

# **Little White Corvette**

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Cocaine was introduced to America in 1886.  
It was an instant hit.

The Chevrolet Corvette was introduced to America in 1953.  
It was an instant hit.

By the 1970s, each would achieve its most potent form.

OVER BLACK

An ear splitting *WAIL!*

**SUPER: First Things First...**

*A BURST OF FLASHING LIGHTS --*

As an EMERGENCY SIREN spins before us. We're atop an ambulance TEARING THROUGH SUBURBAN STREETS.

Action-deprived LOCALS watch from the sidewalk. As the ambulance hurtles past, a blur of light and sound --

INT. CLASSROOM, PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY (1998)

The door opens. Two dozen FIFTH GRADE heads turn. They find a stone-faced school ADMINISTRATOR.

ADMINISTRATOR

Nathan Burr?

NATE BURR (11) is the scrawny kid at the back of the class. Uncomfortable with attention, he slowly raises his hand.

INT. GIRLS' ROOM, PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

The door opens. Two TEENAGE heads turn. Nate's pretty sister, CAMPBELL BURR (14), and her chunky friend, DONNA (14), African-American. They wear punk clothes from the local mall. Campbell is halfway through spray painting the anarchy A on the mirror. No stranger to trouble, she just sighs at the Administrator.

CAMPBELL

Motherfucker...

INT. HALLWAY, PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Nate, Campbell and Donna trail the Administrator down the long, institutional hallway. Campbell whispers --

CAMPBELL

What did you tell them, Nate? What the hell is this about?

NATE

I don't know. I swear.

(beat, sweetly)

Hey, Donna. Are you gonna come over later?

DONNA

Yeah, your sister said you were gonna let us pierce your nose.

NATE

Oh. We hadn't, uh, discussed that yet... but sure, I could --

CAMPBELL

Stop flirting with my friend, Little  
Fuck. She doesn't like white guys.  
And you can't even ejaculate yet.

Nate averts his eyes, embarrassed. Donna nudges him.

DONNA

It's cool. Most fifth graders can't.  
White or not.

Nate smiles, reassured. Yes, she's a big girl. But Nate  
has a crush. They arrive at the school doors.

ADMINISTRATOR

Nate, Campbell, you have a ride  
waiting outside. Donna, you can go  
back to class now.

The Administrator opens the doors. A Toyota Previa minivan  
idles at the curb. Uncertain, Nate and Campbell nod goodbyes,  
then head off. Donna watches her friends go...

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Welcome to Kissimmee, Florida. It's 90 degrees and humid.  
Proximity to Disney World is all this place has going.

The kids arrive at the minivan. The driver side door opens  
and HARRY (30s) emerges. He is a heavysset guy in shades and  
Tommy Bahama. At present, there is a crack in the cool  
demeanor that usually accompanies his cool outfits.

NATE

Harry, what are you doing in mom's  
van? Where's the Camaro?

CAMPBELL

Yeah, I thought you and dad were on  
business in Tampa.

HARRY

The trip, uh... got cut short. I  
just figured I'd stop by... check  
out one of your bother's karate kicks.

Nate smiles and demonstrates a lame kick.

HARRY

Good deal, kimosabe. You're a karate  
master. Never forget that...

Harry gets a little emotional. Fumbles to open the side  
door of the family wagon. Scoots Nate in and shuts it.

CAMPBELL

What the hell, Harry? Did mom go  
off the rez again?

HARRY  
No. It's your dad...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, KISSIMMEE HOSPITAL - DAY

Campbell books down the busy corridor. Skids to a stop at FRANCINE BURR (30s). A sweet but colossally ill-equipped mother. The current situation has turned her into primordial goo, in tight clothes and smeared makeup.

CAMPBELL  
Where is he!?

FRANCINE  
I don't know... there was a nurse and...  
I think she was getting me a soda...

CAMPBELL  
Mom, what did the nurse say!? Am I  
an orphan!?

FRANCINE  
No, you're not an orphan, honey...  
you still have... *me*...

Francine's voice cracks as this registers. New tears streak her face. She sinks into a seat, overwhelmed.

FRANCINE  
There were some forms I had to fill  
out... but I can't find the nurse...

Campbell's eyes well up, too. A scared little girl.

FRANCINE  
Can you get Nate... I need a hug  
from my Little Bundle...

And there, in the eye of the shitstorm, Campbell makes a decision. She flips a switch somewhere. The tears cease and she is one cool customer.

CAMPBELL  
Just leave the Little Fuck out of  
it. I'll handle him. You... don't  
do anything. Stay put.

Francine nods. Campbell turns and heads off. Harry waits nearby. He gives her an awkward hug. Searches for some wisdom to impart. Settles for --

HARRY  
Life... it ain't all blowjobs and  
sunglasses. At least that's what your  
dad used to say.  
(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

And he woulda kicked my ass if I didn't promise that whatever you need, Uncle Harry is here.

CAMPBELL

Thanks. Just deal with paperwork, ok.  
And get her a fucking soda.

She continues off.

INT. WAITING ROOM, KISSIMMEE HOSPITAL - DAY

Campbell stops and looks at her brother from afar. Sitting, oblivious, in a chair. She sighs at the responsibility.

Something catches her eye out the window... a toy store.

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

Campbell marches along, with purpose. Sees a bright display for HUNGRY HUNGRY HIPPOS. A poster shows two kids playing, having the time of their lives. She nods to herself...

Grabs one of the games and hotfoots it. A beat later, we hear the *WHOOOP* of a security sensor.

INT. WAITING ROOM, KISSIMMEE HOSPITAL - DAY

All alone, Nate searches for a familiar face. Campbell appears, sweaty from her getaway, clutching the game.

NATE

What happened?

CAMPBELL

I just dropped my life savings on Hungry Hungry Hippos for you. 300 bucks.

NATE

Shut up. That game didn't cost 300 bucks.

CAMPBELL

Wrong, shithead. It's manufactured in Paraguay, where the hippos are from. Do you know what it costs to import stuff?

NATE

No...

CAMPBELL

Then keep quiet and enjoy my gift.

Campbell removes the game. They silently set it up.

NATE

Hey, Campbell... is dad ok?

CAMPBELL

Why don't you worry less about dad, and  
more about me beating your ass here.

Campbell dumps the marbles into the game board. As she slams  
a hand down on her hippo, and it takes a big, hungry bite --

CUT TO BLACK:

**TITLE:    *l i t t l e   w h i t e   c o r v e t t e***

The *THROATY ROAR* of an engine builds. Revs at a V8 decibels.  
Gradually gives way to a *PITCHY WHINE*. That's the sound of

A LAWN MOWER

Coming right at us, steel teeth gnashing. We're

EXT. CONDO DEVELOPMENT - DAY (**PRESENT DAY**)

Cuban WORKERS tend the grounds of this brand new development,  
in the sun baked sprawl of Florida.

We FIND Nate, now 23, wearing a "Masters Realty" nametag.  
He has grown into a good looking young man. Well intentioned,  
if not entirely fit to navigate life's challenges.

He gives a tour to a sweet YOUNG COUPLE and their CHILD.  
There are ten other developments like this down the road, so  
it is not an easy sell. And Nate is not a good "salesman."

YOUNG HUSBAND

So these prices are negotiable, right?

NATE

Totally. Well, I mean, we could  
always talk to my boss and... you  
know. But I think you may find  
yourself negotiating just to get in  
on one of these paradise slices.

YOUNG HUSBAND

They're all empty.

NATE

Lotta interest, though. Lotta interest.  
And, hey, that's the future site of the  
community pool. Coming 2012. Now let's  
check out the model home. Get a sneak  
peek at what could be *Your New Life*.

Nate leads the family toward one of the condos.

INT. MODEL HOME, CONDO DEVELOPMENT - DAY

Nate holds the door open and the family enters past him.

NATE

...and I can easily throw in the  
Disney World season tix for the little  
guy. 30 minutes or less and you're  
at the happiest place on...

Nate trails off and stops in the foyer, as MUSIC builds.  
Pulsing, aggressively sexy techno. The family continues on.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Now give me, "I'm not gonna fuck you  
tonight. But maybe I'll blow you."

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

How the fuck do I act that?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Just lick your lips. But like they  
do it in Vogue.

Dread washes over Nate's face. He hurries forward to find  
the family standing, stock-still, watching --

Campbell, now 26, pose lascivious atop the dining room table,  
in heels, body glitter and skimpy couture. She is still  
very attractive, but there's some wear on the tires. A flash  
explodes over and over, as a TWEAKER GUY snaps photos on  
what must be a stolen camera.

The Wife is horrified. The Husband covers his Child's eyes,  
but cannot turn away.

Nate finally snaps out of it. Stumbles to the stereo and  
kills the music. Campbell and the Tweaker stop and turn.  
Campbell sighs -- as before, no stranger to trouble.

CAMPBELL

Motherfucker...

CUT TO:

EXT. MASTERS REALTY - DAY

A bland strip mall storefront. Nate bursts out. Trudges  
across the lot, to the Toyota minivan from the opening.

Campbell sits on the hood, beside a military-style duffel.  
She holds a huge ice cream cone that melts and drips in the  
sun. As she talks, she licks the sticky runoff down her arm.

CAMPBELL

Nate, it was a misunderstanding.  
Schedules got tangled. I honestly  
thought today was a Saturday. I had  
no idea you'd be showing the place.

NATE

It's Wednesday!



CAMPBELL

Hey, I don't have a secretary like you.

NATE

I am a secretary! I got promoted a week ago! And now I got fired!

Campbell holds out the cone, sweetly.

CAMPBELL

I got you Ben and Jerry's...

NATE

Sure, rainbow fucking sprinkles should help this situation!

CAMPBELL

You told me I could crash there.

NATE

Not in the model home!

CAMPBELL

There's a totally legit explanation. I needed a backdrop... for the photo shoot. That dude was a very well-respected photographer. He had a flyer at Savage Tan. He was helping me update my portfolio.

(testing it out, vulnerable)

I've been thinking about giving modeling another shot. I feel like I could have gone further. And I enjoy luxury.

Nate stands looking at her, anger giving way to incredulity.

NATE

That's the plan? You wanna revisit your fourth aborted career, after packing on six years of hard living and questionable tattoos?

CAMPBELL

Step off. My ink defines me.

NATE

Yeah, as incomplete. Have you even gotten that back piece filled in yet?

CAMPBELL

I'm saving up for it...

Nate shakes his head.

NATE

You were supposed to be "laying low." Not posing for some creep you met at a tanning salon.

CAMPBELL

Hey, just because I'm a fugitive,  
doesn't mean I can totally stop  
thinking about the future.

NATE

You're AWOL! You need to be thinking  
about how to convince the U.S. Army  
that democracy is safer without you.  
Although... you wouldn't have to if you  
hadn't enlisted just to piss off mom.

MOM. The word is a gunshot to the gas tank. *Shit goes boom.*

CAMPBELL

It had nothing to do with mom! I'm a  
patriot! Love it or leave it, Nate!

NATE

Fuck it, then, Patton. Just go back.

Campbell takes a big, frustrated bite of ice cream.

CAMPBELL

No way. Basic training sucked, and  
now they expect me to waste the next  
four years of my life on some boring  
base in Georgia. That fucking  
recruiter promised me there was a  
five percent chance I'd get stationed  
in Hawaii. Five percent my ass.

NATE

I'm not gonna lie, this is fucked.  
You've screwed up impressively here.

CAMPBELL

I realize that! Quit crip-kicking  
me! Unless you wanna see what I  
picked up from my drill sergeant!

Campbell springs to her feet, demonstrates some sort of  
improperly learned neck strikes, while balancing the cone.  
Nate sighs. Sinks down onto the hood of the van.

NATE

You really are an "Army of One."

Campbell takes a calming breath. Sits beside Nate and offers  
the cone. A peace treaty.

CAMPBELL

Rainbow sprinkles always used to  
cheer you up... they're delicious.

Despite himself, Nate takes a lick.

CAMPBELL

Look at the bright side, you hated that job.

NATE

I "disliked" it. Anyway, you're the one who told me to go into real estate.

CAMPBELL

Harry says that most of the world's millionaires are in real estate. I figured you'd work there for a few months and get stupid rich. I'm always thinking big for the two of us, Nate. That's just the kind of sister I am.

(beat)

So, can I stay at your place for a while?

NATE

I mean, an empty condo is one thing. But my apartment...? Last time you --

CAMPBELL

I have nowhere else to go. And I'm covered in toxic body glitter. At least let me come back and wash this stuff off...

She looks at Nate, imploringly.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, NATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Campbell's military duffel has exploded clothes and bizarre personal possessions all over Nate's once tidy living room. He tries to watch TV, as Campbell yells from the bathroom --

CAMPBELL (O.S.)

It's amazing how much thinking I can get done in your shower! I was down before, but now I'm way up! Here's the plan: out of the Army, onto the runway! Then once I'm famous, I'll help you find a new job! Shit's gonna be so awesome! I can feel it!

NATE

I can feel my water bill skyrocketing! Just get out here and clean up already!

After a beat, the shower stops. Campbell emerges, in a towel. She looks at Nate -- wet, makeup-less and concerned.

CAMPBELL

Hey... do you really think I've lost my looks? Because that would definitely fuck up the plan.

Nate softens a bit.

NATE

You're still... a very attractive young lady. Though I use "lady" as more of a census term.

Campbell laughs, strikes a little pose.

CAMPBELL

I'm a sexy bitch. They can't take that away from me. Try as those motherfuckers might.

She heads back into the bathroom. Stops in the doorway.

CAMPBELL

Hey, could you pick up some groceries? I can't exactly go to Publix during store hours, you know, in case they're hunting me. Just grab some Lean Pockets, Corona Lite, cookie dough, gotta have my Sour Patch Kids...

(beat)

You know what, I'll make a list.

Campbell shuts the door. Nate sighs.

INT. BEDROOM, NATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

An alarm clock blares: 8:00 AM. Nate shoots up. Realizes he has nowhere to be.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

Nate wanders. He crosses to a crappy retail prison and knocks on the window. Francine looks out from behind the register.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK, TOWN CENTER - DAY

A few haphazard clumps of grass. Nate sits on a bench with his mom. She has grown older and more put together, but it has been a bumpy road.

NATE

Just come by and talk to her. Please. Let her know she'll always have her old room at your place.

FRANCINE

Honey, that's an awful idea. She came back for Thanksgiving and look where that got us. I made one comment about Iraq and she spiraled into a war hawk. Took a stupid argument all the way to the recruitment office.

(MORE)

FRANCINE (CONT'D)  
(shakes her head, at a loss)  
Your sister and I... we need our space.  
And you're so much better with her.

NATE  
I'm better at having my life upended?

FRANCINE  
Yes. You're a caretaker. A giver.  
You're my Little Bundle. And I was  
in labor with you for ten hours, so  
you owe me.

Nate slumps back in frustration. Francine checks her watch.

FRANCINE  
I gotta get back to the store.  
Just... try to have fun with her.  
Go get ice cream or something.

She kisses him and heads off.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING

Nate drives, lost in thought. He answers a buzzing cell.

MAN ON THE OTHER LINE (O.S.)  
Mr. Burr? Nathan Burr?

NATE  
Yeah...

MAN ON THE OTHER LINE (O.S.)  
This is Donald from Lakemore Storage.  
I'm calling about your space. There  
are some payments outstanding.

NATE  
I don't have a storage space, Donald.

DONALD (O.S.)  
According to our records, you do.

NATE  
Is this a promotional thing? Because  
I have nothing worth holding on to.

DONALD (O.S.)  
No. This is a "come pay the overdue  
amount or we auction off your shit"  
thing. You are Nathan Burr, of 112  
Almira Street, correct?

NATE  
No. That was my father. He... passed  
away a long time ago.

DONALD (O.S.)

Oh. I'm sorry to hear. I guess that's why the number he left was out of service. I Googled your name and got this cell off a "Masters Realty" website. Hey, when's the market gonna turn around?

Nate sighs.

NATE

Never. Just give me your address.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nate enters. MTV booms. Despite this, Campbell is passed out on the couch, in a sitting position, wearing only an XL Nirvana sleep shirt. Nate takes her in: *his cross to bear... or not.*

He nudges her awake.

NATE

Hey, you wanna drive to some storage facility, pick up a bunch of dad's old shit?

Campbell opens her eyes, mutters groggily --

CAMPBELL

Huh...? I was having a crazy dream... I was on this yacht... with all these chicks in bikinis and hot black dudes... and we were drinking champagne... and "spending cheese"... do you have a dream book I could check?

NATE

That's the video for "Big Pimpin'." It's like a decade old.

Nate nods to MTV. This is lost on Campbell.

CAMPBELL

Wow... weird coincidence...

NATE

Just get some pants. Put your face on.

Campbell peels herself off the couch.

CAMPBELL

My face is always on, bitch.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING

Campbell, fuzzy with sleep, chugs a Mountain Dew. She looks over at Nate.

CAMPBELL

I'm sorry about the blowback from my photo shoot, ok.

NATE

Whatever. I'm past it.

CAMPBELL

You don't have to be. Check it out.  
I took delivery of these today.

Campbell digs into her shoulder bag, removes a stack of glossy modeling portfolio shots. It looks like a Maxim photo spread gone *Boogie Nights*. She shoves them in Nate's face, one traumatizing photo after another.

NATE

No! Stop! I'm catching nipple in most of those!

CAMPBELL

That's "implied nipple." Not actual nipple. This is glamour-level shit.

NATE

Yeah, of course. It's totally glamorous seeing your sister pose in various exaggerated states of ecstasy.

CAMPBELL

Sex sells. First rule of the fashion industry. You're gonna have to learn to be a professional. Because I consider you part-owner of these. You're a stakeholder in my career. Call it 15 percent. And when I blow up, when people say "Campbell," the way they say "Gisele," you'll be happy I got you fired.

NATE

Oh, I'm counting my blessings already. It's gonna be a great story to tell at the country club, when all those doctors and lawyers ask how I made my millions.

CAMPBELL

Sarcasm is for the weak. Either lead, follow, or get outta my way.

NATE

You can't keep using those little Army slogans now that you're AWOL!

CAMPBELL

I can do whatever the fuck I want.

Nate shakes his head. They drive quietly for a beat. He glances over at one of the more revealing photos.

NATE

So... when did you get your nipple pierced?

Campbell painfully massages one of her breasts.

CAMPBELL

Like a month ago. It hurt like shit. I have some numbness. Don't do it.

NATE

I wasn't going to.

CAMPBELL

Neither was I, Little Fuck. But sometimes life throws you a curveball.

EXT. LAKEMORE STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Rows of storage garages. DONALD (30s) leads Nate and Campbell.

DONALD

Looks like your father had an arrangement with Ron, who used to run the place.

NATE

What sort of arrangement?

DONALD

Cash, off the books. That's how come we sorta lost track of the space. I'm not gonna make you pay the whole 11 years that's outstanding or nothing. Ron says your dad was good people.

CAMPBELL

Ron knows his shit.

Campbell holds out her fist. Donald hesitantly bumps it.

They arrive at a storage garage. Donald unlocks it. Throws open the steel retractable door. A car waits, hidden beneath a vinyl cover. Donald yanks it off.

NATE

Fuck me...

Nate and Campbell stare, wide-eyed, at

A 1977 CORVETTE STINGRAY

White with red leather interior. T-tops. *The shit.*

DONALD

Yep. You got yourselves a certified asphalt shredder.



Campbell looks to Nate.

CAMPBELL  
Where did this thing come from?

NATE  
Detroit, I guess. But how it got here, I have no clue.

CAMPBELL  
You're sure dad never mentioned this to you? I don't like being left out.

NATE  
He liked you better. If anything, I would have been left out.

CAMPBELL  
Good point.

Campbell makes for the driver side. Nate intercepts her.

NATE  
Safety first. Get shotgun.

INT. CORVETTE STINGRAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nate and Campbell settle into the car. Through the windshield, Donald hooks up a portable charger to the battery. Nate turns the key. The engine sputters. Then, all at once --

**VROOOOOOM!** It unleashes a maniac wail. Donald slams the hood. The engine is so powerful that it rattles the car.

CAMPBELL  
Memorial lap. Right now.

NATE  
No way. We gotta get this thing checked out.

CAMPBELL  
It's obviously working. Listen to it. It's making noise.

NATE  
These old cars are deathtraps. They straight up explode if you --

CAMPBELL  
Either make yourself useful or vacate the driver seat. This is an omen, from dad. Supernatural, Ouija board shit. He's dropping us a line from the other side, and we gotta answer.

Campbell: *clearly not fucking around.*

EXT. LOCAL STREET - DAY

The Corvette turns out of the lot. The dual-exhaust displaces three years of engine sludge in a thick black cloud.

INT./EXT. CORVETTE STINGRAY - DAY - MOVING

Nate minds the posted speed limit. Campbell pries loose the t-tops, blocking his view. He shoves her aside. Campbell stows the t-tops. Leans back in her seat.

CAMPBELL

Wow, this is really *The American Dream*.  
Cruising in the greatest muscle car  
ever made, at 35 fucking miles per  
hour. A Honda just passed us, Nate.  
The men who died fighting the Japanese  
salute you.

NATE

How's this: you tell me with a  
straight face that your license isn't  
suspended, and I'll let you drive.

CAMPBELL

My license isn't suspended.

NATE

Congratulations. You're still the  
world's worst liar.

CAMPBELL

Whatever. I shredded all my IDs  
when I went AWOL, anyway.

Frustrated, Campbell tries the radio: *static*.

CAMPBELL

Ok. You tell me something. And I  
only mean this to be helpful. What  
was it like the last time you took a  
girl to bed?

NATE

I'm gonna need you to shut the fuck  
up right now, because I'm not --

CAMPBELL

I spent most of high school waiting  
to use the bathroom while you  
barricaded yourself inside with my  
*Seventeen* magazines. We can dispense  
with the sexual formalities.

NATE

Fine. Right before you showed up...  
I met this girl at an office picnic.  
And I "took her to bed."

CAMPBELL

Ok. Now I'm not trying to offend you... but you're a decent guy.

NATE

Why would I be offended by that?

CAMPBELL

Well, only vulnerable, self-conscious girls sleep with "decent guys." But, hey, I've lived in that neighborhood. And I'll tell you what they want.

NATE

Remind me what the point of this --

CAMPBELL

It's about the car. You see, those girls don't want to "go to bed." They want to get screwed.

NATE

This is quickly getting dark.

CAMPBELL

I'm not talking S&M or simulated rape.

NATE

Please arrive at your point!

CAMPBELL

Ok. One piece of advice. Which I'm uniquely qualified to give. Next time you're with a girl, hold her wrists above her head with one hand, put the other on her ass, push deep inside and kiss her hard. Do that, respectfully, and you won't have to check the sheets to see if she enjoyed herself.

Nate tries to process this... very disturbed, very intrigued.

NATE

Yeah, I mean... I could certainly see how -- hey, WHAT THE FUCK does this have to do with the car!?

CAMPBELL

This steel bitch has been trapped in a cage for years. She wants to get screwed. And I think you're just the man for the job.

Nate shakes his head. Can't help but crack a smile. He opens up the throttle. *The experience of being in a speeding 70s Corvette is something like riding a wooden roller coaster.*

Campbell sticks her head out the open t-top. Wind whipping her hair. Yells at people --

CAMPBELL  
Enjoy the bus stop, lady! You too,  
Ho Chi Min! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!

NATE  
(laughing)  
What are you on?

CAMPBELL  
Mountain Dew and Ritalin! It's like  
the elevator business: ups and downs!

EXT. LOCAL STREET - DAY

The Corvette flies through the intersection. *WHOOSH!*

INT./EXT CORVETTE STINGRAY - DAY - MOVING

Nate's face: *flush with thrill.*

NATE  
I didn't know they made cars like this!  
Campbell drops into her seat. Drums the dash, wildly.

CAMPBELL  
You've barely opened her up! Punch  
it, Nate! Punch this bitch!

Nate mashes the accelerator. The RPMs scream into the red, propelling the car forward with uncontrollable velocity. Nate's senses are so overloaded by SPEED and NOISE that he doesn't notice the rapidly approaching

RED LIGHT

Or the Hyundai barreling at Campbell's side. The license plate might as well spell: *CERTAIN DEATH.*

CAMPBELL  
LOOK OUT!

Nate reflex-swerves --

CUT TO BLACK:

*For an instant.* Then back to

EXT. LOCAL STREET - DAY

Empty. But for the *SCREECH* of tires and *CRUNCH* steel. The Corvette lazily rolls into view. Lands on its wrecked wheels. Smashed and smoking. We now notice its vanity plate: *BURRN.*

On the sidewalk, a TEENAGER points at the wreck, like it is the coolest thing ever. He holds the camera phone on which he has caught it all.

CUT TO BLACK:

*Labored breathing.* Eyes flutter open. Focus to reveal

CAMPBELL

Licking the top of a pudding snack, which she has reappropriated from a tray in

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

She smiles, crookedly. Her injuries from the accident total: one bandaid across her cheek. God protects babies and fools.

REVERSE TO REVEAL Nate in bed. He groggily touches his bruised face.

CAMPBELL

Before you look down, I want to prepare you... they had to lose both your legs below the kneecap.

NATE

Lose...?

CAMPBELL

Amputate. I'm so sorry. But they're fashioning a sort of rig that will allow me to carry you on my back. A soldier I knew who was in "the suck" had one. It's gonna be ok. The human spirit can't be extinguished.

Nate begins to sob. Confused and scared.

CAMPBELL

Calm down. It's the meds. Trust me, they're strong. I took a few personal pan Percocets from your allotment.

NATE

I don't care... I gotta look at my legs... I'm gotta look...

Nate rips off the covers. Screams. His legs are intact. Campbell smiles.

CAMPBELL

I imagine you're pretty relieved right now. So, the fact that all you have is one crushed testicle should be awesome news.

Nate slowly reaches down.

NATE

Oh, no. I can't even tell which ball I lost. Can you get the doctor or something...?

CAMPBELL

Actually, I'm not supposed to be here. You know, the whole AWOL thing. Pretty lucky I walked away from the crash. I'll pick you up tomorrow. It's gonna be ok. Enjoy the rest of your lunch.

Campbell slides Nate his half-eaten lunch. Heads off.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

*A Day Later.* Francine and an ORDERLY wheel Nate out.

FRANCINE

You never should have gotten in that car, Little Bundle. Your father... bad luck followed him everywhere.

NATE

I still don't get it. Dad was a neon sign salesman. What the hell was he doing with a vintage Corvette?

FRANCINE

Maybe he got it in trade. Maybe it was a wreck he restored. Who cares? I'm just glad the goddamned thing didn't kill you.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Francine helps Nate to the curb. The minivan idles, Campbell behind the wheel. She sees her mom... slides on huge shades and gives her the finger.

Francine shakes her head. Nate hugs her goodbye.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING

Campbell drives. Nate stares out at the accelerating middle-distance.

CAMPBELL

You ok? Still the meds?

NATE

I don't know. Could be the fact that I almost died.

CAMPBELL

Drama queen. Maybe this'll cheer you up.

Campbell rummages through her bag, pulls out an iPhone. She does a poor job of trying to use it while driving. Swerves.

NATE

In general, car accidents make people more cautious drivers.

CAMPBELL

Hey, I wasn't behind the wheel.  
(hands over iPhone)  
Check it out. We made the news.

Nate presses play on a NEWS VIDEO that she has cued up: it is the camera phone footage that the Teenager shot. We see the wreck in BRUTAL SLOW MOTION.

CAMPBELL

Pretty cool, huh?

IN THE VIDEO: the car comes to rest. Campbell climbs out, dazed. Looks around. Bolts.

NATE

You didn't walk away from the accident... you ran.

CAMPBELL

Gotta stay one step ahead of the authorities.

Campbell grins. Nate explodes. Grabs the wheel and forces her to the side of the road.

NATE

Pull the fuck over! Get out of my van!

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

The minivan skids to a stop. Nate jumps out and charges around to the driver side. Campbell intercepts him.

CAMPBELL

What's your problem!?

NATE

Just that I can't seem to get rid of you -- UNTIL I'M POTENTIALLY DEAD IN A CAR WRECK! Then you move at lightspeed!

CAMPBELL

Hey, I checked your pulse! Called an ambulance! I even told them you were bleeding from the crotch, which probably saved your other ball!

NATE

Thanks for the fucking courtesy!  
(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

Mom said that bad luck followed dad!  
Well, you really are your father's  
daughter!

CAMPBELL

Hell yes, I am!

NATE

Then it's agreed! You blow into  
town, firebomb my life --

CAMPBELL

Don't blame me for --

NATE

You forced me to drive the car!  
Just take responsibility! For once!

CAMPBELL

You first! You chose to listen to me!

NATE

Yes! Like when you "advised" me to  
drop out of college!

CAMPBELL

Ok, you didn't drop out of Harvard,  
you dropped out of Palm Beach State!  
You were miserable! I was looking  
out for you!

NATE

Oh, and now I have all these great  
opportunities!

CAMPBELL

Why'd you even ask me!? I never  
finished high school!

NATE

I had no one else to ask! I trusted you!

CAMPBELL

Well, you... convinced me to dye my  
hair blonde!

NATE

I honestly thought it looked cool!  
Like Drew Barrymore!

CAMPBELL

I hate Drew Barrymore!

NATE

Since when!? You love *E.T.*!



CAMPBELL  
 She's even in that!? I love it for  
 that hardcore little alien! And the  
 twisted way he says --  
 (bad *E.T.* voice)  
 Ellliotttt...  
 (suddenly)  
 And the blonde hair's got nothing on  
 the fork you stabbed me with!

Campbell pulls up her shirt, shows off a nasty scar.

NATE  
 I was nine! None of this compares!  
 (shakes his head)  
 Fuck it... whatever. I am so done.

CAMPBELL  
 Whatever right back to you, Nate.  
 Whatever-ever-ever.

NATE  
 Whatever up your ass!

CAMPBELL  
 Whatever down your throat! HIV  
 positive!

Nate goes to respond. Bites his tongue. Paces back and forth, composing himself.

NATE  
 Ok, here's the thing... your dumbfuck  
 antics are gonna get me killed. And  
 I don't want to die. In fact, I want  
 to get my pathetic life in order. So  
 I say we go deal with the car, split  
 up what it's worth, then put you on a  
 bus. We need some breathing room.

Campbell shrugs, hurt, but tries to play it off.

CAMPBELL  
 Fine. But your life's gonna be dull and  
 shitty without me... all alone in your  
 sad apartment, with an empty couch...

NATE  
 Maybe. But it's not just about me.  
 You need to get your shit right, too.  
 You could be stuck in one of those  
 self-destructive cycles. And we can  
 break it, right now. Send you to  
 some totally new city. Jacksonville.  
 No, further -- Los Angeles.

CAMPBELL

I'm definitely too big for you and this dump. Let's just go to the junkyard right now. Bang out a few dents and that 'Vette is probably worth some serious coin. Fuck a bus, I'll be flying first class. Living the high life. And it's gonna be a one-woman show.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Nate and Campbell stare at the mangled corpse of the Corvette. A car has never looked worse. The MANAGER waits beside them.

CAMPBELL

So can you... bang it out? Paint it?

MANAGER

I can crush it into a steel cube and give you 200 bucks. We pay per pound and it's a light car.

NATE

Just out of curiosity, what was it worth in mint condition?

MANAGER

Maybe 30, 40 grand.

Nate and Campbell's faces drop. The Manager walks off.

NATE

I really could have used that money. A unicorn comes into our lives and you turn it into glue.

CAMPBELL

Keep pushing me, Nate. You're messing with live ammunition right now...

They stand there, both stewing. After a beat, a cool mechanic in dirty coveralls approaches. This is MANNY (30). He speaks in a measured, cautious tone.

MANNY

Ma'am. Sir. I just want you to know, your "shit" is secure.

CAMPBELL

What are you talking about, pit crew?

MANNY

Hey, I'm not looking for trouble. If you were to, say, give me a little finder's fee, let me wet my beak, then I'd be one cool customer.

NATE  
Who are you again?

MANNY  
Ok. I read you. Discretion is a  
virtue. Follow me.

INT. OFFICE, JUNKYARD - DAY

Manny leads Nate and Campbell inside. Locks the door. He goes to a tarp in the corner and yanks it off to reveal three large duffels. He sets one on a table, unzips it --

Inside are stacks of white, vacuum sealed bricks. *She don't lie, she don't lie, Cocaine.*

Nate and Campbell share a confused, terrified look.

MANNY  
Yep. You got enough white to party all  
summer long. I mean that respectfully.

Campbell hesitantly reaches out, hefts one of the bricks.

CAMPBELL  
Where... did you find this?

MANNY  
In that bored out trunk of yours.  
You really fucked up the ride.  
Outrunning the fuzz?

NATE  
This isn't ours.

MANNY  
Of course not. I am in no way  
implying these illegal substances  
belong to you. I know the drill.

CAMPBELL  
You're not listening. The car was our  
father's. We've never seen this before.

Manny's wheels begin to turn. Campbell pulls Nate aside.

CAMPBELL  
What the hell is going on?

NATE  
(realizing)  
A secret Corvette, a shit ton of cocaine...  
dad was a drug dealer.

CAMPBELL  
No way. Maybe he was just holding  
it for --

NATE

That already sounds improbable. Our father sold drugs. He was obviously in the middle of some big deal when he had his heart attack.

Campbell struggles to process this. Manny looks them over.

MANNY

So, you two aren't, like... dealers?

NATE

No. We showed up in a minivan. We're regular fucking citizens.

CAMPBELL

Speak for yourself. I pushed Adderrall in high school.

NATE

For a week. You got kicked out.

CAMPBELL

I also got those "Warped Tour" tickets I was saving up for. And I gave Tré Cool a handjob. Who'd you give your first handjob to? Office picnic girl?

MANNY

Listen, you guys seem like you have your hands full. Maybe seek counseling. I'll hang on to the snow for you.

Manny goes for the open duffel. Campbell grabs his wrist.

CAMPBELL

The fuck you will. No one touches my father's property but me.

Manny doesn't let go. Campbell tightens her hold.

CAMPBELL

This is a "Ranger Grip." It's meant for use on towelheads, but it works equally well on shitheads. So chose your actions wisely.

Manny lets go of the duffel. Massages his wrist. Looks at the drugs... the siblings...

MANNY

Ok. Opportunity is knocking loud as fuck. I think we'd be stupid to ignore it. Maybe we can come to some sort of arrangement. Among new friends.

NATE

Like what...?

MANNY

I help you unload the product. But  
I'd need to do more than wet my beak --  
I'd need to straight drench it. So  
we split the million three ways.

This figure staggers Nate and Campbell. She lets loose a sudden, giddy chuckle.

CAMPBELL

That's a... million dollars worth of  
cocaine?

MANNY

More. But we can unload it easy for  
a million. It's ether cane.

NATE

Is that supposed to mean something  
to us?

MANNY

Apparently not. This is disco shit,  
man. Old school. The stuff they  
process now is garbage compared to  
this. Listen, just leave it with me,  
I'll transact some business --

CAMPBELL

Sure. We'll just leave our million  
dollars of vintage cocaine with you.  
Hey, you wanna hang on to our wallets,  
too? Maybe rest your dick in my  
brother's ass for a while?

Manny heaves a sigh.

MANNY

Ok, fine. Then we do it together.  
But you're gonna have to take a ride.

CAMPBELL

Where?

MANNY

You really are amateurs. Where else  
do you sell drugs in the sun? Miami.

Campbell's face lights up.

CAMPBELL

Fuck yes. Now we're talking.

NATE

What!? You really have no sense of  
self-preservation! We're not selling  
drugs with some strange mechanic!

MANNY

Hey, do you mean "strange" like you don't know me, or "strange" like you think I'm weird or something?

NATE

A little of both.

(to Campbell)

Let's just call the cops. Turn the drugs in for a reward.

CAMPBELL

It's not a missing child. All we'll get is a fucking handshake. This guy has a plan.

NATE

He doesn't have a plan, he has a location! You can't just show up in Miami and sell drugs!

MANNY

First of all, calm down, take a breath -- we're talking business. Second of all, white is like currency in Miami. It's as easy as changing bills at the airport.

NATE

I'm sorry, but you're wearing coveralls with your name on them. How do you know shit about drugs or money?

MANNY

I... did a little time.

NATE

Perfect. You're a convict.

MANNY

Do you see any bars here? I'm an ex-convict. Nonviolent crime. Good news for you: I know all the right people in the Magic City. One day, in and out, and we get paid.

Campbell looks to Nate, mind made up.

CAMPBELL

I'm doing it. With this kind of cash I can hire a lawyer to get Uncle Sam off my back, fill in my tattoo --

NATE

Oh, those sound like great reasons to do dangerous, illegal shit!

CAMPBELL

Nate, I can start over. So can you.

(MORE)

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

And I'll be totally out of your way.  
Just like we talked about.

NATE

I didn't mean I wanted you dead or in  
prison. Just, you know... elsewhere.

CAMPBELL

Well, this is how you get it. You heard  
what he said. One day. We'll get a  
tan, have Uncle Harry buy us an expensive  
dinner, then do a little business.

Nate lets fly a frustrated --

NATE

FUCK! If you go and something happens,  
it's on me. I gotta deal with the  
guilt, plan the funeral, make up a  
bullshit eulogy about how great you  
were. And if I tie you to chair and  
force you not to go -- IT'S STILL ON  
ME! Because then our lives will  
probably continue to suck, I still got  
the guilt, you're still on my couch --

CAMPBELL

(to Manny)

We're in.

MANNY

Then gimme 24 hours. I'll be in touch.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

The sun sets. Brother and sister haul the coke duffels to  
the parked minivan. Campbell looks to Nate.

CAMPBELL

Hey, Little Fuck... do you think dad  
was one of the good drug dealers? I  
mean, there are good ones, right?

NATE

I think I'm a relatively good person,  
and I'm about to deal drugs.

CAMPBELL

Are you implying I'm not a good person?

Nate shrugs. Campbell shoves him, knocking him over some  
junkyard debris.

FADE OUT:

INT. LIVING ROOM, NATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Coppertone Sunscreen, SPF 100, is set at the top of a travel bag. Nate zips it shut. Yells toward the bathroom --

NATE  
Campbell, get out of the shower!

CAMPBELL (O.S.)  
I'm planning the whole trip in here!

Nate tosses his bag on the couch, next to the coke duffels. There is a *KNOCK* at the door. He crosses to it and opens up --

Two sweaty, young Military Police Officers wait. MP CHAVEZ, fresh-faced, and MP DILLON, weary, with a cast and crutches.

NATE  
Can I, uh... help you?

MP CHAVEZ  
We'd love to come in, sir.

Nate hesitantly allows them in. He glances at the couch, the coke duffels, the bathroom door.

NATE  
You guys look hot. I got some, uh,  
Fantas and stuff in here.

Nate steers them into the kitchen. Grabs sodas from the fridge and hands them over. The MPs nod thank you.

MP CHAVEZ  
Mr. Burr, we're sorry to intrude, but  
we're looking for your sister. She  
went AWOL from Fort Stewart down in  
Georgia three weeks ago. One more  
week makes it desertion.

NATE  
Does that mean you shoot her or something?

MP DILLON  
There are consequences. Especially  
since she ran over one of our legs  
in Augusta. Can you guess which one  
of us that was?

NATE  
I'm... really sorry, man. She's a  
shitty driver.

MP DILLON  
Seems to run in the family. Caught  
your name on a news search. Nasty  
wreck. Saw the video and everything.  
Who was that in the car with you?



NATE  
Just a... friend. I haven't heard  
from Campbell in months.

Chavez glances at the bathroom door, steam rising from  
underneath.

MP CHAVEZ  
Then who's that in the shower?

At a loss, Nate backs up to the couch, where the coke duffels  
are still out of view. He spots a pile of Campbell's strewn  
clothes. Steels himself. Grabs her pink thong and dangles it.

NATE  
Some girl I picked up last night.  
Wish I knew her name. You should  
probably leave before she gets out.

MP CHAVEZ  
Is that what you're asking us to do?

NATE  
I don't know... do you have to leave  
if I ask you?

MP CHAVEZ  
Technically, yes. We're not civilian  
police.

MP DILLON  
But we are really pissed off. And  
we're taking this one personally.  
So maybe you can fill us in on some  
details. Like your trip to Miami.

NATE  
Huh?

Dillon picks something up off the counter. A guidebook:  
*MIAMI FUN!* Nate snatches it back.

NATE  
Yeah, I'm going next month. Quit  
looking around. Don't you need a  
warrant or something?

MP DILLON  
Sure do. But you invited us in.

NATE  
Now I'm inviting you out. Take the  
sodas to go.

The MPs head for the door. Dillon stops and looks back.

MP DILLON

We'll be waiting right downstairs.  
And we got all day. Not like I can  
get around much with this fucking leg.

The MPs walk out. The door shuts. Nate hyperventilates. He  
hears a *SOUND* and whirls. Campbell stands there, in a towel.

CAMPBELL

Why are you holding my underwear?

NATE

Two MPs were here! One said you ran  
him over!

CAMPBELL

That was an accident! I was driving  
a stolen Bronco! It handled weird!  
Are they gone!?

NATE

No! They're waiting downstairs all  
day for revenge!

CAMPBELL

Fuck! Grab the coke, we're going  
out the back window!

Campbell snatches the thong, drops her towel and quickly  
gets dressed from the pile of clothes.

NATE

It's official! I've seen you naked  
more than any other woman in my life!

CAMPBELL

Just get your shit!

NATE

They know we're going to Miami!

CAMPBELL

You told them!?

NATE

No, they saw my guidebook after I  
invited them in!

CAMPBELL

What!? You never invite vampires or  
law enforcement into your home!  
That's how they get you!

NATE

Of course! Well, what now!?

CAMPBELL

We have two options: they apprehend me and find the drugs, or we go out the window and run. Miami's a big city, we'll be fine.

NATE

I need another option!

CAMPBELL

Trust me on this! 90 percent of life's problems can be solved by jumping out a window!

NATE

And the other ten?

CAMPBELL

I don't know. I've never had any of those problems, and this certainly isn't one of them. Come on.

Campbell grabs the duffels.

EXT. NATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Campbell and Nate climb out onto the fire escape, hauling the bags. They hear something and flatten themselves...

MP Dillon hobbles around back, where the tenants' cars are parked. Satisfied, he heads back to the front.

Campbell and Nate hurry down the fire escape and pile into the minivan with their luggage.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Nate puts the key in the ignition, turns it halfway.

CAMPBELL

What are you doing!?

NATE

I'm gonna put it neutral and we'll quietly roll away.

Nate puts the van in neutral. It rolls one foot then stops.

CAMPBELL

FUCKING DRIVE!

Nate takes a breath. Starts the van and peels off.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

A muscle car stops, kicking up a thick cloud of dust. On the rear deck, a CARTOON DEVIL grins above the word "DEMON."

A hulking Cuban emerges. Despite his tight, loud clothes, he still looks like a badass. The lenses of his Blublocker shades perfectly match the paint job of his Hemi Orange '71 Dodge Demon. This is LUIZ. As he crosses the yard --

Manny slams into him. His eyes are terribly red and he looks like shit, in an ill-fitting leisure shirt.

MANNY

Sorry, man. You need something?

LUIZ

Mercury Insurance. Here about a...

(takes out form)

'77 Corvette. White.

MANNY

Oh... she's a wreck. Total loss.

LUIZ

You got a manager?

Manny hesitantly nods to the Manager's officer. Luiz heads off. Manny watches him go...

HONK-! Manny whirls to see the minivan pulling up. He hurries for it.

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

Miles of scorching blacktop. The minivan blows past.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING

Campbell is asleep in the passenger seat, sunglasses on. Nate drives. Manny sits in back. Nate catches his bloodshot eyes in the rear-view. An awkward beat.

NATE

So, uh... what'd you go to prison for?

MANNY

30 miles of silence and that's what you're gonna open with?

NATE

I'm just trying to make conversation.

MANNY

If you picked up a chick with a cold sore, would you just ask her first thing if she's got herpes? Have some tact.

NATE

I'm not about to have sex with the hypothetical herpes girl. I am on my way to sell drugs with you.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

The fact that you went to prison means you got caught. That's relevant.

Manny shakes his head. Grudgingly --

MANNY

Grand theft auto. I was fencing high-line shit. Ferraris, Lamborghinis, Testarossa.

NATE

Isn't that just a kind of Ferrari?

MANNY

Yes. And I specialized in it. Then my fiancé stabbed me in the back.

NATE

Oh. Sorry. Do you... wanna listen to the radio or --

MANNY

No. My head's killing me. I had to quality test the coke last night and I got no sleep. And just so we're clear, that was officially the last time you question me. For your own safety.

NATE

Are you threatening me?

MANNY

I'm saying you don't know what you're doing. This isn't amateur night at the local bikini bar. When you're moving weight, shit can get real heavy.

Nate sighs. Focuses on the road.

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

The minivan rushes at us. As the ORANGE in the center of the Florida license plate grows huge, it becomes

THE THROBBING ORANGE SUN

Above Miami. A modern-day Casablanca. A city built as much on NARCOTICS and SEX as GLASS and STEEL.

As the minivan cuts through town, Campbell points out the window. Harry's smiling face is plastered on a bus bench that reads, "Harry Delvin has the *SIZZLING* Real Estate Deals!"

VARIOUS SHOTS as the minivan finds its way from the flash of South Beach to

EXT. SIESTA MOTEL - DAY

A much less exclusive part of town. The minivan parks. Our crew gets out. Campbell and Manny both look to Nate.

NATE

What?

CAMPBELL

Go check us in.

NATE

I drove the whole way. Packed snacks.  
Is there one fucking thing on this  
trip that isn't my responsibility?

CAMPBELL

Yes. All the cool drug dealing stuff.

Nate reluctantly heads off. Manny grabs him --

MANNY

Use cash and a fake name. We're in  
deep on this.

INT. ROOM, SIESTA MOTEL - DAY

Nate, Campbell and Manny enter. Toss their travel bags.  
Manny inspects the room, looking under the mattresses, etc.

CAMPBELL

Is that necessary?

MANNY

Yes. I always search a motel room  
when I check in. It's common sense.

Manny looks around some more, trying to seem very professional.

MANNY

Cool. Let's go out and get the coke.  
We shut the doors, close the blinds,  
and lock it up until my associates  
call. We're totally under the radar,  
no one knows we're here or --

*KNOCK!-KNOCK!* Manny whirls, instinctually pulls out a cheap handgun and aims it at the door. Nate and Campbell freak.

NATE

Gun! Get down!

MANNY

Oh, yeah... I brought a piece.

CAMPBELL

Why!? So you can kill us in our  
sleep and steal the drugs!?

MANNY

You were sleeping the whole ride!  
It's for protection!

More *KNOCKING*.

NATE

Oh, shit! Do you think it's the  
MPs? Should we go out the window?

MANNY

Wait, what MPs?

Campbell glares at Nate. Manny looks from one of them to the other.

NATE

Campbell's AWOL from the Army and  
the Military Police might have  
followed us here.

MANNY

Who the fuck are you people!?

CAMPBELL

Who are you, asshole? I texted a friend  
on the way. It's probably just her.  
(calling)  
Who's there?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Room service. You ordered the cheap  
beer and Sour Patch Kids. Just open up.

Nate looks to Campbell.

NATE

Who do you even know in Miami?

CAMPBELL

I have hoes in different area codes.

MANNY

This was my deal! I didn't agree to  
inviting new friends or --

CAMPBELL

Now it's my deal. Just put the gun  
away before I physically disarm you.

Manny reluctantly tucks the gun. Campbell opens up to reveal --

Donna, now 26, no longer chubby. Very attractive, in a Miami  
way. Nate eyes her up. She and Campbell hug.

CAMPBELL

HOLY SHIT you keep getting skinnier!

DONNA

I got promoted to the poolside bar.  
I have to work in a bikini. It's a  
demeaning motivator. You look  
really... muscular.

CAMPBELL

I know. Basic training. Feel my arm.

Donna feels Campbell's bicep. Nate waves at her.

NATE

Hey, Donna. Long time.

DONNA

Nathan. Has she been taking care of you?

CAMPBELL

He's alive.

Manny pushes by Nate, shakes Donna's hand, slick.

MANNY

Hey, I'm Manny. I --

NATE

He works at the motel. Hey, how's  
that toilet coming?

Manny just shakes his head.

CAMPBELL

We're taking off. Text me when I'm  
needed.

DONNA

You're not gonna bring your little  
brother to hang out?

NATE

Yeah, you're not gonna bring me...?

Campbell looks back at Nate. Sighs.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

A tourist trap near the motel, crowded with VENDORS hawking  
crap. Donna leads Nate and Campbell to the beach.

DONNA

...it's so crazy that you guys won a  
sweepstakes. I didn't even know  
they had those anymore.

Nate glares at Campbell.

NATE

I wasn't aware, either.



CAMPBELL

Until you found that game piece at the bottom of your cereal.

NATE

And what cereal was that again?

CAMPBELL

Coco berry... crunch flakes...

DONNA

Is that, like, a budget brand?

CAMPBELL

Yes. The point is, we'll probably be rolling around with a ton of cash pretty soon. So just chalk it up to the cereal sweepstakes. By the way, did you hear that Nate's missing a testicle?

Nate drops his head, embarrassed. Donna laughs.

DONNA

You guys haven't changed much.

CAMPBELL

Change is just around the corner.

As they pass a SUNGLASSES VENDOR, Campbell swipes a pair of sparkly shades. Slides them on. Nate grabs her, hushed --

NATE

You're a horrible liar and a worse thief. Quit going on a crime spree. You already have sunglasses.

CAMPBELL

I don't have sparkly ones.

NATE

Between the MPs, and the cocaine, and the fact that my ass is on the line, too, is it really worth getting caught for a misdemeanor right now?

CAMPBELL

Like I said... I don't have sparkly ones.

NATE

Fine. Then I'm just gonna steal random shit, too. We can both play "loose cannon" if that's what you want.

CAMPBELL

Try it.

NATE

About to.

Nate nervously looks at the OTHER SUNGLASSES VENDORS they pass.

CAMPBELL  
Go on. What about that pair?

NATE  
They're the wrong shape. They would  
look stupid on my face.

CAMPBELL  
Then try those.

NATE  
Oakleys? No thanks. I'm waiting  
for the right ones...

Campbell shakes her head. Quickly swipes a cool looking  
pair and throws them at him. He slides them on. Donna looks  
back at them, both wearing new shades.

DONNA  
Did you guys just shoplift?

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The trio walks along. The beach is packed with trashy people  
in poorly chosen swimwear.

CAMPBELL  
This place is paradise, huh?

DONNA  
It gets a little better.

CAMPBELL  
Nah, this is all I need. Sun and fun.  
"Miami Campbell" is here to stay.

NATE  
You know, I can actually see myself  
settling down here. Maybe get one  
of those jet skis out there. Do you  
enjoy jet skiing, Donna?

DONNA  
Yeah, I guess...

NATE  
Well, maybe we can do that sometime.

CAMPBELL  
Sure. You're terrified of the water.  
Ok, Donna, we gotta roll. Busy  
schedule. People to see, shit to  
do. I'll call you...

Campbell pulls Nate off.

EXT. 510 OCEAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An upscale place in a much nicer part of town. Campbell and Nate head inside, glancing at all the fancy cars out front. Among the bright colors, we see a flash of Hemi Orange.

INT. 510 OCEAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nate and Campbell wait on the same side of a cozy booth. Campbell finishes a giant piña coloda, signals for another.

NATE

Slow down. Tonight's a big night.

CAMPBELL

Harry's picking up the tab. It's basically an open bar. Just take it easy, this is all part of the plan.

NATE

No, it's another stupid detour. You shouldn't have even told anyone we were in town.

Campbell shakes her head.

CAMPBELL

Nate, do you know what centrifugal force is?

NATE

Do you know what it is?

CAMPBELL

Yes. I apprenticed as a pool guy when I ran away the first time. Centrifugal force is the shit that spins all the water around the drain. That's like me. And you're like a leaf, caught up in me.

NATE

I couldn't be more confused right now.

CAMPBELL

Exactly. You can't handle my whole plan. It would spin you out. The drugs are just step one. Step two is getting Harry to hook me up with some modelling connections. So just enjoy your meal and let the adults talk business.

NATE

Harry's in real estate. All he can get you is a shitty condo.

CAMPBELL

Harry's big time. He's got his face on a bus bench.

NATE

Vagrants probably sleep on him.

CAMPBELL

Whatever. It's sad that you can't think big picture. Mentally, I'm on step six or seven right now, which is probably gonna be starting my own pay website. Harry might know investors. It's gonna cost millions to buy Campbell.com.

NATE

Sure. You've got a lot on your mind. Put another drink down the fucking pool drain.

Nate slumps back. After a beat, Campbell spots Harry threading the crowd. Over a decade later, he has bleached blonde hair and a deep v-neck that shows off a healthy tan.

Harry arrives at the table. Campbell squeals and gives him a big hug. Nate shakes his hand.

HARRY

Look at you two. In my hometown.

NATE

I thought you were from Kissimmee.

HARRY

Adopted hometown. Miami's been good to me.

(spins Campbell)

Wow, you look fantastic! And Nate... you're definitely bigger. But I guess I never hear from you.

NATE

It's been a while. And I require less "favours" than Campbell.

HARRY

Hey, Uncle Harry is always here. Now go on, let me see a karate kick.

Nate looks between them, unsure.

CAMPBELL

He's paying for dinner. Just do a kick.

Harry smiles, encouragingly. Nate is forced to do a pathetic, denim-constricted kick. Harry and Campbell crack up.

LATER

Food has been served. Campbell and Harry clink glasses, faces both flush with alcohol, having a good time.

HARRY

...of course I'll make some calls.  
Last month I squeezed this guy into  
a hot beach front -- I think he's in  
the modelling game. And then there  
are some old flames I can ring up.  
But that might be dangerous.

Campbell laughs, happily.

CAMPBELL

I knew you'd understand, Uncle Harry.

HARRY

Hey, I believe in you, kiddo. But  
you probably don't even need me.  
With a face like that, 24 hours in  
this town and they'll all be chasing  
you. Count on it.

Campbell smiles huge.

CAMPBELL

You know, Nate could also use a job.  
He was in real estate, like you. But  
he got shitcanned. Fucking recession.

NATE

Thanks. But I'm ok. I've been  
thinking about going back to school.  
A little scholarship fund actually  
just came up...

Nate trails off, as he notices something at the bar. Orange  
Blublocker lenses... as a strange man, Luiz, seems to be  
staring right at him.

HARRY

You know, I never went to college.

After a beat, Nate snaps out of it and turns back to the  
table. Says, a little too harshly --

NATE

Yeah, I did know that.

HARRY

It's just a statement, Nate.

CAMPBELL

We're self-made people, Harry. We  
take our fate in our own hands.

Campbell grins at Nate, smugly. After a beat, she removes a  
vibrating iPhone. A text from Manny: *We're on. Pick me up  
at the motel.* She shows Nate.

CAMPBELL

I'm sorry, Uncle Harry, we gotta run.

HARRY

Hey, I'll drive you back to wherever you're staying. Grab your stuff and I can set you up someplace nice.

Campbell goes to speak. Nate cuts her off --

NATE

You know Campbell. Once she throws her clothes on the floor, she refuses to pick them back up. We'll be ok.

She and Nate wave goodbye, as they hurry off.

EXT. SIESTA MOTEL - NIGHT

The pink neon sign glows. Nate, Campbell and Manny head out of the room and cross the parking lot.

MANNY

...so just play it cool, follow my lead, and this shit will be easy like Sunday morning.

NATE

Ok, so are we gonna --

MANNY

You just keep quiet. And you... just keep looking hot like you are.

NATE

Are you hitting on my sister?

MANNY

No. I'm stating that the best role for a girl during a drug deal is to just stand by, look hot, provide atmosphere.

CAMPBELL

Yeah, this all counts as hitting on me. Let's stick to business.

MANNY

That's what I'm trying to do!

Manny stops by the minivan.

NATE

What? We're not taking my van.

MANNY

How do you suggest we get there?

NATE

That's what I was gonna ask you before you fucking shushed me. I assumed you'd boost a car. Isn't that what you do?

CAMPBELL

Yeah, we need something way cooler than the minivan.

NATE

We need something that's not registered in my name. What about that Ford?

CAMPBELL

Let's at least steal the SUV. In case we have to off-road.

MANNY

Just let me think! I'm the expert car thief. I'm picking the car. And it's not gonna be the canary yellow Wrangler.

Manny looks around. Spots a shitty looking Buick with a door that is shut crookedly.

MANNY

That one.

NATE

Nice choice. Totally discreet.

As they cross to the car --

NATE

So how does this work? Do you have a special tool or a hanger to jimmy the lock?

CAMPBELL

No, you wrap your coat around your hand and smash the window.

NATE

None of us are wearing coats.

MANNY

Please shut up. I use my bare hands. It's taken me years to learn and it requires total concentration. Just look away. Make sure no one is coming.

Nate and Campbell stand lookout. Manny inspects the Buick. He takes a breath... then yanks the handle of the crooked door.

*AN ALARM BLARES!* Impossibly loud. The car's lights flash.

MANNY

Alarm! Run!

They all take off.

EXT. STREETS, MIAMI - NIGHT

The minivan speeds away from the motel.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT - MOVING

Nate pounds the wheel, sweating.

NATE

Shit, Manny! You really screwed that up!

MANNY

I told you, I specialize in Testarossas!

CAMPBELL

Just calm the fuck down!

Nate takes a breath. Loosens up a bit.

NATE

Ok... we're doing this.

CAMPBELL

We're really doing it.

MANNY

Goddamn right we are.

Nate swerves. Everyone grabs on to something. He pulls to the side of the street and jumps out. Campbell watches as he dry heaves into a trash can.

CAMPBELL

I honestly can't believe we swam in the same gene pool.

Nate continues to wretch. Campbell turns back to Manny, who seems to be off in his own world.

CAMPBELL

So, did your fiancé really turn you in to the cops?

MANNY

What?

CAMPBELL

I heard you and Nate on the drive down. I was just pretending to be asleep so I wouldn't have to listen to four hours of his bullshit.



MANNY

Oh. Well, yeah... she, uh, didn't see the relationship the way I did.

CAMPBELL

For what it's worth, I'm sorry. It sucks getting screwed over. I've had more than my share of it.

MANNY

Like what...?

CAMPBELL

Both parents and every guy I ever got tangled up with. The last one helped me go AWOL, then ditched me in a Howard Johnson, with a grand of incidentals and a nipple ring I never wanted.

Manny cracks a smile.

MANNY

Medium-security prison's worse, but I see where you're coming from.

CAMPBELL

At least our luck's picked up, huh?

Manny nods. Outside, Nate pulls his shit together. Hops in. Before Manny or Campbell can speak --

NATE

Fuck both of you. We're really doing it.

He throws the van into gear.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, LIBERTY CITY - NIGHT

Welcome to Miami's most dangerous neighborhood. The minivan parks and our crew emerges, each with a duffel. It is eerily deserted, except for scattered pockets of suspicious activity.

NATE

Great spot, Manny. Why didn't we just go to Haiti? At least there's an embassy there.

MANNY

What kind of neighborhood do you think you sell drugs in?

NATE

I think you deal drugs in this kind of neighborhood. I think you sell them onboard a yacht, to a slick dude in a linen suit.

CAMPBELL

Unfortunately, we're not doing business  
with a male prostitute tonight. Just  
fall in line.

Manny nods and they head down the block. He smiles at a  
RANDOM LOCAL, like he knows the place.

They stop before a tall fence. Tangled shrubbery blocks all  
from view. Manny looks back at Campbell, takes in her  
expectant face. He opens the gate.

The door to the crumbling house lies down a dark walkway...

NATE

Hey, I think I saw this house on the  
news -- in every report about white  
people getting murdered.

CAMPBELL

Could you just fucking trust Manny.  
He got us this far.

MANNY

Yeah, just... trust me.

Manny crosses the threshold of the gate. Stops.

MANNY

Ok. We gotta go.

CAMPBELL

What?

MANNY

I kinda... set you guys up. They're  
gonna steal the --

The door to the house opens.

MANNY

Run! Now!

Manny grabs Nate and Campbell, hauls them off. Two WHITE TRASH  
TWEEDERS burst from the house. One unarmed, SHIRTLESS. The  
other with a BASEBALL BAT. They give chase.

SHIRTLESS

Manny, you piece of shit!

BASEBAL BAT

We're gonna fuck you up!

Nate, Manny and Campbell race down the middle of the street.  
Legs pistoning. Heaving humid night air.

NATE

I knew it! You --

MANNY

Later! These guys have been doing  
meth for 36 hours! We can totally  
outrun them!

*SCREECH!* An orange blur skids around the corner behind them --

*BAM!* Impacts Shirtless. Sends him airborne.

Our crew stops and looks back. Shirtless hits the ground  
with a sickening crunch.

NATE

Oh, my god! Should we call 911!?

Manny recognizes the car. It is the Dodge Demon. Luiz steps  
out. Now Nate's eyes fill with recognition, too. They both  
grab Campbell and take off.

NATE

Fuck it! This is between them!

A horrified Baseball Bat looks at his bloody friend. Charges  
Luiz, bat raised. Stops when Luiz produces his own weapon:  
a "Miami street sweeper" aka an UZI SUBMACHINE GUN.

Baseball Bat tosses his bat and flees. Luiz races after our  
crew. Steadies his Uzi...

Manny glances back. Takes in their impending doom. Does 60-  
90 in a sudden, desperate burst.

MANNY

FUCKING MOVE!

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE ERUPTS

Shreds eardrums. Muzzle flash turns the night stroboscopic.

A plague of panic. Our crew screams. Bullets lace the air  
with terrifying velocity.

CAMPBELL

We're in "the suck!" We're totally  
in "the suck!"

Our crew dashes madly for the minivan, parked 20 feet away.  
Falling over each other. As shots *RAT!-TAT!-TAT!* off steel,  
explode glass.

Nate leaps. Slides across the hood of a car. Probably saw  
it in a movie. Lands ugly, wrist first, twisting. Stumbles  
to the driver side door, remote out. *CLICK-!* Locks go up.

Just in time for Manny to throw open the side door. But  
Campbell shoves him aside and jumps into the van. Forcing  
him right into the path of hot steel.

A BURST OF WHITE

As bullets pierce Manny's duffel. He is thrown backward, into the van. Coke from the shredded bag escapes in clouds.

Nate fires the ignition and peels off, side door still open.

Luiz skids to a stop. Aims the Uzi at the disappearing van. *CLICK-!* Empty. He draws a handgun --

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT - MOVING

*CRACK!-CRACK!* The rear windshield detonates. Glass sprays. Coke blankets all. No one has stopped screaming.

Nate cranks the wheel. Van sluing sideways. The force throws Manny across the seat. He grabs a handle at the last moment, barely avoids being flung out the open door.

The van fishtails, then steadies. Rockets down another crime-ridden block. Campbell whips a seatbelt around Manny's neck.

MANNY

Please! I'm --

She yanks. His words are cut off. Nate's pulse has slowed enough for him to produce coherent words --

NATE

I KNEW IT! HE TOTALLY FUCKED US!

CAMPBELL

Congratulations! You were right!  
Do you want a fucking medal!?

Manny struggles against the seatbelt. Campbell notices blood splatters. Loosens the seatbelt so Manny can scream --

MANNY

I'm hit! Oh, fuck, I'm hit!

One of Manny's pant legs is covered in blood. He fumbles to inspect it. Nate is doing 80. He blows a red light. Another car skids to avoid him.

NATE

Is he shot!? Is he gonna die!?

CAMPBELL

Hopefully! Just slow the fuck down!

NATE

No! We're escaping!

CAMPBELL

The minivan is covered in blood and cocaine! And every taillight is busted! You do not want to be pulled over right now!

Nate reins it in. Campbell removes the seatbelt from Manny's neck. Grabs his shirt and hangs him out the open side door. He screams.

CAMPBELL

Let's just find a dangerous spot to dump this piece of shit!

MANNY

What!? Why!?

CAMPBELL

You set us up to be murdered!

MANNY

I set you up to be ripped off! I didn't even know that other lunatic! Besides, I had a last minute change of heart!

NATE

He's kinda right! Let's just drop him at a hospital!

MANNY

No way! I'm on parole! I can't leave the state and I definitely can't get shot!

CAMPBELL

You're on parole!?

MANNY

Why do you think I'm working in a junkyard!? My P.O. got me the job! I'm better than that!

NATE

Wait, how long have you been out of prison!?

MANNY

72 hours! And I'm never going back!

NATE

Oh, sure! You seem committed to change!

MANNY

Please! Someone help me get my pants off! I'm scared I got shot in the dick!

Campbell reluctantly tosses Manny back against the seat and shuts the side door.

She strips him of his gun and helps him off with his pants.  
Manny inspect the bloody mess beneath.

MANNY

It's just my leg. I think it's a  
flesh wound.

Nate glances back.

NATE

You've been shot multiple times.

MANNY

They're multiple flesh wounds. I'm  
pretty sure of it. Let's just get  
some first aid shit.

CAMPBELL

Excuse me!? Why would we help you!?

MANNY

You threw me right into the line of  
fire! You got me shot! I've clearly  
paid for what I did!

CAMPBELL

Barely! You lied to me! I HATE lairs!

Campbell slams a fist into Manny's leg. He shrieks. Grabs  
a handful of the loose cocaine and smears it on his wounds  
to numb the pain. Grabs more and sucks it back with a sudden --

MANNY

Fuuuck! That is some high-speed shit!

CAMPBELL

You're gonna need a lot more of it!

MANNY

Wait! Just hear me out! I felt  
like we... bonded earlier. And when  
it counted, I came through. I fucking  
did. That was my moment.

(beat)

Now are you gonna come through for me?

Manny's words sink in. Campbell and Nate exchange a look.  
Both grudgingly nod.

MANNY

Also, we should probably change motels.  
I kinda told them where we were staying.

EXT. EL FLAMINGO MOTEL - NIGHT

Another dump. The minivan parks in the shadows.

INT. ROOM, EL FLAMINGO MOTEL - NIGHT

The bathroom door is open. Groans comes from inside. Nate and Campbell are slumped on the twin beds, coming down from the adrenaline rush.

NATE

Ok. We're alive, so shit could be worse. We need to flush the coke and get out of here first thing.

CAMPBELL

No one's flushing the coke. If you want out, the door is right there.

NATE

We were almost killed!

CAMPBELL

Exactly! I've come too far to give up! And I just popped my cherry with the whole violence thing!

NATE

Lovely. But if you would have just listened to me --

CAMPBELL

I said you were right once! Make me say it twice and I will kick your ass!

NATE

You can't push me around anymore! And guess what: I just decided that I definitely need this money to get you out of my life! So I'm taking over this shit show!

CAMPBELL

The fuck you are.

Nate gets to his feet. Stares at his sister, emboldened.

NATE

The fuck I am. Your decision-making consistently results in disaster. Mine does not. I've held down several jobs. I can do this. And I think you know that. So, do you wanna make a million dollars, be a rich, AWOL model? Or do you wanna wind up in the bathroom, applying Neosporin to your gunshot wounds?

Campbell grudgingly mumbles --

CAMPBELL

I wanna make a million dollars.

NATE  
That's what I thought.  
(suddenly)  
Manny! Get out here!

Manny limps out of the bathroom, leg crudely bandaged, eyes red from all the coke.

NATE  
I want some answers. Who were those guys tonight?

CAMPBELL  
He says he's taking over.

MANNY  
Fuck me...  
(beat)  
The first two guys I knew from the joint. They were a couple of tweaker white supremacists. But nice dudes. Now they're gonna kill me.

NATE  
And the hit-and-run, fucking orange-sunglasses-at-night guy? I saw him at the restaurant tonight.

CAMPBELL  
What?

NATE  
He was there, at the bar, watching us.

MANNY  
He was at the junkyard this morning, too. Looking for your 'Vette. He said he was from the insurance company.

NATE  
We don't have insurance.

MANNY  
Clearly he was lying.

NATE  
Clearly he's following the drugs! You told your friends about them! They must have told their friends! Now every degenerate and psychopath in Miami knows we're walking around with a million dollars of blow!

MANNY  
Yes! And the Military Police are hunting us! On top of my "friends," who are probably super pissed and know where I live!

(MORE)



MANNY (CONT'D)

So now I really need the money from this deal, because I gotta skip parole and go on the lam!

CAMPBELL

Wait, you think we're still gonna cut you in? Not leaving you to die in the ghetto is as far as our generosity stretches.

MANNY

Come on! Anyone who found out you had that much coke would have screwed you over! You should thank god you found someone like me, who stopped short of it! Plus, YOU GOT ME SHOT!

NATE

Manny, you're a liability, so we can't cut you loose. But your percentage will be docked.

MANNY

Goddamn it...

CAMPBELL

And not that we can even trust you, but do you actually know anyone else to sell the drugs to?

Manny weighs it out... shrugs.

MANNY

I'm trying to restart our relationship from a place of honesty, and I'd just be lying again if I said yes.

NATE

Awesome. So you're totally useless. And back to the lying. What did you really go to prison for? Because you clearly weren't a "high-line" car thief.

Manny sighs.

MANNY

Identity fraud.

NATE

Could have seen that coming.

CAMPBELL

And the fiancé thing... was that sob story bullshit, too?

MANNY

Shades of grey. She was my business partner. We fooled around. But she never really gave a shit. When I got caught, she split with some other con.

CAMPBELL

Smart girl.

Manny drops his head, hurt. Nate paces the room.

NATE

Ok, here's what's gonna happen: I'm gonna work my Miami connections. If there's a safe deal to be made, we go for it. If not, we flush the coke.

CAMPBELL

What connections? Your guidebook?

NATE

Just worry about keeping an eye on him. I'll trust you with the gun, because I don't know how to use it. Let's just get some fucking sleep.

Nate falls onto a bed. Manny looks between them...

MANNY

I guess I'm on the floor tonight, huh?

Campbell just cocks the gun. *CLICK-!*

CUT TO BLACK:

THE MIAMI SUNRISE

Churns a flux of color. Reflected in the flawless pool at

EXT. THE STANDARD HOTEL - DAY

It's early and the pool area is empty. *HUSHED VOICES* come from one of those swanky poolside tents.

INT. POOLSIDE TENT, THE STANDARD HOTEL - DAY

Nate, Campbell and Manny are crammed inside. Across from Donna, who has just been downloaded on some version of what's going on. She processes this.

DONNA

So, no sweepstakes... and you guys came to the one black person you know to help you sell cocaine?

NATE

Ok, it's got nothing to do with --

CAMPBELL

Yeah, you're just Nate's only "Miami connection." When, in fact, you're my connection. But Nate doesn't have any friends of his own.

NATE

Can we just stay on topic?

CAMPBELL

No. Because I know Donna, and I could have told you that she has no idea how to --

DONNA

I mean... I might.

NATE

Yes! You see, I am constantly right. She works at a hotel, she knows people.

CAMPBELL

Shut up. Donna, what kind of people do you know?

DONNA

I don't, like, know "drug dealers." It's just... the concierge runs this service, where if you're staying in a suite they'll get you whatever you want. Girls, drugs, anything.

MANNY

I knew shit like that went down. I love this city!

Donna looks to Nate and Campbell

DONNA

And why is the motel handyman here?

CAMPBELL

Actually, he's just a lying cocksucker. But unfortunately he's with us.

DONNA

Ok... and how much cocaine do you guys even have?

NATE

A million dollars worth.

DONNA

What!? How did you --

CAMPBELL

Call it an inheritance. Apparently, our old man had a side business.

Donna looks them over.

DONNA  
Ok... if I help out here, I want a  
share. Like, 50 grand.

MANNY  
Everyone's an opportunist.

CAMPBELL  
Make it 60. Out of Manny's end.

MANNY  
I'm basically making minimum wage!

Donna stands.

DONNA  
I'll see what I can do. No promises.

MANNY  
Can we at least kick it by the pool?

DONNA  
I guess...

NATE  
It's cool. We'll keep a low profile.

EXT. POOL AREA, THE STANDARD HOTEL - DAY

The pool scene is in full effect. GORGEOUS PEOPLE abound.  
Music *THUMPS* from palm tree mounted speakers.

Nate is in a lounge chair, fully clothed, sipping a lame  
pineapple drink. Manny cannonballs into the pool, soaking him.

Nearby, Campbell hovers by a table, in a cheap gold bikini  
that reveals several ill-advised tattoos, including large  
angel wings that have not been filled in yet. She chats  
with a SLICK GUY... somewhat out of her depth.

SLICK GUY  
...your uncle was right, I scout new  
girls around town every day. My  
agency's just a boutique, but we're  
always excited by talent. You clearly  
have some. I see it right in front  
of me. And I see it in these.

Slick Guy gestures to Campbell's modeling portfolio shots,  
which she has spread on the table.

CAMPBELL  
Well, here I am. Discover me already.

She laughs, trying to play it cool.

SLICK GUY

Why don't you just tell me what I need to know.

CAMPBELL

Oh... ok. Full disclosure, I have some legal problems.

Slick Guy smiles, waves this off.

SLICK GUY

A girl that looks like you always does. We can handle that. I meant, what are you looking to do with that dangerous body of yours?

CAMPBELL

I think those pictures say it all. I want to be upscale hot.

SLICK GUY

So you're thinking a little girl-on-girl? I have a Latina you'd melt the internet with. Get the two of you in a whirlpool --

CAMPBELL

You whirlpool with a fucking wetback! Take a look at those shots! I'm gonna be the next Guess Jeans girl!

Nate looks over from his lounge chair, as Campbell screams. Manny towels off beside him. They share a look.

MANNY

So is she always like this...?

NATE

No, sometimes she's real fucking crazy.

Nate reluctantly goes to stand. Manny stops him.

MANNY

I got this one, amigo.

At the table, Slick Guy picks up one of the raunchier photos.

SLICK GUY

Calm down, honey. I mean, this looks like porn with your clothes on. I'm just being real with you. Get a clue.

Campbell looks hurt. Manny appears beside her. He snatches Slick Guy's daiquiri from his hand, finishes it in a gulp.

MANNY

That was your last drink. Get lost.

SLICK GUY

You don't know who the fuck I am.

MANNY

That shit cuts both ways. And stop glancing at the security guys. That means you're intimidated. Just go.

Slick Guy grudgingly stands.

SLICK GUY

You two aren't worth the trouble. Go back to the suburbs. Miami doesn't want you.

Slick Guy heads off. Campbell yells after him --

CAMPBELL

That man is a pornographer! No one talk to him!

Manny glances down at Campbell's photos. She quickly gathers them up, embarrassed. Manny looks at her sincerely for a beat.

MANNY

You know, in prison they'd talk to us a lot about "false goals." Like, I'd steal other people's identities because I thought I needed --

CAMPBELL

I'm not a convict, so save the self-help bullshit.

MANNY

Ok. I like the photos. I just... think you have something that's hard to capture.

CAMPBELL

Wow, great line. How many studs used that one on you in the showers?

Campbell stomps off. Shoves the pictures in the trash.

Meanwhile, Nate sees Donna talking to a CONCIERGE by the bar. She waves him over. Goes to speak. The Concierge silences her with a raised hand. Looks to Nate.

CONCIERGE

This is a lot of product. Give me one reason why I should trust you.

Nate looks to Donna, who shrugs. He turns back to the Concierge. Checks his nametag.

NATE

Jorge, I'm a businessman. You're a businessman. I'd love to just give you my word, but what is that worth to a stranger? So, the only thing I can offer is... do you trust this face?

Nate smiles at the Concierge. He looks very trustworthy.

EXT. BEACH, THE STANDARD HOTEL - DAY

GLAMOROUS WOMEN in expensive swimwear cool off in the ocean.

Campbell sits alone in the sand, legs tucked into her chest. She looks like a dork in her gold bikini. The relentless sun bakes her skin.

Nate walks up behind her. She does not turn. He looks down at her bright red shoulders.

NATE

You always forget to use sunscreen.  
You're gonna burn like you did in  
Daytona during the --

CAMPBELL

Just fucking get to it.

NATE

(taken aback)

Ok... it's on. The concierge vouched  
for us. We meet his guy tonight.

CAMPBELL

Shut up. That easy? You just --

NATE

I'm sure it's hard for you to understand,  
living at the epicenter of the hurricane  
that is your life, but when I take  
over... smooth, that's how I do it.

CAMPBELL

What the fuck did you just say?

NATE

*Miami Vice*. That was Tubbs' line.  
He had his shit together. Crockett  
was a mess. Couldn't handle being  
undercover. Always got in too deep.  
Remind you of anyone?

Campbell just stares straight ahead, at the ocean.

CAMPBELL

You know, once upon a time, you were  
ok.

(MORE)

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

I don't know... maybe I just needed someone to fuck with after Maxwell went to doggie heaven, but you used to amuse me. Now you've aged into a barely tolerable brat. And I'm bored of it. Go away.

Nate stops at the harsh response. STAY on his sister, as we hear his feet crunch off, up the beach.

After a beat, she turns. He has left a bottle of sunscreen in the sand for her. Grudgingly, she applies it.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING

A garbage bag has been taped over the destroyed back window. It flutters. Nate and Manny ride quietly. Campbell, sparkly shades on, is asleep again in the passenger seat. Or, rather, she is pretending to be, as she suddenly bolts upright --

CAMPBELL

STOP!

Nate slams the brakes. Horns blare.

NATE

What!?

CAMPBELL

Just pull over!

Nate whips to the curb. Campbell peeks out the window.

CAMPBELL

There's a Military Police cruiser parked one block away from our motel. I'd love to think that's a coincidence.

MANNY

Nate... when you checked us in, did you use cash like I told you?

Nate swallows hard.

NATE

You told me to use cash at the first place... but last night it was late, and you were bleeding, and --

CAMPBELL

You fucked up. And they traced your credit card. Now the drugs are in a room guarded by the United States fucking Army. Turns out you're not right all the goddamn --



MANNY

Please! You guys are on vacation!  
I'm about to jump parole! Can we  
focus on getting back our lifeline!?  
Without those drugs --

CAMPBELL

Just ask, Tubbs. Hey, Tubbs, what's  
a "smooth" way to --

NATE

We could just turn you in. That'd  
be real smooth. Kill about a thousand  
birds with that stone.

CAMPBELL

You? Turn me in?

Campbell rolls her eyes. Rehearses a "confession" --

CAMPBELL

Thank god you found me, officers.  
I'm a gorgeous patriot. But my  
brother is a crazed, homosexual drug  
czar, who forced me to mule for him.

At a loss, Nate punches Campbell in the shoulder. She punches  
him back. As they trade blows --

Manny's eyes are fixed to the motel. On the floor above  
theirs, one room over, COLLEGE KIDS party, spilling out the  
door. Music *POUNDS*. Manny whirls on the feuding siblings --

MANNY

Stop! You two are gonna need to  
shut the fuck up for a brief period  
of time, because I have a plan. Now  
let's find a hardware store. Quick.

CUT TO:

PINK TOENAILS

As Campbell saunters, barefoot, bikini topped, along

EXT. 2ND FLOOR BALCONY, EL FLAMINGO MOTEL - DAY

She smiles at one of the COLLEGE GUYS outside the crowded  
party room. Walks right past him and inside.

INT. PARTY ROOM, EL FLAMINGO MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell finishes chugging a beer. Whips the empty bottle  
across the room. It shatters. Guys cheer.

CAMPBELL

Yes! Now is this a fucking party or  
an ice cream social!?

She whirls on two SCARED LOOKING GIRLS.

CAMPBELL  
You two -- MAKE OUT! NOW!

The Guys go wild, yelling for them to do it. Campbell cranks the stereo's volume, stomps her feet. Everyone follows suit. As the Scared Looking Girls give in to peer pressure --

EXT. EL FLAMINGO MOTEL - DAY

On the ground floor, MP Dillon, in civilian clothes, hobbles by our crew's room with his crutches. The noise from upstairs is deafening. He nods to MP Chavez, who stakes things out from afar.

Manny approaches the room, dragging one leg, like a gimp. He stops at the ROOM NEXT DOOR. Dillon eyes up his "bad leg," suspiciously. Manny smiles --

MANNY  
Twisted it on the beach. How about you?

MP DILLON  
I fell down some fucking stairs.

Dillon walks off to do another lap. Manny opens the door. Signals to --

Nate, in sunglasses and a cap, who hustles over from the check-in office. They enter

INT. ROOM NEXT DOOR, EL FLAMINGO MOTEL - DAY

Manny drops his pants to reveal a crowbar strapped to the leg he was dragging. He undoes it and tosses it to Nate.

MANNY  
You're the "handyman" now.

Nate sighs. Turns to the wall between the rooms. All the crazy party noise masks the sound, as Nate tears apart the wood paneling with the crowbar. Beneath is a cement wall.

NATE  
Now what?

MANNY  
Welcome to 70s construction. Just have it.

Nate slams the crowbar into the cement. A chunk crumbles. He attacks the wall. Sweat pouring. Until there is a small hole into the other room. He drops the crowbar, winded.

NATE  
Go on...

MANNY

I can't fit in there. You have smaller hips.

NATE

Fine... just give me a push...

MANNY

My pleasure.

Nate awkwardly squeezes himself into the hole. Manny shoves him. Nate grunts as he *THUDS* to the floor on the other side.

We hear Nate race across the room. A beat later, he shoves the coke duffels through the hole. Sticks his arms through.

NATE

Come on, pull me.

Manny just stands there with the duffels...

MANNY

You know, a lesser man might leave you trapped. Alert the MPs that you're down here, your sister is upstairs. Leave just enough coke to get you some prison time, and split with the rest.

NATE

Stop fucking around! Come on!

MANNY

I always wanted to go to Cuba. I'm gonna be on the run, anyway. Might as well go expatriate. With a million bucks, a man could live like a king down there. I do love Latinas...

NATE

Are you serious!? Are you gonna fuck me here!?

MANNY

I certainly could. So... is my share reinstated?

NATE

I can't believe you're trying to negotiate right now!

MANNY

Well, this is how one negotiates. When one has the most the leverage.

NATE

You motherfucker! You set me up! Just get me out of here!

MANNY

Then treat me fairly. I got the drug back. Do we have a deal or not?

NATE

Fine! Fuck! I guess you earned it!

Manny shakes Nate's outstretched hand. Then grips it tightly and yanks him back through.

EXT. EL FLAMINGO MOTEL - DAY

Nate and Manny hold their breath, as they carry the three coke duffels away from the room, super casual... while the MPs' eyes are hot on their backs.

The guys head into the check-in office, out a side door. Take off running.

EXT. STREETS, MIAMI - DAY

The minivan flies away from the rear of the motel. Campbell hangs out her open window, screams back --

CAMPBELL

YOU JUST GOT DATE RAPED, UNCLE SAM!

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING

One hand on the wheel, Nate yanks Campbell back inside.

NATE

You're shitfaced!

CAMPBELL

I had to keep chugging Tequizas to maintain my cover. Those college guys are such pigs. And the girls are so impressionable. I stand by my advice: it's a good thing you dropped out.

MANNY

Yeah, college is a scam. I can get you a Florida State degree for 60 bills. Hell, I can get you a Harvard Med School degree for 200. You can open a practice by noon. Lot safer than dealing drugs.

NATE

Great. So give up your share and go open a bunk medical office.

MANNY

I already did, Nate. That's how I wound up behind bars. I said it was safer, not harder to get caught.

Campbell giggles, drunkenly.

CAMPBELL

What kind of medicine did you pretend to practice?

MANNY

Gynecology.

Campbell gasps, cracks up more.

MANNY

I'm just messing around. I did pediatrics. Kids are a fucking joke. Everything's on Web MD. I just wish I'd learned some more about trauma, because my leg's definitely infected.

Manny massages his leg. Nate glances back.

NATE

Perfect. You're bleeding through your pants, she's a wreck, and we have to look like respectable drug dealers in less than an hour.

MANNY

Wait, that's 5:30. Who are we selling to, senior citizens?

NATE

Professionals work business hours. And we're not selling anything. Yet. This is a meet and greet. We flash some stuff, he flashes some cash. Make sure everyone's on the level. Now admit how well planned my shit is.

MANNY

It does... sound pretty legit

NATE

Fucking right it does. I'm dropping you guys at another motel. Check in yourselves. And get cleaned up.

Campbell sighs, puts her shades back on.

EXT. SHOPPING DISTRICT, MIAMI - DAY

The minivan squeezes into a spot. Nate gets out and heads down a block lined with upscale stores.

EXT. SUNSHINE MOTEL - DAY

Yet another shitty motel. Campbell and Manny wait outside the new room. He stretches his bad leg, mid-conversation --

MANNY

Yeah, I can definitely run if I have to.

CAMPBELL

Fine by me. If this one goes wrong,  
I'm happy to have a slow-moving human  
shield while I get away.

Manny uncertainly stretches his leg some more. The minivan  
pulls up and Nate steps out --

In a white linen suit. Campbell cracks up.

CAMPBELL

How much did you pay for that  
Halloween costume?

NATE

A thousand bucks. I put it on my  
debit card, but I'm expensing it  
from all of our shares.

CAMPBELL

That is a criminal waste of money.

NATE

Well, I'm a fucking criminal. Look  
at me now.

MANNY

I am. And you can't show up to a  
deal like that. This dude's gonna  
think you're a cop.

NATE

Somewhere, in the world of make believe,  
it's possible that you know what you're  
talking about. But not here and not  
now, so shut up and blow me.

(to Campbell)

And I want the gun. My deal, my gun.  
Just put the safety on.

Campbell reluctantly takes out Manny's gun, hands it over.  
Nate hefts it, feeling like a fucking drug dealer.

EXT. BISCAYNE BAY - DAY

Vessels skim across the water. PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're

EXT. PIER - DAY

A quiet spot overlooking it all. Our crew walks along.

MANNY

My leg is killing me. How far away  
did we have to park?

NATE

I can't risk this guy seeing me roll up in a Toyota Previa with a garbage bag for a back window. It'll undercut the whole image I'm trying to establish. So will you opening your mouth. Just act like my right hand man. And Campbell... Manny was right the first time, you should just look hot.

CAMPBELL

So now I'm your "drug ho?" That's as pathetic as you bringing me to your Freshman Formal.

NATE

You said you wanted to go!

CAMPBELL

And didn't it seem like a coincidence that mom bought me a discman the next week?

NATE

Whatever. You were a shitty date.

Nate turns away. They continue along. Arrive at a parking lot. Empty, except for

A MERCEDES G-55 AMG

120 thousand bucks of German steel. Tinted out. Serious rims. Our crew stops at the opposite end of the lot.

NATE

That must be him...

Nate gives a little hand gesture. The driver side door opens and out steps a deeply tanned player, ROBERTO (30s). Look up "drug dealer" in the dictionary. Oh, yeah... and he's wearing a white linen suit.

Nate turns to the others, with a huge, self-satisfied smile.

NATE

Didn't I tell you! Look at that suit. It's like an unspoken code between the two of us.

Roberto heads for a remote picnic table near the water.

MANNY

Yeah, this dude's a narc.

NATE

What are you talking about?

MANNY

The exact same shit I was talking about when you showed up in that suit. He's dressed like a guy who's trying to dress like what people think a drug dealer should dress like.

NATE

Did it ever occur to you that maybe people think that because it's exactly how drug dealers dress? Just get my back.

They head to the picnic table. Nate sits across from Roberto. The others go to sit, but Nate holds up his hand like they should stand. He nods to Roberto.

NATE

Nate. Good to meet you.

ROBERTO

Roberto. And who are they?

NATE

My associates. You don't need to know them. It's irrelevant. You just need to know me.

ROBERTO

You're right. I do. Because I'm looking at you, and I can't help thinking... this man is not what he seems. This man is an optical illusion.

NATE

I'm not really following...

ROBERTO

Forgive my coarseness. But before I fuck, I hang my pants in the closet. And before I do business, I leave my manners in the ride. I'm calling you a motherfucking cop.

Sweat escapes Nate's pores, as he stares at this man's very resolute, very dangerous face. Finally, he gathers his courage and says the only thing one can at a time like this --

NATE

You look like the narc. My man had you pegged the second you showed up.

In a flash, Roberto is upright. A large handgun materializes in his hand. He gets right in Manny's face.

ROBERTO

Would a narc pack something like this!?



MANNY

No! That's a big fucking gun!

ROBERTO

Would a narc blow off your head in public!?  
Turn this suit into abstract art!

CAMPBELL

If you do that, people who are definitely  
cops will -- NATE, WHAT THE FUCK!?

Nate has Manny's cheap gun out. He struggles to keep his hand from trembling and voice from faltering.

NATE

No, it's cool. This guy wants to see if I'm real. Well, would a cop pack something like this?

ROBERTO

I couldn't tell you. That gun looks like a piece of shit.

NATE

Yeah... because it's a burner. Easily disposable. Like a pre-paid cell phone. Except if I leave a message with this shit, I don't expect a call back.

Campbell and Manny exchange a "should we run" look. Roberto sizes up Nate, who has a crazy look in his eyes, largely fueled by fear and desperation.

ROBERTO

So, you're a bad man? Killed a whole lot of people?

NATE

No. I've never killed a person. But I've slayed a few pigs. Man, I killed a federal agent on Tuesday.

ROBERTO

You offed a feeb?

NATE

If I have to keep repeating myself, this isn't gonna work. And when people ask me, "have you dealt with Roberto?" I'm gonna say, "tried to, but the motherfucker couldn't be dealt with."

Nate signals to Manny, who removes a brick of coke from his jacket and hands it over. Nate slams it on the picnic table.

NATE

Try it out. And then you'll know I'm real.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

Because my shit gets you real high.  
You don't want the rest, then stop  
wasting my time. This is a nothing  
deal for me. I move dump trucks  
with my regular guys.

ROBERTO

Oh, yeah? Who's your source?

NATE

Bolivia. If you have the number,  
give them a call.

Roberto lays his gun on the table. Takes a small knife from  
his pocket, pierces the brick and does a taste. Blinks --

ROBERTO

Wow. This isn't your average shit.  
I... I can't feel my face.

NATE

Don't tell me how good my own coke  
is. I know how good my coke is.  
So, do we have a deal?

Nate offers his hand. Instead of taking it, Roberto removes  
an envelope from his coat pocket and puts it in Nate's hand.

ROBERTO

10 grand. So you know I'm for real.  
Tomorrow, we do the whole load.  
I'll text you a location.

Roberto grabs the brick of coke off the table.

ROBERTO

And if I find out you're not on the  
level, you won't live long enough to  
regret it. Great coke or not.

Roberto heads off. Nate, Manny and Campbell stand there,  
waving, as he gets in his SUV and pulls off.

MANNY

Holy shit... he went for it.

CAMPBELL

Yes! That was fucking hardcore!

Campbell snatches the envelope. Removes the cash and "fans  
herself" with it. Nate can't help but smile.

CAMPBELL

Where'd those moves come from!? You  
pulled a gun! You're dangerous!

Nate basks in his older sister's respect.

NATE

I guess I... just seriously thought  
that dude was gonna kill us all.  
And I kinda came up with some cool  
shit to say last night.

CAMPBELL

You're a way better liar than me!

NATE

Yeah, I always have been.

CAMPBELL

My bother the drug dealer! A million  
bucks! Goddamn! We're rich!

Campbell throws her arms around Nate. He is caught off guard.

CAMPBELL

I have a proposal. I say we take  
this little cash advance and blow  
the fuck out of it tonight.

NATE

That's ten thousand bucks!

CAMPBELL

Which means nothing to us now. Come  
on. We deserve a night out.

NATE

No way. The motel has pay-per-view,  
we're gonna order some takeout --

CAMPBELL

You know, I think Donna might want  
to party tonight...

Manny nods, seriously.

MANNY

Saturday night in Miami... anything  
can happen.

NATE

Fuck it. Let's go.

INT. ROOM, SUNSHINE MOTEL - NIGHT

The bathroom door opens. Nate emerges in casual clothes.

CAMPBELL

What happened? You went in there  
Superman and came out Jimmy Olsen.

NATE

You told me I looked dumb.

CAMPBELL

Only because it was you.

Campbell crosses to Nate. Musses his hair. Unbuttons his shirt and yanks it off. He stands there in a v-neck undershirt. She tosses him the linen suit jacket.

NATE

No way. I'm gonna look gay.

CAMPBELL

This is how Harry rolls. Put it on.

Nate puts the linen jacket over his v-neck. He looks cool.

CAMPBELL

Perfect. Now let's get this bitch started with a toast.

Campbell goes to the mini-fridge, pulls it open. It is empty and disgusting. She kicks it shut.

CAMPBELL

Fuck! I think someone was storing a severed head in there!

MANNY

Hey, why are we scrounging for mini-bottles... when we've got enough snow for a bunny hill?

Manny's eyes go to the closet. Campbell's eyes follow.

NATE

No. No. We're drug dealers. Not drug addicts.

MANNY

"Addicts?" Come on. I'm just talking about a taste.

CAMPBELL

Yeah, just a taste...

Off Nate, terrified --

CUT TO:

PURE WHITE

Fragmented by sudden thrusts. It evolves from an amorphous mass... into neat lines. Exposing WORDS beneath.

Nate and Campbell are gathered around a rickety table, as Manny chop the coke with expertise. It is laid out on an open magazine. Nate sweats.

CAMPBELL

It's gonna be ok, Little Fuck. You'll do great.

NATE

I'm not worried about being "bad" at drugs. It's just, I heard a story about a kid who did coke for the first time and his heart burst.

MANNY

Urban legend. Propaganda spread to prevent people from partying. There's native tribes in the Congo that brush their teeth with this shit. And they live forever. Spiritually speaking.

Nate looks to Campbell, innocently...

NATE

Have you done a lot of this?

CAMPBELL

I've tried my share of recreational substances. But coke? Never. I've got an addictive personality and an empty bank account. I tried huffing keyboard cleaner when I worked at OfficeMax and got hooked for like six weeks. Cost me a promotion.

NATE

So let's not snort drugs. Easy.

MANNY

Nate, you can't come to Miami, orchestrate a million dollar drug deal, and not read a line.

NATE

"Read" a line?

MANNY

Yeah, I only read my lines. It puts your mind elsewhere, so your body can ride the rush.

On the magazine, Manny arranges each line of coke over a sentence in what appears to be an article about choosing the right swimsuit. Satisfied, he licks the instrument he's been using: a Radio Shack credit card.

NATE

Have you done a lot of this?

MANNY

They say it takes 10,000 hours to become an expert at anything. So I consider myself a very experienced amateur. Now listen, you're gonna take the line back, then read the line below it -- straight through to the period.

NATE

This is a two year old *Marie Claire*.

MANNY

I found this and the Gideon's Bible. Would you rather read a line from Paul's letter to the Corinthians?

Manny rolls up a hundred dollar bill. Dips down and does a long line. Pops up and rattles --

MANNY

"To enhance a smaller bust try a halter bikini top!"

Manny pumps his fist and blinks back the rush. Turns to Campbell and "presents" the rolled up bill.

MANNY

I'm pleased to present this award to Campbell Burr, for being tonight's disco queen.

Campbell accepts, feigning awards show thrill.

CAMPBELL

Thank you so much! This is an unexpected honor! I'd like to dedicate this to... my parents.

Campbell dips down and does a line. Shouts her sentence --

CAMPBELL

"With the right attitude, nearly any woman's swimsuit will look good to men!"

Campbell pounds the table. Gains composure. Hands the rolled up bill to Nate.

NATE

I thought about it and I'm out.

CAMPBELL

Nate, look at me.

NATE

No. You're just gonna --

Campbell grabs Nate's face and pulls it close. Her wild eyes locked with his puppy dogs.

CAMPBELL

I don't want to peer pressure you.  
But you did good earlier. And I  
honestly think you're a cool guy who  
should try cocaine.

NATE

This is exactly peer pressure! This  
is what people who make PSAs fear is  
happening in every high school!

CAMPBELL

I didn't mean it like that. I just...  
don't want you to be scared. Look  
at me -- I've been out in the world,  
I've seen things, and I'm not scared  
of shit. I've been lost in the marsh  
after an all-night rave. I've woken  
up on the floor of a condemned bowling  
alley in Orlando, missing my front  
teeth. Godzilla runs from me.

NATE

Those aren't your real teeth?

CAMPBELL

No. They're veneers. And you're my  
brother. And if you don't want to do  
that cocaine, you don't have to. But  
if you fear it... then you must.

NATE

I fear it.

Campbell slaps Nate across the face.

NATE

OW! I bit my tongue!

CAMPBELL

Pain is weakness leaving the body!

NATE

The Army brainwashed you.

CAMPBELL

Semper Fi. Do it.

NATE

Fine. Half my line.

Manny halves Nates line.

NATE

Half it again.

MANNY

That's hardly a line.

NATE

Half it!

Manny reluctantly halves the line again. Nate dips down and does the small line. Pops up and screams --

NATE

"The nicer your body, the less coverage you need, unless you're shy or you're smart and want to save your skin from sun damage, which can be prevented by -- "

(suddenly)

THIS SENTENCE IS TOO FUCKING LONG!

Nate springs up from his chair, knocking it backward.

MANNY

Take a breath, Nate!

NATE

I can't! FUUUCK!

Nate picks up his chair and tosses it across the room.

MANNY

Be cool! Don't go party girl on me!

NATE

My heart is gonna burst! Like that kid! I foreshadowed my own death!

CAMPBELL

You're not gonna die! You're just dangerously alive!

NATE

No! I can hear it beating in my head! It's gonna pop any second!

MANNY

That might actually be the door.

NATE

Make it stop!

Nate scrambles to the door. Throws it open --

Donna stands before him, done up for a night out. Nate swallows hard. Stares at her with red, high eyes...

NATE

It's good to see you, Donna. You look very beautiful. May I offer you some cocaine from Bolivia?

Donna laughs, not sure what to make of this linen jacketed drug user. She looks to Campbell, who spreads her hands wide.



CAMPBELL

He just did a line this big. Madman.

DONNA

So, were you guys high when Campbell  
told me to book the party yacht?  
Because I actually did that.

Nate whirls on Campbell. She shrugs. He tries to quickly  
regain control.

NATE

Ok, no, no -- fuck no. Shut it down.  
No yachts, no attracting attention,  
and nothing stupid. This is my show.  
We've got enough heat. So we're  
just gonna have some fun...  
(eyes up Donna again)  
Like, a lot of fun. Agreed?

Everyone dutifully nods. They all grab their stuff and head  
out. Campbell is the last one through the door. She stops.

CAMPBELL

Oh, shit -- I almost left with the  
gun in my bag.

NATE

Well, ditch it! No firearms!

CAMPBELL

Totally. My mistake.

She heads back and stashes the gun. Makes sure Nate is not  
looking... then slips a whole brick of coke into her bag.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Packed with six-figure cars and sexy foot traffic...

Our crew emerges from the crowd, stumbling, passing a bottle  
of champagne in a brown paper bag. They approach

EXT. MANSION NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A snaking line at the door. Nate heads for the end of it.  
Campbell yanks him toward the BOUNCER, digs into her bag and  
drops a heavy tip. The Bouncer opens the door, revealing a  
corridor of bright, pulsing light.

INT. MANSION NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Music pounds. Campbell's high-heeled feet drunkenly dance  
on a table, avoiding empty glasses. She loses her balance --

Falls onto a plush VIP BOOTH, with the rest of the group.

CAMPBELL

I'm gonna get some more champagne!  
VIP section! This is how I do it  
from now on! Campbell 2.0!

MANNY

More expensive fizz might not be  
necessary. I'm ABC. All Blitzed  
and Carbonated.

CAMPBELL

It's not to drink!

She goes to stand, trips again. Manny catches her and they  
split together. Nate is too high, and too happy to be left  
alone with Donna, to care. He smiles across at her...

NATE

So... this music really sucks.

DONNA

Yeah, it's very Miami --

With no warning or coordination, Nate leans in to kiss her.  
She stops him. Looks at his unfocused eyes.

DONNA

How fucked up are you?

NATE

I feel like someone's prom date.

DONNA

Maybe we should slow it down.

NATE

No. I really like you. I've liked  
you since you were fat!

DONNA

Excuse me?

NATE

Totally fucked that up. What I meant was --

DONNA

Yeah, I know. You had a crush. It was  
sweet, except every scrawny white boy  
wants to hook up a thick black girl.

NATE

Really? Is that, like, a fetish  
thing you've encountered?

DONNA

It got me through junior college.

Nate laughs.

NATE

Well, I guess I missed my shot with all that. I was too much of a pussy to try anything. But I kinda want to... you know, change that...

Donna smiles.

DONNA

Oh, you mean now that you did a bunch of blow?

NATE

I also sold a bunch of blow. So maybe we can --

CLUBGOER (O.S.)

BITCH! ARE YOU CRAZY!?

Nate whirls to see Campbell spraying bottles of champagne all over angry CLUBGOERS. They shove and yell at her. She is oblivious, having a great time.

Nate jumps up to help. But he is knocked aside by two Bouncers, who hurry toward the commotion. They try to grab Campbell.

CAMPBELL

Back off, terrorists! Do you know who I am!? I dropped a grand at the door!

Campbell uses her cheap purse like a weapon. Violently swings it, keeping the Bouncers at bay. It connects with one of their bulky physiques, tears.

A GIANT CLOUD OF WHITE

That was the brick of cocaine that Campbell smuggled into the club, exploding. Everyone freezes for a moment, as they realize that they are pancaked in expensive blow. Then --

MANNY

Let's get out of here!

They all take off. The Bouncers chase.

NATE

Fuck! This way!

Nate cuts onto the dance floor, frantically pushing bodies aside. The Bouncers get caught up in the dense crowd.

EXT. ALLEY, MANSION NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Our crew bursts out a back door, races off. A beat later, the Bouncers emerge and hurry after them.

EXT. STREET, MANSION NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Nate leads the others right into traffic. Cars swerve to avoid them. Gridlocking the street. The Bouncers stop at the curb and give up, as our crew makes a getaway.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET, MIAMI - NIGHT

Our crew all stop, winded, and look around, to see that the coast is clear.

CAMPBELL

Wow. That was close.

Nate grabs Campbell, yanks her around the corner to

EXT. SIDE STREET, MIAMI - NIGHT

Nate drags Campbell to a quiet spot. Explodes --

NATE

ARE YOU FUCKING INSANE!?

CAMPBELL

What? I don't like people pushing me around. I tipped those motherfuckers. I was just trying to have a good time.

NATE

You were carrying a prison sentence in your purse! For all of us! We've got a motel room full of drugs!

CAMPBELL

If you're so worried, maybe you should keep your voice down.

NATE

What's the one thing I said tonight!?

CAMPBELL

You said a bunch of things. One of which was that you wanted to have "a lot of fun." So I packed some party favors.

NATE

You were rolling around like Pablo Escobar! You had a kilo!

Campbell shrugs.

CAMPBELL

Maybe I overestimated. I was excited. I just thought we were gonna have, like, a crazy time. And I wanted to be prepared. What's the big deal? We got away. Back off.

NATE

No. We got away this afternoon, when I came through. We were celebrating. But you're such a loser that you don't know how to win. You just keep creating new problems. Campbell 2.0? Fuck that, you'll always be Campbell 0.0.

CAMPBELL

Ok, you're making a snap judgment here based on some bullshit.

NATE

A snap judgment!? I've known you my entire life! And I've finally realized, on the eve of a drug deal you talked me into, that you will never change! No matter what city you go to, or Army you join! You're not stuck in a self-destructive cycle -- you are programmed to self-destruct! You are a fundamentally broken human being!

CAMPBELL

And you're a fundamental piece of shit! You don't know what you're talking about! If I'm so fucking broken, how'd I manage to take care of you all these years!?

Nate shakes his head, laughs.

NATE

Campbell, you couldn't take care of a pet. In fact, the dog died because you fed him chocolate cake.

CAMPBELL

It was his birthday.

NATE

Chocolate is toxic to dogs. And you're toxic to me. Have a good night. After tomorrow, I'm staying clear.

Campbell looks down at her feet.

CAMPBELL

Yeah, that's what you said...

NATE

This time I mean it. Get that through your head.

Nate walks away. She waits, expectantly, as if he might stop. He doesn't. She goes to yell after him... stops. Stands there, inhabiting the dark and lonely street.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET, MIAMI - NIGHT

Nate walks back around the corner. Looks to Manny.

NATE

Make sure she doesn't get us all arrested.

Manny nods and heads off. Nate takes Donna's hand, tries to pull her down the block.

DONNA

Wait, what happened? Is she ok?

Nate just brushes it off, coming down from his anger.

NATE

Oh, yeah. No big deal. She's fine.

DONNA

No, I should go --

NATE

Seriously. We talked and she wanted to be alone. She was actually really hard on herself. Felt awful about what happened. Didn't want to ruin our night.

Donna sizes him up.

DONNA

"Our night?" Do you even know where we're going?

NATE

Actually, no. I, uh... have a motel room.

DONNA

Yeah, so do I...

EXT. SIDE STREET, MIAMI - NIGHT

Campbell hurries off. Manny catches up and grabs her.

MANNY

Hey. Wait a second.

CAMPBELL

No! I gotta keep partying. If I stop now I'll just crash too hard. So if you're gonna pull some holier than thou shit, get in my way, cast a bunch of fucking stones --

MANNY

Why would I do any of that stuff? You wanna party, I'll fucking party.

Campbell cracks a smile.

INT. HALLWAY, THE STANDARD HOTEL - NIGHT

*Whispers.* A keycard slides into a door. An electronic *CLICK-!*  
The door opens to reveal

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, THE STANDARD HOTEL - NIGHT

Nate and Donna hurry inside, laughing. Shut the door. She hits the lights, illuminating the high-end accommodations.

NATE

Holy shit. The nicest hotel I've  
ever stayed in is a Marriot Courtyard.

Donna glances at a clock: 2:35 AM.

DONNA

Well, it's ours for about 6 hours,  
until housekeeping gets here.

Nate runs and hops over the couch. Stumbles to a sliding glass door. Opens it and steps out onto

THE BALCONY

The city is spread out all around him. A thousand little specs of vapory light, reflecting off the water.

NATE

So, this is what Miami is all about?

DONNA (O.S.)

Yeah...

He turns. In the dimness of the room, Donna sheds clothing.

DONNA

This is what Miami is all about.

Nate's eyes: a *sublime rush*. He heads for her.

INT. ROOM, SUNSHINE MOTEL - NIGHT

Stacy music blares from the alarm clock radio. Manny takes down a huge line of blow. Quickly followed by Campbell. They are high out of their minds and speak rapid fire.

CAMPBELL

Can I ask you to do something for me?

MANNY

Anything. Go ahead. Do it.

CAMPBELL

I want you to make me a whole new  
identity, so I can start fresh after  
this.

(MORE)

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

And I don't want anyone to be able to find me. Not the Army or Visa or my family.

MANNY

Done. I'll make you a rad identity.

CAMPBELL

I'll do everything different this time. And I'll just change all the shit I screwed up. Can you get me a PHD in something?

MANNY

Absolutely, doctor.

CAMPBELL

Brains and looks. No one will be able to stop me.

MANNY

What do you want your new name to be?

CAMPBELL

Sandy Boulevard.

MANNY

That's a great fucking name.

CAMPBELL

And I want to be from Sweet Water, Mississippi.

MANNY

Sounds like a beautiful town.

CAMPBELL

I just made it up.

MANNY

Perfect. Totally untraceable.

CAMPBELL

Yep. My new life is gonna be awesome. I'll have motherfuckers lined up to be part of it.

They both do lines.

MANNY

Hey, Sandy --

CAMPBELL

No. I'm not ready for the name yet.



MANNY

Oh. Ok. Hey, Campbell, I think we should take all the money we have left, spread it across the bed and make love in it.

CAMPBELL

I guess that could be interesting.

They both do another line. Campbell digs into her bag and hands Manny the envelope of cash. He upends it all over the bed. A few scattered bills flutter out.

CAMPBELL

How much is that?

MANNY

I count like \$350.

They grab each other and kiss. But Campbell's highly impaired mind is elsewhere. After a beat, she stops. Falls onto the bed and bounces.

CAMPBELL

Hey, do you wanna play a board game with me?

MANNY

Uh... I thought we just got done playing Candyland, and were about to move on to Trouble.

CAMPBELL

Yeah, we were. But it's a real bad idea to fuck anyone with more problems than you. So it's a real bad idea for one of us. I just can't tell which.

Manny laughs. Shakes his head and does another line.

MANNY

Sure. Lady's choice. What are we playing?

CAMPBELL

Just come on.

Campbell does one last line. Grabs her stuff.

INT. SUITE, THE STANDARD HOTEL - NIGHT

Nate and Donna have sex beneath the expensive sheets.

NATE

I just want you to know... I'm a virgin...

DONNA

Oh, god. Nate, I didn't --

NATE

I'm just messing with you.

Donna laughs. Nate slides a hand down, puts it on her ass. Uses his other hand to hold her wrists above her head. Kisses her hard. The "move" Campbell taught him. Donna *MOANS*...

INT. K-MART - NIGHT

A 24-hour store, empty at this hour. FIND Campbell and Manny on the floor of the "Toys & Games" aisle --

Feverishly playing a HUNGRY HUNGRY HIPPOS game they have ripped from the box.

As the sun comes up outside --

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. SUITE, THE STANDARD HOTEL - DAY

Nate wakes beside Donna, the room awash in Miami light.

NATE

How much time do we have left?

She glances at a clock.

DONNA

Fuck. Minutes.

They hurry out of bed. Scour for strewn clothes.

NATE

You know, after this is over, maybe I can stay a while. Or we can go someplace. First class tickets and stuff.

Donna laughs. Nate finds her dress and tosses it to her.

DONNA

It's one thing for us to sleep together. But I don't know what your sister would do if I "ran off" with you. Stole the only consistent man in her life. She might kill me execution style.

Nate brushes this off, continues to look for his clothes.

NATE

It doesn't really matter. We do this deal today, then she's finally out of my life.

DONNA

Huh?

NATE

Yeah, she takes her share and splits.  
300 grand should keep her gone a while.

Donna stops, concerned. Holding his pants in one hand.

DONNA

Nate... with 300 grand, she's gonna  
get herself killed.

NATE

Yeah, which is why I'll be far away.  
You saw what she pulled last night.  
She's a fucking medieval plague.  
Can I please have my pants?

CAMPBELL

You gotta understand, Campbell means  
well. She's just... a dreamer.  
With sometimes volatile dreams.

NATE

They're called nightmares! How long am  
I supposed to subject myself to that?

DONNA

Pretty much forever. She's your sister.

NATE

Whatever. Just give me my pants. With  
all due respect to our genetic link,  
fuck her. She never did shit for me.

DONNA

That's really what you think?

Donna stares at him. After a beat, he shrugs. She pushes  
past him, toward the open balcony door. Balls up his pants  
and tosses them off.

NATE

Hey! That's immature!

DONNA

Oh, sorry. It just seemed like  
something Campbell would do.

Donna heads for the door. It opens and a MAID wheels a cart  
in. The Maid stops, surprised. As Donna slips past --

DONNA

Call security, that man broke in.

NATE

Oh, come on!

Nate grabs a sheet and wraps it around his lower half. He  
gathers the rest of his clothes and hurries out.

EXT. POOL AREA, THE STANDARD HOTEL - DAY

Nate, in the sheet, angrily fishes his pants out of the pool.  
An ATTENDANT with a skimmer watches him.

NATE

Go on, stand there and don't help!  
Fuck you! You're a pool guy!

EXT. STREETS, MIAMI - DAY

A trail of water...

As Nate walks along in his soaked pants, through the empty morning streets, head hung low.

EXT. SUNSHINE MOTEL - DAY

The minivan is parked up on the curb, almost touching the door to the room. Nate approaches, shaking his head.

Campbell and Manny are passed out in the front seats. Nate raps on the window. They groggily come to. Campbell steps out, looks at Nate...

She bends and throws up. Manny gets out of the van and holds her hair as she continues to wretch. He shrugs --

MANNY

Big night. Hey, where were you?  
You get laid or something?

Nate just heads past them, into the room. Slams the door.  
Manny helps Campbell back into the van.

MANNY

Come on. Let's just crash in the  
back for a while.

EXT. 11TH STREET DINER - DAY

The sun reflects off this steel railway car diner in the Art Deco District.

INT. 11TH STREET DINER - DAY

Nate, Campbell and Manny are slumped in a booth. Campbell, brutally hungover, sips from a giant coffee shake.

CAMPBELL

Ugh... I'm gonna heave again...

NATE

Obviously. You should have gotten a  
regular coffee. Not a fucking  
coffee milkshake.

CAMPBELL

Then you shouldn't have taken me to a diner. Because you know I always order ice cream for breakfast.

NATE

Did you need to order a large?

Campbell slams the glass, liquid spraying, and stomps off. Manny quietly finishes his breakfast. A WAITRESS hands Nate the bill. He looks to Manny, who makes no move for his wallet.

NATE

Give me some cash, you deadbeat. I'm not paying for your fucking Eggs Benedict.

MANNY

Easy. Let me see what I got.

Manny digs into his pants. Lays down a few crumpled bills and receipts. Something ROLLS from the pocket debris --

Nate stops it with his hand. Two small marbles.

NATE

What the hell is this?

MANNY

Nothing, man. Marbles. Your sister made me play a game with her all night. And she cheated.

NATE

What game?

MANNY

Hungry Hungry Hippos.

This strikes a chord. Nate rolls the marbles in his hand.

NATE

You guys just went out and dropped 300 bucks on Hippos last night...?

MANNY

What are you talking about? Hungry Hungry Hippos costs 29.99.

NATE

Sorry. That's incorrect. Campbell bought me the game when I was a kid, and it was sort of a day I wouldn't forget, so...

MANNY

Ok. But why the fuck would it cost that much?

NATE

Because it's manufactured in Paraguay.  
Do you know what it costs to import stuff?

MANNY

Do you?

Nate goes to speak. Stops. Realizes...

NATE

Goddamn. She lied about the game.

MANNY

What'd she do, buy it then make you pay  
her back? That's a pretty old con.

NATE

No... I actually think it's the only  
time she didn't con me. Fuck...

Nate looks down at the marbles, sadly. Over at the bathroom door. It opens and Campbell stumbles out. Immediately knocks down a BUSBOY carrying a tray of dishes. Glass shatters.

As Nate watches his sister attempt to clean up... he smiles. Seeing her in some new light.

EXT. STREETS, MIAMI - DAY

The minivan heads into an industrial neighborhood.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

The minivan parks, out of sight. Nate, Manny and Campbell emerge. The place is deserted.

MANNY

This is a setup. We're gonna get  
offed. Did he pick the spot?

NATE

Yeah, but I picked the time. Don't  
worry, no one's committing triple  
homicide at 1:30.

MANNY

Fuck that. I'm gonna check it out.

Manny creeps off. Nate goes to the back of the van, where Campbell unloads the coke duffels. He looks at her, guilty.

NATE

You know, after we're done... if you  
want, maybe we can --

CAMPBELL

Sorry, Little Fuck. I've got plans.

Campbell slams the trunk door. They stand there silently.

NATE

You, uh... wanna hold the gun?

Nate offers the gun, sweetly. Campbell just slides on her sparkly shades. Looks away. A beat later, Manny appears.

MANNY

He's alone. We're all good.

Nate nods. They each grab a duffel and navigate the industrial maze...

They turn a corner to find Roberto waiting by his G-55, with a fancy piece of wheeled luggage. He smiles.

ROBERTO

I enjoyed the sample. A lot of beautiful women did regrettable things.

NATE

We... lost a little bit ourselves. Knock ten grand off the price.

MANNY

Probably fifteen.

ROBERTO

Between new friends, it's nothing. Now let me see the rest.

NATE

Let us see the money.

ROBERTO

I asked first. And I'm here by myself. You've got your whole little entourage.

Nate drops his duffel. Unzips it and punctures one of the bricks. Roberto does a quick taste.

ROBERTO

White gold.

Roberto bends to unzip his luggage. When he comes up

HE IS AIMING TWO GLOCKS

CAMPBELL

Fuck! We walked into an ambush!

NATE

Roberto, be cool! We're men of business! Not violence!

Roberto takes a deep breath, hands trembling.

MANNY

Aw, shit...

NATE

What!? Is he gonna kill us!? He looks unbalanced!

MANNY

No! He's a goddamn narc!

Roberto pulls his shit together.

ROBERTO

That's right! Vice Squad!

CAMPBELL

Nate, you idiot!

NATE

The concierge said he was legit!

ROBERTO

Fucking Jorge. I pulled him over on the Venetian Causeway, getting a blowjob from a 15-year-old. I own him. And now I own all of you. So I want the dump trucks. I want Bolivia. And I want the federal agent you offed.

NATE

Roberto, you fuck, I trusted you...

(beat)

But not that much. There's barely enough coke for a sweet sixteen in there.

Manny and Campbell trade a look. Nate grins back at them.

NATE

Never call me an idiot. I switched most of the stuff out while you two were napping in my van. Smooth... that's how I do it.

Roberto tears at the open duffel. Finds one layer of white bricks and a bunch of towels beneath. He charges Nate. Jams the Glocks in his face.

NATE

Woah! Cops can't do this!

CAMPBELL

Backup! Where's your backup!?

ROBERTO

I work alone.



MANNY

This guy's lying! I've been busted by Vice Squad before, and they never work alone! Who the fuck are you!?

Roberto looks at them, caught. Reluctantly confesses --

ROBERTO

I'm Highway Patrol. The suit and car are my brother's. The cash is from the evidence room. I'm gonna need that back. Because I'll definitely make Vice off this bust.

CAMPBELL

We already spent it.

Roberto bites his lip.

ROBERTO

Fuck it, the department will understand. Once I bring in the rest of the coke.

NATE

We're not even drug dealers. There is no coke. It was all a --

ROBERTO

Forgive me if I don't trust you. Just lead me to it. I'm pretty far out on the edge here. And people get popped every day fleeing the police.

Roberto pulls back the hammer of one of the Glocks. *CLICK-!*

CAMPBELL

Just tell him, Nate!

NATE

Fuck! Please take that gun out of my face! It's back at our motel! I was gonna give you the key and directions!

ROBERTO

Now you're gonna take me there.

Roberto stows guns. Reaches into his luggage and tosses them two sets of handcuffs.

ROBERTO

Make yourselves a daisy chain.

INT. MERCEDES G-55 AMG - DAY

The door slams behind our crew, handcuffed to each other, Campbell in the middle. Roberto gets in the driver seat and pulls off. He turns on the radio, pumps a Latin rap station.

ROBERTO

Feeling muy bueno. Muy fucking bueno.

The SUV pulls onto a deserted industrial street. Manny sighs.

MANNY

Well, buckle up everybody, we're going to prison.

CAMPBELL

Whatever. We probably all deserve this...

NATE

I fucking hate Miami. I really --

A black Cadillac sedan roars out of an alley, skids to a stop right in front of the SUV. Roberto stands on the brakes. Another *SCREECH* from behind. Roberto whirls --

To find the Dodge Demon in back. They are boxed in.

ROBERTO

What are you guys trying to pull!?  
Are these your people!?

NATE

No! Orange car! Orange shades!  
Get us out of here! Drive right  
through them!

Roberto goes to hit the gas --

*CRACK!-CRACK!-CRACK!* Luiz fires from the window of the Demon. Everyone ducks, screaming. The SUV heaves, tires deflating.

Two suited THUGS emerge from the Cadillac. Guns drawn.

MANNY

We gotta go! This is a hit!

Manny throws open the door and scrambles out, forcing the others with him. Roberto follows out onto

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - DAY

Asphalt erupts, as gunshots trail our crew, handcuffed together. They duck into an alley. Roberto behind them. He flattens himself against the wall, a Glock in each hand.

NATE

Give us the cuff key!

ROBERTO

No! I can take these guys!

CAMPBELL

Where!? To traffic court!?

Roberto grudgingly tosses the key. Nate catches it and undoes the cuffs. Manny frantically searches for an exit.

CAMPBELL  
Give me a gun! I'll help hold them off!

ROBERTO  
Yeah, that's not gonna --

Gunshots burst cement from the wall at the mouth of the alley.

LUIZ (O.S.)  
Keep this up and you don't make it  
out alive!

NATE  
How did this guy find us!? Manny,  
if you fucked us again --

MANNY  
He's shooting at me, too! And there's  
no way out of here! We gotta get to  
the alley across the way!

Campbell looks to the alley across the street, which seems to have an escape.

CAMPBELL  
Are you crazy!? We won't make it!

ROBERTO  
Hey, I'm making the decisions here!  
We're not --

NATE  
Let's just see what they want!

MANNY  
Whatever they want, they will kill us  
once they get it! I guarantee you of  
that! We make a move or we die!

They all realize he is right. Roberto hands Campbell a Glock. Tosses Manny his cheap handgun.

CAMPBELL  
Ok, we lay down cover and make a  
fast fucking break.

She grabs Nate by the shirt.

CAMPBELL  
Don't worry! I've been in combat  
simulations! It's all good!

Roberto nods at Campbell. They burst out of the alley, Glockes spitting fire. Luiz and the Thugs are forced back behind the Cadillac. It gets shredded. They return fire --

Manny is hit before he gets off one shot. Blown backward, shoulder torn, blood spraying. Nate struggles to drag him.

MANNY

This is not a flesh wound!

Nate makes it to the alley and collapses. He turns back to see Luiz rushing Campbell.

NATE

NO!

Luiz knocks Campbell back and grabs her. Roberto whirls and fires, as Luiz forces her, fighting wildly, into the Demon.

The muscle car peels away. Door still open. It slows as it passes the Thugs. They jump in, ditching the ruined Cadillac.

Roberto fires after the disappearing car. Nate tackles him. His Glock clatters to the ground.

NATE

My sister is in there!

ROBERTO

Let me call backup! This just got real! I'll --

NATE

No! I'm going after her!

ROBERTO

You're not --

Roberto shuts up. Manny is hovering above him, aiming the Glock. His other arm hangs limp and bloody. He looks to Nate, weakly.

MANNY

Come on... let's go...

NATE

No offense, Manny, but you're a fucking bullet magnet. I'm going alone.

Manny nods. Tosses Nate his cheap handgun. Nate scrambles to the Cadillac.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Nate jumps into the glass covered driver seat. Struggles to start the engine. It finally turns over, smoke spewing.

Nate peels off. Head on a swivel. Frantically scanning the deserted neighborhood. The Demon is long gone.

NATE

FUCK!

He pounds the wheel. Slams his fist into the dashboard.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)  
Please choose your next destination.

Nate hits the brakes. Looks down at the battered GPS SCREEN.  
Quickly scrolls through a map of the previous destinations...

The NAME of one catches his attention. His eyes go wide.  
As he hits the gas --

CUT TO:

BLURRY VISION

Comes into focus. To find the cavernous barrel of a gun. A  
finger pulls a trigger. Water explodes, soaking us. We're

INT. LOFT, HIGH-RISE - DAY

An expensive place. Lots of windows, overlooking the ocean.  
Luiz levels the water pistol. He has a bruised cheek and  
his Blublockers are crooked.

LUIZ  
You got a cheap shot back there...

REVERSE TO REVEAL Campbell in a chair, hands bound behind  
her back with twist ties. Luiz sprays her a few more times  
and she comes to, spitting water.

CAMPBELL  
Who the fuck are you... what do you  
want...?

VOICE (O.S.)  
What everyone wants. Narcotics. As  
much as we can get our hands on.

Campbell painfully turns her head. Gasps...

HARRY STANDS THERE

Smiling, sadly. Gun in his pants. One of the suited Thugs  
beside him. Campbell's world inverts.

HARRY  
Specifically, I want the load your  
father screwed me out of. Ok, kiddo.

CAMPBELL  
Uncle Harry... what are you --

HARRY  
I tried, Campbell. I tried to do it  
nice, and I tried to do it neat. But  
you and your brother had to keep  
running around, playing drug dealer.

CAMPBELL

Since when are you a drug dealer!?

HARRY

You think real estate pays for all this? Take a look at the market. Your father and I got into the business together. That Corvette you crashed on the news, we got 'em matching after our first deal. If he'd have lasted longer, he'd have a brand new one.

CAMPBELL

You don't know what you're saying! Just let me out of this GODDAMN CHAIR! What the fuck is going on?!

HARRY

I'm... unburdening myself. 11 years I've felt, well, less than nice about how it went down with your old man. Figured it was my responsibility to check in on you kids.

(shrugs)

But now, it feels good to say, I DON'T GIVE A FUCK! I've financialized the problem, and you're not worth a million dollars of trouble.

CAMPBELL

Wait... "less than nice" about what?

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

Your father had ambition. Blind, idiotic ambition. Which seems to be hereditary. He made a deal, tried to cut me out. So I put him in a chair like that and... asked him where the load was.

(beat)

He had a heart attack before he could answer.

CAMPBELL

Liar! That's not what happened! They told me he --

HARRY

Kiddo, how much do you think it costs to pay off the goddamn Kissimmee coroner?

Campbell wildly struggles against her restraints. Spittle and sweat fly. Harry just looks on. Finally, she gives up.

CAMPBELL

All these years... and you're the thing that took my father away...

HARRY

Your father took himself out of the game. Sorry to break the news, but he was a bad man.

CAMPBELL

I'm not such a good girl myself.

HARRY

Well, you're gonna be a dead girl if you don't say something useful. So where's your brother? If you don't have my drugs, he does.

CAMPBELL

If I tell you that... you'll just kill him.

HARRY

Maybe. I never really liked him. But I might let you live.

CAMPBELL

I'm not scared of you...

Harry closes in on Campbell. Reaches a hand out. And checks her pulse. He turns to Luiz.

HARRY

She's not lying. Can we change that?

Luiz approaches. He ditches his Blublockers, to reveal dead eyes. With no warning, he punches Campbell right in the face. Her nose erupts.

CAMPBELL

MOTHERFUCKER!

LUIZ

Sorry, kid. I'm not a doctor, but I think it's broken.

Tears seep from Campbell's eyes. Blood from her nose.

HARRY

You keep this up, Vogue won't be calling back.

Campbell just laughs. Her voice cracks as she says --

CAMPBELL

That's funny, because it felt like he was applying makeup.

Luiz takes another swing. Campbell lowers her head. His fist meets the hard part of her skull. He howls, hand ruined.

CAMPBELL

Sorry, you piece of shit, but it's definitely broken.

Luiz lunges for her. Harry grabs him.

HARRY

Just put some ice on it.

LUIZ

Fine! But I wanna dump the body!  
Pay some homeboys to go necrophiliac!

CAMPBELL

I'll come back from the dead and  
break your other hand.

Luiz grudgingly heads off. Harry looks at Campbell with something like respect. As blood stains her clothes --

CAMPBELL

Sorry about your little bitch. It's instinct. I did a little time in the Army recently.

HARRY

I heard something like that.

CAMPBELL

It's interesting, in basic training they don't teach you anything cool. You're basically just learning how to be a bullet stopper. But once you make the Rangers... that's where the hardcore shit happens.

HARRY

You were a Ranger? "Elite" isn't exactly your style.

CAMPBELL

Oh, no. Not me. But I got mixed up with a real handsome one and he clued me in. You see, it's all about debilitating injury. You want to break knees and elbows. While inflicting blunt trauma with your own knees and elbows. You meet hadji in the sand, you wanna make sure he's gotta limp into paradise.

Harry cracks up.

HARRY

This has been real entertaining,  
Campbell. As always.

(MORE)



HARRY (CONT'D)

But now I'm all laughed out. And  
two roads are about to diverge in a  
bullet to the fucking head! SO WHERE  
ARE MY DRUGS!?

Campbell just stares back at him, coldly.

HARRY

I'd hate to pull something too  
parental, like counting to three, but --

CAMPBELL

Don't bother. If I'm gonna go out,  
I'm gonna go out. Serve me that  
gunshot with a Diet Coke chaser, you  
bleached blond faggot.

Campbell spits a bloody loogie in his face. He slowly wipes  
it off.

HARRY

Ok, honey. Time for a family reunion.

Harry goes for the gun in his pants --

CAMPBELL

Actually, there is one last "Ranger  
fact" you might find interesting...

As Campbell continues, we see she is methodically wriggling  
her hands out of the twist tie restraints.

CAMPBELL

When you're captured, they teach you  
to play dead and tense up your wrists  
and muscles... so that in case you're  
tied up, you can more easily escape.

Campbell springs to her feet, hands free, and lashes out  
with quick, precise violence. All that stuff she was saying  
about breaking bones is on gratuitous display.

The first thing she does is snap Luiz's arm at the elbow.  
Then delivers a concussive blow to the back of his neck.  
Tosses him, limp, at Harry, as he gets his gun out.

*CRACK!-CRACK!* Harry is bowled over and wildfires. Shatters  
his own wall of windows.

*CRACK-!* That one was Campbell, breaking the Thug's knee  
with a brutal kick. She sweeps out his other leg and he  
topples. Explodes a glass coffee table.

Harry clambers out from under Luiz, gun aimed right at her.  
But she charges, knocking him back, as the gun goes off.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY - MOVING

Nate tears through an expensive neighborhood. Rapidly approaches the GPS location. Screeches up outside

EXT. HIGH-RISE - DAY

Nate ditches the car in the middle of the street. Runs for the building. Scrolls through the electronic tenant list, finds: *HARRY DELVIN, APT 10C*. He yanks the glass entry door. It's locked.

Nate casts about, panicked. Spots a metal trash barrel. Runs for it and hauls it to the door. Strains to lift it over his head. Tosses it, glass shattering.

INT. ELEVATOR, HIGH-RISE - DAY

*Going up.* Nate takes out Manny's gun and steels himself. Jabs impatiently at the 10th floor button.

INT. LOFT, HIGH-RISE - DAY

BLOOD. MOTION. CHAOS. Campbell and Harry roll around, ferociously trading blows. As Campbell headbutts him --

CAMPBELL

LIFE! IT AIN'T ALL BLOWJOBS AND  
SUNGLASSES! IS IT, UNCLE HARRY!?

She draws back for another headbutt. But Harry pulls it together and cracks her across the face. She goes flying.

Harry scrambles for his gun. Campbell realizes she is fucked. Staggers to her feet and bounds across the sprawling loft. Headed for the door.

INT. HALLWAY, HIGH-RISE - DAY

Nate takes a breath, gun aimed at the lock of Harry's door. Before he blows it open, he checks the knob. It's open.

Nate takes a breath. Hears the penetrating ring of a gunshot. Throws open the door --

INT. LOFT, HIGH-RISE - DAY

It nails a running Campbell and she drops, just as --

*CRACK-!* The bullet that would have killed her splinters the door frame, inches from Nate's head. He screams and dives to the ground. Campbell pulls him behind a couch with her.

CAMPBELL

Holy shit, Nate! You saved my life!  
Uncle Harry --

NATE

I know! This is fucked! Let's just --

*CRACK-!* Never hide behind a couch in a gunfight. Bullets can travel right through it. Like the 9mm round that just left Harry's gun, punctured the couch and continued through Campbell's chest. A confetti pop of blood and *THUMP-!* She is a cut string puppet.

Nate absorbs this like 10,000 volts. Surges up to his feet, driven by rage incomprehensible.

NATE

YOU KILLED MY SISTER!

It is impossible to tell whether Nate realizes Harry has a gun pointed right at him.

HARRY

Hey, Nate. I'm actually not gonna mind this. Oh, and do me a favor, tell princess to go fuck herself.

Harry pulls the trigger. *CLICK-!* Empty. A beat. Nate notices that Harry is staring at him... because he also has a gun in his hand. His arm seems to raise of its own volition.

HARRY

Woah... just walk away... believe me, you don't wanna kill anybody...

Tears leave Nate's eyes. But the gun stays fixed.

NATE

You're right. It just seems like something my sister would do.

Nate pulls the trigger. *BANG-!* A crackling muzzle flash. Nate screams. It turns out Manny's gun shoots about as good as it looks. Because it just backfired. Nate drops it and clutches his scorched hand.

Harry charges. Drops Nate to the ground. Nate tries to fight back, but he is no match. Harry pummels him.

A broken and bloody Nate looks up at Harry, mouth working to form words that don't come out.

HARRY

Just shut up! Do you have ANY IDEA how long I've wanted to karate kick you in the fucking chest!?

Harry pulls back and kicks Nate, savagely. He wheezes. Harry grabs a gun off the floor. Hauls Nate up and drags him to a glass dining room table. Tosses the lid off a silver bowl.

It is FULL OF COCAINE. Harry upends it all over the table.

HARRY

So, you wanna play drug dealer?

Harry shoves Nate's face into the mess of coke.

HARRY

Go on! Let's play! Take that down!

Nate does a small snort of coke.

HARRY

Oh, no! Show me you're a fucking  
drug dealer! Convince me!

Harry presses the gun to his head. Nate does a bigger snort.  
Coughing. Gagging. Blood marring the white.

HARRY

More, you little piece of shit!  
More! More! More!

Nate does a huge snort. Harry wipes Nate's face back and  
forth, all over the coke.

FROM BELOW THE GLASS TABLE: we see Nate's smooshed, bloody  
face, as he forces back the cocaine. The world goes soundless  
and dreamy. Until Nate's eyes bug out, the narcotics causing  
a dangerous chemical reaction. *Full adrenaline overload.*

Nate shoots up with a primal scream. Face dusted white.  
Grabs the silver bowl and slams it into Harry's head. A  
spritz of blood. And Harry drops.

Nate hyperventilates. Body wracked by tremors. He has a  
lethal amount of cocaine in his system. He staggers and  
grabs Harry's gun. Aims it down at him.

NATE

FUCK! YOU!

Nate squeezes the trigger --

When he hears a *COUGH*. Whirls to find his sister's body  
twitching. He drops the gun. It hits the ground and --

*CRACK-!* Fires and takes out another window. Nate barely  
notices. He frantically scoops up his sister. Struggles to  
haul her up over his shoulder.

The *THUMP* of Nate's heart can be heard blocks away. His  
vision is blurred. He haphazardly scours for car keys.  
Finds a set and takes off.

INT. PARKING GARAGE, HIGH-RISE - DAY

*DING-!* The elevator doors open and Nate bursts out. Lugging Campbell. *A man of singular purpose.*

NATE

Don't die, Campbell! Please don't die!

He wades through the cars, hitting the remote's UNLOCK button. Helpless. Lost. About to crumple under Campbell's weight.

NATE

WHICH GODDAMN --

*CLICK-!* Taillights blink. Nate stands, frozen. He is, of course, staring at

A LITTLE WHITE CORVETTE

This one is a brand new ZR1. The most powerful GM sports car ever made. Nate hustles to it, rips open the door and shoves his sister inside. Climbs in after her and fires the ignition. The MONSTER ENGINE echoes in the lot...

CUT TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS of Miami at midday. The city our guys came to take. Hot streets. Fast cars. Beautiful people. Sun blazing above it all. And coming at us, over a crest in the road --

A distant white blur, like a heat mirage. Swerving crazily. The ZR1 closes in, blows a light and sends PEDESTRIANS clamoring for their lives.

INT./EXT. CORVETTE ZR1 - DAY - MOVING

Welcomes to the world as seen through the eyes of a young man about to go into shock from too much cocaine. For those who have been here before, welcome back. Please call your sponsor. For everyone else -- it's completely FUCKED. Cars look less like cars than bright spots of racing color. All sounds are terrifying and distorted.

NATE

I can't breathe! I'm gonna suffocate!

Nate pops the locks on the targa top, smashes it upward.

EXT. STREETS, MIAMI - DAY

The targa tops flies off. Explodes against a pole. The Corvette skids left through a red light.

INT./EXT. CORVETTE ZR1 - DAY - MOVING

Nate plows suicidally ahead. Squinting through the sun and delirium. He grabs a pair of sunglasses and throws them on. Doesn't help much.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)

AHH!

Campbell jerks roughly back into consciousness.

CAMPBELL

I just had the most intense dream...

(sees blood, realizes)

Holy shit! It happened! I got popped  
in the chest!

NATE

It's cool! I have it under control!

CAMPBELL

Where the fuck are we going!?

NATE

To the hospital!

CAMPBELL

Do you even know where that is!?

NATE

No! I'm looking for it! Hospital!?  
Where are you!?

CAMPBELL

Can you please hurry up, because I'M  
FUCKING DYING HERE!

NATE

SO AM I!

In a brief moment of clarity, Nate roots in Campbell's pockets,  
finds her iPhone and makes a call. The car's bluetooth picks  
up the call and it comes through the speakers --

DONNA (O.S.)

What do you want?

NATE

I need help!

DONNA (O.S.)

Yes, you do.

NATE

Campbell got shot and she's gonna die!  
And I'm about to go into anaphylactic shock!

DONNA (O.S.)

Anaphylactic shock?

NATE

Yes! That's the one!

DONNA (O.S.)  
Ok, if you think this will get me to --

CAMPBELL  
Hey, Donna! We're totally on the  
level here! Help!

Nate glances out at a street sign. In the process, he swerves  
and destroys the side-view mirror of a parked car.

NATE  
We're on 4th, just past Clearwater!  
Where's the hospital!?

DONNA (O.S.)  
Oh shit, oh shit. Ok. Do you see a  
Blockbuster?

NATE  
I think it's a Hollywood Video!

DONNA (O.S.)  
Turn left onto Bay.

Nate is already in the intersection. He whips the wheel and  
does a skidding u-turn. Stomps the gas and turns onto Bay.

NATE  
I'm on Bay! What next!?

DONNA (O.S.)  
Let me think! I don't know where  
every area hospital is!

NATE  
Ok! Got it! And I'm sorry that after  
I screwed you I was such a dick!

CAMPBELL  
You screwed my friend!?

NATE  
We made love!

CAMPBELL  
Well done, Little Fuck!

DONNA (O.S.)  
Ok, just keep going and turn onto the  
entrance for the MacArthur Causeway!  
It'll be empty! Then make two rights!  
And, Nate... I'm not the one you should  
be apologizing to.

NATE  
Thanks, Donna! Gotta keep driving  
and not die! I hope to see you again!

Nate ends the call. Looks to his sister, who is wildly digging through the glove box.

NATE

What are you looking for!?

CAMPBELL

Vicodin! Tylenol! Anything! This gunshot kills! Look out, there's the bridge!

Nate swerves --

EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY

The ZR1 skids off the entrance ramp.

INT./EXT. CORVETTE ZR1 - DAY - MOVING

They are a fucked pair. Nate in shades, a fat rivulet of blood coming from each nostril. Campbell a grunting, screaming mess. She looks out at the long, empty bridge.

CAMPBELL

Punch it, Nate! Punch this bitch!

Nate drops his dirty sneaker to the floor. The engine revs, madly. Pinning the siblings to their seats.

NATE

In case you die! Or I die first and we lose control and plummet into the ocean! I just want you to know that it's all my fault! I was supposed to be there for you! I took so much from you and I never gave shit back!

The speedometer climbs to 90 MPH.

CAMPBELL

What are you talking about!? No matter why you did it, you came here! To sell drugs with me! You've followed me into the dumbest shit anyone could dream up!

They are pushing 150 MPH.

NATE

I came because I wanted to! I always want to come! I just guilt trip you about it so I don't have to take responsibility! I'd follow you anywhere!

CAMPBELL

That's so fucking sweet! Do you know how pathetic it is that the only good man I've ever met in my entire life is my brother!?



They are at 200 MPH. Top speed.

NATE  
We're gonna make it! I will make it!

EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY

The Corvette blazes down the final stretch.

INT./EXT. CORVETTE ZR1 - DAY

Nate rapidly decelerates as he makes the first right off the bridge. It is a one-way street. He and Campbell scream as cars fly at them. Nate whips another quick right.

The hospital looms up ahead. Quickly growing larger. Nate is shaking. Not from excitement.

CAMPBELL  
Nate, slow down!

NATE  
I can't! Oh, shit! My leg! I cant  
use my --

Before they crash into the EMERGENCY ROOM sign, Nate cranks the wheel right --

CUT TO BLACK:

*For an instant.* Then we're

INT. ROOM, MIAMI HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Nate shoots up. His purpose still singular.

NATE  
Where's my sister?

He climbs out of bed. Crumples. One of his ankles is in a cast. He hauls himself up off the floor.

INT. HALLWAY, MIAMI HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Nate hobbles to the nurse's station. A NURSE looks up.

NURSE  
Sir, you shouldn't be --

NATE  
Campbell Burr! Tell me where she is!

His desperation is palpable. The Nurse flips through a patient list.

NURSE  
I'm sorry... I don't see her name...

NATE  
Does that mean she's dead?

NURSE  
Sir --

NATE  
IS MY SISTER DEAD!?

Nate snatches the list and takes off. The Nurse yells after him, but he does not slow. He realizes something. Flips to the JANE DOE section. Quickens his pace.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY, MIAMI HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Nate hurries along. He sees something in the distance. Without breaking stride, he grabs a chair...

And slams it over the head of MP Dillon, who was waiting outside a room. He goes down, crutches and all. Nate pushes into

INT. ANOTHER ROOM, MIAMI HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Nate shuts and locks the door. Dillon bangs --

MP DILLON (O.S.)  
That was real stupid, kid! I am  
gonna fuck the whole family now!

Nate crosses to the bed, where Campbell lies. Shakes her awake.

NATE  
The MPs are outside!

CAMPBELL  
I ditched all my IDs weeks ago...  
how'd they...

NATE  
I don't know! But they're here!

Nate hurries to the window, throws it open.

NATE  
Come on! We're going out the window!  
I told you we'd make it!

Campbell looks at him. Then over at the door, which thumps from Dillon's fist.

CAMPBELL  
I can't do it, Nate... I can't go  
out the window anymore...

NATE  
Yes, you can! We can!

CAMPBELL

I'm sorry... not this time... I'm way too fucked up... they've got us...

MP DILLON (O.S.)

I will break down this door!

Nate knows that this will happen in seconds. He looks to his sister. Eyes lucid.

NATE

I... love you, Campbell.

CAMPBELL

Really?

NATE

Yes, really!

Campbell smiles. And we realize it's the first time he's ever said it.

CAMPBELL

I love you, too, Nate.

The door crashes open. Dillon charge in, trailed by Chavez. As they haul Nate off --

NATE

I got this, Campbell! I got this!  
Don't say shit!

FADE OUT:

A clock goes *TICK*... it sits on the wall of

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, MIAMI POLICE STATION - DAY

Roberto enters and takes a seat. Across from --

Nate, Campbell and Manny, bandaged and looking like hell.

NATE

My associates and I have an offer.

ROBERTO

You and your associates can go fuck yourselves. I need to get back out on patrol. You're in over your heads and I can't do shit for you.

Campbell looks to Nate. He nods that she can speak.

CAMPBELL

It's not what you can do for us.  
It's what we can do for you. Do you know who Harry Delvin is?

ROBERTO

The real estate guy? I've seen his benches...

CAMPBELL

We'll give him to you. For drug dealing... and murder. And being a giant motherfucking cocksucker. Which I want written on any official police report. And if he could be placed in a rape friendly jail --

NATE

There are other conditions.

CAMPBELL

Yeah, I want my military record wiped.

MANNY

My various parole violations need to be swept under the rug. Speeding tickets, etc.

NATE

My van is in impound. I'd like that returned.

Roberto looks them over, incredulous.

ROBERTO

Sure, this sounds like a great deal. You'll have plenty of time to keep making your wish list in prison. Why would I even try to help you?  
(nods to Manny)  
This guy held me at gunpoint.

NATE

Because he's sorry. And because I've got a million dollars in coke in a motel room you'll never find. Between that, and our testimony about Harry, you gotta make Vice Squad.  
(beat, grandly)  
Can't you see it, Roberto... you're cruising the streets in a Testarossa, with a slick suit, a fake name, and a hot informant. Deep cover.

MANNY

Crockett and Tubbs, man. No rules. Fucking up bad guys.

CAMPBELL

Or... you can go back to writing speeding tickets, pulling over party girls for DUIs. Your choice.

Off Roberto, weighing this out --

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE, MIAMI POLICE STATION - DAY

Nate slams the door of his minivan, bags loaded inside. He turns. Donna waits behind him. He gives her a hug.

NATE

I'll call you as soon as I get back  
to Kissimmee.

DONNA

You can't just hang out for a few  
more days?

NATE

I think I need to slow things down  
for a while... besides, I'm unemployed  
and broke.

DONNA

Whatever you say. You still owe me  
my 60 grand cut. Don't make me come  
looking for it.

Nate smiles. Hops in the van.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Campbell sits on a bench with Manny, looking out at the water.

MANNY

This is the best thing for me. I  
fell off the wagon pretty hard.

CAMPBELL

Wait, you're a recovering addict?

MANNY

I like to have a good time... and  
it's something I've never actually  
recovered from, so...

Campbell nods, sadly.

CAMPBELL

It just sucks that the Army was so much  
easier to deal with than your P.O.

MANNY

He always had it out for me.

REVEAL that Manny's hands are cuffed. An OFFICER stands  
guard nearby. We are right across from the police station.

Campbell sees the minivan pull up. They stand. Manny gives her an awkward handcuff hug.

MANNY

In 12-16 months, I'm gonna come visit Sandy. I hope she's ready for me.

Campbell laughs. She extricates herself from his cuffed arms and heads for the minivan. Climbs in.

Nate waves back at Manny. Then puts the van into gear and pulls off, into Miami traffic...

CUT TO BLACK:

**SUPER: One Last Thing...**

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A quaint, tree-lined block. Nate and Campbell walk along. She shifts, uncomfortably, in her stiff new Sunday dress.

CAMPBELL

I look like a giant dork. If I saw me, I'd commit a hate crime on myself.

NATE

You look fine. It's just your body adjusting to clothes that aren't from Hot Topic.

CAMPBELL

Fuck you. I haven't shopped at Hot Topic since high school. My outfits are legit.

NATE

Just focus on what you're gonna say. Do you have your speech rehearsed?

CAMPBELL

Yeah, sure. "Mom, I'm sorry you're not as much of a bitch as I thought, and that dad probably really sucked. Can you make me some of that vanilla pudding with the M&Ms, which happens to be the only thing you know how to make?"

NATE

I'm serious. We're gonna sit down, like regular fucking people, and you're gonna have to say something.

CAMPBELL

Fine. I'll be sincere as shit. But she hates me.

NATE

She doesn't hate you.

CAMPBELL

She certainly doesn't like me.

NATE

You were awful to her. For over a decade.

CAMPBELL

She wasn't so great herself...

NATE

Well, someone's gotta take the first step. You're my sister, and I think you're the bigger woman.

CAMPBELL

I'm a huge woman. But this is a bad idea. I'd rather get shot in chest again. Motherfucker...

Campbell slows down. Uncertain. Self-conscious. Confused.

Nate goes to say something. Stops. Reaches out. And takes her hand.

CUT TO BLACK:

**THE END**