

Modern Nostalgia

By

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

DAVID FULTON (40's) pops up in bed. Hungover, with a post-it note stuck to his forehead.

A clean room, some clothes scattered on the floor.

He pulls off the note and it reads, "YOUR DICK IS AMAZING!"

DAVID (V.O)
Someone complimenting your penis is
always exquisite, but when done in
this fashion? It's simply
beautiful.

He smiles, crumbles up the note, and runs his hands through his thick dark hair.

On the television, a commercial that shows a father and son fishing. David watches the screen for a few seconds.

He gets out of bed and stretches. The tall, fit man takes off his shirt on the way towards the bathroom.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

David comes out the door dressed casually in a polo shirt. He puts on his sunglasses and lights up a cigarette.

He turns and walks down the street. PEOPLE walk past the storefronts.

DAVID (V.O)
Ah, Ohio City. I actually liked
living here, then hipsters took it
over. Fucking hate hipsters.

He looks across the street at a sign that says, "Modern Nostalgia." He turns to the right, looks in a window, and stares at a vintage Adam West Batman FIGURE.

DAVID (V.O)
Across the street from my store,
which specializes in rare antiques
and collectibles, is this ghetto
mart that has this old Comic Book
Action Heroes Batman figure in the
window. This kids toy from the
1970's.

He takes off his sunglasses.

DAVID (V.O)

I had the same one growing up. Granted, all the real value of the piece is diminished because it's out of the box. But as far as sentimental value is concerned, this four inch plastic Batman is practically priceless.

He turns around and walks across the street.

DAVID (V.O)

I'm sure I can go in there and make him an offer on it. Hell, you can pay your electric bill in that place. Sometimes, nostalgia is better felt during moments like this.

He stops at the door of the store, puts a key in the lock, and throws his smoke away.

DAVID (V.O)

It's funny but I never used to believe in nostalgia, then I felt it. Unfortunately if everyone thought like I did, I'd go broke.

From behind him, HOT BLONDE jogs by. David cracks a half smile.

DAVID (V.O)

I had intercourse with her once...

Hot Blonde sticks up her middle finger and runs away.

DAVID (V.O)

It was okay.

He heads inside.

INT. MODERN NOSTALGIA - DAY

David walks into the store. The walls and floorspace display several paintings, vases, figurines, and other antiques.

David sets his sun glasses on big oak counter top. EDWARD (30's), big, muscular, comes in through the back door.

LUKE (30's), tall, wiry, follows behind. They MOAN and slowly walk into the room. David chuckles.

DAVID
You guys over do it last night?

EDWARD
Oh god, yes.

LUKE
What happened to you?

Edward and Luke gather around the counter.

EDWARD
You meet up with the Ghost?

DAVID
Why do you guys call her the Ghost?

LUKE
You seem to hook up with this person, I hope it's a woman. Often and we never see her.

EDWARD
You hook up at my place, she stays at my place. I still haven't seen her.

David opens his eyes wide and smiles. Luke laughs and Edward waves his arms in confusion.

EDWARD
You fuck all over my house?

Edwards raises his eyebrow. David tries not to laugh.

EDWARD
Have you engaged in sexual related activities on my dining room table?

David laughs.

DAVID
No...

Luke laughs.

EDWARD
Are you kidding me?

DAVID
It's perfect for my height, I can deliver that perfect thrust.

David moves his hips back and forth.

LUKE
You're right, you do get that
perfect thrust.

EDWARD
You too?

LUKE
I can just see David now.

Luke moves his hips back and forth, he opens his eyes and
GRUNTS.

EDWARD
Whoa, that's your load face?

LUKE
Load face?

DAVID
That's the grossest thing I've ever
seen.

EDWARD
You really look like that when
you're doing it.

LUKE
I'm a piece of art when I'm doing
it. Fucking sculpture Edward.

EDWARD
Why are you thinking about David?

LUKE
He is a beautiful man.

They all laugh.

EDWARD
Did Ryan make it home okay?

DAVID
He should be here by now...

A thunderous ROAR of gunfire fills the room and bullets fly
through the air. The big glass windows in the front shatter
to pieces.

GUNMAN, masked, carries a machine gun. Steps away from the
van and continues to shoot. The three men drop to the
ground. They crouch behind the counter.

LUKE

Shit!

Antiques vases and sculptures crumble. Paintings on the wall fill with bullet holes. David opens a small door behind the counter and takes out a handgun.

David takes out his phone and puts it to his ear.

EDWARD

Who the fuck are you calling?

DAVID

Ryan.

David shakes his head furiously and puts the phone to his ear again. Shelves break and figurines fall to the floor. David gives the gun to Edward.

DAVID

Answer the fucking phone!

The gunfire stops. David hangs up the phone. Edward quickly stands up and runs for the door. Gunman gets inside the van.

Edward fires shots at him and hits the side door. The van speeds off. David and Luke pop up from behind the counter.

LUKE

(shouting)

What the hell was that?

DAVID

Are you guys okay?

EDWARD

(yelling)

What the fuck man?

LUKE

Who was that? What the hell?

SIRENS sound off in the distance.

DAVID

It's fucked up is what it is. Shit, the cops.

David walks backwards towards the back door.

DAVID

I'm going to Ryan's, hopefully he's still there. We got a drop off to make.

David turns around and runs out of the room.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

JON THOMAS (20's) waits outside the elevator. He adjusts his book bag and runs his hands through his thick dark hair.

The doors open and TRACY WALTER (28), a tall attractive red head, walks out. She carries a briefcase.

JON

Professor Walter.

She looks up, smiles, and plays with her hair. They walk down the isle.

TRACY

Call me Tracy. Semester's over.

JON

Sorry, I have this formality thing.

TRACY

You ready to meet your father?

JON

I'm ready.

TRACY

It's kind of a big step.

JON

I've been here a couple years now. I waited to find him, was too afraid I guess.

TRACY

If you ever need to talk, you know where to find me.

Tracy grabs his arm, she looks in his eyes. They stop at a car. She opens the door.

TRACY

You get what I asked you for?

JON

You bet.

He opens his book bag and takes out an ounce of pot in a zip-lock bag. He places it on the driver's seat. She moves in closer to him.

TRACY

You got some great stuff that's for sure.

They both chuckle. She puts her mouth by his ear.

TRACY

(whispers)

I bet you dick is amazing.

Jon pulls back a little bit.

JON

I'd loosen up those pants if I were you.

TRACY

Anytime.

She steps back and adjusts her blouse.

TRACY

Well good luck.

She puts her index finger on his lips, smiles, and gets in the car. Jon walks away.

EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A box truck marked, "MODERN NOSTALGIA" pulls into the driveway. David gets out of the car, runs past a van, and up to the side door.

He reaches for the knob, the door cracks open. He waits a second and slowly steps inside.

INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

David looks at a sink and counter filled with beer bottles.

DAVID

(yelling)

Ryan! Hey! Rye!

He walks out of the room.

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A soft CREAK echoes through silent room. David walks in and finds Ryan, hanging from the ceiling with a belt around his neck. His body is pale and purple in the face.

In complete shock, he gasps for air and falls to the ground. The body swings back and forth.

His hands shake. He tries to stand up but vomits on the floor. He falls back to the ground.

INT. BOX TRUCK - DAY

David enters and sits down in the driver's seat. He SCREAMS and slams his hands on the steering wheel.

He takes a second and calms down. Tears fall from his eyes. He picks up a cell phone and puts it to his ear.

DAVID

McMardy, yeah it's David.

(pause)

Yeah I know the store got shot up. You there now?

(pause)

Don't go there, get here to Ryan's. He hung himself.

(pause)

Of course I'm not joking. He's dead god dammit.

(pause)

Fucking get over here and handle this.

(pause)

Come by the store when you are done.

David throws the phone aside. He dries his eyes.

DAVID

Fucking cops.

He starts the truck and drives away.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The box truck pulls in through the garage door and parks. David steps out and lights a cigarette. Boxes and wrapped furniture fill the warehouse space.

HECTOR MONTEZ (40's), Latino, and wears a pair of double bar glasses, walks over to David. They shake hands.

HECTOR
You get my order.

DAVID
It's in the back.

Hector looks at the red in David's eyes.

HECTOR
You okay?

DAVID
I'm fine.

They walk around the back of the truck. David opens the door to reveal a single blue couch.

HECTOR
All there?

DAVID
In the cushions.

HECTOR
Let's get this outta here.

David climbs in the back of the truck and goes to the end of the couch. Hector gets on the other end. They lift and carry the couch towards the office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

They set the couch down. David unzips a cushion and takes out several pressed kilos of cocaine.

HECTOR
That's beautiful amigo.

DAVID
The other one is packed full too.

HECTOR
How much we got?

DAVID
You should be good for a few weeks.

Hector eyes up a kilo. He grabs a briefcase off the ground and hands it to David.

HECTOR

The thing is, I got half this gone already. I'm gonna need more, and soon.

David opens the briefcase. He stares at stacks of hundred dollar bills inside.

DAVID

How?

HECTOR

This guy outta Detroit is coming down. He's gonna take half. I'll put the other half on the streets.

DAVID

Detroit huh?

HECTOR

This guy, Floyd something. He's bringing cash.

DAVID

Good for you. I'll work on it.

David closes the case and walks away.

HECTOR

Where's your better half?

David turns around, he hangs his head.

HECTOR

David?

DAVID

He hung himself this morning.

After a few seconds David nods his head. Hector kicks the desk and paces around the room.

HECTOR

(upset)

What the hell man?

DAVID

I don't know. Doesn't make any sense.

Hector puts both hands on the desk and looks down at the floor.

HECTOR
(angry)
Makes no sense.

David walks over to Hector and pats him on the back.

DAVID
I gotta go, it'll be okay.

David walks out of the room. Hector throws the desk lamp on the floor. He sits down on the couch and cries.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

TONY (30's), tall, fit, stands alone. He looks around at houses in the neighborhood. Jon walks up from the sidewalk and shakes his hand.

JON
You been waiting long?

TONY
Just got here.

Jon puts the key in the door. They go inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jon and Tony walk in the house. One large room, split between the living room and kitchen. A movie poster for "The Dark Knight" hangs on the wall.

TONY
I think Professor Walter wants to do you.

JON
Yeah?

TONY
She's always looking at you in class. All that flirty smile shit.

Jon steps behind the kitchen counter and opens the cabinet by his knees.

JON
You know she threw herself at me today?

TONY

She's hot, I hope you banged her.

JON

It's in the foreseeable
future. The usual?

Jon reaches down in the cabinet and pulls out a digital scale and bags. He sets them on the counter.

TONY

The usual.

Jon opens the closet door and turns on the light. Jon bends down and sifts through the closet. Tony quietly steps toward him.

TONY

Tracy Walter, nice American
name. I can't stand women that are
all about their heritage you know?

Tony creeps up behind him, reaches behind his back, and takes out his GUN. Jon stands up straight. Tony pistol whips Jon in the back of the head.

Knocked out, Jon instantly falls down. Blood drips from his mouth on to the floor. Tony wedges the gun behind his back.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Tony quickly rummages through the closet. He throws boxes and clothes everywhere.

He moves a suitcase out of the way and finds two large trash bags, packed full. He opens one of the bags. Bright green nuggets of WEED shine in the light.

Tony smiles. Buds drop on the floor as he closes the bag.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tony takes both bags out of the closet. He walks out of the room.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Tony leaves the door open as he steps out of the house. He walks through the front yard and on to the sidewalk.

A black van waits in front of the house. He opens the side door, places the bags inside, and slams the door shut. He glances down at the bullet holes on the side of the van.

He walks around the front, gets inside, and drives away.

A few seconds go by, a food truck marked, "Eat My Taco" pulls up and parks in front of the house.

MARCO (30's), large with slick back hair, exits the truck. He talks into his cell phone.

MARCO
The hell is that?
(pause)
That stupid band.

He adjusts his sideways trucker hat.

MARCO
Nobody's gonna buy tacos off some
stupid juggalo asshole. Burn that
fucking jacket.

He steps on to the porch and through the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

He walks into the room.

MARCO
I owe David Fulton a bunch of loot.
(pause)
You know about Rodger?

Marco sees Jon on the floor and instantly hangs up the phone. Jon slowly moves his head. Marco quickly takes out a large shiny HANDGUN.

MARCO
What the hell?

Marco stands in front of Jon, he looks down on him.

MARCO
What the fuck happened here?

JON
(hazy)
Huh?

Marco gets down on one knee, Jon opens his eyes.

JON
What?

MARCO
(loud)
What the fuck, happened here?

JON
What?

Marco turns his head towards the open closet door. He looks down at clothes and buds all over the floor. He points his gun at Jon and hurries to the closet.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Marco looks at more buds on the ground. He picks through some clothes and boxes. He steps out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marco slams the door closed.

MARCO
Where's my fucking pot asshole?

Jon sits up.

JON
Should be in the closet.

Marco points the gun at Jon and approaches him.

MARCO
It's not, where the fuck is it?

Jon open his eyes wide and pounds his fists on the floor.

JON
(shouts)
God dammit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

MARCO
What?

JON
He jacked me.

MARCO
Who?

JON
He was just here.

MARCO
I need to get that shit, now!

JON
I got robbed.

Marco presses his gun in the center of Jon's forehead.

JON
No! Wait!

Marco pulls the gun back and stands up. He waits a second, then drives the heel of his boot into Jon's right hand. Jon YELLS in pain.

MARCO
Find my shit. You know I'll come back.

Marco kicks Jon in the face. Knocked out, Jon lies motionless on the floor. Marco's phone RINGS, his hand shakes as he answers it.

MARCO
Mr. Floyd?
(pause)
I'm on my way to get your shit now. My guy has it.

He leaves the room.

INT. MODERN NOSTALGIA - DAY

Briefcase in hand, David walks through the back door. Edward and Luke sweep up the store.

GWEN ALBRIGHT(40), tall, attractive red head, on her cell phone. She paces back and forth, her expression shifts to concerned when she sees the look on David's face.

GWEN
Whatever, get somebody over here.
Now!

She hangs up the phone and walks over to David.

GWEN
Insurance assholes.

LUKE
Hector give you the cash?

David shakes the briefcase. Luke smiles.

GWEN
Where's Ryan?

EDWARD
You find him?

David stares blankly at the floor.

LUKE
David?

GWEN
David!

DAVID
Ryan's dead.

GWEN
What? Bullshit.

LUKE
Not cool man.

DAVID
He hung himself in his living room.

LUKE
For real?

David nods his head. Edward throws the broom to the ground. Gwen cries.

LUKE
No!

Luke kicks and bangs his fists against the wall.

LUKE
(yells)
Shit! No. No. No.

EDWARD
How the hell do you know?

DAVID
I found him. Call Rodger.

David walks away, Gwen follows him.

INT. MODERN NOSTALGIA (OFFICE) - DAY

David and Gwen walk in the room. The sound of YELLING and BROKEN GLASS fades as the door closes. Silence, David sits at his desk.

The room, small and decorated with 1960's Adam West Batman memorabilia. Gwen stands behind hm.

GWEN
You found him?

DAVID
Yeah.

GWEN
Oh my god.

She dries her eyes with her hands.

DAVID
Never met anyone who loved life as much as him.

Gwen turns the chair around and leans in.

DAVID
It's a little much for me right now.

Gwen smiles and puts her hand on his face.

GWEN
Talk to me baby. You were like brothers. And after your dad died...

DAVID
He was my brother. And if it wasn't for him...

David flips over his wrist to reveal an aged scar. Gwen hugs him.

GWEN

He was there for you after it happened.

DAVID

More than you'd ever know. I don't know how he'd even consider doing something like this. Especially after that.

Gwen puts her head on his shoulder.

GWEN

You get my note this morning?

DAVID

"Your dick is amazing?" Very poetic.

GWEN

I thought you'd like it.

He grabs her hand and kisses it. She looks into his eyes, then pulls back.

GWEN

Gotta get this store back together.

She goes to turn away but David pulls her back.

DAVID

Stay, I need the comfort of your eyes.

Gwen sits on his lap.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jon sits alone in his apartment smoking a joint. He puts an ice pack on his bruised face. He looks down at the cast on his hand.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

David lies alone in bed. He smokes a cigarette. A quarter filled bottle of booze and a full ashtray rest on the nightstand next to him.

INT. MONTEZ CONSIGNMENT FURNITURE - NIGHT

Hector smokes a cigarette while JUAN (20's) and JOSE (20's) put bricks of cocaine into giant duffel bags.

A KNOCK at the door. Hector opens it. DRAKE FLOYD (50's) rolls up in a wheelchair.

DRAKE
Hector Montez?

HECTOR
Drake Floyd?

Drake takes off his glasses. He wheels up and reaches his hand out but gets his wheelchair stuck in the door way.

DRAKE
God dammit, hold on.

He shakes the chair and remains stuck. Tony walks up from behind him and grabs the chair's handles.

TONY
Let me...

DRAKE
(angry)
Leave it alone. I can fucking do this.

Drake jolts the chair again and rolls into the room. He shakes Hector's hand. Tony follows him.

DRAKE
Nice to finally meet you.

BRIAN (30's), Tony's twin, and PETE (30's) walk into the room. Pete carries a briefcase.

DRAKE
My two sons Brain, Tony. And, Pete, the new guy.

Hector shakes everyone's hand. He turns around and points to the cocaine.

HECTOR
We have your coke Mr. Floyd.

DRAKE
Beautiful sight wouldn't you say?

Drake grabs the briefcase from Pete's hands. He wheels over to the table. Hector chuckles to himself.

DRAKE

I like to know who I'm in business with. Who are your friends here?

Hector points at Juan.

HECTOR

My son Juan and my guy Jose.

Drake nods his head and sets the briefcase on the table.

DRAKE

Gentlemen, and Pete.

Brian pulls out his gun and points it at Hector. BANG! A single shot hits him square in the head. His body falls to the ground.

BANG! Tony fires at the back of Juan's head, blood stains the wall. Pete pulls a gun on Jose.

PETE

Don't fucking move asshole.

Brian and Tony turns their guns toward Jose. He breaks a sweat, his eyes light up.

JOSE

Fuck you!

DRAKE

Pretty gutsy move on your part.

Brian walks over to Jose and pats him down.

DRAKE

Saying "fuck you" to a man pointing a gun at your head.

BRIAN

He's good.

Drake signals them to come closer. Brian snatches Jose by the arm and leads him to the table.

DRAKE

Don't be nervous.

Brian throws Jose in the chair. A small sigh of relief comes over Jose's face. He quickly nods.

DRAKE

Yet.

Pete grabs Jose's arm and slashes his wrist with a knife. Jose SCREAMS! He tries to break free but Pete firmly holds on to his arm. Brian jams a gun in the back of Jose's head.

JOSE

God dammit!

DRAKE

I'm Drake Floyd by the way.

Jose breathes heavy. Drake opens the briefcase. He runs his hand over the stacks of hundred dollar bills and starts to pile stacks of money on the table.

DRAKE

Been looking forward to Cleveland.

Drake stops after he has taken half the money out of the case. He closes it up.

DRAKE

You guys got a casino now, welcome to 2008. Along with tax dollars it also allows for some new economic opportunity.

Drake takes a napkin out of his pocket and hands it Jose. He presses it up against his wound.

DRAKE

There's lots of economic opportunity. Which means there's room for you.

Jose snaps his head up.

JOSE

Fuck you!

DRAKE

Like I said, I really admire the balls on you. It's nice to see yours aren't in a wheelchair.

Drake slides the stack of money towards Jose.

DRAKE

I'm your employer now.

JOSE

What?

DRAKE

That's yours, a little up front money. You know about cocaine?

JOSE

I'm more into grass.

DRAKE

I'm all good on that right now.

Drake smiles at Tony.

DRAKE

Hector's time was up long ago. I need a familiar face to appease the locals, keep the business running smoothly. You want to be that face?

Drake puts the case on his lap and wheels backward from the table. Jose stares at Drake.

DRAKE

You can always say no. But if you do, Pete the new guy will slash your other wrist open. We'll throw you on the ground somewhere near your two dead hermanos over there. Then the three of us will eat this pizza we got in the car while your worthless Hispanic ass bleeds out and makes this incident look like a murder, slash, suicide. Pete.

Pete grabs Jose's other arm. Jose wrestles with him.

DRAKE

Tony, get the pizza.

JOSE

Wait! No! Stop! I'll do it. I'm in, just stop.

Brian takes the butt of his gun and cracks Jose across the face. Drake signals to Pete.

DRAKE

Very good.

Jose leans forward in the chair. He reaches for his eye and falls tot he floor.

DRAKE

My sons, give him the details.

Brian kicks him in the stomach.

DRAKE

Tony, make amends to Jose for me. Take him to our doctor, now. And make sure that he gets that money. In fact...

Drake opens the briefcase and throws a stack of cash at Tony. He catches it.

DRAKE

Give him this as a bonus.

Pete opens the door. Drake guides himself through but gets stuck in the doorway.

He shakes his wheelchair.

EXT. MODERN NOSTALGIA - DAY

Jon walks up to the store. A "CLOSED" sign hangs on the door. He steps back and looks at the boarded up windows. He sees a piece of paper taped to the window.

He looks at a picture of Ryan with a big smile on his face. The print reads, "Funeral To Be Held Calvary Cemetery On November 10, 2011."

He takes the piece of paper and walks away.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Dressed in suits, David, Luke, and Edward stand in front of a tombstone. Luke puts his hand on David's shoulder.

LUKE

It's gonna be alright.

DAVID

Could you just stand like eight to ten feet behind me and just hang out, or stand there, or something. I don't know man, just give me a second.

LUKE
It's okay.

Luke steps back.

DAVID
I can't take this anymore. Let's
leave.

They turn around and OFFICER MCMARDY (40's), heavy set, and in uniform. He blocks their path. Luke and Edward nod their heads at him and walk away.

McMardy sneers at them as they walk by. He approaches David.

DAVID
It's been five days. What am I
paying you for?

They slowly walk and follow a good distance behind Luke and Edward.

MCMARDY
Keeping you supplied and making
your competition, not your
competition.

DAVID
What do you got?

MCMARDY
Straight up suicide. His body
showed showed no signs of a
struggle. No bruises. Except the
one across his neck.

DAVID
Still doesn't make any sense.

MCMARDY
Maybe you didn't know your friend
as well as you thought.

David stops and points his finger in McMardy's face.

DAVID
Corrupt cops are a dime a dozen
lately. Don't think I can't
replace you.

MCMARDY

You can't, and you know it.

They take a few more steps. Luke and Edward wait by a police car parked behind the Modern Nostalgia box truck.

MCMARDY

You guys got my payment?

Edward takes out an envelope and gives it to McMardy.

MCMARDY

The price is going up.

EDWARD

In what world?

DAVID

You are picking one fucked up time to pull this shit.

MCMARDY

I've never liked you. I barely liked Ryan.

DAVID

Or are you still mad because I hooked up with a girl you had no chance with in high school?

MCMARDY

Fuck you.

McMardy opens the door to his car and throws the envelope inside.

MCMARDY

Find a new distributor.

LUKE

Hector stays.

MCMARDY

Him and his son were found dead. Both shot.

David pounds his fist on the side of the truck.

DAVID

Shit!

EDWARD
You kidding me?

MCMARDY
Two dead bodies.

Luke paces back and forth. David snaps his head at McMardy.

DAVID
You've been here too long. When
will my drugs arrive?

MCMARDY
When I get the rest of my money.

McMardy gets in his car and drives away. Angry, David stomps his foot on the ground.

DAVID
I hate that asshole.

LUKE
Hector and Juan?

DAVID
Can you believe that god damn guy?

EDWARD
Did you really bang some girl he
had a crush on?

DAVID
Oh god yes.

LUKE
Were you guys even friends in high
school?

DAVID
Hell no.

They laugh.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jon drives through the cemetery. In his right hand, he holds a picture of a younger David and a woman paper clipped to the the front of it.

He slows down, looks out the windshield, and sees three men. Luke, Edward, and David all turn around. David makes eye contact with him.

Jon's eyes light up and his hands shake. He swerves the car slightly off the side of the road, recovers quickly, and drives away.

INT. CEMETERY - DAY

A car drives by David, Luke, and Edward. They turn around, David stares into the window at a young dark haired man behind the wheel.

The car swerves, straightens out, and slowly drives away.

LUKE
This asshole drunk?

DAVID
I sure want to be.

EDWARD
Let's get outta here.

They get in the box truck and drive away.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

A police car drives up to a black Town Car. McMardy steps out and walks up to the rear driver's side window. The window rolls down and Drake sticks his head out.

DRAKE
Officer McMardy, I take it your presence here means you have accepted my offer.

MCMARDY
It's a start Mr. Floyd.

DRAKE
This works out and one day I'll let you call me Drake.

McMardy pulls out a small sheet of paper. Drake takes it from him, opens it up, and puts on his glasses.

DRAKE
This the address?

MCMARDY
Yes.

DRAKE
The safe house?

MCMARDY
Yes, it belongs to David
Fulton. All business is directed
through there.

DRAKE
Your guys make the drop off?

MCMARDY
There's a car parked in the garage,
the shipment will be in the
trunk. My guys leave it there, you
pick it up.

DRAKE
That simple?

MCMARDY
That simple.

DRAKE
Exactly how much are you leaving
behind?

MCMARDY
Enough. My guys at U.S. customs
don't fuck around.

DRAKE
Neither do I.

MCMARDY
Good. There can always be more.

DRAKE
Good. Make sure you tell this
David Fulton about the next drop
off. We'll get there early and
make sure he never leaves. That
is, if that's what you'd like?

MCMARDY
I'd like that very much Mr. Floyd.

DRAKE
Business or personal?

MCMARDY
A little bit of both.

DRAKE

The best kind. Thank you for the
tip on that Hector Montez fellow.

Drake hands McMardy a shoe box. He opens it to reveal
stacks of hundred dollar bills.

DRAKE

There's more on the way. You work
for me now.

MCMARDY

I work for you now.

DRAKE

All great relationships are founded
on trust. I'm the new guy in town,
I don't like competition or
bullshit. Don't ever give me a
reason not to trust you.

Drake rolls up the window. The car drives off. McMardy
rolls his eyes and walks back to his car.

INT. PROSPERITY SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Luke and Edward sit a table in an empty pub. David sits
alone at the bar, he takes down a shot.

He finishes and takes a sip from his drink. He signals
BARTENDER (late 30's), attractive, fills his shot glass and
sets the bottle down.

BARTENDER

Rough day?

DAVID

Rough week.

Bartender grabs David's forearm and looks in his eyes.

BARTENDER

Come by my place tonight.

She puts her mouth close to his ear.

BARTENDER

(whispers)

I don't care if you still have that
girlfriend.

DAVID

I care.

Bartender stands up. Jon walks through the door. All eyes turn in his direction. He waits a second and nervously walks towards the bar.

DAVID

Take a smoke break.

Bartender walks out of the room. David stares at Jon's cast and bruises.

DAVID

Drunken fall?

JON

Excuse me?

DAVID

You look like you've seen better days.

JON

Bad luck I guess.

DAVID

Been there, let me get you a drink. You been here before?

Jon shakes his head. David takes a glass from behind the bar, pours a drink, and slides it down the bar. Jon eyes his every move.

DAVID

Don't worry, it's cool. I've been coming here a long time. This place used to be my uncle's back in the day. Well, he wasn't really my uncle. Just one of your dad's friends that he makes you call "uncle."

JON

I never knew my father.

David leans back in his chair. Jon takes a sip of the drink.

DAVID

For what it's worth I hardly knew mine. I used to come here for Easter, Christmas, shit like

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)
that when I was a kid. You see
where that A.T.M is?

David points over to corner.

DAVID
Used to be an old time pay phone,
one where like you sit down and
close the door.

David downs the rest of his drink, he pours another. Jon
slowly steps closer.

DAVID
I guess that's why I do what I do.

Jon sits a few seats down from David.

JON
And what do you do?

DAVID
I specialize in nostalgia.

JON
Nostalgia?

DAVID
A simple feeling that takes you
some other place.

JON
How does one specialize in
nostalgia?

Luke and Edward stand up and approach the bar.

DAVID
My store got shot up the other
day. You know the three of us
almost died.

David finishes his drink and stands up.

DAVID
So when I see someone I've never
seen before, stalking me in a
cemetery. Then that same guy shows
up in the bar I'm at. You come to
finish the job?

JON

The job?

Luke and Edward grab Jon by the shoulders. They pick him up and slam him into the wall. Edward pats him down, David pulls out a gun.

JON

(yells)

What the hell man?

EDWARD

He's clean.

DAVID

You shoot up my store?

Jon looks confused. Luke presses his fist against Jon's bruised face. He GASPS in pain.

JON

The place with with no windows?

DAVID

(aggressive)

Did you shoot up my fucking store?

Jon's eyes light up in panic mode as David points the gun at him.

JON

Wait! Don't shoot! Please!

Luke punches Jonathan in the face.

JON

Stop! Please! I'm your son.

DAVID

I've heard that one before.

Jon spits out a little blood and breathes heavy.

JON

I'm not lying. I swear! Just let me...

Jon hands shake as he points to his chest.

LUKE

The hell does that mean?

JON
I have something.

DAVID
Yeah?

JON
Let go in my pocket, just let me.

David looks at Jon, his eyes move up and down. He nods his head and turns away.

JON
Right in here.

David pulls the gun back. Jon reaches in his jacket pocket and takes out a photo. He hands it to David, up side down.

David holds it up. On the back, a written note says,
"DAVID AND MARGO 1990."

He flips the picture over to reveal a younger version of himself with his arm around MARGO. His eyes squint and then open wide.

JON
Margo Thomas, she was my mother.

DAVID
Was?

David grabs a bar stool and sits down. He runs his hand through his hair.

JON
She died. Few years ago in Miami.

DAVID
Margo.

JON
You remember her?

DAVID
She died?

Luke and Edward release Jon.

JON
Cancer.

DAVID
God awful disease, I'm sorry.

JONATHAN
Moved to Cleveland right after she
passed.

DAVID
Been along time since I've seen
this picture.

JON
Twenty two years?

DAVID
You think I'm your father?

JON
I'd like to know.

Jon pulls out a piece of paper.

DAVID
You picked one hell of a time to
introduce yourself.

JON
Call me. Please. I got this
doctor guy, he can tell us for
sure.

David takes the paper from his hand.

DAVID
Jonathan Thomas.

JON
Jon.

David turns around and heads back to the bar.

DAVID
I'll be in touch, Jon. Until
then...

Jon reaches for the picture. David grabs his arm and stares
right at him.

DAVID
Leave the photo.

Jon slightly smiles and walks towards the door. He turns
around. David stares at the picture.

Jon walks out the door. David pours another drink. Edward approaches David and puts hand on his shoulder.

EDWARD
You were in Miami in 1990.

DAVID
Don't fucking remind me.

He takes out his cigarettes and leaves the room.

EXT. MODERN NOSTALGIA (DELIVERY ZONE) - DAY

David stands alone holding an envelope. A police cruiser pulls up to him and parks. McMardy exits the car. He takes off his sunglasses and approaches David.

MCMARDY
That the rest of my money?

DAVID
You set everything up?

David hands him the envelope. McMardy opens it up and flips through the cash.

MCMARDY
The details, uh, here...

McMardy reaches in his pocket and hands David a small piece of paper.

DAVID
Time, amount, costs?

MCMARDY
Yes, a little more than usual.

DAVID
More changes.

MCMARDY
My guys are dropping off your stuff. Be there at eight.

DAVID
They better not fuck it up.

McMardy chuckles as he puts on his sunglasses. He gets in the car and drives away. David goes inside the store.

INT. MODERN NOSTALGIA (HALLWAY)

David closes the door. He takes out his cell phone and puts it to his ear.

DAVID

Jon?

(pause)

It's David. Your uh, potential, I mean I might be. Shit, I sound like an asshole. It's David Fulton.

(pause)

Yes that one.

He lightly chuckles.

DAVID

I'm free tomorrow, can we see this doctor of yours?

(pause)

Good. Text me the time and address.

(pause)

I will. I'll see you tomorrow.

(pause)

Bye.

He hangs up the phone and takes a deep breath. He walks in an open door.

INT. MODERN NOSTALGIA (OFFICE) - DAY

Gwen sits behind the desk. She holds her cell phone to her ear. David walks into the room.

GWEN

Thank you Mr. Floyd, bye!

Gwen hangs up the phone.

DAVID

Who's Mr. Floyd?

GWEN

Finally gonna unload some of those old neon beer signs we got. I found a buyer.

DAVID

Good. They're broke right?

GWEN

I already got a guy fixing them.

David leans up against the wall.

DAVID

I'm gonna meet my, might be son at
the doctor's tomorrow.

GWEN

You think he's yours?

DAVID

There's some compelling arguments
to be made from his side.

GWEN

Whatever it is, I'm here.

David's phone RINGS. He looks down at it then back at Gwen.

DAVID

I know you are.

For a second, they look in each others eyes. David looks
down at the phone again.

DAVID

I gotta go. I'll see you later
tonight.

Gwen smiles and David leaves the room.

EXT. STREET - DAY

David walks up to a shiny new food truck. The sign on the
side says "Eat My Taco," he approaches the window. Marco
pops his head out but acts disinterested.

DAVID

That's a pretty nice truck for
someone who owes me some money.

MARCO

Man fuck you. I found outside
investors.

DAVID

I hope you don't cost them their
investment. Like Cleveland needs
another food truck.

MARCO

The last time we spoke, it didn't end on good terms. Looks like this time we're not starting on them.

DAVID

You crashed a car into a telephone pole and fled. How much coke did the cops find in the trunk again?

Marco angrily looks away from David.

DAVID

How much did that cost me?

Marco snaps his head back.

MARCO

I'm trying to pay you back. What the hell do you want from me?

DAVID

Hector Montez got shot. You know anything about that?

MARCO

He got shot, that's all I know.

DAVID

That's all you know?

MARCO

Yeah man, you know what I know.

David rolls his eyes.

DAVID

If you hear anything...

MARCO

Why the hell should I help you?

DAVID

You get me some answers, about Hector, my store. I'll give you a serious reduction in your debt.

MARCO

I'm almost paid up.

DAVID

Keep the difference. I'll make it worth your while.

David walks away.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Jon stands outside, he smokes a cigarette. David, cigarette in hand, approaches him.

David wears an Adam West Batman t-shirt. At the same time, they throw away their smokes and shake hands.

DAVID
You ready?

JON
My whole life.

DAVID
Let's do it.

They turn and walks towards the door.

JON
You actually like the Adam West
Batman?

DAVID
He's my favorite one.

Jon opens the door. David steps through.

JON
Have you seen "The Dark Knight?"

DAVID
Shit no.

JON
What the hell man?

Jon closes the door behind them. The sign on it says "DR.
KECK MEDICAL DOCTOR."

INT. BECKY'S BAR - DAY

David and Jon sit side by side in a not so crowded bar. Cleveland State memorabilia lines the walls. BARTENDER #2 (20's), drops off two beers, smiles, and walks away.

David stares blankly at the wall.

JON
Is it cool to drink after you've
had blood taken?

DAVID
The best time.

JON
Do a lot of D.N.A. tests?

DAVID
I few times. Never yielded any
positive results.

David takes a huge swig from the bottle.

JON
You never knew about me?

DAVID
Never.

JON
Not even a phone call.

DAVID
No phone call. Shit, when the
internet was invented, I never even
got an email.

JON
So how did you meet my mom? Why did
she think you're my father?

DAVID
I met you mom in Miami. I had gone
down there to...

Tracy, out of nowhere, walks up to Jon. She puts her arms
around him.

TRACY
Hey you!

Surprised, Jon turns around.

JON
Professor Walter? Can you hold on
second?

Jon tries to dismiss her but she moves in closer to him.

TRACY

Tracy.

JON

Sounds perfect, Tracy.

Jon quickly turns to David.

JON

What were you saying? You went to Miami?

TRACY

Look at you. I swear you're hotter now that you are not my student.

DAVID

We'll have plenty of time to talk. Why don't you introduce me to your uh, friend here.

TRACY

Who the hell is this guy?

JON

This guy, could be my father.

TRACY

He's the one huh?

JON

He's the one.

Tracy walks over to David, smiles and shakes his hand.

TRACY

I'm Tracy Walter. Your maybe son's former creative writing professor.

DAVID

It's nice to meet you.

Tracy continues to shake his hand, she repeatedly looks him up and down.

TRACY

I can see it.

DAVID

Like that hand?

Tracy laughs and retracts her hand.

TRACY
You guys do look alike.

The conversation shifts to an awkward moment of silence. Jon and David both scratch their heads with their right hands.

TRACY
So what brings you guys here?

JON
We are having a post D.N.A. test,
wait a while in limbo for results
drink.

Tracy grabs Jon's forearm and looks in his eyes.

TRACY
You mind if we join you?

DAVID
We?

Tracy waves to JENNY (30), short, dark hair. She leaves the bar and walks over to them.

TRACY
My friend Jenny.

Tracy and stands next to Jon.

TRACY
This is Jon.

Jenny shakes his hand.

JENNY
You're right, he's good looking.

JON
You telling your friends about me?

TRACY
And this is his father, I mean
maybe, I, what should I say here?

DAVID
I'm David, start there.

JENNY
Jenny.

Jenny smiles when she shakes David's hand. She immediately tenses up and plays with her hair.

JON
Shots anyone?

Bartender #2 walks up to them.

JON
Four shots of whatever she wants.

Jon looks at Tracy. Bartender #2 grabs four shot glasses and sets them on the bar. Jenny pulls up a stool next to David and crosses her legs in his direction.

David laughs to himself as he sees Tracy making her move on Jon. He takes another sip of his beer and turns to Jenny.

EXT. BACK OF FLOYD'S BBQ - DAY

Brian hands McMardy a brown envelope. He opens it up to reveal a large amount of cash.

MCMARDY
All here?

BRIAN
There's some extra for your time.

He hands Brian small blue envelope.

MCMARDY
Here's the details. My guys make the drop off at 7:30. David Fulton will be there at eight.

BRIAN
Good job.

McMardy walks away and Brian goes inside.

INT. FLOYD'S BBQ (KITCHEN) - DAY

Brian walks through the kitchen. Several boxes and ingredients fill the space.

Tony, wearing a Chef's jacket, steps out from behind the grill. He holds a sampler of three ribs.

TONY
The new sauces.

Brian takes the sampler and walks into the dining room.

INT. FLOYD'S BBQ (DINING ROOM) - DAY

Brian walks into the room. Construction equipment lies all over the room. He approaches a single table where Drake sits across from Marco.

Brian sets the sampler down in front of Drake. He sets the blue envelope down next to it. Marco anxiously taps his foot.

BRIAN

He's working on some new sauces.

Brian walks away. Drake picks up a rib and eats.

DRAKE

This is amazing. Fucking love barbecue. You like barbecue?

MARCO

Yeah, uh, who doesn't.

DRAKE

Right. Marco, stop tapping your foot.

MARCO

Sorry sir.

DRAKE

It's really annoying.

Marco grabs his leg with both hands, he stops.

DRAKE

Good, you are ruining these ribs for me.

Wipes his mouth and sets the rib bone down.

DRAKE

You know why I called you down here?

MARCO

Yes sir, I, I wanted to say I'm sorry.

DRAKE

I give you money, you get me pot. I can get every other fucking drug. You promise delivery, delivery doesn't happen. You spend

(MORE)

DRAKE (cont'd)
the money I gave you. Do we see
the problem here?

Marco nervously interjects.

MARCO
Not my fault.

Drake cuts him off.

DRAKE
Did you deliver on your end?

MARCO
Not exactly, this guy we found to
grow your stuff got jacked.

DRAKE
(loud)
Then you didn't fucking deliver did
you?

Marco shakes his head. Drake eats the second rib.

DRAKE
Did you?

MARCO
I'll get your money back I promise.

DRAKE
Of course you spent the money.

MARCO
I swear, I had it all lined up.

Marco reaches in his pocket and pulls out a small stack of
cash. He gives it to Drake.

DRAKE
It's a start.

Drake takes the money and sets it to the side. He reaches
in his pocket and takes out a small stack of post it notes.

DRAKE
Now, I have a soul. Who knows, I
might actually need you in the
future.

Drake opens the blue envelope and takes out a piece of
paper. He writes on a post it note.

DRAKE

I even did you a favor and found
your pot, I should say my pot.

MARCO

Really?

DRAKE

A few grunt red necks met their
maker, but yes. It's being
delivered.

Drake peels off the post it note and hands it to Marco.

DRAKE

Be at that address at...

(loud)

Brian.

BRIAN (O.S.)

(loud)

Yeah.

DRAKE

(loud)

What time should they be at the,
the thing?

BRIAN (O.S.)

(loud)

Just after eight o'clock.

DRAKE

Just after eight o'clock.

MARCO

We got to pick it up?

DRAKE

(angry)

Yes, you're picking it up. God
dammit! You should be happy I'm
giving you this much.

Drake slams his hand on the table.

MARCO

Where?

DRAKE

A stash house in West Park. In the
garage, it'll be in the trunk of
the car.

MARCO

What next?

DRAKE

Get the stuff, call me to let me know you got it, and bring it to me. That's it.

MARCO

That's it?

DRAKE

Once you do this, we'll talk about our future.

Drake points his finger at him.

DRAKE

Understand.

MARCO

Our future?

DRAKE

Get the fuck outta here.

Marco quickly stands up and leaves the room. Drake eats the last rib. Brian comes in through the kitchen door.

BRIAN

You do know Tony stole that weed shipment. Got to their guy before they did.

DRAKE

Of course I know that.

BRIAN

What about David Fulton?

DRAKE

Get to the stash house before everybody else. Pack up the coke. When David Fulton shows up, kill him. This yahoo will show up soon thereafter, do the same.

CHIMES ring as Jose steps through the front door. He wears a bandage on his wrist and carries a briefcase.

DRAKE

Well look who it is.

BRAIN
He called me today.

DRAKE
Is there a sign of trust in that
briefcase?

JOSE
Yes sir.

DRAKE
Get you restocked very soon. Good
job Jose. We'll call you.

Drake looks up at Brian.

DRAKE
Count the cash.

Brian takes the briefcase from Jose. Drake turns his
wheelchair around and wheels out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jon stumbles through the door, he laughs. Tracy, Jenny, and
David fall in behind him.

JON
You actually like Grizzly Bear?

Jon turns the lights on. Tracy wraps her arms around him.

TRACY
One of my favorite bands.

JON
They have female fans?

TRACY
At least one.

JON
How do you listen to that?

David stands at the kitchen counter and watches the
conversation. Jenny walks over to him.

TRACY
You got an ipod dock?

JON
In my room.

Tracy reaches in her purse and takes out her ipod.

TRACY
Give me five minutes. You'll be a
fan by the end of the night.

JON
Five minutes?

TRACY
Five minutes.

Tracy grabs Jonathan by the arm.

JON
Then we can continue to get drunk?

TRACY
I promise.

Jon walks backwards. Tracy slowly pushes him down the
hall. He looks at David and points to the fridge.

TRACY
(flirty)
Let's go.

JONATHAN
(loud)
Hang out here or
something. There's beer in the
fridge. One second.

Tracy leads him into the room. The door closes. After a
few seconds the muffled sound of music fills the room.

David chuckles to himself. Jenny looks at David and
smiles. She plays with her hair.

David turns toward "The Dark Knight" movie poster on the
wall.

JENNY
Have you seen "The Dark Knight?"

DAVID
I haven't.

JENNY
Are you not American?

David stares at the poster for a few seconds.

DAVID
No I am. It's just... They're a
little too dark for me. Way dark,
actually.

A loud MOAN comes from the bedroom. David and Jenny look at each other for a moment. David laughs out loud. Jenny looks puzzled.

JENNY
What's so funny?

The laugh dies down. David walks over to the fridge.

DAVID
It's just funny. I hooked up with
my college professor too. Like
father like son I guess.

JENNY
Jon's you son?

DAVID
Might be.

David smiles, he opens the door to the fridge. He sticks his head in and grabs a beer.

He pops his head up. Jenny stands topless, and in her underwear. Surprised, he closes the door. Jenny walks over to him and rubs her hands on his shoulders.

JENNY
You guys do look alike. But you're
older, sexier.

DAVID
Oh yeah?

JENNY
You know what?

She takes his hand and puts it on her ass.

DAVID
What?

JENNY
Jon's having fun right now. You
should too.

DAVID
Yeah?

JENNY
Yeah.

She goes into kiss him. She gets to an inch from his face.
He pushes her back.

DAVID
I bet you're a good dose of fun.

JENNY
You got a girlfriend or something?

DAVID
I do.

JENNY
Have me anyway...

She grabs his hand and places it on her breast.

JENNY
And anytime.

David takes his hand off of her. He smiles, takes a step
back, and walks to the door. He turns around.

DAVID
Put some clothes on and pass
out. I know you're probably not
used to being turned down. But I
promise you'll feel more expensive
in the morning.

JENNY
More expensive?

DAVID
Not cheap.

David turns around and leaves the room.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

David walks in the room and finds Gwen asleep in the bed. He takes off his jacket, he knocks over a Batman action figure off the dresser, Gwen wakes up.

GWEN

Is that you?

She rubs her eyes and brushes the hair from her face.

DAVID

It's me.

GWEN

Missed you tonight.

DAVID

I hung out with Jon tonight.

David sits down on the bed.

GWEN

You do the blood test?

Gwen hugs him from behind and puts her head on his shoulders.

DAVID

We did.

GWEN

You might have a son, that's fantastic news.

Gwen pulls away from him and lays down. David lies down beside her. She puts her arm around him.

DAVID

I just wish I'd known about him.

GWEN

But you know about him now. And soon you'll know if this is for real.

DAVID

I kinda want him to be.

Gwen kisses his cheek, she pulls him in closer.

DAVID

And if he is my son, of course I
want to be a part of his
life. Anyway I can.

GWEN

I'm here for you. You know that
right?

DAVID

Of course I do.

He kisses her hand. David puts his arm around her.

GWEN

Have you told Luke and Edward about
us?

DAVID

They call you the ghost.

Gwen smiles and lets out a short laugh.

GWEN

My friends call you the same thing.

David pulls her in close. They drift off to sleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jon, no longer with the cast on his hand, relaxes on his
couch. Ipod in hand, can headphones on his head, he lies
down with his eyes closed.

A KNOCK at the door. A few seconds pass. A louder KNOCK on
the door. The door opens, Marco enters the room. He walks
toward the couch.

Marco pokes Jon's shoulder. Jon jolts in surprise. He
quickly stands up.

JON

Shit!

Jon quickly takes off the headphones, his ipod drops to the
ground. He takes a couple deep breaths.

JON

What hell are you doing here?

MARCO
Your hand's looking good.

JON
You come back to fuck up the other
one?

Jon walks away from the couch and towards the kitchen
counter. Marco's eyes follow him across the room.

MARCO
No.

Marco picks up the ipod, he looks at the screen.

MARCO
Grizzly Bear? You like that shit?

Jon turns his head to Marco.

JON
Why'd you come by?

MARCO
You find my pot?

Marco turns and faces Jon.

JON
I already told you, I fucking got
jacked.

MARCO
I remember.

JON
I been talking to my people, trying
to make this whole thing
right. Everything will be all good
soon.

Jon takes out a cigarette and lights up.

MARCO
I actually came here for another
reason.

JON
Yeah?

MARCO
When you got ripped off, I had one
of my guys look into it. Got some
good news for ya.

JON
What's that?

MARCO
He tracked down the guys who jacked
you.

JON
What?

MARCO
A couple degenerate red necks met
their maker, but he got it.

JON
I can't believe it. Good. So what
now? Where is it?

MARCO
Being delivered soon.

JON
Where to?

Marco hands Jon a post it note.

MARCO
That address.

JON
Good, call me when you get
it. We'll see what we have left.

MARCO
You're making the pick up.

JON
It's your shit.

MARCO
But you lost it for me, I found it,
and now you pick up the pieces.

JON
And what if I say no?

Marco reaches behind his back and pulls out a gun, he points
it at Jon. Jon's hands shake.

MARCO
We can settle up right now. I'll
hurt more than your hand this time.

Jon nervously looks at the gun, then at Marco.

JON

Shit.

MARCO

(loud, aggressive)

I will put bullets fucking head
asshole.

JON

I do this and we're square?

Marco nods his head.

MARCO

That address is for a stash
house. There's a car parked in the
garage. The shit's in the
trunk. Bring it to me and we're
all good.

JON

That simple?

MARCO

It's the best deal you are going to
get.

Marco puts the gun away and walks towards the door.

MARCO

Wait for my call.

Marco leaves the room. Jonathan leans up against the
counter and takes a few deep breaths. He stares at the post
it note.

INT. FLOYD'S BBQ (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

A variety of automatic weapons rest on the shiny silver
butcher's table. Drake picks up one of the guns and
polishes it with a rag.

A loud BUZZ comes from the smoker. Brian quickly opens the
door and takes out a brisket.

BRIAN

It's ready.

DRAKE

Let's hope the tenth time's the
charm.

Drake sets the gun down and wheels over to Brian.

BRIAN
I got a good feeling about this.

DRAKE
I pitched nine briskets. Remember
having good feeling about those?

Brian sets the brisket on a cutting board and slices off a couple pieces.

Drake takes a piece, puts it in his mouth, and slowly eats. He slams his fist on the counter.

DRAKE
Dry as hell.

BRIAN
(surprised)
You're kidding me?

Brian eats a piece. Tony walks into the kitchen. He smiles as he puts his phone away.

TONY
Your cop buddy called. The
shipment just got dropped off.

Drake's face lights up. Brian hands Tony a piece of brisket.

DRAKE
The most expensive piece of shit
I've ever bought.

BRIAN
Try this.

Tony puts the piece in his mouth. He chews while he speaks.

TONY
He's calling David Fulton as we
speak.

DRAKE
Good, call Marco along the
way. Make sure he shows up.

TONY
It's dry as hell.

BRIAN
Oh God.

DRAKE
I told you so.

Tony looks at Brian.

TONY
You ready to go?

BRIAN
Yeah.

Brian grabs the guns off the table.

DRAKE
No. Tony pick up Pete and take him
with him you. Brian, you're
staying with me.

Brian slams the gun down.

DRAKE
They can handle it. Your brisket's
dry as the desert's vagina and we
open in two days.

Brian quickly hands the guns off to Tony.

DRAKE
I ordered some neon signs for the
restaurant. We're picking them up
later.

Brian takes spices off the shelf and throws them on the
counter.

DRAKE
It's okay, let your brother have a
little fun. Remember my sons,
after tonight we make things the
way we want in this town. Then you
both can have all the fun you want.

BEEP BEEP, Tony takes out his phone and holds it up.

TONY
It's Pete, he's ready.

DRAKE
Good. Get to the house and load up
our stuff. David Fulton will be
there first, kill him. That
asshole Marco, he's next, do the
same. Call me when it's done.

Drake turns around and wheels out of the room.

INT. MODERN NOSTALGIA (OFFICE) - NIGHT

David sits silently, he stares at the wall. A drink rests next to a shoebox on top of the desk. David flips a Batman button in the air like a coin. Gwen stands in the doorway.

GWEN

David.

David flips the button again.

GWEN

(loud)

David!

David jolts in surprise. The button falls to the floor.

DAVID

I'm sorry, shit.

GWEN

Rodger called, he's back in town.

DAVID

Good, good.

David picks the button up off the floor.

GWEN

I got a guy coming by later on to pick up those beer signs.

DAVID

Good.

GWEN

I'm gonna get some food and come back. You coming back here after you pick up your stuff?

DAVID

Will you still be around?

The phone on the desk RINGS.

GWEN

For you I will.

Another RING.

DAVID
Well I will see you later then.

Another RING.

GWEN
Better get that.

DAVID
Luke will get it.

Silence.

DAVID
See you.

GWEN
See you.

Gwen smiles and walks away. David takes a sip from his drink and opens the shoebox. He grabs a stack of pictures and flips through them.

He stops at an old picture of him and Margo, his eyes light up. He opens a desk drawer, takes out the exact same picture, and holds them up side by side.

Edward comes into the room.

EDWARD
Luke got the call. The stuff just got there. You ready to go?

David stares at the photos.

EDWARD
Hey, David!

David pops his head up.

EDWARD
You ready to go?

DAVID
What? No.

David rubs his forehead.

EDWARD
We have to leave.

DAVID
My head's a damn mess. The last
couple days, all this shit.

EDWARD
You okay?

DAVID
I could be better.

EDWARD
You want me and Luke to go?

DAVID
You know what to do. Just, meet me
back here when it's done.

David swallows the rest of his drink and turns back to the
photos. Edward leaves the room.

INT. MODERN NOSTALGIA - NIGHT

Edward walks into the room. Luke picks up an envelope off
the ground by the front door.

EDWARD
We're making the pick up tonight.

Luke turns the letter over. In the top right hand corner it
says "From The Office Of Dr. Keck," and "Delivered By
Courier" stamped in red ink.

LUKE
You ready?

EDWARD
Let's go.

Luke sets the envelope on the counter beside more unopened
mail. They leave the room. A cell phone next to the pile
lights up and vibrates.

The name "JON" appears on the screen.

INT. JON'S APARTMENT BUILDING (LOBBY) - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the door. Jon, dressed all in black, opens the
door. COURIER, dressed in a yellow jacket, stands before
him with an envelope in his hand.

COURIER
Jon Thomas?

JON
You bet.

Courier hands Jon the envelope and walks away.

Jon turns the letter over. In the top right hand corner it says "From The Office Of Dr. Keck" and "Delivered By Courier" stamped in red ink.

Jon opens the letter, he raises it to eye level. After a few seconds a look of satisfaction and giant smile comes across his face, tears fall down his cheek.

His cell phone RINGS, he answers it.

JON
Marco.
(pause)
It's there? I'll get going.
(pause)
Call you after.

He hangs up the phone. He folds up the letter and sticks it in his jacket pocket. As he puts the phone to his ear, he steps inside his apartment.

JON
(into phone)
Hey David it's Jon. Got the
results from our blood test and
I'm...

He closes the door.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Tony sits behind the wheel, a focused look on his face. Pete taps his foot anxiously in the passenger seat.

PETE
Three guys right?

Pete jams a magazine into the gun. He hands it to Anthony.

TONY
Right.

Tony pulls into a driveway. All the lights are off on the property. He pulls up to the house and parks on the left side of the garage.

The clock on the stereo reads, "7:58." They exit the van.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony and Pete walk up to the front door.

TONY
Place should be unlocked. Stuff's
in the garage. That's where
everyone's going, that's where
we'll be.

PETE
Your brother at the restaurant?

They come up to the door. Tony reaches for the knob and slowly turns it.

TONY
We open in two days. You coming?

PETE
I'm a vegetarian remember?

TONY
Really?

The knob quietly CLICKS. He slowly pulls the door open.

TONY
That sucks.

They go inside.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony and Pete quietly walk in and turn on the light. The single dim bulb barely lights the room. An old couch sits on top of old, torn up carpeting.

PETE
Look at this dump.

They walk into the kitchen.

INT. SAFE HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

They walk in the dark room. The only light comes from behind a closed door a few feet away.

TONY
Are you for real? No meat?

PETE
No meat.

Pete reaches behind his back and pulls out a large hand gun.

TONY
You've never had a cheeseburger?

PETE
Never.

Tony takes out his gun. They come up to the door.

PETE
How long til these other guys show up?

TONY
Not long. Shit's in here.

Tony opens the door.

TONY
Anyone who opens that door is
fucking dead you hear me?

They go inside the door closes, a moment of silence.

LUKE (O.S.)
(yells)
Motherfucker!

The slightly muffled sound of gunshots, a loud CRASH!

TONY (O.S.)
(yells)
Fuck you!

BANG! SCREAMS come from behind the door. BANG! BANG!

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Edward drives the van, Luke sits anxiously in the passenger seat.

LUKE
Had a pretty intense sex dream the other night.

EDWARD
Yeah?

LUKE
Yeah, this girl Robin I went out with a couple times.

EDWARD
She was hot.

LUKE
You should have seen her in this dream.

EDWARD
You never banged her right?

LUKE
Never. But my god this dream.

EDWARD
Then you wake up alone and everything. Shit I hate that.

Luke pulls into an empty drive way. He pulls up to the garage and stops.

LUKE
It felt like crazy real. Crazy real.

Luke takes out a garage door opener, he pushes the button.

LUKE
Been on my mind all day.

The door opens, Luke drives the van inside, and parks next to an old beat up Lincoln.

EDWARD
Why'd you stop seeing her?

LUKE

Tried hooking up with the girl with
the kid.

EDWARD

Bet you regret that.

He puts the car in park and pushes the button to close the
garage door. Edward looks at the stereo, the clock reads,
"7:52." They get out of the car.

INT. SAFE HOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage door closes. Edward walks over to the wall and
turns on the lights.

LUKE

You're telling me.

Luke opens the back door of the van.

LUKE

Been messed up all day man. This
dream felt so real I woke up this
morning and thought I sleep raped
somebody.

Edward LAUGHS hysterically. He opens the trunk of the car
to reveal seven big duffel bags.

EDWARD

Sleep rapist.

They load the bags from the car to the van. Edward tries to
calm down.

LUKE

(confused)

Can you do that?

EDWARD

Can you?

LUKE

How the hell would I possibly
explain that to the police?

EDWARD

I can see them hauling you away.

Luke puts the last bag in the van and closes the door.

LUKE
Tiananmen Square bitches.

Edward closes the trunk. They both turn around and step toward the front of the van. Silence.

The muffled sound of a closed door and voices startle them.

LUKE
(whispers)
The hell is that?

Edward slaps him in the shoulder, puts his index finger over his mouth, and looks at him sternly.

The muffled voices slowly get louder. Edward moves between the van and car. Luke reaches for his gun and quietly steps to the corner of the room.

Edward takes out his gun. Luke stands a few feet away from the door to the house. They both look at each other and nod.

The voices come from behind the door.

TONY (O.S.)
(muffled)
Not long. Shit's in here.

The door opens.

TONY
Anyone who opens that door is
fucking dead you hear me?

Tony walks through the door followed by Pete. The door closes. Pete turns around to find a gun pointed right in his face.

LUKE
(yells)
Motherfucker.

Luke pulls the trigger. BANG! Pete's body falls to the floor. Tony jumps on the hood of the car, slips, and falls backward into a shelf.

TONY
(yells)
Fuck you!

The items on the shelf fall to the floor. BANG! He shoots Edward in the chest as he stands up. Gun in hand, Edward gasps for air.

BANG! BANG! Edward shoots Tony in the chest, he drops to the ground. Edward leans up against the car.

LUKE
Shit, oh my god. Edward, Eddie!

Luke runs over and shoots Tony once in the head.

EDWARD
Fucking shot man.

LUKE
God dammit.

Edward struggles to stand.

LUKE
Get you outta here. Come on!

Luke quickly helps him into the back of the van. He moves the bags out of the way and sits Edward down next to the wheel well.

Edward leans against the well, he slips face down on to the bags. Luke picks him up and closes the back doors. He runs to the driver side door, opens it, and gets inside.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Luke puts the key in the ignition, his hands nervously shake as he turns the key. He pushes the garage door opener. The door rises.

LUKE
Fucking stay with me man.

Edward spits blood out of his mouth. The car starts, Luke throws it in reverse, and speeds out of the garage.

The van SCRAPES the bottom of the door on the way out. Luke speeds past a van parked on the left side of the garage.

He turns around, Edward lies motionless on the duffel bags.

LUKE
Wake up man!

Luke grabs his cell phone from the middle counsel. They approach the end of the driveway, the phone slips out of his hand and on to the floor. He reaches for it.

The van makes it to the street. Headlights shine through the back windows. The rear end of the van SLAMS into the car.

Luke hits his head on the steering wheel.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jon sits behind the wheel. He wears a beanie hat on his head and talks into his cell phone.

JON

It's him. Can you believe he's my father?

He looks at the clock in the dashboard. It says, "8:04."

JON

The doctor's office had the results delivered to my place.

(pause)

I tried calling him, left a message.

(pause)

I don't know if he got 'em.

(pause)

He hasn't called me back yet.

(pause)

Tracy, you bet I want to see you. I got take care of a couple things and then I'll be over, celebrate.

(pause)

I'll see you soon.

A wide smile comes across his face as he hangs up the phone. He holds up a folded piece of paper, looks at it, and crumbles it up.

JON

Right up here.

He pulls down the beanie hat, it becomes a ski mask that hides his face. He quickly lowers his head and adjusts the mask.

He picks his head up and sees a van pulling out of a driveway. Before he can hit the brakes, the car SLAMS into the back of the van.

Jon slams his head on the wheel.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The van door opens, Luke stumbles out.

LUKE

What the?

He falls on the ground and struggles to stand up. He leans up against the van, breathes heavily, and gains some composure.

He turns his head to the totaled car. Smoke rises from the engine. He sees a man in a mask behind the wheel.

He takes a second to pull himself together and runs over to the car. He approaches the door.

JON

(in pain)

Ow. Son of a bitch. Ow.

Blood slowly seeps from the bottom of the mask. Luke opens the car door. Head down, Jon tries to sit up.

LUKE

Gonna rip us off motherfucker?

JON

Huh?

LUKE

Get this asshole.

Luke unhooks the seat belt.

JON

What?

LUKE

Fuck you.

Luke clocks Jon in the face and knocks him out cold. Luke pulls him out of the car, drags him to the van, opens the side door, and throws him inside next to Edward.

Luke closes the door, gets behind the wheel, and drives away.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

David stands in the warehouse smoking a cigarette. He sips his whiskey drink and anxiously paces back and forth.

He stares at the moon through the open garage door and throws his smoke aside. SCREECHING tires in the background get louder.

Luke drives the into the warehouse. He parks, turns off the van, and gets out of the car.

David looks at the bruise on his face and the blood on his clothes. His eyes light up.

DAVID

The fuck happened to you?

Luke breathes heavy, walks to the side of the van, and opens the door.

LUKE

(yelling)

Fucking set up is what happened.

DAVID

Wait, wait, wait. What?

LUKE

Two guys showed up looking to rob us.

David throws his drink on the ground, the glass SHATTERS. He rushes over to Luke.

LUKE

Got a piece of Edward.

DAVID

He dead?

LUKE

Took one in the chest.

Luke takes Edward out of the side door, David helps.

DAVID

Eddie, Edward.

David looks at a lifeless body, slaps his face, and puts his hand on Edward's throat.

DAVID

Nothing.

They set the body down on the side of the van. David angrily walks away. He stomps his feet on the ground.

DAVID

The hell happened?

David turns around, he walks back to Luke.

LUKE

After we load up the stuff, two guys show up, both had guns.

DAVID

Who were these guys?

LUKE

I don't know. But I think we can get some answers.

Luke grabs a knocked out Jon from inside the van. He drags his body towards the doors.

DAVID

How?

LUKE

Got one of these assholes.

They pull Jon out of the van.

LUKE

This one was driving the get away car.

They set him on the ground next to Edward's body.

LUKE

Slammed into the van as we were pulling out.

Luke sits him upright against the van.

DAVID

Wake him up.

Luke shakes Jon's shoulders and slaps his face.

LUKE

Wake up.
(yells)
(MORE)

LUKE (cont'd)
Wake the fuck up now!

Jon's head wobbles back and forth.

JON
What? Ugh...

Jon spits blood out through the mask, it trickles down his neck.

DAVID
Take off the mask.

Luke rips the mask off. Jon hangs his head. David grabs him by the hair and lifts his head to reveal his bloody face. David's face drops in horror.

DAVID
Shit.

Jon slowly opens his eyes.

DAVID
(yells)
What the hell are you doing here?

He spits out more blood.

JON
What the...

DAVID
Leave us.

LUKE
What is he doing here?

David quickly snaps his head at Luke.

DAVID
(yells)
Get the fuck out of this room now!

Luke turns around and walks away. David watches him leave the room, the door closes. Jon starts to collect himself, he wipes some blood off his face.

JON
What's going on?

DAVID
You want to tell me what I don't
know?

JON
What am I doing here?

DAVID
What are you doing here?

JON
I slammed into a van, or something.

David reaches behind his back and pulls out a handgun.

DAVID
I think I know what's going on
here.

JON
Wait, wait...

DAVID
Shut the fuck up.

David points the gun at him.

DAVID
You're not my son. This whole
fucking show was some type of god
damn set up.

David gets down on one knee, he leans in close to him.

JON
Please, please...

With his free hand, David quickly grabs Jonathan's
throat. He slams his head into the van.

DAVID
You had me going for a second
there. Actually thought you were
my son.

David presses the gun into Jon's face.

JON
Stop, please!

David throws him to the ground and goes through his pockets.

DAVID
First, let's see who you really
are.

David reaches in Jon's back pocket and takes out his
wallet. He opens it up.

DAVID
Shitty fake.

David throws the wallet on the ground and checks Jon's
jacket pockets. He pulls out a folded piece of paper.

David stands up and unfolds the paper. He gazes at the
letterhead which reads "Dr Keck." He lowers the gun, then
reads the document.

Tears form in David's eyes.

DAVID
(yells)
Luke!

The door opens, Luke sticks his head out.

DAVID
Get the mail.

Luke disappears from the doorway. David runs his hands
through his hair and rubs his eyes. Luke, letters in hand,
rushes over to David and hands him a stack of letters.

David flips through the envelopes, he drops one after the
other on the floor. He stops at one labeled "From The
Office Of Dr. Keck M.D." and opens it.

He unfolds the paper on the inside and looks over it.

DAVID
Fuck me.

JON
(out of breath)
I was trying to tell you.

DAVID
Oh my god, you are my son.

JON
I found out a couple hours ago.

David paces back and forth. He stands with his back turned.

DAVID
You're my son.

JON
I tried to call you.

DAVID
Give me a second here.

LUKE
What the hell were you doing at
that house?

JON
Fuck you.

David turns around.

DAVID
Answer the question.

Jon's eyes light up.

JON
I sell pot, you know, on the
side. This dude Marco I know tells
me he needs shit load. He found a
guy who was looking to buy big.

Luke snaps his head at David.

LUKE
Fucking Marco.

JON
I got jacked before I could sell it
to Marco. Guy took
everything. Marco got some guy to
find all the shit that was stolen
and forced me to go pick it up.

DAVID
Forced you?

JON
Pulled a gun on me. He said go to
the house, the stuff's in the
garage. Pick it up, that's all.

LUKE
That's where the coke was.

JON
Right. Wait, coke?

DAVID
The family business.

JON
I thought you sold antiques?

DAVID
On the side.

Jon slowly stands up. David looks into his eyes.

DAVID
Luke, call Rodger.

Luke takes out his phone and leaves the room.

DAVID
Have him meet us at Marco's.

JON
Marco's?

DAVID
And fast.

JON
Why?

DAVID
Get some answers.

David walks away then quickly turns around.

DAVID
Can you handle a firearm?

Jon looks surprised and nods his head. David walks out of the room.

INT. SAFE HOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT

Brian walks into the room. Drake sits in the doorway. He faces drops when he looks at the body on the ground.

DRAKE
What the hell is this?

Both men look at the splattered blood on the wall.

DRAKE
What the hell happened here?

BRIAN
Fucking shootout.

Brian looks at a pool of blood and walks towards the side of the car.

DRAKE
Where's my son?
(yells)
Where's my fucking son?

Brian cries.

DRAKE
What the hell?

Brian walks over to the doorway and helps Drake awkwardly wheel down the small set of stairs.

DRAKE
I could fucking do that on my own
you know?

Drake wheels over to the side of the car. He looks down at the dead body of Tony and cries.

DRAKE
Oh, my god. My son.

BRIAN
Tony.

Brian angrily pounds his fists on the car. A car pulls into the driveway, headlights shine through the garage windows.

BRIAN
Who the hell is this?

The car stops. The lights stay on. After a moment Officer McMardy walks into the room. He looks around.

Brian turns around. He discretely puts on gloves, takes out his gun, and stands quietly.

MCMARDY
People reported gunshots coming
from this house. Dispatch gave me
the call.

DRAKE
My son died.

MCMARDY
Where's the coke?

DRAKE
Thank god you are in uniform.

MCMARDY
Huh?

Gun raised, Brian steps beside McMardy and BANG! Brian shoots him in the head. The body falls to the ground. Drake looks down at the body.

DRAKE
Fuck him.

He looks up at Brian.

DRAKE
Clean the gun and leave it. He'll
be replaced.

Brian wipes down the gun. Drake takes another look at his son's dead body. He wipes the tears from his eyes and wheels away. Brian follows.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marco sits in a chair, bong in hand, phone held up to his ear .

JAMES
Everyone knows that show "Family
Matters" was a spin off of "Perfect
Strangers?"

BAM! David and Luke with their guns raised kick in the door. They storm into the room. Marco quickly sits up. David shoots him in the leg.

MARCO
(yells)
Ow! What the hell?

LUKE
Shut up!

Marco grabs his leg, David points his gun at him.

DAVID
Don't fucking move.

Marco leans in the chair. Luke leaves the room, he quickly comes back in with two trash bags. He heads toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

With the door open, Luke empties ice from the trash bags into the bathtub.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marco watches Luke finish in the bathroom. Jon walks into the room, gun in hand.

MARCO
What the hell are you doing here?

DAVID
I believe you've met my son
already?

MARCO
He's your son?

DAVID
Found out like twenty minutes
ago.

RODGER (30's) walks into the room. The short, heavy set man carries a duffel bag and walks over to the dining table.

RODGER
He's gonna be worth a lot less if
you keep putting holes in him.

DAVID
Who set us up?

Marco gasps in pain and breathes heavy.

DAVID
That house you sent him to, turned
into a god damn blood bath.

BANG! David shoots Marco in the shoulder.

RODGER
(yells)
Stop shooting this asshole!

DAVID
(yells)
Who told you to go that house?

Rodger unfolds a large piece of plastic, he covers the table. Then he opens up his duffel bag, takes out three surgical knives, and a bone saw.

He places the tools on the table and takes off his YAMAKAH.

RODGER
You get my ice?

LUKE
In the bathtub.

RODGER
You forgot it last time.

Rodger takes out a syringe, he fills it up.

DAVID
You sent my son on some fucking
witch hunt. Chasing pot that
wasn't even there. Who told you it
was there?

MARCO
What?

David jams the barrel of his gun into Marco's shoulder. Marco SCREAMS in pain.

DAVID
That whole thing was a set up. For
all of us.

MARCO
Alright, alright, stop!

DAVID
Give me a name motherfucker.

MARCO
I don't know nothing about a set
up.

David pulls his gun back.

MARCO

This dude, Drake Floyd found the guys who ripped us off. Gave me an address, that's it.

DAVID

Drake Floyd?

MARCO

He's outta Detroit. Guy's in a wheelchair.

DAVID

Drake Floyd?

MARCO

Yeah, Drake Floyd. Owns Floyd's BBQ over in Gordon Square.

DAVID

Shit.

MARCO

What happened?

David lowers his weapon.

DAVID

That's enough.

MARCO

It's the truth.

Marco nervously taps his foot and clutches on to the chair.

JON

Bullshit.

MARCO

Fuck you.

RODGER

Can we get this going please?

Marco quickly sits up, David points his gun back at him.

DAVID

I've told you about Rodger right?

MARCO

What the hell?

David sits on a footrest in front of Marco, he leans in.

DAVID

Rodger, you think we can get some money out of our friends here? You know, for all this shit.

MARCO

I'm broke asshole.

RODGER

I already have the buyers lined up.

DAVID

Good. You're not Jewish are you?

MARCO

Fuck you.

DAVID

I figured. It's a shame, the organs of younger Jews are worth way more money than that of gentiles. I honestly have no idea why.

David stands up.

DAVID

It's crazy but it does lean some credibility to that whole them being a superior race and all.

MARCO

Organs?

DAVID

Rodger's gonna open you up and liquidate your insides like Modern Nostalgia is having a going out of business sale.

Rodger walks over to Marco. He goes to stick Marco with the syringe and Marco bats it away. The syringe falls to the ground, Rodger goes to grab it.

BANG! David shoots Marco in the other shoulder. Marco YELLS in pain. Rodger sticks the syringe in his neck. Marco instantly silences and shuts down.

RODGER

God dammit man!

DAVID
That one's for my son.

David stands up and walks to the door. Jon follows him.

DAVID
Get whatever money you can outta him. If he dies, get rid of the body. Luke, stay here and help him out. When he gets going, get back to the store.

LUKE
You got it.

DAVID
Jonathan, let's go.

Luke drags Marco's body over to the kitchen table. Rodger puts on some rubber gloves, he reaches for the bone saw. David and Jon leave the room.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The box truck parks across the street from Modern Nostalgia. Jon exits from the driver's side.

David closes the car door. He walks over the storefront window next to him. Jon looks at the lit up Modern Nostalgia sign, then approaches David.

JON
What the hell was that back there?

DAVID
That waste fucked up an important deal. What you saw should have happened a long time ago.

Jon nods his head.

JON
Your lights are on.

David turns his head and stares at the vintage Adam West Batman figure in the window. Jon stands next to him.

DAVID
Drugs were my father's business too. He went to Miami to meet some new connection guy, whatever. During their sit down, a
(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)
local gang broke into their hotel
room and shot up the
place. Everyone died.

JON
Shit, I'm sorry.

David stands up straight and looks into Jon's eyes.

DAVID
I arrived a week later to pick up
his body. The night before I leave
I'm having a drink, and I meet your
mother. Many drinks later and good
amount of coke we end up back at my
hotel.

David flips his wrist over and shows Jon the scar.

DAVID
She went to sleep. I had more
drinks, more lines. Thought it
would make it all better, but it
didn't. Made it worse, way
worse. I cut my wrists in the
bathroom.

JON
Oh my god.

DAVID
She woke up in the middle of the
night and found me. She somehow
got me to a hospital before it was
too late. Saved my life. She
stayed the night with me, left the
next morning and I never heard from
her again.

(pause)
I don't know what you want me to...

JON
(interrupts)
She never raised me to hate
you. Before she died she told me
when the time was right, to find
you.

DAVID
Except for all this shit. I hope
this was the right time.

JON
Seems to be the only good decision
I've made in a long time.

DAVID
So what now?

JON
I wish I knew. But I'm good
without knowing.

David reaches in his pocket and pulls out a twenty dollar bill. He hands it Jon.

DAVID
We'll start now. Go inside this
ghetto mart and grab us a couple
beers. Meet me back in the store.

JON
I'm meeting Tracy later.

David walks away. He takes a few steps then turns around.

DAVID
Nice to see it's working out. Get
the beers, I won't keep you long.

David crosses the street. On his way inside the store Jon notices a vintage Adam West Batman figure in the window.

INT. MODERN NOSTALGIA - NIGHT

With a huge smile on his face, David walks into the store.

DAVID
(loud)
Gwen? Baby you here?

He takes a few more steps and takes off his jacket. The sound of a toilet FLUSH startles him.

DAVID
You get rid of those signs?

David looks puzzled by the silence. The bathroom door opens up and Drake walks into the room.

DAVID
Can I help you?

DRAKE

I'm actually here to buy those signs you were probably asking about.

DAVID

I'm sorry. I own the place, been a long night you know.

DRAKE

I understand. Gwen told me they'd arrived. Guess she's not back yet.

David shakes Drake's hand.

DAVID

How'd you get in?

DRAKE

Door was open.

Brian enters the room from the back door.

BRIAN

There's a fucking dead body back there.

David's eyes follow Brian as he walks over to Drake.

DAVID

Who are you?

DRAKE

I should have introduced myself, but I think you already know who I am.

David reaches behind his back. Brian quickly pulls his gun out and points it at David.

DRAKE

Please don't.

David puts his hands at his side.

DRAKE

Take the gun.

Brian reaches behind David's back and takes the his gun. He throws the gun across the room.

DAVID
Drake Floyd?

DRAKE
Finally.

DAVID
Heard you were in a wheelchair.

DRAKE
Every now and then. It's something
I do. Helps me fuck around with
the minds of the weak and stupid.

Drake leans up against the counter.

DRAKE
People see an aging man in a
wheelchair. They never think that
I have the ability to rape their
entire existence. It makes it all
the more better when it does
happen.

Drake stands up straight.

DRAKE
It's funny, from the way Ryan
described you, I thought you'd be
shorter.

DAVID
Ryan?

DRAKE
I only sort of knew him. He was my
supplier, I used to come down here
from Detroit. We got to talking,
told me about the kinda cash you
were making down here. I came to
this town one morning and had a
meeting with your former business
partner.

DAVID
And?

DRAKE
I made him an offer.

DAVID
What was it?

DRAKE

I'm setting up shop in Cleveland. We could hang together or he could hang separately. He took the ladder.

DAVID

No, no, I would have known about you.

DRAKE

There's much about him you didn't know. As soon as he refused, my son over there, and his twin brother, who is unfortunately no longer with us. Turned their guns on him.

DAVID

That's bullshit, he took his own life.

DRAKE

I had him hang a belt from the ceiling and wrap it around his neck. Then for my own amusement, I kicked the chair out from underneath him.

Fists clinched, David's eyes light up intensely. Jon carries a twelve pack of beer, he casually enters the store. He turns his back as he closes the door.

JON

Is Ice Man a good beer? That's all they had. There was this Adam West Batman figure in the window. I know how you said that you liked that show growing up.

He turns around and takes the figure out of his pocket.

JON

You know you can pay your electric bill, in, that, place?

When he sees Brian, Jon nervously drops the beer on the ground. The bottles break on the floor.

JON

You ripped me off.

DRAKE

Your the pot guy? You should be proud, stuff was fantastic.

Brian points his gun at Jon.

JON

What the hell's going on here? Dad.

BANG! Brian shoots Jon in the side of his body. He drops to the floor breathing heavily.

DAVID

(screams)

No! No! No!

David takes a step toward Drake. Brian points his gun back at him, David stops.

DRAKE

He was your son? Now we both lost one tonight.

Brain slowly walks over to Jon. He lies on the floor and clutches his wound.

Luke, gun in hand, strides into the room through the back door. He looks up, sees Brain, David, and Drake. Brian points his gun back at David.

BRIAN

Drop the gun.

DRAKE

(screams)

Drop your fucking gun right now!

Brian shoots David in the chest twice, he drops to the ground. Drake jumps behind the shelf.

BANG! Luke shoots Brian in the shoulder. He stumbles to the side and fires a shot into Luke's chest. As Luke falls back he gets a shot off that hits Brian square in the head.

Blood splatters all over the floor.

A moment of silence. Drake picks himself off the floor and runs over to Brain.

DRAKE

Son? Are you all right. Son?

Drake approaches the body. He bends down, turns Brian's head, and looks at the wound.

DRAKE

No.

(yells)

No!

Tears form in his eyes. He picks up Brian's gun and walks back toward David.

David lies on the floor. He clasps onto his wounds and spits blood out of his mouth. Drake stands before him.

DRAKE

I lost both of my sons tonight.

Drake aims the gun at David's head.

DRAKE

And you'll see them soon.

Drake's hand tightens up around trigger. He leans in closer to David. Gun in hand, Jon stands up.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Jonathan empties his gun into Drake's body. He drops to the ground near David. Jon limps over to them.

BANG! He fires one more shot into Drake's head. He looks down at David. His hands anxiously shake.

JON

Oh my god. Oh my god.

DAVID

It will be okay son. I'm alright.

Jon gets on the ground behind David, props him up, and holds him in arms. David spits out more blood and breathes heavy.

DAVID

It will be okay.

David reaches up and pats Jonathan on the arm.

JON

We gotta get you outta here.

Jon goes to stand up. David pulls him back down and looks deep into his eyes.

DAVID

I always knew the extent of what fathers did for their sons. But now, I found exactly what sons will do for their fathers.

Jon cries. Gwen opens the door and looks all the bodies, she SCREAMS. David continues to breathe heavy.

GWEN
(yells)
David? David?

JON
He's over here.

Gwen hurries over. Her face drops in horror when she sees the two of them.

GWEN
Holy shit! My fucking god, what happened?

She gets down on the ground and leans her face close to David's. She strokes his hair.

DAVID
It gonna be okay.

Jon looks at Gwen.

JON
Call 911.

DAVID
I love you baby.

JON
(loud)
Call 911 now!

Gwen stands up, takes out her cell phone, and puts it to her ear. She looks down at Jon.

GWEN
Who the fuck are you?

JON
I'm his son.

Gwen looks Jon over and slightly smiles.

GWEN
(into phone)
Hello? Hello?

She walks out of the room. David's eyes close, his body stop moving. Jon continues to cry.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (THREE WEEKS LATER)

Jon lies in bed with a post-it note stuck to his forehead. He quickly snaps up, rubs his eyes, and shakes his head. The post-it note falls on the covers.

He picks it up. It says, "3:00" written in big bold print. He looks down at Tracy, asleep in bed.

INT. MODERN NOSTALGIA (OFFICE) - DAY

Jon sits at the desk. Several books and collector magazines lie out in front of him and on the floor. He flips through a couple pages while typing on the computer.

Luke walks into the room. Jon stands up and walks toward the door. They leave the room, the clock says, "2:45."

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A police car pulls up. Luke and Jon wait in the Modern Nostalgia box truck.

Jon steps out of the truck. He walks around to the driver's side of the police car.

The window rolls down, OFFICER MEEKS, sticks his head out.

JON

Officer Meeks, I was told you were
someone I should meet.

MEEKS

I can make things happen from time
to time.

Jon reaches in his jacket pocket and pulls out a thick envelope.

JON

I want the same arrangement as my
father.

He gives the envelope to Meeks who opens it up and takes a quick look at the cash inside.

MEEKS

I'll be in touch.

Meeks rolls up the window and drives away. Jon turns around and walks through the graveyard.

After a few minutes he stops and looks down at a tombstone. It reads, "DAVID FULTON." Jon stands in silence for a moment.

He reaches in his pocket, pulls out a vintage Adam West Batman figure, and sets it on top of the stone. He wipes a tear from his eye and walks away.

FADE OUT.