

ESCAPE
at
DANNEMORA

Chapter Six

Written by
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Directed by
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White Production Draft 9-6-17
Blue Rev. Pages 9-20-17
Pink Rev. Pages 10-4-17
Yellow Production Draft 12-22-17
Green Rev. Pages 1-9-18
Goldenrod Rev. Pages 1-17-18
2nd White Rev. Pages 1-19-18
2nd Blue Rev. Pages 2-15-18
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2nd Yellow Production Draft 4-9-18
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Cast

Chapter Six
2nd Yellow Production Draft
4-9-18

RICHARD MATT
JOYCE 'TILLY' MITCHELL
DAVID SWEAT
LYLE MITCHELL

KEVIN TARSIA
DALE
NICOLE
CHRISTI-ANN
BOB
DISPATCHER CATHY
JEFFREY NABINGER
KENNY BARILLE SENIOR
KENNY BARILLE JUNIOR
ANNIE
TYLER
WILLIAM RICKERSON
VICTOR HOWARD
TORI
KARENA
SHAUN DEVUAL
JEROME

Non-Speaking

Chapter Six
2nd Goldenrod Rev. Pages
5-24-18

SC. 3
CLERK

SC. 22
FIVE YEAR OLD

SC. 24
DOCK WORKERS

SC. 25
DOCK WORKERS

SC. 26
FACTORY WORKERS

SC. 35
DINER PATRONS

SC. 36
FACTORY WORKERS

SC. A37
FACTORY WORKERS

Locations

Chapter Six
2nd Goldenrod Rev. Pages
5-24-18

INTERIORS

TARSIA HOME

KITCHEN (N)

BEDROOM (N)

PATROL CAR (N)

CONVENIENCE STORE (N)

RICKERSON HOME (N)

VIC'S NEW YORKER (N)

EXCELSIOR MOTEL (D)

CIVIC (D)

DINER (N)

TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FATORY (D)

TRU-STITCH - OUTSIDE BATHROOM (D)

TRU-STITCH - MEN'S ROOM (D)

LYLE'S TRUCK (D)

FLANAGAN HOTEL (D)

EXTERIORS

CONVENIENCE STORE (N)

PATROL CAR (N)

GRANGE HALL PARK (N)

U.S. ROUTE 20 (N)

PURE PLATINUM GENTLEMEN'S CLUB (N)

TONAWANDA ISLAND (N)

EXCELSIOR MOTEL (D)

BARILLE HOME (D)

TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY (D)

BACK COUNTRY ROAD (N)

DRUG STORE

FLANAGAN HOTEL (D)

FADE IN:

1 INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT 1

Deputy Sheriff, KEVIN TARSIA, 39, sits in his patrol car, a radar gun aimed at the country road in Kirkwood, New York, which is empty at this late hour.

His eyes hold steady on the road. A truck drives past. The radar gun shows **48**. The speed limit is 45.

Tarsia lets him go.

2 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER 2

The patrol car drives down a rural road and parks in the lot of a small convenience store. Tarsia gets out.

3 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS 3

Tarsia enters the small convenience store and goes to the condiments. He grabs three bottles of ketchup, brings them to the counter where a CLERK sits reading the newspaper.

Tarsia goes back and looks at the mustard selection.

His phone rings and he answers it. We might notice it's a flip phone.

TARSIA

Hey honey, what are you doing up?
... Yes, I did. ... Ten slabs. ...
They're already smoking on the
grill outside. ... Yeah, it's safe,
it's two hundred degrees.

Tarsia grabs three bottles of mustard and brings them to the clerk, who rings him up.

TARSIA (CONT'D)

It's gonna be a lot of people and
it's better to have too much than
too little. ... Well, Jackie says
she's coming and your sister always
turns up with some guy who can eat.
Ten slabs goes faster than you
think.

Tarsia slides the clerk a ten dollar bill and walks out.

4 INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - LATER 4

Tarsia drives down the dark road. He grabs his radio.

(CONTINUED)

TARSIA

Patrol 828 to dispatch. Hey I was
out of the car for zero five. Any
traffic for me?

DISPATCHER CATHY

Negative traffic for ya.

TARSIA

Copy that.

(beat)

Oh, hey, Christi-Ann and I are
having a little thing over at the
house tomorrow. Just some ribs and
sparklers. If you feel like it.

DISPATCHER CATHY

What time?

Tarsia sees a car swerving on the road.

TARSIA

You know what, let me go, looks
like I got a possible 1192 on Honey
Hollow Road. Will advise.

Tarsia flips his sirens on.

TARSIA'S POV: the driver is a blonde woman, can't see her
closely. Sitting in the passenger seat is a man, dark hair.
Is it Tilly and Matt? Could be.

The car isn't pulling over.

TARSIA (CONT'D)

What are you doing, lady?

Tarsia blips his SIRENS.

Finally, the car pulls over.

Tarsia gets out of his cruiser. He approaches the car.

As the window rolls down we see the driver is a frightened
teenage girl, NICOLE, and in the passenger seat is her
father, DALE.

TARSIA (CONT'D)

License and registration, please.

The girl is petrified.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

Nicole...

(to Tarsia)

Hey, sorry. Officer, this is
actually her first time behind the
wheel.

NICOLE

Sorry.

TARSIA

It's okay. You got your learners
permit?

NICOLE

Yeah. Dad, you have my purse.

DALE

Right.

Dale hands Nicole's purse to her. She gets the permit out
while Dale goes through the glove box.

DALE (CONT'D)

I think I have the registration in
the glove box.

TARSIA

Okay, let me take a look.

She gives Tarsia her learner's permit and hands him the
registration from Dale.

TARSIA (CONT'D)

Happy birthday.

NICOLE

Thank you.

TARSIA

Did you two know you're not
supposed to be driving at night?

NICOLE

Shit.

DALE

Nicole.

NICOLE

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

TARSIA

Also, you know, when you see a police officer flashing his lights behind you, you're supposed to pull over, right?

NICOLE

Yeah, I know I just got scared. I'm sorry.

DALE

It's her first time driving. It's my fault. Is there any way I can take the responsibility?

TARSIA

Technically it is your responsibility.

DALE

Right.

Tarsia smiles.

TARSIA

I'm thinking maybe until you get your license it might be a good idea to stick to daylight hours. And maybe start off with a parking lot or something.

NICOLE

Okay.

DALE

Gotcha.

NICOLE

Am I gonna get a ticket?

TARSIA

(with a smile)

Unfortunately I can't give you one until you get a real license.

DALE

Thank you, officer.

TARSIA

Tell your dad to teach you how to parallel park. It's a lost art.

(CONTINUED)

Tarsia gives back her license. As he walks away, Nicole and Dale switch spots. As they cross at the front of the car,

NICOLE
Dad, I told you we should wait.

DALE
Shh. I know, just get in the car.

NICOLE
I didn't even want to do this. So embarrassing.

DALE
What? He was nice!

Tarsia smiles, overhearing their conversation, and gets in his car.

5 INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - LATER 5

Tarsia drives down the road, looking for something, his radio up to his mouth.

TARSIA
Dispatch, this is Kevin, I'm looking all over for the debris and I'm not finding-- Never mind, found it.

ANGLE ON: the dome of a Weber grill, lying on the road, new and still in a plastic bag.

Tarsia pulls to a stop, turns on his lights, and gets out of the car. He walks over to the grill top, then notices a few other pieces of the grill -- the legs, the bottom part of the dome -- each still wrapped in plastic. He then sees the box for the grill.

Tarsia looks back and sees a pothole in the road.

LATER:

Tarsia has almost finished shoving the pieces of the grill into the box. Because he hasn't packed them as they were originally, the box bulges and pieces stick out.

A truck speeds towards him, then quickly comes to a stop. Tarsia approaches the vehicle.

The driver is BOB, and there are several other boxes in the bed of his truck.

(CONTINUED)

TARSIA (CONT'D)

That your grill?

BOB

I'm so sorry. You want to see my
license and registration?

TARSIA

I sure do.

Bob obliges.

TARSIA (CONT'D)

You were coming up pretty quick
here.

BOB

I'm late as shit. Sorry.

TARSIA

I don't care. The language I mean.

BOB

Is it all right?

TARSIA

Sir?

BOB

The grill. Is it all busted up?

TARSIA

You got a lot of big chunks of
metal all over the road here, and
people go pretty fast on this road.
Motorcyclist or somebody came up on
that going fast I could have been
calling the coroner right about
now.

BOB

I know. Look, I'm sorry.

Tarsia takes out his ticket book.

TARSIA

I can give you 'failure to cover
loose cargo' or 'littering.'

BOB

Whatever you think.

(CONTINUED)

TARSIA

What are you late for?

BOB

4th of July barbecue tomorrow. I told her I'd have the grill and furniture built before I went to bed and to be perfectly frank my wife is up my ass. Just called me again. She's got work friends coming, you know, from the bank, and she just--

TARSIA

I got it.

BOB

Sorry.

TARSIA

Hop out of the truck.

They go over to the grill and each take a side, then walk it back to the truck.

TARSIA (CONT'D)

Will you take some unsolicited advice?

They heave the Weber into the truck.

TARSIA (CONT'D)

Go home, go to bed -- tell your wife I told you -- and set your alarm for eight thirty.

BOB

I appreciate that, but--

TARSIA

You got two chairs, a love seat, a coffee table, plus the grill. That's three hours with the Allen wrench, minimum. It's 2AM now. If you start when you get home, you'll be up till sunrise, and if her friends are coming you'll be lucky to get a thirty minute nap. Wake up at eight, eight thirty and you'll still be done in time to grill the hotdogs.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
Hamburgers.

Tarsia gives a polite smile, then takes his ticket book back out.

BOB (CONT'D)
I thought you were gonna let me off.

TARSIA
Yeah, well I would except you coulda killed somebody.

6 INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - LATER 6

Tarsia again sits with his radar gun aimed at the road. He checks the time: 4AM. He grabs his radio.

TARSIA
Okay, Cathy. I'm gonna call out of service at my residence for a meal.

DISPATCHER CATHY
Copy that.

He starts up the car and drives off.

7 INT. TARSIA HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 7

Tarsia stocks the refrigerator with the ketchup and mustard. The house is quiet.

8 INT. TARSIA HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 8

Tarsia quietly enters the bedroom, a window air conditioner WHIRRING.

In the bed, asleep, is CHRISTI-ANN, 30s, pretty. Tarsia sits down on the bed. She wakes up.

CHRISTI-ANN
Hey.

TARSIA
Hey.

CHRISTI-ANN
Sorry I didn't wake up. It's the air conditioner.

TARSIA
Should I unplug it?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTI-ANN

What are you, nuts? That's the
best gift you've ever given me.

TARSIA

Better than the diamond ring?

CHRISTI-ANN

Other than the diamond ring, it's
the best thing.

Tarsia kisses her.

CHRISTI-ANN (CONT'D)

Did you remember to get the ketchup
and mustard?

Tarsia nods, still kissing, not to be deterred.

CHRISTI-ANN (CONT'D)

My sister texted, she's bringing a
guy.

TARSIA

(false shock)

No.

Christi-Ann laughs, charmed by him.

CHRISTI-ANN

Shut up.

They keep making out. Tarsia gets on top of her. He starts
to unbutton her pajamas.

CHRISTI-ANN (CONT'D)

Do you have time?

He stops.

TARSIA

Shit.

CHRISTI-ANN

I'm sorry!

TARSIA

No, you're right.

CHRISTI-ANN

Rain check?

(CONTINUED)

TARSIA
See you at dawn.

He gives her a final kiss, deep.

TARSIA (CONT'D)
Go back to sleep.
(beat)
If you can.

He leaves, cocky.

CHRISTI-ANN
(playful)
Asshole!

9 INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT 9

Tarsia, back on his shift, drives down Grange Hall Road.

He passes Grange Hall Park, and notices lights in the field.
He stops, reverses, then enters the parking lot.

On the edge of the field, at the tree line, he sees a car
and truck parked. As his headlights cross them, he sees the
movement of two or three PEOPLE.

10 EXT. GRANGE HALL PARK - CONTINUOUS 10

Tarsia parks in the parking lot and shines his spotlight on
the vehicles. He sees two MEN run into the trees, and a
THIRD dive under the truck.

He gets out of his cruiser.

He unfastens his holster, and approaches the field. He
turns on his flashlight.

There's a glint of metal underneath the pick up truck.

Tarsia sees movement under the truck, and then the man rolls
out from under it.

TARSIA
Hands up!

But the man starts FIRING.

BULLETS fly past Tarsia, who tries to reach for his gun.

Two SHOTS hit Tarsia in his bullet proof vest.

(CONTINUED)

10

Then a third SHOT hits him in the gut, below the vest, just as he gets his gun into his hand. With a groan, he falls, dropping his weapon.

He can see the man get into the car. He hits the gas and the car speeds forward, straight towards Tarsia. He tries to rise, but can't.

The car SMASHES INTO Tarsia and he is pinned under the front bumper. The car continues accelerating, drags him along the rough pavement.

The car stops and reverses, again at speed, dragging Tarsia backwards.

Finally stopping, the driver gets out of the car and runs to Tarsia's side. Tarsia is mangled, bloody, but is still alive, barely.

The driver, moaning and crying, is DAVID SWEAT, 22 years old.

SWEAT
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

JEFFERY NABINGER, 20s, runs out of the woods with a 9mm Kahr pistol.

He walks up to Tarsia, raises the gun, and shoots him point blank in the face.

A third young man, SHAUN DEVAUL, joins them.

CLOSE ON Sweat, flooded with guilt.

Chyron: 2002

NABINGER
Come on, man. Let's go.

Sweat just stands there, frozen.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

FADE IN:

11

INT. RICKERSON HOME - DINING/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

11

WILLIAM RICKERSON, 76, wearing pajamas, studies a puzzle on the dining room table. He hears a KNOCK, then places a piece in the puzzle and gets up. Another KNOCK.

(CONTINUED)

Rickerson walks to the door, passing a cheap painting of some horses he got at Walgreens.

RICKERSON

Hello?

MATT (O.S.)

We need to talk, Mr. Rickerson.

RICKERSON

Ricky?!

(beat)

What are you doing here?

MATT (O.S.)

We need to talk.

RICKERSON

Not now, Ricky. Why don't you come into the store tomorrow? We can talk then.

MATT (O.S.)

I want to apologize in person, and I need to do it now while I've got up the courage.

Rickerson stands there a beat, then finally opens the door to find RICHARD MATT, 31. Matt immediately punches him in the face, gets on top of him, pulls off his belt, and throws it around the man's neck, creating a leash so he can choke him and move him around anywhere he wants him to go.

MATT (CONT'D)

Your wife around?

RICKERSON

She's dead.

MATT

That's right, she's dead. Where's the money?

RICKERSON

What money?

MATT

You got a safe. With money. And I know about it.

(CONTINUED)

RICKERSON

The only safe's at work and that's
just for documents. Who told you I
have a safe?

MATT

I'm not a rat.

(beat)

I want the ten thousand dollar
stacks, Mr. Rickerson. They told
me.

RICKERSON

The what?

MATT

Ten. Thousand. Dollar. Stacks.

RICKERSON

I've never seen ten thousand
dollars cash in my life.

Matt notices a door.

MATT

Basement?

Rickerson doesn't respond.

MATT (CONT'D)

Nice to have a basement.

Matt walks him over to the door, opens it.

MATT (CONT'D)

Where's the safe?

RICKERSON

I don't have one.

MATT

Maybe it's down there.

RICKERSON

(pleading)

No.

Matt shoves Rickerson off the edge.

CUT TO:

13 INT. VIC'S NEW YORKER - DRIVING - NIGHT

13

Matt sits shotgun in a brown, 1976 Chrysler New Yorker on a State Route, VICTOR HOWARD, 21, drives. A box of wine sits between them. Matt flips through Rickerson's wallet. The horse painting (Scene 11) sits in the back seat.

Vic takes a hit on his crack pipe, then passes it to Matt, who tosses the wallet out the window to take a hit.

VIC

How'd you hear about this guy?

MATT

He fired my ass a couple weeks ago.

VIC

You fucking know him?

MATT

The guy likes to hire ex cons, like to help reintegrate them into the community.

(beat)

You shouldn't do that.

Matt laughs at his own joke, then takes a hit of crack.

VIC

If you fucking know this guy you should have worn a mask.

MATT

He's a con, alright? He's been embezzling from his own company for years, which is where all this fucking cash came from.

VIC

No shit?

MATT

So that's why he's not gonna say shit to any cops once we get it out of him.

VIC

Oh, okay. Nice. So when's he gonna give us the fucking money?

MATT

How the fuck am I supposed to know that?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

MATT (CONT'D)

But you're not gonna put in all
that work embezzling, and then
cough it up the second some guy
throws you down a flight of stairs.

VIC

I get it, we're fucking Robin Hood.

We hear a THUMP coming from the trunk.

MATT

Pull over.

14

EXT. U.S. ROUTE 20 - CONTINUOUS

14

Outside Route 20, which at this part of south west New York
is nothing more than a country road. Matt gets out of the
car and walks to the back. There are no lights except from
the old car.

Matt opens the trunk, where Rickerson lays on his back, his
hands tied behind his back with an electric cord, his feet
tied up the same way. A gag, fashioned from an old rag or T-
shirt, is lodged in his mouth. Matt removes the gag.

MATT

Where's the money?

RICKERSON

I'm sorry. I didn't want to fire
you.

MATT

Jesus Christ.

RICKERSON

Your P.O. called me, right? Asked
how you were doing with the
drinking.

MATT

I don't care, Mr. Rickerson. I
just want the money.

RICKERSON

There's no money, so-- Please, let
me go, okay? I'm sorry. Please--

VIC

(from inside)

Car!

(CONTINUED)

Matt stops, slams the trunk shut, and returns to the front seat of the New Yorker.

They sit for a few moments. Rickerson starts THUMPING and KICKING from the trunk.

RICKERSON
Ricky! Let me out! Come on,
Ricky! There's no money, come on
let me out!

Rickerson keeps yelling. After a moment, Matt gets out of the New Yorker and walks back to the trunk.

Vic sits there a moment and then hits the tape deck to drown out the noise.

"Wu-Tang Clan Aint Nuthing ta Fuck Wit" starts playing.

AT THE TRUNK:

MATT
Pop the trunk!

Vic pops the trunk. Matt pulls Rickerson towards him.

MATT (CONT'D)
I want the fucking money, Mr.
Rickerson, okay? Give me the money
and I'll take you home. I don't
want to do it, but I'm gonna break
your fucking hand.

RICKERSON
But there's no money, so--

Matt SNAPS one of the bones in Rickerson's hand.

RICKERSON (CONT'D)
Aaaa!

After a beat, Matt snaps a second finger.

Rickerson clutches his hand, then begins softly sobbing.

"Wu-Tang Clan Aint Nuthing ta Fuck Wit" starts playing from inside the car.

Matt puts the gag back in Rickerson's mouth and shuts the trunk, then starts to dance to the Wu-Tang Clan as he gets back in the car.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Just because you steal with a pen
doesn't mean you're not tough.

The volume of the song CRANKS as the car peels off onto the
icy road.

A15 INT. VIC'S NEW YORKER - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS A15

Vic sings along to the song, Matt pounding his cup into the
dash to the rhythm of the beat, spraying wine on the
interior and windshield of the car.

VIC

Wu-Tang Clan ain't nothing ta fuck
wit! / Wu-Tang Clan ain't nothing
ta fuck wit! / Wu-Tang Clan ain't
nothing ta fuck wit! / Wu-Tang Clan
ain't nothing ta fuck wit!

15 EXT. PURE PLATINUM GENTLEMEN'S CLUB/INT. VIC'S NEW YORKER - 15
NIGHT

We find the New Yorker parked next to a dumpster in the
parking lot of a low-end strip club, HIP HOP blaring from
inside.

Two strippers, KARENA, 30s, and TORI, 18, both blonde, come
out of the back door and towards the car, wobbling on their
very high heels.

Matt gets out of the car and gives Karena a kiss.

MATT

Who's she?

KARENA

That's Tori. She's new.

MATT

Hi.

TORI

Hi.

KARENA

Alright, alright.

Matt opens the back door for Tori, who climbs in. Matt and
Karena get in the front with Vic. Matt shuts the door and
turns to Karena.

(CONTINUED)

MATT
Put it in.

KARENA
Give me the money.

Matt takes out a fifty from his pocket, slides it into Karena's bra.

KARENA (CONT'D)
Ricky! You said a hundred.

MATT
I'll get you the rest later.

KARENA
That's all you got?

MATT
At the moment.

KARENA
(to Vic)
What about you?

MATT
It's all we got.

Karena shakes her head, then pulls out a bag of crack, and puts it in Matt's jacket pocket. Matt turns to Tori, sitting next to the horse painting.

TORI
Cool painting.

MATT
You want to see something?
(then, to Vic)
Pop the trunk.

Vic pops the trunk.

Matt, Karena and Tori get out. Matt opens the trunk of the car to reveal Rickerson, very badly beaten and bloody, still gagged.

MATT (CONT'D)
What do you think?

TORI
I'm cold.

(CONTINUED)

15

Tori walks back into the strip club. Matt, still chuckling to himself, shuts the trunk.

KARENA

You know what? That was really fucking stupid showing me that in front of her.

MATT

I thought you're friends with her.

KARENA

I barely know her. And how do you know Vic isn't gonna open his mouth about this shit, you know? He's a fucking crackhead.

MATT

Well it's his fucking car. Relax, baby.

KARENA

Don't tell me to relax.

MATT

Go calm Barbie down. I'll call you later.

KARENA

I need the other fifty by the end of the night.

He gives her a kiss and gets back in the car. Vic peels out.

A16

EXT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

A16

Matt walks out of a drug store on a dark street, his jacket zipped to the top, and stuffed with something inside. He approaches the New Yorker, parked nearby.

16

INT. VIC'S NEW YORKER - NIGHT

16

Vic sits behind the wheel in the parked car, smoking crack, the windows fogged up.

There is a KNOCK at the window, Vic unlocks the door and Matt gets in.

MATT

We gotta go.

(CONTINUED)

Vic starts up the car and starts driving. Vic looks back out the window at the drug store.

VIC
You get it?

Matt unzips his jacket and a bounty pours out: a whole salami, a couple Slim Jims, a pack of Big League Chew, a bag of Sour Patch Kids, a bottle of whiskey, two porno magazines, some duct tape, a slinky, two small notebooks, and several pairs of women's reading glasses.

Vic grabs a flashy pair of reading glasses.

MATT
No, those are mine.

Matt puts on the reading glasses, a flamboyant 50s style with rhinestones and high corners. Vic puts on another pair. They start laughing hysterically.

LATER:

Matt takes a swig of whiskey out of the bottle, then looks at Vic, who is wearing some very thick old-lady glasses.

MATT (CONT'D)
You look like you're in 'Golden Girls'.

Vic turns.

VIC
(serious)
I am in 'Golden Girls'.

MATT
Fuck! Can I have your autograph?

VIC
Ten dollars.

Matt finds the pipe in his pocket and takes a hit, then opens one of the Slim Jims and takes a bite out of it.

MATT
You know what I was thinking?

Matt takes another hit.

MATT (CONT'D)
Oh fuck. I can see how people like this shit.

(CONTINUED)

16

Matt just sits there chewing. They hear a THUMPING from the trunk.

VIC
Where'd you hear about the money
again?

MATT
What?

VIC
The money. Where'd you hear about
it?

MATT
It was well known around the store.

VIC
So someone saw it.

MATT
He owns the whole business. You
don't think that guy's rich?

VIC
His house wasn't that big.

MATT
What the fuck do you want from me?

Matt studies Vic, both still wearing their old lady glasses.
Vic pulls over.

17

EXT. U.S. ROUTE 20 - NIGHT

17

The New Yorker stops, Matt gets out, and goes to the trunk.
He opens it. Rickerson shivers in terror. Matt turns
Rickerson over, breaks another finger. Rickerson SCREAMS
through his gag. Once he stops, Matt pulls it out.

MATT
Mr. Rickerson, are you going to
give me the money or what?

RICKERSON
(crying)
There's no money.

Matt breaks another finger on Rickerson's hand. He again
cries out.

(CONTINUED)

RICKERSON (CONT'D)

(crying)

There is no money... I got twenty seven grand in a savings account in Buffalo. We can go there in the morning.

MATT

Where'd you get it? Did you embezzle it?

RICKERSON

What?

MATT

The twenty seven grand. Did you embezzle it?

RICKERSON

Savings. I saved it.

Matt knows he's telling the truth.

MATT

Shit! ... Vic! Get over here.

Vic gets out of the car, comes to the trunk.

VIC

What's happening?

MATT

I fucked up. I think the money thing is a rumor.

VIC

Shit!

RICKERSON

Please, Ricky, just let me go. I promise I won't tell anyone.

MATT

Oh, you're not gonna talk?

RICKERSON

I'll say I smashed my hands in the garage door.

MATT

Both hands?

(CONTINUED)

17

RICKERSON

Yes.

MATT

Why are you going to lie? Why?

RICKERSON

So you don't get in trouble.

MATT

To protect me?

RICKERSON

Yes.

MATT

After what we did to you? You're going to protect us? ... Shut the fuck up. Vic, help me sit him up.

Matt pulls out the duct tape as Vic sits Rickerson up in the trunk.

RICKERSON

Please.

MATT

Shut the fuck up!

Matt starts wrapping the tape around Rickerson's face.

MATT (CONT'D)

My mistake was believing a rumor,
and your mistake was being honest,
but now you're lying to me, so I
can't keep track of you.

Matt closes the trunk.

CUT TO:

A18

INT. VIC'S NEW YORKER - DRIVING - NIGHT (**EXISTING FOOTAGE**) A18

The New Yorker drives through the winter night.

MATT (V.O.)

You talk to him this time.

VIC (V.O.)

Uh huh.

MATT (V.O.)

You're good cop, okay?

(CONTINUED)

VIC (V.O.)

Fine.

18 EXT. TONAWANDA ISLAND - NIGHT

18

The trunk pops, and then is pulled open. From inside we see Matt and Vic, staring back at us.

They pull Rickerson up into frame as Matt begins to unwrap the duct tape from his head.

Matt removes the remaining duct tape around Rickerson's mouth, Rickerson's dead eye staring right at Matt.

MATT

(to the corpse)

What?

VIC

Oh shit. He's dead.

Matt shuts Rickerson's eye.

MATT

Oh well, life is hard.

Matt pulls out his belt and puts it under Rickerson's armpit. He pulls Rickerson up. Rickerson's body now rests on the edge of the trunk.

MATT (CONT'D)

Don't turn into a girl. Give me a hand.

VIC

Dude, this is fucked up.

MATT

Shut the fuck up. Grab his legs.
Pull!

Vic grabs Rickerson by the legs. Matt holds Rickerson by the shoulders, they pull him out of the trunk, and drop him on the ground.

LATER:

(CONTINUED)

Matt and Vic drag the body away from the car.

FADE OUT:

19 EXT. EXCELSIOR MOTEL - SNOWING - DUSK 19

Establishing shot of the snow covered Excelsior Motel in Tonawanda.

20 INT. EXCELSIOR MOTEL - SNOWING - DUSK 20

Matt lies in the bed of the cheap motel with Karena, spent Chinese food boxes litter the nightstand. Matt finishes an apple while they watch "Deliverance" on TV.

It's the part where Jon Voight has the nightmare of the hand popping out of the lake.

CLOSE ON: Matt.

MATT
BULLSHIT!

He puts down his apple.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. TONAWANDA ISLAND - SNOWING - NIGHT 21

Matt lifts off a large railroad tie and throws it to the side. Underneath we see Mr. Rickerson's face.

LATER:

Matt cuts Rickerson's neck with a hacksaw.

LATER:

Matt pulls off Rickerson's wedding ring and puts it in his pocket.

Matt saws one of the hands off at the wrist.

LATER:

Matt places Rickerson's decapitated head into a trash bag, sitting in between his own severed hands.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT: The pile of body parts sits near a tree between Vic's New Yorker and the river. Matt grabs two arms, without hands, and throws them into the river.

(CONTINUED)

21

21

He then grabs one half of the torso, which he tosses in next. He grabs the other half and tosses it in the river.

He then grabs the legs and tosses them in.

Matt picks up the bag with the head and the hands.

MATT

C'mon, Mr. Rickerson, let's go.

Matt takes the bag to the passenger side of the car, tosses it inside, then walks around to the driver's side and gets in. The car drives off.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

22

EXT. BARILLE HOME - GARAGE - MORNING

22

Outside of a small North Country house in spring. The house is old, needs a paint job. In the driveway are two cars, a 1985 Honda Civic, and a "Sunny Tomorrow Daycare" station wagon, not in great shape, facing each other, their hoods up.

TILLY enters frame holding jumper cables. She's twenty years younger, and from the start, seems to be a different person, bright and eager.

She attaches the cables to the batteries, then gets in the Civic and starts it. JEROME, 50s, driving the station wagon, gets out. As she gets out and unclips the jumpers:

TILLY

Thanks Jerome. Looks like I'm
buyin' a battery.

JEROME

Probably an alternator, too. Don't
shut it off until you get to work.
(she nods)
You ready, buddy?

Tilly turns to see KENNY BARILLE JUNIOR, five years old, standing there watching them.

KENNY JUNIOR

Mommy.

Tilly looks up as KENNY BARILLE SENIOR, 30, strong and good looking, comes out of the house.

(CONTINUED)

TILLY

I thought you were watching him.

KENNY SENIOR

I am.

JEROME

It's okay, I got him.

As Jerome goes to try and pick Kenny Junior up, he cries.

KENNY SENIOR

I got him.

Kenny Senior grabs Kenny Junior and straps him into the back of the station wagon next to another FIVE YEAR OLD.

KENNY SENIOR (CONT'D)

See you later, Junior.

Kenny Junior is still sniffing.

KENNY JUNIOR

Daddy.

KENNY SENIOR

You'll have fun with Jerome and your friends and we'll see you soon.

JEROME

Lots of fun.

Kenny Senior gives Kenny Junior a kiss and goes back to his car.

TILLY

Thanks, Jerome.

JEROME

Have a good one. He'll be okay.

Jerome backs out and goes down the road.

TILLY

Yeah, he'll be fine.

Tilly and Kenny Senior drive in the cramped cabin of the 80s Japanese car.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY SENIOR

So I heard there's a guy in the area, come up from New York, looking to buy old houses like ours, tear 'em down and sell the wood to restaurants that want an old timey look.

TILLY

But then we don't got a house.

KENNY SENIOR

Buy ourselves a pre-fab, not too pricey.

TILLY

Whatever you want.

KENNY SENIOR

It's a big change and I want your opinion, Tilly.

TILLY

Well, the summer people come up here and they want everything looking like it always looks, right?

KENNY SENIOR

Right.

TILLY

Well, summer people look at that old house and say, oh that's so quaint.

KENNY SENIOR

That's why they want to buy it.

TILLY

So let them tear it down if it'll piss off the summer people.

They share a laugh.

KENNY SENIOR

Good thinking.

They pull out of the driveway.

24 EXT. TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY - DAY 24

They come to a square metal-clad industrial building between the highway and a railroad track. This is the Tru-Stitch Slipper Factory.

25 INT. HONDA CIVIC - CONTINUOUS 25

As they pull into the parking lot, Kenny Senior turns down the music and stops the car near a loading dock where workers unload equipment.

KENNY SENIOR

Look, I been thinking and I gotta say this thing... I don't think we should be paying for Jerome anymore.

TILLY

Seriously, Kenny? The kid needs to play with other people.

KENNY SENIOR

Yeah, but it hardly makes sense for you to go to work just to pay for someone to watch him.

TILLY

You want me to quit?

KENNY SENIOR

What do you clear after paying Jerome -- maybe seventy bucks more a week? I mean in the big picture, what does the lost time with his mom do to a kid?

One of the loading dock workers is LYLE MITCHELL, twenty years younger. He pushes a U-Boat truck dolly with Tru-Stitch boxes on it. He looks at her a beat.

*
*

TILLY

Why don't you stay home then and not me?

KENNY SENIOR

I make more than you.

TILLY

For no reason other than you're a man. Kenny, let me make you feel better about this. You're a great Dad.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY SENIOR

Thank you for that.

Lyle looks up and sees Tilly and Kenny Senior. He's focused on his job and his look at them is neutral.

TILLY

He needs to be in daycare. The kid needs to play with other people.

KENNY SENIOR

Yeah.

INT. TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY - DAY

A factory making slippers and moccasins, which should remind us of Tailor 1, but louder, with more machines and workers.

We find Tilly sewing fringes onto slippers with her sewing machine, working next to ANNIE (Chapter Four), now in her 20s and pregnant. Kenny Senior is a buffer, working near the other side of the room.

*

ANNIE

Pete's taking a job at Dannemora.

TILLY

He's not afraid of the inmates?

ANNIE

Honestly I think he's looking forward to beating the shit out of 'em. Anyway, it's a union job with benefits. Can't think selfish anymore with a little one on the way.

TILLY

All those men together. What do you do for sex?

ANNIE

What do you think?

TILLY

You ever seen gay porn magazines?

ANNIE

The questions you ask. The answer is N.O.

(CONTINUED)

TILLY

I bet gay men are better in bed
with each other than our men are in
bed with us.

Lyle passes the sewing area pushing his now-empty U-Boat
dolly. Tilly gives a look to him. There's just a flicker
of recognition.

*
*

ANNIE

(laughing)
That might be true.

TILLY

Gay guys have sex anonymously,
don't even know each other.

ANNIE

It's a man thing. Physical urge.

TILLY

We all got urges.

*

ANNIE

Not in my house.

*

TILLY

Sex is supposed to be fun.
(beat)
You know, in France married people
have lovers. The women too.

*
*
*
*

ANNIE

Yeah, in France.

*
*

TILLY

So what, because I work manual
labor in the middle of nowhere I'm
not supposed to bust a nut?

*
*
*
*

ANNIE

So you want to be a gay French man,
okay.

*
*

TILLY

There's worse things. Don't act
innocent. You get to live
vicariously through me.

*

ANNIE

Not true.

(CONTINUED)

TILLY

Yes it is. I'm your dirty friend
and you love it.

Annie stops her machine, sees her needle is bent.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

Fucking needle. I'll be back.

Tilly watches Annie walk off. Lyle walks back without his U
Boat. He stops at Tilly's station.

*
*

LYLE

And there I was, standing right in
front of your vehicle, and I had to
pretend to check the load on my U-
Boat so I could look over at you.
It hurt not to wave.

*
*

TILLY

Can you get away at lunch?

LYLE

I hate waiting that long.

TILLY

It's two hours.

LYLE

Without you, two hours is forever.

He moves off as Annie returns with a new needle. She takes
her place.

ANNIE

You should watch it.

Tilly doesn't respond as she's adjusting her sewing machine.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Tilly, listen to me.

TILLY

Something's stuck.

ANNIE

I like my job.

TILLY

Good. Me too.

ANNIE

Yeah, well you know they closed
down Bombay.

TILLY

It's why I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

Well if your little soap opera slows down the line, and we don't make enough moccasins for the company you can bet your ass they'll say sayonara to Malone, too, and move the whole operation to China. All because you gotta "bust a nut."

Tilly takes this in.

TILLY

Sayonara is Japanese. And the only thing slowing down the line is you and your big mouth.

27	OMITTED	27
28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29
30	EXT. TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY - DAY	30

Lyle fucks Tilly on some railroad tracks within sight of the factory, her pants around her ankles, Lyle behind her. As they fuck, they chat.

TILLY

My car died again today.

LYLE

Oh yeah?

TILLY

One day I'm gonna drive that piece of shit right into Ausable Chasm.
(about the sex)
Oooh, that feels good.

LYLE

Jap crap, never good cars.

TILLY

Kenny can't even fix it. Had to jump it myself this morning.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE

He buffs shoes for a living, no
idea how machines work. Woman
shouldn't have to do that. If you
were mine, you'd never pop the
hood.

*

TILLY

(about the sex)

That's it... that's it.

LYLE

Yeah. That's it. I know what you
like.

TILLY

Yeah you do, you know it all.

ANGLE ON: Annie, watching from the parking lot.

31	OMITTED	31
32	OMITTED	32
33	OMITTED	33
34	OMITTED	34
A35	EXT. TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY - LATER	A35

Tilly chases after Kenny Senior, who heads towards the Honda Civic, furious.

KENNY SENIOR

What the fuck, Tilly!

TILLY

Stop it! You're making a scene!

KENNY SENIOR

Yeah, I am. How about I got over
to Lyle Mitchell and make a fucking
scene! Huh?!

TILLY

We'll talk about it in the car!

KENNY SENIOR

You're not getting in the car
because I'm fucking done.

(CONTINUED)

TILLY
Well I'm done with your bitching
and moaning!

(CONTINUED)

A35

KENNY SENIOR

How the hell could you do this to me again?!

TILLY

People make mistakes, Kenny! Grow up!

KENNY SENIOR

How many, Tilly? Huh?! You're a whore!

Tilly turns on him.

TILLY

And what kinda man are you? Are you a fuckin' saint? I'll tell you -- you're a little man. A sad, little man.

Kenny walks around and opens the door to the car. Then, almost calmly:

KENNY SENIOR

You're not getting my boy. No fucking way.

He gets in the Honda and leaves Tilly, standing there.

35

INT. DINER - NIGHT

35

Lyle sits alone in a diner. Tilly enters, walks over to him and takes a seat.

TILLY

What the fuck am I gonna do?

LYLE

You have a right to happiness, it's in the Constitution. But I guess, so does he.

TILLY

Fuck his happiness. He's gonna take my kid!

LYLE

I think he'll come off that. Coolest head prevails.

TILLY

He called me a whore.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE

Well that ain't right. I wouldn't ever call Norma that.

TILLY

You tell her?

LYLE

Tomorrow. Not gonna see it comin'.

TILLY

Lyle, listen to me. Fuck Kenny and fuck Norma. We got something here. Something special. But we could lose everything if we aren't smart about this. Kenny called me a whore and that's how the court's gonna see me too. A whore and a unfit mother. And I can't lose my kid.

LYLE

What are you saying?

TILLY

Lyle, you can be Kenny Junior's father. I want you to be.

LYLE

Well -- a boy needs his mom, but a young man needs his father. If we got custody, the two Kennys gonna need some actual father son time.

TILLY

He gets angry, you know that. And he got a DWI. He can be violent, Lyle.

LYLE

He can?

TILLY

Well, he has the potential. The judge's gotta know that.

LYLE

How?

Tilly looks at him a beat. She has an idea. Lyle looks at his coffee.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE (CONT'D)
Norma's not gonna see this comin'.

36 INT. TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY - DAY 36

Tilly walks past Kenny Senior, settling into work at his station. He won't look at her.

Tilly sits down at her station next to Annie.

TILLY

Morning.

Annie doesn't respond, so Tilly grabs some beaded fringe and begins her work.

TILLY (CONT'D)

I like them beaded. Don't you, Annie?

No answer.

TILLY (CONT'D)

Your concentration at work is an inspiration to shoe people everywhere.

ANNIE

Stop acting like nothing's wrong.

TILLY

I'm just working. You want me to slow down the line? What about China?

Kenny Senior gets up and walks off.

A37 INT. TRU-STITCH - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER A37

Lyle, in the break room, watches Kenny continues into the bathroom, heated. Lyle follows him in.

37 INT. TRU-STITCH - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

37

Kenny Senior finishes taking a piss, then turns to find Lyle standing there, smiling.

KENNY SENIOR
Will you stop smiling?

Lyle keeps smiling.

KENNY SENIOR (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you smiling
about, huh?
(beat)
What the fuck are you smiling
about?

Lyle smiles more broadly.

KENNY SENIOR (CONT'D)
Fuck you!

Kenny Senior loses control of himself and punches Lyle straight in the face, knocking him into the wall, his hat falling off.

Lyle doesn't fight back, which infuriates Kenny Senior.

Kenny Senior punches him twice more.

KENNY SENIOR (CONT'D)
If you want that cunt, you can have
her.

Lyle picks up his hat, and puts it on.

TYLER, 30, another employee, enters.

*

TYLER
What the fuck, Kenny!

Lyle walks out.

STAY ON LYLE, wiping his bloody nose.

38 OMITTED 38

Chyron: Six months later

A39 EXT. FLANAGAN HOTEL - MALONE, NY - DAY A39

Establishing shot of the Flanagan Hotel, a flop house.
Lyle's truck pulls up and Tilly gets out.

B39 INT. FLANAGAN HOTEL - KENNY SENIOR'S ROOM - DAY B39

The door to a sparse hotel room opens and Kenny Senior lets Tilly in. He's been living off canned food cooked on a hot plate.

TILLY
Jesus, Kenny.

KENNY SENIOR
You try living better on ninety one
bucks a week.

TILLY
I didn't come all the way down here
for a guilt trip.

KENNY SENIOR
What the fuck do you want?

TILLY
You threatened to take away my kid,
Kenny. What did you think I was
gonna do?

KENNY SENIOR
Our kid.

TILLY
I don't want to fight.

Kenny grabs a manilla envelope off his bed, hands it to her.
She pulls out some documents and inspects them.

TILLY (CONT'D)
You're doing the right thing.
You'll be able to move out of this
shithole. And he'll be well taken
care of.

KENNY SENIOR
I don't ever want to see you again.

Tilly walks out.

39 OMITTED 39

A40 EXT. FLANAGAN HOTEL - DAY A40

Lyle stands outside the truck holding Kenny Junior's hand.

Tilly comes out of the building.

LYLE

So?

TILLY

Time to celebrate.

They get in the truck.

40 INT. LYLE'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER 40

Tilly buckles Kenny Junior into the bench seat between them.

KENNY JUNIOR

Where's daddy?

Tilly turns to face him.

TILLY

Listen to me honey, you're not
Kenny Junior anymore, okay? You're
Kenny. Kenny and nothing else.
Okay? Can you understand? Listen
to me. Lyle is your father now.
That's what you call him. Lyle is
your dad.

KENNY JUNIOR

But I already have a dad.

TILLY

I just talked to that dad, and he
decided he doesn't want to be your
dad anymore. So Lyle is your dad
now. You call him Dad, not Lyle,
not Uncle Lyle, but Dad.

LYLE

It doesn't bother me to call him
Kenny Junior. You don't have to
change his name.

TILLY

Yes I do. You know why?
(she turns again to the boy)
You know why?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TILLY (CONT'D)

Because he took a punch for me.

(to Lyle)

You took a punch for me, Lyle. You
coulda hit back but you didn't,
cause you knew how important it was
not to. And I'll never forget it.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW

(CONTINUED)

Appendix A - APB Announcement.

DISPATCHER CATHY

Broome County to all units stand by
for an all points bulletin.

(beat)

APB as follows: Be on the look out
for a late model pickup truck
believed to be to used in the Mess
Fireworks burglary. Unknown
registration. Three white males
traveling north.