Carnage Park

By Mickey Keating
- The world's a funny place, you know?
They say a man ain't a man
until he's found a purpose.
Created a routine.
Finds somethin' worth livin' for.
Few years back
Commander-In-Chief put forth an initiative.
Sumbitch claimed that the
psychiatric institutes
across this great nation
didn't have to honor certain
obligations no more.
Not even to the folks that gave their lives
and bled for god's country.
They say the American dream's dead.
Well, sir, some folks might get mad..
...some folks might even
wanna take a little revenge.
'Cause idle hands..
Well... They're the devil's playground.
The Bible says so, so it must be true.
But... Either way..
...out here..
...there's one thing that's certain.
God don't pick no favorites.
- Oh, no.
No. Please stop.
No, no, no!
- He fucking killed me and shot me, Joe!
I'm fuckin' dying, Joe.
- Nobody's dying in here.
- They fuckin' killed me.
- They didn't kill you.
- Don't let me die, Joe.
- It's gonna hurt like
hell but you're okay.
- He fuckin' killed me.
He fuckin' killed me!
They didn't kill you.
It fuckin' burns, Joe!
- It's alright, Lenny.
Fuck, fuckin' just stop it!
It's all there, we did it, Lenny.
- Let me out of this fuckin' car, Joe!
We ain't gonna make it, man.
- Hey, stop talkin' like that, you hear me?
- This wasn't fucking worth it, Joe.
- We're sticking to the plan, Lenny!
- Can't feel nothing, Joe.
- I can't feel nothing, Joe!
- Just breathe.

It's 'cause you're not breathing, Lenny. Breathe, breathe and talk to me.
- You feel that?
- Come on, now..
- Damn it, Lenny, just do it.
- I'm fucked. Oh, fuck.
- I can't see shit, Joe.
- It's okay.

Just talk to me, talk to me, Lenny.
- Fuck, this wasn't worth it, Joe. This just wasn't fuckin' worth it.
- Stop talking like that, alright?
- I'm gonna get you to Darcy's.

He's gonna call his girl.
The one with the veterinarian tattoo on her ass
and she's gonna fix you up, alright?
Okay?

She gonna set you straight, okay?
Okay, len?
Len..
Oh, god.
Damn it, len.
Fuck!
Let's go, buddy.
Get out.
- Please, please.
- Get out.

Come on.
Get out of the goddamn car, sweetheart.
- Please don't, no, no. Please don't hurt me. Please, I'm begging you.
- Come on, come on, i need your help, okay?

Okay? I need your help.
- Oh, Jesus Christ.
- Oh, Jesus Christ!
- It's okay, it's okay.
There's a first time for everything.
Come on. Come on.
Shh.
Hey! Shh, shh, shh.
Fuckin' help me.
Don't hurt me, I'll hurt you.
Oh, shit. Just grab his other arm.
Right, right here, alright?
- Pick him up. - Yeah.
- Come on, grab him. Grab him.
Fuck! Fuck!
- Come on back now, you hear?
- Please, you don't need me.
- You heard me, woman.
- I'm begging you. - Huh? You see this?
- Just.. - You see this?
Fear not, this is your Bible
and it's only got one verse.
Do... Not... Run from me.
You understand? You understand?
- Yes.
- Good.
Don't make me hurt you now, sweetheart.
Come on. Let's go.
You pull that again..
That's how fucking easy it is.
- Fucking a.
- What do you think?
- I think every second we stall
another person joins that crowd.
It's our time to shine, baby.
The world is ours.
It's our ticket, buddy.
- I'm not going back, Joe.
- You ain't going back, Lenny.
We ain't never going back.
That's why we're doing this.
Now, an old guard's immediately
to your left when you walk in.
You gotta take him out fast.
Sock in the gut will do it.
Don't kill him if you don't have to.
You ready?
- You sure about this?
- Yeah. It's now or never. They're gonna get suspicious. Now, debt documents lie right next to the money vault. I want you to stash as many as you can. We'll be town heroes.
- Now them big corporate banks send out those crazy motherfuckers to fetch their fucking stolen property. Maybe these guys do it too, man. Maybe it's not worth it. Maybe it's just not cool right now.
- That's all hogwash. We'll be long gone, anyway by the time they get wind of this.
- You ready?
- Fucking a, Joe.
Fucking a, Joe. Fucking a, Joe. Fucking a, Joe!
Are you ready, Joe?
- Laissez le bon rule! - Hoo! Lenny!
- Ready?
- Whoo!
- Good afternoon, everybody.
- Get on the fucking ground!
- This here is a stick-up.
- Come on, let's roll him.
- What?
- Now.
Like your life depended on it, sweetheart. Come on.
Okay.
Hard part's over. Get in.
- No.
- You gonna make me fucking do this again. I just threw my best friend off the fucking cliff!
- Just leave me.
- Get in the goddamn car! Get in the fucking car. Why are you giving me such a hard time, huh? Let me get that for ya.
Yeah.
Worse than my fucking ex-girlfriend.
- Goddamn!
Hotter than hell out here, ain't it?
They say it gets hotter the
closer you get to Mexico.
You ever been to Mexico, sweetheart?
- No.
- Well, Mexico...
It's a sight to see.
They got men down there
that'll follow you around
with guitars and trumpets
for a dollar a day.
It's like your own private marchin' band.
It makes things just...
...pleasant, just pleasant.
- I don't wanna go to Mexico.
I wanna go home.
I have to go home.
- Well, I'm afraid that's a
no-can-do type of situation, sugar.
We're on a tight schedule.
- You can just let me out here.
We're... Miles away from town.
I won't tell anybody, i
don't even know your name.
- Joe Clay.
Go on, take it.
Then we ain't strangers no more.
Oh, hell.
Now you can see the predicament we're in.
You know my name.
You know where we're goin'.
I'd be a fool to let you out now.
- Coward.
- What's that?
- You think you're charming?
You're a coward.
What kind of man would you
be without that gun, huh?
I know men like you, you
only know about Mexico
'cause you ran in there when
your number got called up
like a little pussy with
the tail between its legs.
You're a disgrace.
- What men?
Come on. I know you heard me.
What men?
You said you know men like me.
What men?
- My brother.
- Is he a runner?
- He left us, me and my daddy..
  ...with all the farm debt.
My daddy's old.
He got real sick.
- That's a real sad story.
- It's not a story. It's true.
- Well, I ain't no fucking
draft dodger, shit kicker
like your good-for-nothin' brother.
You understand?
They call me scorpion Joe in the pen.
You know why?
- Why?
- Scorpion doesn't know why it sting.
  It just does.
  It's in its nature.
You make me mad, I'll sting ya.
You know, I gotta be
some kind of sick fuck..
- Stay down.
Shh.
You hear anything?
- No, no! Get off of me!
- You son of a bitch!
- Think this is a fuckin' game?
Fucking cute, ain't it?
- No! No, no, no!
Get that off of me, get that
fucking thing off of me.
Get it off of me!
Help! Help!
- Shh.
- Get it off of me!
- Don't go nowhere now, you hear?
Hey!
You think you got me, huh?
You think you could pitch scorpion Joe?
Come on, motherfucker, i know you're there!
You ain't getting the jump on old Joe Clay.
Not today.
Scorpion Joe's the greatest
outlaw there ever was!
- Help!
Jesus Christ!
Help me, please.
Don't kill me.
- How you doin'?
What's goin' on here?
- He... he robbed a bank.
- You in trouble?
- Yes, yes, they kidnapped me.
- Kidnapped?
- Now, please.
- This is private property, you know.
- No.
- I had every right to shoot him.
Don't you think so?
Answer me.
- They took me.
- They took me, honest.
I was at the bank in mackin county
and they, they... they took me.
I had nothing to do with this.
- What's that?
- I don't know.
- Alright, watch it now, miss.
Back up.
Hmm, hmm, hmm.
Suspect this is all a man's
life is worth nowadays, huh?
Or is this split down the
middle between the two of ya?
- I didn't do anything wrong.
- That's all it's ever been about, girl!
This shit!
You ask anybody on this goddamn earth
and they ain't never done nothin' wrong.
- I just wanna go home.
I just gotta get home.
Can you help me? Please.
- Anybody know you're out here?
- Yes.
- Who? - The sheriff.
- Wait here.
- Hey!
I think the keys are, are here!
Hey, I think the keys are in his back pocket.
What are you doing?
What are you doing?
- I'm just gonna go ahead and knock you out now understand?
- No. No.
- Ms. fontaine, there's not much I can tell you.
- But you can't just do that. You can't just let them come in and take it.
- Ms. fontaine...
- we... we had a deal with Mr. Briggs. It was an implied contract with the land. Mr. oates, we've been living there for the last 85 years. That's our home, that's our livelihood. He can't just walk in there and... and kick us out!
- I would like to have a chance to explain.
- Okay, then, please.
- By all means.
- Well... First of all, the deal your father had with llewellyn Briggs is a matter between the two of them. It was a handshake. It's not legally binding. Whether you pay for it or not, the land belongs to Mr. Briggs and he can do with it as he pleases.
- That's why I was saying if you could just approve this loan...
- With what collateral?
- If you could just approve this loan,
we can buy the land from Mr. Briggs
and we can pay you back with the profit.
- Ms. Fontaine, I'm gonna
try to explain this
in a way somebody like you can understand.
- What the hell is that supposed to mean?
- There's no need to get vulgar...
- somebody like me?
- This is a family bank.
- Excuse me, I'm not some uneducated hick.
My family's farm is about
to be taken away from us.
And you're saying that we
should smile and thank them?
- I didn't mean it like that...
- No, no, no, no, let me say this in a way
somebody like you can
understand, you son of a bitch.
My father is sick. He's dying.
How am I gonna support
him without our land?
- Well, there's always the
local burlesque house.
Ms. Fontaine. Wait a minute.
Ms. Fontaine, I...
Ms. Fontaine, I'm, I'm very sorry.
That was completely out of line.
- How are you gonna make it right?
- Whoo!
Afternoon, everybody.
- Get on the fucking ground!
- This here's a stick-up.
Help!
Help!
Fuck!
Aah!
Well, howdy.
Now, Wyatt..
I don't need this, do I?
- Don't make me angry, goddamn it.
Okay.
What you doing out here?
- Came to check up.
That sand storm tore through here days ago
did damage as far as Terry.
Surprised you're still standin'.
- This ain't part of the agreement.
- Nope.
I suppose it ain't.
- Then answer me.
- Well..
Couple of fellas with rocks in their heads
decided to hold up the
farming bank outside mackin.
- What's that got to do with me?
- They were last seen
drivin' in this direction.
- But they ain't here.
- These boys took old tom
fontaine's daughter with 'em.
Not by her volunteer, of course.
- Don't know who tom fontaine is.
Don't know his girl, neither.
- She's local.
Daddy's a dirt farmer out on six.
Known 'em for quite a stretch,
everyone round here has.
Folks are gonna start askin' questions
as soon as she don't turn up.
Not much I can do for you
if they start lookin' in this direction.
- Uh..
I think it's safe to say
that's your problem, not mine.
- Goddamn it, Wyatt.
I tell you what, this place opens up
it won't be long, after that
i forget we're brothers.
- Don't come around here no more.
- You seen her or not?
- I told you the first time!
- Well, it'd better be the truth, Wyatt
'cause they'll burn you down otherwise.
- Brothers burn faster when
they're burnin' together.
- How far does a scream
travel out here, Wyatt?
- Not too far.
- Oh, yeah, one more thing..
...next time you pick up
a breakdown out on 66
you might wanna make sure they
ain't been to a call box first.
Yeah.
Bureau still comes around
from time to time to see
if those folks ever showed up.
- What you tell 'em?
- What I know.
Nothin'.
I tell the truth. I'm a man of the law.
That's what I do.
Yeah, I know he had a
goddamn gun out there.
We've always had guns in our family.
Of course, he had a gun out there.
He's living out in the middle of nowhere.
Stop him from what? I didn't
know what he was doin'.
How... What... what was I
supposed to know he was doing?
Wyatt.
Wyatt moss.
I just can't believe it.
Wyatt moss, my brother.
I just can't believe it.
I'm an honest man.
No, sir, I haven't seen
Wyatt in, I don't know..
...over a year, I don't
know, closer to two.
I'm an honest man.
I'm a man of law, goddamn it!
I'm an honest man!
- Carla Jean?
- Yes, sheriff?
- What was the description of those boys?
- Which boys was that, sheriff?
- Goddamn it.
Now, which boys do you think?
- The ones that holdup
the farm bank, right?
- That's right.
- I thought you meant that moss boy
that got caught up in dreyer's well.
- No, I meant them holdup boys.
Now was one of them a big fella?
- How you mean? - A great big sumbitch.
That's what the reports say, right?
- Well, Mr. mcdonnough described them
as a "goddamn monster."
Sorry, sheriff, but that's in the report.
- Put me through to deputy Winston.
- Just a moment, sheriff.
- Listen, now, Winston,
have you seen those guys?
Winston, you seen those boys?
Winston, you seen...
- yes, sheriff.
- Yeah, Winston, any sign of those boys?
- No reported sightings on the interstate.
Put up roadblocks all the way up to Rowena.
Expect to catch 'em any minute now.
- Yeah, I expect so too.
- Miss?
Hello?
What... what.. Wake up, wake up.
Wake up. Wake up.
Wh... where is he? Where is he?
- Tell me, where he is?
- Where is he?
- We reached that station, San Diego.
- We're friends.
- Okay, we gotta out of here.
No, no, no, wake up. Wake up.
Wake up. Wake up.
Open your eyes. Open your eyes.
Open your eyes.
Open your eyes.
- Water.
- I... I don't have any water.
Wake up. Wake up.
My name is Vivian. I'm gonna
get you out of here, okay?
I'm gonna get you out of here. Okay?
I'm gonna help. Alright?
Just stay with me.
- Oh, great.
Rats.
- Wake up. Don't leave me.
Don't leave me.
Okay?
We better get over that..
- Carla Jean.
Carla Jean!
Carla!
Fuck!
Wyatt!
Wyatt!
I'm coming in there!
If you got that girl in there,
it's all over. You hear me?
I can't do this anymore!
Wyatt!
- Hello!
Hello!
Hello!
- Help! Help!
Oh, please. Help!
- I'm here.
- Oh! Oh! Oh, god!
Oh, please!
Oh, god! Come please!
Hey! Hey, I can't move!
I can't fucking move!
I can't fucking move! I can't!
- Okay.
- Oh, god.
- Please just get it off!
Get it off me!
- I'm sorry! I'm sorry!
- I can't move!
Fuck! Fuck!
- I'm so sorry.
- No, no.
- Be right back.
- Don't fucking leave me.
You fucking come back!
Oh, god!
Oh! You... you there?
- I'm coming.
- Oh, god. - Hold on, sir.
- Don't fucking leave me!
Come back. Come back!
Get it off me. Please just..
- Can you move?
- What? No.
- What's happening here?
- Some water?
- Oh, my god. I'm sorry.
Here. Here.
Drink. Drink.
- We were just fucking..
We were coming from Colorado and...
It was the whole band.
And we got lost off the highway
and the Van ran out of fucking gas.
This guy said he would tow us to the town
and... Then we woke up here instead.
Oh, god, that was 4 days ago.
- 4 days?
- There were 6 of us.
Over there, we went over the Ridge
we... we thought we were getting somewhere.
And it's been a whole day
since we seen that, that fucking psychopath
with the fucking mask.
- A gas mask.
- Gas mask.
- We can get out of here.
We can find help.
The nearest town can't be that far, right?
- There's a fucking electric fence
50 feet high as far as you can see.
Oh!
We're fucking trapped here,
like an animal in a cage.
- Listen to me.
- I think I hurt him.
- Huh?
- Mm-hmm.
- I... I think I might have killed him.
- We can get out of here.
Okay.
We can find help.
We're already fucking dead!
No. No. No, you're not.
Don't say that. No, you're not.
You're gonna get help and
you're gonna come back, okay?
You just have to stay strong.
Okay.
And I'm gonna be right back for you.
Oh, please..
You have my word.
Okay.
Here.
Oh, thank you.
What's your name?
I'm Travis.
Travis?
Travis.
I'm Vivian.
Hi, Vivian.
I'll be right back.
Help!
Help!
Anybody! Please!
Hello?
Help!
I'll give it to ya.
You roughed me up real nice.
You better listen to me, pretty.
I know you're there.
You don't answer me, I'm
gonna burn down home base.
You know what we used to do
when we needed info from the enemy quick?
You... Slide the edge of your knife
in the soft bit between
the jaw bone and the ear.
The pain is excruciating.
You there, pretty?
Answer me, you fucking fuck!
You can't do this!
What are you?
What am I?
I'm nobody.
See you soon, bunny.
- Wyatt?
- Come on. Come on.
Come on!
- Lock and load, boys.
- Come on!
You missed!
You missed, you son of a bitch!
Come on. Come on and get me!
Come in here and get me!
- Silver star, the third
highest medal in the country.
It doesn't mean anything.
Lots of men died for these medals.
Lieutenant... Died, so I got a medal.
Sergeant Johns died, so I got a medal.
I got a silver star, a purple heart,
and the rest of this garbage.
It doesn't mean a thing!
- Motherfucker's down!
I am your reckoning!
And I will rain down fire upon you.
We are ourselves.
Their children. My children.
Lock and load, boys! Roll up!
- Lock and load, boys.
Motherfucker's down!
- Help! Help!
Help!
No!
Help!
- The world's a funny place.
- The world's a funny place.
The world is a funny place.
The world is a funny place.
The world is a funny place.
The world is a funny place.
The world is a funny place.
The world is a funny place.
- Lock and load, boys!
Roll up!