

DO NOT DISTURB

Written by

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EXT. LAX AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - MORNING

OTTO, 32, scans a bank of phone booths. Out of a dozen graffitied stalls, only one payphone remains.

Not to objectify the guy, but Otto's super hot. The type of guy the Greeks and the Romans used to go to war over.

Otto pulls out his wallet, he leafs through British pound notes, until finally, a quarter. He dials the payphone.

INT. BUCK'S APARTMENT - SAME

BUCK, late 40s and unshaven, sprinkles fish food carefully into an elaborate tank in the middle of his otherwise sparsely furnished apartment. A phone RINGS.

Buck scrutinizes the RINGING phone, hesitates, then answers.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

BUCK
Hello?

OTTO
It's me.

Buck recognizes the voice. He's pissed.

BUCK
What did I say?

OTTO
I know, I know. But I'm calling on
a secure line.

BUCK
What the fuck does that even mean?

OTTO
(proudly)
It's the last payphone at LAX.

Buck takes a deep breath, chooses his words carefully.

BUCK
But you're calling me on my phone,
do you see the issue?

OTTO
Call me back from a payphone down
the street?

BUCK

This isn't nineteen eighty fucking two. There aren't any goddamn phone booths "down the street."

OTTO

Well, I was just calling to...

BUCK

(interrupting)

Buh buh buh. No phones Otto, no phones.

OTTO

But...

BUCK

Think like a cop. We use the phone, we leave a trail, they sniff out the trail, the trail leads to us.

(then)

Remember where to find me?

OTTO

Yeah.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - CONTINUOUS

CLICK. The line goes dead.

OTTO

Buck?

(realizing)

God damnit.

Frustrated, Otto turns and bumps into ALICE, early 30s and a little disheveled.

ALICE

Sorry.

OTTO

No, my fault.

Their eyes meet. They share a look of RECOGNITION.

Before Otto can work up the nerve to say anything, Alice spots a CHAUFFEUR waiting for her by a black sedan. After a moment's hesitation, Alice heads for the car.

As Alice enters the sedan, she turns to glance at Otto, whose eyes are still fixed on her.

The Chauffeur shuts the door, ending their prolonged eye contact. The car has a LOGO: THE DORSEY HOTEL. Otto clocks it, commits it to memory.

INT. DORSEY CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alice peers out of the tinted window as her car pulls away. She sees Otto hail a beat-up taxi.

CHAUFFEUR
How was your flight ma'am?

ALICE
(lying)
Fantastic.

Alice's phone RINGS. She looks at the screen, it's LUCY calling.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. LONDON - GYM - DAY

Alice and LUCY, 30s, walk on neighboring treadmills.

ALICE
Have you tried meditation?

LUCY
Doctor said ten thousand steps a day, but he also told me to quit smoking. I just need a good old fashioned orgasm.

A male GYM-GOER glances over, Lucy and Alice ignore him.

ALICE
Xanax works for me, that and a gimlet will get me through anything, even a long flight.

LUCY
Business class baby. You excited?

ALICE
(no)
Yeah.
(then)
I don't really understand why they're making the pilot.

LUCY

They're not 'making it', they're shooting it. Making it implies it will be on the telly...

ALICE

Right, but...

LUCY

(interrupting)

This is just a test. The studio needs to see the pilot before they make the series, it's like...

A beat as Lucy searches for a metaphor. Alice lets her, even though she doesn't need an explanation.

LUCY (CONT'D)

...at the market, don't you always sneak a grape to see if the bunch is sour? This is a 20 million dollar bunch of grapes we're talking about.

ALICE

But why are they turning this into a *series* and not, say, a film? Plays have a beginning, a middle, and an end.

LUCY

Honey, everything is a series these days. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Scenes From a Marriage, even Fargo. Tease a film out into six, maybe eight episodes and boom. You got a series.

ALICE

But they're fundamentally different types of stories...

LUCY

You're just an elitist.

Alice isn't surrendering the full truth. Lucy studies Alice --

LUCY (CONT'D)

You still haven't read it yet?

ALICE

(lying)

Of course I have.

LUCY

You're deflecting, you only deflect
when you're hiding something.

Alice, caught, DRUMS her fingers on the treadmill as she
walks. A bit of a nervous tick.

ALICE

Having your work adapted is like
someone stealing your baby then
giving it a nose job.

LUCY

Better read it quick. You'll be on
set with Delaney Rose.

ALICE

Delaney fucking Rose.
(beat)
Okay, I'll read it.

INT. PLANE - BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT

Alice drums her fingers on an unopened script resting on her
tray table. The TITLE reads: **"COUNSEL"**

Alice loses her staring contest with the script and puts it
away. Instead, she pulls out a novel. As she reads, Alice
pops peanuts in her mouth until LAUGHTER distracts her.

Otto, sitting across the aisle from her, giggles loudly at
the seat-back TV. Suddenly, the screen goes black.
Frustrated, Otto taps the remote. Nothing.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT, mid-20s and bubbly, appears next to Otto.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Are you having some trouble sir?

Otto removes his headphones --

OTTO

My TV stopped working.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Well that won't do. Let me see...

The Flight Attendant leans over Otto, unnecessarily resting
one hand on his leg while the other fiddles with the remote.

From across the aisle, Alice takes note of the Flight
Attendant's eager assistance.

Otto, oblivious to the overt flirting, remains focused on the problem at hand --

OTTO

Any luck?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

There!

The TV flashes back on. The Flight Attendant lingers for a moment over Otto, then stands straight and fixes her outfit.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

So, did you enjoy London?

OTTO

Oh, uh...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Was it business or pleasure?

Otto does not want to chat, he just wants to watch his show.

ALICE

Excuse me.

The Flight Attendant reluctantly turns to Alice.

ALICE (CONT'D)

May I have some more peanuts?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(forced politeness)

What a healthy appetite you have.

The Flight Attendant turns for the galley. Alice's polite smile melts away, she rolls her eyes.

OTTO

Want mine?

Alice is startled. Otto's breaking an unwritten airline rule: don't talk to a stranger unless the plane's going down.

ALICE

Come again?

OTTO

My peanuts. I'm not gonna eat them.

ALICE

Oh, sure.

Otto extends his bag of peanuts across the aisle. The moment lingers as they check each other out.

Alice breaks eye-contact first and returns to her book, grinning to herself as Otto's eyes linger on her.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - MORNING

Alice approaches the CUSTOMS AGENT in his glass booth. Alice hands him her passport, which he peruses.

CUSTOMS AGENT
And what brings you to Los Angeles
today ma'am?

ALICE
I'm here to shoot a pilot.

FUCK.

As the words escape her mouth, Alice realizes this is not something you can say at an airport.

The Customs Agent's head SNAPS up.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - TSA JAIL - MORNING

A fully nude Alice stands in front of a no-nonsense female TSA AGENT.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. DORSEY CAR - DAY

The RING of Alice's phone pulls her back to the present.

INT. LONDON - LUCY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Lucy hangs off her bed, nude except for a white sheet. One hand holds a phone, the other a lit cigarette. Lucy observes as a HOT MAN gathers his things and gets dressed.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ALICE
Hi.

Lucy, despite her post-coital state, talks with an anxious energy.

LUCY
How was the flight?

ALICE
I don't want to talk about it.

A note of worry infiltrates Lucy's voice. *Is it the script?*

LUCY
Did you read it?

ALICE
No. I decided anyone who gets work
done on planes is a psychopath.

Lucy takes a drag. *Phew.*

LUCY
Any hot guys on your flight?

ALICE
How did you...

Lucy sits upright in bed and puts out her cigarette.

LUCY
(interrupting)
There was, wasn't there. Who is he?
Did you talk?

ALICE
Kind of, ya know, there was a look.

LUCY
There is nothing more sexual than
sitting near someone vaguely
attractive on an airplane.

ALICE
What's sexy about an airplane?

LUCY
Proximity baby. You're locked in a
metal tube. If that's not sexy then
I don't know what is.

ALICE
(sarcastically)
So sexy.

The Hot Man, now dressed, hands Lucy his business card. Lucy
takes it, then motions to him with her hand: *run along.*

LUCY
Did you bring condoms?

The Hot Man turns. Lucy shakes her head. *Not you.* He leaves.

ALICE
What? No.

LUCY
They'll have 'em at the lobby shop.

ALICE
Huh?

LUCY
The little store in the lobby that
sells overpriced essentials.

ALICE
No, why would I need condoms?

LUCY
(duh)
For sex, Alice.
(then)
Next time you meet a hot guy you'll
be prepared.

ALICE
It wasn't my lack of condoms
stopping me from shagging him at 30
thousand feet.

LUCY
When you see a hot celebrity, how
are you going to approach them?

ALICE
Hello sir, don't worry, I have
condoms?

The Chauffeur glances in the rear view. Alice ignores him --

LUCY
Trick question. Never approach a
celebrity. It always comes off
desperate.

Lucy retrieves another cigarette, lights it, and with the
lighter BURNS the Hot Man's business card.

ALICE
Wait for the imaginary celebrity to
come to me, got it.

LUCY
It's LA, you never know.

INT. BUCK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Buck speaks into a landline telephone.

BUCK
But Thursdays are my day.
(beat)
I know. But that book said 'routine
is important.'
(beat)
I signed it, I know what it says.
(beat)
But you know I'm good for it. This
is a one-off, I'm never late.
(beat)
No, I told you, I can't right now,
but soon.
(beat)
Yeah, alright, I get it.

Defeated, Buck hangs up the landline. He flexes his knee,
it's stiff. He fixes his gaze on a portable SATELLITE PHONE.
There's a KNOCK at the door.

Buck limps to the door and opens it, Otto enters.

OTTO
You know out of all the years we've
worked together you've never
invited me over.

BUCK
Sensitive job, couldn't exactly
chat about it over a cup of coffee.

Otto scans the apartment. A TV. A folding chair. A fish tank.
Not much else. It's a bachelor pad, in a sad way.

OTTO
This place new?

BUCK
No. Been here a few years.

OTTO
Oh.
(lying)
It's nice.

Otto is drawn to the fish tank like a moth to a flame, like a blind dog to a meat market, like a... you get the point.

OTTO (CONT'D)
(re: the fish)
Who's he?

BUCK
That's Sashimi.

OTTO
Kind of cruel, don't ya think? Like
naming a cow Wellington, or a
chicken Piccata, or maybe...

BUCK
(interrupting)
Susie named him.
(beat)
Make yourself at home. Just waiting
for The Client to call.

The word "call" frustrates Otto.

OTTO
(mimicking Buck)
No phones Otto, no phones.
(then)
What gives?

BUCK
Relax.
(gesturing)
Satellite phone, direct line to The
Client. No one can listen in.

OTTO
(to himself)
So there is such thing as a secure
line.

BUCK
How'd the job go?

OTTO
Great. Great. Perfect, in fact.

Otto takes a beat, remembers --

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. BRITISH PUB - EVENING

Otto sits alone in a crowded rural pub.

OTTO (V.O.)
I tracked them down to a pub in the
country.

Otto focuses on TONY and ANGELA, an attractive couple in their 40s.

Otto approaches the BARTENDER, whispers something and slips him a hundred pound note.

OTTO (V.O.)
I paid off the bartender to give
'em heavy pours on the house, say
he heard it was their honeymoon.

Tony and Angela drink and talk. Their conversation is full of gesticulation, it's clear they're drunk.

BUCK (V.O.)
Did they notice you?

OTTO (V.O.)
Course not, I was slick.

BUCK (V.O.)
How'd you get 'em to go with you?

EXT. BRITISH PUB - EVENING

Otto stands alone on a quiet street outside of the pub.

OTTO (V.O.)
I just asked if they wanted a ride.

BUCK (V.O.)
Really?

OTTO (V.O.)
They were wasted.

Tony and Angela spill out of the pub onto the quiet street.

INT. OTTO'S CAR - EVENING

Otto drives through the British countryside.

BUCK (V.O.)
So they didn't put up a fight?

Tony and Angela sleep in the backseat.

OTTO (V.O.)
I'm telling you, they didn't know
which way was up.

BUCK (V.O.)
Where'd you take them?

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

Otto guides Tony and Angela as they stumble onto the banks of a serene lake.

OTTO (V.O.)
There was a lake nearby.

BUCK (V.O.)
So?

Tony and Angela look at Otto. Their faces sober up quickly when they see the GUN.

OTTO (V.O.)
So, I did it.

A flock of birds launch from a tree, as if disturbed by a loud sound.

BUCK (V.O.)
And the piece?

Otto throws the gun as far as he can, into the lake. RIPPLES emanate from the splash.

OTTO (V.O.)
Tossed it.

Otto gazes at the ripples on the water, gravely serious.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. BUCK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Otto, lost in his story, matches his gravely serious look from his flashback. Buck pats Otto on the back.

BUCK
You did great kid. How'd it feel?

Otto snaps back to the present.

OTTO
It felt like the first day of the
rest of my life.
(beat)
So does this make us partners?

Buck considers this, but his train of thought is interrupted by RINGING. It's the sat phone. Buck answers.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - SAME

THE CLIENT, a business woman in her late 40s, talks into an identical sat phone in her executive office.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

BUCK
It went great.

THE CLIENT
I know, I'm reading about it in the
paper right now.

OTTO
Paper?

THE CLIENT
Well, not exactly Woodward and
Bernstein, the Daily Mail.

The Client looks at the cover of the Daily Mail magazine. On the cover is an actress, DELANEY ROSE. A sub-headline reads:
"HONEYMOON COUPLE MISSING."

THE CLIENT (CONT'D)
(reading)
Honeymoon couple missing.
(and then)
Music to my ears. So, how do you
want to do this?

BUCK
Thirty thousand. Ravenswood Motel.
Three o'clock.

THE CLIENT
I'll see you...

BUCK
(interrupting)
Not me, my associate. I don't do
drops anymore.

THE CLIENT
How will I know him?

Buck looks at Otto, who's concentrated on biting a hangnail.

BUCK
He'll be in a room under "Snow
White". Knock at three.

Buck hangs up then WHISTLES to get Otto's attention.

OTTO
What?

BUCK
Let's go, can't let you go in
without a Roscoe in your shoe.

OTTO
(confused)
Are you having a stroke?

EXT. BUCK'S CAR - DAY

Buck and Otto approach Buck's beat up car. Buck lights a cigarette.

OTTO
Those'll kill you, ya know?

BUCK
You and my daughter both need to
get off my back.

Buck pops the trunk, inside is a full garbage bag.

OTTO
In there?

BUCK
No, that's just some stuff I've
been meaning to donate.

OTTO
You should really do that before
April, it's a tax write-off.

Ignoring Otto, Buck lifts the trash bag and the lining of the trunk to reveal THREE PISTOLS.

BUCK
Take your pick.
(pointing)
(MORE)

BUCK (CONT'D)
That one's pretty stealthy, that
one has the most stopping power...

Otto points to the third option, a pearl-handled pistol.

OTTO
That one looks nice.

BUCK
It's not all about looking nice.

OTTO
(muttering)
It's a little about looking nice.

Buck rolls his eyes and reaches for the pearl-handled pistol.

EXT. THE DORSEY - CARPORT - DAY

Alice arrives at The Dorsey. The hotel's staff operates like a well-oiled machine.

The Chauffeur hands Alice's bags to a BELLHOP, a DOORMAN holds the door open. Alice doesn't have to lift a finger.

INT. THE DORSEY - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Alice approaches a front desk manned by MATEO, 40s and very put together.

MATEO
Welcome to The Dorsey, you must be
Ms. Waverley.

Alice marvels at the posh service.

MATEO (CONT'D)
Would you care for a welcome
cocktail?

Mateo pulls out a tray from behind the desk with two elaborately garnished cocktails.

MATEO (CONT'D)
First we have our signature
mezzzzcal margarita with a
pineapple coulis. Or you could opt
for our virgin wellness spritz
with...

ALICE
(interrupting)
First one.

Mateo delicately hands her the drink, which Alice gulps down.

MATEO
Good choice. Now, you'll be staying
in one of our mountain view
wellness king rooms.

Mateo eyes Alice sucking down her cocktail.

MATEO (CONT'D)
I'll get you your room key. Will
you be needing any assistance,
perhaps someone to unpack your
luggage for you?

Alice, done with her welcome drink, squints, wondering how
fancy a place has to be to offer to unpack your suitcase.

ALICE
I'm all set, thank you.

Mateo hands Alice her room key.

MATEO
If there is anything I can do to
make your stay more comfortable, do
not hesitate to ask. My name is
Mateo.

A very attractive, actor-looking GUY walks past and catches
Alice's eye. This reminds her of something --

ALICE
Actually, there is one thing. Which
way to your lobby shop?

INT. THE DORSEY - LOBBY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Alice stares at the CONDOM section. Next to Alice, DELANEY
ROSE, 30s with leading woman looks, peruses the magazine
section. Many of the magazines feature her face staring back.

Out of the corner of her eye, Alice notices the movie star.
Lucy's words ring through her head: *never approach a
celebrity*. Delaney selects THE DAILY MAIL.

Alice, holding a pack of condoms, waits in line behind
Delaney. The lobby shop CLERK absent-mindedly scans the
magazine, then does a double take when he recognizes Delaney.

CLERK
Oh my god. You're...

DELANEY
Oops and a chapstick.

Unfazed by the Clerk's reaction, Delaney grabs a chapstick and tosses it on top of the magazine.

Mouth agape, the Clerk scans the chapstick and hands Delaney her items, before he works up the courage --

CLERK
We're really not supposed to do this, but can I have a picture?

DELANEY
Of course.

The Clerk whips out his phone and looks to Alice.

CLERK
Would you mind?

ALICE
Sure.

The Clerk poses next to Delaney. Alice snaps a photo.

CLERK
Just take a bunch.

Alice nods. Delaney drops her sunglasses to the brim of her nose. She RECOGNIZES Alice.

DELANEY
Alice?

ALICE
Uh, yes.

Delaney rushes to Alice and embraces her. Alice hands the Clerk back his phone. He swipes through the photos, disappointed he didn't get more.

Delaney pulls back, maintaining intense eye contact.

DELANEY
I know we haven't officially met,
I'm Delaney, Delaney Rose.

ALICE
Yes, hi.

DELANEY

I'm just such a fan of yours.

ALICE

(stuttering)

Me as well. Of yours not my own.
Being a fan of yourself is rather
lame, well unless you're you, then
I'd be a fan of myself too.

Alice wishes she could have played it cool. Delaney smiles politely, maybe she didn't mind the stuttering rant.

DELANEY

Well, I've got to run. We must get
together. What are you doing
tonight? Let's get drinks.

ALICE

I'd love that.

DELANEY

I need to pick your brain.

Delaney grabs Alice's head and continues as if she's speaking directly to Alice's brain --

DELANEY (CONT'D)

You created the goddamn character,
this is perfect. Just perfect.
(releasing her grasp)
I'll bring my script.

Delaney leaves. A realization washes over Alice, she needs to read that script, quick. SHIT.

INT./EXT. BUCK'S CAR - DAY

Buck drives through the streets of L.A., Otto sits in the passenger seat, fiddling with a paperback.

BUCK

Peanuts?

OTTO

Yeah, peanuts.

BUCK

You're still thinking about a girl
you handed peanuts to?

OTTO
(defensive)
There was a look.

BUCK
(sarcastic)
Well that changes everything.

OTTO
(changing the subject)
How far are we?

BUCK
A right at the Goodwill and then
it'll be a few blocks.

OTTO
Want to drop your stuff off?

A glare from Buck signals no.

OTTO (CONT'D)
How do you know this area so well?

BUCK
I used to live around here.

OTTO
Before your bachelor pad?

BUCK
Right after my ex kicked me out.

OTTO
Let's drive by!

Buck GRABS the paperback, fed up with Otto's fiddling.

BUCK
(annoyed)
Gimme that.

Buck tosses the paperback to the floor.

OTTO
Rain check then.

Buck parks the car across the street from THE RAVENSWOOD
MOTEL. A real shit-hole. An unlit, worn-down, neon sign
advertises: VACANCY, HBO, & JACUZZI.

BUCK
You ready?

OTTO
(false bravado)
Yeah, yeah.
(then)
What's the name again?

Buck buries his annoyance, there's a payday on the line.

BUCK
Snow White.

OTTO
Is that a first name/last name
situation, or more of a nickname?

BUCK
This place doesn't ask questions.

OTTO
You a regular?

BUCK
Great for drops. From my cop days.

OTTO
(knowingly)
Before you got fired.

BUCK
(annoyed)
Get a fuckin' move on.

OTTO
Alright, alright!

Otto gets out of the car.

INT. RAVENSWOOD MOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Otto enters the lobby of the seedy motel.

TWO MEN check in at the front desk. One's shorter, BALD, and weaselly. The other is taller and greasy, he carries a large duffle and wears a PINKY RING.

Otto pretends to inspect a wall of brochures as he LISTENS --

FRONT DESK CLERK
Nightly or hourly?

BALD GUY
Does it look like we'll be here all
night?

The Front Desk Clerk, unfazed and to the point, makes a note.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Name?

BALD GUY

Mickey fucking Mouse.

This lands on Otto. *Another Disney character. Are these the Clients?*

Pinky Ring eyes Otto, who picks a brochure off the wall to avoid suspicion. Otto peruses his selection: BEST DRAG SHOWS IN LA.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Room 24. Cash or card?

BALD GUY

Cash.

Bald Guy tosses cash on the counter and retrieves his key. Pinky Ring, satisfied Otto isn't a threat, strolls with his partner to the elevator.

Otto POCKETS his pamphlet and approaches the counter.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Yeah?

Otto tries to match Bald Guy's intensity, but falls flat.

OTTO

I'm Snow fucking White.

Otto's profanity doesn't elicit a reaction from the Front Desk Clerk.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Alright Mr. White, nightly or hourly?

OTTO

Does it look like Snow fucking White would sleep here?

FRONT DESK CLERK

Must have had you mixed up with Sleeping Beauty. Hourly then?

Otto abandons the tough guy act.

OTTO

Yes please. Room 25 open?

Otto slides the cash over, the Front Desk Clerk hands over the key, then returns to his crossword puzzle.

INT. RAVENSWOOD MOTEL - ROOM 25 - MOMENTS LATER

Otto enters the room and quickly presses his ear to the wall. MUFFLED VOICES emanate from the room next door.

BALD GUY (O.S.)
This guy's a nobody right?

PINKY RING (O.S.)
Yeah.

BALD GUY (O.S.)
Nobody misses a nobody. Catch my drift?

PINKY RING (O.S.)
Drift?

BALD GUY (O.S.)
Sometimes you're thick, you know that? What says we don't pop him, split the cash?

Otto, still listening, reacts. *Shit.*

PINKY RING (O.S.)
Boss won't be happy.

BALD GUY (O.S.)
He doesn't need to know. Let's grab a bite, think on it.

PINKY RING (O.S.)
Why do you gotta eat five meals a day? It's unhealthy.

BALD GUY (O.S.)
Who likes working on an empty stomach?

A door CREAKS open. Otto rushes to the peephole.

Through the fisheye, Otto spies the two men walk down the hallway, neither of them carrying the DUFFLE BAG.

Seizing his opportunity, Otto BOLTS to the BALCONY.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD MOTEL - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Otto surveys the courtyard. An older, LEATHERY MAN tans by the tiny pool, a MIRRORED TRAY open. His eyes closed.

Otto climbs from his balcony to his neighbors', ungracefully. Otto shimmies the flimsy balcony door. The clasp gives, Otto tiptoes into ROOM 24 --

INT. RAVENSWOOD MOTEL - ROOM 24 - CONTINUOUS

Otto spies the duffle on the bed and rushes to it. He opens it. HOLY FUCK. Excitement floods his face.

The sound of a KEY in the DOOR startles Otto. He zips up the bag and HUSTLES to the balcony just as Bald Guy and Pinky Ring enter.

BALD GUY

I swear I never go anywhere without my Lactaid.

PINKY RING

Just grab it.

BALD GUY

Trust me it's as much for you as it is for me, a touch of milk and I'll turn that car into Treblinka.

Bald Guy ducks into the bathroom looking for his Lactaid. Pinky Ring clocks the missing duffle.

PINKY RING

We were robbed.

BALD GUY (O.S.)

(from the bathroom)

I know it's a shitty room, but I thought the rate was reasonable.

(then)

Got it!

Bald Guy returns from the bathroom and sees Pinky Ring staring at the empty spot the duffle bag occupied.

BALD GUY (CONT'D)

Shit.

They jump into action. A BREEZE flutters the curtains, alerting Pinky Ring to the ajar balcony door.

PINKY RING

He went out that way. You check the courtyard, I'll head him off.

BALD GUY

Now I really wish we'd eaten.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD MOTEL - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Bald Guy peers over the balcony. The courtyard is empty. Bald Guy climbs over the railing --

EXT. RAVENSWOOD MOTEL - INTERIOR COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Bald Guy lands easily in the interior courtyard.

Behind him, Otto emerges from his hiding spot in the shadow of the balcony. The TANNING MIRROR glints in his hand.

Otto SWINGS the tanning mirror. SMASH. Otto connects with the back of Bald Guy's head.

Bald Guy blinks open his eyes. He's on the ground surrounded by mirror shards.

Otto stands above him, holding a GUN aimed at his head.

BALD GUY

Don't.

Bald Guy's face fills with terror. In a FLASH, Otto sees Tony's face filled with terror.

Otto looks to his gun with disgust. It's suddenly repulsive to him. He TOSSES the gun into the POOL. The water RIPPLES.

Pinky Ring appears at the other end of the courtyard.

PINKY RING

Hey!

Pinky Ring moves to draw his gun. Unarmed, Otto darts away with the DUFFLE.

INT. RAVENSWOOD MOTEL - LOBBY - SAME TIME

The Front Desk Clerk sits, head buried in a crossword puzzle. The sound of a THROAT CLEARING alerts him to a customer.

The Front Desk Clerk holds up a finger. *One sec.* He fills in his clue, then looks up at The Client.

THE CLIENT
I'm looking for Snow White.

Otto dashes through the lobby.

FRONT DESK CLERK
There goes your princess.

INT. BUCK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Buck reads his paperback impatiently. He turns to the last page. Satisfied, he chuckles to himself.

BUCK
(to himself)
I fucking knew it.

Buck grabs a cigarette but fumbles with his lighter and drops it. Buck ducks his head down and digs for the lighter as --

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Otto darts towards Buck's car with the duffle.

Arriving at the car, Otto sees Buck slouched over the seat. Otto BANGS on the window, scaring the shit out of Buck.

BUCK
Jesus fucking Christ.

Otto turns to see Bald Guy and Pinky Ring exiting the motel onto the street.

OTTO
Open the door, man.

BUCK
What's the magic word?

Otto tries the door again, desperately. Buck looks to Otto stubbornly, unaware of his pursuers.

OTTO
Please.

INT./EXT. BUCK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Buck unlocks the door. Otto jumps in the passenger side, and locks the door behind him.

BUCK
What's the rush?
(then)
That's a big fucking duffle.

Pinky Ring arrives at the car and SLAMS his hands on the hood. Surprised, Buck's head snaps to face his pursuers.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Who the fuck are they?

Pinky Ring and Bald Guy draw their GUNS. Buck puts the car in gear, slams on the gas, and the car LURCHES in reverse.

The pursuers take aim and FIRE. The passenger side mirror FLIES OFF. Buck spins the car around a corner.

OTTO
Just step on it!

Buck accelerates --

EXT. L.A. FREEWAY - LATER

Standstill traffic. HONKS ripple, but nobody's moving. Among the sea of cars is Buck's mirrorless jalopy.

INT./EXT. BUCK'S CAR - SAME

Buck and Otto sit in an awkward silence.

OTTO
I told you to take surface streets.
The one-oh-one is terrible this
time of day.

BUCK
Shut. Up.

OTTO
They checked in as Mickey Mouse...

BUCK
I told you to stay in the room and
wait for a knock.

OTTO
I heard them say they were going to
pop me and keep the money. What was
I supposed to do?

BUCK

(shouting)

All you had to do was exactly what I fucking told you to do. If I say go into a room and wait for a knock, you go into that fucking room and wait for a goddamn knock. Jesus fucking Christ.

OTTO

(quietly)

No need to get all biblical.

The traffic starts to move, slowly. Buck's harsh words hang in the air. He has stepped over the line, he can see that.

Buck breaks the ice --

BUCK

There she is.

This is Buck's version of an apology. Otto shifts in his seat but doesn't reply, Buck goes on --

BUCK (CONT'D)

You were asking about my divorce apartment, right?

Buck gestures to a sad looking tower, right off the freeway, as he lights a cigarette.

BUCK (CONT'D)

I figured it would be easier on my daughter if I stayed nearby. These were fully furnished, ready to go, so I went.

OTTO

(lying)

Looks nice.

BUCK

Every night I'd sit and smoke on the balcony. All I could see was the glow of other cigarettes. Everyone just smoking on their balcony in the dark.

OTTO

What happened?

BUCK

It's complicated. She respected me like she respects the Post Office.

(MORE)

BUCK (CONT'D)
Something large, secure, and fixed.
(beat)
But respect isn't love.

This comment puzzles Otto. Buck notices Otto's confusion.

BUCK (CONT'D)
(explaining)
Joyce.

OTTO
Is that your ex's name?

BUCK
James...

Realizing Otto wouldn't know who James Joyce is, Buck drops it.

BUCK (CONT'D)
...Never mind.

The pair sits with Buck's sad story for a moment.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Not to count chickens, but let me
see the bag.

Buck reaches over and unzips the bag. Inside is tons of CASH.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Holy fuck. That's not 30k.
That's...
(realizing)
...That has to be millions.

OTTO
Felt a little heavy to me.

BUCK
A little?

The energy in the car has shifted, Buck's elated.

BUCK (CONT'D)
We're fucking set! I can make my
payments. This is great. You did
good, kid.

OTTO
And those stupid fucking guys let
me just take it?

Bucks face drops a little.

BUCK

Those guys got a good look at us,
the car too. The license plate.
Shit. They're not going to just
chalk this up as a loss.

OTTO

Shit. Do you need to warn your ex?

Buck, a few steps ahead of Otto, has already dismissed this
idea in his head --

BUCK

No. The less she knows the better.

OTTO

What are we going to do?

BUCK

We gotta lay low. We can't go back
to my place. Maybe Oregon, or
Mexico. We got the cash.

As Buck thinks, Otto fiddles with the paperback again. Otto
forms an idea.

OTTO

I know the perfect place to lay
low. Last place anyone would expect
a couple of guys like us. Pull off
here.

Buck looks to Otto, full of enthusiasm. It was his score
after all.

BUCK

Okay.

Buck tries to check his blindspot, but his mirror is gone.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Can you?

Otto turns to check the car's blindspot.

OTTO

You're good.

Buck merges one lane to the right.

OTTO (CONT'D)

You're good.

Buck merges another lane.

Beat. Buck merges one more lane, but there's a car in his blindspot. HONK. The car swerves.

BUCK
Jesus Christ.

OTTO
Did I say you were good?

EXT. THE DORSEY - CARPORT - DAY

Buck and Otto arrive at The Dorsey.

The well oiled-machine that welcomed Alice clogs up with the entrance of two rusty cogs like Buck and Otto. They exit the car and Buck tosses the keys to the VALET.

BUCK
(to Valet)
Try not to scratch it.

The Valet's eyes land on the car's missing side mirror.

Buck takes the duffle from Otto without protest, they both agree he should carry the money. The Bellhop approaches.

BELLHOP
May I take your bags?

BUCK
(correcting him)
Bag.
(then)
I think I'll hold onto it.

BELLHOP
Are you sure, sir? It's really...

BUCK
(interrupting)
Quite sure.
(mimicking)
Sir.

Buck smiles in a way that says *fuck off*.

INT. THE DORSEY - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Otto and Buck approach Mateo. Mateo scans Buck and Otto.

Otto's disheveled. Buck is scruffy. They're not the hotel's usual clientele. Mateo's tone adopts a forced politeness.

MATEO
Welcome to The Dorsey, what can I
do for you gentlemen?

BUCK
Which way to the can?

MATEO
(gesturing)
Right this way, sir.

BUCK
Great, I'm gonna hit the head and
my associate here will check us in.

MATEO
Lovely.

Buck shoots a look to Otto - *handle this* - then limps off to
the bathroom. His knee is acting up.

MATEO (CONT'D)
(to Otto)
Do you have a reservation?

OTTO
No, we're walk-ins.

MATEO
How many nights will you be staying
with us, sir?

OTTO
(unsure)
Two weeks?

Long stay. Mateo is dubious. Mateo CLACKS away at a computer.

INT. THE DORSEY - LOBBY BATHROOM - SAME

Buck enters the elegant bathroom with the duffle slung over
his shoulder. A BATHROOM ATTENDANT stands near the door in a
suit. A FANCY MAN washes his hands at the sink.

Buck freshens up next to the Fancy Man, sizing him up in the
mirror. Buck mimics his posture.

The Fancy Man strides to the exit without a look to Buck.

BATHROOM ATTENDANT
(to Fancy Man)
Mint, sir?

FANCY MAN

Please.

Buck watches the exchange, like a drug deal, mint for tip.

BUCK

(to Bathroom Attendant)

How's it going?

BATHROOM ATTENDANT

(polite)

Sir.

Buck detects an iota of belittlement in the Bathroom Attendant's voice. Maybe it's all in his head.

Buck enters a stall and opens up the duffle revealing STACKS of CASH wrapped in plastic. Buck pulls out a knife and clicks it into place.

Outside of the stall, the Bathroom Attendant continues to stare straight ahead. No reaction, despite the distinctly unbiological sounds emanating from the stall.

FLUSH. Buck exits the stall. Without washing his hands he heads for the door. Before the Bathroom Attendant can offer, Buck interjects --

BUCK

I'd like a mint, please.

BATHROOM ATTENDANT

Certainly, sir.

The Bathroom Attendant hands Buck a mint. Buck pulls out a roll of CASH and leafs through, then hands over a hundred dollar bill. The Bathroom Attendant's eyes WIDEN.

INT. THE DORSEY - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Buck, CLICKING his mint against his teeth, approaches Otto and Mateo at the front desk.

MATEO

Welcome back, sir. As I was telling your associate, we have a lovely two queen...

BUCK

(interrupting)

Let me stop you right there, we're going to need two separate rooms. Separate.

MATEO
Unfortunately we're quite full...

A sharp stare from Buck implores Mateo to keep looking.

MATEO (CONT'D)
...but let me see what I can do.

Mateo CLACKS away at his computer again.

MATEO (CONT'D)
It appears the only alternative I
can offer is our Petaluma suite. It
does have two *separate* bedrooms,
but it's one of our more premium
offerings.

On the word "premium," Mateo looks from Otto to Buck, not
exactly the most premium of customers.

Buck glances at Otto, does he really want to share space with
this guy? At least that way he can keep an eye on him.

OTTO
(to himself)
Petaluma.

BUCK
Do you take cash?

MATEO
We prefer a credit card.

OTTO
But you'll accept any form of legal
tender, of course?

MATEO
Of course, sir. You'll just need to
put down a deposit, for
incidentals.

Buck takes out a roll of cash and begins to count out hundred
dollar bills. Mateo's face lights up.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Buck, Otto, and Mateo enter the suite's living room. It's
very fancy. Mateo's tone has shifted, he's eager to please.

BUCK
It's really not necessary.

MATEO

It won't be but a moment, sir.
Through each of those doors is a
separate bedroom. Here in the
living room, there are many
amenities, including this wet bar,
for entertaining.

Mateo does a little dance, to emphasize entertaining.

OTTO

This place is great.

MATEO

Will you be needing any tee times
for our world class course?

OTTO

I love tea!

BUCK

(to Otto)
He means golf.
(to Mateo)
We left our clubs at home.

Buck fishes out his cash roll and hands Mateo a hundred.

MATEO

Far too kind sir.

Buck opens the door, ushering Mateo out. Mateo talks quickly
as he walks to the door.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Will you be needing any turn down
service? I'd be happy to call
housekeeping for you.

BUCK

We won't be needing housekeeping,
we're very tidy people.

MATEO

For the whole stay? Are you sure...

BUCK

Quite sure, thank you.

Buck swings the door closed, then turns to Otto.

BUCK (CONT'D)

If we're going to lay low in a
place like this, with this...

Buck drops the duffle on the floor between them.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Let's set some ground rules. First,
no leaving the premises.

Panic rises in Otto.

OTTO
No leaving the room?

BUCK
You can leave the fucking room, but
stay at the hotel.

Relief. Otto's excitement returns.

OTTO
No problem. That's the point of a
resort, everything we need is at
our fingertips.

Otto wiggles his fingertips.

BUCK
And when we do leave the room, we
should have some sort of door seal.

OTTO
Door seal?

Buck opens the door, wedges the Do Not Disturb sign in the crack so it's barely visible from the hallway, then closes the door.

BUCK
Every. Single. Time we leave,
doesn't matter if it's just to get
ice down the hall, we use this
seal. That way we'll know if we
have company.

OTTO
(confused)
If we don't want company shouldn't
we just hang the sign on the door?

BUCK
I'm not worried about the type of
company that cares about a "do not
disturb" sign. Look --

Buck demonstrates, he opens the door and the sign falls. Otto finally understands.

OTTO
Oh you sly dog. That's like
something they'd do on Burn Notice,
or The Black List, or...

BUCK
(cutting Otto off)
The last rule is, and this one
should sound familiar, no fucking
phones. We can't leave any trail.

OTTO
Which room has a better view?

BUCK
Are we agreed on the rules?

OTTO
Yeah. Sure. Whatever you say. I'm
taking this one.

Otto opens the door to --

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - OTTO'S ROOM - DAY

As Otto admires the fancy room, his eyes land on the
forbidden phone. Slyly, Otto approaches the phone, and picks
up the receiver.

OTTO
(whispering into the
phone)
Hi, yes, outside line please?

INT. THE DORSEY - ALICE'S ROOM - EVENING

Alice reads the script, "**COUNSEL**" on the bed. Annoyed, Alice
picks up her cell phone and dials Lucy.

INT. LONDON - MEDITATION STUDIO - SAME

Lucy sits on a mat in the middle of a meditation class, eyes
closed. Her phone BUZZES. She peeks at her phone. The
INSTRUCTOR shoots her a furious look.

INT. LONDON - MEDITATION STUDIO LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy rushes into the lobby of the meditation studio and
accepts the call.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

Alice, now pacing around her room, launches into her rant --

ALICE
It's just not even...

LUCY
I know.

The meditation studio RECEPTIONIST shushes Lucy who holds up a finger and lowers her voice.

ALICE
I mean it's...

LUCY
I know.

ALICE
I know more upfront meant less creative control, but Jesus.

Silence. Lucy doesn't have any words for Alice.

ALICE (CONT'D)
The play's about fucking marriage counseling, not counselors of the law.

LUCY
But you see the pun.

ALICE
Yes I see the fucking pun. This is just Suits.

LUCY
I love Suits.

ALICE
Everyone loves Suits. But my play is not Suits. My play is an intimate look at a marriage.

LUCY
They're still married. It's still the central relationship.

ALICE
Yeah, but now they're married lawyers. Partners at a firm.

LUCY
 And partners in life.
 (then)
 Sorry. Just try and keep an open
 mind.

ALICE
 And now I have this meeting.
 (then)
 I need a fucking drink.

Alice goes to the minibar. It's stocked with fancy water
 bottles and a card.

ALICE (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 Welcome to our wellness room.
 Hydration is important, so we've
 stocked your fridge with alkaline
 water.

LUCY
 What, no booze?

ALICE
 Fucking wellness.

LUCY
 Fucking wellness.

Lucy mouths "sorry" to the meditation studio Receptionist who
 stifles a giggle.

The landline phone in Alice's room RINGS.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 Go, tell me everything after.

INT. THE DORSEY - ALICE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alice hangs up the cell phone and answers the landline.

INT. THE DORSEY - DELANEY'S ROOM - SAME

Delaney sits in bed wearing a robe, phone to her ear. She
 eats french fries off a room service tray on her lap.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DELANEY
 Alice? It's Delaney.

ALICE

Hi.

DELANEY

I don't think I'm gonna make it tonight, I'm just not in a good place emotionally.

ALICE

Oh, I'm so sorry...

Without waiting for a question, Delaney continues --

DELANEY

My boyfriend wants to explore an open relationship.

ALICE

That's terrible.

DELANEY

Well I'm all for seeing other people, but what happened to good old fashioned cheating?

ALICE

(WTF?)

Right.

DELANEY

I'm on set, I'm having fun, why do we need to put a label to it?

ALICE

Label shmabel.

Alice scrunches her face, angry at herself. *Who says that?*

DELANEY

I mean the last thing I want to do is come out to my friends as ethically non-monogamous.

ALICE

I don't even know what that means.

DELANEY

That's because it's for ugly people. Ever seen a hot couple looking for a third? No. They're always lucky to have each other.

(then)

This stays between us of course.

ALICE
Of course. Yes.

DELANEY
You're an angel. See you on set?

ALICE
Yes, great.

Alice hangs up the phone, then peers down at the card from the minibar. She needs a drink.

INT. THE DORSEY - COCKTAIL LOUNGE - EVENING

Alice enters the intimate lounge. She spots a table of THREE EXECUTIVE GUYS in the corner laughing obnoxiously. She picks the furthest table from them and pulls out her book.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS approaches --

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Anything for you, hun?

ALICE
Gimlet. Empress if you got it.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Sure thing.

On her way to the bar, one of the Executive Guys intercepts the Cocktail Waitress and whispers something to her. A few moments later she returns with the gimlet.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Those guys took care of it.

Alice looks over at the guys, all three stare back at her.

ALICE
Think they'll be offended if I say
no thanks?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Pretty persistent bunch. But you
can try.

Alice weighs this, decides --

ALICE
No, that's alright.

The Cocktail Waitress exits. Alice raises the glass to the men and smiles politely before returning to her book.

After a few moments of reading, Alice feels the presence of an EXECUTIVE GUY standing over her.

EXECUTIVE GUY
What book you got there?

Alice looks to the cover: **"HEARTBURN BY NORA EPHRON"**

ALICE
Just a novel I'm reading.

The Executive Guy takes this as an invitation to sit.

EXECUTIVE GUY
What's it about?

ALICE
I'm not quite sure yet.

EXECUTIVE GUY
What's it about, so far?

This guy isn't taking any hints.

ALICE
So far it's about a divorce.

EXECUTIVE GUY
Terrible. I always root for couples to stick it out.

ALICE
Well, in the book, he cheated on her while she was pregnant.

Awkward pause. Executive Guy changes the subject --

EXECUTIVE GUY
I mostly read nonfiction. World War two stuff, American History, Ambrose, Chernow.

ALICE
(sarcastic)
I mean why read about something made up when you can read about something real right?

The sarcasm goes over Executive Guy's head.

EXECUTIVE GUY
Exactly!

ALICE
Don't take this the wrong way, but
I'd really like to get back to my
book.

Without waiting for an answer Alice continues to read.

EXECUTIVE GUY
Oh, uh, sure.

The Executive Guy leaves and rejoins his friends who greet him with laughter.

Alice tries to tune them out, but after a few moments she feels the presence of EXECUTIVE GUY #2.

EXECUTIVE GUY #2
Sorry about my friend.

This guy doesn't wait for an invitation, he just sits across from Alice.

ALICE
No bother.

EXECUTIVE GUY #2
It's a good move, reading at a bar.

ALICE
Move?

EXECUTIVE GUY #2
Guys come up, ask you about the
book, easy ice breaker.

ALICE
Oh, no. It's not a move. More of a
'Do Not Disturb' sign to be honest.

EXECUTIVE GUY #2
Coy. I like it.

Realizing there's no reasoning with this guy, Alice pulls out the big guns.

ALICE
I'm just reading until my boyfriend
gets here.

EXECUTIVE GUY #2
Boyfriend huh?

ALICE
Uh huh.

EXECUTIVE GUY #2
No ring. Can't be that serious.

ALICE
Hoping for one this trip actually,
fancy hotel and all.

EXECUTIVE GUY #2
I see. Congratulations, I guess.

Executive Guy #2 begrudgingly gets up and leaves.

Alice returns to her book. A brief moment passes before she
feels the presence of a THIRD MAN. *What now?*

VOICE
Is this seat taken?

BOOM. Not Executive Guy #3. Alice looks up, it's OTTO.

ALICE
No.
(beat)
Sit.

Otto joins Alice at the table.

OTTO
I'm not sure if you remember...

ALICE
The plane.

OTTO
Otto.

ALICE
Alice.

OTTO
I guess L.A. isn't as big of a town
as they say, Alice.

They've both been thinking about each other.

ALICE
Thank you for the peanuts.

OTTO
No problem.

A beat. They've run out of history to talk about, what now?

OTTO (CONT'D)
So, what brings you to L.A.?

ALICE
I'm here to shoot a...
(correcting herself)
They're turning my play into a TV
show.

OTTO
That's great!

Alice smiles, Otto's enthusiasm is endearing.

ALICE
(it's not great)
Sure.

OTTO
Not great?`

ALICE
I think they might've turned my
play into a courtroom procedural.

OTTO
I love those! Matlock. The Good
Wife. SVU.

ALICE
Wow, you watch a lot of TV.

OTTO
I love TV. What's your favorite
show?

Alice shifts awkwardly.

ALICE
I dunno. I tend to prefer books.

Otto notices HEARTBURN sitting on the table.

OTTO
Heartburn, huh? What's it about?
Indigestion?

ALICE
It's mostly about shitty men.

OTTO
Pfft. Men. Am I right?

Otto feels himself losing Alice in the conversation, decides to throw a Hail Mary.

OTTO (CONT'D)

I always say, good men are like the post office. Fixed, secure, and large.

Otto winks on the word "large". Alice's eyes light up.

ALICE

Is that Joyce?

OTTO

You know Joyce?

Otto still has no idea who Joyce is.

ALICE

I love Joyce.

Alice giggles, Otto giggles too, not in on the joke.

OTTO

So you're not excited about your courtroom procedural?

ALICE

It's just that, now that I'm here, I'm questioning if I wanted any of this in the first place. Part of me just wants a fresh start.

Otto looks off into the distance, lost in a memory. Alice worries that he's turned off by her admission.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Sorry. We've just met and here I am already complaining --

OTTO

No. It's not that. I just had this thing... for work. A conference. A business conference. And they asked me to do something big. I thought I was ready, but I... I failed.

ALICE

I'm sorry.

OTTO
Don't be. Failing ended up being
the best thing that ever happened
to me. It was my fresh start. Now I
can be anyone I want to be.

Alice takes this in.

OTTO (CONT'D)
So?

ALICE
So what?

OTTO
So who do you want to be?

Alice thinks about this for a second. Finishes her drink.
Makes up her mind.

ALICE
Are you in a wellness room?

OTTO
No.

ALICE
Great, let's raid your minibar.
(then)
Just one thing we gotta do first.

OTTO
(excited)
Anything. What is it?

ALICE
You have to propose.

Alice shimmies off her ring and slides it to Otto.

OTTO
(shocked)
What?

ALICE
See those guys over there?

Otto peeks at the three Executive Guys, all of whom stare
back at him.

OTTO
Yeah. What's their deal?

ALICE

They wouldn't leave me alone 'til I
fed them some fake story about
having a boyfriend who was going to
propose to me.

OTTO

Uh huh.

ALICE

So get on one knee and make an
honest woman out of me.

Otto kneels. Alice feigns shock.

OTTO

Allie.

ALICE

(correcting)

Alice.

OTTO

Right. Alice. Would you do me the
honor of being my wife?

ALICE

(loudly)

Yes. Yes! A thousand times yes.

Alice embraces Otto. They lock eyes and lean in. The proposal
is fake, but the kiss is real. Sparks fly.

Otto LIFTS Alice and carries her to the exit. The rest of the
bar applauds, even the three Executive Guys, begrudgingly.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Alice and Otto burst through the door, entangled and making
out. They undress each other, until Otto pauses.

OTTO

Shit. I don't have condoms.

ALICE

I do.

Alice whips out a pack of condoms.

OTTO

You're so... prepared.

As if her preparedness turns him on, the two come together like magnets and continue making out. Otto pauses again.

OTTO (CONT'D)
Wait. My partner. My business partner. It's a suite. We have our own rooms, but...

ALICE
...I'll be quiet.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - BUCK'S ROOM - EVENING

Alice is not being quiet. The sound of fucking travels through the walls. Buck lays awake in bed, annoyed.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - OTTO'S ROOM - LATER

Alice sleeps on Otto's chest. Otto's eyes remain open --

FLASHBACK.

INT. BRITISH PUB - EVENING

Otto sits alone, staring at Tony and Angela. The pair enjoys their evening, oblivious to their observer. Otto decides to make his move and approaches the Bartender.

OTTO
See that couple over there?

Otto leans his head subtly towards Tony and Angela. The Bartender nods.

OTTO (CONT'D)
It's their honeymoon. Bring 'em a round on me. Doubles. Keep the change.

Otto slips the Bartender cash, then returns to his table. The Bartender brings Tony and Angela drinks and gestures to Otto.

Fuck. He's been spotted. Tony and Angela beckon Otto over. This was not a part of his plan. *Keep it together. Don't be rude.* Otto shuffles over to Tony and Angela.

TONY
Thanks for the round buddy. Say, how'd you know it was our honeymoon?

Otto tries to keep his cool.

OTTO
(fumbling)
Oh, you two just look so in love.

Tony and Angela look at each other and smile. Otto relaxes.

TONY
Another American huh?

OTTO
Yes. Just on vacation.

TONY
Beautiful country, isn't it? You
should join us.

OTTO
Er, I wouldn't want to intrude.

TONY
I insist.

Shit.

OTTO
Alright.

TIME CUT:

INT. BRITISH PUB - LATER

Otto, Tony, and Angela sit around a table. A few rounds have come and gone, they're all fairly drunk.

OTTO
How long have you been together?

TONY
We've been in love since college.

Tony and Angela are in their forties. Otto does some mental math, *carry the one...* Something isn't adding up.

OTTO
You've been together all that time
and you're on your honeymoon now?

Tony grins. He's caught Otto on a technicality.

TONY
I've loved her since then, we
haven't been together since then.

ANGELA
There was a... space in the middle.

Otto's confused. Intrigued.

OTTO
So where did you meet?

TONY
Well you see, there was this
cottage...

ANGELA
That's not where we met.

Angela keeps Tony on track and Tony lovingly pushes Angela's buttons. They have the dynamic of an old married couple, even on their honeymoon.

TONY
That's where we fell in love.

ANGELA
He didn't ask where we fell in
love. Start at the beginning.

TONY
(matter of factly)
In the beginning there was Adam and
Eve.

ANGELA
(ignoring Tony)
We were both minoring in
Anthropology.

TONY
Oh that beginning.

ANGELA
And to graduate, we needed to go on
an anthropological dig.

TONY
I chose Scotland because I was
buddies with the professor.

ANGELA

I chose it because I was interested
in Vikings - they invaded parts of
Scotland you know?

Otto sips his drink, he's into the story.

OTTO

I did not know.

TONY

Well before we went off to dig, we
did a cultural tour. Basically a
week of drinking on the mainland.

ANGELA

We didn't do too much learning on
that cultural tour.

TONY

After a week of fun, the work was
due to start - and we took that
choppy ferry to the island.

ANGELA

Our dig was on a remote island in
the Hebrides - South Uist. Everyone
got seasick.

TONY

When we got there, the hotel we had
all planned to stay in had closed
without warning. The professor had
to scramble to book alternative
accommodations.

ANGELA

I'll never forget it. He sat us
down and said - There aren't enough
beds on the island for all of us.
Two of us are going to need to
share. Do we have any volunteers?

TONY

Everyone knew we were "together" of
course. But it had only been a
week. It was just a fling.

Angela playfully slaps Tony's arm at the word "fling."

OTTO

Well did you volunteer?

ANGELA

Of course we did. There was this little cottage, the "reward" for sharing a bed meant we had it all to ourselves.

TONY

(chummily)

Wasn't the only reward.

ANGELA

(ignoring him)

Every night we got to play house. We cooked, cleaned, watched TV. Mostly Murder She Wrote.

OTTO

I love Murder She Wrote.

Tony and Angela get lost in their memories for a moment.

OTTO (CONT'D)

(eager)

And then what?

ANGELA

Then the summer was over. Fall was on its way. And we went home.

(then)

We had been in this lovely bubble, and it burst. School. Friends. Family. Responsibilities.

TONY

We made it about a year, until graduation. I got an ad sales job in L.A.

ANGELA

My father was sick, I went home to help out.

OTTO

So you broke up?

Otto hangs on every word of the story, devastated, even though the couple in front of him is proof of a happy ending.

TONY

We tried to keep it going, but it was tough.

ANGELA

Eventually we moved on, but we didn't forget.

They seem at peace with this now. Time has healed what was once an emotional break up.

OTTO

How long until you saw each other?

TONY

Twenty years.

OTTO

Twenty years?

TONY

Twenty years. Things were different, we both had lives.

ANGELA

I was divorced, Tony was married, thank God neither of us had kids. My job asked if I could move to L.A. and I said sure. That's when I looked him up.

TONY

Meanwhile, I just couldn't get the cottage out of my mind. I mean I had a life, but whenever I was stressed or down, I'd close my eyes and imagine myself there. My happy place. When Angela called, I realized it was never the place, it was the person.

Angela and Tony look at each other, full of love.

ANGELA

Never too old for a fresh start.

TONY

Never.

The story's over. Happy ending. Until Otto remembers what he came there to do.

EXT. BRITISH PUB - EVENING

Otto, Tony, and Angela spill out of the pub. Otto steels himself. Begrudgingly, he continues with his plan.

OTTO
Let me give you a ride back?

TONY
We can walk, it's a lovely night.

OTTO
I insist.

INT. OTTO'S CAR - EVENING

Otto stares straight ahead, trying to work himself up for the next part. The least he can do is make some conversation --

OTTO
So, where are you off to next?

ANGELA
Edinburgh.

TONY
Then the train to Oban to catch the
ferry to our little cottage.

OTTO
You're going back?

ANGELA
Couldn't think of a better place to
spend our honeymoon.

TONY
I know, I know, it's the person,
not the place, but that's the place
where I fell in love with the
person. We couldn't resist.

A beat as Tony and Angela look at each other with love. Otto contorts his face, trying to keep his anguish from showing.

Out the window, Tony spots the inn where he and Angela are staying. Otto does not stop, doesn't even slow down.

TONY (CONT'D)
You passed the inn. No worries,
just put a U-turn up...

Otto continues to stare straight ahead.

OTTO
I need to show you something.

ANGELA
We're really very ti...

OTTO
Won't take long. Trust me.

Tony and Angela exchange a private look.

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

Otto, Tony, and Angela stand in a clearing on the banks of a serene lake. A HERMIT CRAB SHELL rests on the beach. Tony inspects it, picks it up, and pockets it.

ANGELA
This really is something Otto.

TONY
Lovely, truly.

Otto, lost in his thoughts, takes a beat before he responds.

OTTO
Do you really believe that you're
never too old for a fresh start?

ANGELA
Of course.
(embracing Tony)
Look at us.

Otto GROANS and turns away from them, like a teenager who has just been told he can't play video games for a week.

TONY
What's wrong son?

OTTO
(mumbling)
I have to tell you something.

TONY
What?

OTTO
(annunciating)
I have to tell you something.

TONY
Go on.

OTTO
I've been sent here to kill you.

Tony and Angela don't believe Otto. They think it's a joke.

TONY

What are you talking about?

Otto pulls out his GUN. Not a joke. Fear flashes across Tony's face.

TONY (CONT'D)

(loud)

Whoa. Hold on.

A flock of birds launch from a tree, disturbed by Tony's exclamation.

Otto paces and gesticulates with the gun as if it's an extension of his hand.

OTTO

But, I just look at you guys, and you're so great.

ANGELA

You're so great!

OTTO

And when you say you're never too old for a fresh start...

Otto perches on a large rock. He rests his head on his gun wielding hand, staring out over the lake.

Tony and Angela exchange a worried glance. *Should they run?* But they feel bad for the kid. Tony approaches Otto and puts a hand on his shoulder.

TONY

Otto, today is the first day of the rest of your life.

Something clicks for Otto.

OTTO

The first day of the rest of my life?

TONY

Yes, we can figure it all out. Just get rid of the gun.

Otto stands and THROWS his GUN as far as he can into the lake. PLOP. RIPPLES.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. STRIP CLUB - MORNING

Below an unlit neon sign with the outline of a nude woman hangs a banner advertising a deal: FREE STEAK AND EGGS WITH EVERY LAPDANCE*

Smaller print below states a caveat: *BEFORE 10 AM

A bald head with a large bandage looks up at the banner. Next to Bald Guy stands Pinky Ring, both dreading their next task.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MORNING

One DANCER performs for a solitary patron: THE BOSS, a short bespectacled man who looks like an accountant. The Boss eats a large plate of steak and eggs.

Bald Guy and Pinky Ring enter. A quick look from The Boss prompts a SECURITY GUARD to lock the door behind them.

THE BOSS
(to the dancer)
Take your fifteen sweetie.

The Dancer exits the stage. Bald Guy and Pinky Ring approach The Boss who continues to eat as he talks.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
Free steak and eggs. Now that's a good deal. I come in every morning for my free breakfast and it's always empty. I guess no one wants to get their dick wet in the morning huh?

BALD GUY
Sir, I just want to say...

THE BOSS
I mean we all got morning wood, right? I don't get it, I love getting sucked off in the morning. And here I am throwing in a free breakfast.

PINKY RING
Sounds like a good deal to me.

THE BOSS
Now here's a man with taste.

BALD GUY
Sir. I'm sorry we...

The Boss BANGS the table, silencing Bald Guy.

THE BOSS
I don't want your sorry's.

PINKY RING
We'll get the money back.

THE BOSS
Of course you will. But, you see,
that's not my only concern. Word's
gonna get around town, and people
are going to start to think they
can fuck with me. Now that I really
can't have.

BALD GUY
No one thinks they can fuck with
you sir.

THE BOSS
(ignoring him)
I want you to find these guys, find
their families, and make sure that
everyone knows not to fuck with me,
you follow?

BALD GUY
I follow sir.

The Boss looks at Pinky Ring, who nods.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

KNOCK KNOCK. Buck, donning a robe, ambles to the door and opens it.

Outside is Mateo with an elaborate breakfast spread on a rolling table.

MATEO
May I come in, sir?

BUCK
Sure.

Buck flips on the lights revealing the aftermath of Otto and Alice's evening. Empty minibar liquor bottles, Alice's book, and two sets of clothes strewn across the floor.

Buck picks up the mess as Mateo wheels in the table and sets up breakfast. As he's tidying, Buck picks up a bra and holds it up, confused. Mateo clears his throat.

MATEO
Fun night?

Mateo eyes the lace bra.

BUCK
(flatly)
Yeah. Big lace guy.

The doorknob to Otto's room begins to turn, Buck quickly
TOSSES the bra onto the couch. Otto enters in a robe.

OTTO
Mateo, I had a question for you.

MATEO
Anything, sir.

Otto gathers his dirty clothes.

OTTO
Is there a laundromat around here?

MATEO
I'd be happy to take those.

Spotting Otto's hesitation, Mateo explains --

MATEO (CONT'D)
We'll have them cleaned and
pressed.

Otto understands, hands his clothes over.

OTTO
Well then, extra starch please.
(confiding)
I might have a date tonight.
(then)
Buck, grab your dirties, you're
starting to smell.

Mateo glances at the bra. Buck smells his pits, agrees, and
heads for his room.

Otto peruses the breakfast, grabs a piece of toast and takes
a bite.

OTTO (CONT'D)
So, you ever get super hungry and
sneak a piece of toast off one of
these?

MATEO
No sir.

OTTO
(winking)
Right.

Buck returns and hands Mateo his dirty outfit. Mateo lingers.
Buck tips Mateo another hundred.

MATEO
Gentlemen.

Mateo nods and exits.

Buck grabs Alice's book and uses it to gesture to the mess.

BUCK
What's all this?

OTTO
Buck, you're gonna love her.

BUCK
I don't care who you bump uglies
with, but we have rules.

OTTO
I didn't break any rules! We met at
the bar, on the premises.

BUCK
We're supposed to be laying low.

OTTO
I'm laying low my way.

The phone RINGS in Otto's room. Buck shoots Otto a look.

OTTO (CONT'D)
She doesn't know the rules. I'll go
tell her - no phones.

BUCK
Don't --

Before Buck can continue, Otto gallops to his room --

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - OTTO'S ROOM - MORNING

Otto enters. Alice primps in the mirror wearing her robe.
Otto kisses her on the cheek as the phone continues to RING.

OTTO
Good morning. Breakfast is outside,
help yourself.

Holding Alice by the shoulders, Otto walks her to the door.

OTTO (CONT'D)
I'll be out in a minute.

ALICE
(re: the phone)
Aren't you going to get that?

Otto leans against the wall, trying to play it cool.

OTTO
Eh, they'll call back if it's
important.

ALICE
(skeptical)
Okay.

Alice exits. The moment the door shuts Otto dashes to the RINGING phone and answers it.

OTTO
(urgent whisper)
Hi. Hold on.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Buck chews on a piece of bacon as he reads Alice's copy of "HEARTBURN."

Alice enters the living room and spots Buck. She adjusts her robe for modesty.

ALICE
(surprised)
Oh, hello.

Alice's introduction startles Buck. He expected Otto. Buck also adjusts his robe and puts the book down.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Let me just get my things then I'll
be out of your hair.

Alice begins to gather her things.

BUCK
This your book?

ALICE

Yeah.

BUCK

Nora Ephron got me through my
divorce.

Conflicted, Alice weighs her options. She doesn't want to sit
with a scruffy stranger, but she's intrigued.

ALICE

Really?

Alice's curiosity wins out, she sits across from Buck.

EXT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - OTTO'S BALCONY - MORNING

Otto crouches on his balcony, the phone cord stretched as far
as it will go.

INT. SCOTTISH COTTAGE - SAME

Tony holds a phone to his ear and with his free hand he plays
with a HERMIT CRAB SHELL.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

OTTO

I told you to wait for my call.

TONY

Being missing isn't easy. People
are worried.

OTTO

Well it's sorted. Kind of.

TONY

Kind of?

OTTO

The hand off went south, we'll have
to find another way to get her off
your back. But...

TONY

So it's not sorted at all?

OTTO

But, I think I have an idea.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Buck and Alice sit across from each other eating breakfast, Alice hangs on Buck's every word.

BUCK

After the whole business with my
knee, they tried to make me a
pencil pusher...

(beat)

But it didn't take.

ALICE

What happened to your knee?

Buck looks off into the middle distance, lost in thought.
Alice realizes that this question comes with baggage.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You don't need to tell me.

BUCK

No, it's alright.

(beat)

I got hit, straight through the
knee, hasn't been the same since.
My partner, he wasn't so lucky.

ALICE

That's terrible.

(beat)

Did he have a family?

Buck looks to Otto's door.

BUCK

A son.

Alice realizes Otto is the son of Buck's dead partner.

ALICE

That's why you're partners?

BUCK

Took him under my wing, been
working together ever since.

ALICE

Working on what exactly?

BUCK

Mostly private cases.

ALICE
Like a private detective?

BUCK
Sure.

ALICE
What are they like? The private cases...

BUCK
Ninety percent cheating spouses.

ALICE
And the other ten?

Buck searches for a delicate term.

BUCK
If somebody has a problem, they might ask me, us, to fix it.

Alice digests this. Otto enters. Alice stands.

ALICE
Well I better get going.

OTTO
Old Buck scare you off?

ALICE
On the contrary, your partner is lovely.

Alice gives Buck a kiss on the cheek and retrieves her book.

BUCK
More of a mentor/protege type of situation.

OTTO
Buck always says I'm like a snail riding on a turtle's back.

Alice smiles, holds up her book to Buck.

ALICE
Hope your divorce wasn't as messy as hers.

BUCK
That's a story for another day.

ALICE
I'll hold you to that.

Otto walks Alice to the door.

OTTO
Can I see you again tonight?

ALICE
(smiling)
Yeah. I'd like that.

Alice exits. Otto sits across from Buck.

OTTO
Want to hit the pool?

BUCK
I got no clothes.

Otto wiggles his fingers.

OTTO
It's a resort Buck-o, everything is
at our fingertips.

INT. THE DORSEY - LOBBY - DAY

The Dorsey Hotel LOGO. Embroidered on a crisp, new "The Dorsey" shirt.

Buck and Otto stroll through the lobby in shirts, shorts, and slippers, all branded with the logo of The Dorsey.

EXT. THE DORSEY - POOL - DAY

Buck relaxes on a poolside chaise lounge in his Dorsey gear. He takes a drag from a cigarette, exhales.

BUCK
I gotta admit, I don't hate laying
low your way.
(then)
Susie would love this place.

Otto stands admiring the pool. A DOUCHEY HOTEL PATRON approaches. Mistaking Otto for a hotel employee, the Douche Hotel Patron launches into his order --

DOUCHEY HOTEL PATRON
 I would kill for a piña colada. Do
 me a favor: crushed ice, not
 blended, otherwise it's too watered
 down. In fact, make it a double.

Otto, confused, looks around. *Who's he talking to?* He spots
 the Douche Hotel Patron's two DOUCHEY KIDS roughhousing.

DOUCHEY KID 1
 I'm going to fart on a piece of
 chicken and make you eat it!

DOUCHEY KID 2
 No!

DOUCHEY HOTEL PATRON
 And can I get two virgin piña
 coladas for them?
 (conspiratorially)
 On the other hand a splash of rum
 wouldn't hurt.

Otto finally realizes that this guy is talking to him.

OTTO
 Oh, uh...

The Douche Hotel Patron spots Buck, in the same gear,
 smoking his cigarette.

DOUCHEY HOTEL PATRON
 Oh, are you on break?

The Douche Hotel Patron swiftly retrieves his wallet, puts a
 twenty in his palm, and shakes Otto's hand.

DOUCHEY HOTEL PATRON (CONT'D)
 Thanks a million.

The Douche Hotel Patron turns to join his Douche Kids. Otto
 plops down next to Buck.

OTTO
 (proudly)
 Look! A twenty!

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

EILEEN, late 20s, gives Alice a tour of the bustling sound
 stage. CREW MEMBERS dart past.

Eileen chews gum and wears a walkie-talkie on her hip connected to an earpiece.

EILEEN
(pointing)
Back that way are the trailers.
Hair and makeup over there.
Wardrobe. Oh and there's crafty.

Eileen emphasizes crafty. If anything sticks for Alice, it should be crafty.

ALICE
Crafty?

EILEEN
Craft services. They have the
snacks.

ALICE
Got it.

Alice's accent reminds Eileen --

EILEEN
Oh right, they have tea too. All
our Brits can't go 45 minutes
without the stuff. I'm considering
faking an accent on my next gig
just so I can take more breaks.

ALICE
You could always pick up smoking.

EILEEN
(considering)
Good point.
(then)
And over here's where you sit,
video village.

Video village is just a few empty director chairs in front of a collection of monitors.

All of the chairs have names on the back, one says: ALICE
WAVERLEY, PLAYWRIGHT. Alice sits.

ALICE
Where's the therapy office?

Gulp. This conversation is above Eileen's pay grade.

EILEEN

Oh, we already struck that set.
Just two scenes, mostly a framing
device.

ALICE

Right.

A faint VOICE comes through Eileen's earpiece, which she
presses to hear.

EILEEN

(into walkie-talkie)
Copy. On my way.
(to Alice)
I'll be around.

Eileen leaves. THE DIRECTOR, 50s, British and in charge,
approaches Alice.

THE DIRECTOR

Hello, I'm The Director.
(glancing at her chair)
You must be Alice.

Alice stands and shakes The Director's hand.

ALICE

Pleasure.

THE DIRECTOR

Ah, another Brit who's made it to
Hollywood. Isn't it lovely?

ALICE

I quite miss London actually.

THE DIRECTOR

Ah well, yes. The West End is
great, if you like that sort of
thing.

The Director, a busy man, looks at his watch. He's ready for
this conversation to be over.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Well if you haven't any
questions...

ALICE

I do actually.

The Director's offer was meant to be rhetorical, but he
forces a smile. Dealing with the writer is part of the job.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Have you seen the play?

THE DIRECTOR
Of course, love the play.

ALICE
Then why, this? I mean the play is
about a couple in marriage
counseling and the show is about
partners at a law firm?

The Director adopts the tone of an adult explaining why the
sky is blue to a five-year-old.

THE DIRECTOR
We took your play, which we love,
and adapted it. The characters are
the nugget if you will. The writers
saw the counseling as more of a
teaser, a--

ALICE
(echoing Eileen)
Framing device?

THE DIRECTOR
Exactly! A framing device. They go
to counseling, and they're
counselors. See the pun?

ALICE
Yes, I see the pun...

Before Alice can continue, DELANEY approaches. She wears a
robe, Ugg slippers, and holds a large green juice. Eileen
follows Delaney, holding a pair of high heels.

Delaney removes her robe to reveal a freshly pressed suit.
She kicks off her Uggs, retrieves her high heels, and hands
Eileen her green juice.

THE DIRECTOR
Delaney, darling, let me introduce
you to our playwright.

DELANEY
We know each other. Come here.

Delaney embraces Alice with an intimacy of close friendship.
The Director takes the opportunity to sneak away to his
chair.

DELANEY (CONT'D)
I still need to pick your brain,
how about tonight?

Alice is supposed to meet Otto. This is way more important
than a date, right? Even if she does like the guy.

ALICE
Uh, sure. I can make that work.

DELANEY
Perfect, it's a date. I've got to
run along and do this scene now,
but I'll see you later.

Delaney exits.

Alice sits in her chair near The Director. Eileen stands next
to her, carefully holding Delaney's discarded Uggs, green
juice, and robe.

Eileen hands Alice a headset, which she puts on.

THE DIRECTOR
Quiet on set!
Ready...and...Rolling!

The Director, Alice, and Eileen all look into a monitor --

INT. OFFICE SET - SAME

Everything from the lighting to the costumes screams network
procedural.

Delaney, in her power suit, sits behind a desk. She furrows
her brow at a stack of legal papers. Delaney's acting is the
only bright spot of the whole scene.

There's a KNOCK on the office door. A PARALEGAL, early 20s,
beautiful in a way that only professional actresses are,
peaks her head in.

PARALEGAL
(flatly)
Charles is here to see you, ma'am.

The Paralegal delivers her line like she's reading it off the
back of her hand. She wasn't cast for her acting chops.

DELANEY
Send him in.

CHARLES, 30s and handsome, walks into the scene. His suit fits too well, his hair is too perfect, he's clearly an actor playing a lawyer.

CHARLES
Yes darling?

DELANEY
We're not taking the case.

Charles drops the flirtation, this is business.

CHARLES
Like hell we aren't.

DELANEY
We deal with white collar crimes,
this is a real criminal.

CHARLES
He's already one of our clients. We
got him out of a bogus insider
trading charge a few years back.
He's a fund manager at Goldman for
Christ's sake.

DELANEY
A fund manager who killed his wife.

CHARLES
Allegedly.

DELANEY
I know it. You know it. Everyone
knows it.

CHARLES
It doesn't matter if he killed his
wife, all that matters is if they
can prove it.

Delaney matches Charles' energy.

DELANEY
It matters to me! We defend people
against the government, against the
IRS. We don't defend people against
justice.

CHARLES
His check will save us, we're right
on the edge.

DELANEY

You don't need to tell me. I'm not just your wife, I'm a partner at this firm too.

CHARLES

This is why our marriage is falling apart.

(ouch)

You can't bend *your* rules, even to save everything. Loosen up.

Charles storms out. Close on Delaney's face, barely holding it together. The emotional and tense moment is broken up by --

INT. SOUND STAGE - VIDEO VILLAGE - SAME

-- Eileen stifling a snort. Alice shoots her a conspiratorial look.

The Director's focus on the monitor remains unbroken. Alice leans towards Eileen.

EILEEN

(under her breath)

You're my sister and I love you.

ALICE

(whispering)

What?

EILEEN

(whispering)

I call that a "you're my sister and I love you." In TV they're constantly establishing their relationship, "you're my husband, and my partner", who says that?

Alice laughs quietly.

THE DIRECTOR

(into walkie-talkie)

Keep pushing...and...cue.

On the monitor --

INT. OFFICE SET - SAME

Delaney continues to milk her emotional close-up. The Paralegal pops her head back into the office --

PARALEGAL
(flatly)
Your lunch is here.

The Paralegal brings Delaney a bland looking ham sandwich. Delaney takes a bite of the sandwich. As she chews she begins to CRY, soft at first and then hysterically.

THE DIRECTOR (O.S.)
And cut!

Delaney's face TRANSFORMS, a moment ago hysterically crying, now completely placid. Her mouth full of food.

DELANEY
(mouth full)
Bucket!

A P.A. carrying a bucket appears, Delaney SPITS out her food.

DELANEY (CONT'D)
Fucking sandwich.

INT. SOUND STAGE - VIDEO VILLAGE - SAME

The Director grimaces.

THE DIRECTOR
(under his breath)
Shit.

INT. OFFICE SET - SAME

The Director appears.

THE DIRECTOR
Delaney, darling, you were great.
Stunning. Fantastic.

DELANEY
I wonder if I could just put on my
executive producer hat for a beat.

These words terrify The Director.

THE DIRECTOR
Yes?

DELANEY
Do I need to be eating *and* crying?
Is the sandwich really essential to
the scene?

THE DIRECTOR

Well, Stephanie's emotions are so intertwined with her relationship to food.

(sensing Delaney's anger)

But let's try it again after lunch, sans sandwich.

(to everyone)

That's lunch everyone!

INT. SOUND STAGE - VIDEO VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Alice sits with Eileen.

ALICE

Lunch? It's dark outside.

EILEEN

We just call the midday break lunch, no matter when it is.

Alice's face blanches.

ALICE

Midday? I gotta get out of here.

EXT. SOUND STAGE - EVENING

Alice and Eileen exit the sound stage.

The actors playing Charles and the Paralegal are MAKING OUT a few feet away, unfazed by Eileen and Alice's presence. Alice tries not to look, but can't help herself.

EILEEN

(re: couple making out)

Guy's fucked half the cast.

ALICE

(feigning shock)

Really? I thought he was a husband, and a partner.

Both laugh as Alice's car arrives.

EXT. SCOTTISH COTTAGE - DAWN

Tony and Angela take in the view of their cottage. Suitcases in hand, they're ready to go.

ANGELA
You got everything?

Tony looks down, realizes his right hand is empty --

TONY
Just one thing.

Tony heads back to the cottage.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - OTTO'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Otto SINGS in the shower. Something in the vein of "Walking On Sunshine". He's embarrassingly into it.

The phone RINGS in his bedroom. At first Otto is too lost in his rendition to notice. It's not until the ringing stops...

Otto jumps out of the shower, sopping wet, hair full of suds, and dashes into --

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - OTTO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Buck sits on Otto's bed, receiver in hand. *Fuck.*

BUCK
(into the phone)
I'll be sure to tell him. Yeah.
Have a good one.

Buck hangs up the phone, his face hard to read.

OTTO
I can explain.

Otto tries to think quickly, grasping at any possible excuse.

BUCK
It was Alice.

Otto melts. *It wasn't Tony. Thank God.*

BUCK (CONT'D)
Well don't look so heartbroken.
You're still on, she just needed to
push an hour.
(then)
Go rinse your hair out for god's
sake. We can get a drink before.

INT. BUCK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

KNOCK KNOCK. The door buckles as the knocks turn to kicks. The door breaks down. Bald Guy and Pinky Ring enter.

BALD GUY

Hello?

Pinky Ring draws his gun and searches the apartment, Bald Guy remains still, mesmerized by the fish tank.

Pinky Ring returns.

PINKY RING

No one's here.

BALD GUY

Here fishy fishy.

Bald Guy stares at the fish, the fish stares back. Bald Guy turns to his partner, scrunching his face into an impression.

BALD GUY (CONT'D)

(somewhere between
Corleone and Soprano)

When we find dis guy, he's gonna
sleep with the fishes. Ay. Bada
Bing.

Unamused, Pinky Ring REACHES into the tank and GRABS the fish. He tosses the fish onto the counter, it starts to flop around. Bald Guy looks at Pinky Ring like he's a psycho.

Pinky Ring continues to look around. His eyes land on the satellite phone, Bald Guy picks up the receiver.

BALD GUY (CONT'D)

It's ringing.

PINKY RING

Who'd you call?

BALD GUY

I didn't call, it just started
ringing.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - SAME

The Client stares at the RINGING phone, decides to answer.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

THE CLIENT

Hello?

BALD GUY

Who is this?

THE CLIENT

You called me. Who is this?

BALD GUY

You wouldn't happen to have two
guys with you, would you? A pretty
boy and a scruffy son-of-a-bitch?

Pinky Ring, annoyed, grabs the receiver from Bald Guy. Bald
Guys leans in to listen.

PINKY RING

Listen.

THE CLIENT

Let me get this straight, you're
two guys, looking for two guys?

PINKY RING

Why is this phone in the apartment
of the guy we're looking for?

THE CLIENT

I think we're looking for the same
two guys.

PINKY RING

Tell me about your two guys?

THE CLIENT

How do I know you're not the cops?

BALD GUY

(to Pinky Ring)

Good point. How do we know *she's*
not the cops?

The Client looks at the phone, decides it's too risky, and
hangs up.

INT. BUCK'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Pinky Ring listens to the dial tone, then hangs up.

BALD GUY

Was she the cops?

PINKY RING
(confused)
She thought we were the cops.

Bald Guy turns to leave. Pinky Ring lingers, grabs the SATELLITE PHONE and tucks it under his arm before he exits.

The fish continues to flop on the counter for a moment, then it stops. Still. Dead. Poor Sashimi.

INT. THE DORSEY - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Alice sits alone at a table, holding a cell phone to her ear.

INT. LONDON - LUCY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Lucy primps in front of the mirror. She's dressed up.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ALICE
I don't know what I'm going to say
to her. Stephanie's a bitch, sorry
you have to play her?

LUCY
Plenty of bitches in real life,
you're talking to one.
Representation matters.

Delaney enters the dining room. The energy in the room shifts. Eyes are drawn to her. Murmurs pass among the diners. She's magnetic, her smile, her hair...

Alice's hand goes up to her ponytail. Maybe she should have worn her hair down like Delaney.

ALICE
She's here. Bye.

Alice hangs up the phone.

INT. THE DORSEY - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delaney scans the room, spots Alice, smiles and approaches.

DELANEY
So sorry I'm late. Transpo took the
one thirty four to the one oh one.
(MORE)

DELANEY (CONT'D)

I told him to stick to the streets
at this time of day, Moorpark or
Riverside... You know how it is.

ALICE

(does not know how it is)
Totally.

Delaney sits. In a room full of eyes on Delaney, she stares
at Alice. Delaney's gaze is intense, piercing.

Maintaining eye contact, Delaney puts her hair up in a
ponytail, just like Alice's, time to get down to business.

DELANEY

(re: the pilot)
You hate it, don't you?

Is it that obvious?

ALICE

(lying)
No, no, of course not. It's great,
it's just...

DELANEY

I know it's different. But the
characters, *your* characters,
they're there.

ALICE

They told me that was the...nugget?

Whatever the hell that means.

DELANEY

The nugget. Exactly. I just want to
be true to your character, and I
couldn't think of a better way to
do that than by talking to you. You
birthed her.

Alice DRUMS her fingers on the table in nervous excitement,
she's trying to play it cool.

ALICE

Right.

A WAITRESS arrives at the table. She's overly bubbly.

WAITRESS

Are you two ready to order?
(quickly)
(MORE)

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

I can give you a moment if you need, I'm happy to come back...

DELANEY

Shrimp cocktail please. Extra horseradish.

WAITRESS

Spicy, you got it. Drinks?

Delaney looks to Alice.

ALICE

I'll do a gimlet.

DELANEY

Ooh, two gimlets, please.

WAITRESS

(repeating)

Shrimp cocktail, two gimlets.
Amazing choices.

The Waitress leaves.

DELANEY

So, tell me about Stephanie.

Delaney speaks about the character as if she's a dear friend.

ALICE

What do you want to know?

DELANEY

Where did you find her?

ALICE

Find her?

DELANEY

You know, inspiration-wise.

ALICE

I wanted to write someone terrible. Terrible is fun. I mean here's someone who's so type-A that it's ruined her marriage. She's inflexible, she doesn't know how to have fun, she's an alcoholic...

DELANEY

Sure she's complicated, but she's not terrible.

Delaney defends Stephanie as if she's a friend going through a tough time. Delaney's allegiance to Stephanie puts Alice off balance.

ALICE

Of course, but she's complicated in a terrible way. To tell you the truth, it was hard to write her, to be in her head.

Delaney's gaze breaks, momentarily lost in her thoughts.

DELANEY

I can understand that.

Alice is worried she's upset Delaney. The Waitress arrives and Delaney snaps back into movie star mode. The Waitress places the drinks and food.

WAITRESS

(nervously)

I wasn't sure if you wanted extra horseradish in the sauce or on the side so I brought two sauces, one with extra horseradish one without and here's the side of horseradish.

The Waitress lingers after she's set everything down.

DELANEY

(smiling)

Thank you.

Satisfied with Delaney's acknowledgement, the Waitress curtsies awkwardly and leaves.

Delaney grabs a shrimp and dunks it in sauce.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

(mouth full)

Sorry, I'm starving.

ALICE

No, go for it.

DELANEY

You have to try this, it's so good.

Alice takes a shrimp, puts it on her plate, cuts it with her knife and fork. Delaney watches intently.

Alice pierces a piece of shrimp and dips it gingerly before eating.

ALICE
Mmmm, very good.

Delaney eats a shrimp exactly like Alice does, forgoing her original finger method for a knife and fork.

DELANEY
So, are you married?

ALICE
No. I got close, once.

DELANEY
Ah, I see.
(then)
Was he, like Charles?

Delaney DRUMS her fingers on the table.

BOOM. It suddenly clicks for Alice. The ponytail. The drumming fingers. The shrimp. Delaney is copying Alice's mannerisms.

ALICE
Do you...Do you think Stephanie is
based off of me?

Delaney stops drumming her fingers. Caught.

DELANEY
Well.

ALICE
(pressing)
Well what?

DELANEY
Well, every character has a bit of
the author in them.

ALICE
Sure, a bit, an iota.

DELANEY
So, I thought maybe.

ALICE
Maybe what?

DELANEY
Maybe, that there was more than an
iota of Stephanie in you?

ALICE

Stephanie is, she's...fucking crazy. She's a fun sucker. She's an alcoholic. She's incapable of love.

DELANEY

Stephanie is a beautiful and complicated character.

ALICE

(defensive)

I know how to have fun.

Delaney cuts her shrimp with a fork and knife like Alice.

DELANEY

Sure.

ALICE

I'm not an alcoholic.

The Waitress walks by, not so subtly checking on them. Alice points to her empty gimlet.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I'll take another one of these.

DELANEY

Ooh, me too.

The Waitress nods and rushes off.

ALICE

I am capable of love!

As if on cue, Alice spots Otto and Buck strolling into the dining room dressed in their freshly pressed clothes.

It occurs to Alice that Otto and Buck are her lifeboat out of this awkward interaction. Alice WAVES them over.

Buck and Otto fail to hide their shock as they recognize Alice's celebrity dinner companion on their way to the table.

OTTO

(suave)

Hello.

Otto's eyes dart between Alice and Delaney.

Alice plants a large kiss on Otto's lips - desperate to prove to Delaney she's nothing like Stephanie.

ALICE
Please, join us.

DELANEY
I'm Delaney.

OTTO
Of course you are.
(pointing)
Buck, Otto.

Delaney holds out her hand to kiss. Otto obliges.

OTTO (CONT'D)
Classy, I dig.

Delaney giggles. Otto and Buck sit down.

OTTO (CONT'D)
I loved you in The Amnesty Code.

DELANEY
Oh thank you, great role, director
was a bit handsy.

OTTO
You should have won the Oscar.

DELANEY
You think so?
(then)
Fucking Viola Davis.

Alice, clearly uncomfortable, interjects.

ALICE
Buck, you were telling me that
great story this morning, where did
we leave off?

BUCK
Uh, my wife was about to leave me.

Delaney's gaze flies to Buck. She's attracted to drama like a
fly to honey.

DELANEY
Oh that's terrible, why did she
leave?

BUCK
Well, um, she left me for her
doula.

ALICE
(shocked)
I'm so sorry.

DELANEY
(picturing it)
She must have been all up in there.

What an odd thing to say. Buck doesn't know how to respond.

BUCK
Yeah... Physically, and
emotionally.

An awkward silence follows.

DELANEY
So how did you all meet?

OTTO
Buck and I are here on business. I
met Alice in the hotel bar.

Alice puts her hand on Otto's.

DELANEY
Wow, a hotel hookup huh?

A HAND grabs Otto's LEG. He looks up, it's Delaney.

ALICE
Well, we kind of met on the plane.

Buck's head snaps to Otto.

BUCK
The plane?

OTTO
Well...

ALICE
We saw each other on the plane then
ended up at the same hotel, kind of
serendipitous if you ask me.

Buck stares daggers at Otto.

BUCK
Serendipitous indeed.

Otto stands.

OTTO
I need to use the little boys room.

BUCK
I think I'll join you.

Buck stands as well. The two men leave the table.

DELANEY
They're adorable.

ALICE
See, not so unlucky in love, huh?

DELANEY
They're so... real. I just want to
jump across the table and wear
their skin like a suit.

Alice grimaces, note to self: Delaney's a certified freak.

ALICE
I have to go freshen up.

Alice stands to go, leaving her purse on her chair.

The second Alice is out of eye shot, Delaney reaches for her abandoned purse. Delaney rifles through and finds a prescription pill bottle.

Delaney examines the label and POPS A PILL into her mouth.

INT. THE DORSEY - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Buck and Otto enter the bathroom, they whisper.

BUCK
(angrily)
That's the plane girl?

OTTO
(ignoring him)
Delaney Rose just grabbed my leg.

BUCK
This whole plan, this laying low
thing, was just so you could meet
her?

OTTO
I had no idea Alice knew Delaney.

BUCK

Not Delaney... I can't believe I listened to you. We should be in Mexico.

OTTO

How can you say that? We are sitting at a table with a fucking movie star. Apparition? Crashing Into Reality? Truffaut Foucault? The girl has range.

BUCK

Yeah yeah, I saw her in Karaoke Killer.

OTTO

Karaoke Killer? Come on.

BUCK

What? It was pretty good.

OTTO

Do not fuck this up for me.

INT. THE DORSEY - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Otto and Buck bump into Alice on the way back to the table. Delaney eyes them intently, drumming her fingers.

DELANEY

So, what room are you in?

OTTO

Petaluma suite.

DELANEY

Fancy.

Alice stares at Delaney, desperately trying to prove she's nothing like her character. Alice has an idea.

ALICE

Let's go see it.

DELANEY

I'd love that.

Otto bolts out of his chair so fast that he nearly face-plants.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Otto brings a tray of drinks from the wet bar, then takes a seat between Alice and Delaney.

Buck sits across from them, uncomfortable and out of place.

DELANEY

Mine only has one bedroom, but they gave me the wraparound balcony.

OTTO

Nice huh?

DELANEY

Ya, I heard Katherine Hepburn got fucked by both Laurel and Hardy in one of these rooms.

Otto nearly spits out his drink.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, that was before the remodel. Obviously.

BUCK

Aren't you a...
(searches)
...fountain of knowledge.

DELANEY

It's my business to know all the good stories. Where's the weirdest place you all have had sex?

Alice tries to act like she's not shocked by the question. Stephanie would be shocked, she isn't.

OTTO

Like, together?

Buck gets up, he can't take it anymore.

BUCK

I think that's my cue.

ALICE

No stay!

Otto is thrilled that Buck is leaving, but pretends for Alice's sake.

OTTO
(flatly)
Yes, please stay.

BUCK
Goodnight.

Otto mouths 'thank you' to Buck as he exits into his bedroom.

DELANEY
So, come on, weirdest place. You
first Alice.

Alice, flustered, answers with the first place that pops into
her head.

ALICE
Couch.

Delaney giggles at Alice's vanilla answer.

DELANEY
Was is a sectional? Love seat?

Alice, grasping.

ALICE
It was on stage.

DELANEY
(interested)
Now we're getting somewhere.

ALICE
Death of a Salesman.

OTTO
Sexy.

ALICE
After the show, with the key grip.

DELANEY
Those guys know how to handle a
woman. How about you, stud?

Delaney touches Otto's leg, again. Otto flustered, wants to
impress Delaney as much as Alice does.

OTTO
(thinking)
Weird place, weird place.

Otto has nothing.

OTTO (CONT'D)

One time, this girl begged me to hold a gun in her mouth while we did it.

Alice is shocked, Delaney is intrigued.

DELANEY

Colt? Beretta?

OTTO

Not sure.

DELANEY

Was it loaded?

OTTO

No. I'm big on gun safety.

Delaney looks disappointed.

ALICE

Where'd you get a gun?

Otto shrugs. His eyes drift to Buck's door, knowing there's a gun in there.

OTTO

(to Delaney)

How about you?

Delaney thinks on it. Otto wishes he could read her mind.

DELANEY

In my trailer...

ALICE

That's not so bad--

DELANEY

...With my mic on. The whole crew heard.

(remembering)

Boy, that Woody Harrelson knows how to make a girl moan.

They all laugh. Delaney scoots in close. Alice stops laughing. Otto watches intently.

Delaney leans over Otto and starts to KISS Alice. Otto's in heaven. Alice, not so much. Alice lets it happen for a moment, then PULLS AWAY.

ALICE
Sorry, I can't.

DELANEY
I thought...

ALICE
No, I know, I just can't.

Alice gets up and walks to the door. Otto lingers for a moment. Delaney, a real life movie star is on his couch. Otto comes to a decision.

Otto follows Alice --

INT. THE DORSEY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Otto catches up to Alice outside of her room. She struggles with her room key. Frustrated, she turns to Otto.

ALICE
I swear I'm fun.

OTTO
I know you're fun.

ALICE
I just, can't. I'm sorry.

OTTO
That's alright. I probably would
have burst into flames or something
anyway.

Alice smiles, Otto's sweet. She finally gets her door open.

ALICE
Goodnight.

Alice kisses Otto, and leaves him in the hallway.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Otto returns. Delaney snores, she's fallen asleep on the couch in a not particularly flattering position.

Otto smiles to himself and heads off to his room.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A KNOCK on the door. A disheveled Delaney answers in her robe. It's Mateo, who can barely contain his shock at seeing Delaney.

MATEO

Ms. Rose. What a surprise.
(gathers himself)
Did you call down for a paper?

Delaney grabs the Daily Mail from Mateo, yawns and closes the door on him.

Otto emerges from his room, also in a robe. Delaney looks at Otto and blinks.

DELANEY

Did we?

OTTO

No.

DELANEY

(remembering)
Where's Alice?

OTTO

She left.

DELANEY

(to herself)
Classic Stephanie.

This comment puzzles Otto. Delaney looks down at the Daily Mail, disappointment floods her face.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

Damn, I was sure I'd make the cover. Thought that photographer got me flashing vag getting out of the car. Fucking honeymooners.

Otto perks up. *Honeymooners*? He looks at the Daily Mail. Tony and Angela's face are on the cover under the headline:

"HONEYMOONERS FOUND!"

OTTO

Let me see that.

Otto GRABS the magazine from Delaney.

DELANEY

Hey! I was reading that.

Buck enters from his bedroom. Otto hides the magazine.

OTTO

Good morning sunshine. I was just going to walk miss Delaney to her room.

DELANEY

You were?

Otto, hiding the magazine, rushes Delaney out of the door --

INT. THE DORSEY - HALLWAY - MORNING

Otto walks Delaney down the hallway and throws the Daily Mail in the trash.

DELANEY

Hey! I was going to read that.

OTTO

I'll get you another copy.

Delaney and Otto turn down a hallway --

INT. THE DORSEY - LOBBY

Delaney and Otto walk through the lobby in their robes.

PAPARAZZI PHOTOGRAPHERS snap pictures. Delaney shields her face. Otto smiles for the camera.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MORNING

The Client stares at the front page of the Daily Mail.

"HONEYMOONERS FOUND!"

Her eyes drift towards the SATELLITE PHONE on her desk.

INT. DINER - DAY

The Client sits across from Bald Guy and Pinky Ring.

BALD GUY

What does this have to do with us?

THE CLIENT

The guy you're looking for abducted this couple, now they're free.

BALD GUY

So?

THE CLIENT

So, maybe they have intel about their captor.

PINKY RING

Give me that.

Pinky Ring GRABS the Daily Mail from across the table. He opens and reads. Bald Guy attempts to read over his shoulder, Pinky Ring waves him off.

PINKY RING (CONT'D)

Pull it up on your phone.

Bald Guy pulls out his phone.

BALD GUY

It says I've run out of my monthly free articles.

PINKY RING

How many do they give you?

BALD GUY

10.

PINKY RING

You read 10 Daily Mail articles this month?

BALD GUY

That's personal.

PINKY RING

It's interfering with work.

BALD GUY

I ain't paying the 9.99 to subscribe.

PINKY RING

Fine, you read this copy.

Pinky Ring hands Bald Guy the magazine and pulls out his phone. Pinky Ring reacts, shocked by the digital headline:

"DELANEY ROSE WITH MYSTERY MAN AT THE DORSEY"

BALD GUY
 (re: Pinky Ring's shock)
 What? Come on, it's really not that
 many articles.

Pinky Ring turns his phone around, showing Bald Guy the PHOTO
 of Otto and Delaney.

BALD GUY (CONT'D)
 Oh fuck, that's him.

THE CLIENT
 Who?

BALD GUY
 The guy, the fucking guy.

THE CLIENT
 What about the honeymooners?

BALD GUY
 Who gives a shit lady?

The Client leans in.

THE CLIENT
 (hushed)
 Look. I'll give you twenty grand to
 take care of them.

Bald Guy and Pinky Ring ignore her. Pinky Ring points at
 Delaney in the photo.

PINKY RING
 I bet she knows where to find him.

BALD GUY
 And I can ask her about The Amnesty
 Code. I really didn't get the
 ending.

THE CLIENT
 (hushed)
 Twenty five!

BALD GUY
 (to The Client)
 We're on a job lady.

Pinky Ring slides a BUSINESS CARD with the outline of a NUDE
 WOMAN to The Client.

PINKY RING

If you find them, call this number,
our boss will send someone to take
care of it.

INT. THE DORSEY - ALICE'S ROOM - DAY

A RINGING phone wakes Alice. The room is dark, she scrambles
for the light switch and the phone in her hungover state.

EXT. LONDON - CAFE - SAME

Lucy holds a cup of coffee and a cigarette in one hand, her
cell in the other.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

LUCY

You're not going to believe what I
did last night.

ALICE

Try me.

LUCY

(proudly)
I kissed a girl.

ALICE

(remembering)
Same.

LUCY

What?

ALICE

Well a girl kissed me.

KNOCK KNOCK.

LUCY

Who? What? Where?

ALICE

Hold on, someone's knocking.

INT. THE DORSEY - ALICE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Disheveled, Alice answers the door, it's Eileen.

ALICE
I don't think I have it in me to go
to set, I'm sorry.

EILEEN
Have you seen Delaney today?

ALICE
No, why?

EILEEN
She didn't show, no one can reach
her. The whole production is
waiting.

INT. THE DORSEY - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

High Tea. Finger sandwiches, three tiers of pastries on
silver, and white glove service.

Otto sips his tea, Buck looks suspiciously at the sweets.

BUCK
What are we doing?

OTTO
High tea.

BUCK
What are we doing at high tea? This
is something Susie would do with
her dolls.

OTTO
Have a finger sandwich.

Otto hands Buck a cucumber sandwich.

BUCK
I hate cucumbers.

OTTO
They're mostly water.

BUCK
I prefer diet coke.

A white gloved WAITER brings a diet coke in an unnecessarily
fancy glass. Buck takes a sip.

BUCK (CONT'D)
So I've been thinking.

OTTO

Yes?

BUCK

I know we have...

(beat)

What we have, up in the room. But that doesn't mean we shouldn't get what we're owed.

OTTO

What do you mean?

BUCK

I mean thirty thousand is still thirty thousand. We did the work, we should be compensated.

Otto weighs this. He has something to admit.

OTTO

Well...

BUCK

Well what?

OTTO

Not exactly.

BUCK

I know it doesn't feel like we need it now, I mean it's a drop in the bucket compared to...

OTTO

Not that. The work. I... I didn't do it.

BUCK

What?

OTTO

I couldn't. I mean we got to talking, and they were a perfect couple, and I just, I couldn't.

Buck takes this in, he's upset. He gets up and storms out of the dining room. Otto follows close behind.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Hey wait!

(to Waiter)

Put it on room four-oh-three, give yourself a nice tip.

INT. THE DORSEY - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Otto catches up to a limping Buck.

OTTO
What does this change? Seriously.

BUCK
Everything. First the plane girl,
now this.

OTTO
It changes nothing! We still got
the score. You're always talking
about going straight --

The pair turns a corner and almost bump into an ELDERLY
COUPLE who clearly heard the "going straight" bit.

OTTO (CONT'D)
(to the couple)
Hello.

Otto and Buck continue at a brisk pace.

OTTO (CONT'D)
This is going straight!

BUCK
You lied to me. You want to be
partners? A partnership is based on
trust. How can I trust you if
you've been lying to me since you
got back?

OTTO
We can still be partners...

A hand from Buck silences Otto.

They've arrived at their room and their seal - the Do Not
Disturb sign - is on the floor, not wedged where it's
supposed to be.

Buck draws his GUN and slowly opens the door --

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Delaney stands NAKED in the suite. The door shuts behind Buck
and Otto, they stand mouths agape.

Delaney puts her hands in the air like it's a stick-up and
smiles. It's abundantly clear she's unarmed.

DELANEY

You really do have a gun kink...

Buck holsters his gun.

OTTO

What... what are you doing here?

DELANEY

I wanted to fuck Alice, for research, but that's not happening. Then I thought, who better to teach me how Alice fucks than you? Her lover.

Delaney approaches Otto and puts a hand on his shoulder.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

You need to fuck me exactly how you fucked her.

A beat of silence as Otto takes this offer in.

The silence is broken by a KNOCK at the door. Buck looks through the peep hole and lets Alice in.

Alice takes in the scene, looks from a naked Delaney to Otto, back to Delaney.

ALICE

They're looking for you.

DELANEY

I'm getting into character.

ALICE

They said you're holding up the whole production.

DELANEY

There is no production if I can't become Stephanie. Become you.

ALICE

For the last time, I am not Stephanie.

Alice turns to leave.

OTTO

Alice, wait!

Otto follows Alice out --

INT. THE DORSEY - HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Otto chases Alice down the hallway.

OTTO
We need to talk.

ALICE
No, we really don't.

OTTO
Let me explain myself.

ALICE
What's there to explain? You're
fucking an A-list movie star,
congratulations.

OTTO
We didn't do anything.

ALICE
Sure.

Otto SLAMS into a HOUSEKEEPER pushing a cart. Alice exits --

EXT. THE DORSEY - DRIVING RANGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Alice walks behind GOLFERS practicing their swings. Drivers connect with balls and emit loud BANGS, like gunshots.

Otto runs to catch up to Alice.

OTTO
Just hear me out.

ALICE
Fuck her, don't fuck her, whatever,
just don't lie about it.

Golfers turn towards the source of the profanity. Alice continues unfazed, Otto follows after her awkwardly.

OTTO
I'm not lying!

EXT. THE DORSEY - GOLF COURSE - SUNSET

The golf course is empty. Alice sits on a bench along the tree line near a sand trap. Otto sits next to her.

OTTO

Look, I have lied to you, but not about this.

ALICE

That's comforting.

Alice looks up at him, she's listening.

OTTO

You want the truth? I'm a criminal. A bad criminal. Not like bad as in I do bad things, bad as in I'm not good at doing bad things.

Alice doesn't believe Otto.

ALICE

What men don't understand about lying is you need to keep it small, like "it's just a guys trip", or "it's not you it's me." Stop it with all this "It was my twin" or "I'm a psycho criminal murderer."

OTTO

I am not a murderer.

In the trees, Otto spots **BALD GUY AND PINKY RING** over Alice's shoulder. They zero in on Otto, aiming their SILENCED PISTOLS.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Get down!

Otto DIVES on top of Alice, forcing her from the bench into the sand trap just as Bald Guy and Pinky Ring FIRE.

The sand trap EXPLODES in a hail of muffled gunfire. It looks like D-Day as the bullets kick up white sand.

The sand settles. The shooting's stopped. The clips are empty. Otto feels himself, then Alice for wounds.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

ALICE

I think so, what the fuck was that?

The pursuers start to reload. Otto grabs Alice and they run --

EXT. THE DORSEY - GOLF COURSE TEE - MOMENTS LATER

The THREE EXECUTIVE GUYS from the cocktail lounge chat by the tee in front of their two empty carts. One of them takes practice swings.

EXECUTIVE GUY
(re: muffled gunshots)
Driving range is really heating up.

EXECUTIVE GUY #2
Everyone's getting their licks in
before the light fades.

EXECUTIVE GUY #3
Shhhh.

Executive Guy #3 takes a prolonged backswing --

OTTO (O.S.)
Hey!

Executive Guy #3 SHANKS his shot. Otto and Alice run to one of the carts.

ALICE
(to the Golfers)
My fiancé and I...

Alice points to her ring, it's on the wrong finger.

OTTO
... Are CIA. Official business.
We're taking this cart.

Otto pulls out his wallet and flashes it open quickly, as if he had a badge. His Costco membership card falls out.

The Executive Guys exchange confused glances as Otto and Alice climb into a cart.

ALICE
CIA?

OTTO
I think they bought it.
(then)
Buckle up. It's tee time.

ALICE
I don't think that means what you
think it means.

Otto steps on the gas and PEELS OUT.

EXT. THE DORSEY - GOLF COURSE PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Otto and Alice speed down the curvy golf path. Pinky Ring and Bald Guy appear behind them in another cart. They both floor it, hitting the cart's top speed of 15 MPH.

ALICE
Why are they chasing us?

OTTO
I told you, I'm a criminal.

ALICE
A criminal? Like a thief?

OTTO
Like a thief, fixer, hitman.

Pinky Ring and Bald Guy AIM and SHOOT but the windy, tree lined path makes it nearly impossible to hit their swerving target.

ALICE
A hitman? Do you have a gun?

OTTO
I'm more of a failed hitman. That's actually why we're in this mess.

Otto knocks a BUCKET OF GOLF BALLS off the back of his cart. The golf balls fan out on the path, but the pursuing cart drives over them easily.

OTTO (CONT'D)
Damn I thought that would work.

ALICE
I guess a gun does not a hitman maketh.

OTTO
Stop talking backwards, I can barely understand you forwards.

Alice grabs a GOLF CLUB and tosses it at their pursuers. The club pierces the wind shield causing the chasing cart to veer off the path and hit a tree.

Otto and Alice's cart emerges from the trees and SHRIEKS to a stop in front of The Dorsey.

Otto and Alice jump out and rush to the hotel's doors. Otto glances over his shoulder. Bald Guy and Pinky Ring are still after them on foot, 100 yards away and closing.

INT. THE DORSEY - HALLWAY - EVENING

Otto and Alice arrive at an elevator bank. Otto slams the call elevator button.

ALICE

Why are you telling me this?

OTTO

Partnerships are built on trust,
and I wanted to start ours without
any lies.

ALICE

But why are you telling me now?

OTTO

Because you asked.

The elevator is taking too long, Otto rushes Alice into --

INT. THE DORSEY - KITCHEN - EVENING

Open flames. Pots and pans. Mayhem. Otto and Alice dodge through the kitchen's obstacle course, meanwhile --

INT. THE DORSEY - HALLWAY - EVENING

Bald Guy and Pinky Ring arrive at the elevator bank just as the elevator closes. They assume Otto and Alice took the elevator up.

Bald Guy presses the call elevator button repeatedly.

BALD GUY

Think we hit 'em?

PINKY RING

No one runs like that with a bullet
hole.

BALD GUY

I knew I should have brought my
extended mag.

PINKY RING

Maybe just try target practice.

The elevator arrives. Pinky Ring and Bald Guy feign politeness as a group of ELDERLY WOMEN exit the elevator, then they rush on.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Buck sits with a crying Delaney, now wearing a robe.

DELANEY

It just feels like no one wants me.
The studio thinks I'm a has-been. I
mean they have me doing a pilot for
god's sake. Alice won't let me
inside her, Otto doesn't want to be
inside me.

BUCK

They're crazy. Anyone would be
lucky to have you.

Delaney's tears stop, she looks up at Buck earnestly.

DELANEY

Really?

BUCK

Like I always say to my daughter...

DELANEY

You have a kid? You're such a
daddy.

Delaney's phone rings, she holds up a finger and answers.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

I don't give a fuck that production
has to wait...

(suddenly sweet)

Oh hi Otto.

Buck's face turns, angry. *First he lies, now he's breaking the rules?* Delaney looks at Buck.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Yeah, he's with me.

(beat)

Sure I can see if he'll talk.

Buck shakes his head, no.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

He said he doesn't want to talk.

Otto's voice on the other end of the line gets louder.

DELANEY (CONT'D)
 (to Buck)
 Otto says the guys are here to take
 the duffle and we should run.
 (confused)
 Run?

Buck takes the phone.

INT. THE DORSEY - WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - EVENING

Otto talks into a cell phone, Alice stands next to him. The refrigerator is freezing.

OTTO
 (into the phone)
 They're here, grab it and go.

Otto hangs up the phone.

INT. THE DORSEY - PETALUMA SUITE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Buck hands the phone back to Delaney.

BUCK
 We have to go, now.

DELANEY
 But, I really like talking to you.

Buck grabs the duffle and slings it over his shoulder. Then he grabs Delaney and slings her over his other shoulder.

Buck tests his bad knee, it'll hold, for now.

DELANEY (CONT'D)
 Ooh, you're so strong.

INT. THE DORSEY - WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - EVENING

Otto and Alice stand in the refrigerator shivering.

ALICE
 So what's next?

OTTO
 I don't know. Three days ago was
 the first day of the rest of my
 life. I left criminal Otto at that
 lake.

ALICE
Like a baptism?

OTTO
More like a phoenix rising from the
ashes.

ALICE
Great. But I meant what's next for
us, like right now?

OTTO
If this were one of your plays, how
would you get out in one piece?

ALICE
Uh, I'd start a diversion.

OTTO
Diversion. Brilliant.

Otto kisses Alice passionately, then pulls away, confused.

OTTO (CONT'D)
What kind of diversion?

Alice smiles, she has an idea.

INT. THE DORSEY - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Otto and Alice march into the dining room, passing patrons eating dinner, they arrive at a set of massive curtains.

Otto throws a bottle of liquor, which SMASHES, then takes a lighter and sets the curtains ON FIRE.

MAYHEM. The fire alarm BLARES. Patrons bolt up and start to run. The fire spreads quickly.

EXT. THE DORSEY - CARPORT - EVENING

Buck and Delaney make it outside, he puts her down and flexes his stiff knee. Behind them, the fire alarm screeches and a crowd of people begin to flood out of the hotel.

DELANEY
What about your partner?

The word partner stirs up memories in Buck. He gazes at the mass exodus for a beat, then comes to a conclusion.

BUCK

Stay here.

Buck heads back towards the Dorsey, duffle over his shoulder.

DELANEY

Want me to watch your bag?

Buck ignores her, his limp becoming more pronounced.

INT. THE DORSEY - HALLWAY - EVENING

Buck enters the crowded hallway, he spots Otto and Alice across a sea of people. He WHISTLES. Otto and Alice flow towards Buck as he fights his way upstream. They reunite.

OTTO

What are you doing here?

Buck's not ready to admit he came back for Otto.

BUCK

Needed to make sure she made it.

Alice beams.

OTTO

You got the score?

Buck looks to Alice. *Not in front of her.*

OTTO (CONT'D)

She knows.

BUCK

She knows?

OTTO

You said partnerships are based on trust...

Buck weighs this, both proud of Otto and furious that he told Alice about the money.

Buck's pondering is interrupted when Bald Guy and Pinky Ring appear in the hallway, blocking their exit. The pursuers start SHOOTING, the trio narrowly escapes --

INT. THE DORSEY - STAIRWELL - EVENING

Buck, Otto, and Alice catch their breath.

OTTO

They know my face, not yours. Take her to the roof, there'll be a fire escape. I'll distract them.

Buck glances from the stairs to his knee, he can make it.

BUCK

You might need this, partner.

Otto beams. Buck throws Otto his pistol. Otto catches it and looks conflictedly at the weapon.

They all start climbing the staircase. Otto waits on the second floor landing while Buck and Alice continue upwards. Buck struggles through his knee pain.

Bald Guy and Pinky Ring enter the stairwell. They spot Otto. Buck and Alice peer over the railing as they climb.

OTTO

Hey, it's Mickey fucking Mouse. Didn't realize they'd let you in a classy joint like this.

Otto exits on the second floor, Buck and Alice continue upwards.

PINKY RING

He didn't have the bag. You follow him, I'll go for the other two.

Bald Guy heads after Otto on the second floor while Pinky Ring heads up the stairs after Buck and Alice.

INT. THE DORSEY - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bald Guy enters the hallway in time to clock a door close at the other end.

INT. THE DORSEY - SPA - CONTINUOUS

Bald Guy enters the spa, he's confident Otto is cornered.

Otto appears behind Bald Guy with a rock from the sauna. Otto STRIKES Bald Guy, knocking him out cold.

Moments later, Bald Guy stirs. Otto finishes tying him up with robe fasteners.

BALD GUY

You gonna shoot me this time?

OTTO
I'm a baby phoenix now.

BALD GUY
What the fuck are you saying?

OTTO
It's all very poetic, you wouldn't understand.

Bald Guy looks confusedly at Otto - WTF?

EXT. THE DORSEY - ROOF - EVENING

Buck and Alice cross the roof looking for a fire escape.

Alice peers down into a skylight. Large flames dance in the dining room beneath. Alice freezes, mesmerized.

ALICE
Whoa.

Buck continues to the far side of the roof. He finds the fire escape. Buck collapses, holding his bad knee, breathing hard.

BUCK
We need to get down, now.

Alice SCREAMS. From his seated position, Buck turns to see Pinky Ring holding Alice at gunpoint.

PINKY RING
You're not going anywhere with that bag.

BUCK
Just hold on.

PINKY RING
How much is she worth to you?

Buck looks at the bag then back at Alice. Buck takes the bag and slides it to Pinky Ring. He stops the duffle with his foot, but doesn't release Alice as promised.

Pinky Ring lifts the bag and unzips it to check the cash.

BUCK
It's all there.

Pinky Ring aims his gun at Buck. Buck tries to explain --

BUCK (CONT'D)
(exasperated)
Except for the room rate. It's
pretty steep. I'll replace that,
I'm good for it, I swear...

Buck realizes there's no reasoning with Pinky Ring, he's
there to kill him, Buck starts to beg --

BUCK (CONT'D)
Please, my daughter...

BOOM.

Pinky Ring is hit. He whirls around, confused. He spots Otto
holding a smoking gun. Otto SHOT him in the shoulder, not a
kill shot.

Alice seizes her opportunity and PUSHES Pinky Ring into the
large skylight. SMASH. Both he and the bag of money descend
into the flaming dining room.

Otto runs to Alice, they peer into the skylight and see Pinky
Ring and the bag of money engulfed in flames below. Otto's
face drops as he mourns the money, it was nice to be rich,
even if it was just for a few days...

Alice embraces Otto, now a good guy who saved the girl.

FADE TO BLACK.

Just kidding, there's more.

FADE IN:

INT. DINER - DAY

SOME TIME HAS PASSED. Tony sits alone in a vinyl booth. He
plays with the HERMIT CRAB SHELL as he waits.

The Client enters, spots Tony, then sits across from him.

THE CLIENT
I'm happy you're okay, I was so
worried when I saw the news.

TONY
Why were you worried?

THE CLIENT
What do you mean?

TONY

I met the guy you sent.

Tony leans in, lowering his voice. The Client's eyes narrow.

TONY (CONT'D)

The guy you sent to kill me. To
kill us. He's actually a lovely
man.

The Client takes a deep breath. What she's about to say has
been on her chest for a long time.

THE CLIENT

When I met you, I thought you were
too good to be true. Smart, funny,
kind. And we were so young. So when
you suggested we put our careers
first, to hold off on starting a
family, I listened. Because I had
you. And you were enough. I was
happy. Weren't you happy?

TONY

For a time.

THE CLIENT

Until *she* came back. Sure, you had
mentioned her, but it was always in
the past tense. She wasn't in your
life.

TONY

But I thought about her.

THE CLIENT

That is so much worse.

(beat)

You stole my youth. Now I'm old.
Alone. No family. No you. So yeah,
what if I hired someone.

TONY

Hired someone for what?

THE CLIENT

You knew her for what, a year? We
were together for 20. I am not just
a blip in your love story, I am the
main fucking character.

The Client breathes heavily, wipes a few tears. She meets
Tony's gaze, he smiles a saccharine smile.

TONY
You're right. I'm sorry.

THE CLIENT
(lying)
I forgive you.

The Client stands and walks outside --

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

The Client whips out the business card with the outline of a naked woman on it and dials the number.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MASSAGE ROOM - SAME

The Boss, visible through the face hole of a massage table, accepts the call on speakerphone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

THE BOSS
What?

THE CLIENT
I was told you could help me with
pest extermination...

INT. VAN - SAME

Buck, Otto, and a SUITED COP sit in a van with headsets on, listening.

SUITED COP
That works for me.
(into walkie-talkie)
Move in.

The Suited Cop exits the van. Buck takes off his headphones and looks to Otto.

BUCK
What did I fucking say?

OTTO
You said no phones.

BUCK
No fucking phones. Phones catch
criminals.

OTTO
Now you're rewriting yourself...

BUCK
Same gist.

Otto opens the back of the van --

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Buck and Otto exit the van into the diner's parking lot. The Suited Cop escorts The Client, handcuffed, into the back of a police cruiser.

THE CLIENT
I didn't do anything.

SUITED COP
Murder for hire isn't nothing.

THE CLIENT
Everyone's alive! You can't prove
shit.

The Suited Cop slams the door of the police cruiser, silencing The Client. Buck approaches the Suited Cop.

BUCK
So how often do you catch criminals
using their phones these days?

SUITED COP
You'd be surprised...

Buck and the Suited Cop walk off to continue their conversation about dumb criminals.

Otto stands alone soaking in the thrill of the arrest. Tony emerges from the diner and joins Otto. Tony unbuttons his shirt to reveal a mic, he taps it.

TONY
Hear that? I called you a lovely
man.

Tony tosses Otto the HERMIT CRAB SHELL.

OTTO
What's this?

TONY
Hermit crab shell. From the lake.
They shed their shells when they
outgrow them. A fresh start.

OTTO
(beaming)
Thanks.

TONY
What are you going to do with your
fresh start?

OTTO
I got tickets to a show.

INT. WEST END THEATRE - STAGE - NIGHT

The stage is an interpretation of the roof of the Dorsey.
Fake flames crackle.

Delaney performs in character as STAGE ALICE, across from a
hunky actor playing STAGE OTTO.

DELANEY
(imitating Alice)
Who will you be when all of this is
over?

STAGE OTTO
Like a phoenix I will rise from the
ashes, a fresh start, with you.

DELANEY
(imitating Alice)
Oh, Otto.

Stage Otto kisses Delaney.

The house lights come on revealing Otto, Buck, and SUSIE,
Buck's 8-year-old daughter, sitting in the front row.

Otto, Buck, and Susie STAND and CLAP, then the whole crowd
joins in a uproarious standing ovation.

INT. WEST END THEATRE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Otto, Buck, and Susie stand together in the lobby. Otto holds
a bouquet.

Lucy approaches the group, the meditation studio Receptionist
on her arm. She speaks calmly, carefree.

LUCY
 (to Buck)
 Got a cigarette I can borrow?

Buck lifts his sleeve revealing a nicotine patch.

BUCK
 Fresh out.

LUCY
 Good for you. We'll go bum one
 outside.

Lucy's new girlfriend has cured her anxiety. The couple heads
 outside.

SUSIE
 (pointing)
 Lesbians!

Buck shushes her, then explains to Otto --

BUCK
 Her new favorite word.

OTTO
 Another thing Susie and I have in
 common.

Alice enters from the stage door. Otto hands her the bouquet
 and kisses her.

SUSIE
 Ew.

BUCK
 Let them have their moment.
 (then)
 Sorry.

Alice crouches to Susie's level.

ALICE
 No need to apologize.
 (to Susie)
 You must be Susie.

Susie nods.

ALICE (CONT'D)
 That play was a little grown up for
 you, huh?

SUSIE
It was cool.

BUCK
She slept through most of it, but
that's not a review. I think I
should probably get her to bed.

SUSIE
No I wanna stay!

Buck picks up his protesting daughter and leaves.

OTTO
I thought it was fantastic. That
actor you got to play me, great
casting.

ALICE
Who says he was based off of you?

Alice smiles and kisses Otto.

OTTO
I mean he literally stole the words
out of my mouth. That bit about the
phoenix, do I get a writing credit
for that?

ALICE
We can talk about it, maybe you can
adapt it for TV.

OTTO
Oh it would make a great mini-
series! FARGO meets THE WHITE
LOTUS.

Otto and Alice exit the theatre, arm in arm, under the
MARQUEE: **DO NOT DISTURB**

THE END