

COCKED

“Pilot”

Written By

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FADE IN:

INT. RICHARD & SUSAN'S HOUSE - DAWN

We're looking down at the peaceful sleeping face of **RICHARD PAXSON**, 42, innocent good looks and intelligent eyes -- which we can't see right now because he's wearing a chenille sleep mask. Richard is in bed in pajamas, next to his WIFE, in her matching sleep mask. A big black CHOW CHOW is sprawled between them. Their Ethan Allen-style bedroom is a cocoon of suburban domesticity.

Richard's BLACKBERRY RINGS on the nightstand -- a grating, electronic trill. The display reads: WORK.

With Pavlovian speed, Richard checks it, scrambles out of bed. He answers, snapping to attention:

RICHARD
Morning, Ken --

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - DAWN

Richard's older brother, **GRADY PAXSON**, is about to start his morning as well. Grady (44, manly, wolfishly handsome a la Josh Brolin) is asleep, buck naked in a bedroom that resembles a luxury hunting lodge.

He wakes with a smile. Looks down at a shape under the sheets -- his date from last night giving him a very welcome wake-up call.

A sexy BLONDE pops out from under the covers, smiles.

GRADY
Morning...
(thinks)
Kendra --

As the propulsive guitar of John Lee Hooker's "BANG BANG BANG BANG" kicks in, a series of stylish rhyming INTERCUTS:

-- Richard grabs a bottle of PLAX dental rinse from his bathroom cabinet, swishes it.

-- Grady grabs a bottle of JIM BEAM off his bedside table, swigs the last of it.

-- Richard straddles a stationary EXERCISE BIKE, vigorously peddling in the CARPETED BASEMENT of his Washington D.C. home.

-- Grady straddles a MOTOR-CROSS BIKE, roaring through BREATHTAKING WILDERNESS near his rural Virginia home.

-- Richard is freshly showered. **EXTREME CLOSE-UPS:** he **TIGHTENS** his belt on his **SUIT PANTS**. Tightens his **NECKTIE**. Tightens the laces on his **WING TIPS**.

-- Grady is freshly showered. Bare-assed, he **SLIPS** into his **JEANS**. Slips on an old **T-SHIRT**. Slips on **SCUFFED BOOTS**.

-- Richard shakes three **FISH OIL PILLS** from a vitamin bottle into his hand. He pops them: one, two, three.

-- Grady shakes three **BULLETS** from an **AMMO BOX** into his hand. He pops them into his **REVOLVER:** one, two, three. Ready to take on the day, Grady holsters his **GUN** to his belt.

-- Ready to take on the day, Richard holsters his **BLACKBERRY** to his belt. End of intercut.

INT. STATE CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

A cacophony of **GUNS COCKING** as Grady swaggers into America's biggest firearms industry **TRADE SHOW**. It's a jaw-dropping spectacle: thousands of assault-rifles, handguns, shotguns; giant LCD screens promoting the latest models with scenes of shocking violence; lifesize photo cutouts of children firing tiny rifles in an "N.R.A. Junior Shooters" display.

Carrying a **RED LACQUER GUN CASE**, Grady strides through the fray, fielding admiring nods from **GUN COMPANY EXECS** -- he's a star here.

Grady slows, eyeing the booth for **RAYBURN ARMS**. A TV plays: A commanding **SPOKESMAN** addressing the camera...

RAYBURN SPOKESMAN (PLAYBACK)

In an ever more dangerous world, how
do you protect yourself and your loved
ones? Introducing the new Rayburn M4 --

Busy **RAYBURN REPS** take orders as a **BOOTH BIMBO** in a bikini demos the huge assault rifle.

RAYBURN REP

Crisp clean pull, minimal overtravel --
order a thousand, you get platinum
distributor pricing.

Grady sneers and presses on, landing at the **QUIETER PAXSON FIREARMS** BOOTH, where a **DOZEN REPS IN PAXSON SHIRTS** demo **TRADITIONAL WOOD-STOCK** rifles, shotguns and revolvers. Posters read: **PAXSON FIREARMS. ARMING AMERICA SINCE 1938.**

Grady enters a private area at the back of the booth.
 CLYDE (50s, Chris Cooper-leathery) and BURT (40s, very
 overweight) light up at the sight of the gun case in his hand.

CLYDE

There it is, the secret weapon. Let's
 have a look.

Grady smiles but blows past him. Sets the case by a MAN-
 SIZE SAFE, inputs the combo.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Christ, Grady, been hawking guns for
 you and your old man for twenty years,
 you don't trust me?

GRADY

Trust is the expressway to getting
 screwed in the ass.

BURT

The gun goes on sale *tomorrow morning*.
 We gotta know what we're selling.

GRADY

Don't you worry --
 (taps the case)
 This baby'll sell itself.

He locks the case in the safe.

BURT

At least tell me the caliber. We
 talking heavy firepower?

Grady gives Burt a friendly slap on his blubbery chest.

GRADY

Gonna make those tits of yours shake
 like a hula dancer.

INT. OFFICE TOWER LOBBY - DAY

Richard's FROZEN SMILE fills the screen, wiping frame, as the
 CORPORATE I.D. bearing his name slides through a scanner.

Carrying his briefcase and a plastic container of fruit
 salad, he hustles past security to a busy bank of elevators.

DING: an elevator opens. Richard steps aside so that a UPS
 GUY can exit with a dolly full of boxes. As Richard
 courteously waits, a swarm of SUITS pushes onto the elevator.
 Richard tries to squeeze in but there's no room now.

INT. BAINBRIDGE CONSULTING GROUP - DAY

A cacophony of PHONES RINGING as Richard hustles out of the men's room and through the CUBICLE MAZE of a sterile MANAGEMENT CONSULTING OFFICE.

ASSOCIATE (O.S.)

Richard --

An ASSOCIATE (40s) anxiously falls in with him.

ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)

I'm still stuck in the weeds trying to figure out a strategy for Hansen Hotels. You get a chance to look at the research?

RICHARD

Yeah. They should cut their room rates.

ASSOCIATE

What do you mean? The hotel chain's already losing money.

RICHARD

'Cause they think they're in the hotel business. They're in the liquor and porn business.

The Associate looks intrigued but doesn't quite follow.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Half of their business travelers buy an adult movie in their room and they average twenty-four bucks on the mini-bar. Tell Hanson to cut the room rates by ten percent, they'll get double that back from the incidentals alone.

ASSOCIATE

(impressed)

Shit. I owe you one.

Richard shrugs kindly.

RICHARD

All on the same team.

He peels off, knocks and enters the corner office.

INT. BAINBRIDGE CONSULTING - KEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Richard's boss, KEN (50s, soulless) is at his desk.

RICHARD
Morning, Ken.

KEN
Do you want to make partner?

RICHARD
...Yes. Very much.

He looks at Ken, expectant: is the promotion finally coming?

KEN
Look at your phone.

Richard glances at his Blackberry.

RICHARD
Yeah, I was just in the men's room.

KEN
I'm heading projects in Zurich, Beijing, Chicago and Dubai. I don't care if I can hear you *wiping* -- I *call*, you *answer*. Are we clear?

Richard swallows his resentment, nods.

KEN (CONT'D)
Steve's telecom presentation is shit. Need you to rewrite it by Friday.

RICHARD
I uh -- I was actually supposed to go away with my kids. You know, I haven't taken any vacation this year.

KEN
In my experience, people who want to make partner make sacrifices.

Misery for Richard, but as always, he tries to please.

RICHARD
I'll get it done.

As he sucks it up, PRE-LAP the ROAR of MACHINE GUN FIRE.

EXT. TRADE SHOW - OUTDOOR SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

HI-TECH ASSAULT WEAPONS shred targets as REPS demo the latest models.

Grady cruises past promotional tents for Colt, Ruger, etc., to the VIPER TENT, where IDENTICAL TWIN BOOTH BIMBOS (MACY and STACY) in bikinis and ammo belts, are hawking SCOPES.

MACY

Double the accuracy. Twice the range.

STACY

When you're shooting for the face, you need the Viper *Twin Lens Scope*.

Grady hears this, stops, approaches. Flirtatious:

GRADY

Darling, you could almost make me believe the horseshit you're selling.

STACY

You ever tried a twin scope?

GRADY

Looks fun, but nothing a plain-old revolver can't do in the right man's hands.

STACY

You wanna bet? Prove it on the range?

GRADY

You win, I'll give you the shirt off my back.

STACY

And if I lose?

GRADY

I'll still let you wear it in the morning.

EXT. TRADE SHOW - OUTDOOR SHOOTING RANGE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE on a WATERMELON. Round. About the size of a HUMAN HEAD. It sits on the neck of a life-like MANNEQUIN, next to other MELON-HEADED TARGETS on a two-lane shooting course.

A VIPER REP adjusts the LASER TWIN SCOPE on his revolver as Grady levels his plain-old PAXSON. Stacy, Macy, and a few others watch from the nearby Viper tent.

A STARTING BEEP sounds, and the shooters OPEN FIRE in their respective lanes. MUZZLE FLASH and THUNDER as the MELONS in Grady's lane EXPLODE, spraying juice and rind like BLOOD and SKULL FRAGMENTS.

He reloads, lightning-fast. Next, a mannequin swings side to side on a rope:

Time SLOWS as Grady exhales. In ECU: his finger triggers. TRACK the BULLET as it TUNNELS through green skin and red flesh, OBLITERATING the MELON HEAD like a bomb blast. Horrible but utterly MESMERIZING: the crimson mist against the crisp blue sky BEAUTIFUL as gently falling SNOW.

A final MANNEQUIN stands on a wall in the far distance, holding a gun to the head of a HOSTAGE MANNEQUIN. In one shot, Grady takes it down, completing the course.

He looks over at the Viper Rep who's still on the second challenge. Grady aims at the final mannequin in the Rep's lane, SHOOTS it in the NUTS. The mannequin SLUMPS. The watermelon falls, SHATTERING.

The Rep looks at Grady like he just witnessed an alien invasion. Stacy and Macy approach Grady as he holsters.

STACY

I hate losing --

(flirtatious)

But that shirt does look comfy.

Grady eyes her twin sister, Macy. Flashes his wolfish grin.

GRADY

Double or nothing?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Music KICKS. QUICK CUTS of Grady having ECSTATIC SEX with BOTH SISTERS, naked except for their ammo bandoliers. The hotel suite is their playground.

Still *in flagrante*, Grady sets up lines of COCAINE on a cobalt blue training gun. They each rack back a couple.

GRADY

Beauty, bullets, and blow. What more could you wish for?

Macy looks at Grady, busy servicing her sister.

MACY

I just wish you had a brother.

Grady grins, but the thought seems to weigh on him.

INT. RICHARD & SUSAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Richard hustles in the front door of his scrupulously tidy home, Blackberry pressed to his ear.

RICHARD
It's a distribution problem, Ken. They
need to look at their supply chain...

While he listens, he quickly unties his shoes, places them on the shoe rack that's tucked under a bench by the door.

Richard hurries upstairs, UNBUTTONING his SHIRT.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
That's the thing --

The dog, TINDER, follows him into--

INT. RICHARD & SUSAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Richard's wife, **SUSAN** (44, pretty in a down-to-earth way, brainy, strong) is sitting up in bed under the covers, wearing a silk robe and reading *Psychology Today*.

RICHARD
-- It's the sourcing too.

Richard gestures at the phone, mouths "sorry." Susan looks at him with that mix of frustration and empathy that comes with abiding love. He wriggles out of his suit jacket and shirt as he tries to wrap up the call:

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I agree... Absolutely, yup...

Richard unbuckles his belt, DROPS HIS PANTS to the floor.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I'll prepare it as a PDF and a
PowerPoint...

Susan stares -- *wow, quite possibly the worst foreplay ever.*

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Will do. Sure, Ken. 'kay.

Richard hangs up, approaches Susan, eager.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
So sorry I'm late. How long till the
kids get home?

SUSAN
Like ten minutes.

RICHARD
I can work with that.

SUSAN
It's too rushed now, Babe.

RICHARD
(tries to kiss her)
C'mon. Super quick, I promise.

SUSAN
Seriously? "Super quick" is what I
look for in a *WiFi provider*, not a
husband who wants to get the spark
back.

RICHARD
I'm just saying there's still time.

Susan gets out of bed, walks toward the dog.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
C'mon, come back.

SUSAN
Tinder needs his walk.

Tinder scampers over to her. Susan bends down to greet him.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
That's right, sweets. Who loves you?

Susan lavishes Tinder with kisses. Richard looks on, standing
in his underwear, as his dog laps up his wife's affection. Off
Richard, shafted...

INT. GRADY'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

CLOSE ON Grady's RED LACQUER GUN CASE snapping open. Burt
and Clyde look down, RAPTUROUS.

CLYDE
Holy mother of God.

Inside the case is the new PAXSON REVOLVER: huge barrel,
Dirty Harry shit. Grady looks down at it like a proud father.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
It's a revolver but...it's *semi-*
automatic.

GRADY

Lowered the bore sight too, so no muzzle flip. Can see why I kept it under wraps.

CLYDE

You are a Goddamn engineering wizard.

BURT

I'd leave my wife for that gun.

GRADY

For nine hundred bucks, you won't have to.

CLYDE

Ready to take her to the prom?

GRADY

Let's sell some guns.

The case SLAMS SHUT and Elvis's "A Little Less Conversation, a Little More Action" kicks in. We MATCH CUT to --

INT. STATE CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

-- the CASE in Grady's hand, as he and Clyde and Burt strut past the racks of GUNS and AMMO.

They arrive at the EMPTY Paxson booth. Grady looks around.

GRADY

The hell is everybody?

We hear sounds of a COMMOTION nearby. They follow the noise to the RAYBURN BOOTH, where a REP stands on a dais.

RAYBURN REP

It's not a mirage. You are looking at a whole new breed of handgun. A *semi automatic revolver*. The new Rayburn Diablo. Blows a hole you can put your fist through.

The Rep points to GIANT LCDs showcasing the company's brand new gun in sleek 3-D graphics. It's identical to the new Paxson revolver.

GRADY

Sonofabitch.

CLYDE

It's a damn carbon copy. Right down to the trigger guard.

Steely-eyed, Grady looks around: BUYERS mob the booth, excitedly dry-firing Diablos and placing orders. *Shit.*

BRECK, 30s, a smarmy Rayburn exec in a suit, approaches.

BRECK
Morning Grady.

GRADY
Breck.

BRECK
(points to the gun)
Show stopper, huh? And at \$399 a piece? Can't beat *that*.

Breck claps a seething Grady on the back, nods smugly at the red lacquered gun case in Grady's hand.

BRECK (CONT'D)
What's in the lunch-box?

INT. STATE CONVENTION CENTER - PAXSON BOOTH - EVENING

Show's over. The hall is a ghost town. Grady sits shell-shocked, drinking bourbon with Clyde.

CLYDE
How the hell did they get onto our design?

GRADY
The hell do ya think? It's *Rayburn*.

He looks up to see his father, **WADE PAXSON**, 77 (a bald eagle of a man -- Robert Duval-esque, weathered but sharp-eyed, always armed) approach. Grady stands.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Dad, sit down, we've gotta talk.

WADE
Only two kinds of talk: facts or excuses. Now remind me what we spent on this abortion.

GRADY
With R&D, looking at eighteen million and change. Twenty thousand pieces.

WADE
How many sold?

Grady takes a breath, looks at Clyde.

CLYDE

Fifty.

Wade is shocked. He looks at Grady, APOPLECTIC.

WADE

Fifty? Fifty guns --

GRADY

(defensive)

We woulda sold every one of 'em if Rayburn hadn't jacked us.

WADE

And if your aunt had balls, she'd be your uncle. We got no *cash* now. You looked me in the eye and said you had distributors lined up, 'nuff to cover our cost.

GRADY

I had 'em.

CLYDE

They all dumped us for the knockoff. It's half our price, we can't compete.

Wade shakes his head. Turns to Grady.

WADE

You realize what you just walked into? Why the hell do ya think Rayburn called this morning wantin' a sitdown?

Grady looks at him, disturbed.

WADE (CONT'D)

Rayburn is a man who'll do anything to get what he wants. You let him wound us. Better believe he's coming in for the kill.

INT. RICHARD & SUSAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON an anime drawing of a PORCUPINE spraying quills into a hulking MUSCLEMAN, BLOODYING him.

XANDER PAXSON (13, sweet, obese) expertly sketches it, sitting in front of the TV. Richard walks in.

RICHARD

Hey buddy.

(sees the drawing)

Wow, that's intense.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (with concern)
 How're you doing?

XANDER
 Fine.

RICHARD
 (lovingly)
 Xander, I know everything's not fine. I went into your bedroom to get you for dinner and your backpack was open, full of junk food. I know you eat that stuff when you're upset.

Richard waits, expectant, but Xander just keeps drawing.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 I get what you're dealing with. I was really heavy at your age, got picked on a lot...
 (beat)
 There's no problem you can't fix if you can talk about it.

XANDER
 'Kay, Dad.

Back to drawing. Richard looks at him, pained, wishes he had a way in. Susan enters, gives Xander a hug from behind.

SUSAN
Buonasera. Ready to mangia the Italiano?
 (calls out)
 Let's go, Marguerite.

MARGUERITE (15, nerdpunk, precocious and knows it) walks in.

MARGUERITE
 (sweetly)
 Yes, family dinner -- A chance to sit down all together and project our own baggage onto each other.

INT./EXT. RICHARD'S PRIUS - EVENING

Thoughtful, Richard drives along a commercial strip, Susan beside him, the kids in back.

SUSAN
 (to Xander)
 I know you must be excited for the beach tomorrow. You bringing your boogie-board?

XANDER

Uh-huh.

RICHARD

Ya know, maybe you should try paddle-boarding. Take some lessons. It's supposed to be super relaxing, a good workout...

XANDER

Nah, I'm just gonna boogie board.

Not the response Richard was hoping for.

MARGUERITE

I really don't get why I can't wait and drive down with dad when he goes.

SUSAN

Your father has to work. You have to suffer five days of summer break with your family.

Frustrated, Marguerite clicks her teeth. Richard looks in the rearview, sees a metal ball protruding from her lips.

RICHARD

Is that -- did you get your *tongue pierced*?

She flashes her new tongue stud. Richard is disturbed.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Why would you do that to yourself?

MARGUERITE

Blowjobs. *Kidding* -- god.

Richard looks at Susan. She clearly knew about the piercing.

SUSAN

Just -- We'll talk about it later.

MARGUERITE

You guys say you want us to feel free to be ourselves. It's simple self-expression.

Richard looks in the rearview mirror at his kids. Makes an executive decision. Hangs a left turn.

XANDER

Dad -- you're going the wrong way. Pasta Roma's back there.

RICHARD

I want to try the new Greek place.
It's all gluten-free. The whole menu.
No gluten.

MARGUERITE

You act like gluten was behind 9-11.

Xander looks at the restaurant as they pull up to it.

XANDER

This is bullshit.

RICHARD

They have a great salad bar.

The kids get out. Susan stays in the car as Richard parks.

SUSAN

"They have a great salad bar?" You
know what he hears when you say that?

RICHARD

I'm sorry but I don't think we should
be taking him for *bottomless five-
cheese ziti*.

SUSAN

You want to outlaw pasta, Richard?

RICHARD

I want him not to be bullied. And his
weight makes him a target. Kids at
school call our son "Hungry Hippo."

SUSAN

I'd do anything to change that but we
don't want to make him feel like we
disapprove of him.

RICHARD

We need to do *something* -- he's
heavier than ever. And what about
Marguerite? I *don't* approve of a
tongue ring. Or the way she talks now.

SUSAN

It's a phase.

RICHARD

I'm not so sure. I mean, I always
wanted this family to be the opposite
of the one I grew up in.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I wanted our kids to be free to make all their own choices. But maybe we've been too permissive. Maybe they'd be better off if we took a firmer hand.

SUSAN

That was the mistake your father made. He thought he could force you to be the person he wanted you to be -- "toughen you up" like your brother. And how often do you go home?

Richard sees the truth in this.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

It didn't make you change. It made you leave.

INT. RAYBURN ARMS - DAY

An imposing, coldly modern boardroom. Blackwater-esque. Grady and Wade sit opposite two menacing RAYBURN VPs and an ATTORNEY.

Breck, the smarmy Rayburn exec we saw earlier, enters.

WADE

Where the hell is *Rayburn*?

BRECK

My father felt confident I could handle this transaction.

WADE

Screws me and won't even show his face...That's my *baby brother*.

Wade shakes his head, disgusted. Breck takes a seat.

BRECK

Almost a full family reunion here. Ever hear from Richard? He still hobnobbing away up in D.C.?

GRADY

What do ya want, ya little weasel?

Breck gestures to the Rayburn Attorney to take the floor.

RAYBURN ATTORNEY

(to Wade)

As you know, your brother Rayburn retains a twenty percent stake in your company, Paxson Firearms.

(MORE)

RAYBURN ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Effective today, he's exercising his sell option. The last valuation sets his stake at 24.2 million dollars, which Paxson is required to furnish.

BRECK

My father suspects that *presently* you may be unable to meet this obligation. So, rather than see Paxson forced into bankruptcy, he's generously offering to buy *you* out instead.

Breck slides a CONTRACT to Wade.

GRADY

Sonofabitch -- I'm gonna knock your fuckin' teeth out --

WADE

No, he's right. Rayburn's entitled to that money, and we don't have it.

Wade looks over the contract, solemn.

BRECK

Who'da thought -- you inheriting the lion's share of the family business, my father getting left with the table scraps. He goes off, builds a company twice as big. Now I'm gonna inherit both of 'em. It's almost biblical -- some real Jacob and Esau shit.

Breck uncaps a PEN, extends it to Wade.

WADE

I got my own.

Wade stands, unzips his trousers, and unloads a stream of piss all over the contract.

The Rayburn VPs are stunned. So is Grady. Wade zips up.

WADE (CONT'D)

I'll let Paxson go bust, burn it to the ground, 'fore I hand it to Rayburn.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREET - NIGHT

Richard walks the dog (Tinder), carrying a BOTTLE of SAN PELLEGRINO, talking on his cell.

RICHARD

Hey, it's me. Hope you got some good beach time with the kids. I'll be up late working. Can't wait to get down there. *Sunblock*, wear it! Love you.

He ends the call, clicks to his email, and --

SLAM -- HUGE HANDS haul him around into an alley, DRILLING HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL, EXPLODING the SAN PELLEGRINO BOTTLE. Richard crumples, WIND KNOCKED OUT OF HIM, GASPING.

A MAN with a SHAVED HEAD and KNIFE SCARS across his neck towers over him, JAMS the muzzle of a GUN into his face. He's TERRIFYING. The dog BARKS.

GUNMAN

Look up! Look at me, goddamn it!

RICHARD

Take my wallet. It's -- it's in my --

GUNMAN

Shut up! I'm not here for your wallet, Richard.

Richard BLANCHES. Guy KNOWS HIS NAME. The dog's going NUTS.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

Your old man and your brother made a mistake. Shoulda given Rayburn what he wants. They don't, I'm coming back for you. Hear me? *You hear me?!*

Tinder SINKS his TEETH into the Gunman's leg. He yells.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

Goddamn it!

The Gunman KICKS to free himself. FRENZIED, Tinder YANKS the leash, tugging Richard off balance, his hand PLANTING HARD into the SHATTERED GLASS from the bottle. The leash SLIPS LOOSE and TINDER RUNS OFF.

Richard WRITHES in PAIN, his hand CUT and BLEEDING. He looks up, sees the Gunman BOLTING off. Looks the other way, sees Tinder disappear out of sight.

Richard SUCKS DOWN breath, in a state of SHOCK.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Heart still racing, Richard walks out of the alley, anxiously scans the area. He hurries over to a well-dressed COUPLE.

RICHARD
 You see a dog run this way? -- I lost
 my dog --

Eyeing his BLOODY, DIRTY HANDS, they shy away. Desperate,
 he turns to some other PEDESTRIANS:

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Anyone see a dog?

They shrug. Richard tries to collect himself, thinks.

His panic turns to anger as he looks for a phone number on
 his Blackberry, dials. The call goes straight to voicemail:

GRADY (V.O.)
 Go on, leave your message.

RICHARD
 Grady, it's Richard. What the hell is
 going on?! Call me *as soon as you get
 this!*

INT. RICHARD & SUSAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

BLOOD SWIRLS down the drain. Richard washes his cut hand,
 redialing his Blackberry on speaker with his other hand.

GRADY (V.O.)
 Go on, leave your message.

RICHARD
 Call me back right now! It's Richard
 again.

INT. RICHARD & SUSAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A bandage on his hand, Richard redials yet again. He paces,
 blood pressure spiking.

GRADY (V.O.)
 Go on, leave your message.

Richard hangs up. He scrolls through his phone contacts,
 selects "DAD (HOME)." Calls.

RECORDING (V.O.)
 You have reached a number that has
 changed or is no longer in service.
 Please check the number and --

Perfect. He ends the call. Out of options, he closes his eyes,
 takes a breath, knowing what he has to do. *Fuck.*

INT./EXT. RICHARD'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Richard drives, warily checks his rearview, the D.C. SKYLINE receding behind him.

INT./EXT. RICHARD'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Still exercised, Richard accelerates on the huge INTERSTATE.

INT./EXT. RICHARD'S PRIUS - NIGHT

The Prius exits the freeway, getting on a ONE-LANE HIGHWAY, lined with DENSE WOODS. Winds along.

Richard's mouth tightens as he passes a faded sign: ENTERING FREEBURG, VA Pop. 29,874.

EXT. PAXSON ESTATE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a wrought-iron gate adorned with the name "PAXSON" -- TWO CROSSED RIFLES FORMING THE "X."

Richard's Prius JITTERS and SHAKES on the rough stone driveway to the PAXSON COMPOUND: a sprawling hundred-acre ranch with horses and two enormous 1920s stone houses a quarter-mile apart on a lake. A stadium-size AMERICAN FLAG flaps above. Even at night, the scale of the place is eye-popping. He parks.

EXT. WADE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

In darkness, Richard makes his way around the side of the house. Sound of a SHOTGUN COCKING. He freezes, hands up.

VOICE (O.S.)

Move one nut, I'll blow 'em off.

Richard makes out Grady on the deck, gun aimed into the dark.

RICHARD

Christ, Grady, it's your brother, it's Richard.

GRADY

Dickless? The hell are you doing here?

RICHARD

I left you *three messages*. Put the gun down --

GRADY

Sneaking up on a man's castle -- you got a death wish?

RICHARD

(storming up to him)

No I don't have a *death wish*. But some psychopath -- *hit man* -- just attacked me, scared our dog away, threatening to kill me over some deal of yours with Uncle Rayburn.

GRADY

Motherfucker... First he rips us off by --

RICHARD

I don't want to know. *Your problems are not my problems*. Just *fix* it. Fix it so whatever shit you did doesn't spill into my life ever again.

GRADY

Appreciate your concern, but I didn't *do* a damn thing. Got screwed right as I was making a big move to market.

RICHARD

Let me see if I can guess: you pulled some wild-ass play and it blew up in everybody's face. You *using* again?

GRADY

There's really so *much* to catch you up on, but no, I passed my last two piss tests with flying fucking colors.

RICHARD

That's quite an achievement. I just wish mom was alive to see it -- she'd be so proud.

A woman in nurse's scrubs, AUBREY (a hard-lived 35 but attractive), hurries out of the house, concerned.

AUBREY

Grady -- might want to get in here -- your dad heard you two talking, up and went for his gun.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flustered, Richard follows Grady through the cavernous living room -- Four Seasons luxury, hunting lodge decor: leather club chairs, huge hearth, big game taxidermy.

RICHARD

Who *is* that?

GRADY

Aubrey? Comes by twice a week to drain
the old man's cyst.

Richard nods, *lovely*. Takes in the huge empty house.

RICHARD

Where's Mrs. Carlson -- and the staff?

GRADY

He fired 'em years ago. You're looking
at the *staff*. Who'dja think sees to
things 'round here while you're off
living fancy-free?

They find Wade at a WALK-IN PANTRY lined with HUNDREDS OF
BOXES OF AMMUNITION, loading a .44 MAGNUM.

RICHARD

Dad --

WADE

You can keep your panties on. Rayburn
thinks he can muscle my family, I'll
trade him blow for blow.

GRADY

(to his father)

Why don't you let me handle this.

WADE

Here on out, only thing you handle is
your pecker.

Wade locks the pantry, turns to go.

GRADY

Well -- then happy hunting.

Grady takes off the other way. Richard anxiously pursues
his father.

RICHARD

Wait. Do *not* escalate the situation.
Whatever the problem is, you've got to
sit down with Rayburn and talk it out.

WADE

Nothing to say. We owe him twenty
million bucks -- and got no cash
'cause your jackass brother made a
boatload of revolvers no one wants.

RICHARD

This is insane -- Rayburn is my *uncle*.

WADE

No concern of his. Man spent eight years locked up. He's a damn animal.

RICHARD

Well, you need to figure out a plan.

WADE

(pats his gun)

I have a plan.

(pulls out ammo)

Even got backup plans.

Wade makes for the front door.

RICHARD

Jesus -- will you *stop*?

(steps in front of him)

That's not going to solve *anything*.

WADE

Only other option's to pay Rayburn his money. And right now every penny I got is tied up in those goddamn revolvers.

(snorts)

You want to *solve* this thing -- quit whimperin' and figure a way to *sell* 'em. Roll up your sleeves and *help*.

Richard stares back -- *must not have heard right*.

RICHARD

You're asking *me*... to help you sell guns?

WADE

Ya think your grandfather poured his blood into Paxson so you could run off and work for a bunch of strangers? You're some kinda "management consultant," got that fancy *MBA* -- put it to use for this family.

RICHARD

I thought I was "too chickenshit for the gun trade -- all brains, no balls."

WADE

(shrugs)

Hell, all in this together now.

RICHARD

No -- no we're not. The only reason I'm even here is 'cause a man stuck a gun in my face.

WADE

And what do you think he's gonna do to you the *next* time he pays you a visit if we can't come up with that money?

Holy shit. Fear flickers in Richard's eyes.

WADE (CONT'D)

So help me get it or get the hell out of my way.

Off Richard, trapped in his personal nightmare...

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - GUN ROOM - NIGHT

Surrounded by DOZENS of ANTIQUE FIREARMS, Richard is alone, exasperated -- can't believe this is happening.

He thinks for a beat... Reluctantly takes out his cell phone, dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEACH HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Susan is in bed drinking wine. Her cell rings. She checks it, answers.

SUSAN

The kids just turned in and I'm in bed with a glass of Pinot, enjoying the ocean breeze, wishing you were here.

RICHARD

I wish I were there too. But, unbelievably, I'm at my *father's* --

SUSAN

What? What happened?

RICHARD

There's nothing to worry about. There's just a... situation with his company, and he and my brother need some help.

SUSAN

They need *professional* help -- and I say that as a practicing therapist.

(beat)

Babe, why would you help them with *anything*? Last time I saw your brother, he crashed our son's tenth birthday party, *shitfaced*, with a revolver on his belt.

RICHARD

...Yeah.

SUSAN

Just tell them "no." It's not like you have a gun to your head.

Right, that was a few hours ago. He awkwardly tries to get off:

RICHARD

Yeah, look, I -- I gotta get some sleep.

SUSAN

Babe, are you okay?

RICHARD

I'm fine, don't worry. I'll call you tomorrow.

SUSAN

Wait -- what about the dog? You didn't leave Tinder at home did you?

He hesitates, knowing she'll be devastated. Closes his eyes.

RICHARD

(covering)

No. 'Course not. Okay, love you.

Susan hears him hang up, looks at the phone, uneasy.

Richard takes a breath. Turns to find Wade in the doorway, eyeballs him. Then, resentful:

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need some clothes.

EXT. WADE'S HOUSE - DAY

A bright sunny morning. Richard walks out to his car looking a little ridiculous in his suit pants and one of Wade's old-timey COWBOY SHIRTS. He draws curious looks from the GARDENERS pruning trees.

INT./EXT. RICHARD'S PRIUS - MORNING

Richard drives, talking on Bluetooth with an A.S.P.C.A. CLERK.

RICHARD

I reported the dog missing last night.
He's a black chow-chow.

A.S.P.C.A. CLERK (V.O.)

What?

RICHARD

CHOW CHOW. Cell service sucks here,
sorry. *Have you seen any chow chows
this morning?*

A.S.P.C.A. CLERK (V.O.)

Sir, if your dog shows up at any city
shelter, you'll get a call.

Frustrated, Richard pulls off his headset.

EXT. PAXSON HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A huge ORANGE-NEON PAXSON SIGN presides over the sprawling
'40s red-brick FACTORY and OFFICE COMPLEX. Richard's Prius
pulls into the lot. Not a lot of hybrids here.

He gets out, heads for the entrance. A nearby truck door
SLAMS. Richard whips around, skittish.

GRADY (O.S.)

Have no fear, Dickless is here.

Richard turns to see Grady pulling up in his gleaming,
souped-up '70s BRONCO PICK-UP. Bumper sticker with Obama
campaign graphics: "BEND OVER. HERE COMES THE CHANGE."
Grady hops out, falls in with Richard.

RICHARD

Here's how this is going to work. I'm
going to pretend that you're someone
who deserves help and not the sadistic
degenerate who tormented me for two
decades. In exchange, you will do
whatever I tell you, starting with a
call to our uncle. Tell that sociopath
you're working on getting him his money
and to call off the infantry.

GRADY

Must say, you don't seem very happy to
be home.

RICHARD

(as if to a child)

That's because I have worked very hard to shield my wife and kids from the shitshow that is this family. And yet - our dog is missing. And now I'm *lying to my wife*, praying he turns up before she gets back and *flips out*.

GRADY

If you can't lie to your wife, who *can* you lie to?

INT. PAXSON OFFICES - MORNING

Richard follows Grady into the warm, wood-paneled offices bustling with WORKERS, many holstered with pistols.

They spot Wade down the hall. Next to him is a young woman, **TABBY** 27 (petite, sexy, scrappy), thigh holster visible under her skirt.

RICHARD

Is that *Tabby*?

GRADY

Dad's little sperm misfire is all grown up. Real firecracker.

RICHARD

I thought she didn't want anything to do with us.

GRADY

Old man got to feeling guilty knocking up her mother, gave her a job few years back. Now you're looking at the VP of marketing.

Grady and Richard approach Wade and Tabby.

RICHARD

Tabby. Wow, you look so -- mature.

TABBY

Tits'll do that.

WADE

Here.

(hands him a binder)

That's everything on the guns we're stuck with. Doubt you could fuck things up much worse than they are.

RICHARD

As always, your faith in me is
inspiring.

INT. PAXSON FACTORY - DAY

MOLTEN METAL flows into MOLDS, SPARKS FLY on STEEL LATHES,
HI-TECH HAMMER-FORGES crank out GUN FRAMES. The power of
creation -- it's seductive watching HUNDREDS of gleaming
FIREARMS roll off the line.

In the TEST FIRE AREA, Grady levels a SHOTGUN. Richard
approaches, carrying the binder Wade gave him.

RICHARD

Jesus. That *smell*.

A MACHINIST gestures to a PLASTIC SACK of VISCERA, big as a
boxer's heavy-bag.

MACHINIST

Cow livers. Still nothin' better for
testing blowback.

BOOM. Grady fires into the sack. Startled, Richard blinks:

FLASH CUT to the Gunman, jamming his .45 in Richard's face.

Richard stares at the BLOOD and TISSUE sprayed against the
protective barrier.

GRADY

Loosen the bolt head. Gotta leave room
for a little grit so she doesn't jam up.

He hands off the rifle, walks away. Richard collects
himself, follows.

RICHARD

I went through this. It's just costs and
designs. I need the market research.

GRADY

Ya think we have stuffed shirts like
you sittin' around pulling their puds,
spewin' figures?

RICHARD

Are you saying you made eighteen
million dollars worth of guns with no
research? Why do you think this company
is dying?

GRADY

(defensive)

'Cause all dad wants to make are wood shotguns, like it's frontier times. Soon as I'm running the show we'll be crankin' out assault rifles and nine mils. That auto-revolver of mine's our first step.

RICHARD

Well, it was a *misstep*. Cause your customers aren't biting, and you can't afford to cut your price. What you need now is a brand new customer base. One with *high disposable income* and *low gun ownership*.

Richard's Blackberry RINGS on his belt. He eyes the number, miserable. Braces himself.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Hey Ken...I'm sorry I'm out of the office, I had a family emergen --

(gets interrupted)

Absolutely, I know how important it is...I'll get it done...*Will do*. Have a good --

Hung up on, he bottles his frustration, re-holsters the phone.

GRADY

(disgusted)

My God. Look at yourself. Got that thing clipped to your belt like a leash. Goes off, you heel like a damn trained dog.

RICHARD

When you have a *real* job, yeah, you have to work hard. Make real sacrifices. But you know what? You get back what you put in. And that's why I'm about to make partner.

GRADY

(pointedly)

Said that the last time I saw you. What was that -- three years ago?

Richard looks taken aback -- time's gotten away from him.

GRADY (CONT'D)

You're a pleaser, Richard. Always have been. A nice little lap dog.

(MORE)

GRADY (CONT'D)

And lap dogs don't become top dog.
Boss man's not going to promote you,
he'll just string ya along.

Richard scoffs, but we see a seed of doubt has been planted.

GRADY (CONT'D)

You want something in this world, ya
gotta take it.

RICHARD

I appreciate the career advice -- from
the guy whose dick-swinging bravado
just tanked this business. But right
now, I should be lying on a beach with
my wife and kids. You know, my *real*
family?

Beneath his cool facade, this stings Grady.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

So don't give me shit when I'm already
stuck here with you.

Off Grady, simmering...

INT. PAXSON - WADE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Rumpled from a long workday, Richard studies a GRAPH on the
computer monitor -- GUN OWNERSHIP BY DEMOGRAPHIC. We see
STATS: CAUCASIANS: 47%. AFRICAN AMERICANS: 17%. Etc.

The INTERCOM beeps on the desk phone. He hits SPEAKER.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

You have a visitor at reception.

RICHARD

Oh, uh, you must be looking for my
father.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Say they're here for Richard Paxson.

Richard looks at the phone, perplexed.

INT. PAXSON OFFICES - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Richard heads to reception, uneasy. Grady falls in with him.

RICHARD

You don't think Rayburn would show up
here, do you?

GRADY
Anything's possible.

RICHARD
I told you to call him.

GRADY
(sniggers)
Not sure you fully grasp the
"corporate culture" of this industry.
The founder of Glock -- his business
partner tried to kill him with a
mallet in a parking lot, doing twenty
years. Ex-chairman of Smith & Wesson
held up a bank with a sawed-off
shotgun -- got fifteen.

RICHARD
Super.

GRADY
On a brighter note, I want ya to know
I took to heart what you said before
about giving up time with your "real
family." So I gave your wife a call to
make things right.

RICHARD
What?

GRADY
Told her just how much you were
missing her -- and *voila...*

Grady opens a door revealing Susan and the kids waiting in
the RECEPTION AREA down the hall.

GRADY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She agreed to come and surprise you.

Richard freezes.

GRADY (CONT'D)
That woman loves you.
(grins)
And she really loves that *dog* of hers --
said she couldn't *wait* to see him.

Grady claps him on the back. Screwed, Richard forces a
smile, goes and gives Susan a kiss, hugs the kids.

RICHARD
Wow, I can't believe you drove down
here. You really didn't need to.

MARGUERITE

As I expressed.

SUSAN

We missed you. And I wanted to make sure you're okay.

XANDER

(re: cowboy shirt)

Nice shirt, Tonto.

SUSAN

Is Tinder here? Or'd you leave him at your father's?

Grady strolls over.

GRADY

Yeah -- where *is* he?

Richard turns to Susan, trying to play it cool.

RICHARD

Can I talk to you a sec?

EXT. PAXSON HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

Richard and Susan are alone outside the entrance.

RICHARD

There was uh, an *incident*...with the dog -- the important thing is we're going to find him.

SUSAN

What? You lost Tinder? What happened?

RICHARD

...He got away. I didn't want to worry you if I didn't have to. A.S.P.C.A. has all our information --

SUSAN

What about his collar? -- it has our *home number* on it.

RICHARD

I changed our outgoing message last night, left the phone number at my father's *and* my cell.

SUSAN

Wait -- you lost him *last night*?
(off his guilty look)

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)
 You *called* me -- you said he was with
 you!

RICHARD
 I just wanted time to --

SUSAN
 To *lie* to me? *Richard* --

RICHARD
 Why would I ruin your vacation?

SUSAN
 Because we *talk* to each other. *Jesus* --
 Anything *else* I should know?

RICHARD
 (hesitates)
 No...No.

Susan shakes her head, turns to go. Richard follows.

SUSAN
 The kids are starving, I'm going to
 take them to dinner.

RICHARD
 I'll come with you.

SUSAN
 (wanting space)
Just...

RICHARD
Susie --

SUSAN
 No, you stay. See if you can find our
 dog. Or at least my *husband*.

Susan stalks away, leaving Richard alone in the parking
 lot, the ORANGE NEON PAXSON SIGN towering above him.

INT. TASTEE FREEZE - NIGHT

Bells tinkle as Susan and the kids walk in the fast food
 joint. Marguerite takes it in, gives her mother a look.

SUSAN
 It's all that's open. I need to use
 the bathroom. Order me whatever.

She slaps her CREDIT CARD down on the counter and exits. Xander and Marguerite look up at the photos of glistening fried food. The CASHIER notices the name on the credit card.

TASTEE FREEZE CASHIER

Whoa. Are you guys Paxsons?

Xander and Marguerite trade a look.

MARGUERITE

Uh, yeah. Why?

TASTEE FREEZE CASHIER

Uh, why? Cause you guys are like the biggest shit in Freeburg.

He points to FRAMED PHOTOS on the wall: Grady with little leaguers; Grady in a bowling shirt with a bunch of yahoos.

TASTEE FREEZE CASHIER (CONT'D)

Paxson sponsors the whole bowling league. My uncle works at Paxson, along with, like, anyone else who doesn't have a job that's ass here.

MARGUERITE

Glad to hear it.

TASTEE FREEZE CASHIER

(handing her the credit card)

Yeah so, put that away. Paxsons always eat free at the T-Freeze.

Xander looks up. Undivided attention.

XANDER

Are you shitting me?

TASTEE FREEZE CASHIER

No sir.

INT. FIRING RANGE - NIGHT

A massive ASSAULT RIFLE SPRAYS LEAD -- annihilating a cardboard HUMAN TARGET. As the middle-aged SHOOTER reloads...

SHOOTER

We know that the universe is hostile -- it's trying to kill everything in it constantly. That's why I have my Rayburn M4. Plus it's damn fun to shoot.

The image FREEZES and we see we're --

INT. PAXSON HEADQUARTERS - WADE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Richard is watching this on a COMPUTER -- it's a "WHY I CARRY" video on the RAYBURN ARMS website. Disconsolate, Richard takes a bite from a RAMEN NOODLE CUP, clicks PLAY.

ON THE VIDEO: a young CREWCUT GUY fires a .357.

CREWCUT GUY

Police are janitors -- show up after you're dead, mop up the blood. I carry a gun 'cause a cop's too heavy.

An attractive WOMAN shoots her NINE MIL, rapid fire.

WOMAN

This is the great equalizer. I mean, brute strength's the only thing men've still got on us. Guess I'm a *nine millimeter* feminist.

Richard raises his eyebrows.

INT. PAXSON HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Richard walks, car keys in hand, studying a spreadsheet.

TABBY (O.S.)

Got it all *figured out*?

He turns, sees Tabby at her desk. Walks into her office.

RICHARD

Actually, I wanted to ask you -- Paxson needs a new market for those revolvers -- what are you doing to market to *women*?

Tabby scoffs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

There's growth potential there. One in two men in this country owns a gun -- but only thirteen percent of women do.

She clicks her mouse, turns her COMPUTER SCREEN: a series of PAXSON ADS featuring WOMEN pointing SHOTGUNS.

TABBY

Day one, I launched those ads, tripled our sales to women.

RICHARD

Well, there's got to be another segment like that -- people Paxson isn't advertising to.

TABBY

You think the problem here is my marketing? The problem at Paxson is *Paxsons*. You got dear old dad stuck in the 1950s, told me women'd never buy shotguns. Got Grady, on probation for coke, off burying his dick anywhere he can. And now here you are, another proud Paxson with a *brilliant-ass insight*.

RICHARD

Not proud, believe me.

TABBY

We wouldn't be over the barrel right now if it wasn't for this damn family feud with Rayburn. What the hell happened between him and Wade anyway?

RICHARD

I asked my father that once. And *only* once 'cause he told me if I ever asked that again, he'd answer me with his belt.

TABBY

That kinda bad blood, gotta be one of the biggies: stealin', screwin', or shootin'...

Richard eyes a large mock-up PAXSON AD behind her.

RICHARD

(distracted)

Or all of them...

(points to the mock-up)

Was that the ad? For the revolvers?

Tabby nods. Richard walks over, studies it:

At night, a mustached HUSBAND in pajamas points the Paxson AUTO-REVOLVER at an INTRUDER as his WIFE COWERS.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Married white guy, sixty years old, middle class judging from the house. That's the target customer?

TABBY

Hasn't changed in forty years -- makes me crazy. Think you gotta have a skanky mustache and a chickenshit wife to wanna protect yourself?

Richard smiles at her fire. Looks at the ad, an idea taking shape.

RICHARD

You know what?...You're right. You *don't*.

Tabby eyes him, skeptical. Richard looks energized.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Can you email me the ad? And see if you can round everybody up tomorrow.

TABBY

Why?

RICHARD

'Cause *you* may have had a brilliant-ass insight.

EXT. WADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Susan's station wagon pulls up behind Richard's Prius.

The kids get out, go to get their bags from the trunk. Xander is decked out in a TASTEE FREEZE T-SHIRT and HAT.

XANDER

I can't believe they gave me all this swag. And check this out --
(pulls out T-shirt tag, psyched)
This an *L*. I've always been an *XL*, sometimes double X. Here I'm an *L*.

He grabs his bag, turns to see the grandeur of the estate.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Richard carries Susan's suitcase for her through the living room, the kids trailing behind with theirs.

RICHARD

I called again about the dog. Nothing yet, I'll try again first thing tomorrow.

Susan nods, troubled. Xander looks around, psyched:

XANDER

This place is so pimp. *How old* was I
the last time we came down here?

MARGUERITE

Like four.

Xander touches the snarling teeth of a TAXIDERMIED GRIZZLY.

XANDER

Dad, what is wrong with you? We should
be chilling here *every weekend*.

Susan eyes a GUN-SHAPED LAMP, noticing half the decor here
is gun-themed. She follows Richard into --

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Richard sets Susan's bag on the bed, checks his Blackberry.

SUSAN

So, are you gonna tell me what's going
on here?

RICHARD

I really have to get some work done.
I've got Ken breathing down my neck
about that presentation I'm supposed
to fix, partner reviews are *this week*
--

SUSAN

But you're *here*... in a rodeo shirt...
spending your time on your father's
company?

RICHARD

I'm helping them with this *one* thing --
and then never again.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Clock reads 1:43 a.m. Richard is working on the computer at
Wade's desk, the ad for the auto-revolver open on the screen.

He hears a noise downstairs, stops, listens. *Footsteps?*
Uneasy, he makes his way to --

INT. WADES HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

In darkness, Richard feels around for the light switch. Then freezes, seeing that the BACK DOOR is ajar. His eyes dart around the room -- no one here.

He closes the door, turns, coming face to face with --

The GUNMAN who attacked him, standing in shadow. *Holy shit.* Richard stares at his knife-scarred neck, paralyzed by fear...

...when the Blackberry on Richard's belt starts RINGING. As he glances down at it:

VOICE (O.S.)

Do you want to make partner?

Richard looks up -- the Gunman is now his BOSS, Ken.

KEN

Look at your phone.

He does. His phone is now a HANDGUN.

KEN (CONT'D)

I call, you answer. Are we clear? Are we clear?

Richard draws. Jams the gun in Ken's face, forces him to his knees, dominating him as the Gunman dominated Richard.

Ken looks up in abject terror. Savoring it, Richard pulls the trigger -- **BOOM**. Blood sprays his face, and --

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Richard JOLTS AWAKE in the desk chair, blinks. He looks DISTURBED -- confronted with the darker impulses that lie deep within him.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Showered and dressed, Richard slugs down coffee, scribbles a note on a pad on the kitchen table and heads out.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - GUN ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON a RUSTY CHAIN in a GLASS CASE. In pajamas, Marguerite peers at it, not noticing Wade in the doorway.

WADE

Last time I saw ya, you came up to my knee.

MARGUERITE

...How 'bout that.

She looks back at the case.

WADE

It's a bicycle chain. From the old factory.

Wade sees she has no idea what he's talking about. Rankled, he gestures at a wall full of PAXSON MEMORABILIA.

WADE (CONT'D)

Your great grandfather started in the bicycle business. The war hit -- he realized he could do more good tooling gun barrels.

MARGUERITE

...Yeah, think I gotta go with bikes over guns for the public service award.

(weighing)

I mean, Tour de France... *Newtown massacre...*

(glib)

I know -- guns don't kill people, *people* do.

WADE

Gun's a *tool*, same as a shovel. All in how you use it. That Paxson 500 liberated Europe.

Marguerite looks at an old SHOTGUN in a case on the wall.

MARGUERITE

Is it really true how you'd wake my dad up when he was a kid? Have Grady sneak into his bedroom and fire a shotgun out the window?

WADE

Boy was scared of gunshots, couldn't even bring him to the range. Had to get him over it.

Marguerite nods ironically -- *makes perfect sense.*

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Susan picks up a note on the table: "Be back for dinner. Love, Dad."

Xander blows through in a BATHING SUIT, TOWEL in hand, excited.

XANDER

You see what's out back? There's like a huge lake. This place is sick.

EXT. PAXSON COMPOUND - MORNING

A wide creek, wildflowers, trees -- IDYLLIC. Xander makes sure no one's looking before stripping off his T-shirt.

He wades in up to his waist. Then --

BOOM. Xander gets SHOT, knocked on his ass. His GUT is SPLATTERED ORANGE.

He looks around, disoriented. Sees Grady on his porch with a PAINTBALL RIFLE, grinning at him. Xander grins back.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Grady slaps Xander's belly as they walk in.

GRADY

Huntin's closed for deer. But it's open season on the Great White Sasquatch.

Xander laughs, takes in the 30-foot mahogany bar, plasma TVs playing sports, poker and billiards tables: a teenager's fantasy. He notices a CABINET full of FIREPOWER.

XANDER

Whoa. Those're all *your guns*?

GRADY

(re: a Desert Eagle .50)
Picked that baby up in the sandbox. Tikrit, first Gulf War.

XANDER

That's so pimp. I'm not even allowed to play gun video games at home.

GRADY

The only folks opposed to guns are folks who've never stared down the barrel of one. Know what *they* are?

Grady turns, grabs something, holds out his fist. Opens it over Xander's hand, releasing a LIVE MOUSE.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 Mice. In this world you're either a
mouse... or a snake --

He moves to a terrarium containing a huge snake, opens it.

XANDER
 Holy shit, that's a python.

Grady gestures to Xander to feed it. He lowers the mouse,
 watches the python attack -- *Fuckin' A.*

Grady turns, straps on his HOLSTER. Xander notices a
 REVOLVER on the table, picks it up, holds it sideways.

XANDER (CONT'D)
Booya.

Instantaneously, Grady WRENCHES Xander's wrist, disarming
 him, putting him on his ass. Grady is FURIOUS.

GRADY
 The hell's the matter with you?! *Every*
gun's loaded, ya never point where you
can't shoot!

XANDER
 Sorry -- I'm, I'm sorry --

GRADY
 And that Tupac shit -- if you hold a
 gun like that --
 (turns his arm sideways)
 -- better be 'cause you got Down's
 Syndrome.

Xander is SHAKEN UP.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 Get up.

Xander hesitates, afraid of a smackdown. Slowly stands. Beat.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 Feet shoulder width apart. Make a
 triangle with your arms.

Xander raises his arms in a shooter's stance, entranced.

INT. PAXSON HEADQUARTERS - BOARDROOM - DAY

Richard clicks his laptop, next to a huge LCD SCREEN. Wade,
 Clyde, Tabby and a half-dozen PAXSON EXECS sit at the
 conference table.

WADE

Can't manage to show up on time then
he's not worth waiting for.

Grady enters, goes to grab a chair.

GRADY

Am I late for the Sermon on the Mount?

WADE

Get on with it, Richard.

Richard clicks through POWERPOINT SLIDES as he talks:

RICHARD

What do you know about the average
Paxson customer? He's a middle-aged
man with a wife and kids...and he's
not buying those revolvers. So you
need a *new market*.

(Richard clicks)

Well, right now Paxson is neglecting a
customer base that has *743 billion
dollars* of purchasing power and only
two percent gun ownership...

Wade and Clyde look intrigued.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

...The *L.G.B.T.* community. It's an
untapped market the whole industry's
ignored.

CLYDE

You said -- *BLTs*?

RICHARD

The gay community. May sound
unconventional to you, but every major
consumer brand from Coors to American
Airlines has an *L.G.B.T.* strategy, and
it's big money.

GRADY

(beat)

Guns for gays? That's your Hail Mary pass?

RICHARD

Some firearms company is going to be
the first to reach out and they'll get
major brand loyalty in return.

GRADY

You and your P.C. bullshit --

RICHARD

Call it what you want, it's just good business.

GRADY

I'm sure you'd like to tap the gay market, Richard. But ya think there might be a reason they don't buy guns?

RICHARD

There is no "they." It's parents who want to protect their kids, hunters, people in law enforcement -- who happen to be gay. Which, by the way, makes them *three times* as likely to experience a violent crime. So if anyone should be buying guns --

TABBY

Are you on *crack*?

RICHARD

You said it yourself -- everyone wants to feel safe.

GRADY

You stick a damn *rainbow flag* on a Paxson ad, half our customers'll dump us.

TABBY

(to Richard)

You don't know shit about guns or gun people. Our brand's our biggest asset, and you wanna flush it down the toilet.

RICHARD

(caustic)

The brand's *already* in the toilet. There's never been a better time to sell guns in this country. Sales have *doubled* in the last ten years. You can be *legally blind* and buy a gun -- so the market's pretty big. But what have you all done to capitalize? You've got no merchandising except *shirts* and *hats*. Should have licensing agreements for a hundred products. Shooting ranges nationwide. Where are your police contracts? All missed opportunities, just like this one.

Wade looks grim-faced.

CLYDE

How would you even market to 'em?

RICHARD

I already priced a targeted ad buy --
online banners and direct email -- can
reach over a million consumers in
twenty-four hours.

(clicks)

Here's your current ad.

It's the one we saw Richard studying earlier: a HUSBAND in
pajamas pointing a REVOLVER at an INTRUDER as his WIFE cowers.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Just had to change one thing.

Click. Same ad -- except the WIFE has been replaced by
another MAN in pajamas.

TABBY

Oh my God --

GRADY

You want to march in a pride parade, be
my guest. But we're Paxson, and our
brand is --

WADE

Shut up.

The lion roars. All eyes turn to Wade.

WADE (CONT'D)

Our brand is *America*. Got the freedom
to live any Goddamn life you choose.

Richard looks at his father with surprise.

WADE (CONT'D)

You believe this strategy'll work?

Richard nods. Wade studies the new ad. Nods back to
Richard, decisive, faintest smile:

WADE (CONT'D)

LGBT.

He raps the table, rises -- meeting adjourned. Tabby and
Clyde are stunned. Grady up and leaves, FUMING. Off
Richard, VALIDATED by his father for once...

INT. PAXSON HEADQUARTERS - WADE'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard is on the phone, clicking through live BANNER ADS
for the Paxson Auto-revolver.

RICHARD

The ads look good. How many click-throughs so far?

The FAX rings, PRINTS. Richard eyes the printout, ALARMED.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Uh -- I have to call you back.

He picks up the fax: a PISTOL TARGET with the RAYBURN ARMS LOGO. Handwritten on the page: YOU ARE OUT OF TIME.

INT. PAXSON FACTORY - DAY

Grady strides by a giant SAW BLADE cutting shotgun barrels by the dozen. Anxious, Richard hurries over with the fax.

RICHARD

Grady --

(shows it to him)

I thought Rayburn was under control.

GRADY

Guess not.

RICHARD

Well that's a problem.

GRADY

Am I my brother's keeper? Let's see, what'd you say to me? -- "Your problems are not my problems"...

Grady blows through metal exit doors, Richard following to --

EXT. PAXSON PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

GRADY

Old man thinks you can walk on water, go on and get your feet wet.

RICHARD

Wait, *where are you going?*

GRADY

(gets in his truck)

Business meetin'.

(guns the engine)

Think the whole world stops just 'cause you show up?

Grady burns out of the lot.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY

Grady's truck pulls up to the PARKING BOOTH at the entrance.

PARKING ATTENDANT
Name of the person you're here to see?

GRADY
Snow.

PARKING ATTENDANT
Two-fifty appointment?

GRADY
Five.

PARKING ATTENDANT
(surprised)
Five?

GRADY
That's right, shithead.

Grady reaches his closed hand out, slips the Attendant \$500 CASH. The Attendant slips him a baggy of COCAINE.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM 2 - DAY

In the dark, we're staring down the barrel of a HANDGUN.

REVERSE TO XANDER practicing his shooting stance, pointing the gun at the mirror on the closed bedroom door. He stares at his reflection, self-assured.

He takes a deep breath, his finger inching toward the trigger. As he *squeezes* it, the door *swings open* -- it's *his mother*. She SCREAMS, drops a glass of lemonade with a CRASH.

XANDER
Mom! It's not real! It's a *training gun* --

Xander throws on the lights, holds out the gun.

XANDER (CONT'D)
Look, it's just rubber, it's for practice --

Susan looks at him, relief turning to fury.

EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - DAY

Susan's station wagon screeches to a stop. She storms up to Grady as he gets out of his truck.

SUSAN

You listen to me -- you want to play cowboy, carry a gun on your hip, be my guest. But you keep it the hell away from my son.

She shoves the training gun over to him. Grady smirks.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You think I'm joking?

GRADY

I think ya turn your nose up at guns and sit back enjoyin' all the freedoms they've given ya.

SUSAN

I'm not debating you, I'm *telling* you.

GRADY

I'da thought you'd want your son to learn to protect himself.

SUSAN

From what? *Puberty*?

GRADY

Got gangbangers who'll kill him for his sneakers, pedophiles all over the internet --

SUSAN

-- And people flying planes into buildings and serial killers... I know, you're in the *fear* business, you think we're never safe, we should all be armed to the teeth --

GRADY

And you're the headshrinker, think if you just "share your feelings," everything'll be rosy. Well, there's problems you can't solve with *talk*. Boy can't protect himself, he'll wind up like his father.

SUSAN

You mean trusting? Kind? A family that loves him? Guess you wouldn't know about that.

This touches a nerve for Grady.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Little free analysis for you: Spend your whole life trying to protect yourself, you end up with a life that's not worth protecting.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Exhausted, Richard walks in the foyer, sees Susan in the living room with an argumentative Xander and Marguerite.

XANDER

Mom -- aren't you an A.C.L.U. member? What about my *second amendment rights*?

MARGUERITE

Xander, like *ten thousand* people in this country have been killed with guns just since Newtown. Debate team did a whole assembly on it. You realize that's more than all our soldiers killed in the entire Iraq War?

Richard walks into the fracas. Xander turns to him, excited.

XANDER

Dad -- when you were my age, you got to shoot guns, right?

SUSAN

Since the little stick-up he pulled on me, our son has talked nonstop about his newfound love of firearms. So maybe you can explain that they're not "pimp," they're terrifying.

XANDER

I read online -- there's a gun made in America every *ten seconds*. And I'm like the *heir* to a gun *dynasty*.

Susan gives Richard a look. Exasperated, she exits. He follows.

RICHARD

I'll talk to him.

SUSAN

It's not just the guns, it's the whole mentality. Your brother isn't just physically armed. He's *emotionally* armed. And I don't want our son thinking that's how to be a man.

RICHARD

Me either, but when he gets picked on for being fat, of course he wants to feel like a tough guy with a gun.

SUSAN

Are you saying this is my fault 'cause I wouldn't agree to reign in his eating?

Before he can answer, his Blackberry rings. He looks: *Christ*.

RICHARD

(to Susan)

Just -- Sorry, I have to --
(answers, dying inside)
Hey Ken --

Put off again, Susan walks out.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Yeah, I...

(gets interrupted)

I'm gonna work through the night. I'll have the presentation for you first thing tomorrow morning...

A PHOTO on the wall catches his eye: Grady, hand pointed like a pistol, staring back at him. Richard works up his nerve.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Uh listen, Ken -- do you have any early sense about this round of promotions? ... What do you mean "tight"? *Who* in our group *heard* already?... *Brad*? "Cause of his strategy for *Hansen Hotels*"? *I came up* with that strategy... *I've been* a team player, Ken -- for years!

Richard listens. His face reddens as he realizes Grady was right -- he's getting strung along.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Sure... Okay.

Richard lowers the phone, HUMILIATED, about to IMplode.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CLOSE ON a FORKED TONGUE UNDULATING. Grady's ball python noses in on two fat lines of COCAINE as Grady tees them up.

GRADY

That's mine. Go on. All that bacon's yours.

He shoos the snake toward an open package of bacon as Wade's nurse, Aubrey, enters in scrubs, with her nurse's bag.

AUBREY

Good evening.

GRADY

How 'bout *knocking*.

AUBREY

Thought the patient could use a sponge bath. How is he?

GRADY

Filthy.

She straddles him, kisses him. Hoovers a line of coke.

Over music, QUICK CUTS of Grady and Aubrey BLOWING LINES, and having COKE-FUELLED SEX on the floor, the PYTHON draped around her.

The PHONE RINGS. They ignore it. The machine picks up:

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Grady Paxson, this is the Freeburg County Probation Office.

Grady freezes, listens.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

You have a random mandatory drug screening tomorrow morning at six-thirty a.m.

GRADY

No. NO.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Be reminded, failure to appear at the county testing site results in automatic failure. Have a pleasant --

Grady backhands the answering machine off the table.

GRADY

Goddamn it! Supposed to space the fuckin' things out, I just passed one.

AUBREY

Baby, it's ok.

GRADY

(coked-up energy)

It's *six months minimum*. Six months in jail. I gotta think. I gotta *pass*...I need piss, clean piss.

AUBREY

That won't help. They stand in there watching while you give your sample.

GRADY

Course they do. But there's an answer... Why can't I *think*, goddamn it.

(grabs his head with both hands)

Don't freeze up on me.

He eyes Aubrey's MEDICAL BAG, dumps it out: STETHESCOPE, I.V. TUBING, etc. He stops, grabs the I.V. TUBING.

GRADY (CONT'D)

What about the thing with the -- with the tube -- you put it in your dick.

AUBREY

A catheter? Honey, that's for taking urine *out*.

GRADY

Can't you throw that car in reverse?

Aubrey looks at him -- not sure she's heard him right.

GRADY (CONT'D)

It's a cylinder. Draws piss out, oughtta be able to push piss in...I empty my tank, catheter in the good stuff. Why wouldn't that work?

AUBREY

(astounded)

...I think it would -- but mine's dirty too.

GRADY

Can't be yours, it's gotta be clean.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

PAN ACROSS EMPTY BOTTLES of GATORADE and ENSURE littering the floor.

Grady anxiously paces by the bathroom door, old man GROANS coming from inside. Aubrey's on the bed, crashing hard.

GRADY

Nothing? Still nothing? How 'bout some more Gatorade?

Through the cracked bathroom door, we see Wade grimacing.

WADE

It's not a damn spigot you can turn on and off. You got me bloated like a mare with a foal.

GRADY

Ya unleashed Niagara Falls in that boardroom --

(claps hard)

Come on now.

WADE

If this works, you enjoy, cause it's the last drop of my piss you'll ever see. *Goddamn addict.*

GRADY

(to Aubrey)

What else can we give him?

AUBREY

At that age, they're like camels.

Panic rising, Grady digs through Aubrey's MEDICAL SUPPLIES. He eyes a PINK NOTEPAD, reading something scrawled on it:

"FOUND DOG. ROGER LINDLEY (202) 247-8843."

GRADY

(holds up the pad)

The hell is this? "Found dog"?

AUBREY

Oh. Shit, I meant to leave that for your dad. Phone rang when I was over there -- guy said he found a lost dog.

Grady looks at the note, wheels spinning.

GRADY

You didn't *tell* anyone?

AUBREY

Sorry.

Grady shakes his head, smiling, picks up the phone.

GRADY

No. Best thing you coulda done.

EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Headlights sweep the house as Richard's Prius pulls up.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bleary-eyed, Richard enters, Grady holding the door open.

RICHARD

What the hell's going on?

GRADY

Happy to tell you, there's been a break in the case of your missing pooch.

RICHARD

What? Someone *found* him?

GRADY

Good samaritan picked him up in a park. He called dad's, Aubrey here took down his information.

RICHARD

Thank god -- that's great.

Richard looks over at Aubrey, STRUNG OUT on the couch.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Is she okay? Is she *high*?

(looks at Grady)

Are *you* high?

GRADY

That brings us to the business at hand. My presence is required at a drug screening for which I am ill-prepared. However, I possess the phone number of your dog rescuer -- and you possess clean urine. A win-win situation.

Richard processes this: *are you fucking kidding me?*

RICHARD

You are the most depraved sleazebag I've ever known.

GRADY

Can I fix you a drink?

RICHARD

My dog is missing because of shit you got mixed up in. I come down here to *help* -- and you try to *extort* me?

AUBREY

Shhhh, so *loud*.

Aubrey gets up, lurches out. Grady picks up a CATHETER BAG.

GRADY

I want to see the safe return of your dog.

(extending the bag)

Don't you?

RICHARD

You really are pathetic. And you know the saddest part? I might've actually helped you if you'd just *asked*.

He turns to go.

GRADY

Richard, it's six months to a year in jail.

The most desperate we've seen Grady. Richard considers.

RICHARD

For your sake... I'll hope for a year.

He starts for the door.

GRADY

Sure, walk on out. You're a real pro at that.

RICHARD

You get the credit -- you always make it happen.

GRADY

(raw)

You *left*. You turned your back on us. That was *your* choice, not mine.

Richard stops.

RICHARD

It's funny, I don't remember choosing to almost drown. Or choosing nine months in a hospital bed. But maybe that's just 'cause my head split open.

Grady is genuinely ashamed if defensive.

GRADY

It was an accident. You know --

RICHARD

Could happen to anyone -- Get coked out of your mind, gun a five ton pickup truck across a half-frozen lake. You were a simple victim of circumstance. Or sorry, *I* was -- since you walked away just *fine*.

GRADY

Any statute of limitations on blaming me for shit from high school?

RICHARD

Oh that's just one rose in the bouquet of misery you've gifted me my whole life. So forgive me for not showing the brotherly love, but you don't deserve one shred of loyalty.

Grady stiffens, pulls out Aubrey's PINK FOLDED NOTE.

GRADY

Well, I'll keep that in mind tomorrow morning -- when I call this number, claim your dog, find a nice new home for him three states over.

Enraged, Richard swipes at the note. Grady pulls it away.

RICHARD

Give it to me! Give it to me, you piece of shit!

Richard tries to wrestle the note out of Grady's hand. They SCUFFLE, landing Richard on his ass.

Richard CHARGES. They STRUGGLE and CRASH into a lamp. Grady, on top, overpowers his brother.

Wade enters from the bedroom, hurries to separate them.

WADE

Knock it off! Hell's the matter with you? You're *brothers*.

Wade looks at his sons, pained, as they catch their breath.

WADE (CONT'D)

Sooner or later you two boys'll be putting me in the ground, you're gonna need each other. Now shake hands. *Go on.*

Richard and Grady eye each other. Grady resentfully reaches a hand out. Richard looks at it with contempt.

WADE (CONT'D)

Oh Christ --

Wade GUSHES. Not tears. A tsunami of PROCESSED GATORADE.

GRADY

No -- hold it! Choke it off!

Grady grabs a can of MIXED NUTS, dumps it out. He scrambles on his knees, failing to catch the precious fluid.

Richard takes in the scene: all the insane misery of home in one tableau. To himself:

RICHARD

How could I have left?

EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Richard walks out in a daze, headed for his Prius.

TABBY (O.S.)

Richard --

He turns, sees Tabby clomping up the driveway.

TABBY (CONT'D)

Where the hell's *Wade*? Been trying him for hours. Our two biggest dealers in Salt Lake called. Told us they're not going to carry Paxsons anymore -- cause they saw your *damn ads*. Your little experiment's killing us.

Richard processes this. Shakes his head.

RICHARD

You want to sell a *billion guns*? Invent one that'll protect you from your fucked-up family.

He heads for his Prius.

TABBY

Where do ya think you're going?

RICHARD

To get my wife and kids and get the
hell out of here.

INT. RICHARD'S PRIUS - NIGHT

At rock bottom, Richard drives the private road back to Wade's house.

As he winds along the lake, his lights catch the chrome fender of a MAROON EL CAMINO just off the road in the trees. Richard eyes it, uneasy -- car accident? Breakdown? He slows, angling for a closer look in the darkness.

His headlights cut through the shadows, illuminating a MAN in the driver's seat: SHAVED HEAD. KNIFE SCARS ON HIS NECK. Richard's EYES GO WIDE -- no dream, it's the GUNMAN who attacked him.

The Gunman turns, they lock eyes. Richard sees him reach for a GUN on the dash and SLAMS THE GAS. The El Camino fires up, roars onto the road TAILING HIM.

FRANTIC, Richard wrestles the SHAKING STEERING WHEEL as his Prius BUCKS over rough terrain. BLINDING LIGHT in the rearview mirror -- the Gunman's RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

Richard FISHTAILS onto a path INTO THE WOODS, the El Camino MISSING THE TURN. He dials his cell phone.

RICHARD

Grady pick up! It's the guy -- the guy
Rayburn sent! He's here, he's armed,
by Dad's!

Richard looks behind him: nothing. When he turns back, he sees HEADLIGHTS cutting through the woods, HEADING STRAIGHT AT HIM.

He WRENCHES THE WHEEL -- *off the road entirely now* -- pounds the gas. The car LURCHES, mowing down SHRUBS, TREES flying by. He SWERVES to avoid one, losing control and --

BOOM! The WINDSHIELD EXPLODES, SPRAYING GLASS inside the car. Richard is HURLED FORWARD, POUNDED by the AIRBAG. The Prius SPINS WILDLY, CRASHES, as we SMASH TO BLACK.

Silence. Then we hear:

NAVIGATION SYSTEM

Recalculating route...

FADE IN: Airbag deployed, glass everywhere. Richard's face is CUT and BLOODY. He slowly opens his eyes, blinks as:

NAVIGATION SYSTEM (CONT'D)
Recalculating route...

Richard peers through the busted windshield, DISORIENTED: somehow he's looking UP at TREETOPS, the MOON, surreal.

He looks behind him, out the rear window: a FORTY FOOT DROP to the rocky creek below. The car is at a sixty degree angle, back half hanging over the edge of a RAVINE.

PANICKED, Richard struggles to open the smashed-in door -- won't budge.

He scrambles to climb out the window, but his movement makes the car TILT BACKWARDS. A terrible SOUND, metal GRINDING on rock.

RICHARD
No -- NO!

He FREEZES, hands up. The car SEESAWS TO A STOP. Beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (breathless)
Stay calm -- just stay calm.

He breathes. Very carefully inches toward the window. The car GROANS, STARTS TO TILT again. He STOPS. The car stops.

Richard sits stock still. Helpless, alone in the world.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (losing it)
Fuck --

Beat. Out of options, Richard furiously HONKS THE HORN. Then lays on it, DESPERATE.

LIGHT sweeps through the trees nearby, illuminates the car. SOUND of a TRUCK.

INT./EXT. GRADY'S PICKUP / PRIVATE ROAD - NIGHT

Grady slams to a stop, jumps out yelling:

GRADY
Richard --

He sprints through the brush, spots the wreck a few yards off, DREAD in his eyes.

Grady rushes over, grabs Richard.

RICHARD

Wait! Don't!

Grady starts to haul him out the window. The car TILTS and BACKSLIDES, BARELY HANGING ON.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Stop -- Stop!

Grady stops. The car settles, held only by Richard's weight.

GRADY

Gotta get ya out --

RICHARD

I can't move -- it'll go --

GRADY

Could go *right now*.

RICHARD

Just *wait!* -- only thing holding it's
me --

Grady looks at Richard, looks at the car, thinking.

He moves to the PASSENGER DOOR, opens it, **CLIMBS IN**. His weight TILTS the car FORWARD, closer to solid ground.

Richard looks at him -- *are you fucking insane?*

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

GRADY

Get out.

RICHARD

It'll --

GRADY

Get the fuck out.

Richard sees Grady understands the risk, looks STUNNED. He shakes his head, won't do it.

Grady pulls his REVOLVER, COCKS it in Richard's face.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Get out of the car.

Reluctant, Richard carefully climbs out his window to safety.

As he hurries around to Grady's side, the car BACKSLIDES OVER THE EDGE.

Richard's eyes go WIDE: Grady lunges out, SLAMMING into the edge of the ravine, barely making it.

The Prius DROPS and CRASHES below.

Breathless, Richard gapes at it.

Grady lies panting, relieved. Then rolls over, laughing. In spite of himself, Richard starts laughing with him -- exhilarated to be ALIVE, really letting go for the first time in a long time.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Predawn light. A TOWTRUCK backs up to winch the car out below.

An EMT tends to Richard's cuts beside Grady, who drinks from a THERMOS. A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY, 50s, finishes up with them.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

Checked the entire property, car's long gone.

(shrugs)

If it was in fact the same man from your incident in D.C., only law he broke here is trespassing.

RICHARD

So you're not going to do anything.

The EMT finishes up, closes his kit.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

I'll put the car's description out, park a deputy by the house. Best I can do.

The Deputy heads for his car. Grady reaches for his revolver, extends it to Richard.

GRADY

You need to gun up.

Richard looks at it. He hesitates, conflicted.

GRADY (CONT'D)

You gotta protect yourself, Richard. For god's sake, look at your car.

POV of the demolished Prius in the rocky creek below.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Ya don't still think you can open your arms to the world and trust it'll hug ya back?

Richard stares down at the wreckage, solemn.

RICHARD

(thank you)

You would've had some drop.

GRADY

(shrugs)

Prolly going to hell anyway. Drop'd just shorten my trip.

Richard considers that Grady would have actually given his life for him, looks at his brother with new eyes. Thinks a beat.

RICHARD

What time is it?

GRADY

(checks his watch)

Quarter to six.

RICHARD

Keep your gun, but I need that.

Richard grabs the THERMOS out of Grady's hand, walks off.

GRADY

Where you going?

Richard dumps the water out of the thermos. Turns to Grady.

RICHARD

To take a piss.

He holds up the thermos, purposefulness in his eyes. Grady looks at him, realizing. Prelap AC/DC's "Rock'n Roll Train" as we go...

INT. GRADY'S PICKUP TRUCK - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON Grady, POUNDING the dashboard with his fist, fighting through pain as the truck LURCHES. He's in the passenger seat.

GRADY

Aaaaaagh!! Son of a bitch!

On the dashboard is a CATHETER BAG of Richard's URINE. Richard, behind the wheel, struggles with the STICK SHIFT.

RICHARD
 Sorry, I'm -- I'm trying to shift.

GRADY
 And I'm trying to stick a tube in my
 dick.

Grady grits his teeth, works the tube in, GASPING.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 That's it. It's in, it's in.

RICHARD
 If you used this kind of ingenuity for
 anything besides your own moral
 decrepitude, I think you'd win a Nobel
 Prize.

Grady squeezes the bag. Urine flows through the tubing.

GRADY
 Drive, *Dickless!* Every second now, my
 kidneys're pumping, polluting the
 clean stuff.

Richard jams the gas. Grady squeezes the bag EMPTY.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 (points)
 There! Cut through that lot!

As the rig screams into the lot, Grady yanks out the
 catheter tube, throws the door open, runs out.

Richard watches Grady dash into the clinic, fights a smile.

His cell BEEPS. He looks: "VOICEMAIL...DAD (WORK)."

INT. PAXSON OFFICES - WADE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Tabby is at Wade's computer. Richard walks in.

RICHARD
 Where's my father?

Tabby looks up, takes in his cut-up face.

TABBY
 Ouch.

RICHARD
 He said he needed me. What's going on?

TABBY

The backlash to those ads of yours.
Bigger shitstorm than I could've
imagined. See for yourself.

It's the last thing Richard needs. He walks over to the
computer as Tabby plays a NEWS VIDEO CLIP.

NEWS REPORTER (PLAYBACK)

Utah gun dealers are boycotting Paxson
Firearms over ads for *gay* customers.
What they didn't expect was *blowback* --

A clip of a GAY & LESBIAN ALLIANCE Rep giving a statement.

GLA REP (PLAYBACK)

This boycott is about fear and
bigotry. I commend Paxson for their
ads, and I'd encourage any consumers
in that market to buy Paxson products.

The video cuts to gay and lesbian CUSTOMERS exiting a GUN
STORE showing off newly purchased Paxson shirts and hats.

A gay CUSTOMER with his HUSBAND holds a GUN CASE:

CUSTOMER (PLAYBACK)

My husband's never shot a gun. I've
been a shooter all my life, but this
is my first Paxson. I want to support
them.

TABBY

I put out a press release. Story's all
over the web, phone's ringing off the
hook. We got dealer orders for twelve
hundred of the new guns.

RICHARD

That's -- that's *fantastic*.

On the video, a loud CUSTOMER at the gun store pipes up:

CUSTOMER #2 (PLAYBACK)

No more candle light vigils. Some
homophobe wants to mess with me, I got
a Paxson, I'll send him home in a
bodybag.

Richard's smile fades slightly at this sentiment.

TABBY

You got *lucky*. And I don't know what your plans are, but I want to tell you something -- I started out wheeling crates in the warehouse, been busting my ass at this company, and one day I'm gonna *run* it.

(smiles sweetly)

Get in my way, I'll fucking cremate you.

Richard nods -- *good to know*.

WADE (O.S.)

Richard --

He turns. Wade takes in his cut face.

WADE (CONT'D)

God damn.

(to Tabby)

Give us a minute.

Tabby exits. Wade approaches Richard.

RICHARD

Great news about the sales. You should up the ad buy, double it.

WADE

We will then.

Richard sees something in his father's eyes he hasn't seen before: pride. Feels good to Richard to bat for the home team.

WADE (CONT'D)

But that's not why I called you down here.

Wade's expression darkens.

WADE (CONT'D)

Richard, I'm sick.

RICHARD

...*What?*

WADE

Haven't told your brother. Only telling you 'cause I'm putting things in order.

RICHARD

(beat)

What *is* it?

WADE

Important thing is I want to be fair
to you and Grady both. Now he's worked
here his whole life --

RICHARD

Dad, you -- you don't have to worry
about my --

WADE

I'm leaving this company to you.

What? Richard is staggered.

WADE (CONT'D)

Best shot it has at livin' on.

(beat)

Come home, Son.

He looks at his father. Tries to make sense of it.

RICHARD

My whole life growing up, you told me
I wasn't fit for this business -- I
was too "soft."

WADE

Guess now ya know why I was so hard on
you.

Off Richard, reconsidering their whole history...

INT. PAXSON OFFICES - DAY

The weathered voice of TOM WAITS plays. Richard walks the
hallway, lost in thought. Gradually, he begins to take in
his surroundings -- OLD AMERICAN FLAG, FRAMED PHOTOS OF
WADE WITH THE FACTORY CREW, WWII LETTER OF RECOGNITION from
the SECRETARY OF WAR -- seeing Paxson anew.

He looks through the glass at the FACTORY FLOOR below,
teeming with MACHINISTS and HAMMER FORGES. Sweat and steel.

Richard turns to see a BLACK & WHITE PHOTO of a young WADE
with an EIGHT YEAR OLD RICHARD and TEN YEAR OLD GRADY,
hefting a RIFLE. He lingers, studying the picture.

EXT. WADE'S HOUSE - DAY

As Richard walks in the back door of the house, it seems
something has subtly changed about him -- a new strength.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Susan's at the sink. She looks up and sees Richard.

SUSAN

Oh my god -- your *face* -- *What happened?*

RICHARD

Had a car accident. I'm fine.

He kisses her -- for real -- catching her off guard.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

There's news about the dog --

SUSAN

(upbeat)

I know, your brother called me. We can pick him up this afternoon.

RICHARD

You and the kids should bring him home.

SUSAN

...Me and the kids?

RICHARD

There are some things I need to talk to you about.

SUSAN

Richard, why would you stay here another *minute*? Do you not see what's happening? You come down here and suddenly you're wrapped up in the *gun* business, our son thinks he's Rambo, your face is all cut up... When your family's around, everything goes to shit.

RICHARD

It's true... But they're my family.

EXT. WADE'S HOUSE - DAY

A TAXI HONKS. Grady stands next to it, laying on the horn.

EXT. WADE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Richard comes out. Grady strides toward him, exuberant.

GRADY

Late fourth quarter, little razzle
dazzle from the Paxson squad -- boom!
Touchdown!

He slaps a sheet of paper into Richard's chest.

RICHARD

(reads)

"Narcotics screening finds trace
elements... results inconclusive."

GRADY

Get a retest in two weeks. Which I can
plan for.

RICHARD

Hopefully you won't have to cram the
night before.

Grady grins, dances straight into the lake, hooting. He
unbuckles his holster, tosses it onto dry land. Thoughtful,
Richard watches him dunk in the water.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Grady, listen --

Richard's Blackberry rings on his belt. He checks the
number: WORK.

GRADY

Uhp -- there's the boss man, tugging
the leash. Heel, little lap dog. Run
on back to your domesticated life. If
you can call it a life.

Richard stares at the Blackberry in his hand, hesitating, as it
rings. He looks up at the vast wilderness around him. Looks
back at the phone. Deep breath...Answers.

RICHARD

Hey Ken. Can you hang on a sec?

Richard sets the phone on a tree stump, turns to Grady.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna let the company go to
Rayburn. It's dad's.

(beat)

And it's gonna be *ours*.

Grady looks at his brother with respect.

Richard bends down, picks something up...not the phone but Grady's revolver. He cocks it, and --

BOOM -- shoots the Blackberry execution-style. The phone is ATOMIZED, exploding into a thousand pieces, glass and keypad buttons spraying into the air.

Grady stares at Richard, speechless, for once.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You always said -- the real threat's
the one you don't see coming.

Just a little uneasy, Grady takes in the sight of his brother, a Paxson revolver in his hand and a new light in his eyes. And we DISSOLVE TO --

EXT. DEFUNCT RAILYARD - NIGHT

A boarded-up DEPOT with broken windows. Burned-out OIL DRUMS and INDUSTRIAL LITTER on the ground. EERIE.

Between two graffiti-covered RAIL CARS, we find the GUNMAN'S MAROON EL CAMINO, parked, lights out.

The SHERIFF'S DEPUTY who took Richard's statement gets out of a PATROL CAR. Hand on HOLSTER, FLASHLIGHT trained, he looks at the El Camino.

He walks over to a COP leaning against a second PATROL CAR.

COP

That the car you were looking for?

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

Make, model and color. And the plates
are stripped.

COP

Found this under the seat -- one of
those throw-aways.

The Cop hands the Sheriff's Deputy a DISPOSABLE CELL PHONE.

COP (CONT'D)

Three calls, all incoming, all from
the same number.

The Sheriff's Deputy scrolls the CALL HISTORY.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

Let's see who this guy's so friendly
with.

He selects the NUMBER. Hits SEND. It RINGS.

CUT TO a BUSINESS PHONE, main EXTENSION LIGHT flashing in darkness.

As it RINGS, we pull back to see we're in an OFFICE RECEPTION AREA, a strange ORANGE GLOW filtering through the window onto empty desks.

We pull UP and OUT through the window, rising HIGH AND WIDE to reveal the towering **ORANGE NEON PAXSON SIGN** illuminating the **PAXSON HEADQUARTERS** as we hear:

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Thank you for calling Paxson Firearms,
arming America since 1938. For a
company directory --

The neon Paxson sign fills the screen. It BUZZES, FLICKERS.

BLACKOUT.

END OF SHOW