

TB

PINEAPPLE EXPRESS

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TB

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EXT. FARMLAND - DAWN

A black 1920s Cadillac speeds down the only visible road amidst endless plains of farmland. The road curves sharply ahead - the car accelerates. Ignoring the turn, the Caddy drives directly off the road and through a massive field of emptiness.

The car abruptly stops in the middle of the vacant field. GENERAL BRAT (58, a patch covers one of his eyes) and AGENT BLACK SUIT (an agent in a black suit) step out of the car.

Although there is clearly nothing in sight for miles, the General scans his surroundings with concern.

TITLE CARD UP: 80 YEARS AGO - SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Agent Black Suit crouches down and pulls open a METAL HATCH in the ground. Both men walk down the hatch and into the earth.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

They descend a metal staircase and walk with great urgency down a narrow corridor. The hallway spills into a hauntingly huge metal room with a lone SCIENTIST standing in the middle. The Scientist immediately begins leading them across the room.

GENERAL BRAT

When did it start?

*

SCIENTIST

At 05:00. We're seven minutes in.

*

INT. OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

The three men enter a large room divided by a one-way mirror.

On their side, numerous SCIENTISTS, utilizing several archaic devices, are busy at work monitoring the subject on the other side of the mirror.

The subject: PRIVATE MILLER (22, naive and dutiful) sits at a small table with a microphone on it. Miller raises his hand, REVEALING a smoldering JOINT.

*

He takes a long and awkward hit from the joint and bursts into a coughing fit. *

The scientists begin to scribble profusely as their devices blink manically. General Brat and Agent Black Suit exchange a concerned look. The General lights a cigarette as the Scientist steps up to a small microphone in the corner. *

SCIENTIST
(into microphone)
Private Miller, we are now going to ask you several questions. How do you feel?

His voice booms through large speakers on Miller's side of the room. Miller leans towards the microphone.

PRIVATE MILLER
Uh, I feel a little queer sir. But...
It's good. Good queer.
(beat)
Sir. Good queer, Sir.

The scientists scribble madly. One of them mumbles into General Brat's ear.

PRIVATE MILLER (CONT'D)
But...uh...even though I feel queer, Sir,
I should mention that I'm also feeling quite gay...so, a little queer, but mostly gay.

SCIENTIST
Private Miller. When you think of your superiors, what emotions do you feel?

PRIVATE MILLER
(holding out the joint)
This went out...Sir.

SCIENTIST
We will send someone in. Now answer the question. *

A door opens beside Private Miller and an AGENT steps out wearing an intricate uniform that resembles an old fashioned diving suit, an air hose leading out the door that he came from. He slowly walks toward the Private, who looks at him in shock. *

SCIENTIST (CONT'D) (O.S)
(through speakers)
Private Miller? Answer the question.

PRIVATE MILLER

Oh...um...what was the question again?

The Agent in the strange suit reaches the private and holds a lighter up to the joint.

SCIENTIST (O.S.)

(through speakers)

What are your emotions towards your superiors? *

Miller pulls at the joint until it is lit again. The Agent exits the room.

PRIVATE MILLER

COUGH *COUGH* Fucking shit. *

(beat) *

Well, now that I think of it, it's strange that they are called my 'superiors'. Does that make me their 'inferior'? I mean, that's pretty fucked up. *

General Brat scowls. *

GENERAL BRAT *

(curtly to the scientists) *

I've seen enough. Shut it down. Bury the hatch, sell the land, and dispose of him. This never happened. *

Instantly, the scientists start packing up their equipment. Staring at Miller, General Brat grabs a RED PHONE and dials. Two Agents in the scuba-like suits emerge from behind Miller and start aggressively dragging him away. *

PRIVATE MILLER

(freaking out) *

Hey! What the...what're you guys doing! *

Let go of me! *

(desperately looking at the mirror) *

Sir!!! Sir!!! Help me!!! *

GENERAL

(into phone)

This is General Brat. We've reached a final conclusion on Item 9.

(beat)

Illegal.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD UP: RIGHT NOW - SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

INT. DALE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DALE DENTON (late 20s, out of shape, slightly unkempt) looks out of place in his black suit as he drives his parked Honda Civic towards the airport, casually smoking a joint while enthusiastically dancing in his car while singing along to HOT STEPPA by INI KAMOZE.

DALE

(singing)

You think you know, chico/I know what Bo,
don't know/touch them up and go - uh oh!/
Chi-chi-ching-chang!!!

He stops at a red light and sees that in the car beside him a guy also listening to Hot Steppa and grooving along to it. Dale gives him the thumbs up and they both turn up their radios.

GUY

Hot steppa!

DALE

Fuck yeah!

The light changes and Dale drives on. The song fades out.

RADIO DJ

And that was Ini Kamoze with Hot Steppa on Mega Mix 666, always playing the new with the old. Today, the mega-double ticket is...Snoop Dogg and Pink Floyd.

DALE

Nice! Today fucking rules.

RADIO DJ

Enjoy it out there - booyah!

He pulls into the airport parking lot. He then opens the glove compartment and pulls out a LEATHER SHAVING KIT. He sifts through it's contents: handi-wipes, hand sanitizer, a little vial of cologne, Visine, mouthwash and breath mints.

Dale starts futilely attempting to put visine in his blazing red eyes.

Frustrated, he squirts Visine all over his finger tips and rubs his fingers into his eyes. He pops a mint in his mouth and gets out of the car. *

EXT. AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As planes fly over head, Dale gets out of his car and opens the trunk. He reaches in and pulls out a CHAUFFEUR'S HAT and a CARDBOARD SIGN.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

Amongst a crowd of joyous reunions, Dale holds a sign that reads "FOGELL". A man approaches Dale.

FOGELL

My name's Fogell.

DALE

You're Edward Aaron Fogell?

FOGELL

(overjoyed)

Get out of town! Clarice did this, didn't she? I was just telling her before I left how I've never been in a limo. Can you believe it? 35 and I've never been in a limo. Man! It's not stretched, is it? *

Dale hands him a BLUE ENVELOPE.

DALE

Sorry, but you've been served.

Dale walks away. FOGELL opens the envelope and reads it.

FOGELL

Ah fuck!

(reads more)

Fuck! You fucking asshole!!! FUCK! *

Dale completely ignores Fogell as he dumps the sign and walks out of the airport. Then, a huge smile comes across his face. He has noticed a nearby Burger King. *

DALE

(excited)

Hey! Nice. New chicken fries.

He happily walks toward the food.

INT - DALE'S CAR - DAY

Dale sits in his car outside an apartment building, almost prepared to enjoy his giant smorgasbord of food. A huge array of delicious Burger King surrounds him as he finishes rolling a joint on top of a Batman comic. He lights the joint, turns on the radio, and starts eating.

RADIO DJ

I mean, come on, Jack. You can't be serious. This is America, we aren't going to sit on our rumps while the world wastes away. We have to-

CALLER

What? We have to blow up half the frickin' world? It's people like you who make America synonymous with kicking ass instead of-

RADIO DJ

What? America kissing ass? Well screw that, and screw you. When an ass needs a kickin', America will always be there. Next caller.

Clearly disagreeing with the Radio DJ, Dale whips out his cell and hits speed dial.

DALE

I'll kick your ass, DJ douche bag.

RADIO STATION
OPERATOR(O.S.)

(through phone)
Walk and Talk Radio, please hold.

Elevator music comes on. Dale hauls on the joint, then looks at his burger.

DALE

Fuck it.

He hangs up and finishes off his burger. Suddenly, his cell phone rings. He turns down the radio and begrudgingly puts down his burger and answers.

DALE (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Hello?

(beat)

(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

Mr. McMurphy, how's the day find you, sir?

(Dale takes a toke)

Oh...alright. You want me to come into the office now? Can I come into the office? Well...let me think...

Dale looks at his surroundings, the glorious sun shining down, talk radio gently playing, fries steaming, a milk shake in waiting, and a joint longing to be re-lit. *

DALE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm sorry sir, but I'm afraid I can't make it. See, this Fogell guy's flight got delayed and it's arriving soon. So...until I serve this bastard, I'll be out in the, uh, field.

(beat)

Yes sir. Then I'll get on this Ted Jones guy. *

(beat)

Cool. Cool. Talk to you later.

Dale hangs up.

DALE (CONT'D)

....ya gnarly fuckin'...

He quickly checks to make sure his boss is gone.

DALE (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Hello? Hello?

(puts it down)

Ya fuckin' cock ass.

He sighs in relief, turns up the radio, and starts inhaling his fries. He takes a sip of his milk shake and re-lights his joint. *

RADIO DJ *

Alright! The time is 5:20 in the PM... *

Dale hears the time, thinks for a moment, takes one last haul, and then casually snubs out the joint. He gets out his little leather kit and vigorously wipes his hands, face, and mouth with wet naps. He applies the Visine using his eye-drop finger technique, rinses with mouthwash, chews up a mint, dabs on some cologne, and then gets out of the car.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

On the 16th floor, Dale stops at a door and knocks. He straightens his tie. ANGIE ANDERSON (mid-20s, cute and intelligent) opens the door. They kiss.

*
*
*

ANGIE

Mmm. Minty.

Dale enters the apartment.

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Angie's apartment is very clean and feminine.

*

ANGIE

If you want anything to eat or drink the fridge is full.

DALE

Thank god. I barely had the time to think, nonetheless eat. Life's hard on the streets.

Angie suddenly starts sniffing.

*

ANGIE

Do you smell something?

Dale tries to hide his panic.

DALE

Uh...no...nothing. I-

*

ANGIE

Are you high? You told me you stopped. Have you been driving high, again? That's not fucking different than driving drunk, Dale, it's-

*
*
*
*
*

DALE

Hey! Hey! Whoa. I wasn't driving high! I'm not high. It's a new cologne. Joop.

*
*
*

Angie immediately realizes she was unnecessarily curt.

*

ANGIE

(calmer)

Yeah. I'm sorry.

(MORE)

*
*

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I just...I don't want you to get high all day again and lose your motivation, you know? I know you can accomplish-

DALE

Accomplish? I accomplish like a mother fucker. I constantly listen to talk radio and the news. I know so much random shit it's crazy. It's like, at school you learn a lot about architecture, and all day long I learn a little about everything. Different strokes for different folks, right?

ANGIE

(feeling guilty)

I know. I just think you're smarter than a process server, and-

DALE

Angie, I like my job. Please-

ANGIE

Okay, okay. I'm sorry. I'll stop. I don't want to be that girlfriend.

Dale smiles at her.

DALE

You mean the sexy, busty, irresistible girlfriend with a butt that could bring down the Hindenburg?

Angie laughs.

DALE (CONT'D)

See? The Hindenburg. I know plenty of shit.

Dale heads to the fridge and grabs a beer. Seeing this, Angie gets excited, stands up, and pulls a red HOMER SIMPSON BOTTLE OPENER out of her pocket.

ANGIE

Allow me.

She cracks open Dale's beer.

HOMER BEER OPENER

(mechanized Homer voice)

Mmm...beer **Glug Glug Glug**

DALE

Holy shit! That's fucking awesome!

ANGIE

Yeah. I stole it from my structural design Prof. He left it on his desk when he went to the bathroom, and since he's such a stupid, sexist bastard, I took it.

*
*
*

DALE

Sounds righteous to me.

*

ANGIE

You're not mad at me now, are you?

*
*

DALE

Of course not. Society has groomed you to think these weird, irrational anti-weed thoughts. I could never be mad at you, but society can go fuck itself in the ass.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Angie giggles as Dale puts down his beer and sits beside her. They cuddle as Dale stonedly stares off into space.

*
*

DALE (CONT'D)

You remember "Connect Four"?

*

ANGIE

The game?

DALE

Yeah! Can we still get that?

ANGIE

Um...I don't know Dale.

DALE

Well, I hope we can. We should play it some time.

(he stares into her eyes)

Together.

Angie laughs as Dale moves in and they start passionately kissing. As they kiss, Dale sees a pack of rolling papers peeking out of his jacket pocket. While still making out with Angie, Dale manages to extend his leg and nudge the rolling papers back into his jacket pocket. They get up off the couch and head towards the bedroom.

*

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR AND A HALF LATER

Angie sits in a bathrobe as Dale gets dressed.

ANGIE

Don't go to work now. I rented Saw. I don't want to watch it alone, but I really want to watch it.

*
*
*

DALE

I can't, baby. I've got a chance to serve a process at seven, but it's way uptown so I've got to haul ass.

*
*

ANGIE

Here, don't forget your belt.

Dale takes his belt and puts it on.

DALE

I hate this thing. My gut hangs over it and it cuts into me.

ANGIE

Maybe you should start working out.

DALE

(laughing)

You are hilarious. That's why I love you. If anything, I should get a new belt.

*
*
*
*

They walk to the door and share a long kiss. Angie puts the Homer Beer Bottle Opener in Dale's pocket.

ANGIE

And don't forget this.

DALE

Holy shit! Are you shitting me?

ANGIE

I am shitting you not. Now go! Give me a call.

Dale kisses Angie.

DALE

(mimicking Homer)

Mmm. Angie. Glug, glug, glug, glug!

Angie laughs from her doorway as Dale runs to the elevator.

EXT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dale watches Angie shut her door, then whips out his cell phone and hits speed dial. *

SAUL (O.S.)
(over phone)

Yo?

DALE

Yo. It's Dale. Mind if I come by and pick up some shit? *

INT. SAUL'S APARTMENT - LATER

SAUL SILVER (22 year old pot dealer) is constructing a CROSS-SHAPED JOINT (two joints that intersect one another). Pot and paraphernalia are scattered all over the coffee table. A large "Scarface" movie poster hangs on the wall. There is a knock at the door and Dale enters. *

DALE

What's up, Saul. *

SAUL

(unpleasantly surprised)

What the fuck?!? *

DALE

What? *

SAUL

I didn't buzz you in. How the monkey did you get in here? *

DALE

Whoa...sorry, man. someone just let me in. I- *

SAUL

That's fucked up, man! This building is filled with fuckin' assholes. What else is the buzzer for? Fuck. *

DALE

I'll buzz next time, man. I'm real sorry. *

SAUL

Hey, stuff your sorry's in a sack, bro.
We're always cool. It's those fuckin'
jaggoffs.

*
*
*

DALE

Um...sure.

Dale awkwardly sits down on the other side of the couch.

SAUL

Brass tacs. I've got this new bud.
Unfortunately, it's a few more bones, but
fortunately, it's hands down the dopest
fuckin' shit I ever smoked. And I've
smoked some dope fuckin' shit.

DALE

Better than that Blue Oyster weed?

SAUL

Dude. Seriously. It's like if that Blue
Oyster shit and the Afghan Kush I got had
a baby, and meanwhile, the craziest
Northern Lights and that red-ass Espresso
Snowflake had a baby, and then by some
miracle those babies met, and fucked -
then this would be the shit they'd birth.

Saul pulls out a big bag of weed. He places it on the
coffee table as though it was his child. He pulls out a
large bud.

*
*
*

SAUL (CONT'D)

Smell it.

Dale takes the weed and looks at it. It looks
spectacular. Bright red hairs and large crystals, huge
purple and blue leaves - just spectacular! Dale smells it
and is taken aback.

DALE

What is this? It's spectacular.

SAUL

It's called Pineapple Express. My guy Red
told me it's when this Hawaiian flood
takes special dirt to the weed or some
shit. It's pretty scientific. And I'm the
only guy in the whole city who has it.
And, its only ten bones more for a
quarter.

DALE

So...can I get a quarter?

SAUL

No doubt. Just let me grab my scale.

Saul walks into another room.

Dale looks around anxiously; he clearly wants to get the hell out.

A moment later, Saul comes back into the room and sits down. Dale notices that he didn't bring anything back from the other room. Saul notices Dale looking at him strangely.

SAUL (CONT'D)

What's with the look? What?

DALE

Where's the scale?

SAUL

Oh shit! The scale. Be right back.

Saul hustles into the other room.

SAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(from other room)

You know what's weird? How sometimes, your brain just chooses to like, not keep things in it, you know?

(beat)

Fucking scale.

(beat)

Shit. Where is it?

(beat)

There you are, my sweet little bitch.

Dale checks his watch and then looks at the door; suddenly, something catches his eye - it's the cross-joint Saul was constructing.

DALE

Holy shit! What the fuck is this thing?

Saul comes back in and puts a small electronic scale on the coffee table.

SAUL

(nonchalantly)

Ah, the cross-joint. You've never seen one of these? Not surprising.

(MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)

They are, like, the apex of the vortex of joint engineering.

Saul puts a bunch of weed on the scale.

DALE

You can actually smoke that contraption?

Saul puts Dale's weed in a baggy. *

SAUL

You light all three ends at the same time, then, you smoke it as it resonates the main section, creating a "trifecta" of smoking power. It's like, three times as powerful as a normal joint.

Dale hands Saul some money and Saul gives him his weed. Dale lingers for a moment.

DALE

Well, be careful with that thing.

Dale gets up and heads to the door.

SAUL

Dude...you wanna smoke this thing with me?

Dale turns around. He clearly wants to smoke it, but he tries to play it cool.

SAUL (CONT'D)

I can't even light it on my own.

Dale sits back down on the couch, giddy as a schoolgirl.

DALE

(excited)

Wow. So like, uh...so like, so like what do I do? *

Saul gathers three lighters from the coffee table.

SAUL

Alright. Firstly you light these two ends. Then I will light the tip, making the trifecta complete. Are you ready?

Dale nods and they light the joint. Saul tokes hard; plumes of smoke fill the air as he bursts into a COUGHING FIT.

DALE

Holy...

Dale takes the joint and hits it, exploding into a coughing fit. *

SAUL

It's...uh, it's good to cough. *COUGH* It opens the *COUGH* capillaries...gets you twenty-five percent higher. And that, combined with the pineapple weed, and the cross-joint *COUGH* you're a good thirty to forty times higher. I don't know the exact math, but, pff, you're pretty fucking gong-showed. You know what I mean?

Saul takes a toke. Dale coughs HARDER and HARDER. He seems like he might throw up.

SAUL (CONT'D)

It's crazy. The better the weed, the more I wish I could think of how to explain what's so good about it, but the...uh, the better it is, the less shit I can think of in total, you know?

Dale finally regains his breath.

DALE

(very stoned)

That shit is insane.

Saul passes Dale the joint, obliviously dropping ash all over his suit. Slightly agitated, Dale brushes it off.

SAUL

Okay, so, like, you've been buying from me for, like, a few months now and I really gotta ask. *

(beat) *

What's with the suit? *

DALE

I'm a process server. *

SAUL

You're a servant? Like, a butler. *

DALE

No, process server.

Saul looks confused.

DALE (CONT'D)

Lawyers hire me to give people papers they don't want. It's pretty much the easiest job on earth.

SAUL

Nice, man. Where'd you get that job?

Dale takes a big hit from the joint.

DALE

Well...uh, I got a totally useless degree two years ago, then I did nothing for a year, then my dad got so fed up he hooked me up, working for his buddies law firm-

SAUL

I wish I had a job that easy. Fuck.

DALE

Dude...you've got, like, the actual easiest job in the world.

SAUL

Hey! You're right, man. I never thought of it like that. I rule!

*

They both revel in the thought.

DALE

Wanna hear what I did today? I smoked a joint, gave a guy a piece of paper at the airport, and I ate some Burger King-

*

*

*

*

SAUL

Hey man, did you get those new chicken fries?

*

Dale passes the join to Saul.

*

DALE

Yeah man. I'd get on that shit. They're fucking mind blowing. So...where was I...I smoked a joint and...oh yeah, then hot-boxed my car and then me and my girlfriend did the ol' squishy lambada.

Saul laughs at this.

SAUL

Does she smoke pot?

DALE

Not really, which is kind of brutal, because I can't let her know how much I actually smoke. *

SAUL

Did you tell her to chill the fuck out? *

DALE

Yeah. I wish. But, you know, I've had girl friends who were cool with it, but even they just end up seeing me as a pothead, but they just don't get that weed doesn't effect me like it does them. I mean, to be truthful, I make more money than most of my friends so far, so, like, what's the beef, right? I just don't understand people's fascination with, like...doing things. *

SAUL

Dude, I couldn't agree with anything more. Fuck things. I don't want to do 'em.

DALE

Wanna hear the icing on my cake? Tomorrow I made it so I get to sleep in until noon. *

Dale passes Saul the joint.

SAUL

I love the sleep in. I mean, if no one wakes me up or nothin', I can sleep away the whole day.

DALE

That's a rare skill. A gift.

SAUL

Yeah, well, thanks to that bitch daylight savings, I gotta go change my grandma's clocks forward at 7 A.M. Or 8 A.M. I seriously can't figure it out. *

DALE

Sorry to hear that.

Saul passes Dale the joint.

SAUL

Yo, so, like, what have these people done that you go after?

DALE

Let's see...tonight I'm going after-

Dale pulls a blue envelope out of his pocket.

DALE (CONT'D)

Ted Jones. He forgot to pay his-

SAUL

Dude! My guy, Red, gets his weed from a Ted Jones. He's, like, #1 supplier in town. Maybe it's him!

DALE

I doubt that, man. There's probably a lot of Ted Jones out there.

SAUL

Yeah, but not like this one, man! He's what I want to be one day. He's like the "Jesus of Weed". So...I guess he's like Jah. Or Scarface.

Saul points to his Scarface poster. The joint ends.

After a few moments it seems as though their ability to have a conversation burnt out with the joint. They sit in awkward silence.

Dale gets up.

DALE

Well Saul, that was crazy. Thanks.

SAUL

No worries dude, peace.

They slap each other five and Dale exits. Saul turns on the TV. Saved By the Bell is on. It makes Saul chuckle.

INT. DALE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dale cruises down side streets and locates Ted's house. It is a large well-to-do home.

Dale, having difficulties, parks in between two cars across the street. He turns off the car starts smoking a joint.

DALE
God bless you Ted.

SUDDENLY - FLASH! Two head lights appear up the street.
Holy shit! It's a COP CAR!

He sits still, holding the joint between his legs as the
cop car drives past and...parks a few cars down! The
FEMALE COP walks up the block - TOWARDS DALE'S CAR!

DALE (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Luckily, the COP crosses the street and walks towards
Ted's house. Confused, Dale watches as she is let in.

Dale re-lights the joint and tries to see into Ted's
house as he takes a MASSIVE TOKE.

BANG! A SILENCE SHATTERING BLAST comes from Ted's house.
Dale holds the toke in and tries to keep quiet as he
focuses on the large front window. SUDDENLY, the drapes
are torn down by an ASIAN MAN as he falls to the ground. *
Dale watches in horror as a LARGE GREY-HAIRED MAN and the *
Female Cop each shoot the Asian man! BLAM! BLAM! Blood
splatters against the window.

Dale starts COUGHING UNCONTROLLABLY! He starts the car
and, in a panicked fit, tries to pull out. CRASH!!! He
smashes directly into the car in front of him! He flicks
the roach out onto the grass and slams the car in reverse
- CRUNCH!!! He backs into the car behind him! Still
hacking his lungs out, he drives away!

The Grey-Haired Man and the Female Cop sprint out of the
house in time to see Dale's distant tail lights vanish
into the darkness. Something catches the Grey-Haired
Man's eye - a trail of smoke rising from the grass. He
lowers his blood-stained hand and picks up...DALE'S
ROACH! He brings it to his nose and sniffs, then rips *
open the paper and examines the weed closely. *

TED
Pineapple Express. *
*

INT. SAUL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Saul is laying on his couch watching Saved By the Bell, *
laughing so hard that he's crying.

SAUL *
Ha! Ha! Ha! Screech. *

Suddenly, the BUZZER sounds repeatedly.

SAUL (CONT'D)
(mumbles)
Fucking hell.

He grudgingly walks to the intercom and presses talk.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Hello?

He presses listen.

DALE (O.C.)
(through intercom)
...me in! Let me in! Let me in! Let me
in! It's Dale! Let m--

Saul casually presses the talk button.

SAUL
(annoyingly casual)
Denton? Dale Denton?

He smiles to himself, then presses listen.

DALE (O.C.)
(through intercom)
...the love of shit, let me in! Pleeaa-

Annoyed, Saul buzzes him in and unlocks the door.

SAUL
(to himself)
...fucking, don't smoke that shit if you
can't handle it.

A moment later, Dale, completely freaking out, BURSTS
through the door and SLAMS it shut.

SAUL (CONT'D)
(startled)
Dude, whoa. What the fuck are-

DALE
He fucking killed him, man!

SAUL
Be quiet, man, I got neighbors-

DALE
(quietly)
He killed him!

SAUL

(loud)

Somebody killed somebody?!?

DALE

Yeah, man! I can't believe it. A cop! A lady, and a guy.

SAUL

Somebody killed a cop, a lady and a guy?

DALE

No! A guy!

SAUL

A cop killed a guy?

DALE

No! A cop and a guy killed another guy! The lady and the guy...No, a fucking woman, a police woman, and an old guy, shot a guy, a younger guy, in the fucking window at Ted's house!

SAUL

Was the guy Ted?

DALE

Which guy?

SAUL

I don't know, the old guy who shot the guy?

DALE

I don't fucking know. He was this big, old, grey haired guy with a gun, and he fucking took him, and he shot him! Right there in the fucking window! BAM!

SAUL

I heard Ted's got grey hair!

*

DALE

And they saw me! They saw me see them shoot the guy!

Saul jumps to his feet.

SAUL

What!?! They saw you?!? Why the fuck did you come here? Did they follow you?!?

Saul dashes to the window and peeks out.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Did they follow you here!?!

DALE

No! I panicked. I was having a coughing fit, I crashed, I crashed into a car. Fuck, two cars. They must've heard at least. They knew someone was there.

SAUL

But they don't know it's you?

DALE

No. I don't think so. No.

SAUL

So...they're not coming here?

Dale shakes his head, on the verge of tears. Saul shrugs, sits back down, then picks up his joint and re-lites it.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Cool. So, what's your game-plan? You gonna call the cops? Cause if you do, I'd appreciate it if you left my shit out of this shit.

DALE

I'm not calling the cops - one of them was a cop. They could all be cops!

*

Dale sits down.

DALE

This is fucking crazy.

*

SAUL

Did you see any blood? Was it sick?

DALE

Yeah. I saw some blood.

SAUL

I wonder who the guy he shot was?

DALE

I don't know, who do drug dealers kill? It was probably another drug dealer. He was Asian. Are there Asian drug dealers.

SAUL

Hell yeah, man. The Koreans teamed up with, like, the Vietnamese or some shit. They're crazy mother fuckers. Number two in town.

(beat)

Heh. Ted's cappin' the competition. Yo, you want some of this?

*
*
*
*
*
*

Saul passes Dale the joint.

DALE

Thanks.

Dale takes a massive pull.

*

SAUL

So, like, exactly what was the sequence of happenings?

DALE

I'm sitting across from Ted's smoking a massive joint of that weed you sold me-

SAUL

Oh, the Pineapple Express. It's so rare it's almost a shame to smoke it, like killing a unicorn.

DALE

When...I...

Dale trails off, staring at Saul. He then looks down at the joint of pineapple weed. Saul notices wheels turning in Dale's head.

SAUL

What?

Dale continues staring at the joint.

DALE

This weed is actually that rare?

SAUL

(proudly)

Yeah, it's like, "the rarest".

DALE

So, you are actually the only guy in town with this weed?

SAUL

Fuckin' rights, I am. Red told me he was giving me an "exclusive sneak preview".

*
*

DALE

And am I the only guy you gave it to?

SAUL

Yeah. So, we're the only guys.

*

DALE

But, like, another dealer, couldn't identify it, the pineapple weed? Like, if they found a roach of it, right?

*
*
*

Saul thinks for a moment.

SAUL

I could. Why?

Dale jumps to his feet.

DALE

(panicking)

We should go, we shouldn't be here! We should go!

SAUL

No...seriously, why?

DALE

I left a roach of this weed in front of Ted's house!

SAUL

So what? I leave roaches all over fucking town.

*
*

DALE

No, listen - they could find the roach and say, "This is pineapple weed, Saul's the only guy in town who has pineapple weed, therefore he must have witnessed the murder or know who did - let's go kill him."

Finally, Saul understands.

SAUL

Mother of fuck!

He SPRINGS to his feet and BOLTS for the door.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Let's go!

Dale grabs Saul and stops him.

DALE

Wait!

SAUL

Why!?! Let go of me! Let's get the fuck out of here!

DALE

Saul, wait! Grab anything we might need, like your weed, or, something. *

Saul grabs his bag of weed and shoves it in his backpack. They runs for the door. *

DALE (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're not forgetting anything?

SAUL

Yes! Come on!

INT. SAUL'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Saul and Dale run to the elevator and frantically press the button, terrified for their lives.

SAUL

Fuck! I forgot something!

Saul runs back to his apartment, leaving Dale alone and frightened. Saul BURSTS back out of his apartment holding his cell.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Dude, I was so scared going back, I thought there was gonna be guys there, and then you'd be gone, and there was this music in my head-

DALE

We'll take the stairs, it'll be faster.

They scramble towards the distant stairwell. Almost at the door, they hear the DING of the elevator arriving.

DALE (CONT'D)

Go back! Go back!

They DASH back to the elevator. Dale shoves his arm between the doors and they hop in. Saul rapidly presses the LOBBY button as the doors shut. They're both on the verge of hyperventilating.

DALE (CONT'D)

Okay, man. We gotta try to relax.

SAUL

Why?!?

DALE

We don't want to draw attention.

SAUL

(freaking out)

Whose attention!?! You think they could be down there? In the Lobby? Right now!?!

DALE

I don't know! Who knows? Just try to be cool.

DING The elevator SUDDENLY STOPS on the second floor.

DALE (CONT'D)

Oh my god!!!

SAUL

Ahhh!!!

The doors OPEN! There's no one there. The doors close.

SAUL

What the fuck was that?

DALE

That was bad - Calm! Calm! Calm!

The elevator stops at the lobby and the doors open, they step out, bumping into two rough BIKERS.

*

DALE (CONT'D)

Oh. Pardon.

*

*

Dale and Saul quickly leave as the bikers enter the elevator.

*

*

INT. SAUL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

*

The two bikers kick in Saul's door and dash into the room, guns drawn. BIKER #1 spots a smoldering joint in the ashtray.

*

*

*

BIKER #1

Look.

BIKER #2 whips out his cell and hits speed dial.

BIKER #2

Ted? He's gone, but he was just here.
Somehow he knew we were coming.

INT. DALE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dale peels out of his spot and down the road.

DALE

Okay, what do you know about Ted?

SAUL

What? Ted? Nothing. For all I know he's tracking us with space satellites right now! He's got grey hair, that's all I knew.

Saul checks behind them.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Let's go to your place.

DALE

No way! What if they did see my license plate!?!

SAUL

Okay, so let's got to a hotel, or a motel, or a Holiday Inn.

DALE

Well, how much money do we have?

SAUL

All I've got is the seventy-five you gave me.

DALE

That's it!?!

SAUL

Well, how much money do you have?

While Dale gets out his wallet, Saul opens Dale's change tray. It's full of roaches.

DALE

Uh...nine bucks. *

SAUL *

Well, shut up then! I've got more than you!

DALE

Fine. Forget the hotel. *

A tense beat. *

SAUL

I wish we could just go nowhere.

DALE

Okay...where's nowhere?

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The car is parked on a small dirt path in the moon-lit woods. Dale paces back and forth as Saul walks over. *

DALE

So what do we know? Nothing. We may or may not be being followed because we don't even know if he found the roach or not. And, we could just be completely crazy. But, the question is this: even if he found the roach, how could he know where you were?

SAUL

(thrilled)

He couldn't. Cause I'm in the woods. It's impossible! Unless he's, like, hanging on the bottom of the car, but I mean-

DALE

No, what I mean is, if Ted found the roach and identified the weed, how could he connect it to you?

SAUL

There's no way. He could only find out from Red. *

DALE

Who is this guy?

SAUL

Red's pretty much a middleman between Ted and guys like me. And we're mad fucking tight. One time he convinced some girl he knew to give me a hand-job within, like, five minutes of me meeting her.

Dale passes Saul the joint.

DALE

But let's say someone calls asking who he sold this pineapple weed to, he'll say you, because...why wouldn't he?

SAUL

Fuck that. That's bullshit. He would have called me if that happened. A hand-job, Dale! We should just call him.

DALE

Alright. You're right. *

Saul takes his cell phone out and presses speed dial. We hear someone pick up.

RED (O.S.)

(through phone)

Ow! Hello?

SAUL

Yo, Red. You okay man?

RED (O.S.)

Saul! Oh. I, uh...stubbed my toe.

Red sounds nervous.

SAUL

Dude, watch the toes. Wear shoes in the house. But Red, I gotta get straight to brass tacs, I need a favor.

RED (O.S.)

Sure man, anything. I'm Red.

SAUL

You sure as fuck are, buddy. So, you know how you gave me some of that pineapple express stuff? Don't tell anyone you gave it to me. *

RED (O.S.)

Sure man, no problem. Red swears it,
hombre.

SAUL

So, can I come on over now?

Dale waves his hands in front of Saul's face.

DALE

(loudly whispering)

No! We should do it tomorrow! *

SAUL

(covering phone, talks to
Dale)

I'm in the middle of a convo, man. Let's
just go and get this shit over with.

DALE

Come on, man. Tomorrow. I'm scared
shitless. I want to think things through
before I do anything. Let's go in the
morning. Please.

Saul looks around the dark forest.

SAUL

Yeah...okay. Less scary shit happens in
the day. *

Dale nods. *

SAUL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Red?

RED (O.S.)

(talking to someone else)

-I can hear him talking to someone, so-
Yo! Saul? So, you're gonna come by in the
morning?

SAUL

Yeah, right after I see my grandma. *

RED (O.S.)

Sure, your Grandma's retirement home- Ow!
Fuckin' stupid god-damn toe. I, uh, is
that the one on Granville and 41st.

SAUL

Yeah man. I've only got one. So, we'll be chillin' by noon.

Saul gives Dale the thumbs up.

RED (O.S.)

Well, cool brother. Noon it is.

SAUL

We should definitely hit up the casino again sometime.

RED (O.S.)

For sure. We should definitely hit up the casino.

Saul hangs up the cell.

SAUL

Nice. Now let's do some fucking stone cold chilling.

*
*

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RED, 30, stalker and short, sits between the two TOUGH BIKERS from Saul's lobby.

BIKER #1

Why isn't he coming now? What did you say?

*

RED

(incredibly afraid)

I didn't say shit, man! There was another guy there and he said tomorrow!

*

BIKER #2

Why did he mention the casino? The Asians run the casinos. Is Saul Asian?

RED

No, man! I mean, it's possible, like, a quarter, but I can't see it. I don't know!

*
*
*

This worries the bikers.

BIKER #1

This might be more than we thought.

BIKER #2

I'll call Ted.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Saul digs through his bag and pulls out a joint

SAUL

You know what I was thinking? I always liked smoking weed in the forest. It's like you're surrounded by nature, and you're smoking a little piece of nature. It's the whole circle of life, eh?

Saul lights the joint and starts smoking. He passes it to Dale. Dale puffs, then looks around at their expansive, dark surroundings. *

DALE

What a fucking day, eh?

Saul takes the joint and smokes as he stares up into the sky. Dale is still spooked, constantly checking his surroundings. *

SAUL

Yeah man.

Saul takes the joint and smokes. He notices a shooting star zip across the sky. Dale takes out his cell phone. *

DALE

I'm going to go call Angie. Make up some bull shit.

As Dale dials, Saul, paranoid from the pot, looks at his cell phone. He takes another hit, and then looks up to the sky again. He looks back at Dale's phone. Dale starts to walk off.

SAUL

Dale...wait!

Saul snubs out the joint and runs over to Dale. *

SAUL (CONT'D)

Yeah, the phone...I mean, I don't know how this shit works, but...can cops... you said they might be cops...could they triangulate our phones or trace 'em or some shit like that? I don't know. I feel like I've seen that.

Dale stares at Saul, then flips open his phone - *beep*

SAUL (CONT'D)

I mean, shit Dale, maybe they can trace
them when we're not even on them!

Dale takes a hit as he looks up to the sky. Just then, a
loud rumbling noise is heard.

DALE

What the fuck is that?!

The rumbling gets louder.

DALE (CONT'D)

Are we on fucking "Lost"?! What the hell
is that?!

SAUL

It's them!!!

The noise builds to a deafening crescendo as the guys
dive behind a tree stump. A moment later, a JUMBO JET
buzzes overhead, heading towards the nearby airport. Dale
and Saul pop up.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Holy fuck. That was close.

DALE

(clutching cell phone)

You know what? You're right. We should
just get rid of them. We should just
smash 'em.

Dale looks at his phone, which is a new, expensive Razor.

DALE (CONT'D)

Fuck. I just bought this thing. Maybe I
can just take the batteries out?

SAUL

No! Smash it!

Dale sighs, then SMASHES his phone on a rock. Saul looks
at Dale, then HURLS his phone into the woods as hard as
he can, sending it SAILING into the FOREST.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Shit!

DALE

What the fuck was that?!

Dale tosses the joint aside.

SAUL

Fuck! I was trying to throw it at that tree!

DALE

What tree?

SAUL

That one.

Saul points out a group of trees about 30 feet away.

SAUL (CONT'D)

It was a cheap piece of shit. Came free with the plan. It must've smashed when it landed.

DALE

Who the fuck knows?!? I don't know!! Why couldn't you have just smashed it on a rock like a normal person?

SAUL

I was trying to smash it! How often does a guy smash things? I'm rusty. Fuck.

DALE

Did you at least see where it landed?

SAUL

Over there, somewhere. Wait! We could call it!

DALE

With what? I just smashed my phone!

They look into the scary dark depths of the woods. Both of them are clearly terrified.

SAUL

Man, it's not like they got MacGyver workin' on the case. I bet they can't even triangulate it. *

DALE

Well, then you shouldn't have said anything, cause now you've convinced me that they can!

SAUL

Fine! Fine. Let's just find the stupid thing and get back to doing what we were doin'.

Horrified, they cautiously inch into the forest.

DALE

Do you see it?

SAUL

Dude, this is the scariest place I've ever been in my life.

They nervously walk on.

SAUL (CONT'D)

You ever see that movie where all the people are in the woods and they slowly get killed?

DALE

The "Blair Witch Project."

SAUL

No...Shit. That one's way scarier than the one I was thinking of. Mine had Arnold Schwarzenegger in it. Now I'm thinking of the fucking Blair Witch.

*

They inch forward, nervous.

DALE

(whispering)

Stop!

They both freeze.

SAUL

(whispering)

What-

DALE

(whispering)

Sshh!

SAUL

(whispering)

What is-

DALE

(whispering)

Sshh! Can you hear that?

SAUL
(whispering)
What?

DALE
(whispering)
Just listen.

Saul listens.

SAUL
(whispering)
I literally hear nothing.
(gasp)
Wait...

SUDDENLY, Saul SPRINTS off into the darkness!

DALE
SAUL!!!

Dale looks in horror as Saul vanishes amongst the trees.

SAUL(O.S.)
(screaming in pain)
ARGHHH!!!

Dale hears a loud THUD.

Scared for his life, he SPRINTS in the opposite direction! He weaves in between the trees, avoids some rocks and tree roots, stumbles on some loose dirt, then SLAMS half his body against a tree and FALLS HARD.

ANGLE ON: SAUL

Saul gets up, covered in dirt. Panting, he looks around the forest and sees no one. He thinks he hears something and SPRINTS off! WHAM! He trips on a tree root and SLAMS into the ground.

ANGLE ON: DALE

Dale stumbles to his feet while futilely trying to wipe the dirt off his suit.

DALE
Shit.

Saul hears Dale and whips around, breaking a twig -
CRACK

Dale looks towards the noise, then SPRINTS off.

Saul hears someone and BOLTS in the opposite direction.

Like chickens with their heads cut off, they both scramble through the woods trying to evade their imaginary enemies.

Dale spots his car! He jumps in and SLAMS the door shut. He's about to turn the ignition, but stops. Panting and wheezing, he sinks into his seat.

BAM! Something slams into the car.

DALE (CONT'D)

AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Dale sees Saul BANGING against the passenger side door.

SAUL

(muffled through the window)

Let me in! Let me in!

Dale unlocks the car and Saul JUMPS in.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Let's go! Go!

DALE

Is there anyone even out there?!?

SAUL

I don't know!

DALE

If you don't know then why the hell did you run like that?!?

SAUL

I don't know! I'm freaking out, man!
Let's just go!

DALE

We should just stay in the car.

A moment of silence. They both look around. There is clearly nothing out there. Dale turns on the car. Talk radio comes on.

RADIO DJ

-public parks are for the public. For
Mormons to privatize them is simply put
wrong. What if Christians or Muslims
started-

*
*

*
*
*
*
*

SAUL

Dude, I'm sorry, but I fuckin' hate talk radio. Could we just listen to some tunes?

*
*
*
*

DALE

No. It relaxes me.

*
*

SAUL

Do you like to, uh, smoke a doob before you go to sleep, maybe?

*

DALE

Yeah. Totally. It puts me right out.

INT. DALE'S CAR - THE NEXT DAY

Dale slowly wakes up. He stretches, and then shakes Saul.

DALE

Saul. Saul. Get up. Wake up.

Saul opens his eyes and realizes where he is.

SAUL

Fuck me.

*

DALE

What's the time?

SAUL

(groggy)
It's too early.

Saul brings his wrist up close to his eyes.

SAUL (CONT'D)

It's...

Saul stares at his watch, confused.

SAUL (CONT'D)

This can't be right.

DALE

What does it say?

SAUL

It says, uh...

Saul looks outside towards the sun.

SAUL (CONT'D)

It couldn't be three in the morning,
could it?

DALE

It's three o'clock!?! We were supposed to
be there at noon!

SAUL

(excited)

Wait! My grandma's clocks! It's daylight
savings!

(beat)

Fuck! No! They go forwards an hour!
Dammit-

DALE

It's four o'fucking clock?!

SAUL

-I didn't go to my Grandma's! Fuck! And
we've gotta call Red. *
*

DALE

(angry)

How?

Dale digs in his pockets for the keys.

SAUL

We'll find a pay pho...fuck! His number
was in my phone!

Dale notices the keys are in the ignition.

DALE

You remember where he lives, right?

SAUL

Yes, I remember. What the hell is that
supposed to mean? Are you insinuating I'm
forgetful? That's right, I know the word
insinuating.

DALE

Let's just get out of here.

He turns the keys. NOTHING. He tries again. NOTHING.

DALE (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Come on.

He tries twice more, but nothing happens.

DALE (CONT'D)
(pissed off)
I think the battery's dead. *

SAUL
Are you fucking serious?

He tries again.

DALE
It's dead.

SAUL
It's dead?

DALE
Yeah. It's dead.

SAUL
What the fuck happened? How did this happen?

DALE
I guess we just...fell asleep with the radio on.

SAUL
Yeah. Your stupid talk radio. *

Frustrated, Dale tries to gather his thoughts. *

DALE
We gotta...let's just...we'll walk. We'll walk to a road and hitchhike to Red's.

SAUL
For real?

Dale opens his door and hops out.

DALE
We'll be late, but we'll get there. Then we can fix this insane situation. We've just got to stay focused.

MUSIC UP: SPIRIT IN THE SKY by NORMAN GREENBAUM

- Dale and Saul walk down a seemingly unused forest road smoking a big joint. Dale blows a cloud of smoke into Saul's face and they both laugh.

- Saul points out a giant caterpillar crawling on a leaf. Dale is grossed out. Saul pokes the caterpillar and then blows weed smoke onto it.

- They have a sword fight with two branches until Saul accidentally scratches Dale's cheek, almost poking out his eye.

- They emerge at the highway and try to hitch a ride. *

- Saul calls out to Dale, and Dale turns to see his thumb sticking out of his zipper.

SAUL

It's like, my thumb is my cock!

- Bored and tired, they wait. Saul lights a joint. *
Suddenly, an eighteen wheeler slows for them. Saul snubs *
out the freshly lit joint and puts it in his pocket. *

EXT. RED'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SOON AFTER *

Dale and Saul get out of the eighteen wheeler. *

SAUL

(to the driver)

Thanks a fucking ton, Sharid. *

Saul shuts the door and start running up the block. *

INT. RED'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Exhausted, Dale and Saul reach Red's door. Saul knocks.

DALE

So, what's this guy like?

SAUL

I don't know. He's short...and stout. So he's like a tea pot. Heheh.

DALE

Well, do you think he'll be there?

SAUL

I don't know, I mean, we are only...eight hours late. *

RED (O.S.)

(through door)

Who is it?

SAUL

Red! It's Saul. Open up.

Red opens the door. He has a SPLIT LIP and has clearly been CRYING. He tries to act normal. Dale immediately suspects something is up. *

RED

(sniffing)

Who's this guy? *

DALE

Dale. Nice to meet you. *

Red ushers them in and shuts the door.

RED

Dale who?

DALE

I think it's better if you don't know my- *

SAUL

(oblivious)

Dale Denton. He's a buddy. No worries. *

Red notices their dirty clothes.

RED

(to Saul)

What happened to your clothes? Where'd you call me from, man?

Dale notices Red quivering as he lights a cigarette and becomes increasingly suspicious. *

SAUL

We were in the forest laying low. Thinking.

DALE

Uh, Red...what...uh, is your lip okay? *

Saul finally notices Red's dishevelled appearance.

SAUL

Whoa! Dude, have you been crying?

RED

What? Oh, I uh... *

(feeling his split lip) *

...I got a cold sore, I've never got one before. I started crying.

SAUL

A cold sore? Is that fucking herpes?

RED

...uh, yeah, man.

SAUL

Ewww! That's sick, man. Do you know how many joints we've shared? I told you, man. This from that time you ate the lollypop straight from the strippers sna-

DALE

Saul. Ask him.

SAUL

(to Dale)

Okay, Captain Demando. Can you just chill out, maybe? So, Red. I gotta ask-

RED

Okay, first of all, stop. What's this all about? That's what I want to know. *

SAUL

Alright. Well, Dale's a servant for process lawyers, and-

DALE *

Whoa, whoa! Saul, I don't think...well, Red, I don't mean to be rude but I don't think we should tell you any more than you need to know.

RED

Fuck that, Dale. This is my house, I deserve to know.

SAUL

Dude! Let's just tell him. It is his house.

DALE

Look. Red, I just don't want to pull you into the shit we're in. It's just trouble.

SAUL

Don't be weird about this. If he wants trouble, it's his right to have it.

RED

Whoa! Whoa! I don't want trouble.

DALE

That's why we only need to clarify one thing - nobody's called about Saul or the pineapple express or anything like that?

RED

No one. Nada.

SAUL

Awesome! Look at that! Everything's fine. We had a fun night in the woods, and now we can use Red's giant bong to get super high.

*

Dale doesn't seem convinced.

RED

Alright, well, wicked. Make yourselves at home. I'm just going to use the ol' telephone.

Saul sits down as Red walks towards the phone. Dale watches him, suspicious of his odd behavior. Red begins to dial...

SMACK! Dale knocks the phone out of Red's hand.

RED (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

Saul jumps up. Dale SNATCHES the phone and backs up.

DALE

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

SAUL

Dale! What the fuck are you doing?

DALE

(to Saul)

We can't let him call anyone! He's acting weird!

RED

Fuck you man - this is my house!

DALE

I'm sorry. I just, I don't think I can-

SAUL

Dale! You fucking nut. You're stoned and paranoid. Just chill the shit out, man!

*

Without warning, Red grabs a LARGE ASHTRAY filled with cigarette butts and WHIPS it at Dale. **BAM!** It smashes him in the head!!!

DALE
(in pain)
AAAHHH!

Ash EXPLODES everywhere as Dale drops the phone and clutches his head.

SAUL
Holy cock!

Red approaches the cowering Dale. Saul intercedes.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Dude! He's sorry! Wait!

Red PUNCHES Saul in the face! Saul SCREAMS and drops to the ground.

SAUL (CONT'D)
WHY!?!?!?

Dale snatches the phone and scurries into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

INT. RED'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Disoriented, Dale scans the small bathroom. Saul and Red can be heard fighting outside.

SAUL (O.S.)
Are you fucked off that shit again!?!?

RED (O.S.)
I have to! They'll kill me!!!

*

A loud CRASH is heard from the other room. Dale throws the phone in the toilet bowl and smacks down the seat. He runs back to help Saul.

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Red is BEATING the shit out of Saul. Saul manages to stand up when Red boots him in the BALLS! He SHRIEKS and stumbles backwards. Dale dashes into the room and LEAPS onto Red's back.

Red wobbles forward, then starts RUNNING BACKWARDS. He trips on his coffee table and CRASHES Dale through it, landing on top of him.

Red gets up, sprints into the bathroom and locks the door. With great effort, Dale and Saul manage to get up.

DALE

The phone! Bathroom!

INT. RED'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frantically searching for the phone, Red flips the toilet seat up and grabs it. He begins to dial as Dale and Saul sprint down the hall.

Just as Red is about to finish dialing, Dale and Saul CRASH into the bathroom door! They knock it completely off it's hinges, SLAMMING it directly into Red! The phone flies into the bathtub.

DALE

(pointing at the phone)

SAUL!!! Phone!!!

*

Saul jumps into the bathtub and begins STOMPING the phone. Dale continuously SLAMS his body against the door in an attempt to keep Red pinned down.

SAUL

What the fuck Red!?! What the fuck is going on!?!

RED

I don't know!!! They're going to kill me!!!

*

*

SAUL

You didn't stub your toe, did you?

*

Red stops struggling and tries to catch his breath. Dale kneels on top of the door, keeping him pinned.

*

DALE

Now tell us-

*

*

RED

They're gonna come back and kill me!!!

In an impressive show of strength, Red shoves the door off him, knocking Dale aside. He runs.

*

*

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Saul chases Red and TACKLES him into a wall. Dale follows seconds later, and notices Red's LARGE GLASS BONG. He looks back to see Saul getting pummelled. Dale grabs the bong and swings around - CRASH!!! It shatters on the back of Red's head.

Red falls to the ground moaning, blood dripping from his head. Dale and Saul stand over him, out of breath, bruised and battered.

SAUL

Red, you motherfucker.

Dale, lost in thought, starts to seriously freak out. *

DALE

It's happening! It's actually happening!
He knows my name! Red knows my name! *

SAUL

We should beat it out of his sellout
brains. You're a shitty friend, Red! Fuck
the Casino! Go alone!

DALE

This is fucked, what do we do now, he
knows my name!?! *

SAUL

He knows my name too!

DALE

Well what do we do? He's gonna tell them!

SAUL

We're not gonna have to kill him, are we?
I don't think I could do that. *

Dale stares at the almost motionless Red. *

SAUL (CONT'D) *

Maybe we could talk him into killing
himself, or, like, make him promise not
to tell.

DALE *

Well, we have to find out what he knows. *

RED
(in great pain)
I don't know anything...you broke my
bong...

Dale, trying to act tough, grabs Red by the collar.

DALE
Tell us everything. Now!

Red looks to Saul for sympathy.

SAUL
Don't look at me, you sellout bastard.
Now start talking!

RED
I can't...I don't know anything.

Dale pulls Saul aside.

SAUL
What do we do? He's not gonna talk.

DALE
I think we beat it out of him.

SAUL
For real?

DALE
Okay. Red. Here's the deal: if you don't
tell us everything, we're going to beat
you up.

RED
Don't beat me up! Saul, dude, I'm Red!

DALE
You've got five seconds, okay? Ready?
Five, four-

Dale raises his fist.

RED
Please don't.

DALE
Three, two...one!

Red cringes as Dale softly "punches" his gut. It doesn't
hurt him.

RED
That didn't hurt.

SAUL
You didn't even hurt him! Hit him hard,
man. Like, fucking hit him!

Dale takes a deep breathe and raises his fist.

RED
Wait! I...I...two Biker's came here,
they...they were here when you called-

SAUL
Seriously?

DALE
Who were they?

Dale raises his fist.

RED
They work for Ted. They were here all
day, but you guys didn't show. They said
they'd kill me if I didn't bring you to
them, they said I'd-

DALE
How many cops does he have in his...uh,
payroll, or whatever?

RED
I know there's this lady cop. He could
have more, I don't know. He's got pretty
crazy connections, I think.

Dale and Saul exchange very worried looks.

RED (CONT'D)
Listen, I-

Dale grabs a POTTED PLANT and hold its over Red.

DALE
Who's his competition?

RED
The Asians!

DALE
Asians? Which Asians? Indians are
technically Asian.

RED

The...the Koreans, I think. Everyone just calls them the Asians.

Dale and Saul exchange an even more worried look.

SAUL

What else?

RED

I swear to God that's all I know...I swear...

DALE

Alright. We should...tie him up and...and get the fuck out of here.

SAUL

I made a gravity bong here once. I know where his duct tape is.

Saul runs off. Dale puts on Saul's backpack and looks at the battered Red moaning on the floor.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Come on, let's tape this piece of shit up.

Dale pulls Red's hands behind his back. Saul is picking at the tape.

SAUL (CONT'D)

I can't find the edge.

DALE

What?

SAUL

I can't find the, oh...wait...

Saul rips open the DUCT TAPE. He tightly BINDS Red's hands, feet, and mouth as fast as he can. THEN-

Red's intercom BUZZES! They stop, silent. The intercom BUZZES again. Red starts thrashing and trying to scream.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Shit. They're actually here to kill him.

DALE

What do we do? We have to escape!

SAUL

He's got a fire escape in the back.

Saul leads Dale into another room. WE STAY on Red,
frantically squirming as we hear Dale and Saul climbing
onto the fire escape.

*
*
*

SAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Pull me! Pull my arms!

*
*

As they clang down the fire escape, there is a sudden
KNOCK at the door. There is more knocking. Suddenly, the
door is KICKED open. The two BIKERS enter, guns drawn.
They see Red, bound and gagged.

*
*
*
*

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RED'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Saul drop from the fire escape. Saul spots a
dumpster.

SAUL

In here!

Saul jumps into the dumpster.

DALE

No. I've got to get to a phone!

SAUL

We should hide!

DALE

But, if Red tells Ted's guys my name,
then they'll go to my apartment and find
out about Angie!

*
*

SAUL

I think we should stay!

DALE

Why?!

SAUL

Because I'm in the dumpster already!
Shit! Fine!

Saul hops out of the dumpster and follows Dale.

*

INT. RED'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Biker #1 rummages around the apartment. Biker #2 stands over top of Red, talking to Ted on the phone. *

TED (O.S.)

Find out what he knows.

Biker #2 VIOLENTLY rips the gag off. Red gasps. *

RED

Dale Denton! He was with a guy named Dale Denton! Please don't kill me! I did everything you said! They beat me up! *

BIKER #2 *

You hear that?

TED *

Ask if either of them were Asian. *

BIKER #2 *

Hey. What skin color were these guys? *

RED *

What? Um...white, they're both white. I think Denton might be a Jew, but I couldn't really tell. *

BIKER #2 *

You hear that, Ted? *

TED (O.S.)

Dale Denton. Not Asian. Alright. Kill Red. *

Biker #1 pulls out a silenced gun and shoots Red. *

INT. TED'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TED (the big grey-haired guy) puts his portable phone back in its charger. The living room windows are covered by black sheets. Numerous workers are busy scrubbing blood stains off the floor and walls. The dead Asian man lies on top of bubble-wrap in the corner. *

Ted walks into the kitchen where CAROL BRAZIER (female cop from the murder, in full uniform, mid-30s) is playing with her gun. *

TED

Carol, there's another name to run. Dale Denton.

CAROL

Does he have something to do with our friend in there?

TED

If the Asians have the balls to send an assassin right into my home, we can't be too cautious. The boys say Denton and Saul are Caucasian. Maybe after their assassin failed, they sent this Denton in to finish the job.

(pondering)

Also, the boys said that Saul mentioned "going to the casino."

CAROL

"Going to the casino"? I don't like that.

Carol holsters her gun.

CUT TO:

EXT. TED'S HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Inside an Escalade with tinted windows sit two frightening looking Asian men. They have earphones on and an eavesdropping tool aimed at Ted's house. They hear every word. One of them writes down info in Korean.

CAROL (O.S.)

(through one of the Asian men's ear piece)

I'll be back in an hour with everything there is on Dale Denton. He'll be dead by the time we make our pick-up tomorrow.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dale and Saul walk as fast as they can.

SAUL

But my parents live in Canada. You don't think they're going to go to Canada, do you? How would they get a Canadian phone book?

DALE

All I know is Angie's new number is on my fridge, so I have to get to her.

*
*

SAUL

My Grandma lives here. They wouldn't go after her, would they? She's got a different last name. Belogus.

*
*

Dale hails a cab. They get in.

*

EXT. OUTSIDE ANGIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

*

Dale and Saul get out of the cab. Saul begrudgingly pays the driver. They walk towards Angie's apartment building.

*
*

DALE

Dude, stay here. I'll be back in a minute.

SAUL

Hells no! I don't want to be alone! I want to go with you!

*

DALE

Saul, you've got to watch my back. I'll literally be five minutes.

*
*

SAUL

Fine. But hurry.

*
*

Dale runs into Angie's building.

*

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens on the 16th floor and Dale dashes out. He sprints to Angie's apartment and knocks frantically.

*
*

DALE

Angie! Angie! It's Dale! Open up!

Angie opens the door with a smile, the phone in hand. Her attention is towards the phone conversation she is having. Dale enters her apartment.

*
*
*

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

*

Angie shuts the door.

*

ANGIE

(into the phone)

Mom, I'll call you later. Dale just arrived. Love you, too.

She hangs up and finally takes a good look at Dale.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

My mom says-

(beat)

Oh my God! Why are you so dirty? What happened?

She reaches out to touch the bump on his head from Red's ashtray.

DALE

Ow! I was in the woods and, um...

Dales doesn't notice, but his nose begins to bleed.

DALE (CONT'D)

Listen, I'll explain later, but for now trust me that we've got to get the hell out of here.

ANGIE

Did you get mugged? What-

(smiling)

Oh. Okay. What's the gag, Denton?

DALE

There's no gag, please, just trust me, we have to go now!

ANGIE

I've got homework, Dale. Seriously, what happened? This is a joke, right?

Dale looks deadly serious. He pops his head out the door and scans the hallway for danger.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Right?

EXT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Saul stares at a voluptuous Wonder Woman action figure in a toy store display window.

SAUL

Whoa. Nice tits, Wonder Woman.

The two Bikers pull-up behind him, get off their bikes, put money in the meter, and head towards Angie's building. A car honks loudly behind Saul and he turns just in time to see the bikers walk into Angie's building.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Holy fuck.

Saul takes a deep breath, looks up the length of the building, and walks into the lobby.

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY

Saul cautiously hangs back, covering his face, as he watches the two bikers enter the elevator, which is packed with people. The doors close and Saul bolts for the apartment directory. He manically searches for Angie's apartment number.

SAUL

What was her name? Fuck. Andre? That's a fuckin' guys name. Amy? Fuck!

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Angie sits on her couch and listens, a terribly serious look on her face.

DALE

So, then, the cop and the guy shot the guy, and then saw my car drive off, I think. So, they might have seen my license plate and...followed me...I don't know if they did, hopefully not, but just in case.

ANGIE

Who are these people? Why are they-

DALE

I think their drug dealers.

ANGIE

(on the verge of tears)
Why?

DALE

Well, it's complicated. See, the...uh...it doesn't matter right now, we just have to get out of here.

ANGIE
Let's go to the police!

DALE
No, they are the police!

Angie is absolutely terrified. Dale quickly grabs her shoes and tosses them to her.

DALE (CONT'D)
Let's go!

ANGIE
My keys-

DALE
I'll get them, just put on your shoes.

Angie grabs her purse and puts on her shoes. She steps into the hall and sees an utterly exhausted Saul BURST out of the stairwell and immediately start running towards her in a panicked frenzy.

SAUL
(completely out of breath)
You...*huff*...Angie? Dale's-

ANGIE
EEEEHHH!!!

Angie reaches into her purse and pulls out a nail file. Angie STABS Saul in the shoulder!

SAUL
ARGGG!!!

ANGIE
(freaking out)
Dale, it's one of the drug dealers!!!

SAUL
No! I'm Dale's dealer, I'm S-

DALE
Angie!

Dale comes out of Angie's door and JUMPS onto Saul, not realizing who it is.

DALE (CONT'D)
I'll fucking kill you, I'll-

SAUL

ARG!!! Get off of me you fuckin' nut!
I've been stabbed!

DALE

Saul?!?

SAUL

Yeah. Arg! Fuck!
(to Angie)
I'm not one of them, I'm Dale's dealer.
I'm Saul!

Saul yanks the nail file out of his arm and throws it
into Angie's apartment.

ANGIE

Saul? Dale, who is-

SAUL

Ah! Who fucking cares? We've gotta get
the fuck out! They're coming! Those
bikers from my lobby, I think they're in
the elevator right now!

Dale and Angie look to the elevator. It's almost at their
floor.

SAUL (CONT'D)

That wasn't Hindi, mother fuckers, run!

Saul leads Angie and Dale into the stairwell.

BING! The elevator doors open as the bikers emerge. They
walk down the corridor, read Angie's apartment number,
and then kick in her door.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Unbelievably exhausted, a small patch of blood on his
shoulder, Saul leads Dale and Angie down the stairs.

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The bikers quickly check her apartment. They find nothing
unusual, but then Biker #2 notices the bloody nail file.
He picks it up and touches the fresh blood. They dash out
of the apartment.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Dale, Angie, and Saul burst into the lot. *

ANGIE *

Over here! *

Angie leads them to her car, fumbling with the keys. She manages to open the car. Saul hangs back, pulling up his shirt to look at the stab wound. *

SAUL *

Man... *

DALE

Alright, baby. Here's the plan - go to the Holiday Inn downtown and use a fake name. Something like...

(looks around, sees only cars)

Car...lyle.

ANGIE

Carlyle?

(beat)

I...I have so many questions. I just...how can this be happening? Where...where are you going? *

DALE

I have to stop this. I don't know how, but don't worry. I'll keep you safe. *

(beat)

But still, watch your back. You never know where they might be, whoever they are. *

Angie gets in the car. Dale pecks her on the lips.

DALE (CONT'D)

I love you.

Beat.

ANGIE

Uh...thanks. *

She shuts her door and pulls out. *

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF ANGIE'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Angie drives out, almost colliding with the two bikers as they drive off. *

BIKER #1 *

Hey! Watch it! *

The Bikers rip it and drive off, as does Angie. Seconds later, Dale and Saul jog out of the underground parking. They cautiously scan the area. *

SAUL *

What now? *

DALE

Just run, man!

They start to sprint. *

SAUL

Huff *Huff* Where are we running? *

Huff Huff* I can barely breath. *

DALE

Somewhere we can think.

INT. TED'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS *

Ted and Carol are in mid-discussion, and rather distraught at that. Behind them two henchmen take the dead Asian man's body out the back door. *

CAROL *

A nail file? *

TED *

A bloody nail file. In his girlfriends apartment. And the blood was fresh. *

CAROL *

Maybe he killed her, to protect himself. *

TED *

Or maybe it's the Asians fucking with us. What the fuck is going on! *

(a frustrated beat) *

Any luck with the cell phones? *

CAROL

We tried to triangulate them. They must have destroyed them. These guys know what they're doing.

Ted slams his fist on a table. He ponders.

TED

I want to talk to the Asians. Get me Cheung's number. Now.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHEUNG'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Cheung, the leader of the Asians, has a lavish mansion which is covered in ornate decorations and expensive merchandise. It is immaculately clean and organized. Several armed men with earpieces stand in strategic locations throughout the house. Cheung is reading a Korean book alone in his study. The phone rings and he picks it up.

CHEUNG

(in Korean)

Hello?

TED

Cheung. It's Ted.

Cheung sits up, shocked to have his opponent calling him. He snaps his fingers and two guards run in. He covers the phone.

CHEUNG

(in Korean)

Record this conversation.

He uncovers the receiver.

CHEUNG (CONT'D)

(perfect English)

Ted. This is surprising. What would you like?

TED

Cheung, I want you to call off your man Denton. I don't know what he is, a scout, assassin, and frankly I don't care. I just want him gone. I want him dead.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

If you do this, I'll consider it a peace offering, otherwise, you're asking for war. And just in case you forgot, I'm number one, and there's a reason for that. You've got 24 hours to reply.

*
*
*
*
*

We stay on Cheung. He hails another guard.

*

CHEUNG

This Denton character is more important than I thought. Call our contacts - all of them. Bring him to me.

*
*
*
*

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Dale and Saul sit against a tree in a dark corner of a park. Fast food wrappers lie scattered. Saul is rolling a joint.

SAUL

Victory joint complete. Here ya go.

Saul passes it to Dale, who lights it. Dale takes another puff and starts to seriously relax. A smile creeps across his face as he passes the joint to Saul.

DALE

"Tell us what you know!" How fuckin' balls was that?

*
*

Saul takes a puff.

SAUL

Like, really balls.

*

DALE

And I think I fought pretty well, don't you? You know, for my first time. We were like Tango and Cash, man.

SAUL

Or Scarface!

DALE

BOOM! Knocked the door right off it's hinges!

Saul passes the joint to Dale.

SAUL

And you probably saved Angie, which is fucking pimp.

DALE

I probably couldn't have done it without you. Thanks, man. It is fucking pimp.

SAUL

We're in this together, right? So, ya know.

Saul passes the joint to Dale.

DALE

Thanks, man.

(beat)

You know, my last dealer was a total dick. You're by far the coolest dealer I've ever had.

SAUL

(sincerely)

Wow. Thanks, man. I seriously appreciate that.

DALE

Like...the two visits before the last, I totally had weed, I just came to hang.

SAUL

(over-joyed)

Really? 'Cause, like, plenty of dudes come in to buy and pretend to be all buddy-buddy with me, but in my head I'm always, like, "you don't like me, you like my drugs, so fuck you, buddy!" You know?

DALE

Cool.

SAUL

And just so you know, I totally could have lit that cross-joint on my own. I'd just have to use candles, but, like, I've never smoked one of those with anyone before.

DALE

Well, after all this, I think it's safe to say we're actual, real friends.

Dale passes Saul the joint.

SAUL

Amen, brother. I'll smoke to that.

DALE

So, do you think we should leave Seattle?
We could just get on a bus and go, right?

*
*
*

SAUL

We only have, like, fifty bucks. I don't
think that could even pay for one ticket.

*

Saul rubs the roach out in the dirt.

DALE

What about your sack?

*

Saul rubs his balls again.

SAUL

Oh man. It's still fucking killing me.

DALE

(laughing)

No dude, your sack of weed. Can't we sell
some?

*
*

SAUL

Of course. That's my bread and butter. We
just have to go to a highschool. It's the
easiest market.

*
*
*

DALE

Is there anyone other than little kids we
could sell it too?

SAUL

Why?

DALE

It doesn't really seem right.

*

SAUL

They're gonna get it from somewhere. I
mean, we got it from guys like us.

*
*

DALE

Yeah, but is there anyone else we could
sell it to?

*

SAUL

(thinks, then-)

We could go to Crackhead Park.

DALE

What's that?

SAUL

It's a park. Full of crackheads. They smoke weed too, though. Or, I could call this guy I know, Whooping Krane, he'll trade us some crack for weed, I mean, he is a crackhead, so he's not the most trustworthy guy, but-

DALE

Stop, okay? We'll got to a high school. *

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCHTIME - THE NEXT DAY

Dale and Saul walk up to four thirteen year old students skateboarding. (DESMOND, WALT, ACK and BLAKE)

SAUL

Nice ollie. What's up?

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND A CONVIENANCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Dale and the four skateboarders all laugh hysterically as Saul marches around pretending to be Godzilla, blasting weed smoke out of his nose and mouth as though it was fire. Saul passes Ack the joint. He takes a puff and starts coughing.

DALE

(very stoned)

Man, this is great.

ACK

Cough *Cough* What's it called again?

WALT

Pineapple express. They said it, like, eight times, you fucking 'tard. *

ACK

Oh, so sorry if I-

BLAKE

Come on, man. Puff, puff, pass. *

SAUL

You know, I went here up until ninth grade. Kicked me out for having a swiss army knife. Everyone has a swiss army knife!

DALE

I got like, thirty for my Bar Mitzvah.

DESMOND

My Bar Mitzvah sucked.

ACK

I touched Jessica Lubell's tit at your Bar Mitzvah.

DALE

You touched a tit when you were twelve?

WALT

Lubell? Are you joking? Those are the finest tats in the grade!

Saul chuckles. Blake passes the joint to Dale.

SAUL

Alright gentlemen, it's time for me to teach you some business. Brass tacs - this is the best weed you've ever smoked, agreed?

The kids all nod in agreement. *

SAUL (CONT'D) *

So I'm gonna make this simple. How much did you get between you? *

BLAKE

A hundred and seventy eight.

Saul pulls out his impressive bag of weed. The kids GASP. *

SAUL

Alright. You gimme all your money, you can each take two handfuls of weed. That treat ya right? *

The kids cheer as Desmond takes two BIG handfuls.

DESMOND

That's fucking awesome! *

SAUL

I know. Keep it on the down low.

They pay Dale and take their weed. Happy as hell, they run off, stuffing HANDFULS OF WEED into their pockets.

ACK

(to Walt)

Jason'll never believe this...until I
show him all this weed!

*

Dale holds the un-lit joint as Saul takes the pot and the money.

SAUL

And we, my good man, are officially scott
fuckin' free.

DALE

Besides the fact that there's still
people trying to kill us.

*

SAUL

But at least now we can afford to run.
I'm gonna go buy some celebration snacks.
Let's have us a little fiesta.

Saul laughs as he puts on his backpack and walks around the corner.

*

Dale re-lights the remaining roach and casually smokes. He blows some smoke rings, coughs a bit, stretches; for a few moments, looking completely relaxed, but then-

A COP CAR screeches to a halt right in front of Dale! A female POLICE LIAISON OFFICER (who is not Carol) gets out of the car. Dale freezes in horror.

*

POLICE LIAISON

Don't move!

She walks towards Dale. He seems prepared to run, but she places her hand on a can of pepper spray.

POLICE LIAISON (CONT'D)

Don't move! This stuff hurts. What's in your hand?

DALE.

I'm sorry, Ma'am. It's weed. I'll get rid of it right away, I was just smoking this. I...I thought it was decriminalized. Or something. For medical purposes. I have epilepsy.

POLICE LIAISON

Selling pot to my students isn't
"decriminalized." I'm the liaison officer
for this school and I just caught four
students showing off handfuls of
marijuana to their friends. They told me
they got it back here. Put your hands up.

*

She cuffs Dale's hands behind him!

DALE

Wait! I wasn't selling anything! All I
have is this little joint.

Police Liaison takes the large joint out of Dale's hand.

POLICE LIAISON

You call this little?

She throws it on the ground and smears it around with her
foot.

*

*

DALE

I don't even have any money! How did I
sell weed if I don't have any money?!? I
was just smoking it. I swear. Please.

She pats him down, finding only his wallet. The Police
Liaison sees he only has nine dollars. She pulls out his
DRIVER'S LICENSE.

*

POLICE LIAISON

It's possible you're telling the truth.
I'm going to run a check and if it turns
out you don't have any priors and all
you've got is this small amount of
marijuana, I'll let you go with a fine.
Take a seat.

*

*

She walks towards her car as Dale sits on the ground.

ANGLE ON: Saul

Saul merrily turns into the alley holding TWO RED
SLURPEES.

He jumps back in terror! Saul sees the cop car up the
alley. He ducks back behind the corner.

SAUL

They got Dale. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh
fuck...

ANGLE ON: Dale and the Police Liaison

She looks at her car computer. The screen reads:

DALE DENTON: OUTSTANDING WARRANT - DOUBLE HIT AND RUN.

She looks back at Dale and types into her computer.

INT. CAROL'S COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

We see Carol (who is in fact Ted's evil accomplice) speeding down the road. Her police computer beeps. She looks at the screen.

CAROL
(smiling)
Denton.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Police Liaison stuffs Dale in the back of her squad car.

DALE
What is this for? What did that thing
tell you? What did I do?

POLICE LIAISON
Hit and run, Mr. Denton. A double,
actually. You hit two parked cars two
nights ago.

*

A look of crippling horror comes across Dale's face as she throws him in the back seat and slams his door shut.

ANGLE ON: Saul

He peaks down the alley and sees Dale in the back of the car and the FEMALE Police Liaison getting in the front.

SAUL
The lady cop. She's gonna kill him.

The car slowly makes a three point turn.

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

DALE
You don't understand! You have to let me
go! Dirty cops are gonna kill me! Please!

The Police Liaison ignores Dale. *

DALE (CONT'D)

This...this lady cop, and these bikers,
they all work for Ted Jones, and- *

POLICE LIAISON

(suddenly interested) *

Ted Jones? *

DALE

Yeah. With grey-hair. Tell me you know
what I'm talking about. He lives near
Evergreen Heights. He- *

POLICE LIAISON

Are you telling me you saw Ted Jones and
a police officer shoot someone? *

DALE

Yeah. An Asian someone. *

The Police Liaison ponders as she finishes her three
point turn and drives toward the exit of the alley. *

POLICE LIAISON

Stay calm, do as your told, I'll get you
down to the station. *

DALE

(ecstatic) *

Yes ma'am. *

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Saul peeks out and sees the approaching cop car. He looks
at the two red slurpees and thinks, then suddenly jumps
out and THROWS himself onto the hood of the cop car!

The Police Liaison and Dale see a body SLAM against the
car and RED LIQUID SPLATTER everywhere, covering the
windshield. They SCREAM.

WHAM! In the impact, we clearly see Saul's BALLS getting
ROCKED on the car! The Police Liaison slams on the
brakes, causing Dale to SMASH into the metal cage.

POLICE LIAISON

Oh my god! Is that blood? Oh my god!

She puts the car in park. As the Police Liaison gets out of her car, Saul can be seen crawling around the back of the vehicle, clutching his testicles. The frightened Police Liaison looks at the windshield.

She notices the two slurpee cups on the ground and quickly turns around. She sees Saul jumping into the drivers seat.

Saul sees a SHOTGUN beside the passenger seat. The Police Liaison reaches for her GUN!

DALE

NO! What are you doing!?!

SAUL

Saving you. Hold on, amigo. Tango and Cash!

POLICE LIAISON

Freeze mister! Don't even...

Saul slams the car into reverse! He speeds backwards up the alley as the Police Liaison runs after them - GUN DRAWN!

DALE

No! She was going to help us!

*

SAUL

(in pain)

Oh...my balls...I seriously think I popped one...

Suddenly, Carol (the cop from Ted's house) whips her COP CAR into the alley! WHAM!!! It smashes into the rear of their car! Dale turns around and establishes eye contact with the stunned Carol.

DALE

(horrified)

IT'S HER! The lady cop!

Saul slams down the gas! Through the slurpee covered window Saul sees the Police Liaison rushing towards them.

SAUL

(motion at the Police Liaison)

Then who's that?

The Police Liaison raises her gun.

SAUL (CONT'D)
NOOOO!!!

DALE
AAAAH!!!

The Police Liaison dives to the side as they zoom past her! They burst out of the alley. A moment later, Carol follows, in hot pursuit.

I/E. DALE AN SAUL'S STOLEN COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car weaves through traffic.

SAUL
The slurpee! I can't see!

DALE
Turn on the wipers!

Saul mindlessly starts grasping at switches in the car. He finally turns on the wipers, which wipe away the slurpee and reveal that the window is so badly cracked he still can't see through it.

Carol's car emerges right behind them.

SAUL
Dude, I seriously can't see!

DALE
Kick out the window! Isn't that what they do? *

SAUL
I don't know. Okay.

Saul, with great effort, keeps one foot on the pedals and, with all his might, kicks his other leg through the front window. His leg PUNCHES straight through the glass, but he can't pull it back in!

SAUL (CONT'D)
Oh fuck! Shit!

DALE
Get it out of there!

Suddenly, their car gets jerked to the side.

SAUL
Ah! Ah! My leg! *

Carol is ramming them from behind.

DALE
(hysterical)
She's following us! She's gaining on us!

SAUL
Her car's better!

Saul yanks at his leg and manages to wriggle it out of the hole. He begins to accelerate and realizes he can see where he's going through the hole.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Ha! I can see! Through my leg hole!

Saul bumps over the curb and cuts through a LARGE PARK. Carol is right behind them.

DALE
Do something!

Saul thinks hard, then buckles his seat belt.

SAUL
Hold on. I've got an idea. *

Dale does what little he can to brace himself. Saul SLAMS on the breaks.

Carol sees Saul screeching to a halt and slams on her breaks. She grunts and whips out her GUN.

Just as Saul and Dale come to a full stop, Carol stops directly beside them!!!

She opens fire - BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! - Bullets rip through the stolen cruiser. Shattered glass flies everywhere. Dale and Saul desperately duck for cover.

Saul hits the gas and the bullet riddled car takes off. Carol follows.

DALE
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!?!?

Saul pops back up and begins steering again.

SAUL
Oh shit, man! I'm sorry! I thought she'd keep going.

The car bumps back on to a main road. Carol follows, sirens blaring.

DALE

Turn on the sirens!

*

Saul's hand flails around, grasping everything. He feels the SHOTGUN and accidentally pulls the trigger-

BOOM! The blast blows through the roof of the car and hits an overhead TRAFFIC LIGHT - shredding it to pieces!

SAUL

JESUS!!!

DALE

SHIT!

Carol flies into the intersection on a collision course with Saul and Dale.

CRUNCH! A car smashes into the side of the Carol's cruiser.

*

*

As Dale and Saul speed off, Carol emerges from the smoking wreckage, a look of hate in her eyes.

*

EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The stolen cruiser screeches to a halt and Saul hops out.

SAUL

Run!

He starts running up the block at top speed.

Dale, still handcuffed in the back of the cruiser, starts thrashing and screaming.

DALE

Saul! Saul! I'm locked in!

Dale continues to scream as Saul obliviously bolts to the end of the block and just keeps going.

DALE (CONT'D)

You dumb fucking fuck!!! HELP ME!!!

Dale sits in the car, helpless. He has a look of utter disbelief on his face. After a moment of silence he starts wildly kicking the door window. He soon gives up.

Just then, Dale notices Saul, over a block away, running back towards the stolen car. Saul soon arrives, completely out of breath, and opens the door.

SAUL

So...*huff*...*huff*...fuckin'
sorry...*huff*...forgot...

*

Dale flops out of the car and onto the grass. Saul tries to help him to his feet, but Dale pulls away.

DALE

Don't touch me, you asshole!

Dale wiggles to his feet runs for it. Saul follows.

EXT. BEHIND AN ICE RINK - DAY

*

Saul works on Dale's handcuffs with a crappy little saw. Dale's eyes are still red and irritated from the pepper spray. A "Handsome Hardware Store" bag is at their feet.

*

*

*

SNAP! The chain finally breaks.

*

DALE

*

(relieved)

*

I'm going to go call Angie. Be right back.

*

*

SAUL

*

A thank you would be nice!

*

EXT. IN FRONT OF AN ICE RINK - MOMENTS LATER

*

Dale is on a pay phone.

*

DALE

*

Could I have the, uh, Carlyle room, please?

*

*

INTERCUT WITH:

*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

*

Angie is watching TV alone in a hotel room. The phone rings and she picks it up.

*

*

ANGIE

*

Dale?

*

DALE

*

Angie! Thank God you're okay!

*

ANGIE

I'm fine. How are you? Are you okay?

DALE

I'm going to leave town and contact a government official or something. From somewhere safe.

(deep breath)

Look. Angie, I know I can't apologize enough and -

ANGIE

Dale. I've realized some problems and-

DALE

I know there's a problem! That's the thing, that's why I-

ANGIE

Dale, shut up and listen.

(beat)

You lied to me. You told me you haven't been smoking, which you obviously have, and somehow you actually got so involved that people are trying to kill you, and me! Dale, people are trying to kill me, because of you! For God's sake...

(beat)

I can't love you if I can't trust you.

DALE

Angie, wait! You can trust me! I'll tell you everything. I'll be completely honest and trustworthy with you. You know I used to smoke, but I decided I wanted to stop, so I told you I did, you know, so it would inspire me. Like buying pants that are too small to lose weight. But I'm done with that now. I stopped smoking weed today and I'm ready to salvage my life for you.

ANGIE

Salvage your life? We're being chased by drug dealers! This is it. If that isn't a reason you break up with someone, I don't know what is. You're just immature, and the fact that you think you're some kind of fucking genius just makes it a hundred times more infuriating!

DALE

What? You're telling me you think I'm a dumb guy?

ANGIE

What do you do that's so smart?
(beat)

You're not how you think you are Dale, and it's pathetic that you haven't realized that yet. Meanwhile, I'll be hiding in a hotel. Call when I can go home - if you can remember.

Angie hangs up.

EXT. BEHIND AN ICE RINK - MOMENTS LATER

Dale turns a corner, miserable as hell, and sees that Saul is rolling a joint.

DALE

You're kidding, right? Come on man, we have to get to the bus station.

SAUL

Don't worry. I can roll it in thirty seconds and smoke it in sixty.

DALE

Are you joking? You're actually gonna smoke marijuana?

SAUL

Why not? We don't have thirty plus sixty seconds? Chill out.

DALE

How can you smoke marijuana after what we just went through? That clearly happened because we were smoking marijuana.

SAUL

No. It happened because those fucking kids didn't keep that shit on the down low.

DALE

If you haven't noticed, we're not very functional when we're stoned, Saul.

SAUL

When I saved you with those Slurpees I was stoned. What do you gotta say to that? Maybe the pot is what gave me the creative capacity to come up with such a great plan!

DALE

You didn't save me! She was going to protect us, and now we're wanted for all sorts of crazy shit!

Saul lights the joint.

DALE (CONT'D)

Fine. Smoke marijuana. But you know how "Scarface" ends. Face down, dead, in your own fuckin' water fountain.

SAUL

For one thing, I'm done dealing pot. Mostly, because I don't know where I would get it now, but still. And "b", fuck you, man. You can't judge me. We're exactly the same, and this whole thing's your fucking fault. You're the one who dropped the roach!

*
*

DALE

It's not my fault!

Dale points at the joint.

DALE (CONT'D)

It's marijuana's fault!

SAUL

Stop calling it marijuana!

DALE

You'd be dead without me!

SAUL

No! Without you this would've never happened and I'd probably be at Arby's enjoying some kind of delicious roast beef sandwich.

Saul takes out his wad of cash and throws half of it at Dale.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Here. Buy yourself a good last meal.

*

He throws fifty more cents at Dale. *

SAUL (CONT'D) *
Super size it, bitch. *

Dale starts picking up the money as Saul walks away.

INT. TED'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carol, who is a little bruised up from the car crash, sits with Ted. They are both furious. *

CAROL
I've never seen driving like that. It was incredible.

TED
This is not good. We should have this under control. We're picking up a gigantic shipment at dusk and we haven't heard shit from the Asians. *

Carol checks her watch.

CAROL
Well, we should probably get to the farm. *

MUSIC UP: THE END by THE DOORS

- Inside an Arby's, a frightened Saul stands in line to order. He looks up at the combo meals. He looks at the people in the other line and sees a METER MAID. He tenses up, starts sweating profusely, and slowly inches out of line and runs out of the restaurant.

- In a bus station, head hung low, Dale receives his ticket and moves to a bench. *

He buries his hands in his pockets. He feels something and pulls it out...it's the Homer Simpson bottle opener. He pokes it.

HOMER BEER OPENER
(mechanized Homer voice)
Mmm...beer **Glug Glug Glug**

Dale starts sobbing.

- On a swing set in a park, with groups of children playing nearby, Saul smokes a joint. He looks sad and afraid.

D - Outside the bus station, Dale stares at a joint in his hands, thinks for a moment, and then, crying profusely, lights it and starts smoking.

A solitary tear rolls down his cheek and drips directly onto the tip of the joint, putting it out. Dale hears the sizzle and looks at the joint and then flicks it away and continues crying.

P.A.

All departures to Puyallup please head to Gate 9 now.

Dale mopes across the bus station, weeping all the while. He looks at his ticket then stares across the large bus pavilion, noticing FOUR ASIAN TRANSIT OFFICERS heading towards him. He starts to casually walk away, then realizes they are following him.

He begins to pick up the pace, but then he stops. A look of defeat sweeps across his face - he's done. He turns to the Transit Officers.

ASIAN TRANSIT OFFICER

(broken English)

Don't move!

DALE

I won't.

He extends his wrists to the officers, giving himself up.

One of the officers VIOLENTLY twists Dale's arm and forces him to his knees. Another officer kicks him to the ground and steps on his throat. One of the Transit Officers speaks into his walkie-talkie.

ASIAN TRANSIT OFFICER

(subtitled from Mandarin)

Inform the boss. We have Denton. *

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WONG enters the office and sees Cheung seated behind a small desk with a massive picture of Chairman Mao hanging behind him. *

In subtitles:

WONG

We have Denton. *

CHEUNG

Lee Yung was my sister's beloved. His death lacked honor. His spirit is in pain.

WONG

Do not worry. In the end, they will be the ones to pay. I will personally make sure of it.

*
*
*

Cheung suddenly reveals an electronic GLOBAL POSITIONING SYSTEM (GPS) in one hand, and a folded up PIECE OF PAPER in the other.

CHEUNG

With these simple tools, the white devil's fortress will lay at our feet in ruins. His blood shall stain the yield of his crop until it is scorched by the fires of hell.

*

Cheung hands Wong the GPS and the piece of paper.

CHEUNG (CONT'D)

If tonight you die...then you die with honor!

Wong nods and exits the room.

*

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dale sits on a crate in a large room, crying profusely. Two ASIAN THUGS have their guns aimed at him.

In subtitles:

ASIAN THUG

(to Asian Thug 2)

Do you have any gum?

ASIAN THUG 2

No.

DALE

(crying hysterically)

What are you saying?!? Just kill me already! I'm not even a man!

Wong enters and motions for Dale to follow him. The Asian Thugs force Dale along.

EXT. HARBOUR - DUSK - CONTINUOUS.

They walk outside and Dale discovers that they're at the harbour. The thugs lead him down a long pier, stopping him at the end. Dale snuffles as he prepares to die. Wong hands Dale a piece of paper and then motions for Dale to read it.

DALE

(reading piece of paper)

"Hello Pale Skinned Dullard."

(looks up at Wong)

"You have been captured. Your only hope of survival is to follow the subsequent instructions: To your left there is a boat."

*
*

Dale looks to his left and there is in fact a small tin boat.

DALE (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

(reading)

"Get in the boat."

Dale awkwardly boards the wobbly boat.

DALE (CONT'D)

Is this what you want? You want to shoot me in the boat? Alright, I'm in the boat.

Wong tosses Dale the GPS. He looks at it inquisitively.

*

DALE (CONT'D)

(reading)

"You have just been handed a Global Positioning System. Drive until the red dot is in the middle of the screen. Then put on the provided..."

*
*
*

(eyes widen)

...scuba equipment?!? Once in the water, retrieve the package. You will know it when you see it. Bring it here."

*
*
*

(looks at Wong)

...are you fucking kidding me?!? Why don't I just de-thrown the Queen of France and plant a daisy on the moon while I'm at it?

*
*
*
*

Wong starts to untie the little boat from the pier. Horrified, Dale desperately gestures for him to stop.

*
*

DALE (CONT'D)

No! No! Please! Sir! Stop! I can't do
this!

*

Wong says something in Korean, then pushes Dale's boat
off, sending him floating away.

*

*

Dale pulls the engine chord, but it doesn't work. Wong
watches impatiently as he tries several more times. Dale
finally starts the engine and drives off into the ocean.

EXT. PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Alone and afraid on a street corner, Saul dials.

SAUL

(loudly)

Hi Grandma! It's Solly.

(beat)

I know! I'm so sorry. Would it be okay if
I came over right now?

*

*

(beat)

Do you mind if I stay for dinner?

(beat)

Parmisgana! I love it.

(beat)

I made you miss Majong yesterday? I feel
horrible.

(beat)

Maybe I'll just stay over tonight and
make you breakfast tomorrow, how does
that sound?

(beat)

Love you too.

Saul makes a kissing noise into the phone and hangs up.

EXT. SMALL TIN MOTOR BOAT - DUSK

The blinking red dot is in the middle of the GPS screen.
Dale finishes putting the wet-suit on over his street
clothes. He puts on the scuba tank and then stares at his
reflection in the ocean.

*

*

DALE

(to himself)

This is some Thunderball shit. I'm not
James Bond. I'm not even Tango. I'm just
a fucking loser.

Dale puts on his mask and hose, takes a few awkward breathes, and falls into the ocean - SPLASH - He disappears into the waters as we reveal, in the distance, three approaching kayaks.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - CONTINUOUS

Saul, hiding behind a bush across the street, surveys the retirement home. Seeing the coast is clear, he walks towards the entrance.

A moment later, the two bikers pull up.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Having great difficulty breathing properly, Dale awkwardly swims towards the ocean floor. He spots the fridge-sized package. Tied to it's top is a ruck sack with a small blinking GPS device. *

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - CONTINUOUS

Saul casually walks into the lobby. The elderly residents of the retirement home are milling around the massive common room.

ELDERLY WOMAN(O.S.)

Solly?

Saul turns and sees an ELDERLY WOMAN.

SAUL

Hey! Mrs. Mendelson!

Saul peers over her shoulder and sees the two bikers walk in!

SAUL (CONT'D)

HOLY SHIT!!!

Saul runs for it, and the bikers chase after him. He maneuvers through the elderly like a pylon course, the bikers right on his ass. He bursts into-

INT. TEA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dead end! Several startled OLD WOMEN look up from their Majong. One of them instantly recognizes Saul-

MRS. CORBER
Solly Silver?!?

SAUL
Mrs. Corber! You gotta hide me!

The bikers bursts into the room and GRABS Saul. One of them knees him hard in the balls.

SAUL (CONT'D)
NOOO!!!

They punch Saul in the face.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Dale grasps a long rope attached to the package and pulls, but it is too heavy too move. He drops the rope and looks up, and is shocked to see the silhouettes of several kayaks floating above him. *

A scared and confused Dale watches as a SCUBA DIVER jumps in and starts swimming towards him. As the diver approaches him at a menacing speed, we focus in on Dale's eyes and see them turn from fear to rock solid determination. Dale clenches his fist and prepares for action! *

The diver slams Dale against the ocean floor and knocks his goggles off and his air hose out of his mouth! Dale gasps for air, but swallows a mouthful of water. *

Dale is seconds from losing consciousness when, suddenly, the ruck sack on the top of the package bursts open and a HUGE BALLOON INFLATES. Dale desperately grasps the rope attached to the package as it rockets upwards, towing him towards the surface. *

The package bursts out of the water; a moment later, a gasping Dale surfaces. He takes in several huge, life-saving breathes. He immediately notices a guy in a kayak, so he tears off his mask and HURLS it at the guy, nailing him in the ear. *

KAYAK HENCHMAN

Ah!

DALE
Yes! How you like me now? You fuckin' like tha- *

WHAM!!! From out of nowhere, a kayak SLAMS into the back of Dale's head.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BACK OF A MOVING U-HAUL - SOON AFTER

Dale wakes up, still in his wet suit, as the U-Haul slows to a stop. He realizes that his arms and legs are bound with duct tape. He looks around and sees a dozen large bricks of cocaine. The back of the truck opens.

Dale watches in terror as Biker #1 walks up to him with a knife in hand. As he nears, Dale closes his eyes. The biker cuts the tape away from Dale's legs.

BIKER #1

Get up.

Dale gets up and hops out of the truck.

INT. THE BARN - CONTINUOUS

Dale sees that he is in a LARGE BARN. Biker #2 appears and starts unloading the scuba equipment from the U-haul. Biker #1 pokes Dale in the back with his gun, ushering him towards the corner of the barn. They come to an an 80 year old TRAP DOOR. The biker opens the hatch and they descend.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Dale is led along a narrow tunnel. As they reach the end, Dale's eyes go wide. He enters the same massive metal room that the government used in the 20s (at the beginning of the movie)...only now it is rather worn down, and filled with HUNDREDS OF HUGE MARIJUANA PLANTS.

DALE

(breath-taken)

El Dorado.

The biker urges Dale through the dense forest of weed, the hum of the giant grow lights filling the air.

INT. OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

The room (where Private Miller was in the beginning) is still divided by a large one-way mirror.

Dale is shoved in and is shocked to see Saul, sporting a nasty black eye, sitting miserably in the corner. The biker exits the room and shuts the door.

SAUL

Dale!?! What the fuck?

SAUL (CONT'D)

Did you rat me out, you shitty bastard?
That why you're here?

DALE

No. Of course not! They caught me too.

SAUL

Good. You fucking deserve it! You've ruined my life!

DALE

And I could not be more sorry about that!

SAUL

Oh. Wow. Thanks, buddy. Why don't you write that out on a big soft piece of paper so I can wipe my ass with it. Do you even truly understand that I am actually gonna die because of you!

DALE

Don't say that! What kind of attitude is that? We...I...I really think we have a chance.

SAUL

How? You forget to tell me you shoot lasers out of your eyes, or you got some kind of secret blowtorch strapped to your dick? We're not gonna escape, Dale, we're losers, and sinners, and after we die, we're gonna go to hell!

DALE

We're not losers! We...we did that car chase...I mean, that was you! You got away from the cops. I've watched, like, nine billion hours of worlds wildest police chases and I have never seen a guy get away. Not once!

SAUL

Yeah, that was pretty wicked.

DALE

And...and I got in a scuba fight!

SAUL
Whoa...like in Thunderball?

DALE
Yeah! Exactly! And I won.

SAUL
You didn't win. You're here.

DALE
They cheaped me out!

The U-haul comes to stop and the engine turns off. Saul looks terrified, but Dale seems strangely invigorated.

DALE (CONT'D)
(hushed)
Yo - if I cough, I'm going to make a move, if I cough twice, you take the lead. Got it?

SAUL
(hushed)
What? No! What if you actually cough?

DALE
Perfect! Rub your wrists against my belt!

SAUL
What?

DALE
My belt buckle'll cut the tape. Do it!
This is it!

Saul is hesitant, but awkwardly gets in position anyway.

DALE (CONT'D)
Hurry!

In an unavoidably sexual-looking motion, Saul begins to gyrate against Dale's belt buckle.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The barn door slides open revealing Ted's parked Cadillac. Ted and Carol walk into the barn.

TED
You have them?

BIKER #1
Got them downstairs.

CAROL
Where did you find them?

BIKER #1
One at his Grandma's and the pick-up boys
nabbed the other guy trying to steal the
package.

The biker points to Dale's SCUBA GEAR on the ground.

TED
That is...mysterious.

CAROL
How are they always one step ahead of us?

CLOSE UP: Dale's SCUBA GEAR. We reveal that in between
the two scuba tanks, the Asians have planted a small
BLINKING GPS DEVICE.

INT. OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Saul are still "humping" away.

DALE
This isn't working. I'm using my mouth.

Dale drops to his knees and starts gnawing at the tape on
Saul's hands as Saul stares into the two-way mirror.

SAUL
You know what's fucked up, man? If weed
wasn't illegal, none of this would have
ever happened.

DALE
(muffled through his gnawing)
Yeah! Pot should be legal, but it's still
dumb to smoke yourself retarded.

SAUL
(whispering)
Someone's coming!

Dale jumps to his feet as Biker #2 walks in, gun drawn.
Dale looks at Saul and notices that he's managed to free
his hands. Dale COUGHS TWICE. Saul shoots him a worried
look and shakes his head. The biker notices.

Saul COUGHS TWICE. Dale shoots him a confused look. Saul motions at him and COUGHS TWICE MORE.

BIKER #2

(to Saul, stoned off his ass)

Hey man, whatever you're doing, I get it, okay? So just stop it, alright? Just cut it-

DALE CHARGES DIRECTLY AT BIKER #2!!!

BLAM! The biker shoots at Dale's head! Dale falls to the ground, specks of blood hitting Saul as he dives forwards, TACKLING Biker #2 into the wall!

The biker's gun slides across the room, hitting Dale's motionless body. Saul scrambles for the gun and grabs it. Biker #2 gets to his feet. Saul turns and-

BLAM! He shoots Biker #2 in the leg.

BIKER #2 (CONT'D)

AAAHHHHH!!!

SAUL

Holy shit, man! I'm sorry!

The biker writhes in pain.

BIKER #2

AAAHHHHH!!! ARGH!!! YOU SHOT ME! HELP!
HELP! AAAAAHHHHH!!!

Saul turns to see Dale lying face down.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Ted and Carol talk as Biker #1 silently stands by.

TED

I just feel as though as though until we torture them and figure out everything, we won't be safe.

Suddenly, a truck smashes through the barn wall and they all dive out of the way.

The truck plows out the other side of the barn and the driver jumps out of the truck holding a machine gun - it's WONG.

WONG
(subtitled from Mandarin)
COWARD, ROUND-EYED DEVILS! WAR IS UPON
YOU!!!

RATA-TAT-TAT!!! He opens fire!

INT. UNDERGROUND STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Biker #2 moans and groans behind Saul, who is staring at Dale's motionless body. Horrified, he flips Dale over...

He's alive! The top of his left ear has been blown off.

SAUL
Dale? You're alive!

DALE
What happened?

Saul analyzes Dale's wound.

SAUL
They got your ear.

Behind Saul, Biker #2 tries to stand up, but immediately falls back down.

DALE
(difficulty hearing)
My what?

SAUL
Here. Get up.

Saul helps Dale stand up, freeing his hands. Dale feels his ear.

DALE
(in pain)
AAHHHH!!! MY EAR!!!

Dale turns to the injured biker.

DALE (CONT'D)
YOU SHOT MY EAR!!!

BIKER #2
(to Saul)
You shot my leg...

SAUL
(to Biker #2)
Well, you kneed my balls!

DALE
You shot him?

Dale notices Saul is holding a gun.

DALE (CONT'D)
Whoa.

Dale turns to Biker #2, who is mumbling to himself in a bundle on the floor.

DALE (CONT'D)
Uh...stay there.

They walk out the door and cautiously enter the forest of weed.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Ted and Carol hide behind the U-haul. Wong can be heard screaming in Mandarin as he fires at them, decimating the truck.

CAROL
I'll take him. Go downstairs.

Ted nods. Carol covers him as he runs for the trap door. Wong looks to the hatch.

WONG
(subtitled English)
I will release the fires of hell unto
your crop!

INT. GIANT UNDERGROUND GROW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Saul slowly make their way through the dense marijuana foliage.

SAUL
Look at all this fucking weed, man. Where
the hell are we? Is this some underground
weed city we don't know about?

Saul suddenly GRABS Dale and pulls him down.

SAUL (CONT'D)

(whispering)

What's that noise?

DALE

(whispering)

I don't know! That guy just blew half my
fucking ear off!

SAUL

(pointing across the room)

There! It's him!

Dale looks to see Biker #2 limping towards the exit. Saul spots an air vent in the middle of the room.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Dale, forget him. Quick, boost me up!
We'll sneak out.

They run up to the vent. Saul tucks the his gun in his belt and awkwardly climbs atop Dale's shoulders. He then tears the vent off and starts lifting himself in. At that moment, Ted enters the room.

DALE

Hold on!

SAUL

Wha-

Dale runs for cover, leaving Saul dangling helplessly! BLAM! Ted shoots at Saul as he hoists himself up, narrowly missing him. Ted then spots Dale running through the bushes and blasts off a few shots before Dale vanishes into the foliage.

TED

Denton!!!

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Biker #2 hobbles out of the trap door. Wong immediately spots him and, ignoring Carol, he takes aim. Suddenly, Ted's Cadillac jerks to a halt right in front of Biker #2, blocking Wong's bullets. The passenger door swings open - it's Biker #1!

BIKER #1

Get in!

The biker reaches out and pulls Biker #2 into the car. They passionately kiss. Biker #1 slams the gas and they plow through a wall, driving out into the farmland. Carol watches in dismay.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Thirty feet from the barn there is an air vent sticking out of the ground. Suddenly the top flies off. Saul emerges from the vent and flops onto the ground, then scampers to his feet wielding his gun. Saul looks to the open road to freedom, then back at the barn.

SAUL

Fuck...

INT. GIANT UNDERGROUND GROW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ted quietly walks through the rows of weed. Dale waits for Ted behind a bush, a FIRE EXTINGUISHER hoisted over his head. He sweats profusely, his arms and legs violently shaking.

DALE

(whispering to himself)

Oh man...

Ted walks in range and Dale hurls the fire extinguisher at him, knocking his gun out of his hand.

TED

Ow!

Dale tackles Ted.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Saul inches up to the barn and cautiously peers in. He sees Wong running towards the trap door with a RED SPORTS BAG in hand.

SAUL

(confused)

What the hell?

Carol unloads at Wong. She hits him; he lurches over and falls into the trap door. She smiles and drops her empty gun.

Saul watches Carol as she heads towards the trap door. He takes a deep breath and charges into the barn, unleashing a barrage of bullets at her!

BLAM BLAM BLAM! CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. None of the bullets hit her. She turns and sees Saul, who drops his empty gun.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Fuck tha po-lice.

They both SCREAM in rage and CHARGE, fists flying as they collide.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Ted and Dale grapple violently on the ground. Ted makes it to his feet rips his now tattered shirt off, revealing dozens of fearsome tattoos and intimidating scars. His gut jiggles as he lunges forwards, punching Dale in the throat! Dale falls to his knees, gasping for air. Ted kicks him in the head and picks up his GUN.

ANGLE ON: WONG

Barely alive, Wong drags the RED SPORTS BAG down the corridor and enters the grow room-

Ted stands over Dale, aims the gun to his head, and-

KA-BOOM!!! THE SPORTS BAG EXPLODES. Flames sweep over the room as Dale rolls for cover. Ted gets blasted back.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Saul is getting the shit beat out of him by Carol. She grabs his balls and SQUEEZES.

SAUL
AAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Fire BURSTS OUT from the trap door, hurling Saul and Carol through the air.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The air thick with weed smoke, Dale slowly rises to his feet. He sees Ted slumped against the wall, dead, his pants partially aflame. Dale walks over to Ted's body.

DALE

Sorry...

He pulls a small BLUE ENVELOPE out of his pocket and drops it on Ted.

DALE (CONT'D)

...but you've been served.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

As the barn burns Carol rises to her feet. She looks for Saul, but the smoke is so thick she can't see a thing. She stumbles over to Wong's truck and hops in, peeling out and driving off into the night.

The barn starts to buckle, when Dale suddenly leaps out of the trap door, flames licking his heels. Coughing profusely, he searches for Saul.

DALE

Saul?!? Saul?!?

Dale trips over something.

DALE (CONT'D)

Saul!

He grabs one of Saul's feet and drags him out of the barn. They clear the barn and moments later it COLLAPSES in a massive heap of burning wood. Dale pulls Saul onto the grass. Saul starts coughing.

DALE (CONT'D)

Saul? Saul! You're okay!

SAUL

(confused)

Cough *Cough* What the fuck happened?

DALE

(catching his breath)

We did it. We beat them. We won.

SAUL

Seriously?

(pointing at the fire)

How did that happen?

DALE

I have no idea, to be honest.

SAUL

I saw some Asian guy in there kicking up some shit. Maybe he was, like, Internal Affairs or something.

DALE

Probably.

SAUL

Well...what should we do? Can we go home?

DALE

I've gotta get downtown, try and win Angie back.

SAUL

Tell her you cut off your ear for her, like that crazy artist.

DALE

Do you think we should have looked for it? They probably could've re-attached it, eh?

They pick themselves up and start limping through the darkness, looking as though they survived a war.

SAUL

Don't worry, man. Look at Evander Holyfield, he looks totally normal. And plus, I saw this thing on the Discovery Channel, they can actually grow ears, like, in a petri dish, or even on the side of a mouse. And you only need half of one. It'll be a fuckin' cinch.

Saul feels his balls.

SAUL (CONT'D)

I hope somebody can grow balls on the side of a mouse.

As they walk in silence, Saul starts nervously looking back to make sure they're alone.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Do you hear something?

Dale motions at his wounded ear.

DALE

All I hear is ringing.

SAUL

Dude, I'm kind of freakin' out. Like...I don't know...like, there might be someone out there.

Dale clearly starts getting nervous, but tries to hide his fear.

DALE

Well...we each inhaled about ten pounds of weed smoke, so...it's just, you know-

Dale suddenly looks over his shoulder - but sees nothing.

DALE (CONT'D)

...a little paranoia.

Saul grabs Dale.

SAUL

(whispering)

Stop!

They both freeze.

DALE

(whispering)

What-

SAUL

(whispering)

Sshh!

DALE

(whispering)

What is-

SAUL

(whispering)

Sshh! Can you hear that?

DALE

(whispering)

What?

SAUL

(whispering)

Just listen.

Dale listens intently.

DALE
(whispering)
I literally only hear ringing.

They stand in silence.

DALE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Should we run?

SAUL
(whispering)
We should run.

DALE
RUN!!!

With the barn's flaming remains the only light in sight,
Dale and Saul run off into the endless, dark country
side. And as enchanting music fills the air, we humbly...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END