

BEERKEG

By
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Original Story
By
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FADE IN:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MORNING

In a small dark office...

JOHN, early 20's, sits unenthusiastically in an uncomfortable looking wooden chair across from his MANAGER, late 40's, overweight, sits behind a cluttered work desk.

John wears a red tie and plaid red jacket with a "Hello My Name Is" name tag on the breast pocket.

The Manager wears the same outfit minus the jacket, which is draped over his chair. A chair which squeaks each time he shifts his weight.

MANAGER

I'm gonna have to let you go.

JOHN

Go where?

MANAGER

Christ, John. I'm firing you.

JOHN

For what? Why?

MANAGER

Why?

He points his finger at John. Dark yellowish sweat stains can be seen under the armpits of his white dress shirt.

John looks at the scolding finger.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

You assaulted an employee.

BEHIND JOHN - OUT THE OFFICE WINDOW

ROBBIE, a young employee wearing the same terrible outfit but with blood on it, holds a bag of ice to a black eye. Female employees comfort him.

JOHN

That's why you're firing me?

MANAGER

What other reasons do I need?
You're lucky I don't call the cops.

JOHN

Call the cops? You gotta be kidding
me. I barely touched the guy.

MANAGER

That's not all. I've never had any
proof, but I know you're the one
that's been stealing around here.

John points to himself.

JOHN

Me? What could there possibly be
worth steal around here?

The Manager taps on an empty spot on his desk.

MANAGER

Right here. There was a coffee mug.
My prize coffee mug.

JOHN

Your mug goes missing so you blame
me? This is crazy.

MANAGER

Crazy? You wanna talk about crazy,
you've been a trainee here for how
long?

JOHN

I don't know.

MANAGER

Six weeks. That's how long. That is
a damn long time for anyone to
still be a trainee. Most are done
with their training within a week.

JOHN

I'm still tryin' to figure everything out.

MANAGER

This shit ain't rocket science. We sell mattresses.

JOHN

Yes, exactly. I'm trying to sell something to people that they can grab off the side of the road for free.

MANAGER

An attitude like that is exactly why you're never able to make a sale.

JOHN

C'mon, man. I've had a shitty day. Give me a week to get better at this.

MANAGER

There ain't no getting better at this, kid. You don't have what it takes. I'm sorry, but you ain't mattress material.

EXT. MATTRESS STORE - MORNING

John angrily walks out of the mattress store. Sitting out front is another MATTRESS EMPLOYEE sipping down a Slurpee.

MATTRESS EMPLOYEE

Heard they fired your crazy ass.

John rips off his name tag and slaps it on the Mattress Employee's forehead.

JOHN

Go fuck yourself.

The Mattress Employee continues to sip slowly, looking up at the sticker on his head.

EXT. MATTRESS STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It's a sunny morning in southern Los Angeles. The mattress store is next to the highway, cars buzz by, ruining what would be a surreal environment.

VOLVO

John loosens his tie, walks over to his old beat up red Volvo. He unlocks the car door, opens it and takes one final look back at the mattress store.

He stands there tossing his car keys around in his hand, contemplating.

JOHN
(to himself)
Okay. Fuck it.

John shuts the car door and walks back to the store.

EXT. MATTRESS STORE - CONTINUOUS

John walks over to the Mattress Employee.

MATTRESS EMPLOYEE
What?

JOHN
Move it.

John kicks him out of the way, bends down, picks up a brick.

MATTRESS EMPLOYEE
What are you doin'? You gotta leave
before they call the cops for real.

JOHN
Let me give them a reason first.

John walks over to the front of the store, tosses the brick through the front window. The alarm goes off as the brick lands on a mattress along with some shattered glass.

He smiles and walks back to his car.

MATTRESS EMPLOYEE

What the fuck was that?!

INT. JOHN'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

John drives along, tapping his thumbs on the steering wheel, listening to music. His cell-phone rings in the passenger side seat.

He looks over, grabs it, sees who it is.

JOHN

(to himself)

Fuck.

He lets it ring for a while before deciding to answer it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What do you want, Sara?

INT. GAS STATION - MORNING

Standing by the slushy machine, pouring herself a drink is SARA, a beautiful blonde haired bombshell.

SARA

I told you, baby. I'm sorry.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JOHN

Why? Why are you sorry?

SARA

Because I hurt you. But you hurt me first.

JOHN

Fuck you, I did. I came to this
fucking city for you.

SARA

I know, baby and I'm sorry.

John pushes down on the gas, the car goes faster and faster.

Sarah fills up her giant cup and slurps it down.

JOHN

Saying sorry doesn't unfuck Robbie,
Sara.

SARA

I know that. Of course I know that.

JOHN

My only friend here. The guy I
fuckin' work with.

She sighs.

SARA

I'm sorry is all I know what to say
right now. And that pisses you off,
so... Where are you? Are you at
work? I'm gonna come see you.

JOHN

Fuck off. I don't want to see
anyone right now. Especially you.

SARA

Don't be like that. I'm coming
over. We can't get past this if you
refuse to even see me.

END PHONE CONVERSATION ON JOHN

John hangs up and throws the phone back in the passenger side
seat.

He makes a hard left turn, the tires squeal on the pavement. Junk in the back of his car, mostly stolen office supplies, all fly to the right.

He speeds down the street with fury in his eyes. He comes to a quick halt at a red light.

He takes a moment to calm himself, when...

A shining light hits his eyes.

He looks over to his right and notices A BEER KEG alone in a field by the road.

The light changes to green.

John keeps his eye on the keg.

A car behind him honks their horn at him.

John drives off, looks back at the beer keg as it slowly gets smaller in the distance.

He checks his mirrors to see it one more time.

His cell-phone rings again.

John turns into a nearby gas station.

EXT. JOHN'S CAR(PARKED) - MORNING

John steps out of his car, looks around, his phone still ringing an annoying little tune in the front seat.

He ignores it and walks out to the sidewalk.

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

John looks up the street, covers his eyes from the sun.

He squints...

BEHIND HIM

Sara exits the gas station and walks over to her car, still

on her phone, slurping down a slushy.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - MORNING

The beer keg sits there alone in the field, untouched, untapped.

...waiting...

The sun bounces off its metal skin.

BACK TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

The glare from the keg hits John's eyes. He breaks his glance, walks back to his car.

John paces around, his cell-phone still ringing in the front seat of his car.

JOHN

Shut the fuck up!!

He looks around, notices the people pumping gas into their cars looking at him oddly.

He makes a little boy cry. His mother quickly shields his ears, ushers him back into their car.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sorry.

They speed away in a hurry.

John gets back into his car and makes a U-turn down the street.

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - MORNING

The beer keg sits in the field, glistening in the sun.

John pulls his car up to the curb, gets out, looks at the keg.

He moronically leaves his car running, his phone still ringing in the front seat.

He looks around.

No one in sight.

Slowly, John walks over to the beer keg. He reaches out to touch it...

...stops.

He looks around again.

Still no one.

He acts more like a peeping tom ogling a naked woman showering, than a man creeping up on an inanimate object.

John gives the keg a tap with his shoe.

He reaches out, lands his hand on it, immediately pulls his hand back in pain.

JOHN

Shit, it's fuckin' hot.

He covers his hand with the sleeve of his jacket, shakes the keg to get an estimate on how full it is.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Christ, you're completely full.
Would you like to come home with me?

He laughs to himself, tries to lift it...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Fuck, you're heavy.

He tries with all his might to lift it up, grunts and spits, the keg doesn't want to budge from its spot.

John holds his back in pain like he might have pulled something.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit, you're a big girl. Good thing
I like a challenge.

He grabs one of the handles and pulls with both hands. Slowly, he manages to drag the keg a few inches.

BEHIND HIM

A man walks past John's car, takes notice of it still running. He looks over and sees John dragging the beer keg. With a smile, the man hops into John's car and takes off.

John is completely clueless.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to the keg)

C'mon, baby! I found your sweet
spot, time to spread those legs for
me.

John stops dragging the keg, takes a minute to rest. He looks around again, holding his back in pain.

Still not noticing his car has been stolen, John continues his two hand drag of the beer keg.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

John manages to drag the beer keg up to the sidewalk. He takes a long satisfied deep breath.

JOHN

Almost there-

He finally turns around and notices his car is missing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What the... fuck!!

He puts his hands on top of his head, paces around.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Goddamn it!

He kicks the beer keg. Automatically, he notices that it was a bad idea, with the look of shock covering his face.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shitfuck!

He hops around, holding his foot in pain.

INT. JOHN'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

The CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF joyrides in John's car. He fidgets around with the radio, BLASTS loud Russian rock music.

John's cell-phone rings in the background.

EXT. MATTRESS STORE PARKING LOT - MORNING

Sara stands outside in the parking lot to the mattress store trying to reach John on her cell.

Two police cars are parked out front, lights flashing red and blue.

Cops inspect the broken window with the store Manager.

An ambulance parked off to the side has Robbie getting medical treatment.

He hams it up for everyone.

ROBBIE

It hurts so much! I think I might need disability!

MANAGER

You ain't gettin' shit!

SARA

C'mon, John pick up. What the hell did you do?

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - MORNING

John takes a seat on top of the beer keg. He hangs his head in his hands and lets out another...

JOHN

Fuck. Of course this would happen.
I can't have one good thing, can I?

He gets up and reaches into his pockets, feels around-

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

John's wallet lies on the dashboard in plain view. The Crazy Russian Thief takes notice, grabs it, pulls out the cash.

BACK TO:

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - MORNING

John angrily paces around again. This time with a slight limp.

JOHN

One thing! One thing! That's all I
ask for! All I ever seem to get are
cocks up the ass!

IN THE DISTANCE

John freaks out, yelling to himself. People quickly walk by as the deranged man curses the sky.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Cock up the ass!

John looks over at the beer keg. He touches the top of the keg and smiles.

He checks his watch.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Okay, I got five hours before the sun goes down.

He grabs the beer keg by a handle.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I will sure as hell make at least one good thing go right for me today.

He drags the keg behind him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Even if it kills me.

EXT. SOUTH LA - DAY

MARCUS and his crew ANDRE, KIONE and FATBOY deal drugs on the street corner. JUNKIES wait their turn to walk up to him as he slips them an 8-ball of crack.

MARCUS

That's what I'm saying, nigga. If you've been blind since fuckin' birth, what da fuck do you even dream about?

ANDRE

Shit, I don't even know. Do blind people even dream?

MARCUS

Fatboy, your cousin is blind, right?

FATBOY

Yeah, but that nigga wasn't born blind. He got hit in da back of da head with a fuckin' hammer.

MARCUS

Shit, that's right.

ANDRE

He that nigga that does them prank
calls all the time?

FATBOY

Yeah. That's him.

ANDRE

Shit. He's a goofy motherfucker.

FATBOY

Man, fuck you, motherfucker.

Kione walks over, counting the money he got off a junkie.

KIONE

That nigga called me up one time in
the middle of the night askin' how
babies were made.

Andre and Marcus laugh.

FATBOY

Bullshit, Kione. He's slow, he
ain't fuckin' retarded.

John drags his keg down the sidewalk at a slow pace. The
grinding of metal hitting the pavement draws eyes.

MARCUS

Look at this motherfucker right
here.

Marcus walks up to John and propositions him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You lookin' to get high, nigga?

JOHN

What? No.

MARCUS

Sure you is. I got everything you
could ever want, nigga.

Marcus takes a look at the beer keg.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

What you lookin' for? I got all that shit. Meth? Crack? 2-for-1 sale. Got marijuana and crack rolled in a joint. Great fuckin' shit. OxyContin your thing? Got a Bomb.

JOHN

A bomb?

MARCUS

Yeah, man. You know, pot rolled with heroin or opium. Buyer's choice.

JOHN

Pass.

MARCUS

That's cool, that's cool. I got veterinary steroids, oral steroids, injectable steroids, Codeine cough syrup, LSD, regular ol' heroin or black tar heroin, again it's buyer's choice. I got PCP, uppers, downers, all a fuckin' rounders. I got barbiturates, sleepers, tranqs, roofies, regular old cannabis, morphine to make you feel like you're floatin'. I got peyote, laughing gas, poppers, ecstasy, the list goes on, nigga. Whatcha want?

JOHN

Anything for a broken heart?

MARCUS

We talkin' about pussy here?

JOHN

You sell girls, too?

MARCUS

I don't sell 'em, only rent 'em.

JOHN

I was only kidding. I don't want a girl.

MARCUS

Best remedy for a broken heart is some fine, shined, tight as a dime piece of pussy, my nigga. That will cure any broken heart in a 10 block fuckin' radius.

JOHN

I don't think so.

MARCUS

Man with fuckin' morals.

JOHN

Man with no fuckin' money.

MARCUS

Shit, nigga. Pay me with that.

He motions to the keg.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Even trade.

JOHN

I plan on taking this home and drinking myself into oblivion.

MARCUS

Shit, there's better and faster ways to do that.

JOHN

What about a phone I can use?

MARCUS

Sure. If you hand me that keg.

JOHN

For a phone call? I don't think so.

MARCUS

What about if I help you carry it?

JOHN

That's all right. I think I can manage.

MARCUS

You sure you don't want some crack?

JOHN

No. Not lookin' to buy any crack. Thanks for asking.

MARCUS

I tried bein' nice.

JOHN

What?

Marcus pulls a gun out from behind his waistband.

Andre, Kione and Fatboy corner John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

C'mon, man. You're being a fuckin' stereotype right now.

MARCUS

Shut the fuck up, motherfucker.

He shoves the gun in John's face.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Give it to me, bitch.

John raises his hands.

JOHN

Okay, Jesus. Take it.

Marcus hits him over the head with the butt of his gun.

MARCUS

That's for calling me a fuckin'
stereotype, motherfucker.

John falls on his back, head bleeding down his neck.

Marcus and his crew laugh and drag his keg away.

John lies there defeated.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Run along now, you little bitch.

John lifts himself up, follows in pursuit.

EXT. SOUTH LA - LATER

John ducks behind a parked car, checks his bleeding head,
sees the blood on his fingertips.

JOHN

Shit.

He looks across the street, sees Marcus stop at a small
yellow building.

MARCUS

Fatboy, you wait here. Watch this
shit.

Marcus, Andre and Kione go inside, leaves Fatboy on guard
duty.

JOHN

(to himself)

What the fuck am I doing? If they
catch me, I'm fuckin' dead.

EXT. YELLOW BUILDING - DAY

TWO SEXY LADIES walk by, Fatboy turns his back to chat with
them.

FATBOY

Whats'up, ladies. You ever seen a
big dick before?

SEXY LADY 1

You ain't got nothin' I want.

FATBOY

(to Sexy Lady 2)

What about you, sexy? You wanna
match skin tones? My dick your
hands.

SEXY LADY 2

Shit, you nasty.

John sneaks across the street, carefully tips the keg over on
its side.

FATBOY

I think I know your sister. She got
a big ass too?

SEXY LADY 1

Whatchu name?

FATBOY

Me? Call me Fatboy, girl. What's yo
name?

The ladies laugh.

SEXY LADY 1

Fatboy? Got that right, you fat
motherfucker!

They walk away snickering to each other.

John rolls the keg...

The keg picks up speed...

EXT. SOUTH LA SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

The beer keg quickly rolls down the hill away from John. He swiftly chases after it as fast as he can.

The keg crashes into a sign and stops. John jumps on the keg, rolls it into a nearby alleyway.

EXT. YELLOW BUILDING - DAY

Marcus steps out, looks around for the keg.

MARCUS

What the fuck, Fatboy?!

FATBOY

What?

MARCUS

Where'd it go?

FATBOY

Shit, I don't know, Marcus. It was right here.

He walks up to Fatboy, grabs him by the collar.

MARCUS

You stupid ass motherfucker! I gave you one fuckin' job! One job!

FATBOY

I don't know what happened. I only turned my back for a second.

MARCUS

I swear to fuckin' Christ, Fatboy. You better find me that fuckin' beer keg.

His crew spreads out in search of the keg.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

John shoves a metal trashcan over the keg. He ducks behind a dumpster as Andre runs by.

The coast is clear.

He takes a sigh of relief.

EXT. LA MARKET - DAY

A drunk looking ALLEYMAN comes out from an alley by an LA Market. He's dressed in a garbage bag, hair gone wild, beard long and grey. He looks to be in his 60's but could actually be younger. Dirt and grime cover his face, hands, and clothes.

John walks by, dragging his beer keg down the sidewalk.

ALLEYMAN

Hey!

John turns around and sees the Alleyman smiling and waving at him. His smile is missing a few teeth.

ALLEYMAN (CONT'D)

You need a hand with that?

JOHN

No, man. I'm good.

ALLEYMAN

I don't mean movin' it. I mean drinkin' it.

The Alleyman laughs to himself.

John isn't amused.

JOHN

I'm fine.

ALLEYMAN

You sure are!

(laughs and coughs)

Seriously though. You need a hand?

JOHN

That's all right.

ALLEYMAN

C'mon! Let me help you out. Be better on your back that's for damn sure.

JOHN

I'm fine, I got this.

The Alleyman walks over to John.

ALLEYMAN

It's no problem, bro dog. I'm strong like an ox's cock!

He flexes his muscles for John.

JOHN

No thanks.

ALLEYMAN

I was a boy scout back in the day. Helpin' young fucks in need is what I do. So help me help you out, amigo.

JOHN

Seriously, man-

ALLEYMAN

Where we headed? A party? Lots of young college chicks I bet.

The Alleyman gives John a wink.

JOHN

Home. I'm headed home.

ALLEYMAN

How far is that, bro dog?

JOHN

Not sure.

ALLEYMAN

You lost?

JOHN

Something like that.

ALLEYMAN

Shoot, that's no good. No good at all.

John drags the keg to the crosswalk and stops.

ALLEYMAN (CONT'D)

Where'd did you get this little lady?

JOHN

Found her.

ALLEYMAN

Talk about gettin' lucky. I ain't ever found nothin' worth braggin' about. People toss away some silly things, but I ain't ever seen no one toss away a perfectly good beer keg.

Alleyman keeps his eyes on the keg. He reaches down and grabs the other end.

JOHN

What are you doing?

ALLEYMAN

Helpin' my bro dog out.

JOHN

I don't need your help, man. It's all right.

ALLEYMAN

Everybody needs...

(burps)

A little help sometimes. Today is your lucky day, cause I'm here. And I'm willin' to help ya out.

Alleyman stands there with a dumb smile on his dirty face and the beer keg in his hand.

JOHN

C'mon, let it go. Put it down.

ALLEYMAN

In payment, after we get to your place, I can then help you empty it. Whadda ya say?

JOHN

I say fuck off, man. Really, you stink. I'm trying my best not to puke in my mouth right now.

ALLEYMAN

Well fuck you too, buddy.

John pushes the Alleyman away. He drops the end of the keg with a loud metallic THUD and backs off.

JOHN

Christ, watch it, damn it!

ALLEYMAN

Be cool. Be cool, bro dog.

JOHN

Leave me the fuck alone.

ALLEYMAN

C'mon, bro dog.

JOHN

I'm not your bro dog!

ALLEYMAN

I'm tryin' to do you a favor. Don't have to bite my fuckin' dick off for it.

JOHN

Leave me the fuck alone, man.

John drags his beer keg away from the Alleyman.

ALLEYMAN

I was bein' fuckin' friendly, motherfucker!

The Alleyman runs over to John and points his dirty finger at him.

ALLEYMAN (CONT'D)

Where'd you find it?!

JOHN

None of your business, you smelly crazy asshole!

ALLEYMAN

I had me one like that the other day and lost it. Was lookin' for it all night.

JOHN

Bullshit. This isn't yours.

ALLEYMAN

How the fuck do you know that? Huh? This keg belongs to me just as much as it belongs to you.

JOHN

Leave me the fuck alone.

ALLEYMAN

You leave me the fuck alone! And give me back my beer keg!

The Alleyman runs after John.

John pushes him back, points his finger at him.

JOHN

Back the fuck off! I'm warning you!
Stop following me.

ALLEYMAN

It belongs to me just as much as it
belongs to you! I wanted to help
you out, bro dog!

JOHN

I'm not your fucking bro or your
fucking dog!

ALLEYMAN

You got that right! Bro dogs share!
They fuckin' share!

JOHN

Not gonna share anything with you.

ALLEYMAN

I'm tryin' to be a nice fuckin' guy
for once, you know.

JOHN

Be a nice fuckin' guy with someone
else.

ALLEYMAN

You think I'm garbage. You see me
and you think human garbage. Smelly
drunk homeless garbage.

JOHN

You're literally wearing a garbage
bag as a coat right now.

ALLEYMAN

Sorry if I ain't got no fancy ass
jacket like you to wear, but so
what! I'm a nice fuckin' guy that
wanted to help you out!

John ignores his rantings and keeps walking.

JOHN

I don't want nor do I fuckin' need
your help.

ALLEYMAN

You motherfucker! I'm a nice
fuckin' guy!

The Alleyman runs at John like he's going to hit him.

John turns around and sucker punches the Alleyman right in
the face.

The Alleyman tumbles back and falls on his ass.

JOHN

I fuckin' warned you!

Alleyman holds his bloody nose.

ALLEYMAN

I know.

John offers him a hand.

JOHN

Fuck, man. Sorry.

Alleyman reaches out, grabs his wrist.

ALLEYMAN

Give me that fuckin' keg!

He swings, misses punching John.

John kicks him in the face, knocking him back down.

JOHN

Stupid asshole! I was trying to
help you! Stay down!

ALLEYMAN

I hope it tastes like piss!

John shakes his head in disbelief, walks away dragging the keg.

BEHIND HIM

The Alleyman slowly staggers back up with blood gushing from his broken schnozz.

ALLEYMAN (CONT'D)

You hear me?! I hope it tastes like piss!!

A BIT LATER

An old beat up brown Chevrolet Impala pulls up to the curb. The Alleyman leans against the side of the LA Market building, rocketing blood out of his nose.

INT. CHEVROLET IMPALA (PARKED) - DAY

DETECTIVE SAM ROLAND sits behind the wheel. He's black, tall, athletic, wears a blazer, sweating to death in his car.

Across from him, his partner DETECTIVE DINKLE. He's white, short, chubby, wears a blazer and like his partner, sweating to death.

They pass a tiny battery operated fan back and forth to each other.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

I can't take this for much longer, Sam. You need to get the air conditioning fixed.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Sure. You gonna fuckin' pay for it? Didn't think so.

They look at the Alleyman holding dirty pieces of cloth to his bleeding, broken nose.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Jesus. Don't tell me that's our
guy. I can smell him from here.

He passes the tiny fan over to Detective Dinkle.

DETECTIVE DINKLE (CONT'D)

Do we even need to bother with
this? Fuckin' heat brings out the
crazies.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Heat ain't got nothin' to do with
his crazy. You're homeless for two
reasons. You're unstable as fuck or
you're addicted as fuck.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Which one you think he is?

DETECTIVE ROLAND

I'm gonna guess both.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

I guess we outta go do our job.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

This is why we make the big bucks.

EXT. LA MARKET - DAY

Both detectives walk over to the Alleyman. He sees them and
runs over.

ALLEYMAN

You two cops?!

DETECTIVE ROLAND

I'm Detective Roland, this is my
partner Detective Dinkle. Hear you
were assaulted.

ALLEYMAN

Yeah! This crazy motherfucker with a beer keg punched and kicked me in the face!

DETECTIVE DINKLE

(to Detective Roland)

He say beer keg?

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Sir, would you mind telling us exactly what happened?

The Alleyman steps closer to them, the two detectives back away.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

That's close enough.

ALLEYMAN

I was mindin' my own business, when this fancy suit wearin' asshole comes up to me and asks if I'd help him carry his keg for him.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Can you describe this fancy suit wearin' asshole for us?

ALLEYMAN

I don't know, white, tall, skinny, brown hair, fancy suit, carrying a fuckin' beer keg.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Okay, so what happened after that?

ALLEYMAN

I'm a nice fuckin' guy. I think I should make that clear first. So being the nice guy that I am, I agree to help him with his little problem you see, and like that he punches me. Right on my honker.

He moves the dirty rag away to show them his messed up disgusting nose.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Jesus, that is fuckin' nasty.

ALLEYMAN

See what he did to me?!

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Can you cover that thing back up, sir?

ALLEYMAN

Sure.

He puts the dirty rag back over his bloody nose.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Okay, that about does it for us.

ALLEYMAN

Really? That's it? You don't want to canvass the area for suspects or something?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Sure. We'll let you know what we find.

INT. CHEVROLET IMPALA (PARKED) - DAY

Detectives Roland and Dinkle get back in their car.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

You ever get the feelin' we did some horrible shit in another life, and we're paying for it in this one?

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Every fuckin' day. What do you think of our less than fresh's story?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

What do I think? Bigfoot would be more believable.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

The broken nose was kinda convincing, maybe someone really did pop him one.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

He's a drunk, look at him, he probably fell down and broke his own damn nose.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Yeah, maybe you're right.

The Alleyman looks over at them, he walks on over...

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Christ, look out, here comes smelly.

ALLEYMAN

Officers?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Detectives.

ALLEYMAN

You got any leads yet?

DETECTIVE ROLAND

We talked to you like a minute ago.

ALLEYMAN

Yeah, so you got any new leads?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Since a minute ago?

(to Roland)

Shooting homeless people is still legal in this city, right?

ALLEYMAN

What?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

It's more fun if they run. My personal choice though.

Detective Dinkle reaches for his gun, Detective Roland stops him.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

(to Dinkle)

Hold on.

(to Alleyman)

He's joking. Did you want something, sir?

ALLEYMAN

Was wonderin' if maybe I could tag along?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

With us?

ALLEYMAN

I could help you guys look for him. You know, I used to be a boy scout.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Let me check with my partner first.

ALLEYMAN

This is going to be amazing! Let me go get some of my things!

He runs off down an alley.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

You let this smelly bastard in this car, I'm killing you both.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Relax, we're getting the hell out of here.

He starts the car.

The Alleyman runs out of the alley with garbage bags in both hands and a nasty couch pillow under his arm.

ALLEYMAN

Hey! Guys! What about me?!

The two detectives sit laughing, as the car speeds down the street, leaving the Alleyman behind.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

We found a new lead!

EXT. JIM'S BURGERS - DAY

The two detectives walk out of the burger shack.

They each hold a greasy bag of food in hand and a drink to their lips.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

We actually gonna look for this guy?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Fuck no. It is too damn hot to be lookin' for someone that most likely doesn't exist.

They walk over to their car that's been haphazardly parked half off the sidewalk.

Detective Roland takes a sip from his drink.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

What do you think would entice someone to actually drag around a beer keg in this heat?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

It takes all kinds.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

It might be fun.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

What would?

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Trying to find this guy.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Fuck you, man.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

We ain't got nothin' better to do.

Detective Dinkle holds up his greasy bag of food.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Digesting this burger is going to be an all day thing for me.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

C'mon, man. Let's be detectives and detect shit.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Fuck that.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

I can feel it, man. Somethin' big is on the way. Can't you feel it?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

I think you're right. I can feel something.

He farts.

DETECTIVE DINKLE (CONT'D)

And it was big.

They laugh.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

You got a dirty asshole.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Got that right. Think I might have to change my pants.

EXT. KOREAN FLOWER SHOP - DAY

John drags his beer keg past a flower shop. He stops and takes a breather.

He looks around, no one is in sight. Sweat drips from his brow, the sun beats down on him and the keg.

JOHN

(to the keg)

Not sure how much longer I can keep
this up, girl.

He pats the keg on the head like a dog.

A white van quickly pulls up and two guys in black, wearing ski masks, jump out of the back. They each carry sawed off shotguns.

MASKED MAN #1 runs over to John and looks him over.

MASKED MAN #1

(to Masked Man #2)

This our guy?

MASKED MAN #2 tosses an empty duffel bag and a black mask to John.

MASKED MAN #2

Yeah, he's our guy. Here, wear
that.

Masked Man #1 grabs John by the shoulders, looks intensely into his eyes.

MASKED MAN #1

You ready to do this, man?

JOHN

Um... I think maybe you guys might-

He pats him on the shoulders.

MASKED MAN #1

He says we're good to go!

They pump their shotguns.

MASKED MAN #2

We said come wearing all black.
What the fuck are you wearing?

JOHN

Plaid?

MASKED MAN #1

I get it. To catch them off guard.
Smart thinkin'.

MASKED MAN #2

Let's do this shit!

They push John along, head off into the Korean flower shop.

INT. KOREAN FLOWER SHOP - DAY

The MASKED MEN run into the shop and point their guns at everyone inside.

MASKED MAN #2

Everyone get the fuck down on the
ground!

MASKED MAN #1

This is a fuckin' robbery! I wanna
see wallets out and ready!

Masked Man #1 shoots the ceiling with his shotgun.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Now, motherfuckers!

John gets startled, drops the duffel bag.

Everyone in the store drops to their knees and reaches for their wallets. Everyone except for an OLD KOREAN SHOP LADY behind the counter. She stands there silently...

Masked Man #2 notices John standing there in shock.

MASKED MAN #2

Wake up!! Collect their shit!

John nervously picks the duffel bag back up.

Masked Man #2 goes around collecting the wallets, tossing them into John's duffel bag.

MASKED MAN #1

Get your fuckin' hands up, lady!

OLD KOREAN SHOP LADY

That isn't very nice, young man.

Masked Man #1 shoves the shotgun in her face.

MASKED MAN #1

The money from the fuckin' register. Now, bitch!

OLD KOREAN SHOP LADY

No need to yell. My hearing is fine, thank you very much.

She opens the register.

MASKED MAN #1

Yo, get your gun on this bitch.

Masked Man #2 runs over and points his shotgun at her.

John looks at all the frightened people.

JOHN

(whispers)

It's okay, don't worry. I'm not with them.

MASKED MAN #1

Yo! Get over here!

John quickly runs over with the duffel bag.

Masked Man #1 walks behind the counter, stuffs all the money in the register into the bag.

MASKED MAN #2
Fuckin' score, fellas.

MASKED MAN #1
Now for the safe.

The Old Korean Shop Lady BASHES Masked Man #1 over the head with a flower pot. He tumbles back, blasting the shotgun into the air.

The Old Korean Shop Lady grabs the shotgun away and shoots Masked Man #2 in the chest.

John tosses the duffel bag on the ground and bolts out of the shop.

A shotgun blast follows him out.

EXT. KOREAN FLOWER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The glass door explodes with buckshot. Sharp shards of glass fly everywhere as John runs out, ducks behind his beer keg for cover.

The TWO MASKED MEN quickly come screaming out. They're bleeding, covered in blood.

Masked Man #2 holds his stomach wound, blood gushes out on to the pavement.

John nervously backs away from them.

MASKED MAN #1
The money!

Masked Man #1 grabs John by the collar.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)
The fuckin' money! Where is it?

JOHN
I dropped it.

MASKED MAN #1
Dropped it? Dropped it?!

MASKED MAN #2

Let's get the fuck out of here!

MASKED MAN #1

I ain't leavin' here empty handed.

MASKED MAN #2

Fuck the money! Look at me, man!
She fuckin' shot me! I need to get
to a hospital.

JOHN

So... I'm gonna take off if that is
okay with you guys...

Police sirens blare in the background.

MASKED MAN #1

Oh, shit, it's the fuckin' cops!
What do we do now?

They look to John for answers.

He looks at the black mask in his hand.

JOHN

Shit!

John tosses the mask on the ground and quickly grabs his keg.
He drags it as fast as he can down the street.

MASKED MAN #1

What the fuck are you doing?

JOHN

I'm getting the fuck out of here!

MASKED MAN #2

You can't leave us here, you're the
guy.

John stops, turns around.

JOHN

I ain't your guy. I'm some dude
with a beer keg.

John tips the keg over and kicks it down the street as fast as he can.

He runs after it, not looking back.

They look at each other confused.

MASKED MAN #1
So he wasn't the guy?

INT. MARCUS AND CREW'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Fatboy drives as Marcus sits passenger, looks out the window with a gun in his lap.

FATBOY
This nigga could be anywhere,
Marcus.

MARCUS
Shut the fuck up and drive. We'll
find him.

They drive by the LA Market. The Alleyman is still out front, nursing his bloody face.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Stop the car.

EXT. LA MARKET - CONTINUOUS

The car stops, Marcus gets out...

The Alleyman sees the angry looking gangbangers and nervously sits up.

ALLEYMAN
Shit.

He turns to run.

MARCUS
Stop right there, motherfucker.
Don't you move.

The Alleyman freezes.

Marcus grabs the Alleyman's shoulder, presses his gun to the back of his head.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Where you going, bitch?

ALLEYMAN

Nowhere.

The Alleyman raises his hands up.

MARCUS

I hope not. I gotta ask you a few questions.

Marcus swings the Alleyman around, presses the gun against his broken nose.

The Alleyman yells out.

ALLEYMAN

Fuck! What do you want?

MARCUS

I'm looin' for a nigga.

ALLEYMAN

I ain't seen any.

MARCUS

Now I know you're lyin'. I'm lookin' for a nigga with a keg. You seen him?

ALLEYMAN

What did you say?

MARCUS

A beer keg, motherfucker. You seen anyone dragging around somethin' like that?

ALLEYMAN

I seen him.

Marcus removes the gun from the Alleyman's busted up nose, grabs him by the throat.

MARCUS

Yeah? Where?

EXT. KOREAN FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Officers corner off the area with police tape. Detectives Roland and Dinkle slip through, walk over to the crime scene.

Cuffed, face down on the pavement, Masked Man #1.

Masked Man #2 lies on a gurney as medics try to keep his guts from spilling out.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

I hear the shopkeeper is like 80 years old or something.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

That is embarrassing, guys.

MASKED MAN #1

She had a fuckin' shotgun.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Your shotgun.

MASKED MAN #1

If you wanna get technical about it.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

You two gotta be the dumbest motherfuckers I've ever seen tryin' to rob a place.

MASKED MAN #1

It's all that other guy's fault.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

The other guy? The one that ran off? What can you tell us about him?

MASKED MAN #1

We hired a guy, a real professional but he never showed up. Instead this dude with a beer keg comes along and fucks our whole plan to hell.

The Detectives look at each other.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

What did you say?

MASKED MAN #1

Guy with a fuckin' beer keg, man.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

What does this guy look like? What was he wearing?

MASKED MAN #1

Like this horrible looking plaid jacket.

MASKED MAN #2 (O.C.)

Yeah, thing was hideous.

They look over at the Masked Man #2, he sits up, the medics quickly push him back down.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Jesus, you're still alive?

They wheel him off into a nearby ambulance.

MASKED MAN #1

You gonna let us go now?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

We caught you trying to rob this place, you ain't goin' anywhere, you moron. Plus your friend has a giant hole in his gut.

MASKED MAN #1

But you could let me go, right?

DETECTIVE ROLAND
(to police officers)
Get this fool out of here.

Two police officers walk over and pick up the Masked Man #1, drag him off to their squad car.

MASKED MAN #1
I'm getting like witness protection
or something, right? Right?!

The two detectives walk back to their car.

DETECTIVE ROLAND
Told you this case would get
interesting.

DETECTIVE DINKLE
So this guy beats up a bum then
tries to rob a flower shop? What is
this dude's motivation? And why
drag around a beer keg?

DETECTIVE ROLAND
I guess it depends.

DETECTIVE DINKLE
Depends on what?

DETECTIVE ROLAND
What is inside the beer keg.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

With a pair of pantyhose over his head, the Crazy Russian Thief busts into the gas station, waves a giant .357 Magnum around.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF
(thick Russian accent)
This is fuckin' stick-up! I want
all your money and beef jerky out
on that fuckin' table before I get
to one!

The INDIAN CASHIER behind the counter stands there with his hands up.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you waiting for?!

INDIAN CASHIER

You said you were going to start counting.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

What the fuck are you saying?!

INDIAN CASHIER

You said you were going count down to one.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

It's a figure of fucking speech!

INDIAN CASHIER

How is that a figure of speech? You either count down to one or you don't. It's really quite literal.

The Crazy Russian Thief waves the gun around.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

What the fuck are you talking about?! Money! Beef jerky! And cigarettes! Now, motherfucker! Open the fucking register!

The Indian Cashier opens the register and grabs the money by the fistful.

INDIAN CASHIER

Here.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Beef jerky!

INDIAN CASHIER

No. You take cash and you get out.

The Crazy Russian Thief grabs the money, presses the barrel of the gun against the Indian Cashier's forehead.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Fuck you! I said I wanted jerky and cigarettes!

The Indian Cashier reaches under the counter...

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF (CONT'D)

Careful, you fuck. Don't make me paint the wall behind you with your human curry.

...He pulls out a bag of beef jerky.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF (CONT'D)

That's it. The Teriyaki flavor. Now cigarettes. Add them.

The Indian Cashier reaches behind him, takes a carton of cigarettes off the shelf.

The Crazy Russian Thief grabs everything off the counter.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF (CONT'D)

You have a nice day.

He runs off out of the store.

EXT. SOUTH LA - DAY

John very carefully drags his keg.

No one is in sight.

The streets are empty, the houses are mostly boarded up. Cars are either abandoned or nonexistent.

Lawns look like they've never been watered.

Dogs bark in the background.

JOHN

This place is fuckin' eerie.

A black kid on a bicycle quickly passes him by.

John jumps a little, but laughs it off.

DILIZA (O.C.)

Hey, mister. What you got there?

John quickly turns around, sees DILIZA, a little black boy, maybe 9 years old. He wears a white t-shirt 10x his size.

JOHN

Hey, there, kid. Scared me.

DILIZA

What you got there, mister?

JOHN

This thing?

He points to his beer keg.

DILIZA

Yeah, what is it?

JOHN

It's a beer keg. Never seen one before?

DILIZA

Nope. Can I touch it?

John smiles.

JOHN

If you want.

Diliza smiles.

DILIZA

Really?

JOHN

Why not? Be careful, could be hot from the sun.

Diliza walks over and touches the side of the keg.

DILIZA

Wow.

JOHN

Pretty cool, right?

DILIZA

It's fuckin' cool as shit, mister.

JOHN

Name's John, what's yours?

Diliza taps on the side of the keg.

DILIZA

Diliza. It means to destroy evil.

John looks around.

JOHN

Where is everybody?

DILIZA

Whadda ya mean?

JOHN

Like your parents.

DILIZA

I don't know.

JOHN

You don't know?

DILIZA

Do you know where your parents are?

John laughs.

JOHN

Not really. I guess maybe you have a point. Who looks out for you?

DILIZA

We look out for ourselves around here. Who looks out for you?

JOHN

No one, I guess.

DILIZA

I got my grams.

JOHN

That's good. That's somebody,
right?

Diliza puts his hands on his waist, looks the keg over.

DILIZA

Let me ask you somethin'. Where you
find this thing?

JOHN

The keg? In a field. Why?

DILIZA

It was by itself?

JOHN

That's right. All by its lonesome.

DILIZA

Really? You don't find that kinda
strange?

JOHN

Strange? I guess. Whole day kind of
started out strange though.

DILIZA

How do you even know anything is in
here?

JOHN

The weight. If it wasn't filled
with something, I'm sure it would
be a whole lot easier to drag.

DILIZA

You ain't got a car?

JOHN

I did but it was stolen.

DILIZA

Yeah, that shit happens around here. How you even know what's inside? Ain't got no labels or nothin'.

JOHN

Pretty sure it's a beer keg.

Diliza crosses his arms, stares at the keg.

DILIZA

Hmmm.

JOHN

Somethin' wrong?

DILIZA

Not sure, could be a bomb.

JOHN

A bomb? You think?

DILIZA

It's a possibility. If it is a bomb, that would make you a terrorist.

John laughs.

JOHN

Do I look like a terrorist?

DILIZA

Shit, nigga, I don't know. How am I supposed to know what a terrorist looks like, I'm 9 and a half.

JOHN

Then how do you know what a bomb looks like?

DILIZA
Cause, TV and shit.

John laughs.

DILIZA (CONT'D)
I wouldn't laugh this shit off.
What's more likely, someone left a
keg by the side of the road for
anyone to find, out of the
generousness of their hearts, or
some terrorist planting a weapon of
mass destruction?

JOHN
Maybe it fell out of a truck or
something, I did find it pretty
close to a gas station.

DILIZA
From the looks of it, it's
spotless, no dents, no nothin'
except for the scratches underneath
it from your dumb ass draggin' it.

Diliza test kicks the keg again the way a mechanic tests the
tires of an old car.

JOHN
You say it's a bomb, yet you kick
it like a bag of kittens.

DILIZA
Makin' sure.

JOHN
As much as I enjoy talking to you,
Diliza, I gotta get going.

DILIZA
To blow up a building?

JOHN
Something like that.

John grabs his keg and continues his journey once again.

INT. MARCUS AND CREW'S CAR(MOVING) - DAY

Armed with MAC-10s, Marcus and his crew slowly drive along, scanning the streets for John and his beer keg.

The Alleyman sits in the back, sandwiched between Andre and Kione.

ALLEYMAN

You guys are gonna let me try some
of that beer, right?

Marcus looks back at him.

MARCUS

Beer? What the fuck are you talkin'
about? This ain't about no fuckin'
beer.

ALLEYMAN

What's it about then?

MARCUS

It's about killin' that stealin'
motherfucker, motherfucker.

ALLEYMAN

What about the beer keg? You ain't
gonna let it go to waste are ya?

MARCUS

Listen, nigga. You mention this
beer keg one more time, I'm gonna
shoot your ass. Got it?

ALLEYMAN

Yeah. I got it. It's just... it
would be such a waste.

MARCUS

Motherfucker!-

EXT. SOUTH LA - INTERSECTION - DAY

Marcus and crew drive by, missing John step out of an alleyway.

He continues his long vigorous journey, wipes some sweat away from his face with his red tie.

A blue lowrider pulls up next to John. BIG HAZARD is behind the wheel. He's Hispanic, covered in blacked out tattoos.

BIG HAZARD

Get in.

John stops in his tracks.

JOHN

I don't think-

BIG HAZARD

Shut the fuck up and get in my car.

The door swings open.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Crazy Russian Thief that stole John's car, carefully pops his head around the door.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Hello? Any fuckers home?

He makes his way into the apartment.

MOMENTS LATER

The Crazy Russian Thief goes from room to room collecting DVDs, CDs, VCRs, TVs, radios, laptops, anything worth stealing.

He dumps them all on the couch across from where the tv used to be.

BEDROOM

The Crazy Russian Thief holds up a pair of John's jeans.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Fuck 'Merican jeans.

He takes off his pants and puts the jeans on.

KITCHEN

The Crazy Russian Thief looks through the cupboards.

A knock is at the front door.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

(to himself)

Shit.

FRONT DOOR

The Crazy Russian Thief walks slowly over to the front door.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Hello?

SARA (O.C.)

Hello? John?

The Crazy Russian Thief slowly opens the door. There stands Sara, she tips her sunglasses down to get a better look at him.

SARA (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

I am John.

SARA

No, you're not.

She pushes her way into the apartment.

She takes off her sunglasses, notices all the items the Crazy Russian Thief has piled up on the couch.

SARA (CONT'D)

What's all this?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

I was cleaning.

SARA

Really?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Yes. For John.

SARA

You said you were John.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Yes, my name is also John. Can I help you with something?

SARA

Where is the John that lives here?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Oh, he left.

She turns around and faces him.

SARA

Left where?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Vacation. Needed to get away.

She reaches into her purse and grabs her cellphone.

SARA

He didn't say anything to me about a vacation or you.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

What are you doing?

SARA

Calling him, then the police.

The Crazy Russian Thief quickly shuts the front door and runs over to her.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

What you say 'bout calling police?

She dials.

SARA

If he knows you, you have nothing to worry about. Right?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Right. Okay. You call him, he tell you who I am. Then we have dinner together.

She scoffs.

SARA

I don't think so. It's ringing by the way.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

John's cellphone rings in the front seat of his car.

BACK TO:

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sara hangs up the phone.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Well?

SARA

He didn't answer.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Told you, he on vacation, maybe he turned off phone when he got on the plane.

SARA

How exactly do you know John?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

From work.

SARA

Really? You sell mattresses too?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Yes, all the time.

SARA

That's funny, I've never seen you working there.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

That's because I'm a new hire.

SARA

And you're friends with John?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Yes. Best friends.

SARA

And your name is also John?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Of course.

She walks over to the pile of appliances on the couch.

SARA

What's this?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

He asked me to sell them for him.

SARA

Why would he do that?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

He said he doesn't want them anymore.

SARA

Really? Why not?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

I don't know. I didn't ask.

SARA

You have an answer for everything.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Yes. Now that I answered your questions, now could you answer some of mine?

SARA

I guess that's fair.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Exactly who are you?

SARA

Me? I'm John's girlfriend. Well... ex-girlfriend. We broke up.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Sorry, he must really hate himself for letting you go.

SARA

It's complicated. I'll get him back though.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Why did you two break up?

SARA

If you must know, I cheated.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

You fuck behind his back and he catches you?

SARA

No, I told him.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

He not catch you but you tell him anyway? Why?

SARA

I believe in honesty. It is the foundation for any strong lasting relationship.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Fucking people behind his back maybe not so good for relationship though.

SARA

It's a work in progress.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

No. I understand. A girl like you was made to be devoured.

She blushes.

SARA

What?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

It's a compliment.

SARA

Where are you from?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

From Russia.

SARA

Cool.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Yes, Russia very cool.

He gets closer to her.

SARA

What are you doing?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Devouring.

He lifts her up into his arms, carries her to the bedroom.

INT. MARCUS AND CREW'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The Alleyman shifts around uncomfortably between Kione and Andre.

ALLEYMAN

It's been fun and all. But I'd really like to leave now.

Marcus looks back, shoves a gun in his face.

MARCUS

Shut the fuck up.

ANDRE

Shit, nigga. This motherfucker is gettin' pretty fuckin' ripe back here. I vote we kick his smelly ass out.

KIONE

I'm with Andre. Kick his fuckin' ass out.

MARCUS

You two are actin' like a bunch of bitches right now.

ANDRE

You don't have to fuckin' sit next to him, nigga. Pretty sure he shit his pants.

ALLEYMAN

I ain't gonna say nothin' to nobody, okay?

(MORE)

ALLEYMAN (CONT'D)

You don't want me ruining your seats, do you? Pull over and drop me off. We can forget about all of this ever happening.

MARCUS

Do I look concerned, nigga? Plant your fuckin' stinky ass where it is.

ALLEYMAN

C'mon, Marcus. You don't need me. Let me out. Please?

The Alleyman reaches for the door handle.

ANDRE

Shit, nigga. He's tryin' to bolt!

Andre grabs him by the neck.

Tears run down the Alleyman's face.

ALLEYMAN

Please let me go!

Marcus presses the barrel of his gun deeper against the Alleyman's tear soaked cheek.

MARCUS

Listen here, motherfucker. Don't you ever try that shit again. You hear me? Nod if you hear me, nigga!

The Alleyman nods. He understands.

ALLEYMAN

I-

MARCUS

Don't you say another fuckin' word. This right here is a human and animal relationship.

He points the gun to himself.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Human.

He points the gun to the Alleyman.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Animal. If you got somethin' you
wanna say, you bark it or stomp it
out. You feel me, nigga?

The Alleyman nods, barks.

Marcus smiles.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Good little bitch.

FATBOY

How we gonna find this fool?

MARCUS

Chill, nigga. You got a date or
somethin'?

FATBOY

My mom's is makin' supper. I don't
wanna be late.

Marcus laughs.

MARCUS

Fuckin' mamma's boy right here.

FATBOY

I ain't no mamma's boy, Marcus. I'm
only really hungry.

MARCUS

Nigga, you is always hungry. I once
watched this fool eat almost a
whole jar of pickled pigs feet.

Andre and Kione laugh. The tense atmosphere has lightened up
somewhat.

FATBOY

It was on a dare.

MARCUS

Listen, we can eat when we find this nigga. That sound good to you?

FATBOY

Sure, Marcus.

MARCUS

Good. Now let's find this motherfucker. Fatboy needs to eat!

They spot Big Hazard's lowrider up ahead.

FATBOY

Shit, is that Big Hazard up ahead?

INT. BIG HAZARD'S LOWRIDER (MOVING) - DAY

John sits nervously next to Big Hazard. He looks back at the keg resting safely in the backseat.

JOHN

I don't want any trouble. If you want this keg, know I'll fight for it.

Big Hazard laughs.

BIG HAZARD

I don't want your beer keg, bro. I've been sober for almost two years now.

JOHN

So what do you want?

BIG HAZARD

Me? I don't want nothin'. It's dangerous for you to be walkin' around out here.

JOHN

Yeah, I know.

BIG HAZARD

You gotta be careful. Not everyone is gonna be like me. Name's Big Hazard.

JOHN

John.

BIG HAZARD

Like John the Baptist. Challenging sinful rulers, calling for repentance and promising God's justice and shit.

John takes notice of all the Christian icons covering the inside of his car.

JOHN

Are you a preacher?

BIG HAZARD

Fuck yeah. Jesus for life.

Big Hazard takes out a bible and places it between them.

He points to the blacked out ink on his neck.

BIG HAZARD (CONT'D)

This here used to be my scripture. Brought me nothin' but pain and misery, you know what I'm saying? I did my time, came out a changed man.

JOHN

That's... great.

BIG HAZARD

You religious, John?

JOHN

Me? No.

BIG HAZARD

That's no good. You gotta let Jesus
in, you hear me? Where you headed?

JOHN

Like heaven or hell?

Big Hazard laughs.

BIG HAZARD

No, homie. I mean, where am I
taking you?

JOHN

Seriously? You'll take me to my
place?

BIG HAZARD

Sure. That is if you don't mind a
reformed thug driving you.

JOHN

Shit. You have no idea how big of a
relief it is to hear that. The
people I've come across have to be
some of the weirdest-

Marcus pulls up alongside Big Hazard's car.

John takes notice.

Big Hazard looks at John's frightful face.

BIG HAZARD

What?

MAC-10s rise up.

Marcus and his crew open fire into the lowrider.

Bullets punch into Big Hazard, right through the car. Big
Hazard gets completely shredded.

Glass shatters everywhere. Big Hazard's head explodes onto
John's face.

He falls back, spitting out blood and brains.

EXT. BIG HAZARD'S LOWRIDER - CONTINUOUS

The lowrider smacks into a telephone pole.

John quickly barrel rolls out of the passenger side door.

Marcus and crew fill the lowrider with bullet holes.

John ducks as bullets snap past his head. He swings open the backseat door, drags the beer keg out of the car and rolls it down a hill.

John tumbles after it.

Their weapons are empty.

The smoke clears.

Marcus jumps up on the hood of the lowrider, fires a few more rounds into Big Hazard.

MARCUS

I am takin' motherfuckers off my
list today!

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Detective Dinkle takes down the Indian Cashier's statement.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Like lady pantyhose?

INDIAN CASHIER

Yes, exactly.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Once heard about a guy trying to
rob a bank with women's panties on
over his head.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Bullshit.

Roland chuckles.

DETECTIVE ROLAND
Swear to Christ.

DETECTIVE DINKLE
Maybe this is the same guy.

DETECTIVE ROLAND
Nah, guy got corned and tossed
himself off a bridge. His body
washed up like a mile away.

DETECTIVE DINKLE
Were the panties still on his head?

A ROOKIE POLICE OFFICER runs into the store.

ROOKIE POLICE OFFICER
Detective Roland?

DETECTIVE ROLAND
What you got for me, kid?

ROOKIE POLICE OFFICER
You said to let you know if
anything comes over the radio about
a beer keg?

DETECTIVE ROLAND
Shit. Go on.

EXT. LA RIVER - DAY

The beer keg rolls down the hill, lands on concrete. John
comes tumbling down after it, lands hard next to the keg.

His white dress shirt is covered in blood. He looks up...

MARCUS (O.C.)
I'm gonna find you, bitch!

John quickly sits up, his face dripping with Big Hazard's
blood.

He grabs the keg, tries dragging it away but makes too much noise.

He drops it, runs off...

Stops-

Looks back at the keg...

JOHN

Fuck me.

John runs back.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sara and the Crazy Russian Thief lie on John's bed naked. She takes a pack of cigarettes off the night stand, hands one to the Crazy Russian Thief.

He takes the cig and gets out of bed.

Sara lights the cigarette and covers herself up with the bed sheet.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

We are dating now, yes?

She laughs.

SARA

Dating? No, don't think so.

The Crazy Russian Thief walks over to the closet, pulls out some more jeans.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Why not?

SARA

Not interested.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

But we made the fuck. You my woman now.

SARA

I'm John's woman.

The Crazy Russian Thief puts on some pants.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

You break him, yes?

SARA

Break him?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

You split from him.

SARA

Broke up. Yes. But like I said. I fully plan on getting back together with him.

The Crazy Russian Thief sits on the edge of the bed, puts his shoes on.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

That is too bad. I made good fuck to you, yes?

SARA

Yes.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

So you my woman. We in love.

She laughs in his face.

SARA

No. Not in the least.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

We made fuck, you like fuck, we fall in love, have baby, move to Russia.

SARA

You have it all figured out, don't you?

She gets out of bed, puts her clothes back on.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Where you going? Get parents' permission?

SARA

It's been fun, but I gotta go.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

You stay, I make you dinner.

SARA

I'm not really sure what you think happened here, but I love John. I want to be with him. Not you, whoever the fuck you actually are.

The Crazy Russian Thief grabs all the jeans and tosses them on the bed.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

So, you love this John, but you make fuck with me on his bed?

SARA

Someone put a bunch of junk on the couch.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

This John, not a man. Only pussy let his woman make fuck around his back. In Russia, women beautiful, must always watch them. If they ever make fuck and you not get paid, they dead. End of it.

He spits on the floor out of disgust.

SARA

Russian men sound so lovely.

He smiles.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF
We Russians are romantics.

EXT. LA RIVER - DAY

John has the beer keg propped up on his shoulder, struggles to make it under a nearby bridge for cover.

EXT. LA RIVER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

John sits the keg down, hides behind a large bridge pillar.

Marcus drops down, scans the area.

John hides, too frightened to move, back pressed tightly against the concrete pillar.

FATBOY (O.C.)
See anything?!

MARCUS
I don't see shit!

Police siren sound off in the background.

FATBOY (O.C.)
Shit, it's da police!

MARCUS
Fuck!

Marcus angrily runs back up, out of the reservoir.

John leans his head back and smiles, let's out a sigh of relief.

JOHN
Fuck me.

He laughs, face dripping with blood.

Out of nowhere, Marcus and his crew's car rockets up into the sky, into the reservoir.

John stands there, looks on in horror.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Fuck me!

INT. MARCUS AND CREW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Alleyman spots John. He points, stomps his feet.

Marcus and crew all turn their heads, fix their gaze on John.

MARCUS

Get that motherfucker!

The car revs up, speeds after John.

EXT. LA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

John leaves the beer keg behind, makes a run for it.

The Car chases after him...

INT. MARCUS AND CREW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS

Stop the car!

The car comes to a sudden stop. Marcus turns around, shoves his gun in the Alleyman's face.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Get your smelly ass out there and
bring me that beer keg.

Andre grabs the Alleyman by the neck and forces him out of the car.

EXT. LA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The Alleyman makes a run for it.

Andre fires his gun at him, misses.

ANDRE

Shit. He got away.

John runs for his life.

He looks back, sees Marcus loading the beer keg into the backseat.

JOHN

Hey! That's mine, asshole!

Marcus smiles and fires his gun at him.

MARCUS

You ain't got shit!

The police sirens get louder.

Marcus and his crew quickly get back in the car and chase after John.

EXT. SOUTH LA - DRIVE BY - DAY

The Alleyman runs as fast as he can down the street. A squad car comes inches from crashing into him.

He smacks his hand on the hood.

ALLEYMAN

Watch it!

Detectives Roland and Dinkle get out of their car, watch as the Alleyman runs off.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Was that...?

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Rookie, arrest that man!

ROOKIE POLICE OFFICER

Yes, sir!

The Rookie Police Officer chases down the Alleyman, tackles him to the ground.

The two detectives walk over as the rookie slaps a pair of cuffs on him.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

What the hell are you doing running
from a crime scene?

ALLEYMAN

It wasn't me! I swear! It ain't me
you want!

Tears flow from his eyes, washing away the dirt from his
face.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Get him up.

The rookie gets the Alleyman on his feet.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

What wasn't you?

EXT. LA RIVER - DAY

John runs full speed, wet bloody tie flapping in the wind
behind him as Marcus and his crew chase after him in their
car.

Marcus leans out the window, slapping the hood to go faster.

MARCUS

Go! Run this motherfucker over!

John looks back, sees them right on his ass. He picks up the
pace-

Trips over his own feet.

He lands next to an old rusted shopping cart.

Marcus and crew pick up velocity.

John stands up, grabs the shopping cart and tosses it into
the car windshield. It spiderwebs the glass.

The car swerves around John, crashes into a bridge pillar.

Fatboy flies head first out of the spiderwebbed windshield, smacking right into the concrete pillar, turning him instantly into a pulpy bloody mess.

Marcus gets cut in half as his upper torso flies out, skids a few feet on the ground.

The beer keg flies out of the car, through the windshield...

Marcus, still alive, sits up, looking at his missing legs when-

The keg comes screaming right for his head. Like a cannonball, the beer keg decapitates him.

John stands there confused.

JOHN

What the fuck!! Seriously! What the fuck!

EXT. BIG HAZARD'S LOWRIDER - DAY

Detective Dinkle slams the Alleyman's face on the hood of the lowrider. Glass and blood lies everywhere.

Dinkle points to Big Hazard's faceless and bullet filled body.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Who did this? You?

ALLEYMAN

No! Fuck no, man!

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Was it him? Was it the guy with the keg?

ALLEYMAN

I promised I wouldn't rat.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

That's noble. It really is.

Dinkle grabs him by the hair, drags his face closer to the body.

DETECTIVE DINKLE (CONT'D)

Look at it. Fuckin' look at it! Who fuckin' did this? Tell me now!

ALLEYMAN

It was him. It was the guy with the keg. I promise to God I ain't lyin' to you.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Bullshit.

ALLEYMAN

I'm not lyin'.

Detective Roland walks over.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

So besides carrying around a beer keg, he also has a bunch of submachine guns with him? Tell us the truth. You said you were a boy scout, right? Do boy scouts lie?

ALLEYMAN

No.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Do boy scouts lie, motherfucker?!

ALLEYMAN

No! Okay, I'll tell you what happened.

EXT. LA RIVER - A BIT LATER

The Alleyman points down into the low rise LA river.

ALLEYMAN

That way. They went down there.

Detective Roland and Dinkle take their revolvers out of their holsters and jump down into the reservoir.

A group of police officers follow in pursuit behind them.

EXT. KEGGER'S SPORTS BAR - DAY

John all tired out, drags his beer keg down the walkway. Both him and the keg are covered in blood and gore.

He gives up, collapses on the ground, resting his back against the keg.

KEGGY, a guy dressed like a beer keg stands outside, handing out yellow and orange fliers. He sees John and carefully walks over.

KEGGY

Hey. You okay, bro?

John looks up at him, a little taken back by his outfit.

JOHN

Are you a fucking beer keg?

KEGGY

Yeah.

JOHN

Jesus Christ, I'm losing my mind.

KEGGY

No, I'm Keggy, the mascot for Kegger's.

JOHN

For what?

KEGGY

Kegger's. New sports bar.

Keggy points to the giant sign hanging above their heads.

JOHN

Oh, good. For a second there, I thought I was hallucinating.

KEGGY

That's cool.

JOHN

Isn't it kinda hot to be wearing that in this heat?

KEGGY

Fuck yeah. The dude that usually does this shit got fired. They had me fill in for him. But once my rapping career takes off, I'll be dick deep in some cash money. Say fuck you to this bullshit forever, man.

JOHN

Christ, I didn't want your life story. You got a cigarette or something?

EXT. LA RIVER - DAY

Detectives Roland and Dinkle, guns aimed, surround the crashed car.

They see the carnage.

Detective Roland covers his mouth in disgust.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Jesus, this is some fucked up shit right here.

The back doors to the car are left wide open. Andre and Kione are missing.

The Alleyman walks over, still in handcuffs.

ALLEYMAN

Shit.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

What?

ALLEYMAN

They ain't here.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Who? Who ain't here?

EXT. SOUTH LA - LONG ALLEYWAY - DAY

Andre and Kione shuffle down a long alleyway, armed with a automatic machinegun and a shotgun.

They're out of breath, sweating profusely.

Andre stops to catch his breath.

ANDRE

Stop. I can't do this. What the fuck are we even doin', Kione?

KIONE

We gotta find that motherfucker. We gotta do Marcus right.

ANDRE

Fuck Marcus. His stupid ass got what it deserved, nigga.

Kione pushes Andre against a wall.

KIONE

Fuck you! No one deserved that shit. What about Fatboy? You gonna let that fuck get away with that shit, too? Fuck that.

ANDRE

Alright, nigga. Calm the fuck down.

KIONE

Fuck you. I'm sweaty. My neck hurts... Let's find this bitch, smoke his ass and get da fuck out of here.

Kione pats him on the shoulder.

KIONE (CONT'D)

We gotta do them niggas right. Now man the fuck up and let's do this thing.

They shuffle off, following the bloody drag marks from the beer keg on the concrete.

EXT. KEGGER'S SPORTS BAR - DAY

Keggy pops a cigarette in his mouth. He hands out fliers as people pass by, disgusted by the sight of John and his blood drenched clothes.

KEGGY

You sure you're okay? You don't need anything?

JOHN

I guess I could use a wet-nap.

EXT. SOUTH LA - DRIVE BY - DAY

People gather around outside, watch as Big Hazard's shot to hell lowrider gets taped off by the police.

A SOUTH LOS 13 GANG MEMBER spots Big Hazard's body being pulled from the vehicle.

He's visibly upset.

SXL13 GANG MEMBER 1

No, that's bullshit. Bullshit!

He runs off.

INT. SOUTH LOS 13 GANG HANGOUT - DAY

A group of South Los 13 gang members sit on the couch playing videogames.

The gang member who saw Big Hazard's body rushes in.

SXL13 GANG MEMBER 1

What the fuck are you all doing?
Don't you know what is going on out
there?

SXL13 GANG MEMBER 2

What the fuck you talkin' about?

SXL13 GANG MEMBER 1

Someone smoked Big Hazard.

The group takes the news poorly.

SXL13 GANG MEMBER 3

What the fuck did you say?

SXL13 GANG MEMBER 1

They smoked his ass. Shot him like
50 times while he was cruisin'.

SXL13 GANG MEMBER 4

Who did? Police? Varrios?

SXL13 GANG MEMBER 1

Nah, I heard it was Marcus and his
crew.

They angrily stand up.

SXL13 GANG MEMBER 2

That's it! Get strapped.

They all pull out shotguns, Uzis, machineguns...

It's war.

EXT. KEGGER'S SPORTS BAR - DAY

Keggy beatboxes for John.

John sits on the ground, smoking a cigarette.

The beatboxing comes to an epic finale.

KEGGY

So? What do think?

JOHN

Best beatboxing I've heard all day.

KEGGY

Shit, you really think so?

A shotgun blast RIPS Keggy in half. Blood and stuffing flies everywhere, splashing John in the face, extinguishing his lit cigarette.

Kione walks over with Andre.

Andre wrestles with the rusty shotgun, trying his best to eject the shotgun shells.

KIONE

You fuckin' missed him by like a mile.

People on the street run to safety.

John sits there, still in shock.

ANDRE

Fuck you, nigga. You do better.

Kione brings up his assault rifle, sprays the building with bullets.

Glass to the sports bar shatters around John. He sits there motionless.

The gun jams.

KIONE

Shit.

Andre laughs.

ANDRE

You didn't hit shit either,
motherfucker.

They walk over.

Andre shoves the barrel of the shotgun against John's head.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

I ain't gonna miss this time.

Loud Chicano rap music beats up the block.

They turn around to find a fleet of lowriders headed their way.

The lowriders are packed full of heavily armed South Los 13 gang members.

KIONE

Oh shit.

John quickly knocks the shotgun away from his head, points it at Kione's leg.

He watches as Kione's foot gets BLASTED off.

The South Los 13 gang members open fire.

Andre jumps behind a parked car as Kione limps his way down the block, catching a lethal dose of gunfire in the back.

PARKED CAR

The parked car gets riddled with gunfire.

Andre ducks down.

He spots the assault rifle Kione dropped-

He reaches for it.

LOWRIDERS

The South Los 13 gang members pile out of their cars, surround Andre.

SXL13 GANG MEMBER

You gonna pay for what you did to Big Hazard.

PARKED CAR

Andre grabs the assault rifle, checks the clip.

ANDRE

I didn't do shit to him! It was that motherfucker right there!

LOWRIDERS

The gang members lower their guns for a second.

SXL13 GANG MEMBER

Who?!

EXT. KEGGER'S SPORTS BAR - DAY

John slowly stands up, blood soaked cigarette hanging from his lip.

ANDRE (O.C.)

Him, that motherfucker right there. The one with the beer keg.

John raises his hands.

JOHN

He's fuckin' lyin', man. I was just in the car with Big Hazard when they drove up and blew his fuckin' head off.

ANDRE (O.C.)

He's lyin'! He even killed Marcus!

JOHN

Okay, technically the beer keg did that.

LOWRIDERS

The South Los 13 gang members look at each other.

SXL13 GANG MEMBER

Fuck it. Kill them both.

They open fire-

PARKED CAR

John jumps behind the parked car with Andre. Andre point the assault rifle at his face.

The two wrestles for the rifle, shooting it off into the air.

JOHN

Stop it! They're trying to kill us both! We need to work together!

ANDRE

Fuck you!

John knocks the rifle out of Andre's hand, watches as it skids away from them.

JOHN

Shit.

The South Los 13 gang members walk closer to the car, firing as they get near.

Police sirens cut through the gunfire.

The South Los 13 gang members stop firing.

INT. CHEVROLET IMPALA (MOVING) - DAY

Detectives Roland and Dinkle come screaming around the corner in their old Chevrolet Impala.

Dinkle spots the gang members.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

It's ah fuckin' warzone down here.

The South Los 13 gang members open fire on their car.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Shit!

Roland swerves the car, avoiding the barrage of bullets.

The Alleyman sits up in the backseat, looks around.

ALLEYMAN

What's goin' on?

Roland looks back at him.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Get back down!

The Alleyman quickly ducks back under the seat as the car crashes into a telephone pole.

PARKED CAR

John carefully peeks up from behind the parked car. He looks around.

The South Los 13 gang members have their attention occupied by the arrive of the police.

EXT. KEGGER'S SPORTS BAR - DAY

John quietly sneaks over to the sports bar, inspects his beer keg. Surprisingly, not a single bullet has pierced the metal.

He bends down to pick up the beer keg.

Andre stands behind him.

ANDRE

Where do you think you're goin'?

JOHN

C'mon, man. Look around you. Let's
get the fuck out of here.

ANDRE

We pals now, nigga? I came here to
kill your stupid ass. I ain't gonna
let a bunch of Mexican
motherfuckers get in my way of
doing that.

A stray bullet ricochets off the beer keg, pops Andre in the
forehead.

He tips over dead.

JOHN

What the fuck!!

John runs for it, stops, comes back for the beer keg.

INT. CHEVROLET IMPALA - DAY

The Alleyman sits back up in the seat, spots John running
down the sidewalk carrying the beer keg.

ALLEYMAN

Hey, that's him. That's the guy.

Roland checks his gun's ammo clip.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Who?

ALLEYMAN

The guy. The one with the beer keg.

The Detectives look over, John is gone.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

We got bigger issues right now.

ALLEYMAN

You're right. You guys got a lot to deal with. So I'm gonna take off if that's cool with y'all.

The Alleyman jumps out of the car and safely runs off down the block.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Get back here! Shit! He's gone.

Backup has arrived.

The police exchange gunfire with the South Los 13 gang members.

EXT. SOUTH LA - DAY

John runs as fast as he can down the street, adrenaline pumping so hard he holds the beer keg high above his head like it weighs nothing.

Eventually he starts to tire. Slowly his run turns into a sluggish limp.

He tips over, crashes to the concrete ground. The keg bounces, rolls over to a cage link fence.

He looks over and smiles.

JOHN

I did it. I made it.

He stands up and stares off at a set of apartments up ahead.

Tired, he manages to get back on his feet, grabs his beer keg and continues forward.

EXT. SOUTH LA - SHOOTOUT - DAY

The South Los 13 gang members are either dead or have been arrested.

Dinkle slaps in a fresh clip to his gun. He looks over at Roland, then to where the Alleyman spotted John.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

He couldn't have gotten far.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

What?

DETECTIVE DINKLE

This day is for shit if we don't catch him.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Look around you. This day 10 pounds of shit, man. Catching this motherfucker ain't gonna change that.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

No, but it would put a smile on my face.

Roland smiles.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

I'm drivin'.

EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

John makes it back to his apartment, exhausted, drenched in blood. He takes a seat out front to rest for a second.

He looks over at the beer keg and slightly laughs to himself.

JOHN

You better be worth it.

John lifts up the mat to his door and finds a spare key. He turns the knob to find the door unlocked.

Cautious, he walks in, gets a fist to the face.

The Crazy Russian Thief knocks John out. A single sucker punch does the trick.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

You must be John.

He looks over at the beer keg.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF (CONT'D)

Fancy jacket.

The Crazy Russian Thief takes John's jacket off and puts it on.

He spots the beer keg.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF (CONT'D)

And what do we have here? Must be
my lucky day.

He grabs John's beer keg and makes his way down the stairs.

SARA

John?

Sara runs out of John's apartment with tears in her eyes, she grabs his face and shakes him.

SARA (CONT'D)

John, are you okay? Don't die.

John wakes up, looks up at her and smiles.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

Goodbye my love, until we can fuck
again!

JOHN

You fucked him too?

And with that John passes out, getting some much needed rest.

EXT. JOHN'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

The Crazy Russian Thief painfully drags the beer keg over to John's car. He stops and wipes some sweat from his forehead.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

(to himself)

Jesus Christ, this thing is fuckin'
heavy.

In a fury of gravel, dust, and squealing tires, Detectives Roland and Dinkle pull up next to John's car.

They quickly jump out with their guns pointed at the Crazy Russian Thief's head.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

You're under arrest, motherfucker!

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

What is going on here, my friend?
This a camera joke show?

DETECTIVE ROLAND

Got you, you sick bastard.

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

What?

They run over to the Crazy Russian Thief and cuff him. Dinkle SLAMS the Crazy Russian Thief's head onto the hood of John's car.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

This beer keg belong to you?

CRAZY RUSSIAN THIEF

I find it, yes. It all good, my
friends.

DETECTIVE ROLAND

How's that smile, partner?

Dinkle SPINS the Crazy Russian Thief around.

DETECTIVE DINKLE

Oh, I'm smilin'.

Dinkle bashes his head against the car hood again.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END