

(Name of Project)

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EXT. DESERT - DAY

DARREN, a twenty something, white male, wearing a black button up shirt and dress pants, who looks dirty and tired. He is sweating profusely and could use a shave.

Next to him on the side of the deserted desert road is a blue '88 Ford Tempo.

The car has smoke wafting slightly out of the hood and the exterior is beat to hell.

There appear to be bullet holes in the windshield, which happens to be the only window left on the car that is not completely missing. The interior is completely ripped apart.

Darren has a noticeable reddish bruise on the right side of his face.

At Darren's feet there is a bulging duffel bag and in his hand is a road map.

He shades his eyes and looks off into the distance. An old red pick-up truck is rumbling down the road.

He looks at his wrist but there is no watch.

INT. GROCERY STORE

YOUNGER DARREN, maybe five or six, is standing alone in the cereal aisle looking around.

DARREN(V.O.)

When I was little I got lost in the store. I remembered my mom saying that if I ever got lost I should just stay put until she found me. Of course, she never came back, but I forgave her.

ROSA, a middle aged Mexican woman with long black hair and a red flowery dress walks up to Younger Darren and squats down in front of him.

She speaks to him in Spanish and he seems to understand her.

ROSA

You again? You're always getting into trouble.

Younger Darren just nods his head.

ROSA

Well, are you looking for someone?

Younger Darren sort of shrugs and shakes his head from side to side.

ROSA

Is someone coming to get you?

Younger Darren shrugs again.

Rosa puts out her hand to him and he grabs onto it.

ROSA

Come with me.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Darren is still standing on the side of the road by the beat up Tempo.

The red pickup truck has pulled up next to him and the passenger door is open. It's an old truck but it's in pretty good shape.

Inside the truck, Rosa sits behind the wheel.

DARREN(V.O.)

To be lost you have to have a destination.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Darren is swinging slowly in a hammock that is strung up between two palm trees.

He has on a straw hat, an unbuttoned Hawaiian print shirt, and some swim trunks.

There is a pair of flip-flops on the ground next to him in the white sand that stretches off in every direction.

He is lazily sipping something through a straw that is protruding out of the top of half a cocoa nut with a little umbrella poking out.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Darren grabs his bag and tosses it into the back of the pickup then hops in.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Darren stares out the window as they drive. Rosa hums Dancing "With Myself by Billy Idol" softly to herself.

DARREN(V.O.)

I guess I shouldn't be so trusting
of strangers. It seems to get me
into trouble more often than not.

Rosa looks over at Darren.

ROSA

What, you don't trust me?

Darren just smiles at her.

ROSA

Where are you going?

He shrugs a little.

ROSA

You look at your map and let me
know when you decide.

Darren starts to unfold his map. It is a map of Mexico that has seen better days.

Once it's open on his lap he begins to trace the little yellow squiggly line drawn on it with his finger. The line appears to follow a road.

At the end of the yellow line there is a red arrow that has been scribbled onto the map and it points left over to the ocean.

INTERCUT OR DISSOLVE OR SOMETHING SO THAT THE RED ARROW
DISAPPEARS AND THE MAP GETS NEWER AND NEWER.

The same map, it has the yellow line but it is brand new and there is no red arrow.

Darren's hands begin to fold the map up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Darren sits on the corner of the bed in the dark hotel room folding up the map.

The room is nothing fancy, just a regular old hotel that is in desperate need of an update.

He is partially illuminated by a sliver of sunlight that is creeping in through the curtains. He has on jeans and a white T-shirt with some words printed on the front in black.

Off to the side of the window, back in the corner in the shadow, sits STEVE. Because of the shadows it's impossible to see what he looks like.

STEVE

So see man, it's all planned out.
All you have to do is get in and
get out.

DARREN(V.O.)

That's Steve, he's an asshole.
Okay, that's not fair. I can admit
I'm part of the problem.

Darren shifts a little and stuffs the map into his pocket.

Steve leans forward and puts his elbows on his knees. He manages to stay in the shadows still but some of the light coming in reflects off his sunglasses.

STEVE

Look man, this is it. That's why
I'm having you do this. So you
don't have to do this anymore. I
just need your help this one last
time and I'll be good to go. It's
just Paully is fucking...

Darren drops back onto the bed and lets out a sigh. He rubs his temples while staring at the ceiling. He closes his eyes and nods subtly

STEVE

Perfect!

DARREN(V.O.)

He always says that. Perfect. Even
when things are anything but.

Darren gets up and walks over to the bathroom. He opens the door and steps inside.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM

The bathroom is old but spotless. It's pearly white with chrome and everything sparkles. There are nice, bright white towels hanging next to the sink.

Darren looks at himself in the mirror as he turns on the water and lets it run.

He shakes his head. And bends over to splash water on his face.

OVER VIEW OF DARREN AT SINK

Darren is bent over the sink blocking it from our view. His back and shoulders giggle a bit as he scrubs his face with water.

He stands up abruptly and the sink is filthy.

INT. TRAIN STATION BATHROOM

Darren is standing in front of the mirror as he was in the hotel room but this bathroom is completely filthy.

He reaches over to where the nice white towels were and finds a paper towel dispenser in it's place. He puts his hand inside but there are no paper towels.

He looks around to find a something to dry his face but there is nothing in the bathroom except the trash on the floor which is surrounded by used paper towels.

He pulls his White T-shirt up and uses it to dry his face. It's the same shirt he wore in the hotel room. The words are still not readable.

Darren bends over and picks up a silver brief case and heads for the door.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Darren steps out of the quiet bathroom and into the noisy, hustling, bustling train station.

There are people everywhere moving in all directions and he attempts not to bump into anyone as he makes his way into the crowd.

He takes a few steps when POLICEMAN #1 steps in front of him.

POLICEMAN #1

Darren, I need you to come with me.

He takes a step backwards and bumps into someone who just keeps going. As they move out of the way POLICEMAN #2 steps in behind Darren.

DARREN(V.O.)

Perfect.

Darren looks over his shoulder and now sees Policeman#2 standing behind him.

He takes a quick step to the side to put himself an equal distance from both Policemen. He pulls the brief case up to his chest like some sort of shield.

POLICEMAN #2

We just need to ask you some questions.

Policeman#2 moves one hand over toward his night stick and puts the other one out palm up toward Darren.

POLICEMAN #2

Just come with us.

Policeman #2 starts to reach out and grab Darren and as he does so someone briskly walks in between them bumping the officer rather hard.

EVERYTHING FREEZES.

DARREN(V.O.)

Sometimes when you see an opportunity...

THINGS UNFREEZE.

Darren turns and takes off running. The people in the crowded train station seem to move around him like he's not there and in a second he is gone from view.

The policemen look at one another and run after him.

DEPARTURES & ARRIVALS

There are still people everywhere. They move like liquid on and off of trains and in and out of the little stores that are directly across from where the trains are stopped.

Slowly the sea of people starts to part and Darren comes running down the middle of the split in the crowd with the brief case clutched to his chest. As he passes, the crowd moves back together.

DARREN(V.O.)
...you just have to take
it.

Darren screeches to a halt, looks both directions, and bolts to his right disappearing from view.

A few seconds later Policemen #1 and #2 come struggling through the crowd and just keep going not seeing that Darren changed direction.

INT. STORE - DAY

The store is closed and the lights are off. The roll down gate that covers the front of the store is up just a little from the floor.

There are a couple of rows of products in the center of the store. Darren is ducked down behind one of them towards the back.

DARREN(V.O.)
I never say no to Steve.

Darren looks out to the front of the store where the crowds of people wander around.

He stands up and begins to slowly maneuver his way to the front of the store making sure he's never too far from something to hide behind.

He stops by the counter and sees a pack of red pens just sitting there. He picks them up and looks at them then looks around.

He stuffs them into his pocket. When he brings his hand back out he has his train ticket. He looks at it and then looks at his watch.

He moves up to the front and looks both ways through the gate.

TRAIN #52179

Darren is on the side of the train getting ready to board. He hands the CONDUCTOR his ticket and looks around nervously. The conductor checks it, tears off a piece and hands it back.

Darren heads up the steps and disappears onto the train only to reappear again in the window as he finds his seat. He looks out the window at the conductor then finds something inside to occupy his attention.

CONDUCTOR
All aboard! Number
departing
for Phoenix!

The conductor looks around and gets on the train himself.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Darren sits alone next to the window unfolding the map. He gets out the package of pens and opens it up using one of them to scribble something on the map.

People mill about outside the train.

He leans his head up against the glass.

DARREN(V.O.)
Why do I say yes?

Darren pulls out a headset, seemingly from no where, and puts it on.

INT. TELESTAR - DAY

The room is full of cubicles with people seated in them. There are lots of people talking all at once.

The tops of everyone's heads are the only thing visible of the people telemarketing with the exception of Darren whose whole head juts up above his cubicle off in the back of the room.

Darren uses his hand on the little lever under his seat to adjust the height of his chair so that he moves up and down slowly.

DARREN
Hi, my name is Darren and, hello?
Hello?

He sinks back down. Then comes back up. As he goes up and down he also swivels back and forth.

DARREN
Hello, Geraldine? Hi, this is
Darren with
(MORE)

DARREN (CONT'D)

BMF, the reason I'm calling
is...BMF, it stands for Bureau of
Morgan County Fundraising. We're a
branch of Telestar...No. Okay, well
we appreciate your time.

Darren's BOSS walks behind Darren and drops a piece of paper
on his desk from over his shoulder. He is only visible from
the neck down and he's wearing a white button up shirt with
khakis pants.

Darren picks up the paper and with out looking at it, folds
it, and stuffs it in his pocket. Darren stares straight ahead
at the computer screen in front of him.

DARREN

Hello, Mrs. Frank? Hi Mrs. Frank,
this is Darren with BMF...

INT. MRS. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MRS.FRANK, an older lady with white hair, is reclining in her
lounge chair in front of the television while watching some
random game show with the phone to her ear.

Everything in the house is pre-80's and seems to glow with a
strange orange tint.

MRS. FRANK

(into the phone)

Oh no, I'm just a little old lady
and I don't have much money.
Especially not enough to go giving
any of it away.

She reaches down and grabs the lever on the recliner and
yanks.

The chair springs into its upright position, which basically
tosses her up onto her feet and also yanks the rest of the
phone off the little end table by the recliner so that it
dangles by the cord.

MRS. FRANK (CONT'D)

(moving the phone out to
arms length)

I don't give a fuck if they all
burned up in a fire! I don't know
anything about that so leave me
alone! If I was going to give you
people anything I'd do it through
my son...

MRS. FRANK (CONT'D)
No, he's not a fireman!

She throws the phone at the table where it used to sit and slams herself back into the recliner not bothering to hang it up.

She stands back up immediately and walks over to the doorway.

She opens the door and leans in.

MRS. FRANK (CONT'D)
Tell your goddamn friends not to
call here any more!

INT. TELESTAR - DAY

Darren is sitting at his cubicle. He has a big grin on his face.

He reaches up and uses his index finger and thumb to rub his eyes with one hand. He has stopped moving around so much in his chair.

DARREN(V.O.)
If selling drugs is illegal,
telemarketing definitely should be.

Still rubbing his eyes not looking at the screen.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Hello, Mr. Brown? Oh, I'm sorry,
young lady, is your father home?

INT. GREEN'S RESIDENCE - DAY

Eight year old KATIE is standing by the counter with the wall mount phone in her hand.

KATIE
Yeah, hold please.

Katie takes the phone and sets it down on the counter and heads around the corner to the back door.

She opens the screen door and steps out side into the nice spring day.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy!

She runs through the grass in her bare feet, past toys and a swing set, toward the red garage/barn type thing at the back of the yard.

She runs up to an old ladder that is leaning on the side of the barn. Leaning her head back she cups her hands around her mouth.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Daddy!

MR. GREEN(O.S.)

Yeah, Katie!?

KATIE

There's a man on the phone for you.
He asked for Mr. Brown.

The ladder starts to shake and rattle in front of Katie.

MR. GREEN(O.S.)

Must be your uncle being silly
again.

MR. GREEN'S big work booted feet come plopping down the ladder. He is wearing coveralls and a flannel shirt.

ALWAYS KEEP FOCUS ON KATIE'S FACE.

As he steps off the ladder Katie stands directly behind him staring up. He steps in something wet that makes a sloshing sound.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

Aw crap!

KATIE

Daddy!

MR. GREEN

Don't tell your mother on me. She'd
kill me if she knew I talked like
that in front of you.

KATIE

I won't.

She reaches up her hand to him and he takes it. They walk back through the yard and into the house. They both leave a trail of muddy footprints through the hallway.

INT. GREEN'S RESIDENCE - DAY

Mr. Green picks up the phone and puts it to his bearded face.

Katie stands staring up at him and he rests his hand on her face.

MR. GREEN

Donnie, how's it going? -- Darren?
Darren who? -- I don't get it? Why
are you calling me? -- No. No. You
got me off the roof to ask for
money!? Oh wait, I got another
call.

Mr. Green reaches over and hangs up the phone.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

Katie, you're not allowed to answer
the phone anymore.

KATIE

Okie dokie daddy.

She smiles and skips out of the room.

INT. TELESTAR - DAY

Darren is still sitting at his cubicle but now he has his headset off and he is holding the microphone next to his mouth.

He's squinting his eyes a little bit and has his head turned slightly to the side.

DARREN

Hello? Hello?

He hits some random key on his computer and the screen changes.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello? Mr. Demico?

The muffled sound of someone talking comes out of the headset.

Darren hits another key. He does not put his headset back on and goes right into his pitch.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Hello Mr. Demico? Hi, this is
Darren with B-M-F...

DANIEL DEMICO'S P.O.V.

Daniel is starring at his feet, which are sticking half way out of the water on either side of the faucet in his bathtub.

His right hand is up on the side of the tub fiddling with a blue disposable razor. The water is grayish and splashes gently around.

DANIEL

(very monotone)

Uh huh. Uh huh. Sure. Uh huh. Okay.
How much? -- Twenty sounds good.

Daniel shifts so that he is sitting more upright in the tub and as his feet disappear into the water his knees begin to poke out a little.

The gray water dips and swells. His right arm disappears off to the side of the tub.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Oh, no. I'm in the tub. -- No. It's fine. My address is 7605 Brooke Ln.
-- Yeah, that's right.

He cocks his head to the side to hold the phone with his ear and moves his left arm over to where his right arm has disappeared to so that he is kind of leaning half out of the tub.

He shifts again and the water just sloshes around.

Daniel drops something and it falls onto the tile floor making a clacking noise as it hits.

MR. DEMICO

No, thank you. Goodbye.

His left arm comes back across and grabs the phone as he straightens his head. He turns off the phone and it makes a beep sound.

He tosses the phone and it smashes into the wall in front of him and the broken pieces splash into the water. Some of the pieces float and some of them sink.

There is some more sloshing and his feet reappear, one on either side of the faucet.

The water begins to turn red very rapidly.

INT. DANIEL DEMICO'S BATHROOM - DAY

Mr. Demico has his head rolled lazily back against the wall. His eyes are open but he's not really staring at anything.

There is a trail of blood running down the side of the tub.

A broken blue disposable razor sits on the floor next to the tub.

Daniel slides his upper half down into the tub so that his feet come way out above the faucet as his head disappears.

INT. TELESTAR - DAY

Darren sits at his cubicle but now he has his head set on again. He has a rather confused look on his face.

BOSS(O.S.)

Break!

Darren looks at his wrist but he's not wearing a watch. He takes his headset off and throws it on the desk.

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

For those of you who didn't read the memo I just passed out, please hang up your headsets, they are expensive to replace.

Darren reaches down and picks up his head set and puts it on the hook on the side of his cubicle.

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

Hey Darren.

Darren turns to look in the direction his Boss' voice came from.

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

Good job on that one. You'll bring up your average yet.

Darren nods a little without changing his expression and turns around.

EXT. TELESTAR - DAY

Darren stands outside alone leaning up against the side of the building.

The door opens to his right and out walks STEVE. He's slender with shoulder length blonde hair and a tie-dyed shirt that says "Don't you get me..." with ellipses instead of a question mark.

He's wearing sunglasses when he comes out and even though they are standing in the shade he leaves them on.

STEVE
Hey, what's up?

Darren just looks at Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Cool. You smoke?

Darren looks down at his cigarette then back at Steve.

DARREN(V.O.)
He's really not dumb.

STEVE
No man, weeeeeed?

Steve puts his thumb and index finger together and pretends to smoke a joint.

Darren shakes his head from side to side.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Perfect, You won't smoke it all up.

Darren stops looking at Steve and takes a drag off his cigarette.

Steve gets a bit quiet and looks around as he takes a step in towards Darren putting his hands out, palms up, in a calming gesture.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Look, I got some shit I need to move. Quite a bit really. -- So?

Darren just takes another drag.

STEVE
Right, so I'm letting you in on it silly.

Steve playfully punches Darren in the arm.

Darren just stares at Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Well?

Darren throws his cigarette and turns and grabs the door handle.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Wait!

Darren stops but does not turn around choosing to look at Steve in the reflection of the glass.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Darren opens the door and starts to step inside.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Man. Look, I know you got your own place right?

Darren stops in his tracks. He turns very slowly and steps back out letting the door shut behind him as he turns.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Perfect.

They walk toward each other.

STEVE (CONT'D)

So you don't have to go pushing on the street man. I've got people lined up. You just sit on your ass and they will come to you.

Darren lights another cigarette.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Seventy thirty split.

Darren turns around.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(quickly)
Sixty forty!

Darren takes a drag off his cigarette as he steps toward the door.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Okay! Fifty fifty.

Darren flicks his smoke and looks at his left wrist where his watch would be if he wore one.

Steve's arms go limp and his posture slumps.

Opening the door, he steps out of the way to let Steve back inside first. As Darren turns to hold the door he has a big grin on his face.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(jumping back to life)
Alright! Dude jeez. Ball breaker.

Steve takes the queue and heads for the door. He slaps Darren in the shoulder on his way in.

Darren enters the building after him and the door swings shut quietly behind them.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Back at the hotel, Darren and Steve are in their respective places in the room.

Darren is just now coming out of the bathroom and he's carrying a towel and plays with it distractedly as he plops down on he bed.

DARREN(V.O.)
I don't mind selling drugs. I'm
just ready to stop. I've got money
saved and some vague plans on how
to spend it.

Steve leans over into the light coming through the blinds and picks up a sliver brief case from his right hand side then tosses it onto the bed right next to Darren.

Darren doesn't even glance at it.

Steve leans back into the shadows.

Darren props up on his elbows.

STEVE
Plus, you know I'm a pretty good
judge of character.

Darren nods his head in agreement.

DARREN(V.O.)
He was right about that, sorta.
Steve just seems to find eccentric
people is all.

Darren turns his head and looks at the case.

He sits up and grabs it and puts it in his lap and begins to examine it. It's a very rectangular, tough looking case.

STEVE

Just don't lose it before you get there. And then make sure you lose it all. And don't make it too obvious.

Darren looks from the case back to Steve and nods again.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Perfect.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Darren and Rosa are in an old gas station somewhere in Mexico still. There are aisles of food and random necessities. The whole place is bathed in a strange yellowish light.

Darren wanders one of the aisles and grabs some type of snack cake off the shelf and walks over to Rosa who is at the counter trying to pay.

There is no one on the other side of the counter.

Darren reaches into his pocket and puts a 100 dollar bill onto the counter.

Rosa looks at him slyly.

ROSA

Where did you get that?

Darren winks at her and walks away without waiting for his change. He gestures for her to follow.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The sun is still blazing and Darren stands facing it on the passenger side of the truck shielding his eyes as he pumps the gas.

Rosa walks out of the store and through the dusty parking lot. She goes around to the driver's side of the truck and gets in.

She leans over toward the window so Darren can hear her.

ROSA

So have you decided yet?

She glances down on the seat next to her and sees Darren's map with the red arrow that points toward the ocean.

ROSA (CONT'D)

We can make it in time for the sun set.

Darren finishes pumping the gas and hangs the nozzle back onto the pump.

He opens the door and hops in.

Darren opens the granola bar he bought and takes a bite. Rosa starts the truck and they take off.

INT. TRAINSTATION #2 - DAY

Train #52179 is just finishing up unloading and Darren is the last one off. He looks around nervously.

Darren reaches into his pocket and pulls out a piece of paper and squints at it. The piece of computer paper has Wilson Car Rentals printed across the top. It's all wrinkled up.

Even though he's inside it's very hot and Darren is already sweating profusely.

He looks back and forth as he walks along intermittently squinting at the piece of paper. He's not really paying attention to the people around him and he keeps bumping into them and getting bumped.

He finally sees the place he's looking for and makes his way over.

INT. WILSON'S CAR RENTALS

Darren comes in through the glass door and is hit by a gust of cold air that blows his hair back and makes him smile.

He walks up to the counter and rings the bell.

PATTI, a middle aged lady with very curly brown hair, comes out from somewhere in the back wearing one of the awful looking uniforms customer service personnel always seem to wear.

PATTI

(annoyed)

Can I help you?

Darren doesn't seem to notice her mood because he's so happy to be in the air conditioning.

PATTI (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Do you have your confirmation?

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the piece of wadded up paper and hands it to her.

She grabs it and barely looks at it and then tosses it aside.

PATTI (CONT'D)

I can't read that. What's the last name?

Patti starts typing loudly.

Darren gets out his driver's license and slides it across the counter. She ignores him.

DARREN(V.O.)

Steve always let me come up with stupid names for us whenever we needed aliases.

Patti stops typing.

PATTI

Patrick?

Darren is grinning and nodding stupidly.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Says here it was reserved for you by a Mr. Phillip Upmore?

Darren laughs but tries to hold it back.

PATTI (CONT'D)

I see. Can I see your driver's license?

Patti finds no humor in any of it.

Darren taps on his I.D. that sits on the counter.

She snatches it.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Mr. Upmore has a specific car chosen for you. We'll have someone take you to it.

Patti walks over to a big white metal box on the wall and opens it. She scans with her finger over lots of sets of keys and then grabs one.

She then walks over to the microphone next to the computer and presses the talk button.

PATTI (CONT'D)

J.R., could you please come up front. We have a customer that needs to be taken to his car.

Patti hands Darren the keys and he takes them from her still grinning.

PATTI (CONT'D)

He should be up here in just a minute and he'll take you out. I'll just need you signature here.

Darren glances at the keys as Patti produces a sheet of paper for him to sign.

She hands him a pen and he signs the paper.

PATTI (CONT'D)

It's in space number...

Just as Darren begins to ask another question J.R. comes lumbering out from somewhere over to Darren's right. He's a great big black guy that looks to be about 60 years old.

J.R.

Let's go now, don't want to hold people up. They got places to be just like you.

Darren checks the keys again. They say FORD on them.

Darren follows J.R. around the corner where he came from.

INT. VAN - DAY

Darren is sitting all the way in the back of the huge van even though there is no one else in there with him except for J.R., and he is driving.

J.R.

In town for work?

J.R. Looks at Darren in the rearview.

Darren looks up at him and nods.

J.R. (CONT'D)

What kind?

Darren turns and looks out the window at all the parked cars they are passing.

J.R. (CONT'D)

(jokingly)

What? You sellin', weed?

Darren looks back up front with a furrowed brow.

J.R. (CONT'D)

(more seriously now)

You get me a good deal on or what?

He puts his right arm over the seat and turns around while he's driving so he can face Darren.

J.R. (CONT'D)

I don't need that much man.

Darren doesn't answer and he just thoughtlessly moves the brief case from one side of him to the other.

J.R. Turns back around but continues to look at Darren in the rearview mirror.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Once again we return to Darren and Steve in the hotel room.

They are still in the same positions they were in before.

STEVE

So you don't have to take anything except the briefcase. There will be a duffel bag in the car at the train station with everything you need. Besides what's in the brief case.

Darren sits up.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Of course. Now listen, you gotta lose everything. The only thing you won't lose is the stuff in the duffel bag. Anything else goes. Bet everything and lose it all.

Steve lights up a cigarette and the flame is reflected in his sunglasses. He pulls the ashtray over to the corner of the table.

STEVE (CONT'D)
He's a control freak. He's
paranoid. He's careful.

He takes a long slow drag and then exhales. The room fills with smoke.

Darren just stares at the ceiling.

STEVE (CONT'D)
He's lost it. I'd go but he said
it's you or nothing. It's the only
way he'll let us out of it. He
wants to meet you so he knows you
aren't gonna squeal or something.
Besides, I gotta go meet this other
guy. I don't want to deal with him
anymore either.

Darren looks over at Steve and puts his hand out.

Steve tosses him a cigarette.

Darren lights it and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a piece of paper and hands it over to Steve.

Steve looks at the list of things Darren expects for his trip.

STEVE (CONT'D)
What is this? A list for the car?
Dude!? No way.

Darren just stares at him.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Okay, okay. Air conditioning and
everything. I'll make sure it has
it all.

They both take a long drag off of their respective cigarettes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Darren is standing in a huge parking lot and there are no cars around except for a blue '88 Ford Tempo.

It's the same one he's standing next to on the side of the road when Rosa picks him up but it's in much better shape.

The concrete goes on seemingly forever in all directions.

The white shuttle van is driving off in the distance behind Darren. It's so hot there are heat waves coming up off the concrete.

Darren walks up to the car slowly and peaks in the back window. There is a duffel bag sitting in the seat.

Darren pulls the keys out and sticks them in the door. He turns the key and the door unlocks.

Darren opens the door and throws the brief case on the passenger seat.

He gets in and checks to make sure it has A/C and a CD player. When he finds them both, he puts the key in the ignition and starts it up.

He shuts the door and reaches over and starts to slide the A/C lever all the way over to the blue but it breaks off. He stares at it for a second.

Darren begins banging furiously on the steering wheel and screaming. With the door closed nothing can be heard.

He begins to honk the horn repeatedly and it just echoes through the empty lot.

INT. TEMPO - DAY

Darren is screaming and honking the horn. He finally stops and straightens his hair in the rearview mirror.

He then furiously rolls his window down.

He leans over into the passenger seat and rolls the window down then opens his door and steps out.

He opens the back driver's side door and proceeds to roll down the two back windows as well.

After getting back into the front seat he reaches into the back and finds the duffel bag and pulls it up front. He opens it and reaches inside. He pulls out a necklace and shakes his head.

He drops the necklace and grabs the case of CD's. He tosses the bag into the back and begins to flip through the CD's. He picks one and puts it in.

He puts the car into drive and lets out a sigh pulling away like nothing ever happened.

INT. BAR - DAY

Darren is seated at a round booth table in an empty bar facing VIC DEMICO who has his back to the big empty room.

Vic is an older guy with graying hair and an Italian accent wearing a suit who seems fairly agitated.

Darren sits in silence as Vic slowly sips out of his glass and makes odd faces that seem to indicate some kind of pain after every sip.

He has tears in his eyes.

On the wall above Darren's head there is a picture of Daniel Demico.

DARREN(V.O.)

After Steve happened onto his first big score he had to find a way to get more. That's where Vic came in. He was cool at first, but we were with him for a total of three weeks. After that he found out about his son and it pretty much went to shit.

Vic calmly sets his drink down.

VIC

So you don't wanna do business with old Vic anymore huh? Seems like no one wants to stick with Vic anymore. First Danny, then Tony, now you guys.

He twirls his drink around.

VIC (CONT'D)

That's okay. I understand. I don't blame you. I'm sorta tough sometimes. I do gotta temper.

Vic just sort of stares into his glass.

Darren nods in agreement.

Vic downs his drink as TONY, a young street kid walks up behind him with a bag of food. Tony sets it down in front of Vic and he looks inside.

VIC (CONT'D)
Tony, I hate fucking chicken
nuggets! FUCKING
CHICKEN NUGGETS!

Vic pushes himself away from the table and stands up. He turns around and smashes his glass into Tony's head.

Tony falls to the floor holding his head and bleeding all over the place.

Darren drops down under the table.

Vic reaches down and rips open Tony's shirt. There is a small microphone with a wire attached taped to his chest.

Cop cars screech to a halt in front of the bar and Vic reaches in his coat and pulls out a gun. He begins shooting out the front window. The police return fire quickly.

Darren begins to crawl his way to the back of the bar. He heads for the back door.

Vic starts shooting at the police with his gun turned sideways in his right hand and his left arm outstretched.

VIC (CONT'D)
What, you pigs want
some of me?

Vic squeezes off a few more rounds.

Darren makes it to the door just as POLICEMEN #3 and #4 burst in. The door opens inward and shields him from their view. As they run toward Vic, Darren slips out.

DARREN(V.O.)
I don't think Vic would have ratted
on us even if he got the chance.

POLICEMAN#3
Freeze! Drop the weapon!

Vic whirls around and aims his gun at the cops.

He pulls the trigger but the gun starts making clicking noises instead of bangs.

POLICEMAN#4
Drop the weapon or we will fire.

Vic doesn't quit pulling the trigger or make any attempt to remove himself from harm's way.

Even though his gun is empty the police fire at him multiple times.

Vic falls down face first onto the floor and bleeds on himself. As he lies there he is still pulling the trigger until he finally just stops.

INT. TEMPO - DAY

Darren is rolling down the freeway with all the windows down and the stereo up.

DARREN(V.O.)
After Vic there was Justin. He was cool...at first.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Darren and Steve pull up in Steve's Camaro.

JUSTIN (twenty something, long hair) is already there waiting on them next to his green Dodge van. He wears a white T-shirt with black lettering on the front that reads "...it's just a suggestion, you don't...".

DARREN(V.O.)
Steve said Justin overdosed on LSD.

Steve and Darren get out and walk over and the whole time Justin is dancing back and forth and looking around everywhere.

Darren puts out his hand to shake with Justin but Steve stops him.

Justin takes a step back and gets into some type of martial arts stance shaking his head no.

DARREN(V.O.) (CONT'D)
After about a year his codes and games just got to be too much trouble.

Steve steps in front of Darren.

STEVE
It's all right, you know Darren.
He's still cool.

Something in Justin's face changes but he's still keeping his distance.

JUSTIN
S, W-Y-G'S-F'D?

STEVE
Nah, we weren't followed.

Darren looks at Steve then shakes his head no.

JUSTIN
C-I-G-T-S-R-N, B-I-G-M-I-S.

STEVE
Why don't we just pick it up from
where it is now?

Justin shakes his head vigorously.

JUSTIN
T-R-M, S-M-H-S-M-P-I-T.

STEVE
Fair enough. So where are we gonna
pick it up?

Justin looks around and waves Steve in closer so even Darren
can't hear.

JUSTIN
(whispering)
T-A-G-C-B-T-B-K-O 21. Y-K-T-O?

Steve nods.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
F-I, F-W, T-T-B-M-M-I-S-A-T-R.

STEVE
Hold on.

Steve reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pencil and note
pad to write it down.

Justin slaps the pad out of Steve's hand and it flutters to
the ground like a wounded bird.

JUSTIN
N! N! N! D-W-I-D. J-R-I.

STEVE
Yeah, all right, I'll
remember.

JUSTIN

W, T-T, T-R. Y-B-A-A-F. I-W-B-I-T-G-
C-O-T-O-S-U-T-G-C.

STEVE

Grass under the grass.

Steve and Justin both have a good laugh, but Darren just stands there obviously not getting the joke.

JUSTIN

P-I-U-O-T-A- 8 AM. J-B-T-G-C-T-E-H-
T.

STEVE

Perfect.

They shake hands and Steve and Darren head back to the Camaro.

EXT. BURGER KING PARKING LOT - DAY

Darren drives up in an old El Camino and pulls around back.

He looks at his wrist like he's checking his watch as he gets out of the car but he isn't wearing a watch.

Darren walks over to the dumpster on the side of the building and looks around in the sky for a second then gets himself oriented.

He takes three really big steps then turns right and he's belly up to the wooden fence that forms the perimeter of the restaurant's lot.

DARREN(V.O.)

I have to admit, even though it was
a hassle at times it sorta made it
all more fun, like an Easter egg
hunt.

Darren hops up and leans over the fence to find a trash can directly in front of him.

He pulls off the lid. It's filler to the brim with grass clippings. Darren reaches in and pulls out two brown packages about the size of shoeboxes.

He chuckles.

As he's shaking the clippings off an the OLD MAN comes out the back door with a shotgun in his hand.

OLD MAN

Hey, what are you doing?

Darren, still laying with his stomach across the fence cranes his neck up to look.

The old man raises the gun up to his shoulder.

Darren tosses the packages over the fence and begins to struggle his way off.

He finally flops over and turns around.

There is a loud bang and the fence next to Darren explodes sending wood chips all over the place.

Darren drops to the ground.

He grabs the packages up off the ground and scurries to the car tossing them through the window and hopping in.

He tears out of the parking lot and roars down the street and out of sight.

DARREN(V.O.)

And I guess there's always a reason
to be paranoid right?

Just as he's out of sight the old man waddles up to the fence and peers through the hole.

EXT. SIDE OF EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Justin's green van is on the side of the road with the police sitting behind him in their car.

The driver's side door opens and POLICEMAN#5 gets out and stands behind his door with his gun drawn and a bull horn to his mouth.

POLICEMAN#6 gets out and takes position behind the door of the car.

He pulls out his gun and takes aim on the passenger side of the van.

POLICEMAN#5

(into the bullhorn)

Get out of the vehicle slowly and
with your hands up!

The driver's side door of the van opens and Justin steps out with his hands up in the air.

Another police cruiser pulls up and moves in front of the van.

POLICEMAN#5 (CONT'D)
 (into the bullhorn)
 Put your hands behind
 your head, turn around,
 and kneel down.

As Justin follows the instructions that are given to him POLICEMAN#7 runs up from behind him with his gun drawn and his hand cuffs out.

He holsters his gun and starts to put the cuffs on Justin.

JUSTIN
 H-M, G-O-M. F-P'S.

Justin sort of tries to resist but the cops rush him and over power him.

DARREN(V.O.)
 I thought for sure Justin would
 rat.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

Justin is sitting with his hands and feet cuffed to a chair while OFFICER DUKES and OFFICER CONNOLLY pace around him.

The three of them all have disgruntled looks on their faces.

OFF. DUKES
 I'm gonna ask you one more time,
 was there anyone else involved with
 your operation?

JUSTIN
 M-I-T-Y, T-T! S-A-D! I-D-K-T-L-N-B-
 I-K-S-Y-W-T-B-L!

Connolly shakes his head and grabs the chair from behind and yells at the back of Justin's head.

OFF. CONNOLLY
 Enough of the goddamn gibberish!
 Just answer our questions!

Connolly's face turns bright red and he storms across the room.

OFF. DUKES

Calm down. Maybe we can turn this into a say no to drugs add.

Dukes smirks but Connolly just looks at him.

OFF. DUKES (CONT'D)

Well, do you think we should bother trying to figure out what the gibberish means, like get a shrink or something?

OFF. CONNOLLY

Fucking enigma machine more like it. We'll have to if he's gonna stand trial.

Justin starts jumping around in his chair and spitting at them.

JUSTIN

S! Y-N-A-S-Y-C-B!

Dukes puts out his hands.

OFF. DUKES

Now now, just calm down. Don't hurt yourself. What are you trying to tell us?

He looks over at officer Connolly.

OFF. DUKES (CONT'D)

Call somebody in here. I'm not getting accused of anymore bullshit.

Connolly pulls his CB off his shoulder.

OFF. CONNOLLY

We need assistance with subject in interrogation room #2.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Darren strolls down the sidewalk in front of some houses with a roll of toilet paper under his arm.

DARREN(V.O.)

I actually saw him just a few weeks ago but...

Justin comes into view shaking his head around and swinging his arms wildly.

Darren stops as Justin goes by.

Justin doesn't notice Darren at all and almost hits Darren with his arm as he walks past him.

JUSTIN

G-D-P-T-I-N. I-S-T. I-E-A-O-I. F-T-M. F-T.

Darren turns and watches him walk away.

DAREEN(V.O.)

I never did know what that guy was saying.

EXT. MEXICO BORDER - DAY

Darren sits about ten cars back from the gate in a long line waiting for his turn to go through to Mexico.

There are border guards walking around. Darren is fiddling with the stump of the A/C control-switch but it's too short for him to get it to move.

DARREN(V.O.)

So for the last year or so we've been going through Paully. He's been really consistent, stable, all that, but his decision to move to Mexico made everything way more complicated.

All of the sudden a German shepherd jumps into Darren's window barking like crazy and Darren almost jumps out the passenger side window.

PATROLMAN GREG walks up casually and pulls the dog back.

PATROLMAN GREG

Sorry about that. You okay?

Darren straightens himself up and looks around. He gives a quick nod.

The dog continues to bark.

PATROLMAN GREG (CONT'D)

Where you headed?

Darren points to the large sign above the gate that says "MEXICO" in huge red letters, then shoots a concerned look at the dog.

PATROLMAN GREG (CONT'D)
Don't worry, he's not a drug dog.
Some evil bastard had him in the
trunk of his Volkswagen, besides,
if he was a sniffer he'd just sit
down if he smelled something.

The dog is still barking like crazy.

Patrolman Greg turns his attention to the dog.

PATROLMAN GREG (CONT'D)
He sure doesn't like you much
though does he?

Darren looks at the dog who starts calming down.

PATROLMAN GREG (CONT'D)
The other guys said there's no
point in naming evidence but I
don't know. I feel like he's a
Harry or something. Harry the
German Shepherd. What do you think?

Darren just smiles and shrugs.

The cars begin to creep forward and Darren moves along with them.

Patrolman Greg and the dog walk along next to Darren's car.

PATROLMAN GREG (CONT'D)
Well, since I've got you here I
might as well check your passport.

Darren reaches in the back and gets the duffel bag out.

PATROLMAN GREG (CONT'D)
What'd you say you were doing?

Darren unzips the bag and rummages around for a minute then pulls out his passport. He hands it to Patrolman Greg.

The cars creep ahead again and Darren pulls forward and Patrolman Greg steps along with the dog in tow.

Darren is now one car away from the guard booth.

Patrolman Greg looks at the passport without removing his sunglasses.

PATROLMAN GREG (CONT'D)
Pat Meibeck, headed into Mexico for
some sight seeing?

Darren nods.

Patrolman Greg hands Darren the passport back.

PATROLMAN GREG (CONT'D)
If you get the chance you should
check out the ocean. It's great
this time of year. You take care
now.

The car in front of Darren pulls away and Darren begins to
move up.

As Darren pulls up the guard in the booth looks out to
Patrolman Greg.

Greg waves his hand and the other guard waves to Darren.

Darren pulls away.

Patrolman Greg begins to turn and walk down the row of cars
but the dog jumps and breaks the leash and takes off after
Darren's car.

EXT. DESERTED INTERSECTION - DAY

Darren and Rosa pull up to an intersection in the old truck.

There is no stop light or stop sign and no sign of any cars
anywhere else but Rosa stops anyway and looks both ways.

After a few seconds a German Shepherd comes running up and
hops in the back of the truck and sits down next to the back
window right behind Darren and licks the glass.

Darren turns to look at the dog with a puzzled look on his
face.

ROSA
A friend of yours?
(smiling)
Well, at least you'll have a dance
partner.

She laughs a little and Darren just sort of raises his
eyebrows and shrugs.

Rosa steps on the gas.

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - DAY

Darren is cruising down the highway in the Tempo.

The sun has just gone past the horizon so it's a nice orange color everywhere.

Off in the distance in front of him there is a small building with a flashing neon sign. Besides the tempo and the road the little building is the only man made thing in sight.

EXT. JOSE'S BAR - NIGHT

Darren pulls up into the gravel parking lot. He parks off to the side away from the other cars and gets out.

He stretches for a second and then makes his way toward the door passing Rosa's red pick up truck on his way in.

There is a warm light coming from inside as he opens the door.

The neon light that says "JOSE'S" on the side of the building flickers when the door shuts.

INT. JOSE'S BAR - NIGHT

Darren walks in and everyone gets quiet and turns to look at him.

The bar is not crowded, maybe a dozen people, and he is the only white person so he sticks out like a sore thumb.

Rosa is carrying a tray of drinks out from the back but Darren doesn't pay any attention.

She sets it down at a table of young men.

Darren sits down on a stool in front of the bar and JOSE, a short Mexican fellow with a mustache, walks over to him.

Jose only speaks to Darren in Spanish.

JOSE

Hello, how's it going?

Darren extends his hand with his palm down and wiggles it back and forth.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Well, you look like shit. You want a drink?

Darren nods.

JOSE (CONT'D)

You look like you need something
good and strong. Something to help
you forget.

Darren grins and nods.

Jose smiles widely then ducks down behind the bar and sets a
shot glass down in front of Darren without coming back up.

Darren looks around the bar and sees a jukebox over against
the far wall.

Everyone has forgotten about Darren and gone back to there
own business.

Jose, still ducked behind the bar, produces an unmarked
bottle of clear liquid that he sets down next to the shot
glass.

He stands up.

Jose pulls the cork out of the bottle and puts a tiny little
bit of the liquid into Darren's glass.

Darren puts his index finger and thumb out just a little bit
apart to Jose.

JOSE (CONT'D)

A little more? Sure, why not.

Jose smiles and puts just a tiny little bit more into the
glass.

Darren reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his wallet.

JOSE (CONT'D)

No, no, it's on the house. I just
want to see this.

Darren shrugs and picks his glass up.

He pours the contents of the glass into his mouth and
swallows.

His face turns bright red instantly.

Jose giggles.

Darren points over to the jukebox without looking at it.

JOSE (CONT'D)

It works, go ahead.

Darren stands up and his stool falls over behind him.

No one watches except for Jose.

The drink taking a hold very quickly, Darren struggles across the room.

He makes it to the jukebox and leans his face against the glass heavily.

DARREN'S P.O.V.

Darren stares intently into the jukebox trying to use his finger to scan for songs.

All of the titles are in Spanish except for one, Billy Idol's "Dancing With Myself", and Darren's finger lingers over it tapping the glass.

INT. JOSE'S BAR - NIGHT

Darren laughs as he gets into his pocket for change and all the while he never takes his head off the machine.

He pulls out some quarters but when he puts them into the machine they just fall right through.

He pounds a not so tightly made fist against the glass softly.

Darren then whips around rather quickly and violently.

He almost falls forward but manages to sway backwards into the jukebox before he falls over. He steadies himself with both hands.

Jose is still watching him. He reaches a hand under the counter and adjusts something.

The jukebox starts playing "Dancing With Myself" and Darren turns around again almost falling.

Everyone in the bar is staring at him now, but he doesn't know because his back is turned.

He starts to dance. He's not very good but it's hard to tell if the booze is the reason.

As he starts to get more and more into the song the people in the bar start to get up and dance too. Soon everyone is dancing.

They are all doing some type of synchronized line dance and clapping in unison every few steps.

Darren finally turns around. He sees everyone dancing and stops in his tracks.

The music stops and so does all the dancing. Everyone turns and stares at Darren.

There is a painful silence. Darren sways back and forth with his hand out in front of him pointlessly signaling for everyone to stop.

DARREN'S P.O.V.

Darren stares at the small group of people who are all seated again. His gaze rolls back and forth for a few seconds then he begins to fall. He crashes head-first into the table in front of him.

INT. JOSE'S BAR - NIGHT

Darren is standing with his hand out in front of him. There is no music and everyone is seated and staring at him.

He's swaying back and forth with his hand out.

His knees buckle and he careens forward toward the table.

His outstretched arm misses the table by just a fraction of an inch and he hits the table from the shoulder up full force.

The table breaks in half and he hits the floor. With the exception of his outstretched arm, he never makes a movement that would suggest he was trying to catch himself.

Jose has a huge smile on his face as he starts to laugh hysterically.

Darren lies in a heap on the floor in a mess of broken wood.

Jose is still laughing as Rosa walks over to Darren and kneels down.

ROSA

Come help me Jose. We'll take him
to his car.

JOSE
(laughing)
If he has one.

Rosa gives him a stern look.

Jose comes out from behind the bar and walks over to help Rosa.

They pick him up by the arms and drag him to the door.

EXT. JOSE'S BAR - NIGHT

Rosa and Jose drag Darren out the door and through the gravel parking lot. Darren's feet make two little furrows in the gravel.

JOSE
There, that one must be his.

Jose kind of jerks his head in the direction of the Tempo. They drag him over and open the driver's door and put him in.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Darren sits in his hammock holding his cocoa nut on his lap. His straw hat is pulled down over his eyes and he appears to be sleeping.

INT. TEMPO - DAY

Darren lies motionless in the front seat that has been reclined all the way back.

He slowly opens his eyes and sits up in the seat.

He reaches down and pulls the seat adjustment lever to bring the seat back up. The sun hits him full on in the face.

DARREN(V.O.)
Sometimes it's best not to ask any
questions.

He looks around squinting a little because of the sun.

There is a big red mark on the side of his face from where he hit it on the table. All the other cars are gone and the neon sign is off.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.) (CONT'D)
Sometimes it's best to not
remember.

Darren gets the keys out of his pocket and starts the car.

He reaches up and adjusts the rearview mirror to look at himself then after a quick glance moves it back without changing his expression.

He puts the car into drive and peels out a bit as he leaves the parking lot headed away from the rising sun.

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - DAY

Darren drives along with the windows down and the radio up.

DARREN(V.O.)
I don't blame Steve for sticking
with it. He likes doing it. Me?
I've got enough.

Darren reaches down and grabs a new CD and puts it in.

INT. DARREN'S APT - DAY

Darren sits in his shabby apartment on his rotten couch in a cream colored robe watching a very small television with little rabbit ears antenna on top.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.)
The fact that it's illegal never
really got to me.

Darren hears the sound of the doorbell and he looks at his wrist like he's checking the time but he still does not wear a watch.

He walks over to the door and looks out the peephole.

Darren walks away from the door and over to a vent near the ceiling on the wall.

He reaches up and takes the vent cover off with one hand then reaches into the whole with the other.

He pulls out a little, carefully rolled plastic bag of marijuana then he replaces the vent.

On his way back to the door he walks past a cardboard box on the floor and gets out a white T-shirt with something written in black on the front.

He wraps the baggy up in the T-shirt, undoes the chain, unlocks the door, and then opens it.

An arm with some money in its hand pops in.

Darren takes the money and gives the hand the rolled up T-shirt.

The arm disappears and Darren shuts and locks the door but does not put the chain back on then goes and sits down again, but now he has a nice leather couch instead of the old piece of junk that was there before.

DARREN(V.O.)(CONT'D)

Steve had it all worked out before
he even offered to let me in on it.
He was living with his mom still
for various reasons I never
understood, so he needed somewhere
to do the actual transactions.

The doorbell rings again and Darren looks at his wrist, gets up and looks out the peephole.

He walks over to the vent again, takes it off then reaches in and grabs a bag.

He then carefully replaces the vent and grabs a T-shirt from the box on his way to the door.

He rolls up the baggy in the T-shirt, undoes the lock, and opens the door.

Again, an arm pops in holding some money and Darren takes it. He gives the hand a T-shirt and shuts the door without even locking it this time then goes back and sits down on his leather couch in front a very large new television that has appeared.

DARREN(V.O.)(CONT'D)

Steve found all the buyers. Oddly
enough he was real particular about
who he sold to.

The doorbell rings again. Darren looks at his wrist, gets up and goes straight to the vent.

DARREN(V.O.)(CONT'D)

I was nervous at first, but a
routine's a routine.

Darren removes the vent and grabs a baggy but doesn't bother to put the vent back on.

On his way to the door he grabs a T-shirt and wraps it around the baggy.

He goes over to the door and opens it. The arm comes in and he takes the money and replaces it with the shirt.

DARREN(V.O.) (CONT'D)

I got comfortable but not careless.
I had faith in Steve and he never
let me down.

Darren waves goodbye and shuts the door.

He walks back over to sit down and he now has a new table on which sits a hand gun. There is also a new lamp to match the television and sofa.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.) (CONT'D)

Business was good. We were making a
lot of money and everyone was
happy. There was a little heat from
time to time but nothing serious.

The doorbell rings again and Darren looks at his wrist then cocks his head to look at the door.

He then looks at his wrist again.

He grabs the gun and gets up. He puts the gun in the vent hole and replaces the cover quietly then goes over to the door.

He checks through the peephole.

DARREN'S P.O.V. PEEPHOLE

Darren looks out the peephole to see OFFICER GODFRY standing at his door.

Officer Godfry shuffles around.

Officer Godfry turns around on the porch and looks out into the street.

INT. DARREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Darren steps back from the door and opens it. Officer Godfry turns around to face him.

Officer Godfry sort of looks around Darren and into the apartment.

GODFRY

Darren?

Darren nods.

GODFRY (CONT'D)

You mind if I come in?

Darren steps out of the way and lets Officer Godfry walk in.

Officer Godfry walks like he has no knees as he looks around, always resting his right hand nonchalantly on his nightstick.

GODFRY (CONT'D)

Neighbors say you got all sorts of people comin' over here. Never stay long, just 'til you open the door and hand'em somethin'.

Godfry turns to face him and takes off his sunglasses.

GODFRY (CONT'D)

Say, you got any coffee?

Darren walks out of the room and into the kitchen.

Officer Godfry walks over to the sofa and there is now a computer sitting on a table by the wall.

He looks at a few magazines on the coffee table and makes his way over to the PC just below the vent on the wall.

GODFRY (CONT'D)

I'm just havin' a look around.

Godfry giggles the mouse around.

Godfry paces slowly around the room combing it with his eyes.

He flips his hand over some computer magazines on the coffee table

Darren walks back into the room with two cups of coffee and hands one to Officer Godfry.

GODFRY (CONT'D)

What you do for work?

Darren takes a sip from his coffee cup and points over to the box of T-shirts by the door.

GODFRY (CONT'D)

What's that?

Darren walks over to the box and pulls one of the T-shirts out.

He tosses it over to Officer Godfry who takes his free hand off his nightstick to catch it.

Godfry sets his coffee down and opens up the shirt so he can read it.

The shirt reads "all those holes make me nervous" in all lower case black letters.

Darren stands sipping his coffee while Officer Godfry examines the shirt.

GODFRY (CONT'D)

I don't get it.

Darren moves over to the computer and sits down.

Darren grabs the mouse and gives it a few clicks.

DARREN(V.O.)

You see Steve likes obscure music...

INT. CAT HOUSE CLUB

Steve walks slowly through the crowded, poorly lit club wearing a white T-shirt and his sunglasses.

There is no band on stage but there is music playing.

Steve seems to be the only blond person in the club. He is also the only person not wearing all dark clothes.

Steve is stopped by KYLE, a tall guy with dark hair and dark rimmed glasses.

KYLE

Where did you get that shirt?

STEVE

I made it.

KYLE

How much do you want for it?

STEVE

Uh?

KYLE

I'll give you twenty.

Steve promptly removes his shirt and hands it to Kyle.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.)

There is this whole subculture of upper class mostly white kids that are looking to rebel but they unconsciously remain elitist snobs like their parents.

Kyle grabs GABE (who is almost Kyle's identical twin except for the glasses) as he walks past and shoves the shirt in to Gabe's face.

KYLE

Look at This! He made it with his hands! And he sold it to me for only twenty dollars!

Gabe grabs the shirt and looks at it.

The T-shirt reads, in all black lower case letters "hammer pillars for a picket fence".

Steve, shirtless, is now being surrounded by all these different people asking for shirts and making a commotion.

GABE

I want one. But one that says something different. Something original! Like that one.

The BAND starts to come out onto the stage but no one seems to notice. They are all gathered around Steve.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Steve is in his mom's basement with all sorts of screen printing equipment. Light comes in through the window wells.

He is busy putting shirts on one of the machines.

Steve puts on the last shirt and hits a switch and the machine starts to make noise.

INT. CAT HOUSE CLUB

Steve is now at the club, sitting behind a fold out card table with a cardboard box on the top of it.

There is a little cigar box next to him and it's overflowing with cash.

Next to the cigar box is a hand made sign that says "T-shirts \$20. No change."

There is a long line of people and the people in the crowd that are not in line are all wearing white T-shirts with black words on the front.

DARREN(V.O.)

Steve saw his ticket. He went into some serious debt to get all the equipment but he made his money back pretty quickly.

The line gets shorter and shorter and the money piles up.

DARREN(V.O.) (CONT'D)

The bands he was stealing lines from didn't care. Most of them were so obscure they couldn't sell their own shirts if they'd had the money to make them so it was like free advertising for them.

We see the crowd from the viewpoint of the stage.

There is a BAND playing now and the crowd is singing along.

Everyone has on one of the white T-shirts Steve has made including the band members.

Steve sits off to one side of the stage on an amplifier clapping with the cigar box bursting with money under one arm.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.) (CONT'D)

Steve really liked making shirts. So he kept on making them even when the fickle indie kids decided it wasn't hip to wear them any more.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The sunlight comes in through the windows near the ceiling and throws crazy shadows through all the smoke that is pouring out from somewhere.

There is a smoke alarm going off in another room.

DARREN(V.O.)

He didn't have the cash to fix the stuff so he invested the money he did have in a fairly substantial amount of marijuana.

Steve moves around in the smoke with something small and cylindrical in his hands. It appears to be a fire extinguisher.

A door opens at the top of the stairs and Mrs. Franks steps down the first stair.

MRS. FRANKS

Stephen! What the hell are you doing in here? Why is there so much smoke? Are you smoking pot in my house Stephen?! Are you okay?

STEVE

No! Yes! I don't know! God mom! Why do you insist on asking so many questions all at once? I can't even answer.

A little fire starts off to one side and Steve uses the fire extinguisher to put it out.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.)

Steve found out pretty quick that he liked loads and loads of money as much as he liked making shirts. So he decided to give the shirts away with every purchase.

INT. DARREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Officer Godfry is now sitting across from Darren, reclined all the way in a recliner that wasn't there before.

The walls of Darren's apartment are now a nice light blue color and there are some assorted plants in corners and on bookshelves, lined with books that have appeared.

Officer Godfry chuckles and pulls the lever to readjust the chair to its upright position.

GODFRY

That explains why your neighbors say you never leave the house.

DARREN(V.O.)

The story I told the cops was true. I just left out the pot.

Officer Godfry stands up and gives himself a good stretch. And starts toward the door.

GODFRY

Well it was a pleasure to meet you
Darren. I hope you guys make loads
of money.

Darren steps around Officer Godfry and opens the front door.

GODFRY (CONT'D)

Mind if I get one?

Darren jogs over to get one from the box, robe flapping as he goes. He grabs one and turns around.

GODFRY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

You'd better make it a small, for
my daughter.

Darren shakes his head laughing and drops the one he has and grabs another.

He comes back over and hands it to Officer Godfry and shakes his hand.

Godfry steps through the door and Darren shuts it and slumps down onto the floor and buries his face in his hands.

DARREN(V.O.)

Perfect.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Darren is racing down the highway in the Tempo with all the windows down and the radio up. There is a gas station ahead in the distance.

INT. TEMPO - DAY

The gas light and the temperature light both come on at the same time.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Darren pulls into the same gas station that we've already seen him and Rosa at before.

He pulls into the dusty lot and parks next to the pump and gets out of the Tempo.

He opens the back door and gets out the duffel bag.

DARREN(V.O.)

Paully? I've never met Paully. It's been over a year since we started using him and he's never once asked to meet me.

Darren throws the bag over his shoulder and starts to walk inside. He takes his time, kicking up dust as he walks.

DARREN(V.O.) (CONT'D)

I told Steve I wanted out and Steve was already thinking of finding someone besides Paully. So Paully says okay but we have to do one last big one. Which is good 'cause Steve doesn't have anyone new lined up yet, but I end up driving for days with no A/C and having to jump through paranoid drug dealer's hoops.

Darren walks up onto the wooden porch and throws open the screen door to the gas station.

Darren steps in and the door slams shut behind him.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

The small gas station is empty except for someone behind the counter but only the top of their head from behind the cigarette display.

Darren looks around but does not see anyone or any sign of a bathroom.

GEORGE, a small, older, Asian man, pops out from behind the display smiling and waving. George only speaks to Darren in Spanish.

GEORGE

Hello!

Darren turns to see George smiling and waving and does a double take.

Darren gives sort of a half smile as he walks over to the counter.

There is a key tied to a stick on the counter top next to the register.

Darren points to it.

George grabs it and holds it out to Darren.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Okay, but you have to bring it
back.

Darren takes the key and just stands there smiling.

DARREN(V.O.)
I don't speak Spanish but I know
what the key on a stick means.

Darren turns around shaking his head and chuckling. He starts to whistle a song as he walks out the door and around the corner.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Darren comes trotting around the side of the gas station with the key in one hand and the duffel bag in the other.

He walks up to the door on the side of the building with the little man and woman symbols on it and puts the key in the lock and turns it.

The door unlocks and Darren opens the door, reaches in and clicks on a light and goes in. The door shuts behind him.

DARREN(V.O.)
I hate dressing up. I hate wearing
jewelry. I hate fixing my hair.
I want to live on the beach, in the
shade...

EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAY

Darren is sitting in his hammock hung in between two palm trees in the shade.

He's sipping his drink out of his cocoa nut while he swings lazily back and forth.

DARREN(V.O.)
...and drink pina coladas out of
cocoa nut halves with tiny little
umbrellas poking out and wearing
nothing but flip-flops, a straw
cowboy hat, and some swim trunks.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The rest room door is still closed.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.)

Steve had everything arranged for me to get back to the States, but I figured I might just stay down here.

The door swings open and Darren stands in front of us wearing a black long sleeve button up shirt, black dress pants, shiny black leather shoes, and dark sunglasses.

He also has on a necklace and a few rings on each hand.

He looks rock star-ish except for the fact that he's holding a key on a stick instead of a microphone.

DARREN(V.O.) (CONT'D)

All this just to not sell drugs.

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - DAY

Darren, decked out in his new threads, is once again cruising with the windows down and the music up. The sun is setting behind some mountains in the distance.

DARREN(V.O.)

All I had to do was lose.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Once again to Darren and Steve are in the hotel room.

Darren sits on the bed with his face in his hands and Steve sits with his elbows on his knees leaning in to talk to Darren.

STEVE

All you have to do is lose.

Steve stands for the first time and begins to pace.

STEVE (CONT'D)

There's no arguing it. Paully's just got his system he likes to use.

(stopping and turning quickly)

Do you know how many times I've lost to him?

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

He's got a big ego and he sucks at cards. It's the only time you'll ever have to do it. I promise. Just make sure you lose everything.

Steve walks over and pulls the curtain open and lets the sunshine come pouring in.

Darren raises his hand to block his eyes from the light.

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Darren is still cruising in the Tempo. There are some lights from a city up ahead in the distance.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.)

Everything. He stressed that enough. I've got to lose everything except the clothes he gave me to wear. The car, the brief case the necklace, the rings. All of it gets lost to Pully.

Darren reaches down and turns up the volume.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Darren pulls the Tempo into the small town.

There are animals, chickens, cats etc., all over the place so he has to drive slowly.

The German Shepherd strolls down the side of the road and barks as he goes past.

There are a few streetlights but the town looks pretty much dead.

DARREN(V.O.)

For some reason Steve couldn't remember the name of the place but he could remember how to get there. He said it was...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The curtains are still wide open and Steve is pacing rubbing his eyes with his hand.

STEVE

Moe's? Mike's? Joe's? Man I can't remember. Right, right, left once you're into town then it's on your left. You can't miss it.

Darren shakes his head in defeat.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Darren is creeping along the streets craning his head around trying to see.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.)

You could miss it. It was a hole in the wall. Steve couldn't remember the name because it didn't have one.

Darren sees a small recessed doorway with a light on above it and someone walking in.

He pulls over right where he is and parks the car.

Darren gets out and walks over to the old wooden door with the silver brief case in his hand.

INT. PAULLY'S BAR - FRONT ROOM

There are quite a few people inside. It's dimly lit and very smoky. The old wooden door opens very slowly and Darren peeks his head inside.

He slowly creeps in the rest of the way and stands in front of the door holding the silver briefcase.

His face goes sour and he starts to sweat immediately.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.)

Steve also forgot to mention that it was going to be close to a million degrees smell like total shit.

Darren reaches up to tug at his collar and as he does TINA, a 20 something Hispanic woman walks past with an empty drink tray above her shoulder.

She stops a few steps past Darren and backs up until she is standing right in front of him. She speaks to Darren in Spanish.

TINA
Can I help you?

She raises her eyebrows and waits.

TINA (CONT'D)
You here for Pully? He's not here.
Did he say for you to meet him
here?

Tina looks over her shoulder as if she's looking for someone.

TINA (CONT'D)
Okay, follow me.

Tina starts to weave in and out of people through the bar and Darren does his best to keep up.

She takes him to the very back of the bar to a doorway. Instead of a door though, it has a thick row of 70's style teal beads hanging from the top.

TINA (CONT'D)
You can wait in there. If he's
expecting you he shouldn't be long.

He turns to her but she's already walking away.

Darren turns back and faces the teal beads. He can't see through them and he hesitates before stepping through.

INT. BACK ROOM

Darren enters the room through the beads and is met by VITO (in blue), TELLY (in brown), MARIO (in green), and ORIN (in white), Pully's men, sitting around a circular poker table.

They are all fairly short Hispanic men dressed in suits with matching hats and none of them stand to greet him, smile, or make any type of friendly gesture. They merely sit and stare.

They are all modeling Steve's shirts under their suits instead of dress shirts.

Vito's shirt says "you don't have to take it to heart".

Telly's says "if I knew I fell".

Mario's shirt reads "stabbing yourself in the neck".

And Orin's shirt says "attack my head with numbers".

Darren kind of half waves to the seated men.

Vito leans back in his chair a bit and spits over to his right.

VITO
You Darren?

When Vito talks he has this weird, put on Italian accent.

Orin begins shuffling cards.

Darren grabs the brief case handle with both hands in front of him and nods as he raises his eyebrows.

He glances about the room.

The walls are stucco and completely blank and there is a door on the back wall.

VITO (CONT'D)
What are you looking for?

Darren notices the two extra chairs at the table.

He starts to move toward the chairs.

Vito stands up and blocks him.

VITO (CONT'D)
Yes?

Darren freezes in his tracks.

VITO (CONT'D)
Mr. Paully is very particular and he says you stand and be quite 'til he gets here. And don't look at nothin'.

Darren nods and smiles with half his mouth.

DARREN(V.O.)
I had my money, I could take the car and be at the ocean...

EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAY

The beach is completely empty. The waves crash softly onto the sand as sea gulls fly over head.

Darren pulls the Tempo up onto the sand, opens the door, and steps out wearing the all black outfit and holding a hammock in his hand.

He tosses the hammock over his shoulder and then stretches his arms above his head and starts running to the water.

DARREN(V.O. CONT.)

But I said I'd do this. I promised
Steve I'd do this.

Darren stops short of the water and as it comes racing up the beach he scoots back.

He turns and puts his head down and walks back toward the car.

INT. BACK ROOM

Darren is standing perfectly still while Vito, Telly, Mario, and Orin ignore him.

Then all of the sudden everyone in the room stands up.

Darren turns to see PAULLY, yet another Hispanic fellow, standing behind him.

Paully's suit and hat are bright purple. And not surprisingly Paully wears one of Steve's shirts as well.

His reads "I can see a storm awaiting".

No one else seems to be sweating, only Darren, and he is drenched.

Paully sticks out his hand to shake with Darren and the room seems to lighten up incredibly.

They shake hands and Paully moves past him towards the table.

Paully has the same weird Italian accent as Vito.

PAULLY

You guys ready to play some cards
or what?

Everyone begins to take their seats.

Paully sits with his back to the corner so he can face the door and he gestures for Darren to take the seat across from him.

The final order around the table starting with Paully and moving clockwise is: Paully, Orin, Mario, Darren, Telly, Vito.

PAULLY (CONT'D)
Say, what happened to your face?

Darren shrugs.

PAULLY (CONT'D)
Hell of a thing to be unsure of.

Everyone but Darren laughs.

Darren gets adjusted in his chair and sits the brief case down to his right.

Everyone else removes their handguns from their coats and sets them on the table so that when Darren looks up they all seem to point directly at him.

Orin hands Paully the deck of cards.

PAULLY (CONT'D)
You know how to play poker Darren?

Darren shakes his head no.

Paully starts to shuffle the cards like an expert.

PAULLY (CONT'D)
Well you'll fit right in with us then.

Paully begins throwing cards around the table with the skill of a Vegas dealer.

Vito, Mario, Orin, and Telly begin to put all their money on the table.

PAULLY (CONT'D)
You should have what you need in the briefcase.

Darren looks down at the floor beside him.

DARREN(V.O.)
It never occurred to me that there was something inside the briefcase.

Darren reaches down and picks it up and puts it on the table in front of him. He just kind of stares at it for a few seconds then tries to pop it open. Nothing happens.

Paully continues to deal but is almost finished.

PAULLY
Check your shirt pocket.

Darren reaches down into the pocket of his shirt and finds a piece of paper.

He unfolds it and sees a set numbers that read: 052 179.

PAULLY (CONT'D)
Set the little dials on those
numbers and it will unlock.

Darren starts to unlock the brief case as Paully finishes dealing and sets the rest of the cards on the table in front of him.

Darren flips the latches and the top opens up.

OPEN BRIEF CASE

The briefcase is full of money, poker chips from Vegas, and jewelry. On top of everything sits a black hand gun.

DARREN(V.O.)
It became increasingly clear why
Steve didn't come.

INT. BACK ROOM

Darren is emptying the contents of the brief case onto the table next to him.

When he finishes he puts the brief case back on the floor then picks up the gun.

PAULLY
This is high stakes poker. Just
wanted to make it fair.

Darren shrugs and pops the clip out to see if it's loaded. It is.

He slides the clip back in and sets the gun on the table next to the money.

PAULLY (CONT'D)
Alright ante up. Nothing wild.

Everyone but Darren pulls twenty bucks off their respective stacks of money and toss it into the center of the table.

After they all put their money in Darren follows their lead.

Everyone picks up their cards and starts to shuffle them around.

DARREN'S P.O.V.

Darren is looking at his hand. He's got the 3 of spades, the 5 of clubs, the 10 of diamonds, the jack of clubs, and the 8 of hearts.

INT. BACK ROOM

Darren sits blank faced looking at his cards as everyone else shuffles and arranges.

ORIN

Gimme two.

Orin pulls two cards from his hand and sets them aside.

Paully deals two out to him and he picks them up without changing his expression.

MARIO

I want one.

Mario takes his one card out of his and replaces it with the one Paully tosses to him.

PAULLY

Darren?

Darren bites his lip.

They all sort of chuckle and Darren manages to crack a smile.

PAULLY (CONT'D)

You can get three.

Darren goes back to biting his lip.

PAULLY (CONT'D)

Three?

DARREN'S P.O.V.

Darren holds the cards in his left hand and removes the 3, 5, and 8 from his hand (leaving the 10 and jack) with his right hand setting them off to his right.

INT. BACK ROOM

Paully is sliding three cards, face down across the table to Darren.

Darren picks them up and upon seeing the cards he wrinkles his face up.

PAULLY
What? Not what you wanted?

VITO
Nice poker face.

DARREN'S P.O.V.

Darren is now holding the 10 of diamonds, the 10 of hearts, the jack of clubs, the jack of spades, and the jack of hearts.

DARREN(V.O.)
No! These are not the cards I
wanted at all!

Darren lays his cards face down on the table.

INT. BACK ROOM

Telly is pulling three cards from his hand.

TELLY
Three.

Paully pulls three off the deck and slides them over.

VITO
Gimme one.

Vito tosses one off to the side as Paully flicks one over at him.

Paully takes two out of his own hand and gets two from the deck.

PAULLY
Bet Orin.

Orin reaches over to his stack of money and starts peeling off bills. He stops and tosses the money lazily into the center of the table.

ORIN
Two fifty.

PAULLY
Rich first bet there.

Orin shrugs.

MARIO

Call.

Mario throws his money in.

Darren looks around the table, they all look back at him waiting for him to make his bet.

Darren reaches over and counts out \$250 dollars. Then he counts out 250 more and throws it all in.

Mario shakes his head.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Damn. You guys are high rollers tonight.

TELLY

It's easy to bet big when it's not your money.

Telly throws his money in.

Telly shoots a glance at Darren but Darren doesn't seem to notice.

Paully stares at Telly silently for several seconds. Telly finally looks over.

TELLY (CONT'D)

What?

PAULLY

That's his money 'til I win it. Understand?

TELLY

Yeah, sorry.

VITO

Can I bet now?

Vito tosses his stack of bills into the center and looks over to Paully.

PAULLY

Yeah, go on.

Paully looks at him while flipping through his own stack of money.

He stops and sets his cash in the middle while never taking his eyes off of Telly.

PAULLY (CONT'D)
I'm calling. Show'em.

Everyone lays out their cards on the table.

There are some random pairs but Darren's full house takes the bets. They all look at him.

PAULLY (CONT'D)
Beginners luck.

Darren sits staring at the money sweating profusely.

DARREN(V.O.)
And it only got worse.

TELLY
You gonna take the money or what?

Darren reaches out and slides all the money toward himself.

DARREN'S P.O.V.

Darren holds a straight, 5 through 9.

DARREN(V.O.)
Things got worse.

Darren rakes in more money.

DARREN'S P.O.V.

Darren has a pair of 3's.

DARREN(V.O.)
And worse.

He rakes in more money.

INT. BACK ROOM

They all sit around the table holding their cards. Everyone is staring at Darren. He hesitates to put his cards down.

TELLY
Show'em damnit!

Darren drops his cards and looks away from them.

Paully throws his cards into the middle of the table with a huff.

Everyone else drops their cards. No one has anything that can beat Darren's pair of threes.

Mario moves his hand over and just rests it on his gun for a second.

Darren, sensing the negativity tries to lighten things up while he slowly reaches out for the money he's won.

TELLY (CONT'D)
Shut up and deal mother fucker!

Darren begins to gather up the cards.

He glances at Paully but Paully doesn't look back at him. Darren shuffles a few times and then begins to deal out the cards.

He is still the only one sweating.

Darren finishes dealing out the cards and starts to put his hands in his lap.

ORIN
Eh, keep your hands on the table
where we can see'em.

Darren stops and looks to Paully who just looks at him blankly.

Darren sets his hands on the table.

EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAY

Darren is grinning and relaxing in his hammock. Instead of a drink now he's holding a deck of cards and he is just kind of flinging them one at a time off into the sand.

TELLY(V.O.)
Two.

Darren tosses two cards out.

VITO(V.O.)
Three.

Darren tosses three more.

PAULLY(V.O.)
Three.

Again Darren tosses three cards out into the sand.

MARIO(V.O.)

Two.

Darren takes the top two cards and shoves them off with his thumb.

ORIN(V.O.)

Three.

Darren lets three more go. Then casually stretches his arm out and drops the remaining cards next to him in the sand.

INT. BACK ROOM

Darren sits with everyone staring at him. His cards remain in front of him untouched.

PAULLY

You haven't even looked at your hand.

Darren reaches slowly for his cards.

PAULLY (CONT'D)

Look at your fucking hand.

Darren picks up the cards and looks at them then sets them back down.

He shoves the cards away from him.

Telly reaches out and grabs Darren's cards and looks at them.

Then he looks at Darren in a very uncertain way. He tosses the cards over to Pully and Darren ever so slightly scoots his chair back.

Pully grabs the cards, looks at them, and laughs.

PAULLY (CONT'D)

This is a joke right? You're kidding me?

Darren sits still.

DARREN(V.O.)

I wish it was a joke.

Pully raises up out of his chair as he slams the cards down on the table face up in front of Darren.

Darren stares down at all four aces and the king of hearts.

Everyone goes for their gun except for Darren who just shoves the table as hard as he can.

Pushing the table jostles everyone and makes it harder for them to grab their guns except for Pully who has one in his shoulder holster.

As Pully pulls his gun out and aims it, Darren ducks down and grabs the brief case and the gun as he dives for the teal beaded doorway.

The back of the chair Darren was sitting in splinters as Pully puts a bullet through it.

INT. PAULLY'S BAR - FRONT ROOM

The bar hustles and bustles and the music plays softly and everyone is in good spirits.

There is a loud bang from the back room and everyone quiets down and turns to look.

Darren comes sliding through the beads on his stomach like a baseball player with the brief case out in front of him and the gun aimed backwards.

He squeezes off a shot and begins to scramble to his feet and run haphazardly through the bar crashing into things and people that are now frozen in front of him.

There are now a flurry of loud bangs from the back room.

Stucco and beads begin to fly and fall through the air.

Everyone except Darren hits the floor, he keeps moving for the front door as people start to scream and yell and general confusion sets in.

Darren clutches the briefcase to his chest and fires over his shoulder as he runs.

Darren makes it about half way through the room when the gunshots stop and Pully comes charging through what's left of the teal beads followed very closely by the rest of his goons.

Darren is fully upright now and running full speed for the door.

But with every step things keep getting slower and slower.

Everything gets very quiet and as his feet hit the floor they make a loud booming noise.

Darren is one step away from the door with the brief case in his right hand and his left hand slowly stretching out in front of him for the door handle.

Everything is just barely creeping along now. As his hand hits the door handle the whole room freezes.

DARREN(V.O.)

I'm on the beach. I'm on the beach.

In an instant the room is back at full speed.

As Darren is yanking open the door a bullet comes over his left shoulder and hits the door sending wood chips into his face.

He doesn't even blink. He just keeps barreling through as more bullets turn the wall and door into rubble.

The bullets stop coming and we can hear Darren's feet pounding the street as he disappears into the night.

PAULLY

Telly, bring the car around.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Darren is running through the street in front of Pully's place headed toward his car.

He shuffles the gun and briefcase so he can get the keys out of his pocket. He gets them out just as he gets to the Tempo.

As Darren gets in and starts the car Pully, Orin, and Mario come out the front door with their guns out.

They start shooting at Darren and the Tempo and the side window's glass starts shattering, and the interior is ripping apart as the bullets hit.

Darren ducks down and puts the car in drive and mashes the gas and actually gets the Tempo to peel out a little.

Headlights come bouncing up on the side of the building and a huge light blue, two-door, '79 Buick La Sabre comes swinging around the corner.

It screeches to a halt in front of Pully and the rest of the crew.

They all run around and get in and the car screams into high gear to follow after Darren and the Tempo.

INT. TEMPO - NIGHT

There are no side windows left to have down and the windshield is shattered but Darren is still barreling through the narrow streets alternating slamming on the breaks and mashing the gas to the floor as he turns and veers.

The brief case is on the passenger seat. And it keeps banging around and hitting him in the leg. He shoves it over.

Headlights from behind light up the interior of the Tempo and the reflection off the rearview mirror hits Darren right in the eyes and he has to duck so he isn't blinded.

The back window is shattered as gun shots ring out.

Darren cuts the wheel hard to the left and slams the breaks.

As he comes around the corner the brief case flies into his lap.

He uses his right hand to flip it out the window.

He glances over and sees the gun.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

The Tempo has just finished up swerving around the corner and the headlights of its pursuers bounce on the wall behind him indicating they are not far behind.

As Darren stomps the gas the silver brief case glistens in the dim streetlight as it flies out the driver's side window.

The brief case cartwheels behind the Tempo a bit and then comes to rest in the middle of the road.

The La Sabre comes around the corner with Pully hanging out the passenger side window and Mario awkwardly hanging out the driver's side window from the back seat.

They both have their guns out and begin to fire even before they've made it all the way around the corner.

They slide around the corner and the rear end of the car comes around a little and Telly cuts the wheel to prevent it from fish tailing out of control.

Darren fires straight out the back window.

The German Shepherd wanders out into the road in front of the La Sabre. Telly cuts the wheel back the other way to avoid the dog. And the front left tire blows.

The front left rim hits the case dead on and causes the car to lift off the ground slightly sending Mario spinning out the window.

Telly over corrects for the hit and causes the car to curve sharply into the wall on the right hand side of the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The La Sabre has smashed into some nondescript stone building.

Mario lies several yards away face down not moving in a pool of blood.

Paully is pinched between the car and the wall gurgling blood down onto his chest in his final moments.

Orin sits limply in the back seat with a heavy trail of blood running down his face from hitting his head on the roof and glass from the side window stuck in his face.

Telly's face smashed the steering wheel on impact nearly ripping his nose off and knocking him out. He lays in a slump in the front seat bleeding from his nose into his lap.

Vito, who was not wearing his safety belt, managed to fly over the seat headfirst into the dashboard and he is now moaning a little but mostly he's just bleeding as Paully's legs twitch next to his face.

INT. TEMPO - DAY

Darren is traveling at a high rate of speed up yet another deserted road.

Darren keeps checking the rearview mirror to see if he sees any headlights. The Tempo does not sound good.

DARREN'S P.O.V.

There is a little red flashing light on the dash next to the speedometer that is signaling him to check the engine.

Smoke, or steam, or both begin to pour rapidly out from under the hood. Darren pulls over to the side of the road.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The sun is just coming up and Darren has arrived exactly where we saw him first.

He exits the car and opens up the back door.

DARREN(V.O.)

No sense in being uncomfortable any more.

Darren reaches in and grabs the duffel bag and tosses it out onto the street.

He starts to pull his head out but stops half way when something catches his eye.

Darren begins to laugh.

INT. TEMPO - DAY

It's getting brighter with every passing minute and the heat in the back seat is almost unbearable.

Darren is there, hunched over, staring with sweat dripping off him onto the seat.

DARREN'S P.O.V.

Darren stares at a tear in the back seat where one of the bullets tore through the car.

Under a thin layer of padding there is a box that's been wrapped in clear plastic sticking out.

Darren uses one hand to hold the hole open and reaches in with the other. When he pulls his hand back out he's holding a stack of money in a plastic doggy bag. He reaches back in and pulls out another.

Darren begins to tear the seat apart using both hands.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The sun is all the way up over the horizon and Darren is bent over by the side of the car zipping up the duffel bag that is now bulging at the seams with rectangular shapes.

DARREN(V.O.)
I started to feel bad cuz Steve
lost out, but then I changed my
mind.

Darren stands with the duffel bag at his feet. The car is still steaming a little and he is sweating profusely.

INT. ROSA'S TRUCK - DAY

Darren is asleep with his head resting on the window as they drive.

Rosa begins to slow down very gradually so as not to wake him abruptly.

ROSA
(softly)
We're here.

As she says it the truck comes to a complete stop and Darren opens his eyes and lifts his head off the window.

Darren and Rosa both open their doors at the same time and start to get out.

The sun is setting out over the ocean.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The sun has turned the water orange and Darren and Rosa stand staring at it.

The dog is running around in the surf behind them.

ROSA
I have to get going. Do you want
your bag?

Darren looks over his shoulder toward the truck. Then looks back to Rosa. He shakes his head no.

Rosa laughs and smiles.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Well, I guess I'll see you around.

The German Shepherd runs up to Darren and licks his hand.

Rosa just smiles and turns to head back toward the truck.

Darren waves to her back then sits down and rolls up his pant legs. He takes off his shoes and socks as the dog licks his face.

Darren stands up and looks down at the dog.

Darren starts walking along and with each step he takes the closer he gets to running, until eventually he is.

The dog follows along beside him.

Darren and the dog run down the beach parallel to the water and the waves come up and break and wash over their feet and then recede back out again.

INT. MR. GREEN'S LIVING ROOM -

Mr. Green stands next to a table with a phone up to his ear and Steve sits quietly in the chair across from him with his sunglasses on, holding a wadded up white T-shirt in his hands.

MR. GREEN

Huh? Oh wait, I got another call.

Mr. Green hangs up the phone and turns to Steve.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that. Where were we?

Steve stands up and tosses him the shirt.

STEVE

I think you were about to say we have a deal.

Steve sticks out his hand.

MR. GREEN

Oh yeah, I was wasn't I?

He puts out his hand and they shake.

Mr. Green holds up the shirt in front of himself to look at it.

It's yet another all white shirt with black lettering that reads "big black letters".

Steve and Mr. Green stand in the living room together.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)
I don't get it, but I like it.

He puts the shirt on.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)
Now follow me, I got something to
show you.

EXT. GREEN'S BACK YARD - DAY

Mr. Green leads Steve out the back door and through the grass
toward the barn.

Katie is playing in the yard.

MR. GREEN
So after she died I had this dream
where god told me to build this and
if I did I'd be able to talk to her
up in heaven and she would help me
raise little Katie.

Katie runs over and jumps at Mr. Green and he swoops her up
into his arms. Katie looks at Steve.

KATIE
Who are you?

STEVE
I'm Steve.

EXT. ROOF - DUSK

The top of Mr. Green's head is visible above the edge of the
barn roof.

He hoists up Katie and sets her down and she jumps around in
circles.

Mr. Green climbs the rest of the way up.

MR. GREEN
This is actually the third one I've
built 'cause the first one got
blown over in a storm and the
second one didn't ever work. This
one's almost ready for preliminary
testing.

Steve is making his way up the ladder.

KATIE

Then we can talk to mommy huh
daddy?

MR. GREEN

That's right sweetie.

Steve makes it all the way up and finally looks forward.

STEVE

That's the most beautiful thing
I've ever seen.

MR. GREEN

Ain't it awesome?

STEVE'S P.O.V.

On the other end of the roof is a big satellite aimed at the sky. It appears to be made completely out of scrap metal.

Behind it is a field full of marijuana plants surrounded by dense woods so that it's completely hidden from view.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Darren swings shirtless in his hammock as he sips his pina colada out of half a cocoa nut. He's barefoot with a straw cowboy hat and swim trunks.

The German Shepherd runs up with a stick in his mouth and Darren takes it out and throws it and the dog runs after it.

He reclines back in to the hammock and pulls the hat down low over his face.