

Hubris

...an overestimation of one's own competence or capabilities, that leads
to ones downfall,

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PITCH BLACK,

MAN

(V.O.)

On November Twenty-Fourth, 1971 at the Portland International Airport a meticulous man in a black suit and black tie, and carrying a black briefcase, boarded a Piedmont 727 bound for Seattle. Northwest Orient, flight...305

BLACKNESS, until the top of A RED SUITCASE is closed, and carefully snapped shut. The red suitcase...or just SUITCASE, eases out a high, small window, and DIVES TO THE GROUND, bounces, and rolls to a stop.

MAN (cont'd)

(V.O.)

Shortly after take off, the Man handed a note to the stewardess demanding two hundred thousand dollars and four parachutes upon landing in Seattle, or he'd blow up the plane. He tapped the black briefcase to emphasize the urgency, then, lit up a Raleigh cigarette, and ordered a Bourbon...neat.

BLACK SHOES hit the ground next to Suitcase.

MAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(V.O.)

He controlled the airport, the airline, and all of those people with one tiny little black briefcase.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Suitcase RACES along side a pair of quick, agile thighs, in black pants.

Suitcase darts off the main road, TEARING THROUGH the dense Oregon forest,

MAN

(V.O. Panting)

Thirty seven minutes later the plane landed in Seattle. Once the parachutes and the two hundred thousand dollars were on board, he ordered the plane to be re-fueled, and allowed all thirty-six passengers to get off. No innocent bystanders would be hurt. Clean. Two hours and six minutes and the plane was back in the air.

Suitcase's carrier trips crossing a small creek, flinging Suitcase out in front, popping it's latches forcing Suitcase to SPILL some of it's PARACHUTE that had been neatly stowed,

MAN (cont'd)

(V.O. panicing)

Ouch! Shit...dirty. Damn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN (cont'd)
Once in flight, he had to direct the
plane from the cabin.

Parachute is stuffed back into Suitcase,

MAN (cont'd)
(V.O.)
The pilot was directed to follow the
numberfive freeway and keep the flaps at
fifteen percent. At fifteen percent, he
knew the plane could not rise above
10,000 feet, and thus further complicate
an already complicated jump. 'I's'
dotted, 'T's' crossed: It's go time! The
stewardess was ordered into the cockpit,

Suitcase looks for direction...

MAN (cont'd)
(V.O. gaining composure)
He lowered the rear stairwell and waited,

The legs slow their pace, as Suitcase tilts up, SEES...a
tall, steely RADIO TOWER.

MAN (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
His target, a radio tower near the
Columbia River. He counted off, three,
two...Then JUMPED!

A small ray of Moonlight illuminates Suitcase through the icy
blue Oregon fog.

MAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(V.O.)
The twenty-one pounds of cash strapped to
his chest hastened his descent. Angry
douglas firs pointed upwards and raced
toward him,

The tall trees squeeze out the last drop of moonlight.

DARKNESS.

WE HEAR...

A car radio struggle to find a station, until,

It locks in, GOLDEN EARRING'S, RADAR LOVE...

RADIO
(song)
...been Driving all night...

INT. CAR - 1986 - OUR PRESENT DAY

RADIO
(song)
my hands wet on the wheel...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE races along a winding road deep in the Oregon woods. He is thin and wiry with beady little eyes, and perfectly divides his time from watching the road and preening in the rear view mirror.

INT. CAR

JOHN, driving along the same road, looks as though he is about to have it out with someone, just that nobody is there to take it, so the short little man must hate himself.

INT. CAR

WINDSOR drives along the same winding road. He is black with a bit of snobbery that turns the end of his nose upward.

INT. CAR

Windsor drives along the same winding road, as EVENING sets in,

WINDSOR
 (speaking into mini recorder)
 Okay...the main thing is that you are the
 man. You are the man...
 (turns off recorder)
 So just be the man...

Checks the mirror,

WINDSOR (cont'd)
 You do look good.

Windsor picks up the recorder, turning it on...

WINDSOR (cont'd)
 (into the recorder, intently)
 You-are-going-to-be-the-man! Or...

Windsor's bravado fades as he picks up an AIRLINE TICKET to Mexico from the passenger seat.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
 Either way. Either way.

INT. CAR

ARCHIE races along a winding road through the same woods. He is 'the white trash piece of shit' you hope never shows for dinner, gold tooth and all.

INT. CAR

RADIO
 (song)
 ...Normal speed I'm, almost there...

Bernie continues along.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE
I've waited my whole life for this. This
won't be a situation for the weak at
heart.

Bernie packs his pistol a little deeper in his bag and zips
it up.

BERNIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
But, only the strong gathers moss.

RADIO
(song)
...gotta keep cool, and I gotta take
care...

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - EVENING

John gets out of his car and moves to the trunk to take out
his jack, then proceeds to fix his flat tire. He realizes
exactly where he is at when he looks up at the Radio Tower
looming over him.

JOHN
(sarcastically)
Perfect!

He proceeds to start pumping the jack, lifting the car. The
sound of the jack takes us UP THE RADIO TOWER, Each pump pans
us higher and higher up the tower, until we REACH THE TOP.

RUN CREDITS...

The sounds of a tire being changed,

END CREDITS.

The jack RELEASES. The air flows from the jack, lowering the
car and bringing us BACK DOWN the tower to...

EXT. NIGHT - 1972

CLOSE ON the red suitcase...now open. The parachute is gone
revealing a BLACK BRIEFCASE. The Man straps the parachute
over his black suit. Then he bends down to check himself out
in the SMALL MIRROR taped to the lid of the suitcase,

MAN
(V.O.)
A perfect plan was conceived and executed
by a man that would come to be known
as...

We finally get a glimpse of the tight little face,

DB
...DB Cooper.

WHAM! The red suitcase is shut, snapped, and snatched UP AND
AWAY!

EXT. TENT DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

A campfire burns outside a large green army tent sitting in a small clearing.

A flashlight comes on inside the tent.

ARCHIE
(O.S.)
Get that thing outta my face.

INSIDE THE TENT

The FOUR (John, Windsor, Bernie and Archie), NOW IN THEIR LATE TEENS, lay side by side. John has a flashlight in Archie's face as he strains to hear something outside the tent. Bernie and Windsor are still asleep.

JOHN
Shhh...

ARCHIE
Turn it off or I break your face.

Bernie stirs behind Archie.

BERNIE
Oh, man what's going on?

JOHN
I heard something.

ARCHIE
You heard nothing, now turn off that light.

BERNIE
What'd you hear?

Archie reaches behind him and feels something sticking him in the back.

ARCHIE
What the fuck is that?

BERNIE
What!?

JOHN
What!?

ARCHIE
Motherfucker!!

Archie jumps up and runs out of the tent. John and Bernie follow.

OUTSIDE THE TENT

Archie fumes as John scans the woods with the flashlight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
You heard it, too?

ARCHIE
Heard nothing man, Bernie's got a boner
in my back!

BERNIE
Bullshit.

ARCHIE
Deny it!! I dare you.

WINDSOR
(still inside the tent)
All you guys better shut up so I can get
some sleep.

ARCHIE
Go ahead, deny it.

BERNIE
Fuck you, Archie.

ARCHIE
That's exactly what you were trying to do
wasn't it? Motherfucker.

JOHN
Shut up.

Windsor sticks his head out of the tent.

WINDSOR
You all better shut the heck up or I'm
going to kill everyone of you.

ARCHIE
Bernie's trying to fuck me.

BERNIE
I was dreaming...

ARCHIE
Damn right you were.

Bernie looks to Windsor for help.

BERNIE
Tell him. You get boners in your sleep,
right. It's natural.

WINDSOR
Man, don't drag me into that.

BERNIE
John, John, tell him. That happens to
everybody.

John continues to scan the woods with his flashlight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN
Not in a tent full of guys, Bern.

ARCHIE
I think somebody lives on the 'happy'
side of life.

WINDSOR
Can we please go back to sleep?

ARCHIE
John heard something.

Bernie, behind them all, pulls a very SMALL PISTOL from his pants.

BERNIE
What'd you hear?

All four ZOOM IN on where John is looking. They lean to get a better look, leaning, leaning...

JOHN
Something.

Bernie pushes forward, pistol in hand,

JOHN (cont'd)
What are you doing with that?!

All focus is on Bernie, while in the woods, the shadow they were fixated on moves ever so slow slightly.

BERNIE
You never know.

JOHN
I know you don't need THAT...Christ. Put it away. Throw it away for that matter. Shit. We don't need armed and dangerous added to our all ready shit for life resumes.

BERNIE
If we need it, you'll be the one begging for it.

JOHN
Not for that, you couldn't kill a cricket with that, it's smaller than,

ARCHIE
Bernie's other weapon.

BERNIE
Fuck you...

Archie yanks Bernie in for a hug. Bernie pulls away and starts back for the tent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WINDSOR
 (head sticking from the tent)
 Heard something, shoot, what the heck you
 going to hear out here?

Windsor lays back down in the tent.

WINDSOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (inside the tent)
 Crickets...when the crickets start
 carrying guns then wake me!

JOHN
 Hold on there a second, Bern.

Stopping Bernie from getting back in the tent. Archie crawls
 in the tent and tosses Bernie's sleeping bag out.

BERNIE
 Fuck you. I'm not sleeping out here.

JOHN
 Hey, you wanted to leave that fire going,
 now you can use it.

EXT. WOODS - RADIO TOWER

DB, present day, NO PARACHUTE, and the OLD RED SUITCASE,
 looks up one more time at the tower to get his bearings, then
 heads off, still keeping a good pace. He comes to a,

FORK IN THE ROAD

and without skipping a beat takes the left fork, constantly
 looking over his shoulder.

INT. JOHN'S CAR (MOVING) - PRESENT - EVENING

JOHN
 (V.O)
 I mean REALLY, really...I don't belong
 with these guys. Never did. We met in
 Juvy hall, Oregon State Juvenile
 detention, Class of 1971.

John pulls up to the cabin.

JOHN (cont'd)
 These guys are real losers.

He sees Bernie exit the cabin, with a forced smile and a
 sarcastic wave.

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (To himself)
 Oh, fuck.

EXT. CABIN

John approaches...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE
(to himself)
Oh, fuck.

Archie darts from the cabin, immediately giving John a big welcome hug.

ARCHIE
Oh, wow.

John is very unreceptive to Archie's welcome, as Bernie stays back on the porch.

BERNIE
(re:Archie's hugs)
He's been doing that for hours.

JOHN
You really happy to see us there, Arch?

Archie goes back and hugs John.

ARCHIE
Yeah.

Archie turns to go hug Bernie again, then...

ARCHIE (cont'd)
I mean, no. I'm not 'happy'.
Motherfucker.

Archie sneers at Bernie as he marches back in the cabin, mumbling repeatedly that he's not 'happy'.

JOHN
Dumbass.

Bernie and John size each other up...

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Everybody here?

BERNIE
(overly sarcastic)
We're all here?

JOHN
Even Windsor?

BERNIE
He's here too, in the cabin still fussing
over the accommodations.

JOHN
(surprised)
Really?

John looks around.

JOHN (cont'd)
Everybody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNIE
(pausing...then)
No host.

John jumps on that...

JOHN
No host?

BERNIE
No host.

JOHN
Well, he wouldn't have invited us up here
if he wasn't coming.

BERNIE
And you know that?

EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD

Two Black cars pull to a stop at the fork. D. ROTH creaks from the first car, his partner, TIMMONS opts to stay in. Both guys are older curmudgeon types, whose faces have grown into permanent scowls. They look very bookish in their black suits and ties, with white shirts.

FROM the OTHER car, exit LIONS and S.CROW, who are dressed exactly the same, but these guys have quite the spring in their steps as they bound from the car. They approach D. Roth to get further instructions.

D.ROTH
(pointing to the right fork)
Timmons and I'll take this way...you guys
take that way.

D. Roth sloths back into his car,

INSIDE

Timmons sets aside a file with DB's picture pinned to it.

D.ROTH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
We're too old to go killing ourselves
over this guy now...leave that to the
young-en's...

They pull away,

D.ROTH (cont'd)
You like fishing or catching?

TIMMONS
They're not the same?

D.ROTH
Ages apart. Young-ens' like catching. Me,
I like fishing. Catching a fish just gets
in the way of the experience. Got a cabin
up here, lake...just for fishing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both laugh, looking back at the other two still standing at the back of their car,

LIONS and S.CROW

Watch as the old guys get out of sight before popping their trunk,

LIONS
Lets get this guy.

They jump in their car and tear away.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The FOUR (Bernie, Archie, John and Windsor) all start checking out the space. The refrigerator is fully stocked, the bathroom is clean, etc.

None of them have any baggage.

All the while, NOT A WORD is spoken.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Windsor watches the coffee pot fill, as John stands off with mug in hand. Archie's eyes dart back and forth between the two waiting for something to start up, as Bernie appears in the doorway.

Bernie watches the others like they are subjects of some study he is conducting.

The SILENCE continues to permeate the room, until the coffee is done. Windsor pours himself a cup and makes an offer to John for a cup.

WINDSOR
So, what's everybody been up to?

JOHN
I knew that would be the start.

BERNIE
(sneering)
Who didn't know?

JOHN
Archie, did you know?

Archie thinks...they wait. Then he gets a case of the 'tics', where his head gets a life of it's own.

WINDSOR
It's just the necessary evil, 'so, what's everybody been up to?'...it's a start, really.

JOHN
No, it really isn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINDSOR
So what? So we just eyeball each other
waiting until the money shows?

SILENCE.

BERNIE
(to John)
Where would you start?

JOHN
I wouldn't.

Silence again rules, UNTIL,

ARCHIE
(like a volcano)
I was in the nut house. Yeah. Not
lately. Not since they started booting
us out of there. Yep, got booted out.
Those fuckers in Washington started
cutting the funding, so they say. You
believe that? I mean some of those guys
they booted out were REALLY crazy. You
wait, the streets are going to be flooded
with these guys. This one guy, a garbage
man, he was whacking his clients if their
address had the number of the devil: six
six six. The dude wanted to know where I
lived, but I wouldn't tell him.

JOHN
So, what's everybody been up to, huh?

Windsor looks at Archie, and dumps his coffee in the sink.

WINDSOR
Eyeballing each other does look better
and better.

Windsor leaves the kitchen with John on his tail, leaving
Bernie alone with Archie.

DEN

JOHN AND WINDSOR

Windsor finds a couple bottles of liquor. He turns over two
glasses and opens a bottle of scotch.

WINDSOR
Cheap stuff.

He offers a drink to John.

JOHN
I don't drink.

Windsor winks a 'is that so', as he pours himself a drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I read about you, Mr. Windsor J.
Barnhill. Quite a story and all.
Juvenile delinquent turns it around.
Touching.

WINDSOR
Good. Good.

JOHN
Your daddy finally came through?

WINDSOR
What's that supposed to mean?

JOHN
Not 'supposed' to mean anything. It does
mean your rich daddy finally came through
for you. Daddy making you president of
one of his little companies. Juvy's for
the poor. I mean, really, what the fuck
were you doing in there in the first
place?

WINDSOR
You read the article.

JOHN
I guess I did. All that money...
considering the circumstances, I should
be curious as to why you are here.

WINDSOR
No you shouldn't.

KITCHEN

BERNIE AND ARCHIE

ARCHIE
Three squares a day, plus medical, lots
of medical, and a little electrical...nut
house is better than any other free stay
you can get. Then they just started
booting us out. Money. Course they didn't
boot that one guy out. You know, the
garbage man, I guess they draw the line
at serial killers.

BERNIE
(straining to hear Windsor and
John)
Very fine line...

Bernie slides off into the other room,

DEN

John and Windsor

Bernie enters with Archie on his hip,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHIE
You know what the really weird thing is?

Bernie pours himself a drink,

ARCHIE (cont'd)
You get this reverse self consciousness.
You know how when you think somebody is
watching you, so you make damn sure NOT
to do anything weird?

WINDSOR
(glaring at John)
I probably won't stick around long. Just
a quick hello, goodbye, you know?

ARCHIE
Well, in there they are always watching
you, so you have to make damn sure that
you DO something weird. Or they kick you
out.

WINDSOR
How about you Bernie?

Bernie just watches.

ARCHIE
You don't want to get kicked out cause
they think you're fine. So... I developed
a few little tics so as not to be
noticed.

WINDSOR
(to Bernie)
No reason for you to stick around, heh?
No John, we're all here just to get
caught up.

ARCHIE
Like this...

Archie starts a series of tics....

WINDSOR
See what new tricks Archie's learned then
go home.

ARCHIE
(re:tics)
Maybe they needed to be bigger?

JOHN
(to Windsor)
Could be dangerous, that's all.

ARCHIE
(realizing)
Of course the serial killer stayed
without the tics...Motherfucker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN
 (to Windsor)
 I just wonder why you'd risk being
 caught, killed, whatever, seeing as
 though you already have so much money.

Windsor starts to chuckle and John, mockingly, joins in.
 Archie's continues with the 'tics'.

WINDSOR
 (to John)
 Ooooh, wow, you're really good. I have a
 master's in business, a minor in
 psychology, and my family is worth more
 than God. That's all you need to know
 about me.

Windsor starts to walk off, but...

WINDSOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 I'm here because I never lose! Your
 little games or whatever the heck you're
 doing may work on Archie, but they just
 bore me.

Windsor ducks down the hall to one of the rooms. Archie
 checks his back to make sure Windsor is out of ear shot.

ARCHIE
 Now that is one uppity nigger.

BERNIE
 (to John)
 Good work.

JOHN
 I don't know what you're talking about.

ARCHIE
 (re: Windsor)
 Talking shit like that.

JOHN
 I just like things to add up.

ARCHIE
 My daddy says they do that just to make
 up for their slave days.

BERNIE
 Who doesn't add up?

JOHN
 Archie, they do any drug testing in that
 hospital of yours?

ARCHIE
 Again.

JOHN
 They test any medication out on you guys?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARCHIE
All the time.

JOHN
(re: Archie)
Right now, he's the only one that does
add up.

John strolls away with Bernie's eyes burning a hole in his back.

ARCHIE
(to Bernie)
I can't really add. So, you want to hang?

Bernie looks to Archie, barely acknowledging him, then walks away, leaving Archie...alone,

Except for his IMAGINARY FRIEND, OR 'I.F.'

ARCHIE (cont'd)
(to I. F.)
Hey, what are you doing here?

INT. WINDSOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pacing his room.

WINDSOR
Gang up on Windsor, huh?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bernie tries to toughen up in the mirror,

BERNIE
Could be dangerous for you too John, you
smarty pants you.

He then applies a nice little cucumber mask.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

John sits on the front porch chain smoking and drinking a Coke. Five empty Coke cans lay at his feet.

EXT. WOODS - CAMPSITE

15 years ago,

THE BOYS AS TEENAGERS

Archie and John stand by as Bernie reluctantly beds down outside the tent. John's attention is suddenly drawn to a man emerging from the woods.

JOHN
Holy shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHIE
(patting John on the back)
Amen.

JOHN
Check this guy out.

Bernie and Archie turn to see DB Cooper limping from the woods, carrying the RED SUITCASE and dragging his parachute.

Windsor exits the tent,

DB
I need a little help here.

JOHN
(quietly)
Where's that gun, Bernie?

BERNIE
Tossed it in the tent.

JOHN
(sarcastically)
Okay, good place.

DB
I'm perfectly safe, I just need a little help here. My ankle. I think it's broken.

DB approaches, cautiously.

JOHN
Archie grab that gun.

BERNIE
Why him, I brought it?

JOHN
He'll use it.

DB
Please don't. You help me out and I'll make you all very rich men.

TIME FREEZES...and so do THEY.

DB (cont'd)
But you have to decide fast.

JOHN
What do we do?

DB
Grab your wienies.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A YOUNGER and more ENTHUSIASTIC Timmons and D. Roth peer through the trees at the boys sitting around the campfire roasting WIENIES,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIMMONS
What do you think?

D.ROTH
Let's uh, get these kids out of here,
just in case.

TIMMONS
In case of what?

D.ROTH
He may be dangerous...I don't know.

TIMMONS
Oh, okay...

Timmons and D.Roth slip into the boys camp,

John, Windsor and Bernie are nervous sweaty wrecks, who do their best to just look down at their wienies. Archie couldn't be having more fun, but also couldn't be more obvious with his constant looks to the tent.

TIMMONS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You kids seen anything, out of the
ordinary? Anyone!?

JOHN
No sir. What's going on?

D.ROTH
Never you mind. You kids pack up. We
need to get you out of here.

BERNIE
What's going on?

TIMMONS
Pack up he said!

ARCHIE
(excited)
Motherfucker.

D.ROTH
We'll help you get loaded...

JOHN
(re:tent)
No! NO, We got it.
(to his buds)
Hurry up, come on!

As D.Roth and Timmons put out the fire, the kids break down the TENT which is conspicuously HEAVY. The kids wrestle the tent into the truck.

D.ROTH
You kids go on home...be safe, now.

John and Archie jump in the front of the truck. Bernie and Windsor in the back with the gear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TIMMONS
Well, what do you think?

D. Roth holds up a book he's been carrying and looks hard at the cover, almost like he is reading the book through the cover. He taps the book on his head, thinking.

INSIDE Archie's TRUCK (SPEEDING AWAY)

John looks back.

ARCHIE
This is so cool.

JOHN
Not cool. Not yet.
(to himself)
This is too easy.

Archie clicks on the radio, immediately singing along.

CAMPSITE

D. Roth looks around at the radio tower, the kids campfire still burning, then over to the Columbia River.

D.ROTH
Radio tower. Columbia river...

He kicks some dirt over the fire and looks up, and looks again at the book,

D.ROTH (cont'd)
I think we're close.

D. Roth looks around in deep thought, drawing Timmons attention.

TIMMONS
What are you thinking?

D.ROTH
One day, one day I'm going get a place up here and do some fishing. Get me one of those trophy fish (holding up his hands, sizing up a big fish). Come on, let's get him.

He puts the small paper back book in his shirt pocket with just the title poking out, 'DB Cooper',

EXT. CABIN - DAYBREAK

The cabin is completely dark. John paces the front porch, smoking, SEES,

Bernie standing at the edge of the woods looking into the trees, as though he is looking for something. John joins him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Find what you're looking for?

BERNIE
Out here?

JOHN
Here, there...in life. I'm not really asking.

BERNIE
What do you see?

JOHN
Is this a forest for the trees kind of thing?

BERNIE
Could be.

JOHN
I see...four idiots in a cabin.

BERNIE
I'm glad you include yourself.

JOHN
Sure why not?

BERNIE
You were sure working Windsor.

JOHN
Was I?

BERNIE
Windsor's not a threat! Archie, maybe, cause he's crazy. ME? Definitely. SO, please, don't start by coloring me stupid, because that will be your biggest mistake.

JOHN
Do you have a point?

BERNIE
Yeah, really, what is the point? One, do you think he will actually show? Two, if so, why isn't he here? Three, either way, don't you think your best bet is not to underestimate me? Huh? Wrong guy. Keeping that in mind, shouldn't this whole thing have been one night, in out, bing bong.

Silence.

JOHN
I see, grab the money and run?

BERNIE
Clean. Don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN
That's not the question.

BERNIE
What is?

JOHN
What do YOU think?

BERNIE
Sure (I'll go first) why not? First off he could have just kept all the money, and you'd have never heard from him, but no, here you are, after all these years. For what?

Bernie waits for a response, getting none...

BERNIE (cont'd)
Well, he's got us all up here now. He'll pay us or, or, or kill us...

JOHN
Don't be paranoid.

BERNIE
We're sitting fucking ducks. Weird. Weird.

JOHN
Me?

BERNIE
Then...ME. Cause I thought you had some fucking smarts. I have to figure it all out? He called us up here to eliminate the only witnesses, because maybe Mr. DB Cooper is still a wanted man.

JOHN
No. Because he was very fucking clear about that, or don't you listen?

BERNIE
Oh, oh, and if he does show, and there is money, wouldn't half be better than a fourth.

JOHN
Maybe all...

BERNIE
It'll be a cold day feeding a fever before that happens.

JOHN
All right, I'm peaked. What do you have in mind?

BERNIE
I think...maybe. Well, there's...well, nothing, yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN
You don't have anything in mind?

BERNIE
(with utter confidence)
Not yet, but I figure an ounce of prevention is like a penny earned.

JOHN
Uh - huh.

BERNIE
I know you have a good head on your shoulders, and of course now...
(Bernie pauses, waits)
...you have to see the same thing in me. Those two idiots don't have a chance as long as we're together.

JOHN
(sarcastic)
That is, well, very interesting.

BERNIE
What? What's that?

JOHN
That you see yourself with me, cause I see you more with those two idiots. How was that, ounce of prevention is a penny earned?

John walks away, entering the cabin.

BERNIE
(calling out to John)
Oh. oh, oh...and you're just here to collect and, poof, go, without a care for the world being your oyster.
(to himself)
You had your chance.

INT. KITCHEN

John enters, goes to the pantry for food.

Archie and Windsor are having cereal at the table. Windsor is doing all he can to ignore Archie.

ARCHIE
(to Windsor)
...Okay...how can we ALL hang if this, whoever, doesn't show? All. He doesn't show and I'll kill him. That's the damn truth. Fucker fucks me, he fucking dies. No show, you die. That's my new rule.

Windsor adds more coffee to his cereal.

ARCHIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
That's disgusting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Windsor has had enough, so he picks up his bowl and LEAVES.

ARCHIE (cont'd)
That goes for you too. Just be glad
you're here or...
(under his breath)
Shoot you too. Motherfucker.

Archie nonchalantly takes his gun out and sets it on the table, just to get more comfortable in his chair, then he rambles on to himself, as he looks at the back of the cereal box.

ARCHIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I drive all the way out here. He don't show...I kill him. Be the easiest time I ever did. The moment he don't show is the moment I shoot that motherfucker. Bam, right here on the spot. And that is all she wrote. The moment he isn't coming is the moment he dies.

Bernie peers in, exchanging looks with John. Bernie enjoys the obvious IMPLICATIONS OF ARCHIE'S GUN on the table and the intimidating words spewing from Archie's mouth.

JOHN
Hey, you know, you're a fruit loop.

ARCHIE
Yeah, you're a Cheerio.

John holds his hand up, pointing his finger like a gun, then slowly aims it at Archie, who smiles playfully, as Bernie watches intently. Then, John takes his gun-like finger and sticks it right in Archie's cereal bowl.

Archie explodes from his chair, and backs away from the table in horror as John SMILES at Bernie. Archie grabs his bowl and his gun and explodes through the kitchen door, nearly flattening Bernie on his way out.

John sits down to enjoy his breakfast alone, when from outside WE HEAR Archie screaming.

ARCHIE (cont'd)
(o.s)
God damn it!

JOHN
(to Bernie)
Cheers.

Bernie forces a confident smile.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Windsor's cereal bowl is spilled on the ground. He backs slowly away from,

Lions and S.Crow,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

S CROW
Oh, hey...

WINDSOR
Shut up! I Know what you want! I do have
more time, right? That was the contract.

Lions and S.Crow seem as scared as Windsor.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
The money is not due till the first. So,
you're here, okay, you guys will just
have to make yourselves at home out here,
because I will have the money and there
is nothing you can do until then, right?

Windsor starts back for the cabin, THEN whirls, storming back
at Lions and S.Crow,

WINDSOR (cont'd)
I think you need to show me some
professional courtesy...

He trips and falls, JAMMING his finger as he hits the ground.
He bounces up, grabbing his finger and SCREAMING out in
obvious pain.

INT. KITCHEN

Bernie and John's head snap toward the sound of Windsor's
scream.

BERNIE
(shrugging his shoulders)
An ounce of prevention a day keeps the
doctor away.

EXT. WOODS

Windsor backs away from Lions and S. Crow, holding his
finger.

WINDSOR
Imbeciles...that's what you are. I'll pay
the boot once I got it. You following me
out here is imbecilic...

THEN, he breaks into a full dash back to the cabin,

INT. KITCHEN

John and Bernie stare at each other, AS,

Windsor blows through the door, and heads straight into the
bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

Bernie rolls his eyes, and John shrugs, neither willing to
show any sign of trepidation over Windsor's painful entrance.
Bernie takes a moment, then calmly STROLLS OUT the cabin
door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John watches him leave, before heading to the WET BAR. He leans on the counter, staring at the bottle before him. He starts to open it up, but decides against it.

INT. BATHROOM

Windsor gingerly wraps his broken finger in gauze while sitting on the toilet. He grimaces in pain, rocking back and forth, looking like he is taking a,

ARCHIE
(O.S.)
That's some shit.

EXT. WOODS

ARCHIE AND BERNIE.

ARCHIE (cont'd)
What was that?

Bernie shrugs.

ARCHIE (cont'd)
That's what John was saying?

BERNIE
I know man, I know. What do you think?
John's setting us up, right?

Looking to Archie who is digging for something in his nose,

ARCHIE
He ruined my cereal

BERNIE
John, talking all that shit about
somebody watching us...

ARCHIE
Nobody touches my bowl. I don't know
where his hands have been...

BERNIE
He says 'we could be sitting ducks'.

ARCHIE
I didn't touch his bowl...

BERNIE
'We', that's a laugh...he means us, cause
he's set us up. Probably brought someone
else, that's the deal.

ARCHIE
I had a few bites and now I'm sick.

BERNIE
Cause whoever is doing the accusing,
Archie, is usually the one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHIE
He touches my food again I'll shoot that motherfucker.

BERNIE
Archie! Are you fucking listening?

ARCHIE
Yeah, John's setting us up. He still could have left my bowl alone.

BERNIE
All right, we need to think.

ARCHIE
I'm thinking.

Archie looks as though he sees someone out behind Bernie,

ARCHIE (cont'd)
(calling out to that someone)
Hey, What are you doing?

BERNIE
I'm thinking too Archie. Thinking is good. We should be thinking. A thought in time saves lives.

ARCHIE
Fucking-A right.
(pointing to his Imaginary Friend)
Shoot THAT Motherfucker.

BERNIE
(unaware of Archie's 'sighting')
Well sure shoot that motherfucker, but who? Who do you shoot?

ARCHIE
(back to Bernie)
What?

BERNIE
Fuck! Who do you think is the one?

Archie is a bit confused.

BERNIE (cont'd)
That is setting us up, Arch! Like John said, we probably are sitting fucking ducks out here!

ARCHIE
Then I think it's John.

BERNIE
There we go, me too. Me too.

ARCHIE
Course Windsor being a nigger and all...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNIE
(Rolling his eyes)
Yeah, you know, could be, but...

ARCHIE
Motherfucker. You. It could be you.

BERNIE
Yeah? See Now your thinking!

Bernie pulls out his gun and points it right at Archie's head.

BERNIE (cont'd)
Yeah, that's right it could be me, then what would you do there, Arch!? Would you be ready?

BAM!! Archie draws and fires in a flash!

QUICK SHOTS as ARCHIE'S SHOT ECHOES

WOODS

Lions and S. Crow hit the ground!

CABIN

John looks to the sound of the shot, then back to the bottle of scotch he stares down.

BATHROOM

Windsor is showering. He doesn't hear the shot.

BACK TO,

WOODS

BERNIE and ARCHIE

Bernie, stunned, looks to where the bullet went, then to Archie who puts his gun away, still looking out behind Bernie, and SMILING.

BERNIE
(regrouping)
Yeah, yeah, whew, uh...you'd be ready.
Um,...I don't know what...I don't know just yet...

Bernie is desperately trying to figure out how Archie could have missed him from such short range.

BERNIE (cont'd)
...what John's got planned, but looks like we'll be ready.

ARCHIE
John? It's you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE

No!! No, no. I was...testing you. John said that there could be someone out there. Someone that's going to knock us all off. John said that. I'm saying I...we, that is, have got to be ready. Partners.

Archie PERKS right up.

ARCHIE

Yes. Life partners.

Archie hugs Bernie.

BERNIE

(getting Archie off of him)
Goddamn it Archie - I mean, uh, you knew all the time, didn't you? Yeah...holy shit. Shoot that motherfucker, hey, Archie? Yeah!! I pity John when he tries anything...touches your cereal, huh? He'll be a dead motherfucker, hey Arch. Shit, you just have to watch him. Windsor, too...closely.

Bernie catches his breath.

BERNIE (cont'd)

Hey, could I see your gun, there?

Bernie examines the sight on the gun, then checks the chamber,

BERNIE (cont'd)

That's a real beaut, Archie.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

All lights are off, as Archie sits in a chair facing the cabin, watching. John exits the cabin, carrying a fishing pole. He is confronted by Archie.

ARCHIE

Hey, where are you going?

John ignores Archie and strolls on by.

ARCHIE (cont'd)

Fishing? Okay. Check.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - MORNING

Windsor, FINGER BANDAGED, pours coffee into a bowl full of cereal. He is half awake as a very attentive Archie looks on. Windsor digs in to his coffee and cereal.

Archie passes his bowl of cereal across, points, and Windsor fills it with coffee. Archie digs in, never taking his eyes off of Windsor.

Bernie enters, notices Archie 'watching' Windsor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE
(quietly)
Good boy.

Bernie exits the kitchen with a glass of milk, crossing paths with John. They exchange looks, before John breaks into a little laugh and walks away.

BERNIE (cont'd)
What? Something funny?

JOHN
Not yet...

BERNIE
(chuckling)
Yep, not yet.

Bernie goes into the bathroom.

John begins to shuffle a deck of CARDS as he paces the den.

After a moment...Windsor exits the kitchen in a foul mood from having had Archie hang all over him.

Windsor feels John's stare as he heads out the front door. Unable to look away, Windsor stops, turns.

WINDSOR
(off John's gaze)
What!? What do you want?

John holds up the cards.

JOHN
(very nice)
Just to pass a little time.

WINDSOR
I don't need for time to pass.

John pulls some CASH from his pocket.

JOHN
You need this?

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Miles from the campsite,

Four sweaty, nervous, and scared kids stare into an opened briefcase,

WINDSOR
That could fix all my problems.

DB shuts the case, unlike them he is calm and very, very cool.

DB
Not if impatience is one of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINDSOR
What's that supposed to mean?

DB
Means you will be rewarded, yes, but you will have to wait.

WINDSOR
Thanks, but I'll take my share now.

DB
And what will you do with your share now?

ARCHIE
Buy a corvette some beers and cruise.

DB
And you will be running the rest of your little lives.

ARCHIE
Yeah, and damn fast.

DB
No. Not smart. Not CLEAN.

ARCHIE
Fun though.

DB
Shut him up please. Now, for helping me, some of this is rightfully your money...

Archie grabs for the suitcase,

ARCHIE
Cool...

DB grabs his hand and snaps a finger.

The sound makes the others cringe as Archie, CHORTLES, holding up his newly broken finger like a trophy. DB never breaks stride.

DB
...and given time, this money will grow, and become....CLEAN. Take the money now, and you will be running for the rest of your lives.

WINDSOR
How do you know that?

DB
You're the ones that are locked up right now, not me. And I never plan to be because unlike people like you...

WINDSOR
Don't start that racist shit with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DB

The only thing I'm a racist against is failure, and the four of you reek of it. Now, you'll get more than your fair share and it will be clean. Fifteen years, not a moment sooner. The statute of limitations will have run out and you will have your reward.

JOHN

Fuck, fifteen years...you'll be long gone, why even pay at all?

DB

Because I don't want to run forever, not from the law and NOT from the likes of you. I would suggest you all stop being criminals or be better at it. Either way...this will have to wait,

Click, click, he closes the case,

DB (cont'd)

...and so will you.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Windsor hands John a few bills then sets his hat back on the ground next to the wall.

WINDSOR

Can we leave out the chatter this time.

He then settles in next to John and they start tossing the cards into the hat, again.

JOHN

Just, hard to believe that you knew right then and there that it was that big of deal.

WINDSOR

A guy falls out of the sky with two hundred thousand dollars...Yeah, I knew it was that big of a deal.

JOHN

You didn't know when you saw him how much money was in that case.

WINDSOR

Didn't need to know how much, a lot of money is a lot of money. Now your splitting hairs. I knew it was big. You're too close.

JOHN

I'm as far back as you are.

WINDSOR

No, I'm here. Here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Windsor coaxes John back two inches, then the tossing continues, as Archie slips in the back of the room to watch.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
...you're here too, and that just kills you.

As Windsor returns his focus to the hat, John slides a few cards into his sleeve.

JOHN
I'm just wondering if a four-way split will be enough for you. That is...if he even shows.

WINDSOR
He'll show. Now, shut up you're breaking my focus.

JOHN
Maybe it's the finger.

Done with the tossing,

WINDSOR
Maybe not, count 'em...

John goes over to the hat, letting cards slide from his sleeve into the hat, without Windsor seeing, then handing the hat to Windsor.

JOHN
You count 'em.

Windsor starts his count.

JOHN (cont'd)
What if you don't even get a fourth. Life never gives you an even split. And you know why? Because, there's always a Judas in the crowd, and though he may not take it all, he sure fucks things up for the rest.

ARCHIE
Judas?

JOHN
Judas...he sold out Jesus.

ARCHIE
Motherfucker.

WINDSOR
Read the bible there John?

JOHN
Everybody should. Every story ever imagined between men is in there.

Windsor finishes the counting of the cards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WINDSOR
(re: he lost again)
Shit!

JOHN
Pay up.

Windsor forks over the money, and sets back up the hat, and immediately begins tossing. Every card thrown like his life depended on it making it in the hat, and with each miss,

Archie snorts...

Miss...

Archie chuckles,

Miss...

Archie snickers,

JOHN (cont'd)
We are merely re-enacting the same stories over and over again.

UNTIL, another miss, Archie laughs, and Windsor whirls and THROWS the rest of his CARDS at Archie, bouncing them off his chest. Windsor is now face to face with Archie,

ARCHIE
(re:cards)
Those missed.

JOHN
If you know them and can see them coming, you have a leg up on things.

Windsor opts out of furthering this with Archie and scrambles to pick up the cards,

WINDSOR
Well, smart guy, what is it you see coming?

Windsor, most of his cards back in hand, continues his struggles to toss the cards in the hat, still missing with every card.

JOHN
Mister Cooper has a plan, You don't have a plan. Even better, you don't know where you fit into his plan. That's bad. There's nothing we can do about him. But if he does show, you seem pretty desperate for a man who's family is richer than God.

...toss after toss, and miss after miss....Windsor checks over his shoulder to Archie. He inches closer to the hat, trying to block out John as much as trying to get one fucking card in the hat!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN (cont'd)
 (really getting in Windsor's
 ear)
 Desperation tends to make a man an easy
 mark. Bernie...me? (shrugging) And then
 there's that (pointing to Archie) God only
 knows what's going through that head...

EXT. ROAD

D.Roth stands outside the car looking around, holding his
 book.

TIMMONS
 What are you thinking?

D.ROTH
 Popcorn and coffee.

TIMMONS
 What?

D.ROTH
 I always think they smell way better than
 they taste. When it's popping or brewing
 you're thinking how great it's going to
 be, then it just isn't.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Bernie brushes his teeth as he flexes his... 'imagination' in
 the mirror. His extravagant bathroom routine of posing gets
 in the way of actual cleaning.

INT. CABIN

Windsor is out of cards and did not make one in the hat...

JOHN
 ...now, Bernie, well he's either dumber
 than Archie here, or smarter than me, who
 knows what he knows, or doesn't but...

WINDSOR
 You do know that you are babbling with
 yourself?

JOHN
 I'm just stupid that way.

John's first few cards miss,

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 We can quit.

WINDSOR
 Forget that.

John, with ease, takes out a card presents it to Windsor,
 then calmly throws it in the hat,

Winning! Windsor jumps up, grabs his hat, and smashes it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
That's your good hat. Pay up.

Windsor tries to fix his hat, then slams it to the ground.

WINDSOR
Pay yourself...you were illegally
talking, or something...

JOHN
You out of money...

WINDSOR
There's always more.
(muttering to himself)
...there's Always more....

Windsor storms out, blowing by Archie,

ARCHIE
Those guys are always , like paranoid
that they're being used by the man. There
was this nigger in at the nut farm
thought he had a chip planted in his head
by the white man.

JOHN
Yeah? What'd the chip do?

ARCHIE
Said it made him submissive.

JOHN
Work?

ARCHIE
We'd get him to do our chores no problem.

John, finally turns to Archie, really taking him in,

JOHN
You're everything that's wrong with
everything.

ARCHIE
Thought we could hang.

JOHN
No.

Bernie exits the bathroom, headed for the door. He pats
Archie on the back, stopping to look at the smiling John,
WHO,

Twirls Windsor's hat and places it on his head, showing off
his spoils.

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Okay, see? Now it's getting funny.

Bernie smiles back, then winks at Archie, bringing on
Archie's tics, before he pops out the door.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Windsor is crumpled up under a tree, as Bernie approaches.

BERNIE
(re: card game)
Ouch...whew.

WINDSOR
What do you want?

Windsor jumps to his feet.

BERNIE
To play cards with you.

WINDSOR
Get away from me.

BERNIE
You know, it just doesn't add up in my head either. I like things to add up, too.

WINDSOR
What's that?

BERNIE
John, what he was just saying about you crying over losing a few hundred dollars.

Bernie opens up his wallet...

WINDSOR
Crying?

...pulls out a couple of hundred dollars.

BERNIE
I could give you the money, if...

WINDSOR
I don't need you or your money.

BERNIE
We'll see about that.

INT. CABIN - DAY

John looking out the window at Bernie and Windsor as Archie exits the bathroom, glowing and tic free.

JOHN
What are you doing?

ARCHIE
I wasn't doing anything in there. I was just, uh, washing my hand.

JOHN
Okay. Come here, take a look at this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archie joins John at the window.

ARCHIE
I just wash my hand a lot, that's all.

JOHN
Okay.

John gestures out the window at Bernie and Windsor, drawing Archie's attention to them.

JOHN (cont'd)
You smell that?

Archie discretely smells his hand.

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Smells like a conspiracy doesn't it?

ARCHIE
A little.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Bernie looks back at Archie in the window.

BERNIE
A four way split does take quite a bite.
Rich people are either rich or
broke...nothing in between. Big risk for
very little money.

WINDSOR
Or no money at all the way it's
looking...what's your...what risk?

BERNIE
Fuck, start with Archie.

WINDSOR
Forget that white trash piece of shit.

BERNIE
So you were aware that the nut house
valedictorian has a gun?

WINDSOR
A gun!!!

BERNIE
I saw it. What's with the finger?

WINDSOR
You saw it. That white trash piece of
crap. We ought to kill him before...

BERNIE
Whoa, whoa, whoa...You joking? Kill
someone? Don't joke about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINDSOR
You thought of it too. So?

Bernie switches gears, playing devil's advocate.

BERNIE
We'd have a dead body on our hands. What do you do with that?

WINDSOR
Nobody knows we are up here. Nobody in the world probably knows where Archie is...he shouldn't have been in on this in the first place.

BERNIE
Well who of us should have been in on this at all?

WINDSOR
I'm just saying none of us wanted that whack along to begin with. Now this is supposed to be an even split...Archie with his...f...gun.

BERNIE
Have to kill John too.

WINDSOR
What!?

BERNIE
Witness.

WINDSOR
Fuck him.

BERNIE
But how...

WINDSOR
Just shoot em'! Just take a gun, and shoot him.

BERNIE
Maybe, but...how to get away with it.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Archie is sitting in a chair, with John circling him.

JOHN
Fifteen years, you waited for this, and... We been up here two days. This I can not understand, don't want to understand. Somebody help me here. Watch this...
(banging himself on the head)
...see, nothing, I can't get it. You honestly forgot why you are here? There is not an atom in my body that can fathom that concept. Please...help me here.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (cont'd)

How is...

(John searches)

How did you know when to come here then?

Archie pulls down his shirt..."August 28, 1986" is tattooed on his chest.

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Wow. Stupid me, huh? Hey,

Archie...when's, uh, oh, your birthday?

Archie lifts up his shirt showing the names of his family members and their birthdays. He also REVEALS HIS GUN tucked in the front of his pants.

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Hey, I got three brothers myself...

(very hesitantly)

Could I see your gun, there? That's a beauty.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Bernie leads Windsor away from the cabin, as Windsor continues to look around nervously. Sweat pours from his brow.

WINDSOR

Okay, this is far enough. I'm in.

Whatever you have...just as long as it's now. Now! Not fucking waiting.

Bernie looks to the woods where Windsor anxiously keeps his attention.

BERNIE

I need time to think, you know? You can't just get away with something like that, right? At least I can't. No, no...we'll have to wait things out a bit. Take our time.

WINDSOR

(snapping back to Bernie)

Time for what? You said we'd have to act fast.

BERNIE

Yes, yes, wait things out.

Bernie watches as a very nervous Windsor looks everywhere but at Bernie.

BERNIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You know just a thought, but what if the money is already here?

WINDSOR

What? Where? In the cabin?

BERNIE

Could be. Have you looked?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Windsor tries to force a 'hell yeah', nod, but...

WINDSOR
We can't just go digging around in
there...can we?

BERNIE
Actually we can.

Bernie pulls bullets from his pocket.

BERNIE (cont'd)
Archie's. So if the money is there and
Archie goes for you, bang-bang, be self
defense, good bye Archie, hello money.
Kill off a couple of stones, banging them
with birds. You need a gun?

WINDSOR
Me? You! You do it.

BERNIE
Archie will go for you. Archie hates you.
Then it's self-defense.

WINDSOR
He may go for you.

BERNIE
Wrong. Archie won't go for me, he fears
me. Besides, I got to be ready for John.
He's with Archie, and the moment you pop
Archie, He'll be coming for me, and I'll
have to be ready for him. Then I'll shoot
him in self defense. WE back each other
up here, we should be fine.

WINDSOR
I probably could kill that bastard,
but (weaseling out) getting a gun, I don't
know...

Bernie presents his GUN, snickers, THEN, presents ANOTHER GUN
from his sock.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
Damn!

BERNIE
Damn right.

Bernie starts to hand one gun to Windsor, then stops.

BERNIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Whoa, whoa, whoa...God Damn!
(laughing)
All these years, you'd think I'd of
learned. You're not in with fucking John
are you? Huh?

WINDSOR
Fuck him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNIE
Okay, okay...

Bernie hands Windsor the smaller gun from his sock, then takes a 'Clint Eastwood' moment to demonstrate how to use it.

He puts his gun in his pants,

BERNIE (cont'd)
Check it (check this out).

PULLING the gun and aiming, then back in the pants,

BERNIE (cont'd)
(growing bravado)
Check it.

Again Pulling his gun, then back in his pants,

BERNIE (cont'd)
Check it.

Again! Pulling the gun. Seeing that Windsor's got it, Bernie gives him the go ahead to tuck the gun away. As Windsor starts to put it in his pants,

BERNIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Soon as the money's out, Archie will be going, so be ready...

Bernie helps Windsor tuck away the gun,

WINDSOR
(grabbing Bernie's invasive
hand from his pants)
I got it...

AS Archie runs up on them,

ARCHIE
(re" Bernie's hand in Windsor's
pants.)
Am I interrupting?

BERNIE
Fuck. What the hell are you doing?

ARCHIE
Watching, you know.

BERNIE
No, I don't know.

WINDSOR
Watching what?

ARCHIE
Nothing. What are you doing?

WINDSOR
Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARCHIE
What's with the finger?

WINDSOR
A terrible masturbation accident, now
shut up. Get the fuck out of here.

ARCHIE
(snickering)
Nigger...

Windsor starts for his gun,

WINDSOR
What the...

Bernie waves him off with a 'not now', and signals Windsor to go back to the cabin. Windsor sneers at the smiling Archie before opting to go back to the cabin.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
(mumbling)
You'll get yours...

Windsor gone,

BERNIE
Okay, Archie listen up...

ARCHIE
I was watching them.

BERNIE
Good, whatever...

ARCHIE
Windsor and John...

BERNIE
...now here's what your are going to do...wait, You saw something.

ARCHIE
Heard.

BERNIE
Heard. What'd you hear?

ARCHIE
Heard.

BERNIE
What? Heard, then what'd you 'heard'?

ARCHIE
Yeah, that is if you're not really in with the nigger.

BERNIE
What? Fuck him too, that rich little bastard. Why the fuck did he even come?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARCHIE
I was watching him, and...I don't know.

BERNIE
It's a retractable question, Archie!

ARCHIE
But...I do know what they're planning.

BERNIE
You do. I could kiss you. What?

Bernie waits for the answer, but Archie leans in, seemingly accepting Bernie's 'kiss you' offer, UNTIL,

BERNIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
...What!? What did they say?

ARCHIE
They have another guy coming.

BERNIE
Another guy!? Those Motherfuckers, I knew it! What? Who?

Archie leans in.

ARCHIE
Judas. He shot Jesus.

BERNIE
I know who Judas is.

ARCHIE
Really? Okay...anyway, so John, Windsor,
and this Judas guy are all together.

BERNIE
Great, great, well we got 'em partner. I
tell you what, Archie, you take care of
Windsor and John and I'll take care of
Judas.

Bernie points at the gun in Archie's pants.

ARCHIE
Fuck 'em?

BERNIE
Shoot them.

ARCHIE
You know what he looks like? Judas?

...Bernie's moving to get back to the cabin...

BERNIE
Wears a beard, robe...carries a gun, I
got it...

INT. CABIN - EVENING

Windsor looks around, AS,

Bernie burst through the door!

BERNIE
(gesturing)
Everywhere...

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT FALL

Lions and S. Crow ease in behind a tree to get a look at John sitting on a rock at the edge of the lake, holding a fishing pole.

Lions signals for them to split up, as they surround John.

A twig snaps under Lions foot. They STOP, both wait to see John's reaction, but John never turns around.

They continue to get as close as they can, without showing themselves. Each one approaches John from a different side, trying to get as close as they can before they are detected.

They are close enough now to see John is not fishing, but just sitting with his lure dangling out over the water.

Finally they are on him, forcing John to finally look up, and as he does they see his face for the first time.

Both FREEZE. John plays it cool, not showing any fear. He looks at Lions sizing him up, then over to S.Crow, And he feels something is going down. He braces,

THEN,

LIONS
Sorry, sir. We're looking for someone else.

John's eyes continue to dart back and forth at the two as they ease their way back into the woods.

John strains to keep an eye on them, without looking as though he's watching as Lions and S.Crow blend back in with the trees, vanishing.

INT. CABIN - EVENING

Bernie and Windsor do their best to 'tear things up' looking for the money, BUT,

Neither one is very good at turning the place over. Bernie is mostly looking out the window, and Windsor, at best, knows to look under sofa cushions.

Archie EXPLODES through the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHIE
(to Windsor)
It's cause you guys are so big!?

WINDSOR
What?

ARCHIE
The accident...you know?

Archie mimes whacking off, and just before he gets carried away with it he finally notices the other two digging through the cabin.

ARCHIE (cont'd)
What are you guys doing?

BERNIE
Looking for the money.

ARCHIE
Money?

Archie's face lights up.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

John walks in from the woods, tossing the fishing pole aside before getting to the door of the cabin. He stops, looks around to see if he was followed, then,

Opts, to light up a cigarette and take a nonchalant stroll around the cabin, looking into the woods. He stops, here and there to check his back and listen, then continues his patrol.

He comes to the kitchen window and looks around before opening it up to peak in the cabin.

He sees through the kitchen, and into the den at Archie
TEARING UP THE CABIN.

He watches intently, until, Bernie strolls into his view.

Bernie snaps a look towards the open window, just missing John ducking down.

Bernie suspiciously walks toward the window, as John makes his way to the front of the cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Bernie is peering from the den, at the open kitchen window with his hand readied on his gun, AS...

John pops in the front door, slamming it behind him. Bernie whirls, hand on his gun, then seeing John, eases his hand away.

Windsor stands off to the side, nervously sweating with anticipation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John looks around at the utter destruction caused by Archie in his search.

JOHN
Archie. Archie!

ARCHIE
What?

JOHN
What are you doing?

John keeps an attentive eye towards Bernie.

BERNIE
What does that matter to you?

JOHN
I'm just curious that way.
(to Archie)
What are you looking for?

BERNIE
Curiosity killed off leading the horse to drink.

Bernie winks to Windsor 'get ready'

JOHN
Yeah, but Archie's stupidity brought it back.

ARCHIE
What?

JOHN
Sorry Arch, didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Bernie put you up to this?

BERNIE
What are you talking about?

ARCHIE
You know, where you said John and Windsor were fucking us, so we should, you know.

BERNIE
Did I say that? No, I said the same thing to Archie that I've said to you guys. I been saying we should work together here, cause this is some sort of fucking set up. Shit!

ARCHIE
What about that 'us on the same team' thing?

BERNIE
Shut up Archie, goddamnit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHIE
I thought maybe you forgot, sometimes I do.

BERNIE
Just shut up for a second.

JOHN
This is really unnecessary.

BERNIE
Why is that?

JOHN
Because you're partner in crime here doesn't even know why he's here, or what he's supposed to be looking for, for that matter.

WINDSOR
What is this partner shit?

BERNIE
Yeah? Archie, what are you looking for?

ARCHIE
Money.

BERNIE
There you go.

JOHN
There I go what?

WINDSOR
Wait, wait, who's partner?

JOHN
Bernie and Archie are on the same team...is that how you put it Arch?

ARCHIE
Yeah.

WINDSOR
What the fuck?

BERNIE
(to Windsor)
Shut up, you're going off something Archie has said.

JOHN
Archie, what money are you looking for?

ARCHIE
I don't know.

WINDSOR
Who should I go off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN
Bernie, Bernie...you ask him. Ask him
'what money'? It's cool, try it cause he
doesn't know.

Bernie looks at Archie in disbelief.

BERNIE
What?

WINDSOR
Huh, Bern, who should I listen to,
because I'm about to go off?

Windsor reaches for his gun.

ARCHIE
Uh oh, the nigger's got a gun.

WINDSOR
You're dead.

Windsor REACHES FOR HIS GUN!

Archie starts firing away at Windsor at point blank range.
Bernie freezes.

Click! Click! Click-click-click. Archie's gun WASN'T LOADED,

JOHN
...Okay, you've made your point, there
Arch.

John takes the gun from the befuddled Archie and opens
it...no bullets, as Windsor about pees his pants.

JOHN (cont'd)
(showing Bernie Archie's gun)
That's your boy, your partner. Bonner
and Clod, shooting it up. Yours loaded
there Bern?

BERNIE
Is yours?

JOHN
I don't need one.

Windsor tries to regroup. John hands Archie his gun back.

ARCHIE
I'm Clod right?

JOHN
(to Windsor)
Let's see it.

Windsor goes deeper into his pants to fish the gun out. It
has slid down into his underwear and it's difficult for him
to get to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I'm not sure who to put my money
on...Archie's unloaded gun, or Mr.Windsor
'Quick Draw Mcgraw'.

Windsor continues to dig in his underwear for his gun.

WINDSOR
Fuck you. Don't act like your above
whatever is going on here.

JOHN
I'm still here and you know what? I
actually thought he would show! I
actually thought a shit-car full of money
was going to walk through that door and
change my life!!

All of their attention is drawn to the door, seemingly
convinced it will open and DB Cooper will stroll in,

ZOOM IN on the door, as they wait.

JOHN (cont'd)
I'm just as stuck as you fucks, so, I'm
not above anything! Now what?

ARCHIE
Don't shoot anybody, yet?

JOHN
Not yet. Okay, so look none of us are
really good at any of this, whatever this
is. So maybe, maybe...

INT. JUVY HALL - LUNCH ROOM

JOHN
(voice over)
...we do what we do.

The four, as TEENS, sit with their meals, while they play
poker.

LONG SILENCE

As they all seem to be holding for Windsor to play,

BERNIE
Sneak out, grab a little freedom, sneak
back in, bing-bong, we'll be legends in
this place. Now, everybody's in right?

John nods, Archie smiles, but Windsor,

WINDSOR
I'm not doing it.

INT.CABIN

Windsor shuffles the cards. Archie starts to sit at the seat facing the door, but is ushered to another seat by John, who is determined to watch the door.

WINDSOR
Come on, everybody in, Let's do it.
Poker, straight up, jacks or better.

But, Bernie stands off refusing to join in,

BERNIE
I get it. You want all the eggs in one
bakery's dozen so you take us out all at
once.

JOHN
Hey, Wile E. fucking Coyote there's no
fucking anvil to drop on your heads. Come
on, give it a rest.
(very calming)
I'll tell you what, he shows up with the
money, and you guys can have my share.
Kill each other over it, whatever, I
don't care.

BERNIE
Mighty white of you. And what if the
money doesn't show up?

JOHN
Then whoever wins here will be the only
one going home with any money.

WINDSOR
There you go.

BERNIE
You don't have any money to bet.

WINDSOR
I'm floating.

BERNIE
Floating? What the hell is floating?

WINDSOR
I take chips out of the pot to bet.

BERNIE
OUT!?

WINDSOR
I still owe whatever I lose, I just use
the money in the pot to bet.

BERNIE
How you going to pay off when you lose.

WINDSOR
Who says I'll lose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE
You're whole life.

WINDSOR
Just play.

Bernie shrugs a 'whatever' and sits down, smirking the whole time,

BERNIE
Deal.

John and Bernie pull out enough money to play for a while, and ante up. Archie pulls out some loose change, gum wrappers, etc.,

As, Windsor pulls some money from the pot,

WINDSOR
All right, everybody's in,

Archie likes that idea,

ARCHIE
(reaching for the pot)
I'll just float with the n...

...but, John takes it back, putting it back where it belongs.

JOHN
(to Archie)
No...bad....dog?

John grabs a couple of Archie's grubby dimes, shrugs a 'whatever' and puts them in the pot.

Windsor deals out the hands,

They look at each other waiting for one to start in with something, but nothing, they look at each other then go back to their cards, then at each other again. Occasionally one will set his hand down as though he has something to say, but,

WINDSOR
So how do we do this?

JOHN
What?

WINDSOR
This, this...this...

JOHN
Oh. We just talk. Like you were going to do, with shit like, 'so what's everybody been up to?' That kind of stuff...

ARCHIE
I was in the nut house, yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN
Archie shut up. WE got that. See, see?
We're hanging now.

ARCHIE
Finally.

They all look at each other, really for the first time, but still nothing else comes out of their mouths.

JOHN
This is nice, right?

No smiles yet from Bernie or Windsor but boy Archie sure is beaming,

JOHN (cont'd)
(re: Archie)
Look how happy this one is. Got all his friends here...even his really close one.

ARCHIE
What's wild?

Cards are tossed, 'I'll take two,' 'three', etc, and new cards are dealt, as the game continues on, seemingly okay.

JOHN
Fifteen years I'm tied to you guys.

ARCHIE
What's wild? Threes?

JOHN
Cause of fate? Huh? I mean were thrown in a cell together. WE, we...

ARCHIE
Threes. Make it threes.

JOHN
We sneak out, why I don't even know, and now? Here? Fate?

ARCHIE
Make it threes.

WINDSOR
That's life man, just play.

JOHN
Play what? You and Bernie's little game. DB's? Play what?

WINDSOR
Cards, shit.
(to the others)
This guy never shuts up.

ARCHIE
Okay threes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN
My life seems oddly planned.

WINDSOR
You in or not.

John tosses more money in the pot, as Archie tosses in his cards...NO threes...

And he's off to the bathroom.

INT. JUVENILE HALL

The four are in the middle of a big hand, none of them eating, except,

Archie who slops down his food like it's going to run away from him.

They lean through their cards talking in hushed tones and looking around,

BERNIE
Next weekend, that's when.

WINDSOR
Why then? It's Thanksgiving.

Windsor takes one look at his cards and folds.

BERNIE
Right. So that's the best time!

WINDSOR
So, that's the only meal I can stomach around here. Look at this shit.

Windsor reaches over and grabs a piece of food from Archie's plate.

ARCHIE
Motherfucker!!!!

Archie stands up and pushes his tray away.

BERNIE
Archie, sit down.

ARCHIE
He touched my plate.

WINDSOR
Sit down Archie.

ARCHIE
I can't eat that now. The nigger touched my plate.

WINDSOR
What did he say!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John notices the guards looking, moving towards their table. He slides his tray over to Archie.

JOHN
Here take mine.

ARCHIE
No, you touched your plate all ready. I can't eat after you've touched your plate!!

The GUARDS start towards the disturbance created by Archie.

JOHN
You touched your plate, Arch.

ARCHIE
Exactly. My plate. I touched my plate. I didn't ruin anybody else's meal by touching their plate.

BERNIE
Archie sit the fuck down and shut up before you get us up the creek without getting our horse to drink.

ARCHIE
I can't eat that now!!

The Guards are on Archie at this point. Archie IS DRAGGED AWAY kicking and screaming.

ARCHIE (cont'd)
God damnit!!

JOHN
I guess Archie's out.

WINDSOR
Good.

BERNIE
No way. He's got the wheels.

WINDSOR
Where? In is his pocket?

BERNIE
No, man, his family lives a half mile from here. His brother's in here, you know, and he's got two more younger brothers that are probably on their way. Plus, his dad did time here years ago. Family tradition? I guess they just wanted to keep the family close, so they live right down the road. His old man said he could use the truck and camping gear.

JOHN
How we getting the truck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNIE
 Archie said it'll be out front of their place. Keys will be in it. His dad said that if we get caught, he'll swear Archie stole it again.

JOHN
 Again?

BERNIE
 That's why he's in here in the first place.

JOHN
 Stole his dad's truck?

BERNIE
 Yep.

WINDSOR
 Archie goes in the hole, he won't be able to go next weekend, so we should wait.

BERNIE
 We're not waiting!

WINDSOR
 Yeah, we can wait. It's okay.

BERNIE
 We have to go next weekend!! All of us. And Archie will be out. Nobody stays in the hole over vacation, cause it's more work for the guards. They want their vacations too, so he'll be out. And so will we.

Bernie looks to John who nods his approval, then they look to Windsor who leans back looking away,

INT. BATHROOM

Archie has his pants around his ankles as he lathers up,

ARCHIE
 (into the mirror)
 He loves you, he loves you not...

DEN

The other three are still at the card table, as Windsor deals out a new hand,

JOHN
 (defeated)
 Maybe Bernie's right, and this is all a set up.

BERNIE
 'Bout time you kiss 'THE' Bern's ass, you'll live longer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Looking at his new hand,

JOHN
You're a 'the' now?

BERNIE
I'm a 'THEE!' THEE guy who's been calling the shots. THEE guy who had us there that night, and THEE Guy who is letting you live.

JOHN
Is that right?

John DOWNS A SHOT, then pours himself another, downing that one too.

Windsor holds the deck waiting for John to declare how many cards he's taking.

WINDSOR
(to John)
How many?

John bears down on Bernie.

WINDSOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Thought you didn't drink.

BERNIE
Got to suck up his strength from somewhere.

JOHN
Like you sucking yours of Archie. For such a smart guy, turning Archie loose like that, was a stupid fucking move.

BERNIE
Turning who what?

John walks down to the bathroom, listens in for a moment, then returns, PACING around the table, all the while keeping an eye down the hallway to where Archie is.

JOHN
Don't play dumb.

BERNIE
Well, I think you tried, but couldn't quite pull it off.

JOHN
Am I dead? Is Windsor? You didn't exactly pull it off yourself.

WINDSOR
Windsor wasn't going die. How many cards do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN
 (to Bernie)
 Just remember when your turn comes,
 you're the one that upped the ante,
 Mister bing-bong.

BERNIE
 I thought we were going to play nice.

Bernie flashes a cocky smile, refusing to be drawn in by John, who gets colder and colder,

JOHN
 You think you have everybody down.
 Archie's your ounce of prevention? What
 did that make Windsor? Your pound of
 cure.

...now drinking straight from the bottle as his eyes seem to get coal black

WINDSOR
 Do you ever just shut up and play?

JOHN
 (only on Bernie)
 What? Find the money or not...Windsor
 pulls his piece then Archie kills him.
 What with me?

WINDSOR
 Not even close, smart man.

JOHN
 (to Windsor)
 You stupid fuck. You think you're in on
 IT. Whatever IT is?

WINDSOR
 How many cards do you want?

John reaches in his pocket and tosses SIX BULLETS on the table.

WINDSOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (laughing)
 You cashing in?

Windsor looks to Bernie to join in, but Bernie is strangely fixated on the bullets.

BERNIE
 (mocking surprise)
 There they are?

JOHN
 (intense)
 There they are.

ARCHIE
 There they are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Archie's back, grabs his bullets,

ARCHIE (cont'd)
I was just washing my hands.
(noticing)
Where's my cards?

...and takes his seat, picking up his cards as Windsor nervously deals him a hand.

John slowly sits back in his chair, and slams down another drink.

JOHN
(calmly to Bernie)
You want it more interesting, you got it.

BERNIE
(to John)
Bright side...it's best to have a snake
in the grass in front of you than one
behind the eight ball.

ARCHIE
What's wild?

John tosses two cards into the pile and waits for his fresh two cards.

Windsor stares at Bernie not believing HE WAS SET UP TO DIE.

Bernie acts as though nothing has happened, and tosses one card on the table.

BERNIE
(re:Windsor)
John will take two. Give me one.

Windsor continues to stare at Bernie.

JOHN
(to Windsor)
Yeah, lets play.

ARCHIE
What's wild?

BERNIE
(to Archie)
How many cards?

ARCHIE
What's wild?

WINDSOR
(to Bernie)
You fucked me.

BERNIE
I'm sorry, what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOHN
I'll take my two cards NOW.

ARCHIE
What's wild?

WINDSOR
You fucked me.

BERNIE
I guess I did. Come on, I thought we were going to play nice. Deal.

WINDSOR
You fucked me.

BERNIE
Yes, I fucked you.

ARCHIE
Threes, make it threes.

BERNIE
(to John)
I fucked you, I'll fuck anything.

ARCHIE
You fuck a sheep there Bern?

BERNIE
What? Shut up, Archie.
(to Windsor)
Deal, let's go, I'm hot.

ARCHIE
Hot?

WINDSOR
You splitting the money with Archie?

ARCHIE
Hey, you said you'd fuck anything. A sheep is anything. It's just a question

BERNIE
No it isn't.

WINDSOR
Maybe we just take you out. Archie I will give you my share if you take Bernie out right now.

ARCHIE
So, Bern, would you, fuck a sheep, then?

JOHN
I think he's a little preoccupied.

ARCHIE
(to John)
You?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOHN
Never do anything you wouldn't be caught
dead doing.

BERNIE
Good advice.

WINDSOR
Shoot him Archie.

ARCHIE
Would you Bernie?

BERNIE
Never...

WINDSOR
Before he shoots all of us.

BERNIE
(looks to Windsor)
Never.

ARCHIE
You can never say never.

BERNIE
Never? Because I'm smarter than that. Me
shoot you...never, but...

He gestures to Archie.

ARCHIE
A-ha! When we were little we said we
would never kiss a girl. Never. Now, we
lick their buttoholes.

WINDSOR
We do?

JOHN
Because you got your little puppet on a
string there to do it, you're ounce of
prevention.

BERNIE
My pound of cure. And really, what could
the likes of you do about it? CAN YOU
SHOOT SOMEBODY?

ARCHIE
How about a fat chick? Same thing.

JOHN
If underestimating people were a club,
you'd be the grand pooh-bah. You'll never
make it outta here alive if I die.

BERNIE
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JOHN
I didn't come here alone.

This drops on Bernie and Windsor like a hammer, as they take that one in...

BERNIE
...Oh Come on!!! I pulled that shit on you. That's old. We're passed that. I so much as twitch, and this retard will kill you both, that's what is real.

ARCHIE
Sheep, fat chicks, whatever...see you'd do them if desperate,

BERNIE
Then he'll happily shuffle off to prison,

ARCHIE
Nuthouse has better food,

BERNIE
Exactly. So, THE grand pooh-bah, your grand pooh-bah is all that stands between you living and you dying.

JOHN
Do it. Have him shoot us!

ARCHIE
It's all the same. See we do them, get our rocks off then mums the word. We tell shit. We're satisfied, easily, and we save face.

BERNIE
What?

WINDSOR
I'm not in on the 'do it' thing here.

JOHN
Do it.

BERNIE
Archie. Shoot these motherfuckers.

JOHN
Why don't you do it?

Bernie rips his gun from his pants and takes dead aim at John, then waves it over to Windsor, keeping both of them at bay.

BERNIE
Because I'm too smart for that. Archie!
Archie snaps to, grabbing his gun, THEN,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ARCHIE
So, there is a period of time it takes
that you get desperate enough to do a fat
chick...

Bernie points to Windsor and John....'SHOOT THEM',

WINDSOR
I didn't say 'do it'. John did...

ARCHIE
...how long for a sheep?

JOHN
Do you just sit around and think this
kinda shit up?

Archie's gun is right at John's head but John remains cool...

ARCHIE
Normal chat up at the hospital, you know
to pass time. So?

BERNIE
Archie, Archie, okay...just shoot these
guys...

Archie looks at Bernie.

JOHN
(to Archie)
So, you're just asking a...hypothetical?

ARCHIE
...Hypothetical, yeah.

BERNIE
Hypothetically?

ARCHIE
Hypothetical.

BERNIE
Hypothetically, no! Now, shoot him.

Archie's gun is right on John's head, THEN,

He shakes his head in frustration...

BERNIE (cont'd)
What?!? What?!?

Archie pulls the bullets from his pocket, and begins to load
his gun.

JOHN
Real impressive pooh-bah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

BERNIE
(embarrassed)
Hurry up, there, Arch....come on, you're
embarrassing me...

Behind Bernie and Archie, S.Crow knocks on the
door...accidentally OPENING it.

John jolts to his feet!

S. Crow stands looking at them, especially at Archie and his
gun.

Bernie TURNS, sees S.Crow, then, using his gun to point at
S.Crow.

BERNIE (cont'd)
Archie, get him!

BANG! Bernie accidentally FIRES OFF A WILD SHOT at S.Crow,
who,

STANDS for a moment, seemingly unscathed...Archie now has his
gun loaded, and turns to the door and empties his gun, EVERY
SHOT MISSES S.Crow just to THE RIGHT, splintering the door.

JOHN
Archie, Archie...what are you doing!?!?

ARCHIE
Shooting Judas.

JOHN
Missing Judas is more like it.

ARCHIE
I never miss.

THEN,

S.Crow starts to bleed, ever so slightly, from his neck where
Bernie must have got him.

WINDSOR
(seeing the blood)
Somebody got him.

JOHN
Wasn't Archie.

John looks to Bernie, who's eyes bulge with horror over what
he has done.

The blood BARELY seeps, as S.Crow pales as he eases to the
floor.

The four stand stunned, THEN,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

ARCHIE

What if it were say biblical times when people lived to say seven, eight hundred years old. You go a solid three hundred without it. You're out there one night tending the flock, having a little wine, one of those fluffy butt ones comes up to you. The rest of the flock is asleep, there's no one for miles...she gives you that sheepish look, and wags her fluffy little ass at you...?

BERNIE

Goddamn it Archie will you shut the fuck up!!!

Archie looks to S.Crow, then at the horror in Bernie's face.

ARCHIE

You need a hug...

Archie grabs Bernie, who busts out!

BERNIE

Stop it, you fucking idiot!! I can't figure for the life of me why they ever let you out of that nut farm, you worthless piece of shit!

Archie drifts over to the corner,

WINDSOR

You killed him Bern. You killed him.

BERNIE

(to John)

You brought someone, and now....now you don't have anyone anymore. What do you have to say now?

JOHN

You killed a man.

BERNIE

Yeah, well now we got to get rid of him, cause this don't look to good for any of us if Mr. DB Cooper comes strolling in right about now, especially for who brought this guy!

JOHN

This ain't a 'we', this is a 'you'.

Archie drifts back away,

BERNIE

I don't need anybody, you bunch of pussies. Archie come on, help me here. Archie!! Fuck face! Stop being such a nutbag, and help me here. Hey! Come on you fucking whack!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

ARCHIE
That's it. I can't take your abuse
anymore! I thought we were going to
together, I thought we had something,
something, something special, I thought
you loved me.

Archie storms off...

JOHN
No, I didn't see that one coming...

...stopping at the kitchen.

Bernie struggles to lift S. Crow's lifeless body...

BERNIE
I'm taking care of this and coming back
for you.

...as he drags the body out the door.

AT THE KITCHEN

Archie just stands still looking into the kitchen, AT,

INT. KITCHEN

DB stands slowly, TURNS TO Archie, THEN,

OPENS his red suitcase and pulls out a brand new BLACK
BRIEFCASE, all the while keeping an eye on Archie.

ARCHIE
Hey. You want to hang?

John and Windsor turn their attention to Archie, thinking he
is again talking to his Imaginary Friend,

JOHN
At least we know he's crazy.

INT. KITCHEN

DB sets the Black briefcase on the kitchen counter and starts
to ease his way back to the open kitchen window, keeping his
icy glare on Archie's stupefied face.

ARCHIE
You cold?

Archie pushes past DB and closes the window.

ARCHIE (cont'd)
You want some coffee?

Archie picks up the black briefcase and looks to put it
somewhere, opting to toss it under the cabinet, making room
for the coffee pot, two coffee mugs, AND...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHIE (cont'd)
Cereal with that?

...two cereal bowls.

Archie loads the coffee pot.

DEN

Windsor and John freeze at the sight of DB, now peering in at them. Once he's seen by them, he slides on into the room looking around at the total destruction.

DB
I'm going to clean up.

He looks down the hall,

DB (cont'd)
I suggest you do the same.

He slowly turns and goes into the bathroom,

Leaving a VERY STUNNED Windsor and John.

JOHN
No, I didn't see that one coming either.

WINDSOR
What now?

JOHN
Clean up.

A GREEN LIGHT comes on from the bathroom, and bleeds out under the door.

EXT. WOODS

SOBS permeate the foggy dense woods,

AS,

Bernie tries to BURY the body. He takes leaves and packs them on the body, and the face, doing a very sorry job.

BERNIE
Please, god, I swear, you get me out of this and I'll never kill anybody again.
I'll never...
(throwing up)
...never do anything, anything bad. Just, please, okay. Deal? Thank you god...

S.Crow's hand slides off his stomach and pokes from the leaves. Bernie grabs the hand and puts it back on his chest, then THROWS UP on it for good measure, packing more leaves on top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Please, I swear...I want to go home. Just
get me home...

A NOISE!, Brings Bernie to his feet, gun drawn! HE looks
around then, gathers himself and packs more leaves, twigs and
dirt on the body...

INT. CABIN

Windsor frantically paces back and forth, going to the
bathroom door, listening then pacing back into the main room,
as John straightens things up, including moving the rug from
under the table to cover the blood spot left by S.Crow,

JOHN
That guy is fucking...here.

WINDSOR
We're set. I mean, he had the suitcase,
and he's here...

JOHN
What are you going to do now? Somebody
brought help, which means Judas is among
us and you ain't it.

WINDSOR
I didn't like you before, but now, now
that my money has walked through that
door, I find myself in the wonderful
world of disgust for you.

JOHN
That's old man desperation talking.

WINDSOR
And he's saying....fuck you.

JOHN
You might need me.

WINDSOR
I don't need anybody.

JOHN
WE got a dead body on our hands. You
don't think he saw that blood. I somehow
think he wasn't talking about maid
service when he said clean up!

WINDSOR
I didn't shoot anybody.

JOHN
And if that's his guy, you think he's
going to give a fuck who shot him. I can
tell you this, that motherfucker has us
linked together whether you like it or
not. You desperately needing something to
be true don't make it true. Or haven't
you learned that by now?!

EXT. WOODS

BERNIE AND THE BODY

Bernie backs away from the burial...wiping his tears as well as the bits and pieces of throw up from his coat.

BERNIE
 Okay, God, I'll never stray again.
 (THEN, mumbling under his
 breath)
 Even though it was an accident, and not
 my fucking fault...

Lions approaches cautiously from behind Bernie, not seeing that Bernie is in fact burying his partner,

LIONS
 Sir...

INT. CABIN

BANG!...a gun shot from outside draws their attention,

JOHN
 Bernie's dead. I wonder who's next. It's
 a set up. He's taking us out.

WINDSOR
 Maybe you should run.

John looks at Windsor curious as to why Windsor isn't more afraid.

JOHN
 That leaves it between you and Archie,
 then.

WINDSOR
 And he doesn't know why he's here,
 perfect. Looks like you don't know me
 they way you thought you did.

EXT. WOODS

Bernie lays face down in the dirt, with Lions leaning against a tree, his FACE ODDLY STOIC,

Suddenly, Bernie starts to kick and pound at the dirt.

BERNIE
 God Damn it!! I said please, God, what
 happened with that?

Lions starts to slip down the tree from where he had been propped up by Bernie. A small blood trail follows his path down the tree, where Bernie's shot apparently NICKED Lions on the shoulder.

Bernie jumps up and starts propping the body back up on the tree,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE (cont'd)
Stop dying!

He looks at the wound on Lions' shoulder.

BERNIE (cont'd)
It's a little nick. Man you guys die
easy. PUSSY! Stop dying,

He continues the struggle to prop the body up, finally giving
in and letting it fall to the ground.

BERNIE (cont'd)
Fuck you, John! Fuck you. You did this.
You brought guys. You made me a murderer.
A murderer! You fuck, you fuck...a
murderer! (starting to weep) A
murderer...I'm a murder...er...

He looks down at the body...catching his breath and gaining
some composure. He stands over the body, assessing his work
and bowing up at the shoulders.

BERNIE (cont'd)
A murderer? Yeah...a murderer. I am kind
of a bad ass.

He looks down at the bodies, then, bends down, gun in hand
and yanks one of them up by his collar.

BERNIE (cont'd)
You want some more, huh?! NO?! That's
right, you don't want any part of me. I'm
a murderer...THEE! Murderer. THEE! Only
one here bad enough to take you out!

He lets go of the body and stands for a moment, then starts
off toward the cabin,

BERNIE (cont'd)
(mumbling his new mantra)
...a Motherfucking 'THEE!'
Murderer...bad ass...killing
machine...

Behind him, Lions' hand moves ever so slightly.

INT. ROOM - DARK

Windsor, gun in hand, sweat pouring from his brow, bears down
hard!

WINDSOR
That's it! Now you listen to me. Whatever
you've got, you bring it out. Every cent
you owe me.

Windsor pushes the gun forward,

WINDSOR (cont'd)
Shut up! Not a word! I'm going take my
share, I'm going take their shares...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bearing down harder, harder, harder, ON,

WINDSOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 ...anybody gets in my way...and Windsor
 J. Barnhill will kill you so hard your
 family will die. You dig, mister DB
 Cooper come lately.

...THE PILLOW that lies before him.

The first ray of sun breaks through his window, dawning a new day.

He pulls his gun away from the pillow, looking out the window.

WINDSOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 There you are, you bastard sun.

INT. JUVY HALL - VISITING AREA

Bernie and DB huddle at a table in the cafeteria.

Off at one table Windsor sits alone, waiting for his father he knows will never show. At another table is John who gets a slap across the mouth every couple of moments from his drunken FATHER.

Other 'Juvies' sit in various degrees of discomfort with their parents, except Archie.

Him and his DAD are having a wonderful, loving re-union.

DB and Bernie are all business and all whispers,

DB
 You have the guys?

BERNIE
 Does it have to be four?

DB
 One drives, one rides shot-gun, and two
 have to load me in. That's four. Do you
 have the four?

BERNIE
 I do.

DB
 The location, the gear, the truck...

BERNIE
 Yes, yes, yes, I have everything. I could
 do it by myself you know. You know in
 here I'm pretty much the man, and...

DB
 I have to go. You sure you have it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE

Yes...

DB stands ready to go.

DB

Now what's the code name? Come on...

BERNIE

Cooper. DB COOPER.

Bernie watches as DB walks out from the cafeteria, and looks around at the other fathers, including...

Archie and his Dad, who are hugging and hugging, and even kissing each other. They love each other, maybe too much as Archie's Dad gives Archie a little LOVE GROPE, and an open mouth kiss.

INT. JUVY - CHECK IN AND CHECK OUT AREA

DB is met by a guard as he leaves the room and is handed his red suitcase.

He eyes them suspiciously as he opens it to check the contents: soap, towels, green light and the black briefcase. He shuts the case.

EXT. JUVY HALL - ROAD

...down the road a bit from the entrance, sits The younger version of D. Roth and Timmons.

They keep an eye on the entrance as Timmons winces in pain, reaching for his heart. He reaches into his coat for his medication.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Windsor runs into the kitchen, in full panic mode, babbling away, not really noticing Archie, who,

Has a hat and some cards and is attempting to slide the cards up his sleeve, then drop them out into the hat, a-la John.

WINDSOR

(babbling)

Thirty-first. Last day of the month. Time just sucks. Just keeps moving, and moving ahead. Never back. Where's all that time I've saved over the years?

He walks to the hallway, looks under DB's door, then back to the kitchen, still not taking in Archie and his 'card trick'.

WINDSOR (cont'd)

There's just thirty one days in this month, right?

Finally, Archie gets it right, allowing the cards to perfectly slide from his sleeve into the hat right as he picks up the hat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINDSOR (cont'd)
 We should just ask him. Just go see when he's handing out the money, he'd tell you. Yeah, go ahead, Archie.

All the while the black briefcase goes unnoticed sitting under the cabinet.

ARCHIE
 Why me?

WINDSOR
 Because.

ARCHIE
 Because what?

Archie reloads the cards up his sleeve,

WINDSOR
 Sometimes 'because' means exactly that...because. That's it, not because of anything, just because...be-cause. 'Cause' is the motherfucking be.

Then, drops them into the hat, holding the hat out to Windsor.

ARCHIE
 I got it! I want to play, now.

Windsor looks to the hat full of cards Archie holds out to him, and realizes...JOHN FUCKED ME!

John strolls in, immediately met by Windsor's angry gaze,

WINDSOR
 Thought you left!

JOHN
 Couldn't. Archie? What, you're in with Archie now?

Windsor slaps the hat from Archie's hand, strewing the cards over the floor. A wry smile breaks across John's face.

WINDSOR
 Maybe I am.

The front door slams and Windsor yanks his gun from his pants. John holds tight.

Bernie, dirty, still covered in his own puke, storms into the kitchen, breaking through John and Windsor's stare down. He grabs a mug and pours himself a cup of coffee, which he chugs down like a stiff drink.

John and Windsor exchange 'thought he was dead' looks as Windsor eases his gun back into his pants.

BAM! Bernie slams the coffee mug to the ground, smashing it to bits, then turns to John.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNIE
(staring at John)
How many guys did you bring?

JOHN
What?

BERNIE
Your guys in the black suits, you fuck!

WINDSOR
Forget that now. We need to be together here.

BERNIE
How many!?

JOHN
(very smug)
Who knows?

Bernie pulls his gun, and John drops to his knees...Windsor steps back.

JOHN (cont'd)
(feigning fear)
No, no, no,...please...

ARCHIE
Do it Bernie.

BERNIE
I will Archie, thank you.

Bernie bears down on John.

ARCHIE
Shoot that motherfucker, maybe we can get back together.

JOHN
No, no...please, Bernie...

BERNIE
That's right, beg you little man. Beg!
You turned me into a murderer, and now your next!

JOHN
Turned you into...

John starts to laugh.

BERNIE
Something funny?!

JOHN
Yeah, that I thought for even a moment that you could shoot me, but think who could be watching this right now? My Black Suits. How many...huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

'How many?' Is not lost on Windsor as he leans in,

JOHN (cont'd)
How many do you think are out there? How
many can you kill?

Bernie still has the drop on John though his gun gets a
little shaky.

WINDSOR
Bernie don't do it man...

Bernie turns his gun on Windsor.

BERNIE
You in with him?

WINDSOR
No! I'm not in with anyone. Us, you know,
let's just do this...

BERNIE
Then shut up.

Back to John,

WINDSOR
...Let's get him out here, and see what
he's got.

BERNIE
Get who out here?

WINDSOR
He's here. DB's here, and the money, him
and the money are here. In the bathroom.

BERNIE
Fuck, Fuck, fuck, fuck...He's here!? No.
Not yet!

Bernie pulls his gun back, pacing the room,

JOHN
He's here, I thought that was the idea.
Guys in Black Suits, and guns, bing-bong,
whatever...he's here,

BERNIE
No, no...no! He's not here!? He is here?

Bernie darts out, looks down the hall, then rushes back in,

BERNIE (cont'd)
Already?

WINDSOR
Ain't no 'already' to it! SHIT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BERNIE
 (to John)
 Fuck, fuck...you had to bring guys.
 That's it! Your dead!

Bernie lunges at John grabbing him by the neck and forcing John to his knees, strangling the life out of him.

BERNIE (cont'd)
 You ruined everything. This isn't how it was supposed to be.

WINDSOR
 Bernie, the money...

JOHN
 Archie, get him out here.

Archie stands to do as he is told.

BERNIE
 Sit down Archie.

ARCHIE
 WE broke up, remember.

BERNIE
 (strangling John)
 Then we'll get back together!

Archie sits back down.

WINDSOR
 Bernie don't fuck it up!

BERNIE
 He fucked it up. He brought those suits!

Bernie shakes John by the neck, trying to squeeze the life out of him.

WINDSOR
 (trying to pull Bernie back)
 No, no...Bernie, There with me. Those guys. They're with me. Well, not me exactly, I never seen 'em before, but I know...

Bernie freezes, hands still wrapped around John's neck.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
 I, uh, owe them, or their boss, a lot of money. Not the little money you guys are used to, but big money. Today. Today is the last day, I owe the , the vig, the boot, the...

Bernie lets go of John,

BERNIE
 (starting to laugh)
 You?! The Suits are with you!
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BERNIE (cont'd)

Well, hope there's not more because they're going to think you killed their guys. I'm afraid you're stuck over a...puts you between a hard place, or falling of a rock, or stuck...

WINDSOR

Stuck between a rock and a hard place?!
Is that what you want to say!?!?

BERNIE

I don't need you yelling at me, if you intend for me to help you.

WINDSOR

Then get your fucking metaphors straight, you...

(realizing)

If I intend for you to help me?

BERNIE

Well, I don't know if I can help you, you know? I mean if a pebble falls in the ocean and no one is there to hear it, does it make waves?

WINDSOR

Oh, man! You're pathetic.

BERNIE

...don't look a blind horse in the eye,
(turning his attention to John)
...and you little, little, man. You got no suits, you got no gun...and I'm a bad ass now,

Windsor shakes his head, WALKING OUT in the hallway again,

BERNIE (cont'd)

(to Windsor)

...and don't you even think about trying to get more time, it won't work. I've stared those guys in the eyes, and well, they didn't drive all the way out here just to give you more time.

Bernie looks out at Windsor, now pacing and sweating,

BERNIE (cont'd)

(laughing at Windsor)

You are a dead man. Well, at least we're down to thirds.

WINDSOR

That's funny?

BERNIE

Quick Draw McGraw and his vig...

(mocking Windsor)

I owe the vig, the boot...

Windsor SLAPS Bernie across the face, knocking him back a couple of steps. Bernie recovers, realizes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BERNIE (cont'd)
Did you just... 'slap' me? You fucking pussy.

Bernie slaps Windsor, then pushes him into the cabinets.

Bernie and Windsor are going at it! SLAP, KICK, SLAP...looking like two girl scouts fighting. Finally, Windsor HITS Bernie in the stomach. Bernie GRABS HIS STOMACH and backs away,

BERNIE (cont'd)
(gasping for air)
Time out...time out.

...making the 'time out' sign with his hands as he tries to straighten up. He backs out of the kitchen,

BERNIE (cont'd)
...time out...

JOHN
What the hell is time out? I just got choked by 'time out'.

Bernie backs his way down the hallway to the bathroom, he grasps at the handle which at first does not turn, then unnoticed by Bernie, the green light goes out and on his next tug, he's able to open the door and go on in.

INT. KITCHEN

John stares at Windsor.

JOHN
Those guys are after you?

WINDSOR
Yeah.

JOHN
Fuckin'-A. There going to kill you if you don't pay what you owe?

WINDSOR
Yeah.

JOHN
Fuckin'-A. You probably owe more than he's got.

WINDSOR
Yeah.

JOHN
Fuckin'-A. You're dead either way?

WINDSOR
Fuckin'-A.

EXT. BATHROOM

Bernie hunches over the sink, grabbing his gut, trying to catch his breath,

BERNIE
 (Trying to talk himself into
 this)
 You are the man. You are the man...Come
 on! Be the man...

He turns on the faucet, drinks, then washes his face.

DB
 (from behind the shower
 curtain)
 Wash behind your ears, boy.

Bernie slowly turns to the shower curtain, looks for a moment, then pulls it back, REVEALING DB, RED SUITCASE at his side.

Bernie stares in disbelief, both stand in a long silence.

BERNIE
 Dad? You are here?

DB
 Of course, and you are...dirty.

BERNIE
 Fifteen years...fifteen years, sure been
 a while. Maybe, maybe we should hug or
 something, huh?

Bernie moves forward.

DB
 No, no...uh, I mean there will be time
 for that later. Right now, this place is
 dangerous. These guys are out of hand,
 and I don't have the time to straighten
 them out, before the money, so...

BERNIE
 The money?

DB
 Want to see it?

BERNIE
 That's never been important to me.

DB
 It hasn't?

BERNIE
 No.

DB
 Then why are you here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE

For you, to be with my dad. All I ever wanted was to be home with you. You not being there, made it like I never had a home. I mean, Mom, she,

DB

I know.

BERNIE

I was in and out of Juvy, jail...even did time in the big house...I came here so you could see...

DB

The others are here for the money, right.

BERNIE

Well, yeah, but...

DB

That's Good. See what?

BERNIE

That I rose above the muck. That I take care of things. How I operate, and what I can do in these type situations. I think you'd be proud of what I've become...and I think you'd see what you missed out on by not being there all those years.

Bernie stops to take a breath,

BERNIE (cont'd)

I've waited a very long, long time to tell you these things. Dad.

DB

I don't know what to say...I think..

BERNIE

I don't want your apologies...

DB

...that's kind of wimpy.

BERNIE

What?

DB

I Mean, son I couldn't just pop in on you, you know. I've been a wanted man. AT one time, even cracking the top ten.

BERNIE

No, no, you don't have to explain...I know. I mean the acorn didn't fall far from the mighty oak.

DB

(shaking his head)
Your mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNIE

What?

DB

Nothing. Look, you know the drill..It's a tough, nose to the grindstone, up at dawn, planning, scheming, thinking, working...

BERNIE

I just always thought how good we would be together, kind of a father son criminal team.

DB

Soon enough, we'll be able to be together.

BERNIE

How soon?

DB

Has it really been only fifteen years...my gosh...let me take a look at you then.

DB takes Bernie in...

DB (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Well, not overly strapping, but you didn't exactly have a leg up in that area. I'm sure you've more than made up for that in other areas.

BERNIE

Well, yeah I'm the smart one everyone knows it.

INT. KITCHEN

Archie settles in with his coffee and cereal,

JOHN

You really think he's that dumb. The bad metaphors, the ridiculous plans...the scheming. The guy is either the biggest idiot on the planet, or...

WINDSOR

Or.

John walks over to point at the bathroom door,

JOHN

Bernie's in there...get it.

John pauses to let that soak in..

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Just how long do two grown men spend in the bathroom together?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
After 'oops I didn't know you were in here' you're either fucking, fighting...or...

WINDSOR
Or?

JOHN
I don't think the three of us were ever to leave here alive. But, Bernie couldn't just kill us. No. He was here just to, well, operate the switch. Turn us on. A switch operator.

WINDSOR
A what?

John takes a moment, thinks how to present his case,

JOHN
(gesturing)
There's a room, and the light bulb is operated by one of three switches outside the room. You can turn on any of the switches as much as you want, in any order you want. But you can only go into the room once to check the light bulb. How do you know which switch works the light bulb?

ARCHIE
By shooting John in the mouth.

JOHN
Close...It's time and heat...You turn on the first switch and leave it on for ten minutes, then turn it off. Then turn on the second switch and go into the room. If the bulb is off and hot, it's the first switch, and if it is off and cold it's the third switch. Of course if it's on, then it is the second. Heat and time...just like here...only Bernie ran short both.

INT. BATHROOM

BERNIE
...then At ten, I almost made the little league team, twice...and, in junior high, the science team took only twenty students, but any more and I was probably in.

INT. KITCHEN

JOHN
The two days were to give the switch operator time to work. BERNIE. He was pulling all that shit just to get us to kill each other, and if Archie could hit anything we'd be dead. It's so fucking obvious...it's all a ruse!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (cont'd)

Bernie's not even really what you think. You think all that eggs' in the same tisket-tasket, bing-bong-basket bullshit is possibly real. He tried to get in our shit, turn up the heat, make it so we'd kill each other, or better yet, have retard of the month do it, then happily shuffle off to the nuthouse. Us dead, Bernie clean. DB? No living accomplices. No way could Bernie or DB count on that Archie couldn't shoot the moon if he was standing on it.

ARCHIE

Hey, I never miss, ask him.

...pointing To the empty seat next to him, his Imaginary Friend (I.F.).

ARCHIE (cont'd)

(to I.F.)
Right?

JOHN

The fly in their ointment. If he could shoot straight and keep his gun loaded, two very basic killing principals...we'd be dead.

ARCHIE

Besides, I'm not shooting anyone anymore, cause I don't want to go back.

Archie's Imaginary friend starts to get him riled up!

ARCHIE (cont'd)

Be-cause.

John looks back at Windsor with an amused 'see', look.

ARCHIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(to I.F.)
Be...cause, 'cause' is the motherfucking thing.

WINDSOR

What if one of us shot Bernie?

JOHN

Can you. Just shoot somebody.

WINDSOR

Can you?

ARCHIE

(to I.F.)
And the food is better,

JOHN

Exactly. They had us read from the get go. That was their genius.

INT. BATHROOM

DB sits on the closed toilet looking up in hopes that this...

BERNIE
High school, oh, I could feel I was
really starting to peak. I was second
alternate on the debate squad.

...will soon end,

DB
Bernie...

BERNIE
Two guys get sick and I'm on the team.
One of the guys had bronchitis, so I was
always close.

DB
I actually thought we'd get caught up
later. Right now, I need to get out of
here. It seems time has had a very
adverse effect on these guys...

BERNIE
How much is it any way? Just out of
curiosity...

DB
What?

BERNIE
The money.

DB
None of you will ever need anything
again. You'll have everything you ever
needed.

INT. KITCHEN

John paces out his thoughts,

JOHN
A planned deal from start to finish. That
night was planned. The fact we had to go
camping that night, according to Bernie.
The radio tower near by, being by the
river, keeping the fire going, all
Bernie, and all planned.

WINDSOR
Bullshit, us being there that night was
luck.

JOHN
You feel lucky right now?

WINDSOR
Why would DB even show up with us still
alive if that's the case? Too risky.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINDSOR (cont'd)
You know, I'd be better at thinking if that's all I sat around doing.

JOHN
I'd be better at being a coward if that's all I ever did.

WINDSOR
If you so know you are going to die, why stay?

JOHN
The need to know. Knowing beats not knowing...

WINDSOR
Even if it kills you?

JOHN
Why do you gamble if you know it's going to kill you, and IT IS. Because for me, Knowing beats not knowing on any level. As long as I know I lost to a better, smarter man,

WINDSOR
Like me?

JOHN
Like them. You're just a puppet like me. Those guys controlled the strings, those guys are the genius here. I can live or die, long as I know that. No regrets. 'Knowing' kicks regrets' ass. You have any regrets?

WINDSOR
Yeah. That money means so much I have to be with people like you.

INT. BATHROOM

BERNIE
Maybe, we uh...

Signals to the window...

BERNIE (cont'd)
...split...

DB
I understand, these guys are pretty rough. And since, as you say, the money means nothing to you, well, then if you'd like to puss out, then you can slip out with me. But, the money stays, because things must be clean. These guys would haunt us the rest of our lives, if they are not paid!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE

Puss-out? ME? I'M not the one running from those guys. They wouldn't be haunting me! So, If you're so afraid of what they may do, maybe you should have been around to learn from me. I been there, and I know what these guys respect...what they fear...

DB

And what is that?

Bernie shows his gun,

DB (CONT'D) (cont'd)

A gun, oh, no,no,no,...

DB starts the water and prepares for a big hand washing, turning on his green light, looking at his hands under it, and grabbing a pump bottle of soap,

DB (cont'd)

(reading the label)

Wet, lather, rinse...plan, do it, pay up...

Scrubbing his hands under the scorching hot water,

DB (cont'd)

...no, guns! Things must be clean...wet, lather...pay-up!

BERNIE

We go and take the money!

DB

See, if I they don't get their money, then this whole thing is....well, dirty. Things must be clean. Wet, plan, pay-up! I give them their money, and they are happy, the only good accomplices are happy accomplices. If you do not pay-up! If you do not rinse off the soap! Well, even that will carry dirt, mildew....wet, lather, rinse. No mildew. No rats. No, no no...left over dirt, no, no...They don't tell. It's worth any amount of money to be clean. The only alternative is to kill them all.

BERNIE

Well, there you go then...I mean, uh, there is always an alternative. Two right ways see, Because, I'm a real bad-ass now...I'm a, uh, uh...dad I'm a 'THEE'.

DB

A 'THEE'?

BERNIE

The Bern, and these guys know it. They fear me.

INT. KITCHEN

Both John and Archie are in a rant!

ARCHIE
(to I.F.)
...sure The grass may not be greener if
you make that mole hill into a mountain,
but,

JOHN
(to Windsor)
The longer I waited for this day to come
the more I needed this day to come.
Depended on it so that each years waiting
would not have seemed wasted. Waiting
was torture. Especially with someone else
holding the reins to my life.

ARCHIE
...but If these guys can make it out
here...

WINDSOR
Shut up, Archie.

JOHN
I only began to need the money as a
justification for the years I wasted.
Like the money would be some sort of pay
off.

ARCHIE
...why Not, and the food is actually
better. I love this cereal.

WINDSOR
...Archie...(shut up)

JOHN
Being rich would offset being a loser,
Because I knew he wasn't going to just
show up and pull fifteen years of my life
out of his suitcase and say sorry, here
you go.

INT. BATHROOM

DB and Bernie

DB is frozen...

DB
You shot someone?

BERNIE
Well...yeah...

DB
Then, you are OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNIE

I don't want the fucking money!

DB

As MY SON! Don't you understand, there is no statute of limitations for murder. You can never be clean.

BERNIE

OUT! I Thought that's what you would want, I mean, why did you wait to get here. Why did you leave me up here with these guys...I thought...Hey, Hey...It's not murder, though. Really. John brought guys to kill us, and I shot them, so...self-defense. Well, actually, not John, Windsor...but at the time I shot them I thought they were here for us, so...

DB

Them?! OH, oh, no. I'm sorry, 'the' Bern.

BERNIE

You're sorry? Well you should be, this is on your head. You were never there for me and things got confusing. Life, you know. You got to blame yourself here.

Bernie reaches out for DB's arm which is promptly withdrawn,

DB

Don't touch, you're filthy.

BERNIE

I mean, After all you were never there for guidance. I ended up in Juvy, Jail, even prison and again with Archie who uses the same toothbrush for his teeth as he does for his toes. Not clean! And Windsor, you know has a gun, here! Not clean, either! They shouldn't get the money either, and John, well....look things just never panned out for me.

DB

You shot someone...

BERNIE

Hey, like you never.

DB

Never.

BERNIE

You can never say never...

DB

Never!

DB starts taking off his clothes, and starts a hot shower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNIE
What are you doing?

DB
Things have to be clean.

Bernie looks to the water,

BERNIE
Me?

DB
Me! You'll never be clean now.
Never...All though,

BERNIE
All though?

Steam fills the room as DB starts to get in....

DB
All though...I am somewhat impressed. I
never met a murderer. Or a 'the'.

BERNIE
Yeah.

DB
It's just not clean.

BERNIE
Maybe I don't want to go home...

DB
There's no place like home Bernie.

He shuts the shower curtain.

INT. KITCHEN

John, Windsor, and Archie,

JOHN
My life tied to you guys...you were all
so easy! I've had you guys pegged from
the start!

ARCHIE
(to I.F.)
Maybe we don't go back. These guys do
great out here, and we all hang, so I
could do it,

WINDSOR
Shut this guy up!

JOHN
I knew you'd need the money, I knew
Bernie was in on it...and Archie...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHIE
...and the food's actually better...

WINDSOR
Nobody has that piece of shit figured out!

JOHN
...easiest of all...

ARCHIE
(to I.F.)
I don't care what you like, I'll shoot you too...

WINDSOR
Then do something about him!

John leans in to Archie over the table, holding his finger over Archie's bowl as he smiles back at Windsor.

ARCHIE
(to I. F.)
...Oh, you'll go back instead of me?
That's great!? THEN!!! You live,
motherfucker.

WINDSOR
Get rid of him!

John drops his finger into Archie's bowl.

INT. BATHROOM

BANG!!! A Shot rings out FROM the KITCHEN.

DB pokes his head out from the shower.

INT. KITCHEN

Windsor, paralyzed by fear, watches as John slowly drops to the ground.

His head coming to rest on the BLACK BRIEFCASE laying just under the cabinet.

Blood seeps through his shirt right in the middle of his chest, as the last drop of milk still drips from his finger.

ARCHIE
(to I. F.)
...all right, there! You can take credit for that and go back, I'm staying out here!

WINDSOR
Archie!

Archie bends down to get a good look at John,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHIE
 (to I.F.)
 ...if he dies, that'll be three. They
 should give you plenty of time for three.

WINDSOR
 (gasping for air)
 Shit! What are you doing!? You idiot.
 He's going to come out here!

Windsor runs into the hallway, glancing at the door, to see
 if Bernie and DB are coming out,

Windsor darts back into the kitchen,

ARCHIE
 (to I. F.)
 ...the garbage man for one. No, I
 guarantee serial killers get to stay.
 Because I know!!!

Windsor kneels down to John, then looks at Archie...

WINDSOR
 ...you killed him! You killed John. He's
 dead Archie, ...you killed him. John's
 dead? Oh my God.

Windsor runs into the hall, to see If DB is coming out.

Then back in the kitchen.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
 (still gasping for air)
 Archie, Archie, Archie...I thought you
 couldn't hit anything.

Archie dumps out his cereal, and pours a fresh bowl.

ARCHIE
 I never miss.

WINDSOR
 He heard that. He had to.

ARCHIE
 (to I.F.)
 Those guys never get booted out!

WINDSOR
 He's going to kill us Archie! You're not
 getting your money!

Windsor darts in and out of the kitchen.

ARCHIE
 (to I.F.)
 He's in there and where out here. You
 figure it out!

Windsor takes this as though Archie is talking to him, and
 suddenly it dawns on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WINDSOR

What?

Archie douses his cereal with coffee,

WINDSOR (CONT'D)

That's it. Archie, Archie. You can do it.

ARCHIE

(to I.F.)

Three's plenty...

He looks to Windsor.

ARCHIE (cont'd)

This dumbass (I.F.) wants to go back, but he's saying that shooting three people is not enough. That it has to be four!

Archie can't get one bite of cereal in his mouth with I.F.'s constant interruptions.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(to I.F.)

Okay! Okay! I shot your friend, when he was sneaking up behind Bernie. Sorry. I shot Judas when he followed that Black suited guy into the cabin...(counting them off)

WINDSOR

Archie you do those guys, and we'll uh, we'll split it.

Windsor chokes up waiting for Archie to come around.

WINDSOR (cont'd)

Archie?

Archie points to John.

ARCHIE

(to I.F.)

That's three...

Archie slops in a mouthful of cereal, puts the spoon in his bowl, wipes his mouth, points at Windsor!

ARCHIE (cont'd)

Four!

As Archie goes for his gun, this DAWNS on Windsor like a hammer.

Windsor FLIES out the cabin!

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(to IF)

I'm not chasing him! Three's enough!

INT. BATHROOM

BERNIE
I'm not going back out there...

DB undresses in the shower, neatly folding and setting his clothes out as they come off.

DB
Yes, you will.

DB abruptly shuts the shower curtain.

BERNIE
But, but...

DB
(from behind the curtain)
No buts...now you get yourself out there,
you're the 'THE' that started it! You fix
it!

EXT. BACK OF THE CABIN

Windsor flies around the corner, ruffling through his pockets looking for his keys,

He jumps in his car, still fumbling for his keys, UNTIL, he notices the keys dangling from the ignition.

He takes a breath of relief, UNTIL he HEARS something coming from the speaker in the dash.

He leans in to the cassette player, turning it up,

The tape SLOWLY PLAYS back,

WINDSOR
(his voice on the tape)
Y-o-u, a-r-e...

Windsor looks again at the keys, realizing they have been left in the ON POSITION.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
(finishing for the tape)
...THE MAN!

He panics as he tries to start the car.

The BATTERY is DEAD!

WINDSOR (cont'd)
Shit! Shit! Shit!

He bangs on the steering wheel,

He tries to start the car, again, and again as he breaks out in sobs, pleading for the engine to start,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gives up and jumps from the car, tripping over his gun which slides out the bottom of his pants.

He gathers himself, not noticing the gun, and looks for his next move.

NOTHING!

EXT. FRONT OF THE CABIN

D. Roth and Timmons pull up and park around to the side of the cabin.

Sweat pours from Timmons brow as he pulls himself from the car. D. Roth rushes around to join Timmons who leans back against the car to catch his breath.

D.ROTH
You okay?

Timmons musters a nod and the two dart for the cabin.

INT. KITCHEN

Archie covers his ears as though he is trying to shut someone out.

He looks to the empty chair, shaking his head...

ARCHIE
(through his teeth)
Shut up...shut up...

DEN

The door is thrown open as Timmons and D. Roth ENTER.

Archie exits the kitchen, GUN IN HAND, as Timmons reaches into his coat, freezing at the sight of Archie and his gun. Archie looks at D. Roth and Timmons, then goes right back in the kitchen, still dealing with I.F.,

ARCHIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(from the kitchen)
...you don't know everything you know,

Timmons and D.Roth look at each other searching for their next move. D. Roth motions for them to ease back out,

ARCHIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(from the kitchen)
...You know what? We just need to ask
someone else. That'll be fair.

Timmons and D. Roth turn to get out, WHEN

Archie STORMS back IN from the kitchen.

ARCHIE (cont'd)
HEY!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D. Roth gets his hands in the air, but Timmons can't get his up, as he grimaces in pain. Timmons starts to reach in his pocket when D. Roth slowly stops his progress, waving him off.

D.ROTH
No one needs to kill anyone, here, sir.

ARCHIE
That's what I been saying! Get over here!
Both of you. Now!

Timmons and D. Roth turn and start walking cautiously over to Archie, WHEN,

D.ROTH
(recognizing)
Archie?

ARCHIE
Hey. Come on, come on!

They move to the kitchen door at Archie's request, stopping when they see, John laying shot on the floor.

TIMMONS
He's dead!

Timmons and D. Roth inch back into the living room, Timmons grasping his chest, and starting to reach in his pocket, AS Archie puts his gun on Timmons, freezing him.

ARCHIE
Your packing! That's not the kinda help I need here, I got that covered.

Archie backs away a couple of steps, yelling back to the kitchen.

ARCHIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(back to I.F.)
Get out here.

D.ROTH
Us?

ARCHIE
No! Shut up and listen!

Archie sees I.F. take a place next to him.

TIMMONS
Did you killed that man?

ARCHIE
Yeah, sort of, but that's not the issue.
He and I(I.F.) are having a bit of a disagreement and I want to know who's side you guys are on.

D. Roth and Timmons look to each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

D. ROTH
We're on yours.

ARCHIE
(to D.Roth)
HEY! Let's be fair here, don't choose
till you know the facts! Now listen up.

D. Roth sees Archie has some sort of Imaginary Friend and searches to try and place this person.

D.ROTH
Uh...Fred? You okay?

ARCHIE
That's not Fred, Fred's dead. Now,
listen!

D.ROTH
We're listening, son, go ahead.

Archie starts to pace, intently, still banishing that gun.

ARCHIE
Okay, first he says he's going back for
me, then...three's not enough for him?
I'm not going back! These guys all do so
well out here, why can't I?

DOWN THE HALL

Bernie has appeared from the bathroom, with the red suitcase in hand, he stops to listen in,

DEN

ARCHIE (cont'd)
I'm smarter than these guys. They don't
even know how to hang. So! HE says
(pointing to I.F.) that he'll take the
credit for all the killings.
(to I. F.)
We had a deal, now I'm not going back
anymore and that's final! Hey! We're
letting these guys decide, Right!?

Archie points the gun at Timmons and D. Roth.,

D. ROTH
Okay, okay, sir, why don't start by
telling us what happened here.

Archie starts to break down, and puts his gun away, feeling he's really being heard.

ARCHIE
Oh, okay. What happened? Okay, okay,
first we all came out here to hang, but
nobody really wanted to hang. Bernie said
John brought someone, Then, I see Fred
coming up behind him, so I shot him, for
Bernie!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARCHIE (cont'd)
Cause we were going to be together. Then Windsor and John brought in Judas which also seemed to make Bernie jealous, cause he's a fag and...

Archie gestures a 'you know',

ARCHIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
So I shot Judas.

D. Roth sees his inroad.

D.ROTH
And that must have made Jesus feel better too.

ARCHIE
Jesus was all ready dead dumbass, Judas shot him. Then, John put his finger in my bowl, and I promised my Bern that if he did it again...good bye John. So really none of these guys knew how to hang, so I was all ready to go back to the nuthouse, but then HE SAYS (pointing to I.F.)that he'd like to go instead of me. So, I thought, great, you go, cause I've started liking it out here. Plus the food is better. SO? What do you think?

D.ROTH
(choosing his words carefully)
I think...a Deal is a deal. That if he (trying to point to the right spot)was going to take credit for this, and that was the deal, he should stick with the deal. And that three is enough, and that should get him all the time he wants.

ARCHIE
I like you.

D.ROTH
I like you too Archie.

GUN YANKED and placed right on D. Roth's temple.

ARCHIE
Are you trying to pecker me?

D.ROTH
What? NO...Not at all, uh, listen, son, none of this is worth...

Bernie easily strolls into the den, red suitcase in hand.

ARCHIE
Bernie. Good news, I'm not going back.

Archie still has a bead on D. Roth's head.

BERNIE
Well, well, well, Windsor's boys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Bernie holds up the red suitcase?

BERNIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (re: suitcase)
 Oh you want this, right. YOUR
 money...well you have to take that up
 with Windsor. He owes you, he pays you.
 Where is the coward?

ARCHIE
 He left.

Bernie peers into the kitchen, SEES John sprawled on the
 floor, he staggers for a moment,

BERNIE
 Archie! Who did this?

ARCHIE
 Wasn't me.
 (to D. Roth)
 Right???

Bernie looks at John, his pale face, the blood seeping from
 his mid section, then at the suits, still pinned down by
 Archie, which gives Bernie that extra strength he needs TO,

Yank out his gun, drop the suitcase and join in. Bernie's
 eyes are blaring with anger,

BERNIE
 (sadness creeping in)
 John had nothing to do with that fuck
 Windsor's debt! You shot an innocent man.

Bernie is in their face, point blank range, as Timmons starts
 to reach in his coat pocket.

BERNIE (cont'd)
 I wouldn't! You know who I am? I am a
 THEE. Thee guy who shot two of your guys.
 Dead! THEE guy who's running this show.
 Thee guy who's going to kill you both,
 you sorry little fucks. THEE son of THEE
 man, who is going to clean things up!!

He steps back taking aim at D. Roth's head. Bearing down,
 pressuring the trigger till it just about can't hold out,
 UNTIL, his hand starts to shake. Sweat beads now drip into
 his eyes as he looks into those of a man he is about to take
 out.

He drops the gun, wipes away the sweat, paces to re-group.

ARCHIE
 Do it Bern.

Bernie starts to laugh nervously, as he looks to draw down
 again, THEN,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BERNIE
 (Singing badly)
 ...Two blind mice, two blind mice, didn't
 see how he ran, didn't see how he
 ran...now, you should,

Bernie searches for the next lyrics of his off-beat attempt
 at taunting the suits.

ARCHIE
 (Singing worse)
 Hickory-dickory dock...the mouse ran up
 the clock, so shoot those motherfuckers,
 Bern. What's in the case?

Bernie's hand shakes, he looks back to John, then at the two
 faces he's about to remove,

BERNIE
 (still trying to sing this)
 Now, you should...'ran'? Wait.

ARCHIE
 Great poem, Bern. Just shoot 'em.
 (pointing to I.F.)He's taking all the
 blame, they said it's okay.

TIMMONS
 No! NO!

D.ROTH
 Sir...

BERNIE
 (reciting)
 ...two blind mice, two blind
 mice...didn't see, didn't see, oh what
 the fuck. HE RAN! Get it!? ran? Windsor
 ran! So, you can get the hell out of
 here! He's gone! Get it!?

ARCHIE
 (slapping Bernie on the back)
 Do it.

Bang! The bullet rips through D. Roth's shoulder, sending him
 to the floor. Timmons grabs at his heart, and tries to catch
 his breath.

ARCHIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Wow! GO Bern!

Bernie watches as Timmons cradles the fallen D.Roth.

BERNIE
 Oh, my god.

Bernie is horrified by his shooting, but tries to hold onto
 being tough.

ARCHIE
 My partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Archie is all over Bernie.

BERNIE
 Look, I'm sorry, all of a sudden I was a
 'the' and...all I really wanted was to be
 home, with my dad, and...
 (switching gears)
 Look, you're here for Windsor and he's
 gone! Why didn't you just leave!?

Timmons tries to hold on, still reaching into his coat,
 Bernie bears down on him, now with tears running down his
 face,

BERNIE (cont'd)
 Don't, or I will.

Timmons removes his hand from his coat, tries to speak, but
 Bernie shoves the gun in his face.

BERNIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (yelling back at them)
 Shut up! Just shut up.

Bernie backs away and starts to pace.

BERNIE (cont'd)
 I did the two blind mice thing, that was
 pretty scary... 'mean' like, wasn't it?
 You should have just left!

Bernie looks to Archie needing to say something, as though he
 believes Archie could somehow fix things,

BERNIE (cont'd)
 (Blaming Archie)
 You...

Bernie storms into the kitchen to regroup, as Archie...

ARCHIE
 I should...(take care of Bernie)

Archie follows him into the kitchen.

Timmons reaches for his pocket, when D. Roth grabs his arm,
 stopping his progress. D. Roth squeezes Timmon's arm trying
 to alleviate his pain and get to his feet. Timmons pushes
 through his pain, and helps D. Roth to his feet, JUST AS,

The door flies open, PINNING them behind the door.

Windsor CHARGES in, as the two suits do the best they can to
 conceal themselves behind the door.

WINDSOR
 Archie! You're mine, you fuck!

KITCHEN

Bernie crumbles over the sink, straddling John, as he
 splashes water on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Archie approaches from behind, stopping at the sound of Windsor.

DEN

Windsor's eyes are immediately drawn to the red suitcase, and the look of 'this is too easy' elicits a wry smile. He approaches slowly, then picks it up, SLAM!

The wind blows the door shut, Windsor turns to see Timmons, frozen, hand out, where he was reaching for the door that just escaped his reach.

Windsor immediately reaches deeper and deeper into his pants for the gun, which is no longer there. A Mexican stand off, UNTIL,

WINDSOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
The thirty first. Due date. Okay, okay...

He holds up his hand, seemingly to hold them off while he opens the case.

KITCHEN

Archie approaches Bernie from behind, with open arms, ready to give him a big hug.

ARCHIE
(sincerely)
I let you down.

DEN

Windsor slowly opens the case,

THEN, just as he peers into the case. NO MONEY!! He SLINGS it across the room, strewing the soap, cleansers, towels, and green light everywhere. The light lands and clicks on, casting a green hue across the room,

Windsor looks to the suits, feeling trapped.

THEN,

WINDSOR
Nah, nah, nah, Look at me. I'm dancing.
You see that...dancing?

KITCHEN

Archie is just about to give Bernie that big hug he so wants to deliver, when he is distracted by what he hears in the den, he leans out to get a look, SEEING,

DEN

Windsor dancing around the room, strutting his new found courage, and it must be infectious because, behind him, Archie has crept into the room and is dancing behind him, though with considerably less rhythm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

WINDSOR (cont'd)
 I'm dancing and you're leaving. I'll pay
 the money when I damn well please. You
 dig!? I don't care how many of you guys
 there are. No more pushing me
 around...and once this is all said and
 done, I won't be needing anymore money
 from your boss. You tell him that. As
 for you guys....I'll tell you how it is
 going to be. You can turn and
 leave....get your money when I say....or,

KITCHEN

Bernie tries to get a grip,

BERNIE
 Be a man!

He looks down at John, looking for someone to back him up,

BERNIE (cont'd)
 That's what he wants, right?

DEN

WINDSOR
 ...OR! Die at the hands of one pissed off
 motherfucker. Because Windsor J. Barnhill
 is through running and through owing and
 through with the likes of you. Choose.

Windsor becomes distracted as Archie takes his dance around the room.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
 What the fuck are you doing?

ARCHIE
 Dancing with the nigger.

Windsor turns grabbing Archie by the throat and pinning him to the wall.

WINDSOR
 Don't think for one white trash minute
 that you are getting away with killing
 John if I have to take you out myself.

Windsor whirls to look at the suits.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
 You niggers just hang tight.

Back to Archie, who is grasping for air from Windsor' ever tightening grip on his throat.

WINDSOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 You repulse me. You and your white trash,
 'nigger' talking bullshit.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

WINDSOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
That's just some word lowlifes like
yourself use to feel worthy... 'at least
you're better than the nigger, right'?
Well, after all this time of being given
the upper hand, you're still the same
lowlife piece of shit your great, great
grandfather was. Tell your kids this when
they go to work for mine. One, don't use
that word at work and TWO... Don't BE
LATE!!!

Archie start to lose consciousness,

BERNIE
Let him go.

Windsor keeps his grip on Archie's neck as he looks down the
barrel of Bernie's gun.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
You did this. You. You brought those
guys. You made me have to clean things
up. Without you this could have all been
one night, in out bing-bong. Take the
money and go. You fucked all this up. And
now I have no one. You made me a killer.

SLAP! Windsor sends Bernie back with one across the cheek.

BERNIE (cont'd)
You can't do that to me! I'm the man
here.

WHAM! Windsor delivers his first real punch, and as much as
it rattles Bernie, it feels good to Windsor.

Archie gasps to regain consciousness.

WINDSOR
How was it supposed to be little man? I
go for my gun, and Archie takes me out.

WHAM! Another delivery across Bernie's jaw, sending blood
flying.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
You're just the man that can't do things
for himself.

Bernie raises his gun, WHAM! Windsor knocks him to the
ground.

Bernie crumbles,

BERNIE
I'm a thee!

WINDSOR
You're nothing.

Wham! Wham! Wham! Windsor pummels Bernie, THEN,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

Pulls the gun from Bernie's limp hand.

BERNIE
You brought those guys, you made me a
killer. Unclean.

BANG! Windsor turns a fires a warning shot over Timmons and D. Roth.

BERNIE (cont'd)
(still babbling away)
Now, I can never go home.

Windsor bears down on Bernie, as Archie catches his breath, all in the eerie glow of DB's green light.

WINDSOR
You killed the suit. YOU shot that one,
and YOU picked the likes of Archie to do
your dirty work. You failed and YOU made
YOU.

Archie has a dawning, realizing he let his Bernie down. HE looks to I.F. whispering through his still wrenched neck,

ARCHIE
I'll take credit for this one.

WINDSOR
You worthless piece of shit.

BERNIE
(sobbing)
And now I can never be like him.

Windsor lowers his head to make good eye contact with Bernie.

AS, Archie's gun raises to meet the back of Windsor's head,

Windsor raises his gun to Bernie's sobbing face, READY TO GO!

THEN, he feels Archie's gun at the back of his head, and he knows who's next.

Windsor looks at Bernie deciding to make this one a TWO FOR ONE,

CLICK, Archie's hammer pulls back, and Windsor knows it's the 'go moment', as he presses the gun to Bernie's head. HE contemplates the gravity of what is about to go down,

WINDSOR
I still win.

CLICK! The **GREEN LIGHT TURNS OFF!** They look TO,

DB calmly standing in the doorway, holding his green light,

They all stop, LOOK, and freeze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

DB
I'm ready to go home.

Bernie, Windsor and Archie have yet to move a muscle as they watch DB walk out the front door. D. Roth and Timmons get to their feet and ease out behind him. Timmons grasps at his heart and D. Roth holds his injured shoulder.

OUTSIDE

The three get to the car, immediately going to the trunk as D. Roth gives Timmons the keys to open the trunk. DB stands by, AS,

BERNIE explodes from the cabin.

BERNIE
He's not THE man!! I am. I'M the one you want! I'M the real bad ass here! ME! HE never even shot anyone. Tell, them dad! Tell them!

D. Roth and Timmons eye Bernie cautiously, while...

THEY STRAP a STRAIGHT JACKET on DB, who calmly accepts the comfort the jacket provides.

DB is eased into the car, and Timmons and D. Roth start to get in, keeping an eye on Bernie,

BERNIE (cont'd)
What the...

Archie and Windsor, guns at their sides, appear in the doorway.

BERNIE (cont'd)
(to himself)
Just wait! Kill them all. Clean, right dad? Clean. I'm gonna clean things up, here. Me!

D.ROTH
Sir. We have room for one more...

Gesturing for Bernie to join them, as Timmons eases back to the trunk, pulling out another straight jacket.

Bernie starts to get tics reminiscent of Archie as he continues to mumble to himself.

He joins Timmons at the trunk, who straps him in and leads him to the back seat to join his father.

Bernie gets in and Timmons finally gets to his pocket, getting his HEART MEDICATION and popping two pills choking them down before he gets in.

They DRIVE away, as a stunned Archie and Windsor watch from the porch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

Windsor looks at Archie, then back at the car disappear down the road.

Archie looks to Windsor with a big, 'HUH'.

Windsor goes into the cabin, and Archie starts to follow as the door slams right in Archie's face.

INT. CABIN

Windsor looks around the room, and as tired and devastated as he is, there is a hint of pride in finally conquering his fears. He looks around at the ashes of chaos,

THEN, casually takes a bottle from the bar,

INT. BLACK CAR - RACING AWAY FROM THE CABIN

UNTIL,

TIMMONS

Look out.

D. Roth slams on the brakes inches from two figures crawling down the road. It's Lions and S.Crow, bloody and covered with bits of Bernie's vomit. Timmons gets out and helps them into the car. Lions and S. Crow look at DB and Bernie in their straight jackets with Bernie still mumbling...

BERNIE

I killed that guy, and that guy...and...

KITCHEN

Windsor walks into the kitchen and plops into a chair over looking John. He pours himself a stiff drink,

WINDSOR

(looking at John)
At least I didn't die for nothing.

JOHN

I'm not dead yet.

A shocked Windsor leans in to take a look as John gets one eye open,

WINDSOR

I wasn't talking to you.

Though not dead, there is not much left in John.

JOHN

You going to leave me here?

WINDSOR

No.

Windsor starts to move in to help John up, but John rolls away. Windsor draws back. John musters all the strength he can to push the black briefcase over to Windsor's feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Windsor takes a long look before picking it up and placing it on the table. He swigs down his drink. He stares down the briefcase, then, pops the latches. He pours another drink, THEN,

Slowly slides the briefcase to the far end of the table, leaving it UNOPENED.

He rises, downs his drink and helps John to his feet.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
Let's go.

JOHN
You're not going to open it?

WINDSOR
I'm not letting anyone do this to me again.

Windsor helps John out the door.

EXT. CABIN - AROUND BACK

They make their way to John's car where they are met by Archie

ARCHIE
If you're still offering me that job I'll take it.

WINDSOR
Sure Archie, get the door.

Archie opens the car door, helps Windsor put John in. John looks at Archie.

ARCHIE
Bye John.

John just shakes his head, what else can he do, as Archie holds out his hand to Windsor expecting to get paid for opening the door.

Windsor looks at Archie's outstretched hand,

WINDSOR
Oh, you want to get paid?

Archie nods.

WINDSOR (cont'd)
Well, uh, your money's in the cabin.

Archie looks back at the cabin, then at Windsor realizing Windsor is pulling his leg,

Archie laughs it up, and gives Windsor a friendly punch in the arm. Windsor forces up a 'holy shit ha-ha' and gets in the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archie watches them drive away, then it dawns on him,

ARCHIE
(shouting)
I know you're just joshing me about the
money, but that's what friends do, try to
get in your head, right?

Archie chortles his way into his car, revs it up, then TEARS AWAY.

A swirling DUST DEVIL created by his tires, gains strength grabbing things from the air; twigs, leaves...and a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL,

FRONT OF CABIN

It dances its way around sucking up more twenties,

DB
(V.O.)
Once DB Cooper left the plane nobody
knows what happened from there. But a
perfect plan always has a perfect finish.

The dust devil quickly spirals up to grab more twenties, as it approaches the front door of the cabin,

INSIDE

The wind gusts into the cabin juggling the money, grabbing all that it finds,

DB (cont'd)
(V.O.)
For my money...he landed near a target he
could see from the sky, like a radio
tower. There he had someone, or more than
one, say four people...Kids! Waiting to
rendezvous.

KITCHEN

More and more money,

DB (cont'd)
(V.O.)
They would drive him out of harms way and
to a safe house, where he would hold up
long enough before leaving the area. From
then on it would become a matter of time,
and patience, and then...completion.

KITCHEN FLOOR

The money spirals for a moment, THEN,

Eases it's way into the black briefcase, now open, exposing the rest of the TWO-HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DB (cont'd)
(V.O.)
Lather, let the statue of limitations run
out, Rinse...pay off the
accomplices...Repeat.

INT. WHITE SANTIARY ROOM

DB, laying flat on a GURNEY, looks up at the WHITE COAT standing over him attaching a small wire to his temple.

DB turns his head to the gurney next to him,

DB
We're going to make a great team, son.

Bernie, already has his mouthpiece inserted to keep him from swallowing his tongue.

He has two ELECTRODES on his temples, two more on his forehead and his HEAD IS COMPLETELY SHAVED...he's more than a bit pre-occupied at the moment.

DB and Bernie attempt to join hands, struggling and twitching to get through the straps...just The tip of their fingers meet. Extends his hand over and takes Bernie's hand,

The mouthpiece is then placed in DB's mouth and the final electrode attached,

He straightens his head, finds a focus point on the ceiling, then smiles,

THE LIGHTS FLICKER to the sound of serious ELECTRICITY,

FADE OUT