

LIVING ON THE EDGE

by

Bill Brennenstuhl

FIRST

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY (1979)

The sunbaked, iconic blue arched "SANTA MONICA YACHT HARBOR" sign welcomes until --

A 1979 BLACK SEDAN screeches under the sign, heading to the pier, followed a second later by a 1969 DODGE CHALLENGER.

INT./EXT. CHALLENGER - DAY

On the passenger seat is a .44 Magnum, a flask, and a BADGE.

At the wheel is SHEP BECKETT -- 30's, shaved head, mirrored Ray Bans, and a face chiseled from stone. He picks up the .44 Magnum pistol and aims out the window left handed.

SHEP

You have the right to shut your mouth...

BOOM!

SHEP (CONT'D)

Anything you lie about will be used against you in a court of law...

BOOM!

SHEP (CONT'D)

You have the right to a sleezeball...

BOOM!

SHEP (CONT'D)

If you can't afford that sleezeball, you get another for free...

BOOM!

SHEP (CONT'D)

Do you understand these rights, scumbag!?

BOOM!

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

The back tire of the Sedan POPS! Causing the Sedan to flip, CRASH through the rail, and nosedive into the Pacific.

Seconds later, the Challenger SKIDS to a stop. Shep jumps out. Looks over the rail. Takes a deep breath and dives --

EXT. WATER - DAY

SPLASH! Shep hits the water with the skill of a high diver.

UNDERWATER

Shep takes three strokes to the Car. Yanks out the PERP.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAY

Walking in from the surf, Shep drags the already handcuffed Perp like the catch of the day. He hands him off to waiting COPS.

SHEP

I read him his rights.

A beautiful GIRL approaches Shep.

GIRL

Gimme a ride?

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Steps from the beach. Shep and the Girl in bed. On top, she arches her back in ecstasy as --

AT THE FRONT DOOR

two HITMEN crash in. M-16's blazing and --

THE MATTRESS

takes rounds. Feathers fly as --

SHEP

appears behind them. Cracks a Hitman's neck. The other spins. Shep throws a "Smokin' Joe" left hook, breaking his jaw. He grabs the M-16 and unloads a blast into the Hitman's chest. BRRRP! He's DEAD --

IN THE BED

Unfortunately, so is the Girl.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Shep drinks to forget. MAC TAGGART -- a grizzled detective -- slides next to him.

MAC
Hell of a day huh, Shep?

SHEP
There's only two kinds in
Hollywood, Mac. Sunny and seventy
and sunny and eighty. Maybe that's
why people get delusional out here.
Drinking water from a mirage keeps
'em thirsty.

Shep downs a shot. Looks for another. The BARTENDER pours without hesitation.

SHEP (CONT'D)
Makes 'em believe their dreams are
reality. Every hero's made of
steel, every damsel's in distress,
and every story has a happy ending.

Shep pounds the shot. Done. Drops a TWENTY on the bar.

SHEP (CONT'D)
But it's just that, dreams.
Reality is, we're choking on sand
while dying in the heat.

Shep walks. Mac spins to him.

MAC
Forget it, Shep. It's just
Hollywood. My advice, find a girl.
Make your own happy ending.

Shep stops. Turns.

SHEP
That's my problem, Mac...

SMASH TO:

INT. POOLHOUSE - STUDIO CITY, CA - DAY (2014)

More like a Bachelor pad. DAVIS GREY -- NO REVEAL -- sits facing a laptop. He types. A peek over his shoulder --

INT. REFRIGERATOR

LIGHT from the opening door illuminates BROOKE GREY -- a 17 year old surfer girl. She shuffles MULTICOLORED vitamin waters to grab a PINK one, then shuts the door.

INT. GREY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

New in the nineties. Stainless everything.

Brooke joins AMBER GREY -- a 17 year old GOTH GIRL in a boot cast, who happens to be her TWIN -- at the breakfast island -- Command Central for the Grey family.

AMBER

New sugar water diet, Brooke?

BROOKE

Diet's the yellow one, Amber.
Pink's for focus.

Brooke snaps a Selfie with her phone.

AMBER

Or auto focus.

SKY GREY -- A mid-50's free spirit -- enters straight to the coffee maker, puffing an E-CIG.

SKY

Whoever paired coffee with
cigarette's deserves a Peace Prize.

Davis plops the manuscript box on the island. Grabs a bagel. Plunges it in the toaster. Amber eyes the box.

AMBER

Hey Davis, save a tree, send a
P.D.F.

BROOKE

Yeah, we're in a drought!

Amber side-eyes Brooke as Davis heads to the fridge.

DAVIS

I always hand deliver my manuscript
on Sundays.

BROOKE

That's just mean.

Sky sits at the island.

SKY
It's good luck. Without it, we
wouldn't live here with an endless
supply of sugar water.

AMBER
(to Brooke)
Told ya it's sugar water.

Brooke drinks at Amber as Davis re-joins.

DAVIS
Ma, where's the fake butter?

SKY
Gone. Just like Javier. Maybe I
can get the pool-hoppers to clean
the pool?

BROOKE
And fix the gate.

AMBER
And water the lawn.

DAVIS
We're in a drought. Ma, focus.
Why'd you toss the fake butter?

SKY
They said real butter is good for
us now.

DAVIS
By they, do you mean the internet?

SKY
Yes and Dr. Oz.

A DING tells Davis the bagel's ready. Amber slides a butter
boat across the island to Davis.

AMBER
Try living on the edge for a
change.

Davis stares for a beat, then leaves.

EXT. GREY HOUSE - DAY

Davis puts on a baseball cap, crossing the brown lawn of this
large ranch house, on his way to a 1991 Infinity M30
convertible in the driveway. Top down. Windows up.

EXT. GREY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY GATE - DAY (LATER)

The Infinity stalls at the opened gate. Davis turns the key. After a few tries, the stubborn Infinity chokes to start, then pulls out to the right.

EXT. VARIOUS L.A. STREETS - DAY - (MOVING)

The sights of Los Angeles on a Sunday drive in a convertible.

INT./EXT. INFINITY - DAY - (MOVING)

Davis' head is on a swivel -- due to a miscalculation in direction -- as he approaches a glass building on the left side of Wilshire.

This is a problem because Davis never, I mean NEVER EVER turns LEFT.

True to form, Davis turns right at the end of the block --

-- Then another right --

-- Another right --

-- Crosses over Wilshire --

-- Then another right --

-- Another right --

-- Finally, turning right onto Wilshire and into a parking garage next to the glass building.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Davis' Infinity passes open spaces on the left and stops for a CAR, backing out of a space on the right.

INT. MAKER HOUSE PUBLISHING - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST jumps from a desk, pulling on a sweatshirt.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Grey! I'll run that over to coverage!

She meets Davis at the glass doors and grabs the manuscript box. Davis holds tight.

DAVIS
I usually hand deliver --

RECEPTIONIST
All manuscripts go through coverage
now. New policy.

She wrestles the box away and runs down the hall.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Tom'll see you after coverage!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The 20th floor view of Hollywood is breathtaking.

On a couch is TOM MAKER -- 32 -- brushing off his Armani track jacket while scanning a single page of notes. Davis sits in a chair across from him.

DAVIS
I think I might try adapting this
one myself.

Tom grunts.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I know, novelists and screenwriters
are different beasts, but McKee --

TOM
Fuck that guy. Davis, how long you
been with us, ten, twenty years?

DAVIS
Seventeen. Since I was seventeen.

TOM
That's right, you won that
"Emerging Writers" thing. Dad sure
loved gimmicks.

Tom stands -- he's very short, almost comical -- and walks to the window. Surveys Hollywood.

DAVIS
Yeah, so about the manuscript --

TOM
At seventeen, all I did was party
in Vail and fuck models. Call me
simple.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

But you, you and Dad worked side by side, making Shep what he is today. Or was...

DAVIS

Exactly! That's why this seventies Shep origin story will work!

Tom tosses Davis a thin book. Davis bobbles it.

TOM

Connor Lathrop's newest novel. Easy read. Ninety six pages. No punctuation. The Times called it "A contemporarily edgy, genre busting, game changer!" Keep that copy.

DAVIS

Great, yeah, so Shep --

TOM

Fuck that guy. Look, usually I wouldn't do this. Usually I'd drop you faster than a Ray Rice marriage guide. But since you're you, I'll give you a chance.

DAVIS

Are we talking about my manuscript?

TOM

Retire Shep. Life's too easy for him. Makes him unlikable and boring...

DAVIS

Amazing insight, Tom.

TOM

...Thanks. And come up with a new contemporarily edgy character in a month or we're dropping you.

Tom's phone RINGS. As he answers --

TOM (CONT'D)

And send it over as a P.D.F. No one wants to work on Sunday.

(into phone)

Is the jet fueled?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

"Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" big. A 100" TV on the wall shows -- the San Francisco 49'ers have the ball on the one yard line. SNAP. Kapernick is sacked. 10 yard loss.

JOEL BLACK -- 50's (think Ari Gold in a 49'ers jersey) -- screams at the wall.

JOEL
COME ON!? WHERE'S THE FLAG!?

Several other 49'ers FANS react like Joel. The doorbell RINGS -- the chorus of "We are the Champions" by Queen.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Finally!

EXT./INT. MANSION - DAY

Joel opens the door -- hand in wallet.

JOEL
You're late -- Davis?

Davis holds the manuscript box.

DAVIS
Maker rejected my manuscript!

EXT. MANSION - PATIO - DAY

A bar and kitchen outdoors. A 60" TV hangs above the bar.

Joel slides the glass door shut and beelines to the bar. He starts searching for something as Davis paces.

DAVIS
If Ed was alive! Ohhh! If Ed was alive! Heads would roll!

JOEL
It's a first draft. Re-write.

DAVIS
Tom doesn't want a re-write. Tom wants edgy! Tom wants to drop me!

JOEL
He's just playing hardball. Did the little shit even read it?

DAVIS
No, coverage.

JOEL
So nobody read it.

Joel stops the search and opens the manuscript box. Grabs the last page.

DAVIS
Can we publish somewhere else?

JOEL
There is no "somewhere else".
(beside himself, reading)
"Hollywood is my girl and I'm still
looking for that happy ending?"

DAVIS
It's gritty crime noir.

JOEL
Davis Grey doesn't write gritty
crime noir! Davis Grey writes kick
ass action novels that get turned
into kick ass action movies!

Cheers ERUPT from inside. Joel starts the search again.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Have you seen the remote!?

DAVIS
Have you seen this? "Number sign,
you, with just the letter U, feel
me?"

Davis tosses the thin book onto the bar.

INSERT - BOOK TITLE

in lowercase lettering, "#u feel me"

BACK TO SCENE

Joel picks it up. Puts it down. Finds the remote.

JOEL
"Hashtag"? Edgy novel. Beat your
rookie sales record.

Joel turns on the mute 60" TV. Eyes on the game.

DAVIS
This isn't a novel! This is a
tweet from my half-sister Brooke!

JOEL
Gotta write for the kids, you know
that. NO NO NO!

Loud "BOOS" from inside. Joel smacks his head. Then --

JOEL (CONT'D)
Look, Davis, maybe it's time.

DAVIS
Time for what?

JOEL
To live a life.

DAVIS
I live a life!

JOEL
In a pool shed. You can't have a
wife and kids in a pool shed.

A beat

DAVIS
Dad, you know I can't kick Mom out.

JOEL
NO! I don't need her back on the
payroll!

Joel walks over to Davis and hugs -- a nice moment.

JOEL (CONT'D)
I care about you. A lot.

Cheers erupt! Joel ditches Davis. Bolts to the door.

DAVIS
So I should retire at thirty six?

JOEL
Or learn to be edgy. Your choice.

Joel slides the door open...

JOEL (CONT'D)
KAPERNICK! I LOVE YOU LIKE A SON!

...and enters. Davis stares. Off this look --

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

(Note: Davis speaks what's in *italics*) Typed in the GOOGLE search bar: "*what is edgy?*" A CLICK sends us to --

THE RESULTS PAGE

Lots of links. The cursor clicks on the URBAN DICTIONARY link.

URBAN DICTIONARY SITE

"Edgy: Applied to books, music, or even haircuts which tend to challenge societal norms and reveal the dark side."

The PAGE scrolls down to another definition --

"EDGY: A quote from MTV's Daria - "Edgy occurs when middlebrow, middle-aged profiteers; look to suck energy -- not to mention money -- out of the 'youth culture.'"

A CLICK on the BACK button sends us to --

THE GOOGLE SEARCH PAGE

Typed in the search bar: "*daria nude*"

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

KAT -- 17, who looks like Daria in a bikini -- sunbathes with Brooke, who snaps a litany of Selfies.

KAT

We could make shirts out of recycled paper? Call them "Tree-shirts". Sell 'em for like, twenty bucks?

Brooke is mute, posing for a Selfie. Kat notices --

KAT (CONT'D)

Seriously Brooke!? Our fempire is crumbling! Get some Selfie control!

BROOKE

Kat, a good Selfie artist always has control.

Brooke leans into Kat for a Dualie as --

DAVIS (O.S.)

Hi girls.

The Girls jump. Davis hovers.

BROOKE
Jesus Davis!

KAT
Yeah, Dexter much?!

DAVIS
Can I ask you girls a question?

BROOKE
As long as it's not about Brad or Chase.

DAVIS
This should be interesting --

KAT
It's the Bechdel rule.

Off Davis' confused stare --

BROOKE
The Bechdel rule says, "A movie has to have at least two women in it, who talk to each other about something besides boys."

KAT
We're applying it to real life.

DAVIS
Great. What do you think is edgy?

Brooke and Amber think, then --

BROOKE
Edgy is like real people, living through real issues.

DAVIS
Like asking you to skim the pool and you not doing it?

BROOKE
That's not real, that's annoying.

KAT
It's like raw. Like dark. Like the rawest, darkest side of life you could ever deal with.

BROOKE

Like when Brad and Chase took us to
Tea Leaf instead of Starbucks.

KAT

Exactly! Have you seen Brad's
hair?

BROOKE

No! What did he do!?

KAT

It's *un-belive!* So...

The Girls voices fade as Davis watches them talk about boys.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Also new in the nineties. Sounds of war fill the air from --

Amber and PETE -- 17, GOTH skinny -- sitting on a sectional,
aiming PS2 controllers at a large TV from the early 2000's.
They talk to each other through headsets.

AMBER

Pete, flank to the left!

PETE

Roger that! Bogie eleven o'clock!

Amber and Pete assault the B button on their controllers!
Machine gun fire ERUPTS as Davis enters, blocking their view.

DAVIS

Hey guys, can I ask you a question?

AMBER

What the flying fuck, DAVIS!

PETE

MOOOOVE!

Davis moves, but the sound of dying Avatars tells them it's
too late. Amber and Pete slouch back in defeat.

AMBER

Nice Davis! Thanks!

DAVIS

No problem. What do you think is
edgy?

AMBER

Edgy's just a marketing ploy to get us to buy shit.

DAVIS

That's what Daria said.

AMBER

Go Daria.

PETE

No, edgy is the opening scene of Walking Dead, right.

DAVIS

Are you asking me to agree or?

PETE

Rick finds this little girl in bunny slippers, right. But, she's a zombie and he shoots her in the head, right!

DAVIS

So shooting a girl in bunny slippers is edgy?

AMBER

A zombie girl in bunny slippers.

PETE

No, that scene was so real. It was like I lived it, right?

INT. POOLHOUSE - NIGHT

Davis stands in front of a big WHITE BOARD, peppered with Post-it's, surrounding the common thread of edgy, written in large BOLD letters in the center -- "**REAL EXPERIENCES**"

Davis smiles at the board.

INT. INFINITY - DAY - (MOVING)

Top down. Windows up. Davis drives as Sky sunbathes in the passenger seat. She puffs an E-CIG and sings along to "*Let the Sun Shine in*" on the radio.

SKY

"Let the sun shine. Let the sun shine in! Your heart shine in!"

Davis turns down the radio.

DAVIS
Are you trying to catch Cancer?

SKY
It's not a cold. You get Cancer,
usually from the food you eat.

Sky takes a puff.

DAVIS
Right, not from sun and cigarettes.

SKY
If you're so worried about Cancer,
why did you get a convertible?

DAVIS
I don't know Ma, why did we get a
convertible?

SKY
'Cause it's fun!

Sky reaches for the radio volume. Davis stops her.

DAVIS
I need more life experiences.

SKY
Don't we all.

DAVIS
No -- I mean -- I have no broken
bones, no scar tissue.

SKY
Your appendectomy left a scar.

DAVIS
My appendix burst. Big deal. It's
not like I got a scar from a car
chase or a gun fight!

SKY
Exactly, so just imagine you did,
while you're writing, at home.

Sky moves to turn up the radio. Davis shuts it off.

DAVIS
That won't work anymore! If I
don't figure out this character,
Javier won't be the only one gone!

SKY
You need an edgy character? Talk
to your brother Jonathan.

DAVIS
Cousin Jo Jo?

SKY
Jonathan's not your cousin. He's
your brother.

DAVIS
He's everyone's brotha.

SKY
Broth-AH. With you, it's broth-ER.

DAVIS
What are you talking about!?

SKY
Jonathan's your brother! I told
you that!

DAVIS
No, you didn't tell me that!

SKY
Yes I did! Christmas eighty nine!

DAVIS
I think I'd remember getting an
older brother on Christmas!

SKY
Fine! Surprise! You have an older
brother! Jesus, can we not make a
movie of the week out of it?

Davis stares at Sky for a beat. Almost too long --

DAVIS
Who are you?

SKY
Cut me a break, I grew up in a
commune. Watch the road!

Davis focuses back on the road. Sky reaches for the radio...

SKY (CONT'D)
 Call Jonathan. I'm sure he'll let
 you tag along.

...and clicks it on. The Eagles "Life in the Fast Lane"
 BLARES. Sky sings along as the car drives down the road.

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

Mexican BANGERS sit around a card table, packing CRACK into
 tiny baggies, earning ten times minimum wage until --

SWAT VOICES (O.S.)
 FREEZE!/GET DOWN!/DOWN NOW!

SWAT swarm with MP-5's waving. BANGERS eat rug.

DET. JONATHAN JOSEPH GREY aka "JO JO" -- 38 (Think Denzel in
 "Training Day") -- has a knee into the back of a BANGER.

BANGER
 Call my Jew, *mayate!*

Jo Jo offers the Banger his phone.

JO JO
 Here, use mine, brotha! Tell 'em
 Godzilla stomped on your Guatemala!

The phone RINGS! Jo Jo checks the caller ID. Answering --

JO JO (CONT'D)
 My brother!

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING - DAY

Davis sits on a metal bench, clinching a computer bag. A COP
 dumps an itchy CRACKHEAD next to him.

CRACKHEAD
 Yo. You here for Juan?

Davis looks at him as Jo Jo approaches.

JO JO
 D-Wayne back the fuck up!

Davis leaps up and gives Jo Jo a crushing hug like a long
 lost brother.

JO JO (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, he was cuffed.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Jo Jo strolls in, displaying Davis like a celebrity perp.

JO JO
Listen up! This here's my brother,
Davis Grey!

Crickets.

JO JO (CONT'D)
Davis Grey... He created Shep
Beckett!

That name strikes a chord. Assorted COPS crowd around Davis.

ASSORTED COPS
I love Shep Beckett./Shep's the
bomb./When's the new one?

DAVIS
Soon, just doing research.

JO JO
Y'all hear that! Research! With
me! And this ain't gonna be like
that "Training Day" bullshit!

DAVIS
What "Training Day" bullshit?

DETECTIVE SAL FASANO -- 40's, looks like his name sounds --
approaches.

FASANO
Jo Jo likes to think they stole his
"likeness" in "Training Day".

JO JO
You know they did, fuckin' Fasano!
The badge around the neck! The
slang!

FASANO
The bad cop.
(changing subject)
Got a lead on one of Cortez's hand
to hand men.

JO JO
Good work. Maybe we'll keep you
around. Fasano, Davis Grey. He's
rollin' in the one seven with us.

Fasano and Davis shake hands.

FASANO
I imagined you taller.

DAVIS
So did I.

JO JO
Okay Tiny, let's suit you up.

INT. ARMORY - DAY

Guns. Grenades. Bullets. All the tools to fight crime.

Jo Jo adjust a bulletproof vest on Davis.

DAVIS
Where's yours?

JO JO
I like to shoot the bad guys before
they shoot me.

(then)
Keep this vest on just like in the
pool. Remember that? Clinging to
the ladder in your life vest, arm
things, and that rubber duckie
around your waist?

Jo Jo inmates a scared child, clinging to a ladder, waving
people past.

JO JO (CONT'D)
Go around me! Go around me!

DAVIS
I couldn't swim.

JO JO
Today you're gonna learn. It's
training day!

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

An abandoned two story walk up in K-town.

DOWN THE STREET

An Unmarked Car sits idle at the curb.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY - (SAME)

Jo Jo behind the wheel. Fasano shotgun. Davis in the back.

FASANO
What's Channing Tatum like?

DAVIS
Never met him.

FASANO
What are you researching?

DAVIS
A new edgy character.

FASANO
Ever been in a crack house?

JO JO
Fuck Fasano! What's this twenty questions?!

FASANO
Talking with a writer helps my craft.

Fasano looks back to Davis, who pulls out an iPad.

DAVIS
Nope. Never been in a crack house.

FASANO
In "Red Lines" you described one to a tee.

DAVIS
I have a vivid imagination.

JO JO
Shoot me if I have a vivid imagination of a crack house.

Fasano digs out a business card and hands it to Davis.

FASANO
My acting coach teaches a class on edgy. Maybe she can help flesh out your character.

INSERT - A BUSINESS CARD

"GLEE LARSON REFERRAL ONLY" etched in red on a black card.

BACK TO DAVIS

eyeing the Card.

FASANO (CONT'D)
 She a little... unorthodox.
 Teaches at the Y on Schrader. Tell
 her I sent you.

DAVIS
 (innocently)
 Who, fucking Fasano?

FASANO
 Sal. Sal Fasano.

Jo Jo perks up.

JO JO
 Here we go...

P.O.V. - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The HAND TO HAND MAN -- a 20's Hispanic male we'll call H2H --
 bounces up the crack house stairs two at a time.

BACK TO SCENE

Jo Jo and Fasano ready to leave.

JO JO (CONT'D)
 Okay Davis, who knows what's in
 there. Could be Chasers on carpet
 patrol, closet Basers on lunch
 break, or Touchers looking for some
 action. So, I want you clinging to
 me like that ladder in the pool.
 Got it?

Davis types fast.

DAVIS
 What's a Toucher?

Jo Jo puts a hand over the iPad screen.

JO JO
 (stern)
 Got it!?

INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

The door flies open! Fasano and Jo Jo enter. Guns drawn. Flashlights hot. Their beams catch --

CRACKHEADS in various positions on the floor. Some light up crackpipes. Most lie in a daze.

JO JO (O.S.)
They musta called off the Crack Olympics.

FASANO (O.S.)
Good. I don't feel like going for the gold.

A FIGURE bolts past a doorway. Blink and you'd miss him.

Jo Jo looks to Fasano, who drops his head and bolts. Davis steps in. Catches a whiff.

DAVIS
What's that smell!?

JO JO
Addiction. Can't imagine that smell can ya?

FASANO (O.S.)
Back to you!

JO JO
(to Davis)
Cling here. Basers hate light.

With that, Jo Jo bolts. After a beat, Davis steps away from the door. He pulls out the iPad and types what he sees.

DAVIS P.O.V. - CRACK DEN

-- A trashed living room long abandoned --

-- Used crack pipes and spent baggies pepper the floor --

-- MS-13 gang signs spray painted over torn wallpaper --

BACK TO SCENE

As Davis takes a few more steps. Looking closer. Now in the dark. Not realizing where he is until --

BRANDAY -- too dark to see, but the voice is girly -- pins Davis against the wall!

BRANDAY
 Bran-day wants dick!

In a flash, Branday drops to her knees! Davis' eyes bug! He struggles to move as A HAND -- not Branday's -- rips the iPad away!

DAVIS
 HEY MY --!
 (then in ecstasy)
 OH GOD! OH!

Flashlight beams catch Branday -- halter top and long hair -- bobbing at Davis' crotch.

JO JO AND FASANO

hold the flashlights and H2H.

FASANO
 I guess Davis let go of the ladder.

JO JO
 If he knew that would happen, he probably woulda let go sooner.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY - (LATER)

Davis stands with Jo Jo. A long beat passes.

DAVIS
 Do I need shots or -- ?

JO JO
 Nah, long as she didn't snaggletooth your dick, you're good.

Davis absently touches his groin as Fasano joins.

FASANO
 Sorry Davis, no luck on the iPad.

DAVIS
 Can we search again?

JO JO
 Brother, that thing's already been sold and smoked.

Davis frowns as --

ASSORTED CRACKHEADS

walk of shame down the steps, including H2H and BRANDAY -- a pretty transvestite -- she mimics a blow job to --

DAVIS

who stares at her with Jo Jo and Fasano.

DAVIS
Please tell me that's a girl.

FASANO
That's not a girl. I can't lie.

Davis drops his head.

JO JO
Here's a new title for your book.
"Blown Away"!

Jo Jo and Fasano laugh. Davis stares at the ground.

DET. SIPOWICZ (PRELAP)
"You got a lot of morons in your family? 'Cause that could be genetic."

INT. "HOW TO BE EDGY" CLASS - DAY

A room used for Yoga. A TV sits in the front of the room.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

Det. Sipowicz (DENNIS FRANZ) glares at a YOUNG HOOKER.

YOUNG HOOKER (ON TV)
"I got nothin' to say 'cept get my lawyer!"

The scene pauses on the Young Hooker's weird face.

BACK TO SCENE

The Young Hooker is GLEE LARSON -- now 27 (think an edgy Emma Stone). She instructs near the TV.

GLEE
See how I did that? I was, for that moment, a teenage hooker. How'd I get there? The edge. Draw off your experiences.
(MORE)

GLEE (CONT'D)

Mine was growing up in a city. New York not this place.

LATER

Glee mingles with a few STUDENTS. Davis approaches.

DAVIS

Mrs. Larson?

Glee spins to Davis like he just called her "bitch".

GLEE

Glee. Mr...

DAVIS

Davis. Sal Fasano sent me.

GLEE

Fucking Fasano!? I love that guy.

DAVIS

Yeah. Do you give private lessons?

GLEE

On being edgy? Never really had to. You related to Geena Davis?

DAVIS

No -- you know what -- who knows. Davis is my first name.

GLEE

What, like Davis Grey?

DAVIS

Exactly like Davis Grey.

Glee smiles.

GLEE

Let's talk in my office.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

A red lit watering hole where a few PATRONS day drink to forget. Glee bellies up to the bar. Davis a step behind.

DAVIS

Nice office.

GLEE
 Gets the job done.
 (whistles to o.s.)
 Yo, Don Juan!

The BARTENDER -- who talks to the only other GIRL -- struts over, sucking on a toothpick.

GLEE (CONT'D)
 A Moscow Mule and --

Glee looks to Davis. He's lost.

GLEE (CONT'D)
 -- Two.

The Bartender walks away.

GLEE (CONT'D)
 And don't spit in 'em! I got eyes
 on you!

Glee watches the Bartender while Davis talks.

DAVIS
 What's a Moscow Mule?

GLEE
 Vodka and some other stuff. Comes
 in a copper mug. You'll love it.
 (then)
 So you want to be an *Edgist*?

Davis looks confused.

GLEE (CONT'D)
 Someone who's edgy.

DAVIS
 Oh yeah, no, not me. A character
 I'm working on.

GLEE
 You can't write edgy, unless you
 get edgy.

DAVIS
 Is that first lesson free?

The two copper mugs arrive.

GLEE
 Nope. It'll cost ya...

Glee looks to the Bartender.

BARTENDER
Sixteen all day.

GLEE
(to Davis)
...Sixteen all day.

Davis hands the Bartender a card.

BARTENDER
Keep it open?

Before Davis can answer --

GLEE
Oh yeah.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Several Mules in. Bar traffic picked up. Glee laughs.

GLEE
You should probably get shots for
that!

DAVIS
What, like -- drinks?

GLEE
Good idea.

Glee waves for the Bartender.

DAVIS
No. Flag thrown. I'm done.

GLEE
Seriously?

DAVIS
I don't drink. I'm not a drinker.

GLEE
You're a writer who created Shep
Beckett. Enough said.

DAVIS
I'm not Shep. Shep was cool. Shep
was tough. Shep was the kinda guy
people told stories about.

GLEE
Then what's that make you?

DAVIS
Just a guy who wrote 'em.

Davis takes a solemn sip. Glee looks down the bar to --

A GROUP OF BIKERS

Intimidating. Large. Partying.

BACK TO GLEE

turning to Davis.

GLEE
Grab another round, I gotta she-
wee.

Glee leaves. Davis smiles into his drink until, ACE -- a large biker -- plops in Glee's seat. Davis turns to Ace, who stares straight ahead.

DAVIS
Hi.

ACE
Not interested.

DAVIS
Oh no, you think -- on no, love the ladies. It's just -- my friend's gonna be real pissed if I let you sit there.

Ace stands. He's a mountain of a man.

ACE
Let me?

Davis swallows hard.

DAVIS
Or we could move --

Ace rips Davis out of the seat! The bar erupts in violence!

-- BIKERS throw each other around like dolls and --

-- Glasses SMASH over heads as --

-- Punches buckle PATRONS and BIKERS and --

Davis lands hard against a wall. Ace in his face.

ACE
You shoulda moved!

Ace rears back to punch. Davis squirms and accidentally knees Ace in the balls! Ace hits the floor. Davis stands over him, smiling until an uppercut sends him --

TO BLACK:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - (LATER)

DAVIS' P.O.V. - EYES OPENING

focus on Glee standing with Ace.

GLEE
Seriously Ace, did you have to hit him that hard!?

ACE
What!? It was instinct!

GLEE
I said fuck with him, not fuck him up!

BACK TO DAVIS

moving to stand. Glee helps him. Ace limps away.

DAVIS
You know him?

GLEE
Ace? He's in my class "Use Anger for Fun and Profit".

DAVIS
So you set me up?

GLEE
No! NO! Well, yes, I had to get a base reading. See what I have to work with.

Davis rubs his jaw.

DAVIS
I think he cracked my jaw.

Glee grabs his jaw. Moves it around.

GLEE

Nope, you're good. Bright side,
you got your own story to tell.
(notices the time)
I gotta go!

As Glee rushes to the door...

GLEE (CONT'D)

I'll text about the lessons. Ice
the eye!

...and she's gone. Davis stares. Off this look --

INT. POOLHOUSE - NIGHT

Davis sits motionless, icing his eye, staring at the laptop.
After a beat, he turns on a TV.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

the final scene from "Breaking Bad" -- WALTER WHITE dies.
The show FADES TO BLACK.

CLICK - channel change.

An ANCHORWOMAN tells us a story.

ANCHORWOMAN (ON TV)

"In entertainment news, Connor
Lathrop inked a pact with Paramount
today to adapt "Hastag"--"

CLICK - channel change.

A NAT GEO SHOW -- Various MS-13 members party on the dirt
lawn of a ghetto cottage.

NARRATOR (ON TV)

"MS-13, the most dangerous prison
gang in the world, controls most of
the drug trade in Los Angles. To
cross them means certain death."

BACK TO DAVIS

sitting forward in his seat. Interest piqued.

BACK TO TV SCREEN

as the MS-13 party rages. This image enlarges to fill the
screen --

EXT. GHETTO COTTAGE - NIGHT

This is the party from the show. Narco Cultura music BLARES!

-- MS-13's drink 40's. Flash gang signs --

-- MS-13 stomach bands and open armed Jesus' adorn backs --

-- MS-13's jump in a PLEDGE --

Through this chaos, H2H (from the crack house) bounces up the cottage steps two at a time.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

H2H pushes through dangerous MEN and drunk WOMEN on his way to a closed door. He leans into an MS-13 ear --

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Prayer candles flicker in this RED LIT sanctuary.

IN THE CORNER

a topless GIRL orally services a MAN sitting in a red velvet chair. More like a throne.

The Man is CORTEZ -- 40's, blue bandana to his eyebrows. His eyes are closed, enjoying the service until --

H2H bumps into a table.

Cortez's eyes pop open. He glares at H2H and pushes the Girl's head deeper into his crotch. She gags. He finishes. After a beat, Cortez rips her up by her hair.

CORTEZ

Show me.

BRANDAY opens her mouth. Cortez approves and shoves a small baggie in her mouth.

As Branday races by H2H, he peeks at her REAL BREASTS -- she's actually a homely girl, not a Transvestite!

Cortez waves H2H in. He hands Cortez a cash roll, which lands on a scale. Cortez doesn't like the reading.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

You lost weight, Esse.

Two MS-13's pat H2H down.

H2H

It was the Cops! They shook me
down!

CORTEZ

That Rock House's been smokin' for
months. Not a peep. I let you in,
it's Starbucks.

An MS-13 hands Cortez an iPad -- Davis' iPad!

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Ain't my four G's but at least two.

H2H

Sugar swept it off a cop! Maybe
it's got cop shit -- to use!

Cortez hands the iPad to the MS-13.

CORTEZ

Maybe.

H2H

So, we cool, right?

Cortez smiles. A chrome grill gleams.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Jo Jo sits at a desk. Fasano stands.

JO JO

Bail!?

FASANO

Yep. Last night.

JO JO

Fuckin' Fasano, tell me how a low
level H to H from the sixth street
bomb squad made half a *mil* bail!?

FASANO

Friends in high places.

JO JO

How about you go act like a cop and
find out!

Fasano glides o.s. as Davis approaches -- his head is SHAVED!

JO JO (CONT'D)
Shep Beckett in the house!

DAVIS
I wanna shoot guns.

JO JO
You're in luck, so do I.

INT. POLICE STATION - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Gunfire BLASTS from shooting cubicles as assorted ear plugged COPS aim at GEL TORSOS various yards away.

A GEL TORSO

takes eight to the chest.

IN A CUBICLE

Jo Jo pulls back a freshly fired GLOCK 23. Jams in a new clip. Clicks the safety on. Offers it to Davis.

JO JO
Ever shoot one?

Davis palms the pistol.

DAVIS
40 Cal Glock 23. Striker fire
double action... No.

JO JO
Sounds it.

DAVIS
Did a lot of research. This a
modified grip?

Jo Jo snatches the Glock like Davis insulted it.

JO JO
You don't Buck Rogers a Glock! Bad
shit happens.

Jo Jo aims to shoot.

DAVIS
How long have you known?

JO JO

Two years ago. I power stroked a Glock with a *mod* trigger. Almost blew my face off!

Jo Jo shoots! 3 shots POP!

DAVIS

No, that we were brothers?

JO JO

Same as you.

DAVIS

What, Tuesday?

JO JO

Christmas eighty nine. I was living with you after my dad died. Mom gave us matching Ninja Turtles.

DAVIS

Not matching. Mine was Michelangelo.

Jo Jo shoots. 3 shots POP!

JO JO

And they were both turtles.

DAVIS

Yeah, technically. So...

JO JO

So, there was a card. And in that card was written "Merry Christmas, you got a brother".

DAVIS

I totally missed that.

JO JO

You gotta pay attention more, brother!

Jo Jo fires. 10 rounds POP! Empty Glock.

DAVIS

Can I try?

JO JO

I'd be offended if you didn't.

Jo Jo snaps in a clip and hands the Glock to Davis.

After a deep breath, Davis aims at a Torso 15 yards away, then fires! Davis holds on as 10 shots POP!

THE GEL TORSO

sits still. Not one hole in the kill zone.

DAVIS AND JO JO

stare down range.

DAVIS

Not bad.

JO JO

Not good either.

Jo Jo grabs the Glock. Fasano joins. Looks down range.

FASANO

Found our dealer. Not bad Davis.

DAVIS

See, and Fasano can't lie.

JO JO

Can't doesn't mean won't.

EXT. L.A. RIVER - DAY

The CRIME SCENE blends in with the trash covered, drought ridden, cement riverbed.

A TARP LIFTS

H2H's dead body stares back. Riddled with bullet holes. Neck cut open. Tongue cut out. A gruesome scene.

JO JO AND FASANO

stare down at H2H's body.

JO JO

It's not a good Friday for him.

FASANO

Someone musta figured him for a snitch.

Davis peeks over their shoulders.

JO JO
 (intros)
 Davis, dead guy. Dead guy, Davis.

Davis gags, then rushes o.s.

FASANO
 Any plans for Easter?

JO JO
 Davis'. You?

FASANO
 Night shift.

JO JO
 Sucks to be you.

FASANO
 (RE: dead body)
 Sucks to be him.

The TARP covers this scene to --

EXT. L.A. RIVER - DAY

Steps from the crime scene, Davis bends over puking. A BEEP forces Davis to stand, wipe his mouth, and check his phone.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Text from UNKNOWN: meet @ Derby Dames 6 ur edgy friend"

Davis thinks for a beat, then bends over to puke.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Several ROLLER DERBY GIRLS collide on a makeshift roller derby rink, overlooking downtown L.A. One of them is Glee.

GLEE
 Eat it Sandy!

The Roller Derby continues as --

DAVIS

moves through the loud EDGY CROWD, trying to see the action. A THAI BOY bumps him, and disappears into the crowd. Davis watches him until -- BUZZ!

Davis checks himself as if attacked by bees. He finds a cheap flip phone in his jacket pocket -- planted by the boy.

BUZZ! Davis looks around. Phones everywhere. Could be anyone. BUZZ! He opens it --

SUPERIMPOSE: "Text from UNKNOWN: 5 hundy per thurs-sat + expen\$e\$ r u in yes no"

Davis starts to text in Alpha numeric. Multi presses on numbers to get to letters.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Y... E... S..."

Davis presses the SEND button. Almost immediately -- BUZZ!

SUPERIMPOSE: "Text from UNKNOWN: gr8t pick me up SW corner after game"

Davis flips the phone shut and looks to --

ROLLER DERBY ACTION

as Glee lays out a ROLLER DERBY GIRL and yells into the air!

INT./ EXT. INFINITY - NIGHT

Top down. Windows up. Glee -- adjusting a dark hoodie and sunglasses -- springs from the curb, reaching for the door.

DAVIS
Hold on, it sticks.

Davis presses unlock. Glee yanks on the door. Timing off. This dance repeats until, Glee leans over the window.

GLEE
Unlock the door!

DAVIS
Stop! Just stop!

Glee obeys. Davis unlocks. Glee jumps in.

GLEE
Drive.

INT./EXT. INFINITY - NIGHT - (MOVING)

Glee shivers.

GLEE
Put the top up.

DAVIS
I can't. It's stuck.

Glee absently holds a hand to Davis.

GLEE
Phone.

DAVIS
What?

GLEE
The phone! The one Sun Lee gave
you!

Davis hands Glee the flip phone.

DAVIS
What class is he in?

GLEE
The one where you don't talk.

Glee CRACKS the flip phone at the hinge, then presses the
window down button. Nothing happens.

DAVIS
It's stuck.

GLEE
Is everything stuck in this car!?

DAVIS
Unfortunately, yes.

Annoyed, Glee tosses the phone parts out of the open top.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
You can't do that!

GLEE
If you're edgy you can.

A Police siren SQUAWKS!

MOMENTS LATER

Davis and Glee sit in silence. After a beat --

GLEE
My B.

Davis glares at Glee, who points to the left.

GLEE (CONT'D)
Pull in the Mall.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Infinity drives past the Mall.

INT./EXT. INFINITY - NIGHT (MOVING)

Glee looks back.

GLEE
I said pull in the Mall!

DAVIS
I don't take lefts!

GLEE
Seriously!?

DAVIS
Fifty five percent of all accidents
in L.A. are caused by lefts!

Glee rips off her glasses.

GLEE
Do you want to be edgy or not!?

DAVIS
Didn't I just get a ticket for
that?

GLEE
Pull in the Mall!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Infinity turns right into a desolate satellite PARKING
LOT for the Mall. Parks to the right.

INT./EXT. INFINITY/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Glee shoots Davis a sarcastic smile.

GLEE
You good now?

DAVIS
I just -- I don't take lefts.

GLEE
It's your world.

Glee affixes a card reader to her iPhone. Davis notices.

DAVIS
Is that how you text and skate?

GLEE
No, this is how I get your money.
I text blind.

DAVIS
You can do that?

GLEE
When your first toy is a cell phone
you can.

Glee hands the iPhone to Davis.

GLEE (CONT'D)
Now swipe.

Davis looks at the iPhone screen.

DAVIS
Three grand!?

GLEE
Five a day. Six days. Three
large. Up-front. Unless that's a
problem? I can always go midnight
base jumping...

DAVIS
No. No problem.

Davis pulls out a credit card and SWIPES. BEEP! Denied.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Must be the stripe.

ANOTHER CARD -- BEEP! Denied.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Huh? I thought that one was clear.

ANOTHER CARD -- BEEP! Denied.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Come-on! It's gotta be your phone!

GLEE
 (ala game show host)
 Welcome to credit card roulette!
 Today's contestant, Davis has one
 swipe left before he goes home
 empty handed!

Davis smirks at Glee and pulls out another card. SWIPE.
 Good.

GLEE (CONT'D)
 Sign it.

Davis signs with a finger, then hands the iPhone to Glee.

GLEE (CONT'D)
 Okay, for two weeks I'll show you
 my three rules to being an *Edgist*.
 One, a "take no shit" attitude.
 Two, image, which obviously you
 need the most help. And three,
 social interaction. All forms of
 communication have to be mastered
 by the *Edgist*. It's how we show
 the world what they're missing.

The iPhone BEEPS! Glee is 3G's richer.

GLEE (CONT'D)
 Ready to get edgy?

DAVIS
 At the Mall?

GLEE
 The Hipsters and Shoe Gazers ruined
 all the cool spots.
 (then)
 We could go hard-core, make clothes
 out of recycled paper?

Davis looks clueless.

GLEE (CONT'D)
 Yeah, didn't think so.

INT. MALL - NIGHT

Glee and Davis enter. Echoing MUSAK accentuates the
 emptiness of this commerce dinosaur.

DAVIS
 I've never seen a mall this empty.

GLEE
 Welcome to the front lines of the
 war between the web and reality.
 Guess who's winning?

DAVIS
 The web?

GLEE
 Us.

INT. MALL - NIGHT - SHOPPING SEQUENCE

Davis and Glee run from store to store.

HOT TOPIC

Davis tries on some ROCK TEES. Glee looks at JEWELRY.

GAP

Davis and Glee enter. Seconds later they exit.

BED BATH AND BEYOND

Glee smells candles. Davis waits impatiently.

IN A DRESSING ROOM

Davis models looks for Glee.

-- Davis as a BIKER. Glee frowns --

-- Davis as a PREPPY, he likes this one. Glee gags --

-- Davis in all BLACK. Glee likes it. So does Davis --

INT. MALL - NIGHT

Davis and Glee walk, bogged down with bags.

GLEE
 I love dressing room aerobics.
 It's cardio with a prize. You
 hungry?

DAVIS
Last time I ate at the Mall was the
last time.

GLEE
Not this time.

INT. FOOD COURT - "THE WOK" - NIGHT

CONNIE-- an Asian Girl with resting bitch face -- greets them
from behind a register.

CONNIE
"Welcome to The Wok, what can we
stir up for you?"

Glee and Davis stare at the overhead menu.

GLEE
This place is boss. Never a wait.
Four choices. Order by number.
(then to Connie)
Number two.

CONNIE
(to o.s.)
Number two!

GLEE
Grab my grub, I gotta she-wee.
(then)
Chat up Connie. She looks like she
could use human contact.

Glee bolts o.s. Davis smiles at Connie's resting bitch face.

DAVIS
Don't worry, it'll get better.

CONNIE
What's that supposed to mean?

DAVIS
No, I'm just-- you look mad.

CONNIE
But inside I'm a ray of sunshine.

Connie sarcastically smiles. Davis looks to the menu.

DAVIS
Do you use M.S.G.?

Connie's smile fades -- fast.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
 Monosodium glutamate... A food
 enhancer used by the Chinese since
 nineteen O nine.

CONNIE
 I know what it is, I've read a
 "Buzzfeed" list or two.

DAVIS
 Cool, yeah, of course you have. So
 do you use it, M.S.G.?

Connie shows us RAGING BITCH FACE!

CONNIE
 Are you micro-agressing me!?

DAVIS
 What?

CONNIE
 Micro-agressing... A subtle form
 of racism used by white people
 since forever!

DAVIS
 NO! I'm not-- I have a black
 brother.

CONNIE
 That's what all racists say. Next
 in line!

Davis looks behind him.

THE FOOD COURT

is EMPTY, except for two *EDGISTS* that race by.

BACK TO DAVIS

who looks to Connie. He backpedals.

DAVIS
 I didn't mean -- I just don't want
 M.S.G. in my food.

CONNIE
 Then go to Hummus Hut! Next in
 line!

DAVIS
Let's start over. Hi, I'll take a
number four with no M.S.G.

CONNIE
All out!
(imitates Asian)
So *solly!* Next in *rine!*

DAVIS
Why do you keep saying next in ri --
LINE! There is no next in line!
There's only me!

CONNIE
Next. In. Line.

DAVIS
You know what your problem is,
Connie!?

CONNIE
I smile too much?

DAVIS
You, this place, all you care about
is profits! I mean -- what Chinese
place has only four choices!?
NONE! They don't exist! Why?
Because people want choices, not
some flavor of the month chosen by
a short, entitled, dick who doesn't
read!

CONNIE
So Chinese are short with little
dicks! Way to body-shame!

DAVIS
I didn't say that!

CONNIE
It's implied! Next in --

DAVIS
Don't say it! I want -- I demand
to see the manager!

CONNIE
Okay!

Connie turns for a beat then turns back to Davis.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
It's me! Now, next in line!

Davis glares for a beat, then...

DAVIS
I'm taking one of these!

...reaches over the counter to grab a fortune cookie! Connie karate chops him in the eye!

INT. FOOD COURT - NIGHT - (LATER)

Connie talks to two MALL COPS as --

ACROSS THE FOOD COURT

Davis paces with a sweating "The Wok" cup on his eye. Glee eats a #2 Orange Chicken in a booth.

GLEE
I hope your raging freak-out didn't get us eighty sixed.

DAVIS
Fuck The Wok.

GLEE
It's not The Wok's fault you went rogue.

DAVIS
I didn't go rogue! I listened to you! Which every time I do, I end up with a black eye!

GLEE
I know, right?

Davis glares at Glee. The MALL COPS approach.

GLEE (CONT'D)
What's the verdict *Mall-ficers*?

MALL COP #1
It's your lucky day. The Wok isn't pressing charges.

Glee fist pumps...

MALL COP #2
Unfortunately, you're not allowed within fifty feet of The Wok.

...then acts like she was shot. The Mall Cops stare at Davis for a beat. Davis stares back.

DAVIS
Got it. Fifty feet.

MALL COP #1
You might want to step back.

Mall Cop 1 motions Davis to step back. Davis obeys.

MALL COP #1 (CONT'D)
Back. Back. Back. That's good.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Davis and Glee sit in the Infinity, which chokes to start under a light tree.

INT. INFINITY - NIGHT (SAME)

Davis turns the key multiple times to no avail.

DAVIS
I'm a racist, Connie! You're the racist for calling me a racist!

Davis tries the key again. Nothing.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Body shaming!? Micro-agressing!?
I'm glad we spent the last fifty years fighting to be equal so we could divide into groups! FUCK!

Davis buries his head into the steering wheel, which lets out a quick BEEP! Glee cracks open a green prescription bottle. Davis gets a whiff.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Great! Someone ran over a skunk!

GLEE
A Cheeba Cheeba skunk.

Glee packs green bud into GLASS. Davis notices.

DAVIS
Is that-- weed?

GLEE
You say it like it's illegal.

DAVIS
It is illegal!

GLEE
Not in this state.

DAVIS
What, you mean not smoked?

GLEE
Yeah, weed's only legal when you
smoke it. See illegal...

Glee lights the Glass. Inhale.

GLEE (CONT'D)
(holding hit)
...Legal.

Exhale. Smoke wafts. Davis waves it away.

DAVIS
What if someone sees us?

GLEE
Keep worrying about the "what if's"
you'll never be edgy.

Glee offers the Glass to Davis, who refuses.

GLEE (CONT'D)
Seriously? Your generation
literally invented hanging at the
mall, smoking dope.

DAVIS
And your generation literally
invented abusing adverbs,
seriously!

GLEE
And I thought we invented the
emoticon.
(then)
Take a hit.

Glee offers again. Davis grabs the Glass and pauses.

DAVIS
This isn't gonna mess me up, make
me go crazy?

GLEE
I think Connie took care of that.

Davis grabs the lighter. Lights. Inhales.

GLEE (CONT'D)
That's it, go for the gold.

Exhales with a cough.

GLEE (CONT'D)
See ya tomorrow.

DAVIS
What--

TO BLACK:

(PRELAP SFX) A PHONE RINGS

SMASH IN:

INT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

Empty junk food wrappers everywhere. The place is a mess.

Davis is splayed across the bed with scratches on his face in tighty whities. Out cold.

The phone RINGS again. Davis awakes with a start. After a frantic search, he finds the phone. Tries to answer, but a bad case of cottonmouth keeps him mute.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Joel's face looks at us through a face rest of a massage table.

JOEL
Are you high!?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

DAVIS drinks from the faucet as --

JOEL sits up on a massage table in a modern, art deco office. He shoos away the MASSEUSE. Heads to his desk, speaking into an earbud.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Because it's the only way to explain this draft.

DAVIS
What are you talking about?

JOEL awakens his desktop.

JOEL
This draft. It's a good start
until the last three pages.

DAVIS yanks the cord to his laptop, which flies from under
the bed. He swipes the mouse pad.

INSERT - THE LAPTOP SCREEN

a block page of the sentence "I love Glee!"

JOEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I love Glee. I love Glee. Have
you been reading Kerouac?

BACK TO DAVIS

staring at the laptop screen.

CUT TO:

INT. POOLHOUSE - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Davis types like a madman on the laptop, pounding Funions and
Red Bull, while the hit songs of Dianne Warren BLARE.

BACK TO:

INT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

Davis walks away from the laptop.

DAVIS
I had a creative breakthrough.

INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Joel looks away from the Desktop.

JOEL
Yes you did, when you wrote "The
songs of Dianne Warren speak to my
soul" for a page!

DAVIS
They're good songs.

JOEL

I don't know what's going on, on planet poolhouse -- maybe inhaling too much chlorine -- but you've got two weeks to get a readable draft done. If not, Ms. Warren won't be the only one wondering "How do I Live Without You"!
 (then sweet)
 Love you.

Joel clicks off his earbud.

INT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

Davis drops the phone. Yawns. Stretches. A smile crosses his face.

IN THE CLOSET

Davis reaches for a green track suit.

EXT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

Davis is out the door and through the bushes.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Davis jogs on the path. GIRLS jog past. Davis smiles. This time, they smile back.

LATER

The Dog Dudes and leashed Pomeranians stand in their usual spot. The Pomeranians see Davis and attack!

Instead of running from them, Davis jumps over the Pomeranians! The Dog Dudes still don't move.

INT. GREY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sky and Amber sit at Command Central as Davis enters -- Black tee. Black pants. Black Doc's. Black eye. Wallet Chain.

AMBER

Holy shit!

SKY

Amber! At least try to hide it.
 (to Davis)
 (MORE)

SKY (CONT'D)

Did you join the Aryan nation?
Uncle Carl did in the seventies.
He was very reactionary --

DAVIS

Ma, focus. It's a new look.

AMBER

Fu -- frick ya!

SKY

Davis, the pool-hoppers struck
again. This time at the Johnson's!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE JOHNSON'S POOL - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Davis and Glee sneak into the backyard tropical oasis.
Davis juggles a Ralph's bag and tries to take a hit from the
Glass.

GLEE

Sweet pool!

Glee is naked before we know it and in the pool. SPLASH!

DAVIS

Shhhh!

Davis picks up her bra. Two gel boob inserts SLAP onto the
Paverstone. He picks one up and squeezes it for a long time.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Nice boobs.

GLEE (O.S.)

Wanna try the real things?

Davis turns to see --

GLEE

standing in waist high water, covering her boobs like Kelly
Von Ryan in "Wild Things".

BACK TO DAVIS

who immediately strips.

DAVIS

Stay in the shallow end!

He's about to pull down his tighty whities until --

OVERHEAD lights illuminate them!

Davis looks to Glee, who is out of the pool and running. He starts to run. Stops. Grabs the Ralph's bag, then dives into the bushes.

BACK TO:

INT. GREY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Davis comes to as Sky continues.

SKY
Our pool could be next!

DAVIS
I hope so.

Brooke races into the kitchen.

BROOKE
Who's car is outside!?

EXT. GREY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

A HERO SHOT of a black on black 2014 Dodge Challenger convertible. Top down. Windows down.

Sky and the Twins crowd the car.

SKY
Davis, did you get us a new convertible?

Davis stares.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Davis and Glee slow-walk toward the camera. After a beat, the Infinity EXPLODES in the b.g.

EXT. DEALERSHIP - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

-- A credit card slides in between the doors --

-- Keys hang on hooks, a HAND snags one --

-- A FINGER pushes a push button ignition --

As the top folds down, the Challenger tears into the street.

BACK TO:

EXT. GREY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Sky checks out the car.

SKY
Is this ours?

The Challenger starts with a ROAR. They all turn to --

DAVIS

holding a remote starter.

DAVIS
Nope. Mine.

EXT. GREY HOUSE - DAY

The Challenger pulls up to the open gates. Davis slides on mirrored Ray Bans -- like Shep -- and pins the gas!

Tires SQUEAL as the Challenger tears out of the driveway to the LEFT! A car horn HONKS!

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

The Challenger glides around windy corners. Davis is all smiles. He pulls out his phone. Starts to text, but sticks it in his pocket. Blind texting.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

Glee stands with a Yoga mat under her arm, waiting for Davis.

GLEE
You're late.

Glee walks. Davis plays catch up.

DAVIS
Traffic.

GLEE
Not in that car. Nice shades.

DAVIS
Came with the car. I texted you.
Blind.

GLEE
That's what **gibberish** means.

DAVIS
What did we-- last night?

GLEE
Oh yeah, some D.M.T. might have
snuck into my Cheeba.

DAVIS
Dimethyltryptamine!?

GLEE
Is that what D.M.T. means?

DAVIS
It's a powerful hallucinogenic!

GLEE
Tell that to the purple hamster I
chased for ten minutes last night.

DAVIS
(relieved)
Phew. I thought we stole that car.

GLEE
We did... Unless you return it by
Thursday.

DAVIS
I'm not even gonna ask how you know
that.

GLEE
The less you know the better off
you'll be.

Glee walks off. Davis stops -- clueless.

DAVIS
Where we going?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Under moonlight, 3 rows of naked, SWEATY PEOPLE hold an impossible yoga pose that conveniently hides their private parts.

At the head of the class, the INSTRUCTOR -- Male, all beard -- instructs.

INSTRUCTOR
Breath deep and relax.

Davis, naked and sweaty, struggles to hold the pose as a HAIRY ASS hovers close to his face.

DAVIS
Relax he says...

Davis turns away from that view to --

GLEE

her naked, tattooed body glistens in the moonlight like a work of pretzel art.

BACK TO DAVIS

who stares, falling deeper for Glee until --

Bright overhead lights SHINE and FLICKER in time to the THUMP of techno music!

Everyone holds the pose. The Instructor motivates --

INSTRUCTOR
BE THE TRANCE! BREATH IN! BREATH
OUT TO THE TECHNO BEAT!

After a BASS DROP, the warehouse lights up like a rave!

-- Confetti falls, coating the Sweaty People --

-- Streamers unravel from the ceiling. Twist in time --

-- A person in a GIANT PANDA SUIT weaves between the Sweaty People, bouncing to the Techno --

Davis tries to hold the pose as the Panda passes by and SLAPS his ass, sending Davis face first into that HAIRY ASS!

Like dominoes, Sweaty People in his row fall face forward into asses.

Davis wipes butt sweat off his face, looking to Glee, who still holds the pose.

DAVIS
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS, GLEE!?

GLEE
NUDE TECHNO YOGA! GOOD FOR FOCUS!

A few rows back, CHANNING TATUM peeks over asses in the air.

CHANNING TATUM
GLEE!?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - (LATER)

Assorted SWEATY PEOPLE stand in various stages of dress.
Channing, Glee, and Davis talk amongst them.

CHANNING TATUM
Glee's great. She helped me prep
for Red Lines.
(as Shep)
"I know ya got an axe to grind, but
this stone grinds back."
(back to normal)
Epic.

Davis is mesmerized by a SWEATY GIRL'S large chest.

DAVIS
Epic.

CHANNING TATUM
Thanks. I like to think I
channeled Shep as close as you
imagined him...

Davis still mesmerized. Channing looks to Davis' crotch.

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)
I guess you liked it.

Davis covers his hard-on and jumps into his black pants.

GLEE
There's Connor Lathrop!

ACROSS THE WAREHOUSE

CONNOR LATHROP -- A big GUY, who looks like he eats nails --
stands with a GROUP, including the Panda. They all text.

GLEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I love how he only talks via text.

BACK TO GLEE

as she dives into her phone. Fingers fly.

CHANNING TATUM
Mention I'd be perfect as the lead
in "Hashtag".

DAVIS
I hope you like short films.

CHANNING TATUM
I hate short films. Why?

Joke killed. Davis frowns as Connor approaches, typing.
Glee's phone beeps. Channing's phone beeps. They both look.
They both type.

Here's the breakdown of this strange, twenty first century
tableau --

Connor, Glee and Channing type on their phones, reacting with
laughs and grunts, never speaking or looking at each other as
Davis watches.

After a beat, Glee turns to Davis.

GLEE
C-Lay wants your digits. He's a
fan.

DAVIS
Oh, why thanks -- Hi Connor, I'm --

GLEE
You have to text. Connor won't
respond without a text.

A beat

DAVIS
Well I can't! My phone's dead!
So, we're just gonna have to talk!

Davis' phone BEEPS! Connor, Glee and Channing stare at him.

CHANNING TATUM
Busted.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Davis sits alone on a hand-me-down couch in an unfurnished,
Downtown loft, packing weed into Glass -- he's gone pro.

DAVIS
Who texts someone standing right in
front of them!?
(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

(then)

This got D.M.T.?

GLEE (O.S.)

No. Texting's quicker.

DAVIS

So is talking.

GLEE (O.S.)

Back in the stone age.

DAVIS

Cavemen didn't talk. They grunted and stared at cave walls. And when you text, you grunt and stare at your phone! So, by texting, we're actually regressing!

GLEE (O.S.)

Cave PEOPLE! We're evolving.

DAVIS

The game of baseball is evolving. By now, we should be able to talk telepathically!

Davis looks toward --

THE BEDROOM DOOR

half open. A topless Glee reaches for a shirt, then turns to see Davis, seeing her.

BACK TO DAVIS

caught red handed, he turns away. Lights the glass. Inhale. Exhale.

Glee plops on the couch. He offers the Glass. She passes.

GLEE

I can't take your money and sleep with you.

DAVIS

Gee Glee, get to the point.

GLEE

I'm not a prostitute.

DAVIS

But you played one on TV.

Glee glares. Davis smirks.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
What are you doing tomorrow, for
Easter?

GLEE
I'm Jewish. I don't do anything
for Easter.

DAVIS
Okay, what are you doing Sunday?
Come over for dinner.

Glee is stone. Davis is adamant.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Treat it like an expense. You said
I pay for expenses.

GLEE
I also said we don't work on
Sundays.

DAVIS
We're not. It's Easter.

EXT. GREY HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A PINK EASTER EGG sits on a tuft of grass.

BROOKE (O.S.)
Mom, just tell me where it is!?

Amber and Brooke search the yard as Sky suns poolside with a
glass of wine.

SKY
Make pretend you're looking for
your phone!

Davis exits the Poolhouse as Brooke sniffs around the door.
He points to the bushes. Brooke runs over. Holds up the
EASTER EGG and Selfies. Amber limps over.

AMBER
Of course the pretty one gets the
help!

Sky reaches for TANNING OIL and oils herself like it's 1975.

SKY
Twins stop fighting yourselves!

Davis approaches.

DAVIS
I'm starting to think you're trying
to get Cancer.

SKY
Why is everything so black and
white with you when your last name
is Grey?

DAVIS
Very deep. Did you get my list?

SKY
Yes, but -- why Matzah?

Davis is mute. Sky sits up -- motherly instincts firing.

SKY (CONT'D)
You invited a Jewish girl to
Easter!? Don't they skip Easter?
It's against their religion.

DAVIS
Ma, focus. She's a co-worker.

SKY
Are you having sex?

DAVIS
Again, she's a co-worker.

SKY
That hasn't stopped you from having
sex with "co-workers" before.

Davis stares.

SKY (CONT'D)
I'm talking about your hands,
Davis.

Another painful beat.

DAVIS
Just get the Matzah.

INT. GREY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A glistening Ham shares table space with a bread basket of
Matzah by candlelight.

The whole Grey family sits around a large table with Glee. Most pick at their plates. Jo Jo eats like it's a race.

DAVIS

In Jesus' time lamb was eaten at the Sader -- which was most likely "The Last Supper", since Jesus was Jewish. The Christian tradition of eating ham started in northern Europe. Pigs were salted and ready to eat in the spring before fresh meats were available. So, having Matzah with ham is a nice mix of religious tenets, don't you think?

Crickets. Brooke takes a Selfie with her plate.

SKY

Davis likes to talk when he's nervous. How did you two meet?

DAVIS

We didn't meet, meet. She's helping with the re-write.

BROOKE

You're a writer? Cool. The world needs more girl writers.

GLEE

I dabble. I'm an actor.

AMBER

"Acting's just an expression of a neurotic impulse to be liked."

SKY

Amber!

AMBER

What? Marlon Brando said it. Right Davis?

The whole table eyes Davis, who stops mid-bite.

DAVIS

Brando also said "If we are not our brother's keeper, at least let us not be his executioner."

SKY

He also screamed "Stella" but you don't see us insulting our guests with it!

GLEE
It's okay. Brooke, you write?

BROOKE
I tried to but--

AMBER
Too many words.

Sky glares at Amber. Amber looks back-- "what?"

BROOKE
Pictures say more.

GLEE
You're a photographer? What's your favorite subject?

AMBER
Herself.

BROOKE
I'm a Selfie artist. Kimye's my inspiration.

JO JO
Shoot me if Kimye's ever my inspiration.

Jo Jo's phone BEEPS. He jumps from his seat.

SKY
No. It's Easter.

JO JO
Not for the bad guys.

Jo Jo plants a cheek kiss on Sky and bolts. Brooke's phone BEEPS. She jumps from her seat too.

SKY
And where are you going?

BROOKE
With Kat to the observatory to get shots with the planets.

Brooke kisses Sky and leaves. Amber rises.

AMBER
I'm five K too.

SKY

No. Stop. Sit down. You have a broken foot.

AMBER

I'm just hopping to Pete's. He's got a free month of HOBO-GO. Gotta catch up on "True Blood" since the whole "no cable" thing.

Amber kisses Sky and limps out.

SKY

(after her)

Tell Pete, no more wrestling!

(to Glee)

Those kids can't stay still for a minute. Not like my Davis. He'd sit in his room and write and write. I couldn't get him out of the house.

GLEE

I can see why.

SKY

Oh, not here, El Segundo. Davis, remember that place?

DAVIS

We had so many bedbugs, they helped us move.

SKY

And they were sad to see us go.

(reflects, then)

The sign of a good man is they love their Mama.

Sky stands as that sentiment hangs in the air...

SKY (CONT'D)

And Davis loves his.

...and leaves. Davis and Glee sit for a beat, then --

GLEE

Smoke?

DAVIS

Oh yeah.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT (LATER)

Glee and Davis share glass by the pool throughout this scene.

GLEE
Nice family.

DAVIS
It's a holiday.
(then)
What about yours?

GLEE
B-story time? Okay, born in
Michigan. Only child to two only
child's. Psychologist mom. Cop
dad. Needless to say, they're
divorced --

DAVIS
Join the club.

GLEE
They ruined monogamy for me. What
about you?

DAVIS
I could get down with monogamy.

GLEE
I meant what about you? And not
the book jacket, bio version.

DAVIS
Born in L.A. Single mom. Absentee
dad, until he became my manager.
Dropped out of high school --

GLEE
Oooh, a flunky!

DAVIS
Nah, I just figured since I was the
only eleventh grader on the New
York Times best-seller list,
English *Lit* seemed a little
redundant.

GLEE
Tougher question. Why do you live
in the poolhouse?

DAVIS

Ma had it rough, with men. Lots of bad decisions. She never had a real house to be a mother in. So, after she had the twins, I bought her one.

GLEE

You saved the cat.

DAVIS

No, we didn't have a cat.

GLEE

It's a screenwriter rule by Blake Synder.

(reciting)

"When you introduce the protagonist show him or her save something for a noble cause."

(then)

It makes them likable.

DAVIS

So, I'm a likable protagonist?

GLEE

You're not unlikable.

Davis kisses Glee. It's mutual until Glee pulls away.

GLEE (CONT'D)

Whoa grasshopper, you're not ready for the finals yet.

DAVIS

Sorry, I just --

GLEE

It's not you, Davis, it's -- my life's complex. Too complex for a nice guy like you.

Glee moves to stand...

GLEE (CONT'D)

Thanks for dinner. See ya Thursday.

...then kisses his cheek and leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Jo Jo approaches Fasano, who meets him.

JO JO
What's up?

FASANO
Walk with me.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Jo Jo and Fasano stand in front of a room full of OFFICERS.

Fasano regards a MONITOR -- that shows a PHOTO of D.M.T. -- a white crystalline substance that looks like it was shaved from Superman's "Fortress of Solitude".

FASANO
D.M.T. Impossible to get on the streets, until now. The analysis on the crack from our bust showed high levels of it.

JO JO
This Dream Dust launches Klingons into deep space nine.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

USERS light up a pipe. Inhale. Exhale into ecstasy.

IN A USERS BRAIN - THE ETHER

The Crack House walls melt away in a psychedelic trip as --

The User floats down a tie-dyed "Yellow Brick Road" and approaches the altar of --

THE D.M.T. SPIRIT GODDESS

sitting like Buddha. Snakes around her torso. In the middle of her forehead, a third sideways eye GLOWS WHITE. It grows in intensity and whites out the SCREEN --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE BACKROOM - NIGHT

A cloudy WHITE LIQUID bubbles in a POT. A GANG BANGER stirs in D.M.T. like a trained chef.

FASANO (V.O.)
 "Cortez is replacing D.M.T. for the usual cutting agent Psuedocaine."

JO JO (V.O.)
 "It's a P.C.P. space base without the hangover."

PRE-MADE CRACK

sits in a tray. The butt of a GLOCK cracks it like peanut brittle. A thousand tiny chunks worth 20 bucks a piece on the street.

FASANO (V.O.)
 "Cortez was expecting a large shipment from Portland tonight."

JO JO (V.O.)
 "Was..."

EXT. 101 HIGHWAY - NIGHT

POLICE FLASHERS

light up the night.

THREE CRUISERS

surround a muddy Subaru Outback -- *the exact vehicle drug mules from Oregon would drive.*

Two DRUG DUDES -- 20's, ratty and spaced out -- stand cuffed against the Subaru as --

INT. SUBARU - NIGHT

A rainbow colored Tartan throw lifts, revealing --

Several taped-up BRICKS. A Knife pierces one. Scoops out the white flaky substance -- D.M.T.

BACK TO:

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Fasano and Jo Jo wrap up.

FASANO

We got the mules to flip and reconnect with Cortez. The meet goes down in Koreatown, tomorrow night.

JO JO

So break out your guns, it's time to put some burritos on the barbie!

INT. GUN SHOP - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

A PAPER TARGET

frays from large rounds. BOOM! BOOM!

IN A CUBICLE

Davis pulls back a DESERT EAGLE 50AE. Blows on the barrel. Smiles wide.

INT. GUNS SHOP - AT THE COUNTER - DAY

Davis picks up a large handgun case and walks out.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Buzzing with activity. Fasano slides on a bulletproof vest. Jo Jo checks his Glock. Davis approaches.

DAVIS

What's going on?

FASANO

It's bust your local drug lord day.

JO JO

And I got a helluva present.

Jo Jo cocks his Glock. Davis reaches for a VEST. Jo Jo stops him.

JO JO (CONT'D)

No no no. I don't want you around when this shit goes from zero to "oh fuck" in five flat.

FASANO
Let him come. It'll be good
research.

JO JO
Oh really fuckin' Fasano, you gonna
baby-sit!?

Fasano walks o.s. Davis stares adamant. Jo Jo relents.

JO JO (CONT'D)
Fine, but you stay in the car.

INT. KOREAN BBQ PLACE - NIGHT

MEAT sizzles on a table top grill. Smokes travels into the
eyes of --

The two DRUG DUDES (busted from last night), who sit in a
booth across from CORTEZ. Three mute MS-13's guard the door.

CORTEZ
Gooks say smoke in your eyes is
good luck.

The Dudes waft it away. Coughing. Sweating bullets.

DRUG DUDES
Yeah. / Right on.

Cortez offers a plate filled with beef.

CORTEZ
Reminds me of Mama's chorizo.

The Drug Dudes cringe.

DRUG DUDE #1
I'm good.

DRUG DUDE #2
Yeah, real good.

CORTEZ
I'll be the judge of that.

The Dudes grab at the spicy beef like their lives depend on
it. Which it does.

EXT. KOREAN BBQ PLACE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Unmarked Car sits idle.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT (SAME)

Jo Jo, Fasano, and Davis in their usual positions.

DRUG DUDE #1 (THROUGH THE RADIO)
"It's good."

DRUG DUDE #2 (THROUGH THE RADIO)
"Yeah! So good!"

FASANO
That. Is. Terrible acting.

JO JO
Really, Fasano?

FASANO
You saw me in that play. It was good.

JO JO
The best part was when the curtain came down.

Fasano frowns. Davis leans in from the backseat.

DAVIS
Maybe we should go in?

Jo Jo and Fasano look to Davis -- *what do you mean we?*

DAVIS (CONT'D)
You guys.

INT. KOREAN BBQ PLACE - NIGHT (LATER)

An untouched full plate of beef sits between the Drug Dudes.

CORTEZ
You woulda loved the Tofu special last night.

DRUG DUDE #1
Yeah, man we got held up --

DRUG DUDE #2
No. Not held up. A flat tire!

Cortez snaps his fingers. The Drug Dudes flinch. This fact doesn't escape Cortez as --

An MS-13 switches duffle bags on the floor. Checks the contents. Nods.

As Drug Dude #1 reaches for the duffle, Cortez steps on it!

CORTEZ
There ain't no show without a tell.

DRUG DUDE #1
Tell what?

In a flash, Cortez slams Drug Dude #2's hand on the table top grill! Palm flesh sears! He YELPS!

CORTEZ
Where were you!?

DRUG DUDE #1
WE WERE STUCK! I SWEAR TO GOD!

Cortez presses harder! More sizzling! More yelping!

CORTEZ
Keep lying, you'll swear to God
soon enough!

Smoke wafts into the Drug Dudes eyes -- not good luck anymore. This scene is tense until --

A DING DONG whips everyone's attention to --

THE FRONT DOOR

as Jo Jo and Fasano stroll in. An MS-13 halts them.

MS-13
Closed, *Maricon*.

JO JO
Shit Fasano, we missed the all you
can eat buffet.

FASANO
What are we supposed to do with
these coupons then?

Jo Jo and Fasano flash BADGES and GUNS. After a split second, the room reacts!

MS-13's pull MAC-10's and --

Jo Jo and Fasano duck for cover as --

Cortez BLASTS the Drug Dudes, who fall back in their seats! An MS-13 grabs both duffles and follows Cortez to the back.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Davis hears the gunfire and looks --

DAVIS P.O.V. - THROUGH THE WINDOW

CORTEZ and an MS-13 -- duffle bags in hand -- race toward an awaiting Escalade.

INT. KOREAN BBQ PLACE - NIGHT

The gunfight continues as Jo Jo and Fasano exchange rounds with MS-13. Fasano hops on a radio.

FASANO
SWAT! Move in NOW!

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Davis hears Fasano through the radio. Tries to exit the back doors. Both locked.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Escalade backs up in reverse. Cortez is getting away!

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Davis jumps over the back seat into the drivers seat. Reaches down to start the car. No keys!

INT. KOREAN BBQ PLACE - NIGHT

SWAT races in. MP-5's on full auto -- BRRRP! A barrage of bullets mow down diving MS-13!

INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Davis frantically searches for keys as the Escalade races past the back of the Unmarked Car.

In a last ditch effort, Davis pulls down the visor. Keys drop into his lap. He keys the ignition and starts the car -- VROOM!

EXT. KOREAN BBQ PLACE - NIGHT

Jo Jo and Fasano exit as Davis whizzes by in their car.

FASANO
Where's he going!?

Jo Jo commandeers an abandoned CRUSIER. As they jump in.

JO JO
I don't know fuckin' Fasano, he's
your baby!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Escalade weaves through traffic. The Unmarked Car is three cars behind and closing.

INT./EXT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

The MS-13 drives. Cortez looks in the side mirror.

P.O.V. - SIDE MIRROR VIEW

The Unmarked Car weaves and bobs directly behind them.

BACK TO CORTEZ

reaching for a MAC-10. He leans out the window shooting seventy rounds a second at --

INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Endless rounds tear up the hood, making their way to the windshield.

Davis ducks as the windshield spiderwebs.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

The MAC-10 jams! Cortez slams his hand against it as --

INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Davis leans out the window with the large Desert Eagle gun-- he had at the range -- and shoots with his left hand! BOOM!

Davis smirks like he's done this a million times before.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Slugs blow giant holes in the tailgate of the Escalade as --
The Cruiser joins the chase.

INT. CRUSIER - NIGHT

Jo Jo drives like Tony Stewart. Fasano sits on needles.

FASANO
Where'd he get a gun!?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Davis fires again. BOOM!

The slug BLOWS out the Escalade's rear tire, causing the
Escalade to swerve around a corner to the left.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Without a thought, Davis spins the wheel to the left and --

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Unmarked Car rips around the corner and pulls behind the
already abandoned Escalade.

Davis jumps out, but a hundred rounds force him back behind
the door as --

Cortez and the MS-13 spray rounds as they retreat down an
alley.

After the onslaught stops, Davis heads to the alley as --

The Crusier screeches to a halt behind the empty Unmarked
Car. Jo Jo and Fasano hop out, following Davis.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Davis takes cover behind a dumpster as --

Cortez and the MS-13 race down the alleyway and --

Davis aims the large gun. Takes a shot and --

One of the duffles the MS-13 carries explodes from the shot, creating a cash rainstorm and --

Sending The MS-13 to the ground. Cortez abandons the duffles and turns a corner, fleeing into the night.

EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND THE DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Jo Jo joins Davis, Desert Eagle in hand. Fasano races past.

DAVIS
You got a fifty cal clip on ya?

Jo Jo looks at Davis shoulder -- a bullet graze.

JO JO
You're shot!

DAVIS
Really!

Davis looks to his shoulder, then Jo Jo...

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Do you see stars?

...and passes out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

More COPS crowd the scene. They investigate the Escalade. Shell castings are number tagged on the ground -- almost 100.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

A PARAMEDIC tends to Davis.

PARAMEDIC
You're lucky it's just a flesh wound.

DAVIS
Is it gonna scar?

PARAMEDIC
(bearer of bad news)
Probably.

DAVIS
Nice...

Jo Jo rushes over, pulls Davis out...

PARAMEDIC
I'm not done --

...and plants him against a wall.

JO JO
What the fuck was that?

DAVIS
A Desert Eagle auto express.

JO JO
Not your piece! That fuckin' Bad
Boys shit!

DAVIS
You said "stay in the car", I
stayed in the fucking car!

Jo Jo gets in Davis' face.

JO JO
You may have dreamed up a bad ass,
but you ain't ready for the real
thing!

DAVIS
Jo Jo, they were getting away!

JO JO
That's not your job! That's my
job! Your job is to write!

DAVIS
I'm done letting everyone else be
the guy people tell stories about!

JO JO
Keep it up, they'll be telling them
at your funeral!

Davis tries to leave. Jo Jo stops him.

JO JO (CONT'D)
I understand research, but -- the
closer you get in the shit, the
closer the shit gets in you!

DAVIS
So you're saying I'm full of shit!?
Thanks, Brotha.

Davis bolts. Jo Jo watches.

CORTEZ (V.O.)
 "A man will pay any price for two
 things. Familia and love."

INT. POOLHOUSE - NIGHT

Davis types on the laptop. Fingers fly across the keyboard.

CORTEZ (V.O.)
 "Cause familia and love are
 everything. They drive us.
 They're our flaw. No one is
 immune. Even a rich author is
 driven by familia and love. Take
 them away..."

INT. GHETTO COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cortez sits in the red chair.

CORTEZ
 ...All hell breaks lose. You get
 me Esse?

FASANO stands across the room from Cortez!

FASANO
 Leave it to me.

EXT. GREY HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A GRINDER polishes the burr off a bolt. Sparks fly.

Davis pulls off safety glasses to examine the bolt. That's
 when we notice a tattoo on his left shoulder -- The D.M.T.
 Spirit Goddess!

GLEE (O.S.)
 Hi.

Glee stands a few feet away. Davis shuts off the grinder.

DAVIS
 Glee! Wait there!

Davis enters the poolhouse. Glee checks out the bucket
 filled with large bolts.

Davis returns, handing Glee a cross fashioned out of those bolts.

GLEE
I see you've been busy.

DAVIS
Bolt jewelry. OH! Check this out!

Davis shows off the scar on his right arm.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Got it in a gunfight!

Glee checks his wound. Davis sees her concern.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
It's okay. It's just a flesh wound. Is it Thursday already? I gotta return that car...

GLEE
You got a day.

Glee pulls an envelope out of her bag. Offering --

DAVIS
What's this?

GLEE
A refund.

DAVIS
Why?

INT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

Glee and Davis spill onto the bed. Lips locked. Clothes disappear. Built up passion exploding. *I could write the rest but, I'm not E.L. James.*

LATER

in bed, post-sex, Glee lights glass as Davis smells her arm.

DAVIS
How come you still smell like vanilla and I smell like a sub shop?

GLEE
Being made of sugar, spice, and everything nice has it's benefits.

Glee passes Davis the glass. Hit. Exhale.

DAVIS

I was thinking about that "Save the Cat" thing and-- you know who is an unlikable protagonist? Hank Moody.

Glee stares vacant. Davis continues.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

A writer who bats a thousand with women? No one bats a thousand with women! Especially a writer! So, I'm supposed to believe this hack sees more pussy than a toilet at a One Direction concert? Doubt it.

GLEE

Davis, I can't see you anymore.

DAVIS

See, my point exactly.

GLEE

I'm serious. I'm in pretty deep with someone.

Davis pops up in bed.

DAVIS

It's Connor, isn't it!?

Glee stands to get dressed.

GLEE

I shouldn't have come over.

DAVIS

So what was this!? A courtesy lay!? Something to torture me for life with the "coulda been's"!?

GLEE

I'm not gonna answer that.

DAVIS

Oh right! I should text it to you!

Glee leaves with a door slam!

DAVIS (CONT'D)

(after her)

Because you're such an *Edgist*!

Davis' phone rings. Answering --

 DAVIS (CONT'D)
Bad time, Dad!

INT. MERCEDES SLR MCLAREN - DAY

This car cost more than a house. Joel talks into an earbud.

 JOEL
Kido you nailed it! This draft is
amazing! You're on fire!

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Davis steps into green track pants.

 DAVIS
I wish I was.

 JOEL
Great story! The characters have
depth. Heart! An edginess I
haven't read from you in a long
time!

 DAVIS
Fuck edgy!

 JOEL
You're right! It is Kafkaesque!
How's the ending?

 DAVIS
I'm working on it!

 JOEL
You got a week left so, if you run
into trouble, text me. I got some
ideas.
 (then sweet)
Love you.

EXT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

Davis bolts out the door. Slips through the bushes.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Davis runs. Thinking about Glee. Connor. The ending. Two GIRLS run past. They smile. Davis doesn't smile back, not mean, just unaware.

LATER

The Dog Dudes and the Pomeranians, stand in their usual spot.

Davis' eyes even. He runs up to the Dog Dudes as the Pomeranians start barking.

DAVIS
What's their names?

The Dog Dudes shush the dogs and turn to Davis.

DOG DUDE #1
Can I help ya, Bro?

DAVIS
What's their names?

DOG DUDE #1
Tyler Durden and Robert Paulson.

DOG DUDE #2
From Fight Club. Why?

DAVIS
Every time I run here, you two, Tyler, and Bob stand in the middle of the path, when there's a whole park you asshats can sit and talk about lifting weights, or the latest sweat wicking apparel, or what kind of fucking shock collar to use on these fucks!

That felt good. The Dog Dudes stare for a beat, then --

DOG DUDE #1
Bro, watch your mouth.

DOG DUDE #2
Tyler Durden ain't the only dog who bites, dog.

The Dog Dudes turn their backs to Davis as if nothing happened.

Davis stews, alternating glares between the Dog Dudes and the leashed, barking Pomeranians. Until --

Davis scoops up the Pomeranians and THROWS THEM! Yes, THROWS THEM!

Retractable leashes WHIR, letting out slack, until they abruptly stop with a CLICK. The airborne Pomeranians YELP!

The Dog Dudes turn to Davis and GROWL and --

Davis GROWLS back!

This is the calm before the storm, because in a split second, this scene turns into a John Woo fighting sequence!

The Dog Dudes lunge. Kicks fly. Davis blocks one kick with his forearm and takes out the other with a sweep kick and --

Both Dog Dudes hit the ground. Instantly, they flip to upright in unison. Dog Dude #1 tightens a fist at Davis. Dog Dude #2 whistles and --

The two snarling Pomeranians bum rush Davis. Tiny jaws clamp an ankle each as --

The Dog Dudes front flip down the path toward Davis and --

Davis tries to kick the Pomeranians off, but their tiny jaws hold him captive as --

The Dog Dudes draw closer and --

Davis scoops up the Pomeranians, one in each hand as --

The Dog Dudes land in front of Davis with fists of fury and --

Davis blocks punches with the Pomeranians, then tries to wrap the retractable leashes around the Dog Dude's hands.

Instead, Dog Dude #1 grabs a leash to wrap around Davis' neck and --

Davis spins away and wraps it around Dog Dude #1's neck as --

Dog Dude #2 throws a flurry of kicks and punches at Davis, who uses Dog Dude #1's torso as a shield and --

Davis wraps the leash around Dog Dude #2's neck and --

Drops to the ground which causes the leashes to tighten. The Pomeranians and the Dog Dudes butt heads! ALL out cold.

Davis holds a victorious anger pose for a beat, then BOLTS!

INT. CHANNING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A mammoth door opens. Channing Tatum smiles, then worries.

CHANNING TATUM

Davis?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Huge. Sunken. Classical music serenades Davis, who sits on a large sectional, battered and bruised. Channing enters, holding two cans of Coors Light.

CHANNING TATUM

A roving gang of dogs? That's so L.A.

Channing hands him a can, which Davis applies to his head.

DAVIS

I heard Lathrop turned you down.

CHANNING TATUM

Yeah, he texted saying "I'm not edgy"! Has he seen "Magic Mike"?

DAVIS

Maybe he thinks you can't cut the action.

CHANNING TATUM

Have you seen "Magic Mike"?
(then)
Whaddya mean action? Who's action?

DAVIS

The lead.

CHANNING TATUM

Ethan Pining? He's not action based! He's an emotionally underdeveloped coffee house barista who travels to Brazil to meet the free trade coffee grower who supplies beans to his store. Wherein, he secretly falls in love with that same coffee grower's nephew. And together they fight for their love, no matter what the social and familial restraints!

DAVIS
You got that out of ninety six
pages?

CHANNING TATUM
Yeah, easy read. Action? Really?

DAVIS
Let's go.

CHANNING TATUM
Where?

DAVIS
To show Connor what action is all
about.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Davis and Channing head to the Challenger.

CHANNING TATUM
A black on black convertible Hemi!?
That's so weird. I ordered one
last week. Picking it up tomorrow.

Davis smirks as they slide in.

EXT. LATHROP COMPOUND - NIGHT

More like a vacant lot with a plywood shed in the middle.
Davis and Channing hop the temporary chain link fence.

DAVIS
Of course he lives in a shed.

CHANNING TATUM
He's so fucking edgy.

LATER

Davis tells Channing the plan as they cross the lot.

DAVIS
We'll break in, kidnap Connor and --

CHANNING TATUM
Wait! What? Kidnap!?

DAVIS
He knows we're coming. We'll walk
right in.

EXT. LATHROP'S ECO HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A THUMBPRINT LOCK blinks armed! Channing and Davis stare at the lock.

CHANNING TATUM
This is high tech, top level shit.

DAVIS
Haven't you done this before?

CHANNING TATUM
That!? No! Have you?

DAVIS
No. You're the Action Star!

CHANNING TATUM
And you're the Writer! If you don't write it, I don't do it.

DAVIS
Okay. Kick in the door.

Channing backs up. About to kick. He stops.

CHANNING TATUM
Motivation?

Davis glares -- "what!?"

CHANNING TATUM (CONT'D)
My motivation! My inner desire that makes me want to kidnap Connor.

DAVIS
He stole something -- no someone from you.

CHANNING TATUM
Too round. Did he kill my family? Is he gonna blow up L.A.? Did he kill my family to blow up L.A.?

DAVIS
All the above.

Channing closes his eyes. Breathes deep. Then --

CHANNING TATUM
Do I get a writing credit?

DAVIS
Just kick in the fucking door!

Channing steps back. Davis pulls out the Desert Eagle gun.

CHANNING TATUM
I want a prop! If I had a prop it
would be more believable.

Davis points the Desert Eagle at Channing.

DAVIS
It's not a prop.

CHANNING TATUM
Okay, going for realism.

Channing counts then runs full bore at the door as --

Connor opens it from inside. Channing flies into the house.
CRASH! Connor starts to text. Davis puts the Desert Eagle
to Connor's head and SMASHES his phone!

DAVIS
Your service has been interrupted!

INT./EXT. CHALLENGER - NIGHT - (MOVING)

Top up. Windows up. Connor drives. Davis holds him at
gunpoint and peeks at Channing in the backseat -- out cold.

DAVIS
Fucking action starts.
(then to Connor)
Okay Connor, you got some talking
to do! So, start talking!

Connor is mute. Davis waves the Desert Eagle at Connor.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
TALK!

A ROBOTIC VOICE speaks through the RADIO --

ROBOTIC VOICE
"Incoming text from Connor. I
can't talk."

DAVIS
Where's your fucking phone!?

ROBOTIC VOICE

"Incoming text from Connor. In my pocket."

Davis pushes the Desert Eagle harder into Connor's ribs.

DAVIS

Gimme the fucking phone!

ROBOTIC VOICE

"Incoming text from Connor. I can't talk I have no voice birth *deflect.*"

After a typing beat.

ROBOTIC VOICE (CONT'D)

"Incoming text from Connor. Defect."

Davis laughs...

DAVIS

How ironic, the contemporarily edgy voice of a generation has no voice!

...then absorbs the sadness in that statement.

ROBOTIC VOICE

"Incoming text from Connor. Edgy is a label we as authors speak from our depths not concerned with money."

Davis talks at the radio.

DAVIS

Deep!? You wanna go Super Deep Osborne!? OKAY! Original thought has been replaced with sophomoric *sexer-tainment*, dreamed up by fresh faced M.B.A.'s, who creamed their pants over "Pulp Fiction" for all the wrong reasons! How's that for deep!?

A typing beat

ROBOTIC VOICE

"Incoming text from Connor. They're artists we're artists it's our purpose to give an escape from reality shine a light on humanity's greater cause."

DAVIS
 Humanity's greater cause is
 protecting their own skin in the
 game!

A typing beat

ROBOTIC VOICE
 "Incoming text from Connor. Isn't
 that what this is about?"

DAVIS
 No! I'm -- You stole my -- Glee!
 That's what this is about! GLEE!

A typing beat

ROBOTIC VOICE
 "Incoming text from Connor. Glee
 loves you not me."

DAVIS
 Don't lie!

ROBOTIC VOICE
 "Incoming text from Connor. I'm
 not."

DAVIS
 You are!

ROBOTIC VOICE
 "Incoming text from Connor. Not."

DAVIS
 Are!

ROBOTIC VOICE
 "Incoming text from Connor. Not!"

Davis points the giant Desert Eagle at the radio's CD slot as if it was Connor's mouth.

DAVIS
 Say not again! Go ahead! I dare
 you!

Silence. Davis pulls the gun back.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
 Glee doesn't want me. Glee wants
 someone edgy. Someone young.

ROBOTIC VOICE

"Incoming text for Connor. The only difference between old and young is the older we get we start holding on to the sentimental value of things we took for granted when we were young."

That statement hits Davis hard. He catches his reflection in the rearview. *This is the first time Davis sees himself like this and he doesn't like it.*

ROBOTIC VOICE (CONT'D)

"Incoming text from Connor. Where do we go from here?"

EXT. GREY HOUSE - NIGHT

The Challenger pulls through the open gate.

INT./EXT. CHALLENGER - NIGHT

Davis leans into the car. Desert Eagle in hand.

DAVIS

Sorry. It's not loaded.

Davis tucks it in his waistband.

ROBOTIC VOICE

"Incoming text from Connor. A man will do anything for love that's what my book is all about. You feel me?"

Davis smiles.

DAVIS

Take Prince Channing home? This is his car.

ROBOTIC VOICE

"Incoming text from Connor. Take care Davis."

The Challenger drives off. Davis watches as Connor's voice resonates in his head.

INT. GREY HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Davis enters the darkened home.

 DAVIS
Mom!? Twins!?

As he motions for the lights, a pistol whip knocks him out --

 TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

Sounds of a struggle. Mumbling. Slapping. A MALE VOICE breaks through.

 MALE VOICE (V.O.)
"Two men and their dogs were
accosted in the park today. Suzie
Chi has the latest. Suzie."

 SMASH IN:

INT. GREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DAVIS P.O.V. - EYES OPENING

focus on the TV -- The two Dog Dudes talk with reporter SUZIE CHI LIVE from the park.

 SUZIE (ON TV)
"I'm here at Bronson park with Chaz
and Martin. Tell us what
happened."

 DOG DUDE #1/MARTIN (ON TV)
"Chaz and I were talking and this
old dude rolled up on us!"

 DOG DUDE #2/CHAZ (ON TV)
"Martin told him our dogs names,
then he threw them!"

 SUZIE
"What do you mean "threw them"?"

 DOG DUDE #1/MARTIN (ON TV)
"He picked up Tyler and Robert and
THREW THEM!"

Their voices fade as Davis' attention focuses to the RIGHT.

Gagged and bound to chairs next to Davis is Sky, Amber, and Brooke -- all bloody and bruised. Davis' breathing speeds up as he spins his attention to --

An MS-13 who splits time between Brooke's phone and the TV which shows --

A CELL PHONE VIDEO of the fight. Davis looks pretty bad ass from this view. A drawn SKETCH of Davis appears.

The MS-13 turns to Davis. Then to the TV. Then to Davis again. He sees Davis is awake and approaches.

EXT. GREY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The MS-13 deposits Davis in a chair at a poolside table. Sitting around it is Cortez and GLEE -- bound to a chair!

CORTEZ

I thought Davis Grey'd be smarter than this.

The MS-13 rips tape off Davis' mouth. He glares at Glee.

DAVIS

So did I.

Davis looks to the large Desert Eagle gun on the table as an MS-13 positions himself behind Glee with a MAC-10.

CORTEZ

Do it. Go ahead. I'd love to fill another hole in your little chaquita.

GLEE

Davis I'm sorry, they --

DAVIS

What class is he in, "Gang Banging for Fun and Profit?"

GLEE

No, Davis! This is real world!

DAVIS

Ever since I met you, nothing's been real world!

(then, wondering)

I don't know how you got my family to go along...

GLEE
Listen Davis! He's not kidding!
This isn't a lesson!

The MS-13 hits Glee's chair to shut her up. Davis looks to Cortez.

DAVIS
Hey dude, tell your buddy to take
it easy on the furniture, okay--

Cortez smiles. His grill gleams as he shoots Glee in the arm -- POP! She SCREAMS! The MS-13 tapes Glee's mouth as Cortez shoves a Glock in Davis' face.

CORTEZ
Your wild bunch shit cost me a ton
of dream. So, the way I see it,
you owe me five *mil*.

The MS-13 tosses Davis' iPad on the table.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
And don't say you don't have it.

Davis is mute. He stares straight ahead as --

EX-RAY VISION

into Davis' pocket, shows he's blind texting.

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joel watches "Monday Night Football" with several PEOPLE.
His phone BEEPS.

JOEL
Who's phone is that! I told you
vibrate! Vibrate!

They all check phones. Joel's phone is the culprit.

JOEL (CONT'D)
My bad! My bad! It's mine!

SUPERIMPOSE: "TEXT from Davis: nssd yipr hlep"

Joel's eyes light up.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Jo Jo sits at a desk. His phone BEEPS. He looks at it.

SUPERIMPOSE: "TEXT from MY BROTHER: hrkp mu huose"

JO JO
Thanks for the butt-text, Davis.

Jo Jo stashes his phone as Fasano races up.

FASANO
We found Cortez.

EXT. GREY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Cortez stares at Davis. Still mute.

CORTEZ
My mama used to say "Careful of the man with few words, he speaks to angels."

Cortez motions to the MS-13. After a quick search he rips Davis' phone out of his pocket. Hands it to Cortez.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Those are the wrong angels.

Cortez SMASHES it to the ground, then points his Glock at Davis.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Transfer the cash or I start killing your family one by one.

DAVIS
I can't! It's in a trust for my family. I have no money! Look around!?

Cortez pushes the Glock to Glee's temple.

CORTEZ
Then I'll kill her!

Glee's eyes plead. Davis starts to type.

DAVIS
Okay. Okay. Hold on --

Cortez cocks the hammer back.

CORTEZ
Transfer the money!

EXT. GREY HOUSE - NIGHT

Jo Jo and Fasano race to the door.

JO JO
You sure he's in there.

FASANO
My source doesn't lie.

INT. GREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The TV watching MS-13 slithers over to Brooke and --
Sky rocks violently in her chair as --
Amber blinks rapid and --
The MS-13 grabs Brooke's hair. She squirms.

MS-13
You like photos of yourself? How
'bout one with my friend?

The MS-13 moves to undo his pants and aims the phone to take
a picture...

MS-13 (CONT'D)
Say cheese!

...that is until Jo Jo spins him around and lands a Tysonian
left hook that shatters the MS-13's jaw. He hits the ground -
- out cold.

JO JO
Cheese.

Jo Jo unties Brooke, who jumps into his arms. He passes her
to Fasano and unties Sky and Amber.

SKY
They took Davis!

JO JO
SHHH! How many?

AMBER
Three inside. Two out back. Five
perps total.

JO JO
Take Mom outside and wait for
backup.

FASANO
My radio's dead.

Jo Jo tosses Fasano his radio.

SKY
I'm not leaving without Davis!

Jo Jo's eyes even.

JO JO
Neither am I.

EXT. GREY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

BLUE halogen headlights illuminate Sky, Brooke, and Amber rushing down the driveway.

JOEL (O.S.)
Shit...

Joel steps out of the Mercedes to Brooke and Amber's hugs.

BROOKE
Daddy!

SKY
JOEL! They have Davis!

JOEL
Who has Davis?

AMBER
Gang Bangers, looking for drugs and money.

Joel's stares -- *"how do you know that?"*

AMBER (CONT'D)
I play a lot of Grand Theft Auto.

Joel pulls out his phone. Dialing --

SKY
What are you doing?

JOEL
Calling the cops!

SKY
Get in there!

JOEL

Me? No...

SKY

Joel Francis Black! Get your ass in there, before I move into a condo so expensive your bank account will forget what it was like to have money!

That thought sparks Joel into action. He reaches into the glove box and grabs a .38, then hands the phone to Brooke.

JOEL

Tell them to hurry! FUCK!

Joel races o.s.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Cortez still has Glee at gunpoint.

CORTEZ

I'm gonna give you to three.
One... Two...

Davis types frantically --

DAVIS

Hold on! Wait!

CORTEZ

Thr --

POP! POP!

DAVIS' P.O.V.

-- The MS-13 behind Glee falls to the ground. Dead --

-- Cortez slumps to the ground. Dead --

-- Blood splatter and brain matter covers Glee's face --

BACK TO DAVIS

spinning in his seat to see --

FASANO standing a few feet away, holding a smoking Glock.

FASANO

Don't let that gunfire distract you, Davis. Keep typing.

Just then, Jo Jo joins.

JO JO
What the fuck Fasano! I told you
to call for backup!

Without a thought, Fasano shoots Jo Jo in the chest! He hits
the ground.

FASANO
They're already here.

Davis moves to get up. Fasano aims him back to his seat.

FASANO (CONT'D)
Sit the fuck back down! You ain't
no Shep Beckett.

Davis sits. Fasano walks over to Glee. Holds her head.

DAVIS
Leave her alone!

Fasano smiles. Unties Glee. Rips the tape off her mouth.

FASANO
You okay, baby?

GLEE
NO Dad, I'm not! Fucking Cortez,
shot me in the arm!

DAVIS
Your daddy's fucking Fasano!? I
thought you were Jewish!?

GLEE
Only on my bad side.

DAVIS
Are you even an actor?

Glee lunges to Davis -- face to face.

GLEE
Are you edgy? Are you changed?
Are you in love?

DAVIS
Yes.

GLEE
Then I'm an exceptional actor.

EXT. GREY HOUSE - SIDE - NIGHT

Hearing the gunshots, Joel turns the corner into --

THE BACKYARD

Joel walks, shoots, and screams --

JOEL
DIE FUCKTARDS!

Bullets ping around Fasano and Glee. All misses as --

Joel continues until the .38 CLICKS empty! SHIT!

Fasano smirks and unloads his Glock at --

Joel, who dodges bullets and dives into the bushes. Fasano turns to Glee.

FASANO
Be a good little girl and go shoot
the fuck outta that guy.

GLEE
My pleasure.

Glee grabs the MAC-10 and bolts. Fasano sits. Tosses his empty gun. He picks up the Desert Eagle. Points at Davis.

FASANO
Do what you do best and type.

DAVIS
You're not gonna get away with
this.

FASANO
You don't even know what we're
getting away with, do you? How's a
million from Cortez. Five million
from you and a hundred keys of
Dream sound?

DAVIS
Like a weekend with your daughter.
Who, by the way, I fucked!

FASANO
Not the best time to tell me that,
Davis.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Joel runs up the path. Glee is hot on his tail with a MAC-10. Fifteen yards ahead stands --

The NEWS CREW wrapping up with Suzie Chai.

Joel starts to wave.

JOEL
Hey! Over here!

Glee hides the MAC-10 and doubles back to --

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Davis stops typing.

DAVIS
Like I told Cortez. I can't get
the money. So you'll just have to
kill me!

FASANO
Okay.

Without thought, Fasano squeezes the trigger. CLICK! CLICK!
CLICK! He stares in disbelief at the Desert Eagle as --

Davis clobbers Fasano over the head with the iPad and --

The Desert Eagle goes flying as --

Fasano grabs Cortez's Glock and --

Davis grabs Fasano's wrist. Takes the Glock and --

Forces Fasano into the seat as --

Glee returns -- catching breath.

GLEE
He got away --

Davis plants the Glock into Fasano's temple.

DAVIS
Put it down or Daddy dies!

Glee marches right up to Davis and sticks the MAC-10 into his temple.

GLEE
Not if you're dead first!

DAVIS
You shoot me, I shoot him!
Automatic reaction!

GLEE
Take the gun off my Dad! OR YOU
DIE!

Glee is unhinged. She pushes the MAC-10 harder.

FASANO
Glee! Glee, baby Davis is right!
Think back! Thursday movie nights.

The thought causes Glee to dig harder into Davis' temple.

DAVIS
Fasano, tell her!

FASANO
GLEE! What's your favorite movie?
Come on Glee--

The only thing Glee's thinking about is killing Davis.

FASANO (CONT'D)
Glee, think!

After a boggled thought --

GLEE
Shawshank Redemption!

FASANO
Shawshank Redemption. That's
right. Now remember when the
Queens had Andy Dufrene on his
knees? Forcing him to blow them?
What did he say?

GLEE
I don't--

DAVIS
Are you fucking kidding me!?

FASANO
Davis, shut the fuck up!
(calm)
Glee, what did Andy say!?

GLEE

Shoot me in the head and I'll bite
your dick off.

FASANO

Right. Good girl. This is the
same thing, okay. You shoot Davis,
Davis shoots me and we don't want
that, okay, so, put the gun down.

Glee pushes the MAC-10 harder.

FASANO (CONT'D)

Glee! Do it now!

After a final push to Davis' temple, Glee obeys.

FASANO (CONT'D)

Good girl. Good girl. Now shoot
him in the knees.

Glee smiles. Before she can react -- POP!

A BLOODY third eye forms in Fasano's forehead. He slumps
back in the chair.

JO JO

sits on the ground, aiming a smoking Glock.

JO JO

Fuck you, Fuckin' Fasano.

GLEE

spins to Jo Jo with a MAC-10 on tilt! BRRRRP!

Three more to the chest sends Jo Jo back to the ground as --

Davis tackles Glee into the pool --

INT. POOL - NIGHT

SPLASH! Davis and Glee hit the water in the shallow end.

UNDERWATER

The MAC-10 drops like a stone to the bottom and --

Glee reaches for it as --

Davis grabs her arm, pulling her to --

THE SURFACE

Glee bites Davis' hand. He screams and lets go. She heads for the ladder. Davis jumps on her back and they fall --

UNDERWATER

Davis and Glee embrace. Face to face. She bites his lip. They pop to --

THE SURFACE

Glee bites off a chunk of Davis' lip and follows with a punch, sending Davis backwards.

Glee heads to the ladder as --

Davis catches Glee and pins her to the ladder.

DAVIS
You bit my lip!

Glee throws a headbutt. Davis dodges.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm not letting go!

Glee throws another headbutt. Another miss.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm not letting go!

GLEE
YES YOU ARE!

Glee knees Davis in the balls. Davis buckles. Glee sees the DESERT EAGLE GUN on the deck. She grabs it. Spins and --

Squeezes the trigger! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

DAVIS
It's empty, Glee! The cops are coming! It's over! Gimme the gun!

GLEE
You're right. It is over!

Glee throws the Desert Eagle, which tags Davis in the head and --

Glee jumps on Davis. Bites down on his ear. He SCREAMS as Glee RIPS a piece of his ear off. Spits it out then connects with a massive headbutt. The vicious blow knocks Davis out cold.

UNDERWATER

Davis sinks like a stone.

THE SURFACE

Glee climbs up the ladder into --

Jo Jo's GLOCK! Jo Jo shows his bulletproof vest!

JO JO

I always shoot the bad guys first.

In a flash, Glee grabs at the Glock, pulling Jo Jo into the pool! She climbs the ladder as --

POP! POP! POP! Several ROUNDS rip into Glee's back! She falls into the pool. Dead.

Jo Jo dives --

UNDERWATER

Davis lies on the bottom. Jo Jo grabs him.

INT. GREY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Davis lands on the Paverstone. Unconscious. Jo Jo starts C.P.R. as --

The backyard fills with chaos!

Joel enters, followed by Suzie and the camera crew. Suzie motions to "roll camera" and starts to report in detail as --

Sky, Brooke, and Amber enter. They see Davis on the ground as --

Jo Jo pumps on Davis' chest repeatedly and --

Sky BOLTS toward Davis and --

Joel follows suit as --

Brooke and Amber breakdown in tears and --

Jo Jo pumps Davis' chest in vane and --

One more try. No good. Jo Jo falls back in exhaustion...

DAVIS IS DEAD!

Sky falls to Davis' chest -- a mother's agony personified. Joel comforts her as we pull away and --

FLOAT ABOVE

a full view of the scene as COPS swarm the backyard.

DAVIS (V.O.)

"I bet you wanted that happy ending? That movie moment we can all smile about. But did you really? Do we all, really..."

EXT. STORE - DAY

PEOPLE enter and exit. A HOMELESS MAN holds a CUP -- alms for the poor. PEOPLE pass him. Faces in their phones.

DAVIS (V.O.)

"...We're at a special moment in time when twentieth century compassion became twenty first century rejectamenta..."

FIRST HAND P.O.V. - JUMPING FROM A PLANE

falling fast through the clouds.

DAVIS (V.O.)

"...A time where we spend hours ingesting artificial experiences, forgetting ourselves, searching for more. More crazy. More sexy. More more as we live in our little digital bubbles staring at a screen..."

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - GAME ROOM - DAY

Amber and Pete stare at a large TV, playing an RPG video game. They speak words we can't hear through headsets.

DAVIS (V.O.)

"...Seeking the edge with everything at our fingertips. Opinions. Thoughts. Emotions. Summed up with a hashtag and shared worldwide. No risk. All reward.
(MORE)

DAVIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 As our bubbles grow bigger we grow
 less connected..."

EXT. PLANETARIUM - NIGHT

Brooke takes "Selfies" with the planets as Kat videos on a phone.

DAVIS (V.O.)
 "...Here's a thought, which would
 you rather give up. Your phone or
 sex..."

Two BOYS-- BRAD and CHASE-- saunter up to Kat and Brooke, who shove them away. The Girls look at their phones instead.

DAVIS (V.O.)
 "...Most of us would give up
 intimate contact with a human than
 give up distant contact with a
 device. I get it. Real
 connections are messy. They hurt.
 But not in our bubble. We're safe.
 We're connected and that's the most
 important part..."

THE ETHER - NIGHT

MONEY falls from the sky.

DAVIS (V.O.)
 "...Because if you're not connected
 you'll never have money. No money,
 no true love. No true love, you
 die alone. But that's the thing,
 it's a lie..."

QUICK CUTS

of life experiences -- Birth. Friends. Fighting. Loving.
 Crying.

DAVIS (V.O.)
 "...The fact is no matter how big
 your bubble, it won't protect you
 from life -- a race against an
 invisible clock that keeps our
 time. So I say pop it. Pop the
 bubble. Live life. Get dirty..."

QUICK CUTS

of PEOPLE all shapes, sizes, and colors.

DAVIS

"...Embrace each other for what we are, humans being. Not the Geometric colors, shapes, and sizes the media wants us to be..."

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Drifting though the headstones on a rainy day.

DAVIS (V.O.)

"...Because no matter what you believe, we all end up in the inevitable position we were put in from birth... "

Stopping at a headstone -- SHEP BECKETT -- 1979- 2014

DAVIS (V.O.)

"...Horizontal. Here's your happy ending."

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The 20th floor view of Hollywood is still breathtaking.

Tom Maker puts down the final page of a Manuscript.

TOM

This. Is. Amazing! What a fitting end to Shep Beckett! You okay with this?

Joel sits across from Tom and takes a solemn beat.

JOEL

I'd change some things, if had the chance but, I guess I have to be.

Joel turns to the right --

JOEL (CONT'D)

How about you?

A MAN stands at the window. Full head of hair. Green Track suit. Surveying Hollywood --

The Man turns...

...It's DAVIS! He's ALIVE! No scratches. No Bruises. No half missing lip. No missing chunk of ear. He smiles.

DAVIS

Yeah Tom. I'm good.

TOM

"Blown Away, The Adventures of Jo Jo Grey"! This is gonna be huge!
(presses a button)
Nadine! Tell legal to extend Davis Grey's contract.

Davis nods to Joel.

JOEL

Hold on Tommy. We appreciate the offer but, we're going to pass.

TOM

Pass? You can't pass! I can only pass!

JOEL

You already did.

TOM

Not on this! We passed on that other thing.

JOEL

The other manuscript was a draft. This is a re-write of that draft. Which we're free to shop since you passed.

Tom is speechless. Davis smiles.

DAVIS

It's simple, we're dropping you.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Davis stands with Joel near the Mercedes McLaren.

JOEL

We got three publishers ready to deal. Your choice.

DAVIS

The only deal I want, is the one that lets me adapt myself.

JOEL
 Okay, but, don't make me the father
 of the twins. I have a hard enough
 time being yours.

Joel hugs Davis.

JOEL (CONT'D)
 Love you. A lot.

DAVIS
 Love you too, Dad.

A BEEP sets Joel into motion. He slips into The Mercedes.

JOEL
 It's Niners versus the Hawks. I
 gotta -- You want --?

DAVIS
 Nah, I'll talk to you later.

The Mercedes peels out.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY (LATER)

Davis heads to the Infinity. Top down. Windows up.

Sky sits in the passenger seat, singing "Nothing's Gonna Stop
 us Now" by Starship, with the Radio.

SKY
*"We can build this thing together.
 Any type of weather. Nothing's
 gonna stop us now..."*

Davis slips in. Turns down the Radio.

SKY (CONT'D)
 So...

DAVIS
 Javier's back on Monday.

Sky kisses Davis on the cheek as he turns the key. The
 Infinity doesn't start.

SKY
 My bad.

Davis drops his head.

INT. "HOW TO WRITE A SCREENPLAY" CLASS - DAY

A room used for Yoga. Glee teaches. She's alive too.

GLEE
McKee and most film schools say
"no" to voice over, it's bad
storytelling. I guess they haven't
watched a Scorsese film in the last
twenty years.

LATER

Davis approaches Glee.

DAVIS
Hi, Glee.

GLEE
Davis Grey! You never got back to
me about edgy lessons.

DAVIS
It took me a month to recover from
the first one.

GLEE
I bet. How's the book?

DAVIS
Finished. Adapting the screenplay.

GLEE
Nice. I'm glad I can help.

A beat

DAVIS
Do you wanna grab a drink?

GLEE
Quit. On a cleanse. Tea?

DAVIS
Tea it is.

As they walk out --

DAVIS (CONT'D)
This might seem weird but -- how do
you feel about your father?

TO BLACK.