

# RUN RABBIT RUN

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(Table Read Podcast version)

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BLACK

WE HEAR water running in a bathtub. The faucet shuts off.  
Someone's bathing.

**SUPER: Rely on the rabbit's foot if you must but remember, it  
didn't work for the rabbit.**

INT. CHERRY'S HOUSE BATHROOM - AFTERNOON (1969)

A hazy sheen of vapor clouds the beautiful bathroom of a mid-century home.

FIONA CHERRY (30, mother, natural beauty, conflicted) washes herself in a trance-like state, sliding the sponge in long strokes along her arms.

After a moment of zen, the door opens, and in comes CILLIAN CHERRY (6 years old, innocent shy boy). He goes to the sink and stands on his toes to wash his hands.

FIONA  
Cillian, my love. Would you come  
over here please?

Cillian turns and sees his mother. He walks over to the bathtub. Fiona takes his hand and kisses it.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
My sweet boy, you know how much I  
love you, don't you?

Cillian nods.

FIONA (CON'D) (CONT'D)  
More than anything in the whole  
world.  
(beat)  
Can you keep a secret?

Cillian nods again.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
I love you most. Above all.

He smiles softly. Tears run down her cheek.

CILLIAN  
Why are you crying?

FIONA  
Those are good tears, honey.  
(beat)  
Is your father and brother home?

Cillian shakes his head.

FIONA (CON'D) (CONT'D)  
Do you have your knife with you?

He pulls his POCKET KNIFE out from a small sleeve secured to his belt and hands it to her.

FIONA (CON'D) (CONT'D)  
Thank you, my love.

Not thinking too much of it, Cillian turns to leave, but she holds on to his hand.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
I want you to stay with me.

Cillian turns back. Fiona squeezes his hand and stares into his eyes.

FIONA (CON'D) (CONT'D)  
Don't be scared.

She proceeds to cut her wrist. Cillian watches, confused, as the blood flows down her arm. She squeezes his hand tighter, not allowing his release.

FIONA (CON'D) (CONT'D)  
Look at me. Cillian. It's ok.  
Everything is going to be fine from  
now on, I promise.

They stare at one another as she slowly fades away.

FIONA (CON'D) (CONT'D)  
I love you. I always will.

Cillian stands in silence holding his unconscious mother's hand.

WE HEAR the CHIME of a toy JACK-IN-THE-BOX cranking louder from outside the bathroom.

Cillian's TWIN BROTHER, JAMESON (6, spirited, outgoing) emerges in the doorway and sees the horror. He drops the Jack-in-the-box and the metal toy CLANGS hard on the floor.

Cillian's nose starts to bleed. His blood drips into the bath water, mixing with his mother's blood.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Droplets of BLOOD RED GRENADINE fall into a glass of 7up. A hand squeezes the bottle, accidentally popping the cap off, spilling the red syrup everywhere.

MULRAY (40-45, clumsy detective) tries to clean the counter, only making it worse.

MULRAY  
(in jest)  
God damn, I should just kill  
myself.

He sees his reflection in the window, and deflates.

MULRAY (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow. I'll do it tomorrow.

He picks up his SHIRLEY TEMPLE and two coffees. WE FOLLOW him through several corridors to-

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mulray enters with the drinks.

MONTE (35, roguish, nobody's fool) and NEWMAN (45-55, female, lead detective, head strong) turn to Mulray who looks as though he survived a firing squad.

MONTE  
Gosh, I hope it wasn't too much  
trouble.

If Mulray could smack him, he would.

Newman flips through a folder and continues the interrogation.

NEWMAN  
You're absolutely certain that was  
the last time you saw Roland?

MONTE  
Absolutely. Haven't seen him since  
I got out.

Mulray removes the cigarette from Monte's mouth and drops it in Monte's untouched coffee.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
Hey now, that won't lead to a  
friendship.

MULRAY

Easy wildcat. This ain't a summer camp. We're not here to collect friends. We're here to bring down dirt bags like yourself.

Monte flips up another cigarette, catching it between his lips like a smartass.

MONTE

You've got a little something on your shirt John Wayne.

MULRAY

Thanks.

MONTE

Cleanliness is next to godliness. Isn't that what they say? Our heroes can't be sloppy. You know I'm here to help.

MULRAY

I need your help like I need a kidney stone.

MONTE

I was gonna say Clint Eastwood, but he's not fat.

NEWMAN

Cork the pee stream, boys.

MULRAY

It says here that for over ten years you drove for Roland.

MONTE

On occasion. So what? I also gave my grandmother a few rides to the grocery store. That doesn't make me her fucking chauffeur. I haven't driven *anything* in eons. I've transferred to a whole new mode of transportation. It's called walking. Might want to look into it.

Mulray fumes. Newman looks through another pile of documents.

NEWMAN

"Under no circumstances should Roland ever be allowed to operate a motored vehicle of any kind, or terrible things will happen." Enlighten me. What sort of terrible things?

Monte smirks at his own words as he lights his cigarette.

The CRACKING of the tobacco turns to RUMBLING of a motorcycle.

FADE TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ROLAND (16, black, ruggedly handsome with a scar, magnetic charisma, a motherfucking ease to him) sits on a MOTOCYCLE. Monte (16) stands next to him revving the throttle.

ROLAND

Where's the gas?

MONTE

Seriously?

Roland smiles at him. Monte points to the throttle with a discouraging look.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Are you sure you've driven one of these?

Monte gives the helmet to Roland. Roland inspects it.

ROLAND

Relax. If it's got handles, I can handle it.

MONTE

How many times?

Roland gives the helmet back to Monte.

ROLAND

All the time.

Roland revs the engine. He winks at Monte and speeds off, riding out of the driveway when-

WHAM!

He gets hit by a car, throwing him in the air. He lands on his feet with a puzzled look on his face.

Rolands shrugs.

Monte charges after Roland.

A classic WHITE CADILLAC pulls up.

(FLASHBACK) INT. CAR - DAY

Roland (16) sits at the wheel of the WHITE CADILLAC, nervous. He inspects all the mirrors, watches for any unforeseen disaster. He notices a GORGEOUS WOMAN in the car next to him. He smiles and winks at her when-

BAM!

A hot air balloon on fire crashes down on his car. The pilot engulfed in flames climbs out of the basket, and runs around in a panic. Roland gets out of the car in shock as the smoke builds.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM

Monte blows a cloud of smoke with a smirk on his face.

MONTE

I guess you'll just have to use  
your imagination. Start with  
'terrible things'.

Newman slides PHOTOS of evidence across the table that links Roland to the current investigation.

NEWMAN

(to Mulray)

I have to admit, these guys are  
clever. Like leaf cutter ants. They  
never stripped the tree bare. They  
harvest a little, just enough to  
leave them standing, allowing the  
wealth to grow back.

(to Monte)

Watered down heroes but the only  
pockets they've been lining are  
their own.

They're all photos of small WHITE RABBIT FIGURINES with an  
"R" printed on its belly.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Tell me, how many more of these does he have left to hand out? He is already attached to over a dozen robberies in California alone, nearly sixty-seven hits worldwide. Not counting the five jewelry stores in Manhattan just in 2008.

Mulray smirks and holds up a PICTURE of what resembles Monte in the driver's seat of a car in front of a jewelry store.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

And it appears, according to rumor, that if he so much as sits behind the wheel of anything, all hell breaks loose. You're a third generation race car driver, Monte, and his life long friend. That's pretty convenient for a man whose kryptonite is driving.

**PHOTO MONTAGE:**

Monte (9) driving a go-kart.

Monte (16) on a dirt bike with a trophy in his arms.

Monte (16) drifting a normal car with ROLAND taking a POLAROID in the passenger seat, smiling with cop cars behind them.

MONTE

What's your point?

NEWMAN

Why did you quit racing?

MONTE

I don't need to talk about it.

MULRAY

Did it have anything to do with your father's death?

Monte gazes at Mulray, and if he could kill him he would.

MONTE

Is that why I'm here? To talk about my father?

Mulray doesn't answer.

MONTE (CONT'D)

You shouldn't believe everything  
you read. Words in the paper will  
never amount to the whole truth.

(to Newman)

Roland and I no longer speak.  
Haven't for quite some time. I  
don't know what else to tell you.

NEWMAN

Was he always this lucky?

MONTE

I'll put it this way. If a cat has  
nine lives, Roland borrowed the  
other eight.

(FLASHBACK) INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

It's Valentine's day. ROLAND (9, same scar) is at his school  
desk smiling ear to ear while classmates place lavish cards  
and candy in front of him. It starts to pile up.

MONTE (V.O.)

Roland grabbed Lady Luck by the  
tits and never let go. She took to  
him immediately. She rubbed her  
sweet paws all over him.

Roland stares longingly at AMELIA (9, strong willed, Cindy  
Crawford mole) sitting at her desk.

One of the girls kisses Roland on the cheek. Unfazed, he  
continues to gaze in Amelia's direction.

MONTE (9) watches it all unfold from his desk beside ROLAND.

MONTE (V.O.)

That's what we love and hate about  
him all at the same time.

Amelia catches Roland's stare and offers him the subtlest  
smile.

A large BULLY aggressively jumps up from his chair, charging  
Roland and just before he can reach our hero-

A FIST punches the Bully across the face, sending a TOOTH  
flying.

(FLASHBACK) EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Roland, holding hands with Amelia, and Monte burst out the front doors followed by the enraged toothless Bully and his gang. Monte shakes the pain from his hand.

**FREEZE** Roland and Amelia have a big grin. Monte is annoyed.

MONTE (V.O.)

He's always had this wonderful aura  
he just can't shake off and  
everyone else gets to bask in it.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

MONTE

Luck is about all he has left.

Monte puts out his cigarette in his coffee before standing up.

MONTE (CONT'D)

This has been illuminating, but I  
have a life I'd like to continue.

He heads for the door.

NEWMAN

We may have further questions as  
this progresses.

MONTE

As what progresses?

NEWMAN

You guys are about to get your  
fingers clipped dipping in the  
wrong cookie jar, Monte. It's only  
a matter of time before someone  
applies pressure on the lid. Roland  
is slick, but he's hardly special.  
Just lucky, that's all.

MONTE

I can't think of anything I'd  
rather be.

He opens the door.

NEWMAN

Monte.

Monte stops in his tracks.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I'd hate to see you measure new drapes for another six by nine. If you catch a rabbit once, you can catch him again.

He closes the door behind him.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: **RUN RABBIT RUN**

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Monte exits the men's room adjusting his belt. He passes by AMELIA (27, cunning eyes, Cindy Crawford mole) at the reception desk.

He stops and looks back, wondering why she looks so familiar.

Suddenly, two WOMEN charge through the front doors, disguised with ultra-realistic HILLARY CLINTON and JACKIE O MASKS, both wearing DRESSES.

Both are armed with guns holding DIRTY BUMS as hostage.

The POLICE OFFICERS draw their pistols.

HILLARY CLINTON

Easy! Easy, easy now, or the bum paints the floor. No one wants a mess.  
Especially that guy!

Hillary Clinton points her gun at the janitor who looks nervous gripping his mop.

JANITOR

Si.

HILLARY CLINTON

So let's keep it clean, boys. Guns on the floor. Now! Don't test my patience, I lost the presidency twice-

OFFICER

You know we can't do that-

BUM

Technically, I'm not a bum. I-

HILLARY CLINTON

Shut up!

The Police officers hold their aim.

Hillary Clinton points her gun at Monte.

HILLARY CLINTON (CONT'D)

You! Get over here!

MONTE

Me? I-

HILLARY CLINTON

Do you like having kneecaps?

Monte instantly walks over. Jackie O releases her Bum and grabs Monte, pressing the gun against his cheek.

HILLARY CLINTON (CONT'D)

If anyone follows us, we're going to blow up the school bus around the corner.

JACKIE O

Both of them!

Hillary Clinton gives a scolding look at Jackie O.

The two of them make their way out holding their hostages.

EXT. POLICE STATION ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hillary Clinton places a large board securing the doors from the outside and then shoves Jackie O.

HILLARY CLINTON

"Both of them?!" What the fuck? I said "THE" which implies singular. Only ONE! Not two! That's dark!

JACKIE O

Yeah, my bad! I was in the moment, and the nerves and I- I- I... I thought it'd be more impactful. I just went for it.

HILLARY CLINTON

Oh, she just went for it. Keep moving.

Hillary Clinton hands a twenty dollar bill to the bum.

BUM  
Bullshit! I didn't take time out of  
my schedule for 20 bucks.

HILLARY CLINTON  
Schedule?

BUM  
You said fifty!

HILLARY CLINTON  
I'm a Democrat, I'll mail the rest.

BUM  
Yeah, sure! Just send it to my  
house in Tahoe. FUCK YOU! Does it  
look like I have a residence?!

Angered, the bum swings hard and misses, falling to the  
ground. Hillary Clinton hurry away with Jackie O and Monte.

BUM (CONT'D)  
WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND  
MOTHERFUCKER! HELL IS HOT AND  
THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM!

INT. POLICE STATION VIDEO ROOM - DAY

A small group of COPS sit in front of a TV monitor. They  
watch closely a surveillance video where a man gets hit by a  
convertible Camaro.

COPS  
(in unison)  
Ooooh!

Newman enters with Mulray behind, sandwich in hand.

NEWMAN  
Where did you get this?

ROOKIE COP  
It was brought in a few minutes  
ago.

Newman watches the video again. She sees a shiny object slide  
across the ground.

NEWMAN  
Rewind that.

A Rookie Cop obeys.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
Pause it. Right there. Zoom in.

Newman points at the object on the screen. Mulray and the other cops lean in closer.

MULRAY  
(mouthful)  
What the fuck is that?

Instantly, GASSER (30, overweight cop) bursts in. He struggles to speak, overcome with panic.

GASSER  
(wheezing)  
Captain! Two women...

Gasser tries to collect his breath as he plops down in a chair removing an inhaler.

NEWMAN  
Well go on and spill it, Gasser!  
Two women what?

Gasser holds a finger up and takes a deep pull from the inhaler. Everyone waits for him.

GASSER  
Two women, dressed as Hillary Clinton and some other lady just kidnapped the man you were questioning. In the lobby. Armed to the teeth.

Newman, Mulray, and all the other cops scramble for the door.

Gasser notices the sandwich, rolls his chair to it and takes a bite. He notices the monitor and moves closer to inspect the image, confused.

INT. WHITE VAN ALLEYWAY - DAY

Sitting at the wheel, FRANÇOIS (27, charming doughy Frenchman) enjoys the sweet aroma of his coffee as French music plays on the radio.

FRANÇOIS  
The small things...

A serene Folgers moment until-

Jackie O violently swings the back door open and pushes Monte inside.

Startled, François spills his coffee on his crotch.

FRANÇOIS (CONT'D)  
FUCK! MY DICK!

HILLARY CLINTON  
GO! GO! GO!!!

Francois hits the gas as the white van peels away.

Monte with his hands up.

MONTE  
Ladies, listen, time out! Time out!  
There's been some sort of mistake.  
You have the wrong guy. Just let me  
go. I haven't seen any of your  
faces. I couldn't possibly tell  
anyone anything. Really, I would  
rather just be on my way. Anywhere  
is fine.

Hillary Clinton aims her gun at Monte's head.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
Wait! Wait! Whoa! You don't have to  
do this. For Christ's sake,  
tomorrow is my birthday!

Hillary Clinton peels away her mask with the voice device  
stuck on her throat revealing ROLAND (35).

ROLAND  
I thought you were a Pisces?

MONTE  
Roland!?

Roland squeezes the trigger and sprays WATER in Monte's face.

Monte PUNCHES Roland, sending him on his ass.

Jackie O struggles to remove her mask revealing TYLER (29,  
laid back stoner).

Tyler kisses his lucky GOLD AMULET before pulling Monte off  
of Roland.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
Tyler? Really? After everything!  
What did he promise you this time?

TYLER

Shit, Monte, you gonna cover my mortgage?

ROLAND

That's a fine way of showing gratitude, Monte.

MONTE

Gratitude? I was free to go, Roland. If you had just waited thirty seconds, I would have walked out the fucking door!

SILENCE.

FRANÇOIS

*SHIT!!!*

François suddenly jerks the wheel, and the van rolls.

BLACK

An ACCAPELA IRISH LAMENT fades in.

INT. CHERRY'S BARN - EVENING

The same Irish Lament plays from a record player.

An exquisitely detailed WOODEN COFFIN carved from a single tree sits in the center.

JAMESON CHERRY (50-60, poised, piercing eyes, lives by a strict code) sweats profusely whittling the coffin with a knife, a coffin dedicated to his dying father.

WILLIAM CHERRY (V.O.)

Blood is a bond. Make him understand.

Jameson slips, cuts his hand as blood splatters. His black Great Dane looks up with concern.

Jameson walks over to the counter. He grabs a rag and applies pressure as blood soaks through. He exits, followed by his dog.

INT. CHERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jameson enters with his dog close behind, passing by wood sculptures decorating the rooms. He goes to the kitchen to clean his injured hand in the sink as he stares at-

An OLD PICTURE of his mother Fiona with her arm around him at 5 years old. A TORN PIECE of the picture is missing.

Jameson sees his own reflection in the picture and notices a few DROPS OF BLOOD on his face.

He quickly wipes it off as blood runs into the black void of the drain, his gaze lost in thought.

The DOORBELL rings.

Jameson removes the TORN PIECE of the picture from behind the frame and sets it where it once was, revealing his twin brother Cillian standing on the other side of Fiona.

INT. CHERRY'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Jameson opens the front door to find his twin brother CILLIAN CHERRY (50-60, vile, his piercing eyes denote a dangerous instability).

JAMESON  
You're late.

Cillian looks down at Jameson's injured hand.

CILLIAN  
You're bleeding.

Jameson tightens the soaked up bandage on his hand.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Still playing with knives? You should be more careful. You wouldn't want to trip and fall on one.

JAMESON  
How long has it been?

CILLIAN  
I haven't been logging the days.

JAMESON  
Too long.

They stare for a moment in silence.

CILLIAN  
What do you want, Jameson?

JAMESON  
Follow me.

Jameson turns and leaves Cillian on the porch with the door open.

Cillian removes a pair very DARK SUNGLASSES and puts them on before stepping inside.

He reluctantly looks down the hall and sees the bathroom where their mother died all those years ago.

JAMESON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You coming?

This breaks Cillian from his trance.

INT. CHERRY'S BARN - CONTINUOUS

Jameson enters followed by Cillian. Cillian approaches the coffin in awe as Jameson walks past it.

JAMESON  
It's taken me nearly a year to  
finish it.

Cillian studies all the details and craftsmanship, sliding his hands slowly along the edges to inspect it closely.

CILLIAN  
Is this-

JAMESON  
I wasn't sure if you'd remember.

CILLIAN  
Of course, I do. He loved that  
tree. It's what he would have  
wanted.

Cillian pulls his hand away. The brothers stare at each other with the casket between them.

JAMESON  
It's what he deserves. The doctors  
are saying any day now. I'm  
thinking hours.  
(beat)  
He wants to see you, Cillian. He  
loves you.

CILLIAN  
Out of pity. Why are you showing me  
this?

JAMESON

I want you to be by my side when I  
put him in the ground. Together as  
he wishes.

Cillian goes to exit.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

We're all he has.

Cillian stops.

CILLIAN

I suppose that's my fault?

Jameson approaches his brother.

JAMESON

She was sick. She put you in a  
horrible situation. You had nothing  
to do with it.

CILLIAN

I had everything to do with it.

Jameson hugs Cillian. Cillian allows it awkwardly.

A TEAR rolls down from behind his dark sunglasses.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

I killed her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

An IV drop.

A heart monitor BEEPS.

WILLIAM CHERRY (90, crime lord dying) lays unconscious in  
bed, eyes closed.

REVEAL of Cillian standing by his father.

After a moment, Cillian leans down to gently touch forehead  
to forehead with his father.

Feeling the touch of his long-lost son, William opens his  
eyes.

Cillian sits back as they both stare at each other.

After a moment, Cillian discreetly pulls the plug to the  
respiratory machine.

William slowly fades away.

The heart monitor FLAT LINES which fades into the sound of someone heavily URINATING in a toilet.

INT. VICTORIA'S BATHROOM - MORNING

**SUPER: 48 hours before the First Wives kidnap Monte from the police station.**

A beautiful woman, VICTORIA (30, stunningly beautiful, transsexual, pastry chef, Roland & Monte's former accomplice) stands, brushing her teeth.

A distant BUZZER goes off.

VICTORIA

Oh, yum!

She looks down, does a little shake and quickly zips up. She spits the toothpaste in the toilet, flushes and exits in a hurry.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Victoria makes her way through the house as the buzzer gets louder.

She rushes into the kitchen and pulls out a tray of snickerdoodle cookies out of the oven. She places the cookies on a plate and pours a glass of milk before exiting with both while humming a tune.

INT. VICTORIA'S LARGE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Victoria enters. Roland is on the bed, attempting to knot his tie. She sets the cookies and milk on the nightstand. Roland immediately picks it up to take a sip, holding his knot with the other hand.

Next to him is CHLOE (27, sexy, wild child) painting her toenails. She sticks her foot in Roland's face.

CHLOE

Bruise Blue! What do you think?

She nearly knocks the glass away from Roland's mouth.

A SINGLE DROP of milk falls onto the white fabric of Roland's dress shirt.

ROLAND

Babe, can't you see I'm currently involved!? Christ, you're needy!

He places the glass back down on the nightstand.

CHLOE

You're tying a tie, not solving a rubix cube. You should be embarrassed you're still at it. I mean, are you stupid or retarded?

ROLAND

That's a fucked up question. Promise me you'll never say some shit like that in public, I'll pretend I don't know you.

Victoria scans the channels on the TV.

Roland gets the knot right on his tie but the length is short.

Chloe air dries her feet making the bed shake.

CHLOE

Is it true dolphins and humans are the only two species that have sex for pleasure?

ROLAND

Be still!

CHLOE

Is it true?

ROLAND

Is what true?

CHLOE

Dolphins are really the only animal that like to fuck just to fuck?

Roland leans in close to her face.

ROLAND

I know we're the only animal that fucks face to face. Now would you kindly keep the fuck still?

CHLOE

That hardly answers my question.

A loud EXPLOSION from the TV causes Roland to look up and see Bugs Bunny in a precarious situation about to meet his demise.

Roland's cell phone RINGS. He springs up.

CHLOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Is it true sex has a smell?

ROLAND  
Where's my phone?

CHLOE  
If sex was a candle, I'd buy three  
for each room.

ROLAND  
You might wanna talk to somebody  
about that.

Roland scrambles to locate his phone.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Focus here! Are you sitting on it!?

Roland rolls Chloe and she falls off the bed as he shuffles through the clothes on the floor.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Where is it!? Look alive, ladies!  
The ringing device! Let's locate it  
please!

The girls make no attempt to help him.

Anxious, Roland shuffles through clothes and finally finds his phone.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
(answering the phone)  
Roland here!  
(beat)  
High noon. Got it!

Roland listens carefully. He snatches Chloe's lipstick and scribbles an address on the bed headboard before hanging up.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Which one of you still has a valid  
driver's license?

INT. 1969 CAMARO - 1 HOUR LATER

The CONVERTIBLE Camaro with RED INTERIOR pulls up and parks in front of a luxurious condo building. Roland is in the passenger seat, straightening his tie in the mirror.

ROLAND

Fuck ties.

CHLOE

Ties are sexy. It pulls everything together, like a bow on a present.

She lights a joint.

ROLAND

Have you gone mad?!

CHLOE

Relax, I rolled down the window.

Roland stares at her. He grabs the joint and smashes it out in the ashtray.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Hey! That's not necessary!

ROLAND

I can't have you getting high in the parking lot! I need your wits about you. I can't emphasize how important this meeting is. I need this to go well. It's my first job in months without Monte and I'm fucking broke. So please, just stick to the format, will you? Please!

CHLOE

You didn't have to murder it. It would have been perfectly fine for later, asshole.

Roland looks around for anything unusual.

ROLAND

Alright, I'll be back in twenty minutes, ish. If anyone asks you any questions, you're waiting for your boyfriend. Or better yet, your fiancé. Whatever you do, don't wander off. I can't drive, under any circumstances. I can't be allowed to drive.

CHLOE  
Why's that?

ROLAND  
Terrible things.

Feeling sorry for him, Chloe kisses him hard leaving a RED PRINT on his lips.

CHLOE  
Maybe you should take this with  
you?

Chloe whips out a chrome DESERT EAGLE. Roland grabs the gun and quickly hides it from view.

ROLAND  
Where did you get that!?

CHLOE  
From under my seat, silly.

ROLAND  
Before that!?

Chloe slides over into the driver seat.

CHLOE  
My father. Jesus, don't be a set of  
balls, Roland. I've been shooting  
since I was six.

ROLAND  
I don't care if you're a god damn  
spy. Guns are the quickest way to  
spoil your luck.

Roland pops out the clip and sees a full cartridge of bullets.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Especially loaded ones.

Roland slides the gun under the seat.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
I'm begging you, no more surprises,  
ok?

Roland places the clip of bullets in his jacket pocket.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Just keep it simple for me, like  
you promised.

CHLOE  
Simple as a pimple. I promise.

Roland gets out of the car.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Just bring back a souvenir!

ROLAND  
You want me to take something for you?

CHLOE  
I want you to steal something for me. And it has to be special, not something generic like a salt shaker or a TV remote. That's too easy. It has to be something personal.

ROLAND  
Is that what does it for you?

CHLOE  
Yup. I need a thrill. Here, stash it in my purse.

Rolands puts the purse over his shoulder and turns to face the impressive building.

He sees WINDOW CLEANERS high above. A cable SNAPS, tilting their platform, as they struggles to keep their balance.

Taking it as an omen, Roland quickly looks away, nervously walking to the entrance.

Behind him, Chloe loads another CLIP in the gun and relights her smashed joint.

INT. LUXURIOUS CONDO BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Roland heads through the lobby to the elevator where A UPS WOMAN (22, fit, beautiful tomboy) stands waiting. They glance at each other.

ROLAND  
Rain, hail, sleet, or fire.

UPS WOMAN  
What's that?

ROLAND  
The mail.

UPS WOMAN  
I believe it's snow. But yes,  
through the extreme.

DING!

The elevator opens. Roland steps inside and holds the door  
for the UPS Woman.

ROLAND  
Going up?

UPS WOMAN  
I'll get the next one.

The elevator door closes shut. He notices the red lipstick in  
his reflection of the door.

ROLAND  
Oh.

He wipes it off.

INT. LUXURIOUS BUILDING PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Roland exits the elevator facing a door numbered "P I3".

A **BUILD UP** of Roland searching for PH3 from casually to a  
frantic run through the maze of corridors.

Exasperated, Roland exits the elevator once again staring at  
**P I3**. He notices the missing piece of the "H" lying on the  
floor. He picks it up and holds it up completing the PH3 door  
number in disbelief when-

The door swings open revealing BONHAM (36, big South Pacific  
man). Roland hands over the broken piece.

ROLAND  
You might want to fix that.

BONHAM  
Working on it.

Bonham aggressively frisks Roland. Roland notices a tattoo on  
Bonham which reads: "Does Not Play Well With Others".

Bonham finds the clip of bullets.

ROLAND  
That belongs to my girlfriend's  
gun.

Bonham couldn't give a shit.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
I have to hide the bullets from her  
when we fight. She can be vicious.  
You know how it is.

Bonham ushers Roland into the apartment.

INT. CILLIAN'S PENTHOUSE ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Roland walks down a hallway with rooms on each side. He's entered a modern brothel plucked right out of the red light district. Tempted, Roland wants to stop and peek but is urged along by Bonham.

INT. CILLIAN'S PENTHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Roland finds Cillian cutting fruit at the counter. Wrapped around his hand is a LONG LEATHER LEASH attached to the back of a FALCONRY HOOD covering the eyes of-

FALCON BRUTE (30s, Herculean in a Tom Ford suit) standing motionless armed with brass-knuckles, just waiting to be unleashed.

Sensing Roland's stare, Cillian picks up a book and recites from it like a Shakespearean play.

CILLIAN  
Where is the lightning to lick you  
with its tongue? Where is the  
madness with which you should be  
cleansed? Behold, I show you the  
superman. He is this lightning, he  
is this madness.

Cillian tosses the book over the shoulder and smiles at Roland.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)  
And in the flesh. Sweet Jesus, the  
myth is true. You're a difficult  
man to find, Roland.

ROLAND  
Well, in my line of work, I find  
that to be a good thing.

CILLIAN  
Or a very bad thing.

ROLAND

You're probably just looking in the wrong place.

CILLIAN

And where might the right place be?

ROLAND

The corners. Always the corners. The view is better and nothing can crawl up your back.

CILLIAN

Let me guess. Monte is waiting in the car.

ROLAND

You're good.

Cillian motions to Bonham with his knife. Roland turns as Bonham sets down a chair for him.

CILLIAN

We're all friends. You have no enemies here. Please excuse my guests. It was a last minute effort. They have a way of doing things. No judgements.

ROLAND

(sitting)

Oh, I hadn't noticed.

Bonham raises his eyebrow.

CILLIAN

"The golden boy who never ties his shoelaces while chasing all the fun and yet manages to never fall on his ass." That's what they say about you.

ROLAND

Who's they?

CILLIAN

Wouldn't you like to know. All that matters is they say you're lucky.

Cillian tosses the cut up fruit into a blender.

ROLAND

They say a lot, don't they? I've got nothing to complain about. I'd say that makes me lucky enough.

CILLIAN

I know you're a man who treasures his time. So, I'm going to ask you this just once before we go any further. Stir it around. Think long and hard before you answer.

ROLAND

Go on.

CILLIAN

Can I trust you?

ROLAND

Let's get something straight, you came to me.

Cillian tightens his grip on the leash. The SOUND of leather squeezing REVERBERATES through the room. He slowly tightens the slack on the leash tugging the ring behind Falcon Brute's mask, like a pin on a grenade.

Roland senses the danger, yet maintains his composure.

Cillian turns on the BLENDER as he stares at Roland. He shuts it off.

Roland smirks.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I had a pet snake growing up. An African Boa. I was about five years old. The only thing my dad left me. Named him Marshall, after him. I loved every second of it. Before I knew it, he had grown from five inches to four feet long. He'd even sleep in bed with me and I'd fall asleep hugging him like he was my life raft. He'd curl up under my arms and stay warm through the night. At some point, around eight years old or so, I started waking up in the middle of the night and I couldn't find him. He was getting bigger, and so was I. Heavier too. I was concerned I had rolled on him without noticing and accidentally killed him.

(MORE)

## ROLAND (CONT'D)

But every time, I'd find Marshall stretched out on top of the covers, as straight as an arrow. His tail would be at my feet, and his head would be just below my chin. It went on this way for a while. I didn't know why he was acting like this so I looked into it, read a few books. All of them, whatever the age or length, would size themselves next to their prey. You see, Marshall was sizing me up. Just buying time until he could make a meal out of me. Now, I didn't take it personal. A snake is a snake. Just as a man is a man. It didn't matter how much I loved Marshall, or cherished his company. He only knows how to be a snake. It wasn't malicious, but it was calculated. So is nature. I was torn. But it was only a matter of time before he'd turn on me. I knew that. So when I got home, I elected not to push my luck any further. I carried Marshall myself, turned him over to the zoo, and said my goodbyes. I left with a heavy heart. I trusted that snake. Until I didn't. I see our situation as very similar. In a lot of ways, I could be Marshall so... to answer your question: for now, I suppose the odds are better if you do.

On the table, Roland places a WHITE RABBIT FIGURINE with an "R" printed on its belly.

In celebration, Cillian throws his KNIFE into a dartboard on the wall behind Roland, nailing the bull's eye-

Bonham tosses something and Roland catches it. He opens his hand and discovers a CAR KEY attached to a WHITE RABBIT'S FOOT.

## CILLIAN

Downstairs in the parking lot, third row from the back, you will find a 68 Jaguar. Deep purple. Beautiful car, but the Jaguar is of little importance to me. It's what's in the trunk I treasure.

(FLASHBACK) Cillian enters his living room dancing with a glass of scotch in one hand and a shiny URN in the other.

CILLIAN (V.O.)  
I won't bore you with the details.  
What I can tell you is that time is  
of the utmost importance.

Cillian sets the urn on the MANTEL above the fireplace like a trophy. He admires it.

CILLIAN (V.O.)  
I had a brother. Or rather, I *have*  
a brother and it's safe to say  
we're built different. When our  
father recently passed away, God  
rest his soul, my brother's plans  
didn't pan out with mine.

BACK TO:

INT. CILLIAN'S PENTHOUSE KITCHEN

Cillian walks towards Roland leaving Falcon Brute behind.

CILLIAN  
Keep it for a couple of days.  
That's all I ask. Enough time for  
the oven to drop a few degrees so I  
can touch the plate. I'll come for  
it when the time is right. Easy  
breezy. Nearly fuck up proof.

ROLAND  
Did you say "Brother"?

Roland's panic sets in as Cillian's expressive story fades to-

SILENCE

ROLAND (V.O.)  
Sounds fishy. Why me, Wyatt?

WYATT (V.O.)  
Because it's pie. And I know how  
much you like pie. All you have to  
do is hold a package for him.  
That's it. You need the dough. I  
know a baker. He's harmless, gentle  
as a baby squirrel. But listen to  
me.

(MORE)

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

No matter how much he offers you,  
whatever he promises, or claims,  
don't do a god fucking damn thing  
if his brother is involved but run.  
Just run.  
RUUUUNNNN!!!

Cillian laughs maniacally and slaps Roland's knee, breaking him from his daydream.

CILLIAN

Do you know what the best part of  
winning is, Roland? Besides winning  
of course. The look on the other  
man's face when you take his  
trophy. That's what it's all about!  
Especially in the end! Especially-  
in-the-end. A man always wears  
defeat

(points at his face)  
right here. You can't hide it. If  
his spirit is broken, it always  
shows.

ROLAND

You're losing some blood.

Cillian touches his nose.

CILLIAN

Huh. Used to get them as a kid. My  
mother hated it.

Cillian stares at the blood, lost for a moment.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

Where are my manners? Would you  
care for a smoothie?

ROLAND

I have to go to the bathroom, is  
that alright?

CILLIAN

Did someone plant a revolver on the  
toilet seat for you?

Cillian grabs Roland's face and kisses him hard.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

"I know it was you, Fredo. You  
broke my heart."

Roland is awkwardly confused, not making the Godfather connection.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Of course it's alright. Right down  
the hall, second door on the left.

INT./EXT. CILLIAN'S PENTHOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Weary by the situation, Roland leaves the door cracked open to spy on Cillian as he makes a call on his cell phone.

ROLAND  
You didn't drive off, did you?

Roland sees Cillian kicking the air, fighting his own shadow.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Jesus, thank God! Elephants are  
gonna fly out of my ass before I  
take this job. This guy's a few  
eggs short of a carton. By the  
looks of it, he checked out years  
ago.

Roland closes the door.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Goodbye marbles.

He spots the TOY JACK-IN-THE-BOX (same as the opening scene) sitting on a shelf. He smiles.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
I'm on my way down.

He hangs up. He GRABS the toy and places it in Chloe's purse.

BANG! GUNSHOTS are heard from the kitchen.

Terrified, Roland freezes. He scrambles to climb out of the window onto the BALCONY.

He dusts himself off and sees Cillian, through the patio door, lying on the floor, bleeding. Falcon Brute is standing next to him, motionless. He notices Bonham flat on his stomach, out cold.

Roland sees the UPS WOMAN in the living room, pulling a KNIFE out of her shoulder.

Roland and UPS WOMAN lock eyes.

BANG BANG!

She fires two shots shattering the glass, sending Roland stumbling back as he disappears off the balcony.

EXT. LUXURIOUS CONDO BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Hanging tightly on to the purse caught on a FLAG POLE a few floors below, Roland sees his cell phone fall from his pocket into a swimming pool.

ROLAND

Shit!

Roland swings side to side when UPS Woman appears on Cillian's balcony above. Roland LAUNCHES and makes a miraculously lucky catch onto a terrace.

In disbelief, she FIRES at him. Roland smashes through the patio door into-

INT. LUXURIOUS CONDO BUILDING COMMUNAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Roland gets tangled in the CURTAIN and falls into a HOT TUB, occupied by a FAMILY.

Roland springs up from the water resembling a wet ghost gasping for air.

Mortified, the parents grab the children and hurry away.

Roland runs off through DOOR 1, struggling to remove the wet curtain just as-

Two MEN in SPEEDOS enter from DOOR 2 and step into the hot tub.

UPS Woman emerges from the terrace in pursuit of Roland before exiting through DOOR 2.

Roland re-enters and dives head first back into the hot tub. He pops up with Cillian's set of KEYS.

ROLAND

HA!

Unknowingly, Roland bolts out the same door as UPS Woman.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Roland arrives where Chloe should be waiting with the car.

ROLAND  
(loud whispers)  
Chloe!? Chloe!?

BANG BANG! Bullets ricochet near him.

Roland ducks between two vehicles. He notices two bullet holes in his jacket. He pokes a finger through the hole.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Just go home. Leave it alone.

Roland spots the PURPLE '68 JAGUAR.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Or...

Roland kisses the white rabbit's foot attached to Cillian's keys.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Don't fail me now. On three. One-

BANG!

Roland takes off running towards the Jaguar.

He attempts to open the TRUNK but drops the keys. He quickly reaches for them as the back window of the Jaguar SHATTERS.

He opens the trunk and finds a SHINY URN.

Not sure what he's looking at, he quickly grabs the urn and bolts towards a tree line next to the parking lot as UPS Woman continues to fire at him.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Roland dashes through the tree line, emerging onto a street where-

Chloe's Camaro SCREECHES to a halt sending Roland onto the hood as the urn slides across the pavement (*the same footage from the police station*).

With his face pressed against the windshield, Roland sees Chloe sitting in the passenger seat with an UNKNOWN MAN (30) behind the wheel with the smashed joint in his mouth.

CHLOE  
Roland!?

ROLAND  
Get in the back, Chloe! NOW!

Roland hurries to grab the urn and jumps inside the car.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
HIT THE GAS!

The Camaro speeds off as UPS Woman runs out from the tree line.

INT. 1969 CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

ROLAND  
Who the fuck is he?

CHLOE  
So random, we just met and we hit it off.

UNKNOWN MAN  
Why are you soaking wet?

POP!

A bullet shoots through the Unknown Man's throat splattering blood across Roland and Chloe. The car swerves as the Unknown Man chokes on blood. Chloe freaks out.

Roland grabs the steering wheel to control the car. It stops short of smashing into a fire hydrant.

Roland struggles to roll him over the front seat.

CHLOE  
HE'S DEAD. HE'S FUCKING DEAD,  
ROLAND!

ROLAND  
I know he's dead, we're not gonna leave him here.

Roland manages to flip the Unknown Man over as he disappears onto the back seat.

UPS Woman runs down the street towards Roland. She fires a shot.

Chloe returns fire. UPS Woman takes cover.

Reluctant, Roland jumps in the driver's seat. The Camaro speeds off as UPS Woman fires upon them.

CHLOE  
WHAT'S HAPPENING!? WHAT THE FUCK IS  
HAPPENING!?!?

ROLAND  
That lunatic came out of nowhere! I  
had nothing to do with that. I'm on  
the balcony, everything was great,  
next thing I know, I'm in a god  
damn hot tub!

BANG!

Chloe gets a clean shot right through her chest. In a  
tranquil state of shock, she quickly starts to fade out,  
unaware she's been shot.

CHLOE  
Hot tub? What are you blabbing  
about?

Roland notices her wound. Chloe acknowledges she's bleeding.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
I'm bleeding. Is that an urn?

ROLAND  
I think so.

CHLOE  
Did you steal that for me?

WHAM!

A PIE hits Roland in the face, sending the car swerving into  
a STREET LIGHT POLE.

Roland climbs out of the car removing pie from his eyes.

He hears COMMOTION on the balcony of a building close by. An  
Italian couple screams at each other as the husband throws  
fresh pies onto the street down below. Another man in his  
underwear hangs from their balcony.

ROLAND  
I gotta find Monte.

BLACK

**SUPER: "A man often meets his destiny on the road he took to  
avoid it."**

END of 1st episode

EXT. PRECINCT - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

A COP escorts a young Roland and a young Monte (both 9 years old) out of the police station.

SENIOR (30's, Monte's father, a man's man, race car driver) sits in the passenger seat of his car parked out front.

The Cop gives Senior a stern look like this is all his fault.

SENIOR  
Even you were nine once.

The Cop walks back towards the precinct, leaving the boys behind.

MONTE  
Why are you sitting in that seat?

SENIOR  
Because today, that seat is yours.

Monte and Roland run around the car towards the driver seat.

SENIOR (CONT'D)  
Easy, Rabbits! Pace is key.

ROLAND  
(climbing in the back  
seat)  
Where are we going?

SENIOR  
No where just yet. One thing at a time. You know it would break my heart if anything would happen to either of you. You know that right?

Roland and Monte nod. Senior looks at Roland.

SENIOR (CONT'D)  
As far as I'm concerned, both of you are my boys. So no matter what, you can always come to me.

ROLAND / MONTE  
We know.

SENIOR  
Then put the key in the ignition.

Monte is about to turn the key when Senior reaches out and places his hand over his son's hand.

SENIOR (CONT'D)

Listen to me, boys. Drive is what exists within your heart and mind. The space between. In the gut of your instincts.

The two boys listen intently.

SENIOR (CONT'D)

No matter what's going on around you, even if everything is falling apart, always hit the ground running and don't ever let 'em catch you looking back. Ever. All a man has is his talent. Even God can't take that. He can take your life, but never your talent. Remember, victory has a thousand fathers, but failure is an orphan.

The young boys take the lesson in. Monte turns the key.

The engine ROARS.

The boys smile in unison.

INT. BAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A race car rally RUMBLES on the TV behind the bar.

Sitting at the bar, Roland (25) sips on a glass of MILK. Monte (25) is bitter drunk.

A DRUNK MAN stares at Monte.

DRUNK MAN

I know you. I know I know you.  
Holy fucking shit! You're Junior!  
Monte Lebron's son! Tell me I'm a  
liar.

Monte gives a cold look then takes a swig of beer.

DRUNK MAN (CONT'D)

Your dad is the best there ever  
was.  
(points to the tv)  
Look at him, a god damn legend.

Drunk Man leans in closer.

DRUNK MAN (CONT'D)  
But rumor has it you're faster.  
Maybe even better. Is that true?

ROLAND  
He's better now than his father  
will ever be.

DRUNK MAN  
What are you doing here? Weren't  
you his juju amulet? The key to his  
winning streak?

MONTE  
He doesn't need me to win and I  
don't need him.

DRUNK MAN  
That's a helluva thing to say. I  
don't think you've ever missed a  
race. He's bound to lose now.

ROLAND  
(whispers to Monte)  
2 o'clock. The two white rhinos...  
look familiar to you?

Monte glances, sees two huge ALBINO MEN then turns back to  
the TV. He shrugs.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
You've been betting against your  
father again, haven't you?

Monte doesn't answer.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
I thought you were done with that.  
Fuck Monte! How deep are you this  
time?

MONTE  
Ten feet to China.

Roland gets up. Monte grabs him by the shirt. Roland shakes  
him off and walks to the Albino Men.

ROLAND  
Gentlemen. Can I get you a drink?

No response.

ROLAND (CON'D) (CONT'D)  
Alright, how much does he owe?

Albino #2 pulls Roland by his tie but it POPS OFF, revealing it's a CLIP-ON.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Not a big fan of tightness around  
the neck, know what I mean.

ALBINO #1  
He's a few years and several commas  
behind. Our boss's interest rate is  
not in his favor.

Roland looks at Monte who's still focused on the TV. He turns back.

ROLAND  
Whatever it is, I'll take it on.

The Albino Men laugh. Roland is serious.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Name's Roland. Clear it with  
whoever you have to. If you leave,  
the debt is mine.

Roland walks back to Monte. Albino #2 grabs his phone.

Monte swigs down the last sip of his beer. A CAR CRASH erupts on the television, and Senior, #67, gets the worst of it.

Roland restrains Monte's rage, glances back and sees the Albino Men are gone. Monte manages to throw a BEER MUG at the television, SHATTERING the screen.

BACK TO: THE  
CRASHED VAN  
AFTER ROLAND  
KIDNAPPED MONTE:

INT./EXT. CRASHED VAN - PRESENT - DAY

The shattered windshield with a hole in it.

Roland wakes abruptly realizing his dress is on FIRE. He puts it out.

In a daze, Tyler opens the back door and rushes out. Roland shakes Monte awake and shoves him out of the burning van.

François YELLS in anguish, stuck upside down in the driver's seat.

Roland grabs the urn and rushes to the driver's door.

ROLAND

Come on! We don't have much time!

Roland tries to open the door, while Tyler watches for any sign of police.

FRANÇOIS

A cat. A fucking black cat! Ran right in front of us. Came out of no where.

Roland tries to pull François out through the window.

ROLAND

Fuck the cat, Frank! Get out of the van!

François is about to pass out. Roland SLAPS him in the face.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Frank! Don't pass out on me. Look at me. FRANÇOIS! The van is on fire. Fire is bad. Get out of the fucking van.

Roland and Tyler help François out of the van, and struggle to carry him down the alleyway like a wounded soldier.

When they arrive to the corner, a BUS pulls up as if on cue. The doors open, revealing the BUS DRIVER (40s, woman).

She notices the condition of the men, and sees the burning van in the background.

BUS DRIVER

Hell no!

She shuts the doors and pulls away.

TYLER

Now what!?

ROLAND

We roll with it. Plan B.

TYLER

Aren't we on C or D by now?

ROLAND

Zip it! I gotta think.

Roland sees an OLD LADY (80s, frail) pushing a grocery cart in a parking lot.

Roland shoves the urn in Monte's arms and hurries over towards the Old Lady. Tyler follows with Francois close behind.

Monte stands there, holding the urn, processing everything.

EXT. OLD LADY'S CAR PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Old Lady is about to pick up a grocery bag when-

Roland slides his arm under hers and leads her to the curb.

ROLAND  
(to Old Lady)  
Let us give you a hand. You  
shouldn't have to do this yourself.

OLD LADY  
Oh that's very sweet of you.

Tyler and François load the groceries carelessly like brutes.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
Easy with those. Some of that is  
glass.

ROLAND  
It's gonna be fine. Oh, and just  
one more thing.

Roland gently removes the keys from her hands.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
We have to borrow your car.

Roland notices a name tag that reads "Martha" on the keychain as he backs away from the Old Lady. Meanwhile, his crew is already climbing inside the car.

MARTHA / OLD LADY  
You mean *steal* my car.

ROLAND  
Well, if you're being technical,  
Martha, how 'bout you're *lending* it  
to us?

MARTHA / OLD LADY  
I'm not lending you shit! It's my  
husband's car, dickwad!

Roland is surprised by her language as he opens the passenger door.

ROLAND  
Such harsh language, ma'am.

MARTHA / OLD LADY  
I hope you get fucked to death in  
prison!

ROLAND  
Jesus, lady, it's just a car.

Roland is about to get in when he sees the sad look on  
Martha's face. He has a change of heart.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Fine! Are you driving or staying?

Roland holds up the keys.

CUT TO:

Newman and Mulray driving by, recognizing Roland, in a dress,  
holding up the keys towards Martha. They look at each other,  
puzzled.

INT. OLD LADY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Old Lady starts the car. She removes her glasses from her  
purse as Roland and his crew watch in utter disbelief.

MARTHA / OLD LADY  
I can't see anything without my  
glasses.

TYLER  
Is this still part of Plan B?

Tires screech as the Old Lady peels off, revealing the BLACK  
CAT laying casually in the cloud of smoke.

INT. OLD LADY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Squeezed between Tyler and François on the backseat, Monte  
leans forward.

MONTE  
I sure could use that explanation  
right about now.

ROLAND  
It's a long story.

MONTE

Then start from the beginning.

ROLAND

I'm a dead man.

MONTE

Well, I'm gonna be honest with you,  
it looks pretty bad.

François notices the DETECTIVES CAR behind them with the  
EMERGENCY LIGHT ON, in fast pursuit.

FRANÇOIS

Uh... we're being followed.

ROLAND

They couldn't catch a cold.

Roland holds up the urn.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

First thing we have to do is hide  
this thing.

MONTE

There's no "we", Roland.

ROLAND

As long as we have this, they can't  
touch us.

MONTE

Stop saying "WE"! Wait, did you  
tell them that I'm involved in this  
job with you?

ROLAND

I would never. It hurts my feelings  
you would think that.

MARTHA / OLD LADY

Which way am I heading?

ROLAND

Just keep driving, you're doing  
great, Martha.

MONTE

Did you give them the impression  
that I'm involved?

Silence.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Oh Roland, why would you do that?

Roland loses his cool, giving us a glimpse of his fear.

ROLAND

Listen to me! I don't think you appreciate the severity of the situation.

Monte looks at Tyler and Francois lobbing CANNED GOODS from the back window like grenades towards the detective's car behind.

MONTE

I think I do.

ROLAND

They're gonna kill me, Monte. And I don't want to die. Not today. I thought it was a simple A to B. Pick up and deliver. It was a little sketchy. I was warned, but the price was too good to resist. Enough to pay all of your debt.

MONTE

Why are you worried about my debt? Is that why you took this job?

ROLAND

I wish! I'd have better odds of coming out with my head intact. You know what's worse than being in debt? Being broke, Monte-

MONTE

Broke? How much did those masks run you?

ROLAND

Well... they weren't cheap. But money well spent, here you are. Anyway. Like I said, I was warned. Shit got all fucked up and now I'm stuck in the middle.

MONTE

Why don't you just give it back?

ROLAND

Fucking brilliant, Monte. You think I haven't considered that?

(MORE)

ROLAND (CONT'D)

If I give it to the wrong brother  
now, my ass is grass.

MONTE

Woah woah! The Cherry brothers?  
(to himself)  
Fuck me, they were right.  
(back to Roland)  
Roland, whose ashes are those!? You  
know what, forget it. I don't want  
to know. I'm done with all this. I  
made that perfectly clear.

ROLAND

Samantha made that perfectly clear.

MONTE

For fuck's sake, you still don't  
get it. I'm engaged.

ROLAND

So what? Where in the fine print  
does it say your best friend  
becomes a wash?

MONTE

Right under the heading "Grow the  
fuck up!".

BOOM

The Detective's car smashes against the rear panel, forcing  
the Old Lady to make a hard left.

INT. CILLIAN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Cillian, Bonham and Falcon Brute are parked in silence across  
from Victoria's house.

In the passenger seat, Cillian is in a meditative state with  
his eyes closed and headphones on.

Suddenly, the Old Lady's car SWERVES down the street with the  
Detective's car close behind.

Cillian remains peacefully unaware.

DISSOLVE TO:

**CILLIAN'S "WHAT IF" REGRET SEQUENCE**

Young Cillian runs away from the bathroom down the hallway with his pocket knife in his hands.

Behind him in the distance, his mother sits up in the bathtub, uninjured.

CUT BACK TO:

Cillian is nudged awake by Bonham. He removes his headphones and sees-

A CAR pulling up in front of Victoria's house.

Cillian sees a WOMAN behind the wheel.

CILLIAN  
(unsure)  
Dorian?

As the woman reaches into the glovebox, Cillian notices the BANDAGE on her left shoulder, covered with BLOOD, recognizing her as the UPS WOMAN who tried to kill him in his own home.

Devastated, Cillian puts his sunglasses on.

INT. / EXT. VICTORIA'S HOME - DAY

A doorbell RINGS repeatedly.

Victoria rushes down the hallway.

VICTORIA  
Asshole, I heard y-

Victoria swings the door open to find Roland and his crew.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Roland!? Thank god! Why is he wearing my dress? Why are you wearing my dress?

ROLAND  
Can we have this conversation inside, please?

VICTORIA  
(subtly)  
You have a visitor.

She pushes open the door to reveal the UPS Woman, now known as DORIAN, dressed in a nice suit, casually seated in a chair.

Petrified, Roland discreetly tosses the urn into the BUSHES by the front door.

DORIAN  
Glad you could make it. What a day,  
huh?

Dorian senses Roland's reluctance.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
Why so glum? You look like a  
mourner at your own funeral.

ROLAND  
(mumbles to his crew)  
It was nice knowing you guys.

Roland and his crew step inside, on edge.

DORIAN  
What's that lovely aroma?

VICTORIA  
Snickerdoodles! Made from scratch.

Roland gives Victoria a cold stare.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
(deep man's voice)  
What!? My mother's recipe. They're  
good.

DORIAN  
Well, mothers do know best. Monte,  
would you be so kind and fetch me  
one, with a glass of milk?

MONTE  
I don't know about your math, but  
in case you hadn't added it up,  
there's five of us. And one of you.

Roland shakes his head. Dorian moves past the remark.

DORIAN  
If it's possible, give me a tall  
glass. I hate the short stumpy  
ones.

Dorian winks at Monte.

Not wanting to test the delicate situation any further, Monte leaves to fulfill Dorian's request.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

You were very lucky this morning, Roland, but that certainly is the way you go about things, isn't it? A charming style when you consider nothing lasts forever.

Monte walks back in with cookies and a glass of milk like her little bitch.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

You're too kind. Thank you!

Dorian takes a bite, and gives a look of approval. Roland uses the silence as an opportunity to clear the air.

ROLAND

About earlier,-

Dorian holds a finger up. She takes a sip of milk.

DORIAN

I'm a big believer in new beginnings. Fresh starts. We should just clean the slate right here and wash our hands together. What happened at my uncle's was an unfortunate misunderstanding.

Roland nods in agreement.

ROLAND

Tragic.

DORIAN

I know it's probably hard to imagine after what you've seen today, but there was a time when Cillian and I were very close. You could even say I still love him, underneath it all.

Dorian lost in thought.

DISSOLVE INTO:

Dorian, stoically seated in a chair, getting her bloody shoulder stitched up by a NERVOUS DOCTOR.

DORIAN (V.O.)  
I mean, to be put in a situation as delicate as this, I realize you all must be very confused at the moment. But understand this.

Behind Dorian, Jameson DESTROYS one of his wooden sculptures in a furious tirade.

DORIAN (V.O.)  
Those ashes belong to my father, Jameson Cherry. Cillian's brother. Whatever deal you made. Whatever pledge or contract you entered into, consider it non-void.

BACK TO:

Dorian, in Victoria's living room, takes a sip of milk.

DORIAN  
You didn't realize what you were getting into. That's obvious.

Everyone stares at Roland, hoping he comes clean.

ROLAND  
It's not here.

Roland feels the pressure from his peers.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
But I can get it to you.

DORIAN  
I like you, Roland. For whatever reason, your careless style impresses me. However, second chances are rare. Wherever the urn is at the moment, I know it's safe. But tomorrow, it better be back where it belongs.

Dorian stands up and heads for the door.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
I've always been a fan of the diplomatic approach. I don't want to see anyone else get hurt. The options that follow for those that are still alive are a drag.

Dorian pauses.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
Almost forgot.

She holds Roland's DRIVER'S LICENSE up.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
You left this behind in the hot  
tub.

Everybody looks at Roland, confused.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
A little ironic, don't you think?

Roland shrugs.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
By the way, what was it? Lemon  
meringue?

Everyone looks at Roland, inquisitive. Roland hesitates to admit.

ROLAND  
Coconut.

Dorian nods, pleasantly surprised and then leaves.

Everyone exhales. Roland hurries to the window to confirm the urn is still there.

MONTE  
Who the fuck was that?

ROLAND  
The mailman.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. LUXURIOUS CONDO BUILDING - EVENING

Newman and Mulray's detective car pulls up with a fresh coat of TOMATO SAUCE spread across the hood and windshield

A BALD COP (45, arrogant) waiting by the entrance waves them in.

BALD COP  
Heard you guys almost had him this  
morning.

The detectives get out of their car.

NEWMAN

We think he might've found a new driver.  
What have you got for me?

BALD COP

A fucking mess.

NEWMAN

Any fatalities?

BALD COP

Sure looks like it but can't find any bodies.

Mulray catches up to them.

INT. CILLIAN PENTHOUSE ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The condo is filled with COPS swarming like hornets.

Newman, Mulray and the Bald Cop enter the crime scene. Newman notices an officer holding a record reading the lyrics. She approaches and slaps him across the head.

NEWMAN

You mind keeping your prints off my evidence, numb nuts. What the fuck is wrong with you? Give me your gun.

Confused, the young officer hands her his gun. She gives it to Mulray.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

(to Mulray)

Get this butterknife out of here. I don't want to see his face the rest of the year.

Newman watches her steps as she moves through the condo.

BALD COP

Hey Newman, that reminds me, I got a new one for you.

Every cop signals him not to tell the joke.

BALD COP (CONT'D)

No no, this one's good. What's the difference between a car tire and 365 used condoms?

NEWMAN

I give up.

BALD COP

One's a Goodyear, the other's a  
GREAT year! Aoh!

The Bald Cop bursts out laughing alone.

NEWMAN

Outstanding. Your mother must rave  
about you.

INT. CILLIAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Newman sees Gasser eyeing the food inside the fridge.

NEWMAN

Gasser! What are you doing?

GASSER

Dusting for prints.

NEWMAN

I think the handle is sufficient.

Newman puts a rubber glove on to inspect a knife next to a  
puddle of blood.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I hate knives. Once you rinse it  
clean, there is absolutely no sign  
of where it's been or the damage  
it's done.

BALD COP

Just like my-

CRASH!

Everyone turns around and finds a broken jar of pickles at  
Gasser's feet.

Newman notices the hint of a white OBJECT peaking out from  
under the fridge. She crosses over to inspect it. She tilts  
the object onto its side, revealing a WHITE RABBIT FIGURINE.  
She wipes the BLOOD away showing an "R" printed on its belly.

She smiles.

NEWMAN

It looks to me someone has gotten themselves wedged between two rotten apples in hopes of a profit. We'll see how long he can keep his head above water. That's the thing about luck. It's a real motherfucker and right now, it looks as if someone is running a little low.

SOUND of a finger TAPPING.

INT./EXT. STATION WAGON - VICTORIA'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

The GAS INDICATOR needle points on empty.

Roland's finger taps the indicator, feeling Tyler's stare.

ROLAND

I know what you're thinking. It's not a sign. People run out of gas. It happens. Don't look too into it. I figure we're over the hump now. It's all down hill from here. I feel it, really. It can't get any worse.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Roland looks in the rearview mirror. He sees Chloe's crashed CAMARO being pulled into Victoria's driveway by a tow truck. Stunned, he whips around hoping his eyes are playing tricks on him.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Wait for my cue.

The loud beeping continues as the tow truck backs up.

Roland approaches FLOYD, the tow truck driver (21, dorky, doesn't belong in greasy overalls).

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Hey, can I help you?

Floyd climbs out of the tow truck with paperwork.

FLOYD

We got a call to return this heap to the registered address.

Roland slowly peeks to find a TARP draped across the backseat.

Reluctant, Roland lifts a corner of the tarp, exposing the dead BODIES of Chloe and the Unknown Man on the floor board of the car, entwined in such a way they actually RESEMBLE DOLLS.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need a couple signatures,  
and-

Floyd notices the two lifeless bodies in the car.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Oh my. Is that what I think it is?

Oh oh! Roland clenches his fist.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

I can't believe it. I just read an article in Popular Mechanics the other day, the newest version coming out next month has some kind of A.I. technology that makes 'em more real, like you won't even be able to tell. I'm talking settings to even create the voice you want. It will be as good as the real thing.

Floyd reaches down and gently touches Chloe's hair.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Even the hair will feel real, none of this fake stuff they've used on some of the older versions. I mean real quality. Not this brittle witch broom nonsense.

Roland is speechless, as Floyd fills out the paperwork.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Hey, don't be embarrassed. We're human, there's no shame in it. Sometimes the real thing is hard to acquire. I'll be honest, this is a strange place to keep 'em. I'd advise, maybe, keeping the top up. You definitely want to keep 'em away from the sun. But to each his own. It's cool, no judges here.

(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
God forbid my stepdad finds mine  
again, I already had to replace the  
lips. Twice!

Floyd gives him the paperwork to sign.

Roland nods, relieved while Floyd lowers the car.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
This one's on me. I'm gonna waive  
the fee.

Floyd hands Roland his BUSINESS CARD before climbing back in  
his truck with his signed paperwork.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
Because you and I are the same.

Roland smiles to please Floyd so he'll leave.

ROLAND  
Pretty close.

FLOYD  
Damn close. We're practically the  
same person.

Roland cringes but plays along.

ROLAND  
Eh.

FLOYD  
A.I. technology. We've come a long  
way since blow up dolls.

ROLAND  
Thank God.

The tow truck drives away.

FLOYD  
(calls out)  
I'll be thinking of you next month!

Roland waves as he pulls the top back on the Camaro.

ROLAND  
Please don't!

Roland sees Chloe's purse with the Jack-in-the-box toy  
peeking out. He slides the purse over his shoulder,  
sentimental.

A RINGTONE that sounds like a dying battery goes off somewhere in the backseat.

Roland pauses, confused. "*Is Chloe a robot?*". He snaps out of it, searches for the ringing device and discovers a CELLPHONE in a puddle of BLOOD. He answers it.

BONHAM (V.O.)

How about we prevent future *Chloes* from suffering a similar fate? Or we just consider everyone you know a *Chloe* and proceed from there. Sooner or later, it's gonna be someone you love, and something tells me that's gonna feel a little different. OR you fix this and avoid collecting any more toe tags in the process. It's your choice.

(beat)

Look in the glove box.

CLICK

Roland tosses the phone, eyeing the glovebox fully aware anything could in there.

Pumping himself up, he starts rubbing his hands together.

ROLAND

(to himself)

Do it. Do it.

He swiftly opens the glove box, anticipating the worst.

Inside lies a TOE TAG with his name on it.

Roland turns it over to find an address.

Monte exits Victoria's house, walking away from the mess.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(to Monte)

This is where you come in.

Roland tosses the car keys to Monte who catches them.

The familiarity of car keys in his hands feels nostalgic. Monte hesitates then tosses the keys back to Roland.

MONTE

Good luck. I'm going home.

TYLER

I'll drive. Where are we going?

A cab pulls up next to Monte.

Monte glances back at Roland. This is Goodbye. Monte opens the back door.

Roland walks around to the passenger.

ROLAND  
North Shore drive. It's not far.

Tyler clumsily slides over to the driver side.

TYLER  
Don't worry, we got this.

A HAND stops Tyler from starting the car.

MONTE  
Get in the back, I'm driving.

Tyler obeys as Monte quickly climbs in the driver's seat.

ROLAND  
Change of heart?

Monte gives Roland a death stare.

MONTE  
That's Samantha's address.

The station wagon abruptly pulls back from the driveway.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
She's pregnant.

Francois scurries out of the house and barely gets in the backseat as they screech away.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - LATER

A peaceful suburban neighborhood.

SOUNDS of tires screeching.

The station wagon comes to a violent stop in front of home with a For Sale sign.

Monte jumps out of the car and hurries for the door. Roland jumps out following after him.

ROLAND  
Monte! Wait!

Monte kicks the front door open.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is a MESS.

MONTE

Sam! SAM!?

Roland runs inside, tripping over furniture trying to catch up.

ROLAND

Monte!

Monte grabs a BASEBALL BAT from a closet and hurries for the bedroom. Light shines through the crack of the door.

He rams through the door and sees Cillian lying on the bed watching a home video of Monte and Samantha.

As Monte lifts the bat to swing, Bonham tackles Monte into the bathroom, slamming the bathroom door shut behind him.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bonham shoves Monte hard. Bonham locks the bathroom door and stands firmly in front of it.

Monte picks up the bat and charges Bonham swinging. Bonham catches the bat with one hand.

MONTE

WHERE IS SHE!?

Bonham snatches the bat away from Monte and pushes him to the ground. Bonham looks like he'll swing at Monte but shatters the bat on the bathroom counter.

David vs Goliath.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roland enters and sees Cillian lying on the bed. Roland hurries to the bathroom door.

ROLAND

Monte!?

CILLIAN

Love to see that fire!

ROLAND

What did you do with her?

CILLIAN

Slow down. Take a seat. I just want us to have a few moments alone so we can discuss the present situation we're now in.

(re: Video)

Oh! This is my favorite part.

Cillian turns up the volume. Roland sees the footage of Monte proposing to Samantha.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

Look at his eyes. He loves her a great deal. I mean, I had an idea that true love existed, but I've never actually found such an obvious account. It's beautiful. But I'm confused... I can't find you anywhere in any of these videos.

Ashamed, Roland notices a small KNIFE stuck upright in the dresser.

ROLAND

Where is she?

CILLIAN

Safer than the queen. Relax.

Roland quickly snatches the knife and grabs Cillian pressing the blade against his throat.

ROLAND

Well, the queen is fucking dead so if you don't tell me where Samantha is, I swear to God, I'll bury this in your throat.

CILLIAN

When is the baby due? By the looks of her, any day now. I'm guessing it's a boy. They tend to lay low in the pocket.

ROLAND

(Pressing harder)

I'm not fucking with you.

Cillian leans forward towards the blade and a thin stream of blood flows down his neck.

CILLIAN

Then do it! What makes you so special, Roland? You're a fucking cartoon character running on fumes.

ROLAND

You don't know anything about me, you sick fuck.

CILLIAN

I know plenty. When I was bleeding all over my new kitchen, I thought, he'll never make it out of here. Surely it's hopeless. Yet here you are and in perfect condition. Not a fucking scratch. Making me wonder if you've aligned with someone else. And on top of it, you lied to me.

ROLAND

I'm a lot of things but I'm not a liar.

CILLIAN

Monte wasn't waiting in the car. If you ordered a peanut butter jelly sandwich, would you accept it without the jelly? Of course not. You'd fire the chef and burn down the restaurant.

(beat)

How are my odds looking now?

ROLAND

About as good as mine.

CILLIAN

Finally, we're on the same page. I hope you still have it.

ROLAND

Of course I do, but that urn is the least of your worries. Why did that lunatic try to kill me?

CILLIAN

Who, Dorian? Open your eyes, Roland. She was coming for me.

INT. TYLER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

François and Tyler wait in the station wagon, on the lookout.

FRANÇOIS

This is so stupid. Waiting inside the car while mom goes in for some groceries. We're just sitting ducks out here!

Tyler reaches forward to press the cigarette lighter.

TYLER

I don't think we have enough feathers left to qualify as ducks.

François notices a BURN SCAR on Tyler's neck just below his shirt line.

FRANÇOIS

I bet that little number makes for a good story around the campfire.

François points to the scar.

TYLER

Yeah. The last job we did, nothing went as planned. A shit show from the start. Fuck, now that I think about it, it reminds me a lot of this job. Monte was already long gone. Roland tried to pull him back in, he was good at that... When they ran things anyway.

FRANÇOIS

Ran what?

TYLER

Shit. If the price was right, pretty much anything under the sun: diamonds, antiques, planes, trains. If it could be moved, they were moving it. These guys were wild; didn't give a fuck. All caution to the wind. The lucky ones.

FRANÇOIS

Is it true Roland can't drive?

TYLER

Oh he can drive just fine. He just shouldn't. Ever.

FRANÇOIS

Why not?

TYLER

Terrible things, man. How do you think I got this souvenir? But have I learned anything? Fuck no! If I had any sense left, I'd walk home right now. But I can't leave them hanging. Not like this. It's gotten too personal. Sometimes, there comes a point you're so deep in the shit, you just have to keep moving forward.

FRANÇOIS

No going back, I know what you mean.

Cillian's car pulls up in Samantha's driveway.

Tyler and François drop out of view.

TWO GUNMEN in suits get out of the car and walk towards Samantha's house. Tyler peeks up and notices the guns.

TYLER

They have guns. They're going inside.

FRANÇOIS

Do something. We can't just sit here.

Tyler thinks fast, turns on the HEADLIGHTS and HONKS the horn. The Two Gunmen turn around pointing their guns.

Tyler kisses his gold amulet, starts the car and hits the gas as the Two Gunmen fire BULLETS into the windshield. Ducking down, Tyler speeds up towards them.

TYLER / FRANÇOIS

Fuuuuuck!

One of the gunmen hits the windshield and goes flying in the air. The other man stays on the hood.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

HONKING continues outside.

Roland, still with the blade to Cillian's throat.

ROLAND

How deep am I?

CILLIAN

The room is filling as we speak.  
But focus on the silver lining. You  
still have luck on your side.

Concerned, Roland releases Cillian and steps away.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

What's the plan, Roland? Do you  
even have a plan? Are you just  
buying time until another light  
bulb explodes?

Instantly, Tyler's station wagon with the Gunman on the hood  
CRASHES into the bedroom, violently pinning Cillian between  
the bed and the wall, missing Roland by a hair.

Roland sees Tyler struggling to their feet on the front lawn.  
Unconscious, François lays flat on the grass.

ROLAND

We're gonna need a new car.

Tyler hurries to remove the keys from the dead Gunman.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Having heard the loud commotion, Bonham leans against the  
door and pulls out his GUN.

Monte grabs the LARGE PIECE of the broken bat and stabs  
Bonham in the thigh, causing Bonham to drop his weapon.

He picks up Monte, choking him in the air.

On the verge of passing out, Monte KICKS hard downward,  
breaking off the splintered bat in Bonham's leg.

Bonham SCREAMS in pain, shoving Monte to the ground.

Bonham struggles as he recovers his gun. Prepares to shoot.

Roland manages to bust through the door and jumps on Bonham's  
back, attempting a chokehold.

BANG - a wild shot missing Monte by inches.

Roland secures the chokehold, as Bonham misses another  
gunshot.

Fading, Bonham drops to his knees. Monte takes control of the  
gun and presses it against his head.

MONTE  
WHERE IS SHE?

No response.

Enraged, Monte FIRES a round next to Bonham's ear.

Bonham passes out.

Roland pulls Monte away.

ROLAND  
LET'S GO, MONTE!

MONTE  
NO! We can't leave. Where's Sam?

ROLAND  
Come on! We'll find her. But we  
won't be able to do jack shit from  
a jail cell.

Roland grabs Chloe's purse with the JACK-IN-THE-BOX toy from the front seat as he and Monte scramble out of the house through the hole where the car crashed.

EXT. / INT. SAMANTHA'S DRIVEWAY - CILLIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tyler drags François by the hands and shoves him into the backseat of Cillian's car. He hurries around the other side and jumps in the backseat, stunned to find-

FALCON BRUTE sitting in silence between them, with François passed out on his shoulder.

Tyler removes his sunglasses to have a better look. He notices the large BRASS-KNUCKLES.

Roland and Monte jump in the front seats.

TYLER  
What the fuck is this?

Monte starts the car as Roland turns around.

ROLAND  
I've been wondering that myself.

Monte peels away as Bonham limps out of the house, firing shots at them.

Monte pops the trunk to block the bullets as they speed down the street.

INSIDE THE TRUNK, SAMANTHA (30, pregnant, girl next door) terrified, stays low trying to avoid the bullets.

INT. / EXT. CILLIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Monte swerves around a few corners. He pulls over next to a wooded area, whiteknuckling the steering wheel.

SILENCE. Everyone but François in a state of shock.

Tyler smacks François awake.

TYLER  
Close the trunk.

François bolts out of the car.

François approaches the trunk and sees Samantha escaping into the MISTY DARK WOODS. He staggers to grab his ANKLE GUN.

FRANÇOIS  
Hey! Stop!

He falls back as he aims in her direction.

Samantha continues running away.

Roland gets out of the car and sees François on his ass.

Roland notices a figure running through the fog in the dark woods.

ROLAND  
Who the fuck was that?

François shrugs.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Well don't just sit there and  
watch! Go get them!

François scrambles up and takes off after Samantha.

Monte gets out of the car.

MONTE  
WHAT'S TAKING SO FUCKING LONG!? MY  
FIANCEE IS STILL MISSING!

ROLAND  
(to himself)  
What a fucking snail.  
(MORE)

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
(to Monte)  
I'm on it!

Roland runs off.

Monte goes to close the trunk. He recognizes Samantha's SCARF inside. Stunned, he picks it up and smells it.

He turns to Roland running into the dark woods.

MONTE  
Samantha?

Monte takes off running after them.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
SAMANTHA!

Now, Tyler gets out of the car, joint in mouth, oblivious of the situation. He watches his partners running away.

TYLER  
Hey, if you gotta go, you gotta go.

He taps his pockets for a lighter.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
(to Falcon Brute)  
You don't happen to have a light on you, do you?

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Out of breath, François catches up to Samantha with the gun still in his hand.

FRANÇOIS  
Stop, damn it! Stop running, will ya!

Terrified, Samantha runs for her life.

François GRABS her by the shoulder. She WHIPS around, kicks him in the crotch and follows with a hard punch to the nose.

François goes down in agony, accidentally FIRING off a shot.

Monte hears the gunshot as he's running.

MONTE  
SAMANTHA!

Roland hears Monte and realizes who they're running after.

ROLAND  
FRANK, DON'T SHOOT!

François cowers in a fetal position.

Samantha picks up the gun and points it at François.

Roland comes running.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Don't do it, Samantha!

Startled, Samantha looks up and fires two shots at Roland as he dives behind a tree.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Don't shoot, Samantha! It's Roland!

SAMANTHA  
Roland!?

Monte comes running up and she fires another shot nearly hitting him. Monte drops to the ground.

MONTE  
WHOA! BABY, it's me!

SAMANTHA  
Monte?!

Overwhelmed, she passes out and falls on François with her head landing on his hands covering his nose.

INT. / EXT. CILLIAN'S CAR - LATER

Reclined in the front seat, Tyler smokes his joint in deep thought.

TYLER  
All I know for sure, life is precious. You ever think about the word "Thursday"? Like, what does that mean? Why did they decide to call it that? Or Wednesday for that matter. Somehow, Sunday makes sense. The sun is out, the day of rest, but the-

Tyler stops himself and sits up and turns to Falcon Brute, who hasn't moved an inch.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
You know what I like about you?  
You're a good listener. No one  
listens anymore. They don't take  
the time. You don't feel the need  
to fill the air with pointless  
nonsense and I really appreciate  
it.

SOUNDS of LEAVES and TWIGS CRACKING in the forest.

Tyler gets out of the car and sees Monte appearing out of the fog with Samantha in his arms.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
You found a girl in the woods?

Monte walks past him, silent.

More LEAVES and TWIGS CRACKING call for Tyler's attention.

Roland emerges from the fog carrying François, unconscious in his arms.

Roland walks to Tyler and forces François into his arms. As Tyler slides François on one side in the backseat-

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Really? No comment? Nothing on  
this?

Roland reaches inside and uses the LEASH to lead Falcon Brute out of the car. He gingerly places the leash over the Brute's shoulder.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Wait! I'm not going anywhere until  
someone tells me what the fuck is  
going on!

The car drives off leaving Tyler and Falcon Brute standing next to each other on the side of the road.

The car stops and backs up. The TRUNK pops open.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Choose your battles wisely, my  
friend.

Tyler sheepishly climbs into it.

The car speeds off, leaving the Falcon Brute standing alone on the side of the road.

INT. YACHT - NIGHT

Roland, Tyler and François look down at something, intrigued.

TYLER  
Is he dead?

ROLAND  
He's not dead. He's sleeping.

TYLER  
Who sleeps like that?

FRANÇOIS  
*Dead people sleep like that.*

ROLAND  
Dead people don't sleep.

All three men stare, mystified.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Wyatt! Wake up.

WYATT (50, former pro surfer), passed out.

Roland opens Wyatt's eye lid. He slaps Wyatt hard. Tyler flinches at the thought of the pain.

TYLER  
Check his pulse.

Tyler reaches over.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
I'm not feeling anything.

ROLAND  
That's his ear lobe, Einstein.

TYLER  
What the fuck do you want from me,  
I'm not a doctor.

ROLAND  
If I told you to take his  
temperature, would you stick your  
toe up his ass?

A parrot lands on the window ledge, wearing a SEVERED FINGER as a pendant around his neck. They all take notice.

PARROT  
Fuck you, I'm Batman!

Wyatt wakes up, seeing three men towering over him. He freaks out and responds by pulling out a small HARPOON GUN.

The three men duck, taking cover. Wyatt falls back firing off the harpoon.

Monte walks in as the harpoon hits the wall inches from his head. Monte stares at it in its final wobble.

WYATT

Roland?! Christ man, why didn't you just knock?

ROLAND

I did knock, Wyatt!  
(pointing to the parrot)  
And he didn't have a finger around his neck last time I was here. It's unsettling.

PARROT

I earned it.

Wyatt points with his finger NUB.

WYATT

Yeah you did!

PARROT

Fair and square.

WYATT

Oh, where are my manners? I'm Wyatt.

Wyatt extends his hand.

WYATT (CONT'D)

You guys hungry?

FRANÇOIS

François.

WYATT

Well uh... You can check the fridge but I doubt it.  
(to Roland)  
"Foie gras". That's a fancy friend you got there.

Wyatt smiles and gives Roland a big hug and kisses him on the forehead.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
God damn it. I thought you were  
dead.

Wyatt sticks his finger nub into the bullet hole in Roland's shirt. He notices a scratch. Wyatt pours whiskey on it as Roland tries not to flinch.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Cutting it close, aren't we? What's  
with the posse? You guys selling  
cookies or something?

FRANÇOIS  
*More like our souls.*

WYATT  
Well, any friend of Roland is a  
friend of mine, man.  
(pointing at Monte)  
I extend a certain allowance for  
newcomers for the first hour or so.  
Then if I don't like you, well...

Wyatt is silent for a moment, and then laughs out loud.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
I'm just fucking with you.  
(To Monte)  
Sorry about that itchy finger. No  
harm, no foul right? You can't  
expect a cat not to scratch when  
startled.

Wyatt walks over to Monte.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
But seriously, I tie a cinder block  
around your ankles and they won't  
find you for months. Maybe years.  
Ever seen Goonies?

MONTE  
Scary.

WYATT  
It's science.

Wyatt yanks the harpoon out and places it in Monte's hand.

He walks over to the sink and scrubs his arm pits with a soap bar.

WYATT (CONT'D)

So what sort of shit has hit the fan to be graced with your presence, boys?

ROLAND

The kind that stinks. We're just going to lay low and collect ourselves. No trouble.

WYATT

No trouble?! Trying to pull the wool over these eyes, you sly devil? If you're here, I know you brought at least a little with you. Or it's coming. It's probably nipping at your heels right this second.

Wyatt walks over to Roland and squeezes his cheeks.

WYATT (CONT'D)

But it's all good brother. Trouble's exactly what I'm looking for. I'm bored out of my fucking mind! What good's a boat with no waves?

Roland pulls Wyatt by the arm into the next room.

WYATT (CONT'D)

(dainty)

Ah you're kinda pinching me.

INT. YACHT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roland leads Wyatt inside and closes the door as Wyatt plops down in a hammock.

ROLAND

WHAT THE FUCK WYATT!? You sold me off to a fucking maniac!

WYATT

Relax. It can't be that bad.

ROLAND

Fuck you! It is that bad.

WYATT

How bad?

ROLAND

Bad bad!

WYATT

Brother bad?

Roland stares silently.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Oh. That is bad!

Roland paces.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Did you run?

Roland resists the urge to choke Wyatt and leaves, slamming the door behind him.

EXT. VICTORIA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER NIGHT

Roland and Monte pull up in CILLIAN'S CAR in front of a house. They sneak up quietly towards Victoria's house through the neighbors' backyards.

MONTE

How do you know it's still here?

ROLAND

I told Victoria to put it in the safe, and she was a man of her word.

MONTE

After this I'm done. For good.

ROLAND

Uh huh.

MONTE

I'm serious. It's gotten way too out of control.

Before Roland can answer-

MONTE (CONT'D)

I got a dead psycho squished between my mattress. Samantha is probably gonna leave me when she realizes the shit sandwich she's been rolled into. I'm fucking done! Tonight, we finish this.

ROLAND  
Yeah yeah, I got it.

MONTE  
Do you? Because it seems to be a recurring theme with you that I have to repeat myself a lot.

ROLAND  
But this is a partnership.

MONTE  
Was.

ROLAND  
We had something good going.

MONTE  
I know we did, but all things change, Roland. All chapters lead to new ones. This is a new one for me. I'm gonna have a child. It can no longer be about me. Or even you.

Roland scuffs.

ROLAND  
What kind of time frame are we looking at here?

MONTE  
Eighteen years, at least.

ROLAND  
Eighteen years!? What am I supposed to do for eighteen years? You're the only family I've got. Without you, what do I have? All the luck in the world and no one to share it with.

MONTE  
God, you need a girlfriend.

ROLAND  
No, I need a friend.

MONTE  
I'm not your friend, Roland. I'll never be your friend-

ROLAND  
That's right cause we're brothers. Through thick and thin.

Roland offers out his hand. Unable to resist, Monte smiles and grips his hand tight.

MONTE  
Through thick and thin. We'll  
figure it all out. I promise.

Roland and Monte approach Victoria's patio door. Roland pulls out a fancy lock-picking kit.

ROLAND  
Uncle Roland. Has a nice ring to  
it.

MONTE  
Can we just live through this first  
please?

ROLAND  
Deal.

MONTE  
Hold on. They could be in there  
waiting for us.

ROLAND  
It's possible.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Flashlight in hand, Roland creeps down the hallway. He glances back and sees a figure passing by.

ROLAND  
Monte?

Roland continues on to the bedroom.

INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roland opens the safe in the closet, removes the urn and exits the room.

INT. VICTORIA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Monte is on the lookout, peeking through the blinds. Roland walks in studying the urn.

ROLAND  
I'm surprised the nut bag didn't  
just keep it stuffed up his ass  
like some bug.

Monte turns to him.

MONTE  
What did you just say?

ROLAND  
(to himself)  
Difficult fit I guess.

MONTE  
Let me see that thing.

Monte grabs the urn.

ROLAND  
You gonna try?

Monte is unamused. He slides his hands around the edges. He  
flips it over.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
It's an urn, it doesn't need  
instructions.

MONTE  
Everything has fine print if you  
look close enough.

Monte slides a small lever by accident, revealing a HIDDEN  
COMPARTMENT concealing a GPS BUG with a red blinking LIGHT.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
And the fine print is everything.

They both stare, as the red light flashes on their face.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
He's had the jump on us all this  
time. What kind of sick game was he  
playing?

ROLAND  
A dangerous one. You gotta  
remember, the cat doesn't kill the  
mouse right away. He wounds him,  
let's him bleed for a while and  
just keeps him around for  
amusement.

Roland and Monte look at each other, registering the fear.

Roland snatches the "bug" and crushes it under his shoe.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Let's get the fuck outta here!

They exit.

The BREEZE from the door reveals a wounded Cillian, hidden behind the curtain struggling to release the Falcon Brute's WRATH, but the leash is tangled in the curtain.

Defeated, Cillian gives up and lets go of the leash.

He notices the red light of the crushed bug fading out on the floor.

Cillian sinks his head in his hands.

CILLIAN  
(to himself)  
Mom, you gotta give me a sign.

After a moment, he HITS the wall in anger.

A single picture FRAME falls from the wall while the numerous others remain in place. The BREAKING of the frame draws Cillian's attention.

He reaches down and pulls the PHOTO from the broken glass, revealing Roland on the yacht named **"It's a Sign"**.

A profound sense of renewed hope fills Cillian.

FADE TO WHITE:

SUPER: **"If you chase two rabbits, both will escape."**

END of 2ND EPISODE

INT. / EXT. YACHT BEDROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Through the yacht window, a radiant FULL MOON illuminates the sky.

Monte lays down on the bed, exhausted.

Samantha gently rubs his chest.

SAMANTHA

I had a horrible dream. I had been taken by these strange men that were looking for Roland, and an urn. They locked me in a trunk and I remember running. A man speaking French was chasing me through the woods and it was dark. Very dark. At one point, I had a gun and I nearly shot Roland.

Samantha opens her eyes.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

And you...

She notices the strange surroundings.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Where are we?

MONTE

Listen to me. Maybe you should lay down.

SAMANTHA

I am laying down.

MONTE

It wasn't a dream.

Samantha embraces Monte hard.

SAMANTHA

I almost killed you.

MONTE

But you didn't. I'm fine. We're fine. That bullet wasn't even close.

SAMANTHA

What's going on? I thought you were done with all this.

MONTE

I am.

SAMANTHA

What do you call this?

MONTE

Closure?

Roland eaves-dropping through the crack of the door.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
What job did he talk you into this time?

MONTE (O.S.)  
It's not a job baby. It's a situation and it's all gonna be over soon. No more running.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
No more running? How are you gonna square that circle? Roland's never going to stop. He can't, or all the bad luck will eventually find him.

Roland walks away and exits his yacht.

EXT. MARINA GAS STATION - NIGHT

Roland processes Samantha's words as he walks towards the entrance.

He glances at a figure sitting on a bench before entering. He pops back out realizing it's Dorian.

ROLAND  
Can I get you something, maybe some cookies? I doubt they're going to be fresh.

Dorian stares at him sternly.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
It would be dumb of me to run right now, wouldn't it?

DORIAN  
Yes, it would.

Sensing she's not in a playful mood, Roland walks over to sit next to her.

ROLAND  
It's not here.

DORIAN  
That's what you said last time.

ROLAND  
And I meant it. Well, actually, I was lying before.

DORIAN

But you're telling me the truth  
now?

ROLAND

Sort of. What's the entire truth  
anyway? Is there such a thing?

DORIAN

Of course there is. That's why  
there's fiction. And that's all  
you're giving me right now. Not  
sure it's advisable to tickle the  
nuclear codes if you catch my  
drift. I'm gonna have to take  
something back with me.

ROLAND

Like a handwritten note?

DORIAN

More like a hand.

ROLAND

My hand!?

Roland looks at his hand.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

The whole hand?

DORIAN

Lots of people manage with just one  
hand. You don't drive anyway.  
Almost everything can be done with  
the dominant one. It won't be so  
bad. Look on the bright side, you  
got the first thirty years with  
both. That's pretty lucky. Besides,  
what would Jameson think of me if I  
returned with just a finger?

ROLAND

You were going to take just a  
finger?

DORIAN

Initially.

An AWKWARD SILENCE.

ROLAND

You're fucking with me.

DORIAN  
Of course I am. That would be  
heinous if I took your hand.

She stands up to leave.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
Jesus, I really had you going,  
didn't I? I'm a ruthless killer,  
but I'm not a monster.

ROLAND  
What are you even doing here? I  
have until tomorrow.

DORIAN  
I got antsy. Too many close calls  
for my taste.

Dorian walks away.

ROLAND  
What are you gonna tell your dad?

She looks back at him.

DORIAN  
What I told him the last time, I  
couldn't catch him.

Dorian slips into the night like a shadow, leaving Roland  
mystified.

ROLAND  
Fucking ninjas.

INT. MARINA GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Roland heads straight for the fridge.

He checks the dates on the cartons of milk. Picks the very  
last one in the back.

As he turns the corner in mid-gulp, he notices Amelia (the  
woman from the police station) at the counter.

Love struck, Roland immediately retreats behind a rack of  
potato chips. He peeks up to stare at her longingly.

She senses his stare and glances back just as Roland ducks  
down.

After a moment of hiding, he sees his reflection in the fridge door and starts rehearsing.

ROLAND  
Hey Amelia, it was good to see you  
at the pol-

He shakes his head.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
That's stupid.

He starts over.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Hey, it's you! I was hopin' I'd-

He sees her reflection behind him in the fridge door. He quickly tries to escape the embarrassment.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
What was it they wanted? Snapple or  
Dr. Pep- Fuck it, they can get it  
themselves.

He turns around to face Amelia, and feigning surprise.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Amelia?

Charmed, she spares him the humiliation.

AMELIA  
It's been a long time.

Sparks are flying.

INT. YACHT BEDROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Roland and Amelia with hands passionately racing on each other's body.

AMELIA  
I want you to know I don't this  
sort of thing... often.

ROLAND  
Do I look easy?

She pins him against the wall, making the urn tip over.

AMELIA  
Is that a fucking urn?

ROLAND  
I believe so.

She begins to undress starting with her shoes.

AMELIA  
Are there ashes in it?

Roland takes off his shoes.

ROLAND  
Beats me. But it wouldn't be much  
of an urn without them. It'd be  
more like a vase.

He stops, mid pant-leg.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Wait, *vaize* or *vahze*?

Amelia slides off her pants.

AMELIA  
You really never looked?

She picks up the urn as Roland struggles with his pants at his ankles.

ROLAND  
Wait woah woah isn't that bad  
luck!? Won't that release the  
spirit or something? The last thing  
I need right now is some ancient  
curse.

AMELIA  
It's not a genie in a bottle. The  
body was cremated. You're fine.

She removes the lid and they both look inside, as though  
peering down a well.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
He or she?

ROLAND  
He.  
(beat)  
I think.

AMELIA  
You think? You don't even know who  
this is?

He closes the urn and places it back on the dresser.

ROLAND

I don't ask questions when I'm  
afraid of the answer.

They start kissing each other again.

AMELIA

Is it a practice of yours to  
babysit urns?

ROLAND

No. Actually this is a first.

AMELIA

Don't you think that's a bit odd?

ROLAND

What is odd these days?

AMELIA

It's a little creepy.

ROLAND

Yet, here you are.

Amelia pulls Roland towards her.

WE STAY on the urn as it begins to slowly vibrate across the  
dresser.

**LATER - DAWN**

SOUND of SHOWER RUNNING

Roland wakes up. He slides his arm across the bed searching  
for Amelia.

He gets up and yawns his way to the bathroom, looking at  
himself in the mirror.

He takes a deep breath.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Look, I don't wanna be the guy  
spilling his guts the morning after  
cause he had some great  
awakening... but last night was  
special for me. It felt real for  
the first time in a long time.  
Longer than I can remember. In  
fact, I'm not even sure I knew what  
this feeling was before last night.

(MORE)

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I just want to be honest with you, only the truth. And the truth doesn't always present itself accurately, what is wrong sometimes feels right, but what is right never feels wrong. Honesty wasn't exactly a family heirloom handed down when I was a kid. I remember my dad saying to my mom "Baby, you're my cotton candy." And then he'd turn to me and say: "Cotton candy never fills you up, boy. It's air. Just fluff. Oh, in the moment, it's sweet alright, but it vanishes as soon as you taste it and the flavor never lasts. It gets in the way and distracts your hunger. You need to find something that fulfills you, leaves you satisfied, and that ain't easy." And then he'd leave for months only to come back for a night and say the same thing before leaving all over again.

BEAT

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You're not cotton candy. I know that in my bones... What I'm trying to say is I-

Roland has difficulty saying the words.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I love you. I've always loved you.

SILENCE

Roland waits for a response. He cringes, thinking he said too much.

After a moment, he gently slides the curtain to reveal an empty shower.

Confused, he wanders out and begins looking for Amelia throughout the Yacht.

He reenters the bedroom, puzzled.

His eyes grow wide. The urn is GONE!

INT. YACHT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roland frantically shuffles through cabinets and tosses the sofa cushions.

Monte approaches.

MONTE

What the hell are you looking for?

Roland plays it down.

ROLAND

I'm not looking for anything. It's here.

MONTE

Forget it, I don't even want to know. At least it's not the urn.

Roland continues his search as Monte leaves.

After a few moments, Monte returns.

MONTE (CONT'D)

It's not the urn, is it?

Roland stops.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Roland, look at me.

Roland slowly turns around to face Monte.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Tell me it's not the urn.

Roland deflates, heartbroken.

ROLAND

It's not the urn.

Monte resists getting angry.

MONTE

I'm gonna make us a drink.

EXT. YACHT DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Wrapped in a bedsheet, Roland stares at the storm in the horizon. He smells the bedsheet where Amelia slept.

Drinks in hand, Monte walks up and sits next to him.

MONTE

We gave it a shot, didn't we. Hell,  
no one wins 'em all.

Monte shoots back the liquor.

MONTE (CONT'D)

I can't believe you let that old  
lady drive.

ROLAND

She was pretty good.

MONTE

Eh.

Beat.

ROLAND

What are you gonna do now?

MONTE

I'm gonna wake up Samantha, take  
what little savings I got, head  
straight to Mexico, and take things  
slow for a long while. You?

Roland squeezes the bedsheet tight.

ROLAND

I think I'm cursed. If you could  
put a cherry on top of my impending  
doom, she would be it. They say the  
first cut is the deepest. That  
shit's fucking true. I never had a  
chance. She ripped right through  
me, it was like-

AMELIA (O.S.)

Lightning.

Roland and Monte spin around, surprised to see Amelia  
standing on the deck, holding the urn.

Lightning CRASHES.

FADE TO:

EXT. CHERRY'S BARN

Lightning in the distance as a storm rolls in.

Jameson, wielding an axe, cuts down a LARGE TREE with fury.

A TOMBSTONE is next to the tree. It reads: - FIONA CHERRY

AMELIA (V.O.)  
The twin's father was dying from  
cancer. Jameson received the news  
and was crushed by the coming loss.  
For over a year, he devoted himself  
to carving a coffin.

The tree falls.

AMELIA (V.O.)  
It would be his masterpiece.

INT. CHERRY'S BARN

Jameson cuts the first details into the massive trunk that  
will become his father's coffin.

AMELIA (V.O.)  
He worked his soul into those  
splinters, racing against time.  
When he finished, he showed only  
one person: Cillian.

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

William Cherry lays in the wooden coffin. The LID slowly  
slides over him.

AMELIA (V.O.)  
But on the day of their father's  
death, Cillian signed for the  
release of the body.

Cillian steps back. He LIGHTS a cigar. He tosses the match  
and the coffin ignites in FLAMES.

AMELIA (V.O.)  
Cillian stole the body and the  
coffin from Jameson and reduced  
them both to ashes.

The FIRE whips up in frenzy.

AMELIA (V.O.)  
Out of spite.

## INT. CHERRY HOUSE BATHROOM

Cillian, as an adult, huddled against the bathtub where his mother died, holds his deceased mother's hand, crying like a child.

AMELIA (V.O.)

All for the shame Jameson branded  
him with after their mother's  
death.

## EXT. CHERRY HOUSE FRONT PORCH

Jameson stands motionless.

AMELIA (V.O.)

Like a trophy, or some twisted  
talisman, Cillian taunts his  
brother with their father's remains  
locked away in the urn.

An intricate CORNER PIECE of the BURNT COFFIN sits in front  
of Jameson.

MONTE (V.O.)

Whoa! Whoa. Let's rewind here for a  
second.

ROLAND (V.O.)

Which part?

## EXT. DRIVE-IN DINER - MORNING

We follow a WAITRESS in roller-skates carrying a TRAY OF FOOD  
until she arrives at CILLIAN'S CAR window. She hands the  
order to Roland, Monte and Amelia.

MONTE

All of it. You're telling me you're  
sent by Jameson to reclaim the urn.

AMELIA

You're a quick one, Monte. He  
didn't want things to get any  
messier and was concerned Dorian's  
temperament might become an issue.  
He thought I could just slip in and  
get it.

ROLAND

Slipped into my sheets instead.

AMELIA  
I most certainly did.

MONTE  
So let me get this straight. You  
seduce Roland-

Amelia grabs a hot fry from the bag.

AMELIA  
Technically, I did that thirty  
years ago.

MONTE  
Steal the urn. Realize on the drive  
back you're madly in love with him-

AMELIA  
Still!

MONTE  
Still madly in love with him and  
decide to return and confess  
everything?

ROLAND / AMELIA  
More or less.

MONTE  
Then take us to Jameson.

AMELIA  
Not a chance. I just betrayed him.  
But you guys should probably  
strongly consider giving it back to  
him. Cillian is crazed and he'll  
chase you to the ends of the earth  
if he wants something from you.

ROLAND  
Not to worry, we pinned the tail on  
that donkey.

MONTE  
Yeah we did.

Roland and Monte high five. Amelia has her doubts.

AMELIA  
Red sky at morning, sailors take  
warning.

MONTE

I knew you looked familiar. But why would a thief, a good one, be working at the police station? That doesn't make any sense.

AMELIA

Really? I expected more from you, Monte. If you're planning on stealing honey, the best place to be is the hive.

MONTE

Hard to argue with that.

Monte starts the car and backs up, REVEALING-

Newman and Mulray munching down on their breakfast, parked a couple spots away.

NEWMAN

We're never going to find Roland with the standard process. It's tired and old. If we really want to catch him, we're gonna have to start thinking like him. Do as he would do. No more getting tangled in the branches, we have to go for the trunk of the tree.

MULRAY

I'm not gonna drink the cool-aid, if that's what you mean. You start putting on the wolves fur, you'll quickly forget you're a sheep.

NEWMAN

We don't have to be sheep, Mulray. That's my point. Why not be a fox and outsmart them all? We don't have to drink their cool-aid, that's not what I'm saying, but we should definitely open our eyes.

Mulray nods as he looks around with a fresh set of eyes.

INT. ICE RINK ARENA - MORNING

Roland walks in carrying CHLOE'S PURSE, followed by Monte and Amelia as a YOUTH HOCKEY PRACTICE is underway.

MONTE

Are you gonna tell me what we're doing here? We don't exactly have leisure time, Roland. "Time is of the essence", does that mean anything to you?

People start acknowledging Roland as they pass by.

HOCKEY COACH

Back on the ice, good to see you, Roland my man!

MONTE

Since when do you play hockey?

ROLAND

Since always. Here's a little tribute for that big brain of yours. The slaves that escaped to Canada were pioneers in inventing the sport.

MONTE

Pioneers, huh? I never saw you play hockey.

ROLAND

I never saw you jerk off.

MONTE

Touché.

Monte catches Amelia's look. He shrugs.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Some things are hard to give up.

AMELIA

Spare me the details.

Monte is about to speak. Amelia holds up her hand.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I believe you, it was hard.

MONTE

Yeah, it was.

AMELIA

Details!

They arrive to Roland's LOCKER. Roland turns the dial.

ROLAND  
It will be safe here.

MONTE  
You have a locker!?

ROLAND  
I have skates too, Monte.

Roland opens the locker and places the purse inside as Monte scans the CROWD, on the lookout.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Look, the only leverage we have  
left are these ashes. We can't fuck  
this up.

Roland closes the locker when-

Monte notices Bonham staring at him on the FAR SIDE of the ice rink.

MONTE  
It's coming with us.

ROLAND  
God damn it, you're not listening!

Roland turns to see what Monte and Amelia are staring at:

Bonham and Cillian scrambling towards them. SHIT! Bonham opens the rink door to cut across the ice, interrupting the game.

Roland struggles to open the locker.

AMELIA  
A little faster, Roland.

ROLAND  
It's not working.

MONTE  
No time for humor, you just opened  
it!

ROLAND  
I'm aware of that Monte, but it's  
not working now!

Roland realizes he's on the WRONG DIAL.

Monte notices Roland move one locker over.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Don't get mad.

MONTE  
I'm not mad, I'm worried!

Roland spins the correct dial.

ROLAND  
It could happen to anyone.

MONTE  
No one. It could happen to no one.

Roland grabs Chloe's purse.

AMELIA  
You guys are professionals, right?

MONTE / ROLAND  
We were.

They acknowledge the two different tones.

AMELIA  
Things change fast, don't they?

They take off running.

Bonham continues his struggle on the ice.

Roland slams a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL against the glass.

ROLAND  
FIFTY BUCKS FOR THE FIRST ONE THAT  
NAILS HIM.

The kids immediately start sending SLAPSHOTS in Bonham's direction.

A PUCK ricochets hard across Bonham's head, putting him down.

KID PLAYER  
(quoting Slapshot)  
DUNLOP, YOU SUCK COCK!

Bonham gets up like Frankenstein.

All the players scatter, except for the Kid who landed the shot. Seized with fear, he watches Bonham approach.

Bonham grabs him, lifts him up and prepares to slam him down on the ice-

CILLIAN (O.S.)  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Bonham hesitates and looks at Cillian.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)  
That's just a child! Set him down!

Bonham obeys the order, and lowers the kid who skates off, emotionally shaken.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)  
The urn! It's all that matters!

Bonham continues on his way.

EXT. ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS

Roland, Monte and Amelia quickly climb into Cillian's car before driving off.

EXT. / INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Cillian's car is hidden behind a large billboard on the side of the road.

Roland, Monte and Amelia are crammed inside the phone booth.

ROLAND  
Give me a quarter.

Monte struggles to fish for a quarter from his pocket.

MONTE  
I don't have a quarter.

Amelia searches her pocket.

AMELIA  
This is not how I imagined it. You guys are so unprepared, the rumors are absolute bullshit.

ROLAND  
That's why they're rumors, sweetheart.

MONTE  
We're a little rusty, ok.

She finds a QUARTER and hands it to Roland.

Roland is about to slide the quarter in the PAYPHONE-

MONTE (CONT'D)

What are you gonna tell him?

Annoyed, Roland hesitates.

ROLAND

Great! Now I just went blank. Had it all worked out too.

AMELIA

What is there to think about? Tell him you want to bring him the urn. And your troubles are over.

MONTE

You haven't spent a lotta time with Roland, have you.

Roland shoves Monte out of the phone booth.

Monte presses his face against the glass.

MONTE (CONT'D)

The trouble picks up right where it left off! No slack in the line! Seamless!

Roland slides the quarter into the slot and dials.

ROLAND

(to Amelia)

Any advice?

AMELIA

Be confident, but humble. Be direct, but subtle. Jameson is a human lie detector so it's best to be honest. But not too honest. He'll sense weakness so don't let your voice crack. And don't say please. Whatever you do, don't say that!

Roland nods.

ROLAND

(voice cracking)

Jameson Cherry, please!

Amelia gives him two sarcastic thumbs up for reassurance.

Outside, Monte pulls out an image of his baby's ultrasound.

MONTE

Don't worry, it's gonna be a clean  
slate for you.

Roland and Amelia exit the phone booth.

ROLAND

7pm tonight, our troubles are over.  
And we might even come out of this  
with a few dollars under our  
pillow.

They look at Cillian's car.

MONTE

Got any ideas for a new ride?

They all stare and ponder.

Reluctant, Roland shakes his head as he removes the Tow  
Truck's driver's BUSINESS CARD out of his pocket.

ROLAND

I'm gonna need another quarter.

INT. YACHT KITCHEN - DAY

A QUARTER lands into a WINNING POT in the center of a table.

Tyler, François and Wyatt are in the midst of a serious poker  
game. The silence is deafening. The stakes seem high.

Wyatt pours whiskey for everyone.

WYATT

Look, you don't need an ace in your  
deck to win. Just convince everyone  
it's there. Life, like cards, is a  
winded bluff. A gauntlet of  
bullshitters. Keep 'em guessing  
long enough, they start questioning  
themselves and eventually they'll  
fold.

TYLER

The wasted wisdom of an old man.  
How's this for convincing?

Tyler lays his cards down revealing two aces.

TYLER (CONT'D)

But it was a good speech, Wyatt. I  
was moved.

WYATT  
Fuck yourself.

Wyatt tosses his cards. He pours another glass of whiskey. Wyatt forces it in François' face but he knocks it away with disgust.

FRANÇOIS  
Get that nasty shit outta my face.

WYATT  
You nit wit, that's gonna put hair  
on your balls, forging you into a  
man!  
(to himself)  
God, they don't make 'em like they  
use to.

Wyatt shoots back the whiskey.

SOUNDS of FOOTSTEPS above, on the deck of the yacht.

François shoots back the shot of liquid courage.

Tyler creeps towards the stairs as Wyatt bumps the table causing a BOTTLE to WOBBLE.

François catches it before it hits the ground. Moment of relief.

The parrot lands near on a window.

PARROT  
Fuck you, I am batman!

The three men halt and look at the bird, waiting to see his next move.

PARROT (CONT'D)  
(screeching loudly)  
We're in the bat cave! Down here!

Tyler makes his way up the stairs. Wyatt creeps behind him with the harpoon gun.

TYLER  
On three.

Wyatt nods. Tyler counts to three, opens the door, and sees—  
NO ONE.

WYATT  
What do you see?

Now relaxed, Tyler shrugs.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

TYLER!

Tyler loses his footing and tumbles down the stairs on Wyatt.

Above the stairs, Victoria and a GROUP of GIRLS peek down at the two men lying on top of each other.

GIRLS

Hi!

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Roland, Monte and Amelia wait by Cillian's car under the scorching sun.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Roland perks up.

Floyd pulls up with a WHITE VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT hooked up behind his tow truck, happy to see Roland.

FLOYD

Two peas in a pod!

Roland cringes.

MONTE

You two are close, huh?

ROLAND

Bare with me, I'll explain later.

MONTE

I'm good.

Floyd lowers the car and catches Roland reluctantly peeking in the back seat, afraid of what he might find.

FLOYD

Don't worry, I don't travel with them. Not on weekdays.

Roland is relieved.

AMELIA

Who?

As Floyd approaches-

ROLAND  
(quietly)  
You don't want to know.

FLOYD  
Roland and I just happen to play  
with the same toys.

Nervous, Roland feels Amelia's cold stare.

ROLAND  
(to Amelia)  
Not true, we don't.

AMELIA  
Interesting. What kind of toys?

FLOYD  
The fun kind. By the way, I'm  
looking to hang it up on this  
towing racket. If you were serious  
about needing some help in the  
future. I'm your guy. I was meant  
for the action. Life on the edge.  
Fortune favors the bold, that sort  
of thing.

ROLAND  
You sure? It's not too late to pull  
out.

FLOYD  
The only thing that pulls out in my  
house is a sofa bed.

AMELIA  
Charming.

Floyd offers Roland the keys.

ROLAND  
No no no, not me. He's driving.

Monte reaches for the keys. Floyd holds them back.

FLOYD  
My car, my rules!

ON Roland, Monte, and Amelia, wary of what the rules might  
be.

CUT TO:

Monte in the driver's seat, Roland and Amelia as passengers.

Floyd squats down by the driver's window.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
Now watch her in third. She gets a little ornery. I'm still working on it. But don't worry, she won't bite. And keep that clutch tight. Trust me, you don't want her to get out from under you.

Monte does his best to keep calm, staring ahead with his eyes closed.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
Hey! Snap out of it. Are you paying attention? This is no joke. Driving is no joke. So focus here.

Roland hides his amusement, catching Monte's attention.

ROLAND  
Don't look at me. You should be paying attention.

Monte turns back to Floyd.

FLOYD  
When she starts to loosen up, shove her back in second. She's a cranky ole bitch, but she'll burn like a rocket once she warms up to ya.

MONTE  
Is that it?

FLOYD  
That about does it. She cuts on a dime, so be weary on corners. She likes 'em sharp.

MONTE  
I think I can take it from here.

FLOYD  
Glad I can help and remember-

MONTE  
Driving is no joke.

FLOYD  
You're a quick study, Danielsan. Don't go drive her off a cliff.

Roland and Monte laugh hysterically.

Key turning in the IGNITION.

Car engine RUMBLES.

TIRES BURNING.

VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT LOGO peels away.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

A WHITE CAR drives off a high cliff and crashes down below.

A CROWD CHEERS and CLAPS for the car launch event.

Newman and Mulray stand next to the Bum (hostage at the police station earlier).

Bum throws his ticket down.

BUM

God damn it, another thirty down  
the drain.

The three walk through the crowd.

NEWMAN

My partner tells me you've known  
Roland for some time?

BUM

I mean, we didn't swap diapers in  
Sunday school or anything like  
that, but yeah, I know Roland as  
well as anyone could. Son of a  
bitch stills owes me money.

MULRAY

Tell her what you told me about a  
job he was considering.

BUM

He said he was given a proposition  
he couldn't refuse.

NEWMAN

Too tempting to pass up?

BUM

Exactly.

NEWMAN  
Or too good to be true.

BUM  
Probably right again.

NEWMAN  
Did he mention any names.

BUM  
Only thing he ever said was "Baby Squirrel".

MULRAY  
Could be code for something.

Newman is amazed by Mulray's stupidity.

NEWMAN  
You think? I was considering looking him up in the phonebook.

Mulray senses her sarcasm.

BUM  
He did mention he was desperate to get his partner involved. I had heard a lot of rumors about him, but never actually met the man. Something with an "M".

NEWMAN  
Monte?

BUM  
Damn, right again!

NEWMAN  
Any ideas where we might find Roland?

BUM  
It's a sign!

MULRAY  
That's what we were thinking, the odds of our paths crossing, it's-

BUM  
No, that's the name of his friend's boat. "It's a Sign!" If I had to guess, that's where he'll be.

A LOUD BUZZER goes off.

BUM (CONT'D)  
(to Newman)  
I like your odds. Quick! Heads or  
tails?

NEWMAN  
Tails.

INT. YACHT KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Drunk, François pushes a small MATCHBOX CAR as it rolls off the table, a symbolic metaphor for his life.

François bounces a quarter into a glass. All the guests around erupt in a cheer.

A HAND with a LEATHER LEASH wrapped around reaches over, steals the WINNING GLASS. Cillian shoots the whiskey back.

Cillian pours two more glasses and slides one towards François. They toast.

FRANÇOIS  
You look like shit. What's your  
story?

CILLIAN  
Similar to yours, I'd say.

FRANÇOIS  
What's a man without a story?  
(pointing to Falcon Brute)  
Looks to me his is even worse. This  
has to be explained. Can he even  
see?

François waves his hand at the Falcon Brute.

CILLIAN  
I'm his guide. It all comes down to  
trust. Where is Roland? Monte said  
he'd be here.

FRANÇOIS  
A little trip.

CILLIAN  
Interesting. He takes time off  
while business is booming?

FRANÇOIS  
That's putting it mildly. What it  
is is a clusterfuck.

CILLIAN

Do tell.

François leans in closer.

FRANÇOIS

A fucking lunatic is trying to steal his own father's urn.

CILLIAN

You don't say!

FRANÇOIS

A real fruit loop! A total nut job! Probably wasn't loved by his mom, that sort of thing. So pathetic.

Cillian's grip tightens around the leather leash.

CILLIAN

An urn, huh?

FRANÇOIS

Yup. That's why I'm here, to keep an eye on it until he returns.

CILLIAN

It's here?

FRANÇOIS

Yes!

CILLIAN

On the boat? Right now?

François points up to the ceiling.

FRANÇOIS

Right above us.

François takes a swig, then looks over noticing Cillian and the Falcon Brute are gone. He looks around for him.

FRANÇOIS (CONT'D)

That was rude.

INT. YACHT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tyler knocks on a door. He hears LAUGHING and GIGGLING on the other side. Frustrated, he knocks louder.

Wyatt opens the door wearing a HOCKEY HELMET with a sticker that reads "**The Cherry Pickers**" on its side.

NAKED FOLKS celebrate in the background.

WYATT

You rang?

TYLER

Look, we have a serious problem.

Wyatt comes out of the room, closes the door behind.

WYATT

Define serious.

TYLER

Wyatt! Look around! This place is a fucking circus.

WYATT

It's good to see some life up in here. I'm failing to see the problem.

TYLER

We have to get these people out of here! We're only complicating the situation. We're here to help.

WYATT

You're right... Even the naked ones?

TYLER

Everyone!

WYATT

I'll meet you downstairs in five minutes.

TYLER

Five minutes?

WYATT

That's what I said! I'm a man of my word. See you in ten minutes.

Wyatt closes the door in Tyler's face.

INT. YACHT BEDROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Cillian searches the room with Falcon Brute standing by his side. He tosses clothes out of the closet wildly. He removes and empties all the drawers one and one. He opens the last drawer and there waits the urn.

INT. YACHT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt proudly exits his room with his hockey helmet on.

SOUNDS OF Cillian's SINISTER LAUGHTER.

WYATT freezes.

INT. YACHT BEDROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Cillian laughs hysterically, as he gives the urn a gentle KISS.

Wyatt JUMPS on Cillian's back and grabs him in a CHOKE HOLD.

Cillian drops the urn.

Falcon Brute stands motionless.

Cillian lunges back smashing Wyatt into the wall.

Cillian struggles to reach the Falcon Brute's LEASH, with Wyatt still around his neck.

CILLIAN  
It belongs to me!

Cillian pulls out a KNIFE and SWINGS over his shoulder, deflecting off Wyatt's helmet.

ONCE

TWICE

The third attempt gets stuck in the FACE GRILL, a hair away from Wyatt's EYEBALL.

Unable to retrieve his knife, Cillian lunges forward, reaching the leather leash.

INT. YACHT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SLOW-MO: Wyatt runs through the party terrified, urn in hand.

MASKLESS, the Falcon Brute emerges in pursuit.

Tyler surprised to see Wyatt coming.

TYLER  
He's early.

Wyatt shoves the urn in Tyler's arms as he runs by.

Confused, Tyler looks up and sees the Falcon Brute charging like a bulldozer from the crowd.

Tyler takes off after Wyatt.

INT. YACHT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

People run around like chickens trying to escape.

Victoria and François help Samantha make her way out as she screams in labor pain.

SAMANTHA  
WHERE IS MONTE!?

Wyatt and Tyler run past them.

WYATT / TYLER  
RRRRUUUUUNNNNN!

FRANÇOIS  
That's not good.

EXT. YACHT FRONT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Falcon Brute gains on Wyatt and Tyler, swinging his massive brass knuckles, knocking people over like bowling pins.

WYATT  
Split up!

Wyatt turns right and Tyler makes a hard left.

Tyler crawls under a table with the urn, and watches the Falcon Brute run by, relieved.

Suddenly, Francois slides under the table next to Tyler.

FRANÇOIS  
What the fuck is going on?

Tyler shoves the urn in François' arms.

TYLER  
Don't fuck it up.

Tyler takes off.

Instantly, François gets pulled out with the urn from under the table like a rag doll.

Bonham stands over François, grabs the urn and hands it over to Cillian.

François presses his THUMBS in Bonham's EYES as they both fall overboard.

Cillian moves through the crowd as the guests jump overboard to escape the madness.

EXT. YACHT BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

Tyler hurries around a corner and hides inside the control room.

The Falcon Brute runs past and Tyler grabs the leather leash only to be dragged behind the Falcon Brute like a dog sled.

Falcon Brute stops in his tracks. He slowly turns around and sees Tyler on the ground, immobilized with fear.

Falcon Brute approaches Tyler with a stoic gaze. He lifts him up, eye to eye.

A peaceful tranquility comes over Falcon Brute for he's been deprived of human connection for so long.

FALCON BRUTE

Sunday.

TYLER

Makes sense, doesn't it.

Falcon Brute brings Tyler in for a HUG. A sense of relief comes over Tyler.

Tyler becomes concerned when the squeezing tightens to a bone-crushing ability.

A HARPOON hits Falcon Brute in the back. With Tyler still in his grip, he turns to find Wyatt struggling to load a new harpoon.

Falcon Brute hurls Tyler over the railing and steps towards Wyatt when-

Falcon Brute's head SNAPS BACK as he falls and breaks his neck on the railing.

Wyatt hurries to the railing and finds Tyler holding the leather leash tight with his feet planted firmly on the side of the yacht like a spy.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Be honest. Do I look like Jason  
Bourne right now?

WYATT  
More like Austin Powers.

Wyatt pulls him back up. Tyler climbs over the railing.

TYLER  
John Wick?

WYATT  
Eh. Keep practicing.

INT. WHITE VOLKSWAGEN - DUSK

Roland, Monte and Amelia pull up into a CLUSTER of PARTY-  
GOERS running around like chickens with their heads cut off.

MONTE  
What the hell is this?

They quickly get out of the car.

EXT. MARINA - CONTINUOUS

ROLAND  
6:45pm. We're gonna be late.

Monte spots Samantha being assisted by Victoria, both soaking  
wet, as they emerge from the crowd.

Monte hurries to help.

VICTORIA  
Her water broke!

ROLAND  
I always imagined less water.

BANG BANG BANG BANG!

Monte gets SHOT in the RIGHT HAND, losing part of it.

Everyone takes cover behind a car. As Roland ducks down, the  
JACK-IN-THE-BOX TOY falls out of CHLOE'S PURSE and hits the  
ground.

In the distance, gun pointed, Bonham, with his torn sleeve  
BALLED UP and STUFFED in his EYE SOCKET, clears a path  
through the crowd for Cillian.

Amidst all the chaos, Cillian recognizes his childhood toy on the ground.

**QUICK FLASH** of Cillian, as a young boy turning the handle of that very same Jack-in-the-box.

In disbelief, Cillian opens the urn.

It's EMPTY. He realizes the ASHES are INSIDE his Jack-in-the-Box toy.

His heart sinks as he drops the urn.

BANG BANG

Bonham reloads his revolver.

Stretched out on the ground, Roland extends his hand for the car keys towards Monte.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
I got this. I can feel it.

Monte shakes his head as he clenches his injured hand.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Two hands are better than one.

MONTE  
Unless both are cursed.

Monte throws the keys to Roland.

Roland swiftly picks up the jack-in-the-box toy, jumps in the white Volkswagen Rabbit and LOCKS the doors.

Monte attempts to open the passenger door.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? Open the door!

Roland starts the car.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
Don't do this Roland!

CUT TO:

HEAVY MACHINERY operating at a construction site nearby. A bolt POPS OFF sending a large SAW BLADE rolling off at great speed.

BACK TO:

Monte continues to yank on the door handle.

ROLAND  
If it's got handles, I can handle  
it!

In the distance, Tyler and Wyatt emerge from the crowd,  
seeing Roland at the wheel of a car.

MONTE  
You don't have a chance in hell!

Suddenly, the saw blade HITS the driver's door, jolting the  
car from the impact.

Roland sees the saw blade planted firmly in the door. With  
horror, he notices Tyler's GOLD AMULET stuck on the edge of  
the saw blade.

Roland and Monte look at each other, possibly for the last  
time.

Roland speeds off like a bat out of hell. Monte can't believe  
it.

Monte panics, refusing to let his lifelong friend head off to  
certain death.

Cillian sees Roland driving away.

CILLIAN  
(to Bonham)  
Give me that gun!

Bonham hands his revolver to Cillian, who starts FIRING at  
Roland's car.

Monte pulls a party-goer from his car and tosses him aside  
like a rag doll.

MONTE  
Everyone get in now!

Amelia and Victoria quickly help Samantha to the backseat as  
she MOANS in labor pain.

Cillian and Bonham hop in their car and take off in pursuit  
of Roland.

As he wraps his injured hand, Monte spots Wyatt, pale and  
shell shocked with Tyler's BLOOD splattered on him.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
Wyatt, snap out of it! You're  
coming with us, I need you to shift  
the gears.

Wyatt jumps in the passenger seat.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
Just breathe, honey. Deep breaths.  
In and out.

SAMANTHA  
SHUT UP AND GET ME TO A HOSPITAL,  
MONTE!

MONTE  
Of course. First things first.

They peel away.

INT. / EXT. NEWMAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Newman and Mulray wait at a red light.

NEWMAN  
When we get there, let me do the  
talking. The last thing we need to  
do is lose our momentum.

Mulray takes a big bite of his HAMBURGER and a sip of his  
MILKSHAKE.

MULRAY  
Maybe he'll come to us. Crazier  
things have happened-

ROLAND'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT swerves around the corner  
wildly like an amateur driver.

Newman recognizes Roland.

CILLIAN'S CAR swings around in pursuit while Cillian leans  
out FIRING shots at Roland.

MONTE'S STOLEN CAR swings around the corner but loses  
control, stopping inches away from Newman's car.

WYATT  
That was close.  
(to Newman)  
(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

Everything is under control, she's just having a baby.

MONTE

First gear, Wyatt!

Wyatt snaps out of it and jerks the gear stick in first. Off they go.

Newman takes off after Monte.

MULRAY

We've got shots fired! Repeat! Shots fired! We are in pursuit of what looks to be an 80's white Rabbit. Heading east on Ventura.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Run Rabbit Run. Copy that. The hunt is on.

INT. WHITE VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT - CONTINUOUS

Roland sees Cillian's car in the rearview mirror as they gain on him.

Cillian fires a shot, shattering Roland's back WINDSHIELD.

Bonham speeds up to clip Roland's REAR PANEL.

Roland barely manages to maintain control of his car.

ROLAND

Ten and two! Ten and two!

INT. MONTE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

AMELIA

I think the baby is coming!?

Wyatt turns back.

WYATT

Yoga breaths, Sam. Yoga breaths. Push with your abs.

SAMANTHA

Fuck off, Wyatt! No one calls me Sam! This is all your fault!

Wyatt notices the DETECTIVE'S COP LIGHT FLASHING behind them in the distance.

WYATT

Looks like you got a friend on your trail.

Monte looks in the rearview mirror and takes his foot off the gas.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Why are you slowing down?

The detectives approach, Monte HITS the BREAKS HARD.

INT. NEWMAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Unprepared, Newman jerks the wheel to avoid the collision.

They sling shot past Monte and lose control.

SLOW MO: Newman and Mulray holding on tight as the car spins. Newman shows concerns while Mulray is worried about the FLOATING MILKSHAKE in the air.

End of SLOW MO. Newman's car comes to an abrupt stop.

Mulray realizes he managed to avoid any of the spill. He turns to Newman.

She's COVERED in Mulray's milkshake, and her death stare cuts right through him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Roland, Cillian and Monte all haul ass towards a group of MOTORHOMES, driving in a single file line like ducklings.

Not far behind is the entire POLICE FORCE catching up with them.

Roland's car flies past the motorhomes with Cillian's car close behind.

INT. MONTE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt sees the cops approaching.

WYATT

Uh... looks like we're gonna have to shed some pork fat.

Monte thinks fast to create a diversion. He comes dangerously close to the LEAD MOTORHOME with the OLD LADY'S CAR hitched behind.

INT. / EXT LEAD MOTORHOME - CONTINUOUS

Terrified, the Old Lady driving, Martha, gets startled and jerks the wheel.

MARTHA / OLD LADY  
Jesus Howard Christ!  
(calls out)  
HOLD ON TO YOUR SEAT, CARL!

An OLD MAN on the toilet reacts to her erratic driving.

OLD MAN  
GOD DAMN IT, MARTHA! I WAS SO  
CLOSE!

Like a chain reaction, all the motorhomes behind lose control, creating a barricade, forcing the cops to stop.

INT. MONTE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Monte marvels at Roland's new driving skills.

MONTE  
Terrible things my ass. The curse  
is broken.

In front of him, Roland scrapes the rail guard, knocking the side mirror off.

INT. WHITE VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT - CONTINUOUS

Roland regains control, noticing the missing the mirror.

ROLAND  
Did I need that?

INT. CILLIAN'S CAR - SHORTLY AFTER

Bonham sees Monte's car closing in behind them.

BONHAM  
Hold tight!

Monte smashes against them as they race side by side.

Cillian leans out of his window and points the gun over the roof to fire at Monte.

Monte SWERVES, and the bullet hits the HEADLIGHT.

INT. MONTE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt leans out the window and aims his gun at Cillian's car with his eyes closed, anticipating the recoil.

MONTE

Do it!

Wyatt fires a shot, exploding Cillian's front tire.

Cillian's car swings hard out of control towards Monte.

At the last second, Cillian's car ROLLS and FLIPS in the air, scraping the roof of Monte's car as it passes over.

Monte and Wyatt lock eyes with Cillian and Bonham through the sunroof as WE HEAR the SOUND of a BABY CRYING.

Monte turns around and sees Samantha holding a NEWBORN wrapped in a sweater.

INT. WHITE VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT - CONTINUOUS

Roland looks at the commotion behind. He turns his eyes back to the road just in time to avoid hitting a PARKED CAR.

He clips the corner sending him in the air. He violently lands back on all four tires.

In a daze, Roland looks for the jack-in-the-box toy as Monte's car abruptly pulls up next to him.

MONTE

Get in, you crazy son of a bitch!

Wyatt opens his door as Roland stammers inside, toy in hand.

EXT. MONTE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is silent as they drive. Monte extends his wounded hand to squeeze Samantha's hand tight.

MOMENTS LATER

They drive down the long driveway to the CHERRY HOUSE.

ROLAND  
Right on time.

AMELIA  
Park in the back.

EXT. / INT CHERRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dorian opens the door as Monte and Roland approach, looking like shit, with the jack-in-the-box toy.

DORIAN  
Cutting it close.

ROLAND  
Traffic was a bitch.

She leads them inside.

DORIAN  
All the way down, last door on your right.

Dorian watches Roland and Monte with a sense of resolution as they head down the hallway.

Behind Dorian, out of nowhere, Cillian pulls her head back and SLICES her throat swiftly.

He drops her body while keeping his attention on Monte and Roland. He hangs the CAR KEYS up on the hook.

INT. CHERRY STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Roland and Monte enter, finding Jameson preparing a cigar.

JAMESON  
As you can imagine...  
(lighting his cigar)  
this situation has grown to be quite sensitive.

MONTE  
It certainly has.

ROLAND  
We're sorry for your loss.

Roland extends the toy to Jameson.

JAMESON  
Just set it on my desk.

Roland obeys.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

What gives a man the nerve to cross the ropes of morality, and take something only he feels belongs to him?

ROLAND

I guess that depends what he's taking.

Jameson shakes his head in disagreement.

JAMESON

Doesn't matter what he's taking. "Entitlement". A false sense of it will encourage a man to abandon all reason and sabotage whatever good might be left in him.

Jameson picks up a PICTURE of Jameson and Cillian as young boys with their parents. The boys look happy and close. Fiona, their mother, forces a smile.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

This was taken a couple days before she passed. Our parents wanted nothing more than to have children. They shared the kind of love you only find in books. They tried for years to get pregnant.

He sets the picture down.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

From the moment they received the news that they were having twins, they were consumed with joy. With great anticipation they waited, but with all things planned, so came the unplanned.

Roland and Monte listen intently.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

Our mother nearly passed away due to complications during the delivery. She was never the same. A terrible depression eventually dismantled her ability to love herself and in time, self-compassion became lost to her.

(MORE)

JAMESON (CONT'D)

The burden of our luck to be born  
would only prove to be our loss.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

My father always said: "never  
consider a man lucky until he  
reaches his journey's end."  
Do you still consider yourself  
lucky, Roland?

ROLAND

Time will tell.

JAMESON

What is it you want?

ROLAND

An understanding. More of a  
promise, really. We want our names  
clear.

JAMESON

You returned something to me that I  
can't replace. My father deserves  
to be respected in his death, so  
that his soul may finally rest.

ROLAND

Are we free of any harm now that  
this is all over?

JAMESON

I have no quarrel with you. You  
have my word. No harm shall befall  
any of you.

Jameson extends his hand as Roland shakes it, eye to eye.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

A promise it is.

Jameson turns to Monte.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

Your debt has been absolved.

Roland discovers after years that Monte's gambling debt he  
took on was with the Cherry family.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

You owe your life to Roland. That  
can never be repaid. That kind of  
bond is as rare as the pope's piss.

Monte now realizes that Roland is the one that paid his debt.

Roland and Monte leave, trusting Jameson's promise.

Jameson approaches the Jack-In-The-Box. The moment is heavy.

He turns the HANDLE slowly as he listens to the familiar CHIME. He stops, realizing he's not ready to see his father's remains.

Jameson picks up the toy, and WE FOLLOW him through the house as he makes his way towards-

EXT. / INT. CHERRY'S BARN - CONTINUOUS

Jameson closes the barn door behind him and just as he turns around, he sees Cillian face to face.

TSSS!

Jameson winces. He looks down to find Cillian's KNIFE in his gut.

JAMESON  
We're brothers.

CILLIAN  
Haven't been for some time.

Jameson's head sags gently against Cillian's shoulder. Cillian lowers Jameson to the ground.

JAMESON  
Dad loved you most because you reminded him of her.

Cillian stares in Jameson's eyes as he stops breathing. He pulls the knife out.

He stands up, knife in hand. His eyes fill with tears.

Cillian steps back. His foot lands onto the Jack-In-The-Box toy. And just like Achilles' heel having survived so much, he slips and falls, landing on his own knife penetrating through his chest.

Cillian struggles to breathe as he reaches for the handle of the Jack-in-the-box. He manages to slightly touch it, ejecting the ASHES and a RABBIT PUPPET.

DISSOLVE TO:

Cillian, in the same position, stretched out on the bathroom floor where he lost his mother all those years ago. He takes his LAST BREATH.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

The OPEN EYES of a newborn, held by Monte who's sunken in a chair, fast asleep, as Amelia interacts with the baby.

Samantha is resting in the hospital bed.

Roland is looking through a MAGAZINE for baby cribs. Tyler's GOLD AMULET is hanging around his neck.

A DOCTOR inspects François' nose. François slaps the doctor's hand away. Victoria laughs at his expense.

Wyatt STORMS IN.

WYATT

RUN!

Roland and Monte spring up.

Roland tosses the magazine as Monte hands his baby to Samantha, giving them a kiss each.

They both bolt for the door.

SAMANTHA

(calling out)

Buckle up!

COPS run by the room, in pursuit.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Roland and Monte hurry out the door. They run past the BUM from the police station.

Roland quickly slaps \$30 in the Bum's hands.

BUM

Bout fuckin' time!

The cops emerge from the hospital.

FREEZE ON Roland and Monte. Roland has a BIG GRIN, kissing Tyler's gold amulet. Monte looks TERRIFIED.

INT. FLOYD'S CAR STREET PARKING - CONTINUOUS

Floyd eagerly grips the steering wheel, focused like a hawk. His fancy A.I. ROBOT is in the passenger seat. Floyd sees Roland, Monte and Amelia hurrying around the corner.

FLOYD  
Quick, put your seatbelt on!  
They're coming.

The A.I. Robot doesn't move.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
Fine. I'll do it.

He quickly fastens its seatbelt.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
These guys are real pros, so don't  
embarrass me.

A.I. ROBOT  
Based on my evaluation, you don't  
need any assistance in that  
department.

FLOYD  
Nice. Real nice. I didn't program  
you to be a smartass.

A.I. ROBOT  
You didn't program me.

FLOYD  
I guess that's what I get for  
turning you on. Boy, I miss the old  
days.

CUT TO:

Car doors SLAMMING, tires PEELING out, with a thick cloud of smoke dissipating, revealing a black cat HISSING.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER: **"In short, luck's always to blame."**

THE END