

**LOVE AND DEBT**

written by

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FADE IN

**INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

The CAMERA PANS a messy apartment inhabited by two guys somewhere in Los Angeles.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

WAYNE CALLAHAN crosses through on his way to the kitchen. He makes no attempt to answer the ringing phone.

ANSWERING MACHINE

(thru speaker)

*This is Wayne's iPod. His answering machine isn't home right now.*

SFX: BEEP

CALLER (V.O.)

(thru speaker)

Mr. Callahan, I'm calling from Wells Fargo. Our records show your Visa account has now been delinquent for...

SFX: PAPERS BEING SHUFFLED

**INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS**

Wayne opens the refrigerator and grabs a soda while taking a bite of something in his other hand.

WAYNE

(shouting towards machine)

Five months, seventeen days. Can you be any slower?

The caller doesn't react - he obviously can't hear.

CALLER (V.O.)

Ah, here it is - five months, seventeen days. We need to know when we can expect payment.

WAYNE

When coins drip from my anus.

CALLER (V.O.)  
It's important you call us back as  
soon as you get this.  
(then)  
Thank you for making Wells Fargo  
your bank of choice.

The caller hangs up. Wayne, unconcerned, takes another bite of his snack.

**INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

KEVIN BARRINGTON, dressed in a suit, enters through the front door. He is Wayne's roommate.

As Kevin closes the door, he looks up at the apartment number.

KEVIN  
Did the landlord change the  
apartment numbers?

WAYNE  
I did that. Why are you home so  
early?

KEVIN  
I didn't want to be in a suit when  
I go to the mall.

WAYNE  
Good plan. Staring at sales clerks  
calls for casual. Wanna see what I  
worked out today?

KEVIN  
Okay first off, she's the Gap's  
Regional Manager for the West  
Coast, not a clerk. And second, why  
would you change the number-- Is  
that a Slim Jim?

Wayne shrugs and takes another bite.

WAYNE  
Found it in my room. It didn't have  
a wrapper. Come and see what I  
worked out--

KEVIN  
Do you have any idea what they put  
in those?

WAYNE

I have an idea - horse meat, maybe  
some goat... I'm pretty sure no  
saffron or truffles.

(reconsidering)

'Course they might use a really  
cheap grade of truffle...

Kevin has learned to tune out Wayne when he goes off like  
this. Kevin heads toward his bedroom.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'll stop. I'll stop. Hold on!

Wayne quickly rushes past Kevin.

**INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

Wayne stands in the hallway blocking Kevin from passing.

WAYNE

Lemme just run it by you. It'll  
take one sec.

Kevin gives in and allows himself to be escorted into Wayne's  
bedroom.

**INT. WAYNE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

Wayne's room is almost empty - just a bed and some secondhand  
pieces of furniture. Everything of value has been sold long  
ago.

They both look at a wall off-camera.

WAYNE

Okay, here it is - As you know, I  
have no money--

KEVIN

Don't bother loading it up. What's  
the new plan?

Wayne picks up a marker and gets right to it. He refers to  
the off-camera wall.

WAYNE

Mastercard and Amex are both due  
the end of this week. So...I take  
half the Mastercard and move it  
here...

REVEAL: The entire wall is covered with reams of detailed  
scribble.

Different colored markers have created a complex collection of notes and dates all interconnected by a maze of arrows, lines and circles. At first glance the wall might be mistaken for one of Einstein's notepads but it is, in fact, the mess that is Wayne's finances.

KEVIN

Wait. What color's Mastercard?

WAYNE

Orange.

KEVIN

I thought it was blue.

WAYNE

Amex is blue--

KEVIN

Should be green.

WAYNE

I know but I already used green to track Citibank.

(back to wall)

As I was saying - I move half my Mastercard to Amex and then half my Amex back to Mastercard. Pretty basic move. The breakthrough however is that I realized this will give me enough Reward Points to earn a golf putter which I can then sell on eBay for eighty bucks...

Wayne circles a spot where he previously wrote "Putter \$80."

KEVIN

That much?

WAYNE

It's a good one. Stop interrupting. Okay, so now I take that eighty and subtract twenty-five to pay the Mastercard late fee -- Where is that? Oh, over here -- cost of doing business. This leaves me fifty-five which I put back towards Amex!

He underlines some Amex number to finalize the presentation.

KEVIN

(so?)

Okay.

WAYNE

Don't you see? Looks like I made an actual payment!

(circling other things)

That'll take care of this, which means I can postpone paying this. And assuming these guys don't figure out what I did here yet, I'm alive for another month!

Kevin takes all this in.

KEVIN

Tell me again why you're sixty-five thousand in debt?

Wayne ignores the jab and continues staring at the plan, searching for flaws.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(suddenly noticing)

You bought a Playstation?!

WAYNE

Oh, yeah. Check it out. Zero interest for the first year.

Wayne puts down the marker and grabs one of the controllers. He offers the other one to Kevin.

KEVIN

You still have to pay for it!

WAYNE

(dismissive)

Kevin, I've got more important things to worry about than how I'm gonna pay for something a year from now.

Kevin doesn't take the controller so Wayne plays by himself.

KEVIN

Ever consider that kind of thinking may be why you live in a stake-out?

SFX: PHONE RINGS

Wayne gestures "I'm not in." Kevin nods - he knows the drill.

KEVIN  
 (answering phone)  
 Hello... He's not here... No don't!  
 He's not here--  
 (hung up; to Wayne)  
 He said he wants his fucking money.  
 He's sending a guy over.

WAYNE  
 Who?

KEVIN  
 You know more than one guy who  
 might say "I want my fucking  
 money?!"

WAYNE  
 Visa says that to me now.

Kevin shakes his head in disbelief and exits to his own room.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
 That was a little judgmental.

**INT. LIVING ROOM -- A MINUTE LATER**

Kevin has changed into a polo shirt and is now looking under the couch as Wayne enters.

WAYNE  
 If you're looking for coins, there  
 aren't any. I checked this morning.  
 And again about an hour ago.

KEVIN  
 I'm looking for my tennis shoes.  
 You didn't sell them too, did you?  
 (then)  
 I assume you don't have the rent  
 again.

WAYNE  
 (stalling)  
 Define have.

KEVIN  
 To have.

Beat.

WAYNE  
 Under that strict definition...

Kevin knew it. He doesn't say anything, just goes back to searching. His disapproval is evident.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

What am gonna do, Kevin? Take a bullshit corporate job? End up a cog in some wheel like every other asshole?

(realizing)

Present company excluded.

KEVIN

Good catch.

Wayne can feel the full weight of Kevin's silent disapproval.

WAYNE

(defensive)

Hey, I've been to the grave site of every player in the '37 World Series. Can you say that?

KEVIN

Tell that to Visa. I bet they'll back off a little.

WAYNE

(shaking head)

Their phone reps are in India - didn't care.

Kevin's search is paused when his eye catches an envelope on the table among the mail.

KEVIN

"Returned for postage." You can't even pay bills you actually pay.

WAYNE

Watch and learn, Smart Ass.

Wayne picks up the envelope and puts a stamp on it. He then puts the now-stamped envelope into a larger one, seals it and puts the whole thing into a pile with some others.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

There. I now send these back and claim they were stamped. Buys an extra week and I won't be charged a late fee. Apology accepted.

Kevin is disarmed.



KEVIN

That's actually pretty clever.

WAYNE

Yeah, I wish I had more. You can only do that once per company. Did you know they track excuses?

KEVIN

(gently)

Let me ask you a question - and I'm not judging you here. I'm asking as a friend - How long you think you can keep up this house of cards?

WAYNE

(immediately)

Five weeks. If I don't get my price for the golf putter - two.

(off Kevin's look)

What?

KEVIN

Nothing. Just...you didn't even have to think about it.

WAYNE

Kevin, my entire day is spent thinking about it! How do I manipulate things to buy another week? Another day...

In all the years they've known each other, this is the first time Kevin has seen Wayne talk like this - the first time Wayne has taken a pessimistic view about..well, anything! Kevin doesn't know what to say.

Wayne is surprised by Kevin's surprise.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm not a moron. I know I'm not gonna pull a Trump and fiddle my way out of this.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Maybe a few months ago I thought that but... These credit card companies? They're the fucking casinos. They know all the tricks. Which reminds me, I need you to front me airfare to South America. Priceline closed my account.

That was the last straw...

KEVIN

Stop it! Look, you hung in there a long time. It really is impressive. Really. But you're not leaving the country, okay? Game over. It's time to take the medicine.

WAYNE

Which is?

KEVIN

Don't give me that. You know what I'm talking about. A job. A real one.

Wayne laughs dismissively. He starts back to his room and motions for Kevin to follow.

**INT. WAYNE'S BEDROOM -- SECONDS LATER**

Wayne points to the wall.

WAYNE

Do you see anywhere "job" fits in?

KEVIN

A job gets you money! Hello?

WAYNE

You don't realize how deep I'm under, do ya? It's too late for a job. I'll be in jail before my first paycheck.

KEVIN

People file bankruptcy all the time.

WAYNE

(referring to wall)  
This loan over here? I think it's being used as collateral against itself. That's, like, Enron shit. And this whole area over here? I don't even know what this is. I'm serious. I literally don't remember what this is.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(laying it bare)  
I'm scared, Kevin. Wanna hear the truth?

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

When this all comes caving in and the IRS calls, I'm not sure I can actually prove this wasn't some kind of fraud scheme I was running.

Kevin looks at his watch - he's late.

KEVIN

Shit. I know I brought all this up but I really gotta go.

Wayne pulls himself out of his funk and grabs the stack of now-stamped envelopes.

WAYNE

I'm fine. Can I hitch a ride to the post office? I'll walk from the mall.

KEVIN

As long as you're not thinking of suicide - "Car crash! I can take Kevin with me!" Deal?

Wayne nods and laughs. The mood's been lightened.

As they exit the front door Kevin realizes he never got an explanation about the apartment numbers...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

So why'd you change--

Suddenly they hear BANGING.

A HUGE GUY is pounding on a door marked 18. In his hand is a piece of paper saying "Wayne - Apt 18".

HUGE GUY

Angel wants his money!! Open up!!

Wayne gives Kevin a confirming nod. As they pass the guy...

WAYNE

I don't think he's home.

**INT. KEVIN'S CAR -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Kevin pulls the car into the mall parking lot. As they park and walks towards the entrance...

WAYNE

So what's the plan today? Not talk to her yet or still not talk to her?

KEVIN

(defensive)

We've talked.

WAYNE

"Does this come in large?" doesn't count. How many t-shirts you bought from her so far?

KEVIN

Five or six.

(off his look)

Ten. What's your point?

WAYNE

No point.

Kevin waits for the point.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Just...

KEVIN

I knew there was a point.

WAYNE

You're stalling, admit it. This is like the hardware store chick. Remember when you liked her and kept buying hammers?

KEVIN

You need different kinds! Why can't you understand that?

WAYNE

(reciting)

"A claw's not the same as a ballpean..."

They get out of the car and walk to the mall entrance...

KEVIN

Okay, maybe I have been stalling. Fine. I admit it. There's something about this girl - she's special. I'm just waiting for the right moment.

WAYNE

Just ask her out before somebody  
else does. That's all I'm saying.

(adding)

Good thing she doesn't sell enemas.

Kevin can't help but laugh and heads into the mall as Wayne starts off towards the post office.

**INT. GAP STORE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Kevin enters and spots SALLY, the girl of his fantasies. She is certainly not ugly. On top of her good looks she has a confidence that makes her even more attractive - she'd be fun to hang out with.

Kevin makes his way to where she's folding clothes. Today's the day. Today he's going to ask her out. No excuses. He tries not to shake like a chihuahua.

KEVIN

Hi.

SALLY

Oh! Hi.

(to another worker)

Kaye, can you help at the register?

KAYE crosses out, leaving them alone at the display table.

It's time. Here goes... Say something... After a few beats Kevin chickens out and points to the shirts.

KEVIN

Any larges left?

**INT. GAP STORE REGISTER -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Kevin finishes paying for his new shirt, pissed at himself. He crosses to the exit, passing Sally folding shirts. He smiles at her and she smiles back.

Just as he reaches the door he stops - No! Not this time. He crosses back to where Sally is folding clothes. He is now a man on a mission.

KEVIN

So listen, I've been coming in here  
awhile now. As you know. And..what  
I wanna say is-- I mean, what I  
want to ask is-- They should raise  
the air conditioning in here--

SALLY  
(helping)  
You like me. It's kinda obvious.  
You're always hanging around  
outside sneaking glances at me.

KEVIN  
(embarrassed)  
You saw me?

SALLY  
You were hard to miss.  
(re: shirt in bag)  
Plus you already bought one in  
royal blue.

KEVIN  
You only sell so many colors. I had  
to start doubling up.

SALLY  
We just got in maize.

KEVIN  
Where? I didn't see any maize!

Kevin looks for the maize shirts but then catches himself -  
he's not here to buy another shirt. Courage...

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
You're right. I do like you. Wanna  
go out?

SALLY  
Yes.

The heavens open and birds sing. Kevin tries to keep from  
jumping with excitement.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
But I can't. I'm moving to  
Manhattan tomorrow.

KEVIN  
What?!

SALLY  
This is my last day.

Kevin feels like he's been hit in the stomach with a shovel.

SALLY (CONT'D)

We're opening another place on the West Side. I always wanted to live in New York so the company agreed to transfer me. You know, help get the store off the ground.

Kevin takes this in. It's not easy.

KEVIN

Well that sucks. I mean, not for you! But..you know...  
(daring to joke)  
where's that leave me girlfriend-wise?

She smiles. He's cute. She can see this news is really hitting him hard.

SALLY

Maybe if you didn't take so long to ask! At the very least you would've saved a lot of money on t-shirts.

KEVIN

(admitting)  
I don't really need another blue one.

She smiles again. They share a moment.

SALLY

Maybe it's for the best anyway.

KEVIN

Yeah.  
(beat)  
How?

SALLY

It probably wouldn't have worked. I usually go for guys a little...

She struggles to find the right word.

KEVIN

This is gonna be bad.

SALLY

Bolder.

KEVIN

I'm bold! You just haven't seen that side of me.

SALLY

(teasing)

You're bold. Right. Took you two months to ask me out. I started pretending you were a secret agent, spying on me.

Beat. It's clear she likes him. Unfortunately there's nothing left to say. He waits and extra beat for something to come... Nothing.

KEVIN

Well, it was nice almost going out with you.

(before he leaves)

I'm Kevin, by the way.

SALLY

Sally.

KEVIN

I know. I got close enough to read your name tag a few weeks ago.

(exiting)

I was feeling bold that day.

She laughs. Kevin exits, happy he's leaving on a laugh - bittersweet as it is.

**INT. BAR - THAT NIGHT**

Kevin and Wayne are at a bar they frequent. Kevin is a lot drunker than Wayne.

KEVIN

(to no one in particular)

The girl of my dreams - gone.

Wayne motions for another round. The BARTENDER shakes his head.

WAYNE

One more round! We're drowning our sorrows here.

BARTENDER

No more credit.

WAYNE

What?! Oh c'mon! You know I'm good for it.



The bartender is not about to negotiate. He crosses out to the other end of the bar to serve other patrons, including a CLEAN-CUT MAN about Wayne's age talking into his cell phone.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(to Kevin)

Fuckin' bartender. I've been telling him for two months I'm gonna pay my tab soon. All of a sudden he doesn't believe me?

(reflective)

What happened to our lives?

Kevin doesn't answer. He's too drunk and self-absorbed with his own problem.

KEVIN

She was the girl of my dreams. I would have died for her.

(looking at Wayne)

Know why I didn't ask her out sooner?

WAYNE

'Cause you have no balls.

KEVIN

That's exactly why. Exactly. God, you're good at this.

WAYNE

She should've given you a blowjob at least. You bought ten shirts from her. Where are people's manners?

KEVIN

People have no manners. That's why those guys in Vietnam invented liquor.

WAYNE

The Vietnamese invented liquor?

KEVIN

(suddenly annoyed)

Whoever invented it - the Dutch, Eskimos.. I don't fucking know. Whoever!

ANGLE ON: END OF BAR

The CLEAN-CUT MAN on his cell phone looks down the bar and spots Wayne and Kevin. This is FRANK.

FRANK  
 (into phone)  
 Holy shit. There's a guy at this  
 bar who looks-- Wait, I know that  
 guy! This is unbelievable. I'll  
 call you back.

ANGLE ON: WAYNE AND KEVIN

Kevin watches Wayne eat snack-mix from a dish on the bar.

KEVIN  
 Have you ever eaten a vegetable?  
 Ever?

Wayne picks out a green pebble from the snack-mix.

WAYNE  
 I believe these are peas. Jeez,  
 it's like hanging out with my  
 mother. Except she was fun to get  
 drunk with.

FRANK (O.C.)  
 Wayne?

Wayne turns and sees Frank, his friend from high school.

WAYNE  
 Frank! What are doing here?

FRANK  
 I'm in LA for the day.  
 (turning to Kevin)  
 Hi. I'm Frank--

KEVIN  
 (unsure now)  
 I think these are peas. These look  
 like peas to you?

Kevin holds up some peas he's fished out from the dish in  
 front of Frank's face

WAYNE  
 This is Kevin, my roommate.  
 (aside to Frank)  
 He's having girl trouble.

Frank nods - the drunkenness is now understandable.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
 (to Kevin)  
 Frank and I grew up in together  
 Wilkes- Barre.

Kevin doesn't care. He's staring at the peas.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
 (to Frank)  
 So what do you do now?

FRANK  
 FBI agent.

WAYNE  
 Cool. I'm an astronaut.

Wayne waits for Frank to admit he made it up. He doesn't.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
 Holy shit. You really are FBI?

KEVIN  
 (interrupting)  
 I wish I was an astronaut. But mid-  
 level management is good too,  
 right? Kids think we're heroes.

Kevin suddenly grows very sad realizing he's not an astronaut.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 I ain't got no space ship.

Kevin clumsily gets up and starts to cross out.

FRANK  
 Stay. Where you going?

WAYNE  
 We live close. Let him go. Unless  
 you wanna get covered in puke.  
 (suddenly realizing)  
 Actually, give me a sec.

Wayne crosses out and catches up with Kevin.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
 Loan me some money. I don't want  
 him to think I'm poor.

Wayne reaches into Kevin's pocket and pulls out some money.  
 Kevin lets him.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
 (so Frank can hear)  
 And don't take so long to pay me  
 back next time.

Wayne heads back to hang out with Frank.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- LATE THAT SAME NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a t-shirt on the floor.

The CAMERA PANS to a another t-shirt hanging off the arm of a chair. The camera keeps panning, following a trail of different colored t-shirts towards the bed. In other movies these would be items of underwear leading to a naked couple. Instead we're lead to...

REVEAL: Kevin asleep in bed. He's alone, clutching a few more t-shirts as if they were security blankets.

The tranquil atmosphere is suddenly shattered when Wayne turns on the light and storms into the room.

WAYNE  
 I'm gonna work for the FBI.

Kevin jolts awake! He struggles to focus as Wayne talks excitedly at him...

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
 I know, I know - the job thing. But I reconsidered. See, Frank got me an interview-- You know what? I see you're tired. I'll tell you in the morning. When you can focus.

Wayne starts to exit. Kevin didn't struggle awake this far to have Wayne leave him hanging.

KEVIN  
 Leave and I will beat you to death with a snow shovel. FBI?

WAYNE  
 Where you gonna get a snow shovel in LA?

KEVIN  
 A regular shovel then. Why the hell would the FBI hire you?

WAYNE

They haven't. Not yet. It's just an interview. But they will. They're gonna fly us both to New York tomorrow--

KEVIN

Whoa, whoa! I'm not joining the FBI.

WAYNE

Let me finish. I'm going for the interview. Guess why you're going?

KEVIN

Just tell me.

WAYNE

(dangling it)  
Somebody's in New York. Who's in New York?..

KEVIN

Wayne, I have a hangover--  
(realizing)  
Sally! Sally's in New York!

WAYNE

Who's your daddy?

Kevin gets excited but then just as quickly loses that excitement and shakes his head.

KEVIN

She's not coming back. She just moved there.

WAYNE

Why you planning five moves ahead? Your job right now is just to stay in the game. I thought you're willing to die for this girl.

KEVIN

I said that?

WAYNE

Yes. And it wasn't just the nine vodkas talking.

KEVIN

I was drinking vodka?

WAYNE

Not all night. Just those nine drinks.

KEVIN

No wonder my head hurts. Why would the FBI fly me in for your job interview?

WAYNE

Kevin, focus! I just got you a do-over. How many times do you get a second shot to impress the girl of your dreams?

Kevin hates to admit it but Wayne has a point.

KEVIN

(softening)

It would be pretty cool. Just showing up and surprising her...

WAYNE

Cool? It'd be more than cool. You know what it'd be? Bold. That's what it would be.

Kevin can't fight it.

KEVIN

It would be, wouldn't it?  
(deciding)  
I'm in.

WAYNE

Great! Let me hear you say it.

KEVIN

I'm in!

WAYNE

Not that.  
(off Kevin's confused look)  
Who's your daddy?

KEVIN

I'm not saying that.

WAYNE

Oh, c'mon!

KEVIN  
 (firm)  
 I'm not saying it.

**EXT. BEHIND COSTCO - AFTERNOON**

Kevin and Wayne wait for their pick-up.

KEVIN  
 "Wanna interview for the FBI? Okay.  
 Wait behind Costco." You're being  
 punked.

Kevin notices something sticking out of Wayne's luggage.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 Is that my clock?

WAYNE  
 Your clock?

KEVIN  
 It's from Bed Bath and Beyond.

WAYNE  
 Right. And I paid for it. With  
 Visa. It was a Chase No Hassle Card  
 with an APR of five point three  
 percent.

KEVIN  
 No - I paid for it. With cash.  
 Sorry, I don't recall the serial  
 numbers.

WAYNE  
 Give me ten bucks, you can have it.

KEVIN  
 My own clock? That's fair. How  
 about twenty and throw in the  
 clothes I'm wearing?  
 (changing subject)  
 How'd you get me this extra ticket  
 anyway? You never said.

WAYNE  
 Frank offered it.

KEVIN  
 Why would he do that?

WAYNE

I don't know. Maybe he thought you were my wife or something. Who the hell knows?

KEVIN

He thinks we're gay?

WAYNE

No! I don't know. I just said that.

KEVIN

Great. The FBI thinks I'm gay now. Thanks. Wayne. Good thing they don't keep records.

WAYNE

He doesn't think-- Even if he does, it got you a free ticket, didn't it? The girl of your dreams isn't worth sucking a little pretend dick?

A white van rounds the corner.

The van pulls up and Frank sticks his head out to make sure the coast is clear. He ushers Kevin and Wayne in.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT RUNWAY - SHORT TIME LATER**

The van doors open. Kevin and Wayne are staring at a corporate jet.

WAYNE

This is what I'm talking about! No waiting for the assholes in First Class to board tonight.

Wayne and Kevin get out of the van. An ATTENDANT takes their bags to stow away. Frank remains inside the van.

FRANK

I arranged a car to meet you guys in New York and take you to the apartment. I'll see you there in the morning.

KEVIN

You're not coming with us?

Frank chuckles at Kevin's naivete.



FRANK

I'm flying coach on the red eye.  
Bureau doesn't let us lowly agents  
travel on the private jets.

Frank closes the door of the van and it drives off.

As Wayne and Kevin walk up the boarding ladder...

KEVIN

(confused)

Why would Frank get you an  
interview for a job better than  
his?

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. TETERBORO RUNAWAY -- LATE THAT NIGHT**

We see the jet landing at Teterboro Airport in New York.

**INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - MORNING**

It's early the next day. Sun is coming through the windows.

Kevin walks out of a bedroom, his hair still a little wet.  
It's obvious he just got up. He walks into the living room  
and runs into FBI AGENT MORRIS, reading the paper.

MORRIS, startled by Kevin's presence, pulls out his gun.

KEVIN

Whoa, whoa!

Morris re-holsters the gun.

MORRIS

Sorry. I didn't expect anyone up  
yet.

(extending hand)

Agent Morris.

Kevin shakes his hand while catching his breath from having a  
gun pointed at him.

KEVIN

I didn't realize we're sharing this  
place.

(then)

You see my wallet? I put it here  
last night.

MORRIS

Frank took it. About a half hour ago.

KEVIN

He was here already? Why would he take my wallet?

MORRIS

To get you a new ID.

KEVIN

(suddenly annoyed)

No, no! I'm not the one who needs the new ID--

Kevin stops. Why bother explaining to this guy?

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I gotta meet someone. When's he bringing it back?

Morris shrugs. Kevin has got more important things to do than wait for Frank to return.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(exiting)

When my friend wakes up tell him I went for a walk. And tell him to call Frank and get my wallet back.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS**

Kevin walks out the front door and notices two more FBI agents - TRANTON and COWAN. He doesn't know what to make of them. He keeps walking to the elevator, gets in and takes it down.

Morris walks out of the apartment. He motions to Tranton.

MORRIS

We're going for a walk.

TRANTON

Take Cowan.

MORRIS

If I wanted Cowan I would've pointed to Cowan. Come on. Before we lose him.

Tranton begrudgingly follows Morris into the stairwell.

**INT. NEW GAP STORE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

The store is in the final phrases of construction - shelves are being built, railings painted... Sally is directing WORKERS. She's obviously in charge.

Kevin spots her from the doorway.

KEVIN  
(sotto)  
Bold. Be bold...

He takes a deep breath, crosses over and gets her attention. She's surprised to see him.

SALLY  
What are you doing here?

KEVIN  
You said be bold. Here I am.

Surprised and also thrown.

SALLY  
You flew to New York to see me? Two days later. Wow.

KEVIN  
I told you, I'm bolder than you think. I'm gonna take you to dinner. You free tonight?

Sally considers the situation. He doesn't seem like a stalker. And he is good-looking. Maybe she was wrong about him.

SALLY  
Yeah. What the hell? I'll give you a shot.

He hands her a slip of paper.

KEVIN  
Great. Here, I already wrote down my cell number. Do I get extra points for being prepared?

She smiles. He really is charming her.

SALLY  
Sure. I'll give you a point for that.

KEVIN  
Just one? How many do I get for  
flying here?

SALLY  
Two.  
(feeling generous)  
Okay, three.

A smile creeps onto Kevin's face. He does everything in his power to keep it from turning into a grin.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
(warning)  
Slow down. You're gonna need ten to  
get a second date. This is not a  
done deal.

KEVIN  
Ten?!

SALLY  
(playful)  
Yes. Ten. One for each t-shirt you  
bought instead of having the balls  
to simply ask me out...

Kevin is suddenly distracted...

KEVIN  
What are they doing here?

ANGLE ON: OUTSIDE

Over Sally's shoulder, Kevin sees agents Morris and Tranton standing across the street watching the store's entrance.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Those guys across the street - I  
think they're following me.

Sally turns to see who he's talking about but they're interrupted by A WORKER carrying a heavy steel rack.

WORKER  
Where ya want this?

Sally's focus is pulled back to the job at hand.

SALLY  
(to Kevin)  
I gotta go. Meet me out front at  
seven.

She crosses away to get back to work.

**EXT. BUSY NEW YORK STREET -- SHORT TIME LATER**

MUSIC: JOYFUL AND UPBEAT

Kevin is the cock of the walk - he's practically skipping.

PEOPLE on the street smile as Kevin glides past, wondering if he just won the lottery or something.

Kevin passes a Korean fruit stand, grabs an apple and flips a coin to the guy working there. He takes one bite then tosses the rest into the trash - he only wanted one bite and money means nothing today.

Kevin steps into the street, cutting off a CAB DRIVER. The driver madly BLOWS his horn but Kevin doesn't care. The cab driver immediately becomes infected by Kevin's joy, stops honking and smiles as he drives away.

Kevin continues down the street when he suddenly notices agents Tranton and Morris half a block behind him.

MUSIC STOPS

Kevin, concerned they're following, lightly jogs to put some distance between them.

But Tranton and Morris keep up.

Kevin starts running and they too start running.

Kevin decides this is silly and stops. He turns around and quickly walks back to confront them.

KEVIN

What's going on? Why are you following me?

MORRIS

Sorry. We were trying to be subtle. But we can't protect you guys unless we follow you.

KEVIN

Protect us?

QUICK CUT TO...

**INT. APARTMENT -- SHORT TIME LATER**

KEVIN

You joined the Witness Protection Program!!!

WAYNE

My entire debt - gone! Pretty cool, huh? I was gonna tell you then I thought - better to wait 'til you've dealt with Sally. I thought it might throw your focus.

Kevin is so thrown he doesn't know where to begin...

KEVIN

You thought joining Witness Protection might throw my focus?

WAYNE

Looks like I was right, wasn't I?

KEVIN

Where did you get an idea this stupid?

WAYNE

Actually it was Frank's idea. He said he could fake some paperwork--

KEVIN

You're nuts! You know that, right? Guards are gonna follow you now the rest of your life.

WAYNE

Only while I'm in New York. Once they place me I'm on my own. I was thinking of asking for Chicago--

KEVIN

Wayne!

WAYNE

It's Todd now. Todd Wilmington. Your new ID is on the table, over there.

(quickly)

I didn't sign you up! They just assumed.

Kevin is trying very, very hard not to lose it.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

What are you mad at? You just got a fake ID from the FBI! That's not some Times Square piece of shit. That's the best there is. You can go to any bar in the world and buy missiles with that thing!

KEVIN

(firm)

I want my real ID back. You hear me? I'm serious.

WAYNE

I hear you. Relax. We're meeting Frank in an hour. We'll tell him.

**INT. HALLWAY -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Morris walks Kevin and Wayne out the front door where Tranton and Cowan are. Morris tosses Tranton some car keys.

MORRIS

Drive these guys to meet Frank. The regular spot. Cowan, go with him.

TRANTON

I can take 'em myself.

Morris looks at Tranton - don't argue.

**INT. FBI CAR - NEAR THE DOCKS -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Cowan is driving. Our guys are in the back seat. Cowan spots Frank waiting on the corner and pulls over.

**EXT. DESERTED NEW YORK STREET -- CONTINUOUS**

WIDE SHOT: We see Wayne and Kevin get out of the car and meet Frank. The car then drives away.

**INT. FBI CAR - NEAR THE DOCKS -- MOMENTS LATER**

COWAN

Get some coffee?

TRANTON

Nah. I feel like walking back. Pull over at the next corner.

COWAN

Oh. Okay. That's cool.

Cowan pulls to the curb again. Tranton gets out.

Cowan smells his armpits - does he have B.O. or something?

**EXT. DESERTED NEW YORK STREET -- MOMENTS LATER**

Our guys and Frank stroll down a deserted street in some industrial/loading dock area.

WAYNE

Before I forget - I know I said Chicago but now I'm thinking Fort Lauderdale. Save me flying down each year for Spring Break.

FRANK

I don't know. We got a lot of guys in Florida already. We'll see what's available after the trial.

Kevin stops.

KEVIN

Trial?

WAYNE

I told you that part.

KEVIN

Uh..noooo.

It's clear Kevin's not moving until he's filled in.

WAYNE

(remembering)

You're right. I was about to but then we got on the whole fake ID thing--

KEVIN

(impatient)

Just... What trial?

WAYNE

(to Frank)

Why don't you explain it? You'll do it better.

FRANK

My partner and I--

WAYNE

Tell him his name.

FRANK

Jim. Jim and I--



WAYNE  
You mean the constellation?

Franks takes a second to put it together then laughs.

FRANK  
Gemini! You set me up!

Wayne smiles proudly. Kevin looks at Frank - continue.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(beginning again)  
Jim and I--

WAYNE  
The space program?

Frank cracks up - got him again!

KEVIN  
Stop it, okay? It's not funny.

WAYNE  
It's a little funny.

Wayne looks at Frank. Frank agrees - it was a little funny.  
Kevin is waiting...

FRANK  
Okay. Jim and I--

WAYNE  
The movie DEAD RINGERS?  
(explaining)  
In Canada it was called GEMINI.

KEVIN  
Stop it!! And how do you even know  
that?

Wayne shrugs - he's not sure how he knows it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Do it again and I'll punch you.

WAYNE  
I don't have any more.

KEVIN  
(final warning)  
I am serious.

WAYNE  
I said don't have any more!

Kevin signals Frank to start yet again.

FRANK  
Jim and I--

WAYNE  
Canadian Emmy Awards?

Kevin starts to punch Wayne.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
That was your fault! You took so long, I thought of another. All right! Stop hitting me!

KEVIN  
(to Frank; frustrated)  
Just ignore him. Your partner and you. I got it. Go on.

FRANK  
For the past two years my...partner and I have been working on a big corporate accounting scandal. We just got a tip that someone in the company hired one of our agents to kill the main witness.

KEVIN  
They hired an FBI agent?

FRANK  
Yeah-- Well, we don't know if it's true or not. And if it is true, we don't know who the agent is. Could be more than one. We don't know. So just to be safe my partner and I decided to put our witness under deep cover...

WAYNE  
(liking sound of that)  
"Deep cover."

FRANK  
We're not telling anyone. But we needed someone to put in his place - someone everyone else in the FBI will still believe is him.

KEVIN  
A decoy?!  
(to Wayne)  
You agreed to be a decoy?!

WAYNE

And in return I'm debt free in Florida.

FRANK

Maybe Florida. By the way, you'll appreciate this - guess where we hid the witness? Where's the last place you'd expect to find someone important?

WAYNE

Tara Reid's vagina.

Frank laughs out loud.

FRANK

(to Kevin)

Your roommate got funnier since high school.

(then; to Wayne)

Wilkes-Barre. My parent's old house.

WAYNE

I remember that house! On the corner. It had that wooden fence--

KEVIN

Excuse me!

(to Frank)

This is all very interesting and...

(to Wayne)

You're a moron.

(back to Frank)

I don't want any part of this. I want my real ID back and a flight home. Tomorrow.

Kevin starts to walk away.

FRANK

This was not the agreement.

Kevin hears this, stops and looks at Wayne. Wayne shrugs - he doesn't know what Frank's talking about either.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Wayne)

He's the one who looks like the witness. He leaves, no deal.

WAYNE  
 (eureka moment)  
 That's why you wanted me to bring  
 him!

KEVIN  
 (to Wayne)  
 You signed me up to be the  
 witness?!!

WAYNE  
 No! I didn't know! He offered to  
 fly you out. He never said--  
 (to Frank)  
 You didn't tell me this part.

FRANK  
 Why would we fly him here? To be  
 nice?

KEVIN  
 (to Frank: firm)  
 I'm not doing it. I..resign.

FRANK  
 (trying to save it)  
 Look, it's not that dangerous.

KEVIN  
 Someone's trying to kill the  
 witness! You just said that!

FRANK  
 If it's true.  
 (different angle)  
 Think about it like this - You're  
 under the full protection of the  
 entire FBI--

Suddenly the window of a car next to them EXPLODES from a gun  
 shot. They all hit the ground for cover.

KEVIN  
 What was that?!!

WAYNE  
 Gun fire!

Kevin notices that Frank isn't moving.

KEVIN  
 Frank? Frank?!

They try to wake Frank but he's not moving.

WAYNE

He's dead!!

Another bullet flies past, hitting the building behind them. Kevin and Wayne freak! As they run away...

KEVIN

You couldn't hide in the Peace Corp like a regular loser! You HAD to join the Witness Protection Program!

**EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS**

We see FBI Agent Tranton firing at them with a rifle. In the distance we see Wayne and Kevin running for their lives.

Tranton fires a few more shots that miss.

He quickly wraps the rifle in plastic and drops it down a crevice between the buildings where it'll never be found.

He then pulls a handgun from his pocket, checks to make sure it's loaded and heads to the stairs to chase Wayne and Kevin.

**EXT. POLICE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER**

The station is being painted so a temporary front desk has been set up at the base of the steps.

Kevin and Wayne run up out of breath.

WAYNE

Some guy just shot at us!!

The battle-hardened POLICE SERGEANT produces a form.

SERGEANT

(unfazed)

Illegal Discharge of a Firearm.  
Fill this out.

Kevin and Wayne keep looking behind them, nervous the shooter will reappear and take another shot.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

This a hate crime? That's an additional form.

WAYNE

Can we do this inside? We're kinda in the open here!

SERGEANT

God-donut! Who keeps stealing the fricking pens? Ah, here ya go. I'm gonna need to see some ID.

WAYNE

We don't have ID. They took it--

SERGEANT

(another form)

Identity Thief. Fill this out too.

Kevin tries another angle...

KEVIN

I don't know if this matters but he's in the Witness Protection Program.

SERGEANT

'Course it matters. Under "Jurisdiction" write FBI--

KEVIN

Can we please do this inside?

SERGEANT

Lobby's being painted.

KEVIN

There must be some place safe we can fill this out.

QUICK CUT TO:

**INT. HOLDING CELL -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Kevin and Wayne are in a cell with an assortment of convicts, pimps and drug dealers. Wayne fills out the forms while Kevin tries not to make eye contact with anyone.

WAYNE

(re: form)

"Description." You get a look him?

KEVIN

You mean while I was running in the opposite direction?

WAYNE

(another field)

What's your drivers license?

KEVIN  
 (accusatory)  
 I don't know. I no longer have it.

WAYNE  
 Why do you say it like that? Like  
 this is my fault.

KEVIN  
 This is your fault. One hundred  
 percent your-- Can I help you?

A SHADY GUY has slipped into their personal space.

SHADY GUY  
 (hush hush)  
 Looking to disappear?

KEVIN  
 (sotto to Wayne)  
 Don't talk to him. Could be one of  
 those jailhouse informants.

Wayne consider's Kevin's concern then dismisses it.

WAYNE  
 (to Shady Guy)  
 I'm listening.

SHADY GUY  
 For the right price I can make you  
 guys so invisible even the FBI  
 won't be able to find ya.

Kevin pulls Wayne away a few feet to discuss things in  
 private. See? How would he know that?

WAYNE  
 I think it's just an expression.

KEVIN  
 "Even the FBI won't find ya?"  
 That's an expression?

Wayne again consider's Kevin's concern but dismisses it.

WAYNE  
 How much?

SHADY GUY  
 Three hundred.

Wayne takes out his wallet and looks inside.

WAYNE

Twenty.

SHADY GUY

(torn)

I'd be losing money.

Wayne turns to walk away and the guy quickly grabs the bill.

SHADY GUY (CONT'D)

I forgot. There's a sale today.

He hands Wayne an empty vial.

SHADY GUY (CONT'D)

Drink that.

WAYNE

It's empty.

SHADY GUY

(duh)

You can't see invisibility liquid!

Wayne sighs and grabs his twenty back. The guy takes his vial and walks away.

KEVIN

Gonna listen next time?

WAYNE

Don't give me an "I told you so."  
You didn't actually know.

Kevin motions to the guard. The guard opens the cell and Kevin and Wayne exit.

PIMP

(to guard)

Yo! I'm ready to leave too.

(no response)

Oh, I see. Only white boys can walk  
out. You all saw that, right?

The others in the cell nod in frustration at the system.

**INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin and Wayne are about to walk out and return the forms when Wayne spots Tranton through the lobby door.

WAYNE

Hold on. Isn't that one of the FBI  
guys who drove us?



KEVIN  
 He's probably the shooter! Let's  
 turn him in.

Kevin starts to walk out but Wayne stops him.

WAYNE  
 What are we gonna say? "This guy's  
 a killer. Arrest him?"

KEVIN  
 Why not?

WAYNE  
 You really need to see more movies.  
 Frank said there could be more than  
 one. How do we know whoever they  
 call at the FBI to pick us up isn't  
 working with him?

KEVIN  
 (seeing point)  
 He'll pick us up and he'll kill us.  
 You're right. We can't trust anyone  
 at the FBI.

**EXT. POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS**

Tranton is showing the SERGEANT pictures of Wayne and Kevin.

SERGEANT  
 And you say they shot one of your  
 agents? Lucky day, Pal. Got 'em  
 inside. We'll book 'em right now.

The sergeant picks up the phone but Tranton puts his finger  
 on the button to disconnect.

TRANTON  
 I'd like to take 'em downtown and  
 book 'em myself.

SERGEANT  
 (pulling out form)  
 Convict Transfer Form-- God-donut!  
 Those guys took the pen?!

TRANTON  
 (pushing form back)  
 Actually I was never here. National  
 security. You understand.

The sergeant does. He motions to a nearby OFFICER to escort  
 Tranton inside.

**INT. LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS**

KEVIN  
He's coming in!

They quickly head down the hallway among the painters' scaffolds, looking for another exit. As they run...

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
They gotta have a back door, right?

WAYNE  
No. They built a police station with only one door in the front.

KEVIN  
Why would you pick now to be sarcastic?

WAYNE  
Hey, I deal with stress my way, you deal with it your way.

OFFICER (O.C.)  
No running!

They turn and see an OFFICER who just entered the hallway. They slow down until they turn a corner then continue running. They finally find a way out.

**EXT. UNDER WEST SIDE HIGHWAY -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Kevin and Wayne are in an abandoned lot under the West Side Highway. They are standing next to one of the massive concrete and metal pillars that support the highway above.

Kevin stares into the distance while Wayne paces, trying to figure out their options.

WAYNE  
We can't trust the FBI... The police will just hand us back to them... Here it is - we talk to the judge.

KEVIN  
We don't know which trial we're on. Or which courthouse. Could be in Jersey for all we know.

He's right. Wayne gives up that idea and goes back to pacing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Or when the trial is--

WAYNE  
 (shut-up)  
 Got it.  
 (new idea)  
 We hit the road - hide out. Once  
 the trial starts and the real  
 witness shows up, we're safe.

Kevin can't believe Wayne doesn't see the flaw.

KEVIN  
 That's good. Now you're thinking.  
 We'll just remain in hiding for...  
 (pointedly)  
 When's the trial again?

WAYNE  
 (deflated)  
 Oh. Right.

KEVIN  
 Could be a week from now, could be  
 a month...

WAYNE  
 Okaaay!

Wayne is out of ideas. He stops pacing and joins Kevin,  
 staring out at the Hudson. Then...

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
 Wait a sec! Frank's partner is  
 hiding with the witness. We know we  
 can trust him. That's it! We just  
 have to get to Wilkes-Barre.

KEVIN  
 Pennsylvania.

WAYNE  
 We'll hitchhike.

KEVIN  
 Through Jersey? What do you have, a  
 death wish?

WAYNE  
 We'll rent a car then.

KEVIN  
 With what? They took our ID. And  
 our credit cards.

WAYNE

You would've been a lot of fun on  
Apollo 13.

KEVIN

You know, it's funny. I always said  
I'd want to live on the West Side.  
Now I'll be living under it.

WAYNE

Enough! Do you have to be so  
negative?

KEVIN

We couldn't have asked for nicer  
weather. How's that?

WAYNE

(eureka moment)  
Sally! She can rent the car!

KEVIN

Oh, no--

WAYNE

It's perfect. You're seeing her  
tonight anyway.

KEVIN

For a date, not an escape plan. I'm  
not dragging her into this.

WAYNE

You have a better idea?

KEVIN

"Hey Sally, instead of a date how  
'bout renting me a car so I can  
drive to another state and keep it  
for an indefinite amount of time?"  
Better idea than that? Jeez, let me  
think.

WAYNE

Bring her. Pretend it is the date.

Kevin looks at Wayne like he's been sniffing paint.

Wayne was just grabbing at straws but now that he said it, it  
might not be such a bad idea. He explores it...

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(improvising)

Tell her you lost your wallet - which you did - you lost it and therefore can't rent the car. So you need her help 'cause you don't want to cancel the big romantic evening you planned.

KEVIN

In Pennsylvania. Three hours away.

WAYNE

You know a good restaurant there.

KEVIN

And since there aren't any good ones in New York...

Wayne is now invested in making this idea work...

WAYNE

You chartered a plane. Yeah! But something fell through. So you..convinced me to chauffeur--

KEVIN

Stop. She's not some gullible moron.

WAYNE

You don't really know that. It's worth a try.

KEVIN

Wayne, I like this girl. I don't want to scare her away. She's not gonna give me a third chance.

WAYNE

Guys are shooting at us! Okay? You want me to say it out loud? I'm scared.

KEVIN

Oh, and I'm not? So far they've only killed people next to you. I'm the one in danger here!

Kevin realizes he just argued Wayne's point for him. Wayne remains quiet - he knows the next person who talks loses.

Kevin struggles to think of other options but can't. After forever...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(giving in)

It's gonna be my date. If we do this, we do it my way.

WAYNE

Yes! Your date. Fine.

KEVIN

(going over plan)

We drive to Pennsylvania, find Frank's partner and straighten things out. Then Sally and I dine at some nice place. They do have good restaurants there, don't they?

WAYNE

It's not Mars.

Suddenly a BUM enters from out of nowhere, scaring them. They start to back up.

BUM

Yeah. I'm gonna attack ya. I've been eating garbage for six years and sleep in the weeds. I'm gonna chase you down and beat you to death. Ooohhh, aren't I strong and scary?

The bum plops down with a big sigh.

KEVIN

Can you move over there?

BUM

I landed here.

(peace offering)

There's a sandwich in that trash can. If you're hungry.

KEVIN

How do you know that?

BUM

I hid it there. What, you think I just somehow know where sandwiches are? Like I have magic powers?

The bum laughs as he closes his eyes for a nap.

Kevin and Wayne must decide whether to stay there or move away. They weigh the pros and cons...

KEVIN  
He doesn't seem crazy.

WAYNE  
(agreeing)  
He did make a decent point.

It's agreed - he's not crazy. They'll stay.

BUM  
(eyes closed)  
Only guy with magic powers I ever  
met lived on Neptune.

WAYNE  
There it is.

DISSOLVE TO...

**EXT. UNDER WEST SIDE HIGHWAY -- LATER**

Kevin and Wayne are admiring the Jersey Shoreline of the Hudson. Even from under the highway, it's a nice view.

The bum crosses into their sightline and takes a piss.

KEVIN  
You have to do that there?

BUM  
You're lucky I got up.

WAYNE  
Again, makes a decent point.

KEVIN  
(re: smell)  
How can he afford to eat asparagus?

The bum returns and lights up a marijuana joint. He takes a hit and offers the joint to Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Yeah, that's what I need -  
something to make me paranoid and  
have the time go slower.

BUM  
You're depressing me.  
(to Wayne)  
He always so negative?

WAYNE  
 (to Kevin)  
 I didn't tell him to say that.  
 Swear.

The bum hands the joint to Wayne. Wayne takes a hit and almost chokes.

BUM  
 I didn't fall this far 'cause I  
 smoked the weak shit.  
 (then)  
 So how'd you guys end up here?

Kevin looks at Wayne - go ahead, tell him.

WAYNE  
 We're hiding from the FBI. They're  
 trying to kill us.

BUM  
 Been there.  
 (then)  
 Would you guys mind if I jerked  
 off?

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. UNDER WEST SIDE HIGHWAY -- LATER**

As before. Except now our guys are sitting 15 feet away, facing the opposite direction.

KEVIN  
 Laying around sure makes you tired.

WAYNE  
 Try smoking pot on top of that.

KEVIN  
 Always have to one up me, don't ya?  
 (looks at watch)  
 We should go. Sally gets off soon.

They exit. As they pass a trash can, Wayne looks in.

WAYNE  
 Hey, he was right.

Wayne pulls out a sandwich and takes a bite.

KEVIN  
 (disgusted)  
 Oh, God!



WAYNE

It was wrapped.

KEVIN

No, all the bread. You know what white flour does to your insulin levels?

Wayne doesn't care. He takes another bite - it's good. He offers some to Kevin who waves it off in disgust. Kevin then reconsiders - he is hungry. He looks round for witnesses, pulls the bread aside and takes a bite.

**EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE THE GAP -- 7PM**

Sally is waiting for Kevin on the sidewalk when she hears a "Psst" from behind a large pillar. She turns and sees Kevin.

SALLY

What are you doing back there?

Kevin motions for her to join him behind the pillar. She crosses to him, confused.

Kevin takes a breath. Here goes...

KEVIN

I chartered a plane to Pennsylvania for dinner--

SALLY

(excited)

We're flying to Pennsylvania?!

KEVIN

Not exactly. We were going to, but... the pilot got sick and..lost the plane. Or something. It was a bad connection. Anyway, now we're gonna drive to Wilkens-Barre-

WAYNE (O.C.)

Wilkes-Barre.

SALLY

Ahhh!!

Sally jumps! She thought they were alone.

KEVIN

Sorry. I thought you saw him there. This is Wayne. He's our chauffeur.

SALLY

(still impressed)

A limo earns you less points than a plane but it's still pretty good--

KEVIN

Actually, there's no limo. It's gonna be a rental car. In your name.

It's clear Sally doesn't understand. Kevin eyes Wayne to make sure he's saying this part correctly.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

See, the plane's deposit was on my credit card. It takes 24 hours for the deposit to be released which is why we can't rent a limo--

(baling)

I'm lying. This is all a lie--

WAYNE

Kevin.

KEVIN

No. I've been thinking, Wayne. If we're gonna put her in danger, she should at least know the truth.

(to Sally)

The FBI is looking for us.

SALLY

The FBI?

KEVIN

There's a mole in the FBI hired to kill us. Not really us, someone he thinks is us-- It's kinda complicated. Anyway we have to get to Pennsylvania to straighten things out. And without the FBI spotting us. I know this all sounds nuts but, well... There it is.

After a long beat.

SALLY

Those guys are involved, aren't they? The ones across the street this morning?

Before Kevin can respond she pulls him aside...

SALLY (CONT'D)

Can I just say? - Another state for dinner's pretty cool but working out a whole spy scenario to play along the way! You just got another couple of points.

Sally's eyes show she's ready for anything. Kevin realizes she thinks he's playing a game and decides to roll with it.

KEVIN

I was hoping you'd be up for the game.

SALLY

This is gonna be fun! Hey, wanna dress up like Bonnie and Clyde? I have some vintage clothes back at the hotel.

WAYNE

We're not wearing costumes!

Kevin gives Wayne a look - My date - I'll handle this.

KEVIN

(diplomatic)

The chauffeur is right. Costumes would draw attention to us. If we're gonna play the game right, we probably should keep a low profile.

Sally accepts the explanation - fair enough.

SALLY

Can we at least have code names?

Why not? Kevin nods.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Good. I'm Blackhawk.

(to Wayne)

And you're Wet Blanket.

Wayne grimaces. Kevin smiles - nice jab!

SALLY (CONT'D)

Lead the way, Mr. Bold.

Kevin smiles at his code name. He and Wayne then walk behind more pillars so as not to be spotted from the street.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Oh, right - we have to sneak.

Sally ducks down and sneaks too.

**INT. CAR RENTAL OFFICE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

A few customers are at the counter. When our guys enter they hang back, out of view from the street.

WAYNE

Now remember, don't mention our names.

SALLY

I won't let the agency down.

She salutes and "sneaks" to the counter.

WAYNE

She's nuts, ya know.

KEVIN

(lost in love)

Yeah.

WAYNE

She's gonna screw things up. I say we dump her after we get the car.

KEVIN

She's just having fun. Relax. She's not gonna screw anything up.

ANGLE ON: THE COUNTER

Sally is talking to the COUNTER WOMAN.

SALLY

(leaning in)

I'm on a secret mission. Those guys near the door-- Don't look! We're all spies. We're on our way to Wilkes-Barre to infiltrate an international gang of criminals.

The counter woman sees that Sally is turned on by all this and, truth be told, she's finds the whole scenario pretty hot herself.

COUNTER WOMAN

Maybe the bad guys will capture y'all and give out spankings.

Sally's eyes grow large. They both get even hotter at the thought.

**EXT. THE GAP -- SAME TIME**

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW we see agents Tranton, Cowan and Morris talking to some of the WORKERS from earlier.

**INT. THE GAP -- CONTINUOUS**

Morris is browsing Sally's employee file as he speaks with the WORKER from earlier. He shows him a picture of Kevin.

MORRIS

You're sure you heard her making plans to meet with this guy tonight?

The worker nods. Morris takes out his cell and dials a number listed in Sally's employee file.

CUT BETWEEN:

**INT. CAR RENTAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

SFX: SALLY'S CELL PHONE RINGS

SALLY

Hello?

MORRIS

(as if a friend)  
Hey. Where are you?

SALLY

At Avis, renting a car. Who's this?--

Her phone is suddenly pulled from her hands by Wayne.

**INT. GAP STORE -- CONTINUOUS**

MORRIS

She's at Avis.

Morris, Tranton and Cowan rush out to their car.

**INT. CAR RENTAL OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS**

WAYNE

Who was that?

SALLY

Don't worry. The phone's secure. NSA installed an encryption chip--

WAYNE  
 (in no mood)  
 Who was it?

SALLY  
 I don't know. Some guy. You hung up  
 before I could find out.

Kevin crosses in.

WAYNE  
 Could've been the FBI trying to  
 track us.

Wayne grabs the finished paperwork and keys from over the counter and they rush out to get the car. On the way out the counter person makes eye contact with Sally - You are in for one hot night!

**INT. CAR - LINCOLN TUNNEL TOLL BOOTH -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Wayne is driving. Kevin and Sally are in the back seat.

WAYNE  
 Duck down. Could be cameras around  
 the toll booth.

Sally and Kevin duck down. Sally smiles - this is fun.

Wayne pulls the car up to the booth and hands the TOLL GUY money, trying to hide his face.

The toll guy takes the money and is about to give back the receipt when suddenly Sally leans forward and sticks her head out Wayne's window...

SALLY  
 (to toll guy)  
 Radio Headquarters and tell 'em  
 we're gonna rendezvous at  
 Checkpoint Zulu--

Wayne raises the window, cutting Sally off and drives through shaking his head in disbelief.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. RENTAL CAR -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Wayne is driving, constantly looking into the rear-view mirror to check if they're being followed.

SALLY  
I've never gone this far for a meal  
before.

KEVIN  
Well, you know, special meal for a  
special lady.

Kevin grimaces. Did he actually say that?

SALLY  
That just cost you a point.

KEVIN  
That's fair.

They both smile. He might have just got the point back.

SALLY  
So what kind of food is this gonna  
be?

Kevin obviously has no clue what kind of food they serve at a  
restaurant he's never been to.

KEVIN  
(to Wayne)  
How would you describe it?

Their lives are in jeopardy and now Wayne is expected to deal  
with inane chit-chat?

WAYNE  
I don't know. Pennsylvania food.

SALLY  
Like what?

WAYNE  
Amish stuff. Carriage Stew, Soup In  
A Wood Bowl... Shit like that.

CAR RENTAL OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Morris and Tranton just finished talking to the Counter Woman  
and Morris has a printout of their rental info. He steps away  
from the counter to make a call.

MORRIS  
(into phone)  
I need an APB on a Burgundy Ford  
heading west towards Pennsylvania.

Tranton is now alone at the counter.

TRANTON

Can I get a copy of that also?

She nods and starts to print out another copy.

COUNTER WOMAN

I've been bad, by the way.

TRANTON

Sorry?

COUNTER WOMAN

I've been a bad girl.

(leaning in)

I should probably be spanked.

Tranton makes a face showing he's not interested. He reaches over, takes the printout and folds it into his pocket.

COUNTER WOMAN (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Honey? Don't like bad girls? Horny lonely bad girls.

No sale. Tranton heads to the door, passing Morris.

MORRIS

(still on phone)

If you spot the car, call so my guys can intercept. Let me give you this number--

(to Tranton)

Where you going?

TRANTON

(pointing to watch)

Eight o'clock. I'm off for the weekend. Don't worry. Cowan's on 'til midnight. He'll keep you company.

Cowan smiles and Morris forces a smile back. Morris then crosses out to make another call.

Cowan nonchalantly smells his armpits again to make sure he doesn't have body odor or something.

**INT. TAXICAB -- MOMENTS LATER**

Tranton has just flagged down a cab and gets in.

TRANTON

(giving destination)

Somewhere I can rent a car.



DRIVER  
Avis, they got no cars?

TRANTON  
No.

DRIVER  
Cocksuckers. Those motherfuckers--

TRANTON  
Can you just drive?

Tranton takes out his cell and dials.

TRANTON (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Highway Patrol?.. Yeah, this is  
Morris again. I just called...  
Right. The burgundy Ford. Listen, I  
gave you the wrong cell number. If  
you do spot the car call 212-555...

**INT. CAR -- AN HOUR LATER**

Wayne is still at the wheel. Sally and Kevin are in the back seat really hitting it off.

SALLY  
..So my choices were overseeing the  
opening of the store here or one in  
Seattle and I've always wanted to  
live in New York, even if it is  
only for a few months.  
(then)  
Okay, my turn.

KEVIN  
Don't make it a job question. My  
job is boring.

A challenge! She thinks for a moment.

SALLY  
What's your favorite element on the  
Periodic Table?

KEVIN  
It's a tie between dysprosium and  
thulium. Dysprosium sounds better  
but thulium's atomic number is  
sixty- nine so that keeps it in the  
top two.

SALLY  
How long were you waiting for  
someone to ask you that?

KEVIN  
Years.

She laughs. They share a moment.

SALLY  
Okay. A real question.  
(thinks...)  
You like your job? Sorry. I  
couldn't think of another chemistry  
one.

KEVIN  
It's okay. I guess. Someone has to  
sell industrial tubing, right?

SALLY  
Do they? Seems like you either need  
it or you don't. Don't really need  
somebody selling it to you.

Kevin never thought of it like that.

KEVIN  
You're right. I'm not needed.

They share another moment. Then...

SALLY  
I gotta pee.

Kevin leans into the front seat. Wayne already heard.

WAYNE  
Tell her to hold it 'til we get to  
Frank's.

Sally gives Kevin a look - she really has to go. Kevin leans  
forward again. Before he can say anything...

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
If we don't have to go, she doesn't  
either. Woman can hold it longer.

Kevin makes an executive decision.

KEVIN  
Maybe so. Still, pull off next  
exit.

Wayne makes a pained expression.

WAYNE

This is where they kill people, ya know - in the woods, off the highway.

SALLY

If they try to kill us we can call in an air strike.

Sally smiles, proud of her little improv.

KEVIN

Sally's right. The agency knows our position. They're tracking us by satellite, remember?

Kevin catches Wayne's eye in the rear-view - Kevin's look says "Do it!" Wayne begrudgingly puts on his turn-indicator to exit. A deal is a deal.

WAYNE

Oh, right. Forgot about the satellites.

**EXT. AL'S LOUNGE PARKING LOT -- SHORT TIME LATER**

They pull into the gravel parking lot and park.

WAYNE

We're not staying long.  
(did you hear?)  
Sally?

SALLY

Gotcha, Wet Blanket.

Wayne holds back his comment and gets out of the car. Kevin smiles. He likes the way Sally doesn't take shit from people.

**INT. AL'S LOUNGE ENTRANCE -- MOMENTS LATER**

There's a jukebox and some animal heads hanging on the wall. A few scattered locals are minding their business.

Our guys walk in and Sally immediately notices...

SALLY

Skee-Ball!!

REVEAL ten well-kept Skee-ball machines against the wall where darts or pool tables would be at other bars.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
How'd you know I play Skee-Ball?!

Kevin smiles coyly, taking undeserved credit as Sally makes a beeline for the machines.

WAYNE  
(calling after her)  
Hey, I thought you had to pee.

**INT. SKEE-BALL AREA -- CONTINUOUS**

On the wall are pictures of famous Skee-Ball players - players with the owner, players holding trophies, candid shots at tournaments...

SALLY  
Wow! Look who played here - Jim  
Glenwood, Maryann Bose...

A BARTENDER busing tables overhears.

BARTENDER  
Sounds like you know your players.

SALLY  
(proudly)  
Ventura County Regional Champ three  
summers in a row!

BARTENDER  
In that case, you might be  
interested in meeting that guy.

The bartender points to the far machine where a LANCE HAWKER is in the middle of a game. Sally's jaw drops.

SALLY  
Is that Lance Hawker?! He single-  
handedly put Skee-ball back on the  
map!

Sally excitedly crosses out with the bartender to meet Lance.

WAYNE  
What map is she looking at? Go get  
her. We can't stay.

KEVIN  
I doubt this is an FBI hangout.

WAYNE  
Suppose they're following us--

KEVIN

Wayne, I'm not gonna drag her away from her hero. I'm gonna get a lot of points for this.

WAYNE

Those points? They don't exist. You know that, right? They're just made up things-- Fine. I'll be the bad guy.

Wayne starts over but Kevin holds him back.

KEVIN

(firm)

My date. We'll be out of here in twenty minutes.

Wayne shakes his head in disapproval and crosses to the bar.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. BAR -- HALF HOUR LATER**

Wayne is nursing a beer. In the BG Kevin and Sally are enjoying Skee-Ball.

WAYNE

(making conversation)

So Skee-Ball's big around here huh?

BARTENDER

We got players coming in all the way from Buffalo.

WAYNE

How 'bout that? I'm surprised you don't have a Skee-Ball pro-shop.

The bartender pulls back a curtain and proudly reveals a display of Skee-Ball merchandise: gloves, shoes, hand chalk...

BARTENDER

Just got in Brunswick's new line. The balls are weighted a little heavy if you ask me. Feel.

He takes a ball down for Wayne to inspect. Wayne can't hold back his laughter.

WAYNE

I was kidding.

Insulted, the bartender puts the ball back and pulls the curtain shut, "closing" the pro-shop. He then takes away Wayne's drink.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
I wasn't done with that.

The bartender crosses out, leaving Wayne drinkless.

**INT. SKEE-BALL AREA -- CONTINUOUS**

Sally aims and throws her next ball... Bull's-eye!

SALLY  
Four in a row!!

Sally is on a hot streak and a crowd has gathered to watch. Even Lance has come over to check her out.

KEVIN  
(playfully)  
You're not getting five.

SALLY  
(cocky)  
Oh, I think I am.

The crowd starts to bet.

Sally grabs her next ball. She focuses and throws...Bull's-eye! The crowd cheers!!

LANCE  
Nice english on that ball.

Sally smiles proudly - her hero just complimented her!

KEVIN  
Okay, five is impressive. I admit that. But six. Six in a row isn't possible. It just isn't.

SALLY  
(playing crowd)  
He doesn't think I can make another.

The crowd playfully boos Kevin.

**INT. ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS**

Wayne is wandering around, killing time, when he glances out the front window and sees a Highway Patrol car pull into the parking lot!

He watches a moment longer. The PATROLMAN starts running the plates to verify if it's the one they're looking for.

Wayne makes a beeline to Kevin.

**INT. SKEE-BALL AREA -- CONTINUOUS**

Wayne reaches Kevin just as Sally's next ball is leaving her hand...Bull's-eye!! The crowd explores!!

KEVIN / SALLY

Yes!

Everybody starts jumping up and down, patting strangers on the back - "Did you see that!!"

During all this excitement Wayne comes running over to Kevin.

WAYNE

Highway Patrol's here!

KEVIN

What?!!

Kevin rushes to the front window with Wayne and sees the PATROLMAN making his way towards the entrance!

WAYNE

Back door!

They rush to the back grabbing Sally along the way.

SALLY

Hold on! They're gonna take my picture--

Kevin is practically carrying Sally away. In all the commotion nobody notices our guys leaving.

**EXT. SIDE OF AL'S LOUNGE -- MOMENTS LATER**

Wayne sticks his head around the corner of the building to check if the coast is clear. Sally is still high from all the excitement.

SALLY

(to Kevin)

You're amazing. How did you know I liked Skee-Ball?

WAYNE

Sshh!

SALLY

I'm actually relieved you pulled me away. I wasn't gonna make seven. I'm surprised I made six--

WAYNE

Shut up!!

She looks at Wayne and then at Kevin. Kevin doesn't like Wayne talking to her like that either but he does wish she'd shut-up just now.

KEVIN

(explaining; politely)  
The game.

SALLY

(realizing)  
Oh. We're back in that?  
(quickly; to Kevin)  
Just one thing before we start again. How'd you know Lance was gonna be here--

WAYNE

Sshh!!! Looks like the best way back is past the front window. Stay low so he won't spot us if he looks out.

Kevin goes first. Sally is next. She starts to "sneak" below the window behind Kevin but then suddenly jumps up and pretends to shoot inside with a gun made from her fingers.

Wayne, right behind her, pulls her back down.

SALLY

It has a silencer.

Wayne, annoyed, "aims" Sally in the direction of the car and lightly shoves her to get her going.

When Wayne and the others reach the rental car, rather than get inside, Wayne keeps going.

KEVIN

Where you going?

WAYNE

Making sure he can't follow.

Wayne starts to let the air out of the patrol car's tires. He returns to the rental car, gets in the driver's seat and starts to back out of the space.



Through the front window they see the patrolman spot them!  
Wayne puts the car in gear and floors it but the tires are slipping in the gravel!

KEVIN  
Come on! Come on!

WAYNE  
I'm trying!

The patrolman is out the front door and heading to the car.

The tires finally catch. They tear out of the lot just as the patrolman comes within inches of reaching the car.

Through the back windshield they see the patrolman run back to his car only to discover the tires are flat. He curses at them as they escape.

**INT. CAR ON HIGHWAY -- SHORT TIME LATER**

They are wildly racing back to the interstate. Wayne and Kevin are at 10 on the panic dial.

WAYNE  
Gonna listen to me next time?!

KEVIN  
Oh now you wanna start with the "I told you so's"! Don't! Do not!

SALLY  
God, you guys really planned this.  
How'd you arrange all that?

WAYNE  
(losing it)  
Yeah, we really arranged all that!  
It was all planned. What's it like not having a clue?!

KEVIN  
Wayne!

Kevin leans forward to reprimand Wayne but Sally holds him back. She doesn't care what Wayne just said. She has other plans. She hands Kevin a plastic cup filled with champagne from a screw-top bottle.

SALLY  
Found it in the storeroom.

Wayne sees the bottle in the rear-view mirror.

WAYNE

Great. Now she's stealing shit.

Sally starts to kiss Kevin. Kevin is torn. He feels she needs to understand that they're in real danger.

KEVIN

Sally--

SALLY

Don't talk.

She kisses him more aggressively. Kevin decides to seize the moment and make-out with her.

He makes a mental note to tell her that other thing later.

Wayne sees all this in the rearview. Great - the last thing he wants. He stares ahead and keeps driving.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. AL'S LOUNGE PARKING LOT -- LATER**

A TOW TRUCK DRIVER is putting spare tires onto the patrol car while the patrolman stands nearby.

Tranton, in a rental car, pulls into the parking lot, police scanner in the passenger seat.

TRANTON

You the one who called it in?

The PATROLMAN nods. Tranton shows him a picture of Wayne and Kevin.

PATROLMAN

That's them. Had a woman with 'em too. Maybe twenty minutes ago.

Tranton motions thanks and heads back to the highway.

**EXT. STREETS OF WILKES-BARRE -- AROUND MIDNIGHT**

Our guys are driving through Wayne's old neighborhood. Wayne is looking out the window for Frank's old house.

SALLY

Why would a restaurant be on a side street?

WAYNE

Oh. You guys all done making out?

SALLY

You know we were already down this street, right?

WAYNE

Thanks. I'll pull over and call Mapquest. Tell 'em to shut down - the world has you back.

Kevin moves to reprimand Wayne for talking to Sally so rudely but before he can lean forward enough...

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Don't waste your breath.

KEVIN

You do remember where this place is, don't you?

WAYNE

Define remember.

SALLY

We're lost?

WAYNE

We're not lost. It's around here. I just don't know exactly where.

SALLY

Want me to define lost?

WAYNE

How 'bout defining shut the fuck up?

KEVIN

Hey!--

(sidetracked)

Why are we going here?

Wayne is pulling into a 7-11.

WAYNE

A guy I knew in high school works here. He'll know where Frank lived.

SALLY

Well, well. Looks like Magellan is lost.

KEVIN

High school was six years ago. He's not gonna still work here.

WAYNE

He might. He wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer. In fact you wouldn't put him in a drawer. He's the one you'd keep in the garage to open cans of paint.

(getting out)

I'll be right back.

**INT. 7-11 -- MOMENTS LATER**

The fluorescent lights are blinding. PEOPLE in various stages of intoxication roam the store.

Wayne enters and casually makes note of the security cameras, pulls his collar up and walks to the counter.

An EMPLOYEE (JEFF) was starting to peek at a Playboy in the display rack behind the counter.

WAYNE

Jeff still work here?

JEFF

I'm Jeffrey--

Jeff turns around and bumps the rack, spilling the magazines all over the floor. It's a huge mess. He'll have to deal with it later though - a customer awaits. When he finally looks up at the customer he's surprised to see who it is...

JEFF (CONT'D)

Wayne! What are you doing here?

(pointing to sign)

Hear about our special? Two for one burritos. That's almost half price.

WAYNE

I'll pass. Listen--

JEFF

Hey, I made Assistant Manager! Remember how nobody thought I would?

WAYNE

How 'bout that? You're Assistant Manager now.

JEFF

Not now. They took it away. But I was.

(proudly)

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Said I'm such a strong worker they need me more at the low-paying level.

MANAGER (O.C.)

Jeffrey! Stop bothering customers.

The STORE MANAGER crosses in and sees the magazine mess.

JEFF

The rack broke. I'm pretty sure it had a defect.

The manager takes a cleansing breath.

MANAGER

Go check for the Slurpee truck.

JEFF

The Slurpee Man doesn't come at night!

The manager shoots Jeff a look. It's obvious he's warned Jeff about questioning his authority before.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(to Wayne; apologetic)

I have to go work.

Jeff exits. Wayne isn't done with him so he follows.

**INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS**

As Sally and Kevin wait...

SALLY

I'm starving. Wanna share a bag of corn chips?

KEVIN

Uh...I don't eat that stuff.

SALLY

Corn chips?

KEVIN

Junk food.

SALLY

What are you, a communist?

KEVIN

I try to stay away from foods that,  
you know...might kill you.

She gives him a look - little dramatic?

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Ever read the back of one of those  
bags? - "polyunsaturated oil."  
That's heart attack juice.

SALLY

Ever read the front? "Nacho Flavor"  
- That's the stuff orgasms are made  
of.

Kevin can't help but laugh. He really likes this girl.

**EXT. BACK OF 7-11 -- CONTINUOUS**

Jeff exits the store with Wayne a few steps behind.

JEFF

(re: Slurpee truck)

I knew he wasn't here. I am so much  
smarter than him.

(to Wayne)

This area is for employees only.

WAYNE

I'll leave in a sec.

JEFF

I don't care. But if someone comes,  
promise you'll tell 'em I told you  
so I don't get in trouble.

WAYNE

Any idea where Frank used to live?

JEFF

You still owe me eight dollars, ya  
know. From Graduation Day. Remember  
you said you'd pay me back in home  
room but we graduated so there  
wasn't any more home room? Duh! I  
bet you felt as dumb as I did the  
next day when you realized, huh?

WAYNE

Why do you think I'm here? But I  
need Frank's old address. The  
person who lives there now owes me  
money.

JEFF  
Hillburn and Third.

WAYNE  
Great. Thanks.

Wayne exits.

JEFF  
(calling after him)  
No. Thank you. See you later then.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FRANK'S HOUSE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Wayne finds the house, pulls the car to the curb and parks.

SALLY  
This is a restaurant?

WAYNE  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah. It's a theme restaurant. The  
theme is "Not A Restaurant."

Sally looks at Kevin - what's his problem?

KEVIN  
(making it better)  
We have to visit here first. Just  
for a little while.

Kevin and Sally get out and head to the door, a couple of  
steps behind Wayne.

SALLY  
Please tell me we're not gonna be  
long. I'm hungry.

WAYNE  
"I gotta pee." "I'm hungry."

SALLY  
I am hungry. We've been driving for  
three fucking hours.

WAYNE  
Do you kiss your mother with that  
mouth?

Sally storms in front of Wayne to block his path. She's had  
enough.

SALLY

That's it! I'm getting tired of you!

(to Kevin)

Why didn't you tell me he was an asshole?

WAYNE

There's that mouth again.

KEVIN

Wayne, enough!

SALLY

About fucking time! He's been insulting me the all night. I've been waiting for you to have some balls and step up--

Kevin and Wayne's eyes suddenly grow wide!

WAYNE

Don't shoot!!

Sally turns around and sees JIM, Frank's partner, pointing a gun at them from inside the front door. She suddenly gets scared too.

KEVIN

We're the FBI decoys!

Sally hears "FBI" and her fright instantly turns to annoyance.

SALLY

Oh for Pete's sake!

She shakes her head and impatiently heads inside, past Jim.

**INT. FRANK'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS**

SALLY

Can we just save this scene 'til after dinner?

Wayne follows her in. Jim looks at Wayne to explain what Sally's deal is.

WAYNE

Don't ask.

(right to business)

They killed Frank.



JIM  
 I heard--  
     (seeing Kevin in the  
     light)  
 Wow. Frank was right.

Just then LARRY SMITMAN, the real witness, enters from the bedrooms. He's a dead ringer for Kevin but thirty pounds. Heavier.

WAYNE  
 Jeez. You guys really do look alike.

JIM  
 Excuse me - no smoking in here.

REVEAL Sally has started to light a cigarette.

KEVIN  
 You smoke?

SALLY  
     (defiant)  
 Yeah. I have a lot of bad habits.  
 Smoking, eating chips...

WAYNE  
 Stealing.

Sally is too annoyed by everything to answer Wayne.

SALLY  
     (to Kevin)  
 Listen, I appreciate the trouble it must've been to put this whole FBI game together. Hiring all these people... It was a brilliant idea. Really. And it was fun. But I'm hungry. So can we just put everything on pause and these guys can play out their little roles after we eat?

Kevin knows this isn't what she wants to hear but he has no choice...

KEVIN  
 We really do have to fill Jim in on what's happened. It won't take long--

SALLY  
(doesn't want to hear it)  
You know what? Come and get me when  
we're ready to eat. I'll be out  
back  
(beat)  
subtracting points.

She exits. Jim still isn't sure why she's here.

JIM  
(always the host)  
We already ate, but I can cook  
something. Maybe whip up a little  
bouillabaisse for her?

KEVIN  
(impressed)  
Bouillabaisse. A real cook. Ever  
saute the clams in olive oil?

JIM  
(finding soulmate)  
That's what I do! Half the  
cholesterol!

WAYNE  
Great. I'm surrounded.  
(to Larry)  
So who wants you dead? You some  
Mafia guy?

KEVIN  
(thru teeth)  
Wayne! He can hear you.

WAYNE  
Mafia guys know they're in the  
Mafia.

JIM  
Larry's an accountant at Munson  
Telecom. Harold Munson let his  
company's stock go from two hundred  
fourteen dollars a share down to  
eighty cents. In less than three  
months.

KEVIN  
That's a big drop.

JIM

Damn right it is. And CEOs have an obligation to warn investors when things are going downhill. The public lost billions. And not just Wall Street hotshots.

JIM (CONT'D)

We're talking families, old ladies, guys like you and me. He deserves to go to jail for that.

KEVIN

Maybe he didn't know.

Jim looks at Larry - tell him.

LARRY

I told him the books didn't add up. And three other accountants did the same thing.

JIM

But the company ended up silencing the other accountants. Gave 'em huge bonus checks so they conveniently wouldn't remember anything. Larry's the only one they didn't get to. He's the only one who can put Munson away-- Should you be eating those?

Larry has pulled out a bag of potato chips.

JIM (CONT'D)

We ate already. I thought I found all these.

(taking bag away)

You'll eat at mealtimes. Not in between.

Larry exits to lick his wounds from being reprimanded.

JIM (CONT'D)

As long as he's in my custody, he's not gonna eat junk.

Kevin nods his approval - he would've handled it the same.

**EXT. BACK PORCH -- MOMENTS LATER**

Sally is smoking. Larry exits from the house and joins her.

SALLY  
Anything to eat in this house?

Larry shakes his head.

LARRY  
I hid some candy bars here in the  
backyard a few weeks ago but  
they're all dug up by now.

SALLY  
They gonna be long?  
(Larry shrugs)  
I gotta eat something. You know how  
to get back to 7-11?

LARRY  
But I'm not supposed to leave. The  
FBI said it's for my own  
protection.

Sally shakes her head - this damn game! Fine - if she has to  
play along, she'll play along...

SALLY  
I'm FBI also.

LARRY  
(suspicious)  
For real?

SALLY  
Yes, yes. We're not allowed to lie.  
It's against FBI code. Now show me  
how to get to 7-11. I'll protect  
you.

LARRY  
(torn)  
We'll come right back?

**EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Sally is standing outside the car, talking to Larry through  
the window. Larry is ducked down so people won't see him.

LARRY  
If there's no Drake's Cakes I'll  
take Snickers-- No wait! - Milky  
Ways. Yeah! Frozen ones, if they  
have.

Sally nods and heads inside.

**EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER**

A police car driving by spots the rental car. He stops and the OFFICER calls in the license plate.

**INT. TRANTON'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER**

Tranton is driving around Wilkes-Barre looking for our guy's rental car when his cell rings.

CUT BETWEEN:

**INT. WILKES-BARRE POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS**

DISPATCHER

This is Wilkes-Barre North. The car you called in was just spotted in a 7-11 parking lot.

TRANTON

How do I get there? I'm at...  
(seeing street sign)  
Charles and 14th...

**INT. 7-11 -- CONTINUOUS**

Sally walks to the candy aisle. She's startled by a very loud voice calling to her from across the room...

JEFF

We have a a burrito special.

MANAGER

Jeffrey!

JEFF

I was selling.

**EXT. CAR - 7-11 PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER**

Larry is alone in the car, singing to the radio.

LARRY

..GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR TOM...

Through the rear window of the rental car we see Tranton drive in and park.

We see him get out and sneak towards the the car Larry is in. He then pulls out a gun, screws on a silencer and steps around the side. He shoots Larry through the open window!

Tranton moves closer to make sure his victim is dead and sees Larry's face.

TRANTON  
Shit! You're not the guy.

SALLY (O.C.)  
Can I help you?

The camera PULLS BACK and we see that Sally has just exited from 7-11. Tranton pulls out his ID.

TRANTON  
I'm with the FBI--

SALLY  
Goddamnit! Enough with the game!  
How'd you even know we were here?

Tranton flashes his gun to let Sally know he's the one controlling this conversation.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
(unfazed)  
Nice gun.  
(poking Larry thru open window)  
You called and told 'em we were here? Oh great, playing dead now?

Larry's body falls over. It's suddenly clear he isn't faking.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Oh my god!

Tranton pulls out his gun and aims it at Sally.

TRANTON  
Take me to those guys you were with.

Tranton opens the car door and Larry's body falls out. Sally wants to scream but Tranton cocks the gun and motions for her to get into the driver's seat. She holds in her terror.

**INT. FRANK'S OLD HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin's cell phone rings. Jim grabs it away from Kevin to look at the caller ID - it's Sally.

JIM  
(yelling into phone)  
Where the Hell's my witness!--

SALLY (O.C.)  
 (thru phone)  
 You followed us from New York? Is  
 that it?

Jim realizes he's overhearing a conversation.

CUT BETWEEN:

**INT. RENTAL CAR -- CONTINUOUS**

SALLY  
 You already killed Larry. When we  
 get to the house, in about three  
 minutes, are you gonna kill them  
 too?

That sounded too "on the nose." Tranton suspects something. He reaches over and, sure enough, discovers that Sally turned her cell phone on and secretly dialed Kevin's number.

Tranton grabs the phone away and hangs it up.

TRANTON  
 (cocking gun)  
 You have two minutes to get us  
 there.

Sally grows even more scared if that's possible.

**INT. FRANK'S OLD HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS**

Tranton kicks the door open and storms in with Sally at gunpoint.

TRANTON  
 Where are they?

SALLY  
 I don't know! I swear!

He sees Kevin's cell phone sitting on the table. Tranton considers his next move.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
 Please don't kill me!

TRANTON  
 You got lucky. You're worth more to  
 me now alive.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. MOTEL FIVE PARKING LOT -- THAT SAME NIGHT**

Jim returns from the motel office and opens the door to one of the rooms. He signals to Kevin and Wayne who have been hiding in the car.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM -- MINUTES LATER**

Jim is on his cell phone, finishing a conversation.

JIM  
 (into phone)  
 ..The body is definitely his..  
 Make arrangements.

Jim hangs up and starts to pace, trying to figure out their next move.

KEVIN  
 (to Jim)  
 He probably won't kill her, right?  
 If he was going to he'd have done  
 it at the same time he killed  
 Larry. Right Jim? I mean, that  
 makes sense, doesn't it?--

JIM  
 (annoyed)  
 I'm trying to think.

Jim exits to the bathroom to think.

WAYNE  
 Why'd you do that? You saw he was  
 trying to concentrate.

KEVIN  
 Excuse me for being interested. I  
 lose less points if she's kidnapped  
 rather than murdered.

WAYNE  
 Lemme help ya out with that -  
 you're not getting the second date.  
 That ship has sailed. Let's worry  
 about us now--

Jim reenters and points to Kevin decisively.

JIM  
 You're gonna be Larry.

Kevin looks at Wayne. Wayne doesn't know what that meant either.



KEVIN

I don't understand.

JIM

You're gonna testify as Larry.  
Pretend to be him.

WAYNE

You're joking, right?

It's clear Jim is not. Kevin starts to panic.

KEVIN

Is this 'cause I was annoying? I  
take it back.

(points to Wayne)

I'm not the one who signed up with  
Frank. He should be the witness.

WAYNE

Thanks a lot.

KEVIN

Hey, I don't hear you fighting to  
get me out of this.

JIM

You're the one who looks like  
Larry.

KEVIN

I don't really look like him. I  
mean, not really really. He was  
fat. And..and his hair was lighter  
and..and..

(to Wayne; annoyed)

Jump in any time you like.

WAYNE

The cops have Larry's body.

KEVIN

Yes! Thank you. His body. They'll  
know I can't be him.

JIM

Who do you think I was just talking  
to? My friends will make sure his  
body is never found.

KEVIN

(firm)

I'm not doing it.

Jim was expecting this.

JIM  
Then I'll turn you guys in for the  
murders of Larry and Frank.

Wayne and Kevin look at each other.

WAYNE  
You're bluffing.

JIM  
There's the door if you think I am.

Wayne looks deep into Jim's eyes.

**INT. MOTEL FIVE BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Kevin and Wayne are in separate beds staring at the ceiling.  
A half eaten pizza sits in a pizza box on the stand between  
them.

KEVIN  
(accusatory)  
One day. We would've had to hide  
for one day.

WAYNE  
How was I supposed to know the  
trial was tomorrow?

KEVIN  
"How was I supposed to know the  
trial was tomorrow?" "How was I  
supposed to know you were the  
decoy?" You know something? You'd  
make one shit travel agent.

After a beat. As if it's any consolation...

WAYNE  
I got you a ride in a private jet.

Kevin puts a quarter into the "Magic Fingers" on the  
headboard. The bed starts shaking.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
(re: Magic Fingers)  
Why'd you do that?

KEVIN  
It's relaxing.

WAYNE  
No it's not. It's just loud. And  
annoying.

KEVIN  
And relaxing.

Wayne gets up and stands next to Kevin's bed.

WAYNE  
Let me see.

KEVIN  
No. I think I need this a little  
more than you right now.

WAYNE  
Oh, your day was worse than mine?

KEVIN  
Let's review - I was shot at...

WAYNE  
As was I.

KEVIN  
I napped with a homeless guy from  
Venus...

WAYNE  
As did I..

KEVIN  
And tomorrow I'm being forced to  
impersonate a federal witness.

Wayne shuts up. Kevin wins.

Kevin realizes how bad that last part is and grows nervous  
again. He grabs a slice of pizza and takes a bite. Wayne  
looks on in shock - Kevin just ate pizza!

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Might as well live on the edge.  
Could be my last day of freedom.  
(remembering)  
I also didn't get laid.

WAYNE  
Count your blessings there.

KEVIN  
What does that mean?

WAYNE  
Oh, c'mon. She's a freak.

KEVIN  
That "freak" saved our lives.

WAYNE  
She's also the reason we're here.

KEVIN  
Uh, excuse me! You're the reason  
we're here.

Wayne shuts up. He doesn't want to argue this one again.

They go back to staring at the ceiling. After a beat...

WAYNE  
(as a friend)  
I don't know what you see in her.

Kevin thinks - what does he see in her? He tries to explain it as much for himself as for Wayne.

KEVIN  
She plays along. I guess that's  
what it is. I never had a  
girlfriend confident enough to call  
me on shit. I always wanted someone  
like her - someone who forces me to  
do stuff I wouldn't normally do.  
Force me to be better--

WAYNE  
Yeah, whatever. She's a saint. Tell  
her to hide a hacksaw in the cake  
when she visits us in prison.

Kevin thinks about that. He suddenly gets out of bed and tries to open the window to escape.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
I was kidding.

KEVIN  
No. You're right. I can go to jail  
it I'm caught doing this.

Kevin continues to try to pry open the window. The more it won't open, the more frantic Kevin becomes.

WAYNE  
Would you stop? They're not gonna  
put us in jail.

KEVIN  
 Maybe not you. But I'll be  
 committing perjury! I could very  
 well go to jail-- Why won't this  
 window open?!

JIM (O.C.)  
 The entire FBI will be looking for  
 you.

REVEAL Jim at the door.

JIM  
 How far you think you'll get? No  
 ID, no car, no shoes...

Jim holds up their shoes. Kevin gives up in defeat.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 Sit down. Let's talk.

Kevin sits back down on the bed in defeat.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 I know you think I'm a bad guy. But  
 really, I'm not.  
 (how to explain?)  
 All those corporate scandals, where  
 the bigwigs screw the little guy?  
 We finally have a chance here to  
 screw them back. And it's not like  
 we're making up evidence - you'll  
 just say what Larry was gonna say.

WAYNE  
 You know you're taking a risk here  
 too, right?

JIM  
 I know. But Frank was my partner.  
 If Munson goes free all our work  
 for two whole years will be for  
 nothing. It'll be as if Frank died  
 in vain. He was too good a man for  
 me to let that happen.

Jim gets up and walks back to the door, more convinced than  
 ever that this is the right thing to do.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 We're doing this. Now get some  
 sleep. We have a long day tomorrow.

Jim exits and turns out the light.

JIM (CONT'D)  
By the way, the windows? I nailed  
'em shut.

**INT. JIM'S CAR -- NEXT MORNING**

Jim is driving down a busy street looking for an address as he grills Kevin. Kevin seems a little out of sorts.

Wayne has his head buried in one of the accounting books.

JIM  
The company operates in how many  
countries?

Kevin tries to remember what he was told.

KEVIN  
Seven, right?

JIM  
Six.

KEVIN  
I was close.

JIM  
Not for an accountant. You okay?  
You sound like you're gonna be  
sick.

KEVIN  
Knowing I'll be committing perjury  
in a few hours isn't exactly  
calming to my stomach.

WAYNE  
You don't think it was the pizza,  
huh? First time in ten years eating  
pepperoni? I warned you, don't eat  
so much. You didn't listen.

KEVIN  
Ya know what's ruder than saying "I  
told you so?" Saying it to someone  
who already feels like throwing up.

Jim sees his address and pulls into the parking lot.

**INT. SALON -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Kevin is in a barber's chair. He just had his hair lightened when Wayne enters carrying two new suits on hangers.

JIM  
I said buy one suit.

WAYNE  
I was thinking, I should get one  
also. I mean, technically I'm the  
one who signed up--

JIM  
(firm)  
I have the authority to buy one  
suit for one witness.

Jim takes one of the suits from Wayne and motions to return  
the other. Wayne looks at Jim with puppy-dog eyes...

JIM (CONT'D)  
(making it go away)  
I'll make a call tomorrow and see  
what I can do. But now we have to  
go. Return that.

Wayne begrudgingly exits to return the extra suit.

**INT. JIM'S CAR - ON HIGHWAY -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Jim drives. Kevin and Wayne are in the back seat. Kevin is  
staring out the window trying not to be nervous. Wayne has  
his head buried in one of the accounting books.

WAYNE  
(re: accounting)  
These guys were good.

KEVIN  
How can you be interested in that?  
It's just pages of numbers.

WAYNE  
Same way you cum in your pants when  
they announce some new Canala Oil.

KEVIN  
It's pronounced Can-O-la.  
(then)  
Listen, I've been thinking. If we  
end up getting caught--

JIM  
You're not gonna get caught.

KEVIN  
 Excuse me - private conversation  
 (back to Wayne)  
 If I go to jail and get killed  
 'cause I sassed someone--

WAYNE  
 Sassed?

KEVIN  
 Does everybody have to keep me from  
 finishing a sentence?!  
 (continuing)  
 I want my brother to get my cooking  
 stuff. Everything else you can  
 have.  
 (being nice)  
 Including the clock.

WAYNE  
 The clock that's mine?

KEVIN  
 (annoyed)  
 You didn't buy it, I did...

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

AERIAL SHOT: We continue to hear Kevin and Wayne argue about the clock's true ownership.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. CITY HALL PARKING LOT -- LATER**

Jim pulls into the lot and looks for a space.

WAYNE  
 You look very eighties. A fake tan  
 and some Supertramp tickets, the  
 girls will be all over ya.

Kevin gets an annoyed face. He's not in the mood for jokes just now.

Now parked, they get out and start towards the entrance. As they walk...

JIM  
 Okay, if you forget everything  
 else, what's the one thing to  
 remember?



KEVIN

To say I personally told Munson the numbers didn't add up.

WAYNE

I thought it was to tell the biggest guy in prison you'll be his bitch if he protects ya.

Kevin gives Wayne an even more annoyed face. How can Wayne joke at a time like this?

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(defensive)

You're not the only one nervous here, okay?

CAMERA SHOT: Kevin in the cross-hairs of a rifle!

**EXT. HILL OVER-LOOKING PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS**

REVEAL the rifle is being held by Tranton. He's about to pull the trigger but at the last second is pushed over. The rifle fires and misses.

TRANTON

Damnit!

WIDEN TO REVEAL: He's firing out his car window on a hill overlooking the parking lot.

Sally, her hands and mouth tied with duct tape, is in the passenger seat. She managed to kick Tranton, making him miss.

Tranton pushes Sally's legs down and quickly looks through the rifle sight to take another shot. Too late - Kevin is out of range.

**INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY -- MINUTES LATER**

The lobby is filled with people returning from lunch. Jim, Kevin and Wayne pass though the metal-detector.

VOICE (O.C.)

Mr. Smitman. Ready to put this guy away?

Kevin turns - he has no idea who this PERSON is standing before him.

JIM

(jumping in)

You remember Mr. Corvus, the prosecution lawyer?

KEVIN

Right, right. Sam Corvus. We met four and half months ago during the deposition. At your office. I also met with the defense lawyer at a different location--

JIM

That's him.  
(to Corvus)  
See you inside.

Corvus stares at Kevin. Something isn't right.

JIM (CONT'D)

He lost weight. Thirty pounds.

CORVUS

(satisfied)  
That's it! I knew it was something.  
You look great.

Corvus crosses out. Kevin breathes a sigh of relief.

JIM

See? You look like him. Now relax.  
(then)  
I'm gonna take a leak.

WAYNE

I might drain a snake also.

A WOMAN overheard this and gives Wayne a disgusted look.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I thought this was the adult courthouse.

Wayne is about to exit to the restroom when he notices Kevin having a hard time.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

You okay?

KEVIN

(growing nervous again)  
I really, really don't want to do this.

Wayne grabs Kevin and looks him in the eye. No Bullshit time.

WAYNE

Hey! Look at me. Just say what Jim told you to say and we'll be fine. If I could go up and say the words for you, I would. But I can't. You're the one who has to do this.

Kevin nods. He knows he has no better option.

KEVIN

See you inside.

**INT. COURTROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin finds a seat marked "Smitman" a few rows behind the prosecution table. When he sits down he discovers an envelope with a note inside...

CLOSE UP ON NOTE: "If Munson is found guilty, Sally dies."

Kevin quickly stands up and scans the room for Tranton and Sally but there's too many people. His search is interrupted by the BAILIFF...

BAILIFF

All rise. Hear ye, hear ye! The Supreme Court of the great State of New York is back in session. All who have cause to plea shall be heard. God Save these United States, the great State of New York and this honorable court.

JUDGE KAUFMAN, a distinguished woman in her 50s, enters and takes her seat at the bench. The room sits back down. Kevin sits also but continues to look around for Tranton and Sally.

JUDGE

I hope everyone had a good lunch. We heard opening statements this morning so the Prosecution will commence. Mr. Corvus, call your first witness.

Some stragglers including Jim and Wayne hurry down the aisles to their seats.

CORVUS

The prosecution calls Lawrence Smitman.

Kevin didn't realize he'd be up so soon. He wanted to tell Wayne and Jim about the note but there's no time.

As Kevin rises and nervously crosses to the witness stand, the LAWYERS at the defense table look confused.

CORVUS (CONT'D)  
(to defense lawyers)  
Mr. Smitman lost thirty pounds  
since his deposition.

The defense lawyers seem satisfied by that.

Kevin reaches the stand and tries not to appear nervous. Jim gives a reassuring nod -- this will all be over soon. This calms him a bit. Kevin puts his hand on the bible.

BALIFF  
Do you promise to tell the whole  
truth and nothing but the truth?

KEVIN  
I do.

JUDGE  
Why don't you share your secret  
with us then?

Kevin immediately goes back to being nervous.

KEVIN  
I..don't have a secret.

JUDGE  
Mr. Smitman, you just swore to tell  
the truth.

Kevin can feel the sweat forming on his forehead. He eyes the exits - he could make a run for it...

JUDGE (CONT'D)  
Those pounds just dropped off by  
themselves?

Kevin lets out a sigh of relief.

KEVIN  
Oh, that! Lots of vegetables.  
(to jury)  
That's the key. Forget Atkins and  
all those no carb diets. They don't  
work--

DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
Objection! Atkins worked for my  
uncle.

JUDGE

Objection sustained. The jury will continue to consider Atkins a legitimate diet.

(to Corvus)

That was my fault. Proceed.

Corvus rises and crosses over to question Kevin.

CORVUS

Mr. Smitman, let's get right to it - As a former accountant at Munson Telecom, you told Mr. Munson here that his company was going under. Is that correct?

Kevin feels the note hidden in his hand. He looks into the crowd one last time to try to spot Sally.

He sees her! She and Tranton are seated in the back, blending in with the people around them. But Kevin can see that Tranton is secretly holding a knife to her throat! Tranton sees they've been spotted and subtly moves the knife closer to her neck. Sally's eyes show her fear - Kevin has no doubt he'll kill her if he says the wrong thing.

JUDGE

Mr. Smitman?

KEVIN

I..don't remember.

MUMBLES fill the courtroom. It's clear this isn't what the prosecution expected to hear.

Corvus is thrown for a loop. He holds up Larry's deposition.

CORVUS

Mr. Smitman, you're important to this case. You told investigators you spoke with him. You did speak with him. Is that not true?

Kevin looks at Jim who's giving him a stern look: Say what you're supposed to or I'll send you to jail!

Kevin then looks at Sally with the knife at her throat. He makes his decision...

KEVIN

I'm sorry but I don't remember that.

More MUMBLES throughout the courtroom.

CORVUS

May I remind you that changing your original testimony waives your immunity--

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Your Honor, if the man doesn't remember, the man doesn't remember--

WAYNE

Oh my god!!

The entire court turns to look at Wayne. He has his copy of the accounting book open in front of him.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Your Honor, what he remembers or doesn't isn't important. I have something the jury should hear--

KEVIN

No, he doesn't!

Wayne stands and starts to make his way to the beach.

JUDGE

Sit back down! This is a courtroom!

WAYNE

If you'll just give me a minute--

JUDGE

Baliff!

The baliff goes to grab Wayne but he scoots into the opposite aisle to get away.

WAYNE

But I have information he doesn't!

As the baliff gives chase, Jim turns to Corvus.

JIM

Get him on the stand.  
(no time to explain)  
Just do it!

CORVUS

Your Honor, we call this man to the stand.

JUDGE

You already have someone up here.

Jim gives Corvus a look - Improvise! Just get him up there!

CORVUS

I realize that but..I was supposed to bring him up first. Justice should not be penalized for my mistake.

Wayne is now frantically dodging the baliff and TWO MORE GUARDS who have joined in the chase.

WAYNE

He's right! C'mon, just hear me out!

JUDGE

You know what? I'm gonna allow it.

DEENSE ATTORNEY

Objection.

KEVIN

Yeah, objection!

JUDGE

Overruled. Now I'm curious.

(to Wayne)

This better be good.

Wayne catches his breath and approaches the witness stand.

KEVIN

Your Honor, don't do this. He thinks he knows things but  
(pointedly at Wayne)  
he doesn't know everything--

The judge holds up her hand to silence Kevin. Kevin looks at Wayne - "Don't do this!"

but Wayne gives him a look of "Trust me."

CORVUS

State your name for the record.

WAYNE

Tom Wilmington.

KEVIN

It's Todd!

(to judge)

See? He doesn't even know his own name. He's not a reliable witness, Your Honor-

JUDGE

Mr. Smitman, one more outburst and I'll have you removed altogether.

WAYNE

Hey, I just thought of something. This is a legal record, right?

The judge nods - of course.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(pointing to Kevin)

The clock in his living room was originally bought at Bed Bath and Beyond with my credit card.

KEVIN

Objection.

JUDGE

What does a clock have to do with this trial?

WAYNE

Nothing, Your Honor. I just wanted to get that into the public record.

CORVUS

Can get to your testimony?

WAYNE

You want me to tell everyone how Smitty here told the CEO his company was going under, right?

Corvus steals a glance at Jim - Good call. This is the testimony we need.

CORVUS

Yes. If you could please elaborate on that for the jury.

Kevin looks at Tranton and pleads with his eyes - Don't kill her! This isn't my fault!

WAYNE

I don't know anything about it. In fact, it probably didn't happen.

Again the courtroom erupts in MUMBLES - this too is clearly not what the prosecution expected.



WAYNE (CONT'D)

But I'll tell you what I do know -  
This whole trial is based on an  
error.

CORVUS

An error?

WAYNE

That's right. The CEO couldn't have  
known his company was going under  
and therefore didn't lie to  
stockholders because his company is  
not going under.

Wayne refers to the accounting book he's been carrying.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Page two-sixty-seven shows the  
inventory is valued at three  
hundred forty-four million. Well,  
that got me suspicious. Even with a  
huge reduction in capital  
appreciation, the interest on the  
domestic assets alone should've  
made that a much higher number. So  
I looked and found the mistake -  
somebody failed to take into  
account the property taxes which  
ended up diluting the assumed value  
of the holding's future earnings--

JUDGE

(cutting him off)

I'm sorry. I just caught myself  
making a list of people I went to  
summer camp with. That might make  
sense to you as an accountant--

WAYNE

Oh, I'm not an accountant. The idea  
of being a cog in some corporate  
wheel--

JUDGE

Hold on. You're not an accountant  
yet you claim you found an error  
missed by all the analysts on Wall  
Street?

Wayne shrugs proudly.

WAYNE

I'm good with numbers. What can I say?

(off her skeptical look)

You don't have to believe me. It's all here.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Your Honor, we have an accountant here on retainer who'd like to examine these numbers.

The judge motions for the Defense and Prosecution lawyers and their respective EXPERT ACCOUNTANTS to approach the bench.

Wayne gives them a quick tour in the accounting book.

WAYNE

This number here is wrong. See?..  
And that throws off this here,  
which throws off the totals here...

The EXPERT ACCOUNTANTS follow and nod with interest.

DEFENSE ACCOUNTANT

May we have a minute to double-check these figures?

The judge nods and both teams return to their tables. The court now has nothing to do but wait.

JUDGE

(making conversation)

How'd you get so good with numbers?

WAYNE

I used to have a lot of credit card debt.

The entire court nods in recognition.

KEVIN

He used to pay his Visa with his Mastercard.

JUROR 1

Who hasn't?

The courtroom laughs.

BALIFF

(sharing)

I know a guy who borrowed money from his IRA and when he paid it back,

BALIFF (CONT'D)

filed an amended tax return so I could avoid the penalty.

(realizing)

Did I say I? I mean this guy I know.

JUDGE

Know what else works? Leave the stamps off payment envelopes and claim the post office screwed up.

WAYNE

I did that! But you can't do it more than once.

JUDGE

(nodding)

They track excuses now. I know--

Interrupting...

DEFENSE ACCOUNTANT

It's true!! This valuation is based on a mistake.

PROSECUTION ACCOUNTANT

(agreeing)

This company is worth twenty, maybe thirty times what the stock closed at today.

The courtroom MUMBLES in excitement.

WAYNE

And tomorrow, because of this, I'll bet the stock shoots back up to where it was before.

MUMBLES of excitement. They look at Wayne - good job! Wayne smiles proudly.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(milking it)

Maybe even higher!

The courtroom breaks out into full applause for Wayne!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Your Honor, we submit charges be  
dropped.

The judge looks at the prosecution table. Jim and Corvus look  
at each other - can't argue with numbers. Jim nods.

JUDGE

Mr. Munson, it appears no crime has  
been committed. Charges are  
dropped.

Kevin looks at Tranton. Tranton nods his approval and removes  
the knife from Sally's throat.

ANGLE ON: JURY BOX

JUROR 1

(annoyed)

That's the whole trial? We can't  
write a book about this. Not enough  
happened!

The other jurors nod in frustrated agreement.

ANGLE: BACK

JUDGE

(to jury)

I want to thank you all for your  
service to the court. In a free  
society it is important that  
citizens like yourselves, normal  
everyday folks, accept their civic  
responsibilities as you have  
done...

ANGLE ON: WAYNE AND KEVIN CROSSING BACK TO SEATS

In the BG we continue to hear the judge's speech...

WAYNE

Good thing I was here. You really  
choked.

KEVIN

(defensive)

I didn't choke. I couldn't say what  
Jim wanted. The killer's in the  
back row--

WAYNE

He's here?!

Wayne immediately stands up.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
Your Honor? I was wrong about no  
crime being committed.

JUDGE  
I'm in the middle of a speech here.

KEVIN  
And he apologizes!

Kevin grabs Wayne and pulls him back down.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?!

WAYNE  
(determined)  
I'm gonna get this asshole.

Wayne goes to stand again but Kevin holds him back.

KEVIN  
No, don't!

WAYNE  
Kevin, we know we can trust these  
guys. Besides, I'm on a roll.

Wayne pulls free and starts to cross to the center of the  
room.

KEVIN  
No. You don't understand!

Wayne isn't listening - he's on a mission now.

WAYNE  
(to entire court)  
In fact a crime has been committed.

Kevin quickly looks at Tranton and sees him grow nervous -  
putting the knife back to Sally's throat!

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
And the killer is here. In this  
very courtroom.

Kevin rushes towards Wayne and tries to put his hand over  
Wayne's mouth.

KEVIN  
He's crazy! Don't listen to him!

Wayne struggles to keep Kevin's hands away and turns towards the the back of the room to point to Tranton.

No options left, Kevin tackles Wayne. But Wayne manages to struggle free...

WAYNE  
In the back...  
(finally pointing)  
..Over there!

SWISH-PAN to where Tranton and Sally were sitting.

The seats are now empty!

SWISH-PAN back.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
(to Kevin)  
You said the back row.

But Kevin is no longer there. He's running into the lobby to get Tranton and Sally.

**INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin runs into the lobby and sees Tranton (with Sally) trying to find a door to escape through. They're all locked.

TRANTON  
Damn fire codes!

Tranton is trapped in a corner with no way out. He puts the knife closer to Sally's throat.

KEVIN  
Let her go!

TRANTON  
Stay back.

OTHERS are now filing into the lobby and gathering to watch. Wayne has now crossed in.

WAYNE  
(to Kevin)  
You didn't tell me he still had Sally with him.

KEVIN  
I tried. Maybe if you'd listen for a change--

GUARD

Let her go!

A GUARD has run in with his gun drawn.

KEVIN

I tried that.

Oh. The guard reholsters his gun in defeat.

Sally's eyes are pleading with Kevin to help her.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to Tranton)

Look, what do you want?

TRANTON

A helicopter out of here.

KEVIN

That sounds doable.

(turning to guard)

Who do we call?

GUARD

(sarcastic)

The Helicopter Store. Security guards know these things.

Kevin looks at Sally again. Her eyes are pleading even more - Do something. Please!

Kevin looks up and suddenly gets an idea.

KEVIN

(to Wayne; sotto)

Keep 'em here. Make sure they don't move away.

Kevin catches Sally's glance to let her know he's on it and exits before Wayne can ask what his plan is.

TRANTON

(to guard)

Open this door.

The guard hesitates. Tranton puts his knife closer to Sally's neck.

TRANTON (CONT'D)

Open it!

The guard gets the message. He searches through his keyring to find the right one.

WAYNE  
 (to guard)  
 Don't open it!

SALLY  
 What do you mean don't open it?!  
 There's a knife to my throat!  
 (to guard)  
 Open it.

The guard starts to move towards the door with the key.

WAYNE  
 Wait!  
 (guard stops)  
 How about this? Let her go and  
 she'll show you her tits.

SALLY  
 What?!

WAYNE  
 Hey, I don't hear you coming up  
 with any workable solutions.

Sally tries to break away to get at Wayne.

**INT. BALCONY -- MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin is out of breath. He just ran up three flights of stairs and is now on the balcony overlooking the main floor. He looks over the railing and sees the top of the crowd's heads including Tranton and Sally. It's pretty high up.

KEVIN  
 Bold. Bold...

He climbs over the railing and stretches out as far as he can. We realize he's trying to reach one of the long curtain cords that hang down to the carpet below.

He almost slips but luckily catches himself. A fall from here would certainly kill him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 This is a bad idea.

He tries to reach again but it's too far. There's only one way he's gonna get to the cord. He collects his courage...

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 Little bolder. Little bolder...

He jumps through the air and grabs the cord. He made it!



But now he's straining to hold on three floors up. What was he thinking?!

Then he starts to sneeze!

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(struggling to hold on)  
Dust. Great. Make this easier.

**INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS**

Wayne hears the sneeze, looks up and sees Kevin hanging three floors up, trying to swing to one side and then the other to get back to the balcony.

TRANTON  
(to guard)  
Open the door! Now!

The guard starts to cross over again. Wayne has to keep stalling.

WAYNE  
Stop!

GUARD  
(annoyed)  
You guys need to work this out between yourselves.

WAYNE  
(to Tranton)  
I can get you what you want. We just need to know what you want.

TRANTON  
I want a helicopter. I told you.

WAYNE  
Right. Or course. What kind?

TRANTON  
(losing patience)  
What do you mean what kind?!

Keep stalling. Keep stalling...

WAYNE  
Well, there's..green ones. And red ones..

SALLY  
 (to crowd)  
 Can somebody please tell this idiot  
 to go away?

WAYNE  
 I'm an idiot now? I'm trying to  
 save your life here, Missy.

SALLY  
 (offended)  
 Missy?!

Just then Kevin comes swooping in on the curtain cord like Robin Hood!

KEVIN  
 Aaaahhhhh!!!

He whisks Sally out of Tranton's grasp and out of frame. The crowd is impressed! Nobody expected Robin Hood!

Seconds later Kevin (with Sally in his arms) swings back in the opposite direction from the gravity.

KEVIN AND SALLY  
 Aaaahhhhhh!!!!

They hit Tranton and all fall into a huge pile.

A free-for-all between Kevin, Wayne, Tranton and Sally ensues.

Kevin and Wayne are sharing punches with Tranton, Sally is punching Wayne...

Within seconds the whole lobby joins in the fight.

The guard stands on the side, totally confused as to where to point his gun. He finally gives up and walks away.

Kevin and Wayne finally get the best of Tranton and he gives up. Some security guards cuff him and take him away. Sally turns to Wayne and gives him one last sucker punch.

**INT. COURTROOM STEPS -- SHORT TIME LATER**

A female paramedic is attending to Wayne's bruises.

PARAMEDIC  
 Someone hit ya pretty hard.

SALLY (O.C.)  
 He's lucky he didn't lose the eye!

PAN OVER to reveal Sally and Kevin.

SALLY  
(impressed)  
I can't believe you actually  
climbed that rope.

KEVIN  
You sound like my old gym teacher.  
By the way, how many points do I  
get for that?

SALLY  
Four.

KEVIN  
Four?! That curtain was dusty!

SALLY  
Keep talking, I'll make it three.

KEVIN  
Do I have ten yet? I really want  
this second date but I don't think  
I can keep going. I'm kinda tired.

SALLY  
Actually, you only have nine but  
you saved my life so I'll throw in  
the last one for free.

Kevin leans in to kiss Sally but she holds him back in mid-lean...

SALLY (CONT'D)  
The second date though? I pick  
where we go.

Kevin nods and she lets him lean in the rest of the way. They kiss.

Jim enters. Kevin pulls away. He wants to touch base with Jim...

KEVIN  
I know you wanted to put that guy  
away. Sorry.

JIM  
Don't be. He was innocent.

KEVIN  
He hired a hitman.

JIM

(shaking head)

Tranton sung like a canary. Said he was hired by one of the guys on the board who wanted Munson's job. When Larry wouldn't take the bribe he hired Tranton to kill him.

KEVIN

So Munson was telling the truth. He really didn't know anything.

Jim nods.

JIM

Listen, Larry had some shares of company stock. He didn't have any relatives and we're not allowed to keep stuff like this so.. I want you guys to have it. For helping out.

KEVIN

Oh we couldn't accept that--

WAYNE

How many?

JIM

Six hundred and seventy shares.

Wayne's eyes open wide.

WAYNE

At two fourteen a share that's... one hundred-forty-four thousand!

KEVIN

How'd you add that up so fast--  
(realizing number)  
Hundred and forty-four thousand?!

WAYNE

Half of that minus my debt leaves me...eleven thousand two hundred and eighty-seven. Assuming I pay before the next late charges kick in.

(to female paramedic)

You like Chinese food?

She smiles - it's a date. They walk off together.

KEVIN

Eleven thousand! Looks like we are gonna fly somewhere for our second date.

SALLY

Excuse me. We just agreed I'm the one who decides.

KEVIN

Yeah but we have the money now to do something extravagant--  
(backing down)  
I'm sorry. You're right. It's your call.

Beat.

SALLY

That's it? You're giving up that easily? Man, you really don't have any balls.

KEVIN

But you said--

SALLY

You know what? Forget another date. You really aren't bold enough.

She playfully walks away. Kevin goes after her...

KEVIN

That's not fair! I made my ten points!

SALLY

Only 'cause I spotted you the last one.

KEVIN

Ninety percent bold is still pretty good...

FADE OUT

THE END