

**HIMBO**

Written by

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Inspired by real events.

PAN ACROSS the stone wall of a mine. Lit wondrously. It's sumptuous sparkles captivating us. Enveloping us. We hear the repetitive CLAP-CLAP-CLAP of hands coming together.

KEVIN (V.O.)  
In America, anything is possible.

We stop on one large gold nugget, sticking out from the wall.

FADE TO:

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Neon lights swirl this Arizona honkey tonk. Modest but classy. Perfect for suburbanites who want to escape mundane lives. White wine spritzers, Mai Tais, and Fireball shots.

KEVIN (V.O.)  
If you work long enough, and hard enough, you can have whatever you want. Sacrifice is key. But you gotta be able to visualize it.

We TRACK PAST soccer moms. STOP ON: ARGENTO PAPADAKIS (50s) the owner of this beef bar. Classically handsome underneath his sneer. Slick hair. Gold tooth. Bespoke pastel clothing. Shining Alligator penny loafers. Checks his Rolex. Stands.

KEVIN (V.O.)  
If you lose focus, you'll create a shitty picture. But if you stay clear, you'll get what you want.

Argento crosses the room and hops on stage. The women WHOOP, but he's not part of the show. Heads through the curtain.

KEVIN (V.O.)  
No matter what, you gotta protect yourself. Because the better your picture gets, the more people want to take what you got. They'll creep up on you, like an animal--

**INT. DRESSING ROOM - HOT DAWGS - NIGHT**

NEARLY NUDE GUYS smearing baby oil. They're well-built, enthusiastic. Fake tans and banana hammocks.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
--waiting to pounce.

ARGENTO  
Kevin! What the fuck?!

Argento fumes. A pair of rippling shoulders tense. Turn.

KEVIN  
--Oh--Hey, Argento--

We finally lay eyes on our gentle giant. Meet KEVIN (20s). "Beautiful but he doesn't know it." A NEON GREEN SPEEDO around his ankles. Naked. Vigorously working a penis pump. He's inflating his massive member for the lucky ladies.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
You ever made a vision board? I was telling Prosper it changed my life.

Across from Kevin sits PROSPER JONES (30s), a bald, buff stripper who's done for the night. Here for conversation.

PROSPER  
When I close my eyes, I can see a new convertible-wind blowing through my hair. Can you see it?

Argento most-definitely cannot.

ARGENTO  
Hey fuckwads, I'm having my own vision. You're out there making us stacks of money. Money that buys anything you want. Ya follow?

Prosper snaps forward. Kevin's smile disappears. They nod.

KEVIN  
Yes, boss.

Kevin POPS off the penis pump and pulls up his neon undies.

PROSPER  
Knock em' dead, brother.

Argento hurries ahead of Kevin and disappears through the curtain. OFF SCREEN The women GROAN at him once more.

Kevin pauses. Adjusts his BULGE. Breathes. A RECORD SCRATCH. Kelly Rowland's "Motivation" plays....

ARGENTO (O.S.)  
---Ladies, please welcome to the stage, Kevin Kreammmmmmer---

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Kevin emerges to emphatic fanfare. He's an idiot, but when he dances, he's Stephen Hawking, only very mobile down low. He teases and manipulates the crowd. Just when you think he's done, he dry humps your thigh and it's back on.

Cash flows freely. They love him.

Argento claps and cheers with the women. Genuinely absorbed in the show until his phone buzzes. He grimaces at a text. Shoves the phone into his pocket. He'll deal with that later.

Right now, it's all about Kevin Kreamer.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. DRESSING ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATER**

Kevin is alone. He tries to scrub the glitter and baby oil off his muscles. After some lather and fruitless rinsing, he gives up. He throws on some sweats. Ties some boots.

Kevin pauses in front of the mirror. He flexes.

Then leans in to talk to himself.

KEVIN

You deserve everything coming.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATE NIGHT**

Kevin walks across the freshly mopped floor. There's a door marked OFFICE on the far side. He tries the knob. Locked. He looks around and jerks the knob. Still very locked. Oh well.

**EXT. HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATE NIGHT**

An exotic and bright building on the side of I-87. Trucks WHIR past and not much else. It's a foggy night. Crisp.

Gravel crackles under Kevin's boots. Prosper holds court with some of the other STRIPPERS. Leans on the side of his Civic.

Kevin gives them a wave and turns toward the road. A MASERATI QUATTROPORTE GT pulls next to Kevin. Brakes screech.

Argento lowers the window. Leans out toward Kevin.

KEVIN

You weren't in the office--

ARGENTO

I gotta run. My bitch wife got a flat and thinks I'm Triple-A.

Argento puts his hand out the window expectantly. Kevin immediately pulls out his wad of tips. Hands over half.

KEVIN

Want help with that tire?

Argento grins. Gold tooth shining. Opens the passenger door.

**I/E. ARGENTO'S MASERATI - MOVING**

Argento wipes the steamy window with his hand. Not helping.

KEVIN

Try putting the window down.

Kevin puts his window down. Argento follows. Fog subsides.

ARGENTO

You know about cars?

KEVIN

I was a mechanic in the Army.

ARGENTO

Thank you for your service and all that stuff. A real hero.

(Off Kevin's nod)

For the record, I don't like yelling at you. You've been here a few months, and you should know punctuality is one of the key factors in running any business. Women come to Hot Dawgs and pay to see Kevin Creamer at 12:15. You start coming on at 12:30 and they gotta shift babysitters and lie to their husbands about book club. It all unravels. And so do our paychecks. Don't you like money?

KEVIN

My mom said money makes you more of who you really are on the inside.

ARGENTO

That's how I know you're poor.

Kevin shifts in the leather seat. That barb hurt.

KEVIN

I'm building equity in myself.  
Manifesting. And I'm saving for a  
house. That's when my life begins.

Argento scoffs.

ARGENTO

It's a buyers market now. Gonna get  
fleeced when the worm turns.

Kevin sulks. Argento puts his hand on Kevin's knee. Flirty.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

Don't worry, the Scottsdale suburbs  
are a great place to wait and save.  
These rich housewives have more  
than enough to share. And no one in  
their lives is punctual. Show up to  
work on time. Or early. That's how  
you'll rake in the big bucks.

KEVIN

Prosper sells Herbalife and he said  
there's a good margin on that.

ARGENTO

Fuck Herbalife. You're already  
selling the most valuable commodity  
you got; yourself.

KEVIN

I'm not a whore. I just want to  
make people happy.

ARGENTO

Fine. Whatever you want to call it.  
Make these gals pay top dollar.  
(mean it)  
You're worth it.

Argento realizes his hand has been on Kevin's knee for a long  
time. Pulls it back. He and Kevin make awkward eye contact.

KEVIN

You really know a lot about women.

ARGENTO

Well, I am what I eat.

Argento turns the wheel of the car.

KEVIN

Is that how you got your wife?

Argento coughs loudly. The car swerves.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

--I only ask because I'm always trying to figure out what women want. Get in their minds and such.

ARGENTO

Look, eating pussy is simple. Marriage is complicated. Were your parents together forever?

KEVIN

Until my dad died.

ARGENTO

What happened to him?

KEVIN

One day, when I was at school, he went on a walk with my mother at the quarry. He fell off a cliff. She said he was talking one minute and the next he was gone. She was really upset. We had to move far away after that to live with her best friend, Doug. She told me to never talk about it ever again. I think it made her too sad.

ARGENTO

Don't take this the wrong way, but I think you should ask your mother if there's more to that story.

KEVIN

Can't. She's dead too.

ARGENTO

Quarry walk or natural causes?

KEVIN

Cancer.

Argento lets out a whistle.

ARGENTO

Boy, that's a shame. I'd like to have met a woman like that.

Kevin smiles, not sensing the sarcasm.

KEVIN

People liked her smile.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - EARLY MORNING**

Busy for sunrise. Cars and trucks WHIZ past.

Kevin CRANKS up a green PRIUS. Puts the donut in place. Argento uses Sandalwood lotion to moisturize his hands.

A few feet behind stands LISA (40s). A platinum blonde fashionista. Smokes a cigarillo. Her labels and body are real, no knock-offs. Determined to live the life she wants at all costs.

She watches the bohunk tighten the bolts. Yum.

ARGENTO

Where were you going?  
(off her silence)

HEY! Lisa! Where were you going?

Lisa snaps out of her trance.

LISA

Huh? Oh. We need groceries. I like shopping when the produce is fresh.  
(off Kevin)

Why'd you bring Superman? Don't you know how to change a tire?

Argento straightens his clothing defensively.

ARGENTO

This is a new outfit. I have meetings. Kevin, you met my wife?

Kevin wipes his hands on his pants. Rises.

KEVIN

Uh--No. I don't think so.

Kevin takes Lisa's daintily outstretched hand. Pauses.

LISA

The pleasure is mine.

Kevin grips the tire iron tight. He and Lisa make elongated eye contact.

She shifts from his gaze to Argento.

LISA (CONT'D)

(to Argento)  
I need cash.

Argento steps in front of Kevin to address his wife.



ARGENTO  
Swipe your card.

LISA  
My account says it's low.

Kevin rotates the tire iron with his wrist. Cars keep whizzing past. He takes a step toward Argento.

ARGENTO  
I put your allowance in last week.

LISA  
Do you want groceries or not?

Argento pushes cash into Lisa's palm. Abruptly turns to face Kevin, who's mere inches away from his face.

ARGENTO  
Backup, buttercup.

Just then several EIGHTEEN WHEELERS pass, honking.

Kevin snaps out of his daze. Steps away from Argento.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)  
You live close, right? I'm behind schedule and can't make stops.

The tire iron drops to Kevin's side. He nods.

Argento slams the door of his Maserati and speeds away.

KEVIN  
(to Lisa)  
Do you think I could get a ride?

LISA  
I've got places to be.

Lisa flicks the butt and gets in her car.

LISA (CONT'D)  
See you later, sugar.

Kevin waits until both cars are out of sight to move.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

Argento's Maserati speeds down a back road. Passes a few trucks, some tumbleweeds, and nothing else. He slams on the brakes. The car goes in reverse twenty feet. Pulls into--

**EXT. MITCHELL PROPERTY - DAY**

The mailbox says "THE MITCHELLS" in fading paint. The Maserati enters the driveway of decrepit Adobe bungalow.

A luxury SUV waiting. A man in a suit nails a SOLD sign deep. This is GERALD (60s). An OLD HOUND DOG lies in the sand.

Argento exits the Maserati. Waves. He carries a leather briefcase. Immediately steps into a mud puddle. Argento bites his lip. Furious at the mess.

There's a small dribble of water that crosses the driveway.

GERALD

Rained last night. Creek's full.

ARGENTO

I can see that. Nice dog.

GERALD

That's Rufus.

ARGENTO

Thought you might be a cat man.

Rufus picks his head up and stares at Argento.

GERALD

You treat a dog right and they're loyal for life. No matter how much you love a cat, the claws always come out eventually. We doing this?

ARGENTO

Gimme a pen.

Gerald pulls one from behind his ear. He points to a manila envelope on the hood of the SUV. Then keeps hammering.

The folder has a blue post-it on top with the numbers 38, 31, 33 scrawled across it.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

What are these numbers?

GERALD

GPS coordinates. In case you want visitors. There's no street address. This slice of desert only exists if you know where it is.

Argento opens the folder and signs where the yellow stickers tell him to. He's meticulously going one by one. Then stops.

GERALD (CONT'D)  
(off Argento's pause)  
There a problem?  
(losing patience)  
Don't tell me there's a problem, I  
drove in all the way from Phoenix--

Argento holds up his hands. Turns on the charm.

ARGENTO  
No--No. No problem. I'm happy. And  
I want to show my appreciation by  
giving you a bonus. Businessman to  
businessman. A sweet deal.

Gerald fans that off.

GERALD  
No deal is sweet enough to get me  
back here again. Bad memories.

Argento gives an empathetic nod. But persists.

ARGENTO  
Of course. Just wondering if you  
could wait to file the deed. I'm in  
the middle of a divorce, and I  
don't want to pay half to her on  
something I bought for myself.

GERALD  
You said you had the cash to close.

ARGENTO  
I do! And I can give you everything  
else I owe, plus a 20% bonus, all  
in cash, if you just wait to file  
one week. I'll drive to you.

Argento wiggles the suitcase. Gerald takes it and opens it.  
Looks at the bills on top. They're kind of shiny--

GERALD  
There's glitter on these bills.

Argento gives his best shrugs and smile.

ARGENTO  
My wife is crafty. In more ways  
than one. Surely you understand.

GERALD  
I've never been married.

Argento fakes a laugh. Pats Gerald's arm.

ARGENTO  
Don't make me more envious of you.

GERALD  
(all business)  
You have a week.

ARGENTO  
I bet I'll need even less.

They shake hands.

Rufus barks approval.

**EXT. ARIZONA'S OWN GARDEN CENTER - MORNING**

Kevin plods toward a large plot of land filled with cacti, trees, flowers, and other assorted potted plants. There's a chainlink fence around the whole place. A lock at the front.

This is a secluded, lower-middle class neighborhood. The next home is 100 yards up the street. A highway close behind them.

Kevin takes a hose and waters the plants on the way to his front door. He examines the outer fence. There's a bend in one area. He tries to bend the fence back by hand but cannot.

**INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY**

A front door that has a view of the backdoor. A one-bedroom place for a bachelor. Sparse decor. Army flag. A cereal bowl with smoldering cigarillos in it on the table. A hand on his shoulder. He turns.

It's Lisa. She SLAPS HIM.

Kevin falls backward. Shocked by the immediate violence.

LISA  
You know how long I had to wait by the side of the road for you both? I had the perfect spot to bury him.

KEVIN  
Violence isn't in my nature. I have to build up to it. And there were so many cars--I don't understand why we can't do it at home?

Lisa grabs her cigarillo and puffs.

LISA

I'm not a forensic genius and neither are you. Home is the first place they'd look. And I'm not going to jail for killing my husband, that's for sure. We just have to get him alone.

Kevin pushes past her and heads into the--

### **BEDROOM**

Lisa follow Kevin. Puts her cigarillo out on his wall.

KEVIN

You gotta be careful bending the fence. My boss will think I'm not doing my job. Someone will see you.

LISA

I didn't bend any fences. I parked on the service road and walked in. Our secret is safe.

Lisa sinks onto Kevin's water bed. Braces against the waves. Kevin changes. Lisa folds Kevin's clothing. Maternal. He's quickly only in his undies. Almost more comfortable that way.

LISA (CONT'D)

It was funny seeing you rotating my tires this morning. Déjà Vu.

Kevin stares at his vision board on the wall. Tracing his finger over catalog family photos of white collar people with golden retrievers and picket fences. The American Dream.

She runs her foot up his thigh. Crotch-ward bound.

LISA (CONT'D)

...Or did you forget that I saved you from that monkey wrench life, taught you how to dance, and tapped into your full potential?

Lisa applies pressure to his manhood. Kevin faces her.

KEVIN

I *always* knew how to dance.

Kevin mimes a few moves to prove himself right.

Lisa does not give a fuck.

LISA

As soon as Argento's gone we can use his money to go anywhere we want. Have anything we want.

(truly curious)

Don't you have big dreams?

KEVIN

I Googled some articles and I think you could get half if you just divorced the guy--

LISA

I deserve it all.

Lisa recalibrates. Calms herself.

LISA (CONT'D)

And I've told you not to Google. You think it's giving you answers but you always come to me with more questions. What good is that? Leave the thinking to me. You stick to what you're good at.

(off his blank face)

Come on, wiggle for me.

Kevin sighs. Lisa squeals with joy. He does a sexy shimmy toward her. She pulls him in closer with her legs. He immediately goes down on her. Her head tilts back in ecstasy.

#### **QUICK HITS:**

Kevin and Lisa have wild sex all over the room. No countertop is safe as they flail, laugh, and enjoy one another like an adult amusement park--each cumming at different times from different positions. Oddly romantic.

#### **INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LATER**

Both in bed. Covered by twisted sheets. Lisa smokes her cigarillo. Looks over to his vision board. Eyes stop of the goofy dog in the photos. She snorts.

Lisa ashes into a loose box on the floor by the bedside.

KEVIN

Don't do that--

LISA

--It's in the can.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

That's my savings account.

Kevin reaches over her grabs the box. Empties a revolver and a lot of loose bills onto the bed.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I need you to respect my things!

Lisa grabs the gun.

LISA

Helluva security system.

Lisa runs her hand over the barrel. It's an old six-shooter. A SMITH & WESSON MODEL 10. Police issue. Brown handle.

KEVIN

It's for mountain lions. Or teenagers. Can't have anything disturbing the plants. My landlord was very particular about that.

LISA

I've lived in the suburbs for a decade and I've never seen a lion.

KEVIN

(defensive)

Sometimes we get small game animals living in the plants. Prey!

Lisa playfully aims the gun. Kevin dodges the barrel.

LISA

What happens if they mess with the succulents? Will you hunt the lion down? Make that nasty cat pay?

Lisa point the gun at a photo frame. Then outside the window.

KEVIN

There's a difference in killing something to make the world safer, and killing something to make it more convenient for you.

LISA

That, baby, is an understatement.

Lisa casually places the gun on an end-table when--BANG!

The muzzle flash ignites the room. The sound deafens.

They check for a mortal wound. Find none.

KEVIN  
Are you alright?

LISA  
No holes aside from the ones the  
Lord gave me at birth.

Well, there's a gaping hole in the side of Kevin's house. He bends. You can see the whole side yard through it.

#### **KITCHEN**

Lisa, in designer bra and panties, takes a bag from under the sink. Fills it with groceries from the fridge. Kevin watches.

Lisa finishes. Rises. Then reaches out and cups his groin.

LISA  
Wish I could take this cock to go.

She's horny. He's sentimental.

KEVIN  
What's it going to take to get out  
of this town and start our lives?

LISA  
Killing Argento is our only option.

#### **EXT. MAIN STREET - TWIN ROCKS - DAY**

A wooden sign welcomes travelers to the wealthy small town of TWIN ROCKS, ARIZONA. There are two boulders in front of the sign. And the words "A Suburban Scottsdale Community."

Argento's Maserati cruises into town. An upper-class dreamland. Designer stores, bougie restaurants. Oozes class, style, and a life where you have to keep up with the Joneses.

#### **INT. WHOLE FOODS - DAY**

Argento uses a Tide stain stick to get the mud out of his pants. He puts a dozen Coke two-liters on the counter along with more Sandalwood lotion. Ignores the CHECKOUT ATTENDANT.

#### **INT. SUR LA TABLE - DAY**

A pricey restaurant supply shop. Argento approaches the counter with a stack of copper colanders. He makes a big to-do putting them on the counter. The CLERK rings it up.



**EXT. MAIN STREET - TWIN ROCKS - DAY**

Argento stashes his colanders and Cokes in his car. Walks down a few doors to a hopping diner. Mostly tourists.

There's a colorful Chopper parked outside. He admires it. Big handlebars and a sleek body. Argento touches the handlebars and imagines a different life. Then lets go and heads inside.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

Argento's head on a swivel. A petite woman in a straw cowboy hat and frilled shirt waves. She has a booth to herself. MELANIE MARKETTE (20s). Slipperier than the doorknobs at the Vaseline factory. Munches on a cinnamon roll. Sips a coffee.

MELANIE

Argento? Argento Pa-pa-dack-is?

ARGENTO

Papadakis. It's Greek. Who are you?

MELANIE

Have you never been here? I love this place. I'm Melanie Markette, Markette Private Investigators.

(off his face)

My Secretary told me your wife is cheating on you?

The TOURISTS from the booth next door shoot dirty looks.

Argento sits down, still wondering who he's across from.

ARGENTO

I was expecting your father--

MELANIE

Oh--He's dead. I took over the business. I'm in graphic design school at night but I'm doing this to pay for my outstanding loans.

(laughing too hard)

And I can assure you, they are outstanding--

(off his blank face)

--Sorry. I digress--don't worry, cheaters are my speciality. Now, if you were trying to prove insurance fraud or find your birth parents, I'd refer you to someone else.

ARGENTO

I don't know if she's cheating. I found condoms in her purse.

MELANIE

You and the lady keep it natural?

ARGENTO

We don't have sex.  
(off her face)  
I have a prenuptial agreement. But it requires tangible proof of misdoings. That means pictures. And I'd like them as soon as possible.

MELANIE

Got a Nikon that don't lie. The questions is, can you afford it?

Argento pulls out his wallet and empties it. He can.

ARGENTO

You know, your father had a reputation to go above and beyond.  
(pushing her buttons)  
I don't want to hire a schoolgirl.

Melanie WHIPS a hidden BUCK KNIFE from her frilled shirt and STABS the bills with it. Narrowly misses Argento's finger.

MELANIE

Don't worry, I like to get dirty.

**EXT. LISA AND ARGENTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Argento pulls his Maserati into a long driveway leading up to the home. A modern oasis in a desert enclave. He parks beside Lisa's crooked Prius. Kicks her spare tire in spite.

**INT. LISA AND ARGENTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

They have money and spend it on taxidermy animals and artsy furniture. Argento carries the folder of paperwork. Blue post-it on the cover. He steps over a bearskin rug on the floor.

LISA (O.S.)

Argento, that you or the maid?

ARGENTO

It's me. Uh...Just a sec--

Argento is frantic. Looks left, looks right. Heads into--

**OFFICE**

More taxidermy and a large oak desk covered in bills. Argento shoves the blue post-it into his pocket. Stands on a chair, rolls the manilla envelope, and stuffs it inside the mouth of a mounted whitetail deer. That's good enough.

**KITCHEN**

Marble and wood. Lisa unpacks her stolen groceries. Argento enters, nonchalant. He walks to an espresso machine in the corner. Begins to make himself a cup. Struggles.

LISA

How were your meetings?

Argento cannot figure this Italian machine out.

LISA (CONT'D)

Were they about any new investment properties?

ARGENTO

What? No. I was...talking to someone about... buying a motorcycle. Can you fix me a cup?

Lisa stares at him. Confused at the evasive behavior.

LISA

I'm doing something. And don't get a fucking motorcycle. You'll look like one of the Village People.

ARGENTO

It took you that long to grocery shop? Where did you go?

Whoops. They both are caught. Detonation is the only escape.

LISA

When you're the only one doing the chores, it can take a while!

ARGENTO

Don't start. I make the money, you find dumb ways to spend.

LISA

I thought that was our agreement?

ARGENTO

I can't even get a fucking coffee around here. What is this shit?

Argento pushes away the tiny espresso mug.

LISA

I'm not surprised. You don't even know how to change a car tire.

ARGENTO

I told you, I didn't want to get dirty. I was being professional! And you should be thanking me, I saw you creaming your jeans over the guy I brought. He's top talent.

LISA

I don't preen over the prized cattle you pimp out to the lonely.

Lisa makes herself an espresso without struggle.

ARGENTO

They pay for the roof over your head. And when I franchise Hot Dawgs you'll sing a different tune.

LISA

I saw you turn millions into hundreds of thousands. And I can't wait to see what the future holds. Your real estate company went under. Your luxury car dealership went under. Now all you own is a dick-twirling club along a highway full of horny truckers dying to see some big titties and a little bush!

Argento groans. Throws his hands in the air.

ARGENTO

Hot Dawgs is the only all-male review for a hundred miles, that's 100% of the market share!

(spitting mad)

You want to leave? Go. You need me, always have. But I don't need you.

Lisa drains her espresso and throws the mug at him.

It shatters on the wall.

They glare at one another.

**EXT. ARIZONA'S OWN GARDEN CENTER - DAY**

Kevin waves a truck into place in front of one of the cactus beds. It backs up slowly, BEEPING.

As soon as the truck stops, Kevin unravels the ramp.

TWO MEN get to work carefully loading the cacti into the back of the truck.

JOEL JENKINS (70s) walks around the outer fence. Trucker hat and overalls. Sees the large bend Kevin examined before.

Kevin watches him. Winces when he touches the bend.

Joel approaches Kevin.

JOEL

You seen any teenagers? I hate teenagers. I didn't talk to my kids from thirteen until twenty.

KEVIN

No teenagers here, but I did scare a pretty big bird off.

JOEL

I don't love the bend in the fence. You know the details are important to me. But the place looks good.

Kevin lets loose a calming breath.

KEVIN

When do we plant more?

Joel grinds his teeth. Braces himself for what's next.

JOEL

Wanted to talk to you about that. I got an offer for someone who wants to turn this land into a new neighborhood. McMansions and the like. It's my time to cash in.

(bad news coming)

You've been a good tenant. I like you, even if I'm a Marine and you're an Army man. We'll move the last of the plants this month. Then it's done. Plan accordingly.

KEVIN

What will you do?

JOEL

The wife and I want to sell our house. I have a sister in Fort Lauderdale and she seems happy.

KEVIN

...You're selling your house?

JOEL

After fifty years working and raising a family, I think I deserve some peace and quiet before Jesus takes me home.

KEVIN

How much are you asking? Reason being, I'm looking to buy a house. One so I can start to live the life you just described to me.

Joel fidgets. He hates discussing numbers.

JOEL

You know I don't live here, right? The house is in Cave Creek.

KEVIN

All the blogs say once you get a starter home you're set.

JOEL

Don't take this wrong, but I'm not sure you can afford it on what you make. I should know, I pay you.

KEVIN

I got side jobs. Ones that never interfere with my work here, I swear. And savings. I know a few people in real estate, and they tell me it's a bad time to sell.

JOEL

You're telling me.

KEVIN

Maybe there's an opportunity for us both. I could live in your house and fix it up. By the time I'm done, it'll be a seller's market. We could split the profits. You get the lion's share. Plus, you get to use the money you save to be at the beach, getting the rest you earned.

Joel scratches his chin.

JOEL

Where do you get your grand ideas?

KEVIN

Google. Anyone can have all the answers if they just take the time to look them up. It's all there.

JOEL

My kids Google and I hate it. Some arguments aren't won with facts.

KEVIN

...My girl hates it too. I want to show her a young couple like us has more than one way to get success.

JOEL

Didn't know there was a girl. She a Christian? It's important to have a woman who loves the Lord.

KEVIN

Yes, sir. Very Christian. And I want to make sure we get off to a solid start. They say money is the things couples fight about most. If we can't buy a house, I'd like to at least stay somewhere we can play house. Imagine a life. Your place got a white picket fence?

JOEL

It's got a brown one...  
But you could paint it.

Kevin leaps into Joel and hugs him. Joel laughs.

JOEL (CONT'D)

This isn't a promise. It's a conversation. Ongoing. Okay?

KEVIN

Okay? More than okay!

Kevin fist pumps.

**EXT. HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Neon sign FLICKS ON. Kevin crosses the road, whistling.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Kevin, Prosper, and a few other guys clean the room with Windex and Clorox. The place is spotless. Kevin practices some dance moves while cleaning. The other guys join in.

In a moment, they're in a dance circle, popping, locking, cheering, and swaying. Hot guys being hot guys.

KEVIN

It's showtime. Where's Argento?

PROSPER

In the office, doing the lineup.

Kevin pats Prosper on the back and heads to get Argento.

**INT. ARGENTO'S OFFICE - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Spartan. All business. Argento has his colanders stacked on his desk. There are dozens of them. He leans over a LARGE SAFE in the back corner. We can see STACKS OF CASH inside.

Kevin KNOCKS on the door.

As soon as he hears Kevin, he SLAMS it shut. Spins the dial.

KEVIN

I got here early. Punctual-like.

ARGENTO

Scottsdale's cooze thanks you.

Kevin's eyes drift past Argento, toward the safe.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

Can I do something for you?

KEVIN

I was wondering...Could I go first tonight? I'll pick a new song.

ARGENTO

You're a closer. You know that.

KEVIN

I could close too. See, there's this house--

ARGENTO

You can't afford a house.



KEVIN

Not here. But this place is in Cave Creek. They need people like me.

ARGENTO

Cave Creek? What the fuck are you going to do in Cave Creek?

KEVIN

...Whatever it takes for my life to really begin.

Kevin's got that eager-beaver face. Argento melts.

ARGENTO

Just pick a banger to open. You're not the only one with bills to pay.

Kevin fist pumps. Argento forces a grin.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - OVER THE NIGHT**

Vodka slops into a glass. Argento drinks. He carries the bottle with him, leaning on various walls of the club.

Katy Perry's 'ROAR' plays. Kevin does his thing, working these ladies. They touch him, fondle, and even kiss him.

Bouncers have to pull them off him as he owns the crowd.

Every sip of booze makes Argento yearn that he could stuff Kevin's speedo with all the cash in his pockets.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT**

Vodka slops into a glass. Lisa drinks. She carries her martini over to a DJ in the corner. She gyrates by herself.

Across the bar, Melanie sips tequila. Watches Lisa dance.

A MAN comes and dances behind Lisa. Melanie is encouraged until Lisa pushes him away. This dance is just for her.

Lisa and Kevin dance their respective asses off as two people watch them and hate how much fun they're having.

And boy, they're having fun.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM - HOT DAWGS - LATE NIGHT**

Stacks of cash snapped with rubber bands. Kevin and Prosper count them out. They made a mint tonight. Everyone is in a good mood. Except Argento. He leans, bottle in hand, leering.

PROSPER

I don't know what it was, but after you got them worked up I just felt like no matter how my body moved, they were moving with me.

KEVIN

That's because you used to visualize the money. That was my first mistake too. Instead, you gotta visualize making people happy. The money will follow.

(beat)

It's kinda tricky.

Prosper sweeps up his stack and walks over to Argento. Argento sloppily takes his cut from the bills.

PROSPER

Boss man, we're celebrating tonight. You coming out?

ARGENTO

I already started without you.

The guys whoop. Argento pours a little vodka in each guy's open mouth. By the time he gets to Kevin the bottle is gone.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

Guess Cave Creek stays thirsty.

All the guys laugh in Kevin's face. It's in good fun. But Kevin turns bright red as Argento dances.

**INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT**

Lisa and Melanie are the only ones left. Lisa waves at the bartender. He hands her the tab. She slides in a card.

Lisa looks to her left and sees Melanie.

Melanie raises her glass to Lisa in salute.

Lisa unwittingly approaches.

LISA

What are you drinking?

MELANIE

Tequila.

LISA

(slurring)

Never seen tequila make someone so quiet. I'm a whiskey girl. Whiskey makes me frisky.

MELANIE

I'm mostly here to watch other people have a good time. But seems like there were no good men here tonight. Unless I missed them?

Melanie leans toward Lisa, who smiles.

LISA

There hasn't been a good man in this bar in twenty years.

Melanie gestures to the huge ring on Lisa's finger.

MELANIE

That where you met him?

LISA

We met at a bar in Vegas. He was a nice guy. Good tipper back then. But turns out he doesn't drink out of the same glass as me. Still, I wanted an escape. That's expensive.

MELANIE

I often ask myself what I wouldn't do for money.

LISA

The crazy thing? Even when you have money, that list gets shorter.

(eyes Melanie)

But you don't look hard enough or mean enough to talk like that.

Melanie takes a deep swing of tequila and a bite of lime.

MELANIE

That's what the other girls in juvie used to say right before I broke their teeth.

LISA

(scoots close)

Do I know you? You ever dance?

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)  
(off Melanie's face)  
It's good money. You'd do well.

MELANIE  
Just kindred spirits I think.

Lisa finishes her drink and takes a sip of Melanie's tequila.

MELANIE (CONT'D)  
Are you still...entertaining?

LISA  
No. Now I have a real passion for  
fashion and decorating. I like  
aggression. Animal prints.  
(sucks her tongue)  
I put death on the walls and try to  
get him to talk about the children  
I tried to bring into this world  
for him. But he can sniff what's  
coming. You gotta make him feel  
safe before you strike.

MELANIE  
You like to outsmart people, huh?

LISA  
Men with money make easy targets.  
They think they can see the future.  
But they can't see past six inches.  
I'm talking the length of a dollar  
bill, not a dick, mind you. The key  
is to give them what you think they  
want, and behind their back, you  
take what you need. You follow?

MELANIE  
I follow.

The bartender approaches. Waves Lisa's credit card.

BARTENDER  
I hate to do this, but I ran it  
twice. You got another?

MELANIE  
(to the bartender)  
I'll tell you what, I'll cover her.

Lisa grabs Melanie's face and pulls her in for a deep kiss.

LISA  
You're sweet, but not for me.

**EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

A valet pulls up. Lisa struggles to get in her Prius. Pushes a helping hand aside. Melanie hops on a chopper and follows.

**INT. PRIUS - MOVING**

Lisa masturbates as she drives. Slurs along Katy Perry's "Roar" at the top of her lungs. Enjoying her night.

**EXT. SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT**

Lisa's Prius parks. She pops out. Follows a worn desert path. Melanie wheels her chopper forward. Hides it behind rocks.

**EXT. DESERT - NIGHT**

Lisa makes her way to the fence. She's too shaky to figure out the gate. She tries to climb. Her weight bends the fence.

She flops on the ground.

Melanie and her camera capture everything.

**EXT. ARIZONA'S OWN GARDEN CENTER - NIGHT**

Lisa wanders to the adobe home. She fumbles with the keys. Melanie crouches in some nearby bushes. Enjoys the show.

**INT. ARGENTO'S OFFICE - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Kevin counts money out onto the desk. Argento's still drinking. Takes Kevin's stack. Turns toward the safe.

ARGENTO

So you're gone, huh? New life.

KEVIN

Every dog gets his day.

Argento bends and slowly puts in the combination.

ARGENTO

No. You're more of a cat. Sly.  
People don't see you coming.

Kevin scans Argento's desk. It's a mess of bills and letters.

But right there, in the middle, is a blue post-it note on top of a folder. Three numbers on it: 38, 31, 33.

Kevin's eyes drift back to the safe. Sees the dials turn. The safe CLICKS open. And Kevin sees STACKS of CASH.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

I hope you get what you're after.

Argento loads Kevin's money inside and SLAMS the door. He turns and SNAGS the post-it off the desk. Pockets it. Then promptly falls onto the desk. Hammered.

Kevin helps him.

KEVIN

Maybe as a thank-you, I can drive you home? I'll walk from there.

Argento squints up at Kevin. His square head is highlighted by the overhead fluorescents. It makes him look angelic.

ARGENTO

Yeah. Drive me.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Kevin loads the Maserati with the colanders. Helps Argento into the passenger seat. Prosper and the others laugh.

Kevin runs to the driver's side. Opens up the door.

ARGENTO

Don't get glitter on my leather.

**INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Lisa dashes into the bathroom and vomits into the toilet.

**EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Melanie sits in the bushes. Takes a laptop out of her backpack and logs into her "Advanced Photoshop" class.

The sounds of puking reverberate in the night.

Melanie dons headphones. Looking at the house with disdain.

MELANIE

Jesus, I got a midterm tomorrow.

**I/E. ARGENTO'S MASERATI - MOVING**

Kevin wipes the steamy windshield. Argento cracks his window.

ARGENTO

Make a left up here, then it's  
straight for a while.

Kevin does as he's told. Argento stares at him.

KEVIN

What?

ARGENTO

...Cave Creek.

KEVIN

Have you ever been?

ARGENTO

Am I not good to you? Am I not  
fair? I think I'm a good boss.

KEVIN

It's time to start my life. I have  
a vision. I'm manifesting--

ARGENTO

No you don't and no you're not.  
(off Kevin's shock)  
You can cut up your magazines and  
read your self-help shit, and  
visualize what you want, but at the  
end of the day, you gotta take what  
life gives you. No way around it.

Argento gesticulates. A conductor for his own words.

KEVIN

You had a vision. Knew what you  
wanted. You have a house. Wife.  
Property. Career. The dream.

ARGENTO

No. I did not. There are only two  
ways to make it in America. You  
have a rich Daddy or you get really  
lucky. I had both. Nothing else  
matters. A great philosopher once  
said, "They call it the American  
dream because you have to be asleep  
to believe it."

Kevin goes back to driving. The fog is thick.

Argento wipes his side of the windshield.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)  
Make a right up here--

Argento pulls the steering wheel. The car swerves and they HIT a wooden mailbox. It SMASHES.

Welcome back to the Mitchell residence.

The Maserati cruises into the driveway.

Argento reaches into the back and pulls out some colanders and a few bottles of Coke.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)  
Let's go for a walk.

**EXT. MITCHELL PROPERTY - NIGHT**

The moon shines. An orange glow over desert. Argento and Kevin carry bags of their stuff past the dilapidated house.

KEVIN  
...Is anyone else out here?

ARGENTO  
Not a soul for miles--

**EXT. DESERT - NIGHT**

Kevin follows Argento down a rudimentary path. Fog shadows everything around them. Hard to tell where they are going.

ARGENTO  
When I met my wife, I was buying up houses and then selling them for double. We both liked money. I had a heap promised to me. But my father required I find a woman to settle down. So I did.

Argento sucks his tooth. Scoffs at himself.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)  
She and I wanted the same thing:  
Never to be poor again. We were  
both willing to do anything for it.

KEVIN  
I know what that's like.



ARGENTO

We moved here because real estate was hot. I could buy it up, but turns out I couldn't always sell it. Money got tight. Real tight.

(sucks his tooth)

Hot Dawgs only brings in so much. We were gonna lose our maid. The cars. Our mountain home.

KEVIN

Why are you telling me this?

ARGENTO

When I say I had nothing left, I mean it. I had nothing left.

Argento helps Kevin over a small creek. There's some dense foliage ahead. Argento bounds toward it.

Kevin stoops and picks up a big rock from the water. He sees that the stream is coming from the greenery...

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

I ran out of almost all my inheritance. My sham marriage was failing. I wanted to die. I came out to the woods to hang myself. But that's when I got lucky.

Argento pulls some of the brush back and reveals a cave.

#### **INT. CAVE - NIGHT**

Carved out of solid rock, this hobbit hole opens up into a large alcove with a waterfall. The water exits out the mouth of the cave.

Argento uses his lighter to ignite several lanterns inside.

Kevin stands in awe. Heavy rock by his waist.

KEVIN

Do wild animals live in here?

Argento lifts the lantern and shines it on cave wall.

Every wall glimmers.

ARGENTO

No. It's a goldmine.

Kevin looks around. There are colanders everywhere. All positioned so that water leaking from the wall or flowing from the cave has to pass through them.

Each one is maximizing its holding capacity.

Gold flakes shimmering.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

I crack the rocks. Collect the flakes. And then you clean them with Coke. It washes away the worthless minerals but it's hell on my hands. Gotta moisturize. A lot.

KEVIN

That's smart.

ARGENTO

(bashful)

I learned on Google. All of life's answers are at your finger tips.

KEVIN

That's how I learn too.

For a moment, Argento looks handsome in the low light. He's surrounded by gold, feels softer. Kinder.

Argento puts the lantern down and takes Kevin's massive hand. He's too drunk to notice Kevin dropping the huge river rock.

He presses a small gold nugget into Kevin's palm.

Kevin lifts it to his face. He can't believe it.

ARGENTO

You aren't a Cave Creek cowboy. You're like me. You're a prospector. You've been digging your whole life and struck gold.

Argento runs his hand up Kevin's muscular arm.

Kevin's attention drifts from nugget to Argento.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

We can have a house. A yard. One of those picket fences. A dog. I can give you anything you want. Just don't leave me for Cave Creek.

KEVIN

You want to be my rich Daddy?

ARGENTO

No. I want to be your luck.

Argento kisses Kevin. It's short and sweet.

The buff man gently holds Argento.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

It's beautiful, isn't it?

Kevin's head spins. He looks at all the gold on the walls. There's so much. A tear slides down his cheek.

KEVIN

It's the most gorgeous thing I've ever seen in my entire life.

Kevin grabs Argento and yanks him forward. Argento goes limp in his arms, allowing Kevin to dip him for a magical kiss.

They're tearing each others' clothes off almost immediately.

**QUICK HITS:**

Kevin and Argento have wild sex all over the cave. No surface is safe as they flail, laugh, and enjoy one another like an adult amusement park--each cumming at different times from different positions. Oddly romantic.

**LATER**

Argento sleeps on a bed of branches and tumbleweeds. His clothing is neatly piled next to him. Shoes adjacent. He's using the rock Kevin was going to kill him with as a pillow.

Kevin, post coital, sits next to him. He moves silently, reaches into Argento's pants, and takes the blue post-it.

Stops to look at himself in a nearby pool of still water.

KEVIN

(sotto)

You deserve everything coming.

Kevin stands and gets dressed. Argento yawns and rolls over.

ARGENTO

Morning sunshine. Sneaking out?

Kevin spins, white as a ghost. Then realizes and relaxes.

KEVIN

I have some work to do.

ARGENTO

You never have to work again.

KEVIN

Yeah. I know. But I gotta do this.  
Are you headed into town?

ARGENTO

Can you walk? I need to freshen up.

Argento points to his lips. Kevin leans in for a kiss.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

Tell me something, was any of this  
on your vision board?

KEVIN

Not in my wildest dreams.

ARGENTO

See, life is chaos.

**EXT. DESERT - EARLY MORNING**

Kevin traipses through the brush. Clutching a gold nugget in his hand. The early morning sunlight peaking through.

**EXT. ROAD - EARLY MORNING**

Kevin is unsure where to go. His phone is dead. He starts walking one direction, then goes back the other way. Still can't believe the nugget in his palm.

**EXT. ARIZONA'S OWN GARDEN CENTER - EARLY MORNING**

Kevin sees his front door is wide open.

KEVIN

--Shit--

His loud footsteps wake a hidden Melanie. She goes unnoticed by him, but his appearance is cause for her to celebrate.

**INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

Shit strewn all over the place. Interior a mess. Vomit on his Army flag. Dishes smashed on the floor. Kevin fumes.

**INT. BEDROOM - KEVIN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

Kevin enters to find Lisa passed out face down.

KEVIN

Wake up.

Lisa rolls over onto her back.

LISA

Morning, sunshine.

Kevin reaches for Lisa's purse and tosses it at her.

KEVIN

I thought about it and I don't want to do this anymore. Now, get out.

Lisa finally sits up. Rubs her eyes.

LISA

What are you talking about?

KEVIN

I just... deserve better.

LISA

Slow down and tell me exactly what you Googled last night.

KEVIN

I haven't been Googling. I'm just not a killer. I'm a lover. I'm supposed to make people happy.

Kevin strides toward Lisa. Confidence blooming.

LISA

Was it an Oprah podcast?

KEVIN

I don't believe in podcasts.

She backs away from him but hits a wall.

LISA

You think you're better off without me? What the fuck do you know how to do? Before me you were living the velcro shoe life.

(pokes him)

I introduced you to laces.

KEVIN

These are the same boots I had when I met you.

LISA

It's a fucking metaphor!

KEVIN

See, you confuse me. And when I'm confused I do things I don't want to do. I have a clear mind now--

Lisa stops him with an outstretched finger.

LISA

Did you meet someone? Where have you been? Let me see your dick.

Lisa rips at Kevin's pants and drops to her knees. She has his groin in a death grip. Squeezing for answers.

LISA (CONT'D)

Not so big when he's scared. Why does it smell like Sandalwood?

Kevin WHEEZES. In so much pain.

LISA (CONT'D)

What about my money?

KEVIN

In--my--pants--

Lisa digs in Kevin's pants. Fishes out the blue post-it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

--It's Argento's safe code--It's yours--Walk in and take it--

Lisa lets go of his penis.

LISA

How do I even know it's real? Is this some sort of guilt thing?

Kevin leans on the wall. Gasps for air.

KEVIN

Please. We haven't done anything we can't take back yet. I can't help you anymore. I just can't.

LISA

You're pussing out on me?

KEVIN

If you don't leave, I'm gonna lose my shot. And if I lose my shot, I'm gonna make you pay.

Danger flashes in Kevin's eyes. Lisa hears it. But it doesn't scare her.

She backs him down with her own vitriol.

LISA

Hey, fucker. You're big, and you talk tough, but I'm not afraid. When it comes down to it, you're just a scared little puppy.  
(off his hesitancy)  
You want me gone, big boy? Well, I want one last taste for the road. So wiggle, motherfucker. WIGGLE.

Kevin grimaces. Rock, meet hard place. He shoves his pants to the floor. Furious. Lisa sits back. Grins. She wins.

Kevin begins his sultry dance, but this time his moves are less fluid, more jagged. Angry thrusts.

LISA (CONT'D)

Ooooooh, Momma likey--

**EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

Melanie pushes her Nikon lens through the immense bullet hole and takes pictures of the two of them angry-fucking.

**EXT. DESERT - MORNING**

Melanie walks over to the fence and easily vaults it. She's on her phone. Manipulating her voice to sound Southern.

MELANIE

This is Ms. Markette's Secretary, can you hold for Ms. Markette--  
(regular voice)  
Argento--honey--it's Melanie. You owe me some cold, hard, cash.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. SWANKY ANTIQUE STORE - DAY**

CLOSE ON: A golden nugget examined under a magnifying glass. It's lowered. An acid test is performed. The nugget is rubbed on a piece of black paper, leaving a gold shine behind.

Argento sits in a beautiful handcrafted wood chair. Watches the ERUDITE OWNER work with the nugget. On the phone.

ARGENTO  
Send me the pics.

MELANIE  
Need the payment. Money is the one thing I never fuck with, Papadakis.

ARGENTO  
Fine. Then just text me the address...I'll pay extra.

The message pops up fast. Argento pockets his phone. Turns to the approaching OWNER, who hands him a check for \$25,000.

**INT. MASERATI - MOVING**

Argento presses the gas to the floor. A psychotic laugh.

**EXT. ARIZONA'S OWN GARDEN CENTER - DAY**

Kevin directs WORKERS packing more cacti. He also uses a hose to spray down plants before they load them.

Lisa sits on his stoop, trying to put on her knee-high boots. They both hear the screaming Maserati engine seconds before the car screeches across the road and swerves into the drive.

Argento is out in a flash.

Kevin cowers behind a large Saguaro cactus. Hidden.

Lisa stands up to take her medicine. Confrontational.

ARGENTO  
You stupid bitch.

Lisa swings one of her loose boots at Argento.

LISA  
Stay back, you falafel fuck.

Lisa is terrified at Argento's big smile.



ARGENTO  
Where is he? Who is he?

LISA  
Why do you care?

ARGENTO  
I want to kiss him on the mouth.  
(off her face)  
Whoever it is, he freed me. It's  
over. I'll have my lawyer send the  
papers. We're done. Divorced, baby.

This all clicks in Lisa's brain.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)  
You sucked a dick to pay the most  
expensive bar tab of your life.

Argento does a little dance.

LISA  
If anyone is in violation of our  
agreement, it's you. My debit card  
got declined. I have an allowance--

ARGENTO  
Talk to a lawyer. Thought you could  
make a fool out of me? Now you're  
right back where I found you. Just  
a Jersey whore in a lonely bar,  
hoping her next dance saves her.  
Well, no one wants to see you take  
your top off anymore.

Lisa readjusts herself. Boiling.

LISA  
Argento, if I were you, I'd be  
asking myself why it makes me feel  
so good hurting others? Cause what  
you put out into the world, you're  
about to get back tenfold.  
(whistles)  
Oh lover, come out, come out,  
wherever you are...

Kevin pokes his head out.

LISA (CONT'D)  
You know Kevin Kreamer, right?  
Well, Kevin Cassidy. I renamed him.

ARGENTO  
...No...he's mine.

LISA  
Nah. He's *mine*.

Argento's soul leaves his body. He screeches and Lisa grins.

ARGENTO  
Kevin, what the fuck are you doing?

KEVIN  
I'm packing cactuses.

LISA  
(calling out)  
He was just packing my pussy, too.

Lisa snort laughs. Loving every minute of this situation.

Argento walks to Kevin, closer and closer.

ARGENTO  
...Did you fuck my wife?

KEVIN  
I did this time. But usually it's just me going down on her, on account of all the numbing lotion you make us put on our penises.

Argento glances back at Lisa.

LISA  
He told me all your secrets!

Of course, Argento thinks she's talking about the *gold* when she just has a *post-it note*. Hang on, it's gonna get crazier.

ARGENTO  
(to Kevin)  
--You--you fucking--jezebel--

Argento WHIMPERS, SNARLS, and then tries to SLUG Kevin.

Kevin instinctively turns.

Argento bounces off Kevin's chest and flies--

--straight into the cacti.

Argento screams. Needles cover his face and body.

He slips on a hose. Falls into a puddle.

Now sopping and muddy too.

Lisa laughs uproariously. Actually slapping her knees.

Kevin hoists Argento off the broken plants.

Argento pulls a PRICKER out of his cheek. Wails.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)  
...I'll kill you. Both of you. If I  
see you again, you're dead!

Argento storms toward his car.

Lisa continues her cackle as he speeds away.

LISA  
Oh my God, I can't breathe--

Kevin bends and carefully places the loose potted plants back where they belong, then rises. He stands akimbo.

As he turns, his face gets even more sullen.

Joel is standing there, aghast, his arm around his WIFE.

She's carrying a pie.

JOEL  
What in the Sam Hill is going on?

Joel's head swivels back and forth. Takes it all in.

LISA  
Jesus fucking Christ, did you bring  
a goddamn pie? Is it apple?  
(quick beat)  
Introduce me, Kevin. I'm hungry.

Joel stutters. Covers his wife's eyes.

Kevin hangs his head in shame. No words left.

#### **INT. GUCCI STORE - DAY**

Argento uses the sunglasses display mirror to aid in his plucking of the cactus quills.

He grunts as ONLOOKERS pass.

Drops the bloody stingers onto a jewelry tray.

**LATER**

Argento places a new set of clothing onto the counter. Fishes out his wallet. He pulls out some bills. And the wet check.

**INT. SHIRTS AND PANTS DRY CLEANER - DAY**

Argento, bandaged and in his new attire, sits in the corner. Next to him, sits Melanie. They're alone. A fierce look on Argento's face. He flips through photos from Melanie.

MELANIE

This is why I tell people to go for a walk. To calm down. Cause inevitably everyone winds up doing something stupid.

Argento gazes at the newly developed pictures of Kevin and Lisa mid-coitus. Both staggering and stimulating.

ARGENTO

Do you know how I knew your father?

MELANIE

I'm sure you're going to tell me.

ARGENTO

My father was in commercial real estate. Owned half of Phoenix. Your father was a cop who didn't have any problem breaking the knees of any of these union leaders holding the work up. He liked money too. They bonded over that. Now they're both dead and it's just us.

MELANIE

Thanks for the history lesson. But how does this apply to me?

ARGENTO

I wonder if you have the stomach for the next step. Like he did.

Melanie checks over her shoulder. No one listening.

MELANIE

Look, I've heard it all before. I've dealt with angry spouses--

There's a SNAP - the ELDERLY PROPRIETOR waves at Argento.

He leaves Melanie mid sentence. Retrieves a long plastic bag.

His newly dry \$25,000 check is inside.

ARGENTO

Not anger. Necessity. Make them disappear. But bring photo proof.

Melanie reaches into her purse and removes some strawberry hand lotion. Begins to apply it.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

You get twenty-five thousand today. I'll pay the other seventy five in cash when it's finished. Deal?

MELANIE

Leave town for a night. Be seen.  
Really seen. Then come back in the morning and have my money waiting.

Argento reaches his hand out.

Melanie gives him a lotion squirt. He rubs it in.

They nod to one another.

**EXT. ARIZONA'S OWN GARDEN CENTER - DAY**

The last of the plants gone. The yard looks naked. Joel and Kevin stand by the gate. The end of an era.

JOEL

I didn't like what I saw here today. And I can tell you my wife is having second thoughts. Do you even want the life you told me about? The family? The fence?

Joel grabs Kevin's shoulder and shakes him.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Gimme the truth, son. Please.

KEVIN

In the last 24 hours, I've sucked the cock and eaten the pussy of the two richest people I know, and the only things I got were a sore throat and a stomach ache.

(faces Joel, stares)

Rich people always want to give everyone unsolicited advice, so tell me, when can I stop giving everything I have and start living?

JOEL  
...You're unwell.

Joel backs away from Kevin. Hands in the air. Done with him.

JOEL (CONT'D)  
Be gone by tomorrow. GONE.

**INT. BEDROOM - LISA AND ARGENTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Argento sloppily packs a suitcase. He flings open his underwear drawer and tosses some whitey tighties out.

Their removal reveals a hidden flier for HOT DAWGS. A mostly naked Kevin on the front cover.

Argento crumples it.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY**

Melanie peruses the aisles. She has a box of surgical gloves under her arm. She grabs some blonde hair dye. Then stops in the toy aisle. Picks up a toy megaphone. Plays with it.

Heads to the front where she buys cigarillos too.

**INT. HOME OFFICE - LISA AND ARGENTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Argento sits in a chair and masturbates to the wrinkled flier. He finishes. Then begins to weep uncontrollably.

Throws the ad and some spent tissues into the trash.

**INT. BATHROOM - KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Kevin washes off the day's work. Holds his golden nugget to the light. Watches it sparkle. Pounds his fist on the wall.

**INT. KITCHEN - KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Lisa uses a plastic spoon to shovel pie into her mouth between cigarillo pulls. Then looks at the spoon in disgust.

**INT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON**

Melanie takes off a towel and lets her new hair fall to her shoulders. We see she's dressed completely in black. On her laptop screen? Some gruesome crime scene photos...

**EXT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON**

The sun setting. Melanie packs her chopper, including the toy megaphone and a large buck knife. Revs the engine.

**INT. MASERATI - NIGHT**

Argento drives. A glowing Las Vegas getting closer.

**EXT. SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT**

Melanie hides her chopper next to Lisa's car. But leaves her motorcycle helmet on. She carries the huge, shiny BUCK KNIFE.

**EXT. ARIZONA'S OWN GARDEN CENTER - NIGHT**

Kevin rakes leaves and branches. Melanie lurks behind some rocks. While Kevin's back is turned, she scurries inside.

**INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Melanie stops dead. In front of her is Lisa, sitting in the bedroom...eyes closed. Snoring. She approaches, knife drawn, then hears FOOTSTEPS. Melanie slides into--

**BATHROOM**

Melanie quietly gets into the shower. Hides. Waits.

INTERCUT WITH:

**BEDROOM**

Kevin packs up. Lisa is sedentary on the bed. The half-eaten pie next to her. Kevin carefully folds his Army flag.

LISA

This hangover is worth it just to see his stupid fucking face.

KEVIN

For who? I got no future.

LISA

Welcome to my world. I told you we should have killed him. At least I have my consolation prize.

Lisa waves the post-it in Kevin's face.

KEVIN

Why are you still here?

Kevin places the last of his things into a box. Grabs the gun. Places it on top of the cardboard box in full view.

LISA

Can't go home. And I can't go to the club until I know he's not there either. I've never seen him that mad. Possessed. He might actually kill me.

KEVIN

Just leave me out of it.

Kevin fingers the golden nugget in his pocket.

LISA

You sure? Could use a partner in crime on this one. I know you're not a killer but we both know all we have left is in that safe.

(eyes Kevin)

70-30. That's me being generous.

KEVIN

I don't need your money.

LISA

Ahh yes, that takes me back to how you were trying to kick me out this morning. What are you up to?

Lisa sits up. Eyes Kevin. His hands in his pockets.

KEVIN

I'm not up to anything. I had my whole life planned and now? Poof... You know why they call it the "American Dream"? Because you have to be asleep to believe it.

Kevin is proud he remembered that bit until:

LISA

What the fuck? Are you repeating a George Carlin line to me? Do you even know what it means?

Lisa stands up. Walks toward Kevin. He never takes his hands out of his pocket. She's backing him down.



LISA (CONT'D)  
Landlords, bosses...husbands--  
What's the most decent thing they  
do? Give you this shithole to live  
in? Pay like shit in exchange of  
services? Berate you and force you  
to conform to his ideals for help?

KEVIN  
What do you want from me?

LISA  
I want to know what's in your  
motherfucking pocket!

Lisa grabs at Kevin's arms. He should be able to manhandle her. He's 240lbs of pure muscle. But she bullies him.

She starts punching and kicking Kevin.

He takes it, then cowers.

Hands come out to block her all-out assault--

--and she knocks the gold nugget from his palm.

It hits the ground with a thud they both hear.

Lisa gazes across the floor at the SHINING NUGGET.

She scampers over to the nugget and lifts it into the light.

LISA (CONT'D)  
What kind of fuckery led you to get  
a goddamned gold nugget?

Kevin settles onto the waterbed. Sighs. Truth time.

KEVIN  
Argento has a secret gold mine.

Melanie's ears perk up at this. She sheaths the knife.

Presses her ear to the door to listen to everything.

LISA  
I'm really gonna kill that son of a  
bitch now.  
(sits close)  
Where the hell is it?

KEVIN  
Thing is, I wasn't paying much  
attention getting there.  
(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
And getting home, the desert looks  
like it does everywhere else.

Kevin lies backward on the bed. Lisa lies next to him.

LISA  
There's not much under that  
glorious head of hair, huh?

KEVIN  
(defensive)  
I'm destined for things. Big  
things. My luck is turning--

The bathroom door slowly opens.

Melanie steps out. Knife in hand.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
I can feel it. I see what's coming.

They don't see her. But she sees the gun on top of the  
cardboard box.

You can almost see her smile through the helmet.

She lifts the gun and aims it.

FADE TO BLACK.

**SFX:** TWO GUN SHOTS echo over their SCREAMS.

FADE IN:

**INT. GOLDEN NUGGET - LATE NIGHT**

From blackness to an array of colored lights that is Las Vegas. Argento wanders the Casino floor. Pulls slots. No luck. Moves to the next one. He looks around.

A DISHELVED COMPULSIVE GAMBLER with a massive lion tattoo and a dirty, sleeveless tee pulls a slot in Argento's row.

Argento looks him up and down. Okay. Cracks his knuckles.

ARGENTO  
(clears his throat)  
Hey. That was my machine.

Argento SLUGS the Gambler. The punch bounces off his chin. The Gambler winds up and BELTS Argento. His gold tooth flies out of his mouth and he's down for the count. They tussle.

**INT. CAMERA ROOM - POLICE STATION - LATE NIGHT**

Argento has his mug shot taken. Gold tooth missing.

**INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - EARLY MORNING**

Students mill about. Melanie blocks the tray as images of a SLAIN KEVIN AND LISA PRINT IN FULL COLOR.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - EARLY MORNING**

The door opens and a COP motions. Argento stands.

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Argento signs a piece of paper. He's handed his personal effects. Turns to see Prosper eagerly waiting for him.

PROSPER  
You're missing a tooth.

ARGENTO  
I know.

Argento pushes past Prosper and exits the police station.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Argento walks toward Prosper's civic.

PROSPER  
Need a ride?

ARGENTO  
No. Did you get what I asked for?

Prosper opens the trunk and hands Argento a black duffle. Argento takes a stack of bills out of his wallet.

**INT. MASERATI - MOVING**

Las Vegas disappears behind Argento. He picks up a call.

MELANIE (OVER PHONE)  
It's done.

**INT. NORDSTROMS - MORNING**

Melanie pokes through some racks for clothes. On her phone is an image of Lisa. She's trying to find her exact outfit.

ARGENTO (OVER PHONE)  
Come to the club. Late.

**INT. MASERATI - MOVING**

Argento shakes. Clears his throat. Car speeding up. He dials his phone again. Holds it to his ear. Voice shaking.

ARGENTO  
Gerald, it's Argento. Let's deal.

Argento presses the gas pedal enthusiastically.

**EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY**

The now blonde, posh Melanie walks a line. Stops in front of a green Prius. Slaps it on the hood and turns to a Salesman.

MELANIE  
Do you take trade-ins?

**I/E. PRIUS - MOVING**

Melanie pulls out of the car lot. She checks herself out in the mirror. Her Lisa transformation is almost complete.

She pulls out a large lipstick tube. Applies in the mirror.

MELANIE  
Kindred sprits.

**INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY**

A SECRETARY brings Argento an espresso. He smirks at the tiny cup. Gerald sits across from him. Looking over the paperwork.

A hound dog puppy lies on a bed in the corner, sound asleep.

GERALD  
You like espresso? First thing I  
bought when I passed the bar.  
(leans in)  
Made me forget Folgers.

ARGENTO

Fuck Folgers. I have a machine but  
I don't know how to use it.

Gerald leans back. Argento's tone is upsetting.

GERALD

You gotta learn. It keeps me going.

ARGENTO

No. I think I'll just get a girl to  
bring it to me. Like you.

Argento signs the last document.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

You get a new dog?

GERALD

That's Rufus the third. I learned  
some lessons with the other ones  
that I think will make this one the  
best yet. Maybe I sound crazy.

ARGENTO

No. On the contrary, I think we're  
more alike than I thought. I like  
hard work. I'm always looking for a  
new project to take on.

**EXT. MITCHELL PROPERTY - DAY**

Argento exits his car with his heavy black duffle.

**EXT. PATHWAY - DAY**

Argento follows the creek. He uses a branch to cover his  
tracks. Steps in a curly pile of animal shit.

Kicks it into the water.

He pays extra care around the cave, positioning rocks to hide  
the mouth and supporting it with more branches.

**INT. CAVE - DAY**

The duffle lies on the ground, open. Argento assembles a  
tripod. There's a shotgun that leans on the wall. Ominous.

ARGENTO

Today is a good day.

**EXT. PATHWAY - DAY**

Argento uses the branch to cover his tracks on the way out. He's very meticulous. The cave is virtually invisible.

**EXT. MITCHELL PROPERTY - DAY**

Argento stands next to the Maserati. Surveys his work. Nods.

**EXT. HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - DAY**

Argento exits his Maserati whistling and grinning.

**INT. HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATE AFTERNOON**

**QUICK HITS:** Argento sweeps and mops the floor. Sets up all the chairs. And turns all the neon lights on. Even cleans his office. Whistles the whole time.

Prosper and the other guys show up. They find him dusting behind the bar. Casually swaying to blasting R&B music as he does all the dirty work.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Argento is gracious as the ladies file inside. He pats the BOUNCER on the back and salutes the bartender.

All the workers trade glances. This is a different Argento.

ARGENTO

Good evening, bienvenue...

The patrons takes their seats.

Argento grabs the mic from behind the bar. Showtime.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. DRESSING ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Proser and the other guys get ready. Stop when they hear Argento's voice and lyrical rhyme. Who is this guy?

ARGENTO

Ladies and...goddesses--

(waits for the whoops)

--welcome to Hot Dawgs. We aim to shock with our spinning cock.

(MORE)

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

We aim to tantalize with our beefy thighs. We aim for your hearts, now it's time for the show to start.

Prosper high-fives the other guys. They hype him up. He heads to the curtain and bobs back and forth.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

Please put your hands together and warmly welcome to the stage, Prosper Poo-Non-Neeee.

Kelly Rowland's "Motivation" blasts as Prosper takes the stage. His moves are fine. Many people like them.

But it's no Kevin.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Argento puts an empty vodka bottle down onto his desk. Sips it straight from a glass with a few old limes floating.

KNOCK-KNOCK. It's Prosper. He waves his stack of money.

PROSPER

I'm the last one to cash out. You want me to lock up?

ARGENTO

Is everyone gone?

PROSPER

There's sexy blonde lady sitting at the bar. Want me to toss her?

Argento slowly rises and walks to the door. He looks past Prosper to the blonde seated at the bar.

ARGENTO

Lisa--

Melanie turns and gives a small wave. He relaxes.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

(to Prosper)

I got this one. You head home.

Prosper hands over his cash and exits.

Melanie approaches Argento.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)  
You almost gave me a heart attack.

MELANIE  
I needed a fresh look.

Argento waves her to a chair. She pulls her Nikon from her bag and puts it on the desk.

ARGENTO  
How did it go down?

MELANIE  
Violently.

Melanie reaches into her bag and produces three photographs. 1. Lisa and Kevin raising their hands. 2. Lisa and Kevin on the bed, bloody. 3. Two mounds of desert dirt in moonlight.

ARGENTO  
What about the house?

MELANIE  
The place is condemned.

Argento leans back. Impressed. He opens his desk drawer and removes a lighter. Burns the photos.

MELANIE (CONT'D)  
I take it you're pleased.

ARGENTO  
Very.

Argento drops the photos into the trash. They disintegrate. Melanie puts a Herschel backpack onto the desk.

MELANIE  
Fill'er up.

ARGENTO  
What's your deal?

Argento turns to the safe and drops to his knees. He spins the lock. It clicks open. He takes out stacks of cash.

MELANIE  
Not sure what you mean.

ARGENTO  
You did that quick. Decisive.



MELANIE

I've found the best outcomes are  
when decisions are made fast.

Melanie props her feet up on his desk. Digs in her purse.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Life's too short to be anything but  
spontaneous.

ARGENTO

What's your next bold move?

MELANIE

I was thinking of taking a nice  
vacation. Then maybe making an  
investment. Got any tips?

ARGENTO

Can't go wrong with property. At  
your age you should have a Roth.

MELANIE

How about gold?

Argento stops putting money in the bag. He runs his tongue  
where his gold tooth used to be.

Melanie is now wearing surgical gloves. Has the revolver  
pointed at Argento's chest.

ARGENTO

Which one of them talked?

MELANIE

Both. Where is it?

ARGENTO

If you don't know, I'd say I hold  
all the cards.

MELANIE

I think I'd rather have the gun.

Argento takes a moment to strategize.

ARGENTO

You're a kid. Whole life ahead.  
Think you can handle taking a life?  
Your old man couldn't.

(theorizes)

I bet the drink killed him.

(MORE)

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

And that's if you don't get caught and get sent to prison, where I promise you, it won't be fun.

MELANIE

What's your counter offer?

ARGENTO

(sucks his tooth)

Don't have one. We both know I'll never tell you where to find the gold. Now, you milked a lot of money from me already. There's more in this safe. So put the gun--

--BANG--BANG--two slugs miss Argento but hit the safe.

There's a brief moment of elation on his face until--

--they PANG off the steel and HIT him in the back. THUMP!

Melanie looks at the gun and shrugs. That'll do. Hops up.

MELANIE

I've never been a great shot. I'm a knife gal. You'd know that if you ever asked anything about me. You'd also know my Dad was old as hell when he died, and had a great life.

(giggly)

In fact, he might even be alive today if he could have afforded better doctors. But he spent all his money on lawyers and therapy for me to turn my life around.

(kicks his corpse)

Turns out...I have mental issues.

Melanie carefully places the gun on the desk. Drops a cigarillo next to it. Then she snags the backpack full of money. Roots in his pockets and finds Argento's cell phone.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

And FYI, nobody is gonna catch me.

Finally, she takes her BUCK KNIFE out and CUTS HIS RIGHT THUMB COMPLETELY OFF. Drops his arm with a THUD.

CREAK--We hear the front door to Hot Dawgs open.

A VOICE (O.S.)

Argento? Lisa? hello?

Melanie jerks up. Shit! She looks to her left then right.

Settles on the window.

Melanie jimmies open the window and scampers off...forgetting her Nikon on the desk.

DOLLY IN on the camera and its attached flash.

MATCH CUT TO:

TWO BRIGHT CAMERA FLASHES. TWO SHOTS RING OUT: BANG--BANG!

**SUPER: TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO...**

**INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

PULL BACK: Kevin and Lisa flail. They fall back onto the bed in defensive mode. Curling up and hiding behind the sheets.

MELANIE (VOICE MODULATED)

This is a warning: Leave town or face death. I'm watching you.

BANG--one last shot into the roof. She races out the house.

**INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

Kevin holds Lisa. She weeps. Both work to catch their breath.

KEVIN

Was that...Argento?

LISA

Thank Christ he was too pussy to shoot. I just about pissed myself.

KEVIN

You think he'll come back?

**QUICK HITS:**

-- Kevin throws his box in the back of Lisa's Prius.

-- Lisa peels out onto the highway. Kevin hangs on.

-- Kevin lays down cash at a Motel 6.

-- Lisa triple bolts them inside the room.

**INT. MOTEL - EARLY MORNING**

Kevin sits on the bed while Lisa paces. The gold nugget on the bureau. Kevin hasn't taken his eyes off it.

LISA

First he wants a divorce, then he wants me dead? Well, fuck him!

KEVIN

I mean, you wanted to kill him first--

Lisa HISSES at Kevin.

LISA

This motherfucker thinks he's got the goods on me? That he can cut me out of his little cash grab--

KEVIN

Some things are worth more than gold. Like being alive.

LISA

I don't think you've ever been really broke.

KEVIN

I've never been anything but broke.

LISA

Well, I've been rich. And I'm not fucking going back. Do you know the story of Victoria's Secret?

KEVIN

You told me you only wore La Perla because Victoria's Secret is for sex-starved suburban moms.

LISA

Victoria's Secret was founded by a guy who couldn't see the bigger picture. He sold his stake for like 500 grand. Now the company is worth hundreds of millions.

KEVIN

Because they sold to moms?

Kevin has his phone out. Reading about Victoria's Secret.

LISA

The guy who created Victoria's Secret put a gun in his mouth after he sold out because he couldn't deal with missing a chance at a fortune that lasts past this life.

He waves his phone at her.

KEVIN

It says he jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge.

LISA

Stop fucking Google-ing and listen. If we walk away now we might as well kill ourselves. This is our only chance at forever money.

KEVIN

No.

Kevin stands and walks toward the gold nugget.

Lisa gets in his way.

LISA

You think that's yours? Gonna hit me? Take it by force? I'll scream.

Kevin puts his hands in the air. Backs toward the door.

LISA (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

KEVIN

I'm getting the hell out of town. And you should leave while you still have the chance. I care about you and don't want you to get hurt. Argento has no love for you. You see him again and you're dead. You know that. Leave the state. Run.

LISA

Your stuff is in my car--

KEVIN

I've been poor. I know how to handle that. I've never been dead. That scares me more than anything. Have a nice life, Lisa. Stay safe.

Kevin exits. Lisa hot on his tail.

**EXT. MOTEL - EARLY MORNING**

Kevin walks down the highway, hands in his pockets. Lisa watches him go. Spits onto the gravel.

LISA  
Fuck you, Kevin Kreamer! Fuck you!

**EXT. ROAD - EARLY MORNING**

Kevin walks until the motel is out of sight. Stops. Looks around, then crosses the highway to the other side. Waits.

Sticks his thumb out. An EIGHTEEN-WHEELER stops, window down.

KEVIN  
Headed into town?

The driver kicks open the door. Kevin gets inside. A SMALL CAT climbs from the back of the truck into his lap. It purrs.

**I/E. EIGHTEEN WHEELER - MOVING**

Kevin ducks down in his seat. The trucker stares at him.

KEVIN  
Can she see me?

The trucker looks out his window. Shakes "no."

Kevin grins. Kisses the cat in his lap.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
I deserve everything coming.

**EXT. MOTEL - DAY**

Lisa has no idea that the eighteen-wheeler passing holds a smirking Kevin. She kicks gravel, flicks her cigarillo.

**INT. MOTEL - DAY**

Lisa grabs everything she can. Stops with the gold nugget. Squeezes it in her palm. Grits her teeth. Stares at it.

LISA  
One things for sure, I'm not dying  
in a motherfucking Motel 6.

**INT. PRIUS - MOVING**

Lisa jams the gas pedal. Heads back toward the town.

**EXT. LISA AND ARGENTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

The Prius screeches into the driveway. Lisa stomps toward the front door and yanks it open.

**INT. LISA AND ARGENTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Lisa is on a tear. She storms in, head on a swivel.

LISA  
Anybody home?! I'm coming in!

**INT. BEDROOM - LISA AND ARGENTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Kitchen knife on the bedside table. The place is tossed. Lisa is going through every drawer. She's finding nothing.

A MAID pokes her head in, chooses to ignore Lisa.

**INT. HOME OFFICE - LISA AND ARGENTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Lisa picks through all the paperwork on the desk. All the filing cabinets. Finding nothing. She spies some paperwork in the trash can. Dumps it onto the floor.

She begins to uncrumple the contents. Sees the crumpled ad with Kevin on it. Laughs until she finds the crusty tissue.

LISA  
Gross...

Frustrated, Lisa swipes her arm across the desk. Then flops onto it on her back. Staring at the ceiling.

Her eyes drift all over the room.

Come to rest on the deer head. Squints. Something up there...

Lisa grabs a chair. Stands on it.

Reaches into the deer and pulls the rolled up manilla envelope out of its mouth.

She unravels and looks the document: THE MITCHELL PROPERTY.

**INT. KITCHEN - LISA AND ARGENTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Lisa sits at the counter on her phone. Sips espresso.

LISA (OVER PHONE)  
(overly cheery)  
Why hello, this is...Natasha, I'm  
Argento's new assistant. Looking  
over paperwork for the Mitchell  
Property and I can't find an  
address--a blue post it--

She digs in her purse. Lifts the post-it. Drains her cup.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - TWIN ROCKS - DAY**

Kevin walks through the center of town. He sees Lisa's Prius driving and ducks behind a tree. Watches it park. Sneers.

KEVIN  
You should have taken my advice.

**INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY**

Lisa grabs a shovel, pick axe, and several buckets. The CLERK rings everything up. She looks at her purse. Only has gold.

LISA  
Shit.

**EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY**

Kevin stalks her as Lisa turn up the block into--

**INT. SWANKY ANTIQUE STORE - DAY**

Lisa struts right up to the counter of the establishment. She holds the nugget up in the air. The OWNER'S eyes pop out.

LISA  
How much can I get for this?

**INT. BANK - DAY**

Lisa walks up to the TELLER. Slides a check for over \$70,000.

LISA  
Can I get cash?



**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

Kevin closes in on Lisa. Cracks his knuckles. Face in a grimace. Violence in his mind. He gets closer. Closer.

But Lisa unwittingly evades him, entering--

**INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY**

Lisa waves a hundred-dollar bill.

LISA  
You got flashlights?

CUT TO:

**EXT. MAIN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON**

Lisa walks toward her car. Kevin speeds up, passing tourists. Getting closer. He's right behind her when--

Kevin is YANKED backward and out of sight.

Lisa turns but no one is there. She heads to her car.

**INT. DINER - LATE AFTERNOON**

A startled Kevin spins around to see... Prosper Jones.

PROSPER  
Kev-o. Hate to do this to you. I forgot my wallet, and they're threatening to call the fuzz.

Kevin looks from Prosper to an irate WAITRESS. He fishes in his pants and pulls a crumpled twenty. Pays the woman.

PROSPER (CONT'D)  
See, this is fortuitous because I was in a real pickle, but I did what you said. I closed my eyes and visualized a solution, and then you yourself just popped right up.

Kevin looks out the diner window. See's Lisa's Prius leave. He stomps his foot. Groans. Tourists back away.

PROSPER (CONT'D)  
You good, bro?

The Waitress opens the drawer and hands over the change.

KEVIN

Let me ask you something, Prosper.  
Are you happy with your life?

PROSPER

Hell yes. I got friends, a rocking  
body, and a blue-ribbon cock.

A SOCCER MOM winks at him as she passes by. Former patron.

KEVIN

But you could always have more--

PROSPER

Nah. Once you have more, you want  
more. It never ends. I like what I  
got. And if that runs out, I'll  
find a way to be happy with what's  
left. Even if it's a smaller dong.

(hand on Kevin's shoulder)

My mother named me Prosper not  
because she thought I'd be rich,  
but because she wanted to remind me  
true wealth is being happy with  
what the world gives you.

A few other WOMEN pass and make eyes at the men.

Prosper engages but Kevin ignores.

KEVIN

Your Mom is a dumbass.

PROSPER

Maybe, but she had a great life.

**EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON**

Kevin exits. Prosper behind.

PROSPER

You want a ride to work?

KEVIN

I'm taking some time off.

Prosper nods, knowingly.

PROSPER

That explains why Argento was so  
upset. He went on a bender. Must  
have taken the news hard. We all  
know you're his favorite.

A glimmer in Kevin's eyes...

KEVIN

Do me a favor, don't tell him you saw me. I want to apologize, but I don't want him to see it coming.

The two of them hug it out and part ways.

**EXT. MITCHELL PROPERTY - NIGHT**

Lisa's car pulls next to the rotting house. Her high heels are useless here. She has to go barefoot.

She wanders around the home a few times.

Nothing.

Spies the pathway.

**EXT. PATHWAY - NIGHT**

Lisa's flashlight passing back and forth. We see glimpses of dry leaves, sticks, a paw print, and puddles.

No cave and certainly no gold. She sits on a boulder a huff.

**INT. BATHROOM - GAS STATION - NIGHT**

A flickering overhead light. Kevin faces a mirror. Practices expressions and deliveries. Adjusting his stance and tone.

KEVIN

I want to say I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm very sorry, Argento.

(stuttering)

I'm--I'm here--I am here humbly before you. I love you. No.

(beat)

I want to be with you. No. I. Want to be. With you. I'm ready to earn my place next to you. Let me earn your love. I will earn you.

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Kevin exits the bathroom and takes a deep breath. Showtime.

**EXT. HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Kevin walks alone. The glimmering lights of Hot Dawgs ahead of him. There's a green Prius parked outside.

He hesitates. Gets behind a dumpster to wait. He doesn't have to be there long when--BANG-BANG--white POPS flicker.

Kevin is in shock. Waits a beat, then rushes toward the front door and swings it open--CREAK--

KEVIN  
Argento? Lisa? Hello?

CRASH--Kevin turns and sees a blonde woman fall out of the office window, run to the Prius, and peel out.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Kevin races to the office, entering the open door.

**INT. OFFICE - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Kevin's moving too fast to notice the pool of blood. He steps right into it, slips, and falls.

After regaining his balance, he stands. He's covered.

Kevin SCREAMS, understandably.

Then Kevin grabs the trashcan and barfs. He wipes his mouth. Glances at Argento's lifeless body on the floor.

KEVIN  
Argento, are you all right?

Kevin pushes his body with his foot.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me?

Nothing.

Kevin GASPS when he sees his gun on the desk.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
...How did my gun--

He picks it up, then immediately puts it down. He goes to wipe it with his sleeve, but covers the gun in blood.

Another SHRIEK from Kevin as he realizes the answers. He paces, slaps his own face. Grunts. Dry heaves. Losing it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
--Fuck you, Lisa--No--no--no--think--  
-think--think--

Kevin looks back down at Argento's body. He bends.  
Fishes through his coat and pulls out the Maserati keys.

**EXT. HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATE NIGHT**

Kevin drops Argento in the trunk. Locks it.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATE NIGHT**

Kevin looks down at his bloody footprints.

KEVIN  
That's not good.

CUT TO:

Kevin, now completely naked, uses a mop and clean the bloody prints. Somehow, he's still kind of hot doing it. Like how?

**INT. OFFICE - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATE NIGHT**

Kevin wipes up the blood. Goes over every last nook and cranny. Combing the room for spatter. Paper towel and bleach spray working overtime.

He finds the Nikon. It has some blood on it.

Instead of cleaning it, he shoves it into a trash bag.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATE NIGHT**

Kevin lathers and showers all the blood down the drain.

He steps out, towels off, and throws that towel in the trash.

Kevin roots through all the drawers there. Pulls out his neon undies. Slides them on. Snaps the elastic. Perfect.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATE NIGHT**

Kevin shuts off the lights. Tosses the gun in the trash bag.

**EXT. HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATE NIGHT**

Kevin locks the door behind him. Opens the trunk and tosses the trash bag on top of Argento. Then jumps in the Maserati.

The engine roars.

**I/E. MASERATI - MOVING**

Kevin pilots the car down the road. Grips the wheel tight.

KEVIN

You deserve everything coming.

Foot on the gas, forcing the car forward. Cacti snap, rocks scrape, and suddenly he's in the middle of some boulders.

**EXT. DESERT - EARLY MORNING**

Kevin digs a hole in the sand with the colander. It's slow going, but he's able to make progress. Now he has a nice body-sized tomb. The desert begins to awaken. Not much time.

Kevin stands. He's filthy, but still in his little neon bottoms. He struts over to the trunk and pops it.

He grabs the trash bag. Tosses it. Turns back.

Suddenly, Argento LUNGES out of the trunk at him.

Kevin careens backward. Falls with a thud.

Argento on top of Kevin. Hissing. Clawing his face. His body.

Argento rips Kevin's speedo.

It dangles off him.

KEVIN

--You're alive--you're alive--

ARGENTO

Son of a bitch!

Kevin casts Argento off of him. Then squats over him.

ARGENTO (CONT'D)

You were going to bury me alive?!

KEVIN

No--I swear--I love you, let's get this gold together. And take you to a hospital. We can do that first.

Argento spits up blood.

ARGENTO

I'm dying, you idiot.

KEVIN

No, you're good. You're fine. Lisa doesn't even know how to use a gun.

Kevin gently brushes Argento's combover backward.

ARGENTO

Lisa? Fuck Lisa.

KEVIN

Yeah, fuck her. I agree.

ARGENTO

I need a hospital. What happened to my thumb? I loved my thumb.

KEVIN

Oh God--I have no idea.

Argento lifts his hand. Stares at his wound in disbelief.

Kevin looks over at the Maserati, wedged in by rocks and bramble. There's no way to get to back to the road.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I think we're stuck here.

ARGENTO

Call an ambulance.

KEVIN

I can do that. I will do that. But first, in case it takes a while, maybe you could tell me where the goldmine is, I know we went but I'm too stupid to remember the address.

Argento grits his teeth. Spits blood.

ARGENTO

We both know you're not that stupid.

KEVIN

First, thank you for saying that.  
Second, come on, we don't want Lisa  
to get the gold. Right? So tell me  
where it is and we can stop her.

ARGENTO

No. I want you to get there first.

KEVIN

You're so sweet to me.

Kevin gently kisses Argento's forehead.

ARGENTO

There's--I have a GPS. On my desk.

KEVIN

Where? I didn't see anything.

ARGENTO

Kevin, I really liked you.

KEVIN

I liked you too. But if you're not  
going to talk--

Kevin begins to roll Argento toward the hole.

ARGENTO

Wait--stop!!! There's coordinates.  
On a post-it. You just Google them.  
Please, take me to my office, I can  
find them for you--then hospital--

KEVIN

I think I can handle that myself.

Kevin kicks Argento into the hole. Then kicks the trash bag  
and its contents in next to him.

The bag spills. The gun lands in Argento's lap.

He's dying but he has the energy to laugh.

ARGENTO

You dumbass. You fucking Himbo--

Kevin sees the gun. But it's too late.

Argento whips it up and pulls the trigger--

--CLICK--CLICK--



It's empty.

The gun goes limp in Argento's hand.

KEVIN

I'm smart. I am. I'll get my house,  
my life, my fence. I don't need  
you. I don't need anyone.

(leans in)

I deserve what's coming to me.

Kevin BASHES Argento across the face with the colander.

Then he keeps smashing downward until Argento is pulp.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I deserve what's coming to me!

A blood-spattered Kevin kicks Argento's body into the hole.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I DESERVE WHAT'S COMING TO ME! You  
hear that? I deserve it...

Kevin dumps dirt onto Argento's body, one colander at a time.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

...I deserve everything coming.

**EXT. PATHWAY - MORNING**

Lisa sits on the same rock we left her.

She's worn out. Flashlight in her lap. Breathing hard.

Suddenly, she stands. Lift that flashlight, and smashes it on  
her rock. Then proceeds to have a tantrum, kicking,  
screaming, and smashing until she's blue in the face.

The cave is mere feet away. But stays hidden.

**EXT. MITCHELL PROPERTY - MORNING**

Lisa stomps back to her car. Tosses everything in the trunk.

LISA

You want me dead? You're going to  
have to do it yourself.

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

Melanie has Argento's phone on the table. She uses his SEVERED THUMB to unlock the phone. Once done, she goes into Settings > Privacy > Location Services > Significant Locations. Zooms in on a green spot on the map. Bingo.

**QUICK HITS:**

Melanie puts Argento's thumb on a cookie sheet and puts it into the oven's BROILER. It cooks until it becomes ash.

Melanie zips a ton of cash into her backpack. Puts on some combat boots. Dons her cowboy hat. Eyes scan the apartment. She thinks she has everything and then her face drops. Shit.

**EXT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Melanie tucks her buck knife into the back of her pants. Pulls her long jacket on to hide it. Gets in her Prius.

**INT. PRIUS - MOVING**

Lisa badly sings to a pop song as she speeds up the road.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

A filthy Kevin spins Argento's keys in his hand. His green drawers hanging precariously off his toned rear.

Hot Dawgs in the foreground.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - DAY**

Kevin unlock the door and turns the lights on.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - DAY**

Kevin is back in the shower. His ripped undies in the trash.

**INT. OFFICE - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - DAY**

Kevin sits naked the desk. Searches the drawers. The top. There's no post-it there. He gets more and more frantic.

There's a KNOCK on the door. It's Prosper.

PROSPER  
Yo, long time no--you naked, bro?

Kevin looks down, then back to Prosper.

KEVIN  
My undies ripped.

Prosper nods like this happens all the time.

PROSPER  
Did Argento make the lineup?

KEVIN  
He's at the bank. I'll handle it.

PROSPER  
You're back? Sick. But just so you know, he's letting me close again.

KEVIN  
Yeah, that's fine.

Kevin scribbles the lineup down on Argento-monogrammed paper.

PROSPER  
You good?

KEVIN  
I'm good. Everything is great!

PROSPER  
Yes! Let's have some fun tonight.

Prosper puts his hands in the air. Leaves.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - LATE AFTERNOON**

Prosper pins the lineup on the office door. Then turns all the neon lights on outside and inside the club.

The other strippers put out chairs and get the place ready.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Patrons arrive for the night and file inside. Prosper greets the ladies. A BOUNCER scans their IDs to enter.

A green Prius pulls into the lot.

Moments later, another green Prius pulls into the lot.

Lisa out of the first. Melanie the second.

An annoyed Lisa skips the queue heads to the front. She pushes past Prosper and enters the bar.

Melanie spies her, blends into the back of the line.

MELANIE

What the fuck is going on?

**INT. HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Lisa marches toward the office. Barges inside.

Melanie trades her credit card for a drink at the bar. Keen to let this play out as she watches.

**INT. OFFICE - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Lisa's eye go wide when she sees a naked Kevin. Closes the door behind her. He's a deer in headlights.

LISA

Hey asshole! Why are you naked? And what the fuck are you doing here?

KEVIN

What the fuck are YOU doing here? You set me up!

LISA

The fuck I did!

They're having two different conversations.

LISA (CONT'D)

So what, it's you and him and the gold? Suck my cock.

KEVIN

No. He's gone, thanks to me!

LISA

Gone, gone?

KEVIN

You left me no choice!

LISA

Well, whatever. Thanks, I guess. I'm putting my cards on the table. Or my post-it, as it were.

Lisa pulls the blue post-it out.

KEVIN  
Goddamnit. I need that.

She yanks it away from him.

LISA  
Not so fast. I have the location,  
but I can't find this elusive mine.  
(planning)  
Can we put the past behind us?  
There's a lot of money to be made.  
(sits on the desk)  
Tonight, we go about our business.  
Make it all look on the up and up.  
When everyone leaves, we close up  
shop, and head there together. You  
can show me this mine. We can split  
it 50/50. Even Steven. Okay?

KEVIN  
How do I know I can trust you?

LISA  
You can't. And I can't trust you.  
That's why this works. Now, what  
would you be doing any other night?

KEVIN  
Dancing. But I ripped my tights and  
we aren't zoned for full-nude.

Lisa looks around the room. Hmm. She settles on the coatrack.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

The place is winding down. The BARTENDER announces this is Prosper's last song. Prosper works the main stage.

Kevin, with the winter hat on and with the scarf tied around his privates, passes through the crowd.

Eager women shove dollars bills into his rudimentary garb.

Kevin leans on the bar. A finger taps his shoulder.

It's Melanie. She's had a couple.

MELANIE  
Hey Frosty. Having a good night?

KEVIN  
I dunno, you tell me?

Kevin bats his eyes at her. She pretends it works.

MELANIE  
I think the guy who owns this place  
went to high school with my Dad.

KEVIN  
What a coincidence.

MELANIE  
Does he happen to be here, I want  
to say "hello."

KEVIN  
He was earlier, but he left me in  
charge.

MELANIE  
...You talked to him?

Kevin points to the line-up card on the wall.

KEVIN  
He posted the line-up and bounced.

MELANIE  
...How did he look?

KEVIN  
Did you want a dance or not?

Melanie licks her lips.

MELANIE  
Yes. I do. But...I...I'm a kinky  
gal. I was wondering if we could do  
it in his office?

KEVIN  
In your dad's friend's office?

MELANIE  
When you say it, I get so horny.

Melanie produces a few large bills. She waves them.

KEVIN  
Let me check...

Kevin walks to the office. Melanie blows him a kiss.

**INT. OFFICE - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Kevin pokes his head in. Lisa is in the chair.

LISA  
What?

KEVIN  
There's a bitch who wants me to  
give her a lap dance.

LISA  
So do it.

KEVIN  
In here.  
(off Lisa's face)  
She says she's got Dad issues.

Lisa gathers her stuff.

LISA  
Don't get cum on anything.

Lisa stands to leave. Kevin pushes the door open wide and  
Melanie steps into the room.

Lisa and Melanie's eyes meet.

LISA (CONT'D) MELANIE  
Tequila. Whiskey.

Lisa stops dead in her tracks.

LISA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

MELANIE  
Can't a girl watch some cock twirl?

Lisa looks from Melanie to Kevin. Glares.

LISA  
Have at it.

Lisa backs out of the room. Kevin shuts the door.

Melanie's eyes scan the room.

MELANIE  
It smells like bleach in here.

KEVIN

Hot Dawgs prides itself on being a  
very cleanly establishment.

Melanie sits on Argento's rolling chair. Leans back as Kevin begins to work his magic. She's gonna enjoy this.

MELANIE

Feel free to spin me around.

Kevin does. Melanie coos, touching him as he grinds.

But her attention remains looking for her lost Nikon.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Lisa walks through the throngs of women leaving for the night. Approaches the bartender.

LISA

That tiny broad got a tab?  
(off his nod)  
Gimme her card.

The bartender files through the cards he's taken. Scrolls past your mom and her friends. Stops on Melanie.

The card slides to Lisa.

Lisa takes her phone out and Googles "Melanie Markette."

The first ping? Markette Private Investigators. She clicks the link. The hero on the page read "We catch cheaters fast."

Lisa looks back at the office door.

LISA (CONT'D)

Mother. Fucker.

Lisa shoves the card back into the bouncer's chest. She walks over to the bar. Gets on the microphone.

LISA (CONT'D)

(over the P.A.)

Thanks for coming out tonight  
ladies, we have a bit of a gas  
leak, so I'm going to need  
everybody to head home. But say you  
were here tonight, and come back  
for free any time--

The women begin to file out faster.



Prosper runs out from behind the curtain.

PROSPER  
Are we in any danger?

LISA  
Yeah. Go home. Now.

There's a mass exit as people run for the doors.

PROSPER  
Don't forget your purses and your  
panties. We'll see you tomorrow!

**INT. OFFICE - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Kevin moves and sways. He and Melanie in their own world.

MELANIE  
So, you make good money doing this?  
Degradng yourself?

KEVIN  
I'm a businessman. My body is the  
most valuable product I have.

Melanie shoves cash into Kevin's scarf.

MELANIE  
Yeah, for now. Then some day you  
won't be so...beefy. I don't think  
there's a retirement plan in your  
line of work. And the guy who owns  
this place, I bet he takes a big  
cut every night, right?

KEVIN  
He owns the building. And I need  
the building. Arizona doesn't allow  
you to strip outside an officially  
licensed establishment.

MELANIE  
So he gets paid, but you put up all  
the collateral, the risk?

KEVIN  
It's the same as any other line of  
work, I just do my whoring above  
the table instead of under. And you  
never know, maybe I'll save enough  
to have my own place. And then  
they'll dance for me.

MELANIE  
Is that a metaphor?

KEVIN  
(proud of himself)  
I...I guess it is...

MELANIE  
Guess you're more than just moves.

Kevin uses his butt to rub Melanie's lap. Leans back.

KEVIN  
How about this move--You like that?

Melanie reaches behind her back and pulls the buck knife out. Holds it close to Kevin's throat. He stops his seduction.

MELANIE  
You know what I'd have liked better? If you stayed out of town.

Kevin gulps. The knife is so tight to his throat that his swallow draws a small trickle of blood.

MELANIE (CONT'D)  
Where's Argento?

KEVIN  
I said he left. I can call him.

MELANIE  
I have his phone.

KEVIN  
Do you have his thumb?

Melanie draws more of Kevin's blood. He shakes.

LISA (O.S.)  
Easy on the bohunk, honey.

They swivel in the chair. Lisa enters. She closes the door behind her. Circles them. Calculated.

KEVIN  
Why is she doing this to me?

LISA  
Where's Argento?

KEVIN  
Argento is dead.

LISA  
Argento is dead?

MELANIE  
I fucking shot him!

KEVIN  
Well, he was still alive. I  
finished him off. With a colander.

They're both confused by this but shake it off.

MELANIE  
(to Lisa)  
Take another step and I kill him.

LISA  
Go ahead.

KEVIN  
--That's not cool--

MELANIE  
If you don't need him why are you  
in here?

LISA  
To offer you a deal.

MELANIE  
I shot the last guy who did that.

LISA  
Okay, then I guess just smile for  
the camera.

Lisa pulls her phone out of her pocket and takes Melanie's picture. Then she does it again and again. Flash on.

MELANIE  
What the fuck are you doing?

LISA  
I'm sending you to prison for  
killing my husband.

MELANIE  
No one will lock me up ever again!

She pushes Kevin away and charges Lisa.

Kevin kicks the swivel chair at Melanie, thwarting her homicidal lunge.

Lisa swings her purse and connects with Melanie's face.

Melanie staggers backward, regains her footing.

She throws the knife at Lisa.

THUNK--it enters Lisa's shoulder and pins her to the wall.

Melanie only has a moment to celebrate before Kevin has his scarf off his loins and around her neck.

He pulls it tight. Lifts her into the air, using the coatrack as a fulcrum, and ties it to the door handle.

Melanie swings. Her petite body hanging.

LISA  
Help me pull this out.

KEVIN  
No.

A naked Kevin walks over to Lisa's purse and grabs the post-it note. Unplugs his charging phone. Takes Lisa's keys.

He lifts Argento's chair and THROWS IT THE WINDOW.

Kevin climbs out after it.

Lisa watches him leave. SCREAMS. She musters all her strength and WRENCHES the knife from the wall.

It falls with a CLANG.

He body rockets forward, knocking into the dangling Melanie.

The coatrack topples. She untethers her throat.

Melanie grabs the knife from the floor.

Lisa uses her one good arm to clock Melanie in the face.

Then Lisa turns and exits out the window.

Melanie pushes up from the floor and follows.

#### **EXT. HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

The parking lot is empty except for two green Priuses. It's late, and each has a layer of dew on its windshield.

Kevin runs to the first one he sees and tries the keys.

They don't work.

Lisa claws his face from behind.

Kevin falls to his knees.

Lisa gouges his eye. Then she rips the keys from his hand and walks to the other car.

SLICE!

The back of her leg rips open.

Melanie wields the knife.

CRACK! Kevin kicks Melanie in the back.

Melanie rockets into the car. Crumples onto the ground.

Kevin steps on Lisa's shoulder wound.

She drops the keys.

LISA

Please--Kevin--I thought we had something special. The sex was so fun. Wasn't it fun? You had fun--

Kevin picks them up and gets into the car.

KEVIN

Your husband was better than you.

LISA

(cocks her head)  
Huh?

**I/E. PRIUS - MOVING**

Kevin drives in reverse.

Lisa barely has time to scream as he BUMPS over her.

SQUISH. Lisa is dead.

Kevin puts the car in drive.

Melanie stands in front of him. Knife at the ready.

Kevin floors it. But the foggy window covers the fact that he's headed toward the other Prius.

Melanie rolls out of the way.

CRASH!

Kevin wrecks his Prius into its twin.

Airbags deploy.

A dazed Kevin sits there for a beat as Melanie approaches with her knife. She's limping bad.

Laughing loudly. Lost her mind.

MELANIE

(doing different voices)

Join the family business. Make some extra money. Help keep the lights on. Your father would be so proud.

Kevin's massive body is stuck in the car. He can't move.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I just wanted to be an artist.

Melanie grabs Kevin's face and stabs him in the side. Pushes the knife deep. But that forces her to get way too close.

Kevin BITES Melanie's wrist.

Blood spills and she yanks the knife out. Staggeres backward.

KEVIN

Wiggle, Kevin, wiggle.

Kevin wiggles back and forth. Pops his body from the front seat of the car. He falls out onto the gravel.

Melanie tries to run but Kevin snags her long coat.

She swings the knife at him and he catches her arm.

Kevin forces the blade backward, using Melanie's own hand to slit her throat.

Her body drops to the gravel.

It's suddenly very silent.

Kevin stumbles forward. Looks up.

Sees Prosper, leaning on his car. Watching the whole thing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(off the dead women)

Your mother might have been right.

Prosper just nods. Dumbfounded.

Kevin turns away from Prosper.

Finds his phone amongst the gravel.

...And the errant blue post-it note.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

A naked Kevin makes his nightly sojourn away from Hot Dawgs. Every step taken in pain. Blood pours from his side. Phone guiding his way. GPS coordinates typed into Google.

**EXT. MITCHELL PROPERTY - LATER**

Kevin wanders past the house to the trail. He can barely stand. His feet dragging. Breathing loud and labored.

**EXT. PATHWAY - LATE NIGHT**

Kevin limps forward. Gasps for breath. He stops. Leans on a boulder. A shadow passes over him. His eyes following a tail in his peripheral. A large animal perched on a low branch.

It's a MOUNTAIN LION. It hisses, baring its teeth.

Kevin musters everything he's got and sprints for the cave.

He makes it there in just a few strides! RIPS back the branches blocking his way--

--a glimpse of all the gold. It SHINES BRIGHT on him--

Then: KA-BOOOM!!!

A shotgun blast sends him to the ground.

Kevin touches all over his body. No wounds. He looks behind him. The mountain lion lies in the stream. Dead.

KEVIN

I'm okay...I'M OKAY!

Kevin hops back up. Adrenaline pumping.

He pulls the branches back and enters the cave.

Disappearing from our sight.

**INT. CAVE - NIGHT**

The cave has a mysterious glow. No darkness here.

Kevin sees a smoking shotgun rigged to a tripod.

Gleefully kicks it over.

And even though he's mortally wounded, Kevin dances.

KEVIN

...I deserve what's coming...

MUSIC UP: Kelly Rowland's "Motivation" plays...

Kevin moves in slow motion. Bathed in gold. He closes his eyes, lost in the beat. One with his body. It's beautiful.

FADE TO:

SFX: CLAP-CLAP-CLAP.

Reds, blues, greens, yellows, and reds. Colors swirl.

Is this real or all a dream? That's up to you to decide.

**EXT. HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

That wondrous neon luminance. Cars pull into the bumping club. We're ushered in the front doors by a grinning Prosper.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP--an eager audience awaits.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - HOT DAWGS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP. Everyone horny and drunk on life, as well as spritzers. A spotlight hits the stage. The music lowers.

Kevin runs through the crowd and jumps on stage. But he's not naked. He's in a three-piece Versace suit. Hair slicked. Shoes shining. Rolex watch. And he's holding a microphone.

The crowd erupts upon seeing him.

KEVIN

Hello, thanks for coming out to Hot Dawgs, Arizona's premiere male review. My name is Kevin Creamer, and I'm so happy to play a small part in seeing your every fantasy come true.

(MORE)



KEVIN (CONT'D)

As you well know, punctuality is our promise, so without further ado, put your hands together, direct your attention to the main stage, and give a warm welcome to the one...the only--

SMASH TO BLACK.

**THE END.**