

chronicle

(a true story)

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1 EXTREMELY CLOSE ON OLD, BATTERED PIANO KEYS 1

Shadows and light dance across them. Rain drops begin to hit. Sounds of cars passing, a highway. Darkness, sun light, rain.

We stay on the keys, having no clue where they are, where we are.

Then we slowly pull back and up and realize our piano is sitting on a 1970's Ford 350 Flatbed pick-up truck moving along a highway.

The truck pulls into...

2 INT. BARN - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 2

As the flatbed pulls in, WORKERS in striped overalls converge on the truck.

MISS MOLLY (30'S), climbs out of the driver's seat. She owns whatever room she's in, and this barn is no different. She is wicked hot, dressed in patched up jeans, knee high fringed boots, a leather vest, and a fur hat. *

She breezes by a ROBED MAN (MORNING) as the workers unload the piano from the back of the flatbed.

They set it down in the middle of the barn and then place a small bench in front of it.

Morning sits on the bench and starts to play.

Workers remove the actual bed of the flatbed-- and we quickly realize that it's a false bottom. Beneath it is a large compartment filled with marijuana.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Root...

Workers remove one large bag that a FEMALE ACCOUNTANT (30's), in a suit and tie, takes to a table that has been set up next to the Robed Man playing the piano. She dumps the contents - large swaths of vacuum sealed money. She sits with a **AN OLD PAPER dispensing** calculator and a ledger. MONEY CHANGES HANDS. *
*
*

3 INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY 3

TWO FROGS hop down a dirt aisle then disappear into the thick vines of the marijuana plants ERUPTING from the earth.

We slowly climb the vines and show the buds glistening in greyish green light. A hand enters the frame, cuts the bud.

Pull back fast to reveal hundreds of plants in a greenhouse constructed inside a large barn.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Grass, pot, herb, ganja, reefer,
cheeba, head band, sour diesel,
Chronatic Fanatic, northern lights,
cherry kush, Afgan kush, Hindu Kush
OG kush, white widow, grapefruit
sour diesel and of course purple
haze train wreck. You know what
I'm referring to: marijuana.

We watch the bustling activity in the greenhouse as a photo of a BUD emerges in one quarter panel - then in the opposite panel the name of the bud as Charlie says it. We repeat this for each name of each type of bud that emerges in a different quarter panel. *

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Little bugger of a plant loves to
grow. Hence, weed.

ON THE BACK OF THE ROBED MAN, which has a Norse Mythology map embroidered on it.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There are tens of thousands of grow-ops like this all over the world and they make up a 150 billion dollar business every year. In fact, if you added up the sales of the top U.S. Pharmaceutical companies you wouldn't get to \$150 billion. Not even close. I should know. I'm in-house counsel at one of the biggest in America. Or I was.

4 The workers harvest in unison. In a rapid succession of shots they clip, hang to dry, bag, vacuum seal and label bags. 4

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is where its grown, clipped,
dried and bagged up ready to hit
the market place. *

5 Workers form a line where they stuff bags of weed into the F-350's massive hidden compartment. 5

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She's what's known as a cross
country courier.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And the dude at the piano is the grower and he's about to sell this hot little smuggler one thousand pounds of chronic at twenty five hundred a pop.

Miss Molly emerges with a mug of coffee and signs the ledger.

6 The Workers finish loading the compartment, seal it and then 6
 load **crates of LIVE DUCKS** up on to the flatbed of the Ford F- *
 350, to further conceal the outgoing shipment.

7 OFF MISS MOLLY driving the F-350 out of the barn... CUT TO: 7

8 VX: ANIMATION as the F-350 truck drives across a map. 8

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She then transports the product across the St. Regis Tawanka Native American reservation which conveniently straddles the Canadian/U.S. border. No fed's, no border patrol. But one time toll fee to Chief Two Fingers Feather Head.

9 Miss Molly pays off the Chief. * 9

10 EXT. PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT WAREHOUSE - DAY 10

The F-350 drives down a vacant city street. It disappears inside through a garage door.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
 She rented over a dozen stash houses around the city. All dressed up and disguised as something that it's not.

11 INT. PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT WAREHOUSE - DAY 11

There are various swing sets and little play houses scattered around.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
 Then the courier turns around and dumps each pound for five thousand dollars. Doubles her money for a couple days on the road.

Workers remove the **LIVE DUCKS** from the flatbed and unload the *
BAGS OF WEED from the hidden compartment. **They throw the** *
bags AND- *

INT. MESSENGER GARAGE - DAY

*

12 WEED SPILLS OUT onto large TRAYS. Fingers go in and pluck buds, toss it onto a scale, weighs and then stuffs it into a plastic cube. * 12
*
*

CHARLIE (V.O.)

And then there's these chaps. The retailers. They break it up and sell to the general public. Eighths go for a hundred bucks for high-end chronic. If you buy in bulk you can get an ounce for seven hundred. That's about ten to twelve grand a pound. Of course the messenger get a flat fee of twenty bucks per vial.

13 A LINE OF TEN GUYS, all dressed in bike and motorbike messenger outfits. They each take a bag of vials and place them in their respective courier bags. 13

BIKE MESSENGER (19) jumps on a tricked out vintage Derringer Motorbike.

Another on a Bowery Lane Bicycle. And another on a hand made single speed bike. They all begin to leave the warehouse.

14 OFF THE WHIRRING sounds of the bicycle gears and spokes knifing the thick city air-- the Derringer *thwapping* across cobblestone, hopping curbs, darting in and out of-- 14

TRAFFIC - a Bike Messenger bashing his shoulder against a delivery truck moving into his lane and on to a sidewalk weaving through PEDESTRIANS.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And this is where it goes. Eight million stories in the naked city, and this is how they unwind.

The following sequence is all the same in style. We meet two characters and then the screen will split as we follow each character into his own world.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They say in the years after 9/11 prescription drug intake sky rocketed. But that wasn't even the half of it. In 2002 more weed was sold in New York City than the previous ten years *combined*.

15 SALESMAN (40'S) shakes the hand of his BOSS (40's) and walks out the door with a box of his belongings. 15

Now an ex employee, Salesman pulls a joint from his pocket and lights it. Boss closes the door in his office and pulls out a bong from his closet.

16 DOCTOR hands PATIENT a joint. Patient walks out of the office into the street and lights a joint. Doctor shuts his office door and fires up a vaporizer. 16

17 DAD scolds his SON about a bag of joints. Son walks off, smiling as we see that he palmed a joint. The Dad smiles as he plops a joint into his mouth. 17

18 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (ANIMATED FILM) 18

A boy is daydreaming in class. A PILL BOTTLE walks up to him and dumps its own contents into the boy's mouth. He then becomes very studious and focused.

19 INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 19

CHARLIE (32), corporate lawyer, handsome, self-assured, sits in a conference room doodling while a NERDY MARKETING EXECUTIVE lectures a dozen PHARMACEUTICAL MIDDLE MANAGERS, pointing to images of drugs and sales figures on the wall - the same animated images from the animated film.

As the Nerdy Marketing Executive drones on, Charlie stares at the camera.

CHARLIE

This is how I fit into all of this.
I'm a drug dealing lawyer by day
and a drug dealing weed man by
night.

20 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 20

Charlie walks out of an apartment building with three large hockey bags. He opens the back of a town car and throws them in the trunk. He then goes to the driver who hands him a bag with cereal box inside.

Charlie opens the cereal box and pulls out a large stack of vacuum sealed 100 dollar bills.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Marijuana is a safe and efficient
way to make a fast buck. I mean...
seriously? It takes me forty
minutes to make this stack where it
would take me bartending for a
month. And if I got popped?

(MORE)

*
*
*

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 What could possibly happen to a
 white kid from Long Island? Well,
 turns out quite a bit, actually.

FADE TO BLACK.

Sounds of LEAVES being crushed.

21 INT. CUP CAKE FACTORY - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

21

ECU of two fingers twisting brown rolling paper over long-haired tobacco spilling from its ends, seals it with a tongue, pops it into a mouth covered in chocolate brown lipstick and lights it.

We see and hear the vivid crackle of the singeing tobacco. She pulls the cigarette away, tip glazed in chocolate bronzed lip stick. Her tongue swipes a small piece off the corner of her lips, spits it out.

OWEN'S VOICE
 (whisper)
 I give you my word.

MISS MOLLY
 Oh, do you? Cuz your word comes
 pressed in a pretty platinum,
 doesn't it, Baby Cakes?

*

ON OWEN'S FACE - sweaty and flush. Pull back to reveal OWEN (32) a noose around his neck. His hands are tied and he is slumped over in a barber's chair.

Miss Molly is stacking books onto a small chair.

OWEN
 How do I possibly benefit by lying
 to you at this point? Look at me.

MISS MOLLY
 You may have a point.

OWEN
 Finally.

MISS MOLLY
 But I do love a game of Roman tug a
 war.

Miss Molly walks over to the rope that is tied to a cleat. She motions for him to stand up. He sits defiantly.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Obstinate little boy are we? Fine
 have it your way.

She yanks and a pulley system yanks Owen up, he starts wriggling around, choking. She ties off the rope and then slowly walks over and slides the chair with books underneath him.

SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING - LIGHT POURING INTO THE DIMLY LIT ROOM.

Charlie enters.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)
(knowingly, to herself)
Ahh, the other half.

CHARLIE
Owen... ?

Miss Molly wheels around and levels a MUSKET GUN AT CHARLIE.

ON CHARLIE staring at the gun.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Whenever I imagine my own death I wonder what the final thoughts racing through my mind would be. Now that the moment is here, all I'm thinking about is Owen and me as kids and how we got into this mess in the first place.

22	OFF OUR FROGS hopping... CUT TO:	22
23	YOUNG CHARLIE (14) and YOUNG OWEN (14) park their bikes.	23
24	INT. HOSPICE, OWEN'S MOM'S ROOM - DAY	24

Owen holds OWEN'S MOM'S (45) hand. She is gaunt and frail and she wears a scarf around her bald head.

YOUNG OWEN
How are you feeling?

OWEN'S MOM
(tears in her eye)
Good. Today I feel good.

She massages Owen's cheek.

YOUNG OWEN
It's going to be OK, Mom. I know it is.

Charlie has a tear in his eye as he watches Owen hug his mother.

25 INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY (SUPER 1995)

25

YOUNG OWEN is counting out money into stacks in a basement fort made out of sticks and blankets. There are also some skate board parts in boxes.

A blanket opens and YOUNG CHARLIE walks in with a cigar box filled with other money.

YOUNG CHARLIE
Nice, fort, man.

YOUNG OWEN
It's not a fort. It's a yurt.

YOUNG CHARLIE
A what... ?

YOUNG OWEN
A yurt. Like a tent but for Mongolian nomads. You know, a yurt.

YOUNG CHARLIE
(regarding the yurt)
Cool.

Charlie reveals a bag of candy.

YOUNG OWEN
Nice, where'd you get all that?

YOUNG CHARLIE
Halloween candy. Found it in the pantry. I have an idea.

26 EXT. KING'S FEAST METABOLIC CLINIC FOR KIDS - DAY

26

Charlie and Owen stand outside a 12' chain-link fence talking to DANNY (12), obese, standing inside the fence.

Owen puts out his hand. Charlie sets candy in it. They never look at each other. These two don't have a short hand, they have 'no hand' - basically reading each other's minds.

YOUNG OWEN
You're not fat, Danny.

DANNY
But my parents-

YOUNG CHARLIE
Whatta they know? You're big boned.

They stand there for a moment and Owen stares up, letting out a giant breath-- feigning exasperation.

YOUNG OWEN

Tell ya what we'll do. You take everything we have for seventy-five dollars--

YOUNG CHARLIE

And we'll throw in the 'Whatchamacallits' for free.

DANNY

Jesus, that's extortion. I only have fifty bucks on me.

YOUNG OWEN

Make it sixty.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Give us the ten spot later.

YOUNG OWEN

You'll make plenty of dough on the mark up selling to the other chubbies.

MONEY CHANGES HANDS. Reluctantly, Danny reaches into his pocket and pulls out three twenties and hands them to Owen.

Just then Charlie Sr. pulls up in his car. A grown man, Owen's dad, sits in the passenger seat crying.

Charlie's Dad approaches Owen and Charlie?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Dad?

CHARLIE, SR.

I'm sorry, Owen.

27 INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

27

Young Owen stands next to his Dad, greeting MOURNERS. Young Charlie looks on, sitting in the first row.

28 INT. OWEN'S MOM'S BEDROOM - DAY

* 28

Young Charlie and Young Owen go through her stuff and come across a box of (medicinal) marijuana. Young Owen takes it without Charlie noticing.

29 INT. OWEN'S DAD'S BEDROOM - DAY * 29

Young Owen knocks on his Dad's bedroom door. But it's locked. He knocks again and again.

YOUNG OWEN
Help me out, he's not answering.

Young Owen and Young Charlie break in with a crow bar. All we see is a hole in the ceiling with blood and hair patch stuck next to it.

30 INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY 30

Young Owen stands next to Young Charlie and Charlie's dad.

31 INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY 31

Young Owen and Young Charlie unpack his things into a spare room. Charles Sr. enters and sits down on the bed.

CHARLES, SR.
Can I talk to you for a moment,
Owen?

Young Owen sits down in a chair. Young Charlie sits next to his dad. They are both facing Owen.

CHARLES, SR. (CONT'D)
Charlie and I have been talking.
And we wanted to know if you wanted
to become a part of our family.
(beat)
Permanently.

Young Owen smiles. Young Charlie smiles. Young Owen walks over and hugs Charlie and his father.

32 EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY 32

Skater does a kick flip in mid air and lands back on ramp. Another skater does a rail slide. Young Owen drops into a half-pipe and does an ollie.

Young Charlie opens boxes of skate decks and wheels and organize them neatly in their vintage trunk that's on wheels. Skater's ride up and down the ramp in the back ground

33 Young Charlie stands off to the side selling skate parts to the other skaters. He is approached by DUDE (15), a handsome white, faux Rastafarian wanna-be with mini dreads. 33

DUDE
How much for the Bones Swiss
Bearings?

YOUNG CHARLIE
For you, Dude, forty flat. And
that's a friend price for a friend
indeed.

DUDE
Bumbaclot. Takin' me fer a ride.

Young Owen hops out of the half-pipe, pulls up next to Young Charlie and Dude. Young Charlie feigns disbelief.

YOUNG CHARLIE
You're making me look bad in front
of my partner.
(whispering to Owen)
Can I talk to you for a second...

YOUNG OWEN
Yeah.

YOUNG CHARLIE
In private?

They move one step away so Dude can still hear every word.

YOUNG CHARLIE (CONT'D)
He doesn't have the cash.

DUDE
I can ma' fuckin' hear you, C.
You're standin' like right there.

YOUNG OWEN
(to Charlie)
But Dude gets friend prices.

Charlie's feigns embarrassment for Dude.

YOUNG CHARLIE
(whispering)
Yea, I know. But he doesn't even
have that.

YOUNG OWEN
Really?

YOUNG CHARLIE
(whispering)
Yeah, really.

A moment passes, everyone just stares at one other.

YOUNG OWEN
I have an idea.

Owen pulls out jar of two dozen joints.

YOUNG OWEN (CONT'D)

You get me a hungie for this, take
the bearings and we call it even.

Charlie and Dude are both a stunned.

DUDE

Why you 'tink I can dump dat?

YOUNG OWEN

First off - you're from Oyster Bay
so lose the fake Jamaican accent.
Secondly you wreak like weed and
stoners travel in packs...

Dude smiles.

DUDE

You're alright, Owen. But you know
that I can pro'ley get a buck fity.

YOUNG OWEN

That's the whole point. We all
make out.

DUDE

Smooth like them swiss bearings.
And the chicks dig it.

Dude looks over and winks at a bench full of older girls who
all giggle.

YOUNG CHARLIE

So...we're good then?

Owen rubs Charlie's shoulders.

YOUNG OWEN

Yeah, we're good.

Jar of joints goes to Dude. Bearings go to Dude. They all
shake. Dude walks off.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Kind of wished you had consulted
me.

YOUNG OWEN

Why? Just to have you agree how
awesome it is?

OFF Young CHARLIE'S concerned look... CUT TO:

34 INT. ST. JAMES PREP, STUDY HALL - DAY * 34

Young Owen walks through the study hall, checking names.
Charlie observes from the head table.

Young Owen's text book has the middle cut out and is filled
with joints.

Young Owen tucks a joint into a POTTERY TEACHER'S apron as he
passes. Young Charlie checks the door and gives a low, short
whistle. Owen SNAPS the textbook shut.

35 INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 35

Young Charlie and Young Owen count their cash. Owen puts his
in a cigar box where he finds a PHOTO OF HIS PARENTS. He
stares at it, punches the wall and walks out.

36 INT. PSYCHOLOGY CLASS - DAY 36

Young Charlie sells joints. Young Owen keeps look out.

PROFESSOR (55) lectures, totally oblivious.

PROFESSOR

If you place a frog in a boiling
pot of water, he'll immediately
jump out. You see, a frog's
defense mechanism is designed to
protect it from sudden changes in
his environment. However, if you
take the same frog, and place him
in a pot of room temperature water,
turn up the gas, slowly bringing
water to boiling point, the frog
will just sit there, letting itself
cook. In this second scenario, the
frog's defense mechanism doesn't
necessarily recognize slow changes
in its environment.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(whispering to Owen)

You're that second frog.

Owen is doing the 'books' and circling profits.

YOUNG OWEN

Huh?

YOUNG CHARLIE

The second frog. That's you.

YOUNG OWEN

What are you talking about?

37 EXT. PARKING LOT, SCHOOL - DAY 37

TWO STUDENTS share a joint when campus police pull up.

38 INT. HALLWAY, SCHOOL - DAY 38

TEACHER and RA's go through Young Owen and Young Charlie's lockers while students look on - some darting to the bathroom to flush their weed.

39 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE, SCHOOL - DAY 39

Young Owen and Charlie sit at a small conference table. CHARLES, SR. paces behind them.

DEAN enters, sits, places a shoe box on the table and opens the lid. He dumps the contents of the box onto the table. Baggies of weed fall to the table in slow motion.

Tense silence. Young Owen and Young Charlie exchange looks. Confusion.

Charlie stands to take the rap when...

YOUNG OWEN
I did it. It was all me. And me
alone.

Charlie stares at Owen. Everyone stares at Charlie.

CHARLES, SR.
That true?

YOUNG OWEN
It's true, sir.

CHARLES, SR.
Charlie?

Charlie drops his head and stares at the floor.

40 INT. CUP CAKE FACTORY - DAY (PRESENT DAY) 40

On Charlie, again, staring at Miss Molly, who continues to level her musket gun at him.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Ever wish you could rewind your
life just 5 minutes? And do it all
over again the right way? I can't
tell you why I let Owen take the
heat at school. I can't tell you
why Owen insisted on taking the
rap.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But I can tell you that for the
 rest of my life, not a day went by
 where I didn't wish I could rewind
 and make things right with him.
 Needless to say, Owen and I were
 never the same after that.

41 EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY 41

Young Charlie hugs Young Owen. Young Owen then gets into Charlie Sr.'s Car with a suit case. Young Charlie and Young Owen stare at each other as the car drives off.

42 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - NIGHT 42

Young Owen pops out of the woods, army duffel over his shoulder. He passes a sign that reads NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY.

43 INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 43

Young Charlie at a desk, illuminated by a single bulb. He is weighing out weed. He then puts it all in a drawer and shuts it and slides his books down to begin studying.

44 We go up over Charlie's head... looking down from... 44

LIGHT BULB'S POV... and then slowly make our way back down to Charlie...now 32...sitting at his desk in his office at Pedersen Pharmaceutical.

45 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 45

The army duffel bag lands on his bed.

CLOSE ON A HAND reaching into the bag and removing bags of weed. We move up the hand until we see...

OWEN... also 32 years old.

He shoves some money into hollowed out book of Tibetan Motifs and sayings.....

Dr. Seuss's "Oh The Places You'll Go". He stuffs that, along with some beaded necklace into a large envelope.

OFF OWEN sealing the envelope... CUT TO:

46 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 46

Charlie opening the same envelope.

Charlie looks through his old vintage, skateboard trunk from when he and Owen were kids.

He adds the beads from the envelope to souvenirs and photos from all over the world; a sarong, stamps from New Zealand, a photo of Maori tattoo's, et al.

Charlie opens another envelope, and this time some cash and a airplane ticket fall out.

CHARLIE
(staring at his workload)
I could use a vacation.

OFF CHARLIE'S big smile... CUT TO:

47 EXT. MOUNTAINS - EVENING

47

Three MONGOLIAN HERDERS ride old motorbikes in a row. The man in the middle jumps off. It's Charlie.

48 INT. YURT - NIGHT

48

Charlie enters. Yurt is crowded with hipsters, musicians.

ASIAN WOMAN (17) approaches him, whispers in his ear and leads him to an adjoining YURT.

49 Charlie finds a MAN staring out the window. The Asian Woman leaves Charlie as MAN keeps his back to us.

49

CHARLIE
(knowingly)
What is this, some kind of joke?

OWEN
(not turning around)
I know some day I might forgive you. I'm not saying that day is today. But what you don't know, Charlie, is that you have, in actuality, accepted my invitation to the 'society'. The most exclusive club on earth.

Charlie furrows his brow... *Owen has lost his fucking mind.*

OWEN (CONT'D)
So exclusive no one speaks of it. So exclusive one knows its real name. Its members don't even know its real name, Charlie. It's so secretive, that I don't even know its name. And I'm not only a member...

Owen finally turns and faces Charlie.

OWEN (CONT'D)
I'm the president.

A tense moment. Then Owen bursts into laughter and walks over and gives Charlie a huge bear hug. Owen steps back.

OWEN (CONT'D)
You look good.
(regards his clothes)
Fancy.

Charlie looks him up and down. Owen, rugged, slightly disheveled but put together well and sporting Maori tattoos.

CHARLIE
And you look... fantastic.

OWEN
I got these in New Zealand.

He shows him his ink.

OWEN (CONT'D)
And this one I got from a Nordic
Gypsy. It's me and my brother.

ON OWEN'S BICEPS-- two stick figures forming a circle.

CHARLIE
Owen... I-

OWEN
Who gives a shit? You're here now.

CHARLIE
Dad died.

That stops Owen in his tracks. Charlie grabs a beer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I cremated him. There was no
ceremony. So...

OWEN
So... it's just me and you left
now.

CHARLIE
Yup.

He drinks. Owen looks contemplative, then jumps up, walks over and cracks his own beer.

OWEN

Right. I'm sorry, Charles. So listen, you know, the party's actually, kind of winding down.

CHARLIE

I just got here.

OWEN

As in, this phase of the party. Now we're going to take it to the next level, into a broader spectrum of possibility. Come. Have you seen my front yard?

Owen charges out of the tent into the mountains.

50 INT./EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT 50

OWEN AND CHARLIE REUNION MONTAGE.

Dancing, sweating, pretty girls.

51 Telling stories around a fire, laughter. 51

52 Booze flowing. 52

53 Charlie and Owen kissing the dancing, sweating pretty girls. 53

54 EXT. YURT - DAYBREAK 54

Owen and Charlie laying on Persian carpets, pillows, sipping coffee, staring out into the sky.

OWEN

I'm thinking of coming home.

CHARLIE

And leave all this?

OWEN

It's time.

CHARLIE

Not because of me--

OWEN

It's been on my mind for months. The era for selling weed... it's ripe. It's upon us. We can make real money. Slings ten packs once a month to finance my travels is one thing but moving to New York and diving head first into the high end market...

(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)
now that's like going from ultimate
frisbee to the Super Bowl.

CHARLIE
Two separate sports.

OWEN
Exactly! We're so on the same
page.

CHARLIE
No, your analogy actually makes no
sense-

Owen jumps up, excited.

OWEN
This wave of bud that's hitting the
market place... its a whole new
match. A tournament where wit out
maneuvers bravado and force. Now's
the time to cash in before the shit
goes legal. Let's start a new
venture. You and me. Like old
times. Charlie and Owen. Owen and
Charlie.

CHARLIE
I'm a lawyer. I haven't dealt weed
since prep school.

OWEN
What? Cash I sent you going to
charity?

CHARLIE
No... but-

OWEN
You must have a ton of debt.

CHARLIE
You have no idea.

OWEN
Old man didn't leave you, shit, did
he? Look man. What I need is
really simple. I promise you'll
never have to handle the product.
Just run errands for me. You'll
make a grand for doing shit. You
pay off all your debt, get a better
apartment, buy clothes since you're
such a hipster and you can enjoy
toro at Bond Street nightly.

Charlie stares long and hard at Owen.

CHARLIE
I'll have to think about it.

OWEN
Do. By the way, who are you a
lawyer for?

CHARLIE
Pedersen Pharmaceuticals.

OWEN
No shit. Will the real drug dealer
please stand up?
(beat)
Huh? Huh?

OFF OWEN laughing, slapping Charlie on the back...

FADE TO BLACK.

55 EXT. VALHALLA FARM, BARN - DAY 55

Miss Molly pulls into the barn in her Ford F-350. It has a
flat bed with a dentist chair strapped down to the flat bed.

56 INT. VALHALLA FARM, BARN - DAY 56

MORNING, who is the "Robed Man", is still playing the piano.

TITO (45), hair looks like old beach boys style bowl cut,
flat front khakis and plaid wool shirt. He talks with a
strong cockney accent but uses 'cholo' slang.

He also has a MINIATURE ENGLISH BULLDOG, roughly the size of
a large cat, resting on his lap.

PIG PEN (30's) neatly groomed, natty dressed sits at a table.

Miss Molly enters, throws a copy of the WASHINGTON D.C.
HERALD newspaper on the table.

MORNING
What's this?

MISS MOLLY
I'm thinking of a number between 1
and 8. Anyone?

TITO
(fucking with her)
Twenty-two.

PIG PEN
You're an idiot.

TITO
Joke, mate.

MISS MOLLY
(indicating the news
paper)
8. That's how many states have
legalized medical marijuana. By
2004 it'll be up to 15. Sun is
setting on our little operation,
boys. Time to go big or go home.

MORNING
What do you have in mind?

MISS MOLLY
New York City.

TITO
Rockefeller laws are brutal down
there. Too much risk.

MISS MOLLY
And this medicinal marijuana
'thing' is gnawing at our profits
and my good mood. We hit NYC hard
while we can. Morning, you need to
sell off this farm and move to
Norway... or Iceland. Tito, find
us someone in New York.

57 INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY - DAY

* 57

Charlie sits at his desk. He is playing with his pen. It
falls. He leans down to get it and sees something. He is in
awe of a set of legs.

HINDLEY (28). She is changing out of her Blundstone boots to
her work shoes. And Charlie likes what he sees.

58 EXT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY - DAY (LATER)

58

Owen meets up with Charlie.

CHARLIE
Ok, what do I have to do?

Owen hands a single key to Charlie and a slip of paper.

OWEN
Take this key to this address. And
wait. Someone will pick it up

CHARLIE
That's it?

OWEN
That's it.

CHARLIE
How will I know who to give it to?

OWEN
You won't. But they will.

59 EXT. EAST VILLAGE - DAY (MOVING) 59

We follow Charlie as he walks down side streets. He is constantly looking over his shoulder. At one point he thinks he's being followed.

60 A few minutes later two cops walk alongside him. He takes a different street. 60

61 Finally he gets to his address and sits on a bench. 61

62 EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY 62

And waits. And waits. An hour goes by. Cops are everywhere. Just when Charlie decides to leave an RV pulls up to the curb in front of his bench.

The door opens and a BOY (11) and a GIRL (13) jump out and race toward Charlie.

BOY
Look, Uncle Charlie!

Charlie is totally confused when the RV DRIVER (45) of the RV gets out and approaches Charlie. RV Driver is overweight and wearing a Hawaiian print shirt like he's on vacation.

RV DRIVER
Charlie Burke?

CHARLIE
Yea?

RV DRIVER
Key?

CHARLIE
What?

RV DRIVER
Can I have my key?

CHARLIE

Oh.

Charlie hands him the key. RV Driver hands a paper sack to Charlie.

RV DRIVER

Thousand bucks for you.

RV Driver, Boy and Girl walk away.

GIRL

Bye, Uncle Charlie.

CHARLIE

Bye.

63

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY (LATER)

63

BERNIE (32), nature boy hippie, sits with Owen.

OWEN

Are you listening? Bernie? Hello?

Bernie is catatonic. He exhales.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I said we can front you for a few days, but that's it.

(yelling)

BERNIE!

BERNIE

Huh? Oh. Stuff's amazing, Dude. I might be able to finally take out Sasha's market with this shit.

(breaking his blank stare)

Sasha has the Jewish student market cornered. Tells them it's kosher. Total bullshit. But with this grass and at this price--

OWEN

We give our customers quality and convenience but at a price. Just keep telling them that over and over, we have to repeat our value proposition until it's ingrained in their heads, OK?

BERNIE

Man, you're really, really good.

A guy in scrubs, a lady in a sweatsuit, and bike messenger all sit patiently on a couch. Owen sits at a table weighing out large bags of pot on a digital scale.

OWEN

(on his soapbox)

If the government decided to
legalize marijuana it could wipe
out deficits, dry up a key cash cow
for international terrorism, create
jobs and bring down the crime rate.

FEMALE TRAINER

How do you figure? All that?
Exactly?

Owen tosses the Trainer a bag.

OWEN

It's not a matter of opinion, bro.
(beat)
Ever here of Carlton Turner?

WELDER

No.

OWEN

Reagan's drug czar in '86. Said
marijuana made you gay, therefore
lead to AIDS. Ergo marijuana gives
you AIDS. OK, that's like, Uncle
Sam talkin'. Scary.

(to a customer)

Who's next?

SCRUBS

I'm next.

FEMALE TRAINER

That was a long time ago.
Medicinal marijuana is legal in
like 8 states. You only need a
doctor's note.

That freezes Owen-- fucks with his reality hard. That is not
good news if you're in the business of illegal marijuana.

OWEN

Yea, well maybe in California but
that weed is for Hollywood faggots
coming down off shitty blow,
burning man and Coachella. It'll
never happen here. Next!

Bernie bursts into the room.

BERNIE

Holy shit, man. I need more.

Money changes hands.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Hey, can I have some of that
Blackberry Cream Kush, too?

OWEN

That's 'per ounce' only, Man.

BERNIE

I know. I'll take four. I know
Joey D will want one. And you know
what, his chick is always gacking
his stash so you better make it
five.

Bernie struggles to count his fingers.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Wait, so that's me, Joey D, his
bitch, my bitch, me, Foozer.

OWEN

Bernie?

BERNIE

Yeah?

OWEN

(indicating the other
people)

I'm busy man. How many?

BERNIE

(holding out his fingers)

Six.

OWEN

(closing one of his
fingers)

Five. You counted yourself twice.

Bernie runs out and bumps into Charlie who is confused and
stunned to see what's going on.

CHARLIE

Owen? Can we talk?

OWEN

Five minutes.

Owen waxes on over Ken Burns documentary style photographs of the Founding Fathers growing and smoking hemp.

OWEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

(to no one in particular)

In 1619, hemp was bigger than tobacco, corn and cotton. Refusing to grow hemp in America during the 17th and 18th Centuries was *against the law*. People went to jail for refusing to grow it. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were complete stoners. And let me tell you something else. You know who loses the most if marijuana is legalized and they don't act fast?

WELDER

Who?

OWEN (O.C.)

The pharmaceutical industry. That's right, big pharma. Now those guys... you gotta watch out for those cats. It's not about the science with them anymore, it's about the marketing and product extensions. Scary shit.

SCRUBS

And you know the last time we had an ER visit from too much weed?

OWEN

Uh...NEVER.

They all laugh.

OWEN (CONT'D)

It's just too bad the government can't pull its head out of its ass when it comes to pot. You know what the tax bill on \$150 billion is? A lot. And who gets hurt? Seriously...alcohol is so bad for you it makes grass look like eating animal crackers. And when's the last time you saw stoners beat the shit out of each other in a bar? Never. Gateway drug? Bullshit.

CHARLIE

Owen?

OWEN
How'd it go?

CHARLIE
Easy. Guy had kids, I can't believe it.

OWEN
Those weren't his kids.

CHARLIE
What are you talking about?

OWEN
They were all hired. A front.
Hey, I have something outside.

64 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

64

Charlie pulls up in a mint 1967 Lincoln Continental.

Owen pulls up on an Indian motorcycle. They both greet each other halfway.

CHARLIE
Ummm...I got this for you. As a thank you.

OWEN
And I got this for you. You're welcome.

They exchange keys.

65 INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICALS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

65

SARAH WALDMAN (33), assistant legal counsel, lectures a dozen LAWYERS, including Charlie and Hindley. Charlie and Hindley exchange frequent glances.

SARAH
Good news, people. We settled the Kramer class action lawsuit this morning and we got exactly what we wanted. Hands together everyone!

The lawyers clap like they won a ball game or just kicked booze and this is AA. Charlie furrows his brows in a slight mocking fashion.

CHARLIE
(to himself)
Like a frickin' cult.

SARAH

But we can't get too comfortable. Because two hours later, another class action lawsuit was filed against our ADD product, Expectra, by the European Union, where we've been selling the drug for four years. This could jeopardize our pending FDA approval here in the states so Expectra is priority number one. Hindley, you're going to take the lead. Pick two assistants and get to work.

Hindley is folding a piece of paper. After a second she 'kicks' the paper 'football' to Charlie.

He opens it up and it reads: "A. You're bored. B. You're super bored but you're pretending to care. C. You need a cocktail after work. Please circle one and return kick. Thanks. Hindley."

Charlie scribbles onto the paper, folds it and kicks it back to her. Waldman snaps her head around and eyes Charlie.

66

EXT. NORTHWEST WOODS - DAY

66

Owen in black coveralls, sitting on a Husqvarna motorcycle, smoking a cigarette. A MAN IN CAMOUFLAGE straps a large duffle bag to the motorcycle, then tethers it around Owen's waste.

CAMOUFLAGE MAN

When you hit the second clearing stop and wait five minutes. My partner will find you, gas you up and tell you which path is safe. If you see any Mounties, get the hell out of sight fast, ditch the load, get onto a marked trail and act like a lost hiker.

Owen takes a long drag, mashes it out on his glove and stares off into the vacant, dark distance.

OWEN

Here goes.

He puts on night vision goggles, fires up the bike.

Owen races through the woods in the dark.

67 INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

67

Charlie sits at a long table, reading. A shadow blocks his light. He looks up to see Hindley smiling. She drops the folded 'football note' on his desk and walks away.

He quickly gathers his things and follows.

68 EXT. NORTHWEST WOODS - DAY

68

Owen stops, raises his night vision goggles and looks down a path. He consults his GPS - then suddenly the muzzle of a gun is shoved in his face.

Owen sees an ornate pair of DEERSKIN, lace up boots that come to a point like elf shoes. Owen slowly looks up to see a SKI MASK MAN in all black fur.

SKI MASK MAN

What's your name?

OWEN

Ummm...

SKI MASK MAN

Tell the truth and it'll save your
life in three seconds.

Ski Mask Man cocks his gun.

OWEN

Owen.

Ski Mask Man un-cocks gun, unscrews his tank, dumps fuel in.

SKI MASK MAN

Well, Owen, better get a move on.

(indicating a path)

Go that way. Mounties hot on your
trail.

OWEN

Fuck. I gotta pee.

SKI MASK MAN

No time.

OWEN

What do you mean?

SKI MASK MAN

Move now, son.

OWEN

But I gotta pee!

SKI MASK MAN

Go!

Owen lowers his night vision goggles and speeds off.

69 Once out of sight he pulls over. He is shaking. He unzips his pants and starts to pee. 69

OWEN

(mockingly to himself)

What exactly attracts you to this line of work? Is it the adrenaline? Interesting people you meet on the road? What?

Suddenly we hear a TAT TAT... TAT TAT... one report after another, echoing through the dark, dank forest. Owen falls to the ground and into his pee puddle.

We slowly push into Owen's face. Fear and panic and horror rippling through it. He clenches his jaw and shakes his head. He jumps up, gets back on the bike and takes off into the darkness.

FADE TO:

70 INT. LUCY'S BAR - NIGHT 70

Charlie and Hindley are getting drunk. They are laughing and having a good time. They start to kiss.

FADE TO:

71 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 71

Charlie and Hindley are cooking eggs and pressing coffee. She's in a wife beater and underwear. Charlie just in his boxers.

HINDLEY

Umm... let's see. Before that?

CHARLIE

(smitten)

Yea... right before.

HINDLEY

France. For a year. Taught snowboarding but my mother said I was really just avoiding all the inevitable responsibilities and routines that no doubt dragged her into a managerie of monotony and routine and disappointment. I was just trying to find myself.

(MORE)

HINDLEY (CONT'D)
But the only thing I found was how
close Amsterdam is to the French
Alps

CHARLIE
I'm confused. You were in
Amsterdam or France?

Hindley looks at him as if he is joking or confused.

HINDLEY
OK, look, man. The one thing you
have to know about me is that I'm
straight forward. No bullshit.

CHARLIE
Ooooooh k...?

HINDLEY
I smoke pot. A lot of it. In
fact, I'm high right now.

Charlie furrows his brows, tries not to laugh.

HINDLEY (CONT'D)
Oh, are you above that?

CHARLIE
No, it's not that, it's--

HINDLEY
Spit it out--

CHARLIE
It's... ironic, is all.

HINDLEY
You're probably one of those guys
who did keg stands and luge shots
in college.

CHARLIE
Let's see--

HINDLEY
Ah, ha! I'm right, aren't I?

CHARLIE
I haven't done a keg stand--
(fucking with her)
In like... two weeks.

She playfully punches his arm.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I sell weed. On the side.

HINDLEY
Whatever.

CHARLIE
I'm dead serious.

Her jaw drops. A moment.

HINDLEY
Get the fuck out.

CHARLIE
I'm serious.

HINDLEY
Why am I suddenly and oddly really
turned on right now. What kind-- ?

CHARLIE
Just weed. Small time stuff.

HINDLEY
So you're careful, you mean?

CHARLIE
I mean I have a very limited
clientele.

HINDLEY
You make it sound so bourgeois.

CHARLIE
Paying off my college and law
school loans in less than three
years and still enjoying a fun
life. I don't like to make
compromises. Selling a little pot
to some friends helps me with that.

HINDLEY
This mean I get a 'ho' discount?

CHARLIE
Yes, in fact, all my 'ho's' get a
discount...

OFF HINDLEY punching his arm again, laughing... CUT TO:

Owen in the bathroom crushing something up with a credit a
card then snorting it through a rolled up dollar bill.

73 He exits, walks over to the shuffle board table. Bernie is 73
at the other end. Owen slides a disc down. Just then
Charlie walks in and Owen motions for them to go upstairs
into the tiny, low ceiling area that looks like its from the
1800's when everyone was a lot shorter.

74 Owen keeps one paranoid eye on the front door downstairs. 74

CHARLIE
Are you on a stake out?

OWEN
We need to be careful.

CHARLIE
Why, what happened?

OWEN
Bernie has a new guy for us. He's
close by and apparently the root is
killer.

CHARLIE
OK... and... ?

OWEN
But he's...

BERNIE
A little intense.

CHARLIE
Already I don't like the sound of
it.

OWEN
You don't call the shots here,
Charlie. This is my operation.

CHARLIE
Your operation? What am I--?

OWEN
A soldier. Not a partner. Just a
soldier taking a cut at this point.

CHARLIE
Soldier? What are we La Cosa
Nostra all of sudden?

OWEN
I see, gonna get lawyerly on my ass
now?

Charlie snickers. Owen tenses up big time.

OWEN (CONT'D)

What? You don't think I could be a lawyer?

CHARLIE

No. I mean... I never said that.

OWEN

Doesn't mean you don't think it.

BERNIE

He never said that, Owen.

OWEN

Doesn't mean he doesn't think it, Bernie.

(to Charlie)

Because, in theory, you and I got stright A's.

CHARLIE

So?

OWEN

So... in *theory* I could be a lawyer too.

CHARLIE

You didn't even go to college.

OWEN

Yeah - I wonder why that is.

Long silence.

CHARLIE

(placating)

Totally, you could, you definitely could be a lawyer. If you wanted.

OWEN

But you don't believe that, do you?

BERNIE

Jeez, Owen. You'd never work for the man anyway, so it's like... mute, dude.

OWEN

I want to know from the man, sitting right here, why he thinks he's better than me?

BERNIE

He never said that.

CHARLIE

Anyway, this whole meeting. It reeks with poor judgement and greed.

(to Owen)

'Don' Owen, I do not support this move.

OWEN

(to Bernie)

I'll deal with him alone. Tell Charlie what you told me.

BERNIE

It's all groovy, dudes. So this trippy cat, right, name's Tito. He's real cool. Real solid. Connected to this wicked hot smuggler, Miss Molly, up in Canada.

CHARLIE

Tito? Miss Molly? What is this-- an episode of *Fraggle Rock*? I have to study for the bar exam.

OWEN

You're a tool.

CHARLIE

Wait, I have an idea. You can take the bar exam for me.

(beat)

Right, didn't think so.

Charlie exits.

BERNIE

He's so loosey goosey today...

Owen snaps around to face Bernie. He motions for him to come closer and whispers.

OWEN

Don't you ever talk shit about Charlie.

BERNIE

I was just--

OWEN

Hear me?

BERNIE

Yea, sure, O. Sure, sure. So Tito. He's... well, we should go.

75 EXT. TITO'S BEACH HOUSE - DAY

75

Owen and Bernie pull into the driveway, sit and stare at the house. He hears old surf music blaring.

Owen jumps in his seat - like a war vet with post traumatic stress. He pops a couple of pills, chews them up and chases it with a beer.

76 A minute later - the guys knock, Tito answers.

76

TITO
Can I help you?

OWEN
Looking for Tito.

TITO
Who might you be, amigo?

OWEN
Owen.

BERNIE
He's with me, Tito. Remember, I told-

TITO
Come back tomorrow.
(beat)
Tito's tired.

Owen holds the door open.

OWEN
Is Tito taking a nap or what?

TITO
Tito don't like your tone.

OWEN
You and Tito seem to be in sync on a variety of levels, both emotionally and intellectually. Maybe you can help me instead?

TITO
Tito's getting annoyed.

OWEN
(snapping his finger)
Waaaiitt a minute. You're Tito. Right?

Tito slides his arm around and brandishes a silver short
barrelled shotgun.

TITO
You through chicken cock?

OWEN
I'm not leaving. Not until I get
what Bernie promised.

A moment.

TITO
(smiling)
Aye. Ok, then mi casa es su casa.

He swings open the door. Owen brushes past him.

77 INT. TITO'S HOUSE - DAY

77

Oddly, the interior design is a love letter to everything mid-
century: furniture, floors, kitchen, everything. Mies van
der Rohe, et al.

TITO
Rail and/or bong hit?

OWEN
I'm all set.

Tito snorts a large rail, let's out a random, loud laugh and
points to a door.

TITO
To my velvet lair.

78 They walk into Tito's room where there is toy train set up.
He turns it on and it moves to a GIRL lying in bed. It stops
and then it 'whistles'. She wakes and sees a vial in the
train car.

78

TITO (CONT'D)
Bugger up! Siesta time's over.

Tito opens up his closet. He lifts a shelf up and we hear a
click. He then pushes on the back wall and it spins
revealing a ladder going down to a basement.

TITO (CONT'D)
(into a walkie talkie)
Tito's velvet lair.

79

INT. TITO'S VELVET LAIR - CONTINUOUS

79

The ladder leads into a small cement walled basement with soft velour wall treatments. The guys climb down.

OWEN
(trying not to be
impressed)
Pretty cool.

TITO
Yeah, it is pretty cool. Bernie
says I can trust you. That you two
go way back.

Bernie indicates to Owen to just go with it.

OWEN
You could say that.

TITO
Bernie says you know the city.

OWEN
You could say that, too.

Tito stares at Owen for a long moment.

TITO
I may have something then.

OWEN
What's the strain?

TITO
I call it sour diesel.

OWEN
Good name.

Tito turns up the light from the dimmer switch, revealing about a dozen bottles, neatly shelved, all filled with different kinds of weed.

There is a closet door ajar that reveals a .45 PISTOL hanging from a shoulder holster. Tito quickly shuts the door.

TITO
Just insurance, mate. Makes me
sleep snuggly wuggly at night.

Tito takes a jar off the wall, opens it and pulls out a nice sized bud.

A hand enters frame and snatches the bud, scaring the shit out of Bernie and Owen.

We slowly make out the owner of 'hand', a wiry carpenter looking dude.

Meet PIG PEN (30ish). Speaks like an old hippie. Dresses like one too.

PIG PEN
You ever smoke Bubble Gum Kush?

OWEN
Who the fuck are you?

PIG PEN
Pig Pen. And there's no need for that kind of language.

TITO
He's wif me... me best Mate. He's 'da reason that we 'ave the quality of herb dat we do 'ave.

PIG PEN
They say I'm the son of Frigga.

OWEN
Excuse me?

PIG PEN
Frigga. Sky goddess, responsible for weaving the clouds, sunshine and rain to create fertility for my crops.

TITO
Aye, talkin' 'bout Miss Molly.

OWEN
Okey dokey.

TITO
Follow me.

80 INT. TITO'S VELVET LAIR, ROOM - CONTINUOUS

80

They emerge from a hallway into a cozy room that is filled with pillows. Pig Pen hands Owen a joint.

PIG PEN
You've been huffin' down the Pabst Blue Ribbon of weed man. Coat your lungs with some Chateau Margaux '82.

OWEN
I've never seen or smelled *anything*
like this in my entire life.

TITO
'ave a poof.

Owen takes a hit and we fade into a dreamlike sequence...

81 INT. OWEN'S WEED SUPERSTORE - DAY

81

Owen is dressed like a gnome. CUSTOMERS: MODELS, LAWYERS, ATHLETES, DOCTORS, PARENTS, GRANDPARENTS, STONERS, ROCK STARS perusing the shelves.

Morning is guiding customers like a greeter at Walmart.

MORNING
Durban Poison, aisle three! Light
of Charas, aisle seven! White
turtle widow on eight!

Morning spins around, holding a staff - throws his arms up in a 'TADA' gesture.

MORNING (CONT'D)
Welcome, Baldr, devoted son of I,
Odin, God of creation and death.

OWEN
But my name is O-

MORNING
Oh... I shall say no. Here you
are, a boy, a cuddly toy,
tantalizing the utter joy of being
coy. Come! Let me show you my
world of delicious green - where
government says not - our motto's
'smoke a lot'.

A wicked, trippy musical number-- everything is distorted and the colors are vivid and bursting. Aisles and aisles full of different strains of weed. Bulldogs dance down the aisles.

MORNING (CONT'D)
We sell tatanka, we offer swiss
miss, we are here to push - and
sell you the hindu kush. Try the
Holland Dutch and you'll need to
use a crutch.

Morning hands Owen a crutch. Owen spins around on it.
Morning hops up and clicks his heels.

MORNING AND OWEN
(singing)
Sup-per-nova Chronic! Makes you
feel bionic.

Morning twirls Owen.

MORNING
Used to be simple Maui.

Owen pops up.

OWEN
With a tiny splash of wowie!

MORNING
Then He created the Northern Light.

OWEN
The world rejoiced with all its
might.

MORNING
Then... came the skunk.

OWEN
But it gave you a bit of the funk.

MORNING
Now we have the chronic strength.

OWEN
And with it comes bionic length.

An AFRICAN AMERICAN CHURCH CHOIR joins Owen and Morning in
the background and they begin to sing.

Suddenly HARRY CONNICK, JR. (CAMEO TBD) joins in.

CHORUS
Chron-atic fanatic, the only true
way to be ecstatic.

They all shake and dance.

CHORUS (CONT'D)
Chron-atic fanatic, the only way to
be completely static.

They all freeze.

CHORUS (CONT'D)
Chron-atic fanatic the only way to
be a genuine addict.

Everyone lights up, inhales, blows smoke-- MATCH DISSOLVE:

82

INT. TITO'S VELVET LAIR - DAY (LATER)

82

Owen lies on the floor, laughing hysterically, smoke flying out of his mouth.

ON TITO'S MINIATURE BULLDOG. Stoned out of his head.

PIG PEN

Hey man, you OK?

OWEN

Whoa! Look at you. You're like a hovel!

Owen reaches up, grabs Pig Pen by the skull and squeezes.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that?

PIG PEN

Owww! I was born with it, man.

83

INT. TITO'S VELVET LAIR - DAY (LATER)

83

Tito, Pig Pen and Owen smoke from a vaporizer.

PIG PEN

You know two Mounties got killed when the Rochfort Bridge Farm got raided. They say its the biggest loss The Royal Canadian Mounted Police had seen since 1885.

OWEN

When was this?

TITO

Around the time you were up there.

OWEN

I wasn't-

TITO

Spin me a tale, are ya?

PIG PEN

We can tell by the strain of weed you're holding. It's their strain.

OWEN

I didn't know anything about it.

TITO

Nuffin?

OWEN

I heard some gun shots when I was
in the trails. I was long gone.

TITO

Did ya see anyone?

Silence.

OWEN

No.

Tito looks at Pig Pen.

TITO

Alright. Then nobody saw you.

He laughs and takes a puff.

84

INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICALS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

84

Charlie and Hindley have been going over case files for
hours. Charlie stretches.

CHARLIE

I think we're good for tonight.

HINDLEY

One more hour... then get a bite?

CHARLIE

Seriously?

HINDLEY

What do you mean?

CHARLIE

Nothing we can't pick up in the
morning.

HINDLEY

One more hour. Please.

CHARLIE

Ok, let me put it like this. If I
wanted to work over time I would
have gone with a firm. Balance of
life, you know?

HINDLEY

But that's why you sling the grass.

CHARLIE

My father worked 85 hours a week
and died at 52.

HINDLEY

So that means we don't have a job
to do here-

CHARLIE

That's not my the point.

HINDLEY

What is your point, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I think we're good for tonight.

HINDLEY

Unlike you I wanted to work here,
Charlie. And I'm really, really
good at what I do.

CHARLIE

And maybe a little anal.

HINDLEY

Maybe. But we're doing one more
hour.

OFF CHARLIE reluctantly getting back to work.

85

INT. VALHALLA FARM, BARN - DAY

85

Tito briefs Miss Molly. There are dozens of surveillance
photos of Owen and his operation in New York City.

Miss Molly picks up a photo of Owen and Charlie.

TITO

(consulting a map of NYC)
He has bike messenger companies
here in Brooklyn, three in queens,
four in Manhattan and one on Staten
Island. During the summer he also
outsource's to a courier service
for deliveries to Brighton Beach,
Howard, Atlantic, all the way to
the Hamptons. The bike messengers
have accounts with every major
corporation in the city.

MISS MOLLY

His deal?

TITO
Got the smarts, the giddy up, no
bullocks aside.

MISS MOLLY
Where's the leverage?

TITO
Not sure yet. No parents. No
brothers and sisters. No
girlfriends, no kids.

MISS MOLLY
So nothing to lose.

TITO
Closest person to him is this guy.

Tito slides a surveillance photo.

TITO (CONT'D)
'Is best mate. A barrister at
Pedersen Pharmaceuticals.

MISS MOLLY
Hmmm...

86 EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

86

Handball court. Charlie hits the ball against the wall.
Owen dives for it, slams it back, Charlie's misses it.

Owen rolls over and lays on the ground. Charlie sits down
next to him. Owen pulls out a wad of cash and hands it to
Charlie.

CHARLIE
I always lose to you.

OWEN
(hands him cash)
Even when you lose you win.

CHARLIE
What's this?

OWEN
Call it an advance. I may need you
to cover.

CHARLIE
What's up?

OWEN

The product will be sent US Express. U.S.E. don't give a shit what you ship, all they care about is making money. When you're shipping a box the size of a small fridge with overnight delivery - they make two hundred bucks. Plus the driver gets another five hundred from me to make sure it's delivered safe.

CHARLIE

Just serve the ball.

Charlie serves it over the wall.

OWEN

Man, you suck. Hear me out - it's being sent US Express. It's coming from Nor Cal. The person sending it takes a single HAIR from his head, and places it along the main seam, then tapes over it with clear, yellow tape. If the hair is broken or missing, then you know the cops have tampered with it. Grab a Sharpie and write return to sender on the package and call USE.

CHARLIE

Just be there to sign for it, OK?

OWEN

Yeah...

CHARLIE

Owen? Be home.

Owen serves, Charlie returns. Owen spikes it for a point.

87

INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

87

Conference room. Piles of papers and folders sit on the table. Charlie checks his watch. He's exhausted.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Charlie.

Charlie looks up, sees Hindley.

HINDLEY

Wanna go to my apartment and fuck.

Charlie looks like he's about to fall asleep.

HINDLEY (CONT'D)
 (not happy)
 Guess not.

CHARLIE
 No. I mean I guess we can... I've
 been up for like 36 hours...

She starts to walk away.

HINDLEY
 (nonchalantly)
 Wow. Real exciting rock and roll
 drug dealer.
 (under her breath)
 Pussy.

CHARLIE
 (yelling after her)
 Hey, you're the one who gave me all
 this work.

She twirls her fingers in the air and keeps walking.

88 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

88

Owen stares at the refrigerator. It's empty except for one
 micro-brew beer.

OWEN
 I never thought I'd be bummed to
 only see beer in my fridge.

He walks out of the apartment.

89 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - SAME

89

Charlie is on the toilet reading. Door bell rings.

CHARLIE
 Owen! Get the door!

He shakes his head in annoyance and uses some toilet paper,
 obviously not enough, washes one hand, hikes up his pants and
 walks to the front door.

90 A UNITED STATES EXPRESS DELIVERY MAN is holding a large box.

90

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Yea... here.

Charlie takes the box and signs for it and shuts the door.
 He shakes the box and listens. He throws it down and goes
 back into the bathroom.

91 He gets comfortable again and begins to read. And then - he 91
 snaps to attention.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

92 He jumps up, runs down the hallway with his pants around his 92
 ankles and picks up the package. He flips it upside down and
 there is a piece of clear tape over the yellow tape.

NO HAIR ON THE BOX.

He quickly grabs the phone, dials U.S. Express 800 number.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hi. Yes. I just received a package.

(beat)

John Somers, but he doesn't live
here. I think he used to, but he
moved a couple years ago before I
rented the place. Um... yeah...
the tracking number... 2036682901.
Okay... sure... thanks. See you
soon.

Charlie hangs up, grabs a marker and scribbles 'return to
sender' on the package.

Knock, knock, knock. Charlie checks the room. Nothing
incriminating in view.

He checks the peephole. No surprise, two FEDERAL AGENTS. He
leans the package against the wall.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Knock, knock, knock. He removes the chain, unlocks the dead
bolt, then the Multi-Lock.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Yeah?

AGENT ECKART

Agent Eckart, DEA. We have a
search warrant.

CHARLIE

Really?

They walk in the house, beaming with pride. AGENT ECKART
(45), wearing an unkempt bushy beard and cheap suit, takes a
seat on the couch.

AGENT YOUNG
Shipping marijuana across state
lines is a federal offense.

CHARLIE
I'll take your word for it. What
does that have to do with me?

Agent Young has a bushy mustache and wearing tactical navy
blue COP fatigues. There is something 'off' about both
agents.

AGENT YOUNG
Sandy Somers--

CHARLIE
You mean John Somers. We call him
Sandy. When we shared a house down
at the beach years ago, he used to
sleep in his bed that was filled
with sand so we started calling him--

AGENT ECKART
Sandy.

CHARLIE
Yeah, that's right, you got it.

AGENT YOUNG
No, you're Sandy. Sandy.

CHARLIE
Guys, I told you--

AGENT ECKART
That's your alias, asshole. Do you
think we're... dumb?

CHARLIE
Not sure I should answer that--

Agent Young moves in and pokes Charlie in the chest.

AGENT YOUNG
That package just got you a vaca'
up at Sing Sing.

CHARLIE
You know? If I close one eye and
then imagine your face, Agent
Young, superimposed over Agent
Eckhart's, your mustache and his
beard are a perfect match.

VX -- on Agent Eckart and Agent Young as Charlie crosses his eyes and the two heads merge into one.

AGENT YOUNG

That's it-

CHARLIE

Show me some I.D. or get out.

Agent Young punches Charlie.

93 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - DAY

93

Owen, sipping coffee and holding a bag of bagels is about to enter when he hears voices. He puts his ear up to the door. His eyes widen as he slowly backs down the stairs.

94 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

94

AGENT ECKART

Should we have a look in the package?

CHARLIE

It's not mine. Do whatever you want.

AGENT ECKART

We know, it's Sandy Somers'.

CHARLIE

U.S. Express is on its way back to get it.

AGENT YOUNG

Sure they are.

Agent Eckhart regards the "Return to Sender" on the package. Suddenly there is a knock at the door.

U.S. EXPRESS AGENT

Package pick up.

AGENT ECKART

Either you're a fucking genius or you're telling the truth.

CHARLIE

Definitely the latter. Listen, guys. I'd love to chat but--

AGENT YOUNG

Sit down.

95 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY (LATER) 95

Flanked by the two Feds, Charlie stares at numerous photographs in a scrap book. There is a picture of Pig Pen and Tito in the middle.

CHARLIE
None of these are him.

AGENT YOUNG
Are you sure?

CHARLIE
I knew the guy for years. None of these guys come close.

AGENT YOUNG
Can you describe him to Eckart?

FADE TO:

96 Charlie sits with the Agent Eckart, who is SKETCHING. 96

AGENT ECKART
I did two years at Pratt before the DEA.

CHARLIE
Right on. So, he's got wavy blonde hair. About 5'9". Los Angeles, grungy kind of burner, surfer type, you know?

INSERT ANIMATION: The sketch is drawn on the screen.

AGENT ECKART
This him?

CHARLIE
Bingo.

CLOSE ON-- *Jeff Spiccoli (Fast Times at Ridgemont High).*

97 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 97

Charlie sits alone and stares at his apartment. Its a complete mess. A FLYER slides underneath his door.

CHARLIE
Do not leave any more menus!

He crumples it up, tosses it. After a second he walks over and opens it back up. It reads: "*I love Lucy every night at 8pm*" with a picture of what looks like Lucille Ball eating mini chocolates.

98 INT. LUCY'S BAR - NIGHT 98

LUCY (65) Polish, tough as nails. She sees Charlie, pours a beam shot and pops open a Bud Light.

LUCY
He's playing pool.

99 SLOW MOTION: Just then Owen nails a shot into the side pocket 99
and turns to look at Charlie. They just stare at each other.
Charlie takes the whole shot down and then drinks half the
beer. He makes his way over then throws the beer bottle at
Owen and lunges at him.

100 REAL TIME: They wrestle around on the pool table, then hit a 100
table to the side full of beers, glasses, crashing them to
the floor.

This goes on for a few minutes until Lucy pulls Owen off of
Charlie, lifting him off his feet and placing him on a bar
stool. Then she does the same to Charlie.

LUCY (CONT'D)
In Poland we no fight. To solve
our problems we drink vodka.

101 INT. LUCY'S BAR - NIGHT (LATER) 101

Lucy puts down two shot glasses and a bottle of Polish vodka
on a round table and walks away. After a few moments, Owen
pours two shots and slides one to Charlie. They down the
shots.

CHARLIE
Where the fuck were you?

Owen pulls out what looks like a garage door opener and
clicks it towards Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
The fuck you doing?

OWEN
It's a bug jammer. If you have any
type of listening device on you...
or maybe it was planted without you
knowing... this will disrupt the
signal.

CHARLIE
Just when I think your paranoia has
to have absolutely peaked, you come
at me with a 'bug jammer'?

OWEN

It's not picking it up?

Owen reaches for Charlie's collar. Charlie slaps it away.

CHARLIE

What's wrong with you?

LUCY

Another shot. Both of you. Now!

OWEN

Does there appear to be anything wrong, Charles?

CHARLIE

That's what scares me. And whenever you call me Charles with your smug confidence, it makes me want to vomit. What happened to 1990 Owen? Where's that guy?

OWEN

We were kids in 1990, Charles. I went to get coffee and bagels. I was gone twenty minutes. How-

CHARLIE

Awfully convenient!

OWEN

If that's what you honestly believe then quit. Stop selling.

CHARLIE

Fine.

OWEN

Fine, then.

Owen sips his beer.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Stick with paychecks.

CHARLIE

I was looking for some side money. You said it would be easy side money.

OWEN

Side money bought you that Vintage Indian motorcycle, school loans paid off in full, bi-weekly dinners at Le Cirque, new furniture--

CHARLIE

You should quit too. Wasn't that
always your five year plan?

OWEN

I'm not really a "five year plan",
kind of guy.

CHARLIE

I didn't kill your parents, Owen.

Long moment as Owen stares ahead blankly. Drinks.

OWEN

No, you didn't.

CHARLIE

I *almost* went to fucking jail
today.

OWEN

Almost counts in horse shoes and
hand grenades.

CHARLIE

My dad said that.

OWEN

And he was right. You were either
super smooth today or it was a fake
bust. I'm thinking fake bust.

Charlie ponders this.

CHARLIE

Something definitely wasn't right--

OWEN

That's what I thought. Someone out
to gack our stash, no doubt.

They each do a shot.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Can you... *not quit*... right now.
We need to power through two more
shipments - make back what we lost -
you can have sixty - fuck it -
seventy percent of the profits.
Save up and quit in six weeks.

Lucy pours two more shots.

CHARLIE
Only small errands. Simple. I
don't want to handle any product
directly.

OWEN
Perfect. No product.

102 INT. THE BOX - NIGHT 102
CLOSE ON a racy vaudeville act in progress.

103 INT. THE BOX, BALCONY - NIGHT (SAME) 103
Hindley, Charlie and Owen sit at a V.I.P. table with
champagne.

HINDLEY
So what do you do, Owen?

OWEN
Do?

HINDLEY
For work?

OWEN
You don't know? Well, I'm in the
import/export--

CHARLIE
Owen is a marijuana dealer.

HINDLEY
Full time or part time, like
Charlie, here?

OWEN
Full time.

HINDLEY
You ever worry about going to
prison.

OWEN
Every day.

HINDLEY
Really? Then why do it? You seem
like a capable human being.

OWEN
It suits me. And I'm really good
at it.

Moment.

HINDLEY
That simple, huh?

OWEN
Pretty much.

Long uncomfortable silence. Hindley takes a drink.

HINDLEY
Know what, I actually respect that.
I do. Maybe not the drug dealing.
(dig at Charlie)
But at least he knows who he is.

CHARLIE
What's that supposed to mean?

HINDLEY
It means at least he's honest about
who he is.
(beat)
Where's the ladies room?

OWEN
Unisex stalls are over there.

Hindley leaves.

OWEN (CONT'D)
I think she likes me.

CHARLIE
Be right back.

104 EXT. THE BOX, UNISEX BATHROOMS - DAY

104

Hindley is next up when a unisex bathroom closet door opens.
Just before she slips in Charlie puts his hand on the door.

HINDLEY
Can I help you?

Charlie presses himself and Hindley into the bathroom and
they start to kiss.

Hindley notices the foot rests, which look like peddles,
attached to either wall, and a wooden seat fastened to the
top of the toilet's tank (so people can fuck).

HINDLEY (CONT'D)
(mock confusion/indicating
peddles)
Wonder what these are for?

She sits on the toilet tank and places her feet in the peddles as Charlie moves in close to her and they start to kiss again.

105 OFF THE RACY VAUDEVILLE act we... CUT TO: 105

106 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 106

Charlie, carrying a bike messenger bag, opens the door to find a Man in a Tracksuit looking through his fridge.

CHARLIE

Oh look, more guests. And who the fuck are you?

Tracksuit Man tosses his badge to Charlie. Insert: AGENT ECKHART, DEA.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Eckhart? What is this Blazing Saddles?

Charlie hangs his coat up in the closet and nonchalantly shoves the bag in the closet as well.

AGENT ECKART

Excuse me?

CHARLIE

In the movie Blazing Saddles there is a town where everyone's name is Johnson.

AGENT ECKART

But my name is Eckart. Oh, I get it, like everyone in the FBI is named Eckart. Got it. Funny.

(like he's talking to a baby)

Just a co-ink-a-dink in this case.

(like a normal person)

Anyway, nice threads man.

CHARLIE

The other agents were here already. Talk to them.

AGENT ECKART

I like to do things on my own.

CHARLIE

What do you want?

AGENT ECKART

I can help you.

CHARLIE

All set.

AGENT ECKART

If you help me. You're involved in something much, much bigger than you think, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Don't have a clue what you're talking about.

AGENT ECKART

Whatever you say, boss. Did they print you? Take your mug?

CHARLIE

They had nothing.

AGENT ECKART

(fingering a money clip)
Hungy says I find resinated pipe, some shake, excessive cellophane baggies and nail you with three counts. Any real cop would have busted you just to get you inside county nice and scared with hopes of snitching.

They both stare at each other.

AGENT ECKART (CONT'D)

I need a small favor.

CHARLIE

Will it make you leave in one minute?

AGENT ECKART

Take a look at this photo.

CHARLIE

Is it you in a compromising position with a smug boar?

AGENT ECKHART

Boy... you got a wicked fuckin' mouth on you.

(regarding photo)

Name is Thomas Digby Olsen.

ECU of what appears to be a WORK ID PHOTO of a YOUNG MAN in a suit and tie. Somewhat good looking. Clean cut. And there is an air of familiarity about him but we can't quite put our finger on it.

CHARLIE

No clue. We square? I'm kind of beat.

AGENT ECKART

Fine, fine. I like you, Charlie. I like your vibe and I really dig your threads. You come across this guy? Number's on the back. Feel like helping your country? Dial it.

Agent Eckart exits. OFF CHARLIE regarding photo, folding it, placing in pocket.

107 INT. TITO'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

107

A Hawaiian Luau is in progress. GIRLS in grass skirts, SURFERS dressed in old 50's surfer regalia.

Owen sneaks up to a window and sees Tito standing on a chest, reciting Shakespeare's A Midsummer's Night's Dream from a yellow Cliff notes book.

A YOUNG WOMAN, dressed in a fairy tale costume, jumps up and down on the bed with glee.

Tito stops mid sentence and stares off to the side. He takes a whiff and a sniff from the night time air.

TITO

(to girl)

Session's over. Beat it.

The girl walks out of the room.

OWEN

(through the window)

Little hectic around here.

TITO

Keeps me sharp. Like a tiger.

Tito jumps off the chest, towards the sliding glass door and "growls" while showing his "claws".

OWEN

Is su casa still mi casa?

108 Tito grabs a bong and a beer from the little fridge. Owen enters and sits down. Bernie stays on the deck, watching.

108

TITO

Bong hit and/or beer?

Owen grabs it and does the entire bong hit, exhales and takes a long swig from the beer bottle.

The doorbell rings. It's the cops answering a noise complaint. Tito sticks his head out of the door.

TITO (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Tell those mother fuckers no search warrant, no entry. If it's the noise, I still got two more hours until the ordinance kicks in!

Tito pops a beer with his teeth, spits the cap to the floor.

TITO (CONT'D)

I know a thing or two about civil procedure, due process, more than your average high school educated shit for brains cop. UCLA law school. 85.

OWEN

How 'bout a free consultation then?

TITO

Bobbies?

OWEN

Not bobbies. Federal agents. Raided my apartment last week.

Tito pulls out a small vial of white powder that looks like a bullet. He snorts hard with each nostril.

TITO

So, the fed's were a bit of a ponce, eh?

OWEN

I lost fifty grand. What's with the accent, by the way.

TITO

Me mom's British.

OWEN

Then why is your name Tito?

TITO

Me pop's Mexican.

Tito raises the machete. THWACK. Lime in two. He picks up his beer, machete in hand, and walks over to clink Owen's bottle.

Then wipes the machete blade on Owen's shirt.

OWEN
(mocking Tito/his accent)
Sorry, I'd rather get finger fucked
with a hot coat hanger than be a
furry bitch in the muddy thicket
wit' you, mate.
(beat)
So back to the Feds-

TITO
(cutting him off)
Yeeaaahhhhh... they weren't
Federales. Worker bees for Miss
Molly. That suposd' to be me?

OWEN
So the queen stole from me.

TITO
More akin to a final exam--

OWEN
To see if I'd crumble. Cute. When
do I get to meet the Frigga goddess
of... freaks?

MISS MOLLY (O.S.)
Well, aren't you charming.

CLOSE ON OWEN -- MISS MOLLY appears, tapping her antique
musket, strapped to her vest. There is a long moment of Owen
and Miss Molly staring at each other.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)
Why don't you and I take a little
ride.

109 INT. PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

109

Miss Molly shakes a martini shaker. She pours two bright red
drinks for Owen and herself.

MISS MOLLY
It's a homemade elixir of vodka
made from organic grapes and
vitamin powder of B12, B6 and C.

OWEN
Healthy cocktail.

MISS MOLLY
Cheers.

They clink and drink. She sits on the coffee table directly across from him. Their knees touching.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)

Do you know why fur hunters club seals instead of shooting them?

OWEN

So they don't damage their pelts.

MISS MOLLY

That's what everyone thinks. But if you shot them through the head with a simple 22 caliber, they would be dead in less than ten seconds. And you don't use the head of a seal when you make a coat.

OWEN

Good point.

MISS MOLLY

I know. Anyway, the reason they club them is simple. When you club them once, they become disoriented. With confusion comes adrenaline. Adrenaline produces an oil that rushes to the surface of the body. After four or five blows the oil has penetrated the seals skin and is being soaked up by the fur thus making the fur glow. You can't replicate this texture.

OWEN

That's sick.

MISS MOLLY

It is sick. And when it came out of my mouth it actually started to sound true.

OWEN

You just--

MISS MOLLY

Made it up? Yea.

Long awkward silence. Pig Pen bursts in.

PIG PEN

Hey dudes, what's the haps?

MISS MOLLY
Just chatting.

A faint piano key can be heard.

PIG PEN
Who else is here?

MISS MOLLY
Hmmm?

PIG PEN
I hear something.

MISS MOLLY
I don't hear anything.

Faint piano keys again. Random notes.

OWEN
I hear it too. It sounds like... a
piano, maybe?

MISS MOLLY
Oh that. Come on.

Miss Molly walks down a hallway. They follow.

110

INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

110

LIGHT BULB goes on. It's a wood panelled room filled with
taxidermy and a pinball machine. And in the corner-

ON BERNIE-- gagged and hands tied together, with a noose
around his neck that hangs from the ceiling. He has one foot
on a stool and the other on the piano keys.

OWEN
What the fuck... !?

Miss Molly walks over and moves the piano away from Bernie
and against the wall. She steps back and stares. Then moves
it a few more inches.

MISS MOLLY
Perfect.

OWEN
What the fuck is going on?

MISS MOLLY
Introductions. We have manners,
Owen. We're not cocaine dealers,
for god's sake. Little Bernie
Cerrato meet Owen and Pig Pen.
(MORE)

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)
Owen and Pig Pen, Little Bernie
Cerrato.

OWEN
Let him go.

MISS MOLLY
Bernie got popped on possession and
intent to distribute. After facing
eight, long, fuck me in the ass
years, he struck a deal with the
Fed's to do a little secret
squirrel narc work. And I just
didn't see how that fit into our
future with the Family. So Bernie
and I spent some quality time
together...
(to Bernie)
...what... like three days?

Bernie tries to nod.

PIG PEN
Doing...?

MISS MOLLY
(sing song)
Me getting to know Bernie, Bernie
getting to know me... chit, chat...
chit chat. Besides, three days is
how long it took.

PIG PEN
'Took'... ?

MISS MOLLY
Well, Pig Pen, to determine whether
or not I need to extinguish him.
Turns out... I kinda do.

OWEN
Get him down now. And you have my
word he won't say shit.

MISS MOLLY
And now he works for the Fed's. I
know, it all feels a bit awkward to
me too, Owen.

OWEN
Is that true, Bernie?

Bernie shakes his head 'no'.

MISS MOLLY

So here's the deal, Owen. I need to trust you. And I don't trust anyone who doesn't have anything to lose.

Miss Molly indicates a DV recorder on a tripod.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)

So I want you to walk over to Little Bernie Cerrato and kick his chair.

PIG PEN

Whoa... wait a sec here, man-

MISS MOLLY

Pig Pen! I highly suggest you stay the fuck out of this. The Rochefort Bridge Farm? Bernie.

OWEN

That was because of a raid where Mounties got popped. Not Bernie.

MISS MOLLY

And who do you think told the Mounties about it? The Fed's. And how did the Fed's know?

OWEN

Bullshit!

Owen lights a smoke and takes a few hard pulls.

MISS MOLLY

Make me a believer, Owen. I can make you enough money in the next 12 months that you'll never have to work another day in your life. But you have to help me first.

PIG PEN

Owen, I didn't know about any of this-

MISS MOLLY

Shut your fucking mouth, Pig Pen-

OWEN

Both of you shut up!

She leans in very close so her lip touches his ear. She strokes her hand through his hair.

MISS MOLLY

Look at him as the adorable puppy
who just got hit by a car. He's
not going to make it, no matter
what you do. It's best to put that
cute, adorable puppy out of its
misery.

Miss Molly is now circling Bernie.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)

He's already dead, Owen. No one
can change that. Not even you.

Owen and Bernie stare at each other. Bernie's eyes well up.

OWEN

I... can't. I won't--

MISS MOLLY

I guess accessory will just have to
do.

Miss Molly gently pushes Bernie with her finger tip.

Off the sound of his neck breaking.

111 INT. TITO'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

111

Tito snaps a whip and laughs. He is dressed in a superhero
costume. An ASIAN MAN, a BLACK GIRL and a MEXICAN
transvestite lie in the bed. Owen walks in, ashen. He
doesn't even acknowledge the madness as he sits next to the
half naked crew.

Tito motions to a plate on the bedside table.

TITO

Cool off ripper?

Owen leans over and does a line. He sits upright and doesn't
move, still stunned.

TITO (CONT'D)

Frank, Kelly, Tom - go to the
kitchen and make us some PB & J's.
And Tom, I'll take mine with
chunky.

112 INT. TITO'S VELVET LAIR - NIGHT (LATER)

112

TITO

Shite happens, mate. Yer bloke was
not a straight shooter. Tough
break. No pun.

OWEN

Fuck you for Bernie. That's not what you do to people. We're not a drug cartel for fucks' sake.

(beat)

Miss Molly told me to come here. I'm here. Now what do you want from me?

TITO

Miss Molly thinks we're on the clock. By the end of this glorious decade of aughts, at least ten more states will follow Cali's prop 215. Ganja will be puffed by anyone and everyone with a headache. That means the price will plummet.

PIG PEN

Tito and I were thinking... maybe you should buy Valhalla from Morning. He wants out. But there's still good money in the trade in the short term.

OWEN

I don't need that kind of risk.

TITO

Ya' put it in another blokes name.

Tito tosses a passport, social security card down on a table:
They belong to Charlie.

OWEN

Where did you get that?

(to Pig Pen)

What the fuck is going on, Dude?

TITO

Thing is-

(he uses his palms to make
quote gestures)

"someone else's image" is all over the lil' film we made of Bernie 'aving an ass-ident. So poppy...

OFF OWEN staring at the Passport photo of Charlie.

113

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

113

Charlie and Hindley share a bottle of wine.

HINDLEY

I can see why you two are so close.

CHARLIE

You can?

HINDLEY

Sure. You compliment each other.

CHARLIE

We used to be closer when we were kids.

HINDLEY

Shit happens. But I like who he is now.

CHARLIE

I always wonder if things played out differently whether I'd be where he is and he'd be where I am.

HINDLEY

You're not that dissimilar.

CHARLIE

He's taken the wrap twice. Saving our asses while disguising a worse outcome by throwing himself on the bomb.

HINDLEY

That's a devoted friend.

CHARLIE

Yeah...it is.

Charlie sips his wine.

HINDLEY

I have some news.

CHARLIE

What's up?

HINDLEY

Stearns & Bromage offered me a job.

CHARLIE

Stearns is lead counsel on the Expectra class action suit. I thought Pedersen was your dream job?

HINDLEY

It was. Is. But the Pedersen board thought it would be a good idea if I went into private practice on this one.

(sounds like she's
rationalizing)

My knowledge of Expectra and Pedersen's internal operations might help cut down on all the hours Stearns is currently billing us. The irony is... my salary?

CHARLIE

Yeah?

HINDLEY

Tripled. To like, 375k. Hello! Are you f'ing kidding me?

Charlie is somewhat stoic.

HINDLEY (CONT'D)

You're not jumping through the roof?

(to herself)

Why are you not out of your chair with sheer joy and giving me a huge kiss.

CHARLIE

I think it's great... Sorry.

HINDLEY

Great? That's a shit ton of money. Even in Manhattan. Charlie, you can finally jettison your side business. We don't need it anymore. Don't you see?

CHARLIE

Yeah... I know... but that's like... my thing, you know. Easy money. And besides, it turns you on, remember?

HINDLEY

(disappointed)

Yeah, sure it does Charlie.

Charlie raises his glass and touches her glass.

CHARLIE

To us.

114 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

114

Charlie cooks breakfast. Owen does the crossword.

CHARLIE

Hey, you seen Bernie around lately?

Owen scribbles.

OWEN

Nope. So listen. We have a huge shipment coming in. Biggest ever. I need you to up your hours chief.

CHARLIE

I'm slammed at work, *bro*. I'm not gonna be around much...

OWEN

By the way, did you know Pedersen grows its own marijuana?

CHARLIE

Yeah, all the big pharma companies do now.

Charlie places bacon and eggs in front of Owen.

OWEN

Hmmm... crispy just like home. You know, you should go into criminal law instead. In case I ever get into a jam. Or you know, you could be like, my *consigliari*.

CHARLIE

Remember the frogs?

OWEN

Frogs?

CHARLIE

Prep school? Science class.

OWEN

I guess, why?

CHARLIE

Water's starting to boil, Owen.

OWEN

Please. When is the last time you saw two white kids from New England go to jail for slinging grass.

CHARLIE
I have a job now. OK? You were
gone... for years. You even missed
Dad's funeral.

OWEN
And you ruined my life.

Long moment. Owen calms himself down.

CHARLIE
I gotta go.

Owen stares into his plate. Moment. Charlie comes back in.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'll help you out on this one deal.
But then I'm sticking to side money
for now on. I'll do current
clientele only... Quarters, Oz's...

OWEN
Whatever.

115 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 115

Pig Pen and Owen are hiking up a long, winding road.

PIG PEN
You know Morning won The Cannabis
Cup in Amsterdam, right?

116 INSERT: Morning holding The Cannabis Cup over his head in victory. 116

PIG PEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But they stripped him of the title
because he refused to hand over the
grow cycle theory for cultivating
the winning strain.

117 INSERT: Morning pouting in a tent with some girls consoling him. 117

118 EXT. VALHALLA FARM - DAY 118

COMMUNE MEMBERS wander around. Some are working. Pig Pen
greet Morning. Morning approaches and embraces Pig Pen.

PIG PEN
Morning!

MORNING
Piglet, I trust the Gods have been
well?

PIG PEN
Odin and Loki are all well, Man.

MORNING
And you, Sir?

OWEN
(mocking)
I am the chosen one, slayer of the
Midgard serpent.

MORNING
Do not mock the Gods, young Odin.
Morning hugs Owen and awkwardly frisks him.

MORNING (CONT'D)
Ah. Good. Welcome.

119 EXT. VALHALLA FARM, COMMUNE - DAY 119

Morning drives Owen and Pig Pen on a jacked up FOUR WHEEL
DRIVE ATV.

They past rows of corn, wheat, soybean, etc.

120 INT. VALHALLA FARM, COMMUNE BUILDING - DAY 120

Pig Pen removes his shoes and places them next to others.
Owen leaves his on.

MORNING
Piglet?

PIG PEN
Right. Owen? You have to take
your shoes off.

OWEN
I don't take my shoes off in my
place in New York and I'm not going
to take my shoes off at my new
farm.

MORNING
If you wish to separate the earth
from your soul after the
transaction, then it will be you
who will bring forth the dark ink
of joo-joo karma.

OWEN
Huh?

MORNING

Take off your mother fuckin' boots,
man.

121 VALHALLA FARM TOUR 121

MORNING

Here at Valhalla we point our life
force towards positive growth of
the aura, the chi, the yin and the
yang, so there are no doors, only
entrances.

122 SCHOOL ROOM - children are home schooled. 122

OWEN

So where are you all moving too?

MORNING

Norway. We closed on an old farm
just south of Bodo. It's more or
less an entire fiord.

123 KITCHEN - Women cooking macrobiotic food. 123

PIG PEN

Uber pricey, man.

MORNING

I purchased an off shore oil rig
back in '89. I had sold a new
strain to some Nords in Antwerp and
they paid me in Krone. So I
hitched a ride with their sister to
Bergen where she introduced me to
her Uncle who snookered me into
buying the oil rig.

124 SEWING ROOM - Men and women weaving fabric for clothes. 124

OWEN

Cool.

MORNING

Made me rich beyond my wildest
dreams. Then this farm made me
even richer. But now it's time to
get out. Timing is everything,
Owen. That's the sister right
there. Mable. After I bought the
oil rig she became my second wife.

125 CHANGING ROOM - Rows of rubber jump suits. 125

MORNING (CONT'D)

Please.

Pig Pen begins to put a JUMPSUIT on followed by BOOTS.

OWEN

What's with the huge boots?

MORNING

(whispering)

All the boots are the same size,
same tread, so we know if any
outsiders are trespassing. Like
the Feds.

OWEN

(to himself)

Smart.

Morning types a code into a key pad - door opens

126

INT. GREENHOUSE, BARN - CONTINUOUS

126

PIG PEN

See that foil on the ceiling? It's
so the fed's can't get heat
censored photos.

OWEN

Why not kill the lights when you
hear the birds?

MORNING

Because, my ignorant Loki,
Marijuana gives off more gas than
most plants, its something about
the light spectrum-frequency, the
metabolic rate of the plant. What
you do to mask the heat signature
is to surround the one plant with a
kind of native, very rapidly
growing fern. It would disguise it
both aerially (a mat of green), and
would disguise the heat signature
by heating up the entire area with
a plant natural to the area.
Marijuana is difficult to spot in
the up country because of the
amount of vegetation, this also why
people say to intersperse with
tomatoes. Tomatoes give off a
similar, but not identical,
heat/light reflection index.

(MORE)

MORNING (CONT'D)

If you grow in a barn though, then you can line the roof and walls with lead sheeting and it wont be detectable. Also, glass creates a reflection and confuses the imager, so angle means everything. You gotta use polyshield AKA anti-detection foil - also called ANI-INFRARED FOIL.

Miss Molly in a fitted one piece vintage racing suit, examining the plants, turns and smiles. Two men with long hair and lab coats, paint pollen onto a plant.

Owen's jaw drops. It's more incredible than he ever imagined. Pig Pen's smile says, 'told you.'

MORNING (CONT'D)

This is the latest harvest. I crossbred a strain of cannabis I invented. It contains one of the highest THC levels known to man. It's a special, euphoric high without the paranoia. We think it will be a big hit in the metropolis areas where you can command more money for it.

PIG PEN

What's up with those plants over there covered in the black tarp?

MISS MOLLY

We control the amount of day light. We expose the new buds to harsh and erratic light schedules. It grows at a more rapid pace when the typical cycle is interrupted.

MORNING

I know. We want to wrap this deal up by the fortnight.

OWEN

English please?

MISS MOLLY

A week from next Sunday. We'll front you since we know we can trust you. See you guys in New York.

Miss Molly exits. Owen wanders off to observe.

MORNING

Are we sure we can trust him?

PIG PEN

You heard her. Frigga has spoken.

MORNING

Then it is so per the Norse goddess.

Morning performs an odd ritual and reaches for the sun.

127 EXT. VALHALLA COMMUNE, PICNIC AREA - DAY 127

Owen reviews the deed for the farm with Charlie's personal information.

128 EXT. VALHALLA COMMUNE, PICNIC AREA - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 128

Owen signs the deed with Charlie's signature.

129 INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICALS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 129

Charlie is surrounded by stacks of papers and boxes, reviewing depositions and case files.

Something catches his eye about EXPECTRA CLINICAL TRIALS IN AFRICA. He furrows his brow, digs deeper into the files.

130 EXT. VALHALLA COMMUNE, PICNIC AREA 130

Miss Molly, Morning, Tito and Pig Pen look on as Owen executes the deed. Owen is pensive as the others celebrate.

131 INT. PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT WAREHOUSE - DAY 131

JULES and JANIK disassemble a LARGE ORGANIC JUICE CART that is hooked up to a red pick up filled with oranges. Miss Molly, Owen and Tito are counting the bags as they stuff them into bags.

TITO

What you got in the mule?

He motions to her F350 with two Triumph Scramblers strapped down to the flatbed.

MISS MOLLY

A special surprise.

TITO

Head band?

OWEN

Nah... I'm betting AK47. Everyone
is sick of this blueberry kush.

Owen is staring at it in the light shaking his head.

MISS MOLLY

Dump it at a twenty percent
discount and we can play with the
cargo I have napping in my mule's
belly sometime next week.

Tito laughs, slings two large duffel bags over his shoulders
and two more in each hand and exits the building.

132 Jules and Janik set up a make shift living area. Throw rug, 132
bunk bed, TV, mini fridge.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)

Who's got first watch?

JULES

Me do.

Jules pulls out TWO rifles with scopes on both and puts them
both to his eyes.

MISS MOLLY

Owen.

Owen turns around. Miss Molly and Owen exchange extended eye
contact - a hint of attraction between them.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)

You in a rush?

133 INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY 133

OFF CHARLIE grabbing a file off the photo copier... CUT TO:

134 INT. STEARNS & BROMAGE PARTNERS, HINDLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 134

Charlie enters her posh digs.

HINDLEY

Hey, you.

Charlie shuts the door behind him.

CHARLIE

You know about this?

Charlie throws his file on her desk. She eyes it with stoic
concern, shoves it back to him.

HINDLEY

Not my area.

CHARLIE

Thought Pedersen placed you with Stearns to help us 'cut corners'. So help me cut corners. What is this shit?

HINDLEY

I can't help you. And what's with you all of a sudden caring now?

CHARLIE

Ok, time out-

HINDLEY

We're always in a "time out" during billable hours, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Have you actually seen this?

HINDLEY

(lying)

I don't recall. No.

CHARLIE

Here's a primer then.

135 INTERCUT WITH VARIOUS STOCK FOOTAGE OF AFRICA 135

136 THE PHARMACEUTICAL CLINICAL TRIAL PROCESS. 136

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Apparently Pedersen has been funding elementary schools in villages all over Nigeria.

HINDLEY

So what? Pedersen makes charitable contributions all over the world-

CHARLIE

I bet. Funny thing is, Hind- every village that has a Pedersen school also has Expectra clinical trials. For fifteen years they studied the effects of Expectra on Nigerian children and teenagers.

137 DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE- Doctors administer pills to Nigerian children. 137

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And for 15 years no side effects were reported. In fact...

(standing/pointing at file)

Actually, as a total urgent matter of fact the trials showed that Expectra has less side effects on the nervous system than Aderall or Ritalin.

138 ARCHIVE FOOTAGE-- FDA makes an announcement about Expectra on 138
Wall Street-- the CEO rings the opening bell.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The FDA approved the drug largely based on these studies, which, is suspect to begin with...

139 WHITE CORPORATE FAT CATS AND FDA FEDS. PLAY GOLF IN FLORIDA. 139

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

... because we all know Pedersen execs and the FDA are hardly adversaries. But I digress. Anyway, so I was online the other night and it turns out the average height of the kids in these villages? Are you sitting down?
(she is)
Are 28% lower than the villages where no trials took place.

HINDLEY

Where are you going with all this?

CHARLIE

Is this why Pedersen placed you in this cushy job, with this plush office and the salary? To guide Stearns away from this kind of thing? To bury it?

HINDLEY

Absurd.

(kind of believing it)

That's just- absurd.

CHARLIE

Pedersen stunted the growth of these kids and they buried the results.

HINDLEY

Yea, Chuckie, and what the hell are you gonna do about it? I mean, you're a drug dealer, for God's sake.

CHARLIE

We have to stop this, Hindley.

Hindley, visibly peeved, gets up and walks over to Charlie. She places her hands on his shoulders.

HINDLEY

There is nothing here. Drop it.

She kisses him.

CHARLIE

Hindley-

She whispers in his ear.

HINDLEY

Leave it the fuck alone.

140 INT. PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

140

Miss Molly and Owen are swinging on a swing set inside her vast warehouse. Two motorbikes sit to the side.

MISS MOLLY

I think this is a turning point in our relationship.

OWEN

Glad to hear-

MISS MOLLY

BUT... If you're ever late on the loot or feel the need to fuck me - and not in the literal sense cause that's still lingering in the "maybe" category - it end's for Owen. Owen's chapter is final.

OWEN

Don't worry about me.

MISS MOLLY

Well, goodie then.

She starts to swing higher as Owen slows his pace.

OWEN

Can I ask you something?

MISS MOLLY
It's a free country.

OWEN
What's your real name?

MISS MOLLY
No one knows my real name. Not even Morning.

OWEN
Ok, where are you from?

MISS MOLLY
Where do you want me to be from, Owen?

OWEN
Some say you're half French and half Mohican. Others say you're a direct descendant from Thomas Jefferson.

MISS MOLLY
Williamstown, Massachusetts.

OWEN
What...? That's like-

MISS MOLLY
Twenty minutes from where you grew up. Yea, I was born there. My mom's a professor. Dad moved to New York after the divorce. He's a dentist on the Upper East Side.

Owen is shocked at her completely bland background.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)
Was carted back and forth on weekends. Public high school then Vasser. Philosophy major.

OWEN
All girls school. Huh. What can I tell you about me?

She slams down her feet coming to a stop.

MISS MOLLY
(standing up)
I'm handing the new shipment from the mule to you. Two thousand pounds of AK47. It's your responsibility.
(MORE)

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)
Make sure Tito doesn't take more
than twenty at a time. I don't
trust his intentions.

OWEN
I'm your man.

MISS MOLLY
Then that's all I can ever imagine
wanting to know about you.

Owen starts laughing to himself.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

OWEN
Pig Pen says he's your son.
(slight mocking)
The son of Frigga, the Norse
Goddess.

Miss Molly has a very serious look on her face.

MISS MOLLY
And why is that funny?

OWEN
It's just-

Miss Molly still isn't laughing.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Come on... really?

MISS MOLLY
I am Frigga. And who do you want
to be, Owen? Odin? Frigga's
husband? Frigga and Odin, together,
lovers ruling all the land and the
fate of men?

Owen melts in her hand. Miss Molly starts to laugh her ass
off. Now Owen has a real look of disappointment.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)
Don't ever let me down. Don't ever
be late with loot. And do not ever
talk about ME to anyone.
Especially Vasser. Ever.

OWEN
OK. Got it.

She gets up and stretches.

MISS MOLLY

Now I need you to move the mule to
The Cup Cake Factory right away. I
need to keep things safe.

She leans over and gives him a slow kiss on the cheek.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)

(as she walks away, waving
backwards)

Good night, Owen.

141 INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

141

Charlie pours over case files. A knock at his door.

CHARLIE

Come in.

Slick advertising agency exec, KEVIN (25ish) enters.

KEVIN

Hi. Kevin O'Donnell. Account Exec
with Saatchi. We spoke on the
phone a few times?

CHARLIE

Uh, huh. And...?

KEVIN

You never got back to me. We need
you to sign off on the release for
the Expectra spots we produced.

Kevin places a form on his desk.

CHARLIE

Why? We're at least six months
from FDA approval...

KEVIN

Not what we were told. They moved
up the approval date to next week.
You didn't know?

Long moment as Charlie's head spins.

CHARLIE

No. Regardless, I can't approve
the commercial until the FDA
approves the drug. If you'll
excuse me, I'm busy.

KEVIN

Hey, look, dude, I'm just doing my job. Ok? Talk to your boss if you have too. Besides, it's not even a commercial, man.

CHARLIE

Then what is it?

KEVIN

Public Service Announcement.

CHARLIE

Paid for by Pedersen.

OFF CHARLIE'S stoic gaze.

INSERT: PEDERSEN PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

142 CHILDREN in class. WHITE KID throwing a paper plane. 142

VOICE OVER

Does your child have a hard time focusing at school?

143 The same kid is making faces and then flicks the head of the student in front of him. 143

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

Is he disruptive towards others?

144 The kid is now walking around the room, tapping kids on their shoulders and then running off. 144

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

Then he or she may be suffering from attention deficit disorder.

The teacher shakes her head in frustration.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

Well hope is on the way. New drugs are being tested everyday, all over the world.

145 MEN in lab coats looking at TEST TUBES. 145

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

And someday... soon... it will be available for you.

146 The same Child above is focused on his work. His mother, smiling, is watching over him approvingly. 146

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)
(in a very fast, low tone)
Paid for by Pedersen
Pharmaceuticals.

147 ON CHARLIE

147

KEVIN (V.O.)
Pretty sweet, huh? Andy Deal
directed it. Stunning visual motif
and his real people casting is
absolutely aces. We think we're
gonna win a Cleo on this one.

CHARLIE
(to himself)
I have to stop them.

148 EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

148

Charlie and Hindley walk through an East Village garden.

CHARLIE
The entire company is based on
creating false demand based on
nothing but fear. What happens
when people are scared? They take
precautions. That's what we sell,
more often than not, precautions.
Not medicine based on science.

HINDLEY
Listen, Charlie. I hear you. But
I also have a mild case of ADD. I
believe in this drug. I believe in
this company. Besides, I looked in
to the Nigerian trials. There
could be a dozen reasons for the
slowed growth. Poor diet, for one?
Contaminated drinking water--

CHARLIE
You're completely blinded by your
check.

HINDLEY
Grow up, Charlie.

CHARLIE
So you're cool with pushing drugs
on kids when there's even, let's
say, a 10% chance that those drugs
could fuck those kids up?

Hindley stops and stares at Charlie.

HINDLEY

You're kidding, right? You, of all people, didn't just say that.

CHARLIE

I don't think marijuana counts.

HINDLEY

The dictionary should have your photo next to 'hypocrite'.

CHARLIE

Then so should Pedersen. Because they're growing a shit ton of marijuana too.

HINDLEY

No shit, they have an entire lab full of it out in Long Island tucked away in some office park. Pedersen's a contractor for the Government. It's strictly for experimental purposes. They're trying to grow a strain that doesn't get you high. Seems pointless. Anyway, I fucked some guy from marketing at a Christmas party two years ago and he told me the strain turned out to be the purest and most exhilarating form of marijuana. Ever. Been trying to score some...

(beat)

If you say a single word to anyone about any of this shit - the Nigerian trials - the weed lab - you and I are over. You hear me? I'll put up with your double standards and holier-than-thou world views because I dig the sex, the grass is yummy and you make me laugh, Charlie. But fuck with my job? And it's-

CHARLIE

Over. It's over.

That stuns Hindley.

HINDLEY

Bullshit. You don't have the balls.

CHARLIE
 I'm talking about us. I'm sorry.
 I... have no clue who you are.
 You're so stoned 90% of the time...

HINDLEY
 (suddenly forlorn)
 Then that's... that's it? We're
 over? Just like that?

Charlie leans in for a hug but she backs away. She instantly
 morphs her shock and anger to self-preservation.

HINDLEY (CONT'D)
 Don't fuck with Pedersen, Charlie.
 You're making a huge mistake.

CHARLIE
 Good bye, Hindley.

149 INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICALS, CHARLIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 149

Charlie downloads copies of files to one last flash drive.
 He pops it into his bag, turns off his light and leaves.

He leaves his resignation letter on his chair.

150 INT. LUCY'S BAR - DAY 150

Charlie grabs a stool, Lucy hands him a beer.

LUCY
 Ahh, hello, hello. You just missed
 your friend. He waited here for
 hours.

CHARLIE
 Who?

LUCY
 Ooops... maybe I ruin big surprise.
 I love surprise. Sorry you! What
 you want?

CHARLIE
 (pointing at beer)
 I'm good for now.

LUCY
 Not you, silly boy, him.

Charlie turns to see Agent Eckart standing behind him.

AGENT ECKART
 White Russian, please.

CHARLIE
Holy homo, white Russian? Really?
What are you the Big Lebowski?

AGENT ECKART
Only cocktail that doesn't upset my
gird.

He slams it. Indicates Lucy for another then throws down a
photo of Charlie.

AGENT ECKART (CONT'D)
Nice suit. Oliver Spencer again,
right? Think I'm too big for him?

CHARLIE
You're following me.

AGENT ECKART
But this one. Now, he's trouble.

Photo of Owen. Eckart slams a second White Russian.

CHARLIE
Shit.

AGENT ECKART
Here's a nice one of the pair of
you. You guys could almost be
brothers. In fact, you kind of are
like brothers. Practically grew up
together after Owen's parents died.

CHARLIE
Impressive.

AGENT ECKART
Thing about you, Charlie. You're
heart's not really into the drug
game. Owen, on the other hand.
He's got the curiosity for the
sociopathic apes who play the game.
Kind of like Dian Fossey studying
the silverbacks in Rwanda. You
know?

CHARLIE
What's your point?

AGENT ECKART
The silverbacks killed her.

CHARLIE
Not true. She was murdered in her
cabin. Probably by poachers.

AGENT ECKART

You bettered my point, then. I guess what I'm trying to say is two white kids from Connecticut don't have the heart or stomach for this level of the game. You need to be a sociopath. You guys are too cuddly for this line of work.

Lucy brings Agent Eckart a third White Russian, he slams it. Throws down another photo. Owen and Tito.

AGENT ECKART (CONT'D)

So... do you recognize this Gem?

CHARLIE

Told you, I've never seen him before.

AGENT ECKART

(slightly drunk)

Well, I... don't believe you.

Now the previous photo of a Young Man in a business suit.

CHARLIE

Nope.

Eckart slides the two photos together with Tito's HEAD and the HEAD of the Young Man together. Holy shit! They're the same person.

AGENT ECKART

(White Russian drooling)

He was a DEA agent who went deep undercover. Then one day he didn't show for his weekly debriefing. That was six years ago. Name is Thomas Digby Olsen. T D O. Tito.

CHARLIE

Wouldn't that be pronounced, Tee Do?

AGENT ECKART

Gets better. You read about those Canadian Royal Mounties getting whacked up north?

151 INT. LUCY'S BAR, BATHROOM - DAY

151

Charlie and Agent Eckart are peeing. Eckart turns towards Charlie, spraying pee on the floor while he talks.

AGENT ECKART

Your sidekick, Owen? We're pretty sure he was there that night. Man it turned into a real shit show.

CHARLIE

Owen couldn't kill anyone if he tried.

AGENT ECKART

Then who did this?

He slaps a picture of dead Bernie against Charlie's chest.

CHARLIE

He didn't do this either.

AGENT ECKART

(cutting him off - loud)
Yeeaaaahhhhh... but he most likely had front row seats. Owen was the last number he called. Murder committed in one spot. Body found dangling from the Union Street Bridge over the Gowanus Canal.

CHARLIE

Am I in an episode of CSI? Here comes the part where you ask me to become a federal witness, move to Scottsdale and work at a shoe store.

AGENT ECKART

Tried that with Bernie. He became a human chandelier.

CHARLIE

I. Don't. Know. Anything.

AGENT ECKART

I want Tito. We have him on murder, racketeering, stat rape, and that's just the starter course. He'll also give me the former owners of the Valhalla farm.

(slapping a deed on the counter)

I might even be willing to look the other way on the new owner.

CHARLIE

What's that supposed--

That's when Charlie sees his name, social security number, credit rating, Passport photo and personal information on the deed as the owner of the Valhalla Family Farm.

AGENT ECKART

Where do we begin, chief? Or shall I walk your soft, pale, smooth hiney down to the tombs in your nifty Oliver Spencer suit and see how long it takes for you to poop yourself after I stick you with Hernan the rave party rapist. So, counselor, wanna chitty chat?

CHARLIE

OK... but I need some time.

A wide grin of satisfaction runs across Eckart's face.

AGENT ECKART

You scored twenty-four hours. If I don't here from you...

He licks his finger and sticks it in his closed fist.

CHARLIE

Forty eight hours. And I need borrow this.

Charlie takes the deed, photos and starts to leave.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Got something in your teeth, by the way.

OFF AGENT ECKHART checking his teeth... CUT TO:

152 EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

152

Owen plays an intense game of hand ball. He wins the final point, walks over to a bench to grab his water bottle.

CLOSE ON HIS WATER BOTTLE SITTING ON THE DEED.

OWEN

Shit.

Owen immediately starts to run but it's too late. Charlie is on top of him like a ton of bricks with a ton of hurt.

CHARLIE

You ruined me!

After a moment the other hand ball players race over and restrain Charlie.

OWEN
(wiping his lip)
I was going to tell you.

CHARLIE
Yea, when? Over a beer? *'By the way, Chuckie, I bought you a marijuana farm. Merry Christmas.'*

OWEN
I didn't have a choice.

Charlie wrestles one arm free, finds the photo of Bernie and tosses it at Owen's feet.

CHARLIE
And... You lied about Bernie.

OWEN
(upset)
Charlie, I swear to God. I can explain...

153 EXT. STREET NEAR TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY (LATER)

153

Charlie and Owen walk on a desolate street.

CHARLIE
And you've managed to violate every single rule we set for ourselves.

OWEN
I'm sorry, Charles.

CHARLIE
You didn't just get in too deep with one of the biggest growers in North America, you bought the farm.

OWEN
Actually, you bought the farm.

CHARLIE
And they thought having the farm in an attorneys name was smart cause why?

OWEN
Two part answer. They wanted to keep me off the grid. No bills, no phone, no address. And they wanted the fact to hang over my head. Insurance.

CHARLIE
Bernie was insurance.

OWEN
Call this re-insurance. These people? Miss Molly. She's relentless. She's never satisfied with her risk exposure.

CHARLIE
You know the saying: You can't take the criminal element-

OWEN
Out of the criminal element.

Charlie grabs Owen by his shirt and holds him in position.

CHARLIE
Owen! Dude! You're working with murderers. As in they murder people. Is that registering in your fucking head at all?

Charlie lets him go and starts pacing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I mean... what the fuck happened to us?

OWEN
What do we do?

CHARLIE
We?

OWEN
Yes... we. I...I need you. Jesus.

*

CHARLIE
I don't know. I have to think for second. Where is the weed now?

OWEN
Brooklyn.

CHARLIE
Let's start there.

154 INT./EXT. PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT WAREHOUSE - DAY

154

We see Jules and Janik tied down to the bunk beds. Tito rolls down the garage door and then jumps into the Mule while he whistles the theme to The Andy Griffith Show.

155 INT./EXT. PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT WAREHOUSE - DAY

155

The garage door is rolled up. Charlie and Owen stare at the empty space. Jules and Janik are tied up making muffled noise.

OWEN
Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck.

CHARLIE
Someone took it.

OWEN
Oh, fuck.

Owen's phone rings: Miss Molly.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck.
(deep breath)
Hello?

156 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (INTERCUTTING)

156

Miss Molly is on the other end of the phone.

MISS MOLLY
Why do you sound like you've been
masturbating?

*
*

INTERCUT

Owen snaps his head around away from Charlie, eyes bulge out.

OWEN
Oh...hey...yeah...sorry I thought
you were someone else-

*

MISS MOLLY
I wish I was...

*

OWEN
Huh?

*

MISS MOLLY
Nothing. So are you taking good
care of the Mule?

*

OWEN
Yeah we're rocking and rolling.

*

MISS MOLLY
And she's good? I miss her.

*
*

OWEN

She's right here. Just had her
cleaned for you.

*
*

MISS MOLLY

I knew I could count on you. Ciao
Sweets.

*

She shuts her phone down, turns around and stares at the Mule
sitting on an abandoned street, flatbed ripped open and
empty. She reaches underneath and pulls out a low-jack / GPS
tracking device.

*

157 INT. BIKE MESSENGER GARAGE - (LATER)

157

ON CHALKBOARD: A MAP OF NEW YORK CITY with child like stick
figures in color over different parts of the city. Charlie
slaps a thin bamboo cane on the chalk board.

CHARLIE

If my calculations are correct
(consulting chalk board)
We have close to 800 pounds of what
I have simply nicknamed 'Heaven
Herb'. Sixteen ounces per pound
and we're only selling ounces but
at a cut rate of five hundred an
ounce.

*
*

Owen pulls Charlie aside.

OWEN

And where the fuck are we getting
this mass amount of root from?

158 EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

158

Charlie and Hindley sit across from each other at a chess
table. Charlie has set up fancy cappuccinos and croissants.
She is staring at him with her mouth agape. Then-

HINDLEY

How about NO.

CHARLIE

Hindley-

HINDLEY

OK...wait a second...yeah still NO.

Charlie calmly sips his cappuccino.

CHARLIE
 Boy...I'm happy I'm not the
 counselor who's been covering up
 these trials.

Hindley is silent. She flicks the foam on her cup.

HINDLEY
 They'll know it's me-

CHARLIE
 Of course they will.

She scrunches her face 'what the fuck'?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 I need you to jimmy up a fake
 release form and sign it out.

HINDLEY
 Holy. Shit.

CHARLIE
 They're not going to do anything
 about it once I let them know why
 we did it. Trust me. I already
 have a plan in motion to replace
 it. *As the old adage goes....*It's
 better to beg for forgiveness than
 ask permission. *

HINDLEY
 But in this case...you'd be
 blackmailing...with *forgiveness*. *

CHARLIE
 Something like that.

159 EXT. PEDERSEN LAB, WAREHOUSE - DAY

159

Charlie sits in a white van and is signing some forms. A technician looks it over, nods and walks away.

The two back doors open and Owen has a 3x8 foot dolly truck stacked high with white containers. He begins to pack them in the back.

160 INT. BIKE MESSENGER GARAGE - DAY

160

CHARLIE is back up at the front talking to a HUGE mass of bikers. There is a table where Owen sits and doles out large plastic bins filled with weed vials.

A lot of "whats?" and "no fucking ways" from the crowd.

CHARLIE

People will flock. Trust me. It's by far the cheapest high end chron that has ever hit this city. Let the customer do the math and realize they are saving three hundred bucks a pop. We just need to hit that eight thousand a pound mark - minus two thousand per pound for your troubles. Owen?

Lots of "hell yeahs" and "right ons".

OWEN

This ain't your Nor Cal bud and it certainly ain't from BC. This is Uncle Sam's home grown G13 crossbred with sour grapefruit OG diesel.

Hoots and hollers.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Today - right now - We are the official God of grass pushers in the Tri-state area with Heaven on our side.

CHARLIE

Alright, my gangster hipsters. Let's roll.

OWEN

(whispering)

Pig Pen has something to tell us...

*
*
*

Everyone is gathering their goods, shaking hands, messengers are checking other messengers. One guy is loading up his motorcycle with many packages.

Pig Pen sits in the corner, ashen faced, fidgeting with his Leatherman.

*
*

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

*

Uniformed cops line up outside behind their cars, weapons ready. The VICE COPS rig the garage door with a chain. Agent Eckart exits his CAR in a new suit. He throws a signal.

*
*
*
*

INT. BIKE MESSENGER GARAGE - DAY

*

Owen and Charlie are sitting across from Pig Pen.

*

PIG PEN
So then he pulls into the garage-

CHARLIE
Where is this again?

PIG PEN
Van Dyke and Van Brunt in Red Hook.

Charlie looks down and its already written.

PIG PEN (CONT'D)
I'm telling you the truth!

OWEN
Keep going man...

PIG PEN
So he pulls in with this giant
carousel thing with big horses
attached to it and shit-

INT. GARAGE - DAY.

TITO hops out of a truck and smiles as he is proud of the
carousel. Pig Pen looks confused.

Tito whips out a map.

PIG PEN (O.C.)
His plan was to travel the whole
eastern seaboard with this carny
group and sell weed town to town.
In plain sight.

CHARLIE (O.C.)
And then he was going to send you
money for all of-

PIG PEN (O.C.)
But that's when I drew the line.
Involving children's innocence with
make believe horse rides...that's
just sick.

CHARLIE (O.C.)
Robbing Owen and Miss Molly didn't
seem like a good place to draw the
line?

Tito opens the belly of a horse and shows that it's hollow.

INT. BIKE MESSENGER GARAGE - DAY

Back to them sitting.

PIG PEN

I already said to you man! He was going to send me money to give to you so that-

CHARLIE

(reading from his paper)
He could help us with lawyer fees because we got mixed up in a sting that would take us ALL down.

PIG PEN

Exactly!

CHARLIE

So then why are you here if we're part of a sting?

PIG PEN

Molly...called me-

OWEN

Fuck! I need to talk to her-

CHARLIE

Bad idea. Let's focus...then we meet her with cash in hand. Much stronger entrance.

Owen looks at Charlie. A moment.

161

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

161

Uniformed cops are pointing and giving the thumbs up. Eckart gets on his walkie.

INT. BIKE MESSENGER GARAGE - DAY

Bike messengers are lining up to exit. Owen walks over to the garage door and is counting heads as he is about to roll open the door.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

The Vice Van peels out, taking the garage door down in one fast motion. Dust is thick in the air. A faint noise is heard.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

A MOTORCYCLE bursts through the garage doorway in a full wheelie, blowing past all the cops and skimming Eckart who jumps back. They ALL fire on the bike as it escapes down the road.

*

*

*

*

*

162 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY

162

HUNDREDS of messengers fan out all over the city. GREEN Pamphlets being distributed: handed , placed in mail boxes, stuffed into doorways, office buildings, peoples pockets, office mail boxes, taped to doors, poles, coffee shops, etc.

163 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY

163

Hundreds of Messengers, all dressed in green coveralls, pedal their asses off through traffic. Each one carries extra large messenger bags.

*

165 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

165

Messengers are setting up on corners across the city. They are taping signs onto street lamp posts, walls, etc. We can't quite make out what the signs read.

166 EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

166

PIG PEN is wheeling a DOLLY with three LARGE DUFFEL bags across the park. He meets THREE guys. They all look like a cross between skaters, hippies and music punks. Each guy takes a bag and walks off in a different direction.

*

168 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

168

A motorcycle comes to a stop and hands three bike messengers wrapped boxes. They all stuff his back pack. Then they all leave in different directions.

169 EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - DAY

169

BROOKLYN STREET, blocks from Brooklyn Bridge, sirens are heard deep in the BG. A MOTORCYCLE comes to a stop. He pulls down his bandana and we see its TITO. He sees something down the street. He turns the bike around and full throttles it towards a grassy hill leading on to an on-ramp leading up the Brooklyn Bridge.

170 BROOKLYN BRIDGE on-ramp: TITO flies over the curb, up the grassy hill to the top hurdling himself to catch enough air to clear the waist high guard rail. He lands smack in between two cars going onto the BRIDGE RAMP.

170

171 BROOKLYN BRIDGE: TITO is now weaving in and out of traffic on 171
 the Brooklyn Bridge. He is cruising and looks like he is
 going to get away as the COPS are way behind him. CHARLIE
 PASSES him going the other way.

BRIDGE: TITO is about to cut through two more cars when a cab
 makes a sudden right turn, nicking the back of his bike
 making him swerve and fall to the side. He skids on his side
 until he comes to a stop. He is screaming.

172 BRIDGE: Traffic is completely stopped on the bridge. Tito is 172
 spinning, looking for a way out.

173 BRIDGE: Just as the cops get close, TITO runs towards the 173
 edge, leaps onto the railing and does a swan dive off the
 bridge, disappearing into the abyss.

174 EXT. STREET - DAY 174

Owen is on looks at his phone. It reads: Special Request
 for you at Le Bird - head chef wants the usual. He snaps his
 phone shut and peddles off.

175 EXT. LE BIRD BACK ENTRANCE, ALLEY - DAY 175

Owen knocks on the door. The door opens. His eyes widen as
 a HAND reaches out and yanks him inside. m

176 INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY 176

Hindley sits at a conference table when several executives
 and Sarah Waldman, Pedersen's asst. Chief counsel.

HINDLEY
 What's going on, Sarah?

SARAH
 Charlie Burke resigned three days
 ago.

Long, uncomfortable silence.

HINDLEY
 Well, frankly, that's probably a
 good thing. His work... well, it
 was slipping. I was going to talk
 to you about it but I wanted to
 give him a chance--

SARAH
 (doesn't care or believe
 her)
 He downloaded copies of more than
 1,000 files to a flash drive two
 hours before we found this letter.

HINDLEY

Files?

BG: Two BIKE MESSENGERS skulk by the conference room, making deliveries to corporate employees.

SARAH

We're going through them now. You know what this is all about?

HINDLEY

No, absolutely not.

SARAH

You sure?

HINDLEY

Yea, I'm sure. Sarah, if I knew anything I would tell you. You know how much I care about this case--

SARAH

Really? Because, what I also know...

(yelling)

SINCE YOU WERE FUCKING HIM... I THOUGHT MAYBE HE MIGHT HAVE MENTIONED WHAT HE WAS UP TOO!

OFF HINDLEY, a shrinking in her chair... CUT TO:

177

INT. CUP CAKE FACTORY - DAY

177

Miss Molly paces.

MISS MOLLY

I really had high hopes for you, Owen, but you completely fucked up. You're like the Titanic. The maiden voyage of our new founded, responsibility laced, *trusting* relationship... and you sink it. Don't you have anything to say for yourself?

Owen is strapped to a barber chair, mouth taped.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)

And that's what men do when confronted by a woman in the working environment when confronted with a failure. They go silent. You want to know why? Fear.

(MORE)

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Fearful that they might actual
 become dumber with words. And
 THAT... that's the smartest thing
 they can do. Say nothing. It's a
 shame they can't do that in
 everyday life.

She licks his ear.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Juuules... four o'clock... tea
 time!

178	EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY (SAME)	178
	High above the city, we cross the BROOKLYN BRIDGE and see hundreds of Bike Messengers cruising the streets, narrowly missing cabs and pedestrians. Move further down, to-	
179	EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY	179
	Charlie whizzes past messengers peddling, setting up on corners... they're everywhere. He smiles and then checks his watch. He skids to a stop and turns around.	
180	EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY	180
	Four motorcycles stream down Clinton, followed by bikes.	
181	EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY	181
	Another dozen bike messengers move down 9th Avenue.	
182	INT. BIKE MESSENGER GARAGE - DAY	182
	Bike Messengers are streaming in and out, dropping off bags of cash on a table, picking up bags of weed in a well choreographed, fluid process.	
	ON MONEY exchanging hands to Pig Pen as he counts it. ON CASH COUNTER tallying up the total. ON CLOCK/GRAPHIC: 6 hours left.	
183	EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY	183
	A band begins to perform for a crowd. A MIME raises a sign that reads: 1st ANNUAL P.I.G. P.E.N. Festival: Pot Is Grown - Parks Endure Neophytes.	
184	EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY	184
	The Mime has a card table set out with fifty bags of WEED spread out.	

He is pretending to make a point that weed is bad for you. Bags are 'sold' he shakes his hand 'NO'. The COPS linger nearby, confused, not sure what to do.

From high above: a messenger takes a stack of cash and heads out on a bike. It's mayhem.

185 EXT. WALL STREET - DAY 185

Lunch time on Wall Street. Everyone is out walking around. Bike Messengers, holding signs that say: 'GRADE A+ ORGANIC POT FOR SALE' are selling POT to anyone who approached them. A mob of BUYERS form in the street.

186 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY 186

Charlie is flying down the road on his motorbike. On the back is a large metal case. MESSENGERS throw small paper bags filled with cash into the case as he flies by.

187 INT. BIKE MESSENGER GARAGE - DAY 187

Money changes hands. Cash machine counting cash. The tally growing. Time running out.

188 EXT. MANHATTAN/BROOKLYN/WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGES - DAY (SAME) 188

Helicopter shot: Bike Messengers pouring back into Brooklyn.

189 INT. BIKE MESSENGER GARAGE - DAY 189

Charlie and Pig Pen count the last pieces of cash.

When the cash machine is stopped, Charlie places the final stack in his old skate board trunk.

190 INT. CUP CAKE FACTORY - DAY 190

Miss Molly flips on a radio and begins to dance. She does a swim dance ala 1960's. Owen looks drugged and dazed.

MISS MOLLY
Hey, sleepy pie.

OWEN
Oh, God.

MISS MOLLY
Miss Molly, but close enough.

OWEN
What did you give me?

MISS MOLLY

That? Oh that's nothing... just a little sedative.

OWEN

But Charlie still has time-

MISS MOLLY

Hush baby doll. Just sshhhh. He won't make the deadline and I'd rather have some fun with you. And since I like you I'm going to start with some light torture. Then, when I get bored I'll work my way up to the rough stuff.

Molly loosens her shirt, straddles Owen, forces his mouth open and dumps some white powder down his throat. Owen coughs a white cloud. She pours Jim Beam into his mouth. He chokes it down.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)

Cocktail I created. MDMA, bit a peyote, splash of pure Peruvian flake and a Beam chaser. Breakfast of champions.

She gets up and changes the music: old blues. She begins to dance more, stripping off her deer skin vest.

191 EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

191

Charlie is on his computer, trying to email his stolen files to the New York Times, Wall Street Journal and Financial Times in London. He looks at the time and bolts.

192 INT. CUP CAKE FACTORY - DAY

192

MOLLY goes 'down' on Owen. After a few seconds she pops up.

MISS MOLLY

That was easy.

She then straddles him, and begins to fuck him. Owen wiggles and jerks his body, trying to get her off of him. But then he gives in. Why? Because it feels good.

193 EXT. DESOLATE BROOKLYN STREETS - DAY

193

Charlie, on his motor bike, is racing down the street. He is looking side to side. He throttles it and keeps going.

194

INT. CUP CAKE FACTORY - DAY

194

Jules is holding OWEN up in the air. He let's him down. We pull back to reveal that Owen is standing on a small, school desk with his neck in a NOOSE.

Miss Molly gets up and stands next to him. She caresses his head back, staring into his eyes as she reveals a large straight razor, opens it with her mouth and one hand. She smiles, licks the razor.

Miss Molly dumps whiskey onto the blade, rubs whiskey on Owen's chest and licks it.

OWEN

Please--

MISS MOLLY

Shut those soft little fuckable
lips of yours!

Miss Molly places the razor near Owen's crotch.

OWEN'S VOICE

(whisper)

I just need time. I give you my
word.

MISS MOLLY

Oh, do you? Cuz your word comes
pressed in platinum, doesn't it,
Baby Cakes?

ON CHARLIE-- entering.

Miss Molly whips around, brandishing her antique muzzle.

CHARLIE

You gonna shoot me with a musket
ball?

MISS MOLLY

More like a brick hitting your face
with the pace of a nine millimeter.
They'll replace your head with a
pumpkin for viewing hours at the
wake.

CHARLIE

Wakes are for friends and family.

MISS MOLLY

Oh, that's sweet. I'll be there.

CHARLIE
 (indicating Owen)
 He's the only family I have.

MISS MOLLY
 Touching. So you're here to *save*
the day?

CHARLIE
 I need a minute. I mean: may I
 have a minute? To talk to Owen?

Miss Molly and Jules exchange looks of bemused disbelief.

MISS MOLLY
 Think of it as a dying man's last
 request.

Miss Molly and Jules walk out of ear shot and pour some tea.

CHARLIE
 (to Owen/hushed anger)
 Does logic ever play a role in the
 theatrical wasteland you call a
 brain or are you just terminally
 stupid?

OWEN
 Awesome. Just awesome. You come
 here to insult me?

MISS MOLLY
 We should get them into couples
 therapy.

JULES
 Might be a tiny bit late for that.

MISS MOLLY
 Probably right.

CHARLIE
 Sorry about school. *A thousand*
times - I'm sorry.

OWEN
 You want forgiveness? Call a
 priest.

CHARLIE
 I want accountability!

OWEN
 Accountability? For who? Me? Or
 for your ass saving self?
 (MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)

Now, how the fuck are we getting
out of here?

Charlie whistles loudly. Pig Pen and a few Bike Messengers
enter dozens of bags of money and plop them on the floor.

Miss Molly, surprised and intrigued, opens one of them.

CHARLIE

We all square, Molly?

MISS MOLLY

Miss.

CHARLIE

What?

MISS MOLLY

Miss Molly.

CHARLIE

Are. We. Square?

She peers inside.

MISS MOLLY

You frost the top of this cake?

CHARLIE

All hungys.

MISS MOLLY

Looks like... about four million
napping here.

She removes a few chunks of cash, tosses it at Charlie's
feet.

MISS MOLLY (CONT'D)

You're a good friend, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Thanks. But that? It's just a
taste of what's to come.

Charlie bites into a cup cake and savors it.

195

INT. PEDERSEN PHARMACEUTICALS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

195

Charlie, Owen (bruised and battered), Miss Molly (in her
traditional deerskin), Pig Pen sit on one side of a giant
cherry wood conference table.

On the other side are Hindley, Sarah Waldman and her boss,
PHIL CONSERVA (45), chief legal counsel.

Long, uncomfortable silence, as it initially appears they are waiting for others before starting the meeting.

Charlie taps a pencil against the table. Miss Molly stares at Sarah like she could eat her alive.

SARAH

Here they are.

Suddenly, HAROLD K. PEDERSEN (64), CEO of Pedersen Pharmaceuticals enters the conference room with his entourage - a mix of LAWYERS and EXECUTIVES - 10 people in all. They sit across from Charlie and his team.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mr. Pedersen, this is Charlie Burke.

CHARLIE

Hey, Boss.
(fist bumping his own heart)
Big fan.

No reaction from the CEO.

SARAH

And this is--

MISS MOLLY

(shaking Pedersen's hand)
Miss Molly. I know everything about you. Big, big fan. Hey, you live on the Upper East Side, don't you?

CEO PEDERSEN

Yes.

MISS MOLLY

My dad's a dentist on the upper east side. Charlie Eckstein.

CEO PEDERSEN

I'm sorry. He's not mine.

MISS MOLLY

That's cool.

PHIL

Charlie. We appreciate you calling this meeting. Now, the files you copied--

CHARLIE
(taunting)
'Stole'. The files I 'stole'.

PHIL
Yes, well. We intend to prosecute
to the fullest extent
of--

CHARLIE
(loudly cutting him off)
Yeaaaahhh, but you're not going to
do that because that would be silly
and I'm guessing you're not a silly
man.

CEO PEDERSEN
(yelling)
How dare you? This is a multi
billionaire dollar corporation that
I built with my bare hands. And
you walk in here--
(indicating Charlie's
team)
With your circus act.

CHARLIE
So here's the deal. Those files
are going to The New York Times,
Washington Post, Wall Street
Journal and the... who else?

OWEN
Financial Times.

CHARLIE
And the Financial Times in London.

PHIL
(seething)
That is proprietary information--

SARAH
We'll file an injunction. They'll
never run the story. And you'll be
arrested. All of you.

CHARLIE
See, that's not true, and you know
it. You just don't know that I
know it because your arrogance
doesn't allow it.

ROBERT PEDERSEN
What do you want?

Charlie stands and stretches his leg on the table.

CHARLIE

Helps my back. Let's start with the Nigerian villages you used in your Expectra trials. \$10,000 a year to every man, woman and child used in the trials for the rest of their lives.

PEDERSEN

Fine.

An ACCOUNTANT is crunching numbers on a financial calculator.

CHARLIE

And free health care and re-open the schools in every village and operate them for as long as your name is on the front of this building.

Accountant writes down some figures on a post and shows them to Robert Pedersen.

PEDERSEN

Fine.

CHARLIE

Good. As for Expectra, you're looking to hit the market in a few weeks, broadcast campaign is locked and loaded. Yaaaahhh, that's not gonna happen.

The Executives and Lawyers exchange looks of anxiety.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I think I hear all your stock options shaking in their boots. Now, it's back to the drawing board for Expectra. Re-design the drug and this time, get it right. It has a lot of potential and will help a lot of families.

ACCOUNTANT

But a delay like of that proportion-

PEDERSEN

Thank you everyone.

Pedersen stands, buttons his suit jacket.

CHARLIE

We're not done, sit down Harold.

Charlie winks. Everyone is stunned, but a few people try and contain their joy as Charlie sticks it to the corrupt mogul.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Please... sit. You can go in a sec. Last thing. You all are moving into the medicinal marijuana market. And with fierce aplomb, I might add.

Pedersen looks around the table nervously.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Meet your new exclusive suppliers.

PEDERSEN

Excuse me?

Miss Molly slides a contract written in crayon to Harold Pedersen.

CHARLIE

That's right. Valhalla Family Farm, owned and operated by my team, will be your new partners. Exclusively. And you'll pay the fair market value for our organically grown strains of kush.

ACCOUNTANT

(whispering to Hindley)

He's good... He should be a lawyer.

HINDLEY

He is a lawyer.

PHIL

Is that all?

Charlie and Hindley share a warm, affectionate look.

CHARLIE

Yes. No. Hindley gets her old job back with Pedersen. She'll need a new 5 year contract with a massive penalty clause if she's ever fired. And a 20% annual raise. After five years, if she's still slacking off... can her ass.

Hindley smiles. Sarah does not.

FADE TO BLACK.

196 INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY 196

OWEN walks away from us down an aisle between marijuana plants growing tall. Our TWO FROGS hop along behind.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I can't help thinking about the
frogs from that lecture back at St.
James Prep. I used to think it was
Owen who couldn't feel the water
getting hotter...

Charlie gives Pedersen Pharmaceutical executives tours of the facility.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But it wasn't that way at all. I
was the one who couldn't feel it
boiling.

Owen walks up behind Charlie, pinches his ass and pats the suit on his ass and keeps walking.

197 EXT. FARM - DAY 197

Workers load bales of marijuana into dozens of EIGHTEEN WHEELERS with the logo 'MISS MOLLY'S TRUCKING COMPANY'.

Hindley, running numbers with a local business manager sitting at a desk in a lean-to.

198 INT/EXT. FARM - EVENING 198

Pig Pen in a lab coat, walks by carrying a small palette of weed in jars with Pedersen Pharmaceutical labels. He pushes the door open with his butt and walks into the sunset.

199 Bonfire rages. Miss Molly, Owen, Charlie, Pig Pen, Hindley and some WORKERS celebrate as Pig Pen passes out the jars. 199

CHARLIE (V.O.)
We moved three hundred pounds that
day. A record still talked about
around camp fires from here to
Canada.

200 EXT. TAWANKA NATIVE AMERICAN RESERVATION - NIGHT 200

Elders tell stories around a campfire.

201 EXT. FARM - DAY

201

We pull up further into the sky, revealing the entire farm.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

You would only know this story if
you sit around my campfire. That's
right - you sitting right there,
around my campfire, toking my weed,
listening to me spin my yarn... a
modern day fairy-tale. And may all
of you and all the frogs and all
the silverbacks be blessed by the
God's Frigga and Odin smiling down
upon us.

SMASH TO BLACK.

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