, Medusa bites down on King Cyrus's bottomlip

CYRUS  
 "Fuckin bitch.."

Drawing back a hand to strike out at the cause of his pain, he hastily re-thinks his decision as he feels the cold point of Medusa's Damascus steel dagger against his ribs. Medusa licks the blood off her lips as her eyes become as cold as the blade she wields.

MEDUSA  
 "Fucking witch...my love"

King Cyrus's anger quickly turned to desire as he dropped to his knees in the sand before her, his head against her stomach, he embraced her.

CYRUS  
 "My queen"

MEDUSA  
 "My King.."

King Cyrus rises quickly and steps away to answer his cell phone.

MR.HYDE  
 "We have an agreement, you have the money and my people want the land". "Now I need the heat turned up and those country fucks out, do I make myself clear?"

CYRUS  
 "I got it handled."

MR.HYDE  
 "Then handle it.."

King Cyrus yells at the darkness in an angry voice

CYRUS  
 "Nobody tell me how to handle my shit...the fucker wants heat ...I'll crank the heat!"

## SCENE 6 - AT THE BOONCAT SALOON

The Booncat Seaside Saloon was a bar that had weathered the ages and the wraith of father time. It had been in the boon family for three generations. Back in the early days of the saloon, seamen, bar maids and whiskey were the everyday norm. The Booncat was the place to be back in the day. But much of the old days lingered only in ol'timers stories and long forgotten pictures that were stored in the attic. A Jukebox replaced the old piano player and old wooden signs were swapped for neon. These days the Booncat played host to rednecks, bikers, truckers and school teachers. It was the local watering hole and the folks enjoyed the family owner establishment next to an intercoastal waterway. Blueboy is the first bouncer in and passes by DJ Russell The Love Muscle..

BLUE

"Russell theee Loveee Muscle!! How is it Baby!"

DJ

"Crusin amigo...ready for a big night with the ladies."

Blue snapped an Elvis pose and pointed his finger at the DJ

BLUE

(Elvis Impersonation)

"TCB ..Baby!"

At the other end of the bar sat Croft, he liked Blueboy but hated Elvis music.

CRAWFORD

'Hey Blueboy, why don't you sing down in the valley and I'll pack you a lunch..'

Blueboy pointed his comb at Croft , snapped his hips

BLUE

(Elvis Impersonation)

"Don't be cruel man.."

CRAWFORD

(shaking his head)

"Son..You are one crazy ass white boy.."

Crystal 'CC' Cail comes in the back door.her short black hair and thick black framed glasses are classic 'CC'. Still hungover and rubbing her eyes from a hard night of partying..

Bongo Bob enters the bar at the same time as CC. Bongo starts in early with his picking on her...

BONGO

"CC..you look like shit dipped in misery!"

CC cocks her head and makes a face...

CC

"well you look like a pile of shit in a cowboy hat.."

Bongo Bob was satisfied now that he got CC all fired up, she always worked better that way. Tack arrives at the same time Martydog shows up. Sambo is stocking the bar. Marty begins going though his shit list, as he hangs his jacket behind the bar.

MARTY

*(Thinking to himself)*

*Croft? Washed up old nigger ball player with no ass and bad back. BB? That fat bastard better stick to dancing with girls who feel sorry for him. Tack? Dumbass redneck who couldn't find his own ass with an ass map. Blueboy? a closet homo with an Elvis fetish...And last but not least CC...the bitch is blind as a bat and dumb as a rock..jesus...if she wasn't such a fuckin dike, I'd make her blow me at times when that bitch Kat stresses me out and pisses me off. Sambo, like a fuckin foot stool, at least the idiot is good for something.*

Sambo, runs up to his idol to fill him in on all the inside gossip.

SAMMY

"Whats up Boss!" "I got your security shirts dry cleaned today."

MARTY

"Where's Katherine at Dildo.."

Marty grabs sambo by the neck of his shirt

SAMMY

"Outback..Out the back!" He stammered.

MARTY

"Make sure you stop by the Dojo tomorrow and clean the shitters."

Marty releases sambo. Sambo straighten his shirt collar

SAMMY

"You got it boss,..tomorrow ...yea.. fuckin' aye right!"

Marty spies Tack across the bar talking to CC. Martydog walks up behind Tack and snapped him in a choke hold.Tack began to struggle, as surprise and panic settles in. His hands tugged at Martydog's arms around his neck. But Marty is as much a master as a bully, his arms like the coils of a python begin to apply pressure.

CC

(yells)

"Let him go you asshole!"

Croft came up from the pool area.

CRAWFORD

"..let the boy go Marty!.."

Kat comes out of the walk-in beer cooler.Marty sees her go behind the bar and releases Tack pushing him into CC.

MARTY

you pussies need to toughen up...I'm getting tired to carrying your asses.."

Sambo comes up with a grin on his face

MARTY

" go get me a cup of coffee  
shithead."

SAMMY

"10-4 boss"

Marty rolls his head in the group's direction and grunts

.

MARTY

" losers.."

Marty leaves and makes his way to the bar to hit on  
Katherine.

#### SCENE 6 - MARTYDOG & THE DEMON LEGION

It was midnight when the DL members showed up. Beef, sticks, Tbone and Tommy Hawk. Their crotch rockets parked side by side in the handicapped parking area. Tbone stayed with the steel horses as the other outlaws entered the front entrance of the Saloon. BlueBoy was the first to see them as they entered the saloon, checking id's was BlueBoy's job. He stepped aside as Beef stared him down. Blueboy turned his eyes to the tomahawk in the belt of the gangmember behind Beef. The crew move toward the bar and got Katherine's immediate attention.

BEEF

" I'd like a pitcher of draft &  
your phone number baby"

KATHERINE

'You and your friends are not  
allowed in here".

STICKS

(Mocking Katherine )

"'You and your friends are not  
allowed in here..."



BEEF

"How about I just help myself  
behind the bar.."

BEEF

Tack and Croft head towards Kat's  
bar as Marty steps up to the bar  
and confronts Beef.

MARTY

'You heard the lady dirtbag."

BEEF

"Fuck you Jarhead."

Marty nods his head toward the door

MARTY

"Lets take this outside and  
discuss it man to man so the lady  
doesn't get caught in the  
crossfire"

Beef and his crew headed for the exit with Marty following  
behind. The patron's barely even noticed the three gang  
members and Marty leaving. As Croft, Blueboy and Tack began  
to follow, Marty turned to face them.

MARTY

"where are you girls going"

CRAWFORD

'Backup'

MARTY

" I don't need backup.." " You  
wankers just stay put and let a  
real man handle the problem".

Marty strolls over to the bikers and begins  
to talk & laugh with the gang members. In  
the past, the bouncer's witnessed Marty  
talking shit to Beef and his boys but not a  
punch was ever thrown. Just a lot of jawing  
and finger pointing. The Demon Legion  
member's got on their motorcycles and left  
as Marty returned. Marty avoided his fellow  
bouncers for the rest of the night. He  
seemed to be preoccupied with hitting on Kat  
and drinking whiskey shots.

It was closing time and cleanup when Pops entered the back door of the saloon. 3am and it had been a long night. Everyone was tired and ready to go home. Sambo had called in earlier and said he was sick. Pops always help close and like to have a short employee meeting to raise moral and get positive feedback.

CHET

" It was a good night gang. I know your all tired and I just wanted to say that you all are doing a great job. The Booncat Saloon has always been a family business and we consider you all family."

MARTY

(In the back of the room)  
'I don't know about you old man, but the Demon Legion are getting bolder and I don't know how long I can keep them out of here.."

CHET

" Those punks can kiss my ass!..."

Marty begins to move out of the shadows

MARTY

"Big talk oldman, but I'm the guy who has to handle the heat when shit hits the fan!"

Pop's stared down Marty and speaks though clenched teeth

CHET

'If you got something on your mind Daggert, spit it out...'

MARTY

'All I am saying is I don't know how long I can keep King Cyrus and his pack of dogs out of here..."

Marty starts walking toward the back exit.

MARTY

"Sooner or later they are going to tear this place apart and I don't want to be here when it happens..."

Marty opens the door, stops and stares out at the dark parking lot.

MARTY

"Hellhounds..." "Once they get on your trail..."

Marty's voice trails off.

MARTY

"All roads lead to Hell and Devil's hold'in the leash..."

Marty steps out and disappears.

Katherine puts her hand on her father's shoulder and speaks to the group.

KATHERINE

"Its been a long night all... and like Dad says, we are happy with the work you are doing. Tomorrow I am going to speak with Sheriff Randell and see what he can do to help us with King Cyrus and his crew."

CC

(rubbing sleepy eyes)  
"Sheriff Randall is worst than Barney Fife. God, everybody knows he's scared shitless of the Demon Legion"

## SCENE 7 -OUTSIDE PARKING LOT EXPLOSION

A giant BOOM went off outside. Tack's chair flips sending him to the floor as the window next to the exit door exploded sending dirt, smoke and shards of glass flying into the bar. The smell of smoke and sulfer fills the air. Everyone who is present , now lie flat on the floor. Pop's was the first to jump up and head toward the back exit door, that was no longer on its hinges. Croft caught the glimmer of fire through a hole that once had a window in it.

CRAWFORD

"Grab the fire Extinguishers"

Croft headed for the exit door as Pop's disappeared into the darkness.

people yelling, bodies moving around like ants on a mound of dirt. The bait shop that shared the property had its window's blown out.

Katherine is standing in the back parking lot of the Booncat Saloon. A large fire roars sending black smoke shooting up toward the sky. What was once a black jeep, is no more than a large clump of melted metal. Across the road, the engine had landed next to the passenger seat that was still on fire. Katherine eyes burn from the smoke as she watches Tack and Croft attempted to put the fire out with two fire extinguishers from the bar. Katherine catches the glimpse of the silhouette of a body still buckled in the drivers seat. She closed her eyes and turned toward the saloon. Tears fill her eyes as she enters the bar, she was not sure wither it was the smoke or the thought of Marty being dead that is causing her to weep.

## SCENE 8 - THE FUNERAL &amp; LETTER

The funeral was on a rainy Sunday. A picture of Marty in his Gi stood next to a closed casket draped with a Marine flag. Sambo and a few of Marty's student's dressed in their Gi's were the pall bearers.

The congregation was small, made up of just local folks and bar staff. Marty was not really popular with the locals. Many town folk just accepted him as a ruffian and avoided his arrogant attitude. The staff of the Boonkat Seaside Saloon stood under umbrella's with mixed feels that were sullen and clouded as the sky that poured on them. Raindrops soaked the flag that covered the casket, as the preacher read his bible. But the rain was not the worst of it. Off in the distance, next to an old stone crypt the vultures were gathering. King Cyrus & his minions sat on their bikes and viewed the service. Black clouds matched their rain soaked leather jackets. The Demon Legion basked the moment and relished in the thought of pissing on the grave of their dearly departed Nemesis. Croft was the first to notice the unwanted guests and so did the others acknowledged their presence. Like Lions stalking a wounded prey, the Demon Legion smelt blood but were in no hurry to claim their prize. It was Lady Medusa who advised the King to savored the thrill of the hunt and prolong their psychological suffering.

The staff turned their backs on their tormentors and made their way back to the saloon. The funeral ended promptly due to nasty weather and the group walked back to their vehicles. They figured this to be as good an excuse as any to have a drink.

## SCENE 9 - BACK AT THE SALOON

Back at the Boonkat Saloon, Katherine's mood was calm and quiet as she poured drinks for the group at the front bar. The staff members talked among themselves and the conversation soon came to a head as the topic of King Cyrus and his gang spread concern among the group. Pop's addressed his employees and told them not to worry, that he had a replacement for Marty. He stated that he would be hiring the best bouncer in the business. Pop's refused to convey anymore information as his security staff headed out. He just stated that the deal was in the works. In the shadows no one noticed Katherine staring at him in astonishment. Kat and Pops were now alone in the club.

KATHERINE

"When were you going to tell me  
about Marty's replacement Dad?"

Pop's looked at his daughter as he sat down on a bar stool  
and removed his cheesecutter and rubs his head.

CHET

" Its complicated honey, but I  
have a plan.."

KATHERINE  
(Sarcastically)

"You ..have.. a ..plan?"

CHET

"Remember my friend from the Army,  
Thomas Garrett.."

KATHERINE

"Yes, I think so.."

CHET

"Well his son is the best bouncer  
in the business so we will write  
him a letter and get him here at  
any cost.."

KATHERINE  
(Excited voice)

"That's your plan! God Dad!"

CHET

" Now take it easy honey and hear me out"

KATHERINE

(Worried)

"How do you know if he will even come and help us!!?"

CHET

" Don't worry, last I heard, Wade was working at a club in Jasper, Missouri".

KATHERINE

"What if he no longer works there. What if he is retired. What if he can't come. What if he is busy..what if..."

CHET

"Don't worry honey. Your mother always trusted me and backed my decisions. You just send the letter and trust me. Tom was a good friend over the years".

#### SCENE 9 - THE LETTER

Kat sits at the kitchen table and writes her letter. The letter is short but hard to write. She doesn't want to sound desperate or foolish. She is writing a letter to a man she never met nor even seen in a photograph. Who was this Wade Garrett that her dad is staking his whole life's savings on, along with her and Casey. Kat seals the envelope and stares at the name and address on the envelope " **Mr. Wade Garrett C/O The Double Deuce, Jasper, Missouri.** She hopes that her Dad is right. Kat doesn't believe in asking God for a miracle but at this moment she could use all the help she can get. Next morning she mails the letter.

## SCENE 9 - SEARCHING FOR WADE GARRETT

The Double Deuce nightclub had just open as a few more of the staff members filtered in. Jimmy Tillman the bartender is behind the bar cleaning glasses. The bikini contest tonight is always a big draw and Jimmy expected a busy night and a rowdy bunch. He had six bouncers working the weekends. His head bouncer was a 250 lb juice monkey named Butch. He was big and got the job done but he was no Wade Garrett, or Dalton for that matter. Jimmy's brother Frank Tillman owned the Double Deuce and had employed both Dalton and Wade back in 1989. But it was Jimmy who first introduced Frank to Dalton and Wade. When the Double Deuce started to have problems, it was Jimmy who recommended his brother hire Dalton. Jimmy was in Mexico at the time bartending at a Cancun club owned by his girlfriend's father.

A breeze of sadness came over Jimmy as he walked over to the wall where Wade liked to stand, next to the front bar and watch the crowd. He stood facing a picture that hung on the wall at eye level. Jimmy respectfully took his bar rag and wiped the frame. He looked his friend in the eyes as he ran his finger over the engraved plated below the wall mounted 8x10 photograph.

JIMMY  
(reading the inscription)

" In loving memory of the best Damm cooler in the business  
- Wade Thomas Garrett".

The funeral was hard on everybody. The town was being terrorized by Wesley and his thugs. Dalton and Wade stood up against them and finally took them down, but paid the ultimate price. Dalton and Wade were like brothers. A big brother taking care of his little brother, Wade died standing up for what he believed in. Still after five years, Jimmy missed his departed friend and Dalton too. James and Elizabeth Clay got married and left Jasper a year after Wade was killed. Jimmy would run into Red, Elizabeth's uncle every now and then. He stated that he received a letter from Elizabeth. He recalled that all was really good. Last he heard, Dalton had retired from bouncing and got a job teaching at the local college. Red stated that they have a little three year old girl now and were expecting their second child in October. Jimmy told Red to pass on his congrats and to tell them they need to visit more often.



Jimmy walks back behind the bar and notices two men sitting at the rail. They were two elderly old men named Will & Ed. Jimmy can't help but notice their minor intoxication and major debate. They order crown and seven from Jimmy and continued their conversation.

Seems they were up north on a hunting trip and were disputing the size of the moose they missed.

WILL

"God damm it ED, you couldn't hit water if you fell out of a boat!!"

ED

" I told your dumbass, I had a tree in my line of sight!"

The mailman comes thought the door and gives Jimmy a wave.

JIMMY

"How's the mail business Bill?"

BILL

"Same old, same old"  
I'll drop by after work for some titties & beer"

Bill winks at Jimmy and lays down the mail on the bar counter

BILL

"Later"

Bill the mailman brushes pass Barbara Ann coming though the door on his way out. Barbara Ann the waitress comes up to the bar and begins to shuffle though the mail.

JIMMY

"Your late Barbara Ann Pecker..."

BARB

"My last name is 'BECK-NER' you ass and I had to stop to pick up my sister."

JIMMY

"Two sisters who can't get to work on time..God give me strength"

Jimmy snatched the letters from Barbara Ann's hand.

BARB  
(Sarcastic)

"where's Mr. Tillman, the real boss.."

JIMMY  
"Hiding from you.."

"Bills-shit-bills-shit-more bills...To: Mr. Wade Garrett"

Jimmy feels like he was holding the hand of death as a chill goes straight down his spine. His hands shake a little as he opens the envelope and reads the letter.

JIMMY  
(reads it out loud)  
Dear Mr. Garrett,  
My father Chet Boone was a good friend of your father's. They served in the Army together. We own a bar called the Booncat Seaside Saloon, here in Vero Landing. We are in desperate need of a head bouncer to help us. We are being harassed and threatened by a small local gang of thugs. The local Sheriff is afraid of the gang or being paid off. Our security staff is good but in need of serious leadership. Money is not a problem. We will pay you what you want if you can please come soon as possible. I fear for my family's safety and the safety of our staff. I hope and pray that you will help us Mr. Garrett. Thank you.  
Katherine Boone

It was Barbara Ann who was staring at Jimmy when he realizes he was reading the letter out loud. Jimmy lays the letter down on the bar, looks at Barbara Ann and then back at the letter.

JIMMY

(sad)

"Wade's been dead five years..  
This lady needs the best but the  
best is gone

Jimmy puts the letter back in the envelope.

JIMMY

"Here Barbara Ann, give this to  
Bill tomorrow and mark it 'Return  
to Sender' "The best Cooler in the  
business is Gone"

The two old men at the end of the bar over heard Jimmy and  
Barbara Ann's conversation. One old man speaks up

WILL

" BEST gone.. HA!".

His drinking partner joins in

ED

"Best Bouncer I ever seen lives up  
North son. In a land of mountains  
and big timber."

JIMMY

(defiant tone)

"Wade Garrett was the best!"

WILL

"No offense intended son. But this  
Indian boy we saw was something  
else."

ED

"He was only half Indian Will, but  
I think he was Eskimo.."

WILL

I don't fuckin' care if he was a alien..let me tell the goddamm story Ed !"

ED

"Well get your goddamm facts straight then Ed! "

Ed took another drink as Will ignored his companion.

WILL

"You see we was on this hunting trip up north and stopped in at a bar just outside Whitehorse, in the Yukon territory called the Timberjack. A rough place where lumberjacks, Indians and Rig pigs hang out. Thats where we first saw this bouncer...his name was Doucette, John in think was his first name. Native alright, long black hair, built like a brick shit house But Ed is right, I think the boy was a half breed cause of his blue eyes. Anyway, he walks up to a bow hunter in the bar. He had some kind of a serious beef with this guy.. People started gathering like flies to a shit pile! When Doucette was done talkin' to the bowhunter , he walk back to the other side of the bar, the guy put an arrow in his bow , yells at Doucette "fuck you breed.." and fires. Doucette was facing the bowhunter when he released the arrow. This pissed off hunter was going to pin that boy's hide to the wall! Anyway, this bow hunter fires the arrow at Doucette's chest, it was just a blur. Doucette turned sideways and the arrow was stuck in the fuckin wall behind him...it was so close, the razor blades on the arrowhead cut his shirt!"

Will takes a drink of his liquor and continues..

WILL

"this guy was so fast...Jesus H. Christ ,like a fuckin mongoose on a snake's ass son !  
He cleared two pool tables like a fuckin'Panther and was nose to nose with the fuckin bow hunter before he could say 'Holy Shit! Cool are ice this Doucette guy; had the guy by the throat and told him to leave and next time he comes across him hunting wolves on Inuit land...it will be his skin nailed to a pole.! Never seen anything like it in my 60 years...GODDAMM ..I need another stiff one slim!!

Jimmy is captivated by the story.

JIMMY

"ARE YOU FOR REAL?"

WILL

"SWEAR ON MY DEAD WIFE'S GRAVE SON.NOBODY COULD MAKE THIS SHIT UP!" IF THAT WOMAN IN THE LETTER IS LOOKING FOR AN ASS KICKER THIS INDIAN BOY IS THE FUCKIN' TICKET.

JIMMY

"WHAT THE FUCK.."

Jimmy grabs a thick black marker from next to the till.

JIMMY

"What was the name of that bouncer and the bar again? "

A line is drawn threw Wade Garrett's name and address on the envelope and a new address written : John Doucette - Timberjack Bar, Whitehorse, Yukon, Canada. Jimmy gives it to Bill the mailman that night and he mails it PRIORTY next morning.

## SCENE 10 - THE LOGGING CAMP

The sun is high in the midday sky and the screech of the timber mill's saw blade echoed through the woods.

A cool north wind snaked through the jack pines and down the valley . It is an old logging camp but still produced a fair share of lumber for the surrounding area. The Bull-buck (the supervisor of the cutting crew) is a hard but fair man called Buckshot Billy Bowers. Buckshot's six man crew was respected as a high ball gang. Tom Smith the owner and superintendent of the camp was old school and like it that way. His grandfather built the mill in the 1930's and Tom came from a family of loggers. The Smith Lumbermill was located on Vuntut Gwitchin indian land on the outskirts of Whitehorse.

The buzz of the chainsaws echoing off the valley walls that muffled the yells of Johnny Mule, a young indian logging apprentice as he walks through the large trees. It is lunch time and he is bringing food to the crew. As he stands admiring the large fallen timber, he stares up the cut line at a man coming down the trail with a large log on his shoulder. A dark blue bandana tied around his forehead held down his long jet black hair. Almond colored skin gleams with sweat as muscular arms strain under the weight of his load.

DOUCETTE

"Can you hold this for me"

Jean jerked his head toward the large log on his shoulder.

JOHNNY

"Very funny"

Jean smiles as he drops his 300lb payload slamming into the forest floor with a loud thud. Jean removes his headband and shakes his black mane free. They begin to converse in their Vuntut Gwitchin language..

JOHNNY

Neenjit dàgdonch'uu "How are you?"

Jean grabs his brown lunch bag and sits down on a stump

DOUCETTE

'Sheenjit gwiinzii..( I am fine)

JOHNNY

'are you working this weekend?'

DOUCETTE

'yes and no.."

JOHNNY

(bukjaacg 'kad-ta)

DOUCETTE

'Don't cuss johnny...'

JOHNNY

'Please Jean..'

DOUCETTE

'you are too young to come to the bar. But I'll tell you what..I am going to old Crow reservation next week for the pow-wow.. I will take you if you behave...'

JOHNNY

'Oh ya Jean...'Jii kaijj'  
t'iinch'uu '

DOUCETTE

" and you are my friend too  
Johnny".

JD reached behind his back and pulled out a large 16" ivory handled bowie knife, sunlight reflecting off the Damascus steel layers.

DOUCETTE

"But if I catch you drinking Old Chief Nukon's moonshine, I will have the Elders change your Gwich'in name."

JOHNNY

"Me drink the chief's fire water....no way!"

DOUCETTE

JOHNNY ' one who squats over a gopher hole' MULE!!

JOHNNY

" That's is not funny Jean!!

Johnny has a stern face, trying not to laugh. Jean Doucette smils and sliced a piece of spiced moose meat, handing it to Johnny. Jean raises the knife to his mouth and bites off a piece of meat stuck on the end.

JOHNNY

'So your bouncing at the Timberjack Bar this weekend...'

DOUCETTE

'Yes...weasel..just like last weekend and the weekend before..'

Jean stuck the big knife into a small flat tree stump on his right side. Johnny stared at the large knife as the blade glistened in the noon sun. Hundreds of small black lines ran though the steel from the tip to the hilt. The larger brass hilt shouldered the Ivory handle with a playing card ' Two of Spades' carved on both sides. Jean leaned back against the butt of a large maple tree and gazed up at the sky. His nostrils flared as he felt the wind join the sunlight on his face. He took a long drink of water from his thermos as the water leaked down his chin and onto his shirt. After lunch, jean stood up and slid his



big knife into its sheath that he wore horizontal across his belt behind his back.

Before Johnny could get the lunch site cleaned up, he watched his friend walking away with the large log on his shoulder.

JOHNNY

" have a good day Jean...."

DOUCETTE

"'Yu sheenjit ..little brother "

Jean disappears into the forest.

#### SCENE 11 - THE TIMBERJACK BAR

Doucette drives to work and stops along the way , to pickup a cup of coffee at the local gas station. The brown haired girl behind the counter smiles and admires Jean in his security shirt. She could not help but stare at the handsome face and ice blue eyes. His rock solid stature was also worth a second glance. Jean smiles back and pushes his sunglasses backup on his nose as he turns and leaves. Jean arrives at the Timberjack Bar early and parks his 4x4 three parking spots from the front door. He gets out of his truck, pulls his bowie knife and sheath from behind his back and hides it up under the driver's seat. Jean walks over to the main entrance and entered the bar, waving to the band members who came in early to setup their equipment.

LOUIE

(bartender with a thick french accent)

'Jean La fucking Deuce...'

DOUCETTE

Comment vas-tu. mon ami..(how are you my friend)"

LOUIE

'..Not shit Jean...just waiting for this shit hole to fill up. I need the fuckin cheese mon ami!'

DOUCETTE

'You mean, your behind on your child support and Linda has the mounties on your ass.."

LOUIE

'connard! (asshole!) Just what I need, a French speaking Indian to bust my fucking balls!"

Jean laughs and walks to the back office. The manager Larry is sitting in the office.

LARRY

"Hey Jean, your early.." I got a letter for you.."

Larry hands Jean a letter with large black marker lines across an old address.

LARRY

"I didn't know you knew anyone down in Florida.."

DOUCETTE

"I don't .."

LARRY

" Do they even have Indians in Florida?"

DOUCETTE

"They got Indians in Cleveland..."

LARRY

"Smart ass.."

Jean walks out of the office and sits down on a stool next to the pool table. Jean read the short letter, examined the envelope, folded it in half and slid it into his shirt pocket. He stares out the window at the mountains.

The front door open with a creak, as a tall woman with long red hair entered the club like a tigress on a mission. Her ivory white skin, red silk dress and mid-length mink coat only enhanced her sexy curves. She zero's in on Jean sitting next to the pool table and quickly begins to move toward him. Louie sees Annaka Dubois and greets her with a sexy voice..

LOUIE  
"Sweeeeet"

The cougar snaps her head in Louie's direction and snarls in a thick Swedish accent

ANNAKA  
" Don't talk to me.. stupid Frog".

She again sets her sights on Jean the Deuce and confronts him.

ANNAKA  
"Why are you not calling me?"

DOUCETTE  
"I've been busy Anna.."

ANNAKA  
"Jean Doucette.. that-is-bullshit! I am your girlfriend and I deserve better.."

DOUCETTE  
"But you said you were dumping me last weekend.."

Louie's shit eating grin can be seen clear across the bar.

ANNAKA  
"Don't try to change the subject Jean.. I am a smart & sophisticated woman!! Do you know that I went to see a fortune teller in town with my younger sister last night ."

DOUCETTE  
 (thin lipped smile)  
 " I thought you had a life coach?"

ANNAKA  
 " I fired that stupid cow!" "She  
 told me I was too bossy and  
 controlling.."

DOUCETTE  
 (smirk)  
 "Who would figure"

Jean looks at Louie who is now holding the drink nozzle  
 against the side of his head like a gun.

ANNAKA  
 "Well Jean, do you know what the  
 fortune teller told me?" Well do  
 you!? He said that you CHEATED on  
 me!!"

DOUCETTE  
 " the guy's pretty good"

Louie's lips explode as vodka and Red Bull spraythe bar top!

ANNAKA  
 "Bastard!!"

Jean moves quickly around and behind the pool table..

DOUCETTE  
 "Annaka..you need to calm down."

ANNAKA  
 "Don't tell me to calm  
 down..you..dog!! " We are no  
 longer Engaged!!"

Jean and Louie stand stunned like stone statues as Annaka turns up her nose and struts out the door. Gravel pelts the outside wall as she speeds away in her Lincoln Navigator. Louie walks up beside Jean...

LOUIE

"think she's mad now ...wait till she finds out you nailed her younger sister when she came home from Europe last month.."

DOUCETTE

" It was her sister that came up to my cabin."

LOUIE

" Were you really engaged?"

DOUCETTE

" Keep laughing pale face..."

Customer vehicle's begin to enter the parking lot as the sun set behind the mountains.

Jean rocks his head from side to side stretching his neck muscles and making his ponytail roll on his shoulders as he makes his way toward the in coming patrons.

## SCENE 12 - THE CABIN

It was the smell...the smell of fur. Jean could feel the fur on his face and hot breath on his neck. He could feel the warm wet muzzle against his face. But then the dark one then comes...glowing eyes and large white fangs...snarling..

Jean wakes up covered in a blanket of sweat. Just a dream. Just like the others. Jean stares at the roof of his log cabin and sits up on the edge of his bed. He runs his fingers through his black hair and reaches for the hair tie on the table. He gazes at the Dream Catcher that hangs on the back board of this bed board.

DOUCETTE

"Your a big help.."

Jean gets dressed and stokes the stove as the sun peaks through the trees and begins to burn off the mountain fog. Jean pours his first cup of coffee and walks out onto the front porch. Jean raises the cup to his lips and stared out at the mountains. Jean is half way into his coffee when he spots a Red half ton truck coming up the dirt road.

The truck pull in next to Jean's 4x4 as the road dust settled.

DOUCETTE

(speaks to himself)

"Good news travels fast.."

Jean waves to his uncle Charlie Thomas getting out of the old truck. Charlie is a Vuntut Gwitchin elder from the Old Crow reservation.

CHARLIE

"Mounties..Sheenjit gwiinzii."

DOUCETTE

"I know the mounties want to talk to me uncle..."

CHARLIE

Jii jùu t'iinch'uu?

DOUCETTE

"No I did not beat up the Leblanc brother...I beat up all three of the Leblanc brothers."

Jean walks toward the stove..

DOUCETTE

"Do you want some coffee old man...'

CHARLIE

"Shint'eh"

Jean pours a second cup of coffee.

DOUCETTE

" those three frogs were picking on old Billy Bruce and I took his part."

Jean and his uncle stepped out onto the porch as the sun begins to peak threw the mountain tops.

CHARLIE

"Doctolok, (wolfeyes), you know I am not here about the Leblanc brothers..'

Charlie took the cup of coffee from Jean and sat down on the porch bench.

DOUCETTE

" I figured..."

Jean sat on the porch rail.

DOUCETTE

" Johnny Mule has a big mouth for  
such a skinny body..'

CHARLIE

"I heard about the letter..  
Doctolok, these are not your  
people and this is not your  
problem. Next year you will be  
voted on to the Council of Elders.  
William Many Bears our eldest  
member wants you to run for chief.  
Our people need strong leadership  
in these times.."

DOUCETTE

'But who are my people...my birth  
father it is said was a French  
Mountie, my mother Vuntut  
Gwitchin, my step-father an  
abusive drunkard and what of the  
wolf pack that calls too me in my  
dreams..  
Jii jùu t'iinch'u uncle?( So who  
are my people uncle?).."

CHARLIE

" Stay Doctolok, you are a Vuntut  
Gwitchin warrior.. The Great  
Spirit will guide you in your  
search for inner peace."



## DOUCETTE

" I have seen the Great Spirit, he invades my dreams with glowing eyes and large fangs. I love my people Uncle but I am born of two world's and when darkness falls, the Doc-tay (wolves) come for their brother..Eldrid White Bear the Shaman told me The great spirit hawk has come to his dreams. It showed him two tracks in the morning snow but four tracks in the moonlight."

## CHARLIE

"Doctolok..you are born of the wolf clan under the moon of the Great White Bear..thus the wisdom of the wolf struggles with the strength of the bear.."

Charlie Thomas sat back on the bench and lit his old Brier pipe. The smell of cherry tobacco floated on the breeze as Jean stared out at the mountains in the distance. Charlie did bother to ask Jean about the rucksack & map on his bed. As a matter of fact neither spoke another word but enjoyed the morning sun as it rose over the eastern mountain timbers.

## SCENE 13 - BACK AT THE BOONKAT SALOON

Katherine's eyes stare at the calender on the wall behind the cash register. She is deep in thought. Its been three weeks to the day that Marty was buried and the letter was sent. They have had no real trouble. Maybe the Demon Legion gang are hiding or got arrested. Katherine snaps back to reality and continues to cleanup behind the bar. It was a good night at the Booncat Saloon. The bouncers seem to get along better and begin to get used to the idea of the head of security Marty being gone. Perhaps Marty was just a luxury they really didn't need. Katherine realized that the saloon is all most empty.

Its 3:05 am, Sambo and Tack are the last staff to help close up. The last four patrons who used the bathrooms made their way out the back door.

Through the back door Booman comes in with two other gang members. With only one bouncer to closeup, the gang is rollin' on cruise control.

At the bar Booman leans toward Katherine

BOOMAN  
(hiss)

"Bitch...I want a fuckin' drink"

KATHERINE  
"Were closed.."

Sambo sees Booman at the main bar with Katherine and makes it a point to take out the trash.

SAMMY  
"Stupid bitch.."

Sambo smiles as he exits the back kitchen door. Tack had already left as the dummy made it a point to lie to him about Katherine saying he could knock off early. Sambo reaches in his pocket and pulls out a piece of crack rock about the size of a nickel .

SAMMY

"Compliments of the King.. Think I'll just take a smoke break, then go back and watch the Demons pull a train on that bitch.."

Back in the bar..

BOOMAN

"I said Three beers bitch and make it quick.."

KATHERINE

(shaky voice )

"And I said we are closed.."

BOOMAN

"Split tail, you better get that sweet ass in high gear, less I come back there and help myself to your goodies.."

Booman's gold grill reflects the light behind the bar. Katherine looks for Tack but he was no where to be seen. Booman begins to reach over the bar, then stops as he spots a reflection in the mirror behind the bar.

There is a man sitting at the back corner table with a cup of coffee.

Booman wheeled around to face the stranger at the far table.

BOOMAN

" Bitch, your punkass needs to hit the fuckin street.."

The stranger keeps sipping his coffee and ignores the gangbanger.

BOOMAN  
" Ajax, Blood...jack this  
motherfucker out the back!"

The two gang members walk up to the table and dropped the end of a large three foot trucker chain onto the table. The stranger gets up and walks toward the kitchen door followed by the two thugs.

Booman turns back to Katherine and smiles. He rolled his eyes like a lizard enjoying a fresh meal as the first sounds of fists meeting flesh echoed from Kitchen.

Pots and pans crash.

Whack..Whack...whack..then silence.

BOOMAN  
"Dinner has been served..Bitch!  
That's how we Demon's roll!! Now,  
I want my FUCKIN DRINK.

Booman stares in disbelief at Katherine and then a second look in the bar mirror reveals the long haired stranger back at his table...drinking his coffee.

BOOMAN  
"What the fuck?  
Blood....Ajax....FUCK!"

Booman stares in disbelief as the stranger emerges from the shadows of the bar lights that surrounded his back table. The stranger approaches the far end of the bar and stops.

An envelope with thick black lines on it, skids across the bar and stops in front of Katherine and her tormentor.

Booman faces the stranger and put his hand in his pocket. The stranger moves down the bar, his long dark ponytail blends in to his black Indian beaded jacket like the cloak of the grim reaper. The stranger stops and faces Katherine, ignoring the gangbanger...

STRANGER

' I need a refill...'

Booman moves up on the stranger and slams his left hand down on the envelope that lies on the bar top.

BOOMAN

" You think you can roll up on me motherfucker.. your a Dead man walk in..."

The stranger smiles thin lipped at Katherine as he turns and faces Booman. Booman whips out his butterfly knife and spins it open. Metal on metal snapped as the blade comes to rest at the stranger's eye level. The stranger turns his eyes to Katherine, Booman's eyes follow.

Quick as cobra strike the stranger grabs the bottom of Booman's knife hand and slams it point first into the bar, pinning booman's left hand and the envelope to the wooden bar top. Booman howls crouching down as he reels from the pain in his screwered hand. Katherine's eyes were now glued to the blood that trickled from the knife blade, down the hand and onto the bar top. Doucette's left hand is holding booman's right hand and the knife solid..

STRANGER

(Calmly)

"I'll take that refill now..."

BOOMAN

(In pain)

"Ahhh..fuckkk!"

The stranger pulls the butterfly knife's handle free as Booman slump to the floor, holding his injured hand.

STRANGER

" I think you should call the police"

KATHERINE

"NO...No police...I just want him  
to go.."

The stranger grabs Booman by the leather vest and drags him to the door, leaving a trail of blood spots on the floor boards. The stranger pushes Booman through the door and out into the parking lot.

BOOMAN

"Your a dead motherfucker...I  
mean fuckin DEAD...!"

STRANGER

'Don't come back.."

Booman heads toward the motorcycles grasping his injured paw only to join Ajax with a black eye and dried blood on his nose holding up his buddy Blood who is limping on his right leg, holding his ribs. The stranger closes the door too the sound of motorcycles leaving the dark parking lot.

The stranger, turns around, only to find a double barrel shotgun stuck in his face. The stranger's eyes are locked on the brass bead at the end of the 12 gauge shotgun that moves nervously from side to side..

KATHERINE

(screams)

"Dad..NO!!"

CHET

"Call the police Katherine, I got  
the SOB cold."

KATHERINE

"Stop Dad, he the one! He's the  
one who answered our letter...Its  
Mr. Garrett!"

Katherine hurries from behind the bar counter with letter in hand...

CHET

"Wade? God Damm.." Pops lowered his double barreled shotgun.

CHET

"Wade Garrett...Jesus H. Christ, am I glad to see you son."

Pops sat down on the stool next to Katherine.

CHET

"Your not what I expected, but I only seen you as a kid in your dad's army pictures. But I do remember the long hair..Drove your father nuts!"

STRANGER

(calm voice)

" first thing, my name is Jean...Jean Doucette. second thing..you got anything to eat here?"

Pops and Katherine looks at the stranger in total confusion. Pop's thinks for a moment..

CHET

"oh I get it...YES! You want to keep your arrival a secret..right, Doucette..thats smart Wade, I mean 'John'! "

DOUCETTE

"Its 'Jean'"

CHET

"Right..right..Whatever you want"

Pops heads for the office, 12 gauge over his right shoulder.

CHET  
 (out loud to himself)  
 "Son of a Bitch!...Wade Garrett  
 workin' my bar!...thank you  
 LORD!.."

None of the three see Sambo as he crouches, ear to the kitchen door taking in all the information he can hear. He soon loses his nerve and makes a quick escape out the back kitchen entrance.

DOUCETTE  
 "Are you ok?"

KATHERINE  
 "No"..'Ya..Yes..oh I don't know.  
 I don't understand, Dad says your  
 Wade Garrett, you say your not.

DOUCETTE  
 "I haven't eat since yesterday,  
 lets go to that truckstop down the  
 road and I'll tell you what I  
 know.."

Katherine locks the front door and walks over to Jean Doucette's truck and gets in.

DOUCETTE  
 "You Hungry?"

KATHERINE  
 "Confused.."

DOUCETTE  
 "That makes two of us.."

Jean pulls out the parking lot and heads for the A-1 truck stop and all night diner.



## SCENE 14 - THE A-1 TRUCKSTOP

DOUCETTE

(driving)

" Not good to think to much..  
The mind needs more rest than the  
body.."

KATHERINE

" I don't get much of either these  
days..."

The truck stop lights lite up the night sky like a small city as Doucette's black 4X4 pulls into the cars only parking. A large blue Freightliner XL with a long flatbed trailer rolls by and up to the diesel fuel pump.

A number of large tractor trailers line the back parking lot as Jean and Katherine walk though the door of the coffee shop. Jean slides into the booth next to the window that over looks the parking lot and his 4x4. He removes his jacket and pulls the hair tie out of his ponytail. Katherine's watched the stranger's long black hair fall and cover his shoulders.

A young pretty waitress approaches the table..

KATHERINE

"Just a glass of cranberry juice  
please."

WAITRESS

"And you sir"

DOUCETTE

"I'd like your Big Rig Breakfast  
and a cup of coffee"

WAITRESS

"Coming right up.."

The waitress smiles at Jean as she leaves the table.

Jean stares out the window at the tractor trailers fueling up at the far end of the parking lot.

Katherine

"So let me get this straight Mr. Garrett "

DOUCETTE

(softly speaks)

"Jean..my name is Jean Doucette"

The pretty waitress returns with a large mug of black coffee, a large plate of food and a large glass of cranberry juice.

WAITRESS

"If you need anything else, just let me know"

The waitress smiles, winks at her male customer and walks away.

KATHERINE

'Ok then.....well Jean , my father talks very highly of you and your father."

Jean sips his hot coffee

DOUCETTE

" Step-father"

KATHERINE

"Really?"

Jean nods his head.

KATHERINE

"Dad said he died...I am sorry"

Jean looks at Katherine's gold cross that hung on her neck just below her Adams apple. Jean raises his coffee cup to his lips.

DOUCETTE

"Don't be.. we were not that close."

Katherine

"A heart attack.."

Jean returned his eyes to Katherine's strawberry blond hair and emerald green eyes, then took a bite out of his toast.

DOUCETTE

"Killed.."

Katherine

(choking on juice)

"What!"

It takes Katherine a few seconds to catch her breath, removing the napkin from her lips to speak.

KATHERINE

"But Dad said it was a heart attack.."

DOUCETTE

"More like a knife attack..."

KATHERINE

(whispering - excited)

"oh my God. Dad didn't tell me that!"

Doucette just stares out at the darkness. Jean never knew his real father but he remembers only too well his step-father, Big Bernard Devereux. Following the death of Jean's mother, his step-father would journey into town regularly to indulge his demon's with Whores, Whiskey and Poker.

KATHERINE

"Are you ok Jean. What about your mother?"

DOUCETTE

"My mother..My mother die. Woman cancer they called it.."

KATHERINE

"I'm sorry.."

DOUCETTE

"Its OK, she died when I was very young."

## SCENE 15 - THE DREAM

On the drive back neither one talks much, they just stared out the window at the street lights in the distance. Doucette pulls into the vacant saloon parking lot and turns off the truck. They both get out and walk back to tailgate. Katherine offers Jean the vacant apartment above the tackle shop. Jean thanks Katherine and says goodnight as he takes the key from Katherine's hand and walks up the stair steps to the door at the top. He enters the small apartment and puts his knapsack down.

He reaches behind his back pulls out his large bowie knife and case. Jean slides the Ivory-handled bowie from its Inuit beaded sheath and admires the beauty of the oiled Damascus steel blade as it bathes in the neon light of the outside saloon sign. The blade reminds Jean of the story his grandfather told him, that the bowie was won in a poker game by Jean's step-father before he was born. The sailor who lost it said it was crafted by a famous Persian knife maker. His step-father had a French carver engrave a two of spades playing card on each side of the ivory handle that was made from an elephant tusk. It was said that his step-father won the knife on the river card.. the Deuce of spades.

Jean has no happy thoughts, just bad memories of his step-father's drunken rage and sting of the leather strap across his back. Jean's icy blue eyes narrow as he recalled the beatings and being locked in the wolf pens. Many winters came and went.

Now Jean is falling into the dark lines of the blade. As he stares at the reflection in the blade, the layers take shape like shadows in the morning mist. It was a cold winter day when the hunter became the hunted...

## DREAM SCENE 16 -A

STEPFATHER

(Drunk &amp; angry)

“Worthless bastard of a squaw  
whore...”

His stepfather raises the whiskey flask to his lips. Jean is backed into the corner of the second wolf pen when Big Bernard Devereux raises his leather horse strap and lashes out. Jean growls deep in his throat as he springs to the left ,bounces of the fence and lands on all fours in a crouch. The wolf pack, head's hung low to the pack snow, begin to move toward the fight in the adjoining pen.

STEPFATHER

(spits)

“So you want to play games ahh..”

The strap snaps out a second time as Jean dodges but catches the strike on his left shoulder. Jean winces in pain as the wolf pack in the adjoining pen begins to circle.

Big Bernard Devereux raises his makeshift whip for a third blow, but the she-wolf snarls and rams the fence with all the fury of a protective mother.

Jean's step-father startled drops his flask, spilling his whiskey on to the hard packed snow. The large black alpha male lowers his head and beared his fangs while the other wolves joined in.

## STEPFATHER

"You fuckin' she-bitch!"

Big Bernard Devereux he pulls his revolver and fires threw the fence hitting the she-wolf.

Jean sees wolf mother go down. His eyes fill with tears and his heart with anger. Ten years living in the pens has made Jean more wolf than human. With a snarl Jean unleashes his fury. He launches himself at his adversary sinking teeth deep into his forearm. Big Bernard Devereux reels in pain and drops his gun as he pulls Jean from his arm and slams him against the fence by the neck. The wolf pack rush the fence growling and snapping. Jean can feel his step-father's large callused hands clamped down on his throat like a vise.

Jean feels the blood pounding in his ears as he struggles for air. It was at that moment that Jean's right hand reaches down and grabs the handle of the bowie in his step-father's belt.

With his last ounce of strength Jean deals Big Bernard Devereux the dead man's hand. Jean slides down the fence as his step-father stumbles back, grabbing the bowie handle with two hands in an attempt to pull the knife from his guts, he grunts as he fall backwards onto the hard packed snow. His hands soon fall away from the knife as lifeless eyes stare up at a darking sky.

Jean shows no emotion as he pulls the bowie out and wipes off the bloody Damascus blade with his step-father's hat. Jean drops the blood soaked hat onto the lifeless body of his tormentor and goes to joined the pack.

Trying to shake the last vision, Jean painfully remembers lying across the body of wolf mother and crying long into the night. Jean can still hear the sorrowful howls of the pack on the arctic wind...



## SCENE 16:-B - DREAM OVER

Jean places his bowie under his pillow on the couch. He stretches out on the couch, puts his hands behind his head and closes his eyes. 'mother' Jean recalls Katherine's words. Soon his dreams take him back, back to the cabin, back to the pens, soon he would feel wolf mother's soft fur, the warm wet tongue that licked the wounds from his step-father's wrath. He could still hear the pups cry for mother's milk. He will see red eyes burn in the darkness and hear the consoling howl of his brothers. The dream weaver will come once again to Jean Doucette.

## SCENE 17 - KING CYRUS

BOOMAN

(choking)

“bbbut iss noot my fault sss  
dawg.sssss..”

King Cyrus's stared burned deep into his henchman eyes.

CYRUS

“fuckin tell me the truth or I'll  
rip your fuckin throat out..!”

King Cyrus lifts Booman off the ground by the neck and throws him to the ground. Blood comes running up to King Cyrus.

BLOOD

“Brother, Boo's tellin the  
truth..!”

King Cyrus like a flash of lightning draws his hidden voodoo walking stick sword and stares down Blood like a tiger locked on a Giselle. The Katana's razor sharp point only inches from Blood's throat.

CYRUS

"You mean to tell me some fuckin  
hard dick comes in off the street  
and kicked your asses...ONE fuckin  
guy!!"

Lady Medusa walks over to King Cyrus, along the way she  
steps on the injured hand of Booman as he cowers on the  
ground. Booman howls like a banshee.

MEDUSA

"He tells the truth my King...I  
have seen this stranger in the  
bones.."

Lady Medusa drops to the ground an begins to roll her head  
and chant in a strange tongue. Her eyes roll back in her  
head exposing only white. She rocked from side to side like  
a cobra following the charmers pipe. Then with a screech,  
she cast her bag of bones upon the sand.

MEDUSA

"Yes, Yesssssssssss..." It is a  
man ..a strong man from the north"

AJAX

(sarcastically)

'She better at playin with the  
King's bone..! "

Lady Medusa wheels to face her non-believer, dagger drawn..

MEDUSA

"filthy dog....YOU DARE mock the  
voodoo of Marie Laveau!"

CYRUS

'shut your hole Ajax."

"I should of sent you Beef..."

MEDUSA

"This stranger is trouble my  
king.. "He has come to champion  
the weak.."

CYRUS

"We shall see.."

King Cyrus sheaths his katana and addresses his minions.

CYRUS

"hit the streets and get me the  
story on this guy!"

Medusa gathers up her bones and placed them in a black bag made of bovine scrotum. She stares at Ajax who promptly avoids the 'evil eye' as she laughed and followed in the steps of her king.

## SCENE 18 - GAS STATION

Its morning time and Jean Doucette walks around the saloon's outside deck and down to the dock. With a 7-11 foam coffee cup in hand, he gazes out at a sailboat motoring by as the waves slap the poles of the dock. Jean put his hair in a pony tail as he crosses the parking lot and hops into his truck. He figures it is a good time to take a look around town and get some fuel. He drives five miles to a small gas station on the outskirts of Vero Landing.

Jean steps out of the truck, and notices a black Cadillac with large chrome polished wheels parked at the gas pump nearest to the front door.

Jean enters the air conditioned lobby to see a black male with dreadlocks talking to the female gas attendant. A second white male wearing a long duster stands just off to right reading a Cosmopolitan magazine.

Jean walks up to the register and smiles thin lipped at the small nervous female cashier.

DOUCETTE

(reads her nametag)

"can I get forty bucks on pump  
two..." "Susan"

SUSAN

(Nervous)

"Yes sir..forty dollars on pump  
two."

DOUCETTE

" you got a bathroom?"

SUSAN

(points)

"In the back"

DOUCETTE

"Thanks"

Jean smiles at the big black male, turns away, walks to the back of the store and disappears. The black guy turns to Susan who was now shaking. He pull out a pistol and put it in her face.

TYRONE

(low tone)

"listen bitch..I said I want the fuckin money now or I will kill you and that fuckin cracker in the shitter!"

Looking around..

TYRONE

(Nervous - low tone)

"Ricky...Ricky get the fuck over here dawg.." ...RICK..."

DOUCETTE

"Your friend here doesn't strike me as the reading type"

The Tyrone's eyes are now locked on Doucette walking with the blade of his bowie knife under Ricky's chin and his other hand holding his jacket collar.

RICKY

(shaking)

"Tyrone...fuck!"

Ricky's teeth are clenched tight as he feels the razor sharp blade against his neck.

TYRONE

"Let my G go motherfucker or I'll  
off this bitch right now!"

Doucette raises up on the blade against Ricky's neck, a trickle of blood runs down the blade..

DOUCETTE

"Then I will just have to slit your  
friend's throat from ear to ear.."

RICKY

"Fuckkk Ty..."

Tyrone grabs Susan by the hair, slams her head down to the countertop jamming the pistol muzzle against her temple

TYRONE

"Dawg.. I will kill this bitch!"

DOUCETTE

“Ok ..have it your way.”

Jean removes the knife & sticks it in the countertop. Tyrone smiles though his gold grill as he releases Susan and raised the pistol in Doucette's direction. Jean grabs Ricky's hair and shoves him into Tyrone. Tyrone's pistol arm propels upward as the pistol fires off hitting a ceiling tile. Tyrone and Ricky fall together, knocking over a candy stand on the way to the floor. Doucette, snaps up his big blade as he jumps forward toward the fallen robbers.

Rolling Ricky off of him Tyrone's struggles to raise his gun arm. Doucette stomps down, pinning his pistol hand to the floor. Another 9mm round blast, failed to find its mark and strikes the far cooler, busting jugs of milk spray the door glass. Still stunned, Ricky rolls over and attempts to jump up, only to see the butt of Jean's knife put his lights out. Tyrone grabs frantically at the foot that pins his arm but then suddenly gives up as he feels the pressure of a sharp blade against his throat. Tyrone rolls on his back slowly and raises his head from the floor in defiance...

TYRONE

“fuck you dawg!..”

Doucette leans forward..

DOUCETTE

(smirk)

“There's a big difference between a dog and a wolf..”



a short left cracks Tyrone on the chin, knocking him out cold. Doucette rises from the unconscious twosome and walks up to the counter. Susan stares wide eyed, hands covering her mouth as Jean sticks his bowie for a second time into the counter top, this time with a 'thud' that made Susan jump back. He smiles as he slides the 9mm pistol across the counter toward her. Susan stares at the gun. Jean pulled the big knife from the counter top

DOUCETTE

"You should call the police.."

SUSAN

(confused)

"Wha-what?"

Susan eyes bounce back and forth between the unconscious twosome on the floor and the gun on the counter.

SUSAN

"Police...ya..right...ya..ya.."

Susan dials 911 as Doucette, places his bowie in its sheath behind his back & heads for the door.

SUSAN

"God bless you mister...hey, hey  
mister...whats your name.."

Doucette opened the door and thinks for a moment...

DOUCETTE

(smile)

" My name's Garrett..Wade Garrett"

Jean leaves. He figures he better get gas somewhere else and quickly drives off.

## SCENE 19 - BOUNCER MEETING

Jean enters the club 2 hours before it opens. All the employees are gathered for a staff meeting.

CHET

"I know its been a tough year and I know the death of Marty didn't make it easier."

Katherine is first to notice Jean standing in the back and relays his presence to her Dad. Pop's grinned and looked at Doucette. He seemed to become filled with a burst of energy as he speaks.

CHET

"I promised you I would fix things. It took some doing but by god its done. I have hired the best goddam cooler in the business. From now on he will be running the security, we are going to follow his lead, what he says goes.

- Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Wade Garrett".

Pop's points too Jean in the back.

TACK

"Holy shit.."

Tack looks at CC and then back at Doucette as he walks up to the front, stops & smiles.

DOUCETTE

"My name is Jean Doucette."

CHET

Oh shit..sorry Wade...right we are  
to call him JOHN!.."

DOUCETTE

(mumbling)

"Its JEAN.."

Doucette breaks the ice with short informal introductions  
and then gets down to business.

DOUCETTE

"You all must learn to work  
together. We must packup to become  
'one'.we must look, feel, move and  
function as a wolfpack".

A bar is much like a forest and  
Bouncing is much like a wolfpack.  
Its strength lies in the packs  
ability to work together." One  
wolf's mistake is the pack's  
burden to carry. One misses the  
kill ,all go hungry. You see  
wolfpack's are less about ferocity  
and more about order. Wolves  
naturally organize themselves into  
packs to not only assist with  
hunting but maintain stability. A

pack mentality of extreme loyalty and devotion to the group binds the wolves together as a unit, despite times of scarce prey or violence. 'WE' must adopt a 'wolf pack mentality' if we wish to survive"

SAMMY

(sarcastic)

"What about the Demon Legion?

The Demons are like a pack of wild dogs and they got no respect for nothin..So what you gonna do when they pack up on you Mr.Garrett, or John or whatever"

Jean stares at sambo..

DOUCETTE

"No dog can take a wolf one on one, question is which are you.."

Sammy rolls his eyes and grunts in disapproval

DOUCETTE

"Just remember you are the bouncers, I am the Cooler. Bouncing is about Brotherhood..just watch my back and each others and ...."

BLUE

(interrupts jean)

" That's what I'm talking about TCB baby!

CHET

"Lets get to it gang we open in 20  
minutes.."

The meeting ends and the bar opens. Doucette is standing at  
the main bar watching the bouncers & Texas Rob the  
bartender & his signature - cowboy hat.

DOUCETTE

'I'd like a cup of coffee please.'

ROB

'High test or regular?'

DOUCETTE

'high test..'

Rob gets Jean a coffee. Jean called CC over.

DOUCETTE

'I need you to stand here and  
watch Rob.'

CRYSTAL

'What for?'

DOUCETTE

(smile)

'For me'

CRYSTAL

'well..ok'

Rob has his eye on CC but doesn't see Doucette watching him from behind a pole. 2 hours later Doucette takes him outside with Katherine present.

ROB

'Whats up?'

DOUCETTE

'Is your real name ROB or is it short for ROBBER?'

ROB

(tips back his hat)

'What the fuck are you sayin..'

DOUCETTE

'Your over pouring high end liquor, skimming tips & stealing from the till. I figure your banking about \$400 on a busy night.'

ROB

'Kat baby, this is bullshit!'

DOUCETTE

'No cowboy , this is a fact'

KATHERINE

'How could you do this to us Rob.  
We treated you like family.'

ROB

'Your gonna take this asshole's  
word over mine!'

KATHERINE

'your fired Rob. You leave me no  
choice.'

ROB

(flips the bird to kat &  
jean)

'Fuck you & Fuck you..Ahhhhh!!!'

Doucette grabs Robs finger and walks him back.

ROB

'your breaking my fuckin finger!!!.'

DOUCETTE

'if you ever want to pick your  
nose or scratch your ass again  
cowboy, you best leave..!'

Doucette walks Rob out..

Doucette comes back and goes to the office to tell Pops. A tall skinny guy - goes flying through the office door and on to the floor, his mouth is bloody. He gets to his knees and spits blood on the floor.

SKINNY GUY

'fuckin old prick!'

Old man boone come out fists clenched..

CHET

'don't you ever come into my club  
and run your gator boy..'

DOUCETTE

'Problem?'

CHET

'He used to work here with Marty  
the old head of security. said I  
owed him back pay..said he was  
going to take it out of my ass.'

DOUCETTE

'Looks like his ass is the one  
paying..'

CHET

'That's a fact son.."



SKINNY GUY

(standing bloody)

'you and that fucking whore  
daughter of yours..'

Pops jumps forward and lands a crushing left hook that  
sents the skinny guy to the floor out cold.

CHEET

'sorry Wade, but I don't like  
anybody talk shit about my family.'

DOUCETTE

(smirk)

'I can see that..'

Blueboy & Tack show up and drag the skinny guy out of the  
club.

SCENE 20 - COURTHOUSE

Three sportbikes sit outside across from the Vero Landing  
courthouse. Beef, sticks, Tommyhawk & stick's girlfriend  
are waiting. Susi-Q beef's old lady comes out, crosses the  
street and hops on beef's motorcycle.

BEEF

"You got it baby.."

SUSI-Q

"Ya baby...talked to Tyrone's old lady in the lobby and I got a copy of the po-po report from Deputy dog.."

SCENE 21 - BOAT

They takeoff. Twenty minutes later they arrive at the King's lair. King Cyrus stands up and walks over to the rail of his 30' Carver Cabin Crusier. "The Dragon's Lair".

BEEF

"I got interesting information brother"

STICKS

(blurtd out)

"Ya boss..We got the shit; We..."

CYRUS

"Are you talking to me..."

STICKS

"No my King..."

CYRUS

"Beef come...the rest of you find the brother's and tell them we got church at Ten.

Beef enters the ship with King Cyrus. The rest leave. King Cyrus cracked two cold beer's and handed one to Brother Beef. Cyrus sits down in the captain's chair and props his bare feet up. Beef raised his bottle to the king..

BEEF

"Long live the King and his Legion..."

CYRUS

"To the Brotherhood..

So Brother lay it on me"

BEEF

"The dude's name is WADE GARRETT. Tyrone told his old lady that was the name he heard the bitch at the gas station say."

"Deputy Dog said his name came back clean, and his last known address was a biker bar in Little Rock, Arkansas. I called a brother of mine up in Memphis and he said ran in this Garrett guy about eight years back. Said he was one tough motherfucker."

CYRUS

(stares out window)

"Wade Garrett..."

King Cyrus's cell phone rings..

CYRUS

"Yeah..

"We ran into a minor complication"

The voice on the phone is talking..

CYRUS

"I know that the fuckin jar-headed Gorilla is out of the picture...no I don't expect you to handle everything yourself. I assure you Mr. Hyde, you will have the saloon property soon. Yes I know they hired Wade Garrett, but he is a minor problem we will be dealing with tonight "

HYDE

"I don't care how you do it Cyrus, but need that property in two weeks. If you want the rest of your money....get the fuckin job done!"

Phone goes dead as Cyrus chucks the phone down in anger...

CYRUS

If I ever meet that prick face to face, I am going to cut his fuckin' head off"...That is ... when I get the rest of our money!

The king smirked and stepped into the head to take a piss.

CYRUS

"Beef..we need to know what we are up against here. Talk to that puppet lookin' crackhead Sambo and get his story."

BEEF

" Matter of fact that fuckhead..he called me the day after Booman and the boys had the run in with Garrett. I thought the fucker was geekin and lookin to score.."

CYRUS

"We still supply his ass right?"

BEEF

(smirk)

"We own that nutsack's and the monkey on his back. but you can't really trust a dude who's lips are on the the devil's dick.."

CYRUS

" True, but we need know about this Garrett guy before we start droppin the hammer. Get a hold of this crackhead and make sure he's on the right page.I don't want anything heavy Beef...Just squeeze the fucker a little and see what shit comes out..Also...Get that fuckin' hang around...what that Git's name with the lump on his face?"

BEEF

"Mikey the MonkeyBoy?"

CYRUS

"ya..thats it...Is he still in town?"

BEEF

"Shit yes...fuckin near ran over the bitch on third street..that is one sorry ass motherfucker!"

CYRUS

"Well, bring his sorry ass to church tonight."

BEEF

"King, your not going to probate this fuckin lump of shit!"

CYRUS

(Smile)

"Probate no..more like Sharkbate "

## SCENE 21 - CLUBHOUSE

Its 10 pm. the clubhouse doors are locked . Bitches are stationed outside to watch the bikes. No old ladies are allowed during a 'church meeting' where club business is discussed and reviewed with the exception of Queen Medusa. She is considered the all-seeing, all-knowing oracle of the King. King Cyrus touches base on a few pending issues and then gets to the business at hand. Church concludes as the back door open and in walks Beef with Mikey the Monkey boy. Mikey grins as he clutched his crotch, rockin from side to side as he demonstrates his 'Gangsta Stride'. A large & very noticeable goose egg lump on the left cheek..somekind of syst he's had for a while.

MIKEY

"I wanna be the G To light ya  
blunts, count ya cash, load ya  
rounds , drive ya V's.."

Beef quickly grabs Mikey by the throat and yanks him close..

BEEF

"you'll bow down before the King of  
Kings...bitch."

CYRUS

(touches beef's shoulder)

"Easy brother Beef..Mikey is a well-known associate of the Demon Legion and I'm sure he ment no disrepect.."

Beef grunts and releases his grip

MIKEY

"For shizo ma nizo..your muscle needs to lighten up.."

CYRUS

"Mikey, we have a mission that fits your crews talents.."

MIKEY

"for sure - for sure...it's all bout da benjamins King C..."

Beef hands King Cyrus a photocopy of Katherine's letter to Wade Garrett.

BEEF

"Complements of Sambo the Rat...."



CYRUS

"Your the man Beef..."

Cyrus gazes down at the letter in his hand. Beef nods and walks outside to check on the bitches as his leader lays out the details to mikey the monkey boy.

## SCENE 22 - BAR NIGHT 1

It is an active Thursday night at the Booncat Saloon. DJ Russel the Love Muscle is cranking out the tunes and the people were dancing and having a good time. Not a large crowd, but good for a Thursday. Doucette has Tack and CC checking ID's just outside the front door. Bongo Bob and Blue Boy are working the main bar and dance floor area. Croft is in the billiard area. Sambo stocking beer and washing glasses behind the main bar with Katherine. Jean the Deuce walks around checking fire extinguishers and exits. It was the voice of CC who spoke into the security radio and announced the arrival of four motorcycles and a metallic blue caddy with large chrome wheels.

All the young men are dressed in gangsta clothing.

CRYSTAL

'better tell the boss, we have company.'

TACK

'got ya..'

Tack leaves & returns with Doucette as Mikey and his crew walk up to the front entrance.

DOUCETTE

"I am sorry gentlemen but we have a dress code in effect..No gang apparel allowed."

MIKEY

"You all be hat'en on a nigga.."

DOUCETTE

(thin lipped smile)

"Its not about hate...its about clothing.."

MiKEY

"Chico, you got some fuckin balls to be rollin up on me and my crew with this bullshit!"

DOUCETTE

"I don't want to call the police, so just leave.."

MIKEY

"Fuckin PoPo ain't shit in this town Dawg!"

CC looks at Tack and whispers..

CRYSTAL

(whispering)

"I think we should call for backup before Garrett gets his ass handed to him?"

TACK

(Whispering)

"Better wait...Garrett must know  
what he's doing..."

Jean glances at Mikey's waist and noticed the shape of a  
pistol under his jersey as he bows up.

DOUCETTE

"Look here..First its your baggy  
pants"

he points his finger at belt level. Mikey looks down as the  
Deuce grabs his belt buckle and gives a quick tug. A .40  
caliber Glock slides down Mikey's leg and hits the dirt  
with a thump.

MIKEY

"motherfucker!.."

Mikey swoops down to grab his fallen piece only to meet  
Doucette's knee coming up. The gang & Doucette joined by CC  
and Tack begin to fight. Doucette wins. Gang leaves.

DOUCETTE

"You two did a good job..."

Tack & CC are still in shock of how Doucette handled the  
majority of the fight.

Scene -23 closed bar.

It was closing time and patrons make their way past the ID area out to their vehicles.

TACK

“Man..this Garrett dude, I mean he makes fucking Jet Li look slow..Swear to god Croft...he fucked up four gangbangers like that...”

Tack snapped his fingers in Croft's face.

CRAWFORD

“They were probably all fuckin high .wacked out or something”

TACK

“They looked pretty fuckin straight to me...”

CRAWFORD

“You been spending to much time jackin' off ...causes bad eye sight!”

TACK

"Dickhead.."

Tack he walked out into the parking lot to his truck. CC helps Bongo Bob and Blueboy straighten up the tables and chairs. She recapped the story as her fellow bouncers listened in disbelief.

CHET

"God Damm Wade, if I didn't have it on the security camera, I would not have believed it..you are one hell of an ass kicker son!"

DOUCETTE

"Its Jean..."

Doucette sips the last of his coffee.

CHET

"Oh shit..right..John"

KATHERINE

"Don' let Dad bother you Jean.."

DOUCETTE

(smirk)

"No bother.."

CHET

"Well it was a great night! We showed those punks that the Boonkat Saloon is not going to take any crap!!"

Doucette grabs his jacket & sticks the bowie in his belt.

DOUCETTE

"It going to get worse..tonight was just little fish, the big fish are testing the waters.."

DOUCETTE

"We have to see trouble before it happens and defuse it...The Id door is our front line of defense..remember it is easier to keep trouble out then to put trouble out...You all did a good job tonight..see you tomorrow."

Doucette leaves...

CHET

(whispers to himself)

"Thank you.. Wade Garrett"

## SCENE 24 - BUS STOP

The bus stop where Sambo is sitting & talking on his cell phone.

SAMMY

"Ya man..I seen it all."  
"Beef..swear to God."

Sambo stares at a skater kid standing next to him..

SAMMY

"Fuck off dipshit!"

SAMMY

"What?..no no I wasn't talkin' to you bro" Fuck no..I wasn't high..I seen it all in fuckin H-D dawg! Garrett fucked Monkey boy and his homies up!! Ya...I suppose CC and Tack helped but not much, he had monkeyboy and two GITS out of commission before they knew what was happening. Fuck no..I ain't trippin.." What about that forty rock dawg...Ya bro...five bells..I'll be there..."

Sambo steps out of the bus stop booth and on to the bus.



## CLUBHOUSE 2 - SCENE 25

Beef arrives at the clubhouse on his bike. Ajax & tommyhawk are smoking weed.

AJAX

"Want to hit this shit bro.."

BEEF

"No bro..I need to talk to the man..."

Beef enters the clubhouse. Medusa & King Cyrus are there. The king was seated in his large barber chair he refers to as his throne. One leg thrown over the left arm of the chair, he raises a hand to signal Beef to remain silent until he was finished talking on this cell phone.

CYRUS

"His truck plate came back what?..."

"John Samuel Doucette, Old Crow Indian reservation...Alaska!! Got to be a fuckup on your end.." "Bro, I got information that this guy is Wade Garrett and he's using an alias!" "Fuckin old man Boone said so himself!! I got a copy of the fuckin letter he sent to Garrett!" No matter who this asshole is they are ALL going down in flames!" Two weeks...shit ..its a done deal!"

Cyrus hangs up the cell & chucks it on the couch in the corner where Medusa is sitting.

CYRUS

"Hate that fuckin suit...want a cold one"

BEEF

"sounds good."

"Bad news is bro...the monkeyboy and his crew got fucked up last night.."

King Cyrus handed Beef a beer and sat back down on his throne.

CYRUS

"It was to be expected brother..."  
If this guy is Wade Garrett, he's not going to have much problem with a punk like Mikey."

BEEF

(confused)

"I don't get it?"

## CYRUS

"Just testing the defense brother. I had Blood and T-Bone watch the show from the end of the parking lot. This guy's the real deal, so now we have to re-think our strategy. We got limited time, so we have to move on this soon'

Maybe Mr. Garrett has a price..

"Given the opportunity, we may gain a powerful ally and bring down old man Boone in one move..Take five large from the front money, double it if you have too, given Garrett's reputation and the tight schedule were on, we got no time to bullshit or worse get local law involved..

take Tommy Hawk with you.."

Beef nods his head and walks out. Outside Beef watches as a small group of member's are clustered at the end of the clubhouse. T-Bone's large frame stands next to the wall holding a squirming female. His hands hold the blond hair of a sobbing chick who had been invited by sticks old lady. She soon went from guest to entertainment. T-bone holds the sobbing blonde's head against the wall from her mouth protruded a large cigar...

## T-BONE

"Don't you dare drop that stogie bitch.. Ok...Redman...bring it!!"

Tommy Hawk looks at Beef , his face lined with black war paint. He jerks a tomahawk from his belt, spins and let the axe fly. The tomahawk buries itself into the wall as the cigar splits in half sending the severed piece flying.

T-BONE

"Fuck Ya!!..I love that shit!!"

T-bone grabs the remaining half of his cigar out of the blonde's mouth. The blonde in the terror of the moment pisses her white skin tight jeans.

T-BONE

"Nothin worse than I bitch who can't hold her mud..But get this split tail cleaned up..I think she's a keeper."

T-bone grins and lights what is left of the cigar. Beef walks up to Tommy Hawk as he pulled his axe from the wall.

BEEF

"The king's got a mission for us.."

TOMMYHAWK

"lead the way brother.."

## PRAYING MANTIS - SCENE 25

Its Jean's upstairs apartment. Katherine waits to hear a response to her knock on the door. Katherine turns the door knob and opened the door and walks in. Out the kitchen window she see's Doucette under tree shade in a field across the road. He is kneeling on an indian blanket. She watches him for a bit and comes to the conclusion that he must be performing some kind of meditation or prayer ritual. She finds it hard to not stare as her eyes seemed to focus on Jean's shirtless back, his long black hair moves across his muscular shoulder's like the mane of a black stallion.

Katherine blushes like a school girl at the thought of her mischievousness and begins to back toward the door. Not paying attention Katherine accidentally bumps Jean's knapsack that rests on the living room table. The knapsack tumbled to the floor spilling out its contents. Katherine jumped as the bag hit the floor..

## KATHERINE

"Dammit.."

She sees two pairs of jeans, a shirt, socks, a road map, a book titled ''The Wild Boy of Aveyron'. Then an old leather bound journal catches her eye. It laid open when it falls and two old newspaper clipping slid out from between the pages. Katherine's curiosity is over powering. She is captivated by the detail of the script. The hand writing is exquisite, almost calligraphic in nature but written in a strange language. The old newspaper clipping that hid between the pages are faded out but in English. Katherine holds the clippings up to the light to better see the print and begins to read...

**Two Newspaper clippings :**

THE WHITEHORSE STAR SEPTEMBER 10, 1980

RCMP DISCOVERED A 'WOLF BOY' IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE RED ROCK AREA. DOCTORS EXPRESSED SHOCK SAYING HE WAS FOUND LIVING WITH A PACK OF WOLVES IN A REMOTE FOREST. "HE'S CLEARLY DANGEROUS TO OTHER PEOPLE," SAID A POLICE SPOKESMAN YESTERDAY. "HE'S GOT TYPICAL WOLF-LIKE HABITS AND BEHAVIOR. HE IS VERY STRONG AND VERY FAST, WHICH COULD REALLY ENDANGER SOMEONE." THE BOY LOOKS ABOUT 13 - BUT AFTER TESTS CONDUCTED BY YUKON DOCTORS, THEY BELIEVE HE MAY BE OLDER. THEY ARE PUZZLED BECAUSE HE APPEARS INTELLIGENT BUT DOES NOT SEEM TO SPEAK ENGLISH OR ANY OTHER LANGUAGE. IT IS SUSPECTED HE HAS BEEN RUNNING WILD FOR MANY YEARS. THE BOY MOVES AROUND WITH HIS LEGS HALF BENT, SAID YUKON MEDICS. "HE WAS RUNNING WITH WOLVES AND SEARCHING FOR FOOD WITH THEM." THE HUNTERS FIRST DISCOVERED THE DEAD BODY OF A MAN AND A WOLF AT A CABIN IN MOUNTAINS. THEY STATED THAT THE WOLF PENS WERE EMPTY AND HAD TRACKED THE BOY INTO THE HIGH COUNTRY ABOUT FIVE KILOMETERS AWAY FROM THE CABIN.

THE WHITEHORSE STAR SEPTEMBER 18, 1980

THIS WEEK THE TEENAGE BOY KNOWN AS 'WOLF BOY' WAS IDENTIFIED AS THE STEP-SON OF BERNARD DEVEREUX A FRENCH TRAPPER FOUND DEAD AT HIS CABIN IN RED ROCK FOREST ON SEPTEMBER 10TH.

RCMP CONFIRMED TODAY THAT THE STEP-SON MURDERED MR. DEVEREUX WITH HIS OWN HUNTING KNIFE. IT WAS ALSO REPORTED THAT SEVERE CHILD ABUSE WAS EVIDENT.

LOCAL AUTHORITIES STATED THAT GIVEN THE AGE AND MENTAL STATE OF THE ACCUSED, NO CHARGES WOULD BE FILED. MR. DEVEREUX WAS A SINGLE PARENT AND HIS DEPARTED WIFE, THE BOY'S BIOLOGICAL MOTHER, WAS A MEMBER OF THE VUNTUT GWITCHIN FIRST NATION. SHE WAS FROM THE OLD CROW RESERVATION. FAMILY OF THE BOY HAVE COME FORWARD AND ARE CLAIMING CUSTODY UNDER FIRST NATION LAW.

ELDERS FROM THE OLD CROW RESERVATION PETITIONED THE COURT ON TUESDAY AND SOLE CUSTODY OF THE BOY HAS BEEN GRANTED TO HIS UNCLE CHARLES BLACK, A TRIBAL ELDER ON THE CROW RESERVATION.

SCENE - DOUCETTE OUTSIDE - 26

JEAN KNEEL'S ON A BLACK AND RED WOVEN INUIT BLANKET WITH A RAVEN AND A WOLF EMBROIDERED ON IT. IN FRONT OF HIM ON THE GROUND HIS KNIFE LYING ON A METIS SASH. JEAN RECEIVED THE SASH FROM LONG TIME FRIEND AND FELLOW LUMBERJACK BIG JAW JOHN DELORME. JEAN CLOSED HIS EYES AND SMILED AS HE RECALLS THE DAY HE RECEIVED THE SASH.

BIG JAW JOHN

(vision)

"Throughout its history the sash has meant different things to different people Doctolok." His friend said " However, no one has celebrated and adopted the L'Assomption sash as part of their proud heritage as have Métis people."

John pauses to hand a peace pipe to Jean, then continues.

BIG JAW JOHN

(vision)

"It takes its name from the Quebec town where it was produced, the L'Assomption sash was not only functional, but also colorful and identifiable as Métis dress. The sash itself served as a temporary tapeline, key holder, first aid kit, washcloth, towel, and as an emergency bridle and saddle blanket. Its fringed ends could become a sewing kit when the Métis were on a buffalo hunt. In the west, the name, "Le Cienteure

l'Assomption", gave way to today's name, "The Métis Sash". The sash was extremely popular among the mixed blood voyageurs and those who settled in the Red River area. But today, the Métis sash continues to be an integral part of my peoples cultural celebrations. May it bring you protection and good fortune Wolfeyes my brother."

DOUCETTE

(native chant)

"Ahhhhh...jay..ka..na..ta..aba..ko  
o..na..a..tay.."

"Oh great Spirit hear the prayers  
of your people.

I think over again my small  
adventures.

My fears, Those small ones that  
seemed so big,

For all the vital things I had to  
get and reach.

And yet there is only one great  
thing, The only thing, to live to  
see the great day that dawns And  
the light that fills the world.

O great spirit , hear your people  
and make us strong. Give us your  
Wisdom so we may tread your path.

That we may we always be ready for  
the long journey, purify us with  
your cleansing winds and guide us."



"Ahhhhh...jay..ka..na..ta..aba..ko  
o..na..a..tay.."

"Ahhhhh...jay..ka..na..ta..aba..ko  
o..na..a..tay.."

Jean eyes are closed but his ears pick up the soft sound of little feet in the grass behind him. He opens his eyes to see a little blonde hair girl stand to his right. The hem of the small sundress she is wearing flowed gently in the light breeze of the day.

CASEY

"What are you doing?"

DOUCETTE

"Praying.."

CASEY

"It sounds like singing but I don't understand the words.."

DOUCETTE

"you must be Miss Casey"

CASEY

"yup...that's me and your the Indian man because your hair is long. and..and momma says you come from far away and ..and"

Doucette hears the sound of motorcycles & sees two bikes in the distance.

DOUCETTE

"its best you run back and find your momma little one" You need to show me how fast you can run back to the house...Quick like a rabbit!"

CASEY

(excited)

"I can run real real fast, just watch.."

Casey runs back to the house as beef & tommyHawk arrive on their bikes. The two riders come to a stop, surprised to find their quarry in the middle of the small park on his knees. The engines become silent as the two riders dismounted their iron steeds and walked toward Doucette. Jean remained on his knee's and slowly put his t-shirt on. He calmly ties his headband and folds his Metis sach to hide his bowie knife. Beef and his brother at arms approach their adversary with caution. They slowly circle each side of Doucette until they are standing directly in front of him.

BEEF

"We just want to talk  
Garrett...that's it."

Doucette moves from kneeling to a crossed legged sitting position, he glanced at Tommy Hawk.

DOUCETTE

(native language)

"koo ka lu na ta boo ra"

TOMMYHAWK

"What?"

DOUCETTE

"Who are your people?"

TOMMYHAWK

"Comanche"

DOUCETTE

"I have read in books about your people ..fierce warriors of the Southern Plains, as I recall."

BEEF

(cuts in)

"Well thanks a shit load for the history lesson, but we got business to discuss.. Way I figure it Garrett, you just showed up at a bad time and you really didn't know what was going on. Your a smart guy, you don't want to get involved in old man Boone's shit ..its not your problem."

This is between old man Boone and the club. We could use a man with your talents bro...whattya say to a membership in the Legion...Full cut, no bullshit!!"

Tommy Hawk out of the loop..looks at Beef in disbelief..

DOUCETTE

"No thanks, I'm more the lone wolf type..and I don't like motorcycles"

TOMMYHAWK

“You Fuckin...”

Tommy's hand moves to his belt as Beef reaches and grabs his brother's arm before he can pull the axe. Beef stares into his brother's eyes

BEEF

“be cool bro..”

Jean is now standing back with a long multi-colored sash in his hands.

BEEF

“ok..ok...lets just be cool. I got ten large for you Garrett..ten fuckin' grand to pack your shit and leave town..”

Tommy Hawk was not aware of the money deal planned by the King and this only fuels his anger..

TOMMYHAWK

“What the fuck...I'll kill this fuckin chavala for free, carnal”

DOUCETTE

“Coo ka na chay da la roo na ja la kay”

TOMMYHAWK

“What?”

DOUCETTE

"I said your red on the outside  
but yellow on the inside.."

Tommyhawk goes off & pushes Beef to one side. A tomahawk Vs Knife fight begins. Katherine sees the fight outside the window and dials 911.

(FIGHT SCENE - Knife VS Tommahawk)

A sheriff's cruiser pulls up slowly. The loud chirp of the siren brings the combat to a quick halt as sheriff Randell and his deputy David Lee Pollard step out of the police car with shotguns in hand. Beef stands silent as the sheriff and his second-in-command approached the group shotguns leveled at the waist.

SHERIFF\_RANDALL

(southern drawl)

"what ya'll got going on here  
boys.."

Tommy Hawk was puffing like a marathon runner as he glanced over at Beef.

DOUCETTE

"Just giving a fellow Indian a  
lesson in the old tribal ways..."

SHERIFF\_RANDALL

"Ah..is that what you call it. Well Mr. Garrett, when I drove up, it looked to me like you and your amigo were lookin' to lift a scalp"

TOMMYHAWK

"like my Indian brother said chief. we was just getting back to our native roots.."

DEPUTY\_DAVID\_LEE

"Bullshit Sheriff they was fightin!"

SHERIFF\_RANDALL

"What about you Beef, just enjoying the show."

BEEF

(smirked)

"Just trying to broaden my horizons sheriff."



SHERIFF\_RANDALL

"I am drowning in the bullshit,  
y'all are tryin' to shovel here.."

Sheriff Randell waves his shotgun at the two gang members and then pointed the end of the barrel at the two parked motorcycles.

SHERIFF\_RANDALL

"I strongly suggest you two up-  
standing citizens get on your  
bikes and make dust. As for you  
Mr. Garrett..I got my eye on you  
boy..so you better keep that pig  
sticker in its case"

DEPUTY\_DAVID\_LEE

"Ya boy..you better just.."

SHERIFF\_RANDALL

"Shut your hole David Lee, I'm  
sure Mr. Garrett gets my drift."

Doucette turns his back to the sheriff and walks back toward the Booncat Saloon.

Doucette steps though the half open door of his apartment as Katherine meets him. It is at this moment that Kat realized that she was not supposed to be here in the first place.

KATHERINE

"I am sosorry...Ican explain...I.."

DOUCETTE

"Explain what..my home is your home.."

Jean lays his sash and blade on the coffee table.

DOUCETTE

"but I do need a shower.."

Jean walks toward his female visitor and pulls off his sweat soaked t-shirt. Katherine's eyes fasten on the muscular body that glistens with sweat. One bead suddenly stopped as Katherine's fingers touch the stomach of the Greek statue standing before her. She flattens her palm against the oily steel cords that rippled just under the skin. She feels her wedding ring become greasy and roll as her hand pushes hard against the muscle wall sliding up the middle of Doucette's abs to the lower chest. Doucette pulls Katherine's body against him as her second hand joins the other to explore jean's muscular physique.

Low growl emits from Jean's throat as his hands cup Katherine's firm buttocks and lifts her off the ground.

Lips and tongues embraced in a duel of passion as the wolf carries his prize off to the shower.

## SCENE 26 - THE AXEMAN

The two henchmen arrive back at the Dragon's Lair. The large boat rocks gently on the lines as Medusa stares out the starboard side window and watches Tommy Hawk and Beef approached the ship. King Cyrus enters the main cabin from the V-birth, Mojo cane in hand.

CYRUS

"Dusa, I take it my brethren have returned.."

MEDUSA

"I believe they bring bad tidings my king"

Beef is first to enter the cabin. Tommy Hawk grumbling to himself as he trails behind his brother.

CYRUS

"What's the word brothers, I take it Mr. Garrett was unpersuasive"

Tommy Hawk gazes at the ground as he feel the King's eyes upon him.

BEEF

"We did our best brother, but this Garrett dude is a hard heading motherfucker.."

TOMMYHAWK

"This is bullshit bro.. I can take this fuckin' guy.."

BEEF

"yeah right, looked more to me like Garrett was giving you a run for your money bro.."

TOMMYHAWK

"Fucker was lucky..I would.."

King Cyrus slams his Mojo cane on the floor.

CYRUS

"Enough!!"

MEDUSA

"Allow me my king to send Mr. Garrett an unwelcome guest.."

CYRUS

"very well Medusa.."

As Beef & Tommyhawk walk out they can't help but notice Medusa's smile.. her eyes beam with a gleam of gratification.

## SCENE 28 - CUJO

Beef and Tommyhawk return to the club house shortly after leaving the 'Dragon's Lair' King Cyrus's ship. Beef enters the clubhouse first and goes straight to the fridge for a beer. Tommyhawk follows grumbling under his breath.

TOMMYHAWK

"Fuckin' bitch. We can't let that  
Voodoo whore make us look bad  
bro.."

BEEF

"I hear ya bro"

Sticks come out of the backroom followed by a very large Hispanic male.

STICKS

"Whazzz aahup' brothers"

BEEF

"Who the fuck is this"

Beef points his finger and beer bottle in the direction of the big Hispanic.

STICKS

"He's a new prospect Bro..name's  
Cujo"

BEEF

(sizing him up)

"Big fuckin' dude. Can he speak  
English?"

CUJO

"I speak English and Spanish"

TOMMYHAWK

"He wasn't fuckin' talkin' to you  
PROBATE! "

Cujo stares at Tommyhawk but remains silent.

STICKS

"My boy here is six-six, three  
hundred and forty-five lbs of  
Mexican muscle. " Fuckin' Norteños  
Familia bro!"

BEEF

“Noro..Fama what?”

Cujo and Tommyhawk's eyes remained locked in an eye fucking contest.

STICKS

“Fuckin' Mexican Mafia Esa..dude was a hard core motherfuckin' LA gangbanger. My boy Cujo here got kicked out for killing a fellow gangmember who fucked his little sister! Snapped the fucker's neck like a twig man!”

Cujo silently opens his shirt to reveal a tattoo of a Mexican sombrero covering a large Machete dripping blood.

BEEF

“Well remind me not to fuck anybody in his family”

Beef grins and winks at Tommyhawk.

BEEF

"Perhaps our new probate can show us what he's made of. Perhaps he'd like to earn his top rocker"

Beef looks over at Tommyhawk

TOMMYHAWK

"Maybe even the whole fuckin' cut"

The boy's get down to talking business...



## SCENE 29 - AXEMAN'S HOME

A paved road soon turns to gravel as Medusa's motorcycle makes its way down a winding backwoods road. The Voodoo lady approached her final destination, A small single wide trailer sits in the middle of a wood clearing. An old green John Deere tractor is parked next to an even older rusted half-ton truck. Medusa kills the engine of her crotch rocket and carefully surveys the house and small barn. Medusa slides from the seat and removed her gloves as she walked toward the small barn. Her ears detect the sound of an woodsman's axe hard at work. She followed the sound and licks her wind chapped lips like a viper's forked tongue searching for the scent of prey. Her eyes slit as she approached a large man chopping wood from behind.

LEON

(splitting wood)

"I knew it was you witch woman"

MEDUSA

"My Leon..Dear friend"

LEON

"Why have you come?"

Leon was committed to the insane asylum years back shortly after his wife died while giving birth. To cope with the loss and mental strain, Leon's mind created the persona that his wife left him for another man. Medusa has a plan for all that caged rage. It is now time to release the beast within.

MEDUSA

"I know what your heart seeks.."

LEON

"My heart is gone.."

MEDUSA

"She has gone"

Medusa steps back as she casts her bones in the sand before the woodsman.

MEDUSA

"She was TAKEN from you!! The bones say it's sooo!!"

Djab spirits have spoken to me in my dreams. They have shown me the man who ripped out your heart!"

Medusa pulls out a small vial of clear liquid and offers it to the towering giant.

## MEDUSA

"Drink and you will see what I see"

Leon takes the small vial of norcuron potion in his large fingers and drinks it.

## MEDUSA

"Yessss.. My will be done"

The giant's eyes become lifeless as he obeyed the voodoo queen command to sit. Leon eyes are blank and cold as he sit there the log. Medusa slides into his lap like a child with a mall Santa, her arms wrap passionately around the giant's neck. She kisses his whisker rough cheek then presses her lips to his left ear and begins to whisper her evil plan. Leon remains like a statue in his zombie like state, as the Voodoo priestess tightens her grip and inject's her venom.

## SCENE 30 - BAR AXEMAN

The saloon is opened for two hours when Doucette enters the south side swinging doors. His tinted wayfair sunglasses were a welcomed shield from the Florida sun's relentless rays. He moves across the bar slowly. He sits down his 7-11 coffee and removes his sunglasses. He squinted his ice blue eyes as they adjusted to the room and ran his fingers threw his long black hair, gathering it behind his head into a pony tail. The cool summer breeze that blows through the open windows does little to ease Kat's now rising body heat. A flashback of her under garments being ripped off her sultry body by her untamed lover sends a shock down her spine. Katherine's pulled herself together and manages to say...

KATHERINE

"Good morning."

DOUCETTE

"Good afternoon.."

KATHERINE

Oh..that's right..it is the  
afternoon'

CHET

(loud)

"Kat...Kat!"

Pops comes around the far corner of the bar

CHET

"I can't find that Goddam liquor invoice for last month"

KATHERINE

"Daddy's please don't cuss in front of Casey. Did you look in the top filing Cabinet? In the inventory folder?"

CHET

"I tell you Wade, I am getting to old for this shi- -.. I mean - - "

Casey looks up at her grandfather with serious eyes

CASEY

"You mean 'Bullshit' right grampa?"

KATHERINE

(& pops)

"NO!!"

KATHERINE

"Baby don't say that word. Its not nice".

CHET

"Ya..honey, it will make you get warts on your tongue.."

KATHERINE

"Daddy! Don't tell her that.."

CHET

"That's what your grandfather used to tell me. Ok..Ok what do you say we go fishin' this afternoon pumpkin"

CASEY

"Oh ya!!"

KATHERINE

“Oh Daddy..”

Kat shakes her head in defeat. Pop's smiles and winks at Jean as he leads Casey by the hand out the side door.

10 minutes pass Jean & Katherine small talk. Katherine see's Leon enter the side door. But is unconcerned.

Leon approaches Jean from behind just as he is getting ready to leave. Leon pulls a large axe from under his jacket. He swings over his head & down. Jean see's the fear in Kat's eyes and & moves to the side, only to have his foam coffee cup pinned to the bar top by a a large double bladed axe.

KATHERINE

(screams)

'LEON!!!'

Leon eyes are unfeeling & trance like as he removes the axe & swings a second time. Jean ducks as the axe buries itself in a pole.

KATHERINE

(screams)

'Leon stop!!!'

Jean hits Leon in the jaw but Leon throws Jean against wall next to the pool table.

Leon removes axe and attacks Jean again. Jean ducks and slips the swings jumps up on the pool table & does a back flip over an axe swing. Jean jumps on Leon's back and chokes him out.

KATHERINE

'Don't hurt him Jean..he's challenged!!'

DOUCETTE

'Challenged!! He sure as hell wasn't Challenged by me!!'

Leon eyes roll back as he passes out. Jean releases his choke hold as Leon falls to the floor unconscious.

DOUCETTE

((heavy breathing))

'That was one large pissed of lumberjack'

Sheriff arrives shortly after and takes Leon away.

KATHERINE

"I don't understand it. We all know Leon is mentally challenged but he has never caused trouble."



DOUCETTE

"There was something not right.  
his eyes were trance like..  
I could feel a darkness in him."

KATHERINE

'But why here? Why you?

DOUCETTE

'didn't you say the gang has a  
shaman?"

KATHERINE

'ahhh..madisa..no..Maa.

Medusa. That's it! MEDUSA!! Oh my  
God yes..I heard she is into  
VOODOO!!!

DOUCETTE

'that would explain the  
lumberjack's actions..'

KATHERINE

'Oh my God..she's turned Leon into  
a ZOMBIE!!'

DOUCETTE

(smirk)

'I don't think Leon is a zombie  
Katherine. The dead don't pass out  
in a choke hold. But no doubt he  
was sent here by someone who  
dabbles in the dark arts. My  
people know well the power of dark  
spirits.'

KATHERINE

'I want to check on you later to  
make sure your ok..'

DOUCETTE

(smiling)

'just to be safe and all..'

KATHERINE

(blushing)

"Just to be safe and all.."

DOUCETTE

'that could take a while.'

KATHERINE

(smiling)

'I have a while..'

Jean leaves as Katherine smiles to herself.

SCENE 31 - CUJO - STICKS - CC - ATTACK

The bar just opened. 30 happy hours patrons are in the club. All the Security has yet to arrive. But CC & Bongo Bob arrive early. Cujo & sticks enter the club. CC is talking to Jean when Cujo comes walking up. Sticks is hanging out around the pool tables...not far away.

CUJO

'Hey man..you hiring bouncers?'

DOUCETTE

'why you have someone in mind?'

CUJO

(confused)

'I mean me dawg. I can stomp drunk  
ass like nobody's business!'

DOUCETTE

'sorry were not in the ass  
stomping business. Were in the ass  
protecting business...Dog'

CUJO

'So what..you ain't gonna hire me?'

DOUCETTE

'Sorry, I got a full crew'

CUJO

'Well fire this four eyed bitch &  
hire me'

CRYSTAL

'you wetback motherfucker!'

DOUCETTE

'CC let it go!'

CUJO

'Ya go lay down by your bowl  
bitch!!!'

Cujo swings a hard left back hand toward CC's face. But its stopped cold in mid swing by Jean's right hand!

DOUCETTE

'Pick on somebody your own size.."

CUJO

'Ain't nobody got my size!'

Cujo swings a hard right fist holding a taped up roll of nickels at Doucette's head. Jean slips the punch. CC jumps in but is thrown to one side, hitting her head.

Cujo & Jean begin to fight. Bongo Bob begins to head toward the problem only to see sticks in his way spinning his nunchucks.

Jean beats cujo but bongo gets an injured wrist. Sticks jumps to finish what cujo started

## STICKS

'hear your fast. You think your fast?'

Sticks spins his nunchucks.

'well mr. Lightin...do you think your fast?'

## DOUCETTE

'Faster than you..'

Sticks gets beat by Doucette. The other bouncers arrive and remove the pair of trouble makers.

## KATHERINE

'Are you all right Jean? I think Bobby broke his wrist but Crystal is ok, just a bump on her head.'

## DOUCETTE

'its all good but you better get Tack to take Bobby & CC to the local hospital to have them looked at...me & the other boys got it here.'

BLUE

'I can't believe this shit man..'

CROFT

'believe it boy..Cyrus & his thugs  
are not going away anytime soon..'

TACK

'I got CC & Bongo in the truck,  
I'll call ya with an update..'

Tack leaves.

BLUE

'That big mexican won't be back  
for a while..he was spittin up  
blood. I think Wade busted his  
ribs!'

CROFT

'He fucked up Sticks pretty good  
too. Them boys got a good ass  
whoopin!'

Tack returns later on with CC. But Bongo Bob has a fractured wrist and gets a cast. The night is busy but all is well , no major problems.

## SCENE 31- THE KING'S PLAN

At the club house Medusa sits. Leon failed to eliminate Wade Garrett. Tommyhawk & Beef's smirks are soon wiped off their faces as Sticks & Cujo arrive busted up.

MEDUSA

(smiling)

'Looks like your plan B failed as well'

TOMMYHAWK

'No worse than that big fucking of yours with the axe!'

BEEF

'shut the fuck up both of you..'

MEDUSA

(hisses)

'watch your tongue dog, while you still have it in your head..'

King Cyrus enters the room..



CYRUS

(yells)

"SILENCE!!" You have all failed..but it is not the fact that you have failed..but WHY have you failed?'

The three look at each other and the ground. As the king points his JuJu stick at each of his members.

CYRUS

'And Jesus asked the man, "What is thy name?" And he answered, saying, "My name is Legion: for we are many!!'

King Cyrus stares at the three..one face at a time up close and personal..

CYRUS

'Because..we...are...MANY!!

we are stronger when we WORK TOGETHER!'

The three begin to see the King's point

CYRUS

'Fear not my minions, for I have a plan that will rid us permanently of Mr. Garrett!'

King Cyrus lays out his Evil plan...

## SCENE 33 - MEDUSA'S REVENGE

The Booncat Saloon is just closing up. The bouncer's are working. Bongo Bob was checking ID's at the door. Doucette tells Tack & Croft to closeup, he's going to leave. Katherine booked off early & is up in his room waiting for him. Doucette walks around the corner of the club, shoving his bowie in his front jacket pocket. He notices a woman being assaulted by two men by a car.

They do not look like gangmembers. The woman is crying & trying to fight them off. One man is holding the woman the other slapping her..

DOUCETTE

(yells)

' Hey!!'

Doucette runs over as the the two men throw the woman to the ground and run..

DOUCETTE

'are you all right lady?'

The blonde woman's hair is long and hides her face..her sobbing suddenly turns to a sinister laugh ..

MEDUSA

(laughs)

'better than you..'

Doucette see Medusa aim a snubnose pistol at his chest..BOOM..BOOM!! the car side window shatters as Jean is propelled onto his back. Medusa jumps in the car and drives off as Bongo bob & CC come running toward the fallin' Jean Doucette.

## SCENE 34 - CASKET OF JEAN DOUCETTE

An ambulance was called and Doucette was taken away. 2 days later the demon Legion line up on their bikes to witness the casket of Jean Doucette being loaded on a train.

CYRUS

'and so ends the tragic life of  
Wade Garrett..what a waste.

BEEF

'he should of took the offer..'

TOMMYHAWK

(smiles)

'too late now..'

MEDUSA

'ashes to ashes..dust to dust'

CYRUS

'gather the legion..We are gonna  
take that's shithole by force  
tonight. Old man Boone & his  
misfits are history! '

The gang rides off...

## SCENE - 35 - RESURRECTION

Its a Sunday night at the club. Slow night the bouncers are here working. Its 12 midnight when the Demon Legion rolls up. King Cyrus leads the way. They approach the front door only to be met by the bouncers & pops.

CYRUS

'Its time to pay the devil his dues old man. No need in getting your people hurt. Lets talk business.'

CHET

'Only business I'm talking is you getting your sorry ass off my property..'

CYRUS

'Still playing the hard ass. Your done Boone. Your hero Wade Garrett is dead & your club is going down!'

A figure emerges from the shadows at the side of the saloon.

DOUCETTE

'I feel pretty good for a dead man..'

BEEF

'what the fuck!!'

TOMMYHAWK

(Blesses himself)

'It can't be!!'

CYRUS

(pulls his blade)

'Lets end this!!'

Bouncers vs the Demon Legion. The fight starts.

Doucette takes on King Cyrus. The Legion loses as Sheriff Randall arrives with state trooper backup.

Meanwhile while the fight is going on..Sambo follows Medusa's backup plan and grabs Casey from the house. He takes her to Medusa at the old warehouse. Where Deputy David Lee & Mr. Hyde are waiting.

KATHERINE

'Jean..Casey is missing!'

DOUCETTE

'Are you sure?'

KATHERINE

'I just checked on her.. she's gone!!'

CHET

'she can't be far..'

Katherine's cell phone rings..

KATHERINE

'Oh no..please don't hurt my little girl..'

She hands the phone to Doucette as directed by the voice on the phone.

DOUCETTE

'I understand. Just me. No cops.'

KATHERINE

(crying)

'oh my God, they have my baby!!'

DOUCETTE

'I will get her back but you need  
to stay here with the sheriff &  
tell them nothing..

Katherine you have to trust me..'

Katherine nods her head. Pops puts his arms around his  
daughter.

KATHERINE

'I trust you jean, just please get  
my baby back..'

Doucette walks away quietly and drives off in his truck.

SCENE 36 - WAREHOUSE

DOUCETTE DRIVE UP TO AN ABANDON WAREHOUSE. HE IS WATCHED BY SAMBO FROM THE WINDOW.

SAMMY

'Wade Garrett is here..and I don't see anyone else.'

Doucette enters the building. The deputy holds a gun on him as he spies Medusa holding Casey.

DEPUTY\_DAVID\_LEE

'Pat him down & cuff him dummy..'

Sambo takes the deputy's handcuffs, goes up and nervously pats Jean down for weapons. He finds jean's bowie behind his back and takes it..then he cuffs jean hands behind his back.

SAMMY

' Just this blade..'



DEPUTY\_DAVID\_LEE

(smirk)

'not smart to being a knife to a  
gun fight boy, probably why you  
Indian's lost the war.'

DOUCETTE

'they lost the war because they  
trusted white inbred scum like  
you.'

David Lee Walks up putting his shotgun up under jean's  
chin..

DEPUTY\_DAVID\_LEE

'you got a smart mouth don't ya  
boy!!' Can I kill him now Mr.  
Hyde."

An unseen stranger in the darkest corner of the warehouse  
speaks.

MARTY

'Soon..you just couldn't take the hint..you just kept hanging around like a fucking stray dog, sticking your nose into shit..what was it Garrett, was it Kat's sweet pussy or are you just a sucker for a sob story..

It was the perfect plan..Perfect until you showed up and fucked things up.'

DOUCETTE

'I have a habit of that..'

MARTY

'you should of took the money & left town.'

DOUCETTE

'I don't work that way..'

MARTY

'well this time your going to kill your ass for real & then I am gonna fuck your girlfriend in the ass while oldman Boone signs the bar over to me!!...take him to the back room & kill him.

Marty steps out of the shadows, Jean spies his dog-tags outside his shirt. The Deputy takes a step toward Jean.

DEPUTY\_DAVID\_LEE

'My pleasure Mr. Hyde.'

DOUCETTE

'I never figured a soldier for a  
Coward..'

MARTY

'I'm not a fuckin' soldier..I'm a  
marine!'

The deputy lowers his shotgun.

DOUCETTE

'Your still a coward.. '

MARTY

'you want a piece of me Garrett!'

DOUCETTE

'Been a while since I kicked a  
pussy soldier's ass '

MARTY

(eyes narrow)

'Is that a fact..'

DOUCETTE

'Better get deputy dog here to shoot me. You don't want me to kick your ass in front of your girlfriend'

Marty hits Jean with a right hand in the guts, Jean takes the shot with a grunt! Marty steps back as Sambo steps up.

MARTY

'cut this fucker loose!!'

Sambo walks behind Doucette with the cuff keys.

MEDUSA

(pulling Casey closer)

'Non..kill'em now my love..'

MARTY

'Your a dead man Garrett!'

MEDUSA

(yells)

' STOP! Do not let him loose! NO!'

Sambo stands behind Doucette, he unlocks one cuff & stops..

Doucette turns fast grabbing Sambo turning him toward the deputy like a shield..

MEDUSA

(yells)

'Kill him!!!'

The deputy fires hitting Sambo in the back, Jean pulls his stolen bowie from Sambo's belt and throws it at the Deputy. The Deputy falls dead with the bowie sticking out of his chest..

Marty attacks with a series of karate blows and moves. Jean counters attaching the hanging cuff beside the other on his wrist. They fight hand to hand Marty loses.

MEDUSA

'Enough!!!'

Marty is finished on his knees. Medusa has Casey by the hair and the deputy's shotgun.

MARTY

'Kill him baby..Kill him for me!'

Medusa points the shotgun at Doucette..then suddenly to Marty and pulls the trigger..Marty falls dead..

MEDUSA

(Spits)

'Fool..'

Casey begins to struggle, Medusa throws her to the ground.  
Medusa points the shotgun at Doucette...

MEDUSA

(smiles)

'Give my love to the ferryman Wade  
Garrett..'

A gun blast from the far end of the warehouse sends Medusa  
sprawling to the ground. DEAD.

Pops comes out rifle in hand. Casey runs to him.

CHET

'Sorry I took so long Wade but it  
took me a bit of work to get out  
from under the truck.'

DOUCETTE

'You were right on time pops..'

## SCENE 37 - GOOD-BYE

Its a staff meeting when Doucette arrives. He says his goodbyes. He makes Croft head of security. Jean shakes hands with Pops.

CHET

'Sure you won't stay Wade..'

DOUCETTE

(smiling)

'Its Jean..'

CHET

(smiling)

'Thank you.. whoever you are..'

Casey is there and doucette gives her a hug.

DOUCETTE

'Got something for you..' Its a dreamcatcher..to keep you safe.'



CASEY

'Thank you..'

Doucette walks outside and sees Katherine standing by his truck.

KATHERINE

'I knew you wouldn't stay..'

DOUCETTE

'Not this time..'

KATHERINE

'Will there be a next time..'

DOUCETTE

(smiles)

'Goodbye Katherine..'

Jean kisses Katherine and get in his truck as Casey runs up to her mom and waves goodbye.

SCENE 38 - NEW TOWN

The nightclub is closed as a Chinese girl cowers in fear behind the bar. A Chinese thug is threatening her and yelling at her in Chinese. Suddenly the thug looks into the mirror behind the bar and see's the reflection of a stranger sitting at a lone table in the back drinking a cup of coffee....

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