

Villains

Written by

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MOONPUFFS, SWEETIE-PIES, CHOCONUTTERS.

The FRAME is filled by A RACK OF SNACKS sitting on the counter, all colorfully packaged and neatly stacked.

Behind the counter sits an elderly Pakistani man, SAMIR (66). He stares down through his reading glasses at a newspaper.

DING-A-LING-A-LING.

The classic jingle of the front door opening.

A young man wearing a black hooded sweatshirt, NICK (15) saunters in, trying to appear taller than he is.

He peruses the aisles. Picks up a package of 9V batteries, puts it back on the rack. He grabs a bag of beef jerky, a can of soda...

All the while, Samir watches. His head still hangs low toward the paper, but his eyes are tilted up with a hint of suspicion.

Nick makes his way to the counter, taking his time to look at every single possible item along the way.

NICK

Hey, how you doing today?

SAMIR

(still focused on his
paper)

Very good, thank you.

NICK

You guys got any eyeglass repair
kits?

SAMIR

No sir. Very sorry.

NICK

Alright, then can I just get \$10 on
Pump #4, a pack of Low Rider 100's
and a book of matches?

Samir looks up at Nick. He puts down the newspaper and takes off his reading glasses. Nick puffs his chest out.

SAMIR

How old are you?

NICK

I'm 25.

Samir raises an eyebrow. Most kids say they're 19. Bold move.

SAMIR

You have ID?

NICK

ID? Sure.

Nick takes out his wallet. That's strange - it's not there...

NICK (CONT'D)

What the...

He fishes through every crevasse, but the ID is nowhere to be found.

NICK (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me. I must've left it at the bar last night.

Samir just stares at him.

NICK (CONT'D)

I mean, I can run home and get it but can you just save me the trouble?

SAMIR

I am sorry sir. No ID, no cigarette.

NICK

Look man, I'm gonna level with you. I've had a hell of a day at work. Now, I can go home, take another twenty minutes out of my day, and come back here with the ID - or you can just give me a break here and help me out.

Samir smiles. This kid is really something.

SAMIR

I cannot. This is the law, I am not-

NICK

I'll give you 30 bucks.

Samir pauses. He thinks about it.

Silence fills the air. It's a standoff...

Samir stares deeply into Nick's eyes, searching for any sign of weakness...

Nick stands his ground, his confidence bolstered by Samir's consideration...

You can cut the tension in this place with a *god-damned knife*...

DING-A-LING-A-LING.

VOICE (O.S.)
GET THE FUCK DOWN!!

Samir and Nick turn to see TWO MASKED ASSAILANTS!

One of them wears a SKELETON MASK, brandishing a GUN, the other wears a UNICORN MASK and carries a CROWBAR.

NICK
Holy shit!

Nick obeys, dropping to the floor. Samir just stands there in shock.

SKELETON
You didn't hear me?? Get your ass on the ground!

The Unicorn KNOCKS over a RACK of potato chips for no apparent reason!

Samir is still in shock. It looks as if he's trying to say something, but his mouth just keeps snapping open and closed.

UNICORN
What are you deaf? You wanna fucking die??

Samir GRABS his chest and COLLAPSES to the ground!

A beat as neither the Skeleton nor the Unicorn knows what to do.

UNICORN (CONT'D)
Oh fuck.

SKELETON
Okay, uh, let's just - come on!

The Skeleton JUMPS over the counter (he could've gone around).

SKELETON (CONT'D)
(gesturing toward Nick)
Keep an eye on him!

The Unicorn hovers over Nick, the crowbar held high - ready to strike at any moment.

The Skeleton goes to work on the cash register. He's not exactly sure how this works. He tries a few different buttons. Nothing.

Still can't open it...

The tension is starting to leave the room. The Unicorn's arm is getting tired.

UNICORN
What's taking so long?

SKELETON
I don't know! I don't know how to work it!

The Unicorn goes over to help.

UNICORN
(looking back at Nick)
You move and I'll throw this at your FUCKING FACE!

Now they're both standing at the register, trying to work this out.

SKELETON
See? You can't just like press open-

UNICORN
Okay, okay, and you tried just hitting-

SKELETON
Yeah I already pressed that.

Nick peeks up from the ground.

UNICORN
Wait, maybe you have to actually buy something?

SKELETON
Oh, right! Yeah maybe that's it. Grab that Choconutter! King size Choconutter.

The Unicorn grabs one and scans it. BOOP.

The Skeleton tries the button again and the cash register POPS open.

SKELETON (CONT'D)

FUCK YES!

They SNATCH the CASH in handfuls, stuffing it into plastic bags.

The Skeleton awkwardly leaps back over the counter. Again unnecessary.

UNICORN

(turning back to Nick)

You didn't see SHIT!

Nick nods frantically.

They scurry out the door.

Nick waits for them to peel out. Waits another few seconds for good measure.

He trembles to his feet and scans the scene.

He runs behind the counter, grabs two CARTONS of Low Rider 100's and leaves.

2

I/E. 1987 CHEVY CAPRICE - MOMENTS LATER

2

The Skeleton and Unicorn RIP off their masks, revealing JULES (28) and MICKEY (30). Jules' hair is a massive tangle of dark curls. She wears deep red lipstick. Mickey is handsome and sports a wiry mustache and goatee.

They are JUBILANT, surging with adrenaline. They laugh and scream at the tops of their lungs.

MICKEY

FUCK yeah! That's what I'm talkin' bout baby! You were incredible in there! The way you ripped that thing of chips down? *Fuck!*

JULES

(excited; flattered)

I don't know, I was just, like in the zone you know? I don't even remember *doing* it!

Mickey reaches into his pocket and fishes out a VIAL OF COCAINE. He drives with his knees for a moment while he pours a MOUND of it onto his anatomical snuffbox (you know, the flat part of your hand between your thumb and pointer finger). He snorts it and prepares one for Jules who follows suit.

MICKEY

Next stop: Florida!!

JULES

This is our new life!! It starts right now! This is it!

Jules leans over and attacks Mickey with kisses, grabbing his crotch and whispering in his ear.

JULES (CONT'D)

You are so fucking... ohmigod... I... I gotta fuck, can we please stop?

Jules licks Mickey's neck.

MICKEY

Fuck babe! We gotta get farther away we can't stop. Gotta keep goin' we gotta keep goin'.

JULES

Fine, fine. You keep goin, keep drivin' babe, just keep drivin'.

Jules drops below the steering wheel. The mass of curls bobs up and down.

MICKEY

Whoa... Eh.. Wh... Whoo!

Mickey's focus darts back and forth from Jules in his lap to the road.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Ughh... Whoo! WHOO! *Fuck* babe!

This continues for a half mile or so, until the engine COUGHS.

Mickey presses on, in both regards, but the car begins to slow.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(looking down at the dash)
No... no... fuck fuck *fuck!*

JULES
 (not lifting her head)
 What? Teeth?

MICKEY
 No baby, no you're good... I
 just...

ANGLE on the GAS LIGHT, illuminated in red.

The car crawls to a stop, emitting one last WHEEZE.

JULES
 (still down there)
 Why'd we stop?

MICKEY
 FUCK!

He bashes the steering wheel with both hands. Jules finally lifts her head.

JULES
 (alarmed)
 What is it?!?

MICKEY
 (still bashing)
 FUCKKKK ME!

JULES
 What? *What?*

Mickey stops bashing. Squints his eyes tight.

MICKEY
 We ran out of *fucking* gas.

Jules calculates.

JULES
 But... we just robbed a-

MICKEY
 I KNOW. I know. I know.

JULES
 Well... we... it's okay baby... we
 can just...

MICKEY
 Can just *what?! They're gonna be*
looking for us any minute!

JULES

Well calm down! We just... we just
get out and we walk for a little
and we find another car!

MICKEY

Just another car? Another car babe?
Just sittin on the street with the
keys in the ignition?

JULES

Well... I don't know... I just...
you got a better plan?

Mickey goes red in the face. He SLAMS the steering wheel,
grabs his BACKPACK, and STORMS out of the car.

3

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

3

Mickey POWER WALKS along the road, visibly frustrated.

Jules jumps out of the car and walks after him.

JULES

Hey. Babe. Stop, please just-

Mickey keeps marching forward.

JULES (CONT'D)

HEY!

Mickey stops.

JULES (CONT'D)

Come on. Come back here.

His head hung low, Mickey drags himself back to Jules.

She KISSES him on the forehead.

MICKEY

It's my fault. I should've fuckin'-

JULES

Stop. Okay? Just shhh.

Jules SITS in the grass by the side of the road.

JULES (CONT'D)

Come down here with me.

MICKEY

What? Jules we gotta keep -

JULES

No. We gotta calm down first so we can think. Will you just sit with me? Please? It won't take long.

Mickey lets out a huff and joins her on the ground, Indian style.

They take a few breaths in silence. Jules can see he's still wound up.

JULES (CONT'D)

Know what? I'm gonna give you a car wash.

MICKEY

What? Now? Babe, this isn't -

Jules PUSHES Mickey's back to the ground and straddles him.

Once she's on top of him, she bends down and begins to drag her HAIR over his face. Back and forth, back and forth...

Mickey grows visibly calmer, complacent even.

Jules stops. Her hair hangs down, framing their faces.

They're alone now. Everything quiets down.

JULES

I love you.

He smiles.

MICKEY

I know.

Jules leans in and KISSES him softly on the lips.

She sits up and peers down the road. She SPOTS something!

JULES

Hey!

Mickey gets up.

JULES (CONT'D)

Look!

Jules points down the road. In the distance: a MAILBOX just off the shoulder.

JULES (CONT'D)

See? I told ya!

MICKEY
 (a smile creeping onto his
 face)
 Baby! Those eyes! You're like a
 hawk! A hawk woman!

Jules lets out a little HAWK SCREECH.

Mickey picks up Jules and kisses her. They jog off in the
 direction of the mailbox.

4 INT. GARAGE 4

A FOUR DOOR SEDAN sits on the left half of a two car garage.
 It's a Honda. Or a Hyundai. Looks fuel efficient.

The sunset spills through the WINDOWS of the garage door.
 Mickey and Jules poke their heads up into two of them and
 peek in.

5 EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS 5

Mickey paces away from the door in a huff.

MICKEY
 Fuck! It's perfect. Let's just hope
 the keys are around...

Jules is on her tippy-toes, her face still pressed against
 the glass.

JULES
 What if they come home?

MICKEY
 Then they come home. I don't know.

Mickey walks over to the front door.

JULES
 (holding out the crowbar)
 Do you need this?

He waves her off and takes a PAPERCLIP out of his pocket.

MICKEY
 Babe, please. We're not barbarians.
 You *know* this is my thing.

He straightens out the clip and starts trying to PICK the
 lock.

While she waits, Jules TAPS her TONGUE RING against her front teeth.

Tap... tap... tap...

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Babe. Please. Quit messin' with your stud. You're gonna ruin your enamel.

JULES

Oh, right. Sorry.

CLICK! He got it.

MICKEY

Yes! I fuckin' got it!

Jules runs over and JUMPS onto his back.

JULES

Baby! You did it! You're so good!

They furiously MAKE OUT for a couple of seconds.

MICKEY

Okay, okay.

He twists the knob but the door doesn't budge.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

The fuck?

He tries harder. No luck. He sighs audibly.

JULES

What? What's wrong?

MICKEY

It's deadbolted. Who the fuck dead bolts their door? This is a *great* neighborhood!

They stand for a moment, considering.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(submitting)

Okay just give me the fucking... thing.

She hands him the crowbar. He wedges it into the doorframe and starts to PULL.

He PULLS and PULLS, and just when he's about to run out of gas, he PULLS just a little harder, and the door SNAPS open, SHARDS OF WOOD flaking to the ground!

JULES

You did it!

MICKEY

Ugh. I guess.

He walks in.

Jules follows. She stops at the door and pats the wooden shards with her hand, trying to tidy up the mess.

6 INT. HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS 6

The door swings open, illuminating the paisley runner that leads to the living room.

Mickey takes out his GUN and steps inside. Jules follows, hiding herself behind him.

7 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM 7

Mickey flips a light switch, revealing the interior of the home. It feels like it's trapped in the late 70's - wood paneling, wall to wall carpet, bright accents and colorful wallpaper - nothing here seems to be from Ikea.

Above them there is an indoor balcony with a few doors that presumably lead to the bedrooms, a bathroom, maybe a study.

MICKEY

Alright. You look over there.

Jules starts to rifle through the drawers of a nearby side table.

Mickey checks a few of the other likely locations - a decorative bowl on the coffee table, a coat rack near the front door...

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Anything?

JULES

Nope.

MICKEY
I'm gonna check upstairs.

8 INT. HOUSE, HOME OFFICE 8

Mickey walks in, still waiving the gun around, just in case.

The room itself feels old. The antique desk against one wall is covered in DOCUMENTS, some yellowing from age.

Seated nearby is a 16MM PROJECTOR. Mickey approaches it and examines it carefully. It's old as hell, probably doesn't work. He depresses a button and it JUMPS to life, startling him. On the opposite wall an idyllic HOME MOVIE plays, featuring a couple at a pool. He watches for a moment before hitting the button again.

He remembers what he's there for and steps over to the desk, carelessly rummaging through the drawers. He snags a WATCH and pockets it, moving on.

9 INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN 9

Jules saunters through the kitchen and finds a box of HONEY BEAR OATS. She pours herself a bowl.

10 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM 10

Jules plops down on the couch and flips on the TV.

Mickey drags his feet down the stairs, dejected.

JULES
(mouth full of cereal)
Nothing?

MICKEY
How do you not have a spare set of keys in your fucking house? What if there was an emergency?

Mickey notices the cereal.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Really?

JULES
What? I was hungry.

Mickey sits down next to Jules and takes a couple spoonfuls of her Honey Bear Oats.

MICKEY

Alright, let's think. We need a plan B.

JULES

Yep. Yes. Absolutely.

They sit in silence. For a moment, Mickey looks as if he might have an idea, but realizes it won't work before he says anything.

JULES (CONT'D)

I think we need a boost, you know?
Like a creative boost.

MICKEY

Right, yeah. Let's get serious about this.

Mickey OPENS his backpack. He pushes aside a WAD OF BILLS and fishes through a SEA of narcotics (prescription pill bottles, brown baggies of heroine, a syringe or two - they came prepared.)

He pulls out the VIAL of cocaine from the car. He dumps one of the ROCKS onto the coffee table and starts to break it up with a prepaid PHONE CARD.

Jules grabs a BOOK from the coffee table. It's a collection of PHOTOS taken from around America's national parks. She rips a corner from a beautiful shot of BIG BEND and rolls it into a tube.

She leans over and SNORTS the line that Mickey prepared for her. Mickey follows, taking a slightly larger one.

He POPS up, pawing his nose and snorting.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(almost instantly)
Gas. We'll syphon the gas!

JULES

What? Oh, yeah! That's great baby!

Mickey hops to his feet and starts to pace.

MICKEY

Yeah, we just need a trash barrel or like a gas can to put the gas in, then we just walk it back to the car. Boom!

JULES

And we don't even need that much,
just enough to get the next
station. You're such a fuckin'
smart -

Before she can finish her sentence, she THROWS herself at him. They CRASH into the wall behind them, knocking over a shelf. She starts to furiously take his PANTS off, but he STOPS her.

MICKEY

Babe, not now -

JULES

What you don't want it?

MICKEY

You *know* I want it. I fuckin' wanna
just fuck all over this place but
we gotta keep our heads clear here,
you know? We gotta get back to the
car before it gets towed or
something.

JULES

No, you're right. I'm sorry baby.

He touches her face.

MICKEY

Don't you ever apologize for that
shit. That's love.

She smiles and they make out for a few more seconds.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Okay. Hose. We need a hose.

Jules turns and opens a nearby DOOR. Inside is a wooden staircase that leads down into DARKNESS.

JULES

Basement?

MICKEY

Maybe. Where's the fuckin' light
switch?

JULES

I'm not going down there.

MICKEY

Come on, there's nothing to be scared of.

JULES

Then why don't you just go?

MICKEY

(searching)

'Cause... I'm not gonna leave you all by yourself up here in a... in a scary house! Just... just come with me so you won't be scared!

JULES

Right.

They step cautiously into the BASEMENT...

11 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

11

Mickey's WORN OUT WORK BOOTS tread carefully on the stairs, each step CREAKING loudly. Jules' equally ragged CONVERSE HIGH TOPS follow a step behind.

Mickey fumbles for a lightswitch at the bottom of the stairs. He finds it and a SOLITARY HANGING LIGHTBULB flickers on above them.

It's still dark-ish, but the muddy glow from the bulb reveals a CITY of STACKED BOXES around them. Peeking out of them are crinkled magazines, children's toys, reference books from the 70's. Everything seems a bit soggy.

MICKEY

...Whoa.

(looking to Jules, pinching his nose)

Hoarders. Could be a lotta mold down here, be careful.

Jules pinches her nose too. They split to different sides of the room and start scanning the junk.

The light FLICKERS, goes out for a second, and comes back on.

Mickey surveys the walls on his side. He inches along when a NOVELTY PLASTIC MOUNTED BASS behind him comes to life and starts SINGING.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(spooked)

Ah!

12 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

12

The other side of the basement. Jules is nowhere to be found.

MICKEY (O.S.)
(distant)
Nothing over here. You find
anything? Babe?

No response from Jules.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(closer)
Jules? Where are you babe?

Mickey turns the corner around the staircase and stops.
Doesn't see her.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
What the fuck...

A SHUFFLE from behind the boxes...

Mickey holds his hands up in some kind of old-timey boxing
pose...

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(aggressive whispering)
Who the fuck's there...?

More shuffling... until...

JULES appears, squeezed onto a PLASTIC BIG WHEELS TRICYCLE!
She wears a goofy smile.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(putting his hands down)
Shit Jules! You scared the fuck
outta me!

JULES
Found us a car.

MICKEY
Jesus, Jules. Stay off the toys.
You check those boxes?

JULES
(getting up)
Yeah, that one's just like a
hundred stuffed animals.

MICKEY

For real?

JULES

Yeah, weird. Found a flashlight
though.

Jules turns on the FLASHLIGHT and starts checking the darker
corners of the basement.

The beam illuminates some more boxes...

A breaker...

A stack of old wood...

It lands on MICKEY'S FACE in CLOSE UP.

MICKEY

Come on, there's nothing down here.
Gimme that thing.

Mickey steps out of the beam, **REVEALING A LITTLE GIRL CHAINED
TO THE WALL BEHIND HIM!**

JULES

AHHH!!!

MICKEY

What??

He turns around.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

AHHH!!!

Once they're done screaming, they get a better look at her.

She's no older than ten, barely any meat on her, and scared
as hell. She's wearing a nightgown that was white at some
point.

A set of METAL SHACKLES bind her ankles to a nearby PIPE.

JULES

Oh my god...

MICKEY

What the fuck.
(looking to Jules)
What the fuck.

Jules shakes her head, unable to produce a response. Mickey
looks back to the little girl and puts the gun away.

Jules steps forward.

JULES
Are... you alright?

The little girl doesn't respond. Just looks back up at Jules with giant, fearful eyes.

JULES (CONT'D)
It's okay... we're not here to hurt you. You're safe.

Mickey puts his hand on Jules' shoulder.

MICKEY
(whispered)
C'mon. We should get outta here.

JULES
Are you kidding? We have to help her.
(pointing to the shackles)
Look at those things.

Jules turns back to the little girl.

JULES (CONT'D)
Do you live here? Is this your house?

After a long while, the girl nods in the affirmative.

JULES (CONT'D)
Why are you... uh... stuck... down here?

Mickey grabs Jules' arm this time and spins her around.

MICKEY
(whispered)
Jules. I'm not fucking around here. I don't know what's going on but we gotta go. This is ultra fucked but it's not our problem.

Jules stares at Mickey in disbelief.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
What if the people who put her down here come home?!

Jules steps toward Mickey. Right in his face.

JULES

(with authority)

Then they come home. I do not give a *fuck*. I am not leaving that girl chained here. You don't have to help me, but I'm not running.

Mickey considers for a brief moment. Gulps.

MICKEY

(reluctantly accepting his words as he says them)

Okay. Alright. Let's do it. Let's save her. Nothin wrong with good karma.

Jules turns back to the little girl.

JULES

We're gonna get you outta here, okay? We'll take you somewhere safe. Does that sound good?

The little girl stares down at the ground.

JULES (CONT'D)

You hang tight.

(to Mickey)

Can you pick that lock?

Mickey peers over Jules' shoulder at the HEAVY PADLOCK resting at the little girl's feet.

MICKEY

No fucking way. That thing is industrial strength.

He takes a longer look at it. His eyes follow the chains up to the pipe.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Might take a second but we could probably saw through that skinny part up there. We don't need to get the whole thing off her, we just need to get her, ya know, separated from that pole.

Jules brightens up, back to her bubbly self. She gives Mickey a kiss.

JULES

That's my boy.

MICKEY

Okay, we need a saw or something.

JULES

Uh... I didn't see any tools down here. What about like a knife?

Mickey takes a look back toward the girl and sighs.

Alright. We're doing this.

13

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN

13

ANGLE ON a DRAWER being thrown open. Mickey sifts through silverware for a while.

MICKEY

It's just a bunch of fucking butter knives and shit!

He holds up a DECORATIVE CHEESE KNIFE.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

What, do these people not eat *steak*?!

He LOWERS the cheese knife, REVEALING TWO PEOPLE STANDING IN THE DOORWAY TO THE KITCHEN!

Jules and Mickey look toward them.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

These are THE HOMEOWNERS:

GEORGE HINES (58), and his wife, GLORIA HINES (55). Just got home.

Jules, Mickey, George, and Gloria are frozen in place. Nobody knows quite how to react.

Finally, George takes a step into the room.

Mickey snaps out of it and takes his gun out. He points it at the couple. They immediately put their hands up.

GEORGE

Alright, okay. Easy now. We don't want any trouble. You two take what you want, we've got money, jewelry, food.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 Whatever it is you're looking for.
 Take it and be on your way. Please.

MICKEY
 No... No, we don't want your money.

George looks back and forth between Jules and Mickey. He smiles a very uncomfortable smile.

GEORGE
 Well... ah... what is it you're
 lookin for then?
 (gesturing to the knife
 still in Mickey's hand)
 You can have the knife if you're
 keen on it.

MICKEY
 This is your house?

GEORGE
 (squinting, trying to read
 these two)
 Yes, yes it is.

MICKEY
 And you live here full-time? Not a
 rental situation?

GEORGE
 No it is not.

Jules takes a step toward George.

JULES
 Okay then. We wanna know why the
fuck you have a little girl chained
 up in your basement. That's what we
 wanna know.

The air is SUCKED out of the room.

George puts his hands down. He continues to study Jules and Mickey.

JULES (CONT'D)
 Tell him babe.

MICKEY
 (trying to get onto Jules'
 wavelength)
 Uh... yeah! What kind of fucked up
 game you runnin down there? That
 girl doesn't look healthy.

George steals a glance back at Gloria.

GEORGE

(relieved)

Lord. And I thought you were here to rob us. That's just our little Sweetiepie. She's been misbehaving, acting out at school, you know children. This is just our way of disciplining her.

Mickey looks back at Jules.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Would you mind putting that gun down?

JULES

That's not how you discipline a kid! We're taking her somewhere safe.

At that, Gloria steps forward. George grabs her arm.

GLORIA

Oh no you don't! You can't just come into our home unannounced and take our daughter! It's just... well, rude!

Mickey pulls back the hammer on the gun. George and Gloria put their hands back up.

GEORGE

Alright, alright. I feel like we're all a little wound up. I know this is a... complicated situation, but can't we all just calm down a bit and talk about this like adults? Maybe we can come to some kind of resolution here.

Mickey looks to Jules, unsure of how to respond.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You like scotch?

14 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

14

George pours two glasses of scotch at a nearby BAR. Mickey, sitting on the couch, has the GUN trained on him.

Jules is next to Mickey. She stares at Gloria, sitting across the coffee table, trying to size her up. Gloria shoots her a pleasant smile.

George takes his seat next to Gloria and hands Mickey his scotch.

GEORGE
(to Jules)
You're sure I can't get you
anything?

JULES
(stern)
I'm fine.

GEORGE
Suit yourself.

George offers a toast to Mickey, who does not accept.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Alright then.

George takes a healthy sip.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Ahh. Now, as I was saying. This is
hell of a predicament we find
ourselves in. But I'm sure that if
you just hear me out, we'll be able
to figure out -

JULES
We're taking her with us.

George sits back, smiling warmly.

GEORGE
I understand. You're the ones with
the gun, you're making the rules.
All I'm asking for is a chance to
state my case, maybe enlighten you
as to a couple of things you may
not have thought of. If when I'm
done you still feel the same way,
then you can do whatever it is you
want to do. You're the boss. I'm not
gonna try to stop you. But this is
my home. My family. And all I'm
asking for is a chance to say my
peace. Can you at least give me
that?

Mickey and Jules look at one another.

MICKEY
Make it quick.

GEORGE
Thank you.

George leans forward in his chair and stares at them, that same inappropriate smile creeping back onto his face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I used to be a salesman.

He looks up at Gloria as if to say "You remember the old days?". She beams a smile back at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
A good one at that. You know what made me a good salesman?

MICKEY
What?

GEORGE
My two eyeballs. I could see things that others missed. I could read people. Right when they opened that door, I'd take everything in. What kinda clothes were they wearing? How did they decorate their foyer? Did they have a leash hanging by the door? What were they listening to on the radio? Before they even took in the air to say hello, I knew *exactly* how I was gonna sell 'em.

Mickey and Jules are listening intently, but still wondering where this is going.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You know that's how clairvoyants work don't you? They don't have some connection with the netherworld. They didn't talk to your dead granddaddy. That crystal ball don't do shit. Not a one of them knows a god damned thing about your future. But they know your past. Just from lookin' at ya, they got all they need.

George leans forward in his chair.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now. I've been looking at the two of you for a bit. And I'd like to take a stab at what *your* past might look like.

Mickey sits back in his seat.

MICKEY

Go for it.

GEORGE

First off, I'm gonna go out on a limb and venture to guess that the two of you aren't working for child protective services. *In fact* I'm gonna go so far as to say that neither one of you is gainfully employed.

Mickey nods as if to say "got me there".

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And judging from the broke down car I saw down on Route 351, and the sorry state of my front door, I'd say the both of you are on the lam.

MICKEY

Wow. Yeah.

GEORGE

Well. Now that we understand one another, let's take a look at our situation. Here you two are, looking for a way to get the hell out of here, and here I am, hoping you don't kidnap my daughter. Now we got an extra car in the garage. Suppose the two of you "stole" it from us. We might, for one reason or another, not report that incident for some time. On the other hand, should you choose to take my daughter with you, we'd be forced to call the police in a much more timely manner.

Mickey considers.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So you see, a world exists where you have everything you ever wanted from this house.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Don't sit here and tell me you don't wish you never went downstairs. How nice it would have been to find the keys sittin' by the front door and have been on your way. Am I right?

He is.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That's the chance I'm giving you right now. That's what I'm trying to sell ya. How'd I do?

Mickey takes a deep breath and blows it out through his lips. He looks over to Jules, then back to George.

MICKEY

You know what? I just realized no one here knows anybody's names. I'm Mickey. This is Jules.

GEORGE

Well, I'm sorry for not saying sooner - I'm George. This here is my wife Gloria.

Gloria curtsies from her chair.

MICKEY

Right on. George. Good to meet you.

George twists his smile up.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

And thank you. Thank you for that bit of wisdom. It's good shit. I feel like if I practiced real hard, I might be able to read people just like that one day. You know what? I'm gonna try right now, is that cool?

George nods, apprehensive.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Okay. So. You've got a tan zip up jacket on, it looks nice. Not a spot on that jacket. So you probably have more than one, because that one is so nice so I gotta think you don't wear it every day. So you must have some money.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Yet with all that cash, your TV set - it's a pretty old set. Maybe you guys don't watch a lotta TV. Know why else I don't think you watch a lot of television? Your couch.

Mickey bounces on the couch lightly.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Couch is too perky. Not worn in. You obviously don't sit on it too often because this thing fuckin' sucks. So you don't watch a lot of TV. I think it's a little weird personally, certainly not unheard of. But... you know what I think the most telling thing about you is?

George lifts his chin to say "what?".

MICKEY (CONT'D)

The ten year old girl you got chained up in your basement.

George stews in his seat.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Yep, I can draw a couple things from that. I bet you like long walks on the beach, hot cocoa, and keeping a ten year old girl locked up in your basement.

George's face goes red. He's giving Mickey the death stare of all death stares.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Hot? Cold? How am I doin'?

No response.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Now. Let me sell you something. We're gonna go down there. You're gonna unlock that little girl. She's gonna come with us, and you're not gonna say shit. You know why you're not gonna say shit?

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Because you're a fucking psychopath with a little girl locked up in his basement and there's no way you involve the cops without them somehow finding out you're a fucking psychopath with a little girl locked up in his basement.

George lowers his head. Checkmate.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Go get the fucking keys, George.

15 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT

15

The two couples stand at the base of the stairs. George has the KEYS in his hands. Mickey has the GUN trained on him.

Across the room, Sweetiepie sits against the wall, terrified.

MICKEY

Well?

George looks back at Mickey, then makes his way over to Sweetiepie.

GEORGE

Sweetiepie. My little doll. I'm so sorry I have to do this.

He hugs her. She looks back, suspicious of everyone in the room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'll always love you.

George unlocks her shackles and lays them on the ground.

She does not move.

JULES

Come on, you're free! Come here!

She does not move.

MICKEY

Chains are off, dude. Let's get the hell out of here!

Sweetiepie looks at Jules and Mickey, then back to George.

JULES

It's okay!

Sweetiepie latches on to George's leg.

GEORGE

You see? I told you. She loves her daddy.

Mickey walks over to Sweetiepie.

MICKEY

You don't wanna be down here right? Come with us. We're gonna go have a good time together. Find you a nice family. Maybe get some ice cream. How's that sound?

Mickey reaches out and puts his hand on Sweetiepie's shoulder. She looks up at him, then to George.

She BITES Mickey's hand!

Mickey SCREAMS out in pain! George GRABS his hand with the GUN in it.

They struggle for a moment before George HEADBUTTS Mickey!

CUT TO:

16

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE

16

MOONPUFFS, SWEETIE-PIES, CHOCONUTTERS.

The FRAME is filled by a RACK OF SNACKS... Hmm. This seems familiar (Top of page 1 for those with poor memory).

Upon closer inspection, the colorful snack food packages that fill the FRAME are CRUDELY DRAWN IMITATIONS, made of cardboard.

Suddenly, they PART, revealing Mickey, standing on a DARK STAGE. A classic RED CURTAIN hangs behind him.

After a moment, a SINGLE SPOTLIGHT turns on. The first few notes of a ROCKABILLY STYLE SONG start to play. Mickey begins to shuffle to the song.

JULES saunters in from OFF FRAME, to rhythm.

The two meet at center stage and begin a SYNCHRONIZED DANCE ROUTINE.

SAMIR and NICK from the gas station robbery appear from different sides of the stage.

They both wear ENORMOUS BAGS OF COCAINE as costumes. They also shimmy to the rhythm of the song as it builds. All four of them begin to dance together.

After a pivot in the song, SWEETIEPIE emerges from behind the curtain. She's wearing SPARKLY MARCHING BAND REGALIA, a la SGT. PEPPER. She becomes the center of the synchronized dance, until...

GEORGE and GLORIA spin out from stage left and right, respectively!

George and Sweetiepie engage in a one-on-one SWING ROUTINE while the others dance to rhythm in the background.

Once that's done, the entire group turns toward CAMERA and does the final leg of their routine. It's very, very impressive.

As the music swells to a conclusion, Sweetiepie positions herself in the center of the group, and on the final note, throws a hand to the crowd and one in the air, in a sort of "Ta-da!" posture. A SOLITARY STREAMER flies over the stage and POPS.

Somebody shuffles slightly, having been holding the position for a bit too long.

17 INT. HOUSE, GUEST ROOM

17

CLOSE UP on MICKEY, JERKING AWAKE! Helluva dream.

A trickle of blood is nearly dry underneath his left nostril.

MICKEY
(abrupt, frantic)
Fuck? What? What?

He's lying down, sprawled out on a BED. His hands are CUFFED to the steel FRAME above his head, his feet bound by ROPE to the other end.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Jules. JULES!!!

The bedroom DOOR opens. It's Gloria.

She looks *different*. Her outfit has changed. Now she's in some kind of Victorian ball gown - the type of dress you would imagine Mary Todd Lincoln wearing at Ford's theatre. Her makeup is overdone and similarly old fashioned. Her cheeks dusted white, with blue eyeliner and bright red lipstick.

She strikes a pose against the door frame.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Where is she.

GLORIA

What about my dress? You don't like my dress?

Mickey just stares back, a fire burning in his eyes.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Your belle is safe and sound. Don't worry. But if you want to see her again, you have to be a good boy.

MICKEY

What the fuck?

Gloria flashes a warm smile.

GLORIA

I'm so happy to have you here; to have you *to myself*. I won't lie, it took a lot of convincing, but my husband is a fair man. He's had his toy for some time now, and now I have one of my own!

MICKEY

You gotta be kidding me...

Gloria sits at the foot of the bed.

GLORIA

You're a lucky boy. You know that? George might've put you down, but I told him that's not what I wanted.

She touches his leg...

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I told him that I deserved you. I've been a good wife and I deserve my very own toy.

MICKEY

Lady, look. I'm not a fucking toy. I'm a person. That little girl's not a toy either. The two of you need to just -

Gloria stops him. She places her hand, lace glove and all, over his mouth. She leans over and WHISPERS into his ear.

GLORIA

Dear boy. There are much worse fates to come to than this. *We have you now.* We can do with you what we like. Subject you to the most unimaginable pain - but no. I have saved you. I wish to give you only the greatest of pleasure. You truly are a *lucky, lucky boy.*

She strokes his face, leans in and KISSES him softly on the mouth.

He looks back at her, true fear in his eyes for the first time...

18

INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT

18

Jules sits alone, chained to a POLE in a corner of the basement. She's sobbing, her head slack.

Sweetiepie trots a PLASTIC TOY HORSE around a tiny CORRAL. Every so often the horse REARS onto its hind legs.

Jules lifts her head.

JULES

Why... why did you *do* that?

No response, of course.

JULES (CONT'D)

We were trying to save you! God damn it! I wanted to help you! Why the fuck didn't you let us help you!

Jules looks around helplessly...

JULES (CONT'D)

I don't get it...

She looks back to Sweetiepie.

JULES (CONT'D)

(exploding)
FUCKING ANSWER ME!

Sweetiepie FLINCHES and looks up to Jules for the first time.

JULES (CONT'D)

We were gonna save you. And now he's gone.

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)
 (another explosion)
 He's *fucking gone!*

Jules STRUGGLES in her shackles. A futile burst of energy.

JULES (CONT'D)
 (almost to herself)
 Fucking gone...
 (even smaller)
 ...how did this... happen...

Sweetiepie stares at Jules for a long while before returning to her toy.

The horse speeds up to a gallop.

19 INT. HOUSE, GUEST ROOM

19

Mickey looks on, dreaded anticipation in his eyes.

An old rendition of "The Man I Love" starts to pour from a record player in the corner of the room.

Gloria starts to bob back and forth to the muted trumpet riffs. She looks back at Mickey, hiding a smile behind her shoulder.

She pulls a bit of her dress down, exposing her back for a moment before quickly replacing it.

Mickey tries to avert his eyes but it's almost too fucked up *not* to watch.

Now the dress really starts to come off. She unzips the back, revealing a black lace CORSET. She sheds the remainder of the dress and emerges in a full-on burlesque getup.

She walks over to the bed and runs a finger along Mickey's chest. He's not quite sure how to play this one, so he just keeps quiet.

GLORIA
 You know, you're really not
 supposed to see mommy like this...

She runs her hand a little lower...

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 But sometimes mommy can't help
 herself...

She starts to caress his crotch, feeling around for an ERECTION, but there is none to be found.

Gloria's face goes sour.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
What? You don't think I'm pretty?

MICKEY
What? No, I just-

GLORIA
(screaming, gesturing to
her lingerie)
After all that I did for you!

MICKEY
Hey! Calm down!

GLORIA
I made the whole room nice for you!
I did my dance for you!

MICKEY
Look -

GLORIA
YOU'RE A BAD BOY!

Gloria SLAPS him!

He starts to speak and she SMACKS him again!

GLORIA (CONT'D)
You keep your mouth SHUT! You're in
a TIME OUT. You hear me?? Think
about what you've done!

Gloria storms out and SLAMS the door!

Mickey breathes heavily, trying to take in what just
happened, the red handprint on his face filling with color...

20 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

20

Jules looks around the basement, bored and defeated. Left
alone with her thoughts, she's calmed down.

She steals a glance at Sweetiepie occasionally, who is still
running her horse around its corral.

After an audible sigh:

JULES
You really like that horse don't
you.

It rears onto its hind-legs proudly.

JULES (CONT'D)

I used to have a toy like that when I was little. Like ten maybe? How old are you?

(calculating)

Yeah, something like ten. I liked horses, too.

Jules continues watching Sweetiepie. There's something equal parts adorable and depressing about it.

She looks around the room some more and brings her knees to her chest.

JULES (CONT'D)

Ya know what's weird. This basement kinda reminds me of where I grew up.

(thinking)

Not like, well, there were windows and stuff. But it was full of boxes, I don't know why we always had boxes everywhere.

Sweetiepie walks the horse over to the edge of the corral, kind of leans its head over the fence, as if it were listening.

JULES (CONT'D)

It was like a townhouse or whatever, we had the bottom floor and some other family lived upstairs. Me and my little sister Celia, she was like a toddler basically, we had this one pink... pony I guess. We fought over this thing like, so much. I don't even know why, it was just... a plastic horse.

(realizing)

No offense. It was like one of our only toys, I guess.

She takes a pause.

JULES (CONT'D)

Then one Saturday morning, I know it was a Saturday because we always had our little routine or whatever, cereal and playing with that horse.

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

So I woke up this one Saturday and I ran across the room and I took Celia's socks off like I always did. And I know that sounds weird, but I just always did it. It always woke her up. So she gets up, and we run to my parents room across the hall, but they weren't in there. So we turn around, just like sprinting down the hall into the kitchen and living room, it was all kinda one room. And they weren't there either. We just... couldn't find them. We looked everywhere and we just couldn't find them. They left that morning I guess.

Sweetiepie turns her attention from her horse to Jules. She sits up, cross-legged.

JULES (CONT'D)

But I was ten, I might've been eleven, I don't know. So I just figured, well, I guess they went to the grocery store, or the doctor, or whatever adults do, ya know? And so I just went about our routine. I poured us some cereal, got some spoons. We sat on the carpet in the living room and played. We just did that for... I guess all day. But then it was nighttime and... our parents never came home.

Jules thinks on this for a moment.

JULES (CONT'D)

I put Celia to bed that night, and we woke up the next morning and... they still weren't there. So... we just did the same thing. For like a week. Just woke up, ate a bowl of cereal, played with the horse. After a while I got bored of it, of the routine or whatever. Celia was still pretty into it.

(remembering)

But then we ran out of cereal.

21 INT. HOUSE, GUEST ROOM

21

Mickey is having a staring contest with the ceiling fan. He gets a tickle on his nose. He starts to twitch it back and forth in a effort to relieve the itch.

MICKEY
Goddamnit...

He turns his head to the side and rubs his nose against the blanket. That did it. Kind of.

His STOMACH GROWLS. He winces.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Ugh, fuck.

Gloria enters, unannounced this time. She's carrying a stack of SHEETS and a BED PAN.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Hey, look -

She wont look at Mickey. She places the sheets on a nearby chair.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Listen, I just wanna -

She walks over to him with the bed pan and starts to UNDO his PANTS.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Woah! What are you doing?

GLORIA
You must have to urinate by now, so
- go.

Come to think of it he does have to piss, but this is weird.

MICKEY
Uhh...

GLORIA
Last chance.

MICKEY
Okay, okay, fine. I'll do it.

She helps him place his member in the pan. After a few moments of awkward silence, the air is filled with the even *more* awkward sound of a stream of urine pinging against metal.

When he's finished, Gloria carries the bed pan over to the dresser, taking care not to spill.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Th- thank you.

Gloria grabs the fresh sheets and brings them over to the bed - still won't look at him.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Hey, look. I'm hungry. Like, starving actually. Is there any way you could get me something to eat?

She walks around the bed, undoing the fitted sheet under Mickey.

GLORIA

Up.

Mickey arches his back so she can pull the fitted sheet out from under him.

MICKEY

Please. I'm so sorry. Can't I please just eat *something*?

Gloria starts maneuvering the new sheet under him.

GLORIA

Up.

Again, Mickey contorts his body so she can slip the new sheet onto the bed.

When she's done, she gathers the dirty sheets and heads for the door.

MICKEY

Gloria.

She stops.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Please...

After a moment of hesitation, she turns back and gives him a KISS on the forehead. It's a firm kiss. She's trying to be strong.

GLORIA

You know I can't. Not after how you behaved.

Gloria goes to leave, grabs the bed pan.

MICKEY

You don't understand, I'm so-

GLORIA

(stern, shushing him)

Uh, uh - that's enough.

Mickey shuts up, realizing it's no use. Gloria leaves.

He tosses his head against the pillow in frustration. The new sheets do feel pretty good though.

22 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT

22

Sweetiepie is on her stomach now, her chin resting on her folded arms.

She's listening.

JULES

Honestly, the place they put us in wasn't even that bad at the beginning. There was food. The other kids were just as scared as us, I don't remember anybody being a dick or anything. Basically had school during the day, and I got to be with Celia. It wasn't like, a normal childhood, but it was better than being homeless.

Jules blows a strand of hair out of her face.

JULES (CONT'D)

But then it *did* get bad. We all got to play outside after lunch or whatever, and one day this guy, one of the workers, he pulled me aside into like an office or something, and he said he saw me running around, said I was really fast, and he said I'd get sore if I didn't stretch. That's what he called it...

(looking off at nothing in particular)

He said he'd help me do it... and he did. Every day after that... and...

(collecting herself)

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

I knew something was wrong, but he kept telling me I was doing good. I didn't know, I was a kid. But after a few months, I told him I didn't wanna stretch anymore. I told him it hurt, that I was gonna tell on him because I didn't think what he was doing was right. I guess I realized it because I was afraid to tell Celia. He went *off*. Started calling me a liar, saying he never touched me. Few days later there was a fire in the girls' bathroom. They found matches in my cubby.

(looking to Sweetiepie)

I never had matches. The fucker framed me. They packed my shit up that night and sent me to another home.

(reflecting)

I never even got to say goodbye to my sister.

Sweetiepie is even more wide-eyed than usual.

JULES (CONT'D)

Ended up at a home in Texas. Super shitty. I waited a couple days and I bolted. Climbed out a window in the bathroom and just ran. It's not like they had guards or anything, but I ran like hell until I hit a highway. Hitch-hiked as far as I could. I lived on the streets for a few years, which sucked. But then...

(her voice perks up)

...then I met Mickey.

Jules studies Sweetiepie carefully.

JULES (CONT'D)

Ya know, I could've let that asshole have me every day until I turned 18, but *I* decided I had enough. Not anybody else, it was *my* decision. And it was my choice to run when I could. I've lived in places that make this basement look like a fancy hotel. But my life is *mine*. You could have that too. You just have to say "*fuck this*" and make a move.

Sweetiepie looks toward her HORSE, still at the edge of the corral listening to Jules' story intently.

She picks it up and studies it before placing it in front of her OUTSIDE the corral.

She looks up to Jules and SMILES. Haven't seen that before.

Jules smiles back.

23

INT. HOUSE, GUEST ROOM - MORNING

23

BIRDS CHIRP as Mickey stirs awake, bathed in morning light.

A soft KNOCK at the door as Gloria opens it. She's carrying a tray with SOUP and BREAD. Mickey's eyes light up.

GLORIA
(still upset)
Hello.

She approaches and places the tray down next to the bed. Mickey's eyes follow it to the side table.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Have you had a chance to think
about what you've done?

MICKEY
Wha... I... Yeah. Yeah I did.

GLORIA
And?

MICKEY
And I'm sorry. I really am.

GLORIA
I can tell that you mean that.
Thank you. I accept your apology.

Mickey's eyes flash to the soup.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
But I also realize that I am not
without fault. I was moving too
quickly. I was excited, and I
wanted to share that excitement
with you. But I forgot that love
and trust have to precede carnal
relations, don't you agree?

MICKEY
Uh, yeah. Yup.

GLORIA
Well then, if it's alright with you, I'd like to start over. *I'm Gloria.*

MICKEY
I'm Mickey.

GLORIA
Well then. Hopefully this is the beginning of a lovely friendship.

Gloria picks up the soup and scoops a steaming spoonful of minestrone.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Don't you agree?

Mickey nods. He needs that fuckin' spoon in his mouth ASAP.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Okay. Open sesame!

Mickey opens his mouth, cranes his head forward and slurps down the most delicious soup he's ever tasted.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. HOUSE, GUEST ROOM - LATER

24

Outside, the sun is setting - they've been at it all day.

Gloria sits next to Mickey on the bed, fanning through an old SCRAP BOOK.

GLORIA
...but that was the fashion of the time, as silly as it may seem now.

MICKEY
Well, I think you look awesome in it.

GLORIA
You do? Really, you do?

MICKEY
Yeah. And I don't think a lot of people could pull that off.

GLORIA

Oh, Mickey. Be careful, you're making me blush.

MICKEY

Gloria... I... Can we talk?

Gloria places the scrap book on the table, giving Mickey her full attention.

GLORIA

Absolutely. What's on your mind?

MICKEY

Well, honestly... you.

GLORIA

(slightly taken aback)
How do you mean?

MICKEY

The other day. The way you danced, your body, the smell of your hair - I can't get it out of my head.

GLORIA

Well you didn't seem so *excited* about it then...

MICKEY

I know, and I'm sorry. It happens to me sometimes. I get too wound up when I'm turned on. I just thought you were so sexy and I wanted to show you how I felt. I was just focusing on it too much - I was nervous.

GLORIA

It's alright. I understand.

MICKEY

But I'm telling you, it's different now. I'm comfortable around you - I feel like I know you, or maybe I knew you in a past life - it's hard to explain.

Mickey can see his tactic working on her.

GLORIA

I feel the same way. You make me feel like a girl again, Mickey.

MICKEY

I need you badly, Gloria. And I know. I know I was a bad boy, but I promise you - I'll be a good boy if you just give me one more chance.

Gloria's eyes glaze over as she becomes hypnotized by her own sexuality.

GLORIA

Anything for my little boy...

Gloria leans in and KISSES Mickey. This time, he reciprocates.

She starts to kiss his neck. It's clear that Mickey is trying with all of his might to get hard - his face is clenched in concentration.

For a moment, Gloria TURNS INTO JULES as Mickey imagines being with his lover.

It's working. Mickey is starting to arouse himself. He becomes more engaged with Gloria, kissing her ear and neck - her eyes roll back in ecstasy.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Oh my...

Gloria reaches down for his crotch. Once again, she appears as JULES for a split second.

She feels his ERECTION in his jeans - *now that's more like it!*

GLORIA (CONT'D)

You are a good boy...

Gloria gets on top of him, grabbing his face and kissing him wildly.

MICKEY

I need to touch you...

GLORIA

(lost in passion)
What?

MICKEY

Oh god, please, let me touch you...

GLORIA

Yes... yes...

Gloria produces the KEY from her pocket and starts to UNLOCK Mickey's cuffs. He watches her closely.

Once his hands are free, he grabs the back of her HAIR. At first he softly grips it, then, with all his strength, he TOSSES HER from the bed! She SMACKS into the wall and crumbles to the floor in a daze.

Mickey snaps up and starts untying his feet from the bottom of the bed frame.

Gloria gathers her wits and begins to SCREAM.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
GEORGE!!!

Mickey frees his feet and TAKES OFF RUNNING out of the !

25 INT. HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 25

Mickey FLIES around the corner, skitters down the stairs -
BANG!

Before he can get to the bottom, George FIRES a shot that flies right by Mickey's head! He STOPS in his tracks.

26 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 26

Jules and Sweetiepie SNAP their heads toward the basement door. What the hell was that...!?

Jules calculates...

27 INT. HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 27

Mickey is frozen. George stands nearby with the gun.

GEORGE
Hold it right there! What in the
hell you think you're doing? Get
your ass up here!

Mickey lingers for a moment, considering just rolling the dice and making another break for it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Don't even think about it. I missed
ya on purpose the first time. Come
on now.

Mickey makes his way back up the stairs, hands in the air.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You just don't know when to quit,
do ya?

Gloria RUNS past, makeup streaming down her face as she SOBS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
And look what you did! Who the hell
raised you, boy? Making a woman cry
like that...

George grabs Mickey by the THROAT, pushing him up against the wall and JAMMING the GUN under his chin.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Son, I'd blow your brains out if I
thought you had any.

George let's him go and starts to pace back and forth.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What the hell am I gonna do with
you now?

MICKEY
Just let us go dude, *just fuckin'*
let us go.

GEORGE
Not gonna happen, and you know it.

They stare each other down for a moment. George considers.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Well, I'll tell you one thing.
You're a bit too spry for my
liking. Can't have you running all
about like that -

BANG!

George SHOTS Mickey in the thigh! *Like it was nothing! He just casually raised the gun and shot him!*

28 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

28

That was *definitely* a gunshot.

JULES
NOOOO!!!! MICKEY!!!

She TEARS at her shackles in a frenzy!

JULES (CONT'D)
 MIIICCKKEEYY!!!!

29 INT. HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

29

Mickey FLOPS against the wall.

MICKEY
 AHHH!!! WHAT THE FUCK!!!

George opens a LINEN CLOSET and tosses Mickey a RAG.

GEORGE
 Quit your bitchin', ya sally. We'll
 get you bandaged up.

Mickey continues to WAIL.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 Kick and scream all you like. You
 earned that one, buddy.

30 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT

30

Jules is crying hysterically.

Sweetiepie watches her, a touch of sympathy in her eyes.

JULES
 (mumbling to herself)
 Mickey... don't leave... me...

The BASEMENT DOOR opens. Distant voices, some shuffling...
 maybe the sounds of a struggle?

GEORGE (O.S.)
 Don't make me put another bullet in
 ya son. Just behave god damnit!

Jules ears PERK UP! A moment later GEORGE appears, half
 dragging Mickey down the stairs! He has the gun pointed
 directly at his head.

JULES
 (beside herself)
 Mickey!

MICKEY
 (labored)
 Baby...

She looks to his leg, wrapped in a MAKESHIFT BANDAGE, soaked in blood.

JULES

Ohmigod!
(to George)
What did you do to him
motherfucker!?

George drops Mickey near the pole and starts to cuff him.

GEORGE

(focused on the cuffs)
What are ya, blind? I shot him.

JULES

You're fucking crazy...

GEORGE

Oh come on now, he deserved it and he knows it. You keep your yappin' up and you might just get the same. Clear?

She doesn't respond, only stares.

He stands up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now. You two keep quiet down here.
(to Sweetiepie)
You keep an eye out Sweetiepie.

She nods. George turns and heads up the stairs.

JULES

(straining her head
backward)

Baby! I thought you were gone,
Jesus fucking Christ I'm so happy
you're alive. Are you okay?

MICKEY

Ugh. It hurts like fuck. He shot
me!

He strains his wrists. Looks back toward their cuffs.

JULES

(whispering)
Can you pick it?

MICKEY

I'm not sure, but it's not like I
have anything to do it with anyway.

They both look around in their immediate vicinity. Nothing in
arm's reach.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He looks up to Sweetiepie for the first time.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm glad you're here, I didn't
get a chance to say FUCK YOU.

Sweetiepie looks to Jules, back to Mickey.

JULES

Leave her alone, she feels bad. She
didn't know what she was doing.

MICKEY

How the hell do you know? She
talked?

JULES

I know. I just do.

Mickey sighs audibly.

31 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 31

The sky beyond the house brightens as night turns to day.

32 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT 32

Mickey and Jules sit back to back. Sweetiepie plays with her
horse outside the corral across the basement.

MICKEY

I've told you a hundred times. The
business model is flawless. The
cost of goods are zero. Every day
we wake up, we roll outta bed,
stretch out, put on some clothes,
and hit the shore.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

We scoop up a day's worth of merchandise, you know, nice, shiny shells, some different colors, maybe some skipping rocks - we'll see what the market demands - and then we spend the afternoon sellin' em. It's pure profit, Jules.

JULES

No I get that, I do, I get it, I'm saying what about when we get too big, and we don't have time to find the merchandise. We're gonna have to hire somebody. And then it won't be pure profit anymore, because we're gonna have to pay the new shell finder. That could bleed us dry.

MICKEY

Ah. Good point. But what if we just give the shell finder a chunk of the company? Ya know, like, equity, right?

JULES

Oooohh true!
(after a pause)
What are we gonna call it?

A long moment of thought.

MICKEY

That's a very good question. I feel like that's all you. You're creative. I'm more of a numbers guy.

Jules concentrates.

As she always does when she's thinking, she toys with her tongue ring, the stud knocking against her front teeth.

Tap... tap... tap...

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Would you stop that? I keep telling you, you're gonna damage your enamel - oh fuck... wait.

JULES

What?

MICKEY
Your tongue ring! The stud!

JULES
What about it.

MICKEY
I can pick your lock with it!

JULES
It's... it's in my tongue.

MICKEY
Baby I'm aware of that!
(gesturing to Sweetiepie)
We're both aware of that! I'm
saying if we can get that thing out
of your mouth I can use it to get
us out of here!

Jules doesn't love where this is going.

JULES
How are we gonna get it out.

MICKEY
Uh... well... maybe if you do the
thing I hate, like put it outside
your teeth, and then pull really
hard, maybe it'll just pop out?

JULES
It doesn't just pop out. It's a
piercing. It's in there. Pretty
good.

MICKEY
Would you at least try?
(collecting himself)
For me, babe.

Jules exhales.

JULES
Fine.

She places the stud in the front of her front teeth and sort
of pulls back with her tongue muscle. Her face shows a great
deal of strain. Nothing.

JULES (CONT'D)
No way. My tongue isn't strong
enough.

MICKEY

No! Your tongue is really strong!
It's a great, strong tongue!

JULES

No, I'm telling you it's
impossible.

Mickey considers.

MICKEY

Okay. Okay, if you uh... if you
twist backward, kinda swivel your
head toward me.

She does.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Right just like that, okay now if
you stick out your tongue, I can
kind of clamp down on it and...
well... ya know, remove it.

Jules snaps back to her initial position.

JULES

That's gonna fucking kill!

MICKEY

Babe, I know, *I know*, it's gonna
hurt. But I don't know how else
we're supposed to get out of this.

Jules exhales again.

JULES

You owe me.

MICKEY

I owe you.

She bends backward and sticks out her tongue, presenting THE
STUD.

Sweetiepie WATCHES from across the basement, wide-eyed.

Mickey bends backward as well and BITES down on the stud.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(muffled, stud in mouth)
You ready?

JULES
(muffled, tongue out)
Ah-hah!

MICKEY
1... 2...

Mickey PULLS backward, RIPPING THE STUD out of Jules' mouth!

Jules SCREAMS with her MOUTH CLOSED to deaden the noise.

Just as they separate, the BASEMENT DOOR opens. George comes down the steps. He carries a CASSEROLE.

He approaches Mickey and Jules and pulls over a folding chair.

GEORGE
Alright. Don't want you two dyin'
on us.
(offering Jules a spoonful)
Open wide.

He holds the spoon close to Jules' mouth. Tries it from a few angles.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Come on. Airplane's comin' in.

Jules' mouth is shut tight. George offers the spoon to Mickey.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You also full?

Mickey also keeps his mouth bolted shut.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You're a real fuckin' piece of
work.

George throws the fork down into the casserole.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(getting up)
Have it your way. Gonna have to eat
at some point, I don't have a
particular preference if it's
Gloria's cooking or your god-damned
fingers.

George heads up the stairs. The basement door CLOSES.

Jules OPENS her mouth and BLOOD POURS onto the floor beside her.

JULES
(breathing deeply)
Fu-Fu-Fu-Fuuuuuck!

Mickey turns his head, spits the STUD onto the floor and collects it with his hand.

MICKEY
Shit, that was close. You okay babe?

JULES
Yeah, just swallowed a lot of blood. Tastes like metal.

MICKEY
Don't worry, I've got it from here.

Mickey tries to pick his own cuffs, but he can't quite get a good angle on them.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Fuckin' fuck.

JULES
What?

MICKEY
Nothing, I just like, can't get at them, you know?

JULES
Shit! Did we just rip a hole in my tongue for no reason?

MICKEY
No, no way. Here, let me see if I can get at yours. Can you kind of, like, present it to me?

Jules turns her wrist to give Mickey a better angle on the cuffs.

JULES
Like this?

MICKEY
Yeah, yeah. Can you like kinda push against me as I - yup there ya go.

Mickey works the stud into the lock. It's slow going...

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 You fuckin' piece of fuckin'...
 bitch.

Sweetiepie looks on, learning various curse words.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 ...you shitfuckin' - YES!

CLICK. He got it.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 I got it!

JULES
 BABE!

Jules frees her wrist. She grabs Mickey's face and kisses him.

JULES (CONT'D)
 You're so handy!

MICKEY
 Yeah, yeah, come on. No time to
 waste.

JULES
 Okay here, I'll get yours. How do I
 do it?

MICKEY
 Well, you just kind of stick it in
 there...

Jules starts poking around the cuffs with the stud.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 Right, then you kinda feel around
 for like a catch-point...

JULES
 Right, yeah...

She continues to fumble around in there. This is not working.

JULES (CONT'D)
 What else? What am I doing wrong?

MICKEY
 Nothing, it's just, you gotta *feel*
 it. Just focus, you can do this.

JULES
Wait. I feel something.

MICKEY
That's it babe! Feel it!

Jules squints her eyes. Something changes in her. Her face becomes a focused visage of confidence. This is it. *She's found the catch-point.*

Annnnd the stud BREAKS OFF inside of the handcuffs. Fuck.

JULES
Oops.

MICKEY
Oops?

JULES
The thing... it broke.

MICKEY
You gotta be fuckin'... where did it break?

JULES
It broke inside. It's kind of just in there now.

Mickey swallows his rage, knowing that it won't do any good.

JULES (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry babe... I fucked it up... but...

Jules starts to tear up.

JULES (CONT'D)
I'll find something else!

MICKEY
Hey. You listen to me. Come here.

Jules leans in. He kisses her softly.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
It's okay. You tried your best. And you know what? It doesn't matter anyway, my leg is fucked, I can hardly walk. You're gonna be the one that saves us now. You got that?

She nods, the tears falling off of her cheeks.

Sweetiepie continues to watch. She smiles.

Jules looks around the basement, trying to find some sort of alternate exit.

She turns to see Sweetiepie motioning to a laundry basket in the corner of the room.

JULES
What? What is it?

Sweetiepie continues to nod at the basket. Jules goes over to investigate.

JULES (CONT'D)
Is something in here?

She digs through the dirty laundry.

JULES (CONT'D)
What? What is it?!

Sweetiepie points UP. Jules lifts her head. Above her is the tail end of a LAUNDRY CHUTE.

Jules smiles.

JULES (CONT'D)
That's my girl!

MICKEY
Holy shit, can you get up there?

JULES
Yeah, just gotta...

Jules grabs a nearby CHAIR. She drags it under the chute and stands on it. Even with the chair, she can only get about half of her body inside.

MICKEY
Remember babe, *quiet*.

Jules summons her strength and PULLS herself up into the vent, anchoring her feet on either side.

33 INT. HOUSE, LAUNDRY CHUTE

33

Jules pulls herself up through the chute, her curls collecting dust like a chimney sweep.

It's slow going. Every once in a while the metal bends outward, causing a small pinging sound.

Jules pulls her head up through a BLADE of LIGHT. It settles on her eyes as she peers out through one of the laundry chute DOORS.

In the MASTER BEDROOM she can see George, pacing in front of Gloria, seated on the bed. She nurses a glass of wine.

GLORIA
(half-sobbing)
-I... I don't know, it's that I'm worried, George. I told you we should've moved last year, we should've moved in the summer, you could have gotten a transfer.

She takes a sip of wine.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
What if her parents-

George SNAPS around. Gloria cowers.

GEORGE
We're her parents!
(pointing at Gloria)
Don't you god-damned say we aren't.

That hangs for a moment.

GLORIA
I'm sorry. I know. I'm sorry.

GEORGE
(calming down)
We've raised her. Given her all the love in the world. That's our little girl down there. *Ours*.

GLORIA
You're right. You're right.

George nods.

GEORGE
And I'll be *damned* if I'm gonna let a couple junky fucks walk into *my* home and tear down everything we've built together. Not a chance, honey. Not a chance.

Gloria puts her hand on George's thigh.

GLORIA

You gonna teach that little boy a lesson for me?

George runs his hands through her hair.

GEORGE

(dirty talking)

You better fuckin' believe it. I'm gonna flay his skin. I'm gonna kill him slow, right in front of his little bitch...

Gloria starts to undo his belt...

Jules has seen enough. Best to move on.

34 INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY 34

Near the top of the stairs, a LAUNDRY CHUTE DOOR begins to wiggle...

It swings open as a giant tuft of BLACK CURLY HAIR POPS OUT.

Dead silent and physically awkward, Jules squirms out and flops to the ground.

She gets to her feet and tiptoes into...

35 INT. HOUSE, NURSERY - CONTINUOUS 35

A classic children's room. The baby blue CRIB in the center, the TRIM that runs across the wall depicting a family of ducks marching along. There's even an audience of dusty STUFFED ANIMALS perched on the window sill.

Jules looks around the room, confused. Do they have another child? Was this Sweetiepie's room before she was thrown in the dungeon?

Jules approaches the crib with caution. She peeks inside and hides a GASP when she sees what's there...

It's a JAR of FORMALDEHYDE containing - you guessed it: a HUMAN FETUS - well, actually more like a premature stillborn infant. It's pretty developed.

Jules DRY HEAVES as she backs away...

36 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT

36

BLOOD SPLATS onto the floor! Mickey slowly picks his head up after being PISTOL WHIPPED.

Standing over him is GEORGE, slightly out of breath.

GEORGE

You know I should *fuckin' kill* -

George stops himself. He calms down a bit, slicks his hair back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Okay. I understand your not wanting to tell me where she went. I suppose I might do the same in your position.

(crouching down)

But I'll hurt ya. By God almighty, I will see you die a good one.

MICKEY

Go nuts man. Have a field day. But she's gone.

George stands back up and walks over to Sweetiepie. He runs his hand through her hair.

GEORGE

(to Mickey)

Well I guess all's that left to do is kill you then.

(to Sweetiepie)

Isn't that right, Sweetiepie?

37 INT. HOUSE, NURSERY

37

Jules is still looking around the room when she hears FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs!

GLORIA (O.S.)

Honey? Are you up here? We just want to talk with you...

Jules darts into a nearby CLOSET, closing the doors behind her.

38 INT. HOUSE, NURSERY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

38

Through the SLITS of the door, Jules can see the nursery.

Gloria enters...

She flips a LIGHT SWITCH. It turns on not only the lights in the room, but the lights in the CLOSET as well...

Jules can now see her surroundings. In the closet with her, there are FOUR MORE JARS, with FOUR MORE FETUSES. The walls are lined with DRIED PLACENTA and UMBILICAL CORDS hang down like strips of beef jerky.

Jules grabs her mouth to hold in a scream. A piece of umbilical cord swings, lightly hitting her in the face. Her eyes start to well with tears.

Gloria seems completely uninterested with finding Jules. All of her attention is now trained on the CRIB. She APPROACHES it, humming a LULLABY.

She reaches into the CRIB and PICKS UP the JAR containing the fetus. She rocks it back and forth in her arms...

39

INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT

39

Mickey does his best to sit up straight, blood still trickling from his mouth.

MICKEY

You've killed people before?

George turns to look at Mickey. He smiles.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You like it don't you? You're a sick guy.

GEORGE

We all have our vices.

MICKEY

How much does it suck that you're not gonna be able to do it anymore?

GEORGE

Not sure I follow...

MICKEY

Well, think about it. You're gonna kill me, but Jules is gonna have you guys busted.

GEORGE

Well that depends on her-

MICKEY

Told you, man, she's gone. If you get your hopes up, you're just gonna get let down.

George's mouth starts to wring into a snarl, but he fights it off.

GEORGE

Well I guess you'll have to be my last hurrah, right?

MICKEY

You wanna hear our plan?

GEORGE

What?

MICKEY

Our plan. Didn't think we had one, did ya?

George folds his arms.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

It's kind of fucked up, I know. You're supposed to tell me *your* master plan while I'm all tied up. Like a Bond movie, right?

GEORGE

What the hell are you talking about?

MICKEY

She's not gonna go to the cops. Not yet, anyway. I told her to wait. We got a little meetup spot, she's probably already there.

George looks off into the distance, his wheels turning.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Yuuuuup. Now if I don't show up there in an hour or so, then, yeah, cops galore, you're fucked.

Mickey leans forward.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

But if I show up, we just continue on our way. And you get to keep doing whatever the hell it is you do.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

It definitely takes a bit of faith on your part, but like you said, we got a lot to lose too. I don't want the cops involved any more than you do. Just gotta trust me on that one.

George exhales, considering.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Not bad, right?

GEORGE

(gesturing to Sweetiepie)
What about my Sweetiepie?

MICKEY

Dude. Honestly, she's all yours. We wanted to save her, ya. But this shit has gotten waaaay too fucked up.

(looking past George to Sweetiepie)

Sorry. You're on your own, kid.

Sweetiepie looks on from the corner, a little dejected.

Mickey looks back to George.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Did I sell ya?

40 INT. HOUSE, NURSERY CLOSET

40

Jules is still looking out through the closet slats, doing her best to remain silent.

Gloria is in her own world, rocking the fetus back and forth, actually talking to it now.

GLORIA

Oh my baby boy... my Ethan...
you've gotten so big! I'm sorry if
I woke you up... mommy's just
looking for her friend. *She's
hiding...*

Jules tries to regulate her breathing, but her adrenaline keeps her from doing so.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Do you know where she is?... *What's
that?*

Gloria slowly twists her head toward the CLOSET...

Jules' eyes widen. *No fucking way!*

Gloria starts to waltz toward the closet as if possessed.

She reaches out for the knob...

Jules' winces...

GEORGE (O.S.)

Honey! Honey, come down here!

Gloria stops, the trance broken. She places Ethan back into the crib. Jules' face is a picture of relief.

GLORIA

What is it honey? I'll be right down!

GEORGE (O.S.)

Just want you to come and say goodbye to our friend here!

Jules gasps, almost audibly. *They're gonna kill him!*

GLORIA

So soon? Well alright then...

Gloria leaves.

Jules stumbles out the closet, taking in some air that isn't tainted by decades-old flesh.

She panics, looking around the room, trying to plot her next move...

41 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

41

Mickey limps out of the basement, his cuffs gone, carrying his BAG of drugs and cash. George walks behind him, pointing the gun.

Gloria appears at the bottom of the stairs.

GEORGE

Got any last words for the little son of a bitch?

GLORIA

Dear boy. I do wish you handled things differently. We could have had such fun together.

MICKEY

You guys are fucked up.

George opens the front door, motioning for Mickey to leave.

GEORGE

(with a smile)

I'll see you in hell.

Mickey hobbles his way toward the front door -

JULES (O.S.)

STOP!!! DON'T KILL HIM!!!

Mickey closes his eyes. *No.*

Jules stands on the indoor balcony, holding the FETUS JAR above her head.

Gloria sees this and something *changes* in her eyes.

GLORIA

PUT. HIM. *DOWN.*

JULES

I'll fucking smash it! I will!

George looks over at Mickey, he LAUGHS and slaps him on the back.

GEORGE

Wow! Now *that* was close!

GLORIA

(walking toward the balcony)

Unhand my baby!

JULES

Let *him* go!

GEORGE

Now come on there missy. Stay calm, nobody's gotta go and get hurt.

JULES

Let him go. *Now.*

GEORGE

Lets all just-

With demonic speed, Gloria SNATCHES the gun away from George and SHOOTS at Jules, narrowly missing her head and actually clipping off some little bits of hair.

Jules immediately THROWS the FETUS JAR and ducks behind the balcony!

It SMASHES!

GLORIA
NOOOOOO!!! ETHAN!!!

George grabs the GUN back and presses it to Mickey's head.

GEORGE
Enough! All of you! Get your ass
down here or I blow his head off!
You've got till three! ONE!

Gloria is doing her best to pool the formaldehyde around the exposed fetus.

GLORIA
It's okay honey, stay awake!

A shard of glass has cut her hand, but she doesn't notice.

GEORGE
TWO!

Jules appears at the bottom of the stairs, her hands up.

JULES
Okay! Okay.

GEORGE
Now would you *look* at this mess.
I'll tell you what. The two of you
are cleaning that up. And when
you're done, we're gonna sit down,
like *adults* and have a serious
discussion. You got that?

Jules runs to Mickey and hugs him.

George has his hands on his hips, still holding the gun.

Gloria rocks the fetus back and forth.

The whole gang's back together.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Well? Mop's in the closet.

42

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN

42

A lovely family dinner. We PULL BACK revealing Mickey and Jules, each of them wearing a sort of DUCT TAPE tube top, affixing their torso and upper arms to each chair, leaving their forearms free to flex at the elbow.

At an adjacent chair, GEORGE sits, surveying his guests.

All three of them have NAPKINS tucked into their collars.

GEORGE

Well I do hope you two have worked
up an appetite.

George looks toward the other end of the kitchen, rubbing his hands together, awaiting Gloria's entrance.

Mickey takes the opportunity to scan the room. His eyes dart over and spot George's KEYS hanging from a hook on the fridge.

George looks back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Gloria is a truly phenomenal cook.
Just the cream of the crop. You
know that's how I fell in love with
her? She's a vision, of course,
nobody would doubt that. But she's
a damn near virtuoso in the
kitchen.

A beat passes. He looks back and forth between Mickey and Jules.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You two really stumbled into some
shit, didn't ya.

Let's that hang there.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Pardon my language, here at the
table. But hell. Could've busted
down the door of any house in a
five mile radius, probably found
some Dick and Jane eatin a TV
dinner. I'd wager you wouldn't be
the pair wearin all that adhesive
at the moment.

Gloria SWINGS around the corner on the far end of the kitchen, bubbly as ever.

She carries a PLATTER with FOUR PLATES on it.

GLORIA
Dinner is served!

GEORGE
Honey! Smells absolutely delicious.
What do you have for us here.

GLORIA
Shephard's Pie. Your favorite.

GEORGE
Do you know me well or what?

Gloria leans over and kisses George. He looks over to Mickey and Jules.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You two are in for a treat. This is
Gloria's *spec-ial-ity*.

GLORIA
(looking to Mickey and
Jules)
The trick is in the blend of the
meat. The perfect mix of seasoned
ground beef and lamb. But where are
my manners! Let me get our guests
served first.

She takes one of the plates and DROPS it in front of Mickey.
Another in front of Jules. It really does look damn good.

She lays out the remaining two plates before sitting at the
other head of the table opposite George.

GEORGE
Honey, why don't you say grace
before we dig into this beautiful
meal.

Gloria smiles and nods. She signs the cross and closes her
eyes.

George does the same. Mickey and Jules stare at one another.
They're helpless.

GLORIA
Bless us, O Lord, and these, Thy
gifts, which we are about to
receive from Thy bounty. Through
Christ, our Lord.

She pauses.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Also! Dear Lord, we thank you for providing us the patience to...
forgive our guests for their transgressions so that we may enjoy this meal in peace. Amen.

GEORGE

Amen. Beautiful grace.
(smelling his plate)
Mmm... I can hardly wait.

He grabs his fork and DIGS in.

GLORIA

(looking up at Mickey and Jules)
Well would you look at that.

Mickey and Jules refuse to eat.

GEORGE

Do *not* offend my wife. She slaved over this meal for the two of you.

His hand moves over to the GUN, sitting on the table to his right. Jules sees this. She looks up at Mickey. He nods.

They each start to take bites with their little T-Rex arms.

GLORIA

Now that wasn't so tough, was it?

Mickey and Jules stare at each other. The Shepherd's Pie is actually really good.

George and Gloria shovel food into their mouths. Silverware scratches and taps against their plates.

After a beat...

GEORGE

Mickey, are you a gambling man?

Mickey exhales audibly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I only ask because when I was younger, round your age, it was a... weakness of mine. I was damn good at it, too.
(remembering)
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Used to play hold'em with this one
guy. You remind me a lot of him.

George takes a large sip of a SCOTCH from a TUMBLER.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
And that ain't good, Mickey.
Because this guy was real fuckin'
scum. Ah. There I go again with the
language. Guy was just a bottom
feeder, a mooch, simple as that.
And an addict. Anything he got his
hands on, this guy was snortin it,
shootin it, smokin it.

He re-adjusts his bib.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I remember one night we were
playin'. Couple of buddies had a
game goin' the night before
Thanksgiving. Big old turkey day
game. Before I met Gloria of
course.

George grabs a DINNER ROLL from a bread basket at the center
of the table. He offers the basket to Mickey and Jules, who
of course don't have the range of motion to grab any.

He cuts the roll in two while he continues his story.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
This guy, hell, I don't even
remember his name. Rocco? I don't
know. Somethin' befitting his piss
behavior. Anyhow. He stumbles into
our game, smellin like he just
cleaned out a bird cage with his
god damned fingernails. Sits down
right next to me.

George DIGS his knife into a nearby RAMEKIN of BUTTER. Starts
SLATHERING one half of the roll with it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Cards get dealt. I'm sittin on a
pair of aces. My lucky day. Raised
a couple bucks. What comes out on
the flop?

He waits, looking back and forth. Mickey and Jules still
stare forward, but George can tell they're listening.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You got it. Another ace. Another ace, a king, and a two. Ace and king are suited. Spades. Remember that. At this point I raise big. Not *too* big mind you, you've gotta be careful not to muscle out your prey, that's rule one. But I raised alright.

He takes a bite of his roll, CHEWS it audibly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Most of the table's out at this point. And who calls?

He points to his left, to an imaginary chair.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(mouth full)

That stinking sonuvabitch. Next card comes out.

At this point, Mickey and Jules are actually listening.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Jack of... *spades*. I check.

(taps the table twice with his knuckle)

Now things get interesting. This dopehead goes all in. Everybody else is out. Guy stares me right in the eyes. First time I've seen the junkie make steady eye contact in my life. Now any sensible person is thinking flush. And I'm a sensible person.

Takes another sip of scotch. Exhales deeply.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I fold.

(getting angry)

And instead of having the *common fucking courtesy* to push his cards in and leave me in blissful ignorance, he flips 'em over.

(snarling)

The *motherfucker* didn't have *shit*. And he starts *howling*. Just laughing his god damned head off.

Mickey and Jules are listening intently at this point.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Took a grand from me on that hand.
Never been angrier in my life.

Silence settles over the table. George looks down at the half eaten roll in front of him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You know what my mistake was? I gave him too much credit. I assumed he was just as smart as I was - which might be the dumbest thing I've ever done in my life. I shoulda known he was a lying sack of shit. I shoulda just re-raised him, right off the bat, not let him stick around. I let it drag on far too long.

George licks his lips.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But that fucker got his.

MICKY

You kill him, George? Did you kill Rocco?

George takes another sip of scotch. His glass is empty.

GEORGE

No. No I didn't kill him, Mickey. I probably would've the next time I saw him. But I didn't get the chance. He died of a drug overdose.

Not quite what Mickey expected. Before he has a chance to respond:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And you know why he reminds me of you?

(holding the tumbler with a
finger out-stretched
toward Mickey)

Because not a *god damned soul* went to his funeral.

George's stare burns into Mickey.

After a moment George turns back to his food and starts to prepare a spoonful. He brings it up to his mouth but STOPS before eating it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You know I didn't even think of it,
but that's another reason he
reminds me of you.

Mickey looks a little WOOZY, he didn't quite catch that.

MICKEY

What? Why?

GEORGE

Well, because *you're* gonna die of a
drug overdose, Mickey. The both of
you.

Mickey turns to Jules, but she's NODDING OFF...

MICKEY

No... wait...

GEORGE

Yup. Just figured I'd make things
right and tell you my master plan.
That's how you said it's supposed
to go right?

Mickey's eyelids are getting heavier and heavier...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You had a veritable pharmacy in
that backpack, thank God! You just
munched down enough oxycontin to
put a bull to bed. Once you're out,
I'll shoot you full of the rest of
that heroin you got there, make
sure the job's done and BOOM!
Problem solved. Couple junkies
break into a house, go on a bender,
and die a not so tragic death.

Mickey can barely hold his head up...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's not perfect, and it'll take
some work on our part, but the
police never look into it too much
when characters such as yourselves
are the dead parties. Am I right?

George flashes a big smile.

He raises his GLASS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Looks like I win this hand, Mickey.

A SOOTHING, FOUR-TONE DOORBELL rings in the distance.

George stops mid-sentence. Looks up at Gloria. She makes a small "beats me" gesture.

George gets up, tosses his napkin onto the table, and walks out of the dining room.

Mickey struggles to maintain consciousness...

43 INT. HOUSE, FOYER

43

George walks up to the front door, tucking the gun into the back of his pants.

He opens it.

What do you know? It's a COP.

His name tag reads OFFICER O'CONNOR. He's on the younger side for a cop, maybe mid-30's, handsome, and wearing the friendly smile of a guy who isn't here to bust anyone.

George does an admirable job of disguising his panic.

GEORGE
Evening officer. Can I help you?

OFFICER O'CONNOR
Hey, yeah, sorry to bother you 'round dinner time. Woah, smells good in there too!

GEORGE
Absolutely. Looking forward to getting back to it.

OFFICER O'CONNOR
Right right. Look I don't wanna take up too much of your time, we're just doing a sweep of the area. Ya see, couple days ago there was a robbery down at the Big Bear Stop N' Gas -

GEORGE
You don't say! Is everyone alright?

OFFICER O'CONNER

Yeah, yeah, everyone's good. Clerk had a mild stroke but he looks like he's gonna be fine.

GEORGE

Well our thoughts and prayers will surely be with him. But may I ask why you're -

OFFICER O'CONNER

Right! Listen to me, blabbering on, didn't even tell you why I'm here!

The officer LAUGHS a bit too hard. George tries to do the same.

OFFICER O'CONNER (CONT'D)

Annnnyway. There's an abandoned car about a half-mile down on 301. Matches the description of the perp's vehicle.

GEORGE

I see. Well that is troubling.

OFFICER O'CONNER

You seen anything out of the ordinary? Any suspicious characters walking around?

GEORGE

No sir, I have not. But I will be on the lookout.

OFFICER O'CONNER

Now don't go worrying and ruin your whole dinner, chances are they're long gone. Just doing our due diligence.

GEORGE

And I appreciate it, officer.

OFFICER O'CONNER

Alright then, have a good night!

GEORGE

You too.

George goes to shut the door, but a LOOSE CHIP OF WOOD from the damaged frame stops it from closing...

Officer O'Conner takes notice. George continues to wiggle the door to no avail.

OFFICER O'CONNER
Everything okay?

GEORGE
Oh it's fine, just fine. It's a little tricky is all. Been meaning to fix it for months now...

Officer O'Conner notices the damaged door frame.

OFFICER O'CONNER
What exactly happened there to your door?

GEORGE
Oh it just... I don't know... I...

George is struggling. Officer O'Conner's demeanor becomes more serious.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You know what? We were taking some furniture out a while back. Musta been that. Yeah, that's what it was.

OFFICER O'CONNER
Hm. Sir, do you mind if I come inside and take a look around?

GEORGE
What? Well, are you sure that's necessary?

OFFICER O'CONNER
Ah, it's nothing. Just figured while I'm here I might as well give you the full treatment. Make sure you're as safe as possible in there.

GEORGE
You know what? You're right. Come on in, I'll introduce you to my wife, Gloria.

Officer O'Conner steps inside.

44 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM 44

George follows Officer O'Conner as he makes his way through the living room.

GEORGE

Gloria! We have a guest!

Officer O'Conner turns to enter the kitchen.

George pulls his GUN out from behind his back...

45 INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 45

Mickey and Jules are gone. All that remains is a tiny piece of DUCT TAPE that even the most observant of guests would overlook.

Gloria stands up at the far end of the table.

GLORIA

Why, who's this?

George quickly hides the gun behind his back.

OFFICER O'CONNER

Officer O'Conner, miss. Sorry to bother. We're just checking the houses around town. Got a couple of criminals on the run.

GLORIA

Oh my. Honey, maybe we should stay at my sister's for the night?

OFFICER O'CONNER

Oh, ma'am that won't be necessary. You're in no real danger. If you haven't seen them by now, chances are they left the area.

GLORIA

You'll have to excuse me. I frighten easily.

OFFICER O'CONNER

I apologize, miss. Just doin' my job. I'm here to catch bad guys, not ruin dinner!

GLORIA

Look at my manners! Let me make you a plate to go.

OFFICER O'CONNER

You know what? That'd be great actually. I'm working an extra shift, gotta get it while I can.

GLORIA

My pleasure. Anything that'll help you catch those brutes. Wherever they are...

46 INT. HOUSE, STUDY

46

Jules and Mickey lay sprawled out on the floor, scraps of duct tape still dangling from their extremities.

Jules is out cold, but Mickey's still clinging to consciousness. He slides his head around in a pool of drool, taking in his surroundings.

He spots their BACKPACK, sitting a few feet away.

With what strength he has, he caterpillars his way toward it; scrunching his body, then extending, scrunching his body, then extending...

He gets within a couple of inches and summons his arm to reach out. His fingers fish around inside and find the VIAL OF COCAINE.

He brings it to his mouth to unscrew the cap, and dumps a messy pile right in front of his face. He SNORTS with all of his might.

His head SNAPS to the side with a JOLT. He leans back in and SNORTS the remainder.

That dazed look melts off of his face, replaced by one of cracked out HYPER-FOCUS.

He's back.

Immediately he goes to Jules and shakes her awake. She opens half of an eye and lets out a low growl.

MICKEY

(still kinda fucked up)
Babe! Come on... they drugged us.
You need a boost... gotta get boosted...

He dumps out a little cocaine and coaxes her head over to it. Unfortunately she is even more comatose than he was.

A stream of DROOL runs from her mouth, ruining the pile he prepared for her.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
No... babe... no... you did it
wrong...

He turns her head back toward him and dumps out a mound of COKE on her UPPER LIP, then he HOLDS her mouth shut.

After a moment, she takes a DEEP BREATH through her nose, INHALING the entire coke mustache.

A beat passes, and her eyes SHOOT OPEN. She looks around the room, terrified.

Mickey holds her close.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
It's okay! You're okay now!

JULES
What... where...

MICKEY
Shh... I got a plan.

47 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

47

George and Gloria escort Officer O'Conner to the front door.

OFFICER O'CONNER
Sorry again for all of that. Just
part of the job.

GEORGE
I completely understand officer.
Your meticulous nature has done
nothing but reaffirm the trust I
already had in the department.

OFFICER O'CONNER
Yeah? Well, good.

GLORIA
And best of luck in your manhunt.
We hope you find the scoundrels.

They both beam their biggest smiles. Officer O'Conner holds up the paper plate of food to thank them.

OFFICER O'CONNOR
Okie dokie. You two have a good
night now.

GLORIA
And you too, Officer! Thank you for
your service!

Officer O'Conner turns and leaves. George and Gloria stand in
the doorway, waving goodbye.

Once he's gone, George SLAMS the door. That fucker's gonna
stay closed this time.

48 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 48

George and Gloria rush back through the house.

GEORGE
Honey, you've gone and saved both
our asses.

GLORIA
I'm gonna need to draw a warm bath
and take some ibuprofen. Those two
were heavy for only being skin and
bone!

GEORGE
Where are they?

GLORIA
In the study.

GEORGE
Did ya give it to 'em?

GLORIA
Heavens no, I didn't have the time,
I barely got back before -

George BARGES through the study door...

49 INT. HOUSE, STUDY - CONTINUOUS 49

His jaw drops. *They're gone.*

All that's left is an empty cocaine vial.

The window at the far end of the room is OPEN, the curtains
dancing in the wind.

George rushes over to the window and peers out. MICKEY'S SHOE sits in the grass a few feet into the yard.

George turns to Gloria.

GEORGE
God damn it!

GLORIA
I... I left them here, they were...
out cold... they -

GEORGE
(raising his voice)
They god damned nothing! You
shoulda stayed and kept watch.
FUCK!

Gloria cowers.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Come on.

GLORIA
Wait.

GEORGE
(impatient)
Wait *what?*

GLORIA
Maybe we should go. Pack up, pack a
suitcase, take the passports, just
go. Honey, if they make it to -

GEORGE
They're not making it *anywhere*. We
fed 'em enough oxycontin to kill a
gorilla. Wherever they are, they're
crawling.
(looks back toward the
window)
And we're gonna find 'em.

George blows past Gloria and out of the room. She waits,
looking toward the billowing curtains, until:

GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
FUCKING COME ON!

She scurries out.

50 INT. HOUSE, FOYER

50

George and Gloria throw on jackets in a hurry. George sounds a bit like a raving lunatic as he struggles to get his arm into the coat.

GEORGE

Alright, alright, there's no more than a mile and a half before ya hit the property line, then the highway. Movin at a snail's pace, that'd take at *least* fifteen minutes.

He shoves the gun into the back of his waistband.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Let's end this.

They exit in a huff.

The CAMERA remains on the closed door, then begins to PULL BACK...

It WINDS back through the foyer, past the dining room, into the living room...

It SWIVELS toward the sitting area, landing on a seemingly EMPTY FRAME...

Wait... did you hear that?

Jules and Mickey TUMBLE out from behind a COUCH!

MICKEY

(wide-eyed)

Jesus Christ! I can't believe that worked!

He looks toward Jules, equally surprised. He leans in and gives her a quick kiss.

He runs over to the kitchen table and grabs GEORGE'S KEYS.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(looking up to Jules)

Let's do this.

51 EXT. WOODS

51

George STOMPS along in a FRENZY.

Gloria trudges a few feet behind him, brushing aside dead branches and tripping over shrubs.

George mutters to himself.

GEORGE
(under his breath)
Where'd those... fucking junkies...
cowards... nobody *fucks with me*...

They press on.

The HIGHWAY comes into focus through the increasingly sparse woods.

GLORIA
Honey...

George keeps moving.

They reach the highway. George finally stops. Looks around frantically.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
George.

GEORGE
(short-circuiting)
They musta... Maybe head East...
couldn't have gotten far...

He's circling, scanning in every direction. Out of breath. Out of time.

He finally stops. Hangs his head. Then looks up to the sky, the sun hanging low.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
FUUUUUUCCCKK!

He looks to Gloria.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We've gotta go.

52 INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT

52

Mickey and Jules rush down the stairs. Sweetiepie is waiting, wide-eyed as always.

JULES
Okay okay quick quick quick.

Mickey runs over to Sweetiepie, brandishing the key. He jams it into the lock and undoes her shackles.

MICKEY
C'mon let's go!

Sweetiepie doesn't budge. She looks up at Mickey suspiciously.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?! Let's go!

She won't move.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(realizing)
Are you mad about what I said before? I was lying! It was a tactic! I was using a tactic!

She's not buying it.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Come on! I'm here now aren't I?
Doesn't that prove that I'm legit?!

Mickey looks to Jules, desperate.

JULES
I don't know what you said but it must have been bad. Apologize.

MICKEY
Wha-?! I-... fine.
(looking to Sweetiepie;
begrudgingly)
I am sorry about saying that you were on your own and I didn't care about you. I do care. You're with us.

Sweetiepie looks to Jules, back to Mickey. She nods.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Okay, Jesus! Let's get outta here!

Mickey, Jules, and Sweetiepie rush up the stairs.

53

INT. FOYER

53

The empty foyer. Quiet...

George BURSTS through the door, Gloria in tow.

GEORGE

(raving)

We're packin' light honey, get the car keys, empty the safe, I'll grab her and put her in the car, no frills.

GLORIA

We need clothing George! One bag, please!

GEORGE

We need to get the fuck out of here is what we need. Keys, *now!*

George hurries down into the basement. Gloria looks toward the living room.

54 INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

54

The three runaways burst into the garage. Mickey and Jules help Sweetiepie into the backseat.

They strap in. Good to go.

JULES

Come on, babe. Let's get the hell out of here.

MICKEY

Where's the fuckin' garage thingy -

Mickey looks around and finds the garage opener in the center console. He PRESSES the BUTTON.

BRRRRRRRRRR.

Damn, that's a loud garage...

55 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

55

Gloria scours the living room.

GLORIA

(under her breath)

Keys, keys, keys. Where in the hell are those keys...?

The SOUND of the GARAGE DOOR in the distance. She cranes her head toward it...

GEORGE (O.S.)
GLORIA!!! She's GONE!!!

Gloria looks down at the GUN sitting on the table...

56 INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

56

The slow-as-fuck garage door finally opens. Mickey is about to hit the gas when GLORIA RUNS OUT IN FRONT OF THE CAR!

She's got the GUN trained on him.

GLORIA
Get out of the car this instant!

Mickey looks over to Jules. He smiles at her.

MICKEY
Hold on tight babe.

He HITS THE GAS. The TIRES SCREECH and they LAUNCH out of the garage!

THREE GUNSHOTS RING OUT before the car HITS GLORIA!

They RUN OVER her BODY before coming to a stop.

57 I./E. CAR - CONTINUOUS

57

There are THREE BULLET HOLES in the windshield, corresponding with THREE BULLET HOLES in Mickey's CHEST. The old lady was a pretty good shot.

MICKEY
Ah, fuck, I'm dead, fuck...

JULES
Babe! NO!

Jules leans over and hugs him. He's starting to go white.

JULES (CONT'D)
Please! Mickey don't leave me,
please baby hang on, PLEASE!

He looks up at her. Nothing can help him now.

MICKEY
Babe... I love you... so much... I-

Mickey's last breath escapes. His eyes glaze over. He's gone.

Jules starts to sob.

JULES
Mickey... no...

She brings her lips close to his.

JULES (CONT'D)
... I'll always love you...

Before she can even regain her wits, GEORGE GRABS HER BY THE HAIR and PULLS her out of the driver's side WINDOW!

58 EXT. HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS 58

George THROWS her to the ground and gets on top of her.

GEORGE
You little bitch! You killed my
wife!

He grabs her head and twists it so that she can see Gloria's BODY stuffed under the tire. He's right, she's dead.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Now I'm gonna fuckin' rip your head
off!

George starts to STRANGLE Jules!

59 I./E. CAR - CONTINUOUS 59

From the backseat, Sweetiepie notices the GUN lying halfway down the driveway.

She looks over at George strangling Jules...

60 EXT. HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS 60

Jules face is beet-red. Her eyes start to fill with blood.

GEORGE
Goin' dark now, isn't it? I know
you ain't ready, but you're gonna
die. You know that?

CLICK.

George looks up to see Sweetiepie standing there, the gun trained on him. Where the hell'd she learn how to cock a gun?

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Sweetiepie... come on now. Put the
gun down.

She doesn't.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
These people tricked you, you know
that? Look what they did to your
mama!

She looks over at Gloria, doesn't particularly care.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Come on now. Let's just put it
down, then we can go inside and -

BANG!

A BULLET RIPS through George's LEFT EYE and EXPLODES out of
the back of his head, tossing a red splotch up against the
house.

He falls over, limp, with a surprised look on his face.

Jules slowly gets to her feet.

Her and Sweetiepie stare into one another's eyes.

SWEETIEPIE
I wanna go with you.

Well would you look at that. She talks, after all.

Jules nods.

Sweetiepie HOLDS OUT the GUN. Jules takes it, tucks it into
the back of her pants and HUGS her.

JULES
(through tears)
You're gonna be okay.

Jules picks up Sweetiepie onto her hip. She walks over to the
driver's side. Mickey looks at peace.

She gently places Sweetiepie down and leans over Mickey.

Her HAIR hangs down, framing their faces.

One last car wash.

JULES (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 I love you...

Her tears fall, landing on his cheeks. She leans in and KISSES him softly on the lips.

Jules stands back up. She turns to Sweetiepie and takes her by the hand.

They both take one last look at Mickey.

JULES (CONT'D)
 Let's go.

At the neck of the driveway, Jules turns back toward the house.

JULES (CONT'D)
 Say bye.

Sweetiepie waves.

The three dead bodies see them off.

61 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD

61

Somewhere nearby, Jules and Sweetiepie walk along the side of a highway. The sun sets behind them as Jules walks backward, holding out a thumb.

A PICKUP TRUCK stops and they get in.

DRIVER (O.S.)
 Howdy. Where you headed?

After a long while of consideration:

JULES (O.S.)
 Florida.

The CAMERA FLOATS into the sky, revealing the horizon.

Somewhere out there, they'll start their own adventure.

THE END