

BEEF

by

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EXT. US HIGHWAY 44 - NIGHT

Rain falls on a desolate Midwestern highway. A lone sedan speeds by with a thumping bass.

INSIDE THE SEDAN

JOHN, mid-20's, drives with one hand casually on the steering wheel. He has a shaved head and a NECK TATTOO OF A GRENADE. His thin but muscular build read as ex-military. He carries a thousand yard stare under glazed eyes as he raps along to the blaring hip-hop with sporadic intensity.

JOHN

"The takeover. The breaks over
nigga. God Emcee. Me. Jay Hova."

He begins fumbling in his cup holder, grazing an open beer and a pill bottle, to find a wooden dug out. He flicks out a one hitter and packs some marijuana, occasionally glancing at the road.

Hands jittery, he lights up the one-ie and takes a hit. Just as he steadies the steering wheel and enjoys the high...

TWO DEER. Frozen in his headlights.

He SLAMS on the brakes and swerves. His reaction isn't quick enough as he PLOWS into both animals. He does a one-eighty sending him off the road and SMASHING into a tree.

FROM THE HIGHWAY

The sedan sits eerily quiet. The rear of the car wrapped around the tree. The rain continues to fall. His headlights illuminate the road in the direction where the deer were hit.

John is slumped over in his seat. A long beat.

He erupts in a hacking COUGH.

JOHN

Shit...ahhh...

BACK INSIDE

He slowly begins to stir, patting himself down to make sure all is intact. He lifts up his wife beater to find...

A HANDGUN

Sloppily tucked in his waist. He takes a deep breath. He removes the gun and sets it on the empty passenger seat. He gains resolve and pries himself out of the car.

NEXT TO THE HIGHWAY

John stumbles around a bit. Surveying the damage...

JOHN
Dumb ass deer.

He slowly limps onto the road.

JOHN
You better be dead you Bambi mother
fuckers!

He stumbles back toward where the deer were hit. He reaches the edge of the pavement just as he spots the deer...

BROKEN INTO MULTIPLE PIECES.

JOHN
What the hell?

He slowly bends down to pick up a piece of the deer's leg. He lifts it up, examining it. It dawns on him that the deer he hit were fake, target practice deer made of Styrofoam. We hear FOOTSTEPS ON THE GRAVEL, just as we see...

TWO DARK FIGURES. Standing behind John.

The headlights REVEAL the two men wearing dark clothing. Their faces covered with creepy and surreal looking MASKS -- designed to look like a DEER'S HEAD WITH ANTLERS.

A moment of realization flashes across John's face. Instead of turning, he drops to his knees and closes his eyes, resigning to a fate he knew was overdue.

DEERMAN #1 lifts a CROWBAR and STRIKES him at the neck instantly BREAKING IT.

John immediately goes limp, drops to the pavement. DEERMAN #2 stands by holding a shotgun, he nods to Deerman #1 who raises the crowbar again and delivers another crushing blow to the head.

The Deermen stare at John's motionless body on the pavement.

A long beat.

DEERMAN #2
(muffled)
Put him back in the car.

Deerman #1 grabs John's legs and begins dragging his body across the pavement.

As he does, we begin to here a low metallic whooshing sound. Rhythmic. It begins growing louder... and LOUDER...

CUT TO:

A PILE OF THINLY SLICED ROAST BEEF.

The pile grows as a slicer churns out the beef. We only hear the sound of the slicer smoothly shredding the meat. Over and over again. Our trance is finally broken with...

VOICE OVER

At Beefy's, our customer service starts with beef.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL the edges of a television set. We are watching a corporate video circa the 90's, so lots of color and diagonal transitions for no reason.

AN EMPLOYEE/ACTOR, smiles as she takes a tray of beef out of an industrial oven.

VOICE OVER

Slow cooked for over three hours, our roast beef packs juiciness and flavor in every single bite.

INT. BEEFY'S - DAY

WE FIND KIRSTEN, 16, a new Beefy's employee. While she watches this video on a shitty DVD/TV Combo, sounds of a busy fast food restaurant roar to life.

She sits in an alcove of an office just off the prep area in the kitchen.

VOICE OVER (O.S.)

Next up... "The Slicer"

Approaching her is JASON, 30. Young, clean cut, and surprisingly handsome for this environment. He wears a Kohl's dress shirt and tie combo signifying fast food management. He stops the DVD.

JASON

Since you are under eighteen, you can't use the slicer. So we can stop here.

(beat)

Plus this video is close to twenty years old, not much of it makes sense any more.

Kirsten sits quietly.

JASON
Any questions?

KIRSTEN
You look kind of young to be a
General Manager.

JASON
Uh, yeah. I'm sort of interim
General Manager. Tony, my boss, or
was my boss. He had a stroke and
passed away a week ago. I was an
assistant manager but I'm taking
his duties on for now, maybe
longer.

KIRSTEN
That sucks. I mean, it's great that
you are the manager and stuff. But
your boss dying and all.

Behind Jason, FLORENCE, a tenured elderly employee, plops
blobs of thawed roast beef onto a tray in the prep area.

JASON
Yeah, sure. He was with his family
though... at Holiday World. Anyway,
you'll work the dinner rush.
Amanda, will help you out with the
registers...

Kirsten watches Florence fling a roast that falls short of
the tray and smacks onto the tiled ground. Without a second
thought, Florence lifts the beef off the ground and puts it
back on the tray.

JASON
Next week, we'll get you on drive-
thru...

KIRSTEN
(interrupting)
She just dropped that on the
ground.

Jason turns to see Florence attempting to clean bacteria from
uncooked meat by brushing it with her hand. Jason sighs.

JASON
Florence. You can't do that.

Florence just looks at him.

JASON

You just dropped that on the floor.
We can't use this now.

FLORENCE

Oh, bologna.

Florence throws up her hands and walks off to get another roast. Jason, frustrated, rips the chunk of beef off the tray and tosses it in a trash can. He heads up front.

AT THE REGISTERS

We track Jason where he spots AMANDA, 27, also in managerial garb, leaning over the counter. Jason momentarily enjoys the view of her ass, until revealing... GREG, 30's, Amanda's boyfriend. They kiss over the counter.

JASON

Amanda.

Amanda stops.

AMANDA

(to Greg)

Bye.

GREG

(to Jason)

Sorry Jason, had to sneak one in.
Congrats on the promotion by the way. And sorry to hear about Tony.

Jason gives him a nod as Amanda approaches.

AMANDA

Sorry, Greg's going out of town tonight.

JASON

Where's Chad and/or Griffin?
Florence is in the back by herself
and dropped an entire roast on the ground.

AMANDA

Griffin called off, but Chad will be in later.

(whispering)

You should really get rid of her.

JASON

(quietly)

And be the guy who fires the old
lady related to half of Muncie?
She's like a fucking community
pillar.

AMANDA

(laughing)

Cover the front and I'll finish her
prep.

She takes off her headset and hands it to Jason. He watches
her walk off, as he puts it on...

BEEP.

The notoriously piercing sound of a fast food drive-thru
speaker. A customer lies in wait. Jason presses the receiver
to answer.

JASON

(into mic)

Welcome to Beefy's, can I interest
you in a Beefy Cheddar Combo today?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, I'm interested in that Cheddar
baby!

Jason immediately recognizes the voice and cuts him off.

JASON

(into mic)

Pull around Coop.

DRIVE-THRU WINDOW

Jason flips open a take out bag, he looks around then removes
a WAD OF CASH from his pocket. He drops the money in the bag
as a smoggy P.O.S. car rolls up to the window blaring Eminem.
COOP, 29, a gangly white guy, rolls down the window and cuts
the music.

COOP

Shit, I was going to order
something.

Jason tosses the bag out of the window and into Coop's lap.

JASON

(firm)

I said I'd drop by later.

COOP
Figured I'd save you a trip.
(off the bag)
What's this?

Coop opens the bag spotting the cash, he smirks.

COOP
Very sneaky. I thought you'd get us
with the Pacer's at home. You ask
me, the NBA is rigged.

Jason pulls out a FOLDED POSTCARD. As he unfolds it, a torn piece of LOOSE-LEAF PAPER falls out. He shoves the postcard back in his pocket, and clutches the scrap of paper.

COOP
Well, it's been a pleasure doing
business with you over the years.

Jason hands the folded paper to Coop.

JASON
Here. I want to bet on the race.

COOP
What race?

JASON
The Indy 500.

Coop busts out laughing, he unfolds the paper, his smile fades.

COOP
You're serious?
(beat)
For this kind of cash?

JASON
I'm the General Manager now. I've
got the money.

Coop looks ahead, uncomfortable.

COOP
I don't know man. I don't think Dip
will go for this.
(beat)
I told you last week was the cut
off. We're suppose to leave town
tomorrow.

JASON
Just ask him. It's a lot of action.

BEEP.

Another customer is waiting. Coop studies the piece of paper.

COOP
You do realize that if Danica
Patrick wins, you'd be completely
fucked?

JASON
And how likely is it that a woman
would win the Indy 500?

Coop smiles and shakes his head. He turns his music back up.

COOP
I'll let you know.

BEEP.

Coop peels out of the drive-thru leaving a trail of smog.
Jason reaches back in his pocket and unfolds the postcard.

ON POSTCARD -- A FAKE SANTA CLAUS in a Hawaiian shirt,
smiling in front of a roller coaster and a sign for HOLIDAY
WORLD THEME PARK - SANTA CLAUS, INDIANA.

BACK ON JASON. Slightly disturbed but determined.

BEEP.

INT. DIP'S SISTER'S PLACE - NIGHT

BEEP BEEP. BEEP BEEP. A timer sounds.

CLOSE ON a big industrial vat. A dark liquid bubbles for a
few seconds and then settles.

A PAIR OF GLOVED HANDS enters the frame laying a screen of
GREEN CAMOUFLAGE into the vat, similar to a silk screen. Once
the screen contacts the water, the CAMOUFLAGE begins floating
on the surface.

A wooden shotgun stock is positioned above the liquid. The
hands slowly "dip" the stock into the camouflage, submersing
it completely. Once under for a few seconds, the wood is
smoothly lifted out, with the camouflage 'painted' onto the
stock permanently.

This is "Camo Dipping"...real Redneck shit.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL, DIPPER, Late 30's, a towering piece of iron who is equal parts bookie, drug dealer, and camo dipping enthusiast. He has a permanently worn look of severity etched on his face.

He hangs the stock on a rack to dry. There's a calming, spiritual rhythm to his movements. The moment is broken by Coop, who plows through the front door carrying the Beefy's bag. Dip peels off his gloves and begins wiping his hands on a nearby towel.

DIPPER
Any problems?

COOP
Naw, got it all collected. Saw Jim
this morning, over in Rushville.
(beat)
Said some kid was asking 'bout you
last week.

DIPPER
(quick, dismissive)
Lots of people ask about me.
Probably just looking to score.

Dip picks up a shotgun, already dipped, inspects the finish.

COOP
Kid had a neck tattoo of a grenade,
which is pretty tits if you ask me.
He don't sound familiar?

Dipper eyeballs Coop.

DIPPER
I said I don't know him.

Coop knows better than to push the issue.

COOP
Yeah, Jim said he never seen him
neither.
(beat)
Collected from Jason, guy works at
the Beefy's here in Muncie. He
wants to bet on the race tomorrow.
(beat)
For ten grand.

This stops Dipper.

COOP

I told him to fuck off. He knew we were leaving town tomorrow. Just like I told everybody else.

DIPPER

What's the bet?

Coop pulls out the piece of paper Jason gave to him earlier.

COOP

He wants to bet on the driver matchups. So, twenty-five hundred on Power over Patrick, another twenty-five hundred on Andretti over Patrick, and then another twenty-five hundred on Carpenter over Patrick.

DIPPER

That's only about eight grand depending on the lines.

COOP

He also wants to put seven hundred on each on the three drivers he's taking on the match-up bets, to win the race outright.

DIPPER

He's given up fourteen hundred right there.

COOP

Yup, but he's picking the favorite in every match-up and between those three drivers, he's got a shot at picking the winner.

Dipper contemplates. Coop laughs to himself.

COOP

You got to hand it to him though, betting the farm against a woman driver? Pretty genius if you ask me. Ain't no bitch going to win the 500.

Dipper isn't laughing.

DIPPER

Any chance he could actually cover ten grand?

COOP

He's the general manager now. Other guy croaked. Figure he got a decent bump. But, we can't take that bet, he could clean us out before we leave. If he wins...

DIPPER

(interrupting)

Tell him we'll take it.

(long beat)

It won't matter if he wins.

Coop, realizing Dip doesn't plan to pay, gives a sly smirk.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason's side table knocks against the wall as his cellphone vibrates. A text from Coop lights up...

TEXT: BET'S ON. Power OVER Patrick -225, Andretti OVER Patrick -115...

REVEAL Jason breathing heavily as he plows away on top of Amanda on the nearby bed. He finishes, takes a beat, and falls off. Amanda leans over and delivers a long, sensual kiss.

They look at each other for a beat, and laugh. Impossible to be serious with one another. Amanda slides out of the bed and heads into an adjacent bathroom. Jason leans over to check his phone, spotting the text from Coop. He smirks.

JASON

(calls out)

You staying the night?

AMANDA (O.S.)

Can't. Greg could be back early tomorrow morning.

JASON

Hadn't seen Greg around in awhile. He looks well.

Amanda steps out of the bathroom. She begins getting dressed as she pulls clothes from an overnight bag.

AMANDA

(sarcastically)

Ha, ha, ha.

JASON
You should really watch the PDA in
the store though.

Amanda tosses a pile of clothes at Jason.

AMANDA
Oh yeah? What are you going to do,
fire me?

JASON
I could you know.

Amanda jumps back onto Jason playfully pinning him down.

AMANDA
Oh, somebody's getting power hungry
now that the King is dead. You're
the first in line to the throne.

She begins kissing his neck. She realizes Jason isn't
reciprocating. She pulls back, Jason looking distant.

AMANDA
You okay?

JASON
I don't want to be the King.

AMANDA
What?

JASON
Look at Tony. Worked for 35 years
getting bossed around by customers,
supervising teenagers, and eating
Beefy's twice a day. Jesus. Stroke
at 52, died in Santa Claus,
Indiana. That's where I'm headed.
(beat)
I don't want to die at Holiday
World.

Long beat.

AMANDA
Splashin' Safari.

JASON
What?

AMANDA

There's Holiday World the theme park and Splashin' Safari the water park. He had the stroke at the water park.

JASON

Ugh. That's even worse. He probably had his shirt off and everything.

Amanda starts to chuckle.

JASON

What? This isn't funny, this is my future we're talking about.

AMANDA

I doubt he went topless.

Jason laughs a little.

JASON

So, I'll not only be the guy who has a stroke, but also that guy who wears a white t-shirt at the water park.

They both are laughing. He takes a beat to look at Amanda.

JASON

At least I've got you. This is about the only thing in my life I choose to do.

Amanda looks slightly uncomfortable, like she wants to say something.

JASON

What?

AMANDA

Nothing.

She leans over and kisses Jason sympathetically on the forehead.

AMANDA

You don't have to spend your life working at Beefy's. No one has a gun to your head.

Jason lays back against the headrest.

JASON

I guess I've got no clue what I'd do if I didn't work at Beefy's.

Amanda thinks about it.

AMANDA

Just go to Florida. You'll have to deal with the same crap there, but at least it's sunny, and you can go to a real beach.

Off Jason, considering the possibility.

INT. BEEFY'S - DAY

The restaurant is starting to fill up. Jason works the front with a patented smile that one can only develop from years of pretending to care about customers. He sets down a sandwich and fries on a CUSTOMER'S tray.

JASON

Enjoy that now.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jason finds GRIFFIN, 20's, a seasonal Beefy's slacker, cleaning dishes in a half-assed manner.

JASON

(re: DVD/TV Combo)

That thing get regular channels?

GRIFFIN

I wish.

Jason looks at him.

JASON

You don't do much around here and I'm okay with that. It's fast food, you don't care, I get it.

Griffin just looks at Jason. Jason pulls out his iPhone.

JASON

Figure out a way to get the audio to the 500 streaming on my phone.

Griffin dries his hands and grabs the phone.

GRIFFIN

You put money on the race or something?

JASON

A little.

GRIFFIN

What's a little?

JASON

(quick)

A hundred dollars. Can you figure it out?

GRIFFIN

Nice. Yeah I got it.

EXT. BEEFY'S - LATER

A LINE OF CARS snake around Beefy's, impatiently creeping their way to the Drive-Thru window.

LOUD SOUNDS OF INDYCARS ROAR IN THE DISTANCE...

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

...with thirty laps left, the young Marco Andretti leads the Indianapolis 500. He's followed by Ed Carpenter and Danica Patrick.

INSIDE BEEFY'S

Jason has his hand up to his ear leaning against the counter. He pretends to compile figures on a 'beef chart.' An earbud from his headphones is run up his shirt and through the sleeve so he can discretely listen to THE AUDIO OF THE RACE...

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Danica sure has shown what she's made of today.

TIGHT ON Jason. He winces at Danica's name. He doodles on the beef chart not writing anything in particular...

AMANDA (O.S.)

Jason?

Jason drops his hand from his head bringing us back to the full sound of the restaurant. Amanda hovers.

AMANDA

Can you do the beef charts after the rush? I'm getting slammed.

JASON

Yeah, sure.

Jason drops the earbud and begins bagging an order.

BATHROOM - LATER

Jason bursts through the bathroom door. He frantically pulls the headphones out of his shirt where he was hiding them. He replugs them into his phone and puts on the headphones.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

With two laps left to go. The young Marco Andretti has maintained the lead.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Eight more turns and the Indianapolis 500 is his.

JASON

Come on. Come on.

Jason grips the sides of the sink as he listens intently.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

It'll be another high finish for Danica as well. She currently rides in second well behind the leader, Carpenter just after her.

JASON

(intense)

C'mon Ed, get in there.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

The white flag is out. Andretti now on his way to win his very first Indianapolis 500, one lap to go.

Jason nodding his head, still determined.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Listen to the crowd roar as Marco is through turn 2. Half a lap, half a lap and he is the Indy 500 Champion...

Jason looks up seeing himself in the mirror.

JASON
(to himself)
Come on, come on.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
*Now here's Andretti, finishing the
backstretch. He's into turn three,
here's four... no!*

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Oh no!

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Oh my goodness!

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
*Andretti is into the wall! He's
into the wall! Turn four.*

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Oh my! He lost control, all alone.

JASON
No. No. No.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
*Danica Patrick goes high to
avoid... she's gonna... she wins!
She wins!*

Jason just stares into the mirror.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
*There's the checkered flag! The
first woman driver to win the
Indianapolis 500.*

Jason still staring at himself, plucks the earbuds out of his ears slowly. He takes a breath. Not sure what to do.

Long beat.

Jason turns on the faucet and hits two squirts of liquid soap into his hands. He begins washing them like nothing has happened.

He turns off the faucet and wipes his hands on a paper towel. Shuts off the lights.

EXT. BEEFY'S - NIGHT

Jason leans against a brick wall behind Beefy's. He takes a long pull of a cigarette. The back door opens as Griffin exits dragging two trash bags.

GRIFFIN
How'd you do on the race? You get
that hundo?

Jason suppresses all emotion.

 JASON
 (flat)
Go away.

Griffin, puzzled, continues dragging the trash to the
dumpster.

Jason's cell phone rings. "COOP" lights up his caller ID. He
answers and listens.

 JASON
 (into phone)
Yeah. I know.
 (listens)
Where?

EXT. DIP'S SISTER'S PLACE - NIGHT

Jason pulls up outside a typical cookie cutter two-level
suburban home. There is an oversized F-250 truck in the
driveway. Jason kills his engine and sits in the car for a
beat and takes a deep breath.

Jason walks to the door, clutching a bag of Beefy's, he
knocks. Coop opens up holding an assault rifle, camo stock,
and equipped with a bayonet.

 COOP
Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Danica
Patrick.

 JASON
 (re: assault rifle)
What the hell man, its me.

 COOP
Can't never be too careful. You
better get inside, this baby's not
exactly street legal.

 JASON
Is Dip here?

 COOP
Sure is.

INSIDE

Coop leads Jason into the dingy home. Sparsely decorated with bullshit Target knickknacks and a few mounted deer heads. Empty beer cans and cigarettes are spread about.

A large flat screen TV, with a paused PS3 game, sits in the corner. There are multiple brand new leather furnishings. And there's one thing that stands out... the amount of items that are decorated with CAMOUFLAGE.

Coop walks in and sets down the assault rifle. He takes a seat in a nearby chair.

COOP
(yelling)
Dip! Jason's here.

Jason takes a seat across from Coop, uneasy.

JASON
Who lives here?

COOP
It's Dip's sister's place. We've
been crashing here for a bit before
we move to Wichita.

DIPPER (O.S.)
(sharp)
Ain't nobody's business where we
headed.

Dipper enters the room which is now silent. He takes his time to sit down on one of the leather couches. The leather squeaks.

JASON
(nervous)
Hey, Dip.

A long beat. Dipper is focused on the frozen image across the TV screen.

DIPPER
Hey to you.

Dipper reaches over on a side table and grabs a pack of cigarettes. He begins to pound the pack on his hand. Every sound amplified in the quiet room.

JASON
(re: Beefy's bag)
I brought over some food.

Dip looks at the bag, plucks out a cigarette.

DIPPER
You brought my cash?

JASON
I'll of course pay you all of the
money. But, I just don't have it
all now.

Beat.

DIPPER
How much did you bring?

JASON
About four hundred.

Dipper doesn't react. Just stares into Jason.

DIPPER
Let's see if I got this right. You
come in here with a few roast beef
sandwiches and 'about' four hundred
dollars?

(laughs to himself)
Shit son, you must have one hell of
a mouth, because the blow job
you're about to offer is going to
run me some nine thousand dollars.

JASON
(smiling a little)
I can get more tomorrow, but I
figured you could run interest on
the rest. 'Juice' you know? I can
send it to where ever you guys are
heading...

BANG. Dip smashes his hand into the side table next to the
couch. This silences the room again. Dip continues to stare
intensely at Jason, never breaking away. He is about to
speak...

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. A blonde haired girl, LORELEI, 9, with a
perma-stain of red Kool-Aid around her mouth, comes storming
down the stairs.

LORELEI
Uncle Dip, Uncle Dip! Is my pink
gun ready yet? Is it?

The conversation is halted, Dip's demeanor has softened in a
flash.

DIPPER

Ah, aren't you a sweet one. You're after Uncle Dip's heart getting into guns so early. I got it ready for you right here.

Dipper pulls out a PINK CAMOUFLAGED 4X10 SHOTGUN from under the couch. The little girl squeals and jumps up and down.

LORELEI

That's so cool! Lemme see it.

Jason can do nothing but observe this odd exchange.

DIPPER

Sure you can see it. But first can you run in the kitchen and grab me an apple?

(looking at his stomach)

Trying to eat healthier sweetie.

LORELEI

Okay!

The girl barrels off. Without speaking Dipper lifts a box of shotgun shells up off the nearby table.

JASON

(rapid fire)

I can pay you in a month or two. I just need some time. If I pay with interest you stand to make more anyway...

Dipper plucks FIVE SHOTGUN SHELLS from the box.

JASON

Just give me some time. Please...

DIPPER

I don't care how you do it. But you'll have that money by tomorrow night. We ain't waiting around.

As he speaks he slowly LOADS the shells into the clip of the pink camouflaged shotgun.

JASON

Wait. Wait. Dip. Coop. What the hell is going on here? I can get the money...

The little girl comes flying back in holding an apple.

LORELEI

Here. Here. Now lemme see it.

She gives the apple to Dip.

DIPPER

Sure here you go.

Dip HANDS the nine year old a LOADED SHOTGUN.

She struggles to move it around and careens the barrel past Coop, who jumps out of its direction.

COOP

Shit!

JASON

Wait!

DIPPER

Hey fellas, why don't we all calm down and let Lori play with her new pink gun.

Both men are frozen.

LORELEI

It's heavy Uncle Dip.

DIPPER

Be careful. Now what have I told you? You have to treat every gun like it's loaded at all times.

LORELEI

I know what I'm doing!

Lorelei aims at random objects in the room.

DIPPER

Hey Lori, you ever hear the story of William Tell?

LORELEI

No.

She now holds the gun slumped down. Jason shifts in his seat.

DIPPER

Ol' William Tell had to prove how good of a shot he was. And do you know what he had to do?

LORELEI

What?

DIPPER

He had to shoot an apple off his own son's head to save his life.

LORELEI

Really?

DIPPER

Really...now I don't remember the point of the story, but do you think you could shoot an apple of someone's head?

LORELEI

Uhh..duhh..Of course I can!

Dipper flips the apple and hits Jason square in the chest forcing him to catch it.

COOP

Hey Dip, how bout we...

DIPPER

Put the apple on your head Jason.

JASON

Dip, I...

DIPPER

(deadly serious)
Do it now.

LORELEI

Yeah, do it. Do it!

Jason doesn't move. From out of the little girl's vantage point, Dipper slides a Glock 9 millimeter from his waist and sets it down on the side table. Dip takes this time to finally light his cigarette.

DIPPER

Put the apple on your head Jason,
you heard the little lady.

Jason, defeated, slowly puts the apple on his head.

DIPPER
(directing Lorelei)
Now lift that barrel up and make
sure you aim that bead right at the
apple. Don't hold the trigger 'til
you're ready to shoot.

Jason's breathing deepens. The room is gravely intense as the little girl lifts up the barrel, struggling to keep it from bobbing up and down.

COOP
(whispering)
Jesus Dip.

Lori slowly begins to steady the aim. The barrel still bobs up then down, with the bead in the vicinity of Jason's face.

DIPPER
Hold it still Lore. Don't pull the
trigger until you have it square on
the apple. Just like I taught you.

Jason closes his eyes, wincing. Lorelei puts her finger on the trigger... and...

LORELEI
My arms hurt.

Jason opens his eyes to see Lorelei having slumped the pink shotgun to the floor. Dipper picks it up. Jason lets out a gasp of relief. The situation momentarily diffused.

DIPPER
Aw, sweetie. We'll try again
another time. Maybe our friend
Jason can come by again.

LORELEI
I smell curly fries!

Lorelei oblivious to all the excitement goes straight for the bag of Beefy's.

DIPPER
Sure you do. That there's for you.
Run along now.

Lorelei excited goes skipping back up the stairs with the bag. Jason is an anxious mess. Dipper rises with the pink shotgun. He walks over to Jason and one handed, places the barrel of the shotgun against Jason's forehead.

DIPPER

(deadly)

If I'd take the chance that my
eight year old niece might
accidentally paint your brains on
my living room wall... imagine what
I'll deliberately do if I don't
have the money by midnight
tomorrow.

Dipper lifts up the barrel. He carries the gun out of the
room leaving Jason and Coop.

COOP

Guess he ain't fucking around this
time Jace.

Jason looks at Coop incredulously. 'No shit'

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Jason quickly paces through the aisles of the gas station,
grabbing random snacks, Doritos, beef jerky, and a bottle of
5 Hour Energy. He brings them up to the counter to a GAS
ATTENDANT.

JASON

(re: 5 Hour Energy)

This stuff work?

GAS ATTENDANT

If you aren't interested in
sleeping for two days.

Jason sees a tower of sunglasses next to the register.

GAS ATTENDANT

Taking a little road trip?

JASON

Something like that.

GAS ATTENDANT

You wanna stay off the highway if
you was planning to go north.
Construction's got the entrance
blocked off over here.

Jason grabs a pair of sunglasses, sets them on the counter.

JASON

I'm heading south.

OUTSIDE

Jason marches to his car. He takes one last look back toward the town. As he does he spots a LARGE BILLBOARD for MAT MART. "Floor Mats, Doormats, Bath Mats. Don't get rolled over by the other guys." There's a picture of a family, smiling, apparently having all their matting needs satisfied.

Jason stares at the billboard. He is locked in on one word DOORMAT.

An idea.

INT. STEAK N' SHAKE - NIGHT

A retro diner, half full with young people drunk or high, the only place open 24/7 in this town. Jason sits with a glass of water and a meal he's barely touched. Coop enters and slumps down in Jason's booth.

COOP

Couldn't wait 'til morning huh?

JASON

I need your help. I got a plan, but we gotta...

COOP

Whoa... we? I'm gonna stop you there. Listen, we go back. But outside of selling you skunk weed in high school and when you was in college, we ain't exactly best buds. So, lets drop this royal 'we' shit right now.

JASON

My plan involves you, but you benefit, and its also a sure thing.

COOP

A sure thing? Like betting on the Indy 500?

JASON

(losing temper)

I fucking bet against a woman driver!

THREE EMO kids look over at Jason. He regains his composure.

JASON

I bet against a woman driver that should have been a sure thing. But, this is nothing like that. This is no risk. It's one night, I'll be square with Dip and you get a piece on the side.

COOP

How big a piece we talking?

JASON

A grand up front. I'll throw you another grand a month later when I have time to put some money together.

COOP

I'm listening.

JASON

Beefy's. There's this "doormat" policy. If you are ever threatened in a robbery, you are suppose to, without question, hand over the money. Period. No funny business...

COOP

You want me to rob Beefy's? Your own store? Why am I going to risk robbing a store for ten grand to get two. That's retarded.

A WAITRESS, 40's, worn and pudgy, comes by the table.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything sweetheart?

COOP

You could get me a lot of things baby, but let's start with a strawberry shake.

The waitress ignores him, turns to Jason.

WAITRESS

And you all set here?

JASON

I'm good, thanks.

The waitress leaves, Coop watches her go.

JASON

You wouldn't be robbing it in any real sense. I'll be there by myself, handing you the entire day's take in cash. Just like if I were paying you. You leave with the money, take whatever is extra off the top. Dip is paid, you're paid. And I call the robbery in and tell 'em I got held up by a black guy in a ski mask.

Coop considers the plan. It's not bad.

COOP

Does Beefy's even make eleven grand in a day?

JASON

No. Not one day. But two, sure. I didn't drop our deposit from Sunday so that's four grand right there. I need a good day tomorrow but we had a coupon drop today, that'll help. I'll call in a few favors and get some catering orders. Eleven is doable.

COOP

What if you just make it to ten, and there's no take for me.

JASON

I'll get it.

COOP

You better. Because Dip's not the only one done fucking around with your ass.

(beat)

What time do I need to be there?

JASON

Eleven thirty. I'll make sure I'm by myself. Just park across the street, come in on foot. I hand you the cash and that's it.

Coop thinks on it. Not sure.

COOP

Why are you doing this? You can't sell your car? Call your folks? This seems like a lotta trouble.

(MORE)

COOP (cont'd)

You ain't got another way to get ten grand?

JASON

In one day? No. My parent's estate isn't exactly liquid, they are living paycheck to paycheck like most. My sister would have to ask her husband, who wouldn't have it, and it'd be a 'no' even if he did. I could flip my car on Craigslist but only get five or six grand in cash, but then I'd have no fucking car and still be short half of it.

(beat)

This is simple and easy.

Coop mulls it over. The waitress returns with a large strawberry shake. Whipped cream, cherry on top.

WAITRESS

Let me know if that's sweet enough for you.

COOP

Oh, I'll let you know.

She briskly exits leaving Coop with his shake. He pulls the straw out and licks the whipped cream off, contemplating.

COOP

Alright. I'll be there at eleven thirty.

(beat)

And I think we both know you're the one paying for this shake.

Coop slurps some whipped cream off the top of the shake like a small child.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE on an iPhone... "FUCKING BOSS", with an unflattering picture of Jason, fills the screen as it rings.

A large GRAVITY BONG gurgles.

Griffin takes a huge rip like only a college kid can do. He coughs once, then is cool. He looks over to CHAD, 19, Griffin's counterpart, who sips a Natty light as he checks his phone.

CHAD
Jason? What the fuck does he want?

GRIFFIN
Answer it fag.

CHAD
It's like he somehow knows when we are getting fucked up, and calls us.

GRIFFIN
(laughs)
Maybe we're just always fucked up.

CHAD
True.
(answering)
What's up boss?

INT. JASON'S CAR - SAME

JASON
Good you're still up. Wait, you're not drinking are you?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

CHAD
Oh no man, just uh, studying some shit for a test.

JASON
You are working tomorrow right?

CHAD
Yeah.. The test isn't until, uhh.. Tuesday.

JASON
Is Griffin there?

CHAD
He's right here, studying too... same test.

JASON
I need a big favor, I need you guys in early tomorrow. 6 A.M. Which is like four hours from now can you do that? I need all hands on deck tomorrow.

Chad mouths "Fuck". Griffin looks on concerned.

CHAD

I mean, that's only like a three
hour notice man, we weren't suppose
to be in until ten.

Jason stares ahead. He doesn't have much leverage with these
hourly waged burnouts.

JASON

You do this for me, I'll leave you
both clocked in until eight and you
both can take off at two alright? I
need you there Chad, you are the
most responsible, or at least the
most likely to attempt a form of
responsibility.

CHAD

Let me ask Griffin.

Jason listens, hears Griffin say 'Fuck that' in the
background. The stoners converse a little longer.

CHAD

Yeah, okay.

JASON

Awesome, I owe you both. And I'll
buy you a six-pack when you are old
enough.

Chad takes a pull of his beer.

CHAD

Whatever man.

INT. BEEFY'S - PREDAWN

Jason storms into Beefy's. Focused, he pulls out some sheets
of paper and fires up an older model PC at his desk. As it
loads, he reaches over to the safe under his desk and opens
it. He pulls out Sunday's deposit and sets it on his desk.

He pulls out a calculator and starts punching in some
numbers, calculating the day's sales projections. He
scribbles some of the numbers on the paper. Looks it over.

He sits back in his chair for a second. 'This is manageable'
He closes his eyes to rest.

As quick as he shut his eyes, a door slams shut. Jason is jarred awake, finding Florence, fully dressed and alert like only an elderly person can be at this hour.

FLORENCE
Good morning Jason.

JASON
Florence. What time is it?

FLORENCE
Five fifty.

JASON
Shit.

FLORENCE
(continuing her thought)
I know without looking at a clock
because I just took my pills at
five thirty sharp. My doctor says
my blood thinners...

JASON
Sounds great Florence. Here are the
beef charts. Put the ovens up to
four-fifty to start. We need eight
roasts going.

FLORENCE
Four-fifty?

JASON
We're going to have some catering
orders and a big lunch rush. We
need to speed cook.

Florence shakes her head.

FLORENCE
Shortcuts are the quickest way to
do the wrong thing.

That rings a little too pointed for Jason at the moment.

JASON
I've got to run to the bank. Go
ahead and get started. The boys
should be here soon to give you a
hand.

Jason walks off leaving the deposit out. Florence wastes no
time in beginning the work. She enters the...

WALK-IN FREEZER

Florence turns on the lights. Racks of frozen roast beef stacked high to the ceiling encompass the entire freezer.

INT. BRIAN GILL'S HOME - DAY

BRIAN GILL, 40, sits at his kitchen table eating multi-grain Cheerios. He is wearing an uncomfortably bright golf outfit. Bright green polo shirt and plaid green pants.

His holstered cell phone vibrates. He pulls it from his belt. It's from a blocked number.

TEXT MESSAGE: 92 days...

He looks disturbed. Deletes the text. Takes a hard bite of his cereal.

KAREN GILL (O.S.)
That outfit is so cute. Don't you
love it?

KAREN GILL, perfect housewife, enters carrying a small child and sporting a baby bump.

SMALL CHILD
Daddy looks silly.

Brian Gill plasters on a practiced smile.

BRIAN GILL
It's great dear.

TWO TEENAGE BOYS come plowing through the kitchen hitting each other, one carries a PS Vista.

ONE OF THE BOYS
Stop it you prick!

THE OTHER ONE
Get bent.

KAREN GILL
Hey! Knock it off.

BRIAN GILL
(fatherly tone)
Braden, Brody, language!

They barely pay attention to their progenitors and disappear out of the kitchen.

BRIAN GILL

Sure you don't want me to stay around today. You've got your hands full with the kids and the cookout...

KAREN GILL

Nonsense. You never take a day for yourself. You promised, no work today and only fun.

BRIAN GILL

I know honey it's just..

KAREN GILL

(sharp)

That's the end of it.

(nice)

I packed something special for your little golf outing. It's in your office. Go see...

She kisses him on the forehead, he forces a smile.

HOME OFFICE - LATER

Brian Gill enters his home office. As soon as he does, all his pretension is gone and the smirk disappears. He locks his door and goes over to his desk where a soft cooler sits with a note on top. He opens it.

'How many wives tell their husbands to go and get drunk?
(Heart) Karen'

He tosses the card in the trash and flips up the flap of the cooler. Vodka and Bloody Mary mix sit on ice. He looks annoyed as he goes behind his desk.

He opens a bottom drawer with a key. Inside that drawer contains a safe. With his thumbprint, it opens.

He removes a GLOCK 23 HANDGUN with a silencer and places it in a duffle bag. Next, RUBBER BANDED STACKS OF CASH... then a CELL PHONE. He pulls out a final object... a DEER MASK WITH ANTLERS, *exactly like the masks from the opening sequence.*

After all these items are in the bag, he zips it up. Picks up his phone and dials. Someone answer on the other end...

BRIAN GILL

(into phone)

Forty five minutes. Bear Chase Golf Course.

INT. CHAD'S JEEP - DAY

Chad and Griffin sit in a beat up Jeep parked next to Beefy's. Chad drops in Clear Eyes as Griffin chews half a pack of gum.

CHAD
(re: Clear Eyes)
Here, you want some?

Griffin takes the Clear Eyes and hands the pack of gum to Chad. He takes a few pieces and crams it in his mouth. They sit there in the Beefy's parking lot. Just two teenagers chewing gum. Chad begins to laugh.

GRIFFIN
What the fuck are you laughing at?

This makes Chad laugh even harder.

GRIFFIN
Quit it fag.

Now Griffin can't contain his laughter and joins in, as only two half-drunk, half-high, half-tired kids can laugh at nothing.

CHAD
I'm still fucked up.

GRIFFIN
I'm straight. Check my breath.

Griffin leans into Chad's face and breathes.

CHAD
You're cool, how's mine?

Chad returns the gesture. Both their faces an inch apart.

INT. BEEFY'S - DAY

Florence struggles to load the thawed roasts into an oven. It takes all of her ninety pound frame to lift them. Chad and Griffin enter, playing it as cool as they can.

CHAD
How are you doing today Flo?

FLORENCE
I've felt better. I've been feeling colder with these new...

GRIFFIN
 (not listening)
Jason here?

 FLORENCE
No. He ran to the bank. Although I
don't know why he needs to do that.
He left last night's deposit. Seems
like he's going to have to make two
trips...

 GRIFFIN
 (ignoring Florence)
Dude, Jason's not here. Let's go up
front.

They walk past Florence, indifferent to helping an eighty
year old woman with the heavy lifting. Florence loads the
last tray of beef. She turns up the dials to 450. The
machines roar to life.

Florence's facial expression suddenly begins to change. She
starts flexing her left arm a bit. She clutches it with her
right arm. Her breathing becomes labored as her right hand
moves to her chest. She collapses on the middle of the prep
floor.

LOBBY

Completely unaware of Florence's collapse, Griffin and Chad
have out cleaning supplies and begin their opening duties.
Slowly and without purpose, Chad mops the floor.

 CHAD
It's really bullshit that we have
to clean in the morning. They just
cleaned this place after they
closed last night. Then we come in,
and clean it again. Why? They just
fucking cleaned it.

 GRIFFIN
Who cares?

 CHAD
Well you don't take a shower at
night, go to bed and lay perfectly
still for eight hours, then feel
the need to shower again the second
you wake up. That would be
retarded.

GRIFFIN

Man, my head is killing me. I think those Natty's are wearing off.

CHAD

I could go for a beer. That always helps my hangover.

GRIFFIN

A beer would be good.

CHAD

But, a warm beer. Not a cold beer but a beer that's been sitting out on the counter for a few hours. I have one warm beer and my hangover is gone.

GRIFFIN

Warm beer? That's fucking gross.

Griffin pulls out his dugout.

CHAD

Dude, you gonna to do that right here?

GRIFFIN

Fuck it. This will cure my shit. Jason's not here, who cares?

CHAD

A warm beer and a nap. And I'd be straight.

Griffin walks over to the entrance of the store. He unlocks the door and leaves it cracked open. He lights up and inhales.

GRIFFIN

(re: the weed)

Fuck that's good. Why don't you go take a nap in your car. Get a good fifteen minutes and then you cover me.

CHAD

That's a solid idea. I've got some Keystones in the back I think.

GRIFFIN

(mocking)

"Warm beer and a nap."

EXT. MUNCIE CREDIT UNION ATM - DAY

Jason checks his account balance - \$953.48. He withdraws the max of \$200. He is growing impatient with the process. He hits the max \$200 again. The money churns out. He does the max again, this time an error message pops up...

MESSAGE: Cannot currently process request.

JASON

Ah, come on.

He tries it again. Same message. He hits the machine.

JASON

Shit.

He tries it again...

MESSAGE: Account has been locked.

JASON

Shit. Shit.

Jason checks his watch. He looks up at the bank hours: Monday-Friday 7AM-7PM. He paces a bit, then decides to wait.

He slides down against the entrance of the door and rubs his temples. He opens up his cell phone and dials.

It rings, rings... then voicemail.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You've reached...

He cuts it off as a PT Cruiser comes flying into the parking lot. A COLLEGE SORORITY GIRL hops out, stumbles a bit. Clearly hungover in block out sunglasses and yesterday's clothes. She walks straight up to Jason.

JASON

They aren't open yet.

COLLEGE GIRL

Oh, shit. Duh!

(smacks forehead)

It's Memorial Day. Stupid banks and their lame holidays.

Jason jumps up, a sign "Closed Memorial Day" was above his head the whole time.

JASON

Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. BEEFY'S - SAME

Griffin continues cleaning the front of the lobby. As he wipes down the counter his facial expression changes. He rushes towards the...

BATHROOM

OVER BLACK -- We here a stall door open and Griffin beginning to puke. It goes on for a beat. Griffin finishes up there is a rustling around for the light switch.

BRIGHT. Light on.

The TOILET LID... CLOSED.

VOMIT all over the top and sides of the toilet. There's a good reason to clean up.

Griffin moans as he puts his weight against the side of the stall and slides to the floor, defeated. Not ready to tackle the mess, he rests his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

Jason pulls frantically into the parking lot of an adjacent baseball field. A FEW COLLEGE BASEBALL PLAYERS head to the diamond with COACH BROWN, 45, your run of the mill hard ass.

JASON

Coach Brown!

Coach Brown turns around and sees a very frantic Jason coming towards him.

COACH BROWN

Jason? What's a matter? You finally getting around to bringing the curly fries you left out of my order Friday?

Jason tries to laugh and play along but he's in a hurry.

JASON

Sorry, I tried to call. I need a big favor. You think you could cater from Beefy's today?

COACH BROWN

Those billboards over the interstate don't bring enough in, you got to solicit beef sandwiches door to door?

JASON

I don't want to be a drama queen about it but, I need an end of quarter sales bump today. It could be the difference in keeping my job or losing it. I'm sorry, I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important.

Coach Brown studies Jason. He can sense bullshit but, can see Jason is legitimately in need of help. A beat.

COACH BROWN

Ah, what the hell. Guess I might as well treat these guys since today is technically a "voluntary practice." I'll send one of my boys over to pick it up around one?

JASON

Thank you so much. Yes, one's great. It'll run about the same as last time, if that's alright?

COACH BROWN

My pops would probably roll over in his grave he knew I shell out a grand on beef to feed these whining little brats.

Coach Brown chuckles to himself and walks away. Jason pulls out his cell phone and dials. As he walks back to his car, we hear it ringing, ringing...

TONY (V.O.)

(overtly corny)

You've reached Beefy's. We must be busy busting away to bring you the best in beef. So leave a message after the beep...

Jason pissed, hangs up. 'Why is no one answering?'

CUT TO:

INT. CHAD'S JEEP - DAY

"Who Will Save Your Soul" by Jewel plays as Chad is passed out cold in the fully reclined front seat of his Jeep. One hand clutches a warm Keystone Light.

REVERSE THROUGH WINDOW

Jason's car comes flying back into the parking lot. Screeching to a halt, Jason jumps out of his car and immediately notices Chad asleep in his car.

Chad lies peacefully as Jewel is blaring. Jason rushes up to the driver's side window.

WHAM. WHAM.

Jason pounds the glass causing Chad to jump, spilling beer all over his uniform.

JASON
(muffled through window)
Get. Out.

Chad looks like he's about to piss himself.

CHAD
(getting out)
Jason, man. I'm sorry. I..

PARKING LOT

Jason, frustrated, waits for Chad to get out but, something catches his eye...

SMOKE. Filling the lobby of Beefy's.

He rushes up to the entrance, it's locked. He fumbles with his keys. Finding the right one, he rips open the door.

INSIDE BEEFY'S

The smoke is darker towards the kitchen. Jason hops the counter. He grabs a fire extinguisher and instinctively goes to the ovens. As he rips them open, smoke pours out.

He douses the oven and in turn the precious beef. He empties the fire extinguisher on the bottom oven as well.

THE BEEF IS CHARRED. And now covered in flame retardant.

Jason begins coughing. He kicks open the back door letting the smoke out. He hacks up a few more coughs. As the smoke clears out he finds...

FLORENCE. Lying in the middle of the floor. Dead.

JASON
Florence! Florence!

Dropping to his knees, he checks her pulse. Nothing.

JASON
You've got to be kidding me.

He shakes her almost apathetically. His apathy turns to anger.

JASON
(yelling)
Chad! Griffin!

Jason rises and storms to the front of the store.

LOBBY

Smoke is still dwindling and there is no sign of the burnouts. He rips open the door to the bathroom where he spots Griffin passed out next to his own vomit. Jason SMACKS Griffin right in the face.

JASON
Griffin, what the fuck?

GRIFFIN
(coming to)
Shit. Ah. Shit. Sorry Jason. I'm sick.

He grabs Griffin by the collar and pulls him out of the bathroom as Chad comes in from the parking lot.

CHAD
Whoa, what happened?

JASON
You guys are worthless! I leave for thirty minutes and you burn all the beef and kill Florence.

CHAD
Florence is dead?

GRIFFIN
What?

Jason finally loses his cool.

JASON
Fuck! Fuck!

CHAD
We should call 911.

Trying to regain some composure.

JASON
No! I'll take care of it. You guys fucked up big time. But you know what? Forget it. I've got to call Nick at the Anderson store.

GRIFFIN
For what?

JASON
Beef... to serve at Beefy's you moron. We don't have enough time to start the roasts we need to last us through lunch.

CHAD
Forget the beef. I know we screwed up, but Florence is dead dude.

JASON
You guys are going to Anderson. I'll call 911 and take care of Florence.

GRIFFIN
One of us could stay and...

JASON
No! Two of you barely make one competent person. Both of you go.

Griffin and Chad stand there unsure.

JASON
Go!

They start to move and he grabs them both by the collar and pulls them back in.

JASON
(intense, dark)
Listen to me very closely. The only reason you both aren't fired right now is because I need a great day today. You hear me? This goes beyond some boss-employee shit.
(MORE)

JASON (cont'd)
If you two fuck this up, I will
literally come to your house and
sodomize you with an aluminum
baseball bat. Understood?

Chad and Griffin nod and hurry out. Jason turns back to the prep area and sees Florence's feet protruding into view from the kitchen area.

PARKING LOT

As Chad and Griffin walk to the jeep, a long sober silence...

CHAD
Dude, what's sodomize mean?

They both start to laugh.

BACK INSIDE

Jason stands over Florence in total shock. His cellphone rings. Jason glances at his caller ID. He takes a deep breath. His tone becomes upbeat and professional.

JASON
(into phone)
Doug! Thanks for calling me back.
Sorry I called so early, but I'm
sort of in a bind.
(listens)
Sure, I was hoping you may be in
need of a catering order on campus
today?

Jason glances at a clock. Then looks at Florence.

JASON
(into phone)
I figured you probably weren't, and
I hate to have to beg you. But, and
I don't want to sound melodramatic,
but it's almost life or death over
here. I'd owe you big time.

Jason reaches down and grabs both of Florence's arms while cradling the phone in his neck. He begins dragging her...

JASON
(into phone)
You will? Thank you. I really
appreciate it. What time do you
need to pick up?

He drags Florence into the walk-in freezer.

WALK-IN FREEZER

He lays Florence to the side.

JASON
(into phone)
One? You got it. Thanks pal.

Jason ends the call and puts the phone in his pocket. He stares at Florence.

JASON
(to Florence)
I'm sorry to do this. Just give me
a few minutes Florence and we'll
get you situated.

He grabs a tray of frozen beef and closes the freezer door.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

JOE, 24, a muscular but trim young man, gazes on to a manicured putt and chip lawn where we find Brian Gill working his pitching wedge. Joe looks very similar to JOHN from the opening, ex-military, long stare. Gill spots him.

BRIAN GILL
Joe?

Joe nods, approaches the putting green. Brian lines up a putt and sinks it. He has a menacing gravity to his movements, completely opposite of the submissive house dad from earlier. He approaches Joe and shakes his hand firmly.

BRIAN GILL
Brian Gill. Thanks for meeting me
on a holiday.
(beat)
And thanks for... you know, your
service. Or whatever it is I am
supposed to say to a veteran on
Memorial Day.

Joe just kind of stands there. Brian Gill leans on his club.

BRIAN GILL
(gets to it)
You've been working for us over at
Wolf Run subdivision is that right?

JOE
Cattle Cove.

BRIAN GILL

(chuckles)

Cattle Cove. Right. Wolf Run, Bear Chase, Turkey Springs. People love the idea of nature. The idea. When what they really want is for us to plow the shit out of it and pop up a faux brick castle with a bunch of fake rocks in their lawn.

(Chuckles again)

Cattle Cove, it's like we ran out of combinations of animal and geographic location.

Gill begins walking to his golf cart, Joe in tow. They pass three bronze statues of a family of bears.

BRIAN GILL

You've been in trouble with the law recently?

JOE

Bar fight. I didn't start it though.

BRIAN GILL

No need to explain to me, Joe. You've had towel heads taking pot shots at you, little kids throwing rocks, friends blown to shit. You come back here and you wonder what everyone is smiling about. Like their country isn't in a fucking war.

Gill walks to his golf cart and tosses his clubs in the bag.

BRIAN GILL

Drive me up to the first tee, will you?

Joe gets in the driver's seat.

BRIAN GILL

You're getting in trouble because of the disconnect. The people around you have a void left from the constant state of comfort they've built for themselves. Houses, children, sports... they've neutered themselves of real pain. Soft and unrecognizable to those who have felt what it's really like to be uncomfortable.

They pass a group of High School kids laughing as they shotgun beers in the parking lot.

BRIAN GILL

Now you know we've got our hands in developing, construction, landscaping. But we also help people fill their voids.

JOE

Drugs?

BRIAN GILL

Sure. Drugs, gambling, escorts. We dabble in all of the illicit solutions to the human condition.

Joe winds up to the first tee and they stop as a FATHER and SON tee off in front of them. Gill grabs the black duffel bag he filled up earlier and puts it on Joe's lap.

BRIAN GILL

That's where you come in. In this kind of work you sometimes need a heavy hand.

(re: the bag)

There's a large retainer in there. That's cash, up front. You'll continue to work on the landscaping teams in order to keep your taxes legitimate. You'll also find a mask. You'll wear that partly to conceal your identity, but more importantly to scare the shit out of people.

Gill pulls out a slip of paper and hands it to Joe. Joe studies it.

BRIAN GILL

Here's a guy's name and number up in Yorktown. You'll meet with him later today and he'll fill in all the blanks.

(beat)

Do you understand what I'm asking from you Joe?

JOE

Yes sir.

The twosome finish their drives and head to their cart.

FATHER
(to Gill, Joe)
Morning.

Gill puts his hand up, a signal of suburban acknowledgement.

BRIAN GILL
(to the father)
Good luck out there.

They drive off. Joe stares ahead realizing he will never connect to this world. Gill flips on his Oakley shades.

BRIAN GILL
(to Joe)
I'm offering to fill your void Joe.
(beat)
If that's agreeable to you, take
that bag and I'll be in touch.

Easy choice, Joe hops out of the cart with the duffle bag and heads back toward the parking lot.

Gill sits for a moment staring out onto the vast fairway. Taking it in, or maybe just trying to feel something. He opens up the soft cooler. Considers it. Pours a large portion of vodka into a red solo cup, takes a slug. Heading to the back of his cart, he grabs a club, and heads to the tee box.

INT. BEEFY'S - DAY

Jason is on a cordless phone as he continues to single-handedly get the store ready to open. He is opening refrigerator doors, slicing tomatoes, shredding lettuce. All while he talks on the phone.

JASON
(into phone)
Nick, hey I'm sending two employees
over for six roasts if you can
spare it.

NICK (O.S.)
(smarmy)
Who is this?

JASON
Dammit, Nick. It's Jason.

INT. OTHER BEEFY'S - SAME

NICK, Late 40's, the quintessential fast food manager. Like the biblical Samson, he derives his power from hair, not the hairs on his head, but from his finely trimmed mustache.

NICK

Jason, look I'm sorry to hear about Tony. Wish I could have made it to the service but that was my poker night, I was hosting. But, hey it looks like it's going to be me and you sparring for the next few years in the region.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

JASON

Sparring? I'm not sparring. Look, I'm in a real bind over here. We need some beef or we can't make it through lunch.

NICK

I'm flattered you thought to call. I hate to say it though, I don't have any roasts to spare. We've got our usual catering order going out to the Ball Jar factory, plus we need to be ready for the baseball game tonight over at the high school. Go Tigers!

JASON

(losing patience)

Dammit Nick that's eight hours from now! This isn't a joke. I've already sent my guys, we need whatever you can spare.

NICK

I wish I could help Jace. I really do. But, I've got to look out for my store. Regional would agree.

Jason is fuming. But, continues to mask it the best he can.

JASON

Nick. Please. I'm asking for a big favor here and I'm at your mercy...

NICK

Listen, I got to run, things are
getting crazy around here already.
Bye now.

Nick hangs up.

JASON

Nick, wait...

No answer. Jason is now standing in front of his office desk.
Staring back at him is a smiling picture of 'General
Operations Manager - Tony Miller'

Jason pauses at the poorly lit, cheaply framed photo. A long
beat. Tony still smiling posthumously.

Jason lets loose, and begins repeatedly slamming the cordless
phone into the side of the desk.

INT. CHAD'S JEEP - DAY

Griffin and Chad drive en route to the other Beefy's. They
both hold a Keystone Light in one hand. Chad takes a sip of
his as he drives.

GRIFFIN

(to no one)

Roooooad. Soooooada.

Chad and Griffin's phones both buzz simultaneously. Chad
reads the text out loud while driving.

CHAD

(sotto voice)

"Hey guys, its Jason. Let me know
when you have the beef. Thanks!
XOXO."

GRIFFIN

He didn't say that.

Chad sips his beer.

CHAD

Yes he did. Right here "Let me know
when you have the beef."

GRIFFIN

No shit he said that. He didn't say
"XOXO"

CHAD
Well of course not.

They drive in silence.

GRIFFIN
I think Jason's into some serious
shit.

CHAD
What do you mean?

Chad taps his nose.

GRIFFIN
No.

Chad taps his arm.

GRIFFIN
No, idiot. Gambling. I think he
lost a bunch on that race. That's
why he's acting all shitty this
morning.

CHAD
Really?

Chad takes a big pull of beer as he continues to drive, deep
in thought.

CHAD
Gambling is stupid.

EXT. WHITE RIVER - DAY

Dip and Coop sit idly in lawn chairs overlooking a muddy
river. They watch Lorelei and a BLACK HAired GIRL fish. A few
other small families do the same as they are spread out down
the river's edge.

Dip cracks a beer, takes a long sip. After a beat of silence
Coop breaks the ice...

COOP
You think Jesus drank beer whenever
he fished?

Dip looks at Coop bemused.

DIPPER
Jesus was a carpenter you moron.

Coop thinks really hard.

COOP
Fisher of men, that's right.

Dipper ignores him.

DIPPER
You think Jason is capable of
getting that money?

COOP
(too confident)
He's going to get it alright.

DIPPER
What makes you so sure?

COOP
I mean. I think he's definitely
capable... Like you said.

DIPPER
You must have some reason for the
confidence.

COOP
Shit.
(beat)
He asked me to help him out.

DIPPER
Help him out?

COOP
He's going to have me show up at
his store, you know Beefy's. And
when I show up he's going to give
me the money. But, the money is
coming from Beefy's. He's just
going to say a black guy jumped
him, and that'll be that. Something
called the 'doormat policy' where
he's just suppose to hand over the
money, no fuss.

Coop waits for a reaction. Dipper stares at him. A long beat.

DIPPER
That's not bad.

Coop is surprised Dip is okay with the plan.

COOP

About splitting, you sure we gotta do that right away? I mean this score from Jason is a pretty sweet deal, maybe that holds us over for a few more...

DIPPER

(interrupting)

This area is dry. My cousin is going to set us up in Wichita. We've been over this. We aren't fucking up our deal there.

COOP

I was just figuring...

Dip eyes Coop, who stops. Lets it hang there.

Lorelei comes running up from the bank, her fishing pole is tangled.

LORELEI

Uncle Dip. My pole is all stuck.

DIPPER

Let me help you with that.

He begins untangling the line. Lorelei stares at Coop who is visibly uncomfortable around children.

COOP

(to Lorelei)

You fishing or catching?

Lorelei doesn't answer. Dip finishes untangling the line and hands it back.

DIPPER

There you go sweetie.

Lorelei takes off back to the river. Coop hesitates to say anything but then...

COOP

How long your sis going to be at the casino?

DIPPER

(growing impatient)

However long it takes to clean fifty thousand dollars.

COOP

It's just, it's been almost two months we've been staying at her place. She paying the mortgage? There's bills on the table she probably needs to take care of. And your niece Lorelei...

Dip quickly jumps out of his chair and throws Coop back down by his neck. He pins him to the ground by grappling at his throat.

DIPPER

(gritting teeth)

I say jump and you jump. I cut you in for jumping not to think about jumping. You got it?

He finally gets a firm hold on Coop's neck. Coop stares back defiantly.

COOP

(struggling)

I'm not your bitch.

Dip holds him tight against the ground for a split second longer, then releases. Coop gathers himself and flips his chair up.

Dip grabs another beer out of the cooler and tosses it to Coop.

DIPPER

This fucking move is stressing the shit out of me. With Lorelei around, I just got a lot on my plate.

Coop pops open his beer. They begin to settle back in their lawn chairs. Dip struggles to look at Coop in his eye but once he does it's sincere.

DIPPER

I honestly don't know what I'd do without you Coop.

(beat)

I mean that. When we get setup in Wichita, we're going to be partners outright. Its half and half from here on out.

COOP

(massaging his throat)

Yeah alright.

A girl screams nearby. Dipper immediately jumps up with concern. He quickly eases at the sight of Lorelei holding up a flopping bluegill at the end of her fishing pole.

He pauses, looks down on Coop...

DIPPER

You go check on Jason and make sure everything is copacetic. Don't want him getting any fancy ideas about skipping town.

Dipper walks off towards the bank. Coop takes a sip of his beer as he watches Dip.

DIPPER (O.S)

(to Lorelei)

Ah, settle down. That's just a little fella.

INT. BEEFY'S - DAY

The hiss from the ovens crescendos as Jason opens the doors. There are racks and racks of cooked beef. Jason pulls the trays out and sets them on a counter. He checks one with a thermometer. 'Good enough'

ARNOLD (O.S.)

Hello? Are y'all open?

JASON

One second.

Jason bare hands a roast burning himself, but holds on as he carries it to the slicer. He tosses it on and locks it in. He's done it a thousand times. He comes around to the...

LOBBY

ARNOLD, an old timer and regular customer is at the registers. Unassuming, he's your grandpa. He holds the days paper in a perfect fold. He pulls a napkin from his pocket and wipes the counter exactly three times.

JASON

Oh, hi Arnold. How we doing today?

ARNOLD

Above the dirt. Can't complain. How about you?

Jason slides a tray in front of Arnold. The old timer removes two sugar packets from his other pocket. Laying them down just so, their usual routine...

JASON

(rambling)

Same ol', same ol'. Lost a massive amount of money on the Indy 500 yesterday because I bet against a female driver. Now I'm planning on embezzling the day's take from Beefy's just so my bookie doesn't kill me.

(beat)

You know the usual.

ARNOLD

(playing along)

You don't say? I'd think betting against a female driver would have been a lock.

JASON

You win some, you lose some.

Jason can't believe he just unloaded like that. There's a long beat. Then, Arnold lets out a hearty laugh.

ARNOLD

You know, you got a twisted sense of humor on you. I like it. Reminds me of myself.

JASON

(relieved)

Ha, yeah I get a little carried away sometimes.

Awkward beat.

JASON

So, what can I do for you today? I'm guessing a senior coffee, small roast beef, add lettuce, and...

ARNOLD

No tomato.

JASON

No tomato.

JASON

The usual, absolutely.

BEEP.

The piercing sound of the drive-thru window returns.

JASON

You go ahead and have a seat Arnold
and I'll bring that out to you.

Arnold gives him a smile. Regards Jason's dishevelment.

ARNOLD

Thanks Jason. You've always made my
mornings bright. That's valuable.

BEEP.

JASON

Thanks, that'll be right out.

Jason rushes over to the drive-thru speaker.

INT. THE OTHER BEEFY'S - DAY

Chad and Griffin enter the other Beefy store. It is an identical layout to the their own store with the addition of a few fake plants.

There are some CUSTOMERS in line ordering from a cashier, DEANNA, 19. She is attractive in the right light, blonde with roots showing. She takes an order as she catches Chad's eye and winks.

Appearing from the back is SCOTT, early 30's. He worships the holy trinity: Dale Senior, Dale Junior, and the number 3 car. He is outfitted with the appropriate Beefy's uniform with the exception of a black Number 3 hat.

SCOTT

Look who it is? Ole Chadwick is
back.

CHAD

Hey Scott, we're here to see Nick.

SCOTT

No, 'How do ya do?' Boy you must
lose your manners the farther you
are from the big city.

GRIFFIN

At least we learn hygiene grease
monkey.

SCOTT

Whoa, who's your girlfriend Chad?

CHAD
Where's Nick?

OFFICE AREA

Chad and Griffin follow Scott to the back of the Beefy's store, again identical setup as Jason's office. We track them past multiple plaques for "Manager of the Year - Northeast Indiana" all with head shots of "Nick Conkler - General Operations Manager". Finally finding the real Nick Conkler sitting with his back to the guys.

NICK
Well, if it isn't Harold and Kumar.
Let me guess, White Castle is
closed?

CHAD
Just here for some beef and we'll
be on our way.

Nick really milks spinning his chair around slowly. Once facing Chad he studies him in a way he believes 'intimidating' should look.

NICK
All business are we? That's not the
Chad I remember, the Chad I
remember used to be anything but
business. Usually out taking a few
tokens by the garbage cans just to
manage a whole four hours of work.

Nick does a horrible miming of smoking a joint.

GRIFFIN
Listen perv-stache. We aren't here
to lay our cocks on the table and
have a dick measuring contest.
Jason sent us here for the beef.
You've got it. We'll take it, and
we'll be on our way.

NICK
Oh, I'm afraid you're mistaken. See
I told Jace already that I don't
have beef to give. So, you'll have
to take it up with him on why he
sent you on a wild goose chase,
Cheech.

Nick turns his back on them and begins to walk up front. Chad quickly takes note of the ovens in the background.

GRIFFIN
 (getting angry)
We aren't leaving without...

 CHAD
Let's go dude. He's not giving it
to us. Let's just go back and tell
Jason.

 NICK
There you go Chad. Finally,
thinking straight for once.

 GRIFFIN
 (to Chad)
Dude, he'll give us the...

 CHAD
 (serious)
Let's go.

Chad begins to lead Griffin out of the back of the store.

 NICK
See you later "bros." Better get
back soon, it's 4:20 somewhere,
right guys?

Nick and his employees chuckle to themselves.

 GRIFFIN
 (as he's walking away)
You're right Tom Selleck, and it's
probably Halloween somewhere too.
So keep passing out candy to little
children you fucking pedophile.

Chad yanks Griffin out of the store.

PARKING LOT

 GRIFFIN
What the fuck dude? Why are you
backing down from that prick? Jason
is going to be shitty if we don't
come back with beef.

 CHAD
Chill dude. I saw the ovens.

 GRIFFIN
So?

CHAD

So, they have about six roasts coming out in ten minutes. Once they pull them out, a good four will sit out in the back for a few minutes before they move them to the backline. Scott always pulls the roasts and then steps out for a smoke before putting them up.

They reach the car.

CHAD

When he steps out, I'll slip in behind him and lock him out. By the time I grab a few roasts I'll bust through the back door and be to the car before he knows what's going on.

GRIFFIN

You don't think somebody else in the back will see you.

CHAD

It's Beefy's. You think people will get into a physical confrontation over this shithole?

GRIFFIN

I wouldn't. Nick probably would though.

CHAD

If Nick's back there I'll just punch him in the fucking face.

GRIFFIN

Damn dude that's cold. Why'd he fire you again? Toking?

CHAD

No. You saw that chick up front? That's Deanna, his niece. He caught me fingerin' her out back in the dry shed. Went ballistic.

GRIFFIN

Nice.

INT. BEEFY'S - DAY

Jason is a one man machine. He takes orders with a headset on for Drive-Thru customers. Makes sandwiches in the back. The slicer constantly running, beef piling high.

He pulls out some frozen french fries and tosses them into the fryer. Then he's up to take an order from a CUSTOMER in the front. Normally a job for at least four people he is doing all by himself. And he is good.

Amanda comes in from the back of the store. She spots the slicer, unmanned, now overflowing with beef. She shuts it off. Jason runs by her to make a sandwich.

JASON
(quickly)
Hey.

AMANDA
What's going on?

Jason finishes the sandwich and tosses it down the shoot.

JASON
The beef got burned this morning. I have just enough to hold us over until lunch. I sent the burnouts to Anderson to pick up a few roasts from Nick.

Amanda jumps in to start helping Jason. She puts on a headset and answers a drive-thru order.

AMANDA
(in headset)
Hi, welcome to Beefy's what can I get for you today?

Jason, with blinders on, moves quickly. Amanda cuts him off by placing her hand on his stomach and getting close, intimate.

AMANDA
(personal)
Everything okay?

Jason is about to answer but spots Coop, lurking in the lobby with a few other customers. Coop clocks the exchange, as Jason breaks off and grabs a sandwich flinging it into Coop's chest.

JASON
(to Coop)
Go wait in the dining room.

Coops bobbles the sandwich and drops it. Jason abruptly turns, Amanda stopping him again.

AMANDA
What's he doing here? And why did
all the beef get burnt?

Jason stops in his tracks for a second and looks right at Amanda.

A PIERCING SCREAM reverberates from the back of the store. Amanda and Jason both react.

JASON
(remembering)
Oh shit.

KITCHEN

Jason and Amanda get to the walk-in freezer where Kirsten, arriving to work, stands covering her mouth at the sight of the semi-thawed body of Florence.

JASON
(to Amanda)
Call 911.

Amanda rushes for a phone.

JASON
(to Kirsten)
It's okay, it's okay.

Jason puts his hand on her shoulders and backs her away from the scene.

KIRSTEN
What happened to her?

JASON
She must have had a heart attack.

Kirsten stands in horror.

JASON
Kirsten, why don't you go up front,
clean the bathrooms, just get your
mind off this for awhile. Amanda
and I will handle it okay?

Kirsten slowly nods, disillusioned as she stumbles up front. Amanda is on the phone with a dispatcher.

AMANDA

(to Jason)

Did you check her pulse?

JASON

Yes, she's dead.

AMANDA

(to dispatcher)

Yes, there's no pulse.

(listens)

Okay, okay. Thank you.

(to Jason)

They are on their way.

JASON

This is why the beef burnt. I was at the bank. Chad and Griffin were apparently passed out from whatever it is they do. And Florence must have had a heart attack.

Amanda can barely process all the information.

AMANDA

What? Wait, you didn't call an ambulance once you found her like this? Are you crazy?

JASON

I forgot Amanda. I wanted to start the roasts. We have three catering orders today. I couldn't take a chance of running out during lunch.

AMANDA

Florence could have had a chance to live!

JASON

She was dead Amanda. She is dead. There's nothing I could do for her then and there isn't anything we can do for her now.

Jason begins to walk off.

JASON

You handle this and I'll deal with the customers.

(MORE)

JASON (cont'd)
It's unfortunate, but there's no
reason not to keep doing our jobs.

Jason walks up front, Amanda stands frozen at the image of a deceased Florence.

INT. BEEFY'S - LATER

Coop sloppily eats a roast beef sandwich in the dining area. He sits directly across from Arnold, who tries to ignore Coop by reading the paper. Liquid cheese drips from Coop's chin as he attempts to call Dipper on his iPhone.

COOP
(headset on)
Yo Siri. Call Dipper mobile.
(waits while it rings)
Dip, it's me. Yeah, yeah I'm here.
(listens)
Yeah, Jason's here.

Coop continues to listen as some liquid cheese gets on his headset. After careful thought he proceeds to lick off the cheese from the headset. Arnold shakes his head and puts up his paper.

COOP
(into phone)
I got it. I'm going to finish
eating, then I'm going to pack some
shit up and meet you back.
(listens)
Yes. Alright. Jesus. I'll take care
of it.

Jason comes into the dining room and finds Coop. He notices Arnold, along with another CUSTOMER in the vicinity.

JASON
(to Arnold)
How's that sandwich? You need a
refill on that coffee?

ARNOLD
I'd love a refill Jason, thanks.
(eyeing Coop)
Everything is great.

JASON
Let me get that for you.

Jason takes his coffee cup.

JASON
(to Coop)
Hi, Coop could I have a word with
you outside please?

COOP
I want some coffee too.

Jason tries to hold his smile the best he can.

JASON
Sure thing.

EXT. BEEFY'S - LATER

Coop stands at the back of the store smoking a cigarette.
Jason comes out the back exit.

JASON
What the hell are you doing here?
We don't need anybody connecting
dots.

COOP
Chill, I was hungry and I got some
of those coupons.

JASON
(angry)
You're about to get a grand tonight
and you're worried about some
stupid fucking coupons?

Coop is visibly put off by Jason's tone.

COOP
I'm just making sure everything is
copaseptic.
(beat)
Thinking maybe you should give me
that one grand right now. You know,
just a little insurance in case
you're planning on splitting.

JASON
What? Of course I'm not.
(beat)
And no, you'll get your money
tonight. I can't pull it now. All
the paperwork needs to be square.
Jesus Coop.

Coop seethes at being put in his place. He spits on the ground.

COOP
(threatening)
Fine. You disappear, I'll just ask that purty looking girl up front about you. I bet she'd have some answers... and maybe a few other things for me too.

Coop smirks sheepishly.

JASON
Leave her out this.

COOP
Well that really depends all on you, don't it?

Sirens approach in the distance as Coop walks off. Jason fumes as an ambulance comes ripping into the parking lot. He puts up his hand signaling for them to stop in the back.

ADJACENT PARKING LOT

DARREN, 40's, slightly overweight and a grizzled face, watches the back of Beefy's from inside his SUV. He clocks Coop getting into his truck.

He takes a large, finishing bite of his roast beef sandwich. He kills what's left of a Diet Coke from a Beefy's cup and fires up his ignition.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Next to a sign for the 13th Tee we find Brian Gill, pissing onto a tree at the edge of a tee box. His holstered cell phone vibrates, again from a blocked number. Concerned, he answers.

BRIAN GILL
(into phone)
Gill.

We do not hear the other end of the call but Gill's face drops as he listens.

BRIAN GILL
What?
(listens)
Beefy's? The one in Muncie?

He continues to listen and nods, becoming more and more pissed off. Two golf carts pull up behind his cart carrying FOUR MEN IN THEIR THIRTY'S.

BRIAN GILL
(into phone)
I'll take care of it.
(beat)
Yes, of course now.

MAN #1 (O.S.)
Hey Hollywood! Get off the phone.

MAN #2
You got three groups stacked behind you. Let's pick it up!

Gill hangs up and turns staring down the four men through his Oakley's.

MAN #1
You got a problem Hollywood? Tee the fuck up already.

Gill removes his shades and heads calmly to the back of his cart, taking out a driver. He turns and makes a bee line, relaxed, but directly at Man #1 who now hops out of his cart.

MAN #2
Don't be stupid Craig. He's not worth the trouble.

MAN #1
What's your problem?

Gill goes straight up to the man and stops just short of chest bumping him. He stands without touching the man, but is right up to his face. The rest of the posse hop out of their carts.

MAN #3
Settle down now, no need for this.
Lets play some golf.

Gill moves to cut off the rest of the group by swinging his driver around wildly in the air.

BRIAN GILL
Get the fuck back! This is between me and the Alpha! Me and the Alpha!

The other three men jump back quickly, isolating Gill with Man #1. Gill tosses his driver to the ground and walks back up to Man #1. He gets right back in his face.

BRIAN GILL
(quietly)
Are you the Alpha?

The man shoves Gill but, Gill quickly puts himself right back in the previous position. His eyes searching the man's face.

BRIAN GILL
Are you the Alpha?

MAN #1
You're a fucking nut.

MAN #4 (O.S.)
Forget this guy.

Man #1 tries not to look at Gill in his eyes. Gill stares cold almost lifeless. Then, lightening quick Gill grabs the guy into a hug, cradling his head like a baby, he leans right into his ear. Man #1 struggles but Gill holds on firmly.

BRIAN GILL
(whispering)
I can see you.

Man #1 shoves Gill off roughly and jogs back to his golf cart.

MAN #1
Fuck him, lets play through.

They all pile back in and drive past Gill.

MAN #3
(in passing)
Grow up asshole!

A few of them flip him off as Gill continues to stare them down. Once out of sight, Gill begins wildly bashing his driver into the ground, eventually breaking it. After the tantrum he rests his hands on his knees.

After a beat, he begins to spew Bloody Mary onto the course.

INT. CHAD'S JEEP - DAY

Chad and Griffin sit in their car which they strategically parked, hidden from the other Beefy's store. Chad ROLLS DOWN ALL THE WINDOWS MANUALLY. Griffin is distracted on his phone.

CHAD

You're the wheel man. Keep the car running. I'll be out with the beef and toss it in, then we'll go.

GRIFFIN

You sure you don't want me to go in with you?

CHAD

The logistics could get complicated. It's stealthier with one person. I know the people and the layout. Just be ready to go.

PARKING LOT

Chad steps out of the car and walks purposefully toward the other Beefy's. He hides himself behind the dry shed that is detached from the store. Peeking around the corner, he spots the back exit and waits.

BACK IN THE JEEP

As Griffin plays Angry Birds on his phone, A HOMELESS MAN approaches the window.

HOMELESS MAN

Sir!

GRIFFIN

(startled)

Shit. What the hell?

HOMELESS MAN

Sir, can you help me out? Spare some gas money? I need some gas money.

GRIFFIN

No, man. Sorry.

HOMELESS MAN

Some change sir. I see some right there.

The man indicates the clearly visible change stash in the middle console.

GRIFFIN

That's not mine dude. Sorry.

Griffin, struggling, begins manually rolling the windows up as the Homeless Man just stands there. The Homeless Man taps on the window. Griffin motions for him to leave.

GRIFFIN

Go!

After a few beats the Homeless Man complies and walks away. Griffin goes back to his game.

GRIFFIN

(to himself)

Shit's getting real out here.

BEHIND THE DRY SHED

Chad still crouched down, monitors the back door. He checks the time on his phone, puts it back in his pocket.

Beat.

The door opens... Out steps DEANNA, Not SCOTT.

Chad hesitates for a moment. But decides it doesn't matter, he's going in. Deanna turns her back to light a cigarette.

Chad slides through the back door, unnoticed.

INSIDE

Alone in the back kitchen, he frantically looks around. Spots the prep table to find... NO BEEF.

He glances to the ovens, the beef is still cooking.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

A timer for the ovens goes off.

NICK (O.S.)

Scott, the ovens!

Chad thinks quickly, spots two oven mitts. He slides them on.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The timers continue to sound.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah. I'm getting 'em.

Chad freaks. He opens the oven and rips out a tray of two roasts. One of which tumbles to the ground.

In a mad rush. He rips out a second tray, with both of those roasts crashing to the floor. Scott rounds the corner to find Chad standing over the mess.

SCOTT
What the hell? Nick!

Chad quickly throws two of the roasts from the ground onto the tray and lifts it up. They have a stand-off.

SCOTT
Put those down.

CHAD
This has nothing to do with you.

Chad has three roasts stacked high, burning his chest, sprints to the back door and kicks it open.

CHAD'S JEEP

Griffin still quietly playing Angry Birds. He reacts to a solid move, fist pumps.

GRIFFIN
Yes!

PARKING LOT

Chad dashes toward the car, Scott on his trail. Chad chucks the tray towards the back window...

SMACK.

The tray and beef NAIL the window that should have been open. Chad trips and goes head first SLAMMING into the back door, one of the roast landing on his head.

Griffin leaps out of the driver's seat, Scott charging. Griffin LUNGES into Scott tackling him to the ground. They begin to wrestle on the concrete.

SCOTT
You little bitch. You want some?

They wrestle sloppily as Nick comes running outside.

NICK
Hey! Hey! Stop!

Scott overtakes Griffin and pins his arms to the ground.

SCOTT
Huh, punk? Now what?

SMACK!

The hot tray that once held the beef SLAMS into the side of Scott's head. Chad stands over him holding the tray... it would be bad ass, but he still has oven mitts on.

CHAD
Get off him, now!

Griffin begins to sit up. Scott is knocked out cold on the ground. Nick closes in, but Chad just goes ape shit...

CHAD
Get back cocksucker!

He wildly swings the tray around. Nick stops in his tracks.

CHAD
I'll eat your face off!

NICK
Settle down now. Let's think this through.

CHAD
(to Griffin)
Get the beef!

Griffin scrambles to his feet and picks up one of the roasts. He heads to the driver's side door.

CHAD
We're taking this beef and I swear to God if you go cry about this to anyone, I'll come back here and sodomize you with a fucking baseball bat!

Nick is in shock. Chad, eyes wild, continues glaring at him. Griffin struggles to open the car door.

CHAD
(to Griffin)
Let's go!

GRIFFIN
It's locked. I uhh... it's on the other side.

Griffin, head down, walks around to the passenger side. The window still open, he awkwardly reaches to unlock the door. Then he walks back around to pick up the rest of the beef.

CHAD
Jesus. Hurry up.

Chad keeps the tray aimed at Nick like a loaded gun.

NICK
Jason isn't going to be too happy
about what happened here today.

CHAD
Oh please, you think he gives a
shit?

Griffin finishes loading the beef.

GRIFFIN
(to Chad)
We're good.

CHAD
Suck it Nick.

Chad throws down the tray and jumps into the driver seat.
They peel out as Nick rushes over to Scott who has begun to
recover from the blow to his head.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAD'S JEEP - MOMENTS LATER

Chad is visibly shaken from the showdown, still with the oven
mitts on, he clutches the steering wheel.

GRIFFIN
That. Was. Awesome! Dude, where did
that come from?

CHAD
I think I'm going to puke.

GRIFFIN
That was like the Rock just coming
in and laying the smack down. I
mean a tray to the dome? That's
some Wrestlemania shit.

CHAD
The beef. How much did we get?

GRIFFIN
Who cares.

CHAD

How much?

Griffin takes a look in the back. Two roasts roll around on the seats with flecks of asphalt embedded in the meat. Another one is on the floor with a napkin stuck to it.

GRIFFIN

Three. They look pretty gamey. I mean they've rolled around the parking lot and this car. I don't even want to know what's been on those seat cushions.

CHAD

They'll be fine, whatever. We got them. Jason can stop bitching and we surprised the world.

GRIFFIN

Huh?

CHAD

The world. No one in the world expected us to pull that off. And we did it.

Griffin just stares at Chad, "wtf"?

GRIFFIN

Outside of me, you and Jason, no one is going to know "in the world."

Chad takes a beat, realizes he doesn't know what he's talking about. He laughs.

CHAD

Dude, I'm still kinda high and drunk right now.

Griffin laughs.

GRIFFIN

That was badass back there.

They drive for a beat.

GRIFFIN

You could probably take the oven mitts off now though.

INT. BEEFY'S - DAY

TWO PARAMEDICS wheel Florence out of the back of Beefy's on a stretcher. She is covered with a white sheet.

JASON
(to the paramedics)
Thanks guys. Don't want to freak
out the customers.

A POLICE OFFICER, stands next to Jason.

POLICE OFFICER
So once you saw the deceased on the
ground what did you do?

Amanda approaches from the front and watches Jason's poor performance.

JASON
(nervous)
Like I said sir. I immediately
checked for a pulse. She had none.
Smoke was pouring out of the ovens.
So, I tried to, rectify the
situation best I could in case that
was... well. I mean...

POLICE OFFICER
Calm down sir. This isn't an
interrogation. How long would you
say you called 911 after you found
no pulse?

JASON
I would say...it was about...

AMANDA
(interceding)
It was about ten minutes, sir. I
called. Jason had me do it while he
cleared out the smoke in the back.
Florence was in charge of cooking
the roasts which became burnt after
she passed. Once she was found it
was quite the situation and caused
us to delay calling immediately. We
apologize for that, it all seemed
to happen very quickly.

The police officer jots down some notes. His demeanor shows
he really doesn't care.

POLICE OFFICER

I'll be in touch should we need any follow up information. From what the EMT's said, there wasn't much to be done. Don't beat yourself up. We've got her personal information and will contact the family.

The officer begins to leave.

POLICE OFFICER

Say, y'all wouldn't mind giving me a couple roast beef sandwiches for the road would ya?

AMANDA

Sure officer...

JASON

(interrupting)

You know, I'm going to have to recommend our original chicken sandwich. Have you tried one before?

POLICE OFFICER

No, can't say I've tried a chicken sandwich... at Beefy's before.

JASON

Let me set you up.

Jason walks away, Amanda follows concerned. He tosses two frozen chicken breasts into the fryer.

AMANDA

What the hell is going on with you today?

JASON

We can't give him beef Amanda, we've got about thirty minutes before we are out. There's three catering orders that will show up any minute, and we are fucked if the burnouts don't get here.

Jason checks his watch.

AMANDA

If we run out, we run out Jason. Will you tell me what's going on with you, why was Coop here?

He grabs a land line phone off the cradle and dials.

AMANDA
(whispering)
Are you in trouble?

She puts her hand on Jason's arm. He pulls away as someone answers.

JASON
(into phone)
Hi, I was just calling to confirm
the time of the Beefy's catering
order today.

He listens, eyes on Amanda. Maybe he will tell her.

JASON
(into phone)
3PM? Okay great. Thank you.

He hangs up. Amanda waits.

JASON
I'm...

KIRSTEN (O.S.)
(interrupting)
Hey Jason?

Kirsten stands behind them.

KIRSTEN
There's someone here from the
baseball team to pick up their
order.

JASON
Let them know I'll be up there in
just a second. And Kirsten, start
pushing chicken, mozzarella sticks,
anything that isn't roast beef.
Tell the others.

A BACKLINE EMPLOYEE now interrupts Jason...

BACKLINE EMPLOYEE
Hey boss.

A metallic squeaking sound emanates loudly.

BACKLINE EMPLOYEE
We are out of beef.

Jason's face drops. His whole plan is crumbling. He crosses to the slicer, still slicing but grinding against nothing. He shuts it off.

Jason stands there speechless. His world spinning out of control.

AMANDA
Jason, tell me...

KIRSTEN (O.S.)
Hey Jason, there's another catering order, this one from the campus.

Kirsten comes around the corner again.

JASON
(dismissive)
Thanks Kirsten.

KIRSTEN
And Amanda, I think it's your boyfriend out there, Gary? He's asking for you.

AMANDA
Thanks Kirsten.
(to Jason)
I'll be right back. Just give me a minute okay?

Jason, alone, lays against the wall and slides down to the ground. He covers his face in his hands.

The sounds of the restaurant become piercing. Conversations, beeping fryers, dings from microwaves. It all begins to overwhelm him, he closes his eyes.

Long beat.

CHAD (O.S.)
Somebody looking for some muthafuckin' beef?

Jason opens his eyes to find Chad and Griffin hovering, heroically holding roasts on their shoulders like they are returning from a Paleolithic hunt.

CHAD
Damn Jace, you look like shit.

Jason hops up to his feet and grabs the beef, in a quick motion flings it onto a slicer.

JASON
(to Backline Employee)
Let's get this out, we have an
order of seventy sandwiches out
there.

The backline employee fires up the slicer.

JASON
(to Griffin)
Start dropping buns.
(to Chad)
How many roasts did you get?

CHAD
Three.

JASON
(to Backline Employee)
I need you to thin out every order.
Leave one ounce of beef off each
sandwich.

BACKLINE EMPLOYEE
An ounce a piece? People will
notice that.

JASON
I'll deal with the people. If Jesus
could feed five thousand people
with five fish and a loaf of bread
I'll be goddamned if I can't
stretch three roasts.

While the employees start following his orders, Jason grabs a
tray liner and starts scribbling on the back.

JASON
We have an hour until our next six
roasts come out.

Amanda comes back around to Jason, who finishes writing. He
abruptly hands the paper off to her.

JASON
Start filling this order. Then I
need you to cover me for dinner.
(beat)
This order, I'll need to deliver.

Amanda studies the paper as Jason storms off.

INT. BALL JAR FACTORY - DAY

Jason sits in the lobby of an industrial office space, nondescript aside from the plethora of Ball Jars spread around as decorations. He has multiple bags of Beefy's at his feet. With nervous energy, his knee bobs up and down.

A door opens, and a small portly woman, BECKY, an office manager of some sort, greets him. She carries a small deposit bag.

BECKY

Can I help you?

Jason rises and extends his hand as Becky sizes him up.

JASON

Hi. I'm Jason, I work at the Beefy's over on Wheeling.

BECKY

Becky. Nice to meet you. I thought Nick would be dropping off the order like usual.

JASON

Nick ran into a terrible problem this morning, ovens were malfunctioning, the fire department had to be called in.

BECKY

Oh lord. Is everyone alright?

JASON

Oh yeah, nothing like that. Everybody is okay. Just one of those days. Anyway, he called me to see if I could help him out today.

She looks at him, a bit skeptical.

JASON

I took the liberty of tossing in some extra curly fries and cheddar cups, just to apologize in advance for the confusion.

Becky eyes the bags with delight.

BECKY

Why thank you.

She quickly hands the deposit bag over to Jason.

BECKY

Do tell Nick I'll look forward to seeing him next Monday.

JASON

Absolutely.

Becky nods to her receptionist, who rises to retrieve the bags.

BECKY

Thanks again.

As Becky leaves, Jason zips open the deposit revealing a stack of cash. His plan back on track.

INT. COOP'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

A low rent, railroad style mobile home. The place is a mess, dirty dishes on every surface, peeling wallpaper, and empty beer cans.

COOP (V.O.)

Hey dawg, I got a job for us.

BEDROOM

A DUFFLE BAG is tossed onto an unmade bed. We find Coop on his cellphone throwing clothes into the bag.

COOP

(into phone)

You know the Beefy's over on Wheeling? Well a little birdie told me that if we go in waving a gun, they'll hand over their money no fuss. Called the 'Doormat Rule'.

As he listens, he paces around. He pulls open a drawer to reveal TWO HANDGUNS. Like toys, he chucks them into the bag.

COOP

That's it. I figure since I got the tip and they know me, you go in, and I'll handle the wheel. We can split fifty-fifty which will be like 5K a piece.

Coop paces out of the bedroom and into the...

LIVING ROOM

He heads to a drawer, opens it up.

COOP

What do you wear? I ain't no stylist but why don't you try a ski mask and some comfortable sneaks for running or some shit.

(listens)

Yeah, I got a piece. Bring what you got though.

Coop puts the phone on his shoulder and listens as he walks back into the...

BEDROOM

He grabs some underwear out of the drawer.

COOP

A four ten? I guess that's fine. I mean, it's barely enough to kill a rabbit but it won't matter. You're just gonna stick it in somebody's face.

(listens)

Naw, fuck Dip. He's not in on this. This my deal. Dip's going out of town for good. We do this thing and I'm a lay low at my buddy's in St. Louis for a few weeks.

Coop listens as he spots, next to a pipe, some flakes of a green algae-like looking substance. This is salvia, a cheap but strong hallucinogen.

COOP

Yeah nigga, that's right. Just meet me out there at 11:30, and we'll be popping Cris' by one.

(listens)

Alright, peace.

Coop hangs up. He sits there nodding his head. Excited to be the one calling the shots. He eyes the salvia, then checks a clock -- there's time for a celebratory trip.

He packs the bowl, lights up, and inhales deeply. As he exhales, he immediately starts to tweak. Tourette-like, he shouts a few unintelligible bursts of speech.

A DISTORTED CRASH is heard in the living room. We are unsure if it was real.

Coop rocks back and forth a bit, he stands up to check the noise, walking into the...

LIVING ROOM

COOP'S POV

TWO SIXTEEN POINT DEER.

Standing majestically in the middle of his shitty mobile home. One of the deer wags its tail.

SMASH CUT TO:

REALITY

TWO MASKED DEERMEN, identical to the open. Stand with guns pointed at Coop.

Coop begins to mumble and smirk. The Deermen look at each other. Suddenly, Coop starts shrieking, really tripping balls.

Deerman #1 moves quickly and CRACKS Coop in the head with the butt of a Shotgun.

Coop flops to the ground. There's a fumbling at the front door. Deerman #2 trains his gun at the door. After a long beat, the door finally opens revealing...

A THIRD DEERMAN. However, this one is wearing a bright green golfing outfit and his mask is on crooked. It's clearly BRIAN GILL.

He kicks the door shut, frustrated. He's holding a silenced GLOCK 23. Coop is on the ground slowly rolling around and twitching. Gill starts to rip off his deer mask.

BRIAN GILL
(muffled)
Goddamn this thing.

He successfully pulls it off. His face is bright red, sweaty, with a distinct sunglass tan line on his face.

BRIAN GILL
What the fuck is going on here?

DEERMAN #1
(muffled)
He's tripping or some shit.

Gill leans over to Coop.

BRIAN GILL
 Hey. Hey, mother fucker where is
 Dip?

Coop is mumbling and slowly scratching the floor like a cat.

BRIAN GILL
 Where is Dip?

As he leans a little closer, Coop LUNGES at him wildly. Gill instinctively pulls away as...

click.

An incredibly soft sound, as Gill puts a silenced shot straight through Coop's eye.

Coop's body falls to the floor with a thud. A pool of blood slowly trails to the feet of the two Deermen. There is a long silence.

BRIAN GILL
 (sarcastic)
 Just fucking great.

The other two remove their masks REVEALING DARREN, from the Beefy's parking lot, and JOE, the young man Gill met at the golf course.

Gill drops the clip out of his Glock and tosses it to Darren.

BRIAN GILL
 No fucking safety on this thing? I
 have no business with that gun. Get
 me a different one.

Darren nods. Gill shakes his head to the ceiling. His cell phone begins vibrating in his holster. Checking it...

BRIAN GILL
 Cunt. Ass. Balls.

He answers.

BRIAN GILL
 (pedestrian voice)
 Hey honey!
 (beat)
 I know something came up at work
 and I had to...
 (listens)
 I hear you sweetie, and I did go
 golfing but...
 (MORE)

BRIAN GILL (cont'd)
(yelling on the other end)
Okay, I'll be back soon. I love...

His wife has hung up.

BRIAN GILL
(seething)
Fuck!

Brian Gill rubs his temples. He slowly lowers his hands to his knees, looking like he may spew again. He collects himself.

BRIAN GILL
Okay, this is what we are going to do. Clean this up, then you both go back and sit on the only lead we have left breathing. I have to go host a fucking Memorial Day cookout then I'll meet up with you before midnight. We are closing this thing tonight.

Joe and Darren both nod.

BRIAN GILL
Oh, and please. Lets not kill this last guy before we find Dip.

As Gill begins to leave...

BRIAN GILL
(to Joe)
Hell of a first day.

INT. BEEFY'S - NIGHT

Jason, exhausted, arrives back at Beefy's. He walks through the lobby, the crowd dwindled down.

He reaches over the counter and grabs a Beefy's paper cup. He walks to the drink station and fills up a coke.

AMANDA (O.S.)
Everything alright?

Jason doesn't even turn around to acknowledge Amanda and heads into the...

DINING ROOM

Jason takes a pull of his coke like it's scotch. He collapses into a booth and stares out the glass windows.

A moment of solitude, as he looks out on the expanse of the suburban sprawl.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Rough day?

PAUL, Late 30's, evangelical pastor, very hip with a v-neck t-shirt and black frames is sitting across from Jason.

JASON

Pastor Paul. How are you doing?

PAUL

It seems like I'm having a better day than you.

He smiles, he's friendly, likeable.

JASON

I've definitely seen better days.
But, I think I'm starting to see
the light at the end of the tunnel.

PAUL

That's great Jason.
(philosophical)
Despair is best defeated with hope.

JASON

That from the bible?

PAUL

No, I think I heard Oprah say it.

Jason can't help but smile.

PAUL

Haven't seen you in church lately?
Amanda not dragging you in anymore?

JASON

(uncomfortable)
Yeah, uh no. Not really.

PAUL

I'm sure you're excited about her
engagement?

JASON

Engagement?

PAUL

Oh, you didn't know? She and
Gary...

JASON
No I didn't.
(beat)
That's great though.

Paul senses the discomfort.

PAUL
Anytime you want to talk about
anything... or nothing, my door's
always open.

JASON
Uh, yeah. I know. It's just...
thanks.

Jason musters up his best fake smile.

INT. BEEFY'S - NIGHT

A money counter rapidly flips bills. Jason sits slouched at his desk looking like a strung out Tony Montana. The bills finish flipping, he marks down the count and puts in another stack.

He takes a large bite of a nearby roast beef sandwich, inhaling it. More cash gets filed through. Amanda approaches from behind...

AMANDA
I finished the closing prep. You
sure you don't want me to close
tonight?

JASON
No that's alright. Thanks though.

Amanda still hangs there.

AMANDA
So, are you going to finally tell
me what's going on? With Coop, with
your breakdowns today?

JASON
Everything is fine now.

Amanda feeling that's all she is going to get starts walking away.

JASON
Congrats on the engagement by the
way.

AMANDA
(caught)
How'd you know?

JASON
Pastor Paul came in.

AMANDA
I was going to tell you, it's
just...

JASON
It's alright.

A pause. Neither knowing what to say.

AMANDA
I'm sorry Jason. I wanted to tell
you a few nights ago.

Jason pulls out the postcard he had folded up from Holiday
World.

JASON
Tony sent me this, must have been
right before he had the stroke.
(reading it)
'Thanks for holding down the fort,
I'm out here living the dream.'

Amanda laughs a little.

AMANDA
Wow.

JASON
This job is going to eat away at me
until it convinces me I'm lucky.
(beat)
That's not going to be me. That
can't be me.

Amanda walks over to Jason and kisses him on the forehead.

AMANDA
Then don't let it be.

She lets that hang there for a moment, then walks over to a
desk and grabs her purse.

AMANDA
Bye Jason, I'll see you tomorrow.

She leaves out of the back exit leaving Jason alone. He stares at the cheesy postcard. Then chucks it in the trash.

INT. DIP'S SISTER'S PLACE - NIGHT

Dipper sits at his kitchen table. He has an open PC. He is staring at an e-mail.

"From: KrzyChkKelli86@aol.com

Subject: Sorry

u probably figured it out. but i ain't coming back. i lost most of the money. need the rest to live on. u can stay at the house but i owe the bank.

take care of my beatiful lorelei...i know you will. sorry i really tried...i know you won't believe that but i did."

ON Dip, he's been staring at this for awhile. No telling how long he's had it. He sips a beer.

Without a change of expression he violently chucks the PC across the room.

Lorelei hurries in.

LORELEI

What was that Uncle Dip?

DIPPER

Computer froze sugar. I unfroze it.

LORELEI

Oh. Okay.

DIPPER

Hey Lorelei, you're friends with the neighbor girl across the way right? What's her name?

LORELEI

Alisha.

DIPPER

Yeah. That's her. Why don't you go spend the night at Alisha's. I have to run out. Go run over there now and see if she's home.

LORELEI

Are you sure, all night?

She squeals.

LORELEI
Okay I'm going.

Lorelei sprints off.

DIPPER
(calling after)
Make sure you take a toothbrush and
a change of clothes!

LORELEI (O.S.)
'Kay!

Dipper takes another pull of his beer. He pulls out his cell phone. Scrolls to "Coop". Listens to the dial tone.

COOP (V.O.)
Hello?

DIPPER
Coop. It's me.

COOP (V.O.)
What's that?

DIPPER
It's me. Dip. Do you...

COOP (V.O.)
(laughs)
I'm just playing, this is my voice
mail. I ain't here right now.

DIPPER
Goddammit.

COOP (V.O.)
Leave it.

Dipper hangs up. He sets the phone on the table, stares ahead.

INT. COOP'S MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

Coop's corpse, partially wrapped in tarp, sits in the foreground as Joe, deer mask off, wipes up a pool of blood from the floor. He pours bleach on the area. Darren, also sans mask, is dumping anything of value into a duffle bag.

DARREN
Gill is a little off his game
today. Never seen him like that
before.

Joe doesn't say anything, continues cleaning.

DARREN

Just figured I'd mention, he's more polished than that. Not the type of guy you want to fuck with.

JOE

I didn't assume nothing. I met him once before at one of the sites.

They continue to work in silence, but Darren spots a tattoo on Joe's forearm. Large, scribbled from the hand of a child "Kayden". More than one letter backwards.

DARREN

You have a daughter?

Joe looks up. Not sure if this is time for small talk.

JOE

Only thing I've done right in this world, my angel.

DARREN

That's sweet. I got two boys myself. Never thought I could handle a girl, God must've agreed.

JOE

Cunt for a mother though. But, I don't let that stop me from taking care of her.

Darren nods. Feels obligated to speak...

DARREN

Listen. I'm saying this, because, I feel, in part, well, responsible. Gill puts the new guys like yourself under my wing. And, there ain't much to it, just like the military, do what you're told. But, one thing I need to say is, stay clean. You wanna drink a few, fine. Smoke a little pot, okay. I wish I could just say lay off the heavy shit. That's what I told the last kid. But, now, it's these pills. Tic Tac looking shit, seems harmless. But that's the new heavy.

Joe nods, no problem. Darren isn't finished, like he's baring his soul.

DARREN

I know I come from a different generation and shit. But, we left ourselves to feel the pain of our decisions. Never thought much about it, didn't really have much choice 'cept to drink ourselves to an early grave. But, looking back, it wasn't so bad to feel that pain. Let's you know you can feel.

That sits there for a long beat.

JOE

What happened to the last kid?

DARREN

(flat)

I had to put him down like a dog.

EXT. BRIAN GILL'S HOME - NIGHT

A BBQ in full swing. KIDS chase each other around the backyard, WIVES sip Strawbarita's and gossip.

Brian Gill sits in a lawn chair next to TWO SUBURBAN DADS. Disinterested as they shoot the shit, he checks his watch.

Gill spots an ANT crawling around his beer bottle on a nearby side table. The ant attempts to scale the bottle.

SUBURBAN DAD #1

Can you believe a chick won the Indy 500? I mean what's next, an Asian?

The other man heartily laughs. Gill pays them no mind. He's entranced by the ant's struggle to climb his beer bottle.

SUBURBAN DAD #2

I don't understand why there isn't like, a WNBA for racing. A bunch of women driving around in circles.

SUBURBAN DAD #1

Oh, they've got that. It's called the Kohl's parking lot on a Saturday.

They both keep laughing. Gill doesn't. The other two take notice. Try to include him, after all it's his party.

SUBURBAN DAD #1

Say Brian, you seem to be doing pretty well for yourself. You still doing consulting for White Tail Developers?

SUBURBAN DAD #2

You work with White Tail? Shit, I see their subdivisions everywhere. Like frickin' Starbucks.

BRIAN GILL

(disinterested)

Yeah, still there.

SUBURBAN DAD #1

You know, my brother does that work. Says you guys can't be outbid. What's your secret over there?

Gill looks at them like observing another species. He decides to play.

BRIAN GILL

You see this ant here. I keep watching him climb this beer bottle.

(laughs to himself)

And no matter the obstacle: a pool of condensation, a 90 degree incline. No matter what, this ant is determined to get to the top of this bottle.

The two men are both keyed on the ant watching him climb Gill's beer bottle.

BRIAN GILL

He believes whatever is inside this bottle possesses what it is he's been searching for his whole ant life.

The ant reaches the bottleneck, he's about to make it.

BRIAN GILL

What's the secret?

Gill lifts the beer bottle and the ant goes tumbling onto the side table, in one swift move Gill uses the bottle to CRUSH the ant to death. With a quick twist, he ends the suffering.

BRIAN GILL

The secret is not to be the fucking
ant.

The two stare blankly. 'Who is this guy?'

INT. BEEFY'S - NIGHT

Jason holds the stack of cash. The calculator reads \$11,127.28. Jason removes the one hundred and twenty seven dollars from the stack and pockets the money for himself.

He stuffs the cash into a deposit bag as we hear GLASS SHATTER. Jason, concerned, goes to check it out...

LOBBY

Jason walks around front to find A MASKED MAN. The ultimate irony, a real black guy wearing a ski mask here to rob him.

MASKED MAN

(low, masking his voice)

Put your fucking hands up! Put 'em
up!

The Robber holds a small shotgun and wears obnoxious Day-Glo Nike sneakers. This is Coop's accomplice, not getting the memo about Coop's death.

He levels his shotgun at Jason, who looks like he's about to shit himself.

JASON

(to himself)

You can't be serious.

MASKED MAN

Where's the fucking money?

JASON

Listen, I... I can't get into the
safe.

MASKED MAN

You want to die tonight? I know you
got ten grand here. Where is it?

The guy starts coughing from trying to mask his voice, the shotgun wobbles but still aimed at Jason.

JASON

Alright, don't shoot. I got it,
it's in the back.

The Masked Man keeps the gun on Jason as he crawls awkwardly over the top of the counter. Jason keeps his hands up and now the Man is next to him. He presses the barrel into Jason's back.

MASKED MAN

Keep moving. No funny business
bitch. Make like a fucking doormat.

Jason recognizes he's been double crossed. He continues moving slowly toward the safe in the office. They get to the deposit bag which sits on Jason's desk. Jason's whole shot at getting his life back is down to this.

Jason pauses.

JASON

(re: the bag)
There it is.

The Masked Man prods him with the barrel again, keeping it on Jason's back.

MASKED MAN

Grab it. And give it here, slowly.

Jason hesitates, he closes his eyes reaching deep down for some sort of bravado. The Man presses the barrel in Jason's back again.

JASON

Okay, okay.

Jason picks up the bag... Then in one quick motion he spins the barrel off his back and LEVELS the Masked Man in the face with the money.

Stunning the Man more than hurting him... he tries to pull the shotgun back on Jason one handed, but Jason knocks his arm causing the gun to fall to the floor.

Jason lunges forward and knocks both of them off their feet. The Masked Man reaches for the gun but Jason starts wildly punching him. All of the day's aggression finally boiling over.

The Masked Man begins to choke Jason as he's being punched. It's sloppy and Jason breaks free of the choke hold and falls towards the gun.

Jason grabs a hold of the gun as the Masked Man pounces back on top of him. The Man grapples for the gun as Jason pushes the barrel towards his face. The barrel waivers under both of their chins as they push in a reverse tug of war.

The barrel gets under the Masked Man's chin for a quick second, just enough for...

BANG.

Jason pulls the TRIGGER which explodes buck shot under the Masked Man's chin and pierces through the top of his head. The Man is dead instantly.

Jason drops the gun and lays his head on the ground. Lying on the floor to catch his breath. He begins to slowly get up, covered with the Man's blood.

He gets to his feet and sees the Man, still with a ski mask covering his face, lying in a growing pool of blood. Jason is in shock. Tears form in his eyes. He aggressively pulls his hair out of sorts.

Slowly he walks over to his desk and begins searching for something. He finds a pack of cigarettes. He starts tapping the package.

He opens the back door needing some fresh air.

OUTSIDE

Jason exits the store and starts to pull out a cigarette. He struggles to coordinate the lighting. His hands trembling violently. He leans against the back of the building and takes a deep drag. Coughs.

He tosses the cigarette to the ground, and ambles further towards the parking lot. Not ready to go back inside.

He walks past the dry shed and looks out into the parking lot REVEALING...

THE TWO MASKED DEERMEN.

They are illuminated eerily by the lights over the empty parking lot.

ON JASON. He doesn't move, a deer in headlights himself. The Two Deerman lift their shotguns and begin to slowly approach. Jason quickly turns and sprints for the door. Moving quickly, he trips going HEAD FIRST into the door knocking himself out.

The Deerman look at each other. As they continue to approach an engine ROARS in the distance. Headlights become fast approaching towards Beefy's otherwise empty parking lot.

The Deerman take off behind the side of the store, hidden from view.

Dip's F-250 comes screeching to a halt in back of the store. His headlights shine directly on Jason, who is barely conscious on the ground.

Dip steps out of his truck, unsure what to make of the situation. Jason fades in and out as he sees Dip flip open the tarp in the back of his truck. Jason blacks out.

CUT TO:

INT. DIP'S SISTER'S PLACE - NIGHT

Jason lies on the floor of Dip's living room. We hear the spraying from the camo dipping machine.

We find Dipper in front of the machine. A screen of camouflage floats in the dark liquid.

Jason slowly comes to. He grips his forehead which is dried with blood. Dip, apoplectic, begins violently shaking him...

DIPPER

Where is the fucking money?

JASON

(groggy)

What money?

DIPPER

Where's Coop? You two fucking me over?

Dip grabs Jason by the neck and lifts him up with the strength of a man possessed. He leads him towards the steel camo dipping vat.

JASON

Please. Don't...

DIPPER

(gripping Jason)

Where's the fucking money?

JASON

(groggy)

I..I don't know, you, they took it.
They...

Dipper positions Jason's head above the open vat. The screen of camouflage has swirled from being hit...

DIPPER
What? Who is they? What are you
talking about?

JASON
The..the deer. They had masks.

Dipper stops wrestling with Jason for a beat.

DIPPER
What deer?

Dipper searches Jason face showing some recognition to
Jason's babbling.

JASON
(now crying)
Please, these guys. With deer masks
on...in the parking lot. They must
have...

Dipper's hard face drops with fear. He lets a hold of Jason
who falls to the ground. Dip backs away and loses his balance
tripping into a coffee table.

He scrambles back to his feet and runs straight to the door.
Dipper whips the door open to find...

A MASKED DEERMAN. Before he can react a STUN GUN ejects
straight into his chest.

The voltage runs through his body paralyzing him to the
ground. In walk the other Deerman and Gill who quickly closes
the front door.

BRIAN GILL
Enough.

The stun gun is shut off. Dipper is doubling over on the
floor.

BRIAN GILL
(re: the Stun Gun)
I knew I had that thing somewhere.
If he moves again, let him have it.

The Deermen nod as Gill scans the surroundings.

BRIAN GILL
Well, well, well. So here are the
new digs.

Gill, much more refreshed than earlier, walks around the room. Taking in the expensive furniture, big screen and gaming system.

BRIAN GILL

(off TV)

Is that a Plasma? LCD? You son of a bitch.

Dipper is still slightly shaking on the ground as Gill mocks him.

BRIAN GILL

Ninety-two days since we loaned you a hundred thousand dollars. And what did you do with it? Huh?

Gill puts a lightening fast fist into Dipper's stomach.

BRIAN GILL

I should have known you would fuck me over you hillbilly piece of shit.

(beat)

But, it's my fault with entrusting you with more capital and here we are.

Gill notices the mysterious looking steel vat in the corner by Jason. Jason grows nervous as Gill walks toward him.

BRIAN GILL

(re: the vat)

And what's this?

He examines the floating camouflage screen not knowing what to make of it.

BRIAN GILL

What the hell is?

No one in the room answers.

BRIAN GILL

Bring him here.

The two Deermen grab Dipper and drag him over to the vat. He reacts to the idea by trying to fight them off. Deerman #1 shoots electricity back to the attached stun gun. Dipper convulses on his knees. Fighting for his life, he manages to get up on one foot and take a swing at the Deerman.

Gill charges over and kicks Dipper firmly in the gut which puts him down. Gill, strong for his size, lifts Dipper up with the help of the other Deerman.

With all he has left, Dip tries to break free of Gill's grip. Gill holds tight by grasping the hair on back of Dip's head. He holds steady and stares straight into Dip's eyes.

BRIAN GILL

Be the ant.

Dip too weak at this point to fight, stares unrelenting.

In a quick motion, Gill dunks Dip's face into the vat in an attempt to drown him. The camo sheet begins to swirl around and completely envelops Dip's head. It also covers Gill's arm as he holds him under.

Dip starts to violently fight to get back up for air. Gill's face is stoic, but the camouflage begins to dry to his skin. He flings Dip out of the vat.

BRIAN GILL

What the fuck?

Gill shakes his arm around.

BRIAN GILL

What is this shit?

Gill quickly exits the room into the adjoining kitchen. Dipper lays in the middle of the floor, hacking and struggling for breath. His face is an unrecognizable camo swirl, painted onto his skin.

The camouflage hardens inside his mouth and lungs causing him to suffocate. He flops around on the ground like a fish out of water. It is messy and slowly the camo becomes a mask that snuffs the life out of him.

His body convulses for a few more seconds then stops moving. It's a horrible sight. Jason cowers in the corner in shock.

A FAUCET IS TURNED ON. Running water echoes into the room.

BRIAN GILL (O.S.)

This better come off.

The living room is now completely still. Two men standing in deer masks holding weapons. Jason, tears in his eyes, blood on his face, cowers in the corner. All staring at the lifeless Dipper, laying in the middle of the floor, with a face covered in camouflage.

The faucet shuts off and Gill enters.

BRIAN GILL

You two clean this up. Sweep the house for anything of value. This redneck mismanaged over a hundred thousand dollars and we need to salvage what we can. One of you take care of the body here, one heads back to Beefy's and cleans up there.

The two men stand at attention.

BRIAN GILL

But, first one of you find some cleaner or something to get this shit off my arm.

They nod and head upstairs leaving Gill alone with Jason. Gill notices a 'Delinquent' bank note on a nearby table. He examines it, puts it in his pocket.

Then Gill pulls the deposit bag, from Beefy's, out of his back pocket. He waves it at Jason.

BRIAN GILL

I believe this belongs to you.

He tosses it in front of Jason who doesn't move.

BRIAN GILL

You're going to get out of here. Show up to work tomorrow just like normal, and forget any of this ever happened.

And with that Gill leaves. Jason is alone with Dipper's body. Jason hunched against the wall, truly broken.

INT. BEEFY'S - MORNING

Jason sits slumped at his desk, a band-aid over his forehead from this run in with the back door. His eyes are puffy from lack of sleep, he looks like shit.

A red light blinks on the land-line phone next to his computer. He presses play as employees mill about behind him.

VOICEMAIL (O.S.)

You have one, new, message.

The voice mail begins but Jason's focus is on the spot where he last saw the body of Coop's accomplice, not ten feet away.

REGIONAL MANAGER (O.S.)

Hey Jason, it's Diana, from Regional. Look, I got an odd call from Nick at the Anderson store. He told me two of your employees assaulted an employee of his and that you stole one of his catering orders. Now, I just want to get both sides of the story, but this isn't a great start if you want to take the reigns at your store. I'm going to head out there today to...

Jason clicks off, he could care less.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Hey, Arnold's asking about you. He's out in the lobby.

Amanda walks behind Jason who is staring at nothing. Then, a weird half smile comes across his face. His first genuine smile.

AMANDA

Whoa, what happened to your head?

JASON

(distracted)

Huh? It's nothing.

Jason breaks into a full smile and a small laugh to himself.

AMANDA

What are you smiling at?

JASON

Diana's coming out here today. I'm going to quit.

AMANDA

What?

JASON

You were right. I'm in charge of my own fate. I'm going to put in my two weeks, move to Florida, I don't know, work at a hotel or something... anything.

AMANDA

Are you serious?

JASON

Why not? It's going to be great.

Jason, smiling, heads up front. Light on his feet.

AMANDA

Wait. Jason... Jason come here for
a minute.

But Jason is gone...

LOBBY

Jason looks around at all the employees, the customer's, taking it in. He no longer is carrying the weight of this world, he breathes it in.

DINING ROOM

Jason walks out to through the lobby and spots Arnold, talking to A MAN, who's back is facing us. Arnold smiles at Jason and waves him over. As Jason approaches he comes around to...

REVEAL THE MAN AS BRIAN GILL.

Jason freezes up.

ARNOLD

Jason. Have a seat.

Arnold motions for Jason to sit across from him. Gill puts on a sinister smile that clashes with his tucked in polo shirt.

BRIAN GILL

(smarmy)

There he is.

Jason sits down slowly, unsteady.

ARNOLD

(motioning at Gill)

I believe you two have already met.

Jason nods, he has no words. Arnold now has an air of severity we haven't seen before. He lifts a sugar from the group of his perfectly aligned packets. He pours the first into his coffee.

ARNOLD

To know something, to really know
it, is something I value. Like when
I walk in here, I know exactly what
I'm going to get.

(MORE)

ARNOLD (cont'd)
A friendly chat, a roast beef
sandwich, a coffee, and this seat.
You are essential to that equation.

Arnold gives a slight nod to Gill.

BRIAN GILL
You're forgiven your debt to
Dipper. However, someone has to be
accountable for the debt Dipper
owed, one hundred thousand dollars.
(beat)
That person is you.

Jason's face is draining of color.

ARNOLD
Lucky for you Jason. I know you.
You are here at Beefy's for the
long haul. And for that, we have a
solution that I know will work for
all parties involved.

BRIAN GILL
The way we do business requires a
certain practice known as money
laundering. Once a week, I'm going
to hand you two thousand dollars of
illicit funds. You'll swap that
money, with Beefy's money. You'll
give me the clean legitimate two
thousand and we'll repeat the
process every week. That way we
clean one hundred thousand dollars
a year. We typically pay our
cleaners a five percent fee. So
that comes out to 5K you earn each
year to erase your debt. Does that
make sense?

Jason slowly nods. Putting it all together.

BRIAN GILL
Bottom line, we are going to own
you for the next twenty years.

ARNOLD
Now don't panic Jason. You'll be
living your life just as you were.
As long as you are here at Beefy's.
You'll be safe.

BRIAN GILL
Are we being clear Jason?

JASON
(almost in audible)
Yes.

ARNOLD
Great, thanks Jason. I knew you'd
be a good sport about all this.

Gill and Arnold are all smiles. Jason gets up and begins walking away slowly, we follow him to...

BACKLINE AREA

Jason, in shock, now walks heavy and disoriented, on the verge of a panic attack.

BACK TO LOBBY

Gill and Arnold continue their conversation...

ARNOLD
(scathing)
Bringing your mess all the way to
the foot of my doorstep.

BRIAN GILL
You don't have to involve this kid,
there's the house.

ARNOLD
What about the house?

BRIAN GILL
Dip's sister owned it. She
purchased it after the housing
bubble for a song. She's been
delinquent now for three months and
the home was about to be taken over
by a regional bank to which we have
some ties.

BACK ON JASON

Lost, walking without purpose. One sound takes over in his head, the rhythmic sound of the slicer, churning, humming under the sound of Gill's voice.

BRIAN GILL (O.S.)
I'll start the paperwork today, and
we could have that property under
one of our loan out company's in a
few months. Once flipped we'll net
in the six figures. More than
enough to cover Dip's debt.

BACK ON ARNOLD

He contemplates Jason's fate. The slicer still rhythmically cutting. He sips his coffee. Long beat.

ARNOLD

Looks like I came out ahead then.

CLOSE ON THE SLICER

Mirroring the opening, the slicer is piling up beef. Higher and higher.

CLOSE ON JASON

He stares at the slicer. All the sounds of the restaurant begin crashing in. Fryers sizzling, employee chatter, microwaves humming. Overwhelming, claustrophobic. Tears well in Jason's eyes. He's not going anywhere.

And one more time. Loud, overwhelming, that fucking miserable drive-thru beep...

BEEP.

CUT TO BLACK.