

SHIMMER LAKE

by
Oren Uziel

Oren Uziel
125 Prospect Park West
Brooklyn, NY 11215
917-476-2632
orenuziel@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The unassuming house sits right smack in the middle of some crappy town you've never heard of that sits on the outskirts of some crappy town you have heard of: This is Winfield, Kansas, or Rittman, Ohio.

INT. BASEMENT - LAUNDRY ROOM

ANDY SIKES, eyes closed, lies flat on his back on the floor of the unfinished room. He has a gun in one hand, while the other clutches the shoulder-strap of a large green duffle bag. Andy is middle-aged, with a flabby physique and a balding pate. He looks like a CPA, except that he's caked in dried blood.

It's unclear if he's alive or dead until he wakes with a start, sucking in a massive breath.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE OVER:

FRIDAY

INT. BASEMENT - LAUNDRY ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Andy's shirt is now off and he is at the sink, aggressively scrubbing the blood from his arms, hands and neck. On the washing machine beside him sit the gun and duffle bag. He turns off the faucet and listens. He hears MUFFLED VOICES directly above him. Picking up the gun, he opens the double-doors that lead to the Rec Room.

INT. BASEMENT - REC ROOM

He treads lightly over the worn brown carpet to the staircase that leads to the first floor. We hear PLATES SHIFTING, BOXES RUSTLING, and then CONVERSATION.

GIRL (O.S.)

I don't want Reeros. I want Foo Foops.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Eat.

GIRL (O.S.)
I don't want Reeros.

WOMAN (O.S.)
You know what?
(We hear a bowl shattering)
Don't eat.

We hear a CHILD CRYING.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jesus, Zeke, I don't know how much more
of this I can take.

ZEKE (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Martha.

MARTHA (O.S.)
Sally, run downstairs and grab a box of
Fruit Loops and I'll fix you a new bowl.
Okay, sweetie? Mommy'll get you a new
bowl.

Andy scurries back to the laundry room and shuts the
doors.

INT. BASEMENT - LAUNDRY ROOM

Andy looks to his left and right and sees that he's in
the same room as the cereal. He hears the PITTER-PATTER
of LITTLE FEET and turns toward the double-doors, which
open to reveal SALLY, a fresh-faced three-year-old girl
with pigtails. Andy immediately slaps a hand over her
mouth just as she's about to let loose with a scream.

ANDY
Hi, sweetie. Surprised to see me?

She nods, his hand still covering her now grinning mouth.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Did you want some Fruit Loops?

Sally nods, Andy's hand moving with her head. He hands
her a box and puts a finger to his lips.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Here you go, sugarplum. Now can you do
something for me? Can you not tell
anybody you saw me here? It'll be our
little secret, okay? Does that sound
like fun, having a secret?

He removes his hand from her mouth and she nods again.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 (stroking her cheek)
 Look at you. My little sugarplum.
 Remember now, shhh.

SALLY
 Eeesh.

ANDY
 That's right, eeesh.

INT. BASEMENT - REC ROOM

She takes the box and slowly walks back upstairs. Andy follows her but stops again at the foot of the stairs.

INT. SIKES HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Sally walks over and seats herself at a round table, joining MARTHA SIKES, a rotund housewife with rapidly fading 2nd-Place-in-a-beauty-contest looks, and ZEKE SIKES, a handsome and physically fit man who's left arm is in a sling. Zeke is not a man who smiles easily, and even when he's cracking a joke it's more to make a point than get a laugh.

MARTHA
 (handing Sally a new bowl)
 Here you go sugarplum.

SALLY
 Thank you, Mommy.

ZEKE
 Sally, who were you talking to in the basement?

SALLY
 No one.

MARTHA
 Sally has an imaginary friend named Melissa.

SALLY
 Uh-huh, I was talking Lissa.

ZEKE

Did Melissa want to join us for
breakfast?

SALLY

No, silly. Maginary friends doesn't eat
brekfess.

The PHONE RINGS and Martha leaps for it.

MARTHA

Hello?

(disappointed)

Oh, hi Reed. Any word?... Hang on.

She hands the phone to Zeke who has risen from the table. Standing, we see he's a police officer, with a badge clipped to his belt, as well as a holster and gun. Meanwhile, Sally pours herself a bowl of Fruit Loops and Martha leans against the sink, making no bones about listening to Zeke's conversation.

ZEKE

What's happening?... And he's not
answering his phone?... Better tell the
Feds to meet us over there...

Zeke's focus shifts from his conversation with Reed to Sally, who is in the process of heading downstairs with a full bowl of Fruit Loops.

MARTHA

Sally Ann, where do you think you're
going?

Still on the phone, Zeke raises a hand to Martha indicating that he'll deal with it.

ZEKE

You bet. See you in a few.

Zeke hangs up the phone and follows Sally downstairs.

INT. SIKES HOUSE - BASEMENT - REC ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Staying a few steps behind Sally, Zeke follows her as she crosses the room, spilling milk and Fruit Loops all over the carpet. She arrives at the laundry room doors, puts the bowl down and knocks. Zeke's hand moves instinctively for his gun. Not getting any reply, Sally reaches out and opens both doors, revealing... an empty room.

EXT. STREET - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

A thoroughly beat-up Chevy Lumina drives down the road.

INT. CHEVY LUMINA - MORNING

Andy is at the wheel. He's now wearing a grey, size-fatso track suit that fits him perfectly. On the back seat, sits the big green duffle bag.

INT. SIKES HOUSE - BASEMENT - LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

With Sally nowhere in sight, Zeke pokes around the laundry room. His nostrils flare a few times as he tries to pick up a scent of something. Then his eyes go to a towel draped over the edge of the sink and the suds ringing the drain. Feeling the damp towel, he curses under his breath, then races upstairs.

EXT. SIKES HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Zeke exits the front door and stands at the edge of the porch, scanning the neighborhood. His gaze stops on the next-door neighbor, HARRIS, who's standing, frozen in place, facing his empty driveway holding a cup of coffee and a newspaper.

ZEKE

Morning, Harris.

HARRIS

(turning to see Zeke)
Ezekiel! It's the damnedest thing: I think someone stole my car!

ZEKE

You don't say.

HARRIS

It sounds crazy, I mean who would want an '87 Lumina, but --

ZEKE

But the car's not here. And you are, ipso facto...

HARRIS

You don't seem very surprised.

ZEKE

Surprise is for the ill-prepared.

(beat)

C'mon, I'll give you a ride to work.

HARRIS

Awful kind of you Ezekiel.

Martha emerges in her dressing gown carrying a thermos.

MARTHA

Fixed you some coffee. Morning, Harris.

Martha hands Zeke the thermos and scurries back into the house. Zeke gets in the car with Harris and drives off.

INT. CHEVY LUMINA - MORNING

Andy drives down a back road, flanked by acres of cows grazing on either side of him. He flips open a cell phone and punches in a number.

ANDY

I fucking got it... It doesn't matter,
let's just get the hell out of here...
When can you get away?... Shimmer Lake?
Perfect. I'll wait for you there.

He snaps the phone shut and tosses it on the passenger seat. Then ducks down low as he passes a man riding a tractor along the side of the road.

EXT. ETHINGTON HOUSE - LATE MORNING

Zeke's police car pulls up to the curb in front of a small house. REED ETHINGTON, a man with narrow shoulders and a tree-trunk ass makes his way from his front steps to Zeke's police car. Reed is a nice guy, but one look at him tells you his typical investigation involves figuring out what stained the belly of his uniform. He meanders around to the passenger door and sees Harris sitting in his seat. Reed bites his lip and shakes his head. Then suddenly pitches a fit, stomping his foot and twisting in a circle while cursing under his breath. When he's done he hops in the back seat, pleasant as a spring morning.

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR

REED
Hey there, Harris.

Reed pulls the door shut and the car pulls off.

HARRIS
Morning, Reed. Everything alright?

REED
Everything's peachy, thanks for asking.

ZEKE
It appears someone made off with Harris' car this morning.

REED
The Lumina?

HARRIS
That's the one.

REED
You sure it didn't just disintegrate?

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

We follow the police car as it makes its way into town.

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR

HARRIS
(to Zeke)
How's the shoulder?

ZEKE
It hurts.

HARRIS
Ask a stupid question, right?

ZEKE
Actually, when it happened, it didn't hurt as much as you'd think. It felt more like someone gave me a real strong shove.

The car pulls over and stops outside the Post Office.

HARRIS

Thanks for the ride.

ZEKE

Don't mention it, and don't worry about your car. I'll make sure whoever made off with it gets what's coming to him.

HARRIS

Much obliged.

Harris starts to get out of the car, but Zeke starts talking again.

ZEKE

Without law and order, justice and punishment, where are we? Out in the woods, clawing each other's eyes out over a bunch of berries, that's where.

HARRIS

Right, well... I'd just like to get my car back.

ZEKE

Sure. Like I said, I'll take care of it.

Harris steps out of the car and Reed eyes the handleless back door of the police car with disgust.

REED

When I get out of here I'm going to kill you.

ZEKE

Then I guess I better not let you out of there.

EXT. STREET - THE NEXT MOMENT

Zeke pulls the car away from the curb.

REED (O.S.)

C'mon, Zeke. Zeke, c'mon.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

STEPHANIE BURTON stands in a towel, applying make up in front of a mirror. Steph is a ten. She's leave-your-wife hot. But she has the beginnings of a black eye that she's trying in vain to cover up.

The room is run down, full of furniture no one would be proud of. Across the room we see an open closet, one side of which is bare while the other side remains full of women's clothes.

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR - LATE MORNING

Zeke is parked on the street when a tan sedan pulls alongside with two dishevelled looking men sitting inside. They are KYLE WALKER and KURT BILTMORE, two young, clean-cut FBI Agents who, by virtue of their being there, clearly haven't made it too far up the FBI pecking order. Reed, meanwhile remains trapped in Zeke's back seat.

KYLE

What'd he do this time?

ZEKE

(deadpan)

I got him for impersonating a police officer.

REED

Hardy har har.

The Feds ease their car in front of Zeke's and pull over. The two men step out of the car and stretch their legs. Zeke gets out of his car and releases Reed from the back seat without a word of apology.

EXT. STREET

ZEKE

(to the Feds)

See anything over at the Burton's last night?

KURT

Nothing but phantom naked school boys.

KYLE

I swear to God I saw a naked kid come trotting from one backyard to another holding a bundle of clothes in one hand and a crack pipe in the other.

KURT

Riiight. Other than that, nada. Nobody showed up and she never left.

(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)

She regrettably pulled the bedroom curtains around ten. The lights went off around eleven. After that, nothing.

ZEKE

Why regrettably on the curtains?

KYLE

Oh. Well, she's, you know...

KURT

Smokin' hot.

KYLE

We were saying we need to reassess our opinion of Small Town, USA, cause that broad is bumpin.

Reed starts making eyes and nodding his head towards Zeke.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Shut up! That's the same girl you were talking about?

ZEKE

It was a long time ago.

KYLE

Dude, I don't care if it was in a galaxy far, far away. That's a catch.

(extending a fist towards

Zeke)

Pound it, bro.

Zeke shakes his head and starts toward the house beyond the curb. The rest follow behind him.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Seriously, though, I did see a naked kid.

KURT

Christ, enough already.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SECONDS LATER

The four men arrive at the front door and Zeke RINGS the BELL. No answer. He RINGS again. Nothing.

ZEKE

(to Reed)

You spoke to his wife?

REED

She said he was supposed to have arrived early this morning.

KURT

Why do we care that this Dawkins guy has gone AWOL?

ZEKE

The bank that was robbed on Tuesday? Dawkins owns it.

KURT

So they robbed the bank, then came back and stole the banker?

ZEKE

Maybe the banker was involved in the robbery?

KURT

Why would a guy who owns a bank need money?

ZEKE

That's an excellent question. Did they teach you that at Quantico?

KYLE

(to Kurt)

Dude, he's ripping on you.

Zeke RINGS again and pounds on the door.

ZEKE

Judge Dawkins? It's Zeke Sikes. Can you open the door, please?

Still nothing, Zeke takes it upon himself to walk around to the back of the house, trailed by Reed and the Feds.

EXT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

They arrive at the back door and find it wide open. Two sets of bloody footprints lead away from the door in opposite directions.

ZEKE

Better get 'em out.

All four men draw their guns. Zeke leans over and takes a look at the side of Kyle's weapon.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
Just making sure the safety's off.

KYLE
Fuck off.

The four men step cautiously into the house.

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Zeke leads the way, and we FOLLOW them THROUGH the kitchen, UP the staircase and then LEFT, as they follow the trails of footprints.

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zeke steps into the room and immediately encounters the body of JUDGE BRAD DAWKINS. Dawkins is in his fifties, with a graying coif and a barrel chest. Trouble is, there's a rather large hole in the barrel. Dawkins wears nothing but a robe, and his body is sprawled awkwardly across the hardwood floor in a pool of semi-dried blood.

The three other law men arrive right behind him.

REED
Oh, lord.

Reed averts his gaze, looking like he's about to puke.

KYLE
Whoa.

Zeke's PHONE RINGS and he picks it up.

ZEKE
Sikes... Martha, it's really not the best ti -- ... I promise I'll let you know as soon as -- ... I'm looking forward to it.

He hangs up.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
(to Reed)
Martha's making meat loaf tonight.

REED
That sounds good.

ZEKE

It won't be.

KURT

What the fuck is up with this guy?

Zeke turns his attention to the two FBI men who are standing over Dawkins' body, looking perplexed.

ZEKE

What?

KYLE

This one's cock is missing.

Zeke looks.

KURT

Looks like he Silence of the Lambs'd it.

KYLE

(beat)

Yesterday's guy has his cock out, today's got his cock in.

Zeke opens his mouth to say something smart, but realizes he has no idea what to say. Even Reed takes a look. The four of them huddle over Dawkins' body, racking their brains for an explanation.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

Stephanie holds a bouquet and stands in front of a small headstone. Three fresh bouquets lean against the stone. The inscription reads: "Ed Burton, Jr.: Mar. 15. 2001 - Jun. 16. 2005."

She lays the flowers next to the others and wipes a tear from her eye.

EXT. DAWKINS HOUSE - FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON

Zeke, Reed, Kurt and Kyle stand on the lawn, while CRIME SCENE PEOPLE traipse in and out of the house.

KYLE

So you think this is connected to the robbery?

ZEKE

Reed, how many murders did we have in this town last year?

REED

Zero.

ZEKE

And the year before that?

REED

Zero. Well, one if you count Ed, Jr., although that wasn't technically a mur --

ZEKE

Point is, it's highly unlikely this is unrelated.

REED

Highly unlikely.

KURT

So it looks like we're back to my Quantico question.

ZEKE

Right. Why would the guy who owns the bank want it knocked off?

KYLE

And what's up with the all the penis shenanigans?

EXT. SHIMMER LAKE - SHORE - AFTERNOON

On a deserted patch of dirt, in an overgrown ramble of weeds and shrubs, Andy pulls the Chevy Lumina up to the edge of a small body of water. Near the shore is an ancient looking sign that reads: "Shimmer Lake." Andy gets out and heads around to the back seat, where he retrieves the huge green duffel bag. It appears to weigh about exactly as much as he can handle lifting. He drags the bag off into the brush, then returns to the car and takes a seat on top of the trunk.

INT. GUN STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Steph, wearing sunglasses, walks in the front door of a large gun store. She proceeds directly to the seedy PROPRIETOR behind the counter.

PROPRIETOR

Hello, nurse!

STEPH

I called earlier. You said you had a Smith and Wesson Model 27.

PROPRIETOR

The lovely lady knows what she wants.

STEPH

Do you have it or not?

PROPRIETOR

Sure I have it.

The man retrieves a black-handled gun from a case at the far end of the counter. Steph looks it over thoroughly and puts it back on the counter.

STEPH

This is a 28.

PROPRIETOR

Lady, you hit Mr. Rapist in the chest with either a 27 or 28, and trust me he ain't gonna know the difference.

Steph shakes her head and turns for the door.

STEPH

I'm not worried about Mr. Rapist, I'm worried about Mr. Forensics.

EXT. GUN STORE - PARKING LOT - A MINUTE LATER

The Proprietor exits the store and heads over to Steph, who's in the front seat of her car preparing to pull out. He taps on her window and she rolls it down. She's no longer wearing her sunglasses and her bruises are evident.

PROPRIETOR

I'm assuming this is going to be a cash transaction?

Steph flashes the man a wad of bills.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

Truth is, if ballistics runs a test on your bullets they're gonna know if it was the same gun that fired 'em whether they're both 27s or not. But both the 27 and 28 take .357 magnum ammunition, and if they find two sets of smashed up .357s they ain't gonna run no ballistics.

Steph thinks about it for a moment and then trades the cash for the Model 28.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

This for him who marked your face?

Steph nods.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

Give him hell.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Kurt, Kyle, Reed and Zeke sit in the main room of the station. A SECRETARY puts the final touches on a flyer displaying a picture of Ed Burton and Andy Sikes: both men are described as armed and dangerous.

ZEKE

I don't know how many times I have to keep saying this, but Ed's the man you're looking for. Ed's the one who's armed and dangerous. Ed's the killer. Andy's just a patsy.

KURT

Listen, Zeke, we understand you've got strong feelings on the matter.

ZEKE

Strong feelings? That son of a bitch looked me in the eye and shot me. That's not feeling it's fact.

KURT

C'mon now, Zeke. Were we not humble? Were we not respectful of the "local nature" of the crime? But things have changed now. This is where Kyle and I can use the resources of the Bureau to catch these guys before they vanish into thin air.

(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)

We're widening the net to a ten-state radius, we've got APBs out to every government agency in the country. We've got checkpoints all over the map on every major highway in every direction for 300 miles.

ZEKE

What if they're still here?

KURT

Why would they still be here? It's all wrapped up. Ed Burton tells his wife there's one more thing he needs to take care of and that was Dawkins. That's that.

ZEKE

What about Andy?

KURT

Andy's with Ed. We found two sets of bloody footprints heading out of Dawkins' house.

ZEKE

But the footprints went off in different directions.

KURT

So what? Maybe they chopped the money then and there and went their separate ways? Maybe they left two trails to confuse us. I don't see how it matters.

ZEKE

You'll see it matters when we find Andy's body, you stupid asshole.

Zeke storms off.

KYLE

You know, your partner's being real pig-headed about this.

REED

My partner? My partner is the smartest guy in the room and if you two haven't figured that out by now then you're twice as dumb as you look.

Reed shakes his head at the two FBI men and then follows after Zeke.

KYLE

Twice as dumb as we look? How dumb does that make us?

Kurt flips his hands over and uses his thumb and pointer fingers to form a pair of glasses.

KURT

I don't know. Pretty dumb, I suppose.

EXT. POLICE STATION - FRONT STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Reed whistles after Zeke from the front steps of the police station, then catches up with him as Zeke starts his car. Zeke leans out of the open window.

ZEKE

I ain't stranding you am I?

REED

Nah, I'll catch a ride with Lenny and Squiggy.

(beat)

You alright there, partner?

ZEKE

I'm fine. I'm just fed up with the whole thing.

REED

I hear ya. Where you headed?

ZEKE

I'm gonna swing by the Burton place just to see if Ed thinks twice about leaving Steph behind. Plus maybe if I stay there long enough I can avoid eating any of Martha's meatloaf.

REED

You want some company?

ZEKE

Definitely. But I'd prefer it if you kept an eye on the Feds. They seem like decent guys, but if Andy does turn up I'd rather hear about it before he gets gunned down.

REED

You really think he's still here?

ZEKE

Reed, he was at the house last night.

REED

You saw him? Why didn't you sa --

ZEKE

I didn't see him. I just... I don't know. I felt him.

REED

Okay. I'll stay with these guys and the second we hear anything, you'll know it.

ZEKE

Thanks, partner. And sorry if I've been a little short with you the past few days.

REED

Don't mention it. Just one thing, though.

ZEKE

Yeah, what's that?

REED

I'd kinda like to ride shotgun tomorrow.

Zeke nods his head wearily and drives off with a wave.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stephanie sits in a chair looking out the front window of her house. To her right is a table with a lamp, and at her feet is a suitcase. Through her window we SEE Zeke's patrol car drive past the front of the house. The car slows and comes to a halt about twenty yards past her front door. Without getting up, Steph flicks off the lamp.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Reed, Kyle and Kurt sit in the main room of the police station. A POLICE SCANNER HUMS at low volume in the background, and a speaker phone sits on the table directly in front of Kyle.

KYLE

What do you say, Reed? You want in on this?

REED

I don't think it's appropriate for me to bet on whether our town's first murderers in ten years get caught or not.

KYLE

Of course it's not appropriate, that's why it's fun. I say it's 10 to 1 they get picked up in the next 24 hours.

REED

I hope you're right.

KYLE

Jeez, Reed, lighten up.

The three men sit quietly for a moment, listening to the STATIC pouring out of the RADIO.

KYLE (CONT'D)

How about this, let's say there's this woman, and she looks exactly like Stephanie Burton, but she's only three feet tall.

The SPEAKER BURSTS into sound, interrupting Kurt.

FBI COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Agent Biltmore, Agent Walker, I think we might have your suspects.

The three men perk up with excitement and Kurt scoops up the handset and puts it to his ear.

KURT

This is Biltmore... Yeah that's right, that could -- Wait, say again?... No, no, the Camaro is black and the suspects are white...

EXT. SHIMMER LAKE - SHORE - NIGHT

Andy sits on the trunk of the Lumina, leaning against the back window, staring at the stars.

A pair of headlights approach, momentarily blinding him, but then the angle changes slightly and we see it's a beat-up looking white Ford Taurus. The car pulls to a stop and the driver cuts the engine. Without the benefit of the headlights, the surroundings are suddenly very dark, but when the driver's side window rolls down we can make out that it's Steph behind the wheel.

STEPH

Hey, babe.

ANDY

Pop the trunk.

Andy goes back to the bushes and retrieves the duffel bag.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What took you so long?

STEPH

Zeke. He parked outside the house for hours. I had to wait til he took off.

ANDY

That's my girl. Always thinking.

He hoists the bag onto a knee, and then from there topples it into the trunk.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I don't know about you, babe, but I'm starving.

He slams the trunk shut and heads around to the passenger side and pulls open the door.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Let's hit a --

Andy stops himself as he sees there's someone in the passenger seat of the car. All we see of the passenger is their arm and hand, which holds a gun: a black-handled Smith and Wesson, Model 28 revolver to be precise. Andy sinks to his knees, his hands clasped in front of him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

No, please, don't --

ARM AND HAND HOLDING GUN

The GUN FIRES. Once, twice, three times. With each shot we MOVE IN TIGHTER on the arm of the shooter, and in the repeated muzzle flash we're able to discern a tattoo on the shooter's forearm. It reads: "'95 State Champs."

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. DAWKINS HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The sun is shining. BIRDS are CHIRPING.

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BEDROOM

Brad Dawkins sleeps alone in his king-sized bed. He wakes with a start, sucking in a massive breath.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE OVER:

THURSDAY

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dawkins sits in his kitchen in the same silk robe he dies in, drinking a mug of coffee and smoking a cigarette. He's stout but anxious, slick but unkempt: like Bruce McGill after an all-night bender. A cell phone rests directly next to a half-full ashtray.

His attention is focused on a small TV built into the all-white cabinetry of the well-appointed kitchen, which is currently tuned to the local news. A weatherman points at a map.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

A series of pictures adorns the refrigerator showing various combinations of a small child, Stephanie, and Ed Burton, who's picture we saw on the Wanted flyer. Steph sits on a chair, when Andy opens the back door.

STEPH

Where the hell have you been?

ANDY

Where've I been? In a car. In a barn.
In a junkyard.

STEPH

Why haven't you called?

ANDY

They could have been here. They could have traced my cell. Or tapped the line.

STEPH

Andy, we're talking about Reed and Zeke and a couple of rookie Feds. Nobody's tapping anything.

ANDY

You sure?

STEPH

Trust me, they have no idea what's going on.

ANDY

Well that makes two of us.

STEPH

Dawkins has the money.

ANDY

Dawkins?

(beat)

I should have figured.

STEPH

Why?

ANDY

Because Dawkins was in on the heist.

STEPH

But it's his bank. Why would he want to rob his own bank?

ANDY

I don't know. Ed must have something on him.

STEPH

Why do you say that?

ANDY

Look, I don't want to get into it. What matters is I need to figure out a way to get that money so we can get out of here.

STEPH

What's to figure?

Steph walks out of the kitchen and into the living room.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Steph walks over to the coat closet. From inside she retrieves a grease stained towel, which she unfolds to reveal a white-handled Smith and Wesson, Model 27.

ANDY

Whoa.

STEPH

What, you think he's just going to give you the money?

ANDY

Thing is, I'm not really a gun guy.

STEPH

Become one.

She tosses him the gun, which he catches like a grenade without a pin.

ANDY

Jesus, Steph.

He sets the gun down on a table and grabs Steph by the wrist. He pulls her close to him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Can't we just get out of here? We don't need the money, right? As long as we have each other.

Steph stares into his eyes for a moment.

STEPH

Are you out of your goddamned mind?

Andy laughs and picks up the gun. He gets the quid pro quo.

ANDY

Can I at least get a taste?

STEPH

This ain't Baskin Robbins.

ANDY

Please. Just one tiny spoonful?

Steph steps towards him and gives him a deep, passionate kiss. When she pulls her lips from his, Andy looks dazed.

STEPH

How long've you been waiting for that?

ANDY

Since the Reagan administration.

STEPH

(rubbing against him)

And how bad do you want the whole thing?

ANDY

So bad, Steph. So fucking bad.

She abruptly steps away from him.

STEPH

Good. Now go get that money.

INT. SIKES HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Zeke leans against the kitchen sink, drinking from a mug and staring out the window. His arm is in a sling. Behind him, seated at the table are Martha and Sally. They're eating plates of eggs, sausage, bacon and toast, all of which are swimming in a sea of melted butter.

MARTHA

Please, Zeke, you can't start a day on nothing but coffee.

ZEKE

It's tea.

MARTHA

Tea either. Aren't you hungry?

Zeke eyes the food on their plates with trepidation.

ZEKE

Not particularly.

MARTHA

You worried about your brother?

ZEKE

That's it.

MARTHA

Isn't there anything you can do?

ZEKE

Don't you think I'm doing everything I can? Don't you think if there were a way I could get him out of this I'd be doing it?

MARTHA

I'm sorry, Zeke. I'm just worried about him. He's not like Ed. Ed's capable of anything, but I know Andy, and he just wouldn't do something like this.

ZEKE

Sweetheart, he's my brother, and I love him. But ultimately it's gonna come down to how bad he wants to save himself.

MARTHA

What's that supposed to mean?

SALLY

Why you crying, Mommy?

MARTHA

Mommy's not crying, Sally, don't worry.

ZEKE

(beat)

Hey Sally, what do you say you and I take a ride in the cruiser?

SALLY

Really?

ZEKE

Really.

SALLY

Can I make the lights go woo woo?

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Zeke and Sally drive down main street. He's in the midst of a full blown rant, and Sally is staring up at him, attempting to follow.

ZEKE

I'm just so sick and tired of it, Sal. All my life I've tried to do the right thing, to play by the rules. But everyone else seems to think they can just do whatever the hell they feel like without any repercussions whatsoever. What's the point of being the only clean person in a town that's completely dirty?

SALLY

When I'm dirty my mom gives me a bath.

ZEKE

Yeah, well, I guess that's what I'm doing, Sally. I'm giving this town a bath.

SALLY

Bath time!

Sally starts flicking the police lights on and off.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Bath time! Woo woo woo woo...

Zeke glances down at Sally and actually allows himself a small smile.

EXT./INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The police car idles outside a small house, its colored lights flashing. Zeke HONKS the HORN and then removes a cup of yogurt and a banana from a paper bag.

SALLY

I thought you wasn't hungwee.

ZEKE

I'm very hungwee.

SALLY

Then why didn't you eat mommy's bwefest?

ZEKE

Because if I ate mommy's breakfast I'd be a fat fucking bastard like everybody else around here.

Sally giggles, not really understanding, and out the front door of the house ambles Reed, who makes his way around to the passenger seat and finds Sally sitting inside flicking the lights on and off. The tension is visible in Reed's face and neck as he removes his hat and scratches his chin. He does a shorter, less elaborate version of the dance of despair he did on Friday.

REED

Hey there, Sally.

SALLY

Hey there, faf fucking bastid.

REED

Nice, Zeke. Real nice.

ZEKE

(eating the banana)

You mind if we drop her off at school on the way out of town?

REED

Mind? Why ever would I mind?

INT. BURTON HOUSE - FRONT HALL - LATE MORNING

Steph is standing in front of the coat closet. She's looking for something, although it appears she's not even sure what. She takes out an umbrella, weighs it in her hand and then puts it back. Ditto a baseball bat. Eventually she settles on a clothes iron.

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The car pulls up in front of a school and Sally jumps out and races up the path. The car pulls away from the curb.

REED

Zeke, I swear to God.

ZEKE

Quiet down you fat fucking bastard or I'll run the siren.

REED

(beat)

You really think I'm fat?

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Dawkins' attention is still focused on the TV, which is now airing footage of a crime-scene.

NEWS ANCHOR

Police aren't saying much about this latest killing, and what the victim, Chris Morrow, was doing at the Carriage House Inn at the time of his death. They have, however, identified the two remaining suspects in the First Mackey Bank robbery, Ed Burton and Andrew Sikes, as the chief suspects in the Morrow murder.

While the news anchor talks, Dawkins picks up his phone, punches in a number and puts the phone to his ear.

The news sends a chill down your spine, as we can now see in the most graphic way possible, that Tuesday's dramatic shoot-out at the F.M.B. is anything but over. As for the vict --

Dawkins mutes the set.

DAWKINS

Listen hombre, you've got to come get this bag faster than pronto. You've got to get this bag out of here, give me that tape and then get lost to wherever the hell you're planning to get lost to and don't tell me where that is because I don't want to know. Just get over here and get me out of this. I'm done with this, you hear me? Done.

Dawkins flips the phone closed and immediately reaches for another cigarette, forgetting the lit one that dangles from his mouth.

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR - EARLY AFTERNOON

Zeke is closing his cell phone. Reed is still in the back seat.

REED

Martha?

ZEKE

Yeah, fried chicken tonight.

REED

That'll hit the spot.

ZEKE

Fat chance. Honestly, I don't know how you people do it.

REED

You people?

The cruiser pulls off the road and into the parking lot of a seedy motel. They pull up to the yellow-taped perimeter of a full blown crime scene, and are immediately met by Kyle and Kurt. They take one look at Reed in the back seat and start chortling.

KURT

Imagine that, the bad guy was a cop!

KYLE

That's why they always send in the Feds. You just can't trust the locals.

REED

Hardy har har.

ZEKE

What do you think, fellas, should we give him a fair trial or just shoot him and dump him in the lake?

KURT

Shoot him.

KYLE

Definitely.

Reed flashes them the finger, as Zeke pulls the car into a spot and gets out, releasing Reed a moment later.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

Stephanie stands in front of the slightly ajar door between the kitchen and living room. Balancing on the door above her head is the iron, pointy-end facing towards the door frame. Steph takes a deep breath, then looks up as she kicks the door closed. The iron is forced from its perch and collides violently with Steph's face before tumbling to the floor. She howls in pain.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Zeke steps under the yellow police tape, followed closely by Reed, Kyle and Kurt.

ZEKE

What's the story?

KURT

Cleaning lady found him this morning.
Looks like our bank bandits had a dispute
over how to split the proceeds.

KYLE

Or never planned to split 'em with this
guy.

Zeke heads for the room, stopping briefly to exchange greetings with a few of the LOCAL OFFICERS who were first on the scene. Kurt and Kyle follow behind him, as does Reed, looking more than a little overwhelmed.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The room is dingy, a typical roadside motel that hasn't been renovated since the 80's. There are a couple of queen-sized beds, a table and chairs, a TV, etc. At the back of the room is a sink in front of a mirrored wall, to the left of which is the door to the toilet and shower. Stopping at the front door, Zeke takes a quick glance at the bolt and latch from inside the room.

ZEKE

No sign of forced entry?

KURT

Nah. Whoever it was, knew this guy.

They step further into the room and see CHRIS MORROW lying on the floor in a pool of blood. Morrow is in his early thirties, slim and very dead. He's wearing boots, a pair of slacks and a sweatshirt. Reed takes one look at the body and turns around and heads back out the door.

KURT (CONT'D)

Your partner doesn't seem too comfortable
around bodies.

ZEKE

Yeah, well, we knew the guy.

KYLE
You seem alright, though.

ZEKE
Yeah, well, I knew the guy.

KURT
Meaning?

ZEKE
Meaning I can't say I'm too surprised.
The kid was a little slow. Got his brain
fried in a Meth lab explosion a few years
back.

KURT
This the same blow-up that landed Ed
Burton in the pen?

ZEKE
That's the one.

KURT
So that ties them together. But what
about --

ZEKE
My brother?

KURT
Yeah. You said he knew the other two
well.

ZEKE
Like I said, everybody knows everybody
well. We all went to the same high
school and played on the same football
team. Shit, a few of us even dated the
same girls.

(beat)

But there's something else. Andy was the
prosecutor in the case against Ed and
Chris.

KURT
Your brother is the fucking prosecutor?

ZEKE
He was. There was a pretty good scandal
after Ed's trial on account of him
getting such a light sentence.

(MORE)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Nobody ever proved anything, but a rumor went around that Ed paid Andy to drop the reckless manslaughter charge.

KURT

Who got manslaughtered? The file said he only got rung up on Meth charges.

ZEKE

When the lab exploded, Ed's son was killed in the blast.

KURT

Jesus.

ZEKE

Anyway, come the next election, my brother got less than 10% of the vote.

KURT

You think your brother took the money?

ZEKE

I --

KYLE

(leaning over the body)

What the focaccia? Is that what I think it is?

The three men huddle over Burton's corpse.

ZEKE

Sure looks like it.

KURT

What the hell is that about?

Reed steps into the room, and stands facing the far wall, his eyes as far away from Chris' body as possible.

REED

I just got a call from Steph Burton.

KURT

Ed Burton's wife?

REED

She says Ed just came and went.

ZEKE

Shit.

Everyone but Kyle immediately heads for the door.

KYLE

Really? Nobody else is curious why this
guy's got his cock out?

INT. BURTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Zeke and Reed sit on a cheap couch opposite Steph. The two FBI men nose around the dilapidated house, listening to the conversation, but allowing Zeke to take the lead. There is a huge welt forming below Steph's right eye, to which she's applying an ice pack.

ZEKE

He didn't say where he was heading?

STEPH

No.

ZEKE

He just came back here to get his
clothes?

STEPH

He wanted me to go with him.

ZEKE

And you said no.

STEPH

I said no.

ZEKE

(beat)

You expect us to believe that Ed showed
up here with three million dollars in
cash and you told him to get lost?

STEPH

Have you seen my face? I called you,
remember.

Zeke shrugs, as if to say, fair point.

ZEKE

Steph, listen, I know you're cooperating
with us here. I just need to make
something clear: If there's anything
you're not telling us, anything at all,
you can wind up getting dragged into all
this as an accessory after the fact.

(MORE)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

And because you got both state and federal officers involved it means everything gets multiplied by two.

STEPH

I don't understand.

ZEKE

You see you've got state crimes, and you've got federal crimes. Instead of one count accessory after the fact, you get two. Instead of one count obstruction of justice, you get two.

STEPH

But I didn't do anything.

ZEKE

I know it doesn't seem fair, but that's how it goes. We've got a dead body in a county that doesn't get dead bodies. We've got a cop with a bullet lodged in his shoulder. This is a big deal. If it turns out you're lying, or even if it turns out you were simply hiding something, no matter what Reed or I think is just, you're gonna end up doing time.

STEPH

How much time?

KYLE

(sensing the moment is right
for some bad cop)

Long enough so you come out a different person, maybe lose some of those girlish good looks. Maybe come out an old lady. Maybe not come out at all.

STEPH

(to Zeke)

Is he for real?

Zeke shoots Kyle a withering look.

ZEKE

Steph, listen --

STEPH

No you listen, he'll kill me.

ZEKE

Nobody's killing anybody.

STEPH

Tell that to Chris Morrow.

ZEKE

Let me rephrase that. The best way for nobody else to get killed is for you to tell us everything you know.

STEPH

You're not gonna leave me out here by myself again are you?

ZEKE

No. That was my fault, and I apologize. It won't happen again.

STEPH

(long beat and a deep breath)
He's going to Mexico. He's got a friend down in Zihuatanejo who said he'd put him up.

ZEKE

You're sure about this?

STEPH

Positive. He's leaving tomorrow.

ZEKE

Why tomorrow?

STEPH

He said he had one more thing to take care of, but don't ask me what because I don't know. Ed isn't much into discussing business with me.

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - AFTERNOON

The four men are gathered on the front lawn.

KURT

What do you think?

REED

I don't know. What's the one more thing?

ZEKE

Could be Andy.

KURT

You don't think they're together?

ZEKE

I've never thought they were together. I think Ed planned to rip those guys off from moment one.

KURT

So what do we do now?

Zeke's CELL PHONE RINGS and he answers.

ZEKE

Sikes... Hang on a sec.

Zeke silently excuses himself, then steps around to the side of the house. He doesn't speak until he's safely out of earshot.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Where are you?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

Andy stands in a phone booth outside of a Texaco station. He's wearing a hat pulled down low, and a pair of mirrored sunglasses.

ANDY

Mexico. You should check it out some time. The beaches are amazing. Drinks can be a bit pricey though.

ZEKE (V.O.)

Gosh, I'd love to, but I'm kinda busy right now hunting down my brother.

ANDY

Don't bother. Like I said, I'm in Mexico.

ZEKE (V.O.)

Just tell me why Andy? What the hell were you thinking?

ANDY

What was I thinking? I don't know if you noticed, but I'm ruined. I've been hawking life insurance and doing quickie divorces from a second floor office.

ZEKE (V.O.)

Perhaps you should have thought about that before you took a bribe from a child-killer.

ANDY

I told you man, I didn't do it.

ZEKE (V.O.)

Really, Andy? After everything that's happened your still gonna lie to me?

ANDY

(beat)

What do you want me to say?

ZEKE (V.O.)

I want to you admit that you traded a little boy's life for a fancy car.

ANDY

Oh, please, Z. You make it sound so simple.

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Zeke stands by himself on the side of the house.

ZEKE

Yes or no, Andy?

ANDY (V.O.)

What about Judge Dawkins? Nobody cares that he signed off on the deal?

ZEKE

We're not talking about Judge Dawkins, we're talking about you. Yes or no?

ANDY (V.O.)

Yes. You happy now?

ZEKE

(beat)

Andy, you need to turn yourself in.

ANDY (V.O.)

Are you out of your mind? I can't turn myself in, especially now that Chris is dead. That's fucking felony-murder.

ZEKE

Jesus, Andy. We were supposed to be the good guys. Me, the cop, and you, the prosecutor.

ANDY (V.O.)

Yeah, Hick Law and Order, right?

(beat)

Listen, keep an eye on my daughter for me. You were always better with her anyway.

ZEKE

Andy, think about what you're saying. How can you abandon your child?

ANDY (V.O.)

What do want me to say? The whole kid thing. I just never really got it.

ZEKE

Well get this: I can't get you out of this. Either you turn yourself in or suffer the consequences.

Zeke snaps the phone shut, gathers himself and then returns to the front of the house, where he finds Reed standing by himself.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Where'd the Feds go?

REED

They're gonna go check up a lead on some old barn out behind the Metcamp property. Apparently someone just found the Coup DeVille.

ZEKE

Can't imagine they'll find much out there, but I suppose we don't have much else to go on.

REED

We ain't got squat.

ZEKE

Let's have the Feds camp out here for the night, in case Ed gets any bright ideas about coming back at Steph again. Better to have two guys he won't recognize.

REED
Makes sense. That Martha on the phone?

ZEKE
Yeah, Sloppy Joes tonight.

REED
Sounds delish, except this morning you told me she was making Fried Chicken.

ZEKE
Look at you getting all 5-0 on me.

REED
Was that your brother?

ZEKE
You really want to know?

REED
I just want to make sure you're not getting yourself in a tight spot.

ZEKE
Reed, how long've we known each other?

REED
That ain't the point. Blood is blood.

ZEKE
Exactly, blood is blood. Let's just leave it at that.

REED
(beat)
Where to then?

ZEKE
Back to the motel, see if they turned up anything that might explain why Andy and Ed still haven't split town.

REED
Let's do it.

The two men turn and head for the patrol car.

REED (CONT'D)
So, which is it, fried chicken or Sloppy Joes?

ZEKE
Doesn't matter. Either way it's shit.

Stephanie emerges from the house wearing a large pair of sunglasses that somewhat obscures her swollen face.

REED

Something we can do for you, Steph?

STEPH

Would it be too much trouble for you boys to accompany me to the cemetery? I'd like to bring Ed, Jr. some fresh flowers.

ZEKE

No trouble at all.

REED

(to Zeke)

What about the motel?

ZEKE

It can wait.

(to Steph)

Hop in.

Zeke holds the passenger open for Steph, not paying any attention to Reed, who looks less than thrilled about returning to the backseat.

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Zeke pulls the car in through the cemetery gate and pulls over a short distance up the hill.

STEPH

Thanks for the lift.

ZEKE

(unbuckling his seat belt)

We can't very well leave you stranded here can we?

REED

What about --

ZEKE

I said it could wait.

Zeke lets himself out of the car and walks around the hood to where Steph is waiting for him. Reed slides over to that side of the car, expecting to be released, then watches helplessly as Zeke offers Steph his elbow and escorts her to her son's unseen grave.

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

Dawkins sits on his plush, four-poster bed. He holds the phone in his hand, but looks unsure what to do with it. He puts it back on the cradle and then immediately retrieves it and dials a number.

DAWKINS

It's me... Listen baby don't hang up. I know I said I'd never to call you again. But I could really use some company right now... Wait, don't hang up. I'll pay... I know you're not a whore. I wasn't implying... I wasn't implying anything. I'm just desperate is... A thousand dollars? Are you insane?... No, you're right. A thousand is fine. Just get over here... I'll leave the back door open for you as usual.

INT. SIKES HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Zeke sits at the kitchen table along with Sally as they await the serving of Martha's home fried chicken. She plunks a few pieces of deep-fried bird onto Zeke's plate and he offers up a mangled attempt at enthusiasm.

He gets to work cutting through the tough meat, and after finally breaking through the tendon or cartilage or something similarly horrible he makes a show of popping a piece into his mouth.

ZEKE

It's very good.

MARTHA

Well, thank you, Ezekiel. That's awful kind of you to say. Isn't that nice of him to say, Sally?

When she turns to Sally, Zeke disgustedly spits the food from his mouth into the sling holding his wounded arm in place. Sally laughs.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

What's so funny, little miss giggles?

Zeke tips his plate and shovels another fork-load into his sling. Sally giggles some more.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I tell you, sometimes I just don't know what to do with this one.

SALLY

Are you going to be my new daddy?

This comment nearly makes Martha spit up her food, but Zeke isn't the slightest bit rattled.

ZEKE

Listen here, Sally, your daddy is going to be home safe and sound before you know it, don't you worry.

SALLY

If you say so.

ZEKE

I do say so. Now eat your chicken so you can grow up to be big and strong like your daddy, not small and weak like your uncle Zeke, okay?

SALLY

Okay.

MARTHA

I tell you Zeke. You sure are a marvel with the little ones. Why haven't you settled down and made one of your own?

A long beat. Zeke looks downright wistful.

ZEKE

As a matter of fact, I had a child --

As Zeke is answering, Sally takes a fistful of chicken and throws it down her shirt.

MARTHA

Sally Ann Sikes, what in God's name do you think you're doing?

While Martha yells at Sally, Zeke dumps more food into his sling, which sets Sally off laughing and throwing more food down her own shirt.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

On second thought, consider yourself lucky.

EXT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Andy comes up through the back hedges of the neighbor directly behind Dawkins' sprawling grounds. He stays close to the bushes along the side of the house before darting over to the back door. Once there, he raises the butt of a handgun to smash one of the panes of the door, then hesitates. He tries the knob and it opens.

ANDY
(under his breath)
Unbelievable.

He lets himself in and shuts the door quietly behind him.

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Dawkins and a NAKED BOY sit on Dawkins' bed. Naked Boy is in his mid teens, is twenty pounds underweight, and his hair is dyed bright blue. He's smoking methamphetamine out of a glass pipe, while Dawkins' massages his feet.

NAKED BOY
(exhaling grandly)
I tell you, this is better than anything that degenerate Ed ever cooked up.

DAWKINS
You're beautiful, you know that?

NAKED BOY
(ignoring Dawkins' come on)
Ed's such a two-bit hustler. He used to cut his dope with MSM, Lexapro, you name it, he used it.

He takes another hit.

NAKED BOY (CONT'D)
But this stuff. For a thousand bucks I went straight to the Magic Man.

DAWKINS
Can I have a kiss?

NAKED BOY
If you want. You sure you're not still mad at me?

DAWKINS

I was never mad at you. You were young and needed money. You saw an opportunity and took it. I was mad at myself for being weak.

NAKED BOY

You could have fooled me. I thought --

Naked Boy is interrupted by a loud GURGLING emanating from his bowels.

DAWKINS

What's the matter?

NAKED BOY

Nothing. I just have to shit is all.

DAWKINS

How romantic.

NAKED BOY

Sorry, honey. It's not you, it's the drugs. Sometimes they just flush me right out.

Naked boy hops up and hustles into the bathroom. Two seconds after he closes the door, Andy strolls confidently into the bedroom holding a gun.

DAWKINS

Andy? What the hell are you doing here?

ANDY

(pointing the gun at Dawkins)
I want the money.

DAWKINS

Who told you I had the money?

ANDY

A little birdie.

DAWKINS

Well the little birdie lied.

CUT TO:

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Naked Boy sits on the toilet listening, straining to hold in a turd that the drugs are forcing out of his body.

ANDY (O.S.)

Don't play fucking dumb with me, Dawkins.
This gun is loaded.

DAWKINS (O.S.)

I don't have the money, Andy.

CUT TO:

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Andy looks around the room for the bag.

ANDY

Really? You haven't seen Ed recently?

DAWKINS

I'm afraid you've been misinformed.

ANDY

You should be afraid I'll shoot you in --

Andy finds the bag of money under the bed.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Under the bed? You didn't think I'd find
the money under the goddamn bed?

DAWKINS

Andy, think about what you're doing. Ed
will kill you, you know that?

ANDY

Fuck Ed. He should be worried about me
killing him. You know, I should have
figured you two would find a way to screw
me over a second time.

DAWKINS

It wasn't like that Andy. What did you
expect me to do?

ANDY

You could have tried to help me.

DAWKINS

It was all I could do to save myself.
You know how it is, once the lynch mob
gathers there's gonna be a hanging. It
just happened to be you instead of me.

ANDY

I still don't get it Dawkins. Why are you doing all this?

DAWKINS

None of your business.

ANDY

You've got money, a career... Hell, I heard a rumor you were planning a run for the Senate. What does Ed have on you?

DAWKINS

Enough. He has enough.

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Naked Boy continues to hold it in. Sweat pours down his face. His whole body shakes. He's losing the battle.

ANDY (O.S.)

Well whatever it is, for you to stick your neck out like this it must be goddamn filthy.

DAWKINS (O.S.)

You have no idea.

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

ANDY

And you'd like to keep it that way.

BRAD

Exactly. Now, tell me, why are you doing this? You weren't disbarred. You still have your law office. You must be making some money.

ANDY

Some, not enough.

BRAD

Enough for what?

ANDY

Steph Burton.

BRAD

Oh, Andy. I'd be real careful with that Steph. She knows all the angles.

ANDY

Why? What do you know about --

Andy's sentence is interrupted by a GASTROINTESTINAL EXPLOSION emanating from the bathroom.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What the -- ? Who's in there?

DAWKINS

Nobody.

ANDY

Is that Ed? I'll kill the motherfucker.

DAWKINS

(reaching to restrain Andy)
It's not Ed. Andy, I'm begging you,
don't open that door.

ANDY

Get your damn hands off me.

Dawkins falls to his knees.

DAWKINS

Please, Andy, I'm on my knees. Let's
talk about this. Once you open that door
there's no going back.

Andy looks at Dawkins, and then looks back at the door. He simply can't help himself. He throws open the door and sees Naked Boy shitting his brains out.

ANDY

What the fuck?

Dawkins clobbers Andy over the head with a lamp and then leaps on top of him. While Naked Boy looks on from the thrown, the two men roll around, struggling, until a MUFFLED SHOT goes off between the two men. Andy gets to his feet, and Dawkins lies mortally wounded on the floor.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.

The TOILET FLUSHES, and Andy turns to the boy.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Get the hell out here.

The kid nervously gets up and walks into the bedroom.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Get on your knees.

Naked Boy kneels and Andy points the gun at his head.

NAKED BOY

Please, I won't say anything, I swear.

ANDY

That's what everybody says.

NAKED BOY

Oh Jesus, you've done this before?

ANDY

No. I just don't... I don't see how I can believe you.

NAKED BOY

Please, you've got to believe me.

ANDY

Shut up and turn around.

NAKED BOY

Please, I'm just a kid.

ANDY

I said shut up.

Andy is pointing the gun at Naked Boy's head but he can't pull the trigger.

NAKED BOY

What's happening?

ANDY

Would you just shut up?

Andy points the gun again, and then drops it to his side once more.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Put his dick away.

NAKED BOY

Excuse me?

ANDY

Would you put Dawkins' goddamn dick away?
It's distracting.

Naked Boy tucks Dawkins' dick between his legs.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Not like that.

NAKED BOY

Like what? Just tell me what you want me to do with his dick, okay?

ANDY

Forget his fucking dick. Shit.
(beat)
Just get the hell out of here.

NAKED BOY

Really?

ANDY

If you say one goddamn word I swear to god I'll kill you.

Naked Boy has heard enough, and grabbing his clothes in a bundle, he leaps toward the door, then stops, doubles back and grabs the remaining Meth off of Dawkins' serving tray.

NAKED BOY

I was never here.

Naked Boy flutters out the door and Andy hoists the bag over his shoulder. He's momentarily taken aback by its weight, and then heads out of the bedroom.

EXT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Andy lets himself out the door and make his way across the back lawn, leaving the door wide open behind him and a set of footprints that lead in the opposite direction of the one's just left by Naked Boy.

INT. KYLE AND KURT'S FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

The two of them are parked outside of the Burton house. They sit in the dark with cups of coffee and empty Taco Bell wrappers in their laps. We can see Steph's sultry silhouette through the sheer curtains of her bedroom window.

KURT

Dude, I'm just not into that.

KYLE

You're lying.

KURT

I'm not lying, I'm just not into it.

KYLE

You're telling me you wouldn't fuck a midget, even if she was as hot as Steph Burton.

KURT

I'm telling you if she was a midget, she wouldn't be as hot. The whole question is flawed.

KYLE

Bigot.

KURT

I'm a bigot because I'm not into midgets?

Kurt fishes in one of the bags for another taco.

KURT (CONT'D)

Shit, did they forget my Chalupa?

While his gaze is averted, we see a sobbing Naked Boy, still holding his clothes in a scrunched up ball, come trotting across one front lawn, across the street in front of the Fed's car and across another lawn, where he disappears into their backyard.

KYLE

What the fuck was that?

KURT

What?

KYLE

The naked kid!

KURT

What naked kid? I was looking for my Chalupa.

KYLE

You didn't just see a blue-haired naked kid sobbing like his dog just died?

KURT

No, I told you, I was looking for my Chalupa.

KYLE

Fuck your fucking Chalupa, a bummed out crackhead just streaked us.

KURT

Maybe you ought to lay off the hot sauce.

EXT. SIKES HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Andy arrives at his house, the house he wakes up in the next morning. He pushes the duffel bag through an unlocked basement window and then slides in after it.

INT. SIKES HOUSE - BASEMENT - REC ROOM

Andy drags the bag across the room.

INT. SIKES HOUSE - BASEMENT - LAUNDRY ROOM

He drags the bag into the laundry room where he collapses, face up, his chest and arms covered in blood.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMLAND - ESTABLISHING - EARLY MORNING

We see a vast valley of croplless farmland, dotted with occasional farm houses and barns. A beat-up blue Coup De Ville is parked behind an ancient oak tree.

INT. COUP DE VILLE

Andy Sikes and Chris Morrow are asleep inside the car. Chris has a close cropped crew-cut and a boyish face. He sleeps with his mouth open, possibly so he doesn't forget to breath, and his wallet is chained to a belt-loop, which is fashion by necessity. He wears a jeans/jeans-jacket combo.

He wakes with a start, sucking in a massive breath.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE OVER:

WEDNESDAY

INT. COUP DE VILLE - MOMENTS LATER

Chris examines his surroundings and something clearly disappoints him: possibly memories of the previous evening. Opting not to wake his passenger, he starts the engine and drives thirty feet down the dusty road, then puts the car in reverse and backs up to exactly where he started from and kills the engine. He turns his attention to Andy.

CHRIS
(very quietly)
Chirp chirp.

Andy doesn't budge.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(a little louder)
Chirp chirp.

Still nothing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(insanely loud)
Brawwwk! Brawwwk!

Andy lurches forward in his seat and slams his head on the windshield, while Chris very poorly pretends he's just waking up himself.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(yawning and starting the engine)
Hey, what's the plan?

ANDY
Jesus, give me a moment here, huh?

Chris nods and takes his hand off the gear stick. Andy rubs his head and blinks his eyes a few times. Yawns. Moves his tongue around his parched mouth. Chris watches his every move intently.

ANDY (CONT'D)
What?

CHRIS
What happened last night?

ANDY
What do you mean, what happened?
(beat)
Ed fucked us, that's what happened.

CHRIS
Why?

ANDY
I could give you three million reasons
why, except Ed has all of them.

CHRIS
Ed wouldn't do that.

ANDY
Chris, I know you're not right in the
head, but c'mon. You can't say Ed
wouldn't do that immediately after Ed
just fucking did that.

CHRIS
No way.

ANDY
Christ, you're stupid.

CHRIS
Don't call me stupid.

ANDY
Don't be stupid.

CHRIS
(beat)
What do we do now?

ANDY
Turn on the radio.

Chris turns on the radio. He flicks through a few
stations until he hits a song he likes.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I meant the news, you fucking retard.

Chris flips over to AM and finds a news station.

RADIO NEWS ANCHOR

...been identified as Edward Burton, Chris Morrow and Andrew Sikes. All three are to be considered armed and dangerous. Sheriff Ezekiel Sikes, stationed at the bank overnight, was shot and wounded as he attempted to foil the robbery. Officer Sikes was treated at the scene for a gunshot wound to the shoulder.

CHRIS

Ed shot Zeke?

ANDY

This is a catastrophe.

Andy gets out of the car. Chris jumps out as well.

EXT. FARMLAND

CHRIS

Where are you going?

ANDY

I'm going to talk to my brother.

CHRIS

Are you nuts? He's the one who ratted us out.

ANDY

We don't know that.

CHRIS

Who else could it be?

ANDY

Gee Chris, I don't know, maybe it was the cops who pulled us over for speeding half a mile from the goddamn bank?

CHRIS

We were making a getaway.

Andy shakes his head and heads off down the road.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Why don't I drive you to your brother?

ANDY

Listen cockbrain, you need to get your shit together. This car is blazing hot right now. You need to ditch it.

CHRIS

Ditch it where?

ANDY

Anywhere. Stash it one of these barns.

CHRIS

I can do that.

(beat)

Then what?

Andy seems close to shooting Chris, but he takes a deep breath and gathers himself.

ANDY

Okay. Stash the car in one of the barns, and then don't do anything. Just stay where you are until tonight and then meet me behind Rudy's Junkyard at ten o'clock. By then I should have more of an idea what's going on.

CHRIS

Stash the car, then Rudy's at ten.

ANDY

You got a watch?

CHRIS

(showing him)

Sure.

ANDY

Can you read it?

CHRIS

It's digital.

ANDY

Rudy's at ten.

CHRIS

Rudy's at ten.

ANDY

And if you get caught, you don't know anything.

CHRIS
That won't be a problem.

Andy looks at Chris and then smiles.

ANDY
You're not all the way gone, are you
Chris?

CHRIS
Not yet, no.

Andy turns and heads off down the road, and Chris gets
back in the car.

INT. ZEKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Zeke sits at a small round table in a Spartan kitchen.
There are no photos on the fridge, no pictures on the
walls. Nothing to indicate this is the place he calls
home. Through the doorway to the living room we see a
treadmill, a set of weights and a bench. Beside the
exercise equipment are a few piles of books.

Zeke is reading the local paper, the front page of which
reads: "Three Men Rob First Mackey Bank: Sheriff Wounded
in Gun Battle."

ZEKE
(with a snort)
Gun battle.

While he reads the paper, Zeke meticulously cleans a pair
of disassembled police-issue Glock 22 pistols. He scrubs
one of the barrels with cleaning fluid and a toothbrush
and winces at a sharp report of pain in his shoulder. He
gets up and walks over to the kitchen counter, where he
retrieves a needle and a bottle.

Zeke draws the liquid into the needle and injects it into
his arm. The bottle reads: "Lidocaine."

Zeke removes the needle and flexes his shoulder, this
time without much of a reaction.

EXT. ETHINGTON HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Reed stands on his front porch, scanning the streets and
checking his watch.

He sees the Sheriff's patrol car approaching and puts his arms up as if to say, 'Where ya been?' Reed lumbers down the steps and approaches the passenger door, only to find it occupied by Steph Burton. Reed smiles, rolls his eyes and shakes his head ever so slightly. Out of both Steph's sight, he shoots Zeke the finger and then hops in back.

ZEKE

Sorry I'm late. I saw Steph on her way to the cemetery and figured I might as well offer her a lift, rather than go sit in front of an empty house.

REED

No worries. Morning Steph. How you holding up?

STEPH

Like the idiot wife of an ex-con who just shot a cop and split town.
(as insincerely as possible)
How're you doin'?

REED

(mimicking her insincerity)
I'm doin fine, thanks for askin.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

Steph sits on a couch talking to Reed. Zeke stands in the hallway staring out the front windows of the house.

STEPH

All he said was he was gonna be home late. He didn't say why.

REED

And you didn't ask why?

STEPH

Sure I asked. Lot of good that did.

REED

Had you noticed him acting different lately?

STEPH

Different how? Like did I see him with a bunch of his scum bag friends sitting around the kitchen table going over the blueprints of the local bank, talking about how they were gonna rob it?

REED
Yeah, like that.

STEPH
No.

Zeke sees a tan sedan pull up slowly in front of the house.

ZEKE
Be back in a sec.

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Zeke watches from the porch as Kyle and Kurt step out of the sedan, straighten their pants, realign their sunglasses.

ZEKE
(under his breath)
Fuckin noobs.

KURT
I take it you're Sheriff Sikes?

ZEKE
Zeke.

KURT
How's the shoulder, Zeke?

ZEKE
It hurts.

KURT
I'm sure it does. My name's Kurt
Biltmore and this here's Kyle Walker.

ZEKE
Kyle. Kurt.
(beat)
I hear you boys are fresh from the
academy.

KYLE
Our reputations precede us.

ZEKE
If I might have the first word?

KURT
By all means.

KYLE

Have at it.

ZEKE

Fellas, this here's a local matter. It's a local crime, committed by locals, against locals. Shit, as I'm sure you already know, one of the guys involved is my goddamn brother. In high school, we all played on the same football team. We all know each other. So I assure you, nobody is going to be better equipped to catch these guys than my partner Reed and I. And nobody is going to be better equipped to catch these guys without further bloodshed than Reed and I.

As if to emphasize his local copness, Zeke turns his head and spits a loogie in the dirt.

That said, this is a local matter. Nobody here is gunning for headlines or promotions or anything like that. When it comes time to make arrests, you guys can feel free to take every ounce of credit. Hell, I'd prefer it. Trust me, I don't want to have anything to do with arresting my own brother. So if you guys are willing to take a bit of a back seat on this investigation, Reed and I'll gladly paint you the heroes.

(beat)

How's that sound?

KURT

Our turn?

ZEKE

You bet.

KURT

(to Kyle)

May I?

KYLE

By all means.

KURT

Zeke, I appreciate your being frank with us, and I'm gonna go ahead and return the favor -- and go ahead and stop me if I say something that rubs you the wrong way, okay?

(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Now, I know what happened last night is a very big deal around these parts, but as far as the Bureau's concerned, this ain't exactly 9/11: Part-two. That's why they sent the new guys. If it wasn't for the fact that the bank was federally insured, there's no way in hell we'd be down here messing around in your affairs.

(beat)

So if you were expecting a couple of grizzled FBI bad-asses to come charging in here and giving you the high hat, well, I suppose you're gonna be happily mistaken. And if I may be so bold as to speak for my partner, who I've only gotten to know on the drive down from HQ, I think your arrangement sounds just about perfect.

KYLE

Amen.

ZEKE

Well, then. Sounds like we all ought to get along just fine.

Reed comes out the front door and makes his way over.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Reed Ethington, I'd like you to meet the two gentlemen our government has sent down here to assist us in our hour of need. Kyle Walker and Kurt Biltmore.

Reed shakes the two men's hands.

REED

Gentlemen, it's a pleasure.

ZEKE

What's the good word?

REED

Ah, she don't know shit. Says Ed left here same as always yesterday morning. Said he'd be home late, but that's apparently par for the course.

ZEKE

Well, I figured. If she was in on it with him I reckon she'd be holed up wherever he is.

(beat)

(MORE)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Let's head over to Morrow's place. If any of 'em are dumb enough to head home it'd have to be Chris.

They make their way to their respective cars.

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Zeke and Reed are in Zeke's cruiser.

REED

Those two seem like decent fellas.

ZEKE

A little green, don't you think?

REED

Everybody's green at some point.

ZEKE

I'm just worried they're gonna pull some cowboy shit and get somebody killed.

Zeke's CELL PHONE GOES OFF, and he picks it up.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Sikes... Oh, hey Martha.

EXT. TEXACO STATION - PHONE BOOTH - SECONDS LATER

Andy is standing in the phone booth in his hat and sunglasses disguise.

ANDY

I know you can't talk, so just hear me out. I don't know what happened in that bank last night, but I had no idea Ed was gonna do anything crazy. I swear to god it wasn't supposed to be like that. If you'd been hurt, I mean really hurt, I would have fucking killed myself. Do you hear me? I would have taken a gun and blown my own fucking head off.

ZEKE (V.O.)

Take it easy, Martha, take it easy. It's very upsetting. I'm very, very upset. But Andy's gonna be fine. I'll make sure of it.

ANDY

Zeke, brother, that is music to my ears. I knew you'd understand. Listen, you gotta clue me in as to what's going on. Where's Ed?

ZEKE (V.O.)

I promise, as soon as I hear anything you'll be the first to know. Now, I hate to do this to you Marth, but I can't really chat right now. How's about I swing by the house for dinner tonight?

ANDY

(cackling)

You? Eat Martha's cooking? That'll be the day.

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR - SECONDS LATER

Zeke pulls into a trailer park, and Reed sits quietly in the passenger seat.

ZEKE

Sounds delicious. I'll see ya then.

Zeke flips the phone shut and looks over at Reed.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

I figure I oughta spend some time over at Martha and Andy's. If Andy decides to show his mug at home I'd rather it was me there to greet him and not Kurt or Kyle.

REED

Zeke, I don't even know what to say.

ZEKE

Save your breath. I want to bring him in just like any other criminal.

REED

But he ain't any other criminal.

ZEKE

I'll tell you something Reed, he's worse than any other criminal. He's my brother and he should have known better. If he thinks he's bigger than the law... If he thinks he's bigger than right and wrong... Well, then God help him.

(beat)

(MORE)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Alright. Let's see what we can dig up at Chris' place.

Zeke pulls the car up to the most dishevelled trailer in the park. It lacks even the amenities that are standard on the other low-rent trailers, and it looks like one strong breeze would be enough to knock down the walls. Parked next to the trailer is a shiny red Porsche. The Feds park right behind Zeke's cruiser and step out.

KYLE

(whistling at the Porsche)

What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?

ZEKE

That's my brother's car.

KYLE

Your brother the bank robber drives a Porsche?

ZEKE

That would be a good example of where the local knowledge I was just talking about might come in handy.

REED

I'll say.

KURT

Care to elaborate?

ZEKE

It's complicated. First let's see what we find inside Morrow's place.

KYLE

Mice, I suspect. A raccoon or two. Maybe a sheep.

Zeke steps up the two stairs to the front door of the trailer and gives it a healthy rap with his fist.

ZEKE

You in there Chris?

There's no response. Zeke gives the door a couple more raps, then gingerly twists the doorknob and swings the door open. One by one they all step inside.

CHRIS (PRE-LAP)

Baaaa.

INT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Chris sits Indian-style in the corner of the barn. In front of Chris' legs sits an elaborate menagerie of farm animals constructed from hay and straw. Chris is currently manipulating one of the animals in the direction of another animal.

CHRIS

I said, baaaa, motherfucker.

Chris' barnyard dispute is interrupted by the ASCENDING JINGLE of a cheap CELL PHONE. It takes him a few RINGS to realize it's coming from his pocket. He retrieves the phone and stares at it for another two RINGS, unsure what to do, then opens the phone and puts it to his ear.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hello?

STEPH (V.O.)

Chris, it's Steph.

CHRIS

Steph? What the hell do you want?

STEPH (V.O.)

Where are you?

CHRIS

Like I'd tell you. I shouldn't even have picked up the phone.

STEPH (V.O.)

Listen, Ed called. He's in trouble.

CHRIS

No kidding he's in trouble. Andy says he screwed us over.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

Steph walks through the cemetery holding a bouquet.

STEPH

It's not true. Zeke gave him trouble.

CHRIS (V.O.)

What kind of trouble?

STEPH

He took a shot at him. Ed had to shoot him. After that, all hell broke loose and Ed made a break for it same as you guys.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Not the same as us cause he's the one with the money.

STEPH

Right, well, he wants to settle up. Split the cash and then we'll all go our separate ways.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Well I can't go nowhere until after I meet up with Andy at ten.

Steph arrives at her son's grave, which already has one fresh bouquet leaning against the small stone.

STEPH

No, Chris, just you. Ed doesn't trust that Andy won't do something stupid. But he can trust you right?

INT. BARN

Chris hasn't moved.

CHRIS

Of course he can trust me.

STEPH (V.O.)

Good, you have a pen?

CHRIS

I can remember.

STEPH (V.O.)

You sure?

CHRIS

I said I could remember.

STEPH (V.O.)

Nine o'clock at the Carriage House Inn off the interstate, okay? The Carriage House Inn.

CHRIS
Carriage House Inn.

STEPH (V.O.)
Nine o'clock.

CHRIS
Nine o'clock.

Chris flips the phone shut and draws the number nine in the dirt beneath his feet.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Carriage House Inn, 9 o'clock: Get the money. Rudy's Junkyard, 10 o'clock: Meet Andy. Carriage House Inn, 9 o'clock: Get the money. Rudy's Junkyard, 10 o'clock: Meet Andy.

INT. SIKES HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Zeke, Martha and Sally sit at the kitchen table. In front of them sit plates of some kind of food in stick form. They could be mozzarella sticks. They could be fish sticks. They could be almost anything. Beside the sticks sit a heavily mayonnaised heap of cole slaw and a blob of undercooked mac and cheese. It's the heart attack special. Zeke looks sick.

MARTHA
No appetite? I'm the other way. When things are going bad I just eat and eat and eat.

Zeke stares up at her with pure disgust.

SALLY
Where's daddy?

MARTHA
Daddy's working late tonight, sugarplum.
(to Zeke)
Anyway, there's obviously some mistake. Andy wouldn't get involved in anything like this. But what am I telling you for, you already know that because you're his darn brother.

ZEKE
Martha I saw him there with my own eyes.

MARTHA

Your eyes deceived you, plain and simple.

ZEKE

Oh yeah? Then where the hell's daddy?

MARTHA

He's working late, goddamn it.

Zeke takes a moment and settles himself.

ZEKE

I'm being insensitive.

MARTHA

That's okay, honey, I know you're upset too. How's your shoulder?

ZEKE

It hurts.

SALLY

What happened?

ZEKE

I fell down and bumped it on a tree.

SALLY

Well that was pretty silly.

ZEKE

I'm a pretty silly guy.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NINE O'CLOCK

A truck pulls into the parking lot and Chris jumps out. He steps over to the open passenger window.

CHRIS

Gracias, amigo.

The truck pulls away and Chris heads for the motel. He stops when realizes he doesn't know the room number.

We hear a WHISTLE, and Chris puts his hand over his eyes as if to shield them from the sun.

STEPH

(sotto voce)

Chris!

CHRIS
Yeah?

STEPH
Over here.

CHRIS
Who is it? Steph? Is that you?

STEPH
Shut up and get over here.

Chris nervously approaches the sound of Steph's voice. When he finally sees her he breaks into a relieved grin.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Steph ushers Chris into the room and releases the door, which butts up against the security bar, leaving it slightly ajar. On one of the beds is an open suitcase full of men's clothes, a newspaper and the green duffel bag bulging at the seams.

CHRIS
What's with the door?

STEPH
Ed stepped out to get some food and didn't take the key in case he got nabbed. He didn't want to lead them right to us.

CHRIS
That was smart.

STEPH
Ed's a smart guy.

Steph gives Chris a hug and a kiss.

STEPH (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you're okay!

CHRIS
You are?

STEPH
Sure I am. I was worried about you.

CHRIS
I thought maybe you hated me on account of what happened to Ed Jr.

STEPH

It was an accident, right?

CHRIS

Yes. A really terrible accident.
(noticing the duffel bag)
Is that what I think it is?

STEPH

You bet your ass.

He unzips the bag and pulls out two bricks of hundred dollar bills.

CHRIS

How much -- How much is it?

STEPH

A little over three million.

Now it's Chris' turn to hug Steph. He squeezes her and lifts her off her feet.

STEPH (CONT'D)

Not so tight, huh?

CHRIS

Sorry. I'm just excited. Do you think --
Do you think I could buy a new trailer
with my share?

STEPH

I think you could buy three.

Chris moves to pick Steph up again but she pushes him away.

STEPH (CONT'D)

Chris, hon, have you changed your clothes
since the robbery?

CHRIS

No. Why, do I smell?

She shows him the newspaper, the cover of which is dominated by stories about the crime.

STEPH

You might want to skip to the part about
what the suspects were last seen wearing.

CHRIS

Oh.

STEPH
How did you get here?

CHRIS
I hitched a ride.

STEPH
Jesus, Chris.

CHRIS
No it's okay, they were Spics.

STEPH
Spics don't read newspapers?

CHRIS
They're Spics. They can't read English.

STEPH
I apologize. I hadn't thought it all the way through. Here, put on something of Ed's.

She grabs him a shirt and a pair of pants from the open suitcase, and Chris takes off his jeans jacket. There's a gun tucked into his waistband. He moves to throw it on the bed and then thinks better of it.

STEPH (CONT'D)
It's okay, Chris, you're with friends.

He shrugs and tosses the gun, then changes into a pair of Ed's pants and a sweatshirt.

STEPH (CONT'D)
Where's Andy?

CHRIS
I don't know. He went to talk to his brother. I told him that was a stupid thing to do, Zeke being a cop and everything.

STEPH
(beat)
Listen, do you mind if I hop in the shower?

CHRIS
You want to take a shower?

STEPH
Yes.

CHRIS

Um, okay.

Steph smiles and promptly pulls off her top. Chris nearly shits himself, then whips his head around to face the other way. She steps into the bathroom and turns on the shower, then walks over to where Chris is standing.

STEPH

It's okay, Chris.

She unbuttons her jeans and putting a hand on Chris' shoulder, wriggles out of them. Chris turns his head slightly and looks at her. Steph steps backward toward the bathroom, unclasps her bra and lets it fall to the floor. By this point Chris is downright glacial he's so focused on her body. She slips out of her panties, sticks a hand under the water and then steps into the shower, neglecting to close either the bathroom door or the shower curtain.

CHRIS

When, um... When did you say Ed was coming back?

STEPH

(soaping her naked body)
At least half an hour. You literally just missed him.

Chris' knees buckle slightly as the blood abandons his damaged brain. His hand moves to his crotch. Steph smiles and he unzips his fly and pulls out his dick.

Steph plays into Chris' fantasy, her hands moving sensually over her body. As Chris' excitement level gradually increases, we see a figure appear in the large mirror behind the sinks. It's Dawkins.

We watch as Dawkins switches from confusion to fear. Spotting Chris' gun on the bedspread, he slowly moves toward the weapon. Just as he gets the gun in his hand, Chris sees him.

DAWKINS

Now don't do anything stupid son.

CHRIS

You calling me stupid?

DAWKINS

What? No, I'm --

CHRIS
Cause I ain't stupid.

DAWKINS
Relax, I was only --

CHRIS
I'm not stupid, man. I'm not.

Chris slowly walks towards Dawkins. It's unclear what his intentions are.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You people are always calling me names,
but you don't know me.

Dawkins backs away, the gun pointed right at Chris.

DAWKINS
Please, stay back. Don't make me do
this.

CHRIS
You don't know me. I was smart once.

Chris has Dawkins cornered behind one of the beds.

DAWKINS
Please, I'm begging you, don't do this.

Chris reaches for the gun, and actually gets hold of the side of it before Dawkins finally pulls the trigger. There's a BLAST, and a hole appears in Chris' chest, but he continues to reach for the GUN. Dawkins pulls the trigger TWICE more, and Chris collapses at his feet.

Steph turns off the shower and steps into the main room, where she quickly begins towelling herself off. Her naked body has no effect on Dawkins, who's gone pale as a ghost.

DAWKINS (CONT'D)
My god, what have I done?

STEPH
Boy oh boy, you sure picked the wrong guy
to ask not to do anything stupid.

DAWKINS
What have I done?

STEPH
You killed him, Judge.

DAWKINS

What was he doing here?

STEPH

Your guess is as good as mine. He must have followed me.

DAWKINS

Where's Ed? Where the fuck is Ed?

Dry, Steph hurriedly gets back into her clothes.

STEPH

Ed went underground. He can't risk being seen.

DAWKINS

Oh, God help me.

STEPH

Look, save your moral quandaries for later. Even in flea bags like this you can't just shoot people without attracting some attention.

DAWKINS

What about the tape?

STEPH

We'll give it to you when we come pick up the bag.

DAWKINS

What do you mean, pick up the bag?

STEPH

We need you to hold onto the money for a day or two, until things cool off a bit.

DAWKINS

No, no, no, no, no. Just give me the tape. Just give me the tape and leave me out of this.

STEPH

It's just a day or two, and then this will all be over.

DAWKINS

No. This has gone too far.

STEPH

Maybe Judge, but unless you want to spend the rest of your life in prison, I suggest you grab the bag and get the hell out of here.

DAWKINS

(pointing the gun at Steph)

Fuck you.

STEPH

And make sure your wife and kids aren't around for a few days. We want to keep this thing nice and simple, right?

DAWKINS

(dropping the gun to his hip)

Fuck you.

STEPH

Now go.

Steph snaps the suitcase closed and walks out the door. Dawkins finally snaps into self-preservation mode. He makes a failed attempt at picking up the bag, braces himself, and then manages to hoist the it off the bed. At the door, he flings back the security bar, flicks off the light and exits. The DOOR swings SHUT behind him.

EXT. RUDY'S JUNKYARD - ELEVEN O'CLOCK

Andy is standing behind the back fence of the junkyard.

ANDY

(checking his watch)

Fucking retard.

INT. DAWKINS HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The room is dark, but we can make out that Dawkins is attempting to squeeze the bag under the bed. It takes some doing, which wakes his wife.

DAWKINS' WIFE

Bradley, what the heck are you doing?

DAWKINS

Nothing. Go back to sleep, honey.

DAWKINS' WIFE

You're obviously doing something.

DAWKINS

It's a surprise.

DAWKINS' WIFE

That'll be the day.

DAWKINS

Just go back to sleep.

DAWKINS' WIFE

Whatever you say, dear.

Dawkins gets the bag all the way stowed and sits down on the edge of the bed. His wife puts her hand on his.

DAWKINS' WIFE (CONT'D)

Are you alright, dear, you're shaking?

DAWKINS

I'm fine.

DAWKINS' WIFE

(sitting up)

You're not fine, you're shaking.

DAWKINS

Listen, what do you say the four of us spend the weekend up at the cabin.

DAWKINS' WIFE

I thought you hated it up there.

DAWKINS

Nothing could be further from the truth.

DAWKINS' WIFE

Okay. It would be nice. We can go to those antique shops you like. And take the boys out on the lake.

DAWKINS

You know what? Why don't you take the kids up tomorrow, get a head start on cleaning the place up. That's the part I hate, if you must know.

DAWKINS' WIFE

I see... Trying to get rid of us so you can host one of your epic poker games?

DAWKINS

Right, sure, that's it. A poker game.

He remains on the edge of the bed, facing away from his wife. A moment passes, and we hear him quietly crying.

DAWKINS' WIFE

Bradley, what's wrong? What's happened?

DAWKINS

Nothing, honey, it's fine, I promise. I just wish...

DAWKINS' WIFE

You wish what?

Dawkins' wife sits up and puts her hands on his shoulders.

DAWKINS

I just wish I were different. I wish I wasn't the way I am.

DAWKINS' WIFE

What are you going on about?

DAWKINS

I don't know, forget it. I love you is all. I love you and I wish I could be a better husband to you.

DAWKINS' WIFE

It's just a poker game, dear. You don't have to feel so guilty. Sometimes boys just need to be with other boys.

Dawkins reaches up and grabs one of her hands and gives it a kiss. With the other hand he leans over and flicks off the light.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Outside the Burton's humble lodgings, a black Camaro and white Ford Taurus sit in the driveway.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - BEDROOM

Steph and ED BURTON are sleeping in bed. Ed, has the body of a born jock, thick and powerful.

He's the kind of guy that if he walked into a bar and falsely accused you of stealing his seat, you'd get up and apologize. He has a tattoo on his right biceps that reads: Stephanie, and one on his left that reads: Ed, Jr. On his forearm is one that reads: '95 State Champs. Ed wakes with a start, sucking in a massive breath.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE OVER:

TUESDAY

INT. BURTON HOUSE - BEDROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Ed sits on the side of the bed facing away from Steph.

STEPH

You alright?

EDWARD

I'm fine.

Ed steps out of bed and grabs a tight white tank top off the floor and pulls it over his head.

STEPH

You're up early.

EDWARD

Couldn't sleep.

Steph leans up on her elbows, staring at Ed's back.

STEPH

Big day today.

EDWARD

Yeah, I suppose it is.

STEPH

I thought you'd be more excited.

EDWARD

I don't know.

(beat)

I told myself when I was in prison that I was done with this life. That I'd be on the straight and narrow.

STEPH

Then why are you doing it?

EDWARD
For you.

STEPH
Bullshit.

EDWARD
What do you want from me?

STEPH
I want you to say you're doing it for
you.

EDWARD
Of course I'm doing it for me. What are
my options, here? We've got no money.
We've got no opportunity. What else am I
supposed to do?

STEPH
Nothing, I guess. I suppose this is just
who you are.

Steph walks out of the room and Edward follows.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Steph removes bowls and a box of cereal from the
cupboard.

EDWARD
Look Steph, you can't say I haven't tried
since I got out.

STEPH
On some level.

EDWARD
What other level is there?

STEPH
For starters you could accept
responsibility for my son's death.

EDWARD
You're never going to get over it, are
you?

STEPH
Get over it? It's not a cold, Ed. They
don't list Dead Son on the front of the
NyQuil box.

EDWARD

You don't think I hurt, too?

STEPH

For what, eight months?

EDWARD

Oh I see, you wanted me to rot in prison for ten years on account of an accident? I never meant for anyone to get hurt.

STEPH

You don't get to say that! Don't you get it? You didn't lose Ed Jr. at the mall. You didn't forget to snap him into his car seat. Your drug lab exploded.

EDWARD

It was an accident, Steph, and until you deal with it you'll never be able to move on with your life.

Ed storms out of the kitchen.

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Ed slams the front door of the house behind him. He stops for a moment on the dilapidated front porch, which has only a handful of posts still intact on the railing. He lessens their number by one with a swift kick.

INT. SIKES HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Andy, Martha and Sally sit around the breakfast table. Andy has a plateful of syrup-soaked pancakes and bacon. He tears off pieces of pancake with his fingers and wraps them around the bacon and shovels them into his mouth.

MARTHA

Don't forget Sally has a ballet recital tonight and I want to be there an hour early so we can get a good seat.

ANDY

Sure thing, honey.

MARTHA

And make sure you bring the video camera. I don't want to miss --

ANDY

Wait, tonight? Can't tonight. I'm having drinks with Ed and Chris.

Sally looks bummed out, but not surprised.

MARTHA

Excuse me?

ANDY

Yeah, it's like a football reunion thing.

MARTHA

You're going to miss your daughter's recital to drink beer with a bunch of degenerates? Is your brother going, too?

ANDY

No, we asked him to come, but he's got to work over at the bank tonight.

MARTHA

It's not an official reunion then. I'm sure you can go to the recital first and then --

ANDY

(to Sally)

Listen sweetie. I'm sorry I can't make it tonight but how's about this. You and me, tomorrow, go to Fun-Land!

MARTHA

She's got school tomorrow.

ANDY

Forget school. Just you and me. Fun-Land. All day. What do you say?

SALLY

But I like school.

ANDY

You don't want to skip school to spend the day with your dad?

SALLY

Can Lissa come?

ANDY

What? No, just you and me.

MARTHA

Melissa is her imaginary friend.

ANDY

Oh, then sure. Bring the whole imaginary gang.

SALLY

Maybe we could go Sattyday.

ANDY

What's the fucking problem here? We're going to Fun-Land tomorrow and that's final.

SALLY

I don't want to go tomorrow I want to go Sattyday.

Sally gets up from her chair and runs out of the room, crying. Andy shakes his head and pops another bacon pancake into his mouth.

MARTHA

You happy now?

ANDY

As a fucking clam, Martha.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

Steph sits on the grass beside Ed, Jr.'s grave. She's holding a bouquet of flowers and crying.

STEPH

So, that's basically the whole story. I just wanted to come here and let you know what was happening. Let you know that your father and I have been thinking about you every day, even if sometimes it doesn't seem like it. We haven't forgotten what happened to you, okay, sweetie? Okay. I love you.

Steph lays the flowers down by the headstone and gets up.

EXT. ETHINGTON HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Reed sits on his front stoop, reading the paper. An empty mug of coffee rests on the stairs at his feet.

Zeke's cruiser pulls up and Reed sets the mug and paper on a plastic chair beside his front door, and makes his way over to the car. Zeke is leaning out of the driver's side window: neither arm is in a sling.

ZEKE

I hope you don't mind, but I was just escorting our beloved state champion quarterback back from his meeting with his beloved state champion parole officer.

REED

No sweat.

Reed hops happily into the back seat.

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR - SAME TIME

REED

What's shakin, Ed? How's the straight and narrow?

EDWARD

A little straighter and a little narrower than I'd like. I don't know how you two can handle the straightest and narrowest.

REED

Caffeine and internet porn.

EDWARD

Oh yeah? That's the secret?

REED

For me. For Zeke the secret is being an asexual cyborg.

INT. ZEKE'S POLICE CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

EDWARD

No, no, it was Westmorland --

REED

That's right.

EDWARD

...and Coach Denton finally called Reed's goal line play on 4th and 1, except we weren't on the goal line.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

And everything went perfectly, Reed spun off his block, the lineman came at me full boar and I lofted a pretty little daisy into his waiting mitts.

REED

Pretty little daisy, sure.

EDWARD

And poor old Reed was so damn excited to finally get his hands on the ball that he forgot we were at midfield, and that fat fucking bastard started dancing around like he just scored a touchdown. And that massive linebacker --

ZEKE

Reggie Cutler.

EDWARD

Right, big Reggie Cutler just laid you out mid jiggle. You woke up about thirty seconds later, saying, "Did we score?" And I said, "Somebody scored, but it sure as shit wudn't us."

REED

Yeah, yeah, laugh it up. You glamour boys never did appreciate us grunts.

Zeke pulls the car over to the curb in front of an enormous meat-processing plant.

EDWARD

Gentlemen, it's been a pleasure.

REED

Good catching up, Ed. We should all get together sometime.

EDWARD

Yeah, sure.

Zeke offers Ed a tip of his cap and Ed turns and heads into the plant. Reed then instinctively tugs on the inoperable door handle in the back of the cruiser.

REED

Hey, I'm locked in back here.

Zeke ignores Reed and puts the car in gear.

REED (CONT'D)

You gonna let me out of here or what?

EXT. MEAT PROCESSING PLANT

The cruiser pulls away from the curb and down the street.

REED (O.S.)
You should at least read me my rights.

INT. MEAT PROCESSING PLANT - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Ed comes out of a locker room dressed in what looks like a plastic hospital gown, shower-cap and gloves. As he heads down the hall towards the slaughterhouse floor he's stopped by a SUPERVISOR with a clipboard.

SUPERVISOR
Hey, Burton. Got a message for you.

The supervisor sticks a post-it note on the chest of Ed's plastic gown. Rather than punch the middle-manager in the face, Ed simply smiles.

EDWARD
(glancing at the note)
Loan me a quarter, eh boss?

The supervisor retrieves one from his pocket.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
How about a pen?

Reluctantly, the supervisor hands over the Bic pen stuck into the top of the clipboard.

SUPERVISOR
Don't think I'm not taking this out of your next pay-stub.

Ed ignores him, walks over to a nearby pay-phone and dials.

DAWKINS (V.O.)
Judge Dawkins speaking.

EDWARD
Lay it on me brother.

DAWKINS (V.O.)
Where's the tape?

EDWARD

You'll get the tape when the deed is done.

DAWKINS (V.O.)

You've got a lot of nerve blackmailing me twice with the same tape.

EDWARD

It just felt like a two-chit tape, especially now that I hear you're running for the senate.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Judge Dawkins sits behind the desk of his judge's quarters. An impressive array of diplomas and awards adorns the wall behind his head. On the desk sits a half-full bottle of scotch and a half-full glass of the same.

DAWKINS

Burton, I approved that bullshit plea deal you set up with Andy Sikes. And now I'm giving you this combination. But hear me and hear me good, if you ever show up flaunting this tape in my face again I swear to god --

EDWARD (V.O.)

Relax hombre, when I'm drinking piña coladas on some deserted Mexican playa, you really think I'm gonna give a shit about you and your 14-year-old butt-buddy?

DAWKINS

Just... You've been warned.

EDWARD (V.O.)

Whenever you're ready with those digits, Judge.

DAWKINS

122, three times to the left. 218, four times to the right. 17, three times to the left. 151, once to the right.

INT. MEAT PROCESSING PLANT - SAME TIME

EDWARD

Got it. Thanks, Judge.

DAWKINS (V.O.)

Don't fuck me on this.

EDWARD

I know, I know. You like 'em young.

Ed hangs up the phone and looks for a pocket to put the note in. Realizing he doesn't have one, he tucks the note into his shoe.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Zeke sits at his desk, his feet propped up on another chair. Reed stands by the filing cabinets, pouring himself a cup of coffee from a cheap Mr. Coffee machine.

ZEKE

You could at least make an insincere offer.

REED

No thanks.

ZEKE

Is this about me sticking you in the backseat? Because I swear that'll never happen again.

REED

It better not.

ZEKE

C'mon Reed, take a shift tonight.

REED

No. Bank night is the sheriff's job. I'm sure Dawkins doesn't want some lowly deputy baby-sitting his precious crop money all night.

(beat)

I recommend you drink a lot of coffee.

ZEKE

And download lots of porn? Is that your advice?

REED

Trust me, it's a better formula for a good time than two hours on a treadmill and a crabgrass smoothie.

ZEKE

Wheatgrass, A, and if you ask me you could use a little more treadmill in your life.

REED

I'm a lineman, pal, I'm supposed to be round.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Steph does the dishes while Ed, Andy and Chris sit around the kitchen table going over the blueprints of the local bank. Chris pours himself a shot of bourbon from a bottle on the table, drawing a nasty look from Andy.

CHRIS

What? One shot isn't gonna kill anybody.

ANDY

Chris, we need every brain cell you have left tonight, okay?

CHRIS

Is that another stupid joke?
(knocking back the shot)
Cause I didn't get it.

ANDY

I'm not fucking around.

EDWARD

Relax, okay? Everybody needs to just chill the fuck out.

CHRIS

That's what I'm trying to do. This whole thing is freaking me out.

EDWARD

Chris, everything's gonna be fine. Isn't that right, Andy?

ANDY

Sure. Five minutes, we're in, we're out. You don't even have to get out of your car.

CHRIS

Yeah, why are we taking my car anyway?

EDWARD

Because everyone knows I drive a bitchin' Camaro and Andy drives a faggy Porsche. Nobody has the slightest clue what you drive.

ANDY

They probably don't even think you know how to drive.

CHRIS

Of course I know how to fucking drive, that's why I'm the driver.

EDWARD

And Andy's the lookout and I'm the safe cracker. Look, if we all just stick to our jobs everything will go perfectly smooth.

ANDY

He's right Chris, there's nothing to worry about. My brother doesn't even lock the door. He figures the fact that everybody knows he's there'll keep any would-be robbers away. And I know exactly how to kill the camera because he's shown me about ten times. Seriously, he could be the worst cop in the history of the police force.

CHRIS

You shouldn't say that about your own brother.

STEPH

(to Ed)

Can I have a word with you for a second?

Ed nods, and while Andy continues his conversation with Chris, he follows Steph into the living room.

ANDY

I'm not saying I don't love the guy, but c'mon. He's a total loser. The guy's like the best looking dude in town and hasn't gotten laid...

INT. BURTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Steph leads Ed over to the front windows of the house.

EDWARD

What's up?

STEPH

I just wanted to apologize for what I said this morning.

EDWARD

Oh yeah? That's a new one.

STEPH

Listen, I've been thinking about what you said, about how you thought you'd left this life behind. Did you mean that?

EDWARD

Of course I meant it.

STEPH

Ed, I'm serious. If you really meant it then I want you to call this whole thing off.

Ed stops and looks at his wife seriously. It seems like it's been a long time since he's looked at her this closely. There's a long, quiet moment, as Ed looks at her and seems to truly be contemplating what she's saying. But the moment is too quiet, and Ed turns his head and notices that both Andy and Chris are staring in at them from the kitchen. Seeing them snaps him out of whatever that moment was, and back into his captain-of-the-football-team persona.

EDWARD

Don't go soft on me now, girl. In exactly four hours you're going to be a very rich woman.

He gently slaps both hands around her face and plants a kiss on her lips, then drops her and heads back towards the kitchen.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Where were we boys?

Steph stares icily out the front window, while Ed retakes his seat at the kitchen table.

ANDY

We were telling Chris what a piece of cake this was gonna be.

EDWARD

Right, right. Chris, by the time you figure out that we're robbing the bank, the bank will already be robbed.

CHRIS

How do you mean?

EXT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - PARKING LOT - EARLY EVENING

Zeke pulls the cruiser into the lot and parks it out front. He steps out of the car with a wrinkled brown paper bag, and makes his way to the front door.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - FRONT ROOM - SECONDS LATER

The front of the bank is deserted, and Zeke makes his way past the teller windows and into the back room.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Zeke arrives in the back room where there are a few desks, and a large old vault with its door wide open. A pair of ARMORED CAR MEN stack bundles of bills on the shelves of the vault, while Judge Dawkins looks on intently.

ZEKE

Evening fellas.

ARMORED CAR MAN #1

Evening officer.

DAWKINS

(seeming slightly drunk)

Sheriff Sikes, my good man. I can't tell you how grateful I am that you're going to all this trouble for us once again.

ZEKE

Really, it's no trouble at all.

DAWKINS

Same procedure as usual. The cash will spend the night here, then first thing tomorrow morning we'll divvy it up between the other branches to be paid out when the farmers come to cash their checks in the next few days.

ZEKE

Reed'll be handling tomorrow's escorts.
I'm just here to mind the vault.

The Armored Car Men finish unloading the money and hand Dawkins a clipboard and pen.

ARMORED CAR MAN #2

If you could just give me your John Hancock here.

Dawkins signs the top sheet.

ARMORED CAR MAN #2

(CONT'D)

And once more here.

He signs again.

ARMORED CAR MAN #2

(CONT'D)

And that's all for us.

ARMORED CAR MAN #1

Sheriff. Mr. Dawkins.

DAWKINS

(holding open the back door
to the bank)

Gentlemen.

The Armored Car Men leave through the door and Dawkins' locks it behind them. He then struts confidently over to the massive vault door and pulls it shut. He spins the dials on the LOCK and slowly turns the three-armed handle until it locks into position with an impressive THUNK.

DAWKINS (CONT'D)

Now, if there's nothing else, I'll be heading home. Wendy pitches an absolute fit if I'm not home the moment dinner's ready.

ZEKE

Better run along then.

Dawkins heads for the door, but then stops.

DAWKINS

Sheriff, just as a matter of curiosity, what happens if somebody were to try to rob the bank tonight.

ZEKE

What happens?

DAWKINS

You would shoot them, right?

ZEKE

That sort of depends on the situation. Ideally I'd be able to arrest them without resorting to violence.

DAWKINS

Well shoot first and ask questions later, I say. No sense putting yourself in danger just to save the life of a bank robber. Know what I mean?

ZEKE

Not really, no.

DAWKINS

Just know that if anything like that ever happened, I'd have your back 100%, no matter what the circumstances.

ZEKE

That's awful nice of you to say, Judge, but hopefully it'll be just your typical quiet night at the bank.

DAWKINS

Of course, of course. Well, good night then.

ZEKE

Night Sheriff.

Dawkins walks briskly to the front of the bank, leaving Zeke alone in the back room. He tosses the BROWN BAG onto one of the desks, where it lands with a metallic THUD, and then sits down and puts his feet up. The clock on the wall reads 6:05.

INT. ETHINGTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Reed sits in front of the TV with a bucket of KFC and a can of Coors, looking delighted with himself. The clock on his wall reads 7:15.

Andy enters, also wearing a mask, and armed with only a crow bar. While Ed keeps his gun trained on Zeke, Andy heads for a locked cabinet that he pries open with the bar. He glances up towards the security camera above his head.

SECURITY CAMERA'S POV

Ed points his gun at Zeke, while Andy sets to clumsily destroying a bank of electronic components. After a few moments the screen goes blank.

BACK TO SCENE

Andy calmly exits the room, while Ed begins unfolding the duffel bag. He lays the bag down at his feet and retrieves a folded up post-it-note from his pocket.

ZEKE

Lemme guess, 'Step 2: Unlock Vault'.

EDWARD

(as Schwarzenegger)

You be quiet awe I shoot you in da face.

ZEKE

In da face?

Ed ignores him and turns the first dial three times to the right.

EXT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Chris sits in the driver's seat of the car. The door is open and his legs rest on the pavement. Andy stands by the front door of the bank, the mask pulled up above his face and resting on his forehead.

CHRIS

You're not listening to me. I'm not talking about now, I'm talking about before.

ANDY

Chris, I knew you before the accident and you were no brain surgeon then either.

CHRIS

I was smart.

ANDY

Fine. You were a genius. What's your point?

CHRIS

I'm just saying I wasn't always like this.

ANDY

Yeah? Well me neither. I was fucking town prosecutor. I had offers coming in from downtown. Big time law firms, soliciting me.

CHRIS

So what happened?

ANDY

What happened? Hubris happened. Greed happened. Fucking Ed and his fucking exploding Meth lab and his fucking garbage bag full of money. It seemed so simple, and I thought I was invincible.

(beat)

Who knew this town would go so crazy over one fucking dead kid.

CHRIS

People don't like dead kids.

ANDY

Yeah, no shit. They fucking love 'em.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Ed is still spinning the wheel on the vault.

ZEKE

What is this, the Price is Right? How many times you gonna spin that wheel?

EDWARD

(still as Schwarzenegger)

Please, be quiet or I shoot you --

ZEKE

Yeah, I know, in da face.

(beat)

Mind if I eat my dinner?

Zeke reaches into his bag and pulls out a banana and a cup of yogurt.

EDWARD

Why don't you be quiet, already?

ZEKE

Why don't you open the vault, already?

EDWARD

Goddamnit be quiet! The note was in my shoe and now it is smudged. Goddamnit.

ZEKE

Let me see the note.

EDWARD

What?

ZEKE

Let me see it. Maybe I can help.

Ed hesitates, not sure.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

You think I care about the money? It's all federally insured anyway.

EDWARD

(forgetting the accent)

You don't care if I take the money?

ZEKE

Watch it Ed, your accent's slipping.

EDWARD

(back in accent)

Ed who? I am Doug... Schwarzenegger, Ahnold's less successful brudder.

Zeke doesn't laugh.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(taking off his ski mask)

Ah, fuck it. By the time they get you out of that vault I'll be long gone anyway.

Ed hands Zeke the post-it. Zeke studies it carefully; holds it up to the light; squints it at.

ZEKE

267?

EDWARD

Tried that.

ZEKE
261?

EDWARD
Tried it.

ZEKE
How about 151?

EDWARD
151? How do you get a one out of...
Wait a sec... 151. I remember thinking
about Bacardis on the beach right after
he said it.

Ed tears back to the vault and frantically spins the dials, as Zeke reaches into his bag and retrieves a can of Fresca. A few seconds later we hear a familiar THUNK, as the LOCK of the vault pops open.

EXT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Chris and Andy haven't changed positions since last time we saw them.

CHRIS
I'm just saying thanks, is all.

ANDY
For what?

CHRIS
I know you didn't want me involved in this cause you think I'm too stupid now and everything. I'm glad you changed your mind.

ANDY
Don't worry about it.

CHRIS
No, I'm serious. I really appreciate it.
(beat)
If you want to know the truth, it's not even the money. I'm just happy to be part of the team again. It gets pretty lonely out there in that trailer.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Ed is about halfway through stuffing the money into the duffel bag, and he's chatting with Zeke who's polished off the yogurt and is getting started on his banana.

EDWARD

But that's what I'm saying. Each decision we make cuts off about a thousand alternate choices you might have made. Millions probably, if you string it out far enough. Point is, I'm sorry that the lousy decisions I've made have kept us from remaining friends. I miss the old Ed and Zeke show. You and I had some pretty good times back in the day.

ZEKE

Absolutely.

EDWARD

And now because of tonight, I'll probably never see you again.

ZEKE

I guess that means you're not planning to shoot me.

EDWARD

Shoot you? Jesus, Z, you really think I'm capable of a thing like that?

ZEKE

I don't know, you killed Ed Jr. pretty good.

EDWARD

Excuse me?

ZEKE

You heard me.

EDWARD

(long beat)

That was a fucking accident.

ZEKE

Hey, shit happens, right?

EDWARD

You know what? Forget everything I just said, you sanctimonious fucking prick.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Jesus, you sound just like my goddamned wife.

EXT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Andy has his head against the glass to see through the reflection and into the bank.

CHRIS

What's taking them so long?

ANDY

I don't know. It's a lot of money.

CHRIS

What if something went wrong in there?

ANDY

If something went wrong, we'd have seen or heard something.

CHRIS

I guess that's true.

ANDY

(convincing himself as much as Chris)

Of course it's true.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The vault is cleaned out, and Ed stands beside what is now a very full duffel bag. Zeke remains seated by the desk, digging around in his bag for more food.

EDWARD

Right: In you go.

ZEKE

And if I suffocate in there before morning, I guess that'll be an accident too?

EDWARD

Do you want me to shoot you? Is that it?

ZEKE

Other way around.

EDWARD

What do you --

There's a MUFFLED POP, as a BULLET whizzes through the bottom of Zeke's brown food bag and into Ed's stomach. Ed drops his gun and stumbles backward onto his butt. Zeke removes his hand from the bag, holding the other Glock 22.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

You shot me.

ZEKE

Yes.

Zeke retrieves both guns from the stricken Ed, who's kicking his legs and moaning on account of the pain.

EDWARD

What the hell's going on?

ZEKE

What's going on? You're robbing the bank. Pretty soon you're going to shoot me and race out the back door with the money.

EDWARD

What are you talking about?

ZEKE

You'll kill Chris first. Or maybe Dawkins. But probably Chris, then Dawkins. And after those two are dead you'll kill Andy.

EDWARD

Sure I will.

ZEKE

Then after you've tied up all the loose ends, you'll disappear with the money, never to be seen or heard from again.

EDWARD

That part sounds good.

ZEKE

But of course you're not going to do any such thing, because I'm gonna kill you and bury you in a hole out by Shimmer Lake.

EDWARD

Why are you doing this?

Zeke turns around and proceeds to the back door of the bank. He unlocks the door, and in walks Steph.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Steph? Please, one of you, tell me what's going on?

STEPH

Justice, Ed.

EDWARD

Justice for what?

STEPH

We couldn't just let you get away with it. Not you. Not Chris Morrow. Not Andy Sikes. And not Brad Dawkins.

EDWARD

Justice for what?

STEPH

Don't play dumb, Ed. He wasn't dead two weeks and you were already cutting a deal.

EDWARD

What'd you want me to do, spend the rest of my life in prison?

STEPH

For what you did I wanted you to die. I wanted you to die two years ago and I want you to die now. You stole him from us. You stole our little baby.

EDWARD

He was my baby, too, Steph. Don't you think I've suffered?

STEPH

Don't you get it, Ed? He wasn't your baby.

EDWARD

What are you talking about?

STEPH

He was Zeke's baby. He was Zeke and my baby.

EDWARD

What?

STEPH

I stayed with you because you were my husband; because I thought I owed you that; and because I hoped maybe Ed Jr. could have saved you; could have saved us. Then you fucking killed him...

EDWARD

It was an accident.

STEPH

Fuck you and your accident.

EDWARD

It was an accident.

Zeke raises his gun and points it at Ed's chest.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

ZEKE

Yeah, I'm sorry too.

Zeke pulls the trigger -- BANG -- burying a bullet right between Ed's eyes.

EXT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - PARKING LOT - THE NEXT MOMENT

Chris is out of the car and Andy is still by the door of the bank.

CHRIS

That one was definitely a gun.

ANDY

I don't know.

CHRIS

That didn't sound like a gunshot?

ANDY

I said I didn't know.

Chris moves toward the front steps of the bank.

CHRIS

I'm going in there.

ANDY

The fuck you are.

CHRIS
I'm going in there.

ANDY
Chris, you're the fucking driver, okay?
Stay behind the wheel. For all we know
that was just him blowing the safe.

CHRIS
Blowing it with what?

ANDY
I don't fucking know, okay.
(beat)
How long's it been?

CHRIS
Fifteen minutes.

ANDY
Fifteen minutes? That's a long time.

CHRIS
That's what I'm saying.

ANDY
But that means nobody tripped any alarms
or anything.
(beat)
I think we're fine. He was probably just
firing a warning shot or something.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Steph stands over Ed's dead body. Zeke walks over and
retrieves Ed's white-handled gun from the top of the
desk.

STEPH
This is really happening isn't it.

ZEKE
(handing her the gun)
Listen, babe, we don't really have time
for contemplation. Just follow the plan
and a few years from now we can sort it
all out on the couch of some shrink.

STEPH
Okay.

Zeke nods at her, then unbuttons his shirt and eases his right arm out of the sleeve. On his forearm we see a tattoo that reads: '95 State Champs. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a needle and the vial of lidocaine.

STEPH (CONT'D)

You thought of everything, huh?

ZEKE

Everything.

Zeke rolls up his undershirt to expose his bare shoulder, then injects himself with the painkiller. He quickly begins rubbing his shoulder to get the blood flowing.

STEPH

You ready?

He punches himself in the shoulder a few times and nods.

ZEKE

Ready.

Steph raises the weapon and points it at Zeke's shoulder from about two feet away.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Back up a little.

STEPH

I don't want to miss.

ZEKE

You won't miss. Just breath easy, aim the gun and pull the trigger.

She backs up another few feet.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Good. Do it.

The GUN FIRES and Zeke whips around and topples over one of the desk chairs. Steph shrieks, but a moment later Zeke is on his feet.

STEPH

Are you alright?

He's a little unsteady on his feet, and blood begins to slowly ooze from the wound in his shoulder. He takes the gun from Steph and tucks it into his pants.

ZEKE
How's it look?

STEPH
It looks like a hole.

ZEKE
I mean how much is it bleeding?

STEPH
Less than you'd expect. It's just, like,
a hole.

ZEKE
That means you didn't hit an artery.

STEPH
Does it hurt?

Zeke flexes the hand of the wounded arm and blinks his eyes a few times.

ZEKE
I can't feel a goddamn thing.
(beat)
Better get started on the tarp.

STEPH
Okay.

Zeke heads for the front of the bank.

EXT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - FRONT STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

From outside the bank we see Zeke walk calmly but quickly towards the front door of the bank with his gun drawn. Andy is halfway down the stairs already, his mask half over his face, but twisted so that he can't see anything. He struggles to get to the door of Chris' car, as Chris repeatedly turns the key in the ignition even though the car is already running, producing a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE from the STARTER. Zeke calmly watches this unfold. He waits until Andy is safely in the car, and the pair are halfway out of the parking lot, before sending a few VOLLEYS from his GUN up into the air.

As soon as they're gone Zeke heads back into the bank.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - FRONT ROOM

Zeke makes his way to the back room of the bank.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

Zeke arrives to find that Steph has opened the tarp and laid it beside Ed's body. Together they push the body onto the tarp, then roll it up and tie it shut. Zeke attempts to lift it off the ground but can't because of his shoulder.

ZEKE

I can't.

Steph steps over and together they drag both the duffel bag and the body out the back door.

EXT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ALLEY

They drag the body down the back stairs and over to a black Camaro with the license plate: BITCHIN. Together, they hoist both the duffel bag and the rolled up tarp into the trunk. They shut the trunk and Steph gets behind the wheel of the car and closes the door. She opens the window and leans out.

STEPH

What are we gonna do with all the money?

ZEKE

We can burn it for all I care.

STEPH

I was thinking we should do something with it that Ed Jr. would be proud of.

ZEKE

I like that idea. But there's still a lot of work to do.

He reaches into his belt and pulls out Ed's white-handled gun.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

You'll need to find a decent match for Ed's gun. Looks like a model 27 Smith and Wesson.

STEPH

Okay.

ZEKE

Now go.

He steps away from the car and she drives off. As soon as she's gone he heads back into the bank.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM

Zeke walks over to the wall and trips the ALARM. It's DEAFENINGLY LOUD. Zeke sits on the floor next to a small pool of Ed's blood, then lays down right on top of it.

EXT./INT. HIGHWAY - STATE PATROL CAR - MINUTES LATER

Two STATE TROOPERS sit in their patrol car, holding someone's license and registration. Over the police band we hear the POLICE DISPATCHER.

POLICE DISPATCHER
Car 19, come in, Car 19.

STATE TROOPER #1
(picking up the two-way)
This is Car 19.

POLICE DISPATCHER
Car 19, we've got an alarm signal coming from First Mackey Bank. It's probably nothing, but --

STATE TROOPER #1
We'll check it out. Be there in five.

POLICE DISPATCHER
Thank you Car 19.

STATE TROOPER #1
(to the other Trooper)
Time to go make this retard's night.

The Trooper cradles the two-way and steps out of the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The Trooper ambles over to a pulled over Coupe Deville and leans in to talk to the occupants: Chris and Andy.

STATE TROOPER #1
Looks like it's your lucky day, Chris.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DIFFERENT SECTION - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Ed's Camaro exits the highway and pulls off onto a dusty road.

EXT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Wearing jeans and T-shirt, Reed gets out of a white sedan. The ALARM is still BLARING and he's holding his gun out and up. He glances at the tire marks in the parking lot from when Chris screeched out of there less than ten minutes earlier.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - FRONT ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Reed walks slowly through the front of the bank.

REED

Zeke?

ZEKE (O.S.)

I'm back here.

Reed walks quickly over to the hallway between the front and back of the bank.

REED

You alright back there?

ZEKE (O.S.)

I'm shot.

REED

You alone?

ZEKE (O.S.)

Yeah, they're gone. Give me a hand.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Reed warily steps into the back room.

ZEKE

Over here.

Reed steps past the open and empty vault in awe. He sees Zeke lying on the floor in a pool of blood.

REED

Oh my god.

ZEKE

I'm okay, just help me up.

REED

(Reed is bent over at the
waist, struggling for air)

Oh my god, that's a lot of blood.

ZEKE

I'm okay. Take a deep breath and try to
relax.

Reed takes a few very deep breaths. He gathers himself
and helps Zeke off the floor and into the chair he had
been sitting in a few minutes earlier.

REED

Wh -- Wh -- What happened?

ZEKE

Ed Burton.

REED

Ed shot you?

ZEKE

He shot me and took off out the back.
There were two more out front who took
off in a blue Coupe Deville. I took a
couple shots at them but then felt a
little woozy and came back here to lie
down.

REED

Jesus.

Reed picks up a phone and calls 911.

REED (CONT'D)

I n-n-need an ambulance and a l-l-lot of
cops.

ZEKE

211 at First Mackey Bank.

REED

There's a 211 at First Mackey.

ZEKE

And an officer's down.

REED
And an officer's down.

EXT. SHIMMER LAKE - SHORE - NIGHT

Ed's Camaro turns onto the same dusty road by the shore of the lake that we saw at the end of Friday night. Parked there is the same beat-up looking white Ford Taurus we saw Steph pull up in on Friday. The Camaro slows down and then turns abruptly left, into the brush.

HUGE PIT

has been dug about ten yards into the brush, and the car drives straight down the slope and into the pit. The car fits completely inside the hole, but the fit is tight enough that Steph has to climb out of the driver's side window to get out.

STEPH

scales the slope and opens the trunk. The car is at an awkward angle, and it takes all of Steph's effort to retrieve the bag from inside the trunk and drag it out of the pit and onto solid land.

ADJACENT TO HOLE

A massive mound of unearthed dirt sits with a shovel sticking out of it. Without hesitating, Steph grabs the shovel and begins heaving the soil back into the hole.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Zeke sits in a chair while a pair of EMT MEN clean the wound in his shoulder. Reed and the two State Troopers huddle together on the other side of the room.

EMT MAN #1
You don't want anesthetic?

ZEKE
I'm good, thanks.

EMT MAN #2
You have to have anesthetic. If you don't, you'll jump around when we grab the bullet and make the wound worse.

ZEKE
Trust me, I'll be fine.

The two EMT men exchange a look and then get to work on his shoulder.

REED
(to the State Troopers)
He says it was Ed Burton for sure. He didn't see the other two's faces, but they drove off in a blue Coupe Deville.

The two Troopers exchange a glance.

REED (CONT'D)
What?

STATE TROOPER #1
We pulled over a blue coupe not ten minutes ago.

REED
Excuse me?

STATE TROOPER #2
We flagged 'em for speeding just down the road off 217, but we sent them on their way cause we got the bank call.

REED
You see who they were?

STATE TROOPER #1
I most certainly did.

REED
And?

STATE TROOPER #1
(lowering his voice)
It was Chris Morrow and Andy Sikes.

REED
Jesus. Andy? You sure?

STATE TROOPER #1
Positive.

EXT. SHIMMER LAKE - SHORE - NIGHT

Steph continues to shovel dirt into the pit. By now the Camaro is more than halfway submerged.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The EMT Men finish dressing Zeke's wound, as Reed steps over to check on Zeke.

REED

How is he?

EMT MAN #1

This here is the toughest motherfucker
I've ever seen in my life.

Reed smiles.

EMT MAN #2

What he just sat through without so much
as flinching. I mean, that was intense.

The two men pat Zeke on his good shoulder, then pack up to go.

REED

So he'll be alright?

EMT MAN #1

Apparently he's already alright.

EMT MAN #2

(as they're walking away)
That there was some real Road House shit.

ZEKE

(to Reed)
What's going on? You look like you seen
a ghost or something.

REED

I just spoke to Pete and Luke. They
pulled over a blue coupe not more than
two miles from here for excessive speed.

ZEKE

And?

REED

I don't know how to tell you this other
than just to say it.

(beat)

It was your brother.

ZEKE

Andy?

REED

Him and Chris Morrow. Now we can't say
for sure it's the same coupe.

ZEKE

Save your breath, Reed.

EXT. SHIMMER LAKE - SHORE - NIGHT

The hole is now full, the Camaro buried within, and Steph grooms the dirt until there is no sign the ground was ever moved. When she finishes, she opens her trunk, lifts the duffel onto the back bumper of her Taurus and then topples it inside. She takes a deep breath, exhales slowly and then gets in and drives off.

INT. FIRST MACKEY BANK - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The only people left at the bank are Reed and Zeke. Zeke hangs up the phone on Dawkins' desk.

REED

What'd he say? Was he upset?

ZEKE

Very. Mostly that I didn't kill Ed.

REED

Well, I'm sure he'll get over it.

(beat)

This is a real mess, Zeke.

ZEKE

This is an old mess.

REED

How do you mean?

ZEKE

I mean this is what happens when you let
wrongs go unrighted. They fester.

REED

You're talking about Ed, Jr.

ZEKE

You're damn fucking right I'm talking
about Ed, Jr. Eight lousy months.

REED

Don't worry Zeke, we'll get him.

ZEKE
 I'm not worried, Reed.
 (beat)
 As far as I'm concerned, he's already
 got.

FADE OUT.

TITLE OVER:

FRIDAY

EXT. SHIMMER LAKE - SHORE - NIGHT

Andy stands beside Steph's white Taurus. Zeke is in the passenger seat pointing a gun at Andy. Andy sinks to his knees, his hands clasped in front of him.

ANDY
 No, please, don't --

ZEKE HOLDING GUN

The gun FIRES. Once, twice, three times. In the fiery incandescence of each shot we see Zeke's wan and bloodless face.

ANDY

Still kneeling, in shock, staring up at Zeke.

ANDY
 ...Zeke.

EXT. SHIMMER LAKE - SHORE - NIGHT

Zeke and Andy are illuminated by the ambient glow of the headlights. Smoke pours from the barrel of the gun.

ZEKE
 Shut up. The only reason you're not dead
 right now is you're my brother.

ANDY
 ...Zeke.

ZEKE

You need to run. Leave town. Never come back.

ANDY

Run where? Half the cops in the country are looking for me. I have no money. Nowhere to go.

ZEKE

(tossing the gun on the dash)
You should have thought about that before you robbed the bank.

ANDY

Listen, brother, you can't just leave me here. Out in the dirt. Alone.

ZEKE

What do you want from me?

ANDY

Money. Just enough to give me a shot.

ZEKE

Forget it.

ANDY

Zeke, I need it.

(beat)

I can make things really difficult for you two. If they catch me who knows what I'll tell them.

ZEKE

Jesus, Andy.

ANDY

Give me a third of the money and you'll never see me again.

(beat)

Give me the goddamn money, Zeke.

BOOM! The blast from the gun is deafening.

STEPH

Holding the gun. Smoke pours from the barrel.

STEPH

He was right. If he'd gotten picked up he'd have ratted us out in a heartbeat.

(MORE)

STEPH (CONT'D)

Besides...

(beat)

He wasn't my fucking brother.

EXT. SHIMMER LAKE - SHORE - NIGHT

Zeke sits in the passenger seat with his hands clasped over his mouth. He knows she's right.

Steph turns and hurls the pistol into the lake, then comes around and gets in the car.

The light fades to zero as the car drives off into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END