

JACKPOT

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Based on the screenplay

"Arme Riddere"

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UP ON:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**JACKPOT**

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

SMASH TO:

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

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

What a fucking mess.

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

GINA

Kid outside said it was over a duffel bag.

Looking around:

BRESLIN

What duffel bag?

GINA

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

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

GINA (CONT'D)

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

Breslin looks up sharply. *What cops?*

NEARBY OFFICER

Inspector?

MOMENTS LATER

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

BRESLIN

Sonofabitch.  
(then)  
Are there more?

NEARBY OFFICER

Torres. Over by the Mens' Room.

BRESLIN  
Were they on duty?

The Nearby Officer shakes his head.

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

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

BRESLIN (CONT'D)  
Who is that?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - MORNING

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

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

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

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

LAURA  
I teach math.

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

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

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

YAAAAGGHHH! THE CORPSE SCREAMS, SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET.

Laura SCREAMS.

Several of the cops SCREAM.

The Corpse SCREAMS AGAIN.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

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

TREY

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

BRESLIN

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

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

LAURA

Why were you lying on top of me?!

TREY

I thought you were dead.

LAURA

Who lies on top of a dead person?!

TREY

Who lies under a dead person?!

LAURA

You're such a creep.

BRESLIN

Do you two... know each other?

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

No.	LAURA	Yes.	TREY
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BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Do you know anything about the duffel bag that got this party started?

After another lengthy beat:

Yes.	LAURA	No.	TREY
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INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

LAURA

It started with a bet.

Breslin frowns.

BRESLIN  
What kind of bet?

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

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

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

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

TREY  
Yes. But.

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

TREY (CONT'D)  
I have a system.

LAURA  
Oh, good.

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

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

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

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

TREY  
Thirty grand.

That gets her attention.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LAURA  
 I have to run lunch detention.

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

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

Breslin looks up at Laura, interested.

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

LAURA  
 No.  
 (then)  
 It's complicated.

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

BRESLIN

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

Off Laura we:

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

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - MORNING

TREY

We won the first fifteen games!

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

LAURA

Aw. Crap.

TREY

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

LAURA

Old habits.

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

LAURA (CONT'D)

Where's the one we lost?

TREY

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

LAURA

They play football on Monday nights?

TREY

Monday Night Football.

LAURA

Monday Night Football...  
(and now it sinks in)  
Oh my God, are we one game away from winning thirty thousand dollars!?



TREY  
Um, well... not exactly.

Laura recoils.

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

TREY  
I took on a few additional  
investors.

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

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

FLASHBACK

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

TAMI  
Hey. Ponyboy.

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

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

TREY  
Oh, hey...

TAMI  
I'm wearing a nametag.

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

TREY  
Tami.

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

TAMI  
I heard you have a system.

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

TAMI  
She teaches math, right?

Beat. Trey sees where this is headed...

TREY  
Yeah...

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

BACK TO PRESENT

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

LAURA  
Who else.

EXT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

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

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

Name up: **COACH DELL**

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - SPANISH CLASSROOM - DAY

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

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN  
Señorita O'Reilly. Hola.

Name up: **SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN**

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - RANDOM CLASSROOM - DAY

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

Name up: **THAT ONE SUB**

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

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

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

BRESLIN  
Does he have a name? That one sub?

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

BRESLIN  
OK, just give me a first name.

TREY  
Uh...

BRESLIN  
You don't know his first name?

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

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

BRESLIN  
Track these people down.

GINA  
(consulting list)  
'That one sub?'

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

Gina rolls her eyes.

GINA  
Is this everyone?

Breslin turns back to Trey.

BRESLIN  
Is that everyone?

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - MORNING

TREY  
That's everyone.

Laura shakes her head, nonplussed.

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

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

Beat. And then it hits her:

LAURA  
How much.

Trey SMILES WIDE.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Trey, how much.

TREY  
Five hundred thousand dollars.

Laura goes PALE.

LAURA  
Five hundred thousand...

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

LAURA  
Half a mill!

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

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

LAURA  
 (already fantasizing)  
 About eighty-three grand.

TREY  
Eighty-three grand.

LAURA  
 Trey, oh my God.

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

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

BRESLIN (PRE-LAP)  
 Wait.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

BRESLIN  
 When was this?

LAURA  
 Monday.

BRESLIN  
Monday Monday? Two days ago  
 Monday?

Laura nods.

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

LAURA  
 (nonplussed)  
 Yup.

BRESLIN  
How'd that go?

Laura considers for a long moment.

LAURA  
Not... great.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
Fuck you, Detroit!!!

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

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

LATER

Coach Dell, standing now...

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

TAMI  
Piece! Of. Shit!

LATER

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

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

TAMI  
Yes! Still in this!

From the bar:

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

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

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

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

LATER

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

LATER

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

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

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
 Your son's bedroom.

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

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

LATER

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

TREY  
 Go! Go! Go!

LATER

A jubilant countdown...

TREY & CO  
Three! Two! One!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

A long, pregnant silence. Finally:

BRESLIN  
And...

TREY  
And... ?

BRESLIN  
... then what happened?

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

LAURA  
... hazy.

The **BASS DROPS** as we

SMASH CUT TO:



**SKRILLEX DANCING HUGGING CRYING SCREAMING FIST-PUMPS SHOTS!**

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

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

... until he LICKS HER NECK.

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

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

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

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

TREY

San Diego. No plan B.

THAT ONE SUB

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

(beat)

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

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

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

Wow do I need to get my dick wet.

TREY

(re: tits)

Who is that?

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

Becky Stanfeld.

TREY

Becky Stanfeld from school? The sophomore?

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

She's a junior.

TREY

She sent you that?

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

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

THAT ONE SUB

Does she know you have it?

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

(sarcastic)

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

TREY

But she texts with you.

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

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

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

**RED BULL YELLING FIGHT SONG MILEY REEFER DICK PUNCH SHOTS!**

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

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

LAURA

Oh, Dude!

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

You can stay.

**AAAIIIRRHOOORRRRN FLIP-CUP DANCE-OFF PITBULL PIZZA? SHOTS!**

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

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

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

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

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

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN (CONT'D)

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

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

TREY

Oh, fuck.

Making it rain.

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

Dance, *cucarachas*!

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

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

THAT ONE SUB

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

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN

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

LAURA

Are you nuts?!

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

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN  
You like nuts?

TREY  
Whoa!

Trey rushes forward, gets between Rubenstein and Laura.

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

SMACK! Rubenstein SLAPS Trey clean across the face.

SEÑOR RUBENSTEIN  
Heyo!!!!

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

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER:

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

BRESLIN  
And whose idea was this?

Trey considers...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

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

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

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

BRESLIN

(consulting notes)

'... was embarrassed about being slapped and had to prove his masculinity.'

TREY

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

BRESLIN

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

Trey slumps slightly in his seat.

TREY

Not no reason. Just not... that reason.

(then)

It's complicated.

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

BRESLIN

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

Trey drops his eyes to the table.

TREY

It's sort of relevant.

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

Laura purses her lips slightly.

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

LAURA  
 Do Beast Mode! Do Beast Mode!

THAT ONE SUB  
 Why are her socks like that?

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

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

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

LAURA  
 A while.

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

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

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

Trey DROPS HIS CIGARETTE.

LATER

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

TREY

We have to call the police.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Are you fucking insane?

TREY

Are you?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TREY

You tied him to a barstool.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Yeah. While you held him...

(re: Tami)

... you blindfolded him...

(re: Laura)

... you gagged him...

(re: That One Sub)

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

TAMI

Accomplices to what?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

The fuck do you think? Murder.

It hangs in the air like the sword of Damocles.

TAMI

Shit.

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

TREY

OK, hold on. No one murdered anyone here.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

(re: Senor Rubenstein)

Then what do you call that?

TREY

An accident?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TREY

No...

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TREY

No, but --

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Ergo. Murder.

LAURA

I don't think that's murder.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

Laura turns to Trey, her eyes wide with fear.

LAURA

Is that true?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

BRESLIN

No.



EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

TAMI

So what do we do?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

First things first. We get him back in the apartment.

THAT ONE SUB

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

It's your barstool.

THAT ONE SUB

I don't want it anymore.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

THAT ONE SUB

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Hey.

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)

Are you part of the solution... or are you part of the problem?

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - NIGHT

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

THAT ONE SUB

Let's just get him onto the hardwo--

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

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

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

The other four just watch. Finally:

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
Are you stupid?

Beat.

THAT ONE SUB  
... no?

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

LAURA  
(realizing)  
There were two cops there.

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

Trey hangs his head.

TREY  
The last people he was seen with.

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

TAMI  
Everyone watches 'Law & Order.'

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

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

TAMI  
 How're we gonna do that?

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
 I think that's obvious.

Nope.

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

Beat.

TREY  
 What the fuck does that mean?

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

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

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

TREY  
 What?! No. Dude...

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
 Give me the ticket.

TREY  
 What? Why?

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

TREY

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TREY

It's in my name.

Beat.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TAMI

That's actually a good point.

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

LAURA

(rattled)

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

TAMI

No way.

THAT ONE SUB

Maybe she's right...

COACH DELL'AQUILA

We are not calling the fucking cops!

THAT ONE SUB

OK, can we try to keep the volume --

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

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

TREY  
Going back... ?

TAMI  
Me either. Let's Bernie this  
beaner.

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

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

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

TREY  
(dreading the answer)  
Why?

CUT TO:

INT. SENOR RUBENSTEIN'S CAR - NIGHT

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

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
How's it look?

EXT. EMPTY CITY STREET - NIGHT

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

TREY  
(into cell phone)  
Not suspicious at all.

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

FLASH! LONG SHOT.

FLASH! WINDSHIELD.

FLASH! HEADSHOT.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

BRESLIN

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

TREY

What do you mean?

BRESLIN

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

TREY

... State and Hoover.

BRESLIN

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

Breslin allows a moment for this to sink in.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

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

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

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

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

Gina nods. Breslin turns his attention back to Trey.

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

Off Trey... and Gina...

CUT TO:

TREY, LAURA, THAT ONE SUB and TAMI

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

EXT. RIVERSIDE PIER - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

A LONG BEAT follows. Somewhere, a frog croaks.

THAT ONE SUB  
 Maybe it just needs a --

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

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

BRESLIN  
 (to Gina)  
 Oh good.  
 (MORE)

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

Breslin trails off as Gina hands him a printout.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)  
 What is this?

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

And there's more:

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

Breslin slow-turns back to Trey, stunned.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

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

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

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

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

Laura nods, exhales loudly.

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



LAURA  
No. It didn't.

EXT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - TRACK - DAY

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

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

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - CLASSROOM (A) - DAY

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

Her class noticed.

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

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

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - CLASSROOM (B) - DAY

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

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - CLASSROOM (C) - DAY

That One Sub starts writing his name on the chalkboard:

*MR. STE*

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

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

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

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - CLASSROOM (D) - DAY

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

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

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

MRS. STOCKMAN pops up from behind a filing cabinet.

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

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

EXT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

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

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

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

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

LAURA (V.O.)  
All morning long.

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

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

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

EXT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

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

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

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

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Trey eyeballs his cell phone as he hurries...

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - MEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

TREY  
 I got your text. What's --

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

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

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
 The Sub blabbed.

TREY  
 What? To who?

TAMI  
 The Security Guard.

TREY  
 You heard him?

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
 Better yet: I saw him.

LAURA  
 What are we going to do?

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

(MORE)

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

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

TREY  
 What kind of talk?

CUT TO:

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DAY

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

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

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

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

TREY  
 Dude, he can't breathe!

LAURA  
 You're hurting him!

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
 That's the fucking point!

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

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

Tami steps forward, SLAPS the gasping Sub.

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

That's a weird thing to say.

LAURA  
 Stop it! You're gonna kill him!

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

SMASH TO:

THAT ONE SUB DEAD ON THE FLOOR

Coach Dell killed him.

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

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

TREY  
 What?!

TAMI  
 Yeah, didn't you watch Breaking  
 Bad?

Trey turns to Tami.

TREY  
What?!

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

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

TAMI  
 You haven't watched Breaking Bad!?

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
 It's in my queue.

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

LAURA

(soft)  
Oh my God.

TREY

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

LAURA

But we didn't kill him.

Coach Dell GLARES at Laura. She instantly SHRINKS.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

Laura hangs her head, overwhelmed.

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)

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

(re: That One Sub)

... like he did?

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)

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

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

TAMI  
Oh! Compella!

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
Compella?

TAMI  
My nephew.

TREY  
You have a nephew named Compella?

TAMI  
It's his rap name.

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

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

Trey BLANCHES.

TREY  
Mickey Cobras?

TAMI  
That sounds right.

LAURA  
What's a Mickey Cobra?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

Breslin sits back in his chair, eyes wide.

BRESLIN  
A Mickey Cobra.

Breslin offers a low, impressed WHISTLE.

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

Trey nods. Breslin shakes his head in disbelief.

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

TREY  
(not so sure)  
Yeaahhh...

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

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

COMPELLA  
Auntie, whatup.

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DAY

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

COMPELLA  
I'm sorry I missed your birthday party.

Like a REALLY LONG, LINGERING HUG.

TAMI  
That's OK, sweetheart.

*LIKE A REALLY REALLY LONG, LINGERING --*

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

TAMI  
No...

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

COMPELLA  
Lucky for you.

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

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



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

COMPELLA  
What the fuck is that supposed to mean?!

As he circles the peninsula...

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

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

TAMI  
Can you take care of it?

Compella is near hysterics.

COMPELLA  
Huh???

TAMI  
Can you get rid of it for us?

COMPELLA  
What?!

TAMI  
We can't have it here.

COMPELLA  
Well I don't want it!

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
Oh Jesus Christ.

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

COMPELLA  
What do I look like, a magician?!

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

TREY  
Friends and I.

TAMI

Shut up, smartass.

(then)

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Hey hey hey...

TAMI

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

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

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

COMPELLA

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

TAMI

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

COMPELLA

Does he have a family?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Oh my sweet God.

TAMI

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

COMPELLA

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

Compella turns, hurries for the door.

TAMI

Harald wait!

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

COMPELLA

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

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

CUT TO:

LATER

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

GOOD IDEAS

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

GREAT IDEAS

Feed to pigs  
Sink in river  
Light on fire

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

TREY

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TREY

Yeah but where are we gonna do  
that?

Beat.

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

TAMI

Do we have to cook him into chili?

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

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

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

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

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

LAURA  
One hundred and twenty-five  
thousand.

Tami turns back to Coach Dell.

TAMI  
Probably the chili.

That's the last straw. Laura BOLTS.

TREY  
Shit.

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

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

Trey shuffles toward the conversation, just making out:

OFFICER TORRES

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

Trey exhales, steps forward.

TREY

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

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

TREY (CONT'D)

I should have never said those things.

OFFICER MILES

Ma'am. Is he bothering you?

Laura looks from the cops back to Trey, unsure.

OFFICER MILES (CONT'D)

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

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

TREY

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

(then)

I love you.

Wow. That sounded real.

OFFICER TORRES

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

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

TREY

Did you wanna --

OFFICER TORRES

Nope.

Trey nods. He gets it.

ON LAURA AND OFFICER MILES

OFFICER MILES

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

(then, gentle)

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

Laura's eyes never leave Trey's.

LAURA

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

Officer Miles hangs his head.

OFFICER MILES

OK. Well, look.

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

OFFICER MILES (CONT'D)

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

Laura nods meekly. Miles gestures for his partner.

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

BRESLIN

You slapped him? Why?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Breslin emerges into the hallway. Gina meets him.

GINA  
What's up?

Breslin nods toward the exit. *Not here.*

EXT. POLICE STATION - REAR DOCK - DAY

Breslin smokes. Bothered. After a long moment:

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

GINA  
What am I looking for?

BRESLIN

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

GINA

You want to know where they were in between?

BRESLIN

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

Gina eyes her boss momentarily, concerned by the implication.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

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

Gina nods to herself. After a short silence:

GINA

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

Off Breslin...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

TREY

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

Breslin furrows his brow, confused.

TREY (CONT'D)

She told you I broke up with her?

BRESLIN

It was implied.

TREY

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

Trey slumps in his seat, defeated.



BRESLIN

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

INT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DAY

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Where the fuck have you been?

TREY

Just getting some fresh air.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Fresh air... and some police assistance?

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)

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

TREY

(weak)

Ha ha ha.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TREY

Oh, hydraulic cider press.

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

$$500,000/2 =$$

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

LAURA

Nine months.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TAMI

(excited)

They're thirsty for cider!

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TREY

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TREY

We were never going to eat him in chili.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

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

TREY

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

(measured)

There doesn't have to be.

Off Trey and Laura...

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - DAY

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

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

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

TAMI  
No way. Company car.

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

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

Trey exhales deeply, frustrated.

TREY  
Fine.

Trey heads for his 4Runner...

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

TREY  
I must be out of my mind?!

INT. CHEVY SONIC - DAY

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

After what feels like an interminable silence:

TAMI  
Do you have Sirius XM?

EXT. OFF-SEASON CIDER MILL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

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

INT. OFF-SEASON CIDER MILL - DAY

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

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

Coach Dell is TUGGING AT HIS PANTS.

TREY

Do we have to take off his pants?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

They'll clog up the works.

TREY

But he won't?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Don't be stupid. He's organic.

TREY

Are you sure you know how these things work?

As he YANKS OFF THE DEAD MAN'S PANTS:

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

(then)

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

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

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)

We should put his underwear back on.

TAMI

I was thinking the same thing.

TREY

Really? That's seems almost creepier to me.

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

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

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

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

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

TAMI  
 What're you doing?

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

TREY  
 What about showing him respect?

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

Trey shakes his head.

TREY  
 I'm going back to the car.

Coach Dell shrugs, VANISHES INTO THE TANK.

EXT. OFF-SEASON CIDER MILL - DAY

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

TREY  
 Got one for me?

LAURA  
 Thought you quit.

TREY  
I thought you quit.

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

TREY  
So...

Trey extends his open palm. Laura looks it off.

LAURA  
This is your fault.

TREY  
What?

LAURA  
You had to take on additional  
investors.

TREY  
Laur...

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

Beat.

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

LAURA  
Me?!

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

Laura is getting worked up in recalling the conversation.

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

BRESLIN  
You mentioned that earlier.

LAURA

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

BRESLIN

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

Laura FREEZES, suddenly cautious.

LAURA

What do you mean?

BRESLIN

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

LAURA

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

BRESLIN

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

Laura shrugs, playing it cool.

LAURA

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

TREY

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

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

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

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

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

BRESLIN

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

TREY

She called it a 'fling?'

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

TREY (CONT'D)

I guess... looking back on it now...

BRESLIN

That's not how you think of it?

TREY

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

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

BRESLIN

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

TREY

What do you mean?

BRESLIN

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

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

BRESLIN

... or him.



LAURA

Are you asking me if Trey stole that money?

BRESLIN

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

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

LAURA

He put us in business with those people.  
 (then, scared to say it)  
 I don't know what he's capable of.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

TREY

She plays the victim. Always has; that's her thing. But she's cold, man. She's like a snake.  
 (then)  
 Honestly? I don't know what she's capable of.

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

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

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

BRESLIN

Rundall. Got a minute?

Rundall grimaces.

INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

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

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

BRESLIN  
 Did you know Laura Korinke as well?

OFFICER RUNDALL  
 Sure. Wait, is she involved too?

BRESLIN  
 Tell me about them.

Rundall shrugs.

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

BRESLIN  
 Until... ?

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

BRESLIN  
 But she didn't.

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

GINA  
 So she stayed...

OFFICER RUNDALL  
 ... he went.

BRESLIN  
 And, what? That was it?

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

BRESLIN

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

OFFICER RUNDALL

Right.

(then)

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

(contemplative beat)

Just a shitty situation all around.

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

BRESLIN

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

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

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

GINA

GPS data on Torres and Miles.

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

BRESLIN

Fuck.

GINA

Yeah.

BRESLIN

You know what might be nice?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

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

BRESLIN  
I didn't know what you liked.

Trey eyes the bounty nervously.

TREY  
Is this a trap?

BRESLIN  
No trap.

TREY  
What's this for?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - DAY

Laura studies a similar spread.

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

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

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

EXT. AMBASSADOR BRIDGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

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

... into the hell hole that is WINDSOR.

EXT. ONTARIO GAMING CORPORATION - DAY

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

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

MOMENTS LATER

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

TREY  
Fast, I hope. Maybe a money order?

TAMI

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

TREY

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

TAMI

Government agencies don't pay  
people in money orders.

TREY

Ours doesn't.

LAURA

Dude, it's Canada. Not Nigeria.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

I know for a fact that Nigeria uses  
money orders.

The group enters...

INT. ONTARIO GAMING CORPORATION - CONTINUOUS

TREY

Maybe a check?

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

TREY (CONT'D)

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

BARRY

Kudos! I hope you brought your  
ticket?

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

BARRY (CONT'D)

Or I can just look you up by name.

Trey turns back toward Barry.

TREY

We don't need the ticket?

BARRY

It speeds things along, but no.

Trey and Laura share a pained look.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Here it is.

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

BARRY

(off computer)

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

TREY

Uh...

COACH DELL'AQUILA

You know it.

TAMI

Mmm hmmm.

BARRY

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

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

BARRY (CONT'D)

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

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

TREY

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

LAURA

Why are you asking me?

TREY

I don't know, I thought --

TAMI

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

(MORE)

TAMI (CONT'D)

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

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

TAMI (CONT'D)

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

TREY

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

TREY

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

LAURA

Maybe they'll do a transfer.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Into whose account?

TREY

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

BARRY

Sorry for the delay.

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

TREY

Is that...

BARRY

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

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

(beat)

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

TREY

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

BARRY

Nope, you can just take it.

(then, with a smile)

Benefits of holding on to your ticket.

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

BARRY (CONT'D)

Oh! There is one thing!

CUT TO:

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

Barry works the camera.

BARRY

Big smiles!

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

TREY

You buy these specifically to put money in?

BARRY

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

(after a few shots)

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

LAURA

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



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

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

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

CUT TO:

A MAKESHIFT PRESS CONFERENCE

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

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

BARRY  
 OK so how do you all know each  
 other?

TREY  
 We, um...

BARRY  
 Oh! Hold on.

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

BARRY (CONT'D)  
 Talk into this.

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

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

Trey grimaces.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - DAY

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

TREY (VIDEO)  
 We work together.

BARRY (VIDEO, OS)  
 Where do you work?

Beat.

TREY (VIDEO)  
I'd rather not say.

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

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

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

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

LAURA (VIDEO)  
Oh. Um...

Trey passes her the dead mic.

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

ONSCREEN, Trey grimaces.

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

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

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

TAMI (VIDEO)  
OK, sister --

Tami reaches for the mic. Laura blocks her hand.

LAURA (VIDEO)

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

(then, pointed)

Way, way too late.

Tami SNATCHES the mic. Starts prattling on...

TAMI (VIDEO)

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

BRESLIN

Coach seems mighty attached to that duffel.

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

TREY

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

BRESLIN

So how'd you get it away from him?

TREY

(cautious)

What do you mean?

BRESLIN

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

OFF TREY:

INT. CHEVY SONIC - AFTERNOON

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

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

LAURA  
No.

TREY  
Come on.

LAURA  
Absolutely not.

TREY  
You like this song.

IN THE BACK SEAT

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

ON TREY AND LAURA

LAURA  
Why would you think I like this song?

TREY  
(really?)  
Laur.  
(nothing)  
This was our song.

LAURA  
Is that a joke?

TREY  
Does it sound like a joke?

LAURA  
Our song was "Picture."

BACK SEAT:

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

IN THE FRONT SEAT,

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

TREY  
"Picture" by Kid Rock?

LAURA  
(defensive)  
And Sheryl Crow.

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

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

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

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

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

LAURA  
It's not a --

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

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

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

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

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

Laura frowns, unsure.

LAURA  
 (re: radio)  
 Well who sings this?

TREY  
 Høbastank.

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

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

Laura SWERVES VIOLENTLY.

LAURA  
 (scared)  
 Agghhhhhhhh!!!

TREY  
 (scared)  
 Agggghhhhhh!!!!

TAMI  
 (vengeful)  
 Aggghhhhhhhh!!!

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

TREY  
 What the fuck!

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

TREY  
 You...

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

TREY (CONT'D)  
 With what?!

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

TAMI  
 My house keys.

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

TREY  
What?

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

LAURA  
Is he OK?

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
I never learned to play bass.

TREY  
You can still learn to play bass.

LAURA  
Is he bleeding?

TREY  
Yeah, a little...

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
I never saw Avatar.

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

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
Is that mine?!

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

TREY  
Oh shit. We got a problem here  
Laur.

LAURA  
Well get it under control.

TREY  
It's not that simp--

LAURA  
Get it under control Trey. Right.  
Now.

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

EXT. US/CANADIAN BORDER CROSSING - AFTERNOON

A BORDER CROSSING AGENT approaches Laura's window.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT  
ID's.

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

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

LAURA  
(quick)  
He's drunk.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT  
How'd that happen?

Beat.

LAURA  
He drank too much alcohol?

The Agent GLARES at Laura.

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

Oh. That does sound weird.

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



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

BORDER CROSSING AGENT  
Is that right.

Trey shrugs lamely.

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

BORDER CROSSING AGENT  
Really. What'd you get?

LAURA  
What did I... ?

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

LAURA  
Nothing.

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

TREY  
The duffel.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT  
The duffel?

Beat.

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

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

BORDER CROSSING AGENT  
That duffel?

Laura nods lamely.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TREY  
Yup... the Duffel Bag Jackpot.

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

Dead silence from the car.

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
I never saw Seger live.

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

BORDER CROSSING AGENT  
What's that, Sir?

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

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

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

BORDER CROSSING AGENT (CONT'D)

Sir. I need you to be honest with me, OK? Is something wrong?

After an equally long, tense beat:

COACH DELL'AQUILA

(near whisper)

Yes.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT

What's wrong?

After what seems an eternity:

COACH DELL'AQUILA

I never tried out for American Ninja Warrior.

The Border Agent turns toward the front seat.

BORDER CROSSING AGENT

Just get him home safe, OK?

EXT. AMBASSADOR BRIDGE - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

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

INT. CHEVY SONIC - AFTERNOON

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

TAMI

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

TREY

We are not dumping another body in a cider press.

TAMI

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

TREY

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

TAMI

Fine. It's not my car.

Off Trey and Laura...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - AFTERNOON

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

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

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

LAURA

Here.

BRESLIN

You're sure?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - AFTERNOON

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

TREY

Positive.

Breslin turns toward Gina, nods.

Off Trey's finger...

MATCH FADE TO:

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

EXT. SNOWY WOODLAND - EVENING

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

TREY

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

LAURA

Thank God.

TREY

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

TAMI

I hope he gets eaten by wolves.

Trey and Laura share a look: *psycho!*

TAMI (CONT'D)

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

Jesus.

TREY

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

LIL JON (O.C., DISTANT)

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

The three STOP IN THEIR TRACKS...

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

*To all these bitches crawl!*

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

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

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

LAURA

His phone.

LIL JON (O.C., DISTANT)

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

TREY

Fuck.

LAURA

We gotta go back.

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

TREY

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

LAURA

Someone will hear it.

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

TREY

Who?

COACH DELL'AQUILA (O.S.)

Hello?

The three share a HORRIFIED LOOK, then

BOOK IT THROUGH THE WOODS

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

COACH DELL'AQUILA (CONT'D)

Yeah, these fuckers stabbed me and left me in the woods to get eaten by wolves. They're probably gonna eat my fucking dick off.

(pause, then)

Out off the 85 at Woodm--

Trey SNATCHES THE PHONE, holds it to his ear.

TREY

(into phone)

Who is this?!

NICK THE TOOTH

(phone)

Fuck you! Who is this?!

TREY

(into phone)

Fuck you!

(then, to Coach Dell)

Who is this?

COACH DELL'AQUILA

You're fucked.

TREY  
You're fucked!

TAMI  
 I hope you like getting your dick  
 eaten off.

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
 Is that an offer?

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

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

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

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

Trey blanches.

TREY  
Your money?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LAURA  
 (aside)  
 You idiot.

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

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

TREY  
 (into phone)  
 Or what.

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

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



NICK THE TOOTH

(phone)  
I'm sorry?!

TREY

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

NICK THE TOOTH

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

Trey goes STARK WHITE.

NICK THE TOOTH (CONT'D)

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

TREY

(into phone)  
No! I'll come.

NICK THE TOOTH

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

TREY

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

NICK THE TOOTH

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

TREY

(into phone)  
You said Theater Square?

NICK THE TOOTH  
 (phone)  
 You got a smartphone?

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

TREY  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah.

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

TREY  
 (into phone)  
 OK.

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

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

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

TREY  
 (into phone)  
 OK, I see it.

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

TREY  
 (into phone)  
 OK, I got it.

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - EVENING

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

INT. CHEVY SONIC - EVENING

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

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

Off Trey and Laura...

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - EVENING

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

TREY
Hi.

INT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - NIGHT

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

HOST
Sir, I can't take that back.

RED WINGS FAN
It's not what I ordered.

HOST
I understand, but --

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

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

RED WINGS FAN

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

The Host shakes his head, flummoxed.

HOST

I'll have to talk to a manager.

RED WINGS FAN

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

HOST

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

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

RED WINGS FAN

I will slap the fucking lips right  
off your face.

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

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

HOST

Welcome to Applebee's, See You  
Tomorrow!

TRET

What?

HOST

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

TAMI

We just got here.

HOST

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

Crickets.

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

LAURA  
We're meeting with Nick?

HOST  
Nick... ?

TREY  
He sounds like a big scary asshole?

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

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

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

MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

TREY  
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

As Tami strokes his hair:

TAMI  
Are you OK?

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

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

LAURA  
How did...

TAMI

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

TREY

What? No!

COMPELLA

Maybe you didn't hear her...

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

COMPELLA (CONT'D)

Give it over. Now.

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

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

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

TREY

(to Compella)

For the record. I don't think you  
would shoot me...

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

TREY (CONT'D)

(re: the other  
gangbangers)

... but I'm willing to allow that  
they might. So this is out of  
respect for their potential  
criminal prowess, and not yours.

Trey extends the duffel bag toward Compella...

TREY (CONT'D)

It's important to me to have said  
that.

OFFICER TORRES (O.S.)

Not so fast there, loverboy.

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

TREY

What the hell is going on here?

BRESLIN (PRE-LAP)

They were following you.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (TREY) - AFTERNOON

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

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

BRESLIN

Twelve Mile and Hildebrand. That's the Sub's condo, isn't it?

(Trey nods)

State and Hoover. Red light camera.

(then)

The pier in Wyandotte.

(flips page)

Next Day: Riverview High. Then back to the Sub's condo...

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

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

... where you flagged them down. They go offline for a while after that -- must have switched to a civilian vehicle -- but strolling into that exact Applebee's at that exact time? No way that's a coincidence. They must have been on you the whole time.

(then, for emphasis)

They made you at the bar, and then never let you out of their sights again.

LAURA

But... why?

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

BRESLIN

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

It takes Laura a moment to realize:

LAURA  
You're saying they were crooked.

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

Beat.

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

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

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

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. POLICE CRUISER - EVENING

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

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

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

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

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

THE EPICENTER. Where it all went down.

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

Off Trey and Laura:

MATCH CUT TO:



INT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - NIGHT

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

OFFICER TORRES

(to gangbangers)

Why don't you little halfway crooks  
see yourselves to the door...

(flashing badge)

... before you all find yourselves  
victims of justified shootings?

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

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

COMPELLA

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

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

NICK THE TOOTH (O.S.)

I got a better one for ya.

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

NICK THE TOOTH (CONT'D)

Seven peashooters versus two  
submachine guns and a sawed-off  
biscuit. YOU ALL do the math.

(then)

I'll take that bag, son.

As Trey considers...

OFFICER MILES

Don't do it, kid.

COMPELLA

Bag's coming with us.

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

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

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

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

Time SLLOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWS...

... Compella SQUEEZES HIS EYES SHUT...

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

AND THEN IT BEGINS.

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

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

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

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

... where he lands atop Laura.

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

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

BRESLIN

Which is how we found you.

Laura shivers at the memory, utterly grossed out.

LAURA

Which is how you found us.

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

LAURA  
 What?

BRESLIN  
 The duffel bag. Where is it?

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

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

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

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

TREY  
 But the money.

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

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

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

And with that, Breslin excuses himself.

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

LAURA  
 I can't believe this happened.

TREY  
 I know.

LAURA  
 We're so lucky.

Trey looks directly at Laura.

TREY  
 Yeah. We really are.

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

Breslin hurries back to the confounded couple.

LAURA  
 What's going on?

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

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

Breslin nods, excited.

BRESLIN

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

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

LAURA

So now what?

Breslin smiles.

BRESLIN

Get the fuck of here.

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

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

But.

Trey and Laura PAUSE.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

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

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

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Maybe not.

EXT. APPLEBEE'S LOCATION 245 - EVENING

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

BRESLIN (POST-LAP)

Maybe you step out that door...  
head in opposite directions...

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

BRESLIN (POST-LAP) (CONT'D)

... and never talk to each other  
again.

EXT. SOME SHITTY APARTMENT - EVENING

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

INT. COACH DELL'S SHITTY APARTMENT - EVENING

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

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

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

Breslin lowers his pistol.

BRESLIN  
What?

Beat.

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
What?

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - EVENING

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

EXT. DIFFERENT CITY SIDEWALK - EVENING

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

INT. COACH DELL'S SHITTY APARTMENT - EVENING

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

BRESLIN  
Who are you saying robbed you?

COACH DELL'AQUILA  
Those two fuckers.

BRESLIN  
What two fuckers?

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

BRESLIN

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

Coach Dell's eyes narrow.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

Who told you they hate each other?

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

*INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM (LAURA) - FLASHBACK*

LAURA

*I hate him so much.*

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

TREY

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

*INT. COACH DELL'S SHITTY APARTMENT - EVENING*

BRESLIN

(realizing)  
They did.

COACH DELL'AQUILA

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

Breslin considers the question for a moment.

BRESLIN

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

GINA

Torres and Miles.

BRESLIN

What?

GINA

Outside the apartment. When Torres  
and Miles rolled up.

BRESLIN  
When she hit him?

GINA  
 Who told us she hit him?

Breslin goes pale.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - EVENING

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

EXT. THAT ONE SUB'S CONDO - FLASHBACK

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

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

Laura nods meekly. Miles gestures for his partner.

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

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

LAURA  
*Did you mean what you said?*

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

Laura says nothing.

TREY (CONT'D)  
Yes.

EXT. DIFFERENT CITY SIDEWALK - EVENING

Laura picks up her pace. SMILING WIDE.



EXT. OFF-SEASON CIDER MILL - FLASHBACK

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

TREY  
Got one for me?

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

LAURA  
So. I had a thought.

TREY  
What's that?

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

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

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

Trey likes the sound of it, obviously, but:

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

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

## INT. COACH DELL'S SHITTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

INT. ONTARIO GAMING CORPORATION - FLASHBACK

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

TREY

*Is that...*

BARRY

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

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

INT. COACH DELL'S SHITTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

And now Breslin sees the ruse.

BRESLIN

Sonofabitch.

Breslin spins toward the door...

COACH DELL'AQUILA

You actually thought I did this?

I'm a fucking football coach!

(then)

This means I'm in the clear, right?

As he RACES OUT THE DOOR:

BRESLIN

Someone arrest this asshole.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Trey, smiling wide now. Fast-walking.

EXT. DIFFERENT CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Laura, practically at a jog.

EXT. BANK - FLASHBACK

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

INT. CHEVY SONIC - FLASHBACK

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



INT. BANK - SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - EVENING

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

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

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

THE LOBBY

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

INT. BANK - LOBBY - EVENING

The Teller offers Breslin an apologetic smile.

BANK TELLER  
Oh, the couple.

Breslin swallows hard.

BRESLIN  
Yes. The couple.

EXT. BANK - EVENING

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

... KISS PASSIONATELY...

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

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

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

Breslin's shoulders sag...

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

... and then, resigned...

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

... then the neighborhood...

... the City of Detroit...

... the State of Michigan...

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

... AND INFINITE POTENTIAL.

***THE END.***

INT. RIVERVIEW HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

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

LAUREN

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

TY

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

SMASH TO BLACK.