

SNOQUALMIE FALLS

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"SNOQUALMIE FALLS"

FADE IN:

EXT. SEATTLE, WA - DAY

Black clouds blot out the sun. Rain pelts the cityscape with unrestrained fury.

EXT. VALENTINE HOUSE - DAY

A modest two-story white house, squeezed in-between its cookie-cutter neighbors. Rainwater pools on the driveway and sidewalk.

SUPER: "SEATTLE, WA 2007"

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

KYLE VALENTINE (38), types on his laptop at the table. Eyes dart to a framed photo nearby. He continues to type, stops.

Kyle picks up the picture: five teenage boys mug for the camera...

EXT. ROCK POOL (SNOQUALMIE FALLS) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The FIVE BOYS from the photo crawl over the jagged rocks at the base of the falls. They laugh, swig beers...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Jaw tight, Kyle stares at the photo...

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Four of the boys scream, scurry about the rocks...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Eyes squeezed shut, Kyle sets the picture down.

He stands, pours himself two fingers of whiskey, slams it and stares out the window at the pounding rain.

His cell phone rings. Into phone:

KYLE
Hello?

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Kyle? Kyle Valentine?

KYLE
Yes, who's...?

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Hey, buddy. It's Frankie Robbins.
Long time no see. Twenty years -
something, huh?

KYLE
How'd you get my cell number?

FRANKIE (V.O.)
The alumni flyer. Anyways, I'm
calling to make sure you're gonna
be there.

KYLE
Yeah, sure. Shelton and Tommy...?

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Yeah. They know we gotta talk.
You know that, right?

Kyle spots a gray Mercedes pull into the driveway.

KYLE
Listen, I have to go.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
For sure, right?

KYLE
Yeah, yeah.

Kyle pours more liquor, watches ROXIE VALENTINE (38) pull shopping bags from the car and scramble to the front door.

The door opens and slams shut.

ROXIE (O.S.)
Ugh, soaked. Where are you?

KYLE
Here.

Roxie, tall and leggy, could pass for a woman half her age, enters the kitchen from the living room. She drops the bags, grabs a towel and wipes her hair.

She stops, eyes the whiskey glass.

 ROXIE
Busy, huh?

 KYLE
That's right.

 ROXIE
I can see that.

 KYLE
Looks like you were pretty busy,
too.

Roxie slides the trench coat off her shoulders, hangs it on a chair. She grabs a water pitcher, fills it in the sink.

 KYLE
Only four bags this time? Cutting
back?

 ROXIE
I needed a dress for tonight. And
shoes. Speaking of numbers, what
are you on?

Kyle downs the whiskey, pours another. Roxie carries the pitcher into the

LIVING ROOM

Kyle trails her.

 ROXIE
Don't forget, we have an
appointment with Doctor MacMillian
tomorrow.

 KYLE
Jesus! Can you pile any more crap
on my plate? Like I really need
two women reminding me what a jerk
I am.

She pours the entire pitcher into a brown-leaved dieffenbachia plant.

ROXIE
I can't figure out what's wrong
with this thing.

KYLE
You're killing it.

ROXIE
Wrong. Dieffenbachia need lots of
water. What do you know about
plants anyway?

KYLE
I know you're killing it. Just
leave it alone.

ROXIE
And not water it? Great idea. How
about doing something useful and
finish your project, hmm?

Roxie walks into the kitchen. Kyle stares at the plant for
a moment, flicks his whiskey on the soil.

EXT./INT. CITY STREET/MERCEDES - NIGHT

The rain is a mere drizzle. A few cars travel down the
street, splash puddles of water.

Roxie drives, Kyle slouches, stares out the passenger
window. She wears her new black dress; Kyle sports a dark
suit. The radio blares out a popular '80s hit.

Kyle reaches for the radio knob...

ROXIE
Don't even.

...jerks his hand back, makes a fist.

EXT. RAINIER BEACH HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A typical, two-story red brick school building. The parking
lot is filled with vehicles.

The sign in front reads: "RAINIER BEACH HIGH SCHOOL" with
changeable lettering underneath that says, "WELCOME CLASS OF
1987!"

The Mercedes pulls into the parking lot and stops.

Kyle and Roxie exit, head toward the entrance. Muffled '80s music emanates from the building.

ROXIE

I don't know how long I want to stay. I'll give you the signal... Remember?

Kyle tweaks his nose three times.

ROXIE

That's right. I wonder if Tammy Whitmore's coming...remember her? Rachael said she was looking like a real heifer.

KYLE

I dunno. Yeah, I guess.

They open the front door - music blares.

INT. SCHOOL/LOBBY - NIGHT

The couple pass a few old CLASSMATES, nod and smile.

Kyle and Roxie walk over to the gymnasium entrance, hand the grinning GATEKEEPER their tickets. They enter the

GYMNASIUM

A few flashing strobe lights and disco balls light the room. A DJ booth in the far corner blasts music.

Dozens of COUPLES fill the floor, each doing their version of the White Man's Dance.

Roxie spots a group of WOMEN smiling and waving at her. She claps her hands and races over. Kyle saunters over to the wet bar.

The BARTENDER fills a drink and hands it to a FRANKIE ROBBINS (38), tall and lean, slick, the kind of guy where you check to see if you still have your watch after shaking hands.

KYLE

Whiskey sour, please.

FRANKIE

Kyle?

KYLE

Frankie.

KYLE
Wow, you look...old!

He punches Kyle in the arm. Kyle winces, forces a grin.

KYLE
You seen Shelton and Tommy?

FRANKIE
Yeah, we got a table. Come on.
Man, good to see you!

KYLE
Yeah.

The two men snake their way through the crowd and stop in front of a round table in the corner. Seated are SHELTON DUFFY, pudgy and balding, and TOMMY ANDERSON, thick-necked and solid.

FRANKIE
Look who I found, boys.

The four men eye each other, half-smiles all around. They shake hands. Frankie and Kyle sit.

SHELTON
(slurred)
Long time. What've you been up to?

KYLE
I'm in advertising. Work for an agency downtown. You guys still in the area?

The men all nod, stare at their drinks. Kyle sips his whiskey, eyes the men.

KYLE
What are you doing, Tommy?

TOMMY
Bouncer at the "Booby Trap."

KYLE
Still? Wow.

TOMMY
Actually, part-owner now. My partner handles the business end. I run the floor...keeps me busy.

Frankie raises his glass.

FRANKIE

I want to make a toast...to
friendship. No, screw that. To
loyalty. Without loyalty there is
no friendship. To loyalty and
friendship!

The men clink glasses, drink.

SHELTON

I wasn't gonna come. Frankie
insisted.

FRANKIE

Okay, look, we all know why we're
really here. Do I gotta be the guy
who points out the elephant in the
room?

KYLE

So, now what?

SHELTON

I was watching this show on TV and
they said what we need is closure.
Put it behind us.

TOMMY

Oh, brother. Taking advice from Dr.
Phil now? Schmuck.

FRANKIE

Listen to me. This thing has been
eating me up inside, I know it's
gotta be killing you guys. We need
to say goodbye.

KYLE

What do you suggest?

FRANKIE

First, we get the hell out of this
place. I got some bottles of Jack
in my car. We head over, say our
goodbyes. Couple hours, max.

The men nod.

KYLE

I gotta let Roxie know I'm going to
take off for a bit.

TOMMY
Oh, shit! Roxie? You hooked up
with Roxie?

KYLE
Not "hooked up." We're married.
I'll be back in a minute...

Kyle stands and walks off.

EXT./INT. I-90 FREEWAY/FRANKIE'S BMW - NIGHT

The Bimmer shoots down the deserted freeway. The headlamps
light up a sign that reads: "SNOQUALMIE FALLS 10."

The four men smoke, pass a whiskey bottle.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - NIGHT - MOVING (FLASHBACK)

The five teenage boys from the photo laugh, drink beers and
pass a spliff. The radio cranks out heavy metal.

YOUNG FRANKIE (18) drives, looks in the rear-view mirror.

FRANKIE
(joking)
Careful with that! This guy'll be
pissed if we burn holes in the
seats.

YOUNG DENNIS (18), in the passenger seat, blows a cloud of
smoke in Frankie's face, laughs.

DENNIS
That'd be a real bummer.

TOMMY
Where'd you say you got this?

FRANKIE
Some dude...owed me a favor.

INT. FRANKIE'S BMW - NIGHT - MOVING (PRESENT DAY)

The men stare out the windows, lost in thought. Tommy takes
a big slug from the bottle.

TOMMY
Nice ride. What'd this set you
back?

FRANKIE
Enough. I own a dealership. New
model - sold three last week.

TOMMY
Sweet!

FRANKIE
Yeah...sweet.

Frankie takes the Snoqualmie Falls exit; the car flies into
the darkness.

EXT. SNOQUALMIE FALLS/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Hills and forest surround the deserted parking area. The
Bimmer swings in and stops. The four drunken men stumble
out the doors.

Frankie shines a flashlight around.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

Single file, the men navigate down the narrow path.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The five boys, beers in hand, make their way down the trail.
They hoot and holler, raise holy hell.

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The four men stop at the jagged rocks surrounding the pool
basin at the bottom of the falls.

They stare up at the cascading water, sparkling in the
moonlight and crashing into the lake below.

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The five boys climb the rocks.

KYLE
Come on, I dare you, ya pussy.

DENNIS
You think I won't? How long you
known me, asswipe?

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shelton falls on his hands and knees, pukes.

SHELTON
Oh, God. This...this...

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dennis is gone. The four boys scream.

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Kyle pats Shelton on the shoulder.

KYLE
I know.

Frankie sways, slugs whiskey. He pours some on the rocks.

FRANKIE
Goodbye, Dennis. Sorry about...
this. Goodbye.

TOMMY
Sorry, Dennis. See ya, buddy.

KYLE
Let's get the hell out of here.

Tommy and Kyle hoist Shelton up, follow Frankie back down the trail.

EXT. COLUMBIA CENTER - DAY

Seattle's tallest skyscraper, this magnificent black-glass tower is the centerpiece of the downtown area.

Laptop in hand, Kyle merges with the stream of BUSINESS PEOPLE and enters through one of the many revolving doors.

INT. COLUMBIA CENTER/LOBBY - DAY

The dark-granite lobby is filled with WORKER BEES, buzzing in and out of the elevators.

Kyle races to an open elevator. The doors begin to close.

KYLE
Hold that!

No one in the packed elevator moves. The doors slam shut. Kyle's cell phone rings. Into phone:

KYLE

What?

ROXIE (V.O.)

Just reminding you about our appointment tonight.

KYLE

How could I forget with you bugging me every five minutes? Listen, I'm running late and...

A WHEELCHAIR-BOUND MAN (late 30s) brushes past Kyle from behind. MR. LEACH (50s), warmth of a corpse, pushes the chair.

The man in the chair looks to the side; Kyle catches his profile: jagged scars, twisted nose. They continue on toward the elevators.

ROXIE (V.O.)

Yes? What is it?

KYLE

...and, uh...I'll call you later.

ROXIE (V.O.)

Seven o'clock sharp, don't...

Kyle slaps the phone shut. He follows the men from a distance, jerks his head to the side to catch another look.

Mr. Leach pushes the chair into the nearest elevator. People flock inside. Kyle sprints over, jumps into the

ELEVATOR

The doors shut. He rolls his eyes to the side. The man in the chair stares straight ahead.

Kyle studies his face - eyes drop to the pants legs wrapped around thigh stumps.

The doors open and Mr. Leach pushes the chair out. Kyle hesitates, then steps into the

UPPER LOBBY

He watches the two men cross the lobby, stop before a group of JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN who bow and smile.

Kyle circles them, snaps a picture of the wheelchair-bound man with his cell phone camera.

A JAPANESE WOMAN spots Kyle, approaches from the side.

JAPANESE WOMAN
(accent)
Sir, may I be of assistance?

KYLE
Who is that man? The one in the wheelchair?

JAPANESE WOMAN
Oh, he very important man. Mr. Donald Clay. May I ask why you take picture?

Kyle, pale-faced, backs up into the

ELEVATOR

He hits a floor button several times. A few moments later, the doors open and Kyle pushes through the throng of people into the

LOBBY

He dials his cell phone, shakes.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Hey, Kyle. What's up?

KYLE
Shut up and listen. I saw him.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Who?

KYLE
Dennis. I just saw Dennis. He's alive!

FRANKIE (V.O.)
What? That's insane. Are you drunk?

KYLE
We gotta meet tonight. Call the others.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Is this a joke?

KYLE

Dammit, you know me. Would I screw around about something like this?

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Wrong...I knew you, old buddy. I don't know what to think about this...

KYLE

Take my word for it...it's Dennis. I'll see you tonight.

Kyle shuts the phone, leans against the wall, stares at the ceiling. He looks at his watch.

KYLE

Dammit!

Kyle punches the elevator button over and over.

INT. "BOOBY TRAP" STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A few SEEDY PATRONS and BUSINESSMEN sit at tables and around the stage, watch the bored DANCER. A couple GIRLS dart around with drink trays, flirt for tips.

Kyle enters, spots Shelton and Tommy in a booth. He hustles over and sits.

KYLE

Where's Frankie?

TOMMY

I dunno...here he comes...

Frankie stands by the door, gets his bearings. He joins the men.

FRANKIE

Sorry I'm late. What're we drinking?

TOMMY

So, what the hell? I don't see you bozos for twenty years, then twice in two days.

SHELTON

What gives?

Kyle pulls out his cell phone, hands it to Frankie.

KYLE

Look at this. I'm telling you
that's Dennis.

Frankie studies the digital picture, cocks an eyebrow.

FRANKIE

It's not him.

TOMMY

Let me see.

The cell phone is handed back and forth among the men.

SHELTON

Resembles him...I don't know.

KYLE

What about the name? Dennis
Clayton...Donald Clay?

One of the girls sets four glasses of booze on the table,
disappears.

KYLE

Well?

FRANKIE

No way. Think about it. Why
wouldn't he have contacted us? I
mean, it would have been on the
news... something, if they found
him.

TOMMY

Yeah, people don't just stay hidden
for twenty years. We woulda heard
from him.

KYLE

Maybe he has a reason. Maybe he's
pissed. You should have seen
him...a real mess, no legs, man oh
man.

FRANKIE

So what do you suggest we do,
hotshot? Walk up to him and say,
"Hey Dennis, how's it going? What
you been up to? Oh, by the way,
sorry about leaving you smashed up
at the falls?"

KYLE

Yes. Well, no, not exactly. I mean, we gotta talk to him. Find out for sure.

TOMMY

What's your idea?

KYLE

Frankie and I go talk to him tomorrow.

FRANKIE

Whoa. Why me? Take Shelton or Tommy.

KYLE

What the hell? It was your bright idea to drive out to the falls that night. You should go.

FRANKIE

Yeah? I wasn't the one who told him to climb! If I remember right, that was you...old buddy.

KYLE

Nice. What happened to loyalty and friendship - that whole damn speech?

Several patrons turn and stare at the men.

TOMMY

This is my place, so keep it down.

SHELTON

You're right - it should be you two.

KYLE

I did some research on 'Donald Clay' today. Apparently, he's CEO of Caskada software. He's doing some business deal in the tower - be there all week.

TOMMY

Caskada Software? What's that?

KYLE

Jesus, Tommy, wake up. It's only the biggest software company on the west coast, right behind Microsoft. The guy's loaded.

SHELTON

Leave him alone. His brain has only room for two things: T & A.

TOMMY

Shut up!

FRANKIE

Hmm. Maybe I should go. I mean, what kind of friend would I be if I didn't step up?

Kyle slams his drink, stands up.

KYLE

Great. Okay, meet me tomorrow at eight in the lobby. We'll catch him downstairs.

FRANKIE

Where you off to in such a hurry?

KYLE

To get my balls busted. See ya.

INT. DR. MACMILLIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Soft lighting warms the wood motif of the office.

DR. MACMILLIAN (50s), a stylish, sharp-featured woman, Kyle and Roxie are seated in plush chairs, face each other.

Kyle fidgets, taps his knees.

DR. MACMILLIAN

You seem tense. More so than usual.

ROXIE

He hates coming here. Thinks it's a waste of time. Frankly, if he isn't going to make any effort then he's probably right.

DR. MACMILLIAN

Is this true, Kyle?

KYLE

I don't know. Yes, no. I've got a lot on my mind lately.

DR. MACMILLIAN

Such as?

KYLE

I...

ROXIE

He's working on a big presentation for his agency. Really stressed out. They're reeling in a big client - his whole future rides on this.

KYLE

Thanks, but...

ROXIE

And things have been terrible in the bedroom...still. He's having that problem, you know...

She holds her hand up to cover the finger pointing at his crotch.

KYLE

Time out. Why are we talking about this?

DR. MACMILLIAN

Please don't interrupt her. Continue, Roxie. Specifically, what's he doing, or not doing in this case?

Kyle drags his palms across his face, slumps in the chair.

INT. COLUMBIA CENTER/LOBBY - DAY

Kyle paces, looks from his watch to the lobby doors several times.

Frankie enters, veers out of the crowd and over to Kyle.

KYLE

Where were you?

FRANKIE

Hey, gimme a break. Guy came in early, wanted a test drive.

Kyle spots the wheelchair-bound man and Mr. Leach enter the lobby.

KYLE
Okay, there he is. Come on. I'll do the talking.

FRANKIE
No problem.

Both pairs of men approach each other, stop.

MR. LEACH
Move!

WHEELCHAIR-BOUND MAN
Hold on, Mr. Leach. Can I help you, gentlemen?

KYLE
Yes. We were wondering - I don't know how to say this...

FRANKIE
We had a buddy who died - we thought died - several years ago. You look an awful lot like him. Are you him?

KYLE
I'm sorry, my friend...

WHEELCHAIR-BOUND MAN
You followed me yesterday.

KYLE
Right, I did. I know this sounds crazy...I just...are you Dennis Clayton?

DENNIS/ WHEELCHAIR-BOUND MAN
Yes, Kyle. I'm Dennis. Hello, Frankie.

FRANKIE
Um, hi.

KYLE
What happened to you? We thought you were dead! Where have you been?

DENNIS
Mr. Leach - cards.

Mr. Leach reaches into his jacket, exposes a holstered semi-auto pistol. He hands the men business cards.

DENNIS

Call my secretary. She'll give you directions to my house on Mercer Island. We'll get together this weekend. Make sure Shelton and Tommy come. Mr. Leach?

He pushes the wheelchair away.

DENNIS

I look forward to catching up.

Mr. Leach pushes the chair forward a few more feet. Dennis holds up his hand. The chair swivels.

DENNIS

Oh, by the way...how is Roxie?

KYLE

Roxie? She's...she's fine.

DENNIS

Make sure to give her my best.

Dumbfounded, Kyle and Frankie watch the men disappear into an elevator.

INT. COLUMBIA CENTER/KYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

The large corner office has a spectacular view of the city.

Kyle sits at his desk, typing on the laptop. Distracted, he stops and stares at the goldfish swimming in the bowl on his desk. He dumps some food in the water.

KYLE'S BOSS (50s) knocks on the open door.

KYLE'S BOSS

Hey, sport. How's it coming?
Ready for Monday?

KYLE

Yes, going smooth.

KYLE'S BOSS

(punches air)
A knockout?

KYLE
 (imitates punch)
 You bet. Right out of the
 ballpark.

The older man frowns.

KYLE'S BOSS
 Right. Okay, I'll leave you to it.

He exits. Kyle types at a frantic pace.

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle slouches in the couch, drink in hand. Roxie stands over him, fists on hips.

ROXIE
 What the hell are you saying? You
 saw Dennis?

Kyle sips his drink, stares at the carpet.

ROXIE
 Unbelievable. The jerk takes off
 after graduation, never says a
 word. Then pops back up out of the
 blue!

KYLE
 Roxie, sit down. There's something
 I have to tell you.

Roxie plops down next to him, crosses her arms.

KYLE
 Dennis didn't just take off. There
 was an accident that night.

ROXIE
 What? What do you mean?

Kyle leans forward, stares into her eyes.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/BACKYARD (SEATTLE) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A keg party in full swing. TEENAGERS fill the yard,
 swilling cups of beer. 80s music blares from a boom box in
 the yard.

SUPER: "SEATTLE, WA 1987"

Kyle, Shelton and Tommy stand near the wooden fence.

SHELTON

Finally out of that place for good.
Damn!

KYLE

What are you doing this summer?

SHELTON

Kick back, then head to Wazzu this
fall.

TOMMY

I plan to do every girl I can get
my hands on! Twice!

KYLE

Nice...

Dennis, pissed off, approaches from the open kitchen door.
He carries a duffle bag over his shoulder.

DENNIS

That sunuvabich!

KYLE

What's up, Dennis?

DENNIS

Oh, my stupid, worthless uncle just
tossed me out. "Eighteen - time to
hit the road." Bastard.

KYLE

Chill, dude. You can crash at my
place.

DENNIS

Right on. Thanks, bud.

YOUNG ROXIE (18) runs up to Dennis, covers his eyes from
behind. Kyle looks down, disturbed.

ROXIE

Guess who?

Dennis jerks away, grabs her wrist, hard.

DENNIS

What did I tell you about that
shit?

ROXIE
Whatever. Hey, Kyle.

KYLE
Hey.

Frankie jumps out the kitchen door in a beer helmet, a giant mug in his hand.

FRANKIE
Class of eighty-seven rules!

Everyone raises their cups and yells. Frankie saunters over to his friends, hugs Tommy.

FRANKIE
Here's to friendship and the future. Cheers!

The five friends smash cups together, slam beers. Frankie tosses the mug into the grass.

FRANKIE
Who's up for a ride?

KYLE
In what? I thought you smashed up your Trans Am?

FRANKIE
Got it covered. Who's in?

TOMMY
What for? All the chicks are here.

FRANKIE
This is a special night, boys. Maybe our last together for awhile.

KYLE
All right, let's do it.

ROXIE
Where are we going?

FRANKIE
Uh, uh. Just the guys, sweetie.

DENNIS
Sorry, babe. We'll be back soon. Keep those panties warm.

Everyone laughs except for Kyle. The group of boys exit into the kitchen.

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The five boys stand on the jagged rocks. Dennis smashes his beer bottle on the face of the massive rock wall.

DENNIS
Let's do this.

Dennis scales the wall, stops at twenty feet, his body pressed against the face.

KYLE
Wow. Is that it, Spiderman?

Everyone laughs. Dennis grits his teeth and climbs another five feet. A thrown beer bottle smashes on the rock a few inches from Dennis' face.

His fingers slip and he plummets to the rocks. The boys scream.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Roxie slaps Kyle across the face. Tears roll down her face. She slaps him again, jumps to her feet and runs up the steps. Kyle rubs his cheek, watches her.

KYLE
(sotto voce)
I'm sorry.

EXT. DENNIS' HOUSE (MERCER ISLAND) - DAY

The massive three story house sits on the waterfront. A couple acres of grass surround it, the neighboring houses hidden by a ring of trees.

Kyle pulls up in his Honda Accord, parks behind several cars in the stone driveway.

He walks to the front door, raises his finger to push the bell. Before he does, the door swings open and Mr. Leach steps out.

He gestures for him to raise his arms, pats Kyle down.

INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - DAY

Kyle follows Mr. Leach down a long corridor into the

LIVING ROOM

The walls and ceiling are constructed entirely of glass. Shelton and Tommy sit at a massive oak table with two bulging red gym bags on it.

Frankie is outside on the balcony, gazes over Lake Washington.

Mr. Leach exits back down the corridor.

TOMMY
Made it, huh?

KYLE
Yeah. Where is he?

TOMMY
Dunno.

Kyle walks to the balcony doorway.

The wooden deck of the balcony is under construction: stacks of planks and carpenter tools litter the area.

A narrow ten-foot board extends across a gap - a makeshift walkway.

Frankie, on the far side, nods at Kyle.

KYLE
Hey, Frankie.

Frankie walks back across the plank and both men enter the room. They sit at the table.

Mr. Leach reappears, pushes Dennis in his wheelchair across the floor, stops beside the table.

DENNIS
Hello...friends. Well, here we are. Imagine that.

The four men fidget, nervous. Dennis observes them, a cool look on his face.

KYLE
Okay, I'll start. What happened?

DENNIS
You know, that's a question I've asked myself hundreds of times over the last twenty years. Very strange, isn't it?

KYLE

What is?

DENNIS

How I fell on the rocks and yet
somehow ended up in the water.
Alone.

The four men look at their laps.

DENNIS

A mystery. Oh, well, I guess we'll
never know.

TOMMY

I still don't get it. How could
you just disappear? There was
nothing on the news or nothing.

DENNIS

Who reported me missing? My uncle
who threw me out? My four best
friends?

(to Kyle)

You must have fed Roxie a pretty
good story to get her to give me up
so quick.

KYLE

(stands)

I have what I came for. You're alive,
so that's that. Have a good life.

DENNIS

Sit down!

Mr. Leach draws his pistol, points it at Kyle. He sits back
down.

DENNIS

All-star running back, scholarship
to U-Dub - gone. I woke up in
intensive care, no memory. The
doctors told me if I had gotten in
sooner they could have saved my
legs. Days in the water,
infection...

Dennis grips his fists, grimaces. A calm settles over him,
he smiles.

DENNIS

Water under the bridge. The past is gone. All we have is our future... together.

KYLE

Enough games, Dennis. What exactly is it you want from us? An apology? Believe me, we're sorry. We're very sorry. You have no idea what living with this has done to me...us.

DENNIS

Oh, I'm sure you each suffered in your own way - but not nearly as much as I. And games? They've just started.

Dennis snaps his fingers. Mr. Leach walks to the table, unzips the duffle bags, dumps out piles of bundled one hundred dollar bills.

SHELTON

Oh shit! Look at that! Is that... for us?

FRANKIE

What is this?

DENNIS

One hundred-ten pounds of money. Or, more precisely, five million dollars. All for you.

FRANKIE

And you're just giving it to us?

DENNIS

I'm not "giving" anything away - you have to earn it.

KYLE

How?

DENNIS

A game. The rules are simple. Whoever inflicts the most suffering on his friends wins five million dollars.

TOMMY

What do mean "suffering?" Like, beat them up and stuff?

DENNIS

However you interpret it, Tommy.
Last man standing wins the prize.

KYLE

This is insane. Why are you doing
this?

DENNIS

Because I can.

SHELTON

And if we don't play?

DENNIS

Not playing is still playing. I'll
enjoy watching you cower like the
fat lump of shit you are while your
friends rip you apart.

KYLE

If none of us play then your plan is
screwed.

DENNIS

Oh, I think you'll play. I've done
exhaustive research on each of you...

Nods at Shelton.

DENNIS

On the verge of bankruptcy,
drowning in a pool of debt.

Shelton looks down. Dennis nods at Tommy.

DENNIS

Sexual harassment lawsuits...and a
rape charge? Five million would
sure help quiet the storm, eh?

Tommy punches his leg, looks out the window. Dennis stares
at Frankie.

DENNIS

Failing dealership, gambling. And
borrowing money from the mob,
Frankie? I see you still have your
thumbs...for now.

Agitated, Frankie stands up, walks over to the window.

DENNIS

And finally, good ol' Kyle.
Unappreciated at work, dreaming of
the day he can start his own
advertising agency. Plus that
bitch - excuse me - wife putting
you in the poorhouse.

Dennis motions for Mr. Leach. He pushes the wheelchair
toward the corridor.

DENNIS

You can see yourselves out. Oh,
and if you're thinking of calling
the police...don't. Absolutely no
police involvement...I can't stress
this enough. Good luck, gentlemen.

EXT. DENNIS' HOUSE - DAY

The four friends stand in a circle, smoking.

FRANKIE

Crazy stuff, huh? Crazy guy...

TOMMY

Yeah, crazy...

Kyle stamps out his butt, opens his car door.

KYLE

If I don't see you guys again...
take it easy.

Kyle climbs in, looks over his shoulder and backs the Honda
into the street. His eyes fall on a black briefcase on the
backseat, an envelope taped to the top.

He slams the brakes.

Kyle Claws the envelope off and rips it open. Eyes wide, he
reads the paper inside:

"Let the games begin."

Tommy and Shelton drive by him, stare straight ahead.

Frankie follows, nods at Kyle, gives him a strange smile.

Kyle watches them disappear in the rear-view mirror.

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kyle paces the floor, whiskey glass in hand.

Roxie runs her finger along the briefcase on the coffee table.

ROXIE

Five Million? And you saw it...the cash?

KYLE

I told you I did.

ROXIE

It doesn't make sense, Kyle. Accidents happen. It was an accident, right?

KYLE

It's complicated...yes, an accident.

ROXIE

Are you going to open it?

KYLE

Why? And give him the satisfaction of knowing he got to me? I'm going to toss it, forget this whole thing ever happened.

ROXIE

That would probably be for the best...

KYLE

What? Spit it out.

ROXIE

I mean, as long as you trust your friends, then there isn't a problem, right?

Kyle stops, stares at her. He plops down on the couch, hesitates, clicks the latches and lifts the lid.

Inside are four red binders and a stack of map printouts.

Roxie snatches the binders, splays them out on her lap. Each cover is labelled with one of the four friends' names.

ROXIE

My God, these have everything...
work history, credit reports...
criminal records.

Kyle flips through the maps. Each of their home and work addresses is printed on the bottoms, the locations circled in red.

Roxie gasps: a semi-auto nine mil pistol is velcro'd to the bottom of the case.

Kyle lifts the pistol out, releases the clip: it is filled with rounds. He pulls the slide back a couple times, replaces the clip.

ROXIE

How do you know how to do that?
Have you fired a gun before?

He drops the pistol in the case, stands. Roxie picks up the gun, fascinated.

ROXIE

Kyle, honey, it's time for the truth.

KYLE

I told you everything.

ROXIE

Uh huh.

KYLE

What?

ROXIE

This is seriously messed up...even for you.

KYLE

Like I caused this? Jesus, do you see what's happening here?

ROXIE

I do see. You're a shit magnet, Kyle. But you do it to yourself.

KYLE

I didn't do anything!

ROXIE

And, once again, it's left to me to clean up.

Kyle refills his drink, looks out the window.

ROXIE
And five million dollars...

KYLE
Whatever you're thinking, I want
you to forget about it right now.

Kyle picks up the phone. Roxie jumps up, runs over to him.

ROXIE
What are you doing?

KYLE
Calling the police.

Roxie hugs him, pulls back, looks into his eyes.

ROXIE
I just want you to know, no matter
what, I'm your wife and I'm here
for you.

KYLE
Thanks. Thank you, Roxie.

ROXIE
Dr. MacMillian says anyone can
support their spouse during the
good times, but it's the hard times
that really show how strong a
marriage is.

KYLE
(punches buttons)
Yeah, I guess.

Roxie walks over to the case, throws the dossiers, maps and
gun inside, shuts the lid.

ROXIE
She says a strong marriage is based
on trust and loyalty. And I want
you to know you can trust me to do
the right thing, honey.

KYLE
Uh huh.
(into phone)
Yes, I'm calling to report a
crime...

LATER

Kyle wrings his hands, stares out the window at the pouring rain.

A Black Crown Victoria pulls up to the curb.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

DETECTIVE KNOWLES (mid 50s), grizzled and beefy, sits behind the wheel. His PARTNER gnaws a sandwich.

PARTNER

Why the hell did we get this call?
We don't have nothin' better to do?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Our luck to be in the neighborhood.
Sit tight, I won't be long.

EXT. VALENTINE HOUSE - DAY

Detective Knowles jogs through the rain to the front door, knocks.

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kyle opens the front door, the detective enters, shakes his hair.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Dang, believe this rain?

KYLE

Yes...no.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

You Mr. Valentine?

KYLE

Yes, I called earlier.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

I'm Detective Knowles. Tell me
what's going on.

KYLE

There's this man - Donald Clay. Or
Dennis Clayton. I knew him years
ago...an old friend.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
He threaten you?

KYLE
No, not exactly.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
So, what's the problem?

KYLE
He blames me and some other friends
for an accident that happened a
long time ago. He said he'll pay
us money to hurt each other.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Uh huh. And...?

KYLE
That's it.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Well, unless a crime has actually
been committed, there's not much we
can do. Call us when he does
something.

Detective Knowles opens the door. Frantic, Kyle runs to the
staircase.

KYLE
Hold on. He gave me a briefcase
with dossiers, maps and a pistol.
(yells upstairs)
Roxie! The police are here! Bring
the case down!

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
A pistol?

The detective shuts the door. Kyle walks back over to him.

KYLE
Yes, with bullets. I'm telling
you, the guy is nuts.

The detective looks over Kyle's shoulder, his jaw drops.

Roxie steps off the staircase into the living room. She is
wrapped in a towel, fresh from the shower. Detective
Knowles drinks her in.

ROXIE
Yes?

KYLE

Roxie?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Hello, Mrs. Valentine. Your husband told me you have a briefcase to show me?

ROXIE

Briefcase?

KYLE

Yes, the briefcase with the gun. Where is it?

ROXIE

Gun?

KYLE

Where the hell is the briefcase?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Hey, easy, buddy.

ROXIE

I'm sorry, officer, I have no idea what my husband is talking about.

KYLE

What? She's lying! Would you please tell the detective about the briefcase?

ROXIE

(fake sobs)

Don't yell at me.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Have you been drinking, sir?

KYLE

What does that have to do with anything? I'm telling you, that lunatic gave me a briefcase with a gun. I don't know why she's lying.

Roxie walks over to the detective, leads him by the arm to the corner of the room.

ROXIE

I'm so sorry about this, detective. Kyle has been under a terrible strain lately. He's convinced someone is out to get him.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Yeah?

ROXIE

Oh, yes. He even told me his boss tried to poison him. He goes through this periodically.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Does he hit you?

Roxie hesitates, squints and nods.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

That sunuvabich.

ROXIE

Please, he's a good man. Just... confused.

Detective Knowles pulls a business card out, hands it to her.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

He ever touches you again, call me. I'll take care of it...personally.

ROXIE

Thank you. That's very comforting.

The detective marches over to Kyle, stops nose to nose.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

I've got your number, pal. Remember that.

KYLE

What?

Detective Knowles opens the front door.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Mrs. Valentine.

ROXIE

Thank you, Detective.

The detective exits. Kyle rushes over and grabs Roxie by the arms.

KYLE

Why did you lie?

ROXIE

Use your brain, Kyle. You were about to give away everything to the cops. Where does that leave us? I'll tell you - vulnerable.

KYLE

Is this about the money?

ROXIE

It's about our relationship. We need to do what's best for us.

EXT. VALENTINE HOUSE/HONDA - NIGHT

Kyle arranges presentation materials in the trunk of his car. Frankie's BMW pulls up behind him, screeches to a halt.

Kyle stands. Frankie hops out, races around the front.

FRANKIE

Was it you?

KYLE

What?

FRANKIE

Some asshole broke into my house, wrecked everything. I'm going to kill whoever did this!

KYLE

Take it easy. I'm not playing along with this. In fact, I called the police.

FRANKIE

You did? He said not to do that.

KYLE

Fat lot of good it did. The cop thinks I'm a nut.

FRANKIE

Okay, okay. Not you. I didn't think so. Pretty sure it's Tommy.

KYLE

Just stop. Those guys aren't stupid enough to do this.

FRANKIE

Tommy?

KYLE

Okay, he's stupid, but not this stupid.

Frankie calms, lights a cigarette.

FRANKIE

What are you doing out here?

KYLE

I have a big presentation tomorrow. This thing either makes or breaks my future with the company. I got bigger things to worry about than a stupid game, see?

Frankie opens his car door.

FRANKIE

Good luck, then. I'll see ya around.

He pulls his BMW a few feet up the street, unrolls the passenger window.

FRANKIE

You promise it wasn't you?

KYLE

It wasn't me.

FRANKIE

Yeah, I know. Take it easy, buddy.

Frankie zooms off down the street.

INT. DR. MACMILLIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Roxie, Kyle and Dr. MacMillian are seated in a circle as before.

ROXIE

Thank you so much for seeing us on such short notice, Doctor.

DR. MACMILLIAN

You're lucky. I was scheduled to be out of town for a drum circle and sweat lodge retreat in Yakima,
(MORE)

DR. MACMILLIAN (CONT'D)
but it was cancelled - low
registration, I'm afraid. Sad,
really.

KYLE
Imagine that.

ROXIE
We've hit a major...hurdle in our
relationship. A real crossroads.

DR. MACMILLIAN
Did you read the chapter in my book
about hurdles and crossroads?

KYLE
No.

ROXIE
Oh yes, several times. You
suggested that a couple should
establish a goal and follow through
together, to strengthen the
marriage.

DR. MACMILLIAN
So what is the problem?

ROXIE
I feel like Kyle is not committed
to our goal. His problem is he's
afraid to try and succeed, because
if he fails that means he's a
loser.

DR. MACMILLIAN
Remember what FEAR stands for:
Forever Epitomizing Actualized
Reservations.

KYLE
Or Frivolous Empty Acronyms
Regurgitated.

DR. MACMILLIAN
Tell me, Kyle, what is it you
really desire? What's one thing
you always wanted to do in your
life?

KYLE

When I graduated from high school,
I promised myself I would take a
trip to Tibet.

DR. MACMILLIAN

But how does that help your
relationship with Roxie?

KYLE

It doesn't.

DR. MACMILLIAN

Exactly, exactly. You see, we're
making progress...

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Kyle stands in front of a full-length mirror, adjusts his
tie. Roxie enters in a silk bathrobe, coffee in hand.

ROXIE

Nervous?

KYLE

No...kind of.

She turns Kyle to face her, fixes his tie.

ROXIE

Well, don't be, honey. Just
believe in yourself and you'll be
fine.

KYLE

Thanks, baby. I feel real good
about this.

He kisses her, exits the bedroom.

INT. COLUMBIA CENTER/PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The underground level is crammed with cars.

Kyle parks in the one empty spot. He pops the trunk, jumps
out and circles the car.

KYLE

I got this. I got this. I am a
winner.

Kyle looks in the trunk - his jaw drops. It's empty. He jerks out his cell phone. Into phone:

KYLE
Roxie? Did you clean my car - take stuff from my trunk?

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Roxie reclines on the bed, filing her nails, cell phone propped in chin.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

ROXIE
No, why?

KYLE
Because my presentation materials, my laptop - all gone! Everything's gone!

ROXIE
Oh my god! Who do you think...

KYLE
Frankie. It had to be him.

END INTERCUT

INT. COLUMBIA CENTER/PARKING GARAGE - DAY

ROXIE (V.O.)
That bastard! What...

Kyle ends the call, punches numbers.

FRANKIE'S VM (V.O.)
You've reached Frankie Robbins of Robbins BMW, the Bimmer King. Leave a message. (beep)

KYLE
Frankie, Kyle. I know what you did, you shitbag. You have one hour to return my stuff or I'll... I'll kill you. How's that, buddy?

Frankie slaps the phone shut, leans against his car.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE/CORRIDOR - DAY

Kyle steps into the corridor, box under one arm, goldfish bowl in the other. Kyle's boss follows him out, waving his arms.

KYLE'S BOSS

That's right, get out! You shafted me for the last time, Valentine!

Kyle does a quick walk of shame past his coworkers, exits the suite into the

OUTER CORRIDOR

He shuffles down the empty hallway, past the men's restroom.

The door swings open and a black-gloved hand grabs his suit jacket collar, jerks him inside.

Kyle swings around, faces Mr. Leach. He draws his pistol, smashes Kyle across the bridge of the nose.

MR. LEACH

No police!

He grabs his busted nose. The box falls to the floor and spills, the fishbowl shatters on the tiles.

Mr. Leach kicks him in the stomach, knocks him on his ass.

MR. LEACH

No police!

KYLE

Oh, shit! I got it, I got it - no police!

MR. LEACH

No police!

KYLE

I'm sorry...

Mr. Leach drags him by the collar into the first toilet stall. He dunks his head in the bowl.

MR. LEACH

No police!

The goldfish flops on the floor, fights for life.

Kyle claws at the flush lever.

Mr. Leach smashes the fingers of his left hand with the pistol barrel - bones crack.

The goldfish slows.

He smacks Kyle a few times in the back with the gun grip, releases him, stands.

The goldfish is still.

Kyle flops on his back, spits up water, gasps for air. Mr. Leach is gone.

The soaked man curls knees to chest, sobs.

EXT./INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/HONDA - DAY

Kyle pulls up and parks beside Roxie's Mercedes. He holds up his left hand, examines the finger splints, checks the bandages on his nose in the rear-view mirror.

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roxie stands by the bay window, watches Kyle approach. He enters the house. She runs up and hugs him.

KYLE

I'm kinda gross, honey. Toilet water and everything...

She pulls away.

ROXIE

You look terrible. I could have met you at the hospital.

KYLE

I'm fine. Couple of busted fingers is all. Broken nose. Two cracked ribs. And I'm peeing blood.

ROXIE

You're sure Dennis did this?

KYLE

It was that maniac who works for him, Leach. Because I called the cops.

ROXIE

I told you not to do that.

KYLE

Thanks.

ROXIE

I'll draw you a hot bath, then we have to talk.

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY

Kyle lays in the large tub, water and bubbles up to his neck, the splinted hand hangs over the side.

Roxie sits on the linoleum edge of the tub, smokes and reads a dossier.

KYLE

What are we going to do? No job, no money. If I could get my laptop back I still might be able to salvage the account...

ROXIE

Uh huh. Listen to this: Tommy was arrested for felony burglary and arson. Burned down a competing strip club. Three years at McNeil Island Corrections Center.

KYLE

Why are you reading that? How is that going to help the situation?

ROXIE

Think about it, Kyle. Someone is out to get you. You can hide your head in the sand or you can fight back.

KYLE

Fight back how?

ROXIE

Oh, for Christ's sake! You know the answer. Stop being such a pussy and take charge of your life for once!

KYLE

I take charge! I've been fighting for twenty years to keep my head above water. What do you do?

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Spend money! Your life equals a closet full of Gucci handbags and designer shoes. That's it, the sum total of your existence.

ROXIE

At least I don't keep secrets.

KYLE

You know everything now.

ROXIE

Yeah? What about those two years after high school when you disappeared?

KYLE

I told you already. I left to find myself.

ROXIE

You said you were in Europe backpacking. According to your dossier...

She rifles through the pile of binders at her feet, picks up one, flips the pages.

ROXIE

Where is it? Oh yes, two years in the Marine Corp, left on a "Medical Discharge." What's that?

KYLE

I lied...so kill me.

ROXIE

Dr. MacMillian says the key to a successful marriage is honesty. Without that you have nothing.

KYLE

You know what? Fuck Dr. MacMillian.

Roxie picks up a notebook and pen, writes.

KYLE

What are you writing?

ROXIE

Making some notes for our next session with Dr. MacMillian. This is pure gold, mister.

KYLE

Look, I'm sorry. I just feel like I'm ready to crack up.

Roxie drops the pen and notebook, kneels beside the tub, runs her hand through his hair.

ROXIE

Poor baby. I'm sorry, too. Come on, get out, we have work to do.

KYLE

What work?

ROXIE

We're going to call a meeting and settle this crap once and for all.

INT. "BOOBY TRAP" STRIP CLUB - DAY

Kyle, Roxie, Frankie and Tommy are seated in the same booth as before. The tension is palpable - everyone smokes, drinks liquor.

ROXIE

Where is he?

FRANKIE

I dunno. I called, left three voicemails.

KYLE

The reason I...we wanted to meet was to call a truce and end this nonsense.

TOMMY

Truce? I haven't done shit.

FRANKIE

Me either.

KYLE

Me either, see? The fact that we are even discussing this is stupid. This is exactly what Dennis wanted and we're playing into it like a bunch of saps.

FRANKIE

Hear hear.

ROXIE

Well, good then. A truce.

They all sip their drinks, stare at the table.

KYLE

So, if whoever stole my laptop would give it back, we'll be on our way.

Tommy jumps up from the booth.

TOMMY

You know what? Get the hell out of my club!

FRANKIE

Very dramatic! I know it was you who trashed my place, Tommy! Only a stupid ape like you would think of something clever like that!

Tommy leaps across the table, slams into Frankie. Kyle and Roxie hop up.

KYLE

Hey, cool it!

Tommy slugs Frankie in the face. Both men grapple, roll out of the booth. Frankie breaks free, runs toward the door, looks back.

FRANKIE

All of you keep away from me. Assholes!

Frankie darts out the door. Tommy pushes Kyle.

TOMMY

You two, out!

KYLE

Tommy...

TOMMY

Out!

EXT. "BOOBY TRAP" STRIP CLUB/PARKING LOT - DAY

Kyle and Roxie walk over to his Honda, stop.

ROXIE
That was great! You were
wonderful, honey!

KYLE
Were you there? Everything just
blew up, worse than before.

ROXIE
I know - they're falling apart.

KYLE
I don't want anyone to fall apart.
I just want this to end.

ROXIE
So now what?

KYLE
Those two idiots are running scared
- it must be Shelton doing this
crap.

ROXIE
Or Dennis.

KYLE
Yes. But first I need to talk to
Shelton. I'll drop you off at
home.

EXT. SHELTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Backed up to the open garage sits a U-Haul truck. A realty
"FOR SALE" sign is planted in the front yard.

Shelton carts boxes to the back of the truck.

Kyle pulls up and parks at the curb.

He exits the car, jogs across the yard to the garage.

KYLE
Shelton! We need to talk.

Saucer-eyed, Shelton heaves a box at Kyle and hits him in
the chest. Kyle lands on his ass.

Shelton bolts down the sidewalk, his short, pudgy legs going
full bore.

Kyle leaps up, gives chase. He overtakes the fat man,
tackles him to the ground.

He straddles Shelton's stomach, bitch slaps him in the face.

KYLE

Sell your friends out for money,
you fat bastard?

SHELTON

No!

Kyle slaps him across the face again.

KYLE

Where the hell is it?

SHELTON

What?

Slap, slap, slap.

KYLE

My laptop!

SHELTON

I didn't take it! Please, just
leave me alone.

KYLE

Why did you run?

SHELTON

I thought you wanted to kill me.

Kyle flops off the man, sits in the grass. Shelton leans
up, rubs his cheek.

KYLE

Did you wreck Frankie's place?

SHELTON

What? No. I haven't done anything.

KYLE

What's with the U-haul?

SHELTON

I've been wanting to move to
California for years. With all
this craziness - figured this was a
good time.

KYLE

Dr. MacMillian says fear can be an
excellent motivator to follow your
dreams.

SHELTON

What?

KYLE

(sighs)

Nothing, just some bullshit. Man,
I'm tired.

He stands, helps Shelton to his feet. Kyle walks toward his car.

KYLE

Good luck in California.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Dark and depressing, the bar is filled with a variety of SEEDY CHARACTERS who play pool or drown their sorrows in liquor.

A tanked Kyle sits at the bar, half-watches the TV mounted in the corner. He gulps down the remains of his whiskey, slams the glass on the counter.

KYLE

Another!

The burly BARTENDER walks over.

BARTENDER

Time to head home, buddy. You've
had enough.

KYLE

(slurred)

Do you have friends? Friends are
the best. There during the good
times and the bad times...
especially the bad times. The
worst of times.

The bartender shakes his head, walks away. Kyle stands, wobbles toward the door.

INT. SHELTON'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Several uniformed POLICE OFFICERS mill about the room.

Shelton's body is sprawled on the floor, blood pooled on the carpet. A PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER snaps pictures of the corpse.

Detective Knowles enters the room.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
What we got so far?

OFFICER #1
Vic was shot once in the forehead,
twice in the chest. Nine mil
casings.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Who found him?

OFFICER #1
His mother stopped by. Poor lady.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Neighbors see anything?

The officer flips open his notepad.

OFFICER #1
Yeah, a Mrs. Cafferty reported a
fight between the vic and another
guy earlier today - slapped him up.
Got his plate number.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Oh yeah? Run it?

OFFICER #1
Yes, belongs to a Kyle Valentine.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
You're shittin' me!

OFFICER #1
You know him?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Oh, yeah, I know him. Likes to
knock his wife around. A real
piece of shit.

OFFICER #1
Sounds like our guy.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Definitely. This is going to be a
pleasure...

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle stumbles through the front door, flops on the couch.

KYLE

Roxie!

He sits up, pulls his suit jacket off.

KYLE

Roxie!

The front door opens and in walks Roxie, arms loaded with shopping bags.

ROXIE

Where have you been?

KYLE

Out. I'd ask where you've been but it's obvious...

ROXIE

Don't start. You know shopping helps me when I'm stressed.

She drops the bags on the floor.

ROXIE

Christ, you're drunk.

KYLE

Don't forget to write it in your notebook.

ROXIE

Did you talk to Shelton?

KYLE

Yes. Nothing. He's off to sunny California. That sounds good, huh? Let's just take off to California. We could live on the beach - I'll give surfing lessons.

ROXIE

You don't surf.

KYLE

I'll learn. You could sell seashell jewelry to tourists...

Roxie goes into the kitchen.

ROXIE (O.S.)
I'll make some coffee.

A knock at the door.

Roxie walks to the door, opens it. Detective Knowles steps into the living room.

ROXIE
Hello, Detective. How can I help you?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Good evening, Mrs. Valentine. I need to speak to your husband.

ROXIE
Of course.

The detective steps in front of Kyle, plants his hands on his hips.

KYLE
Yes?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
What the hell happened to you?

KYLE
Slipped in the men's room.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Shelton Duffy...you know him?

KYLE
Yes, he's an old high school friend.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
He was murdered today.

KYLE
What?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?

KYLE
No!

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Do you get into a physical altercation with Mr. Duffy earlier today?

KYLE

Yes, just slapped him a couple times. How was he killed?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Shot three times.

He pokes Kyle in the forehead and twice in the chest.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

One between the eyes, two in the chest.

KYLE

I didn't kill him! I don't even own a gun.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

I thought you said this friend of yours gave you a pistol?

Kyle works his way up to his feet, sways.

KYLE

And I thought you didn't believe me?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

You know, I took a look at your background. Interesting stuff. Kicked out of the military on a psycho discharge. Went cuckoo, shot your commanding officer in the leg. You know that, Mrs. Valentine?

ROXIE

Doesn't surprise me.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

I need you to come downtown with me and answer some questions.

KYLE

Am I under arrest?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Not...yet.

ROXIE

Detective, Kyle couldn't have done it.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Why not?

ROXIE

Because...we've been together all day.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

You were with him at Mr. Duffy's?

ROXIE

That's correct.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Is that right?

KYLE

Yes, and then we went shopping...

Kyle reads one of the bags.

KYLE

...at Macy's. Spent a fortune, right honey?

ROXIE

What can I say? I love to shop. Dr. MacMillian says it's a disease.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

All right. I'll leave for now. But I'm keeping an eye on you, buddy. There are no coincidences. You read me?

KYLE

Loud and clear.

The detective exits through the front door. Roxie watches him through the bay window. Kyle flops back onto the couch.

Roxie sits next to him, holds his good hand.

ROXIE

One down, two to go.

KYLE

What are you talking about? Shelton's dead!

ROXIE

And I'm truly sorry. I really am.
But there's nothing we can do about
that. Dead is dead. And we're one
step closer to five million
dollars...

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The diner is filled to capacity. Waitresses race around
with trays of breakfast foods.

Kyle and Roxie, seated in a window booth, sip coffee. Kyle
looks like hell.

ROXIE

How's your head?

KYLE

How do you think?

A waitress sets plates of pancakes on their table.

KYLE

So that was your plan the whole
time, wasn't it? You weren't
interested in a truce or ending
this. You wanted the money.

ROXIE

So kill me. What difference does
it make now? If Frankie or Tommy
killed Shelton, that means they're
in it to win it. And they'll come
after you...

She slips the pistol out of her purse, reaches under the
table and plops the gun in his lap.

Kyle jumps, the gun clatters to the floor.

Nearby patrons look over.

He gazes around, smiles, then jabs his hand to the floor.
Kyle retrieves the gun and hides it under his leather
jacket.

KYLE

Are you crazy?

ROXIE

No, how about you? Why didn't you tell me you shot one of your men in the army?

KYLE

Marines. Look, forget about it. That was eighteen years ago. I was a different person.

ROXIE

No more secrets, promise? I have to trust you, sweetheart.

KYLE

Okay, okay.

ROXIE

You need to keep that with you from now on. I don't want to be a widow.

KYLE

You mean a broke widow.

She smiles, cuts into her pancakes.

EXT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT/PARKING LOT - DAY

Kyle and Roxie walk toward their car.

A black stretch limousine pulls up to the street curb. Mr. Leach steps out of the driver's side, walks around the car.

Kyle and Roxie stop.

KYLE

Dammit, that's him!

Mr. Leach gestures for them to come over.

They walk to the limo and he opens the rear door.

MR. LEACH

In!

The couple step inside and Mr. Leach slams the door shut.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY - MOVING

Mr. Leach drives down the crowded Seattle street.

In the back sit Frankie, Tommy, Kyle, Roxie and Dennis.

ROXIE
Dennis? Oh my God, it really is
you!

DENNIS
I'm very disappointed gentlemen.

The three friends look at each other, puzzled.

ROXIE
Why didn't you call me? I mean, I
thought you just...

DENNIS
Shut up!

Roxie cringes, grabs Kyle's broken fingers. He winces,
pulls away.

DENNIS
I told you I wanted no police
involvement, and now you're up to
your necks in cops.

Dennis lifts a pistol from under his shawl, points it at
them.

DENNIS
Frankly, I get the feeling that
none of you is really committed to
this game. I take that back...only
one of you is. Poor Shelton...

He cocks the gun.

FRANKIE
Whoa! Hold on...

DENNIS
Give me one good reason not to
shoot you all right now?

KYLE
This is crazy, Dennis. We're sorry
about what happened...killing us
doesn't change anything.

DENNIS
I'm not looking for change...just
truth. And thanks to Tommy, I have
that now.

KYLE

What do you mean?

DENNIS

Tommy approached me with an interesting proposition. For one million dollars he'd tell me who really was responsible that night.

Kyle jerks his head over to Tommy. The other man looks down.

KYLE

What did he tell you?

DENNIS

Everything...

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The four boys scramble over the rocks. Dennis' broken, twisted body lays at the foot of the rock face a few feet from the water.

Kyle drops down by the boy's head, feels his neck. Dennis coughs up blood.

DENNIS

Kyle?

KYLE

He's alive!

SHELTON

We need to get an ambulance!

KYLE

Don't worry, buddy. We'll get help.

Dennis' head droops, unconscious. Kyle stands up, climbs the rocks toward the trail.

KYLE

Frankie, let's go. You two stay here.

TOMMY

You can't leave us!

KYLE

Shut up! Frankie, come on.

Frankie doesn't move.

KYLE

Come on.

FRANKIE

We can't. Can't do it.

Kyle climbs over to him, grabs his jacket front.

KYLE

Listen to me. He needs help. Now
let's go.

Frankie is eerily calm.

FRANKIE

Too many questions.

KYLE

What questions? What questions,
Frankie?

SHELTON

Oh man, oh man this is bad. This
is really bad.

FRANKIE

Think about it. Five underage
drunk kids. And what about the
drugs? And then the car...

TOMMY

What about the car?

FRANKIE

It's stolen.

TOMMY

Why is the car stolen?

FRANKIE

It's stolen because I stole it,
dumbass.

SHELTON

Oh man oh man oh man...

KYLE

You stupid idiot! What we're you
thinking?

FRANKIE

Get off it, Kyle. Where would I get a Lincoln Town Car? You knew something was up the second you saw it.

KYLE

I did not!

FRANKIE

Think about Tommy - he's got a criminal record as long as my arm. And Shelton...you think Wazzu's going to let him in after this?

Kyle heads toward the trail.

FRANKIE

And what about when the cops ask about why he fell and we tell them you threw the beer bottle at his head?

Kyle stops, turns.

KYLE

What are you talking about?

FRANKIE

You're looking at the very least manslaughter.

KYLE

Bullshit! He's still alive.

FRANKIE

Not for long. Look at him...

The four boys stare down at Dennis. Frankie hugs Kyle's shoulder.

FRANKIE

He's a goner no matter what. We need to think about ourselves.

TOMMY

He's right, Kyle. I don't want to go back to jail.

SHELTON

My mom's going to kill me. This is so bad...

Kyle thinks, grits his teeth.

KYLE

Okay.

FRANKIE

Okay, then. Let's fix this.

Frankie climbs down to Dennis, lifts him up by the shoulders.

KYLE

What are you doing?

FRANKIE

Get down here and help me throw him in the water.

Kyle crawls down, grabs Dennis by the feet.

The two boys swing him back and forth, release...

SPLASH!

They watch Dennis float across the basin and disappear into the darkness.

FRANKIE

No one says anything. You got that Shelton? You can't tell your mom, nobody. Nobody can ever know about this...

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY - MOVING (PRESENT DAY)

Dennis cocks the pistol.

FRANKIE

Look, whatever he told you is bullshit. We tried to save you...

DENNIS

You threw me in the water, left me to die!

ROXIE

Is that true?

KYLE

Yes.

DENNIS

Thank you.

FRANKIE

Shut up, Kyle. He's lying.
Don't...don't kill us.

TOMMY

So we're good? I'm out?

DENNIS

I never break a promise. One
million dollars. However, you're
not out.

TOMMY

What? That was the deal!

ROXIE

Hold on. What about the five
million?

DENNIS

Same old Roxie.

(beat)

We'll take a vote. If all of you
agree to end this then it's over.

KYLE

That's it? We vote and it's done?
No more bullshit?

DENNIS

Yes. You'll never see me again and
you can all go back to living your
decrepit lives.

The men look at each other. Tommy raises his hand.

TOMMY

Well, I'm out.

KYLE

Me too, I'm out.

ROXIE

Kyle? Uh uh, I'm in.

DENNIS

Sorry, sweetie, no chicks. Just
the boys vote.

KYLE

I guess that's it then. We're
done.

DENNIS
It has to be unanimous.

KYLE
Frankie?

Frankie wrings his hands, looks at his crotch.

KYLE
Frankie, tell him you're out.

FRANKIE
I'm sorry guys - I owe a lot of money to some really bad people. No offense, but I'd rather take my chances with you than them.

DENNIS
So...

FRANKIE
I'm in.

Tommy grabs Frankie's lapels, shakes him.

TOMMY
You sunuvabich! Tell him you're out!

DENNIS
Mr. Leach, pull over.

KYLE
Wait a minute!

DENNIS
You have twenty-four hours to wrap this up. If there is no clear winner by then, you'll each receive a visit from Mr. Leach.

The limo pulls to the curb and screeches to a halt.

Mr. Leach exits, circles to the back. He opens the rear door.

MR. LEACH
Out!

The four climb out and stand on the empty sidewalk, watch the limo take off down the street.

Frankie takes off down the sidewalk; Tommy heads in the opposite direction.

Kyle watches them, turns and glares at Roxie. She smiles.

INT. KYLE'S HONDA - DAY - MOVING

Kyle holds the wheel in a death grip with his good hand. Roxie flips on the radio. An 80s song plays.

Kyle flicks the radio off, slaps the steering wheel.

KYLE

Dammit, we were out! That stupid idiot!

ROXIE

Yeah...

KYLE

And thanks for the support, by the way. Greedy bitch.

ROXIE

Don't blame me. Remember, you caused this whole mess.

EXT. VALENTINE HOUSE - DAY

The Honda pulls into the driveway. Roxie jumps out of the car, goes into the house. Kyle walks to the end of the driveway, picks up a loose newspaper.

He looks across the street, spots the

CROWN VICTORIA

parked at the curb. Kyle walks over to it.

Detective Knowles sits in the driver's seat, reads a newspaper.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

I borrowed the sports section. Hope you don't mind.

KYLE

What do you want?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

You know, I keep playing everything over in my head and it just doesn't add up.

KYLE
What doesn't?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Aside from shooting that officer
eighteen years ago, you have a
clean record. Just your average
schlub eeking his way through life.

KYLE
Thanks.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
And then out of the blue, this guy
you know from high school is
murdered. And that crazy story...

KYLE
I didn't kill him.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
You did...or you know who did. And
getting Mrs. Valentine to lie for
you...really got her under your
thumb, huh? That makes her an
accessory. You want that?

KYLE
Stay away from us!

He snatches the sports section from the cop's fingers,
marches back across the street.

INT. VALENTINE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kyle enters the living room, tosses the paper on the floor.

KYLE
Roxie!

Roxie steps into the room from the kitchen.

KYLE
Pack a bag.

ROXIE
Where we going?

KYLE
Away.

LATER

Kyle stares out the bay window, gulps whiskey. The pistol is tucked in the small of his back.

Roxie paces the floor, arms folded.

KYLE

He's been out there all day. The guy must have a bladder the size of a basketball.

ROXIE

We can't just hang around here. We're sitting ducks.

KYLE

Be patient.

ROXIE

Typical.

KYLE

Not now.

ROXIE

Any crisis and good old Kyle freezes up. What a man.

KYLE

Yeah? Screw it - let's go.

EXT. VALENTINE HOUSE - DAY

Kyle carries a leather duffle bag and the briefcase out to the Honda, followed by Roxie, who holds a suitcase and makeup case.

He sets the luggage down, pops the trunk, drops the keys.

KYLE

Dammit!

Kyle kneels down, reaches for the keys and spots the GPS tracker attached to the bottom of the bumper.

He kneels down beside Roxie's Mercedes, checks underneath.

KYLE

We'll take your car. I'll drive.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Detective Knowles watches them from his spot across the street.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Shit.

EXT. VALENTINE HOUSE - DAY

The couple loads the trunk and climbs in the Mercedes. Kyle backs it out of the driveway and shoots down the street.

EXT./INT. STREET/CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

The detective peels out, circles and gives chase.

EXT./INT. STREET/AUDI - DAY

Up the street, Mr. Leach takes off after the cars.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY - MOVING

Kyle drives, darts his eyes from the road to the rear-view mirror.

EXT. SR 520 EAST ONRAMP/FLOATING BRIDGE - DAY

The Mercedes flies onto the bridge, followed by the two cars.

EXT. I-405 NORTH ONRAMP/FREEWAY - DAY

Kyle merges with the heavy traffic.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY - MOVING

ROXIE

Is he still behind us?

Kyle flips the blinker, changes to the right lane.

EXT./INT. FREEWAY/CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

The detective changes lanes, closes the gap.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Mercedes speeds up, crosses into the middle lane. The Crown Victoria changes over.

Kyle speeds past a tractor-trailer, pulls back into the first lane, now in front of it.

The Mercedes flies up an off-ramp.

Blocked by the truck, the detective continues past in the middle lane.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY - MOVING

The detective slams the wheel with his fists.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Son of a bitch!

EXT. FREEWAY/AUDI - DAY

Mr. Leach exits the freeway onto the off-ramp.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY - MOVING

KYLE
Yes! We lost him!

ROXIE
Where to now?

EXT. RESORT OFFICE (INGLEWOOD, WA) - DAY

A large, one-story log cabin near the lake, surrounded by forest. A row of six smaller log cabins extend along the shore to the north.

There is a sign in the front yard with the words "COZY PINES RETREAT" carved in it.

INT. RESORT OFFICE - DAY

Rustic, decorated with fishing gear and a few knick-knacks.

Kyle stands in front of the wood counter. An OLD CODGER behind the desk squints at the registry.

OLD CODGER

Okay, Mr...Smith. I have you in cabin six, furthest one. That'll be one-twenty even.

KYLE

I'll pay cash.

INT. CABIN SIX - DAY

A small living room, modestly furnished with kitchenette and one adjoining bedroom.

Kyle and Roxie enter with their bags, drop them on the floor. He bolts the door.

ROXIE

Ugh.

KYLE

Temporary. Live with it.

Kyle opens his leather duffle bag, pulls out a bottle of whiskey. He rinses out a glass at the kitchenette, pours a drink.

ROXIE

Did you even bother to pack any clothes?

He ignores her, slams the drink, pours another.

ROXIE

So this is the big plan? Hide in a shitty cabin forever?

Roxie watches him a moment, laughs.

KYLE

What?

ROXIE

You don't have a clue what you're doing, do you?

KYLE

Sure I do. Let Tommy and Frankie fight over the money if they want it. I'm out.

ROXIE

You're not out.

KYLE
Yes, I'm out.

ROXIE
We'll see.

INT. CABIN SIX/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roxie and Kyle are sprawled out on the queen-sized bed, asleep.

A crackling sound comes from the living room. Smoke pours into the bedroom.

Kyle raises his head, sniffs, jumps up.

He runs to the doorway. A fire rages in the living room.

He shakes Roxie, who sits up.

KYLE
Fire! Get up!

He opens the bedroom window and hoists Roxie through it. She lands on her face in the grass.

After hurling the luggage outside, Kyle dives out the window.

EXT. CABIN SIX - NIGHT

Kyle drags Roxie by the hand around front. They watch the flames consume the cabin.

The old codger runs up.

OLD CODGER
Is everyone okay? What the hell
were you cooking in there?

KYLE
Our goose.

OLD CODGER
What?

LATER

Three fire trucks, an ambulance and two police cruisers surround the remnants of the burned-out cabin.

Firemen and officers mill about the area.

Kyle sits on a nearby stump, smokes. Roxie walks over to him.

ROXIE
Who do you think?

KYLE
I don't know.

ROXIE
Tommy has an arson conviction,
remember? This would be just like
him. Burn us alive, the chicken
shit.

KYLE
Yeah, maybe.

Detective Knowles pulls up. He exits the car, saunters over to the couple.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Well, well, hello Mr. And Mrs.
Smith. Nice vacation?

ROXIE
Why, Detective Knowles, what
brings...

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Save it.

He leans down, nose to nose with the man, pulls the cigarette out of Kyle's lips, flicks it.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Who's doing this?

KYLE
You believe me now?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
I have an open mind. Talk to me.

KYLE
Cooking accident. I really have no
business in the kitchen.

ROXIE
He's a menace. We do a lot of
Chinese takeout.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

(stands)

Okay, tough guy, have it your way.
But let me give you a word of
advice: watch your asses.

KYLE

That's helpful.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

If what you told me is true, you
can't trust anyone. Got me?

The detective walks toward his car.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

My money's on you.

KYLE

(stands)

What? What did you say?

ROXIE

What was that about?

KYLE

Let's get out of here.

EXT./INT. SR 520 WEST/MERCEDES - NIGHT

Kyle smokes, drives. Roxie stares out the side window.

KYLE

I'm going to drop you at a motel.

ROXIE

Where are you going?

KYLE

To see Tommy.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The Mercedes pulls up to a row of doors.

Kyle and Roxie walk over to the nearest door, luggage in
hand; he slides the card key in and out, enters.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

There are two queen-sized double beds in the room.

Kyle opens his duffle bag, pulls out the pistol and shoves it in his waistband.

A knock at the door.

Kyle looks through the peephole, sees the back of a MAN.

KYLE
Who is it?

MAN
Motel security.

Kyle opens the door...

ROXIE
Don't!

Frankie forces the door open, hold his pistol to Kyle's forehead.

FRANKIE
Thanks, stupid.

He backs Kyle up, shuts the door.

KYLE
How'd you find us?

FRANKIE
A tip. Followed you from the cabin.

KYLE
You burned the cabin?

FRANKIE
Shut up! We need to talk.

Frankie motions with the gun for them to sit. Roxie and Kyle plop down on the bed.

Frankie sits in a chair, pulls the blinds back with the pistol barrel, looks out.

He lights a cigarette, stares at the couple.

FRANKIE
I got a call from Tommy. He's cracking up.

KYLE
So?

FRANKIE
He has an idea to get us out of
this.

KYLE
Okay, what is it?

FRANKIE
We take out Dennis.

KYLE
What about that psycho Leach?

FRANKIE
Him too.

ROXIE
And the money?

FRANKIE
That's the beauty of it. We kill
them, split the money three ways.

ROXIE
Four.

FRANKIE
Huh?

ROXIE
Four ways. I deserve a share after
the shit I've been through.

FRANKIE
Sorry, honey, but no way.

KYLE
Don't you think Dennis has thought
of that? He'd have to figure at
some point we'd try this.

FRANKIE
Right, and then he'd know we'd talk
about it and decide against it
because we'd think he has his bases
covered. Genius, huh?

KYLE
It's a stupid idea, Frankie. What
about security cameras at his
house? An alarm system?

FRANKIE

We wear ski masks. In and out quick before the cops show up.

KYLE

I don't know...

FRANKIE

Christ, Kyle. He's a cripple - taking candy from a baby.

KYLE

Leach isn't a cripple - took me apart pretty good.

Frankie jumps up, points the gun at his face.

FRANKIE

So, you'd prefer I just shoot you right here and now, kill Tommy and take the money? Is that what you want?

ROXIE

Kyle...?

KYLE

Alright, take it easy. We'll do it your way. It's a...good plan.

Frankie shoves the pistol in his waistband.

FRANKIE

Let's go pick up Tommy.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT - MOVING

Kyle drives, eyes dart over to Frankie, down to the pistol in his lap.

KYLE

What do you plan to do with your share?

FRANKIE

Pay off the mob, head to Monte Carlo - do some gambling. You?

KYLE

Take a trip.

FRANKIE

We should have finished it.

KYLE

What?

FRANKIE

Finished it...drowned the bastard.

EXT. "BOOBY TRAP" STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The Mercedes pulls into the crowded parking lot.

Kyle and Frankie step out, slide their pistols into their pants, walk to the entrance.

INT. "BOOBY TRAP" STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The place is packed. Three strippers perform on stage. The music is deafening.

Kyle and Frankie squeeze through the crowd towards a door in the rear marked "OFFICE."

The door opens and Tommy walks out, cell phone pressed to ear.

Kyle waves to him.

The blood drains from Tommy's face. He darts back into the office, slams the door.

KYLE

Come on!

Kyle and Frankie push through the throng to the door. Kyle opens it and the two men enter the

OFFICE

The dingy room is empty, the back door open.

FRANKIE

He's running!

KYLE

What the hell...?

FRANKIE

Let's go!

EXT. "BOOBY TRAP" STRIP CLUB/ALLEY - NIGHT

The two men dart into the alley, stop and look. Frankie points.

Tommy is hauling ass down the alley, turns into a side street and disappears.

The two men give chase.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They chase Tommy down the deserted street and into another alley.

EXT. TALL BUILDING - NIGHT

Tommy pulls down a fire escape ladder, climbs it and heads up the metal steps that run along the outside of the building.

Kyle and Frankie climb after him.

Tommy runs onto the

ROOF

He stops at the edge of the building, looks back.

The other two men charge across the roof, stop ten feet from him.

FRANKIE

What the hell are you doing, Tommy?

TOMMY

She told me what you're up to!

KYLE

Who told you what?

TOMMY

She called me, told me you came to kill me!

Tommy climbs on the edge wall, eyes the nearby building.

KYLE

Don't do it, Tommy!

Tommy crouches, leaps through the air.

Kyle and Frankie run to the side.

Tommy hangs from the edge of the far building, struggles to pull himself up.

KYLE

Tommy!

Tommy fights for a few moments, drops and screams.

His back hits the open rim of a dumpster -

CRUNCH!

The broken body flops onto the pavement.

Kyle sinks to his ass, leans against the edge wall. Frankie leans his hands on the bricks, drops his chin.

KYLE

I...I can't believe it...

FRANKIE

First Shelton, then Tommy. That just leaves...

The two men stare at each other.

Frankie leaps back.

Kyle jumps to his feet.

Both men whip out their pistols and aim at each other.

KYLE

Drop it!

FRANKIE

You drop it!

They cock their guns.

KYLE

Dennis would love it if we blew each other away. Is that what you want? Him to win?

FRANKIE

Somebody called Tommy, fed him a line of shit. Who do you suppose that was?

KYLE

Dennis.

FRANKIE
He said "she."

KYLE
I have no idea.

FRANKIE
Hmm, really? Let's see, what
money-hungry bitch do we both know
who would do this?

KYLE
It wasn't Roxie...

FRANKIE
It's her.

KYLE
It can't be her.

FRANKIE
Think about it, stupid. Who else
had access to your car?

KYLE
You knew about the laptop.

FRANKIE
What about the fire at the cabin?

KYLE
You were there too.

FRANKIE
And where was she when Shelton was
killed?

KYLE
She was...shopping.

FRANKIE
Sure about that? She's playing
you, man!

KYLE
Put the gun down!

FRANKIE
I can't do that, old buddy.

KYLE
We don't have to do this.

FRANKIE

We do...

Frankie fires.

The slug grazes Kyle's left arm.

Kyle fires.

Frankie looks down at his chest. Crimson spreads across his shirt.

He spits up blood, drops to the ground.

Kyle kneels beside him, feels his neck. Dead.

He stands, walks to the edge of the building, stares at the stars in the night sky.

INT. IHOP RESTAURANT - DAY

The morning sun shines through the window on Kyle. He is seated at a booth, in the middle of devouring a huge stack of pancakes.

A waitress refills his coffee. He looks at her nametag.

KYLE

Thank you...Sherry.

WAITRESS

You're welcome, hon. Enjoying your pancakes?

KYLE

Simply a-ma-zing, Sherry.

WAITRESS

Looks like it's going to be a beautiful day out today.

KYLE

You have no idea.

The front door opens and Roxie struts in. She smiles at Kyle.

Cheeks stuffed, he grins, waves his fork at her.

She slides into the booth, watches him wolf down the pancakes.

ROXIE

Why didn't you come back to the motel last night? I was worried.

KYLE

Busy.

ROXIE

So what happened? Is everything okay?

KYLE

Um hmm.

ROXIE

What about the money?

The waitress passes their table.

KYLE

'Scuse me, Sherry? Could I get another plate of pancakes? And some more strawberry syrup?

(to Roxie)

Want anything, hon?

ROXIE

No.

Kyle finishes his plate.

ROXIE

The money, Kyle. What about the money?

KYLE

We'll pick it up.

ROXIE

Frankie and Tommy...?

KYLE

It's all ours, sweetie.

ROXIE

Oh, honey, I knew you could do it. I'm very proud of you.

Kyle squints his eyes and grins, tweaks her nose.

ROXIE

Let's go.

KYLE
Hold on, I got more pancakes
coming.

He yells over his shoulder:

KYLE
Extra butter on those, Sherry!
Thanks, hon.

EXT. IHOP RESTAURANT/PARKING LOT - DAY

Kyle and Roxie approach the Mercedes.

ROXIE
Oh, we need to stop by the motel
and pick up our bags.

KYLE
Forget it. We'll just buy new
stuff. We're rich, remember?

EXT./INT. IHOP RESTAURANT/CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Detective Knowles sits hunkered down in his seat, watches
the couple from across the parking lot.

EXT./INT. I-90 EAST/MERCEDES - DAY

The Mercedes zooms down the freeway, passes the first Mercer
Island exit.

Roxie reaches over and strokes Kyle's arm, smiles at him.
He beams back at her.

They pass the last Island exit.

ROXIE
Oops, you just missed the exit.

KYLE
It's such a beautiful day, I
thought maybe we could take a walk.
You know, talk a little first.
Walk and talk.

ROXIE
Where?

KYLE
Snoqualmie Falls.

He smiles at her, pats her leg. She forces a grin, turns and looks out the side window.

EXT. SNOQUALMIE FALLS/PARKING LOT - DAY

Kyle pulls the Mercedes in and parks in the vacant lot.

They step out of the car. Kyle stretches.

KYLE
Man, I am stuffed.

ROXIE
I think it's closed.

KYLE
Is it? That's okay, we'll just walk to the observation deck.

ROXIE
I really think we should just get the money and be on our way.

Kyle begins to walk.

KYLE
Come on, this won't take long.

ROXIE
What won't?

KYLE
Our talk.

She follows him across the parking lot.

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

The couple walks to the railing.

The water of the distant waterfall crashes to the rock pool below. A rainbow cuts through the mist.

KYLE
Beautiful, just beautiful. I never grow tired of this place.

Kyle points to the jagged rocks three hundred feet below them.

KYLE
It happened right there.

ROXIE

Lets' go.

KYLE

You know, I can't figure it out.
The fire in the cabin. I mean, how
did Tommy get inside and start the
fire when the door was dead-bolted?

ROXIE

I don't think we locked it.

KYLE

No, I'm pretty sure I did. In
fact, I'm positive.

ROXIE

I have no idea. A window maybe?

KYLE

That's it! See, I knew there was a
logical explanation.

ROXIE

Yes.

Kyle shoots his arm out, grabs her by the throat. He swings
her around and pushes her back against the railing.

ROXIE

No, Kyle!

KYLE

Time for some honesty, babe. Tell
me the truth, you live. Lie and
you go airborne.

ROXIE

No! don't!

KYLE

Who knows? Maybe you'll fare
better than poor Dennis did.
Probably not, though. This is
pretty high up.

ROXIE

Let me go!

KYLE

Did you steal my laptop?

ROXIE

No!

KYLE
Wrong answer!

He pushes her farther over the edge.

ROXIE
Oh God, stop!

KYLE
Don't lie to me!

ROXIE
I'm not lying! I didn't do it!

KYLE
Did you start the fire?

ROXIE
(crying)
No!

KYLE
Did you kill Shelton?

Roxie bawls, goes limp. Kyle releases his grip, she slumps to the deck.

He kneels beside her, hugs her.

KYLE
I am so, so sorry, Roxie.

She hugs him back, looks into his eyes.

ROXIE
Honey...?

KYLE
Yes?

ROXIE
(sniffs)
Let's go get our money.

EXT. SNOQUALMIE FALLS/PARKING LOT - DAY

Hand in hand, the couple walks over to the Mercedes.

Detective Knowles emerges from behind a nearby tree, his pistol aimed at the pair.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Hello, lovebirds. Thought you lost
me?

The detective grabs Kyle by the collar, throws him against
the car.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
On the car, Mrs. Valentine.

He pats them down, handcuffs Kyle.

KYLE
What the hell's going on?

He handcuffs Roxie, turns them around.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
You two are under arrest for the
murders of Shelton Duffy, Frank
Robbins and Thomas Anderson.

ROXIE
We're innocent!

KYLE
Honey, it's over.

ROXIE
I'm telling you, we didn't do
anything.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
No, he's right, it's over. Let's
go.

EXT./INT. I-90 WEST/CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Kyle and Roxie are seated in the back. Detective Knowles
looks at them in the rear-view mirror.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
Comfy?

They turn their heads, look out the windows.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES
You know, when you first told me
that story about your friend and
his little game, I thought you were
full of shit.

KYLE

What changed your mind?

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

After Shelton was killed, I looked through his bedroom and guess what I found? That's right. A briefcase just like you described. Maps, dossiers, pistol - the whole shebang.

KYLE

Great.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Five million dollars. That's a whole lotta scratch just to watch you four turds off each other.

KYLE

How do you know it's five million? I never told you that.

Detective Knowles takes the first Mercer Island exit.

KYLE

Why are we going to Mercer island?

ROXIE

Honey...

Roxie nods at Kyle, closes her eyes.

KYLE

(to Detective Knowles)
You son of a bitch!

EXT. DENNIS' HOUSE/CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

The vehicle pulls into the driveway.

Detective Knowles yanks Kyle out of the car by the neck.

KYLE

He's going to kill you...you know that, don't you?

The detective, hustles the handcuffed couple to the front door, rings the bell.

Mr. Leach opens the door.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

I want my money.

Mr. Leach nods.

INT. DENNIS' HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Leach leads the three into the room, stands by the doorway.

Dennis faces the far glass wall, stares out across the lake. He turns and rolls to the middle of the room.

DENNIS

Greetings. Unfortunately, our enterprise must end rather abruptly. The good detective has no concept of gamesmanship...or irony, I'm afraid.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Screw that. Where's my money?

DENNIS

Certainly. Once you dispose of these two...

ROXIE

No, Dennis!

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

That wasn't the deal.

DENNIS

That is the deal. Kill them and you walk out of here with five million dollars. Otherwise, forget it.

Detective Knowles and Kyle stare at each other. He draws his pistol and Kyle tears off toward the balcony doorway.

DENNIS

Get him!

Kyle races out onto the

BALCONY

He runs across the board balanced over the floor opening, falls to his ass, spins around.

The detective races onto the board.

Kyle kicks the side with his heels.

The board slides off the edge.

Detective Knowles plunges through the hole.

DETECTIVE KNOWLES

Aauurgh!

He plummets three stories and -

THUD!

- smashes on the cement walkway thirty feet below.

INT. DENNIS' HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Leach unlocks the handcuffs from Kyle and Roxie's wrists.

DENNIS

Bravo, Kyle. I'm impressed.

Kyle rubs his wrists. Roxie walks over to him; he hugs her shoulder.

KYLE

Great. Now if you don't mind, we'll take the money and be on our way.

DENNIS

Of course. Mr. Leach?

Mr. Leach lifts the two stuffed red duffle bags from under the table and sets them on top.

KYLE

So that's it? It's all over?

DENNIS

Not quite. The rules state that the last person standing wins.

He pulls the slide back on a pistol, sets it on the table.

KYLE

What are you talking about? I'm the last one!

DENNIS

Are you?

Roxie dives for the pistol.

She aims at Kyle.

KYLE
Roxie, what are you doing?

ROXIE
I'm sorry, Kyle. Actually, I'm not.

DENNIS
I have to hand it to her, she really has balls. More so than any of you idiots.

KYLE
You lying bitch! It was all you?

ROXIE
Someone had to take the initiative...

MONTAGE - ROXIE'S INVOLVEMENT

- Roxie trashes Frankie's house.
- She grabs Kyle's laptop and presentation materials out of the trunk.
- Shelton begs for his life. Roxie shoots and kills him.
- She sprays lighter fluid around the cabin living room, tosses a match.
- Roxie on the phone with Tommy. He enters the strip club, sees Kyle and Frankie, takes off.

END MONTAGE

Kyle glares at Roxie.

KYLE
If the money's so important to you, more important than our marriage, our relationship, then kill me. Go on, pull the trigger if...

Roxie pulls the trigger. Click.

KYLE
Jesus, you did it!

Confused, Roxie pulls the trigger over and over. Click, click, click, click...

KYLE
Unbelievable.

DENNIS
(laughs)
Oops.

Roxie drops the pistol on the floor, crosses her arms, pouts.

ROXIE
That's messed up, Dennis.

DENNIS
Sorry, just wanted to make a point.

KYLE
What point? To show me my marriage is shit? My life is shit?

DENNIS
Yes, exactly.

KYLE
You wanted me to suffer...well, I've suffered. Happy?

DENNIS
Ecstatic.

Dennis snaps his fingers. Mr. Leach walks over, picks up the pistol.

He chambers a single bullet, hands it to Kyle.

KYLE
What do you want me to do with this?

DENNIS
Winner take all. Finish the game.

ROXIE
Kyle...don't.

Moments pass. Kyle lifts the pistol, aims at Dennis.

KYLE
What stops me from just killing you and walking out of here with the money?

DENNIS
Why, Mr. Leach, of course.

Mr. Leach stands to the side, cocks the pistol pointed at Kyle's head.

DENNIS

I'll give you a choice. You can take Roxie and walk out of here, scot-free. Or you can finish this and leave with five million dollars.

Kyle swings the gun barrel back and forth in between Dennis and Roxie.

ROXIE

Please, Kyle. It's not too late for us. We can start over...

DENNIS

What do you want, Kyle? Make a choice.

KYLE

Okay...

EXT./INT. DIRT ROAD/CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Kyle drives along the remote forest road, arm out the window, catches the breeze.

He takes a big breath, smiles.

His cell phone rings. Into phone:

KYLE

Hello?

DR. MACMILLIAN (V.O.)

Yes, Kyle? This is Dr. MacMillian. I haven't been able to reach Roxie.

KYLE

We've been busy.

DR. MACMILLIAN (V.O.)

I'm calling to reschedule our session tonight.

KYLE

That won't be necessary. We no longer require your services.

DR. MACMILLIAN (V.O.)

I find that hard to believe.

KYLE
No, it's true. We worked things
out on our own.

DR. MACMILLIAN (V.O.)
Kyle, we've only reached step six
of my thirty step...

KYLE
Listen, I'd love to chat, but I'm
on the way to the airport.

DR. MACMILLIAN (V.O.)
Are you two taking a trip?

KYLE
Nah, just me. Vacation.

DR. MACMILLIAN (V.O.)
I must insist...

Kyle slaps the phone shut, tosses it on the empty passenger
seat.

A loud bang from the rear of the vehicle. Two more bangs
follow.

Kyle stops, steps out of the car. He circles it, pops the
trunk.

Roxie, handcuffed, rag stuffed in mouth, lays on the floor
of the trunk.

ROXIE
Mmmrf! Mmmrf!

Kyle jerks the rag out.

ROXIE
You bastard!

He stands her in the dirt, unlocks the cuffs.

Kyle tosses her a pair of high heel shoes and slams the
trunk shut.

KYLE
There's a gas station about twenty
miles back. If you hurry you can
reach it before dark.

ROXIE
You can't leave me out here!

KYLE

Can and am. Take care, darling.

Kyle climbs into the driver's seat, slips on a pair of shades.

She slaps the roof.

ROXIE

Where are you going?

KYLE

(smiles)

Tibet.

He tears away, leaves her choking in a cloud of dust.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY - MOVING

Kyle watches her shrink in the rear-view mirror. He flicks on the radio - an 80s tune fills the air.

EXT. DIRT ROAD/CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

The Mercedes speeds off, disappears over the horizon.

FADE OUT.

THE END