

**CLEAN BREAK**

Written by

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9.12.24

*"Someone has to die in order that the rest of us should value life more."*

- Virginia Woolf

*"I don't look good in beige..."*

- Joan Jett

**INT. BAR - MID 2000'S - NIGHT**

MARY (33) sits at a bar. White with red hair. Sweet and attractive, like a Venus flytrap to those buzzing around.

MARY (V.O.)

That moment when you become an adult? It isn't when you get your first car or your first job or even your own home. Trust me, I've met plenty of children with all three.

A WONDERFUL GUY (35) approaches and whispers in her ear.

MARY (V.O.)

No, that breathless incandescent moment comes when you look your fellow man in the eye and see firsthand...

They LOOK into each other's eyes. Mutual flirty smiles.

MARY (V.O.)

...They don't give a flying fuck about you.

**INT. WONDERFUL GUY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Mary and Wonderful Guy having sex.

MARY (V.O.)

99.9% of these walking, talking, fucking, sucking monsters we share the earth with care about one thing and one thing only: themselves.

Mary, BORED, decides to PUSH HIM OFF and FORCE HIS FACE DOWN between her legs. He takes the cue and GOES DOWN ON HER.

After some hair-pulling instruction from Mary, she ORGASMS. He comes up kissing her, but she's CLEARLY DONE.

MARY

Ugh, that was great. I'm sorry I'm so... tired all of a sudden. But you're welcome to finish yourself off. G'night.

A look of SHOCK from Wonderful Guy as Mary rolls over in bed. C.U. on her face: AMUSED.

MARY (V.O.)

I never said I was the exception...

**THE NEXT MORNING**

Before Wonderful (now sleepy) Guy wakes, Mary gets up.

MARY (V.O.)  
 As an adult, I kept looking around  
 at all this disgustingly selfish  
 behavior, thinking... why not me?

Puts her clothes on, and deftly goes through his apartment,  
 STEALING EVERYTHING SHE CAN. Clearly a routine procedure.

MARY (V.O.)  
 Why should I be above it all? This,  
 the American Dream. All that we've  
 been promised. Individual  
 prosperity at the expense of those  
 you couldn't care less about.

A NEWSPAPER establishes our TIME PERIOD with coverage of the  
 2008 FINANCIAL CRISIS and WALL STREET BAILOUT.

Mary picks up a FRAMED BASEBALL CARD OF MICKEY MANTLE.  
 Eyes it, unsure of its worth. BAGS IT anyway. And LEAVES.

**EXT. MARY'S CAR - HONDA CIVIC - MORNING**

Mary packs up her spoils. Closes her trunk and DRIVES OFF.

MARY (V.O.)  
 It's fuck, marry, kill with  
 capitalism out there and I want on  
 the firing line...

**INT. MARY'S CAR - DAY**

Mary's PARKED. Reaches into her purse where we see a GUN, but  
 she grabs makeup instead. Opens the SUN VISOR MIRROR.

Next to it is a PICTURE of MARY (13) and her MOM PLAYING  
 POOL. She looks at it. A brief moment of vulnerability.

**INT. OLD POOL HALL - NIGHT**

Mary gets a drink from the bar and walks amongst the pool  
 tables as if a church-like procession.

MARY (V.O.)  
 This is my sacred space. Chalk and  
 cigarette smoke fill the air like  
 incense.  
 (MORE)

MARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Vices flow freely from the beer to  
 the whiskey. And the ever-present  
 danger of sex and violence makes my  
 senses... tingle. I love it here.  
 Because I've found a way to float  
 above it all and rub it in  
 everyone's filthy fucking faces.

She gets to the altar: a DIGITAL JUKEBOX, and puts on a song.

CUE MUSIC: "Gimme More" by Britney Spears.

MARY  
 Ugh, I love this song!

To be clear, she hates this fucking song. But loves the  
 reaction it gets: "who put this shit on? Oh... HER."

**CUE MONTAGE:**

...Mary getting FLIRTED WITH and INVITED TO PLAY POOL.

MARY  
 Sure, but only 'cause you're cute.

...Upping the stakes for MONEY. Throwing CASH DOWN.

MARY  
 You know what would make my playing  
 better? Stakes on the table. Medium  
 rare sound okay?

...Continually WINNING with seemingly BEGINNERS LUCK to MEN.

MARY  
 Aw, shit! Sorry, Momma always said  
 I was lucky not bein' born blonde.

...But after enough cuts, it's clear this is precise SKILL.  
 As WINNING SHOTS roll in, we hear Britney's lyrics:

"Gimme, gimme more. Gimme more. Gimme, gimme more..."

...And Mary looks at every man she beats. She LOVES IT.

MARY (V.O.)  
 Men hate being fucked with,  
 especially by women. Something  
 about being deemed a 'pussy' by  
 pussy-owning persons. I mean,  
 everyone hates losing. But when I  
 see a guy I just beat, it isn't  
 like he just lost a wad of  
 twenties.

(MORE)

MARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It's like I took a strap-on from  
the movie Se7en and fucked him up  
the ass in front of his friends,  
preferred professional football  
team, and his entire high school  
prom... combined.

DAVE, the man she's just won off of, looks EXACTLY LIKE THAT.

DAVE  
What the shit was that?

MARY  
That was you losin'. And this is me  
takin' what's mine.

Mary snatches up the CASH and WALKS AWAY, LEAVING THE BAR.  
And Dave, whose astonishment boils over into PALPABLE RAGE.

**EXT. DIVE BAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

As Mary walks to her car, DAVE FOLLOWS HER.

MARY (V.O.)  
Just don't forget, boys and girls,  
shriveled dicks can be real sore  
losers. So always come prepared.

He looks like he's going to BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HER.  
But as he GRABS HER BY THE SHOULDER, Mary spins around...

...GUN IN HAND. FIRES TWO SHOTS:

BANG! BANG!

Dave looks down at his BLEEDING BELLY. Falls to the ground.  
And FREAKS THE FUCK OUT.

Mary looks down at him, QUIZZICALLY.

Remorse might be too strong a word. He got what he deserved.  
Doesn't exactly look like he'll die...

But she definitely HAS TO GO. Gets in her car and DRIVES OFF.

**INT. MARY'S CAR - HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT**

Opens the glove compartment. Revealing BLACK HAIR DYE.

MARY (V.O.)  
It's a shame. The red was really  
growing on me...

## INT. WAFFLE HOUSE COUNTER - NIGHT

Mary, BLACK HAIR, indulges in the wonder of a greasy waffle house meal. Clearly this brings her joy.

That is until her NEIGHBOR (40's female Floridian) starts taking PICTURES of their food with a new iPhone.

MARY  
That make you happy?

NEIGHBOR  
I'm sorry?

MARY  
Apology accepted.

Goes back to eating. Even happier having ruffled feathers.

NEIGHBOR  
Lemme guess, you're not on --

MARY  
I don't have a phone.

NEIGHBOR  
What are you? An alien?

MARY  
I came to a restaurant to order food and eat. But hey, I guess you're right. You blend right in.

Mary nods to seemingly EVERY OTHER CUSTOMER ON THEIR PHONE.

NEIGHBOR  
...Just who in the frigg do you think you are?!

MARY  
(loving this)  
I'm Mary. You seem angry.

NEIGHBOR  
I'm not angry, I'm --

MARY  
No, you're angry. Just let it out--

NEIGHBOR  
I DON'T WANNA BE ANGRY!!!

MARY  
Well you're doing a horrible job.

Game, set, match. Mary wins the "piss a stranger off" game. Until Neighbor's unexpected coup d'état...

NEIGHBOR  
Okay, y'know what? Are you happy?

A simple question. But it catches her completely off guard. Cutting deep to the bone. Is Mary actually happy?

NEIGHBOR  
Because you could just be enjoying your food, like you say you're here to, but no. You gotta... poo poo on some stranger.

A look on Mary's face: "how fucking dare you."

And just as Mary opens her mouth to verbally TEAR THIS WOMAN A NEW ASSHOLE (which she's fully capable of)...

Just then, a SQUAD OF POLICE CARS BLARE BY, SIRENS and all. No doubt headed for the wreckage Mary left behind.

TIME TO GO. But Mary certainly won't let Neighbor have the satisfaction of feeling like she won this interaction...

MARY  
EXCUSE ME, WAITRESS? Sorry, I'm gonna go ahead and pay. This woman just will not stop bothering me.

Mary hands the Diner Waitress a \$20 bill and walks away, GRINNING EAR TO EAR, as Neighbor LOSES HER MIND.

NEIGHBOR  
Are you kidding me? ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?! YOU STARTED IT YOU --

#### EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary pulls out her iPod, picks a SONG, and walks to her CAR.

CUE MUSIC: "World Turning" by Fleetwood Mac.

MARY (V.O.)  
Of course I'm fucking happy. Just follow the five steps. Number One: take responsibility for your life.

Stops when she sees a BABY ON BOARD STICKER. Reaches through an open window and STEALS IT. Puts it on her car. Gets in.

**INT. MARY'S CAR - MORNING**

Mary, DRIVING, puts on SUNGLASSES as the SUN RISES. Rolls down her window and gives THE FINGER to a PRO-LIFE BILLBOARD.

MARY (V.O.)

It's yours to kill. Hate your given circumstances? The world loves a makeover. Just don't wait for some thundercunt with a TV show to tell ya you look like trailer trash.

**EXT. INTERSTATE 10 - DAY**

The FINGER STAYS for another sign: "Now leaving Florida."

Mary takes in everything around her: the road, music, nature. It's so fucking delightful, she can't help but SMILE.

**INT. BAR - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT**

Makes herself comfortable at a bar. The bartender is an OLD BROAD with just the right amount of sass.

OLD BROAD

How's this tourist town treatin' ya?

MARY

Couldn't live here, that's for sure. Too many people. And honestly? Too close to... my ex.

OLD BROAD

Know the feelin'. You could build a demilitarized zone between my ex n' me n' he'd still find a way to come sniffin' around. Where you off to?

MARY

I was thinkin'... Texas.

OLD BROAD

Oh yeah? What's in Texas?

MARY

Fat, stupid people who love guns.

After a moment, the Old Broad LAUGHS HER ASS OFF. Mary joins.

MARY (V.O.)

Step two: speak your mind.

**QUICK CUTS:** Mary asking for another drink, DRUNK.

MARY  
Sheila, ya bad bitch, gimme another  
one of those sazeracs.

Propositioning an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN next to her in the bar.

MARY  
I want to go home with you tonight.  
I want you to make me cum, and I'll  
do the same for you.

HAVING SEX with said woman, but not orgasming. Commanding:

MARY  
Don't go down on me like a fucking  
guy, get in there and -- that's it.

NOW she's on her way to an orgasm. While we're here...

\*\*NOTE: Mary has a LOT OF SEX. And fuck yeah, sex is awesome. But we're not here to sexualize Mary. We're just witnesses, NOT VOYEURS. Alright, thanks and back to the show...\*\*

MARY (V.O.)  
Speaking your mind has the ability  
to stupefy, pacify, and even  
terrify when needed.

Mary, HUNGOVER AS FUCK in a **DINER** the next morning. Getting a cup of joe. A woman behind her ANNOYING AS HELL. Mary SNAPS.

MARY  
You are so fucking loud, your voice  
is obnoxious, and you're too dumb  
to realize your "friend" across  
from you hates your fucking guts.

The woman looks "is that true?" at her friend: "...yes."

Mary **BACK ON THE ROAD**. Passes a sign, pulls into a GUN EXPO.

#### **INT. GUN EXPO - DAY**

Mary buys ammo from a DUMBASS. Looking him dead in the face.

MARY  
You are undermining this democracy  
under the veil of patriotism. I  
love it, thanks for the bullets.

A genuine thank you and goodbye to DUMBASS too dumb to reply.

**EXT. INTERSTATE 10 - DAY**

Mary's car drives past a sign: "WELCOME TO TEXAS."

MARY (V.O.)  
Three: be alone. You cannot depend on people, because they are the cancerous asshole of the earth. So, learn to love yourself.

**QUICK CUTS:** Mary exploring different TEXAS TOWNS.

Treating herself to Texas food: Breakfast tacos. Brisket.

Lounging by pools. Drinking. But at night, she's SEARCHING.

MARY (V.O.)  
You are your own best friend. The greatest drinking buddy and sexual partner you'll ever have. So if you're going to -- hang on --

Until she FINDS WHAT SHE'S LOOKING FOR. A sign:

"NEWTON'S POOL HALL: Good shootin."

**INT. NEWTON'S POOL HALL - NIGHT**

Mary walks in. Silent. Studying. Seeing the multiple tables.

That same silent procession we saw of her in the first pool hall. Runs her fingers over the felt.

Clocks the quality of the cues. The bar. The people.

And in the back two tables, she sees MONEY being traded.

STRANGER  
Can I help you?

MARY  
No. Thanks, I'm in my happy place.

She is. A pig in shit. A GIDDY EXPRESSION all over her face.

**INT. FURNISHED APARTMENT - MORNING**

Mary walks in, handing CASH to the LANDLORD. The landlord leaves and Mary stands, breathing it in.

MARY (V.O.)  
Numero quattro: pursue pleasure.  
Consciously and constantly.

She makes the space her own, decorating with a lifetime of spoils, including the FRAMED MICKEY MANTLE CARD.

Plugs in her VIBRATOR. COOKS DINNER with rad KNIFE SKILLS.

EATS, savoring every bite as usual. Paired with WINE. Finishes, and looks over at her vibrator.

## **MASTURBATION MONTAGE:**

...On the couch.

...In bed at night.

...Early morning (to start her day right).

...In traffic (in her CAR).

...Then at a DINER, where a WAITRESS gives her coffee...

WAITRESS  
Can I get you anything else?

MARY  
I'm fantastic.

Awkward eye contact. And just as she BREATHES IN to MOAN...

**INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - MORNING (END MONTAGE)**

Mary BREATHES OUT, doing YOGA in her living room.

MARY (V.O.)  
Also, and unfortunately, exercise.  
You have to look fuckable to be  
fucked by other fuckables.

Showers, then looks at her clothes. EXPERIMENTS WITH DIFFERENT LOOKS in the mirror.

MARY (V.O.)  
And finally, five: have a trade,  
and really make it your bitch.

Opts for jeans and a METALLICA SHIRT.

Oh, and the essential RED "look at me" lipstick.

**EXT. NEWTON'S POOL HALL - DAY**

She pulls into a PARKING LOT. Looks at the picture of her MOM in the mirror. Then walks into the BUILDING.

MARY (V.O.)

Try everything in life to find what that is. Once you do, hold on. Sink your teeth in and murder anyone who gets in your way.

**INT. NEWTON'S POOL HALL - DAY**

Mary enters, breathing in her new sacred workspace. Almost empty, except for a handful of men drinking and playing pool.

TED (50), the bartender, comes over.

MARY

Your finest beer, por favor.

TED

Little early...

MARY

Too early for them cowboy fucks?

Mary glances at the men playing pool and DRINKING BEERS.

MARY

What's your name?

TED

Ted.

MARY

Well, Ted, you're about to start seein' a lot of me so why don't we just restart this whole relationship over again? You first.

Ted might've killed men in Vietnam, but he's willing to bite.

TED

Okay... IPA?

MARY

I ain't no hipster, and I don't want no triple hopped bullshit. I also don't want a light beer 'cuz I'm a lady. I just want a beer, that tastes like a fucking beer.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)  
 (looks at taps)  
 Shiner Bock. That's Texas, right?

TED  
 Yeah. That's what most people drink  
 'round here.

MARY  
 Well hey, Ted. I'm most people.

Ted pours the beer. Mary pays and heads to her pool table.

MARY (V.O.)  
 Pool is a simple game of angles and probability. You look at the possible angles given, and the probability of the shot. Those are the basics. Next, you look at the number of balls you can impose those basics on in a row. And once you can do that with all of them, you are an undeclared badass. Thus, the sport turns into a game of, "who can I trick into betting money that I am not a badass?"

She ROLLS CUE STICKS, finding one that doesn't WOBBLE.  
 Starts PLAYING, ALONE.

MARY (V.O.)  
 All you have to do is wait.

Hours pass into NIGHT. It's CROWDED now. Money flowing.

MARY (V.O.)  
Lure...

A couple of well rehearsed POSES, all for the MALE GAZE.

MARY (V.O.)  
 And kill. Just remember, the longer you make it, the more blood you --

WHAM! The guy she's playing just SUNK EIGHT BALL.

RAY  
 Sorry 'bout that. Looked like you were talkin' to yourself or somethin' so I thought I'd just... well... win.

Looks up to see RAY (33). Gruff, but good-looking. Annoyingly All-American. Probably works on an oil rig, coaches little league on the side, and shits stars and stripes.

Clearly the Prince Charming to Mary's Queen of the Damned.

MARY  
Yeah, I uh... thanks.

It's unclear if Mary is struck by Ray's looks, him eyeing her, or the fact that she just got WHOOPED in pool.

Ray laughs at Mary's very unusual awkwardness, taking her in.

RAY  
Thanks? You're really good though,  
I can tell. Like your shirt too.

MARY  
I just wanna play pool. Not get hit  
on and dodge dicks all night.

RAY  
Ugh, thank Christ. Me too.

Mary's pissed. Racks the balls for another game.

MARY  
Double?

RAY  
Can't say no to that.

Speaking of dodging dicks, as they throw CASH ON THE TABLE, a CHALLENGER approaches.

HAL: (40, Asian) balding, bit of a beer belly, perfectly pathetic. But might play a mean game (if he gets the chance).

HAL  
This looks like a hot fuckin'  
table. Mind if I get winner?

RAY  
I think we're gonna be a while  
here, chief.

MARY  
Oh, I wouldn't be so sure. Yeah,  
feel free to stick around. Just,  
y'know, shut the fuck up.

It's tense, but playful. Hal sits to the side, zipping his mouth shut as Mary and Ray share a secret smile.

Ray's up to break. WHAM!

Mary's almost impressed. A SOLID DOWN, Ray continues playing.

RAY

What's your favorite song?

MARY

Are you fucking kidding me?

RAY

No, no. From your shirt.

Mary looks down, forgetting her METALLICA SHIRT. And almost forgetting the PART she's playing (to hustle).

MARY

Oh. I dunno...

RAY

As in there are so many to choose from or as in you don't know any Metallica songs?

MARY

Uh... Mr. Sandman?

RAY

Enter Sandman. Jesus, I didn't figure you for one to wear a band shirt you don't even know about.

MARY

Oh I just thought it looked cool. I like... skulls.

She shrugs. It's HER TURN. Her anger secretly drives it. Sinking ball after ball. Until she MISSES.

RAY

Guess that's me.

And Ray picks up, until HE MISSES.

MARY

Guess that's me.

Mary sinks the REST OF HER SHOTS. Getting down to the EIGHT.

Lines up the shot, CALLS IT, and MISSES ON PURPOSE.

RAY

Ya hate to see that happen, folks.

Ray finishes his final solid. Then lines up the EIGHT.

CALLS the pocket. And WHILE STILL LOOKING AT MARY (not the ball), he SINKS IT. WINNING the game. Just as Mary planned.

MARY

Wow. Impressive.

RAY

I aim to impress.

MARY

Thought you weren't hittin' on me.

RAY

Oh, I'm just playin' pool for two hundred a game.

MARY

So weird. I'm playin' for five.

RAY

So so weird. Me too.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS on the table. Hal can't help himself.

HAL

Goddamn, do I know how to pick a fuckin' table. Y'all talk the talk AND got the cash to walk the --

MARY

I thought I told you to --

RAY

Yeah, I believe there was a shut the fuck up put in your direction.

HAL

Hey, when you're right you're right. Whenever y'all are finished, I'll be over here salivating.

She racks. He breaks. WHAM!

Doesn't pocket anything. Mary goes to work. SIX IN A ROW. Then Ray, who GETS DOWN TO THE EIGHT, and MISSES.

MARY

I didn't know you were into choking...

RAY

Can't you tell?

Mary hits the rest of her balls in. Down to the eight ball. A somewhat easy shot. And a secret SMILE from Mary.

MARY  
Corner. Shit!

Mary hits with awkward cue contact. It goes AWAY from the corner, BOUNCES off the rail, and RIGHT BACK IN THE CORNER.

MARY  
OH MY GOSH! Does that count?!

RAY  
(flabbergasted)  
Yeah. Yeah, you called it...

If it's not clear, Mary has EXPERTLY MAINTAINED HER VENEER as a LUCKY PLAYER while still WINNING. She takes the MONEY.

MARY  
Thanks for the ride, stranger.

HAL  
Yeah see ya stranger, let's get cookin' good lookin' --

Hal nearly elbows Ray out of the way, ready to play Mary until RAY INTERJECTS:

RAY  
Five grand!

Mary turns around. Ray has a WAD OF CASH IN A RUBBER BAND.

RAY  
I started out with six. You can make the rest. Tonight.

HAL  
Hey. What're you doin', that's --

Ray death glares Hal into silence as Mary STARES AT THE CASH.

RAY  
Race to five for five-k. Call every shot, every bank. No slop, just pool. I know you got it in you.

The WHOLE POOL HALL takes notice. 5k ain't no joke. Mary thinks. Looks at the cash in her hand.

MARY  
You rack.

RAY  
(McConaughey)  
Alright alright alright.

HAL  
This is too fuckin' much...

Hal skulks away and then the REAL GAME BEGINS.

Mary's demeanor shifts, dropping the bullshit persona. She LINES UP FOR THE BREAK. Strokes her cue, aims, and HITS.

It BARELY GLIDES across the table. Slowly TAPPING a SINGLE BALL from the rack. Welcome to how pros play.

Ray smiles. Knowing exactly what he signed up for.

RAY  
Six. Corner pocket.

He aims for the jumbled triangle of balls. Seems impossible to have control over anything.

But there it goes: six straight into the corner. He continues until he MISSES a REALLY TOUGH SHOT.

MARY  
Hate to see that happen, folks.

RAY  
(friendly)  
Fuck you.

Mary lines up. An amused look crosses her face.

MARY  
The Thing That Should Not Be.

RAY  
'Scuse me?

MARY  
Eleven. Side.

WHAM! Mary sinks her eleven. She hasn't hit like this before.

MARY  
It's my favorite Metallica song.  
Fourteen side again.

WHAM! The fourteen rockets into the side.

MARY  
Arguably their heaviest. Lovecraft Cthulu mythology. And from their best album. Nine corner.

WHAM! Nine goes in the corner.

MARY

I mean I personally love And  
Justice. You can tell they're going  
somewhere. Fifteen corner.

Fifteen corner.

MARY

First real music video. Anger over  
Cliff's death. Turning down Jason's  
bass just because... well fuck him.  
Ten side.

Yup.

MARY

Obviously, The Black Album is what  
it is. And fuck anything after.  
Twelve corner.

There it goes.

MARY

Kill 'Em All is great. Ride The  
Lightning. Thirteen, corner.  
Obviously.

Obviously.

MARY

But Master. It's not up for  
discussion. This perfect  
amalgamation of anger, expertise,  
and fuck you attitude. Let alone  
the coke and vodka that fueled it.  
Corner.

WHAM! The EIGHT BALL goes FLYING INTO THE CORNER POCKET.

MARY

What's your favorite?

Ray is INTIMIDATED, but likes it. Racks.

RAY

Disposable Heroes. Seems we got  
great taste in albums.

MARY

Mmm. Honestly though? I'm more of a  
Megadeth fan. Mustaine gets kicked  
out of Metallica before they hit  
big.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)  
 Spends his entire life hating them  
 and trying to catch up with the  
 biggest band ever. Something about  
 that hate, revenge, and  
 aggression... speaks to me.

RAY  
 Sounds healthy...

Mary breaks. WHAM! It's intense, no holding back.

MARY  
 Yeah. 'Sides, Symphony of  
 Destruction is a dope song.

RAY  
 I'll keep that in mind.

Maybe it's part of the hustle, maybe it's just two pros  
 admiring each other, but there's definite SEXUAL TENSION.

MARY  
 You do that...

The moment lingers. Real or not, it's out for all to see.  
 Mary gets back to playing. On her LAST STRIPE, a TOUGH SHOT.

MARY (V.O.)  
 A piece of advice. Everyone's got a  
 good offense. The real pros play D.

MARY  
 Safety.

Mary hits her ball LIGHTLY, essentially SANDWICHING THE CUE  
 BALL behind her stripe. So that it's nearly IMPOSSIBLE for  
 Ray to be able to hit his solids first.

Ray surveys the damage. People CROWD AROUND TO WATCH.

RAY  
 What're we doin' for scratches?  
 Ball in hand?

MARY  
 That's how the big boys play.

Ray smiles. Considers, taking a breath.

RAY  
 Okay. Five, corner.

Mary looks at the shot. How the fuck is he gonna do that?  
 Murmurs from the crowd as Ray lines up his shot.

RAY  
Four banks.

Ray aims for the RAIL. SNAP! The cue ball goes. And banks once, twice, three times... four...

It's gone around her stripe, off multiple banks, and HITS THE FIVE right into the corner pocket. An Efren Reyes style shot.

MARY (V.O.)  
Who is this guy?

Everyone's ASTONISHED. Then, IN ONE TAKE, Ray RUNS THE TABLE.

RAY  
Corner. Side. Side one bank.  
Corner. Corner. Side. Eight right  
in that same corner.

Mary watches. PISSED. The crowd watches. AMAZED. And after Ray sinks the eight, Mary RACKS and SITS. SEETHING.

MARY (V.O.)  
Who the FUCK IS THIS GUY?!

Because she knows what's about to happen... Ray RUNS THE TABLE START TO FINISH. Mary GLARES as he plays. Then racks.

MARY (V.O.)  
Who does he think he is? God's fucking gift? Efren Reyes disguised as a white fucking douchebag? Fuck you. Fuckyoufuckyoufuckyoufuckyou!

We don't hear Ray calling shots because all we hear is Mary losing her mind. Until she notices EVERYONE LOOKING AT HER.

MARY  
Huh?

RAY  
...Your shot.

MARY  
Finally.

And, of course, Mary RUNS THE TABLE. Playing with FEROCITY, THE CROWD WATCHING HER every expert move.

MARY (V.O.)  
This is bad. Look at everyone lookin' right at me. There are rules. Don't be flashy, and do not be memorable. Just look lucky.

WHACK! She hits an impressive JUMP SHOT right in.

MARY  
Eight in the side.

She nails that in too. This isn't looking "lucky" at all...

MARY (V.O.)  
Well fuck luck. If I'm gonna lose a  
month's pay in a new spot, I might  
as well fucking kill this guy...

Over a **QUICK MONTAGE**, the game gets SAVAGE. TABLE RUNS and SAFETY BATTLES. Winning and losing until it's...

RAY  
Four all.

And Ray BREAKS, SNAPPING us out of the sequence. **END MONTAGE**.

With deadly silence, he starts running the table. Not even hard hits, just deep concentration. TAP. TAP. TAP...

RAY  
Corner. Side. Side.

SMACK! Ray hits a JUMP SHOT. His SOLID GOES DOWN. But he's left with a TOUGH SHOT. Thinks to himself. Crowd murmurs.

RAY  
Corner. One bank, off the far rail.

Lines it up. CRACK! The cue ball hits his SOLID, which banks off the rail... kisses another rail, and GOES IN.

But Ray SITS DOWN. Mary looks at him quizzically.

RAY  
Only called the one rail. It's you.

Mary steps up to the plate. RUNS THE TABLE. Except for the last one, which she SAFETIES PERFECTLY. The crowd APPLAUDS.

Resulting in an IMPOSSIBLE SHOT for Ray.

A look from Mary to Ray: "let's see you get outta that one."

Ray gets up. Eyes the safety and his own shot. The crowd HUSHES. Silence. Holds the cue PERPENDICULAR TO THE TABLE.

RAY  
Eight corner.

STRIKES. It MAKES NO SENSE, but it SPINS BACKWARD while MOVING SIDEWAYS. Moving in a CURVE rather than a LINE.

And it GOES IN. The crowd ROARS with CHEERS AND APPLAUSE.

MARY LOST. She can't fucking believe it. Ray offers a hand.

RAY  
Damn good game.

MARY  
Eat shit and die twice.

Mary gives him the cash she won earlier.

MARY  
There's that.

Walks over to her purse, looks inside, and SEES HER GUN.

Holy shit, is she going to SHOOT HIM?!

RAY  
Didn't catch your name by the way.

Mary looks up at him, her eyes shooting daggers. Goes back to her purse, reaches PAST HER GUN, REMOVING A FALSE BOTTOM.

Pulls out a STACK of CASH. Counts it out and hands it over.

MARY  
(seething smile)  
Mary.

RAY  
I'm gonna believe that's your real name. Ray, pleasure.

As they lock eyes, their good ol' challenger Hal is back just in time to shout to the bartender:

HAL  
Hey Ted! Round of shots on Ray. He just won five fuckin' grand!

The whole place goes CRAZY. Everyone gathers around the bar.

While Mary is FUCKING PISSED, clearing up the table.

MARY (V.O.)  
Fucking Ray. What a stupid fucking name. Ray. You think you're cool, Ray? Huh?  
(MORE)

MARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
WELL I GOT SOME FUCKING NEWS FOR  
YOU RAY, YOU AND YOUR STUPID SHOTS  
FOR STUPID FUCKS WHO DON'T EVEN  
GIVE A FUCK ABOUT --

She sees RAY LEAVING. He paid for the round and did his shot,  
but is ESCAPING OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

MARY  
Hey!

Mary SLAMS her tray of balls down and RUNS OUT AFTER HIM.

**EXT. NEWTOWN'S POOL HALL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Mary BANGS the door open and catches Ray walking to his car.  
Now SHE'S the loser chasing after a hustler in a parking lot.

MARY  
HEY! RAY!

She closes the distance between them. Looking ready to FIGHT.

Walks right up to him. Gets in his face...

...Bringing her hand up, GRABBING THE BACK OF HIS SKULL...

...As Ray prepares to DEFEND HIMSELF...

...And she takes his head and brings it right into hers...

...KISSING HIM. Ray KISSES BACK. After a moment:

MARY  
Where were you going? Your car?

RAY  
Yeah?

MARY  
Well... go on...

Clothes start coming off as they shimmy over to the car...

CUT TO:

RAY'S CAR ROCKING BACK AND FORTH. Stops. The sound of  
REPOSITIONING. Then back to ROCKING.

**INT. RAY'S CAR - NIGHT**

They finish. Ray's face between Mary's legs.

MARY

Alright, stop. Stop!

RAY

Did you cum?

MARY

Yes, Jesus!

RAY

How many times?

MARY

A lady never tells.

RAY

I mean I could --

MARY

Calm down, cowboy. There's no prize  
at the end of that tunnel.

Mary rolls off of Ray and puts her clothes back on.

RAY

Can I ask you something?

MARY

I believe we're beyond the bounds  
of permission and consent.

Ray's had a SOUTHERN TWANG... until now.

RAY

Fair enough. Mind if I drop this?

MARY

(not actually impressed)

Oh wow, a full reveal. Astonishing.

RAY

Yours real?

MARY

Oh, it comes and goes. Find that it  
morphs into wherever it is I am.

RAY

I gotcha. Myself, I find it helps  
to get ripped off by a fellow  
Southerner rather than a Jew from  
New Jersey.

MARY

Aw, I love Jews from Jersey.  
(can't resist)  
Always have less skin in the game.

RAY

Wow. You proud of yourself? What're  
you -- hey, don't go!

Mary's opened the car door, about to leave.

MARY

Thanks for the orgasms.

RAY

You got plans tonight or somethin'?

Mary almost SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT, until she sees RAY'S CASH.  
Right there in his pocket, begging to be STOLEN BACK...

MARY

Would have, but I seem to have lost  
all my cash to some prick.

RAY

Well. I hope that guy gets what's  
comin' to him...

She looks from the cash back to Ray. If flirting could kill:

MARY

Oh, I guarantee he will.

She GETS BACK IN. Ray DRIVES OFF with her.

**EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Ray's car drives in the moonlight.

**INT. RAY'S CAR - NIGHT**

Mary steals a glance at Ray. Carefree, calm. Attractive from  
his confidence. He catches Mary looking at him. Smiles back.

Is Mary fucking... smitten? Is that even possible?

**EXT. HOLY SMOKE - NIGHT**

Ray pulls into a BBQ place AFTER HOURS. The kinda spot only  
locals know (and take to the grave).

The workers look like coal miners but with smiles and sauce on their faces. Stop what they're doing at the sight of Ray.

RAY

My brethren. Lemme get -- you want a beer? Two Lone Stars and a couple'a midnight snacks.

One of the workers TOSSES TWO BEERS. Then continues loading HUGE BRISKETS INTO THE SMOKERS.

MARY

The hell is this? We gettin' BBQ?

WORKER 1

Not unless you're willin' to wait a good twelve hours, missy...

Worker 1 throws BURGER PATTIES and ONIONS into the SMOKER.

RAY

No, no. I help out here every now and then. Choppin' wood, silly as it seems --

MARY

I'm sorry. Are you a lumberjack?

RAY

Can't make money playin' pool every night. This here's something to do.

MARY

I just... can't believe I fucked a lumberjack. Can finally cross that one off the list.

WORKER 1

What else you got on that list?

MARY

Oh, sorry I already fucked a Slingblade back in Missouri.

WORKER 2

Damn, Ray. Got you a good one!

MARY

I hate that phrase. I'm no one's nothing. We just --

RAY

It's all gravy. Was a compliment despite his poor choice of words.

Worker 1 moves the BURGER PATTIES AND ONIONS to a GRILL.

WORKER 1  
Medium rare? Or...

Mary goes to answer, but...

RAY  
It's not a question, it's a test.

Worker 1 smiles. Adds cheese. Toasts buns (a professional).

RAY  
You can get barbecue anywhere in Texas. Maybe one in three'll be good. And you can get a burger anywhere in the US of A. But a BBQ smoked burger? That's something only these midnight working dipshits could come up with...

Worker 1 serves them to Mary and Ray. She takes a bite.

MARY  
Fuck me, stuff me, and roast me on a spit...

WORKER 2  
Oh, she's one of us.

Admiration all around. Ray, the workers, even Mary looks... comfortable. Content. Happy?

CUT TO:

Ray and Mary sitting by a **NEARBY FIRE**. Talking pool.

MARY  
Chicago?

RAY  
Caps. God, what a shithole. You?

MARY  
Triple H. Equally a shithole. But nice tables. What about New York? You go to Amsterdam?

RAY  
No, Amsterdam was too legit. I had better luck in Brooklyn.

MARY

Yeah, me too. But that city was just never the cash cow I thought it'd be. Everyone's so worn down up there, you walk in and they know you're there to fuck 'em over just like everybody else.

RAY

Hard to bullshit a city of bullshitters. DC?

MARY

Even worse. Everyone's primary purpose there is bullshit.

RAY

Yeah, but you could definitely run into someone with money so far up their own ass they're just happy for the ride and attention. Philly?

MARY

Now there's a working-class town that knows how to throw some money around and have a good time.

RAY

Warlocks?

MARY

Yeah, Warlocks was the spot! Weird how you walk into a place where paint's falling off the walls, there's piss in every corner, but the tables are pristine.

RAY

Yeah, but that's a spot you know you can call home. At least for a little while.

MARY

What about Atlanta?

RAY

Fuck Atlanta. Had better luck in Charleston.

MARY

Oh hell yeah, Charleston.

RAY

You go to Suzy's?

MARY

Suzy's! God that was a goldmine.  
Til she tried to take a cut.

RAY

She tried to pull that shit on me  
too! Said she was doin' half the  
work sendin' losers over.

MARY

Classic. You done Cali?

RAY

Nah, the final frontier, been  
sticking to the east coast til now.

MARY

Well get ready. They're so fake  
they won't even call you out as a  
two-bit hustler if they've seen you  
before. Only thing worse for them  
would be looking in a mirror.

RAY

Something to look forward to then.

They both look into the fire. And at each other. Two lone  
rangers on the road finally among their own kind.

MARY

God. I cannot fucking believe you  
beat me. I haven't gone hill hill  
with someone for that kinda money  
in years. Let alone lost. Shouldn't  
have taken your bet right out the  
gate. Stupid.

RAY

You're not stupid. You got the  
first hustle, and I got a game I  
wanted. Finally playing someone  
worth their salt, no bullshit. If  
anyone's stupid, it's me for  
ruining a perfectly good spot.

MARY

Well... where do we go from here?

**INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Mary and Ray FUCKING. It's PASSIONATE and PRIMAL.

As it COMES TO AN END, Mary lies on the bed.

She EYES RAY'S JACKET: The WAD OF CASH BULGING out of his pocket. They FALL ASLEEP.

**INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING**

Mary's ROUTINE of waking up EARLY, READY TO STEAL. But she looks over and the CASH IS GONE. Turns over, Ray GONE TOO.

**INT. NEWTON'S POOL HALL - BAR - MORNING**

Mary SLAMS the door open and storms up to the bar.

MARY

Ted.

TED

A Shiner, yes ma'am.

MARY

No, no. You seen Ray?

TED

...No ma'am.

Two pool players bump into Mary at the bar.

PLAYER 1

Aw, hey. You're that chick that lost five-k last night.

PLAYER 2

Damn good shootin' little lady. Shame how it turned out...

MARY

Yeah, thanks for nothin'. Either of you tryin' to play?

PLAYER 2

With you? Hell no. I'd rather fuck an anthill.

They leave.

MARY

Wonderful. Ted, if I wanted -- needed to hustle 'round here. But not... here here. Where would I go?

TED

Is that to say that you might be leaving this here establishment?

MARY

That's right, Ted. I very well  
might. You gonna miss me?

TED

No. Not 'tall. Frankly, and to be  
clear, ain't got nothin' to do with  
you bein' a lady. Seen a lotta  
badass broads in my day. Earned  
their respect tenfold. But you?  
You're... well you're rude.  
Entitled. I can say unequivocally  
that these four walls shan't miss  
your presence one damn bit.

Mary is astonished at Ted's audacity. But he LEANS IN.

TED

I can see you searchin'. And I can  
tell ya... You ain't gonna find  
what you're lookin' for, til you  
find contentment within yourself.

MARY

Ted?

TED

Yes ma'am?

MARY

Next time you wanna say some east  
Texas Buddha bullshit, though you  
certainly got the belly for it,  
maybe just let that moment pass.  
All I wanna hear is where I can  
play pool for cash close by.

TED

I wouldn't rightly know...

They're in a STARE DOWN, like shoot-out in a western. Until a  
familiar VOICE cuts the tension.

VOICE (O.S.)

Aw c'mon, don't be stingy...

Mary and Ted both look over to the other end of the bar.

Where HAL from the night before is sitting. Without the same  
affectation in his voice. And more than a few drinks in.

HAL

Ted likes to act like he's the only  
game in town. Ain't that right?

MARY

Well, howdy stranger.

HAL

Yeah, howdy yourself. You lookin' for a place, or what?

MARY

That's right...

HAL

Well then... pay me.

Hal enjoys the shift in their little power dynamic as Ted stays out of it and Mary whips out a hundred dollar bill.

HAL

Mmm, somethin's comin' to mind...

But just as he's about to say, he raises the bill to his ear.

HAL

What's that? Say's he doesn't like bein' alone. Prefers when there's someone there to touch it.

Behold the real Hal, in all his sleaze. Mary, unamused, pulls out another hundred and SLAMS it on the bar.

MARY

Seriously?

HAL

King Fisher's. Up the highway, twenty minutes. Once you start seein' truckstops she'll be there, buried between 'em on the right. Tell Ray I say hey.

MARY

Who said I was lookin' for --

HAL

Please. Don't bullshit a bullshitter. We go back, Ray and I. Y'know, last night I was just there to apply the pressure. Make sure you didn't walk away as the stakes were raised. But I sure didn't have to try too hard, did I? I mean you practically ran right into it. What happened after? He take you for a ride? He does that...

Hal is enjoying every moment of rubbing it in Mary's face that she got played. And it's really getting under her skin.

HAL

Anyway. Enjoy Fisher's. I'd say I'd see you there, but... my presence is no longer welcome. Sure you know how that is --

Hal looks at Mary to relate, but SHE'S GONE. Ted's staring.

TED

Please, go on. I enjoy listening to you talking to yourself like a fucking idiot.

**EXT. KING FISHER'S - DAY**

Mary stands, transfixed. The trucks ROARING BEHIND mirroring her mix of emotions.

Once she's able to silence the voices screaming in her head, she WALKS IN.

**INT. KING FISHER'S - DAY**

Still fairly EARLY for hustling. But there's ONE GAME going in the pool hall. And wouldn't you know... RAY'S IN IT.

Mary stands STARING. Ray CATCHES SIGHT OF HER. Then leaves his game, calling out behind him.

RAY

I'ma get me a drink. Any of y'all want somethin'? Beer? Bourbon?

He gets orders and then walks up to Mary, SMILING.

Mary, as much as she hates to admit, is HAPPY TO SEE HIM. Then Ray diverts his energy to the bar, almost IGNORING HER.

RAY

Well hey there, sugar. Don't believe we've had the pleasure of tradin' tongues.

(to the bartender)

Two Shiners and a... Balcones Brimstone, now that's a whiskey you don't often see... One of them.

The bartender fulfills the order. Ray drops the act. Quietly:

RAY

Look, I don't know if you're following me. I'm not flattering myself, but don't fuckin' ruin this spot. I don't want another goddamn crowd knowin' who I am and spoilin' my take cause no one'll touch me. I enjoyed last night, and I enjoy you. A lot. Now I'm not sayin' you gotta leave, but I don't know you here and you don't know me. Got it?

MARY

I'm so sorry. Do I know you?

BARTENDER

Two Shiners and a Balcones.

RAY

Hey, thanks a lot friend.  
(back to Mary)  
So sorry miss. Must have me confused with --

MARY

Some other piece of ass I had, yeah sorry. My mistake. That lady you talked about sounds real special though. Just be careful, crazy what women can do. There was that one chick who cut that guy's dick off? But... then again. That was the '80s. Crazy times.

RAY

Uh, yeah. Crazy times. Well, nice to meet ya. Think I'm just gonna... throw a song on and get back to it.

MARY

Nice to meet you too --

MARY (V.O.)

Ray. You fucking asshole...

Before she can turn to leave, Ray looks at her from the JUKEBOX. WINKS. A SONG STARTS, the beginning of a SYMPHONY...

...Then HEAVY METAL GUITAR AND DRUMS. CUE MUSIC:

MARY

Symphony of Destruction. He's good.

HER FAVORITE MEGADETH SONG. Guess he did "keep that in mind."

**CUE MONTAGE:**

...WHAM! Ray breaks at a pool table.

*"You take a mortal man / and put him in control"*

...WHAM! Mary does the same at her own table.

...They make EYE CONTACT across the room.

*"Watch him become a God / Watch people's heads a 'roll"*

...Ray and Mary HUSTLE through the night.

...MONEY EXCHANGING INTO THEIR HANDS. With the continued occasional GLANCE toward each other. "A 'roll a 'roll..."

...Until they embrace after hours in the PARKING LOT. Eye fucking finally consummated into REAL FUCKING.

*"Just like the pied piper / led rats through the streets / We dance like marionettes swaying to the symphony..."*

...In their cars, their apartments, and even the bathroom.

*"...of destruction."*

...Rinse, cycle, and repeat: They play pool. Hustle. Eye fuck. Then actually fuck. Sometimes even ROLE PLAYING:

RAY  
Good lookin' game, name's Travis.

MARY  
Iris --

...A new night. New names and new looks, shaking hands as:

RAY  
Mickey --

MARY  
Mallory --

RAY  
(another night)  
Patrick --

...Then later that night, Mary and Ray IN BED, fucking:

MARY  
(orgasmic/playful)  
Oh -- Patrick!

...Where Ray does the AMERICAN PSYCHO: flexing his bicep while looking at himself in the mirror.

...Mary sees, laughs, and corrects him. Getting on top and doing her own (better) version of the American Psycho.

...It's all fun, funny, passionate, dangerous, and sexy. But even more importantly, Mary is enjoying every second.

...Until The montage gets INTERRUPTED when Mary's HUSTLING alone, and a STRANGER GRABS HER ASS. Before she can react:

Ray SLAMS THE STRANGER'S FACE INTO A NEARBY POOL TABLE. INCREDIBLY VIOLENT. Mary looks at him, GENUINELY SURPRISED.

RAY

Sorry, miss. Promise that don't happen 'round here. Certainly won't again. Enjoy your little game.

Ray goes back to his game. Back to his character who doesn't know her. As Mary's eyes follow him. Astounded. CUT TO:

**MARY AND RAY FUCKING IN THE BATHROOM. END MONTAGE.**

MARY

I coulda done that, y'know.

RAY

Oh I know. But... it would've ruined your take. Can't be little miss innocent and kick the shit outta some drunk fuck. So let me.

Mary looks into Ray's eyes. Sees care, companionship. Someone willing to fight and fuck. Damn, what more could she ask for?

**EXT. POOL - MORNING**

Mary SUNBATHES. Happy as a clam. Sips a MARGARITA and READS "SEX & RAGE" by Eve Babitz. Til her drink RUNS OUT.

**INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Mary makes another margarita from scratch.

**EXT. POOL - DAY**

Walks back to her spot. Drinks. Then DIVES INTO THE POOL. More lounging. Floating around and relaxing, until...

FOOTSTEPS. The CLACKING of FLIP FLOPS. Mary GETS OUT. Finds an OLD WOMAN in the LOUNGE CHAIR next to her stuff.

Annoyed, but it's either go over or abandon her luxurious freshly made margarita...

Mary SITS DOWN in her chair. Sips, then CLOSES HER EYES. Doing everything to AVOID CONVERSATION. But it NEVER COMES.

The old woman, GERTIE (65, Latina), sips her own drink in a styrofoam cup. She has THREE OF THEM. BAND-AIDS on the lids.

They SIT IN SILENCE next to each other. Mary happy for her quiet and respectful neighbor. More margarita sips.

Until it's ALL GONE. Mary stares at her empty drink. Goes to LEAVE. Until Gertie SLIDES a drink to her.

GERTIE

Here.

MARY

I'm sorry?

GERTIE

Take one. It's got the happy juice in it. That's a margarita, this...

Gertie takes the LID off the other untouched drink. Sniffs.

GERTIE

I think it's jungle juice. God knows what that means, but it smells strong.

MARY

Why do they have band-aids on 'em?

GERTIE

Oh, you're not from around here... You drive on across the border into New Orleans and they sell these bad boys to-go. I got three of 'em because well... it was something to look forward to. Highlight of my day, really. But these eyes were bigger than this liver. I have more than just the one and I ain't gonna make it to see the sun go down. So go on, take one. Went through all that trouble, might as well have somebody enjoy 'em afore they melt.

Mary takes the margarita. They sip in silence.

GERTIE

Gertie. Name's Gertie.

MARY

Oh. Thanks, Gertie. Mary. You here with anyone?

GERTIE

Whadya mean? I got a hubby? He's dead, now it's just me.

MARY

Oh -- I didn't mean to --

GERTIE

That's alright, I'm just now realizing... he was kind of a fuckin' asshole.

Mary laughs, her drink nearly shooting out of her nose. Gertie joins in, an old wry chuckle at her dark humor.

GERTIE

Church goin' motherfucker. Hated me swearin'. Didn't take to me drinkin' too much neither. Well, where you at to stop me now? Huh Harold?! You dead ol' sombitch...

MARY

Aw, Gertie I'm sorry --

GERTIE

Don't be. He'd come back from church and take to drinkin' hisself. Shit-kickin' hypocrite.

They cheers, clinking styrofoam cups.

MARY

Kids?

GERTIE

Oh, they're all cunts. Never call their mother. You call yours?

A CHINK IN MARY'S ARMOR. Then an immediate cover up.

MARY

Well... I would, but --

GERTIE

Just fuckin' call her. Least you can do for the poor woman that birthed you into this hell.

MARY

Retired?

GERTIE

That's right. Left to... whatever this is. You?

MARY

Me? Oh, I'm in... risk management.

GERTIE

Fascinatin'. Must be good, havin' some kinda goddamn purpose. All I got is this alcoholic snowcone.

MARY

So... no job? Ever? You just...

GERTIE

Did the whole housewife routine. Thass right.

MARY

You regret it? Mind me askin' that?

GERTIE

Wasn't much else to do. You're lucky. Havin' a life of your own. My husband was... well you've gotten the gist of his dickery. But he tried. Hard. You know what was worth it? At any given moment, I could look across the room, right at him. And I could feel...seen. Understood. There wasn't another man or person for that matter who knew me better than him. Now that? That's comfort. No need to explain or defend yourself. To just... be. With someone. That shit's worth it.

MARY

Well fuck, Gertie. I just came down here to relax. Not contemplate life's meaning and shit.

Now Gertie almost shoots her drink out her nose.

GERTIE

Oh c'mon, got me talkin' 'bout my  
lover half drunk, what'd ya expect?

MARY

Not that!

They laugh together. Mary finishes her drink. TIME TO GO...

GERTIE

I can tell you're not one to talk  
an ear off. I swear, I'll shut the  
hell up. We can split this here  
jungle juice in silence. Please,  
just... don't go. This here's the  
real highlight of my day.

Mary may be a cold killer at a pool hall, and fucking hate  
people, but she looks at Gertie and sees... a friend.

They clink cups a final time and sit in silence as we CUT TO:

The **SUN SETTING**. As they say, everything's bigger in Texas.  
And this definitely is, stretching over a **WIDE LANDSCAPE**.

**EXT. BACK PORCH - SUNSET**

We REVEAL whose POV we watched the sunset from: RAY's.

He sits on the back porch, ALONE. Watching the sun escape  
below the horizon. Polishing off a glass of bourbon.

Behold the true life of a hustler: it is LONELY.

But he's the making the best of it. Content as can be. With  
the sun down and the glass empty, he heads inside.

**INT. RAY'S TRAILER - NIGHT**

Goes to refill his glass when he gets a CALL ON HIS PHONE.

RAY

(Picking up)

Hey.

**INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Of course, Mary's on the other end.

From the looks of her, the empty STYROFOAM CUP, and another  
freshly made MARGARITA, it seems she hasn't stopped drinking.

MARY  
Hey.

Then what feels like the LONGEST PAUSE of both of their lives as we INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO:

RAY  
You called me...

Mary's crawling out of her skin, beyond VULNERABLE. Clearly she hadn't thought so far as to what to say...

MARY  
Fuck. Sorry, you workin'?

RAY  
Yeah, somethin' like that. You?

He drinks his whiskey. She does the same with her tequila.

MARY  
Yeah, somethin' like that.

Another excruciating pause. Then Mary gets up the courage.

MARY  
Okay, this is gonna sound really fucking stupid and look, don't be a jackass about it, okay?  
(beat)  
But I think we should go on a stupid fucking date. Or something.

RAY  
I don't... disagree with that.

MARY  
Okay. Do you like... movies?

RAY  
Do I like movies? Is that a real question that you just asked --

MARY  
Yeah! Fuck me -- I mean -- sorry I'm -- I dunno, are you like too fucking cool or have wood to [chop]

RAY  
No, I love movies. That sounds --

MARY

(rapid fire word vomit)

Okay cool because there's this theater near me and they're showing Blade Runner? Because it's the 25th anniversary or whatever, and -- sorry, I had this whole speech planned out and -- I think it's even Ridley's Final Cut and I also -- when I see a movie I always want pizza after and I think there is a pizza place in town but I'm not sure if it's any good --

RAY

No it is. I mean, it's not New York but it's actually not bad --

MARY

Okay, but do they do grandma style? Because that's my favorite.

They've somehow transitioned from heart-wrenchingly awkward to absolutely adorable.

RAY

Yeah, I think so...

MARY

Okay, well -- Okay great, but that brings me to my next point which is that after... deep-throating some fried bread and cheese I'm not exactly gunning to get naked --

RAY

Yeah, you're not bringing your A-game after pizza, I get that --

MARY

So I think what would be ideal would be to start with the sex, then walk to the theater, and then have some slices without any worry or expectation afterwards, so... if that and the order of operations are to your liking, do you wanna meet me at mine say around three?

Another PAUSE, but polar opposite from the one before. And just as we're about to hear Ray answer "Hell yeah" we...

**CUE MONTAGE:**

...Both of them going to bed HAPPY, grinning like idiots, then waking up BRUTALLY HUNGOVER. Ray remarking:

RAY  
Oh, fuck...

...Fighting said hangover in time for their DATE: meeting at MARY'S DOOR, MAKING OUT, then FUCKING. Fast and furious:

MARY  
Oh, FUCK --

...CUTTING TO: Them walking HAND IN HAND, staring at each other, silent and smitten. As they get to the MOVIE THEATER.

...Where they watch BLADE RUNNER in all it's majesty, Mary's inner movie geek showing just a little...

...Until they look at each other devilishly... and HANDS GO DOWN EACH OTHER'S PANTS. Trying (and failing) to STAY QUIET as they bring each other to another screeching ORGASM...

MARY  
Oh FUCK! FUCK --

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT**

Mary's orgasmic face, now eating grandma style pizza.

MARY  
Fuck me, this is surprisingly good.

They both finish gobbling down their pizza.

RAY  
So...

MARY  
So...?

RAY  
I mean it's on the way back...

MARY  
It's not on the way back --

RAY  
Okay, but it could be on the way --

MARY

It could. Nine o'clock. Tourist time. We goin'... together?

RAY

... No. No, hell no.

MARY

What? Why?

RAY

You know why.

MARY

I don't know what you're --

RAY

Don't make me spell it out for you.

MARY

Please. Spell away.

RAY

You gotta give me a fighting chance because as soon as you set foot in there, every single person in that place is gonna be lookin' right at you. How could they not?

It hits Mary like a ton of bricks. The closest thing to Ray saying point blank: "You're the hottest thing ever."

MARY

You're right. I just wanted to hear you say it.

RAY

Fuck you. See you in an hour.

They're both still laughing as Ray gets up and KISSES HER GOODBYE, which Mary was NOT EXPECTING. And didn't hate...

#### **EXT. KING FISHER'S - NIGHT**

Mary walks ALONE in the moonlight. One of those long walks where you're contemplating the real deal shit.

Like the fact that she's falling head over heels for Ray.

Finally, she finds herself in the PARKING LOT to the pool hall. Looks at it, knowing what's inside. Smiles and ENTERS.

**INT. KING FISHER'S - NIGHT**

Mary walks in, relaxed. HAPPY. Especially at the sight of RAY, who's right in the middle of a hustle.

And so, she starts to set up her own... **CUE MONTAGE:**

The same rinse, cycle, repeat: Mary and Ray HUSTLING.

But when she goes to EYE FUCK HIM, HE DOESN'T LOOK BACK. She keeps playing. Frustrated.

Looks back again, and Ray is still PLAYING THE SAME WOMAN:

BETTY (55). Too tan, covered in gold, and all over Ray. Having the time of her life and throwing money around.

Mary hates this. And hates herself for hating some woman she doesn't know and shouldn't even care about.

Goes back to her own game and LOSES, forking the cash over.

**MARY**

Great. Yeah, take it all. I don't give a shit. Hope you choke on it.

Immediately looks to who she does give a shit about: Ray. Still not seeing her. Still in the SAME GAME. **END MONTAGE.**

Mary storms over to Ray's table, where a slight crowd is forming to watch. And finally, Ray LOOKS AT MARY.

And gives the most subtle but clear GESTURE: "Stay away." Then jumps back into his jovial Southern character.

**RAY**

Man, gettin' hot in here. Sure I can't getcha 'nother margarita? Or maybe you can buy me one with all the money you're makin'.

**BETTY**

Oh now, don't be a tease. Y'know I'd hop on any ride yer offerin'.

Betty PATS RAY ON THE ASS. He puts his arm on her shoulder.

**RAY**

Now... what're we playin' for again?

BETTY

Oh I'm the one keepin' track now?  
You're down two thou, and ya better  
have enough to make it up to me...

RAY

Trust me, I got more than enough.  
Question is... do you?

BETTY

Honey, I could go all night.

She flashes more cash. Clearly a huge take that only comes once in a blue moon. A hustler's wet dream.

Mary's seen enough. Disgusted. Walks away.

Ray dismisses himself to grab a drink and cuts Mary off behind a crowd.

RAY

The hell do ya think you're doin'?

MARY

Me?? Are you fucking --

RAY

You're starin' at me all over the room like I'm your goddamn high school crush! Might as well have lights and a loudspeaker to announce it to everyone --

MARY

Calm the fuck down. And don't worry, I'll avert my eyes to your glowing gaze --

RAY

Good. You think she wasn't gonna see that? I got a good thing goin' here. Thought you were a fuckin' professional.

MARY

(imitating accent)

Oh I'm so sorry mister, I didn't realize I was in the presence of professional. I'll just meander on down to my amateur existence --

RAY

C'mon, let's not do this. I'm just tryin' to make a little money --

MARY

You're right. Let's not. Enjoy your game. I hope she sucks and blows.

CUT TO:

Mary at the bar. Glaring at Ray and his stupid hustle.

MARY (V.O.)

You're not jealous. You are filled with a fiery fucking rage because you should have known better.

Betty gets even more handsy with Ray. He gives it right back. Mary fucking hates this. Turns around, orders another drink.

MARY

Eagle Rare. Neat. Double.

The bartender acquiesces. As a guy in a COWBOY HAT (50s) overtly and disgustingly hits on her. Probably a pastime.

COWBOY HAT

God damn. Wish I had a woman like that to order me around.

MARY

You wouldn't know what to do with her if you had one.

COWBOY HAT

Why don't you try me?

The drink comes. And Mary looks into his eyes. It's unclear if she's flirting or going to rip his fucking head off.

MARY

Kinda car you drive?

COWBOY HAT

Truck. It's a Toyota.

MARY

Mmm. I only like American made. But hey, good luck findin' that woman. Looks like you got all the right qualities. Can't believe you've gone this far without one. Then again, you're just some dumb lecherous drunk wearing a stupid fucking hat sitting alone at a bar on a Saturday night. So maybe the picture paints itself.

She SLAMS some CASH down on the bar for her drink and LEAVES Cowboy Hat behind (still processing the damage inflicted).

**EXT. PARKING LOT - KING FISHER'S - NIGHT**

Mary walks straight to her car, pulls out a BUCK KNIFE, and walks through the parking lot. Until she finds her VICTIM.

PLUNGING THE KNIFE STRAIGHT INTO a TOYOTA TRUCK'S TIRES.

SLASHES ALL FOUR OF THEM, then calmly walks back to her car and DRIVES OFF into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

**INT./EXT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Mary OPENS HER APARTMENT DOOR to Ray, holding FLOWERS in one hand, a SIX PACK IN THE OTHER.

RAY

Suppose you're wantin' an apology,  
so this is me leanin' heavy with  
both ends of the spectrum. We  
fightin' or fuckin'?

MARY

Take off your clothes.

RAY

Alright, glad to --

MARY

No. Here.

Ray's face: wait, what?

MARY

You give 'em to me. I'm gonna  
shower. And if I come out and  
you're standing there with nothing  
but your dick in your hands like  
you left me at King Fisher's, then  
maybe we'll be done fighting and  
head on to that other thing.

A cold look from Mary to Ray. Understanding from him to her.

CUT TO:

Mary, showered, opening the door to Ray, NAKED.

It may be Texas, but it's cold with no clothes on. Maybe the first time we've ever seen Ray vulnerable. And Mary likes it.

**INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Mary and Ray having sex. Everything up until now has been flashy, sexy, dangerous...

...This is NOT THAT. It's INTIMATE. He's sorry. And clearly CARES ABOUT HER. One dare might say they're MAKING LOVE.

CUT TO:

Post make-up sex, Ray puts his boxers back on. Mary lounges on the bed, looking at him.

MARY  
How was the take?

RAY  
Huh?

MARY  
Your ex trophy-wife. Throwin'  
herself and her cash right at you.

RAY  
Oh, Betty. Lawyer, actually. But  
yeah, she was... somethin'.

MARY  
How much did you take her for?

RAY  
Enough?

MARY  
C'mon, don't be vague.

RAY  
Why do you care?

Good question. Mary doesn't know. Thinks. Genuinely asks:

MARY  
What do you want?

RAY  
Huh?

MARY

From me.

RAY

Didn't we just --

MARY

I don't mean that. For real, what do you want from me? Personally?

RAY

Honestly?

MARY

Yeah, honestly. That's why I'm asking, dumb dumb.

RAY

I wanna make you happy.

Beat. What did he just say?

MARY

You want to make me happy?

RAY

Yeah. I mean... somethin' like that. What we do... We could probably do for the rest of our lives. Or not, if we piss the wrong guy off. Or girl, sorry. But it would just be... runnin' around, bullshitting our way on through it all. You're the first person I've run into my own age that does it. The road. And we all know those old hags still in it. Maybe flirting with playing pro, but knowing it's not the same. I don't know what you got planned. And I don't know how you'd take to the traditional girlfriend route and all. So yeah, I'll settle for makin' you happy. And a nice bottle of single barrel bourbon. I dunno, you seem fun... and kinda miserable. But I say that as a very fun and miserable person myself. So, I'm down for the ride.

MARY

And... how are you going to make me happy?

RAY

I dunno, what'd you have in mind?

They CUDDLE in bed, SPOONING.

MARY

No idea...

C.U. ON MARY, the SAME ANGLE we saw of her on a pillow, in bed with the guy from THE OPENING PAGE, looking AMUSED.

But this time, she is FUCKING TERRIFIED.

Then we see HER POV, what's staring right back at her: that FRAMED MICKEY MANTLE CARD on the nightstand.

Ray KISSES HER SHOULDER as they SLEEP and we **FADE TO BLACK**.

OVER BLACK we hear the sound of a CAR ENGINE ROARING.

**INT. MARY'S CAR - DAY**

Mary is RACING down the highway. Clearly a lot on her mind from the night before. Is she fleeing? Relocating?

A SIGN: "Now Leaving Texas"

Damn, that was fast. Mary doesn't exactly look at ease about it. In fact, she looks like she's searching for something...

...Until she SCREECHES to a NEAR STOP, veering off the road.

**EXT. DAIQUIRI SHACK - NEW ORLEANS - DAY**

Mary PULLS INTO a drive-thru daiquiri shack like the one Gertie mentioned earlier.

MARY

Hi, can I get two daiquiris, a jungle juice, margarita, and something... A "Cardiac Arrest"? Yeah, that sounds about right.

QUICK CUTS: Drive-thru worker handing Mary a TRAY OF DRINKS. Mary RACING BACK to her apartment. CHANGING clothes...

**EXT. POOL - DAY**

Mary, wearing a swimsuit and sunglasses, FINISHES her first drink. Tosses it in the trash and DIVES INTO THE POOL.

Splashes around and WAITS...

...That tray of drinks getting lonely at her lounge chair.

Mary staring at it. Clearly WAITING FOR GERTIE.

Someone to drink with, shoot the shit with, and more importantly to CONFIDE IN.

But Gertie DOESN'T COME.

After some more splashing around, Mary gets out of the pool. Takes a long sip of another drink. THINKING...

**INT. APARTMENT OFFICE - DAY**

Mary walks up to the counter, tray of drinks in hand.  
Speaking to a BUILDING MANAGER (40's, female).

MARY  
Hi, can you tell me what room...  
Gertie is in?

BUILDING MANAGER  
I'm afraid she's no longer with us.

MARY  
Oh. As in she's moved on or...  
moved out?

BUILDING MANAGER

MARY  
You can't tell me if she's dead or  
just relocated?

BUILDING MANAGER  
I'm afraid not.

Mary's anger is BOILING OVER. And just as we're about to hear Mary verbally tear this manager limb from limb we CUT TO:

**EXT. APARTMENT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Mary storms out of the office, SHOVING a straw into one of the drinks and nearly CHUGGING IT. Giving her a BRAIN FREEZE.

And THROWS the drink at the office window like a major league pitcher. Exploding RED SLUSHIE everywhere.

**INT. KING FISHER'S - NIGHT**

Mary sets up at a table, trying to blow off steam.

Plays alone, running drills, occasionally glancing at an EMPTY POOL TABLE, the one Ray usually plays on...

CLOSEUP on Mary's face. Thinking of what he said last night.

HOURS LATER, the pool hall is darker, busier, but Ray's table is still empty, and Mary's still playing ALONE.

MARY

Hey baby, you lookin' for a good time?

Trying to pick up someone to play, but no one bites...

MARY

I'll give you odds, three in the pocket, hundred a rack?

Two guys nod "hell no" to her offer and walk on by.

And just as Mary tries to get the attention of another passerby, a COMMOTION BREAKS OUT across the pool hall.

VOICE (O.S.)

The FUCK IS THIS?!

Mary tracks down the source of the yelling just as...

...Hal gets CRACKED ACROSS THE JAW with a POOL CUE.

The WHOLE POOL HALL takes notice, but sure doesn't do anything about it.

As AGGRO GUY (40) drags Hal by the hair outside, his posse follows in tow. And so does Mary, closing out her table.

**EXT. KING FISHER'S - NIGHT**

Mary gets out just in time to see Aggro Guy exchange his parting words to Hal.

AGGRO GUY

I told you, if I saw you here again  
-- and now you're flashing cash?  
When you owe me -- gimme that...

He takes Hal's cash and then BEATS THE LITTLE REMAINING SHIT out of Hal. Not cool or quick. It's BRUTAL.

And after they finish, they walk back inside. Aggro Guy looking Mary dead in the face as he passes her.

Mary helps Hal up, barely conscious.

HAL

There she is. You gonna rub it in my face?

MARY

No. C'mon, where's your car?

Hal looks at her, a pathetic smile. He gambled it away.

MARY

Jesus, how long have you -- y'know what, I don't care. Just... Where can I drop you off? You do still have a place to sleep, right?

Hal, barely able to speak anymore, pulls out the KEYS TO A MOTEL. Address on the back of the keychain.

**INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT**

Mary drives Hal home. They sit in silence until:

HAL

...Don't think I'll be around much longer.

MARY

Don't be so fucking dramatic --

HAL

I don't mean like that. I mean it's time for me to move on.

MARY

Well, the good news is starting over from scratch might not be too difficult for you.

HAL

Yeah, well. You didn't look too busy yourself tonight.

Beat. Mary didn't know Hal saw her not catching customers.

MARY  
Just unlucky --

HAL  
(bitter sarcasm)  
Oh yeah, me too. Just unlucky...

**EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT**

Mary pulls up to Hal's shithole motel.

MARY  
You sure I can't drop you off at  
the hospital?

HAL  
How the fuck am I gonna pay for  
that? No, this is... this is good.

Then, just before Hal hobbles out, Mary gets up the courage to ask what's actually been on her mind this whole day.

MARY  
Hey. I can't believe I'm asking --  
Whatever. You know Ray, right? Or,  
you said you're close with him?  
(more serious)  
What's his like -- what's his deal?

Beat. Mary is full on vulnerable. Insecure, even. Confiding in the last guy she thought she would...

...Hal looks in her eyes. Seeing how smitten she is...

...And LAUGHS HIS ASS OFF.

Walking away LAUGHING so hard it hurts, especially given his recent beating. Mary sits there, severely PISSED OFF.

**EXT. HOLY SMOKE - NIGHT**

Ray and friends shoot the shit while prepping BBQ. Until he GETS A CALL from Mary. Steps away as we enter SPLIT SCREEN.

RAY  
Hey --

MARY  
Hey, I'm thinking of... gettin' out  
of here. Place is dried up.

RAY

Oh, okay. Did you wanna go like...  
together?

The pause of all pauses. The question of all questions...

MARY

And what, work as a team? That  
didn't go so good last night --

RAY

I know, and I'm sorry. I said I was  
sorry and I meant it. Look I'm not  
tryin' to tie you down or anything.  
You can even go first, think about  
it. You headed east or west? I'll  
follow you wherever you go.

That last statement hangs in the air like mustard gas, deeply  
affecting Mary as Ray awkwardly tries to play it off.

RAY

That was a joke...

Mary thinks. Then changes direction.

MARY

Mhmm. If we did... enter into such  
a... commitment, y'know what we'd  
be missing out on?

RAY

What's that?

MARY

Our honeymoon phase. And I, for  
one, think that should be fully  
explored before hitting the road.

RAY

I couldn't agree more. What were  
you thinking?

MARY

Oh I dunno, what's on the menu?

RAY

The chef is happy to go off menu  
for your dining ventures.

MARY

No, now that I've said it I don't  
think the chef would be interested  
in the customer's tastes.

RAY

Madame, the chef is very interested  
in said tastes.

MARY

I like role play --

RAY

Well, I know that. We've --

MARY

No, this is... Complete strangers,  
I want you to accost me and --

RAY

Accost?

MARY

That's right.

RAY

Sounds like...

MARY

Rape, or ravishment, is a very  
common fantasy.

RAY

Okay...

MARY

As a final goodbye to our little  
town, we play a little pool, and  
you accost me in the parking lot.  
Then you take me to the car and  
fuck me like the first time we met.

RAY

Okay. I've been around, but that  
is... not on my resume. You want --

MARY

Aggressive. That's right.

(backpedaling)

See, this is why I was saying you  
wouldn't be interested --

Ray stops Mary's stuttering. Committed.

RAY

Hey, I want to. New opportunities  
present new thrills, right?

MARY  
 That they do. New pool hall.  
 Something smaller. More intimate.

They're both now giddy for this new sexual conquest.

RAY  
 I know just the place...

**EXT. BIG JIM'S - NIGHT**

Outside a NEW POOL HALL: Big Jim's. A neon MILLER HIGH LIFE sign lights the way through the RAIN in a HEAVY STORM.

**INT. JIM'S BAR - NIGHT**

Mary ducks in from the rain. Dressed in her Sunday best. Nice and INNOCENT looking. JIM, the bartender, gets her attention.

JIM  
 Ma 'am?

MARY  
 Oh yes, I'll have a... white wine.

She takes in the pool hall. Small, not a lot of action. An OLD TEXAN picks a SONG on a JUKEBOX.

CUE MUSIC: "Dirty Pool" by Stevie Ray Vaughan.

But mainly, she's waiting for her Prince Charming to come...

And he does. Ray WALKS IN, playing his bad boy part.

MARY (V.O.)  
 God, look at him. He's... perfect.

RAY  
 Hey 'scuse me! Can I get a shot of  
 rye and a beer? Anything on tap.  
 (to Mary)  
 Oh I'm sorry, miss. Do I know you?

MARY  
 No, no I don't think you do.

Mary gets up, crosses to a pool table. And the CHASE IS ON. All of her thoughts pouring out as she stares at him.

MARY (V.O.)  
 Attractive but not vain.

He throws down a heavy tip. DOES A SHOT WITH THE BARTENDER.

MARY (V.O.)  
Cool, but doesn't care. Thus making  
him devastatingly cooler.

Thanks the bartender, and heads over her way.

MARY (V.O.)  
Confident but not arrogant.

He HITS ON HER. We can't hear it, but we see it's smooth.  
Mary tries to play coy. They set up and start playing pool.

WHAM! Mary breaks. And watches as Ray plays.

MARY (V.O.)  
He's like if Han Solo and Johnny  
Utah hung out, talked about what  
it's like to be cool white dudes,  
and copulated. Forming an even  
cooler ambivalent white dude baby.

Through the game, quaint little TOUCHES from Ray. Showing  
interest, attraction, and upping the sexual tension.

MARY (V.O.)  
He knows what he wants. And right  
now, that's me. Lucky lucky me. Who  
he wants to make happy.

And after Ray WINS THE GAME. Mary unexpectedly LEAVES.  
Looking over her shoulder to make sure Ray FOLLOWS. He does.

**EXT. JIM'S - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Mary heads to her car.

MARY (V.O.)  
Just look at him, acting like he  
doesn't know...

Ray tries to ACCOST HER.

MARY  
Please, don't touch me.

Ray stutters, but sees it's PART OF THE GAME. Doubles down.  
Getting HANDSY.

RAY  
C'mon you bitch, get in the car.

MARY (V.O.)

And maybe he doesn't know. Maybe  
that's what makes him perfect.

MARY

I said get your hands off of me!

RAY

QUIT BEING SO DIFFICULT!

He's now GROPING HER. Mary is FIGHTING HIM OFF.

MARY (V.O.)

Because he doesn't have a fucking  
clue...

She REACHES INTO HER PURSE...

...PULLING OUT HER .45, AND POINTING IT DIRECTLY AT RAY...

...WHO FREEZES, AS SHE LOOKS HIM DEAD IN THE EYE.

MARY

You're getting in my way.

BANG! BANG! BANG! THREE SHOTS RING OUT.

Ray looks down to MARY'S GUN, AIMED RIGHT AT HIS CHEST.

Which starts SLEEPING BLOOD. He looks back up at her in shock.  
Eyes like a lost child, locking into Mary and not letting go.

RAY

I -- I really liked you.

He COLLAPSES on the ground. BLEEDING OUT, looking up at her.  
And Mary down at him. She looks... CONFUSED.

It wasn't supposed to go like this. Everything was planned,  
sure. But... why did he say that?

And why does she feel... whatever the fuck this is that she  
feels..? She gets ON HER KNEES, TOUCHING RAY. The BLOOD.

MARY

I -- I don't...

Something clicks. She wants to UNDO IT. To stop the BLEEDING.  
TRIES TO, even. Working herself into FULL ON MANIA.

When suddenly, she HEARS FOOTSTEPS. Getting FASTER. CLOSER.  
She doesn't know what to do. PANICS. Gets READY TO RUN.

LYLE (O.S.)  
 No! No no no it's okay! I saw  
 everything, he was asking for it!

She turns around, A DEER IN HEADLIGHTS, where LYLE (45), a large Texan and innocent bystander, is trying to comfort her.

LYLE  
 This here's stand your ground  
 territory, don't you worry.  
 I can testify, he was all over you!

She looks back at Ray. DYING. At the BLOOD ON HER HANDS. And FREAKS OUT (in a way that seems understandable to Lyle).

MARY  
 Oh God. OH MY GOD. FUCK, FUCK! I --

She wants to make everything she did go away. LUNGES at Ray to help, but Lyle GRABS her. PULLS HER AWAY from him.

LYLE  
 No! You did the right thing, ya  
 hear me? Leave that motherfucker  
 behind. Don't even look at him...

RAY'S ALL SHE CAN LOOK AT. Mary tries to FIGHT LYLE OFF to get to Ray, but he HUGS HER INTO SUBMISSION.

MARY  
 No! No no NO NO NO --

LYLE  
 I know, it's all good. You done  
 right. You're gonna be alright now.

She might've killed before, and she might've even faked some tears to get out of certain situations... But this is the real deal. SHAKEN TO HER CORE, DEVASTATED WITH REMORSE.

Finally, Mary manages to ELBOW LYLE and BREAK FREE.

Spinning around and whipping out her GUN AGAIN.

POINTED DIRECTLY AT LYLE. Who raises one hand "STOP" as the other slowly HOVERS over his BELT... and a HOLSTERED GUN.

A WIDE SHOT: These two standing off in the POURING RAIN, ready to shoot as Ray STRUGGLES FOR HIS FINAL BREATHS.

Cue music: "Mr. Sandman" by The Chordettes.

"Mr. Sandman, bring me a dream..."

Mary, still holding the gun at Lyle, looks at Ray...

*"Make him the cutest that I've ever seen..."*

Then back at Lyle, hand fully on his gun. READY TO SHOOT.

*"Give him two lips like roses and clover / Then tell him that his lonesome nights are over."*

CUT TO:

**INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT**

Mary DRIVING IN THE RAIN, fleeing the SCENE OF THE CRIME.

We're not sure what happened. Mary doesn't seem to have been shot. But she is in UTTER TURMOIL.

Barely suppressing a panic attack until the COP CARS and their SIRENS ROAR BY HER going the opposite direction.

Somehow keeps it together as she turns off the road.

**INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Mary's apartment is PACKED UP AND READY TO GO.

*"Sandman, I'm so alone. Don't have nobody to call my own..."*

She walks out of her bathroom, HAIR SHORTER AND BLEACHED.

She does a final sweep, seeing if there's anything else she left behind. And there is: the MICKEY MANTLE BASEBALL CARD.

Which she stares at. Then packs into a box.

And THROWS THE BOX ACROSS THE ROOM with RAGE and SHAME.

That PANIC ATTACK back in FULL FORCE. Fighting for breath.

CRUMBLING TO THE GROUND of the empty apartment.

Wishing she could just die, right then and there.

Reaching ROCK BOTTOM as the song comes to an end:

*"Please turn on your magic beam / Mr. Sandman, bring me a dream..."*

**QUICK CUTS**, over SILENCE: Mary SHOVING boxes into her car.

SLAMMING the trunk closed. Her KEY into the ignition.

**INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT**

Mary whips out her IPOD, pulling up an album: Fleetwood Mac's RUMOURS. But when she CLICKS it...

...An ERROR MESSAGE pops up. She tries again. ERROR.

NO MUSIC, no nothing. Pissed off, she PEELS OUT and DRIVES.

**EXT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT**

Passes a sign: "NOW LEAVING TEXAS." This time for good.

**CUE MONTAGE:** Mary at her ABSOLUTE LOW. Relocating cities.

Oddly reminiscent of the OPENING SEQUENCE. Starting in a...

**DINER.** Where a waitress serves her:

WAITRESS  
All star special. Scrambled eggs,  
hashbrowns scattered, smothered,  
covered, chunks, bacon, and a  
chocolate chip pancake.

Mary stares at her food. This should make her happy. It always has, but this time... it doesn't. She looks around.

EVERYONE ELSE in the diner actually is HAPPY. Eating, ON THEIR PHONES, laughing together. It makes Mary sick.

She PUSHES HER FOOD AWAY and LEAVES. Out the door and into:

**HER CAR.** Where she drives through the night. Still NO MUSIC.

And more importantly, THERE'S NO VOICEOVER.

No poppy one liners or comebacks from Mary. No voice in her head to escape. No, she has to sit in this fresh lonely hell.

**ALONE AT A BAR.** Sitting and drinking. Seems like everyone around her is MAKING OUT. Fuck, this sucks.

One couple even BUMPS INTO HER, SPILLING HER DRINK. Mary can't take it, her anger bubbling over. So she goes to...

**A HOTEL.** Where she pulls out her VIBRATOR. At least she has that. Gets under the covers.

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ-ZZZ-ZZZZZZZZ.....

C.U. on BATTERY, DEAD. Mary CHUCKS THE VIBRATOR AT THE WALL.

**AT A COFFEE SHOP.** Mary hurriedly puts a lid on her to-go coffee so she can escape the ANNOYING WOMAN behind her.

**BACK IN HER CAR.** She has to get the hell out of here. Practically peels off like she's being chased.

A thought. She OPENS THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

Inside is HER GUN, which practically STARES right back at her, RAY'S BLOOD STILL ON IT. She THROWS IT OUT THE WINDOW.

LANDING in WATER as we see her car SPEEDING DOWN THE HIGHWAY.

Mary's going FAST. Wanting to leave it all behind: Ray, her feelings, everything. FOLLOWS SIGNS FOR LAS VEGAS.

Prowls down the **VEGAS STRIP** in her car. SEARCHING. Looking for anything to get her out of herself. To just escape.

Turning corner after corner. Still no music, but we can practically HEAR HER HEARTBEAT getting FASTER AND FASTER.

Whatever she's looking for, she better find it fast...

...Until suddenly, Mary STOPS THE CAR. Looking up at a **CATHOLIC CHURCH**. Gets out and slowly ASCENDS THE STEPS.

#### **INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - END MONTAGE**

The church is almost empty. She walks the aisles like she has every pool hall before this.

Her hands fall over the pews. Clocking the candles, the altar, Jesus on the crucifix. Goes up to someone praying.

MARY

'Scuse me.

The PRAYING LADY (60) doesn't understand why someone is interrupting her prayer.

MARY

EXCUSE ME.

Someone a couple rows behind SHUSHES HER.

MARY

OH FUCK OFF!

Now it's too awkward for Praying Lady not to respond.

PRAYING LADY

...Yes?

MARY  
Is this where... Can I do a  
confession thingy or whatever?

Praying Lady looks around, asking herself what is happening.

PRAVING LADY  
Yes?

She points at the CONFESSONAL.

MARY  
Thanks.

Mary walks over and gets in. We wait as NOTHING HAPPENS.  
Eventually, the DOOR OPENS and MARY STEPS OUT.

MARY  
I'M READY! CAN SOMEONE HELP...  
ABSOLVE ME OF MY SINS SO I DON'T  
ROT IN HELLFIRE OR WHATEVER I'M  
SUPPOSED TO BE SCARED OF?!

A PRIEST (40) pops out from across the church, running over.

PRIEST  
Please, lower your voice --

MARY  
Sorry, I'm just tryin' to get in  
and out. Kind of an emergency.

PRIEST  
This is... it's not our time for  
confession --

MARY  
Hey. As I said, this is an  
emergency! C'mon, let's not beat  
around the burning bush here.

Mary walks in, not waiting for him. He doesn't know what to  
do, so eventually he walks in too.

**INT. CONFESSONAL - NIGHT**

It's dark and cramped inside. We see both of them sitting  
down, waiting for each other to talk. A long long silence.

PRIEST  
(trying to help)  
Bless me Father for I have  
sinned...

MARY

Yeah, I don't really believe in all that shit, sorry --

PRIEST

Are you... are you even Catholic?

MARY

Oh God no, is this -- you guys are the worst. Buncha pee-pee touching prudes --

PRIEST

Okay, I think we're done here...

MARY

Wait! I'm sorry. Seriously, I'll cut the shit. I just...

Mary's STRUGGLING. Trying to collect herself. Say the right thing. Figure out why the fuck she's even here.

MARY

You can't... tell anyone what I say here, right? That's your deal?

PRIEST

The sacred seal of confession confines your every word --

MARY

Perfect, that's all I needed to hear. So, I shot this guy and --

PRIEST

You WHAT --

MARY

-- And I feel like, really bad about it. I mean it's really taking a toll on me.

Priest is at a complete loss. Baffled an understatement.

PRIEST

Oh... okay. That seems like... it probably should?

MARY

I mean, I've shot people before --

PRIEST

You -- How many?!

MARY

Oh I don't keep count. But... this one was different. I -- we had a connection. It's hard to say, but... I liked him.

Priest has no fucking clue how to navigate, but tries anyway.

PRIEST

Lord knows, we often hurt the ones we love...?

Mary starts pouring out words as her emotions try to keep up.

MARY

You're so right. I've been... living my life a certain way for a long time. And I thought -- No, I was told that that was the right thing to do. To put myself first in order to survive. And I have thrived. I mean, I've had some goddamn good times. Times like you wouldn't believe, Father. Is that what people call you? God, that's so weird. Anyway. I feel so stupid. I knew what I was doing -- But that look on his face. What he said. I just... I take and I take and it usually feels good when it's goin' down -- I essentially steal from people for a living, I guess I should mention that --

PRIEST

Yeah, you shouldn't do that --

MARY

I'm not finished. He was the only one who gave back. Who actually gave a shit about me...

Mary's jokes are gone. She's IN TEARS, honest with herself for the first time.

MARY

And I'm sorry. I am so so sorry. Genuinely. These past couple days have been an absolute hell because he's all I think about. And I look around and I see other people going about their fucking lives acting happy and all I can think is fuck you.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)  
FUCK YOU, WHY DO YOU GET TO BE SO  
GODDAMNED HAPPY AND I DON'T?! I'M  
SMART, I'M... I THINK I'M SOMEWHAT  
GOOD LOOKING WITHOUT SOUNDING LIKE  
AN ASSHOLE, I'M GOOD AT WHAT I DO  
AND -- And I feel so fucking empty  
inside.

A long excruciating beat.

PRIEST  
You are forgiven.

MARY  
...What?

PRIEST  
I forgive you. God forgives you.

MARY  
Seriously? I did a lot of bad shit,  
I mean, I killed --

PRIEST  
I don't care. Er, God doesn't care.  
If you are seeking absolution, you  
have it. Right now, right here.  
Say... Ten Our Fathers, at least  
twenty Hail Marys --

MARY  
I don't know what --

PRIEST  
Just Google them! Christ. And you  
should probably find a different  
profession -

MARY  
Not gonna happen --

PRIEST  
Alright, you know what? Do  
something nice, something good for  
someone. A stranger, every day.

MARY  
...For how long?

PRIEST  
As long as it takes.

And there it is. No quips, no pithy remarks from Mary.

MARY

Umm... Thank you.

PRIEST

Go with God.

MARY

I still don't --

PRIEST

Just go!

Mary exits the confessional. Looks around at the beautiful church as if for the first time. Actually appreciating it.

Priest DRINKS FROM HIS FLASK. Thankful it's over.

Mary slowly walks down the aisle and OUT THE DOOR. A new person. As the door closes behind her, we FADE TO BLACK.

**FADE IN:**

A BLURRED IMAGE. Something moving UP AND DOWN... Comes into focus on a WEIGHT, like the kind in a MACHINE.

VOICE (O.S.)

Good. That's good.

**REVEAL INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY - DAY**

A PHYSICAL THERAPIST (38, female) talks to her client.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

Keep going, you got this.

And then ANOTHER VOICE, her unseen client, chimes in.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Fuck. Fuck! I can't go any higher--

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

That's okay! We can stop there,  
that's good. That's really really  
good, you hear me?

He SIGHS, hating her positivity. WHAM! The sound of a...

**INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY - LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

...LOCKER SLAMMING closed and back open. A SHIRT THROWN inside. And we PAN OVER to...

...The back of a SHIRTLESS BODY leaning against the locker in frustration. THREE BULLET WOUNDS IN HIS BACK, but HE'S ALIVE!

VOICE (PRE-LAP)

Ray?

**INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY - FRONT DESK - DAY**

A CLERK (24, female) calls RAY over and we see him: He looks like how anyone would if they took three to the chest from the one they loved. To hell and not even all the way back.

CLERK

Thank you. Just so you know, going forward everything will need to be out of pocket.

Ray takes his credit card back, not understanding.

RAY

But I have insurance...

CLERK

Yes. Unfortunately they don't --

RAY

I can't lift my fucking arm. The surgeon said I would need PT every week for... at least eight months.

CLERK

I understand. However, your insurance has approved you for...  
(looking it up)  
...five visits.

Ray is stunned. He was already angry, but this is ridiculous.

RAY

The fuck is wrong with this country?! THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE!! Why is this okay?! Who is okay with this?!

CLERK

Sir, I need you to calm down --

RAY

You're fuckin' me up the ass here, y'know that? You already had me bent over but now you're just stretching it out.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)  
You're stretching out my asshole!  
Why would you do that to me? Huh?!

Clerk looks at him in horror.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

Ray STORMS OUT. He definitely can't go back there anymore...

He walks to his car, until he gets a CALL ON HIS PHONE.

Tries to get it out of his pocket, but can't because of his arm which pisses him off even more. Somehow manages.

RAY  
What?!

**INT. UNKNOWN BAR - NIGHT**

A FAMILIAR FACE from before, HAL, is on the other end.

HAL  
Rumor has it you're in the business  
of lookin' for somebody.

RAY  
That's right.

HAL  
Well hey, as a friend, I'd like to  
help you out. In fact, I'm lookin'  
right at her. Different curtains,  
but yeah she's here...

We FOCUS behind Hal, where MARY IS PLAYING POOL.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

Back to RAY in the middle of getting into his car.

RAY  
Uhuh. Where's 'here' nowadays Hal?

HAL (O.S.)  
Well now, that's privileged  
information. Certainly the phrase  
'finders fee' comes to mind...

RAY  
I thought we were friends...

HAL

Yeah, well. Friends don't let friends bring over a bunch of boys in blue, I got --

RAY

Please. They're too fuckin' lazy to cross county, let alone state lines. Said I was lucky, chalked it up to self defense. Now, where.

HAL (O.S.)

Vegas. You need a place to crash?

RAY

No, thanks. I'll be in and out.

Ray hangs up. OPENS HIS GLOVE COMPARTMENT: a GUN INSIDE.

**EXT. INTERSTATE 10 - NIGHT**

Hank's car ROARS down the highway. We hear his favorite song. CUE MUSIC: "Disposable Heroes" by Metallica.

*"Bred to kill, not to care. Do just as we say / Finished here, greetings death. He's yours to take away"*

**INSIDE THE CAR**, the music is LOUDER, and we catch RAY'S FACE filled with rage. Though the lyrics might be cheering him up:

*"Back to the front, you will do what I say when I say / Back to the front, YOU WILL DIE WHEN I SAY YOU MUST DIE!"*

**EXT. VEGAS STREET - MORNING**

Mary stands alone at a crosswalk. The SIGNAL TO CROSS lights up. She DOESN'T MOVE.

Instead, she looks around. SIGHS heavily, head up to the sky.

Then a COUPLE COMES BY, crossing in front of her. She awkwardly nods hello. They leave.

Another group of people. Nothing. Then Mary LIGHTS UP at an OLD LADY (80) passing by.

MARY

Oh here, let me...

OLD LADY

Huh?

MARY  
Just, trying to help you...

She helps the Old Lady cross the street. Clearly her first time doing "something good for a stranger" as per the priest.

OLD LADY  
What are -- don't touch me!

MARY  
Let's just get across the street...

OLD LADY  
Get your hands off me, you harlot!

MARY  
What'd you call me?! I'm just tryin' to help, you stupid bitch!

They stop. Mary can't believe she called her that. Old Lady can't either, so she HITS HER WITH HER PURSE.

Mary recovers back to the sidewalk. Eventually, a HOMELESS GUY (60) walks by.

HOMELESS GUY  
You got any change?

MARY  
No, I don't have any... fuck off.

Mary waves him away, still annoyed at the Old Lady. And just as he walks away, the LIGHTBULB GOES OFF.

MARY  
Wait. Wait! How much do you need?

He's never been asked this before, or at least never with this amount of sincerity.

HOMELESS GUY  
Uh... twenty? For a... bus ticket.

MARY  
Sure. Uh, here's a hundred. Is that good? Are you good? Can we both feel... happy about that?

HOMELESS GUY  
Happy? I mean happiness is a relative term. You want me to feel happy, how about solving the housing crisis? Not in my backyard, that's what they always say.  
(MORE)

HOMELESS GUY (CONT'D)

Happiness is getting my daughter back. Getting a place to sleep without getting kicked out or robbed. Getting my dick sucked once in a while, now THAT'S HAPPY --

MARY

LOOK I'M JUST TRYING TO BE NICE SO I CAN FEEL GOOD ABOUT MYSELF!

HOMELESS GUY

Oh. Well then. Yeah, I guess.

Homeless Guy stares at his hundred-dollar bill.

RAY (PRE-LAP)

Alright, gimme the low down.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY**

Ray and Hal walk and talk through a HOTEL LOBBY. Vegas chic, that perfect mix between luxury and trashy.

HAL

I mean, she's smart --

RAY

I know that.

HAL

Look, I dunno if you know this city, but I certainly do. You play pretty much anywhere here and you get attention. There's too many retirees around that know a hustle when they see one, so nothing downtown plays. I mean the big houses are just like the casinos. They see anyone countin' cards and they throw 'em the fuck out, make sure there's no comin' back. Few spots you can get away with it, but that's a one time deal. So for now, she's stickin' to the 'burbs.

They pass into a COURTYARD AREA as Hal starts TAKING HIS SHIRT OFF, looking far more comfortable than he should.

HAL

Coupla spots I thought only I'd figured out over the years, but she's at all three. Every now and then, I mean. But honestly Ray...

And now it's clear why Hal's belly is on full display, because he JUMPS INTO A POOL.

HAL

Why would you wanna blow all this on some chick? We could make some real money here --

Hal's backstroking, splashing water on his stomach. Ray should be laughing, rolling his eyes at least. But he's not.

RAY

Can't play.

HAL

Oh I've heard that talk before. This the same as when you were havin' an "unlucky streak" and cleared forty grand and a Mercedes?

RAY

It was a Volkswagen...

Ray dips his toes in the water, hesitant to get in.

HAL

Whatever! Point is, I know you --

RAY

Ya see these?

Ray struggles to take his shirt off. Using only his one good arm. Shows Hal his wounds.

RAY

She shot me. Three times. I can barely raise my right, let alone run tables. That's what I'm here for. I'm not playin' with you. I don't even know what I'm gonna do for cash. I just want...

Ray can barely say it. He's a hustler, not a cold killer.

RAY

I want to get even, and I wanna get out...

HAL

Hey. Here for you boo. Let's do it.

The familiar sound of BILLIARD BALLS BREAKING brings us to...

## INT. POOL HALL - VEGAS SUBURBS - DAY

Mary in her comfort zone. A pool hall, staring down the latest contender, being brutally honest.

MARY

Listen to me... I am better than you. And I will beat you. This ain't shit talkin', I'm just trying to be upfront and honest. Have a clear conscience about what's gonna transpire at this here table. Cause you're gonna have no one to blame but yourself, not seein' past this cash and these tits.

VOICE (O.S.)

How much?

A smile. CUE MUSIC: "Cherry Bomb" by The Runaways.

**CUE MONTAGE:** Mary hustling. Actually having... FUN.

She's knocking balls back, but not from anger like we've usually seen. No, she's... giddy. DANCING to the music, even.

Joan Jett's Lyrics: "*I'm the fox you've been waiting for!*"

She ups her game, absolutely CRUSHING her first opponent who throws his CASH on the table and STORMS OFF.

*"Hello world I'm your wild girl I'm your ch-ch-cherry bomb!"*

We cut between Mary playing THREE DIFFERENT GUYS. First up, THE APPROACH. Mary warns them with the same speech:

MARY

...shit talkin', I'm just trying to be up front and honest...

Then THE GAME: Mary continuously crushing it, incredulous looks from faces of the guys who underestimated her.

*"Hey, street boy, want some style? Your dead end dreams don't make you smile / I'll give you something to live for..."*

And then THE KILL: eight balls go flying. Cash down. And all three guys walk off, PISSED. Mary calls after them:

MARY

I TRIED TO TELL YOU!

SLAM! Mary accidentally SHOULDER CHECKS SOME GUY.

MARY

Oh, sorry --

And we immediately recognize who she bumped into: HAL. Who comes on strong with all his sleaze. **END MONTAGE.**

HAL

Hey. Small world. Lookin' hot by the way. On the table, I mean.

MARY

Oh. Right, thank you. Just lucky I suppose...

HAL

...Aren't we all.

Mary brushes off the weird interaction as Hal WALKS AWAY, whipping out his PHONE to CALL RAY.

CUT TO:

**INT. RAY'S CAR - VEGAS SUBURBS - NIGHT**

Ray PULLS INTO A PARKING LOT. Kills the engine. Opens the glove compartment. Stares at HIS GUN.

A long, uncomfortable moment. Ray's telling all those conflicting feelings in his head to shut the fuck up so he can do what he came here to do.

Finally, it's time. He GRABS THE GUN and GOES.

**BEGIN LONG TRACKING SHOT:**

We FOLLOW HIM through the parking lot. Seeing him STASH THE GUN behind his BELT. Hal waiting for him at the door.

RAY

She still here?

HAL

Oh yeah, rackin' 'em up too...

Good enough for Ray, he walks in as HAL FOLLOWS.

**INT. POOL HALL - VEGAS SUBURBS - TRACKING SHOT CONT'D**

Ray gets a read of the place: late, not too crowded. But enough to cover his intent. Somewhat seedy. It's perfect.

HAL

Listen, you come back in a couple hours, I keep my eye on her, let her get some serious cash goin'...

RAY

I told you. No waiting around. In and out, I wanna be done with this.

Hal wants to push back, but sees Ray is not fucking around.

RAY

Table?

HAL

Second to last on the left.

FOCUS ON MARY in the back of the pool hall.

She SLAMS another ball into a pocket. The body language of the guy next to her shows crushing defeat.

And we FOCUS BACK ON RAY. The first time he's seen her since. A wild mix of emotions. Charred love turned to rage.

RAY

(at a loss for words)

Okay.

HAL

Okay? How you wanna do it? I mean you can't just go up in the --

RAY

Blocked bathroom. She's a drinker, gotta go some time. You run point.

Hal nods, knowing what to do. And just as he starts to say something back, Ray heads to the bar.

As he walks over, it's clear Ray is NOT DOING WELL.

Seeing Mary has affected him. He's fighting to stay with his rage, and do what he came here to do. Maybe a drink'll help.

BARTENDER

What'll you --

RAY

Shot of wild turkey. Two. And a beer. I don't give a shit what.

Ray looks over his shoulder, WATCHING MARY. UNEASY.

In a perfect world, he'd slam these drinks, Mary would head to the bathroom perfectly on cue, and he'd finish it.

But this isn't that. The drinks take forever. Mary takes forever. The shots don't even feel good going down.

Ray pays. CHECKS HIS GUN, which SOMEONE SEES, but doesn't say anything. Because it's Vegas. But still makes Ray uneasy.

Fuck, this is taking long... And it turns Ray into a TICKING TIME BOMB. Constantly looking at Mary, psyching himself up.

He doesn't know what to do, so he orders another drink. Looks over his shoulder, and MARY ISN'T THERE.

Ray PANICS, looking for her everywhere. Until he sees HAL, nodding to the bathroom. IT'S TIME. HE GOES, and WE FOLLOW.

All the way to the back. Passing too many people. Witnesses. The sense of danger increasing with every step.

He TURNS A CORNER, where HAL IS WAITING. Blocking off a door. **END TRACKING SHOT** as we enter:

**INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

WHAM! The door BURSTS OPEN. A WOMAN SCREAMS.

It's not Mary. Just some poor unfortunate soul washing her hands as a man with a death wish walks in. Ray stares at her.

...Opens the door for her. She RUNS OUT. Now Ray LOCKS IT.

SILENCE. Now it's just him and the THREE BATHROOM STALLS. One with legs jutting out underneath that look familiar...

Ray walks over to the stall. HIS GUN READY.

MARY (O.S.)

Can't say I haven't been here before... No. Not exactly unfamiliar territory. That scream. This silence. Y'know, the weirdest part of it all is just thinking how many men think about me peein'. Or at least waitin' to see when that might take place. You are just... another in a long familiar line. Waiting. Wanting. And I tried to be nice. Tell you how it was, that I wasn't hustlin' you. For once in --

Ray KICKS THE BATHROOM STALL IN.

A TOILET TANK COVER FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, straight for Ray. It hits him in the shoulder, KNOCKING THE GUN DOWN.

And they make eye contact for the first time since. Beat.

MARY  
Oh my God. Ray! YOU'RE ALIVE!!

She runs over and HUGS HIM.

Ray takes it. Likes it. Then hates it, and throws her off.

MARY  
Oh my God oh my -- I am so so  
sorry. I'm sorry I -- I shot you. I  
shot you. That was -- That was  
really... bad. On my part. I mean--

RAY  
SHUT UP! SHUT YOUR FUCKIN' MOUTH!

Silence. Mary's taken aback. Still elated he's alive, but he never talked to her like this. Ray tries to regain composure.

Mary sees the GUN ON THE GROUND. Starts to REALIZE...

MARY  
...Okay. You... came to... that  
makes sense.

RAY  
You fucking shot me.

MARY  
I know. I'm sorry. I said that --

RAY  
Three times.

MARY  
Yes. I was... in a really bad  
place.

RAY  
You were in a bad place?! What the  
FUCK does that even mean?! You  
seemed pretty clear cut to me --

Mary tries to placate. Reason with him. And it feels more than just for her life. It's clear she still cares about him.

MARY  
You're right. I was... heartless.  
What I did was wrong, I'm sorry --

Ray can't deal with what he's hearing from her.

RAY  
Quit saying you're sorry!

MARY  
Okay! I'm sorry! Fuck --

Mary's pissing him off even more so she stops talking. They just stare at each other. Until Mary looks down at THE GUN.

She gets down on her knees and PICKS THE GUN UP.

Ray is beside himself. Doesn't know why he doesn't rip the gun out of her hands and pull the trigger.

And watches in amazement as she OFFERS THE GUN TO HIM. HANDING IT OVER. A dangerous transfer of trust.

MARY  
But... you're here now. Can I...  
buy you a drink?

Mary coyly sneaks a smile.

RAY  
...NO YOU CANNOT BUY ME A GODDAMN  
DRINK YOU FUCKING TRIED TO KILL  
ME!!!! YOU LEFT ME FOR DEAD IN  
TEXAS. FUCKING TEXAS OF ALL PLACES!  
I DON'T KNOW WHY THAT MATTERS BUT I  
FEEL LIKE IT FUCKIN' DOES --

MARY  
You have every right to shoot me--

RAY  
I FUCKIN' KNOW I HAVE THE RIGHT TO  
SHOOT YOU!! IT'S THE RIGHT FUCKING  
THING TO DO! FUCK!

He PUTS HIS GUN AWAY. Mary breathes a sigh of relief.

RAY  
I don't know what the hell I'm  
doing. I mean, I know --

MARY  
What do you want? What can I do?

RAY  
Stop --

MARY  
How can I help?

RAY  
STOP BEING SO GODDAMN NICE ABOUT  
IT!

A standoff. They gonna kiss or kill each other? RAY LEAVES.

Or at least he tries to. Forgetting that he locked the door, so he can't open it. Then awkwardly unlocks it.

Finally gets it open and walks out past Hal in the doorway.

HAL  
You okay, Ray? Jesus...

Ray's gone. A moment of longing as Mary watches him leave. Then Hal gets in her eye line.

HAL  
You really fucked him up, huh?

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Ray heads straight to his car. Mary chasing after him. A familiar scene, but now the roles reversed.

MARY  
Hey! HEY, DON'T YOU LEAVE ME, I --

Suddenly, Ray turns around. Unleashing at her.

RAY  
No, you don't get the last word on this! You don't get to fucking... control this scenario. You hurt me. And it's not okay. We're not okay.

MARY  
Then what do I have to do to make it okay?

Ray's one step from driving off and never seeing her again. But she really means it.

MARY  
Anything you want, I'll do it.

Ray can't believe it. And he might not even care. Until...

HAL (O.S.)  
Cash.

Both of them look over as Hal negotiates.

HAL

He can't hustle right now 'cause of his arm. You did that. Why don't ya make it up to him?

MARY

Sure. Yes, absolutely.

RAY

No, I just wanna be left the fuck alone --

HAL

You could use a break, Ray. She wants to do somethin' for you, let her. Then fuck off alone wherever you want. Alright?

Ray and Mary look at each other. She would do anything for him. He doesn't know how to feel. The sound of a SPLASH!

**EXT. HOTEL POOL - DAY**

Hal JUMPS BACK INTO Ray's hotel pool.

RAY

The fuck is it with you and pools?

Hal already backstroking in the pool, far too comfortable.

HAL

I like pools. Plus, pool meeting in the pool. It makes sense. Gotta form a game plan somewhere.

RAY

Yeah, clearly...

(to Mary)

The fuck are you doing?

Mary is MID-TAKING HER SHIRT OFF.

MARY

What?

RAY

Nothing...

MARY

You like what you see?

He does. She looks great. It sucks.

MARY

Sorry, just trying to keep things light. You need help?

Ray has trouble taking his shirt off. Mary tries to help.

RAY

I don't need your fucking help.

She backs off and into the pool. Ray gives up on his shirt, just puts his feet in. Hal's oblivious to all sexual tension.

HAL

Okay, here's what I'm thinking. We go in, me and Ray on the earlier side. I point out the real losers. Ray starts warming people up, wearin' 'em down. You come in, make out to show she's your chick or whatever you're comfortable with --

MARY

I'm comfortable with that --

RAY

No fucking way.

HAL

Fine. A hug, a well-placed hand, a fuckin' handjob, I don't give a shit. But we make whoever it is know that you two are theoretically fucking in some capacity. She gets in the game, doubles --

MARY

This is so fuckin' stupid...

RAY

I agree. But... why do you agree?

MARY

His grand master plan is for me to play your girlfriend? How original. And lemme guess, you're expecting a cut of this for all your work?

HAL

Y'know, ten... Twenty percent.

MARY

Un-fucking believable --

RAY

Hal, Jesus.

HAL

What? How are you gonna know --

MARY

And how long was this gonna take?  
That's a two-a-night hustle, three  
max. How many of those am I gonna  
do before people catch on?

HAL

I figured spread it out over a  
month or two --

RAY

Hal, JESUS!

MARY

You are a fucking idiot. Sorry Ray.

RAY

You're fine.

HAL

What the fuck, Ray??

MARY

Okay, here's what's actually going  
down. First off, I'm not lying.

RAY

Whadya mean?

MARY

I mean I am not going to lie to  
people. I will be upfront that I am  
a good pool player, and that they  
will most likely lose --

HAL

What the fuck are you talkin'  
about? How are you gonna --

MARY

I can and will take their money. If  
they're stupid enough to play me.  
But no dumb blonde, no persona.  
I've turned a new page, and that's  
the way it is. I'm honest now.

RAY

YOU'RE HONEST NOW?!

MARY

YES! Second, because of that; and because we're not doing your stupid fucking plan, all I need is a place with ego. Not low lifes, not tourists, some place where people compete and think they're the shit. Local leagues or anything like that. If we're doin' this we're doing it in one night. We make me the spectacle. Beating me the challenge, and the cash will rise to the occasion. I'm not gonna be able to play in this city again, but I'm fine doing it for Ray. Whether or not you take a cut for doing nothing is up to him too.

Everyone looks at Ray. The offer is tremendous, a perfect plan, but what stuns and stings is her commitment to him.

MARY

But I want a date.

RAY

What?

MARY

I'm not taking any of that cash. And I'm happy to do this for you --

RAY

You're happy to -- you fuckin' --

MARY

I know! And I'm sorry! And if that date is just a goodbye because I'll never see you again, then that's fine. But I want to do this -- I wanna do this for you... And I want to be with you. Again. Even if it's just for a moment.

Beat. Mary's really fucking trying here. Laying her heart on the line. Genuinely repentant.

RAY

No.

Mary's really thought that would work. Ray gets in her face.

RAY

You wanna do somethin' to clear your conscience? Fuggin'...

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

fine by me. Go ahead, I don't give a shit. But this whole thing you're doing. Telling yourself you're "nice" and "honest" now that "you've changed?" FUCK THAT, you are SELFISH. You're trying to force me - MANIPULATE - to get what you want. So you can feel good, better about yourself. You haven't fuckin' changed at all. So no, no to your date. You still wanna do this, the bare minimum, make me some cash no strings attached? Fine. Just don't expect anything in return.

Ray WALKS OFF. Mary's stunned. Hurt.

RAY

Lemme know when and where if it still happens, Hal.

And he's gone. Just Mary and Hal alone in the pool. Hal starts annoyingly APPLAUDING.

HAL

Man... You didn't like my plan, but he REALLY DIDN'T LIKE YOUR OFFER, EITHER! Great job, hun. Seriously.

MARY

Fuck you, Hal. What do you even do? Offer idiotic plans all around town? You read too many Bukowski novels and didn't get that the ugly burnout fuckin' loser is not supposed to be looked up to?

Mary violently SPLASHES HIM, then GETS OUT OF THE POOL.

HAL

Hey, least I didn't try to murder my boyfriend you psycho cunt!

Mary's gone. And suddenly Hal sees that everyone in the pool is staring at him.

HAL

Oh. We -- I don't have a boyfriend.

CUT TO:

The SUN SETTING. Blood orange on the **VEGAS SKYLINE**.

CUE MUSIC: "Don't Leave Me This Way" by Thelma Houston.

A moment of CALM BEFORE THE STORM as the music sets in.

And as the sun creeps away, the city lights get brighter.  
Continue to PAN DOWN, ENDING ON...

...A TACKY VEGAS-STYLE SIGN: "BIG BILL'S BILLIARDS."

The BULBS around the billboard start FLASHING as the DISCO BEAT SETS IN.

PAN DOWN on the PARKING LOT and DESCEND on our gang of hustlers as they DRIVE IN.

**EXT. BIG BILL'S - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

First Mary's, then Ray's car. No sign of Hal...

Mary gets out. She looks GREAT. Maybe even her best. Feels like she's not dressing for attention or to play a character. It's just for her, and it shines.

Okay and maybe a little bit for Ray, who gets out and immediately sees her. A look: "Fuck, you look great."

But he doesn't say that. He doesn't say anything. And she doesn't know what to say. So goes with...

MARY  
(a la "The Omen")  
...It's all for you, Damien.

He almost smiles, which is exactly what she wanted. But the moment is ruined by Hal getting out of Ray's car.

HAL  
Thanks for the -- You guys okay?

RAY  
Yeah, fine...

Ray leaves for Big Bill's. Mary shoots Hal a look that could kill. They follow in formation.

**INT. BIG BILL'S - CONTINUOUS**

By far the NICEST POOL HALL WE'VE SEEN. And the biggest. And the most crowded. And exactly what Mary was looking for.

Signs of league players in the room: ego in the air, a general sense of douchebaggery, bravado, oh, and MONEY.

Hal strides up to the counter, buying balls from a CLERK.

HAL

Hi, yes we have a reservation.  
Table for three, center of the  
room. Rolls straight, not crooked  
to the left like... like so many  
other things.

MARY

Hal, holy shit. You're not a  
useless piece of garbage after all.

HAL

Golly gee, thanks Mary.

MARY

You just smell like one.

She takes the balls from him and heads to the table. Ray follows, looking at Hal.

RAY

You two are adorable. I really  
think you have something.

They get to the table. It's center stage, right in the thick of it all. Mary tracks down a cue.

HAL

Alright, let's see who our first  
customer should be...

MARY

It doesn't matter. By the end of  
the night, I'll have played  
everyone in here. Just put some  
money down on the table where  
everyone can see. I'll do double or  
nothing all night.

HAL

Perfect plan. You lose once and --

RAY

I trust her.

A look of "The Fuck?" from Hal. But even more so from Mary. Hal digs \$250 out of his pocket. On the table for all to see.

HAL

Try to make it look good.

MARY

Put up enough of a fight and I  
won't have to.

Hal racks. Mary sets up to break... WHAM! CRACK! TAP...  
It's OVER. Mary has ALREADY WON.

RAY  
That was quick...

HAL  
Wait, what? What the fuck  
happened?! Ray, gimme fifty.

RAY  
You kidding?

HAL  
I need fifty to challenge!

He does, he's got two crinkly hundred-dollar bills in hand.  
Mary's holding back laughter. QUICK CUTS:

Grabbing the bills from Ray, slamming \$500 on the table, then  
WHAM! CRACK! TAP... GAME OVER. Mary WINS AGAIN.

MARY  
Thank you for playing the part of  
the loser, Hal. That was really  
convincing. Ray, you're up. Think  
we've got an audience, they just  
need a little more convincing.

Ray sees what she means. GUYS NEARBY ARE WATCHING, eyeing  
Mary. He's torn. Not sure of himself or his game.

But does it anyway. Throws \$500 on the table. He racks. She  
breaks. And they're off to the races.

Playing even, ball for ball almost. Until Ray MISSES AN EASY  
SHOT. Not the player he was before, overthinking everything.

MARY  
You okay?

RAY  
Just keep playing.

She's torn. So she throws her next shot. And Ray can tell.

RAY  
Oh COME ON! Don't bullshit, don't  
play down on me!

MARY  
Okay, sorry...

This is awful. Mary wants to crawl out of her skin.

As Ray furiously picks up his next shot. He HITS, HARD. And immediately DOUBLES OVER IN PAIN, GRABBING HIS RIBS.

Mary drops her stick and goes to help him.

RAY  
Don't touch me.

He means it. Everything that made Ray come alive: his game, his ease, his confidence; it's all gone. Because of her. And it kills Mary to see it in real time.

Ray dusts himself off and sits down, staring at Mary. She knows she can't miss on purpose anymore. So she doesn't.

She TAPS all her balls in. A slow, EXCRUCIATING WIN.

But at least it's over. Now she can focus on Ray. She turns, and just as she takes two steps towards him...

VOICE (O.S.)  
...Mind if I cut in?

A NEIGHBOR that had been watching has his WALLET OUT.

Mary's torn. All she wants to do is drop the shit and apologize to Ray. Hug him if he'd let her. But making him the money he needs is the best she can do.

MARY  
We left off at a thousand. Match to play, race to three, double or nothing from there on out.

He matches cash. CUE MUSIC: "Crazy On You" by Heart.

**CUE MONTAGE:** Mary absolutely KICKING ASS.

She practically wipes the floor with the first guy. As he racks for round two, MARY LOOKS AT RAY.

He's not even watching, almost in another world. Still in pain from not being able to play like he used to.

Which makes Mary even more determined.

Thus is the cycle: Mary absolutely killing it in pool, seeing Ray, and doubling down on money and ferocity.

*"If we still have time, we might still get by / Every time I think about it, I wanna cry..."*

MARY  
Double or nothin'?

Now they're PLAYING FOR TWO GRAND. Ray doesn't seem to care.

*"With bombs and the Devil, and the kids keep comin' / No way to breathe easy, no time to be young"*

TWO grand turns to FOUR. FOUR TO SIX. Mary KEEPS WINNING. Until it's too much for her opponent.

NEIGHBOR  
I'm out.

Which is fine, because...

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)  
I'm in.

A LINE OF PLAYERS is starting to form. Ray takes notice.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! Balls cracking, flying into pockets. But it always ends with the EIGHT BALL ROLLING IN.

AND MARY WINNING. SIX GRAND DOUBLES. Then DOUBLES AGAIN.

*"There's nothin' left to do at night / But go crazy on you  
Crazy on you / Let me go crazy, crazy on you..."*

CUT TO:

...FACES OF DIFFERENT PEOPLE Mary plays and BEATS.

...Some at the ATM, getting money to challenge.

...Some ON THEIR PHONE talking about Mary and the MONEY.

...Some CASHING IN CHIPS at nearby CASINOS.

...And NEW PEOPLE walking through the door with CUE CASES and CASH, ready to play.

...Mary keeps WINNING. And the CASH KEEPS GROWING:

SIX becomes TWELVE, TWELVE to TWENTY FOUR. Now playing for nearly FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BIG JIM (O.S.)  
Awful lot of money you've got  
there...

Mary turns around to BIG JIM (35, black), a bouncer-type, eyeing her cash. Before she can say anything, Ray STEPS IN.

RAY

Thinkin' about playin'? 'Cause if not, why don't you get the fuck out of here...

Ray FLASHES HIS GUN behind his belt. Mary's a bit surprised to see it. Then Big Jim FLASHES HIS GUN.

BIG JIM

Yeah, got me one of those too...

A tense standoff. Boys measuring dicks. Mary sees.

BIG JIM

Relax. Just the house comin' to collect. Owner wants a cut.

MARY

How much?

BIG JIM

Twenty percent.

RAY

Fuck you, twenty percent --

MARY

How much of that are you gonna see? Any? What does he pay you, thirty an hour? That enough to get shot over? We'll give you two grand, you tell the house to suck my dick.

Big Jim is taken aback. As is Ray.

BIG JIM

I tell them that now, they're gonna send three more just like me by the end of the night. Don't be stupid... I'll take five.

A look between Mary and Ray. An agreement, but more importantly, a CONNECTION. They did that AS A TEAM.

And a smirk from Big Jim. He turns to what can only be the OWNER looking down from the second floor. Gives a THUMBS UP.

And the OWNER (60) NODS, not knowing he's getting absolutely screwed at this moment.

The MUSIC IS BACK and SO IS MARY: mass murdering in pool.

*"Let me go crazy, crazy on you / Oh Crazy on you..."*

Victims skulk away, penniless. As more get in line for the ride of a lifetime. Hal, Ray, and now Big Jim sit and watch.

Until a pair of ALLIGATOR BOOTS STRUT IN...

HAL  
You see that?

RAY  
What?

HAL  
That's Sharon Stacey Jones. She's won the Vegas Pro tournament the past three years. That guy behind her with the briefcase? That's --

RAY  
Larry Fielder. Jesus...

HAL  
Word's getting out.

RAY  
How could it not?

They look at Mary, winning as usual.

When SHARON, the Vegas Pro steps up to play. Matching Mary's 50k, to play for A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Mary breaks. And RUNS THE TABLE start to finish. Not giving Sharon a chance.

MARY (V.O.)  
Why is this so easy?

She keeps on playing. BEATING SHARON.

MARY (V.O.)  
I've never played this good in my entire life...

And LARRY FIELDER steps up, OPENING HIS BRIEFCASE:

The guy brought a HUNDRED THOUSAND FUCKING DOLLARS to match. They're playing for \$200k...

MARY (V.O.)  
And I sure haven't ever played for this much money in one night...

Mary nods to him. Accepting the bet. He racks.

And in one moment. She CATCHES RAY... SMILING AT HER.  
The smile of all smiles. The only thing she's wanted.

MARY

Oh.

That's why. She's not doing it for her. IT'S ALL FOR HIM.

And like a SLINGSHOT, she winds up to break and LAUNCHES into the FINAL GAME...

...And maybe it's a real tough one, with twists and turns and Larry Fielder bringing out all the stops...

...Or maybe we've already seen the best game between two players: when Mary and Ray played for the first time...

...Or maybe we just **CUT TO BLACK** because Mary's on fucking fire, and there was no way she was gonna lose this one.

OVER BLACK: we hear the familiar WHAM! CRACK! TAP...

A **FLASH**: of an EIGHT BALL going into the pocket.

Another TAP and **FLASH**: Another EIGH BALL INTO THE POCKET...

And a final **FLASH** of an EIGHT BALL DOWN, PANNING UP TO...

...MARY. In all her confidence, all her charisma, almost REBORN as RAY STANDS and the CROWD ROARS and we CUT TO:

**EXT. BIG BILL'S - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Mary and Ray WALK OUT TOGETHER with (Larry's) BRIEFCASE IN HAND, followed by Big Jim. Hal trailing in back ON HIS PHONE.

The OWNER storms out after them.

OWNER

Hey, where the fuck you think  
you're going?!

Big Jim turns and gets in the Owner's face.

BIG JIM

I've decided to... privatize my  
services.

MARY

Y'know you really should pay your  
employees more.

She opens the briefcase and gives five grand to Big Jim.

OWNER  
I'll run you out of town.

BIG JIM  
Shut the fuck up Jerry, don't  
nobody like or listen to you in  
this town anyway.

Owner storms off. Big Jim waves goodbye. And Mary HANDS THE BRIEFCASE TO RAY as they turn to...

A CLEAR PICTURE: here's the MONEY, here's your CAR, there's mine. She's willing to give it all and leave, just for him.

A BEAT. Mary looks at Ray, THE DECISION IS HIS. She has no expectations. He was having fun, but still...

...They haven't exactly kissed and made up. Nor has he forgiven her for doing what she did...

The moment is interrupted by HAL SWOOPING IN.

HAL  
C'mon, c'mon! We got one more stop  
to make. Mary, you too.

He gets into Ray's car.

MARY  
I guess we're taking yours...

**INT. RAY'S CAR - BIG BILL'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Not driving away just yet, Mary and Ray listen to whatever the hell Hal is talking about.

HAL  
Look, I know I didn't pull my weight. I mean, I did find the perfect place. But I wanna earn my cut. So I called around. No one in town's gonna play you for money after tonight... except this one guy. I told him you beat Stace and Larry and, well... he wants to play the best. Or at least say he did. You made what? Two hundred and change? He said he'll match that and double the odds for five hundred, tonight.

And there it is. A game for \$500,000. It stops all three of them dead in their tracks.

HAL

He's just some rich asshole. Lives in the hills, the money means nothing to him. It's just bragging rights. Look, I'm not the one who's playin'. Choice is yours. But if I could play like you, and Jesus I wish I could -- I'm just sayin' this might be the easiest cash we could -- you could ever make.

Hal's lookin' right at Mary. Ray looks at her too...

CUT TO:

**INT. RAY'S CAR - NIGHT**

Ray, Mary, and Hal DRIVING THROUGH THE VEGAS HILLS. Mansions and money everywhere.

MARY

Why would anyone with brains and a bank account trust you, Hal?

HAL

I told him I was the best pool player once. Why I thought of him. This was years ago, but I saw someone try to hustle him, and it went south right at the turn. The guy was so fuckin' proud he caught a shark. Let the whole goddamn bar know. So I swooped in. Told him if he wanted something to be proud of he should play me. Because I was the best. I mean, I saw that he was good but he just got lucky --

MARY

You beat him?

HAL

Yeah, try not to act so surprised. I'm actually pretty fuckin' good despite the two times you've played me. On the hottest streak I've ever seen in my life, by the way. Anyway, I take this guy for a run. And I win. Over and over. And he's just throwin' away money. But he's still... proud. I mean he won't shut up about it. Look who I'm playin', what an honor.

(MORE)

HAL (CONT'D)

Blah blah blah. Until the game comes to an end, I'm up thirty grand, and he invites me back to his house. And then I see -- Oh, right here.

He points Ray to a driveway. An ORNATE GATE with a callbox. Which Ray presses. And they hear a BEEEEP!

HAL

Uh... it's me. It's Hal!

And the GATE OPENS. As they drive in, Mary and Ray see what Hal is talking about. The Mansion is INSANE.

HAL

This guy's got so much fuckin' money. Thirty grand was nothing to him. He worked his way up from bein' a bouncer to owning a club. Now he owns four of 'em. He didn't give a shit about the game. By the time we got drunk that night, he tells me he didn't even care that I was lying. Just wanted the attention. And he got it.

They park. Get out.

MARY

Well how do you know he didn't lose on purpose with you?

HAL

The fuck do you care? You can't lose...

Mary doesn't know how to take that. She looks at Ray.

MARY

Well... it's not my choice. It's Ray's. It's his money.

Ray sits with it. The gesture, the choice, Hal practically drooling waiting for an answer.

RAY

My money's on you. All the way.

She smiles. Are they going to kiss? Or what...? Yet again, Hal interrupts.

HAL

Yeah, real fuckin' cute. If I  
didn't already have a hard on for  
screwin' over Mr. McMansion, I'd  
send it your way. Can we go now?

Hal walks UP THE STAIRS to the mansion as a DOOR OPENS and a BUTLER (45) STEPS OUT, letting him in.

Mary can barely believe where she is right now. First the pool hall, now this? Ray GRABS THE BRIEFCASE from the car.

And side by side, Mary and Ray walk up the stairs TOGETHER, like a WEDDING PROCESSIONAL. All they're missing is some music, a \$500,000 dowry, and that kiss to seal the deal...

**INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

Mary and Ray walk inside. It's astonishing, an intimidating amount of luxury. Hal's already poking around.

BUTLER

Sir. Please don't touch anything.

HAL

Alright alright, sheesh. Hey,  
where's Luther at?

But before he can respond, Butler DISAPPEARS through a door. Mary and Ray look uneasily at Hal. That was weird...

POP! A sound startles them, as BUTLER enters with a tray of glasses and a bottle of...

BUTLER

He's downstairs. Wanted to warm up.  
Said you were to be greeted with  
champagne. Moet & Chandon --

RAY

-- Dom Perignon. Fucking hell, what  
year is that? 1990?

Butler pours them all glasses. The moment forces Mary and Ray to take in the ridiculous experience. This is nuts.

RAY

Speech?

HAL

Speeeeeech!

They raise glasses, looking to Mary. Even Butler looks over.

MARY

Oh. Well. I wasn't expecting tonight. To... play so well, or to see Ray again. Or... or to be here drinking champagne. Wherever the hell here is. And I can't control the outcome. Just the intention. And I'm good with that. So... to being along for the ride.

Ray smiles. They clink and drink. Hal's underwhelmed.

HAL

Wow. That was... rousing. They should hire you at parties. Really.

BUTLER

If you will follow me...

They FOLLOW down a large corridor. Around a hallway. Past a grand dining room, library, and to an ELEVATOR.

BUTLER

Step in, please.

He ushers them inside. The elevator doors close. But we CONTINUE DOWN THE HALLWAY...

...REVEALING a SHATTERED GLASS DOOR the butler stopped them from seeing. The clear sign of a BREAK IN. Oh shit...

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Hal and the Butler exchange eye contact as Mary and Ray descend into volatile unknown territory.

**INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The elevator doors open. Butler steps out.

BUTLER

Right this way.

They follow into a hallway LINED WITH SPORTS MEMORABILIA. Signed baseball bats, boxing gloves, jerseys.

Butler opens grand doors to reveal:

LUTHER (45, black), mid-pool shot. He's physically huge, with the charisma to match. Could run for political office if the background check didn't churn up his history of violence.

LUTHER

You smell that? That's blood in the air. That's the smell of someone freshly arrived from battle, fucking covered in it. Comin' in crowned queen, meanwhile you walkin' in on a motherfucker practicing. Practically pants down, strokin' his cue, tryin' to get his game up in time. Could anything be more embarrassing?

(seeing empty glasses)

Why do y'all not have champagne? Terry, I specifically -- GET THESE MOTHERFUCKERS SOME BUBBLES!!

The Butler, now called TERRY, scurries off through a KITCHEN DOOR as Mary and Ray take in the room: mahogany wood, private bar, fireplace, and the nicest pool table they've ever seen.

MARY

We already had --

LUTHER

But you don't have any now. And that is my particular grievance.

MARY

Really, it's okay...

LUTHER

Why, you want somethin' else? TERRY GETCHER ASS BACK IN HERE! We got rye, bourbon, Scotch, Irish, Japanese... those Japanese don't fuck around. Sorry, Hal told me you was a whiskey drinker.

MARY

That's not creepy at all, Hal. Bourbon's fine, thank you.

RAY

She likes Eagle Rare if you got it, I'll do the same. Or any single barrel for that matter.

LUTHER

Make it happen, Terry.

Terry looks confusedly at the bar (he has no fucking clue which ones are single barrel).

RAY

I mean, we'll take that Stagg if you're not saving it for a rainy day. Hot damn, Van Winkle 25... Macallan 1926... You've got a nice collection.

LUTHER

Nice? Bottle or two of good cognac's nice. This here's seventeen virgins on a shelf ready to suck your dick. "Nice." Can I take that off you?

Ray holds back his briefcase of cash.

RAY

Think I'll hang onto it actually.

LUTHER

Of course. Ray, right? You're Mary's... boyfriend?

RAY

Uh, bodyguard...

MARY

Never leave home without him.

LUTHER

Most bodyguards turn down a drink. Good for you.

He's joking, but the sense of judgement lingers in the air.

LUTHER

(killing the tension)

Hal, I know what you're havin'. How the hell are ya?

They come in for a bro hug. Luther a little rough on Hal. Terry comes over with the drinks.

LUTHER

There we are. All set, drinks in hand. Now, may I say... cheers. To luck. May yours never run out. May mine kick in so I get a fighting chance. Luck is what brought you here. This house, these people. Without Hal, we wouldn't have met. An honor, by the way. But luck can only take you so far.

(MORE)

LUTHER (CONT'D)

It's when it falls off that you see  
the real shit kick in. Skill,  
determination, the fight. Let's  
have a good fight, Mary. Race to  
seven, for 500k. Sound good?

MARY

Sounds great. Hey... Good luck.

Luther lines up two balls on the table. Mary grabs cues,  
finding the right one. They both take their LAG SHOT (hit the  
ball, closest to the opposite side gets to break). Mary wins.

LUTHER

Oh goddamn, music! How can anyone  
kill when there ain't nothin' to  
groove to. My apologies Mary, what  
we listening to?

MARY

That's a really good question...

RAY

The Thing That Should Not Be.

Mary looks at Ray. What's goin' on here? First the Eagle  
Rare, now her favorite Metallica song. Luther turns on Ray.

LUTHER

Wasn't asking you. No offense,  
she's the guest of honor. Not --

MARY

No, it's... my favorite.

LUTHER

Fair enough. The thing that --  
who's it by?

MARY

Metallica

RAY

Metallica

LUTHER

Angry white people music. Love it.

Luther waltzes over to an expensive SOUND SYSTEM.

CUE MUSIC: "The Thing That Should Not Be" by Metallica.

The ominous opening riff starts as the table is set and Mary  
prepares to break. Chalking her cue.

Luther crinkles his brow, this doesn't sound like angry white  
people music...then the drums and guitar KICK IN, it's HEAVY.

LUTHER

THERE IT IS! Oh, YEAH! That'll push  
your shit in!

WHAM! Mary BREAKS. She's right back where she was, on fire.  
Luther watches, impressed. Hal heads to the kitchen.

HAL

Fuckin' starving.

TERRY

Let me help you, sir...

**INT. PRIVATE KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Terry pulls out a STASH OF GUNS. He HANDS ONE TO HAL. A  
MOMENT OF BETRAYAL nonchalantly undercut by Hal's appetite.

HAL

Thanks. I actually am starving  
though. They got food back here?

TERRY

Fuck if I know...

Hal rummages through the cabinets in search of snacks.

**INT. BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT**

Mary finishes off the first game, hitting the eight ball in.  
Luther sets up round two. Far more relaxed than he should be.

LUTHER

You don't seem like you're havin' a  
good time.

Metallica blares: *"Messenger of fear in sight / Dark  
deception kills the light..."*

MARY

Y'know... I used to put on a little  
show when I played. Played dress  
up, made nice, and smiled. Always  
gotta smile. You know what that is?  
It's fucking exhausting. I'm not  
here to have a good time. I'm here  
to win some fucking money. And the  
sooner I do that, the sooner my  
bodyguard can take me home.

WHAM! Mary breaks. One goes in, so she keeps on playing.

LUTHER

You know what? I like that. I  
appreciate your honesty.

(to Ray)

How 'bout you, buddy? You got  
somethin' honest you wanna share?  
Or you just wanna be done with this  
so you can take her home?

Luther sees right through them.

LUTHER

Bodyguard huh?

TAP... TAP... Mary keeps hitting balls in.

LUTHER

Was a bouncer for a long time. "Do  
you know who my Dad is?" That was  
my favorite. Bouncing little sons  
of somebody's right onto the  
fuckin' pavement. How's your rib?

RAY

Huh?

TAP... TAP... Luther steps over to Ray, imitating him.

LUTHER

When you came in here, you kinda...  
limped. Winced every other step.  
Seen a lotta broken ribs in my day.

RAY

Oh. Not broken. Shot, actually.

TAP... Mary STOPS PLAYING. Luther's right in front of Ray.

LUTHER

Shot. That's a hell of a thing.

Out of nowhere, Luther SWINGS HIS CUE STICK INTO RAY'S RIBS  
LIKE A BASEBALL BAT. CRACK! Ray GOES DOWN.

MARY

RAY!!!

But just as she goes to help Ray, Luther GRABS HER. Hal and  
Terry burst out of the kitchen, GUNS IN HAND.

Terry CRANKS THE VOLUME. "*Hunter of the shadows is rising /*  
*Immortal, in madness you dwell!!*" Metallica SHAKING THE ROOM.

LUTHER

Aight! THIS IS HOW IT'S GONNA GO  
DOWN! YOU PUT YOUR HEADS TO THE  
FUCKIN' GROUND. LOOK UP, AND YOU'LL  
SEE A BULLET COMIN' FOR --

BAM!!!

Luther gets SHOT IN THE HEAD! Blood and skull fragments, somethin' he's not comin' back from...

...PAN OVER to reveal RAY ON THE GROUND WITH HIS GUN.

HAL

Jesus CHRIST RAY! WHAT'D YOU --

BAM! BAM! Ray shoots at Hal now too.

BOOM! Terry's SHOTGUN nearly obliterates Ray, but Mary TACKLES HIM TO THE GROUND in time.

MARY

What the fuck is going on?!

RAY

I dunno, I dunno!!

He sees SHOES CREEPING OVER underneath the pool table's legs.

So he SHOOTS THE SHOE. BAM!

Then sneaks to the side of the table to finish off, but...

BOOM! Another shotgun shell from Terry on the ground (his foot bleeding). This time, the shell TAGS RAY.

He flies back, his torso bloodied. Dropping his gun. Which Mary picks up and nearly UNLOADS INTO TERRY.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Until Hal, behind the bar, FIRES BACK.

BAM! RIGHT INTO MARY'S STOMACH.

She goes down. And Ray drags her behind the pool table.

RAY

Oh my God, oh my God are you okay?!

MARY

Just tell me one thing.

RAY

What? What?!

MARY

Now that I've been shot, somewhat  
defending you, can we call it even?

A look from Ray: are you absolutely insane? YOU'RE JOKING?!?  
Mary laughs at his incredulous face. He laughs back. A long  
needed genuine moment of intimacy.

It's now Mary and Ray on one side of the room, and Hal on the  
other side behind the bar.

RAY

Hal, what is going on?!

HAL

Huh?!

They can barely hear each other over the MUSIC PLAYING.

So Mary takes care of it. BAM! She shoots the stereo off. And  
Hal immediately FIRES BACK. Just missing Mary. Then SILENCE.

MARY

What the FUCK, HAL?!

HAL

You never liked me, Mary. I could  
tell...

MARY

Yeah? What gave you that  
impression? Is it because I could  
see you were A BIG FUCKING BABY  
MOOCHING OFF PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY  
KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING?!

HAL

Hey I'm just tryin' to make a buck  
like everyone else, babe! The  
American Dream, right? And get a  
load of this. Guy that actually  
owns this place --

MARY

I thought this was Luther's --

HAL

What? Luther's just some fuckin'  
nobody. No, the guy that lives here  
doesn't even live here. It's his  
vacation home. You believe that?

Hal starts to lose it. Nearly LAUGHING INTO TEARS.

HAL

Fuckin' vacation home... WHAT DOES  
THAT MEAN I CAN'T EVEN AFFORD A  
GODDAMN DUPLEX AND YOU GET TWELVE  
AND A HALF BATHROOMS?! FUCK YOU,  
YOU MILLIONAIRE COCKSUCKER!!

RAY

(to Mary)  
What're we doin?

She doesn't have a fucking clue. And as she turns to him, she sees RAY IS NOT DOING WELL. BLOODIED from that shotgun blast.

Mary's priority shifts. She's GOT TO GET RAY OUT OF HERE, and SOON. The CLOCK STARTS TICKING...

HAL

Whadya got over there? Huh? Three,  
four shots left? I got another  
shotgun, and two handguns fully  
loaded. How do ya wanna do this?

Mary checks the clip, shows it to Ray. THREE SHOTS LEFT.

RAY

You're bluffing!

HAL

Oh... bet of a lifetime, huh? You  
sure you wanna take that?

Ray tries to PEEK OVER. BOOM! He BARELY DODGES a SHOTGUN BLAST. The pool table's wood CRUMBLING overhead.

HAL

STILL THINK I'M BLUFFING?!

MARY

Ray...

Mary nods to the BRIEFCASE OF CASH nearby ON THE FLOOR.

MARY

Three... two...

On one, Mary jumps up behind the table and IMMEDIATELY FIRES. BAM! BAM! Which makes Hal dive back behind the bar.

Ray crawls back with the briefcase.

MARY

We got the cash, Hal! What's your move?

HAL

What's my move? What's your move?!  
 I got eyes on the only exit and I'm  
 not the one fuckin' bleedin' out!  
 How you feelin' by the way? Cause I  
 can wait all night if I have to...

Mary and Ray look at each other. Her stomach is covered in blood, but that's the least of her worries because...

...RAY IS STARTING TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS.

MARY

(shaking Ray)

Hey... HEY!

HAL

Oh, that don't sound too good...

MARY

FUCK YOU HE'S YOUR FRIEND TOO!

HAL

Fuck him! He didn't like me either.  
 Just used me to get to you.

MARY

YOU JUST USED US TO STEAL OUR  
 MONEY!

HAL

Yeah, well. Welcome to the way the  
 world works, sugar.

Mary lightly slaps Ray to stay awake. Whispering:

MARY

I need you to stay awake, okay?

He looks at her. Barely...

MARY

Alright, Hal... Here!

She FLINGS THE BRIEFCASE OVERHEAD TOWARDS HAL. It lands next to him. He wasn't expecting that...

MARY

Just fucking leave so I can get Ray  
 to a hospital.

HAL

No.

MARY

No?!

HAL

You still got a gun, I ain't  
stupid!

Mary STANDS, READY AND WILLING TO BE SHOT as she BERATES HAL.

MARY

YES YOU ARE! YOU ARE FUCKING  
STUPID! YOU'RE THE STUPIDEST  
FUCKING MOTHERFUCKER I 'VE EVER MET!  
JUST LOOK AT YOU! WHAT'RE YOU GONNA  
DO? SHOOT ME WHEN I DON'T HAVE A  
FUCKING GUN, STUPID?! THAT'S WHAT  
YOU WERE AFRAID OF, RIGHT?!

She literally does a twirl with her hands open, showing she doesn't have the gun.

MARY

NOW GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE SO I  
CAN SAVE HIM!

Hal hates her with every fiber of his being. Steps up and levels his GUN RIGHT AT HER HEAD.

HAL

You really are a fucking bitch.

But RIGHT AS HE STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE BAR, WE SEE...

...RAY ON HIS STOMACH, UNDERNEATH THE POOL TABLE. AIMING.

BAM! The bullet RIPS RIGHT THROUGH HAL'S ANKLE. HE GOES DOWN.

As Mary IMMEDIATELY PICKS UP A BILLIARD BALL. And SWINGS IT  
RIGHT INTO HAL'S SKULL!

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

We see RAY'S POV from under the table. Hal's body TENSING UP,  
SPASMING with every HIT.

Then what would be HAL'S POV of Mary, finished, FACE COVERED  
IN BLOOD. LOOKING DOWN ON HIM. A LONG PAUSE.

RAY

...Honey? Everything okay over  
there?

MARY

Everything's fine, honey. Thank you.

RAY

Think I'm still dying over here, honey.

MARY

Me too, honey. We should probably get to a hospital.

RAY

I think that would be best, honey.

Mary gets over to Ray, HELPS HIM UP.

RAY

Wait...

MARY

What?

Ray doesn't have much strength left. Mary's holding him. But he grabs her head, and KISSES HER.

THE ROOM SPINS AROUND THEM. In all its chaos, the bodies, the blood. Just two hot messes MAKING OUT.

They finish. Start to leave for the elevator. Ray stops her.

RAY

The whiskey... get the whiskey.

MARY

Ray, SERIOUSLY?!

RAY

Just get it! That Macallan on top. Okay, and the Rip Van Winkle...

Ray slumps over as Mary climbs on top of the bullet-ridden bar, fetching the OLD RIP VAN WINKLE 25 and MACALLAN 1926.

MARY

This is fucking ridiculous. You're lucky I'm at a place in my life where I'd do anything for you. Fucking... whiskey? That's your priority right now?! If you fucking die while I get this goddamned, stupid fucking, barrel aged bullshit for you -- Ray? Honey?

Ray's EYES ARE CLOSED. Breathing, but bleeding out.

**CUE MONTAGE:** Mary racing against Ray's fading HEARTBEAT.

...Getting into the elevator, somehow juggling Ray over her shoulder, two bottles of whiskey, and a briefcase.

...The Elevator Doors closing.

...Struggling to get out of the mansion.

...Coming down the STAIRS OUTSIDE.

...Mary helping Ray INTO THE CAR.

...DRIVING AWAY.

...RAY IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE CAR.

...MARY GETTING TO THE HOSPITAL.

...DRAGGING HIM INTO THE EMERGENCY ROOM.

...Nearly FIGHTING PEOPLE OFF so that they help HIM before they HELP HER.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

And OVER BLACK, we hear a VOICE we haven't heard before...

VOICE

Wow, this is some remarkable shit.  
A pair like this, I mean... it's  
somethin' you just don't see. A  
real fuckin' rarity if I say so  
myself...

**FADE IN:**

Mary and Ray looking INTO CAMERA. Mary with a SHAVED HEAD, and Ray sporting NEWLY BLEACHED BLONDE HAIR, arm in a sling.

Then we see THEIR POV: A BALD GUY talking to them. REVEAL...

**INT. LUXURY PAWN SHOP - DAY**

One of those Pawn Shops that only exist in Vegas. The PAWN BROKER (50) looking down at the TWO BOTTLES OF WHISKEY.

RAY

Actually, y'know what?  
(à la Godfather:)  
Leave the bourbon. Take the scotch.

**EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY**

Mary and Ray WALK OUT of the pawn shop, Mary holding LARRY'S BRIEFCASE, Ray holding his bottle of Rip Van Winkle.

MARY

That is an obscene amount of money  
for one bottle of booze...

RAY

I mean, I figured we went to all  
the trouble, might as well get  
something for being shot at --

MARY

Yes, you seemed incredibly...  
thoughtful, in that moment.

They get into RAY'S car.

RAY

Hey, I got what I wanted. So, where  
to next?

MARY

I was thinking Cali? The "final  
frontier."

Mary's quoting Ray from the first night they met.

RAY

You sure you wanna do that?

MARY

What's the worst that could happen?

A dark joke. Dangerous smiles from the both of them.

And just as these lunatics turn to drive off into the sunset,  
Mary points to her SHOULDER. Ray gets the cue, and KISSES IT.

She points to her cheek. He kisses that too.

Then Mary points to her LIPS.

Goofy, vulnerable even. And just as Ray GOES IN FOR THE KILL,  
we...

**FADE TO BLACK.**

THE END.