

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. TOM'S MANSION - NIGHT

TOM, 60s, sits at an outdoor table on a patio, looking downcast. A bottle of beer is in front of him. A car is audible pulling onto the street...then pulling into the driveway. Tom turns to the sound and takes a sip, not looking very affected.

The car door opens and someone gets out and starts walking towards the patio. Tom looks at his bottle, with the condensation around the bottom.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Tom...?

Tom picks up the bottle and takes another sip.

TOM

(swallows)

No.

JIMMY, 50s, chuckles, as he steps up to the gate between him and the patio. Tom just looks at Jimmy blankly. Jimmy's mood lowers. He reaches for the handle to the gate.

JIMMY

(awkward)

You mind?

Tom takes a big sip and waves his hand. Jimmy opens the gate, steps in, and pulls it closed behind him. Tom stares into space. Jimmy eases his way up to him.

TOM

No one's here. You won't wake anyone up.

Jimmy nods, paining him to do so. He looks down, suddenly. Tom looks at him a moment, then tilts back his beer and gulps and gulps...Jimmy takes a gun from his waist, points and OPEN FIRES at Tom.

INSERT NEWSCAST

NEWSROOM

ANCHOR, 38, sits behind the desk.

ANCHOR

Mobster Thomas 'Don Tom' Dupree was shot and killed in the backyard of his Staten Island home in the early hours of the morning. Channel Four's Brent Ming is live on the scene.

EXT. TOM'S STREET - MORNING

BRENT, 32, stands there a moment, across the street from the police line outside Tom's mansion-

BRENT

Thanks, Seth. You can see Mr. Dupree's residence behind me- this is as close as we can get at the moment- the police are trying their best to not let this residence become a spectacle.

END NEWSCAST

INT. NICE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A WIFE and HUSBAND, 40s, eat breakfast and drink coffee, watching the newscast about Tom.

WIFE

Had you heard of him?

Husband frowns, thinking.

HUSBAND

I think so...

INSERT NEWSCAST

ANOTHER NEWSCAST

ANCHOR 2

According to a statement put out by the police this afternoon, there is reason to believe that Tom Dupree was shot as part of in-fighting amongst the gang.

END NEWSCAST

INT. DINGY BAR - EVENING

A few REGULARS, 40s, 50s, and 60s, sit at the bar, watching the newscast, along with the BARTENDER, 30s.

REGULAR

(50s)

This same exact thing happened a few years ago. Mob boss gunned down and everything. Turns out it was some Q-Anon guy who was in love with his daughter or niece or something.

BARTENDER

(smirks)

You think that's what this is?

Customer puts his hands up, making a face like anything's possible.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Flies swarm around the two dumpsters by the two doors to inside the building.

INT. PRIVATE BAR - RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS, 30, watches the newscast silently on his phone with subtitles, looking anxious, standing behind the bar. He's the bartender of this place. "It Had To Be You" plays over the score.

By the bar is a partition, separating the bar area from the rest of the restaurant. Five men in polo shirts and blazers sit around a poker table in the private area, looking somber, but drinking and quietly playing poker nonetheless. Chris looks up from his phone at the men, managing to feel for them.

KITCHEN

ANDREW, 45, a former bodybuilder who's gotten chubby, leans against the cutting board counter, on his phone, in the cramped and loud (with the exhaust fan) space. Chris enters, and the air curtain VENTS AIR behind him. Andrew looks up-

CHRIS

Hey, man.

ANDREW

Hey.

CHRIS

(looks back)

The guys are looking pretty rough  
out there...

Andrew raises his eyebrows, not sure where he fits in.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I've been here a *few* years, but  
I've never seen anything like *this*,  
right...?

Andrew looks at Chris like he's wearing a wire. Chris looks  
back at him, wondering what he said.

ANDREW

Do you want me to do something  
about it?

Chris' face sinks-

CHRIS

I just thought we could cheer 'em  
up or something.

ANDREW

(frowns)

How?

Chris puts his hands up.

CHRIS

I was thinking I could make 'em the  
drinks they like-

ANDREW

Like you always do.

Chris shakes his head.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

And you want me to make them food.

CHRIS

(shaking head)

Just a meat and cheese board or  
something.

Andrew rolls his eyes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm the one who has to see them like this. They start talking to me about how they feel after they've had a few...Have you ever had a murderous thug tell you what's on their mind? Can you imagine what that's like...?

Andrew looks back at his phone. Chris looks at him, not believing it. He puts his hand up and shakes his head-

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So I'll just go fuck myself?

ANDREW

(looking at phone)

Up to you.

Chris looks at him, starting to get really angry-

CHRIS

Just cut some shit up and put it on a board, Andrew, it's not that hard.

Andrew stares at him, looking like he might hit him. Chris is terrified, but tries to hide it, standing his ground. Andrew puts his phone down. Chris tries to keep still, growing increasingly scared.

Andrew is still a moment, then opens the refrigerator under the counter and grabs a wheel of cheese. Chris can't believe it. He tries not to look too surprised.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Andrew shoots him a look that goes right through him. Chris just stands there, then Andrew reaches for something else, and Chris turns and gets the hell out of there.

PRIVATE BAR

Chris walks in and checks over everyone's drink quickly, everyone's all set. KERRY, 25, the waitress, enters. Chris turns. One of the GANGSTERS, 40, looks up at Kerry.

GANGSTER 1

Kerry, how we doing?

KERRY  
 (friendly waitress)  
 Great, how're you?

He nods, somberly. Kerry does a wince/ smile, trying to look compassionate for the fellas.

GANGSTER  
 I'm alright.

She nods, and turns to Chris. The gangsters get back to their game.

KERRY  
 Hey-

CHRIS  
 Hey- I thought you quit.

She makes a face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 I guess I was thinking of me.

She laughs, so does he. She glances at the gangsters, a little nervous. He looks at them, then looks at her with a smirk-

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Are you serious?

She looks a little skittish, he rolls his eyes and turns to them:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 I'm working with the F.B.I. *and* the Russians, and we're all fucking all your wives and mistresses.

Kerry looks horrified. The five gangsters around the table continue to play cards like nothing is wrong. It's GANGSTER 2'S, 45, turn.

GANGSTER 2  
 (barely audible)  
 Check.

Chris turns back to Kerry, who looks genuinely astonished.

KERRY  
 I can't even remember what I came in here for.

Chris laughs. Kerry tries to remember... The door opens from the alley, and FRANKIE, 50, walks in. Everyone from the poker table turns. Frankie's in the best mood of any of the gangsters so far.

FRANKIE

How we doing Chris? Hardly working?

Chris puts on a smile, powering through his annoyance.

KERRY

I was actually just trying to give him a drink order...

(smirks, cute)

I couldn't remember it.

Frankie laughs. The gangsters around the table chuckle, hanging on every word. Chris rolls his eyes, Kerry glances towards them, still smirking a little.

CHRIS

Is it one Manhattan-?

Kerry's eyes go wide-

CHRIS (CONT'D)

One lemonade.

KERRY

One lemonade.

Frankie laughs.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Sorry, first week.

Frankie turns to the fellas.

FRANKIE

They're something, huh?

The fellas laugh and chuckle.

KERRY

We're like the A-Team.

Frankie and the fellas laugh hard. Chris chuckles. Kerry laughs along with them. Chris smiles, chuckling along, looking like he wants to say something. Frankie laughs along, needing this. Chris starts to make the Manhattan, getting a shaker and the whole nine.

Frankie rubs a tear from his eye. Kerry notices Chris making the drink, wanting to leave the situation while she's ahead. Chris turns to Frankie, trying to appear light, not bitter.

CHRIS

Frankie, think I could talk to you  
in a second?

Frankie looks down, obviously avoiding him-

FRANKIE

I only came in for a minute, I'm  
sorry buddy. Tomorrow, I promise.  
But I can't thank you enough for  
stepping up with all the-

Frankie moves his hands around, searching-

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

*Craziness* going on right now.

Chris looks at Frankie, not believing it but believing it.

CHRIS

(confirming)

Tomorrow.

FRANKIE

Yes, sir.

Frankie does a nod, then turns and walks out the door. Chris just stands there. Kerry stands behind him, not knowing what to say. The gangsters look at him a moment, then get back to their game. Chris takes the drinks and hands them to Kerry on a tray.

CHRIS

Here.

Kerry hesitates a moment, then takes them.

KERRY

Thanks.

She takes the drinks through a doorway in the divider-

DINING ROOM

-And walks them through the completely empty restaurant dining room, and up to the only people in the place, a cute little couple in their 70s. Kerry throws on a big smile as she approaches the table, and the couple looks genuinely happy to see her.

EXT. FLORIDA RESTAURANT PATIO - MORNING

Jimmy sits at a table for one, frowning at the menu in the busy couples and friends' brunch destination. It's bright out, not yet sweltering. Palm trees are visible in the parking lot.

A WAITER, 25, walks to the table with a basket of one biscuit.

WAITER

Have you had time to decide...?

Jimmy looks up from the menu, clearly a little confused.

JIMMY

What do you like to get?

WAITER

Depends what mood I'm in.

(places biscuit down)

The Crab-cake Benedict is really good, the Chicken and Waffle is really good -- and it's not that hot out yet. The Lox and the Ceviche are both great too if you want something cold...What mood are you in?

Jimmy pauses, missing a breath, having never been asked.

JIMMY

Chicken and Waffle.

WAITER

(smiles)

Sounds great. Has no one come by with your coffee yet?

JIMMY

Not yet.

WAITER

Oh, I'm so sorry. I'll grab that for you now.

JIMMY

No, take your time. Trust me, no rush-

WAITER

No, it's no problem. Just give me one minute, I'll have it right out for you.

JIMMY  
 (a little distressed)  
 Thank you.

INT. CATAMARAN YACHT - CABIN - AFTERNOON

Jimmy takes a sip of his frosted cold glass of beer, sweat beading on his forehead. Flies buzz and it's sweltering.

JIMMY  
 It was good, but it wasn't for me... The biscuits were *real* fucking good, though. -They were free too.

Chuckles from PETE, 45, a halo-like FORMATION OF FLIES buzzing around his head; also holding a cold beer. Pete takes a multi-sip drink, falling behind Jimmy.

PETE  
 (wipes mouth)  
 Free is good if you can smoke it or shoot it up.

JIMMY  
 Fuckin' A.

PETE  
 How was the service?

Jimmy shakes his head, smirking-

JIMMY  
 The waiters know everything there is to know. Food or drink *actually* getting to the table, and at the temperature fucking advertized- if it's busy I guess is...*tenth* on anyone's mind.

Pete nods, thinking on it.

PETE  
 Did the civilians like it?

JIMMY  
 Course they did. They're open tomorrow too, I'm sure they're packed.

PETE  
 Have you ever been for dinner?

Jimmy glances at another boat-

JIMMY

Uh, once. I dunno if it was the same name or not, though.

Pete drinks, slightly amused-

JIMMY (CONT'D)

But everyone's very, very nice.

PETE

Nothing wrong with nice. You're saying they're nice..but aloof?

JIMMY

(obviously)

Yeah.

PETE

Do you see how that's better?

JIMMY

(amused)

No.

PETE

(grins at 'No')

If they show you the southern hospitality full-tilt, they're around you all the time with the water pitcher -- you want them to go away. You don't wanna order to make them go away, you just want them to go. If you only see them now and then, and you've heard good things, and the place is crowded..you almost wanna buy to get them to come back. Or buy in bulk because you don't know if they will come back.

JIMMY

I don't know what I woulda done on my own dime.

Pete nods, considering.

PETE

Some place twenty-four hours would be my guess.

Jimmy chuckles, and shrugs, Pete laughs. Jimmy grins and takes a drink.

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

Chris walks down the path, surrounded by grass and trees, smoking a joint. Phone BUZZES in his pocket. He makes a face and checks:

INSERT PHONE: **Frankie**

Chris grits his teeth, and takes a slow, angry breath, then stops walking. He slides to answer, and puts the phone to his ear. He's barely hiding his rage:

CHRIS

Hello?

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Hey, buddy, sorry for calling.

Chris lets it hang a moment, then closes his eyes tight.

CHRIS

It's fine... I'm kinda just in the middle of something.

A passerby look at him, confused by what he just said.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

I'm only calling now 'cause I just found out, and I don't wanna wait any longer to tell you.

Chris stares at the pavement.

CHRIS

Right.

There's silence for a moment... Chris frowns.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Remember how you first started?

Chris' brow tightens.

CHRIS

You told me *specifically* that I would never have to do that again.

An elderly couple walks by Chris, looking somewhat alarmed. Frankie is silent for a moment. Chris waits eagerly, anxiety building.

FRANKIE

I know I did, Chrissy...

Chris rolls his eyes. He looks like he's going to throw the phone for a moment.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

We have big things planned -- totally legit things, believe it or not. You're gonna be a part of that, Chris. You're crawling now, but you're gonna walk. Trust me, buddy.

Chris looks highly put off.

CHRIS

I- I'm not really even sure what I'm doing, Frankie. I don't think I'm right for whatever it is...  
 (puts hand over face)  
 And honestly, Frankie, I was gonna tell you yesterday-

FRANKIE

-Don't worry about that now, buddy, please? Just do me this last favor. I know what I piece of shit I sound like now, but please.  
 (sighs)  
 And when...you know, when all is said and done and you- ya know- You- You do what you have to do- I'll make it worth you while, okay...?  
 Trust me on that one.

Chris holds the phone to his ear, holding a burning joint in the park, not knowing what to say.

I/E. CHRIS' CAR/ JFK INT'L AIRPORT - MORNING

Chris sits in his car, looking at the rotating door, pissed, double-parked in the arrivals of terminal 5...

MANY MOMENTS LATER

Chris stares at the rotating door, parked against the curb, no longer double-parked. Jimmy walks up to the car, holding a backpack-

JIMMY

(startling Chris)  
 Are you Chris?

Chris looks at him, still not over it but trying to act friendly/ cool.

CHRIS  
(nods)  
Yeah.

Jimmy opens the door and takes a seat, putting his backpack at his feet as he closes the door. He extends his hand to Chris-

JIMMY  
Jimmy.

They shake.

Chris puts the car in drive, and starts to merge into the left lane, towards the airport exit.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
He told me it was a black Camry, he didn't tell me it was a ninety-eight.

Chris looks a little offended, then quickly changes to impressed. He glances at him-

CHRIS  
How'd you know that?

Jimmy almost looks confused. He shrugs.

JIMMY  
I like cars.

Chris nods, feeling stupid. They drive in silence for a moment.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Frankie told you about the detour, right?

CHRIS  
(turns)  
Uh-

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY  
That figures.

Chris' eyebrows raise, amused, he glances at Jimmy, who smirks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I guess you're not too surprised,  
huh?

Chris laughs.

CHRIS

No comment.

Jimmy chuckles.

JIMMY

I could tell you stories, trust me.

Chris looks worried, but tries to hide it.

CHRIS

You've known Frankie a long time?

JIMMY

Long, long time.

Chris tries more actively to suppress his growing fear.

CHRIS

I've only known him a few  
years...He's a good guy at the end  
of the day. I'll give him that.

JIMMY

(chuckles)

Yeah...

Chris does a little laugh, and tries to smile along...

CHRIS

(powering through)

So where are we stopping?

I/E. CHRIS' CAR/ WAREHOUSE - LATER

Chris sits in the car, looking more bored than nervous, parked on a wide road in an industrial area, with several trucks parked around. The door to the warehouse is next to him, and the big entrance for trucks to drive through is a few feet ahead. This warehouse is one of many on the industrial street. A man exits from the door and lights a cigarette... Chris notices he's looking at him. Chris looks away. The man slowly walks away, then turns back to give him a dirty look. Chris looks back at him, wondering what the deal is.

Jimmy exits the building, holding a box, and walks up to the car. He opens the door and lowers himself in, keeping the box on his lap, still with his backpack at his feet. Chris looks at him and his package, starting to worry again... Jimmy notices and looks a little confused.

CHRIS  
(covering)  
That was super fast.

Chris puts it in gear, and starts to pull off. Jimmy still looks a little confused.

JIMMY  
Right...

INT. CHRIS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Chris drives on an entrance ramp to the highway. Jimmy turns and looks behind them for a moment, still guarding the box and his backpack. Chris looks at him, not sure if it's cause for alarm.

CHRIS  
Everything okay?

JIMMY  
We're being followed, no big deal.

Chris turns, alarmed-

CHRIS  
What?

JIMMY  
I think it's just one of 'em, it's no problem.

Chris looks at him, not believing him, then merges onto the highway. Chris sees the car behind them merge too, starting to freak out. Jimmy notices him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
It's fine, kid.

Chris barely turns to acknowledge Jimmy, trying to focus on the road ahead of him to keep sane. Jimmy looks a little confused by Chris.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What do you do for Frankie normally?

CHRIS  
I'm his bartender.

Jimmy's eyebrows raise, he hadn't heard that one before. He shakes his head.

JIMMY  
We're just gonna lose 'em, I'm  
gonna walk you through it.

Chris turns to him, no you're not.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
One car following you is easy,  
trust me.

Chris reacts to 'trust me'.

CHRIS  
Why are they following us at all?

Jimmy puts his hands up. An exit is coming up relatively soon. Jimmy looks at Chris, then points to the exit.

JIMMY  
See the exit?

Chris looks.

CHRIS  
Yeah.

JIMMY  
I want you to wait till I tell you,  
then turn. You might think it's too  
late, but it's not, okay?

Chris looks at him for what feels like a long time, then turns back to the road.

CHRIS  
Okay.

Jimmy nods.

JIMMY  
Alright.

They're close to the exit now. Chris' hand hovers over the turn signal for a quick moment, then he lowers it, scared he ever thought to do it at all.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
It's gonna feel like forever.

They should be turning in now... Chris grows more nervous. He eyes the car behind them.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Trust me, kid.

Chris takes a slow breath. They're going to miss it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Now-

Chris JERKS the steering wheel and they turn onto the exit, making it. The car behind them VEERS behind them, HITTING the guard rail with the left side of their car.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Christ.

Chris looks in the mirror, in horror.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Worse comes to worse, and I go out there and handle it.

Chris looks at him, more horrified. They approach the turn onto the road. There's a line of cars to the left side.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Right.

Chris goes to signal, then stops himself again and just goes right. The car is still directly behind him. Chris stops at the red light, with traffic moving quickly past them. Chris looks in the rear-view, it looks like the guy who was smoking a cigarette outside the warehouse. Jimmy watches the traffic intently. Chris watches, but with not quite as much conviction. There's a slight gap, but with a truck coming-

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Go.

Chris makes a face-

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Go!

Chris FLOORS IT, and they skirt onto the road just before the truck levels them...

EXT. EXIT - CONTINUOUS

The car just waits there. It's definitely the guy from outside the warehouse.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chris just looks at the oncoming road, not even looking behind them. Jimmy turns forward, having just looked back.

JIMMY

He's gone... I'm sorry kid.

Chris puts his hand up off the steering wheel and shakes his head, no big deal.

EXT. MOTEL - LATER

Jimmy hops out of the car with his box and his backpack. He swings his backpack on and holds the door. He looks down.

JIMMY

I really am sorry about all that.  
It goes without saying you  
shouldn't've had to do that. If  
you're the fucking bartender.

Chris looks at him a half-moment, barely believing what just came out of his mouth.

CHRIS

Nah, no big deal.  
(shakes head)  
They started following us.

Jimmy chuckles.

JIMMY

Right... Alright, I'll see ya.

Chris does a wave, kinda liking this psychopath.

CHRIS

No problem.

Jimmy shuts the door and walks off. Chris watches him go a moment...then takes out his phone, searches for "Frankie" in his contacts, hits call, and puts the phone to his ear-

It RINGS and RINGS

Chris looks at the motel. Jimmy is heading into the front office.

RING, RING

Chris pulls off, still holding the phone to his ear.

RING, RING

Chris heads to the road, it goes to voicemail- Chris FLINGS the phone down into the floor with a THUD.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Frankie steps up from the front of the line of waiting people, and up to MRS. DUPREE, 50s, wearing dark sunglasses, and the kids, DAN, 23, and CHARLOTTE, 21, standing by Tom's open casket. Frankie looks down, somberly, meaning it, then looks at Mrs. Dupree.

FRANKIE

My deepest condolences... Words  
can't even express the magnitude of  
this loss, Mz. Dupree.

Mrs. Dupree turns from Frankie to her husband, all dolled up and dead. Frankie does an uneasy smile, and shuffles along to the kids, who look at him with reservation. Dan looks almost inconsolable, while Charlotte's eyes are dry but red.

Like he's talking to little kids:

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Hey guys...

Dan and Charlotte both look confused.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(shakes head)

You're both so freakin' grown up...  
He talked about you two  
knuckleheads all the time...

Charlotte throws on a polite smile. Dan just looks at him. Frankie smiles/ winces at the two of them.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Big things are ahead for you two, I  
can tell.

Frankie turns and walks away through the crowded place. An OLDER WOMAN, 70s, gets up. An ANONYMOUS GANGSTER, 40s, is sitting by her.

ANONYMOUS GANGSTER

You're not going outside to smoke,  
are you ma'am?

OLDER WOMAN

I am.

ANONYMOUS GANGSTER

You can just have a seat and smoke  
right in here, don't trouble  
yourself.

Frankie walks past them.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

Are you sure...? It's against the  
law.

ANONYMOUS GANGSTER (O.S.)

Not today it's not.

Frankie walks up to Gangsters 1-5, standing in a circle. He takes a breath, then lets out a burst of air. Everyone turns to him. He shakes his head, barely noticing them looking. They start to get impatient... Frankie slowly notices..starting to look around at everyone with a confused look.

FRANKIE

What?

Gangster 1 looks down, then up at Frankie.

GANGSTER 1

We're-

Everyone looks down or away. Frankie frowns. Gangster 1 takes a breath.

GANGSTER 1 (CONT'D)

(quiet)

We're kinda wonderin' when we're  
gonna find out what the hell's  
goin' on.

Frankie looks at him, suddenly serious... Gangster 1, along with the others backs off a little, not realizing.

FRANKIE

You choose to ask me that on today  
of all days...?

He looks over each and every one of them, all starting to feel ashamed.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

LEILA and DYLAN (both women), both 30, sit opposite BOSS, 50.

LEILA

It's not just an alternative. It's another ingredient in your fridge, and another item on your menu.

Boss nods.

DYLAN

And it can actually *stay* on the menu.

Leila picks up a 12x18 inch piece of POSTER-BOARD with an image of a cattle crammed into a tight space in a factory farm, and rows of vegetables in a field on a sunny day at the bottom. A thin rectangle of poster-board is stuck on at the bottom of the poster-board. She holds it up on the desk for Boss to see. Dylan adjusts her seat to watch.

Leila peels off the Velcroed piece, revealing the tag-line:  
**Can you tell the difference?**

LEILA

Sunshine farms. Meatless, merciful, magnificent.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Leila and Dylan grin, waiting for the doors to close. The doors meet and the elevator pauses a split-second, then descends. Leila CLAPS- Dylan recoils a little, grinning nonetheless.

LEILA

We're the shit, we're the shit-

DYLAN

We're too legit to quit.

LEILA

We're the shit, we're the *shit*-

DYLAN

We're *too* legit to quit.

They high-five, it's loud.

LEILA

Fuck yeah.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Fuck yeah.

LEILA

-Jinx.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

-Jinx.

They chuckle-

LEILA  
Double jinx.

Dylan smacks her leg, looking up in defeat. She purses her mouth tight. Leila does a sinister chuckle.

INT. LEILA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Leila looks over an Email, her brows winking the more she reads...

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

It's dimly lit, some sun spills in from a shaded window. The front door is open, with the 'Closed' side of the sign visible against the glass door, and the sidewalk and street visible outside.

Leila and Dylan come into view and stop before the entrance, looking inside.

LEILA  
Is it open?

DYLAN  
The door's open.

Leila waves her hand through the doorway like she's checking for a force-field. Someone stands up inside- Leila and Dylan jump back a little-

KERRY (O.S.)  
Hello...?

Leila leans in, still unable to see her.

LEILA  
Hey, are you guys open?

KERRY (O.S.)  
Yes, we are...!

Kerry walks into view.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, the lights are off because it's hot.

LEILA  
(smiles)  
No problem.

Leila steps in, followed by Dylan.

DYLAN  
We appreciate it.

They meet a few feet inside.

KERRY  
Sorry if I scared you-

She flips the LIGHTS ON.

LEILA  
No worries.

Dylan does a smile.

KERRY  
Are you dining in or taking out?

PRIVATE BAR

Chris stands behind the bar, holding his phone to his ear.  
The voicemail tone sounds-

CHRIS  
(resolved)  
Hey Frankie, it's Chris... I picked  
up Jimmy this morning. Listen...  
(looks down)  
I really wanted to do this in  
person, but I have to put in my two  
weeks notice.

Chris gets worried, not liking the sound of what just came  
out of his mouth.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
(scrambling)  
You know with everything going on,  
I haven't even been able to think  
straight. I don't even know when  
were gonna see each other these  
days, you know...?  
(shakes head)  
I'm sorry, this is just something I  
have to do.  
(hesitates)  
This just isn't what I signed up  
for, Frank.  
(waves hand)  
I'm really out've my element, I  
don't know what else to say.  
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I hope you can understand that... I don't want there to be any hard feelings... Bye.

Chris lowers the phone and hangs up. Kerry enters- Chris turns.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(downcast)

Hey.

KERRY

(friendly)

Hey. One dirty Sapphire Martini with extra olives-

Chris rolls his eyes. Kerry grins.

KERRY (CONT'D)

One Ketel One Martini with...

Chris looks at her, somewhat intrigued.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Something called Saint Germaine-

Chris' eyebrows raise, he's a little shook. Kerry doesn't notice.

KERRY (CONT'D)

I said I'd ask if we had it.

CHRIS

(serious)

Yeah, we do.

KERRY

(happy)

Oh, okay, great.

Chris launches into making them, grabbing two Martini glasses. Kerry looks at him, a little taken back by his intensity. Chris stops, and turns back. Kerry looks almost nervous.

CHRIS

Is the Ketel One and Germane-

CHRIS (CONT'D)

-with a twist?

KERRY

-With a twist...!

Kerry almost laughs. Chris turns to the partition to the restaurant, looking very serious. Kerry notices-

KERRY (CONT'D)

Are-

Chris stares, then turns back to the glasses.

CHRIS

Sorry. Weird day.

KERRY

(shakes head)

No problem.

(hesitates)

Are you okay?

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

Yeah, sorry.

KERRY

I don't give a shit.

Chris manages a smirk. Kerry does the same, putting on a show of solidarity.

CHRIS

Alright.

Chris starts making the drinks, and Kerry turns and walks out, still a little confused by him. Chris puts ice in the shaker, then stops. He looks at the partition, then takes a breath.

He walks over and walks through the doorway in the partition-

RESTAURANT

-And a few feet into the dining room, where he can just see Leila, smiling, sitting at a table with Dylan. He can't look away from her for a moment. She looks somewhat toward him (without seeing him), and he quickly darts back into the bar and out of sight.

KITCHEN

Andrew dumps three big frozen Arancini balls out of a bag and into the fryer basket. He tosses the bag down, and sinks them into the oil, producing SIZZLING HOT BUBBLES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Chris looks at his phone, displaying a picture of him and Leila outside a marquee of a Broadway theater. Every second Chris looks at the picture clearly hurts his heart. The fellas are playing poker.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Chris and Leila walk happily down the path.

LEILA

Are you ever gonna leave that  
place?

Chris makes an (unintentionally) dumb face, caught off guard.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BAR - RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

The door from the alley opens, and Frankie enters. Chris looks up. Frankie starts to head in like he doesn't even notice Chris. Chris looks at him, determined.

CHRIS

Hey Frankie, you didn't hear my  
voicemail did you?

FRANKIE

Sorry, it's fucking crazy today.

Chris' brow tightens.

CHRIS

Can I talk to you some time  
tonight? When things cool down?

Frankie stops walking, looks down, and sighs.

FRANKIE

Now's fine.

CHRIS

I really appreciate that.

FRANKIE

C'mon.

Frankie gestures, Chris runs around from behind the bar, and they head out into the alley-

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The door shuts, and Frankie takes a breath, then slowly turns to Chris, who's waiting eagerly, not believing the moment has finally come. Frankie looks at him, trying to perk up.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry, buddy. What's up?

CHRIS

You've made me feel like family here, and I can't thank you enough for that...

Frankie just looks at him, tired.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But I really need to cut the shit and start my life, and I don't think I can do that here.

Frankie nods, not able to look at him just yet. Chris looks at Frankie, hoping he's taking it well, despite everything.

FRANKIE

Your mind seems pretty made up.

Chris feels a little bad somehow.

CHRIS

Yeah...

FRANKIE

Can I say one thing?

Chris looks at him, a little confused.

CHRIS

Course.

Frankie finally looks at him.

FRANKIE

We're making some pretty big changes around here.

(gestures)

This place, and everywhere. You're gonna look back and remember the way things were, believe it or not.

Chris looks at him, confused, bordering on disturbed.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Believe me or don't, but we're  
going legit. I meant that.

Chris puts his hand up-

CHRIS  
Frankie-

FRANKIE  
Six-figures, and you'll sleep  
better than a banker. Much better.  
Better than you do now probably.

CHRIS  
(getting frustrated)  
What are you even asking me to do,  
Frankie? You still haven't told me  
that.

FRANKIE  
Take us into the future.

Chris frowns, completely and totally lost.

CHRIS  
*What?*

Frankie puts his hand on Chris' shoulder.

FRANKIE  
I'll give you the details later,  
just think about it for now.

Chris looks at him, a little worried.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Every *dime* you earn will go through  
the IRS-  
(in a different voice)  
-and into the garbage-  
(normal)  
But it's all above board. This  
isn't some two-bit scheme I threw  
together, this is the real shit.  
I'm only doing this 'cause I like  
you. Who *knows* where we're going,  
Chrissy.

Chris doesn't know what to say.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Are you just afraid of success or something?

Chris puts his hands up, still speechless.

INT. LEILA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A rundown of an ad pitch is pulled up on Leila's computer. Leila looks at her phone, at the same picture of her and Chris under the Broadway marquee, trying to decide if she hates that she misses him or just hates him...

INT. FRANKIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Frankie drives, with CANADIAN 1, 40s, in the passenger seat, and CANADIAN 2, and CANADIAN 3, 40s, in the backseat. They're all wearing Polos and blazers as well.

FRANKIE

I feel bad, fellas, we woulda sprung for plane tickets.

CANADIAN 1

(Canadian accent)

What for? Nothing wrong with the train.

Frankie looks at him, then shrugs.

FRANKIE

How's Toronto this time of year?

CANADIAN 2

Can't complain.

CANADIAN 3

Yeah.

CANADIAN 1

(fondly)

Yeah, pretty nice.

Frankie looks at him and nods, still not processing their niceness.

FRANKIE

We got this friggin' humidity.

Canadian 1 looks a little confused.

CANADIAN 1

Huh...

The other Canadians look a little lost.

CANADIAN 3

Yeah, I guess we have that too...

Frankie smirks.

FRANKIE

I guess you guys got something to complain about now, huh?

Frankie laughs. The Canadians are silent, a little taken aback. Frankie, still going, turns to Canadian 1. Canadian 1 manages a chuckle for him, and Frankie continues, turning back to the road...

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Chris, Kerry, and Andrew sit at a table in the dining room, waiting in somewhat tense silence. Chris glances around, looking like he's unsure of whatever he signed up for. Kerry looks like she's nervously waiting to be pleasantly surprised. Andrew looks more irritated than usual...

MARIA, 35, walks out of the kitchen door, carrying an absolutely gorgeous and vibrant array of plates of food in her hands and on her forearms, waiter-style. Chris, Kerry, and even Andrew look impressed.

MARIA

Hope everyone's hungry...

She starts to carefully set down the plates.

KERRY

This looks absolutely unbelievable, Maria...

Maria smiles. Chris looks at everything, amazed.

CHRIS

I've never seen anything like this...

Maria smiles at Chris. Chris smiles back a little flustered. Andrew looks at everything, not especially happy. Chris notices Andrew, and barely hides a smile. Maria looks at Andrew, feeling a little bad, and moves along, pointing to a plate-

MARIA

I thought we'd start with the  
Murray's chicken sandwich, then  
move on to the steak...

Andrew looks at her, then the beautifully sliced and  
presented steak.

ANDREW

(quiet)  
Sounds good.

Everyone looks at Andrew, who gets a little indignant  
looking. Chris outright smirks, not caring if he sees.

MARIA

Everyone grab a plate and a slice  
of sandwich. We're still  
establishing suppliers for all the  
ingredients, but the sooner we have  
our menu, the sooner we can reopen.

Everyone kicks into gear and starts grabbing plates. Chris  
and Kerry grab sliced quarter of the chicken sandwich, then  
hesitate, contemplating Maria's words. Andrew cuts the shit  
and takes a bite of the sandwich, and chews- His face  
changes, furious that he loves it. Maria watches him, then  
turns away, a little amused. Andrew angrily swallows his  
bite.

EXT. SUBURBAN HIGHWAY - EVENING

A semi-truck hauls a 40 foot shipping container. Traffic is  
minimal on the 55 MPH road. A blacked-out Crown Victoria  
cruises out of an entrance ramp and gains on the truck.

LIGHTS flash from grill and windshield. SIREN WHOOPS

It trails a few feet into the next lane to make its presence  
known. The truck's blinker light comes on. An exit becomes  
visible.

Lights and siren continue as the two vehicles slow...and turn  
down the exit ramp.

EXIT RAMP

The truck's brakes are audible as it approaches a shoulder  
next to the exit lane. Some trees and brush grow outside of  
the pavement.

The truck eases onto the shoulder and gradually comes to a stop... It parks, hydraulics sounding, rocking just a little.

The Crown Victoria parks a car-length away, lights still flashing. The truck engine sputters off. The driver's window rolls down. Another car exits onto the ramp, passes by them, and disappears behind the curve.

TRUCK

The PASSENGER, 40, looks around the area outside the window. The DRIVER, 35, eyes the cop car in the mirror.

DRIVER  
(in Russian)  
*Text Nik.*

PASSENGER  
(in Russian)  
*I did.*

He clicks on his phone, checking the screen. The cop car opens and someone gets out and starts heading over, in a suit like a detective. The driver rolls down the window. Another person is visible behind him, also in a suit. It's Jimmy and Canadian 1. Jimmy approaches and looks up at them. Jimmy and Canadian 1 have fake badges on their blazers.

JIMMY  
I'm gonna need you to step out of  
the vehicle immediately.

DRIVER  
What for?

JIMMY  
You were driving suspiciously.

DRIVER  
No, I wasn't.

PASSENGER  
You're not allowed to make traffic  
stops.

JIMMY  
(tired)  
I'm not gonna ask you again.

Driver looks at him a moment, then opens the door. Jimmy motions to the Passenger-

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Him too.

Passenger looks nervous, but they both get out and hop down. The back door opens to the cop car and Canadian 2 gets out and walks over. The Russians look at him, confused.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

This way, gentlemen.

Jimmy leads them toward the cop car, both of them getting increasingly confused as they pass by Canadian 2. Driver turns and looks at him. He opens the door and climbs in-

Driver turns around, followed by Passenger-

DRIVER

What the fuck?

The truck STARTS

TRUCK

Canadian 2 reaches down and removes what looks like a bloated flash-drive with a logo reading, "**Move GPS**", from an outlet and tosses it out the window, which barely misses Driver-

DRIVER

What the fuck are you doing?!

Canadian 2 grins-

CANADIAN 2

Sorry.

He puts it in gear- Driver bangs on the door.

DRIVER

Get the fuck out of here! What are you doing?

EXIT RAMP

The truck starts to pull off.

DRIVER

Stop! Stop!

Driver SMACKS and SMACKS on the truck, jogging now, then it outpaces him, and he gradually comes to a stop as the truck merges onto the road and drives away.

Driver looks at the truck a moment, then turns to Passenger, who's just watching in awe. Driver yells something to Passenger in Russian. Passenger yells something back.

JIMMY

I'll save you both a lot of trouble  
and just say it's no one's fault.

The Russians glare at each other.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now you can either stay right here,  
or we can give you a ride back into  
town. It's completely up to you.

The Russians glare at each other another moment, then look down...

I/ E. CHRIS' CAR/ ONE LANE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Chris drives, looking a little annoyed, with music quietly playing over the speakers. He's surrounded by open fields, fenced-off from the road.

SIRI (O.S.)

Turn right.

Chris slows, and turns onto a dirt road with a nice but modest sign reading "**Turner Ranch**".

DIRT ROAD

SIRI (O.S.)

In a quarter mile, your destination  
will be on the right.

Chris takes a breath.

EXT. LARGE BARN - MOMENTS LATER

A RANCHER, 60s, holding a clipboard, stands by a small truck, loaded with PENS UPON PENS OF RABBITS. Chris' car pulls up, and he steps out, not really processing the truck or its contents and eases up to the Rancher. Chris throws on a nice smile.

CHRIS

Hi.

RANCHER  
(friendly)  
How you doing.

Rancher extends his hand, and they shake. Chris glances at the pens of rabbits, and makes a face, a little confused.

CHRIS  
So what do we got here...?

Rancher takes off for the truck, suddenly all business.

RANCHER  
One-hundred New Zealand Rabbits,  
fifty male, fifty female, just like  
you asked.

Chris' eyes go a little wide.

RANCHER (CONT'D)  
And don't worry, the crates are  
marked.

CHRIS  
(trying for the guy)  
Oh 'preciate it.

Rancher hands him the keys to the truck, and Chris accepts them reluctantly.

RANCHER  
Truck's yours too. Like you asked.

Chris does a nod, covering for some reason. Rancher presents Chris the clipboard, and Chris glances at it a moment, then starts to sign on the dotted line. Rancher crosses his arms.

RANCHER (CONT'D)  
Your place is right down the road,  
right?

Chris' eyebrows raise, first he's heard of it.

CHRIS  
Yeah... Right down the road...

Rancher grins.

RANCHER  
Maybe we'll see you around.

He jokingly smacks Chris on the shoulder, Chris does a fake laugh, and Rancher turns and heads off. Chris looks back at the truck full of rabbits, then at his own car...

EXT. ANOTHER DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The truck blows dust driving down the road.

CHRIS (O.S.)

No, he's gone, I can't ask him. I'm just standing here.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Alright, the place is a mile and a half away, I'll text you the address, I thought I told you already, sorry. All you have to do is drive it there. Someone's on the way to handle everything else, and someone else's on the way to pick you up, don't worry.

CHRIS (O.S.)

How do I get in touch with them...?

FRANKIE (O.S.)

They'll find you.

The truck blows dust for a moment.

CHRIS (O.S.)

This is all for one restaurant...?

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Just us. Sorry, I gotta go-

CHRIS (O.S.)

Wait Frankie- Is this really all above board?

The sound of a phone hanging up is audible.

EXT. OPEN PASTURE - MOMENTS LATER

The truck pulls down the road and up to the area where the fields start. The door opens, and Chris hops out. He glances back at the rabbits, then walks up to where the fields start, stepping on the grass. He looks out at the beautiful greenery...a warm sense of unexpected peace starts to wash over him...

INT. PRIVATE BAR - DAY

ED, 25, the new bartender, looks over a full stack of cases of foreign bottles of wine on a hand truck, checking every label.

The DELIVERY MAN, 30s, stands by the hand truck, staring into space, completely indifferent to what Ed is doing.

Chris frowns, behind the bar, hitting digital buttons on an app on the new iPad, trying to set something up.

Ed stands up from the bottom case of wine.

ED

Looks good.

He signs the invoice on the clipboard and takes his copy. Delivery Man tilts the hand truck and cases, then slides the hand truck out from under them.

DELIVERY MAN

(Russian accent)

Have a good one, man.

Chris turns around for a half-moment, a little surprised by Delivery Driver, then quickly turns back and looks at the screen for a moment. His brow furrows even more, the door opens to the alley- Chris hits something on the screen- the door closes. Chris hits another button, then another, the screen changes.

Chris smirks, pleased with himself. He turns a little, as though someone would have noticed. He looks down, then turns to Ed, bringing the invoice over to the bar.

CHRIS

New delivery guy?

ED

(eager to please)

New vendor.

CHRIS

It's not Southern Wine And Spirits,  
any more?

Ed puts the invoice in a BULGING FOLDER.

ED

We're still using them too, but we  
added these guys for the more high  
end stuff.

Chris does a nod. Ed looks at him, a little nervous, glad he answered well.

CHRIS

Getting a little full?

ED  
(smiles)  
Yeah. I just don't know what to do  
with them.

CHRIS  
They go upstairs. I'll take it.

Chris reaches out his hand, and Ed gives him the folder.  
Chris looks at the cases of wine.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You want some help with that?

Ed looks almost offended

ED  
Nah, nah, I'm fine.

CHRIS  
You sure?

ED  
(heading to them)  
Yeah, yeah, definitely.

Chris does a little shrug, starting to ease his way out to  
the partition.

CHRIS  
Alright.

Chris walks out of the partition, as Ed watches, a little in  
awe of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT AND BAR - NIGHT

The partition is gone. Pete, gray hair and no flies, enters,  
bringing a couple fall leaves in with him, and wanders a few  
feet in. The host stand is vacant. He looks at the bar, one  
customer, no bartender. He glances around the tables, no one.

PETE  
Huh.

He wanders over to the bar, the customer, SARAH, 35, glances  
up. He nods and casually looks around. Ed stands up behind  
the counter and smiles.

ED  
Hi, how ya doing? Sorry about that.

Pete waves it off.

PETE  
I'm well, thank you. I wanted to  
eat at the bar if that's alright.

ED  
By all means. Thanks for coming to  
our soft opening.

Pete puts on a smile. Ed grabs a menu. Pete sits as far as possible from Sarah.

PETE  
(taking menu)  
Thank you.

ED  
Anything to drink? Water, beer?  
Both?

Pete chuckles.

PETE  
A water and a beer sounds pretty  
nice.

ED  
Drafts: I have the buds, Heineken,  
Brooklyn, Blue Moon, Sixpoint,  
Sierra Nevada, Shock Top, Blue  
Point...

He turns to the taps, counting his hand. Pete chuckles-

ED (CONT'D)  
Lot of drafts.

PETE  
Do you have the twenty-four ounce  
cans of PBR?

ED  
(grins)  
Yes, we do.

He bends down and reaches to the back of the fridge.

ED (CONT'D)  
Glass or no glass?

PETE  
No glass.

Ed stands and places the can on the counter, puts down a couple napkins in front of Pete and sets down the can and cracks it open.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Thank you, sir.

He reaches for his wallet.

ED  
Only a few cold ones left. I was just putting the new ones in.

He takes out his card.

PETE  
A few should be just fine.

Ed chuckles. Pete hands him the card with a smirk.

PETE (CONT'D)  
I'll leave it open for dinner.

He nods, opening a drawer under the register. Sarah takes a drink of beer, reading the paper menu.

ED  
(to Sarah)  
Just let me know when you're ready.

SARAH  
Thank you.

She looks over the entrees.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Alright, I'm ready.

He nods and grabs the iPad, unlocks it and presses...

ED  
What would you like?

SARAH  
The braised rabbit legs. And another beer.

He nods, pressing.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

KITCHEN

A ticket prints from a little printer behind the counter. Andrew walks over and rips it from the roll.

BAR

Pete glances at the menu-

PETE  
I'll have the meatless all-day  
breakfast burger, please.

Ed nods, pressing the iPad.

ED  
My favorite thing on the menu.

PETE  
I haven't tried those meatless  
patties yet.

Ed smiles, sending the order.

ED  
This sandwich convinced me.

Pete smiles.

SARAH  
Well now I feel like an idiot.

Ed laughs and Pete turns with a grin.

ED  
Do you want to change it?

She puts her hands up, considering.

ED (CONT'D)  
The rabbit is unbelievable. I have  
that for dinner all the time.

She grins, thinking.

SARAH  
Can I get the burger to go...?

Ed and Pete laugh hard, Sarah breaks into a laugh...

INT. FIREBALL - CONTINUOUS

Orange flames rage everywhere.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Kerry smokes a cigarette by the kitchen door, trying to wake up. The disassembled partition lies against the alley wall by the dumpsters. YELLS inside- She turns with a start, flicks the cigarette, and hurries into the kitchen door.

BAR

Sarah, wide-eyed, looks at the liquor shelves, toward the noise (of Kerry opening the door). Ed, pale, glances at the bar door, and turns silently. Pete is nowhere to be seen. The kitchen fan is audible. Footsteps coming out of the kitchen, Sarah sits up, Ed stands against the bar, they exchange a look- Kerry and Andrew walk in and look them and the area over. Ed sinks, Sarah is confused-

SARAH

Is no one else here?

ANDREW

(confused)

Just us.

KERRY

Did someone yell?

She looks at Ed, who turns to Sarah-

KERRY (CONT'D)

Are you guys okay?

Sarah looks them over.

SARAH

I. I think we saw someone spontaneously combust.

Kerry and Andrew are confused.

KERRY

Here?

Sarah and Ed notice their looks.

SARAH

Yes.

Kerry turns to Ed.

KERRY

Did something happen to a customer?

Ed looks down, and nods-

ED

Yeah.

Kerry processes, Andrew frowns. Ed takes a deep breath- He turns away and VOMITS.

Andrew paces back, Kerry is stunned, Sarah hesitates...and eases over to Ed. She puts her hand on his shoulder.

Andrew can't look away, Kerry paces over to the front door and locks it. Andrew glances at the door and nods a little. Ed stands before his puke, head lowered, eyes closed. Sarah pats him on the back, and glances at a security camera. Kerry and Andrew exchange a 'what now' look.

ANDREW

I'll see if we have any puke-  
absorber.

Sarah turns.

ED

Sorry.

KERRY

It's on the bathroom shelf.

Andrew nods and paces away. Kerry looks at Ed and Sarah, feeling bad.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Ed, do you want some ginger-ale,  
maybe?

ED

No, that's-

SARAH

(nods)

Yeah, thank you. I think that's a  
good idea.

Kerry nods and walks behind the bar, feeling like she's floating. She takes a glass and glances around the space, nothing burned, nothing out of place.

She fills up the glass from the soda gun, glancing at Sarah and Ed not knowing what to say to each other. Andrew walks in with a big wax-paper bag. Sarah and Ed look over and shuffle back a little.

ED  
Sorry, man.

ANDREW  
(shakes head)  
No problem.

Kerry holsters the soda gun and walks over with the ginger-ale. Andrew dumps what looks like pencil shavings mixed with wood chips from the bag over the puke, covering it. Ed and Sarah watch, then look up to Kerry.

ED  
Thanks, Kerry.

She nods, handing it to him.

KERRY  
Of course.

SARAH  
(panicked)  
-There's nothing on the grill, is there?

Andrew looks up, Kerry looks at Andrew-

ANDREW  
No.

SARAH  
Sorry- I just got worried for a second.

He nods, looking at the pile of absorbed puke, still holding the bag. Kerry glances around.

KERRY  
So what happened, exactly...?

Andrew turns to Sarah and Ed. Finally ready to say it:

ED  
Someone burst into flames. Right in front of us.

Kerry looks at him, serious. Sarah nods. Kerry tries to hold it back, looks at the bar, then turns to Ed-

KERRY

Ed, if you guys just took acid or something, I don't give a shit. I'm not gonna fire you I just need to know if something really happened or not- And to a *customer*-

Sarah hesitates.

ED

I'm serious.

Kerry turns to Andrew. Ed turns to Sarah, she nods, confident.

KERRY

If someone burst into flames they wouldn't just burn into nothing-  
(turns to bar)  
And not burn anything else- Like. That doesn't just happen, guys, I don't know what to tell you.

SARAH

-I'm sorry. My name is Sarah Riggle. I'm an FBI agent.

Kerry and Andrew look at her, having had enough. Ed doesn't know what to say. Sarah looks down, lets some air out, and paces to the bar.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Fine.

She takes her bag off the seat next to her beer, opens it and produces a leather-bound **FBI** badge as the three watch. She holds it up and walks back, looking at them adjust to the image.

KERRY

Why are you here?

She pauses, embarrassed.

SARAH

Someone told me what was happening with this place, and I had to see for myself.

ANDREW

And then you blew up a customer?

She looks at him with disbelief.

SARAH  
I was here for it. I wasn't  
responsible for it.

He shrugs.

ED  
Watch the security tape.

KERRY  
If it's even recording.

Sarah stops breathing, Ed makes a face.

ANDREW  
Might not be.

SARAH  
-Can we check?

Andrew shrugs.

ANDREW  
Fine by me.

ED  
It's in the check-stand.

Sarah and Ed look at them, then turn and hurry over. Kerry watches them, Ed looks back, Kerry looks at Andrew, hesitating, then walks over. He raises his eyebrows.

KERRY  
Maybe we should call Frankie.

Andrew glances at them and the check-stand.

ED (O.S.)  
What's happening here? You said  
something's happening.

Kerry and Andrew glance, Sarah hesitates.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Let's just focus on one thing at a  
time.

Kerry and Andrew look at each other, Kerry shakes her head-

KERRY  
I'll call.

INSERT COMMERCIAL

BRIGHT BACKDROP

A man happily bites into a delicious-looking, color corrected burger while upbeat music plays.

A woman happily bites into a beautiful burger.

Someone of one race happily bites into a beautiful burger.

Someone of another race happily bites into a beautiful burger.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Rows upon rows of vegetables as far as the eye can see as the upbeat music continues.

EXT. FACTORY FARM - DAY

Cattle stand as close together as possible, mooing loudly like they're distressed.

INSERT TITLE: **Can you tell the difference?**

BRIGHT BACKDROP

The upbeat music resumes. Someone happily takes a bite of the burger.

Another person happily takes a bite of the burger.

INSERT TITLE: **Sunshine Farms: Meatless, Merciful, Magnificent**

END COMMERCIAL

INT. NICE HOUSE - NIGHT

Wife and Husband sit on the couch, watching TV, drinking white wine.

WIFE

Have you ever had a meatless  
burger?

Husband shakes his head.

HUSBAND

No.

Wife takes a sip of wine, and puts the glass down with a grin.

WIFE

I had one from Burger King a few months ago, and it was *hands down* the best thing I ever had from there.

Husband raises his eyebrows.

HUSBAND

Really?

WIFE

*Hands down.*

EXT. FIELD OF WEEDS - CONTINUOUS

Chris stands a few yards from his car and the road, gazing into the darkness that's only permeated by the light from the highway.

DAY

Rows upon rows of stalks sprouting pointed leaves and dense clusters of marijuana buds, stretching as far as the eye can see.

NIGHT

Chris looks around the dark field, affirming his vision, getting dizzy. He breathes in and out, in and out, trying to slow down. He looks at the dim dirt and weeds. Buzzing. Footsteps next to him- Chris turns to Pete-

CHRIS

Aah!

Chris almost falls over, hurriedly pacing away, then looks back, noticing Pete's face and the flies. He comes to a stop, not sure what he's seeing, and fixes on the dozen or so flies buzzing in circles around the top of his head. Chris' mouth slowly opens, his jaw twitches like he might yell. Pete studies him. Chris processes the sight and sound...

Chris GAGS, Pete winces, Chris turns and THROWS UP

Chris slumps down. He GAGS again, then coughs. He spits. Pete watches in disgust, not sure why he's still looking.

Chris spits again, staying put with his hands on his knees, trying to tune out the buzzing of flies.

PETE  
I won't hurt you...

Chris' eyes go a little wide. He closes them.

CHRIS  
(hopeless)  
What do you want?

Pete smiles.

PETE  
New Yorkers are direct, aren't they?

CHRIS  
What do you want?

PETE  
I don't want anything. What do you want?

Chris' face sinks a little. He's even more terrified and out of his body now if that's possible.

CHRIS  
I don't want anything.

Pete raises his eyebrows.

PETE  
What do you think I am?

Chris looks back at him, unable to answer, feeling like he's awake but refusing to believe it. Pete looks at him a moment, then nods and turns to the field. Chris watches him as long as he can bear, not understanding what's happening to him...then turns to the dirt and weeds that Pete is facing. They gaze upon the boundless acres in the moonlight and highway light...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Leila and Dylan sit on one side of the table, and BOB and TINA, 30s, sit on the other, all tense with anticipation. The chairs at both heads of the table are vacant.

BOSS (O.S.)  
You're sure I can't get you a water or a coffee or anything?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Nah, nah, I'm fine.

Leila closes her eyes, hearing a familiar voice. Dylan doesn't notice. Bob and Tina look at Leila, confused. Boss walks Chris in. Chris and Leila's eyes immediately meet. Chris does a little awkward smile, then looks down. Leila plays it off like she just met him. Dylan is in full blown panic mode, but tries to hide it. Bob and Tina exchange a look. Boss pulls an empty seat back for Chris.

BOSS  
(smiling)  
Chris, this is Leila-  
(Leila smiles, it's  
convincing)  
Dylan-  
(Dylan smiles, it's less  
convincing)  
Bob, and Tina.

They smile. Chris is sweating.

CHRIS  
(small voice)  
Great-  
(clears throat)  
Great to meet you all.

Everyone takes a seat. Bob and Tina exchange another look, amused. Leila notices, and tries to hide her anger. Chris notices, and looks down and lets some air out. Boss frowns.

BOSS  
Everything alright, Chris?

Chris looks up like a deer in the headlights, face sunk-

CHRIS  
Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.  
(shakes head)  
Just tired, ya know?

Boss does a fairly convincing laugh.

BOSS  
That, I understand.

Chris puts on a smile, and nods enthusiastically. Boss smiles. Leila tries, and tries, finally managing to smile a little...

BOSS (CONT'D)

Wanna see what we've been working  
on?

CHRIS

Please.

Chris does another smile. It's hollow. He's going to crack soon, maybe even during this meeting. Leila notices Chris, and starts to worry a little, despite herself, as Boss fusses with a remote for the projector.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS

One of the doors is open on the shipping container strapped to the truck. NIK, 56, walks into to the doorway, sits himself down, and pushes off to the pavement. There's stepped on vegetable matter in the grates on the truck floor. He steps away, wiping dirt from his pants.

A TRUCKER, 40, approaches with a 32 OZ coffee, and reacts horribly-

TRUCKER

*Jesus fucking Christ-*  
(covers nose)  
*What is that, dude?*

Nik looks at him a moment, not used to being spoken to like that.

NIK

Rot.

TRUCKER

Close the fucking doors.

Nik looks him in the eye, tired of this. Trucker glares back... and eventually recognizes a tougher customer- Trucker gags, suddenly getting a fresh whiff of it. Nik winces, disgusted by him.

INT. PSYCH WARD - DAY

Chris holds a pay-phone to his ear, wearing a T-shirt, hospital socks, and blue tapered hospital pants. The voicemail sound BEEPS.

CHRIS

Hey Frankie, hope you're good. I  
just wanted to-  
(closes eyes, nervous)  
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 -remind you I'm gonna be out've  
 town for the next couple days. I  
 won't really be on the radar,  
 there's not really any cell  
 reception-

Chris turns, looking behind him. Another patient is waiting.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Hope that's okay.  
 (closes eyes, he fucked  
 up)  
 I mean, I know you said it already,  
 but just wanted to check.  
 (smiles for no one)  
 Alright, see ya in a couple days.

Chris hangs up and walks away. To the patient waiting:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Sorry.

Chris walks over to the nurse's area, separated from the patients by glass. The nurse gathers something as Chris waits, then slides two Dixie cups under the glass, one with pills, one with water.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Thanks.

Chris grabs them and takes the pills, then throws the cups in the trash, and heads down the hallway, which looks on through windows to the meal room/ rec room.

INT. ART ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Chris mixes bright red paint with white to make a pinkish color. He's working on an abstract painting, in the middle of what looks like a middle school art room. 10 or so patients work on art projects of different kinds, paintings, collages, clay sculptures, etc. An ART THERAPIST, 40s, looks up from her water color of a lake that's actually quite beautiful.

ART THERAPIST  
 (in a soothing voice)  
 For anyone working on a painting,  
 make sure to bring it to the drying  
 rack after you're done, and give it  
 enough space for the others so  
 there's no unintentional marks.

Art Therapist smiles. Chris nods, taking the information seriously.

EXT. NEWS STAND/ SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Leila pulls open the clear plastic covering from a box of cigarettes, opens the top on the little cardboard box, and rips off the foil cover -- exposing the cigarettes. She balls up the plastic and foil and rips off a paper **Surgeon General's** warning that's glued to the back of the box and tosses them in a trash can.

She pulls out a cigarette from the pack and tucks it in her mouth. She looks at the trash, pack in hand, then puts the box in her pocket and takes a couple steps away. She takes out a lighter with a new-looking label/ barcode, glances to her left, then right, then lights it.

She breathes in the smoke, closes her eyes and breathes it in, a little unprepared for the kick, then breathes out...she opens her eyes to watch the last of the smoke leave her mouth.

INT. ART ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris holds up his finished painting, not sure what he thinks of it. It's a bunch of pink and black squiggly lines, with what looks like a little painted fly in each corner of the canvas. There's something crazy, yet charming about it. NURSE, 30s, looks at it and smiles.

NURSE

Chris, that's absolutely beautiful.

Chris turns-

CHRIS

Thank you.

He goes back to his work.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You think...?

NURSE

I would frame it.

ART THERAPIST

(excited)

Let's see it, Chris.

Chris looks down, practically blushing.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Leila walks down the busy sidewalk, and sees a homeless MAN, 40s, bundled up with a hat, sitting on a flattened cardboard box outside the mouth of an alley. He holds a paper coffee cup in front of people as they walk by. She looks ahead, then feels the cigarettes in her jacket pocket.

She paces forward, then glances at him and slows. He notices her and she approaches him.

MAN  
Any change, miss?

LEILA  
I- Sorry, I don't have any change,  
but would you want a cigarette?

MAN  
(nods)  
Sure.

Leila nods, lifted a little. She takes the box out of her pocket, pauses, and extends it to him. He reaches his other hand out-

LEILA  
It's almost full, if you want 'em.

He takes it, feeling the weight-

MAN  
You sure?

LEILA  
(nods)  
Yeah.

He opens the pack, looking at them, one missing-

MAN  
Thank you. God bless-

LEILA  
God bless.

She feels the lighter in her pocket.

LEILA (CONT'D)  
Do you need a light?

MAN  
Sure.

She takes out the lighter and hands it to him-

MAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

LEILA

Sorry I didn't have any change.

He shakes his head, and looks at the cigarettes, producing a grin-

MAN

This' fine.

She nods, smiling- She adjusts her position to walk away.

LEILA

Stay safe.

MAN

You too.

She smiles and walks away, thinking it over. The smile disappears as she joins the crowd of people walking in her direction. She takes a deep breath, looking past other people on the sidewalk, replaying the moment, wondering.

INT. MEAL/ REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone eats their various lunches at the table, sandwiches, wraps, etc, all served on black trays. A couple stragglers eat their lunches in chairs and on the couch, off to the side of the meal table. A couple nurses lean against the walls, on their phones.

CHRIS

Can't wait for Jeopardy later.

Everyone nods or says yeah. One of the nurses nods heartily.

INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY - LATER

The elevator doors open, and Leila hurries out, glancing around at her coworkers, not wanting to run into anyone. Someone notices her quickened pace and looks away, confused by her behavior. She looks at her office, walking in a straight line for the door.

DYLAN

Yo...!

Leila turns. She stops, Dylan approaches her. She turns and continues to her door, Dylan looks confused, stopping then starting. Leila reaches her door, opens it, and enters.

Dylan raps her leg and reaches the outside of her door.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We have a meeting in five minutes.

Leila shuts her eyes tight, and takes off her blazer and drapes it over her chair.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Leila.

LEILA

Come in.

Dylan makes a face and hovers around the threshold.

LEILA (CONT'D)

With who?

DYLAN

Are you serious?

Leila pumps hand sanitizer on her hands-

LEILA

Close the fucking door.

Dylan pauses, irritated, then steps in, turns and closes the door behind her.

DYLAN

Are you okay, or what?

LEILA

Sorry.

She smells it- And sniffs-

DYLAN

Did you smoke?

She glances past her, out the window to the office.

LEILA

Yeah.

Dylan looks up at the ceiling or heavens, why now. Leila rolls her eyes, and crosses her arms. Dylan looks through her. Leila covers her eyes with her hands.

LEILA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

DYLAN

Five minutes.

LEILA

I heard you.

DYLAN

Six-hundred seconds.

LEILA

Jesus fucking Christ, Dylan. Thank you.

DYLAN

Do you have a change of clothes?

LEILA

No. What's the meeting on?

DYLAN

The fucking restaurant!

Leila closes her eyes. Dylan looks at her, indignant.

LEILA

How bad do I smell?

DYLAN

Bad. You can smell it in a room. It's literally his least favorite thing. What do you *think* you smell like?

Leila takes a breath, trying to ignore it, then pauses to exhale.

LEILA

What *do* I smell like?

Dylan puts her hands up.

DYLAN

Like my uncle Paul. Like a fucking ashtray.

LEILA

Your uncle Paul. Who's gone but not forgotten.

DYLAN

Yeah.

LEILA

Like vibe of the restaurant.

Dylan pauses, letting something unexpected sink in, then covers her face with both hands.

DYLAN

I hope so.

She glances out the window behind her. Leila glances at the window to the office behind Dylan, growing optimistic.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

So smell and memory...?

LEILA

And memory and nostalgia. Even if it's not completely positive.

Dylan misses a breath-

DYLAN

We miss our imperfect uncle?

LEILA

Don't we?!

DYLAN

I mean, yeah, but...

Dylan glances out the window. Leila studies her, becoming convinced of her own words.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We do. We do for some reason.

LEILA

He brings us back to something rough around the edges, but *authentic*.

DYLAN

This isn't Trump's campaign, you need to actually be able to taste it.

Leila puts her hands up, as though enlightened, Dylan pauses to let her words register.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure? Because I don't wanna sell bullshit-

LEILA  
That's it, dude!

DYLAN  
Are you *sure*?

LEILA  
Yes.

Dylan looks at her, then looks outside, then nods.

DYLAN  
Okay. We have like three and a half  
minutes.

LEILA  
Let's take the stairs.

Dylan nods-

DYLAN  
Okay.

She glances outside, she glances out the office window-

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
What're you-

LEILA  
We're gonna ask what I smell like,  
then say we're selling great food  
without all the modern, queefy  
bullshit.

DYLAN  
Will that work?

LEILA  
Why not.

Dylan looks at her, wanting to believe her. Leila looks at Dylan.

LEILA (CONT'D)  
We're the shit.

Dylan looks her in the eye, Leila nods, defiant, then glances out of the window to the rest of the office when Dylan isn't looking.

## INT. OFFICE FURNITURE OUTLET - MORNING

Desks, cabinets and swivel chairs of every type are arranged as close together as possible in the large space, leaving a narrow aisle to the back.

Chris pushes the door open and enters, and ROCCO, 30s, walks in after him. Chris takes several steps in and slows to look the place over. Rocco nudges him forward, and Chris turns, a little taken aback, then follows the aisle toward a doorway, and looks back at the entrance.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Come in-

Chris stops and starts.

## BACK OFFICE

MICHAEL, 50, sits at one of the nicer desks featured out front. A ThinkPad style laptop is open in front of him, and another chair is arranged in front of the desk.

MICHAEL

Didn't mean to startle you.

CHRIS

(jumping to be polite)  
You didn't.

MICHAEL

Take a seat.

Chris nods, standing still. Michael looks at him, then the chair, Chris looks down.

CHRIS

Sorry.

He ushers himself into the chair...

MICHAEL

How was the drive?

CHRIS

Good.

MICHAEL

Have you been around here before?

CHRIS

No.

MICHAEL  
It's all hippy bullshit now.

Michael taps the keyboard to get the screen back on.

CHRIS  
That's too bad.

MICHAEL  
Yep-

Michael types something, takes a moment to read, then clicks on the trackpad to send. He shuts the laptop.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

Chris shakes his head, no problem.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
So you were gone for a couple days,  
huh?

CHRIS  
I didn't have any meetings, or  
anything I had to do, so I just  
thought I'd take a couple mental  
health days.  
(looks down, then up)  
I really needed it.

MICHAEL  
We don't really have those, Chris.

Chris looks at him, not sure he understands, starting to get annoyed. His mouth opens like he's about to speak, then he stops, shaking his head a little as he gets more angry than annoyed. Michael watches him, not remotely concerned.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I need your signature on this-  
(slides him a file)  
-You're getting another promotion.  
Then Rocco is going to take you  
somewhere.

Chris looks at the document, then looks up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
We're buying another facility. For  
prep and storage.

CHRIS  
What if I say no.

MICHAEL  
Then it won't work out.

CHRIS  
And?

MICHAEL  
And we'll have to proceed from  
there. And make sure we're covered.

Chris looks at Michael's unrelentingly cold eyes, starting to  
freak out a little...

EXT. MC MANSION - LATER

It's a little overblown, but it's fairly tasteful all things  
considered. The adjacent houses are the same size, but more  
gaudy. A car is audible pulling up. Someone gets out, shuts  
the door, and walks over. It's Chris. He looks over the  
place. The car honks, Chris turns, then walks up to the  
house, a little in awe of the place, starting to get angry.  
He hesitates, then rings the doorbell. Voices become faintly  
audible inside... Chris looks at the opaque glass in the  
door, wishing no one would come.

Footsteps inside, and the door opens, and Frankie steps out.  
Chris notices a teenage girl inside, who quickly walks away,  
not wanting to be seen by him. Frankie closes the door.

FRANKIE  
(a little tired)  
How ya doing, buddy?

Chris looks at the door a moment.

CHRIS  
Just tired.

They start walking to the car.

FRANKIE  
I feel ya...

EXT. RED HOOK MARINE TERMINAL - LATER

Cranes and giant stacks of different colored shipping  
containers are visible in the background. An eighteen-wheeler  
with a shipping container strapped to the back is on a road  
by the gate, engine running. The driver puts his phone with  
the GPS showing directions in the cupholder. The passenger  
takes a sip of coffee.

A KNOCK on the window, driver turns and rolls the window down. A RUSSIAN man, mid 30s, stands there.

RUSSIAN  
(in Russian)  
*I need to speak to you guys.  
Outside.*

Driver 2 and Passenger 2 look confused. They hesitate a half-moment, then open the doors and follow Russian away, and out of sight. The truck sits, engine running for a moment or two...

Frankie and Chris walk into sight, and open the doors and hop in. YELLING in Russian. Chris turns to the noise- Frankie puts the thing in gear with a little trouble, making a face. YELLING again.

CHRIS  
What the fuck is happening?!

Frankie eases off the clutch and pulls forward. The driver BANGS on the window-

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?!

Frankie accelerates as the BANGING continues, and finally stops, as they approach the gate with a wooden arm seperating them from the outside world. A security camera points nearby.

FRANKIE  
Look down.

CHRIS  
What?!

FRANKIE  
Look down!

They both look down as they CRASH through the wooden arm at about 15 MPH, the security camera recording Frankie's bald spot. Frankie looks up, and VEERS to straighten out, and they soar onto the road. Chris looks at Frankie, catching his breath, waiting for an explanation....

EXT. MOTEL - LATER

There's a parking lot on either side of the motel. One side has two cars, and one is empty. The eighteen-wheeler hauling a shipping container pulls into the empty side, slows, and comes to a somewhat sudden stop. The doors open, and Frankie exits, then Chris.

They walk around to the back of the truck, taking a little time to do so. Chris' breathing gets louder as they reach the back of the truck. Frankie turns to Chris.

FRANKIE

Just remember. We're the good guys.

Chris' eyes go a little wide, he contemplates running...then looks at the doors, almost needing to see what's inside now. Chris looks down. Frankie hesitates a moment, then unlocks and swings open the door, revealing a makeshift living quarters in the dark, and about 10 young, terrified women. Chris looks at them, not believing his eyes.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Do any of you speak English?

They look at him, teeth chattering with fear. One of them, NATASHA, 17, looks up.

NATASHA

Yes.

Frankie produces a thick roll of cash and hands it to her. She reluctantly takes it, completely confused, as are the others.

FRANKIE

You're in charge.

Chris looks at Frankie, then at the ground. His eyes are sharp, focused, seeing everything...

FRANKIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Get outta here. You're free.

CUT TO:

INT. EIGHTEEN-WHEELER - LATER

Chris' eyes are unchanged. Frankie doesn't look great either.

Frankie approaches a blinking red light at a wide intersection, slows to almost a stop...then puts his foot on the gas and continues into the intersection. Chris looks out the window, wondering how he got here.

LIGHTS FLASH and SIREN WHOOPS behind them-

Chris snaps out of it-

FRANKIE

Jesus *fucking* Christ.

Frankie looks at the flashing cop car behind them in the big side mirror. Chris looks at Frankie. Frankie exhales, puts his signal on, and pulls over to the right... and slows to a stop...

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The cop car sits parked behind the eighteen-wheeler. Chris' rapid breathing is audible (O.S.).

FRANKIE (O.S.)  
Ya gotta keep it down.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
How?!

FRANKIE (O.S.)  
Take a big breath, then breath slow.

Chris taking a slow breath is audible. The COP, mid 30s, gets out of the car and walks the long distance to Frankie's window...

FRANKIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We're just gonna be cool. Okay, buddy...?

INT. EIGHTEEN-WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

Frankie sits, been here before. Chris faces forward, all of his focus dedicated to his breathing. The Cop steps up to the window.

COP  
Do you know why I pulled you over?

FRANKIE  
I rushed through that stop, I know.  
(momentarily lifts hand  
from wheel)  
We're in a hurry, but it's no excuse.

COP  
License and registration, please.

FRANKIE  
Of course.

He reaches over and opens the glovebox, searches through papers, and produces a registration- He closes his eyes with relief, then grabs his wallet then ID, and calmly hands both to the Cop. The cop takes them, then notices Chris, not looking okay.

COP  
Everything alright, sir?

Frankie slowly turns to Chris, and Chris turns to the cop.

CHRIS  
Yeah. Of course.  
(shakes his)  
I'm just tired.

Cop looks back at him.

COP  
Is that true you're in a hurry?

CHRIS  
(nods)  
Yeah.

COP  
Where're you going?

Chris looks at him like a deer in the headlights, his mouth starts to open. Frankie tries to look normal.

CHRIS  
Just doing a delivery.

COP  
To where?

CHRIS  
Somers.

COP  
I mean to what business.

CHRIS  
It's a- uh-

COP  
It's a what?

Chris does a nervous laugh-

CHRIS  
Its's a furniture store.

Frankie chuckles-

FRANKIE

He always does this.

COP

What's the name of the location you're driving to, sir? Do you not know?

CHRIS

We're going to a furniture store. I just never remember the name.

COP

I don't think you are. I think you're acting very suspiciously.

FRANKIE

We're supposed to be at Raymore and Flannigan in an hour and a half. I'm really sorry about what I did, officer. It will not happen again, trust me.

Cop looks at Frankie's license.

COP

You're not licensed to drive this truck, I'm gonna need both of you to get out of the vehicle now.

Frankie looks at him a moment, then looks down.

FRANKIE

Alright.

(turns to Chris, under his breath)

Left the truck license at home...

Chris just stares at cop, not even knowing what to say, face showing his every thought about how this will affect his life...

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Leila hands down a cigarette and lighter to a kid, 8, who takes them with a smile. She swipes his nose, and turns to the next kid, who's already smiling. She hands them to the kid, a little girl, who beams with delight.

Leila holds up a couple shiny, unopened packs, and fans them out, making a chunky v, one for each child-

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. LEILA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Leila lies awake in bed, not wanting to get out...

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Frankie lies on one bench, facing the back of Chris' head, having recently woken up, and Chris sits on the another, having not slept a second.

FRANKIE

I know I said this wouldn't happen.

Chris looks straight ahead, no shit. Frankie grits his teeth, and sits up with some effort... He gets situated and leans forward, resting his arms on his knees.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I know you hate me.

Chris' eyebrows raise, he almost lets up a smirk.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

And you're right. This was my fault, and only my fault. *I* fucked up, no one else did. Your job is still your job.

Chris' jaw tightens. He just keep looking forward, refusing to look at Frankie.

CHRIS

So you're sorry?

Frankie smiles awkwardly-

FRANKIE

That's what I'm trying to tell you.

Chris does a nod.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Will you turn around so I can talk to you?

COP 2, 40s, walks in. She turns to Chris:

COP 2  
You made bail.

Chris stands up. Not sure what to say:

CHRIS  
Thank you.

She unlocks, then opens the cell as Frankie watches, a little amused by Chris. Chris turns to face Frankie:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Not that you really apologized, but  
I don't forgive you.

FRANKIE  
Come on, Chrissy.

COP 2  
Come on.

Chris turns and exits the cell, and Cop 2 locks it behind them. Frankie watches Chris disappear from sight, feeling bad. He lets some air out, and lowers his head.

INT. KITCHEN - RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

The door opens from the alley, and Chris enters into the empty kitchen, walking past everything and out of sight-

WAITER'S AREA

Chris walks into the small area for cutting bread and such. There's a ladder to an attic area on the side of the doorway. Chris climbs up the ladder... Voicemail tone BEEPS (O.S.)

CHRIS (O.S.)  
If you couldn't tell, I quit. I  
want that to be very clear...

ATTIC

It's dark. Chris flips the lights on. There are STACKS AND STACKS of brown office file boxes, taking up most of the space.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
I don't want you to think I think  
you never did anything for me.

Chris is crouching to not hit his head. The ceilings are about 6 feet tall, maybe less. Everything is bare wood. An area not covered in boxes is made up as something of a makeshift office with a few desks cramped in the space.

CHRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's just after what I saw, there's  
really nothing left to say.

Chris walks over to one of the desks and unplugs an iPhone charger from a power-strip on the floor next to it. Chris looks at the charger and rolls his eyes, then stands up and SMACKS his head on the ceiling

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
*Fuck.*

Chris closes his eyes, holds his head with his free hand, and leans his charger holding hand on the desk. He opens his eyes and notices a piece of paper on the desk.

INSERT PAPER:

**"New York Commercial Lease Agreement"**

Chris picks up the paper and looks at the address.

EXT. LARGE NEWSPAPER-WINDOWED STOREFRONT - STRIPMALL - LATER

Chris walks up to the building, checks at the address, then walks up to the front door, which is locked with a large padlock. Chris pulls out a comically large ring of keys from around his belt-loop, hesitates, then tries the first one, it doesn't fit, then tries putting it in the opposite way. It still doesn't fit. He tries the next key in the ring one way, then the other. Wrong again. He looks at the keyhole, then the next key, and tries putting it in the way it should fit, but it doesn't go in.

Chris studies the opening in the lock, then starts looking through keys for the right one. He looks at the brand of lock, and starts combing through even faster. He stops, seeing the name he's looking for. He holds it between his thumb and pointer finger and tries it, the key goes in. He hesitates a moment, then twists it and undoes the lock.

INSIDE

The place looks ready to open tomorrow. It appears to be a former diner. Chris walks through the space, not really sure what he's looking for. He notices a folder on the diner counter and stops walking. He stares at it, not sure he wants to know what's inside, not thinking he'd get this far.

He takes a breath, hesitates another moment, then slowly approaches the folder and opens it.

INSERT PAPER:

**Inspection Certificate**

Chris slowly looks up from the paper, then turns to look at the cavernous dining space.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
This is all for one restaurant...?

Chris' head is about to explode, but he just stays put for a moment or two, face blank, then he takes off walking out, his pace accelerating as he nears the outside, no longer able to stand breathing the air in this place as he walks out of sight.

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - LATER

The back of Maria's head is visible as she opens the door. It's Chris.

CHRIS  
Hey.

MARIA  
Hey.

They grab each other's heads and kiss passionately.

INT. BEDROOM - MARIA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Chris and Maria lay under the covers.

MARIA  
This has to stop at some point.

He makes a face.

CHRIS  
Why?

She chuckles. She looks at him, a little condescending.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
What?

MARIA  
You're cute. You're the most earnest guy I know.

Chris takes a deep breath.

CHRIS

Thanks...

MARIA

Are you staying? You didn't stay last time.

CHRIS

That doesn't sound very earnest of me.

Maria laughs.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

It's dark. Maria is asleep, Chris holds his phone, looking worried, his thumb hovering over the screen.

INSERT PHONE:

A number is pulled up, with a button to hit call underneath, and the Google search for "**NY confidential informant line**" in the background.

**Call From: Private Caller** pops up over all this.

Chris jumps back a little. He's about to hit decline when he rolls his eyes and quietly slides out of bed...and creeps out of the room. He puts the phone to his ear.

CHRIS

Hello?

Chris listens.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(through his teeth)

Exactly, I'm one of the guys now.

Chris listens, worrying a little.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I would never do that.

(listens, whisper  
yelling:)

I would never *think* about snitching!

A car HONKS outside, Chris looks up with a start. Chris hears something on the phone, and his face sinks. He looks where the car would be, pale, still listening to the threats, barely able to hear more.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 (broken)  
 That won't be necessary.  
 (listens)  
 I'm sure.

INT. HALLWAY - OFFICE - WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Canadian and Russian wait on either side of the open door.

INSIDE

Frankie skims the last page of a stapled document, seated facing a large desk and a waiting Nik.

FRANKIE  
 I'll take home a case of that  
 prosecco you were talkin' about.

NIK  
 Take two.

Frankie grins, trying not to over-think what's happening. Rocco and Russian 2 (the guy who followed Chris and Jimmy) stand on either end of the office. Frankie takes a breath and puts his hands above his knees.

FRANKIE  
 Alrighty.

Nik nods, and they both rise. Frankie extends his hand, Nik regards him and they shake.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 Pleasure as always, Nik.

They both turn to leave, then Rocco stops in front of the door. Frankie's face sinks, not believing it. Russian 2 lunges, SHOVING Frankie into the wall- Frankie coughs.

HALLWAY

Russian points a gun at Canadian, who backs off. Russian eyes the wall, not necessarily approving of what's happening behind it.

OFFICE

Russian 2 and Rocco have Frankie pinned. Nik steps over and grasps Frankie's chin and skull like a barber.

FRANKIE

Go fuck yourself you fucking  
cocksucker.

Frankie spits- Twist-SNAP

I/ E. CHRIS' CAR/ WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chris angrily rolls his eyes, tired of this. He throws the door open, and walks to the office, genuinely pissed. There's snow on the sidewalk areas and on the roofs of the buildings.

CHRIS

(mocking)

Five minutes. Guaranteed.

INT. OFFICE - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chris pushes the door open with authority, and immediately sees Russian 2 dragging Frankie's body away. Russian turns and points his gun at him, Chris' eyes go wide.

He turns and Russian fires, missing him by a mile. Rocco aims and FIRES barely missing Chris as he throws open the doors and exits.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chris runs to his car, jumps in, and starts it. The door opens to the office and Rocco runs out- Chris PEELS OUT- Rocco OPEN FIRES

INT. CHRIS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chris drives for his life, adrenaline pumping. The back windshield SHATTERS

CHRIS

(ducks)

Aaaah!

A bullet BLASTS through the front windshield, having missed Chris' head by inches. Chris looks at the hole for a half-moment.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(voice trembling)

Dear god, please let me make it  
through this moment.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

If I survive this, I promise I will  
lead a better life. In go's name-  
Er- Jesus' name I ask this, oh  
lord.

Chris approaches the exit, easily doing 60 MPH. The rear-view  
mirror SHATTERS as a bullet passes through it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

*Amen!*

Chris drives out of the exit and tumbles onto the main road,  
not even reacting then does a HARD TURN to the right,  
SWERVING the car. Chris looks panicked, but manages to  
adjust..and even out. He soars down the road, glances at the  
broken rear-view mirror, then looks behind him: no one. He  
turns around, notices a speed limit sign, and slows down a  
little. He tries to catch his breath, not even trying to deal  
with what just happened...

INSERT COMMERCIAL

INT. PRETENTIOUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A SNOOTY WAITER, 30, with a vest, spectacles, and a man-bun  
addresses a customer-

SNOOTY WAITER

That comes with a lobster foam  
reduction, but everything is a A la  
carte. Would you like to order a  
side? Everything is modestly  
portioned.

A confused CUSTOMER, 30, almost doesn't know how to respond.

CUSTOMER

What kind of sides do you have?

Snooty Waiter sighs.

SNOOTY WAITER

We have our take on mashed  
potatoes, a fermented asparagus  
puree, we have foam, we have steam,  
we have essence. And a special:  
market celery, three ways.

Customer looks like a deer in the headlights, not even able  
to respond.

INSERT TITLE:

**"Leave the bull at the farm"**

END COMMERCIAL

INT. NICE HOUSE - NIGHT

Wife and husband chuckle at the commercial.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*Tom's.* Farm fresh food, hold the  
attitude.

INT. DINGY BAR - CONTINUOUS

The regulars laugh at the commercial. The bartender smirks. Chris, sitting down the bar from them looks up at the TV, currently displaying a logo reading, "**Tom's**", and his face changes from rock bottom despair to bewilderment. He looks at the several locations with addresses under the logo, and recognizes two of them. Chris stares at the name, "Tom's", starting to feel nauseous, but unable to look away. The commercial changes, but Chris remains looking at the screen, unable to move...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - MORNING

A basketball hoop and a scoreboard are visible in this multi-purpose space. The home team on the scoreboard is "**Holy Name of Mary**".

A group of about 10 people sit in a circle near half court, among them, a PRIEST, 50, wearing a black short-sleeve shirt with the white collar. Priest puts on a big saccharine smile.

PRIEST

I see some new faces here today...

Chris, sitting in the circle, doesn't notice that everyone, among them Sarah and Ed, is turning to him... He finally looks up.

CHRIS

Sorry.

PRIEST

It's a little nerve wracking, I know, but we encourage everyone to share their first time.

CHRIS  
My name is Bob.

PRIEST, SARAH, ED, AND EVERYONE  
Hi, Bob.

Ed looks at Chris, a little confused, but still too shook to really care.

CHRIS  
My trauma was pretty recent, I'm still trying to process it. But I think I'm starting to do that in my own way.  
(shrugs)  
Maybe.

Chris does a little eyeless smile, finished. Priest and everyone look at him, waiting for more. Priest realizes he's done and throws on a smile.

PRIEST  
Well done, Chris. Thank you for speaking your truth.

Priest smiles at Chris again, and Chris does a nod, a little uncomfortable.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
It's easy to forget that coming to terms with what happened to you is a process, not a moment.

Chris is starting to drift into space as everyone else tries to listen.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
I remember when I first tried to bring this group here, I was met resistance. Who wants a *priest* to lead a trauma survivors group?

Chris does a little nod.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
But you have to acknowledge one simple fact...*Everything* is a process.

Everyone nods. Priest smiles and looks around.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Who else would like to share?

Everyone hesitates a moment, as Priest glances around, then Sarah raises her hand.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
 (points)  
 Sarah, great.

SARAH  
 Hi, I'm Sarah.

PRIEST, ED, CHRIS, AND EVERYONE  
 Hi, Sarah.

Sarah and Ed exchange a supportive look.

SARAH  
 I guess my trauma is on the recent side too...I guess I never really thought about how long a process this is. My trauma is something that's part of my story now, whether I like it or not. It's me, in a way...

Chris looks up at her, starting to pay attention a little, then notices Ed. Chris makes a face remembering him immediately, but not knowing from where...

EXT. SIDE BUILDING - CHURCH - LATER

Chris, followed by a few people from the group, walk out the doors. Chris starts to walk to the street, and the others say their good-byes. Flowers are starting to bloom in big planters on the sidewalk, it's a beautiful day.

An SUV soars over from down the road, and aggressively pulls up to the curb by the church, Chris jumps back a little. The passenger window rolls down, and Canadian 1 stick his head out, surprising, and distinctly annoying Chris. Chris turns and glances at the dispersing group.

CANADIAN 1  
 Meeting in thirty. Fifty-one East Houston.

CHRIS  
 I am completely and totally done with this, man.

Chris starts to walk away-

CANADIAN 1  
 Wait, Chris-

Chris turns around and looks at him angrily, demanding an explanation.

CANADIAN 1 (CONT'D)  
This isn't optional.

CHRIS  
They'll kill me anyway or get me  
killed anyway, I don't give a shit.

CANADIAN 1  
They can do more than that.

CHRIS  
Like what?

CANADIAN 1  
They can torture you.

Chris doesn't know how to react, clearly not anticipating that.

CANADIAN 1 (CONT'D)  
They'll put your head in a vice,  
work on you with pliers, file your  
teeth, the whole nine.

Chris' eyes are wide, imagination running wild. He opens his mouth to speak, hesitates, then changes his mind.

CANADIAN 1 (CONT'D)  
I would really encourage you to be  
there, buddy.

He puts on an uneasy smile, which Chris doesn't react to, and the SUV pulls off as Chris watches, finding it hard to keep upright...

INT. OPULENT RESTAURANT - LATER

Michael and Jimmy sit across from Nik at a table for four. Rocco and Canadian 1 stand behind Michael and Jimmy, and Russian 1 and Russian 2, and another, Russian 3 stand behind Nik. The space has high ceilings with chandeliers, and white marble floors. Footsteps become audible. Nik and Jimmy don't care about the wait, while Michael seethes.

Chris walks up to the group, looking down, and takes his place next to Rocco and Canadian 1. Jimmy turns, trying to hide his amusement. Michael looks down, powering through his anger, then looks up at Nik, who regards him with quiet anticipation.

MICHAEL

In light of recent events, we won't  
be able to honor our agreement.

Nik nods. Russian 1 looks nervous, Russians 2 and 3 look icy.

NIK

Then I don't think we can do  
business together, moving forward.

Michael, Jimmy, Canadian 1, and Rocco react, hearing the severity of his words. The Russians looks a little shaken too, particularly Russian 1, who's trying to hide it. Chris suddenly reacts, eyes going wide, his reaction delayed but dramatic.

Everyone settles a moment. Russian 1 says something in Russian. Nik turns, confused, then Russian 1 walks over and stands next to Chris, who glances at him, confused. Nik looks quietly furious.

ROCCO

Sorry.

Jimmy doesn't react. Michael looks at the ground, breathing rhythmically or he'll lose it. Rocco walks over and stands next to Russian 2. Chris shakes his head a little, genuinely lost. Jimmy rolls his eyes.

JIMMY

Are we agreed...?

Chris looks tense, he stops breathing. Michael and Nik look serious. Nik looks at them, ready. Chris finally breathes, making a gasping sound. Everyone looks at him.

CHRIS

(looking down)

Sorry.

Michael looks up, furious. Something changes in Chris. His brow tightens.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Does anyone actually want this...?

Michael, Jimmy, Nik, and everyone look at him, confused by the way he's speaking to them. He shakes his head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do you?

They look at him, starting to consider.

NIK

No.

MICHAEL

JIMMY

No

Nope.

CHRIS

You're the guys who get to  
decide... Decide what you want.

Michael, Jimmy, and Nik look at him, having not been spoken to like that in years. Canadian 1 looks outright amused. Rocco looks outraged.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And enough with hu--  
(human trafficking)

Nik glares at him. Chris looks down, terrified.

INT. LEILA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It's dark aside from one dim light. It's dark in the rest of the office too. Leila looks at her computer, reaching the end of a decision.

On her computer, two windows are open, each with an Email message written out, one to, "**crimestoppers@nyc.gov**", the other to, "**tips@nytimes.com**". Both messages begin with the line, "**I have information about the ownership of a new restaurant chain called Tom's**"

Leila looks down, not wanting to decide, then looks back at the screen, and clicks send on the New York Times message.

EXT. RESTAURANT - ANOTHER NIGHT

A banner reads, "**Grand Opening**", under a new wooden sign that reads, "**Tom's**".

INSIDE

The bar area is completely packed. Every seat at the bar is filled, and there's a crowd standing with drinks behind them. Every seat in the dining room is filled too, and the customers seem to be pleased.

Kerry brings two glasses of Champagne over to Leila and Dylan, at a table for two.

KERRY  
(with a smile)  
It seemed fitting.

They smile wide.

LEILA  
Thank you.

Kerry smiles and walks to another table. Leila and Dylan raise their glasses.

LEILA (CONT'D)  
I'm getting so fucking drunk  
tonight.

Dylan laughs, and they toast. Kerry walks over to a table where Nik and his wife, ANNE, 50s, sit.

KERRY  
Have you had some time to decide?

Nik looks at Anne. She looks at the menu.

ANNE  
(less thick accent than  
Nik)  
We would like the lamb meatballs,  
and the mixed ceviche. Then we'll  
wait a little while to put our  
entrees in.

Kerry types it in on the iPad.

KERRY  
(with a smile)  
Sounds great.

Kerry makes her way over to the kitchen and spots someone at the bar.

KERRY (CONT'D)  
Perk up, you're like the face of  
this place now.

Chris, seated at the end of the bar looks up, a few drinks in.

CHRIS  
And I'm a *sad* face, huh?

Kerry puts her fingers on her cheeks and pushes up and smiles. Chris smirks, a little amused. Kerry grins and walks into the kitchen.

KERRY (O.S.)  
Maria, I just wanted to explain a  
ticket I put in-

Chris finishes his beer. He gets up and makes his way out through the crowd.

OUTSIDE

Chris walks out of the place and pulls out a joint. He lights it and takes a puff. There's a person in the car next to him. Chris doesn't notice. He takes a big pull of the joint..and exhales.

CHRIS  
Just thirty-five more years...

A few feet over:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dan, Tom's son, the person in the car, takes a big swig of whisky from a little flask-shaped fifth bottle. A glock pistol sits in the passenger's seat. Dan grabs the pistol, stashes it in his bulky jacket pocket, and climbs out.

OUTSIDE

Chris steps back to give him room, not realizing anyone was there.

DAN  
(trembling)  
Sorry.

Chris waves his hand, blowing smoke. Dan looks at the sign, takes a breath, and walks in.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Dan steps in and immediately notices all the people. Way more than he thought. He looks at the host stand. Empty, thank god. Dan looks at all the faces, eyes wide, transfixed. He stops looking and just stares into space.

He snaps out of it and heads to the bar, finding the empty space where Chris sat. He raises his hand and a bartender happens to see him.

DAN

Double rum and coke, please.

Bartender nods and gets to work. Dan looks at the shelves of liquor, ignoring all the people in his peripheral vision.

DINING ROOM

Leila and Dylan are working on their collection of appetizers.

LEILA

This salad is so fresh.

DYLAN

This is the best meatball I've ever had.

They look at each other a moment, a little confused.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I like this place...

LEILA

I do too...

They sit, not knowing what to do with this new feeling. Dylan shakes her head and gets back to her meatball.

BAR

Dan picks up the rum and coke, puts it to his lips, and starts to gulp and gulp, starting to turn the glass as he goes through it, powering through the fizziness and the coldness, starting to attract the attention of the person next to him, who seems amused by it. Dan puts it down and catches his breath, about two thirds done, then tilts it back up and keeps going.

One of the gangsters from the poker game, standing in the bar crowd, notices Dan, then his bulging jacket. He taps Canadian 1 on the shoulder and indicates. Canadian 1 sees him, and his eyebrows raise.

CANADIAN 1

Holy shit.

Dan starts to edge his way away from the bar, toward a more central location. He takes a long breath, terrified, and unzips his jacket pocket. He closes his eyes and reaches in and grabs the gun. He opens his eyes, hesitating.

He's surrounded by all the gangsters from the poker game, and all the Canadians. Dan just looks at them, wide eyed, hand still around the gun in his pocket. He sighs with relief.

DINING ROOM

Nik and Anne enjoy their appetizers. Their wine glasses are empty. Kerry walks over with a smile.

KERRY

Your drinks are going to be out in just a minute, I'm sorry for the wait you guys.

ANNE

No problem.

KERRY

(smiles)

Thanks for working with us.

(to Nik)

I'm so sorry to ask, but they're asking for you out back.

Anne shakes her head with a knowing smile. Kerry does a little laugh. Nik takes a breath, hiding his anger with a little uncharacteristic amusement.

NIK

My apologies.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The door SMACKS open, and Nik exits, furious. He turns and sees Dan with multiple guns pointed at him, and his face changes, understanding.

DAN

You're all fucking traitors.

He spits. Nik looks at him, not knowing where to start. Dan turns to one of the gangsters.

DAN (CONT'D)

What would my father say?

The gangster looks at Dan a moment, his words washing over him, then points his gun at Nik. The remaining gangsters aim their guns at the treacherous gangster. Dan takes off running, and one of the gangsters BASHES him on the back of the head, sending him to the ground. Nik grabs the gun from the treacherous gangster and points it at him.

The treacherous gangster takes a breath, knowing his fate. Nik hands the gun to another gangster.

Two gangsters grab Dan's unconscious body and start dragging him, and two others march the treacherous gangster out of sight.

Nik just stands there, no longer angry. Worried.

INSIDE

IN SLOW MOTION Maria and Andrew approach Leila and Dylan's table, each holding a plate of gorgeous vibrant food in each hand, and start to put them down as they watch. Plate after plate of steak, chicken, salmon, pasta, and so on fills up their table to the brim. A person at the adjacent table looks on, mouth agape. Leila and Dylan share a bewildered look, then smile...

I/ E. CHRIS' CAR/ DIRT ROAD - LATER

Chris races down the road, blowing dust in the dark. The radio plays commercials.

SNOOTY WAITER (O.S.)

That comes with a lobster foam  
reduction, but everything is a A la  
carte. Would you like to order a  
side?

Chris smacks the radio off, and turns down a narrow dirt driveway, illuminating a newly constructed farm house in the headlights. He continues to the house, slows, and stops. He throws open the door and exits.

EXT. FARMLAND - CONTINUOUS

Chris starts jogging to the house, then notices a gigantic mass in the fields that slowly consumes his attention until he slows to a walk and heads toward it... He looks at the mass as his eyes settle. They're rabbits. There's thousands of them. Chris stares at them, not knowing what to think. He stops walking, just staring. Finally, he looks down.

He turns and takes off jogging, and approaches the farmhouse front door. Heavy Metal music becomes audible. Chris frowns, confused, and KNOCKS hard on the door over the music.

He waits. Nothing.

He KNOCKS again.

He waits. Nothing.

Chris tries the knob, it opens. Chris steps in-

INT. FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-to find Jimmy, looking a little startled, holding a dart in one hand and a can of beer in the other. There's a dart-board on the wall across from him. A boom-box is on the table, and a sleeping-bag is on the couch. Chris looks up from it, a little confused.

CHRIS

We're at war with the Russians.

JIMMY

(a little drunk)

I'm not leaving.

CHRIS

I'm not telling you this -- Michael is telling you this.

Jimmy points to him with the dart.

JIMMY

I'll play you for it.

Chris looks down, getting angry.

CHRIS

I don't wanna be here any more than you do, but I'm here. You have to go. Right fucking now, man, come on.

Jimmy smirks and takes a sip of beer.

JIMMY

We've both changed a lot. You know that?

Chris rolls his eyes.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

If you told me that a year ago I woulda knocked your fucking teeth in.

Chris puts his hands up.

CHRIS

I don't know what you want me to tell you, *neither* of us has a choice. We have to go or--

Jimmy angrily points the dart as he talks:

JIMMY

--You *always* have a choice.

Chris looks a little shook, it's difficult to tell if Jimmy's words sunk in. A door opens in the back. Jimmy's posture and tone change.

CHRIS

What's that?

JIMMY

*Who's* that.

Chris' eyes widen, realizing. Jimmy walks over to the table and picks up a pistol.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Remember what I said.

He puts the gun to his head.

CHRIS

Wait, stop!

Chris lunges- Jimmy pulls the trigger- BAM, and he falls to the ground. Chris, face splattered with blood, in complete shock, looks at Jimmy's body, blood pooling around it. Pete walks in. Chris doesn't notice. Pete notices Jimmy's body and does a wince-smile, too bad. Pete stands next to Chris.

PETE

That's what the noise was, I guess.

Chris looks at Pete, not even reacting to him, then turns back to Jimmy's lifeless body and blown-apart face. Chris tips forward, and hits the ground, unconscious. The way he's lying it looks like he tripped in through the doorway.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Dylan works on a piece of cheesecake. Leila takes a sip of an espresso martini.

LEILA

Camel cigarettes: I'd rather *die* my way than thrive your way.

Dylan cracks up, covering her mouth out of necessity. Leila grins, then starts to laugh.

BAR

Canadian 1 talks animatedly with a woman around his age.

CANADIAN 1

I'm in, uh-

(glances away)

Import/ Export..but really- I don't know if you know anything about the business- but really what I do at the end of the day, is tell stories.

She nods, interested.

INT. FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Chris' eyes flutter open, seated but sprawled out on the couch. He glances around, then sees Pete, in a chair, drinking a can of beer, and jumps back a little in his seat. Pete chuckles.

CHRIS

What's going on?

The front door BUSTS OPEN- They both turn- Sarah enters, gun pointed and notices the flies above Pete's head. Her eyes widen, clearly in for a little more than she reckoned with. Chris and Pete look back at her, surprised as hell. Sarah's brow tightens, and she OPEN FIRES, hitting Pete in the chest, he grunts, then in the face, seemingly killing him. Chris looks at Pete in horror, face an unrecognizable bloody mess, arms dangling at his sides, then turns to Sarah, who's still pointing her gun at Pete, catching her breath.

Pete's head EXPLODES IN A BALL OF FLAMES

Chris and Sarah jerk away, covering their eyes. Chris takes a breath, confused as hell, then turns back. Pete's head is 90% done growing back into place. It finishes as they watch, horrified and Pete blinks a few times, all better. Sarah looks at him a moment, gun still pointed as he looks at her, then she turns and SPRINTS out of the place.

Pete watches her go, still a little surprised. Chris watches his last hope disappear into the darkness. Chris and Pete's eyes meet as they turn back. Chris looks at him a moment, still wondering if he's in a dream.

Pete just looks back at him, blank faced, but always appearing menacing. Pete turns and sees Jimmy's body, and lets out some air.

PETE

Damn shame...

Chris' eyebrows raise. He stares into space.

PETE (CONT'D)

Michael's really gonna be broken up about this. Nik too.

Chris turns to him, and just looks for a moment.

CHRIS

What the fuck are you talking about?!

Pete raises his eyebrows, then lets out a little chuckle.

PETE

Your salary just died with Jimmy, here.

Chris rolls his eyes.

CHRIS

Who fucking cares? You want me to ask how or something?

PETE

You don't have to.

CHRIS

I feel like you want me to.

Pete puts his hands up.

PETE

We can just sit.

Pete crosses his legs.

PETE (CONT'D)

Want a beer?

CHRIS

(deadpan)

What happened to my salary?

Pete, taking a sip, makes an 'Mm' noise. He swallows and wipes his mouth.

PETE

Jimmy's job, amongst other things,  
was to keep track of the main  
account. The big one.

(takes a sip of beer)

He was the only one who knew the  
password.

(smirks)

For security purposes.

CHRIS

Right.

PETE

That restaurant is the last asset  
you have. Everything else was  
liquidated.

Chris nods.

CHRIS

Well that sucks.

Pete chuckles. Chris looks at Jimmy's body, then gets up to  
leave.

PETE

You haven't thought about the paper  
trail, have you?

Chris lets out a tired sigh.

CHRIS

I could give a shit, at this point.  
Nothing would surprise me now.

PETE

You realize you're less long  
suffering and more long whining,  
right?

Chris looks at Pete, genuinely pissed now. He opens his mouth  
to rebut, but nothing comes to mind-

KNOCK, KNOCK on the door. Chris and Pete turn to the door,  
genuinely astonished again, to find Priest standing where the  
door used to be. Priest throws on a big smile, not at all  
phased by Pete. Chris and Pete exchange a look.

PETE (CONT'D)

We're not interested in giving to  
charity, or buying bibles, sorry...

PRIEST  
 Couple atheists, I get it.  
 (raises eyebrows)  
 Mind if I come in?

PETE  
 I do, actually.

CHRIS  
 (frowning)  
 Who says we're atheists?

PETE  
 (emphatic)  
 Right.

Chris shoots Pete a look.

PRIEST  
 Why don't I just come in and we can  
 talk about it?

PETE  
 Please leave our property, father.

Priest throws on a big, knowing smile, and lets out a little chuckle.

PRIEST  
 I'm very persistent...

Chris looks at Priest, not believing him, almost impressed.  
 Pete looks down, tired of this. Chris looks at Pete, amazed.

PETE  
*Fine.* Come in.

Priest tries to hide his eagerness, and looks down as he walks through the doorway, watching his feet.

PRIEST  
 (to Chris)  
 Hey, Bob.

Chris does an up-nod, watching Priest, confused and somewhat disgusted by him. Pete looks at Priest, confused and also holding him in a degree of contempt.

Priest's brow tightens- Chris and Pete's brows tighten, confused.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
*Mori semper spiritu!*

Pete cries out in pain, and jerks his head back. Chris can't believe it, watching Pete writhe in agony. Chris looks at Priest. Priest motions-

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Get behind me...!

Chris raises his eyebrows, skeptical. Pete seems to recover some, looking at the floor, still dealing with whatever just happened, then turns to Priest. Priest is clearly terrified, but retains his composure. Pete looks up at him and exhales. He positions his palm and fingers like he's holding a gun, Priest and Chris look confused.

The gun disappears from Jimmy's hand and appears in Pete's-

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
*Mori semper-*

Pete raises the gun and FIRES, hitting Priest in the leg-

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Aaaaaah!!!

Priest drops to the ground, holding his wound, MOANING. Chris looks at him in horror, feeling bad for the way he felt about him before. Pete looks at Priest, still a little angry.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
(out of it)  
Give me strength...

Chris looks at Pete, hesitating, then:

CHRIS  
*Mori semper spiritu!*

Pete drops the gun, and his back arches as he writhes in pain. Chris turns and jumps over Priest, then stops. He closes his eyes, turns back, grabs the pistol and FIRES and FIRES, hitting Pete in the head, and emptying the magazine. Pete collapses. Chris starts to help Priest up, who grunts as he does so.

Chris starts walking Priest out of the door. Pete's head EXPLODES IN FIRE

OUTSIDE

Priest YELLS, and tries to stop walking, but Chris doesn't let them him, accelerating toward the car.

PRIEST  
I can't walk this fast.

They approach Chris' car, and Chris throws open the back door-

CHRIS  
Come on-

And shoves Priest in head first-

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Hurry-

Chris opens the driver's door, hops in, starts the engine, and PEELS OUT in reverse, then FLOORS IT away from that fucking place, Priest's door slamming closed in the process.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chris looks back in the rear-view mirror: no Pete.

PRIEST  
(almost delirious)  
Did- Did you shoot it with a gun?

Chris looks back at him in the rear view mirror, but doesn't say anything. Suddenly, Pete is sitting in the passenger's seat. Priest SCREAMS- Chris looks at the mirror, panicked, then sees something in his peripherals and turns and sees Pete- Chris SCREAMS. Pete covers his ears, then rolls his eyes. Chris braces himself, and SLAMS on the brakes and Pete SLAMS into the front of the car and hits his head on the windshield, and Priest hits into the seats as they come to a short stop...

Pete holds his head, Priest moans. Pete turns to Chris, more angry than ever.

PETE  
Why the *hell* did you do that?

Chris looks at Pete, feeling scared and genuinely stupid. His mouth opens but no words come out.

PETE (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought.

Pete raises his hand, Chris starts to turn away/ wince. Priest moans. Chris takes a breath of confidence, awaiting his fate. Pete snaps his fingers-

EVERYTHING TURNS WHITE

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nik stands across the street from a shipping container truck parked outside the large open door to the warehouse. Men pass down M-16 rifles and bullet-proof vests in an assembly line to the front of a vast line of waiting mob soldiers.

A man puts on his bullet-proof vest, takes a loaded magazine off a long plastic table, loads his rifle, and files into the back of an unmarked white box-truck, where 5 other soldiers wait on benches fitted into the truck. Another man shuts the sliding door, and double-taps the side of the truck. The truck pulls off with purpose, off to war.

Pete appears out of thin air next to Nik, who's too tense to notice. Pete observes the assembly line in progress. He looks at the shipping container.

PETE

Shipping containers-  
 (Nik turns with a start)  
 -really changed everything, didn't  
 they? I know they did for me.

Nik studies Pete, not believing what he's seeing. Pete looks back at him, seeing something in his eyes.

PETE (CONT'D)

(in Russian)  
*Do you know me?*

NIK

(in Russian, quiet)  
*I heard about you when I was young.*

Pete glances at the men and the weapons.

PETE

(in Russian)  
*You've done well.*

Nik looks at him, at a loss for words.

PETE (CONT'D)

(in Russian)  
*Don't worry. I'm leaving soon.*

Nik looks at him another moment. It's difficult to tell what he makes of Pete or his words.

Pete turns back as another truck drives away. Nik slowly turns back to his men. None of them notice Pete. Nik watches his men preparing for war with wide eyes.

FADE TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - MORNING

Chris' eyes flutter open. He looks around, sprawled out on the dirt, seeing rabbits everywhere. He's completely surrounded by rabbits, and completely naked. He looks at a rabbit by his head who's staring at him, its little rabbit face and whiskers twitching. Chris is more than a little freaked out.

INT. LEILA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leila stares at the wall, lying on her made bed in her clothes from the night before.

INT. PRIEST'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Priest lies on his side, eyes very wide...

INT. COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

SPLIT-SCREEN: Chris and Leila, focus at the end of the defense desk, zeroing in on someone's mouth-

FOREMAN 1  
Not guilty.

FORMEMAN 2  
Not guilty.

"Sexual Healing" by Marvin Gaye plays. Chris and Leila close their eyes and sigh with relief.

EXT. COURT STEPS - AFTERNOON

SPLIT-SCREEN: Chris and Leila walk away, reporters shove microphones in their face.

CHRIS  
I would be ashamed to share this victory with the spin-doctors who misled and lied to all of us.

LEILA  
I am ashamed to share this victory with the thugs who bullied and swindled all of us. -The lucky ones.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE BAR - SUNSET

Flies circle and circle the dumpsters, some touching down on the lids; it's warm and damp.

INT. KITCHEN - "TOM'S" - NIGHT

Andrew wears a headset, arms crossed, watching the sous chef and cooks... The MANAGER, 27, in a blazer, walks in.

MANAGER

Some VIPs just came in, said they know you.

ANDREW

From where?

MANAGER

They said from here.

ANDREW

Who?

They start walking to the edge of the kitchen.

MANAGER

Couple, like thirty; It's not really S.O.P., but I was gonna send them a drink or ask if you wanted to make 'em something.

ANDREW

Where?

Manager motions- Andrew spots them.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

No fuckin' shit...

MANAGER

What should I send 'em?

Andrew steps back in-

ANDREW

I think she likes Saint Germaine or something like that, but I dunno... Beer, I guess.

Manager eases out.

MANAGER

Like *Tom's*, or like something  
seasonal...?

FADE OUT.