

BREAK EVEN

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"You either walk inside your story and own it or
you stand outside your story and hustle for your
worthiness."

-Brene Brown

Precariously balanced atop a rocky outcrop, JACQUELINE VARICK, aka "Jaq", transforms from yoga pose to the next as the sea crashes at the cliffs below her.

As she reaches, bends, and extends, we take in how functionally athletic her figure is. Her eyes however seem a little lost and as if she's working harder to control her mind than she is her body.

Out on the water, an anchored sailboat bobs lightly as the tide heaves by and rears into tall waves that glisten in the scorching sunlight.

From within those waves, perched on a surfboard, races ROSE RAY aka "Rosie", a hispanic hardbody with the wind in her hair and her eyes on the prize.

She's a reckless rebel, a daredevil, heading too close to the rocks for comfort and cutting back later and later.

SEBASTIAN BECKETT, cautious of ripping his designer beachwear, crosses the sand loaded up with whatever firewood he can muster and dumps it into a pile.

He arranges it into a pyramid under the gaze of DANIEL SCHRADER aka "Dash", a modern day hippie, chilling by a foldout chair and umbrella while drinking a mocktail.

DASH

You know, if your plan is to ultimately burn something down, you should never show it too much love.

SEBASTIAN

I never built a real fire before.

DASH

You'll get it.

Dash watches Jaq up high moving into a perfect Lord of the Dance Pose and holding it.

He fancies his chances at imitating it. However, he barely gets his leg up before face-planting in the sand and managing to salvage his drink.

Rosie is now ripping up the sea and catching air, pushing harder and harder.

Sebastian snickers as Dash gets up to his feet and performs a bow for Jaq in the distance. She gives him both fingers.

SEBASTIAN

How much you had to drink?

DASH
I don't drink, my friend.

He raises his mocktail.

DASH (CONT'D)
To murky pasts!

They both watch Rosie getting closer and closer to point break. Sebastian winces.

SEBASTIAN
Should she be getting that close?

DASH
I guess we'll find out.

As if on command, Rosie wipes-out spectacularly and disappears into the foam.

Sebastian, with panic in his eyes, jogs down the beach looking for Rosie to surface. He wades into the water and gets knocked over by a wave.

Jaq continues her yoga and watches with a cool indifference.

Dash is still standing there sipping his drink.

Sebastian fights the sea and eventually crashes into Rosie who's managed to just about save herself. He helps her onto the shore, not that she really needs it, with her board dragging along on the leash behind her.

She shoves Sebastian away and glowers at Dash.

ROSIE
Would you even give a shit if I
died out there?

DASH
You want a Watermelon Sangria?

She growls and hobbles away from Sebastian who notices blood running down her foot from her ankle.

SEBASTIAN
Hey, let me see your foot.

ROSIE
Leave me alone! I'm going to show
it to my boyfriend, real up close!

DASH
Monkey, you're a floater! Ain't no
flushing you into the sea! You know
I'm all about giving you freedom!

Jaq's feet stroll along the hot sand and, before Rosie can lay into Dash, she appears behind them.

JAQ
One injury's enough, guys.

SEBASTIAN
She won't let me help her!

JAQ
(to Rosie)
Let him in your life, Rosie.

DASH
That's pretty damn ironic coming from you, Jacker.

ROSIE
I don't need any help.

JAQ
(dead serious)
I think you do.

Rosie attempts to storm away but Jaq grabs her board and swings her round into Dash's arms. She melts into him.

With Rosie and Dash sharing a loving stare, Sebastian grabs some Vodka from the cooler.

DASH
It's okay.

Jaq holds her ankle. Sebastian splashes it with the vodka. Rosie squeals with pain as Dash comforts her and tears fabric from his clothes. Sebastian takes it and binds Rose's ankle.

Rosie calms as Dash strokes through her hair. There's something tragic in her gaze that he can see.

Sebastian realizes he's now got blood on his clothes. He goes to wipe it and see's Jaq has spotted it too.

SEBASTIAN
They're just clothes.

Jaq nods and they stare a little too long. She gets to her feet, strolls toward the pile of firewood, and looks back at him over her shoulder.

JAQ
Let me show you how to do this properly.

2

EXT. ISLAND - COVE -- EVENING

2

Flames claw into the sky as the sun settles, the Friends all gathered round with Dash cuddling Rosie.

Jaq carves a feather stick while Sebastian hits the drink hard and stares into the crackling fire.

SEBASTIAN

They say we need this, like a primal urge to watch fire and figure shit out.

DASH

Fire-gazing, man. You even seen a real fire? I bet you're a gasser.

SEBASTIAN

I can't help the life I was born into. You get trapped, but one day I'll have my own money.

(looking to Jaq)

And lots more of it.

Jaq avoids his gaze.

JAQ

You wouldn't be the first friend I heard say that.

ROSIE

Nah. Nobody's trapped in life. You can always exit at any time.

DASH

Hey look at me, I changed. I'm a new man with my demons behind me and my future ahead. You should see that sweet life you landed in for what it is, privilege, and with privilege comes opportunity. We can only dream for a chance like that.

ROSIE

At least one of us sees a future.

Dash entwines his fingers with Rosie's. Talk like that scares him a little.

SEBASTIAN

Thing is, with family like mine, your life's planned out for you before you're even born, the money's already allocated. It's a bitch. I need independence, but I need to be an alpha to get it.

Dash beats his chest and howls. Sebastian joins in.

JAQ

You see, that's the whole problem.
That's what fucks people up.

SEBASTIAN

You one of those people who thinks
money is the root of all evil?

JAQ

No, being ostentatious, being
greedy, only caring about the
superficial, people can fall into
that trap stinking rich or dirt
poor. It's chasing money, that's
what turns people into monsters.

SEBASTIAN

Maybe that's just what you've seen.
What happened?

Jaqueline shrugs and goes back to carving.

DASH

Now you have to understand Jacker
has this big hole in her past-

JAQ

-And you have a big hole on your
face, so why don't you shut it?
(to Sebastian)
There's nothing missing, my life's
just chronically boring.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah? What do your parents do?

JAQ

Well, my dad's in logistics and my
mom inspects pharmaceuticals.
(beat)
See? Boring.

SEBASTIAN

That actually is the dumbest
fucking thing I ever heard.

They share a laugh.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

You just seem way too interesting
for that to be true, and I've love
to know more about it.

It's a strong move which leads to an awkward silence.

DASH

Well, some things in life are
definitely worth chasing.

He nuzzles against Rosie.

ROSIE
You know what, if I had any money,
I'd blow through it all in one
night, an orgy of self indulgence.

DASH
Self indulgence or self
destruction?

ROSIE
You'll never get to find out.

They start to kiss passionately, leaving Sebastian and Jaq exchanging fleeting eye contact and difficult smiles.

3 EXT. SAILBOAT - COCKPIT -- DAY

3

From behind a mask, Sebastian's eyes look fearful as Dash tweaks the air supply from the tank on his back and checks his own while they perch on the back of the boat.

Rosie toys with a snorkel as Jaq ties back her hair.

DASH
Into the great unifier, dude!
Remember, the deeper you go, the
better it feels!

Dash submerges. Sebastian psyches himself up and follows.

4 EXT. OCEAN - UNDERWATER -- DAY

4

As the bubbles clear, Sebastian takes in the wonder below the surface, a blue-tinted dreamland with a white sand floor, a crystal ceiling, and forest of green kelp ahead.

CRASH! He turns to see Jaq free-diving headfirst into the deep, unrestricted of any apparatus and in just her bikini.

Rosie joins her, wearing a snorkel. The girls lead ahead into this new dimension.

Shoals swarm past like they're traveling at light-speed and time seems to stop as a huge turtle lols by.

Despite all the beauty, Sebastian obsesses with Jaq, her athletic figure seemingly one with the fish as she surfaces, dives, and weaves through the kelp towers.

She spots his gaze, swims up to him, and gives a two-handed okay-gesture. He nods.

Dash links hands with Rosie and they share his respirator.

Jaq lies back on the soft ocean floor and lets a huge manta-ray fly over her. This is her spiritual home.

Sebastian spots something hidden in the sand. He swims over and retrieves it. It's an old lockable jewelry case.

He shows it to Jaq. She's impressed.

5 EXT. SAILBOAT - COCKPIT -- DAY

5

Sebastian toys with the locked Jewelry box while the Friends stow away the diving equipment. Much to Jaq's amusement, he can't manage to force it open it.

JAQ

Don't get frustrated. The mystery's the best part. Savor it.

SEBASTIAN

I need a hammer.

Before Jaq can retort, a faint intermittent jingling and buzzing gets all their attention.

DASH

You hear that?

They all look at each other as they listen and--

ROSIE

Oh my god! Signal!

Rosie sprints below deck closely followed by Sebastian, leaving Jaq and Dash alone and a little dumbfounded.

DASH

(sarcastically)

Welcome to paradise.

6 INT. SAILBOAT - SALON -- CONTINUOUS

6

Jaq and Dash descend to find Rosie and Sebastian feverishly checking their respective electronic devices.

DASH

Guys, we have gear that needs checking over. I don't see what can be more important right now.

SEBASTIAN

The Dow Jones, the Nasdaq, the S&P500...

Dash looks to Jaq and shrugs.

DASH
Indy 500. I know the Indy 500.

JAQ
(concerned)
We shouldn't have signal.

DASH
Damn right we shouldn't. Just look
at these two.

While Sebastian studies his laptop like a hawk, Rosie beams
into her phone to take a selfie.

JAQ
No, I mean, we shouldn't have
signal out here. It doesn't make
any sense.

DASH
You know how it is, it'll be some
rich prick with a super-yacht ten
miles out with a massive booster.

JAQ
Rich pricks stay the hell away from
this area, Dash, you know why.

Jaq seems spooked. Dash turns his attention to Sebastian.

DASH
Hey, how much real money is that
making you right now?

SEBASTIAN
I gotta know what the markets are
doing. Where the opportunities lie.

JAQ
It's just numbers and pixels. It's
a made up version of the World.
What you found today is real.

She looks to the Jewelry box he's discarded.

SEBASTIAN
You saying there could be ten mill
hidden in that tiny little box?
Because, if so, I'll pry it open
with my bare hands right now.

JAQ
I'm just saying we don't always
know what we're really looking for
until we finally find it.

They connect for a moment before Rosie lets out a sigh.

ROSIE
(to Dash)
Nobody liked my last post.

DASH
Well, did you post it for likes?

ROSIE
No, but it would be nice to have
some though.

She sits back forlornly and swaps her phone for Dash's.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Wow! You have like, twenty missed
calls and a bunch of messages.

Dash crosses over to retrieve his phone from her.

DASH
Switch it off, I don't give a shit.

ROSIE
Wait, you did get your shifts moved
for this week, right?

He stares back guilty. She turns angry.

DASH
You know I hate that job, Monkey.

ROSIE
You hate every job.

JAQ
Guys.

DASH
You wanna know why? Turns out being
someone's bitch for minimum wage
isn't conducive with a fulfilling
sense of personal wellbeing.

ROSIE
You need a job! Everyone needs one!

Dash thumbs over to Sebastian.

DASH
He doesn't, yet look at him, at the
beck and call of a computer screen,
gambling just to feel alive.

SEBASTIAN
Hey, it's a damn sight better than
scraping barnacles off boats.

DASH
Is it, really? Or does the payoff
for slowly selling your soul just
make it a little easier to stomach?

JAQ
GUYS!

They all look round at Jaq.

JAQ (CONT'D)
How about we go someplace where
there definitely isn't any signal?

7 EXT. ISLAND - HILLSIDE -- DAY

7

With the waves crashing nearby and the low sun casting them
in an eerie red light, Jaq leads Rosie, Sebastian, and Dash
up into the cliffs.

They pick their way carefully. Sebastian slips a little and
grabs at the rocks. Jaq reaches out to help him.

SEBASTIAN
This better be worth it.

JAQ
It's tradition.

Sebastian takes her hand and lets her assist him. Dash smirks
to Rosie and leans in to her ear.

DASH
Guy's trying his best.

She turns to giggle and spots something.

ROSIE
Look.

Rosie points to a Luxury Yacht anchored near the island.

DASH
So much for not getting signal.

With some disappointment, Jaq continues along the path.

8 EXT. ISLAND - HILLTOP -- DAY

8

Sebastian stares stunned at the effigy of a skeleton wearing
a tattered robe and carrying a sickle, standing over molten
candles within a tiny old makeshift shrine filled with notes,
images, photos, dead flowers, and hanging beads.

SEBASTIAN

You brought me here to meet the Grim Reaper?

ROSIE

She's not the Grim Reaper! Don't call her that!

JAQ

Santa Muerte, she's a deity. The Catholic Church condemned anybody who worshipped her, so the people would come here in secret. This whole island, it's hers.

DASH

(to Sebastian)

You wanted in the gang, now time to join the cult.

Jaq stares respectfully at Santa Muerte and takes out a white candle of her own, which she lights.

JAQ

We pay our respects every time we come. She's always looked over us.

ROSIE

Something feels different to me this time. Something bad.

SEBASTIAN

Well it's sure as hell creepy.

DASH

They don't teach you this kind of shit at Harvard, but what's creepy to you actually means a lot to us.

Jaq comforts Rosie while inspecting the shrine.

JAQ

Look.

ROSIE

Oh no!

Jaq takes a knee and points out a molten black candle.

SEBASTIAN

That bad?

DASH

Oh, you could say that.

JAQ

The color you choose to burn
represents her different robes, her
different robes her different
powers. White purity, blue wisdom,
red love, amber health-

SEBASTIAN

-And black?

ROSIE

I'm not sure I like this place
anymore.

Dash puts his arm around Rosie and holds her tight.

JAQ

Smugglers would protect their
treasure here with the Black Lady,
Santa Muerte at her most evil,
ready to curse their enemies.

Sebastian is now pretty freaked out by all this.

DASH

You ever see the Black Lady round
here, you run. This however is
probably just kids fucking around
and I hope we catch them at it. The
big question is though, does Mr.
Ivy League want to join the flock?

JAQ

Every person we bring here, we like
them to leave something for her, to
ensure safe passage home.

SEBASTIAN

Like what?

ROSIE

Something meaningful.

DASH

Or something valuable. Turns out
saints have expensive tastes. Funny
that.

Sebastian realizes the only thing of any value he has on him
is the gold chain around his neck.

SEBASTIAN

Guys, seriously, this is a five-
hundred dollar chain?

Dash and Rosie shrug. He looks back to Jaq. She wants to see
just how much he's really into her.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
I can't believe I'm doing this.

Sebastian sighs, takes his chain off, and hangs it on the wall. He looks for Jaq for approval. She nods and smiles.

Dash gives him a heavy pat on the back.

DASH
You're one of us now, brother.

Jaq, Sebastian, and Dash leave. Rosie gets on her knees and prays at the feet of Santa Muerte.

9 INT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE -- DAY

9

Sun streams through partially bordered up windows pooling light onto flaking paint and exposed brickwork.

MR. WU, an old decrepit Chinese man, runs his tongue across rolling paper, his wrinkled hands shaking.

MADDY and NINA, two female gang members, are incredulous.

MADDY
Five hundred grand? Lie back and fuck yourself, bitch! Where's our discount? Where's our motherfucking loyalty card in this shit?

SUE WU, a bullish Chinese woman, sits behind a large open bag on the table between them.

SUE WU
You want loyalty card? You fuck off and get medical ID card. This meth so good, it turn me Chinese.

MADDY
You going to let your daughter talk to me like that, Mr. Wu?

Mr. Wu stares apathetically and goes back to rolling.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Don't you play coy with me. You're plotting some kung fu master shit, I know it.

SUE WU
Best crystal in town. No one bottle cook. Just try a free sample. Is the real good shit.

Maddy points at the line of neatly made, near identical roll-ups Mr. Wu has laid down by his side.

MADDY

Three-fifty, and you throw in some of those tight ass, samurai grade roll-ups. I bet you rolled those using some kind of jujitsu origami technique you learned in a temple, didn't you, Mr. Wu?

Mr. Wu stares back.

MADDY (CONT'D)

(to Nina)

Never got a peep out that cat. Must be on some vow of silence shit.

SUE WU

(amused)

You know why? He deaf as a doorpost, you dumb motherfucker.

BANG! The door is kicked open and two masked SWAT members storm with guns raised. Everyone except Mr. Wu throws their hands in the air.

We follow the back of a DEA's agent's coat as they swagger through the door and across the room.

The mystery agent flips a chair round and sits down casually with her arms across the back of it. This is DEA AGENT CROWE (50's), a woman who could win a staring competition against Clint Eastwood.

CROWE

(to Maddy and Nina)

You two, fuck off.

Maddy and Nina do just that.

CROWE (CONT'D)

(to Sue)

You can put your arms down, this isn't a cross-fit class. You know who I am?

She doesn't. Crowe turns her attention to Mr. Wu who glares back with a seething hatred.

MR. WU

Crowe.

Crowe snatches one of his rollups, takes out a lighter, and starts smoking.

CROWE

A man of few words but profound meaning.

She draws her eyes across them, smug and calculated.

CROWE (CONT'D)

You know, I like this sitting style the waitresses do at Hooter's. It creates an air of informality. The customers think the waitress is their friend when really it's all just an elaborate act. She doesn't give a shit about them, it's just company policy. All she cares about is that nice juicy tip that's coming at the end of the night, and she knows full well the customers at the table are only interested in the nice juicy tits that are going to be in their faces for the duration of their visit. That's how exploitation works, you see?

Crowe takes a long drag of the rollup and nods to Mr. Wu, impressed with his choice of tobacco.

CROWE (CONT'D)

In case you hadn't worked it out yet, I'm the waitress and you're the customers. You just want to have a good night, indulge in what turns you on and I'm only too happy to let you have at it for as long as you need. However, the only reason I'm being in any way hospitable right now is simply because I'm sure as shit walking out the door with that tip at the end of my shift. You understand what I'm saying?

SUE WU

In China, we say Crow that looks you in the eye is bad omen and, on that day, to never make a deal.

Crowe stares Sue Wu right in the eye.

CROWE

In America, we say "have a nice day" and suggest a customary twenty percent gratuity.

10

EXT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE -- DAY

10

DEA AGENT LEAMAN (30's), a total boy scout, waits by two unmarked black SUVs, supposedly guarding the door.

Crowe exits the building protected by the SWAT members and hands out cash to them.

LEAMAN

I see, we're doing this in broad daylight now?

CROWE

What you afraid of, Lemon? The long arm of the law?

The SWAT members leap into one of the SUVs and roar away.

LEAMAN

When we're around those guys, do me favor and don't call me Lemon.

Crowe slaps a bundle in his hand and climbs into the passenger side of the SUV. He looks conflicted.

CROWE

As long as you're on my payroll, Leaman, I'll call you whatever the fuck I want.

11 EXT. OCEAN - NEAR ISLAND -- AFTERNOON 11

The sailboat's bow smashes through waves with the wind bellowing in its sails, just Jaq above deck at the helm with her hair streaming back in the breeze.

12 EXT. ARCH ROCK -- EVENING 12

The arch like formation of rock silhouetted in the sunset as the sailboat comes about. The Friends drop a hook near to the island and take in a perfect view.

13 EXT. SAILBOAT - COCKPIT -- NIGHT 13

Sitting on the back of the boat, basking in the moonlight and a couple of lanterns, the Friends chat and drink. Jaq picks at the jewelry box lock with paper-clips.

SEBASTIAN

You'll never crack that.

Challenge accepted.

JAQ

I hate the going back. It always feels like a sentence.

ROSIE

A death sentence.

JAQ

I'd do this for the rest of my life if I could. Fuck normality.

DASH
Fuck normality!

They all raise their glasses.

SEBASTIAN
We should steal the sailboat. How
would they ever find it?

DASH
Not as easy as it sounds, brother.

JAQ
It's not easy, but I know how you
could get away with it. The real
question is, are you ready to live
the rest of your life as a pirate?

SEBASTIAN
Maybe, people can change.

He shoots her a look to suggest he's willing to.

ROSIE
Can life change though?

As they contemplate that thought, the rumble of an engine
fades in and the lights of a luxury yacht glow nearby. The
friends wince a little as club music throbs and hedonistic
cheering echoes across the water.

DASH
So much for peace and quiet.
Weekend warriors, gotta love 'em.

Jaq opens the box. Water seeps out. Inside there's only
shells, some of which have been made into a necklace.

She holds it up for Sebastian and peers through it, framing
her face, her eyes and smile bright in the moonlight.

JAQ
Well there's your treasure. I guess
you really are a pirate now.

DASH
Next time though, find a map.

Jaq stands up and ceremoniously offers the necklace around
Sebastian's neck. He's more than happy to let her.

DASH (CONT'D)
One of us! One of us!

ROSIE
One of us! One of us!

They all cheer as he proudly wears it.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Nobody answered my question, by the way. Can life actually change?

DASH
I hate it when you're drunk.

ROSIE
Answer it. Seriously, answer it.

DASH
Okay then, no. I think all we can hope to change is ourselves. Life is completely out of our control.

Tears well in Rosie's eyes and she storms below deck.

DASH (CONT'D)
(calling after Rosie)
If you don't want to hear the answer, don't ask the question!

Dash gets up and hurries after her, leaving Jaq and Sebastian awkwardly sitting alone sipping on beers as arguing gradually dies down from below.

SEBASTIAN
I know I'm not the kinda guy you probably go for-

JAQ
-Bas, don't-

SEBASTIAN
-But I'd give it all up, the money, the opportunities, the lifestyle, to be that guy.

He stares at her lovingly and her wall finally comes down. She finds him just as irresistible.

They move in and passionately kiss. Just them and the wide ocean all around.

But Jaq backs away and seems upset.

JAQ
You have to understand, I'm not someone who can be loved.

SEBASTIAN
I can become that person. Just let me show you.

JAQ
It's not about you being wrong for me, it's about me being very wrong for anybody else. Sorry.

A flare soars into the night sky to a chorus of cheers, explodes, and drips red streaks over the stars.

Jaq reluctantly downs her beer and retires below deck.

SEBASTIAN

So that's it? The old, it's not
you, it's me? I know what that
really means, you know?

Frustrated and bitter, he sits alone with nothing to take in but the feeling of rejection.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. ARCH ROCK -- MORNING 14

Dream like tranquility. The kind of morning that feels like a blessing. The water so still it looks like a pane of glass with the sun revealing itself over the sailboat.

15 INT. SAILBOAT - STATEROOM -- MORNING 15

Half in and out of the covers, Rosie stirs awake and stares into nowhere as waves lap against the hull. She looks over at Dash who's slumbering peacefully. She kisses him lightly enough not to cause him to stir.

She slips out of bed and ties a sarong around her.

16 EXT. SAILBOAT -- CONTINUOUS 16

Rosie emerges, barefoot and barely making a sound as the mast creaks and sails flutter. She takes in the horizon. Just the luxury yacht nearby with not a soul to be seen.

She makes her way toward the bow with a satisfied smile, letting herself feel the sensation of sun and air.

Perched on the bowsprit, she stares down at the girl within the water, a reflection she barely recognizes.

She turns, stares up at the sky, raises her arms like an angel, closes her eyes, and lets herself fall backwards.

17 EXT. UNDERWATER -- MORNING 17

Rosie's body descends into a weightless free fall, heading into the abyss and trying to shed the weight of life, her wrap trailing her as she remains motionless.

She slows near the bottom, turns upright, and gradually opens her eyes to see--

A perfect image of underwater. An old wreck swarming with flurries of beautiful fish. It's epic. She can see right through the surface to the boat above her.

She takes it all in, and we gradually come to realize she has no intention of surfacing and is completely at peace.

But then she spots something and that tranquility switches to sheer terror. Her eyes bulge and chest heaves.

She frantically goes to surface but her sarong whips in the wash of her legs and snags on the anchor.

She kicks and flails, her fingers clawing at the water but she can climb no further.

The harder she tries, the tighter the sarong clamps round her, stopping her panicked attempts at untying it.

It's as if she can almost touch the surface.

Her struggling fades and her vision gradually turns to darkness until she floats lifelessly, for a few moments but--

SPLASH! Suddenly Dash is there with her and he's like an Action Man.

He pushes Rosie down, unties the sarong, and pulls her up to the surface.

18

EXT. SAILBOAT -- MORNING

18

Dash, using every ounce of strength he can muster, heaves Rosie's limp body part way onto the diving deck.

DASH

Jacker! Get the hell out here!

Jaq is straight out there with Sebastian not far behind. They help Dash pull Rosie back onboard.

SEBASTIAN

What happened?

DASH

She's unconscious! Somebody do something! Who knows CPR?

Rosie chokes a little. Jaq kicks her in the back, causing water to cough out of her mouth and her to gasp for air.

SEBASTIAN

What the fuck happened?

DASH

I don't know! I heard her go in, splash, didn't hear her come up!

As Rosie heaves for oxygen and tries to work out where she is. Dash hugs her as tight as he can.

JAQ
Why the hell would you go in with
your Sarong on, Rosie?

Jaq and Sebastian look at one another with a mixture of emotion, suspecting Rosie just tried to commit suicide.

Sebastian goes to speak. Jaq puts her finger to her lips.

DASH
You want me to get it back for you?

ROSIE
No! Don't go down there! Promise me
you won't go down!

Dash sits holding Rosie tight and rocking back and forth.

Jaq stares into Rosie's eyes, trying to get a read on what's got her so startled. She thinks she knows.

JAQ
You know what, this whole area's a
minefield of old wrecks. Let's try
and keep the fun up top and the
tetanus down below.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. SAILBOAT - TOPSIDE -- DAY

19

Silence. The mainmast barely moving in the light breeze. Jaq walks up from below deck with an apple in hand and pauses, staring at the luxury yacht.

A blurred figure shifts behind her and appears to raise a gun. As if sensing their presence, she reaches to her knife in the back of her shorts.

Sebastian steps into view, sunglasses on and a water pistol in his hands aimed right for Jaq.

JAQ
Try it. See what happens.

DASH (O.C.)
Heads up, Jacker!

Dash appears, hanging over a railing with another water pistol aimed at Sebastian. He fires. Dash fires. Jaq gets caught in the middle as they dick around.

JAQ
Ugh! I am done with boys!

Avoiding a further soaking, Jaq makes her way to the bow of the boat to find Rosie sitting solemnly, watching her sarong dance in the depths below.

Jaq sits beside Rosie, slices the apple, and eats a piece off the blade before offering the next one over.

JAQ (CONT'D)
You wanna talk about it?

ROSIE
You know what the danger of believing in something is? Your faith eventually gets tested.

Jaq slides her arm round Rosie and gives her a little hug. Dash makes his way over and looks Rosie in the eye.

DASH
We're gonna fix it, ya know? We're gonna get you that new life. We're gonna scrape by and save up, but you gotta tell us what's going on.

Sebastian joins them and gets comfortable.

SEBASTIAN
What we talking about?

DASH
My Monkey, man, she's not been right since the accident.

Rosie really does not want to talk about this. Jaq can tell.

SEBASTIAN
Hey, to have raised someone like you, they must have been incredibly special people.

Rosie nods appreciatively but awkwardly.

JAQ
He's right, you know? That's true.

DASH
Tell us what's going on in there.

Rosie searches for a diversion.

ROSIE
(long beat)
I saw the Black Lady! She's down there, protecting something!

They all peer down at the Sarong in the darkness.

SEBASTIAN

Wait, the only time you see this Black Lady, or whatever she is, is if someone's using her to protect treasure, right?

JAQ

The only treasure round here, if you can call it that, is drugs.

ROSIE

It's something bad, real bad. You saw the shrine. She's turning angry and protecting her island.

SEBASTIAN

Well, if there's drugs here, we should definitely destroy them.

ROSIE

Yes! That's what she would want!

SEBASTIAN

It's the moral thing to do. Let's fuck up a bad guy's day!

DASH

Steady on there, chief. I say, if there are drugs down yonder, we take 'em and we sell 'em.

JAQ

That's a terrible idea, Dash.

SEBASTIAN

Why? By your logic, having money is fine, it's just chasing it that fucks people up, right?

DASH

Thank you! See, that's why you gotta keep your opinions to yourself sometimes, Jacker. They can come back and haunt you.

ROSIE

Stop arguing! Please!

With a sigh, Rosie gets up, moves away, and paces back and forth. Jaq stares down Sebastian and Dash.

JAQ

You telling me either of you two wannabe Scarfaces know how to move narcotics? How to keep shit on the down-low?

(MORE)

JAQ (CONT'D)
 You also think I'm gonna let an
 ounce of smack or blow on this boat
 with a recovering addict onboard?
 Think again.

With that knife in her hand, Jaq's intimidating.

DASH
 Recovered actually. Shame on you,
 Jacker. I was gonna make you my
 bottom bitch.

JAQ
 That's pimping, Dash, not drugs.

DASH
 Dammit! I'm getting the tanks
 anyway. How about we let the fox
 see the rabbit, there's probably
 nothing down there.

Dash quickly goes bellow deck. Jaq and Sebastian sit in
 silence for a few moments.

SEBASTIAN
 Well, I figure I'm not alluring
 enough as a poor man, or a
 privileged boy anyway, so I better
 get rich fast, and I'm more than
 happy to destroy myself trying.

JAQ
 Bas, it's not like-

He follows Dash, leaving her alone.

20 EXT. SAILBOAT - COCKPIT -- MOMENTS LATER

20

Dash, looking pretty pissed off, frees two dive tanks from
 the storage rack and checks their weight.

SEBASTIAN
 We got enough air, right?

DASH
 Maybe.
 (to Rosie)
 You gonna go down with me?

ROSIE
 Are you kidding? I'm not going back
 in there! I nearly died, Dash! I
 nearly died!

Dash glances cautiously across at the nearby luxury yacht.

JAQ

It's empty. They headed to the island an hour ago.

DASH

You gonna bring those keen eyes down below where they'd be useful?

JAQ

If there's not enough air, there's not enough air.

DASH

I didn't say there's wasn't enough. I just said-

SEBASTIAN

-I'll do it. I'll go down there with you.

DASH

Works for me. Looks like a worthy sacrifice has been found.

Jaqueline is unimpressed.

21 EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

21

Sebastian and Dash drop like rocks into the blue and both make their way to toward the nearby sarong.

And then they see it emerging from the deep.

An effigy looms above them like a spirit. The skeletal figure of Santa Muerte, dressed in black, chained to a large rusty fishing cage that's stuffed with packages.

It's a haunting scene that causes them to look at each other in astonishment and discomfort, their eyes wide behind their masks. Their pace slows and they approach tentatively.

BACK TO:

22 EXT. SAILBOAT - COCKPIT -- MOMENTS LATER

22

Jaqueline joins Rosie at the bow of the boat where they stare down.

ROSIE

I don't like them being down there with her.

JAQ

If this is what we think it is, she's the least of our worries.

23 EXT. UNDERWATER -- SAME

23

Sebastian and Dash struggle with the cage, trying to work out how to open it. They shake it frustrated.

Dash checks his supply and looks a little panicked. He gets Sebastian's attention and gestures for him to do the same. Sebastian checks and gives back a so-so gesture.

24 EXT. SAILBOAT - COCKPIT -- MOMENTS LATER

24

Jaqueline and Rosie continue to wait, and wait, and wait.

Nothing.

Jaqueline stops eating and starts to grow concerned but--

Packages bob to the surface. Two, then four, ten, fifteen, until dozens of them swarm around the bow.

Sebastian and Dash triumphantly resurface.

Rosie's claps delighted while Jaqueline hides any pleasure.

SEBASTIAN

Jaqueline, you do the honors!

Sebastian grabs a package and throws it up to Jaqueline. She holds the apple in her teeth and catches it one handed.

With her knife, she slashes the pack open to let the drugs pour into the ocean, but it's not drugs.

\$100 bills stream through the air and flutter into the water. The apple falls from her mouth. Everyone freezes.

DASH

(to Sebastian)

GRAB! EVERYTHING!

Sebastian and Dash frantically splash around, grabbing whatever packages they can and toss them onto the deck, narrowly missing the girls.

Rosie and Jaqueline run across the foredeck collecting the soggy packages.

Sebastian grins up at Jaqueline as he paddles around gathering notes. She smiles back amused. He waves a wad of them.

SEBASTIAN

Hey! Take your pants off!

She grabs the apple off the foredeck and throws it at him.

He splashes her with water. The others laugh and join them in the celebration as the guys continue to throw the remaining packages onboard.

25

EXT. SAILBOAT -- LATER

25

The Friends stare stunned at the packages now stacked up on the stern of the boat while Sebastian counts through a soggy pile of cash.

ROSIE

What is that, like a million dollars?

DASH

More like ten million, right?

JAQ

Try fifty.

They look round at Jaq stunned.

DASH

Don't tug at my dick with this one, Jacker. No way is that fifty-mil.

SEBASTIAN

Each one of these packs contain two million dollars and there's two, four, six... Ten, twelve, fourteen... twenty five.

DASH

Holy shit!

SEBASTIAN

That's fifty! That's fifty million fucking dollars!

DASH

Fifty million fucking dollars, baby! That's like... I dunno, more than ten million a piece!

ROSIE

We stole fifty million dollars?

DASH

We RESCUED fifty million dollars! We did it! Monkey. We're gonna be okay! It's all gonna be okay!

Dash kisses Rosie on the head and bro-hugs Sebastian.

JAQ

Throw it back in.

They all turn to see Jaq staring deadly serious and checking through some of the cash.

JAQ (CONT'D)

You think you're rich, think again. Take a good look at these notes; pristine, sequential, high-value currency. I hate to tell you this, but whoever owes all this cash is thumbing their nose at whoever they're paying off. They've made it as hard to find as possible and even harder to handle. You want to know what we've really got here? This is fifty million dollars of pure "fuck you" money.

DASH

Bullshit, Jacker, because what I'm gonna do is, I'm gonna take our twenty million plus and I'm gonna put that under our mattress, you see? Nice and simple. I got the bank right under my bed and I'm the teller, and you know what the teller at the bank of Daniel Schrader says every time you make a withdrawal? He says, knock yourself out, my friend, and go spend your soggy-devil-woman-money as you damn well please.

ROSIE

She's not a soggy-devil-woman!

DASH

You're right. She's an angel, a guardian fucking angel.

JAQ

That right? So you're gonna buy a flash car?

DASH

Cars plural.

JAQ

And you're gonna buy a big house?

DASH

Well, I gotta have somewhere to keep all my cars, Jacker.

SEBASTIAN

She's got a point. No real estate agent, no car dealer, no bank manager in their right mind is going to let you slide big money like this across the table without treating it as highly suspicious.

JAQ

Just one serial number flags up and you've gotta explain why you got twenty million stashed under your bed, where you got it, how you got it, and nobody's gonna believe you've simply been working a really, really long paper route for the last few decades.

Dash takes this all in for a few moments and paces around frustrated, his fantasies falling apart.

DASH

Fuck!

ROSIE

Wait? So we can't have the money?

DASH

Money? There is no money! What we may as well have here is a pile of rocks! Fucking rocks!

Dash consoles Rosie. Sebastian takes a seat and sighs.

SEBASTIAN

You guys talk about opportunity, THIS is opportunity. There's part of me that's saying keep it, use it to hire the best damn lawyers around, and come what may.

Jaqueline stands there watching her Friends hit with the news that their wildest dreams just shattered right before them.

JAQ

(long beat)

Okay, listen up. Just how far are you all willing to go to turn fifty million dollars of dirty drug money into something you can actually cash in? How serious are you?

DASH

Erm, deadly fucking serious, why?

JAQ

(to Sebastian)

You?

SEBASTIAN
I'm certainly listening.

JAQ
Rosie?

Rosie winces, unsure.

ROSIE
Like, commit a crime serious?

JAQ
Here's the deal, I know how to get that money cleaned. I don't want any questions about how I know. I don't want any questions about why I know. All I want from each of you is the willingness to take a few risks, break a few laws, and potentially piss off the crazy motherfucker this likely belongs to, 'cause we're leaving right now, and you decide whether or not we try to turn this into bank, or toss it back in where we found it.

DASH
Leaving right now? There's no wind, Jaq, so unless you're planning to blow a force-nine out of your ass were stuck here for the time being.

JAQ
Listen to me, we're not playing by the rules anymore and we're not letting anything hold us back.

Jaq stares across the water and smiles. The friends all turn to see what she's looking at. It's the luxury yacht.

26 INT/EXT. LUXURY YACHT -- MOMENTS LATER

26

Chaos as cash filled packages are packed into every conceivable space they can find; the engine compartment, fridge, bilge, cabin vents, etc, while belongings and clothes are thrown onto the deck in piles.

The anchor automatically raises. Dash up at the helm. He fires up the engines and grins down at Jaq.

DASH
Jacker, you know, you should have just told us, we were gonna need a bigger-

JAQ

-Go ahead and finish that joke, I
have a knife.

Dash winces and eases the throttle forward. The engine growls, water churns, and they pick up pace quickly while the "HONOR BRIGHT" name boards are hastily removed.

With the wind in their hair, the Friends watch the island, the sailboat, and their previous lives, slowly disappearing behind them. Jaq seems oddly familiar with it.

27 EXT. OCEAN -- DAY 27

The sun sinks toward the horizon turning everything gold in late afternoon light. The yacht plows through the ocean, towering above a pod of dolphins.

28 INT. LUXURY YACHT - MOVING -- AFTERNOON 28

Dash searches through cupboards to see what he can find, slices cucumber, and mixes honey, mango, and ginger beer as he carefully crafts one of his trademark mocktails.

With a smile on his face, he takes his creation out onto--

29 EXT. LUXURY YACHT - MOVING -- LATE AFTERNOON 29

Rosie and Jaq enjoy what's left of the day's sun and a few margaritas as they lie together on sun loungers. Sebastian at the helm enjoying the view (mainly of the girls).

DASH

Stick her on autopilot, brother.
You're a man of leisure now.

Sebastian does just that, grabs a beer, and crosses over with Dash to sit near the girls.

SEBASTIAN

First thing I'm doing is investing.
Make this money work for me rather
than the other way around.

DASH

I worked it out. It's Twelve-point-five mil each. I take it we're all cool with that?

Jaq has something to say but keeps it to herself.

ROSIE

Do we count as two people or one?

DASH

Quiet time when I'm negotiating,
Monkey. We're definitely two in
this scenario, okay?

JAQ

You'll get your cut, Dash. Quit
bitching about it.

ROSIE

I just can't imagine being rich.

DASH

Well, you gotta open your mind.

Rosie closes her eyes and lets the breeze soothe her.

SEBASTIAN

(to Jaq)

I guess this makes us all the same
now? Evens out any differences?

JAQ

That all depends on if you see
people as products of their
potential or their past.

DASH

What's in anybody's past that could
be bigger than finding fifty
million dollars?

Jaq reflects and seems a little haunted.

ROSIE

I can't do it!

Rosie is now clenching her eyes shut and trying her hardest
to make her imagination kick in.

DASH

Relax. Don't force it. See what you
want to see.

ROSIE

Oh my god! Wow! Wow!

Rosie's face lights up in wonderment.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

I'm picturing it!

DASH

Okay now-

ROSIE

-Don't make it go away! I can see
it. We're rich, and we're happy!
We're so freaking happy!

Rosie starts giggling uncontrollably as she pictures it. Her infectious laughter pulls Sebastian and Jaq in too, who catch each others eye and smile.

JAQ

Follow me.

Jaq swings out of the lounge and leads Sebastian to--

30 INT. LUXURY YACHT - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS 30

Jaq's strut takes on more and more of a seductive swagger as Sebastian follows her toward a stateroom.

SEBASTIAN

You know, I'd never want you to
share anything with me unless
you're comfortable with it.

She turns, shushes him, and gestures with her finger for him to enter the stateroom with her.

31 INT. LUXURY YACHT - STATEROOM -- CONTINUOUS 31

With the white noise of the powerful sea all around them and beams of crimson light breaking through gaps in the curtains, Jaq pulls Sebastian onto her and kisses him.

They grab at one another, their breathing turning to panting, and lips against neck and chest.

SEBASTIAN

I so fucking love you.

Jaq doesn't respond with words, only passion.

32 INT. CORRIDOR -- EVENING 32

Concrete walls either side. A shadowy figure's footsteps echo down them, their beautifully tailored boots catching the light of fluorescent tubes.

A glistening metal comb runs through a perfectly trimmed head of slicked back male hair, helping form it into a neat ducktail style. A hand strokes the quiff, ruffling in curves.

This is ZALMAN (50's), an imposing blend of rockabilly and gypsy sheik that's part rockstar but mostly gangster.

The DRIVER opens a heavy door to-

33 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE -- CONTINUOUS

33

A stretch limo waiting by an open rear door. Zalman crosses most of the way over.

CROWE (O.S.)

You know, they say the Devil never dresses down because pride's the most deadly of the seven sins.

Zalman turns to see Crowe and Leaman standing by an SUV.

CROWE (CONT'D)

Looking good, Zalman.

ZALMAN

It's Mr. Varick to you, and I think you'll find the Devil never dresses down because he knows lust lingers for eternity and envy is everywhere.

CROWE

Once a sinner always a sinner, Zalman. Step into my office.

34 INT. SUV - PARKED -- CONTINUOUS

34

Zalman closes the door and gets comfortable on the leather rear seat, Crowe and Leaman in the front, a good view of his Driver through the windshield.

ZALMAN

There should be a strict policy against you guys buying these things fully-loaded. It's a waste of tax-payer's dollars.

CROWE

We got word of a transfer down in the Gulf. We know Los Perros Del Diablo left it and we've reason to believe it's been collected. We just want you on record saying it wasn't you. You know, paperwork and other bureaucratic bullshit.

ZALMAN

I haven't touched it.

CROWE

Good boy. Glad to hear it.

ZALMAN

Certainly make sure to put that on the record.

Zalman makes eye contact with Crowe via the rear view mirror. He's got more to say and it seems serious.

CROWE

Leaman, how about you go sniff around that limo? Make sure our fashionable friend here is keeping his nose nice and clean.

Leaman reluctantly leaves and crosses to the limo, unafraid of the Driver and taking a good look around inside. Crowe and Zalman watch him.

CROWE (CONT'D)

There a problem?

ZALMAN

The fact the money isn't there, or the bullshit theatrics from Los Perros? I don't like them trying to make my life so difficult.

CROWE

I see. I'll look into it.

She turns and stares. It's clear from the look on her face that she's infatuated. She places a hand on his knee.

ZALMAN

You need to learn to stop pushing the angels away and bringing the demons in. I want my money, in full, or I unleash hell.

He slips away, leaving her alone and rejected.

35

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE -- CONTINUOUS

35

Zalman marches back toward his limo with determination and points at Leaman who's standing beside it.

ZALMAN

Keep the fuck away from my car unless you got a warrant.

LEAMAN

I'm not gonna put you away on some bullshit charge, Varick. I wanna see what you've done to the World undone, piece by piece.

ZALMAN

Then why the fuck are you working with that bitch?

Zalman gets in and slams the door. The limo screeches away.

36

EXT. LUXURY YACHT - MOVING -- EVENING

36

The Friends all on the stern of the yacht, sharing a pair of binoculars between them and looking concerned.

DASH

Ah, shit! I don't like this.

Jaq takes a look to see a ominous trawler in the late evening haze, some distance behind them and on the same course. *

ROSIE

We should scare them off!

SEBASTIAN

Serious suggestion, we could dump the cash to throw them off our tail. I'm just saying.

DASH

You giving up already? Something tells me, your average respectable drug lord isn't going to forgive his money being stolen, even if it is repaid in full. Right Jacker?

JAQ

You're assuming they're here for the cash. Thanks to you, they might be here for the boat.

SEBASTIAN

I'm not giving up. I'm just saying there's options. What have you got?

ROSIE

Fighting, that's what I've got!

DASH

I appreciate you got your imagination back and everything, but that's even more stupid than throwing the shit overboard.

SEBASTIAN

You're awfully quiet right now, Jaq. What do you think?

Jaq thinks for a few moments before she speaks.

JAQ

Rosie's right. We either prepare to fight or we distance ourselves from this boat entirely?

DASH

Distance ourselves? How?

37 EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT

37

The sky like blue quartz crystal, scattered with stars around a bright moon that cuts a white reflected line through the deep, black abyss below.

The roar of an outboard. A rigid inflatable hull kicks up waves. The yacht in the distance, a cabin light on.

Three DRUG RUNNERS poised and pensive with pistols ready as they approach the boat. Dressed in t-shirts and caps, these guys aren't professionals, they're desperados.

38 EXT. LUXURY YACHT - MOVING -- NIGHT

38

They race along side the yacht and storm it, two leaping across while the Helmsman steers the rigid inflatable.

The Runners prowl around the deck but it's like a ghost ship, everything as normal with no sign of life.

Runner #1 peers below deck and picks up the faint singing of a female voice. He looks to Runner #2 and signals he's going to check it out.

With the boat creaking and singing getting louder, Runner #1 makes his way down into the salon.

Runner #2 waits a moment before following, and as he does, with the Helmsman pre-occupied, Dash silently slips out hiding and Sebastian pulls himself up over the railing, one armed with a mallet the other a wrench.

39 INT. LUXURY YACHT - MAIN SALON -- CONTINUOUS

39

Fixated on that singing, Runner #1 motions toward the stateroom with it's light on and spots Rosie standing with her back to him, at the foot of a bed, folding clothes.

He creeps in, closer and closer, until the gun is nearly to her head and he's in the stateroom, but--

Jaq grabs him from behind the door and puts her paring knife to his neck.

Runner #2 runs to the stateroom but Rosie spins round, pulling a spear gun from under the sheet and staring right down the sight back at him.

He freezes and looks back to find Dash and Sebastian behind him, ready to strike.

Runner #2 points his gun back at Rosie with one hand and draws out a knife with the other.

They all stand in silence, just the waves crashing and the outboard growling outside.

JAQ
Okay, let's make this quick and
let's make this simple.

She has the knife so tight on Runner #1's neck, it's drawing blood. She snatches his gun and puts it to his waist.

JAQ (CONT'D)
Forgive my lack of eloquence but
you're pretty fucked right now.

RUNNER #2
Only one of us is, bitch.

Runner #2 fancies his chances and can tell Dash and Sebastian are a little out of their depth.

JAQ
You think so? Was this raid all
your plan or was it his?

RUNNER #2
What does it fucking matter?

JAQ
Fifty million dollars says it
really fucking matters. Who gave
you the gun?

His lack of response says everything.

JAQ (CONT'D)
You tried firing it yet? That's the
thing with you guys, you lack
loyalty, and while that's an asset
for a hit-man, it's a big weakness
for a mercenary.

He knows she's right and turns concerned.

JAQ (CONT'D)
So what we're gonna do now is,
we're gonna play a little team-
building exercise, okay?
(beat)
Rosie.

Rosie aims the speargun carefully. His eyes widen and--

THWACK! He screams and drops the knife. The long, metal spear
right through his shoulder.

DASH
OH GOD! MONKEY!

SEBASTIAN
FUCK! HOLY SHIT!

Runner #2 winces through the pain, tries to aim at Rosie with vengeance filling his eyes, and--

Click. Click. Click. He collapses.

JAQ
OKAY MOTHERFUCKERS! HERE WE GO!

Jaqu puts the pistol to the back of Runner #1's head.

JAQ (CONT'D)
MAKE AMENDS! SAVE YOUR FRIEND!

She shoves him out the room and follows, gun aimed.

JAQ (CONT'D)
PICK HIM UP! NOW! PICK HIM UP!

He frantically helps Runner #2 to his feet.

JAQ (CONT'D)
SHOW HIM YOUR LOYALTY!

Jaqu leads the Runners through the salon and above deck.

40 EXT. LUXURY YACHT - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS

40

The Hellsman on the rigid can't believe what he's seeing and attempts to aim for Jaqu. BANG! He misses by a long shot.

JAQ
YOU'RE ON AN INFLATABLE, DUMBASS!
(to Runner #1)
GET HIM ON THE BOAT!

Runner #1 hurls Runner #2 onto the rigid and leaps across.

JAQ (CONT'D)
THE NEAREST HOSPITAL IS IN LA PAZ!
HERE'S SOME FURTHER MOTIVATION!

BANG! BANG! BANG! She fires into the rigid as it roars away.

Dash, Rosie, and Sebastian creep out from below deck, unable to comprehend what they just witnessed Jaqu do.

DASH
What the fuck, Jacker?

They stare as she stands panting with a wildness in her eyes, gun in one hand, knife in the other, and seemingly energized.

JAQ
We agreed, no questions.

41 EXT. COFFEE SHOP CAR LOT -- MORNING

41

A little bleary-eyed and with the morning radio playing, Leaman pulls into the car lot to find Crowe already standing there waiting with coffee and donuts.

He barely gets the door open before Crowe thrusts a cup into his hand.

CROWE

Drink up Lemon. We got a long day ahead of us.

LEAMAN

Yeah, I got your message. What's so urgent?

Crowe shamelessly devours a donut while she talks.

CROWE

Loss Perros! Get with the program!

LEAMAN

Wait, I got out of bed early to run around after a measly fifty-mil?

CROWE

So you missed your spin-class, boo fucking hoo. You're not seeing the wood for the trees here. This should be an easy win.

LEAMAN

Really? Is that the case? We don't have a single lead.

CROWE

Don't you worry about that, I got some "friends" working on it.

He rolls his eyes at "friends" and sighs. She stares for a few moments, working him out.

CROWE (CONT'D)

I get it, you don't like working under me. I figure that's on account of me being a particularly unlikeable motherfucker. That's fine, because being a particularly unlikeable motherfucker is something I pride myself on.

He's not going to deny it.

CROWE (CONT'D)

So how about this, you help me find this money and I help bump you up the system.

(MORE)

CROWE (CONT'D)
 You're a ladder climber, that's
 fine, you go see where it leads as
 Senior Agent.

LEAMAN
 Did you say, Senior Agent?

Crowe strolls away sipping her coffee.

CROWE
 Am I getting your dick hard now,
 Lemon, or is that just morning wood
 you're packing there?

42 INT. LUXURY YACHT - MOVING -- MORNING

42

Sebastian, Dash, and Rosie huddle together and peer out at
 Jaq casually steering the boat without a care in the World.
 They talk in hushed tones.

ROSIE
 No, you go speak to her!

DASH
 She's closer to you than me!

ROSIE
 Bullshit! You go back way longer!

SEBASTIAN
 Fuck it! I'm going up!

43 EXT. LUXURY YACHT - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS

43

Sebastian emerges from below deck looking a little wary and
 trying way too hard to act casual. He can now see that Jaq is
 handling the pistols taken from the Runners.

SEBASTIAN
 'Sup Jaq?

JAQ
 Bas.

Rosie is pretty much shoved onto the deck by Dash, who
 sheepishly follows her with a forced smile.

ROSIE
 Morning!

DASH
 Jacker, Jacker, Jacker! Jacker in
 the house! There she is!

JAQ
 Morning...

ROSIE

Is nobody else as concerned as me
that last night suggests the curse
might be real? Nobody?

Dash watches Jaq check one of the pistols and leans in.

DASH

For the record, between you and me,
I'm totally down with the gangster
shit. Just saying.

JAQ

Why thanks Dash. I'll keep that in
mind should we accidentally cruise
through South Central.

SEBASTIAN

Okay, enough's enough. I wanna know
what your deal is, Jaq. I think we
all deserve that right now.

Jaq studies him and places one of the pistols down on the
seat. It's a mean stare and he shrinks a little.

ROSIE

Maybe the curse gets into people?

Sebastian grabs the pistol and hurls it as hard as he can
into the ocean. Jaq doesn't react.

DASH

What the fuck, man! What the fuck?

SEBASTIAN

We're not drug dealers! We
shouldn't need guns!

ROSIE

Don't shout at each other!

DASH

You're shouting!

ROSIE

So you can hear me!!

DASH

He just threw what little defense
we have into the sea!!

SEBASTIAN

Yeah I did!!!

ROSIE

Yeah he did!!!
(to Dash)
Yeah you did... Why?

Sebastian points back.

SEBASTIAN
Because... Ah shit!

He nods toward the stern. They all look round. That fucking trawler again in the distance.

DASH
Oh Jeez!

ROSIE
Okay, I want off this ride.

JAQ
You're all in this now. You don't get to back out.

Jaq isn't even looking back at the trawler she's so cool. Instead, she's checking over the remaining pistol.

JAQ (CONT'D)
We made a pact. If you're scared, that's fine, you should be.

SEBASTIAN
So why aren't you?

JAQ
Because, in case you hadn't figured it out yet, this ain't my first rodeo. I told you I'm from a different world. That's why you shouldn't get too close to me.

SEBASTIAN
What about the other night?

JAQ
The other night was just that, the other night.

Sebastian is pretty hurt by that. Jaq finishes checking over the pistol, spins it round, and offers it to Dash.

JAQ (CONT'D)
Take it. It's a nine so only point it at things that aren't boat or we're all swimming home.

Dash goes to take it. Rosie looks worried.

DASH
You know what, I'm good.

Jaq gets up, tucks the pistol into her pants, and goes below deck. Rosie and Dash exchange glances as Sebastian grabs the helm. CRASH! BANG! THUMP! From inside the boat.

SEBASTIAN

We should probably...

DASH

We should probably just let her do her thing...

SEBASTIAN

Yeah. It can easily get pretty crowded down there.

Jaq reappears carrying GPS/EPIRB equipment that she's torn from fixings. She dumps it all over the side, reaches into her pockets and pulls out their phones.

ROSIE

Wait!...

Jaq snaps round. Rosie stares at that gun Jaq's got holstered and forces a pleasant smile.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Anything else we can help you find?

DISSOLVE TO:

44 EXT. LUXURY YACHT - MOVING -- DAY

44

The boat struggles along, fighting the current. They are barely moving. The Friends watch the Trawler getting closer.

Frustrated, Jaq tries fruitlessly to tease more from the engine by adjusting the throttle. Dash emerges from below looking oily and confused.

DASH

I think it's either an injector or the turbo... the turbo's the hot, round, spinny thing, right?

Jaq rolls her eyes.

DASH (CONT'D)

Don't give me that. I'm usually under these things, Jacker, not inside them.

ROSIE

Yeah, he's just a bottom wiper.

DASH

Bottom cleaner, Monkey, please.

ROSIE

(beat)

Doesn't sound much better.

JAQ
Get below deck.

ROSIE
What about you?

Jaq cocks the slide of the pistol and readies it.

JAQ
Don't worry about me.

Rosie, Dash, and Sebastian retreat below deck. The Trawler now close enough they can hear the engine running.

Jaq re-directs course steering the yacht away from the Trawler, giving her a little cover.

The Trawler slowly draws along-side. Jaq watches out the corner of her eye and has that gun ready.

The Trawler passes and, as it does, we realize--

It is indeed, just that, a Trawler out fishing. A Fisherman waves as it makes a turn away from the boat.

Rosie, Dash, and Sebastian come back up relieved.

DASH
Fuck man! If some piece of shit wreck like that can catch up with us, anything can.

JAQ
I'm not going to lie to you, we're sitting ducks on this thing.

SEBASTIAN
Well, I'm willing to sit it out.

ROSIE
But what will they do, if they catch us?

SEBASTIAN
They can't catch us because they can't find us. Jaq gutted all the tracking stuff, right Jaq?

DASH
Right, Jacker?

Jaq takes a moment to process everything.

JAQ
I just have doubt, and if there's one thing I've learned in life it's to eliminate that.

SEBASTIAN

You told me you could steal a boat
and get away with it. You were sure
of that.

JAQ

That was about running away, not
heading back home.

DASH

Well, I guess we need another boat.
And I don't see any I can swim over
to right now. So, any suggestions?

A drone in the distance draws their attention and there it is
thundering toward them, a cigarette boat cutting through the
sea like a spear, "*FAIR WARNING*" on the side.

It roars by, headed in the opposite direction and firing
water in a triumphant stream behind it. At the wheel, some
RICH PRICK drives with what can only be fairly assumed is a
paid for THOTTIE by his side.

ROSIE

Somehow, I don't think we're going
to be able to catch up with that.

JAQ

Don't rule it out.
(to Sebastian)
You driven one of those?

SEBASTIAN

I'm familiar with them.

JAQ

How familiar?

SEBASTIAN

Very fucking familiar. Why?

JAQ

I need to know if you're onboard
with a change in transportation.

He seems conflicted and unsure.

DASH

Dude, it's our only chance.

ROSIE

You heard what she said, we're
sitting ducks.

SEBASTIAN

Fine. I'm in. I guess I really am
about to become a pirate.

45 INT. LUXURY YACHT - MOVING -- MOMENTS LATER

45

Jaqueline unrolls some old charts, grabs a marine sailing parallel chart ruler, and a compass which, surprisingly, she all knows how to use.

JAQ

Okay, so a fat, fake-tanned, slob like that never misses his lunch, and he's not coming in at this time, he's going out. He's probably going to want to try and fuck his bimbo while he's out there, so assuming his Viagra kicks in, I'll factor in an extra two minutes.

She plots a course and calculates times.

JAQ (CONT'D)

We can just about make it.

She jabs her finger on Oceanside Harbor and stares back at the Friends with intent.

46 EXT. FUELING DOCK - OCEANSIDE HARBOR -- LATER

46

On the fueling dock, A DOCK ATTENDANT struggles with hoses and his general eye-to-hand coordination.

He winces into the sun to see Fair Warning rumble into the harbor and helps moor it ready for refueling.

With his stick-thin arm outstretched, he offers the Thottie a hand stepping off, which is welcome given she's been dumb enough to wear seven-inch heels.

With a hand more on her waist for pleasure than guidance, LT. MITGANG, a large, retirement-age guy with an open shirt presenting a medallion lost in rampant grey chest hair, follows her off and tosses the Attendant the keys.

LT. MITGANG

Don't scratch it and maybe you'll get a tip this time.

DOCK ATTENDANT

Sure thing, Lt. Mitgang. Will you be having lunch at the Whale's Tail, sir?

LT. MITGANG

I'll be in the Whale's Tail today and your momma's tail tonight, you skinny little prick.

The Dock Attendant chuckles along and places the keys on the pump as Lt. Mitgang slaps his Bimbo on her hind quarters like a prize filly, commanding her to trot onward to the restaurant.

47 EXT. OCEANSIDE HARBOR - SOUTH ENTRANCE -- DAY

47

Jaq and Sebastian, sitting on paddle boards with an oar each, slowly paddle away from the yacht toward the harbor entrance while Dash and Rosie stay on the stern.

DASH

Keep an eye out, Monkey. Keep scanning the area.

ROSIE

Jaq told me to keep an eye on you.

DASH

Wait. If I'm protecting the boat and you're protecting me then-

ROSIE

I'm in charge.

DASH

Why should you be in charge?

ROSIE

Well, Jaq told me you're kinda reckless and, if you think about it, technically I am the only one of us who's actually shot someone.

48 EXT. OCEANSIDE HARBOR - MAIN CHANNEL -- SAME

48

Jaq and Sebastian are making good progress but appear to be in the midst of a domestic.

SEBASTIAN

I just wish you had the guts to say it, you know? I'm good enough for a one night stand, and that's it.

JAQ

I don't feel comfortable with this conversation right now.

SEBASTIAN

Choosing to stay comfortable is just embracing blissful ignorance.

JAQ

I'm going to pretend I didn't just hear you call me ignorant.

SEBASTIAN
That's the whole problem.

Jaqueline rolls her eyes as they paddle by a long line of shiny, multicolored boats all moored at the dock.

JAQ
You had fun the other night, right?

SEBASTIAN
Yeah.

JAQ
So, what's your major malfunction?

SEBASTIAN
Believe it or not, a lot of us guys care about something deeper than just sex.

JAQ
You're so fucking sensitive.

SEBASTIAN
That's a good thing!

49 EXT. FUELING DOCK - OCEANSIDE HARBOR -- MOMENTS LATER 49

Sebastian and Jaqueline paddle by the wet, glistening hull of Fair Warning and round to the ladder onto the dock.

SEBASTIAN
Just let me in. Give me a chance. I actually like you as a person.

JAQ
If you knew me as a person, you'd realize how ridiculous that sounds.

Jaqueline grabs the ladder and pulls herself up onto the dock. Sebastian follows.

SEBASTIAN
Why is that so ridiculous?

JAQ
Because I don't know if you've been keeping up lately, but I'm pretty fucking weird.

SEBASTIAN
Weird's good.

JAQ
Regardless, it doesn't mean I owe you an explanation as to why I am who I am.

SEBASTIAN

You don't, but you do owe it to yourself to accept you are who you are and not be ashamed of it.

JAQ

Oh please! I'm fine with who I am.

Jaqu walks over to Fair Warning, on which the Dock Attendant has finished up fueling and is now filling in his log while he checks over the boat. Sebastian follows.

DOCK ATTENDANT

I'll be with you guys in a second.

SEBASTIAN

You say we're fundamentally incompatible, but the more I see, the more I think you're wrong.

Frustrated, Jaqu sighs, sweeps the keys off the pump, and climbs onto Fair Warning.

JAQ

I can't deal with this right now.

DOCK ATTENDANT

Hey, you're not allowed-

Jaqu grabs the Dock Attendant by the waistband and casually tosses him overboard. ARGH! SPLASH!

JAQ

Look, can we talk about this later?

Sebastian unties them and tosses the rope away.

SEBASTIAN

Fine, but we ARE talking about it.

He gets behind the wheel and fires the boat into life. She slumps down on the opposite side, pissed off and folding her arms tight.

JAQ

Fine.

With the engine glugging and bilge pumping, Fair Warning pulls away from the dock while the Dock Attendant splashes around in the water confused.

50

EXT. OCEANSIDE HARBOR - SOUTH ENTRANCE -- MOMENTS LATER 50

The motors on Fair Warning throb as it cruises out the harbor and pulls up beside the yacht. Dash and Rosie throw packages across to Jaqu and Sebastian.

DASH
I'm coming over!

Dash makes the leap from the yacht to Fair Warning and ushers Rosie across. She seems distracted.

DASH (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ROSIE
I'm saying goodbye to the boat!

DASH
Seriously? C'mon! You can send it a postcard later!

She gives in and leaps across. They help Jaq and Sebastian move everything down below as the yacht slowly drifts away.

Just as they're about to leave, Dash reemerges from below decks looking shocked.

DASH (CONT'D)
Erm guys?

He reveals an AK47 he's found.

ROSIE
Put that back now!

DASH
I don't even know how to use this!

Jaq snatches it from him, cocks it, flicks off the safety, and hands it back.

JAQ
Now you do.

A devious grin grows across Dash's face.

DASH
How's this for kinda reckless!

RATATATATATATATATAT! Dash fires into the air and howls with laughter before turning to Jaq and giving her a cheeky wink.

DASH (CONT'D)
Guys, I freaking love this boat already!

SEBASTIAN
You ain't seen anything yet.

Sebastian opens up the taps, kicking out a wake, putting the wind in their hair, and smiles on their faces.

51 EXT. LONG BEACH - RAINBOW HARBOR -- LATER

51

The harbor packed with sailboats and lined with palm trees. On the perimeter road overlooking the sea, sits an SUV with Crowe, Leaman, and their SWAT guys beside it.

Crowe casually watches the ocean while Leaman paces back and forth on the phone. He hangs up.

CROWE

It's been two hours, they sure these guys are headed north?

LEAMAN

I just had it confirmed and dig this, we got a name on the boat they took, "Fair Warning".

CROWE

A heads up on a boat named "Fair Warning"? The fucking irony, man.

Crowe mulls the information over for a few moments.

CROWE (CONT'D)

They have to tuck in here and all we need is for that video to prove a firearm was involved. Once we've seized everything, got them in cuffs, and made the money disappear, we'll hand them over to ATF for suspected gun smuggling. Fuck me, I'm good. This is almost too easy. What am I missing?

LEAMAN

That putting them behind bars isn't actually making amends?

CROWE

As long as they're outta my hair, I couldn't give a damn. You want your precious retribution, hand them over to Zalman with his cut.

52 EXT. FAIR WARNING - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS

52

With the engine roaring, Jaq stares ahead at Long Beach from the bow. The harbor entrance ahead of them. She joins Sebastian at the helm.

JAQ

Wind it down a little.

Sebastian throttles back.

JAQ (CONT'D)
 Keep it gentle. Not too fast, not
 too slow. Nice. That's it.

They make eye contact as she rests her hand on his and guides him.

BACK TO:

53

EXT. LONG BEACH - RAINBOW HARBOR -- SAME

53

Leaman lazily points to Fair Warning making its way toward the entrance.

LEAMAN
 You think?

CROWE
 Seems a little casual.

Jaq scans around paranoid, spots the SUV, and--

Crowe and Jaq lock eyes, clearly recognizing one another.

JAQ
 Turn! Turn! Turn!

DASH
 What is it?

Jaq grabs at the wheel while Sebastian spins it fast.

CROWE
 (to self)
 Well how about that?

JAQ
 Go, go, go! Give it everything!

ROSIE
 Who are they?

Sebastian slams the throttles forward. The Friends hang on as Fair Warning rises up in the water, the engines howling, and races away, picking up speed fast.

JAQ
 Head north. Follow the shoreline.

SEBASTIAN
 You want to tell me what the hell's
 going on?

JAQ
 Just keep this thing shiny side up
 and in the wet stuff.

Jaq looks back at the harbor, still shocked. Crowe watches Fair Warning disappearing just as surprised.

LEAMAN

I'll call in a helicopter.

CROWE

No! We don't have any friends in the sky. Let them enjoy the ride. It's just them and us now.

54 EXT. OCEAN - COASTLINE -- CONTINUOUS

54

With the beaches and hills of Malibu to starboard, Fair Warning tears along the water adjacent to the Pacific Highway, following the contour of the land.

The Friends take in the epic view with huge smiles on their faces and pure hedonism in their eyes. Rosie holds Dash's hand tightly. Jaq looks more determined than ever.

55 EXT. PACIFIC HIGHWAY -- DAY

55

Crowe's black SUV drives along the highway headed north, sticking to the speed limit.

56 INT. SUV - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS

56

A SWAT member behind the wheel with Crowe and Leaman in the back. Leaman is going through images on his phone.

LEAMAN

I'm still working on getting names but this is what I've been sent.

Crowe remains poker-faced as Leaman shows her his phone.

LEAMAN (CONT'D)

Footage caught by fishermen outside the breakwater. Headquarters are saying it's already gone viral. Can't say I'm too surprised.

Machine gun fire crackles through the phone speaker.

CROWE

I need you to send that to someone.

Frustrated, she takes out a second phone and dials.

CROWE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I've got something to show you. Turns out we're not dealing with an amateur.

57 EXT. VENTURA HARBOR -- DAY 57

The flat coastal plane of Ventura nestled in the valley. Fair Warning skips along the waves, gliding by the long stretch of beach, toward the harbor.

58 EXT. FAIR WARNING - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS 58

Jaq peers ahead into the harbor while Sebastian fights with the wheel and Rosie and Dash hold on tight.

JAQ

Keep a lookout for a vehicle,
something big. We need to make the
transfer fast, okay, real fast.

59 EXT. VENTURA HARBOR - BOAT RAMP -- CONTINUOUS 59

A F-Series pickup truck on the ramp with its trailer in the water and a small power boat attempting to mount it.

A pleasant HUSBAND waves his arms encouragingly at his WIFE who's struggling to guide the boat.

HUSBAND

You can do it, honey! To starboard!
To starboard!

WIFE

Your starboard or my starboard!

HUSBAND

Well fudge! How about ya just go
and surprise me!

He chuckles and mutters to himself then makes a fruitless attempt to man-handle the boat with a tether and then he sees it, Fair Warning coming in hot.

INTERCUT: FAIR WARNING AND BOAT RAMP

The Friends are locked in on that Truck and bracing themselves for action.

JAQ

Get us as close as possible. Ground
this thing if you have to.

SEBASTIAN

I can go one better than that.

DASH

You thinking what I'm thinking,
brother?

ROSIE

Oh boy!

The Husband drops the tether, runs across the ramp, and waves his hands around at Fair Warning.

HUSBAND

SLOW DOWN! YOU'RE GONNA HURT
SOMEBODY!

Sebastian concentrates hard and adjusts the wheel - right for the Husband who runs round his truck and cowers.

SCREEEEEEEEEEEECH!!!!

The Husband lowers his hands and peeks out to see Fair Warning mounted perfectly on his trailer and Dash already scampering down the hull while brandishing the AK47.

DASH

Sorry to do this, old dudes! WOOOO!

Dash leaps from the bow to the truck and dives through the open sunroof. He slams the truck in gear and--

The Truck, trailer, and Fair Warning haul-ass out of the water, up the ramp, and out the harbor, leaving the Husband staring in shock, the tether limp in his hand.

WIFE

Well... did that surprise ya?

60

EXT. VENTURA - EMPTY ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

60

With open farmland either side, the truck tears down the road with Fair Warning in tow. Crops blur by.

Dash watches nervously in the rear view mirror as Sebastian makes his way down the bow and leaps into the truck bed.

Rosie and Jaq carry the packages along the hull and throw them to Sebastian. He fumbles a catch and one falls into the road. Dash leans out the window.

DASH

That's coming out of your share!

SEBASTIAN

No way! She went long!

Rosie slips as she throws, and grabs at the boat to hang on. Another package crashes onto the road.

DASH

Damn it, Monkey! That's two mil you
just threw away!

Rosie stares at the asphalt streaming by and, now full of fear, struggles back onto all fours.

Jaq continues tossing packages to Sebastian, now getting into a rhythm.

As Dash looks back at the road ahead, he has a double-take, an old van pulling out right in front of them.

The Truck snakes round the van. Jaq falls and--

SEBASTIAN

Jaq!

Jaq grabs the railing and hangs off the side of Fair Warning. She looks up to see the package she was carrying about to topple over the edge and--

As it falls, she kicks it onto the trailer where it wedges just below her feet.

DASH

Holy shit, Jacker!

Rosie slowly crawls over to Jaq and reaches out her hand.

JAQ

Hold my feet!

ROSIE

What?

Jaq performs a pull up, bringing her legs up under her. Rosie grabs her feet and--

Jaq hangs back upside down with the road rushing by, her long hair pretty much touching it. She reaches for the package but can't quite grab it.

JAQ

Lower!

ROSIE

Seriously?

JAQ

Lower!

Sebastian and Dash can barely believe what they're watching. Rosie lets Jaq drop a little until she just manages to grab the package.

Jaq performs an inverted crunch, allowing her to get the package onto the hull and pull herself back up.

She throws the package to Sebastian. He catches it and shakes his head impressed.

SEBASTIAN

You're crazy! Do you know that?

Jaq pats Rosie's back, instructing her to jump. Rosie shakes her head terrified. Jaq holds Rosie's hand tight.

JAQ

We'll do it together.

Sebastian readies himself to catch them. Dash winces from behind the wheel. The Girls leap and--

They just make it, falling onto Sebastian and into the packages of cash.

Dash smacks the wheel delighted, whooping in celebration.

Sebastian, Rosie, and Jaq lie in the bed grinning and panting as the Truck races toward the horizon.

61 EXT. VENTURA HARBOR - BOAT RAMP -- LATER

61

A single patrol car with the radio chattering. The Man Child and his Harried Housewife being interviewed. Crowe and Leaman mill around the scene. She looks pissed off.

CROWE

I want these blue flammers away from this situation. Take jurisdiction. Call it terrorism if you have to.

LEAMAN

I thought you said we were keeping this off the books?

CROWE

That was before we knew who we're dealing with. Just do it, Lemon.

He wants to challenge that but her second phone rings. He walks away instead as she answers with a smug smile.

CROWE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I thought you'd come crawling back to me. I guess you're right, I really do bring in the demons.

62 EXT. OXNARD - COOPER ROAD -- DAY

62

The truck, now missing its trailer, cruises through the industrial area of town.

63

INT. TRUCK - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS

63

Sebastian, who's sitting in the back with Rosie, searches through a cooler and pulls out some chilled beers.

SEBASTIAN

I do like a good road trip.

He hands one to Rosie and passes another to Jaq, who's slumped in the passenger seat and deep in thought.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(to Dash)

Sorry man, it's nothing but booze back here.

DASH

No worries brother, I love this truck! I got my air, I got my cruise control, I'm sitting on what feels like a goddamn lazy boy...

He looks to Jaq who just stares back matter-of-fact.

DASH (CONT'D)

Wait. Don't you give me that look.

(beat)

No! No Jacker! Can we stop playing Rat Race for five freaking minutes and just stick to one vehicle?

SEBASTIAN

The truck's stolen, dude.

Dash stews for a few moments and pulls the truck over.

DASH

I wanna pick up what we dropped.

Jaq continues to stare back.

DASH (CONT'D)

Since I can't keep this one, I'm gonna buy one just like it, but I wanna use the money these butter-fingered assholes dropped. I'm gonna call my truck Buck 'cause I already thought of a name-

JAQ

Dash.

DASH

-And I'm gonna get the full care package. No expense spared. Nothing's too good for Buck-

JAQ
Dash, you're freaking out. Look at me.

He looks at her.

JAQ (CONT'D)
We're not going back.

DASH
Four million dollars, Jaq. I don't mean to be out of line, but do you even have a plan right now?

ROSIE
Just do what she says.

JAQ
Right now, we don't need a plan, we need a strategy, and that's to lay low, keep cool, and look out for the shadiest salvage yard in town.

Dash nods, somewhat calmer.

ROSIE
Erm guys?

Dash puts the truck back in drive.

DASH
What is it?

ROSIE
Is that place any good?

They all turn to see a decrepit car lot surrounded by rusty beaters and signs asking for cash only.

64 EXT. SHADY SALVAGE YARD -- DAY

64

The Friends look back and forth, standing between cars.

CARLOS (50's), a rotund Hispanic man, cools himself with a old, tattered ping-pong paddle.

LILA, a skinny Hispanic teenage girl, crawls through the cab, inspecting every inch of the truck.

LILA
La tripulación de cabina. Turbo diesel muy bueno!

CARLOS
(to Friends)
What's in the packages?

JAQ
We're taking bibles up to
Sacramento.

That'll do for Carlos.

LILA (O.S.)
Ooooooh! Niños malos!

Lila stands up in the truck bed with the AK47 aloft, missing it's clip. Carlos looks to Jaq. She lets him see she has the clip and pistol tucked into her shorts.

JAQ
It's a crusade.

CARLOS
(to Lila)
Relajarse! A caballo regalado, no
se le ven los dientes!

Lila shrugs, and tosses the AK47 back in the bed.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
No title.

Jaq takes out a wad of notes and counts them out.

SEBASTIAN
Wait? What? That's a fifty-thousand
dollar truck at least!

Jaq shoots Sebastian a glare that screams "you keep your fucking mouth shut" but it's too late, Carlos is spooked.

CARLOS
You desperados maybe have more luck
on Craigslist. Lila! Hemos
terminado aqui!

LILA
(to self)
Estás pero si bien pendejo!

JAQ
Wait.

Jaq packs the wad of cash together and offers it over.

CARLOS
All you have is money and greed is
no measure of a man.

With Lila trudging after him, he goes to leave.

ROSIE
Por favor, Senior!
(in Spanish)
(MORE)

ROSIE (CONT'D)
 You're right to call us desperados
 but we're not here to insult you.
 We just want a clean car.

He crunches over to her. She shrinks as he studies the Santa Muerte pendant she's clutching within her jewelry.

CARLOS
 (in Spanish)
 The only way I know how to clean
 anything for good, is to take it
 all to pieces. Are you prepared to
 do that with yourself?

She nods. He kisses her on the forehead.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
 Then good luck putting yourself
 back together.

Carlos holds his hand out to Jaq. She goes to give him the cash. He doesn't want that. She offers out her hand instead. He shakes it firmly.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
 Just you, come with me.

Jaq follows Carlos and Lila into the yard.

DASH
 Pick something nice!

65 EXT. SHADY SALVAGE YARD -- MOMENTS LATER

65

The yard gates swing open. A battered, old, red-neck maintained Ford Excursion clatters out and skids to a halt in front of the Friends with Jaq behind the wheel.

DASH
 Seriously?

JAQ
 I got my air, I got my cruise
 control, I'm sitting on what feels
 like a goddamn Lazy Boy-

DASH
 -Fuck you, Jacker.

SEBASTIAN
 C'mon, let's get this thing loaded
 up before it throws a rod.

66 EXT. VENTURA - ALLEY -- DAY

66

A long groove in the cement leads to the boat trailer, complete with Fair Warning still loaded, nose down on the side of the road and surrounded with police tape.

A couple of CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS disappear in and out of the boat and place bagged items on a pop-up table.

Crowe strolls up to the table pissed off, finds a pack of cigarettes and a lighter taken as evidence, opens up the bag, and lights one up.

The Black SUV pulls up with the SWAT Members and Leaman inside. He winds down his window.

CROWE

Anything?

He shakes his head. She's clearly stressing out.

LEAMAN

Maybe I'm wrong, but this seems personal to you.

Crowe just continues to smoke.

LEAMAN (CONT'D)

So, what's the protocol here?

CROWE

Like you said, it's personal.

He looks concerned as they climb in. The SUV roars away.

67 INT. EXCURSION - MOVING -- DAY

67

Jaq driving with Sebastian beside her. Dash and Rosie in the back with the packages filling the cargo area.

DASH

This air-con is all con and no air.

Everyone's too tired to engage. He puts his window down and lets the breeze come in. Everyone else copies.

Dash can't help but focus on Rosie who looks lost as she stares into the distance. He strokes her flowing hair.

DASH (CONT'D)

We'll be home soon.

ROSIE

You ever worried you're trying to get rid of the bad in you, but you'll never find the good to put back in its place?

Dash remains silent. They pass an offramp.

SEBASTIAN
That was our exit.

JAQ
Nope.

SEBASTIAN
We're still headed north.

JAQ
"In strategy, the longest way round
is often the shortest way home."

SEBASTIAN
That James Joyce, the novelist?

JAQ
Liddell Hart, military strategist.
We are indeed from different
worlds.

SEBASTIAN
"Think you're escaping and run into
yourself. Longest way round is the
shortest way home."

She glances at him, the words meaningful.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Different worlds, but eventually
everything joins up. You escaping
or running into yourself?

She looks back again, this time a little longer.

DASH
Hey, if we're going the long way
back to L.A, does this officially
mean we're on a road trip?

Jaq smiles back through the rearview.

JAQ
Yes, we're on a road trip, Dash.

DASH
WOOO! ROAD TRIP! LET'S DO THIS!

Everyone laughs. Jaq puts on the radio to find a great tune
playing. They all take in the beautiful scenery.

A tiny stand surrounded by picnic tables with Zalman's limo
and a Lincoln Navigator parked near by.

Casually perched up on one of the tables and chewing on a taco, Zalman sets up a chess set and looks down at his Driver who's sitting opposite and looking perplexed.

ZALMAN
The "Fool's Mate".

Zalman starts simulating a game.

ZALMAN (CONT'D)
You make this blunder and I can
checkmate you in just two moves.
Even though I'm a step behind, you
cannot defeat me. I'm not
outplaying you, you're outplaying
yourself. You get what I'm saying?
War's about starting with the right
moves, not hoping you can turn the
tide at the last minute.

The Driver warily nods as Zalman resets the board.

ZALMAN (CONT'D)
Now you play.

To Zalman's surprise, the Driver makes the exact play he just taught him to never make.

ZALMAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck, man?

DRIVER
(innocently)
I thought it was like Rock, Paper,
Scissors. Double bluff.

Disgusted, Zalman sweeps his hand through the pieces. As he eats, he spots Crowe's SUV pulling up.

ZALMAN
Hands off cocks, feet in socks.

Crowe gets out and swaggers over with Leaman and her SWAT Team as her entourage.

CROWE
Fuck me, I should arrest you
reprobates for loitering.

ZALMAN
Times have changed. We're not
scared little boys anymore.

CROWE
True, some of you are fathers and
should start acting like it.

He clicks his fingers. Four Mercenaries step out of the Navigator. Crowe smiles.

CROWE (CONT'D)
Now, tell me where to look for your
fucking daughter.

ZALMAN
If I knew where to look, I'd be
there already.

He seems a little wounded.

CROWE
(to Leaman)
Put an APB out.

Leaman makes a call as they go to leave, the Mercenaries getting in the Navigator ready to follow.

ZALMAN
She's your fucking daughter too.

Crowe stops. Leaman stares shocked.

CROWE
(indifferently)
Don't remind me.

69 INT. GAS STATION - MINI MART -- DAY

69

With music chirping, Rosie and Dash playfully grab at candy bars and chip packets, loading themselves up.

DASH
Erm, you can't eat your own
bodyweight in crap, you know?

ROSIE
I can and I will.

Sebastian gazes through and endless array of Jerky.

Jaq grabs bottled water from a fridge and spots the CASHIER glancing across at her and checking something.

Nodding to the others to join her, Jaq boldly walks to the counter as the Cashier tries to play it cool.

The Friends dump their snacks by the till. Jaq watches the Cashier like a hawk as the scanner beeps.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
We could survive a year on this.

Jaqu slides a map out of the point-of-display and adds it to the pile. Sebastian catches her eye. He can tell something's up but keeps quiet.

CASHIER
(clearing throat)
That's nine--

Jaqu snaps over a hundred dollar bill. The Cashier, hands shaking, takes it and shovels out change.

JAQ
Keep it.

CASHIER
We're not allowed tips.

The Cashier hands over the change and finally locks eyes with Jaqu who's trying to get a read on her.

JAQ
You should bring that up at the next team meeting.

CASHIER
(terrified)
Have a great day.

The Friends grab their snacks and head for the door.

SEBASTIAN
Wait, what about gas?

JAQ
Just keep moving.

70 INT. EXCURSION - MOVING -- MOMENTS LATER

70

Jaqu scans around as she drives them out of the gas station and guns it. Rosie and Dash stop fighting over each other's candy and realize something's up.

DASH
Did we miss something?

Jaqu takes the map and hands it to Sebastian.

JAQ
Take us into the backroads.

SEBASTIAN
That's going to add hours.

ROSIE
Oh no! I forgot to pee!

JAQ
 (staring dead ahead)
 My mom's with the DEA and my dad's
 one of the biggest crime lords this
 side of the border. I'm pretty sure
 what we've stolen is theirs and I
 know for sure they'll stop at
 nothing to get it back.

The Friends stare in stunned silence.

JAQ (CONT'D)
 So, I don't want to hear "are we
 there yet" or "when's the next
 toilet break" because, right now,
 we've got two gangs hunting us down
 and I'm not sure which one is
 worse, okay?

The stunned silence continues as she drives.

JAQ (CONT'D)
 (to Sebastian)
 I told you I was weird.

71 INT. SUV - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS

71

In the back with Crowe, Leaman hangs up his phone.

LEAMAN
 We've got 'em. Heading north on the
 One-two-six, just like you thought.

Crowe nods unsurprised and stares ahead.

CROWE
 I see the doubt in your eyes,
 Leaman. Don't fall into the trap of
 thinking you can just walk away.
 You're just as much a part of this
 as the rest of us.

She turns and looks at him, deadly serious.

LEAMAN
 That why you're suddenly calling me
 by my real name?

72 EXT. FOOTHILLS -- EVENING

72

Cracked asphalt sweeps under the Excursion as it climbs into
 the mountains while the sun retreats behind them.

As beautiful as the surroundings are, the Friends are too
 exhausted to appreciate it. The fuel light chimes.

DASH
What was that?

ROSIE
Is the car okay?

SEBASTIAN
Fuck! We need gas bad.

DASH
Could've given us a heads-up,
Jacker.

ROSIE
I'm telling you, it's the curse! We
betrayed Santa Muerte!

DASH
You gonna blame her too when you
blow through all our money in your
"orgy of self destruction"?

ROSIE
(upset)
Why are you getting so protective
of money you don't even have yet?

DASH
I just want my ten mil.

JAQ
You're not getting ten, you're
getting five. The cleaning rate is
fifty-percent at least.

Nobody was expecting that.

DASH
Okay, I'm one bombshell away from
going my own way here! You got any
more of them big secrets you want
to tell us, Jacker?

ROSIE
Leave her alone. You're getting too
emotional. Here, have some candy.

DASH
No, we're way past the point
comfort food will fix this.

He takes the candy on offer anyway.

SEBASTIAN
I mean, it's an option. We could
all just cut our loses and run.
Leave the cash behind. No harm no
foul, right?
(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
 I know we're out the ocean but I
 kinda feel we're in this way over
 our heads.

JAQ
 (offended)
 It is what it is, and I am who I
 am. I'm pulling over for the night.
 I suggest you all chill out.

With everyone silent, she takes them down a secluded track
 and parks. They get out and take in the majesty of the
 mountains despite the animosity.

Jaq looks less confident. Sebastian more reserved. Dash and
 Rosie distant.

DISSOLVE TO:

73

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- NIGHT

73

The sun now set and the stars out. The Friends sitting in
 silence with the wind rustling the bush.

DASH
 Feeling pretty exposed right now.

ROSIE
 Sometimes it's empowering to feel
 vulnerable.

DASH
 Not when you're carrying fifty
 million dollars it ain't.

ROSIE
 Nice to know your priorities.

DASH
 I just don't see why you'd
 willingly want to self destruct.

ROSIE
 Maybe that's what we have to do to
 start to rebuild? Didn't you?

Jaq shushes them and nods to a glow in the distance. She gets
 up, dusts herself off, and heads that way.

SEBASTIAN
 Wait, I'll come with you.

ROSIE
 Yeah, me too.

They go to leave and look back at Dash.

DASH

You all go fill your boots. I got everything I need to keep me warm right here.

Jaq takes something from her pocket.

JAQ

Dash.

She throws something. Dash catches it. It's the keys to the truck. He's surprised she trusts him that much.

74

EXT. CAMPSITE -- MOMENTS LATER

74

Jaq, Sebastian, and Rosie work their way through the bushes toward the flickering light. Rosie looks to Sebastian a little worried. Jaq fearlessly strides ahead.

Acoustic guitar, bongos, and singing grows in volume. There's no turning back now and--

They emerge to find a wooden shack next to a campfire, at which HANK and MOLLY, an old couple, are sitting opposite a young HIPSTER and his devastatingly beautiful FLOWER CHILD girlfriend. Everyone freezes.

HANK

Fuck! Thought you were the feds!

HIPSTER

You guys okay?

JAQ

Yeah, we just pulled in for the night. Can we get warm with you?

HANK

Mi casa, es su casa, señorita.

MOLLY

You can get warm--

HIPSTER

--you can get drunk--

FLOWER GIRL

--You can get high as a kite.

They pause for a moment and break out into giggles.

HIPSTER

Fuck! We didn't rehearse that shit!
I promise! **Don't** think ill of us!
Settle down, settle down. Namaste.

The Friends give their thanks and settle in with what look like some of the happiest people you could ever meet. Beers and a bowl of delights are passed round.

Flower Girl hits Sebastian with some intense unabashed eye-contact which he can't help but fire back. Jaq has noticed.

ROSIE
(to Hank and Molly)
So... do you live in that van?

HANK
Something like that.

ROSIE
(to Hipster and Flower Girl)
And you two in that one.

HIPSTER
Well...

A BOHEMIAN BEAUTY emerges from behind them, barely dressed, smoking a cigarette, and just as entrancingly attractive as Flower Girl.

She perches the other side of the Hipster, forming a thrupple, and seems completely unfazed that three strangers have materialized around the campfire.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)
Turns out three isn't a crowd.

BOHEMIAN BEAUTY
(to Rosie)
What's your name, you're fucking hot.

Rather than turn timid, Rosie only rises to the occasion.

ROSIE
Hi, I'm Rosie, and I'm not just fucking hot, I fucking know it.

The Bohemian Beauty irrupts into laughter, Flower Girl and the Hipster joining in with her. Rosie raises her eyebrows.

The Hipster leans in and kisses the Bohemian Beauty before turning to Flower Girl and doing the same, however Flower Girl stares at Sebastian the entire time.

Jaq rolls her eyes and swigs back her beer.

MOLLY
Now don't you kids go thinking you invented that. We were fucking in orgies before you were potential stains on the walls.

HANK
Molly!

MOLLY
Well it's true!

HANK
(proudly)
Yeah it is.

Rosie watches the threesome kissing through the flames.

ROSIE
I think I wanna live in a van.

MOLLY
Everybody thinks that, to escape
society, you have to be rich.
Bullshit! You gotta get dirt poor
first and grow out from there.

She takes a draw on some weed and hands it to Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
That's a bit too much truth for me
to handle right now.

He takes a long draw while staring back at Flower Girl.

JAQ
That's funny, because when I said
exactly the same thing, you simply
refused to listen.
(to Hank and Molly)
Thanks for the beer.

Pissed off, Jaq gets up and leaves Sebastian and Rosie to
join in the fun. Sebastian goes to follow but Molly ushers
him to stay.

MOLLY
Let her brood, honey. If I can go
five years cooped up in a van with
this asshole, you can survive one
night without her.

HANK
She's right, I am an asshole.

75 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

75

Dash lying on the roof of the Excursion, staring up into the
universe. Jaq walks back swigging the beer.

DASH
You find a 7-Eleven down there?

She pops the hood and takes out her knife.

JAQ
Just free love and payment in kind.

DASH
Heh, we're all proud to be
penniless until opportunity knocks.

He pats the AK47 which he's got hidden beside him. Under the dim hood lamp, Jaq works on the fuel leak.

76

EXT. CAMPSITE -- LATER

76

The fire now roaring and the rapid beat of the bongo drum bringing a frantic rhythm to the night.

The Old Couple cheer, sing, and play music as Rosie, now very much intoxicated, dances seductively with Flower Girl and the Bohemian Beauty, their bodies writhing silhouettes against the licking flames.

Rosie catches the eye of Sebastian who, despite being just as drunk and high, scowls disapprovingly.

ROSIE
What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN
You're acting out of character.
What would Dash think?

ROSIE
Ain't you heard? I have no
character anymore. The only thing I
am right now is a pirate.

Rosie gleefully breaks into a rendition of *What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor?*, which the Old Couple play along to.

She leads the girls toward Sebastian, dancing, clapping, and stamping as she does so and screaming the song at the top of her lungs and getting right in his face.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
...EARLY IN THE MORNING!!!

SEBASTIAN
Maybe you're refusing to accept
your character because then you'd
have to accept who you really are?

Flower Girl wraps her arms around him. He pushes her away. Rosie seems amused and empowered with fire in her eyes.

ROSIE
 Maybe you're refusing to accept
 your own character because it means
 accepting your not right for Jaq?

He seethes. Flower Girl makes a second attempt, slipping a hand around his waist. Rosie turns back to the group.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
 HOORAH! AND UP SHE RISES!...

77 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- CONTINUOUS

77

Jaq, now with grease on her face and arms, slides a hose over the leaking section of fuel line.

DASH
 Why keep such a big part of your
 life from me, Jacker?

JAQ
 People don't fit well with it.

DASH
 And what does that mean about the
 future, now that it's out there?

Jaq remains silent, knowing it means it may have to end.

DASH (CONT'D)
 So that's it? You build a box
 around yourself so tight only you
 can fit in?

JAQ
 That's pretty much how it goes.

She slams the hood shut and walks away into the darkness.

Dash goes back to staring at the stars.

HIPSTER (O.C.)
 You looking to connect with what
 you see, brother?

Dash leans up to see the Hipster wandering over.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)
 It's getting pretty rambunctious
 down there, man. Your friend's a
 wildcat in these hills.

DASH
 Yeah? Which one?

HIPSTER

The Luscious Latino. She may not know what she wants but she's willing to try what's there. Gotta respect that attitude to life.

Dash smiles to himself a little.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)

What you guarding up there?

DASH

My future.

HIPSTER

Good luck with that. I hate to say it but, none of us get to define our destiny, not really. If anything, our destiny defines us.

The Hipster offers out his spliff. Dash is sorely tempted.

DASH

I had to cut all that out. It can take me to a pretty bad place.

HIPSTER

Bummer, my dude. It doesn't matter how much we try and mask it, the core of our being will always remain naked to the universe.

The Hipster studies Dash for a moment.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)

You seem like a good guy, but sadly I've learned being good isn't finding peace. Catch you later.

The Hipster wanders away, leaving Dash lying there with one hand on the AK47 by his side.

78

EXT. MOUNTAIN OUTLOOK -- NIGHT

78

Jaq trudges aimlessly in the bright moonlight, drawn to a spot which overlooks the valley. She spies Molly slowly making her way up the rocks.

MOLLY

Great! I finally find a nice spot to take a piss and you're here.

JAQ

Sorry, I'll go.

MOLLY

You really like him, but you sure wish that you didn't.

Jaq pauses and looks back confused.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh, don't play coy with me! It's pretty freaking obvious. Here, give a decrepit old lady a hand.

Jaq reaches down and helps Molly clamber onto the outlook. They take in the view of the moonlit valley together.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You feel that? Spiritual.

JAQ

No, that's the problem. I keep trying to open up, and it just pushes me further inside my head.

MOLLY

Maybe that's where you need to go.

JAQ

A place that reminds you just how toxic you are? That you can't be put right?

Molly looks back surprised and mulls that over.

MOLLY

You know, in my younger years I would have repeated some new-age, pseudo Buddhist, California brand bullshit, whatever was fashionable at the time, to make you feel a little better. Either that or slip some LSD in your drink.

Jaq looks suspiciously at her bottle.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Go ahead, roll the dice.

They share a laugh. Jaq swigs back her beer.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Fact is, some of us just seem to have a combustible soul and you gotta learn to live with that.

JAQ

Yeah, that's probably just the gasoline your smelling.

MOLLY

Oh, I know it when I see it and I don't see it often. Some of us contain an energy that wants to set fire to the World. Sometimes it flickers, sometimes it rages, and sometimes it flares up and ignites all that's around.

JAQ

And burns those who get too close?

MOLLY

It ain't pretty but that's progress, that's life. What's already strong will grow back stronger, and what's become weak must face incineration.

This realization and weight of this hits Jaq hard.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You're not toxic, you're incendiary. You don't need to be put right, you need to find the right purpose. And kid, take it from me, you need to stop trying to burn him away, because he's going nowhere and all you're doing is hurting yourself.

79

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- LATER

79

Dash perches on the roof of the Excursion, looking glum and wondering where he can find that inner peace.

He looks up and smirks at Sebastian struggling back with Rosie nearly asleep. Dash hops down to help.

ROSIE

Monkey! I missed you!

He hugs her and looks to Sebastian.

DASH

What the fuck have we gotten ourselves into, man?

SEBASTIAN

This is crazy, and all I know is there's no going back.

ROSIE

I need water!

Dash and Sebastian help Rosie to the Excursion. She leans in to Sebastian and looks him sleepily in the eye.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I was mean. You're right, we can only see our future if we accept who we are, but you have to listen to what I'm trying to say too. We must be ready to kill off who we are now to be the person we want to be.

Sebastian nods in agreement.

SEBASTIAN

I've always liked the idea of reincarnation.

ROSIE

Cool, I'm gonna come back as a trashpanda.

Rosie attempts her best trashpanda impression. They find Jaq waiting by the Excursion with a bottle of water for Rosie.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Jackie, these boys smell real bad.

JAQ

We all do. Time for bed.
(to Dash)
You wanna do shifts?

Dash considers it.

DASH

I'm cool if you're cool, Jacker.

She nods respectfully. Dash stores the AK47 back in the Excursion as they lay Rosie inside to sleep.

DASH (CONT'D)

What's a trashpanda...?

80 EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA -- NIGHT

80

Crowe's SUV charges through the empty streets with the Navigator close behind. Street lamps strobe across the gleaming black paintwork.

Both vehicles swoop into a parking lot and screech to a halt outside an auto accessories store which appears closed but has a telltale glow emitting from a doorway.

81 INT. MECHANIC'S GARAGE-- CONTINUOUS

81

Crowe, Leaman, and their team enter with purpose to be faced with numerous cars perched on lifts and an ominous, shadowy figure working under one with their back turned to them.

CROWE

Still a night owl, I see.

The figure turns and walks into the light, wrench in hand. This is LANCE (50's), looking just as cool and well-aged as the classic American iron that hangs above him.

LANCE

I always say the dead of the night's the best time of day. You know me, always on my own timeline.

CROWE

Hey Lance, I wanna play in your toy-box.

LANCE

I've been waiting my whole life for you to ask me that.

CROWE

I wasn't asking.

LANCE

Even better.

He shoots her a charming smile and boy it works on her.

CROWE

Nice little setup you got here. Word on the street is you collect cars now. You gone soft on me?

LANCE

Well, as you can see, I'm very much open for business, but yeah, I may have acquired a modest collection to help pass the time.

82 INT. CAR WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

82

The huge, overhead lights clunk on in sets, gradually revealing an increasingly obscene collection of highly sought-after classic cars.

Everyone, including Leaman, is both surprised and impressed.

LANCE

I think I may have an addictive personality.

CROWE

This it?

Lance smirks to himself, brushes by her, and walks up to a muscle car. He pops the trunk to show it's full of assault rifles. He moseys over to another car and reveals the same.

LANCE
Nothing quite hides an inner evil
like a beautiful exterior.

He stares at Crowe. There's something there between them. She shimmies right over to him, reaches into the trunk, and grabs one of the rifles.

CROWE
Nice to see you're still packing at
least a little heat.

LEAMAN
(coughing to interrupt)
Are all these registered?

LANCE
Registered, inspected, and fully
road legal.

LEAMAN
That's not what I-

LANCE
-Why don't you guys take a look
around. You'd be doing me a favor.
I've forgotten what's hidden where.

Like dogs given permission to finally devour a treat, the Team swarm around the cars and the guns to check them out.

Leaman shakes his head and goes to leave in disgust.

LANCE (CONT'D)
My conscience is clear, is yours?

Leaman stops in his tracks for a moment before walking out, leaving Crowe and Lance more alone and intimate.

LANCE (CONT'D)
How come you're knocking on my
door? Zalman's guns not big enough?

CROWE
I just don't want to give him the
satisfaction of being the only
reason I win this battle.

LANCE
Nobody quite fights like family.

That hits hard and causes her to look away.

LANCE (CONT'D)
How about you come start one you
deserve?

CROWE
You're still funny, Lance. I guess
people really do never change.

LANCE
They do actually, but you gotta
change too if you want to see it.

They stare for an intense moment before she turns her
attention to the guns, hiding how weak she feels.

CROWE
So, these are good and all, but
where's the ammo?

LANCE
Somewhere, think of it like an
Easter Egg hunt but with fewer
calories and more grenades.
(to Team)
You know, I swear I remember an RPG
in one of the Mustangs.

The Team hastily move to the Mustangs and Lance leaves before
pausing and looking back at Crowe.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Eris.

She stares back.

LANCE (CONT'D)
When it's you, just you, come make
it you and me.

She doesn't know what to say. He leaves a little rejected.

83 INT. CAR WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

83

In the darkness between the warehouse and garage, Leaman
paces back and forth in the midst of an ethical crisis until
Lance appears looking a little shaken also.

LEAMAN
Just to let you know, what's
happening here, that ain't me. In
fact, I don't know what that is.
She's way off protocol.

LANCE
She's what happens when someone's
spent their whole life looking for
saints, but all they've ever found
are sinners.

A little glum, Lance retires back to his workshop, leaving
Leaman to think about what he's just told him.

84 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- MORNING

84

With the golden light of a new day across them, the Friends, puppy piled in the Excursion, all awaken.

SEBASTIAN

So, did we get robbed?

Dash peers into the back. The cash is all still there. He looks out the windshield. There's something on the hood.

They all climb out to find a basket of fresh fruit and vegetables left waiting for them.

85 INT. EXCURSION - MOVING -- DAY

85

The Friends eat while scanning the area like hawks, the low fuel warning now routinely chiming.

ROSIE

C'mon, law of attraction, law of attraction. Everybody try picturing gas stations.

DASH

All I'm picturing right now is pushing this thing to L.A.

ROSIE

No look!

Rosie points out a motocross track with a few bikes racing around it and a tiny campsite on the edge.

86 EXT. MOTOCROSS TRACK -- DAY

86

The campsite seemingly empty. Just a couple of off road trucks, trailers, and equipment left unsupervised. The sound of two-stroke engines in the distance.

The Excursion creeps in and pulls up. The Friends waste no time in hopping out, grabbing a gas canister, and pouring it into their tank.

Covered in grease and sweating in the sun, Jaq looks around to spot a kid sitting on the tailgate of a truck eating a baloney sandwich, his Mini Indian motorbike by his side.

Jaq holds her finger to her lips. He keeps on eating.

ROSIE

I wanna drive next.

JAQ

You drive like an asshole.

ROSIE
 I need to play a part. Besides,
 we're headed to L.A. It will help
 us blend in.

Jaq ponders the thought.

87 EXT. SANTA CLARA - FOOTHILLS -- DAY 87

The Excursion appears from Grimes Canyon and crosses over the Old Road Santa Clara River Bridge.

88 INT. EXCURSION - MOVING -- DAY 88

With Rosie driving, Dash beside her, Jaq and Sebastian in the back, the Friends look pretty relaxed.

Sebastian watches Jaq. They make eye contact. He offers out his hand. She holds it, a little vulnerable.

SEBASTIAN
 It is what it is and you are what
 you are.

She nods appreciatively. Their stare lingers.

DASH
 Ah shit! I'm pretty sure that's
 what you call a Kojak with a Kodak.

A patrol car running speed checks. Rosie backs off a little and they pass it by.

While sitting in tense silence, they watch the road behind them in the wing-mirrors. Nothing, nothing, then--

The patrol car following. Rosie guns it.

JAQ
 No! Play it cool.

89 INT./EXT. SUV -- CONTINUOUS 89

Crowe's SUV and the Navigator cruise along in convoy, their tinted windows giving nothing away.

RADIO
 (patrol car officer)
 Dispatch, be advised I am currently
 following a 10-29v, Red Ford
 Excursion. Headed north on Piru
 Canyon. Please advise.

CROWE
 Nobody else gets near them.

The engine roars. Crowe's SUV turns off at a junction while the Navigator continues.

90

INT./EXT. FARM LAND - CAR CHASE -- DAY

90

The situation in the Excursion gets increasingly tense. The Friends watch those mirrors, waiting to see if that patrol car turns off or lights 'em up.

Then, in the distance, a black dot growing in size and getting closer. Jaq leans out the window to see--

Crowe's SUV blowing by the patrol car, the sun glaring off the chrome grill. Jaq points to a farm track ahead.

JAQ

Down there! Go! Go! Go!

Rosie puts the hammer down and throws that big old truck into the dirt. Both SUVs tumble along the old road.

Leaman grips onto his door. Crowe readies her rifle and pats a SWAT Guy in the shoulder.

PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAP! The rear window of the Excursion shatters.

The Friends cower. The packages of cash take the brunt of the rounds. Shreds of \$100 bills flutter through the air and collect on the windshield of Crowe's SUV.

CROWE

Pit them!

The SUV closes in on the Excursion but the track is now twisty and Rosie like a rally driver. They just miss a tractor and pick up speed.

Jaq has the AK47 ready. She looks to Sebastian. It's their last resort and she's willing to use it.

ROSIE

I wanna try something!

JAQ

Just don't kill us!

With the SUV on the bumper of the Excursion, Rosie spies a sharp turn approaching. At the last second, she throws them into a slide and--

They just make it. Crowe's SUV doesn't and blows a tire.

Crowe climbs out with her gun and radio in hand and watches the Excursion disappearing with a seething glare.

CROWE
Cut them off!

The Friends stare ahead at the track opening up and the Navigator coming in hot. They're cornered.

Jaq hits the sunroof switch and readies the AK47.

JAQ
When I say, hit those brakes as
hard as you can.

Rosie nods. Jaq pops up out the sunroof and stares down the sights of the AK47 with a mean look on her face, waiting to get in range while dust surrounds her.

The Mercenaries in the Navigator stop and wait, windows down, weapons ready, and tooled up the hilt.

They get closer and closer until--

JAQ (CONT'D)
NOW!

Rosie hits the brakes as hard as she can. The Excursion's wheels lock up for what seems like an endless slide.

They eventually come to a halt. Jaq keeps her eyes on the prize as a huge dust cloud passes her by, swamping the Navigator until it disappears, and--

The auto-headlights flick on.

PAP PAP PAP PAP PAP! Jaq unloads short, calculated shots.

PAP PAP PAP PAP PAP! She keeps on firing toward those headlights. PAP PAP PAP PAP PAP!

Jaq slams the roof and drops back in as they race away. The dust clears to reveal the Navigator covered in bullet holes, the tires flat, and windows shattered.

SEBASTIAN
You kill anyone?

JAQ
Let's get back on the road. We
should have a clear run now.

Crowe stands by her crashed SUV staring into her radio which is giving out nothing but static.

CROWE
I raised a fucking psychopath.

91 EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - LOS ANGELES -- DAY 91

Traffic grinds to a halt and shuffles along with the afternoon sun slowly baking all occupants.

92 INT. EXCURSION - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS 92

Jaq looks lost in deep thought. The Friends sigh and try to somehow get comfortable in the relentless heat.

SEBASTIAN

Well, we're certainly back in L.A.

DASH

I told you, we should have taken the one-seventy.

ROSIE

What's the big hurry?

DASH

This is pretty much the finish line, right?

They all look round at Jaq with hope in their eyes.

JAQ

This ain't a case of walking into a laundromat with fifty million dollars and walking out with clean cash. To get in the room with the right people, we need to be taken seriously and right now we look like a bunch of bruised bad apples.

ROSIE

And that means?

JAQ

Look, I can do this on my own but it's going to be a hell of a lot easier as a team. We need to make a big entrance, walk the walk before we talk the talk, and I think I have just enough contacts to make that happen.

SEBASTIAN

Jaq, did you just ask for help?

Jaq rolls her eyes.

DASH

Holy shit, Jacker! He's right! You did! What next, writing poetry and painting your nails?

ROSIE

Leave her alone! She's growing...
and she shot a lot of people today.

JAQ

What's wrong with my nails?

DASH

Absolutely nothing.

JAQ

Okay well, here's the deal, you all
get to live like gangsters for one
day and one day only. Then you get
to walk away clean, like nothing
ever happened. So who's in?

The Friends all look at one another.

93 INT. UPSCALE SHOPS AND SALONS -- DAY

93

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- Dirty water runs from hair as it's washed and shampooed in a salon.
- Measurements are taken while fabric is trimmed at an exclusive tailor's.
- French tips and makeup are carefully applied while Hors d'oeuvres and champagne are served on platters.
- Luxury watches are slipped onto wrists and fancy cuff-links buckled.
- A rack of silk designer dresses are wheeled out to a changing room.
- Drawers sweep open with necklaces and rings glistening under spotlights.

94 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS -- NIGHT

94

A gleaming new Ford GT growls through the streets, the wheels a blur and the reflection of high-end clubs stroking across the bodywork.

Long hair flows from the windows. Sunglasses shield identities as the supercar guns through intersections.

A blacked-out Expedition follows as both vehicles parade through the city, trouble cackling from their tailpipes.

95 EXT. HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS 95

The GT and Expedition swing up to the entrance. The Valet hurries over to the GT and opens the butterfly doors. Long legs sweep out. Tall heels touch the ground.

96 INT. HOTEL - LOBBY -- NIGHT 96

Jaq and Rosie strut into the vast lobby in tight glimmering dresses and dripping with jewelry. Jaq the head honcho and Rosie giving off a wild hit-woman vibe.

ROSIE

Wow! For a place this fancy, you'd think they could afford some brighter lights.

JAQ

You've still got your sunglasses on.

Rosie takes them off. Jaq checks her nails.

ROSIE

Quit futzing. You look great.

97 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER 97

Sebastian and Dash, dressed as bodyguards and pulling two large Louis Vuitton travel suitcases each, join Jaq and Rosie as they pace toward an elevator.

98 INT. HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE -- NIGHT 98

Surrounded by opulence, Jaq places the hotel phone down and stares at the Friends deadly serious.

JAQ

It's all set. Midnight.

ROSIE

What do we do 'til then?

DASH

We make the most out of this baller suite, that's what we do.

Dash hits the electric blind's remote and giggles.

SEBASTIAN

Seriously? You just gonna keep doing that all night?

DASH

Dude, there's a remote for the blinds! It'd be rude not to!

Rosie starts clapping to try and turn the lights on and off. Dash joins her. Sebastian bites his lip.

JAQ

What we're gonna do is get in character. Fifty percent is the rate we're aiming for and to get it we need to put out the image we're in town on regular business.

DASH

Wait a second. I was told I was getting five? Now you're saying it could be even less?

JAQ

You really need to listen to yourself right now.

ROSIE

Monkey, when I first met you, you were living in your car.

DASH

Okay, it was van and it's actually considered pretty fucking cool to do that these days-

SEBASTIAN

-Can we maybe focus on preparing for the meeting? You know, the one where we try to offload fifty-million dollars?

Sebastian looks to Jaq to ease his frustration.

JAQ

They'll be keeping a close eye on us and most likely have people here in the hotel right now.

(to Dash and Rosie)

Take a tour around, interact, live it up, make it clear we're not all hiding up here like cowards, but most of all, don't fuck around with the blinds like you just fell out a hay-wagon from Missouri.

DASH

(Re: Sebastian)

And him?

JAQ

A crime lord always needs their
bodyguard by their side.

Dash and Rosie make their way to the door.

ROSIE

Thought I was supposed to be your
bodyguard in this little shindig,
but okay.

They leave. The door clicks closed. Peace.

SEBASTIAN

There aren't really people here,
are there?

She shoots him a coy smile.

99 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING -- NIGHT

99

A large, modern, well maintained commercial unit. The car lot
empty bar a couple of executive sedans and an exotic classic.
Crowe's SUV pull up outside the lobby entrance.

100 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

100

The tapping of a ring on glass. From behind the large,
sweeping, geometric desk, a SECURITY GUARD looks up unfazed
to see Crowe grinning deviously on the other side of the
doors with Leaman and the SWAT members around her, weapons on
show.

SECURITY GUARD

(through intercom)

You can wave your credentials
around all you like. You know I
can't let you in without a warrant.

Crowe nods for the others to stand back and gives the
Security Guard her best pout and puppy dog eyes. He sighs,
hits the buzzer, and lets her enter.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Eris, how you been?

CROWE

Oh you know how it is, Ray.

She strolls right over, whips out a taser, and drops him.

CROWE (CONT'D)

I always hated the paperwork.

She casually hits the buzzer and gestures for her team to
enter. Leaman shakes his head unimpressed.

101 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - EXECUTIVE OFFICE -- SAME 101

Art, statues, and designer decor. Standing next to her ASSISTANTS at a circular craft table, MRS. MORTEM (50's), a confident business woman, carefully leafs through product designs.

Just Crowe enters, leaving Leaman in the hall.

CROWE

Burning the midnight oil as always,
Mortem. I like that kinda work
ethic. You good for a quick
appraisal meeting?

Mortem pauses for a brief moment to take things in.

MRS. MORTEM

(to Assistants)

Give us a minute. Please close the
door on your way out.

They leave. Mortem gestures to the chair opposite her.

MRS. MORTEM (CONT'D)

(to Crowe)

Be my guest.

Crowe looks under the table to see a shotgun strapped underneath. She goes and pours a coffee instead.

CROWE

You expecting the IRS or something?

MRS. MORTEM

Well, they were the only ones with
the balls to take down Capone.

Crowe casually returns and takes a seat on one of the two luxurious leather couches and places her dusty shoes up on the pristine coffee table.

CROWE

You need to cancel whatever
Jacqueline may have tried to set up
with you.

MRS. MORTEM

Jacqueline as in your daughter?

CROWE

She's a fraud. I'm protecting you.

Mortem joins Crowe at the coffee table and sits across from her on the opposite couch.

MRS. MORTEM

Word is she's on the up-and-up.

CROWE

She's just going through a phase.
She wants to be like her father.
It's pathetic.

Mortem studies Crowe like a poker player.

MRS. MORTEM

Do I detect a little jealousy?

CROWE

Fuck no, just a mother's
disappointment, right?

MRS. MORTEM

Nothing's set up. I guess she moves
in more exclusive, circles.

Mortem knows how to hit Crowe where it hurts.

CROWE

Whatever. Just make sure it stays
that way or this designer cell
becomes a concrete one.

MRS. MORTEM

(aghast)

You've been coming to me with your
dirty laundry for nearly two
decades-

CROWE

-and you know you can't clean shit
for me if your hands get grubby.

MRS. MORTEM

Eris, you sat right there and you
promised me immunity. We shook
hands. Does a deal mean nothing to
you anymore?

CROWE

Loyalty is the only thing that
means anything to me. Stay away
from Jacqueline and I'll bring you
a deal that'll mean a lot more to
both of us. Fifty million US
dollars of investment into this
business relationship. Until then,
you watch your lip and you call me
DEA Agent Crowe.

With a smug smile, Crowe finishes her coffee and leaves.

102 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER 102

Leaman gets ahead of Crowe before they get to the door and stops her in her tracks, his body language submissive.

LEAMAN

I'm out.

CROWE

And I had such high hopes for you.

LEAMAN

You're keeping me out of the loop.
You know I can't work like that.
I'm either all in or I'm all out.

CROWE

Then I guess you're all outta luck.
You know we're in checkmate, right?

He nods "yes".

CROWE (CONT'D)

You know going up against me brings
just as much heat back at you?

LEAMAN

Turns out this is the kind of
promotion I really don't need.

CROWE

We don't all have what it takes,
Lemon, and don't think you can
change back into an innocent man
either. Now fuck off and enjoy
purgatory, you sure earned it.

Somewhat disheveled and regretful, Leaman exits the building and walks away into the night.

103 INT. HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE -- NIGHT 103

Jaq and Sebastian are wasting no time in making the most out of the master bedroom. Their naked bodies writhe together within the fine linen.

They kiss with a swelling passion. Sheets slide away exposing legs and lower torsos as they entwine further and further into one entity.

He pauses, gazes down at her, and goes to speak.

She holds her finger to his lips and stares him in the eye with unbridled love and absolute sincerity.

JAQ

Me too.

104 INT. HOTEL - BAR -- NIGHT

104

Barely any drinkers. Rosie glides through golden twinkling light scattered across oak and velvet.

She looks lost and a little tragic in this alternative world of glitz and glamour.

She perches on a stool beside Dash at the bar and stares at herself in the mirror. The Bartender blocks her view. She looks up, feeling very much out of place.

ROSIE

Can I just get a water?

Rosie watches the most pretentious glass of water being assembled before her. A crystal glass, a perfectly spherical ice-ball, a fresh slice of lemon and, of course, water from a bottle that looks like a Roman sculpture.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

(to Dash)

You spotted any spies yet?

Dash nods over to a very old couple in the corner.

DASH

Pretty sure grandma over there knows kung-fu and the old man has definitely buried a few hookers in his time. Don't let the walking stick and peppermints fool you.

They snicker. He swirls a glass of whiskey. She doesn't hide her concern that he might be drinking again.

DASH (CONT'D)

I'm just holding it. Seeing if it feels any different now I've learned to beat it.

ROSIE

I've been thinking. I know why I'm compelled to blow through all this money in one night and why the thought of that scares you so much.

DASH

Yeah? Why's that?

ROSIE

Because I can't begin to picture a new life where I'm rich and you can't bare to picture another day where you're poor.

He nods to himself. She's right. He's a little shaken.

DASH

It's just another drug to someone like me, isn't it?

ROSIE

It's the same thing to all of us, we've just got different ways of coping with the addiction.

DASH

All I know is, despite knowing full well it could destroy me, I need it almost as much as I need you.

ROSIE

Even if it does destroy you, you'll always have me.

His eyes well with tears as he accepts that.

105 INT. HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE -- LATER 105

Jaq lies half in and out of the bed lost in a momentary state of blissful calm with Sebastian asleep beside her.

She stares at the beautiful panorama of the Pacific filling all the windows and reflecting the starlit sky.

A content smile grows across her face and, for the first time, we see Jaq genuinely at peace.

106 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - EXECUTIVE OFFICE -- NIGHT 106

Mortem, with her phone to her ear and a serious look in her eye, turns to an Assistant and gives her a nod. The Assistant quickly crosses to the door and leaves.

107 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT 107

With a confident strut, the Assistant makes her way down the corridor and clicks her fingers at two Henchmen waiting by a door. They obediently follow her lead.

108 EXT./INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - RECEIVING DOCK -- SAME 108

A box truck beeps as it slowly backs up to the dock, the Assistant waiting with the Henchmen. The rear shutter rolls open to reveal it's full of industrial barrels.

109 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - EXECUTIVE BATHROOM -- NIGHT 109

Under the bright lights, Mortem checks herself in the mirror and pauses for a few moments conflicted. She opens a drawer and stares at a tiny Walther PPK pistol.

110 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - RECEIVING DOCK -- SAME 110

The Assistant overseas some of the barrels from the box truck being opened and bundles of used cash retrieved before being put through counting machines, bound, and placed into bags.

111 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - EXECUTIVE BATHROOM -- SAME 111

After some deliberation, Mortem takes the Walther PPK and secludes it within her designer suit. She adjusts herself and looks back in the mirror, still highly conflicted.

112 INT. HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE -- NIGHT 112

With the sound-system playing in the room and the city lights shining below, the Friends get ready in separate areas.

Staring at his reflection in a window, Sebastian switches between a pair of Aviator and a pair of Wayfarer sunglasses.

At a full-length mirror by the door, Dash dons on a pair of pink-tinted Elvis style shades and beams a smile. Nailed it.

At the dressing table, Jaq applies eye-shadow, winces at how much makeup she's put on, and cleans it off to start again.

In the bathroom, Rosie draws on thick extended eyeliner like a chola. She looks the part and knows it.

Dash poses in a snakeskin coat, now starting to look a bit ridiculous but he's loving it regardless.

Jaq slips on a black jacket with a white shirt. Then a white jacket with a black blouse. Then a tie out of desperation.

Rosie hitches her skirt up a little. Then tugs it down. Then wriggles it right back up again.

Sebastian untucks his shirt, acts out his best gangster walk, and tucks it back in as Dash studies a polished Beretta pistol and struggles to get it in an under-arm holster.

Jaq takes out a beautiful, bejeweled and engraved, pink-gold M1911 and stares at her stunning reflection in the polished surface, seemingly at odds with what she sees.

All the Friends take that brief inevitable moment to act tough in front of the mirror. Rosie blows herself a kiss.

113 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT 113

The wheels of the suitcases hum along the carpet and rhythmically click on the dividers. The Friends try to walk confidently but struggle to hide their nerves.

114 INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS 114

The Friends pack into the elevator and stand in silence for a few long moments. Dash elbows Rosie. She remembers to choose their floor button. The doors close.

As they descend, Sebastian slips his hand across Jaq's back. She nuzzles against him, trying to offload her nerves.

115 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE -- NIGHT 115

The suitcases are loaded into the trunk of the Expedition and the Friends, after glancing around to make sure they aren't being watched, climb in, and set off.

116 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING -- NIGHT 116

As Henchmen wait by the entrance, the Expedition cruises up. Sebastian and Dash get out and open doors for Jaq and Rosie.

Jaq's slender leg extends out the door and her pointed glittery heel seemingly pierces the asphalt as she exits the Expedition and catwalks confidently toward the Henchmen.

With Rosie following Jaq and the suitcases unloaded, Sebastian and Dash swoop into formation behind them.

The Henchmen pad Sebastian and Dash down and take their pistols. They go to search Jaq and Rosie but, given the exposed flesh on show, aren't sure where to look and touch.

Jaq confidently slides out her gleaming gun and hands it over with a commanding yet seductive stare. Rosie follows suit.

117 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - BOARD ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 117

Pictures suggesting the glamour industry. Awards on shelves. The room sizable and sophisticated with a long meeting table and Mortem sitting on one side with her Assistants.

The Friends take seats on the other side while the Henchmen cross over to Mortem, forming a formidable entourage.

MRS. MORTEM

You should know, I'm not usually available on such short notice.

JAQ

Our usual people let us down, we don't have much time.

MRS. MORTEM

I appreciate you reaching out. New business always interests me, however small it may be.

JAQ

Good, I always believe in a trial period first, before we really get down to business.

MRS. MORTEM

And yet here you are, let down by a supplier.

Jaq remains pokerfaced. The Friends struggle to keep cool with those Henchmen staring back.

MRS. MORTEM (CONT'D)

Do you need some water?

JAQ

I don't want any fucking water unless you're going to use it to clean my fucking money. How about you focus on the part where I told you we don't have much time rather than try to use my own fucking words against me?

The Friends are shocked. Mortem nods respectfully.

MRS. MORTEM

How come you're not in business with your father?

JAQ

I do business different to my father.

MRS. MORTEM

Your mother?

JAQ

I do everything different to my mother.

MRS. MORTEM

You're a bit of a ghost. Some people tell me you've been operating overseas. Of course, you could have planted those seeds yourself. You could actually be in a much weaker position and all this could be a charade.

JaQ stares long and hard for a moment.

JAQ
It is a charade.

The Friends can't believe it. Mortem is stunned.

JAQ (CONT'D)
Look, I can sit here and put on this act all day long, and I had to do it to get you in this room, but it ends now. The fact is, it's a lie, I'm out of my depth, and I'm desperate. What's more is I'm tired of this front we're all having to put on when inside we're all terrified of what's going to happen next. It's bullshit, complete bullshit. We should be reaching out, not looking down. We should be opening up, not wearing a masks.

JaQ leans in and looks Mortem in the eye.

JAQ (CONT'D)
Here's the real deal. We have the best part of fifty million dollars sitting in these cases. We found it, we stole it, and we can't do anything with it because it's as dirty as money can get. I want you to take it and give us twenty-five million dollars back, not so I can ship more drugs, sell guns, or buy a bigger yacht but because I want to give my friends a second shot at life, and not a long shot either, I want to give them a home-run because they sure as hell deserve it and this is sure as hell the only way I know how.

JaQ couldn't appear more transparent.

Mortem tries to process what she just heard as the Friends lose their composure and stare back innocently.

MRS. MORTEM
That's a... highly unorthodox approach.

Mortem sits back and thinks for a few moments

MRS. MORTEM (CONT'D)
Do you know what I do, what I really do? I clean people, not money. I'm a priest and every bill I take is a confession.
(MORE)

MRS. MORTEM (CONT'D)

They come to me with paranoia and
leave with pride. Humility becomes
arrogance. Fear becomes courage.
They don't know that's what they're
doing because their religion itself
revolves around delusion and all
their friends are followers.

She thinks hard as the Friends sweat.

MRS. MORTEM (CONT'D)

But you I can't clean, so I guess
you get a discount.

Mortem nods to her Henchmen. They leave and re-enter with
black bags which they swap for the cases.

Jaq nods for the Friends to check the contents of the bags
while the Henchmen check all is in order with the cases.

Dash's hands shake as he leafs through bundles of grubby
notes. He looks to Sebastian. They did it. Rosie slides her
hand into his and shoots him a smile.

Mortem crosses over to Jaq and shakes her hand.

JAQ

Did you really find empathy in what
I said or do you just want to piss-
off my mother?

MRS. MORTEM

This is what I like to call a win-
win situation.

The Friends all look at one another not knowing how to react
to the fact they now actually have Twenty-five million
dollars between them.

118 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS 118

The Friends pace away from the board room carrying a bag each
and struggling to appear normal.

119 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS 119

With Henchmen securing the doors behind them, the Friends
exit onto the car-lot and toward the Expedition, now with
their guns to go with their bags.

Jaq leads them, looking a little solemn and preoccupied as
she decompresses from the meeting.

120 INT. EXPEDITION - MOVING -- NIGHT

120

Complete silence bar the rumble of the engine. The Friends maintain their composure as they drive away until--

They stop at a traffic light and simultaneously erupt into victorious cheers so energetic it rocks the whole vehicle.

SEBASTIAN

So, that's it? We did it? It all seems too easy now!

DASH

I feel like there should at least be glitter-cannons!

ROSIE

Is it wrong that I'm already feeling far too much responsibility!

As her friend's lives change right in front of her, Jaq takes a moment to take in the wonder and delight in their eyes.

Meanwhile, a limo rolls up beside them and taps his horn getting Jaq's attention.

Jaq looks out her window to see the limo with the Driver staring back. He gestures her to roll her window down. She does.

DRIVER

Miss Varick. There's somebody who needs to speak with you.

SEBASTIAN

What the fuck? Who's this guy?

The limo pulls away from the intersection.

JAQ

(to Dash)

Follow them.

ROSIE

You know them?

JAQ

I'm guessing I broke my curfew.

Dash tails the limo, the mood turning somber. Jaq looks pissed off and upset yet as if she knew this situation was always going to happen. The limo leads them down side-streets, into an industrial area.

DASH

For the record, I reckon this truck could easily take out a limo.

JAQ
Go ahead, you'll never take out
what it represents.

They pull up outside a factory, a door open and a single
light on inside. Jaq gets out and pauses.

JAQ (CONT'D)
(to Friends)
Wait across the street. If I'm not
back in five, go.

ROSIE
No! We're not leaving you!

JAQ
Going our own ways was always the
final part of the deal. Now's as
good a time as any.

Sebastian stares back hurt. Rosie winces upset. Only Dash
knew that was coming and still struggles to deal with it.

The Friends watch Jaq walk with some trepidation toward the
factory. The Expedition pulls away, drives across the street,
and parks on the lot of a large car dealership.

121 INT. FACTORY - PRODUCTION LINE -- CONTINUOUS 121

A maze of heavy machinery in a state of stasis and ready to
lurch into action at a moment's notice.

Jaq enters alone and wary. She spots a figure on a platform
leaning against a huge mixing vat and crosses over to find
it's Zalman. He pretends to shoot her with his fingers.

ZALMAN
Gotcha.

She trembles with mixed emotion as she stares up at him.

JAQ
Is she here too?

ZALMAN
Some people are so angry, they're
best left to chase their own tail.

He looks her up and down in her glamorous attire.

ZALMAN (CONT'D)
My little girl all grown up. I'd
say you look like a million dollars
but it would be selling you short.

JAQ
This isn't me.

ZALMAN

It wasn't me either, but look where I am. I never meant to harm anybody but this turned out to be the path of least resistance, and the only way to protect what I loved.

JAQ

You know I've never believed that.

ZALMAN

Good, I like to think I raised you to never take something at face value.

JAQ

Raised me? That's what you call leaving a child to fend for itself.

Jaq fights back both tears and anger.

ZALMAN

One day you'll accept I only set you free to flourish into what you're destined to become.

JAQ

Well, I hate to break it to you, but this isn't the end of my story, it's the beginning.

ZALMAN

That I don't doubt for a second.

A long silence drags.

JAQ

So, are we done?

ZALMAN

I want to offer you a deal. You can walk away with that money right now, consider it an inheritance, and go your own way. I'll never bother you again, but I can't say the same about your mother.

(beat)

Or you can hand it back, become my protégé, and I'll protect you from her for as long as you need, until you become so powerful it's her that needs protecting from you.

(beat)

You can either let this fight against the person you wish you were or allow it to fuel the person you need to be.

Jaq's eyes glisten with tears.

JAQ

I don't want you to walk away. I don't want you as a mentor. I want you in my corner in the tough times, ready to put your arms around me and tell me it's all going to be okay. What I want is what everyone else got, what I want is a father!

She trembles alone on that factory floor, tiny and lost with Zalman staring down at her with zero emotion.

122 EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - LOT -- NIGHT

122

The Friends sit in the Expedition waiting for Jaq and growing worried as they watch the door like hawks.

DASH

C'mon Jacker.

SEBASTIAN

We should have gone with her.

Dash turns to Sebastian and gives him a reassuring pat.

DASH

She's coming back, brother.

SEBASTIAN

Either way, you heard, she isn't planning to stay.

Dash isn't sure what to say to that.

ROSIE

Look!

Jaq's silhouette emerges. She paces back across the street with purpose and any tears long-gone from her mean looking eyes. The Friends sigh relieved.

JAQ

Pop the trunk.

Dash hits the lift-gate button and the Friends climb out. Jaq crosses to the trunk and stares at the bags of cash.

SEBASTIAN

What's going on?

JAQ

There may be a way we can do this and all stick together.

She looks to Sebastian with hope in her eyes. He can see it.

An engine roars. The Friends snap round to see Crowe's SUV screech to a halt, blocking their exit. Crowe climbs out with handcuffs in her hand and a devious grin on her face.

CROWE

Okay, who's feeling submissive?

Her SWAT Members get out, guns on show. Jaq's eyes widen.

JAQ

(to Friends)

Run!

The Friends grab bags and sprint away down the lines of cars.

CROWE

Fine, we'll play it that way then.
Just remember, we didn't establish
a safe word.

Her SWAT Members take chase. She gets back in her SUV and races away to circle the block.

Gleaming cars stream by. Heels and loafers click fast. With their eyes wild, The Friends run for their lives, weighed down by the bags and their restrictive clothes.

A SWAT Member pauses and takes aim in the distance behind them. BANG! The Friends duck. Dash sweeps out his pistol.

JAQ

It's a fake gun, Dash!

DASH

Then use yours!

JAQ

Also fake! They're all fake!

BANG! They run to the end of an isle and turn down another. The girls kick off their heels.

DASH

Why would you bring fake guns!

JAQ

Well, one; I'm not having a car searched and fifty mil taken as evidence over an unregistered firearm! Two; I had no intention of getting in an actual gunfight, and three; One of us has proven to be pretty fucking reckless when it comes to firearms!

DASH

Fair enough! I guess I brought this situation on myself!

BANG! The Friends clamber through palm trees and foliage.

ROSIE

Ow! Ow! Bare feet! That's sharp!

They stumble into another section of the lot and spot Crowe's SUV pulling in ahead. The Friends look for somewhere to hide.

Crowe's SUV creeps slowly around the lot, the headlamps glaring and a flashlight sweeping across windshields.

Under the cars, the Friends lie prone, watching the tires of Crowe's SUV crunch by and--

They stop. The engine idles. The Friends wait pensively as the beam from the flashlight inches right by them. What feels like an eternity passes before Crowe's SUV crawls away.

Jaq, Sebastian, and Dash scabble out and hide behind a van. Rosie's chain belt catches on the underside of the pickup she's hidden under, causing her to squirm as they watch.

Dash goes to help but Sebastian holds him back and nods toward a SWAT Member who's appeared nearby.

With his rifle ready, the SWAT member systematically checks under each car. The Friends watch as he approaches the pickup Rosie's hidden under, powerless to do anything.

As he leans to look under the pickup, she pops up above him, now hidden in the bed. She looks to the others. They usher her over. She pulls out her gun. They shake their heads but--

CRACK! She pistol whips the SWAT Member, knocking him to the ground before she leaps out and joins the others running across a service road toward a dealership building.

SCREECH! A car hits Sebastian, throwing him onto the road. He stumbles up, grabs his bag, and keeps running with a limp.

JAQ

You okay?

SEBASTIAN

Surprisingly!

123

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

123

They run around the back of the dealership building only to find themselves fenced in with no way out.

ROSIE

Quick! Up here!

Rosie clambers up the hood of a tool truck and onto the top of it, allowing her to leap onto the roof of the dealership building. Dash and Sebastian quickly follow.

Jaq opens the tool truck door, lets off the parking brake, climbs up, and leaps across as it slowly rolls away.

Dash finds a tiny ledge around a sign leading to the next building. BANG! A SWAT member on the lot aiming for them.

DASH

C'mon!

Dash tip toes his way along the ledge first, struggling to balance with the bag.

BANG! The shot causes him to slip and lose his footing, he nearly falls but drops the bag instead.

DASH (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

He gets to the other side. Rosie attempts the ledge, she struggles. Dash waits at the end with arms outstretched.

DASH (CONT'D)

You can do it, Monkey.

She makes it all the way to him. He holds her tight as Sebastian and Jaq follow.

SEBASTIAN

What now?

There's no way down but there is the roof of the building next to them - separated by a large gap.

Rosie take her bag and tosses it to the next rooftop.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm not doing that!

BANG! Another gunshot echoes through the night.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe I am.

With cars droning along the road below, Dash and Rosie take long run-ups and leap across the gap, just making it. Jaq throws her bag to them and does the same.

Dash and Rosie climb through an open window and disappear as Jaq catches Sebastian's bag and slips it over her shoulder.

Sebastian runs, and jumps but--

His injured leg holds him back. He bounces off the edge of the building and just about hangs on the ledge with one hand.

JAQ

Hang on!

Jaqueline leans over the edge and grabs his arm but it causes the bag to slip from her arm and fall. He manages to catch it.

There's no way she can haul him up by herself, their sweaty hands making it even harder to cling onto one another.

JAQ (CONT'D)

Drop it.

He's not so sure.

JAQ (CONT'D)

Just drop it. We can share mine.

Despite his predicament, he smirks to himself.

JAQ (CONT'D)

What?

SEBASTIAN

I wondered what it would take to finally get you to commit.

They share a nervous smile. He lets it drop. It falls and tears open, depositing bundles of cash everywhere. She pulls him back up onto the roof and they climb through the window.

124 INT. CAR DEALERSHIP BUILDING -- NIGHT

124

What might just be the most luxurious car showroom in the World, the lights on and supercars parked on marble floors.

The Friends run up a glass and chrome spiral staircase, past empty sales desks, and through a fire door into--

125 EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE -- CONTINUOUS

125

The Friends crash out the door to find themselves on the top floor of the parking structure, and a beautiful view of nighttime LA all around them.

Exhausted, they run toward an access door only to watch it open and Crowe walk out with her gun raised. The Friends freeze and look round to find the SWAT members moving in.

CROWE

Always sucks to fall at the last hurdle, but I guess some of us are just born losers.

Jaqueline glares back while panting.

JAQ

Mom.

CROWE

Now, you know I don't like you calling me that.

SEBASTIAN

This is your mother?

Jaquod nods.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

She's an asshole!

CROWE

Yeah, the kind of asshole that hunts the likes of you down and puts them away for a real long time.

JAQ

Okay, you got us, but just tell me this, what have you really been chasing all the way here, the money or me?

Crowe doesn't want to answer that.

JAQ (CONT'D)

Well, I hope this buys you something that finally makes you happy.

Jaquod lets her bag drop to the ground.

CROWE

Do you have any idea just how disappointed I am in you? You've rejected your calling and you've rejected your family along with it. You're not just a failure, you're an embarrassment. Hands up!

The Friends all raise their hands.

CROWE (CONT'D)

You want to know what I'm chasing, well how about first you tell me what you've been running from for so long?

JAQ

You, because you stopped believing in people.

CROWE

And do you still believe in me?

Jaq stays silent. Crowe smirks but deep down she's hurt.

CROWE (CONT'D)
Like mother, like daughter, I
guess.

Ouch, probably the most spiteful thing she could say.

JAQ
Just admit you want me to become
corrupt so you can use me as a pawn
to compete with dad.

CROWE
Well, then I guess the jig's up.
But here's the thing, I don't see
him here to protect you right now,
so you can either hand the money
over or it's going to transpire
your motley crew here were sadly
killed during this pursuit.

Jaq's fist clenches around the handle of her bag and she
glowers at her mother. Crowe aims at Sebastian and--

BANG! He goes down hard. Rosie screams and clutches Dash.

CROWE (CONT'D)
There goes one.

Jaq drops the bag and clutches her head. She kneels beside
Sebastian and starts fumbling at his gunshot wound.

JAQ
No... No... No...

SEBASTIAN
Look at me. Look at me.

She gazes into his eyes as he fades out fast, just managing
to give her a reassuring smile before he goes limp.

Jaq stares at Sebastian lifeless in her arms.

CROWE
(long beat)
Oh wow, did you finally let someone
in? We don't do that, Jacqueline.

Jaq gets back to her feet, her whole body coiled.

JAQ
I loved him, and you killed him.

CROWE
No, you killed him by bringing him
into this mess, and you know it.

A guilty tear rolls down Jaq's cheek.

To the shock of Dash and Rosie, Jaq walks right up to Crowe's smoking gun and lets it rest against her chest.

JAQ

And it's you that brought me into it, so why don't you put me out of my misery? Do it and live with it, so you never ever get to accuse me of being a martyr.

CROWE

This is why I had to disown you. You're just so melodramatic.

JAQ

At least I don't act like I'm judge, jury, and executioner too, while never actually being able to go through with it when it matters.

CROWE

And I guess I'm supposed to believe you can?

JAQ

How about we see?

Jaq swipes out her pairing knife and puts it right to Crowe's jugular.

JAQ (CONT'D)

(to Dash and Rosie)

Go!

ROSIE

No! Are you kidding?

JAQ

Take my bag and get the hell outta here!

DASH

No way, Jacker! No way!

JAQ

I said go!

It's looking like Crowe and Jaq will mutually destruct.

JAQ (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but this was always how it was going to end.

Dash accepts that and tries to pull Rosie back.

ROSIE
NO! I WON'T GO! I WON'T GO!

Dash drags Rosie back as she reaches out to Jaq.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
SHE'S MY FRIEND!

DASH
She's mine too! But it's what she
wants!

ROSIE
IT ISN'T! SHE'S CRAZY!

The click of guns being cocked.

LEAMAN (O.C.)
Drop the weapons, now! All of you!

Everyone looks round to find Leaman and a few Officers have surrounded the scene.

The SWAT members stay on point with their rifles raised right back at them.

LEAMAN (CONT'D)
It's over, Crowe.

Crowe smirks and firms up her aim.

CROWE
No dice, Lemon. I've got just as
much dirt on you as you have on me.
Now call off your dogs before I put
them all down too.

LEAMAN
That what you think?

Leaman takes out a voice recorder and hits play.

VOICE RECORDER
(Crowe's voice)
I'll bring you a deal that'll mean
a lot more to both of us. Fifty
million US dollars of investment
into this business relationship.
Until then, you watch your lip and
you call me DEA Agent Crowe.

LEAMAN
Never piss off a partner in crime.

Crowe's expression changes from confident to concerned. She can't believe it and stares at Leaman betrayed.

CROWE

Talking about partners in crime, I
go down, we both go down, Leaman.

LEAMAN

I know that, and it stings, but I'm
willing to take my medicine. So,
let's not make this any harder than
it needs to be.

Crowe's SWAT members carefully lower their weapons and raise
their hands. Crowe sneers at them.

CROWE

For guys in full body-armor, you're
really a bunch of pussies, you know
that?

Leaman waves in an officer to check on Sebastian.

JAQ

(to Crowe)

So, what's it going to be, pride or
prison?

Crowe's finger shakes on the trigger, her eyes glaring right
into Jaq's and intensifying until--

She growls with frustration, pulls back, and surrenders.

Agents are quick to manhandle her to the ground. She manages
to pull her head up and shoot Jaq a look of pure contempt.

CROWE

We'll see how proud you are when
you end up just like me.

Crowe's head is forced back down.

Jaq raises her hands ready to be arrested. Dash and Rosie do
the same.

Leaman walks up to them with a sternness about him and looks
them up and down.

LEAMAN

Judging by these bags, I'm guessing
you got real lucky on the tables
tonight?

He nods to them. They nod back.

LEAMAN (CONT'D)

The way I see it is like this, when
lady luck's smiling at you, you
count your blessings and you get
the fuck out of Dodge before she
starts frowning.

Jaq nods appreciatively, kneels down beside Sebastian's lifeless body, and strokes his face.

JAQ

Whatever you come back as, find me,
just like you found me here.

Jaq crosses to Crowe with her head against the concrete and stares down at her with intense hatred.

JAQ (CONT'D)

There's a curse for every treasure
that's stolen. You may be evil, but
you've no idea of the wrath you've
brought upon yourself tonight.

With the bags in hands, the Friends take heed of Leaman's advice and out of Dodge they gladly fuck.

CROWE

(to Leaman)

You hear what she said, Leaman?
Sounding a hell of lot like intent
to me.

LEAMAN

Tomorrow morning, those kids are
going to wake up and start dealing
with their guilt until they've
found the redemption they need.
You're going to wake up the same
hate-filled bitch you are today,
and you're going to do that every
morning for a very long time.

(beat)

But one day you'll open your eyes
and you won't be able to ignore it
anymore, and you'll have to look
your sins in the eye, and that's
when you'll know my job's done.

He looks down at her and smiles. She knows he's won.

126

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP BUILDING -- NIGHT

126

Jaq, Dash, and Rosie make their way down the spiral staircase with the two remaining bags, looking like they just got back from a black-tie party from hell.

As if it's now become routine, Jaq lazily finds a set of car keys at a sales desk and tosses them to Dash. He clicks the remote.

127 EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP BUILDING -- NIGHT

127

The lights flash on a brand new ROUSH Mustang proudly parked near the entrance as it unlocks. The trunk pops open. Jaq, Dash, and Rosie cross over to it.

ROSIE

(to Jaq)

Please tell me you're coming with us.

JAQ

I was hoping this would just be a fork in the road but, for me, I'm afraid it's a a dead end.

Dash tries to give her back her bag.

JAQ (CONT'D)

I never wanted that and you know it. All I wanted was to see you two head out on your journey and never have to stop for anything. Now go and never look back.

Rosie winces tears and hugs Jaq lovingly.

ROSIE

I know it's just words, but he dreamed of a new life and he got the ultimate version of it.

They release and smile. Jaq looks at Dash.

DASH

You gonna be okay?

JAQ

Have I ever been?

They hug and pat backs.

DASH

You sure are weird, Jacker, but I wouldn't change a thing about you.

JAQ

(re: Mustang)

If I catch wind that you haven't ditched this thing within the next twenty-four hours, I'm gonna come find you and kick your ass, okay?

DASH

Deal, but I'll be getting out of this straight jacket well before that, believe me.

The moment lingers. They share a few difficult nods, he doesn't want to leave her behind, but he has to.

Dash and Rosie get in the Mustang and close the doors. The engine growls into life and, with a few solemn waves, they roar away from the dealership into the night.

Jaq watches them disappear and walks in the other direction.

128 EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP LOT -- MOMENTS LATER 128

Jaq makes her way to the Expedition as sirens echo in the distance. She gets in and all her pent up anger, all her loss, all her pain, erupts from her.

129 INT. MUSTANG - MOVING -- NIGHT 129

Dash and Rosie cruise along as flashing emergency lights head the other way, just glad to still have one another and the open road ahead of them.

DASH

She gave us another shot. She gave us a future. You heard her, don't look back.

Rosie nods appreciatively. He reaches over and holds her hand. She fondles her Santa Muerte pendant with the other.

ROSIE

You think that's because she doesn't want us to linger on the person she was or because she doesn't want us to see the person she's going to become?

130 INT. EXPEDITION - MOVING -- LATER 130

Jaq stares vacantly ahead as she drives, the pristine streets of Beverly Hills giving way to something darker and rundown. She pulls over and shuts off the engine.

131 EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET -- CONTINUOUS 131

Jaq gets out the Expedition and trudges along the street barefoot, fighting with her inner demons.

Despite entering gang territory, she seems to eventually grow more and more bold, pushing down her emotions, sucking in her tears, and focusing on something new, an ominous version of herself which no longer lives in fear.

She eventually takes a seat on the curb and waits, just staring at the ground like she can see right through to hell.

Headlights cut through the darkness light up everything around her.

A limo pulls up and a window lowers. It's Zalman, looking very sympathetic as she refuses to look back.

ZALMAN

So, Life asked Death, "Why do people love me but hate you?" And Death responded, "Because you're a beautiful lie and I'm the painful truth."

Jaq nods to herself as she stews.

ZALMAN (CONT'D)

How painful is it?

She looks back up at him, filled with vengeance.

JAQ

Like I've been searching for peace all my life and all I've found is good reason to start a war.

Zalman climbs out the car, crosses over, and wraps his arms tight around his daughter. Her eyes clench shut and she hugs him so hard her knuckles turn white.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

OVER END CREDITS:

132 EXT. STATE PENITENTIARY -- NIGHT 132

An ominous amber glow illuminates the massive, caged structure located in the middle of nowhere. The startling bark of a prison door buzzer takes us inside.

133 INT. PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT 133

Complete darkness. Footsteps. The door to the interrogation room opens, casting enough light to show the outline of a metal chair.

The light flickers on and a group of Guards enter but we're focused on the chair with everyone in the background a blur. The Guards exit, revealing a lone prisoner left in the room wearing an orange jump suit.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.C.)

Please, have a seat.

The mystery prisoner flips a chair round and sits down casually with her cuffed arms across the back of it. It's Crowe and she looks more pissed off than ever as she stares intently at the Unidentified Man seated across from her.

He opens a manilla folder and slides an 8x10 photo across the table. It's of Zalman.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (CONT'D)

You ready to make a deal?

Crowe begins to crack a smile then fearlessly stares at the Unidentified Man.

FADE OUT

CONTINUE WITH END CREDITS