

A LIFE UNRAVELLED

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A Small town in Maine--

Long abandoned, a three-story warehouse is being devoured by the woods that surround it. A figure obscured in shadow ducks under dense foliage and into the moonlight--

ETHAN MYERS, 14, glasses, an introvert, nerdy, wearing a shirt and tie under a sweatshirt (his personal uniform), heads to the dilapidated building.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ethan steps through the door and straps on a head-lamp, switching it on. It's light cuts through the darkness as he steps around a pile of rubble on the ground, made from a large hole in the ceiling above.

Ethan sits next to a bank of dirty windows and pulls a stack of notebooks and an envelope out of his backpack.

The envelope is addressed to the "Lampton Literary Contest."

Ethan opens a notebook and begins writing--

EXT. MYERS FAMILY HOME - MORNING - FLASHBACK

It's overcast. A light fog hangs over a middle-class neighborhood.

Ethan, 11, his father JUSTIN MYERS, early 40's, his mother KATHY MYERS, late 30's, and GRANDPA AVRIL MYERS (GRAMPS), 70's, looking spry for his age, are standing next to a mint condition late model muscle-car parked in the driveway.

Ethan's uncle, JIMMY MYERS, 38, good looking, polished, stands a few feet away, camera in hand. Kathy Myers wraps her arms around her son and whispers in his ear.

KATHY MYERS

Say cheese.

Ethan lights up, and Jimmy snaps a photo.

JIMMY

Okay, let's get this show on the road.

As the family loads into their car, Jimmy jogs to his own mint condition muscle-car.

Grandpa waves goodbye to them as they pull away.

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - MORNING - FLASHBACK

A thick fog blankets the wreckage of a multi-car accident.

Metal and glass scattered across the wet pavement. Jimmy stumbles through the haze, bleeding from a head wound, face twisted in fear.

The Myers car is on its roof, belching smoke. Jimmy gets down on his hands and knees and looks through the drivers-side window. He recoils, his body racked with sobs--

Justin and Kathy are dead.

Jimmy looks into the back seat. He reaches in and pulls Ethan from the tangled wreckage--

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Ethan closes his notebook and begins packing up his things.

INT. JIMMY MYERS APARTMENT - DAY

Sunlight seeps in through drab, ratty curtains. Jimmy Myers is barely recognizable, no longer the highly polished ladies man, he's now scruffy, unshaven, in a grungy t-shirt and jeans.

His apartment is sparse. A yard-sale coffee table is cluttered with baggies of cocaine and a scale.

Jimmy snorts a line as he plays video games on a small flatscreen TV.

INT. HIGH-SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A teacher, Mr. CLARK, 50, completely unremarkable, is blissfully asleep in his chair, leaning back, mouth open, coffee cup held precariously in one hand as he softly snores.

Young faces are buried in their papers. Ethan is working his way through a math test with ease - he's focused.

EMILY, 14, loner, bad reputation, hates school and everyone in it, reaches across the aisle and pokes Ethan in the arm with her pencil.

ETHAN

Ow!

EMILY

Don't wet your pants, nerd. I need an answer.

Ethan looks to the teacher for help, but he's still snoring. He moves his arm across his paper in an attempt to block her view.

EMILY (CONT'D)

If you don't help me, I'm gonna stab you in the neck with this pencil. You know I will--

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - FLASHBACK - DAY

Emily, surrounded by a ring of students, is straddling a boy twice her size, repeatedly beating him over the head with a garbage can lid--

INT. CLASSROOM - BACK TO PRESENT - DAY

Ethan adjusts his glasses, stalling the inevitable.

ETHAN

(resigned)

Which one?

Emily leans across the isle and slaps the test paper on his desk.

EMILY

All of 'em.

INT. OFFICES OF LAMPTON PRESS - DAY

A thick manuscript lands with a thud on a cluttered pile of papers--

JEANNE BILLSFORD, 36, conservative, prim and proper, stands over the desk of LAMPTON FINCH, president of Lampton Press, 58, heavyset, with a big heart, worshiper of the written word.

JEANNE

Mr. Finch, this is by far the best entry. It could be exactly what we've been looking for.

Lampton picks up the manuscript, eyeing it as if it's something sacred.

LAMPTON

Don't toy with me, Jeanne.

JEANNE

It's truly exceptional.

Lampton shoos her away as he opens it to the first page.

LAMPTON

Okay, leave me to it then, leave me to it.

Jeanne smiles as she exits the office, closing the door behind her.

INT. HIGH-SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A book slides off a desk and lands with a loud slap as it hits the floor and Mr. Clark wakes with a start. The coffee mug drops from his hand and shatters on the ground, spraying his pant leg and floor with coffee.

MR. CLARK

Time!

He scans the room, groggy, as the students snicker.

MR. CLARK (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

Damnit.

He shakes the coffee off his shoe.

MR. CLARK (CONT'D)

Okay... everyone put down your pencils and pass your tests forward.

The bell rings, and the entire class scrambles.

INT. HIGH-SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Tables are filled with kids. Groups sit together; friends call out to one another over the racket.

Ethan sits alone, looking small, isolated. Emily is sitting at a table behind him. Her demeanor differs from Ethan's, her body language daring anyone to sit nearby.

She watches Ethan as he eats his lunch and writes in his notebook.

EMILY  
Hey... nerd!

Ethan stops eating but does not acknowledge her.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Nerd!

Ethan continues to ignore her, so Emily picks up her tray and moves to his table, sitting across from him.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Fine... Ethan.

ETHAN  
What do you want?

Emily reaches for his notebook.

EMILY  
What's that, your diary?

Ethan snatches it up. He tucks it under his arm and hurries away without a word. Emily calls out to him--

EMILY (CONT'D)  
See, that's the kind of shit that  
gets you beat up!

INT. JIMMY MYERS APARTMENT - DAY

Jimmy is playing a video game and doing lines. Sixties "Classic Rock" blasts from a CD player on the floor.

There's a knock on the door--

Jimmy scurries to the door and looks through the peep-hole.

JIMMY  
Damn.

A voice calls out from the other side of the door.

DONNIE (O.S.)  
Open up, Jimmy! We know your home,  
and I'm not above kicking in your  
door!

Jimmy opens the door a crack, security chain in place.

Outside his door stand two unsavory characters. The CLOMP brothers, Ricky, big, dumb, the muscle, and DONNIE, the self-proclaimed "brains" of the operation.

JIMMY  
Hey, guys, not really a good time  
for me. Think you could come by  
tomorrow? Maybe give me a call  
beforehand?

DONNIE  
Oh, jeez, Jimmy. So sorry to  
interrupt--

Ricky's foot makes contact with the door. The chain snaps and Jimmy is thrown back into the room, landing in a heap on the floor. The two men enter.

Ricky picks up the CD player and smashes it back down on the ground. Pieces of plastic shrapnel go flying, and it's suddenly quiet.

JIMMY  
Hey! Whoa, man!

DONNIE  
Jimmy... I'm disappointed.

The contents of the table are incriminating.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
It's the end of the month, and  
you're in the hole. I leave you  
messages, but you don't return my  
calls - that hurts my feelings.  
It's the information era, Jimmy,  
the only way to avoid communication  
is if you're doing it on purpose.

JIMMY  
I know, Donnie...

Jimmy gestures to the scale and packaged baggies.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I'm getting ready to make a sale. I  
didn't want to call until I had the  
cash.

The evidence tells a different story. This is a dealer who's  
using more than he's selling.

Jimmy pulls himself up off the floor.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Yeah, okay, so I've been getting a  
little carried away.

DONNIE  
How carried away, Jimmy?

Jimmy's sweating. He sits.

JIMMY  
Half... maybe more.

DONNIE  
Jesus, man.

RICKY  
You're on the fast track to a deep  
hole, dude.

Donnie sits next to Jimmy.

DONNIE  
Look, Jimmy, you're a good guy, but  
this is business, and it's time to  
collect--

RICKY  
Yeah, and you ain't got fuck-all in  
this place we can take in  
collateral, except--

Donnie holds up his hand to stop his brother.

DONNIE  
We'll get there.

JIMMY  
Okay, well, you did just smash my  
CD player. That's worth something.

Ricky pulls his jacket open to reveal a gun tucked into his  
waistband, but Donnie waves him off.



DONNIE

You've put me in a tough spot,  
Jimmy. I could let Ricky shoot you  
in the leg or break an appendage...  
maybe a Falange or two--

Donnie shakes his fingers for effect.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

But then you're not gonna be in any  
condition to make up the money you  
owe.

JIMMY

Right, I-uh, work better--

DONNIE

But then again...

Ricky cracks his fingers in anticipation.

JIMMY

Okay, okay. I've got a some cash,  
maybe three-hundred, just to hold  
you over. Just give me a couple  
weeks, I promise.

Jimmy digs into his pocket and pulls out a crumpled wad of  
cash.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Here, take it all. I'll make up the  
rest, I swear.

Donnie begins counting it.

DONNIE

What do you think, Ricky?

Ricky grabs a few baggies of coke off the table and stuffs  
them into his pocket.

JIMMY

Hey!

RICKY

I think Jimmy just bought himself  
another week.

DONNIE

One week, Jimmy. You don't pay  
up...

Donnie pauses for dramatic effect.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
We take your car.

The color drains from Jimmy's face.

JIMMY  
Donnie...

DONNIE  
One week.

Donnie gets up, and both men walk to the front door.

JIMMY  
What about my door?!

Ricky flips him off as they turn the corner.

INT. LAMPTON PRESS - LAMPTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Lampton is thoroughly engrossed in the manuscript. A half-eaten sandwich and a bottle of soda in evidence. His collar is loose and he's perspiring.

Jeanne sticks her head in the doorway.

JEANNE  
Well? What do you think?

LAMPTON FINCH  
Truly exceptional, just as you said. But there doesn't seem to be a cover letter attached.

JEANNE  
No, it's strange, only a return address on the mailing envelope. No phone number either.

Lampton dabs at the perspiration on his forehead with a handkerchief.

LAMPTON FINCH  
Well that's odd, isn't it?

JEANNE  
Mr. Finch, are you feeling okay?

Lampton pulls at his collar.

LAMPTON FINCH  
Yes, yes, I'm fine... I wonder why there's no cover letter?

JEANNE

You really have to take better care  
of yourself. I'll make you an  
appointment with doctor Rollins.

Lampton waves the idea away.

LAMPTON FINCH

I'm fine, really. There will be  
plenty of time for that after we  
name our new contest winner.

Off Jeanne's concerned look.

EXT. HIGH-SCHOOL - DAY

A pristine gold Chevy Nova is parked across the street from  
the school.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - DAY

Jimmy sits behind the wheel. He snorts a line of coke off a  
plastic CD case, paying little attention to the stream of  
kids exiting the building.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Ethan walks home from school, notebook tucked under his arm.  
The streets are quiet--

EMILY (O.S.)

Psst.

Ethan turns to find Emily, inches from his face.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hey, nerd.

Startled, he drops his notebook and falls on his back-side.

ETHAN

What the hell?

She puts her hand out to help him up.

EMILY

(laughing)

You dropped your diary, princess.

Ethan gets to his feet without her help and retrieves his  
notebook.

ETHAN  
It's not a diary.

He turns and continues walking, nervous, without looking back at her. Emily follows.

Ethan looks over his shoulder as he walks.

EMILY  
Why're you so nervous?

ETHAN  
Well, based on past experience--

EMILY  
Don't be a bitch, Ethan.

Ethan continues on.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Okay, look...

Emily struggles to apologize, it's not something she does.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
So, about poking you...

Ethan slows and turns, causing Emily to stop short. She's close, and Ethan isn't used to being in close proximity to girls. He takes a few steps back.

ETHAN  
(mumbles)  
More like a stab.

He rubs the arm for effect, and Emily sighs, visibly stifling a sarcastic response.

EMILY  
I'm failing English-lit. You're pretty smart, so...

There's an uncomfortable silence.

ETHAN  
Are you asking for my help?

EMILY  
Yeah... I just did.

Jimmy's Nova pulls up to the curb.

INT. JIMMY'S GOLD NOVA - DAY

Jimmy rolls the window down and calls out to Ethan--

JIMMY  
Having girl trouble, little man?

Ethan sighs. This is the last thing he needs right now. Jimmy reaches across the seat and opens the passenger-side door.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Get in.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ethan walks to the car.

EMILY  
Are you gonna help me?

Ethan turns.

ETHAN  
Why would I do that?

Emily's lets her guard down. She's resigned to failure.

EMILY  
I don't know, Ethan... I won't stab  
you anymore? I really don't have  
anything to offer in return... I  
just can't fail another class.

There's an underlying loneliness in her tone that Ethan can relate to. He's been there - he is there.

ETHAN  
I'll think about it.

Ethan gets in the car.

INT. GOLD CHEVY NOVA - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy gives Emily a long hard stare and nudges Ethan with an elbow.

JIMMY  
Nice.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

EMILY

Gross.

Emily flips off Jimmy as he pulls away.

INT. GOLD CHEVY NOVA - DAY

Jimmy looks to Ethan.

JIMMY

Nice girlfriend you got there.

ETHAN

She's not my girlfriend.

JIMMY

Well, do you want her to be your girlfriend?

Ethan stares out the window, silent.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, you might try losing the shirt and tie, throw on a band T-shirt. I know you're super smart, but it's like you wanna be alone. When I was your age--

Ethan reaches over and turns up the car stereo, ignoring his uncle. Jimmy turns it back down.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, I got a call from your social worker. She wants to come by and do her yearly good deed. She's gonna call your Gramps to set up a time.

Nothing from Ethan.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Maybe you can tell her about your new girlfriend.

ETHAN

(Groans)

Ugh.

Jimmy throws a look to Ethan.

JIMMY

What?

ETHAN

If it's too much for you to pick me up from school just say so. I can take the bus home.

JIMMY

Oh, do you want to take the bus? Does your girlfriend--

ETHAN

I don't want to take the bus, that's not the point!

JIMMY

Oh... okay.

Jimmy's not getting it.

ETHAN

I'm tired of waiting around after school every day to see if you even show up... If you do show up, you're in a hurry to get away. And every time we make plans to do something you come up with some lame excuse to blow me off.

JIMMY

Yeah, well, I'm sorry about that, little dude. I've been working on some business deals lately and--

ETHAN

You don't have a job!

JIMMY

Well, no... not right now...

The silence hangs between them as Jimmy turns into a driveway.

EXT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy rolls to a stop and kills the engine.

INT. JIMMY'S GOLD NOVA - CONTINUOUS

Ethan unbuckles and slides out of the car, in a hurry to get away.

ETHAN

See-ya.

Ethan slams the door shut.

JIMMY  
Hold on there, champ!

Ethan stops in his tracks.

ETHAN  
What?

Jimmy unbuckles his seat belt.

JIMMY  
I'm coming in.

ETHAN  
Why?

JIMMY  
I'm gonna stay for supper.

Ethan walks away, mumbling to himself.

ETHAN  
Great.

INT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is well kept, but dated. Ethan and Jimmy sit at the dinner table, eating in silence.

Grandpa Myers enters from the kitchen, carrying a glass of milk. The last three years have not been kind to him. He's thin, with a scraggly beard and an unruly shock of grey hair. He walks with a wooden cane.

Grandpa slides into his chair, joining in the awkward silence as Jimmy pushes food around his plate.

JIMMY  
So... this is nice.

GRANDPA  
What's that?

JIMMY  
This dinner, together, you know? We don't do this often enough.

GRANDPA  
And who's fault is that?



JIMMY  
Dad... c'mon...

With the tension and awkwardness intensifying, Ethan looks to escape.

ETHAN  
Can I be excused?

GRANDPA  
No, you may not.

Grandpa butters a piece of bread. He points the knife in Jimmy's direction in an accusatory manner.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
Ethan and I are here every night,  
eating at this table. God only  
knows where the hell you are, or  
what you're doing... Used to be  
this family ate together damn near  
every night.

Ethan has heard enough. He grabs his plate and is gone.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
Ethan!

Ethan ignores Grandpa and turns into the hallway.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
Now, see what you've done?

JIMMY  
How is that my fault?

Grandpa places the knife and bread on his plate.

GRANDPA  
If you think that occasionally  
picking the boy up from school is  
enough--

JIMMY  
Okay, okay. I really can't deal  
with this right now. I'll never be  
able to replace his father.

GRANDPA  
And nobody said you could.

This stings. Jimmy tosses his napkin onto the table in frustration.

JIMMY

Fine, I'll talk to him.

Jimmy's on the move--

HALLWAY

Jimmy walks down the hallway. He pauses in Ethan's doorway.

Ethan is at his desk reading, his back to the door. Jimmy keeps moving and turns into the next doorway--

GRANDPA'S ROOM

Jimmy moves to a dresser and pulls out a small key. He gets down on his hands and knees and pulls a metal strong-box out from under the bed.

Inside the box are dozens of plastic sleeves with silver and gold coins tucked inside. Jimmy grabs a few gold coins and shoves them into his pocket. He replaces the box and key and is out the door.

HALLWAY

Jimmy slinks down the hall, stopping in Ethan's doorway. Ethan is still at his desk. Jimmy continues on to the dining room--

The coast is clear. He carefully extracts his keys from the coffee table and heads out the front door.

KITCHEN

Grandpa washes the dishes. The sound of the front door closing gives him pause. He listens--

The Nova's engine fires up and tires screech as the car peels away.

GRANDPA

Goddamned fool.

INT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - LATER

Ethan sits on the couch watching TV with an open box of cereal in his lap. A door slams--

ETHAN

Shoot.

Ethan scrambles for the TV remote but it's nowhere to be found as Grandpa walks into the room, carrying the stuffed head of a possum. He looks to the TV and frowns.

GRANDPA MYERS

Son, if you got time to waste watching that machine, then you've got time to come help out in the shop.

Ethan stares back at him--

TV (V.O.)

"Resistance is futile."

INT. GRANDPA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The workshop is a taxidermy Heaven, or Hell, depending on your point of view. For Ethan, it's the latter.

Grandpa works at his desk, gluing eyeballs into a stuffed bird's head as Ethan unenthusiastically sweeps the floor. He bumps into a shelving unit and knocks over a jar full of glass eyeballs. They spill out onto the floor--

GRANDPA MYERS

Goddamn it son, Watch what you're doing!

ETHAN

Sorry...

Ethan gathers up the mess, but Grandpa shoos him out of the way.

GRANDPA MYERS

Just leave it to me, son... I don't know why all this is too much for you. When your daddy was a boy, he'd be out here helpin' me without even being asked. Weren't clumsy neither.

Grandpa sweeps up the last of the mess.

GRANDPA MYERS (CONT'D)

Could have learned a thing or two from him is all I'm saying--

Grandpa immediately regrets the comment. He turns to find Ethan gone, door open and broom lying on the floor.

GRANDPA MYERS (CONT'D)  
(mumbles to himself)  
Yer a Goddamned fool, Avril.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Ethan pedals his bike through the neighborhood and turns down a deserted street, finally veering into an overgrown path and emerging in the parking lot of the abandoned warehouse.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The light from Ethan's head-lamp cuts through the darkness. He sits next to the bank of dirty windows and pulls a new notebook out of his bag--

From somewhere in the bowels of the warehouse the sound of aluminum cans clattering against cement floors echoes through the building--

Ethan freezes, listening, and again a metallic clatter echoes through the warehouse. He turns his head-lamp off and cautiously makes his way into the darkness.

SECOND FLOOR

Ethan steps out of the stairwell and peers into the darkness. A faint light is burning deeper in the ruins. He makes his way around the hole in the floor and steps over the lip of a partially collapsed wall, into--

INT. MURAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large room lit by a battery powered camping light.

A chalk mural covers most of one wall - A picture of a woman in a hospital bed, sickly, eyes closed. Her ghost is rising from her body as a beautiful, healthy version of the woman with a pair of magnificent wings. In the background, a man with no face stands next to a young girl, their hands close, but not touching.

In the center of the room, a girl sits on the floor with her back to Ethan, surrounded by candy wrappers and empty soda cans. Unsure of what to do, Ethan turns to slink away--

GIRL

Hey!

Ethan turns, startled - it's Emily.

EMILY

What the hell?! Are you following me?

ETHAN

No, I--

Emily pushes him back against the wall, and he drops his notebook.

EMILY

Then what are you doing here?

ETHAN

I come here to be alone. I didn't know anyone was here, honest.

Emily, still wary, takes a step back. Ethan picks up his notebook and brushes it off.

EMILY

What are you always writing in that stupid book?

She snatches it out of his hand, and a photograph slips out, landing at her feet.

ETHAN

Hey!

Emily picks up the photo. It's the picture of Ethan with his parents, his mother's arms wrapped around him.

EMILY

Yeah, I figured you for a mama's boy.

Ethan snatches the picture out of her hand. He glances at the photo before tucking it into his shirt pocket.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Shit... sorry.

There's an awkward moment. Ethan looks past her to the mural.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(defensive)

What?

ETHAN  
You did that?

Emily's guard is up.

EMILY  
Why?

ETHAN  
I don't know... it's good.

EMILY  
So, I'm not a completer fuck-up.

ETHAN  
I didn't say you were.

EMILY  
I didn't say you did.

ETHAN  
What?

EMILY  
You better not tell anyone about  
this.

ETHAN  
Who would I tell?

Emily pushes the notebook into his chest.

EMILY  
You should go.

Ethan hesitates, unsure.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
(softer)  
Just go home, Ethan.

He turns and disappears into the darkness.

EXT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - LATE MORNING

Lampton and Jeanne stand on the front porch. Lampton knocks  
on the front door.

LAMPTON FINCH  
I'm excited to meet him.

JEANNE  
Me too.

Grandpa opens the door, squinting in the bright morning sunlight, looking very much like a homeless person. Lampton and Jeanne are taken aback by the site of this strange old man.

LAMPTON FINCH  
Uh, sorry to bother you on this,  
the good Lord's day of rest, but  
are you mister Myers?

GRANDPA MYERS  
Yeah... who want's to know?

Lampton gives Jeanne a confused look.

LAMPTON FINCH  
Ethan Myers?

GRANDPA MYERS  
You're from the county?

LAMPTON FINCH  
Sir, we're here--

GRANDPA MYERS  
Hold on.

Grandpa disappears into the house, leaving them even more confused.

Ethan appears at the door, having just crawled out of bed.

LAMPTON FINCH  
I'm sorry, son, we're looking for  
Ethan. Ethan Myers.

ETHAN  
I'm Ethan.

Lampton and Jeanne share a worried look.

LAMPTON FINCH  
There must be some mistake, son.

ETHAN  
Are you from the county?

LAMPTON FINCH  
No. No, were are most definitely  
not.

Lampton pulls out the manuscript and thrusts it at Ethan.

LAMPTON FINCH (CONT'D)  
We're looking for this Ethan Myers.

ETHAN  
Oh, crap.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - ALLEY - MORNING

A row of separate garages behind Jimmy's apartment building line the alley. A single door is open, and the gold Nova sits halfway into the garage.

A retractable ladder leads to a storage area above. Jimmy climbs down with supplies and begins polishing his prized possession.

INT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - LATER

Lampton and Jeanne sit across from Ethan, who is trying hard not to make eye contact.

ETHAN  
I didn't think I'd win.

LAMPTON FINCH  
What's that?

ETHAN  
I really didn't think I'd win.  
(pause)  
I'm sorry.

LAMPTON FINCH  
I'm not sure I understand. You wrote this?

ETHAN  
Yes.

Lampton looks to Jeanne, having a hard time believing it.

LAMPTON FINCH  
It's just that, well, for someone of your age it seems a bit out of your... well, emotionally...

JEANNE  
What Mr. Finch means is--

ETHAN  
I know what he means.



LAMPTON FINCH

Yes, well, of course you do. The problem we're faced with is that you are underage, and well, quite frankly, we've already chosen your manuscript as the winner of the contest, which in turn means that we've taken the liberty of publishing said winner in today's paper. Along with a glowing review of your work by Miss Billsford here.

JEANNE

You can call me Jeanne, dear.

Lampton throws her a reproachful look, to which she shrugs.

ETHAN

Can't you just cancel the story?

Lampton is sweating and looking all together unwell.

LAMPTON FINCH

Mr. Myers, it's eleven-fifteen in the morning, the paper has been out since very early this morning.

ETHAN

What about a retraction?

LAMPTON FINCH

I don't understand. If you didn't want to win then why did you enter the contest?

ETHAN

I don't know, I guess I wanted someone to read it.

Jeanne is moved, Lampton gives her another look and continues.

LAMPTON FINCH

I don't think you realize what a serious problem this is. The rules very clearly state that you must be of legal age. My word... this could cause irrefutable damage to my reputation and my company. Publishing a retraction at this point would only discredit my name and cast a light of suspicion on the entire process.

(MORE)

LAMPTON FINCH (CONT'D)

I could face litigation from any number of contestants who didn't win.

ETHAN

I'm sorry.

JEANNE

What about your grandfather? We could have him--

ETHAN

No! I don't want him to know anything about this.

Lampton stands up, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief.

LAMPTON FINCH

Mr. Myers... Ethan, I would ask that you not breathe a word of this to anyone. I'm going to consult with my brother-in-law, Tremont. He's currently a manager over at the Shoe Factory over on Clairmont road, but happens to have a budding law practice on the side.

JEANNE

Mr. Finch, he's just a boy.

LAMPTON FINCH

What?... Oh goodness, no, I would never enter into litigation against a child, I just need to plan out our next move accordingly... You seem like a fine young man, Ethan, but you clearly lied on your entry form--

He tosses the manuscript onto the coffee table, on top of a stack of mail.

LAMPTON FINCH (CONT'D)

But I have to protect myself, and my company...

Something on the table catches his eye.

LAMPTON FINCH (CONT'D)

Now, hold on...

He picks up a Muscle Car magazine and looks at the address on the subscription sticker.

LAMPTON FINCH (CONT'D)  
Who is this, "Jimmy Myers?"

ETHAN  
That's my uncle.

A smile creeps across Lampton's face.

LAMPTON FINCH  
Look here, Jeanne. Ethan has an  
uncle, Jimmy.

Jeanne and Ethan are confused--

EXT. LIQUOR WORLD - DAY

Jimmy's Nova is parked behind the store, with the engine running.

INT. GOLD CHEVY NOVA - DAY

Jimmy anxiously watches the side entrance of the store, a plastic gun and black ski mask lying on the seat next to him. He nervously taps on the steering wheel.

JIMMY  
(mumbles)  
Stupid, stupid, stupid. This is so  
stupid.

He snorts a line of coke off a CD case and pulls the ski mask down, over his face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
But, better than a bullet in the  
brain.

EXT. ROYALE LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Jimmy gets out of the car, fake gun in hand, ski mask pulled over his face. He's halfway to the side door when his cellphone rings--

Annoyed, he pulls it out and checks the caller ID - it's "Ethan." He presses the ignore button and shoves it back into his pocket.

A few more steps and the phone rings again. He pulls the ski mask off and shoves the gun into his waistband.

JIMMY

Ethan, I'm kind of in the middle of something here. It's not a good time. I'll call you back.

A young couple walks out of the liquor store, eyeing him suspiciously as they walk away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What? Wait, what contest?

Jimmy heads back to his car, shoving the ski mask into his back pocket.

A black Sedan pulls into the parking lot and nearly hits him as it turns into the parking space next to his.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(jumping back)

What the hell, asshole?!

JASPER HUTCHINS, a giant of a man, wearing a suit and tie, steps out of the sedan. Jasper stops and stares him down without a word and Jimmy wilts like a flower.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, wow-uh, my bad. Wasn't paying attention.

Jimmy backs up to his driver's side door.

JASPER HUTCHINS

Uh-huh.

Jasper heads to the liquor store.

JASPER HUTCHINS (CONT'D)

Idiot.

Jimmy gets back in his car.

INT. OFFICES OF LAMPTON PRESS - DAY

Lampton, Jeanne, Ethan, and Jimmy sit around a small conference table. Cans of soda and a box of chocolate donuts between them.

Ethan nibbles on a donut, while Jimmy fidgets.

LAMPTON FINCH

So Mr. Myers... Jimmy. We're hoping that you're the kind of man that we can count on--

Jimmy looks to Ethan, but he avoids making eye contact with his uncle.

JIMMY

So, what, this is... like a kids book?

LAMPTON FINCH

No. You've not read it?

JIMMY

I don't know anything about a book. What's this got to do with me?

LAMPTON FINCH

Well, Ethan is underage, and that's a problem because we've already named him the winner, and quite frankly, we don't want to lose this book deal... It's a very precarious position I find myself in here.

JEANNE

We have invested quite a bit of money and effort into this project already.

JIMMY

Okay, okay, I get it, it's important ton you. So what is it you want from me?

LAMPTON FINCH

What we want, Jimmy, is for you to become Ethan Myers.

Everyone stares silently at Jimmy.

JIMMY

And... what's this about prize money?

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - DUSK

Emily walks up the driveway of a small two-story house in a middle-class neighborhood.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Emily walks in and tosses her backpack onto a chair by the door. A light burns in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CAMILLA, 38, pretty, Emily's step-mother, is standing at the counter covering a plate of food with clear plastic wrap.

EMILY

Hey.

Camilla gestures towards the dining room table.

CAMILLA

I fixed you a plate.

EMILY

You cooked?

CAMILLA

I did.

Emily registers the two bottles of red wine on the counter, one empty, the other freshly opened.

EMILY

Where's my dad?

CAMILLA

Working... late.

Camilla turns to face Emily with a forced smile on her face.

EMILY

You'll get used to it.

Emily walks out of the kitchen.

INT. LAMPTON PRESS PUBLISHING - DUSK

The donuts are gone and, empty soda cans are scattered around the table. Lampton pushes a small stack of papers in front of Jimmy.

LAMPTON FINCH

As you can see, it's really quite a generous offer. Ethan has graciously agreed to pass on a good portion of the contest winnings to you, and starting immediately, all subsequent payments from the sale of the book will be directly deposited into a joint account between the two of you.

Lampton taps the stack of contract papers.

LAMPTON FINCH (CONT'D)  
Now, this will be our little  
secret. Are we all clear about  
that?

ETHAN  
Clear.

JIMMY  
And when will I see this contest  
money? It's just that, I'm a little  
short this month.

Lampton gives him his biggest smile.

LAMPTON FINCH  
Just sign here.

INT. JIMMY'S NOVA - NIGHT

Jimmy and Ethan drive in silence. Jimmy's in a good mood,  
drumming his fingers on the steering wheel to a song in his  
head.

JIMMY  
So... this could be a really great  
opportunity for both of us... you  
excited?

Ethan stares out the window as they drive through a wooded  
area.

ETHAN  
(emotionless)  
Sure.

JIMMY  
Thanks for including me in all  
this, I really appreciate it.

ETHAN  
I didn't have a choice.

JIMMY  
Oh... Okay, well--

ETHAN  
I don't want Grandpa to know  
anything about this.

JIMMY  
You got it.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do with your  
half of the money?

ETHAN

College--

Ethan turns to Jimmy.

JIMMY

And listen, I get it. I don't want  
grandpa to know either.

(mumbles to himself)

Probably make me pay back all the  
money I've borrowed.

Ethan is staring back out the window.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're pissed at me.

ETHAN

I'm not.

JIMMY

Look, you wanted to spend more time  
together--

Jimmy slows the car as he approaches a stop sign.

ETHAN

You haven't even asked me what my  
book is about. All you care about  
is the money.

Jimmy stops at the stop sign. The abandoned warehouse looms  
in the dark forest a few hundred feet away.

JIMMY

Listen, Ethan, when you get older  
and have to pay your own way in  
this world--

Ethan unbuckles his seat belt and is out the door, slamming  
it behind him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

ETHAN

Meeting a friend.

Ethan crosses the street.



JIMMY

Well, what's the book about then?!

Jimmy watches Ethan disappear into the abandoned warehouse's grounds. He slams his hand on the steering wheel.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

I'm a fucking idiot.

Jimmy drives away.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Ethan walks to school with his backpack slung over his shoulder.

He stops in front of DUPERS GENERAL STORE and stares back at his reflection in the window, straightening his tie.

The front door opens and MR. DUPERS, 85, a curmudgeon, stares disapprovingly at him from the doorway.

MR. DUPERS

What are you doing there?

ETHAN

I'm sorry, I was just looking.

MR. DUPERS

Just looking my ass. You're up to no good; I can smell it. Just looking-looking at what?

Emily appears out of nowhere. She grabs Ethan's arm and drags him away, giving Mr. Dupers the "finger."

EMILY

Look at this you crusty old bird!

Emily runs away, dragging Ethan after her.

MR. DUPERS

I'll call the police!

He watches them disappear around a corner.

MR. DUPERS (CONT'D)

Goddamn kids.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ethan pulls free of Emily's grasp and stops.

ETHAN  
Why did you do that?

EMILY  
Man, you've got to lighten up.

Emily reaches for his tie, but Ethan pulls back.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Relax, I'm just gonna fix something-

She loosens his tie and unbuttons the top button of his shirt. Ethan fidgets, nervous about being in such close proximity to a female.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
There, you look more relaxed.

Emily takes a step back and looks him up and down. She grabs his shirt and tries to untuck it, but Ethan moves away.

ETHAN  
What are you doing?!

EMILY  
Wow, you're really uptight, dude.

An awkward silence. Ethan smooths out his rumpled shirt.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
So, you gonna help me, or what?

ETHAN  
I'll do it if you're really serious about this.

EMILY  
Cool.

There's another awkward pause.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Okay, well, I'm gonna work on my wall tonight...

ETHAN  
Okay.

Ethan isn't taking the hint.

EMILY  
If you want to hang out?

ETHAN  
Oh... oh-okay.

Emily picks up her backpack and slings it over her shoulder.  
They walk together.

EMILY  
If you wear that tie I'll fucking  
strangle you with it.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - DAY

Donnie and Ricky stand in the shadows watching Jimmy walk up,  
strutting like a proud bird. Jimmy spots them just before he  
gets to his door.

JIMMY  
Oh, hey there, gentlemen. Lovely  
day, isn't it?

His jovial attitude is not what they were expecting.

DONNIE  
You know why we're here.

JIMMY  
Of course. I'd invite you gentlemen  
in but I can't afford to have any  
more of my things broken.

RICKY  
Don't get smart, Jimmy, or it'll be  
your teeth that get broken next.

Ricky cracks his knuckles for effect.

JIMMY  
No need to get ugly.

Jimmy pulls a roll of cash from his pocket and counts out the  
appropriate amount of bills. He slaps them down into Donnie's  
open palm.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Paid in full. No need for a receipt  
gentlemen, if we can't trust each  
other, then who can we trust?

RICKY  
Wise-ass.

DONNIE

Where'd you get the cash, Jimmy?

Jimmy takes out his key and slides it into the lock.

JIMMY

Look, guys, I don't ask you about your business, and I'd appreciate the same professional courtesy if you don't mind.

Jimmy opens his door, ignoring the fact that it almost comes off its hinges, and walks inside, closing the door behind him. The deadbolt clicks into place.

Donnie and Ricky share a look.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ethan sits on the floor wearing his white shirt-no tie, watching Emily draw on the wall.

ETHAN

That's your mom, right?

EMILY

Yeah.

ETHAN

When did she...

Emily turns to Ethan with a sigh.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Ethan studies his soda can. He wants to ask another question.

EMILY

What?

ETHAN

You live with your dad?

EMILY

Yeah, he has a new wife who tries too hard.

ETHAN

Is that good or bad?

EMILY  
It's bad, Ethan. If it was good I'd  
have said he has a new wife...  
she's great.

ETHAN  
Okay... sorry.

EMILY  
Stop apologizing for everything,  
It's really annoying.

Emily's stinging comment hangs in the air--

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Okay... that was mean.

Ethan looks away, but they both laugh... She doesn't need to  
say the word (sorry).

Emily starts drawing again.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
You live with your grandfather,  
right?.

Ethan gives her a quizzical look--

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I hear people talking. Kids are  
assholes. Could be worse though,  
you could be living with your  
douche-bag uncle.

Ethan pulls out a copy of his original manuscript from his  
backpack and hands it to Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
What's this?

ETHAN  
My book.

EMILY  
You wrote this?

ETHAN  
After my parents died my therapist  
thought I should write about my  
experience.

Emily leafs through it.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
You can read it... if you want. I  
have more copies.

EMILY  
It's big...

ETHAN  
It's okay, you don't have to...

Ethan puts his hand out to take it back.

EMILY  
No... I want too.

Emily slides it into her backpack.

TITLE CARD: ONE MONTH LATER

EXT. HIGH-SCHOOL - DAY

Ethan climbs into Jimmy's gold Nova, and they pull away from  
the curb. He rounds the corner fast, tires screeching.

INT. JIMMY'S NOVA - CONTINUOUS

Ethan throws Jimmy a look of "what the hell."

JIMMY  
Sorry, little man, I'm just in a  
good mood. This money is  
liberating. It's taken a real  
weight off, I gotta tell you.

Ethan goes back to staring out the window.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Hey, I've got an idea. Tomorrow,  
after I pick you up from school,  
what do you say you and I go  
bowling? You still like bowling,  
right?

Ethan looks his way but doesn't say anything, his guard is  
up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
And after bowling we can go back to  
my place and order a pizza, maybe  
play some video games.  
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You should gotta see my new  
setup... What do you think, little  
man?

ETHAN

(Skeptical)

Really?

JIMMY

Yeah, totally, I swear I won't  
flake on you. Just you and me. I'll  
work it out with Gramps... What do  
you say?

Ethan is genuinely excited.

ETHAN

Okay, cool.

JIMMY

Great, we're gonna have a blast!

Jimmy turns up the radio and hits the gas.

INT. OFFICES OF LAMPTON PRESS - DAY

Lampton sits at his desk, sleeves rolled, tie and collar  
loose. A half-eaten sandwich adding to the clutter. He  
rummages through a drawer and pulls out a bottle of aspirin.

There's a knock at the door and Jeanne steps into the office  
as he downs the pills with a soda.

JEANNE

Mr. Finch, are you okay?

Lampton wipes a light sheen of sweat off his forehead.

LAMPTON FINCH

Yes, yes, I'm fine dear.

JEANNE

You don't look good at all. You're  
working too hard.

LAMPTON FINCH

Jeanne, we did the right thing,  
didn't we? I mean with Ethan?

JEANNE

Well, I can't imagine his grandfather would be a better choice. I don't know that there was another option.

LAMPTON FINCH

We must do our best to see that Ethan is properly taken care of.

JEANNE

Of course. I'll do whatever I can.

LAMPTON FINCH

Excellent. Between the two of us, I'm sure we can keep a watchful eye on the boy. I dare say, Jimmy doesn't seem to take much interest in Ethan's life. Did we send a copy of the book to Jimmy?

JEANNE

I did, I sent him a copy, and I left a few messages, but i haven't heard back from him.

LAMPTON FINCH

Hmm, I'm getting some pressure to have an author signing for the book release, and frankly, I'm not sure how prepared he is at this point. I'd like to have a meeting with him on Friday, do you think we can make that happen?

JEANNE

I'll stop by his place on my way home tonight; go over the plan.

LAMPTON FINCH

Very well. Thank you, Jeanne. I honestly don't know what I'd do without you.

Lampton begins to gather up his things.

INT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - DUSK

Ethan and Emily enter. They dump their backpacks on the floor and move through the dark house.



INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ethan flips the light switch.

ETHAN

I think he forgot about dinner.

A light is burning in Grandpa's workshop out back.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You might as well see this.

EMILY

No offense, dude, but this is the main reason I came here.

INT. GRANDPA'S WORKSHOP - DUSK

Grandpa is working on a stuffed cat when Ethan and Emily enter. He doesn't look up from his work.

Emily checks out the bizarre workshop.

GRANDPA

You're late.

EMILY

It was my fault, sorry.

Grandpa looks up.

GRANDPA

Who the hell are you?

ETHAN

I told you I was bringing a friend over to study.

EMILY

I'm Emily.

Grandpa doesn't respond, just eyes her suspiciously.

GRANDPA

She's a girl.

EMILY

Yeah, so?

Grandpa looks at Ethan over his glasses.

GRANDPA  
Didn't think you knew any girls.  
Thought maybe you were queer.

ETHAN  
Grandpa...

EMILY  
Hey, there's nothing wrong with  
that.

GRANDPA  
Why, you a queer too?

EMILY  
No, and neither is Ethan. He's  
always got his hand up my shirt.

ETHAN  
What? Hey--

Emily slaps his arm. Grandpa eyes Emily with respect. He  
turns to Ethan.

GRANDPA  
I like her. She's got spirit.  
Reminds me of your grandmother.

Grandpa gets up from his workbench.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
I'll order Chinese, and you kids  
can get to--

Grandpa winks at Ethan.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
Studying.

He walks out the door.

ETHAN  
God.

Emily is fascinated by the bizarre collection of stuffed  
creatures and shelves of unusual supplies.

EMILY  
This place is awesome. Does he get  
paid to do this?

ETHAN  
(shrugs)  
I guess.

A framed photo on the wall catches her eye - Grandpa, much younger, standing in front of a warehouse wearing a uniform shirt. In the background, other employees mill about.

EMILY

Hey, isn't that the abandoned warehouse?

ETHAN

Yeah.

GRANDPA (O.S.)

Nineteen-seventy-nine.

Emily and Ethan nearly jump out of their skin.

EMILY

Shit!

GRANDPA

Closed their doors in nineteen-seventy-nine. Friday, October twenty-eighth. They handed all of us an envelope and told us they were shutting down. And it's not a warehouse, it was a factory. We made sneakers.

EMILY

Okay.

GRANDPA

Thirty-two years of service and they hand me a God-damned envelope with two-thousand dollars inside.

Emily looks to Ethan. She's not sure what to say, if anything. Ethan shrugs.

EMILY

That sucks.

Grandpa realizes they're too young to "get it."

GRANDPA

(resigned)

Yeah, that sucks.

(Pause)

How do you know about the factory?

Ethan and Emily share nervous looks.

ETHAN

We don't, I mean... I've seen it-  
but...

GRANDPA

I don't want you goin' near that  
place, you understand? It's falling  
apart, should have been torn down  
years ago.

ETHAN

Fine, I get it.

Grandpa stares them down.

GRANDPA

Come on, let's go wash up.  
Dinner'll be here soon.

Grandpa walks out of the workshop. Emily turns to Ethan.

EMILY

(mouths)

Wow.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy's apartment has changed. One entire wall has been taken  
over by a massive new TV, sound system and gaming consoles.  
The couch is new with a matching recliner.

A copy of Ethan's book rests on the mailing envelope it  
arrived in. There are two fat lines of coke laid out on the  
cover. Jimmy plays video games, high, surrounded by the usual  
clutter of drug paraphernalia. Machine gun fire and bomb  
blasts rumble from the speakers.

He hits the pause button and snorts the two lines of cocaine  
off the book jacket.

JIMMY

That's some good shit!

There's a knock at the door. Jimmy freezes - no way he can  
clean up this mess. He waits--

Another knock.

JEANNE (O.S.)

Hello? Jimmy?

He grabs a beer off the table and opens the door a crack to  
find Jeanne on the other side.

JIMMY  
Hello, Miss Billsford.

JEANNE  
Please, call me Jeanne.

JIMMY  
Okay, Jeanne.

Awkward silence.

JEANNE  
Yes, well, I just wanted to stop by  
and make sure you got the copy of  
the book we sent you... and the  
messages?

JIMMY  
Yes, I did, thank you.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jeanne tries to peek around him and see into the apartment.

JEANNE  
Did I come in at a bad time? If you  
have guests...

Jimmy awkwardly squeezes himself through the small opening  
and closes the door behind him.

JIMMY  
I'd ask you in, but the place is a  
mess.

JEANNE  
That's okay... what happened to  
your door?

JIMMY  
Oh, yeah, that's uh...

Jimmy leans back against the door, and it makes a cracking  
sound. He moves away from it.

Jimmy holds the beer out to her--

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
It's Japanese.

JEANNE  
What's Japanese?

JIMMY

The beer.

Jeanne stares into his eyes. He's clearly out of his mind.

JEANNE

Yes well, to get back on point and the reason I'm here. Mister Finch would very much like to have a meeting with you about the book. Could you make it into the office Friday afternoon?

JIMMY

Friday... yeah, I think that works for me.

JEANNE

I'm afraid I need a firm commitment, mister Myers. This is very important.

JIMMY

Sure thing, doll. I'll be there Friday. You can count on me.

Jeanne's face sours at being called "doll."

JEANNE

You have read the book, haven't you?

JIMMY

Of course. Well, I mean, I was just about to give it my full attention when you rang, so...

JEANNE

Jimmy, it's imperative that you know that book cover to cover in order for this to work. You understand that, don't you?

Jimmy sways and braces himself against the door jam.

JIMMY

You can count on me, Jeanne.

JEANNE

Good night, Mr. Myers.

As she turns to leave, Jimmy follows her with a leering stare.

JIMMY

Nice.

DISSOLVE TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

Voices fade in and out, rolling like a wave--

DONNIE (V.O.)

(muffled)

Jimmy... hey Jimmy.

(louder)

C'mon Jimmy, get up!

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jimmy wakes with a start to find Donnie and Ricky standing over him. He leaps up, staggers and drops back down.

JIMMY

Jesus guys, you scared the shit out of me! How did you get in here?

He peeks around them. The door's clearly been forced open again.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh come on! I just had that fixed.

RICKY

Answer your door next time, asshole.

He knows there's no sense in arguing with these guys.

JIMMY

(resigned)

What do you want?

RICKY

What the fuck do you think we want?

JIMMY

Whoah, I'm not due yet. It's the middle of the month.

DONNIE

Times are changing, Jimmy. Prices go up, new fees are added.

RICKY

It's commerce, asshole.

JIMMY

Price increase, fees? What are you talking about?

RICKY

Double.

JIMMY

Double? Double? That's extortion! You're extorting me?

Donnie sits next to Jimmy.

DONNIE

Listen, Jimmy. The economy sucks, the cost of doing business, and the cost of protecting our interests has gone up. It's inflation, man.

RICKY

Protection ain't cheap you know.

JIMMY

I don't need protection!

DONNIE

I disagree, Jimmy. You've got yourself some nice new electronics, your monthly order has gone up, and you're spending money like it ain't never gonna run out.

RICKY

We know. We've been watching you.

JIMMY

What?... This, this is bullshit, Donnie. The way I make my money is none of your business.

DONNIE

You're absolutely right, Jimmy. As I said, we're here to keep you and our interests safe.

Jimmy's head is spinning.

JIMMY

Are you messing with me?

RICKY

Not so full of yourself now, are you Jimmy?



Ricky kneels down and snorts a line of coke.

JIMMY

Hey!

RICKY

What's it gonna be, Jimmy? You can pay us now, or I can start breaking stuff.

Jimmy's frustration level is peaking, he's on the verge of tears.

JIMMY

Goddamn it, guys.

He shakes his head, trying to clear the cobwebs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I've got no fucking choice is what you're saying.

DONNIE

You've always got a choice, Jimmy. It's just that one way involves hospital bills. You got health insurance, Jimmy?

Jimmy buries his head in his hands.

JIMMY

This is fucking extortion.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

The busses and students are long gone. A janitor picks up trash in the yard.

Ethan stands at the curb with his bowling shoes tucked under his arm, utterly dejected. He checks his watch and has had enough. He shoves the bowling shoes into his backpack and walks away.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Ethan walks with his phone to his ear, a sour look on his face. He turns into a convenience store parking lot.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Hey, you've reached Jimmy's phone... leave a message and--

Ethan hangs up and shoves the phone into his pocket.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Ethan steps through the door. He heads straight to the coolers and grabs a can of soda. At the register, he picks up a bag of chips and some red vines.

The STORE CLERK, a skinny, tattooed teenager, rings up his purchases. Ethan hands him his debit card, and the clerk swipes it across the reader, then slaps the card down on the counter.

STORE CLERK  
No good, kid.

ETHAN  
What do you mean?

STORE CLERK  
I mean, your card ain't good... you know, declined.

ETHAN  
That can't be. Can you try it again?

STORE CLERK  
Look kid, I can run it a hundred times and it's gonna tell me the same thing. I see this shit all the time. Now, you got another way to pay for this stuff?

Ethan digs through his empty pockets.

ETHAN  
There's no way... there's money...

He snatches the card off the counter and runs out of the store.

EXT. OFFICES OF LAMPTON PRESS - DAY

Jimmy's gold Nova pulls up, radio blasting.

INT. LAMPTON PRESS - OFFICE - DAY

Jeanne works at her desk. She looks up to find Jimmy standing over her. He's high, agitated and looks like hell.

JEANNE

Oh my gosh, you startled me!

JIMMY

Sorry, sweetheart. Didn't mean to put you out.

JEANNE

Please don't call me that.

His face darkens.

JIMMY

Oh, I get it. I don't have money or wear nice clothes...

Jeanne is taken aback by Jimmy's unexpected outburst.

JEANNE

No, it's not that, of course not-I didn't mean--

JIMMY

Then what did you mean?!

Jeanne regains her composure.

JEANNE

Mr. Myers, I apologize if I've insulted you in any way, but by the same token, I find it insulting to be referred to as sweetheart, or doll, as you've done on several occasions. That is not a reflection of my opinion on your personal or monetary value as a man. I simply don't care for it. It's degrading.

Lampton pokes his head out of the doorway.

LAMPTON FINCH

Jimmy! Perfect, perfect. Come on in and grab a seat.

He senses the tension between them.

LAMPTON FINCH (CONT'D)

Everything okay out here?

Jimmy stares back at Jeanne, then switches on the charm.

JIMMY

We're good, right, Jeanne?

Jeanne puts on a fake smile.

Jimmy follows Lampton into the conference room as Jeanne gathers some papers and steps in after them.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy nervously drums his fingers on the table top.

LAMPTON FINCH

So, Mister Myers. Are the events that you wrote about based on your real life experiences?

JIMMY

What?

JEANNE

The book. Are the events in the book based on your life?

JIMMY

I don't know, why don't you ask Ethan about that?

LAMPTON FINCH

No, Jimmy, these are questions you're going to be asked at the book signing... questions about the book.

JEANNE

You didn't read the book, did you?

Jimmy fidgets in his seat.

JIMMY

Well, uh, I haven't had a chance to really, you-know, dive into the book yet.

LAMPTON FINCH

Jimmy, we have a press conference in a week and you need to know that book inside and out. That's part of the deal we made.

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah, I'll definitely get that done...

Jimmy runs a hand over his face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

But a week? Man, you better reschedule that, no way I'm gonna be ready in a week. I don't even have a copy of the book.

JEANNE

Jimmy, we sent you the book. You told me you had it!

JIMMY

I did?

JEANNE

Yes. I stopped by your place after work to tell you about this meeting. You offered me a Japanese beer.

JIMMY

Right, oh yeah...  
(sheepish)  
I didn't read it.

Lampton throws his arms up, exasperated.

LAMPTON FINCH

Jesus H crackers, Jimmy!

JEANNE

Okay... what if we tell everyone that he's sick and he can't talk, so you have to answer all the questions for him? Or, maybe he's got a social disorder and he's not comfortable with public speaking, hates the attention.

Lampton ponders this line of thought.

LAMPTON FINCH

I think you've got something there. The tragic events of his life have left him socially crippled. He needs someone to speak for him.

JIMMY

Are you guys talking about me?

Jeanne ignores Jimmy.

JEANNE

Its perfect. You know the book inside and out.

LAMPTON FINCH

It's settled then. Jimmy, next Friday at the book signing you'll play the socially awkward artist type and you won't say a word. I'll answer on your behalf, and people will eat up this tortured soul angle.

JIMMY

Hey now, I don't want to come across as stupid.

LAMPTON FINCH

No, not at all. You're going to be dark, and brooding... introverted.

Jimmy's lost interest.

JIMMY

Can we talk business now?

Lampton and Jeanne share a frustrated look.

JEANNE

I thought that's what we were doing?

JIMMY

Listen sweet... Jeanne. I was wondering if I could talk to Lampton about something in private if you don't mind?

Jeanne tries not to let her emotions show, but she's steaming. She gathers up her paperwork.

JEANNE

Fine, I have work to do.

She slams the door behind her.

JIMMY

Women, right?

Lampton ignores the comment.

LAMPTON FINCH

What's this about, Jimmy?

JIMMY

I was wondering if maybe I could get an advance on the next payment? I'm seriously strapped.

Lampton is losing his patience.

LAMPTON FINCH

Mister Myers, we have laid out a very specific payment plan based on your participation and performance in this business venture. I am not a bank. I am your employer, and based on your participation so far I'd say you have quite a bit of work to do before we can talk about money.

Jimmy stares back at him, a blank slate.

LAMPTON FINCH (CONT'D)

I'm saying no, Mr. Myers.

JIMMY

Look, I'm under a lot of pressure, trying to take care of my nephew, paying my own bills and keeping our little secret.

LAMPTON FINCH

Are you attempting to strong arm me, Mister Myers?

Jimmy's phone buzzes. It's Ethan. He lays it on the table, without answering.

JIMMY

Did I say that?

LAMPTON FINCH

You implied it.

Jimmy's phone buzzes again - Ethan's name comes up on the screen. He shoves it back into his pocket, annoyed, and stands.

JIMMY

I have my own business to take care of, like I said. And now I have to prepare for this signing. I just think I should be paid for that.

Lampton is sweating and pale. He pulls at his collar.

LAMPTON FINCH

You don't even have to say anything! We've already established that!

JIMMY

Regardless, I'll be scrutinized.  
That's extra pressure that I wasn't  
counting on. I'll need to be  
compensated if I'm going to pull  
this off.

Lampton is in distress. He pours himself a glass of water and  
drinks it greedily.

LAMPTON FINCH

So, you're blackmailing me?

He wipes his forehead with a handkerchief.

JIMMY

Call it what you want, but time is  
money. I call it good business. I  
think a ten-thousand-dollar advance  
should cover me.

Lampton has had enough.

LAMPTON FINCH

Absolutely not! This conversation  
is over, mister Myers! I suggest  
you buckle down and familiarize  
yourself with the source material!

Jimmy slams his hand down on the table and stands, startling  
Lampton.

JIMMY

Yeah?! Well, I suggest you--

Jeanne appears in the doorway, alarmed.

JEANNE

What's going on in here?

Jimmy smolders.

JIMMY

Nothing. Everything's great...

Jimmy turns and storms out of the office, forcing Jeanne to  
move out of his way. Lampton struggles to breathe.

LAMPTON

That was very unsettling.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY



Ethan runs through the parking lot and up the stairs. He hesitates, scrutinizing the damaged door. Muffled voices are coming from within. He pushes the door open and steps inside to find--

Donnie and Ricky are loading Jimmy's drugs and paraphernalia into a duffle bag.

Ricky pulls out his gun, but Donnie waves him away.

DONNIE  
Jesus, it's just a kid, relax.

Ethan is frozen in place.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
What's up kid?

Ethan is distracted by the bags of drugs spread out on the coffee table.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
You looking for some weed?

Ricky moves around Ethan, blocking his exit.

ETHAN  
What's going on?

RICKY  
Jimmy gonna meet you here, kid?

ETHAN  
No-I don't know, I was looking for him.

DONNIE  
If you're not trying to score, then what are you doing here?

ETHAN  
He's my uncle...

Donnie's face lights up.

DONNIE  
You hear that, Ricky? We got Jimmy's nephew here.

Ethan is confused.

RICKY  
Your uncle's a fucking dealer, kid, and he owes us money.

DONNIE  
Whoa, Ricky. You've got to ease  
into shit like that.

Donnie puts a hand on Ethan's shoulder.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
What's your name, kid?

ETHAN  
Ethan.

DONNIE  
Well, Ethan, when's the last time  
you talked to your uncle?

ETHAN  
(shrugs)  
Few days ago.

DONNIE  
Alright, don't move kid.

Ricky pulls Donnie closer to the door and they converse in  
hushed tones.

RICKY  
So, you think we should hold on to  
the kid, till Jimmy pays up?

DONNIE  
No. I don't want to drag this  
fucking kid around for days. Are  
you crazy?

RICKY  
You want me to get rid of him? I  
could snap his neck, throw him down  
the stairs... make it look like an  
accident.

DONNIE  
Jesus, we're not gonna kill a kid.  
You know, when you say shit like  
that it makes me seriously question  
your mental state.

Ricky's feeling are hurt.

RICKY  
Alright, fine. What then?

Donnie peels off and moves in close to Ethan.

DONNIE  
Give me your phone, kid.

ETHAN  
Why?

Donnie takes a step closer.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay.

Donnie snatches the phone out of his hand and adds his name and number to the contacts.

DONNIE  
My name is Donnie, and this here is my brother, Ricky. We're business associates of your uncle. Now, I'm gonna need you to do me a favor. The minute you see or hear from your uncle, I want you to call me at the number I put in your phone. You don't tell Jimmy, you just call me and tell me where he is. You do that for me, and I promise you we won't hurt him. We just want the money he owes us.

Donnie hands the phone back to Ethan.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
Think you can do that for me, Ethan? Otherwise, I can't guarantee Jimmy's safety... Or yours.  
(pause)  
What do you say, kid?

Before he can answer, Donnie punches Ethan in the stomach and he crumbles to the ground, gasping.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
I need you to understand just how serious I am about this.

Donnie extends his hand, offering to help him up.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
Now, do we have a deal?

ETHAN  
(weakly)  
Deal.

Ethan ignores Donnie's outstretched hand. He gets back on his feet and Donnie punches him in the face. Ethan hits the ground hard, blood seeping from a cut on his cheek.

DONNIE

Now get the fuck out of here.

Ethan scrambles to his feet and runs out the door holding his face.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Let's finish up here.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

An old man washes his hands at the sink. Several long "sniffs," come from one of the stalls. The door swings open and Jimmy steps out, wiping at his nose. He tucks a small bag of coke into his pocket and stares down the old man.

JIMMY

What?

The old man nervously goes back to drying his hands. Jimmy walks out the door.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

And old fashioned fifties style diner.

Jimmy returns to a seat at the counter, where he already has a plate of food waiting. The waitress steps up to fill his coffee cup.

Jimmy rests his head in his hands. He's agitated, high. He starts pulling at his hair and moaning, drawing attention from those around him. Without warning, he slams his fists down on the counter top.

JIMMY

Dammit!

Plates bounce into the air, his coffee cup spills its contents, and everyone in the Diner is startled. Jimmy slides off his stool--

A customer at the far end of the counter gets to his feet - Jasper Hutchins.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(to the room)  
Sorry, sorry, I apologize.  
Everything's fine.

Jimmy pulls out some crumpled bills and throws them on the counter as Jasper walks towards him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Just a momentary lapse on my part.

Jimmy backs away, continuing to apologize.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Again, very sorry...

A few more steps and he blots out the door.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Jasper steps out of the front door, but there's no sign of Jimmy.

INT. GOLD CHEVY NOVA - DAY

Jimmy drives past his apartment building and pulls into the alley behind the complex. He stops in front of his garage and gets out to open the door.

A rope hangs from the door to his storage space above. He stares at it, transfixed - a plan is formulating.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Emily steps through the opening in the wall and turns up her lantern. She faces her mural.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
Hey.

Emily jumps, startled. Ethan is sitting on the ground.

EMILY  
Jesus Christ! You scared the  
crap...  
(pause)  
What the hell happened to your  
face?

Emily moves to Ethan's side. He turns his head, embarrassed.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Ethan, look at me.

He turns back to her, revealing a black-and-blue eye and a raw cut on his cheek.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck, dude?

EXT. LAMPTON PRESS - NIGHT

Lampton steps out of the side door, into the parking lot.

INT. GOLD CHEVY NOVA - NIGHT

Jimmy watches Lampton drive away. He pours a ragged line of coke into the palm of his hand and inhales it with a dollar bill. He pulls out his cellphone--

INT. LAMPTON PRESS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jeanne steps out of the office and locks the door. Her cellphone rings - "Jimmy Myers." With a sigh, she answers, her voice flat, void of emotion.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEANNE AND JIMMY.

JEANNE  
Hello.

JIMMY  
Jeanne, I'm glad I reached you...  
(pause)  
I wanted to apologize for my  
earlier behavior.

JEANNE  
I don't think it's me you need to  
apologize too.

INT. LAMPTON PRESS - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne walks down the stairs.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
I've already talked to Lampton and  
we're all good, but I feel like I  
need to make it up to you as well.

JEANNE  
You talked to Mr. Finch?

JIMMY (V.O.)  
Yeah, I just got off the phone with  
him.

EXT. LAMPTON PRESS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jeanne steps out of the side door and into the parking lot.

JEANNE  
How exactly did you speak with him?  
Mr. Finch doesn't own a cellphone.

Jeanne reaches her car and pulls out her keys.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
Do you think you could meet me for  
a cup of coffee... so we could  
talk?

Jeanne scans the parking lot. She spots Jimmy's car across the street and quickly jams the key into the car door. As she pulls the door open she drops her keys. She picks them up and turns to find Jimmy standing right behind her.

JEANNE  
Oh my God, you scared me! What are  
you doing here?

JIMMY  
Is there any chance you would have  
met me for coffee?

JEANNE  
Look, Jimmy--

JIMMY  
I didn't think so.

Jimmy pulls his shirt up to reveal the gun tucked into his waistband.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I don't feel like talking anymore.  
Let's take a drive.

Jimmy grabs her arm and steers her away from her car.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Emily sits next to Ethan, who holds a can of soda against his swollen eye.

EMILY  
So, these shit-heads want your  
uncle bad enough to beat up a kid?

Ethan's not listening.

ETHAN  
He cleaned out our bank account...  
that was my college money.

EMILY  
Well, your uncle's a douche-bag.

ETHAN  
I should call the police.

EMILY  
No. No police. He may be a fuck-up  
but do you really want to get your  
uncle arrested, or shot?

Ethan's phone rings. The caller ID says - "Gramps."

ETHAN  
It's my grandpa. I'm late for  
dinner... I've gotta go.

Emily puts a hand on Ethan's arm.

EMILY  
Okay, meet me at the park on  
Crestwood at midnight. You can  
sneak out of your house, can't you?

ETHAN  
I guess, why?

EMILY  
Because we're gonna find your  
Uncle.

INT. GOLD NOVA - NIGHT

Jimmy drives with the gun in his lap.



JEANNE

Jimmy, pull over and let me out,  
please. We'll forget this ever  
happened. It's not too late.

Jimmy is frazzled. His eyes dart between the street, rearview mirror, and Jeanne.

JIMMY

Please stop talking. I'm gonna lose  
my shit. You have no idea how thin  
I'm stretched.

They pull up to a traffic light and Jeanne's hand creeps up towards the door handle.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Please don't make me do something  
I'll regret.

Jeanne pulls her hand down.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Put your seatbelt on.

She does as she's told.

JEANNE

You're making a mistake, Jimmy. A  
life-changing mistake.

Jimmy's cellphone rings. He fishes it out of his pocket and looks at the caller ID - "Ethan." He shoves it back into his pocket.

JIMMY

Lampton's the one who made a  
mistake. I wasn't asking for  
anything we hadn't already agreed  
on.

JEANNE

Jimmy, you've already been paid a  
good deal of money. What about  
Ethan--

His cellphone rings again. He pulls it out - "Ethan." In frustration, he tosses the phone into the back seat.

JIMMY

I spent his money too.

JEANNE

Jimmy! How could you?

JIMMY  
I'm in serious fucking trouble  
here, that's how!

Jeanne withdraws at Jimmy's outburst.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow we're going to the bank,  
and you'll get me that advance.  
Then I can make things right.

JEANNE  
Jimmy, I don't have access to that  
money. Only Lampton can make a  
withdrawal from that account. He  
set it up that way on purpose.

JIMMY  
You're lying!

JEANNE  
I'm not.

JIMMY  
Shit, shit, shit!

Jimmy hits the gas and skids around a corner.

INT. ETHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ethan lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. The clock on his  
nightstand glows "11:30PM." A knock on the window startles  
him.

He pulls the curtains back to reveal Emily. Her face inches  
from the glass, startling Ethan again.

ETHAN  
Ah!

He pulls the window open.

EMILY  
It's almost midnight.

ETHAN  
I thought we were gonna meet at the  
park?

Ethan grabs his backpack and climbs out the window.

EXT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - CONTINUOUS

EMILY

I didn't think you'd show up.

Ethan's wearing jeans, a hooded sweatshirt, and a beanie.

ETHAN

You have trust issues.

They start to creep away.

EMILY

Shut up.

ETHAN

I brought sandwiches, in case we get hungry.

EMILY

Cool.

(pause)

You look good... like a normal kid, not a car salesman.

ETHAN

Shut up.

Ethan's starting to loosen up.

EXT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - NIGHT

A black SUV pulls up with it's lights off and parks across the street.

INT. JIMMY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls the cord on the attic door. The panel opens and the stairs drop down.

JEANNE

Jimmy, what are you doing?

JIMMY

Well, I can't take you to my apartment, I've got people looking for me. I'll talk to Lampton in the morning, and we'll get this all worked out.

Jeanne stares back at Jimmy.

JEANNE  
Jimmy.

JIMMY  
(pointing)  
Up.

JEANNE  
Seriously?

Jimmy stares back at her, and Jeanne reluctantly climbs.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne is horrified. An old sleeping bag is rolled out next to a ratty lamp and a small refrigerator.

JEANNE  
This is disgusting... You can't be serious.

JIMMY  
It's not that bad.

JEANNE  
Jimmy, this is kidnapping. You understand that, right? You're going to go to jail.

JIMMY  
You don't understand.

Jimmy sits on the floor.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I'm in trouble, and I need money to make it go away.

JEANNE  
And you think committing a felony is the answer?

Jeanne pulls off her jacket and places it on the floor. She sits on top of it. Jimmy buries his head in his hands.

JIMMY  
God, everything's such a mess.

JEANNE  
It's not too late to make things right. Take me back to my car right now, and I'll talk to mister Finch with you.

JIMMY  
You'd do that?

Jimmy moves closer to Jeanne.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I knew there was something...

He leans closer-too close, and puts his hand on hers. Jeanne pulls her hand away.

JEANNE  
What are you doing?!

JIMMY  
What?

JEANNE  
Are you hitting on me?!

JIMMY  
Under different circumstances, I  
think you and I--

Jeanne slaps him in the face. Jimmy let's out a yelp and falls back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What the hell?!

JEANNE  
You kidnap me, and then you hit on  
me? What is wrong with you?!

Jimmy stands.

JIMMY  
I thought you liked me!

JEANNE  
Can you not even grasp the scope of  
your actions?

He has no answer, frustration mounting, he turns on his heels and starts to head back down the ladder.

JIMMY  
I'll be downstairs. Please don't  
try to escape or I'll have to lock  
you in the trunk of my car.

He's gone.

INT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grandpa shuffles across the room in his PJ's and slippers. He pulls the garbage bag from the can and ties it off.

GRANDPA  
(mumbling)  
I've got to do every God-damned  
thing around here.

EXT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - NIGHT

Ricky and Donnie climb out of the SUV. Ricky slams the car door shut--

Donnie bristles at the noise.

DONNIE  
Seriously?

INT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - NIGHT

Grandpa puts the garbage bag down and moves to the front window. He peeks through the curtains--

EXT. GRANDPA MYERS HOME - NIGHT

Ricky and Donnie slink across the street, guns drawn.

Donnie  
(whispers)  
You sure this is the right address?

RICKY  
That's what my phone says.

They move to the side of the house.

DONNIE  
Christ, If you fucked this up--

A noise causes them to stop.

Grandpa is behind them. He smashes his cane down on Donnie's wrist and the gun flies out of his hand. He smashes the cane into the side of Ricky's head and, with a grace that defies his age, Grandpa drops his cane and grabs Ricky's wrist, twisting the gun out of his hand. He turns it on the brothers.

Donnie is on one knee whimpering while Ricky rubs a welt on the side of his head.

RICKY

Okay, just relax old man, nobody has to get hurt here.

GRANDPA

You two clowns are the only ones getting hurt. You picked the wrong house to rob, you morons. I was a God-damn Marine.

DONNIE

Man, I think you broke my wrist!

GRANDPA

Suck it up, you pansy. You can cry to the police.

RICKY

We didn't come here to rob you--

GRANDPA

Bull-shit! You wouldn't have come here with your dicks out if you weren't up to something. Now, I'm gonna call the police. If you make a move, I will--

Grandpa takes a step back. His foot lands on the cane and he falls backwards, hitting the ground hard. Ricky grabs Donnie and drags him to his feet. They make a run for it.

Grandpa shoots from his prone position. He hits Ricky in the calf and he nearly topples but manages to right himself.

They run to the SUV and climb in as two more shots hit the vehicle as they speed away.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Goddamned fool.

Grandpa retrieves his cane and pulls himself to his feet.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ethan and Emily hide in a row of bushes at the edge of the parking lot, with a clear view of Jimmy's stairwell.

ETHAN

So, what do we do now?

EMILY

We wait. The minute he shows up, we grab him.

EXT. DRUGSTORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Donnie and Ricky's SUV is parked behind the building.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Both men huddle in the back seat. Donnie's wrist is wrapped in a bandage and Ricky is applying a salve to his bullet wound; his leg and sock are soaked in blood. He hands his brother the roll of gauze.

RICKY

Here, wrap my leg up.

DONNIE

Hey man, I've got one hand here. Seriously, I think it's broken.

RICKY

I was shot!

Ricky snatches a roll of gauze from his hand.

DONNIE

Fine, you big baby! It's not even a gunshot, it's a flesh wound.

RICKY

It was made by a bullet!

Ricky starts wrapping.

DONNIE

I can't believe you let that old man snatch the gun out of your hand.

RICKY

Screw you, man! He knocked the gun out of your hand, too!

DONNIE

Yeah, but he had the element of surprise. You've got no excuse.

RICKY

Shut the fuck up.



DONNIE  
Guy's got to be in his eighties.

Ricky tapes off the end of the bandage.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
Alright, let's go.

Ricky climbs into the front seat.

RICKY  
Where we going?

DONNIE  
To get new guns.

EXT. LAMPTON PRESS - MORNING

Lampton's car pulls into the lot and parks in his spot next to Jeanne's car.

EXT. LAMPTON PRESS - MORNING

Lampton gets out of his car and walks around the back end of the car. Something catches his eye--

LAMPTON  
That's odd...

Jeanne's keys are lying on the ground next to her car and the driver's door is ajar. He peers into the car window and scans the parking lot... nothing. He picks up the keys.

INT. LAMPTON PRESS - HALLWAY - MORNING

Lampton pulls on the door handle to his office, but it's locked. He uses Jeanne's keys to open it.

LAMPTON FINCH  
Jeanne?

He stands in the empty office. Something's wrong. He picks up the phone.

INT. JIMMY'S GARAGE - ATTIC - MORNING

Jeanne is asleep, curled up on the sleeping bag. She's awakened by banging on the garage door. Half asleep, she pulls something from her hair - a potato chip. She throws it away in disgust.

The lock rattles and the attic door drops down. Jimmy's head pops up from below. He places a grease-stained bag and cup of coffee on the floor.

He looks like he's been run through a cement mixer.

JIMMY

Morning. I got you some breakfast.

JEANNE

Go to hell, Jimmy.

He stares at her for a beat, dejected, then disappears down below. The attic door slams shut.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Idiot.

INT. LAMPTON PRESS - MORNING

Lampton is rummaging through Jeanne's desk when there's a knock at the door. He opens it to find Jasper Hutchins.

JASPER HUTCHINS

Lampton Finch?

LAMPTON FINCH

Yes.

JASPER HUTCHINS

May I come in?

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

Ethan and Emily are huddled in the bushes, eating sandwiches.

ETHAN

This is so boring. What are we doing?

EMILY

I don't know. I thought something would have happened by now.

ETHAN

If my grandfather finds out I've been out all night, I'm gonna be grounded till I'm eighteen.

They continue to stare at the apartment building.

INT. LAMPTON PRESS - LATE MORNING

Lampton sits at his desk. The office door opens and closes, and Lampton jumps to his feet.

LAMPTON FINCH

Jeanne?!

Jimmy appears in the doorway.

LAMPTON FINCH (CONT'D)

Jimmy, good lord, what have you done?!

Jimmy steps into the room.

JIMMY

What-what do you mean?

LAMPTON FINCH

This is not going to end well for you, Jimmy. I've called the police.

JIMMY

Why would you do that? This is business... our business!

Lampton walks around the desk to stand in front of Jimmy.

LAMPTON FINCH

This is not business! If you've done anything to harm that girl... she's like a daughter to me.

JIMMY

I told you--

LAMPTON FINCH

She's like a daughter to me! If you've hurt her--

Lampton steps closer, but Jimmy pushes him away.

JIMMY

This is all on you!

Lampton clutches his chest and stumbles back into his desk.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Lampton's eyes plead for help as he sinks to his knees.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Stop fucking around-if this...

Lampton falls to the ground clutching his chest.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Oh, God.

In a panic, Jimmy rushes out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy closes the door behind him, then stops. Some small thread of morality still tugs at his conscious.

JIMMY  
Dammit.

He steps back into the office.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy grabs a phone off the desk and dials.

9-1-1- OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Nine-one-one, what's your  
emergency?

JIMMY  
Yeah-I-uh--I need an ambulance at  
the Lampton Press office on Chester  
avenue... 3rd floor, there's  
been... I think-he's having a heart  
attack.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Okay sir, who's having a heart--

Jimmy slams the phone down. He makes a bee-line for the door but hesitates with his hand on the doorknob.

INT. LAMPTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy sidesteps Lampton and rummages through his desk. In the top drawer, Jimmy finds a bankbook. He opens it to find Lampton and Jeanne's names are both listed on the account.

JIMMY  
Son of a bitch.

Jimmy runs out of the office to the sound of a siren slowly growing louder.

EXT. LAMPTON PRESS - DAY

Jimmy bolts out the front door. He jumps in his car and speeds off--

An ambulance passes him, lights and sirens blaring.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Jimmy pulls into the alley and parks in front of his garage door. He scales a low cinder-block wall that separates the alley and apartment building. He climbs up his neighbor's balcony railing and pulls himself up to the ledge above him.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy slides the glass door open and steps inside. He freezes--

The stereo and gaming system are gone. His television has been ripped off the wall; only a tangle of wires remain.

JIMMY

Oh, come on.

The coffee table has been cleaned off; his drugs and paraphernalia gone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No, no, no...

He runs to the refrigerator and pulls the freezer door open. Empty. He's on the move--

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy lifts the mattress off the bed frame to find - nothing.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ethan and Emily are huddled in the bushes.

ETHAN

I can't take this anymore.

EMILY

Screw it, let's take a look around.

Ethan gets up, but Emily grabs his arm and pulls him back--  
A dark sedan pulls into the parking lot.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Hold on.

The car parks and Jasper Hutchins steps out.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jimmy grabs a vase filled with artificial flowers. He tosses the flowers aside and smashes the vessel against the wall. Lying in the shards of pottery are two baggies of cocaine.

There's a knock at the door--

Jimmy rushes to the door and looks through the peephole.

JIMMY  
(recognition)  
What the hell?

Jimmy grabs the baggies and shoves them under the couch cushions. He takes a deep breath to calm himself and opens the door.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Oh, brother.

Jimmy plays dumb.

JIMMY  
Sorry, have we met?

JASPER HUTCHINS  
I'm detective Hutchins. You're,  
Jimmy Myers?

JIMMY  
Uh, yeah... I'm trying to place  
you.

Jasper eyes him up and down.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Royale liquors parking lot, the  
dinner.

JIMMY  
The dinner, yeah that was...

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Quite a scene.

JIMMY  
Oh, is that why you're here?

JASPER HUTCHINS  
No. May I come in? I'd like to ask  
you a few questions about Jeanne  
Billsford.

Reluctantly, he let's the Detective in.

JIMMY  
Okay.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jasper looks around the room as Jimmy pulls two bottles of  
water out of the fridge and offers him one, which he waves  
off.

JIMMY  
What's this about Jeanne?

JASPER HUTCHINS  
When was the last time you saw Miss  
Billsford?

JIMMY  
Huh... I think it was a couple of  
days ago. At my publisher's office.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Mr. Finch said you had a meeting  
yesterday afternoon.

JIMMY  
Oh, wow, was it yesterday? Man, you  
know, sometimes the days just run  
one into the other. You lose track  
of time, you know? Does that ever  
happen to you?

Jasper puts his hand up to stop Jimmy's rambling.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Mr. Finch said that you two had a  
rather unpleasant exchange.

JIMMY  
(nervous laughter)  
Yeah, you know. Artists and  
business. Like oil and water.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Uh-huh.

JIMMY  
Really... It was nothing.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
He also thought he witnessed what  
looked like a heated conversation  
between you and miss Billsford.

JIMMY  
Heated? No. I, I think we were  
having a conversation about  
literature. Heated, no, passionate,  
yes.

Jasper eyes Jimmy. He's not buying his story.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What's this all about Detective?

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Miss Billsford was reported missing  
under suspicious circumstances.

JIMMY  
Oh no. That's terrible. She's a  
lovely woman... What do you mean,  
suspicious circumstances?

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Where were you last night, Mr.  
Myers? Say, around ten or eleven  
o'clock?

Jimmy scratches his head.

JIMMY  
I was here... Writing.

Jimmy slaps the Detective's arm, as if they were old friends,  
trying to relieve the building tension-it doesn't work.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I was working on the next book.  
Gotta pay the bills, you know?



JASPER HUTCHINS  
You write under the name, Ethan  
Myers... why is that?

JIMMY  
It's a pen name, you know? A lot of  
writers use pen names, it's not--

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Don't they usually change the first  
and last name...

Jasper eyes the tangle of wires sticking out of the wall, the  
broken TV mount, and the pottery shards on the floor.

JASPER HUTCHINS (CONT'D)  
Mister Myers, were you robbed?

JIMMY  
No, no. I just sold some stuff to a  
friend... out with the old, in with  
the new, right? Trying to decide  
between Xbox One or PS4.

Jasper's cellphone rings. He pulls it out and looks at the  
screen, then slips it back into his pocket.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Do you know of anyone Miss  
Billsford may have had a problem  
with?

JIMMY  
Wow, no. She's just so nice.  
(pause)  
She's very pretty, you know, in an  
understated sort of way--

The Detective's cellphone rings, again. He pulls it from his  
pocket.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I've often thought that given the  
right--

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Excuse me.

He steps away from Jimmy and answers the phone.

JASPER HUTCHINS (CONT'D)  
Hon, I'm working. Can I call you...  
(pause)  
(MORE)

JASPER HUTCHINS (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay, I'll be there as soon  
as possible.

Jasper pulls out a business card and hands it to Jimmy.

JASPER HUTCHINS (CONT'D)  
I'll be back in touch. In the  
meantime, if you think of anything  
that might actually help, call me.

Jimmy's relief is palpable.

JIMMY  
Yes, I will. Very nice meeting you,  
Detective. You have a great  
afternoon.

His response in contrast to the severity of the visit. Jasper  
hesitates, at a loss for words, then walks out shaking his  
head.

EXT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jasper walks down the stairs.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
How did that idiot write a book?

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BUSHES - DAY

Ethan and Emily watch the building.

ETHAN  
This is weird, right? He must be  
inside. Should we call the police?

EMILY  
You want to call the police on the  
police?

ETHAN  
How do you know that guy's a cop?

EMILY  
I know a cop when I see one.

Emily grabs Ethan's arm as Jasper appears on the ground floor  
and walks to his car.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jimmy retrieves his drugs from under the couch cushions and pours out the contents of the first baggy onto the coffee table.

JIMMY  
(mumbles)  
Goddamned keys.

Jimmy cuts several neat lines and snorts them, stuffing the other baggie in his pocket. He moves to the front window and peaks out--

Ethan and Emily are walking towards the building.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
No, no, no.

Jimmy quickly moves to the sliding glass door and slips over the balcony wall.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ethan tries the door, but it's locked. He slips his key into the lock. It pops and cracks as it swings open.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ethan and Emily step inside, taking in the room.

EMILY  
Jeez, nice place.

They both spot the two water bottles on the kitchen counter, one half empty-or half full.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Why are there two bottles?

Ethan moves to the coffee table where there are remnants of cocaine left on the glass. Emily steps over to him.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Are you surprised?  
(pause)  
Sorry.

Ethan's cellphone rings.

ETHAN  
Hello... yes, this is Ethan.

EMILY  
(whispers)  
Who is it?

Ethan's face darkens.

ETHAN  
Okay... thank you.

EMILY  
Well?

He hangs up.

ETHAN  
We have to go.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Jasper's dark sedan screeches to a halt in front of a two-story house in a middle-class neighborhood - Emily's house.

He climbs out and heads across the front lawn where Camilla is waiting to greet him. They embrace.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Camilla and Jasper walk through the front door.

CAMILLA  
I checked her room this morning and her bed was made, so I know she didn't come home last night. That girl never makes her bed.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
You called the school?

CAMILLA  
She never showed up, and she's not answering her cell.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Okay, what about her computer? You know, like social media stuff?

CAMILLA  
I didn't check that.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
I'll check the computer, why don't  
you try the school again, just in  
case she showed up late.

Jasper climbs the stairs.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Heavy Metal band posters and some of Emily's own drawings  
hang on the walls. Jasper pushes a pile of drawings off the  
desk to reveal a laptop. He opens the computer and is asked  
to put in a password.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Damn.

He calls out to his wife.

JASPER HUTCHINS (CONT'D)  
Hey hon, do you know Emily's  
password?!

Camilla appears in the doorway.

CAMILLA  
I have no idea. You know how  
secretive she is. And she still  
hasn't shown up at school.

The Detective rummages through the papers and drawings on the  
desk.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Maybe she wrote it down somewhere.

CAMILLA  
Good luck finding it in that mess.

As he leafs through a drawing pad and several loose sheets of  
paper with rough sketches on them, Camilla pulls a thick  
manuscript from under some papers.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)  
What's this?

She hands it to her husband.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
A Life Unraveled, by...

CAMILLA  
What?

JASPER HUTCHINS

Ethan...

CAMILLA

What is it?

JASPER HUTCHINS

I'm not sure.

INT. JIMMY'S GARAGE - ATTIC - DAY

Jeanne lies on a sleeping bag, thumbing through a muscle car magazine. She's startled by the rattling lock.

The door drops down, and Jimmy climbs up. He's frazzled, desperate, and angry.

Jeanne beats him to the punch--

JEANNE

You son of a bitch! You leave me  
locked up here for hours--

She stabs her finger at a white plastic paint-bucket in the corner.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

I had to pee in a bucket!

Jimmy's anger is somewhat abated by Jeannie's outburst. He holds up the bank book with slightly less authority than he had originally mustered.

JIMMY

You lied to me!

Jeanne is taken aback.

JEANNE

How, how did you get that?

JIMMY

I got it from your boss, and guess  
what? Your name is on the account!

JEANNE

Lampton would never give you that!

JIMMY

I went to the office and took it.  
He wasn't there.

JEANNE

You're lying, what did you do?

Jimmy grabs her arm and pulls her to the stairs.

JIMMY

C'mon!

JEANNE

Where are we going?

JIMMY

To the Bank!

He guides her down the stairs.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jasper is reading the book, with Camilla looking over his shoulder.

CAMILLA

What does this book have to do with Emily?

Jasper pulls out his cellphone and types in a search - "Ethan Myers." He clicks on one of the many links that appear--

A photo of Ethan pops up with the headline of a local paper - "Young Boy Survives Terrible Crash, Parents Die."

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

That's awful... is he a friend of Emily's?

JASPER HUTCHINS

I don't know, but I'm going to find out.

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Ethan and Emily ride up on their bikes and leave them by the Emergency room entrance.

EMILY

This isn't helping us find your uncle, you know?

ETHAN

He's my friend.

Ethan steps through the sliding doors.

EXT. GRANDPA MYERS HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jasper's car is parked on the street. He walks up the driveway and rings the front doorbell.

GRANDPA (O.S.)

Hey--

He turns to find Grandpa holding a shotgun to his face.

JASPER HUTCHINS

Whoa, whoa! Easy now... I'm a detective!

GRANDPA

Prove it.

JASPER HUTCHINS

Okay, relax, I'm just going to pull my jacket back.

He shows Grandpa his badge.

EXT. BANK - LATE AFTERNOON

The gold Nova turns into the lot and parks. Jimmy jumps out and moves around the car to pull Jeanne out.

JIMMY

Don't try anything stupid. We go in, get the money, and everything gets settled without anyone getting hurt.

Jimmy tries to put on his best "tough guy" act, as he pats the jacket pocket where his gun is concealed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't make me do anything I'm going to regret.

Jeanne pulls her arm out of Jimmy's grasp. She's not afraid.

JEANNE

I'm only doing this for Ethan's sake. If you let anything happen to that boy--

JIMMY

Hey, It's not my fault--

Jeanne slaps him in the face. Jimmy, in his ignorance, is truly shocked.



JIMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell?!

JEANNE

This is one-hundred percent your fault! And, it's because you're not man enough to face your problems that you've gotten yourself into this mess with your friends!

JIMMY

Well, technically...

JEANNE

And you kidnapped me!

JIMMY

They're not my friends, per se. They're business associates--

JEANNE

Oh, shut up, Jimmy! Let's get this over with, so I don't have to see you ever again.

Jeanne turns and walks to the Bank without him. Jimmy follows, his feeling hurt. He catches up to her outside the back entrance.

JIMMY

I'm sorry, Jeanne, I really... I had really hoped that you and I could--

Jeanne throws her hand up in his face.

JEANNE

Don't you dare! Just... don't.

Jimmy is truly dejected. His shoulders sag, and he opens the door for her.

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - LAMPTON'S ROOM - DUSK

Ethan and Emily stand beside Lampton's bed. He's heavily sedated. Emily's anxious to get out of the hospital--too many bad memories.

EMILY

Great. Now what.

Ethan Shrugs.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not really a fan of hospitals.

It dawns on Ethan-her mother.

ETHAN

Oh, I'm sorry...

EMILY

I'm gonna wait outside.

She turns and high-tails it out of there. Ethan hesitates, then follows.

INT. BANK - DUSK

Jimmy and Jeanne sit at the Bank manager's desk. Mister THOMAS POTTS, middle-aged, balding, a man who has been nursing a crush on Jeanne for some time, and it shows.

MR. POTTS

Jeanne, you look lovely as ever.

JEANNE

Thank you, it's always a pleasure to see you, Mr. Potts.

He turns to Jimmy.

MR. POTTS

And Mr. Myers...

(hopeful)

You're a business associate of Jeanne's?

Jimmy checks his watch.

JIMMY

Yeah look, we have an important meeting to get to, so, if we could just...

MR. POTTS

Oh yes, of course. I apologize.

Mister Potts punches some keys on his computer and Jeanne throws Jimmy a reproachful look.

MR. POTTS (CONT'D)  
It's a rather large sum of money.  
I'll have to print out the  
applicable forms, and then we'll  
get you out of here in no time.

The tension between Jeanne and Jimmy is palpable, and It's making mister Potts nervous.

MR. POTTS (CONT'D)  
Okay, well, I'll just go and  
collect your withdrawal... excuse  
me.

Mister Potts walks away, and Jeanne turns on Jimmy.

JEANNE  
You haven't read Ethan's book, have  
you?

Jimmy inspects his cuticles, avoiding eye contact.

JIMMY  
Well...

JEANNE  
Really? Do you even know what the  
book is about?

Jimmy fidgets.

JEANNE (CONT'D)  
My God! That poor boy has no  
emotional support what-so-ever.

JIMMY  
Emotional support?

JEANNE  
It's about the accident. It's about  
his loss and trying to find his way  
in the world without his parents.

Jimmy is deflated.

JIMMY  
Oh.

JEANNE  
Have the two of you never talked  
about this?

JIMMY

Well, we don't really... Am I in it?

JEANNE

What?

JIMMY

Am I in the book?

Jeanne softens a little.

JEANNE

You're mentioned as an after thought, Jimmy. A side bar to your one good deed. A man who doesn't have time for a boy who needs him.

JIMMY

But, he was my brother.

JEANNE

Are you serious? You're so wrapped up in your own miserable life, you can't even see how much that poor boy has suffered. Do you even know why Ethan wears a shirt and tie every day?

JIMMY

No. I always figured--

JEANNE

He wears them because growing up he looked up to you. He wanted to be like you...

Jimmy studies the floor.

JIMMY

Shit.

JEANNE

You should be ashamed of yourself. And you need to take a good hard look... You need to decide what kind of man you really are.

Jimmy is at a loss for words. He's saved by mister Potts return, as he places as a small duffle bag on the table.

MR. POTTS

Okay, folks.

He pulls some documents from the printer and lays them in front of Jeanne.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - DUSK

A dark SUV is parked in the far corner of the parking lot.

INT. DARK SUV - DUSK

Donnie and Ricky watch the front of the building, eating fast-food out of a greasy bag.

RICKY

This is a waste of time. That fucking kid tipped him, off and Jimmy's probably lying on a beach in Mexico, laughing his ass off right now.

DONNIE

You're giving that imbecile way too much credit. He gets his drugs from us. He'll pay... he has to.

INT. JIMMY'S GOLD NOVA - NIGHT

Jimmy pats his front pockets, looking for his cell phone as he drives. Jeanne stares out the window, smoldering.

JIMMY

Where the hell's my cellphone?

Jimmy glances at Jeanne who's ignoring him. He slows the car and pulls a U-turn in the middle of the street.

JEANNE

What are you doing?

JIMMY

I need to go back to my apartment and call... the guys.

JEANNE

You mean your dealers?

Jimmy hesitates. He takes a deep breath.

JIMMY

I wasn't always like this.

JEANNE

What, a drug addict and a kidnapper?

JIMMY

I was a civil engineer.

JEANNE

I know, I read the book.

JIMMY

I worked for my brother... he was my best friend. Since we were kids, he was the leader, and I followed.

(pause)

After the accident... I got lost.

Jeanne softens.

JEANNE

I'm sorry.

JIMMY

I've been numb for years. Slipping deeper and deeper into a black hole.

Jimmy is lost in thought; as close to coherent as he's been in weeks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ethan reminds me so much of my brother... sometimes it hurts to even look at him.

This strikes a chord with Jeanne, and, although her eyes begin to well up--

JEANNE

That's still no excuse for your behavior!

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Nova pulls into the lot and parks.

JEANNE

You know, this money doesn't solve your problems... and it won't fix your relationship with Ethan. That has to come from you.

This hits Jimmy hard.

JIMMY  
But, it's a start.

Jimmy gets out of the car with the duffle bag.

INT. DARK SUV - NIGHT

Ricky reaches for the door handle.

RICKY  
Bingo. Let's do this.

DONNIE  
Hold up.

They watch Jimmy help Jeanne out of the car.

RICKY  
Who the hell's this broad?

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy leads Jeanne to the stairs.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
Uncle Jimmy!

They turn to find--

Ethan and Emily ride up fast and dump their bikes. Jimmy let's go of Jeanne's arm, trying to play it cool.

JIMMY  
Hey little man, uh, what are you doing out here?

Jeanne hugs Ethan.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Oh, man, I can explain this-hey, what happened to your face?

EMILY  
Your friends did that!

JIMMY  
Oh Jesus, I'm sorry, Ethan. Although they're not technically my friends--

ETHAN  
How could you do this!?

JIMMY  
(deep breath)  
Okay, it's not what it looks like.

EMILY  
It's exactly what it looks  
like!

JEANNE  
It's exactly what it looks  
like!

ETHAN  
Did you know mister Finch is in the  
hospital--

JIMMY  
That's not my fault!

JEANNE  
What?!

ETHAN  
He had a heart attack.

JEANNE  
Oh my God! Jimmy, what did you--

JIMMY  
He collapsed... and I panicked.  
But, I called an ambulance... and  
ran.

JEANNE  
But not before you stole the bank  
book! You coward!

Without warning, Emily steps between them.

EMILY  
Oh my God, you're such a fucking  
idiot!

Emily kicks Jimmy in the balls and snatches the duffle bag  
out of his hand. Jimmy crumples to the ground with a groan,  
dropping his keys.

INT. DARK SUV - NIGHT

DONNIE  
Okay, that's our cue.

Ricky and Donnie get out of the car.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emily grabs the keys and tosses them to Jeanne.



EMILY

I'd get as far away from this loser  
as possible!

Emily drags Ethan away. She jumps on her bike--

ETHAN

What are you doing?

EMILY

C'mon!

Emily pedals away, with Ethan following.

Jimmy painfully gets to his feet, one hand clutching his  
manhood. He snatches the keys from her hand.

JIMMY

We've gotta get the money back!

Jimmy grabs Jeanne's arm and tries to drag her to the car,  
but Jeanne yanks her arm free--

JEANNE

I'm not going anywhere with you!

Jimmy spots Donnie and Ricky approaching fast.

JIMMY

Son of a bitch.

Jimmy slides into the car and tears out of the parking lot.

JEANNE

Idiot!

Jeanne turns to find Donnie and Ricky standing behind her.

DONNIE

Hey sweetheart, what's your name?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Emily is in the lead, pedaling hard. She looks back to make  
sure Ethan is following.

EMILY

Keep up, Ethan!

ETHAN

What are we doing?

EMILY

Your uncle is a fuck-up, and he's gonna get someone killed!

ETAN

And, how is this helping?

EMILY

You have the drug dealers number. We'll call and make the drop-off, end of story!

ETHAN

What about the cops?

EMILY

No cops!

Emily hits the brakes, and Ethan nearly runs into her.

ETHAN

What the hell?

EMILY

Ethan, think about it. The cops get involved, and your uncle goes to prison, your shady book deal gets out, and we could both be implicated in this... you see where this is going?

ETHAN

But, we're not involved in this!

Emily holds up the money.

EMILY

We are now.

Emily pedals away. Ethan reluctantly follows.

INT. JIMMY'S GOLD NOVA - NIGHT

Jimmy is frantic as he turns a corner. A long stretch of suburban landscape lies before him. A quiet neighborhood, porch lights glowing. He slows to a crawl and turns the headlights off. All seems quiet.

He slaps the steering wheel and stewes in his anger.

JIMMY

Shit...

Jimmy throws the car in gear and tears off down the street.

INT. GRANDPA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Jasper places Emily's drawing pad on Grandpa's worktable and looks around the shop, while Grandpa leafs through a copy of Ethan's book.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
You should have reported the  
assault to the police.

GRANDPA  
Didn't need to. I was a Goddamned  
Marine, and I can take care of  
myself.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
That's not the point. Those men  
came to your home with guns drawn.  
A home you share with your  
grandson.

GRANDPA  
Fine... point made. Now, I know my  
son is a Goddamned fool, but how  
are the kids involved in this?

JASPER HUTCHINS  
I wish I knew.

Something catches the Detective's eye.

JASPER HUTCHINS (CONT'D)  
Hang on--

Jasper grabs Emily's drawing pad and thumbs through it. He  
rips out a drawing of the abandoned factory and holds it up  
next to the photo of Grandpa in front of the same building.

GRANDPA  
I knew those kids were lyin'.

INT. JIMMY'S CHEVY NOVA - NIGHT

Jimmy drives fast with the lights off, tires screeching as he  
turns down a pitch black street. His cellphone rings from  
somewhere in the backseat of the car, startling him.

JIMMY  
Jesus!

Jimmy tries to reach into the backseat for the phone. He blows through a stop sign, and the car veers off the road, crashing into a tree.

Jimmy smacks his face on the steering wheel, opening a gash across his nose.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Of god...

The front end of his car is crumpled, wrapped around the tree, spewing smoke - his baby.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No, no, no...

He gets out of the car--

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy inspects the damage. He's devastated. He crawls back into the car and grabs his phone from the back seat. He slams the door and catches his reflection in the car window--

EXT. CRASH SITE - FLASHBACK

Rapid images flashing from the day of the crash-- his brother and sister-in-law dead, pulling Ethan from the wreckage--

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT

This is not the man he knows. Jimmy sinks to the ground beside his car, weeping.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Emily creeps through the dark warehouse with Ethan trailing behind. She steps through the opening in the wall, into the mural room.

ETHAN

Okay, we're here. Now what?

EMILY

Let me see your phone.

Ethan reluctantly pulls it out of his pocket.

ETHAN

Why?

Emily snatches the phone from his hand.

INT. DARK SUV - NIGHT

Jeanne is in the back seat with her hands tied behind her back as the SUV barrels down a dark road.

JEANNE

These are incredibly tight, could you please loosen them?

DONNIE

Sure, sweetheart, soon as you tell us where the hell those kids went with my money.

JEANNE

I told you, I haven't any idea where they went. And that money most certainly does not belong to you.

DONNIE

That's the money that Jimmy owes me, so it is my money! I don't care where it came from, sweetheart.

Ricky drives through an intersection and slams on the brakes. Jeanne is launched into the seat-back in front of her and crumples onto the floor with a yelp.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

Ricky throws the car in reverse and hits the brakes, stopping in the middle of the intersection.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

What the hell's wrong with you?!

Ricky points to Jimmy's gold Nova wrapped around a tree.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Well pull the fuck over.

Ricky pulls up behind the car.

RICKY

I hope that idiot's dead.

Jeanne pulls herself up off the floor.

JEANNE  
What? Who's dead?

Donnie's phone rings. The caller ID reads - "Ethan."

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN DONNIE AND EMILY.

DONNIE  
Ethan, you little fuck, I don't  
know what kind of game you're  
playing, but I want that fucking  
money!

EMILY  
This isn't Ethan, but you must be  
the asshole who beats up kids.

DONNIE  
You must be the little bitch that  
took my money.

Ethan moves in close to try and hear.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
Why don't you two stop fucking  
around and give me my money. And,  
just in case you're planning  
something stupid, I have your  
friend, Jeanne.

EMILY  
(to Ethan)  
They've got your friend, Jeanne.

ETHAN  
That's it, I'm calling the police!

Emily tries to cover the speaker but is too late.

DONNIE  
You tell that little shit if he  
calls the police his friend dies.  
You understand me? You kids are  
playing a dangerous game, and it's  
not gonna go the way you think.

EMILY  
Fine-fine. No police. You know  
where the abandoned factory is?

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Donnie turns off his phone and honks the horn at Ricky who's outside, checking on the car wreck. He waves Ricky back to the car.

DONNIE  
I fucking hate kids.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Emily hands the phone back to Ethan.

ETHAN  
I'm calling the police, this is way  
out of control.

EMILY  
Go ahead, and when they kill your  
friend, it'll be your fault. Is  
that what you want?

ETHAN  
No...

Emily puts her hand on his arm.

EMILY  
Ethan, I know how to handle scum-  
bags like this... trust me.

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Jimmy walks close to the tree line. Behind him, headlights appear, approaching fast.

He jumps into a clump of trees as the dark SUV speeds past.

JIMMY  
Shit.

Jimmy runs.

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Jasper and Grandpa inspect Jimmy's crash site. Grandpa is shaken.

GRANDPA  
There's very little blood... That's  
a good sign, right?

JASPER HUTCHINS  
And there's no body. So, yeah.

GRANDPA  
That Goddammed fool.

INT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - WEST SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

Ethan and Emily watch from the shadows as a door swings open and Donnie steps inside, followed by Ricky and Jeanne. Both men carry their guns in plain sight.

DONNIE  
Okay you little bastards, I'm here!

Ricky taps his shoulder--

RICKY  
We're here.

DONNIE  
Shut up, Ricky! Semantics.

RICKY  
What?

JEANNE  
You're both idiots.

Ethan and Emily step out of the shadows. Emily carries the duffle bag tucked under her arm. They stop twenty feet from Donnie's party.

DONNIE  
Where's Jimmy?

EMILY  
How the hell should we know?

RICKY  
You're lying.

EMILY  
I'm not, and you're an asshole.

Donnie stares down Ethan.

DONNIE  
How's your face, kid?



Ethan glares back at him.

RICKY  
Consider yourself lucky. Donnie's  
got some restraint. I'd of beat the  
snot outta you.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EAST-SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

The door slowly opens and Jimmy quietly slips inside. He  
creeps towards the sound of voices.

INTERCUT WITH JIMMY WATCHING FROM THE SHADOWS.

DONNIE  
Your uncle's a loser, kid. You  
might want to rethink the company  
you keep.

EMILY  
Maybe his uncle needs to stop  
hanging out with douche-bags like  
you.

Donnie laughs. He cocks his head and stares at Emily; like  
he's trying to figure out a difficult math equation.

DONNIE  
I like you. You've got guts. I  
can't figure out if you're fearless  
or incredibly fucking dumb.

EMILY  
I'm sure there are a lot of things  
you can't figure out.  
(Regarding their injuries)  
What happened to you guys? You get  
hurt beating up another kid?

Ricky's impatient.

RICKY  
Can we get on with this?

DONNIE  
As you can see, my brother's not  
one for idle chit-chat.

He waves to a spot on the floor in front of him.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
Put the money there.

EMILY

Let Jeanne go.

RICKY

Can I just shoot this little bitch?

DONNIE

Ethan! Take the money from your girlfriend and put it on the ground, or Ricky's gonna put a bullet in her leg.

Ethan puts his hand out to Emily. She doesn't move.

ETHAN

Please, give me the bag. I don't want anyone to get hurt. This is my fault.

Emily reluctantly hands him the bag.

EMILY

None of this is your fault, Ethan.

Jimmy stands with his back to a pillar, the weight of his actions sinking in, too afraid and ashamed to move.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Your uncle's a real shit-head, you know that? He doesn't even have the balls to fight his own fight.

Ethan places the bag on the floor, and Donnie grabs it.

DONNIE

Your girlfriend's right, kid. He's probably off somewhere getting high, while you risk your neck for him. He's a real class act.

EMILY

Fuck off, you're no better than him! You got your money, now let us go.

Jimmy moves to get a better view and inadvertently kicks an empty beer bottle. The sound echoes off the cement walls--

Ricky turns. He fires blindly in the direction of the noise and drags Jeanne along for a closer look--

Emily uses the distraction to her advantage. She kicks Donnie in the balls--

He doubles over, dropping the money bag, and Emily snatches it up. She runs into the warehouse with Ethan following close behind--

Jeanne rakes her fingernails across Ricky's eyes. He screams and let's go. As he stumbles back, Jimmy steps out of his hiding place and smashes the beer bottle across the back of Ricky's head. Ricky falls to the ground--

JIMMY

Let's go!

Jimmy grabs at Jeanne, but she pushes him away and runs off without him. Jimmy stumbles and falls to the ground and Ricky reaches for him, but Jimmy scrambles to his feet and disappears in the opposite direction.

Ricky fires a few more random shots in Jimmy's direction, one of them coming close to Donnie, who's lying on his side with his hands between his legs, moaning.

DONNIE

Knock it off, you asshole! You're gonna shoot me!

Ricky gets to his feet and storms off into the darkness of the warehouse.

RICKY

(Grumbling)

I'm gonna kill every fucking one of these idiots.

Donnie yells after him.

DONNIE

Get the money first!

INT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ethan follows Emily into the mural room.

ETHAN

You're going to get us killed!

EMILY

Keep your voice down.

ETHAN

We need to give them the money, they have Jeanne!

EMILY  
They're not gonna hurt her. They  
need her to get the money.

ETHAN  
But, you have the money.

Emily puts her hand up to silence Ethan.

EMILY  
Shh...

She motions for him to follow her, when--

JEANNE (O.S.)  
(Whisper)  
Ethan.

Jeanne steps out of the shadows.

EXT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jasper's sedan pulls off the road and parks, within sight of  
the abandoned factory.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
You stay here. I don't know what  
I'm gonna find in there.

GRANDPA  
The hell I will. I was a Goddamned  
Marine!

JASPER HUTCHINS  
I can't take a chance of you  
getting hurt. You shouldn't even be  
here. Stay put!

Jasper gets out of the car. He turns to look back through the  
window at Grandpa, pointing a finger as if telling a  
disobedient dog to stay put. Grandpa scowls back.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Ethan, Emily, and Jeanne slowly creep through the darkness,  
whispering.

JEANNE  
Jimmy's here.

Ethan stops.

ETHAN

Where?

JEANNE

Downstairs. He may have been trying to help me.

ETHAN

Is he okay?

JEANNE

I don't know. I don't trust him, so I ran, I'm sorry.

ETHAN

It's okay... I don't blame you.

Ethan pulls out his cellphone.

EMILY

What are you doing?

ETHAN

I'm calling the police before we all get killed.

Emily snatches Ethan's phone out of his hand.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Hey.

EMILY

Okay, Ethan, don't lose your shit but that cop that was at your uncle's apartment...

(pause)

He's my father.

ETHAN

What!

EMILY

Shh.

JEANNE

Shh.

Ethan lowers his voice.

ETHAN

Your dad is a cop?

EMILY

Yes.

ETHAN  
This whole time...

Emily holds a hand up to stop him.

EMILY  
Can you have a breakdown after I  
make this call?

FIRST FLOOR - EAST-SIDE

Jasper moves through the darkness.

DONNIE (O.S.)  
(moans)  
My fucking balls.

Jasper stops short. Donnie is on one knee, gun in one hand,  
the other firmly gripping his crotch.

Jasper's cellphone rings--

Donnie fires into the darkness, forcing Jasper to duck behind  
a pillar as he fumbles for his phone. It falls out of his  
hand and clatters onto the floor; it's light shining like a  
beacon in the dark.

INT. JASPER HUTCHINS CAR - NIGHT

Grandpa sits with his arms crossed, a sour look on his face.

GRANDPA  
(mumbles)  
Police business or not, I was a God-  
dammed marine.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Ricky stands frozen, listening in the darkness.

RICKY  
You better come out, Jimmy! This is  
only gonna get worse for you!

There's movement and Ricky fires. The muzzle flashes light up  
the dark like a strobe light as Jimmy darts behind one pillar  
and then another, disappearing up a staircase and into the  
black--

## FIRST FLOOR

Jasper steps out of the shadows behind Donnie. He pushes his gun into Donnie's back and grabs his bandaged wrist. Donnie screams, involuntarily firing two rounds into the ceiling.

Jasper twists the gun from Donnie's hand as another bone in his wrist snaps. He passes out and crumples to the ground.

JASPER HUTCHINS

Pussy.

## SECOND FLOOR

Ricky stands frozen, listening.

RICKY

Donnie?

He moves to the hole in the floor and peers into the darkness below, then slinks back into the shadows.

Ethan, Emily, and Jeanne step out of the shadows and nearly collide with Ricky. He grabs Jeanne and roughly pulls her to him.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Give me the money, now!

EMILY

Let her go first.

He points the gun at Emily.

ETHAN

Emily, please...

RICKY

Now!

Emily is losing her resolve.

EMILY

And you'll let her go?

Ricky points the gun at Ethan.

RICKY

I'm not going to ask again.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Whoa, whoa, hold on!

Jimmy steps out of the shadows, hands held high. Ricky's gun moves to him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Ricky, this is my fault. Please,  
It's me you want...

He walks to Emily and takes the bag of money out of her hand.

EMILY  
You're an asshole.

JIMMY  
I know. I deserved that.

EMILY  
I know, that's why I said it.

Jimmy turns to Ricky.

JIMMY  
Take the money and let them go. You  
can do whatever you want to me, but  
don't hurt them. They just got  
caught up in my bullshit.

Jimmy stands in front of Ricky.

RICKY  
Jimmy, you're a fuck-up. An hour  
ago I'd have walked outta here with  
the money, maybe try and squeeze  
another ten grand out of you. But,  
honestly man... it's not fuckin  
worth the hassle. You're a cancer.  
I'm gonna make my life easier and  
just shoot all of you.

EMILY	JIMMY
All of us? Why all of us?	I'm not a cancer.
It's all his fault!	

He points the gun at Emily.

RICKY  
You, I'm gonna save you for Donnie.

Moving on to Ethan.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Sorry kid, you're first--

Jimmy throws the money bag, smashing Ricky in the face.



Ricky stumbles backward and falls to the ground, dragging Jeanne with him. The gun clatters to the floor. The money bag flies through the air, landing at the edge of the hole in the floor.

Jeanne scrambles away, and Ricky hesitates... the money or the gun? He goes for the gun as Emily makes a dash for the bag. She tosses it to Ethan--

EMILY

Ethan, run!

Ricky's gun follows the money bag. He fires--

Jimmy dives on top of Ethan and Ricky swings the weapon in Emily's direction--

A shot rings out and Ricky's hit. His shot misses Emily by inches, and he stumbles, falling through the hole in the floor.

Jasper steps out of the shadows.

JASPER HUTCHINS

Emy!

Emily suddenly looks vulnerable. She rushes into her father's arms.

Jeanne pulls Jimmy off of Ethan, blood soaks his shoulder.

JIMMY

Oh God... it hurts.

JASPER HUTCHINS

I'm gonna need someone to explain  
all this to me?

JIMMY

I deserved this...

DETECTIVE HUTCHINS

I don't doubt it.

JEANNE

Yes, you did!

They all move to the hole in the floor and look down. Ricky is lying on his back, gun by his side. He appears to be dead.

FIRST FLOOR

Ricky's eyes snap open, and he grabs the gun--

## SECOND FLOOR

The entire group hits the deck--

## FIRST FLOOR

A cane smashes into Ricky's wrist with a sickening crunch as he pulls the trigger. The shot goes wide, and the gun clatters to the floor.

Grandpa Myers slams the heavy wooden cane into Ricky's skull, knocking him out.

## SECOND FLOOR

Everyone picks themselves up off the floor.

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
You can come out now!

	ETHAN	UNCLE JIMMY
Grandpa?		Dad?

As a group, they peer over the edge--

Grandpa is standing over Ricky's body looking up at them. He kicks Ricky's weapon away from him.

GRANDPA  
Told you I was a Goddamed Marine!  
(pause)  
Well, you gonna stand around  
gawking, or are you gonna come down  
here and take care of this?

JASPER HUTCHINS  
Let's go.

Jasper grabs the money bag.

EMILY  
Wait.

JASPER HUTCHINS  
What?

EMILY  
The money's not in the bag.

JIMMY  
Well, where the hell is it?!

They all turn on him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

EMILY

Calm down. I'll get it.

Emily steps into the mural room--

MURAL ROOM

Emily pulls a few loose bricks from the wall when a flashlight illuminates the room behind her--

Jasper takes in her mural, deeply moved. Ethan steps in behind him and turns on the lamp.

JASPER HUTCHINS

You did this?

(pause)

It's, beautiful. It's...

EMILY

Mom.

JASPER HUTCHINS

Yeah.

It's not lost on the detective that the image of father and daughter are standing apart in the mural. He puts his arm around Emily and pulls her close.

The moment is shattered when Jimmy leans into the room--

JIMMY

I hate to break this up, but I  
could really use some medical  
attention... Feels like I'm losing  
a lot of blood here.

As they all walk away, Jeanne puts one hand around Jimmy's arm to help support him. He looks at her and smiles.

JEANNE

Don't get any ideas.

FIRST FLOOR

As the gang approaches, Grandpa sees the blood on Jimmy's arm.

GRANDPA  
Son, what the hell did you get  
yourself into?

ETHAN  
He took a bullet for me!

GRANDPA  
That so?

Grandpa takes over for Jeanne.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
Maybe there's hope for you yet.

Grandpa motions for Ethan to follow.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
C'mon. Maybe while we're waitin'  
for the corpsmen to get here, you  
can tell me about this book you  
wrote.

Ethan smiles.

ETHAN  
Okay.

GRANDPA  
And why you didn't think to tell me  
anything about it.

ETHAN  
Oh...

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - LATER

Two police cars and an ambulance are parked outside, colored  
lights flashing. Jimmy lies on a gurney, bandaged and a loopy  
from pain medication. The whole group is huddled around him.

JIMMY  
Ethan... little man... I've been a  
real shit-heel. A real son-of-a-  
bitch... I really want to apologize  
for my fucking behavior. and I want  
you to know that I'm gonna take  
full fucking respom...  
responsimil... respo--

GRANDPA  
Okay, so, maybe we should get him  
to the hospital.

JIMMY

Man... I hav3 learned some valuable lessons throughout this whole ordeal...

(chuckles)

Ordeal... or-deal... Jeanne! Thank you for beings such a good friend, Jeanne...

JEANNE

Good Lord.

Jeanne turns and walks away.

JASPER HUTCHINS

Jimmy, you realize that you're under arrest, right? You're going to jail.

JIMMY

Of crap.

Jasper signals for the EMT's to load him into the ambulance. He pulls Emily aside.

DETECTIVE JASPER HUTCHINS

So, maybe before we go to the hospital, you could show me your wall again?

EMILY

Really?

DETECTIVE JASPER HUTCHINS

Yeah... I'd really like to see it again, just the two of us.

EMILY

Okay, let me just say bye to Ethan.

Emily walks to Ethan, who's standing at the back of the ambulance. Jimmy waves to her.

JIMMY

Emily!

She gives him a fake smile.

EMILY

Feel better...

(mumbling)

Dip-shit.

An EMT closes the door.

ETHAN  
Are you coming?

EMILY  
Not yet. Actually, my dad wants to  
go back and look at my wall.

ETHAN  
That's cool... right?

EMILY  
Yeah. It is.

There's an awkward pause.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I probably should have  
called my dad from the start.  
Sometimes I do stupid shit.

Ethan shrugs.

ETHAN  
It's okay. It all worked out  
okay... sort of.

EMT's wheel Donnie past on a gurney and load him into a  
second ambulance. Emily flips him off.

EMILY  
Anyway, I should go.

ETHAN  
Okay. See ya later.

EMILY  
Bye.

There's another awkward pause. As Emily turns to leave--

ETHAN  
Emily.

She turns back, and Ethan kisses her on the lips-his first  
kiss. He blushes.

EMILY  
(smiles)  
I knew you wanted me to be your  
girlfriend.

As she walks away, Ethan turns to find Grandpa, Jeanne, and  
the police officer all staring at him, smiling.

GRANDPA  
I like that girl.

TITLE CARD: EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER

EXT. STATE PRISON - DAY

Jimmy walks out of the front gate carrying an envelope under one arm. He looks happy and healthy.

A silver car is parked close by, but he doesn't give it a second thought. Jimmy turns his face to the sky, soaking in the sunlight.

The car door opens, and Jeanne steps out - not what he was expecting.

JIMMY  
Hey.

JEANNE  
You look different.

JIMMY  
Yeah?

JEANNE  
Better... healthy.

JIMMY  
Thanks.

An awkward beat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I have to admit, you're the last person I expected to see here.

JEANNE  
Yes, well, Ethan's too young to drive and your father really shouldn't be driving... and nobody else likes you enough to come all the way out here.

JIMMY  
But you do?

JEANNE  
I did it for Ethan.

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

I have a lot to make up for.

The back doors of the car opens and Ethan and Emily climb out. Jimmy hugs his nephew who is now a lot more hip than we've seen him. Emily stands back at the car.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hi, Emy.

EMILY

Jimmy... you look good. Less pervy.

(beat)

And don't call me Emy.

JIMMY

Copy that.

They all pile into the car.

INT. JEANNE'S CAR - DAY

Jimmy turns to the back seat to find Ethan and Emily holding hands. He smiles.

JEANNE

Where to?

JIMMY

I'm gonna stay with Ethan and my dad for a little while. Till I get my feet back on the ground.

JEANNE

Are you thinking of getting back into engineering?

Jeanne starts the car.

JIMMY

I thought I might try my hand at something else... a fresh start.

JEANNE

And what would that be?

Jimmy pulls a thick manuscript out of the Manila folder on his lap - "MAKING IT RIGHT by ETHAN MYERS & JIMMY MYERS."

ETHAN

It's pretty good.

Jeanne pulls onto the two-lane highway.



JIMMY  
You think Lampton will ever forgive  
me?

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

JEANNE (V.O.)  
Maybe, in time. But, he loves  
Ethan, so...

The car speeds through the desert, heat waves shimmering off  
parched earth.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
Can I turn the radio on?

THE END.