

TRAMPS LIKE US

Screenplay
By
Marisa Torre

FADE IN:

EXT. AFGHAN ARMY BASE - DAY

English and Pashto sign: 'United States 205th ATUL Hero
Corps of Afghan National Army, Kandahar'

WIN; 30ish short, pudgy, dishevelled dirty multicam, always looks a mess, is singing and grooving to himself. He locks a fence gate around a yard containing a row of doorless sheds. He turns around to see two impeccably dressed, dead serious and fully armed Military Police Officers (M.P.s). Win thinks hard, gestures confusion, but then not surprised. M.P.s snap aside to make a spot between them. Win steps in, amplifying their contrast, then gestures; Shall we? M.P.s strut and Win shuffles to Commanding Officer's office.

INT. COMMANDING OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY

Commanding Officer seated at a desk, signs a paper and hands it to Win standing almost at attention on other side of desk.

INT. ARMY BARRACKS - THAT NIGHT

In the dark quiet barracks, while everyone sleeps, Win, in his underwear, sneaks from his cot and out the back door.

EXT. ARMY BASE - NIGHT

Win sneaks across base dodging security guards and aerostat.

A Soldier at the fence around the same doorless sheds takes a wad of \$20 bills from Win, counts it then unlocks the gate. With Win pressed against the Soldier's arm on the side away from surveillance, Win syncs his step with the Soldier patrolling the yard, and then slips inside one of the sheds.

INT. ARMY SHED - NIGHT

Win lights up happily as he affectionately extends his arms

WIN
Daddy's here!

Win is jumped on and downed by two big, happy-to-see-him, German Sheppard army dogs, CHAMP and DUKE, licking his face. Win pulls them close.

WIN

Hey, guys, this is it.

(they shake away)

Now, I'm countin on you guys

(smiles sadly)

to get why I was here tonight.

Y'know, tomorrow, when you

don't see me anymore. That's

why I was never here at night

before.

(off dogs listening)

I wanted to sleep here every

night, I missed her so much.

Now I'm gonna miss you.

They snuggle beside him on the floor and get comfortable.

WIN (cont)

You'll like Wendy. She's a...

a true woman. We got enough

to go legit now;

(nods strong)

a new start for a nice life.

I'm gonna adopt you as soon

as I can. Then I'm gonna have

you a-l-l together forever...

He pulls the dogs to him, his face between theirs.

WIN

(reflective)

How many times, I'dda bin dead

or cripple without you ...

He lingers. They lie all over him and sleep until dawn.

INT. USA NORTHTOWN MOTOR HOTEL (N.M.H.), LISA'S ROOM - DAY

WENDY, 25ish, plain, average but cute, gets up from a chair.

DOC, handsome 50ish doctor, writes a prescription.

SONIA, a BFF house hooker, 40ish, voluptuous Italo-exotic beauty with an elegant accent, takes over in Wendy's chair.

They are at the bedside of LISA, a house hooker, 20ish, very badly beaten. Wendy gestures to Sonia; Are you sure?

SONIA (Italian accent)
 Dont worry. Go, go take care
 of your business, your baby
 and tomorrow your husband.
 I have something to read for
 her and something to write
 for me.

INT. N.M.H., UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - SAME DAY

Wendy catches a look from Doc as she closes the door.

WENDY
 'That' didn't happen 'here'!

INT. U.S.A. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH RECTORY - DAWN

FATHER QUART, 30ish, tall, fit, handsome, exact same hair as Win but neat and clean. (Win's brother)
 Altar Boys help him with his Holy Mass vestments, and when they go to prep other things, Fr Quart steps reverently to a wooden cabinet. When he opens it, he is hidden by the door between him and the boys. Fr Quart moves a brass chalice aside, reaches behind it for a bottle of vodka, takes a long drink, puts it back then takes out the chalice.
 In the chalice there's a lipstick kissed napkin "call me".

INT. ARMY SHED - NEXT DAY (DAWN RESUMED)

Win wakes up and hugs his dogs, sits up and hugs them, stands up and hugs them, walks to the door dragging them with him in a hug and then tearfully hugs them again.
 He tries to say it but eventually just gestures "good-bye"

INT. ARMY BARRACKS - SAME DAY

Win re-enters the back door unnoticed, walks through shower area among other men and goes to his locker where two armed and impeccable M.P. Officers, at attention, wait for him.

While dressing behind them, Win silently takes a bag from a false-bottom of the locker and digs through bundles of \$20, \$50 and \$100 bills; first to find a pair of binoculars which he kisses, then he pulls up the bottom of the bag to put it on top of the cash and then lovingly puts in the binoculars.

When he's dressed, he lets the M.P.s see him fill it with toiletries and snacks before he ZIPS it closed.

EXT. ARMY BASE - SAME DAY

At a military vehicle with two other M.P.s already on board, Win throws his bag in, boards and hands them the paper. As they inspect it, they turn to make a smelly-face at him.

M.P. DRIVER

God, you stink!

M.P. GUARD

You going home with that smell?

WIN

Yeah? That smell is the only
good thing about this place
(mostly to himself)
-and I'm takin it with me.

As soon as car passes the camp gate Win dons the binoculars.

INT. RECTORY CORRIDOR - DAWN (RESUMED)

Fr Quart walks reverently to Mass behind the altar-boys. With an almost invisible audio device in his ear Fr Quart hears two hushed voices inside the open office door ahead. On their way, they pass a huge count-down poster that reads; 17 Days until Charity Concert ft a Surprise Band! - SOLD OUT!

FR JORDAN (O.S)

It comes with us to Rome! No transfers, no cards, -we're not implicated and 'he' is. This is no time to start a paper trail.

PARTNER (O.S)

It's ten million in cash!?!

Fr JORDAN (O.S)
 It's paper; we're priests,
 going to meet the Pope...
 Just keep him drunk.

PARTNER (O.S)
 Pff ...he'll be locked up for
 life before he sobers up.

Fr JORDAN (O.S)
 Can't wait to see his face
 when there's no band that
 shows up and the cops do ...

INT. RECTORY OFFICE - SAME DAY

FR JORDAN, 50ish, in a cleric suit, sits at his desk facing the hall door. He has a large window behind him overlooking a high school football field on a sunny September day. PARTNER, 35ish also in a cleric suit, stands very close to Fr Jordan. They see the altar boys at the door and abruptly speak normal about any banality, pointing to a schedule.

INT. CHURCH - SAME DAY

Fr Quart gives Communion to Bikers in black and blue colors. At the back, Fr Jordan sits beside a biker who counts a wad of cash as Fr Jordan tests a Bible cut-out to hide a gun.

INT. RECTORY CORRIDOR - SAME DAY

Fr Quart, now in his black clerical suit and collar, runs into Fr Jordan's office with a large half-empty gym bag.

INT. RECTORY OFFICE - SAME DAY

Fr Quart plops his open bag on the desk and gets a hidden key. He knows exactly where to access the cabinet, find the hidden stash of cash and then the stash of guns and bullets. He locks up carefully and polishes off fingerprints.

His large bag is half full with his own cash and guns.

As he places theirs in, surprised to hear Fr Jordan and Partner's (o.s.) voices, he returns the key precisely. He is just about to close the desk drawer when the men enter and abruptly stop talking upon seeing him. Fr Quart stares blankly at them, his bag still open. Outside the window behind Fr Quart the (o.s) HAPPY CHEER is from the high-school football team dismissed from practice. Fr Quart and Fr Jordan tensely greet each other by name. Fr Jordan opens the Bible with the gun staring at Fr Quart. Fr Quart fakes being drunk, trying not to seem drunk.

FR QUART

I was looking for, finding you.

Fr JORDAN

-in my drawers...?

FR QUART (squints)

Oh! You mean the desk? I was looking for a ... to make note
(Gestures writing)

PARTNER

You mean a pen?

FR QUART

Yes! Yes! A pen, a note pen...

Partner looks relieved, gestures Fr Jordan 'he's-just-drunk'.

FR JORDAN

A note about what?

FR QUART

Jamie's meeting with you today.

Fr Quart lets it settle with him ZIPPING up his gym bag.

FR JORDAN

Thank you I'll get right to it.

FR QUART

Ok, no need to note you then

Fr Jordan lets Fr Quart exit, then immediately checks for the key, and inspects the cabinet. Through the window he sees young JAMIE carry a bag of footballs, panics and exits.

INT. CHURCH SCHOOL BUILDING CORRIDORS - SAME DAY (MONTAGE)

Fr Quart runs down a set of stairs and wildly through the school with his loaded gym bag, while Fr Jordan walks pensively dignified through the same corridors after he's gone. Eventually Fr Quart bursts through a door:

INT. TEAM CHANGE ROOM - SAME DAY

Football team sits on benches listening to COACH who shoots a WTF look at Fr Quart bursting in. Jamie stacks towels.

FR QUART

Jamie! ...Coach, I need Jamie!

COACH

What for?

FR QUART

I need help -at the Center ...

(off Coach's eye-contact)

Fr Jordan is on his way, here,

-for "counselling" with Jamie

The whole team bends down in unison to untie their shoes. Jamie flashes a look of dread.

FR QUART (cont)

If he comes with me, he could avoid it... permanently.

One of the other players pops his head up to look at him.

FR QUART (cont)

Oh! If anyone else wants to help

(tension mounts)

Look, guys, this is it! Ok?

This is not your shame it's

his! You can change things

together you can't do alone!

INT. CHURCH SCHOOL BUILDING CORRIDOR - SAME DAY

Fr Jordan menacingly approaches the gym corridor.

INT. TEAM CHANGE ROOM - DAY (RESUMED)

Fr Quart waves the two boys over to him while walking to another exit door, when he turns around there are five boys. It makes him take a beat, he nods, and they leave together.

COACH

Everson! Gomez! Lacroix! Torre!
Greenfield! With me, now! Gonna
do ... an interception!

Five large players get up and they go to the hall door. The rest of the team look around at each other then follow.

EXT. CHURCH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - SAME DAY

Fr Quart and his five boys burst through the building door. They run to a Church sedan covered with cling-gel Church ad. First, they're uneasy, and then they throw off whatever equipment they're still wearing and hurry faster, and smile.

By the time they get to the car the boys are whooping it up, punching the air and literally jumping for joy while Fr Quart locks his bag into the trunk. Fr Quart drives off with the boys cheering out the windows and sun-roof.

INT. CHURCH SCHOOL BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY (RESUMED)

Coach and the team pass Fr Jordan only enough to close in behind him, and surround him, as Coach approaches Fr Jordan. Fr Jordan in his stride goes from a scowl to a smarmy smile. Coach slaps Fr Jordan's shoulder, mockingly amiable, hard enough to make Fr Jordan take a step back to the team behind. Team takes a step toward him and they mock-playfully shove Fr Jordan from player to player intentionally hurting him.

EXT. STREET - SAME DAY

Fr Quart's car, now with five quiet boys, pulls up to a store-front: "C.O.R.t.T: Counsellors Out-Reach to Teens" When they give Fr Quart a nervous smile he nods reassuringly. A Nun and two Police Officers come out to Win's car, greet Quart and invite the boys in. Quart nods then drives off.

INT. N.M.H., UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - SAME DAY (RESUMED)

Doc resumes walking but Wendy stops him in a hushed shout.

WENDY (cont)

No! You can't take this to town. That did NOT happen to her here!

(off Doc's shrug)

She-, she pays somebody, every Sunday. She was raised a really strict Catholic. She goes to Mass at 9, goes some, place at noon, and here at 3

DOC

So what, just "now" you call?

WENDY

She's never been this bad before. I think she wants to die... Her brother, he's in the service, like my Win but he got-... he's not coming back

(share a quiet moment)

She found out last week and just took off. Today, a client found her on the street and brought her back.

DOC (shrugs)

I'll be back tonight with her meds. If you can have the baby ready saves me a trip tomorrow.

(a beat off Wendy's nod)

-But Jesus Wendy! 15 months old, you never told Win!?!... His own kid for Christ-sakes-!?!

Wendy cuts him off with a dagger-stare and shouting whisper:

WENDY

I didn't know til after he left

DOC

Two years? Facetime every day?

WENDY

I tried really hard at first,
but, there was always the guys
around him, or he didn't have
time or, then, that time he
almost got- ...

(off Doc's glance)

I need him to come back to me!
I couldn't have him all
distracted about some kid and
everything he's missing
everyday he's not here,
-that he can't do anything
about! I had to make sure he
came back to me and we'll make
a new start to a nice life

(off Doc's silence)

He'll forgive me, I know that.
-But if he got crippled or-...
How could I forgive myself or
my kid? -And then what would
we do? -all suffer for nothing?
Tomorrow he's back and all the
worst is all over forever.
A new start, to a nice life.

EXT. U.S.A. TRAIN STATION - SAME DAY

On the sidewalk Win is still wearing the binoculars and he munches snacks, waiting, when Quart's church car curbs up. Win throws his bag into the backseat and gets in the car.

EXT. QUIET COUNTRY ROAD/INSIDE CAR - SAME DAY (TRAVELLING)

As Quart DRIVES along the open road, the brothers talk until Quart sees TWO MOTORCYCLES closing in behind. Clad in denim with no insignia, 1ST BIKER, 25ish, approaches faster and fires his GUN SHATTERING THEIR BACK WINDSHIELD. Win's attention snaps to Quart.

WIN

What da hell did ya do now!?

Quart accelerates to keep ahead of Bikers.
Win, noticing a blanket in the back seat, climbs over to it.

Win sends the blanket out the shot-out windshield and ducks.

It takes a bit to unfurl as 1st Biker lines up another shot;
But it works! The blanket goes all over 1st Biker's face.
1st Biker WIPES OUT, unconscious by the roadside.

Immediately, 2ND BIKER, 25ish, approaches the car with a gun.

Win takes off his jacket and releases it like the blanket.
It goes. It reaches the 2nd Biker.
But this biker is ready and deflects it into the wind.
Without missing a beat, Win lovingly removes the binoculars,
then rips off his shirt and sends it off.
Again, 2nd Biker's arm deflects it, also into the wind.
Win has already taken off his pants.

QUART

Send it over the wheels!

Win releases the pants and ducks.

They go, but get stuck on a large shard stuck on the hood.
Win has to crawl out the rear-window, onto the trunk and
release the pants as Quart SWERVES to throw off the biker.

While Quart aligns the vehicles, 2nd Biker aims again.
Win gets the pants unstuck and releases them to the wheels.
They hit the front tire but they just go under the bike and
create nothing more than a minor swerve for the 2nd Biker.
2nd Biker moves up again, laughing menacingly and taking aim.
Win looks defiant and bends down, seemingly to duck.

Quart swerves to avoid getting shot. He ALMOST HITS AN
ONCOMING CAR; HORNS BLAST, TIRES SQUEAL. Win pops up.

WIN

Line us up again!

Quart aligns the car with the 2nd bike.
Win naked, except for socks and shoes aims his small briefs.
2nd Biker laughs.
Win lets them go. At first the briefs waft a bit.
When they finally reach 2nd Biker, he swipes at them;
and misses.
The briefs cover 2nd Biker's face. He desperately grabs them
off his face with both hands and he also goes into a nasty
road-side WIPE-OUT, flat out unconscious.

EXT. ROADSIDE - SAME DAY

While Win finds his underwear and puts it back on, Quart opens the trunk, grabs a bottle of vodka from a case and drinks on his way to Win and the passed-out Biker. With the 2nd Biker between them, Win grabs bottle from Quart.

QUART
(grabs it back)
Fuck off, leave me alone.

WIN
Why you still doin' this to me?

Quart shoots Win a WTF, waves him off and studies 2nd Biker

WIN (cont)
You tryin to kill yourself,
huh? Is that it!? Cuz I can
help you there, pal -save me
the agony of watchin you fuck
that up too!

Quart drinks, gives Win the finger and squats beside biker.

WIN (cont)
And it won't be no pansy-ass
"gently into the night" shit.
I'll kill you dead! SO dead!
-I'll kill ya so dead; you
gotta come back to life just
to finish dying! That's how
dead I'll kill you!

Quart takes 2nd Biker's weapons. Win sees the gun on his side. Quart watches Win pick it up and they have a silent moment.

QUART
Why'd you marry a hooker?

WIN
I married a woman. -Mr playboy,
Priest-poser. Work is work...
Yah ok she's a ex-hooker but,
she's not a slut. Hookers give
a requested service; sluts fuck
everybody with their delusions

Another silent moment; Quart gestures 'whatever'

WIN (cont)

y'know, before I bought that house for her to run it, my Wendy worked for a livin, she didn't take no charity, -who'd she steal from, or cheat, who'd she hurt who'd she kill? -Nobody! Not like us ... -a priest and a lawyer; we profit on other people's sins.

QUART

She just commits her own ... She cheats herself -her worth.

WIN

So does minimum wage for teachers, nursing homes -cops! Work is work. She's a good person. Every job pays us to cheat our self -for money. We all get screwed -for money. She couldn't just pass around a plate, in a fancy-ass building, like you -for money

It's painful for Quart to hear it and he drinks again.
It's painful for Win to watch and he looks away.

WIN

I remember to the minute, the day you started drinkin. You asked this girl to a grade 9 dance, she made a jerk-off hand motion and called you "Squirt". You went right to the pool-hall after, and you bin drunk ever-since!

QUART

Fuck! Mom had to name me Quartergermainshire -Quarter Tramp. She's a crazy-ass bitch, screwed up both of us -didn't you ever, even once, think we'd be better off without her?

WIN

Her yes! Not you!
 (grabs the bottle)
 Why ya doin this to me!? again!

QUART (grabs it back)

Ya? Kill me; you gotta put it on
 my headstone, huge-ass headstone
 Quartergermainshire Tramp...
 (Drinks spitefully)

WIN

That's it!? all these years?

QUART

-fucked up my whole life! was
 grade 3 before I could even
 spell it...

WIN (crouches to him)

For, like, a hundred bucks you
 can change your name; didn't you
 ever, even once, think of that?

QUART

What? ... no, ...I've been
 drunk since high school. -She
 could've named me after Dad.

WIN

Ya? Dad was Richard -Dick Tramp?

QUART

Oh right... Ok then, just Junior!
 (a beat)
 and just how do I fuck you up?

WIN (gets up)

I don't have that "people"
 thing, like you; friends,
 buddies, girlfriends, parties,
 -you're my only people; I had a
 crazy-ass Mom, a dead Dad and
 then, a drunk brother...

QUART

And now a hooker wife ...

WIN

And now we want somethin
better. A new start, for a
nice life, with family, a nice
house, neighbors, dogs-

QUART

Dog! That's what you smell like!

WIN

Dad had a dog.

QUART (fights off tears)

Ok, now on, Junior; (a beat) me
too, a new start for a nice life

WIN

How very, Christian, of you...

Standing taller, walking stronger, Quart is becoming JUNIOR.
At the car, Quart is quietly pensive. Win opens the gym bag
looking for clothes and W.T.Fs bundles of \$100s and \$1,000s.

QUART/JUNIOR

Did some, saving, on the side

Quart, now JUNIOR, brings his case of vodka and leaves it
next to the biker, still passed-out, at the roadside.

EXT. GAS STATION CARWASH - SAME DAY

Win sleeps in the car's front passenger seat parked at a
gas pump at a service-station that is otherwise deserted.

Through the store window we see Quart/Junior pay Clerk with
a \$100 bill, gesturing "keep-the-change". Then Quart points
to the carwash with a \$100 bill, offers another \$100 bill
for snacks and after another \$100 bill, Junior waits for
Clerk, to hand Quart a bag. Clerk is now only his underwear.

INT. CARWASH - SAME DAY

Junior, now in just a black t-shirt and pants, has their car
stopped inside the carwash, with orange cones blocking the
entrance, while the system HUMS in readiness. ... cont.

The driver's side of the car is now a solid color and the swathe of cling-gel film covers the shot-out rear window.

Win, still in briefs, wakes up hearing Junior PEEL OFF the cling-gel and gets out. Win watches Junior skilfully apply a different roll of graphic-art cling-gel film to their car.

WIN

Money we got now has to last
rest of our life; we gotta be
real careful how we spend it.

Win FLIPS SWITCH and STARTS HOT-AIR DRYERS all over the car.

EXT. GAS STATION CARWASH - DAY (RESUMED)

Junior drives his re-decorated car across the parking lot to an adjoining biker-bar.

Win is now dressed in the Clerk's uniform.

WIN

Na-na-noooo... fuck this shit,
man!! I wanna get home!

JUNIOR

Well, unless you also want a
fleet of hitmen assholes at
your house, we gotta make this
stop.

WIN

You just wanna drink! I knew
it! I knew it "Quart" I knew
you were full of shit about a
clean start. I knew it!

JUNIOR

Did you know we got a fully
functional G.P.S. that tracks
us everywhere by those ass-
holes who prefer us dead?

Junior stops the car; a similar car pulls up next to them.

SISTER (O.S.)

-around the back...

EXT. BIKER-BAR GARAGE - SAME DAY

Junior stops his car in front of a run-down ramshackle garage and they get out.

The other driver's remote opens a door to a fully equipped military grade state-of-the-art service area, then parks. Out of the other car, SISTER, 30ish, handsome, in full Nun's habit that billows back in the wind revealing a pair of strong bare legs in military boots, walks to the brothers.

SISTER (to Junior)

About an hour

She smells Win, takes Junior's cash and drives his car in.

WIN

Sister's got an Adam's apple?

JUNIOR

Sister's got skills ... -and operations scheduled next year She's gonna disable all that GPS shit, get them off my ass.

WIN

Well, that's no good! They're still gonna come after ya!

JUNIOR

Well, it buys me some time.

WIN

for what?! -leave the country? Run? -for what, for life? Leave me with no brother, -again!

JUNIOR

Your hooker wife won't mind.

WIN

Hey! She tried to like you, OK!? She let you marry us n' you showed up pissed-ass drunk. You're the problem not her.

Junior sees Win looking at the bar.

JUNIOR

I'm not Quart anymore, Junior
doesn't drink.

WIN

Junior doesn't get drunk.
You need to taper off with some
beer, avoid the shakes.

(a beat)

What if instead of disablin shit
you just switched cars and she
took a road trip, coupla weeks,
opposite direction?

JUNIOR

Too dangerous, I can't ask her.
She's got military connections,
but, she's been my only real
friend, she's helping me get out.

WIN

K, then, we gotta divert them,
off our ass, to somebody else

Win gestures toward MUSIC from the bar. Junior's listening.

WIN (cont)

A-n-d, what if we do show up
with a band? huh!?! that does
a concert? can't arrest you
for fraud if you deliver a
show, right? ... And ...

(off Junior's shrug)

Can't charge you for stealin
his money -he gonna admit he
stole it from the church? huh?
-trailin you to get it back?

It takes a moment, but Junior is visibly uplifted.

JUNIOR (nods)

If she puts 'my' GPS signal on
somebody else ... (a beat)
could be for real now, my new
start for a nice life...

INT. BIKER GARAGE - SAME DAY

Explaining to Sister, Junior puts on his clerical suit and collar properly, and then conceals weapons all over himself.

Win helps himself to Junior's bundles of cash from the trunk, stuffing every pocket of the clerk uniform to a bulge.

INT. BIKER BAR - SAME DAY

Enter Junior and Win. They walk to the bar between tables. All the Bikers are in brown leather with black and gold badges. Some bikers notice the boys more than others. The place is smoky, dim, busy but not crowded, with MUSIC. Junior feels the subtle CLINKING of two of his many weapons against each other and fiddles with his cuff to secretly smooth them away from each other.

Two Large Bouncers stand beside each other and stop Win. They look at Win's bulges and point to a sign; "Only 1 weapon per person allowed". Win surrenders, shows his pockets only have bundles of cash. They let him in. Win turns heads as they notice his smell.

Junior and Win sit at the bar. Sister enters at the back. BARTENDER, 40ish club biker, approaches boys suspiciously.

JUNIOR

Just waiting for Sister...

Bartender reaches for his weapon but behind the boys Sister waves to him "it's OK", he relaxes and gives them beer. Win hands Bartender a \$20 bill. Bartender notices Win's smell, dirty hands and clothes, looks at Junior as a priest and pushes Win's hand away instead of taking the money.

BARTENDER

It's alright brother, we've all had our hard times.

Two attractive BIKERBABES come over and arrange themselves on either side of Win. The women giggle a greeting; Junior is very receptive to his, Bikerbabel, but Win huffs in annoyance and slides out two \$1000 bills. He nudges each of the women imposing the money on them.

WIN

Never mind ladies. (To Junior's) For this, he cudda stayed with the Church (To his) And, I already got a dozen just like you at home. Beat it.

At first they're offended until they see that it's a \$1000. They each take one and leave.

BIKERBABE2 (to Win)

You smell like fart, anyway.

JUNIOR

Wow, you really do need to pay to get laid, don't you?

WIN (toasting)

Not anymore, just paid not to.

Two bartenders who were leaning, stand firm armed and ready. Behind the boys, are the two bikers tripped up on the road. Not aware, Junior reaches into his jacket for his phone setting off a hair-trigger reaction from all the bikers to draw their guns; the two road-bikers on the brothers, and the bartenders on the two road-bikers into a tense stand-off until we hear the o.s. CLICKING of TWO MORE GUNS.

Sister slides the barrel of a gun onto each of the road-bikers' shoulder to their jaw, prompting their surrender.

Sister nudges the Road-Bikers to drop their guns. She nods at the bartenders as they keep their guns up. Sister steps out between them and helps herself to a beer. Win sees that 2nd Biker gives Sister a particular attention.

WIN (to 2nd Biker)

Hey, don't you look at the Sister like that.

Junior gives Sister his phone that he was reaching for. Sister is about to speak but Win pushes Junior off his seat and slaps his hand on it.

WIN (to Bikers)

OK gentlemen, let's negotiate mutual advantages, shall we.

Both Road-Bikers look at each other then back at him.

WIN (cont)
 What? You're obviously
 operating some enterprise of
 an independent nature, are
 you not?

1st Biker narrows his eyes, studying Win's lawyer-speak.

WIN (cont)
 Now, you got no grudge with
 these good ol boys in here,
 and you sure as hell got no
 grudge with us, ... -not
 personally -don't even know us
 Your business is with those
 church-boys back there, and
 of course your loyalties are
 to the highest bidder.

Sister draws 2nd Biker's attention drinking her beer.

WIN (to 2nd Biker)
 Don't look at Sister like that.

Win takes out a bundle of \$1000 bills and displays it.

WIN (cont)
 Now ain't these pretty? Now
 I know, you're thinkin, maybe
 they're fake... I'd like this
 fine gentleman to have this
 one for his gesture of
 kindness just now.

(gives one to Bartender)
 Check this one out for us and
 bring me that counterfeit
 detector.

Bartender slides bill under detector, nods that it's good.
 Win slaps Junior's barstool again. 1st Biker sits.

WIN (cont)
 How much you guys get for us?
 (off Bikers blank look)
 Hah! Not even a thousand bucks?

Bartender sets the detector in front of Win, ready to use.

WIN (cont)

Well, most people don't make
even half that in a week and
you'da made it in an hour ...

1st Biker shrugs a nod and 2nd Biker proudly looks at Sister

WIN (To 2nd Biker)

Don't look at Sister like that.

1st BIKER

Was for one dude in one car.
And our cut; fifty percent...

JUNIOR

They tell you what's in there?

WIN (to Bikers)

And you think they'll pay?

JUNIOR (nods)

You got no colours, no club,
no clout. They got no reason
to let you live let alone
split their loot. ... Neither
do we unless you help us.

WIN

Now you don't got no car, no
pay no chance for their club

Bikers are quiet. Junior gives apologetic shrug to agree.
Win sets the bundle of cash under the detector.

WIN (cont)

How 'bout a paid, vacation south,
then, a club, to join? for real.

1st BIKER

How 'bout we blow you away and
just take your whole stash?

JUNIOR

How 'bout two pissed-off clubs
gunning you down before dawn?

Sister tries to interject but Win cuts her off, again.

WIN

And there's the fish factor ...
 y'see, I got a steady stream
 of these babies, you don't.
 You work for us, we got no
 reason to eliminate you.
 In fact, I myself, run a house
 just outside of town...
 I could use some dependable
 security people...
 You run this errand for the
 next couple weeks, when you
 get back, these fine gentlemen
 of this club may find you
 worthy prospects, and I set
 you up ...-thousand bucks a
 week and all the beer and bush
 you can handle. -Each.

2nd Biker nods, agreeably impressed, looking over to Sister

WIN (to 2nd Biker)

Don't look at Sister like that.

(to 1st Biker)

K? Let's start dealin.

(slides 1stBiker a \$1000 bill)

That's just for signing on

(another) That's for gas

(another) accommodations

(another) food and drinks

1st BIKER

Two weeks, two of us, food AND
 drinks?

Win reluctantly slides him another \$1000 bill.

2nd Biker looks at Sister and nods 'Sweet!'

WIN (to 2nd Biker)

Don't look at Sister like that.

(to 1st Biker)

Now, you got good bikes take
 you all the way to Mexico?

Two road-bikers look at each other, shrug of "of course"

This time, Win carefully tears the next \$1000 bill in half along the band and slides it over to the 1st Biker. Win slides the other half to Sister. Sister looks blankly at the bill then at Junior, who nods.

Win (cont)
You make your way through any town without any attention?

The two road-bikers understand, and nod. Win tears another bill and again slides half to biker and half to Sister. (This repeats for all the next bills.)

WIN (cont)
You got skills avoid cops for at least two weeks?
(they nod, he splits bill)
You got skills with weapons
(off Bikers' dirty look)
Of which we will return...

Win quickly just hands him another bill.

JUNIOR
-and we'll take your cell phones, let them assume you're here, dead. Sister replaces them with fresh clean phones.

WIN
You savvy with a Smart phone?
(splits bill)
With a camera? We want hourly pics where you are.

They nod, Win splits another bill, 2nd Biker looks at Sister

WIN (to 2nd Biker)
Don't look at Sister like that.
(back to 1st Biker)
You work the internet?
(splits bill)
You got a pair of jeans and a t-shirt I could have?
(off Bikers' confusion)
Never mind, do a good job; you're set for life.

JUNIOR

We'll be in touch only on the new phones.

(To Sister)

Give them my Church phone with the GPS and add the Mexican contacts.

(To road-bikers)

Make sure one of you has it on you, charged, set and turned on, at all times.

(off Bikers' nod)

Text only, any Mexican numbers, every day ... -About location, weather, traffic ... but don't ever answer -ever! or ... we can't guarantee your safety...

Sister, Junior and Win exchange a glance of concern.

JUNIOR

Even if they see you, they still think they're tracking the car, not two bikes.

(off their nods)

When you're back, she settles up, gets you in with this club.

2nd Biker hands Sister their phones and they have a moment.

WIN (to Sister)

Now don't you go lookin at the biker like that...

(to both Bikers)

Ride as far south, fast as you can, stay away least two weeks.

(to 2nd Biker) -maybe a year...

Bartenders nod. Sister leads the road-bikers to the door.

WIN (to Junior)

Don't wanna transfer any numbers OFF your phone?

JUNIOR

Kind of numbers I got, you don't keep on a cell phone.

AT BIKERBABES' TABLE

Junior brings a round of beers and apologizes about Win. Bikerbabes accept, then turn away expecting him to leave but he pulls up a chair and sits close beside Bikerbabel.

JUNIOR

I was hoping for something to remember you for, y'know later when I'm all alone...

Junior stares her eye to eye until she softens. Bikerbabel reaches for Junior's right hand. She kisses her lipstick between his thumb and forefinger.

BIKERBABEL

Here, for, y'know, later, when you're all alone...

Junior grabs her for a kiss on the mouth. She comes out of it slowly, a look, and she takes his hand. As she leads him to the door of a private stairwell, Junior checks his watch.

INT. BAR STAIRWELL - SAME DAY

Bikerbabel removes his jacket, throws it on the floor and pushes Junior against a wall. She undoes his shirt, slides her hands under it at the shoulders, and bends over as she slides it down his arms.

Junior moans and watches with pleasure. She pushes his arms behind him, wraps the shirt-collar around his wrists and fastens the collar button to bind him

Junior braces himself as she straddles his legs. She squats and grabs onto his belt with both hands.

Junior tilts his head back in anticipation. She undoes his belt and zipper, pulls his pants down, kicks his feet together, double wraps the belt around his ankles and fastens it. Then grabs his hips and pulls herself up. But, instead of stepping towards him, walks away from him and out the door.

BIKERBABEL

That'll give you something to do til your car is ready.

EXT. BIKER BAR PARKING LOT - DAY

Junior returns the weapons to 1st Biker already on his bike.
2nd Biker scrambles out of Sister's back seat doing up jeans

WIN

Told you not to look- ...

2nd Biker REVS-UP his bike, LEAVES and 1st Biker follows.
Sister walks up to Win and makes him uneasy.

WIN

What? I told 'im y'know, don't-

She pulls back for a swing at Win, Junior holds her back.

SISTER

You couldda got us killed! And
that fish factor? Makes no sense!

WIN

What? It's like, -a bird in
hand is better than just bush

SISTER (struggling)

That, is, just so fucking wrong!

WIN

Pff, well yeah. Way women
shave these days? D'aint nuthin
bush about it.

Junior sends Sister off to her car. The boys walk to theirs

JUNIOR

Hey, Mr New-start-nice-life,
thought you were going to be
more careful with your money?

WIN

-wasn't my money, it was yours.

JUNIOR

-ours ...

Win stops cold to hear it. Junior stops cold for Win.
They have a warm bonded-brother moment, and then wrestle.

EXT. RURAL ROADS - SAME DAY -> NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

Junior and Win blast MUSIC, grooving and singing, talking, eating, laughing, tearful, then grooving and singing again.

EXT. N.M.H. - THAT NIGHT

Junior's car pulls to the curb across the street and parks. Win's "house" is a nice, clean, well-kept two-story motel, alone in an open, rural area with parking around perimeter. A forest behind it will be relevant for the ending. On one side of the building is a built-in private residence. A path from a house-type side-door leads to a private, house-type multi-car garage with lots of parking in front.

Behind the path, the yard slopes down to a backyard patio, pool, accessed by a downstairs party-room (also used later) At the curb are patches of bushes, and a neon sign reads: "NORTHTOWN MOTOR HOTEL" intermittently flashing: "No Mo Ho" or "Mo Ho" as applicable The windows are lit from inside against the night.

Junior, in his black T-shirt, sleeps in the passenger seat. In the driver's seat with binoculars, Win watches Wendy with the same look of pure affectionate joy he had with the dogs.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:

Win sees Wendy behind a desk downstairs in the lobby. When another woman joins her, Wendy makes good-night gestures and leaves. Wendy disappears behind a wall and reappears on the stairs on the private residence side. She disappears between floors and reappears at the top. Win, jostling the car to follow Wendy, wakes Junior.

JUNIOR

We here?

WIN

Na, told her I'm home tomorrow
(off Junior's scoff)
But now, I can't wait. I'll call
in a minute, tell her I'm here

Win puts the binoculars down and gets lost in thought. Junior takes the binoculars to look at women in the lobby.

WIN (cont)

enlisted the day before I met her -if I'dda waited, just one day... My life sucked so bad, didn't care if I died. ... Did ev-er-y-thing to delay my entry, but once they got you-...

Win takes the binoculars back. Junior gestures, exasperated,

JUNIOR

What are we doing in here? Why aren't we going in there?

WIN (cont)

Used to park in front of her place all the time -she caught on, quick. Day she gave me these, I went same day, bought a ring, and we got married right away and bought this place

Win is lost in that look again; pure affectionate joy. Junior has slyly taken the binoculars again.

INT. N.M.H., LISA'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Meanwhile, what they don't see is; with Lisa still in her bed, Doc packs his bag while Wendy studies a prescription and Sonia sits in the same chair as before. The bedroom DOOR BURSTS OPEN and LIL CHRIS, 15 months old, does a toddler-charge to Wendy ahead of FLORA, a 50ish ex-stripper-sassy Southern belle, now housekeeper, trying to keep up. Lil Chris crashes into Wendy yelling Mommy! Mommy! Wendy shushes, and scoops up Lil Chris in her arms.

DOC (to Lil Chris)

Hey, Lil Chris, go with Mommy and get ready, you can visit with me tonight. I got cookies...

Lil Chris repeats "cookies" claps and cheers happily. Wendy pats Doc gratefully. Sonia smacks a kiss on Lil Chris's leg to get a giggle. Wendy, Lil Chris and Flora leave. And the room resumes a quiet despair. Doc looks out the window to see that it's started to RAIN.

EXT. N.M.H., JUNIOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Win sends up the car-window in the RAIN, and DIALS his cell. He listens eagerly for Wendy's voice, and is disappointed when it goes to VOICE MAIL.

He DIALS again, listens eagerly for Wendy's voice and is again disappointed when it goes to VOICE MAIL.

He bounces his head along to the VOICE MAIL GREETING then:

WIN (into phone)
 Hey baby girl! It's me. Guess
 what, I'm almost home, now,
 ya right now! not tomorrow,
 right now!! I'll be there
 soon...

Junior gestures for Win to tell her "I'm here too".

WIN's (cont)
 Oh, yeah, and uh, well, I got a
 little family surprise for ya.
 ...I uh, I got Junior with me,
 yeah; now don't go get all
 pissed off, tell ya all about it
 when I get there! Can't wait!

INT. N.M.H. WENDY & WIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy's eyes flash confused hearing Win's voicemail in her mind.

WIN (v.o.)
 Family surprise... Junior ...

WENDY (V.O. thinking)
 He had a baby over there? ...
 I had a baby over here ...

Wendy's confusion becomes betrayal; breathing heavy, eyes flashing in mounting rage.

WENDY (to herself)
 I'll kill him! -dead! I'll kill
 him so dead, he'll have to come
 back to life just to finish-

Lil Chris's o.s. happy squeals cut through to her.

She quickly scoops up Lil Chris, grabs a packed diaper bag, and a blanket, ready for Doc at her door.

DOC

That Win on the phone?

WENDY

He's on his way here "now".

Doc nods and takes the bag and Lil Chris from Wendy. She rushes him out and Doc calmly gestures 'it's alright'.

EXT. N.M.H., JUNIOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Meanwhile, THROUGH THE BINOCULARS and the RAIN:
Win sees a man (Doc) at Wendy's bedroom door, as she hands over a diaper bag and they speak to each other.
Win notices the room has a play-pen and baby things.

Win hands the binoculars to Junior.

WIN

That look like a baby to you?

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS and the RAIN:
Junior sees a man take a child from Wendy and comfort her.
To Win:
Junior reluctantly shrugs. Win takes the binoculars back.

INT. N.M.H., STAIRS - NIGHT (RESUMED)

At the top of the stairs, looking at the rain, Wendy fusses to fit the small blanket around Lil Chris.

Halfway down the stairs, Doc has to stop to reposition the diaper bag.
Wendy takes that moment to give Lil Chris a big kiss, over Doc's shoulder, cooing to calm the child.

EXT. N.M.H., JUNIOR'S CAR - NIGHT

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS and the RAIN:
It looks like Wendy fusses over Doc to give Doc a kiss and sweet-talk while he carries a baby in a blanket.

WIN (V.O.)
That's a baby. A baby, in a
blanket, out of our bedroom

Win's betrayal becomes rage, breathing heavy eyes flashing.

WIN
Two fuckin years no fucking!
Where's a baby come from!?!

Win looks to Junior, who shakes his head in dreaded shock.

WIN
(half to himself)
I'll kill her! I'll kill her
dead! I'll kill her SOo dead!

JUNIOR (Mocking Win)
She's gotta come back to life
just to finish dying...

Win, POPS THE TRUNK, storms out of the car, letting in the now pouring RAIN, and SLAMS THE DOOR HARD enough to jostle the car.

Junior is concerned about the wet car until Win SLAMS THE TRUNK DOOR DOWN jostling the car again. It occurs to Junior what Win is going to do. Junior also hurries out of the car

EXT. N.M.H. - NIGHT

In the pouring RAIN, Win walks across the road and the yard LOADING a large intimidating shot-gun, with focused meticulous precision as Junior scampers to catch up to him.

Doc, holding Lil Chris, is a few steps from the side door, on the path to the garage when Win confronts him at gunpoint.

Junior catches up to Win.

Doc stops, shocked, and stands still, to see Win with a gun.

JUNIOR (to Win)
You can't do this, Win, gimme
the gun.

Win stands steady ignoring Junior, in a hushed voice to Doc:

WIN (to Doc)
Get back in the house.

Doc still frozen in shock, checks that the child is covered

JUNIOR (to Win)
Stop it, Win! Put it down!

Junior tries to take the gun from Win.
Win turns the gun on Junior. Junior gestures a WTF to Win.
Win breathes deep and turns back to Doc, almost whispering.

WIN
Get back in the house, now.

Doc slowly starts to move his feet, eyes fixed on Win.
Win's eyes are fixed on Doc and Junior is fixed on Win.

There is a SHOT from the house. It hits the garage wall.
It's Wendy at side-door with foot holding screen-door open

WENDY
Alright get back in the house!

Doc walks back into the house with a now screaming child.

JUNIOR
(ducks behind Win)
She's got a gun!?!

WIN
-you run a million dollar cash
business; you got a gun.
(to Wendy)
Wadda ya shootin at me for!?
-you're the one with a bastard!?

Win fires SHOTS, precisely around the door, RATTLING it.

WENDY
You're the one with a bastard!

She fires off MORE SHOTS. Her shots always hit the garage.

WENDY (cont)
Family surprise huh!?! (a SHOT)
Junior Huh!?! (a SHOT)

Wendy's gun CLICKS empty and she RELOADS.
Junior scrambles into the open garage door.

WIN

All this about Junior?!

Win lowers his gun, steps towards Wendy. She SHOOTS.

INT. N.M.H., GARAGE - NIGHT

Junior sees the light streaming through bullet holes in the garage wall and scrambles away back into the car.

EXT. N.M.H. - NIGHT (resumed)

WENDY

I'll kill you before I share
you! (a SHOT) You don't cheat
on me and survive! (a SHOT)
How dare you come here with a
Winchestershire Jr bastard!

WIN

My Junior is Quart! You're the
one with the baby bastard not me!

They SHOOT some more, always missing. Win steps towards her.

WIN (cont)

Quart changed his name to
Junior!

She fires off more SHOTS which all hit the garage.

WENDY

Wait. What!? ... Junior's not a
baby!?

Right in front of her now, his gun raised right at Wendy.
Win shakes his head. Wendy puts her gun down happily calm.
Win, gun in her face, stares at her harshly, and breathes
hard with rain, maybe tears, streaming down his face.

WIN

I never! Thought I'd see the d-

Win is overcome and desperate to steady himself.

Wendy gently lowers Win's gun, smiles at him and steps in to hug him but Win refuses her.

Wendy horrified at his snub, takes his hand to lead him in. Win refuses again. Wendy even more horrified:

WENDY (almost crying)
It's not what you think.

She goes inside. Win, expressionless and drained, softens a bit to hear her say that. He steps in, gently closes the door behind him and all the GLASS SHATTERS AND FALLS AWAY.

INT. N.M.H., WENDY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Win plops himself into a chair while Wendy goes to a desk, and brings a paper to Win. Win takes it from her and looks at it sceptically until he's made some sense of it.

WIN
Just over a year ago

WENDY
Fifteen and a half months

She gets closer to watch him do the math in his head

WENDY (cont)
-and four days

WIN
So it's mine?

WENDY
Ours

Win stares at it, then Wendy, his eyes alive with thoughts.

WIN
You kiddin me?

Win stands to get in her face.

Wendy is about to throw her arms around him until she understands his darker meaning.

WIN (cont)

That was no- Toddlers are old enough to walk! I saw a baby, in a blanket. ...And just where were you shippin it off to with "him", huh? What if I didn't come home a day early, huh?

WENDY

Win please! This is me, ok? That "him" is Doc! carrying a sleepy toddler, in a blanket! It's raining outside! ... I just wanted us to have one night together, to explain it all, so you wouldn't get all ... like this!

Win looks at her hard, thinking, then gestures confusion.

WENDY

I didn't know til after you left... And at first I tried so hard to tell you, so much ... And then you almost got... And I was afraid if I told you, you'd be all happy, but sad, cuz you weren't here, and you would be all distracted over there, about what you were missing over here, then you might really get- ...

Junior is dizzy with confusion but Win gets her, and he softens, understands, agrees, slowly becoming himself again.

WENDY (cont)

I needed you to stay safe and come home to me, for our new start for a nice life!

When Wendy senses she has her Win back again, she smiles.

Win plops back into his chair, and pulls her to him.

He wraps his arms around her body.

Wendy cries relieved happy tears, steadying herself on him.

Win puts his hand on her womb and his face on her belly.

Wendy bends to kiss and hug his head, even if smelly as dogs.

Behind them, at the bottom of the stairs, Doc is peeking in, having eavesdropped

WIN

So we got us a Lil Chris, huh?
(feels Wendy nodding)
after my grandfather...

WENDY

... -and my mother ...

Win stands up to hug her and kiss her. She smiles at his scent and it's finally the full-out homecoming they want.

Doc waits, and then makes himself known not noticing the bevy of WORKING WOMEN tip-toeing behind him to snoop.

Wendy and Win pull apart just enough to smile at him.

DOC

Sonia got Lil Chris back to
sleep, you still need me now?

Win and Doc gesture a familiar greeting.

Wendy gestures, "No it's OK".

Doc turns to leave and he sees all the Women.

DOC (to women)

Already told you everything;
let's give them some privacy!

The Women reluctantly comply except Flora who stays put.

FLORA

Just want a look at him is all.

DOC

He looks just like Lil Chris.

Doc corrals the women to get them going up the stairs.

There's an o.s. RATTLE and CLATTER then THE SCREEN DOOR SLAMS SHUT as Junior enters.

The women stop to have a look at him, and then the (o.s.) SCREEN DOOR FALLS OFF.

Junior looks back at them, then braces himself to walk into the kitchen. He waves, sheepish to Wendy, and nods to Win.

JUNIOR

You're both still alive,
that's good.

WENDY

My god, Quart, haven't seen
you since the wedding.

WIN and JUNIOR

It's Junior now.

WENDY

Better be after all this.

Junior subtly eye-gestures "did you?" Win regretfully "no"

WENDY (notices)

I knew it. I knew it! He got
you into some trouble already!
Didn't he!?! -Dammit Win!

WIN (calms her down)

You're right; we got a thing-
But! But I promise you, we're
all, Lil Chris and the whole
house, we're all gonna be safe.

WENDY

(riled again)

Safe!?! Safe! We gotta worry
about being safe!? -What now!?

WIN

(calms her down again)

Well, we gotta ... put on a
concert, in two weeks, to save
Junior from going to jail, for
a scam that his Head Priest is
framing him for...

Win flashes a look at Junior. Junior nods and shrugs, yes.

WIN (cont)

But, I promise, I'll tell you
everything tomorrow, right
now I'm beat, I just wanna
crash in our bed with you.

Wendy wants to explode but looks into his eyes and softens

WIN

Oh, and he's gonna stay here,
it's just easier ...

WENDY (huffs)

Make sure you show him
straight to the extra room.
And only that room! (he nods)
You must be hungry... Go on
up I'll bring you a sandwich.

Win kisses her affectionately then leads Junior upstairs.
She sees something good with them and it's almost a comfort.

INT. N.M.H., UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Win gestures; "wait-a-minute" sneaking into Lil Chris' room.

Junior sees Lisa's door half open and slyly looks in.
Instead of sex, he hears Sonia's o.s. voice reading poetry:
THE VILLAGE OF TWO BRIDGES by Marisa Torre is a metaphor
about recovering from drug and alcohol abuse.
As she reads O.S., Junior starts to recognize himself in the
story; soon he leans in to hear better and he casts a shadow
into the room. Sonia goes to close the door while still
reading, and he gets his first look at her. He is smitten.
Sonia just nods politely closing the door. But he lingers.

Win is now at Lil Chris's door trying to catch Junior's eye

WIN (whisper-shouts)

C'mon, wanna see my kid?

INT. N.M.H., LIL CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Win and Junior stand quietly at the crib and whisper.

WIN

Wow, really is a toddler, huh?

(off Junior's nod)

You think, some psycho-Mom shit
got passed on to us? And then...

JUNIOR

I dunno; as kids; we did a real hokey-pokey on that fine line between the law and Juvy Reform.

(off Win's shrug/nod)

high school; I was always so drunk I let them make me a priest, and you were a virgin right through law school, then a lawyer who married a hooker... We made millions, stealing millions, from people who stole millions from other people... And now we paid some biker dudes a lot of money to go on vacation, so we can rehearse a church concert at a whore house to get an embezzler Priest off our ass until we do a concert, so I don't go to jail for that Priest who paid two Bikers to kill us...

WIN

Ya, if it hasn't happened yet...

There's an o.s. DOOR OPENING which they don't notice. Flora comes in from the adjoining door to her room. Flora nudges Win quietly and makes a "get going" gesture.

WIN (hushed shout)

What? That's my kid!

FLORA (hushed shout)

That don't make no nevermind to me! There'll be no disturbin any occasion of peaceful toddler slumber. Now go on!

They leave; Sonia enters other door and checks on Lil Chris.

SONIA (in Italian)

Buona notte, my tesoro. Che bella giornata domani, sarete con Daddy.

Translation: *Good night my precious. What a beautiful day for you tomorrow; you'll be with your Daddy.*

Sonia lingers at the crib; misty-eyed deep in thought. When she's leaving, she sees Wendy's cell phone next to the packed diaper bag and takes it to Wendy's adjoining room.

INT. N.M.H., WENDY AND WIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sonia brings the cell phone to the charger, and plugs it in. While lingering at the adjoining door to look at Lil Chris, Win enters and gets the wrong impression to see her there.

WIN

(ushering her out)

Oh, ok now look, it's really nice of you 'n all, but I gotta tell ya, I'm not interested.

(Sonia tries to explain)

Ya I'm sure you thought it was a good idea, give the boss husband freebies, but, I don't care.

(Sonia tries to get free)

Well now, don't go gettin all insulted, it's nuthin personal; I just don't want nuthin to do with you. And tell a-l-l the other girls too.

Sonia glad to hear it, smiles and lets him push her out into the hall and then SLAM the DOOR in her face.

INT. N.M.H., WENDY'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Wendy is almost done making a couple of sandwiches. Sonia enters still having a private chuckle at Win.

SONIA

That was some greeting for Win!
Flora said the door fell off?

WENDY

Yeah, little misunderstanding

SONIA

Just saw him; he was very rude.

Wendy tries to apologize, but Sonia doesn't let her:

SONIA (cont)

No, is OK. I went to check on the baby, he came in on my way out and thought I was there to give him a "freebie"

They laugh at the absurdity while finishing the sandwiches. They nibble here and there while Sonia helps Wendy tidy up.

WENDY

Did you catch the smell on him?
(off Sonia's nod OMG)
It's the dogs, Champ and Duke.

SONIA (relieved)

Oh, thanks god, ... (a beat)
You never talk about the brother,
-so he is a priest and a drunk?
We know plenty of both.

WENDY

I know, I should be over it,
but, it still makes me so mad!
(off Sonia coaxing)
He doesn't even remember it.
He was so drunk; had no clue.
(off Sonia shrugging))
At my wedding, performing the
ceremony, right in front of me,
sneezed all over himself and
farted at the same time.

Sonia laughs, but subdues it to sympathize with Wendy. Wendy tries to shrug it off with Sonia's hug.

WENDY

Lisa's asleep you need sleep too

SONIA (refuses)

just, to think, what's the life
she has left now? -just...

Wendy is ready to go up with two plates and two beers.

WENDY

I know, me too. If Win wasn't-
and I didn't have Lil Chris, to-

SONIA

Maybe even her with another
kind of life -oh, I got her in
a clinic, is like a spa. They
can take her in a couple days
(Wendy nods let's go)
I can't. These meetings with
publisher, stress me very much.

WENDY

Your poems are beautiful. I
always hated poetry til I read
yours. And they will love them
too. You'll feel better with some
sleep. C'mon. You'll be fine.

INT. N.M.H., WENDY and WIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Win wearing a towel from showering, answers a STRANGE KNOCK
AT THE DOOR. Wendy with plates and beers in each hand is
about to knock again with her foot. She looks disappointed.

WENDY

You showered.

WIN

Knew you don't want the smell
gettin all into the bed stuff.

WENDY

Yeah, but, it's Champ and Duke,
I wanted to... -never mind.

They smile tenderly and he pulls her in for a perfect kiss.
Then she gives him a plate and a beer and leaves.

WENDY

Gonna drop this off to Quart.

WIN

-Junior! ... (closes door)

On his way to the bed he kisses the big-screen TV

WIN (to the TV)

Hello my other love.

INT. N.M.H., UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

On her way to Junior's room, Wendy hears the o.s. SOUNDS OF WORKING GIRLS in each room and then KNOCKS on Junior's door. When he opens it, Wendy hands Junior the plate and the beer at the full extension of her arm, and he nods a 'thank you'. She takes a nervous beat, to speak to him.

WENDY

I can handle anything Win gets
"himself" into. What "you"
get him into, I don't know...

He nods, waits for her to leave, then as he closes the door:

WENDY

Oh, and no freebies. Ever.

INT. N.M.H., WENDY and WIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy enters by Lil Chris' adjoining door. By the light of the TV BARELY AUDIBLE, Win sleeps sitting up on the far side of the bed still in his towel and remote in hand. Wendy undresses to her underwear and climbs onto her side of the bed. She reaches over him carefully to put the empty bottle and plate on the night table but still wakes him.

WIN

Mmm, it's my dream girl.

Slowly waking, Win pulls her head sweetly, to his nose. She smiles and lets him blissfully smell her hair. They share a quiet moment; looking deeply at each other.

Win lifts his other hand to tenderly stroke her face forgetting he has the remote and SMACKS her with it. Ow! She smacks him right back on the leg!

WIN

Oh babe, I'm so sorry, I
forgot- It's been two years...

Wendy takes her hand down from her face. Win checks it out.

WIN

It's OK; just a little red.

Wendy turns on a light and runs to the dresser mirror.

WENDY

You idiot!!

Win stands behind her at the mirror, dead serious inspects her closely, until he busts a laugh. She smacks him away.

WENDY

It's not funny! It hurts!
Stop laughing, you idiot!
-it's not funny!!

Back at the mirror, when she sees the redness form little buttons of numbers on the side of her face, she also busts a laugh.

They laugh together into a full body embrace.

Lil Chris cries (o.s.)

Win steps toward the adjoining door but Wendy pulls him back

WENDY

It's OK; Flora will get it.

Under the adjoining door; a dim light goes on, there's Flora's o.s. soothing voice then silence from Lil Chris. Wendy smiles at Win, removes his towel, returns to embrace. Win takes their embrace to the bed and turns out the light.

LATER

Win watches Wendy sleep naked in his arms.

Wendy wakes, sees him awake and snuggles into him.

WENDY

Still awake?

WIN

So, what would you be Skypin
to me about tonight?

WENDY

I dunno... Sonia's meeting
with publishers, a lot. And,
I want it to go good for her,
but, all I can think of is;
will we still be friends?
how am I going to replace her.

WIN

'Course you're still gonna be friends, Junior can find somebody.

WENDY

Not like Sonia, not just the most money with the best connected clientele; calls her own shots- she's my best friend.

WIN

She did kinda come with the house

WENDY (giggles)

And you thought she was offering you a freebie? She was just checking in on Lil Chris.

WIN

Connected? -More than the mayor?

WENDY

(exaggerates a nod)

Hey, was Quart actually sober tonight?

WIN

Yeah, I fixed him, so now you have to like him, and it's 'Junior' now.

WENDY

You can't just fix an alcoholic.

WIN

He's not alcoholic, he was abusing. Now he's fixed.

(off Wendy's scepticism)

He's been fucked up all these years cuz our crazy-ass Mom gave him a crazy-ass name -til today, now problem solved, he's gonna change his name, to Junior...

WENDY

Took him til now to figure it out?

WIN

Give him a break; he's been drunk since high school. I wasn't much good to anybody til you came along -and "I" was the sober one.

WENDY

That's gonna change his life?

WIN

It's not an addiction, for him it's a crutch; get rid of what makes him wanna be drunk and he stays sober...

WENDY

Just like that?

WIN

Just like that.

Wendy lets it go and gets as close to him as possible.

WIN

Now about you, let's fix you.

WENDY (shocked)

What are you talking about?

WIN

You, y'know, you haven't been out of this house for like two years. You need a shrink.

Her back up, she tenses, and physically moves away from him.

WENDY

What? I've been outside.

WIN

Not out. Used to be I call you and you're shoppin, lunchin whatever. Two years, every time, you're here.

She breathes hard to hear him say that then shrugs it off.

WENDY

Just co-incidence, I'm fine, I had a baby and a business, y'know. I'm fine! I'm just happier at home, I have everything I need.

WIN

No. There's even a kid now gonna be affected by that problem if you don't do somethin about it!

WENDY

You got a kid now too, mister.

WIN

Tomorrow, I'll be all the baby daddy you need; right now I'm all the husband you got.

WENDY

I'm fine! Really, it's nothing.
(suddenly sexy sweet)
Just really missed you is all

Now it's Win who draws back from her, not buying it.

WENDY (cont)

OK, fine, I'll start going out, ok? It's no big deal, I was just waiting for you to get back. Ok?

WIN

You should see a shrink.

Wendy explodes inside but shrugs and straddles him instead.

WENDY

Maybe you're right.

WIN

Yeah? ... -who you kiddin?

He grabs her wrists and pushes them behind her.

WIN (cont'd)

I don't like you avoidin shit like this!

Wendy struggles to get free, seething angry and frustrated.

WENDY

I hate shrinks! I hate them!
I'm never going back! Never!!

She struggles hard, until he stops her. They're breathing hard and sweaty with just a sliver of light between them. Win pulls her close, wrists still against her back. Wendy softens, sobbing and pleading onto his shoulder. Win gets them back onto the pillows. They lie quiet.

WENDY

Please don't make me go.

Win winces at her pleading and comforts her.

WENDY (cont)

They make you talk about the past. You know how ugly mine is. I don't want to pollute this, really nice now, with all that, ugly...

WIN

Then just talk about now.

WENDY

Now? In here? I'm a wife and a mother and a business woman... But out there, -they're the ones with a problem. I'm still just that little whore, garbage, "thing", men used up and threw out like snotty old Kleenex...

Win winces to hear this, and he thinks deeply.

WENDY (cont)

Once I started to show, Sonia told me about, like, they might put the 'evil eye' on my belly. And then I didn't want their poison eyes on my kid.

Win breathes deep, and is resolved:

WIN

Ok we'll move; sell this place
get a whole new business and
we'll move, a whole new town.
Nobody's ever gonna look at
you bad again, not you or my
kid.

WENDY

Just like that?

WIN

Just like that.

(off Wendy's dismissing)

It's a big country out there...
Whole entire armies last 300
years, died all bloody and
beat up, so stupid-ol broken-
ass tramps like us could just
up and move to a whole new
life if we wanna. ... We're
doin 'em a favour! Otherwise
they died for nuthin

WENDY

Tramps like us? Doing whole,
entire, dead, 300 yr ol'
armies a favor? ... (a beat)
But your whole life is here.
I thought we were just gonna-

WIN

-My whole life? Without you,
my whole life is a crazy-ass
mother and a drunken-priest
brother; one's either half
dead or dyin a-l-l the time
and the other one's half
asleep as a life-style.

Wendy exhales a smile and puts her head down on his chest

WIN (cont)

You, are the only decent life
I've ever known. (kisses her
head) You and this whore-house,
the most decent life I've had.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - THAT NIGHT

Fr Jordan and Partner stand close together in front of the cabinet which Junior previously raided (as Fr Quart). Screens show maps tracking "Church Car" and "Cell Phone". Bikers' G.P.S and cell phones are stopped at Biker-Bar.

Fr JORDAN

Hired hands didn't survive.
Saves us the trouble...

PARTNER

I booked a flight to San Antonio. It's better to avoid the border, for disposal.

INT. N.M.H., WENDY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Wendy sits at the table feeding Lil Chris.
Enter Sonia, with books and purse in her hands.

SONIA

Who's parked behind me?

WENDY

Oh I forgot, Flora's car, I'll get the keys but you have to move it yourself. Here.

Wendy gets up; Sonia takes over with Italian baby talk. Lil Chris makes happy squeals clapping hands and banging a spoon.

SONIA

Umm! Big bite that's it...
Sta scioeta. Scioetella bella!

Junior comes in from the front of the house to the fridge. Sonia looks up recognizing him. Junior does a double-take.

SONIA

This part is private, no cl-

JUNIOR

-Oh, I'm not a client. I'm living here, for couple of weeks anywa-

Lil Chris drops food trying to use a spoon to eat, and cries.

SONIA (to baby)
Ohh!! Non scoragare, dai

Sonia spoon-feeds Lil Chris. Junior sits and sees her books.

JUNIOR
You read these?

SONIA
I wrote these.
(off Junior impressed)
It's poetry.

JUNIOR
I'd love to read-

SONIA
-That's OK. Look, I don't do
"freebies" even for frien-

JUNIOR
-Oh no, really, where I've
been, I don't watch much TV,
and I read a lot, trust me.

Lil Chris squeals again making Sonia smile, happy again.

SONIA
Scioetta! Tu si na sciotella!

JUNIOR
Ya! Schawhatella! Non
scoregere, Non scoregere

Sonia unintentionally spontaneously busts a laugh at him.

JUNIOR
What? Non scoregere, means
don't be discouraged, I know
some Latin...

SONIA
Non scor-aga-re not scor-ege-re
(Junior shrugs, same thing?)
scoregere? (laughs) no

JUNIOR

What did I say?

Sonia makes a smelly face to Lil Chris and laughs to Junior

SONIA

Scoregere!?! (laughs harder)
You've been telling the child to
"stop farting, stop farting"

JUNIOR

(clowning to Lil Chris)
I guess there IS a difference.

With an eye contact moment, he exchanges names as Junior. Wendy comes in JINGLES THE KEYS and gives them to Sonia, barely acknowledging Junior, as she trades place with her to Lil Chris. Junior gestures good-bye and leaves by the front. Sonia sneaks a baby smooch and is about to leave but steps back, incidentally to Wendy;

SONIA

I, was surprised, that Quart
left without a prayer for Lisa
(off Wendy pointing to him)
No, that's Junior, living here no?

WENDY

No, well ya, -Oh, I forgot,
Quart changed his name to
Junior. That's what all the-

SONIA

That's Win's brother? Junior?
(Wendy nods)
Is the priest?

WENDY

Changed his name. He's been
here since last night, he's
living here, for the next two
weeks, at least... why?

SONIA (spooked)

Oh No! Not to live, here ...
(Wendy shrugs) Is bad luck to
live with a priest.

Junior walks in as before but waving Win's cell phone.

JUNIOR

Hey, I need Win's charger.

(off Sonia spooked)

What? He gave it to me...

(watches her leave)

Why's she look like she needs
a crucifix and a wooden stake?

Win comes in, with the cell phone charger for Junior.

WENDY

She didn't know you were Fr
Quart; and freaked. It's bad
luck to live with a priest

JUNIOR

What? That's Crazy.

WENDY

That's Italian...

Wendy shrugs him off and continues feeding Lil Chris.

JUNIOR

Did you tell her? I'm not a
priest anymore? I quit...

Junior takes the charger and mouths "Fuck!" on his way out.

Win sits where Junior was, on the other side of Lil Chris
and Wendy. Win lets the little hand grab his finger.

WIN

Hey kid! Keepin your Momma busy?

(off Wendy's smile)

Next one, I'm gonna be here.

WENDY

Hope you've been using the gym.

WIN

(rubs his arm) Can't ya tell?

WENDY

That's not where you need it.

WIN
 (pats a shoulder) Yeah, see.

WENDY
 Nope, not where you need it...

WIN
 (rubs abs) what, showin a gut?

WENDY
 That's not either. You'll see.
 (off Lil Chris fussing)
 All done. Say Daddy?

Win jumps in to turn Lil Chris to him.

WIN
 Come to Daddy, baby!

Lil Chris fusses to get down. On the floor, Win tries to grab a little hand but Lil Chris takes off to run through the house and Win runs behind.

WENDY
 That's, where you need it

Junior steps in the door gesturing for Win to "hurry-up let's go" and is almost run over by Lil Chris charging happily around chased by Win, trying to keep Lil Chris from getting hit by lamps, frames etc.

EXT. N.M.H., YARD - THAT DAY

Win runs, trying to direct Lil Chris to Junior waiting at the car. But, Lil Chris keeps running towards the open yard. Win catches up to Lil Chris, and does a scoop and lift. When Wendy steps out the side door, Lil Chris fusses to go to her, but then runs towards the car instead. Win chases Lil Chris in a running squat, arms spread open to prevent a toddler-fall. Lil Chris toddle-charges right to the car and lands, hands first, on a clean shiny part, slapping sticky food hand prints all over it until Win and Wendy arrive running. But, Lil Chris giggles off in a wobble-run to the open yard. Win and Wendy do a quick kiss, and she goes after Lil Chris.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY ROAD/JUNIOR'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Junior's CAR is on the same country road as before but going in the opposite direction, MUSIC quietly on the radio.

Win drives with Junior in the front passenger seat making phone calls.

Junior is dialling another number when he notices that Win is obsessing between the rear-view mirror and the side mirror, looking for bikers.

Junior bumps Win's arm and gestures "eyes on the road".

Win shrugs him off and looks straight ahead.

Junior clicks off on his call, immediately searches the phone, and then shows Win a photo of the two bikers in front of a city sign post at least 100 miles away.

Win reluctantly nods and continues driving.

Junior makes another call.

Win likes the next SONG; sings, and TURNS UP THE MUSIC.

Junior, on the phone, TURNS IT DOWN

Win, singing to the song, TURNS THE MUSIC UP.

Junior TURNS IT DOWN, and on the phone explains that they're on their way there.

Win really grooving on the song, TURNS IT UP.

Junior listening on the phone TURNS IT DOWN and bumps Win's arm to stop singing.

Junior ends his call, slaps the phone off and reaches to TURN THE MUSIC UP LOUDER and sings with Win.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

The boys enter the large main doors of a prestigious college.

INT. COLLEGE RADIO OFFICE - DAY

Junior TAPS a window. JUDE, 30ish cool dude, waves them in.

JUDE

Hey Quart! Perfect timing!

Win and Jude are introduced and shake hands.

JUNIOR

But it's Junior now...

JUDE

Oh, yeah... -And no collar...

JUDE (cont)

I got a few guys interested,
and available. But it's gonna
cost ya.

WIN

Better than goin ta jail.

JUDE

Got a place to rehearse?

WIN

My place; room and meals but
no freebies.

Jude looks confused. Junior gestures "you'll find out"

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

On the way home, Win drives and Junior checks his phone,
then notices the car in front of them.

JUNIOR

Hey! That's Sonia!

Win SIGNALS to pass, but Junior stops him.

JUNIOR

No don't. I just wanna watch
her for a bit.

WIN

She's gonna take the good
parking spot.

JUNIOR

Yeah, let her...

Junior catches a look from Win.

JUNIOR

What, she's my Wendy...

Win hangs back from passing Sonia's car.
He looks back and forth at Junior watching Sonia.

EXT. HOUSE, GARAGE SIDE - DAY

Sonia's car approaches the garage and turns to park. Win pulls up behind, just as Sonia has turned off her car. Junior doesn't even wait for their car to come to a stop and hops out to open Sonia's car door for her. Sonia looks at him blankly, nods a polite but tight smile and walks away from him. Win parks and watches Junior watch Sonia walking away. They are met by Wendy with Lil Chris who makes a toddler-charge running seemingly to Win but goes to Junior instead.

LIL CHRIS

Bad! Bad! (hitting Junior's
leg screaming) Bad! go way

Wendy and Win are simultaneously horrified. Wendy runs to them. Win has scooped up Lil Chris as Wendy joins them.

WENDY (together) WIN
We don't hit people! No, no, no.

Wendy reluctantly understands what has to be said.

WIN

Mommy's right, we don't hit
people. Now this, (to Junior)
is Daddy's brother, your Uncle
Junior- oh, well...

Win tries saying their names, Daddy, Uncle and Mommy.

WIN

Uncle Junior is Daddy's brother.
Uncle Junior is still a stranger
to you, but Daddy likes Uncle
Junior, Mommy likes Uncle Junior.

WENDY (reluctantly)
Yes, Mommy likes Uncle Junior.

Lil Chris looks at them then smiles and claps happily

LIL CHRIS

Unculo! (like Italian swear-word)

Junior makes eye-contact with Sonia and they share a laugh.

INT. N.M.H. KITCHEN - SAME DAY

Flora, putting away groceries, sings a greeting to them as they enter. Lil Chris happily leans in to go to Junior.

LIL CHRIS
Unculo! Unculo!

Junior knows Sonia is laughing at his expense but allows it. When Lil Chris fusses to go to Sonia Junior is happy to do a hand-off to Sonia.

Sonia happily takes Lil Chris but gets herself away from Junior and over to the table.

Junior follows her with his eyes and his thoughts until he is nudged away by Flora tending to the groceries.

He moves over to the fridge to keep out of the way, but still keeps eyes fixed on Sonia with Lil Chris at the table. While there's a cheerful and busy clamor between Flora, Sonia and Lil Chris; Wendy, standing next to Win, has been watching Junior watch Sonia.

Wendy makes a "What's-up-with-him?" eye-contact with Win.

WIN (quietly)
She's his you.

Wendy is staring at each of them and back at Win. Win nods an accepting shrug and sits at the table. Wendy is lost in her own thoughts for a moment, and then takes Lil Chris, nudging away Sonia.

WENDY (to Sonia)
Get us all a beer, will ya.

Sonia nods happily until she sees Junior standing there. Junior bounces at her glance and instinctively opens the fridge for her. She gets four beers out of the fridge and while he hesitates to close the fridge to let her leave, she hesitates to give him a beer. Catching on, he takes his shot over the clamor.

JUNIOR
I'm not a priest anymore. I quit.
(off her holding beer)
Or a drunk, don't drink alone now
(off her skepticism)
Honest, you'll see. I promise.

SONIA

Well, I am a still prostitute
and a writer. -not quitting
either one. Honest, I promise.

Junior takes a beer and gestures a toast, and a smile,
which he quickly loses when she leaves.
At the table, Sonia stands next to Wendy, but first extends
a beer over to Win, ignoring Wendy then instead of handing
the last one to Wendy gives it to Flora.
Wendy shoots a dagger look at Sonia drinking her beer and
Sonia slides Wendy a "that'll-teach-you" look.
Wendy understands and backs down.

SONIA

I'm going back to work. I'll
see you in the morning.

INT. N.M.H., UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

At the top of the stairs, Junior watches Sonia enter her
room knowing she is preparing for a client.
He looks at Lisa's door, goes to it, knocks quietly,
listens, gets no response, then enters.

INT. N.M.H., LISA'S ROOM - DAY

Junior looks in sees only Lisa sleeping and quietly enters
He sits in Sonia's chair and finds Sonia's book under some
tissues. He flips through it half-hearted at first, a
hollow substitute for the real her.
He starts reading the first page to himself.

INT. N.M.H., KITCHEN - DAY (RESUMED)

WIN

Did you tell them our news?

FLORA

What news?

WENDY

Not yet, didn't get a chance.

FLORA

What news?

WIN

Me too, I forgot.

FLORA

Forgot what?

There's an o.s CLATTER OF HIGH HEELS DESCENDING THE STAIRS then a woman peeks in just long enough to say:

WORKING GIRL

Flora, I need a quick change of sheets right away

Flora waves an "O.K." and flashes a look to Wendy.

WIN

Flora, you get up in the middle of the night to take care of my kid; that makes you family. You'll just have to wait, too.

Flora huffs, and goes off to tend to her work.

WIN

We'll wait for Flora, Sonia and Junior and we're all together.

WENDY

Pff, good luck with that

LIL CHRIS

Pffff, g luff...
(sprays food all over them)

INT. N.M.H., LISA'S ROOM - DAY (RESUMED)

By the time Lisa wakes Junior has read about half the book

LISA

Who are you?

JUNIOR
Win's brother.

LISA
Oh, the priest.

JUNIOR
Not anymore. I quit.

LISA
Oh yeah, the drunk...

JUNIOR
No. I'm sober for good now.

LISA
Quart, right?

JUNIOR
Uh, well... it's Junior now...
(off Lisa's scoff)
I came in to read to you, like
Sonia did, but you were asleep

Lisa is even more put off by him.

LISA
I don't need a babysitter.

JUNIOR
You need your friends-

LISA
I need my brother!

JUNIOR
(a beat)
I lost my Dad when I needed him
the most.
(off her blank look)
It sucks for a long time...
(a beat)
First you do anything to forget,
lose the pain, or make it stop...
then you want that feeling back,
of feeling good ... but it's
always only temporary.

Lisa looks away but listens.

JUNIOR (cont)

And then, one day, you find something, to build on ... you make the best of it and you find a way to, honour them. It's the only thing that makes, life, worth ... whatever...

As he starts to put the book away and leave, she softens.

LISA

Read me the rest of it...
(looks at the time)
She has her regulars today...

INT. N.M.H., WIN & WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 11:55PM

Win sleeps on his side facing away from Wendy. She moves the blanket up to cover his shoulder better, careful not to wake him, but he stirs anyway and turns.

WENDY

Didn't mean to wake you...

WIN

Wasn't really asleep, just thinking ... You gonna miss this place, people?

WENDY

I dunno, if I have you with me...

Win turns her over so he is now spooning her; his bottom arm under her neck but not sure where to rest his top hand; first on her shoulder, hip, her side then Wendy is annoyed. She grabs his hand, guides it across herself and under her breasts so that her bottom breast, is cupped into his hand.

WENDY

Here, hold me up, prevent stretch marks. They're as much yours as mine; you should take care of them.

WENDY (cont)

Now, shut-up and go to sleep.

WIN (groans)

W- now I got something for you ...

WENDY

Oh yeah? Let me see...

Under the covers, Wendy's slides her hand up and down on Win until he gasps an orgasm.

She slides her hand up to pat his face, smiles and smears him. He wipes his face, smears hers and they play-wrestle.

INT. N.M.H., WENDY'S KITCHEN - SAME NIGHT 3:44AM

Win sits at the table lit by lap-top images of road-bikers. He hears SOMEONE APPROACH behind him, switches to images of the dogs. Sonia only notices Win as she CLOSES THE FRIDGE. She starts to go, then stops. Win thinks it's Wendy.

WIN

Hey hun! Come see th- oh!

SONIA

Sorry, I didn't -jet-lag?

Win shrugs. She hesitates away from him then goes toward him:

SONIA

Listen, ...call off your boy!

(sits next to him)

Stop encouraging him about me

-you and Wendy, both!

Win tries not to appear as uncomfortable as she's made him.

SONIA (cont)

There are people, in my past,
who will, hurt him, at the
very least -priest or not.

(off Win squinting)

I like this life; the money the
power, over these men...

But my life is mine, only mine.

(off Win's nod)

SONIA (cont)

I can't h-, but you, you- now
you have a child ... I don't
know how yo-

Win reaches for her hand but scratches his head instead.

SONIA (cont)

I know, you make it nice for
her in here, but out there,
this business is a shitty life.
I sold you this house, I will
buy it back... (a beat)
You can do for me something...

Win shrugs agreeing. Sonia teeters on tears.

SONIA (cont)

I don't have kids, and I have
no right, but... Ten years from
now that child will not be so
happy about, all this.

Win breathes deep thinking about it, looks her eye-to-eye.

SONIA (cont)

I know what is like, for a
child to hate their mother,
forever... I don't want that
for Wendy. This you need to
think about, alot.

Win nods, then watches her stand, ready to go.

SONIA (cont)

-Maybe even move, start a new
life, somewhere, else.

Win tries for her hand again but can't reach.

Sonia sees it and hesitates, but this time towards him.
She takes a step and pats his arm.

Win tries to say thank you, but he tears up and just pats
her hand instead.
She allows him a moment, and then she pulls it back and
leaves.

EXT. N.M.H., GARAGE SIDE OF HOUSE - MORNING

Junior and Jude direct the musicians to parking spots.

Win carrying Lil Chris joins them.

RAY, in sunglasses, expertly helps HUGH, in a wheelchair, to get out of the van; Ray sets the ramp, rolls him out, puts the ramp back in the van and shuts the panel door.

Junior, Jude and Hugh wave to Lil Chris but Ray doesn't.

Lil Chris hides shyly into Win's shoulder while Junior introduces Win to Ray and Hugh who all shake hands.

Lil Chris quietly peeks out, and also wants to shake hands; first Junior, Jude, Hugh, then Ray, but Ray ignores it.

Ray grabs Hugh's wheelchair, seemingly skillfully toward the house. Win shrugs it off and they go towards the house.

JUNIOR

I set up in the big party room
downstairs. It opens onto the
pool patio and the backyard.

Junior and Jude lead the way in front of them.

Lil Chris looks at Ray and reaches for his sunglasses.

Again, Ray ignores Lil Chris. Win smacks Ray's shoulder.

WIN

Dude! That's three times
you're rude to my kid!

Ray instantly shocked "OW!", lets go of the wheelchair.

Hugh in the wheelchair and Win carrying Lil Chris go ahead.

When Ray stops rubbing his shoulder, he feels around for the chair, (literally) blindly, in the wrong direction.

Junior shoots a Hey! and WTF gesture at Win.

Win looks back to see that Ray is completely blind and runs back to help him. Win apologizes and introduces Lil Chris while guiding Ray back to Hugh's wheelchair.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS PARTY ROOM - SAME DAY

Stepping in the sliding door with Lil Chris in arms,

Win gets a "come-here" from Jude to help him set-up drums.

Win carefully puts Lil Chris on a couch and helps Jude.

Lil Chris rolls off couch and follows Win to the drums.

Win assembles a drum-stand.
Lil Chris picks up drumsticks, starts play-hitting Win.
Win turns around, Lil Chris laughs, drops the sticks and runs outside for Win to chase.

THEN:

Win is sound-testing a microphone.
Lil Chris, in Win's arms with hands on ears, reaches for it, grabs it, hits Win with it, throws it to the floor.
Win puts Lil Chris down to pick it up and Lil Chris runs outside again for Win to chase.

LATER:

Lil Chris naps on Win's shoulder while Win sits at the piano talking over a playlist with other musicians.
When Wendy comes for a hand-off, Lil Chris wakes up and starts to fuss insisting to stay on Win's shoulder.

LATER:

With Lil Chris still asleep on his shoulder, Win points out the power outlets around the room, moves chairs from a stack, and has a beer with Junior checking out road-trip photos from the two bikers, all the time with Lil Chris still asleep on Win's shoulder.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL PATIO - EVENING

Win with Lil Chris on his lap, is eating dinner next to Wendy at one of the outdoor tables with all the musicians.
Lil Chris reaches for some lettuce off Win's plate and tries to get it into Win's mouth then fusses to get down.
And of course, Lil Chris takes off for Win to chase.
Win catches and then brings Lil Chris into the house.

Sonia, crosses paths with Win and Lil Chris on her way to Wendy's table. In Win's place, she eats off Wendy's plate.

From the front door, Junior immediately goes towards Sonia.
Sonia, noticing Junior, immediately excuses herself.
She steps lively to avoid Junior and goes to the side-door.
As Junior reaches the table, Sonia has left, and he looks disappointed. Wendy fills a plate and grabs two beers, which she hands to Junior and gestures for him to bring to Sonia. Junior immediately takes them and reaches Sonia just inside the side-door.

INT. SIDE DOOR STAIRS - SAME EVENING

Sonia is just about to start up the stairs when Junior catches up to her and gestures for her to sit at the kitchen table with him for a beer. Sonia shakes her head, no, but takes a beer. She does a couple of steps then turns to go back to Junior. Junior smiles, she just takes the second beer and goes upstairs. Junior loses his smile.

INT. N.M.H., LOBBY - SAME EVENING

Working girls wait for clients as Junior walks by. They notice Junior and gesture a hello. One of them goes to him and presses herself against him. Junior politely smiles but continues walking to the door.

INT. N.M.H., UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - SAME EVENING

Meanwhile at the top of the stairs Sonia peeks in on Lisa. Then she looks in Win and Wendy's open bedroom door. Win sleeps on the bed facing Lil Chris in play pen against the bed. Lil Chris is about to hit Win's head with a toy. Sonia stops and takes Lil Chris, to let Win keep sleeping.

INT. N.M.H., LOBBY - NEXT DAY

With o.s. rehearsal MUSIC, Wendy carries on 'business as usual' with her ladies and clients. She slides a wad of cash into the top of a lockable cash-box built into the desk drawer. Behind a cash box are toddler toys under a real hand-gun. Wendy discreetly locks it and looks up to greet a Client.

CLIENT

Where's that music coming from?

WENDY

My husband's band rehearsing...

CLIENT

Can I stick around to listen?

Other clients catch her eye and gesture they want to stay. Wendy just shrugs a nod. She looks outside; other clients lean on cars, hanging around, listening. Wendy waves Flora over and gives her instructions, then:

WENDY (to clients)
You can go round the back and
enjoy the show on the patio,
-only twenty bucks extra

Wendy happily collects their money as they pass her.

EXT. N.M.H., BACKYARD AND POOL - DAY

Flora leads clients to the patio. It has become a crowd all over the backyard with the band outside on the deck as an impromptu stage.

EXT. N.M.H., BACKYARD AND POOL - NIGHT

The impromptu day-crowd has become an impromptu night-party. The BAND REHEARSESES. Flora and Win are at the BBQ. Junior in the driveway, peels off cash for a loaded beer trolley, stack of pizzas, cases of steaks and groceries.

INT. N.M.H., LOBBY - NIGHT

Wendy is at the lobby desk.

ANOTHER CLIENT
What's going on out there?

WENDY
-rehearsal party for my
husband's band, only fifty
bucks extra...

EXT. N.M.H., BACKYARD AND POOL - NEXT DAY

An audience of clients and working girls during rehearsals has become the usual. Wendy has come out for a break. Win coaxes her into a mock dance leads her to the deck/stage and the center stage mic.

WIN

C'mon let's do this, you been
singin all day; it'll be fun.

Wendy smiles nervously and with Win on harmonica, she sings.

Wendy has a nice simple voice, eventually the band joins in.
"BABY DON'T GO" - (Sonny and Cher) with lyric changes;
♪ baby *let's* go, pretty baby *let's just* go ♪
Wendy solos to Win: ♪ in this town for *all these* years,
you're the only love I found, baby *let's* go ...♪

INT. N.M.H. HOUSE - DAY (DURING SONG IN V.O.)

While Wendy is SINGING, Flora is in the house, with Lil
Chris close by in a play-pen, and she very carefully wraps
items then places them very carefully into a box excessively
labelled "Fragile".

EXT. N.M.H., BACKYARD AND POOL - SAME DAY (RESUMED)

Wendy gets enthusiastic APPLAUSE and a big kiss from Win.
She waves to the crowd then goes back to relax.
Junior coaxed Sonia to the deck and at the mic announces

JUNIOR

There's another special lady
here today; Sonia c'mon up
and read for us

Sonia refuses and heads to the house. Junior runs to her.

JUNIOR

Oh c'mon, it'll get you ready
for all those book signings.

SONIA

Nobody wants to hear poetry.

JUNIOR

Yes- or for sure they will

SONIA

No. They. Won't. People hate
poetry!

JUNIOR

Well I like it. -that ever
count for anything around here?

She stops. Then, she flips pages as he introduces her.

JUNIOR

Let's hear it for Sonia; our
favourite poet, a real treat.

Sonia approaches the mic to a TRICKLE OF POLITE APPLAUSE.

SONIA

Hi. I'll be quick... (a beat)
Before this rose
there was the seed
of a thousand roses before it
Before this kiss
there was the dream
of a thousand kisses before it
Before this child
there was the seed
of a thousand children before it
Before this life
there was the dream
of a thousand lives before it

When she's done she looks up; the silence resounds. But the crowd surprised it was so short, sit up and look impressed.

VOICE IN CROWD

Hey! so short! Do another one!

Sonia looks around; crowd APPLAUDS, and CHEERS then quiet.

BOB, 40ish well dressed, pays her very sinister, attention on his phone and waiting for a SPEED DIAL to answer.

BOB (into phone)

Hey boss, guess what "I" found?
Calls herself Sonia now...

SONIA

I envy the raindrops as they
fall from the sky
little streams of fantasy
flowing into each other

SONIA (cont in V.O)

I envy the raindrops as they
 form upon my window
 little clusters of lovers
 absorbing into each other
 I envy the raindrops as they
 form their puddles
 little families of ripples
 radiating to each other
 I envy the tear drops rolling
 onto my pillow
 little rivers of despair for
 they have each other

INT. EXBOSS'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

With the V.O. of Sonia's poem, on the other end of Bob's call, receiving details is Sonia's EXBOSS; with a very well-manicured hand holds the phone and wears a very expensive designer suit, a beautiful watch, in an elegant executive chair at an oversized Chippendale desk. Swivelling to face an exquisitely ornate bookcase, the other hand, reaches for a framed photo of a young couple including Sonia; very pregnant and very sad.

EXT. N.M.H., BACKYARD - DAY (resumed)

This time, when she looks up, the APPLAUSE is immediate. She looks back at her book, they're silent and she reads. Sonia does not notice Bob, who now hangs up, still staring.

SONIA

There was once a rose
 among the thorns where I had tread
 resilient and resplendent
 in its trodden garden bed
 endearing and intimidating
 in the muck and mire
 there was once a rose arising
 among the ruins of my desire

APPLAUSE. Junior now at the mic, recites to Sonia:

JUNIOR

I love you without knowing how,

JUNIOR (cont)
 or when, or from where,
 I love you simply, without
 problems or pride,
 I love you in this way because
 I don't know any other way of
 loving...
 (off dead silence)
 Uh it's not mine, it's Neruda...

The crowd looks back and forth at them; Sonia finally tilts her head. Junior smiles. She throws a book at him, hard.

SONIA
 You idiot!
 (throws second book)
 All this poetry, and you recite
 me somebody else's!?!

She throws the third book at him and storms off the stage. Crowd CHEERS, the BAND PLAYS and Bob goes into the house.

INT. N.M.H., LOBBY - DAY

Bob watches Wendy send Lil Chris off with Flora. He makes casual small talk to Wendy, seemingly harmless. Wendy senses something, about him, but she tries not to look uncomfortable while being polite but not encouraging him.

INT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

At a table, 1stBiker and 2ndBiker eat dinner and chug beer.

2nd BIKER
 I know a coupla party girls in
 Texas, how bout we spend a
 week with them? For the couple
 of bills we were gonna spend
 on a room, bet they'd be much
 more accommodatin... and fun...

1st BIKER
 Nah, gonna meet a buddy
 tonight -pick up an extra
 'payload' before the boarder...

2nd BIKER

-And what about we call up the old Fathers, tell em what the brothers are doing. We get-

1st BIKER

-No. the brothers been square with us; the Fathers got no reason to cut us in. They're gonna wipe us out all along. We got lucky.

2nd BIKER

Think it's a square deal?

1st BIKER

Brothers promised us club prospects right in front of members, no shit. The Fathers; they made alot of promises, where was the club? Huh? Shorty, McGuire, Jefferies ... no executives, not even any members, club wasn't theirs to promise. Only the Fathers knew what we were doing; and that did make us disposable. But not to the brothers ... we got lucky don't push it.

INT. N.M.H., DOWNSTAIRS PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Win and Junior at the sliding doors check road-biker pics. The path from the sliding door to the pool is lined with patio lights; each with a swarm of bugs flying around it. Win watches Junior watch Sonia who sits alone on the deck.

WIN

Should go talk to her.

JUNIOR

What. Now? ... I'm not ready

WIN

If she's the one, you're ready.

JUNIOR

I can't just-... She'd slam me so fast. (off Win's denial) been shooting me down all week. Maybe she's right.

WIN

Maybe it's just all that stupid stuff; the kitchen, parkin lot -the stage for Chris-sakes! Wadda ya expect!

JUNIOR

-not gonna book an appointment

WIN

Ya OK, I get that, but, look at her -at this hour? She could've gone out.

As Junior stares at her, more bugs fly around each light.

JUNIOR

She shoots me down in front of people, I can make it a joke, like this, it's permanent.

WIN

Not like you could make it worse. -just, lunch maybe
(off Junior's reluctance)
She talked to me about you, shows she's been thinking

Junior looks at him with a stupid surprised smile. Win coaxes him to go on. Slowly Junior breathes deep, exhales slowly, bravely slides the door open and slowly steps outside. With bugs still swarming the patio lights, he tidies himself and gathers his courage.

EXT. N.M.H., BACKYARD AND POOL - NIGHT

Junior walks slowly to the pool between bug-swarmed lights. In a few steps he smacks his arm and flicks away a bug. He finally reaches Sonia and starts with a smile and a greeting

We see him gesture about the weather and it makes her shrug and nod. While he tries to stand a bit more comfortable, he casually shoos away a bug, then another. He tries to talk and shoos another out of his mouth. He regains his casual stance until he smacks his arm again, smacks his neck, his face, his leg, again and again ... and then it's just an all-out smack-off and wave-away offensive against the bugs.

From inside the screen door Win doesn't see the bugs; just Junior's vigorous smack-off in front of Sonia and shakes his head doubtfully.

Sonia gets up, grabs her can of bug spray, circles him and sprays him into a cloud of mist. Junior's smack-off subsides once the mist has cleared and he resumes trying to talk to her, like nothing happened. Sonia laughs so hard, they share a pissing-themselves laugh.

EXT. N.M.H., PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bob, in a car with highly technical surveillance, watches Sonia and Junior have a good laugh, and she agrees to lunch.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - DAY

Sonia and Junior sit at a nice quiet table.

SONIA

You don't really like sushi,
do you?

JUNIOR

No, it's fine, it's good for
you.

SONIA

You probably hate it.

JUNIOR

No, I don't hate it. But you
love it

SONIA

Well I don't love it, it's OK.

JUNIOR

I don't hate it, it's good.

SONIA

But I really do like some of it

JUNIOR

Maybe only kinda like most of it

SONIA

Actually really like most of it

JUNIOR

Well maybe just like some of it

SONIA

Actually I really like all of it

JUNIOR

Well maybe it's just OK

SONIA

Actually I guess I do just
love it

JUNIOR

Well maybe I do kinda hate it.

SONIA (to Waiter)

He'll have the shrimp teriyaki;
noodles instead of rice, and
extra veggies instead of salad.

(Junior nods impressed)

I'll have my usual.

As the Waiter walks away, a few tables behind them he passes Bob. Bob has a discreet listening device focused on them as he calmly has his lunch.

BACK AT THE TABLE:

Sonia shrugs a smile and they're back to nervous silence.

JUNIOR

How long have you known Wendy?

SONIA

About three years

SONIA (cont)

(off Junior's nod)

Look, I only accepted today to make you understand that there's no future for us. I don't do couples. And I-

JUNIOR

Don't do priests, -bad luck.

SONIA

No, I do a lot of priests. It's bad luck to live with one.

JUNIOR

I got offered a lot of sex as a priest -more than ever actually.

Sonia mocks being impressed. Junior shrugs; What?

JUNIOR

I'm a good-looking people person. But I'm not a priest now so no more bad-luck.

He looks for an encouraging reaction, but she has none.

SONIA

Once a priest always a priest

JUNIOR

Only for the good ones

SONIA

And so you want me to offer you sex?

JUNIOR

No. My interest in you isn't about sex, ... yet

SONIA

So, now that you're secular, you want to be celibate, with a hooker?

He smiles at her wit and points "that's my interest in you".

SONIA

Does it bother you that your
brother married a hooker?

JUNIOR

She's good to him, who cares.

SONIA

No conflicts, with ...?

JUNIOR

The only conflict with the Church
is that they don't get their cut.

SONIA

They get their cut when men repent.

JUNIOR

Costs money to repent; Men
don't have to pay as much when
they're good, as they do when
they're bad. (off her attention)
The Church is an organization
of spiritual politics, that preys
on the weak... and then prays
(makes prayer hands) for money

SONIA

Like the Mafia; in Italy the
Mafia thinks like the Vatican and
the Vatican works like the Mafia.

JUNIOR (smiles)

But the Church offers delusions
of eternal respectability,
-that makes them even more
dangerous ...than the mafia

Sonia is surprised to agree. Junior smiles impressed again.

SONIA

(avoiding his smile)

People abuse the Church as much
as the Church abuses them. The
Church wants to be just a museum
for saints, but the people want
a hospital for sinners.

JUNIOR (smiles)

You and I, are cows among sheep
 (off her confusion)
 Sheep have lazy brains; they
 don't think, they follow, -even
 to their own demise. They need
 to be lead or they get lost.
 But cows, always find their own
 way home. -takes them til the
 wee hours, but they know how to
 come home.

SONIA

-cows among sheep, eating fish

JUNIOR

I really liked your poem that
 said "maybe GOD is the common
 cold" ...affects every human,
 indiscriminately. Personally, I
 think scientifically the big bang
 did start life, but only because
 GOD stepped out to fart -what
 else could spark, in a vacuum
 (off her chuckle)
 Yep. Pttt! and here we are! ...
 Wow, I've never had anyone to
 share all that with before.

Sonia denies him another eye contact still half chuckling.

JUNIOR (cont)

I think that's half my
 attraction to you. I can be
 who I really am, finally.

SONIA

So, why did you become a priest?

JUNIOR

I was a chronic drunk at the
 time. They had wine, and quiet
 places to drink. I let them
 lead me, they took me in and
 made me who they needed me to
 be, for them ...

SONIA

You were an alcoholic sheep.

JUNIOR

til I had reason to stay sober.

SONIA

-You can't put that on me.

JUNIOR

Course not, when I changed my name; I healed all emotional scabs, now I can stay sober.

Sonia is visibly relieved and conflicted about it.
Waiter brings tea and condiments. They nod Thank you.

JUNIOR (cont)

Ironically, my first year in, I actually stopped drinking. I thought I found something that felt good, worth being sober for, like before my Dad died ...

(has her full attention)
And then, I started to really see, things, ugly things I couldn't do anything about...

SONIA

(not surprised)

What do you believe in? now?

JUNIOR

I believe in the spirit of willful benevolence, and being a good person for the hell of it

Sonia finally allows an eye contact moment then sips tea.

JUNIOR

And I've also acquired a very healthy respect for hookers.

SONIA

How very, cow, of you.

Junior smiles.

JUNIOR (cont)

No sexual politics; just work for pay. -Basically just good decent Christian work ethics.

SONIA

I'm like that with couples.

JUNIOR

thought you don't do couples?

SONIA

I don't do relationships. But the couples, I like, very much. Instead of double work, is only half.

(Junior chuckles)

I have no respect for married men who step out on their wives. But I like it when they're couple strong enough to share themselves together, for the pleasure.

JUNIOR

No you don't.

(off Sonia's offense)

You don't want to DO that couple; you want to BE that couple.

SONIA

No I don't. You. do.

JUNIOR

You want to share yourself in a meaningful way, that's why you write. You haven't found it any other way, anywhere.

SONIA

Don't think you know me because you read my books. You don't.

JUNIOR

I know that you're a prostitute but not a slut, just like I was a drunk not an alcoholic.

SONIA

What you don't know about me could get you killed. I've been sober all my life and I still fucked up -more than you.

JUNIOR

Yeah, I noticed that.

SONIA

And so? I don't need a rescue!

JUNIOR

I noticed that too. That's your delusion. Everyone needs somebody.

(off her wincing)

I got Win, Win has Wendy, Wendy has Lil Chris and Lil Chris has parents. Who you got?

(off Sonia's avoidance)

I noticed that you're always alone-

SONIA

Stop saying that, like it means something!

JUNIOR

Well, it means something to me! It means I finally care enough about something real, that doesn't get flushed out of me the next day, one way or another.

SONIA

Based on what? sex skills, honest work of sex for pay?

JUNIOR

No, sex isn't what makes you want to fall asleep smelling only that one person's hair for the rest of your life.

SONIA

And what? Poetry? some talk?

JUNIOR

No... I don't know

(a beat)

-see, That's how I know this must be real, and good for both- ... -If I'm in love cuz you're beautiful and sexy, what happens when you're old, ugly or we're not having sex?

(off her shut-out)

If I'm in love because you make me laugh, what happens when you're sick and not so funny? ...If it's cuz you're understanding and kind, what happens when I piss you off and you call me on my shit?

(off her 'wave away')

You're working so hard to get published, for what? For fame? You got money. You got kids?

SONIA

What, you haven't noticed that?

JUNIOR

What are you afraid of?

SONIA

I'm afraid of wasting my time.

JUNIOR

On me? ...-;alright, I can see that...

SONIA

Stop trying to give me something I can't hold on to.

Junior thinks deep, then is decisive and sits straight up.

JUNIOR

Know what we need? A dog...

SONIA

We? What we? No we, no dog.

JUNIOR

Dogs; pure love, like little kids that never grow up.

SONIA

I hate -*dawgs* (sneers)

JUNIOR

What's not to love a dog?

SONIA

They're loud, they're messy and they smell.

JUNIOR

Well, you can say that about babies too, and motorcycles ...and my brother ...

Waiter brings their food and Bob continues to watch them. Sonia annoyed, gestures "Lets just eat" Junior digs in and then sits back and smiles with resolve.

INT. DOG SHELTER - SAME DAY (AFTER LUNCH)

Sonia and Junior walk along an aisle. Junior stops to call a dog over to him. Sonia leans on the cage next to it. Junior squats for the dog's attention Sonia squats for his

SONIA

I don't want a dawg (sneers)

JUNIOR

You will. -C'mon, here boy.

Sonia's sleeve is tugged through the cage. She makes an annoyed face and she shifts a bit.

SONIA

Is not going in my room.

She shifts again, with her whole shoulder, Junior notices.

JUNIOR

It's not for your room, it's
for mine.

This time a paw pats her, leaves a mark and she smacks it.

SONIA

Disgraziato! (*Damn you!*)

The dog looks at Sonia then Junior; quite possibly the
most ugliest creature ever, wagging its tail and tongue.

JUNIOR

It likes you but, I don't
think it speaks Italian. It's
a British Bull Dog.

SONIA

Knows a bitch when it sees one
(to dog)
Vatene! Go away!
(to Junior)
Wendy isn't going to let it
stay in your room. She's
barely letting YOU stay in
your room.

JUNIOR

It's OK I'm going to buy the
house. They want to move, you
don't, so...

SONIA

How can a priest, afford, a
multi-million dollar, whore
house, or any property?

JUNIOR

I did a little, saving, on
the side. ... (to dog) Hey, I
think we found our boy.

JUNIOR (cont)
(looks behind the dog)
Oh, I mean, our girl. What
should we call her?

SONIA
Ma, che me ne frega? Is your ...
damn dawg ...

JUNIOR
Oh, ok then; D.D. it is!

EXT. DOG POUND PARKING LOT - SAME DAY

Bob in a car, has surveillance on Sonia, Junior and now D.D.

EXT. N.M.H. DRIVEWAY - NEXT MORNING

Sonia gets up from tying her shoelaces, ready for a jog, in time to see D.D. charging towards her, unleashed by Junior. Sonia just jogs away from D.D.

EXT. N.M.H. STREET - THAT MORNING

Bob hides in his car with surveillance focused on Sonia.

EXT. HOUSE PROPERTY - SAME MORNING (SERIES OF SHOTS)

While Sonia jogs, D.D. runs through lawn sprinklers and then runs happily a bit behind Sonia on a dirty dusty road. When Sonia stops to stretch, D.D., still at full speed, jumps up on Sonia and gets mud all over her spotless outfit. Then, already annoyed, Sonia at side door takes off muddy shoes before going in and D.D. takes one of her shoes and runs off with it into the sprinklers.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR/SONIA'S DOOR - SAME DAY

Sonia sees D.D. behind her at the door and sends D.D. away. But DD runs into Sonia's room and vigorously shakes water and mud all over. Sonia sends D.D. out and slams the door. D.D. lies down against the closed door and pants happily.

INT. SONIA'S ROOM - SAME DAY

Sonia helps Flora clean up D.D.'s mess, then showers and dresses into exquisitely elegant and flowing lingerie. She gets a text that her client is downstairs and walks gracefully to the door, but she doesn't see D.D. and trips over the dog in a clumsy pratfall.

EXT. POOL PATIO - NIGHT

Sonia sits in a lounge chair on the lit patio, writing. Prompted by Junior, D.D. trots and paws-up to Sonia's chair. Sonia reaches for a toy on the side-table and throws it. D.D fetches, brings it back and then Sonia sends it again. The next time Sonia is about to throw it, she notices Junior. Sonia throws the toy, hard, but this time at Junior's head. It knocks him over and D.D. jumps all over Junior instead.

EXT. N.M.H., BACKYARD - NEXT DAY

Outside the downstairs party room, Flora cuts cake onto plates. Wendy places them on a tray. Jude offers to help.

JUDE

No clients in the lobby today,
and all these uniforms out here

FLORA

Trades day Tuesday!

WENDY

I did a services exchange thing
for stuff we need done around the
building. It's the slowest day of
the week so the girls make
themselves available only to
tradesmen, Tuesday 9-5. See...

Jude sees every kind of uniform: roofers to landscapers.

FLORA

Haven't washed a window or
shovelled snow, ever! And the
whole building is clean as a
whistle and solid as a rock!

EXT. N.M.H., BACKYARD POOL PATIO - DAY

Tables are clustered together and cluttered with dirty empty plates and platters which D.D happily licks clean. Musicians, tradesmen and working girls stand around the deck socializing to MUSIC.

Junior stands back, behind Sonia, to stare at her.

Wendy carries a tray of cake and approaches Junior.

Wendy eye gestures for Junior to offer one to Sonia.

Junior refuses but Wendy facially insists!

Junior reluctantly takes a plate and taps Sonia's shoulder.

Sonia turns and Junior offers her a plate of cake.

She scoffs a look at Junior, then cake then him, then cake.

Win approaches Wendy, puts Lil Chris down and takes a plate.

As Wendy gives Junior forks, the breeze musses Sonia's hair.

Sonia raises her hand to clear the hair from her eyes but Junior thinks she will hit him with cake and he impulsively moves it out of Sonia's way, but POW! -into Wendy's face!

While Junior nervously cleans and apologizes to Wendy, Win

laughs at Wendy, so Wendy cakes Win. Junior laughs at Win,

so Win cakes Junior, as Sonia bends to get Lil Chris.

Junior side-bends away from Win's cake and it hits Jude.

While they laugh at Jude, Sonia gets up with Lil Chris and steps away from all of them.

Jude hits Junior with potato salad and a food fight ensues.

Sonia carefully avoids getting Lil Chris hit with food.

At the screen door Sonia sees that they're all enjoying what has become an all-out-free-for-all food-fight.

EXT. N.M.H., PARKING LOT - DAY

Bob laughs in his car with surveillance on the backyard

EXT. N.M.H., WIN and WENDY'S BATHROOM - THAT DAY

Wendy and Win have showered away all the cake and food.

WIN

What're ya doin for those two?

(off her shrug)

I seen you doin stuff...

(off Wendy's huff)

WIN (cont)

Got some new respect for him
now that he's not a drunk?

WENDY

Oh please. If he dropped dead in
front of me, my only concern
would still be whether to step
over him or walk around him.

WIN

So why you pushin for him? I'm
not so sure she's good for him.

WENDY

Are you kidding? She's amazing;
too good for him if you ask me.

(off his 'So?')

What. I haven't done anything.

(another look)

What!?! What have I done?

Wendy goes to the mirror. Win follows to get in her face.

WIN

I wanna know why.

WENDY

It's all in your head, move!

WIN

(gets in her face)

No! Somethin's goin on with
you, I wanna know what.

WENDY (huffs)

I don't know. I really don't
know! -just, takes over me,
when he looks at her, like
that. (off Win's shrug, how?)
Like you used to look at me

Win smiles. Wendy balks and shrugs off his victory.

WENDY (cont)

If he's as good to her as you...
(off Win gloating)

WENDY (cont)

What. She's my best friend;
like a really classy, and a
really smart sister.

WIN

Junior's got brains y'know

WENDY

Oh please. Even stone cold
sober, he's such a dim-wit,
-he needs to turn on a light
to change his mind.

(off Win's he fine)

Fine? He bought her a dog! A
loud messy smelly dog! If he
had half a brain-cell left-

WIN

-Yeah? So why you still tryin
so hard for him...

WENDY (subdued)

Not for him! If they hook-up,
like us, she'd be my sister-in-
law, -be nice, have a sister

WIN

You got class and you're smart.

WENDY

Not like her, not like you...

WIN

Trades day Tuesday is genius.
When we move, you're goin back
to school! Successful business
woman like you should have a
degree, in Economics, or somethin.

Wendy smiles happy and throws the wash-cloth at him.

WIN

Besides, if she's gonna be
family, I need you to explain
her poetry to me. -I hate
poetry.

INT. N.M.H., LOBBY - NIGHT

As Win walks by, all the Women are with men but he doesn't react til he sees Junior with a half-dressed WORKING GIRL on his lap.

JUNIOR (very drunk)
Don't worry s'not a freebie!

WIN
Dude, you can't do this.

GIRL
He can do whatever he wants!

Win pulls her off Junior's lap and pushes her away.

WIN (to Girl)
Shut-up and get outta here!

Junior stands nose to nose with Win and tries to talk

WIN (to Junior)
You can't do this to her.

GIRL
He hasn't done anything yet!

WIN
Shut-the-fuck-up, beat it!

D.D. at Junior's feet BARKS loudly at Win.

GIRL
Can't talk to me like that!
Wendy doesn't let anybody talk-

WIN
(pushes girl)
Go bite the dog!

JUNIOR (calming DD)
She doesn't want me.

WIN
Only been like a week.

JUNIOR

Shootin me down all the way

WIN

She's testin you; all good ones do!

Junior waves him off and plops into a chair.

WIN (cont)

Bailin on her now don't mean
shit if you haven't passed
her test.

JUNIOR

She'll appreciate me after
losin me.

WIN

Nobody appreciates gettin hurt

Girl steps towards him. Win pushes her back into a couch

WIN

Piss her off all you want,
she'll shout and scream and
yell, -yours is Italian,
she'll throw stuff

JUNIOR

Ya! Like a knife!!

WIN

She cares about you she'll
miss. She lets you live and
you fix it! You fuck each
other's brains out and...

Junior waves "whatever" to Win and "come here" to the Girl.
Win pushes Girl back into the couch and squats beside Junior

WIN

If you hurt her, you lose her
for good. She won't yell at
you, or throw things, she'll
shut-down and she's gone.

Junior makes "puff" gesture. Win focuses Junior's attention

WIN (cont)

She could have a change of heart. But if she has hurt to remember, she's not gonna be happy with you, not the way you want her to be.

JUNIOR

What the hell YOU know about women?

WIN

I know she won't recover from hurt. Nobody does - "Squirt".
(off Junior's huff)
I was ready to kill Wendy and me, just at the thought-...

JUNIOR

She knows I forgive her anything.
(points around)
I already do!

WIN

For what? -For workin? What if you were a gynecologist? What if she was a urologist?

Junior makes "ew, yuk" face and presses knees together.

Win is encouraged at Junior's attention and continues.

WIN

You want her to hang around, you gotta give her somethin good to hold on to...
-besides your dick, somethin good she can't get from anybody else.

Junior looks away from him, Win is discouraged.

WIN (cont)

You shouldn't punish her for who she is just cuz she's not perfect, -on your terms...

GIRL

I know who you're talkin about!

(off their attention)

The fat Italian one, she's old, and got the biggest room; only takes half the tricks for ten times the money. And she thinks she's so smart, writing. She's just another whore y'know? She'd be doin ten buck blow jobs on the street too if she had to.

They stand, look at each other, then step toward her, each grab an arm, and bring her upstairs as she squeals happily.

INT. N.M.H., GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Win and Junior drag her into her room and throw her on the bed. As she undresses and poses sexy, the boys get to work: Junior is on the phone; Win grabs her suitcase and goes around the room throwing in anything that might be hers. Junior grabs a T-shirt and a pair of jeans, throws them at her, then a pair of shoes and a lot of cash. Catching on, she gets off the bed, and shouts obscenities following Win; he shoves her onto the bed out of his way.

When the suitcase is done, and closed, they each grab her by the arms again; Win has her suit case, Junior grabs her clothes, shoes and cash. They drag her out to the driveway.

EXT. N.M.H., DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Win and Junior stand on either side of Girl, as she dresses. A CAB PULLS UP, Junior opens the door, throws in her things

GIRL

I'll call the cops' y'know!

WIN

Go ahead, you toxic bitch!
Wadda ya gonna tell 'em, you worked here or you got fired here? Can't keep your mouth shut and legs open?

He pushes Girl into the cab and Junior SLAMS THE DOOR CLOSED.

JUNIOR

What are you gonna tell Wendy?

WIN

Oh shit. Make a call. Maybe she won't notice

JUNIOR (gets cell)

So what else you know about women?

WIN

I know how to keep the only woman I want. The rest is just bullshit. That's all I know.

INT. N.M.H., WENDY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Wendy, Sonia, Flora and some Working Women are at breakfast. Win enters with his new recruit; a Handsome Young Man, greeted by instant silence. Junior strains a hung-over WTF?

WIN

What? We're diversifying.
(off Wendy's look)
And I had to replace one.

SONIA (to Flora)

Damn. I paid that girl a lot of money to keep him occupied.

EXT. N.M.H., PATIO - SAME MORNING

As musicians set up, Flora brings them coffee and breakfast. Wendy and Sonia, in lounge chairs, are having coffee. Junior and D.D. are with Win and Lil Chris playing.

SONIA

You let him keep the dog?

WENDY (shrugs)

It's just another week. Lisa OK?
(off Sonia's nod)
That was a good idea for her.

WENDY (cont)

If it wasn't for this damn concert, we'd be gone already too -I mean...

SONIA

No, is a good idea for you. I buy it back -maybe as a legitimate motel.

WENDY

I wish you'd come with us...

EXT. N.M.H., STREET - DAY

Bob monitors the patio surveillance from his car.

EXT. N.M.H., PATIO - DAY (RESUMED)

SONIA

(head nods to Junior)

You're still so nasty to him.

WENDY

I'm working on it. He said he wants to buy the house

SONIA

Well he's welcome to it. If it keeps him here, I leave. Maybe I will join you, where you going?

WENDY

Not a clue, yet. But I'm packed!

SONIA (hesitating)

Listen, I have to confide to you something ...To understand why I have to stay, here, because I know you should go.

(a deep breath)

When you didn't tell Win about the baby, why it was so easy for me to accept, is because I have secrets too...

(off Wendy's shrug)

SONIA (cont)

I have a, dangerous, people in my past- I was even afraid to be such good friends with yo-

WENDY

-Junior knows people could help

SONIA

Somebody already try. I los-

Junior and Win bring D.D and Lil Chris to sit with them. Flora joins them with an empty tray. The band PLAYS A SONG and Lil Chris does a washing-machine twisting dance. Jude cuts it before it's finished to discuss it. Lil Chris stops dancing; they laugh and APPLAUD Lil Chris. Flora picks up empty trays and mugs and goes in the house.

WENDY (to Win)

Hun, we gotta do this. Sonia, you watch Lil Chris?

SONIA

Only for a few minutes; I'll get Flora when I leave.

JUNIOR

I got all day to watch Lil Chris-

WENDY

-well, might not take that long

Lil Chris sees Win and Wendy leave and runs crying. Sonia picks up Lil Chris reaching for "Mommy! Mommy!" Junior distracts Lil Chris with a toy resuming the peace.

JUNIOR

I wish you hadn't said that, about Flora. I'm really good with kids. And I'm the only uncle the kid has; I wanted some bonding time.

Sonia looks at him with Lil Chris, nods apologetically.

SONIA

A dog is good for kids

Sonia puts Lil Chris on the ground and lets D.D sniff. D.D and Lil Chris play nice until D.D playfully knocks Lil Chris down. Junior stands Lil Chris back up to stop crying and soothingly greet and get used to D.D. Sonia watches and then gestures: 'I have to go' and dashes away. She doesn't give Junior a split second to react and she is as far from him as possible. Junior can't leave Lil Chris to chase her and just watches the back of her head. He doesn't see her half-running half-sobbing and tearful.

INT. N.M.H., WIN AND WENDY'S ROOM - THAT DAY

Wendy a few steps ahead of Win, treads between the packed boxes all marked 'Extremely Fragile' and brings him a paper

WIN

What's this, another kid?

WENDY

I want us to pick a place for us. (off Win's nod) I've been packing all week, and-

Win gestures, "I know, I know" sees that it's a map.

WENDY (cont)

-someplace hot, all winter.

WIN

I dunno, hot all winter? ...
Hot in winter is too hot in
summer (a beat) I got an idea.

He playfully grabs her hand and leads her out of the room.

INT. N.M.H., SMALL PARTY ROOM - DAY

Win bursts into a small games room, grabs a handful of darts, spreads the map and pins it to a wall. Win puts Wendy a few feet in front of it and gives her the darts.

WENDY

What if I hit a hot winter
place?

WIN

Then I'll throw one.

Wendy smiles, closes her eyes, throws dart; Gulf of Mexico

WIN

Doesn't count. My turn!

Win aims and throws. He hits precisely at Toronto, Canada.
Wendy laughs: assumes it doesn't count and bumps him over.
Wendy lines up a shot; closes her eyes and hits Kansas.

WIN

Dust storms, tornados, no way

Win lines up a shot and again hits exactly Toronto, Canada
Wendy playfully bumps him over again and throws.
She hits California. Win disapproves;

WIN

Earthquakes, mudslides,
lizards bush fires, and ya
gotta speak Spanish...

Again he hits Toronto, Canada. Wendy shoots him a look.

WIN

What? It's nice, clean, no
earthquakes, no tornadoes, no
typhoons, no lizards...
(off Wendy's shot)
Boston? Me and beans? ...

Win hits Toronto again. Wendy throws again, and again.

WIN (nixes her shot)

Arizona- dry desert heat, lizards
(off Wendy's shot)

Alabama- Swamp, lizards, crocs
(off Wendy's shot)

Washington? politician lizards
(he throws)

Toronto! Sport teams, night clubs
(off Wendy's shot)

Seattle? All that rain?
(he throws)

Toronto, nice summers, normal rain

Now Wendy just denies him any more shots in rapid fire.

WIN

(off Wendy's shot)

Florida? retired people, tropical storms an you gotta speak Spanish

(off Wendy's shot)

Colorado? avalanches n landslides

(off Wendy's shot)

Texas? dry heat and too Spanish

(off Wendy's shot)

Nebraska? too Children of the Corn

(off Wendy's shot)

New York? killer cost of living

(off Wendy's shot)

Los Angeles? hot, dirty, and crowded, too many skinny people

(off Wendy's shot)

Idaho? potatoes yes, wild fires no

(off Wendy's shot)

Nantucket? like a joke, right?

(off Wendy's shot)

Oklahoma? Creepy crop circles

Win and Wendy's fun little game is a V.O. for Bob's speech as we see his presentation in Sonia's ExBoss's office:

INT. EXBOSS OFFICE - DAY (WITH WIN'S V.O.)

In the same executive office to which Bob made his initial call upon finding Sonia, again Exboss is at the desk, this time, watching a photo presentation given by Bob.

Bob connects his cell phone to a lap-top on a table in front of a wall serving as a screen.

Around the very elegant room are some well dressed men but also rough tough thug-types, many with visible "battle" scars and deformations.

Still with Win's playful V.O., Bob's photo presentation, ominous and creepy, describes everything we already know, and shows Sonia in her daily life: jogging, working, meals with Wendy, writing, also Win, Lil Chris, Junior, DD, Flora.

Bob's presentation shows every angle of the house; blueprints, schematics, property outlines and entry points.

Bob goes on to show photos of Junior and Win with the band and then a shot of the poster for the Church Charity Concert, for which the boys are preparing. There are photos of Fr Jordan and his partner, the Sister, the Bikers and the border guards. There also photos of all their stashes of cash and guns. At the end of Win and Wendy's V.O. we hear Bob say:

BOB

But all we want is Sonia.

INT. PARTY ROOM - DAY (RESUMED)

WIN

Utah? -Mormons and us?

Win takes three darts and precisely hits Toronto with each:

WIN

Toronto, it's, like, your patriotic duty to consume large quantities of beer, back bacon and maple syrup

WENDY

What, while wearing a toque and petting a beaver...

WIN

The way you shave these days, d'aint nothing beaver about it.

Wendy has had enough, and huffs annoyed. Lil Chris and Junior are at the door and they all happily play-chase during BOB's ominous V.O. still in presentation:

INT. EXBOSS'S OFFICE - RESUMED

BOB (V.O.)

Day of the concert, the women and child will stay behind while the band sets-up for the concert. There's a dozen cabs booked for the whores, when they've gone, we get Sonia.

EXT. N.M.H., PATIO - SAME DAY

Win sits with Lil Chris asleep on his shoulder next to Wendy. Now it is Win's V.O. while Bob continues his presentation:

WIN (in V.O.)

The crooks we dealt with won't come to Canada; they'll get extradited or refused at the border. Even with the petty shit we did as kids, we don't have a criminal record, and since with me as your lawyer, neither do you. Junior can get Sister make a new passport for Sonia. We'll be safe, forever.

INT. EXBOSS'S OFFICE - DAY (RESUMED) WITH WIN V.O

Bob shows an itinerary for the day of the concert including a map and logistics of getting the band to the concert hall, then photos of the household packed up with plans to move. Then; a map of the yard where taxis will pick-up the ladies and where their own vehicles will park. Win's V.O. ends.

BOB

All we want is Sonia

EXT. N.M.H., PATIO - SAME DAY

We see D.D next to Junior on the ground with Lil Chris. Junior helps Lil Chris eat ice cream while eating one of his own and holding one for D.D.

Wendy, sitting next to Win, nods convinced and agrees.

WENDY

Who's buying, Junior or Sonia?

WIN

I've signed it over to both of them equally. (winks) Paper work's all done; there's nothing to keep us here now.

While Win and Wendy relax, Junior plays with D.D and Lil Chris and back at the Office presentation:

INT. EXBOSS'S OFFICE - DAY (RESUMED)

Bob makes a "just a minute" finger listening to his earpiece

BOB

Wendy and Win have chosen
Toronto for their destination.
So, they'll leave right after
the concert, which Sonia will
not attend. They want a new
start for a nice life. Sonia
wants to get away from Junior
and all we want is Sonia.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO, DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Fr Jordan and Partner park at the curb and check 'car GPS'

1st and 2nd Bikers see the priests crossing the street and
they each make their gun easy to reach under their shirts.
Bikers watch and discreetly follow Priests into the hotel.

INT. SAN ANTONIO, HOTEL CONCIERGE DESK - SAME DAY

Road-Bikers watch Priests inquire and be sent to elevators

INT. SAN ANTONIO, PARKING LOTS P1-P3 - SAME DAY (MONTAGE)

At each of the parking levels P1-P3, the Priests get off.
They look around for the car, CLICKING the key, ignoring the
Bikers' bikes when they see them in plain sight.

INT. SAN ANTONIO, HOTEL LOBBY - SAME DAY

"Quart's cell" GPS blinks slightly beside them, Priests go
in direction of signals to line them up, but -no Bikers.
Bikers have left their phone between the cushions of a couch.
From a lobby shop they watch the priests.

Fr JORDAN

Could be any room on 10 floors

PARTNER

-all this technolo- Wait.

Fr Jordan follows Partner to the CONCIERGE desk.
 2nd Biker sits on the couch and retrieves the cell phone.
 1st Biker stands discreetly near desk looking at brochures
 but watching and listening to priests' reverent rhetoric.

PARTNER

A fellow priest is registered
 here.

Priests describe "Quart". The Concierge shrugs an apology.

Fr JORDAN

Our reverent colleague is
 suicidal. We're hoping to save
 him.

PARTNER

I'm sure your manager will
 want to avoid, ... a dead
 priest in your lovely hotel...

Fr JORDAN

Discreet as we may be, media
 details to future visitors...

1st Biker joins 2nd Biker at couch fills him in and chuckles

CONCIERGE

We have only Fr Polito, but he
 is a short, grey-haired, old
 gentleman.

Fr JORDAN

Do you see him, in the lobby?

CONCIERGE

His itinerary has him at the
 Shrine of the Holy Saints.

Fr JORDAN

Take us to his room. He may
 have used Fr Polito to get in!

Concierge gets a life-and-death urgency look from them and
 leads the way.

INT. SAN ANTONIO, FR POLITO'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME DAY

Priests look in drawers, closet and bags around the very tidy room and The Concierge protests to stop them.

PARTNER

Looking for a note, ...maybe
we'll just leave one

Fr Jordan pretends to write a note as Partner escorts The Concierge out.

As soon as the door is shut, they tear into the bedding and pull apart anything that could hold a bag of cash and guns. Of course, they find nothing. They look at the "car GPS" again, and shrug that they have no choice.

INT. SAN ANTONIO, HOTEL PARKING - SAME DAY (MONTAGE)

Again, on P1 they go where the GPS indicates, and look around, this time angrily CLICKING keys, but get nothing.

P2: at two motorcycles among cars, they CLICK, and nothing.
P3: do the same; CLICK, and of course find nothing.

Fr Jordan kicks and punches a car in the GPS spot. Partner wraps his arms around Fr Jordan to stop him. When Fr Jordan stops, he is sweaty and breathing heavily, and it occurs to him, "motorcycles?"

P2: they find the bikes. And Bikers, guns drawn, find them.

1st BIKER

Time for you to pray

1st Biker makes them kneel and 2nd Biker handcuffs them, takes their weapons, devices and their keys.

2nd BIKER

We heard about those boys.

1st BIKER

Got no right to hurt kids

The Bikers beat them mercilessly until Priests pass out
2nd Biker hides them and 1st Biker takes their car keys.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO, INSIDE CAR/OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

In Fr Jordan's car; 1st Biker drives with 2nd Biker in front. Priests are beat-up and bloody, bound and gagged in the back. Their bikes are on a trailer hitched to the car. They stop for a photo of Priests at a San Antonio town sign. They send a text: "on our way back".

INT. THEATER - DAY (OF CONCERT)

Win and Junior check-in at the theatre office, and then look around the venue with the band and the crew.

INT. N.M.H., DOWNSTAIRS PARTY-ROOM - DAY

Sonia and the Women; some take pictures, some fill paper-plates with cake and some fill plastic cups with champagne.

IN THE BATHROOM Flora and Wendy have a silent "gonna-miss-you" moment, while Lil Chris 'potties' and D.D watches.

INT. THEATRE, PARTYROOM, AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY (MONTAGE)

THEATRE -Boys and the band are carefree and happy planning the stage and lights with the crew.

PARTY-ROOM - Women, carefree and happy eat cake and drink. D.D and Lil Chris, carefree and sloppy, eat from leftovers.

AIRPLANE HANGAR - Gunmen, in contrast, are sinister and menacing; they take instructions from Bob surrounded by fleet of black SUVs between a private jet and a helicopter being boarded by Exboss.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, BACKSTAGE, STREET - DAY (MONTAGE)

N.M.H DRIVEWAY - 11 Yellow cabs line up, each parking in front of a cluster of luggage, except one cab is missing

THEATER LOADING DOCK - 2 Silver catering trucks, pull up while boys, band and crew organize clusters of equipment.

STREET of N.M.H. - 4 Black SUVs, park on the street in front of N.M.H., each hidden by a cluster of bushes.

INT. PARTYROOM, BACKSTAGE, SUVs - DAY (MONTAGE)

PARTYROOM - Someone yells "hey, the cabs are here"; and the women swarm to the fully loaded table.

THEATER LOADING DOCK - HORNS blasts from fully loaded catering trucks, boys, band and crew swarm to the trucks

INSIDE SUVs- From the swarm of black SUVs, we hear gunmen CLICKING their guns loaded and ready.

INT. BACKSTAGE, PARTYROOM, SUVs - DAY (MONTAGE)

PARTY-ROOM - The swarm of ladies folds everything into the paper tablecloth and leave the table completely cleared then take it to garbage cans.

BACKSTAGE - The swarm of boys, band and crew leave the catering truck completely cleared when they go to eat, and Junior pays the drivers.

SUVs - the swarm of SUVs are now each completely empty, and the gunmen are ominously hidden around the property.

EXT. N.M.H., DRIVEWAY - DAY

Bob's lone SUV with three gunmen parks in the driveway, surrounded by cabs in a U formation. Bob and three "associates" walk nonchalantly passed the cabbies loading the women's bags into their cabs.

We see that one cluster of bags has no cab.

INT. N.M.H., DOWNSTAIRS PARTY ROOM - DAY

The women, clamouring their good-byes, swarm at the sliding door and one of them SLIDES THE DOOR OPEN.

It startles them to see Bob right there.

The Women hush, dead silent and stop.

Bob gallantly gestures for the ladies, and they all exit.

It hits her hard and sad that Sonia recognizes Bob.

Bob gestures his associates to enter. Sonia stops him.

SONIA

Let's just g-

As Sonia begins to speak, D.D BARKS loudly and annoys Bob. When D.D BARKS again, Sonia bends down to comfort her. Annoyed by the barking, Bob, gestures his associates to enter. When they're in, the DOOR IS SLAMMED CLOSED. With D.D. finally quiet, Sonia smiles sadly at Wendy, then addresses Bob. They are about to turn to leave when, the SLIDING DOOR SLAMS OPEN.

Three of the Women return clamouring annoyed:
 "Our cab's not here yet" "I dunno why" "We'll just wait"

They startle Bob and the surprised associates draw weapons. Angry, Bob grabs Sonia's wrist, and puts his gun at her head. Three gunmen force the three Women, Flora and Wendy with Lil Chris to the back of the room.

EXT - THEATER BACKSTAGE - DAY (RESUMED)

Win looks at his watch and then his cell phone, repeatedly.

WIN

(off Junior's scoff)

What? told her to call me when cabs get there.

(stares at phone)

Dozen yellow cabs in the driveway; -she'd at least send a picture... If she can't get to her phone, she can't get to her gun.

(they exchange glances)

You don't know this business like I do.

They abandon their food and go to their car.

WIN (cont)

those numbers you don't keep on a cell phone? ...

Win drives, Junior calls. Musicians and crew shout in confusion "Where you going!?" Win's car hits the street behind theater, SPEEDS OFF and out of nowhere, three other black SUVs, from the hanger, follow.

EXT. ROAD and INSIDE CAR - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Win races through town, BARELY AVOIDING COLLISIONS driving through stop signs and making left turns without stopping. Junior notices the three black SUVs, gets out his lap-top, puts on a hands-free, cell phone head-set, then types away.

Win is focused speeding straight ahead on the open road, oblivious that Sister, and 5 cars each with a driver in head-sets, appears.

We see local traffic behind them, then the three black SUVs. As a gunman in the first black SUVs leans out the passenger window assessing the shot at Win and Junior's car, Sister on a MOTORCYCLE bursts out from a field, onto the road.

Win is unaware of anything but the road ahead all the while Junior and Sister synchronize their 5 cars into a driver-stunt choreographed to systematically side-track the local traffic and eliminate the 3 SUVs.

As the last SUV EXPLODES spectacularly; all of our five drivers are safe and sound, but now, they are in only 2 cars remaining. Win's car, Sister's bike and two cars with the 5 Drivers proceed to rescue the Women from Bob's gunmen.

EXT. N.M.H., STREET - DAY (resumed)

The late yellow cab approaches the curb, but seeing all the black SUVs in front, slows down first, instead of turning in. Lead-Gunman notices the cab quickly approaching the Cabbie.

LEAD-GUNMAN

I guess you didn't get called.

CABBIE

Called about what?

LEAD-GUNMAN

The last one is going with our service instead. Here,

Lead-Gunman pulls out two fifties unknowingly revealing gun

LEAD-GUNMAN (cont)

It's not fair; losing the fare without getting a call.

The confused Cabbie slowly takes the cash and slowly leaves. On the way, Cabbie looks in the now empty driveway, sees the cluster of bags but the other SUV is nowhere near the bags. When the cab is out of sight of SUVs, Cabbie makes a call.

The three SUVs START ENGINES and park near Bob's in driveway.

INT - DOWNSTAIRS PARTY ROOM - DAY (RESUMED)

Wendy and Sonia's cell phones light up with a call but we don't hear them because of D.D CONSTANTLY BARKING.

All the gunmen from three SUVs enter the open sliding door

Sonia is still in Bob's painful grip, while the Women huddle further back in fear.

SONIA (to Bob)
Leave them, I come with you.

Bob starts to speak but can't over D.D BARKING LOUDER. Lil Chris giggles and claps hands, like it's a game while Bob keeps trying to speak to Sonia.

Flora nervously holds on to D.D trying to quiet her. Wendy desperately tries to quiet Lil Chris. Sonia speaks to Bob, but we can't hear her over D.D BARKING. D.D breaks away from Flora and runs towards Sonia. Bob instinctively SHOOTS DD in the head. And D.D falls, dead.

BOB
Hah! Doesn't even know he's
dead yet.

While Bob looks around at his gunmen encouraging their chuckles, Sonia hits his shoulder and screams.

SONIA
She's a girl!!!

It's a mean struggle but she breaks away from Bob to D.D's dead body. The women clutch each other crying in fear.

Wendy covers Lil Chris' face, now scared and crying. Sonia sobs over D.D getting her blood all over her hands.

SONIA (sobbing)
 THIS! This is murder! Not
 those Wall St. criminals or
 crooked politicians you kill
 off between each other!!

(then to D.D.)

I have a good life here;
 friends like a family, and
 I'm free... I have a future!

BOB

Yeah got a real F'in life here.

SONIA

All he has is money! -big
 empty house, stoner parties,
 crooked politicians

BOB

Yeah? -celebrity parties and
 political power!

(off Sonia sobbing)

Look, all we want is you,
 -ninety seconds, we're outta
 here; your friends are safe.

Sonia lovingly strokes D.D. and whispers silently to her.

BOB

All this for some damn dog!?!

Sonia, enraged, pounces on him, throwing him off balance
 enough to grab his gun away from him. Shaken with blood-wet
 hands she fumbles to get a grip on it. Bob laughs at her.
 He lifts an eye to gunmen around her. But, Sonia puts it to
 the side of her own head, trembling. Bob's face goes deadpan.

EXT. - OPEN COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

All three cars and Sister's bike pass a rural intersection.
 Sister tosses something in to Junior and speeds off.

Three police cars, lights and SIRENS line up behind the boys.

IN THE CAR: (TRAVELING)

Junior TYPES into his computer. He reads intently.

JUNIOR

It's not us, but they got a
call about 'our' place; ...
possible terrorists!?!

INSIDE LEAD POLICE CRUISER - passenger OFFICER enters their
license into the computer, and gestures 'nothing, pass 'em.'

INT. DOWNSTAIRS PARTY ROOM - DAY (RESUMED)

SONIA (to Bob)

Without me you're dead, think
he's going to understand
about some damn dog? Huh?

(off his unease)

think it's going to be a shot
in the head? Huh!?! Like some
damn dog? It'll be a shot in
the balls; he'll cut off your
eyelids, YOU know how he does.

EXT. N.M.H., STREET - DAY (TRAVELLING)

The police cruisers, down the street, quickly approach the
house, with lights and sirens off.

The boys' four vehicles can see the house ahead, then a
cruiser road-blocks the driveway with an Officer on guard.

EXT. N.M.H., DRIVEWAY AND CURB - DAY

Two cruisers are parking closer to the house up ahead and
three officers, heavily armed, from the road-blocking
cruiser, run towards the house. OFFICER waves to Win's car.
Junior digs up something from the backseat.
Officer draws his gun. Win gets out of his car in rage.

WIN

That's my wife! My baby!
It's MY house!

OFFICER

Sir, it's all under control.
We're trying to get them out
safe, get back in the car.

WIN

Are you fuckin kiddin me!?!

OFFICER

Sir, please back in the car!

Junior gets out, hands up, in his clerical suit and collar

JUNIOR

Maybe cooler heads can prevail?

WIN (to Junior)

Are you fuckin kiddin me!?!

OFFICER (to Win)

Sir get back in the car!

WIN (to Officer)

Are you fuckin kidding me!?!

Junior, hands in the air, gestures a 'May I?' to Officer. Officer assesses him of no danger and allows him approach.

JUNIOR

Officer's right, Win, get back in the car.

WIN (to the sky)

Are you fuckin kidding me!?!

Junior slowly steps towards the Officer. Junior looks over to see the position of the police squad and slyly positions himself out of their sight. Junior shrugs kindly greeting the officer calmly, til he's close enough to SUCKER-PUNCH HIM HARD and OFFOCER DROPS. Junior takes the officer's hat and strategically places it on the roof of the cruiser so that to the squad ahead it looks like the officer is still standing. Win STARTS THE CAR, catching the attention of two officers. Junior quickly gestures to them "it's OK I'll talk to him" The officers see a priest going in to the car and they stop.

INSIDE THEIR CAR:

Win is panic-crazed. Junior desperately pulls the emergency brake and grabs for the keys; -anything to stop the car. Junior grabs Win by the shirt.

JUNIOR

Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!
 What are you going to do, Win?!
 Think you can just ride in and -
 and what!?! Wadda ya gonna do!?!

Win steadies himself, eyes tearing and flashing; Junior lets up on him, TURNS OFF CAR and waves reassuring the cops again.

WIN

I dunno! I dunno! I'm a highly
 trained tactical strategist.
 Why can't I think!?!

JUNIOR

-for military deployment. This
 is emotional. You can't think.
 Nobody can in your place.

Junior looks around at his drivers busy at work, contrasting the police clustered on stand-by. TYPES while looking at Win.

JUNIOR

Now, look over at the nice
 officers, and wave nice.

Junior eye-gestures for Win look at the ninja-like, drivers approaching each SUV to attach something and keeps TYPING.

JUNIOR (cont)

Go on, wave nice, it will
 keep them over there, while I
 do this over here and they do
 that over there

Win reluctantly waves. The police give him a thumbs up.

JUNIOR

Alright here, look at this...

On the screen Win sees the infra-red spots in the house.

JUNIOR

Look, this is where they are.

WIN

Party room downstairs.

JUNIOR

See, here, the girls are at
the back of the room, close to
the door and there's-

Win instinctively pounces to the rescue. Junior stops him.

JUNIOR

Well yeah, but look, here...

Junior points to five images scattered about the property.

JUNIOR (cont)

My guys are setting up remote
blasting devices; girls go
out hall door upstairs to the
front of the house. Thugs
will be stuck. And we just go.
(shows a device)

Sister enters the codes set
to detonate in a sequence.
After fifth one, you set and
throw them as you use them.

Win snatches it from Junior, Junior snatches it back.

JUNIOR (cont)

These are sensitive. Once
Sister codes it up, it'll
detonate if you fart too loud.

Win reaches for it again but Junior denies him the grab.

JUNIOR

When Sister sets the codes

WIN

I can't just sit here!

JUNIOR (cont)

You won't. She'll come with me
to distract the cops and you
get yourself in, there, from
the front. When you get the
girls close to the back of the
room, you start detonating and
get them out. Don't think, do.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS PARTY ROOM - DAY (RESUMED)

SONIA (nervous)
 First you let them all go.
 Then I'll come with you, no
 problems, no guns...
 (confused)
 No, wait. Let's just go. No,
 no fuss, no nothing.

Wendy clutching Lil Chris cries helplessly looking at Sonia.

EXT. N.M.H., DRIVEWAY AND YARD - DAY

The punched-out road-block Officer is now bound and gagged sitting unseen on the ground against a tire. Junior and Sister, in all their ecclesiastical attire, keep the attention of the squad away from the house by pleading to allow them to negotiate. The police gesture, explaining they "can't allow it" Win sneaks into the front door with a small case and holding detonation device like a cell phone.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS PARTY ROOM - DAY (RESUMED)

Bob and gunmen are still in front of the open sliding door. Wendy with Lil Chris and the Women are near the back of the room. Sonia is still in the middle of the floor with the gun to her head. Win walks in pretending a casual "Hey hun" ...

Gunmen are startled. Win plays dumb, walking to Wendy. Wendy comforts Lil Chris crying and Win comforts Wendy. Sonia starts to cry harder. Win winces, seeing D.D is dead.

BOB (to Win)
 All we want is one of the
 whores and we're outta here.

WIN (to Bob)
 Oh, yeah? Which one you want?
 (points to gunmen)
 That one? or that one? How
 about the ugly one? -no whores
 in my house til you showed up.

Bob and gunmen tense up even more. Wendy tries to stop Win.

SONIA

It's OK, I'm going with them.
You'll be fine. We're leaving.

But she keeps the gun to her head.
She's shivering and nods her head to gunmen at the door.

WIN (to Bob)

No, no, no. You don't just kill
a man's dog and take his woman.

Win stares at Bob, Bob stares at Sonia unsure of her.

WIN (points at Bob)

You. You did this. I can tell.
You were standing right there.
In my house!

BOB

(breathing hard sweating)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry OK? I'm
sorry! Why don't we just go!?!

WIN

Go? Yes, that's a good idea.
First you let these ladies go,
I'm sure that will make our
Sonia here much more at ease...

Win guides Wendy away and waves the rest of them to "go!"
At the door, Wendy gives Lil Chris to Flora. Wendy stays.

WIN (to Bob)

gonna show you a little trick.

SONIA

Win, please, just go.

BOB

Listen to her, everybody wins.

WIN

Listen to her? A minute ago you
called her a whore, now she's
gonna save your sorry ass? Know
what I think about that? Here...

Win FARTS. But he forgets to press the button.
 They all look at him tense and expressionless.
 Win, expects a blast outside, and then remembers; "Oh!"
 He detonates pointing at the door like a remote and FARTS
 again. This time there's a BLAST outside. (One of the SUVs)
 Win alternately FARTS and detonates a BLAST then FARTS,
 another BLAST, then when he just can't fart another one he
 makes "PFTT" fart sound and detonates another BLAST.

While gunmen are distracted looking at where the blasts
 are coming from, Win brings Sonia further back in the room.
 Then he detonates the fifth one; a BIGGER BLAST, is the pool.
 While the gunmen are stunned and doused by the RUSH OF WATER
 coming in through the open sliding door, Win, Sonia and
 Wendy exit the hall door at the back of the room.
 Bob tries to chase them but is OVERCOME BY THE WATER.

INT. N.M.H., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

Win sends the girls to run ahead.
 Against the thrust of water, he locks and barricades the
 door behind him and runs to the girls.
 Behind Win, Bob and his gunmen BURST THROUGH THE DOOR,
 GUSHING WATER.
 Win takes a device from his pack, sets it and throws it at
 the gunmen. Just before a gunman gets a shot at him, Win
 detonates it and BLASTS them back.
 But there are other gunmen who run in from behind SHOOTING
 while the first ones recover. Win sets and throws another
 device. Just before Win detonates it, a gunman grabs it and
 throws it back to him, so Win doesn't detonate it yet.
 Gunmen are running forward and it BLASTS when they get there.
 Win sets and throws another one ahead of him as he runs then
 detonates it when he's passed it running just barely ahead
 of the BLAST.
 It sets the gunmen back enough for Win to join Wendy and
 Sonia at the top of the stairs.

INT. N.M.H., LOBBY - DAY

Wendy with Sonia behind her, exit the door at top of the
 stairs and then Win. Wendy runs to the front door, but Sonia
 is sobbing looking at the gun still in her bloody hands.
 Win smacks away the gun and gives her his shirt around her
 hands then shoves her to get going through the lobby.

INT. N.M.H., LOBBY - DAY

Win locks the stairs door behind him. He sets and puts down each of all the explosives walking backwards to the front door. Win turns thrusting himself towards the front door, but Sonia is still in a trance looking at her hands and POW! They BUMP HEADS, stunned for a second, then he shoves her out. Win hears the o.s. CLAMOUR OF GUNMEN HITTING THE LOCKED DOOR on the stairs. He shields himself with the front door and detonates ... but there's no blast. He panics, presses it again and again, but still no blast.

EXT. N.M.H. - DAY (IN THE MEANTIME)

On the lawn, Wendy runs toward officers CLICKING guns at her.

JUNIOR (to Cops)
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Junior runs to Wendy. For once she is glad to see him. Wendy turns expecting to see Sonia, then starts to run back. Junior pulls Wendy back and he runs to Sonia, who is walking in a trance, looking at the shirt. Junior tosses the shirt and looks shocked at all the blood still on her hands.

SONIA (sobbing)
He, he got D.D...

Junior strokes her hair from her eyes, sees the imprint of the gun nozzle, seethes with rage and runs to lobby door.

INT. N.M.H., LOBBY - DAY (RESUMED)

Win still pounds his fingers all over the device to detonate. Bob and the gunmen still POUND AT THE DOWNSTAIRS DOOR. Junior takes the device from Win to inspect it and huffs.

JUNIOR
I tol- you had it turned off!

Junior lightly touches the device here and there and BOOM. They get pushed back and sprayed, dirty, with debris. At the stair's door, the floor is blown clear away, all the boxes marked "Fragile" SMASH to the ground below, and the door gets PUSHED OPEN.

Through the thick smoke and dust, Bob and the gunmen, unknowingly, charge through the door and also fall down the hole in the floor to the room below. Junior and Win get themselves up and away from the house.

EXT. N.M.H., FRONT YARD - DAY

The huddle of policemen all over the front lawn and many in riot gear rush past them into the house.

Win and Junior walk toward Sister, Wendy and Sonia all in the driveway near the cars. The women run to them. Sister points Junior to the sky.

SISTER

That's not us!

A HELICOPTER approaches over the forest behind the house.

SONIA

It's his, that's him!

SISTER

(into headset)

Take the bird down fast.

Sister looks over at their cars, taking all their eyes with her. One of their Drivers aims a highly specialized weapon and SHOTS FIVE QUICK SHOTS, that all seem to miss, until a thick trail of oily fuel sprays below the helicopter.

Police CRUISERS DISPERSE through the yard anticipating the path of the HELICOPTER.

Before the HELICOPTER returns over the forest, its fuel is spent and SPUTTERS to the ground. The cruisers surround it.

Pilot stays on board. The passenger (Ex-boss) runs towards the forest, is chased and caught.

A Police Officer checks for identification and finds none, but a file-photo on a cell phone matches and is very impressed with their catch.

EXT. N.M.H. - SAME DAY (LATER)

FRONT YARD:

The last of Police vehicles clears the yard, driving away.

BACKYARD:

Junior and Sister finish a blessing over D.D.'s grave.
Junior and Sonia linger as everyone else walks away.

DRIVEWAY:

Two drivers get the luggage and another one sorts the Women into the cars until it comes to Flora, who hesitates.

While Win settles Wendy and Lil Chris in the backseat, Junior and Sonia approach the car clutching each other. Junior finally pries her off him. Sonia sees D.D.'s blood still on her hands, and again bursts into a full out shaking sob. Junior covers her hands with his and leads her to the trunk. In the place of vodka, he has a case of bottled water. He grabs a few, opens them and rinses her hands clean. Sonia keeps repeating "I'm so sorry" as he cleans her hands

SONIA

It's all my fault, she was
such a good dog and I, was

Junior calms her and then hugs her to sooth her sobbing.

JUNIOR

It's Ok, it's OK...

SONIA (pulls away)

It's not OK!!! How can you
say that? (beating him)

She tries to get away from him, pushing and shoving, sobbing.

JUNIOR (steadies her)

We gave her a good life, with
purpose, to bring us together;
she died quick, with no pain.
That's a comfort; a lot of
people don't even have that!

SONIA (subdues)

Oh, all my stuff, by the door

JUNIOR

You can help yourself to mine.

Sonia despairs. Junior gets his gym bag from the trunk. She shrugs him off and he plops it in her hands, open. Sonia sees all the cash, rummages; cash, cash and more cash.

SONIA

Is it legal?

JUNIOR

About as legal as you are...

SONIA

Was... (off his understanding)
but that's not the stuff I meant

Junior exaggerates understanding, gets another bag, takes gym bag out of her hands and replaces it, with her own bag.

SONIA

You thief!! How dare you!?!

She opens it; books, notebooks, digital sticks, her stuff.

JUNIOR

I WAS gonna see you again.

Sonia shoves him, punches him repeatedly, until exhausted and then looks at him and hugs him. Win pops up.

WIN

Sonia! You born in Canada, right?

SONIA (shrugs suspicious)

... Sometimes ... why?...

THEN:

Win's car and the other two cars with the Drivers and the Women drive off. Sister has a very happy Flora on her bike.

INT. RECTORY OFFICE - NIGHT

At Fr Jordan's desk, Sister hacks into the bank files and changes everything that incriminates Fr Quart to incriminate Fr Jordan.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

The boys and the band put on a successful CONCERT!

INT. RECTORY OFFICE - CONCERT NIGHT

Sitting at Fr Jordan's desk, Sister is asked by Police Officers and FBI Agents about Fr Jordan. Sister just shrugs. They look around and reluctantly leave looking suspicious. Then, Sister hacks into the United States 205th ATUL website, finalizes the "Adoption" of Champ and Duke to Win and SENDS it to the same Commanding Officer still back at the base.

INT. BIKER BAR - NEXT DAY

Road-bikers enter with Fr Jordan and Partner beat-up, still bound and gagged to CHEERING and APPLAUSE as they walk towards Sister, Police Officers and FBI Agents at the bar.

EXT. ON THEIR WAY TO CANADA - NIGHT

Tramp family Skypes with Sister and Bikers, Flora and Doc.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Behind a large reversed mirror, with Sister and the same two Police Officers from the C.O.R.t.T. Center, the five boys pick out Fr Jordan and Partner from a line-up.

EXT. N.M.H., BACKYARD - DAY

Flora supervises A CONSTRUCTION CREW REPAIRING the building and pool. Doc calls her over to the cushy patio chairs while Sister and the road-bikers bring them a take-out lunch.

EXT. CANADIAN BORDER - DAY

At Canadian border Junior and Sonia see Win, Wendy and Lil Chris jumped upon by Champ and Duke, then, all are happily on their way ... to a new start for a nice life.

FADE OUT