

# **BROKEN TOYS**

by

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**FADE IN:**

A garbage truck lumbers past a hundred-year-old clock tower. The faint serenade of Victorian Christmas Carolers on the steps. Blue-collar families gather. Nothing fancy about 'em.

We fly toward the clock face. Snow flurries whistle through the crisp winter air. We linger, then slip inside.

Silence. Except for the rhythmic *clanking* of well-oiled interlocking gears and pinions relentlessly turning. We rush out the other side. And rise.

The sun gives up on the day. Dressed in her holiday best, lights twinkle throughout the city of DALLAS, TEXAS.

We sweep through skyscraper canyons. Lift to the top of a majestic office building bejeweled by a radiant holiday star.

A whisper of snowflakes before we drift inside...

**INT. WORLD MOBILE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

BEDLAM. Garbed in professional office attire.

Throughout the entire floor, dozens of separate arguments rage. Finger pointing. Yelling. Quiet sobbing.

A sullen line of freshly sacrificed corporate drones carry their personal belongings in boxes. File into the elevator.

A SUPERVISOR taps a BUSINESS WOMAN seated at her desk. Her eyes fast forward to the conversation about to happen.

Fingers rip a Happy Holidays card from a gray cubical wall.

We snake past the cubicle jungle and into...

**THE BOARDROOM**

Silence. A bare mahogany table. Chairs tucked. A glorious view of the city below. And not a soul in sight.

PANICKED BOARD MEMBER (PRELAP V.O.)  
If word ever got out--

ANGRY BOARD MEMBER (PRELAP V.O.)  
Oh, word is out!

In an instant, we drop through 60 floors of offices to...

## THE BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM

Industrial size washers and dryers spin. Exposed brick. Soul crushing florescent lights buzz overhead.

A linoleum island for folding towels, relatively the same size as the boardroom table. Six BOARD MEMBERS circle it on stools, completely overdressed for the room.

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

We've lost our support in Congress.

ANGRY BOARD MEMBER

The deal's on the rocks. Anyone can see that--

SARCASTIC BOARD MEMBER

Who are we not paying?

CEO and Chairman of the Board, MENDELSON "BULL" GAMBLE (50) comes straight outta Greek mythology, the Cretan Bull in a bespoke suit. A porterhouse shy of four bills and a hand short of seven foot. He starts undressing.

A couple Board Members notice. Trade uncomfortable glances.

GIDEON (V.O.)

Solutions?

All eyes move to GIDEON GRAVES (pushing 60) the company attorney. Thin. Fit. Always packing a sharp argument. And a switchblade if that ain't enough. Fancies 19th Century attire: tailcoat, canvas trousers, double breasted waist coat and tall club collared shirts.

Sweating like an open faucet, Bull opens his belt.

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

Excuse me, but I'm not comfortable... with... that.

GIDEON

(to Female Board Member)

Focus on the problem.

SARCASTIC BOARD MEMBER

So we're running towards a wall hoping a door appears.

PANICKED BOARD MEMBER

Our stock's falling every day this goes on.

Down to his tighty-whities, Bull pants.

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

I'm sorry--

ANGRY BOARD MEMBER

Bull is that completely necessary?

BULL

My core. My core is hot.

Bull glares. Waits them out.

They stew. Tense. Nervous.

In unison, the Board Members yield. Look away.

Fanning himself, Bull circles the table.

GIDEON

What exactly is it going to take for  
Triton to sign the deal?

Each folds their arms in turn like a Busby Berkeley sequence.

SARCASTIC BOARD MEMBER

A miracle worker--

PANICKED BOARD MEMBER

An exorcist--

ANGRY BOARD MEMBER

A hostage negotiator--

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

A shaman.

Bull grows irritated. Not of the heat, but the answers.

BULL

Then bring me a FUCKIN' WIZARD!

One of the far florescent lights flicker off and on.

**INT. SANDY'S GARAGE - DAY**

Sandy swallows one last pull from a Jack Daniels bottle.  
Launches it across the room. Drops a noose around his neck.

Title, "Seattle, 18 Months Earlier"

Sandy (well-north of 40) relishes being the asshole he  
famously is. Thinks the worst of everyone. Including himself.  
Thinks the world of his shoulder-length chestnut brown hair.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 Meet... me. The old me-- Idiot me.  
 It's me, so I can say that.

Climbs a wooden three-legged stool.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 Under-loved, under-appreciated -- less  
 ya count pill pushers and street  
 walkers. And a total, irredeemable,  
 fucking world-class wretch.

Hyperventilates while he fixes the knot tight.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 But way too much of a narcissist to  
 ever off myself.

On the counter a couple feet away, Sandy's phone *buzzes*.

He considers for a moment...

Stretches for the caller's name. Too far away.

Sandy reaches for it...

On his tippee-toes... On the edge of the stool...

Loses his balance. And loses the stool, firing into a wall.

Panicked, Sandy flails.

Struggles to reach the phone with his foot.

Sandy turns blue.

Finally, he climbs up the rope. Fights to loosens the noose.

Realizes the phone stopped buzzing.

Overhead, the pipe suspending the rope gives way.

Sandy hits the bare concrete floor. Coughs.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 See, what'd I tell ya.

Crawls to his phone. Hits redial.

SANDY  
 (raspy)  
 Yeah?

Rubs his throat.

Slumps to the ground, phone pinned to his ear.

SANDY  
Oh, nothing.

**INT. THE MONKEY BUSINESS TAVERN - DAY**

A bartender, TALL BOY (40s) tips bourbon into a glass--  
Pushes it at Sandy, half in the bag. One stool away, LARRY  
(70s) a hammered barfly nurses a vodka & vodka.

Sandy speaks directly to the audience.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
It's not like I don't have money. My  
conundrum is hanging on to it...

**FLASHBACK: LIGHTENING FAST SHOTS OF SANDY BEHAVING BADLY**

- Yells for a race horse at the track
- Pops a handful of pills
- Tosses a gold credit card on a counter
- Flips back a shot
- Snorts blow off a woman's bare ass

**BACK TO SCENE**

SANDY  
... While maintaining my modest  
lifestyle.

TALL BOY  
Ever consider leavin' a tip?

Begrudgingly, Sandy slaps a single dollar bill on the bar.

SANDY  
(to Tall Boy)  
Like everyone else, always looking out  
for themselves.

LARRY  
Is there another reason for being  
loaded at ten in the morning?

SANDY  
I had a light breakfast? No seriously,  
*I'm a consultant.*

LARRY  
Sounds like bullshit.

SANDY  
Oh, it's all too real. But that's not the worst part. By definition, I'm working with a bunch of fuck ups. All of 'em, plastic as Tupperware lids.

Slams his shot.

SANDY  
I can spot the problem inside ten minutes but it takes *six months* of meetings to convince 'em I'm right. So, yeah, it's bullshit. What'd ya say yer name was again?

LARRY  
Larry--

SANDY  
Whatever. Meeting after goddamn meeting... If that's my life, being thumbed by pretentious corporate--

Sandy flags down Tall Boy.

SANDY  
Hey, we're the only fucking rumpots in this dump, ya'd think we could get decent service.

TALL BOY  
Ever consider slowing down, Sandy?

SANDY  
A lifetime ban from Alcoholics Anonymous says no.

LARRY  
I'm comfortable with my choices.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
If only I had his conviction.

Tall Boy reloads. Pours heavy.

Sandy waves another single. Adds it to the tip pile.

LARRY  
Sounds pretty cushy to me.

SANDY  
Let me tell ya, Barry--

LARRY  
Larry.

SANDY  
Whatever-- You don't know what it's like, months with these posers. I've thought about it, you know.

LARRY  
I don't know.

SANDY  
(building to a pique)  
Suicide, the long dirt nap. It's a wonder I don't drink more or sue their asses for attempted murder. If there's anything I can't stand-- Anything that makes me wanna beat the crap outta something, it's a GODDAMN phony.  
(matter-of-fact)  
Say, care to imbibe in a little eye opener?

LARRY  
You holding?

SANDY  
Always holding. I'm a very easy man to like.

Tall Boy clocks Sandy chopping lines on the bar.

TALL BOY  
What the hell ya doing?

SANDY  
Me and... What's your name again?

LARRY  
Larry, FUCKING LARRY.

SANDY  
No, that's not it. Okay, me and fucking Harry are indulging in a wee bit of a pick me up. Why, you want in?

TALL BOY  
That's illegal.

SANDY  
Only in the strictest interpretation of the law.



TALL BOY  
Get the fuck out of my bar.

SANDY  
Let's not complicate things. This is a  
little bit of a work in progress...

Tall Boy spikes a bar towel.

SANDY  
Go for it, Jerry!

Cheek-to-cheek, Sandy and Larry shove their faces into the bar, snorting as fast as a Hoover sucks up dust bunnies.

Tall Boy reaches for a Louisville Slugger under the bar.

Sandy and Larry scramble away.

Sandy doubles back.

Grabs the tip money off the bar. RUNS!

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Sandy stands over a parking meter on empty. Scowls.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
What fucking century do I live in?

*Beep-Beep* catches his ear.

Turns him to a homeless encampment down the street.

**MOMENTS LATER**

An old panhandler, LEVI (60s) sits cross-legged on the sidewalk. Beside him a hand drawn "Please Help" sign and baseball cap full of coins. Sandy hands him a FIVE.

LEVI  
Bless you.

SANDY  
Hey. No, can ya break it?

Sandy drops Visine into each eye. Shakes his head.

Levi offers a couple bucks in quarters.

LEVI  
Is that enough?

SANDY

Uh, not even close. Look, ya wanna make some real money? Change your sign to Fuck Trump. The liberal fucks around here'll take out loans to get ya paid. A hundred percent.

Levi sighs. Looks down. Digs out more quarters.

Clearer eyes notice his half-disintegrated shoes.

SANDY

Who'd ya used to be, old-timer?

LEVI

(proud)

Drove a rig for fifty years.

Sandy smirks. Pulls a breath. Looks at the sky.

Drops a TWENTY in Levi's baseball cap.

A voice from behind Sandy...

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)

A little out of character for the man I remember.

Better dressed than most of his coworkers, a HOMELESS MAN (70s) with long white hair and a beard, blocks his retreat.

SANDY

Do I know you?

HOMELESS MAN

We've met.

SANDY

Look, I'm tapped. I got a meeting--

HOMELESS MAN

You're not late. And I have something for you.

From a 1,000 feet we drop in an instant to the Homeless Man's extended fist. He opens his hand. Reveals an ancient pewter COIN about the size of a fifty-cent piece.

SANDY

What's the catch?

HOMELESS MAN

It'll change your life.

Sandy works a thought...

SANDY

What is it?

HOMELESS MAN

It'll give you what you want but more importantly what you need.

Tries pushing past the Homeless Man--

SANDY

All I *need* is to get to my meeting.

HOMELESS MAN

What you did was selfless. So I'm giving you this of my own free will. And you can only give it away of your own free will.

SANDY

Look, I don't want your creepy coin. I wanna go to my meeting. I'm late.

HOMELESS MAN

You hate meetings. And this one is a real doozy.

SANDY

(to camera)  
How does he know that?

HOMELESS MAN

You can talk to me.

SANDY

What'd ya say?

Stares at the camera. Turns to the Homeless Man.

SANDY

You can see them?

HOMELESS MAN

Of course.

The Homeless Man grins at the camera.

SANDY (V.O.)

I must admit I was freaking out a little. I had just done *a lot* of edibles... But there was something about him. He had very kind eyes.

HOMELESS MAN

Thank you.

SANDY

For what?

HOMELESS MAN

You have nice eyes too. They're a little blood shot--

SANDY

Wait, you heard that? Who are you--  
What the fuck is going on?

They share a moment of possibilities.

In the Homeless Man's hand, the coin catches light. Winks.

HOMELESS MAN

Go ahead.

Slowly, Sandy takes the coin.

They exchange awkward smiles. Sandy starts away.

Sandy empties his wallet. Turns. The Homeless Man is gone.

SANDY

Buy the good stuff tonight.

A wad of cash falls into Levi's cap.

Levi throws him a smile.

Sandy skips away to feed a meter.

SANDY (V.O.)

And that's how it all began. The next day I woke up and my life had changed. Well, it was a *little more* complicated than that. And a *very* complicated day.

**INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Abandoned furniture. Worn fixtures. Every stain tells a tale.

Sandy's roommate NAJEE (late 20s) plays an ancient video game from an even older couch. He's East Indian. True blue. And untouched by common sense.

Hands on hips, Sandy steps in front of the television.

SANDY

Naj.

Locked in, Najee continues playing. Looks around him.

SANDY  
Naj... Naj... NAJEE.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
He owes me money.

Najee repeatedly thumbs the controller hard right. Stares at the controller. Points it at Sandy. Thumbs right again. And again. Shocked this isn't moving Sandy.

Sandy whips the wired controller out of the console.

NAJEE  
Dude!

Najee reads Sandy's expression.

NAJEE  
(charming)  
Sandman.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
He doesn't have the money.

SANDY  
You got the money?

NAJEE  
I know, I'm a week behind--

SANDY  
Then I *am* using those words correctly.

NAJEE  
It can't be more than a couple weeks.

SANDY  
You have no idea how rent works.

NAJEE  
Are we evicted again?

SANDY  
Rent is due the first of every month.

NAJEE  
That's great. The first isn't for a couple more weeks.

Sandy hangs his head.

NAJEE  
You thought I was behind.

SANDY  
You need money, Naj.

NAJEE  
You mean, *you* need money.

SANDY  
Wild Card needs money.

NAJEE  
You said it was for the rent.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
I don't put up with shit like this  
from women who give me sex. I have no  
idea why I put up with it from Naj.  
Except that he's as dumb as a box of  
puppies. And does whatever the hell I  
tell him to do.

An idea rockets into Sandy's eyes.

SANDY  
I got a plan-- Stop what you're doing.

NAJEE  
I ain't doin' nothing.

SANDY  
Gimme your shirt...

NAJEE  
But I like this shirt.

Najee unbuttons his shirt.

Sandy raises an axe from behind the couch.

SANDY  
I need a hundred dollar bill, this  
axe... I don't need an axe.

NAJEE  
(overlapping)  
I got like a five--

SANDY  
I'll improvise.

Chugs Najee's beer.

NAJEE  
I really like this shirt.

SANDY  
I know, it's great.

NAJEE  
Did you just drink my last beer?

Sandy burps. Sets down the empty can.

SANDY  
No.

Slips on the shirt. Najee hands over a FIVE. Sandy rolls it tight. Drops it into his shirt pocket while walking out.

NAJEE  
So what's the plan?

**EXT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

WILD CARD (mid-30s) holds court outside his club. He's built like a fire hydrant and just as dumb as one. But a lotta hustle. He's flanked by two bouncers who nearly look human, JAGER (20s) and LUDES (50s).

Sandy preens in the darkened windows of the club.

SANDY  
I asked for a full Komodo and she looked at me like it was her trigonometry final--

WILD CARD  
I don't hire 'em fer their brains.

Two well-suited SENIOR MEN approach.

Wild Card nods them over to his associates.

WILD CARD  
IDs ready, gentlemen.

Balls deep in a smoke, he pulls one last drag.

WILD CARD  
Did ya get off?

SANDY  
Wild Card--

WILD CARD  
Did she get you off?

SANDY

All I'm saying is that at the rates  
you're charging I shouldn't have to  
break 'em in.

WILD CARD

'K-Okay, I'll work with 'er.

SANDY

(sarcastic)

You'd do that for me?

WILD CARD

Whadda want me ta do here? I got three  
wives-- And god knows how many kids. I  
don't deliver, nobody eats.

SANDY

How old was she?

WILD CARD

No more credit--

SANDY

How old was she?

WILD CARD

Like Einstein once said, time it's all  
fuckin' relative.

SANDY

Was she even in high school?

WILD CARD

Maybe.

SANDY

(to camera)

Why did I know he was gonna say that?

SANDY

Am I going to prison?

Wild Card waves a REGULAR through the door.

SANDY

In prison they kill people who have  
sex with underage girls. They rape  
them and then they kill them.

WILD CARD

Always thought I'd go out like that.

SANDY

Gang raped in prison?



WILD CARD

Blowing my ticker whilst on boarding.

SANDY

Just take jail bait off my tab.

WILD CARD

Got a better idea. How 'bout a little bump? Take the edge off?

Sandy looks at the camera. Shrugs his shoulders.

**INT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS**

**HALLWAY**

A parade of strippers in lingerie saunter past. ALEXA (19) rocks a blonde wig and tramp uniform, but the girl's all business. SIRI (23) is a hot mess, trashy and strungout.

SANDY

Look, we're all friends here--

WILD CARD

No, I ain't yer friend. I'm yer drug dealer. There's a difference.

ALEXA

(overlapping)  
Hey, Sandy.

SANDY

(to Wild Card)  
You're splitting hairs.

WILD CARD

And yer way behind.

SIRI

I'll be your friend, baby.

Siri puts hands on Sandy. He's down.

Wild Card hustles her away by her bare ass cheek.

WILD CARD

Get the fuck outta here, does he look like he's got any fuckin' money?

He bangs through the men's room door.

WILD CARD

Let's talk serious.

**MEN'S ROOM**

A couple PATRONS splash urinals against the far wall.  
 Gripping Sandy's shoulder, Wild Card walks Sandy to the sink.  
 They stare in the mirror for an inappropriate amount of time.

WILD CARD  
 You're a very good looking man.

SANDY  
 Thank you. But the amount of alcohol  
 that would require, I would die of  
 liver cirrhosis.

Sandy mops the counter with paper towels and his dignity.

WILD CARD  
 Not me, idiot.

SANDY  
 (overlapping)  
 I don't need the money that bad.

WILD CARD  
 I'm afraid you do.

Wild Card chops small lines on the back of his phone.

WILD CARD  
 Ya know, you would make a very  
 attractive woman.

SANDY  
 Fuck off.

WILD CARD  
 I'm just sayin' that tranny shit pays  
 triple. And if you specialize...

SANDY  
 Fuck "all the way" off.

An inebriated BUSINESSMAN stumbles in like a zombie bear  
 searching for a picnic basket full of brains. Slacks soaked.

BUSINESSMAN  
 (indignant)  
 Who fucking pissed my pants?

WILD CARD  
 Get the fuck out of here. All you  
 perverts.

The Businessman spins. Confusion apparent. Searches for the door while the Patrons zip up. As they file out...

WILD CARD

Get one drop of piss on me... And tip the girl on stage, you degenerates.

SANDY

Who's on stage?

WILD CARD

My daughter.

Wild Card disappears one line.

WILD CARD

Aaaah! Shit.

Offers the other to Sandy. He obliges.

WILD CARD

(snaps his fingers)  
Ten bucks.

SANDY

What the fuck?--

WILD CARD

Ten bucks.

Sandy digs out Najee's FIVE.

SANDY

I got five.

Wild Card snatches the bill out of his hand.

SANDY

Put your own daughter to work...

WILD CARD

(smiling)  
Workin' for you last night.

Sandy processes...

SANDY

How are you always able to make anything worse?

Wild Card backs away. Looks Sandy up and down...

WILD CARD

Dunno if ya can pull off short skirts. Let's game plan it over drinks.

Guides him into the club by the scruff of the neck.

WILD CARD  
Yer buyin'.

**EXT. HIGH OVER DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - DAY**

Corporate towers. Space Needle. Cranes at the port.

TITLE "Present Day"

**INT. THE BELVEDERE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY**

**BEDROOM**

Sandy lounges in his boxers and black socks on ruffled silk sheets. His suite is old world elegance meets ultra modern conveniences. A new and improved Sandy?

SANDY  
(cheery to camera)  
Hey! Lemme catch ya up.

**FLASHBACK: A FAMILIAR SERIES OF LIGHTENING FAST SHOTS**

- In a *tailored suit*, yells for a race horse at the track
- Pops a *large assortment* of pills
- Tosses a *black* credit card on a counter
- Flips back shot after shot after shot
- Snorts blow off a woman's bare ass in a room filled with naked women. Rings of white powder around each nostril.

SANDY (V.O.)  
Ah, that really brings it all back.

**BACK TO SCENE**

SANDY  
(to camera)  
I discovered that if I removed most of the randomness out of my life...

He kisses the coin.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
... This baby gives me the ability to see other people's future.  
(MORE)

SANDY (cont'd)  
 Everything from the next few seconds,  
 up to twenty-four hours in the future.

Hops to his feet.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 So, as you could imagine, every day I  
 stick to a very regimented routine.  
 And you know who's great at routines?

Opens his arms wide.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 Hotels!

#### **WALK IN CLOSET**

Dozens of identical black suits. Black shoes. White shirts.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 I wear the same clothes...

#### **DINING ROOM**

Half-eaten breakfast. Scrambled eggs, bacon, toast.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 Eat the same meals...

#### **HALLWAY**

Paces to his private elevator in a black suit.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 Take the same number of steps...

The doors open. The ELEVATOR OPERATOR smiles.

SANDY  
*Good morning.*

#### **INT. THE BELVEDERE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY**

Strides out of the elevator... Down a grand staircase decked  
 with garland, ribbons and twinkling holiday lights.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 And in general, follow the routine.  
 (MORE)

SANDY (cont'd)  
 Every day. Every city I travel, every  
 detail is pretty much the same.

**INT. PRIVATE TOWN CAR - DAY**

Sandy climbs in.

SANDY  
 Where's Skunk?

A confident driver, PUDER (20s), checks the navigation app.

PUDER  
 Uh, Skunk's sick. I'm Puder. {POO-der}

SANDY  
 (rambling)  
 How sick? So sick he can't drive?  
 Because that's pretty damn sick.

PUDER  
 They just pay me to drive, man.

Uneasy, Sandy turns to the camera. They pull away.

**EXT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Puder holds the door. Sandy climbs out of the town car.

SANDY  
 (cuffs the back of Puder's head)  
 Walk with me, moron.

**POV SANDY: CUTTING THROUGH A CROWD**

A solid blue aura glows over the head of each person.

SANDY  
 Puder, you see these people? I'm able  
 to see *all their possible futures*  
 collapsing into the present-- It kinda  
 looks like a blue aura. I follow the  
 dominate timeline, the bluest one,  
 because *without fail* that is their  
 future. Understand?

Puder shakes his head.

SANDY  
 Whatever, just gimme the oxy in your  
 pocket. Because if you snort it all  
 tonight you're gonna die.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 And I'm almost out.

PUDER  
 I can handle my shit, bro.

Sandy shakes his head "no" to the camera. Knowing he can't.

**INT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Sandy bounces across the lobby like his own theme music is playing. Past a floor-to-ceiling flocked Christmas tree.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 So the first thing I did was hire a rapid response team of doctors, lawyers and ex-Mossad to, you know, keep me alive. Needless to say, this enterprise costs me a fucking fortune.

**FLASHBACK**

**INT. RACE TRACK - BETTING WINDOW - DAY**

Sandy shovels bricks of money at a wizened CASHIER.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 And you can only play the ponies so long...

**INT. CASINO BLACKJACK TABLE - NIGHT**

Sandy double-taps his hand -- a KING and an EIGHT.

A female DEALER lays a THREE over Sandy's cards.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 You get labelled a cheat in a couple casinos, word gets around.

A double-chinned PIT BOSS double-taps Sandy's shoulder.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 Fucking internet.

Two CRO-MAGNON MEN in Armani assist Sandy from the table.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 Now, I can't get a game of hearts in  
 the northern or southern hemisphere.

**INT. TRADING DESK - DAY**

Confused TRADERS in pitted shirts at trading terminals.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 Playing the markets took forever...

**INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY**

A METALLURGIST in a heavy smock examines the coin.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 I even made more coins to sell.

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

Sandy tosses a brown paper bag of replicas in a dumpster.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 Except they didn't work for shit.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sandy continues across the lobby of Triton Industries.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 So whadda I do now? *Make bank*-- Wild  
 Card was right, specialize.

An enthusiastic female receptionist, AVERY (20) lights up as Sandy arrives. She's attractive. A point Sandy doesn't miss.

AVERY  
 Oh my god, I'm such a huge fan.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 I have fans.

AVERY  
 I'm so sorry-- That was so  
 unprofessional of me.

SANDY  
 Oh, don't let me slow you down--



EVERY

I mean, I read in the Journal you were coming in for the talks...

SANDY

(to camera)

With said ability, I can absolutely guarantee she'll be *begging* me inside of two minutes. I've already seen it.

Sandy preps for the kill. Rakes his long brown hair back with both hands. Shakes his head. Sets his eyes to stun.

EVERY

And well, ya know... Could I bother you for some career advice? I'm first year law-- I'd really appreciate it.

SANDY

Sure, the way I see it, this world's a fucking tire fire. Take as much as you can as fast as you can. And run like you stole someone's food stamps.

She deflates. Checks her notes. Rebounds.

EVERY

Oh! One more. What was your lucky break? Everyone gets a lucky break along the way. What was yours?

SANDY

Well, let me see. I started out as a janitor. Shaking a wand in toilets much like the ones in this dump, I'm sure. But I had a goal. You always need goals.

Avery furiously scribbles notes.

SANDY

My goal was to rub one out in every office in the building.

She stops writing.

SANDY

You learn interesting facts about a business looking through a person's browser history-- Who's watching porn all day, for example, gambling, playing solitaire...

She sets down her pen.

SANDY

So I guess my lucky break was when I ran into the CEO at a holiday party and outed the dead weight in the organization. The next day, I'm a corporate efficiency consultant.

AVERY

You're kidding, right?

SANDY

Yeah. He was addicted to nugget porn so I blackmailed him-- Never be afraid to take the initiative.

He leans in. Soft eyes. Too close.

Avery goes blank. Is this happening?

SANDY

Hey, after I get done here, why don't you come back to my place. I have the whole penthouse to myself.

AVERY

I'm sorry, but I can't. You...

She recoils. Can't stop blinking.

AVERY

... You're old.

That stung a bit.

SANDY

Ten outta ten strippers would disagree.

AVERY

Ew.

SANDY

Some younger than you.

AVERY

And you're disgusting-uh.

SANDY

You want career advice? Learn to climb poles. It pays better than lawyering--

AVERY

Please leave.

SANDY  
I'd pay to see ya naked.

AVERY  
*Please leave. I'm begging you.*

SANDY  
(to camera)  
Oh, you thought she'd be begging for sex. I knew there was something I liked about you. Now pay attention, this part's important...

### **BOARDROOM**

Silent. Across the table, each attorney stares down their opposite number like a prize fighter before the big match.

SANDY (V.O.)  
World Mobile hired me to get a merger back on track with Triton Industries.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
Now, everything I know about mergers would fill a Monopoly token top hat.

**POV SANDY:** Solid blue auras glow over each attorney's head.

SANDY (V.O.)  
But when you can see everyone's cards, you really don't need to know that much about game you're playing.

Resplendent in a stylish power outfit, ZIBBY CHRISTIAN (40) blows into the room. She's geek-chic. Sunny with sharp edges. Curls forever and legs all the way to the floor.

ZIBBY  
This is the largest merger in corporate history, folks. I imagine we're gonna have to do it with words.

Zibby sits opposite Sandy. She's cocked and loaded.

ZIBBY  
I'm lead negotiator for Triton Industries, Zibby Christian.

Her professional veneer can't hide the glimmer in her eyes.

Sandy's smitten. A smile flashes across his lips. Realizing he's staring, Sandy looks down.

SANDY

And I'm--

Looks up...

**POV SANDY:** Every blue aura in the room **COLLAPSES**.

SANDY (V.O.)

... Confused.

Sandy's eyes zero out.

Zibby leans forward anticipating the next word.

ZIBBY

This is the part where you talk.

Sandy stoic.

SANDY

(to camera)

What the hell just happened?

Turns back to Zibby.

SANDY

(to camera)

In all this time, now. Now it stops working?!

No one says anything.

ZIBBY

Someone say something.

Both sides erupt with accusation and finger-pointing.

Sandy examines the coin. Rubs it. Taps it on the table.

SANDY

(threatening the coin)

You little piece of shit. Wait, did I just say that out loud?

Everyone stops to look at the crazy man talking to the coin.

Sandy's anger shrinks into embarrassment.

Gideon arrives late.

Zibby checks her watch. Checks Gideon. Her watch.

Without breaking stride...

GIDEON

Good morning-- Where are we at?

Both side erupt with accusation and finger-pointing.

GIDEON

That about sums it up.

Holds up his hand. Silences the mob.

GIDEON

(to Sandy)

Anything to add?

Barely perceptible, Sandy shakes his head. Through the fear, a thought forms. Slowly crowning.

SANDY

I'm not... saying... anything.

ZIBBY

And you're very good at it.

SANDY

I'm not saying anything until we paper this room. I want NDAs from all of you. (angry) Someone is leaking to the media. In fact, lemme have a think on that... Yeah, I want every NDA ever signed by your company--

Zibby shoots her pre-signed NDA across the table. Okay, that didn't work. But he'll continue with the bluff.

SANDY

Okay, but the rest of you... Until I see signatures, meeting adjourned.

POPE (20's) might be in the World Series but he's got double A written all over him. Batting ninth for World Mobile.

POPE

What?

ZIBBY

We need the room.

POPE

What just happened--

ZIBBY

I said... GET OUT.

Gideon closes his folder. Everyone breaks for the door.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
I'm so hard right now I might puke.

ZIBBY  
I can't work with him.

SANDY  
Gideon?

ZIBBY  
Yes, Gideon. My God, I think he  
brought a knife to our last meeting.

SANDY  
I'm only the mediator. I have no  
binding authority here.

ZIBBY  
I have one condition: I negotiate  
through you and only you.

SANDY  
Granted. You have two more wishes--

ZIBBY  
And I never have to talk to him again.

SANDY  
You have one wish left.

ZIBBY  
Since this is gonna come down to you  
and me, whaddaya say we put down our  
swords and get to know each other...

SANDY  
That ain't gonna work, cupcake--

ZIBBY  
Professionally.

SANDY  
Everyone knows I have a weakness for  
attractive women...

ZIBBY  
I don't date men I work with. Or date  
men, at all. Currently-- Did you just  
call me 'cupcake'?

SANDY  
Are we finished with the ground rules?

Zibby starts for the door. He joins her.

ZIBBY

*This* should be our entire focus.  
Agreed?

SANDY

You honestly have my full attention.

ZIBBY

Then, I'm sure we can work this out.

Touches his sleeve.

SANDY

(to camera)  
Oh, she is so fucking good at this.  
And smells like sugar cookies.

### **LOBBY**

The elevator doors part. Sandy and Zibby step into the crowded lobby.

Avery proudly flips off Sandy all the way to the door.

ZIBBY

Can I assume you've met?

The blue aura around each person's head flickers off.

### **EXT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

A revolving door spits out Sandy. No Zibby.

SANTA #1 trots up the steps at precisely the wrong moment.

Sandy catches a glimpse.

Realizing he's been made, Santa #1 freezes.

SANDY

I will bulldoze you like a trailer  
park then break you off short.

Santa #1 RUNS FOR HIS LIFE. Sandy busts ass after him. But he ain't catching Santa. Sandy yells across the plaza.

SANDY

Fucking king of the phonies!

SANDY

(to camera)  
Come ta think of it, this might not be  
a coin problem.

(MORE)

SANDY (cont'd)  
 My blood alcohol level *is* dangerously  
 low-- Like rehab levels. Ya think that  
 might be the reason why I've suddenly  
 gone future blind? Let's find out.

**INT. THE MONKEY BUSINESS TAVERN - DAY**

Under a table, Sandy sucks down a bottle of scotch through a  
 straw. The angry sounds of a raging bar fight above.

He chats with his personal assistant, MAGGIE (70s) on the  
 phone. Voice like a garbage disposal from a lifetime of chain-  
 smoking camel straights. Devoid of all filters.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
 You go down on her, first chance you  
 get, boss. Scrambles every bit a  
 common sense out of a women.

SANDY  
 She's the key to closing this deal.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
 You keep telling yourself that. You  
 just described her like the first time  
 you mainlined heroin.

SANDY  
*Good times.*

Glassware explodes above the table.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
 (concerned)  
 Wha' was that?

SANDY  
 It's okay, I'm under a table.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
 What the hell ya doing under a table?

SANDY  
 Oh, you're right.

Sandy slides the phone on the floor. Scurries after it--

A MAN BEAR drops Larry through the table.

SANDY  
 Hey, Gary.

Larry sparks out.



Sandy pops to his feet, narrowly avoids a falling body.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
We at the macking or smashing stage?

SANDY  
Maggie, she's got zest.

Tall Boy takes a swing at Sandy, then another. He side-steps the punches like he saw 'em coming.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Uh-oh

SANDY  
What?

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
You sound disturbingly happy.

Sandy steps back.

The Man Bear breaks a wooden chair over Tall Boy. Drives him to his knees. Sandy hi-fives the Man Bear. Calmly walks away.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Are you sure you're okay?

Multiple fights explode throughout the bar.

SANDY  
I assumed I needed to be blackout drunk, at least Russian army drunk. But this seems to be working.

Sandy pauses a couple feet from the door. A body flies past.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Want me to send in the Israelis?

SANDY  
No, Mags. I'm back!

Presses END on his phone.

**EXT. THE MONKEY BUSINESS TAVERN - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy buttons against the cold.

SUCKER PUNCHED, he crumbles. Out cold.

Santa #2 lords over him.

SANTA #2

Bitch.

**INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**POV ZIBBY:** McKenna (18), Zibby's daughter fumes.

MCKENNA

I'm pregnant.

Still in her work clothes, Zibby nonchalantly gives McKenna her back. Opens the cupboard.

MCKENNA

And I'm moving in with Raul.

ZIBBY

I don't know how many times I have to tell you... The handles on the cups should always face out.

Every cup handle faces a different direction.

MCKENNA

Did you hear me?

ZIBBY

Mmm-hmm. Did you hear me?

MCKENNA

Jesus Christ.

ZIBBY

Okay, you wanna do this?

MCKENNA

Yeah.

ZIBBY

Yeah? As long as you live in my house. I have certain rules--

MCKENNA

I knew you wouldn't understand.

ZIBBY

And the fucking handles...

Zibby SMASHES a mug against the wall.

ZIBBY

(sad)  
... So you can reach in...

McKenna hugs her mom. They hold each other. And cry.

Zibby retreats. Counts her wounded.

ZIBBY

I give up. Do what you want. You're eighteen. You don't listen to me anymore. No one listens to me anymore.

MCKENNA

That's not true.

ZIBBY

It's all gonna work out. You'll see. I'll help.

She hugs McKenna this time.

MCKENNA

Until we get a place, can, Raul and I--

ZIBBY

(cheerful)

Oh baby, I would stab both of you to death in your sleep.

Zibby wrestles under her own blouse. Tears off her bra like she's removing a tourniquet.

ZIBBY

So to be clear: Not so much as steamy thoughts about Raul in my house. Ever. Okay? Good talk.

Off Zibby sipping wine...

**INT. THE BELVEDERE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

Bedazzled Najee 2.0 dons a designer track suit over a Winnie the Pooh T-shirt. Gold accessories and coiffed GQ hair.

NAJEE

But, dude, I don't work for you.

SANDY

(to camera)

Yes, he does.

SANDY

You know how to be a janitor.

NAJEE

Of course--

SANDY

And how to copy hard drives.

NAJEE

Yeah.

SANDY

Naj, I need leverage: dirt, scandals, incriminating documents, photos of traumatized livestock in compromising positions-- That would be so sweet. Everything about the merger. You know, in case I have to actually do whatever a mediator does.

NAJEE

Bring both sides together in a fair and equitable partnership?

SANDY

Or, more likely, kneecap one of them. Start with World Mobile.

NAJEE

But what if I get caught?

SANDY

Just play dumb. I'm leaving you in charge of that.

NAJEE

Oh, Sandy. Sandy.

Raises his hand.

NAJEE

Sandy.

SANDY

Yes, Najee. Speak.

NAJEE

Are you sure? Cuz that just don't sound right.

SANDY

I bought you the suite below me.

NAJEE

Yes, I know that-- And thank you.

SANDY

I pay for your meals, your credit cards...

NAJEE

Yes, I know...

SANDY

I bought you a fucking Lamborghini.

NAJEE

I don't know how to drive it.

SANDY

In what world do you not work for me?

NAJEE

Okay then, what's my hourly? And what are my benefits?

SANDY

You get a Lamborghini!

NAJEE

I already got one of those.

SANDY

(to camera)

If I didn't love him so much, I'd beat him to death with a brick.

SANDY

Then think of it as doing me a favor.

NAJEE

Absolutely. Sandy you're so good to me, of course. I'll do anything for you. Anything. Just name it.

SANDY

Thank you! I'm going to the club to get my head straight.

NAJEE

That's not the routine.

Najee bites into a wax apple from a fruit bowl.

SANDY

I know-- Wait, are those edible?

Najee swallows.

NAJEE

God, I hope so.

SANDY

(in his own head)  
I need to figure out why I'm winking  
off and on like a holiday display. I  
got cold-cocked coming outta Monkey  
Business. That shouldn't happen.

NAJEE

That's so rando.

SANDY

Naj, you've confused me with someone  
who's still listening.

Najee raises his hand again.

NAJEE

Sandy, just one more thing.

SANDY

(bubbling from his mouth)  
Okay, but if you tell me one more time  
you don't work for me, I'll chop you  
into little pieces and feed you to  
hogs. And then I'll kill the hogs,  
make bacon and eat you.

NAJEE

It can wait.

After Sandy has safely gone...

NAJEE

(defiant)  
But I don't work for you.

**INT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - THE BAR - NIGHT**

Bedecked in silver and gold garland and blinking lights, it's  
loud. EDM thumps from the club a few feet away.

In a corner booth, Sandy and Wild Card yell a conversation.

SANDY

It's a work problem.

WILD CARD

You've come to the right place.

SANDY

I need a little something... to clear  
my head.

WILD CARD

Lemme introduce you to my friends:  
Charlie, Emma, Molly, Barbs, Bennie,  
George, Tango and Cash...

SANDY

No. Nothing like that.

WILD CARD

(doesn't understand)  
Never heard of it.

Alexa drew the short straw.

ALEXA

Hey Wild Card, some ugly, fucking foul  
mouth skank here to see you. Looks  
pregnant.

WILD CARD

Does that sound like anyone I would  
ever wanna talk to?

ALEXA

What'd ya want me to say?

WILD CARD

I have great confidence in your  
ability to lie.

She leaves in a huff.

WILD CARD

Ever hear of somethin' called OZ? I'm  
tripping balls on it right now.  
Oxydine Zirconium. Made of pure tiger  
adrenalin.

SANDY

What?!

WILD CARD

I could put my head right through this  
table, I wouldn't feel a thing.

SANDY

How are you still alive?

WILD CARD

Trial and error mainly.

SANDY

I don't need to put my head through a  
table.

(MORE)

SANDY (cont'd)  
 See, I have this thing and it stopped  
 working at a most inopportune moment.  
 Now it's not working at all.

Amused, Wild Card places a blue Viagra on the table.

WILD CARD  
 It happens to the best of us.

SANDY  
 No. For work.

WILD CARD  
 I uses 'em at work all the time.

SANDY  
 Adderall? Something so I can focus.

WILD CARD  
 Let's walk to the pharmacy.

Sandy nods emphatically. Grab his coats.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Wild Card fires up a fresh smoke. They walk.

A bell *clangs* in the distance.

WILD CARD  
 Stop freakin' out. My car's right  
 around the corner.

SANDY  
 You don't understand how fucked I am.  
 If I can't get back to baseline...

WILD CARD  
 You're gonna be better than baseline.

SANDY  
 What if it never comes back? Without  
 it, I'm nothing but a hair-do with  
 attitude.

WILD CARD  
 I have thoughts but please continue  
 your ramblings.

SANDY  
 Better throw in an eight ball while  
 we're at it.

Wild Card stops. Considers. Continues walking.



WILD CARD

Never thought I'd hear these words  
passin' my lips, but maybe ya should  
pump the brakes a little, bro.

SANDY

You're my fucking drug dealer. Don't  
start trying to be my friend.

WILD CARD

You know, most people are just  
naturally assholes, but you... You  
work so goddam hard at it.

They round the corner and see...

Alongside a red kettle, SANTA #3 rings a handbell. A generous  
smile and nod for Sandy, then Wild Card.

SANDY

You must be new.

SANTA #3

Happy Holidays!

SANDY

What's your name?

SANTA #3

Kris Kringle--

SANDY

What's your real name?

SANTA #3

Santa Claus?

WILD CARD

Give 'em break. It's obviously his  
first day.

SANDY

Okay fake Santa, what'd ya bring me  
when I was fourteen?

WILD CARD

Hate to brake it to ya. There ain't--

SANTA #3

(dropping the act)  
Guys, I don't want any trouble.

WILD CARD

Do you know karate?

SANTA #3

No.

WILD CARD

I would run.

Sandy two-hands Santa #3 back on his heels.

SANTA #3

What the--

WILD CARD

I think he was repeatedly raped by  
Santa as a child.

SANDY

Stop telling people that.

Sandy slaps Santa's hand bell down the sidewalk.

Indignant, Santa goes after his bell.

WILD CARD

Then what's wrong with you, man?  
You're a psychiatrist's wet dream.

A HOMELESS WOMAN, pushes a shopping cart filled with all her  
worldly belongings. Her YOUNG SON trails close behind.

Sandy grabs handfuls of cash out of the kettle.

WILD CARD

Wow, that's pretty fucking horrible.

While walking away with Wild Card...

SANDY

I might be an asshole, but I don't  
pretend I'm something I'm not.

Sandy hands the Homeless Woman the cash.

Her face remembers what it's like to smile.

SANDY

(to Wild Card)

Let's go blow some shit up.

Santa #3 re-mans his battle station at the kettle.

*Clang. Clang. Clang* from the hand bell.

**INT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY**

We follow Zibby to the elevator. She turns. The doors close.

**HALLWAY**

The elevator doors open. Gideon steps out. Followed by Zibby, Pope and a battalion of attorneys.

**BOARDROOM**

A full house and no one's happy. Attorneys for World Mobile and Triton on opposite sides of the table. Computers at the ready. Grumbling. Overlapping side bars.

Sandy washes in and out of the conversations.

VIOLA (55) attorney and reigning billable hours queen for Triton digs in. World Mobile attorney, DORA (40) comes pre-offended by almost everything.

DORA

... But they're trenching--

VIOLA

Thank god. This might take months.

Disheveled and hung over, Sandy lifts his head off the table.

SANDY

Jesus, are burros packing my coffee outta the Andes special delivery?

VIOLA

I see at least another hundred billable hours... if we're lucky.

ZIBBY

(to Sandy)

Are you gonna get in there?

SANDY

Sure. As long as that's code for not doing shit until I get more coffee.

GIDEON

Coffee is not our priority.

Sandy summons all remaining strength...

SANDY

Yo, Hunger Games, can ya put down the bow? Because after the night I had... Yeah, coffee is our top priority.

Sandy turns to the attorneys.

SANDY  
 Don't wait for me.  
 (waves his hands)  
 Just...

Everyone just keeps staring.

SANDY  
 I'm just gonna lay my head down--

DORA  
 I swear to all that's holy, if he  
 falls asleep, we're outta here.

An ATTENDANT bursts through the doors with coffee.

SANDY  
 (springs to life)  
 God bless you, Juan Valdez.

GIDEON  
 (to Sandy)  
 Have you made any headway on getting  
 the injunction lifted?

Sandy eyes the room. Sips coffee.

SANDY  
 I can do that?

GIDEON  
 Pope--

POPE  
 On it.

GIDEON  
 No, pass the coffee.

SANDY  
 See, the coffee... Okay, explain this  
 to me like it was my first day.

GIDEON  
 If we do not have clearance--

POPE  
 From both parties--

GIDEON  
 From the FTC--

POPE  
 Or the FTC.

SANDY

Well, the way I see it... There's the Triton viewpoint. DBA Triton Industries. And there's... the World Mobile viewpoint...

POPE

I think he's stalling.

GIDEON

Stop that.

POPE

What?

GIDEON

Thinking.

ZIBBY

I'm optimistic after the judge reviews the injunction...

SANDY

(overly confident)

Yes! That's a way better way of saying that. Concise. Thank you.

GIDEON

Is this going as poorly as you thought it would?

ZIBBY

And then we're home free, if we can just agree on integration--

She's shouted down by World Mobile attorneys.

Sandy pounds his fist on the table. Silences the room, but rattles the very soft material in his head. Regroups.

SANDY

Look, if you guys... and gals... don't integrate... the whatever they are... by the time I finish my coffee...

An awkward silence. For Sandy. Everyone's on to him.

GIDEON

What? Are you going to ground us? Send us to our room, *daddy*?

A couple snorts and chuckles.

Sandy rises. Insecurity competes for his eyes.

GIDEON  
Where do you think you are going?

SANDY  
New idea. I leave.

The first to hurl themselves in front of the doors? Viola.

GIDEON  
You can't leave.

SANDY  
Does this gulag come with restrooms or  
do we all have to pee in a bucket?

Gideon relents. Flicks his wrist.

Sandy casually strides out of the boardroom.

The door latches behind him. *Click*.

#### **HALLWAY**

Sandy SCRAMBLES away...

SANDY (V.O.)  
I had become everything I hate.

#### **LOBBY**

Sprints out of the building...

SANDY (V.O.)  
And I *could* have asked my friends for  
help, but you've met my friends.  
They're all ding dongs and sociopaths.

#### **INT. COIN SHOP - DAY**

A human eye distorts through a jeweler's loupe.

Sandy rants as a SQUATTY MAN examines the coin.

SANDY (V.O.)  
I needed professional help...

#### **INT. UNIVERSITY LAB - DAY**

A frustrated COLLEGE PROFESSOR aims a laser pointer at  
physics equations on a whiteboard.

SANDY (V.O.)  
Experts...

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 Math has never made me so angry.

**INT. PIKE PLACE MARKET MAGIC SHOP - DAY**

A MAGICIAN in costume makes the coin disappear.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 The leading minds in their field.

Sandy STRANGLES him until the coin falls to the floor.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Sandy cruises past homeless strongholds. Desperate.

Harangues hobos, panhandlers and other address-free citizens.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 A higher authority, like that bastard  
 who tricked me into believing in this  
 defective piece of shit.

Outside a toy store, Sandy PUMMELS a blow-up Santa flat.  
 Seeing the horror, a LITTLE GIRL cries. MOM cries. DAD cries.

Sandy hangs his head. Shuffles away.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 I was losing my screws when I came to  
 a simple conclusion... I needed a new  
 plan. A better plan...

**INT. / EXT. SANDY'S PORCHE - NIGHT**

Consumed with driving, Sandy pops his phone in his mouth.  
 Pulls it out. Texts. He's pleased with himself.

SANDY (V.O.)  
 One that didn't rely on magic. One  
 that played to my strengths and above  
 average good looks. One word:  
 Overwhelming charm offensive.

His red Porche disappears into downtown traffic.

**INT. TOO HIP TO HAVE A NAME COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Zibby fidgets. Her coffee steams. A heavy winter coat hides  
 her designer couture. But can't hide her frustration.

Sandy arrives late.

SANDY  
Hey! Sorry, I'm late.

ZIBBY  
I've been waiting.

SANDY  
We're still on that?

ZIBBY  
We're not?

SANDY  
We're moving on. You're not moving on--  
Look, I'm calling a truce--

ZIBBY  
Ah... no truce.

SANDY  
There are nice ways to do that.

ZIBBY  
I always go into these things so  
hopeful. Are you a hopeful man?

SANDY  
Me? Yes. Of course. Hopeful.

ZIBBY  
Then give me hope. Give me something.

SANDY  
How about a peace offering?

ZIBBY  
Whaddaya got?

SANDY  
Whaddaya need? Tell me what your side  
needs, *not wants, needs*. And I'll make  
it happen for you.

Sandy shines up his best fake smile. Struggles to hold it.

ZIBBY  
(mocking)  
You would do that for little ol'  
defenseless me?

SANDY  
You're about as defenseless as a cobra  
in basket.



ZIBBY

Look, I've been to the rodeo and all the way around the outhouse.

SANDY

(to camera)

I saw this going way different.

She considers the moment. Softens. Smirks.

ZIBBY

Oh, it's not you-- Well, it's a little bit you. Can we talk? I had a fight with my daughter the other night.

SANDY

Hmm. How old?

ZIBBY

She's eighteen. So by definition she knows everything.

SANDY

You had her young.

ZIBBY

(sarcastic)

No offense taken.

SANDY

I have no boundaries.

ZIBBY

Do you have kids?

SANDY

Doubt it.

ZIBBY

She's pregnant.

SANDY

I'm sure her father loves that.

ZIBBY

We don't talk about him.

SANDY

Why do women in my life always say "we" when they mean "me?" Unless, there are imaginary people who've just joined us...

ZIBBY

Do you realize when you're being an asshole?

SANDY

Most of the time. It's like an involuntary gag reflex.

ZIBBY

Whatever... I got tired of trying to fix him. And then I got tired of crying in the shower every day. And for the record, I'm not *in* your life.

SANDY

My ex always wanted things. Things I could never give her.

ZIBBY

Such as?

SANDY

An everlasting supply of Vicodin.

ZIBBY

So you were drug addicts.

SANDY

Thus the Vicodin. Bonus, she was every flavor of crazy. The whole spice rack.

Zibby collects her purse.

SANDY

Wait. Do we have a truce? Asking for a friend.

ZIBBY

I'll settle for a lift.

**INT. / EXT. SANDY'S PORCHE - DAY**

Inside his mid-life-crisis-mobile, Sandy raises his arms.

SANDY

Whaddaya think?

ZIBBY

Exactly what I imagined.

The side power mirror buzzes outside Zibby's door. Sandy adjusts it to follow two WOMEN IN TIGHT JEANS walking away.

ZIBBY  
Are you doing what I think you're  
doing?

SANDY  
I don't think so.

Her face tightens.

They pull into traffic.

**MOMENTS LATER**

ZIBBY  
I want you to meet my CEO.

SANDY  
Why?

ZIBBY  
Because that's the peace offering  
you're gonna give me.

SANDY  
Okay...

ZIBBY  
I need your help getting him to sign-  
off on integration. So be nice.

SANDY  
Nice? I'm nice.

ZIBBY  
Was that you being nice? Because I  
distinctly remember you calling me a  
snake *and* a whore.

SANDY  
I happen to like snakes and whores.

They stop in front of a large office building.

ZIBBY  
I'm gonna be at the party tonight.

SANDY  
Ya need another lift?

She gets out. Leans through the passenger window.

ZIBBY  
You just work on your nice.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Zibby walks down the sidewalk.

The side power mirror buzzes as it moves.

She smiles. Never looks back.

**INT. / EXT. PRIVATE MANSION - NIGHT**

Manicured lawns. Christmas lights. Fancy cars. Valets.

**KITCHEN**

SERVERS in WHITE JACKETS hustle trays of apps in and out.

**PANTRY**

Sandy fingers his bow tie. He's in a WHITE TUXEDO. Rakes his hair with his hands. Produces a vial. Taps a mound of white powder on the back of a WINE SERVER's fist.

SANDY

A taste for you.

The Wine Server snorts it.

SANDY

And one pour moi.

Taps a pitcher's mound for himself. Inhales it up his nose.

SANDY

(to camera)

What? You didn't think I was doing this without chemical assistance, did you? It's like the whole fucking reason God created cocaine.

Followed by an entire glass of champagne.

SANDY

(to camera)

Ah! Merry. Merry.

**NEAR THE BALLROOM DANCE FLOOR**

A string quartet plays a melody from another century.

Close friends and those playing the part of one, all dressed to the nines. Thin conversations and plastic smiles as far as the eye can see. It stinks of privileged elite.

A SERVER in a white jacket stands ready with Kobe beef sliders. Bull Gamble is half way through the tray.

**OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN DOOR**

SANDY  
(to camera)  
So as long as I stay away from *that*  
fuck...

Sandy nods at Bull. He's gone. Panicked, Sandy takes in the room. Strains the insecurity from his eyes.

SANDY  
Sack up, man. This place is massive.  
He'll never--

Bull shoves an empty tray of toothpicks at him.

BULL  
More.

Sandy starts level. Works his way up to meet Bull's gaze.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
This could go a lot of different ways.

SANDY  
Well, of course, sir. What were they?

BULL  
Whatever passes for steak around here.

SANDY  
Evidently, you can't get decent beef  
outside of Texas.

BULL  
You are so right.

SANDY  
College Station.

BULL  
Hook 'em horns.

SANDY  
Won't hold that against ya.

BULL  
(chuckles)  
What's your name?

SANDY  
Sandy.

BULL  
I'm looking for a Sandy.

SANDY  
Oh?

BULL  
But a man. A hired gun.

SANDY  
Assassin?

BULL  
Mediator or some bullshit. A FUCKING  
WIZARD, I've been told.

SANDY  
I'll keep an eye out for him. What's  
he look like?

BULL  
About your age. Brown hair.

SANDY  
Whadda they say about his hair?

BULL  
Used to be an attractive man.

SANDY  
Used to be?

BULL  
In his day. Now, he's a cartoon  
version of himself. Still thinks of  
himself as a ladies' man.

SANDY  
Hmm.

BULL  
Really good in the room--

SANDY  
Absolutely.

BULL  
Handy as Satan's fluffer--

SANDY  
And that's a disturbing visual.

BULL  
Does a bit too much of the nose candy--

SANDY  
What's a man without vices?

BULL  
And overpaid.

SANDY  
Well, I wouldn't go so far--

Gideon appears between them.

SANDY  
(surprised/disappointed)  
Gideon.

GIDEON  
(dismissive)  
Sandy.

BULL  
Familiar with the help?

GIDEON  
Well, I wouldn't exactly call him "the help." He is on the team.

SANDY  
(Starts slinking away)  
Does anyone else smell that?

BULL  
Holding a tray of crackers at a party  
doesn't make him *on the team*.

SANDY  
(overlapping)  
Something burning. Not here.

GIDEON  
That's Sandy... the mediator.

Bull's gears turn as slow as Wiley Coyote studying an ACME dynamite order form. Sandy's only made it a few slinks.

BULL  
Get back here, boy.

Sandy rejoins them. Smiles like he's pantsed someone.

BULL  
How's it going--

GIDEON  
Slow.

BULL  
My attorney here, says you're slow.

SANDY  
So I heard--

GIDEON  
The process is going slowly.

BULL  
So he's not a dimwit?--

GIDEON  
Debatable.

SANDY  
Don't blame yourselves. Even God took  
seven days to build the world.

Zibby arrives. Dimed out. Flashes the currency of a black  
backless cocktail dress with a plunging neckline and high  
slits. And just the woman to pay it off.

ZIBBY  
If she only had more to work with...

BULL  
I *do* know who you are.  
(to Sandy)  
Get it done, boy. I'm holding you  
personally responsible.

Sandy plucks two glasses of champaign off a passing tray.  
Offers one to Zibby. She takes the glass, his arm, his heart.

SANDY  
I'm gonna go now. Again.

GIDEON  
Sleeping with the enemy I see.

ZIBBY  
Isn't he a ray of sunshine?

They leave together. Beaming.

BULL  
Are they screwing?

GIDEON  
I have dots.

BULL  
What the hell does that mean?



GIDEON

I have eyes everywhere. Eyes in the back of my head. Eyes in the back of other people's head. The more eyes, the more dots. I connect those dots--

BULL

Why the more I talk to you, the less I understand? You're like a fucking information tar pit. Get outta here before you turn me into an imbecile.

**NEAR THE BALLROOM DANCE FLOOR**

SANDY

You clean up good.

ZIBBY

Better when I'm dirty.

SANDY

You see, the perfect straight line and I ain't takin' the bait.

ZIBBY

(laughs)  
You're learning. Care to dance?

SANDY

To this shit? Let's blow this clown show-- I'll show ya a real band.

ZIBBY

Not your scene?

SANDY

You look fantastic.

ZIBBY

The eats ain't bad.

SANDY

Gimme a street dog, a mosh pit, and, and something... with lyrics.

ZIBBY

Oh, I sing.

SANDY

I bet it's magical.

ZIBBY

Do you believe in magic, Sandy?

SANDY  
I do.

ZIBBY  
Do you sing?

SANDY  
I do not-- But I'm a great listener.

ZIBBY  
Do you wanna hear me sing?

SANDY  
Right here?

ZIBBY  
Don't be silly. Come on.

SANDY  
Where we going?

ZIBBY  
To hear me sing.

**INT. BOWLING ALLEY - THE ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Bowlers in the distance. Cheap holiday decorations. Sandy and Zibby enter, wildly overdressed. Right down to their shoes.

SANDY  
Now we're talkin'.

ZIBBY  
Don't be surprised if someone recognizes me.

**THE BAR**

A packed house. As they enter... a cloud burst of shouts.

EVERYONE  
PENNY!

She winks at Sandy. Waves to the regulars.

ZIBBY  
Who's up?

A jolly WAITRESS (40s) in a Santa hat serves a drunk KARAOKE SINGER (20s). She makes it all of one inch out of her chair.

KARAOKE SINGER  
(slurring)  
Right here works for me.

WAITRESS  
 (to Zibby)  
 It's all about you.

Zibby considers what's cued up on the karaoke machine.

ZIBBY  
 (excited)  
 Okay.

Walks on stage.

SANDY  
 A round for the whole place!

He's summarily *shushed*.

Sandy checks the crowd. All eyes forward.

Off the opening chord of SUPERSTAR by the Carpenters-- whoops and applauds. Quickly dissipates into silence.

Zibby sways side-to-side during the intro. Smiles at Sandy.

*Long ago, and, oh, so far away  
 I fell in love with you before the second show*

Karen Carpenter has nothing on Zibby.

EVERYONE joins in...

*Your guitar, it sounds so sweet and clear  
 But you're not really here, it's just the radio*

She stomps a stiletto. Shakes her head. BELTS out the chorus.

*Don't you remember, you told me you loved me baby?  
 You said you'd be coming back this way again baby*

Everyone sings/shouts at the top of their lungs.

### **THE LANES**

A TEENAGE BOWLER lifts her pink bowling ball. Curious what the hell that noise is coming from the bar, she slowly turns.

Bowling stops on all lanes. Blank stares at the bar. They're singing that loud.

*Baby, baby, baby, baby, oh baby  
 I love you, I really do*

**THE BAR**

*Don't you remember, you told me you loved me baby?  
 You said you'd be coming back this way again baby  
 Baby, baby, baby, baby, oh baby  
 I love you, I really do*

- The crowd sings.
- Zibby reaches for the crowd. They reach for her.
- Women dance in front of the karaoke stage.
- Zibby wears the Waitress' Santa hat.
- Sandy laughs at the bar.
- Zibby toasts Sandy at the bar.
- Sandy kisses the top of Zibby's head while she hugs him.

**MUCH LATER**

The crowd, thinner. No one on stage.

The Waitress wipes down everything but the barflies.

Zibby snaps gum. Laughs with Sandy at the bar.

ZIBBY

... I was gonna be the cupcake queen  
of Seattle.

SANDY

I knew you were a cupcake.

ZIBBY

(laughing)  
Swear to God. Then another cupcake  
shop opened across the street,  
cupcakes laced with pot.

SANDY

How can ya compete with that?

ZIBBY

Tell me about it. I tried, but...

SANDY

Hey-hey, ya never told my why they  
called you Penny.

ZIBBY

(agreeing)  
I didn't.

A TOUGH GUY (25) enters. Catches Sandy's eye. Worn work boots, tattered jeans. Not stylish. Old. He might be crying.

Drops a black ski mask over his face.

WAITRESS  
(to the Tough Guy)  
Sorry, last call--

He pulls a gun.

WAITRESS  
Jesus!

TOUGH GUY  
The money. Now!

Everyone moves away from the bar.

Sandy tucks Zibby behind him.

The Waitress retreats to the register.

TOUGH GUY  
Hurry up.

SANDY  
(calm)  
Hey, buddy.

TOUGH GUY  
Shut the fuck up.

He waves the gun at Sandy, then back to the Waitress.

SANDY  
You're scaring the lady. She'll give  
ya the money.

TOUGH GUY  
I said, hurry up.

She jumps. Opens the register.

SANDY  
I know ya think ya gotta do this, but  
ya don't.

VERY SLOWLY Sandy removes his wallet, stuffed with cash.

SANDY  
Look... I got money. I got plenty of  
money. I'm giving it to you. Take it.

Sandy's wallet lands on the bar.

SANDY

That way yer not committing a crime.  
It's a gift. You got kids?

TOUGH GUY

Yeah.

Snaps the gun straight at Sandy. Hammer back. Holds steady.  
They make meaningful eye contact. Then Sandy averts his eyes.  
The Waitress focuses on the floor.  
Cowering behind Sandy, Zibby closes her eyes.

SANDY

Go home to yer kids, man.

The Tough Guy stares at the wallet...

Stares at Sandy...

Stares at the wallet.....SNATCHES it.

BLOWS a couple of holes in the ceiling. Marches out.

Everyone flinches.

ZIBBY

Oh my god.

WAITRESS

Oh my god!

SANDY

Gimme a fucking drink.

WAITRESS

(overlapping)  
Did that shit just happen?

The Waitress fills two shot glasses. Sandy empties one. The Waitress downs the other.

ZIBBY

Take me home.

SANDY

Yeah.  
(to the Waitress)  
Another.

ZIBBY

Me too.

**INT. SANDY'S RED PORCHE - NIGHT**

Parked in front of Zibby's house, Sandy shuts off engine.

ZIBBY  
I don't feel safe.

SANDY  
Are you asking what I think you're asking?

ZIBBY  
I'm asking you to stay with me until I fall asleep on the couch. I have a teenage daughter. That's all.

SANDY  
The pregnant one.

ZIBBY  
I'm giving you no hope whatsoever.

She starts to get out--

ZIBBY  
Oh, are you okay with dogs?

**INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Hardwood floors. Lived in furniture. On the couch, Sandy laughs hysterically. Mobbed by a half dozen pugs.

Barefoot in old sweatpants, dumpy sweater and a dozen bangles, Zibby throws popcorn on Sandy. The pugs go wild.

SANDY  
(laughing)  
No, I give up. No more popcorn.

**TIME HAS PASSED**

The lights glow low and warm. Zibby curls up on the opposite side of the couch as Sandy. She rolls a wine glass between her hands. Pugs asleep on the floor.

ZIBBY  
They're usually a much better judge of character.

SANDY  
So what's the story? Why'd they call ya Penny tonight?

ZIBBY

It's my grandma's nickname for me. Her lucky penny.

SANDY

*Penny.*

ZIBBY

Uh-uh. My family calls me Penny.

SANDY

And every Saucy Sally on karaoke night. Can you ever stop thinking of me as the enemy?

ZIBBY

You do have moments.

SANDY

Like tonight.

ZIBBY

See, you're trying too hard.

SANDY

Hey, we all got issues.

ZIBBY

I got issues?

SANDY

I don't know, but I'm on the case. I'll find one sooner or later.

That earns a smile. She gets comfortable.

ZIBBY

Okay, we talked about me all night. And I don't know anything about you.

SANDY

I can see the future.

ZIBBY

Hmm. Sounds like a line you've used on unsuspecting coeds and receptionists. You impress me as more of a *living in the moment* kinda guy.

He grins.

ZIBBY

So when you look in your crystal ball, what's my future look like?



SANDY

I wasn't always like this, ya know.

ZIBBY

Come on, I'm not gonna let ya wiggle off the hook. And remember, I got one more wish. Tell me something no one knows. Tell me, tell me what it was like growing up, Sandy.

SANDY

My childhood? Disturbing.

ZIBBY

Disturbing how?

SANDY

Disturbing like a Big Bird reach around, disturbing.

ZIBBY

It can't be *that* bad.

Zibby moves closer. Chin on his chest. She runs her finger along a nearly imperceptible scar on his chin.

ZIBBY

How'd you get that?

SANDY

Okay, you wanna go down memory lane?

Zibby nods. Her smile twinkles.

SANDY

Daddy number one died of cancer--

ZIBBY

Wait, you number them?

SANDY

There's three. But you're missing the point of daddy number one.

**FLASHBACK: A GRAVESIDE SERVICE**

Dressed in black, two fatherless families stare across a coffin at each other. Stunned. Adult Sandy joins them.

SANDY (V.O.)

Daddy number one died of cancer before we found out he had a second family.

ZIBBY (V.O.)

Oh.

In a black Santa suit, Santa clutches a bible. Plays the role of a priest. Bows his head. Leads prayers.

**FLASHBACK: CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM**

Upstairs, the unmistakable sounds of aggressive sex.

A broken trail through the living room: a dress, a bra, mingled with piece from a Santa costume. Adult Sandy lifts Santa pants. He looks to the ceiling, thumping to an unbroken beat of flesh slapping. The seeds of endless therapy.

SANDY (V.O.)

Daddy number two left before I was eleven. Told everyone he liked kids, but he just liked fucking my mom. Ended up running off with some whore.

**BACK TO SCENE**

ZIBBY

Jesus, I don't like that word.

SANDY

Jesus or whore? Because I'm pretty sure either one leads us to a story that's just *begging* to be shared--

ZIBBY

I'm serious--

SANDY

(rambling)

Or a story about Jesus *and* a whore. Or some unholy three-way with you, Jesus and a whore. Not judging... Slightly aroused... Definitely aroused.

ZIBBY

What about number three--

SANDY

Oh, no. You brought it up.

She considers. Softens. Sighs.

**FLASHBACK: TEENAGE BOY'S BEDROOM**

Reclining in bed, a naked TEENAGE BOY enjoys watching Teenage Zibby. Barely in view, the top of her head bobs up and down.

ZIBBY (V.O.)

I slept with my best friend's boyfriend... in high school.

SANDY (V.O.)  
A momentary lapse in judgement.

ZIBBY (V.O.)  
For about a year...

The bedroom door bursting open.

ZIBBY (V.O.)  
... Until she walked in on us.

Shocked, the Teenage Boy sits up.

Teenage Zibby pauses. Goes right back to work on him.

**BACK TO SCENE**

SANDY  
A year? That's just greedy.

ZIBBY  
Word got around school. Blah-Blah.  
Please don't use that word around me.

SANDY  
Just to be clear, the word is whore.

ZIBBY  
Jesus.

SANDY  
Okay Jesus. But my takeaway was whore.

ZIBBY  
It is whore!

SANDY  
Yell at the guy who made up English.

ZIBBY  
Daddy number three...

SANDY  
Which leads us to daddy number three--  
Who taught me a very valuable lesson.  
See, he liked to rough up my mom.

**FLASHBACK: THE COPS OUTSIDE**

At the bottom of the front steps, POLICE OFFICERS question SANDY'S MOM and DAD. Adult Sandy watches from the doorway.

SANDY (V.O.)

But whenever the cops showed, he instantly transformed into the perfect dad and they'd let him stay. Fuck, those were the worst nights.

In handcuffs, Santa waves from the back seat of the officer's patrol car.

SANDY (V.O.)

So around Christmas one year, I think I was fourteen, I stood up to him.

**BACK TO SCENE**

SANDY

Caught me right across the chin with his pinky ring before he knocked my ass out. That's how I got the scar.

ZIBBY

Sandy, I'm so sorry.

SANDY

Keep your hands up. Get yer licks in early. Anyway, I don't like talking about my childhood.

Zibby knows she started some shit.

ZIBBY

Stay here tonight.

Lays her head on his chest. Closes her eyes.

SANDY

(to camera)

Don't you judge me. Don't you dare fucking judge me.

**INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING - BOARDROOM - DAY**

A single Hershey's kiss in front of every woman.

A splash of casual in Zibby's attire today, she holds up her chocolate like "What is this?"

SANDY

We're celebrating.

A smug little smile from Sandy.

SANDY

I told you I could be nice.

Dora flicks away the candy like it's a spider.

DORA  
I find this patronizing.

VIOLA  
I'm allergic to chocolate.

DORA  
And an H.R. violation.

SANDY  
H.R. departments love me. I give them  
purpose.

POPE  
Why'd only the women get one?

SANDY  
Because I didn't think you were a  
bunch of fags.

Offended, two GAY ATTORNEYS immediately leave.

SANDY  
Except those two. I mean, obviously.

His eyes search for support from Zibby.

Her forehead finds the table.

VIOLA  
So basically you're trying to kill me.

DORA  
Attempted murder, hate speech, hostile  
work environment...

VIOLA  
This is gonna be a good year.

SANDY  
This is getting blown way out of  
proportion. Everyone, everyone pass  
the candies back.

Candies pelt him in the face. He doesn't flinch.

SANDY  
Okay. Thank you. I didn't see that  
coming. Now, lets see if we can get  
things back on track.

In unison, everyone crosses their arms.

Sandy shakes his phone at the room.

SANDY

The judge is about to dismiss the injunction. So I'm putting everything back on the table for integration.

GIDEON

Everything?

Everyone trades optimistic expressions.

SANDY

Are we gonna trade goats or keep thumbing our noses at each other?

The exchanges come rapid-fire...

VIOLA

Well, a copy of the source code--

SANDY

That's a definite possibility.

ZIBBY

We need full access to overseas markets--

SANDY

Let's call that as a maybe.

DORA

As long as we control the timing--

SANDY

We'll see how it plays out.

VIOLA

And a modest cap on Triton layoffs.

Dumbfounded, Sandy heat checks the room.

SANDY

Well, duh.

GIDEON

Taking sides now, are we?

SANDY

God, are you always this annoying or are you practicing at night in front of a mirror? Because that's working.

GIDEON

I find your lack of commitment  
disturbing.

Gideon stabs the table with a trench knife. Leaves.

One-by-one, each attorney drifts away.

SANDY

Where ya going Darth? Blow up the  
Death Star? Or whatever stupid shit  
happened in that stupid movie.

Pivots to Zibby.

SANDY

Good call on the knife, by the way.  
Lucky for us he really hates expensive  
furniture. Look, this was your idea.

ZIBBY

My idea?

SANDY

I don't have the tools for this.

ZIBBY

You were hired specifically for your  
tools. Is there someone you can call?

SANDY

They're all as useless as foreskin.

ZIBBY

Then we need a miracle.

SANDY

I feel like I'm letting you down.

ZIBBY

Is there a question in there?

SANDY

They might be long shots... but  
sometimes long shots pay off big.

Doubt in his eyes.

ZIBBY

Good, talk to your friends. Then find  
out what my CEO needs for sign off.

SANDY

Is there a reason you can't do that?

ZIBBY

I don't have a penis.

SANDY

I have been operating under certain assumptions. But I'm glad we cleared that one up early.

ZIBBY

Trust me. It's still a thing.

His attention drift lowers and lower. Finds her crotch.

She looks at him. Looks at her crotch. Looks at him.

SANDY

Your non-penis is "a thing?"

ZIBBY

(frustrated)

Men don't listen to women like they listen to men.

Finally, Sandy looks up.

SANDY

Wha?

ZIBBY

At this point Gideon would sign a confession to the Manson murders. Talk to your friends. And talk my CEO into integration-- any means necessary.

Doubt in her eyes.

ZIBBY

You can do this.

Sandy slowly returns to her crotch.

**EXT. BOEING FIELD - DAY**

A private Gulf Stream rolls out of a hanger. The crew preps.

GIDEON

I don't see a bottom to this-- The man's a fraud. And that dollymop has him wrapped around her petticoats.

BULL

*Good.*



GIDEON

No, that's bad. Do you have any idea what we're paying him?

Bull ponders...

BULL

Ya'all'd have to check with accounting. Dollymop?

GIDEON

Quiff, trollop, floozie, strumpet, harlot...

Bull's heard enough.

Gideon slices air with slashing butterfly knives.

GIDEON

I can make it look like an accident again. A street mugging...

BULL

Gideon, yer a real team player, one snazzy dresser and a helluva wordsmith. But we're gonna let this here pony run.

Gideon folds the knives back in his waistcoat.

BULL

I have another angle in play.

GIDEON

My way saves millions.

BULL

(laughing)  
I'll be back this weekend. I wanna announce live on the Bloomberg for the markets Monday. And by then... He is a loose board. If we don't need him...

GIDEON

End date his contract?

BULL

Saw him in half like a carnival magician.

**INT. THE BELVEDERE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY**

Sandy in pain. Head on a table. Maggie and Najee flank him.

NAJEE  
So who *really* killed JFK?

SANDY  
That's the past.

NAJEE  
Was it space aliens?

SANDY  
I don't know.

NAJEE  
So space aliens *are* real?

SANDY  
I have no idea.

NAJEE  
I knew it!

MAGGIE  
I'm not sure you two understand the  
implications of this...

That thought raises Sandy's head off the table.

SANDY  
It's like words just bounce right off  
an impenetrable force-field around his  
brain.

MAGGIE  
... No, for the first time in your  
life, you've found the perfect girl.

SANDY  
Right. No. Maybe. Look, focus on the  
coin.

NAJEE  
That's easy--

SANDY  
(blows right past those words)  
It's time for bold thinking.

Sandy starts layering on coats and scarves.

MAGGIE  
When your face is so wrinkled it can  
scoop ice cream, bold thinking is the  
only way you get laid.

SANDY

I said bold, not stupid. And how are we back on sex again?

MAGGIE

Did we ever leave?

NAJEE

You gotta dump her.

SANDY

Wait. What'd you say?

NAJEE

You don't lose your keys a lot, do you?

SANDY

No, rewind. What'd you just say?

MAGGIE

That's way stupider than what I said.

NAJEE

She's what's throwing you off. You're in love with her. That's why the coin doesn't work. Your routine's been fouled up ever since she showed up.

Sandy buttons his coat slower.

NAJEE

You gotta choose. Her or the future. And that's a no-brainer.

MAGGIE

First describe the oral-- And don't leave out a single sloppy detail.

Blank stares.

MAGGIE

What? We need to make an informed decision. My god, you haven't banged her yet? You're beyond my reach.

NAJEE

(pleading)  
I can almost drive the Lamborghini.

**EXT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - DAY**

Sandy moves down the sidewalk at a determined pace.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 You think for a minute I'm trading  
 Zibby for *anything*? Well, then you're  
 an idiot. Start paying attention.

**INT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - THE BAR - DAY**

Wild Card and Sandy ignore their sweating beers.

WILD CARD  
 Metaphysically speaking, the coin has  
 no real power at all.

Alexa and Siri pull each other's hair like scorpions stinging  
 each other to death.

SANDY  
 (nods to the women fighting)  
 You gonna do something about that?

WILD CARD  
 What 'n lose an eye? Ever hear of  
 Schrödinger's Cat? The cat is both  
 dead and alive until ya check the box.

SANDY  
 Pretend I'm not IBM Watson.

WILD CARD  
 Ergo, you make the cat dead or alive.

SANDY  
 I fucking hate cats.

WILD CARD  
 Arrogant little bastards. But that's  
 not the point. The point is, the coin  
 isn't creating the future, you are.

Wild Card pins a quarter on the bar.

WILD CARD  
 Trade me for your magic coin.

Flailing as Alexa strangles her, Siri slaps the quarter away.

Undaunted, Wild Card drops another quarter on the bar.

WILD CARD  
 Trade me.

SANDY  
 Yank me.

WILD CARD

You *believe* the coin isn't working.

SANDY

Because it's not. Are you sure we shouldn't be doing something?

WILD CARD

Is it your first day on the planet? Never break up a stripper fight. They will cut through ya like warm cheese.

Alexa repeatedly knees Siri in the face.

WILD CARD

Gimme the coin.

SANDY

(concerned)

I'm not giving you the coin. Besides it takes twenty-four hours before it starts to work.

WILD CARD

No shit?

SANDY

Yeah, you wake up the next day--

WILD CARD

Look, yer doomed. As long as ya believe in *that* particular coin...

Sandy scoops the quarter off the bar. Considers. Wrinkles his face... In the worse acting job ever, opens his eyes. Amazed.

SANDY

That's it. You're right. It worked. You're a genius.

WILD CARD

What'd I tell ya.

SANDY

You're amazing.

Sandy shakes his head at the camera.

WILD CARD

Yeah-yeah. Now, lemme check out this other miraculous coin you speak of.

SANDY

I left it at home.

Expressionless, Wild Card lets that lie pass.

SANDY  
Let's celebrate.

WILD CARD  
You *can* see the future. So I got this  
top shelf synthetic outta China...

Wild Card readies white powder on the bar.

WILD CARD  
But, special occasion... Lemme turn ya  
on ta something from my personal  
stash. Batter up.

Sandy snorts first. Asks questions later.

SANDY  
This shit safe?

WILD CARD  
I'm absolutely certain it is not. Now  
don't fight it. Let it take a hold.

The music in the club grinds slower and slower.

Alexa and Siri make out in a booth. Lots of tongues.

Shit goes fuzzy. Wild Card's face becomes a Komodo dragon,  
Pennywise, Charles Mason, then a lewd cartoon Snow White.

Sandy snorts the other line. Smiles. His eyes X'ed out.

SANDY  
(slurring)  
This shit's the tits. What is it?

His reality melts into a muffler dragging under a police  
cruiser. Lights and siren. Sparks fly. The gas tank explodes.

WILD CARD (O.S.)  
Technically, it's a date rape drug,  
but the rails you spooled up...  
Someone should notify next of kin.

Sandy's finger circles an elusive button on his phone. He  
stabs at it a couple of times. Passes out on the bar.

Wild Card dials a landline at the bar.

WILD CARD  
Yeah. I might have somethin' for ya...

Holds Sandy's coin.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**POV SANDY:** Winks in and out of conscienceless.

Doctors and nurses check charts, equipment. Side discussions.  
Beeps. Garbled voices. The *steady tone* of someone flatlining.

**INT. THE BELVEDERE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY**

Sandy startles awake. Sits up. Too fast. Reality punishes him.  
His personal physician Dr. Wu (30s) looks (15), acts (10).

DR. WU

Whoa. Slow down, champ. Most of us are  
shocked you're even alive.

(to the room)

Who owes me fifty bucks?

SANDY

(overlapping)

Uuuuuuh.

MAGGIE

Are you okay, boss?

SANDY

Not in any conceivable definition of  
the word. What I get for trusting  
people.

DR. WU

What's the last thing you remember?

SANDY

Spinning so hard I had to hold on to  
the bar to keep from flying out the  
building... I could literally hear  
brain cells crying for help... oh, and  
I think I lost my pants.

MAGGIE

Let me clear that up. You definitely  
lost your pants.

Panicked, Sandy pats his gown. Thrashes. Searches.

Maggie grabs his wrist. Slaps the coin in his hand.

His heart monitor returns to normal, steady beats.

SANDY

(sighs)

Fucking Wild Card.

MAGGIE

Still sucking deep breaths out of a paper bag, I'm sure. After the boys got done with him.

SANDY

I've got no time for this--

Sandy struggles out of bed...

DR. WU

--Or basic common sense. Clinically, you shouldn't even be moving.

SANDY

What?

Collapses on the floor.

DR. WU

Anything. We did a complete blood transfusion to flush whatever--

SANDY

How long was I out?

DR. WU

We're guessing fifteen, sixteen--

SANDY

Days?!

DR. WU

Hours.

In a hospital gown, Sandy crawls to a chair.

SANDY

But I got a meeting. And quick update: I can't feel my legs. Asking for volunteers to help with my leg socks.

MAGGIE

Pants?

DR. WU

Sure, don't listen to me. I only graduated from Harvard Medical School.

SANDY

(to Dr. Wu)

Goddamnit, Nurse Ratched pump me full of whatever it takes to get Team Sandy to this meeting.



DR. WU  
 (yells to a nurse)  
 Prep a Charlie Sheen, stat. And  
 something for the hallucinations.

MAGGIE  
 Make mine a roadie. Ya know, normal  
 people--

SANDY  
 Hold on, neither one of us is  
 qualified to have that conversation.

MAGGIE  
 That's the beauty of not giving a  
 fuck. Normal people wouldn't be all  
 worried about some meeting. They'd be  
 asking about the ten messages they got  
 from their new lady friend.

Dangles his phone out of reach. He eventually snags it.

MAGGIE  
 All the money in the world hasn't made  
 you happy-- And it ain't how you're  
 gonna make her stay.

DR. WU  
 Tell her you love her, idiot.

SANDY  
 I don't think she's that kinda girl.

MAGGIE  
 We're all that kinda girl.

DR. WU  
 Or not. I only graduated top of my  
 class.

**INT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

A buttoned up Executive Assistant, JOSEY (30) sits with  
 Sandy. Moroccan. Exotic. Precise in every way.

JOSEY  
 Have you met Mr. Teasley?

Sandy's still a little groggy. Lacks focus. A little jealous  
 of her jet black hair.

SANDY  
 Oh, you are real. I'm having a bitch  
 of a time with these flashbacks.

JOSEY  
Does he know you?

SANDY  
Nothing he can prove.

JOSEY  
Because there are rules. He suffers from an acute form of Mysophobia. Are you listening?

SANDY  
Don't care. There's a difference.

JOSEY  
He's a germaphobe. He will not shake your hand. Lord help you if you sneeze. You'll have to hold it-- Or excuse yourself. He will not escort you out. He does not leave. He lives one floor above his offices.

SANDY  
A total weirdo.

JOSEY  
Mr. Teasley is also brilliant, so never disagree with him. Do you understand?

SANDY  
The mirror opposite of me. Got it.

#### **KEEF TEASLEY'S OFFICE**

Warm. More study than office. KEEF TEASLEY (late 30s) is prematurely balding. Elfish. Wears a sport coat straight from the rack. Black T-shirt. Blue jeans. And rubber gloves.

KEEF  
Welcome to my home.

SANDY  
Thank you for asking.

Keef extends his hand.

Sandy hesitates.

KEEF  
Just this once.

They shake.

Keef removes the gloves. Deposits them in a sealed canister.

They sit.

KEEF

Zibby tells me great things about you.

SANDY

Complete exaggerations, I'm sure.

Keef's puzzled face.

KEEF

I'm sorry. It's my condition. My social skills... I have trouble decoding subtleties-- You should have been briefed. But I more than make up for it with my judge of character. And you, I can tell, are a man of superior moral character.

Sandy checks over both shoulders.

KEEF

(chuckling)

Oh, I got that one.

SANDY

(to camera)

How the fuck did this guy build a tech empire bigger than Microsoft?

KEEF

Now, you've met with Mendelsohn Gamble. True? Tell me about him.

SANDY

Ever wonder what would happen if Hank Hill were exposed to atomic experiments in the South Pacific?

KEEF

(laughing)

Yes, I've heard stories. But to the point. Can we trust him?

SANDY

How broad is your interpretation of the word?

KEEF

I'm sorry, I don't understand. Let me be clear. I believe that you can look into another man's eyes and if you see yourself, you can trust them.

Peers deep into Sandy's eyes.

Sandy *sniffs*. Keef backs away.

KEEF

Do you trust me?

SANDY

Call it trust-adjacent.

KEEF

Fair enough. What do they call him?

SANDY

Bull.

KEEF

Yes. Look deep into the eyes of the bull. If you trust him, I grant you full authority to consummate the deal.

Sandy mouths the words "thank you" to the camera.

SANDY

But what about Zibby?

KEEF

Oh, you let me worry about her-- She's a big girl. And well compensated. Let's keep this between us boys.

Both back on their feet.

KEEF

Call me after you meet. The eyes, Sandy. They're the window to the soul.

**INT. SANDY'S RED PORCHE - DAY**

Parked in traffic, Sandy yaps over the hands free.

ZIBBY (V.O.)

There you are.

**INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Zibby putters in her "after school" clothes.

**INTERCUT**

SANDY

Been meeting with you-know-who.

ZIBBY

That's great. Is he wobbling on me?

SANDY  
I have good news. We should celebrate.

ZIBBY  
About the merger?

SANDY  
About us.

ZIBBY  
What about us?

SANDY  
And the merger.

ZIBBY  
That is good news.

Sandy's phone rings. It's Najee.

SANDY  
Hold on.

He answers.

SANDY  
(to Najee)  
Naj, guess what's not a good time.

NAJEE (V.O.)  
But Sandy, I went to get the stuff off  
the computers... And... And it doesn't  
work.

SANDY  
What doesn't work?

NAJEE (V.O.)  
Everything. And... And... And--

SANDY  
Naj, are you having a stroke?

NAJEE (V.O.)  
What?

SANDY  
Are you dying?

NAJEE (V.O.)  
I don't think so.

SANDY  
Gloriosky, we can talk about it later.

Disconnects Najee.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
I know, but he'll come in handy when  
my liver fails.

ZIBBY  
Are you gonna make me ask, because I  
know you got more.

SANDY  
About us or the merger?

ZIBBY  
Whichever you think is more important.

SANDY  
All I'm hearing is a man-trap.

ZIBBY  
Uh-huh.

SANDY  
I should really come over tonight.

ZIBBY  
*Really.*

SANDY  
You can make me dinner.

ZIBBY  
You would allow me to do that for you?

SANDY  
(sheepish)  
Or I could bring something.

ZIBBY  
Better plan.

SANDY  
And we can talk.

ZIBBY  
And celebrate.

**INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A sink full of dirty plates and silverware. Paper takeout boxes on a small kitchen table. It might have been Italian.

SANDY (O.S.)  
I've been sworn to secrecy.

MCKENNA  
She's gonna get it out of you-- You know that?

SANDY  
I've been given full authority to close on integration.

Quick, small claps from McKenna.

Sandy nods.

MCKENNA  
(quiet)  
Yeah. Congratulations you two.

Zibby polishes off Sandy's wine. A slight glaze to her smile.

McKenna clears the last plate.

MCKENNA  
And on that, I'm going to Raul's.

Signals align. Sandy and Zibby hold each other's eyes.

MCKENNA (V.O.)  
Did you hear what I said?

ZIBBY  
You're leaving.

MCKENNA (V.O.)  
And I won't be back until late.

ZIBBY  
Yeah, I heard.

MCKENNA (V.O.)  
Really late.

ZIBBY  
Is she still here?

Slowly, Zibby loads a stick of gum in Sandy's mouth.

MCKENNA  
I'm gonna grab some stuff.

McKenna leaves.

Sandy cups her hand. Zibby matches his tiny movements.

SANDY  
You're a pretty cool mom.

ZIBBY  
What's the worst that can happen?  
She's already knocked up.

Sandy leans closer. Zibby leans closer. Nose to nose.

SANDY  
I want you to know--

McKenna appears in the doorway.

MCKENNA  
So, I'm taking off. Nice meeting you  
Sandy. Well, I'm going. I might not be  
back until tomorrow. I don't know.

ZIBBY  
Can you make her leave? Because  
obviously I can't.

SANDY  
Zibby...

ZIBBY  
Call me Penny.

**EXT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

McKenna closes the back door behind her. Steps away.

From inside the kitchen: *thumps, shattered china and furniture dragging across hardwood floors.*

McKenna never looks back. Smiles.

**INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME**

On the floor, Zibby flips Sandy on his back. She's on top. Drives a deep passionate kiss. Nothing's missing from it.

Both his hands slip under her T-shirt. She sheds her top faster than a cheerleader on spring break. No bra. Another long, deep, lingering kiss. Becomes intense.

ZIBBY  
(hands up)  
Stop.  
(panting)  
Wait. Stop.



SANDY  
 (overlapping)  
 Too fast?

She turns-- Spits out his gum.  
 One giant heave to catch her breath--

ZIBBY  
 Get serious.

She dives right back into it.

**EXT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

We move closer to a bedroom window frame. Lights out.

ZIBBY (O.S.)  
 Yes! Yes!

SANDY (O.S.)  
 Yes!

ZIBBY (O.S.)  
 Yes!

SANDY (O.S.)  
 Oh yeah!

ZIBBY (O.S.)  
 What?-- Stop. Stop. What are ya doing?

SANDY (O.S.)  
 What?

ZIBBY (O.S.)  
 Do it right.

SANDY (O.S.)  
 Sorry, I got a little...

ZIBBY (O.S.)  
 And less talking. Oh, yeah. That's it.  
 Oh, Sandy... Oh, yes. Oh. Ooooh!

Off the fogging window frame--

**INT. SANDY'S RED PORCHE - DAY**

The glove box.

Najee waits in the passenger seat. Alone. Bored.

Snoops under the visor. Pokes around the console. Stares at the glove box. Pops it open.

His expression says there's something fascinating inside.

**EXT. SKYSCRAPER CONSTRUCTION SITE - 40TH FLOOR - SAME**

Half framed. Some sheetrock to protect from the bitter winds. An outer wall completely exposed to the elements. And a forty story drop. Sandy peeks over the edge.

GIDEON (O.S.)

We plan to lease the building as soon  
as we have signatures.

Gideon and Sandy back away from the ledge.

One of the elevator lifts open. Bull beelines toward them. Skips the preamble...

BULL

Son, I pay for results.

SANDY

It is complicated.

BULL

Of course, it's fuckin' complicated.  
Thus the doe, ray, mi.

SANDY

If there isn't near perfect  
integration--

GIDEON

I don't know where this is going but I  
hate it already.

SANDY

These are two completely different  
systems. Right now it's like  
converting rubles into centimeters.  
And they *think* you have a solution.

BULL

Mr. Graves skip him to the part where  
he's not boring me to death.

SANDY

Does your product work? Or even exist!

That adds dry wood to the fire.

SANDY

(to Gideon)

He's leveraged up to his ass with debt growing faster than a drug resistant venereal disease. In less than six months the stock'll be junk.

Bull spins a pinky ring on his finger.

SANDY

What was the plan? Bleed debt all over them until they came up with a tech solution? You need Triton's brain power more than they'll ever need you.

On the 40th floor on a cold, windy day in December, a bead of sweat rolls down Bull's forehead.

SANDY

Look, I came from shit. And can do shit again. If this was just a day pass, so be it. But it doesn't take any magical insight to see you're sweating like a pig.

Bull mops his brow.

Sandy mugs up Bull.

SANDY

This whole thing stinks like a pale of rotting fish heads. And I am fully authorized to tell you to fuck off.

GIDEON

I was hoping you would say something stupid like that.

BULL

Sever his contract.

Gideon whips out two butterfly knives. Blades spinning.

Sandy RUNS LIKE HELL.

A knife *whizzes* past Sandy's head...

Finds a 4x4 wood post. Wiggles.

Sandy pounds the call button to summon the lift.

Gideon stops. Takes aim.

The doors open. Sandy dives inside.

**INSIDE THE LIFT**

A dagger bounces off the back wall. Falls...

Sticks in the floor. Dangerously close to Sandy's face.

**40TH FLOOR**

A second lift arrives. Gideon opens fresh cutlery.

**GROUND FLOOR**

Sandy bullets through an active construction site.

The second lift opens... Gideon races after Sandy.

SANDY

(into his phone)

Start the car, Naj. Start the car!

NAJEE (V.O.)

Okay, Sandy. Gimmie a minute.

**INT. / EXT. SANDY'S RED PORCHE - SAME**

Flummoxed, Najee holds his phone in one hand. A pepper spray canister in the other. His eyes dart between the END call button on the phone and the button on the canister.

SANDY (V.O.)

No, now!

Najee panics. Presses the wrong one.

NAJEE

Ahhh. Aaaaaaaah!

SANDY (V.O.)

What's happening?!

He pepper sprays himself again.

NAJEE

Aaaaaaaah!

Najee hurls the canister back in the glove box. Slams it shut before it can escape. Presses END on the phone.

Crying, he drags his hands around the Porche, never loses contact with the car. Discovers the driver's side handle.

Najee fumbles. Gets in. Fires up the engine.

Rubs his red, tearing eyes.

Sandy jumps in the passenger side.

SANDY  
DRIVE.

NAJEE  
I don't think I can.

Najee's eyes are swollen closed.

SANDY  
How the fuck--

Sandy rolls down his window.

The driver side window EXPLODES from a Bowie knife.

NAJEE  
Aaaaaaaaah! What's happening?

SANDY  
(overlapping)  
Go! Go!

Najee stomps the accelerator...

Sandy steers into traffic.

Checks the back window. Gideon in hot pursuit.

NAJEE  
But I can't see.

SANDY  
Turn here. Turn harder.

They fly down the sidewalk. Scatter pedestrians.

Sandy jerks the wheel left. Turns back on the street.

SANDY  
Slow down.

NAJEE  
I've never done this before.

SANDY  
I'm pretty sure no one's ever done  
this before. Okay, punch it.

They take off...

Najee sobs. His eyes sealed shut.

Sandy hits the panic button on his phone.

Over the hands free...

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Status.

SANDY  
Fucked.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Tracking you. ETA, ten minutes.

NAJEE  
Ten minutes?

SANDY  
Turn. Turn. Turn. More.

Sandy grabs the wheel... Too late.

The Porche slams into a building. Totalled.

SANDY  
We're on foot.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Copy that. Are you hurt?

NAJEE  
I think my eyes are bleeding.

**EXT. CITY STREET - SAME**

A stream of holiday shoppers in heavy coats line the streets.

A couple Santas trot toward the accident. One whistles to another Santa passing on the other side of the street.

A third Santa at a red kettle joins them.

A mob of Santas jog down the street. One smashes an empty liquor bottle to the ground. Then another. And another...

**INT. / EXT. SANDY'S RED PORCHE - DAY**

SANDY  
You wait here-- He's not looking for you.

NAJEE  
Who's not looking for me?

Sandy spies the angry mob of Santas.

SANDY  
Fuck.

NAJEE  
Is that him?

SANDY  
No, it's Santa.

NAJEE  
(happy)  
I love Santa.

The mob surrounds the Porche. Hits it. Angry taunts.

NAJEE  
Santa sounds angry. Is Santa angry I  
wrecked the Porche? Ooooooh!

Santa #1 grabs Najee. Wrestles him through the broken window.

It's a tug-o-war between Sandy and the Santas.

NAJEE  
Help. Help me Santa. I don't know  
what's happening.

Into a sea of red suits, Najee disappears.

Najee collapses on the sidewalk like someone cut the puppet  
strings. His eyes swollen shut.

NAJEE  
(shotgunning fear)  
He made me drive. And, and I'm blind.

Pink noses. Purple faces. Souls brimming with payback. Every  
Santa turns to Sandy.

SANDY  
How long?

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Two minutes since the last time you  
asked me.

Sandy roots a pistol in the glove box.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy pops out of the Porche. Draws on the Santas.

SANDY  
Back off!

Everyone steps back. A literal loaded moment. Until...

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Me?

SANDY  
What? No. Them.

SANTA #2  
That ain't a gun.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
What gun?

SANDY  
I have a gun.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Since when?

SANDY  
I could have a gun.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Bullshit, what kinda gun?

SANDY  
The kind that kills people.

NAJEE  
(crying)  
He's gonna kill Santa Claus.

SANTA #2  
That's a squirt gun.

Sandy double checks the gun. Santa's correct.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
Well, that didn't work out.

Sandy spots Gideon rounding the corner. Fuck.

Throws the squirt gun at Santa #2. RUNS.

Reaches a bus stops across the street.

Steals a bike off the front of the bus. Cycles away.

He isn't Fred Astaire on a bike, but Sandy's got moves.

A BUS PASSENGER gets off the bus. Points.

The bus starts after Sandy.



Gideon threads through a mob of Santas.

He's gaining on Sandy, slowed by holiday shoppers.

Black vans *screech* to a halt at the end of the street.

Sandy's rapid response team, MEN IN RIOT GEAR tumble out the back of the vans. Brandish automatic weapons.

Turn back the crowd without firing a shot.

Gideon slows to a stop.

Sandy PEDALS LIKE HELL.

**INT. THE BLOCK & CLEAVER STEAK HOUSE - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY**

Bull carves a thick bloody steak. His plate and sides fill the entire dinning table. Gideon appears beside him.

BULL

You failed.

Confused, a portly WAITER peels away. Reveals Zibby.

ZIBBY

He's fully authority to green light whatever deal we want.

BULL

Did ya fuck him?

No response.

BULL

'Cause I sure as shit feel like I'm being fucked. I control every which way of these negotiations, we finally get FTC approval... And I'm still being fucked.

Gideon leaves.

BULL

Yeah, you gave 'im the grand tour.

ZIBBY

(angry)  
I can get this back on track.

BULL

I have another idea.

From behind, Gideon opens a switchblade to her throat.

GIDEON  
Miss Christian.

BULL  
And now 'at you've been properly  
seasoned, ya make excellent bait.

Off Bull chewing--

**INT. THE BELVEDERE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY**

Frenetic, Sandy packs two suitcases. One filled with cash.  
Sandy continues a phone conversation with Maggie.

SANDY  
That's what I said, I'm crashing the  
whole thing-- Shutting down. I just  
wired bonuses to you and the team.

Najee, flat on his back, holds ice packs over his eyes.

NAJEE  
What if I'm never able to see again?

SANDY  
(to Najee)  
Take the packs off your eyes.

He does.

NAJEE  
Oh, yeah.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
So what's the next move?

SANDY  
Get Zibby, fly to somewhere South  
American, sober up in a couple years.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Romantic. But what's *my* next move?

SANDY  
Spend hay bales of money?

Door bell.

SANDY  
Naj get that. Rub these on your eyes.

Hands Naj two bricks of cash on his way to the door.

NAJEE

Are we going on vacation?

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Sandy, it's been a real shit show--

Sandy hangs up.

Najee opens the door.

NAJEE

I have money.

Wild Card storms inside.

WILD CARD

(to Sandy)

Gimme yer your phone.

SANDY

What the hell?

Sandy continues packing.

SANDY

Look, we had some good times, right up until you almost killed me. But right now, I really can't deal with whatever you're into. But no hard feelings.

Sandy tosses Wild Card a brick.

Wild Card shrugs. Flips it to Najee.

NAJEE

I have more money.

Impatient, Wild Card grabs Sandy's phone. SMASHES it with a ball-peen hammer.

SANDY

What the fuck?

WILD CARD

And yer comin' with.

SANDY

And eat *so many* dicks, Wild Card.

WILD CARD

They got Zibby.

SANDY

Who's got Zibby?

WILD CARD  
 (to Najee)  
 Have you ever been robbed before?

NAJEE  
 I don't think so.

WILD CARD  
 It looks a lot like this.

Najee hugs the three bricks.

WILD CARD  
 (to Sandy)  
 My associates. Bring the coin.

**INT. LOCAL TELEVISION - MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY**

A STYLIST whips a make-up bib off Bull. *Snap!*

Sandy and Wild Card enter.

SANDY  
 Where is she?

BULL  
 (to Stylist)  
 Give us a minute, darlin'.

The Stylist leaves.

BULL  
 I'm announcing the merger in a few minutes live on the Bloomberg.

SANDY  
 (to camera)  
 Not without me he's not.

Bull slams a landline down on the counter.

BULL  
 Tell Triton to sign the deal.

Wild Card bangs open the adjoining GREEN ROOM door. Zibby in a chair. She's been through hell. Bound. Cried out. Violently she shakes her head. Fights to push words through a ball gag.

Gideon on Zibby's shoulder. His knife catches light.

BULL  
 (into the phone)  
 Keef Teasley, please. Mendelsohn Gamble...

Sandy and Bull trade cold stares.

Bull's voice crackles bright and friendly...

BULL  
 (into the phone)  
 Keef! Bull Gamble. I look forward to  
 workin' with ya, sir. But first,  
 there's someone ya should talk to.

Bull presses hold.

Offers Sandy the phone. He leaves Bull hanging.

SANDY  
 (rambling to camera)  
 I ain't gonna do it. No. No way. Ain't  
 happening. You'll see.

GIDEON  
 We can always see what spills out of  
 the girl pinata.

BULL  
 Line one.

The moment sticks in Sandy's throat...

Zibby mumbles something. Shakes her head no.

Gideon raises a blade to her throat. Zibby's eyes light up.

Sandy presses line one.

SANDY  
 (into the phone)  
 Yeah, Mr. Teasley. Yeah. Thanks.

Searches for a soul in Bull's lying eyes.

SANDY  
 (into the phone)  
 I did. You can trust him. Sign the  
 last draft I sent you. Reply all.

Sandy disconnects the call. His face falls...

SANDY  
 Happy? Are we good?

Bull checks his phone... Smiles.

Stares down Sandy...

SANDY

Oh... You're just the opening act.

GIDEON

The coin.

WILD CARD

For insurance.

Bull leaves.

Zibby sobs.

Sandy fishes the coin out of his wallet.

Two fingers pin it to the counter. Sandy steps back.

A clever dodge?

Wild Card snaps his fingers. Opens his hand.

WILD CARD

Uh-uh. Bring it here.

Sandy eyes Zibby. She can't face him. Turns away.

Sandy's foot steps toward the counter.

Gideon rakes away the coin.

GIDEON

How does it work?

SANDY

I don't have the slightest idea.

GIDEON

(to Wild Card)

But it does work?

WILD CARD

How'd ya think he pulled all this off?

He's a janitor fer Christ's sake.

(to Sandy)

No hard feelin's... friend.

Gideon and Wild Card walk out.

GIDEON

A fucking janitor.

Zibby's pissed. Tries to speak.

Frantic, Sandy darts around the room searching for something to cut her plastic wire ties.

SANDY

Jesus Christ... Gimme a sec.

Finds scissors. She grunts harder.

He cuts her free. Unstraps the ball gag.

ZIBBY

Dammit! What were you doing?

He's confused.

SANDY

Saving you?

ZIBBY

And please take your time. They were only threatening to *kill* me.

She sighs. Stands. He hugs her. She lets him.

ZIBBY

I was in on it the whole time.

SANDY

No, say that again. I thought you--

ZIBBY

Well, obviously not the kidnapping and killing me part...

He crumbles. Each word boils away any hope of happiness.

ZIBBY

It mighta taken ya forever, but thank you-- This is gonna be a *huge* payday for me. My contract are ironclad-- You're probably fucked.

SANDY

I thought you were saying, "No, don't do the deal."

ZIBBY

Through a ball gag? Have you ever worn a ball gag? Forget I even asked that. I thought they were gonna kill me. I was saying, "No, no don't kill me."

Sandy catches up to the moment.

SANDY

You're such a complete fucking dirt bag...

ZIBBY

Yeah, well. Okay. I can do without the name calling, but I get it. But if this is the last thing we're gonna say to each other, I got a few things--

He grabs her face. Plants a long lingering kiss.....

.....Zibby's SHOCKED.

SANDY

I might be a world class asshole, but you're a million times worse than me.

ZIBBY

We might need to work on our compliments a little.

SANDY

You're perfect.

ZIBBY

See how easy that was?

A tender moment. She sees herself in his eyes. Quickly wells up. A romantic kiss.

SANDY

(pissed to camera)  
Do not tell me you knew about this and said nothing.

SANDY

There's just one more thing we gotta do. Kill some people.

ZIBBY

Come on. Really?

On the floor, the ball gag brings it all back for her.

ZIBBY

Who's first?

SANDY

Us.

She's really confused.

SANDY

(hustling her away)  
No, trust me. We stage our deaths and fly to South America...



ZIBBY  
I don't speak Spanish.

SANDY  
That doesn't matter, we're Americans.

ZIBBY  
How do you feel about Florida?

SANDY  
They don't speak a lot of English down there either.

**EXT. TELEVISION STATION - DAY**

Walking to Sandy's car, Zibby catches Sandy hanging a tiny smile on her. Rewards him with one of her own.

We're whisked aloft. Lifting higher and higher over the city...

SANDY (V.O.)  
Turns out we never made that flight.  
Because a couple days later...

**INT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - REST ROOM - NIGHT**

Wild Card lies face-down.

Gideon dries his hands. Fixes his hair. Walks out in a blood-stained suit.

SANDY (V.O.)  
... There was a dispute over the coin  
and Wild Card got himself stabbed  
twenty-seven times.

**FLASHBACK**

Sandy roots a single coin out of a brown paper bag. Tosses the other duplicates in a dumpster.

SANDY (V.O.)  
Gideon never got it working.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - PRESENT DAY**

*Thump.*

The passenger door closed, Sandy rounds the fender.

He flips the coin in the air.

The coin slowly turns for a moment.

Overhand, Sandy snatches it out of the air.

SANDY (V.O.)  
And he's currently shanking his way  
thru a double dime in the state pen.

**INT. BULL GAMBLE'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Bull's face down in a rib eye.

SANDY (V.O.)  
And Bull... The following week, Bull  
Gamble died of a massive coronary,  
presumably from his strict steak diet.

**INT. KEEF TEASLEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Keef feasts on a green salad at his desk.

SANDY (V.O.)  
And after the merger, the board named  
Keef Teasely the new CEO.

**EXT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

In a red latex dominatrix outfit under a black leather  
duster, Maggie *cracks* a whip. Men in Riot Gear stand guard.

SANDY (V.O.)  
Maggie took over the strip club and  
immediately upgraded their security  
and medical amenities.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

Strolling past holiday carolers, Sandy and Zibby walk hand in  
hand. Twinkling lights fold into a kaleidoscope of colors.

SANDY (V.O.)  
So with no one else to run from, we  
all lived happily ever after. Well,  
except for Najee.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - DAY**

Surrounded by barking AIDS, Najee plays Xbox behind an old  
ornate desk. Waves the Aids out of his way.

SANDY (V.O.)  
With unprecedented funding from the  
Republican Party, Najee became a three  
term Senator from Washington.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Domestic bliss. A couple of grandchildren, mobbed by pugs. A little scruffy, Sandy and Zibby hug. McKenna laughs.

SANDY (V.O.)  
Eventually, Penny and I constructed a  
wonderful routine. One where the coin  
gave up even more of her secrets.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

A man's bony, spotted hand rolls the coin over his fingers.  
The bearded Homeless Man (Sandy at 70) addresses camera.

SANDY  
You see, a very wise man once said:  
Time, it's all fucking relative.

He turns. Ambles toward Levi, breaking a five dollar bill for a forty-something Sandy.

**FADE OUT:**