

JACKPOT

Written by Dave Callahan

Based on the screenplay

"Arme Riddere"

Written by Magnus Martens
Story by Jo Nesbø

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UP ON:

An acne-scarred, mop-topped APPLEBEE'S HOST... WIDE-EYED, SLACK-JAWED, and HURTLING TOWARD THE CAMERA in
SUUUUUUUUPPPPPERRRRRRRRR SLO-MO.

"Heaven" by Warrant the only sound as our casual dining world
EXPLODES AROUND HIM: Glasses shattering, spinach artichoke
dip spattering...

JANI LANE (RIP) (V.O.)
Heaven isn't too far away/

... sparks cascading from the overhead lights, stuffing
erupting from the surrounding banquettes...

JANI LANE (RIP) (V.O.)
Closer to it every day/

... clouds of thick white smoke swirling through the air,
provided in equal measure by burning gunpowder and mouth-
watering Sizzling Double Barrel Whiskey Sirloins™...

JANI LANE (RIP) (V.O.)
*No matter what your friends say/
I know we gonna find a way!*

... and Riblets™. Riblets™ flying here, Riblets™ flying
there, Riblets™ flying fucking --

CRRASSSHHH! Our main man shields his eyes, HURLS HIMSELF
THROUGH A NEON-FRAMED WINDOW. His foot catches; he face-
plants into a bed of succulents.

JANI LANE (RIP) (V.O.)
HEAVEN! WHOA-OH-OH-OH-OHHHHHH!

And we've been tracking with him all the way, dollying
backwards, always a step ahead... but when he stands,
scurries into the night, we let him go, instead HOLDING ON
THE SHATTERED WINDOW. A single word materializes inside the
SPUTTERING NEON FRAME:

JACKPOT

After a beat, alternating RED AND BLUE STROBES alight upon
our title, and with their arrival we

SMASH TO:

INT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Where INSPECTOR AIDAN BRESLIN (45, Fuck You) wades through the honey peppered carnage: Bodies litter the main dining area, most of them EARLY 20'S STREET TOUGHS or OBESE MIDDLE-AGED GOONS. BULLET CASINGS and BONELESS CHICKEN WINGS carpet the floor, BLOOD and BARBECUE SAUCE spatter the walls.

What a fucking mess.

Breslin's assistant GINA (30's, thorough) approaches, face buried in her notepad.

GINA
Kid outside said it was over a
duffel bag.

Looking around:

BRESLIN
What duffel bag?

GINA
And he can't remember who shot
first, but he's 'pretty sure it was
either Nick...'

By way of explanation, Gina points to 'Nick,' a nearby cadaver in an Applebee's polo. Nick has a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN clutched in his cold, dead hands.

GINA (CONT'D)
Nick. The owner.
(then, reading)
'... or the Cops.'

Breslin looks up sharply. *What cops?*

NEARBY OFFICER
Inspector?

MOMENTS LATER

Breslin and Gina stare down at another corpse, this one clearly familiar to both. A blood-spattered POLICE BADGE lies in a pool of ranch dressing nearby.

BRESLIN
Sonofabitch.
(then)
Are there more?

NEARBY OFFICER
Torres. Over by the Mens' Room.

BRESLIN
Were they on duty?

The Nearby Officer shakes his head.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
So why were they--

A HACKING SOUND silences the room, draws all eyes to the center of the room... where a BEDRAGGLED WOMAN STRUGGLES TO EXCAVATE HERSELF FROM BENEATH A CORPSE.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Who is that?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - MORNING

Breslin sits on one side of a long conference table. Sitting opposite him is the mystery woman, who, cleaned up nicely, is in fact an ALL-AMERICAN BEAUTY named

LAURA
Laura Korinke? I'm twenty-eight,
I'm from Riverview?
(beat)
Michigan?

Breslin nods, scribbles some notes. Shuffles through his paperwork.

BRESLIN
And you're a teacher, right?
Riverview High?

LAURA
I teach math.

BRESLIN
And we first met last night, when
you came crawling out from under...

INT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Laura's almost extricated herself from the weight of the corpse when...

YAAAAGGHHH! THE CORPSE SCREAMS, SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET.

Laura SCREAMS.

Several of the cops SCREAM.

The Corpse SCREAMS AGAIN.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

Breslin interviews the Corpse, who in fact is a classically handsome 28 year-old bro named

TREY
Trey Jerneycic. Twenty-eight. I
teach English in Riverview.

BRESLIN
You know the first thing I'm going
to ask you, right, Mr. Jerneycic?

INT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

LAURA
Why were you lying on top of me?!

TREY
I thought you were dead.

LAURA
Who lies on top of a dead person?!

TREY
Who lies under a dead person?!

LAURA
You're such a creep.

BRESLIN
Do you two... know each other?

Laura and Trey regard one another for a long moment before,
reluctantly:

	LAURA		TREY
No.		Yes.	

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Do you know anything about the
duffel bag that got this party
started?

After another lengthy beat:

	LAURA		TREY
Yes.		No.	

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

LAURA
It started with a bet.

Breslin frowns.

BRESLIN
What kind of bet?

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Laura sits at a small table. Trey stands before her.

TREY
It's a parlay. You pick a winner
for all sixteen games. Payout's
crazy.

LAURA
Payout's crazy... because the odds
are crazy, right? It's all or
nothing? You have to get all
sixteen?

TREY
Yes. But.

Trey produces a MASSIVE SHEAF OF SPREADSHEETS from his
messenger bag, fans them out across the table.

TREY (CONT'D)
I have a system.

LAURA
Oh, good.

TREY
I'm averaging about five losses a
week, which is really good. Then,
two weeks ago? I missed three.
Last week? One.

LAURA
Wow, the perfect system. What do
you need me for?

TREY
The more you put in, the more you
can win. So if you do it, instead
of a one hundred dollar buy-in to
make ten grand, it would be two
hundred to make --

LAURA
You want me to give you a hundred
dollars!? Trey, you know I can't --

TREY
Thirty grand.

That gets her attention.

TREY (CONT'D)
Yeah. Fifteen K each.

A CRASH nearby jars them: the UNIFORMED WOMAN stocking the lounge vending machines has dropped a bunch of pop bottles. As she hurries to collect them:

LAURA
Why are you asking me? Instead of one of your dumb friends?

TREY
I don't want to share this with my dumb friends.
(then, quick)
I mean, what would my friends even do with that kind of money? Drink even more beer? Buy snowmobiles? Both?
(but you...)
Do you still want to get out of here? Out of Michigan?

Laura considers. Finally, she opens her mouth to respond --

And THE BELL RINGS. Activity echoes out from the hall. Laura stands...

LAURA
I have to run lunch detention.

... and digs a WAD OF CASH from her purse. Hands it to Trey.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Please tell me I can trust you.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

Breslin looks up at Laura, interested.

BRESLIN
Did you have any particular reason to think you couldn't trust him?

LAURA
No.
(then)
It's complicated.

Breslin eyes Laura for a moment, trying to get a read.

BRESLIN

I'm going to want to come back to that, but for now let's keep going. You gave him your money. What happened next?

Off Laura we:

SMASH-CYCLE THROUGH A RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE OF FIFTEEN SPLIT-SECOND FOOTBALL HIGHLIGHTS before dropping into

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - MORNING

TREY

We won the first fifteen games!

Laura (different outfit, same table) looks up to find a frenzied Trey racing toward her, WAGER SHEET in hand.

LAURA

Aw. Crap.

TREY

I called you like a hundred times. You kept sending me straight to voicemail!

LAURA

Old habits.

Trey slaps the wager sheet to the table. Laura studies it...

LAURA (CONT'D)

Where's the one we lost?

TREY

No. Laur. We didn't lose. The sixteenth game is tonight.

LAURA

They play football on Monday nights?

TREY

Monday Night Football.

LAURA

Monday Night Football...

(and now it sinks in)

Oh my God, are we one game away from winning thirty thousand dollars!?

TREY

Um, well... not exactly.

Laura recoils.

LAURA

What does that mean? Trey, please tell me you didn't spend part of it on some stupid --

TREY

I took on a few additional investors.

LAURA

Additional... I thought you didn't want to share this with your friends.

TREY

It's not like that. After you left...

FLASHBACK

Three days ago. Same room. Laura has just handed Trey her money; now she's exiting, pushing past a SWARM OF ENTERING TEACHERS en route. Trey watches her go...

TAMI

Hey. Ponyboy.

Trey turns to find himself face-to-face with the vending machine stocking lady.

Name up: **THE VENDING MACHINE STOCKING LADY**

TREY

Oh, hey...

TAMI

I'm wearing a nametag.

True. But that nametag is situated suspiciously close to the woman's (intentionally) over-exposed forty-five year-old breasts. Which is why Trey hesitates for a beat before finally reading:

TREY

Tami.

Name up: **I GUESS HER NAME IS TAMI?**

TAMI
I heard you have a system.

TREY
Oh, uh... well it's not really --

TAMI
She teaches math, right?

Beat. Trey sees where this is headed...

TREY
Yeah...

Tami hands Trey a HANDFUL OF CASH -- all ones and fives, if we're paying attention.

BACK TO PRESENT

TREY (CONT'D)
(sheepish)
Some of the other teachers saw that, so they asked what it was for...

LAURA
Who else.

EXT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

An overcompensating fuckhead of a HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL COACH bellows at his 15 year-old charges as they jog past.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Pussy! Pussy! Pussy! Lookin' good, Sungar! Pussy!

Name up: **COACH DELL**

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - SPANISH CLASSROOM - DAY

A LEERING, BEADY-EYED SPANISH TEACHER hands out quizzes. Pauses in front of a prematurely buxom sophomore, gazes down her shirt.

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN
Señorita O'Reilly. Hola.

Name up: **SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN**

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - RANDOM CLASSROOM - DAY

A nondescript class reads in silence as, at the front of the room, their nondescript SUBSTITUTE reads in silence.

Name up: **THAT ONE SUB**

BRESLIN (V.O.)
OK, hold on. 'That One Sub?'

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (**TREY**) - DAY

Breslin pauses his note-taking, looks up at Trey.

BRESLIN
Does he have a name? That one sub?

TREY
Yes. Probably. But I don't know it.

BRESLIN
OK, just give me a first name.

TREY
Uh...

BRESLIN
You don't know his first name?

TREY
(flustered)
Brown hair, blue eyes. Maybe brown. White...

Breslin waves his hand in front of the room's window, summoning his assistant Gina. As he hands her his chicken scratch:

BRESLIN
Track these people down.

GINA
(consulting list)
'That one sub?'

BRESLIN
Don't worry, he'll be easy to find: he's white with brown hair and eyes.

Gina rolls her eyes.

GINA
Is this everyone?

Breslin turns back to Trey.

BRESLIN
Is that everyone?

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - MORNING

TREY
That's everyone.

Laura shakes her head, nonplussed.

LAURA
Jesus, Trey, why would you involve
us with people like that?
Rubenstein's a pig. And Coach Dell
--

TREY
Laur. I think you're looking at
this wrong. Maybe instead of
looking at it like an ethics
teacher... you should look at it
like a math teacher.

Beat. And then it hits her:

LAURA
How much.

Trey SMILES WIDE.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Trey, how much.

TREY
Five hundred thousand dollars.

Laura goes PALE.

LAURA
Five hundred thousand...

TREY
(ear-to-ear)
Half a mill.

LAURA
Half a mill!

TREY
Half a mill. Divided by six and
you're going home with...

Trey works the math in his head. Gets stuck...

LAURA
(already fantasizing)
About eighty-three grand.

TREY
Eighty-three grand.

LAURA
Trey, oh my God.

TREY
(nodding)
We're all gonna meet up after work,
find a bar downtown to watch it at.
I know you don't like all of them,
but for eighty-three grand...

LAURA
For eighty-three grand I'd watch it
in Rubenstein's rape van. Let's
go...
(off wager sheet)
Packers!

BRESLIN (PRE-LAP)
Wait.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

BRESLIN
When was this?

LAURA
Monday.

BRESLIN
Monday Monday? Two days ago
Monday?

Laura nods.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
The Packers played the Lions on
Monday.
(beat)
You went to a bar in downtown
Detroit and rooted against the
Lions?

LAURA
(nonplussed)
Yup.

BRESLIN
How'd that go?

Laura considers for a long moment.

LAURA
Not... great.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Fuck you, Detroit!!!

Laura and Trey CRINGE as Coach Dell berates one of the bar's many TV's. Needless to say, the dingy watering hole's BLUE-COLLAR PATRONS do not appreciate this loudmouth asshole or his asshole anti-Lion rhetoric... though the tension is lost on his other three tablemates (Senor Rubenstein, Tami, and That One Sub), all of whom are engrossed in the game.

TREY
(aside, to Laura)
Don't worry. He can't keep this
pace all game. He'll cool off.

LATER

Coach Dell, standing now...

COACH DELL'AQUILA
SON OF A WHORE! Stafford, you
piece of shit!

TAMI
Piece! Of. Shit!

LATER

Coach Dell and Senor Rubenstein JUMP OUT OF THEIR SEATS just as the rest of the bar DROPS TO THEIRS. Tami jumps up moments later -- she's a little bit behind on everything.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
That's what the fuck I'm talking
about! Still in this!

TAMI
Yes! Still in this!

From the bar:

LIONS FAN
Hey asshole, why don't you shut the
fuck up?!

COACH DELL'AQUILA
 Why don't you go back to China, you
 pinko gook?

The (not Asian) fan STANDS, incensed... then clocks the TWO
 OFF-DUTY POLICE OFFICERS in the corner booth. The fan sits.

Trey and Laura share a look: those two cops are saving their
 asses right now. And both parties know it.

LATER

Coach Dell SLAMS both fists on the table as the rest of the
 bar ERUPTS in celebration.

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)
FUCK!

LATER

Coach Dell and the Not Asian Fan scream at each other from
 across the bar:

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)
 I got a limp-wristed freshman with
 a lazy eye throws better than
 Stafford!

LIONS FAN
 Yeah? Where do you keep him? Under
 your bed?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
 Your son's bedroom.

The fan RUSHES Coach Dell... only to be corralled by his
 drinking buddies.

TAMI	COACH DELL'AQUILA
Get it? It's your son!	Come get some! Come get some! Come get some!

LATER

Trey and Laura's entire table -- Trey and Laura included --
 LEAP TO THEIR FEET, forgetting their environment completely
 as the Packers retake the lead...

TREY
 Go! Go! Go!

LATER

A jubilant countdown...

TREY & CO
Three! Two! One!

... gives way to MANIC HUGS as the newly minted HUNDRED THOUSANDAIRES celebrate their impossible victory. A HEAVY EDM BEAT BUILDS as the rest of the bar, slightly less enthused, MEAN MUGS the table...

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN
We're rich! Every single person at
this table is rich!!!!

An angry SURGE in the surrounding crowd. The beat SPEEDING UP, SWELLING with the energy in the room...

OFFICER TORRES
You all got to get the fuck out of
here. Right now.

The two OFF-DUTY COPS. Fingers in the dam. The beat FRANTIC now...

THAT ONE SUB
(to other winners)
I'm on 12 Mile. My condo council
is kind of strict about noise,
though, so we can't go crazy.

The beat CRESCENDOES. **HERE COMES THE DROP...**

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

A long, pregnant silence. Finally:

BRESLIN
And...

TREY
And... ?

BRESLIN
... then what happened?

TREY
Then... things get a little...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

LAURA
... hazy.

The **BASS DROPS** as we

SMASH CUT TO:

SKRILLEX DANCING HUGGING CRYING SCREAMING FIST-PUMPS SHOTS!

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

IKEA living room. Tami dancing like a stripper, Laura dancing like a white girl. Senor Rubenstein sidles up between them, starts grinding against Tami. She's into it at first, reciprocating with abandon...

... until he LICKS HER NECK.

SMACK!!!! Tami SLAPS THE SHIT OUT OF HIM, the impact flinging us violently back into

CHAMPAGNE HIGH-FIVES BEER ME! TWERKING FIGHT CLUB SHOTS!

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Trey and That One Sub at the dining room table, passing a bottle of Jack and sharing their dreams. Coach Dell paces in the BG, phone held to his ear.

TREY

San Diego. No plan B.

THAT ONE SUB

OK, but you know all those restaurants they have in big cities? Places you've never heard of, like they haven't even made it to Michigan yet, and the salads aren't even made of salad, they're made of, like, spinach? And you feel dumb for wearing your good khakis?

(beat)

They don't have those places in Orlando. It's all like, PF Changs, Maggiano's, Outback. It's awesome.

Senor Rubenstein crashes into the seat next to Trey, pulls up a cell phone contact labelled only with a PHOTO OF TITS. Starts texting...

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

Wow do I need to get my dick wet.

TREY

(re: tits)

Who is that?

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

Becky Stanfeld.

TREY

Becky Stanfeld from school? The sophomore?

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

She's a junior.

TREY

She sent you that?

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

What? No. She sent it to Derrick Sertich. And you know how that goes. He sent it to all of his friends, they sent it to all of their friends, schlameel, schlamaazal, oops it's on my phone.

THAT ONE SUB

Does she know you have it?

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, of course. 'Hey Becky, I've been jerking off to your tits in the handicapped stall of the faculty shitter for the last month. Hope you don't mind.'

TREY

But she texts with you.

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

She does if she doesn't want her parents to get spammed with pictures of their daughter's juggalos.

Trey and That One Sub share a concerned look. It's fleeting though, buried quickly beneath an avalanche of

RED BULL YELLING FIGHT SONG MILEY REEFER DICK PUNCH SHOTS!

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura enters to find Senor Rubenstein snorting a MASSIVE LINE OF BLOW off the toilet lid. For reasons that are not immediately obvious, he's not wearing pants.

LAURA

Oh, Dude!

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

You can stay.

AAAAIIIRRHOOOORRRRN FLIP-CUP DANCE-OFF PITBULL PIZZA? SHOTS!

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

The alley behind the building. Trey smokes, watches his carcinogenic exhalations hang in the frozen night air. A quiet moment to enjoy the serenity, to contemplate a wide-open future in near perfect silen--

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

Suck my dick, world!!! Racks on
racks on racks!

Trey looks up in horror, clocks Senor Rubenstein hanging out of That One Substitute's sixth-floor window, howling at the moon. Two passing STREET URCHINS take notice...

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN (CONT'D)

What's up, *cucarachas*? Never seen
a room full of rich people before?
Wait wait hold on, I got something
for ya!

Rubenstein ducks out of the window, only to reappear moments later with his WALLET in hand. He starts digging out ones...

TREY

Oh, fuck.

Making it rain.

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

Dance, *cucarachas*!

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

Trey re-enters the condo to find Laura and Coach Dell bodily pulling Senor Rubenstein from the window. Tami smokes a joint nearby. That One Sub cowers in the kitchen. Everyone is YELLING.

THAT ONE SUB

Do you guys think you could
maybe... my condo council...

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

What the fuck, I'm just having some
fun!

LAURA

Are you nuts?!

Rubenstein turns to Laura, rubs his dick on her leg.

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN
You like nuts?

TREY
Whoa!

Trey rushes forward, gets between Rubenstein and Laura.

TREY (CONT'D)
You need to chill the fuck --

SMACK! Rubenstein SLAPS Trey clean across the face.

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN
Heyo!!!!

Trey and the rest of the winners share a look...

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER:

Señor Rubenstein is GAGGED, BLINDFOLDED AND BOUND ATOP A BAR STOOL next to the window. The other five smile at their handiwork.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

BRESLIN
And whose idea was this?

Trey considers...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

LAURA
Me?? He told you it was my idea?

BRESLIN
(consulting notes)
He said you were 'really uneasy with his sexual advances.'

LAURA
I hate him so much. OK yes, I was uneasy with his advances. Obviously -- who wouldn't be? But it wasn't my idea. Trey's such an asshole, he...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

BRESLIN
(consulting notes)
'... was embarrassed about being
slapped and had to prove his
masculinity.'

TREY
Oh my God, she's such a bitch. I
didn't have to... I'm not worried
about my masculinity.

BRESLIN
So you're saying she's just...
what? Attacking your character for
no reason?

Trey slumps slightly in his seat.

TREY
Not no reason. Just not... that
reason.
(then)
It's complicated.

Breslin raises an eyebrow. Interesting choice of words. As
he makes a note in his notebook:

BRESLIN
I'm sure whose idea it was to tie
him up isn't relevant anyway.

Trey drops his eyes to the table.

TREY
It's sort of relevant.

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

Trey, Laura, Coach Dell, Tami and That One Sub dance in the
living room. Freed of Senor Rubenstein's constant
improprieties, the group is once again free to let loose.

Which is why they don't notice when, in the BG, Rubenstein
begins to HOP ABOUT MADLY, still bound to the bar stool.

Or when, seconds later, he accidentally hops himself CLEAN
OUT OF THE WINDOW.

**Party rock is in the house tonight! Everybody just have a
good time! And we gonna make you lose your mind! Everybody
just have a --**

BRESLIN (PRE-LAP)
Jesus. How long before you
noticed?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

Laura purses her lips slightly.

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

The five remaining winners watch late-night ESPN2 (CROSSFIT GAMES) on That One Sub's flatscreen TV. There is a PILE OF MONEY on the table before them; the window Rubenstein fell out of is directly behind them.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Run! Run! What the fuck; why
isn't my girl running?

TAMI
They can't run until they've
finished their burpees.

TREY
No, they can't run until they
finish their Turkish get-ups; the
burpees are after that.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
What the fuck are you talking
about?! What's a Turkish --

LAURA
Do Beast Mode! Do Beast Mode!

THAT ONE SUB
Why are her socks like that?

LAURA
Yes!!! Beast mode!!!!!!!

Laura SWIPES THE PILE OF CASH OFF THE TABLE. The others hang their heads.

LAURA (CONT'D)
So much better than regular mode!

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

LAURA
A while.

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

Trey pulls another smoke in the alley. Just about finished, he turns back toward the rear door...

... and spots, for the first time, SENOR RUBENSTEIN'S SHATTERED BODY lying on the asphalt nearby.

Trey DROPS HIS CIGARETTE.

LATER

The entire group stands in a hushed semi-circle around the body, trying desperately to blink away the drug-induced haze that clouds their collective sense of reality.

TREY

We have to call the police.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Are you fucking insane?

TREY

Are you?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

We tied this guy to a barstool, which led him to --

TREY

You tied him to a barstool.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Yeah. While you held him...

(re: Tami)

... you blindfolded him...

(re: Laura)

... you gagged him...

(re: That One Sub)

... and you didn't do anything to stop us. Which makes you all accomplices.

TAMI

Accomplices to what?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

The fuck do you think? Murder.

It hangs in the air like the sword of Damocles.

TAMI

Shit.

That One Sub starts babbling hysterically. Laura holds a hand over her mouth.

TREY

OK, hold on. No one murdered anyone here.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

(re: Senor Rubenstein)

Then what do you call that?

TREY

An accident?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Oh yeah, good one. Was it an accident that he was tied to that barstool?

TREY

No...

COACH DELL'AQUILA

And would he have fallen out of that window-- by accident -- if he hadn't been tied to that barstool? And blindfolded? And gagged?

TREY

No, but --

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Ergo. Murder.

LAURA

I don't think that's murder.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Well you might not, but trust me. The police do.

Laura turns to Trey, her eyes wide with fear.

LAURA

Is that true?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

BRESLIN

No.

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

TAMI
So what do we do?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
First things first. We get him
back in the apartment.

THAT ONE SUB
What? No. I don't want him in my
apartment.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
It's your barstool.

THAT ONE SUB
I don't want it anymore.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
OK well what are we going to do,
then? Carry him five, ten miles to
whoever lives the next closest?

THAT ONE SUB
I mean, with five of us? Probably
wouldn't be too --

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Hey.

Coach Dell steps forward, positions himself mere INCHES from
That One Sub's face. An outward (and might I say highly
effective) act of aggression.

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)
Are you part of the solution... or
are you part of the problem?

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

That One Sub and Coach Dell haul Senor Rubenstein's body
(still bound to the barstool) into the condo. Tami clears
their path of obstructions. Trey and Laura trail behind,
sobering rapidly.

THAT ONE SUB
Let's just get him onto the hardwo--

THUD! Coach Dell drops Rubenstein's upper half directly onto
the DEEP PILE CARPET underfoot. A crimson bloom immediately
radiates outward from the dead man's head, racing through the
carpet's heavy fibers...

THAT ONE SUB (CONT'D)
That's from West Elm.

Defeated, That One Sub drops the legs. The bar stool breaks. That One Sub makes a bizarre sound, something between a MOAN and a WHIMPER, then interlaces his fingers behind his head, closes his eyes, and commences a bizarre BREATHING EXERCISE.

The other four just watch. Finally:

THAT ONE SUB (CONT'D)
OK, so, what? We untie him, drop him off somewhere, pretend this never happened?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Are you stupid?

Beat.

THAT ONE SUB
... no?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
The last time anyone saw this asshole he was sitting at a table with us making a fucking scene.

LAURA
(realizing)
There were two cops there.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Yeah. Exactly. And who are they gonna want to talk to if the next time they see him he's dead in a dumpster somewhere?

Trey hangs his head.

TREY
The last people he was seen with.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Hallelujah. I'm not the only one who watches 'Law & Order.'

TAMI
Everyone watches 'Law & Order.'

THAT ONE SUB
Well, I still don't want to keep him here.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
We're still going to dump him, you idiot. We just have to make sure the cops think he split off from us first.

TAMI
How're we gonna do that?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
I think that's obvious.

Nope.

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)
Jesus. We're gonna 'Weekend at Bernie's' him.

Beat.

TREY
What the fuck does that mean?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
You've never seen 'Weekend at Bernie's?'

TREY
I've seen 'Weekend at Bernie's,' I just don't know what that means vis-a-vis our current situation.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
What the fuck is that, 'visa visa?' You trying to show off? Prove to everyone how much smarter you are than me?

TREY
What?! No. Dude...

Coach Dell GRABS TREY BY THE COLLAR. Opens his free hand in front of Trey's chest, palm to the sky. Expectant.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Give me the ticket.

TREY
What? Why?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Because you thinking you're smarter than me means you think you're in charge. I'm in charge.

TREY

That's fine; I don't want to be in charge of this.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Good. Because I'm in charge. Now give me the fucking ticket.

TREY

It's in my name.

Beat.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Yeah, no shit. And I don't want you running off and cashing in without us, smart guy.

TAMI

That's actually a good point.

Trey shrugs, hands over the ticket. Clearly not worth the fight at this point.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Not as dumb as you look. OK, so back to the plan. It's simple: Step One: 'Weekend at Bernie's.' Step two --

LAURA

(rattled)

I don't like this. Let's just call the cops.

TAMI

No way.

THAT ONE SUB

Maybe she's right...

COACH DELL'AQUILA

We are not calling the fucking cops!

THAT ONE SUB

OK, can we try to keep the volume --

COACH DELL'AQUILA

I am not going back to prison; not for some loudmouth idiot who threw himself out a window. And sure as fuck not now that I'm rich.

Trey, Laura and That One Sub share a horrified look.

TREY
Going back... ?

TAMI
Me either. Let's Bernie this
beaner.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
That's what the fuck I'm talking
about.

And now the other three know: they are in way over their
heads here. And so they can only stare, frozen in shock, as
Coach Dell begins rifling through the dead man's pockets...

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)
He drove to the bar, right?

TREY
(dreading the answer)
Why?

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR RUBENSTEIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Senor Rubenstein drives down an empty street, his eyes WIDE
AND UNBLINKING, mouth pulled back in a RICTUS GRIN.

PAN TO REVEAL: Coach Dell huddles in the passenger side wheel
well, one hand on the steering wheel, the other on the gas
pedal. He's got a LIVE BLUETOOTH HEADSET in his ear, like
the asswipe that he is.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
How's it look?

EXT. EMPTY CITY STREET - NIGHT

Trey, Laura, That One Sub and Tami watch from the shadows as,
fifty feet away, RUBENSTEIN'S CAR ROLLS DOWN THE EMPTY STREET
AT A BLISTERING TWO MILES PER HOUR.

TREY
(into cell phone)
Not suspicious at all.

Rubenstein's car meanders its way through a RED LIGHT,
setting off a series of BLINDING STROBES, each of which SMASH
CUTS TO A DIFFERENT RED LIGHT CAMERA SHOT:

FLASH! LONG SHOT.

FLASH! WINDSHIELD.

FLASH! HEADSHOT.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

BRESLIN

You're sure this is the story you want to go with?

TREY

What do you mean?

BRESLIN

Well. A lot of what you've told me today is pretty hard to substantiate. Maybe you know that; maybe that's why you're telling it to me. 'That One Sub?' Hard to track a guy like that down, right? Whose idea was it to tie up Rubenstein? He said, she said; I may never know. But you know what will know? If a car set off the red light camera at the intersection of...

TREY

... State and Hoover.

BRESLIN

... State and Hoover late Monday night -- like you're saying it did -- I will know that. I can verify it. Which means. If it didn't happen... I can verify that, too.

Breslin allows a moment for this to sink in.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

So. Are you sure this is the story you want to go with?

When Trey doesn't respond, Breslin waves his hand in front of the window. Gina enters. Breslin addresses her without ever taking his eyes from Trey.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

I want you to pull up every violation of the red light camera at State and Hoover on Monday night. You're looking for a car registered to 'Rubenstein.' When you don't find it, come back to me.

Gina nods. Breslin turns his attention back to Trey.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
OK then, take it away. You
'Weekend at Bernies' him... what
happens next?

Off Trey... and Gina...

CUT TO:

TREY, LAURA, THAT ONE SUB and TAMI

Lurking in the shadows once again. But this time, they're
not at the side of the road, they're...

EXT. RIVERSIDE PIER - NIGHT

... at RIVER'S EDGE, watching with horror as Coach Dell JURY
RIGS RUBENSTEIN'S CAR (Rubenstein still at the wheel) to AUTO-
PILOT DOWN A SHORT PIER that extends into the inky waters of
THE DETROIT RIVER.

TAMI
Well. On the positive, now we each
get five hundred g's divided by
five, which is... more.

Coach Dell HOOTS as Rubenstein's car starts ROLLING DOWN THE
PIER. He runs alongside the vehicle, SLAMS the driver's side
door, and then peels off, joining his partners in crime just
in time to watch...

... the car SLOW-ROLL TO A DEAD STOP AT THE VERY END OF THE
PIER.

A LONG BEAT follows. Somewhere, a frog croaks.

THAT ONE SUB
Maybe it just needs a --

CRRRRASSSHHHHHH!!!! The entire pier COLLAPSES UNDER THE
WEIGHT OF THE VEHICLE.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

Breslin stares at Trey, stupefied. The moment is broken when
Gina enters, a sheaf of papers in hand.

BRESLIN
(to Gina)
Oh good.
(MORE)

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Apparently there's a small pier in
Wyandotte, just North of Riverview?
Or. There was. I need you to...

Breslin trails off as Gina hands him a printout.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
What is this?

GINA
That's Scott G. Rubenstein of
Riverview, Michigan, running the
red light at State and Hoover at
3:37 AM on Tuesday morning.

And there's more:

GINA (CONT'D)
And I don't have current
whereabouts pinned down yet -- and
I can't account for the sub,
obviously -- but the rest of them
all reported to work at Riverview
High yesterday morning. Except for
Rubenstein. Who hasn't been seen
since this picture was taken.

Breslin slow-turns back to Trey, stunned.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

LAURA
We thought it would be suspicious
if we didn't show up, since...

BRESLIN
... you knew Rubenstein wasn't
going to.

LAURA
Yeah. And. The Ontario Gaming
Corporation's offices don't open
until noon anyway, so we just
figured...

BRESLIN
Go, play it cool, then bug out the
second the bell rings.

Laura nods, exhales loudly.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Let me guess. Didn't work out like
you hoped.

LAURA
No. It didn't.

EXT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - TRACK - DAY

Coach Dell completely ignores the P.E. CLASS RUNNING LAPS AROUND HIM, opting instead to check his watch every several seconds.

LAURA (V.O.)
Turns out the only thing more
suspicious than us not showing up
when we're supposed to...

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - CLASSROOM (A) - DAY

Laura writes on the chalkboard, catches her HAND TREMBLING. She glances over her shoulder to see if her class noticed.

Her class noticed.

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Tami shuts and locks the glass front of the vending machine, revealing that she's (accidentally?) stocked the entire thing with (PRODUCT PLACEMENT HERE).

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - CLASSROOM (B) - DAY

Trey sits at his desk, gazing off into the middle distance. His class just stares at him, baffled.

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - CLASSROOM (C) - DAY

That One Sub starts writing his name on the chalkboard:

MR. STE

LAURA (V.O.)
... is a Sub showing up when he's
not supposed to.

Another TEACHER (MR. HATZIS) enters, furrows his brow.

MR. HATZIS
Who are you? And what are you
doing in my classroom?

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - CLASSROOM (D) - DAY

That One Sub peeks his head into another classroom, gives it a quick look-over. There doesn't seem to be a teacher present, so he throws the door open, strolls in...

LAURA (V.O.)
Which he kept doing.

THAT ONE SUB
OK everyone, I'm...

MRS. STOCKMAN pops up from behind a filing cabinet.

THAT ONE SUB (CONT'D)
... just making sure all teachers
are accounted for.
(then, to Mrs. Stockman)
Good to see you.
(it's getting weird)
Teamwork makes the dream work.

Mrs. Stockman reaches for the in-room phone. That One Sub
backpedals...

EXT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

A confused JANITOR watches as That One Sub empties garbage
can after garbage can into the main dumpster...

LAURA (V.O.)
Over and over again.

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

That One Sub chills in the corner of room, offering
unsolicited encouragement to the scrawny would-be Hulks all
around him.

LAURA (V.O.)
All morning long.

THAT ONE SUB
That's it, glasses. You got that.
(another kid)
Try that with a pronated grip.

A PIMPLED STUDENT enters, the VICE PRINCIPAL and SCHOOL
SECURITY GUARD in tow. The student points at That One Sub.

TREY (V.O.)
He said he just wanted to make sure
he didn't get left out of anything
the group did. Which may have been
a valid concern...

EXT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

The School Security Guard talks with That One Sub in the faculty parking lot. After a short exchange, That One Sub hangs his head, nods, and heads for his car.

TREY (V.O.)
... but he had to know he was going
to attract the wrong kind of
attention.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Coach Dell watches the exchange from afar, SEETHING.

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Trey eyeballs his cell phone as he hurries...

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - MEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

TREY
I got your text. What's --

Trey trails off as he looks up from his phone, realizes that Coach Dell -- his presumed rendez-vous -- is not alone in this restroom. Laura and Tami are here as well.

Laura shoots a look at Trey -- she's nervous.

TREY (CONT'D)
What's going on?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
The Sub blabbed.

TREY
What? To who?

TAMI
The Security Guard.

TREY
You heard him?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Better yet: I saw him.

LAURA
What are we going to do?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
We got what, one more period until
lunch?

(MORE)

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)
 We're going to wait it out, then go
 over to his place. Have a little
 talk with him.

Trey's face falls. He's got a bad feeling about this...

TREY
 What kind of talk?

CUT TO:

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DAY

Coach Dell has That One Sub in a SLEEPER CHOKE-HOLD. He rag-dolls the smaller man as he screams:

COACH DELL'AQUILA
 What did you tell him?! What the
 fuck did you tell him, you piece of
 shit???

That One Sub doesn't answer. He's too busy pawing helplessly at Coach Dell's bulging arms. Trey and Laura stand to the side, horrified. Tami stands a little closer. She looks sort of aroused.

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)
ANSWER ME!

TREY
 Dude, he can't breathe!

LAURA
 You're hurting him!

COACH DELL'AQUILA
 That's the fucking point!

TREY
 No, it's not. You gotta let him --

TAMI
 Yeah!!! That's the fucking point!

Tami steps forward, SLAPS the gasping Sub.

TAMI (CONT'D)
 What did you tell him you little
 masturbator?

That's a weird thing to say.

LAURA
 Stop it! You're gonna kill him!

COACH DELL'AQUILA
 I've been training UFC for twenty
 years, I'm a fucking expert at this
 shit. I'm not gonna kill him.

SMASH TO:

THAT ONE SUB DEAD ON THE FLOOR

Coach Dell killed him.

A HEAVY SILENCE blankets the room as the gravity of the
 situation weighs on everyone. Laura cries softly to herself.
 Trey holds his head in his hands. Coach Dell and Tami just
 stare at the body, flummoxed. Finally:

COACH DELL'AQUILA
 Well. I assume we're all in
 agreement on the best course of
 action here? Dissolve his body in
 acid, drain it down the tub?

TREY
 What?!

TAMI
 Yeah, didn't you watch Breaking
 Bad?

Trey turns to Tami.

TREY
What?!

TAMI
 Remember? The first season? They
 try to do that but it eats through
 the tub and --

COACH DELL'AQUILA
 No, don't say! I haven't watched
 it yet!

TAMI
 You haven't watched Breaking Bad!?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
 It's in my queue.

TAMI
 Oh my God, I'm so jealous of you.

LAURA

(soft)

Oh my God.

TREY

OK, can we just take a step back for a moment and re-visit the conversation about what we're going to do here?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

There is no conversation. Anyone finds this body, ever, it gets traced back to us. Ergo (pronounced wrong): It's gotta disappear.

LAURA

But we didn't kill him.

Coach Dell GLARES at Laura. She instantly SHRINKS.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

OK first of all, to be clear: this man killed himself. Second of all: it doesn't matter who killed him. Because we -- all of us -- have already committed a crime by not reporting what happened to Jewstein. And I guess by killing him. So. Our ship has sailed. We're in this together from here on out, whether we like it or not.

Laura hangs her head, overwhelmed.

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)

Or do you not agree with that? Maybe you want to talk to someone about all this...

(re: That One Sub)

... like he did?

It's a pretty effective threat with the body right there on display. Laura shakes her head, traumatized.

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Now. Back to the issue at hand: you're saying the bathtub thing won't work, so... I don't suppose any of us knows someone who can make a body disappear?

Tami and Trey shake their heads. Laura doesn't even bother.
But then:

TAMI
Oh! Compella!

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Compella?

TAMI
My nephew.

TREY
You have a nephew named Compella?

TAMI
It's his rap name.

TREY
You have a rapper nephew named
Compella. Who knows how to dispose
of a body.

TAMI
He's in a gang. What are they
called... M... Mi... Mi... Mikey?
Mighty, maybe? I don't know, the
something Cobras.

Trey BLANCHES.

TREY
Mickey Cobras?

TAMI
That sounds right.

LAURA
What's a Mickey Cobra?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

Breslin sits back in his chair, eyes wide.

BRESLIN
A Mickey Cobra.

Breslin offers a low, impressed WHISTLE.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Bad crew. Some of the hardest guys
on the force go out of their way to
avoid them. So this Cobra, this
'Compella'... he came over?

Trey nods. Breslin shakes his head in disbelief.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
You're probably lucky to be alive.

TREY
(not so sure)
Yeaahhh...

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - COMMON HALLWAY - DAY

Tattooed and all attitude, COMPELLA (18) stands just outside of That One Sub's front door. When it opens:

COMPELLA
Auntie, whatup.

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DAY

Compella enters the condo, gives Tami a long, lingering hug.

COMPELLA
I'm sorry I missed your birthday party.

Like a REALLY LONG, LINGERING HUG.

TAMI
That's OK, sweetheart.

LIKE A REALLY REALLY LONG, LINGERING --

COMPELLA
So yo, what's up? You said you got a problem needs getting took care of?
(re: Trey)
This the problem?

TAMI
No...

Compella throws Trey a tough guy shoulder-feint. Trey doesn't blink.

COMPELLA
Lucky for you.

Compella turns his attention to Coach Dell, who stands just on the other side of the kitchen peninsula.

COMPELLA (CONT'D)
What's up, homie?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Put it back in your pants, son.

COMPELLA
What the fuck is that supposed to mean?!

As he circles the peninsula...

COMPELLA (CONT'D)
You tryn'a get ethered or somethOH
SHIT IS THAT A DEAD BODY?!

That One Sub has finally come into view. Compella shakes his head violently, backs away from the corpse.

TAMI
Can you take care of it?

Compella is near hysterics.

COMPELLA
Huh???

TAMI
Can you get rid of it for us?

COMPELLA
What?!

TAMI
We can't have it here.

COMPELLA
Well I don't want it!

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Oh Jesus Christ.

TAMI
I don't want you to keep it, I want you to make it disappear.

COMPELLA
What do I look like, a magician?!

TAMI
Harald, look at me. Are you looking at me? OK, now I want you to listen to what I'm telling you. Last night, my friends and me --

TREY
Friends and I.

TAMI

Shut up, smartass.

(then)

Last night my friends and I won
half a million dollars.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Hey hey hey...

TAMI

Unfortunately, our friend here had
an accident, so he won't be needing
his share anymore. So. You help
me with our friend... I'll split
his share with you. How's that
sound?

Coach Dell and Trey are floored by this proposition, but
Tami's not concerned about them. She's concerned solely with
Compella...

... who, faced with this grim offer, has taken to OUTRIGHT
SOBBING.

COMPELLA

Who has an accident right after
they've won that much money?? He
should have been especiallly careful
after that!

TAMI

Let's not worry about how he got
here --

COMPELLA

Does he have a family?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Oh my sweet God.

TAMI

I don't know, Harald. What I do
know is --

COMPELLA

You don't even know if he has a
family??? Who are you?!

Compella turns, hurries for the door.

TAMI

Harald wait!

Compella doesn't wait... but he does pause at the threshold:

COMPELLA

Why would you make me a part of
this?! I thought you loved me!

And then: SLAM! He's gone. Tami turns back to the group,
nonplussed, and off her...

CUT TO:

LATER

Laura stands off to the side, distant. Trey, though clearly
bothered, stands with Coach Dell and Tami in front of a
large WHITEBOARD commandeered from the kitchen. Remnants of
shopping lists and recipes still crowd the margins, but the
majority of the board now hosts two lists: GOOD IDEAS and
GREAT IDEAS. This is what they look like:

GOOD IDEAS

Landfill
Wood chipper
Freeze then shatter like T-
1000
Construction site concrete
Garbage disposal?
Oven cleaner????
Cook into chili

GREAT IDEAS

Feed to pigs
Sink in river
Light on fire

Coach Dell holds the marker, considers the list. He's taking
this very seriously.

TREY

I'm not sure that 'light on fire'
is a 'great idea.'

COACH DELL'AQUILA

What are you talking about, that's
probably the best idea we have.
Teeth, hair, DNA. Gone.

TREY

Yeah but where are we gonna do
that?

Beat.

Coach Dell draws an arrow, redirecting 'Light on fire' to the
'Good Ideas' list.

TAMI

Do we have to cook him into chili?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
No, we could cook him into
anything.

TAMI
Cuz in that one Johnny Depp movie
he cooks people into pies. Like
these weird little meat pies.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Well, which would you rather eat?

Tami turns to Laura, who looks downright pekid at this point.

TAMI
Math teacher. What's five hundred
grand divided by four?

LAURA
One hundred and twenty-five
thousand.

Tami turns back to Coach Dell.

TAMI
Probably the chili.

That's the last straw. Laura BOLTS.

TREY
Shit.

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DAY

Laura EXPLODES out of the complex's front door and
immediately drops her hands to her knees. Struggles to take
in some fresh air while simultaneously keeping her lunch
down.

When, after several seconds, she's finally calmed herself
down, she stands back up...

... to discover that there's a COP CAR parked at the opposite
curb. Inside, TWO COPS eyeball her. She takes a deep
breath, steeling herself...

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - LOBBY - DAY

Trey emerges from the main elevator, half-runs across the
lobby, and hurries...

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

... where he SKIDS TO A HALT at the sight of LAURA TALKING TO THE TWO COPS. They're the same ones from the bar last night (TORRES and MILES), though it's unclear whether Trey or Laura have made that connection yet.

Trey shuffles toward the conversation, just making out:

OFFICER TORRES

Ma'am. We can't help you if you don't tell us what's wrong.

Trey exhales, steps forward.

TREY

Laura. I'm so sorry I yelled at you.

Laura turns, eyes Trey. Trey offers a slight smile in return, hoping she'll play along. The cops watch with interest.

TREY (CONT'D)

I should have never said those things.

OFFICER MILES

Ma'am. Is he bothering you?

Laura looks from the cops back to Trey, unsure.

OFFICER MILES (CONT'D)

If he makes you feel unsafe, just tell us. We can help you.

Laura locks eyes with Trey. She's clearly terrified to be in this situation.

TREY

It's going to be OK, baby. I promise. We're going to get through this.

(then)

I love you.

Wow. That sounded real.

OFFICER TORRES

Tell you what, Romeo, why don't you step over here with me, have a little chat.

Trey holds Laura's gaze for one more pregnant beat... then follows Torres to the corner. At which point Torres says... NOTHING. He just stands there.

TREY

Did you wanna --

OFFICER TORRES

Nope.

Trey nods. He gets it.

ON LAURA AND OFFICER MILES

OFFICER MILES

He can't hear you. And even if he could. Torres over there was a state champion wrestler. He wouldn't make it two feet.

(then, gentle)

We can help you. But you have to let us.

Laura's eyes never leave Trey's.

LAURA

We'll be OK. We're gonna get through this.

Officer Miles hangs his head.

OFFICER MILES

OK. Well, look.

Miles pulls a business card from his pocket, hands it to Laura.

OFFICER MILES (CONT'D)

That's got my cell number on the back. You change your mind, or he gets... *things escalate*? You call me, OK? 24/7.

Laura nods meekly. Miles gestures for his partner.

Trey returns to Laura's side, watches in silence as the cops pull away. Finally, Trey and Laura look to one another... and Laura SLAPS Trey.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

BRESLIN

You slapped him? Why?

Laura takes a beat to stew in the memory of the moment, then:

LAURA
(wounded)
You don't just say those things.

Breslin chews on this for a beat, putting the pieces together...

LAURA (CONT'D)
(a distraction)
Oh. Here.

Laura digs into her back pocket, produces officer Miles' BUSINESS CARD. Hands it to Breslin.

LAURA (CONT'D)
He showed up at Applebee's. I
don't know how. I guess it doesn't
matter now.

As Breslin turns the card over in his hands, contemplative:

LAURA (CONT'D)
He seemed like a good man.

BRESLIN
(lost in thought)
He did, didn't he.
(then)
Excuse me for a moment?

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Breslin emerges into the hallway. Gina meets him.

GINA
What's up?

Breslin nods toward the exit. *Not here.*

EXT. POLICE STATION - REAR DOCK - DAY

Breslin smokes. Bothered. After a long moment:

BRESLIN
I need you to pull up the GPS data
from Torres and Miles' cruiser.

GINA
What am I looking for?

BRESLIN

They shouldn't have been anywhere near that Applebee's. And now she's telling me they were at a condo on 12 Mile earlier in the day... which is also someplace they shouldn't have been.

GINA

You want to know where they were in between?

BRESLIN

No. I want to know where they were from the second they left that bar on Monday night.

Gina eyes her boss momentarily, concerned by the implication.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

I know. Let's hope I'm wrong.

Gina nods to herself. After a short silence:

GINA

How's it going with Harry and Sally in there?

Off Breslin...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

TREY

She told you she slapped me? Why would she slap me? She broke up with me. You don't get to slap the person you broke up with; that's not how it works.

Breslin furrows his brow, confused.

TREY (CONT'D)

She told you I broke up with her?

BRESLIN

It was implied.

TREY

Of course it was. Unbelievable. Always playing the victim. Always.

Trey slumps in his seat, defeated.

BRESLIN

Let's not get caught up in 'he said,' 'she said,' OK? Why don't you take me back to the condo.

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DAY

Trey and Laura re-enter. Tami and Coach Dell still stand in front of the whiteboard.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Where the fuck have you been?

TREY

Just getting some fresh air.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Fresh air... and some police assistance?

The color runs from Trey and Laura's faces. A TENSE BEAT follows, before:

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you; I know you're not that stupid.

TREY

(weak)

Ha ha ha.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Anyway, we settled on a method while you were gone. Hydraulic cider press.

TREY

Oh, hydraulic cider press.

Laura glances at the whiteboard, notices that an (unfinished) long division equation now takes up one corner of the board:

$500,000/2 =$

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Yeah. It's perfect. There's like four or five cider mills on the way to Windsor, and most of them don't even open until September. So that gives us like six, seven months --

LAURA

Nine months.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Nine months until anyone even shows up onsite. And even when they do, chances are pretty good they're not gonna look inside the press before they start filling it with pulp, right?

TAMI

(excited)

They're thirsty for cider!

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Exactly. So they start pressing cider, Johnny Appleseed here gets mashed into paste... presto. Perfect crime.

TREY

You want to press him into apple cider. So... people are going to be... fucking drinking him?? Dude.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Don't be a pussy. Ten minutes ago we were going to eat him in chili.

TREY

We were never going to eat him in chili.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

It's not up for discussion. We already voted, and it's unanimous.

Trey looks from Coach to Tami, Tami to Coach. Dumbfounded.

TREY

It's unanimous amongst you two.
There's four of us.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

(measured)

There doesn't have to be.

Off Trey and Laura...

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DAY

Trey, Tami and Coach Dell haul a ROLLED-UP CARPET into the alley behind the condo. That One Sub's hair sticks out of one end. Laura trails behind.

There's four vehicles parked in the alley: A FORD F-150 PICKUP, an old TOYOTA 4RUNNER, a tiny CHEVY SONIC HATCHBACK, and TAMI'S SERVICE TRUCK.

As they approach the vehicles, Trey and Coach Dell instinctively steer toward the service truck. Tami counter-steers.

TAMI
No way. Company car.

Trey rolls his eyes. Swings toward the F-150.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
What, we're just going to put him
in the back? Open air?

Trey exhales deeply, frustrated.

TREY
Fine.

Trey heads for his 4Runner...

COACH DELL'AQUILA
A Toyota. In the Motor City. You
must be out of your mind if you
think I'm going to ride in that
rice rocket.

TREY
I must be out of my mind?!

INT. CHEVY SONIC - DAY

Laura drives, both hands death-clutched to the steering wheel. Trey rides shotgun. Coach Dell and Tami sit in the back. The middle seat is folded down between them, allowing the carpet to protrude from the trunk. That One Sub's hair sticks out from the end.

After what feels like an interminable silence:

TAMI
Do you have Sirius XM?

EXT. OFF-SEASON CIDER MILL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

An enormous, single-structure CIDER MILL looks out over a snow dusted parking lot. Laura leans against the only car in the lot -- her hatchback -- burning through cigarettes as she keeps watch.

INT. OFF-SEASON CIDER MILL - DAY

Trey, Tami and Coach Dell stand beside an enormous HYDRAULIC PRESS. It looks like the oblong steel tanks you see on the back of fuel trucks. Trey looks ill; the others focused.

Laid out before them is That One Sub's lifeless (and now shirtless) body, splayed out on his carpet.

Coach Dell is TUGGING AT HIS PANTS.

TREY

Do we have to take off his pants?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

They'll clog up the works.

TREY

But he won't?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Don't be stupid. He's organic.

TREY

Are you sure you know how these things work?

As he YANKS OFF THE DEAD MAN'S PANTS:

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Are you sure this is the time to question the one person who's been single-handedly getting us through this mess?

(then)

Now pick up his hips so I can peel off his underwear.

Trey hesitates... then does as he's told. Coach Dell pulls off the dead man's underwear.

A long beat follows as the three lucky winners stare down at That One Sub's pale, naked body.

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)

We should put his underwear back on.

TAMI

I was thinking the same thing.

TREY

Really? That's seems almost creepier to me.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
It's not creepy, it's dignified.
Have some fucking respect.

Trey shakes his head, helps to slide the dead man's underwear back on. It's awkward.

Coach Dell then clambers atop the massive press, opens the hatch-like lid atop it. As Trey and Tami hoist the Sub's body up, Coach Dell struggles to grab the cadaver's arms, which flop to and fro with Trey and Tami's shifting weight. Finally, he gets hold of the corpse and HAULS IT UP ATOP THE PRESS...

... where it immediately SLIDES CLEAN INTO THE HATCH, gone in an instant. There's a dense THUD as the Sub lands inside the empty press.

Coach Dell stares into the darkened chasm for a moment... then starts lowering himself in.

TAMI
What're you doing?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
(duh)
I still gotta take off his underwear.

TREY
What about showing him respect?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
It's dark in there, no one can see him now. Plus it'll clog up the works.

Trey shakes his head.

TREY
I'm going back to the car.

Coach Dell shrugs, VANISHES INTO THE TANK.

EXT. OFF-SEASON CIDER MILL - DAY

Trey nears Laura's car. Laura appears to be on her 10th cigarette.

TREY
Got one for me?

LAURA
Thought you quit.

TREY
I thought you quit.

LAURA
We quit together. We're not
together anymore, so...

TREY
So...

Trey extends his open palm. Laura looks it off.

LAURA
This is your fault.

TREY
What?

LAURA
You had to take on additional
investors.

TREY
Laur...

LAURA
You took on additional investors,
and now we're stuck with them.
Right? You let these people in on
our bet?

Beat.

TREY
OK. But if you hadn't insisted on
tying Rubenstein to that
barstool...

LAURA
Me?!

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

Laura is getting worked up in recalling the conversation.

LAURA
It was Trey who wanted to tie him
up, not me.

BRESLIN
You mentioned that earlier.

LAURA

He felt emasculated after Rubenstein slapped him. Which, really. It's so small, you know? Like, get over it. Be the bigger man for once in your life. The guy's coked out of his mind --

BRESLIN

Is this something we should talk about? You and Jerneycic?

Laura FREEZES, suddenly cautious.

LAURA

What do you mean?

BRESLIN

You have history, right? You were in a relationship at some point?

LAURA

Why do you think that? Did he tell you that?

BRESLIN

I'm a detective. I worked it out on my own.

Laura shrugs, playing it cool.

LAURA

It was nothing. Just a fling.
(then, right back at it)
It's just so like him, to shift...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

TREY

... the blame like that. I mean she can never admit when she's in the wrong. Ever. Have you ever met...

A YOUNG POLICE OFFICER (RUNDALL) walks past the floor-to-ceiling window behind Breslin, double-takes Trey... and WAVES. Trey ignores him.

So Rundall mimes swinging a baseball bat... then smoking a joint... then sucking a dick.

Trey, his hand forced, finally offers Rundall a sheepish NOD.
Dude, I see you.

Breslin catches this, glances over his shoulder, and throws Rundall an ICY GLARE. Rundall hurries off; Breslin returns his attention to Trey.

BRESLIN
So let's talk about this fling you
two had.

TREY
She called it a 'fling?'

Breslin nods. Trey falls back in his seat, stunned. After a contemplative beat:

TREY (CONT'D)
I guess... looking back on it
now...

BRESLIN
That's not how you think of it?

TREY
I don't think of it. I mean, I
haven't spent more than five
minutes with Laura in years. Until
this whole mess.

It doesn't take a detective to note the melancholy in Trey's voice. Breslin leans in.

BRESLIN
Mr. Jerneycic, don't take this the
wrong way, but... exactly how well
do you know Ms. Korinke?

TREY
What do you mean?

BRESLIN
I mean: Right now I've got a dining
room of cadavers, all of whom --
from what I understand -- died over
a duffel bag. Which I don't have.
I think you see where I'm going
with this: There were only two
people alive when I got to the
scene, which means only one of two
people could have made that bag
disappear. Right? Her...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

BRESLIN
... or him.

LAURA

Are you asking me if Trey stole that money?

BRESLIN

Is that what was in the bag?

(off Laura)

I'm not asking if he stole the money. There was obviously a lot going on in that restaurant; I don't expect that you were able to track every single thing that happened. What I'm asking you is: is he capable of stealing that money?

Laura looks to the table. Really stewes on it. Finally, she looks up. This is hard for her.

LAURA

He put us in business with those people.

(then, scared to say it)

I don't know what he's capable of.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

TREY

She plays the victim. Always has; that's her thing. But she's cold, man. She's like a snake.

(then)

Honestly? I don't know what she's capable of.

Breslin leans back in his chair. Unsure, at this point, of what to make of these two.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

OFFICER RUNDALL sits at his desk, nose buried in paperwork. Breslin and Gina appear above him.

BRESLIN

Rundall. Got a minute?

Rundall grimaces.

INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Breslin and Gina sit with Rundall at a small break table.

OFFICER RUNDALL
We played baseball together. In
high school. Why is he here?
(then, off non-response)
Jesus, he's not part of this
Applebees thing, is he?

BRESLIN
Did you know Laura Korinke as well?

OFFICER RUNDALL
Sure. Wait, is she involved too?

BRESLIN
Tell me about them.

Rundall shrugs.

OFFICER RUNDALL
They were the couple. Every high
school has 'the couple.' They were
'the couple.'

BRESLIN
Until... ?

OFFICER RUNDALL
I don't know for sure. Trey got a
scholarship to St. Louis -- he was
really good -- and I remember she
was going to go too...

BRESLIN
But she didn't.

OFFICER RUNDALL
No. Her mom was sick, or
something?

GINA
So she stayed...

OFFICER RUNDALL
... he went.

BRESLIN
And, what? That was it?

OFFICER RUNDALL
I can't say for sure; you should
really ask them.

BRESLIN

They not exactly reliable when it comes to talking about each other.

OFFICER RUNDALL

Right.

(then)

You know, the thing that really sucked, was: He ended up flaming out anyway. Told everyone something about his rotator cuff, but... I remember at the time a lot of us thought he just wasn't himself without her. And on top of that: I think her mom got better, too.

(contemplative beat)

Just a shitty situation all around.

Breslin nods slightly. The ill-will, the finger-pointing, the hurt feelings... it's all starting to make sense now.

BRESLIN

So basically they caught some bad breaks... and they just weren't strong enough to get through.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Gina and Breslin head back to the conference room. Gina hands him a file folder as they walk.

GINA

GPS data on Torres and Miles.

Breslin cracks the file. His face falls; he stops walking.

BRESLIN

Fuck.

GINA

Yeah.

BRESLIN

You know what might be nice?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

Breslin re-enters the interview room. He's got a box of Krispy Kremes in one hand and a grocery bag in the other. As he retakes his seat opposite Trey, he opens the donut box, slides it across the table. Produces a variety of sodas from the grocery bag.

BRESLIN
I didn't know what you liked.

Trey eyes the bounty nervously.

TREY
Is this a trap?

BRESLIN
No trap.

TREY
What's this for?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

Laura studies a similar spread.

BRESLIN
(earnest)
You've been through a lot. I
thought you could use a pick-me-up.

Laura considers for another long second, then reaches for a donut. Breslin flips open his notebook.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
So. When last we left you...

EXT. AMBASSADOR BRIDGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Hundreds of cars pack the famed Ambassador Bridge, racing out of the hell hole that is Detroit...

... into the hell hole that is WINDSOR.

EXT. ONTARIO GAMING CORPORATION - DAY

Laura's car pulls into the mostly empty parking lot of the ONTARIO GAMING CORPORATION OFFICES.

COACH DELL'AQUILA (PRE-LAP)
How do you think they're gonna pay
us?

MOMENTS LATER

As the winners approach the LARGE, SINGLE-STORY BUILDING...

TREY
Fast, I hope. Maybe a money order?

TAMI

What? They're a government agency.
How many government agencies have
you heard of that pays people in
money orders?

TREY

I don't know; I've never been paid
by a government agency.

TAMI

Government agencies don't pay
people in money orders.

TREY

Ours doesn't.

LAURA

Dude, it's Canada. Not Nigeria.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

I know for a fact that Nigeria uses
money orders.

The group enters...

INT. ONTARIO GAMING CORPORATION - CONTINUOUS

TREY

Maybe a check?

Trey tries to compose himself as he approaches the lobby's
only furniture: A SINGLE DESK set up before a large PARTITION
WALL. A receptionist ("BARRY," according to his name badge)
looks up with a smile. Trey tries to act cool.

TREY (CONT'D)

Hi. Hi there. I, uh... we
recently won a Pro-Line parlay?

BARRY

Kudos! I hope you brought your
ticket?

Trey nods, turns awkwardly toward Coach Dell. As Coach Dell
digs around for the ticket...

BARRY (CONT'D)

Or I can just look you up by name.

Trey turns back toward Barry.

TREY

We don't need the ticket?

BARRY

It speeds things along, but no.

Trey and Laura share a pained look.

COACH DELL' AQUILA

Here it is.

Coach Dell hands Barry the ticket, which the younger man runs through his computer...

BARRY

(off computer)

Oh... oh my. You're them! The big winners!

TREY

Uh...

COACH DELL' AQUILA

You know it.

TAMI

Mmm hmmm.

BARRY

We've been waiting for you to come in and collect! This is so exciting!

Barry, now MANIC WITH EXCITEMENT, stands, shakes everyone's hands.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Kudos. Kudos! Kudos. Kudos! I just need to run to the back and get this signed off, then I'll be right back with your money!

Super. Barry scampers around the partition wall. Trey turns back to Laura.

TREY

If it's a check... can we cash that back home? Or do we have to do it here?

LAURA

Why are you asking me?

TREY

I don't know, I thought --

TAMT

It depends on what bank they're using. If it's one with US branches, then it's smooth sailing.

(MORE)

TAMI (CONT'D)

But if not, then our money would probably be frozen for a couple of days while our bank of choice confirms the funds.

Trey, Laura and Coach Dell stare at Tami, impressed.

TAMI (CONT'D)

What, I'm the only person here who cashes checks from abroad on a regular basis?

TREY

OK, well I say we go back home no matter what, hammer it out there.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Why? She's saying we get our money faster if we just cash out here.

TREY

Sure, but then we're still in a foreign country, we don't know what kind of paperwork we'll have to deal with, what sort of tax situation we're getting ourselves into...

LAURA

Maybe they'll do a transfer.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Into whose account?

TREY

OK, how about this. We go back outside right now, find a local branch of a US bank, open a joint account there...

BARRY

Sorry for the delay.

Barry, recently returned from his backstage visit, hoists a BLACK DUFFEL BAG atop the desk counter. It lands with a substantial THUD. The four Americans STARE AT IT, GOBSMACKED.

TREY

Is that...

BARRY

Five hundred thousand dollars.
American. In cash. Canadian.
(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

(beat)

The money is Canadian. The total
is American. Does that make --

TREY

Do... do you need us to sign
something, or...

BARRY

Nope, you can just take it.

(then, with a smile)

Benefits of holding on to your
ticket.

All four reach for the bag simultaneously. Coach Dell easily
WRESTS it from the other three, and immediately all four head
for the door...

BARRY (CONT'D)

Oh! There is one thing!

CUT TO:

THE FOUR WINNERS POSE AWKWARDLY IN FRONT OF AN ONTARIO GAMING
CORP-THEMED STEP AND REPEAT WALL.

Barry works the camera.

BARRY

Big smiles!

Trey glances at the duffel bag, still in Coach Dell's
possession. There's a PRICE TAG hanging from it.

TREY

You buy these specifically to put
money in?

BARRY

We're a government agency, you
think we're gonna give it to you in
garbage bags? This isn't Nigeria!
Come on, big smiles!

(after a few shots)

We deduct the cost of the duffel
from your winnings. That's a joke!
How 'bout some smiles?!

LAURA

These pictures aren't going to be,
like... in the papers or anything,
are they?

BARRY
We just like to put them on our
website. OK, I think we're good.

The crew can't get out of there fast enough. They head for
the door (duffel still clenched in Coach Dell's iron fist)...

BARRY (CONT'D)
Oh, one more thing?

CUT TO:

A MAKESHIFT PRESS CONFERENCE

The four winners sit at a long table facing Barry, who works
a VIDEO CAMERA. There is a LARGE CROWD OF OGC STAFF MEMBERS
assembled behind him.

Everyone in the room is buzzing with excitement... except for
the winners.

BARRY
OK so how do you all know each
other?

TREY
We, um...

BARRY
Oh! Hold on.

Barry runs up to the table, places AN OUTDATED MIC in front
of Trey.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Talk into this.

Trey holds aloft the mic's loose cord: it's not plugged in.

BARRY (CONT'D)
For fun, you know.

Trey grimaces.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

Breslin has the Ontario Gaming Corp's website loaded on his
laptop. ONSCREEN, Trey leans into the dead mic.

TREY (VIDEO)
We work together.

BARRY (VIDEO, OS)
Where do you work?

Beat.

TREY (VIDEO)
I'd rather not say.

BARRY (VIDEO, OS)
OK, well... how did you settle on
this group? Why these four people
and no one else?

Trey shares a look with the others, leans in...

BARRY (VIDEO, OS) (CONT'D)
Maybe the young lady?

Laura's eyes go wide. She stammers...

LAURA (VIDEO)
Oh. Um...

Trey passes her the dead mic.

LAURA (VIDEO) (CONT'D)
Thank you.
(then, to camera)
Well, uh. I guess you could say
everything just... *fell into*
place... for the four of us.

ONSCREEN, Trey grimaces.

BARRY (VIDEO, OS)
Do you have any advice for all of
our players at home hoping to win
big like you did?

Laura considers for a long moment... then looks DIRECTLY INTO
THE CAMERA. This is not a response, it's a MANIFESTO:

LAURA (VIDEO)
Winning the big one won't solve
your problems. You should really
ask yourself: '*Do I need this? Do*
I really want my life to change?'
Because once it has... you can't go
back. You can't undo what's
happened. Things will never be the
same. And make sure you know the
people around you -- I mean really
know them --

TAMI (VIDEO)
OK, sister --

Tami reaches for the mic. Laura blocks her hand.

LAURA (VIDEO)

I'm not done. Because the people around you might have different goals than you do, different ideas of how to handle your winnings. And you might not know that until it's too late.

(then, pointed)

Way, way too late.

Tami SNATCHES the mic. Starts prattling on...

TAMI (VIDEO)

She's really emotional. I just want to thank everyone who helped get me where I am today. Mom, Uncle Frank, Uncle Glenn, Uncle P. Oh! Uncle Lou. Henri... I will never forget that summer. Dr. Bruscaschetti, for fixing what God got wrong the first time. Dr. Sungar, for fixing what Dr. Bruscaschetti got wrong the first time. Mimi...

BRESLIN

Coach seems mighty attached to that duffel.

Indeed, ONSCREEN, Coach Dell DEATH-CLUTCHES THE DUFFEL BAG TO HIS CHEST.

TREY

Yeah, he wouldn't let any of us touch it.

BRESLIN

So how'd you get it away from him?

TREY

(cautious)

What do you mean?

BRESLIN

That duffel bag ended up in Applebee's... but Coach didn't. So I'm curious. How did you separate them from one another?

OFF TREY:

INT. CHEVY SONIC - AFTERNOON

Dash view: Laura drives. Trey rides shotgun. Tami and Coach Dell in the back seat.

Trey cycles through songs on the radio, giving each a second or two before moving on. He lands on "The Reason" by H~~o~~bastank... lingers...

LAURA

No.

TREY

Come on.

LAURA

Absolutely not.

TREY

You like this song.

IN THE BACK SEAT

Tami notices that Coach Dell has FALLEN ASLEEP. Duffel bag on his lap. She reaches for it...

ON TREY AND LAURA

LAURA

Why would you think I like this song?

TREY

(really?)

Laur.

(nothing)

This was our song.

LAURA

Is that a joke?

TREY

Does it sound like a joke?

LAURA

Our song was "Picture."

BACK SEAT:

Tami slowly hoists the duffel onto her own lap. She's about to open it when Coach Dell WAKES UP...

IN THE FRONT SEAT,

Trey and Laura continue their conversation, oblivious to the situation escalating behind them.

TREY
"Picture" by Kid Rock?

LAURA
(defensive)
And Sheryl Crow.

Coach Dell PUNCHES TAMI IN THE TIT, SNATCHES THE BAG BACK.

TREY
But mostly Kid Rock. That's a
break-up song.

LAURA
No it's not, it's beautiful.

Tami, furious, SLAPS COACH IN THE DICK. YANKS THE BAG BACK INTO HER LAP.

TREY
It is beautiful. A beautiful break-
up song.

LAURA
It's not a --

TREY
*I put your picture away. Sat down
and cried todaaaay-heeyyy-heeyyyy!*

As Trey sings, Coach Dell ends the back seat scuffle with a VIOLENT BACKHAND to Tami's face. It's way over the top, way past the line. Tami, stunned, dabs BLOOD from her lip.

TREY (CONT'D)
*I can't look at you while I'm
lying... next to her!
(Whooooohooooo)
(then)
Break-up song.*

Laura drives in silence for a moment, playing the song back in her head. Behind her, Tami withdraws her keys from her pocket, arranges them between her knuckles...

TREY (CONT'D)
You really think we would have
chosen a Kid Rock song as our song?
Kid Rock?

Laura frowns, unsure.

LAURA
(re: radio)
Well who sings this?

TREY
Høbastank.

IN THE BACK SEAT, Tami PUNCHES COACH DELL IN THE GUT,
STABBING HIM WITH HER KEYS.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
AGGGAGGGHGHGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Laura SWERVES VIOLENTLY.

LAURA
(scared)
Agghhhhhhhh!!!

TREY
(scared)
Agggghhhhhh!!!!

TAMI
(vengeful)
Agggghhhhhhhh!!!

After A LONG MOMENT OF ABJECT TERROR, Laura collects her
senses, manages to course correct. Trey spins in his seat.

TREY
What the fuck!

TAMI
Self-defense.
(then, triumphant)
I stuck him.

TREY
You...

Trey turns toward Coach Dell, who's got a hand pressed to his
side. Blood seeps between his fingers. Trey looks back to
Tami.

TREY (CONT'D)
With what?!

Tami proudly holds up her keys, still clenched in her fist.

TAMI
My house keys.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
(plaintive)
I never saw an ocean.

TREY
What?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
I never rode a personal
watercraft...

LAURA
Is he OK?

TREY
He's fine. She just jammed him
with her keys...

COACH DELL'AQUILA
I never learned to play bass.

TREY
You can still learn to play bass.

LAURA
Is he bleeding?

TREY
Yeah, a little...

Trey reaches for Coach Dell's bloody hand, tries to pry it
away from the wound. Coach Dell looks him directly in the
eyes.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
I never saw Avatar.

TREY
OK, well. We can watch it after
this all blows WHOOAAAAA!!

A RIVER OF BLOOD GUSHES OUT FROM BENEATH COACH DELL'S LOOSED
HAND.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Is that mine?!

Trey jams Coach Dell's hand back into place. Closes the
older man's HEAVY EYELIDS, his SUDDEN PALLOR.

TREY
Oh shit. We got a problem here
Laur.

LAURA
Well get it under control.

TREY
It's not that simp--

LAURA
Get it under control Trey. Right.
Now.

Confused, Trey looks over his shoulder, toward the front of the car. THEY'RE PULLING INTO THE BORDER CROSSING.

EXT. US/CANADIAN BORDER CROSSING - AFTERNOON

A BORDER CROSSING AGENT approaches Laura's window.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
ID's.

Laura, Trey and Tami hurriedly produce their driver's licenses. The Agent shuffles through them, realizes the math is off. He shines his flashlight into the rear seat, where Tami is trying to dig Coach Dell's wallet out of his back pocket.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT (CONT'D)
What's wrong with him?

LAURA
(quick)
He's drunk.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
How'd that happen?

Beat.

LAURA
He drank too much alcohol?

The Agent GLARES at Laura.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
Four of you drive up to Canada for the day and, what? You just leave him to drink by himself somewhere? Pick him up on the way back?

Oh. That does sound weird.

LAURA
(re: Trey)
He's drunk too.

The Agent leans into the window, shines his flashlight on Trey.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
Is that right.

Trey shrugs lamely.

LAURA
We went shopping and dropped them
off at a sports bar.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
Really. What'd you get?

LAURA
What did I... ?

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
You went shopping. What did you
purchase?

LAURA
Nothing.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
You went shopping long enough for
your boyfriends to get nice and Jan
Hammered. And in that amount of
time -- all day, presumably -- you
didn't buy one, single thing?
Smells like bullshit to me. Why
don't you all get out of --

TREY
The duffel.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
The duffel?

Beat.

LAURA
The duffel, I forgot. We bought
that duffel.

The Agent shines his flashlight on the duffel bag, which Tami
has pressed up against Coach Dell's wound.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
That duffel?

Laura nods lamely.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT (CONT'D)
Roll down the rear window?

Laura complies, nervous. The Agent leans in through the rear window -- his face inches from Coach Dell's -- and reaches for the duffel...

ANGLE ON: THE MASSIVE LAKE OF BLOOD AMASSING BENEATH THE DUFFEL, POOLING AROUND COACH DELL'S ASS.

BACK IN SCENE: Trey, Laura and Tami watch in horror as the Agent's hand grazes the bag...

... and then TAKES HOLD OF THE PRICE TAG, rotates it into view. The Agent lets out a low WHISTLE.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT (CONT'D)
Oooh-eee, that's a sweet deal right there. You all hit the Jackpot.

TREY
Yup... the Duffel Bag Jackpot.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
I almost feel like I should arrest you all.

Dead silence from the car.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT (CONT'D)
For robbery. Because that's such a good deal! Just a little joke. Anyway, you're free to --

COACH DELL'AQUILA
I never saw Seger live.

The Border Agent turns toward Coach Dell, who's still only inches away... and now WHITE AS A GHOST.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
What's that, Sir?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
(soft)
I never had kale.
(then, quieter)
I know it's a superfood.
(then, quieter)
But what's a superfood?

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
Sir. I need you to look at me.

Somehow, Coach Dell does as he's told. The Agent studies him for a long, tense beat.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT (CONT'D)
Sir. I need you to be honest with
me, OK? Is something wrong?

After an equally long, tense beat:

COACH DELL'AQUILA
(near whisper)
Yes.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
What's wrong?

After what seems an eternity:

COACH DELL'AQUILA
I never tried out for American
Ninja Warrior.

The Border Agent turns toward the front seat.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT
Just get him home safe, OK?

EXT. AMBASSADOR BRIDGE - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

Laura's Chevy Sonic HAULS ASS back into Detroit...

INT. CHEVY SONIC - AFTERNOON

Coach Dell's head rests against his window, his eyes half open. Tami waves her hand in front of him -- no response.

TAMI
We're going to need to find another
cider mill.

TREY
We are not dumping another body in
a cider press.

TAMI
Well, I don't know anyone who has a
slow-cooker this big, so...

TREY
No. We're not dumping another
body, period.

TAMI
Fine. It's not my car.

Off Trey and Laura...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - AFTERNOON

Breslin and Laura stand at one end of the room, studying a LARGE, DETAILED MAP OF THE DETROIT-METRO REGION that's been taped to the wall.

Behind them, on the conference table, a handful of SECURITY CAMERA STILLSHOTS FROM THE BORDER CROSSING corroborate the story thus far.

After a long moment of study, Laura points to a green portion of the map. A little off the freeway.

LAURA

Here.

BRESLIN

You're sure?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - AFTERNOON

Trey stands in front of the same map, points to the exact same spot.

TREY

Positive.

Breslin turns toward Gina, nods.

Off Trey's finger...

MATCH FADE TO:

SNOWY WOODLAND - AERIAL VIEW. A LITTLE OFF THE FREEWAY.

EXT. SNOWY WOODLAND - EVENING

Trey, Laura and Tami hurry away from Coach Dell's body, which they have dumped unceremoniously in the thick of the woods.

TREY

Alright. So all we have to do now is change the money, split it up, and never talk to each other ever again.

LAURA

Thank God.

TREY

We'll say we cut Coach in. Who knows what happened to him after that? Guy's got a lot of bad habits.

TAMI

I hope he gets eaten by wolves.

Trey and Laura share a look: *psycho!*

TAMI (CONT'D)

And I hope they start with his dick. No! I hope they start with his balls and then eat his dick on accident because they're enjoying his balls so much.

Jesus.

TREY

I don't care where they start, so long as there's nothing left to identify him when they're fin--

LIL JON (O.C., DISTANT)

To the window, to the wall! To the sweat drop down my balls!

The three STOP IN THEIR TRACKS...

LIL JON (O.C., DISTANT) (CONT'D)

To all these bitches crawl!

... then turn slowly toward the source of the music: DIRECTLY BEHIND THEM.

LIL JON (O.C., DISTANT) (CONT'D)

To all skeet skeet motherfucker!
To all skeet skeet goddamn!

LAURA

His phone.

LIL JON (O.C., DISTANT)

To all skeet skeet motherfucker!
To all skeet skeet goddamn!

TREY

Fuck.

LAURA

We gotta go back.

Laura takes a single step toward the sound before Trey GRABS HER ELBOW.

TREY
It's not worth the time or the risk. It'll die eventually.

LAURA
Someone will hear it.

Trey gestures for Laura to take in the vast expanse of wilderness that surrounds them.

TREY
Who?

COACH DELL'AQUILA (O.S.)
Hello?

The three share a HORRIFIED LOOK, then

BOOK IT THROUGH THE WOODS

To find Coach Dell splayed out where they left him... and holding his phone to his ear. He eyeballs them as they rush toward him...

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)
Yeah, these fuckers stabbed me and left me in the woods to get eaten by wolves. They're probably gonna eat my fucking dick off.
(pause, then)
Out off the 85 at Woodm--

Trey SNATCHES THE PHONE, holds it to his ear.

TREY
(into phone)
Who is this?!

NICK THE TOOTH
(phone)
Fuck you! Who is this?!

TREY
(into phone)
Fuck you!
(then, to Coach Dell)
Who is this?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
You're fucked.

TREY
You're fucked!

TAMI
 I hope you like getting your dick
 eaten off.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
 Is that an offer?

TAMI
 Oh, right, like I'm going to eat
 your dick right here in front of
 all these --

NICK THE TOOTH
 (phone, LOUD)
 HEY! HEY! ASSHOLE!

Trey gestures for the others to quiet down as the caller
 continues:

NICK THE TOOTH (CONT'D)
 (phone)
 I don't care who you are, I don't
 care who's gonna eat whose dick.
 What I care about is: you have my
 money.

Trey blanches.

TREY
Your money?

NICK THE TOOTH
 (phone)
 That's right. Your buddy Coach
 there --

TREY
 (into phone)
 I don't know what he told you,
 but... we were in a car accident.
 He hit his head pretty hard.

NICK THE TOOTH
 (phone)
 What did I just tell you?! I do
not care who's gonna eat whose
dick. Your buddy Coach owes me one
 hundred thousand dollars in
 gambling debts, and --

TREY
 (into phone)
 One hundred thousand dollars?!
 That's almost his entire take!

NICK THE TOOTH
 (phone)
 Oh really? What's his take?

TREY
 (into phone)
 One hundred twenty-five thousand.

NICK THE TOOTH
 (phone)
 He owes me one hundred twenty-five
 thousand dollars...

LAURA
 (aside)
 You idiot.

NICK THE TOOTH
 (phone)
 ... and I'm calling to collect. So
someone's bringing it to me... and
 if that someone isn't Coach, guess
 who it is.
 (then)
 You. In case it wasn't clear.
You're bringing it to me.

Trey makes eye contact with Laura. Takes a deep breath.

TREY
 (into phone)
 Or what.

NICK THE TOOTH
 (phone)
Or what?! Oh I don't know, you
 tell me. First I'll come find you.
 Then I'll shuck your fucking
 toenails like oysters. I'll do
 your feet like a goddamn bloomin'
 onion, and then I'm gonna get a
 cast iron skillet and --

TREY
 (into phone)
 If you knew who I was.

NICK THE TOOTH

(phone)
I'm sorry?!

TREY

(into phone)
You would do all those things... if
you knew who I was.

NICK THE TOOTH

(phone)
It says here on the Ontario Gaming
Commission website that your name
is Trey Jerneycic.

Trey goes STARK WHITE.

NICK THE TOOTH (CONT'D)

(phone)
Yeah, that's right. I only asked
who it was out of respect for
standard telephone etiquette, you
fucking caveman. Now. Are you
going to bring me my money, or do I
have to come find you? Or maybe...
(pause for reading)
Laura Korinke? Or --

TREY

(into phone)
No! I'll come.

NICK THE TOOTH

(phone)
That's right you will. Applebee's.
Theater Square. We're thirty
minutes from everywhere so you get
twenty-five. Then I come to you.

TREY

(into phone)
Are you eating there? How will I --

NICK THE TOOTH

(phone)
It's my restaurant, asshole! Tell
the host you're meeting with Nick.

TREY

(into phone)
You said Theater Square?

NICK THE TOOTH
(phone)
You got a smartphone?

As he digs his own phone out of his pocket...

TREY
(into phone)
Yeah.

NICK THE TOOTH
(phone)
Go to applebees.com?

TREY
(into phone)
OK.

NICK THE TOOTH
(phone)
See that orange tab up near the
top? 'Locations?'

TREY
(into phone)
I see 'Your Applebees.'

NICK THE TOOTH
(phone)
No, that's the pumpkin orange tab.
This is more like a salamander.

TREY
(into phone)
OK, I see it.

NICK THE TOOTH
(phone)
Put in '48226.'

TREY
(into phone)
OK, I got it.

NICK THE TOOTH
(phone)
OK cool.
(then, loud)
Twenty-two minutes,
motherfucker!!!!

CLICK. DEAD LINE. Trey looks to Laura and Tami, wide-eyed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - EVENING

Laura's car screeches up to the curb outside a bank.

INT. CHEVY SONIC - EVENING

Trey and Laura look to the back seat, where Tami has thrown her jacket thrown over Coach Dell's blood spot.

TREY	TAMI
Maybe it's best if you --	I'll stay here, keep a lookout.

Off Trey and Laura...

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - EVENING

THUD! Trey drops the duffel atop the bank counter, unzips it to reveal STACKS OF CANADIAN MONEY. He smiles at the stunned TELLER.

TREY

Hi.

INT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - NIGHT

The ACNE-SCARRED HOST (from the opening scene) stands behind his host stand... atop which a SURLY RED WINGS FAN has dropped a TAKE-OUT BAG.

HOST

Sir, I can't take that back.

RED WINGS FAN

It's not what I ordered.

HOST

I understand, but --

RED WINGS FAN

I ordered the Four Cheese Mac and Cheese. This is the Three Cheese Chicken Penne. That's one less cheese.

HOST

Yes, but... you ate almost all of it.

RED WINGS FAN

How am I supposed to realize it's
not what I ordered if I don't eat
it?

The Host shakes his head, flummoxed.

HOST

I'll have to talk to a manager.

RED WINGS FAN

Good, do that. I'm going to use
the shitter; when I get back, I
expect --

HOST

The restroom is for customers only.
If I accept this return, then
technically --

The Red Wings Fan points a rigid finger at the Host.

RED WINGS FAN

I will slap the fucking lips right
off your face.

The Host buttons it. The Red Wings Fan scurries off...

... revealing Trey, Laura and Tami. Trey carries the duffel
at his side. All three BUZZ with nervous energy.

HOST

Welcome to Applebee's, See You
Tomorrow!

TRET

What?

HOST

That's our slogan, 'See You
Tomorrow.'

TAMI

We just got here.

HOST

I know, but it's like... you're
gonna love it so much you're gonna
come back tomorrow. So... see you
then!

Crickets.

HOST (CONT'D)
We're seeing you now but hopefully
also we're gonna --

LAURA
We're meeting with Nick?

HOST
Nick... ?

TREY
He sounds like a big scary asshole?

HOST
Oh yeah, that's our owner. Hold on
a sec.

The Host places a muffled call on the host stand phone, turns
back toward our crew.

HOST (CONT'D)
He asked me to bring you back to
his office.

MOMENTS LATER

Trey, Laura and Tami follow the Host through the crowded
restaurant.

They're almost at the end of the dining area when a GROUP OF
FIVE YOUNG MEN LEAP FROM A BOOTH, cutting them off. This at
first seems to be an accident...

... until Tami crosses the open space between the two groups,
gives a LONG, LINGERING HUG to the unsavory crew's apparent
leader. Yup: it's her dipshit nephew COMPELLA.

TREY
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

As Tami strokes his hair:

TAMI
Are you OK?

COMPELLA
I'm good. Ready to make that money
now.

MICKY COBRA #2
Yo, your aunt's tits, tho.

LAURA
How did...

TAMI
When you were changing the money.
Now give it over.

TREY
What? No!

COMPELLA
Maybe you didn't hear her...

Compella steps forward, PULLS A GUN. Points it at Trey's face.

COMPELLA (CONT'D)
Give it over. Now.

The chain-reaction is instantaneous: the other gangbangers PULL GUNS OF THEIR OWN. A patron SCREAMS. Diners TRAMPLE ONE ANOTHER IN A MAD STAMPEDE TO THE DOOR.

In a manner of seconds, only Trey, Laura, Tami and the gangbangers are left in the dining area.

Trey considers Compella... his cronies... the guns...

TREY
(to Compella)
For the record. I don't think you
would shoot me...

Compella throws a sidelong glance at his posse, concerned for his reputation...

TREY (CONT'D)
(re: the other
gangbangers)
... but I'm willing to allow that
they might. So this is out of
respect for their potential
criminal prowess, and not yours.

Trey extends the duffel bag toward Compella...

TREY (CONT'D)
It's important to me to have said
that.

OFFICER TORRES (O.S.)
Not so fast there, loverboy.

OFFICERS TORRES AND MILES (from the bar and then outside the Sub's condo) emerge from behind Trey and Laura, their own sidearms drawn. Both are in civilian garb. Trey does a double-take.

TREY
What the hell is going on here?

BRESLIN (PRE-LAP)
They were following you.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - AFTERNOON

Breslin slides a FILE FOLDER across the table to Trey. It contains the GPS data that Gina pulled up on Torres and Miles' police cruiser.

We PUSH IN ON THE DATA as Breslin points out specific locations:

BRESLIN
Twelve Mile and Hildebrand. That's the Sub's condo, isn't it?
(Trey nods)
State and Hoover. Red light camera.
(then)
The pier in Wyandotte.
(flips page)
Next Day: Riverview High. Then back to the Sub's condo...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL LAURA receiving the same information. She appears genuinely STUNNED.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
... where you flagged them down. They go offline for a while after that -- must have switched to a civilian vehicle -- but strolling into that exact Applebee's at that exact time? No way that's a coincidence. They must have been on you the whole time.
(then, for emphasis)
They made you at the bar, and then never let you out of their sights again.

LAURA
But... why?

Breslin sits back in his chair, exhales deeply. It pains him to say it, but:

BRESLIN
They were casing you. Waiting for you to have the money in hand.

It takes Laura a moment to realize:

LAURA
You're saying they were crooked.

BRESLIN
Why not? It seems like everyone
else involved in this mess was.

Beat.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Let's go for a drive.

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Gina stands beside a waiting cruiser, opens the rear door as Breslin and Laura approach. Breslin gestures for Laura to hop in, which she does...

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

... only to discover that Trey is already in there. Shit.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - EVENING

Breslin, driving, uses the rear view to check on his passengers: each HUGS THEIR OWN SIDE OF THE CAR, FACE PRESSED TO THEIR RESPECTIVE WINDOW. Like repelling magnets.

EXT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - CRIME SCENE - EVENING

Breslin pulls up past the rest of the emergency vehicles on site, lets his passengers out of the car. Gestures for them to follow him...

INT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

... where they weave through the swarm of Detectives and Police Officers working the scene, arriving finally at

THE EPICENTER. Where it all went down.

BRESLIN
So. Here's what I would love. I
want you to tell me how it went
down... together. No sniping, no
finger-pointing. Just tell me what
happened.

Off Trey and Laura:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - NIGHT

Trey and Laura stand frozen in place between the cops and the gangbangers. Guns everywhere.

OFFICER TORRES
(to gangbangers)
Why don't you little halfway crooks
see yourselves to the door...
(flashing badge)
... before you all find yourselves
victims of justified shootings?

The gangbangers share concerned looks. Eyes fall on Compella...

... who PUFFS OUT HIS CHEST, RAISES HIS CHIN defiantly.

COMPELLA
Fuck you; why don't you see
yourselves to the door before we
take you to school: Five guns
versus two guns. You do the maths.

The gangbangers WHOOP and HOLLER like they're at a rap battle.

NICK THE TOOTH (O.S.)
I got a better one for ya.

The entire assemblage turns to find THREE OBESE GOOMBAHS levelling weapons at them. Front and center is NICK THE TOOTH, recognizable from his voice as Coach's bookie. He wears an Applebee's polo and holds a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN. His pals wield ASSAULT RIFLES.

NICK THE TOOTH (CONT'D)
Seven peashooters versus two
submachine guns and a sawed-off
biscuit. YOU ALL do the math.
(then)
I'll take that bag, son.

As Trey considers...

OFFICER MILES
Don't do it, kid.

COMPELLA
Bag's coming with us.

The restaurant is now DEAD EMPTY save for these thirteen (mostly armed) individuals (and the Host, who is hiding under a table). None of them willing to budge. The tension could choke a small horse.

'Heaven' by Warrant starts to play over the restaurant's speakers.

The BATHROOM DOOR FLIES OPEN. The Red Wings Fan strolls out...

BLAM! The Red Wings Fan takes a ROUND OF BUCKSHOT TO THE CHEST, courtesy of Nick the Tooth.

Time SLLOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWS...

... Compella SQUEEZES HIS EYES SHUT...

... Torres and Miles DROP TO DEFENSIVE SHOOTING POSITIONS...

AND THEN IT BEGINS.

BULLET CASINGS AND BLOOD SPATTER AND BROWNIE BITES™ -- it's A HELLSTORM OF DEATH, DESTRUCTION AND DESSERT on a truly Olympic scale.

Bodies hit the floor, rapidly at first, and then at a more deliberate pace as the lucky survivors scramble for cover, reload... and begin the assault anew.

And Jani Lane keeps singing, and bodies keep dropping, and in the midst of it all...

Trey HURLS THE DUFFEL BAG INTO THE AIR -- a distraction, a rejection of the trouble its brought, who can say for sure -- and then THROWS HIMSELF TO THE FLOOR...

... where he lands atop Laura.

INT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - CRIME SCENE - EVENING

And now here they are again -- Breslin, Trey and Laura -- staring down at the very spot where we first met them.

BRESLIN

Which is how we found you.

Laura shivers at the memory, utterly grossed out.

LAURA

Which is how you found us.

BRESLIN

See? That wasn't so hard, was it?
(then, casual)
So where's the bag?

LAURA

What?

BRESLIN

The duffel bag. Where is it?

TREY

We don't know. We just told you,
we were on the ground, we couldn't
see anything...

BRESLIN

Look. Just to be up front: I don't
think you did it. Either of you.
You can each try to convince me
that the other one's capable of it,
but, truth be told... I don't see
it. I see bitterness; I see
resentment. I don't see criminals.

Laura and Trey each SLUMP slightly. Chastised and
embarrassed for their behavior.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Plus: You were under constant and
acute threat of bodily injury, so
obstruction of justice, aiding and
abetting... I probably couldn't
make that stuff stick even if I
wanted it to. Which, if I'm being
honest: I don't. I like you two.
I do; in fact, what I'd really like
to do right now is let you both go,
never see either of you again.

TREY

But the money.

BRESLIN

(exactly)

But the money. With you two being
the only ones that survived this
shitstorm, until that money shows
up, I'm going to have to put you
under surveillance for a while,
keep an eye on your bank records...
plus whatever else the DA, the FBI
want me to do.

Trey and Laura swallow hard. That doesn't sound fun.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
I know. I don't want that either.
So. Look around. Hopefully
something jogs your memory.

And with that, Breslin excuses himself.

For a long moment, Trey and Laura just stand rooted in place.
Taking it all in. Finally:

LAURA
I can't believe this happened.

TREY
I know.

LAURA
We're so lucky.

Trey looks directly at Laura.

TREY
Yeah. We really are.

A COMMOTION AT THE FRONT DOOR shatters what seems to be a developing moment: A POLICE DOG ENTERS THE RESTAURANT, BARKING MANICALLY. Breslin confers with its handler, starts shouting orders at other officers... and suddenly SOMETHING'S HAPPENING. Cops are rushing out of the restaurant in droves, jumping into waiting cruisers.

Breslin hurries back to the confounded couple.

LAURA
What's going on?

BRESLIN
We sent a dog to the location you both identified as the spot where you left Dell'Aquila. Dog didn't find the Coach... but he found a trail. Led right out of the woods...

TREY
(realizing)
... and into this restaurant.

Breslin nods, excited.

BRESLIN
He must have walked in here right
after the shit hit the fan.

As more and more cops hurry for the exit, barking into their
walkie-talkies...

LAURA
So now what?

Breslin smiles.

BRESLIN
Get the fuck of here.

They don't need to be told twice. They head for the door...

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
But.

Trey and Laura PAUSE.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Maybe check in with each other?
After you've taken a couple of days
to let everything simmer down?

Trey and Laura share a dubious look. Breslin hangs his head -
- it was worth a try.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Maybe not.

EXT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - EVENING

Trey and Laura exit the restaurant, push past the throngs of
police officers barricading the entrance. They share one
final look...

BRESLIN (POST-LAP)
Maybe you step out that door...
head in opposite directions...

... then turn their backs to one another, start walking in
OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

BRESLIN (POST-LAP) (CONT'D)
... and never talk to each other
again.

EXT. SOME SHITTY APARTMENT - EVENING

An ARMADA OF COP CARS swarms into the parking lot of a
nondescript apartment complex.

INT. COACH DELL'S SHITTY APARTMENT - EVENING

The front door EXPLODES INWARD. Flanked by a SWAT team, Breslin enters, gun drawn...

... and finds himself staring at a COACH DELL, now a BLOODY MESS, sitting on a La-Z-Boy.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Oh, good, the cops! I want to
report a robbery.

Breslin lowers his pistol.

BRESLIN
What?

Beat.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
What?

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - EVENING

Trey walks down the sidewalk several blocks from Applebee's. There's a slight spring to his step.

EXT. DIFFERENT CITY SIDEWALK - EVENING

Laura walks down a different sidewalk, ostensibly in the opposite direction of Trey. She, too, has a little pep going...

INT. COACH DELL'S SHITTY APARTMENT - EVENING

Coach Dell has the duffel bag in his lap. He holds it open for Breslin to see -- it's full of BANK DEPOSIT BOOKLETS.

BRESLIN
Who are you saying robbed you?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Those two fuckers.

BRESLIN
What two fuckers?

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Well I don't know, how many fuckers
out of the original bunch are still
alive? Other than me?

BRESLIN
 What, are you kidding me?
 Jerneycic and Korinke? They hate
 each other. They can't go thirty
 seconds without getting in a fight,
 let alone cooperating long enough
 to --

Coach Dell's eyes narrow.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
Who told you they hate each other?

Now Breslin's eyes narrow. He thinks it over...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - FLASHBACK

LAURA
I hate him so much.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - FLASHBACK

TREY
Oh my God, she's such a bitch.

INT. COACH DELL'S SHITTY APARTMENT - EVENING

BRESLIN
 (realizing)
 They did.

COACH DELL'AQUILA
 Yeah. And who told you they can't
 go thirty seconds without getting
 in a fight?

Breslin considers the question for a moment.

BRESLIN
 But once the shit hit the fan --
 which you couldn't have seen coming
 -- when did any of you have a
 second to breathe, let alone form
 an alliance --

GINA
 Torres and Miles.

BRESLIN
 What?

GINA
 Outside the apartment. When Torres
 and Miles rolled up.

BRESLIN
When she hit him?

GINA
Who told us she hit him?

Breslin goes pale.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - EVENING

Trey continues his solo walk. But now he doesn't just have a spring in his step... he's also got A SMILE creeping across his face...

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - FLASHBACK

Miles pulls a business card from his pocket, hands it to Laura.

OFFICER MILES
That's got my cell number on the back. You change your mind, or he gets... things escalate? You call me, OK? 24/7.

Laura nods meekly. Miles gestures for his partner.

Trey returns to Laura's side, watches in silence as the cops pull away. Finally, Trey and Laura look to one another...

... but this time, LAURA DOES NOT SLAP TREY. Instead, she stares deep into his eyes... and he hers... A DEEP BOND RE-FORMING...

LAURA
Did you mean what you said?

TREY
That we're going to get through this?
(beat)
Or that I love you?

Laura says nothing.

TREY (CONT'D)
Yes.

EXT. DIFFERENT CITY SIDEWALK - EVENING

Laura picks up her pace. SMILING WIDE.

EXT. OFF-SEASON CIDER MILL - FLASHBACK

Trey nears Laura's car. Laura appears to be on her 10th cigarette.

TREY
Got one for me?

Laura smiles, hands Trey a cig. Lights it for him.

LAURA
So. I had a thought.

TREY
What's that?

LAURA
Five hundred grand two ways is a
lot better than four ways.

Trey exhales a massive plume of smoke into the frigid winter air. Interested...

LAURA (CONT'D)
Think of all the things we said
we'd do. The places we wanted to
see. With five hundred grand? We
could do anything, go anywhere.
(then)
We could start over, Trey. None of
it has to have happened.

Trey likes the sound of it, obviously, but:

TREY
What about Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-
dickhead? I know we're already in
deep, but I don't think I'm ready
to... you know.

LAURA
We don't have to. Once we've got
the cash, all we need to do is
separate them from it for like...
five minutes. Max.

INT. COACH DELL'S SHITTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Coach Dell throws bank deposit slips all over the floor, highlighting the results of Trey and Laura's alleged deception.

Breslin's mind whirls: but when would they have --

INT. ONTARIO GAMING CORPORATION - FLASHBACK

Barry, recently returned from his backstage visit, hoists a BLACK DUFFEL BAG atop the desk counter. It lands with a substantial THUD. The four Americans STARE AT IT, GOBSMACKED.

TREY

Is that...

BARRY

*Five hundred thousand dollars.
American. In cash. Canadian.*

Trey and Laura share a knowing look -- one we didn't notice previously.

INT. COACH DELL'S SHITTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

And now Breslin sees the ruse.

BRESLIN

Sonofabitch.

Breslin spins toward the door...

COACH DELL'AQUILA

You actually thought I did this?

I'm a fucking football coach!

(then)

This means I'm in the clear, right?

As he RACES OUT THE DOOR:

BRESLIN

Someone arrest this asshole.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Trey, smiling wide now. Fast-walking.

EXT. DIFFERENT CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Laura, practically at a jog.

EXT. BANK - FLASHBACK

Laura's car screeches up to the curb outside a bank.

INT. CHEVY SONIC - FLASHBACK

Trey and Laura look to the back seat, where Tami has thrown her jacket thrown over Coach Dell's blood spot.

TREY
Maybe it's best if you --

TAMI
I'll stay here, keep a
lookout.

Off Trey and Laura, DUMBFOUNDED BY THEIR LUCK...

EXT. BANK - UNSEEN FLASHBACK

Trey and Laura step away from the Chevy Sonic, head for the bank. Trey holds the duffel bag in his outside hand...

... which allows Laura to take his free hand in her own.
They enter the bank...

... but we HOLD ON THE EXTERIOR OF THE STRUCTURE until,
several seconds later, PRESENT MOMENT TREY AND LAURA APPROACH
FROM DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, MEET IN FRONT OF THE BANK.

They share a smile, take one another's hands and enter the bank.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - EVENING

Trey and Laura approach the Bank Teller.

TREY
Hi. We'd like to access the safety
deposit box we opened yesterday?

EXT. BANK - EVENING

Dozens of cop cars screech up in front of the bank.

INT. BANK - SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - EVENING

The Teller and Trey double-key a LARGE SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX. The Teller then exits, allowing Trey and Laura privacy to remove the box.

Stacked inside: FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN BANK-BANDED
US DOLLARS.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - EVENING

Breslin and crew storm the bank. Breslin hurries to the Teller, who is closing up shop.

BRESLIN
Where are they?

BANK TELLER
I'm sorry, who are we talking
about?

INT. BANK - SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - EVENING

Trey and Laura empty the cash into a BANK PROVIDED BAG.

BRESLIN (PRE-LAP)
Athletic guy, redhead girl? Late
twenties?

They then exit the Vault, walking right back into...

THE LOBBY

... where they smile at the Teller en route to the front door. The lobby is otherwise COMPLETELY EMPTY.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - EVENING

The Teller offers Breslin an apologetic smile.

BANK TELLER
Oh, the couple.

Breslin swallows hard.

BRESLIN
Yes. The couple.

EXT. BANK - EVENING

Trey and Laura exit the bank, sack of money in hand. They share a warm smile...

... KISS PASSIONATELY...

... and then stroll, hand-in-hand, directly past camera.
INTO THE UNKNOWN.

SECONDS LATER Breslin explodes from the bank, scans the empty streets...

BANK TELLER (POST-LAP)
You missed them by about thirty
minutes.

Breslin's shoulders sag...

BANK TELLER (POST-LAP) (CONT'D)
Maybe forty.

... and then, resigned...

... he SMILES. And as he does we begin to CRANE UP, taking in first the entirety of the block...

... then the neighborhood...

... the City of Detroit...

... the State of Michigan...

... and finally, ultimately, the entire UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA: A GLITTERING, GLOWING SEA OF HOPES, DREAMS...

... AND INFINITE POTENTIAL.

THE END.

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

A classroom full of students await their teacher. One of them, a YOUNG WOMAN named LAUREN, eyes the clock, leans over to the YOUNG MAN (TY) seated beside her.

LAUREN

If the teacher hasn't shown up
after ten minutes, we can leave,
right? That's a rule?

TY

That's totally a rule.
(then)
Where should we go?

SMASH TO BLACK.