

Dead Guy Days

by

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INT. SUBURBAN HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

Water drips from a faucet into a stainless steel sink.

Blood streaks down the inside of the sink. And the outside.  
And down the front of the counter.

It's a bloody mess.

A man lies on his back next to the sink, eyes wide open,  
face ghost-white. A pool of blood spreads around him, sprung  
from the shredded stab wound in his abdomen.

This is MIKE, 27, clean-cut, professional.

MIKE (V.O.)  
Monty Kincaid. He killed my wife.  
He tried to kill me.

He stares at the ceiling in shock.

INT. CHICAGO DINER - DAY

Mike, now unshaven, a sickly mess, sits across the booth  
from HENRY, 65, gray and balding, in an expensive brown suit.

The diner has dim Christmas lights hung on the walls. It's  
empty except for them and Henry's GOON, six-and-a-half feet  
of Terminator in a dark suit and crewcut.

MIKE  
He got out of jail a week before  
that. He was just walking down the  
street, sees my wife, follows her  
home.

He takes a breath, wipes his eyes.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
He walked outside covered in her  
blood. In mine. They took him  
peacefully. Cleaned him up. Public  
defender. Life in prison.

Mike throws up his hands in defeat. Henry notices track  
marks poke out his sleeves.

HENRY  
So, Michael. How is it you think I  
can help you?

Mike looks around, shifty and nervous.

MIKE  
You have... connections? In the  
prison where, you know, where he is.  
I can pay. I have money from the  
life insurance.

Henry thinks a beat, taps his fingers on the table.

HENRY  
Who is it you know?

MIKE  
My, I mean, my wife's cousin. Benny.  
He works at one of your, uh, auto  
shops.

Henry takes that in, thinks some more.

After a moment shakes his head.

HENRY  
I'm gonna have to pass.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The bar is seedy and dark, lit with neon and an old tube TV  
mounted on the wall.

Mike is at the bar with BENNY, 30, in a Bulls wind breaker  
and baseball hat.

They speak in hushed tones.

MIKE  
So what now?

BENNY  
There is no what now. That's it.

MIKE  
There's gotta be another way.

BENNY  
Yeah, but these are the only people  
I got connections with.

Mike sneers, bitterly tugs at his beer.

BENNY (CONT'D)  
Maybe it's for the best. You know?

Mike looks at him, angry.

MIKE  
Did you tell them to turn me down?

BENNY  
Are you seriously asking me that?

MIKE  
Yes I am. Did you?

BENNY  
They probably turned you down 'cause  
you're a fucking junkie, Mike.

That hits Mike. He laughs defensively.

BENNY (CONT'D)  
You don't look good. Everyone knows  
you moved onto shooting up from the  
pills.

MIKE  
I have pain. How about you get split  
open with a butcher's knife, see how  
well you do on Tylenol and  
acupuncture.

BENNY  
You're not taking care of yourself,  
Mike. You haven't been back to work.  
You haven't even been back to the  
house.

MIKE  
What the hell am I supposed to do?

BENNY  
All I know is you're alive. And  
that's gonna have to be good enough.

MIKE  
You think what I am is "alive"?

He turns away from Benny, takes a deep drink.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Cops called me this morning. Some  
kids broke into the house last night,  
trashed the place.

BENNY  
Why don't you just sell it?

MIKE  
There was this house where I grew  
up. The Nelson house. A kid in my  
school, his dad snapped, killed the  
whole family.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

By the time I was in high school it was just some abandoned place everyone went to hang out. This horrible thing that happened, it was a joke to us. A cheap scare.

(beat)

I don't want my house to be turned into some kind of urban legend.

BENNY

So let it be someone else's problem.

MIKE

It'll never be someone else's problem.  
It'll always be where it happened.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

ANTONIO, 19, dressed expensive and stylish.

He puts a bottle of expensive tequila on the counter.

The CASHIER looks up from his magazine.

CASHIER

Can I see some ID?

Antonio pulls a fifty from his wallet.

ANTONIO

It's cool. I'm fifty.

CASHIER

It's forty-seven bucks. You bribing me with three dollars?

Antonio pulls another twenty from his wallet.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of here.

ANTONIO

Do you know who I am?

CASHIER

Not without seeing your ID, no.

Antonio snatches his cash back and stomps out.

INT. ANTONIO'S CAR - NIGHT

Snow peppers the windshield.

Antonio taps his fingers on the steering wheel of the BMW and sings along to classic rock.

He comes to a stoplight and looks around. He sprinkles some coke onto the web of his hand and snorts it.

He rubs his nose, looks in the rear view.

A pair of motorcycles rumble up behind him.

The light changes to green and the BIKERS, leather clad with nazi patches and tats, rev their engines, impatient.

Antonio squints at them in the rear view, then hits the gas.

They swoop up on his right and look at him.

ANTONIO  
Got a fuckin' problem?

They speed off.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Antonio's red BMW pulls up to the curb where HERNAN, 20, shivers in the snow.

Hernan throws open the door and leaps in.

INT. ANTONIO'S CAR - NIGHT

Hernan snaps on his seat belt. He hears the song and shakes his head.

HERNAN  
Can you play something from this century?

Antonio smiles.

ANTONIO  
Well, hello to you too, dear.

Hernan rolls his eyes, then leans over and kisses Antonio.

HERNAN  
Sorry. I'm goddamn freezing.

ANTONIO  
Then bitch about that. Don't deflect to my music.

They pull onto the street as the snow gets thicker.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Little trouble on the booze front.

HERNAN  
Oh, come on, Antonio. We're supposed  
to bring a bottle. A good one.

ANTONIO  
It's okay. I got an idea.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Antonio and Hernan lean against the side of the building.

ANTONIO  
You know broccoli isn't real?

HERNAN  
What the hell does that mean?

ANTONIO  
Broccoli. It doesn't exist in nature.  
We made it up. Without humans, it's  
just some little puff of green shit.  
But we came along, cultivated it,  
and boom. Broccoli.

HERNAN  
Fascinating.

ANTONIO  
Corn, too. We made up corn.

A car pulls up and an OLD GUY, 70's, gets out.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
How about him?

HERNAN  
Nah, old farts call the cops.

ANTONIO  
Don't be ageist.

Antonio nods respectfully at the Old Guy. He nods back.

Antonio lights a cigarette.

HERNAN  
I thought you were quitting.

ANTONIO  
It's a process.

Antonio offers the cigarette to Hernan. After a moment of hesitation, Hernan takes it. Antonio laughs.

HERNAN  
Why do I feel like we're back in  
high school?

The rumble of motorcycles cuts through the night as the Bikers pull into the parking lot.

Antonio looks to them, alarmed. Hernan smiles and hands the cigarette back to Antonio.

HERNAN (CONT'D)  
These guys are perfect.

Antonio is momentarily stunned.

Hernan approaches the Bikers. They step off their bikes.

ANTONIO  
Hernan, wait...

HERNAN  
Hey guys, I was wondering if you  
could buy us a-

BIKER #1 suddenly LUNGES and SLAMS his fist into Hernan's face. Hernan drops to the ground and Biker #1 pummels him.

ANTONIO  
You motherfuckers!!!

Antonio CHARGES at them.

BIKER #2 SLAMS his fist into Antonio's stomach.

Antonio drops next to Hernan.

The Bikers punch and stomp them furiously.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
You know who the fuck I am?!!?

Biker #1 rears back and KICKS Hernan in the head. An audible CRACK echoes in the parking lot.

The Bikers look at each other and stop, take a step back.

They jump on their motorcycles and rumble out of there.

Antonio's face is bloody and swollen. He looks to Hernan.

Hernan's eyes are empty, catatonic.



The Old Man comes out of the store and looks at them. He nods at Antonio again, then gets in his car and drives away.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

The place is trashed. Puke and spilled drinks spatter the counter and floor. Graffiti on the walls.

Mike solemnly looks at the spot on the floor where he had fallen in his attack.

FLASH - THE ATTACK

Mike stands at the counter and reads mail.

There's movement off to his right. Fuzzy, out of focus.

He looks over and sees MONTY KINCAID, 35, covered in blood, charge at him with a knife.

Before he can react, Monty slips the blade into Mike's gut.

They're face to face - Mike's eyes wide in shock and Monty's eyes wide with mania.

Monty stabs him in the gut over and over.

BACK TO SCENE

Mike lifts a can of gasoline and splashes it on the kitchen floor. Then on the counter. The walls.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Mike pours a trail of gas out the front door. The can empties in a round pool in the snow on the front porch.

He sits down and takes a small leather pouch from his pocket. He unzips it and takes out rubber tubing and a full syringe.

He takes off his jacket and shivers at the cold. He ties off his left arm and flexes, searches for a vein.

He holds the syringe in his teeth and taps at the crook of his arm.

His fist balled in front of his face, he catches the gleam of a streetlight off of his wedding ring. He looks away.

He picks his vein and injects.

The relief instantly washes over him. His eyes droop, he lets out a heavy breath.

He pulls a Zippo from his shirt pocket. He smiles and flicks the lighter.

The flame dances between him and the pool of gasoline.

His head swoons, dizzy. He leans over to ignite the pool, then collapses on his side, passed out.

The lighter melts a small patch a few inches from the pool of gasoline and fizzles out.

Mike lays on the porch as the snow falls.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

A large Quonset Hut structure - a half-cylinder shaped garage - sits among piles of gravel at the side of a mountain road lined with trees.

Snow falls gently.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Bundles of shrink-wrapped cash fill the open trunk of a Nederland, Colorado police cruiser parked inside.

Officer BLAYLOCK, 35, in full uniform, clean cut like he's fresh out of the military, looks down at it.

He looks to his partner, HUGHES, 35, also in uniform.

Blaylock sighs and slams the trunk.

They both turn and lean against the trunk.

HUGHES

We should get a solid cut each time.  
Not this pussy-ass retainer.

BLAYLOCK

It is what it is.

HUGHES

Lemme ask you something. What are  
we trying to achieve?

BLAYLOCK

Achieve?

HUGHES

Yeah. What's the end-game of what  
we're doing here?

BLAYLOCK

Money.

HUGHES

Do you feel adequately compensated  
for the kind of risk we take?

BLAYLOCK

I don't like where you're going with  
this.

HUGHES

I'm just thinking out loud.

BLAYLOCK

Well, don't. This is easy money,  
just accept it.

HUGHES

You know what my end-game is?  
Happiness. And I know, the whole  
thing about how you can't buy  
happiness. But to that I say  
bullshit. Money can buy you freedom.  
And freedom is happiness.

BLAYLOCK

What's with the sudden introspection?

HUGHES

I've been seeing this chick. She's  
got this kind of wild nature. This  
thing inside her that's been screaming  
to get out. I brought that shit out  
in her. And she brought it out in  
me, too. Got me thinking about what  
I want out of life.

BLAYLOCK

No shit? Come on by, we'll do a  
couple's thing. Fire up the grill.

HUGHES

Maybe.

The large garage door shakes and slides open.

A large Humvee rumbles in the snow, the headlights shine  
behind a dark silhouette of a MAN with a machine gun.

Blaylock pops open the trunk and they step aside. The  
headlights shine on the money.

The man walks towards them, the Humvee creeps in behind him.

Blaylock and Hughes shield their eyes against the light.

The Man looks down at the trunk full of money.

Four more MEN hustle out of the Humvee.

The men empty the cash onto hand trucks and cart it away.

The Man slams the trunk shut and walks back to the Humvee.

The Humvee pulls out of the garage and into the snowy night.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The corridors are dark. A television in the nearby waiting room plays the countdown to New Years. 10, 9, 8...

A NURSE walks through the doors to the Intensive Care Unit.

Mike is in the first room, a breathing tube down his throat.

The Nurse walks to the next room where Hernan is hooked up to several machines. His head is wrapped in thick bandages, a tube runs out of his neck.

Antonio sits next to the bed. His face is bandaged, bruised, and stitched. He looks up at the Nurse.

NURSE

Happy New Year, hon.

Antonio manages a smile. The Nurse smiles back and leaves.

Antonio squeezes Hernan's hand, wipes away a tear.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Antonio walks through the sliding automatic doors and pops a cigarette in his mouth.

He leans against the wall and lights it, takes a drag.

A long limousine pulls up to the curb near the entrance.

Henry steps out of the back of the limo.

Antonio groans, drops his head.

HENRY

Get in.

Antonio grudgingly stomps over.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Antonio gets in and sits across from GINO, 35, the dapper Don in an expensive suit and a drink in one hand.

Henry gets in after Antonio.

GINO  
I wanna talk to my brother alone for  
a minute, Henry.

HENRY  
I'm freezing my ass off out here.

GINO  
Go get a hot chocolate or something.

Henry grumbles and climbs out, slams the door behind him.

GINO (CONT'D)  
This fuckin' guy, in his old age.

Gino looks at Antonio, assesses his wounds.

GINO (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ. How you doin', kid?

ANTONIO  
Pretty fuckin' bad, Gino. I want  
these fuckers dead.

GINO  
Nobody's killing anybody.

ANTONIO  
What about Hernan? He's fucking  
brain dead. If they can even take  
him off the machines he'll be a god  
damn vegetable.

GINO  
And you're sure you didn't cross  
these fucks somehow?

ANTONIO  
You think we deserved this?

GINO  
I'm just trying to see this from  
every angle. These hillbillies run  
the prisons, so as long as Dad's  
locked up...

ANTONIO  
They just get to do this to his son?  
A boss?

GINO  
It's not so simple, Antonio. And  
you know why.

ANTONIO  
Why? 'Cause I'm a fag?

GINO  
Hey, did I use that word? I'm just  
sayin', the world is run by old men.  
They got old fashioned ideas.

ANTONIO  
Oh bullshit. Grandpa never-

GINO  
Your grandpa. Not mine.

Antonio sinks back in his seat, defeated.

ANTONIO  
So that's it? The half-brother gets  
half the love?

GINO  
Antonio, you are my brother and I do  
love you. But you are not a part of  
the business. Understand?

Antonio seethes, then throws the door open and leaps out.

GINO (CONT'D)  
Antonio! God dammit!

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike, cleaned up, in a suit, sits with BARRY, 35, his lawyer.

MIKE  
Ninety days? For trying to burn  
down my own house?

BARRY  
It's still felony arson. With the  
drug charges, you were looking at  
some real time.

MIKE  
Ninety days isn't real time?

BARRY  
It's rehab. Not prison.

MIKE  
I don't need rehab. I kicked it.  
I'm clean.

BARRY

You kicked while in a coma, Mike.  
The court wants you to do the song  
and dance. Go through the motions.

MIKE

What if I just wanted to say "fuck  
it", renounce my citizenship, leave  
the country?

BARRY

Is there anywhere specifically you'd  
like to go?

MIKE

Paris. Me and Grace, we really liked  
it there.

Mike drifts off in thought, smiles.

BARRY

You know, France does extradite.  
Unless you're a citizen. Or rich.

Back to reality, Mike sneers.

MIKE

Can I do it in Colorado? The rehab?

BARRY

What's in Colorado?

MIKE

I grew up there. I know people there.

BARRY

I think it can be worked out. The  
court will want you to cover any  
additional costs.

MIKE

I have the life insurance. Got  
nothin' better to spend it on.

Barry pushes a paper across the desk with a pen. Mike thinks.

Finally, he snatches up the pen and signs.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Blaylock walks toward the garage with two cups of coffee,  
balances them in one hand, and slides open the big bay door.

The squad car is inside - the trunk open.

Blaylock pauses, looks around.

He goes in further, sees the trunk is empty.

He drops the coffee and runs back to his car.

INT. BLAYLOCK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Blaylock throws open the front door, gun drawn.

The house is silent, dark. He flips on the hallway light.

He walks to the stairs, gently creeps, gun drawn, finger hovers above the trigger.

He gets to the top of the stairs. The bedroom door is shut ahead. He takes a breath, slowly walks towards it.

He reaches out, grasps the doorknob. Another breath.

He THROWS the door open.

Inside are his daughters SOPHIE, 10, and JOSIE, 7, on the bed, playing a video game. They look at him, startled.

He hides the gun behind his back.

BLAYLOCK

Where's mommy?

SOPHIE

She went out with Mr. Hughes.

BLAYLOCK

She wha-

Blaylock's jaw drops.

He runs to the bedroom at the opposite end of the hallway, turns on the light.

Clothes are thrown everywhere.

The closet is littered with empty hangers.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

A train slowly chugs through the railroad crossing, the gates down, red lights flick back and forth in time with the bell.

The two Bikers rumble up and come to a stop.



Headlights approach behind them. They pay no attention.

It's Antonio's BMW.

Antonio gets out, pulls a gun from his waistband. He leans into the car, flips the switch to turn on the brights.

The Bikers turn around, blinded by the light.

A gunshot POPS! Biker #1's eye EXPLODES.

Biker #2 goes for the gun in his jacket. Antonio BLASTS him off the bike with a shot to the chest.

The train ends and the gates raise up.

Antonio stands above Biker #2.

ANTONIO  
Do you know who I am?

BIKER #2  
Fuck you, you fucking faggot!

Antonio BLASTS Biker #2 in the head.

An SUV crosses over the tracks from the other side. The driver, a WOMAN, 40's, looks on in horror as she slowly creeps by. The passenger, her TEENAGE DAUGHTER, records Antonio on her phone.

Antonio looks up at the SUV. His face is clear as day on the Girl's camera.

The Mother SLAMS on the gas and screeches away.

Antonio looks around, sees he's alone. He puts the gun back in his waist and casually walks back to his car.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

A light blue and black sign is strung between two streetlights over the intersection. It says "Frozen Dead Guy Days Is Coming!"

Blaylock's police cruiser pulls up and he gets out.

He opens the rear door and his girls scramble out.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

An old alley, old technology.

A neon beer sign advertises the lounge.

The girls bowl on a far lane.

Blaylock is at the snack window.

BLAYLOCK

Can I get a pitcher of Coke and an  
order of Nachos?

The BARTENDER nods and walks back to the kitchen.

GREEN, 45, sits quietly in the lounge and sips a beer. He's  
in a casual sport jacket and slacks, no tie.

Blaylock sits down across from him.

GREEN

All things considered, I do feel  
like I share part of the blame for  
hiring you idiots in the first place.  
I'm assuming you haven't heard from  
your partner or your wife?

BLAYLOCK

I have not.

The Bartender comes over with the pitcher of soda and nachos.

Green picks up a greasy wad of nachos and chomps away.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)

Those are for my kids.

GREEN

Nice try, by the way, bringing them.  
Like it'll keep me from dragging you  
out the back door and disappearing  
your ass.

BLAYLOCK

I can make restitution.

GREEN

With what? You gonna work some  
overtime, scrape together fifty bucks  
a week for the next ten thousand  
weeks? The people you stole from  
don't do payment plans.

BLAYLOCK

I didn't steal anything, he did!

GREEN

They really don't see the distinction.

BLAYLOCK  
Let me pay it back.

GREEN  
How?

BLAYLOCK  
I just need a couple days.

GREEN  
Tell me the details, I'll decide if  
it's worth the wait.

BLAYLOCK  
Either you give me a few days or you  
can make your move right now. How  
'bout it?

Blaylock moves his hand to his holster.

Green licks cheese from his fingers, watches Blaylock's hand.

GREEN  
Jesus Christ, you really want to  
cowboy up? With your kids here?  
What's wrong with you?

Green wipes his hands off on his pants, and takes a gulp  
from the pitcher of soda.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Fine. End of the week.

Blaylock nods.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Let me be real clear. Try to run,  
rat us out, or come back empty handed,  
and I will delete your ass from the  
space-time continuum.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie rolls the ball down the alley, knocks over a few pins.

Blaylock approaches them.

JOSIE  
Where's the nachos?

BLAYLOCK  
No nachos. Get your shoes, we're  
leaving.

SOPHIE  
Come on, I'm winning!

BLAYLOCK  
I don't care, let's go.

The girls drop their heads and sit down to change their shoes.

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A light snow falls.

Mike and Benny haul a couch up the ramp of a moving truck.

BENNY  
Jesus Christ. Let's take a break.

They set it down and catch their breath.

A large black Cadillac pulls up behind the truck.

The Goon steps out.

Mike and Benny look at each other, confused.

INT. CHICAGO DINER - DAY

Mike sits across from Henry, looks around nervously.

The Goon sits at the counter, sips coffee and reads the paper.

HENRY  
The stars have aligned, Michael. I  
need something transported out of  
town. And lo and behold.

MIKE  
Wait, how did you know I was-

HENRY  
Not important. What is important is  
that the thing we talked about, you  
know, your friend doing life? I'll  
take care of that.

Mike shifts, uncomfortable.

MIKE  
I, uh, I don't want that any more.

HENRY  
You don't want... you approached me  
about this, remember?

MIKE

And you turned me down.

HENRY

You weren't really in a good place then, Mike.

MIKE

You think I'm in a good place now?

HENRY

You're not using that junk any more.

MIKE

Look, I'm really sorry I came to you before. I shouldn't have done it. So, I'm just gonna go.

Mike stands up. The Goon steps forward, glares at him.

Mike sits back down.

Henry sighs, regroupes.

HENRY

That story I read about you, when it happened. It said you were disemboweled. It used that word. Gutted, like a fish. How long did it take before you could walk again after what he did to you?

MIKE

Killing him won't undo any of that. And I just need to move on from it.

HENRY

Can you ever move on from it as long as that asshole is breathing?

MIKE

I guess I'll just have to. I'm not a murderer.

HENRY

Revenge isn't murder, Michael. It's justice. But that's not even the worst of it, right? It's what he did to her.

Mike jaw clenches.

HENRY (CONT'D)

He's adapted, you know.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Junk food all day. Television.  
He's even got groupies. Isn't that  
sick? This is the last man to have  
his dick in your wife and he's got  
women-

MIKE  
I'll do it.

Henry smiles, takes Mike's hand.

HENRY  
Thank you, Michael.

Henry nods at the Goon. The Goon makes a call on his phone.

MIKE  
What am I transporting?

HENRY  
Don't concern yourself with that.  
Just keep picturing Monty Kincaid in  
a prison shower with a few dozen  
three-inch-deep holes in his torso.

Mike smiles a bit, lingers, then the smile fades.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

The strip mall has just a few stores, most prominent is  
Jitters Coffee.

A whole carnival environment is under construction on the  
street in preparation for Frozen Dead Guy Days. Heavy-duty  
tents, portable toilets, electrical cabling.

Blaylock sits in his car, stoically stares ahead.

A deep red armored truck with the Lorica Armored Services  
logo on the door pulls up.

Blaylock snaps out of his daze and gets out of his car.

EDGAR, 63, steps out of the drivers side of the armored truck.  
He's in his guard uniform, tall and frail, hunched over.

BLAYLOCK  
Edgar, how's it goin'?

They shake hands.

CARL, 28, in uniform, gets out of the passengers side.

Blaylock is surprised to see him.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)  
Oh, hey, did Frank call in?

EDGAR  
Frank's no longer with the company.  
(to Carl)  
Kenny, meet Officer Blaylock.

CARL  
It's Carl.

Carl extends his hand, shakes with Blaylock.

EDGAR  
Why don't you grab us a couple  
coffees, huh kid?

CARL  
Sure.  
(to Blaylock)  
Would you like anything?

EDGAR  
The kid fetches a mean cup of joe.

BLAYLOCK  
No, I'm good.

Carl walks toward Jitters.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)  
What the hell happened to Frank?

EDGAR  
Random drug test. He failed.

BLAYLOCK  
He failed? Jesus Christ, Edgar.

EDGAR  
Relax.

INT. JITTERS COFFEE - DAY

KELLY, 28, in a Jitters smock, hands a CUSTOMER a coffee.

KELLY  
Thanks, have a good day.

The Customer turns to leave, reveals Carl behind him. She smiles, checks her watch.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Are you picking up early?

CARL

No, sorry. Just a couple coffees.

She smiles and prepares the drinks.

He tries to be casual, leans on the counter.

CARL (CONT'D)

So, what's the deal with this Frozen  
Dead Guy Days?

KELLY

You've never been?

CARL

Nope. Is it fun?

KELLY

It's pretty awesome. Great music.  
Salmon tossing.

CARL

Sorry, did you say salmon tossing?

KELLY

Yep. The frozen salmon toss. It's  
exactly what it sounds like.

CARL

I'd like to see that.

KELLY

You should go.

CARL

Maybe I will.  
Maybe you could go with me?

She pauses, a quick, tense hesitation, then recovers, nods.

KELLY

Yeah. We could do that.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Blaylock paces nervously.

BLAYLOCK

This kid's heard my voice. Seen my  
face. This plan hinged on you and  
Frank telling the same bullshit story.

EDGAR

If the kid's a problem, pop him.



Blaylock stops, looks at him stunned.

BLAYLOCK  
Nobody gets hurt.

EDGAR  
I'm just saying. The option exists.

Carl comes out of Jitters.

Blaylock and Edgar switch gears, act cool.

EDGAR (CONT'D)  
So, takin' the kids to Frozen Dead  
Guy Days?

BLAYLOCK  
Yeah, I, uh, Josie hasn't seen it  
yet, so...

Carl hands Edgar a coffee.

EDGAR  
Thank you Chris.

CARL  
It's Carl. You're welcome.

Carl rolls his eyes, walks to the truck and gets in.

Edgar turns to Blaylock, smirks.

EDGAR  
The option exists.

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The black Cadillac screeches to a stop next to the moving  
truck, now closed and parked at the curb.

Mike gets out of the Cadillac and it speeds off.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mike opens the door to the apartment. It's empty.

Benny sits on the floor. He stands up.

MIKE  
They moved all my shit?

BENNY  
Yeah.

MIKE

Well I guess that's something.  
Did you see what they put back there?

Benny shakes his head "no".

BENNY

Is this about that thing?

MIKE

Yeah.

BENNY

What did he-

MIKE

He's gonna do it.

They both stand there a moment, unsure what else to say.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I guess I should get going.

INT. MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - NIGHT

A mini-mart of weed in a glass counter. Old school hip-hop blasts on the speakers.

FRANK, 70, in sweat pants and a faded t-shirt, points to a jar of "HeadPhuk" weed.

FRANK

Let's get a whiff of the HeadPhuk.

ERIC, 25, the tattooed and pierced budtender, pulls the jar out and opens it. Frank leans in for a sniff.

The door swings open and Blaylock charges up to Frank.

BLAYLOCK

(loud, over the music)  
We need to talk.

FRANK

So talk.  
(to Eric)  
Roll me off a J of that.

Eric steps away and prepares the joint.

BLAYLOCK

Outside!

FRANK

Can I get my joint first?

Blaylock grits his teeth, annoyed.

EXT. MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Frank steps out the door and lights the joint.

Blaylock follows him.

BLAYLOCK

The fuck, put that shit out!

\*

Frank takes a hit, holds it in.

FRANK

Relax. There's no real cops around.

BLAYLOCK

Go fuck yourself, Frank. You couldn't stop smoking for a few weeks to pass a piss test?

FRANK

Oh please. They've been up my ass to retire for years. This way they get to fuck me out of my pension. It's age discrimination.

BLAYLOCK

This completely screws up the plan. You know that, right?

FRANK

Sure. But you're gonna do it anyway.

BLAYLOCK

I don't know.

FRANK

Of course you are. Why else are you here? You wanna know if I'm still expecting my cut. And the answer is yes.

BLAYLOCK

Not a full cut.

FRANK

Of course a full cut.

BLAYLOCK

You're not doing anything.

FRANK

Put me in, coach. I'll earn my share.

Frank takes one more hit off the joint then dabs it out on the wall.

INT. MOVING TRUCK - NIGHT

Mike yawns behind the wheel. He shakes his head.

There's a mass of headlights in the distance ahead.

As he gets closer there are spinning red and blue lights.

It's a police checkpoint.

MIKE

Oh shit.

He slows the truck.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A STATE TROOPER, 40's, looks at Mike's drivers license by flashlight.

TROOPER

What'cha got in the back?

MIKE

Everything. I'm moving to Colorado.

TROOPER

Oh yeah? Could you show me?

MIKE

Seriously? Don't you need, like, a warrant?

The Trooper shakes his head, annoyed, then hits the button on his radio.

TROOPER

Dispatch this is-

MIKE

No!

Mike opens the door and climbs out.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry! I just... it's fine.

Mike rushes around to the back, the Trooper follows.

Mike's hand shakes as he lifts the latch.

He takes a breath, closes his eyes, and slides the door up.

The furniture and boxes are a solid wall of Mike's belongings.

The Trooper leans in, shines his flashlight around.

Mike steps back, gulps nervously.

The Trooper reaches in, moves things. Looks up and down.

TROOPER

Okay.

He turns to Mike and hands him his license.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

Drive safe.

The Trooper walks away.

Mike breathes a moment, shaken.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Mike slides the gas pump into the truck and starts fueling.

He shivers at the cold.

ANTONIO (O.S.)

Hello?

Mike jumps away from the truck like it was on fire.

ANTONIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, let me out, man!

Mike cautiously approaches.

MIKE

I don't think I'm supposed to.

ANTONIO (O.S.)

Come on. I gotta take a piss.

Mike hesitates.

ANTONIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'll just do it on your couch, dude.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The back of the truck is open. Several boxes and a chair have been removed.

Antonio emerges from the deep dark of the truck. He jumps down and Mike flinches, steps back.

ANTONIO  
We'll do the get-to-know-ya shit  
later. I gotta piss like a racehorse.  
You want anything?

Mike shakes his head. Antonio heads to the gas station.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Word. I'll be back in a quick.

Antonio goes into the gas station.

Mike looks around nervously, then at the pile of his stuff.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Antonio comes out of the men's room and grabs a can of Red Bull from the cooler. He heads to the counter.

The news plays on a television behind GENE, 32, the cashier.

ANTONIO  
Pack of Kools too, chief.

GENE  
Can I see some ID?

Antonio looks up at the TV - it's playing the video of him shooting the Biker, his name up in big bold letters on screen. He tenses.

ANTONIO  
Come on, I don't look that young.

GENE  
Sorry. I can't sell cigarettes  
without an ID.

ANTONIO  
How about you just give me the  
cigarettes before I smack you in the  
mouth?

Gene yanks the Red Bull away and points to the door.

GENE  
How about you get the hell out of my  
store?

Antonio runs his hands through his hair, annoyed.

He suddenly CRACKS Gene with a back hand slap. Gene staggers back, knocks over a display on the counter.

Antonio reaches into the overhead cigarette shelf and pulls down a pack of Kools, then waves it in front of the scanner. The price blinks on the register: \$6.95

Antonio pulls ten bucks from his pocket and drops it on the counter. Gene flinches, terrified.

Antonio calmly walks out, whacking the pack on his palm.

Gene grabs the phone and dials 9-1-1.

He watches the security monitor as Antonio walks towards the moving truck - the license plate in full view.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Antonio goes to the cab of the truck.

Mike finishes putting in the last of his boxes.

ANTONIO  
Come on, we gotta go.

INT. MOVING TRUCK - NIGHT

Mike drives. Antonio lights a cigarette, cracks the window.

MIKE  
Do you have to smoke?

ANTONIO  
Actually, I do. It's an addiction.

Mike cracks his own window.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

MIKE  
Mike.

ANTONIO  
Nice to meet you, Mike. I'm Antonio.  
Antonio Iovanelli.

Antonio arches an eyebrow, expecting a reaction.

It hits Mike.

MIKE  
Iovanelli? As in, Angelo Iovanelli?

ANTONIO  
I'm his son. Have you heard of me?

MIKE

I've heard of your dad, of course.  
And your brother Gino.

ANTONIO

No shit. Only reason you'd be doing  
this is if you're doing business  
with us. You owe some money or  
something?

Mike doesn't answer. They ride a moment in silence.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

No judgments. Whatever you did.  
We're not bad guys, Mike. We both  
did whatever we did, and that's that.  
Life's complicated.

Mike yawns.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

You wanna do some coke?

Mike looks sharply at him.

MIKE

I'm on my way to rehab.

ANTONIO

For coke?

MIKE

Heroin, actually.

ANTONIO

Well Mike, it sounds like coke isn't  
really a problem!

INT. BLAYLOCK'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - MORNING

Blaylock, in his uniform, sits across the breakfast table  
from Sophie and Josie.

SOPHIE

And they have brain freeze contests  
and music and the frozen salmon toss.

JOSIE

Frozen salmon toss? They throw a  
frozen salmon?

SOPHIE

Yep.



JOSIE

Why?

SOPHIE

To see who can throw it the farthest.  
(off Josie's reaction)  
Trust me. It's sooo much fun.

JOSIE

When's mommy coming home?

Blaylock tenses.

BLAYLOCK

She, uh...

Blaylock's phone rings. He jumps up from the table and answers it.

INTERCUT: BLAYLOCK AND SANDRA

SANDRA, 40, the dispatcher, talks on the headset at her desk in the small police station.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)

I'm just about to walk out the door.  
What's up?

SANDRA

Got a call from someone at the CBI.

Blaylock freezes.

BLAYLOCK

What did they want?

SANDRA

The case files for everything you worked in the past year.

BLAYLOCK

What did you say?

SANDRA

Seemed kind of unofficial. I told him there's proper channels for that kind of request.  
Do you want me to start gathering-

BLAYLOCK

No, it's okay. If a legit request comes in just forward it to me.

SANDRA

You got it.

BLAYLOCK

Thanks.

Blaylock's about to hang up.

SANDRA

Oh, hey. Just a heads up. Got a report about some moving truck might be headed our way.

BLAYLOCK

A what?

SANDRA

A moving truck. The suspect from that double homicide in Chicago that's been all over the news might be in it. I'll shoot you over the bulletin.

BLAYLOCK

Sure, whatever.

Blaylock hangs up and returns to the table.

JOSIE

Why's it called Frozen Dead Guy Days?

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

The truck gasses up at a pump.

Mike is coked up and animated.

MIKE

Okay, so, this guy came from Norway back in the 90's with his cryogenically frozen grandfather. And he had the guy stored in some facility but, I guess maybe they charged too much or something, so he decided to just keep the body frozen on his property in a shed, like the kind you get at Home Depot.

ANTONIO

(laughs)

Holy shit.

MIKE

Yeah. It was a big thing 'cause they tried to pass a law that you couldn't keep a corpse on your property.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

But he went to court and won and the  
body's been there ever since. So  
now, every year they have this  
festival called Frozen Dead Guy Days.

ANTONIO

And this is where you grew up?

MIKE

Yep.

ANTONIO

Fuckin' small towns, man.

MIKE

Can I get a little more coke?

The pump shuts off with a heavy SLAM.

Mike shutters, startled.

After a tense moment they both laugh.

INT. MOVING TRUCK - MORNING

Mike drives down an open stretch of road.

Antonio lights a cigarette, rolls down his window.

MIKE

I know you're not supposed to be out  
and about, but I was thinking we  
could stop off in town, grab some  
real food before I drop you off.

ANTONIO

Where are you dropping me off,  
exactly?

MIKE

Antioch Springs. About an hour past  
my town. I'm supposed to park at  
some biker bar called "The Outpost".

Antonio's eyes go wide.

ANTONIO

What?

Mike's phone buzzes in his pocket. He looks at the screen,  
cringes.

MIKE  
Shit. Just, be quiet.  
(into phone)  
Hello?

INTERCUT: MIKE AND HENRY

Henry is at his booth in the diner.

HENRY  
Put Antonio on the phone.

Mike looks at Antonio, shocked.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
I know he's out. Put him on.

Mike hands the phone over. Antonio snatches it and puts it to his ear.

ANTONIO  
You're gonna give me over to them,  
aren't you, you piece of shit?

HENRY  
Relax, okay? Tell me where you are.

Antonio rolls the window down and tosses the phone.

MIKE  
What the fuck!?

Mike slams on the brakes.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

The truck screeches to a halt.

A police car comes from the other direction.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Blaylock looks in his rear view at the truck as he passes.

He thinks, looks back, then it hits him.

He slams on the brakes and spins the wheel.

INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

Mike throws the truck in reverse.

MIKE  
Why did you do that?

ANTONIO

They can track the GPS on your phone.  
Just leave it.

Mike sees Blaylock's car do a U-turn in the rear view.

MIKE

Oh shit.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Blaylock puts his car in park, looks around. There are no other cars on the road.

He gets out of the car, hand on holster.

INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

Mike puts the truck in park.

ANTONIO

What the fuck are you doing? Let's go!

MIKE

I'm not running from a cop!

BLAYLOCK

(outside)

Driver! Put your hands on the wheel!

Blaylock circles around until he's in front of the truck, gun aimed squarely at them.

Mike raises his hands.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)

Passenger! Hands up!

ANTONIO

Run him over.

MIKE

What?

Antonio lunges for the gear shifter.

Blaylock fires two shots - POP POP - holes explode in the windshield above Antonio's head.

Antonio shutters, puts his hands up. Blaylock approaches.

ANTONIO

Okay, okay, we get out and we jump him. Okay? You go low, I'll go high.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - DAY

BACK OF THE POLICE CAR

Mike and Antonio are cuffed behind their backs in the back seat. Antonio glares at Mike.

MIKE

He would have shot us.

OUTSIDE

A tow truck from Rocky Mountain Towing & Recovery rumbles up. Blaylock motions for it to pull up to the moving truck.

BACK OF THE POLICE CAR

Antonio watches Blaylock's activity.

ANTONIO

What the fuck is this?

Mike doesn't look, lost in his own thoughts.

MIKE

Jesus Christ. We've got coke in the truck. And whatever the hell it is your deal is. I'm going to fucking prison, aren't I?

ANTONIO

I don't think he's arresting us.

OUTSIDE

RAY, 40's, in oil-stained overalls gets out of his truck. Blaylock looks around cautiously, approaches him.

BLAYLOCK

How's it goin' Ray?

RAY

Not so bad. You?

BLAYLOCK

Great, I need a favor.

RAY

Oh yeah?

BLAYLOCK

I need you to store this truck.  
Just for a few days. Just keep it  
out of sight. And you can't tell  
anyone you have it.

Ray looks confused.

BACK OF THE POLICE CAR

ANTONIO

There were shots fired. Where's the  
backup? Where's the investigators?

MIKE

What do you think he's doing?

ANTONIO

It's not good, whatever it is.

OUTSIDE

RAY

I don't know, maybe I should run it  
by my dad first, see what he-

BLAYLOCK

No! Look, it's for this case I'm  
working on. Nobody can know. There  
may be some corrupt cops.

RAY

No shit?

BLAYLOCK

I can't talk about it right now, but  
if you can just hide this truck for  
me? You might end up on TV.

Ray smiles wide.

BACK OF THE POLICE CAR

MIKE

What's Henry gonna do now that he  
know's you're out?

ANTONIO

Well if he gets to us in jail he'll  
have us killed. They're good at  
that.

Mike tenses.

MIKE

What? I didn't do anything!

ANTONIO

I think you fall in the category of  
"loose ends".

MIKE

So, what do I do? Witness protection?

ANTONIO

He could also go after your family.  
Is there anyone he could use to get  
to you?

MIKE

Nobody in Chi-  
(it hits him)  
-oh shit.

INT. AUTO GARAGE - DAY

Benny leans under the hood of a car, cranks away with a wrench.

MECHANIC (V.O.)

Benny! Someone here to see you!

Benny looks up to the door. An Older MECHANIC, 50's, is there with the Goon.

Benny's expression melts.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Blaylock walks back to the car.

ANTONIO

Just let me talk.

Blaylock opens the door and gets in the drivers seat.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

You're working for my dad, right?

Blaylock adjusts the rear view to look at Antonio.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

He can't be paying you much. Small town cop.  
You let us go, I can get you double what he's paying.

Blaylock laughs, adjusts his mirror and starts the car.



MIKE  
Officer, sir, I just met this guy.  
He was in the back of-

ANTONIO  
Shut the fuck up!

MIKE  
No! I don't know what he did, but I-

BLAYLOCK  
He blew the heads off of two people.

Mike is shocked. He looks at Antonio.

ANTONIO  
They totally deserved it.

Blaylock throws the car in gear and pulls onto the road.

MIKE  
Hey! I want to talk to a lawyer.  
Blaylock ignores him.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Hey!  
Mike jerks violently, stomps his feet.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Blaylock knocks on the front door of the small ranch-style home overtaken by weeds and decay.

He knocks again, impatient.

The door flings open to reveal Frank in a bathrobe and sweats.

Frank looks past Blaylock, to the car parked at the curb, Mike and Antonio in the back.

FRANK  
The fuck is this?

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

The living room is cramped, hoarder-ish. An old dirty couch. A record player/stereo with a stack of milk crates packed with old records.

Antonio and Mike sit on the couch, hands cuffed behind them.

Blaylock reaches behind them. They squirm.

The sound of a "click-click", and the cuffs slide off Antonio, then Mike.

Blaylock steps back, pockets the cuffs.

Mike and Antonio look at each other, then to Blaylock.

BLAYLOCK  
You can go if you want.

They slowly stand up and cautiously go to the door.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)  
You won't get far. You have no money.  
You've got warrants.

Antonio stops, turns to Blaylock.

MIKE  
What are you doing?

ANTONIO  
I wanna know what he wants.

MIKE  
Who gives a shit? Let's go!

ANTONIO  
Relax. You got somewhere to be?

MIKE  
Yeah, rehab!

BLAYLOCK  
That court ordered rehab is out the window, friend.

MIKE  
Yeah? Well I'll take my chances.

Mike turns to the door.

ANTONIO  
You gotta make things right with Henry first.

Mike stops, lowers his head.

BLAYLOCK  
I can get you out of the country.

Antonio and Mike both look at him.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)  
With some traveling money to boot.

ANTONIO

What do want from us?

Blaylock takes a breath, turns to Frank. Frank shrugs. Blaylock sighs, no turning back.

BLAYLOCK

Help me rob an armored car.

Antonio smiles, Mike's eyes go wide.

MIKE

Fuck that!

INT. MANSION/KITCHEN - DAY

Benny sits at the counter of an enormous, expensive kitchen, pristine with stainless steel and thick marble.

He takes a sip of water and looks over to the Goon across the room.

The door opens and Henry enters with ANGIE, 25. She's in a jean-jacket and black pants - expensive but not flashy.

Benny leaps up, stands at attention.

HENRY

There he is! B-b-b-Benny and the Jets.

Benny nervously looks to Angie.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Benny, this is Angie. She's going to help us solve a little kerfuffle.

Henry snaps his fingers. The Goon steps forward and hands Benny his phone.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Benny, I want you to call your cousin Mike. Can you do that for me?

BENNY

Yeah. Sure.

Benny fumbles with his phone, hits some buttons, and puts it to his ear. He waits a moment.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Voicemail.

Henry hands him a piece of paper with some handwriting.

HENRY

Read that.

Benny looks at the paper, confused, and waits for the beep.

BENNY

Mike, this is Benny. I need you to call me back as soon as you get this. I'm with those people, you know who, and if you don't call me back they're going to-

Benny looks up at Henry. Henry nods, encouraging.

BENNY (CONT'D)

-they're going to cut my fingers off.

Horror washes over him. Henry motions for him to hang up.

BENNY (CONT'D)

I don't know what this is about...

Henry takes the phone from Benny and leaves with the Goon.

Benny is alone with Angie. He looks to her, terrified.

She smiles.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

Blaylock, Frank, Antonio, and Mike sit around the table.

BLAYLOCK

They pick up the money twice a week from four different casinos in Blackhawk. Now, normally, they'll swing around to Boulder on the highway, but during Frozen Dead Guy Days the local vendors do pretty well so they add additional pickups. That sends them down this road...

Blaylock takes out his phone and swipes to a map where there's a T in the road.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)

They'll pull up to this stop sign to turn left. That's where you'll be waiting.

He swipes an image to show the stop sign, the surrounding bushes and the forest around it all.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)

You run up on them, one on each side,  
and bust out the windows with center  
punches. The driver is a friend.  
He'll play along, put up a little  
fight, but he's no threat.

FRANK

Feel free to smack him around if you  
really need to sell it, though.

BLAYLOCK

Shut up! No smacking. No violence.

ANTONIO

Is his partner in on it too?

Blaylock hesitates.

BLAYLOCK

No.

MIKE

And these are armed guards, right?  
Trained for shit like this?

BLAYLOCK

Look, he's a rookie...

ANTONIO

Great, so the training's fresh.

Blaylock dismisses him with a wave.

BLAYLOCK

Once you get them out of the truck  
and cuffed on the side of the road,  
you cut an orange bundle of cables  
under the dash. That disables the  
truck's security cameras and  
transponder. Then you just drive it  
a mile down the mountain to us and  
we'll take it from there.

(beat)

Any questions?

Antonio raises his hand.

ANTONIO

We getting guns?

BLAYLOCK

Unloaded.

ANTONIO  
What if we need 'em loaded?

BLAYLOCK  
Then you run. It's off.

ANTONIO  
What about masks?

BLAYLOCK  
I'll pick some up.

ANTONIO  
Can mine be a hockey mask?

BLAYLOCK  
It'll be whatever the hell it is.

Blaylock stands up.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)  
You guys spend the night here.  
(beat)  
Are you in?

Antonio looks to Mike. Mike's eyes are wide, he shakes his head "no".

ANTONIO  
Yeah, we're in.

Blaylock heads to the door. Frank jumps up and follows him.

FRANK  
Woah, woah, woah. Where are you going?

Blaylock pulls him aside, talks quietly.

BLAYLOCK  
My kids.

FRANK  
Hire a fuckin' babysitter.

BLAYLOCK  
I have to do this. You know why.

FRANK  
I gotta sleep at some point.

BLAYLOCK  
So? We're not holding them hostage.  
They're in. They're working with us.

FRANK  
Because you're blackmailing them.

BLAYLOCK  
We have to trust them at some point.

Blaylock goes out the front door.

Frank turns around to face them.

FRANK  
You boys wanna smoke some reefer?

ANTONIO  
Absolutely.

INT. MANSION/TV ROOM - DAY

Benny and Angie sit on the couch in front of a giant TV screen. She clicks through the remote, changes channels.

BENNY  
So, are you, like, Gino's sister?

ANGIE  
Mmm Hmm.

Uncomfortable silence. More channels flicked.

BENNY  
They won't really cut off my fingers,  
will they?

ANGIE  
They done worse.

The channel flips to The Honeymooners. She stops.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit. You ever see this?

BENNY  
Yeah, Honeymooners, sure.

ANGIE  
Antonio got me into this. Shit's  
hilarious.

She laughs at Ralph Cramden throwing a fit on screen.

BENNY  
Is Antonio your, uh, boyfriend?

She looks at him, bewildered.

ANGIE

You really have no idea what the  
hell is goin' on, do you?

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Blaylock stands in front of a Frozen Dead Guy Days display -  
full of glow sticks and skeleton gloves and masks of ice  
skulls - light blue skulls with fake ice.

He pulls a pair of the masks down and heads to the counter.

INT. BLAYLOCK'S HOUSE - DAY

Blaylock comes in the front door.

Sophie and Josie are on the couch.

Sophie is lost in a video game.

Josie holds an open wallet, runs her fingers across it.

BLAYLOCK

Hey girls. Get your shoes on. We're  
going to Frozen Dead Gu-  
(to Josie)  
Whatcha got there?

He takes it from her and looks at it.

It's a CBI badge - Colorado Bureau of Investigation.

Green's picture is on the ID.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

The toilet flushes in the bathroom down the hall.

Blaylock pulls his gun.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)

Girls, go to your room.

They freeze.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Now!

They jump up and run up the stairs.

Blaylock slowly approaches the bathroom.

Green steps out. Blaylock stuffs the gun in his face.



EXT. BLAYLOCK'S HOUSE/BACK YARD - DAY

The sun sets in the distance.

Blaylock pushes Green out the door, gun to his back. Green turns around, hands up.

GREEN

Easy, okay? I come in peace.

Blaylock throws the badge at his chest. Green flinches, catches it.

BLAYLOCK

Why was my daughter playing with that?

GREEN

She asked.

He pockets the badge.

GREEN (CONT'D)

You know, I took a bullet for you eating those bowling alley nachos. My asshole has suffered a fate worse than death ever since.

BLAYLOCK

You wanna tell me why you're asking for my case records for the past year?

GREEN

I'm curious. Who could you possibly have leverage on, enough to pay such a big debt?

BLAYLOCK

You gave me until the end of the week. So why are you here?

GREEN

Welfare check. Making sure you're okay.

BLAYLOCK

I'm fine.

GREEN

And to tell you they found your partner. And wife.

Blaylock is shocked, takes a beat to process.

BLAYLOCK

Found?

GREEN

They were holed up in Jalisco. Most of the money was recovered. They burned through about forty grand. The cartel figures you can just repay that in favors.

BLAYLOCK

What do you mean found? Are they alive?

GREEN

What do you think?

Blaylock crouches down, the wind knocked out of him.

BLAYLOCK

What do I tell my kids?

GREEN

Hey. Glass half full, buddy. They could have been orphans.

BLAYLOCK

Jesus Christ.

GREEN

You should file a missing persons report. It'll take a while before you can declare her dead without an actual body. And, hey. You'll get some life insurance. Starts with an I, ends with an E, and that spells new pool. Won't that be nice?

Green pats him on the back and walks to the gate.

Blaylock stands up straight.

BLAYLOCK

No more favors.

Green turns back to him.

GREEN

Please don't complicate this.

BLAYLOCK

I'll pay my way out. A million dollars.

GREEN

Well now I'm really curious. How  
you getting a million dollars?

BLAYLOCK

You just give them the message.

Green looks at him, suspicious, thinks.

GREEN

Worse they can do is say no, right?

(beat)

Well, worse they can do is cut your  
kids into little cubes with chainsaws.  
Like their mother.

Green opens the gate and leaves.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike looks around the smoky room.

Antonio is on the couch next to him, passed out.

Frank is in his recliner, unconscious.

Mike slowly pushes himself away, gets to his feet.

He stealthily tip-toes to the front door and leaves.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike walks away from the house, toward the sidewalk.

The front door swings open and Antonio CHARGES out.

Mike turns just in time to get tackled.

ANTONIO

Where the fuck you think you're  
going!?

MIKE

Get off me!

Mike throws him off and gets up.

Antonio scrambles to his feet, LUNGES at him.

Mike steps aside like a matador.

MIKE (CONT'D)

God dammit, stop! Just let me go!

ANTONIO

Go where? You got no money. You got warrants. God knows who Henry's sent out hunting for us.

MIKE

So how does robbing an armored truck factor into all that?

Antonio looks around, winces, motions for him to be quiet.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You do what you need to do, man. But that's not me. Okay? It's not.

ANTONIO

Fuck that. You're not just some bystander here, Mike. I wouldn't have ended up in the back of your truck unless you were in deep.

MIKE

You don't know shit about me.

ANTONIO

No, it's okay! 'Cause we're in it together now, right? I go high, you go low.

Mike shrugs.

MIKE

I don't even know you, man.

Antonio shakes his head, steps aside. Mike walks past him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Antonio watches him walk down the street and disappear past the streetlight.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank is awake at the dining room table, a few lines of cocaine carved out in front of him.

Antonio comes in, pauses as he sees the coke.

FRANK

You know what goes good with coke?

ANTONIO

More coke.

FRANK  
Shrooms. You ever do shrooms?

ANTONIO  
I have not.

Frank holds up a plastic bag full of mushrooms.

INT. JITTERS COFFEE - NIGHT

The place is half-full of people in Frozen Dead Guy Days gear drinking coffee at tables.

Mike is next in line at the counter. The customer ahead of him steps away and reveals Kelly.

Her eyes go wide as she sees him. He's oblivious.

MIKE  
I was wondering if I could use your phone?

KELLY  
Mike?

Mike takes a moment, then it hits him.

MIKE  
Holy shit. Kelly?

KELLY  
Oh my god, are you back now?

She rushes around the counter to hug him, to the annoyance of a big BEARDED GUY, 30's, behind him.

MIKE  
No, I mean... I don't know.

BEARDED GUY  
Can you have your little reunion after I get my coffee?

Mike turns to him.

MIKE  
Back off, asshole.

Kelly stifles a laugh, goes back around the counter.

KELLY  
What can I get you?

Mike leans in, quiet.

MIKE

I kinda lost my wallet. I was hoping  
I could maybe use your phone?

KELLY

Sure, no problem.

She hands him her cell phone.

MIKE

Thank you so much. You're a literal  
life saver.

He walks over to an empty table and sits.

The Bearded Guy steps up, huffs.

INT. MANSION/TV ROOM - NIGHT

Benny and Angie play a virtual-reality sword-fighting game,  
both wearing VR headsets. Their avatars display on the giant  
television.

The door opens and Henry rushes in with the Goon.

HENRY

Shut that shit off.

They pull off the headsets.

Henry shoves the phone in Benny's face. It rings.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Whose number is that?

BENNY

I have no idea.

HENRY

Answer it.

Benny takes the phone.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Choose your words.

Benny nods and answers it.

INTERCUT: BENNY AND MIKE

BENNY

Hello?

Mike's eyes go wide, smile on his face.

MIKE

Benny? Oh thank fuck...

Benny nods at Henry. Henry grabs the phone.

HENRY

Put Antonio on the phone, Mike.

Mike goes still.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You still there?

MIKE

He's not with me any more.

HENRY

Bullshit. Put him on.

MIKE

He's not here. I swear.

HENRY

Swear on Benny's appendages?

Benny looks to Angie, alarmed. She shrugs.

MIKE

No! Please, don't do anything to him. I don't know where Antonio is.

Henry thinks, nods his head.

HENRY

Noon. Tomorrow. Get Antonio on the phone with me. If not...

Henry nods at Angie. She sighs, grabs Benny's hand and bends his pinky finger back until it CRACKS. Benny screams.

ANGIE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Shhhh.

Angie cradles him in her arms.

MIKE

No! Please, don't...

HENRY

And Mike. You should know. Monty Kincaid is dead.

QUICK FLASH

Monty Kincaid lies naked in a prison shower, body riddled with stab wounds. Blood washes down the drain.

BACK TO SCENE

Mike sits still at the table, stunned.

Henry hangs up and hands the phone to the Goon.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Find out whose number that is. Get  
me an address.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank is at the dining room table, zoned out, rolling a joint.

A needle drops on a spinning record. Otis Redding plays.

ANTONIO  
This is the shit right here.

Antonio closes his eyes, crouches down, puts his ear to the speaker.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Holy shit. I never heard it sound  
like this.

He stands up, smiles.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
I fucking love mushrooms.

FRANK  
It's good, no?

Antonio plops down on the floor and flips through one of the milk crates full of records.

He pulls out Jimi Hendrix's "Are You Experienced?"

ANTONIO  
Holy shit, is this an original?

FRANK  
Indeed.

ANTONIO  
My grandpa went to Woodstock. He  
raised me on this music. Music today  
is such shit.

FRANK  
Amen.



Jimi winks at him from the album cover. He laughs.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
So you and your brother have different  
mothers, right?

Antonio looks at him, confused.

ANTONIO  
How'd you know that?

FRANK  
You're all over the news since you  
whacked those bikers. You're what  
they call "viral".

Frank lights the joint, takes a hit. He holds it out for him.

Antonio gets up, takes the joint, and sits across from him.

ANTONIO  
It's a little complicated.

SERIES OF SHOTS

COURTROOM

ANGELO IOVANELLI, 50's, in a suit and tie, stands as the  
JUDGE sentences him.

ANTONIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My dad went away for murder in his  
fifties. He was married to Gino's  
mom at the time.

FUNERAL

Gino's MOM is dead in the casket.

Angelo is in a suit in the front row, Federal Marshals sit  
next to him holding shotguns.

ANTONIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
She died about a year into his stay.

PRISON CELL

Angelo sits on the toilet and reads a letter.

ANTONIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My mom was one of those prison pen  
pal groupies. She started writing  
to him every day.

## PRISON CLOSET

Angelo hands a GUARD some cash. The Guard shows ANTONIO'S MOM, 30's, into the room and closes the door.

ANTONIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The prison didn't have conjugal visits, but my dad managed to work things out. So here I am.

## FUNERAL

A five-year-old Antonio looks down at his mom in the casket.

ANTONIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Anyway, she died of cancer when I was five. They were never technically married, so my dad wasn't allowed to come to her funeral.

Antonio looks back to his GRANDFATHER, 70's.

ANTONIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My grandpa raised me. He died about a year ago.

## BACK TO SCENE

Frank hits the joint, passes it back.

FRANK  
Sorry to hear it, kid.

ANTONIO  
That's life.

Frank nods, lets out the smoke.

FRANK  
You wanna see something cool?

## INT. JITTERS COFFEE - NIGHT

Mike is in a daze, stares down at the table.

Kelly sits down across from him.

He looks up, startled. She laughs.

MIKE  
Sorry. Thanks for this.

He shakes it off, hands her the phone.

KELLY  
So what's the deal? Are you just  
visiting?

MIKE  
I don't know.

He's in his own little world.

KELLY  
You didn't happen to hit a dispensary  
before you came here, did you?

MIKE  
Huh?

Carl enters and approaches. He slows as he sees Mike.

CARL  
Hey.

Kelly looks up at him, flustered.

She stands up to introduce them.

KELLY  
Oh, hey, Mike, this is Carl. Carl,  
Mike.  
Mike and I, we grew up together.

Carl reaches out to shake Mike's hand.

CARL  
Good to meet you, Mike.

Mike weakly shakes his hand.

KELLY  
We were gonna hit Dead Guy Days.  
You wanna come?

MIKE  
No, I got a thing.

Carl relaxes a bit, relieved.

CARL  
Well, we should get going.

Carl turns to the door, gently touches Kelly's shoulder.

She shrugs him off just as gently, turns back to Mike.

KELLY  
Come on. I wanna catch up!

She glares at Mike, signals with her eyes to come.

MIKE

Yeah, cool. Okay.

Mike stands up.

She goes to the door.

Carl doesn't move, blocks Mike for a moment, then steps aside.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Antonio holds up a Mossberg pistol-grip pump-action 12-gauge.  
Shiny, well kept.

He marvels at it.

ANTONIO

Nice.

He hands it across the table to Frank.

FRANK

It is, right?

Frank admires it, runs his hands along the barrel.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I killed two people with this gun.

Antonio's shocked, then intrigued.

ANTONIO

Oh yeah?

FRANK

Home invaders. Fifteen years ago.  
One shot, damn near ripped 'em both  
in half.  
Justifiable homicide.

ANTONIO

No shit.

Frank lowers the gun into it's case and snaps it shut.

FRANK

Lemme ask you. Honestly. How are  
you feelin' about this thing you're  
gonna do tomorrow?

ANTONIO

Seems easy enough.

FRANK

You know that if you pull it off,  
Blaylock's gonna pop you.

ANTONIO

I considered that.

FRANK

He can't have you out there tellin'  
this tale. Understand? I half-think  
he's gonna do me when it's all said  
and done.

Antonio thinks.

ANTONIO

Huh.

FRANK

When we get this money, I wanna spend  
my remaining years on a Mexican beach,  
sitting on a mountain of cash.  
You go down there with a little  
scratch and can have a different  
chick every night of the week.  
You like pussy, Antonio?

ANTONIO

I'm actually pretty damn gay.

FRANK

No shit? That tough, bein' a  
mobster's kid and all?

ANTONIO

There has been some tension, yes.

FRANK

I sucked a cock once. Back in '77.  
Not my cup of tea. But to each their  
own.

Antonio nods at the shotgun case.

ANTONIO

You got shells for that?

FRANK

Ain't nothin' more useless than an  
unloaded gun.

EXT. FROZEN DEAD GUY DAYS - MAIN STRIP - NIGHT

Vendors sell food from carts and stands.

Tents are constructed along the sides - some with food, some with beer, some with music.

A game of frozen turkey bowling is underway - Sophie HURLS a frozen turkey down an ice lane toward some pins.

The crowd, in death-and-ice themed costumes, cheers and claps.

Blaylock smiles proudly as she jumps up and cheers a strike.

Josie runs up next to Sophie, her turn.

INT. FROZEN DEAD GUY DAYS - MUSIC TENT - NIGHT

A live band jams on the stage - crunchy hippy rock.

The crowd is drunk, covered in face paint made up to look like skulls and various designs that glow in black lights.

Mike and Kelly are near the back of the tent, leaning out as they smoke a joint. A row of outhouses is just outside, a sparse line of drunks waiting, indifferent.

Kelly passes the joint to Mike. He takes a hit, passes it back.

They smile at each other. Familiar, like old times.

Carl arrives with three beers and hands them out. Mike nods his thanks.

Kelly hands Carl the joint, he waves it away.

CARL

They do random tests at my job.

KELLY

Bummer.

She crushes it out on the bottom of her shoe.

All three stand there a moment, sip their beer uncomfortably.

CARL

So, Mike, what do you do?

MIKE

I'm sort of between jobs right now.

CARL

You're unemployed?

Carl basks in that a moment, lets it hang in the air.

It annoys Kelly.

KELLY

Mike's a software programmer.

She smiles at Mike. He's caught off guard, smiles back.

CARL

Oh, okay. Like, video games?

MIKE

Point of sale systems, mostly.

Mike takes a sip of beer. Carl notices his wedding ring.

CARL

You married, Mike?

Mike looks at his ring.

MIKE

Oh, I...

KELLY

No. He's not.

Carl catches the look on Kelly's face.

He deflates, takes a breath.

CARL

Hey, I think I'm gonna take off.

Carl walks away.

Kelly rolls her eyes, then turns to Mike.

KELLY

Just, wait here.

She walks after Carl.

Mike stands back, sips his beer.

He looks across the crowd as they dance and drink.

He glances back at the outhouses.

Blaylock is there with his daughters, in line.

Mike looks away quickly, hides his face.

EXT. FROZEN DEAD GUY DAYS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Carl approaches his car, pulls out his keys.

Kelly runs up behind him.

KELLY

Hey! Woah!

He turns to her. She catches up to him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I didn't know he was in town.

CARL

It's cool. You guys look like you needed some space.

KELLY

Oh, come on.  
Is it gonna be weird with us now?

CARL

Absolutely. I'm going to make it as uncomfortable as humanly possible every time I do a pick-up.

She laughs. He does too. Tension breaks.

CARL (CONT'D)

Seriously. You go catch up or whatever. You can give me free coffee and pastries for life if it'll make you feel better.

KELLY

Deal. So we're good?

CARL

Perfection.

INT. FROZEN DEAD GUY DAYS - MUSIC TENT - NIGHT

One of the outhouses opens up. Josie goes in. Blaylock waits outside with Sophie, stands guard. He looks around, into the tent.

Mike finds a discarded cheap "Ice Demon" mask on the ground. He slips it over his face.

He casually looks over at Blaylock.

Blaylock seems to stare right at him.

Mike looks away.

Blaylock's attention shifts, glances over the crowd.

Mike backs further back into the darkness.

A hand SLAPS Mike on the shoulder.



He lets out a yelp and turns to see Kelly behind him.

Kelly pulls the mask off his face.

KELLY  
Jesus, did you find this on the  
ground?

She drops the mask, looks at him.

A beat of eye contact. Intense.

MIKE  
Hey, can we get out of here?

KELLY  
Not having fun?

MIKE  
No, it's fine.  
Is the old Nelson house still a thing?

She smiles.

INT. MANSION/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Benny sits stoically at the counter.

Angie wraps his broken pinky finger in a splint.

She snaps some surgical tape off. He winces.

ANGIE  
Almost done, sweetie.

He looks at her, repulsed and confused at her gentleness.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
You know, corn isn't real. We made  
it up.

Benny is confused.

Henry enters with the Goon.

HENRY  
Ok, get your shit together. We're  
taking a little trip.

Benny recoils, shakes his head.

BENNY  
No. No, I'm not going anywhere.

Henry sighs, gives Angie an annoyed look.

HENRY  
How far you willing to go with this  
protest, Benny?

Benny looks away, ignores him.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
(to Angie)  
Break another finger.

BENNY  
No!

Benny leaps up. The Goon pushes him down.

Angie grabs his left thumb.

BENNY (CONT'D)  
Please don't.

ANGIE  
Please don't make me, sweetie. Thumbs  
are bad.  
Let's just see where he wants us to  
go, okay?

He nods.

She lets go of his thumb and kisses him on the cheek.

EXT. NELSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The mountain houses are each on their own little patch of  
land surrounded by dirt and gravel roads with a good amount  
of space between each property. Smoke pours out of chimneys.

The Nelson house is two stories, boarded up, decrepit.

A weak chain link fence wraps around the perimeter.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door creaks open.

Kelly enters, turns on her phone's light. Mike follows.

The living room is empty except for trash. Remnants of  
parties past. Empty beer bottles, pizza boxes, cigarette  
butts.

Mike looks around, a smile creeps across his face.

KELLY  
What?

MIKE

We should burn this place down. Put  
it out of it's misery.

A rustling sound comes from upstairs.

Kelly swoops the light around to the staircase.

KELLY

You hear that?

Two TEENAGERS BOLT down the stairs and out the front door.

Kelly and Mike leap back, startled.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

They laugh. Mike goes to the staircase.

MIKE

Hello? Anyone else here?

He walks up the stairs.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Mike and Kelly enter a bedroom.

There's a stained mattress in the corner, bottles of booze  
scattered about. Graffiti on the walls.

Kelly shines the light on a small encampment by the mattress  
where the Teens had been.

There's a full bottle of green Mad Dog 20/20.

Mike picks up the bottle, smiles.

MIKE

Shit, still cold even.

He cracks the bottle and drinks, then passes it to her. She  
waves it away, he keeps drinking.

KELLY

You really wanna burn this place  
down?

MIKE

Yeah. It's time, don't you think?

KELLY

Probably prevent a whole generation  
of teen pregnancies.

They laugh. An awkward silence.

MIKE  
So, do you like working at the coffee  
place?

KELLY  
Working? Bitch, I own it.

MIKE  
Oh, shit, I'm sorry. Congratulations.

KELLY  
Well, don't go that far. I question  
my life choices daily.

He smiles, nods.

MIKE  
Me too.

Kelly puts her phone on the windowsill, approaches him.

KELLY  
I came out to see you. After what  
happened.

FLASH - HOSPITAL

Kelly sits next to Mike's hospital bed as he lay comatose.  
His stomach is stitched up, tubes go in and out.

BACK TO SCENE

MIKE  
They told me.

KELLY  
I'm so sorry, Mike.

She snakes her arms around his body, hugs him.

He's uncomfortable, then finally sinks in and hugs her back.

She runs her hands down his sides - then feels something:  
scars.

He pulls away, uncomfortable.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

He looks to her, their eyes meet again.

He lifts his shirt. Underneath is a mass of scar tissue. Large jagged patches where flesh was ripped to shreds and straight lines from surgeries. The scars tell the story of the damage he endured.

She runs her fingers over the scars, tears well in her eyes.

She pulls her hand away. He lowers his shirt.

MIKE

I don't think I should be alive.

He takes a deep drink, almost half the bottle.

KELLY

Mike, no.

He wipes his mouth. Catches his breath.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You're hurting. But you're here now. We're here. You're-

MIKE

I had Monty Kincaid killed in prison.

Kelly is stunned.

KELLY

I don't know what to say to that.

MIKE

Neither do I.

She stands there a moment, the wind knocked out of her.

He takes another deep drink to avoid her eyes.

He walks out of the room.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Mike rushes down the stairs.

Kelly chases after him.

KELLY

Mike, wait.

As he gets to the front door, he stops.

MIKE

Just forget you saw me tonight.

KELLY

No. You don't get to come back into my life and throw that in my face and then disappear.

MIKE

Then go with me.

She's stunned, shakes her head.

KELLY

What?

MIKE

Let's just go. You and me.

KELLY

Go where?

MIKE

I don't know. Paris.

KELLY

I have a life here.

MIKE

Well I don't. There is no life here. It's all fucking death. This fucking house. Fucking Dead Guy Days. It's just...

He stops himself. Looks away from her, ashamed.

He opens the door and leaves.

INT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN TOWING - NIGHT

The large door of the garage slides open to reveal the moving truck.

WALLACE, 60's, in greasy overalls and a t-shirt, looks confused at the sight of it.

INT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN TOWING - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Wallace sits at his desk, Ray stands across from him.

WALLACE

Wait, wait, wait. He said what now?

RAY

It's part of a sting. Some hush-hush kinda stuff. He said maybe I could end up on the news.

WALLACE

Oh did he? Well tell me something,  
Walter Cronkite. Did he say who's  
gonna be paying for this? Is it  
state? Local?

RAY

C'mon. Cops always do right by us.

Wallace checks his watch, then picks up the phone.

RAY (CONT'D)

Who ya callin'?

WALLACE

Who ya think? I want some god damn  
answers.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank is passed out in his recliner.

Antonio sifts through old scrapbooks. He comes across  
newspaper clippings from the 80's and 90's.

"Homeless shotgun slayings linked, Police Say"

The front door opens.

Antonio shutters, slams the scrapbook shut.

It's Mike.

Antonio smiles, stands up.

Mike is drunk, props himself up against the wall.

MIKE

You gotta call Henry back.

ANTONIO

I gotta?

MIKE

Yeah. He has Benny. He's gonna  
start chopping off his fingers.

ANTONIO

Are you drunk?

MIKE

Just call him. Please.

Mike staggers over to the couch and flops face-down.

ANTONIO  
You gonna help me rob this truck?

MIKE  
Sure. Why the hell not?

Antonio smiles.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MORNING

Blaylock drops a box of donuts on the coffee table next to the couch where Mike and Antonio are asleep.

They startle awake, look around, dazed.

Frank wakes up in his recliner.

BLAYLOCK  
Morning, gentlemen.

Antonio stretches, grabs a donut.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)  
We all good? Any problems?

He looks to Frank, Frank looks to Antonio, then to Mike, and back at Antonio.

FRANK  
Nope, no problems.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Blaylock's big red Buick pulls into the open garage.

They all get out.

Blaylock hands Antonio and Frank each a mask, handgun, handcuffs, and center-punch tool.

Mike holds up the center punch - it's phallic, strange.

MIKE  
What the hell is this?

BLAYLOCK  
Center punch. To bust out their windows.

Blaylock goes to the trunk of the car.

Antonio holds up his gun.

ANTONIO  
I really think we should have bullets.



BLAYLOCK  
Oh yeah? Well, I don't.

Blaylock takes a large bolt-cutter from the trunk.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)  
Use this to cut the orange cable  
bundle under the dash.

He hands it to Antonio.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)  
The spot's about a mile up the road.

ANTONIO  
You expect us to walk?

BLAYLOCK  
I can't risk someone seeing you guys  
getting out of my car out there.

ANTONIO  
Wait, this is your car? You brought  
your own fucking car to a heist?

He cracks up.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Mike and Antonio walk uphill along the side of the road.

Mike huffs and puffs, hung over.

He stops, bends over, about to puke.

ANTONIO  
You okay, dude?

MIKE  
Just gimme a second.

Antonio takes out a cigarette and lights up.

He looks around, sees the coast is clear.

ANTONIO  
Check it out.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out an old flip phone.

Mike grabs it.

MIKE  
Where'd you get this?

ANTONIO

It was plugged in on the kitchen counter.

MIKE

Oh, thank fucking god.

Mike flips it open and dials.

Antonio starts back up the hill. Mike follows.

INTERCUT: HENRY AND MIKE/ANTONIO

Henry answers the phone.

HENRY

Yes?

Mike hands the phone to Antonio.

ANTONIO

Go for Antonio.

HENRY

Listen to me. Don't throw a tantrum and hang up. That thing you think was gonna happen at the Outpost? You got it wrong.

ANTONIO

What, that thing where you turn me over to those bikers so they can blowtorch me to death?

HENRY

These guys are friends. They have nothing to do with those pricks that tuned you up. You have family in Italy. That's where-

ANTONIO

You know what? I'm good. I got something lined up.

HENRY

Listen to me carefully. Your brother is risking alot trying to help you out of this. Understand?

ANTONIO

Well, tell him thanks but no thanks.

HENRY

Jesus Christ, put Mike on.

Antonio looks to Mike.

ANTONIO

No, I think we're all done here.

HENRY

Do me a kindness then, will you?  
Tell Mike that I'm at his girlfriend's  
coffee shop with his cousin. And if  
I don't see you here in an hour,  
well, you know the drill.

We now see that Henry is at a table with Kelly in the back  
of Jitters.

Benny and Angie are at the next table.

The Goon is at the door - the "Closed" sign in the glass.

The rest of the place is empty.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You'll give him the message, won't  
you?

Antonio looks at Mike, hesitates.

ANTONIO

No, I don't think I will.

HENRY

Yes you will. You were raised right.

Henry hangs up.

Antonio flips the phone shut.

MIKE

What'd he say?

ANTONIO

It's fine. He just wanted to make  
sure I'm not caught.

MIKE

What about Benny?

ANTONIO

He's fine. He's letting him go.

Mike lets out a sigh of relief.

MIKE

Oh, thank fucking god.

They walk a bit more.

Antonio agonizes, grits his teeth.

He stops.

ANTONIO

I'm not a gangster, Mike.

MIKE

(confused)

Okay.

ANTONIO

I didn't even know who my family was until a year ago when my grandpa died.

I'm not one of them. But I did what I did, and I can't take it back. I wish I could. 'Cause I know my life's over.

MIKE

No, man. We're gonna make it. You'll be fine.

ANTONIO

Henry's here. In town. He's got Benny. And he wanted me to tell you he's at your girlfriend's coffee shop.

MIKE

He said that? Coffee shop?

Mike paces, swings at the air.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

ANTONIO

He gave us an hour.

MIKE

Oh my God. Oh my fucking God!

ANTONIO

I'll go.

Mike stops, looks at him.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I'll go, we'll get your cousin out and your girlfriend.

MIKE  
She's not my girlfriend.

ANTONIO  
Well whatever. And then I'll kill  
Henry.

Mike goes rigid, but doesn't say anything.

Antonio nods up the hill.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Let's just do this thing, get paid.  
Then we'll go there together.

They start back up the hill.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah. Frank thinks Blaylock is  
gonna pop us, so I think he's gonna  
pop Blaylock first.

MIKE  
Wait, what?

ANTONIO  
And I'm pretty sure Frank's a serial  
killer.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN TOWING - DAY

The garage door is open.

Dozens of Crime Scene Technicians swarm the moving truck.

Cameras flash.

Ray and Wallace talk to Investigators.

Green walks toward the truck, bewildered.

LUTZ, 40, approaches him. He's a Marshal, in a plain suit  
and tie, badge on hip.

LUTZ  
Agent Green?

Green turns to him.

GREEN  
Yes. Hello.

LUTZ  
David Lutz, US Marshal service.

They shake hands.

GREEN

Marshals? Any idea why I got called out here? This doesn't look like CBI territory.

LUTZ

There's a local officer involved in, well, whatever this is. Named Blaylock. You requested his records yesterday?

Green tenses, quickly recovers.

GREEN

Uhhh, yeah. Doing some follow-up. He was part of our task force about a year ago. Arms trafficking. Some mountain properties being used as safehouses. We engaged local law enforcement.

LUTZ

The gal down at the station said it seemed a little suspicious, the way you made the request.

GREEN

Did she?

(beat)

I'm not a big fan of paperwork. I took a swing at cutting some corners.

LUTZ

Did you know his partner's been missing?

GREEN

We weren't really that close.

LUTZ

His wife too.

GREEN

The investigator in me wants to say that the wife ran away with the partner.

Lutz shrugs.

LUTZ

Looks that way.  
So where the hell does this truck fit in to all this?

GREEN

I genuinely have no idea.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Edgar drives, Carl in the passenger seat.

CARL

Why can't you just do the pickup?  
It's gonna be weird me goin' in there  
now.

EDGAR

I don't feel like I should have to  
work more because you wanna chase  
tail on the job, kid.

The road comes to a T up ahead with a stop-sign and nearby  
bushes.

The truck slows as it approaches.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Mike and Antonio crouch down behind the bushes on either  
side of the road. Their masks are on, empty guns in hand.

The truck comes to a stop.

Mike breaths hard.

ANTONIO

Now!

They both LEAP up and rush the truck, guns drawn. Mike is  
on the passenger side, Antonio on the drivers.

Antonio and Mike SMASH both windows with their center punches.

Mike looks at the center-punch tool, impressed.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Hands! Now!

Edgar and Carl put their hands up.

They pull open the doors and grab Edgar and Carl.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Keep those hands up!

Mike pulls Carl out and takes the gun from his holster.

Mike gets a good look at him, recognizes him.

MIKE

(quietly)

Oh shit.

(shouts to Antonio)

Hey! Switch with me!

ANTONIO

What? Fuck that!

MIKE

Come on! Seriously!

Antonio marches Edgar around the truck. Antonio switches his gun to Carl, Mike goes over to Edgar.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Blaylock stands at the open door of the garage, nervously taps his fingers, looks around at the slightest noises.

Frank leans against the Buick. He lights a joint.

FRANK

So, you're gonna pop these two idiots,  
am I right?

BLAYLOCK

What? No. Nobody gets hurt.

(sees the joint)

Put that shit out.

Frank takes one more hit then dabs the joint out.

FRANK

You don't got the stomach for it, I  
can do it. Loosen up those  
percentages a little?

BLAYLOCK

Don't worry, you'll get your full  
cut. I'll pay them out of my share.

FRANK

Well shit. Who knew you were so  
generous?

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Edgar and Carl sit back-to-back on the curb, their hands cuffed behind them.

CARL

Are they gonna kill us?



EDGAR

I doubt it. Just do what they say.

Mike and Antonio work on the orange bundle of cables in the cab of the truck, masks lifted off their faces, out of sight of Edgar and Carl.

They talk quietly.

MIKE

I met him last night. At Frozen Dead Guy Days.

ANTONIO

Wait, you went to Frozen Dead Guy Days? Dude, I wanted to go!

MIKE

What the hell are the odds I'd meet him last night, then this, huh?

ANTONIO

Small towns. Half these rubes are probably related.

MIKE

You know, I grew up here.

ANTONIO

And look at you now.

Antonio pulls the orange bundle of cables down and works the bolt cutter around it.

He pushes down, the cutters slice through the bundle with a sharp CRACK.

The truck's engine suddenly cuts.

Mike and Antonio look at each other.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Frank opens the driver's side door to the Buick.

Blaylock looks, startled.

FRANK

I gotta sit.

Frank eases himself into the drivers seat.

Blaylock returns to lookout duty.

Frank slowly leans over, reaches under the passenger seat.

He emerges with the 12-gauge shotgun.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Antonio and Mike, masks on again, stand in front of Edgar.

ANTONIO  
Why the fuck did the truck shut off?

EDGAR  
What did you cut?

ANTONIO  
The orange cable bundle!

CARL  
You mess with any of the electronics  
in the truck and it kills the engine.

Antonio looks to Edgar. Edgar just shrugs.

CARL (CONT'D)  
That's by design.

EDGAR  
That's news to me.

Carl looks to Edgar, confused.

Mike hands Antonio Carl's gun with his left hand.

MIKE  
Hold this.

Carl notices Mike's wedding ring.

Mike goes to the back of the truck and throws open the doors.

ANTONIO  
What are you doing?

MIKE  
Seeing how much of this we can carry.

Mike jumps in and tosses out a big canvas bag of cash. Then another.

CARL  
Mike?

Everything goes still.

Mike pokes his head out.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Blaylock paces nervously.

BLAYLOCK  
This is taking too long.

Frank turns on the car stereo.

Classic rock blasts through the speakers.

BLAYLOCK (CONT'D)  
Shut that shit off!

Frank holds the shotgun down below the steering wheel, out of sight.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Mike jumps down out of the truck.

Antonio keeps the gun on Carl.

EDGAR  
Might as well uncuff me so I can  
help carry the goddamn loot.

ANTONIO  
Oh, come on, dude.

CARL  
What the fuck is going on?

Antonio crouches down and uncuffs Edgar, then helps him to his feet.

CARL (CONT'D)  
You're part of this? You're fuckin'  
part of it?

Edgar motions to his pistol in Antonio's waist.

EDGAR  
My pistola.

Antonio hands it over to Edgar.

Edgar throws open the chamber, checks the bullets, then slaps it shut.

He aims it at Carl's head.

MIKE  
No don't!

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The POP of a gunshot echoes through the valley.

Blaylock looks up, startled.

                                BLAYLOCK  
What was that?

CL-CLICK -

Blaylock turns.

Frank FIRES - BLAM!

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Mike rips his mask off.

He stares down at Carl's lifeless body.

Edgar and Antonio both look down the mountain as the shotgun blast echoes.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Blaylock's body lies on a pile of empty boxes and trash.

Blood splashed all over. The side of his face is shredded.

Frank lets out a victorious howl and COCKS the shotgun. The spent shell spits out and sizzles in a puddle of water.

He props the gun on one shoulder and lights a joint.

He blows out a big hit, casually strolls over to the Buick. He gets in, turns the radio on and cranks it up.

He puts the shotgun in the passenger seat, then taps on the steering wheel and sings along with the music.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Mike sits on the curb next to Carl's body, dazed.

Edgar loads canvas bags onto Antonio's outstretched arms.

                                ANTONIO  
C'mon, Mike! Grab some bags!

Mike shakes his head.

                                EDGAR  
Okay, enough of this mopey shit.

Edgar drops the bag he's holding and charges at Mike with his pistol drawn.

ANTONIO  
No! Wait! Wait!

Antonio drops his bags and rushes between Edgar and Mike.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Hold on!  
(to Mike)  
We still gotta see Henry. Understand?

Mike nods, shakes it off.

Antonio helps him up.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Load up as many as you can carry.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Classic rock screams from the car stereo.

Frank urinates in the bathroom, the door open, the last remnants of the joint in his lips.

He flushes, tosses the butt of the joint down the toilet.

He walks back over to the Buick, leans in and picks up the shotgun.

He hikes it on one shoulder, strolls over to the door and looks out.

He casually looks down to Blaylock's body.

But there's no body.

He lets out a slight huff of a laugh.

BANG!

The side of his head EXPLODES.

Blaylock is behind him, smoking gun.

His face and neck is a shredded mess but his body is protected with a torn and bloody kevlar vest.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Mike runs ahead, six large canvas bags wrapped around his arms and across his back.

Antonio is behind him, six bags of his own.

Edgar lags behind, slow and clumsy, huffing hard.

Edgar stops as the sound of the gunshot echoes.

EDGAR

You hear that?

Antonio turns, walks back toward him.

ANTONIO

Yeah. Sounded like-

BANG!

Antonio fires a shot into Edgar's knee with Carl's gun.

Mike stops, turns to see Edgar fall.

Edgar holds up his gun as he lands. Antonio KICKS Edgar's hand, breaking bones and sending the gun flying.

EDGAR

You little piece of shit!

Antonio turns, sees Mike watching. They nod at each other, then head down the mountain.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Mike and Antonio run into the garage. The radio still at top volume.

Mike sees Frank's corpse first.

MIKE

Fuck!

Antonio drops his bags and whips out Carl's gun.

They look around, shaking.

Antonio picks the shotgun up and pockets the pistol.

He cautiously backs toward the car, leans in and turns the radio off.

Silence.

He climbs out and sees Mike.

Blaylock has his gun pressed up to the back of Mike's head.

BLAYLOCK  
(words gurgling, bloody)  
Help me.

Antonio puts his hands up.

ANTONIO  
Okay. Okay. We'll help you.

EXT. FROZEN DEAD GUY DAYS - MAIN STRIP - DAY

A frozen salmon poetically glides through the air.

It lands with a wet THUD.

The crowd of people in blue body paint ERUPTS in applause.

The Police Officers in the crowd make a sudden break for the parking lot.

The police cars all light up, sirens blare.

The crowd is momentarily confused, then gets back to the games.

EXT. BLAYLOCK'S HOUSE - DAY

Green knocks on the front door.

He looks around, makes sure he's alone.

Josie opens the door.

GREEN  
Hi. Remember me? I'm Agent Green?

He holds up his badge.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Josie, right?

JOSIE  
My dad's not home.

GREEN  
I know. Could you do me a favor and give him a call? He's not picking up when I try him.

The sound of sirens blaring in the distance.

INT. BUICK - DAY

Mike drives, Antonio is in the passenger seat.

The back seat is covered in blood.

Blaylock lays in the middle of it, one hand holding his neck, barely keeping the blood at bay.

His phone rings in his pocket. He takes it out. It's Josie.

He cries out as he sends it to voicemail.

The car slows as a procession of police cars, lights spinning, drives past them going the opposite direction.

Mike watches them disappear in the rear view.

A tense moment passes.

Antonio turns to look at Blaylock.

Blaylock is pale, the blood oozing between his fingers.

ANTONIO  
Jesus Christ.

EXT. FROZEN DEAD GUY DAYS - MAIN STRIP - DAY

The Buick screeches to a halt by the curb.

The medical tent is fifty feet away in the crowded fairgrounds.

Mike and Antonio grab Blaylock from the back and haul him toward the medical tent.

Screams start in the crowd as Blaylock's bloody face is seen.

INT. JITTERS COFFEE - DAY

Kelly sits by herself, chews her fingernail. Henry is at the door speaking quietly with the Goon.

She looks nervously over at Benny and Angie at the next table.

BENNY  
What were you saying yesterday?  
About corn?

ANGIE  
Oh yeah. We made it up.

BENNY  
Yeah, what does that mean?



ANGIE

Like, it didn't exist in nature until  
we came along. Broccoli too. I  
think.

They sit there awkwardly a moment.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry about your finger. It  
wasn't personal.

BENNY

Yeah, well...

ANGIE

Personally, I like you.

He gives her a confused look. She smiles.

Screams come from outside.

People rush by. Henry looks outside, then turns to the room.

HENRY

Wait here.

EXT. FROZEN DEAD GUY DAYS - MAIN STRIP - DAY

The Medical Tent is just a table set up with a first aid kit  
and some chairs.

Mike and Antonio drop Blaylock onto a cheap folding chair.

MIKE

Hey! We need a doctor!

They look around, the crowd gathers.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Somebody help! Please!

Antonio notices people recording them with their phones.

ANTONIO

Fuck. We gotta go.

Antonio turns to Blaylock.

He goes still.

Blaylock's dead. Eyes open. Pale.

Mike sees Blaylock.

MIKE  
Fuck! Fuuuck!

Mike balls up his fists and screams.

He opens his eyes and sees Henry.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
What!? You gonna kill us right here?!

Henry looks around, notices all the cameras.

Henry pushes his way through the crowd and walks away quickly.

Antonio whips out his gun.

The crowd gasps and clears a path. Antonio leads Mike away.

The crowd disperses in all directions.

Green is among the few left behind.

He looks down at Blaylock. Shakes his head.

GREEN  
God dammit.

He looks up, sees Henry quickly approaching the coffee shop down the road.

He looks around, then heads that way.

EXT. JITTERS COFFEE - DAY

Henry is about to open the door. His phone rings. He stops. Answers it.

INTERCUT: Henry and Mike

Mike drives, Antonio in the passenger seat. Blood is everywhere.

HENRY  
Nothin' left to say, Mike. You're forcing my hand.

MIKE  
Look, don't do anything. I'm sorry. It's been a fucked up morning.

HENRY  
I'm sure it's a fascinating story. Unfortunately, I no longer give a shit.

MIKE

Let Benny and Kelly go. I'll pay.

HENRY

How the hell can you pay?

INT. JITTERS COFFEE - DAY

The Goon guards the door.

Kelly leans over to talk to Angie and Benny.

KELLY

What's going to happen to me? Are you going to hurt me?

Benny holds up his bandaged hand.

BENNY

She broke my finger.

ANGIE

I apologized.

BENNY

Still.

KELLY

Oh my God.

ANGIE

I'd say your chances for survival increase the more we have confidence that you forget this whole thing ever happened.

KELLY

Done.

ANGIE

See? Easy-peasy.

Henry comes in, closes the door behind him and locks it.

HENRY

Okay, the girlfriend, come with me.

KELLY

I'm not his girlfriend.

HENRY

(to Angie)

You guys head back to Chicago.

ANGIE

What's going on?

HENRY

Those idiots robbed an armored car.

KELLY

What?

BENNY

What are you gonna do with me?

Angie looks to Henry. He shrugs.

HENRY

Cut him loose once you get to Chicago.

BENNY

Cut me loose? What's that mean?

Henry grabs Kelly by the arm, pulls her to the door.

HENRY

Come on, we gotta go.

She YANKS her arm away.

KELLY

I can walk by my fuckin' self.

Henry puts his hands up, motions to the door.

HENRY

By all means. After you.

KELLY

Where are we going?

HENRY

He said you'd know.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - EVENING

Mike and Antonio sit atop a dozen canvas money bags.

They're covered in dried blood.

At their feet are their weapons, laid out. Antonio goes over them.

ANTONIO

Okay. Pistol, five shots.  
Shotgun, three shells.

Antonio looks at him, shrugs.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
I'm voting shotgun.

MIKE  
Isn't that a little imprecise?

ANTONIO  
I'm not removing his fucking tonsils.

MIKE  
What if he's got Kelly or Benny there?

ANTONIO  
You can signal them.

MIKE  
Signal them?

ANTONIO  
Signal them to drop. Then, BLAM!

MIKE  
No. Shoot him with the pistol.  
Right between the fucking eyes.

ANTONIO  
Why you gotta be so murder-y? I  
like Henry.

Headlights pass by the window outside.

Antonio picks up the pistol. They both stand up.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Okay. I guess, this is it.

MIKE  
It'll work. You go high, I go low,  
right?

Antonio puts out his hand. Mike shakes it.

ANTONIO  
Sure.

Antonio climbs up the stairs in to the darkness.

Sounds from outside. Car doors.

Footsteps up the front porch.

Mike picks up the shotgun.

He steps back into the dark, behind the pile of canvas bags.

The front door creaks open slowly.

Kelly steps in, walks stiffly, terrified.

Then Henry behind her.

They stop in the doorway.

MIKE

Let her go.

HENRY

Where's Antonio?

ON THE STAIRS

Antonio aims, doesn't have a clean shot with Kelly there.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Antonio! The Outpost can get you  
out of the country. That wasn't a  
lie.

(beat)

Your dad set up that beating, Antonio.  
I asked him not to. He wanted to  
toughen you up. It wasn't supposed  
to go like that.

Antonio lowers the gun, his jaw drops.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Anto-

BAM! A gunshot goes off.

Kelly shrieks.

Henry collapses on her, a smoking hole in his back.

She lands face down, Henry's body on her back.

Green steps in the door, gun drawn, smoking.

Mike steps forward with the shotgun.

Green aims his gun down at Kelly's head.

GREEN

No no. Drop it.

Mike drops the shotgun, puts his hands up.

Green nods at the bags.

GREEN (CONT'D)

That all he money from the truck?

Mike looks down at Kelly. They exchange a look.

She knows what he did. He sighs.

MIKE

Yeah.

GREEN

Where's the other one? The gangster?

MIKE

He's not a gangster.

GREEN

Fine. Where is he?

Antonio takes aim and FIRES.

He hits Green in the shoulder.

Green drops his gun and staggers backward to the ground.

The gun falls right in Kelly's face.

Green rolls around, holds his shoulder in agony.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Ooh, you little motherfucker!

He turns to Kelly and -

-she has his gun is in his face.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Okay, okay.

Green puts his good hand up.

Mike has the shotgun again, aimed.

Kelly climbs out from under Henry's body, gets to her feet.

GREEN (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna back on out...

Green slowly, painfully pushes himself to his feet.

Antonio walks down the stairs, gun aimed.

ANTONIO

You think that was a warning shot,  
motherfucker?

GREEN

Then do it if you're gonna. 'Cause  
I'm walking out that door.

Green steps backwards, over Henry's body.

Antonio looks to Mike. Mike looks to Kelly.

She shakes her head "no".

Green turns and walks down the front steps.

Mike and Kelly lower their guns.

Antonio looks down at Henry's body.

Rage washes over him.

He charges out the front door.

MIKE

No, wait!

OUTSIDE

Antonio takes aim and FIRES at Green.

A gunshot EXPLODES in the back of Green's leg.

He falls to the ground, screams.

Antonio walks down the steps. Green crawls away.

Antonio FIRES.

A patch of dirt next to Green's head EXPLODES.

Green turns over, hand up, shaking.

Antonio has the gun right in Green's face.

Mike and Kelly run out to the porch.

Antonio pushes the barrel into Green's nose.

Green cringes, waits for the shot.

Antonio sighs, pulls back.

He nods at the Cadillac SUV parked by the curb.

ANTONIO

You got the keys?

Green's speechless. He just motions to Henry's body.



EXT. NELSON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sirens wail in the distance.

Mike drops the last of the canvas bags in the back of the SUV and slams it shut.

Antonio cuffs Green's good hand to the door handle of the Buick. Kelly holds the gun on Green.

Mike approaches Kelly.

MIKE

Are you okay?

KELLY

Are you?

He looks for the words, comes up blank.

MIKE

I'll let you know.

KELLY

Probably a good idea if you don't.

MIKE

Fair enough.

I'm really sorry. For what it's worth.

He turns to leave.

KELLY

Did you kill Carl?

MIKE

No. The guy who did, he's going to jail, though.

She nods, wipes a tear.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm not a murderer.

KELLY

I know.

He takes a step closer to her. She steps back.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Good bye, Mike.

He nods, then turns and leaves.

The sirens grow closer. Spinning lights in the distance.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Mike drives through the twisting and turning mountain road.

He looks over at Antonio. He's lost in thought, gazes out the window.

Mike checks his rear view. The spinning lights are in the distance and getting further away.

ANTONIO

Are we bad guys, Mike?

MIKE

No, I don't think so.

ANTONIO

But we're not good. Right?

They drive a beat in silence.

MIKE

We're alive. That's gonna have to be good enough.

EXT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

The SUV pulls into the parking lot of a biker bar, "The Outpost", in the remotest parts of Colorado.

It's a bare structure - nothing decorative. The sign is minimalist.

Several Harleys are parked along the building.

Mike and Antonio get out of the SUV, approach the front door.

It creaks open. They look at each other, unsure.

INT. BIKER BAR - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The back room is a small office. Filing cabinets, papers.

Mike and Antonio are shoved down by some BIKERS into chairs across a cluttered desk from WELLER, 65, older biker, skinny, in a leather jacket.

The Bikers leave them in the room.

They look to each other nervously.

Weller observes them a moment.

WELLER

You really crapped in your own hand,  
slicked your hair back with it, huh?  
(to Mike)

And you. Condolences for your wife.  
Sincerely. I lost a wife.

MIKE

How did you-

WELLER

You dickheads have been all over the  
news all day. I mean, seriously,  
guys. What the fuck? You were  
supposed to be here yesterday.

ANTONIO

I have some trust issues.

WELLER

I need you two to fully appreciate  
something. You see, as of this  
moment, you are at my mercy.  
Understand? The whole point of you  
being here is that you disappear.  
And that can mean you end up at some  
villa on the coast of Italy. Or it  
can mean you end up ground into feed  
that a pig farmer nary two miles  
from here uses to feed his pigs.

Antonio and Mike tense.

WELLER (CONT'D)

We were expecting a delivery of one  
man. Here we've got two men and  
four-point-five million stolen  
dollars.

Antonio and Mike look at each other. Antonio mouths "four-  
point-five?"

WELLER (CONT'D)

We're taking half. I feel that's  
fair, for the inconvenience, the  
additional freight.

ANTONIO

A third.

Mike's shocked. So is Weller.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

We stole it. It's ours.

MIKE

No, it's cool, sir...

ANTONIO

Shut the fuck up, I got this.

(to Weller)

You know who I am, right? I'm Angelo Iovanelli's son. We're old school.

You say half, I say a third. I could say none, but I have respect.

Weller leans back, smirks. Points to Antonio.

WELLER

You're going to Italy.

(to Mike)

How about you?

MONTAGE

- Gino sits in his limo, distraught, as the Goon breaks bad news. Gino takes a drink.

- Green, in an orange prison jumpsuit, is pushed in a wheelchair to his cell by a GUARD, his arm in a sling and leg in a cast.

The Guard slams his cell door shut.

- Edgar lays in a prison hospital bed, an oxygen line to his nose, one hand cuffed to the side, the other in a cast, a permanent grimace on his face.

- Sophie and Josie are walked up the steps of a group home with a CASE WORKER.

Josie cries, holds a stuffed animal. Sophie puts her arm around her.

The FOSTER PARENTS open the front door with big smiles and open arms.

- Kelly stands outside the Nelson house with several others in the neighborhood. Construction vehicles surround it.

A large wrecking ball SMASHES into the house.

She smiles.

- Antonio sits in a first class airplane seat, sips a glass of champagne, looks out the window onto the Mediterranean coast.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Mike's house. Vacant. Completely dark.

A large "For Sale" sign is on the front lawn.

A slight glow grows in the living room. Brighter. Brighter. Flames.

Angie comes from around the back of the house to the front. She looks around.

A car up the street flashes it's headlights.

She walks over briskly.

Benny's in the drivers seat.

She gets in.

BENNY

We good?

She nods at over at the house. Flames burst through the front window, crawl up the sides.

He takes out his phone and snaps a picture.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Nicely done.

He leans over and kisses her.

ANGIE

We should probably get the fuck out of here.

BENNY

You're probably right.

He taps on the image, hits "SEND", then throws the car in gear and pulls away.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

Mike sits at a sidewalk cafe, sips a cup of coffee.

In the distance is the Eiffel Tower.

INT. MIKE'S PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

Mike enters, closes the door.

It's a nice apartment - not cheap but not too expensive.

He goes to the bedroom and sits on the bed.

His phone buzzes. He takes it out, hits a button.

The image of his burning house comes up.

He shuts his phone off.

He lays on his back, the phone against his chest, and stares up at the ceiling.

After a beat, he closes his eyes, smiles and drifts off to sleep.

FADE OUT