

DESERT MOON

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Draft
v18

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EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - HIGH NOON

The sun hangs high overhead, the heat is smothering and inescapable. The desert's sandy arms stretch out in every direction. Succulents and sage bush pepper the vast emptiness.

The world slowly turns to the left. As we pan, signs of life appear on the horizon. Reflections bounce off of tiny aluminum rooftops in the distance. Civilization comes closer, still turning.

A strip of black asphalt divides the horizon in two. It's a road that runs directly underneath us. Two lanes of emptiness covered in dust and decorated with telephone-poles.

Still turning, we see more desert, street lamps, a single cop car sits in a parking lot. We ease into a stop at the head of a vacant T intersection.

Two large stone walls frame the dusty road in front of us. Large gold letters mounted to the wall read "KERN VALLEY STATE PRISON".

EXT. KERN VALLEY STATE PRISON - FRONT GATE

At the center of the road sits a little booth, in it an armed guard, hot and attentive. The Entrance and Exit gates he mans are both down.

The prison sits off in the distance, far behind him.

Mike comes ambling down the road, he nods to the guard and stops at the booth. It's the only thing left standing between him and freedom.

Mike's in his late 40's, fit, and clean cut. His brown hair is combed back, he has a week-old black eye and a white bandage across the bridge of his nose. He's dressed plainly, worn out boot-cut jeans, a faded black t-shirt, and a pair of Doc Martens that have seen years of action.

He looks through the contents of a thin manila envelope. Mike pulls out a form and hands it to the guard.

The officer's cold and emotionless face is hidden behind chrome aviator sunglasses. He checks the form and radios in.

His radio chatters back.

RADIO

Mike Kepler coming out.

The guard hands Mike his papers and raises the exit gate.

Mike exits the prison compound a free man.

He makes it to the main road and looks at his options, right or left? Both paths are hot and desolate.

Directly across the street, a man in a dark suit and glasses steps out of a boxy car. The man reaches into his jacket pocket and approaches. Mike sizes him up, takes a step back, drops his envelope, and puts up his guard.

MAN

Whoa, take it easy friend!

MIKE

You first.

The man reaches down, picks up the envelope, and hands it back to Mike; then he slowly reveals a fat manila envelope from the inside of his coat pocket.

MAN

I'm just the messenger Mike.

MIKE

Do I know you?

The man shakes his head no.

Mike opens the envelope, takes a peek, and closes it. He looks at the man curiously.

MAN

We're sorry about what happened to your family. We took care of it for you.

This is a touchy subject for Mike.

MIKE

Who's WE?

The man removes his glasses and reveals his cold blue eyes, calm and laser-focused.

Mike doesn't know the man but he knows the look.

MAN

There is no going back Mike. Not for any of us. But for you, there is a path forward. This (to the envelope) makes us even, CORRECT?

MIKE

It does?

MAN

Does it?

Mike thinks for a long time before saying a word.

MIKE

Ya.

MAN

They said, YOU are supposed to say the words.

MIKE

Really?

The man nods yes.

MIKE

Yes. We're even now.

MAN

Good, we'll take you at your word.

The man gets into his car and drives away, leaving Mike in the dust, literally.

EXT. BUS SHELTER

Mike takes a seat on a nearby bus bench and sets the fat envelope to his side. He empties the thin envelope he carried out of prison into his hands.

- \$200 Gate Money, he slips the bills into his pocket.
- Keys to something, he tosses them in the trashcan.
- A dead brick Nokia cellphone from 1999, he tosses it too.
- His Discharge Certificate (WE READ : FIRST-DEGREE MURDER - 20 YEARS - TIME SERVED) He pockets it.
- An old photo. Mike stares at it for a long time. (WE DON'T SEE WHAT IT'S A PHOTO OF.)

MIKE

I made it.

He takes a deep breath and soaks up his first taste of freedom in a long time. Relieved and grateful the emotions of the moment get to him. He falls into a whirlwind of laughter and tears.

A bus pulls up and opens its doors. The driver inside has a kind face, his silver hair peeks out from under his MTA baseball cap.

Mike puts the photo in his pocket, gets in and takes a seat.

BUS DRIVER
Welcome aboard.

The bus drives off.

EXT. DESERT MOON DINER - DAY

The bus pulls to a stop and opens its doors.

BUS DRIVER
You'll find a schedule inside, and a damn fine slice of pie.

MIKE
Much obliged.

BUS DRIVER
Good Luck son. Watch yourself crossing the road.

The highway is empty.

The men exchange nods as Mike exits. The door closes and the big gray box drives off once more.

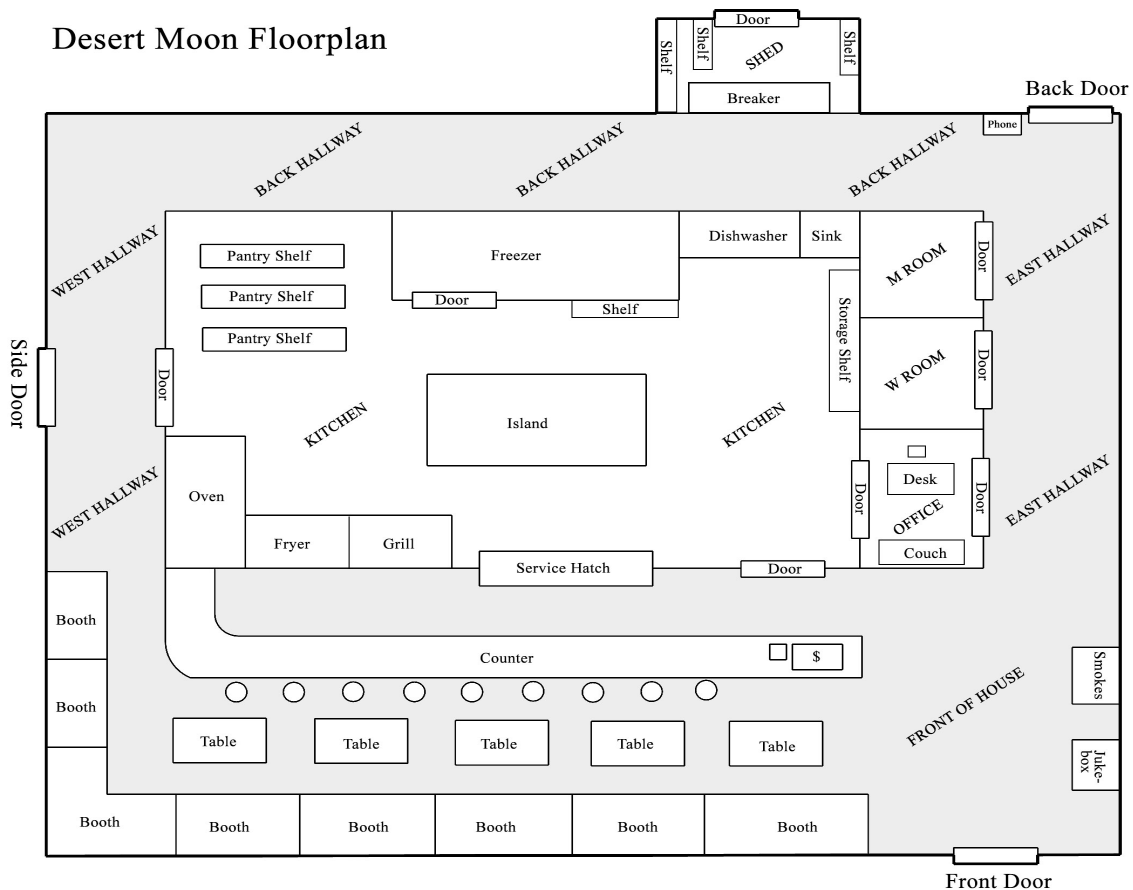
A gust of wind rattles a highway sign that reads "Los Angeles - 101 miles".

Mike stares at the old diner on the opposite side of the road. The parking lot is mostly empty except for two old jalopies and a bicycle. Everything is covered in a thin white blanket of dust.

The **Desert Moon** is a diner from America's past that somehow managed to survive. Old and sun-bleached, the 40's gloss disappeared a long time ago; but if you really look, there are glints of glory in its now decrepit bones.

The fact that it's the only standing structure for as far as the eye can see says a lot.

Desert Moon Floorplan



INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

The kitchen is the heart of the diner. We get a tour from a flies perspective. It does a lap around the room.

We see that there are four doors, one connecting to the FRONT OF HOUSE, one to the WEST HALLWAY, the EAST HALLWAY and one connected to the MANAGERS OFFICE.

ON the back wall there is a fifth door to a walk-in freezer, a sink full of dishes, and an old running dishwasher. Bubbles and water leak all over the floor.

There is a pantry area packed with shelves of produce and ingredients.

We pass through, around, and over, clean dishes, stacks of heavy cast iron pots and pans, knives, large jars of condiments, a double-wide hot oil fryer, a large hot grill cooking hash-browns, pancakes, eggs, bacon, and more. The food sizzles as the cook quickly pulls a hot apple pie from the oven.

Javier, a husky 50-year-old Mexican man prepares breakfast for two lucky customers. He plates, double checks the ticket, and puts the order up.

A large service hatch connects the kitchen to the FRONT OF HOUSE.

Hot lamps beam down on the food as Javier DINGS the bell.

We pass through the serving hatch into the FRONT OF HOUSE as the plates are scooped up and whisked away. We settle on the front door.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Mike enters with his envelope in hand. He takes a look around.

The diner is just as expected, rundown jukebox, cigarette machine, stools lining a beat-up laminate lunch counter, and large booths under large windows. A few tables sit empty in the middle of the room.

Despite all of its flaws the old diner still has charm.

The waitress delivers hot plates to a young Chinese couple sitting in a far booth. Their backpacks give them away as tourists. The waitress turns to greet Mike.

WAITRESS

Hi there, how can I help you?

Mike absorbs the young dark-skinned woman for a long second before answering. Her eyes are light, full of hope, and stunning.

MIKE

Hi.

WAITRESS

Hi.

MIKE

I'm looking for a bus schedule.

WAITRESS

Where are you going?

MIKE

Los Angeles.

WAITRESS

City of fallen angles. You might as well come in and take a seat, the next bus won't be around here for another six hours or so. Welcome to the **Desert Moon**. My name's **Wanda**.

She offers her hand and Mike politely shakes it.

MIKE

Mike.

He takes a seat at the lunch counter.

Wanda is beautiful and can't be more than 30. Her lovely eyes are complemented by long dark hair. She's dressed up for a waitress. White-collared blouse and black suit pants. There's a calm professionalism about her.

WANDA

Can I get you anything?

MIKE

Coffee, please.

Wanda fetches a fresh mug and fills it to the brim.

WANDA

Cream, sugar?

MIKE

Cream.

She slides the metal carafe across the counter, it skids to a perfect stop next to Mike's cup. She's showing off a bit.

WANDA

Is there anything else I can get for you Mike?

Mike looks over the menu.

MIKE

I'm at your mercy. Bring me whatever's good and lots of it. Please.

She spots his envelope and smiles.

WANDA

Hungry?

MIKE

Yes ma'am.

WANDA

I hear the first *real* meal is the best. I'll make sure our cook makes you something special.

MIKE

First *real* meal?

WANDA

How long were you in for?

MIKE

That obvious huh?

WANDA

The envelope gave you away. I've seen plenty of them come through here.

Wanda writes a ticket and goes to the kitchen window.

WANDA

Order in!

Javier's light brown arm reaches out and plucks it from her hand. We catch a glimpse of a military tattoo on his forearm.

JAVIER (O.S.)

The dishwasher is leaking again.

He mutters as his arm whips back into the kitchen.

Wanda is not thrilled by the news.

WANDA

A last meal is one thing. But a first meal is something totally different. Dinner and Breakfast exist in totally different realms...

Something outside catches Wanda's eye.

WANDA

Excuse me one second.

MIKE

Sure.

Mike goes back to his coffee.

Wanda focuses her gaze out the window.

EXT. DESERT MOON DINER - PARKING LOT

A roundish sixty-year-old woman in traditional waitress attire exits an old pickup. She leans back into the truck and locks lips with the driver one last time. The driver tips his straw Resistol cowboy hat and peels out of the parking lot.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

BANG! The Desert Moon's front door bursts open.

The waitress comes barreling through the entrance in dramatic fashion. She's like a soccer mom on her fifth shot of espresso, disheveled, wired, and over the moon.

WAITRESS

Damn wind is kicking up something fierce!

She combs her hair with her fingers.

WANDA

Claire, you're an hour late.

CLAIRE

I know darling! I know! I'm sorry.

WANDA

You said that yesterday.

CLAIRE

As the owner of this fine establishment, I think it's important that *you* know the ins and outs of the duties carried out each day by your dedicated employees. It helps build empathy.

WANDA

The only one concerned with the *ins* and *outs* this morning was you. I did the job for eight years, and I've been doing *yours*, all morning.

Claire stops and looks around at the empty diner. Wanda smiles. Claire lowers her head, looks up and gives Wanda the puppy dog eyes.

CLAIRE

As a penalty for my tardiness, may I suggest you keep this mornings tips alllllllll to yourself. That'll show me.

Wanda gives Claire puppy dog eyes back.

WANDA

May I suggest you staaaaaay an hour late tonight.

CLAIRE

Fine!

Claire gets settled behind the counter.

WANDA

Hank again?

CLAIRE

Yes. That man's gonna marry me.

WANDA

I don't believe you.

CLAIRE

Believe it honey, whether he likes it or not! I've already picked out the ring he's getting me.

Mike does his best to mind his own business but he can't help but be entertained.

CLAIRE

Well, who's this tall drink of water?

Mike smiles.

CLAIRE

Hi there, I'm Claire and I'll be your waitress.

WANDA

Too late--

A loud CRASH startles the three. They turn to see a bicycle outside being blown across the pavement violently by the wind.

DING! The cook rings the bell for pickup.

CLAIRE
Javier, your bike's blowing away!?!

Javier pokes his head out of the service hatch. He sees his bike and instantly vanishes back into the kitchen.

EXT. DESERT MOON DINER - PARKING LOT

A massive storm is brewing behind the diner. Clouds have rolled in and the once burning hot sky has turned a muggy gray. Winds tear across the dusty flatland.

Javier's bike continues to screech across the pavement.

The cook comes out of the door on the west side of the diner.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Claire serves Mike a full plate. A burger with the works, fresh shoestring fries, and a side salad smothered in dressing.

Mike's eyes light up.

Wanda hands him a large strawberry milkshake with whipped cream and a cherry.

WANDA
You look like a strawberry man to me.

Mike joyfully eats.

The Chinese couple in the corner raise their coffee cups in the air.

Claire tends to their needs.

Javier's short and stocky frame appears through the front windows. Everyone watches as he battles the raging wind.

With a fair amount of effort the cook manages to bring his bike through the front door.

JAVIER
La naturaleza puede ser una perra salvaje!
(***Mother nature can be a savage bitch!***)

WANDA
Javier!

JAVIER
Sorry.

Claire returns to her station behind the counter.

CLAIRE
Kids over there say it's global
warming.

JAVIER
If the goddamn world is warming,
why's it getting colder outside?
We've see more rain this year then
the last 5 combined. Estúpido
snowflakes.

WANDA
Aye, keep your politics out of my
diner, and the vulgar language away
from my customers, please.

He rolls his eyes at her.

JAVIER
I fought for this country, so I could
say whatever I want.

WANDA
In your house.

JAVIER
I'm going to quit. I don't need this
job!

WANDA
Yes you do!

CLAIRE
Javier?

He ignores Claire.

JAVIER
No, I don't!

CLAIRE
Javier?

He continues to ignore her.

WANDA
Then your wife and three kids do.

He grumbles.

CLAIRE
Javier?

JAVIER
It's the only reason I put up with
this, thiss--

WANDA
Watch it!

He moans like a teenager.

CLAIRE
Javier?!

He erupts.

JAVIER
What!?

CLAIRE
The kids, in the corner...they also
want another order of pancakes,
pronto.

Claire knows just what to say to push his buttons.

Javier stands toe to toe with her. She towers over him.
Wanda rolls her eyes, she's seen this standoff before.

JAVIER
Pronto? I'll give you pronto!

CLAIRE
Please do.

Javier exhales loudly and marches back into the kitchen.

CLAIRE
So much fire for such a little man.

Wanda can't take her eyes off the storm brewing outside.

WANDA
Does that look right to you?

MIKE
Ya, that's not normal.

Wanda switches the TV on. The Emergency Alert System is screeching away on every channel. RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
 BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! A severe weather alert is in full effect. **The text on screen reads : The National Weather Service has issued a Tornado Warning for Victorville, Apple Vally, Hesperia and all surrounding areas.** A robot voice issues directions.

EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM

Several extremely deadly tornadoes are located in Victorville. They're moving north east at 45 miles per hour. This is a dangerous situation. Take cover now. Impact : You are in a life threatening situation. Flying debris may be deadly to those caught without shelter. Considerable damage to homes, businesses and vehicles is likely, complete destruction is possible.

CLAIRE

Tornadoes?

CHINESE GIRL

Did you say tornadoes?

The girl comes over and reads the TV. She yells Tornado in Chinese at her boyfriend. He's looks out the window confused.

CHINESE GUY

Tornado?

He looks at his phone but there is no signal.

WANDA

Ya, that's not normal at all.

CLAIRE

Not in California it ain't.

MIKE

Actually last year, California had more tornadoes then Kansas and Oklahoma combined.

Everyone gives him a strange look.

MIKE

I had a lot of time to read.

CHINESE GIRL

What do we do?

MIKE

I guess this means my bus is gonna be late?

WANDA

Yeah, you might be here longer than expected. We all might.

DRRRRRRRRRRRRR- The power goes out. The diminishing sunlight keeps the diner semi-illuminated. Several of the neon beer signs stay lit up.

CLAIRE

Dear lord.

The girl goes back to her boyfriend.

WANDA

Javier?!

JAVIER

No! No! I told you last time, it was the last time. I'm never touching that thing again!

WANDA

That's not very manly of you.

JAVIER

This is the twenty-first century. A woman can do anything a man can do.

Claire smiles.

CLAIRE

He's right.

WANDA

So you're volunteering to flip the breaker?

CLAIRE

Mike, you look like the right *man* for the job.

Wanda shakes her head.

Mike innocently sucks down his milkshake.

WANDA
I know we just met and all but, are
you the handy sort?

MIKE
When I have to be.

WANDA
Do you know much about electricity,
breakers?

MIKE
Ya, you want me to take a look at it?

WANDA
Would you? It's kind of old and takes
a real mans doing.

She does her best to sell it.

MIKE
Why do I feel like I'm being set up?

WANDA
Follow me.

Wanda leads Mike toward the east hallway and vanishes
through the doorway.

Mike stops halfway to the door and turns around. He eyes his
envelope on the lunch counter.

Claire picks it up.

CLAIRE
I'll set this behind the counter here
and keep it safe for you.

Mike eyes her for a long moment, not sure if he should trust
her or not.

Wanda pokes her head out of the hallway.

WANDA
Mike? Hey Clare grab him a
flashlight!

Claire puts the envelope behind the counter and comes back
up with a red toolbox. Inside there are a few tools,
screwdrivers, plumbing wrench, ball-peen hammer, duct-tape
and a flashlight.

She hands the flashlight to Mike with a smile.

MIKE

Thanks.

WANDA

Claire give the toolbox to Javier.
Have him fix the dishwasher.

CLAIRE

In the dark? Oh he'll love that.

WANDA

Mike, let's go.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - EAST HALLWAY

Mike follows Wanda down the lengthy corridor. They pass three doors, The manager's office, and the women's and men's rest rooms.

The rear exit is at the end of the hallway.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - BACK HALLWAY

A payphone is mounted next to the door. The corridor continues to wrap around the back of the diner, connecting to the west and east hallway like a horseshoe.

Wanda unlocks the deadbolt on the back door.

MIKE

It's outside?

WANDA

Ya. There's a little storage shed
around the back.

MIKE

O-K

She barely opens the door a few inches, when the wind rips it from her hands and pins it open.

WANDA

It's just a little wind.

MIKE

It was a set up.

Wanda smiles and runs outside.

Mike looks back down the hallway and sees Claire and Javier watching him, grinning. He gives a reluctant smile, waves, and heads after Wanda.

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - EXTERNAL SHED

It's pitch black, the wind whistles and howls.

Mike and Wanda pop into the little shed. They work together to shut the door securely behind them.

Disheveled they take a beat and adjust themselves.

Mike flips on his flashlight. Wanda uses her phone's app and they take a look around.

The shed is filled with all kinds of restaurant junk, yard tools, car batteries, jumper cables, a lot of dust and tons of cobwebs.

The little shed serves as a small shelter for the old circuit-breaker mounted on the back restaurant.

The old breaker and fuse box are surrounded by pallets of cleaning chemicals. The exposed wires add another level of danger. To top the whole thing off, the concrete slab under the breaker has shattered, sunken several inches, and accumulated a murky pool of soapy water several inches deep.

MIKE

Oh this doesn't look up to code at all.

WANDA

No?

MIKE

No. This might be worth one of those slices of apple pie back there. Maybe even a whole pie, I don't want to be greedy but this...

Wanda smiles.

WANDA

Are we negotiating?

Mike nods.

WANDA

A slice of apple pie seems fair, I'll even heat it up and throw in a scoop of ice cream.

Mike straddles the small pond and wrenches the main switch up and down.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Claire and the two customers watch as the neon signs go off and on again. Claire sees headlights through the window.

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - EXTERNAL SHED

Mike resets the main switch but nothing happens. He unscrews a fuse and checks it. There are about twenty of them.

MIKE

It looks like some of these fuses are burnt. You have any spares?

WANDA

Yep right over here, somewhere. I think.

Wanda rifles through a few grimy shelves. The wind picks up and they hear a few muffled bangs from outside; They make note of it but continue the task at hand.

WANDA

Found them!

She places a box of fuses in Mike's hand. He gets to work.

WANDA

So Mike, tell me about yourself. I would like to know who I'm stuck in here with. Who are you?

MIKE

I've been asking myself that same question for a while now.

WANDA

I'm sure you've got a good answer then.

MIKE

I wish it were that simple. Truth is, I've been trying to think of one good thing that I've done with my life.

WANDA

And?

MIKE

I can't.

WANDA

You're not exactly helping my confidence. Maybe something easier. Why were you in jail?

MIKE

I worked for the wrong people doing the wrong things.

WANDA

Why?

MIKE

I was making the right kind of money.

WANDA

Where?

MIKE

Hollywood. It's not like it is in the movies, until it is.

Her eyes light up when she hears HOLLYWOOD.

WANDA

I was going there before I got stuck here. I had this dream of living in a loft or on the beach...but life had other plans. Is that where you got arrested?

MIKE

Yep, right in the middle of it all. As the cops handcuffed me I could see the big sign on the hill in the background.

WANDA

Fancy.

MIKE

No.

WANDA

You don't strike me as the
Hollywood - criminal type.

MIKE

Thanks, I think. I'm originally from
a little town a few hours south of
Chicago.

WANDA

They've got great pizza! I've heard.

MIKE

It's true. But the winters are cold
as hell and-- (BEAT)

He remembers something.

WANDA

What?

MIKE

When your out of the city, driving
through the never-ending fields and
crops, time slows down. When you live
there, it stands still. There's
something very lonely about all of
it.

WANDA

Is that why you came west?

He nods yes.

WANDA

You still haven't told me what you
got arrested for.

MIKE

I killed a few men.

WANDA

A few?

MIKE

Yeah.

WANDA

How many is a few? Honestly one seems
like a lot.

MIKE

I lost count somewhere along the way.

WANDA

That's scary.

MIKE

I was a soldier when I started. It was part of the job, Yo Joe and all that.

WANDA

Oh god, I'm sorry I didn't mean to... Javier's told me some of his stories, war's, terrible.

MIKE

War never bothered me. I was good at it.

WANDA

Why didn't you stay enlisted?

MIKE

I'm no good at pretending war's something it's not. I don't like politics. When I was discharged there wasn't an economy to come back to, no jobs. No jobs, no food, so I did what I was good at. I, *had* a family.

WANDA

Had?

MIKE

You ask a lot of questions.

She can see this is a sensitive subject for him.

WANDA

Uh-huh. So, who did you kill?

MIKE

Bad people, that did bad things.

WANDA

How bad?

MIKE

I'm probably not the best person to judge someone's morality but these were evil people. It's why I took the jobs.

WANDA

Maybe you were doing a good thing?

MIKE

That's what I thought until it got my family killed and I ended up face down with my hands behind my back.

Wanda winces.

MIKE

You asked.

WANDA

That's all kinds of messed up. I'm--

MIKE

I'm sorry. It's been a while since I've *talked* to someone. I forget I need to edit.

WANDA

I asked.

Mike continues to fiddle.

MIKE

So why didn't you make it to Hollywood; it's like four hours from here?

WANDA

Family.

MIKE

Oh is this a family diner?

WANDA

No, the Desert Moon is a different story. I came here thirteen years ago after my mother died. My father was like you. Worked for the wrong people. He lived up there in that big house too.

MIKE

In a cage?

She nods yes.

WANDA

He didn't make it out though. Died behind those walls, seven, eight years ago now.

MIKE

No one should have to live that life.
I'm sorry.

Wanda browses the cluttered shelves.

WANDA

Nothing to be sorry about. We all
make our own choices. I came here to
be close to him. I built a life for
myself waiting, waiting for him,
waiting on tables. I waited for so
long I got stuck.

Mike listens as he continues working with the fuses. One
sparks and pops! The room strobos, Mike jumps back avoiding
the water.

MIKE

Shit!

WANDA

Are you ok?

MIKE

Ya just scared the hell out of me.
This is a fine establishment you
manage.

WANDA

You sure you're ok?

Mike looks at her blankly.

WANDA

Okay two slice of apple pie.

Mike blinds her with his flashlight for a moment.

MIKE

Thanks.

He goes back to work.

WANDA

This place was a gift.

MIKE

Ya, good jobs are hard to find. When
you get one you like--

WANDA

No, I mean literally, it was a gift. The owner before me just gave up one day. Packed up all of his shit and handed me the keys. I was a waitress here for two years. He handed me the keys and pink slip and just, walked out.

She laughs.

MIKE

You own this place?

WANDA

The Desert Moon is all mine. For better or worse.

MIKE

You should make a few updates, like this whole thing.

He holds up the new fuse bulb.

MIKE

It's gonna kill someone, possibly me.

WANDA

I'll take that under advisement. Hey look what I found!

She pulls out an old hand-crank CB radio.

MIKE

Wind it up!

Wanda cranks away while Mike bravely straddles the puddle of water.

The radio lights up and starts chattering static. Wanda adjusts it for a better signal ZZZZZZ ZZZZZZZZ, She tunes into the local police band.

RADIO

zzzzzz I replete, the tornado ripped through the prison and three inmates on work detail ESCAPED!! They killed two officers in the process! Three white males, Clay Dickens, Steve McDonald, and Tyrell Ward HAVE ESCAPED! They are considered armed and extremely dangerous. We need to find them! Permission to shoot on sight! I repeat you have permission to use deadly force! All available officers to....ZZZZZZZZzzzzzzzz

The radio goes dead.

WANDA

Shit, can things get any worse?

Mike replaces the last fuse and flips the switch. The lights turn on, TA-DA.

WANDA

Well maybe our luck is turning around after all.

Suddenly the door rips open WHAM! Wind comes racing into the little shed. A skinhead with a gun steps inside.

WANDA

Fuck.

SKINHEAD 1

Wow! You've got a pretty mouth on you. Not very ladylike.

He's a thin white tweaker with a crazy look in his eyes. Thirties, body covered in prison tats.

Wanda can read "White Pride" tattooed down his forearms as he points his Ruger Mini 14 rifle in her face.

Wanda and Mike put their hands up.

The skinhead winks at Wanda, creeping her out. Then he circles around them to the back of the shed.

Mike slowly slides in-between Wanda and the skinhead's gun.

The skinhead takes a step back. He stands right in front of the fuse board. The heel of his boot sinks an inch or so into the puddle of water.

Mike watches closely, waiting for his moment to pounce.

Wanda is nervous.

The skinhead stares into their eyes. Sweat rolls down his dirty face as he sizes them up.

With one good push, Mike could fry the bastard.

With one flick of his finger, the skinhead could end Mike.

WANDA

What now?

The skinhead thinks.

SKINHEAD 1

Let's go find out.

He shoves them toward the door. Mike grabs Wanda's hand and pushes her in front of him. The skinhead follows closely behind, nervous and twitchy.

SKINHEAD 1

Keep your damn hands up!

They do.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - BACK HALLWAY

Mike and Wanda are shoved through the same doorway they went out of. They watch the skinhead fight the wind to yank the backdoor shut, Click.

SKINHEAD 1

Move!

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - EAST HALLWAY

They do. Audible screams of terror grow louder with each step they take toward the main room.

BOOM! From behind, the wind rips the back door open again, startling the three. They jump.

The skinhead spins around ready to fire at anything that moves. He instantly spins back to cover Wanda and Mike, back to the door, back to his prisoners. His nerves are on edge.

MIKE

It's just the wind.

WANDA

We should lock that door.

SKINHEAD 1

I'll tell *you* when *you need* to do something. The hell with that door, Move!

They leave the back door open and march into the front of the house.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

SKINHEAD 1

Leo, look what I found outback!

A second skinhead spins around in their direction, pointing his AR-15 assault rifle. He's a good size, almost 6 foot, 180 lbs. He has a lion tattooed on the left side of his dirty bald head. His horseshoe mustache makes him look like a biker, blood trickles from his nose.

LEO

Welcome! Come on in and join the fun. We're all just getting to know each other.

Claire is in tears, hysterical. Her boyfriend Hank is dead on the floor. His straw cowboy hat floats in a pool of blood. She runs to Wanda for support. They settle into a nearby booth.

Mike stands alone in the middle of the room with his hands up.

The Chinese boyfriend in the corner booth reels in pain. He has been shot in the stomach. His girlfriend frantically tries to help him, putting pressure on his wound. Her hands are covered in his blood.

GIRLFRIEND

You're going to be ok **David**. I promise.

DAVID

I'm sorry **Tao**. I'm so sorry.

SKINHEAD 1

I bet you are! Shouldn't of tried that kung fu shit on me!!

TAO
He doesn't even know kung fu! He works at the DMV.

SKINHEAD 1
Leo! Look at me! I did a public service!

Tao is sad and angry and focused on helping David.

The skinhead just smiles, the bastard.

SKINHEAD 1
You ain't going to save him. She's not going to save you. You're gonna die.

TAO
I'm a nurse! I can..., Please just leave us alone!

SKINHEAD 1
Weeeell excuuuuuuse me.

He laughs and watches.

Javier sits at a table playing it cool.

Leo checks out Mike. He gets real close.

LEO
I know you don't I?

MIKE
No.

LEO
Hey **Steve**, you know this guy?

The first skinhead leaves Tao alone. He walks through Hank's blood tracking red boot prints across the room. He takes a long gaze at Mike.

STEVE
No. Never seen him. Dammit Leo, what a mess. Why'd you have to kill'em in the middle of the room?

Steve motions to Hank and the bloody tracks on the floor.

LEO
Same reason you shot Chow Mein.

Leo puts the gun against Mike's face.

LEO
He tried to be brave.

STEVE
Not very smart. What, a, mess.

LEO
Give me your phone.

MIKE
I don't have one.

Steve checks Mike's pockets.

STEVE
Nothing.

Leo circles around Mike and kicks him in the back, sending him flying to the table Javier is sitting at.

Claire sobs and sobs.

MIKE
Mind if I sit here?

JAVIER
Mi casa es su casa.
(***My house is your house***)

POP! Steve hits Javier with the butt of his gun.

STEVE
You speak English! This is America!

Javier's first impulse is to clock Steve. Mike grabs his arm and reminds him of the situation.

Claire squeals. Wanda tries to calm her but can't.

Leo fires a round into the roof. BANG! The room gasps and whimpers and moans in pain.

LEO
SIT DOWN and SHUT UP! All of you!

Leo goes over to Wanda.

LEO
Phone now!

She hands it over.

Leo throws Wanda's phone into the microwave with four others and turns it on. Spark, spark, FWOOSH, they light up in a ball of flames.

Wanda looks at Mike. All she can think is "How do we get out of this?" She's scared but trying to be brave.

Mike is on the same wavelength, thinking and concerned.

The wind rips and howls outside.

STEVE

It's getting pretty bad out there
Leo.

LEO

I can see that!

STEVE

You think that thing's coming this
way?

LEO

Could be.

STEVE

Where is he?

LEO

He'll be here. We were all running in
the same direction.

STEVE

When's he gonna get here? I'm almost
out of ammo.

LEO

Me Too.

STEVE

What are we gonna do?

Mike and Wanda listen in, trying not to be obvious about it.

LEO

Save our bullets and wait. When Clay
gets here, he'll know what to do.

STEVE

What if he doesn't get here? What
then?

LEO
We'll take that old cowboy's truck,
now shut up!

STEVE
Ya but what if-

Leo points his gun in Steve's face, stopping him mid-sentence.

Wanda and Mike mouth words to one another without making a sound.

WANDA - SILENT
What do we do?

MIKE - SILENT
I don't know.

Claire wipes away her tears and puts on a brave face.

MIKE - SILENT
Do you have a gun?

He mimes a gun with his hand.

She shakes her head NO.

JAVIER
Ya, they're terrible until you need
one.

Javier's voice catches the skinhead's attention.

LEO
What?

Everyone puts their eyes down. Everyone but Claire.

CLAIRE
You're a bunch of cowards.

Wanda tries to hush her.

CLAIRE
You stupid Nazi scum!

STEVE
Shut up old lady!

CLAIRE

You're what's wrong with the world today. You've forgotten what respect is. Respect for your elders, respect for anyone but yourselves. Your parents must be proud of you.

LEO

After I shot up my school, I killed my parents, so please tell me more about what they think of me.

Claire stands up and summons all her pain and rage into words. Wanda tries to hold her back but Claire pulls away.

CLAIRE

You're a bunch of dickless cowards. How many wars have you lost now? How many of your idiot brothers are in jail or worse? Superior race my ass. You come in here and kill an innocent man in cold blood. The man I loved!! You're monsters!! Disgusting ignorant monsters that can't keep up with the world so you use race as an excuse! Get a fucken education. As a white person, you disgust me!

She spits on Leo's boots.

He pistol whips her across the face, knocking her out cold.

LEO

You're barely a person.

He kicks her unconscious body.

LEO

Damn, this old broad's tough.

Leo cocks his foot back for another strike.

Mike stands up, his chair screeches across the floor. Leo draws on him.

LEO

Is there something you want to say?

Steve puts his gun to the back of Mike's head.

STEVE

Speak up. Say something.

Mike stands there silent. The two men wait for an answer.

Javier moves his chair to the side, out of the blast radius.

LEO
Speak little doggy.

STEVE
Woof Woof!! Come on doggy, Woof!!!

CREEEKK! SMASH! The storm hits hard, large chunks of hail come crashing down. SMASH! SMASH! POP POP! BOOM! One of the front windows explodes inward. The wind tears through the diner. Glass, napkins, paper, and all kinds of stuff fly around the room.

Leo gets knocked back by the massive gust. He tumbles over Javier and hits the ground hard but he doesn't once lower his weapon.

LEO
Dirty rotten son-f-a-

Javier puts his hands up.

The wind is loud and powerful, panic and chaos consume the diner.

STEVE
What do we do?!

Steve looks at Leo, nothing. He looks at Mike.

MIKE
Woof.

WANDA
Help me grab a table and block the window!

Mike follows Wanda's lead. Steve does so begrudgingly.

They grab one table, swing it up like a shield, and together they stuff it into the empty window frame. Sealing it shut.

WOOSH HHH!!!!!! A massive gust comes fighting back into the diner. Everyone slides several feet backwards.

The three dig deep.

WANDA
Let's go ladies!

They get the window sealed for a second time.
WOOOOOOOSSHHHH!! They have to fight to keep it closed!
SMASH! Chunks of hail pound on the table from the outside.
SMASH! POP!

Javier contributes his strength.

JAVIER
It's a dust devil from hell.

The four manage to hold the roaring window sealed shut. They pin themselves against the table, not giving an inch.

MIKE
We can't stand here forever!

STEVE
Leo!

SCRRREEECCCCCHHHHHH! Leo pushes a large heavy cigarette machine across the room. He struggles with its weight.

Tao leaves David and helps Leo push.

Together they secure the table to the window, FWOMP! The wind stops and the chaos inside settles.

Exhausted and still in shock, the group is proud of themselves. They rest for a beat, trying to catch their breath.

For a second they forget who has the guns...and then they remember.

Wanda ends-up between Leo and Steve. She's instantly uncomfortable and takes a few steps back.

Steve gives her a filthy demented smile.

STEVE
Hey.

Hail is still pummeling the outside of the diner.

LEO
That was a good plan. What do you think about the rest of these windows?

WANDA
We should barricade all of them.

LEO
 You heard what she said! Let's
 barricade these windows. NOW!

Mike, Wanda, Tao, and Javier start moving tables.

STEVE
 You put her in charge?! What's wrong
 with you? Leave those tables where
 they are!

Steve throws a saltshaker at the wall.

Everyone stops.

Steve gets in Leo's face. Leo doesn't like it and headbutts
 him, CHECK. They circle one another.

STEVE
 If Clay was here--

LEO
 He's not!

STEVE
 You're lucky he's not!

LEO
 No I'm not, because I'm stuck here
 with you!

STEVE
 You know what my daddy told me to say
 in moments like this. "Life is so
 hard". Come on Leo, say it with me.
 "Life is so Hard".

LEO
 Fuck off!

STEVE
 You taking orders from her? Clay
 would be, disgusted--

While everyone is distracted, Javier quietly sinks into the
 shadows and disappears into the kitchen. Mike catches a
 glimpse of him but everyone else is focused on the standoff.

LEO
 He's not here! I'm here! Until he
 gets here, I'm in charge!

STEVE

You sure about that? Sounds like she's in charge. You gonna take orders from, that!?

LEO

I'm not taking orders from anyone! I'm trying not to get knocked on my ass again. I'm tired of arguing with you! Help block the windows or go sit your ass down!

Steve draws on Leo, the barrel of his gun rests on his friend's chest. Leo's gun pokes Steve in the throat.

The men don't move an inch. (BEAT)

MIKE

So what are we doing?

Steve blinks first, he backs away slowly. Leo pushes him away with his barrel, then he focuses it on Mike.

LEO

Barricade the windows like *I* said.

The group continues to block the windows.

WANDA

We need something heavy to prop up these tables.

Frustrated and pissed, Steve walks away. He shuffles past the booths. Even David's pain doesn't make the sadistic nazi feel better. He plops into the last booth on the west side of the diner and gazes out the window.

STEVE

Where you at?

Claire's head throbs and her body aches as she comes to. She sits propped up against the foot of a booth on the opposite side of the room.

The center of the diner is clear, every table but one has been used to barricade the windows.

Leo sits at it watching her.

LEO

Good morning sunshine.

CLAIRE

Nazi scum.

LEO

I respect you lady, if I didn't I would have killed you. Now you respect me. I don't want to have to hit you again.

She spits on his boot for a second time.

The whole diner seems to gasp and pause with anticipation.

Leo is pissed. He cocks his leg like a field goal kicker, Claire cowers preparing to be pummeled. Leo roars and sikes Claire and everyone else out. He slowly lowers his foot and wipes his boot off on her uniform.

LEO

Lady you've got some stones, why don't you try to find some brains. How are those windows coming along?

The wind pounds on the diner.

Javier seeps out of the shadows directly behind Steve, unnoticed.

His eyes are focused on the skinhead who's still looking out the window. His heart pounds, sweat drips from his brow, time moves in slow-motion as he raises a large kitchen knife above his head.

Light shimmers across the blade catching Mike's eye.

THIS could be their chance. Mike readies himself, checking his distance from Leo. He'll have to move fast and take him by surprise. No one else seems to notice what's about to happen. He clutches his fist but then something else catches his eye.

Deeper in the shadows, in the heart of darkness stands a third Nazi, CLAY. He towers over Javier from behind, unseen.

Javier lifts his knife to its pinnacle, but before he can strike...

The wind pounds harder and harder.

Clay grabs the knife out of Javier's hand and plunges it into the cooks neck, STAB! Killing him dead.

Mike watches, silently, motionless.

Everyone else screams at the horrible act of violence.

Leo takes aim.

LEO
What the hell?

Unaware, Steve spins around to see what was about to happen to him.

Clay drops Javier's body to the ground. The six-foot skinhead is a hulking 300+lbs. His prison blue shirt has been ripped off and tied tightly around his left thigh. Several Nazi tattoos beam through his grimy wife-beater and down his arms. His eyes are dark and absent of humanity.

Steve is happy to be alive but he's happier to see his leader.

STEVE
Oh thank god you're here! WOO HOOO!
This here is Clay! DO NOT FUCK with
him!

Steve pulls the blade from Javier's dead body as a souvenir.

CLAY
What did I tell you about watching
your back?

He slaps Steve across the face, WACK!

Steve's mood instantly changes. Ashamed, the lanky skinhead takes a few steps back and lowers his head.

STEVE
I'm sorry.

LEO
Clay, where did you come from?
We've been waiting for you.

CLAY
Which one of you left the back door
open?

Leo points to Steve who cowers even further.

Clay shakes his head and looks the scene over.

CLAY
You boys have done well.

STEVE

We've got it under control Clay! I shot THAT ONE in the corner.

CLAY

You did?

STEVE

Ya.

CLAY

Good. Looks like he deserved it.

He spits on the floor and sees Hank.

CLAY

What happened to this poor bastard?

Claire whimpers. Leo points his gun at her and she shuts up.

STEVE

That's Leo's mess.

LEO

Clay let's get out of here! There's a truck outside.

CLAY

We can't. Storm's too strong.

LEO

We need to get out of here!

Clay's exhausted. His left leg is in bad shape. The shirt wrapped around his thigh is drenched in blood.

MIKE

You're bleeding.

Clay recognizes Mike, pushes past him, limps to the lunch counter, and takes a seat.

LEO

Your leg looks pretty bad Clay. Hey!?

He calls out to Tao.

LEO

Sweet and sour! You're a nurse, fix him!

Steve grabs Tao by the arm and pulls her out of the booth. She tries to resist but knows better.

Clay sees her.

She sees his leg.

TAO
Gunshot?

CLAY
Get her away! I don't want that
touching me! Get away!

Tao happily goes back to David. Her heart racing.

CLAY
I need a drink!

He slams his fist on the counter.

CLAY
Now! Who's place is this? Where's the
goddamn booze!

Wanda stands up.

WANDA
It's my place. I'll get it.

He looks at Wanda.

CLAY
You?

WANDA
Yes.

CLAY
This place is yours?

WANDA
Yes, the Desert Moon is mine.

CLAY
This doesn't look like one of those
types of places.

WANDA
Like a diner? That's what type of
place this is.

CLAY
I guess you got your forty acres and
a mule didn't you? Some of you folks
have all the luck.

Wanda stands silent.

CLAY
Fetch me a bottle of whiskey.

Wanda walks behind the counter.

CLAY
NOW!

Wanda jumps at his aggression and he likes it. She quickly hands him a bottle.

CLAY
Now take care of everyone else, and make'em strong.

WANDA
Everyone?

CLAY
Ya everyone. Why not.

She pours full glasses and passes them to Steve and Leo, they drink.

She pours doubles for everyone else. The glasses are lined up on the counter.

CLAY
Well serve'em. Go on!

Wanda walks around and hands the drinks out. She gets to Mike last.

He shakes his head NO and hands it back to her.

WANDA
You don't drink?

MIKE
I gave it up a long time ago. You drink it.

She smiles and just before she knocks it back, Clay interrupts.

CLAY
Stop!

She stops.

WANDA

What?

CLAY

Go drink with your people over there.

He points to David and Tao's booth in the corner.

CLAY

Go on!

Wanda is humiliated but doesn't let it show. She hangs her head high and walks over to Tao.

Clay looks at Mike.

CLAY

What are you doing here grease-ball?

MIKE

Same as you.

CLAY

That's bullshit. You got out.

MIKE

Yep.

CLAY

So how are you anything like me? I'm a wanted man and you're a excon in bad company.

MIKE

I never said I was anything like you, but we're all in the same situation here, trying to survive.

Clay puts his gun in Mikes face.

CLAY

I guess some of us are doing better than others. I don't understand how two men that look so much alike can be on such opposite sides of the spectrum.

LEO

Who is this guy Clay?

Clay gets in Mikes face.

CLAY
One of the lost sheep. Just trying to survive? Why don't you join your brothers and thrive.

Mike looks at the three men.

MIKE
No thanks.

Clay doesn't quite understand. He points to Wanda, Claire, David and Tao.

CLAY
You with them?

MIKE
Ya.

CLAY
Oh, well, if you like'em so much, you can clean up after'em. I'm feeling a touch hungry. I don't need to look at this mess while I eat. (Pointing to the bodies) Why don't you clean'em up and put'em outside. The backdoor is still open. Make sure it's closed when you're done.

Wind and hail continue to beat on the diner.

Mike looks at Clay long and hard for what feels like an eternity.

MIKE
You know you're crazy right?

Clay doesn't like being called crazy.

CLAY
Ya.

He cocks the firing pin on his six-shooter and nods to the bodies on the floor.

CLAY
Get cracking.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - EAST HALLWAY

Mike drags Hank's corpse down the east hallway.

Steve keeps an eye on him as he works.

As Mike inches forward heavy wind and hail attack through the open doorway.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - BACK HALLWAY

Mike gets Hank's body to the threshold, He says a few words silently, stuffs the cowboy hat on the dead man's head and shoves him outside.

EXT. DESERT MOON DINER - BACK HALLWAY

The body hits the desert floor with a thud. The powerful wind rolls the deceased several feet before it skids to a stop.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - EAST HALLWAY

Javier's body goes next down the hallway.

EXT. DESERT MOON DINER - BACK HALLWAY

A few silent words, THUD, ROLL, SKID.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - BACK HALLWAY

STEVE

Now shut that door and shut it good!

Mike grabs the door and pulls, and pulls. Hail beats down on his arms. Wind whips his face.

MIKE

Come on!

He yanks the door shut and locks the deadbolt, CLICK. He drops to the floor exhausted.

STEVE

This ain't a break, get your ass up.
Let's go check the other doors.

Steve prods him with his rifle.

Mike walks down the long empty hallways at gunpoint. Halfway down he notices a stream of soapy water crossing the chipped concrete floor.

Mike can hear the dishwasher in the kitchen running on the other side of the wall. It's leaking. Soapy water flows through the hallway into what must be the shed outside.

The men round the corner into the west hallway.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - WEST HALLWAY

They check the side door and secure the deadbolt.

STEVE
Give me the keys.

Mike drops them into his hand. Steve puts them in his breast pocket.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Steve shoves Mike into the FRONT OF HOUSE. Exhausted Mike takes a seat in a booth next to Claire.

CLAY
You put the garbage out?

STEVE
We're good.

Wanda finishes her shot of whiskey.

WANDA
I need to use the restroom.

Tao raises her bloody hand. Her injured boyfriend has passed out for the moment.

CLAIRE
Me too.

Mike puts his hand up.

MIKE
Dido.

STEVE
You can all go piss your pants!

CLAIRE
If you boys want to marinate in my,
well... you're more than welcome to.

She starts to adjust herself like she's going to pee.

CLAY
Hold on! Steve, go check the
bathrooms for unexpected surprises.

STEVE
Like what?

CLAY
I don't know, weapons, windows,
surprises goddammit. Go look!

Steve runs off.

CLAY
Leo if they come back clear. Take the
ladies to the bathroom. If they get
out of line...

Leo smiles and nods.

STEVE (O.S.)
All Clear!

LEO
Let's go ladies.

They get up.

LEO
(To Mike) You can piss in the
corner or wait until I get back.

Leo shadows Wanda, Tao, and Claire as they walk through the
room.

Claire glares at the swastika tattooed on Clay's head. She's
fixated.

CLAY
This scare you? You scared?

CLAIRE
You're all sick.

CLAY
Sick?

She shakes her head yes.

This pisses Clay off. He gets up and limps to meet Claire in
the middle of the room.

CLAY

Here I was trying to play nice.

LEO

This old lady's tough as nails, and bat shit crazy. Something's wrong with her wires, just forget it.

CLAY

No. I want to hear this? I want to hear what this crusty old hash slinger has to say! Why am I sick? Do the rest of you think I'm sick?

Wanda and Tao are frozen with fear.

CLAY

Tell me. Tell me! Why am I sick? TELL ME!

Claire is scared, she fights back tears. She lowers her eyes.

Clay has spun into a fit of anger.

CLAY

I want to hear this. Tell me why I'm sick!

Claire sees Hank's blood smeared across the floor.

CLAIRE

You all think the world owes you *something*. Think you're entitled to *something* because of the color of your *skin*? I don't take what little privilege I have for granted, but you? You want it all but you don't want to WORK for it, honestly! You think that tattoo scares me? Or yours (To Steve), or yours? (to Leo) No. They make me sick. You're just a bunch of sick men, with guns.

CLAY

I ain't sick Lady, I'm doing GOD'S WORK!

LEO

Privileged!? Shit, I grew up in a trailer park. Dad was a junky and my-- The world does owe me! Damn right it owes me, It's taken everything from me! I fought their wars, I put my time in! It left me covered in blood and tears and shit! I came back and couldn't get a damn job. The mills closed, the mines closed and every other job belongs to A PERSON OF COLOR! They ain't even Americans! Where's the privilege in that?!

STEVE

This country has lost its way. And we're gonna put it back on track!

CLAY

You people are so lost, you don't even know what it is to be American.

The pain in Clay's leg bothers him.

MIKE

We're all the tired, poor, huddled masses

MIKE

yearning to breathe free.

WANDA

yearning to breathe free.

CLAY

What the fuck does that even mean?

TAO

That it's all possible.

CLAY

It was! Until you came and took all our jobs! Just leave, and let us have our country back.

CLAIRE

You mean the one our ancestors stole and built on everyone else backs?

STEVE

They should thank us. At least they were good for something!

WANDA

What are we good for now?

Steve smiles.

CLAY

Well now, you get to own a restaurant and serve.

He spits on the floor again.

CLAY

Where the fuck is my restaurant?!

MIKE

Life's shit because there was no other way for it to go down. Your parents didn't have money, their parent didn't have money, my parents, hers, didn't have money. That's what makes us all the same. That and fucken traffic.

CLAIRE

You're just looking for someone to blame.

MIKE

And missing the real villains.

LEO

Ya who's that?!

MIKE

Follow the money. They save a buck, break our backs and pit us against one another so they can buy a third house to summer in. The goddamn companies and CEOs are laughing at us.

WANDA

While we fight over table scraps. I lucked into this place but I fight to keep it every day. It's all I've got.

Their words make sense to Leo. Clay sees this.

CLAY

Well, it's more then I've got. Things were fine until you people got here!

WANDA

Your people brought my people here!

CLAY
Ya and we should have sent you back.

WANDA
You couldn't do that. Your people are
you're still too lazy to do their own
work?

Clay explodes, his rage scares everyone back into their
seats.

CLAY
Shut the hell up! My people built
this country, it's ours, it'll be
ours again! We're gonna get rid of
all you fucken pests. Cleanse this
whole goddamn land. This is our
country! Not yours, not yours! I'm
tired of all this - SHUT UP! Unless
you want to get shot!

He limps back to the lunch counter in pain.

There's a long beat of nervous silence.

CLAIRE
Can I use the restroom now?

LEO
No!

David moans in pain, his wound looks grim. Tao does all she
can to comfort him.

TAO
He needs a doctor. He's going to die.

David continues to moan.

LEO
Shut your fortune cookie, or it might
be sooner then you think.

DAVID
His name's David.

LEO
Me so sorry.

David is in shock from his loss of blood. His words are
frail.

DAVID

Tao, I'm sorry. We shouldn't even be here.

TAO

Shhh rest. Look I'm a nurse, he's lost a lot of blood. He needs a doctor or he's going to die.

Leo puts his gun in Tao's face.

LEO

You need to shut up, or you're gonna join him.

Blood drips from the gunshot in Clay's leg.

STEVE

Clay you should have her look at that leg.

CLAY

I don't want that filth touching me.

He pulls the bloody shirt tied around his wound tighter. He grunts in pain.

CLAY

I do want some food though. This is a goddamn diner ain't it!!

WANDA

You killed the cook.

CLAY

Well Aunt Jemima, I bet you're real good in the kitchen. Go on in there and fetch me something real tasty, something HOT. And for them too.

Steve looks at Wanda and licks his lips.

STEVE

Something HOT.

Wanda doesn't like him looking at her. Steve doesn't care.

Mike watches him watch her. He doesn't like it either.

CLAY
 You think she'll make us something
 good Steve?

STEVE
 Oh ya I bet it'll be delicious.

His demented eyes and perverted thoughts continue to spew in
 Wanda's direction.

She is repulsed.

CLAY
 Food, NOW!

Wanda gets up.

WANDA
 I might as well make something for
 everyone.

CLAY
 Just get your ass in that kitchen and
 cook!

Wanda does as she's told and vanishes through the kitchen
 door.

Steve watches her through the service hatch. He posts up
 behind the lunch counter, opposite of Clay.

The wind continues to rumble.

Mike keeps his eyes on Steve.

STEVE
 I was worried they got you.

CLAY
 Damn storm saved my ass. The laws out
 there, and plenty of it.

LEO
 I'm not going back. We should get in
 that truck and get out of here.

CLAY
 As soon as the storm passes. How much
 ammo do we have?

Clay spin the cylinder on his six-shooter to reveal four
 bullets.

Leo ejects every shell from his AR-15. There are only three.

LEO
Not enough.

STEVE
Shit.

Steve has three of his own.

STEVE
What's the plan?

The wind howls.

CLAY
Like I said. We'll get out of here as soon as we can.

LEO
What about them?

Clay smiles.

Steve peers through the service hatch at Wanda.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

Wanda works like a well-oiled machine behind the grill. She's comfortable back in her own world for a second. Hash browns, eggs, bacon, toast, simple diner food.

Wanda looks at the rat poison under the sink as she cooks.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Steve is nervous, twitchy, he keeps looking at Wanda. He can see her head bobbing around at work.

LEO
They'll be expecting us to head for Mexico.

CLAY
That's why we're going east to Nevada.

LEO
Vegas baby.

Wanda walks the plated food up the service hatch. Steve obsessively watches her through the hot lamps.

She ignores him as she rings the bell and goes back to cooking. Claire slowly gets up and walks behind the counter.

Leo jumps up and gets in her face.

LEO
Where you going?

CLAIRE
I'm the waitress.

Clay nods to let her pass.

Claire serves the three cons their plates.

Steve hops over the counter and takes a seat to Clay's left. Leo sits to his right.

They scarf down their food. The men are sloppy and loud.

Steve continues to watch Wanda through the service hatch. He gets up and walks toward the kitchen door, leaving his gun on the counter.

LEO
Ain't you gonna finish your meal?

STEVE
I want my desert first.

CLAY
You go get yourself some desert. I think she's sweet on you anyway. Go make some memories.

Mike's nerves are on edge. He walks over and blocks Steve.

MIKE
You leave her--

Leo grabs Mike by the hair and forces him into a seat at the counter, gun in his ear.

LEO
Sit your ass down Lancelot!

CLAY
Oh I like that!

Clay continues to eat.

Mike helplessly watches as Steve vanishes through the kitchen door.

LEO

Goddamn you're one brave son-of-a-bitch. You're lucky you're a white man, otherwise you'd be dead man. You and that old bitty over there.

He nods to Claire.

CLAY

Now that's white privilege.

He smiles.

CLAY

Don't get up again or I'll put you down. So, Lancelot, we never really talked on the inside. That's hard to do. It's a small place and everyone's got lots of time. Why is that?

MIKE

I never understood the whole Nazi thing, my great grandparents immigrated here from Germany to get away from you assholes.

Mike's eyes keep darting to the kitchen service window, but he can't see anything.

CLAY

Your grandparents were--

Mike cuts him off.

MIKE

Germans. You know there's something I'll never understand.

CLAY

What's that?

MIKE

How can people get so worked up over an invisible friend. My invisible friend is better than your invisible friend. You better believe in my invisible friend... Entire nations going to war. Bunch of morons.

Clay likes Mike even less.

CLAY

If they stayed, you could have been part of the superior race.

MIKE

Stupid comes in every color.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

Steve stands at the door ogling Wanda. He watches her cook. Sweat drips down her neck, tracing her clavicle. He's turned on.

STEVE

I like a woman that's good in the kitchen.

Everything he says has a sexual innuendo to it.

She does her best to ignore him but it's impossible.

Steve grabs her arm making her drop a heavy frying pan full of food. It crashes down with a loud BANG!

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Mike jumps up at the loud sound.

Clay cracks him with the butt of his gun. WHACK!

Mike drops off the stool. He goes in and out of consciousness.

CLAY

Race traitor.

Mike hears Wanda's screams in between Clay's kicks to his ribs.

CLAY

Maybe this will help you find God.

Clay pistol-whips Mike so hard he's rendered useless.

Another loud BANG comes from the kitchen.

WANDA (O.S.)

Get away from me!

Claire jumps out of her booth and runs across the room.

CLAIRE

Wanda?!

Leo slaps her down.

Claire hits the ground and pees her pants.

LEO

Ughh, goddammit, this old bag's leaking!

STEVE (O.C.)

Everything ok in there?!?

LEO

No!

CLAY

We're fine! Let him have his fun. You'll get your turn. Unless you want to go watch.

CLAIRE

Monsters!

David is startled by the commotion. He moans in pain again. Tao tries to quiet him.

TAO

Don't move David.

CLAY

I've had enough.

Clay gets up and puts some change into the jukebox and selects a tune. A 45 LP drops onto the player "The End by the Doors" fills the room.

DAVID

I love you.

TAO

I love you too.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

Wanda fights Steve off, he rips her blouse halfway open and chases her around the kitchen with the same bloody knife Clay killed Javier with.

Wanda throws everything she can in his way, food, boxes, dressing containers, milk crates, anything. She grabs a knife of her own.

STEVE

Oh ya baby come get it.

They play cat and mouse around the island in the center of the room.

Steve catches up to her at the back of the kitchen. He lunges at Wanda and she slices his hand. He drops his knife. Instantly, she kicks it across the floor, under the island. The knife skids to a stop under the service hatch.

STEVE

Bitch!

He backhands her, SMACK! Wanda goes tumbling to the floor. Steve dives on top of her, grabbing her wrists. He slams them hand to the floor repeatedly, SLAM! SLAM!

Wanda drops her knife.

Steve pins her arms down.

STEVE

That's better.

He forcefully kisses her. She bites at his face and knees him in the nuts.

STEVE

Ughhh!

Steve keels over in pain.

Wanda's hands break free, she scratches at his eyes and bloodies his face. She pushes him over and darts to the front of the kitchen frantically looking for his knife.

Steve rolls the other direction and finds Wanda's blade. He jumps up flailing it about, wiping the blood from his eyes.

STEVE

You're making it worse for yourself.
This is just turning me on!

Leo calls from the other room

LEO (O.S.)

You okay in there?!

STEVE

Yes goddammit! I'm just playing with my food!

Steve doesn't see her. He lets the knife guide him through the kitchen. He creeps past the sizzling hot grill, the deep fryer, and the open service hatch. He catches a glimpse of Mike (unconscious) in the FRONT OF HOUSE before accidentally kicking his own knife on the floor. He picks it up.

Still looking he doesn't see Wanda anywhere. He slowly circles the island, a knife in each hand. Wanda moves stealthily on the opposite side.

Wanda is crouched down and moving in the opposite direction of Steve's feet. She makes sure to keep the island between them. Her heart beats a thousand miles a minute. She reaches out and quietly grabs the heavy frying pan she dropped earlier.

STEVE

Where did you go little girl? Come on out and let me give you a present. You're gonna love it, I promise.

Blood continues to pour into his eyes as they circle the island again.

STEVE

Come out, come out, come out. Oh, I'm gonna take my time with you, pound you so hard and so long... I'm gonna make you squirm, take all your power. BAM, BAM, BAM! I'm not going to stop until I'm satisfied. (beat) I WANT YOU TO FEEL ME TAKE EVERYTHING FROM YOU.

Wanda pops up and bashes him across the face with the cast iron skillet. SMASH!!!

Steve is knocked out cold. He goes down hard, slamming face first into the hot-oil deep-fryer. His head is submerged. His skin bubbles and sizzles and pops.

WANDA

ME TOO!

Steve's body twitches and twitches and twitches and eventually stops. The keys fall out of his shirt pocket and sink to the bottom of the fryer.

Wanda is exhausted. The food she was cooking is burning on the grill. The smoke-alarm goes off. BEEP BEEP BEEP!!

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Leo goes to the kitchen door just as Wanda comes out. BEEP BEEP BEEP!! She looks as though she's been through hell. Her eyes wander the room in a daze. She drops into a seat at the table next to Claire.

Mike wakes up to the sound of the smoke alarm and the craziness. BEEP BEEP BEEP!!

Clay sees Wanda.

CLAY

Sounded pretty hot in there. Steve
turn that damn thing off! Leo!

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

The room is filled with smoke.

LEO

Steve?

Leo switches the grill off and fans the alarm with a broom. It doesn't stop beeping. He tries to reach it but it's too high. BEEP BEEP BEEP!!

CLAY (O.S.)

What's going on in there?!

Frustrated Leo shoots the alarm, BOOM!

Through the service hatch, we see everyone in the FRONT OF HOUSE jump at the sound.

The smoke alarm falls silently to the ground, dead.

Leo smells something, SNIFF SNIFF. He turns to see Steve's dead body, frying away.

LEO

What the.. Steve! Steve?

Leo pulls him out of the fryer.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

LEO (O.S.)
Oh fuck. He's dead.

CLAY
What?!

Claire takes Wanda's hand.

CLAIRE
Good job.

They share a moment.

Leo storms out of the kitchen. He looks like he's about to be sick.

LEO
He's dead, very fucken dead! Goddamn!
You do that to him?

WANDA
Your boy tried to rape me! I was a
little too much woman for him.

Clay limps to the kitchen door. His gaze bounces from his dead friend to Wanda.

She can feel his eyes burning holes in her.

Clay limps back to the lunch counter. He picks up his plate and Steve's and walks over to the table. He stands behind Wanda silently.

Wanda is on the verge of a meltdown, nervous, afraid, she cowers for a second before finding her strength. She sits up straight and accepts her fate.

Clay slowly walks around the table and takes the seat across from her.

He tosses Steve's half-eaten dish of food in front of her.

Leo shoves Mike into an empty seat at the table by gunpoint.

CLAY
Leo grab your plate, let's finish our
meal.

LEO
I don't think I can eat.

CLAY

Get your plate and bring it over here.

(To Tao) You, get over here!

Leo brings his plate to the table and sits down.

Tao leaves David and sits with everyone else.

The wind outside howls viciously. Unknown masses slam violently into the diner's exterior. The wind is getting stronger.

LEO

I can't wait to get out of here.

Those are the last words spoken for a while. The group sits together in their uncomfortable situation, listening to the harsh scrapes of metal utensils on plates, Clay's unruly masticating, and the nightmarish racket outside.

CLAY

This is some really good cooking. I can see how you stay in business.

WANDA

Javier's cooking was better.

CLAY

That's your own fault. You should have hired an American. He would have been smarter.

CLAIRE

Javier was an American and a Veteran. He served two tours in the Gulf War.

Her words bother Leo.

LEO

I did one of those.

Leo shakes off his memories and pushes his food around the plate.

LEO

How many tours did you serve Clay?

Clay doesn't say a word.

CLAIRE

Real patriot.

CLAY

Shut up!

Clay slams his plate on the table in protest.

CLAY

Don't you dare mock me! I bleed red white and blue. I do my tours here everyday, protecting the homeland from the immigrant terrorist. The ones that--

MIKE

Fight our wars and cook our meals.

CLAY

No the lazy ones, that are invading and steal our jobs!--

TAO

How can we be lazy and steal jobs?

This sets Clay off.

CLAY

The ones that infect our neighborhoods and schools. (To Tao) You never learn the language, mooch off the goddamn system, and you (To Wanda) and your welfare babies! Tell'em, Leo.

He's distracted by the sound of the storm outside and the memories of Steve's deep fried face.

LEO

I think I'm gonna puke.

MIKE

Actually the US spends \$9,000 a year, per person, on welfare. And \$30,000 a year, per prisoner.

Claire chuckles.

CLAIRE

You boys are worse than welfare babies.

A look of disgust washes over Clay's face. Leo sees it too.

LEO

God dammit! That's enough out of you!

Leo drags Claire from the table, into the kitchen. Everyone is concerned as they listen to her cries.

David moans in pain adding to the chorus of cacophony.

DAVID
GHAAAAAA, Tao.

David reaches out to her from the booth. She wants to comfort him but remains seated.

TAO
Just hold on.

Clay throws his plate into the wall, SMASH!

Everyone shuts up. The only sounds remaining are the storm beating on the diner walls and the banging and whimpers coming from the kitchen.

The violent soundscape is music to Clay's ears.

Claire's cries suddenly go silent.

Leo emerges from the kitchen in a huff. He drags the waitress behind him. She's gagged by thick duct-tape.

He rips the restaurant's telephone out from behind the counter. Leo ties Claire to the support beam in the middle of the room with its long ten feet cord.

LEO
When are we getting the hell out of here?!

CLAY
Soon enough.

LEO
I've had it with this place! These people. I swear to God I'm gonna kill every one of'em.

Leo draws his gun and puts it to Claire's head.

LEO
Starting with her!

Claire squeals and begs for her life.

LEO

Not so smart now, are you? ARE YOU!!
I gave you a chance. Now I'm going to
make an example out of you. Is
everybody paying attention?!!

MIKE

How many bullets do you have left?

Leo lowers his gun and circles behind Mike.

LEO

Enough to kill you.

Clay smiles and sets his six-shooter on the table.

CLAY

Let me tell you something Lancelot,
we've got enough bullets to kill you
and every deplorable in this room.
This is America we never run out of
ammo!!

LEO

That's right!

CLAY

When we get out of here we're gonna
turn this country back into the great
white nation it once was.

LEO

Yeah!

CLAY

We've got a bullet for each one of
you fucken liberal race traitors and
everyone of you lazy, job stealing,
disease ridden, terrorists!

MIKE

When are you going to realize **YOU are
the terrorists?!**

Leo clocks Mike in the back of the head with the butt of his
gun. Everyone screams at the commotion.

WANDA

He's right you know.

LEO
I guess this'll just go down as
another mass shooting then.

Clay pushes Steve's plate at Wanda.

CLAY
What's wrong girl? You're ain't
hungry after your kill. Eat your
reward.

WANDA
No thank you.

David moans in pain again. Tao stands up to go to him.

LEO
Sit down!

Tao fights back tears and does as she's told.

CLAY
Na, let's go pay him a visit.

Clay grabs Tao's arm and walks with her to the booth.

He draws his gun on David.

TAO
No! Please!

Tao tries to protect David but Clay shoves her to the
ground.

David reaches up and grabs the barrel of Clay's gun. He
pulls Clay toward him.

DAVID
Don't you ever touch her again!

BANG! The heartless skinhead pulls the trigger and shoots
David dead.

Blood splatters across Tao's face, she screams in terror.

Everyone is horrified.

Tao bursts into tears.

CLAY
Shut up!!!

They do.

CLAY
Finally! We can get some peace and
quiet in here!

He limps back to the table.

CLAY
Eat your food!

He puts his gun in Wanda's face.

CLAY
Eat!

Wanda looks at him, the gun, the food, Mike, Tao. She picks up the fork and takes a mouthful.

CLAY
Now you're beginning to understand
your place.

The diner begins to vibrate. It sounds as if the roof will rip off at any moment. The wind screams. Everyone is fearful and alert. They can hear it all around them.

BOOM! SMASH! The storm blows in a second window! The barricading table gets pounded by the harsh wind. It's so strong, the heavy cigarette machine is pushed backwards several inches. Massive gusts rip into the room, shit goes flying everywhere!

BUZZZZZZZZZ The power goes out and the room falls into darkness.

Wanda lunges over the table with her fork in hand. She stabs Clay in the chest, hard.

CLAY
Gaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!

Mike Rushes Leo. He smashes his fists into the skinheads face repeatedly. SMASH!

Leo roars in pain, he fires his gun and misses, BANG!

The men struggle. Leo shoots again, BANG! The bullet rips through Mike's left arm.

Mike hits the ground clutching his bloody wound. Leo pummels him.

Tao sits frozen in shock.

Claire screams at Wanda through her gag!

The wind blows things everywhere.

Clay pulls the fork from his chest.

CLAY

Oh now I'm gonna learn you.

Clay fires a shot, BANG! The bullet zips past Wand's head, barely missing her.

The shot is so loud it stuns Wanda for a second.

Clay reaches out and grabs her, he pistol-whips Wanda across the face knocking her out cold.

The wind dies down. The storm has passed.

Leo stands over Mike, gun drawn.

Mike sits wounded and defenseless.

Leo pulls the trigger - CLICK CLICK CLICK - it's empty.

LEO

Mother fucker!

Leo starts kicking Mike and doesn't stop, he loses control of himself. He grabs Steve's gun off the counter.

CLAY

No! Save the bullets!!

LEO

Fine!

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

Leo violently drags Mike into the kitchen. He rips the electrical cord off of a blender and ties Mike's hands to a water-main high above the dishwasher.

Mike's arm bleeds all over. He's been beat to shit and struggles to stay on his feet.

MIKE

Wanda, Wanda?

The front door swings open and closed. Mike sees glimpses of her being carried away by Clay.

LEO
Ain't that sweet, still playing the
hero. If I was you, I'd be more
concerned with yourself.

Leo goes to work on Mike's ribs trying to break them. WHAM!!
WHAM!! WHAM!!

LEO
Think you're so smart. I'll show you
what a terrorist looks like!

WHAM!! WHAM!! Mike grunts in pain as Leo trashes him.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - MANAGER'S OFFICE

Clay tosses Wanda's limp body onto the office couch. He sits
on her and ties her hands with the lamp cord.

CLAY
Once you were dead because of your
disobedience and your many sins. For
some reason life was breathed into
your vile...

He squeezes her cheeks between his fingers and looks at her
with disgust and hatred.

CLAY
Allow me to purify you and set the
clock back to midnight.

Wanda slips in and out of consciousness, she hears echos of
the madman's voice. She's stuck in a nightmare and can't
wake up.

Clay pours water on her face.

CLAY
Wake up, Wake up.

Dazed and afraid, she opens her eyes to familiar
surroundings. She panics when she finds her hands tied
firmly above her head and her blouse is ripped open exposing
her bra and bare skin.

The nightmare becomes reality when she sees Clay. She's
completely vulnerable.

CLAY
Oh good, you're finally awake.

He smiles at her and pulls a knife. He lightly drags it across her chest to her bra strap. He slices it.

She whimpers.

CLAY
You're gonna remember me, forever.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

Hints of strobing red and blue police lights come leaking through the kitchen service hatch. Leo stops beating on Mike when he notices them.

LEO
Shit!

Leo runs into the FRONT OF HOUSE leaving Mike dangling from a pipe, beaten and battered.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Claire sees the lights and squirms for help.

Tao is emotionally vacant but she stands up and walks slowly toward the lights, hand out, hopeful.

LEO
Get your ass down!

Leo yanks her backward. He ties her to the support beam with Claire.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

Mike stands on a milk crate, struggling with the electrical cord that binds him. The adrenaline helps him ignore the pain he's in as he bites at it trying to break free.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE / EAST HALLWAY

Leo runs through the diner, down the east hallway.

LEO
Clay!

Leo hears Wanda's muffled cries coming through the office door. He smiles. He wants to knock but hesitates. Instead he checks his gun, three rounds left.

LEO

Shit.

The payphone at the end of the hallway rings and rings and rings and rings.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - BACK HALLWAY

It rings some more. RING RING!

Leo reluctantly picks it up and puts the receiver to his ear.

POLICE (VOICE)

Hello this is the sheriff--

Leo quickly hangs it up.

LEO

Clay!

He looks out a barricaded window trying to gauge the situation.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

Mike nearly collapses to the floor as he frees himself. He checks his wounded arm, the bullet went through. He uses a towel and soaks up some of the blood. He grabs some superglue and duct tape off a shelf next to the tool box. He glues his wounds shut and tapes it up.

Parched, Mike hobbles to the sink as fast as he can, constantly looking over his shoulder toward the doors. He gulps some water down and steadies himself.

He grabs a heavy pan and exits out the west hallway door.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - WEST HALLWAY

Mike looks around, the coast is clear. He sees the side door and is relieved, he's home free. He gets to the door, takes a hold of the handle and pushes. IT'S LOCKED. He pounds on it but it doesn't budge.

MIKE

Shit!

In all the craziness Mike forgot about the heavy deadbolt. He remembers giving the keys to Steve.

CLAIRE (O.S. / THROUGH GAG)
Mike. Mike. Mike!

Mike looks into the dining room and sees the ladies tied to the beam.

Claire looks directly at him.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Mike hushes her as he walks over. He scans the room for any hostiles.

CLAIRE (THROUGH GAG)
Help us.

MIKE
Where are they?

Tao is silent and motionless. The trauma has caused her brain to check out.

Claire struggles.

CLAIRE (THROUGH GAG)
Cut us free.

Mike shushes her.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! The three jump at the sound coming from the east hallway.

Mike quietly creeps that direction, leaving the ladies behind.

CLARE (THROUGH GAG)
Get back here!

MIKE
Shhhhh!

Mike peeks around the doorway, trying not to be seen.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - EAST HALLWAY

Mike sees Leo pounding on the office door. He tries to go in but it's locked.

LEO
Clay hurry up!

CLAY (O.S.)

Go away!

LEO

Cops!

Leo kicks the door in frustration.

The payphone rings again. RING RING!

Leo runs to the back door again. He double-checks the lock again, looks out the barricaded window again, but he avoids the phone this time. He runs around the corner and vanishes into the back hallway.

RING RING!

Mike moves quickly, he stops outside the office door. His heartbeat thumps away. He clutches his pan in one hand and reaches for the doorknob with the other.

The knob turns on its own.

Clay bursts out of the office.

CLAY

What's going on?!

Clay and Mike stand eye to eye, both men are surprised.

Mike reacts first, he smashes a heavy pot across Clay's face. DING! The large skinhead drops like a sack of potatoes.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - MANAGER'S OFFICE

Mike unties Wanda as fast as he can. Her clothing is still mostly intact but there are three long gruesome cuts across her chest and they are bleeding profusely. The beginnings of a swastika he thinks.

Wanda looks like hell but she's happy to see him.

They escape through the door connected to the kitchen. Seconds later Leo comes running through the east hallway door.

LEO

Clay! Clay?

He helps the large man to his feet.

LEO
What happened? There's cops
everywhere. We're surrounded!

CLAY
My head.

RING RING!

CLAY
What's that noise?

LEO
Cops Clay!

CLAY
Fuck the police.

LEO
Ya well the fucken police are
outside. We're surrounded Clay! How
are we going to get out of here?

Clay remembers being hit and gets pisses. He grabs Leo by
the scruff of the neck.

CLAY
We're not and neither are they.

Reality hits Leo. They're not getting away.

LEO
Dammit Clay! I told you we should
have left when we had the chance! I
can't go back in that cage.

Clay slaps him across the face.

CLAY
It's too late for that now! Get a
hold of yourself. We've got one
mission right now soldier, cleanse
the earth. They're all dead! All of
them! That's our job now. Hey!?

Clay slaps him again.

CLAY
The world don't care about you. I do,
the cause does. Are you with me
soldier?

Leo's eyes go cold as he comes online, he nods in agreement.

LEO

Ya.

The payphone continues to ring.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - BACK HALLWAY

Clay answers it.

CLAY

Hello. Is that so? Yes it is. Well, I've got four hostages in here with me. You breath on that door and I'm going to kill everyone of them. You understand? Don't call me. I'll call you.

He drops the receiver and hangs up. The phone sways back and forth dangling on its cable.

LEO

Blood and Soil.

CLAY

Deus vult. (God wills it). Check the bathrooms.

LEO

On it.

The men split up.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

Mike and Wanda hide in a dark corner of the kitchen behind a few storage shelves.

WANDA

You are some kind of white knight.

MIKE

This is no time for racial jokes.

They both try to smile but it doesn't work.

MIKE

You okay?

WANDA

No.

MIKE
You're still alive.

WANDA
Ya. Cops?

Mike points to the red and blue lights flickering through the service hatch.

He sees Steve's body on floor.

WANDA
We need to get outside.

MIKE
Sounds right.

Mike runs to Steve's body and rifles through his pockets in search of the keys. Wanda stays close by.

WANDA
Claire and Tao?

MIKE
Tied up out front. Where are the damn keys?

CLAY (O.S.)
WHERE ARE THEY!!

The sound of Clay's voice startles them. They poke their heads up and spy the situation through the serving hatch.

Clay grabs Tao's head and forces her to look at him.

CLAY
Where they at?

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Tao's blank, still in shock.

CLAY
Is there anybody in there?

Still nothing, she doesn't even blink. Clay lets her go.

Claire screams at the Nazi through her duct tape gag. He doesn't dare take it off.

Clay turns and looks toward the kitchen.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

Wanda and Mike quickly drop back into hiding. Clay doesn't see them. He continues to search the front of house, every corner and crevice.

Mike continues to go through Steve's pockets.

WANDA

How are we going to save the girls?

MIKE

We can't even save ourselves. Let's get outside, the rest will work itself out.

WANDA

You just want to leave them behind, with those animals?

She shakes her head NO.

MIKE

I'm no white knight, sorry. There's nothing we can do for them but we can save ourselves.

Wanda ties her shirt closed and arms herself with another heavy pan.

Mike can't find the keys.

MIKE

Shit!

WANDA

I'm not leaving them. You remember that one good thing you were looking for?

This is that moment and it pisses Mike off.

He spots the long blender cord he was tied up earlier and has an idea. He pulls the positive and negative wires apart and strips the ends with his teeth.

He plugs the other end into the wall. He touches the two exposed ends together and makes sure they're hot. ZAP! They are. He drops the live wires to the floor.

WANDA

What are you doing?

Mike turns the dishwasher on. The machine rumbles. Water quickly pools across the floor and makes contact with the electrical cord.

MIKE

Don't get wet.

Wanda gets it.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - BACK HALLWAY

Leo exits the bathrooms empty-handed. He hears something but he's not sure what it is. He creeps down the hallway listening. He stops midway and puts his ear to the wall.

Water slowly leaks into the hallway again. It inches forward, flowing toward Leo's foot.

Unaware Leo continues to listen the rumble through the wall.

The water moves closer, just as it's about to kiss his shoe, he runs off.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

Leo creeps into the kitchen through the office door. He has Steve's rifle in hand. The dishwasher churns away.

WANDA - SILENT

We need to save those girls.

Mike shakes his head no.

Wanda looks at the distance between Leo and the door leading to the west hallway. There is a window. Her eyes narrow and she sprints for it.

Leo catches a glimpse of her and fires off a round BANG! The bullet whizzes past her, missing. She's gone.

LEO

I found'em!

Leo races after her.

Mike hides unseen in the shadows.

Clay burst into the kitchen just in time to see Leo exit through the side door. He races after his buddy but gets to the middle of the room and stops. He senses something or somebody. Peering into the darkness he fires a round, BANG!

He misses but the muzzle flash reveals Mike's position. Mike jumps at Clay, SMASH!!! Mike hits him hard with an elbow. The two men go flying through the kitchen. CRASH! They tumble over the island in the middle of the room. Dishes and utensils go flying everywhere.

They get to their feet. Clay aims his gun, Mike kicks his arm, BANG! The gun goes off missing everything. Clay fires again, CLICK CLICK. He throws the pistol at Mike in frustration.

The Nazi draws his knife, he chases Mike stabbing at him. Mike grabs anything he can off the shelves and chucks it in Clay's direction.

CLAY

There's no reason for this. You're one of us! Look at you. Help us. Help us kill those--

Mike smashes a baking pan across Clay's face. BAM!

MIKE

Go fuck yourself.

Clay's stunned. Mike hits him again and again. He knocks the knife from the Nazi's hand.

Clay is hurt but it's not enough. He regains his bearings and clasps his hands together. He slams his massive fists into Mike's gut knocking the wind out of him. GASP!

He grabs Mike by the neck and drags him to the grill. He flips the ON switch and the gas burner lights up. Clay SLAMS Mike's Face to the grill and holds him there.

Mike can feel the heat building. He fights and manages to hit Clay with another hard elbow. He quickly bounces up.

Clay palms the back of Mike's head and forces his face back towards the grill. The men struggle. Clay's size and strength give him the advantage. Mike's face hovers just inches off the hotplate, beads of sweat drop from his forehead, they hit the now scalding hot metal and sizzle.

Mike struggles, he reaches out for anything that can help him. There are several grilling utensils nearby. He grabs the tongs and stabs them into the gunshot wound on Clay's leg.

CLAY

Raaaaaaaaa.

Clay roars like a wild animal!

Mike Breaks free for a second. He runs but Clay catches him by the back of the shirt with both hands. Clay pulls Mike back hard, spins him around, and using their momentum, he throws Mike over the grill and through the service hatch.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Mike comes flying through the little window! CRASH!!!! He smashes into the lunch-counter and drops to the floor with a thud. Dazed.

Claire scream at the commotion, startling Tao. Tao blinks and wakes up to reality. The two ladies furiously try to get free.

CLAY (O.C.)
I'm gonna kill you!

Clay comes limping out of the kitchen door.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - BACK HALLWAY

Leo chases after Wanda.

She sprints down the hallway and leaps over the deadly water leaking from the kitchen.

Leo stops and aims his gun, he's got her dead bang. Wanda raises her heavy pan using it as a shield as she rounds the east corner. Leo fires, BANG! The bullet ricochets off the pan.

Wanda slams into the wall and goes tumbling to the floor.

Leo chases after her. He misses the shocking water as well.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - EAST HALLWAY

Wanda jumps up and scrambles into her office at full speed.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - OFFICE

Wanda burst into the room, hood slides across her desk and out the door leading to the kitchen.

Leo comes charging after her. Just as he gets through the office...

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - KITCHEN

WHACK! Wanda clobbers him with her pan.

Leo's feet continue forward but his torso goes backward, and his entire body slams to the ground, WHAM! His gun goes flying.

Wanda chases after it.

Fueled by rage and adrenaline, Leo is on her heels. He tackles Wanda to the ground. They roll and tumble toward the pantry area.

Wanda's frying pan skids across the room. She scratches and fights to get away but Leo smothers her. He pins her to the ground.

WANDA

Get off!

LEO

You're not my type.

Leo reaches into a large restaurant size bag of salt and grabs a fistful. This frees one of Wanda's hands, she grabs and slaps at him. Leo rubs the salt into the cuts on Wanda's chest.

WANDA

Arrrrr!

Wanda screams. She grabs her own fistful and rubs it into his eyes.

LEO

Ahhh! You bitch!

Leo is blinded. He rubs at his eyes but it just makes things worse.

Wanda pushes him off of her. She gets to her feet and sees Clay and Mike brawling through the service hatch.

Leo struggles to stand up. He puts his arms out searching for the sink, or water of any kind.

Wanda lowers her shoulder and hits him in the back. SLAM!
Leo goes flying hands first into the hot grill, CHHHHHHHHHH.

LEO

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUKKKKKKKKKK!!!!!!

He pulls himself away. Still rubbing at his eyes.

WANDA
I like my meat well done!

She hits him again, SLAM! He hits the grill a second time.
CHHHHHHHHHH!

LEO
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Wanda picks up his gun.

Leo turns toward the sound and rushes her. WHAM!!! He slams her against the walk-in-freezer so hard the heavy metal door pops open. BANG! The gun goes off. Leo goes limp. They sink to the ground together.

Exhausted, Wanda kicks his body away and takes a heavy sigh of relief. (BEAT) She grabs the freezer door and pulls herself up.

Physically and emotionally exhausted, Wanda's eyes fill with tears. She wanders a few steps crying. (BEAT)

Leo rises to his feet behind her, silent. Bleeding and wounded he refuses to die.

Wanda sees his distorted reflection in the bottom of a stainless steel ladle.

The Nazi rushes her.

Wanda's survival instincts instantly kick in. She grabs the freezer door and slams it into his face, shielding herself, BAM!

Leo falls to the ground, he finds the gun, raises it at her and fires, CLICK. It's empty, CLICK, again. Equally exhausted he drops the gun. Blood pours from the bullet wound in his chest, he gasps for breath.

Wanda stands over him, she picks up the steel ladle and throws it at him, then a bowl, and a plate. She screams at him and continues to throw things.

Leo crawls backward a few feet with each word.

WANDA
Look at what you've done! All of this
is because of you. Why? Why!

LEO

Look at you.

She keeps throwing shit at him and he keeps inching toward the dishwasher.

WANDA

Who are you to judge me? I didn't do anything to you! I didn't do anything to anyone. I had a life! We all had lives. There will always be different kinds of people in this world. Get over it!

She throws one last dish and Leo unknowingly crawls into the electrified water. ZAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPP!!! The few remaining lights and neon signs flicker with Leo's convulsions. Electricity fries him until there is no doubt, the monster is dead.

TAO (O.C.)

Stop. You're killing him!!

Wanda hears the war raging on in the other room.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Clay and Mike brawl. The diner has become a battle field.

The men exchange blows. They're both wounded but the Nazi's size puts Mike at a disadvantage.

The skinhead tosses Mike into a booth, CRASH! He slams against the barricaded window, tumbles across the table like a rag doll, and drops to the floor.

Several of the items the group used to barricade the widow come crashing down. Red and blue flashing lights beam through more intensely now.

CLAY

Who's superior? I'm superior!!! I own your ass.

Clay grabs his knife off the floor with his right hand.

The ladies look on in horror, hustling to get their hands free.

Mike manages to get to his feet.

Clay backs him into a corner. The Nazi swings the knife wildly, then he plunges it at Mike. Mike blocks it, stopping the blade just inches away from his neck.

Clay keeps pushing and Mike uses all of his strength to stay alive.

CLAY

I'm going to kill you and then I'm going to fillet these ladies. Maybe I'll keep you alive just long enough to watch.

MIKE

What the hell's wrong with you people?

CRACK! Wanda smashes her pan over Clay's head. It doesn't do anything but piss him off.

CLAY

You!

WANDA

Ya me.

She hits him again, CRACK!

CLAY

You hit like a girl.

Clay lets up on his knife. He grabs Mike by the shirt with his left hand and headbutts him hard, CRACK!

Mike sees a white flash and takes a seat. Blood gushes from his mouth.

CLAY

Now that's a hit!

Clay stomps toward Wanda with his knife in hand.

She quickly backs up, swinging her pan for protection.

Tao finally gets the telephone cable untied, she frees her hands and unties Claire. The waitress rips the gag from her mouth.

The women jump up and surround Clay.

He smiles.

CLAY
Ladies wait your turn, there's enough
of me to go around.

Tao does a roundhouse and kicks him in the wounded leg. It
buckles and he falls to one knee.

CLAY
Ahhhhhhh!!!!

TAO
Go to hell.

Claire hits him across the face with a metal napkin
dispenser CRUSH!

Wanda swings her pan and hits him with everything she's got.
SMASH! It rings his bell.

The women tighten their net.

Tao kicks him again. CRACK!

Claire goes in for another hit but gets too close. Clay
flails his knife wildly and catches her with the blade,
SLICE! Her shoulder bleeds profusely as she retreats.

Wanda swings her pan again and misses.

Tao kicks again but Clay is ready this time. He grabs her
leg, pulls her close and stabs her in the gut. She drops to
the floor gasping for air, fresh blood on her hands.

Clay makes the Bruce Lee style yaaa and waaa sounds to mock
her.

He gets back up on both feet.

CLAY
I think it's time you ladies line up
for the money shot.

Wanda takes a defensive stance.

CLAY
When are you gonna learn?

He storms at her with the knife. She swings the pan and
knocks the blade from his hand. It goes flying.

Clay quickly charges her. Wanda scrambles but can't get
away. The massive Nazi smashes her to the ground, CRUSH!

Wanda loses her pan in the struggle.

Claire grabs it and hits Clay as hard as she can, BOINK!

CLAIRE
Get off of her you pig!

She's too wounded and the pan is too heavy to be of any real damage.

Clay grabs Wanda around the neck, he chokes her. He cocks one arm back and forms a sledgehammer with his fist. Wanda's eyes widen in terror.

CLAY
You people don't belong here. This is my America.

MIKE
Not any more!

Mike loops the telephone cable around Clay's neck and pulls him backward like a dog on a leash, dragging him across the room.

Clay fights with the cable around his neck, he desperately gasps for air.

Mike wrenches it tighter. He yanks so hard it pulls Clay up onto his feet.

The monster turns and tackles Mike to the ground. He lands on top of him hard. SMASH!

The cord loosens and Clay catches his breath. He goes berserk when he sees his knife within reach. The Nazi is seemingly unstoppable. He grabs his blade and thrust it between Mike's ribs. SHANK! He turns the handle, RIP.

Clay pins Mike to the ground and wraps both of his hands around Lancelot's neck.

Mike reaches up and does the same. The hilt of the blade still protruding from his side.

They choke each other in chorus.

Tao grabs one length of the phone cable still around Clay's neck. Claire grabs the other end, they pull as hard as they can. The mad beast's gasps, his face glows red but he doesn't stop.

Wanda joins in, she puts her knee in Clay's back, grabs the cable and pulls with both hands

WANDA
Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!!

The three ladies and Mike choke the life from the vile skinhead. They pull and pull until they hear his neck SNAP. Then they pull some more and some more, just to be sure.

The Nazi falls for the last time, removed of all life.

Mike sits up and kicks himself free. Wanda collapses next to him on the floor.

MIKE
You did it.

Claire and Tao join them. They all share in the moment, exhausted.

WANDA
We all did it.

Mike pulls the knife from his side. Blood pools everywhere.

CLAIRE
Oh my God!

Tao puts pressure on his wound but it's too far gone. She looks at the other two ladies and signals how bad the situation is.

Mike's breath grows slow and his eyes are glossy.

WANDA
Let me get help.

Mike grabs her arm, stopping her from going anywhere.

MIKE
It's okay.

WANDA
No, No it's not.

He takes her hand and smiles.

MIKE
It's yours.

WANDA
What?

MIKE
My envelope.

CLAIRE
Behind the counter.

MIKE
Don't let the world that came before,
define who you are.

He dies in their arms.

The police burst into the diner with their guns drawn, ready for action, but it's too late.

EXT. DESERT MOON DINER - NIGHT - SLOW-MOTION

The three ladies emerge from the Desert Moon like soldiers returning from the front line. Their bodies are beaten and bruised but their resolve is unscathed.

Cops have surrounded the diner, their lights pulse and flicker. Firemen and paramedics quickly roll in at the sight of the victims, they check everyone.

Hank and Javier's bodies are loaded into black bags and taken away.

Wreckage and debris from the storm is everywhere.

Wanda and the girls are exhausted but alive.

Wanda receives medical attention and gives the police her report.

The firemen help Claire and Tao onto stretchers and into ambulances.

They wave goodbye to Wanda as they go.

Wanda waves back.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - FRONT OF HOUSE

Wanda walks back into the Desert Moon for a look around. The bodies are gone but the diner still echos of violence. She finds Mike's envelope behind the counter and looks inside. She smiles, takes a seat at the lunch counter and cries.

EXT. DESERT MOON DINER - LATE AFTERNOON - ONE WEEK LATER

SUPER : ONE WEEK LATER

A labor crew is hard at work fixing up the old diner. They hoist up a new neon sign.

INT. DESERT MOON DINER - LATE AFTERNOON

Wanda is sore but her wounds are wrapped and healing.

Claire wears matching bruises and bandages. She helps sweep up the mess, trying to make sense of the chaos. Claire gets to the spot where Hank was gunned down and stops.

CLAIRE

What am I suppose to do now?

She sits down exhausted.

WANDA

Hey.

Wanda tosses Claire the keys to the Desert Moon.

WANDA

She's yours now Claire, do whatever you like. There's money in the till to help keep you going. Get a new dishwasher.

CLAIRE

Wanda, what are you talking about?

Wanda gives her a hug and hands her the pink slip.

WANDA

I gotta go.

Wanda pulls a duffel bag from behind the counter.

WANDA

Can you make sure Tao gets this?

She tosses a stuffed envelope down and heads for the door.

CLAIRE

This is a joke right? What are you gonna do?

Wanda smiles.

EXT. DESERT MOON DINER - LATE AFTERNOON

The 4:20pm bus to Los Angeles pulls up. Wanda looks at the Desert Moon one last time before she gets on. She waves good bye.

Claire waves back, keys in hand.

EXT. DESERT MOON DINER - LATE AFTERNOON

The doors close and the bus to Los Angeles drives away.

The Desert Moon's new neon light flickers on.

THE END.