

BUCKTOOTH BARRY

by

Jay San Junior

"Pilot"

INT. BARRY'S TRAILER HOME. BEDROOM. MORNING

CLOSE on a CASSETTE TAPE as it slides into a TAPE DECK. A finger hits PLAY--CUE 'Last Night a D.J. Saved My Life' by Indep.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Fingers snapping to the song's percussion; hips bouncing to the bass; long luscious ginger hair swaying to a guitar riff.

PULL BACK to reveal BARRY BICKLE--our guy--sporting a "bob-cut", coke-bottle glasses, white dad sneakers and a crisp white t-shirt that's tucked into his high-waters. He's also got BUCKTEETH with a nasty overbite that's totally gangster.

He glides and twists and shuffles around his messy room. His walls are filled with posters of The Richie Family, Rick 'mother fucking' James, Samuel L. Jackson, Radio Raheem--a man of culture indeed.

PINKY (O.S.)

Barry? Barry your eggs are getting cold.

He sprays cheap cologne on his neck, sways over to the door and--

INT. BARRY'S TRAILER HOME. HALLWAY. MORNING

Busts a sweet move out of his room. He glides his way through the hallway and into--

INT. BARRY'S TRAILER HOME. KITCHEN. MORNING

An early 2000s style kitchen with banana themed decor. We're talking curtains, tableware, napkins, the whole damn lip. Barry walks in and sees his mother PINKY BICKLE, a small middle aged woman in a matching banana pajama set and a beanie that covers her bare head.

BARRY

Pinky! What are you doing!?

PINKY

You're screaming, Barry.

BARRY

What!?

PINKY
 (gestures to headphones)
 You're screaming.

He drops his headphones around his neck.

BARRY
 Sorry. What are you doing? It's six-
 thirty in the morning.

PINKY
 I made you an egg burrito just the
 way you like it. Egg, cheese,
 ketchup and pickles.

BARRY
 (looks at it, digs into
 the refrigerator)
 Jeez, thanks Pinky! You really
 outdid yourself. But you should be
 resting. We've got another round of
 chemo later.

PINKY
 Oh I'll be alright!

BARRY
 (checks watch)
 Holy molasses I'm late! Love you
 Pinky.
 (pecks her on the cheek)
 First day on the job, plenty to be
 excited about! I know that look a
 mile away, Pinky. Don't you worry
 now. I got a funny feeling the
 sun's about to shine right on us!
 Make sure to drink plenty of water
 today. Channel 5 said it's gonna'
 get real toasty!

He confidently strides out of the trailer with lunch in hand.

EXT. BARRY'S TRAILER HOME. MORNING

Barry hops on a 90s Honda Elite (moped scooter), snaps a
 helmet tight on his head and starts the engine.

BARRY
 Good morning, Mrs. Kittle!

MRS. KITTLE, a sweet elder woman watering her plants at the
 break of dawn looks over to Barry from across the lot.

MRS. KITTLE
Barry! Where you headed?

BARRY
I'm headed to the Merry-Go Motel.
Got myself a job there!

MRS. KITTLE
(to herself)
Oh lord have mercy.
(to Barry)
Alright, you be safe now.

BARRY
You bet ya! See you later, Mrs.
Kittle!

He waves to her and rides off.

EXT. THE CITY STREETS OF BARSTOW, CA. MORNING

Barry's in the right side lane singing at the top of his lungs. A semi-truck behind him arrogantly blows his horn. The semi abruptly switches lanes and Barry salutes him as he speeds past.

EXT. MERRY-GO MOTEL. MORNING

A run-down motel with a few loose screws roaming around the parking lot. Barry's moped enters the lot and parks near the front office.

JIMMY (O.S.)
It's very simple, you listening?
You write their name down on the
registry sheet--

INT. MERRY-GO MOTEL. FRONT OFFICE. MORNING

A very cramped office space with no more than a countertop, one chair, a landline and keys hanging on a wall. The boss JIMMY is behind the countertop running Barry through the duties of a clerk.

JIMMY
--you scan a copy of their ID, and
once they pay and only when they
do, you give them their room key.
Got it?

BARRY
Pretty straight forward!

JIMMY
One last thing. This chick, Bonnie--
if she asks for Jimmy, I'm not
here. She's a short blonde chick.
She's been stalking me, big time.
If you ever see her alls you gotta'
say is "he's not in right now" and
send her off. You hear me?

BARRY
Bonnie. Got it.

JIMMY
She might throw a tantrum and a few
things around the office but let
her have at it. She'll leave. If
you need to get into contact with
me for any reason, dial 11. But it
better be good. I don't like being
bothered and especially for
nothing. Can I trust you?

BARRY
Absolutely. I won't let you down
Jimmy!

JIMMY
Yeah, we'll see.

He looks Barry up and down suspiciously and goes off.

INT. MERRY-GO MOTEL. FRONT OFFICE. AFTERNOON

Mid-day. Barry's scanning the wall of keys and snatches a
pair right off the hook.

BARRY
Here we are. Room 113 ready to go.
Enjoy your stay!

He turns around and hands a guest a pair of keys. Just as the
guest walks out, a woman enters holding a pink cake box with
balloons attached to it.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Welcome to Merry-Go Motel, you
looking for a room?

KATIE

Oh my god you must be new! I'm
Katie.

(offers her hand)

BARRY

(shakes her hand)

Nice to meet you, Katie. I'm Barry!

KATIE

Wow cute glasses!

BARRY

(blushing)

Oh, thanks.

KATIE

You're a ladies man, aren't you
Barry? I can tell. You've got the
look that's for sure.

BARRY

(chuckles)

I get my looks from my mother.

She leans into the counter, her cleavage noticeable and Barry
tries not to look.

KATIE

Hey, Barry, I need a huge favor.

BARRY

(gulps)

Favor?

KATIE

Mm hmm. I'll tell you what. You do
me a small little favor and
whatever it is, I'll return the
favor. Sound good with you?

BARRY

Okay. What is it?

EXT. MERRY-GO MOTEL. SECOND FLOOR. AFTERNOON

Barry stands before room 111 and knocks. He looks over to his
left where Katie stands, back against the wall and concealing
herself with a party blower in-between her lips. She smiles
and nods at Barry. The door opens.

JIMMY

I told you to call if you needed something. What is it? What do you want?

Barry let's out a painful grunt and lunges toward Jimmy and falls to the floor.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Jeez what the hell, Barry?

Jimmy looks to the door and sees Katie, she's got a PISTOL in her hand and she's aiming it right at Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Woah, woah, woah! What's going on, who the hell are you?

Katie rips a WIG off of her scalp and throws it at Barry. Katie undoes a hair tie and blonde hair weaves out. This isn't Katie anymore--it's BONNIE.

BONNIE

Where's my goddamn money, Jimmy!?

JIMMY

Jesus Christ! Bonnie!? What the hell are you doing? Is that a real gun!?

BONNIE

You're damn right it is! Now hand me the money you owe me before I pop one right in your noggin'!

JIMMY

Are you crazy!? Put the gun down, this isn't you Bonnie.

BAM! She shoots a lamp and the bulb explodes.

BONNIE

Give me my goddamn money!

JIMMY

Alright, alright! I'm going. It's right here in this dresser. Just calm down.

BONNIE

Hurry it up!

Jimmy yanks the bottom dresser beside him and pulls out a stack of cash. He singles out three Benjamin's and throws it on the bed towards Bonnie.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Give it to me! All of it!

JIMMY
Are you out of your mind!?

She shoots again.

BONNIE
I'm not playing around, Jimmy!

He grunts and contemplates it for a while.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Now!

JIMMY
Crap! Alright! Relax now! I'll give it to you!

He begrudgingly throws the stack of cash on the bed and Bonnie quickly grabs it and stuffs it in her bra. She looks over to Barry and smiles. She kneels, pulls a Benjamin out of her bra and stuffs it in Barry's t-shirt.

BONNIE
I'm sorry, love. You be good, okay?

She pecks him on the cheek and leaves the room. Barry watches her go, then looks over to Jimmy. He's pissed.

JIMMY
Goddamnit! You useless turd! You're fired!

EXT. HUEY'S HOME. BACKYARD. AFTERNOON

A small modest home on the outskirts of Barstow, CA. Barry's playing marbles with HUEY DINKLER, his best friend. He's 19, tall and thin, wearing generic glasses, a wife beater, short gym shorts and dad sneakers. He shoots his marble at Barry's.

HUEY
Jeez, man. That sounds like somethin' out of a movie.

BARRY

You're telling me. I was certain she was gonna' pop one right in his head.

HUEY

So what are you gonna' do? That's the third job you've lost this month.

BARRY

Your dad hiring right now?

HUEY

I'll ask him, but I don't think so. I haven't worked in a week. There's only so many ice machines we can sanitize in this town.

Huey makes his marble in the dirt hole before Barry.

BARRY

Fartknocker! You're getting better.

Barry hands Huey a one dollar bill.

HUEY

Keep it. You need it more than I do. I get the bragging rights.

BARRY

Thanks, Huey. You know the time?

HUEY

(checks watch)
Ten past three.

BARRY

I gotta' go. I'll see you at school tomorrow.

They chest-bump.

HUEY

See you man. Caw, caw!

BARRY

Caw, caw!

Barry leaves.

EXT. LUCKY STAR MOBILE HOMES. AFTERNOON

Barry rides past a beat-up sign that reads "Lucky Star Mobile Homes" and enters into a lot of trailer park homes.

INT. BARRY'S TRAILER HOME. AFTERNOON

Barry enters through the front door and sees Pinky laying on the sofa couch watching 'The Price Is Right' on a small boxy television set.

PINKY

Barry! How was your first day at work?

BARRY

I got fired.

PINKY

What? Why?

BARRY

Eh. I don't really know.

PINKY

Oh, Barry. Come here.

She sits upright and Barry waves it off.

BARRY

Oh I'm alright, Pinky, really, I'm alright.

PINKY

You sure?

BARRY

Yeah I'll find another one. There's plenty of jobs out there, you know?

Beat.

PINKY

I know you don't like to talk about it much..but your father was really good at what he did. Maybe you might be as well.

Barry looks away, his eyes fluttering and brushes it off.

BARRY

We should get going. We're gonna' be late for chemo.

PINKY
Okay, Barry.

EXT. AMERICAN LIBERTY PLAZA. MORNING

A strip mall that's nearly abandoned. Most of the shops are vacant and boarded up, except for maybe a few. Barry's moped is parked just outside of a laundromat.

CHINESE WOMAN (O.S.)
Hey say no work, akay. Old newspaper. Out of date.

INT. LAUNDROMAT. MORNING

A CHINESE MAN struts around a cluttered countertop, grabs a coat and throws it on an empty line of hangers. He's spitting sporadically in Chinese and answering to Barry's questions, all while it seems he's arguing with himself at times. A CHINESE WOMAN sitting behind the countertop translates.

BARRY
But the print is from today.

CHINESE MAN
他們還在刊登那該死的廣告？都好幾年了。美國報紙真爛。

CHINESE WOMAN
He say bad print. No good. Try other shop.

BARRY
How about a part time? I can clean floors, take out the trash, whatever you need. I can do it all.

CHINESE MAN
他看起來連自己擦屁股都做不到。現在根本沒活乾！他瞎了嗎？如果他想，我現在就讓他瞎！

CHINESE WOMAN
He say look around. Great depression. Can't help, akay.

CHINESE MAN

我真希望伊安南多創造我的時候也能說英語！
我還應該把他的眼珠子挖出來！那個該死的冒
牌作家！

CHINESE WOMAN

He arguing with himself.

The man looks at the woman and hashes it out. Barry watches as they raise their voices and throw insults at each other. The woman then looks at Barry and smiles.

CHINESE WOMAN (CONT'D)

He say sorry. Maybe another time
akay.

EXT. AMERICAN LIBERTY PLAZA. MORNING

Barry walks out of the laundry and swings his leg over his moped. He sits there a moment, a bit discouraged and he snaps his helmet on tight.

He looks up and across the lot at the fuss of a man and woman. They really have at it a moment longer and then abruptly depart--the man enters his car and slams his door in a pissy mood and the woman retreats into a shop. Barry peers up at the awning and sees a sign: BIG BUBBUH'S BAIL BONDS.

INT. BIG BUBBUH'S BAIL BONDS. MORNING

A bell above the door rings. Barry enters. The place resembles a vintage furniture store with a mix of office desks and filing cabinets. It's got faded blue static-y carpet, pale yellow painted walls and generic picture frames.

Barry stops and watches a group of three individuals lifting weights in the back corner of the room. They are JULIO SALAS, JUAN BARRIA ZULOAGA and NIA NIA. They're all early 30s and pretty fit.

AMY (O.S.)

Who is it, kid? Uncle, mom, cousin?

Barry looks to his left and sees AMY SHATNER, the woman who was arguing outside a moment ago. She's tall, slim, beautiful but intimidating look on her face.

BARRY

What?

AMY
You here to post bail for someone?
(clapping bubblegum in her
mouth)

BARRY
No.

She raises her eyebrows and shakes her head.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Are you guys hiring by chance?

AMY
Nope. You can try the laundromat
across the lot.

BARRY
They're not hiring either.

AMY
Tough luck, kid.

Amy swipes a tabloid off her desk, kicks her feet up and reads the headline. Barry glances back over to the people across the room as they continue to lift weights.

BARRY
What are they doing?

AMY
Working out. They're bounty
hunters.

BARRY
So what? They catch bad guys and
stuff?

AMY
Yup. Like Rick Dempsey. You know
Rick Dempsey?

BARRY
(shrugs)
I know who he is.

AMY
(smiles)
Damn right you do. He was the most
famous bounty hunter to have ever
lived.

Beat. Barry thinks.

BARRY

What does it take? To be a bounty hunter?

AMY

Takes a lot of guts and grit, kid. Not anyone can do it. You gotta' be willing to put your life on the line.

Barry's still staring at the bounty hunters, somewhat fascinated.

AMY (CONT'D)

Listen, kid. Not to be the bearer of bad news, but I don't see it. You seem like a good kid. Probably best to keep your head in the books.

Barry looks at her and deflates. He understands and nods. He peeps a stack of papers with mugshots of men on them and picks one up. He studies the faces of wanted runaways.

BARRY

Mind if I take one?

AMY

Sure. Give us a call if you see something. We'll take care of it.

He nods and peers down on the wanted fugitives.

EXT. HUEY'S HOME. BACKYARD. DAY

Huey makes his way through the side gate on his bicycle and parks it beside a small shed. He looks over his shoulder and sees Barry struggling to lift five pound weights.

HUEY

Hey.

BARRY

Hey.

HUEY

Since when did you start lifting weights?

BARRY

About thirty minutes ago.

HUEY
Why?

BARRY
I'm training.

HUEY
For what?

BARRY
I'm training to be a bounty hunter.

Huey squints and looks off in confusion. Barry drops the weights.

HUEY
Like Rick Dempsey?

BARRY
(exasperated)
No. I don't wanna' die, too.

HUEY
That's fair. You still up for marbles?

BARRY
Sorry, I can't. I really need this job. I need all the time I can get to get strong and fast. Check this out.

Barry pulls out a crumpled paper from his pocket and hands it to Huey.

BARRY (CONT'D)
It's a list of fugitives who have warrants out for their arrest. I plan on catching one of them to prove to the bail bonds company that I have what it takes to be a bounty hunter.

HUEY
Gnarly.

BARRY
Totally.

HUEY
How do you plan on finding them?
How does that even work?

Barry thinks for a long moment.

BARRY

I don't really know. Didn't really think about that part if I'm being honest.

Huey looks down on the paper again and studies the last mugshot of a man.

HUEY

I think I can help you.

BARRY

Really? How?

Huey points to the man he's been staring at on the paper.

HUEY

That's my uncle's cousin's baby brother, Roger. He's a real dirtbag. He stole my old bike before he went to jail. It was a Trek bike--27 speed. She was fast. I can make a few phone calls. Might be able to find out where he's hiding.

BARRY

Flippin' sick!

Barry ecstatically smacks Huey on the arm.

HUEY

Ow!

EXT. SPIRIT HALLOWEEN. DAY

A halloween store in yet another vacant shopping center in town. Huey leans on a payphone with the receiver to his ear. It rings for a moment.

HUEY

Hey aunt Pearl how's it going? It's Huey. Huey! You got bad ears, I forgot, alright!? That's right Kathryn's son! Listen I've got something to ask you! Is uncle Tommy home by chance!?

INT. SPIRIT HALLOWEEN. DAY

Barry's browsing through an aisle of cheap halloween costumes of all variety.

He comes across a police officer costume that's fully equipped with black trousers, shirt, belt, badge and handcuffs. He glances at the price of \$14.99.

BARRY
Friggin' yes.

EXT. SPIRIT HALLOWEEN. DAY

Huey listens to the other voice on the line.

HUEY
Just tell him to come to the phone for a second! It'll only take a second, it's very important aunt Pearl!.. Yes as a matter of fact it is life or death!.. Alright, alright I'll swing by tomorrow and help with the yard. I said I'll swing by tomorrow and help with the yard! Jeez! Just get him to the phone already!

INT. SPIRIT HALLOWEEN. DAY

Barry steps out of a dressing room in full costume and walks over to a mirror. He glances at himself a second and grabs the badge on his belt-line and flashes it at himself.

BARRY
Hey. Stop there. You're coming with me. That's right. You see the badge. Bounty hunter. I'm here to take you in.
(breaks character)
Nice!

EXT. SPIRIT HALLOWEEN. DAY

Huey listens for a beat.

HUEY
..that's right, uncle Tommy, cousin Ricky, the one that's cross-eyed. What?.. I can barely understand you.. are you drinking uncle Tommy?
(checks watch)
It's eleven thirty in the afternoon for Christ sake.
(MORE)

HUEY (CONT'D)

Listen, cousin Ricky, his brother Roger, you remember him? Cousin Ricky's brother, Roger! Roger! Shit.

INT. SPIRIT HALLOWEEN. DAY

Barry's still amusing himself in the mirror.

BARRY

Hey you. Don't make me pull out the big guns. I'll do it.

Barry senses something over his shoulder and glances. He sees a mother with her son, both looking over with discomfort. He chuckles and waves. The mother grabs her son and goes off.

EXT. SPIRIT HALLOWEEN. DAY

Huey's worked up now.

HUEY

Well dammit his liver is gonna' give out before the damn playoffs! Give him some water for Christ sake!.. I'm sorry, alright? I know I'm sorry, aunt Pearl, I get emotional about these things. I don't wanna' see another funeral in the family for at least another ten years.

Barry walks out of the store with his purchase and walks over to Huey.

HUEY (CONT'D)

Alright, aunt Pearl you be good, okay? Yeah, yeah I'm alright. I said I'm alright! I'll see you soon, okay!? Bye.

He slams the receiver and turns to Barry still in costume.

HUEY (CONT'D)

Wicked!

BARRY

Check it out. Came with cuffs--
(flashes cuffs)
--and my own badge.
(flashes badge)

HUEY

Woah! That's totally legit, man!

BARRY

You find out where we can find Roger?

HUEY

Kinda. I got cousin Ricky's address, his brother.

BARRY

You think he'll give up his own brother?

HUEY

Only one way to find out.

BARRY

Good work, Huey.

They chest-bump.

HUEY

Caw, caw!

BARRY

Caw, caw!

INT. MIND DEFENSE DRAGON DOJO. DAY

A class of teenage students stand before COUSIN RICKY. He's a tall frail man in his thirties with poor hygiene: stained teeth, greasy skin, overgrown nails--though his reputation remains intact by the persuasive charm of his silver tongue.

COUSIN RICKY

I will remind you all that the art of mind defense is just as strong, if not stronger, than the art of self defense. The reason why you all see blood gushing from Jeremy's nose isn't because he is weak--it's because he has yet to fortify his senses and transcend his mind to be able to withstand my blows without the use of his physical being.

CLOSE on a fifteen year old boy holding tissue to his nose.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)

Focus! Control! Visualize a steel barrier force around your body!

(MORE)

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)
Once you achieve these things, you
will be unstoppable.

DALTON (O.S.)
Oh what a load of horse shit!

Cousin Ricky glances over to a sixteen year old DALTON.

COUSIN RICKY
There must've been a fly buzzing in
my ear. Did someone say something?

DALTON
I said that's a load of horse shit!

COUSIN RICKY
Dalton. Is that right?

DALTON
Yeah that's me.

COUSIN RICKY
What's a load of horse shit?

DALTON
I've been here for two months and
haven't learned a lick of shit
about this so-called "mind
defense". No one here has! You're
the only one who can do it! And I
bet that's a load of dog, too!

Cousin Ricky wheezes.

COUSIN RICKY
You think the art of mind defense
can be learned in two itty bitty
months? Little shit bag. It took me
YEARS to master it.

DALTON
Well that's too goddamn long!

COUSIN RICKY
Well that's too goddamn bad!

DALTON
(re: class)
He's a thief! Stealing all of our
parents' money! Think about it!
(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)

He gets to strike us every day,
giving us bloody noses and bruises
all over our bodies, but we never
get to strike him back! Why do you
think that is!?

The kids collectively nod and agree and Cousin Ricky is starting to sweat.

COUSIN RICKY

Enough!.. You wanna' see me perform
the art of mind defense, is that
it? Is that what you all want?

CLASS

Yeah!

COUSIN RICKY

Yes, sensei!

CLASS

Yes, sensei!

COUSIN RICKY

Alright. Well, if that's what you
want, then that's what you'll get.
First thing come tomorrow's class.

DALTON

No!

Dalton breaks out of formation, huffs and puffs over to Cousin Ricky and raises his fists at him.

DALTON (CONT'D)

You do it now!

Cousin Ricky clenches down on his jaw real hard and pierces his eyes right through Dalton's. The tension is palpable and the room watches silently as it all unfolds.

DALTON (CONT'D)

What's the matter, sensei? You
scared?

Cousin Ricky holds Dalton in a cold, hard stare for a long beat. Then--the bell above the entrance rings. They all turn their heads to see Barry and Huey enter.

COUSIN RICKY

(to Dalton)

Get back in formation.

Cousin Ricky walks over to Barry and Huey.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)

What do you guys want? You looking to join the pack?

BARRY

The pack?

COUSIN RICKY

The dojo. Mind defense?

BARRY

No.

COUSIN RICKY

Then why the hell are you here?

HUEY

Cousin Ricky. It's me, Huey. Uncle Tommy's nephew, remember?

COUSIN RICKY

Uncle Tommy? Tommy salami, Tommy?

HUEY

Yes, that's right. You remember.

COUSIN RICKY

(stern)

Tell him it won't be here until Tuesday. Tell him it's Jamaican. The real good Jamaican.

HUEY

(confused)

What?

COUSIN RICKY

You're not here about the *stuff*?

HUEY

What *stuff*?

COUSIN RICKY

Forget what I said.

(to Barry)

Who are you?

BARRY

I'm Barry.

COUSIN RICKY

Say, Barry..you wouldn't happen to have a spoon on you, would you? Preferably stainless steel?

BARRY

Uh..no. No I don't think so.

COUSIN RICKY

Mind checking your pockets?

(to Huey)

You too.

Barry and Huey glance at each other and, too polite to decline, they dig into their pockets and come up empty handed.

HUEY

No I uh--unfortunately I don't have a spoon on me.

BARRY

Neither do I.

COUSIN RICKY

Shit.

He's starting to get all jittery and twitchy.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)

(to Barry)

What's with the outfit? You look like a narc.

BARRY

Oh, thanks. I'm on the job.

COUSIN RICKY

What are you, top notch security of the world?

Cousin Ricky breaks into a laugh. Barry and Huey awkwardly follow it up with their own.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)

What do you two want?

HUEY

I'm looking for my bike. It's a Trek bike. 27-speed.

COUSIN RICKY

What does that have to do with me?

HUEY

I lent it to your brother, Roger. I haven't heard from him in two months and I really need my bike back.

(MORE)

HUEY (CONT'D)

I was hoping you could tell us
where he's at so I can get it back.

Cousin Ricky glances at his office door and wipes his nose.

COUSIN RICKY

No clue. Haven't seen him. He moves
around a lot, doesn't like to stay
in one spot for too long.

HUEY

Crud.

BARRY

He got a phone number?

Cousin Ricky looks back at Dalton and thinks for a moment.

COUSIN RICKY

I might be able to help you with
that. Can't say he'll answer, but
I'll need a small favor in return.

LATER.

A hard fist punches Cousin Ricky in the face. His head jerks
back but he takes it well. The class gasps. PULL BACK to see
Huey standing across Cousin Ricky with his fist balled up.

HUEY

(terrified)

Shit, sorry. Was that too hard?

COUSIN RICKY

(to class)

As you are all my witnesses.

(spits blood)

That was a real punch.

(points at Dalton)

See that?

Dalton scowls.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)

(to Barry)

You. Come here.

Barry steps up to Cousin Ricky.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)

This here is Barry--

Barry puts another dent in Cousin Ricky's nose. Cousin Ricky
grunts and falls to one knee.

STUDENT #1
Holy cannoli.

Barry leans into Cousin Ricky.

BARRY
Oh jeez, are you alright?

COUSIN RICKY
A little too early. But that's
alright. I can take it.

Cousin Ricky gets on his own two, slaps Barry on the shoulder and catches his breath. After a moment, he steps back and braces for more.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)
Alright. Hit me again.

BARRY
What?

COUSIN RICKY
Hit me. Go on.

BARRY
I don't think I should. You're
gushing blood.

COUSIN RICKY
What are you a whimp!? Hit me
goddammit!

Barry closes his eyes and throws another jab at Cousin Ricky's face, but doesn't make contact, and doesn't miss, either. His fist is suspended in the air just centimeters from Cousin Ricky's face as if some invisible force was preventing his fist from striking through.

Bloody red veins appear on Cousin Ricky's face as his eyes zero in on the fist ahead of him.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)
(to class)
As you can all see. This is the art
of mind defense! First hand!

DALTON
Woah. No way.

COUSIN RICKY
This is not a gimmick! Nor is this
some sort of scheme to steal
anyone's hard earned cash!

(MORE)

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)

I've got enough of that, already!
 If you are still convinced that I
 may be deceiving you, then leave my
 dojo this instant! But, if you want
 to harness the skill of my beloved
 art form..patience is key! Am I
 understood!?

CLASS

YES, SENSEI!

Cousin Ricky raises a palm to Barry and shoves it forward.
 Without touching Barry, he goes flying backwards and crashes
 onto the mat.

INT. MIND DEFENSE DRAGON DOJO. OFFICE. DAY

Barry and Huey sit across Cousin Ricky. He's in mid-
 conversation on the telephone.

COUSIN RICKY

Right, right. Well, listen ma,
 you're not listening. You have to
 use the remote to lip through
 channels now! It's called cable
 television..no, it's not satellite
 anymore, the world is evolving.

(listening)

Alright I get it! It's confusing,
 but you'll get used to it!..well I
 don't know what channel 'different
 strokes' is on you gotta' look for
 it, ma! Ma, ma, stop yelling you
 heard what the doctor said about
 your blood pressure..alright well
 before you go I gotta ask you
 something. Have you seen Roger at
 all? You heard from him lately?

Cousin Ricky warily glances over at Barry and Huey.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)

You have? When was this?..two days
 ago..is he still there?..alright
 thanks, ma. I'll see you soon,
 alright? Alright bye.

He hangs up the telephone.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)

Good news and bad news, amigos.
 Good news is, I know where he's at.
 Bad news is, he's in Montana.

BARRY

Montana?

COUSIN RICKY

That's what ma said.

HUEY

Well, what about my bike?

COUSIN RICKY

Sorry. Can't help you with that.

They both deflate, real bummed out.

COUSIN RICKY (CONT'D)

We sure put on a show today though,
didn't we?

Cousin Ricky wheezes out loud.

EXT. SHADY OAK TRAILER COURT. DAY

Huey's clinging onto Barry as they ride the moped through a lot of abandoned looking trailer homes.

HUEY

Where are we going?

BARRY

I think Cousin Ricky was lying. I think he's trying to protect his brother, so we're gonna' visit my Uncle Chuck. He's ex-military. He might know a thing or two about finding someone.

They bust a left and ride down the street to--

EXT. UNCLE CHUCK'S TRAILER HOME. DAY

They pull up to a battered trailer home on the far side of the lot that's separated from the neighboring trailers. The wind whistles through the place like an abandoned ghost town. They hop off the moped and head towards the trailer.

HUEY

Hey Barry.

BARRY

Yeah?

Huey looks anxious and scared, reluctant to approach the trailer further. It's covered with signs: Go away! Uninvited guests subject to a casket! Etc.

HUEY

Did you by chance tell your uncle we were visiting today?

BARRY

No way, man. He wouldn't want us here.

HUEY

Dude! Look at the signs. Uninvited guests subject to a casket!?

BARRY

Ah, that's just Uncle Chuck trying to scare away the Christians. I'm family.

HUEY

Maybe we should call first. Just in case.

BARRY

Don't worry, man. We'll be okay.

Barry looks Huey in the eyes, pats him on the shoulder and goes to knock on the trailer door. He knocks and they wait. Then, after a beat--

UNCLE CHUCK (O.S.)

Grenade out!

Huey looks up and sees something launch towards him from over the roof of the trailer and catches it. A live grenade. His eyes bulge out and he screams with utter terror.

BARRY

Throw it, dingus!

Huey LAUNCHES it far off and, after about two seconds, it EXPLODES. They brace themselves and hit the dirt. Beat. They look up in complete disbelief and before they can even process what's just happened, UNCLE CHUCK appears from around the trailer with a Remington 870 aimed at them.

He's a hardened, frail man with loads of scars all over his neck and arms. His cheeks are sunken in, one of his eyes is limp and he's rocking a crusty mullet. Barry and Huey surrender their hands in the air.

UNCLE CHUCK

Who the hell are you two with!? The Russians!? You both Russian spies!? Answer me!

BARRY

Uncle Chuck!? Don't shoot! It's me Barry. Pinky's son!

UNCLE CHUCK

Pinky!? Last name goddammit!

BARRY

Bickle! Pinky Bickle!

Beat. Uncle Chuck drops his sights and eases his finger on the trigger.

BARRY (CONT'D)

It's me, Barry.

UNCLE CHUCK

Barry? Haven't seen you since you were seven. Still wet the bed?

EXT. UNCLE CHUCK'S TRAILER HOME. BACKYARD. DAY

A clay pigeon flies towards us..BANG! It breaks apart.

UNCLE CHUCK

(to Huey)

Not a bad throw, kid. Almost as good as the grenade you launched earlier.

Uncle Chuck laughs. He shoves the Remington into Huey's chest.

UNCLE CHUCK (CONT'D)

Your turn.

HUEY

I-I don't know how to use this.

UNCLE CHUCK

Sure you do. Pump, aim and shoot. Don't waste my pigeons. Ready?

HUEY

Okay.

Uncle Chuck tosses a clay pigeon in the air. Huey isn't ready for it, shoots anyways. BANG! Nails it.

UNCLE CHUCK

Look at that. You're a natural.

BARRY

So what do you think, Uncle Chuck?

UNCLE CHUCK

You wanna know what I think? I think world war three is more necessary than the previous two. I think nuclear warfare is crucial to maintain the poisonous seeds that are planted in human civilization. People want peace. I think peace is overrated. What we need is mass destruction. Blow after blow until the air is filled with napalm.

BANG! Huey hits another. His confidence is rising. He smiles.

UNCLE CHUCK (CONT'D)

Comfort has made us weak.

Barry's confused, a bit taken aback by this.

BARRY

That sounds great and all.

(nervous laughter)

But I was talking about bounty hunting.

UNCLE CHUCK

Child's play. You're wasting your time. You want to be a real man? Join the Marines. Go to war. Slice some necks and take some skulls. Oorah.

BARRY

I tried. They wouldn't let me.

UNCLE CHUCK

PT score was too low?

BARRY

Woah. You're like a psychic or something, Uncle Chuck.

UNCLE CHUCK

Smelling a gallon of Diesel for fifteen minutes a day will do wonders for you, kid. Believe me.

(MORE)

UNCLE CHUCK (CONT'D)

But since you don't have too many options left, I suppose I could do some scouting for you. Try to find the guy you're after.

BARRY

Cool. Thanks Uncle Chuck. I only need help locating him. I can do the catching.

UNCLE CHUCK

It'll cost you.

BARRY

How much you looking for?

UNCLE CHUCK

Just buy me an eighteen pack of Coors and it's settled.

BARRY

Deal.

Barry extends his hand. Uncle Chuck spits a loogie in his and shakes Barry's. Barry grimaces.

Sirens go off nearby. A police cruiser pulls around the trailer and stops near them. Two out of shape white officers, OFFICER JENKINS and OFFICER FALLORD, plop out of the cruiser and head towards them.

UNCLE CHUCK

How's it going, Jenkins?

OFFICER JENKINS

Not too bad, Chuck.

UNCLE CHUCK

Just stopping by?

OFFICER JENKINS

Received a couple of calls. Something about an explosion. Wouldn't happen to know a thing about that would you?

UNCLE CHUCK

No idea what you're talking about. Boys? You hear any explosions go off today?

Uncle Chuck shoots Barry and Huey a quick "play along" look.

BARRY
Explosions? Nope. None here.

HUEY
No, sir. No big bombs gone boom.

The officers look at each other, unconvinced.

OFFICER JENKINS
Alright. We believe you, Chuck.
Just hope we don't receive any more
calls in the future about any more
bombs going off. Could be a whole
lot of trouble for whoever is
setting them off. Know what I mean?

UNCLE CHUCK
Yeah. I hear you.

Uncle Chuck wearily glances at Officer Fallord.

UNCLE CHUCK (CONT'D)
(to Jenkins)
Lloyd alright?

OFFICER JENKINS
Lloyd's alright. He's retired now.

UNCLE CHUCK
No kidding.

OFFICER JENKINS
Seems that way.

UNCLE CHUCK
Good for him.

OFFICER JENKINS
(points to Fallord)
This here is Officer Fallord.

OFFICER FALLORD
How's it going?

UNCLE CHUCK
(nods)
Son.

Fallord's got a curious eye on Barry and Huey.

OFFICER FALLORD
Barry? Huey?

Barry and Huey narrow their eyes, confused.

OFFICER FALLORD (CONT'D)
Guys? It's me. Tommy Fallord.

Fallord removes his cap and they all wince. He's got a load of bald spots on his head with patches of very thin hair that whisker out.

OFFICER JENKINS
Good lord, son. Put your cap back on.

Almost forgetful of his thinning hair, Tommy throws his cap back on and smiles ahead.

OFFICER FALLORD
Sorry.

BARRY
Holy ravioli it's really you, isn't it? Jeez, I didn't recognize you. You gained some weight.

UNCLE CHUCK
Lost a lot of hair too.

BARRY
You used to shove us in the lockers in p.e class.

OFFICER FALLORD
That's right!

BARRY
Remember that, Huey?

Huey looks terrified.

HUEY
Hey listen, man. We don't have any money on us right now.

Beat. Fallord wheezes out laughing, then Jenkins and Uncle Chuck. Barry and Huey nervously chuckle and play along. Fallord notices Huey is serious.

OFFICER FALLORD
Oh. You're serious.

Long awkward silence between everyone.

OFFICER JENKINS
Well, sure it was just some good ol' fashioned horseplay. You boys stay out of trouble now.
(MORE)

OFFICER JENKINS (CONT'D)

We've gotta' get going. See you
around, Chuck.

UNCLE CHUCK

Jenkins.

Officer Jenkins heads back to his cruiser and Fallord lingers a moment longer, a sort of guilt and regret flushing over him. He then heads off. Uncle Chuck ticks with his mouth a couple of times and shakes his head at Fallord.

UNCLE CHUCK (CONT'D)

That boy needs some milk.

INT. THE QUIET CORNER LIBRARY. EVENING

LOLLY, a short and shy teenage girl in an Eraserhead shirt works the front counter checkout of this small family owned library. Barry approaches her with a book in hand and places it on the counter. She grabs it and begins checking it out. They quietly steal glances of one another.

LOLLY

(reads front cover)

No one's ever checked this book out
before.

Barry awkwardly turns.

LOLLY (CONT'D)

You fixing to be a bounty hunter or
something?

BARRY

Do I look like I could be one?

She studies his physique and shrugs.

LOLLY

Sure. Why not. You're no Rick
Dempsey or nothin' but it's not
like you have to be.

BARRY

(pleasantly surprised)

Woah. Thanks. You know Rick
Dempsey?

LOLLY

Who doesn't. He's only the coolest
bounty hunter alive..or at least
used to be.

Barry nods, thinks.

BARRY

I'm actually in the process of catching someone right now.

LOLLY

Really? That's cool. Who?

BARRY

His name is Roger.

LOLLY

What did he do?

BARRY

Hmm. Not sure. He got bailed and went on the run so they called me in to take him down.

LOLLY

Woah. Cool.

...

BARRY

Didn't think you guys would be open on Thanksgiving. Every other book store in town is closed.

LOLLY

My family doesn't celebrate Thanksgiving.

BARRY

Why not?

LOLLY

Well, I don't celebrate Thanksgiving. At least not with my family. They're not very nice people. I stay here all night just reading as much as I can before falling asleep.

BARRY

Oh. Cool. Sorry. I mean cool and sorry.

Barry scratches the back of his head and Lolly hands him the book.

LOLLY

Late fees will be twenty five cents per day starting two weeks from today. Good luck on your journey as a bounty hunter, Barry.

BARRY

(peeps her name tag)
Thanks, Lolly. See you around.

Barry turns and goes off.

INT. AUNT DEBBIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

A big fat juicy half eaten turkey sits beside a plate of mashed potatoes and black beans on a dinner table.

Seated around the feast is AUNT DEBBIE, 49, a woman whose vibrant personality compliments her flashy outfit, her third husband FRANK CLEMONS, 51, a clean-cut pushover who's co-dependent on his wife, their children JET and SLY, two jock teenagers who are built like tanks, and Pinky.

AUNT DEBBIE

Okay. Last one, I promise. I learned this one on Good Morning America. Why did the turkey cross the road?

JET

Why mom?

SLY

Yeah. Why mom?

AUNT DEBBIE

Nu-uh. Not so easy. Any guesses?

FRANK

To get a little *leg* up in life?

They all laugh hysterically.

AUNT DEBBIE

You silly goose. Err! Wrong. Nice try, honey.

FRANK

I try.

AUNT DEBBIE

How about you, Pinky? Any guesses?

PINKY

Oh wow. I don't know..to escape a
gravy situation?

Pieces of turkey fly out of their mouths as they laugh.

JET

Good one aunt Pinky.

SLY

Yeah. Good one aunt Pinky.

AUNT DEBBIE

That was good, Pinky! But err!
Wrong again.

FRANK

Go ahead, honey. Tell us already.

AUNT DEBBIE

Okay, alright. Why did the turkey
cross the road, you ask? To prove
it wasn't chicken!

They burst out laughing like hyenas. Forks and spoons clank
hard on the wooden table.

AUNT DEBBIE (CONT'D)

That was good, right?

FRANK

Excellent, honey.

JET

Yeah, mom. That was a good one.

SLY

It really was.

PINKY

You really outdid yourself with the
jokes this year, Debbie.

AUNT DEBBIE

Oh stop it! Before I get all
emotional at the dinner table.

Aunt Debbie looks over her shoulder to Barry, who's sitting
alone, away from the table, half-present from the dinner and
deeply engrossed in his book.

AUNT DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Barry?

BARRY
Yes, Aunt Debbie?

AUNT DEBBIE
What do you got there?

BARRY
A book.

AUNT DEBBIE
What kind of book?

BARRY
It's about bounty hunters. I'm
studying it because that's what I'm
going to be. A bounty hunter.

Aunt Debbie glances over to Pinky in shock.

AUNT DEBBIE
Oh?

PINKY
He's..still figuring it out.

FRANK
Bounty hunting. I think that's
nice. Guns and criminals. Lots of
danger in it. Not really my cup of
tea. But..nice.

Aunt Debbie smiles at Pinky.

AUNT DEBBIE
Sounds..fun.

JET
Yeah. Cool, Barry.

SLY
Yeah. Cool, man.

AUNT DEBBIE
Jet and Sly got full ride
scholarships to LSU to play for the
football team. Isn't that right,
boys?

JET
Go Tigers!

SLY
Grr!

Aunt Debbie laughs.

PINKY
That's very exciting.
Congratulations, boys.

JET
Thanks aunt Pinky.

SLY
Yeah. Thanks aunt Pinky.

Aunt Debbie glances over to Barry, who at this point is completely checked out.

AUNT DEBBIE
You hear that, Barry? Your cousins
are going to be football stars.
They're going to be on our
television set someday.

Barry doesn't look up or have any sort of reaction to this information. He's just so damn into his book.

BARRY
Cool.

Aunt Debbie frowns and returns to the table with a smile.

AUNT DEBBIE
Who's ready for dessert?

INT. THE QUIET CORNER LIBRARY. MORNING

Barry hands over the book to Lolly and she takes it.

LOLLY
Woah. You're a fast reader.

BARRY
I once tested how fast I can read
in the fifth grade using my
grandfathers stopwatch. Turns out I
can read 352 words per minute.

LOLLY
Cool. Is that good?

BARRY
Sure, it's pretty good..for a Dr.
Seuss book.

Lolly laughs.

LOLLY
That was funny.

BARRY
Thanks.

Barry hands over a plate wrapped in tinfoil. Lolly grabs it, a bit surprised.

LOLLY
What's this?

BARRY
Blueberry pie. My Aunt Debbie made some for dessert last night. I saved a plate for you since you don't like to celebrate with your family.

LOLLY
Wow! Thanks so much, Barry. This is very nice of you.

BARRY
No biggie. Hope you like it. I have to go now. I'll see you around.

LOLLY
See you around!

Barry leaves. Lolly looks at the plate and smiles.

INT. BARRY'S TRAILER HOME. DAY

Pinky's on the couch watching Jeopardy! and throwing remarks at the television set. A telephone rings in the kitchen and she quickly gets up to answer it.

PINKY
Pinky here.
(listening)
Yes he's here..you would like to speak with him..sure thing. Okie dokie. Just a second.

Pinky walks down the hallway to--

INT. BARRY'S TRAILER HOME. BEDROOM. DAY

Barry's in his tighty whities and thrusting his hips to 'I'll Do My Best' by the Ritchie Family.

PINKY (O.S.)
 Barry! Someone's asking for you on
 the telephone!

Her words don't break through the loud music and Barry
 continues dancing. She knocks harder.

PINKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Barry!

INT. BARRY'S TRAILER HOME. KITCHEN. MORNING

Barry picks up the telephone.

BARRY
 Barry Bickle.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION.

JIMMY
 Barry. It's Jimmy. I need you to
 come down to the Merry-Go Motel.

BARRY
 Oh hey Jimmy. Sorry, I don't think
 I can run the front desk. I'm
 training to be a bounty hunter now.

JIMMY
 No I don't need you to run the
 front desk again! You forget what
 happened the other day?

BARRY
 I'm real sorry about that Jimmy,
 but the lady really convinced me it
 was your birthday.

JIMMY
 She ain't no damn lady! And you
 ain't no damn employee of mine
 either! Still, legally I have to
 pay you for the three hours you
 worked so you don't sue me. Get
 down here! Or don't. I don't really
 care. You've already been informed.

The call flatlines. Barry stares at the receiver.

EXT. HUEY'S HOME. BACKYARD. DAY

A sunny day outside. Barry and Huey are shooting marbles.

HUEY

Hey Barry.

BARRY

Yeah?

HUEY

You planning on having kids
sometime soon?

BARRY

No way, man. That's a lot of
responsibility. I won't have any
more time for myself. No time for
marbles. No time for waterparks.
Parenthood is a sham. What about
you?

HUEY

Same here. Unless I get a letter
back from Pamela Anderson.

Barry pauses before throwing his marble and looks up at him.

BARRY

You sent a letter to Pamela
Anderson?

HUEY

You bet your bottom dollar I did.

BARRY

What'd you say?

HUEY

I asked her if she'd like to go on
a date with me. I even slipped in a
couple of headshots I took at the
mall last week.

BARRY

Fat chance!

HUEY

Beat it, man. The chances that I go
on a date with Pamela Anderson are
now a lot higher than yours.

Barry ponders the math on that for a moment.

BARRY

I should write a letter to Madonna.
Or Oprah.

HUEY

Dang it. I should've done Oprah.

Barry pockets his marble in the hole.

BARRY

Good game. I gotta' go. I'll see you later.

He walks off.

HUEY

Where you going?

BARRY

I have to pick up a check from my old job. Wanna' come?

HUEY

Yeah alright.

EXT. MERRY-GO MOTEL. DAY

A homeless man strolls across the lot with a shopping cart full of goodies.

JIMMY (V.O.)

\$15.75. That's all you get. And you're lucky you're even getting it!

INT. MERRY-GO MOTEL. FRONT OFFICE. DAY

Barry and Huey stand across a very annoyed Jimmy.

JIMMY

Now go away before you ruin my life some more. Go on!

Barry hesitates to leave. Beat.

BARRY

Hey thanks Jimmy. I really appreciate this. I'm really sorry about what happened the other day. If I could pay you back I would. I just can't right now. But I'll be sure to keep you in mind when I win the lottery.

Jimmy stares at Barry a long moment.

JIMMY

Ah goddammit, kid. Why are you so nice about it? I fired you, screamed in your face, told you to get lost and this is what I get?

(looks at Huey)

Who are you?

HUEY

I'm Huey.

JIMMY

You agree with what I'm saying here?

HUEY

Okay.

JIMMY

(to Barry)

See? Throw some insults at me come on. I can take it.

BARRY

I'd rather not Jimmy.

JIMMY

Why the hell not, kid? I'm begging you, please. It'll make me feel better. Call me a dirtbag. That's it. Call me a dirtbag, Barry.

BARRY

You sure Jimmy?

JIMMY

Go on.

Jimmy spreads his arms wide and welcomes it openly. Barry thinks on it awhile.

BARRY

(clears throat)

Hey Jimmy. I think um..I think you're a dirtbag, man. Yeah. A real dirtbag.

It was about as unconvincing as an insult can be but Jimmy buys it. He exhales deeply, like a weight has been lifted off his shoulders.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Was that good?

JIMMY

Yeah alright I'll take it. Now get the hell out of here!

BARRY

Thanks Jimmy. I'll see you around.

HUEY

See you Jimmy.

JIMMY

Maggots.

Barry and Huey leave.

EXT. MERRY-GO MOTEL. DAY

Barry and Huey swing their legs over the moped and strap on their helmets.

HUEY

Jimmy's not so bad.

BARRY

You should've seen him the other day. I thought he was going to kill me. You wanna' head back to my place and make some quesadillas?

HUEY

Do you have jam?

BARRY

Why?

HUEY

I like to dip my quesadillas in jam.

BARRY

Gross, man.

Huey sees something in his peripheral and looks over to a BIKE RACK. There's a couple of bikes chained up, but he zeros in on a TREK BIKE amongst the others.

HUEY

Hey Barry.

BARRY

Yeah?

HUEY
(points)
I think I found my bike.

Barry looks over and sees the bike. Beat.

BARRY
Holy jackpot.

LATER.

The day is stark still. Not a car passes by nor a bird in the sky. Barry sits upright on the moped that's parked across the street from the motel. He's got his eyes peeled on the trek bike, patiently waiting.

Huey on the other hand is laying beside him on the ground, plucking grass and bored out of his mind.

HUEY
Hey Barry.

BARRY
Yeah?

HUEY
You know I blink more than you,
right?

Barry shoots a confused look over to Huey.

BARRY
What's that supposed to mean?

HUEY
Means I can solve math problems
faster than you.

BARRY
No you can't.

...

HUEY
What's three times five? Fifteen.

BARRY
Fifteen. Shoot. I wasn't ready.

HUEY
You ready now?

BARRY
Alright.

HUEY

What's five times seven minus eight? Twenty seven.

BARRY

Twenty seven. Damn!

HUEY

Told you. It's statistically proven. The more you blink, the better you are at math.

BARRY

I guess you're right.

Barry turns back around and glances at the bike rack across the street. He freezes, narrows his eyes. The bike is gone.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Your bike is gone.

HUEY

What?

BARRY

Your bike. It's gone!

Barry frantically searches around and Huey quickly gets to his feet. They both survey the area in a hurry and, far down the main road, Huey sees a man riding his bike.

HUEY

(points)

There. Right over there!

Barry spots him.

BARRY

That's gotta' be him. Get on!

Huey mounts the moped and Barry peels off onto the road. He picks up speed and really pushes the moped to its limits.

HUEY

Hey Barry. Did you bring your handcuffs?

BARRY

Sure did. They're in my back pocket.

HUEY

Cool. How do we plan on actually getting him in handcuffs?

BARRY

No idea. I never really thought we'd actually find him.

HUEY

Well, better think of something quick! We're catching him pretty fast.

They are. They're about twenty feet away and closing in fast.

HUEY (CONT'D)

Is it him? Is it Roger?

BARRY

Hey! You there!?

The man looks over his shoulder--it IS Roger. Barry pulls up right beside him. Roger's taken by surprise.

ROGER

Who the hell are you two?

BARRY

Are you Roger?

ROGER

What the hell is this? What do you want!?

BARRY

You're under arrest! My name's Barry. This here is Huey. We're bounty hunters!

ROGER

What the hell!?! Bounty hunters? You look like goddang kids!

HUEY

You stole my bike, man! That's my trek bike!

ROGER

I didn't steal jack!

BARRY

We're here to take you in! Can you please pull over? We don't want anyone to get hurt.

Roger laughs in their faces.

ROGER

The only ones who are going to get hurt are you two..weasels!

In an instant, Roger karate kicks the side of their moped. Barry swerves and tussles with the handle bars and eventually finds his balance.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Good luck catching me! Punks!

Roger pedals faster and faster and gets the lead on Barry and Huey.

BARRY

Hold on tight, Huey! Looks like it's gonna be a bumpy ride!

HUEY

Oh man. I knew I should've stayed home!

Barry pulls hard on the throttle and picks up real speed.

HUEY (CONT'D)

Maybe we should give Big Bubbah's a call so they can take care of this themselves.

BARRY

No way man! We have to catch him first. That's the only way we'll get to join the squad! Don't worry. I'm not gonna' let him slip!

They're back on Roger's tail and he notices.

ROGER

Come on!

Roger abandons the road and veers onto open grassland.

BARRY

Hold on!

Barry yanks on the throttle and follows Roger onto the field. He tails him yet again.

ROGER

You got the wrong guy!

BARRY

Then why are you running!?

HUEY

Yeah it's a little too late for that!

ROGER

I would back off if I were you! You kids don't know what someone like me is capable of! Ever heard of mind defense?

BARRY

Yeah we know about it. And we know it's a ripoff, too!

HUEY

No thanks to your brother!

ROGER

Goddamit! You slimy little rats!

Roger whips his leg for another kick, but Barry steers right and avoids it. Still, the sudden jolt sends Barry and Huey over a small hilltop and they quickly lose their balance. They fall off of the moped and roll over on the grass. Roger rides away and celebrates his escape.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Ha! You damn fools, thinking you can catch me! Are you out of your minds? The show goes on! Awooooo!

He howls into the evening sky and pedals back onto a road nearby. He's ecstatic, trying to keep his eyes on the road but can't help and look back at Barry and Huey.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Ha! You dorks! Look at me..I'm free!

A car horn BLASTS Roger's ears and he pulls hard on the handle bars, nearly avoiding a collision with an oncoming hatchback.

CLOSE on Barry and Huey in the field, sitting upright on the grass and dusting themselves off. They watch as Roger loses control, hitting a very deep pothole in the road and he goes flying off of the bike into a ditch.

BARRY

Fat chance. We got him, Huey. We got him! Come on!

Barry gets to his feet and ecstatically runs across the field towards Roger. Huey's a little beat up, figures it's best to stay down for a moment longer.

HUEY

I'll be there in a second. Go get him, Barry.

Huey falls on his back and deeply exhales, out of breath. Barry's made his way over to the ditch and sees Roger laying down, face flat in the dirt, grunting in pain. He glances at his ankle and sees that it's snapped sideways. Roger looks up at Barry with disdain.

ROGER

You..you..you goddamn moron! Look at what you did!

BARRY

Oh, man. That doesn't look too good.

ROGER

You think!

BARRY

I'm really sorry about your ankle. But I did politely ask you to stop.

ROGER

Oh politely nothing! You chased me down like a dog!

Beat.

BARRY

You're absolutely right I did.

Barry pulls out handcuffs from his back pocket, unzips them, leans over and cuffs Roger.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Because I'm Barry Bickle. Bounty hunter, Barry Bickle.

CUE 'Last Night a D.J. Saved My Life' by Indeeep.

BLACK.

THE END.