

EXT. LIMO -- EL PASO HIGHWAY TURNOUT - NIGHT

As the back door opens, the tequila bottle drops from the dirt and A BOOTED LEG STEPS OUT.

Logan shuffles, stiff, to the other side of the stretch where the *Bangers* work, removing wheels, lit by colored light.

LOGAN

...Uh. Please stop, guys. Those...  
those are chrome plated lugs.

They all five turn. Some pull guns on the drunk limo driver. He just keeps talking, slurring some...

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You're gonna strip 'em. Plating flakes  
off, you know...

A Jittery Banger cocks his shotgun.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's a lease, you know, and no one  
wants to pay to ride in a--

-- THE JITTERY BANGER FIRES. Blows Logan right off his feet.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

F\*\*k.

As the smoke settles, a CROWBAR-toting Banger angrily chews our Jitters in Spanish for firing. The others resume their work... none aware of Logan slowly getting up, till--

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Guys... seriously...  
(gets to his feet)  
You don't wanna do this.

The Bangers react to Logan with bafflement. Ad-lib Spanish reactions, nervous chuckles --

CROWBAR presses down JITTER's gun as he moves to Logan.

We hear a familiar *SKNIT!* as claws slowly extend from one of Logan's hands, then mostly extend from the other. Logan is frowning at his bad hand when--

CROWBAR THWACKS HIS SKULL. A metallic ring.

Off balance and pissed, Logan swings at them as they

(CONTINUED)

converge, but he's drunk and soon they are pounding him with knives and guns and fists and a torque wrench.

He tries his best to keep them from the limo, catches one guy's bat and inch before it would dent the car.

Another one of them shoots in that direction, but Logan puts himself in front of the bullet. The pain from that little move stops him long enough for them to resume the pummelling.

Suddenly, Logan's eyes go yellow, pupils dilating. He lets out a long, loud yell. Fury rockets up in him, like cocaine.

HE STANDS AND RAMS HIS CLAWS INTO CROWBAR and kicks another Banger into the back of the open van. Yet another runs at Logan only to get gored in the neck and tossed. This is real work for Logan, not easy. And it fuelled by rage.

Jitters again raises his sawed-off, he will nail the car for sure, but Logan slices off his arm above the elbow.

Sadly for Logan, the hand, while disconnected from the body it once belonged to, is still holding the gun. So, as it hits the dirt, the gun goes off, putting several pellet-sized holes in the the door of the limo.

This, more than anything, doubles Logan's anger--

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Motherf--

WHO GETS HIT ONCE MORE --and then goes after the last banger who, seeing he *had* his chance, leaps into the van and spins out of the lot, his wounded *compadre* in back, spilling onto the dirt as the van bounces back onto the road.

Logan picks up his keys, some loose change and a single silver bullet. He stands, staring at the holes in his otherwise pristine stretch as RAIN BEGINS TO FALL.

He sucks in deep breaths, forcing himself to regain control. His eyes return to normalcy. A PHONE VIBRATES O.S. Logan takes out his, looks at it (he's got a fare), kicks the jack from under the chassis.

WE CRANE UP as Logan starts the stretch and makes a loop in the lot, taking care to run over the three remaining Bangers before laying rubber onto the highway.