

BLOOD WILL TELL

Based On A Poem Of The Same Name

James Grayford
323.807.8599
jamesgrayford@mac.com

EXT. DESERT - DAY

TYLER, late 20's, hands cuffed behind his back, on his knees, bruises and lacerations on his face, barrel of a gun an inch from his forehead, stares right at us. The figure of KIRBY, 30's, a trucker, casts a shadow over him.

TYLER (V.O.)
He asked me...

KIRBY (O.S.)
Was it worth it? In lieu of what befell?

TYLER (V.O.)
But truth is not an absolute when only blood will tell.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Resting on a table is a diorama of a Vegas Casino lobby and exterior - small, toy size replicas of people, velvet rope and pylons, a matchbox limo parked out front. Someone's taken time and care creating this.

TYLER (V.O.)
If kinship, romance, fact and fiction are truly what they seem.

Handwritten notes illustrate "*group enters here*", "*limo pulls up and parks*", "*cashier here*", "*dump limo here*", etc. We RAISE OVER the diorama, find Tyler, clean cut, fit, no bruises nor lacerations, leaning patiently against a desk.

TYLER (V.O.)
And if six friends will sacrifice their lives or self esteem.

Across from him are four others, 20's, nervous, self involved, out of place in this clean, kept room. BOOG, big, aloof, sits in a leather chair. He wears a Batman shirt.

Below Boog, MICKEY lays on his stomach smoking a cigarette. Unbeknownst to Boog, he's ashing on Boog's shoe. Mickey takes another slow drag, exhales, ashes again.

TYLER (V.O.)
I only wanted truth. The others, let me say....

Above Mickey, VINCE sits cross legged on a dresser, his head against the wall, curtains billow in the window next to him.

He blows a bubble, sucks deeply through his nose, exhales into the bubble gum, etc....

Vince's bubble makes its way toward PAUL, sitting on a reversed chair, hands folded on the back, chin atop knuckles, eyes staring at Vince. Paul bursts the bubble. Vince laughs, revealing a chipped front tooth.

Paul glances over at Tyler. Tyler checks his watch, scrunches his eyebrows. A short knock on the door and his eyes shoot up as JAKE, athletic, the best looking of the group, enters wearing a Tuxedo and carrying a heavy, small bag.

TYLER (V.O.)

Each of us has desire which creates
dismay.

All turn expectantly. Paul stands, spins the chair. Jake drops the bag on it. A metal clinking sobers the room. All look to Tyler. It's time. Tyler rolls down the sides of the bag, reveals a collection of hand guns. They all reach in and take one.

EXT. VEGAS SIDEWALK - DAY

We're staring down at the sidewalk, TRACKING BACKWARDS, see the hand written directions from the diorama "*group enters here*", as a pair of legs step in from the left side of frame, followed by four sets of others. The handwriting fades.

TILTING UP, we reveal Tyler, Paul, Vince, Mickey and Boog framed by Vegas neon and architecture. Tyler slides a baklava over his face, brandishes a gun and veers off camera right.

The others follow, rush past the hand written directions "*limo pulls up and parks*" and velvet roped pylons, enter a casino. A Limo appears. Again, the handwriting fades.

Jake gets out, black hat and sunglasses concealing his identity. He connects the velvet ropes to the pylons and directs the PUBLIC from the door.

JAKE

Entrance is closed. Sorry. Please
enter through the side.

INT. VEGAS CASINO - DAY

Our boys pour into the lobby. TOURISTS and GAMBLERS stop in their tracks, some move, others so scared they stand still.

A GUARD raises a radio, but Boog plows through him like a linebacker. Vince and Mickey scream, whipping their weapons back and forth as Paul slides over the cashier counter.

CASINO EMPLOYEES are loading currency bags onto handcarts as Tyler walks up to a TELLER, points his gun in her face, the barrel touching her forehead.

TYLER

Money.

The Teller's absolutely terrified, cannot move, mouth agape, hands shaking. This affects Tyler, he pulls the gun back, glances to her feet - she's wet herself.

Paul climbs back over the counter with a duffel bag of money.

PAUL

(shaking Tyler)

C'mon!!!

INT/EXT. VEGAS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

This is the room we were in earlier.

We're staring out the window at the sidewalk below as the boys rush out, pile into the Limo and speed off. We PULL BACK through billowing curtains.

We PAN AROUND, see the diorama on the table follow the drawn road, turn a corner into an alley.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. VEGAS HOTEL/ALLEY - DAY

From above, we see the words "*dump limo here*" scrawled along the blacktop. The abandoned limo - doors and trunk open, blocks passage through the alley. The handwriting fades.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

We're moving FAST down the road. Paul rises into frame, howls. He sits down in the passenger seat of Tyler's convertible blue Cadillac. Tyler drives. Paul turns, high fives the others, smiling, exhilarated, proud.

The car speeds off.

EXT. JUAREZ BAR & HOTEL - DAY

NICOLE, 20's, blonde, pretty, anxious sits on a rocking chair, smoking a cigarette and staring at the road. A dream catcher necklace dangles around her neck.

In the distance, a dust cloud announces a car's arrival. Nicole rises, moves forward, squints.

NICOLE
'Bout fuckin' time.

The car pulls off the road, skids to a stop. The boys in the back pile out - Boog, Vince make it, Mickey trips and face plants. Jake helps him off the ground.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
(descending deck stairs)
I was worried.

Paul stands smiling at her. Tyler comes from around the car, passes Paul. She looks to Tyler expectantly.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
How much?

TYLER
Don't know yet.

PAUL
(laughing)
A lot!

Relieved, she steps into Tyler's arms, gives him a long kiss.

NICOLE
You okay?

TYLER
Of course.

She looks at him questionably as Vince, Boog, Mickey and Jake enter the bar. Paul pats Tyler on the shoulder.

PAUL
You coming?

TYLER
I gotta do some ground work.

PAUL
Need any help?

TYLER
(shakes head; gets in car)
See you in a bit.

Paul walks inside.

NICOLE
Be careful. That's our future.

TYLER
Of course.

Nicole watches him do a U-turn and drive away. She sighs, turns, enters the building.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Tyler finishes digging a hole, plants the shovel in the sand. He carefully scans the barren desert, opens the trunk, reveals a duffel bag of money and the sack of guns. Both land in the hole. Tyler shovels sand on top of them.

EXT. DESERT - LATER - DUSK

The hole's filled. Tyler stands a few yards away, GPS in his hands. He punches in a waypoint. A storm's brewing in the distance.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DUSK

Tyler drives, racing the storm on his way back to the hotel.

EXT. JUAREZ BAR & HOTEL - NIGHT

Pouring rain. Tyler parks the Cadillac, runs for the deck. He passes the rocking chair, gently moving as if someone's either unseen or rose up and walked away.

INT. JUAREZ BAR & HOTEL - NIGHT

Soaked, Tyler rushes inside as lightning and thunder strike outside. At one table, Boog and Mickey sit. Mickey bounces a quarter off the wood and into a glass, points with his elbow at Boog.

MICKEY
Consume!

Boog grabs the glass and chugs. In the corner of the room, Paul and Nicole shoot pool with a few LOCALS more interested in watching Nicole than winning the game.

At the far end of the bar, Jake works his charm on the Female BARTENDER who's quite flattered with the attention. Tyler takes a seat next to Vince. Nicole strolls over, kisses Tyler, bites his lip.

NICOLE
Jealous?

TYLER
Should I be?

She raises an eyebrow as if to say "yeah....." She turns, rubs her ass on his crotch, stares at the Locals, winks at Paul as he approaches and glances at the dreamcatcher.

PAUL
That new?

NICOLE
(removing necklace)
Kinda. Got it while I was waiting
for you assholes.

PAUL
What is it?

She hands it to Paul who inspects it, hands it to Tyler.

NICOLE
Don't know.

VINCE
It's a dreamcatcher. They let the
good dreams pass through, trap the
bad until the sun can burn them
away.

Tyler squints through it at Nicole.

NICOLE
What do you think?

Tyler's about to reply when -

PAUL
I think someone needs a beer.
(calling down bar)
Jake! Hook up our boy!

Jake slides his bottle the length of the bar into Tyler's hand. Tyler stands, raises his beer into the air.

TYLER

We came. We saw. WE CONQUERED!!

Paul clinks his bottle and the room erupts. It's like a frat house - constant flow of drinks, mingling with locals, celebration! Tyler lowers back down.

Nicole steps into his POV, mouths "you okay?". He forces a smile and when she steps away - his demeanor changes to worry. He watches everyone else party with abandon.

INT. JUAREZ BAR & HOTEL - TYLER & NICOLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

They're sleeping. Tyler on his back, Nicole on her side with an arm over his chest. A door cracks open and light spills on the bed. We MOVE TOWARDS Tyler as a pistol raises into frame, the barrel pressed against his forehead by the Teller from the robbery...

INT. JUAREZ BAR & HOTEL - TYLER & NICOLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

...he bolts awake.

EXT. JUAREZ BAR & HOTEL - NIGHT

The rain's stopped. The deck's empty, rocking chair still. Tyler's sitting on the steps smoking a cigarette. Nicole exits, sits next to Tyler, leans her head on his shoulder.

TYLER

I keep thinking how much I scared
that Teller. How terrified she
was.

Tyler flashes to the gun against her forehead as she wet herself.

NICOLE

Sometimes getting what you want
means feeding on people in the way.
Even if they're good people - they
may be in the way.

TYLER

I'm worried I may have caused her
some serious damage, Nicole. I
didn't consider that beforehand.

Nicole pulls away, becomes a little intense.

NICOLE

You breaking weak on me? We just made a lot of money. Don't make me spend it without you. We're in this together, right?

TYLER

Of course.

She kisses his cheek, stands, leaves the door open on her way inside.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

We're in an upscale Los Angeles restaurant. Lunch rush. Understaffed. Tyler, dress shirt, slacks, the Manager, grabs a set of menus and weaves TWO CUSTOMERS through the tables.

TYLER

Right this way.

He seats the Customers.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Your waiter will be with you shortly.

(walking away; softly)

If he ever shows up.

Tyler passes Nicole, taking an order at another table.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Table Five when you get a chance.

She shoots him a look.

TYLER (CONT'D)

When you get a chance.

Jake enters the front, passes them on his way to the back. Tyler follows him into the kitchen.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What's today's excuse?

Jake pulls a white apron over his head.

JAKE

Had an audition. Went long.

Tyler doesn't believe him. A COOK sets a plate on the counter. Tyler picks it up, nearly runs into an approaching Nicole, exits the kitchen. Nicole turns Jake around, ties his apron strings.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What was the point of last weekend, anyway?

Nicole finishes, gently pushes him out.

NICOLE

Go get 'em tiger.

He strolls onto the floor, draws Nicole's glance to a YOUNG WOMAN, expensive necklace, rings, bracelet and a WELL GROOMED MAN, both studying menus. Nicole approaches the table.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Are we ready to order?

She studies the YOUNG WOMAN. Gotta be the same age. Check out that skin, that hair, that style. The earrings, the necklace, the bracelet. Each view goes in a little closer, admires her more.

Nicole switches to the Man - he, too, exudes wealth, position, comfort. She looks off - sees Tyler in the distance pouring a glass of wine for ANOTHER COUPLE.

WELL GROOMED MAN

Miss?

Nicole snaps out of it.

NICOLE

I'm sorry, sir. What can I get you?

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER - DAY

Through the window, we see Nicole and Vince on the sidewalk.

VINCE

I know we're sitting on the money and all but I owe a lot of child support. Any chance I give her mom some of my share? I haven't seen my kid in a while.

NICOLE
Gotta be patient, Vince. Everyone
else is asking, too.

VINCE
Appreciate it.

They head off in different directions. As Nicole enters the restaurant, Jake approaches her.

JAKE
The money?

Nicole watches Tyler clear a table.

NICOLE
(impatient)
Wanna give Tyler a hand?

Jake scoffs, steps away. Nicole ponders the scenario.

EXT. GARAGE SHOP - DAY

Mickey works on a car engine. Greasy hands, shop towels, short sleeved blue shirt with his name stitched on it. Wearing a similar shirt, Boog wrenches a nearby truck.

MICKEY
Robber.

BOOG
Thief.

The door opens and BOOG'S FATHER, 50's, enters.

BOOG'S FATHER
Hey, Junior? Front and center.

Boog passes Mickey's car.

MICKEY
Bandit.

BOOG
Robber.

MICKEY
I already said Robber.

Boog wipes his hands, takes a piece of paper from his father.

BOOG'S FATHER
Swing by Chief Auto, grab a couple
of these.

Boog nods, walks away, stops and turns back around.

BOOG
Mind if I get lunch while I'm out?

MICKEY
(poking head around
hood)
You grabbing lunch?

BOOG'S FATHER
(resigned, shaking head)
Go.

BOOG
We'll be fast.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY

Boog wolfs down a plate of buffet while Mickey gets a lap dance. The song finishes and Mickey hands her a fifty, walks over to Boog's table. In the background, Mickey's Dancer shows the fifty to a 2ND DANCER, points him out.

BOOG
We gotta get going.

MICKEY
What's he gonna do? Fire his own
son?

BOOG
No, he'll fire you.

MICKEY
BFD. I'm a rich man now.

BOOG
Tyler said we had to wait.

MICKEY
Wait for what?
(softly)
We got away with it, Boog. You and
me? We're rich, buddy. It's titties
and beer from now on.

BOOG
But my dad -

MICKEY

Fuck your dad. What's he ever done for us?

BOOG

He lets us stay in the apartment above the shop.

MICKEY

Besides that.

The 2nd Dancer stops at Mickey, breasts at eye level.

2ND DANCER

You want a dance?

BOOG

Mickey, we gotta go.

MICKEY

Last one. I promise.
(sing song)
They have a buffet...

She takes his hand, leads him away. Boog steals a look at the buffet - reluctantly grabs another plate, scoops a helping.

INT. ON THE ROX - AFTERNOON

Paul and his LAWYER sit across from THREE MOBSTER LOOKING BUSINESSMEN. They're signing papers.

BUSINESSMAN #1

You'll need the money to close

PAUL

I'll have it.

BUSINESSMAN #1

You better.

Paul smiles.

EXT. ON THE ROX - AFTERNOON

Paul and his Lawyer exit to the sidewalk.

LAWYER

These guys wear suits to cover up who they really are. They don't fuck around. You do have the money?

PAUL
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

LAWYER
Where you getting it from?
Parents? Investors? Old lady
you're banging?

PAUL
Kool Aid stand by the freeway.

LAWYER
Yeah? Well, it better be some real
good Kool Aid 'cause these guys?
They're sure as shit for real.

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul lays in bed alone. A small lamp illuminates the room. Slowly, the door creaks open and in walks Nicole. She stands in a dress shirt and panties.

NICOLE
Do I look fat in this?

She unbuttons the shirt, lets it fall, slips off her panties, straddles him. A few moments pass and Paul's closed eyes say it all - he moans in climax. We PULL BACK from his face as he opens his eyes - he's alone. This was a fantasy.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Fast pitch adult league. Two uniformed teams. Some spectators. Tyler, et al, are on the field. Nicole's on the mound, winds up, sails a ball at us.

A BATTER connects, knocks it to the outfield. As the Batter runs for first base, Tyler, steps forward, removes his catcher's mask.

TYLER
C'mon, Vince!

Vince jogs for the ball, lethargically extends his glove, misses it. Jake appears from the other direction, picks it up and under throws to Mickey, the cutoff man.

Mickey strolls to the ball, picks it up and tosses it to Paul. Turning toward the infield, he watches the Batter rush past Tyler for a home run. Nicole steps up to Tyler.

NICOLE

The guys keep asking me about getting some of their money.

TYLER

Yeah? Well, if they wanna veer from the plan maybe they should think about talking to daddy.

NICOLE

They did talk to daddy.

Tyler catches the ball from Paul. Nicole opens her mitt.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Give Daddy the ball, please.

Tyler slaps it in her glove. She returns to the mound. The next batter steps in the box. Tyler slides his mask down, crouches, punches his glove.

TYLER

C'mon, baby, one more, one more.

INT. SOFTBALL FIELD/DUGOUT - NIGHT

Vince and Boog sit on the bench. Jake stuffs his gear into a gym bag, Nicole sips a water bottle, Tyler slides bats in a duffel, etc. Most of the other players are in the process of leaving, including CHIP and DALE.

Paul stands against the fence, glances at Mickey who walks with an OPPOSING PLAYER toward a Red Thunderbird. The trunk pops and the Opposing Player stealthily glances around, places his gear in the boot and removes something.

A quick exchange between Mickey and the opposing player precedes their parting and the closing of the trunk. Mickey walks toward us.

TYLER

That for you?

PAUL

Some of it.

Tyler lifts the duffel, walks away.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You know, you were more fun before you grew up.

The Other Players hide behind hats, gloves, one another. The Team silent, Tyler walks away. Paul turns to Nicole.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You live with that, right?

NICOLE

(shrugs)

It's a paycheck. I left something
in your glove compartment.

Paul nods, watches her follow Tyler. Mickey reaches him.

PAUL

We good?

MICKEY

We're soooo good.

INT. SPORTS BAR - TABLE - NIGHT

The BARTENDER turns off a beer tap, places a pitcher onto a WAITRESS's tray. We FOLLOW the tray through the crowded room until its set on our table.

Nicole sits between Tyler and Paul. Paul picks up the pitcher, fills Nicole's mug, his own and passes it to his left, away from Tyler. Tyler eyes him, laughs slightly. The pitcher makes it's way around the table, filling a glass, passed to the next person, filling a glass, etc. When it reaches Tyler, there's only foam.

He nods his head, glances around the table - defiance. Tyler shoves his chair back, heads to the bar with the empty pitcher. All turn to Paul. He sighs, follows Tyler. Nicole remains silent, takes a drink of beer, sets it down, straightens up in her chair.

INT. SPORTS BAR - SERVING COUNTER - NIGHT

Tyler watches the Bartender fill the pitcher. Paul steps up, leans on the counter next to him. Tyler knows what's coming.

TYLER

You, too?

Paul shrugs.

PAUL

It's a lot of money.

TYLER

Look - I know, okay? But none of us have done something like this before. We're way over our heads. I don't know what to expect do you?

INT. SPORTS BAR - TABLE - NIGHT

Everyone watches Tyler and Paul's conversation.

VINCE

What do you think?

JAKE

Eh...50/50.

VINCE

Think he needs some back up? I think he needs some back up.

Vince rises, then Jake. Mickey and Boog turn to each other, rise and follow. Reluctantly, Nicole joins them.

INT. SPORTS BAR - SERVING COUNTER - NIGHT

The Bartender sets down the pitcher down, moves to a CUSTOMER at the end of the bar. Our group rolls up, stands by Paul facing Tyler. Nicole's somewhat neutral, behind, off to the side. Tyler's taken aback, speaks softly.

TYLER

Guys, we talked about this.

PAUL

You talked about this.
(motions to others)
We never talked about this.

TYLER

That money's our 'get out of shallow grave free' card. They find us, returning it's our only chance of avoiding a bullet in the head.

VINCE

If they knew we'd be dead.

JAKE

No one's after us, Tyler.

MICKEY

Yeah, man, we got away with it! We ain't fuckin' stupid.

Mickey fist bumps Boog.

TYLER

There's not a single word on what happened. Reuters, CNN, Reddit - nothing. How do you explain that?

Tyler scans the silent group until Nicole clears her throat.

NICOLE

They're probably embarrassed. I mean, would you tell the world someone robbed your casino and got away with it?

TYLER

Or they're waiting to see the money move. We sit on it for a year. It's the smart thing to do.

MICKEY

Maybe we hold our own shares.

BOOG

Yeah, what's wrong with that?

TYLER

You guys'll be running up and down Toys 'R Us inside two hours. Might as well wave a flag saying "*I robbed Vegas*".

MICKEY

Well, I mean...
(smirking at Boog)
...couldn't hurt to spend a *little* bit, right?

He and Boog laugh.

PAUL

Tyler? We're asking you nicely.

Tyler's eyes land on Nicole. She looks away.

TYLER

No.

Boog steps right up to Tyler.

BOOG
You don't wanna say no.

PAUL
We're getting it with or without
you.

TYLER
Good luck finding where its buried.

Paul holds up a GPS.

PAUL
Look familiar?

TYLER
You break into my place?

PAUL
Not really breaking in if you know
where the key is.

Tyler gives a disapproving final glance, steps away. Boog places a very large hand on Tyler's chest, pushes him back. Tyler slaps it away.

TYLER
You're gonna get us all killed.

He pushes through the group, passes Nicole.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Thanks for the support.

Nicole rolls her eyes, mouths "whatever" to the others, follows Tyler out.

VINCE
He's not gonna fuck us is he?

PAUL
She won't let him.

JAKE
How can you be sure?

PAUL
(holds up GPS; wiggles it)
'Cause she wants the money, too.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

Windy. Sand swirls like clouds. It lessens and we make out Tyler's Cadillac. The GPS sits on the hood. He and Paul stand over the dig site. They've shoveled around the duffel bag of money and knapsack of guns.

Tyler drops down, grabs the duffel. It's heavy. He strains to lift it. Paul kneels, wraps a hand on the grip, falls backward to get it out. Tyler crawls up. Paul laughs, unzips it - stacks of money with \$20, \$50 and \$100 paper bands.

PAUL

What are you gonna do with yours?

TYLER

You gotta stop pretending like everything's all good between us.

Paul scoffs as Tyler zippers the bag, humps it to the car.

PAUL

You gotta stop telling people what's good for them.

TYLER

Hard to hear you're an idiot.

PAUL

Pretty easy for you to say.

TYLER

The truth hurts.

PAUL

As much as a broken nose? 'Cause we can compare the two if you like.

Tyler eyes Paul, puts the duffel in the trunk.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We taking the guns?

TYLER

We get flagged at the border you wanna explain money AND guns?

PAUL

So no?

Tyler heads to the driver's side, pulls a gun from his pants, sticks it in the glove box. Meanwhile, Paul takes one from the bag, sticks it in the back of his trousers, drops the bag with the rest of the guns in the ditch, shovels sand over it.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Tyler drives with the roof down. Paul lounges in the back.

TYLER

Tell me - is it the club? Is that why you want the money so bad?

Paul sits deep in the seat, straightens his shirt.

PAUL

Club's just the start. You should think about doing something more with your life, too. Nicole ain't gonna wait forever. She's gonna start making her own decisions.

Tyler stares at him through the rear view mirror.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Just saying. She were mine -

TYLER

She's not.

Paul smirks, lets it go, stares down the road behind them. The heat's still rising off the black top.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RAIL YARD - NIGHT

The main systems area where trains intersect, switch tracks, etc. A locomotive slowly wipes frame, revealing Tyler's Cadillac, trunk open, with Paul and the others forming a semi-circle around it. Tyler has his back to them, stacks of money in brown paper wrappings fill the duffel.

TYLER

You take this money we go our separate ways. Understood?

VINCE

We don't want a lecture, Tyler.

JAKE

Just give us our money.

MICKEY

Yeah, man. We're big boys.

TYLER

This is a mistake. You're gonna blow it and get desperate -

Paul pulls out the gun he took, points it at Tyler.

TYLER (CONT'D)
(calmly)
When did you become such an
asshole?

PAUL
Took a course at Fuck U.

Paul waves the gun at the trunk.

JAKE
It's not personal, Tyler.

Tyler tosses a bundle to Jake.

VINCE
It's business.

He tosses one to Vince.

MICKEY
Yeah, man, we got shit to do.

Mickey catches his, smiles. Boog's eyes remain downcast as he catches the bundle Tyler throws him.

TYLER
You got shit to do?

MICKEY
Yeah. We do.

TYLER
What shit you gotta do that's worth
jeopardizing everyone's lives?

MICKEY
I don't know. Shit.

Tyler extends a bundle to Paul.

TYLER
(regarding gun)
Lower that thing before you hurt
yourself.

As Paul reaches for the bundle, Tyler moves it back.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Lower. It.

Paul lowers the gun, takes the bundle. Tyler doesn't release it, Paul has to pull it away. Stares defiantly.

PAUL
Such a dick.

Tyler breaks the stare, closes the trunk, gets in the car. He and Paul make eye contact in the rear view. Tyler slaps it into gear, drives away. The group's left alone. Uncertain yet excited to hold that much cash.

JAKE
We shouldn't feel bad about this, right? I mean, I'm okay not having to wait tables.

VINCE
Fuck yeah. Paul? You okay with all this?

Paul's still watching Tyler drive away.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Paul?

Paul snaps out of it, smiles as he returns the gun to the back of his pants. Yeah, he's okay with this. He walks past Vince. Vince turns to Boog and Mickey. Mickey shrugs. Boog continues to avoid eye contact.

MICKEY
Let's go, Boog.

He and Boog move off. Jake does the same. A moment later, Vince leaves. From above, we see them all on different train tracks, heading in different directions.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We're staring at Instagram on Nicole's phone. She's curled up on the couch, swiping through various influencers and InstaModels. Beautiful girls wearing barely nothing in exotic locations, carrying high end accessories. She clicks on links, checks out merchandise and prices.

Behind her, out of focus, Tyler enters, sets something on the counter, bee lines to the bedroom. She doesn't turn nor follow, instead she switches to text on her phone. "*He just got home. All good?*" Paul replies, "*HA! No. Good luck!*". Nicole responds with a face slap emoji.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tyler's putting a full gym bag into a suitcase with a combination lock on it. Nicole enters. To her left's a bookshelf, there are comic books on the floor below it.

NICOLE

(picking up comics;
putting back on shelf)
That's it? No tossing it all over
the bed and fooling around on top
of it? No '*check this out, babe*'?

Tyler spins the combination lock and sticks the suitcase in the closet. He passes her on the way to the other room.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tyler grabs a beer from the refrigerator. Nicole steps over to him, sees the wrapped paper bag of money.

TYLER

That's your share. I keep thinking
how scared that Teller was in
Vegas.

Tyler flashes to the barrel against the Teller's forehead.

NICOLE

(holds up package)
You ask me - it was worth it. Now,
lemme call the guys over and have a
little - like *really small* -
celebration.

TYLER

I told them all to fuck off.

NICOLE

Tyler, you're overreacting. You
did something truly ballsy and got
away with it. I'm sure you'll all
guy it out next week, you and Paul -

TYLER

I figured we'd for sure have to
keep tabs on Mickey and Boog but
Vince, Jake - Paul? Didn't see
that coming.

NICOLE

We'll get what we want. I promise
you.

TYLER

What about us? If I hadn't've done
it, would you still be here?

Nicole doesn't answer. He nods, heads for the bedroom.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I gotta go to work tomorrow.

Nicole tries to keep a straight face, bursts out laughing.

NICOLE

I'm sure as shit not. Doubt anyone
else is.

Tyler stops, turns to her.

TYLER

Nicole, I need your help. You
really not coming in?

NICOLE

Yeah, fuck that.

Tyler shakes his head, enters the bedroom.

EXT. TYLER'S APARTMENT/FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Nicole steps out from the apartment, sits on the fire escape. There's an electronic billboard across the street. A series of advertisements fade in and out. Nicole vapes, unlocks her phone. Craning her neck, she sees the bathroom door cracked open and a light on, turns her attention to her message app.

NICOLE

(texting Paul)
You all okay?

Ellipsis bubbles appear.

PAUL

(texting back)
I think we're ex-communicated.

NICOLE

(texting)
Not from me you're not.

PAUL

(texting)
Good to hear. We'd miss you. I'd miss you. Plus, you're the best pitcher in the league!

NICOLE

(texting)

*Right!?! Either that or the guys
I'm up against are a bunch of
pussies.*

PAUL

(texting)

*LOL! If your Mom'll let you out of
the house tomorrow night you should
kick it with us after the game. We
all have some money to spend!!!*

NICOLE

(texting)

Or maybe I just don't tell him?

PAUL

(texting)

That works, too!

She sets her phone down, takes a hit and exhales, stares at the billboard. A gorgeous model smiling on top of an expensive sports car. Is that the Young Woman Nicole saw earlier in the restaurant?

INT. TOY STORE - VARIOUS AISLES - DAY

It took them a little more than Tyler's two hour prediction but we're close on Boog stealthily moving down an aisle. He wears a Batman mask. His arms are up, as if carrying a rifle. He moves away from us - its a BIG Nerf gun. He aims at Mickey, unleashes a gatling style series of darts.

Mickey spins, returns fire, runs away. Boog pursues, turns a corner and stops suddenly, staring ahead as if he's looking at the most awesome thing in the world. He removes his Batman mask as Mickey walks back to him.

BOOG

I've always wanted one of those.

He's looking at a Big Wheel. Shiny, sleek, regal.

INT. GARAGE SHOP - DAY

Sparks fly as Boog, wearing a welding mask, reinforces metal to the Big Wheel.

INT. GARAGE SHOP - DAY

Boog revs a customized throttle.

INT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A two bedroom, one bath above the garage service center. Wearing his softball shirt and carrying gear, Mickey walks to the door as a 125cc engine whines.

EXT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mickey steps out, smiles. Boog's riding his newly motorized Big Wheel. He spins to a stop pointed towards Mickey. A Batman headlight shines through a dust cloud.

MICKEY
(to himself)
Nice!

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

In catcher's gear, Paul crouches behind the plate.

PAUL
C'mon, baby, one more, one more.

Nicole winds up, fires the ball past the swinging batter. The UMPIRE pivots to the side, extends a third finger.

UMPIRE
Strike 3!

Paul rolls the ball to the mound, walks to the dugout. Nicole jogs by.

NICOLE
You catch well. Ever been in
prison?

She winks. He stares at her ass.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Understaffed, Tyler hustles. Hosting, waiting, bussing. A COUPLE at a table rise, drop their menus, exit. Tyler takes a step after them, but they're out the door.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

The Bartender sets a couple shots on the counter for Boog and Mickey. There's already a pitcher of beer waiting. Mickey raises his glass, hands one to Boog.

MICKEY
To dual airbags.

They down the drinks. Boog extends a hundred.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(holding out fifty)
I got it.

BOOG
No, I got it.

MICKEY
Dude, lemme pay.

BOOG
I need to break this.

BARTENDER
You guys win the friggin' lottery.

The Bartender grabs Boog's hundred, walks away.

BOOG
We just got back from Vegas.

MICKEY
(hits Boog's arm)
Dude!

BOOG
Don't fuckin' hit me.

MICKEY
Don't be fuckin' stupid.

Boog takes the pitcher and follows Mickey to a table where Chip and Dale are sitting.

ACROSS THE ROOM.

Vince and Jake are engaged in a conversation at the same table as Paul and Nicole. Paul and Nicole watch Boog and Mickey with Chip and Dale.

CHIP
I've always wanted a classic car.
I just don't have that kinda cash.

MICKEY

Well, maybe some day we'll help you raise the money.

BOOG

(hits Mickey's arm)
Dude!

MICKEY

Don't fuckin' hit me.

BOOG

Don't be fuckin' stupid.

NICOLE

(to Paul)
We gotta worry about this?

MICKEY & BOOG'S TABLE.

Boog fills mugs as Mickey glances around, gives the others bumps from a bindle. In the background, we see Nicole and Paul speaking. Paul rises, approaches the table, points at Chip and Dale.

PAUL

You and you. Shots with me at the bar.

They happily rise, follow Paul. As soon as they're gone, Nicole approaches Mickey and Boog, plops herself down.

NICOLE

Hey, guys.

BAR.

Paul, Chip and Dale finish their shots, slam the glasses on the counter. Paul clocks Mickey and Boog's table. Nicole's kinda heated, intense.

Boog's head is cowered, Mickey has his hands up and open in defense. Nicole pushes off, heads back to her table. She finishes her beer as Paul returns, takes his seat. She sets an empty glass down, glances at her watch.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I should get going. Tell the rest of the boys I said goodbye.

She walks toward the door, Paul watches until she's gone. He turns - Vince and Jake have been observing him.

PAUL
You got something to say? Huh?
Either of you?

They drop their eyes, shake their heads.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

We TRACK past an archway, see Paul on top of Nicole in bed. Nails in his back, really going at it. There's a knock on the door.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the tub, Nicole's startled, splashes on the floor.

TYLER (O.S.)
You okay?

NICOLE
Yeah. Gimme a minute.

Tyler's shadow moves from the crack at the bottom of the door. Nicole slips beneath the surface.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

The drain plug hangs from a bathtub chain, water covers the floor. Tyler stands in his boxers, brushes his teeth, inspects the surroundings.

TYLER
Looks like Sea World in here.

Nicole finishes wrapping in a towel, exits quietly.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole's phone buzzes. It's a text from Paul. "*What are you doing tomorrow?*" Nicole replies "*shopping*". Paul texts back "*Meet me at the club?*" Nicole smiles, glances at the bathroom, texts back a thumbs up emoji.

INT. HARLEY-DAVIDSON DEALER - DAY

Jake checks out a brand new Sportster, delicately runs his hand over the tank.

HARLEY SALESMAN
She's a beauty, ain't she?

JAKE
Sure is.

HARLEY SALESMAN
Mind if I ask what do you do for a living?

Jake turns, brightens.

JAKE
I'm an actor. Gonna be famous someday, you'll see.

The Harley Salesman nods his head appreciatively.

EXT. HARLEY-DAVIDSON DEALER - DAY

Jake rides the Harley away from us.

INT. ACTOR'S EMPORIUM - DAY

Holding a backpack and new motorcycle helmet, Jake hands an application and stack of money to the REGISTRAR.

REGISTRAR
Have you auditioned for us before?

JAKE
Two years ago.

REGISTRAR
Two years?

JAKE
Yeah, I didn't have the money then. I want the advanced class.

REGISTRAR
You have to take the entry class, intermediate then -

Jake turns on the charm, leans in.

JAKE
Hey. I get it. I do. There's a little box next to "advanced" right there. He's lonely. You know what he'd like? He'd like a pretty lady like you to check him off.

She looks up at him, tries to hold off but melts. She checks off "advanced".

REGISTRAR

You better be as good an actor as
you are a charmer.

JAKE

I'm better.
(sincere)
Thank you.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Vince stands on the sidewalk. TERESA, the mother of his daughter Melanie, pulls up to him, exits the car carrying a backpack. She drops it on the ground in front of him.

TERESA

I'm not depositing that.

VINCE

It's money.

TERESA

It's trouble. You go two years
without child support then boom -
bag of money. Excuse me - bag with
A *LOT* of money.

VINCE

I don't see a problem.

TERESA

I believe you, Vince. I believe
you don't see a problem with ME
depositing a lot of money and
worrying about the serial numbers
getting flagged from wherever you
got it.

VINCE

Fine. I'll write you a check.

TERESA

You're not doing that either. And
you're not seeing your daughter for
a while.

VINCE

Why?

TERESA

I don't know what you've got yourself into. But it scares me and I don't want it whiplashing when she's with you. Get a job, Vince. Stay out of trouble. Pay what you owe. Be a father.

INT. ON THE ROX - DAY

Paul, Nicole and his Lawyer stand by the bar. The Three Shady Looking Businessmen enter. Nicole has a large purse.

LAWYER

You receive the wire?

Businessman #1 nods, turns his attention to Nicole, takes his time looking her up and down. She knows he's eye fucking her.

NICOLE

You good?

BUSINESSMAN #1

I'm good, darling.

NICOLE

You sure?

BUSINESSMAN #1

I'm sure.

(to Paul)

Beautiful gal you got there.

He shakes Paul's hand, squeezes it, stares him in the eyes. Paul stares back, his hand getting crushed, it fuckin' hurts, but he's not blinking. The Businessman smiles, nods in respect, releases the grip. He hands Paul a set of keys, leaves with his partners.

LAWYER

I sure hope you know what you're doing.

The Lawyer exits. Paul turns to Nicole, smiles.

NICOLE

Wow!

Nicole points to the keys.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You psyched?

PAUL

Yeah. Four weeks until opening night. Could use your help if you're down.

NICOLE

This an interview?

PAUL

Sales pitch. You want in? It's a substantial time investment.

NICOLE

I want a partnership.

PAUL

Ha! Nicole, we both know you get whatever you want. C'mon. We gonna do this or not?

She's interested, lets the double meaning of the question hang in the ether.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You enjoy having men fight over you. Being desired. Wanted. I'm all in there. Plus, I welcome your ability to help run the club.

NICOLE

Four weeks?

PAUL

Four weeks.

She nods, reaches into her purse - takes out her brown package, sets it on the bar.

NICOLE

We got some work to do, pal. Better get me a copy of those keys real soon like.

INT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mickey and Boog sit at the linoleum kitchen table scrolling through CRAIGSLIST car ads on his laptop, focus on one in particular - "*67 Mustang convertible. Mint.*". They excitedly face each other.

MICKEY

Yeah?!?

Boog nods enthusiastically.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Smoke clouds of burning rubber float past Boog and the SELLER, counting money as Mickey does donuts in the Mustang.

 BOOG
 (to himself)
 Nice!

INT. STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

Mickey's getting a lap dance near the stage, the Dancer grinding away. At the buffet, Boog piles up a plate of food. He sets the serving utensils down, walks toward a table then stops suddenly in front of a full length mirror, his gut protruding over his belt. He glances at the food, then his reflection - dumps the plate in a garbage can.

EXT. TERESA'S HOUSE - DAY

We're looking at a Notarized Check and Legal Visitation Document in Teresa's hands. She stands in her doorway. Opposite her is Vince with a Sheriff's Deputy.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - STREET - NIGHT

Tyler slows to a stop past a line of parked cars including Mickey's Mustang, Jake's motorcycle and the Opposing Player's Red Thunderbird. He puts his car in reverse, parks.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Tyler walks down the embankment, pauses halfway and scans the various fields. He sees his old team, walks through fans, families.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Tyler ascends the steps on the opposing team's side. Tyler's team is on the field, Nicole pitching, Paul catching. Runner on 2nd Base. Tyler turns to a SPECTATOR.

 TYLER
 How many innings are left?

SPECTATOR
Two outs from being over.

INT. VEGAS CASINO - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Tyler places the gun barrel on the Teller's forehead.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Nicole winds up, fires it across the plate. Strike 3. Paul walks toward the mound, Nicole meets him halfway. They exchange some words and he tosses her the ball.

INT. SPORTS BAR - SERVING COUNTER - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Tyler glances around the group, his eyes land on Nicole. She looks away. He knows where this is headed.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Paul returns to the plate, crouches down. Again, Nicole winds up, fires the pitch - the batter connects! Sends it into center field. The Runner on 2nd sprints towards 3rd as Vince picks up the ball, throws it as hard as he can.

EXT. DESERT - **FLASHBACK** - MORNING

Tyler drops into the hole, grabs the duffel, strains to lift it. Paul kneels, wraps a hand on the grip, falls backward to get it out. Tyler crawls up. Paul laughs, unzips it - stacks of money with \$20, \$50 and \$100 paper bands.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

The Runner rounds third and heads home, Nicole moves behind the plate to back up Paul who's tossed his mask and prepares to make the play.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RAILYARD - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

From above, we see the group all on different train tracks, heading in different directions.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

The ball bounces once and lands directly in Paul's glove as BAM! the Runner collides into him. Paul holds onto the ball as the Umpire calls the Runner out. Nicole tosses her glove and jumps on Paul in celebration.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

TYLER

What about us? If I hadn't've done it, would you still be here?

Nicole stares back, doesn't answer.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

The rest of the team reaches home plate. Jake helps Nicole up but Paul playfully pulls her back down. She laughs as the teams line up for a congratulatory pass. In the crowd, Tyler descends the bleachers.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - TYLER'S TEAM SIDE - NIGHT

The team returns from the field, notice Tyler behind the fence. It's uncomfortable. Paul and Nicole arm in arm. Paul sees Tyler first, doesn't budge. Nicole attempts to disengage but Paul resists. She's forced to play it off.

CHIP

Hey, man. What's good?

DALE

Tyler, how you been?

Tyler gives them a nod, keeps his focus on Paul and Nicole.

NICOLE

What are you doing here?

TYLER

Came to watch my old team play.
See you're doing okay without me.

VINCE

Yeah, it's like a family now.

TYLER

Go fuck yourself, Vince.

Lots of "ooooos" and "ahhhhs".

PAUL

We're headed to grab a few beers.
We can lend you some cash if you're
short. Mickey - you got room for
Tyler in your Classic Mustang?

MICKEY

Ah, man, I wish. I'm bringing the
bats and -
(points a thumb at Boog)
- this fat fuck over here.

Boog flips him off as he lifts the bats, heads for the car.

PAUL

How 'bout you, Jake? Can you give
Tyler a lift on your new Sportster?

JAKE

You mind riding bitch?

Snickers from the others.

TYLER

I appreciate it, Jake. I'm gonna
head on home. Nicole, you need a
ride?

NICOLE

I gotta hang out with my team,
Tyler. You see that throw Vince
made? Guy saved my win. I owe him
a shot.

TYLER

You two seem pretty comfortable.
Anything you wanna tell me?

PAUL

What don't you know?

TYLER

Why you're holding my girlfriend.

NICOLE

Our club opens tomorrow night.
We've spent four weeks preparing
for it. If you'd been a little
more present in my life you'd be a
part of that.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - STREET - NIGHT

Tyler passes the Red Thunderbird. The trunk's open and the Opposing Player's doing a deal with Mickey. Tyler sees the exchange, continues on his way. Mickey leans into view.

MICKEY

You have a nice life there, Tyler!

As Mickey leans back out of sight, Tyler removes his keys, scratches the entire length of Mickey's Mustang.

INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

A cork pops off a bottle and champagne's poured into a series of glasses. Everyone's celebrating the opening of Paul's club. Everyone except Tyler.

The area's been transformed. Dark, cool, with streaks of colored light and GORGEOUS PATRONS, everyone a wannabe movie star, everyone loaded with cash from Daddy, the internet, porn or Vegas. Paul and Nicole are on the dance floor, enjoying the energy of wealthy youth.

Club is going full whack. It's packed. People dancing, band on the stage, smoking hot HOSTESSES doing bottle service, lines getting chopped and snorted. It's crazy.

At the door, Mickey and Boog are stopped by SECURITY. A FEMALE HOSTESS flips through a clipboard as Mickey points at Paul. The Female Hostess turns as Paul waves them in. Both Mickey and Boog must've missed the dress code on the invite.

Mickey moves through the crowd with confidence while Boog's intimidated, out of his element. They reach Paul who leads them to a VIP Booth in the corner. They all slide in. Paul and Nicole in the center, Mickey and Boog to one side, Vince on the other.

Jake enters with a semi-famous INGÉNUÉ, slides in next to Vince. All are dressed to the hilt like a dream come true. Paul raises a glass, the others follow his lead.

PAUL

We came. We saw. WE CONQUERED!!

They toast. Paul turns to Nicole, smiles. Damn, he looks handsome, confident. And she's never looked more beautiful. They hold eye contact far too long. She smiles, motions for the others to move.

NICOLE

I'll be right back, guys.

They let her out. Paul watches her disappear into the crowd.

JAKE

She's coming back, man, I promise.

Paul turns to him. The others exchange glances.

INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

Nicole returns to the table, slides in next to Paul. Paul's engaged in a conversation with Jake and the Ingenue. Nicole leans over, listening, and stealthily slips her panties into Paul's jacket pocket, whispers in his ear. Still engaged, Paul puts his hand in his pocket, glances down, sees her panties. She stares right at him, burning.

INT. PAUL'S CLUB/OFFICE - NIGHT

Nicole enters, steps to the desk. Paul follows, shuts the door, locks it. The music pounds through the walls. Nicole sits on the desk, one foot on a file cabinet, one on a rolling chair, hands behind her.

Across from her, Paul watches as she slowly rolls the chair to the side. He removes his jacket, takes a step toward her. She stops the chair. A game. Red light. Green light.

He's still. The chair slides more, he takes a step. It stops. There's a moment between them, is she gonna move the chair, is he gonna step forward? They continue - chair moves, he moves, she stops, he stops. Her legs forcing the skirt higher and higher.

Suddenly, she kicks the chair away and he moves to her, kisses her passionately. She works his pants off as he unbuttons her shirt.

NICOLE

I want you to fuck me. I want you
to fuck me like you paid me for it.

INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

Vince pours for Boog and Mickey.

JAKE

Guys, how do we feel about this?
'Cause I'm thinking, Tyler made a
choice.

Jake raises his glass.

VINCE

Yeah, he made a choice. He chose to keep us from our money. Fuck that guy.

Vince extends his glass, makes eye contact with Mickey, challenging him to join the toast.

MICKEY

My Mustang agrees.

Mickey raises his, turns to Boog. Boog holds his up, they toast. Boog turns to Mickey.

BOOG

We should get going.

Mickey scoffs.

BOOG (CONT'D)

My dad's gonna get mad at us.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Tyler wakes, extends his arm to the other side of bed. No Nicole. She didn't come home. Tyler sighs.

EXT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - MORNING

Tyler sits on the fire escape. The billboard Nicole was staring at glows in the morning light. On the street below, Paul's car pulls up. Nicole gets out of the passenger side, Paul the driver's. They're talking but we can't hear. Nicole motions for him to stay, rushes inside. The metal gate clangs shut. Paul and Tyler hold each other's eye. No malice. No challenge. Just.....watching.

Nicole enters in the background, heads for the bedroom. He knows what's coming, doesn't turn. She throws a suitcase on the bed, packs clothes, books, brushes, etc.

Meanwhile, Paul and Tyler stare. Nicole closes her suitcase, picks them up, walks out the way she came, tossing her keys on a table.

Down below, the metal door opens and clangs shut once again as she loads her things in the back, climbs in the front. Paul casually gets in, eases the car into gear, drives away. Tyler remains on the fire escape, alone.

EXT./INT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Boog's Father knocks on the door. Nothing. He knocks harder. Movement inside precedes Boog opening it. He's really hungover. His father waves a hand through the air.

BOOG'S FATHER

Son, it smells like a brewery in there. It's half past 9. Let's go!

Boog nods, glances behind at Mickey's closed door then back to his father descending the stairs.

INT. GARAGE SHOP - DAY

A car's suspended in the air. Boog stands wrenching underneath it. We hear a door open and close, footsteps on stairs. Boog smiles in relief, eyes his father across the shop, anticipating Mickey's arrival.

There's another set of footsteps. Then a third. A Yellow Cab pulls up to the curb. An ASIAN GIRL appears, then an AFRICAN AMERICAN GIRL followed by a shirtless Mickey. The girls get in the back of the cab. Mickey, his back to us, leans in and as covertly as possible, gives them bumps from a bindle. He pays the driver, pats the hood. It leaves.

Mickey playfully hides his face behind his hand, moves toward the building. He stops, smiles.

MICKEY

I'm gonna pop a shower and be right down.

He slinks up the stairs. Boog's Father shakes his head, continues working.

INT. ACTOR'S EMPORIUM - STAGE - DAY

Jake finishes a scene with ANOTHER ACTOR. The OTHER STUDENTS and ACTING COACH are quiet.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. ACTOR'S EMPORIUM - STAGE - DAY

The Students file out. Jake sticks a play in his backpack, moves toward the door.

ACTING COACH

Jake?

Jake stops, walks back to the Acting Coach. The Acting Coach waits for the rest of the class to leave.

ACTING COACH (CONT'D)

Jake, I'd like to suggest you transfer to the entry program and maybe in a semester or two you'll be ready to move up.

JAKE

I paid for the advanced.

ACTING COACH

Of course. And the Registrar will apply that towards the entry level.

Jake's embarrassed, hurt.

ACTING COACH (CONT'D)

Things take time, Jake. You'll get there. You will. There's no short cut to success. It takes work. Trust me. Earned. Not given.

The Acting Coach turns, collects his things. Jake stares at him, getting fired up.

JAKE

Maybe I need a different coach, ever thought about that? Maybe you and I just ain't clicking?

The Acting Coach sets his things back down.

ACTING COACH

Jake, you show up unprepared and quite honestly, sometimes appearing hungover. Your scene partners - all of them - complain you're never available to rehearse. Acting's a craft, an art. It needs energy, time, focus. You treat it like a hobby. Something to throw money at.

JAKE

You know so much how come you're a teacher and a not a movie star?

ACTING COACH

I'll touch base with the board about this conversation. I suggest you find another organization to hone your "craft".

EXT. ACTOR'S EMPORIUM - DAY

Students and teachers mill about. Jake approaches his motorcycle, straddles it, inserts the key. He sees the Acting Coach speaking with other students near the front.

Angry, Jake fires up the engine, revs it up and down, disturbing the Acting Coach's conversation until the man turns and faces him. Jake puts it in gear, rides off.

FADE OUT:

TYLER (V.O.)

Chipping at their bounty, some
chipped away their vows, In
delusional assumption of talents
unendowed. Twelve months passed
before the year as dollars turned
to cents, Luring those in self-
deception to seek the throne
again...

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

Boog's jogging. Really working, sweating and the results are apparent - he's lost weight. He passes a donut shop, slows...

BOOG

Don't do it, don't do it.

...speeds up.

BOOG (CONT'D)

Good boy.

EXT. GARAGE SHOP - MORNING

Boog runs into frame, stops, hands on knees, catching his breath by Mickey's car - dents, smashed tail light, loose bumper - in serious need of care. A lot of time has passed.

INT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Boog measures out portions for a power shake, dumps them in a blender, pours in skim milk, hits the button. WRRRRRR!

Mickey's bedroom door opens. Mickey steps out, shirtless, boxers, hungover. He looks like shit. Where Boog's turned his life around, Mickey's disintegrated - deep circles

beneath his eyes, hollow cheeks.

He shuts off the machine. Boog turns it back on. Mickey grabs it, throws it to the ground - shit flies everywhere. A FILIPINO GIRL stands in the doorway.

FILIPINO GIRL
Baby, you got a bump?

MICKEY
On the dresser.

She re-enters the bedroom.

BOOG
My dad wants you out.

MICKEY
Fuck him.
(pointing at blender)
That stays off!

Mickey returns to his room. Boog cleans up the mess.

INT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM/HALL - MORNING

Boog stands in front of a foggy mirror brushing his teeth. He hears a thumping, rustling, peeks out the door. Mickey's rummaging around in Boog's room, more precisely, stealing money from Boog's stash. Boog's crestfallen.

INT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - BOOG'S ROOM - MORNING

Mickey quietly closes Boog's drawer. He stands, turns - Boog's in front of him, wet from the shower in a Batman towel. Mickey's caught, guilty, ashamed.

BOOG
Where's *your* money.

MICKEY
It's gone.

BOOG
What?!? How?

MICKEY
(wipes nose)
I don't know, man. I thought it'd last forever there was so much. I don't know what to do, Boog. I'm sorry, here.

As he extends the money, the Filipino Girl knocks.

FILIPINO GIRL

You gonna pay me or do I need to
start screaming?

Boog motions with his head towards the girl. Mickey walks
past him, pays the girl.

BOOG

You gotta start showing up for work
on time, every day.

MICKEY

I know. I will.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Teresa watches MELANIE, play. Vince sits down next to her.

TERESA

Am I getting another Sheriff's
visit soon?

VINCE

You already spend what I gave you?

TERESA

You owed 24 months. That's 2 years
in Mommy and Daddy time.

VINCE

I wanna see my kid. Can you help
me a little?

TERESA

We're not negotiating a car
payment. We're taking care of a
human being. You hold your hands up
as if it's not your fault and say
"don't have it". Which means I
have to figure out childcare,
books, clothes, school trips. I
have to.

Vince nods, rises.

VINCE

I'll get it. I will.

TERESA

Uh, huh.

EXT. PLANET FITNESS - DAY

Jake's Harley's parked outside the gym. A *FOR SALE - SEE INSIDE* sign wedged in the seat. A GYM PATRON, 30's, serious bodybuilder physique, does a cursory inspection of the motorcycle.

INT. PLANET FITNESS - DAY

The Gym Patron enters, approaches the front desk. Jake's working here, Planet Fitness shirt, name tag.

GYM PATRON

Sign on the bike says to see inside.

JAKE

Yeah, that's mine. Bought it for 10. I'll let it go for 8. Firm.

GYM PATRON

I'll give you 6 and a half.

JAKE

Did you not hear me say firm? I paid 10 for it.

GYM PATRON

Yeah, I bet. It's a great bike. Pretty new right?

JAKE

Nothing wrong with it. Literally like new.

GYM PATRON

Well, it's only worth 6 and a half to me. But I tell you what.

He moves closer, lowers voice.

GYM PATRON (CONT'D)

You just started working here, right?

Jake nods.

GYM PATRON (CONT'D)

I'm open to upping the price if say, you swing by my place and we do some private training. Me and you.

Jake's more troubled than angry by the request.

JAKE

Look - I'm in a bad place right now
which is why I'm selling it. I
really need the money. If you
wanna buy it -

GYM PATRON

I do. For 6 and a half.

The Gym Patron pulls out his barcode gym card.

GYM PATRON (CONT'D)

Have a think on it.

He checks himself in, winks, heads for the locker room. Jake
looks at the computer screen - it shows the Gym Patron's
photo, name, address.

EXT. PLANET FITNESS - DAY

Wearing sunglasses, Jake leans on his Harley. The Gym Patron
exits, strolls down the sidewalk.

JAKE

Hey.

The Gym Patron pauses. Jake waves him over.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I got a couple things I gotta do
tonight. You pay in cash or no
deal. Can you make that happen?

GYM PATRON

Of course. Are we talking the 6
and a half or the 8?

JAKE

The 8. I have your address.

GYM PATRON

Bring the title.

Jake nods.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Nicole's pitching. Opposing Player #1 at bat. Nicole speeds
one, the Opposing Player connects, sends it out to left
field.

He starts running it down, can't seem to get there, slows to a stop, hands on knees, panting. Chip, the center fielder, runs over, fields it but not before the batter's scored.

CHIP
You okay, man?

MICKY
I'm good, just need a second...

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Paul, Nicole, Jake, Vince, Boog, Mickey as well as Chip and Dale, sit at their usual table. A WAITRESS sets down a couple pitchers and eight pint glasses.

PAUL
Anyone have any money?

All eyes remain downcast.

PAUL (CONT'D)
C'mon, guys, I take care of us
every game. Nobody has any money?

No reaction. He slams his hand on the table, pushes from the table, heads outside. Some rustle through their pockets, throw out coins, singles. Mickey looks at Boog who frustratingly tosses out a \$100.

NICOLE
Thank you, Boog.

JAKE
Yeah, thanks, Boog.

VINCE
Appreciate it.

NICOLE
I'm gonna check on crazy bitch.
Would you mind pouring for us?

EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Paul's outside smoking a cigarette. Nicole joins him.

PAUL
We're not gonna make our payment.

NICOLE
What?

PAUL

We'll be lucky if the staff shows up once their checks bounce. These mob guys, they take from the registers, want us to fail.

NICOLE

Fuck, Paul! You gonna confront them?

PAUL

Yes. Nicole. I'm gonna confront them. I'm doing it tomorrow.

NICOLE

What time?

PAUL

What do you mean 'what time'?

NICOLE

When guys handle shit it always gets fucked up. I need to be there. I'm a partner in the club so tell me - what? Time?

PAUL

They wanna meet at 6pm. There is another option.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Jake's staring at the conversation outside.

VINCE

What do you think?

JAKE

I think we all fucked up with our money, that's what I think.

MICKEY

You guys fucked up with yours, too? That makes me feel so much better.

JAKE

We should've listened to Tyler.

EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

NICOLE

He put it in a suitcase, stuck it
in a closet. I have no idea if
it's still there.

PAUL

Maybe we find out.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Jake downs a shot and then another. In the background
outside, Paul and Nicole cross the street, drive away.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Still in their uniforms, Paul and Nicole stand in the hall.
Paul holds his pistol, takes a step, kicks in the door.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door splinters off. Paul and Nicole enter.

EXT. TYLER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

Tyler parks behind Paul's car, gets out, looks up - sees
shadows inside his apartment.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul and Nicole enter, she points at the closet.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator dings and Tyler exits.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul opens the closet, sees the suitcase.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Paul enters the main room. Stops. Tyler's checking out the
broken door. From the bedroom, Nicole sees Paul raise the
gun. Panicked, she quickly goes through dresser drawers.

TYLER

It's not enough you steal my girl.

PAUL

I didn't steal your girl. Nicole left you. Situation was reversed, she'd've stayed with me.

TYLER

You planning on using that?

PAUL

Hope not. Feel like stepping away?

TYLER

Not particularly.
(points at gun)
Double dog dare ya'.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole turns - something's occurred to her. She rushes to the nightstand, opens the drawer - Tyler's gun.

NICOLE

Tyler?!?

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nicole steps out, gun pointed at Tyler. Paul smirks.

PAUL

Oops.

We don't know why, but Tyler's intimidated by her weapon and not Paul's.

NICOLE

Tyler, we're gonna walk past you.

Tyler moves a healthy distance from the wreckage.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Paul exits. Nicole follows, gun trained on Tyler. He smirks.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

What?

TYLER
I shouldn't have split those slot
winnings with you.

NICOLE
Well, I am pretty hot.

Nicole exits.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RAIL YARD - NIGHT

We're back where they split up the money. Paul skids to a stop. He and Nicole get out, Paul plops the suitcase on the car, uses a tire jack to force it open - gym bag. He smiles at Nicole, dumps the contents into the suitcase - comic books.

PAUL
Fuuuuuuucccccckkkkkk!!!!!! He spent
it. Fuuuuuuucccccckkkkkk!!!!!!

NICOLE
He didn't spend it.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

When we were here before, Tyler entered behind her, out of focus. Now, we see him in focus, holding an empty gym bag as he bee lines to the bedroom.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RAIL YARD - NIGHT

NICOLE
He didn't take a share. That's why
that fucker was smirking.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Tyler's putting a full gym sized duffel into a suitcase with a combination lock on it. Nicole enters. To her left's a bookshelf, there are comic books on the floor.

NICOLE (V.O.)
He put them in his gym bag before I
entered the room.

She picks up the comics, returns them to the shelf.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RAIL YARD - NIGHT

Nicole throws them to the ground, stomps.

PAUL

Babe. Those are Silver Surfers...

NICOLE

THEY'RE FUCKING COMIC BOOKS!!!! WE
NEED MONEY!!!!!!

A locomotive slowly passes by.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Why would someone pull a robbery
and *not* keep anything?

PAUL

'Cause he loved you.

Very angry, she gets in the car, slams the door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jake stands on the sidewalk. We hear a loud Harley-Davidson engine, see a headlight approach. It's the Gym Patron riding Jake's Sportster. Smiling, he parks it, dismounts, hands Jake the helmet.

GYM PATRON

Let's go inside.

INT. GYM PATRON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jake follows the Gym Patron. They pass through the vestibule, enter the living room. The Gym Patron stops, turns to face Jake.

GYM PATRON

We said 8 right?

Jake glances around the room. There's a bed in the middle of the space, some inexpensive movie lights, a few tripods. TWO CREW MEMBERS stand eating pizza. A PORN ACTOR, 30's, extremely fit, sits to the side.

JAKE

What the hell is this?

The Gym Patron steps back over, has two stacks of money.

GYM PATRON

This is 8. For the bike and you
and me.

The Gym Patron extends the second set.

GYM PATRON (CONT'D)

Here's another 4. You and Adonis,
here. For the audience. 30
minutes tops. We got shit to help
you get motivated if you need it.

As Jake contemplates, we slowly move backwards from Jake,
into the general hallway. The Gym Patron nods to a Crew
Member who walks past Jake, closes the door on us.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. ON THE ROX - BAR - DAY

Paul sits at the bar smoking and drinking. Wearing the
dreamcatcher necklace, Nicole enters, walks up to him. He
won't look at her.

NICOLE

You left without me.

PAUL

He wants to talk to you.

Nicole leans back, sees the office door closed.

NICOLE

Why's he want to talk to me?

Paul shrugs. The door opens. Paul's Lawyer exits, his
clothes askew, mouth bloody.

LAWYER

(in passing)

Where'd you get that money?

INT. ON THE ROX - OFFICE - DAY

Businessman #1 sits at Paul's desk. Nicole knocks.

BUSINESSMAN #1

You and your business partner
missed a payment.

(MORE)

BUSINESSMAN #1 (CONT'D)

I'm debating between cutting you both some slack or cutting off some thumbs.

Nicole nods.

BUSINESSMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Also - a few of my, contemporaries, have been asking about the origin of your investment capital.

(looks her up and down)

Why don't you shut the door and help me figure out what the next 3 months are gonna look like?

Nicole knows what this means.

INT. ON THE ROX - BAR - DAY

Paul hasn't changed position. In the background, Nicole closes the door.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Extremely busy. Vince follows Tyler as he rushes around.

TYLER

You really shouldn't be here, Vince. I'm sorry, I can't help you.

VINCE

Sure looks like you need some help.

TYLER

I do. I need someone for sure. Unexpected rush and we're down a waiter.

VINCE

Lemme help you out. I learn real fast. I mean, if Jake can do it...

Tyler ignores him.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about what went down, man. It was wrong. Look, I really need the work.

Tyler stops, faces him.

TYLER

Even if I wanted to, after Jake and Nicole walking they'd never let me hire another acquaintance.

VINCE

Don't say you know me.

Tyler grabs some plates, looks at him like *"yeah, right"*. Desperate, Vince realizes Tyler's not gonna budge.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(resigned, humiliated)

Can I borrow some money?

TYLER

I gotta get back to work, man.

Vince blocks his way.

VINCE

You wouldn't want everyone here to know about Vegas would you?

Tyler sets the plates down, reaches in his pocket, hands Vince some bills.

TYLER

All I got.

Vince suddenly feels ashamed.

VINCE

I'm....I'm sorry, Tyler. I didn't mean that, I wouldn't -

TYLER

Get the fuck out of here.

He grabs the plates, heads into the dining hall.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD BUS BENCH - NIGHT

Nicole sits hunched forward smoking a cigarette. Despair; watery eyes. Neon surrounds her; starry night and the lights of a thousand dreams strewn out before her. In the background, Paul exits the building, approaches, sits down. It's her turn to look straight ahead; not face him.

NICOLE

It never happened.

PAUL

I'm sorry.

NICOLE

I don't need you to say sorry.
'Cause it never happened.

Paul nods; leans back.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You and the guys need to go back to Vegas. It's the only way out of this mess.

Paul contemplates.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You're gonna call the others. You have the guns?

PAUL

We have to dig them up.

NICOLE

Whaddaya say we do that, huh?

Paul reaches for her.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Don't fucking touch me.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

We're back at the same spot. Nicole sits on the trunk of Paul's car, holds the GPS as Paul digs, digs, digs. Again, she's wearing the dreamcatcher necklace. Paul sees the bag of guns in the sand, pulls it out.

NICOLE

That them?

Paul wipes sweat off his forehead, nods.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Let's get the fuck out of here.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

It's overcast. Paul drives. Nicole lounges across the back seat. The roof's open. Nicole stares down the road. Heat rises, obscures the view. The clouds part, sun rays streak through the sky.

NICOLE (O.S.)
The other guys should be motivated.
They blew through their shares.

INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

Paul's behind the bar. Nicole sits on the other side.
They're alone.

NICOLE
You'll need to recruit Chip and
Dale. I need them involved so
there's no loose ends. They've been
hanging out with Mickey and Boog,
they gotta know something's up.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Paul sits in the bleachers with Vince. A growling, fix me
engine sound precedes Mickey and Boog's arrival as the
Mustang appears trailing black smoke.

Mickey parks, turns off the car. Mickey, Boog, Chip and Dale
get out. As they descend the embankment towards the
bleachers, the engine continues knocking.

INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

NICOLE
You have the guns. They're still
loaded?

PAUL
Yeah, but I was thinking maybe we
get more ammo.

NICOLE
You'll be fine.

PAUL
You think?

Nicole grins subtly to herself.

NICOLE
Absolutely.

PAUL
What about Tyler's?

NICOLE
I'll bring that with me to Mexico.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

The brakes on a bus squeal to a stop. The doors open and Jake steps out, descends the embankment to the bleachers.

VINCE
Where's the Harley?

JAKE
Sold it.

PAUL
Have a seat.

JAKE
I'm good.

INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

NICOLE
You tell them it's the same drill.
In and out like before. Now,
you're gonna have a problem with
Boog but there's a solution.

PAUL
Why will I have a problem with
Boog?

NICOLE
Remember the other night at the
bar? Everyone was out of money?

INT. SPORTS BAR - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Paul slams his hand on the table, pushes from the booth, heads outside. Some rustle through their pockets, throw out coins, singles. Mickey looks at Boog who frustratingly tosses out a \$100. Nicole stares at the bill.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

BOOG
I don't think I can get off work.

MICKEY
Don't be a pussy.

BOOG
Don't call me a pussy.

MICKEY
Shut the fuck up, we're doing it.

A collective WHOA! from the group.

PAUL
Boog. You don't have to do it.

Boog smiles.

PAUL (CONT'D)
It just means Mickey - you're out.

MICKEY
Why am I out?

PAUL
You're a team. If Boog's out,
you're out.

MICKEY
But -

Paul gets fired up.

INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

Nicole angrily points her finger as she demonstrates what Paul's reaction should be. We hear Paul's voice as she says the same words.

PAUL (O.S.)
END OF DISCUSSION!!

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

This hits Mickey hard. He's crestfallen, turns to Boog, wounded. Boog feels guilty, obligated, his head down.

JAKE
No way I can get another limo.

INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

NICOLE
You won't need it.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

VINCE
How do we get away?

INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

NICOLE
You'll all drive out in a stolen
car, use it to get away, split up
on foot. Meet in Mexico.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

CHIP
Which casino?

PAUL
Same casino.

DALE
Why the same casino?

INT. ON THE ROX - NIGHT

NICOLE
Would you expect to get hit by the
same crew at the same time on the
same day of the week?

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Paul sits alone as the others head off in different
directions. Mickey's car won't turnover. Boog, Chip and
Dale have to push start it.

EXT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Boog and Mickey exit the Mustang.

BOOG
Mickey, I have a really bad feeling
about this.

MICKEY
We're not going back to how things
were. We're not.

BOOG
Things weren't so bad.

MICKEY
We were whacking off to Kim
Possible. You want real girls and
big wheels? This is what it takes.

BOOG
I'm scared, Mickey! Okay?!?

Suddenly, the porch light turns on.

MICKEY
Do it or you're not my friend.

Boog's Father exits, holds his hands out like "WTF?". They ascend the stairs. His Father closes the door, turns off the light.

FADE OUT:

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Nicole and Paul stand at the entrance. He's about to leave, has the bag of guns, kisses her.

PAUL
Meet you in Mexico.

NICOLE
You better.

He exits. She rushes to the window, sees him get in a car, drive away. She sprints to the bathroom, tears off her clothes, jumps in the shower.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Nicole blow dries her hair, puts on make up, gets dressed. She looks in the mirror - dead serious. Immediately changes her expression to pleasant, disarming.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tyler opens his door. Nicole stands there - harmless, pretty. She fondles the dreamcatcher necklace.

NICOLE
They're hitting the Casino again.

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jake stands on the sidewalk as Paul pulls up with Vince.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - LATER - MORNING

Nicole stares out the window as the billboard cycles. Tyler leans against the kitchen counter.

NICOLE

You need to stop them. They didn't leave that long ago.

EXT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Paul's car idles in the street. Vince, Jake, Paul in front. Chip and Dale in back. Mickey squeezes in.

PAUL

Boog coming?

Boog exits the apartment, descends the stairs. He sticks a note on the garage door for his father, approaches the car. He's wearing his Batman shirt.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

NICOLE

Paul's picking them all up. You have time.

TYLER

What makes you think I'd do this?

NICOLE

We dug up the guns, Tyler. I didn't think to tell them about you putting blanks in all but yours.

TYLER

'Cause they're idiots and would end up shooting each other.

EXT. TYLER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - MORNING

Tyler rushes to a vehicle parked in front of his. He opens the door - his pistol's on the seat.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

NICOLE

If they get caught, your finger
prints will be found on the weapons
and the spent shells.

TYLER

Get 'em on the phone. Let 'em know.

INT. ON THE ROX - DAY

NICOLE

Be sure to collect their phones
before they leave. You don't want
digital fingerprints placing you at
the scene of the crime.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Reluctantly, they all give Paul their cellphones.

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

Tyler speeds on the freeway, weaving in and out of traffic.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

NICOLE

Can I ask you something? Why
didn't you take a share?

TYLER

I didn't want the money. I wanted
you.

NICOLE

Better get going.

She tosses him a set of keys.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

It's parked in front.

EXT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - MORNING

Nicole watches Tyler speed off. She turns to the billboard
as it plays an AD for a Vegas getaway. She snickers.

INT/EXT. VEGAS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

This is the room from the first Vegas robbery. We PUSH THROUGH the billowing curtains, see Paul pull up and stop in the middle of the road.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

Paul turns toward the others as Jake hands out KN95 masks.

PAUL

Vince - you go in the far door,
head off anyone coming from the
casino floor.

INT. VEGAS CASINO - DAY

Vince rushes in, gun drawn, mask on, controls his area.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

PAUL

Boog, Mickey - you guys go in the
same door as me.

INT. VEGAS CASINO - DAY

PAUL (O.S.)

Boog, you push through before me so
I can get to the teller. Mickey you
watch the tellers.

Boog rushes in, gun drawn, bulldogs TWO SECURITY GUARDS.
Paul enters, walks up to the TELLERS and hops over the
counter like before. Mickey enters, has his back to a wall
but faces the TELLERS.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

CHIP

What about us?

PAUL

You two are the first ones in.
(points at Chip)
Push up along the right.

INT. VEGAS CASINO - DAY

Chip enters, gun drawn, rushes along the teller counter, watches for the public entering from the far side.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

PAUL
(points at Dale)
Enter and watch the front...

INT. VEGAS CASINO - DAY

Dale enters, gun drawn, turns and watches the doors.

PAUL (O.S.)
...in case someone gets past Jake
while he redirects them.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

PAUL
We only have 90 seconds to justify
the risk.

Paul pulls his KN95 mask on, opens the car door.

EXT. VEGAS CASINO - DAY

The guys pile from the car, rush to the casino.

INT. VEGAS CASINO - DAY

Vince, Chip, Dale and Boog, Paul and Mickey rush inside. The lights are dim. No Tellers are present. "CLOSED" signs dangle from small decorative chains stretching across each station.

Facing the casino floor on the right, a SECURITY GUARD turns, sees the guys standing with guns drawn and KN95 masks. As the Guard reaches for his weapon, Mickey fires the first shot.

EXT. VEGAS CASINO - DAY

Outside, Jake's attempting to redirect the public from entering as shots ring out inside. A LOUD SCREECHING's heard and Jake turns -

INT. TYLER'S CAR - DAY

Through the windshield, we're with Tyler as he drifts around a corner, punches it down a stretch and in the longest skid in cinematic history, comes to a stop near the front.

INT. VEGAS CASINO - DAY

The Guard's taken cover to the right. Vince, having moved near the far left, flees into the casino floor. More GUARDS appear from the right, draw weapons and shoot as our guys continue firing but not hitting shit or even ricocheting.

Chip's shot in the chest, vaults backwards, dead. Boog's shot in the stomach, falls to the ground. Dale, Mickey and Paul retreat.

EXT. VEGAS CASINO - DAY

Tyler's running to the front as Mickey, Paul and Dale exit. Dale takes two shots into the back, falls to the ground. Paul returns fire as Jake and Mickey jump into the driver's side and back seat of the car.

Two Guards appear at the door. Paul takes aim - however Tyler's on the opposite side and fires - his bullets SHATTER the glass and the first Guard rushes out, the second retreats.

Paul turns, sees Tyler for the first time. Paul turns back, fires at the Guard - nothing. Paul rushes to the passenger side of the car as the Guard aims at him. Suddenly Boog appears, bulldog tackles the Guard to the ground.

Paul barely gets a leg inside as Jake hits the gas. Mickey has the back door open, watches as Boog rises, rushes for the car as it drives away. He's not fast enough.

Tyler runs back to his car, puts it in gear as MORE GUARDS RUSH from the Casino. He's blocked from getting to Boog. He has no choice but to burn rubber in reverse and fish tail out of there.

Resigned, Boog puts his hands behind his head, interlaces his fingers, drops to his knees. It's over.

INT. CASINO FLOOR - DAY

In full panic mode, Vince rushes through the casino like a dog avoiding capture.

He sprints between aisles of slot machines, crashes into DRINK SERVERS, along black jack tables, between roulette wheels.

SECURITY GUARDS raise radioes, give chase, PATRONS move out of the way, others thrown to the side. Vince makes a turn into a hallway, finds an exit door.

EXT. CASINO - ALLEY - DAY

Vince bursts through the door, a Security Guard close behind. He runs towards a street full of TOURISTS

EXT. FREMONT STREET - DAY

Vince rushes into the tourist area. The Security Guard's losing ground as Vince is harder and harder to make out through the crowd. Vince passes a VENDOR selling Mexican blankets, grabs one.

The Security Guard aims his weapon, has Vince in his sights. Vince disappears into the masses.

EXT. FREMONT STREET - INTERSECTION - DAY

The Security Guard reaches the intersection, looks both ways. Cars pass, Tourists mill about. He walks past THREE HOMELESS PEOPLE nudged up and covered against a building.

Once he's gone, Vince lowers his blanket, rises and walks the other direction. Vince reaches a crosswalk, waits for the light. He sees Jake, Paul and Mickey drive through the intersection.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

MICKEY

You just left him there!

JAKE

They were shooting at us you fucking idiot.

MICKEY

But you just left him!

PAUL

Calm the fuck down, Mickey.

(to Jake)

I was firing.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

I don't know how I could've missed
I was aiming right at them. Did
you hit anything?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

We shouldn't've gone back. We
should've listened to Tyler.

MICKEY

What was he doing there?

PAUL

No idea.

JAKE

Good thing he was.
(glances at Paul)
He saved your life. Shot out the
glass when the guard was aiming at
you.

PAUL

We gotta get rid of this car. I
need to call Nicole.

They approach a series of cars stopped at a traffic light.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

The car's at a rest behind two others. At the light across
the street, a cop car slows to a stop.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

MICKEY

You guys see that up there?

JAKE

Chill, Mickey. He's just a guy at
a light, okay?

MICKEY

No, not okay. He's a cop at a
light. Big fuckin' difference.

PAUL

Mickey. Please relax.

He flashes to images of Boog - glancing at him in the car, rushing into the casino, taking a bullet, tackling a guard, running for the car.

Mickey moves a bit, gets a better look at the cop car across the street, glances through the rear window - car blocking them in, left side window - cars passing, right side window - sidewalk. His eyes dart around and as the light turns green - he bolts, disappears in the crowd.

JAKE

Mickey!

PAUL

Let him go. Light's green. Let's find a place to dump this car and get a burner phone.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - DAY

Parking Lot. Empty burner phone box on the ground. Paul finishes dialing a number. It begins ringing. Behind him Jake wipes down the car with paper towels and bleach.

NICOLE (O.S.)

Hello?

PAUL

It was a shit show.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Sleeping in bra and underwear, Nicole lays in Tyler's bed. Everything in the place is disturbed in some way - she did some searching.

NICOLE

Everyone okay?

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - DAY

PAUL

I don't think so. Boog, Chip, Dale - they all got shot. Only me, Jake and Mickey got out for sure. Maybe Vince, I can't say.

JAKE

Mickey bolted.

PAUL

Yeah, Mickey jumped out of the car when he saw a cop so no idea where he is. You wanna tell me why Tyler was there?

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nicole strolls into the living room, curls up on the couch.

NICOLE

I told him you were going back. I was worried. Did he get caught, too?

PAUL

I don't think so.

She nods, takes it in. Is she's relieved or disappointed?

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - DAY

PAUL

You should turn around. Head back to Los Angeles.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nicole's silent.

PAUL

Nicole. You did leave for Mexico, right?

NICOLE

Of course.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - DAY

PAUL

I gotta figure how to get out of here. I'll see you soon.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nicole hangs up, takes a moment before standing and releasing a primal scream.

NICOLE
FUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKK!

She storms into the bedroom, pulls on her dress, her shoes, grabs all her things and exits the apartment.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - DAY

Paul's phone slides in his pocket. Jake points at the car.

JAKE
Whaddaya think? Good?

PAUL
Yeah, sure.

Paul turns, walks away in silence.

JAKE
That's it? You're just walking
away?

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

A large Greyhound bus with a Los Angeles sign on the front window. The BUS DRIVER helps TOURISTS place their luggage in the large compartments below before they board.

The bus is nearly full and the Driver steps inside. Vince appears, glances around, sees what looks like Casino SECURITY GUARDS moving about.

He walks the length of the bus, slickly climbs into the luggage compartment as the Driver steps back outside, systematically closes the compartment doors.

EXT. VEGAS SIDEWALK/CEMENT WALL - DAY

We perpendicularly approach a sidewalk, move into a short cement wall, rise over it and find Mickey, hiding in the corner, absolutely scared shitless, picking up and dropping handfuls of dirt.

He flashes on good times with Boog, hanging out at the strip joint, playing softball, working on cars, playing video games in their apartment, going into the 2nd robbery and being in the car as it pulls away from Boog. He calms, collects himself, wipes away his tears.

He stands, hops over the wall, moves with the public. He's eyeing purses like a predator swimming in shallow water. WOMEN clutch their bags, MEN pull loved ones closer.

He sees an OLDER WOMAN, her big purse. Up ahead a light turns yellow, the crowd slows and he POUNCES!!! Grabs the purse, darts into the street as traffic starts to flow, honk at him, nearly hit him. He keeps running as we descend into...

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

...a very large basement. Next to the door's an empty metal chair. In the center of the room are Chip, Boog and Dale. Hands bound behind backs, ankles bound to the chair legs. Boog's in the middle, missing a shoe.

Chip's hunch over, motionless. Blood pools at his bare feet. Dale's dripping blood to the floor, head back, motionless, eyes open.

We're staring at Boog's face. At least we think it's Boog's face behind all the cuts, blood and bruising.

INT. GARAGE SHOP - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Mickey works on a car's engine while Boog sits to the side dipping nuggets into sauce and sipping from a drink.

MICKEY

If you could have anything in the world, anything at all?

Boog has a mouthful of food.

BOOG

Be a hero.

MICKEY

What?

Boog sucks on the straw, swallows hard.

BOOG

Be a hero. That's what I want out of this. Enough money to get in shape and be a hero for someone. Just like Batman.

Mickey nods his head in approval.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Boog's face shows a small, subtle smile of pride. Slowly, the smile disappears, the life drifts from his eyes, his head lowers.

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

Tyler pries the VIN from the car. He shakes a can of spray paint, graffiti's the vehicle.

EXT. DESERT - ROAD - NIGHT

The car deep in the distance, Tyler reaches the black top. From far above and away we watch Tyler walking, his left arm and thumb outstretched to passing vehicles.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. TRAIN STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT

The toilet walls have roughly one foot clearance from both floor and ceiling. Paul smoothly slides a broken broom stick into a door handle, enters the next stall over.

He glances on the floor, sees a man's lowered pants and underwear, roughly pulls on them, struggles until they're free before exiting the stall, removing the wallet and tossing the pants in the garbage.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The LOS ANGELES greyhound rolls down the asphalt.

INT. CASINO - DAY

Latex gloved hands pick up shells from the floor.

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Paul sits deep in his seat, concerned everyone passing by is looking for him.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Latex gloves pull Chip, Boog and Dale's fingerprints.

INT. ON THE ROX - PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Nicole removes money from the safe, sticks in her bag.

INT. UNION STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

Alert to every passerby, Paul walks down the corridor, glances over his shoulder, reaches the main area and...

EXT. UNION STATION - BUS DEPOT - DAY

...through the depot, passes the Greyhound with the "LOS ANGELES" sign.

EXT. UNION STATION - BUS DEPOT - LATER - DAY

PASSENGERS exit the bus as the Driver opens the luggage compartments. Vince rolls out, fatigued, barely able to move, clothes stained. The Driver steps back. Vince struggles to rise, limps through the crowd towards the street.

INT. ON THE ROX - DAY

All the cashier's stations are open, money trays empty. Nicole jumps over the counter, heads out the door.

INT. PLANET FITNESS - SHOWERS - DAY

Jake showers.

INT. PLANET FITNESS - LOCKERS - DAY

Standing in a towel, Jake sifts through a "lost and found" box, checks the size on a t-shirt, sweat pants.

INT. PLANET FITNESS - WORKOUT AREA - DAY

Jakes passes through the free weight area. Seeing the Gym Patron working out, he lowers his head, moves towards the door. As he opens it, he pauses, thinks otherwise.

Jake approaches him. We can't hear the conversation. Jake appears to ask something, the Gym Patron nods, pulls out his phone. He makes a call, steps away from Jake.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT/FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Tyler appears on the fire escape, jimmies the lock open, slips inside. He wastes no time rushing through the apartment grabbing a duffel bag, car keys, a few essentials and exiting the way he entered.

INT. VEGAS OFFICE - DAY

Latex gloves pull prints from the shells.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul enters, startles Nicole, busy packing essentials. He steps forward to embrace her but she pushes him hard backwards. They exchange some words before he moves into the bedroom. She continues packing.

INT. VEGAS OFFICE - DAY

A program on a computer screen shows a large picture of a fingerprint on one side. The other side of the screen has a photo of Chip and his personal information.

A printer kicks out the same layout with Boog's information. It's collected and set on a small pile. A moment later another document with Tyler's information is set down.

EXT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tyler drops his duffel in the back of his car, pulls out.

INT. TYLER'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Tyler looks in his rear view mirror, a car's following him. He turns, they turn. He stops, they stop. Up ahead's a gas station. Tyler flips on his signal.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Tyler parks at a pump, puts the hose in the tank, heads into the store while it fills up. The other car pulls in at an adjacent island.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Tyler casually walks to the back, enters the men's room.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The handle on the gas hose clicks, the LED counter stops. Traffic continues to pass, PATRONS fill up and leave at other pumps. The doors on the follow car open and TWO MEN get out.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

An ATTENDANT sits behind thick glass. The Two Men enter, look around, head to the back.

INT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM - DAY

The door's kicked in. A ceiling panel's on the floor, the window open.

INT. GAS STATION - OFFICE - DAY

A security monitor shows Tyler dropping out the bathroom window running off with a backpack.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The duffle Tyler exited the apartment with's unzipped. Comic books.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. PAUL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Nicole's in the passenger seat. She glances in the rear view mirror, sees Tyler standing there, both hands on the straps of his backpack. She turns in her seat, raises a hand to block the sun from her eyes.

TYLER

They're here. They followed me but I got away.

NICOLE

Of course you did. You had an exit plan, right?

TYLER

Where's Paul?

NICOLE

Upstairs. He doesn't have an exit plan.

(MORE)

NICOLE (CONT'D)
(motions with her head to
the driver's side)
Hop in.

TYLER
What about Paul?

NICOLE
I'd rather be with you. C'mon.
Hop in. It's getting late. We
should get the fuck outta dodge,
don'tcha think?

Tyler looks up to the apartment then back to Nicole's
beamingly seductive smile. She pulls her skirt up her thigh.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
C'mon...

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul hears his car start, tires peel out. He rushes to the
window, sees Tyler and Nicole leave.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Tyler and Nicole roll down the highway, turn off an exit and
veer from the pavement. Dust clouds rising behind them, they
drive beneath an overpass, park.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - BENEATH UNDERPASS - DAY

Tyler shuts off the car. They turn to face each other. He's
looking at her lips, the strap on her shoulder, the way her
breathing raises and lowers her chest. He meets her eyes,
sees her smile.

She unclicks her seatbelt, he unclicks his. As he reaches
for her she slides over, straddles him, they lock into deep,
passionate kissing, both of them taking off the other's
clothes. We swirl around them, she drawing him closer, he
believing he's reclaiming what he lost.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DUSK

The car's parked up top now. Tyler and Nicole sit on the
hood, share a cigarette, watch the sunset.

NICOLE
What do we do now?

TYLER
Dump the car. Sell what we can.

NICOLE
You bring your gun?

TYLER
In the bag.

Nicole stares off, takes a long drag on the cigarette.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You planning on shooting me?

Nicole exhales the smoke.

NICOLE
Thinking about it.

She turns, smiles.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT

Jake stands on the corner, glances at his watch, looks up the street. A muscle car pulls over. TWO SKINHEADS, 20's, muscular, white tank tops, sit in the front.

SKINHEAD #1
You Jake?

JAKE
Yeah, you Crow?

SKINHEAD #2
I'm Crow. Hop in.

Jake opens the back door, slides in.

INT. MUSCLE CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

The muscle car pulls out.

JAKE
I thought it was just gonna be one.

The Skinheads exchange a glance, smile.

SKINHEAD #1
We're gonna trade off. More fun
that way.

JAKE
You got the money?

SKINHEAD #2
Of course we got the money.

SKINHEAD #1
You'll get it after.

Jake nods. He settles back.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - STREET - NIGHT

Paul stands with the Opposing Player as he opens the trunk to the Red Thunderbird. He reaches under the spare tire, pulls out a bindle, turns to Paul. Paul's holding the gun on him.

PAUL
Get in.

The Opposing Player glances at the field, makes a break for it, Paul grabs him, struggles to get him partially in the trunk - puts the pistol under the guy's chin.

OPPOSING PLAYER
Okay-okay-okay.

He climbs all the way in.

PAUL
Hand me the rest of the shit.

He reaches under the spare, hands Paul the baggies. Paul closes the trunk, pulls the keys from the lock. He glances down at the softball players on the field, makes his way to the driver's side and drives off.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RIVER - NIGHT

We're far enough away to not see details yet close enough to make out Jake's naked figure spread out on the cement. Skinhead #1's kicking Jake's body as Skinhead #2 walks to the back of the car, opens the trunk. Skinhead #2 takes out two axes, walks them over, tosses one to Skinhead #1.

SKINHEAD #1
Hang on. Lemme catch my breath.

We're closer now, staring at Jake. He looks up at us.

INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

The Kitchen Staff rush about, serving plates, bussing dishes. In the background, Jake stands in the office doorway.

INT. RESTAURANT - OFFICE - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

TYLER

It's not like when you're working here and come in with some bullshit excuse twice a week. You're late you get left behind.

JAKE

I'm not gonna be late. I'm so in, man. I appreciate this job and all but I ain't never gonna get famous doing what I'm doing.

TYLER

Well, this works out, maybe you'll get famous.

JAKE

Hopefully not like the Black Dahlia!

Jake laughs, gives him a big smile.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RIVER - NIGHT

We're far away again.

SKINHEAD #1

Okay. Let's do this.

SKINHEAD #2

For America.

SKINHEAD #1

For America.

They clink the metal axe heads like they're toasting drinks, start swinging.

EXT. DESERT TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Semi's, tractor trailers, RVS, regular cars. The Red Thunderbird pulls in and parks in the far side of the lot. Paul gets out, walks to the parked trucks.

He knocks on various trucks, has brief conversations until he gets a hit, runs to the passenger side and climbs in. The truck leaves.

EXT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mickey's car is parked in the same spot as when they left. Mickey crosses the street, slinks up the stairs to the apartment. As he puts the key in the lock, the house light on the porch below turns on and Boog's Father exits.

BOOG'S FATHER
Mickey. Boog not with you?

MICKEY
You haven't heard from him?

BOOG'S FATHER
Just a note saying you two were taking the day off.

MICKEY
Yeah, we were gonna. But we got in a fight about how I've been behaving and you know - he's right. I went to Venice on my own, thought about it and yeah, I really need to straighten my shit out.

Boog's Father nods his head.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
See you in the morning?

Mickey pushes inside quickly. We HOLD on the door.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. BOOG & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Mickey exits with TWO POLICE OFFICERS, hands cuffed behind his back, led down the stairs. Everything's surreal, slow motion visuals float without structure on Mickey and from his pov. We're in shock.

The street's blocked by police, coroner and CSI vehicles. This is a crime scene. Boog's Father's being restrained as he points and screams at Mickey.

Mickey's car is the center of attention, the trunk open and as Mickey's led by we see three bodies stuffed inside - Boog, Chip and Dale. Mickey's placed in the back of a police cruiser and escorted away.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ALLEY - MORNING

Crime scene tape's stretched across an alley. A HOMELESS MAN's interviewed by police. We FOLLOW TWO CORONERS under the tape as they approach a dumpster in the distance.

VOICE ON POLICE RADIO (O.S.)

We have a homicide situation at a dumpster on Hollywood and Cherokee. While sifting through trash a Homeless Man discovered the head and feet of an unidentified Caucasian male, 20's....

EXT. TERESA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

Vince wakes up to the face of his daughter shaking him.

MELANIE

Daddy, wake up.

Vince sits up, his pistol sticking out the back of his pants.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Daddy, you smell.

VINCE

I know sweetie.

MELANIE

Did you sleep out here?

VINCE

I wanted to be here when you woke up? Listen to me, okay? I have to go away. I want you to remember how much I love you. I made a lot of mistakes and failed a lot of times. But I never stopped loving you. You're the best thing that never happened for me.

INT. TERESA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Through the sliding glass window, we see Vince hug his daughter before leaving. As Melanie opens the door and enters, her mother appears.

TERESA

Baby, what were you doing outside?

MELANIE

Saying goodbye to daddy.

EXT. TERESA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

Alarmed, Teresa steps outside. Vince has gone.

INT. VEHICLE IN DRIVE THRU - MORNING

A series of cars are lined up at a fast food drive thru. A MIDDLE AGED MAN and WOMAN sit in their vehicle. Behind them, the car at the end pulls out FAST and speeds off.

The Man sees Vince in the rear view mirror, gun drawn, systematically approaching each driver, forcing them to put wallets and phones in a bag before rushing to the next car.

The Man rolls up his window.

EXT. DRIVE THRU - MORNING

Vince rushes up to the Middle Age Man's car, sees him on the phone with the window up, moves to the next vehicle.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MORNING

Vince runs from the Drive Thru towards the street as a Police Cruiser flips on its lights and sirens, does a U-Turn.

EXT. SUBURBAN BLOCK - MORNING

Vince runs across the lawns of a housing stretch, all with fences preventing access to the back. Cop Cars approach from both directions of the street. Vince fires forward and behind as he runs.

Vince takes a bullet to the leg, spins, falls to a knee, raises his pistol to return fire when his chest is shot in three places.

He drops to both knees, releases the pistol and bag. A shot to the back forces him to the ground. He rolls over, stares right at us.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - STREET - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

From Tyler's car, Vince and Tyler watch Melanie play.

VINCE

I should've treated her better. If I could go back and change one thing in my life, it'd be that.

TYLER

Vince, we all have regrets. I'm sure our parents would do things differently. Especially Mickey's.

They laugh.

VINCE

This thing? It's a sure thing? 'Cause I really need a sure thing if I'm ever gonna do right by her.

TYLER

I can't give you a sure thing. Question is, will it give you what you want?

VINCE

I want what's best for her. Whether or not I'm in her life, I want what's best for her.

EXT. SUBURBAN BLOCK - MORNING

NUMEROUS POLICE OFFICES step into view only to blur out.

FADE OUT.

DJ (O.S.)

Up next.....AMBER!!!

FADE IN:

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

We TRACK ALONG a series dollar bills, see a hand pick them up, find Nicole crawling along a stage collecting the money. She rises, exits as AMBER, 20's, begins her routine.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Nicole walks through the back as MAMASAN, 50's, approaches.

MAMASAN
Chelsea, room 2.

Nicole stops, taps her nose. Reluctantly, Mamasan reaches into her cleavage, pulls out a coke dispenser, gives Nicole a bump. Nicole continues on her way.

MAMASAN (CONT'D)
(putting dispenser back)
You gonna have to start buying it,
girl. Shaking that ass don't pay
MY bills.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Nicole pushes through a curtain. DARREL GIFFORD, 40's, portly, mustache, sits on a very small couch, his drink on the tiny table in front of him.

DARREL
Hey, gorgeous. Miss me?

She gets right to work, straddles him, rubs his crotch.

NICOLE
Not as much as you missed me.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

Nicole and Tyler sit at a small table. Spread across them are four cocktail napkins with a hand sketched building diagram. Nicole points to each area.

NICOLE
Stage. Front entrance. Side
entrance. Changing area. Lap
dance rooms. Main office. This is
where they keep the money.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Nicole's turned around in reverse cowgirl position. Darrel's hands slowly reach for her hips.

NICOLE
Darrel, you know you're not allowed
to touch me.

She glances back at him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You can't wait until tomorrow
night?

DARREL

Do I have to?

NICOLE

Only way I know I can trust ya',
baby.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

NICOLE

We have a very small window when
they do the first count. After you
get the money, you hand it off to
me here and continue out the side.
They'll chase you and I'll head out
the front. We meet back at the
hotel. Be sure to go out the door I
let you in from.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Nicole passes Mamasan, extends a \$100 bill. As Mamasan
reaches for it, Nicole snatches it back.

MAMASAN

You're a fucking bitch you know
that!?!

NICOLE

Fuck yeah, I do.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Paul sits at the bar, nursing a beer. Kirby, the figure
casting as shadow over Tyler in the opening, sits next to
him. TWO BIKERS enter, sit at the other end of the bar.

KIRBY

Those are our boys.

PAUL

You sure?

KIRBY
 (waves at them)
 Or course I'm sure. They buy shit
 that falls off my truck. They're
 good people.

INT. DIVE BAR - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Paul finishes doing a line, rubs his nose, hands the straw to Kirby. Kirby does a line. They exchange positive expressions. Paul pulls out a wad of cash, exchanges it for a bag of blow. While Biker #1 counts the cash, Paul shows a photo of Nicole.

PAUL
 Looking for a girl. Either of you
 seen her?

BIKER #2
 I wish. She work for you?

PAUL
 Old friend. Trying to catch up
 with her and a buddy. How 'bout
 you, Einstein? You seen her?

Biker #1 raises a hand for Paul to hold on, gets to a stopping point, squints at the picture, shakes his head, returns to counting. Kirby starts laughing.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 What?

KIRBY
 It's just....blanks? Really? You
 guys had blanks in the guns?

PAUL
 Fuck off.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

Tyler smokes a cigarette. Nicole exits, takes it from him.

TYLER
 I don't know how many more of these
 I can do, Nicole.

NICOLE
 Last one. I promise.

She winks, takes a drag, exhales.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

We're FOLLOWING Nicole down the backstage hall. She enters a vestibule, pushes a door open. Tyler steps in, mask on, takes Nicole by the hair

NICOLE

Can you at least *try* to make it
look convincing?

He yanks her hair hard, sticks the gun beneath her throat.

TYLER

How's that?

NICOLE

Don't be a dick.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tyler pushes Nicole as she points a shaky finger down the hall, past the lap dance rooms, into an office. A MANAGER has stacks of money lined up on the desk as he arranges denominations. Tyler throws a bag at him.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - OFFICE/HALLWAY

Bag in hand, Tyler rushes from the room.

NICOLE

Gimme the bag.

A gun shot sounds and part of the wall they're passing BURSTS. Mamasan stands by Tyler's door. He pushes Nicole and follows her as Mamasan fires again.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

That door! YOU go out that door!

They've reached the main floor area. Tyler fires a shot into the ceiling, points the gun at the Bartender as they make their way out the front entrance.

EXT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Sitting in his running car is Darrel. Tyler releases Nicole, uses his free hand to open the driver's side.

TYLER

OUT!

Darrel falls from the vehicle, his eyes darting between Nicole and Tyler. They hop in, peel off.

INT. DARREL'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

TYLER

Why the fuck was he parked there?

NICOLE

He's a regular!

Tyler shoots her a look, doesn't buy it. Suddenly, a police dispatcher's voice is heard from the police radio mounted below the stock sound system.

TYLER

The guy's a cop? Are you fucking serious?

NICOLE

I don't know, Tyler. Why don't we go back and ask him?!?

Tyler turns the wheel HARD across traffic into a Parking Structure.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Tyler speeds up the spiral entrance, passing floor after floor until he reaches the top. He parks the car, rushes to the passenger side, opens the door, pulls Nicole out and goes through the glove box, looks under the seats, pops the trunk.

He pulls out a suitcase, dumps the contents, finds a cloth briefcase, dumps the contents.

TYLER

Clothes, computer, toothbrush, condoms, bottle of Jack. You set me up!

Sirens wail in the distance. Nicole and Tyler walk to the edge, see a group of Police car's red and blue lights heading to the Gentleman's Club.

NICOLE

Can we fight about this later? I mean...

She motions to the cop cars. Frustrated, Tyler grabs the money and the bottle of Jack, moves towards the stairwell.

TYLER

I'm leaving the condoms unless you want 'em. He didn't buy 'em for me.

NICOLE

Fuck you, Tyler.

TYLER

Fuck you, Nicole.

They enter the stairwell and the door closes though we continue to hear their bickering.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - SHOWERS - NIGHT

We slowly move down the hall, steam pouring from the shower entrance. We reach the opening, turn, see a group of naked men surrounding a couple other naked men on the floor.

INT. PRISON - MICKEY'S CELL - NIGHT

His hair wet and wearing an orange jumpsuit, Mickey tosses a sheet over a plumbing pipe, feeds it through a knot. He stands on the toilet, stares straight at us, slips the noose over his head.

INT. STRIP JOINT - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Mickey and Boog sit at the front of the stage.

BOOG

Mickey, should we do this thing with Tyler or not?

MICKEY

For guys like you and me, unless we get some money, right here's as good as it's ever gonna get. Arm's length away from a beautiful woman. We do this thing, I'm gonna have as much sex as a human can tolerate. Get so tired of it I kill myself.

He tosses bills on the stage, laughs with Boog.

INT. PRISON - MICKEY'S CELL - NIGHT

Mickey's deceased body gently swings.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

We're staring at the Nicole photo. Paul and Kirby sit at the bar. The Bartender waves Paul to follow him. Kirby stays.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Again, we're staring at the picture of Nicole. Mamasan and the Manager are both riled up.

MANAGER

She said her name was Chelsea.
Worked here a week. Disappeared
after we got hit.

MAMASAN

You know this bitch?

Paul stands across the desk.

PAUL

Her boyfriend stole my car.

MANAGER

Girls like that don't have
boyfriends. They have piggy banks.

MAMASAN

You find her - you tell us. I wanna
slit that skinny guera's throat.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Kirby holds a beer, faces the stage. Paul has a map of the southwest open on the table. He circles the town they're in, notices a pattern based on the five other circles. He drags his finger to the closest metropolis.

PAUL

Bet they're heading to El Paso.

KIRBY

What are you gonna do when you
catch up to them?

PAUL

Talk to Tyler.

KIRBY

Talk. To Tyler?

Paul nods. Kirby bursts out laughing.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Ya' gonna give him a hand job, too?
I mean, it seems like you miss him.

Unamused, Paul rises.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Where you going? C'mon, man,
let's.....talk.

PAUL

I'm grabbing a drink you want
another beer?

Kirby checks the level on his bottle.

KIRBY

Sure, why not.

PAUL

Fuck you, get it yourself.

We PUSH IN on Paul's map, moving along the road from the last
circle towards El Paso.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

We swoop down, travel with Tyler and Nicole as they pass a
"WELCOME TO EL PASO" sign.

EXT. EL PASO - DAY

Working class citizens go about their daily business,
catching local transit, sitting in traffic. Newspapers are
delivered to newsstands, shops open up...

EXT. EL PASO - DUSK

...neon lights turn on. Seedy areas begin their shift as cop
cars speed down city streets, suspects are cuffed, girls
stand on corners looking for dates, flashing signs draw
customers to shady establishments...

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - SHOWER - NIGHT

Tyler and Nicole take a shower. She turns, faces away from
him, glances back.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bags open with clothes spilling from them, the bottle of Jack half empty on the bed stand.

They're sleeping. Tyler on his back, Nicole on her side with an arm over his chest. A door cracks open and light spills on the bed. We MOVE TOWARDS Tyler, a pistol raises into frame, the barrel pressed against his forehead by Nicole...

INT. BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

...he bolts up awake, turns to see Nicole sleeping soundly, gets out of bed, grabs his pistol from beneath his pillow, peers out the curtains - nothing.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - BAR/BILLIARD AREA - NIGHT

Calling this a budget establishment would be generous. WORKING CLASS MEN shoot pool in the background. There's maybe one table in the far corner with a couple chairs. Tyler sits at the bar area, a local beer in front of him.

Nicole comes down the stairs, combat boots, jean shorts, bag in hand. She sits opposite him, impatient.

TYLER

What's the end game here, Nicole?

NICOLE

Well, with Real Housewives Of Beverly Hills off the table - make enough to disappear in Mexico.

Tyler takes it all in, unconvinced.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You gotta work on that, buddy.

TYLER

Work on what?

NICOLE

(she points to his forehead, like the gun barrel on the Teller)

Your conscience.

She adjusts the bag strap on her shoulder.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Kinda getting in the way, pal.

She pushes off the stool, heads out.

DJ (O.S.)
Gentleman, show your appreciation
for Faaaaaiiiitttthhhh.....

INT. EL PASO GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Nicole picks up various denominations of bills, her shoes and her top. She steps from the stage, moves through the thin crowd to the bar. She sets her shoes on the counter, slips her top back on, snaps her fingers at the Bartender.

NICOLE
Hey! Hey! Whiskey coke.

Sitting at the bar's Kirby. He smirks. The Bartender makes her drink, nods towards the back.

BARTENDER
You got a customer waiting.

INT. EL PASO GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carrying her shoes and sipping her drink, Nicole weaves past Customers and Dancers, knocks on a door and enters.

INT. EL PASO GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - PRIVATE DANCE - NIGHT

Nicole pushes through the door, stops, smiles, shakes her head and closes the door. Paul's waiting for her.

NICOLE
As weird as this is, it's actually
nice to see you.

PAUL
Yeah?

She drops her shoes, sets down her drink, straddles and kisses him softly.

NICOLE
Glad you're not dead or in jail.

PAUL
You, too. How's Tyler?

Nicole sighs.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That good, huh?

NICOLE

He's struggling with not having an honest job. I gotta pull in the real money.

PAUL

Yeah, I've heard you supplement tips with your own version of a severance package.

NICOLE

Yeah? Where'd you hear that from?

PAUL

Your past few employers.

NICOLE

What've you been doing to survive?

Paul takes a bindle from a pocket, does a bump, extends one to her. Nicole does the bump.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Shit this good'll get ya' on the rewards program.

She starts to grind on him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You're not allowed to touch me.

She runs his hands up her sides, releases them. He continues caressing her, moves them to her back, unclips her dreamcatcher necklace, lowers it to his pocket.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Nicole's asleep. There's a light on in the bathroom. A toilet flushes and Tyler exits, illuminating a table with a series of cocktail napkins and Nicole's diagram of her present Gentleman's Club.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - BAR/BILLIARD AREA - DAY

Tyler descends the stairs, takes a seat at the bar. Kirby's on the far side of the pool table, lining up a shot. Paul stands with his back to us. The Bartender sets a beer on the table, takes Tyler's money. Paul steps into frame.

PAUL
Norrrin Radd.

Tyler sees him, eyes immediately dart around the room.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I just wanna talk.

He smiles, chuckles.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I swear. Just wanna talk.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - BAR/BILLIARD AREA - LATER

Paul and Tyler sit at the table.

PAUL
She tell you her plan for tonight?

Paul pulls out a pen, draws on a napkin.

PAUL (CONT'D)
She's gonna create some sort of,
frenzied distraction, whatever *that*
means....

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - ROOM - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Nicole stands, explains the plan to Tyler while referencing the napkins. Mouths the words as we hear Paul's voice.

PAUL (V.O.)
Office. Money. Side door. Back
door.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - BAR/BILLIARD AREA - DAY

Paul's drawing matches Nicole's.

TYLER
Yeah, so. Anyone who's been there
could figure that out.

PAUL
(points at napkin)
No back door. This is where you
get caught while she rushes out
front to where I'm waiting.

Tyler's taking it all in.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The first robbery. Ever think about that? There was so much money. Why?

INT. VEGAS CASINO - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Casino EMPLOYEES load bags of cash on carts.

PAUL (O.S.)

They were closing that cashier stand for good and moving all that money elsewhere.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - BAR/BILLIARD AREA - DAY

PAUL

Nicole told you precisely what time to hit it, right? Planned the whole thing, made the diorama, told you where to dump the limo. And the second robbery?

Paul glances around the room, leans in.

PAUL (CONT'D)

She sent us to get caught or killed. She *knew* they'd closed the cashier stand. She knew our guns were loaded with blanks. And as soon as I rolled out of L.A., she swung by your place, got you all thirsty and boom! You're in the shit with us. She was supposed to meet me in Mexico. She never left.

Paul pauses, relaxes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Tyler, you're smarter than me. She's smarter than *both* of us. But she needs some pussy greedy dumb fuck to do the heavy lifting. Someone she convinces she's theirs and theirs alone. You and me? We were pals until I broke weak and put her between us. That's my fault. Now she's got us fighting over her instead of fighting for survival. We don't need her. We need each other.

Tyler's skeptical.

PAUL (CONT'D)

First chance she gets to bolt she's leaving. We need to dump Nicole, get back to you and me against the world.

Tyler's skeptical. Paul sighs, nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'd be wary if the situation were reversed. Either way - I'm sorry.

Paul turns, calls to Kirby.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Yo. Kirby. We're outta here.

Paul pulls out the dreamcatcher, sets it on the table.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to be outside her club at 10pm tonight. I'm gonna be outside this hotel waiting for you.

(he starts to leave,
stops)

For the record? You were right. We should've sat on the money for at least a year.

Paul and Kirby move through the hallway.

KIRBY

You have a nice talk?

PAUL

He was my best friend, Kirby. And I really fucked him over.

Paul keeps walking, glances back over his shoulder.

EXT. EL PASO GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Nicole stands outside smoking a cigarette, glances at her watch - 9:55pm. The Bartender sticks his head out the door.

BARTENDER

Hey. You're up next.

She doesn't acknowledge him, continues to search traffic.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Tyler packs his bag.

INT. EL PASO GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Nicole steps out, grabs the pole.

DJ

On center stage.....Faaaaitthhhh!!!

EXT. BUDGET MOTEL - NIGHT

Paul pulls up and parks.

INT. EL PASO GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Nicole spins around the pole, checks out the time - 9:57pm. She steps off the stage, gets extremely risqué, illegal, with the CUSTOMERS. She grinds on CUSTOMER #1, gets him really going while staring right at CUSTOMER #2.

She tries to rise from Customer #1, he pulls her back down. Pushing off, she slips out of her top, pulls Customer #2's face to her chest while staring at Customer #3. She motions with her finger for him to come over, directs him behind her. She has him grind into her, stares at Customer #1.

She turns around, grinds into Customer #2, looks up at Customer #3, moves her eyes to his pants, places her hands on his inner waist, pushes him back, gets up.

She struts past Customer #1, standing as she approaches Customer #4. Customer #3 follows her, grabs her hand. This pisses off Customer #4 who shoves him into another. A fight breaks out - tables flip over, chairs tossed.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Tyler opens Nicole's bag, sees the money, pauses, considers, takes it, places it on top of his gun.

INT. EL PASO GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Nicole rushes to the side entrance, opens the door - shocked when Kirby steps in wearing a baklava. He hits her in the cheek with his pistol. Stunned, she falls against the wall.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Bag in hand, Tyler passes the front desk, tosses his key to the DESK CLERK.

TYLER
Checking out.

DESK CLERK
Your wife, too?

TYLER
No idea.

INT. EL PASO GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Kirby aggressively, physically, forces the MANAGER to shove money from the safe into his bag before exiting the office. Nicole grabs him. He flings her to the floor.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Paul drives with Tyler.

TYLER
Where's your buddy?

PAUL
We gotta pick him up. He's running a quick errand. You wanna listen to some music?

TYLER
Sure.

Paul blasts the radio.

INT. EL PASO GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Kirby pushes through the crowd. Nicole attempts to follow.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Kirby runs from the Gentleman's Club door to the street. Paul pulls over and Kirby jumps in the back. They drive away as Nicole exits the front, watches them disappear. Kirby removes his baklava. He's angry.

KIRBY
That was a two man job!

PAUL

Tyler does 'em solo. Don't you, Tyler? Go on. Tell him.

TYLER

Kirby doesn't need another reason to hate me, Paul.

KIRBY

Why do you think I hate you, huh?
(hits the back of Tyler's
seat)
Why do you think I hate you?!?

TYLER

Just a hunch.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - NIGHT

In combat boots, jean shorts, bustier top, Nicole rushes up the stairs, down the hall, into the room - all Tyler's stuff is gone. She drags her bag from the closet. Afraid to know what's missing, she slowly opens it - no money.

On the table's the 1/4 bottle of Jack Daniels with the dreamcatcher necklace hanging around the neck. In shock, she crawls on the bed, fetals up with a pillow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - MORNING

Nicole wakes in her combat boots, jean shorts, bustier top.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - BAR/BILLIARD AREA - MORNING

Nicole descends the stairs, enters the room, walks up right to us, stops. Terrified, she lowers her bag. Everyone she's fucked over's standing there - the Los Angeles Mobsters, the various Gentleman's Club Managers, Mamasan.

ROUGH LOOKING MEN enter from every doorway as Mamasan clears the pool table. Nicole stares straight ahead.

INT. CASINO - SLOTS - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Tyler sits at a slot machine. Nicole, in cocktail server uniform, approaches with a tray full of drinks.

NICOLE
Hey. You wanna cocktail?

TYLER
I'm just playing until my buddy
wakes up. Thank you, though.

NICOLE
A drink might enhance the
experience.

She takes a sip from one of the glasses, sets it back down.

TYLER
I'm good, thanks.

She's intrigued.

NICOLE
Where you from?

TYLER
Los Angeles.

NICOLE
What do you do in Los Angeles?

TYLER
Manage a restaurant.

He wins. A metric ton of coins drop. Both are surprised.

NICOLE
You're splitting that with me,
right?

TYLER
Of course. I'm Tyler.

NICOLE
Nicole.

INT. CASINO FLOOR - CASHIER'S COUNTER - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Carrying his winnings, Tyler and Nicole walk to the same
Cashier counter they robbed at the beginning.

NICOLE
You know, I'm thinking of moving to
Los Angeles.

TYLER
Yeah?

NICOLE

Yeah. Wanna change my life. Just can't come back once I do. Never turns out well if you return to Vegas.

Tyler sets the coins on the counter in front of the same Teller as the robbery.

TYLER

You think you'll find what you want in Los Angeles?

NICOLE

Seems as good a place as any to have men fight over me.

She flashes that million watt smile.

INT/EXT. BUDGET MOTEL - BAR/BILLIARD AREA - MORNING

A ROUGH LOOKING MAN diagonally passes Nicole, undoes her bustier, removes it from one side of her chest. ANOTHER ROUGH LOOKING MAN diagonally passes her from the opposite direction, removes the bustier from the other side of her chest.

We PULL BACK from her. The room erupts in violence. She's raised overhead, floated towards the pool table as men begin to fight over her. We BACK OUT the door.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Darrel flashes his badge to the Desk Clerk.

DARREL

I called about the girl. Which room's she in?

DESK CLERK

She's not in a room.

DARREL

Then where is she?

The Desk Clerk places a "Back In 15 Minutes" sign up; waves Darrel to follow him.

EXT. BUDGET MOTEL - ALLEY - DAY

Darrel and the Desk Clerk stare at the ground between the building and a series of dumpsters. Nicole's body lays abandoned, a laceration on her throat above the dreamcatcher.

DARREL

Is someone gonna report this? Get her cleaned up?

DESK CLERK

Someone.

The Desk Clerk walks away.

INT. RUNDOWN CONVERTIBLE - DRIVING - DAY

Paul and Tyler ride in a rundown version of Tyler's Cadillac.

TYLER

Seriously?

PAUL

Huh? Huh? Pretty cool, right?

Tyler smiles.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Remember when you bought yours? I drove you out to Orange Grove?

TYLER

I remember.

PAUL

I gotta grab some smokes real quick.

Tyler raises an eyebrow. Paul laughs.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Swear. In and out for some smokes.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Paul pulls in, parks and enters store. Tyler remains in the car, stares off into the distance. There's a baseball field with what looks like a Little League game.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

The car and convenience store in the distance, Tyler sits in the stands, watches the game.

LITTLE LEAGUE PARENT (O.S.)
You remember being this small?

Tyler turns, the Parent's a couple rows back. He's breaking peanut shells, dropping them to the ground, eating the nuts.

TYLER
Yeah. I remember. I played every week until recently.

LITTLE LEAGUE PARENT
Men's league?

TYLER
Men's and women's.

LITTLE LEAGUE PARENT
You any good?

TYLER
Used to be. I'm....not anymore.

LITTLE LEAGUE PARENT
Throw out your arm?

TYLER
Mistakes. Didn't realize I was the leader my friends saw me as. I didn't take care of them the way I -

PAUL
Hey -

Paul's at the base of the bleachers. Tyler turns.

PAUL (CONT'D)
We gotta get going.

INT. RUNDOWN CONVERTIBLE - DRIVING - DAY

TYLER
Kirby robbing another strip joint?

PAUL
Funny. No. He's picking up some work stuff for us.

TYLER

Where'd you two meet?

PAUL

Truck stop. He hooked me up with some low level guys I buy from. We sell the shit then re-up. I'm hoping after today I can snag a couple bricks, get out of the hand to mouth shit.

TYLER

You trust Kirby?

PAUL

Fuck no! Only a matter of time before there's a score big enough for him to whack me. I trust you. That's it.

TYLER

Where we headed?

PAUL

Secure some investment capital, as they say. Look - Nicole mentioned you were trying to go straight. I respect that.

TYLER

I don't wanna get anyone else hurt. You gonna tell me why I'm in this car? What we're doing?

PAUL

I told you. Secure some -

TYLER

- investment capital. Yeah, I heard that.

PAUL

I need to level up.

TYLER

Got it.

PAUL

To do that, I need more than short money. I gotta go to the source.

TYLER

What exactly does that mean?

They pull up across the street from a bank, park behind another car. Kirby gets out with a duffle bag. Tyler follows Paul to the back where he pops the trunk. Kirby drops the duffle inside, opens it - bullet proof vests, tactical shot gun, baklavas. Paul separates the vests.

PAUL

Only two?

Kirby shrugs. Paul hands one to Tyler.

TYLER

I'm good.

PAUL

Take it.

Kirby straps his on. Geared up, Paul shuts the trunk.

TYLER

What's the plan?

PAUL

Plan? There's no fucking plan. Me and the cocaine cowboy here are more 'learn by doing' kinda guys.

TYLER

Yeah, I picked up on that.

Paul and Tyler brandish their pistols, Kirby the shotgun. They cross the street.

INT. BANK - DAY

Paul enters followed by Tyler and then Kirby. Like Tyler did in Vegas, Paul points his pistol directly at the Teller.

PAUL

Money!

Kirby fans out to the right, forces people to the ground. Tyler remains in between the two, keeping an eye on the front door. Paul's hopped on the counter, holds the duffel bag by the strap, walking along as Tellers drop money into it.

Kirby, meanwhile, collects as many wallets as he can fit in his pockets and shirt. Paul heads back the other way, jumps to the ground, turns to Tyler.

He suddenly raises his gun in Tyler's direction. Alarmed, Tyler raises his, fires simultaneously as Paul, striking Paul in the side while the chest of a BANK CUSTOMER near Paul explodes from a shotgun blast.

Tyler turns - Paul shot Kirby in the chest, protecting Tyler from him. Tyler rushes to Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Why'd you give the us blanks in Vegas?!? So we wouldn't SHOOT EACH OTHER LIKE FUCKING ASSHOLES!!

Tyler helps Paul up.

TYLER
 I thought you were aiming at me!

PAUL
 I was aiming at that cocksucker about to blow your head off!

A shot rings out and Tyler's vaulted backwards. ANOTHER BANK CUSTOMER's fired. Paul turns, aims his pistol the man's way. The Bank Customer shakes in fear, tosses the gun, holds up his hands. Paul crawls to the hyperventilating Tyler.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 You're okay. It's the compression of the shot.

They rise and Tyler moves them towards the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 The money! The money!

Tyler lowers Paul to grab the bag. They struggle to the door when the glass SHATTERS!! Kirby, his vest protecting him from Paul's bullet, aims the shotgun. As he tries to pump it, Tyler and Paul exit.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Tyler and Paul rush across the street.

PAUL
 I'm really sorry about your Silver Surfers. Nicole just didn't understand.

Tyler tosses the bag in the back, helps Paul in, slides in the driver's side.

TYLER
Keys! Keys!

Paul struggles to reach in his pocket, toss them to Tyler. Kirby's exited the bank, steps into the road and FIRES as Tyler starts the car, screeches away.

INT. RUNDOWN CONVERTIBLE - DRIVING - DAY

Paul holds a hand over his wound while Tyler struggles to drive and remove the vest.

TYLER
Next time we hit a bank can it be
in a state with stricter gun laws
than Texas?

PAUL
You got it.

TYLER
Kirby tried to shoot me!

PAUL
Yeah, my bad. Only way I could get
him to do this was to say we'd burn
you afterwards. He wasn't supposed
to shoot you. Fuckin' guy always
makes his own decisions. So
annoying.

Tyler glances at Paul's midsection - a lot of blood. He makes eye contact with Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Listen to me. They're gonna be
looking for us at every ER, Urgent
Care and veterinarian in South
Texas. Only chance I got's that
bag of money and some sketchy
Juarez motherfucker with a sewing
kit and a box of band aids. We got
about two minutes to beat Kirby to
the getaway car.

INT. KIRBY'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Kirby turns a corner, sees the abandoned convertible up ahead, trunk open, anonymous PEDESTRIANS checking it out. He slows a bit as he passes, speeds up and continues.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Tyler drives through Juarez with Paul reclined in the back. Pale and fading, Paul lays near motionless, gazes off towards the opposite window.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Tyler and Paul stand in centerfield. Nicole and the rest of the team warm up on the infield.

TYLER

You want your club, right? This could get it for you.

PAUL

I wanna be you, Tyler. Everyone knows that.

TYLER

Well, I'm afraid you can't.

Paul and Tyler laugh.

PAUL

Then what else is there?

Nicole calls from the infield.

NICOLE

GUYS!

She waves them over.

TYLER

Gotta go.

Tyler jogs towards her.

PAUL

Hey!

Tyler slows, walks backwards.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(playful)

If I can't have your life, can I have your share?

Tyler gives him a thumbs up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna hold you to that! I want
all the money!

TYLER

I promise!

Paul watches Tyler pass Nicole. She playfully slaps his bum.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Tyler pulls up to a business with a medical caduceus image.
He parks, turns towards Paul.

TYLER

Hey. We're here.

Paul's still.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Hey. Paul.

Tyler reaches out, shakes him. No response. Tyler slowly
pulls his hand away, faces around, stares at the people going
about their business where they have lives, loved ones. He's
completely alone.

EXT. JUAREZ STREET - DAY

Tyler puts the car in gear, drives away.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

We're back at the spot they buried the money and guns. The
car's parked, trunk open. Tyler's digging, a large pile of
sand to the side.

EXT. DESERT - LATER - DAY

Wrapped in a few Mexican blankets, Paul's body lays at the
bottom, the duffle bag of money on top of him. Tyler
shovels, filling the ditch.

EXT. DESERT - ARROYO - DAY

Tyler pushes the car towards the arroyo. He steps back,
watches it slowly roll over the edge, flip, land upside down.

In the distance, a storm stirs sand and dust. It picks up, slowly, it completely fills the frame.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

It's been some time. His clothes ragged, hair longer, skin tan and weathered from the elements, Tyler performs manual labor amongst other WORKERS.

EXT. FIELDS - TRUCK BY ROAD - DUSK

In a single file line, Tyler and other Workers load onto the back of a pickup truck.

KIRBY (O.S.)
Norrrin Radd.

A sense of dread sweeps over Tyler. He turns. It's Kirby.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
That's the Silver Surfer guy,
right?

Tyler nods.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
Paul told me.

Tyler's silent.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
What do you say we let these good
people drive off, huh?

He tosses Tyler a pair of handcuffs.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The silhouettes of a car, Kirby and Tyler. We can't make out who's who however we're pretty sure the guy on his knees is Tyler and the one throwing punches is Kirby.

KIRBY
Where's the money?!?

TYLER
I promised Paul he could have it.

Kirby hits Tyler again and he falls to the ground.

Closer, Kirby pulls Tyler up to his knees. Tyler has bruises and lacerations on his face. Kirby let's out a growl, pulls out his pistol, steps forward. Tyler looks up right at us. The sun flares as Kirby catches his breath, calms down.

KIRBY

Was it worth it? In lieu of what befell?

Tyler stares at him as if contemplating.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - **FLASHBACK** - MORNING

We PULL BACK from the model/car advertisement on the billboard, find Tyler and Nicole in bed.

NICOLE

All you need to do is convince those guys to help. It's a life changing event, Tyler.

TYLER

I don't want to change my life.

NICOLE

Well, I wanna change mine. What do you want?

TYLER

I want you to love me.

Nicole smiles like she's endeared by a little boy. She places her hand on his cheek, kisses him, slides out of bed, walks to the bathroom. She turns, almost posing.

NICOLE

If you could have one thing, one thing only. What would doing this get you?

TYLER

The truth.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Tyler pushes his forehead against the barrel. It matches how he pressed the gun against the Teller's.

KIRBY

For what it's worth, Paul felt
really shitty about fucking you
over. Said you were the last of a
dying breed who keeps their word
despite the debt, the doubt, the
mortal fear.

Kirby uncocks the trigger, sticks the pistol in his pants,
uncuffs Tyler, steps back. He stares at Tyler, studies him
before walking away.

TYLER (V.O.)

Some are friends for purpose. Some
are friend for sin. Some are
friends despite the odds and last
until the end.

From a far, Kirby gets in his car and drives off.

TYLER (V.O.)

But when it comes to judging the
criterion we compel, *only* blood
knows the truth, *only* blood will
tell...

As the sun sets, Tyler stands, walks away.