

SINGLEWIDE PRIDE

Written by

Todd Bull and Olivia Reedy

WGA: 1881855

4743 Willowbrook Dr.
Sacramento, Ca. 95842
916-801-7505

475 Marble Mountain Rd.
Grants Pass, Or. 97527
541-761-3999

EXT. EMPTY HIGH SCHOOL STADIUM - UNDER THE BLEACHERS - NIGHT

ART PERFECT (18), an athletic high school senior with good looks and restless dreams, makes out with BOBBIE SUE PURDY (17), pretty and plump.

ART
I've never felt like this before.

BOBBIE SUE
I've never done this before.

They laugh nervously as they peel off another layer of clothing.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
This is so wrong.

ART
Oh, no. This is so incredibly right. I love you, Bobbie Sue.

BOBBIE SUE
You do?

ART
Yeah. I do.

BOBBIE SUE
Well, that's wonderful, 'cause I've got a big idea about us.

ART
Girl, you talk too much.

INT. PERFECT FAMILY TRAILER - DAY

Art gulps the first beer of a six-pack in a tired singlewide trailer with outdated decor.

Classmate TONY FREEMAN (18), rough-hewn and swarthy, finds Art drinking.

TONY
What are you doing?

ART
Escaping from this dump.

TONY
Art, we have a delivery!

ART
(confused)
That's tomorrow... I thought it was
tomorrow.

TONY
I'll go on my own.

Art holds out his beer can.

ART
It's one beer. Still some left...

Tony grabs a Ford Mustang key ring, scoops up the rest of the
six-pack and trudges towards the exit.

TONY
We don't take chances. Got it?

ART
Tony, where are you going with my
keys and my beer?

TONY
I'm driving. Giving the beer to
your girlfriend.

Art flashes Tony a dirty grin.

TONY (CONT'D)
You dog. You didn't!

ART
Oh, yes we did! Like paradise. Ah,
man, she's so fine. It's true
love...

TONY
Some guys have all the luck.

ART
Hey, I need to take a leak before
we split.

TONY
Meet you outside.

Tony leaves. Art hesitates in front of the refrigerator, but
finally removes a fresh six pack. He pauses again, before
placing it in his day pack.

EXT. PERFECT FAMILY TAILER - CONTINUOUS

Art exits a trailer with "Manager" sign prominently displayed. He runs smack into Bobbie Sue. Five cans of beer rest in her arms.

BOBBIE SUE
I didn't say it last night... but I do.

ART
You do what?

BOBBIE SUE
I love you, too.

Art grins, grabs her by the upper arms and plants a quick wet kiss.

ART
Don't drink my beer.

INT. 1968 GREEN MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

The Mustang rolls past weathered trailers and a few RV's. Some residents are working or playing outside in the sun - struggling young families, retired seniors and cash strapped college students. One waves, another stares, a third one ignores them.

ART
I can't wait to leave this shit hole.

Tony slams on the brakes, barely dodging A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL crossing the road. The embarrassed girl sticks her tongue out at them.

TONY
I'm going to set her straight, man.

ART
She's a kid with some spunk. You were a kid once.

The little girl scampers away.

TONY
And you still are.

Art flips off Tony. Art's mother COLLEEN (42), trailer park manager, suddenly pounces in front of the car just as it inches forward.

ART
Mom, what the hell?

COLLEEN
Don't get smart with me, Art
Perfect. Where you headed?

ART
We got something cooking.

Colleen strides to the open window on the passenger's side.

COLLEEN
You got a hell of lot to do around
here, like painting the laundry
room.

TONY
It'll get done. I promise, Colleen.

COLLEEN
Tony's saving your ass again. Grass
ain't always greener over the hill.
Too much cut and run in you boy.

ART
Is that all, or do you have more?

COLLEEN
Quit stealing my beer.

Colleen play slaps Art. He pecks her cheek. Colleen blushes.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER

The Mustang pilots past a "Sacramento County" road sign.

SUPER: "1995"

INT. 1968 GREEN MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Art cracks open a beer from his day pack and guzzles the contents.

TONY
What the hell?

ART
Quit acting like you're my boss.
"It'll get done." Shit.

TONY
We're getting rid of the beer.

ART
What's your problem?

TONY
Cops see you drinking, we're dead.

ART
All you have to do is drive right.

Art drops an empty beer at his feet and slams down the next can with angry gulps.

TONY
Drinking's one of the ways you
avoid things.

ART
Thanks, Mom... Suddenly I have to
take a piss.

TONY
You're going to get people hurt.
Sometimes you just got to dig deep
and grow the fuck up.

ART
Fine by me if we end our illicit
partnership.

TONY
You're not running away, man.

ART
Not while you're driving my car,
anyway. Pull over, so I don't
urinate in this fine automobile.

Tony glides the Mustang to a stop on the shoulder. Art opens his door and ducks into the brush. Tony tosses an empty beer can out the window and glances at his rearview mirror.

TONY
Shit, you have got to be kidding
me.

EXT. SHERIFF CAR FROM BEHIND MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

A County Mountie's red lights flick on as it fires up behind the Mustang.

EXT. BRUSH ALONG RURAL ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

As he pees, Art safely witnesses Tony's life plowing straight into a brick wall.

ART (V.O.)
 Walking away from Tony helped me
 unearth a philosophy for life.
 Flight is safer than fight.

A police dog stands next to the Mustang's trunk, agitated. No nonsense Sheriff's Deputy DAVID LAWTON (35) inspects the trunk, finds bags of marijuana rooted out from a fake spare tire.

A bewildered Tony slumps in handcuffs as Lawton waves some of the bags in his face. He slams Tony against the Mustang then hauls him towards the cruiser.

INT. COLLEEN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

A flat screen TV blares behind Art and Bobbie Sue. Bobbie Sue and Art argue over the pile of beer cans at his feet.

ART (V.O.)
 Late one night I was inspired by a
 No-Money-Down real estate
 infomercial.

Bobbie Sue leaves angrily. Art becomes fascinated by the infomercial.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

Art emerges from the crawl space of a dilapidated house. Scribbles down the name and telephone number from the For Sale sign.

ART (V.O.)
 To launch my house flipping
 business, I swiped the money from
 our marijuana sales.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Art holds coffee can stuffed with cash: "Art & Tony's Twilight Escape Fund." Art pockets the money, throws away the can. He rethinks it, retrieves the can, puts back one bill.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, REFURBISHED - MONTHS LATER - DAY

Wearing a sport coat, Art hands keys to a happy couple in front of the house with a For Sale sign and a "Sold" tag on it.

ART (V.O.)
At about the same time, Tony
learned survival in the big house.

INT. PRISON - DAY

An enormous inmate slams Tony against a wall. A shank's pressed to his throat taking any fight out of him. Inmates pull him into a vacant cell.

ART (V.O.)
Tony adapted quickly to life as a
prisoner.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Tony approaches a gang leader and pleads his case. Tony is accepted and takes his place among them.

ART (V.O.)
I had my own people protecting me.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

ATTORNEY hands Art a legal document. They shake hands.

EXT. SMALL STRIP MALL - DAY

ART (V.O.)
It wasn't long before I branched
out.

The door of a new pick-up truck says "Perfect Construction". Art pastes "Sold" on large sign in front of a humble industrial building. A small group of employees applaud.

ART (V.O.)
Rewriting history eased my guilt,
but the truth lurked waiting to
pounce.

INT. PRISON CHOW TIME - DAY

Tony sports a pony tail and prison tatoos. He's risen to a position next to the gang leader.

ART (V.O.)
My business really took off when I recruited an extra special employee.

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

LESLIE GOLDEN (25) is slender and sassy. Art sports a sharp business suit and looks on as Leslie speaks forcefully to a weathered foreman, BUSTER (50).

ART (V.O.)
Tony's drug distribution skills soared as he prepped for a go at the medical marijuana market.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Tony scans an article in a business magazine. He calmly exchanges a packet of drugs for cash, which is abruptly handed to another member of his prison gang.

ART (V.O.)
Getting the Mustang out of impound took longer than I expected, and time took its toll on the car.

EXT. MUSCLE CAR GARAGE - DAY

A tow truck hauls the dusty green Mustang to a body shop.

ART
Turning the Mustang into a work of kinetic art was just one of many dreams.

INT. MUSCLE CAR GARAGE - DAY

A beautiful restored 1968 blue Mustang is nearby. Art adds chrome logo "Sapphire" to the car.

ART
Two years and fifty thousand dollars later, Sapphire was born.
(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)

It was the only dream that turned
out as planned.

EXT. OPEN FIELD OFF THE FREEWAY - DAY

Art and Leslie look out toward horizon. Brown knee high grass
in every direction.

ART

It will all be right here.
(points)

LESLIE GOLDEN

What will?

ART

A boutique mall.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Boutique mall? Did you just make
that up? It sounds impossibly
charming and expensive.

ART

Ready for this?

LESLIE GOLDEN

Not sure.

ART

We call it... "Perfect Places."

LESLIE GOLDEN

Sounds like another pipe dream,
Arthur Perfect.

ART

A dozen bungalows - clothing
stores, kitchen wares, candy shop -
hell, there's even a meeting house.

LESLIE GOLDEN

I don't know. It's a risky market
for commercial projects.

ART

It's like a whole village inside a
shopping mall.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Did you run this by a focus group?

ART

It'll work. It has to work. I've got everything riding on this.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Pundits say data lines us up for a recession.

ART

Who you going to listen to? Your so-called experts, or me? C'mon, we're going to make a killing!

Leslie shakes her head in disbelief and then chuckles.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Ignoring the odds. One of the things I like best about you.

ART

It's served me well so far.

They walk back towards Art's truck in high spirits.

ART (V.O.)

Tony's parole weighed on me, along with a fight we were sure to have. Right now I faced a bigger menace.

INT. VALLEY BANK - BERTRAM GORMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Bland corporate decor. A wall map shows the bank's many branches in the greater Sacramento area.

SUPER: "2008"

ART (V.O.)

When the mortgage crisis walloped Main Street, the only ones with an escape were working on Wall Street.

Leslie angrily paces the floor. She is talking to a well-fed but nervous banker, BERTRAM GORMAN (48), seated behind an imposing desk.

LESLIE GOLDEN

You've made a killing off our projects and now you won't extend our credit. We're so close.

BERTRAM GORMAN
Management says there's no more
loan money for commercial
construction.

LESLIE GOLDEN
You pulled the rug on us yet
conveniently you still can pay
executive bonuses.

BERTRAM GORMAN
Maybe a return to home improvement.
Can I interest you in some bank
owned properties?

Bertram reaches for a document on his desk.

ART
Are you kidding me?

BERTRAM GORMAN
Now's a great time to buy and hold.
The rental market's really hot.

LESLIE
Then why don't you hold them?

BERTRAM GORMAN
That's not our business.

Art's cell phone rings. He looks at it then silences the
phone.

ART
Cash means options. We'll have to
close all the accounts to stop the
bleeding.

Leslie dials her cell phone, waits for the call to be
answered. Bertram stares in disbelief.

LESLIE GOLDEN
(to Bertram Gorman)
Every account. And we need access
to the safe deposit box.
(back to cell phone)
Shred the payroll checks, then
leave the office... Just do it,
Buster. I'll pay you in cash.

INT. SAPPHIRE - LATER

Art drives while Leslie talks through the options.

ART

Lots of foreclosed houses. Maybe we should start over. He's got a point about the rental market.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Women like me don't stay with poor guys "starting over."

ART

What?

LESLIE GOLDEN

Never mind. At least you've got the coffee can money.

ART

Wrong. Nobody touches it. The money doesn't belong to me.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Oh, get over yourself.

ART

I'm serious, Leslie. It's not yours, never was.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Why do you keep standing up for the loser in prison?

ART

Because he's the best friend I ever had.

Leslie's eyes widen, disappointed.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Then get your shit together, Mr. Perfect. I don't care how.

ART

Finish the deal with Walter Littlejon and we'll have money.

Leslie chokes, caught of guard.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Sell the trailer park? It's practically worthless in this market.

ART

There's value in the land. I've held on to it way too long.

LESLIE GOLDEN

You want to deal with Walter?

ART

No, that's why I sent the slimy bastard to you.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Well, if I'm negotiating the deal, we're waiting.

ART

What, no more "Get the money or else?"

EXT. PERFECT PLACES JOB SITE - LATER

A dozen buildings await completion. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS stand idle. Heavy equipment sits silent. Buster hurriedly approaches Art and Leslie.

BUSTER

Any luck?

Art walks past him to a locked trailer, which serves as the construction office. Leslie and the Buster follow him. The workers scrutinize every move.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Not exactly, Buster. We're having a logistical issue.

BUSTER

Where's the payroll? Are we shut down?

Leslie pulls Buster and Art away from the workers.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Let everyone go.

BUSTER

We've been on this ride before and it's always worked out.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Tell 'em the payroll checks will be sent in a few days.

ART
It's a bank screw up.

Buster curls both his hands into fists, glaring at Art.

BUSTER
That's a lie and they will know it.

EXT. ART'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Art's upscale home looks like an English manor. Leslie enters the front door carrying a twelve-pack of beer.

INT. ART'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The furnishings are immaculate. Art's on a leather couch, moaning, a cut on his eyebrow and a fat lip, a bag of ice over his groin, a beer in his hand. Leslie paces between Art and the TV. He tries to watch a Kings NBA game around her.

ART
Lecture can wait. I'm in pain.

LESLIE GOLDEN
Poor baby.

ART
C'mon, keep still, will ya? You're like a duck in a shooting gallery.

LESLIE GOLDEN
Who knew your crew would take it so hard? Buster didn't have to go for your family jewels.

Art pulls on the beer.

ART
This is news?

LESLIE GOLDEN
What's your plan to fix this?

ART
Sell Twilight Park.

LESLIE GOLDEN
You're going to cook the golden goose?

ART

That's because I'm hungry. And you know what? Goose tastes good.

LESLIE GOLDEN

I'll make the deal when the time and money are right.

Straining to stand, Art drops into jeans and slides on a pair of sandals.

LESLIE GOLDEN (CONT'D)

Running away? Gonna smoke some more of that shit? Hey, I'm talking to you.

ART

Need medicine for the pain. Stay here.

LESLIE GOLDEN

You think I'll come and embarrass you in front of your gangster friends.

Art slowly moves to the front door.

ART

I mean it, Leslie. Stay here.

EXT. BACK YARD FENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Beside a six-foot fence, Art's in a bull session with backyard neighbor SHEILA GUNNER (45), a fearless ex-con who's built like a fireplug. There's a common gate.

ART

Can't go back to being poor. I'm in a hell of a pickle.

Sheila hits a joint, then offers it to Art over the gate.

SHEILA GUNNER

You need to grow a pair. All kinds of ways to make dough.

Art takes a long hit, then passes the joint back to Sheila.

SHEILA GUNNER (CONT'D)

Think outside the legal box.

ART

How do you mean?

SHEILA GUNNER

Shit, banks don't know what's happening in their foreclosures. There's too many.

ART

Yeah, I heard that at Valley Bank.

Sheila hands Art a joint and waves him through the gate. He checks for Leslie, then plunges forward.

SHEILA

Exactly. The right hand doesn't know what the left hand is doing.

EXT. SHEILA GUNNER'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of marijuana plants with fat buds are growing in a back yard greenhouse. Art gently brings a spectacular bud to his nose and breathes deeply.

ART

Wow. Piquant with a full-bodied bouquet.

SHEILA GUNNER

And it's divinely legal medication.

ART

Well, not exactly. Feds still twitchy about it.

Art looks at a copy of Sheila's medical marijuana papers posted by her plants.

SHEILA GUNNER

Convincing, huh?

ART

You mean these papers are fake?

SHEILA GUNNER

How about helping me with to some real estate loans, she said winking?

Concern dawns on Art's face as he turns towards Sheila. He takes a big hit, coughs. Sheila grabs the joint.

ART

Why?

SHEILA GUNNER
Morons losing homes have to land
somewhere. The real money is in
being a slumlord.

Sheila takes a hit, burning her finger and dropping the
roach. She picks it up and tokes.

ART
Buy the houses?

SHEILA GUNNER
Stealing's cheaper.

ART
Why not just scale up your pot
business?

SHEILA GUNNER
Path to profit's so long.

ART
Yeah?

SHEILA GUNNER
You think it's easy growing green
shit this good? It takes half the
year to get one good crop.

She passes the roach to Art.

ART
What about hydroponics? It's
faster.

SHEILA GUNNER
Naw, too fussy. And expensive. Real
estate's the way to go. You just
print money.

ART
Until they took my printing press.

SHEILA GUNNER
Any experience with Rent-To-Own? I
could use a guy like you.

ART
Flipping's my game.

SHEILA GUNNER
But you do know what I'm talking
about - spinning straw into gold.

ART

I wouldn't mess with the Feds over pot or paper. One way or another, they always win.

SHEILA GUNNER

I'm targeting houses in neighborhoods so bad that nobody wants them.

Concern registers on Art's face.

ART

Much tougher to flip those.

SHEILA GUNNER

Flip? Oh, no. I want to quietly keep them as long as possible.

INT. SHELIA'S BACKYARD GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sheila tends pot plants while they talk.

ART

You can't be serious?

SHEILA GUNNER

Hell, yeah I'm serious. The bank's silent partner. So quiet they'll never know.

Art reacts with a confused glance.

LESLIE GOLDEN (O.S.)

I know you're over there, dipshit.

Leslie opens the gate and angrily struts to Sheila.

LESLIE GOLDEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SHEILA GUNNER

Talking shop.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Recruiting him to be one of your drug dealers?

SHEILA GUNNER

Ease up, cupcake. It's medicine.

ART

Leslie, you're making a fool of yourself.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Then why's his best friends doing time? Stay away from Art, chippie, or you and I are gonna tangle.

Sheila snorts, amused.

SHEILA GUNNER

You're threatening me?

ART

Careful, Leslie.

Sheila snaps, steps into Leslie's face.

SHEILA GUNNER

You want a go at me, prom queen?

LESLIE GOLDEN

Puh! Your breath is terrible.

Sheila shows a prison tattoo that reads "CCWF 2000-2005"

LESLIE GOLDEN (CONT'D)

What the fuck is CCWF?

SHEILA GUNNER

Central California Women's Facility... prison. I hope you're not afraid of a little blood?

LESLIE GOLDEN

Art, don't just stand there.

ART

Easy, Sheila. Please don't hurt my loudmouth girlfriend.

FAITH (30) enters, brushing her hands together. She is an Amazon with a curvy body and a hatchet face. Art nods hello.

ART (CONT'D)

Hey, Faith.

FAITH

All ready for delivery.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Oh, so it's this one. I see what goes on here.

SHEILA GUNNER

Excuse me?

LESLIE GOLDEN

Art's cannabis breaks are an excuse to go after this spicy little number.

FAITH

I'm not exactly an opposite sex type. You get what I mean?

Sheila steps into Leslie's personal space and blows smoke into her face.

SHEILA GUNNER

You clueless twat. She's on my team. We live together.

ART

Leslie, get the fuck out of here. Sheila, let it go. Please. Please?

LESLIE GOLDEN

This isn't over.

Leslie storms away. Sheila laughs humorlessly.

SHEILA GUNNER

Lose the broad, Perfect, and you and I can make some serious coin.

ART

Outside the legal box?

SHEILA GUNNER

I knew I liked you... partner.

INT. SAPPHIRE - NIGHT

Leslie follows Sheila's car from a distance on the outskirts of suburbia.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Medical marijuana, like hell. All I need to burn your ass is concrete proof you're dealing, bitch.

EXT. SHEILA'S GROW HOUSE - NIGHT

Sheila's Lexus sedan halts at a two story house with a For Sale sign. A green lowrider is parked nearby.

GORDO GREEN (35), a tall, muscular Latino, steps into view. He and Sheila disappear through a side gate.

EXT. BLOCKS AWAY - CONTINUOUS

Leslie parks down a side street. Gets out with a pair of binoculars, looks at Sapphire once more, and then moves into position. Leslie scribbles the address on a legal pad.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH LESLIE'S BINOCULARS

Sheila sees the green lowrider, but nothing else. Coast is clear.

LESLIE GOLDEN (O.S.)
Man, that's a dealer's ride, if
ever I saw one.

EXT. SIDE WINDOW GROW HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Leslie listens, shielded by an overgrown bird of paradise bush. A real estate sign states "Owned by Valley Bank."

GORDO GREEN (O.S.)
Back in the morning for mas?

Gordo strides past a hidden Leslie, lugging two full plastic trash bags.

SHEILA GUNNER (O.S.)
Of course, muscles.

EXT. SIDE WINDOW GROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The back door is locked and lights are off. Yellowing newspapers shield the windows. Leslie breaks a small pane and pokes a hole in the newspaper.

LESLIE GOLDEN
Can't hide that smell. Your secret
is not safe with me. Wait til I
tell Bertram Gorman on you.

INT. ART'S BEDROOM. - MORNING

Hung over, Art wakes slowly in his opulent bedroom and notices Leslie's absence. A half-full whiskey bottle is on the night stand where the clock radio displays 7 am.

ART
(calls out)
Leslie...

Art rubs his temples then topples from the bed. He steps over squeezed lemon rinds and a spilled bottle of ginger ale. Makes his way to the window where he yanks back the curtain.

ART (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Squints and looks out, using an arm to shield his face from the bright morning sun.

EXT. ART'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Art's construction truck is parked in the driveway, but Sapphire's missing.

ART (O.S.)
What are you up to now?

INT. SAPPHIRE - MORNING

Leslie wakes in a fright, not sure where she is until she peeks through the windshield. Her cell phone rings. Leslie answers, relieved.

LESLIE GOLDEN
What are you doing, sexy?... Now?
You're a dirty thing aren't you...
I know just the Perfect Place.
Bring the check and the paperwork.

She hangs up then uses her binoculars.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH LESLIE'S BINOCULARS

Sheila piles loaded garbage bags into her trunk and climbs into the driver's seat.

BACK TO SCENE

LESLIE GOLDEN (CONT'D)
Shit!

Leslie conceals herself just before Sheila drives by.

INT. SAPPHIRE NEAR ABANDONED GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

As Leslie drives she scans for her quarry, but spots her too late upon rounding a curve. Sheila's stopped dead ahead. Leslie slams on the brakes, creating a loud screeching sound and a puff of tire smoke. Panicked, Leslie hastily makes an obvious U-turn and speeds away.

LESLIE GOLDEN
Not good, Leslie.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sheila and Gordo load his lowrider with bags. The screeching from Sapphire's tires alerts the pair. Sheila's piercing stare zeroes in on Sapphire as Leslie speeds away.

SHEILA GUNNER
Time to call it a day.

GORDO GREEN
What goes on?

SHEILA GUNNER
I had a tail. A bitch in heat.

GORDO GREEN
Policia?

SHEILA GUNNER
Forget it. See me later with my
dough. All of it. Comprende?

GORDO GREEN
Si.

INT. SHEILA'S CAR - LATER

Sheila Gunner talks on her cell phone as she drives.

SHEILA GUNNER
Bring the gas truck to my place,
Johnny... Yes, right fucking now,
and fetch Animal.

INT. ART'S HOUSE - DAY

Leslie paces while tightly gripping her yellow legal pad. She nervously hits a number on her cell phone log.

LESLIE GOLDEN
Answer the phone, god damn it.

EXT. PERFECT PLACES - DAY

Art's parked at the vacated "Perfect Places" building site. He wanders aimlessly through the stalled construction and devours a buffalo wing. Drops the bone and wipes his hands on his jeans and then answers his cell phone.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

LESLIE GOLDEN
Where are you right now?

ART
Perfect Places. What happened to you last night?

LESLIE GOLDEN
Are you fucking kidding me? Is anyone with you?

INT. PERFECT PLACES BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Art enters the most complete bungalow on the job site. He runs his hand over the expertly crafted finish work.

ART
Naw, naw, I come here every time I want to sweep up the shards of my shattered dreams.

Leslie doodles on her note pad.

LESLIE GOLDEN
Spare me.

ART
What's your problem?

LESLIE GOLDEN
She's using foreclosed homes as grow houses. She's got a whole mechanic's garage full of the shit.

ART
Stop. Just stop before we have another mess to sort out.

LESLIE GOLDEN
Arthur, she's a criminal.

ART

Duh. Listen, I don't have the stamina to endure your crusade against Sheila.

LESLIE GOLDEN

Let's steal her marijuana and sell it.

ART

What happened to "she's a criminal?"

LESLIE GOLDEN

What's she gonna do, call a cop?

ART

I'm not going back into the pot business. You don't dodge a bullet twice.

Art grabs a buffalo wing and gobbles it. Something catches his eye. He picks it up: Leslie's distinctive underwear. Art clicks off his cell and stuffs it in a pocket.

LESLIE GOLDEN

You do it right, you can build a whole chain of Perfect Places...
Art? Hello Art.

EXT. IN FRONT OF SHEILA GUNNER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Sheila talks to sleazy JOHNNY FINGERS (35) and ANIMAL HECTOR (45). They wear uniforms matching a nearby utility truck. Sheila points to Art's house then strides away.

INT. ART'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie marches to the front door, yanks it open and frisbees a yellow pad into the front yard, just missing the trash can at the curb. Animal and Johnny instantly draw her attention.

LESLIE GOLDEN

(yelling at them)
Better not be cutting something off.

EXT. ART'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny Fingers and Animal Hector proceed directly toward Leslie, registering as more thug than utility worker.

LESLIE GOLDEN
What do you want?

JOHNNY FINGERS
People bitchin' bout a gas leak.

LESLIE GOLDEN
No "bitching" here. Move along.

EXT. ART'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Art parks next to Sapphire. He sees Leslie's note pad, glances at her, then deposits the pad and some chicken bones in the garbage.

Art strides past the trio, stealing glances at Johnny and Animal. He carries the remaining buffalo wings.

ART
New friends?

Art goes inside, icy. Clearly pissed off.

LESLIE GOLDEN
You two losers get off the property
before you screw something up.

Leslie hurries to catch Art, slamming the door behind her.

INT. ART'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Art takes buffalo wings into kitchen. Leslie follows.

ART
What's the deal with dumb and
dumber?

LESLIE GOLDEN
They're looking for a gas leak.

ART
Power company sent those two?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leslie peeks out the front window, intent.

EXT. FRONT OF ART'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny and Animal push one another. Johnny gives Animal the finger. Animal rushes Johnny knocking him to the ground. The two wrestle like teenagers.

LESLIE GOLDEN (O.S.)
Two morons playing grab ass.

INT. ART'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Art enters from the kitchen. Leslie turns from window.

LESLIE GOLDEN
Listen, I don't want to pressure you, but I don't do poor.

ART
Really? Fine with me. 'Cause I don't do slut.

LESLIE GOLDEN
Oh, baby, don't be mad. I was tailing that Sheila woman last night, and I fell asleep.

ART
Tailing her?

LESLIE GOLDEN
I found her stash. We can make this work.

ART
Have you met someone else?

LESLIE GOLDEN
What? You're over thinking. It's about the money. Now and always.

ART
You're lying.

Art opens the front door.

LESLIE GOLDEN
I can always count on you to run away.

Art stops and turns around. He pulls Leslie's underwear from his pocket and tosses them into her face.

ART
Must have dropped these.

INT. SAPPHIRE - CONTINUOUS

Art starts Sapphire. Johnny and Animal retreat from Art's house as Sapphire backs down the driveway.

EXT. ART'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly the house explodes. Johnny jettisons over Sapphire's hood, somersaults, and lands on his feet. He raises his arms in the air like a gymnast dismounting. Art and Johnny's eyes catch before Johnny runs away.

Animal runs past the garbage cans. Art's work truck has caught fire. Art races Sapphire down the street, nearly hitting parked cars. Once safe, Art exits Sapphire and walks toward his destroyed home. The work truck explodes.

EXT. SPILLED GARBAGE CANS - CONTINUOUS

Sirens approach. Neighbors pour into the street.

ART
Leslie...!

Dazed, Art grabs the note pad from the scattered garbage. He stares at the addresses clearly written by Leslie.

EXT. GRAVE YARD - DAY

Family and friends gather around Leslie's grave site. One by one Leslie's IMMEDIATE FAMILY place a single rose on the casket then return to their seats.

PASTOR
This concludes our service. Please
join the Golden family at the VFW
hall in Orangevale to celebrate
Leslie's life.

LESLIE'S FATHER (55), a distinguished gentleman with silver hair and sharp goatee, approaches Art.

LESLIE'S FATHER
We feel it's better you didn't
attend.

ART
Excuse me?

LESLIE'S FATHER
Leslie told us you were cheating on her.

ART
She said I was the one cheating?
You've got to be kidding. She never said as much.

TONY (OS)
Maybe she told you, but you didn't listen.

Art turns to face Tony, now muscular. He wears a too-small black Journey concert t-shirt, jeans and sneakers. His long hair is in a ponytail.

ART
My god - Tony! You're out?

Leslie's Father sees his opportunity and slides away.

TONY
Shocking how fast twelve years flies by... on the outside.

Art moves to hug Tony but he pulls away.

TONY (CONT'D)
Business has been good to you.

ART
Not as good as it might look. It's been a roller coaster ride. Damn, it's good to see you.

TONY
So, where's my money, you worthless piece of shit?

EXT. TWILIGHT MOBILE HOME PARK - LATER

This shabby section of Sacramento has gone farther downhill. Art drives Sapphire past the Twilight Mobile Home Park sign.

TONY
First day out of the can and you drag me back to this cage?

ART
Didn't exactly see anyone with you
at the funeral.

TONY
I got a voucher for the Come-In
Motel. Take me there, man.

ART
Come-In Motel rents by the hour.

TONY
How do you know?

ART
Everybody knows.

Tony punches Art's upper arm.

ART (CONT'D)
Good to see you too.

INT. SAPPHIRE - CONTINUOUS

Sapphire stops in front of Art's singlewide mobile home.
"Manager" sign is still displayed. Parked close by is a
Harley, aging but regal nonetheless.

TONY
You want me to live with your mom?
Are you serious? Dude, she's not my
type.

ART
Mom's dead.

TONY
Oh. I didn't know... I'm sorry.
That was wrong, man.

ART
Shit happens when you're gone
twelve years.

Uncomfortable pause.

TONY
Nice bike.

ART
Glad you noticed.

TONY
You're still the same old asshole.

INT. GREEN SINGLEWIDE - CONTINUOUS

A newer, larger flat screen TV takes up one wall. Dirty dishes and fast food containers are strewn about. A sleeping bag substitutes for bedding on the couch.

ART
I need to clean house.

TONY
Ah, man, this place is a pig sty.

ART
New clothes in the bedroom. Gussed
at your size. You can sleep in
there too.

TONY
Are you suggesting I be your
roommate?

ART
My place is... out of commission.
Insurance company is dragging ass,
so I'm camping out here.

Tony walks around the trailer noticing everything.

TONY
This is my welcome after twelve
years?

ART
Prefer your prison quarters?...
Forget I said that.

TONY
Easier said than done.

Art pulls a beer out of the fridge and tosses it to Tony. He cracks another one open.

TONY (CONT'D)
Listen, I need a job to keep my
parole officer off my back. Can you
hook me up?

ART
You're a felon, so that could be
tough.

TONY
Wow, man. Using my record against me?

ART
It was your idea to sell pot.

TONY
(snaps)
Fuck you, Art. Your beer cost me twelve years, and I never saw your ugly ass one time. Not once!

Tony throws his empty beer can against a wall. Art calmly grabs two envelopes. Tony clenches his fists and glares hotly.

ART
You lost your twenties. You have every right to be pissed off. But take this before you hammer me.

Art hands Tony the thicker envelope and drops the other into his own pocket. Tony relaxes enough to snatch the envelope from Art.

TONY
What's this?

ART
Open it.

Still hot, Tony tears open the envelope but pauses when he finds cash.

TONY
Where did you get this?

ART
Fifteen thousand dollars... you know, from the coffee can.

TONY
If you're hustling me, I'm gonna kick you in the nards.

Art rolls his eyes.

ART
I just dropped fifteen grand in your lap. Trust me, I could really use that money right now.

TONY
(hotly)
And I kept my mouth shut.

Standoff until Art takes the second envelope from his pocket and passes it to Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)
Your Plan B?

ART
The title to that Harley outside.
It's yours.

Tony's confused by Art's gesture, but clearly touched.

TONY
What's the catch?

ART
Twelve years in the joint, friend.

TONY
First thing I've owned, man.

Art flings Tony keys on a Harley Davidson key ring. Tony stares at the keys with blinking eyes.

TONY (CONT'D)
That beautiful ride belongs to me?

Art extends his hand.

ART
Tony. I'm sorry.

TONY
Was that so fucking hard?

Tony pauses then hugs Art. Both have tears in their eyes.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - LATER

Tony and Art have been drinking for hours.

ART
Leslie's dead. Business is in the
shitter, house is fucked, and I'm
back in Mom's trailer.

TONY
Tough breaks. At least you've got
your freedom.

ART

At least I'm not scared that you're gonna kill me any more.

TONY

Don't be too sure. This trailer's mighty tempting bait.

ART

Ah, maybe it's what I deserve.

TONY

I never should have thrown your beer out the window. Simple as that.

ART

Prison make you a hard ass or just hard on your ass?

Short pause then they both have a good laugh.

TONY

You don't make it easy on a guy, hombre.

ART

I'm gonna sell Twilight Park, and we'll flip houses.

TONY

We?

ART

Yeah, you and me. That ought to leash your parole officer.

TONY

Look, I'm touched, but I'm not rehabbing houses with you.

ART

My dead girlfriend Leslie had a plan to steal weed and sell it to pot shops.

TONY

Hoo, doggie! Sell someone else's smoke to dispensaries? Killer idea, man.

ART

Killer, yeah. That's what happened to Leslie. I don't want to meet up with you in the joint, or worse.

Dog BARKS outside.

ART (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Art throws open front door, scans the darkness for the dog.

ART (CONT'D)

Go away, you stupid mutt.

TONY

Keep your voice down, man. It's two in the morning. Don't need policia nosing around.

ART

(whispering)

Go away, you stupid mutt.

EXT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Art steps down. The mutt growls. Tony joins Art. The dog whines and wags his tail, approaches Art. Art pets him on the head then gives him a good rub down.

ART

Ah, you're not such a tough guy, are you?

The dog walks to Sapphire's front tire, lifts his leg, and pees. Tony laughs hysterically.

ART (CONT'D)

Don't laugh, man. My life savings is in that car... Go home, you shiftless curr.

INT. SAPPHIRE - DAY

Hung over and unshaven, Art drives home through Twilight Park wearing last night's clothes. He waves to a man gardening. Art grabs a donut from a pink bakery box and takes a bite.

ART

Jesus, that's good. How do they do that?

Tony rides past him on his Harley. They wave. Art spies last night's dog, and Sapphire skids to a stop. The dog lies in front of an immaculate doublewide trailer, queen of the park.

ART (CONT'D)
Well, I'll be damned.

EXT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Art lures the dog with a donut in one hand while holding the box in the other. The dog growls, but the lure of food is too powerful. The dog snatches Art's donut and trots away.

ART
Silly mutt. I'll win you over,
you'll see.

Trailer door pops open. Art is face to face with Bobbie Sue Purdy (29). She's now an attractive full-figured woman. Art is slack jawed and turns to go.

ART (CONT'D)
(To himself)
I thought this place looked
familiar.

Pushing past Bobbie Sue is an adorable HARMONY PURDY (11). She sees the donut box in Art's arms.

HARMONY
You gave Duke a donut?

Art turns back.

ART
Technically speaking... yes. You
want one?

Harmony looks for her mom's approval first then chooses from the box. Duke chomps his donut, sniffs for another. Art and Bobbie Sue share a hesitant moment.

HARMONY
Come on, Duke.

ART
You named this dog after your great-
grandpa, didn't you?

HARMONY
How did you know that?

BOBBIE SUE

Certain things got in the way of my dreams.

She grabs a framed photo and shows Art.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

Here he is with me, right before he passed.

ART

The rain falls on us all, they say. I've gotten pretty wet myself.

BOBBIE SUE

I wanted to be an interior designer - y'know, stage houses up for sale, but I tend bar.

ART

Funny. I could've used you on both counts.

BOBBIE SUE

What do you mean? You own a bar? Or you're looking to sell your mom's trailer?

ART

What, that cozy fixer-upper? That there is a genuine Pan American Paramount, jet riveted in 1955.

BOBBIE SUE

No!

ART

Yes.

BOBBIE SUE

Shucks, all you need now is an Airstream and a Chrysler convertible.

ART

Like it or not I'm here for the duration.

Bobbie Sue helps herself to a donut.

BOBBIE SUE

Well, I'm back on track now, studying Design at ARC. It's a struggle, but we'll get through it.

ART

You and the kid don't get any support? Sounds like a real bastard of a deadbeat dad, I'd say.

BOBBIE SUE

Good time for you to be in her life.

ART

Me? I'm not good with kids.

Bobbie Sue's eyes take in Art's face. She hesitates.

BOBBIE SUE

Don't need a DNA test, Arthur Perfect, to see she's the spitting image of you.

ART

(All at once)

Oh my god, I'm the deadbeat bastard who never sent you child support.

BOBBIE SUE

The one and only, darlin'.

Art can't sit still. He paces.

ART

That's why you disappeared? Because you were pregnant?

BOBBIE SUE

Disappeared? I told your mother where I was. I asked her to mediate.

ART

Well then, she kept it a secret.

Now Bobbie Sue paces with nervous energy.

BOBBIE SUE

Oh my God, I should have known.

ART

Boy, I'll say. It didn't cross your mind she'd never tell me?

BOBBIE SUE

Figured you'd moved on, so I did too.

ART

You hid our daughter from me. How could you do that?

Bobbie Sue gets up in his grill.

BOBBIE SUE

You never came looking for me even though you promised we'd get married. Bleachers? Ring a bell?

ART

Harmony looks like a super kid... What kind of a jerk do you think I am?

BOBBIE SUE

The kind that runs away when things get hard.

Art throws up his hands, turns away and begins to pace.

ART

You're trying to squeeze money out of me. That's it.

BOBBIE SUE

Just donuts, jack ass. You'll have your space rent in the morning.

ART

Why? So you can tell our daughter I'm an unsupportive bastard? I didn't ask for that.

BOBBIE SUE

You showed up outside my door. I didn't knock on yours. I've still got my pride.

ART

Yeah, and it's doublewide, fancy pants.

BOBBIE SUE

Fine! Keep your singlewide pride.

ART

It's all on you. I was only trying to catch a mutt who likes donuts.

EXT. BOBBIE SUE'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Art exits the doublewide as Bobbie Sue trails.

BOBBIE SUE
You hurt Harmony, and I'll kick you
in the sack.

Art turns and marches back with resolve as neighbors look on.
Duke pees on Sapphire's rear tire behind Art's back.

ART
Take a number, sister.

INT. VALLEY BANK - BERTRAM GORMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Bertram Gorman is sitting at his desk, working. He rises when
a well-dressed Sheila Gunner enters.

SHEILA GUNNER
Mr. Gorman? Hi, I'm Mrs. Shelby. We
spoke on the phone.

BERTRAM GORMAN
Ah, yes. Your husband couldn't make
it?

She sits with a flourish, laying it on thick.

SHEILA GUNNER
No, too busy. He's buried under it
with our business expansion.

BERTRAM GORMAN
Yes, you mentioned that. I'm
surprised we didn't see you at the
auction last month.

SHEILA GUNNER
Sounds like you didn't move much
inventory. Do you have that list I
requested?

BERTRAM GORMAN
Yes, of course. These are the
residential properties the bank
currently owns.

Bertram Gorman hands her a print-out several pages long.

SHEILA GUNNER
 (Rolls her eyes, smiling)
 Wow! There must be over a hundred
 addresses here.

BERTRAM GORMAN
 Oh. No.

SHEILA GUNNER
 No?

BERTRAM GORMAN
 No, more like three hundred twenty-
 four. To be exact.

Sheila Gunner bolts up in her chair.

SHEILA GUNNER
 What?

BERTRAM GORMAN
 Well, we are the largest bank in
 the area.

She suppresses her excitement.

SHEILA GUNNER
 But so many...

BERTRAM GORMAN
 Surely there are many more in Las
 Vegas? That's where you're
 expanding from, isn't it?

SHEILA GUNNER
 Hm? Oh, yes.

BERTRAM GORMAN
 At any rate, you can see why we're
 willing to consider a flat price
 for the lot of them.

Sheila studies the list.

SHEILA GUNNER
 Price? Oh, yes. Price.

BERTRAM GORMAN
 Do you have capital for this kind
 of purchase?

SHEILA GUNNER
 (Forgetting herself)
 Are you crazy?

BERTRAM GORMAN

Then, shall we work together on financing?

SHEILA GUNNER

Not likely.

BERTRAM GORMAN

Of course. I understand. You and Mr. Shelby will want to discuss your options.

She hugs the list.

SHEILA GUNNER

I've... gotta go. Got my work cut out for me.

BERTRAM GORMAN

Would you mind leaving me your phone number?

SHEILA GUNNER

I assure you, Mr. Gorman. This is one opportunity I'm not going to pass up.

EXT. SAPPHIRE - DAY

Art leans on Sapphire's hood near a house with a "Bank Owned" sign and a blue tarp on the roof. He scans the neighborhood, uses a calculator, then crumples the property's sales flyer.

ART

Can't make money flipping houses in this zip code. I am so screwed.

He tosses the flyer onto the driveway.

ART (CONT'D)

Wouldn't be at all surprised if Sheila Gunner was squatting here.

(Mocks)

"Think outside the legal box. Partner." Shit.

With his back to the street, Art pulls out Leslie's wrinkled piece of paper with the addresses. A green lowrider trolls behind him, undetected.

ART (CONT'D)
 So, these are Sheila's idea of
 perfect places, huh? I wonder what
 kind of mischief we can manage.

EXT. SIDE WINDOW OF SHEILA'S GROW HOUSE - NIGHT

Art hides in the bird of paradise. Lights come on and Sheila looks out a new window pane. Sheila starts covering it with newspaper.

INT. INSIDE BACK DOOR OF GROW HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Art slides through an unlocked back door. He enjoys breathing the scent deeply.

ART
 (softly)
 Wow! That's sweet.

Two sets of FOOTSTEPS come downstairs, forcing Art to hide.

SHEILA GUNNER (O.S.)
 Big Man will be back tomorrow.

FAITH (O.S.)
 Is it so hard to call Gordo by his
 name?

Art peeks out at them.

SHEILA GUNNER
 It's not important. Are you sweet
 on him, sugar?

FAITH (O.S.)
 He's nice. That's all.

SHEILA GUNNER
 When he gets here, you be sure to
 give Big Man the forms and my
 instructions for the new house.

FAITH
 The one with the blue tarp.

SHEILA GUNNER
 Remember?

FAITH
 I got it, I got it. The place is
 rent-to-own, as-is.

SHEILA GUNNER
And what's the move in?

FAITH
First and last, plus ten percent
down. Cash or certified check.

SHEILA GUNNER
Non-refundable! That's the most
important part. Non refundable.

FAITH
Don't you think that's just a
little harsh?

SHEILA GUNNER
Their credit's ruined. Where do you
think they're gonna go?

FAITH
I dunno. Maybe they'll squat in
some other bank-owned shit hole -
for free.

Art covers his mouth and takes cover.

ART
(Whispering)
Shit! She's really doing it.

SHEILA GUNNER (O.S.)
Don't be such a pessimist, pet.

There's a pause then a giggle.

ART
(Whispering)
Genius. Sheer criminal genius.

Sheila stomps past him, toting two full garbage bags. Front
door SLAMS as Sheila exits. Faith runs on tiptoes after her.

FAITH
Wait for me!

INT. TOP FLOOR OF GROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Art emerges from the staircase to find lush marijuana plants
under grow lights, drying racks, full garbage bags, and a
small safe chained to a pole. Art considers, then sneaks two
bags downstairs.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - LATER

A garbage bag full of buds lies open. Art lights up a pipe, holds it a few seconds and explodes into a coughing fit.

ART

The one that chokes you, smokes you. Sheila's been selling me the reject stash for years.

Again, he hits the pipe. Tony walks through the front door in work clothes. He stops, looks at the scene then laughs.

TONY

You'd rather knock off dispensaries than sell to them?

ART

No, man, I found Sheila's grow house. So much weed I can't even tell you how much. That's how much.

Tony picks up a bud and scrutinizes it. Gladly takes in the aroma, quickly refocuses.

TONY

We doing this thing or what, man?

ART

I prefer the "or what." She thinks I'm going to be her partner, Tony!

TONY

I could use the scratch for my shop, man. Let's strike while we can.

Tony lights the pot pipe.

ART

Sheila's dangerous. She's been to prison.

TONY

Not everyone who's been to prison is dangerous.

ART

But she blew up my house...

TONY

There is that.

ART
Safer to sell Twilight.

TONY
Not safer for Bobbie Sue or
Harmony. Think about what you're
doing first.

ART
Don't throw that guilt on me. I
didn't ruin the economy.

TONY
Did your part.

ART
Yeah, well... Maybe there's a way
to profit from that. Did you ever
think of that?

TONY
You're talking loco, and I like it.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

KNOCKING at the front door. Art barely stirs from his bed on
the couch. More KNOCKING. Art's clock radio shows 7:30.

ART
Shit!

BOBBIE SUE (O.S.)
Art, open up. Art!

Art struggles off the couch. He's wearing boxer shorts when
he opens the door, finding Bobbie Sue and Harmony.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
I am so, so sorry. They called me
for an extra shift down at the bar.
We need the money.

A pause as Art slowly processes this request.

ART
Thought you'd had enough of my
singlewide pride.

BOBBIE SUE
You underestimate your natural
charm.

ART

Kind of you... People really drink
at 7:30 in the morning?

Bobbie Sue glances at empty beer cans.

BOBBIE SUE

You'd be surprised.

ART

So what's the deal? You want me to
baby sit the youngun?

HARMONY

I'm eleven years old.

BOBBIE SUE

Maybe you should put some clothes
on.

ART

Yeah, I'll get right on that.

Art rummages through a pile of clothes, finds a bathrobe.
Bobbie Sue nudges Harmony into the room.

BOBBIE SUE

Do you mind?

ART

No, it's fine. I mean...

BOBBIE SUE

She doesn't bite much.

ART

Unlike her donut loving doggie.

BOBBIE SUE

Funny! Comedian and deadbeat.

ART

I'm sorry.

BOBBIE SUE

No, it's fine. I mean... Thanks for
doing this. You're a lifesaver.
Bye, Harmony. Kiss-kiss.

Bobbie Sue leaves as Art pulls on pants and shirt.

ART

Everybody knows your business here.
(imitates Bobbie Sue)
(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)

"They called me for an extra shift.
Kiss-kiss." What about my work?

HARMONY

Work?

ART

I'm a... contractor.

HARMONY

What do you build?

ART

Um, lots of stuff. Do you need
something to eat?

HARMONY

No thanks. What kind of stuff.

Art's cell phone rings. He looks relieved.

ART

Hello.

INT. SUTTER DEVELOPMENT CORP. - WALTER LITTLEJON'S OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

WALTER LITTLEJON (55) converses on his speaker phone. His
office displays taste and wealth, though he himself seems out
of place.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

WALTER LITTLEJON

You're a hard man to reach.

ART

(To phone)

It's complicated.

(To Harmony)

Sh sh...

WALTER LITTLEJON

So I hear. Listen, we have
unfinished business. It's Twilight
time.

Littlejon stands, walks to a table that holds a pile of
darts. He picks up several.

HARMONY

Who's that?

ART
Still looking at other options.

WALTER LITTLEJON
Options? Perfect Places is dead in
the water.

Littlejon throws a dart into a dartboard on the other side of
his office. The dart hits, he pumps his fist.

ART
Temporary set back.

WALTER LITTLEJON
Workers are gone. Your home's a
pile of ashes. No friends left.

Littlejon throws another dart and raises his hands in a
touchdown gesture after it hits the target.

INSERT - THE DARTBOARD, with a picture of ART on the bull's-
eye.

BACK TO SCENE

ART
I've still got a few.

WALTER LITTLEJON
Your best business asset's below
ground. God rest her soul. She was
a tiger in everything she did.

ART
You must be a man with a hard-on
for my plot of ground. Or my dead
girlfriend.

WALTER LITTLEJON
Hard-on for Leslie. The rest is
business.

ART
Oh - heartless and greedy, I see.
Good thing my prospects are so
bright.

WALTER LITTLEJON
Nobody drives a nail in this town
without me knowing.

ART
I'm looking at new investors, new
alternatives.

Littlejon throws a dart and heads for his desk.

WALTER LITTLEJON
You're not getting financing for
anything unless I allow it.
I'm your only play.

ART
So you tell me. That's a bold
claim, given the scope of options
on the entire planet.

WALTER LITTLEJON
You don't have a prayer.

ART
My homeowner's claim will put me
over the top.

WALTER LITTLEJON
The sooner you give in, the better
off you'll be. Homeowner's claim.

Walter Littlejon laughs.

ART
Sure, Littlejonson, I'll take that
under advisement.

WALTER LITTLEJON
That's Littlejon.

Littlejon slams the handset down. He takes a deep breath,
punches a new number into his phone, places it on speaker. As
it rings, he nervously pops up and paces around the room.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

BERTRAM GORMAN
Valley Bank, Commercial, Bert
Gorman.

WALTER LITTLEJON
I need more time. Bastard's tougher
than I thought.

Littlejon pulls his dart from Art's picture on the board.

BERTRAM GORMAN
(in hushed voice)
We're out of time. You have to get
that property or our financing will
evaporate. Out of time.

WALTER LITTLEJON
 Jesus Christ, straighten your spine
 and make it happen.

BERTRAM GORMAN
 Regulators are already sniffing
 around, and we're swamped with
 inventory.

WALTER LITTLEJON
 No shit?

BERTRAM GORMAN
 There's no cash. I'm sorry.

WALTER LITTLEJON
 You've got to.

BERTRAM GORMAN
 I have a deal in the works - some
 rehab queen dripping money. It
 might just save our ass.

WALTER LITTLEJON
 Don't hang up.

BERTRAM GORMAN
 Goodbye, Walt.

Littlejon spins and throws the dart with all his strength
 back into the board. He badly misses Art's picture.

EXT. TWILIGHT MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

Harmony and Art trail as Duke charges up to a senior, PARK
 RESIDENT #1.

ART
 (panic)
 Duke, NO.

Duke gets to the resident and wags his tail vigorously. The
 resident pets Duke, glad to see him.

PARK RESIDENT #1
 Such a good dog. Do you want your
 treat?

Duke barks just once.

PARK RESIDENT #1 (CONT'D)
 Good dog. Now sit.

Duke complies. The resident pulls out a dried chicken strip and tosses it to him. Duke catches it mid-air. Art looks confused.

ART

How did you get him to do that?

PARK RESIDENT #1

It's not hard. As far as I can tell, he likes everyone.

Duke takes after a squirrel.

PARK RESIDENT #1 (CONT'D)

Except squirrels.

Harmony laughs a distinctive laugh.

PARK RESIDENT #1 (CONT'D)

Your daughter laughs like you did when you were her age.

ART

You knew me then?

PARK RESIDENT #1

Sure. And I remember Colleen used to push you on the swings when you were just a little spud.

ART

Of course. I forgot about that.

PARK RESIDENT #1

She doted on you, boy. You were going to conquer the world.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Art paces. Tony drinks a beer.

ART

I'm so torn. I promised you could live here... But Littlejon's pressuring me to sell Twilight.

TONY

Could you tell these people you sold their community out from under them?

ART

Naw, not me. Littlejon likes dirty work. He'd do it.

TONY

Be careful, man. Your ass is hanging in the breeze.

ART

What gives?

TONY

Leslie had plenty of opportunity to screw you.

ART

Leslie wouldn't do that to me.

TONY

Wasn't that her dad at the funeral - the guy who told you she'd been planning to leave you?

ART

C'mon, she was just feeding him a line.

TONY

She loved money and you ran out of it. But Littlejon's loaded.

ART

Littlejon... bastard nailed my girlfriend at Perfect Places.

TONY

What does that tell you, man?

ART

You think she was using me?

TONY

No doubt, my friend. You know prison runs on sweet pay back.

INT. WALTER LITTLEJON'S OFFICE - DAY

Walter Littlejon moves from his desk to greet Art.

WALTER LITTLEJON

You've come to your senses.

ART

I'm here to tell you I won't sell
Twilight Park to you.

Walter Littlejon marches to his desk and grabs a photo copy
of a Cashiers Check. He places it before Art.

WALTER LITTLEJON

A one hundred thousand dollar
check, cashed by Perfect
Construction.

Art's hit by a lightning bolt. He lets go of the copy as if
it's burning his hands.

ART

I've never seen this check before
in my life.

WALTER LITTLEJON

You think the authorities will see
it that way? That's your signature.

Art looks at the signature. Pressure builds. Art becomes
fidgety.

ART

I don't have your dough. Littlejon,
I'm living in a singlewide trailer
made in 1955.

WALTER LITTLEJON

The other three hundred thousand
dollars can still be yours.

ART

Four hundred thousand dollars for
Twilight? In a fiscal drought?
What's the catch?

WALTER LITTLEJON

Why make it hard on yourself when
you'd prefer to avoid conflict?

Littlejon holds up a pair of Leslie's distinctive sexy
underwear. Now Art's face displays simmering anger. Art
starts to reach over the desk to get at Littlejon.

WALTER LITTLEJON (CONT'D)

Nah-ah-ah. Make the deal, and I
won't press grand theft charges.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - LATER

TONY

I'm sure he thought three hundred thousand dollars would close the show, man.

Art lights up some weed in his pipe, exhales.

ART

What a prick... Wow, I still can't believe how good Sheila's shit is.

Tony picks up one of the buds and inspects it.

ART (CONT'D)

What you figure we'd get for each pound?

TONY

I'd say, five or six hundred per.

ART

Let's just say there's two thousand pounds in her grow houses.

Art writes the math out on a napkin.

ART (CONT'D)

Neighborhood of a million tax free dollars.

TONY

Man, that's a nice neighborhood.

ART

You don't know the half of it.

TONY

What are you talking about?

ART

Efficiency. Pure criminal efficiency.

INT. MARIJUANA GROW HOUSE #1 - NIGHT

Tony uses a cutting torch to open a small safe where he finds documents and stacks of Sheila's money. Art puts piles of marijuana buds in garbage bags.

ART

Make sure to get all the paperwork.
If things go south, we've got
evidence.

INT. MARIJUANA GROW HOUSE #2 - LATER

Art and Tony put garbage bags of buds in large plain white office boxes.

TONY

You're sticking this out, right?

ART

Don't worry. I'm all in.

INT. RURAL BARN - EARLY MORNING

Carcasses of automobiles chopped for parts litter the property. Tony's Harley is nearby. Art wheels a dolly loaded with white boxes towards an opening in a wall of hay bales. Tony stacks the white boxes behind the hay wall.

ART

You're sure it's safe?

TONY

Absentee landlord means it's
totally private.

ART

What about your parole officer?
What's he think of your activities?

TONY

Prick wonders where my start up
money came from. Wants my balance
sheets.

ART

Welcome to the world, man.

TONY

No kidding. Luckily he takes my
cash presents and ignores my piss
tests.

ART

You got it all covered?

TONY

Lot of time to think about your
career in the joint.

Tony opens surveillance camera box. Pulls out camera and
holds it up.

ART

Nice. How can I help?

TONY

We need to make connections with
clinical buyers. Can you sell?

INT. GORDO GREEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - DAY

ART

I'd like to speak with the owner.

GORDO GREEN

What can I do for you?

ART

You're the owner?

Gordo nods his head. Art's mildly surprised. He fumbles with
his pitch.

ART (CONT'D)

I'm a grower, just breaking into
the business. Would you be
interested in a fantastic deal.

GORDO GREEN

Sample for looks?

INT. BACK OFFICE GORDO GREEN DISPENSARY - MOMENTS LATER

Tony and Art sit in front of large desk. An open day pack is
between them. Pot visible. Gordo faces them sitting in a
towering padded chair.

Art produces a small packet. Art smiles as he passes it to
Gordo, but Tony displays his stone face prison stare.

ART

I think you'll find it excellent.

Gordo pulls some buds out and smells them.

GORDO GREEN
Good sniff.

ART
Smoke a bowl and you'll see.

GORDO GREEN
I don't smoke the mota.

Gordo pulls out a magnifying glass. Closely inspects several of the buds.

TONY
You working with the cops?

ART
(to Tony)
What are you doing?

TONY
Looks like the only thing this guy
could own is a criminal record.

GORDO GREEN
You could know. You're both the
jail birds?

Art shakes his head no, but Tony goes forward.

TONY
A dealer who doesn't sample... look
at me and tell me you're not
undercover.

GORDO GREEN
Just my job. I like Pinot Noir.

Tony hesitates.

TONY
You're not a law enforcement
officer?

Gordo stands up slowly.

GORDO GREEN
Tired of bullshit.

TONY
Seven hundred a pound.

Gordo passes the weed back.

ART
Five fifty.

GORDO GREEN
Have more here?

ART
Five pounds nearby.

GORDO GREEN
If I play ball, we're tied together
for good or bad.

Gordo stands up and offers his hand to Art. Art shakes it as Tony walks away.

TONY
No need to lecture us, man.

EXT. TWILIGHT MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

PATRICK STAMPER, a scrappy man in his sixties, tries unsuccessfully to get his 1971 Volkswagen Bus to start.

Harmony skates past followed by Duke. Art stops. Stamper swings open the engine covering.

ART
Now, there's a ride you don't see
everyday.

PATRICK STAMPER
Can't afford a new starter or the
mechanic to install it.

ART
Can we push start it?

Patrick Stamper puts the engine covering down.

PATRICK STAMPER
Hi, I'm Patrick Stamper.

ART
I'm Art, and I have an idea.

PATRICK STAMPER
I wish everyone did.

Art gives Patrick a look, then makes a call on his cell phone.

EXT. RURAL BARN - CONTINUOUS

Tony's storing parts from his latest chop job. Remains of chopped cars strewn about. Tony's cell phone rings. He checks the number and answers.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

TONY

Working.

ART

You still have that seventies VW bus?

TONY

It's a nineteen seventy.

ART

Does it have the starter?

Tony walks over and checks for a starter. Then speaks into his cell phone.

TONY

It's your lucky day. Cash or credit?

ART

Cash so pick me up at Twilight, and bring your tool box.

Art clicks off his cell phone, then pulls out a wad of bills. Patrick Stamper notices. Art hands twenty dollars to Harmony.

ART (CONT'D)

Take Duke and fetch us some donuts and chocolate milk.

HARMONY

What about my tip?

ART

You want a tip? Here's one: always say "thank you."

Harmony rolls away with a barking Duke in hot pursuit.

HARMONY

Thank you!

EXT. TWILIGHT MOBILE HOME PARK - CONTINUOUS

Art and Patrick Stamper are alone.

PATRICK STAMPER
The prudent thing would be to
deposit that in a bank.

Art laughs.

ART
Banks and I have a complicated
relationship.

Patrick Stamper smiles and nods.

PATRICK STAMPER
I've had clients who felt the same.

Art counts out four hundred dollars. Unnoticed, Bobbie Sue looks on from between two trailers.

ART
Here. Now you can pay the mechanic,
but keep it between us.

PATRICK STAMPER
I feel unsettled about accepting
your money.

ART
You'll pay me back someday.

PATRICK STAMPER
That's all?

BOBBIE SUE (O.S.)
Careful, Pat. This guy's a
character.

PATRICK STAMPER
Hey, Bobbie Sue.

ART
You know each other?

PATRICK STAMPER
Bobbie Sue's honey on my corn
flakes. Hell, if I was younger...

ART
I was younger.

Bobbie Sue and Patrick share friendly hug. She looks at Art and smiles. He smiles back. Chemistry simmers.

BOBBIE SUE
Full of surprises, aren't you?

ART
Likewise, my lady.

EXT. SAPPHIRE - MOMENTS LATER

Art and Tony extract from Sapphire two white boxes with stickers that say "Perfect Edibles."

TONY
Sapphire's not good for deliveries.

ART
Can't use your Harley?

INT. BACK OFFICE GORDO GREEN DISPENSARY - MOMENTS LATER

Perfect Edibles box open. Gordo looks at bags of candies camouflaging the marijuana.

ART
Free candy with every delivery.

Gordo examines the marijuana as he pulls out some of the candies. He slowly enjoys one.

GORDO GREEN
Good candy.

ART
Cash then?

Gordo unlocks desk drawer and removes a cash box. Counts out twenty-five one hundred dollar bills and slides them over to Art.

GORDO GREEN
Got more?

ART
We've got plenty. Like I said,
you're our first customer.

Tony stops, looking at the surveillance cameras.

GORDO GREEN
Need digits.

TONY
Your surveillance system sucks.
Let's go Art.

Tony leaves quickly with Art trailing. Gordo reviews a surveillance recording and zooms in on Tony. He erases Art and Tony from the recording.

INT. SAPPHIRE - MOMENTS LATER

Art's giddy with excitement, but Tony simmers. He drives on, ready to ignite with any spark.

ART
Here comes the money.

TONY
Man, when I tell you something,
you'd better fucking listen.

ART
What's wrong?

TONY
"You're our first customer." Why
the hell are you running your
mouth?

ART
Okay! Okay. Don't lose your temper.

TONY
We need a safe deposit box to keep
our money.

ART
No, just a good old fashioned safe.

TONY
It's a safe deposit box.

ART
I said no.

Tony glances in his rear view mirror.

TONY
Shit! I'm getting pulled over.

Tony looks closer in the mirror and sighs.

ART
What?

TONY
De ja vu. It's detective Kiss-my-
 ass.

ART
 Who?

TONY
 Detective David Lawton's the
 asshole who popped me.

EXT. SAPPHIRE - CONTINUOUS

Although a dozen years older, David Lawton remains the same hard nosed officer who arrested Tony years before. He strolls to the driver's side window.

DAVID LAWTON
 Staying out of trouble, Anthony?

TONY
 Turned around my life, sir.

DAVID LAWTON
 Whose car?

ART
 Mine officer.

Art passes Lawton the registration.

DAVID LAWTON
 You an ex-con too?

TONY
 You think everyone's an ex-con.

Lawton looks at Art's registration.

DAVID LAWTON
 I didn't hear Arthur answer.

ART
 Never been arrested.

DAVID LAWTON
 But it's not your first rodeo...
 Mind if I search your car?

Lawton returns Art's documents.

ART
 For what?

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
All available units 211S. Circle K
minimart at 1471 Hazel Ave. Citrus
Heights.

DAVID LAWTON
I know you're dirty Anthony. Just a
matter of time.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - LATER

The wall panel is open. Art removes his money stash. Tony has
stacks of his money laid out. He counts it.

ART
Why does he want you back in the
slammer?

TONY
Got it out for me, man.

ART
(sarcastically)
You think?

TONY
His wife's a bar fly. I popped her
booty a couple months back.

ART
Is there something wrong with you?

TONY
What was I supposed to do? She
offered it up, so I banged her like
a drum.

ART
After a dozen years in the joint
I'd make a trip to the Come-In
Motel myself.

TONY
Shut up, Art. Not everyone gets to
find the love of their life.
Besides, it was at my chop shop.

ART
Ah, but unlike you and Mrs. Lawton,
I fear my love is unrequited.

TONY

Get out, man. Bobbie Sue's nuts about you. Always has been.

ART

She tell you that?

TONY

I have eyes. Besides, Mrs. Lawton had some other dude that same afternoon, right in my driveway.

ART

No fucking way! Are you kidding me?

TONY

Yeah, some anemic developer in a polyester leisure suit. My surveillance camera picked it up.

ART

Sutter Development?

TONY

What, you know him?

ART

I wish I could say no. And the visual is just slightly beyond nauseating.

TONY

Whatever you think of him, she hummed like a well-oiled machine.

ART

Oh, that's gross. Guess she was sending you a message. And speaking of...

TONY

Speaking of what?

ART

Well-oiled machines. We can't use Sapphire any more. Not with police lurking.

TONY

You're right. She draws too much attention. We need something uninspiring.

Harmony enters briskly.

HARMONY
 Mom wants to know if we can borrow
 the Mustang.
 (Sees money)
 Whoa!

ART
 What's wrong with the van?

HARMONY
 Ghost is out of gas again.

Art and Tony look at each other.

ART
 Does that sound uninspiring to you?

TONY
 Extremely uninspiring.

INT. BACK OFFICE GORDO GREEN DISPENSARY - LATER

Gordo has weed laid out in piles. Johnny Fingers enters
 carrying a large sports equipment bag.

GORDO GREEN
 More mota for street sellers.

JOHNNY FINGERS
 Same split?

GORDO GREEN
 Fifty percent if you keep Animal
 away from me.

JOHNNY FINGERS
 I need an enforcer.

GORDO GREEN
 I don't want him near me.

JOHNNY FINGERS
 Fifty-Fifty. It's done. No Animal.

EXT. NEAR SAPPHIRE - NIGHT

Art approaches Sheila's Grow House. He stops when he
 recognizes Animal and Johnny.

ART
 What are they doing here?

Animal and Johnny transfer equipment to a truck. Sheila yells at Johnny and he shouts back. In a flash, Sheila takes him down, Judo style. Whispers to him. He nods his head slowly. She gently slaps his face and lets him up.

ART (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Sheila, you killed
Leslie.

Art slowly backs away. Suddenly Animal is behind him. Animal shoves him forward toward the grow house.

ART (CONT'D)

Easy. This is a pressed shirt here.

SHEILA GUNNER

What have we here?

ANIMAL

Found this one lurking around.

ART

Sheila, I was coming to see you.

SHEILA GUNNER

Let him go, Animal. He's with me.

Animal backs away from Art.

SHEILA GUNNER (CONT'D)

Haven't seen you. I was beginning
to think you didn't like me any
more.

ART

Had to move. I think you know that.

SHEILA GUNNER

Yeah. Sorry about your loss. What
brings you to the two thousand
block?

ART

Unfinished business.

SHEILA GUNNER

Yeah?

ART

You said we were partners.

Sheila Gunner studies him then relaxes. Animal and Johnny resume their work.

SHEILA GUNNER
Yeah, I suppose I did. Can't be too careful.

ART
Guess not.

SHEILA GUNNER
So, what's that unfinished business you wanted to talk about?

ART
The legal box.

SHEILA GUNNER
What do you mean?

ART
You said I should think outside the legal box. What's the game?

Sheila Gunner pulls a joint out of her flannel shirt pocket and sparks it up. She leans against the truck, offers the joint to Art.

SHEILA GUNNER
You go where I tell you, when I tell you.

ART
And do what?

Art passes back the joint.

SHEILA GUNNER
I've got houses lined up. You notch up the curb appeal.

ART
And?

SHEILA GUNNER
Splash a little paint around inside. Change the hardware. You know, the usual.

ART
What's my cut?

SHEILA GUNNER
Cut? No, you get time and materials plus ten percent.

ART

Thought we were partners.

SHEILA GUNNER

Thought you were smart. You're
getting a free education here.

They lock eyes. Sheila Gunner passes the joint back to him.

ART

Plus fifteen percent.

SHEILA GUNNER

Done.

ART

Take me to school, Madam Gunner.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - DAY

Art's talking on his cell phone. Newspaper is open to marijuana dispensary ads. Some are crossed out while a few are circled with in red ink.

ART

You'll see seven hundred is a good
price.

DOORBELL RINGS.

ART (CONT'D)

Who is it?

Door opens. Bobbie Sue sticks her head in.

BOBBIE SUE

Anyone home?

Art closes the newspaper abruptly.

ART

(to the cell phone)
I'll call back.

Art ends the call as Bobbie Sue and Harmony enter with Duke.

ART (CONT'D)

What's up?

BOBBIE SUE

Need a favor.

ART
For you, always.

BOBBIE SUE
Um, well, my payroll check's late
again, and I was just wondering...

ART
Yes?

BOBBIE SUE
Can you feed your daughter and her
mother?

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - LATER

Art, Harmony and Bobbie Sue at dining table. Cheese burgers,
chips, potato salad, dill pickles and black olives loaded on
paper plates. Bakery apple pie at the ready. Duke's eyes beg.

ART
Like your dinner?

HARMONY
Pretty good, especially since...

BOBBIE SUE
Harmony, that was between us.

ART
Since? What's going on?

HARMONY
We only have potatoes and ketchup
to eat. Anything beats that.

Art and Harmony laugh. Bobbie Sue's embarrassed.

BOBBIE SUE
Bartending doesn't cut it like the
old days, and these late paychecks
complicate things.

Harmony pulls half a cheese burger off her plate. Duke's head
pops up, his tail wags. Harmony tosses him a piece of burger.

ART
Running a business is hard,
especially right now.

Harmony stands and passes Duke the rest of the cheeseburger.
He chomps it down.

BOBBIE SUE
Mony, are you going outside?

HARMONY
Uh huh.

BOBBIE SUE
Kiss your mother.

Harmony kisses her mom and hugs Art. She and Duke exit.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)
Are you defending these pricks?

ART
I'm simply saying running a
business is hard.

BOBBIE SUE
Try being a single mom.

ART
Ouch.

BOBBIE SUE
I won't be tending bar forever.
I've got plans of my own.

ART
Interior Design. Yes, I know. I was
listening.

BOBBIE SUE
You were?

ART
I have some ideas about how we can
do that. Together.

Art steps closer to her.

BOBBIE SUE
We're not reviving the good old
days under the bleachers, Art.

ART
Were the good old days so bad?

He draws closer to Bobbie Sue. She moves away with a
conflicted look.

ART (CONT'D)
I understand...

BOBBIE SUE

You do?

ART

Let's start by working together.
I've got plans for some properties.
Maybe enter the rental market.

BOBBIE SUE

You really want my help rehabbing
them?

ART

It might cut into your bartending
time. I'd compensate you.

BOBBIE SUE

(Blushing)

I don't know what to say. Thought
your business was in the dumps.

ART

Things are picking up for Tony and
me. I've got some pretty solid
motivation these days.

BOBBIE SUE

Don't be harshing on my bag of
potatoes.

ART

I'll have enough for a hefty down
on some secondhand houses in no
time.

BOBBIE SUE

What are you guys doing, really?

He touches her nose. They both laugh.

ART

That's for me to know and for you
to find out.

EXT. GORDO GREEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - DAY

Art and Tony pull three boxes from the back of Ghost, the
van. Gordo approaches with a small dolly.

GORDO GREEN

That's all? We need more.

ART
We can do that.

TONY
We'll let you know.

Boxes stacked. Gordo passes an envelope to Art.

GORDO GREEN
No more pony?

TONY
We're going now.

ART
Thanks for the business. We'll let
you know about that next delivery.

INT. SAPPHIRE - CONTINUOUS

Tony and Art load into the van, "Ghost". Art tears at the envelope.

TONY
Man, put it away.

ART
Don't count it?

TONY
Thousands of dollars near a
marijuana dispensary. Really?

ART
Guess not. Take a left here, will
you?

TONY
Where are we going?

ART
Sheila's stash is in an abandoned
garage. I spied the address on her
desk.

TONY
You crazy? What if Sheila's there?

ART
It's cool.

TONY
Damn, dude. You got a death wish.

ART
She thinks I'm on her side.

TONY
She hired you? Man, you're walking
a tightrope.

ART
Keep your friends close...

TONY
And your enemies closer.

ART (CONT'D)
And your enemies closer.

EXT. TWILIGHT MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

Art walks straight, while Harmony circles him on a skate board. Duke tags along.

HARMONY
How long were you and mom hooked
up?

ART
Hooked up? You don't talk like
you're eleven.

HARMONY
You're stalling?

ART
Until your mom cut out.

HARMONY
Were you in love?

ART
We were young but it felt true.

A PARK RESIDENT stops Harmony as she skates near Art. Harmony laughs.

PARK RESIDENT #2
Your daughter laughs like you.

ART
So I've been told.

PARK RESIDENT #2
You excited for the barbecue?

HARMONY
Oh, yes sir.

ART
The park barbecue. Hot damn!

PARK RESIDENT #2
Better than ever.

ART
(to Harmony)
That's where I met your mom.

INT. PATRICK STAMPERS TRAILER - NIGHT

Art and Patrick Stamper enjoy stories from their past while Patrick stir fries their dinner.

PATRICK STAMPER
Freed a client on a technicality.

ART
Not surprising.

PATRICK STAMPER
But wait. He departs court in a car
shrieking dealer. He's stopped and
the police find more cannabis.

ART
Some people pay a stupid tax.

PATRICK STAMPER
Ah, but you're in error. The police
planted the drugs, a fact which I
later proved.

ART
You must have been a great
attorney, back in the day.

PATRICK STAMPER
I still have a few cases left in
me. Legal representation on a
trailer park budget.

ART
Why live here if you're still
practicing?

Patrick dishes up the food. His mood turns somber.

PATRICK STAMPER
I was financially comfortable.
Represented clients that always
paid cash.

ART

Everyone's entitled to a strong
defense.

FLASH BACK - TRAILER PARK SHOOT-OUT

A small Toyota car speeds through Twilight Trailer Park. It's
pursued by a large SUV.

PATRICK STAMPER (V.O.)

I successfully defended a drug king
pin.

A bratty seven-year-old girl darts across the road. The
Toyota slams on the brakes but gets rear ended by the SUV.
Momentum pushes both cars over the little girl, killing her.

PATRICK STAMPER (V.O.)

Who killed a young girl as he was
fleeing a drug shoot out.

BACK TO SCENE

ART

Whoa. I remember this now. She used
to stick her tongue out at me.

PATRICK STAMPER

The faces of her loved ones still
haunt me. Those accusing looks.

Patrick slowly nods as the memory floods back, holding a tiny
ceramic cup. He drinks.

PATRICK STAMPER (CONT'D)

How's your sake?

ART

Not bad. I kinda like this stuff.

Patrick pours.

PATRICK STAMPER

Take a warm up. Anyway, from then
on I represent impoverished clients
exclusively.

They begin to eat and drink.

ART

Not much cash in that.

PATRICK STAMPER
The dead little girl resided in
this very trailer.

ART
You're kidding.

PATRICK STAMPER
Bought it from her parents for
seven hundred thousand.

ART
Dollars?

PATRICK STAMPER
It was all the money I could
muster. Not nearly enough.

ART
Very generous of you.

PATRICK STAMPER
There are times you have to do
what's right, no matter what it
costs you.

ART
Sometimes right and wrong aren't
all that clear.

PATRICK STAMPER
So how far would you go to do the
wrong thing for the right reason?

ART
I don't exactly know.

PATRICK STAMPER
How about a test?

INT. SHEILA'S ABANDONED GARAGE - NIGHT

The marijuana inventory has been substantially reduced.
Sheila's out of control, angry, throwing things. Gordo looks
on, bewildered.

SHEILA GUNNER
When I get my hands on the thief
who did this, I'll kill him. KILL
HIM. I TELL YOU!

GORDO GREEN
Be cool.

SHEILA GUNNER
Are you involved?

GORDO GREEN
No, no. Be chill.

Sheila paces angrily, still kicking things over. It gets to Gordo.

SHEILA GUNNER
Fucking dirt bag. Whoever took my green is gonna die painfully.

GORDO GREEN
(Realizes)
...I might know.

EXT. LOCAL ORCHARD - LATER

Stamper's bus is parked near a fruit orchard surrounded by a barbed wire fence. Patrick pulls up on the bottom fence wire with heavy gloves as Art holds a plastic bag and eyes the fruit trees.

PATRICK STAMPER
Slide under.

ART
Why are we doing this?

PATRICK STAMPER
Exploring the vagaries of right and wrong.

ART
And?

PATRICK STAMPER
And picking fruit for the barbecue in the process.

Art slides under and makes tracks for the nearest fruit tree, harvesting. Patrick Stamper waits at the fence. Distant sound of dogs BARKING interrupts Art's picking.

ART
Those dogs are after something.

PATRICK STAMPER
They'll be here in a wink. So hurry up with the picking.

ART

Here?

PATRICK STAMPER

You're stealing from their farm.

Art scampers to the fence. BARKING is louder.

ART

You're crazy.

PATRICK STAMPER

I'm crazy? Who's fenced in with guard hounds?

Art sprints back as Patrick Stamper hoists the bottom strand. Art slides under, cradling the fruit. They run to the VW bus and climb in. Dogs charge under the fence, barking and snarling at them through the bus windows.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - CONTINUOUS

Patrick drops the bus into first gear and they drive off. Art looks at the dogs, now behind them. Patrick Stamper laughs. Gradually, Art cracks a smile.

PATRICK STAMPER

We took from a corporate farm that's renowned for exploiting workers, so we could feed our working poor. Now, is it right or wrong?

ART

I'd rather be Robin Hood than the Sheriff of Nottingham.

PATRICK STAMPER

You don't seem all that plagued by legal compliance yourself.

ART

What are you talking about?

PATRICK STAMPER

Wads of cash and no bank.

ART

That doesn't mean...

PATRICK STAMPER
You're either a criminal or a
terrorist, and you don't seem the
terrorist type.

ART
I'm a contractor.

PATRICK STAMPER
In this market? Doubtful.

ART
I'm a champion of single mothers.

PATRICK STAMPER
Ah, now we're getting somewhere.

ART
Talk about a thief. That kid has
stolen my heart.

PATRICK STAMPER
And you'd do anything to make them
happy.

ART
Yes, that's right. And I've got the
fruit to prove it. Satisfied?

PATRICK STAMPER
Working on it.

INT. SHEILA'S ABANDONED GARAGE - NIGHT

Faith sweeps the floor wearing a skimpy outfit. Gordo's in
conversation with Sheila, but can't take his eyes off Faith.

SHEILA GUNNER
Bring me Art and his partner. I
don't care how.

GORDO GREEN
It's not that simple. I made no
deal. No digits.

Sheila throws a knife across the room, sticking it in a wall.

SHEILA GUNNER
Make it simple.

EXT. THE TWILIGHT MOBILE HOME PARK SIGN - DAY

Art and Harmony install new florescent light tubes in the "Twilight" sign at the main entrance.

ART

Human nature to have pride in one's home even when you're poor.

Park Resident #3 walks by and yells out.

PARK RESIDENT #3

Never thought I'd see our sign lit again. I heard the laundry's getting new washing machines?

ART

I'm proud to say they'll be installed next week.

Bobbie Sue arrives.

BOBBIE SUE

Are you blinding us by cash?

PARK RESIDENT #3

If it means getting new washing machines, blind us.

Resident #3 walks out of sight. Bobbie Sue's impressed, which shows in her posture towards Art. Flirtatious smiles shared.

ART

We should go out. You and me on a date.

BOBBIE SUE

We can talk about it.

ART

A fresh start. How about seafood at Scott's? You always liked fried shrimp.

BOBBIE SUE

Harmony and I would love to go, just not tonight.

HARMONY

Why do I have to go? I hate shrimp.

ART
 I meant just the two of us.
 Besides, Harmony hates shrimp.
 Don't want to torture her, do you?

Art's cell phone rings, prompting him to check caller ID.

ART (CONT'D)
 Oh, that's interesting.

EXT. FRONT OF COURTHOUSE - LATER

Engine door's open on the VW bus. Tony's Harley is parked nearby. He is bent over, hands passing along the engine as Art and Patrick stand near.

PATRICK STAMPER
 Thanks for coming.

TONY
 Soon as I got Art's call.
 Alternator's shot, man.

ART
 Shit! Keep your head buried in that engine.

TONY
 What?

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sheila, Gordo and Johnny Fingers stride from jail. Familiar to one another, but clearly not on the same page. Tension.

EXT. FRONT OF COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Art turns away, but glances at the trio. Tony covertly peeks as well, but Patrick Stamper's still in the dark and makes no attempt to stow away.

PATRICK STAMPER
 What's wrong with you two?

TONY
 Ah man, the enemy and our first customer working together.

ART
 I think she's onto us.

PATRICK STAMPER
What about the muscle?

ART
Who, him? He blows people up.

EXT. TWILIGHT MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

It's Barbecue Day. Residents are having a good time, all smiles. Music plays.

WALTER LITTLEJON
(Loudly)
Folks, may I have your attention please. Everybody quiet down. I have an announcement.

The music stops and the crowd noise subsides.

WALTER LITTLEJON (CONT'D)
Twilight Mobile Home Park has changed hands and will be closed down.

There is a general commotion.

WALTER LITTLEJON (CONT'D)
(loudly)
But if you act now, we'll provide a generous relocation package. You have my word on that.

Littlejon is leading an invasion, flaunting court documents and marketing sheets. Workers post flyers everywhere. RESIDENT #3 military steps to Art and grabs a fist full of his shirt.

ART
You have no right. There never was a deal.

WALTER LITTLEJON
Lies. You sold me the land.

He hands Art documents

RESIDENT #2
They're saying we have to move our trailers. You didn't sell the land, did you?

WALTER LITTLEJON
Of course he did. What did you
expect? He's a loser.

RESIDENT #3
What the hell have you done?

Art carefully extracts from an elderly RESIDENT #3, but faces mounting tide. Residents in waves, demanding answers. Party over. Shocked residents stumble back to their trailers.

RESIDENT #1
Hell, half these trailers are too
old to move.

Small group charges towards Art.

RESIDENT #2
Should've told us you were selling
out.

ART
I never agreed to sell anything.

RESIDENT #3
We got copies of the check you
cashed.

ART
No, no - that's a forgery.

Bobbie Sue and Harmony lash out.

BOBBIE SUE
You promised you would take care of
this. We can't be homeless again.

ART
I'm just as much a victim here as
you are. I have nowhere to go.

Walter Littlejon exits. Art stares at the papers. Patrick's powerful voice announces his arrival.

PATRICK STAMPER
I heard you need a lawyer.

EXT. "PACK THE BOWL" POT CO-OP - DAY

Tony and Art exit the van carrying Perfect Edibles boxes. They move towards a new marijuana cooperative.

TONY

I hope you're right about these
guys. Think they're on the level?

ART

Worry about your own job, not mine.

EXT. "PACK THE BOWL" POT CO-OP PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Animal and Johnny carefully scan the location. Animal eases
open a door to Bobbie Sue's van. He noses through it as
Johnny snoops and scans for trouble.

ANIMAL HECTOR

You see registration?

Johnny points at parking sticker in the window.

JOHNNY FINGERS

Parking sticker for Twilight Mobile
Home Park. Worth a look.

EXT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - LATER

Art and Tony arrive in the van, walk to the front door.
Johnny and Animal bulldoze the door open from inside,
propelling Art and Tony backward to the ground.

Green lowrider slows to a stop near them. Sheila charges a
sluggish Art and Tony. Gordo cautiously trails after Sheila.

SHEILA GUNNER

Where's my bud?

Sheila waves a menacing knife. Johnny and Animal flank
Sheila, brandishing guns. Tony sports a prison poker face.
Art appears less comfortable.

TONY

What bud?

SHEILA GUNNER

Playing dumb?

TONY

Man, you're confused.

ART

(catching on)
Somebody break into your place?

SHEILA GUNNER
Lying bastards.

TONY
You're stealing from us. Why don't
we call the cops for you? We can
both go back to prison.

Sheila's anger boils. Park residents notice as they walk by.

SHEILA GUNNER
This isn't over. Just remember
that.

TONY
Out of moves already?

SHEILA GUNNER
(nodding to Animal)
We'll deliver justice when I
decide. Too many witnesses.

Gordo crosses to Art and Tony. Talks softly.

GORDO GREEN
Not good for you. Animal Hector's
loco bad.

Animal punches through the van's driver side window with his
bare hand.

SHEILA GUNNER
My bud, or we hurt you.

Art takes a swing at a ducking Animal, who then launches a
return roundhouse, knocking Art off his feet.

Tony's stopped by the butt of Johnny's pistol. Animal kicks
Art while he's laid out.

PATRICK STAMPER (O.S.)
Stop or I'll drop you where you
stand.

Patrick Stamper flaunts a large pistol. The thumping ceases.
Regaining his senses, Art tries to stand. Sheila waves her
knife as a warning.

PATRICK STAMPER (CONT'D)
Put the pig sticker down.

Sheila sticks the ground near Art, who quickly reacts.

GORDO GREEN
This is not how I do things.

SHEILA GUNNER
We're not done, chicken shit.

Gordo makes haste to Faith sitting in the lowrider. Art joins up with Patrick Stamper and Tony.

SHEILA GUNNER (CONT'D)
No one steals from me.

Sheila leans over to pick up her knife.

PATRICK STAMPER
Leave it, sweetness. That's a souvenir.

Sheila tries to argue, but Patrick Stamper shoots the knife backwards, ending the discussion.

SHEILA GUNNER
(To Art and Tony)
I'll deal with you later.

PATRICK STAMPER
Next time, don't bring a knife to a gun fight.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

ART
They outnumber us. I think they cracked at least one rib.

TONY
I'm getting what's due me, one way or another.

BOBBIE SUE
Give the shit back. Don't be stupid.

TONY
You knew?

BOBBIE SUE
Don't mess around with these people. They're dangerous.

ART
I have a plan if we can get some new clients.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - DAY

Art works his cell phone as Tony enters in car chopping attire.

ART
You've been a steady buyer for months... Okay, okay. I get it.

Art tosses down his cell phone.

TONY
Same story?

ART
The word's out, we're toxic.

INT. SAPPHIRE - NIGHT

Art pulls up to his old destroyed home. Piles of debris still remain. Art wades through memories, then speeds away.

EXT. LESLIE'S GRAVE - LATER

Art stares down at Leslie's grave.

ART
What did you do with the hundred thousand dollars, honey?

INT. SAPPHIRE - CONTINUOUS

Art pulls down his sun visor and a photo strip of Harmony and Art at the mall drops in his lap. He gazes at her.

ART
She's needs you, Arthur. Man up.

INT. ART AND TONY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Art enters with donuts. Sapphire's visible through an open door. Tony fixes coffee.

TONY
Better late than never.

ART
I'm giving Sheila what she wants, and I'm not selling Twilight.

TONY
You're screwing me, again?

ART
Trust me, Captain Harley.

TONY
That's been iffy for me in the
past.

ART
Will you please sell Sapphire, so
we'll have some cash.

TONY
Never thought I'd see the day.

Tony dials his cell phone.

TONY (CONT'D)
These guys are sharks, and your
blood's already in the water. Just
remember that.

ART
If I were Leslie where would I
stash the money? Think, Art. Think.

TONY
Maybe a safe deposit box...
(into his cell phone)
I have a motivated seller with a
killer '68 Mustang you have got to
see.... Anytime today at my place.
Gotta go brother.

Tony ends the call.

ART
Leslie would look for a fast
exit... She'd want the cash close.

Tony starts another call. Art rushes outside. He heads
straight for Sapphire.

EXT. SAPPHIRE - CONTINUOUS

Art carefully guides his key in the trunk lock. His hand
trembles.

ART
Can't be that simple, can it?

TONY (O.S.)
 Hey, hook me up with Sam, will you?

Art opens trunk. His eyes widen as he pulls back the cover to a spare tire.

ART
 Son of a bitch. Not sure if it's brilliant or desperate.

Art accesses the old smuggling compartment. Draws out a plastic bag filled with cash.

TONY (O.S.)
 Hey, Sam this is T-man. Look I have a bad sixty-eight Pony that would look great wrapped around you.

ART
 (shouting to Tony)
 We're keeping Sapphire.

Tony pokes his head out of the trailer. His cell phone is pushed against his chest.

TONY
 You playing me?

Art holds up the money. Tony puts cell phone to his ear.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Man, it just left the market. Yeah. Sorry, better luck next time.

INT. PATRICK STAMPERS TRAILER - LATER

Holding Littlejon's contract, Patrick Stamper talks to Art.

ART
 It's a forgery, Pat. Why should I dignify his demands?

PATRICK STAMPER
 It went through your company checking account.

ART
 Shit.

PATRICK STAMPER
 He can't compel you to sell, only to pay him back and we can drag that out for years.

ART
 He's counting on me throwing my
 cards back. Not this time!

PATRICK STAMPER
 I'll file the injunction.

INT. PATRICK STAMPERS TRAILER - LATER

Art and Patrick Stamper are planning legal maneuvers. Art's on his cell phone.

ART
 That's great, just great... Tony, I
 need the name of the cop who has a
 hard on for you.

Art snaps his fingers and Patrick hands him pen and paper. Art slowly writes David Lawton.

ART (CONT'D)
 Thanks Tony, for everything... Lie
 low for awhile. And stay away from
 your chop shop.

Clicks off his cell phone without waiting for a response then makes another call.

PATRICK STAMPER
 You need to bully a bully. Don't
 give her an inch without a fight.

EXT. BACK YARD AT SHEILA'S - CONTINUOUS

Sheila answers cell phone. Talks as she smells the plants.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

SHEILA GUNNER
 What took you so long, Mr. Perfect?

ART
 Let's make a deal.

SHEILA GUNNER
 Here's my deal. Give me back my
 green, and I won't kill you.

ART
 I'll text you an address. You'll
 have two hours, then I'm gone.

SHEILA GUNNER
It would be bad if you split.

ART
I promise, if you show up, you'll
get what's yours.

EXT. RURAL BARN - DAY

Art pulls tarp over Sapphire. He walks to a stack of hay bales. Art sends a text.

ART
Now, all I need is Lawton to be
himself.

Art dials his cell phone.

ART (CONT'D)
May I speak to Detective David
Lawton?

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

David Lawton answers his telephone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DAVID LAWTON
Detective Lawton.

ART
It's Art... the man in the Blue
Mustang. I was with Anthony.
Freeman.

DAVID LAWTON
Oh yeah, I remember.

ART
Listen, Tony split with my Mustang.

DAVID LAWTON
Why call me? File a report, Arthur.

ART
It's being used in a drug deal, and
guess who's running the whole show.

DAVID LAWTON
Why would you turn on Anthony?

ART
He's rolling my girlfriend, and he
took my sweet Sapphire.

DAVID LAWTON
Where are you?

ART
I'm hiding in his barn, 1717 Willow
Brook Lane. He doesn't know I'm
here. Ball in your court.

EXT. RURAL BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Art strides up to Sheila as she drops from a Rental truck's
cab.

SHEILA GUNNER
Load my truck.

Art shows his gun to Sheila, acts unafraid.

ART
Hey, load your own fucking truck.

SHEILA GUNNER
Why are you here?

ART
I'm tired of the psycho bullshit,
you crazy bitch. I know you HAD
Leslie killed. You want to deal or
not?

SHEILA
She was a cheating cunt who was
stripping you of assets.

ART
That's none of your business. She
didn't deserve to die.

SHEILA
She was a waste of air, and you
know it. It was her or us.

Art rubs his gun and imitates the Tony prison stare and it's
returned by Sheila. Art points to the wall of hay bales.

ART
Your property's behind the hay
wall. Those bales are heavy, so I'd
get to it if I were you. Move!

EXT. RURAL BARN - NIGHT

Sheila shows signs of exhaustion while Art plays music on his iPod. Art notices her lack of progress.

SHEILA GUNNER
So, I'm not made for labor. BFD.

ART
No, you're more cut out for fraud
and I'd say about a hundred and
fifty years in prison.

SHEILA GUNNER
You think you've turned my team
away from me.

Slowly Sheila displays her evil smile.

ART
I don't see anyone, but you know I
don't care any more.

SHEILA GUNNER
Looks are deceiving.

Art's bashed from behind, landing face first on the deck. He rolls over and clutches his bleeding face. Glancing up, he sees Johnny a split second before Animal knocks him out.

EXT. RURAL BARN - LATER

Johnny wheels a dolly with the last of the white boxes into the rental truck. Art's tied to a chair with duct tape.

SHEILA GUNNER
We're ready to hit the road.

ART
(sarcastically)
Please don't go, darling.

SHEILA GUNNER
It's time to stop breathing, Art.

ART
There's no profit in that.

Sheila snaps, pushing a still taped Art over in his chair.

SHEILA GUNNER
It's not about the fucking money.

ANIMAL HECTOR
It's always about the fucking
money.

On loud speaker.

DAVID LAWTON (O.S.)
This is the police. Put down your
weapons... We have you
surrounded... I repeat, drop your
weapons and we won't shoot.

Sheila wants to fight. Bullets fly over their heads. Johnny
and Animal join a still duct taped Art on the ground.

DAVID LAWTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Drop to the ground or you'll be
shot.

Sheila thinks better of it and lies down. Johnny and Animal
push their guns away from their prone bodies.

DAVID LAWTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't move or we will shoot.

EXT. RURAL BARN - LATER

Johnny Fingers joins Animal Hector in the back of a police
car. A female officer ushers Sheila toward another squad car.
Art's still duct taped and alone with Detective Lawton.

DAVID LAWTON
Where's Anthony?

ART
I lied to get you here.

DAVID LAWTON
You're not with them?

ART
They tied me up so they could kill
me easier.

DAVID LAWTON
You looking for a fight?

ART
Not normally, but I'm evolving.

Lawton takes out a pocket knife and cuts Art's bonds. He
waves him on.

DAVID LAWTON
Stay close Arthur. They'll want to
talk to you.

INT. RURAL GROW HOUSE - LATER

Art and Tony enter the two story house.

ART
Do you smell that?

TONY
Oh, you betcha. Smells like money.

INT. TOP FLOOR OF GROW HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Art and Tony examine hundreds of marijuana plants. They're in
desperate need of care. The pair spring into action.

INT. TOP FLOOR OF ANOTHER GROW HOUSE - MUCH LATER

Art and Tony have worked for hours. Art's cell phone rings
and he answers.

ART
Really..? You did? I see... No, no,
don't mail it. I'll come get it
now.

Art clicks off his cell phone.

TONY
We have tons of work, man. Your
shit can wait.

ART
We'll have to talk about your trust
issues sometime.

EXT. WALTER LITTLEJON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Art hurriedly pulls up in Sapphire finding Patrick Stamper
waiting by the front door.

PATRICK STAMPER
What took you so long?

ART
Victory lap.

He hands an envelope to Patrick Stamper, who checks the contents, squinting.

PATRICK STAMPER
They paid your homeowner's claim?

ART
Every dime.

PATRICK STAMPER
Incredible!

ART
They even covered the antiques at full market value and the cost to rebuild - not just buy a comp.

Patrick Stamper offers his hand. They shake.

PATRICK STAMPER
Congratulations. Couldn't happen to a better man.

He pulls out flash drive, hands it to Art.

ART
Is that all of it?

PATRICK STAMPER
Yes sir, as requested.

INT. WALTER LITTLEJON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Walter Littlejon reviews documents as Art sits and Patrick Stamper paces slowly. Finally, he puts down the documents.

WALTER LITTLEJON
If I stop pursuing Twilight you won't countersue?

ART
All I need is your signature.

WALTER LITTLEJON
And what about my hundred thousand dollars?

ART
Call it a fee for damages, and a low one at that.

WALTER LITTLEJON
Are you kidding me?

ART
You smeared my name and strangled
my business loans.

WALTER LITTLEJON
Did I?

ART
"Nobody drives a nail in this town
without my knowing about it."

WALTER LITTLEJON
Nothing personal, just business.

ART
You were screwing my girlfriend the
day she died.

WALTER LITTLEJON
It wasn't all that great. She was
all show and no go.

ART
Ass. How did you force her into
forging my signature?

WALTER LITTLEJON
You can't prove I did.

PATRICK STAMPER
Which is why my client is keeping
the hundred thousand dollars.

WALTER LITTLEJON
And if I say no?

ART
We have a video recording of you
having sex with the wife of a very
jealous sheriff's deputy.

PATRICK STAMPER
Here's a copy, all gift wrapped for
you.

ART
Consider it a reminder of our time
together.

Art hands the flash drive to Walter Littlejon, who looks at
it. He pulls out an expensive pen.

WALTER LITTLEJON
Where do I sign?

INT. VALLEY BANK - BERTRAM GORMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Art confronts Bertram Gorman with Sheila Gunner's massive scam involving properties owned by Valley Bank.

BERTRAM GORMAN

Are you sure? All of these? This is stunning - eight-seven properties.

ART

Yes, I'm sure. She thought I was her apprentice, showing me the ropes of her Rent-To-Own fantasy.

BERTRAM GORMAN

But these houses will be tied up for years now - the fraud investigation, the squatters...

Bertram Gorman leans back in his chair, weighing the ramifications.

ART

Yes, I know.

BERTRAM GORMAN

The bank can't handle this.

ART

You could look at it that way, or...

BERTRAM GORMAN

Or? Yes?

ART

Or maybe I was acting as your agent.

Bertram Gorman leans forward, intrigued.

BERTRAM GORMAN

Interesting. Go on.

ART

The way I see it, you've got two options. You can call the cops and press charges.

BERTRAM GORMAN

Clearly.

ART

You wind up with a sticky mess,
frozen assets, pissed off
stockholders and years in court.

BERTRAM GORMAN

You're stating the obvious.

Art rises from his chair, finding momentum.

ART

I'm just saying you don't need all
the headaches. Those families will
fight for what they have and they
hired a great attorney.

BERTRAM GORMAN

The other option?

ART

Sell to the tenants.

BERTRAM GORMAN

What?

ART

Make a silky contract substitution,
tell them you bought the paper.

Bertram Gorman frowns, suddenly cold on the prospect.

BERTRAM GORMAN

And why would I do that?

ART

They're already in. The deals are
done. You just need their John
Hancocks on legitimate paper.

BERTRAM GORMAN

Eighty-seven contracts? That could
take awhile.

ART

Eighty-seven brand new loans from
people who'll do everything they
can to hold on to those houses. Got
anything better?

BERTRAM GORMAN

I'm beginning to see your point.

ART

I'll give you a cut rate on the contract labor to bring the properties up to code.

Bertram Gorman hesitates

BERTRAM GORMAN

Contract labor?

ART

Sure. You don't think you can leave these folks with leaky roofs and broken plumbing, do you?

BERTRAM GORMAN

Right. That still leaves almost two hundred fifty houses that the bank owns.

Art sees his advantage, presses forward.

ART

I was hoping you'd say that. I have an idea for those, too.

BERTRAM GORMAN

I'm not at all surprised.

ART

I will buy the lot of them at seventy percent of your asking price. You can finance the deal.

BERTRAM GORMAN

That's outrageous.

ART

No, it's staying out of jail and saving this bank. After all, you are in the loan business.

BERTRAM GORMAN

You can't have them all. Two hundred and fifty to a novice? I'd get fired.

ART

You can't keep them all. You'll go under.

BERTRAM GORMAN

Start with ten properties. Call it probation. If you pass the test, you can add more in ninety days.

ART

(hesitates)

Fair enough.

BERTRAM GORMAN

We'll require twenty percent down.

ART

And yet you'll only get ten.

BERTRAM GORMAN

(Hesitates)

It's tempting, I admit.

Art passes him a folder.

ART

I'll make it easy for you. Here are Sheila's rent-to-own contracts - every address, every signer.

BERTRAM GORMAN

Really?

ART

You don't even need to do research. Eighty-seven hurting families don't go homeless, and Valley Bank stays in business.

BERTRAM GORMAN

It might work. But this seems wrong.

ART

You know it can work, Bert. There's really only one question.

BERTRAM GORMAN

What's that?

ART

How far would you go to do the wrong thing for the right reason?

EXT. BOBBIE SUE'S TRAILER - LATER

Art and Tony arrive at Bobbie Sue's Trailer and climb up the stairs. Suddenly, the trailer front door flies open. Harmony exits swiftly with Duke at her heels.

HARMONY

Daddy!

Duke barks and wags his tail. Harmony smells Art's clothes.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

Daddy, what's that smell.

ART

We were working in our garden.

Harmony squirms away from Art and moves with purpose away from the trailer.

HARMONY

Mom, I'm going to Billie's. See you later. Bye Uncle Tony... Bye Daddy.

INT. BOBBIE SUE'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie Sue greets Art and Tony with watery eyes. Art wipes tears from her eyes.

ART

How are you?

BOBBIE SUE

Better, now.

Art and Bobbie Sue stare at each other. Old feelings heat up.

ART

Doesn't have to be just now.

BOBBIE SUE

I've waited a long time for an "always" kind of guy.

ART

Looks like your wait is over.

If Tony doesn't change the mood he'll be eating alone.

TONY

Let's grab some burgers at Suzie's.

Art returns from his love stare with Bobbie Sue.

ART

You go. Tell us how it turns out.

Bobbie Sue moves closer to Art. With eyes on Bobbie Sue, Art fishes in his pocket and offers Tony the car keys. Art drops the keys before Tony can grab them.

TONY

You're not coming?

Tony picks up the keys. Bobbie Sue politely escorts Tony to the front door, anxious to be alone with Art.

ART

We'll eat later... One day when you grow up you'll understand.

Tony laughs as he exits.

BOBBIE SUE

Glad you kept chasing?

ART

Figured out what I wanted. I guess somebody pointed me to the right question.

Bobbie Sue drops her dress, revealing sexy lingerie.

BOBBIE SUE

You're so deep, baby.

ART

Believe me. This is so right.

BOBBIE SUE

I've always loved you, even before our first kiss.

Art walks over to Bobbie Sue. Bobbie Sue takes Art's hand and leads him down the hall.

BOBBIE SUE (CONT'D)

We need a nice hot bath. You've been working in your garden.

FADE OUT.