

BORDER PATROL

by

Michael A. Weiss & Robert Palmer

**SAMPLE**

Michael A. Weiss & Robert Palmer  
11151 Aqua Vista St. apt 230  
North Hollywood, Ca 91602  
818-980-8110

OVER BLACK: The sounds of car horns, people YELL in both Spanish and English can be heard.

FADE IN:

SUPER: SAN YISDRO BOARDING CROSSING

Traffic MOVES across the US/Mexican border from Tijuana. A thermometer reads one hundred degrees. The streets stand gridlocked with people and cars.

INT. U.S. BORDER PATROL OFFICE - MORNING

The Border Patrol Precinct is rather small. Linoleum floors, fake wood walls, a few desks in the "BULLPEN". The place is sweaty and dirty and used. A HUM sound comes from a small office in the back, the door is shut but the writing on the door reads:

"CAPTAIN HANK WILLIAMS"

INT. CAPTAIN WILLIAMS OFFICE - MORNING

Air conditioning, the only AC in the Precinct. The HUM creates a soothing sound.

HANK WILLIAMS sits at his desk reading the morning news. Hank (40's) big guy, white polo, khakis and sandals. His feet raised on the desk.

His door OPENS, it pushes OFFICER TERRANCE WILMORE(35) he holds an envelope.

OFFICER WILMORE

Cap, Cap, look what came for yea!!!

Wilmore places the envelope down on the Captain's desk.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

Wilmore, calm down already, it's only nine in the damn morning. Can you get me some coffee.

OFFICER WILMORE

(Excitedly)

Yes sir.

Officer Wilmore walks out of his office.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
God damn newbie.  
(yelling)  
Hey, close the damn door!

OFFICER WILMORE  
Sorry Captain.

Officer Wilmore closes the office door.

Captain Williams opens the envelope, he expects good news.  
He takes the papers out and looks them over.

Officer Wilmore comes back into the Captain's office with his coffee.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
Why in the hell didn't you knock!  
You don't walk into my office all  
unannounced!

OFFICER WILMORE  
I'm so sorry sir, I'm sorry

Officer Wilmore feels the need to go back out and close the door to knock.

Knock knock!!

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
Get your ass in here!!!

Officer Wilmore comes through the door and places the Captain's coffee on his desk.

OFFICER WILMORE  
Is there anything I can do?

Captain Williams leans back into his chair, his smile is something pronounced. A sense of excitement comes over him.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
Yeah, get me Officer Dawson.

OFFICER WILMORE  
Andre Dawson sir?

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
(yelling)  
What other fucking Dawson do we  
have here?

OFFICER WILMORE

Oh, this is my chance to meet the  
great black hope!

Officer Wilmore walks out of the Captain's office in a sense  
of urgency.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

(yelling)  
Close my door!!!!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

An early 1950's saloon sits alone in the middle of nowhere.  
Dried out cactus, dust and a callous sun hang over the area.  
A sign on the front barely hangs onto the roof, it reads:

IN SPANISH, LA GRANERO HEDER

SUPER: (The Stink Barn)

A sign in the window reads: OPEN 24 HOURS

INT. LA GRANERO HEDER - MORNING

The bar has very few patrons. A clock hangs over the bar, it  
reads: 5:30am.

Quick shots of -

A MAN wears a sombrero, his face covered. He sleeps in a  
chair in the back of the bar.

A MAN nobody knows is dead or alive sits wide eyed with a  
whisky bottle in front of him.

The BARTENDER cleans a glass at the bar with a rag that looks  
to have wiped his ass.

The saloon doors SWINGS open.

The light from the sun BLINDS the bar patrons.

A swank FIGURE wearing a beat up poncho and a sombrero as big  
as his ego enters the bar. The doors SWINGS back closing on  
him. The doors OPEN again.

ANDRE DAWSON (African American mid 30's) US Border Patrol  
Officer. He's undercover as the leader of the CFOG  
(Cockfighting Organization for Gamblers).

He's known as QUESO CABANA, a heartless man with a mind for sport and a mouth that runs faster than Tex-Mex through a starving Mexican.

Andre walks up to the bar and sits.

ANDRE  
(in Spanish)  
Let me get my drink on!

He SLAMS down a few pesos.

The bartenders hand trembles as he places a shot glass and a bottle of whisky in front of Andre.

Andre POURS himself a drink and throws it back. He chokes as the whisky burns his throat. Andre stumbles over to the man who seems to be dead.

ANDRE  
Hey yo, hook me up with some of  
that agua.

He grabs the bottle but nothing is in it. He turns to the bartender.

BARTENDER  
We have water here Queso Cabana,  
I'm sorry.

ANDRE  
What the hell mean you ain't got no  
water. Can't tequila made with  
water?

BARTENDER  
We are a poor country, we only have  
wine.

Andre FALLS to the floor, he over exaggerates grasping his throat, he looks up and sees...

FIJI WATER--

A bottle held by...

The CHURRASCO BROTHERS, RUIZ(40) and SANCHEZ(42).

Both brothers are dressed in business suits and carry briefcases. Each brother looks to push a good 300 pounds, Ruiz holds the bottle of Fiji Water.

ANDRE  
Let me get some of that.

He grabs the bottle and drinks.

ANDRE

Ah, now that tastes like Americana!  
Damn fellas you been down here for  
what two weeks? It looks like you  
gained a few pounds.

SANCHEZ

I'm very fond of carne burritos.

ANDRE

Shit man you should have told me,  
one of my little mexacitos works  
over at the Chimmy Changa in town.

RUIZ

Enough of this! Do you have  
everything ready?

ANDRE DAWSON

Yea, chill out. You got the goods  
Paco?

RUIZ

Who is Paco?

They lift their cases

ANDRE

It's a expression, never mind...  
We better get our game on or what?

Andre leads both men past the bar and into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom is dingy and disgustingly dirty. It has one  
open door toilet and one urinal. No sink just a hose in a  
wall.

ANDRE

Damn? You might want to cover your  
mouths when you come in here.

Sanchez, Ruiz and Andre squeeze into the bathroom. They  
huddle around the urinal, Andre pulls the metal handle down  
on the urinal.

The entire wall moves in a circle, it takes them to a secret  
room.

INSERT

Steps lead down to a man made underground cave; lit by worker lights.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. HALLWAY/ARENA

Ruiz and Sanchez follow Andre down the steps. Faint cheers can be heard, it grows louder as they walk down the hallway. They walk into a huge arena where a cockfight is already in progress.

Bleachers line each side of the arena where border jumpers as well as many migrant Mexican workers lay bet.

Andre walks them over to the loading station for the cocks.

ANDRE

Let me show you your cocks.

He walks them over to two cages, each read a name:

CAGE ONE: BUCE

CAGE TWO: STUBBS

ANDRE

These are yours. They're big, strong and healthy.

RUIZ

When do we get to see them in action?

Andre leads them over at the cockfight in progress.

ANDRE DAWSON

Ah, it looks like Burnett VS. Lowery is almost over. Anything you want to lay down you do it with Julio over there.

JULIO (20's) T-shirt and dirty jeans, takes bets from the spectators.

The cheers of the crowd get louder and louder as the cockfight continues.

FADE TO:

INT. COCKFIGHTING RING - DAY

Andre walks to the middle of the ring. A microphone lowers, he takes it in hand.

ANDRE  
 (in Spanish)  
 Welcome everyone to the cockfight  
 of the day...  
 (in English, not knowing  
 what to say)  
 In the.... dirt corner we have the  
 pecker from wood, the cock from the  
 hood..... B...U...C...E....

Buce is let out of his cage, he takes a few steps left, bobbing and weaving.

QUICK SHOTS OF --

Andre nods to Julio. Julio nods to WORKER in the crowd. The worker nods to a BORDER JUMPER. The border jumper nods to the RING WORKER. The ring worker nods back to Andre.

ANDRE  
 (still not knowing what to  
 say)  
 In the... other corner we have the  
 In...an... Star...on, the master of  
 the...de...  
 S...T...B...B...S...!!!!

Stubs gets let out of his cage, he takes a few steps right, starting Buce.

The crowd goes wild. Both Ruiz and Sanchez are eagerly waiting.

Andre eyes the suspicious looking Worker in the crowd and the Border Jumper.

Andre and Julio can see both briefcases.

ANDRE  
 Lets get ready to... FREEZE  
 MOTHERFUCKERS!!!!!!

Suddenly, Andre whips off his poncho and a sombrero to reveal a bulletproof vest that reads BORDER PATROL, he flips out two guns, he turns and points them at Ruiz and Sanchez.

The Worker in the crowd and the Border Jumper, quickly come down to the arena to back Andre up.

Everyone scrambles for the exit but it's blocked by Julio.

The ring worker helps keep Andre's side together.

ANDRE

Alright, everyone shut the hell up!!

RUIZ

You're a trader to you country!!

ANDRE

You best back the fuck up befo' ya get smacked the fuck up!

Andre walks over to the worker who takes off his fake mustache and hair to reveal JAMES FOLLY (38), BORDER PATROL OFFICER. They see things getting out of hand.

Julio and the Border Jumper have lost control of the left side of the arena. Andre jumps on someone as he tries to escape. Andre wrestles the man for a moment before he throws him to the right side of the arena.

ANDRE

Any ya'll want some more? Come on! Come on! I'll slap you back to the Lee Marvin days.

Andre walks over to James and whispers and points to the man he just wrestled.

ANDRE

Wll ya'll on my side, you are on the U.S. Border. Under statute 5237773 your participation in an illegal cockfight which has mandated you back to the US and for serous ass pounding. As for my friends to my left you are in the hands of Julio Montegro, he'll probably cane your feet and make you work for him at his cocaine plant. You're out of my jurisdiction, Julio they're all yours.

Andre stands proud...

SUPER: TITLE OF MOVIE "BORDER PATROL" IN BOLD WHITE LETTERS  
SLAMS INTO THE SCREEN

FADE TO:

INT. BORDER PATROL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Andre walks into the office cheering greets him. He wears his poncho and sombrero. He's proud, another successful job accomplished.

ANDRE

Yea, Yea, my senioritas in the house, party back at my place tonight!!!!

Captain opens his door.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

DAWSON!

ANDRE

What up Cap! Another job well done!!

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

Get your ass in my office!

Andre completes the hero walk into the Captains office.

INT. CAPTAIN WILLIAMS OFFICE

Andre enters the office.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

Close the door behind you.

ANDRE

Cap, come on, you know this was a big one. What you giving me this time two weeks off at an island of my choice???

Andre sits down, Captain Williams leans back in his seat.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

You're gonna get what you've always wanted.

ANDRE

Two naked freaks lathering me up in oil?

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

Better, your transfer came through.

ANDRE

My what? Seriously! I'm getting out of here! I'm going to Florida!

Andre jumps up and does a little dance.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

Your going alright... We have happy days ahead of us.

ANDRE

How'd you make this happen? I put my transfer in only a few months ago.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

I figure with your track record, attitude withstanding, I gave it a push to my buddy in north, he signed them and sent them back asap.

ANDRE

Ah Cap, you know I'm gettin my swerve tonight. When do I leave?

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

Tomorrow.

ANDRE

Tomorrow?? No time for anything. Well who cares I'm off to Florida!!!!

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

Just be at the airport tomorrow at 1pm, United flight 19, your first class ticket is at the counter.

ANDRE

First class too!! Ah, this is great!

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

We'll be there to see you off.

INT. UNITED TERMINAL - WALKWAY

SUPER: Five minutes before flight

Andre runs as fast as he can, he weaves through the hordes of people. His tacky Hawaiian shirt, Maui shorts rustles as he runs through the terminal. Andre KNOCKS into several people.

It appears that Andre is late catching the plane, but actually he runs for the exit.

Andre can see daylight, the electric gates open and close. He gets closer and closer. Other passengers begin to move and don't give Andre a direct route. He persists through the crowd.

Within a few feet of the doors, several Police and Border Patrol Officers step in to block the exit.

Andre's face drops and he comes to a screeching halt. Captain Williams stands in the middle with a cocky smile.

Andre walks over.

ANDRE  
It's like that!

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
(arrogantly)  
It's like that!

Andre makes one poorly planned attempt to run through the Police officers.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
Make sure he's on that plane.

EXT. PLANE WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The door SHUTS to the plane, Andre's face presses up against the window.

ANDRE  
You'll get yours cap. A burrito up  
your ass!!!

Captain Williams waves him off.

EXT. RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The plane ROARS down the runway and takes flight.

EST. CANADIAN BORDER PATROL - DAY

The Border route goes through the small city of Prescott. Two lanes each way entering the United States and exiting Canada.

A light dusting of snow covers the ground.

INT. CANADIAN BORDER PATROL HEADQUARTERS - 8 AM

Glass doors lead into the "BULLPEN." All the cop desks face one another. A small holding cell is in the left corner. A communications room or "Comm. Room" is empty in the front near the window.

In the back by the water cooler is CAPTAIN MENTED'S office.

The front door swings open and CLIFF WHITMAN walks in. Cliff, early 30's has a very proud smile as he walks into the room. He holds a cup of coffee.

He walks to his desk and places the coffee down on his NIAGARA FALLS drink coaster. It reads: "Niagara Falls is for lovers."

He begins his morning the same way, very meticulous.

QUICK SHOTS ON --

Pours his morning coffee.

Sharpens pencil.

Gets in order his papers.

Makes sure his trash bin is emptied.

He takes his hat and places it on a small mannequin head so it fits his skull properly.

No one is in the office except for Cliff. He looks around the room for something to do. He takes out some important looking files and places them across his desk. He takes his pencil and licks the point, than puts it behind his ear.

Cliff looks at his phone, he has zero messages.

CAPTAIN MENARD (O.S.)  
MEXICO?

Cliff takes a sip of coffee. Still nothing to do.

The door to Captain Menard's office SWINGS open.

CAPTAIN MENARD  
Whitmen, I need to speak with you.

Cliff looks a bit concerned.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
But Sir, the reports...

Captain Menard has already turned his back. Cliff follows.

INT. CAPTAIN MENARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

The office looks like a miniature forest lodge. Deer antlers hang from the walls with hats hanging from them. Press clippings and a pictures having drives with Gordie Howe and Doug Flutie line the wall.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
What do you need Cliff?

CAPTAIN MENARD  
Have a seat.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
Do you need me to make sure we have enough rock salt for the Winter rain? Because I can.

Captain Menard takes a sips from his coffee.

CAPTAIN MENARD  
Nothing like Irish Whiskey at eight AM.

(beat)  
Whitmen, I have something more important to ask you.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
Anything boss, you know that.

CAPTAIN MENARD  
Did you watch Coach's Corner last night during the Sen's game? Don Cherry should run for Prime Minister. He's a god damn genius.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 (relieved)  
 Don Cherry. Yeah. A real canuck.

CAPTAIN MENARD  
 I could watch him all day.

In the b.g. Cliff's walkie talkie goes off. Cliff turns around to look at it.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 Sir, Can I get it?

CAPTAIN MENARD  
 Yeah get it... but I still need to talk to you about something other than hockey?

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 Other than hockey?

BULLPEN -

Cliff walks over the walkie talkies and picks one up.  
 OFFICER ALAN FELISE(40) is at the other end.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Officer Felise is walking along the highway, his bathroom walk.

Intercut Bullpen & Highway:

OFFICER WHITMEN  
 What is it Alan?

OFFICER FELISE  
 Do you think you can take over my shift early?

Officer Felise looks as if he is in some pain.

OFFICER WHITMEN  
 Why?

Officer Felise walks double time.

OFFICER FELISE  
 Bombs over Bagdad...

Cliff looks at the walkie.

OFFICER WHITMEN

Gross...

Officer Felise holds his ass from exploding.

OFFICER FELISE

I need the rest room!

(beat)

10-100.

Cliff smiles.

OFFICER WHITMEN

10-4.

Cliff grabs his jacket and turns to Captain Renard.

OFFICER WHITMEN

Captain, I'm going to relieve Alan.

Cliff laughs to himself because he made a joke.

CAPTAIN RENARD

When you get back we need to talk.

Cliff exits the headquarters.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOUNTAINS WATER

Cliff is parked in his Border Patrol Chevy Blazer at a service entrance. Light traffic passes him, not much happens before

INT. BORDER PATROL SUV - CONTINUOUS

Cliff sits and reads: BIG GAME CANADA, a hunting and hockey magazine. Cliff opens up a page and pulls out a playboy style centerfold, but it's not a pretty girl, it's a huge Black Bear straddling a hockey stick. At the bottom it says:

"Likes fish, Dislikes humans."

Cliff folds up the magazine, just as a THUNDEROUS roar passes him. He drops the magazine on the seat next to him. An outlaw biker gang of six drive by. He watches them closely.

Cliff grabs his CB radio and calls it in.

CLIFF WHITMEN

Base, I got a six shooter full of  
White Cloud Riders. Gonna make a  
routine stop.

INSERT COMMUNICATIONS ROOM --

The lights are all off. A toilet is heard flushing in the  
back ground.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff hits the siren on his truck. Pulls down on the shifter  
and floors it.

EXT. ROADSIDE DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

The Bikers are dead in his sights. Accelerating the  
distance to the bikers closes in.

INT. BORDER PATROL SUV DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Cliff grabs his CB.

CLIFF WHITMEN

This is the Prescott Border Patrol,  
pull your vehicle over to the side  
of the road.

The trucks slowly pull over.

EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The six Bikers are pulled over, RAMROD and MEATHOOK are the  
leaders. They're dressed in black leather coats with  
gang insignia's on the back. Three are Harley choppers with  
big handle bars. One bike has a side car, the passenger has  
a helmet with a spike on it. The rest are soft tails. It's  
clear that these guys are outlaws.

EXT. BORDER PATROL SUV - CONTINUOUS

Cliff steps one foot out of his truck. He grabs the CB one  
more time.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 Capricorn One, this is Pigeon, may  
 need assistance be advised. Please  
 send back up.

Cliff grabs a shotgun from behind his seat and cautiously  
 walks up to the bikers.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 What are you boys doing in these  
 parts?  
 (beat)  
 Keep your hands where I can see  
 them.

MEATHOOK  
 We came for some sight seeing.

He takes off his goggles and looks around.

Cliff eyes all the bikers.

MEATHOOK  
 I've seen better. This place is as  
 boring as a Mormon in a whore  
 house.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 If I wanted a wife I'd follow you  
 to the bushes and watch you take a  
 leak.

Cliff walks around the bikers.

RAMROD  
 What's your beef?

Cliff looks at Ramrod, something is wrong. Cliff hones in on  
 the sidecar.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 Riding a little low are we?

The Biker in the side car doesn't respond. Cliff approaches.

RAMROD  
 I said...

Cliff looks over to Ramrod interrupting him.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 Quiet Lorenzo Lamas, this is my  
 show.

Ramrod is stunned. Cliff stands by the side car.

RAMROD  
Are we under arrest?

Cliff ignores him.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
What's your name?

Meathook looks around to the fellow bikers.

MEATHOOK  
Meathook.

Cliff smirks.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
(sarcastic)  
Was your dad a butcher or your  
momma not love you?

MEATHOOK  
You makin' fun of my momma?

Cliff has his back turned. Biker 3 reaches for a small knife.

Cliff stares at Ramrod.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
And what may your name be?

Ramrod is hesitant to respond.

RAMROD  
Ramrod. It's short for Raymond  
Rodney, you gotta problem with  
that?

Biker 3 slowly takes a knife from his side pocket. Cliff stands at an awkward angle and cannot see Biker 3's actions.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
Am I going to have any problems  
searching for the clouds?

CGI: Clouds = Cocaine

The bikers all scoff.

RAMROD  
 (sarcastic)  
 Look for the clouds you might get  
 rained on.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 Is that a threat?

MEATHOOK  
 We don't make threats.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 SHUT UP FAT SHIT!

Cliff is startled by his own vulgarity.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 ... I apologize for my use of  
 profanity. Wait here I'll be back.

Biker 3 jumps from his bike and hits Cliff and puts his  
 knife to his throat. Cliff drops his shotgun below him.

RAMROD  
 Looks like we got you in quite a  
 predicament now don't we.

They all have a laugh.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 Well I should say yes and let you  
 have all the fun but instead...

Cliff grabs Biker 3's arm. The knife drops to the ground.  
 Cliff pushes Biker 3 to the ground. He grabs his Shotgun,  
 pumps it and points it at Biker 3.

Ramrod, Meathook and the rest of the bikers pull their guns.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 Now don't do anything stupid.

RAMROD  
 Funny I was just going to say that  
 to you.

MEATHOOK  
 Let's finish him.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
 I'm going to back away, okay. We  
 can settle this at a later time.  
 Watch me, here I go.

Cliff slowly takes his foot off Biker 3 and back peddles to his truck. He opens the door to his truck and gets in.

RAMROD  
Ah hell. Shoot him.

The bikers unload their guns onto Cliff's truck.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Cliff ducks down amongst all the gun fire.

CLIFF WHITMEN (ON CB)  
Nest this is eagle, under fire,  
under fire, need immediate  
assistance!

Cliff starts his truck and pulls down on the shifter. He hits the gas and floors it towards the bikes..

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The truck slams into two of the bikes knocking the bikers off and unconscious.

RAMROD  
Lets get out of here.

Ramrod and Meathook rev their bikes and peel out.

Cliff busts out of his truck with his shotgun and guns down Meathook.

Meathook slides into a snow embankment. Ramrod gets away.

A patrol car pulls up next to Cliff.

OFFICER FELISE  
You okay?

CLIFF WHITMEN  
He took off down the road, he can't  
be far.

OFFICER FELISE  
Gotcha.

The patrol car speeds off after Ramrod.

CLICK...

Cliff looks down and sees a beat up Biker 3 holding a gun at him. He kicks it out of his hands.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
Don't even think about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

The shoot out is over shortly after it started. The police handcuff the gang.

Ramrod is escorted into a Police Car.

RAMROD  
You got nothing.

Captain Menard pulls up in his unmarked Crown Victoria. He gets out and walks to Cliff.

CAPTAIN MENARD  
You alright?

Cliff's a bit shaken but nothing serious.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
I'm Fine. You know how it is  
Captain. This is what we do what we  
do.

CAPTAIN MENARD  
Absolute  
(beat)  
What happened?

CLIFF WHITMEN  
They were smuggling drugs through  
our Border into the U.S.

Captain Menard turns and looks at the bikes.

CAPTAIN MENARD  
Where?

Cliff walks over to the side car and releases a few latches inside.

CLIFF WHITMEN  
They hid the drugs under the seat,  
the side car is a bit heavier but  
when you add drugs, the motorcycle  
tends to lower a bit. It's less  
stable than normal.

(MORE)

CLIFF WHITMEN (CONT'D)

(beat)

I know this is how they've done it  
in the past.

(beat)

But never here.

Cliff pulls the seat out and it appears to be a fairly  
substantial amount of cocaine bricks packed in and around the  
seat.

Captain Menard smiles with delight.

CAPTAIN MENARD

Great Job, Whitmen.

CLIFF WHITMEN

Tough, unique, bad, bold and sassy  
I'll take anyone down.

Cliff has a small hero walk back to his truck.

FADE TO:

**SAMPLE**