

GOOD BEHAVIOR

"Pilot"

by
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Based on OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE

Draft 3
March 8, 2008

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INT. WEST HOUSE - JACKIE AND DEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON SCREEN: "**FOUR MONTHS AGO.**"

Elton John's "Amoreena" plays as we find Jackie and Dean (both sexy, 50ish) in bed, mid-foreplay. These people are still sexual magnets after 30 years of marriage.

DEAN
I love you, baby.

JACKIE
Shut up and get to it.

Dean rolls Jackie over, prepares to do as instructed, at least until a cell phone beside the bed chirps.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
No...

Dean picks up his phone and checks the TEXT.

DEAN
Gotta go.

JACKIE
Not now.

DEAN
(playful, sweet)
I warned you when we started this.
I'm running a business here.

We hold on a disappointed Jackie as Dean gets out of bed.

INT. WEST HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean now wears a jumpsuit that says 4 ACES TOWING. He stops beside a bedroom door, knocks.

DEAN
Van! We got a call. Let's go!

VAN (BEHIND DOOR)
Donnie stayed over. He's coming,
too. All right?

Dean considers, shakes it off, heads down the hall.

INT. WEST HOUSE - KITCHEN - 5 MINUTES LATER

Dean pours himself a to-go mug of coffee. His son VAN (26, a bit dim, but shaggy sexy) enters wearing a matching jumpsuit. DONNIE (25, skinny, rat-like. Think DJ Qualls) follows.

DONNIE
Top o' the mornin', Mr. W.

DEAN
You smell like schnapps, Donnie.

DONNIE
Yeah, well... There was a special.

Van reaches into the fridge, grabs a couple Red Bulls, tosses one to Donnie. Van notices something in the trash, frowns.

VAN
Dad! Will you look at this...

Van pulls a plastic-wrapped magazine out of the trash.

VAN (CONT'D)
Roxy brings in the mail and tosses my Playboy in the trash.

DEAN
I know how you can stop that from happening.

Van balls up a fist, pretends he's serious.

VAN
Pop her?

DEAN
Get your own place. You're 26, for God's sake.

Dean picks up keys, exits. Van follows, turns back to Donnie.

VAN
See what I mean, Donnie? Totally unloved. He likes you better and you're only honorary family.

Donnie grabs the Playboy, sticks it in his jacket, follows.

INT. 4 ACES TOW TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Dean drives the tow truck. Van rides shotgun. Donnie sits between them. In the b.g. are the lights of the Vegas Strip.

VAN
Just think about it, Dad. Easy job. Those valet uniforms are cool.

DEAN
It's a bad idea.

VAN

Because you didn't think of it.

DEAN

Yeah, because I didn't think of it.
(sighs, changes topic)
Donnie, your mom and Jimbo going at
it again?

DONNIE

Jimbo was two boyfriends ago. This
new guy makes me miss the bastard.

DEAN

Want me to scare him off?

DONNIE

She'd only find one worse.

Dean nods, resigned. Donnie's right.

EXT. WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Dean and Van hitch up an ASTON MARTIN VANQUISH. The two West
men move fast and efficiently.

VAN

Yeah, Double-0-Seven knew how to
ride in style. Aston Martin
Vanquish. 5.9 Liter, 48-valve, V12,
horses. Fly-by-wire throttle. Six-
speed paddle shift.

DEAN

Van -- focus.

VAN

Rich people -- think they can park
wherever they want. Am I right?

ANGLE ON DONNIE sitting on the curb, pulling the plastic wrap
off the Playboy, flipping to the centerfold.

DONNIE

(absently)

I've never known you to be wrong.

Dean throws a lever on the tow truck and the Aston Martin's
front tires are lifted off the ground.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS SUBDIVISION STREETS - DAWN

MUSIC CUE: Lily Allen's "Everything's Just Wonderful."

The song plays in the earphones of ROXY WEST (16, alt-kid) who runs. And runs. She's drenched in sweat, but her breathing is relaxed. The houses she passes are the sort of 3000 square-foot five-year-old homes that would go for \$2 million in Silverlake, but sell for \$300,000 in Vegas.

Roxy suddenly cuts into a yard, scoops up the newspaper in the middle of the lawn and keeps going. As she continues running, Roxy de-bags the paper, checks the above-the-fold headlines on The New York Times.

Roxy rounds a corner and spots her own home. Parked in front are a pair of cop cars. Roxy slows, stops, shakes her head.

INT. WEST HOUSE - JACKIE AND DEAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We find Jackie still asleep, alone in bed. There's KNOCKING in the bedroom door, followed by the entrance of her daughter TAWNY (trashy-sexy, 19.) Jackie opens her eyes.

TAWNY

(blasé)

We got cops at the door.

Jackie isn't happy about the news, but she's not surprised.

INT. WEST HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - A MINUTE LATER

Jackie is wrapping herself in a robe as she gets to the door to find detective THURMAN WATTS (mid 40s, African-American, thinks he's Shaft, and he very nearly is.) Watts has ANOTHER DETECTIVE and TWO UNIFORMED COPS with him.

JACKIE

At this hour? I hope you brought coffee.

Watts glances back at a uniformed cop who hands him a Starbucks cup. Watts hands it over to Jackie.

WATTS

Americano. Am I right?

Jackie accepts the coffee.

JACKIE

I am, above all else, a patriot.
What can I do for you, detective?

Watts reaches into his jacket pocket, produces a warrant, hands it over to Jackie just as Roxy arrives.

WATTS

Search warrant.

ROXY
(dry as a bone)
Stall, Mom. I gotta go flush my
blow.

WATTS
We'll start in the garage.

Jackie attempts to hide her concern.

INT. WEST GARAGE - DAY

DARKNESS. Then light floods into the space as the garage door is opened. Watts is in the foreground. He seems pleased with what he sees. Jackie, standing behind him, sighs deeply.

REVEAL the ASTON MARTIN has been almost completely chopped. There's just enough left for us to recognize it.

JACKIE
How'd that get here?

WATTS
Where's Van?

JACKIE
Van was home all night.

Watts produces the plastic cover of the Playboy magazine.

WATTS
This was at the scene of the crime.
Very kind of your son to leave his
name and address.

Dean surprises everyone as he rolls out from under the car, stands while wiping his hands on a rag.

DEAN
Did I drop that? Pornography --
it's rotting my brain.

WATTS
Dean West. Even better. I'll
happily throw little fish back if
big fish wants to confess.

Dean and Jackie exchange a freighted look. Dean eventually breaks the gaze.

DEAN
Someone gonna read me my rights?

Dean offers up his wrists. Off Jackie holding it together.

INT. WEST HOUSE - DAY

ON SCREEN: "TWO MONTHS AGO."

We find Jackie in a conservative dress and Dean in a suit sitting at a table, listening to Van who has cut his shaggy hair conservatively and, somehow, gained 50 IQ points.

"VAN"

I've got a relationship with Guidry in the D.A.'s office. He owes me. I got him through contract law. With the plea, they'll recommend 18 months. Good behavior -- you'll be home in a year.

JACKIE

That's good news.

DEAN

Who's the judge?

"VAN"

Supposed to be Collins, but he had an appendicitis yesterday. Not sure who we're getting, now.

Dean is moderately troubled by the uncertainty.

VOICE

Look who's slumming it.

REVEAL the real Van entering the room.

VAN

What's up, Bro? Guess that navigation system in your Beamer told you how to find us?

We now realize that Van has a twin brother, HADEN.

DEAN

Shut up, Van.

HADEN

(casually to Dean)
I can shave off another six months if you roll over on Van.

DEAN

You think I won't knock you out?

Haden and Van eye each other. *To be continued.*

INT. SUBURBAN - MOVING - DAY

The West family plus Donnie, all dressed for court, ride in silence. Dean unexpectedly angles into the left turn lane. Haden notices, frowns.

HADEN

Dad. What're you doing? We don't have time.

DEAN

I won't have a decent meal for the next twelve months. I'm gonna get myself a burger.

EXT. IN-N-OUT BURGER - DAY

We hear Tawny's voice handing out burgers.

TAWNY (O.C.)

Double-double. Cheeseburger, animal-style. Two-by-four. Grilled cheese. Double-double.

OVERHEAD SHOT ON PICNIC TABLE. An In-N-Out bag has been ripped open and placed in the center. Hands enter frame and dump sleeves of fries into a community pile. One of the hands squirts an ocean of ketchup next to the fry pile.

Hands begin reaching in, taking fries, dipping them in ketchup. CAMERA FOLLOWS one of the hands up to Dean's face. Dean admires the ketchup-dipped clump.

DEAN

(playfully needling his family)

Oh, fries. I'm gonna miss you most of all.

ROXY

(needling him back)

Wait a minute? You're *going* somewhere?

As we go WIDE, we find the entire West family seated around the table. Tawny takes a seat as she passes out the last burger. There's a warm vibe to the meal, a feeling of ritual. What Thanksgiving is to most families, a trip to In-N-Out is to the Wests.

JACKIE

It was right in this spot that Haden and Van first taught Roxy that hamburgers came from cows.

VAN
Cute, big-eyed moo-cows.

HADEN
And thus began history's shortest
flirtation with vegetarianism.

VAN
(Thurston Howell voice)
"Thus..."

Dean smirks at Van's impersonation. Haden rolls his eyes,
shakes his head, doesn't take the bait.

TAWNY
You two knocked my shake in my lap
wrestling for Roxy's burger.

ROXY
But mom saved it, wrapped it up,
and explained the circle of life to
me the next morning.

JACKIE
You ate it for breakfast.

Dean spreads his arms in an all-encompassing gesture.

DEAN
What man can't do 12 to 18 months
when he knows he's got this to come
home to?

JACKIE
Are you talking about us or In-N-
Out now?

Dean regards his wife, winks. Off Jackie's warm smile.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

We find Dean and Haden sitting before the judge. Behind them
sits the rest of the family -- Jackie, Van, Tawny, Roxy.
Donnie is there, clearly wracked with guilt.

BAILIFF
All rise for her honor, Judge
Delores Wales.

DEAN
Crap.

HADEN
No.

*

The judge, a tiny ball of hardass (think Linda Hunt) moves to
her seat. With no fanfare, she addresses those gathered.

JUDGE WALES

Mr. West. We meet again. I must admit I was surprised to see this plea recommendation from a very junior member of the district attorney's office suggested 18 months for the recidivist standing before me. That's less than I gave him last time, and clearly he hasn't learned the error of his ways. Let's see if he can manage to do so this time.

(addressing Dean directly)

Mr. West, you're hereby sentenced to five years in Ely State Prison.

Haden looks like he's been sucker punched. Dean, on the other hand, doesn't flinch. He's too cool for that.

QUICK POPS OF EACH SIBLING...

Tawny sobs. Roxy's mouth is frozen open; she teeters like she may pass out. She grabs a hold of the railing in front of her. Van face contorts in rage. He explodes.

VAN

WHAT!? YOU CAN'T DO THAT! WE HAD A DEAL!

Dean turns in his seat, glares at Van.

DEAN

Van. Enough. Don't give them the pleasure.

HADEN

Your honor. Five years seems excessive given--

JUDGE WALES

Bailiff, please remove the family. I've heard enough from them.

As the bailiff moves toward the family, Donnie buries his face in his hands. Jackie, heartbreak etched on her face, puts her hand on his head, provides some maternal comfort.

SMASH CUT TO
MAIN TITLES

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

ON SCREEN: "TODAY."

A PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE over a main thoroughfare. Donnie enters frame and sprints directly toward camera. He's carrying a sixpack ring of Tall Boys with three beers missing.

Donnie sprints past CAMERA and out of frame. For a beat we wonder why he's running, but the question is quickly answered as one of Las Vegas' Finest appears in frame chasing Donnie.

ANGLE ON A FENCE. Suddenly Donnie shoots into frame climbing over the fence TOWARD CAMERA ON CRANE. SHOT follows Donnie as he races across the small suburban backyard.

Donnie reaches the fence on the other side of the yard. CAMERA IS RUSHING UP BEHIND HIM. We actually hear a SPLASH before CAMERA REVEALS Donnie has landed in a swimming pool. Donnie dog paddles frantically toward the shallow end.

CAMERA ROTATES and catches the POLICE OFFICER hopping the fence one yard behind Donnie and landing on a cactus.

POLICE OFFICER
SON OF A BITCH!

A soaking-wet Donnie emerges in the front lawn on a middle-class street. He spots two boys roughly 10 and 14 in age. The younger one is pushing a bike, the older one straddles his bike, walks along with his presumed little brother.

Donnie sprints up behind the boys and grabs the younger boy's bike and mounts it over the protestations of both boys. The older boy immediately gives chase. Though Donnie starts with a reasonable lead, the older boy closes the distance.

ANGLE BACK ON THE COP, now also wet, arriving in the front yard, spotting Donnie, giving chase.

The older brother, now closing in on Donnie, swings by one of the many TRASH BINS out on the street and pulls out a PIECE OF METAL WINDOW TRIM sticking out of the top. He stands up on his bike and pumps like a madman, shouting...

OLDER BOY
Thief! Thief!

Donnie looks over his shoulder. He can't believe the boy is closing in on him. The boy swings his bike toward Donnie's and stabs the piece of metal into spokes of the front tire.

Donnie goes flying over the front of the bike. He lands painfully. Donnie picks himself up. He's scraped and battered, but he sees the cop some sixty yards behind him still giving chase.

Donnie musters the energy to press on. He cuts across a yard, through an alley and through another yard. As he reappears on the next city street, he gets an idea. He spots a YARD TRIMMINGS RECEPTACLE. He runs toward it and jumps inside.

INSIDE THE RECEPTACLE Donnie smiles, pops open a tall boy which foams up all over him. Still, Donnie is happy to pant and slurp up the overflow.

OUTSIDE. The police officer catches up to the spot and starts looking around, frantically. Donnie is nowhere in sight. As the cop makes a choice and moves away from the spot, the CITY YARD TRIMMINGS TRUCK turns the corner, and the giant claw arm picks up the receptacle in which Donnie is hiding.

EXT. AAAAA PAWN - DAY - ESTABLISHING

CAMERA PANS from the store sign into the front window where we see guitars, lawn mowers, speakers, bikes, etc. We might even catch the back of a young man standing at the counter.

PUNK KID (PRELAP)
So what'll you give me?

INT. AAAAA PAWN - DAY

Jackie stares across the counter at the PUNK 17-YEAR-OLD. Then she glances down to the counter where a car stereo has been placed, ripped wires dangle from the back.

JACKIE
You know, when you remove your car stereo, you there's generally a jack that'll just pop out. Nice and neat.

The PUNK KID just stares at Jackie for a long beat. "Are we really going to play this game?" Finally...

PUNK KID
I was in a hurry.

JACKIE
I see.

The two stare at each other for another beat before Jackie punches a button on the cash register. She sighs as the cash drawer opens. She pulls out three twenties.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Sixty.

PUNK KID
No, but seriously...

Jackie sticks the cash back in the drawer, closes it. The punk smirks, picks up the stereo, heads for the door. Jackie watches him, but doesn't move. The kid stops at the door.

Jackie punches the drawer on the cash register. She has the sixty bucks ready for the kid as he returns. She hands him the cash as he sets the stereos back down.

JACKIE
Pleasure doing business.

The kid exits, grumbling. Jackie regards a lengthy register receipt. The totals at the bottom seem to bring her down.

EXT. AAAAA PAWN SHOP - SAME TIME

Hy Cusp, (55, a human weasel) smokes and reads a car magazine as he sits at a set of PLASTIC PATIO FURNITURE behind the pawn shop.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Hy!

Hy is a lazy man, but he recognizes Jackie's tone. He stands, enters the back door of the store.

INT. AAAAA PAWN - CONTINUOUS

Hy enters, finds Jackie pointing to the car stereo.

JACKIE
Soundstorm. In dash CD/DVD. Scrape it. List it at two-fifty. Put it in the front display.

HY
Every now and then you need me to remind you I'm your partner, not your gopher?

JACKIE
Great. Then I guess you'll be handling documentation and accounts payable tonight.

HY
You been testy since Dean went away. They say that comes from a lack of good lovin'. Must be lonely at home, all by yourself.

JACKIE
That reminds me -- where are we keeping those D batteries?

Hy smirks. Jackie picks her up her purse, heads out.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Mind the register for a while. Roxy
left her inhaler at home. I've
gotta go drop it by her school.

HY
Aye. Aye.

EXT. AAAAA PAWN PARKING LOT - DAY

Jackie walks to her car. She sees ubiquitous Vegas flyers tucked under her wiper. She pulls them out, moves to a trash can, but stops dead when she glances at one of the flyers.

ON FLYER: An ad for an escort service with a sexy boudoir photograph of Tawny wearing a come hither expression.

Jackie's jaw drops. She's steaming as she marches back to the car. She takes out her cell, dials. It begins to ring.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Phone still to her ear, Jackie starts the car. Puts it into reverse. She gets Tawny's recording.

TAWNY (ON PHONE)
This is Tawny. I'm probably
screening.

JACKIE (INTO PHONE)
(fierce)
Daughter Dearest. Call your mother
the second you get this. Or else.

Jackie checks the rear view mirror. She doesn't notice as hand comes up behind her and grabs her shoulder.

VOICE
Hey.

Jackie screams, spins. She's got her taser out of her purse and she's about to fry someone, but Van speaks up.

VAN
Mom! It's me. Chill!

Jackie looks over her shoulder, livid, discovers her son wedged into the floorboard looking scared and exhausted.

JACKIE
Jesus, Van! What're you thinking?
I could've driven off a cliff!

VAN
In the parking lot?

JACKIE
What're you doing back there?

VAN
I'm incognito.

JACKIE
No you're not. That doesn't mean
what you think it means.

VAN
I'm hiding!

JACKIE
I guessed that. From who?

VAN
Is it really important right now?
Face forward. You're blowing my
cover.

JACKIE
You're not incognito! You don't
have a cover! You're not a spy,
Van!

VAN
Fine. Just drive...okay? Take me to
the Tip Top. Let me out there, then
take this bag and stick it in the
trunk for now. I'll get it later.
If Donnie calls or comes by, tell
him where I am, but no one else.

Jackie leans up, regards her son, considers...

VAN (CONT'D)
Face forward!

JACKIE
What bag?

VAN
It's down by my feet.

JACKIE
Who's after you?

VAN
It's better you don't know. For
now. Can you just drive?

Jackie takes a cleansing breath, puts the car in drive.

EXT. CLUB TIP TOP - DAY

Jackie pulls in front of a divey, blue-collar bar, stops. A beat later, the back door opens and Van slinks out.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jackie watches Van in the rear view mirror until he's safely inside the bar before she pulls away from the curb.

EXT. REAGAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

WIDE on the exterior of a modern, still-newish high school. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON JACKIE'S CAR as it enters the visitor parking lot in front of the administration building.

ANGLE ON JACKIE as she gets out of the car. She moves around to the other side, opens the door, finds the designer carry-on bag Van mentioned. She removes the bag, glances in it.

IN BAG: A laptop, two bottles of wine. Nothing that gives Jackie too much concern.

Jackie puts the bag in her trunk, heads toward the administration building.

INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL - ADMINISTRATION - DAY

Jackie stands at the counter until an adult attendance secretary approaches her.

ATTENDANCE SECRETARY

Yes?

JACKIE

Hi. I'm Roxy West's mother. She left this at home today.

Jackie places an inhaler on the counter, but the secretary's gaze never leaves Jackie's face. She's terribly puzzled.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry. Roxy West doesn't attend school here anymore.

Off Jackie. *What's going on here?*

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

ON JACKIE, aghast.

JACKIE
She checked out?

REVEAL PRINCIPAL LYLE PETERS (45, handsome-ish) unnerved.

PETERS
Six weeks ago. Yes. It was our understanding that the family was relocating to another district. We received all the appropriate paperwork.

Jackie instinctively suspects Roxy forged the documents.

JACKIE
(growling)
Roxy.
(then...)
The family has not relocated. You can expect my daughter here tomorrow and every day after that.

Jackie sits there adjusting to the situation for a beat. Then something curious occurs to her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
She went to France for five days with the French Club. I've seen pictures of her in front of the Eiffel Tower.

PETERS
Um... We don't have a French Club.

Jackie's face muscles twitch. If Roxy were in the room, it's likely she would be dismembered.

INT. PRISON VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

Dean is led to a table where Jackie sits waiting.

DEAN
What a sight for sore eyes.

Jackie attempts to smile, but the day has taken its toll. She fights to keep her emotions in check.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Sweetie. Hey... What's wrong?

JACKIE
Everything.
(pulling it together)
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I don't know if I can do this without you, again. The kids are running wild. We're barely making ends meet without you earning. I'm sorry. I know you have it worse. I shouldn't unload on you.

DEAN

Jackie. Baby. Keep your head up. I'm working some angles in here. The calvary is on the way. You keep the kids in line as best you can, and let me handle the rest. Good fortune awaits. I promise. Okay?

Jackie forces a nod.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Now can you do something for me?

JACKIE

Anything.

DEAN

Can I see you smile?

Jackie provides a genuine smile through the pain.

DEAN (CONT'D)

There it is. ...And can you undo a couple of those buttons.

Dean indicates Jackie's blouse, licks his lips.

JACKIE

Stop it.

But this time Jackie's smile comes easier.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

We're on Jackie as she returns to her house.

JACKIE

No. No...

JACKIE'S POV - it looks like her kids are throwing a party. A dozen cars are parked in front of her house, on her lawn. People mill around on the front porch.

Jackie furrows her brow, parks, hurries toward the house...

EXT. WEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jackie makes her way toward the front door. She spots Tawny facing away from her. Jackie is so angry, she doesn't notice the odd, passive tenor of the party.

JACKIE
Tawny! Get over here!

Tawny turns and Jackie knows immediately something's wrong.

TAWNY
Mom! Mom!

Tawny rushes up to her mother, throws her arms around her.

JACKIE
Honey, what's wrong?

TAWNY
Mom! It's Donnie. He's dead.

JACKIE
What? No...

TAWNY
He was running from the police. He got crushed in the back of a garbage truck.

The news hits Jackie hard. She hugs Tawny tightly.

EXT. WEST HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jackie is curled up in the bathtub sobbing, mascara running. She stops. She can hear the people out in her living room. Jackie's expression morphs from grief to resolve.

INT. WEST HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jackie enters the room her crowded living room -- filled mostly with peers of Donnie -- twenty-somethings from the wrong side of the tracks.

JACKIE
(forcefully)
OUT! Everybody out!

People look up, surprised at first, but very quickly convinced by Jackie's tone and expression. Tawny approaches Jackie looking resentful and embarrassed.

TAWNY
Mom. We need this.

JACKIE

There's plenty of time to grieve,
honey. I have something to say to
the family that has to be said now.

Jackie notices a clump of guests who haven't budged.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Are you deaf?! MOVE!

People know better than to test Jackie in this state. The
room begins emptying quickly.

INT. WEST HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

Jackie closes the door on the last "guest." She turns back
into the living room to find her morose children positioned
haphazardly around the living room.

Van, wasted, red-eyed and drinking rock-star style from a
JACK DANIELS BOTTLE, speaks.

VAN

So. Now what?

JACKIE

Now what? We're through. We're not
living like this any more.

(looking at Van)

No more getting chased by the cops.

(looking at Roxy)

No more skipping school.

Jackie slaps down the ESCORT FLYER in front of Tawny. Tawny
regards it and gapes. Jackie eyes her daughter.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

No more ...whatever this is.

(to all of them)

I'm not going to spend another
night worrying if my children are
going to end up in prison or dead.
From this moment on, we're the law-
abiding West family. Anyone who
doesn't like it, there's the door.

The kids are stunned, but no one moves a muscle.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

JACKIE (PRELAP OVER BLACK) (CONT'D)
Get up. I'm taking you to school.

INT. WEST HOUSE - ROXY'S ROOM - MORNING

ROXY'S POV - Jackie looms over her, jostling her awake.

ROXY
I'm gonna drive myself.

JACKIE
That's where you're wrong.

INT. WEST HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: Sydney Long questioned in hit and run. There's a picture of an aging diva -- think Cher.

REVEAL Jackie reading the story with interest. Roxy enters dressed for school and feeling sorry for herself.

ROXY
So..? What? You're grounding me? No car?

JACKIE
I'm *not* grounding you.

Roxy registers her relief, until...

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get rid of the Nova, altogether.

ROXY
You can't sell my car!

JACKIE
It's my car. Don't believe me? Check the title.

ROXY
I'm not taking the school bus.

JACKIE
After today, you most definitely are. At least until you make some money and buy your own car. See...this is a notch up on the punishment scale from grounding. I think it's going to be an effective tool. What do you think?

Roxy stews. She poses the next question tentatively.

ROXY

How'd you find out? About school?

JACKIE

Crystal ball. So where were you when you were supposed to be in France? I assume those pictures you showed me were photoshopped.

ROXY

Where do you want to believe I was?

JACKIE

Staying at friends? I don't know.

ROXY

Have you ever seen me with a friend?

JACKIE

You did *not* go to Paris on your own. You're sixteen years old.
(off Roxy's silence)
I called your sponsor, Mademoiselle-

ROXY

(French accent, fake voice)
Mademoiselle DuPont? Roxy is...que' est qu c'est -- curious, non?

JACKIE

Where'd you get the cash? You said the French club sold bon bons to raise the money.

ROXY

Do I ask you where your money comes from?

JACKIE

That kind of cute is gonna end up costing you. Now, go get your brother and sister up. I've made a list of some of the ways things are gonna change around here.

(then, as Roxy turns)

Did you know anything about this?

Jackie holds up the TAWNY FLYER. Roxy cracks up.

ROXY

Nope. But can we really say we're surprised?

Off Jackie, not amused.

INT. WEST HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Roxy pounds on Tawny's door. Opens it. No one's there. She continues down the hall, pounds on Van's door. Same result.

INT. WEST HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Roxy wanders back in the kitchen.

ROXY

First sign of the apocalypse -- Van
and Tawny are out of bed and gone
before 8 a.m.

Jackie frowns. There's a KNOCK on the door. Jackie and Roxy exchange a look. Knocks this early are never good.

INT./EXT. WEST HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Jackie opens the door revealing DETECTIVE WATTS and his partner. Before anyone speaks, Watts hands Jackie a coffee.

JACKIE

Detective.

WATTS

Van around? It's important I find
him.

JACKIE

Join the club.

WATTS

For his sake more than mine.

JACKIE

Right.

WATTS

Donnie Stiles ended up in the back
of that garbage truck yesterday
because he was being pursued by
officers responding to a stolen car
call. It was a two-man job.

JACKIE

Huh. Well Van was working at the
pawn shop with me, so...

WATTS

Jackie. C'mon. A little respect,
please. We have a witness.

(MORE)

WATTS (CONT'D)

Seems Van and Donnie tried to get away with a Viper that belonged to the daughter of Burt Valencia. She picked Van out of a mugshot book.

Watts lets that land for a moment. Jackie doesn't comment, but we can tell she understands the situation is grave.

WATTS (CONT'D)

You know, Vegas PD handles forty or fifty calls a month from casinos handing us various con men and card cheats caught by hotel security. We haven't received a call from the Valencia in three years. Now, I suppose that could mean no one cheats...or cheaters never get caught there, but that's not the consensus school of thought. Nope. Most of us believe the Valencia chooses to handle its own crime and punishment. Hear what I'm sayin'?

JACKIE

They get the car back?

WATTS

Within ten minutes. Not a scratch on it.

JACKIE

Then no harm, no foul, right?

WATTS

The daughter is still missing some personal effects. She seemed particularly concerned with a couple bottles of wine.

JACKIE

If I see Van, I'll let him know you're looking for him.

WATTS

You do that.

LONG LENS POV SHOT from across the street. Someone is watching Jackie and Detective Watts talking.

EXT. WEST HOUSE - DAY

Jackie watches Watts drive away. Once he's out of sight, Jackie very quickly moves out to her car, opens her trunk. The bag is gone. Off Jackie's exasperation.

INT. WEST HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jackie enters. She picks up a phone and dials. While the phone is ringing, Roxy enters carrying a ringing cell phone.

ROXY
If you're trying to reach Van,
You're s.o.l.
(wagging phone)
Here's his phone.

Jackie regards the ZEBRA-SKINNED PHONE exasperated.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - DAY

Jackie pulls up in front of Reagan High School. Roxy regards the school then looks back at Jackie, imploringly.

JACKIE
Don't give me that look. Go.

Roxy starts to climb out of the car. Jackie stops her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
The principal said you had all the appropriate documentation to check out of school. You forge my signature again, you're gonna lose more than your car.

Roxy sighs, gets out of the car grumbling.

ROXY
"Forgery is bad," said the pot to the kettle.

The line makes Jackie's jaw tighten, but she resists exploding and merely calls after Roxy.

JACKIE
Get your teachers' phone numbers.
I'm going to be calling them on a regular basis.

Jackie watches Roxy head toward the building. She takes out her cell, dials.

EXT. CAESAR'S PALACE PARKING GARAGE - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

Haden, carrying a briefcase, trails a senior lawyer as they hurry toward the casino entrance. He answers his phone.

HADEN
Mom?

JACKIE

Haden, can you swing by the house.
We've got a bit of a family crisis
brewing.

HADEN

Van?

JACKIE

Naturally, Van.

HADEN

Maybe lunchtime? I'm assisting on a
deposition-prep.

JACKIE

(proudly)

It's Sydney Long, isn't it. I read
your firm was handling her case.
Did she do it?

HADEN

(smiles, shakes head)

All our clients are innocent, Mom.

JACKIE

Of course they are, son. They're
rich.

ON HADEN'S BACK as he enters the grand casino.

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE MAIN STAGE - DAY

CAMERA STARTS ON THE NAME "SYDNEY" spelled out in a thousand
pink lights, PANS DOWN to the main stage where we find the
resident diva belting out one of her hits in a rehearsal.

(Let's cast Whitney Houston and have her perform "I Will
Always Love You." Fun. Meta. Promotable. Get-able.)

ANGLE ON HADEN and senior lawyer, WILL STONE (40, slick,) watching the rehearsal from seats up front.

WILL STONE

Buckle up. This woman's certifiable.

Seemingly on cue, Houston stops the rehearsal, starts shouting at someone in the lighting booth.

SYDNEY

Martin, if you're late on that cue during a performance, I swear to god, you'll be out on your fat ass by intermission.

Sydney notices Will Stone. Stone waves his finger in a "we're here" gesture.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Take ten everyone. My legal team has arrived.

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE MAIN STAGE - 30 MINUTES LATER

Sydney Long, Stone and Haden sit in a red-leather booth.

WILL STONE

The bicyclist claims that a pink Porsche 911 swerved onto the sidewalk at the intersection of 6th and Fremont and hit him. Afterwards, the victim claims, the driver backed up, rolled down the window, saw the extent of his injuries, then sped off. He identified you as the driver.

Sydney puts down her cocktail, responds.

SYDNEY

So *he's* the "victim," huh? Is that the word we use to describe an extortionist? Call him what he is! A liar! *He's* not the victim here.

HADEN

Given the fact the jury will be seated across the courtroom from a teenager sporting two artificial legs, it might be in our best interest to cede the term "victim."

Sydney eyes Haden coolly, turns to Stone.

SYDNEY

Who's this?

WILL STONE

One of our newest associates, Haden West.

SYDNEY

I want him off my case.

WILL STONE

Done.

(to Haden)

Haden, you can wait for me out in the car.

Haden, stunned, stands, gathers his papers, exits.

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE CASINO - DAY

Haden walks through the casino in a daze. He fears he's lost not just his first big case, but his job. His cell phone rings a couple of times before he answers it.

HADEN (INTO PHONE)

Yeah?

INT. MALL - DAY - INTERCUT

Tawny walks toward PRO-FOTO, a mall camera store.

TAWNY (INTO PHONE)

Haden, is it a crime if someone does something really sleazy to you and you kick 'em in the nuts?

HADEN

Yes.

Tawny growls, snaps her phone shut leaving Haden nonplused.

INT. PRO-FOTO - DAY

Tawny marches up to an employee helping an elderly woman.

TAWNY

You ass-faced rat bastard.

Meet JESSE THORN, 25, an ass-faced rat bastard.

JESSE

(to older woman)

Excuse me, ma'am.

Jesse leads Tawny away by her elbow.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Uncool, Boo.

TAWNY

My picture ended up on a flyer for Hookers-R-Us.

JESSE

Can't blame a man for trying to recoup his losses.

TAWNY

Wanna bet?

JESSE

You got the money now? Truthfully,
I want you to have them.

TAWNY

How about you give me the photos
now, and I pay you back as soon as
a get my first modeling job?

Jesse regards Tawny, shakes his head.

JESSE

Pass. But I'll tell you what. I'll
give you the pictures. No charge.
All I want is a date.

TAWNY

A date, huh?
(knowingly)
Where are you taking me? The Ghost
Bar? Rain? Body English?

JESSE

I was thinking more -- my place.

Tawny exhales sharply. She *knew* what he was thinking.

TAWNY

(resigned)
What time?

EXT. CAESAR'S PALACE PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Will Stone arrives back at his SL-Class Mercedes. Haden is
leaning on the car looking devastated. Stone grins.

WILL STONE

Oh, get over it, West. Quit moping.
You're not off the case. We have big
plans for you. That woman won't even
remember what she said tomorrow.

Off Haden, greatly relieved.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Lyle Peters enters his office, his head buried in a file.

ROXY (O.S.)

I thought we had a deal.

Peters jumps, has to catch his breath. He looks down and
discovers Roxy seated in the same chair Jackie occupied the
day before. Peters nervously takes a seat in his chair.

PETERS

We did have a deal. Your mom just showed up out of the blue, and we couldn't produce you.

ROXY

So you told her I'd checked out of school?!

PETERS

The attendance secretary told her.

ROXY

That wasn't the arrangement. You were supposed to cover for me.

ANGLE ON PETERS. As he listens to Roxy he begins to get a far-away look in her eyes.

ROXY (CONT'D)

If my mom showed up, I was supposed to be on a field trip. At the end of the semester, a report card was gonna get mailed to the house. Remember?

Roxy continues to talk, but Peters is gone. Roxy's voice dissolves into Tawny's, and we're two years in the past.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK POP

Peters remains in his seat, but across from him, it's Tawny. Sexy Tawny. And she's a vision leaning over his desk, cooing to him. Bare midriff. Cleavage for days. Turning it on.

TAWNY

All I need are Cs and Ds. It's not like I'm asking for As, but if I don't pass, if I don't graduate, my mom'll make me come back for another year. And if I'm still going to school here that means we can never take me on one of those trips you talked about...

Peters is a puddle of lust and conflicted emotions.

ROXY

HEY!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT

Roxy snaps her fingers, draws Peters out of his reverie.

ROXY

What's wrong with you? Do you need
a refresher course?

Roxy produces a DIGITAL MEMO MINDER.

PETERS

That's not necess--

Roxy hits play. Peter's voice comes from the device.

PETERS (ON DEVICE) (CONT'D)

Hey, Tawny. It's me. *Lyle*. I did
what you told me -- pictured you
naked underneath that gown when I
was handing you your diploma.
That's why I had to stay behind the
podium.

(laughs awkwardly)

Listen, I did it. I booked us a
suite at the Valencia.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK POP

Peters stands next to his barbecue with a cocktail in hand
speaking into his cell phone.

PETERS (ON PHONE)

This Friday, under the name Gordon
Sumner. There'll be a key for you.

A 40-SOMETHING HAUS FRAU appears in the sliding glass doors.

MRS. PETERS

Honey? Are you coming in?

Peters snaps the phone shut.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT

The memo minder stops playing. Peters looks defeated.

PETERS

So what now?

Roxy produces a sheet of notebook paper, hands it to him.

ROXY

This is gonna be my schedule.

Peters regards the document glumly.

PETERS

English. Four electives. And
principal's aide.

ROXY

Plus, I'm gonna need a stack of
blank hall passes and your
signature stamp.

Peters stews for a beat, then in a desperate move, he lunges
across his desk and snatches the MEMO MINDER. Roxy doesn't
flinch. She shakes her head almost displaying pity.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Lyle. Please. I have a dozen
copies. Hand the recorder back.
Give me the passes and the stamp or
by tonight you'll be as famous as
Pat O'Brien.

Off Peters. He takes a beat then begins to comply.

INT. AAAAA PAWN SHOP - DAY

ON HY CUSP, frowning.

HY

You want me to give you eighteen
thousand dollars for your half of
the Pawn Shop?

REVEAL JACKIE addressing him, pointing to a typed page.

JACKIE

I made a list of the assets. It's a
steal. You know it is. You've got
that much squirrelled away.

HY

This is kind of all-of-a-sudden.

JACKIE

Time for a career change. You
haven't seen Van, have you?

HY

Something wrong?

JACKIE

Van took a couple bottles of wine
off Burt Valencia. Valencia wants
them back.

HY

(dark chuckle, then...)
Burt Valencia, huh? Why'd he want
to go do something like that? I
ever tell you about Lee Akers?

JACKIE

The Six Dollar Man? Wears the glass
eye that looks like a Titleist.

HY

Liked to golf. *Loved* to golf. So
one day he shows up at Burt
Valencia golf course. ...But he
doesn't quite meet the dress
requirements for the course.

INT. VALENCIA GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

The Six Dollar Man, sporting a CLUB TIP TOP softball jersey,
argues with the Valencia head pro.

HY (O.C.)

Eventually, he has to be removed.

EXT. VALENCIA GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

The Six Dollar Man is tossed out forcibly by a couple burly
assistant pros. He gets up, dusts himself off, fumes.

HY (O.C.)

The Six Dollar Man doesn't take
this lying down.

INT. THE SIX DOLLAR MAN'S GRAND TORINO - DAY - FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON THE SIX DOLLAR MAN'S FACE as he shouts lustily.

HY (O.C.)

Takes a little joyride across the
tenth green.

EXT. VALENCIA GOLF COURSE - SAME TIME - FLASHBACK

A WIDE ANGLE reveals that The Six Dollar Man is doing donuts
in the middle of a golf course green.

HY (O.C.)

Probably not his best play.

EXT. CLUB TIP TOP - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The Six Dollar Man steps out of the dive. He's had a few.

HY (O.C.)
He wasn't tough to find.

A couple BOUNCER-SIZED MEN step out of a car, and before The Six Dollar Man knows what's hit him, he's shoved into a waiting car.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We pan up the length of the Six Dollar Man's body. He's been duct taped to the golf ball retrieval tractor. There's fear in his eyes, and he looks like he's taken a good beating.

REVEAL BURT VALENCIA (Think Andy Garcia) on the tee box, hitting three irons at The Six Dollar Man.

INT. PAWN SHOP - RESUME

HY
Burt Valencia always likes to make sure his point gets across. I'd find that wine if I was you.

Off Jackie's mounting concern...

EXT. WEST HOUSE - DAY

LONG LENS POV - a entry-level BMW pulls up in front of the West House. Haden is driving.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

A sexy 20-year-old girl drops her binoculars, turns to the MOUNTAIN OF A MAN seated next to her.

SEXY WOMAN
That's the guy.

EXT. WEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The MOUNTAIN MAN gets out of the car deliberately. He's slickly-dressed in a suit. He beelines straight for Haden.

ON HADEN as he steps out of his car. He looks up just in time to get a fist to the face.

MOUNTAIN MAN
Where's the wine, West?

Haden attempts to clear his head. He has no idea what's happening.

HADEN
What? ...Wine?

The Mountain Man kicks Haden in the gut.

MOUNTAIN MAN

I don't want to keep doing this.
Just tell me where the wine is.

HADEN

Funny, you look like you're
enjoying yourself.

The Mountain Man picks Haden up by his tie.

HADEN (CONT'D)

You don't want me, man. You want my
brother.

Another punch. Haden buckles over.

MOUNTAIN MAN

You're wasting my time.

The MOUNTAIN MAN shoves Haden's head into the front door
frame of the car. He grabs the door, prepares to slam it.

We hear the unmistakable sound of a SHOTGUN BEING COCKED.

The Mountain Man turns his head and comes face to face with
Haden's very angry, very protective mother.

JACKIE

Let go of my son, or I'm going to
blow your head off.

This might sound like an idle threat from some women. When
Jackie says it, there's no doubt of her willingness to follow
through.

The Mountain Man lets go of Haden who slumps to the ground.
Then, a female voice from behind Jackie.

SEXY WOMAN (O.S.)

Mrs. West?

Jackie slowly turns her head.

SEXY WOMAN/SADIE VALENCIA

My name is Sadie Valencia. I'm
hoping we can work something out.

Off Jackie, considering.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WEST HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON A PICTURE OF HADEN AND VAN in happier times.

REVEAL Sadie Valencia looking at the picture. She laughs.

SADIE

Twins, huh?

ANGLE ON HADEN holding a wet washcloth full of ice cubes to his mouth. It's not funny to him.

HADEN

Hilarious. Isn't it?

SADIE

Van. Haden. Kinda like--

WIDEN TO REVEAL Jackie and the Mountain Man also in the room.

JACKIE

Yeah, their Dad wanted to name them after the band. He tried to sneak the birth certificate by me twenty minutes after the Cesarean. I had just enough of my brain left to turn the l into a d.

SADIE

Crazy.

Sadie looks over at an unhappy Haden, pulls out a business card, slides it across the table toward Haden.

SADIE (CONT'D)

My bad. That's good for a free steak at the casino. Still friends?

Haden gives Sadie a flat look. It's clear Sadie makes the most of sex appeal and attitude. She shifts gears on a dime.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Here's the story. We need those two bottles of wine returned in 30 hours. I'd just gotten back from Bordeaux -- where I'd gone *specifically* to pick 'em up -- when Van stole my car. If dad gets both bottles back by the deadline, he won't press charges. If he doesn't, he still won't press charges, but it'll get settled some other way.

Haden and Jackie exchange a glance. *Uh oh.*

EXT. WEST HOUSE - DAY

Haden and Jackie stand on the front steps of the house and watch Sadie and her henchman drive off. Haden provides an ironic cheerful wave, as he addresses Jackie.

HADEN

Such nice people.

(then...)

I think I have a pretty clear understanding of the situation now.

Jackie takes a cell phone from her pocket.

JACKIE

Good. Here's Van's cell phone. You keep it. Take his calls and try to figure out where he is.

HADEN

Pretend to be Van. ...And figure out where I am?

JACKIE

You'll sound confused. Trust me, Van's friend's'll buy it. We need to get that wine back to Burt Valencia. You heard about Donnie?

HADEN

Yeah, Mom. I'm really sorry.

JACKIE

His funeral is Tuesday. I'd like you to be there.

(then...)

I told your brother and sisters we're out of the business. We're going straight.

Haden gives his mother a look. This was unexpected.

HADEN

How'd that go over?

JACKIE

Like you'd expect.

(pats Haden's back)

It's nice having one child I don't have to worry about.

(noticing something)

Oh, would you look at this...

ANGLE ON THE STREET. A motorcycle drives up with Tawny on the back. Tawny climbs off the bike, gives the rider a hug.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I found a flyer on my car yesterday
-- a picture of Tawny promising she
could be sent to my hotel room in 30
minutes or less.

HADEN

It's never really the girl in the
picture who shows up.

Jackie gives Haden a disapproving look. Haden smiles coyly.

HADEN (CONT'D)

Or so I've heard.

JACKIE

(shouting)

Tawny! Get over here.

Tawny glares back Jackie. Haden smirks.

HADEN

I think I'm gonna sit this one out.
I'll call if I learn anything.

Jackie nods. Haden kisses her cheek, moves toward his car passing Tawny en-route. He tips an imaginary cap.

HADEN (CONT'D)

Madame.

TAWNY

Bite me.

CAMERA STAYS ON TAWNY as she approaches Jackie.

TAWNY (CONT'D)

I'm taking care of it, okay? So can
we just drop it?

JACKIE

(motioning to follow)

Oh, let's not. How about we have a
little mother-daughter face time.

Jackie leads Tawny inside.

INT. WEST HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Tawny moves through the house followed by Jackie.

TAWNY

It's Jesse Thorn you should be yelling at.

JACKIE

Who's Jesse Thorn?

TAWNY

The photographer.

JACKIE

I see. This Jesse character snuck up on you. You were crawling around on all fours in your underwear, minding your own business...

TAWNY

They're for my portfolio. For my *modeling career*.

JACKIE

Maybe it's time you get a real job, Tawny, paid for your own high ticket items.

TAWNY

A real job? What? Like fencing stolen crap at the pawn shop?

JACKIE

I'm selling my half of the pawn shop. See this..?

Jackie picks up THE CLASSIFIEDS, shows off the circled ads.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Each one of these is a job that's being offered. I'm gonna go talk to these people, see if they might hire me. That's how it works.

TAWNY

For suckers.

JACKIE

(furious)

What did you say?

TAWNY

It's what dad says: *Straight jobs are for suckers.*

JACKIE

Then get used to being a sucker.

TAWNY

You first. What kind of straight jobs you finding in the Vegas classifieds, anyway?

(hitting below the belt)

...for ladies too old to wear a cocktail dress. What do think those jobs'll pay? How many months 'til we move back to the old neighborhood?

JACKIE

(clenching jaw)

I'm gonna head out, try to find Van. And try to remember all the reasons I love you.

Jackie picks up her keys and exits out the garage door.
CAMERA STAYS on Tawny, troubled, wishing she'd held back.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jackie closes the door behind her. She falls back against it, squeezes her eyes shut. She chokes back a sob, wipes her eyes. Jackie takes a cleansing breath, gets in her car.

INT. CLUB TIP TOP - DAY

CAMERA FINDS JACKIE still wearing the sadness of her encounter with Tawny as she listens to the bartender.

BARTENDER

Sorry, Jackie. Last I saw Van was yesterday around lunchtime.

JACKIE

Give me a call, will ya? If he comes back by...

A WIDE SHOT reveals the rough and tumble clientele of the Tip Top as Jackie starts to exit. A man calls out to Jackie.

COZY BOY

Mrs. West!

Jackie turns, finds herself face-to-face with a hard-luck type, mid-twenties, who goes by the moniker COZY BOY.

JACKIE

Cozy Boy. You haven't seen Van, have you?

COZY BOY

Naw. Not since last night when you threw us out.

Jackie doesn't react. This exactly the sort of guy she doesn't want in her house.

COZY BOY

Hey, listen, is it true Haden works downtown for -- what is it..?

JACKIE

Rollins and Associates.

COZY BOY

Yeah.

(smiles, nods)

That's what I thought. Cool.

Off Jackie, perplexed by the strange question.

INT. WEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Tawny is getting ready for her date. Roxy enters.

ROXY

I got six weeks off school out of those phone messages you gave me.

TAWNY

Good for you. Old perv had it coming.

Roxy moves closer, notices that Tawny is tarted up like a Twisted Sister fan's wet dream.

ROXY

If the question is, "will you be able to get backstage?" The answer is a thousand times yes.

TAWNY

Jesse said he'd give me my pictures if I went on a date with him.

ROXY

A "date?" He means sex.

TAWNY

Congratulations. You're a genius. No wonder you do so well on all those tests.

ROXY

His ex-girlfriend is 17! She goes to my school. She broke up with him after he posted nude photos of her on his website.

TAWNY

Get naked and let a guy take pictures, gotta figure that's one of the possibilities.

ROXY

Her eyes were closed. He took the shots when she was passed out.

Tawny rolls her eyes, seemingly oblivious to the warning. We hold on Roxy looking extremely concerned for her sister.

EXT. AAAAA PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Hy is locking up. As he moves out into the parking lot...

VOICE

Hy. Hey! Hy! Up here.

Hy looks for the source of the sound, spots Van climbing to his feet on the pawn shop's slanted corrugated metal roof.

HY

Van. What's up, my brother?

When Van speaks, it becomes apparent he's hammered.

VAN

I need some cash, Hy.

HY

Don't we all.

VAN

What'll you give me for this?

Van produces SADIE VALENCIA'S TRAVEL BAG. Hy spots the top of a wine bottle protruding from the back. He licks his lips.

VAN (CONT'D)

There's a laptop in here. A nice one. Some other stuff.

HY

Come down here. We'll talk.

Van nods, begins to disappear from view. He slips, disappears from frame. All we hear is the sound of a THUD, then Van tumbling and shouting as he rolls down the length of the roof. There's a split second of silence followed by a crash.

EXT. AAAAA PAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Hy arrives at the back of the store in time to discover Van has landed on the patio umbrella, plastic patio table and chairs where we first found Hy smoking.

Hy spots the travel bag dangling from the roof. The strap is caught on an exhaust pipe. Hy pulls it down and looks in the bag. Yes, there's a laptop, but more importantly, both bottles of wine are still intact.

HY

I think I can make you a deal.

Off Van, pleased.

INT. WEST HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jackie enters looking exhausted. She finds Roxy slumped on the kitchen table staring into space.

JACKIE

No word from Van?

ROXY

Nope.

JACKIE

Get out your homework. I want look it over.

Roxy shakes her head. *So this is how it's going to be.*

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Where's Tawny?

ROXY

Out doing something stupid.

JACKIE

(so what's new?)

Yeah?

(noticing Roxy's mood)

Roxy. Where's your sister?

ROXY

The last time I snitched on Tawny she flushed my goldfish.

JACKIE

To your credit, it was ten years ago. Spill.

Roxy looks up at her mother. It's a tough decision.

EXT. WEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackie's car going screeching out into the street in reverse.

INT. JESSE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tawny wanders around Jesse's garage apartment, "admires" it. Jesse enters the foreground of the frame with two glasses of ice. He faces away from Tawny.

JESSE

Make yourself comfortable. What can I get you to drink.

TAWNY

Surprise me.

JESSE

That's the spirit.

Jesse reaches for a bottle of rum, fills the glasses halfway with alcohol. Behind him, Tawny plunks herself down on a couch, picks up a plastic guitar.

TAWNY

You've got Guitar Hero! Awesome.

JESSE

Yeah. Turn it on if you want.

Jesse splashes some coke in each glass. Tawny air guitars.

TAWNY

Doo-doo-doo... *Barracuda!*

Jesse throws a nervous glance back at Tawny, withdraws a tiny vial from his pocket, dumps the contents in one of the glasses. He picks up both glasses, turns, pastes on a smile.

JESSE

Looks like you're ready to rock.

TAWNY

Born ready.

Off Jesse's sly smile...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. JESSE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Loud rock music filters out of the garage as Jackie pounds on the door fruitlessly. She tries to peek into the garage door windows, but they're covered with rock band tapestries.

INT. JESSE'S GARAGE APARTMENT - SAME TIME

CAMERA PANS UP the length of a naked arm, LANDS ON a roll of duct tape getting wrapped repeatedly around a wrist.

REVEAL Tawny duct taping the final of Jesse's extremities to a separate bed posts. She shouts at him over the music.

TAWNY

And that's why, if you're gonna
dose someone, you might wanna keep
an eye on which glass is yours.

Tawny moves purposefully across the room to Jesse's computer. She wakes up the computer. On screen she sees a hard drive icon labeled PHOTOS. Tawny unplugs the hard drive.

SUDDENLY JACKIE'S CAR CRASHES THROUGH THE GARAGE DOOR.

Jackie climbs out of the car with superhuman speed, prepared to do battle. It takes her a beat to suss out the situation.

JACKIE'S POV: Jesse is passed out on the bed. Tawny is standing on the other side of the room holding a hard drive apalled, but not particularly surprised.

TAWNY (CONT'D)

God, you're embarrassing. Didn't I
tell you I had it under control?

But Jackie doesn't care about Tawny's level of embarrassment. She approaches her daughter and throws her arms around her. Jackie's shoulders shudder as she holds Tawny. It doesn't take Tawny long to tear up herself. She sinks into the hug.

TAWNY (CONT'D)

Thanks, mom.

INT. HADEN'S SWANK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Haden pours himself an espresso from his well-appointed kitchen. He steps out onto...

EXT. HADEN'S SWANK APARTMENT BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Haden admires the view from the 12th floor of his building.

We can see the lights of the strip as well as the other apartment complexes built around a man-made lake below. Life is good. A cordless phone rings, Haden picks it up.

HADEN

Hello?

INT. HADEN'S SWANK APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - INTERCUT

The DOORMAN is on the other end of the line.

DOORMAN

Mr. West. There's a gentleman here asking for you, says his name is...

The doorman looks up at the slovenly man in front of him.

COZY BOY

Cozy Boy.

DOORMAN

...Cozy Boy. Shall I send him up?

HADEN

(confused)

I'll come down.

EXT. MAN-MADE LAKE - NIGHT

Cozy Boy and Haden walk and talk along the path winding around the man-made lake.

COZY BOY

I drive a uniform delivery truck. I hit all the big hotels. My route takes me through that intersection, same time, every night. You can check the log book.

HADEN

You saw the accident? You saw Sydney Long hit that bicyclist?

COZY BOY

That's the thing, Haden. I ain't decided, yet. I could show up at the district attorney's office and say I saw her hit that dude in her pink 911, but what'd that get me except a lot of time in court?

HADEN

(sees where this is going)

Coze...

COZY BOY

'Course, there's another world
where you and me make some money.
How much you suppose a big star
like Sydney Long would pay if I
were to get up and say I saw
something else entirely? How 'bout
it? One big score for old times?
Can you talk to her?

Off Haden. Holy shit.

INT. WEST HOUSE - JACKIE AND DEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jackie lies awake in bed, very much alone. She reaches over and turns on the CD player next to the bed. Elton John's "Amoreena" begins to play. Suddenly Dean feels much closer. We cut off of Jackie staring vacantly into the darkness.

INT. WEST HOUSE - TAWNY'S ROOM - MORNING

Tawny's head is buried in her pillows. An alarm goes off. Tawny reaches out a hand and searches her night stand trying to turn off the alarm. Her hand has no luck finding it. A very unhappy Tawny lifts her head, discovers she can't turn it off, because Jackie is holding it just outside her reach.

TAWNY

I didn't set that.

JACKIE

Yeah, I know. *I* did. You're going to go find a job today.

TAWNY

(re: the time)
Where? At a dairy?

INT. WEST HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tawny and Roxy wordlessly spoon Cap'n Crunch into their mouths. Jackie enters full of renewed energy.

JACKIE

I've been to all of Van's favorite places. I'm out of ideas. Either of you have any thoughts?

ROXY

He'll show up at Donnie's funeral tomorrow. He won't miss that.

JACKIE

That'll be too late.

TAWNY

You could try Good Time Charlie's?
It's open 24 hours.

Whatever sort of establishment "Good Time Charlie's" is, it makes Roxy chuckle and Jackie sigh and roll her eyes.

EXT. SUBDIVISION STREET - MORNING

We find an extraordinarily disgruntled Roxy waiting with two fourth graders as the yellow school bus moves toward them.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Roxy boards the bus. She is the oldest student on it. The atmosphere is a zoo. She takes an open seat next to a pigtailed eleven-year-old girl.

PIGTAIL GIRL

(snotty)
That seat is saved.

ROXY

Not any more.

Roxy gets plunked in the back of the head with a paper wad. She turns to yell at the guilty party, but as soon as faces back, the second grader behind her sneezes, covering Roxy's face with spittle. Off Roxy. This is hell.

INT. LAW OFFICES - HADEN'S CUBICLE - DAY

Haden is on the phone in his cubicle.

HADEN

Hi. I'd like to speak to someone in
the uniforms department. I'll hold.

A phone rings. Haden flips open his cell. No one's there. The phone keeps ringing. He realizes the problem. He locates Van's Zebra-skinned phone.

HADEN (CONT'D)

(as Van)
What's up, Buttercup? What's
shaking?
(beat)
Yeah, maybe you should come by,
pick me up. Know where I'm stayin'?
...Homes?

Off Haden cringing, feeling like an idiot.

EXT. GOOD TIME CHARLIE'S - DAY - INTERCUT

CAMERA PANS OFF THE SIGN for an all-night massage parlor and FINDS Jackie exiting the establishment. She looks grossed-out. Her cell phone rings. She checks it before answering.

JACKIE

Haden?

HADEN

Yeah, Mom. I know where Van is holed up.

Off Jackie processing the information.

EXT. STRIP MALL MODELING AGENCY - DAY

There's down-market, then there's PRESTIGE MODELING. Tucked between a convenience store and dog-grooming business, the female silhouette on the door looks like it belongs on a trucker's mudflap.

Tawny, her portfolio tucked under her arm, pauses before she goes in, checks her reflection in the glass, takes a deep breath, psyches herself up, enters.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Roxy walks down a deserted hallway nonchalantly. She's sipping a shake through a straw, an In-N-Out bag in hand. She's stopped by an ADULT HALL MONITOR.

HALL MONITOR

Lunch ended 15 minutes ago, so why don't you head back to the administration office and sign up for a detention time?

Roxy produces a HALL PASS. The monitor checks it, nods.

HALL MONITOR (CONT'D)

All right. Fine. On your way.

Roxy continues on her way.

EXT. DONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Donnie's house is a trailer. There is one car parked out front. Jackie gets out of her car, knocks on the door, which is open. No answer. Jackie enters, calling out.

JACKIE

Van? ...Van.

INT. DONNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jackie moves through the house. It's a shithole.

INT. DONNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jackie enters Donnie's room. She finds an empty JACK DANIELS BOTTLE. Van has been here.

There's no bed, but there are blankets and pillows on the floor indicating Van slept here. She finds an empty frame and a photo next to the makeshift bed. She picks up the photo.

TIGHT ON THE PHOTO: A young Van and a young Donnie posed next to Go Karts on a Go Kart track.

EXT. DONNIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jackie exits Donnie's house just as Donnie's wreck of a mother is returning from a neighboring trailer carrying a carton of cigarettes. When she sees Jackie, she blows up.

DONNIE'S MOM

You! Get out of my house! Haven't you done enough?

JACKIE

Martha, I'm so sorry about Donnie. We're all devastated.

DONNIE'S MOM

Devastated? All of you? That's a good one. Van's the only West who gives a damn. I tried to keep Donnie on the straight and narrow, but I couldn't keep him from your family, could I? You and your fancy house in that fancy subdivision. Professional thieves, living the high-life. He's dead because of you.

Donnie's mother has crossed a line. Jackie snaps.

JACKIE

You wanna know why he was at our place all the time, Martha? Because he felt loved and wanted there. You were more interested in booze and abusive men than your son. You're looking to place some blame? Look in the mirror.

As Jackie is gets in her car to drive off, Donnie's mom continues to yell at her.

DONNIE'S MOM

You think you're better than us,
but you're not! You're nothing
special. Nothing special at all.
You forgot where you came from.

INT. LAW OFFICES - WILL STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Will Stone regards Haden incredulously.

WILL STONE

A man named *Cozy Boy* is offering to
sell his testimony?

HADEN

His real name is Justin Perkins. I
double checked the log books at the
hotels. They support his story.
It's likely he was at, or near, the
intersection.

Stone considers for a long beat, strokes his chin.

WILL STONE

We need to take this to the big
guy.

INT. LAW OFFICES - PARTNER'S OFFICE - DAY

A gorgeous law office. Great view. We meet the BIG GUY; he's
the firm's intimidating managing partner (50s, think Alec
Baldwin.) The Big Guy regards Haden.

THE BIG GUY

I think I understand the situation
now.

(casually)

Did you and *Cozy Boy* establish a
drop-off location? A time?

HADEN

(stunned)

Sir?

THE BIG GUY

I'll assume he offered you a piece
of the action. A cut? He couldn't
have expected your cooperation,
otherwise.

HADEN

I didn't discuss a drop off. *Or* a cut. I could lose my license.

THE BIG GUY

Do you know how you got your job, here, son? I mean, have you ever really thought about that question. *How did I get a job at one of the top firms in Las Vegas? I made decent-but-not-great-grades at a decent-but-not-great law school. I have a juvenile record. I was raised in a family of petty criminals...*

The Big Guy sees the surprise on Haden's face.

THE BIG GUY (CONT'D)

Didn't think we knew? We know everything. I'm sure you interviewed all over town, all the top firms. How many offers did you get?

HADEN

One.

THE BIG GUY

We didn't hire you *despite* your checkered past; we hired you *because* of it. Here at Franken, Dugan and Holcomb we're all about winning. Sometimes winning requires people who understand what it means to operate in gray territory. So what's it gonna be? You ready to step up?

Haden takes a long beat. His head is swimming. Finally...

HADEN

I'll give Cozy Boy a call.

HADEN'S SUPERVISOR

Don't worry, son. It's like losing your virginity. From here on out, it gets easier.

(then, a wry smile)

You should go take care of that eye.

We cut off Haden. His entire world has just shifted.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. REAGAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

School is out. Roxy is part of a throng of students heading home. She passes by a row of nice cars and the student drivers who own them. She regards her peers enviously.

She climbs aboard a waiting school bus like a condemned man.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MOVING - DAY

Roxy can't help but overhear a pair of nerds seated a row up.

PASTY NERD

You skipped Holland's mid-term?

BLAZER NERD

I'm so dead. I ran into my mom at the mall, so now she won't write me an excuse note. Holland's gonna give me a zero. Can you say "bye bye Stanford?"

Roxy gets a gleam in her eye, interrupts the pair.

ROXY

What's it worth to you to get an absence excuse signed by the principal?

Off Blazer Nerd's hopeful expression. The answer's "a lot."

EXT. GO KART GO SPEEDWAY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jackie steps out of her car.

SHOT OF THE TRACK. There's only one driver doing laps.

CLOSE ON VAN DRIVING THE GO-KART. A winsome expression. Something catches his eye on the side of the track.

VAN POV - Jackie watching him, her face etched with empathy.

EXT. GO KART GO SPEEDWAY - 15 MINUTES LATER

LONG SHOT. Van sits on the edge of a picnic bench. Jackie stands next to him, her arm around her son, comforting him.

VAN

I miss him, Mom.

JACKIE

So do I.

EXT. GO KART GO SPEEDWAY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jackie and Van walk back to the parking lot.

JACKIE

What was in your head when you decided to steal Burt Valencia's daughter's car.

VAN

We didn't plan it. It sort of happened by accident.

EXT. VEGAS STREET - DAY

Donnie stands on the street outside of a casino. He's drinking the third tall boy from a six pack.

VAN (O.S.)

We had this idea. Dad never wanted to try it.

Van notices a DODGE VIPER entering the casino valet line. He whips out his cell phone, dials.

EXT. CASINO - SAME TIME

We find Van in a valet uniform behind shrubbery. He answers his phone, speaks, then pops out of his spot.

VAN (V.O.)

The big casinos'll have 30, 40 valet drivers on duty. I've talked to some of them. They don't all know each other.

Van jogs out to the VIPER.

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

Donnie picks out the car. The driver just tosses me the keys. It's like clockwork. Forget gone-in-60-seconds. I'm out in ten.

He's tossed the keys by a drop-dead sexy SADIE VALENCIA.

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

But there was a hitch.

SADIE VALENCIA

Send my bag right up. All right?

Van isn't sure how to respond. Her beauty leaves him a bit breathless. Sadie pauses, gives Van a hard look.

SADIE VALENCIA (CONT'D)

Hey.

Van jumps in the car, speeds off.

EXT. VEGAS STREET - SECONDS LATER

Van swings by, picks up Donnie. The two speed out.

VAN (O.S.)

Still -- it's a clean getaway.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - MINUTES LATER

Van and Donnie are laughing as Van drives.

VAN

What's in the bag?

Donnie picks up a bag from the floorboard, sifts through it.

DONNIE

Jackpot. Laptop. And a business card.

(reading)

This bag belongs to Sadie Valencia. Valencia... Hey! Just like the--

VAN

Holy crap.

It's at this exact moment that the car shuts down completely.

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

And there's another hitch. The car had a remote kill switch.

They pause for a beat. The Viper has gone dead right in the middle of an intersection. Suddenly they hear sirens. Van grabs the travel bag. Donnie grabs the tall boys and the two exit the car and run just as a police car that was heading the other way slams on the brakes. A cop gets out and begins chasing Donnie.

EXT. GO KART GO SPEEDWAY - RESUME

Jackie regards her son who has begun to get choked up again.

JACKIE

There's one piece of good news. We can make this all go away -- the police, the Valencias. All we have to do is return the wine that was in the bag.

VAN

I sold it.

JACKIE

(desperate)

To who?

VAN

Just Hy. He gave me twenty bucks.

(reaching for wallet)

I think I've got that much on me.

JACKIE

I suspect it'll cost a bit more
than that.

Off Jackie's concern.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Jackie enters the pawn shop, locates Hy behind the counter.

JACKIE

I know you've got the wine. You
know I need it back. What's it
gonna cost me.

HY

Yeah. That's some wine. I looked it
up on the internet. Bottles run ten
grand each. The winery only
produces 24 cases a year. This
particular vintage was sold out six
years before it was bottled.

JACKIE

Van could go to prison. Or worse.

HY

That's why I'm cutting you a deal.
Nine thousand each. That's ten
percent off. Friend's price.

JACKIE

I've put ten years of sweat into
this place.

HY

I feel for you, Jackie. I do.

Jackie shakes her head. She doesn't have a choice.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. VALENCIA CASINO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Think "THE WYNN" -- only the name is changed.

INT. VALENCIA CASINO - NIGHT

CAMERA FINDS JACKIE walking across the casino floor. She looks around for someone to talk to, makes a decision. Jackie holds the bottles above her head, stares up at the ceiling.

INT. VALENCIA SECURITY ROOM - DAY

A security officer furrows his brow as he observes Jackie looking straight into the camera he is monitoring.

INT. BURT VALENCIA OFFICE - NIGHT

A SECURITY OFFICER opens the door, allows Jackie into the opulent office of Burt Valencia. Valencia looks up from his work, begins speaking without preamble.

BURT VALENCIA

When I was twelve, I went to a supermarket with my mother. We didn't have much money, couldn't really afford any non-essentials. I knew this, and I suppose that's how I justified shoplifting the latest copy of Captain America. On the car ride home, my mom discovered what I'd done. Like you, she had a moral compass. She knew the right thing to do was return the merchandise.

JACKIE

Are you sure it was her moral compass? Maybe she was afraid the market would send goons to collect.

Burt smiles, charmed by Jackie's moxie. He approaches her.

BURT VALENCIA

When we arrived back at the store, she sent me in. She thought it was important that I face the music on my own. I learned a valuable lesson that day.

Burt extends his palms, nods at the wine.

BURT VALENCIA (CONT'D)

May I?

Jackie hands over the bottles of wine.

JACKIE

You got your daughter's car back.
You got the wine back. If we're
done here, I'll skip the parenting
lessons. I'd be more receptive if
the advice wasn't coming from a man
who knows his way around all the
shallow graves in the desert.

Burt laughs. He makes his way to a credenza. He surprises Jackie by beginning to uncork the first bottle.

BURT VALENCIA

You make my day, Ms. West.

JACKIE

Mrs. West.

BURT VALENCIA

Of course. If there are, in fact,
shallow graves out in the desert, I
promise I'm not responsible. Let
that be our secret, though. It's a
reputation I've taken pains to
establish. It serves me well.

JACKIE

Well congratulations on that.

BURT VALENCIA

Have a seat, Mrs. West.

Burt points out a chair. Jackie considers, then takes a seat.

BURT VALENCIA (CONT'D)

The deadline for returning the wine
came and went four hours ago.

JACKIE

It's 19 years old already. I'm sure
the four hours won't hurt.

BURT VALENCIA

Actually, the four hours hurt
considerably. You see, the wine
wasn't for me. It was for one of my
whales. He drops in on us a couple
times a year, leaves behind a
couple million at the tables.

Burt turns back from the credenza, regards Jackie. He's distracted momentarily by Jackie's legs.

BURT VALENCIA (CONT'D)

Because of this, I bend over backwards to get the man anything he wants. At the top of his request list? These two bottles of Bordeaux. My whale arrived today, saw we didn't have the wine, promptly checked out and moved across the street. So...

Burt holds out a glass he's poured. Jackie regards it sadly.

JACKIE

Those two bottles cost me everything I owned.

BURT VALENCIA

Then you understand my pain.
(raising his glass)
To fortunes lost.

Jackie hesitates, then clinks her glass against Burt's. She stares at the wine for a beat, sadly, then drinks. Jackie and Burt regard each other, shrug. *It's pretty good.* Then...

BURT

So, Jackie... What am I going to do about your son?

Off Jackie's motherly concern...

INT. WEST HOUSE ENTRYWAY - DAY

Haden, Jackie and Roxy are gathered in their Sunday best.

JACKIE

VAN! TAWNY!

ROXY

Van left a half-hour ago.

JACKIE

For what?

Roxy shrugs. Haden exhales sardonically. Tawny enters.

TAWNY

I'm here. Quit yelling.

JACKIE

How'd the job search go?

TAWNY

Great. I start tomorrow.

Van enters through the front door, already dressed and holding a BROWN PAPER BAG. He frowns when he sees Haden.

VAN

What happened to your face?

Haden glances at Jackie then bites his tongue.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The West family walks toward the grave sight. Tawny shrieks.

TAWNY

Daddy!

Everyone looks up, and sure enough, Dean (in a suit, but cuffed) is being guided out of the back seat of a NEVADA PRISON SYSTEM CAR. The shocked family jogs over, mobs him.

PRIEST (PRELAP)

Ashes to ashes. Dust to Dust.

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVE SIGHT - DAY

As a priest does the "ashes to ashes" bit, Donnie's coffin is lowered into the ground. Each family member is somber though Jackie and Van seem particularly bereaved.

EXT. CEMETERY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

As mourners head back to cars, Haden glances back, sees Van lingering by the grave, taking something from his pocket.

ANGLE on VAN as he withdraws his brown paper bag, unscrews the lid on a bottle of SCHNAPPS, pours a bit in the grave.

Jackie walks with Dean, holding onto his handcuffed arm. They arrive at a spot where a prison officer is waiting for Dean.

The guard allows a passionate kiss between the two before taking Dean by the elbow and leading him away. Dean and Jackie don't break eye contact, however, until the officer puts him in the waiting car. Haden sidles up beside Jackie.

HADEN

I guess the Nevada penal system has something of a heart.

JACKIE

I can't tell you how much having you on the straight and narrow means to me, Haden. I couldn't survive seeing you taken away in cuffs.

We hold on Haden, the weight of the world on him.

INT. WEST HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jackie puts the final touch on a stack of sandwiches. Van leans against the counter working on a tall boy.

JACKIE

We didn't get the bottles of wine back to Burt Valencia in time. You work for him now.

VAN

For how long?

JACKIE

Until he says the debt's paid off.

VAN

Doing what?

JACKIE

I told him you were good with cars.

Van's unhappy about the situation, but he doesn't get time to argue. Jackie picks up the plate of sandwiches, exits.

INT. WEST HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jackie enters with the food, finds Haden mid-anecdote about Donnie. Roxy and Tawny are laughing, nearly in tears.

HADEN

So Donnie shows up to school, and he's wearing Lumber Jack Adam's letter jacket that he stole out of his car the day before. It's got patches up and down his arms for wrestling and football and it's three sizes too big for him, but Donnie's got everyone convinced he was away in juvie all those years for, get this, *bomb making*. Not the real reason -- stealing spray paint. Lumber Jack sits there staring daggers at him across the cafeteria, but he doesn't get out of his chair--

Something about Haden telling the story pisses off Van.

VAN

You know what? Shut up about Donnie. You thought he was a loser.

JACKIE

Van.

VAN

Yeah. Of course. Take his side.

SUDDENLY THERE'S POUNDING AT THE DOOR followed by...

JESSE (O.S.)

GET OUT HERE, TAWNY, YOU BITCH! YOU
THIEVING BITCH. GIVE ME MY HARD
DRIVE BACK.

ROXY

(to Tawny)

Friend of yours?

Van and Haden glance at each other. Their anger at each other evaporates. It's trumped by their anger at whoever is insulting their sister. Jackie reads the tea leaves.

JACKIE

Boys...

But it's too late. Her twin boys are speeding for the door.

EXT. WEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Van and Haden burst out of the door. Jesse scrambles away, scared out of his mind. As the boys chase him out of the yard and down the street...

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR where the three West women gather.

TAWNY

Kick his ass! Kick his loser ass!

Off Jackie, strangely proud.

MUSIC CUE: Geto Boys' "Damn It Feels Good to be a Gangster."

EXT. VALENCIA MANSION - DAY

We pan along a row of unbelievable cars, all glistening.

CAMERA FINALLY GETS TO Van who is washing, by hand, the car he stole that got him into this mess. It's shit work, and he's exhausted.

Sadie Valencia strolls by, glances at him coquettishly, hints at the potential landmines ahead for Van.

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

We PAN DOWN from a SIGN READING "FULL BODY WASH" to Tawny holding the sign above her head. She's wearing a white T-shirt and short shorts.

REVEAL that she's standing outside of a car wash encouraging motorists to turn in. Suddenly she's sprayed with water from a hose. Her T-shirt is suddenly see-through. The car wash manager who sprayed her addresses her.

CAR WASH MANAGER

Smile, kid! This is show biz!

Tawny bites her tongue, but she notices something.

An ARMORED CAR is parked in front of the car wash, and the young SECURITY GUARD returning to the back of the car has stopped to gape at her. Tawny gives him a little nod and smile. The guard blushes, keeps moving.

Off Tawny, her eyes narrow. Hmmmmmm.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Roxy stands by her open locker. Blazer Nerd examines a document in his hand. He breaks into a grin. Roxy holds out her hand. Blazer Nerd reaches back for his wallet.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT reveals the expanse of the top floor of an enormous casino parking structure. The parking lot is almost deserted save for Haden's BMW. A second car, a classic RANCHERO drives up, stops driver-to-driver, cop-style.

MEDIUM SHOT reveals Haden handing a package to Cozy Boy. In the exact instance the package changes hands, the frame freezes. Someone is photographing the exchange.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR DINER - DAY

Jackie pours coffee for a couple disinterested truckers. She glances up in time to see a family of six leaving one of her tables. She makes her way over.

The table is an absolute disaster area -- food on the floor, syrup across the table and the seats, sugar dispenser unscrewed and spilling out into the syrup. In the middle of this mess is the tip -- all of 40 cents.

Jackie clenches her jaw, gets busy clearing the table. That's when she spots the BULGING WALLET that has slipped out of the dad's pocket.

Jackie picks up the wallet. There must 25 twenties stuffed inside. In Vegas, people carry cash. CAMERA PUSHES in on Jackie weighing her options. These people deserve to get fleeced. Jackie smirks, disappears from frame.

CAMERA HOLDS ON THE IMAGE OF THE MESSY TABLE for a beat, as we begin to believe it will be the final image of the show. Then, Jackie appears through the window, out in the parking lot. In the distance, we see Jackie intercept the family as they load into a minivan in the parking lot.

VAN (PRELAP)
She's lost her mind. I mean,
completely lost it.

Jackie hands the barely-appreciative man back his wallet, begins her walk back into the restaurant.

INT. PRISON VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

Van visits Dean in prison.

VAN
I could work a month and not make
as much as we used to make in one
night.

DEAN
Working for Burt Valencia isn't
necessarily "going straight."

VAN
If the man needs a car, he buys it.
What am I gonna do for him? Mom
says from now on we're the law-
abiding West Family -- pillars of
the community.

Dean starts chuckling.

DEAN
Well what your mom doesn't know
won't hurt her. We'll take care of
the family, boy -- you and me.
(repeating the phrase)
"Pillars of the community..."

Off Dean laughing some more.

FADE TO BLACK.