

"The Lookout"

Scott Frank

**REVISED
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Michael Peretzian

BLACK

We hear a COWBELL, an occasional MOO. We then...

FADE IN:

A FARM - SOMEWHERE IN KANSAS - SUNRISE

As a FARMER emerges from the barn carrying a bucket of fresh milk in each hand, and starts across the dew-dampened ground for the farmhouse. Everything so quaint and bygone it could be a hundred years ago. But then...

We hear A SIREN and the cows begin to MOO. As the farmer squints off into the distance, we see a FLASHING RED LIGHT just visible over the tops of the hard winter wheat as it moves across the horizon. The SIREN GETS LOUDER and we...

CUT TO: INSIDE THE SHERIFF'S CRUISER - SAME

At the wheel is Seaward County SHERIFF -- fifties, a big man with a full head of grey hair.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Shari Tillman wants to know, Sheriff,
do you got your siren on?

SHERIFF

Yeah, why?

DISPATCHER

She wants me to tell you, if her husband
don't come home, it's her business,
and that you shouldn't go makin' too
big a fuss about it.

SHERIFF

Sounds like they been at it again.

DISPATCHER

Roger that. She says she's got Ted on
a pager, gonna try and beep him.

SHERIFF

A pager?

DISPATCHER

That's what she said.

SHERIFF

Next best thing to having him on a
leash. Tell her to sit tight. I'll
call her in a few minutes.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NOEL, KANSAS - SUNRISE

It's not yet light as the sheriff turns onto the still-sleeping main street. The traffic signals blink; Christmas decorations sway in the light wind.

The sheriff drives past the Noel Cafe. The parking lot is empty. He looks off to other end of the street where...

Another sheriff's green & white is parked in front of the NOEL TOWN BANK; the driver's door open, but no one inside. Sheriff pulls in behind it.

Michael Peretzian

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - SAME

As the sheriff stares at the empty cruiser in front of him, then at the darkened interior of the bank. The glass in the front door and one of the windows is SHATTERED. He reaches for his radio.

SHERIFF

Luanne? Will you have Phil Costello meet me at the bank in Noel, please?

DISPATCHER

Everything all right down there, Sheriff?

SHERIFF

(eyeing the empty cruiser)
Just have Phil meet me at the bank.

EXT. NOEL TOWN BANK - SAME

As the sheriff gets out of his cruiser and slowly walks up to the bank. He stands in the doorway a moment staring into the dark interior. He unhooks a maglight from his belt, takes a deep breath, and goes...

INSIDE THE BANK

As the sheriff shines his flashlight about the bank, the big man starts to sing to calm his nerves...

SHERIFF

We come on the ship John B, my
Grandfather and me.

He shines his light on the brick walls, the old brass rails, the dried floral arrangements and finally the western-themed paintings, one of which is splattered with BLOOD.

SHERIFF

Around Nassau Town we did roam...

He shines his light on the floor where we see a BODY -- a guy with rasta dreads, blood-soaked shirt, his eyes wide open -- leaning against the wall just below the painting.

SHERIFF

...drinkin' all night...

He then puts his light on ANOTHER BODY, this one bent over the teller's window, bright red hair, arms inked full with tattoos hanging down to the floor.

SHERIFF

...got into a fight...

The sheriff shines his light on a GUN, lying on the floor just beyond the dead man's reach in a pool of blood.

SHERIFF

...I feel so broke up, I wanna go...

The sheriff shines his light on a JAGGED OPENING cut into the side of the old vault; more blood on the floor over here.

SHERIFF

Home.

He crouches down to shine his light inside the vault when suddenly, we hear A BEEPING SOUND. He listens as we hear it again: A PAGER.

The sheriff shines his light on the dreadlocked body on the floor, then the body slumped over the counter. We hear the BEEPING again and now Sheriff moves behind the counter...

As he shines his light on the floor back here, we now see ONE MORE BODY lying face down -- an outstretched hand clutching a pistol -- an ocean of blood coagulating around it.

The sheriff gently turns over the body so that we see a boylike face staring vacantly back at us; the sheriff's light playing off a BADGE pinned to a dark green uniform. We hear the BEEPING AGAIN...

The sheriff reaches down and takes a BRIGHT RED PAGER from his Deputy's belt and shuts it off.

He sees something on the floor, what looks like A BUSINESS CARD in a pool of BLOOD. He picks it up, reads it aloud...

SHERIFF

*I must not use the stairs or elevators,
it is not safe for me.*

INSERT - CARD

As he turns it over. Along with a bit of BLOOD, there's the name CHRIS written in a childish scrawl.

VOICE

Oh, man... oh, God.
(then)
Sheriff?

SHERIFF

Back here.

A moment later we see PHIL COSTELLO, another deputy enter the bank. He stops cold when he sees the dead deputy...

PHIL

Good Christ-- Ted-- Oh, man--

SHERIFF

Call the FBI.

Phil hurries out as the PAGER STARTS BEEPING AGAIN and the Sheriff turns once more to the dead deputy, and we then...

FADE OUT.

We hear A CLICK. And then Charlie Daniels singing OVER...

CHARLIE DANIELS

*The Devil went down to Georgia, he was
lookin' for a soul to steal...*

A title reads "TWO WEEKS EARLIER." We then...

FADE IN: CHRIS PRATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

A monastic space with a simple desk, a chest of drawers, and, for some reason, a "BASK in BRILLIANT BALI" travel poster on one wall.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I wake up.

CHRIS PRATT -- early twenties, nude, lies curled up in fetal position, staring at the CLOCK RADIO. There's a good-sized SCAR over his right eye. He sits up.

CHARLIE DANIELS

...he was in a bind 'cause he was way behind an' he was willin' to make a deal.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I turn off the alarm.

He sits up, shuts off the alarm as we...

JUMP CUT TO:

As the nude Chris stands with his back to us, staring out the window at the brick wall of the building next store.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I look outside, so that I know what to wear.

JUMP CUT TO: THE SHOWER

As Chris stands under the stream, we see another lulu of a scar ringing one bicep, and still another faint one running neck-to-jaw.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I take a shower with soap.

JUMP CUT TO: BATHROOM

As Chris shaves. Yellow "post-it" notes on the mirror: Some we understand like "TURN OFF SHOWER," "FLUSH TOILET" as well as some we're not so sure of like "A.S.S."

CHRIS (V.O.)

And then I shave.

Chris starts crying. Chris pauses, holds the razor.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I still cry for no reason sometimes, but I'm getting a handle on it...

He takes a breath, calms down, resumes shaving as he cries.

JUMP CUT TO: CHRIS' BEDROOM

As we again see Chris sit up in bed and look around the room.

CHARLIE DANIELS
*The Devil went down to Georgia, he was
 lookin' for a soul to steal...*

Little yellow "post-it" notes are everywhere. On the clock radio: "TURN OFF ALARM." By the light switch: "TURN OFF THE LIGHTS." And on the chest of drawers: "SOCKS," "UNDERWEAR," and "SHIRTS." A shelf stuffed with used-up NOTEBOOKS.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I wake up.

JUMP CUT TO: THE BATHROOM

As Chris dumps some pills into his palm...

CHRIS (V.O.)

I take my meds...

JUMP CUT TO: THE KITCHEN

As Chris turns on the coffee maker...

CHRIS (V.O.)

When Lewis is gone, I make the coffee.

JUMP CUT TO: THE KITCHEN - DAY

Chris sits at the table eating a bowl of cereal. Looking at once handsome and clear-eyed -- the ex-athlete and make-out king, but something isn't quite right...

CHRIS (V.O.)

I eat breakfast but I don't read the paper anymore. It confuses me, which makes me mad.

JUMP CUT TO: CHRIS' BEDROOM

As he again sits up in bed.

CHARLIE DANIELS

The Devil went down to Georgia--

CHRIS (V.O.)

I wake up.

JUMP CUT TO: THE LIVING ROOM

Sparsely furnished, but comfortable, with a view onto a small park across the street. Chris comes into the room dressed in a frayed sports coat.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I put on my coat and leave for class...

He bumps into a chair, moves it aside, then grabs his keys from a peg by the door as we...

JUMP CUT TO: CHRIS' BEDROOM

As we once again see Chris sit up and shut off the radio.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I wake up.

This time, Chris turns and looks at US as we then...

JUMP CUT TO: A CLASSROOM

As Chris looks up from a paper on his desk. All around him are other adult STUDENTS. Some have shaved heads or scars like Chris. Most of them have canes or crutches leaning against their desks or sit in wheelchairs.

The walls are full of posters and slogans from various Head Injury groups and government agencies for the disabled.

VOICE

Thirty more seconds.

The TEACHER -- a black man in jeans and leather vest -- sits in a wheelchair at the front of the room. On the chalkboard behind him is written, "SEQUENCING ESSAY: YOUR TYPICAL DAY."

Chris looks down at his paper...

INSERT - CHRIS' PAPER

The last line he's written: I WOKE UP. He runs his finger a few lines up to where he's also written I WOKE UP. And then to the top of the page where he's written I WOKE UP...

TEACHER

Time.

The teacher starts rolling up the row, collecting papers. Chris hands him his...

CHRIS

Sorry.

EXT. KANSAS CITY CENTER FOR INDEPENDENT LIVING - DAY

As Chris walks to a battered Honda Civic, pats his pockets for his KEYS. He presses his face to the window and looks inside: he's LOCKED THE KEYS IN THE CAR. He shakes his head like this happens all the time and then sits down right there on the icy pavement and takes off his SHOE.

INT. ANOTHER CAR - ACROSS THE PARKING LOT

Four figures, their faces bared in shadow, watch Chris.

ONE OF THEM

The fuck is he doing?

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

As Chris pulls A SPARE KEY from his shoe, gets up and unlocks the door. He then gets in the car and drives off as we...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: A BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR

Tinted windows so we can't see who's inside. A couple of the fenders are dented, one of them patched half-assed with grey-blue bondo. The Lincoln pulls out a moment after Chris does.

EXT. CROWNE CENTER - DAY

Basically, Kansas City's version of Rockefeller Center -- a courtyard created by the Westin Hotel and the Crown Center shopping complex with an ice rink and (this time of year) a giant Christmas tree in the middle of it all.

Chris sits on a bench watching a group of YOUNG BOYS play ice hockey. He picks out one of them in particular-- clearly the best of the bunch, a leader... a winner...

Chris' watch BEEPS. He automatically pulls his notebook from his jacket pocket and consults it. He looks once more at the kid tearing up the ice and then gets up and moves on.

He stops in front of the HOTEL, stands outside the glass and peers inside.

HIS POV - THE LOBBY

Where we see A BLONDE, Chris' age, working behind the concierge desk. She senses something, looks up at us...

REVERSE - THE FRONT WINDOW

But Chris is gone.

EXT. CHRIS & LEWIS' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

As Chris drives up and gets out of his car. He starts to walk away, walks back and locks the door. He then stands there looking confused at the row of identical apartments...

The BLACK TOWN CAR drives to the end of the block where it slows down, makes a u-turn and starts back this way.

Chris takes a few steps in one direction, then doubles back as he spots A RED LIGHT above one of the stairwells and starts up that one.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - SAME

As Chris comes inside and sits down hard in the chair. He fishes a spiral NOTEBOOK from a pocket and consults it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

As Chris comes in, moves to a TAPE RECORDER and turns it on...

LEWIS' VOICE

Okay, kid, the menu tonight is Penne Puttanesca. That's that spicy pasta with the olives you like. The tomatoes are on the counter...

Chris picks up one of the cans of stewed tomatoes...

LEWIS' VOICE

I'm gonna need you to open up the can, put 'em in a pot and set 'em to simmer until I get home. I already cut up the olives, you'll find them and the capers in a bowl inside the fridge...

JUMP CUT TO: THE KITCHEN

Chris taking a pot out of a cupboard and setting it on the stove where we see another post-it that reads... S.H.I.T.

CHRIS

Stove Hot If Touched.

He turns the flame to low and backs away from the stove. He opens a drawer, rifles it, can't find what he's looking for, opens another one, and then another one. He then scans the counter, looks inside the sink, and then under the sink...

CHRIS

Huh.

He stands there, confused. He opens the fridge, looks inside. Not there. Okay. He pulls the fridge away from the wall and looks behind it. Not there. He opens the oven, not in there.

CHRIS

Shit.

He stands up, breathing hard now, looks at the stove, grabs the pot by the handle to look inside it and burns his hand--

CHRIS

FUCK!

--and flings the pot across the room. He shakes out his hand, then stares in horror at the still unopened can of tomatoes on the counter.

CHRIS

Oh, no...

EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - FROM THE PARK - SAME

As Chris moves about the apartment in a panic. We BOOM DOWN REVEAL... the Lincoln idling just across the street.

We HEAR A POLICE RADIO OVER as we now...

DISSOLVE INTO: A CLOSE-UP OF LEWIS CANFIELD

Fifty. Slicked-back hair. Dark sunglasses.

LEWIS

If it's happening in Kansas City, I already know about it.

We BEGIN TO PULL BACK so that we can see that Lewis sits in front of a huge WALL OF RADIOS. Our ears are assailed by A CACOPHONY OF DIFFERENT VOICES AND BROADCAST SOUNDS--

LEWIS

Police. Fire. Ambulance. Gas company. Department of Water & Power -- anybody out there using a radio, a cellphone or a baby monitor -- I can hear 'em all from right here.

ANGLE - THE LISTENING BOOTH

Glass on three sides. The busy newsroom as well as the colorful "KNKC NEWSCENTER 9" set can be seen in the b.g.

Lewis -- dressed in a bright yellow sweatsuit, black & white oxfords up on the desk -- faces A GROUP OF SCHOOL KIDS on a field trip.

RADIO VOICE

41 clear. Lume is down.

Lewis smiles, reaches for a dial marked "FIRE," turns it up.

LEWIS

Here she comes...

WOMAN'S VOICE

(southern accent)

Engine 41, we're back to the box,
darlin'. Y'all have a good day now.

LEWIS

(dreamy)

The voice of an angel -- the most
beautiful woman in all of Kansas.

Two little girls exchange looks with each other, roll their eyes at this guy.

LEWIS

Now the second I hear a key word like
"lume" on the fireband, which means
smoke, I let the news director know
about it and he sends a camera crew to
check it out.

GIRL

I don't see how you can hear anything,
it's so noisy in here.

LEWIS

What's your name, honey?

GIRL

Chloe.

LEWIS

Tell me, Chloe, you ever been to a
crowded birthday party or out on the
playground, a million kids screaming
like banshees, but you hear someone
call your name? Something like that
ever happened to you, Chloe?

GIRL

Yeah.

LEWIS

It's all in knowing what to listen
for. That and the fact that I got
what I like to call twenty-twenty
earsight. I can hear everything.

A couple of the kids make faces at Lewis. He keeps smiling.

TEACHER

Well, I see that Kristi Koochek is
ready to show us the anchor desk.

A peroxide ANCHORBABE waves from outside the booth.

TEACHER

Let's all thank Mr. Canfield for his
time.

A chorus of "Thank you, Mr. Canfield."

LEWIS
Thank you. Come back anytime.

Lewis sits there waving as the kids all file out of the booth.

LEWIS
Bye now. Have fun. Enjoy the rest of
your tour.

A couple boys linger in the doorway, making faces at Lewis,
flipping him off. Lewis is facing them, but doesn't react.

TEACHER
Matthew. Thomas. Get over here!

The boys hurry after their class. Lewis spins his chair back
around to face the radios and we now realize -- if we hadn't
yet already -- that LEWIS CANFIELD IS BLIND.

We HEAR A BEEPING. Lewis pulls a PAGER from his belt, hits a
button and we hear...

SOOTHING WOMAN'S VOICE
Voice Net. Message One.

Then...

CHRIS' VOICE
Lewis! I need you!

Lewis calmly shuts off the pager, reaches for the phone and
dials.

INT. CHRIS' BATHROOM - SAME

Chris sits huddled in the corner on the floor, hyperventilating,
clutching a cordless phone when it rings.

CHRIS
Lewis?

INT. LISTENING ROOM - SAME

As Lewis hits a toggle, lowers the volume on the RADIOS.

LEWIS
What's up, kid?

INTERCUTTING LEWIS & CHRIS

CHRIS
I can't find the can opener!

LEWIS
You call the police?

CHRIS
They're on the way.

LEWIS
Okay, now call 'em back, tell 'em
everything's okay.

CHRIS
Did you hear what I said? I CAN'T
FIND THE FUCKING CAN OPENER!

LEWIS
All right, I'll call 'em.

CHRIS
I looked everywhere--

LEWIS
One of us could've easily thrown it
out by mistake.

CHRIS
Why would we do that?!

LEWIS
Take a deep breath, kid.

CHRIS
(does, then)
What am I gonna do?

LEWIS
You're gonna get in your car, and you're
gonna drive to the grocery store and
buy a new can opener.

CHRIS
Okay.

LEWIS
You got money?

CHRIS
Yeah.

LEWIS
You got a notebook handy?

CHRIS
(takes one off the counter)
Yeah.

LEWIS
You don't wanna get to the store, forget
why you're there.

CHRIS
I'll write it down.

LEWIS
Just page me you have any problem.

CHRIS
Thanks Lewis.

LEWIS
I'll be home in an hour.

Lewis hangs up, calmly turns the radios back up.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

As Lewis gets off, bundles up against the cold, then unfolds his cane and starts walking.

EXT. CHRIS & LEWIS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

As Lewis taps along the identical buildings, stopping at exactly the right one, goes up the stairs.

INT. CHRIS & LEWIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Lewis comes into the apartment. He starts for his room, barely bumps into a chair on the way. He stops, stands there a moment. This shouldn't have happened. He's bothered.

LEWIS

Chris?

He takes a step towards the coffee table, stopping right before it. He walks to the couch, stops right before it, too. He walks back to the chair, moves it a foot to one side.

INT. LEWIS' BEDROOM - SAME

Neat and tidy; the bed perfectly made. Lewis comes in and opens the closet. We see a dozen sweat-suits of different colors hang above pairs of white sneakers all lined up in a perfect row. Lewis hangs up his coat, walks back out.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - SAME

Chris lies asleep on top of the bed. We hear A SOFT KNOCK and then Lewis opens the door, stands there a moment, listening to the sound of Chris breathing. He then backs out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

As Lewis comes into the dark kitchen, steps on something metal and stops.

REVEAL: THE ENTIRE KITCHEN

The refrigerator door is open, and the light that spills out is just enough for us to make out the total disarray. The cupboards are all open, the oven, too. The trash has been dumped onto the floor. The drawers have all been pulled out and utensils are scattered all over the floor.

Lewis carefully moves through the room, assessing the exact magnitude of the mess with his hands and feet. He finally sighs, bends down and picks up a fallen drawer.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - LATER

We hear MAHLER coming from the next room. Chris stirs, opens his eyes and sits up.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The lights are still off in here. We see the form of Lewis moving about the dark kitchen cooking as Chris walks in.

CHRIS

Hey.

LEWIS

Hey, kid.

Chris turns on the light and we see that LEWIS HAS CLEANED UP THE KITCHEN. Everything back in its proper place. The floor and the counter are immaculate. Chris watches as Lewis feeds dough into a pastamaker.

LEWIS

You can go ahead, chop some lettuce, cucumber, whatever else you want for the salad.

Chris goes to the fridge as Lewis opens a cupboard and we can see that all of the foodstuffs have been marked with TACTILE LABELS. Lewis feels around, finds what he needs. Chris stops, looks around the kitchen...

CHRIS

Something happened in here before.

LEWIS

No problem. Don't worry about it, kid. Let's talk about your test.

Chris sets to work as Lewis pours olive oil into a measuring cup, the two of them working in comfortable sync.

LEWIS

What'd Reggie have you do?

CHRIS

List a typical day.

LEWIS

And you got lost

CHRIS

I kept going back to "I woke up."

LEWIS

Maybe next time think of it as a story instead of a list.

CHRIS

A story, like how?

LEWIS

You know, like, "Once upon a time, I woke up, took a piss, got in the shower, beat off..." -- like that. See if that doesn't help.

CHRIS

I don't know how to tell a story.

LEWIS

Then use one you already know as a model.

CHRIS

I don't know any story.

LEWIS

You know "Goldilocks and Three Bears?"

CHRIS

Where's the fucking cucumber?

Lewis grabs one from a strainer in the sink, holds it up for Chris.

LEWIS
What's gotta happen first for that story to work?

CHRIS
I don't know? Who gives a shit?

LEWIS
Come on. Think.

CHRIS
(beat)
The porridge's gotta be too hot.

LEWIS
Okay, then what?

CHRIS
The bears gotta go for a walk so it can cool off.

LEWIS
Then Blondie walks into the house, breaks a chair and goes to sleep.

CHRIS
She eats the porridge first.

LEWIS
See? You can sequence just fine.

Lewis starts dropping the pasta into boiling water.

CHRIS
If Reggie had given me more time-- it's not fair.

LEWIS
No it's not, Chris. But I tell you what, sometimes, it's a dog eat dog world out there and sometimes--

CHRIS
(smiles)
--it's the other way around.

LEWIS
Damn straight. Let's eat.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Chris and Lewis at the table. Lewis pours himself a glass of wine.

LEWIS
Your mother called. She wants to invite me to Thanksgiving dinner.

CHRIS
You're kidding?

LEWIS
I know. Can you believe it? Dottie and Dick inviting me to Xanadu?

CHRIS
Their names are Dorothy and Richard.

LEWIS
We're sharing a place -- what -- three years now? And they're just this day inviting me over? What's that about?

CHRIS
I'm sure you have a theory.

LEWIS
I'm thinkin' maybe she's got an odd number of place settings this year.

CHRIS
Yeah, that's gotta be it.

Lewis knocks back some of the wine.

LEWIS
It's either that or she wants all her friends to get a good look at me.

CHRIS
What for?

LEWIS
So they'll know at least you're not gay on top of everything else.

CHRIS
You don't ~~have to go~~ you know.

LEWIS
You kidding? I can't fucking wait.

Chris looks at Lewis a moment, ^{uneasy} about this. Wants to say something when his watch BEEPS. He looks at it...

CHRIS
I gotta go to work.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

Driving away from the city now. Dark farmland on either side of him. Led Zeppelin on the stereo. And then we pass a sign that reads "WELCOME TO NOEL."

EXT. MAIN STREET - NOEL, KANSAS - NIGHT

As Chris parks his car behind a building and gets out. He holds his jacket closed against the cold, goes around to...

THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING

Which we can now see is THE NOEL TOWN BANK.

INT. NOEL TOWN BANK - NIGHT

Where we see the DOOR to the VAULT is wide open. Chris mops the floor as the manager, MR. TUTTLE -- heavysset, in a ten-year-old brown suit -- pulls the door closed, moves to a small metal door mounted on the wall and opens it.

Three COMBINATION DIALS are inside. The door is on a spring-hinge so Mr. Tuttle has to hold it open while he sets each of the dials. He sets one, then sees Chris standing there.

CHRIS
You're working late.

MR. TUTTLE
Turn around, please.

Chris turns his back as Mr. Tuttle sets the other two dials.

CHRIS
The USDA money must be coming.

Mr. Tuttle looks at him. Chris smiles, says by rote...

CHRIS
It comes twice a year, once for pre-planting and again in harvesting.

MR. TUTTLE
How do you know about that?

CHRIS
I've been working three afternoons a week with Mrs. Lange. She told me the subsidy checks went out and that we'll probably be pretty busy next week.

MR. TUTTLE
We will indeed be busy... which is why I'd like you to write down "Bank Extra Clean" in your little notebook.

But Chris just stands there as we hear several LOUD CLICKS as the timelock bolts all slam home. Mr. Tuttle then starts for the door.

MR. TUTTLE
Good-night.

CHRIS
You said you'd think about giving me a couple of hours at the window.

MR. TUTTLE
We've been over this, Chris, you have to be able to add and subtract many--

CHRIS
I'm going to school. My math skills are a lot better now. Wait--

Chris walks to a LITTLE DESK at the back of the bank. It's full of post-its and notebooks. Photographs of a younger Chris and a BLONDE in Polynesian outfits standing in front of a fake beach backdrop... Chris in a HOCKEY uniform... Chris and his FATHER, both with shotguns under their arms.

CHRIS
One second--

Mr. Tuttle watches impatiently as Chris opens the drawer -- more notebooks in here -- rifles through them until he finds the one he's looking for, flips back a few pages as he walks over to Mr. Tuttle and starts to read, stammering slightly...

CHRIS

A good teller is primarily a good counter. A teller counts and keeps track of money all day long, taking care to keep the corners on bills turned straight and facing the same way.

Mr. Tuttle checks his watch, shifts his weight, doesn't bother to hide how antsy he is to get the hell out of there.

CHRIS

At the end of the day, the teller balances the cash in the drawer against the pay-out tickets. Now this is really the test of a good teller. A good teller can go for years without being out of balance. Mrs. Lange says she's never been out of balance yet.

Mr. Tuttle rolls his eyes at that one.

CHRIS

But, of course, the real key to being a good teller is a friendly personality. That's how you get customers to open a new account, or buy a CD or something. The motto of a good teller is *Be friendly and accurate.*
(looks up at Mr. Tuttle)
But mostly be accurate.

Mr. Tuttle stares at Chris a moment, then--

MR. TUTTLE

That's very good, Chris.
(turns to go)

Mrs. Lange says the bathroom fixture needs a new bulb.

Chris nods, makes a note in his notebook, then looks up and watches as the bank manager walks quickly out of the door as we then...

CUT TO:

Chris in the john, screwing a new bulb into the ceiling fixture. We then...

CUT TO:

Chris dusting one of the old western paintings. He steps back, straightens it, then moves to the next. We then...

CUT TO:

Chris opening a closet, wheeling out a mop and bucket. We hear a HOCKEY GAME BROADCAST OVER as we then...

CUT TO:

A small radio on Chris's desk in the f.g. Chris, his jacket and sweater off so that we can see a faded sports jersey underneath that reads MUSTANGS across the back.

Chris -- holding the mop like a hockey stick -- pushes a bar of SOAP across the floor as he listens to the play-by-play...

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

As THE BLACK TOWN CAR drives down the sleeping main street, the brake lights glowing red just past the bank.

INT. BANK - SAME

As Chris "drives the line" with the bar of soap. As he crashes into a trash can, we...

CUT TO: A HOCKEY RINK

As Chris crashes against the boards, bounces off again. He stick handles, forechecks, shoots crossrink passes, does it all with a calm, cool bearing, as if he's all alone on the ice-- a very different Chris from the one we've seen so far.

CUT TO: INSIDE THE BANK

As Chris breaks for the counter...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Pratt, on a pass to Danny Stevens,
Stevens back to Pratt--

CUT TO: THE HOCKEY GAME

As Chris' teammate -- 17-year-old DANNY STEVENS -- feeds Chris the puck, and the two drive up the line together as we...

CUT TO: INSIDE THE BANK

As Chris dodges in and out of the desks, slips, nearly falls, then regains his balance...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Pratt fakes a shot on the right side,
dekes the goalie out--

CUT TO: THE HOCKEY GAME

As Chris backhands a shot just over the head of the sprawling goalie...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

--and he SCORES!

Young Chris throws up his hands, Danny Stevens skates into frame and hugs his best friend as we...

CUT TO: INSIDE THE BANK

CHEERING OVER as Chris smiles, looks about the bank at the imaginary "screaming fans..."

CUT TO: INSIDE THE TOWN CAR

As the four men watch Chris throw up his hands in celebration. We hear the crinkle of leather as the MAN in the back seat reaches into a pocket, takes a hit off an INHALER.

INT. BANK - SAME

As Chris drops the soap on the floor, gets ready to "play."

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
With just under a minute left to play,
the Mustangs are ahead by one--

CUT TO: THE HOCKEY GAME

As play resumes, Chris makes a move for the puck, viciously elbows another player in the mouth, knocking out a couple of the guy's teeth. The REFEREE blows his whistle.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Whoa! Another five minute major for
Chris Pratt! Not much of a birthday
present, he has to finish the game in
the box!

Danny Stevens stops skating, looks incredulously at Chris who shrugs just as he's suddenly jumped on by an opposing player. A BRAWL ENSUES as we...

CUT TO: THE BANK

As a breathless Chris stops a moment, looks at his reflection in the glass as we...

CUT TO: THE HOCKEY GAME

As Chris is hauled off to the penalty box. He's forced to sit there and watch the remaining seconds of the game by himself. He looks back at HIS FAMILY, his father giving him an annoyed shake of the head as we...

CUT TO: THE BANK

As Chris looks down at the soap on the floor and we hear A BUZZER SOUND...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The Mustangs are the new state
champions!

CUT TO: THE ICE RINK - SLOW MOTION

As a cocky Chris jumps back onto the ice and skates around the rink. Suddenly, some of the crowd breaks into singing "Happy Birthday."

FACES IN THE CROWD WHIRL PAST: the announcer, Chris' MOTHER AND FATHER, HIS OLDER SISTER AND YOUNGER BROTHER, a BLOND GIRL in a cheerleading outfit -- smiling, blowing him a kiss and finally... Danny Stevens shaking his head at Chris as we...

CUT TO: THE BANK

As the CHEERING ABRUPTLY STOPS. Chris stands there, leaning on his mop.

CUT TO: DANNY STEVENS - SILENT

Shaking his head, smiling at us...

CUT TO: CHRIS

As he flicks the soap across the floor, the full length of the bank right into a tipped over trash can...

He then starts to walk back to where he left the mop bucket when he slips on the wet floor and falls on his ass. He sits there a moment, shakes his head.

We hear A HORN HONK OS and Chris looks out the window as a Sheriff's green and white pulls to the curb.

INT. TOWN CAR - SAME

As THE MAN in the backseat watches A DEPUTY get out of the cruiser and approach the bank.

MAN

Deputy Donut's ten minutes late.

ANOTHER MAN

Big to-do at the hardware store no doubt.

MAN

I'm saying he's not as reliable as our boy.

INT. BANK - SAME

Chris unlocks the front door where TED TILLMAN -- a small, dumpy deputy only a few years older than Chris -- stands holding a bag of donuts.

Go Mustangs.

Hey, Ted.

Ted sneezes, then hands Chris a donut.

TED

They didn't have no more jelly, so I got you a custard instead.

CHRIS

No problem.

Ted watches as Chris swats at the back of his now-wet jeans, snaps his fingers.

TED

FUCK!

Startled, Chris looks at him. Ted smiles.

TED

Floor Under Can Kill. Get it?
F.U.C.K...?

CHRIS

I get it-- Yeah. That's good.

Chris walks over to the desk, writes F.U.C.K. on a yellow post-it and sticks it to the side of the mop bucket.

TED

A.S.S. Always Soap in Shower.

CHRIS
Yeah, that was a good one, too.

Ted smiles, sneezes again.

CHRIS
Got a cold?

TED
It's no wonder I don't got pneumonia given the house is now cold enough to hang meat.

CHRIS
How come?

TED
Remember, I told you yesterday, Shari won't let me keep the heat on after nine o'clock?

Chris takes out his notebook, goes back a few pages. Reads:

CHRIS
--because of the baby.

TED
Yeah. Right. Only we don't refer to it as the baby no more.

CHRIS
We don't?

TED
No. We call it -- Shari calls it "The Little Engine" now on account of it makes her so hot all the time.

CHRIS
But she hasn't even had it yet.

TED
Doctor told her she's got twice as much blood in her body right now and that's why she can't cool off. The kid ain't even born yet and I'm already awake all night. All I gotta say, Chris, is you're lucky you don't ever have to worry about this stuff.

Chris looks at him, but Ted's looking at his watch now.

TED
I gotta roll. You take it easy now, Chris. And remember... Floor Under...

CHRIS
--Can Kill. I'll remember. Good-night, Ted.

EXT. "THE QUAFF" - KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

A happening downtown bar, big windows frame eager bodies chatting it up, bouncing to loud music.

INT. BAR - SAME

Where Chris sits alone at the crowded bar drinking a Sharpes and watching the other patrons mingle, socialize.

As Chris watches, A GROUP nearby raises their glasses as A GUY makes a toast. Chris smiles, raises his own glass.

The Guy cracks a joke, the group cracks up. So does Chris, even though he didn't quite hear what they said. He drinks with them. He turns away, sees the BARTENDER watching him.

BARTENDER
(loud, slow)
Two-fifty. For. The. Beer.

Chris fumbles about for the right amount of cash, pays his tab.

BARTENDER
Thank. You. Very. Much.

The bartender gives Chris his version of a grin, moves away. Chris takes a sip, looks around the bar. Suddenly, his eyes get heavy, he's about to nod off when--

BARTENDER
Evening.

Chris looks over as A WOMAN sits down on the stool next to him.

WOMAN
Red wine, please.

She watches some men play pool at one of the tables in the back. Chris is trying to think of something to say when A MAN -- black leather jacket, open-collared shirt tucked into black jeans over black boots -- comes up beside her, doesn't look at her as he orders a drink:

MAN
Wild Turkey, neat.

Chris watches as The Man now comes around to face the woman, sees she's watching the pool players.

MAN
You like pool?

WOMAN
When it's played well.

MAN
I knew this hustler once, Puerto Rican fella named Kiki, had one arm, used to play eight ball with a broomstick.

WOMAN
No kidding.

MAN

Yeah. He had this dog, a pitbull.
What he'd do, he'd jump up on the table
everytime Kiki was losing, grab the
cueball in his teeth and run away.

The Woman nods, considers this guy a moment.

WOMAN

You made that one up, didn't you?

MAN

True story. Scout's Honor.

WOMAN

Now I'm supposed to believe you were a
boyscout?

MAN

Thrifty, brave, clean and reverent.
That's me.

The man smiles at her, starts to move away.

MAN

Take care now.

WOMAN

Hey, Thrifty--
(he pauses)
What'd Kiki call his dog?

MAN

Karl.

WOMAN

Uh-huh. And what'd he call you?

MAN

(beat)
Gary. Enjoy your wine.

Chris watches as "Gary" walks to the back of the bar where he
sits down with three other men. One of them, a musclebound
redhead, looks over and smiles at Chris.

Chris quickly turns back to the bar, takes out his notebook and
begins scribbling as we then...

FADE TO BLACK

A GIRL, blonde, 17 (cheerleader from the hockey game), leans
into frame, looks down at us, her hair falling all about her
face; the night sky pitch black behind her.

GIRL

Happy Birthday.

EXT. A FIELD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Where a new red Mustang is parked. MUSIC comes from inside the
car. ANOTHER COUPLE can be seen making out in the back window.

GIRL
Don't you wanna unwrap your present?

We BOOM DOWN to where Chris and the pretty blond lay entwined on a blanket. Above their heads, a bumper sticker reads, "GIVE BLOOD. PLAY HOCKEY."

CHRIS
Oh. Yeah...

He quickly begins unbuttoning her blouse.

GIRL
I know it's not as nice as the car your Dad got you...

CHRIS
It's up there.

She looks down at him as he opens her blouse, an ear-to-ear grin on his face.

GIRL
Tell me what to do.

CHRIS
What do you wanna do?

GIRL
It's your night. I'll do anything you want.

CHRIS
In that case, I want you to do everything.

Chris reaches up to touch her face, but the girl FADES OUT before the touch, so that all we're looking at is...

BLACK

LEWIS (V.O.)
Wakey Wakey, let go of snakey.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - MORNING

Chris opens his eyes to see Lewis leaning in the doorway.

LEWIS
Know what today is?

CHRIS
I give up.

He steps the rest of the way into the room, so that we can see he's wearing a pale-blue blazer over a Hawaiian shirt and a wide, patterned tie. Down low he's got on corduroy pants and his usual black & white oxfords.

LEWIS
It's Turkey Day!
(then)
How do I look?

CHRIS

(beat)
Perfect.

EXT. PRATT ESTATE - NIGHT

As a light snow falls on a tudor biggie fronted by several acres of sloping lawn. Chris' Honda starts up the drive, pulls in behind a dozen pricier vehicles. Lewis gets out right away. Chris gets out, runs around the car...

CHRIS

You got three steps up.

LEWIS

Big fuckin stone ones I bet.

INT. THE PRATT HOUSE - NIGHT

Dozens of well-dressed kids run amok as Chris and Lewis come inside the marble foyer. A MAID takes their coats as Chris quickly introduces Lewis to his younger brother CAMERON -- handsome, healthy, what Chris was once upon a time; his babe-deb GIRLFRIEND; Chris' older sister ALISON, her HUSBAND and INFANT DAUGHTER...

DOROTHY (O.S.)

There you are...

And sweeping down the stairs is DOROTHY PRATT -- sixty, decked-out in velvet Dior and pearl necklace.

DOROTHY

I was just about to call, make sure you hadn't forgotten.

LEWIS

That's what he's got me for.

Dorothy looks at Lewis, his outfit, etc.

DOROTHY

How nice to see you, Lewis.

She takes his hand to shake it. He hangs onto it and kisses it.

LEWIS

And so nice to not see you, Dottie.

Dorothy smiles, exchanges an awkward look with Chris as A MAID comes out and rings a DINNER BELL...

INT. THE PRATT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As adult guests file around the huge table. Alison's husband starts to sit down in the seat next to RICHARD PRATT -- sixty, an autocratic face set off by a razor-perfect shock of silver hair.

RICHARD

That's Chris's seat.

The husband looks at Alison, then about the table where all seats now seem to be taken up by adults...

Michael Peretzian

CHRIS
I'll go eat with the kids.

Richard looks hard at his son-in-law who motions to Chris.

HUSBAND
I'll go.

Chris comes over and sits down next to his father at the head. Lewis sits down at the other end next to Dorothy on one side, Cameron's date on the other. Dorothy opens a prayer book...

DOROTHY
If everyone will join hands...

Everyone bows their head, takes the hand of the person sitting next to them. Cameron's date looks at Lewis who holds up his hand. She hesitates, then finally takes Lewis' hand. Chris looks about at the other stiff at the table as...

DOROTHY
Thank you, dear Father, for bringing our family together to eat of your abundance laid before us. Continue to bless us with your prosperity so we may be an example to others in the world. In Christ's name... Amen.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE DINING ROOM - LATER

As the maid passes a platter, Dorothy looks at Chris' navy-blue jacket.

DOROTHY
I can't believe after all these years, you still have that ~~fatty~~ old coat.

CAMERON
Didn't Dad used to wear a coat like that?

Chris looks at his little brother, this barely twenty-year-old kid hiding behind Hugo Boss and a ninety-dollar haircut.

DOROTHY
I'll go to Halls next week, pick out something a little more fashionable.

CHRIS
I like this coat.

DOROTHY
What are you now, about a 38? You used to be a forty, forty-two, but I think you've shrunk some.

CHRIS
I like this coat.

DOROTHY
You can throw it in the bag up in your room.

CHRIS

What bag?

DOROTHY

Just some old things I found in the closet.

CHRIS

You're throwing my stuff away?

DOROTHY

Whatever you don't want. I'm turning your room into a studio.

RICHARD

Mother's painting now.

LEWIS

Still lifes?

DOROTHY

Collages. I'm taking a class.

RICHARD

Her teacher tells me they do a lot of work with the OT people down at the hospital. Maybe you've seen her...

CHRIS

I don't know, I haven't been going to therapy for a while.

Richard looks at Chris.

RICHARD

How long?

CHRIS

Six months.

Richard and Dorothy exchange looks.

RICHARD

You weren't through.

CHRIS

I'm fine.

LEWIS

I got him doing some yoga, walking a few miles a day.

RICHARD

What's that gonna do for his head?

Everyone eats in silence a moment. Lewis lifts his head, listens to the awkwardness hanging in the air like a fog.

LEWIS

I got one for everybody.

Everyone looks up. Chris looks at Lewis, willing him to shut up.

LEWIS

Skeleton walks into a bar, says I'll have a beer and a mop.

Lewis cracks up. Gets a few smiles from the table. Cameron laughs out loud. Chris shakes his head.

LEWIS
Okay, here's another one...

CHRIS
Lewis...

LEWIS
Grasshopper walks into a bar, says
I'll have a scotch and soda.

Richard is staring at Lewis.

CHRIS
Lewis...

LEWIS
Bartender says, hey, pal, you know
there's a drink named after you. The
grasshopper says really? They got a
drink named Steve?

CHRIS
Lewis.

Cameron explodes. Richard puts his napkin on his plate, looks at Chris.

RICHARD
I'll be in the library.

INT. STAIRCASE - LATER

As Chris slowly climbs the wide stairs, moving away from the party below. He hesitates as he sees his father sitting in the library in front of a CHESSBOARD, then continues up...

INT. CHRIS' OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

A particular time in life frozen in furniture and posters and sports equipment. The only thing out of the teenage-ordinary is the HOSPITAL BED that sits under a window.

Chris comes into the room and takes in the hockey posters, the cluttered desk... carefully avoids looking at the bed until he has to. A DUFFEL BAG sits at the foot.

He looks over a bookcase full of titles like *Don Quixote* and *The Odyssey* and *The Brothers Karamazov* -- books for when one has got nothing in life but time.

Chris finally moves to the duffel bag, unzips it and looks over the contents, a few items of clothing, his old hockey uniform, a yearbook. He flips through pages of that...

INSERT - YEARBOOK

As the pages flip by from another life... we stop at a dance--Polynesian theme, Chris and "Kelly" (The Blonde) dressed like natives under a sign that reads "Sunny Bali."

Chris turns another page and stiffens.

INSERT - YEARBOOK

Danny Stevens in his hockey uniform, some Susan Polis Shultz poem printed down the side of the page.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Chris?

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Chris looks to the INTERCOM sitting on the bedstand.

CHRIS

I'll be right down.

Chris eyes the yearbook another moment, then puts it back in the duffel bag and walks out without taking anything.

INT. LIBRARY NIGHT

We PAN a wall full of TROPHIES for everything from hockey to debate to shooting trap. Chris' name is engraved on all of them.

In amongst the trophies are photographs of Chris and his father hunting, fishing, shooting trap: a few more of Chris playing hockey. Chris and his brother snowboarding. Not a single recent picture of Chris, however.

CHRIS

You've got me on the run.

Richard and Chris are in the middle of a CHESS GAME. Cameron watches. Lewis sits on the couch smoking a cigar, drinking port, enjoying himself.

RICHARD

(studies the board)

Do I now?

Chris looks to a glass gun cabinet containing a collection of guns and handmade SHOTGUNS. Chris opens the door, takes one down. Richard looks over as Chris then RACKS THE SHOTGUN.

LEWIS

There's a comforting sound.

Richard is clearly uncomfortable with Chris holding the gun.

CHRIS

This new?

RICHARD

Was a gift from Charlie Whitehall.

(then)

My partner.

CHRIS

I know who Charlie Whitehall is.

RICHARD

Uh-huh-- Your move.

Chris sits down and studies the board.

CHRIS
You've left your queen unprotected.

Richard casually takes a key from his pocket, leans over and locks the gun cabinet.

CHRIS
You don't have to do that.

Caught, Richard stiffens, but when he turns, he sees that Chris is still looking at the chessboard.

RICHARD
Do what?

CHRIS
Give me your Queen.

RICHARD
Is that what you think, son, that I'm giving you my Queen?

Chris doesn't answer. Richard shrugs.

RICHARD
You don't wanna take her, don't take her.

Chris stares at the board. Not sure now what to do. He finally takes the Queen.

CHRIS
Okay.

Richard looks at Chris, then immediately makes a move.

RICHARD
Check.

Chris stares at the board, shocked.

CHRIS
I didn't see that--

RICHARD
Apparently not.

CHRIS
Oh, man...

Richard sits back, studies his son.

RICHARD
It's important, Chris, to think like a winner, even if you look like you're losing. That goes for everything you do.

Chris cuts a look at Lewis, sees that he's listening. He makes a move as Richard leans close to Chris, lowers his voice...

RICHARD
You can still think like a winner, son. I know you can.

This gets Chris looking up as Richard makes his final move.

RICHARD

That's mate.

EXT. THE PRATT HOUSE - NIGHT

As Chris and Lewis pull out of the driveway.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

Chris and a subdued Lewis ride in silence. Finally...

LEWIS

Can I say something, you won't get upset?

CHRIS

What.

LEWIS

I don't think you should go home anymore.

Chris looks over at Lewis who just faces front, offers nothing more. Lewis then leans forward, reaches for the stereo...

EXT. KANSAS CITY STREET - NIGHT

It's snowing as Chris' car drives past, we HEAR MAHLER OVER.

EXT. THE NOEL TOWN BANK - NIGHT

As Chris locks up, walks to his car.

INT/EXT FARM ROAD - NIGHT

As Chris' HEADLIGHTS pick up a sign that reads "HANSOM FARMS EGGS FRESH CORN" He pulls over, gets out of the car. He carries a bunch of FLOWERS in one hand as he walks into the field.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

He looks around until he sees A WHITE HEADSTONE, small, with only a DATE from six years ago inscribed. Chris crouches in front of it, sets the flowers on the ground, reaches out and touches the stone.

After a moment, his body begins to shake and he grips the marker for support as we hear him SOB. He lets go of the stone, sits back in the dirt, his whole body racking now. We then...

DISSOLVE TO: •

INT. "THE QUAFF" - NIGHT

Chris sits at the bar, writing in his notebook...

CHRIS (V.O.)

Once upon a time, I woke up. I went to school. I went to work. I took a Goddamn shower with soap. And then I jumped off the fucking roof--

He scribbles over what he's written, senses something, looks up to see the bartender standing there. The guy smiles, raises his voice...

Michael Peretzian

BARTENDER
The usual, buckaroo?

CHRIS
Thank you.

Chris watches two WOMEN shooting pool. One of them -- in a long, fuzzy sweater -- nicely filled out -- over blue jeans and black boots -- comes over to the bar, takes a sip off the beer she's got sitting there, smiles at Chris.

WOMAN
Hey.

CHRIS
Hey.

Her friend motions her back over to the table...

FRIEND
Luvlee-- your shot.

WOMAN
Right there.

Chris watches as she takes a long, easy drink. She turns, catches him looking, smiles at him, opening a door...

CHRIS
I knew a one-armed pool player once.

WOMAN
(pauses)
Excuse me?

CHRIS
A guy who played pool with one arm.

WOMAN
Oh yeah? How'd he hold the cue.

Chris just sits there. Shit. He can't remember. Finally...

CHRIS
(takes a stab)
He-- he had a dog.

WOMAN
(waits, then)
And what, the dog helped him?

CHRIS
I think so. Yeah.

WOMAN
Huh. Take it easy.

She starts back for the pool table. Chris palms himself on the forehead, looks away, sees the bartender standing there staring at him.

CHRIS
I'll have another one, please.

The guy shakes his head, moves to the cooler. Chris takes out his notebook, goes back several pages...

VOICE

He used a broomstick for a cue.

Chris turns, sees GARY, the guy from the other night, sitting a couple stools down, his cowboy hat sitting on the bar.

GARY

What he'd do, he'd rest the stick on the stump of his other arm, line up his shots. It looked real awkward, but dammit if it didn't work for him.

Chris just looks at him as the BARTENDER brings Chris his beer, leans over the bar and speaks to Chris in a loud voice:

BARTENDER

That. Will. Be. Two. Fifty. Please.

Chris glances uncomfortably at Gary, then reaches for his wallet. The bartender takes his money, moves away.

GARY

You hard of hearing or something?

CHRIS

No.

GARY

Barkeep seems to think you are.

The bartender sets down Chris' change...

BARTENDER

(loud)
There. You. Go.

The bartender moves away, Gary grabs his arm.

GARY

Excuse me, sunshine.

The bartender looks down at Gary's hand on his arm.

GARY

He's not deaf.

BARTENDER

What?

GARY

Kid just told me, he's not deaf.

The bartender glances at Chris, pulls his arm free.

BARTENDER

I know he's not.

GARY

There some reason, then, why you keep raising your voice every time you talk to him?

The bartender glances at Chris, then...

BARTENDER

So he can understand me.

GARY
Why wouldn't he?

The bartender is uncomfortable. Gary looks at Chris.

GARY
Can you understand him?

CHRIS
It's no problem, I don't mind--

GARY
Can you understand him?

CHRIS
Yes.

Gary looks at the bartender, and smiles, but it isn't mirth or good cheer that the bartender reads on Gary's face.

GARY
So now you know.

BARTENDER
Yeah. Now I know.

The guy can't get out of there fast enough. Gary shakes his head.

GARY
People.

He sees Chris staring at him, extends his hand.

GARY
Gary Spargo.

Chris eyes him a beat, shakes his hand.

CHRIS
Chris. Pratt.

Gary raises his beer.

GARY
Cheers.
(then)
So what was it happened to you, Chris,
car accident? Bad fall?

Chris pauses, the bottle right at his lips, looks at Gary.

CHRIS
Are you a doctor or something?

GARY
Wasn't too hard to figure out. You
came in here tonight, you were limping.
You also seem to have some trouble
speaking. And then there's the little
notebook you got there...

Gary taps Chris' pocket.

GARY
I knew someone else once had a similar problem, couldn't remember things, had to write everything down to keep track of the day.

CHRIS
I don't have that problem.

GARY
What's my name?

Chris looks at him. He's forgotten. Gary smiles.

GARY
Gary Spargo.

CHRIS
Gary-- I know.

GARY
Gary-- Spargo.

CHRIS
Gary Spargo, right.

GARY
People think you're stupid, don't they? Or worse.

Chris doesn't answer that one. Gary takes out an INHALER.

GARY
Irony is...
(looks at the bartender)
...they're stupid for not knowing any better.

GARY
Gary takes a hit off the inhaler.

GARY
They're also afraid.

CHRIS
Of what?

GARY
Of you.

CHRIS
Why?

GARY
Because you're different. Like with dogs, the way they always attack the sickest one in the pack, just in case.

CHRIS
What're you, like a shrink or something?

GARY
No, but I am what you might call a student of the human mind. I know people.

CHRIS

Huh.

GARY

It's a complicated world, and the human mind's the most complicated thing in it.

Chris nods. No kidding. They both drink a moment.

GARY

So how'd it happen? You don't have to tell me you don't want to.

CHRIS

(beat)

I was driving on old Farm Road 24. At night. I hit a combine, was stalled out in the middle of the road.

GARY

Those old roads can get pretty dark at night.

CHRIS

Yeah. They can. They said I was thrown ninety feet.

GARY

They said? You mean you don't remember it?

CHRIS

I can remember right before and right after. I remember lying face down in a cornfield. I could hear the voices of the paramedics looking for me. One was a woman. I remember thinking the medivac was gonna land on top of me.

GARY

Uh-huh, so who died?

Chris looks at him.

GARY

Like I said, I know people.

CHRIS

(beat)

My best friend.

GARY

You do any time for that?

(then)

Wait a minute, what am I saying? You're Chris fucking Pratt. Of course, you didn't do any time.

They drink a moment, then...

CHRIS

My dad had this... monument put in the ground where it happened. I drive out there once a week, just sit there, for hours sometimes.

GARY
What you're saying, you're doing your own time right now, is that it?

CHRIS
Something like that, yeah.

Gary nods, takes a drink, looks at Chris in the bar mirror.

GARY
So now you drink near beer, walk with a limp. What else?

Chris shrugs, reaches for his glass.

CHRIS
I can pick up a glass with my left hand, but...

His hand shakes, he puts the glass back down.

CHRIS
...I can't always drink from it.

Gary smiles at him -- warm, reassuring. Chris shrugs.

CHRIS
Sometimes I call tomatoes lemons. My right side shivers on its own when the weather's cold. And... I have trouble remembering things.

GARY
Like my name.

CHRIS
It's Gary... something.

GARY
Spargo. Why don't you go ahead, write it down in your book.

Chris looks around for his book.

GARY
It's in your pocket.

Sure enough. Chris looks at him. Gary smiles.

GARY
There's an expression: God closes a door, he opens a window. Or he closes a window, he opens a door -- I don't know, it's one a those. Anyway, the point is, maybe something good came out of your, you know, your accident.

CHRIS
Good? I don't think so.

Gary nods, turns and watches the two girls shooting pool. Chris' WATCH BEEPS. He starts to slide off the stool...

CHRIS
I should get going--

Gary looks off at the two girls playing pool.

GARY
Man, that redhead really wears that sweater, doesn't she?

Chris looks to where the girls are laughing now, and looking back this way...

CHRIS
Yeah.

GARY
I got the impression she kinda liked you.

Gary turns to Chris and smiles as we then...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE QUAFF - NIGHT

As Gary stands body-to-body behind the sweater girl's FRIEND, helps her line up on the eight ball.

The MUSIC IS ON LOUD, it's hard to hear what anyone says, but it's easy to see that they've been playing and drinking for a while; all of them having a good time.

An unsteady Chris leans on a cue watching as they take their shot and miss, come up laughing, the sweater girl's friend now giving Gary a fast kiss on the mouth, then backing away smiling. Come get me. The one in the sweater stands beside Chris, chatting away...

SWEATER GIRL
I used to dance at Wet Willy's, you know that place in Raytown? But it got closed down on account of debts, so, for right now, I'm working with Maura at the chamber of commerce, answering phones. What do you do?

CHRIS
Well, I uh... I'm sorry. I forgot your name--

SWEATER GIRL
Again...?

He takes out his notebook...

SWEATER GIRL
Luvlee. L-U-V-L-E-E.

Chris looks off as Gary moves up on Maura, Maura rising up on tip-toe, so she can sit back on the edge of the pool table and let Gary kiss her, this time long and hard and proper.

LUVLEE
Anything you wanna know about Kansas City, I can tell you.

CHRIS
(watching Gary)
Huh. Like what?

LUVLEE
Like did you know that Teflon was
invented here?

MAURA
(time out from Gary)
The eskimo pie, too. And the McDonald's
Happy Meal. And...

MAURA/LUVLEE
...the melt-in-your-mouth-not-in-your-
hands M&M candy coating.

GARY
You girls are so interesting.

Chris watches rapt as Gary smiles, plants another one on Maura
and then...

GARY
How 'bout we all go somewhere quiet,
we can better hear what you two have
to say?

EXT. LUVLEE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Where the black Town Car is now parked out front.

INT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - SAME

As Chris and Luvlee sit on the couch listening to the GIGGLES,
SOFT MUSIC AND LOW MOANS coming in from the next room.

LUVLEE
You know, we already know each other.
He looks at her.

LUVLEE
we went to school together,
(helping)
Course, I was "Gina" then.

CHRIS
I don't remember you.

LUVLEE
Well, back then, I wasn't exactly the
type you'd remember.

He stares, trying for the life of him to place her.

LUVLEE
I was on scholarship. I was one of
the poor kids you never talked to.

CHRIS
Oh--

LUVLEE
I saw you play the night you won the
state championships. It was your
birthday. Do you remember that game?

CHRIS
Yeah.

LUVLEE

Do you? Cause I gotta say, you were a real sweetie pie out there on the ice. You didn't just check a guy -- no, you had to take him out and turn him off.

He looks at her. She's all smiles.

LUVLEE

I remember you got your second five minute major at the end of the game. Which meant next game you woulda sat on the bench. But it was the last game of the season and you knew that it didn't matter, so whatta you do? You go and slash the fuck out of a shitty player at the end of a game you've already won. And still everybody sings Happy Birthday to you.

CHRIS

(beat)

You remember all that, huh?

LUVLEE

Oh, yeah. I thought to myself, that Kelly Murphy's one lucky girl.

We hear GIGGLING in the next room.

LUVLEE

Then I heard what happened after the game to you and Danny and Kelly and I forget the other girl's name...

CHRIS

Nina.

LUVLEE

I remember everyone talking about how you woke up, you know, this other guy.

Chris turns away, looks out the window.

LUVLEE

I just kept thinking, God, me and him, we're the same age. What if that was me that happened to?

He looks at her, his eyes suddenly dark; his voice, icy.

CHRIS

It still could.

LUVLEE

(beat)

Oh, man. I'm sorry. What am I thinking? I shouldn't have said anything.

CHRIS

(changing back)

No. No. It's okay. No problem. I'm the one should be sorry. You didn't mean anything.

LUVLEE
No. I didn't.

She turns his face so that he's looking up at her. More noise from the next room. Hearing it, they both have to smile.

LUVLEE
You still look the same to me.

He looks at her. She kisses him, reaches down, grabs hold of him between his legs.

LUVLEE
I see everything still works...

She raises her sweater, puts his hands inside. She shivers...

LUVLEE
Your hands are cold.

CHRIS
Sorry--

She kisses him, studies him a moment.

LUVLEE
So tell me, Chris, did you and Kelly
ever get to... you know?

He doesn't answer, which is answer enough.

LUVLEE
Because if you want, you could pretend
I'm her.

She kisses him. He keeps his eyes open. She smiles.

LUVLEE
It's a lot better, you close your eyes.

CHRIS
Why are you doing this?

LUVLEE
Does it matter?

CHRIS
(beat)
No.

He starts to cry, quickly closes his eyes and leans into her as we then...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARY'S CAR - NIGHT

As Gary drives Chris home. Chris shuts his watch off.

GARY
You got anything to say?

CHRIS
Turn right at the next block.

GARY
Outside of that.

Chris just shrugs. Gary cuts a look at him.

GARY
Gotta be careful, Chris. Girl like that, she'll fuck you to pieces.

CHRIS
Tell me about it. This is me right here.

Gary stops in front of Chris' apartment building, looks out.

GARY
What's with the red light?

CHRIS
I forget my address sometimes.

Gary nods, studies the building a moment, then...

GARY
How's a titan like Richard Pratt feel about you living in a place like this?

CHRIS
He's never seen it.

Gary cuts a look at Chris, takes out his inhaler, takes a deep hit.

GARY
Fathers, man. Fuck 'em. Fuck 'em all. Especially mine, fuck him all the way to hell and back, which is where he's gotta be right now.

CHRIS
What'd he do?

GARY
Various things -- vending machines, pharmaceuticals, plumbing supply. He did all the pipe underneath Arrowhead Stadium. Or he's the one got paid for it anyway.

Gary looks out the window, goes silent, down in some dark place now that makes Chris just a little nervous.

CHRIS
Well, I should be--

GARY
He killed his business partner.

This gets Chris' attention. Gary looks at Chris.

GARY
He killed him, then he married the man's widow, moved into the man's house, drove his car, even gained fifty pounds just so he could fit into the man's suits.

CHRIS
Jesus...

GARY
Oh, yeah, Chris, the guy was a real
ray of sunshine.

Gary studies the inhaler in his hand, turns to Chris.

GARY
But that doesn't matter now, any of
that old past tense bullshit. From
here on in, you and me, we gotta be
our own men, right?

Chris nods, sees tears in Gary's eyes. Gary puts the inhaler
back in his pocket, looks out at the apartment building.

GARY
You know something else, Chris?
(nods to the building)
You're better than this.
(turns to Chris now)
A lot better.

EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Chris gets out of Gary's car and starts for his building.
Halfway, he turns back, watches as Gary drives up the street.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quiet. We hear A KEY IN THE LOCK. The door opens and Chris
enters. He starts for his bedroom, then pauses, looks at...

THE KITCHEN TABLE

Where we see a plate covered with tin foil. A glass of milk
covered with saran wrap. And an apple. Chris walks over to
Lewis' room, peers inside...

INT. LEWIS' ROOM - SAME

As Chris turns on the light. We see Lewis asleep in bed. Chris
looks around the immaculate room... at the sweatsuits hanging
in the closet with their tactile tags. The computer. The
Braille books. The tape recorder on the desk.

LEWIS
You wearing perfume?

Chris looks at Lewis, his eyes still closed.

CHRIS
What? Me? No--

Chris backs away, turns off the light.

CHRIS
Sorry I woke you--

LEWIS
(sits up)
Hey-- Wait! Stop! Don't move!
(then)
You with a lady tonight?

Chris just stands there. Caught. Stuck.

LEWIS
Son-of-a-bitch. You got laid, didn't you?

CHRIS
I don't wanna talk about it.

LEWIS
But you are, my friend, you are.

Lewis pats the bed. Chris comes over, sits down.

LEWIS
So, what, you get a hummer?

CHRIS
Lewis.

LEWIS
Okay, at least tell me her name.

CHRIS
Luvlee-- something.

LEWIS
Lovely? That's a name?

CHRIS
L-u-v-l-e-e.

LEWIS
Huh. That's a new one. So what's this Luvlee ~~Something~~ look like?

CHRIS
She's... cute. She's nice.

LEWIS
You meet her at that bar you go to, what's it called, The Quiff..

CHRIS
The Quaff. Yeah. She was there with a friend.

LEWIS
Here I am sitting at home alone every night while you're out getting blown and God knows what else by Luvlee Something who by the way has a friend and you don't introduce me?

CHRIS
Lemons. That's what it is.

LEWIS
That's what what is? Her favorite fruit?

CHRIS
Her last name.

LEWIS
Luvlee Lemons? That's her name?

CHRIS
Actually it's a stage name. She's
a... performer.

LEWIS
Uh-huh. And by stage, I'm assuming
you mean the kind with a pole?

CHRIS
What do you mean?

LEWIS
She's a stripper, no?

CHRIS
She's a dancer.

LEWIS
Chris--

CHRIS
She's not a stripper.

LEWIS
Let's move on. How'd you meet her?

CHRIS
Gary introduced me to her.

LEWIS
Who's Gary? Gary who?

CHRIS
Spargo.

LEWIS
Do I know this guy?

CHRIS
No. I don't think so.

LEWIS
Huh.

They sit there a moment. Chris finally gets up.

CHRIS
Well, I better get some sleep.

LEWIS
Yeah. You better. You dog.

Chris walks out. Lewis' smile fades; his expression goes
thoughtful now.

EXT. NOEL TOWN BANK - NIGHT

A sheriff's green & white is parked out front. Deputy Ted
Tillman leans in the doorway...

TED (V.O.)
She put me on a pager...

INT. BANK - SAME

Chris, in a big hurry, quickly mops the floor as Ted shows him a bright red beeper on his belt...

TED

--in case her water breaks or whatever while I'm on my shift.

(then)

Phil Costello says I look like a drug dealer. You know, 'cause of how they always wear these colored beepers--

CHRIS

I know what he meant.

Ted nods, watches as Chris quickly puts the mop away and decides to get back on the other subject...

TED

Won't be long now I guess. Doctor says two weeks at the most.

Chris starts shutting off the lights...

TED

I'm making a list to take with me to the hospital of everyone I'm gonna call once the baby shows. Case you're wondering, you're right there at the top after my in-laws.

Chris looks at Ted.

CHRIS

Why?

TED

Why what?

CHRIS

Why would I be at the top of your list?

TED

Because I want you to be the first of my friends to know, that's why.

CHRIS

Are we friends, Ted?

Ted looks at Chris. Chuckles... nervous now...

TED

You forget or something? Don't tell me you gotta write that down in your book, too. Of course we're friends.

Chris finally smiles at him.

CHRIS

I remember.

INT. QUAFF - NIGHT

It's quiet in here tonight as Chris comes in and looks around the place on his way to a stool. He sits down, is caught off guard when the Bartender immediately brings him a Sharpes.

BARTENDER
(all smiles)
The usual, buddy?

CHRIS
Uh-- thank you.

Chris takes a sip, hears LAUGHTER and looks over at the pool tables where a YOUNG COUPLE plays eight ball. No Gary. The PHONE RINGS. Chris sips his beer, looks around, jumps as the Bartender sets the phone down on the bar in front of him.

BARTENDER
It's for you.

Chris looks at the phone, hesitates, takes it...

CHRIS
Hello?

GARY (PHONE)
You wanna hang, drink with a bunch of frat boys, or you wanna come out and play some more with me and my friends?

CHRIS
Where are you?

GARY (PHONE)
See the black car out front?

Chris turns, looks out the window. We see the Lincoln parked at the curb. A short, muscular REDHEAD, leaning against it.

CHRIS
Uh-huh.

GARY (PHONE)
That's your ride.

CHRIS
Are you in there?

GARY (PHONE)
Cork'll take you to where I am.

The line goes dead. Chris sees the bartender staring at him.

EXT. "THE QUAFF" - NIGHT

As Chris walks out to the car, the short, stocky, red-headed guy smiles (is always smiling), extends his hand...

RED HEAD
Dennis Cork.

Cork holds onto Chris' hand an extra second or two...

CORK
You got a good grip, chief.

As he gets in, Chris glances back at the bar -- sees the Bartender leaning way over the counter now to see.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As the town car turns off the street into the alley and parks. Cork gets out, opens the door for Chris. Chris looks around at the dark surroundings, suddenly not so sure of anything.

Cork points towards a metal door, painted bright red, across the alley.

CORK

He's in there.

Chris nods, stares at the door, not so sure. Cork puts a hand on his shoulder.

CORK

Not to worry, Chief.

(grins)

I'm lookin' out for you.

INT. PRIVATE CLUB - NIGHT

Loud. Full of people. Cork leads Chris through the CROWD to a table at the back where we see Gary -- in his uniform of leather jacket and slacks -- sitting with two other GUYS. Gary has to shout over the music...

GARY

Chris! Sit down!

Chris sits down and Gary indicates the guy on his right -- a black man with rasta dreads, goatee and pierced eyebrow.

GARY

This is Marty Crowe.

CHRIS

Hello.

Marty barely nods, keeps his eyes fixed on Chris.

GARY

And this--

And now Gary indicates the guy on the other side of him -- this guy tall, pale and thin, with dark shades and a shitty comb-over; one leg folded over another, he wears all black threads and cheap running shoes, a cross between Ric Ocasek and a Praying Mantis.

GARY

--is my cousin, Bobby Bone.

CHRIS

(beat)

Hi.

The guy doesn't react, doesn't move. Hell, with those dark shades, it's hard to tell if the guy's even looking at Chris.

Chris watches as Gary grabs a passing waitress, pulls her down to him and whispers something in her ear. Whatever it is, it makes her smile. Gary then turns back to Chris...

GARY

What do you think of my club?

CHRIS
You own this place?

GARY
Piece of it, yeah.

CHRIS
I like it.

The Waitress reappears with a bottle of Patron on a tray and some shot glasses. Chris watches as Gary pulls out a thick roll of cash and peels off several bills, and hands them to her. Gary pours them each a shot...

CHRIS
I'm really not supposed to drink.

GARY
One shot won't kill you.

Marty slides the glass to Chris. They all raise their glasses.

GARY
To new friends.

Chris swallows the tequila, his eyes watering from the burn.

GARY
Speaking of which...

Chris turns to see Luvlee and Maura make their way over to the table. Luvlee bends down and gives Chris a kiss on the mouth.

LUVLEE
Hey, you.

She sits down on his lap, Chris sees Marty staring at him, suddenly unhappy about something, as we then...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHRIS AND LEWIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lewis sits on the couch reading from a Braille book. He sips from a glass of wine, reaches over and pushes a button on top of the audio clock that sits on the end table. A COMPUTER VOICE tells him it's 1:32 a.m. He sits there a moment...

LEWIS
(thoughtful)
Gary Spargo.

INT. GARY'S CLUB - NIGHT

The music on loud. And now three more GIRLS have joined the group so that everyone's paired up... even Bone, though he doesn't so much as look at the girl that sits on his lap.

An interesting thing: every time that Luvlee kisses, grabs, nibbles on Chris, Marty gives the girl in his lap a kiss, squeeze, whatever.

Chris watches as Gary flashes his cash roll for the waitress, busboy, whoever, always peeling a few bills. He notices how Luvlee and Maura watch, too.

Gary looks up at Chris, smiles, then checks his watch, gets up just as A BIG GUY -- his square head and fireplug neck bursting out of a coat and tie -- bumps into Gary and spills his vodka cranberry all down Gary's front.

GARY
What the fuck--

Gary steps back and looks at the guy who brushes a few drops of his drink off his own shirt. The Big Guy's BUDDY and a GIRLFRIEND appear at his side now to watch the action...

THE NECK
Why don't you fuckin pay attention,
watch what you're doing?

GARY
Pardon me?

THE NECK
You fuckin stood up right into me.

GARY
Really? Is that what happened?

The buddy notices the faces around the table, elbows the big guy who takes one look at Bobby Bone and doubles back...

THE NECK
Hey, you know what? Forget it. It
was my fault, was me wasn't paying
attention.

GARY
What's your name?

Chris watches rapt now as the big guy completely comes apart.

THE NECK
Please, I don't want any kind of
trouble.

Gary smiles...

GARY
I just asked your name is all.
...and winks at the guy's girlfriend.

THE NECK
Roland. Gibbs.

GARY
Gary. Spargo.

The guy knows, nods, shakes Gary's hand, wants to be anywhere but here right now.

ROLAND
Can I buy you a drink, Mr. Spargo?

GARY
I don't need a drink, I was just
leaving. But...
(brushes the stain)
...I do need a new shirt...

ROLAND
 Absolutely. The least I can do.
 (takes out his wallet)
 What kind is it? I'll pay you for it
 right now.

GARY
 I don't know what it is, but I sure
 like the one you got on, Roland.

ROLAND
 What, this one?

GARY
 Yeah. What is that, Armani?

ROLAND
 I think so, yeah.

Gary waits. The guy finally gets it, puts his wallet back.

ROLAND
 You want it?

GARY
 It's a little big, but, then, I like
 them loose.

ROLAND
 Say no more, it's yours.

He starts to unbutton his shirt right there. Roland's buddy
 and girlfriend now move away into the safety of the crowd.

LUVLEE
 Oh, yeah...

Chris turns, sees the beginnings of a smile on Luvlee's face,
 sees how she, and the other girls for that matter, are eating
 this up as well, even the guy's girlfriend can't take her eyes
 off Gary.

The guy unbuttons his cuffs, reveals a HUGE GOLD ROLEX. Gary
 sees it. Chris sees that Gary sees it, sees the guy give him
 an uneasy look as Gary stares at the man's wrist...

GARY
 Nice cufflinks.

ROLAND
 (relieved)
 You want them?

GARY
 You don't mind?

ROLAND
 Not at all.

The guy dumps the cufflinks on the table in front of Chris,
 starts to peel of his tie. Gary looks at Chris as he says:

GARY
 Tie's nice, too. Looks smart with the
 shirt.

ROLAND
It's yours.

Luvlee can barely contain herself as the guy now hands Gary the tie, then takes off his shirt, takes it off to reveal a sleeveless black T underneath. Cork takes in the guy's muscles, whistles.

CORK
Ole Rollo's sure cut up, isn't he, Chris?

Chris looks at the guy, embarrassed for him, yet exhilarated at the same time. The guy cuts a glance over his shoulder, sees that people are starting to look this way, wonder what's going on. Gary takes the shirt, drapes it over his arm..

GARY
You got a small waist for such a big guy.

ROLAND
(proud)
I'm a thirty-four.

Gary nods. Roland gets it, looks down at his BELT...

ROLAND
You want it? It's calfskin.

GARY
I figured.

ROLAND
You want the pants, too?

GARY
What do I look like, Roland?

ROLAND
(hands him the belt)
And again, Mr. Spargo, I'm real sorry.

GARY
It's forgotten.

Gary shakes his hand. Roland starts to move away...

GARY
Say, Roland...

Roland stops... Gary nods to his wrist...

GARY
That a Rolex?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As Gary and company exit the club laughing, Chris and Luvlee bring up the rear. Gary takes a whiff of the shirt, winces...

GARY
I hate men wear fuckin perfume.

Gary tosses Roland's stuff into a dumpster, all except for the Rolex which he examines a moment. He looks up at Chris who hasn't stopped staring at Gary since the incident began...

GARY
Here you go, Chris.

He tosses him the watch. Chris barely catches it. Everyone gasping, then laughing as he finally gets control of it. He looks at the watch, then up at Gary who taps his head...

GARY
I know people.

They all start off for the car, Chris bringing up the rear, now staring at the watch in his hand. Luvlee puts her arm around him, looks at it...

LUVLEE
That is so righteous...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE "WEST BOTTOMS" DISTRICT - NIGHT

An industrial tract full of abandoned buildings between the railroad tracks and the old stockyards. The Town Car pulls up to a decrepit five-story factory with the name "KC BOLT & SCREW" painted on the brick. Everybody piles out...

AN INDUSTRIAL SPACE

Metal counters. Fluorescent lights. Floor-to-ceiling, steel-framed windows provide an A-1 view of the downtown Kansas City skyline. A FREIGHT ELEVATOR arrives and the group steps off.

GARY
Home sweet home.

He moves to a stereo, hits a switch and Led Zeppelin begins blasting. Chris takes one step off the elevator, slips and falls on his ass.

CORK
Woopsy Johnny--

As Cork bends down to help Chris to his feet, we see that the floor is covered with a metallic carpet of NUTS, BOLTS, TACKS, and SCREWS of all shapes and sizes.

MAURA
What is this place?

GARY
Used to be a factory, made nuts and bolts and shit.

Chris looks around, the place set up as a kind of clubhouse. A pinball machine over here. A big FREEZER over there.

GARY
My old man owned a few of these old places, left 'em to me when he died. I got ideas for the whole area.

Cork at the other end of the room now -- his shirt off to expose his tattoo-covered torso -- lying on a bench-press lifting a couple hundred pounds no problem.

CORK
 Hey, Chris, how 'bout you sit on the
 bar, see if I can lift you?

GARY
 Knock it off, Cork.
 (then to Chris)
 I believe this is your brand--

Chris looks over as Gary opens THE FREEZER, glances at Cork,
 tries to see inside as Gary reaches in, grabs a Sharpes and
 tosses it to Chris.

GARY
 Here you go, Chris.

MARTY
 Don't drink. Don't smoke. What do
 you do?

Chris looks at Marty, a fat joint dangling from his lips, now
 going through a series of tai chi movements.

LUVLEE
 For starters, he gives me a fuckin
 jaccuzzi in my pants.
 (flips him off)
 Whatta you do?

Whoa...

CORK
 Marty gives her a dark look as Gary comes over, yanks the joint
 from Marty's mouth.

GARY
 You know how I feel about that shit.

We hear A GUNSHOT and Chris jumps. They all turn as The Bone
 shoots a pistol at a wall where several crude "targets" have
 been painted including: a person, an airplane, and a dog.

GARY
 Let's go into my office, Chris.

He looks at Luvlee. She waves.

LUVLEE
 I'll be right here.

As Chris moves off with Gary, Luvlee motions for Bone to give
 her the gun...

LUVLEE
 My turn.

She expertly racks the slide on the pistol, takes aim and
 squeezes off a half dozen rounds into the head of the dog.

INT. A DARK ROOM - NIGHT

We hear the MUSIC OS as the door opens and a light is turned on
 to reveal Gary and Chris standing in the doorway of a piss
 elegant office set up. An old leather couch, a red felt pool
 table and what would have to be a stolen Coke machine.

CHRIS

Man.

Chris sees that the pool table is covered with pencil sketches of buildings, streets, and public squares. He looks at one of them...

GARY

Like I said, I got ideas for this whole area.

Gary comes up beside him, gestures to the blueprint...

GARY

I'm gonna redevelop it, turn it all into artists lofts, restaurants, gyms, make it a brand new community, like SOHO, only, you know, right here.

Chris looks at Gary.

CHRIS

I didn't know you were into real estate.

Gary sits down on the couch.

GARY

What is it you think you know about me, Chris?

CHRIS

Luvlee says you're on the ten most wanted list or something like that.

GARY

That's nice of her of to say, but it's not quite that way. I mean, am I into the occasional illegal activity? Yes, I am. Do I have bigger plans for myself?

(indicates drawings)

You bet I do. I just have to finance my dream is all. Same as anybody.

CHRIS

Finance it, how?

Gary smiles, walks over to the pool table. He crouches down, opens a door underneath and looks up at Chris.

GARY

Take a look.

The hidden cupboard is full of CASH.

CHRIS

Is that real?

GARY

(laughs)

Goddamn right, it's real.

CHRIS

Jesus... How much is that?

GARY
Three million, little more. Go ahead,
take a better look.

Chris looks at Gary, then reaches in and grabs a brick of cash.

GARY
How's it feel?

CHRIS
Good.

GARY
--Right?

CHRIS
Real good.

They both smile, then something occurs to Chris.

CHRIS
Where'd you get it?

GARY
Where's money usually come from? I
stole it from a fuckin bank.

Chris looks at Gary, the smile gone now.

GARY
You up for something like that?

~~CHRIS~~
Something like what?

GARY
Walking into a bank, the middle of the
night and walking out with everything?

CHRIS
(beat)
I don't know...

GARY
You afraid?

Then, before Chris can answer.

GARY
Because I know I would be, I were you.
I've been to prison before and I don't
ever wanna go back.

(then)
The simple truth is, Chris, you're
smart enough, you can get away with
anything, including murder.

This gets Chris' attention.

GARY
You just gotta be careful, you gotta
take your time, and you gotta plan.

Chris nods like he's in total agreement.

GARY
And, in our case, you gotta pick the
absolute right bank.

CHRIS
Absolutely.

GARY
Something in the middle of nowhere.
Little farm bank where they get all
that U.S.D.A. money. You know what
I'm talking about? The four to five
million cash that comes twice a year?

CHRIS
Farm subsidy money.

GARY
Gotta be rich these days to be a farmer,
Chris.

CHRIS
Absolutely.
(then)
So we'd be stealing money from farmers?

GARY
No, Chris, we'd be stealing money from
the government. And who really gives
a shit if we steal from them? It's a
totally victimless crime. Not only
that, the place I got in mind, they
got no security to speak of. And why
would they need any? I mean, who's
gonna come all the way down to little
Noel, Kansas to rob a bank?

Boom. Chris turns to Gary who once again is smiling.

GARY
No one even knows the place exists.

CHRIS
Where did you say?

GARY
After all, isn't that the very same
reason you drive an hour and a half
each way to work there?

All of a sudden Chris looks like he might fall over.

CHRIS
I can't rob a bank.

GARY
You just said you could.

CHRIS
I wasn't serious.

GARY
Well, I took you seriously.

Chris looks at the cash still in his hand, quickly puts it down
on the pool table like its contaminated...

GARY

I don't know, but if I got my life ripped out from under me the way you got yours ripped out from under you, I'd give less than half a shit about what's right and wrong anymore.

CHRIS

That was my own damn fault.

GARY

That's irrelevant. The point is, you want your old life back, don't you?

CHRIS

What do you think?

GARY

Sorry. It's too late, you can't have it back. No matter how hard you try. And you know it.

Chris turns away and Gary moves to stay in front of him.

GARY

But I tell you what, Chris, I can give you something almost as good... maybe even better.

CHRIS

What?

GARY

I can give you the power.

CHRIS

The power?

GARY

My old man always said -- and it's one of the few things we agreed on -- that whoever has the money, has the power.

(then)

Do you have the power, Chris? Right now in your life?

CHRIS

I don't know.

GARY

How many janitors you know of have any kinda power to speak of?

CHRIS

I make a living.

GARY

There's a difference, Chris, between making a living and having a life.

CHRIS

I'm learning about the banking business.

GARY

In fucking Noel, Kansas?

Chris doesn't answer that. Gary laughs.

GARY

I went to prison for my sins, so I don't carry them around with me. Your old man paid your tab, so now you drive out Old Farm Road 24 once a week to leave your flowers and keep fresh in your mind, case you forgot, just what a piece a shit you are.

Chris doesn't move.

GARY

You know what the irony is? The biggest fuckin joke of all?

(then)

Now that he's stepped up for you, your old man respects you even less than you respect yourself. Which means, he'll never step up again.

CHRIS

I don't need my father for anything.

GARY

I'm saying he wouldn't help you anyway.

CHRIS

He would if I asked him.

GARY

You think so?

CHRIS

I know so.

GARY

You think he'd give you money if you asked him?

CHRIS

(beat)

Is that what this is about? My father's money?

GARY

Hey, Chris, I just showed you three million cash I got squirreled under the pool table. Fuck your old man's money. That's not where I'm goin'-- I'm talking about the man has no faith in you. I'm talking about you ask him for help, the answer's already No.

CHRIS

If I asked my father for money, he'd give it to me.

GARY

Yeah? Really? Tell you what--

Gary takes out a cellphone, sets it down on the pool table.

GARY

Let's call him right now and ask him.

CHRIS
Ask him what?

GARY
Ask him if he'll loan you ten grand.
Ask him if he'll loan you one grand.

CHRIS
For what?

GARY
Tell him you have an idea, you wanna start a business. It really doesn't matter what you say-- he's not gonna give you a fuckin nickel.

Chris stands there looking at Gary a moment. We hear LAUGHING, MUSIC in the other room.

CHRIS
I thought we were friends.

GARY
We are friends, Chris. Outside of maybe some old blind guy dresses like Larry Flynt, I'm the best friend you've got, and I mean that.
(then)

I
have faith in you. I want to help you.

CHRIS
How? By robbing a bank?

GARY
I'll say it again and maybe you'll write it down this time.

Gary taps Chris' notebook.

GARY
Whoever has the money, has the power.

EXT. CHRIS & LEWIS' APARTMENT - MORNING

A light snow falls as Lewis steps outside onto the porch.

LEWIS
You got snow this morning--

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

As Lewis shuts the door, heads for the kitchen.

LEWIS
--so wear something warm.

CHRIS (O.S.)
I am.

Lewis grabs some eggs from the refrigerator.

LEWIS
Don't forget you got class at two.

CHRIS (O.S.)
I know.

LEWIS

I'm goin' to the symphony with Andy
Cho tonight, so I'll be home late--

Lewis starts to fix an omelette as Chris comes into the room,
dressed in black jeans.

CHRIS

You already said that.

We see that he wears the Rolex. He looks at his reflection in
the window, seeing that his old sports coat wrecks the effect.

LEWIS

I'll fix you something before I go.

CHRIS

I'll be fine.

LEWIS

It's no trouble.

CHRIS

I'll eat something on the way home.

LEWIS

What, fast food?

CHRIS

See you later, Lewis.

And he's out the door.

EXT. KANSAS CITY STREET - DAY

As Chris buys a hot dog from a chatty VENDOR in a wheel chair.
Chris gets into his car, takes a bite of his hot dog, looks at
the guy a moment, then pulls out.

EXT. CENTER FOR INDEPENDENT LIVING - DAY

As Chris comes out, walks to his car. He pats his pockets,
peers into the car, sees his keys in the ignition, and sits
down on the pavement and takes off his shoe.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

As Chris mops the floor. He looks up as Ted pulls up, gets out
of his cruiser waving a bag of donuts...

INT. THE QUAFF - NIGHT

Chris sits at the bar, watches the other people, feels removed
from everyone. He pays his tab, gets up...

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Chris comes in, sees that Lewis has left dinner out again
for him. He takes the apple, puts the rest back in the
refrigerator, and then goes into...

HIS ROOM

and sits down on the bed. He takes a bite of the apple, sighs,
looks around the room.

Michael Peretzian

Hanging on the back of the door is a HALL'S DEPARTMENT STORE garment bag. A NOTE taped to it. Chris walks over and pulls the note from the plastic...

INSERT - NOTE

Written in perfect hand: "SAW THIS. THOUGHT OF YOU. MOM."

CHRIS

unzips the bag and pulls out the arm of A NEW JACKET. He takes the bag off the door and flings it across the room.

He sits down on the bed. He stares at the jacket on the floor a moment, then picks up the phone and dials a number...

VOICE (PHONE)

Hello?

CHRIS

Dad?

RICHARD PRATT (PHONE)

Chris-- What time is it?

CHRIS

A little after two.

DOROTHY'S VOICE

Is he all right? Has something happened to him?

RICHARD (PHONE)

Are you all right?

CHRIS

I'm fine. I just wanted to know if I could borrow ten thousand dollars.

RICHARD (PHONE)

(beat)
What?

CHRIS

I need to borrow ten thousand dollars.

RICHARD (PHONE)

(beat)
What for?

CHRIS

I just need it.

RICHARD (PHONE)

Chris, it's two in the morning, this really isn't the time to--

CHRIS

How 'bout one thousand dollars? Could I borrow one thousand dollars?

RICHARD (PHONE)

Are you all right, Chris?

CHRIS

Can I have the money or not?

RICHARD (PHONE)
 (long pause, then)
 Are you in some kind of trouble?

CHRIS
 No. I'm not in trouble. I just--

RICHARD (PHONE)
 Because if you are, I want to help out
 any way I can. You know I do. But I
 think, first you should come over and
 we should talk about whatever it is
 face-to-face.

CHRIS
 I'm not in trouble. I just need the
 money.

Silence on the other end.

CHRIS
 Dad?

RICHARD (PHONE)
 I don't think that's a good idea.

CHRIS
 You didn't even ask what I want it
 for.

RICHARD (PHONE)
 I asked, you won't tell me.

CHRIS
 You asked if I was in trouble.

RICHARD (PHONE)
 All right, then, what do you want the
 money for?

CHRIS
 (beat)
 I have an idea.

RICHARD (PHONE)
 (beat)
 Yes?

CHRIS
 I want to start a business.

RICHARD (PHONE)
 With a thousand dollars? Exactly what
 sort of business do you think you can
 start with a thousand dollars?

CHRIS
 Well, I was thinking, I might start a
 skate sharpening business, you know,
 over at Crowne Center?

RICHARD (PHONE)
 Uh-huh.

CHRIS
 Maybe later, I could even sell some
 hockey equipment--

RICHARD (PHONE)
Look, Chris--

CHRIS
You're saying "no?"

RICHARD (PHONE)
Yes.

CHRIS
You're saying "yes?"

RICHARD (PHONE)
(pushed)
No-- I'm saying you cannot have the money.

CHRIS
Okay.

DOROTHY (PHONE, OS)
Richard...

RICHARD (PHONE)
Look, Chris--

CHRIS
It's okay, Dad, really. I understand.
Another sigh on the other end.

RICHARD (PHONE)
Can I ask you something?

CHRIS
Go ahead.

RICHARD (PHONE)
Would you like to come back home?

CHRIS
What?

RICHARD (PHONE)
It's okay, son. You don't have to be afraid to ask. The door's always open for you here. Any time you want to--

CHRIS
You won't loan me the money, but I can move back home?

RICHARD (PHONE)
If that's what you want--

CHRIS
I gotta go, Dad.

He hangs up the phone, falls back on the bed. He takes out his notebook, flips through it, finds what he's looking for and dials another number.

GARY (PHONE)
(music in the b.g.)
Hello?

CHRIS

You know that thing you mentioned the other night?

GARY (PHONE)

(beat)

Yes?

CHRIS (PHONE)

Well, I'm thinking about it.

GARY (PHONE)

(beat)

And?

CHRIS

And I'm thinking I wanna do it.

GARY (PHONE)

Good.

We HEAR THE SOUND OF A HELICOPTER OVER as we then...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET NOEL - EARLY MORNING (PRESENT)

As a black helicopter banks around and over the main street, the Christmas decorations sway in the wash from the blades.

The sheriff and Phil Costello (from the opening) stand beside their cruisers holding onto their Stetsons to keep them from blowing away as the helicopter lands in the middle of the street, directly in front of THE NOEL TOWN BANK.

TWO MEN and A WOMAN, in suits and blue windbreakers with "FBI" emblazoned in gold letters on the back, duck out, get clear of the blades and shake hands with the sheriff as we then...

FADE OUT.

MARTY (V.O.)

The vault's an antique Hogue & Langehammer...

INT. WEST BOTTOMS - DAY

Equipment now scattered about the room -- including cutting torches, electronics gear, various hand tools. Gary, Chris and the rest of the crew look at photographs of the Noel Town Bank spread out on the pool table.

MARTY

We're looking at steel and cement casing, which means at least a two hour drill time.

GARY

(taps a photo)

And then there's Deputy Donut...

Chris looks at a photograph of Ted getting out of his cruiser.

GARY

He drives by once a night, never at the same time, so there's no way to plan for him.

CHRIS
But he's off at two. And I don't know
if anybody ever comes by after that.

GARY
We go too late, any loud noise in a
town that small's gonna be a problem.

CHRIS
What do you mean "loud noise?"

GARY
I'm talking about if the cutting torch
doesn't work and we end up having to
blow the vault. We're gonna need some
highway noise to cover for us and that
stops around midnight.

Chris looks at the photographs, the equipment...

CHRIS
So all I have to do is let you in the
bank, help you with the alarm--

GARY
--and keep a lookout for Ted.

CHRIS
And for that, I get a million dollars.

GARY
Maybe more.

Chris notices the Bone sitting in a corner of the room.

CHRIS
What about guns?

GARY
No guns. We get caught inside, it's
burglary, a five year jolt. We get
caught inside with guns, it's another
automatic fifteen years on top of the
five. So no guns.

MARTY
No way.

CORK
Absolutely not.

Chris looks at the Bone who remains still behind the shades.
Gary pats Chris on the back.

GARY
This is gonna be the easiest million
you're ever gonna make.

INT. NEWS STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

As Lewis makes his way down the corridor carrying a brown paper
bag. Employees greeting him as he passes, Lewis greeting them
back, knowing everybody's name by the sound of their voice. He
stops at a door marked RESEARCH and knocks, then enters...

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

Floor to ceiling with books, magazines, videotape. COOKIE, a small black man sits in front of a computer terminal...

LEWIS

Hey, Cookie.

COOKIE

What's in the bag?

LEWIS

Chicken salad sandwich. Two oatmeal cookies and a pickle.

COOKIE

You still put apples in your chicken salad?

LEWIS

Wouldn't be chicken salad without 'em.

Cookie snatches the bag away, turns to the computer.

COOKIE

Say again the guy you wanna look at?

LEWIS

Gary Spargo. S-p-a-r-g-o.

COOKIE

How much you wanna know?

LEWIS

Everything.

EXT. CHRIS & LEWIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Chris parks out front, starts up the front stairs.

INT. CHRIS & LEWIS' APARTMENT - SAME

AS Chris comes in, shuts the door, fumbles for the light switch.

LEWIS (O.S.)

They call him Gary the Glove.

Chris looks to the couch as Lewis reaches over and turns on a lamp.

LEWIS

There's several stories, my favorite being every time he kills someone, he wears the same pair of gloves his old man used to wear back when he was a plumber.

CHRIS

Really? I heard a different one. But they're all bullshit. He got the name when he played center field as a kid.

LEWIS

He's been busted twice for bank robbery, once for assault.

CHRIS
Not robbery.

LEWIS
What?

CHRIS
Burglary. There's a difference.

LEWIS
Whatever you call it, he's stealing money.

CHRIS
Gary's just trying to finance his dream, go legit like the Kennedys.

LEWIS
"Finance his dream?" What kinda horseshit is that?

CHRIS
It's not horseshit. He's got over three million in cash already.

LEWIS
Where? Under the mattress?

CHRIS
Under the pool table. In a secret spot. He showed it to me.

Chris looks at Lewis, realizes he probably shouldn't have said that. But Lewis is off on another track...

LEWIS
One of his pals, Robert Bozanni, did eight years at Marion for throwing a guy off a roof.

CHRIS
The guy's dog wouldn't stop barking. And he threw them both off the roof.

Lewis turns to him.

CHRIS
It's a bug act, though. The Bone's not so bad.

LEWIS
A what?

CHRIS
He's faking it. He's not really crazy.

LEWIS
You gonna start talking like those guys now?

CHRIS
Me and Gary got a lot in common.

LEWIS
Such as what? You both got pricks for "old men"?

CHRIS
That's one thing, yeah.

LEWIS
It doesn't bother you these guys have
killed people?

CHRIS
Something else we got in common.

LEWIS
You're not a criminal.

CHRIS
Manslaughter's a crime.

LEWIS
You know what I'm talking about.

CHRIS
Only reason I didn't do any time is
because my father had the money to
keep me out.

LEWIS
That you or Gary the Glove talking?
(then)
Look, I can't blame you, the guy makes
you forget your problems.

CHRIS
I don't know what you mean.

LEWIS
I mean that you don't always have the
ability to judge people, to know who
can be trusted and who can't, to know
when you might be in trouble.

CHRIS
I'm not in trouble. Why do you think
I'm in trouble?

LEWIS
Chris, look--

We hear A CELLPHONE RING.

LEWIS
The hell is that?

Chris reaches into his pocket.

CHRIS
My phone. Gary gave it to me.
(into the phone)
Hello? Yeah. Hi...

LEWIS
Pretty nice guy, he gives you a phone.

CHRIS
(walking away)
Yeah, I can meet you there. What time?

Lewis stands there as Chris shuts his door.

INT. THE QUAFF - NIGHT

Chris sits at the bar writing in his notebook...

CHRIS (V.O.)
Once upon a time, I woke up. I took a shower with soap. I skipped breakfast so that I could...

EXT. STATE ROAD - DAY

As the black town car follows an Wells Loomis truck.

CHRIS (V.O.)
...follow an armored car...

EXT. THE NOEL TOWN BANK - DAY

As Chris and Gary sit in the back of the town car, watching as MRS. LANGE, the teller and Mr. Tuttle unlock the front door...

CHRIS (V.O.)
I cased the Noel Town bank...

EXT. RENTAL YARD - DAY

As Chris and Gary wheel an acetylene tank out to the car.

CHRIS (V.O.)
And then I rented an acetylene tank for the cutting torch.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - DAY

As Chris and Cork walk through the lot, checking out the cars. Cork nods to an old station wagon...

CHRIS (V.O.)
Cork and I went car shopping...

EXT. FIELD - DAY

As Chris watches as the Bone cuts through a shotgun laid across a stump with a hacksaw...

CHRIS (V.O.)
And then I helped the Bone chop a shotgun.

Chris watches as Bone then picks up the gun, loads a shell into the barrel and blows the stump to smithereens. He then looks at Chris and walks off without a word.

INT. SMALL TOWN DINER - NIGHT

Chris, Gary and the crew sit in a back booth eating dinner.

CHRIS
I got one for you guys...

They all look at him. He takes a breath.

CHRIS
Skeleton walks into a bar, says I'll have a beer and a mop.

The crew exchanges looks with each other, look at Chris then burst out laughing. All except for the Bone who just turns his head so we can't determine whether or not he's smiling.

MARTY

The joke man.

CORK

That's very funny, Chris. You have a good sense of humor.

Chris looks around, relaxed for the moment with these guys.

CHRIS

I got another one-- there's this rooster named Steve-- no, wait-- that's wrong...

Chris stops a minute. The table waits. He looks up at them, lost.

GARY

All right, let's get serious--

Chris tries not to appear embarrassed as Gary launches into his rap.

GARY

The money comes Friday. So I just wanna make sure we're all clear on what's gonna happen.

Chris sees them all looking at him. He puts down his fork, takes out his notebook, rifles through it as he talks...

CHRIS

I watch out for Ted. Cork drills the vault.

MARTY

I drill the vault.

CHRIS

Right.

MARTY

I'm Marty.

CHRIS

Oh--

MARTY

Cork's the one over there, looks like Howdy Doody on steroids. Put it down in your little book.

GARY

It's okay, Chris. Start at the beginning.

Chris makes a note, flips back a page, reads...

CHRIS

I open the door. I let you guys in.

GARY

Good. What about the surveillance?

CHRIS
I turn that off.

GARY
First.

CHRIS
What?

Gary exchanges a look with Marty.

GARY
You turn the alarm off first, Chris.
Then you let us in. Then you keep a
lookout for Deputy Donut. Have you
written all that down?

CHRIS
Yes.

GARY
Good.

MARTY
Maybe he needs to have another little
book to remind him to read this one.

Chris gives Marty a look.

MARTY
You remember how to turn off the video?

CHRIS
I cut the wires at the back of the
camera with the cutters you gave me.

MARTY
You have to throw the circuit first,
or it'll trip the alarm, give you a
fucker of a shock, you cut the wire.

CHRIS
Right. Porridge is hot.

GARY
What?

CHRIS
You know, Goldilocks.

He sees they're all looking at him.

CHRIS
Never mind.

MARTY
Jesus, Gary.

GARY
He's gonna be fine.

He pats Chris on the back. Chris takes a deep breath.

GARY
We're gonna need another car.

CORK
We got the wagon.

GARY
There's five of us, plus the money,
plus the equipment.

CORK
I could pick up a truck or something
the night of.

GARY
Chris' car will already be there. We're
done in Noel, we'll take them both to
the Coffeeville, sink 'em in the river.

CHRIS
You wanna sink my car in the river?

GARY
(beat)
I don't think it's quite hit you that
by Monday this time, you're gonna be
on the other side of the world with a
million bucks in your pocket.

Chris thinks about that-- no, it hasn't sunk in at all. Gary
considers Chris across the table a moment, then...

GARY
You do understand, Chris, that once we
do this thing, we're outta here -- all
of us. You understand? We're fuckin
gone.

CHRIS
(beat)
I understand.

GARY
I'm saying you're not ever going back
to your old life.

CHRIS
I know, I just--

Gary leans forward, closer to Chris, his face dark, serious.
His coat opens and we see the pinkish STAIN on his shirt from
the other night at the club. For some reason, this stops Chris.

GARY
You stick around, who do you think the
FBI's gonna wanna talk to first?

Chris looks up as Gary points at Chris' forehead.

GARY
You. That's who.

MARTY
He could say he slept through the whole
fuckin thing.

Chris looks at him. Marty smiles.

†

MARTY
Might even be true.

Cork pats Chris on the hand and gives him one of his grins.

CORK
Better get your affairs in order, Chief.

GARY
And don't forget your car.

EXT. LUVLEE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Chris knocks on the door and Maura opens it, surprised to see him standing there.

CHRIS
Hey, Maura.

MAURA
Chris--

She glances behind her, pulls the door close to her.

MAURA
Hi.

CHRIS
Is Luvlee here?

MAURA
Uh-- no. She's out.

CHRIS
Oh. Well, would you tell her I came by?

MAURA
Yeah, sure. I'll have her give you a call.

She watches as he starts back down the stairs.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Chris comes into the apartment and automatically looks at the table... only, tonight, it's empty. We hear Mahler OS.

INT. LEWIS' ROOM - NIGHT

Lewis sits in bed in his immaculate room reading a braille book. Chris moves into the doorway, stands there in his underwear watching as Lewis moves his fingers over a page.

LEWIS
You want something?

CHRIS
You're up late.

LEWIS
Couldn't sleep.

CHRIS
What're you reading?

LEWIS
Germinal.

CHRIS
Any good?

LEWIS
It's about the bitter suffering of workers in the French mines in the 1800's. It's a real potboiler.

CHRIS
Huh.

Chris lingers.

LEWIS
Something wrong?

CHRIS
I was just thinking, maybe tomorrow night we could go to the Deck for a burger or something.

LEWIS
(beat)
Yeah, sure, kid. That'd be great.

EXT. OLD FARM ROAD 24 - DAY

The MEMORIAL MARKER in the f.g. Chris gets out of his car, jogs over and sets down a bunch of fresh flowers. He stands there a moment, touches the top of it and then jogs back to his car.

INT. HALLS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

As Chris walks up to a CLERK carrying a Hall's garment bag.

CHRIS
I'd like to exchange this, please...

He unzips the bag, pulls out the jacket his mother bought for him.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

As Chris stands in front of a mirror checking himself out in a leather jacket, white shirt and some black slacks. He looks like Gary the Glove. He nods to the Clerk.

CHRIS
Yeah-- these are good.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

As Chris comes into the bank, puts his coat over his chair. MRS. LANGE smiles at him from the tellers window where she helps a customer. He smiles back, starts for the closet to get his mop, sees Mr. Tuttle watching him from his desk.

Mr. Tuttle looks at him a moment longer, then ducks his head, goes back to his paperwork. Chris stands there, utterly self-conscious now, wondering, then quickly grabs his mop as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Chris mopping like a madman. He's startled by A KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR. He looks over, sees Ted smiling, dangling a sack of donuts. Chris looks at him a moment, then comes over and opens the door.

TED
Hey, Chris. Donut?

Chris takes the donut. Ted sees the Rolex, nods.

TED
Nice watch.

Chris looks at Ted a moment. Wants to say something.

TED
What's wrong?

CHRIS
You know, Ted, you don't need to check up on the bank all the time.

Ted looks at him. Chris shrugs.

CHRIS
It's not like anything's ever gonna happen here, stupid little bank like this one.

Ted smiles at him.

TED
You think I come here to check up on the bank?

Ted shakes his head, hikes up his sunbelt.

TED
I come here to check up on you, make sure you're okay.

Chris looks back at Ted now. Takes that in. Then...

CHRIS
You don't have to do that. I'm fine.

TED
But I like doing it--

CHRIS
Well, I don't. It's insulting.

TED
(beat)
What's wrong with you, Chris?

CHRIS
I'm just saying I don't need you to look out for me, Ted. I don't need your donuts or your company. I'm a big boy. Okay?

Ted looks like he's been shot.

CHRIS
 Why don't you look out for yourself
 and your baby instead.

Chris turns around and gives Ted his back and resumes mopping. Ted stands there a moment, stranded in the doorway, then turns and walks back to his cruiser. As we HEAR THE DOOR CLOSE and THE CAR DRIVE AWAY. Chris closes his eyes, sits down on the wet floor.

EXT. CROWN CENTER - NIGHT

As Chris heads for the ice rink. He walks past the hotel, stops to peer into the lobby...

CHRIS' POV - THE LOBBY

Where we see KELLY (the blond concierge) standing behind the desk talking with a GUEST. Like Chris, she's several years older now, but still beautiful in a navy blue blazer; her blond hair up off her shoulders -- now laughing at something the guest says.

CHRIS

Stands there watching her, unable to move from the spot he's on.

KELLY

Looks up, this way now, and...

CHRIS

Quickly moves on. He walks over to the ice rink, sits down on a bench and watches the skaters. He sees a POLICEMAN standing on the other side of the rink, watching him. Chris looks back a moment, then quickly turns away, uncomfortable now as...

Chris?

KELLY (O.S.)

He turns and sees Kelly standing beside the bench, a knockout in the blazer and matching slacks, her first name engraved on a gold name tag pinned to the jacket.

KELLY

I thought that was you.

She sits down on the bench with him. He can't speak.

KELLY

How have you been?

CHRIS

Okay. You?

KELLY

Okay.

They sit there a moment, not sure what to say, then...

KELLY

It's great to see you. You look good.
 I like the jacket.

CHRIS

Thanks. It's new. You look good,
 too.

Michael Peretzian

He indicates her uniform.

CHRIS
So... you work at the hotel?

KELLY
(nods)
Two years now. What about you? Are you working?

CHRIS
Yeah, I work at a bank.

KELLY
Really? Your Dad's?

CHRIS
No--
(then)
Actually, I'm gonna leave soon. I've kinda got this other... thing going.

KELLY
Oh--

CHRIS
Yeah, there's some property I'm thinking of turning into SOHO.

She nods, considers him a moment, then...

KELLY
I'm glad to see that you've moved on. I was worried for a while there that you never would.

CHRIS
No, I've definitely moved on.

She nods, keeps looking at him. Chris looks at the cop on the far side of the rink, now speaking into a radio...

KELLY
I miss you.

He turns to her.

KELLY
I miss talking to you.

CHRIS
You do?

She nods, watches the skaters a moment.

KELLY
Do you have a girlfriend?

CHRIS
Yeah.

KELLY
Oh.

CHRIS
She's a performer.

KELLY

Huh.

CHRIS

How about you?

KELLY

No one special.

He looks at her, sees the way she's looking back at him and it occurs to him and to us that she may actually still care about him.

CHRIS

You're not mad at me anymore?

KELLY

I try to think more about what I've got than what I lost, you know?

She rests a hand on her left leg. He looks at it. She leans close to him, kisses him...

KELLY

Wanna see it?

He looks at her.

CHRIS

Wanna see what?

She stands up and unbuttons her slacks, and let's them fall right there so that we -- and the rest of the world -- see, extending from white panties -- a long, perfect leg on the right; an off-pink artificial limb belted to a stump on the left. The contrast is jarring to say the least...

KELLY

Isn't it beautiful?

CHRIS

Kelly--

KELLY

Tell you what, Chris: sometimes it's a dog eat dog world; and sometimes it's the other way around.

Chris stands up, backs away from her, right into the COP. He's about to scream when we--

CUT TO: CHRIS' ROOM - DAY

As Chris sits up in bed, turns off the alarm.

CHRIS

Jesus.

He sits there a moment, looking around the room, thinking, then gets up...

EXT. FAIRWAY AREA NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A nice house in the nice neighborhood. The name on the mailbox says "STEVENS." A MAN -- fifty, tired, washes an old Corvette in the driveway.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - SAME

Chris sitting there, watching from down the street.

CHRIS
Mr. Stevens. I just want you to know...

CUT TO: THE FARM ROAD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

As the red MUSTANG flies by...

CUT TO: CHRIS (NOW)

As Chris stares off at the house...

CHRIS
...that I'm sorry for what happened...

CUT TO: INSIDE THE RED MUSTANG - NIGHT

NO SOUND. Chris and Kelly in the front seat. Danny and his girlfriend, NINA, in the back. We see them all YELLING and WHOOPING IT UP, but hear nothing.

CUT TO: CHRIS (NOW)

Watching Danny's father wash the car.

CHRIS
I know that nothing I say will ever
bring Danny back to you...

As A WOMAN sticks her head out the door, clutching a SMALL CHILD, says something to the man, goes back in...

CHRIS
...or Mrs. Stevens..

CUT TO: THE MUSTANG

NO SOUND as Danny covers Chris' eyes. Chris pulls his head away, laughing. Kelly turns back and says something to Danny in the back, who then leans forward and TURNS OFF THE LIGHTS.

CUT TO: CHRIS (NOW)

Closing his eyes...

CHRIS
I'm sorry--

CUT TO: THE MUSTANG

As Kelly, scared, about to reach over to turn the lights back on when CHRIS KISSES HER. Danny kisses Nina in the backseat.

CUT TO: CHRIS (NOW)

Both of his hands in tight fists...

CHRIS
I'm so sorry--

CUT TO: THE MUSTANG

As Kelly pulls away from Chris, reaches for the lights, turns them back on just in time for us to see A HUGE WHEAT THRESHER stopped in the middle of the road in front of them -- A FARMER SITTING ATOP IT, WAVING FRANTICALLY. They all scream a silent scream as Chris stands on the brakes and we then...

CUT TO: CHRIS (NOW)

His eyes clamped shut, tears running down his face.

CUT TO: THE FARM ROAD

As the brakes lock on the Mustang, the car skidding hard and forever, the rear tires smoking, catching fire, exploding as, IN NORMAL SPEED, FULL SOUND, we hear SCREAMING inside the car as the Mustang hits the combine and we...

CUT TO: CHRIS (NOW)

As he sits up, opens his eyes...

CUT TO: THE CRASH SCENE

People running in all directions. Firemen. State Troopers. Kelly lying on a gurney, her screams drowned out as a medivac helicopter lands. A body in the road covered with a sheet. Flashlights play about the field... looking for something...

VOICE
(calling)
Chris?

CUT TO: CHRIS

Watching as the man looks this way now, squints, drops the hose and starts to walk over. Chris quickly pulls out and drives the hell away.

EXT. LUVLEE & MAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Maura opens the door, reacts to Chris standing there.

MAURA
Shit. It's so not fair she makes me do this.

CHRIS
Do what?

MAURA
She's with Gary and the boys.

CHRIS
At his club?

MAURA
His club?

She looks at Chris, wants to say more, but finally just shakes her head.

CHRIS
What?

MAURA
You're sweet, you know that?

And then she shuts the door in his face. He stands there a moment as we HEAR A PHONE RINGING OVER...

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Across the street from his apartment. Chris paces back and forth in front of a bench, Gary's phone to his ear.

GARY
(tired)
Hello?

CHRIS
Gary. It's me.

GARY
Uh-huh. What's up, Chris?

CHRIS
I noticed something.

GARY
What's that?

CHRIS
You wear the same clothes.

GARY
What?

CHRIS
Every day. I wrote it down.

GARY
(beat)
So?

CHRIS
So you're not what you think you are.

GARY
(beat)
What are you mad at, Chris?

CHRIS
I'm not mad.

GARY
What are you then?

CHRIS
I'm out is what I am. I'm not gonna do it. I'm referring to--

GARY
I know what you're referring to, Chris.
(then)
Have you been talking to somebody?

CHRIS
I didn't talk to anybody. And I can't talk to you anymore, either.

Silence on the other end.

CHRIS
I said--

GARY
I heard you, Chris-- You don't wanna do it. Okay, fine. No problem.

CHRIS
Okay, then.
(beat)
Good-bye.

Chris hangs up the phone, then tosses it into the dented metal trash can next to the bench. Then he takes off the watch, and throws that in there as well.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chris and Lewis in a booth. Chris looks at a menu.

CHRIS
Do you want me to read you the whole menu, or do you know what you want?

LEWIS
They still got the Teriyaki Burger? One with the pineapple?

CHRIS
Uh... yeah, they do.

LEWIS
I'll have that.

An ATTRACTIVE WAITRESS appears at the table.

WAITRESS
Are you Chris?

CHRIS
Yeah?

WAITRESS
There's a phone call for you.

Lewis turns to him.

CHRIS
I'll be right back.

LEWIS
Take your time.

THE PHONE AT THE FRONT COUNTER

Dangling. Chris walks over and picks it up.

CHRIS
Hello?
(no answer)
Hello?

The LINE GOES DEAD. He looks around the restaurant. Out at the parking lot. No one. He hangs up the phone.

AT THE TABLE

As Chris sits back down. Pensive now. Looking around.

LEWIS
Who was it?

CHRIS
No one.

Lewis turns to him as the Waitress walks back over.

WAITRESS
What can I get for you guys?

LEWIS
For starters, I'll take the name of your perfume.

WAITRESS
(smiles)
Obsession.

LEWIS
Well, consider me obsessed.

Chris cuts an embarrassed look at the waitress.

CHRIS
He'll have the Teriyaki Burger.

LEWIS
Medium well. Extra tery on the side.

CHRIS
I'll have the same. And a coke.

Lewis feels around for, then takes the waitress' hand.

LEWIS
What's your favorite malt?

WAITRESS
I'd have to go with peanut butter.

LEWIS
Then that's what I'll go with.

WAITRESS
You're very trusting.

LEWIS
What do I always say, Chris? "Trust everyone, but..."

CHRIS
"...always cut the cards."

LEWIS
Damn straight.

She smiles at the two of them. Chris looks out at the lot as a CAR TURNS ITS LIGHTS ON, PULLS OUT.

WAITRESS
You guys are gonna be trouble, I can tell.

LEWIS
Who, us? We're just a coupla gimps
having a night out.

This gets Chris looking at Lewis.

WAITRESS
I'll get your drinks.

Lewis smiles as she moves off.

LEWIS
She sounds cute.

CHRIS
Why'd you have to say that?

LEWIS
Say what?

CHRIS
That thing about us being gimps.

LEWIS
(laughs)
What, you don't think she noticed?

CHRIS
You, maybe.

LEWIS
(beat)
What's the matter?

CHRIS
Nothing. Just... I'm not like you.

LEWIS
"Like me"?

CHRIS
I'm not a gimp.

LEWIS
Should I be embarrassed?

CHRIS
I'm the one's embarrassed.

LEWIS
Why? Because I'm a gimp?

CHRIS
It's the way you talk to people, it's
fucking obnoxious.

LEWIS
How do I talk to people?

CHRIS
All those stupid sayings -- dog eat
dog world, always cut the cards... Or
like that waitress just now. The way
you hit on her, like you stand a fucking
chance...

LEWIS
(chuckles, hurt)
Hey, Chris, I been turned down more times than beds at the Holiday Inn. It still doesn't keep me from trying.

CHRIS
But has it ever worked? Talking to women like that? I mean do you think that waitress walked into the kitchen just now and said hey, there's a blind guy out there dressed like Larry Flynt I really wanna fuck?

LEWIS
What, you think I offended her?

CHRIS
No, I think she's relieved she doesn't have to feel sorry for you.

LEWIS
(beat)
Jesus, kid-- you come down with both feet, don't you?

Chris doesn't answer him.

LEWIS
"You are, when all is said and done-- just what you are."

CHRIS
The fuck is that?

LEWIS
Goethe said that. Here's another one: "Be what you are. It's the first step towards becoming better than you are."

CHRIS
Thanks, I'll keep that in mind.

Lewis leans in close now...

LEWIS
Look, kid, you may think that that other guy you left behind was...all that, but you were a spoiled little prick and you know it.

CHRIS
What?

LEWIS
You heard me. You were just another trust fund tragedy waiting to happen. Truth is, you can probably take care a yourself better now than before your accident.

CHRIS
That's the stupidest fucking thing I've ever heard.

LEWIS

Come on, think about it. You were on such a track, being Chris Pratt, that at least now you can make your own choices.

CHRIS

(beat)

So, what're you saying, that I've got more opportunities now that I've lost everything?

LEWIS

No, I'm saying you got more freedom now that no one expects anything from you.

And now they're both hurt. They sit there frozen as the Waitress shows up with their drinks, cheerful, unaware of what's just happened.

WAITRESS

Here we go, gentlemen. Enjoy.

But Lewis and Chris don't say a word. Chris looks at her, then looks away. She smiles.

WAITRESS

You guys are kidding, right?

LEWIS

Just gimme the check.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

As Chris pulls up in front of the apartment. Lewis starts to get out.

CHRIS

I'm gonna go out for a while.

LEWIS

(beat)

Yeah, sure, kid. Have fun.

He watches as Lewis unfolds his cane, starts up the stairs to the apartment. He then drives off. Lewis stands there a moment, then continues up the steps.

INT. THE QUAFF - NIGHT

As Chris comes in and sits down at the bar, the bartender is already setting his Sharpes down in front of him, smiling...

CHRIS

(beat)

Thanks.

Chris takes a sip and casually glances about the bar. It's quiet tonight. A COUPLE plays pool in the back. Few other people here and there, but that's it.

EXT. LUVLEE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Luvlee comes out of the apartment building, we then...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - CHRIS

Sitting in his car watching. He starts to get out, pauses when THE BLACK TOWN CAR cruises up to the building. Marty leans out the drivers window and kisses Luvlee.

Chris, both hurt and confused now, watches as Luvlee gets in the car with Marty and they drive off.

EXT. CHRIS APARTMENT DAWN

As Chris climbs the stairs to the red light.

INT. CHRIS & LEWIS' APARTMENT SAME

Dark. We hear FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE the door and then see shadows as Chris stands there and knocks on the door.

CHRIS

Lewis? I can't find my key. Come on, Lewis, open the door. I'm sorry about what I said last night. I was an asshole-- I still am an asshole.

(then)

Lewis?

Silence inside the apartment. Chris knocks again. Waits. He finally tries the door anyway and it opens, spilling Chris and the RED LIGHT from the porch into the room.

CHRIS

Lewis?

He steps into the blackness of the living room.

CHRIS

Hey--

He walks back to the open front door, flips a switch. The ceiling lights come on and Chris nearly jumps out of his skin.

The apartment is empty.

Totally empty. Everything is gone... furniture, television, stereo, magazines, books, knick-knacks, all of it removed.

CHRIS

Lewis!

He opens Lewis' door and turns on the light. There's nothing in here either. No bed, no braille books, no desk, no color-coded sweatsuits hanging in the closet. Nothing.

CHRIS

(panicking)

LEWIS!

He goes into his own room and finds still more nothing... no posters on the walls. All of his notebooks are gone. His clothing-- gone. Same thing goes for the bed and chest of drawers.

He peers into the kitchen. It's been stripped as well. Chris stands there, his panic growing. He moves to the wall phone and dials, then...

WOMAN'S VOICE (PHONE)
Welcome to VoiceNet Nationwide Paging.
Please enter a voice or numeric message
at the tone.

CHRIS
(after the TONE)
Lewis, where are you? What have you
done? I'm sorry. Call me.

He hangs up the phone. Waits. He picks up the phone, is about to dial again...

When we hear it: BEEP BEEP BEEP... coming from somewhere in the room with Chris. He drops the phone, looks towards the living room as we next hear...

SOOTHING FEMALE VOICE
Voice Net. Message one.

And then CHRIS' OWN VOICE echoing in the empty room...

CHRIS' VOICE
Lewis, where are you?!

Chris stiffens, looks up...

CHRIS'S VOICE
What have you done? I'm sorry. Call
me.

...where we see LEWIS' PAGER duct-taped to the middle of the ceiling.

CHRIS
Oh, God...

He nearly jumps out of his skin as we then hear A PHONE RING.

Chris looks to the window sill, sees the CELLPHONE that Gary gave him, the one he'd thrown into the trash in the park. It RINGS AGAIN and Chris slowly moves to it, picks it up...

CHRIS
Hello?

GARY (PHONE)
You gonna be all right?

CHRIS
Where's Lewis?

GARY (PHONE)
Take some deep breaths, Chris. You do
what I tell you, everything's gonna be
okay...

CHRIS
WHERE THE FUCK IS LEWIS?!

GARY (PHONE)
C'mon, I need you to listen to me.

CHRIS
I'm calling the fucking police--

GARY (PHONE)
Do that, Chris, and Bobby cuts the little guy up with an old saw.

Chris doesn't move.

GARY (PHONE)
You still there?

CHRIS
Yes.

GARY (PHONE)
Okay. Pay attention here, Chris.
(then)
I now have your entire life. You understand? I have everything. Now I'm gonna hang on to this everything till you and I conclude our business. Okay?

CHRIS
What did you do to Lewis?

GARY (PHONE)
I told you, I have everything. That's all you need to know.
(then)
Now I want you to hang up the phone, come downstairs and get in the black car. Okay? Do it. Right now.
(then)
I don't see you moving.

Chris shivers. He slowly turns and looks out the window... at the BLACK TOWN CAR parked across the street, smoke coming from the tailpipe. Chris takes a step back from the window.

GARY (PHONE)
C'mon, act smart, do as I say and I'll give you your life back. Act stupid and I'll burn all of it. And, Chris, I mean ALL of it. You understand?

The line disconnects. Chris hangs up, stands there, unable to move. He looks once more about the emptied apartment, GASPING as he sees A BLOODY HANDPRINT on the wall near the door.

CHRIS
No, no...

Chris backs away, stares at the handprint. He jumps as THE PAGER STARTS BEEPING AGAIN. He looks out the window at the Town car, the back door now open, Marty and Cork crossing to Chris' building as we now hear CHRIS' VOICE AGAIN...

CHRIS (PAGER)
Lewis! Where are you? What have you done? I'm sorry...

Chris finally covers his ears, curls up on the floor as we then...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN: EXT. THE NOEL TOWN BANK - NIGHT

An ARMORED CAR parked out front. PULL BACK TO REVEAL that we're watching from...

INSIDE AN OLD STATION WAGON

Cork at the wheel. Chris in the back seat with Gary. It's so cold, we see everyone's breath in here.

GARY

You have your notebook? Phone?

CHRIS

There was blood on the wall.

Gary turns to Chris.

CHRIS

Inside my apartment.

GARY

(beat)

He's a fighter, your friend, Lewis.

CHRIS

Is he dead?

GARY

That's up to you.

Chris looks at him, notices that Gary wears the gold Rolex. Gary nods to the bank.

GARY

You got work to do.

All the smile gone from his voice.

EXT. NOEL TOWN BANK - NIGHT

As Chris walks up to the entrance, eyes the armored truck, then starts to go inside...

VOICE

Can you hold that for me, partner...

Chris pauses, holds the door open as A GUARD exits the truck with SEVERAL BAGS OF CASH.

GUARD

Thank you.

Chris stares at the bags, then looks down the street at the Town Car, takes a deep breath and steps inside...

INT. BANK - SAME

As Chris nervously enters the bank, puts his letter jacket over his chair. MRS. LANGE, the old teller, and Mr. Tuttle pull on their coats, get ready to go home.

MR. TUTTLE
Don't think I don't notice.

Chris looks up at Mr. Tuttle now standing in front of him.

MR. TUTTLE
I've been watching you. The new
clothes, the way you've been acting.
I'm not a fool, Chris.

He hands a now apprehensive Chris a CARD.

MR. TUTTLE
I found this in my drawer.

INSERT - CARD

From the opening scene: *I must not use stairs or elevators. It is not safe for me.*

MR. TUTTLE
I'd say you've come a long way since
then.

He looks up at the bank manager who smiles, claps him on the shoulder.

MR. TUTTLE
After the holiday, we'll see about
getting you some regular time behind
the window.

Chris looks at him. Mr. Tuttle nods at the older teller.

MR. TUTTLE
After all, Mrs. Lange isn't gonna be
around forever.

He smiles at him and moves away.

MR. TUTTLE
Good night, Chris.

Chris stares stupidly at the card.

CHRIS
Good-night.

MRS. LANGE (O.S.)
That's the third time that fella's
been by here...

Chris looks up from the card to the window as we see the station wagon drive by.

MRS. LANGE
Must be lost.

Chris watches the car disappear around the corner as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BANK - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Chris stands in the doorway watching as Gary, in long sleeves, white gloves on his hands, a stocking to cover his hair, opens the back of the station wagon. Marty pulls up in Chris' car.

Chris watches then as the three of them (all dressed like Gary now) unload an assortment of metal-cutting equipment including an ACETELYNE TORCH (WITH A TANK), A WELDER'S HOOD and so on.

Gary walks to the door. Chris flinches as Gary puts a hand on his shoulder.

GARY

Go on. Get your mop.

INT. NOEL TOWN BANK - NIGHT

As Chris mops the floor he watches Marty walk to a phone board at the back of the bank, open it up, plug in a headphone to the jack and attach an electronic device to the board.

DISSOLVE TO:

As Marty makes some measurements on the sidewall of the vault with a tape measure, then carefully tapes a template in place. Next, he takes a can of spray paint and sprays the template. He then removes it, picks up the drill and starts to drill in the indicated spots as we then...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Where Cork sits in the wagon, watching the street. It's quiet. All we hear are the swaying CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK - NIGHT

As Chris looks over, sees that Marty has cut three sides of a square through the steel door. Bobby and Gary squat down on the floor behind him, watching as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

As Cork sees HEADLIGHTS in the distance, coming this way. He takes out a walkie...

CORK

Here comes Deputy Donut.

INT. BANK - SAME

As Gary taps Marty on the back and Marty shuts off the torch. He and Bobby start to drag the equipment behind the counter, out of sight. Gary stands up, walks over to Chris...

GARY

Think about Lewis.

Gary nods outside and now Chris sees TED TILLMAN'S CRUISER coming up the street.

GARY

Bone's over there, behind the desk.

Chris looks, sees Bobby crouched behind Mr. Tuttle's desk, his gun now pointing this way.

GARY
Say something wrong, he's gonna park
one in the back of your head. Okay?

Chris nods. Gary calmly walks back over, sits down next to
Marty behind the counter.

MARTY
Five, six more minutes tops.

EXT. NOEL TOWN BANK - SAME

As Ted Tillman pulls up in front of the bank and gets out. He
re-hikes his belt, starts for the door, catches the toe of one
shoe on an uneven piece of sidewalk and pitches forward.

Chris comes to the door and unlocks the door as Ted glances
back to look stupidly at the cement he just tripped over.

CHRIS
Hi, Ted.

TED
(preoccupied)
Oh, hey, Chris.

Ted rubs his hands, blows on them.

CHRIS
Cold tonight, isn't it?

TED
It's just my nerves.

CHRIS
Your nerves?

TED
It could happen anytime.

CHRIS
(beat)
What could happen?

TED
The Little Engine.

Ted looks at him.

TED
The baby.

CHRIS
Oh, yeah-- the baby...
(then)
So no donuts tonight, huh.

TED
(beat)
You said you didn't want any.

Chris nods. They stand there an awkward moment. Behind the
counter Gary exchanges a look with Marty. Bobby watches Chris
through his gunsight.

TED
Starting tomorrow, Phil Costello's
gonna take my shift for a while.

CHRIS
Oh--

TED
He probably won't stop and chat the
way I do.

CHRIS
Ted, listen I...

Ted looks at him. Chris feels the others in the bank behind
him listening and hesitates.

TED
Well, I better get going--

CHRIS
Yeah, okay-- Good-night, Ted.

Chris watches as Ted stumbles again on the walk, looks back at
the cement, then walks around and gets into his cruiser. We
see Gary's reflection now in the glass as he stands up as Ted
pulls off into the night.

GARY
Marty.

MARTY
In motion.

Chris turns away from the window, watches as Marty pulls the
welding hood back down over his eyes, and returns to cutting
through the safe.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Cork sitting in the car, watching the street, squeezing his
grip exerciser.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE NOEL TOWN BANK - NIGHT

As Marty finishes cutting through the vault, raises the welding
mask and grins...

MARTY
Okee-dokee artichokey...

Chris comes over, and watches as Marty sits back on his ass,
kicks the two-foot metal square into the vault.

GARY
Move.

Gary then crouches down, aims his flashlight into the vault.
Bone and Marty crowd in on either side of him...

FLASHLIGHT POV - STACKS OF BRICKED-CASH - A LOT

Gary pulls his head out, looks at the others. The three of
them can barely contain themselves. Gary nods to Marty...

GARY
Go get it.

Marty starts to crawl through the hole. He gets hung up at the shoulders. He tries another angle.

MARTY
Son-of-a-bitch...

GARY
What's wrong?

He looks up at Gary.

MARTY
I can't fit.

GARY
What?

MARTY
The fuckin hole. It's too small.

GARY
What--

Chris watches as Gary shoves Marty aside, tries to crawl through, but he's bigger than Marty.

GARY
How could this happen?

MARTY
Well--

GARY
How many times I tell you: measure twice, cut once.

MARTY
I know, I did that, but

GARY
Then how could you spend two fucking hours cutting a hole you can't fit through? I don't fuckin believe this...

Gary stares at Marty a moment, looks at Bone.

GARY
Bone?

BONE
You know I can't.

GARY
Come on...

BONE
No way.

GARY
It's not like it's a trunk or a closet or something...

BONE
A tight space is a tight space.

GARY
You'd think for five million, you'd
get over it.

Chris looks anxiously at the street...

BONE
Fuck the money. I ain't goin' in there.

GARY
Bone--

BONE
I'll die.

GARY
What?

BONE
(raises his gun)
You can't fuckin make me go in there!

GARY
Bone, put the gun down!

BONE
I'm not going in there!

GARY
Okay!

BONE
Send the fuckin gimp in there!

The Bone grabs Chris, shoves him to the floor in front of Gary.

BONE
I bet he'll fit!

Gary looks down at a now terrified Chris...

GARY
Why don't you give it a try, Chris.

Chris looks at the Bone, the guy shaking, drenched in sweat.
He steps forward, puts his gun to Chris's face.

CHRIS
Yeah, Okay.

He gets up, squeezes through the hole into the vault.

GARY
(annoyed, to Marty)
Go get the fuckin bags.

Gary cuts a look at Bone, then peers into the vault...

INT. VAULT - SAME

As Chris gets to his feet, stares at all of the money. Gary
hangs a small light near the opening.

Chris reaches for the first brick of cash, pauses as he sees himself reflected in the mirror at the back. He stares at this alien young man staring back at him, holding an armful of cash.

GARY (O.S.)
Need more light?

CHRIS
No problem.

He quickly passes the money through the opening.

EXT. BANK - SAME

As Gary steps out into the parking lot, stands beside CHRIS' CAR as he makes a call.

GARY
It's me. Yeah, we got it. The full five it looks like. I want you to wait an hour, then do the blind guy.
(then)
Three to the head the way Bone showed you. Then put him in the incinerator, wait for me to come get you.
(then)
I love you, too.

We hear LOUD ROCK & ROLL OVER...

EXT. "KC BOLT & SCREW" THE WEST BOTTOMS MORNING

Gary's "safehouse." WE KEEP HEARING THE MUSIC OVER...

INT. BUILDING SAME

The room with the targets painted on the wall. All of the FURNITURE FROM LEWIS AND CHRIS'S APARTMENT is now stacked up in a far corner. MUSIC COMES FROM SOMEWHERE DOWN THE HALL...

CUT TO: ANOTHER ROOM

Once a workroom, now set up as a kitchenette. A hot plate, milk cartons, cereal boxes, soup cans, etc. are all over the place. THE MUSIC IS A LITTLE LOUDER IN THIS ROOM, BUT COMES FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE.

LUVLEE, spiky hair, an extra large Pep-Boys t-shirt and pink panties -- puts a CELLPHONE down on the counter, then moves about the room bobbing to the music while fixing a tray of food (bologna sandwich, cookies, milk).

As she gets on her toes and reaches for something on a high shelf, her t-shirt hikes up and we see a SMALL PISTOL tucked into the back of her panties, the muzzle evidently nestled nice and warm between her cheeks. On her feet, she wears a pair of work boots; protection against all the bolts & screws.

Yessiree. Our kind of girl. She picks up the tray and starts out of the room. We follow her through the maze of debris-strewn hallways. Twice she has to stop, retrace her steps...

LUVLEE
Oh, fuck me...

She passes a room set up as a kind of bedroom. Down this hall, then that one. Into another room where bright sunlight streams in through the windows.

Luvlee bops over to the counter, takes A KEY RING FROM OUT OF A COFFEE CAN, drops it on the tray and starts back out...

She walks down the hall to the next room, starts to unlock the door as we then...

CUT TO: INSIDE THE ROOM

The MUSIC IS DEAFENING IN HERE. Mattresses cover the windows. A bare bulb illuminates Lewis sitting on the floor, his hands covering his ears. As in the rest of the place all around him, the floor is littered with bolts and screws.

A "clearing" has been swept away for him to sit in the center of the floor while a "path" in the shrapnel leads to a toilet.

Behind him we see the door slowly swing open on its own. A moment later, we see LUVLEE'S BARE LEG teasingly extend into the doorway. The rest of her, as in some bad strip routine, slowly following.

Lewis, for his part, remains totally unaware; his senses too preoccupied with the musical assault coming from the stereo speakers mounted high up on the walls, out of his reach.

Now Luvlee's dancing with the tray, moving closer to Lewis. She sets it down right in front of his face.

He smells the food, reaches out and touches the tray. Alert now, he straightens up...

LEWIS
(shouts over the music)
Hello?!

Luvlee stands nearby, watching as he reaches out and touches the food on the tray. She takes off her shirt, throws it to the floor nearby. He feels the breeze it makes as it settles.

LEWIS
(shouts)
Someone there?!

Topless now, she dances around him, moving her body close to his face. He turns his head this way and that as he gets a whiff of her, senses her moving past him...

LEWIS
(shouts)
Luvlee?! That you?!

She pulls a PURPLE SCARF from one of her boots now and begins twirling it about, and then finally blindfolds Lewis with it.

LEWIS
Ha. Ha.

She kisses him on the top of the head, picks up her shirt, dances her way back out of the room. The MUSIC STOPS. She reappears a moment later, pulling her shirt back on.

LEWIS
(rubs his ears)
Thank Christ.

LUVLEE
Time for lunch, Daddio.

LEWIS
There a reason you gotta play that
garbage so loud? You're givin me a
fuckin migraine.

LUVLEE
First, Steve Earl ain't garbage. He's
God. I used to do all my routines to
his stuff. Second, Marty says you
hear too good, so we can't be too
careful.

LEWIS
And why can't I wear shoes, it's so
damn cold in here, I think a few a my
toes are frostbit.

LUVLEE
We don't want you walking around.

LEWIS
You gotta be kidding.

He unties the scarf. She laughs.

LUVLEE
Blindfolding the blind man.

LEWIS
Yeah, I got it.

LUVLEE
My act, I do that to a customer, I get
on his lap, he sees me through the
scarf, I look all purple to him. They
say it's a real turn on.

LEWIS
I told Chris you were a stripper, he
got all offended.

LUVLEE
That's sweet. How did you know?

LEWIS
Not every day you hear of a person
with the given name, Luvlee Lemons.

LUVLEE
My real one's Gina Klem.

Lewis turns to her.

LUVLEE
I know, it sucks.

LEWIS
You told me your real name. You
shouldn't've done that.

She thinks about what he means by that.

LUVLEE
Oh. Yeah. I guess not.

LEWIS
Unless it doesn't matter.

LUVLEE
You better eat.

EXT. THE NOEL TOWN HARDWARE STORE - SAME

As Deputy Ted Tillman checks the front door, shines his light into the dark store. Starts back to his cruiser, looks down the street and sighs...

INT. BANK - SAME

As Chris works as fast as he can to pass the cash-bricks to Gary and Marty who stuff them into DUFFEL BAGS.

CHRIS
Just a few more...

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A thoughtful Ted stands at the register as the WAITRESS rings him up. He looks past CAMERA, down the counter.

WAITRESS
You're not yourself tonight, Ted.
(smiles)
Everything okay?

He looks at her, looks back down the counter...

Hey, Grace?

And now we PULL BACK down the counter to REVEAL A GLASS CASE full of DONUTS.

TED
Gimme two of those, wouldja?

INT. CRUISER - OUTSIDE THE DINER - NIGHT

As Ted gets in, tosses the bag on the seat next to him and starts the car.

INT. THE NOEL TOWN BANK - THE VAULT - SAME

As Chris, sweating now, grabs the last of the cash-bricks, hands it through. Gary speaks into a WALKIE...

GARY
Cork, bring the car around back.

CHRIS
That's it.

GARY
Okay, come on out of there.

Chris peers through the opening. He sees Gary, his back to the vault as he talks to Marty. A PISTOL sticks out of his waistband.

GARY
Help Bone get the stuff into the car.

Gary turns and sees Chris looking at him through the hole in the vault.

CHRIS
I just remembered something.
(then)
You said no guns.

GARY
Get out of the vault, Chris.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SAME

As Cork makes a U-turn and drives around to the back of the bank. A moment later, TED TILLMAN'S cruiser appears at the end of the street.

INT. TED TILLMAN'S CRUISER - SAME

As Ted Tillman pulls up in front of the bank, takes the bag of donuts off the seat.

INT. THE BANK - SAME

Gary moves towards the vault now, his back to the window so that it's only Chris who sees Ted get out of the cruiser...

GARY
It's almost over.

Chris looks at Gary, not sure what to do now that Ted is walking towards the entrance..

EXT. BANK - SAME

As Ted sees Gary inside the bank and slows...

INT. BANK - SAME

As a confused Ted stands outside the door. And now Marty walks into the bank...

MARTY
Okay, it's all in the--
...and sees Ted.

MARTY
Fuck--

And now Gary turns around and sees Ted as Marty now reaches for his gun as...

TED
NO! DON'T!

Ted drops the bag, quickly draws his own gun and surprises everybody including us by firing two fast shots through the window, hitting Marty once in the chest, knocking him back against the wall as...

Chris now covers his ears inside the vault.

EXT. BACK OF THE BANK

As Cork hears the GUNSHOTS, gets out of the station wagon, leaving the door open.

INT. BANK - SAME

As Gary draws his gun and fires at...

Ted, the little guy holding his ground, firing right back at...

Gary who takes a round in the arm, then another in the side, spinning Gary, who now drops his gun as Ted keeps firing, moving forward, Gary now diving behind the counter as...

Chris covers up inside the vault as bullets fly everywhere. We hear CORK SCREAMING, then choking, STILL MORE SHOTS...

Chris looks up as Marty drops to his knees right in front of the hole in the vault, Chris shouting as Marty's head snaps back against the vault, blocking the opening.

For a moment, all is quiet. Then...

Ted steps further into the bank. We see Marty dead against the wall; Cork, draped over the teller's window. Ted moves behind the counter, puts his gun on Gary who clutches his bloody hand to his chest.

TED

Move away from the wall! Put your hands on your head!

(then)

Don't think! Just do it!

Gary obliges, blood now dripping down his arm to his face. Ted looks over as Marty's body falls over and Chris starts to squeeze out of the vault.

CHRIS

Ted--

Ted quickly puts his gun on him.

TED

Don't you fucking move!

CHRIS

It's me--

TED

Shut up! Put your hands on your head!

CHRIS

Ted!

TED

PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD!

CHRIS

There's another--

We hear a LOUD BOOM as Ted is blown off his feet. In the next moment Bobby Bone is stepping into the bank racking a shotgun. Gary lifts his shirt, looks dumbly at the hole in his side, reaches round to feel the exit hole in his back...

GARY

Fucker shot me through and through.

He then gets up and looks at the deputy.

Michael Peretzian

GARY
Who'd've thought?

We hear a MOAN as Ted lifts his head, starts crawling...

TED
Help me--

GARY
Help him, Bone.

Bone calmly walks over to Ted who looks up at him, pleading. Gary tears a piece off Marty's shirt, wraps his arm with it and looks around the bank. We HEAR THE GUNSHOT as Gary then crouches down, peers into the vault.

GARY
Hey--

He looks back at Bone.

GARY
Where's Chris?

EXT. BEHIND THE BANK - SAME

Chris' car parked in a snowy vacant lot. Chris moves to open the door. It's locked. THE KEYS ARE IN THE IGNITION.

CHRIS
SHIT!

He starts to sit down as Gary comes out the back door, followed a moment later by the Bone.

Chris sees the station wagon, drivers door open, engine running, and makes a break for it.

Chris gets in, slams the door and locks it just as Gary gets to the car. He pounds on the glass, smearing blood all over the window as Chris pulls away...

The Bone racks the shotgun... Chris backs up... nearly runs the Bone over, forcing him to fire an errant round into the night air instead of the car as Chris drives off. They both stare after the car...

GARY
Bone--

Bone smashes the drivers window of Chris' car with the Shotgun.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

As Chris tears down main street. We see Chris' Honda come skidding around from behind the bank and move up on him. Chris sees them in the mirror.

CHRIS
Oh, God...

EXT. THE ROADS AROUND NOEL - NIGHT

A few small houses. Chris keeps turning at every street he comes to, HONKING HIS HORN the whole way. His Honda not far behind. Chris turns onto a farm road and punches it.

INT. STATION WAGON - SAME

As Chris watches the Honda in his mirror. He looks out at the farmland on either side of him... then TURNS OUT THE LIGHTS...

INT. HONDA - SAME

The Bone at the wheel. As the lights go out in the station wagon and we lose sight of Chris.

GARY
Do not lose him.

EXT. CORNFIELD - SAME

As Chris drives blindly through the field, we...

CUT TO: OLD FARM ROAD 24 - HIGH ANGLE (FLASHBACK)

Silent. The chaotic accident scene. A body covered with a sheet. Kelly screaming on a gurney. Flashlight beams play about the field in search of Chris. A MEDIVAC lands as we...

CUT TO: THE HONDA - SAME

As Gary and Bobby look around, look back...

GARY
Stop the car!

EXT. FARM ROAD - SAME

As the Honda skids to a halt. The doors fly open and Gary and the Bone get out.

GARY
Shut it off.

Gary takes a hit off his inhaler as the Bone gets in, reaches for the key and we...

EXT. THE CORNFIELD - SAME

As Chris bounces over a berm, jumps on his brakes and skids to a stop. Sits there, hyperventilating...

EXT. FARM ROAD - SAME

As Bone and Gary stand in the middle of the road, listening. Bone climbs onto the hood, looks out across the dark field.

INT. STATION WAGON - SAME

Chris sits there, breathing hard when, suddenly, we hear A CELLPHONE RING. Chris jumps, reaches into his coat pocket, puts the phone to his ear, but doesn't say anything...

GARY
Chris?

EXT. THE FARM ROAD - SAME

Gary leans against the car, his arm held tight to his chest, blood all over him. He takes out his inhaler...

GARY
I can hear you breathing, sunshine.

INT. STATION WAGON - SAME

Chris doesn't move.

GARY
You talked to Ted, didn't you? Two of
you had it all worked out...

CHRIS
What're you talking about? Had what
all worked out?

GARY
I guess you're smarter than even I
thought you were.

EXT. FARM ROAD - GARY & BONE - SAME

Gary takes a hit from the inhaler.

GARY
You think about what you wanna do now,
Chris. You wanna kill Lewis?

INT. STATION WAGON - SAME

As Chris just stares out at the black field....

GARY
You wanna kill your friend? You wanna
kill another friend?

EXT. FARM ROAD - GARY & BONE - SAME

We see automobile lights moving far off in the town in Noel.

BONE
Gary.

GARY
You just keep on goin' wherever it is
you're goin'. Or another way, you
wanna maybe save the both of you, you
take a minute, get yourself together,
call me back, tell me where and when
you wanna make a trade.

INT. STATION WAGON - SAME

As Chris reacts to that last part...

CHRIS
A trade? For what? For me?

But there's no answer. Gary's already hung up. Chris sits
there a moment, trying to think. He gets out of the car...

EXT. CORNFIELD - SAME

As Chris walks around to the back and stares at it a moment,
then opens it up.

INSIDE THE BACK

Four black duffel bags. Chris unzips one so that we see THE
MONEY. All of it.

CHRIS

Stares at the money, feels his legs fold up beneath him as he drops to his knees, falls over in the dirt as we...

INT. KC BOLT & SCREW - "LEWIS' ROOM" - NIGHT

Lewis sits shivering on the floor eating soup while Luvlee takes her GUN out and points it at him as he eats.

LUVLEE

So were you born blind or what?

He doesn't answer. She closes one eye, aims the gun at him.

LUVLEE

What happened? B.B. gun or sharp stick or something?

He turns to her.

LUVLEE

Oh-- touchy subject. Sorry.

She giggles. He puts the soup bowl down.

LEWIS

Hey, Luvlee? How 'bout you cut the cute act, tell me how much longer I gotta sit on the floor listening to your bullshit?

LUVLEE

Not much longer.

And now she raises the pistol to his face. He slowly looks up at her. Sensing something. She hesitates. Then--

LEWIS

It wasn't an accident.

LUVLEE

What're you talking about?

LEWIS

It was a brain tumor, which in some ways was worse, because it didn't happen all at once. It happened gradually.

She looks at him down the barrel of the gun.

LUVLEE

How old were you?

LEWIS

I was four when it started.

LUVLEE

So you remember when you could see?

LEWIS

Some.

LEWIS

(then)

I can remember how every night at bedtime my mother would get just a little more out of focus. She'd bend down to kiss me good-night and I'd see a little less of her than I did the night before. Until, finally, one night, I couldn't see her at all.

He sits there quietly a moment, Luvlee wipes her eyes, but keeps the gun on him.

LEWIS

The first few days I couldn't breathe. I felt like I was drowning. She'd come in kiss me goodnight, I could feel her tears on my cheek. She--

LUVLEE

SHUT UP!

He turns his face to her, the gun pointing right at him, but now, Luvlee's HAND IS SHAKING...

EXT. DEAD CORN FIELD - STATION WAGON - NIGHT

As Chris sits in the car in the middle of the field, shaking from the cold, trying to figure out just what the hell to do now. He takes out his notebook, flips through the pages...

INSERT - NOTEBOOK

As Chris puts his finger on "DENNIS CORK" and now we...

CUT TO: THE BANK

Cork draped over the teller's counter...

CUT BACK TO: THE NOTEBOOK

As Chris draws a line through Cork's name, next puts his finger on "MARTY CROWE" and now we see...

THE BANK

Chris' view from inside the vault: as Marty's shot in the head, falls against the opening...

CUT BACK TO: THE NOTEBOOK

As Chris now draws a line through Marty's name, then points to the remaining two names... "GARY THE GLOVE" and we see...

THE PARKING LOT

As Gary runs after Chris. And then we...

CUT BACK TO: THE NOTEBOOK

As Chris circles Gary's name, puts a question mark beside it. And below that: "BOBBY BONE." He circles that one, too.

CHRIS

Stares at the two remaining names. He turns the page, looks at what he's written there a moment. And then he looks up...

INT. THE TOWN CAR - DAWN

As Gary wraps his belt around him, securing now-blood-soaked pieces of cloth to his side, then covers it all up with his own blood-stained shirt. The phone rings. Gary grabs it.

GARY

Chris?

EXT. FIELD - SAME

Chris stands at the back of the station wagon, staring at the duffel bags.

CHRIS

What if I just kept the money?

INTERCUTTING CHRIS & GARY:

GARY

What?

CHRIS

What if I just kept it, took off.
What would you say to that?

GARY

I'd say there'd be consequences.

CHRIS

You were gonna kill me anyway.

GARY

I'm not talking about you.

CHRIS

How do I know Lewis isn't already dead?

GARY

You'll have to take my word for it.

Chris stares at a SHOVEL, A TARP and a BAG OF LYE in the back of the car along with the money.

CHRIS

I wanna talk to him.

GARY

There's no time.

CHRIS

Then I'm gone. And so's your money.

Gary takes a breath, tries to sit up...

GARY

Chris, listen to me. The bank's a fuckin mess. We're not gonna have that weekend head-start now. We all gotta disappear -- including you -- I can help you with that...

CHRIS

I get caught, I'll take my chances.

Michael Peretzian

GARY
 Except it's not your life you take a chance with. Chris, you say anything to anyone, I take a match to Lewis.

CHRIS
 You're not gonna kill him.

GARY
 No, why not?

Chris looks at his notebook, then...

CHRIS
 Because I have the power.

GARY
 What?

CHRIS
 I have the money which means I have the power.
 (then)
 Or did I get it wrong?

GARY
 You got it right, but you're not--

CHRIS
 I have the power.

GARY
 Chris, listen to me--

CHRIS
 No, you listen to me. I want Lewis to call me right now or I burn up all the money.

GARY
 How 'bout no fucking way.

CHRIS
 How 'bout I hold the phone up to your cash, you can kiss it goodbye...

GARY
 How 'bout I send you both Lewis' hands in a fuckin box?!

CHRIS
 I have the money. I have the power.

GARY
 This is fuckin bullshit, Chris. Now you quit trying to kill yourself and listen to me right now--

CHRIS
I have the power.

GARY
 What you have, is the power to kill your friend.

CHRIS
 I'm waiting for his call.

GARY
No, Chris--

Chris hangs up. Gary brings his palm down loud and hard on the dash--

GARY
God DAMMIT!

BONE
He wants to talk to the blind guy?

GARY
He cannot be that fucking stupid, he thinks I'd ever do what he tells me--

BONE
--because I'm wondering, what if Luvlee's already done him?

And that gets Gary looking at the Bone.

INT. WEST BOTTOMS - NIGHT

A now-confused Luvlee paces about Gary's office with the gun in her hand when her PHONE RINGS.

LUVLEE
Gary, listen, don't be mad at me.

INT. TOWN CAR - SAME

An anxious Gary on the phone...

GARY
He's dead?

INTERCUTTING GARY & LUVLEE

LUVLEE
I'm sorry--

GARY
--shit.

LUVLEE
--if you knew what he's been through, there's no way you'd wanna kill him--

GARY
Wait a minute, he's alive?

LUVLEE
That's what I'm saying. I couldn't--

GARY
Thank God.

LUVLEE
What?

GARY
I want you to call Chris, put Lewis on the phone. Then sit tight, wait for me and the Bone to come get you.

Now Luvlee's suspicious. This isn't exactly the reaction she expected.

LUVLEE
What's going on?

GARY
Just do it.

LUVLEE
Can I talk to Marty?

Gary closes his eyes.

LUVLEE
Gary?

GARY
Listen, Luvlee--

LUVLEE
What?

GARY
It's all fucked up.

LUVLEE
What, is he hurt?

GARY
Marty didn't make it.

LUVLEE
No-- Oh, God. Yes, he did... he made it, right? He's okay?

GARY
Luvlee--

She crumples, doubles over.

GARY
Luvlee. Call Chris. Right now.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - DAY

As Chris paces back and forth. He sees the Sheriff's green & white, the siren on, moving along the highway in the distance. And then the phone rings.

CHRIS
Lewis?

INT. WEST BOTTOMS - SAME

As Luvlee, now very upset, hands the phone to Lewis.

LUVLEE
Talk.

LEWIS
Chris?

CHRIS
Lewis, I'm sorry, I messed everything up, it's all my fault--

LEWIS
Forget it, kid.

CHRIS
They're gonna kill us both now, right?

Lewis doesn't answer.

CHRIS
Right?

LEWIS
(finally)
Just go, kid. Just run. Just get the
fuck away from here.
(then)
You're free, kid. You hear what I'm
sayin'? You're free--

She takes the phone away from him and shuts it off, starts to
back out of the room.

LEWIS
It all went to shit, didn't it?

She pauses, sniffs.

LEWIS
I could hear it in his voice.

She comes back over and hugs a startled Lewis.

Marty's dead.

He tentatively holds onto her, his face dark as she begins to
cry on his shoulder.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

As Chris stares at the money, thinks hard... when his phone
rings once more.

INTERCUTTING GARY & CHRIS

GARY
Okay, you heard him. He's alive. How
do we do this?

CHRIS
I don't know.

Gary takes a breath, tries to remain patient...

GARY
Start by picking a place to meet.

CHRIS
Uh...

Chris paces a moment, thinking. Then--

GARY
Anywhere, Chris, just pick a place--

CHRIS
How 'bout the Mayor's Christmas Tree
in Crown Center.

GARY
That sounds fine. But we'll need a
couple hours to drive back to town,
get Lewis.

CHRIS
Okay.

GARY
So... Crown Center. Two hours.

CHRIS
Uh-huh...

GARY
Write it down.

CHRIS
I will.

GARY
Good. And Chris?

CHRIS
Yeah?

GARY
Don't do anything stupid.

Chris reacts to this, looks at the money, then...

CHRIS
I won't.

EXT. RICHARD & DOROTHY PRATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The street is quiet, a thin crust of snow on the ground as Chris
pulls into the driveway, and heads up to the house.

INT. PRATT KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Chris comes inside, straightaway opens the fridge, gulps
down half a carton of orange juice, shoves an apple in his mouth,
then hurries out of the room.

INT. CHRIS' OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Chris heads for the closet, takes down the long "Mustangs"
duffel bag. He dumps out the yearbook, the hockey equipment;
then starts to stuff some of his old clothes into the bag. He
peels off his blood-splattered shirt, pulls on his old hockey
jersey. He starts out of the room, pausing for a quick second
to look at himself in the mirror: The old Chris.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

As Chris walks past, backs up, comes into the room. He stares
at all of the photographs of his father and him: at the hockey
rink, hunting, shooting clays, fishing by a lake. He picks up
a trapshooting trophy and looks at it a moment...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The duffel bag rests on the kitchen table, foodstuffs and a six pack of soda sticking out of it now. Chris sits at the table writing a note. He finishes, looks a moment at what he's written, then grabs the big duffel bag and walks out.

We HOLD on the note a moment, see "MOM AND DAD" written on the outside in Chris' jagged scrawl. We hear THE DOOR CLOSE OS.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

As Chris tosses the now full duffel into the back seat, gets in the car and drives away.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Chris' car parked just off the road, headlights on. Chris, in the wash of the headlights, shovels dirt back into a hole that he's dug in the freshly cultivated earth. He finishes, takes out his notebook, makes a note...

He then walks to where his car is parked and throws the shovel in the back, which we can now see is EMPTY.

He walks around, gets in the car and drives away. We BOOM DOWN TO where we see CHRIS' NOTEBOOK lying in the dirt.

EXT. WEST BOTTOMS - NIGHT

As the Bone and Gary pull up to the front.

INT. LUVLEE'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Luvlee -- dressed for the road -- speaks into the phone...

LUVLEE
We'll be right down.

She hangs up, grabs her PISTOL from the mattress, shoves it into the back of her jeans and starts out of the room...

INT. CAR - SAME

As the Bone ends the call, turns to Gary, sees that he's nodding off, sees that he's soaked in blood.

BONE
Maybe you should go upstairs, lay down before you pump out.

GARY
I'm fine.

BONE
I'm saying it's no problem, you want, I meet the kid alone, come back here after, pick up you and your sister.

At that, Gary wakes up some, turns and looks at the insect-man beside him, his eyes hidden once more behind the dark shades.

GARY
And I'm saying, I'm fine.

And now we see Luvlee coming out of the building, Lewis holding onto one arm.

EXT. CAR - SAME

As the Bone gets out to help them into the car. Luvlee glares at him...

LUVLEE

You were supposed to be watching Marty's back.

The Bone doesn't say anything, just opens the back door. She leans over, helps Lewis into the back seat. Her shirt hikes, so that the Bone sees the butt of the pistol sticking out of her jeans. He grabs it. She pulls her head out of the car and stands up...

LUVLEE

That's mine. Give it back.

BONE

I'll protect you.

She looks at him. He doesn't move.

GARY

Get in the car, Luvlee.

She looks at the back of Gary's head already in the front passenger seat and gets in with Lewis.

EXT. CROWNE CENTER - NIGHT

As Chris pulls up and shuts off the engine. He checks his watch, then YAWNS. He takes a breath, closes his eyes...

INT. CHRIS' CAR - SAME

As Luvlee leans forward a bit to get a look at Gary, winces at the sight of him. Gary turns his head, sees her, then turns still further...

GARY

Comfy back there, Lewis?

LEWIS

I'm fine, thank you.

GARY

More leg room?

LEWIS

No, thank you.

Gary exchanges a look with the Bone. Luvlee leans forward.

LUVLEE

Let him go, Gary.

GARY

What?

LUVLEE

He's suffered enough. For Christ's sake, the poor bastard never got to see his mommy again.

GARY

What the fuck are you talking about?

LEWIS
Luvlee, it's all right--

LUVLEE
When he was a boy, he just all of a sudden started going blind. It's a very sad story-- tell 'em, Lewis.

LEWIS
I don't think he wants to hear it.

Gary slowly turns around...

GARY
Luvlee. The man was blinded in an explosion.

LUVLEE
(beat)
When he was a little boy...

GARY
When he was twenty, in a chem lab in Berkley. He was making a fuckin bomb for some radical group he was a part of, it blew up in his face.

Luvlee looks at Lewis.

LUVLEE
Is that true?
He doesn't answer.

LUVLEE
You little fucker--
She shoves him against the door.

EXT. FIELD - DAWN (FROM THE OPENING)

The SIREN and flashing cherry atop the Sheriff's cruiser moving along the tops of the winter wheat...

EXT. THE NOEL TOWN BANK - DAWN

A replay of the opening scene as the Sheriff pulls in behind Ted Tillman's cruiser, the front door still open, the dome light on.

JUMP CUT TO: INSIDE THE BANK - DAWN

As the Sheriff unhooks his maglight, starts inside the bank...

SHERIFF
I come on the Sloop John B...

JUMP CUT TO: INSIDE THE BANK

As the Sheriff shines his lights on Marty, then Cork...

SHERIFF
Around Nassau Town we did roam...

JUMP CUT TO: OUTSIDE THE BANK

As his deputy now pulls up out front...

JUMP CUT TO: INSIDE THE BANK

As the Sheriff shines his flashlight on Ted.

DEPUTY (O.S.)

Sheriff?

We HEAR BEEP BEEP BEEP and the Sheriff crouches down, takes the RED PAGER from Ted's belt.

DEPUTY

Good Christ-- Ted--

The sheriff shuts off the pager, stares at it a moment.

SHERIFF

Call the FBI.

EXT. CROWN CENTER - DAWN

Where Chris sits in the station wagon, sound ASLEEP. Suddenly the DRIVERS WINDOW SHATTERS and Chris jumps as the Bone sticks the sawed-off into his cheek...

BONE

Where's the money?

Chris blinks, sits up, pats his pockets for his notebook as the back is opened up and we see Luvlee standing back there looking in.

LUVLEE

It's not here.

BONE

Check the duffel.

She opens the big red "MUSTANGS" duffel Chris took from his house, sees nothing in there but his clothes, old mementos...

LUVLEE

Nope.

She looks at Chris, quickly turns away as Bone opens the door and yanks Chris out of the car by the hair.

BONE

Where's the money?

CHRIS

I don't remember.

The Bone looks at Chris a moment, then turns to Luvlee who's now also looking at Chris with a worried expression.

BONE

(to Luvlee)

Stay here.

EXT. RINK - SAME

Nobody around except for Gary who sits slumped on a bench, his face pale as rice now, his clothing soaked through with blood. He clings to Lewis on the bench beside him, keeping his pistol jammed into the blind man's side. The Bone appears at the far end of the ice, his fist buried in Chris' hair.

GARY

Where is it?

BONE

He says he doesn't remember.

He throws Chris down to the ice in front of Gary and Lewis.

CHRIS

Lewis-- you okay?

LEWIS

You shoulda ran, kid.

GARY

Come on, don't do this, Chris. Where's the money?

CHRIS

I don't know.

GARY

You don't know

LEWIS

The kid had a blackout--

GARY

How do you know?

LEWIS

Because it happens all the time! He just blanks out...

GARY

Really.

LEWIS

Yes, really. Don't you fucking assholes realize what you're dealing with?

Lewis is jerked off his feet by the Bone. He has trouble standing up, his oxfords keep slipping on the ice...

LEWIS

Hey--

We HEAR A LOUD CLICK as the Bone opens a SWITCHBLADE and right away stabs Lewis in the side--

LEWIS

AHHH--

--and twists the blade. Lewis SCREAMS. Drops to the ice.

CHRIS

Lewis!

Chris starts to get up, but Gary kicks him back down to the ice as the Bone holds onto a now thrashing Lewis.

GARY
I realize who I'm dealing with, Lewis.
Do you?

Lewis curls up, doesn't answer.

GARY
Where's your notebook, Chris?

CHRIS
I lost it.

GARY
With the money maybe?

CHRIS
I don't know.

GARY
Bone.

And the Bone stabs Lewis in the other side and once more Lewis SCREAMS.

INT. THE STATION WAGON - SAME

Luvlee sitting in the open back, smoking a cigarette. She hears a SCREAM OS. She starts to get out, when she notices the dirt in the back, the muddy shovel...

INT. THE ICE RINK - SAME

As Gary looks around...

GARY
Shut him up.

Gary waits as the Bone puts a gloved hand over Lewis' mouth. Lewis is now bleeding all over the ice.

GARY
So, what, you were just gonna show up empty handed?

CHRIS
No, I had a... plan...

GARY
You had a plan?
(laughs)
To what? Fuck me?

Chris doesn't say a word. The Bone hauls Lewis to his feet.

BONE
Stand up. Right there.

Lewis obeys, but again, he keeps slipping. The Bone stands there facing him, shaking his head, holding the point of his knife barely a foot from his Lewis' throat...

GARY
Where's the money, Chris?

CHRIS
I don't know...

GARY
Wrong answer. Bone--

BONE
C'mere, Lewis.

Lewis, hesitates, fights to hold his balance...

CHRIS
I don't remember!

BONE
Take one giant step...

Lewis doesn't move.

CHRIS
Please, I'm telling you the truth--

BONE
Lew-is-- I'm waiting--

Lewis takes a step, but slips, falls backwards, humiliating himself. Chris stands up--

CHRIS
Kill him already! Kill me! I STILL
DON'T REMEMBER WHAT I DID WITH YOUR
FUCKING MONEY!

Gary looks at Chris. Smiles.

GARY
You know, Chris, I'm sitting here asking
myself... Is he really that dumb? Or
is he really that smart?

Chris just looks at him.

GARY
I'm gonna ask you one more time, then
you watch Lewis get his throat cut.
(beat)
Where's my money?

Chris stares at Lewis.

CHRIS
I'm sorry--

The Bone reaches for Lewis now, grabs him by the hair--

CHRIS
NO!

LUVLEE (O.S.)
He buried it!

They all turn as she slips and slides her way across the rink.

LUVLEE
There's mud all over the fucking car!

Gary looks at Chris, sees the mud on his pants and shoes. Chris sees him staring at him. Gary nods...

GARY
Yeah... You buried it. Of course you did.

Chris sits there thinking, trying to remember.

GARY
And I bet I know where, too.

Luvlee looks at Lewis, bleeding all over the ice and takes a step away from the Bone.

LUVLEE
The fuck is the matter with you?

GARY
(to Chris)
Old Farm Road 24.

Chris looks at him. Gary nods...

GARY
Right?

CHRIS
Yeah... that's where it is.

And now Gary manages a smile, taps his head.

GARY
I know people

EXT. OLD HIGHWAY 24 - MORNING

The cornfield. A sign reads "HANSON FARMS. We CRANE DOWN past the sign to REVEAL:

THE STATION WAGON - SAME

Chris and Lewis in the back with Gary. Luvlee up front with the Bone. Gary turns to Chris who points into the field.

CHRIS
Over there.

We hear THE SOUND OF SHOVELING OVER as we...

CUT TO: THE SMALL WHITE HEADSTONE

The accident marker, the flowers Chris left the day before now scattered about the ground.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The Lincoln parked in the field, the Bone leaning against the front fender, Chris digging up dark earth. Lewis sits on the cold ground with Luvlee who holds onto him.

LEWIS
Hey, Luvlee?

LUVLEE
Shhh.

LEWIS
You know, I'm not gonna be around much
longer to look out for you.

LUVLEE
Shut up.

She watches as Gary examines the marker. He leans on it, looks like he might pass out at any moment.

LEWIS
Just watch your back.

GARY
So this is where it happened.

Chris looks at him, keeps digging.

GARY
This is where you killed your best
friend, maimed your sweetheart and
ruined your fuckin life.

EXT. THE PRATT HOUSE - MORNING

As Richard Pratt, in his robe, gets the morning paper, comes back into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

As Richard comes in, grabs some coffee from the pot on the counter when he sees the NOTE FROM CHRIS. He opens it up.

INSERT - NOTE

The first few lines... DEAR MOM AND DAD, THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME... and then quick flashes of phrases such as "ROBBED A BANK... KILLED THE DEPUTY... I'M SORRY..."

RICHARD
(staring at the note)
Oh, God--

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

As Luvlee glances back at the Bone leaning against the fender, then takes Lewis' hand. Lewis starts to say something when--

CHRIS
I found it.

Lewis and Luvlee sit up as Chris pulls one of the black duffels from the dirt and sets it down next to the hole.

INT. THE PRATT HOUSE - MORNING

As Richard stands up from the table, knocking over the chair behind him.

RICHARD
Dorothy!

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

As The Bone leans over now to look as Gary takes the duffel bag and unzips it. Sure enough, it's full of money. They exchange looks with each other.

GARY
Get the rest. Luvlee--

He tosses the bag to her.

GARY
Put the bags in the car please.

Luvlee hesitates, then does as she's told as Chris crouches down and grabs handfuls of dirt off the other bags. Gary squats beside him now.

GARY
Hey, I just realized something...

Chris lifts another duffel bag, sets it on the ground beside the hole.

GARY
This is where you should've died the first time.

Luvlee looks sadly at Chris, then grabs the next bag as Gary points into the hole...

GARY
There's one more.

Chris bends down, picks up the last duffel bag as Gary stands up, nods to the Bone... who nods back, comes off the fender.

GARY
I tried to help you, Sunshine.
Gary pauses and turns back to Chris who, shaking like crazy, clinging to the last duffel bag, watches the Bone raise his shotgun to the back of Lewis' head.

GARY
I'm talking about you could've changed your life. You could've made yourself into something better. But you know what I think?

Lewis stiffens, waits as the Bone touches the sawed-off to his head as Gary smiles that smile at Chris now...

GARY
I think, the truth is, you're nothing but a gimp. You'll always be a gimp. And, now, it looks like you're gonna fuckin die a gimp.

As Gary turns away, Chris lifts the bag and we hear THE SOUND OF A SHOTGUN RACKING FROM INSIDE THE BAG. This gets Lewis to turn his head. Gary freezes, looks at an equally surprised Luvlee. The Bone raises the sawed-off higher now as we...

CUT TO: THE PRATT HOUSE - SAME

As a now panicked Richard steps out of the kitchen and into the hallway, then stopping cold as he sees A SHOTGUN SHELL lying on the floor just outside the library and we...

CUT TO: THE FIELD - SAME

As the duffel bag in Chris' hand explodes at one end, and the Bone is blown back off his feet as we...

CUT TO: THE PRATT HOUSE

As Richard picks up the shell, looks into the library and sees the SMASHED SHOTGUN CASE. The trophy on the floor in front of it. We then ZOOM IN ON the empty slot that once contained the missing SHOTGUN as we...

CUT TO: THE FIELD

And ZOOM IN ON Gary, now reaching into his pants for his own gun, fumbling with it, his mouth a knowing "O" as Chris lets the duffel bag fall away from his FATHER'S SHOTGUN, racking the gun once more as the bag drops, and shoots Gary in the chest.

He goes down as Chris steps out of the hole, racking the gun as he comes, as the Bone, sits up -- the sawed-off still in his hand, sunglasses off his head, his eyes a shocking blue, the color of gas flames, open wide now as Chris fires a load of buckshot into the man's startled face.

Chris stands there, breathing hard, staring stupidly at the two bodies in front of him. Gary on his back, looks up at Chris, his chest rising and falling a moment, then his eyes empty and he goes still. For a moment, all is quiet.

LEWIS

Who's dead?

Chris doesn't move.

LEWIS

Am I dead?

Chris slips out of his trance, turns and looks at Lewis lying on the ground.

CHRIS

No, you're not dead.

LEWIS

Chris? CHRIS!

CHRIS

What.

LEWIS

What the hell just happened?

LUVLEE

Chris just shot everybody.

Chris wheels around, puts the gun on Luvlee standing there shaking beside the car.

LEWIS

He what? Wait a minute--

LUVLEE

You gonna shoot me, too, Chris?

Chris stands there.

LEWIS

Kid...?

She takes a step towards him. He finally lowers the gun.

CHRIS

Go-- Run.

She starts to, hesitates, looks at the bags in the car.

LUVLEE

Can I mabye just take one--

CHRIS

GO!

She takes off running into the corn field. Chris looks up as we see the BLACK FBI HELICOPTER from the earlier scene moving across the horizon on its way to Noel. Lewis gets up, falls down again...

LEWIS

Ah-- Jesus...

Chris moves to help him up...

CHRIS

So what do we do now?

LEWIS

For starters we get me to a fuckin hospital. We'll work out the rest later.

CHRIS

Here-- I'm gonna carry you.

LEWIS

The whole way?

CHRIS

To the car.

Chris shakes his head, picks him up, starts off across the field for the car, Lewis hanging on tight.

LEWIS

What would you do without me, kid?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET NOEL - DAY

The helicopter is parked in the middle of the street, which is now full of FBI, lab and State Trooper vehicles. The station wagon pulls up in front of the bank.

Chris gets out of the car, walks to the back and opens it up. He pulls out one of the black duffel bags and sets it on the ground... then another dufffle bag...

Suddenly, Chris is swarmed by gun-wielding FBI agents. He puts up his hands as now the Sheriff comes out of the bank as well. We then CRANE UP as every law enforcement officer on hand converges on the two of them...

CHRIS (V.O.)

Once upon a time, I robbed the Noel Town Bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

As Chris sits at his desk, surrounded by FBI AGENTS, the Sheriff, telling his story.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I returned the money and the FBI asked me a lot of questions. I answered them, I told them it was all my fault -- Ted, the bank, everything -- but they didn't believe that I could've done any of it...

INT. BUS - NIGHT

As Luvlee sits on a Greyhound, relaxing as it starts to pull out. Suddenly the DRIVER stops the bus, opens the door,

CHRIS (V.O.)

Luvlee got picked up that night.

She sits up as the two FBI AGENTS get on the bus, look at her.

CHRIS (V.O.)

And now she's doing six years at the Lawrence Women's Facility.

She waves, puts up her hands as they start towards her...

CHRIS (V.O.)

I get a letter from her every now and then.

EXT. THE PRATT HOUSE - DAY

As Chris pulls into the driveway...

CHRIS (V.O.)

I returned my father's shotgun.

...his father comes out of the house to meet him, throws his arms around Chris before Chris says a word...

CHRIS (V.O.)

But he didn't ask any questions.

Chris stares over Richard's shoulder, startled by the ferocity of his father's embrace.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - MORNING

As Chris sits up in bed.

CHRIS (V.O.)

My days go pretty much the same as they always have...

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the dark, Chris and Lewis cooking, Lewis chatting away.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I wake up, I take a shower with soap and I live my life. Like Lewis says--

Chris stops, watches his friend effortlessly navigate the kitchen and smiles...

Michael Peretzian

CHRIS (V.O.)
 --It's a dog eat world, and sometimes
 it's the other way around.

INT. BANK - DAY

Where Chris counts out some cash behind the teller's window...

CHRIS (V.O.)
 That's not to say there aren't a few
 changes here and there.

INT. THE QUAFF - NIGHT

Chris at the bar writing in his notebook...

CHRIS (V.O.)
 I still go to class, and they tell me
 my sequencing's gotten much better.
 And that I--

Chris stops, looks up. Scratches out the last line, then--

CHRIS (V.O.)
 Oh, wait-- the money.

EXT. THE WEST BOTTOMS - DAY

A sign out front announcing "GOVERNMENT AUCTION" with a date.
 Chris and Lewis get out of the Honda, move to the entrance...

CHRIS (V.O.)
 I'm talking about the other money...

INT. WEST BOTTOMS - GARY'S OFFICE - DAY

As Chris opens the cabinet. Lewis reaches in, grabs a stack of
 cash, smells it and grins.

CHRIS (V.O.)
 The money Gary hid away.

Chris turns and passes the money to Lewis who holds it like a
 puppy, takes a happy whiff of the cash...

CHRIS (V.O.)
 Lewis said we should just take it for
 ourselves, invest it in T-bills. His
 feeling was -- after all -- it was the
 government's money to begin with...

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Farm country. An old mailbox out front, the name TILLMAN hand
 painted on the side. Chris sits in a bench swing on the wrap-
 around porch looking at something OS.

CHRIS (V.O.)
 But I talked him into giving it all
 away. Anonymously.

We see now that Chris is staring at a BABY in a playpen.

CHRIS (V.O.)
 Shari Tillman had her baby the night
 of the robbery. A boy. Ted Junior.

SHARI TILLMAN comes out of the house with two glasses of lemonade and sits down in the porch swing with Chris.

ON CHRIS

Watching the baby...

CHRIS (V.O.)

I come over and visit them from time to time. And once in a while...

And now we see Shari lean into FRAME, her son in her arms...

CHRIS (V.O.)

...she lets me hold him.

...as she gently passes him to Chris, who takes the child in his own arms, begins rocking him for dear life, as we then...

FADE OUT.

LKT-053