

GOOD BEHAVIOR

"One"

Written by

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Based on the Letty Dobesh Books by Blake Crouch

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EXT. TRUCK STOP -- CHARLESTON -- DAY

TITLE: **CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA**

A grey day at a truck stop on the outskirts of the city.

TRUCKER (PRELAP)
Know what would look good on you?

INT. TRUCK STOP DINER -- DAY

Behind the counter, LETTY DOBESH (thin, short brown hair, should be gorgeous... but not today, not in a long time) avoids eye contact as she pours coffee into the mug of this TRUCKER (scrawny, John Deere hat).

LETTY
What's that?

TRUCKER
Me.

Letty looks up at his eyes. They're small, volatile.

LETTY
That's beautiful. You should write Hallmark cards.

The Trucker laughs like he's not sure if he was just insulted.

Letty turns, sets the coffee pot back on the warmer, wipes her hands on her apron, closes her eyes for a moment of solace.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Letty.

She turns her head to see her manager, LLOYD. He's short, sweaty, in black jeans and a white Oxford with a Scooby-Doo tie. He holds A WIRE BRUSH in his right hand.

LETTY
Good morning, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Bathrooms. They're disgusting.

LETTY
I have two tables.

LLOYD
You have three toilets.

He shoves the wire brush into her hand.

INT. TRUCK STOP -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Letty scrubs furiously at a beard of dried shit affixed to the inside of the toilet. She does it so thoroughly that she begins to sweat.

Finally, it's pristine.

A *KNOCK* at the door.

LETTY

Just a minute.

Letty wipes the film of tears. Smooths her uniform dress. Pulls herself together. Lifts the cleaning supplies.

Opens the door.

It's the trucker, standing right in front of her.

LETTY (CONT'D)

All yours.

She takes a step to move past him.

But he blocks the doorway.

TRUCKER

Letty, right?

LETTY

Right.

TRUCKER

Wanna earn your tip? How about we go back in there for a few minutes?

He crowds her back into the bathroom with force. She reaches right down, grabs his groin and pulls him toward her.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

Oh, hell, yeah.

Letty spots a bulge in the left side of his vest. *Wallet*. With their lips inches apart, Letty smiles, releases him. Then she drives her knee straight up into his balls and at the same instant slides her right hand inside his vest. She snatches his wallet just as he keels over onto the floor.

She starts to move forward but stops short when she sees her manager at the end of the hallway, his face twisted in rage.

LLOYD

You junkie whore.

LETTY

Lloyd --

LLOYD

Get the fuck out of here before I send you back to jail.

LETTY

This asshole tried to --

LLOYD

You're fired. Get out.

Letty rips off her apron, drops it on the floor beside the *MOANING* trucker who is now fetal in the corner, and bolts.

INT. BUS -- MOVING -- DAY

Letty rides the bus in a seat toward the back. She goes through the trucker's wallet. \$86 IN CASH and TWO CREDIT CARDS. She sees his name is Donald. She whips out her iPhone and plugs in a wireless card reader. She swipes and scans Donald's Visa. Then his Mastercard. **WHIISHH. WHIISH.**

LETTY

Thank you, Donald.

CUT TO TITLE:

GOOD BEHAVIOR

OVER BLACK:

FEMALE VOICE

Think about it.

EXT. ASHEVILLE -- DAY

TITLE: **THREE WEEKS LATER. ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.**

The Blue Ridge Mountains cradle the smoky city of Asheville, North Carolina. One of the Top Ten Most Beautiful Places in North America, some say. Some call it The Paris of the South.

Some call it a freak capital.

FEMALE VOICE

Every day you do nothing but make choices.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

On the outskirts of the city, a barely-occupied MOTEL. Dirty.

FEMALE VOICE

You made a choice to be here.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

A mess. Too many clothes. Too much stuff.

FEMALE VOICE

But ask yourself this: is the person you
say you want to be the person you're
choosing to be?

In the bathroom, flooded with swiped hotel soaps and shampoos and cotton swab five-packs, Letty tries to squeeze the last of a travel toothpaste onto her toothbrush while listening to this motivational lecture on her iPhone.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Ask yourself, "Am I choosing --

The iPhone *BUZZES*, an incoming call mercifully silencing that woman's voice. Letty glances at THE CALLER ID: **Nate Grove Park**. She picks up with the hand not holding the toothbrush.

LETTY (INTO PHONE)

Hi.

As Letty listens, she gives up on the toothpaste, swigs from a mini-bottle of mouthwash instead. Swishes it in her mouth.

LETTY (CONT'D)

*(listening, mouth full of
mouthwash)*

Mmm-hmm. Mmm-hmm.

She spits out the mouthwash. It *SPLASHES HARD* into the sink.

INT. TAXI -- MOVING -- DAY

As the taxi pulls to a stop, Letty straightens the red wig over her short brown hair and adjusts her oversize Jimmy Choo sunglasses. She hands a TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL to the DRIVER.

DRIVER

Need change?

LETTY

On a nine-dollar fare? What does your heart tell you?

EXT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- SECONDS LATER

Letty steps out of the cab at the entrance to the Grove Park Resort & Spa. Very new, very planned, very beige.

She brushes past the BELLHOP and into the hotel, carrying A SMALL LEATHER DUFFLE BAG...

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Letty walks with purpose and thrill along the dizzyingly-patterned carpet of the all-things-to-all-people hotel.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- LOUNGE -- MOMENTS LATER

At a table on the outskirts of the hotel lounge, Letty orders from a BARKEEP (23, good-looking, compulsive weight lifter).

LETTY
San Pellegrino with lime.

BARKEEP
Sure thing.

The Barkeep turns, heads back to the bar. Letty checks her watch: **2:59 PM**. She looks around, clocks:

AN OLDER COUPLE cuddling on a sofa, glasses of wine in hand.

A MAN IN A GREY BLAZER reading the newspaper several tables away. Moneyed. Tanned.

TWO WORKMEN washing the windows that overlook the terrace.

All seems quiet enough. Until: **BEEP!** Letty looks down at her beeping watch: **3:00 PM**. She hears *FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING*.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)
San Pellegrino with lime.

The Barkeep sets down 1) a napkin, 2) a glass of Pellegrino.

LETTY
What do I owe you?

BARKEEP
On the house.

LETTY
Aww. Aren't you sweet.

He smiles, goes. Letty crushes the lime into the water. Sips. Stares at the napkin the barkeep left. On the napkin, four numbers have been written in black ink:

824
1312
1482
2288

Letty stares at the numbers, memorizes them. She discreetly glances back to: THE WINDOW-WASHERS, THE OLDER COUPLE, THE MAN IN THE GREY BLAZER -- all absorbed in their own worlds. Good.

Letty lifts the napkin, slides THE KEYCARD hidden underneath it across the tabletop and into her grasp. She shreds the napkin, sprinkles the pieces into the *FIZZING, HISSING* water.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- 8TH FLOOR -- MINUTES LATER

WHOOSH -- the elevator doors open on the eighth floor. Letty steps out. The corridor is vacant. No housekeeping carts. Just the *HUM OF AN ICE MACHINE* around the corner.

Letty moves quickly until she's in front of the closed door of Room 824. She dials a number on her iPhone. *RING. RING.*

HOTEL OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Grove Park Resort and Spa, how may I
direct your call?

LETTY (INTO PHONE)
Room eight-twenty-four, please.

HOTEL OPERATOR
Certainly.

Through the door, Letty hears the *ROOM PHONE RINGING*. She lets it ring five times. *RING.*

RING.

RING.

RING.

RING. Confirmation: no one is home. Letty ends the call, glances one last time up and down the corridor. Pulls out the master keycard, slides it into the reader.

CLICK. The door unlocks.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- ROOM 824 -- SECONDS LATER

QUICK SHOTS: Letty steals A LAPTOP. A BOTTLE OF GUERLAIN perfume. An iPad. All the MINI SHAMPOOS, CONDITIONERS, BODY WASHES, COTTON SWABS. All goes into her duffle bag.

HOTEL OPERATOR (PRELAP ON PHONE)
Grove Park Resort and Spa, how may I
direct your call?

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- 13TH FLOOR -- MINUTES LATER

On her iPhone, Letty stands outside the door of room 1312.

LETTY (INTO PHONE)
May I have room thirteen-twelve?

RING.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- ROOM 1312 -- MOMENTS LATER

QUICK SHOTS: At the room safe, Letty holds down the # BUTTON and the * BUTTON at the same time while dialing A TEN-DIGIT CODE. The master break code. The safe opens. She takes A WAD OF CASH.

LETTY (PRELAP INTO PHONE)
Room fourteen-eighty-two.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- ROOM 1482 -- MINUTES LATER

QUICK SHOTS: Letty opens a suitcase, steals a not-so-bad BIKINI. From the desk: A LAPTOP, A PACK OF CIGARETTES. Shovels THE CONTENTS OF THE MINI-BAR into her bag.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- 22ND FLOOR -- MINUTES LATER

Letty stands at the door of the last of the four rooms:

LETTY (INTO PHONE)
Room twenty-two-eighty-eight, please.

RING. RING. RING. RING. RING. No one's in the room. She swipes the keycard -- **WHOOSH.**

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- ROOM 2288 -- MOMENTS LATER

A single king bed, unmade, clothes tossed on the near side. In the sitting area: an armoire, loveseat, leather chair, and floor-to-ceiling windows with a \$450-a-night view of the Asheville skyline, the mountains, and a golf-course -- greens and fairways lined with pines.

Letty opens the bedside table drawer. Nothing. The armoire, the dresser. Nothing. In the tiled bathroom, the mirror still beaded with condensation, she checks every drawer. Nothing. She checks the closet, the suitcase, even under the sofa cushions. *Nothing.*

On a side table: THREE ROMEO Y JULIETA CIGARS. She pockets them. Whatever. She unzips her duffle, opens the minibar. Her iPhone BUZZES as she reaches for a 1.5-oz. bottle of Glenlivet. BUZZ. As she digs for her iPhone, she doesn't see the master keycard fall out of her purse onto the floor.

Caller ID: it's **Nate Grove Park** again. Letty swipes the **Slide to Answer** tab on her iPhone.

LETTY (INTO PHONE)

What?

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- LOUNGE -- SAME (**INTERCUT**)

The Barkeep (who we now know is NATE) is still at the bar, discreetly whispering into his cell.

NATE (INTO PHONE)

What room you in?

LETTY

Twenty-two-eighty-eight.

NATE

Get out of there. Guest is coming back.

LETTY

How much time do I have?

NATE

You might not have any. I got tied up giving directions to that older couple.

Letty hoists the duffle onto her shoulder, darts to the door, but the unmistakable sound of A *KEYCARD SLIDING INTO THE DOOR READER* stops her cold. A VOICE on the other side of the door:

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

I think you've got it upside down.

Letty rushes to the nearest closet, opens the bi-fold doors, and slides inside.

With no doorknob on the inside of the doors, she has to pull them shut by the slats. The closet is so small that she can't sit or bend her knees.

She hears people enter the suite. She quickly powers off her phone so it doesn't ring.

Through a ribbon of light, Letty can see:

TWO MEN walk past the closet, faces obscured by the angles of the slats. One in a grey blazer and khaki slacks who we'll come to know as CHASE ROCHEFORT, the other in a black suit who we'll come to know as JAVIER (subdued, calm, frightening, piercing blue eyes, think Javier Bardem).

JAVIER

Drink?

CHASE ROCHEFORT
Jameson, if they have it.

Javier goes to the mini-bar, stops briefly when he sees a stray keycard under the credenza that houses the fridge.

Letty's heart *SLAMS* in her chest. *It's her keycard.*

Javier picks up the keycard, sets it on the credenza, opens the mini-bar and pulls out the Jameson. Pours the whiskey into a rocks glass. Cracks a bottle of beer.

As the two men settle into the sitting area, Letty can see the face of the man in the grey blazer (Chase). He's the same moneyed specimen from the lounge. He's sweating, nervous.

JAVIER
So are you sure?

CHASE ROCHEFORT
(mostly)
Yes.

JAVIER
You've tried to solve this by other means?

CHASE ROCHEFORT
Twice. She's still denying this other guy. They have an offshore thing. She's using me, everything I've -- that's why I called Victor.

JAVIER
Do you have the money?

Chase hands over A SOFT LEATHER TUMI BAG. Javier opens it, takes a look.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
You get this at the bank?

CHASE ROCHEFORT
I went to Victor.

JAVIER
Good.
(beat)
I understand you have a son.

CHASE ROCHEFORT
Tyler. He's seven. From a previous --

JAVIER

You will go out with your son tomorrow morning at ten. Wear a bright shirt. Buy some gas with a credit card. Go to Starbucks. Flirt with the barista. Buy a hot chocolate for Tyler, a peppermint mocha for yourself --

CHASE ROCHEFORT

They only have peppermint mochas during the holidays.

Javier just stares at him.

JAVIER

I don't care if it's a fucking peppermint mocha. Just something memorable.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

Oh.

JAVIER

Establish a record of you not being in your house between ten and noon.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

Okay. Then what?

JAVIER

(shrugs)
You go home.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

Can you tell me what you're going to do? So I can be prepared --

JAVIER

You'll have a more natural conversation with the police if you're surprised.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

But I'm not going to be surprised.

JAVIER

(not kidding)
You will be very fucking surprised.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

I just know I'll play it better if I know going in.

Beat. Javier eyes him.

JAVIER

Where does your wife usually shower?

CHASE ROCHEFORT

In our bathroom upstairs.

JAVIER

As you step out of the shower, is the toilet right there?

CHASE ROCHEFORT

Yeah, a few feet away. Maybe three feet.

JAVIER

You're going to find Daphne on the floor beside the toilet, neck broken like she slipped getting out of the shower. It happens all the time.

Chase swallows.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

Okay.

JAVIER

You call 9-1-1. You say you don't know if she's dead but she isn't moving.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

The police won't suspect I did this?

JAVIER

Of course they will.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

I don't want that.

JAVIER

Then don't have your wife killed.

Letty can't do anything but stand still and panic. Her hamstrings quiver. Her breath is as quiet as she can make it.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

The husband is always suspected at first. But then there will be an autopsy, and because I'm very good at what I do, and assuming you hold your shit together, it will be ruled an accident.

Chase nods, sweats. Pulls out A SEALED MANILA ENVELOPE, slides it across to Javier.

CHASE ROCHEFORT
I think that's everything you asked for.

JAVIER
Photograph?

CHASE ROCHEFORT
Yes.

JAVIER
Address?

CHASE ROCHEFORT
Yes. And the house key and a floor plan.

JAVIER
And a stick of gum?

CHASE ROCHEFORT
(*shit*)
What? No...

JAVIER
It's a joke.

CHASE ROCHEFORT
Oh. So... are we good?

JAVIER
(*smiles*)
Are we good?

CHASE ROCHEFORT
It's a -- I just mean is that all?

JAVIER
I haven't told you how you'll help me.

CHASE ROCHEFORT
Help you? I can't *help*.

JAVIER
I need you to distract your wife so I can get inside. I want you to call her at exactly ten-fifteen a.m. Tell her you can't find your wallet. Do you have a bedside table?

CHASE ROCHEFORT
Yes.

JAVIER

You say you think you might have left your wallet there, and would she please go check. That will get her upstairs and I'll have time to get in.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

I should write this down.

JAVIER

Don't write it fucking down.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

Right.

JAVIER

Don't write.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

I meant... right. Like, "I understand".

Javier blinks. Stands. Chase stands. They shake hands.

JAVIER

After you walk out that door, there's no going back.

CHASE ROCHEFORT

I understand.

Letty watches as Javier walks Chase to the door.

She hears the *DOOR SLAM*.

Her hands tremble as she watches Javier walk back past the closet and sit down on the end of the bed. *How long will she fucking be trapped here?*

She sees Javier pull off his shoes and his black socks. Take off his jacket. *Shit*. He heads right for the closet to hang it -- *BUZZ*. The vibration of his phone. He stops, answers.

JAVIER (INTO PHONE)

Yeah. No, it's fine.

He unbuttons his white Oxford shirt.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

The floral pattern.

He lays his jacket across the dresser.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

We talked about this.

His pants fall to his ankles, followed by his boxers. He steps out of them, climbs onto the bed, lays on his back.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

No, Jim. With the daffodils.

ON LETTY: A SERIES OF SHOTS as she waits to be able to leave. She cannot move or make a sound. Her body quivers. The ultimate test of claustrophobia. Finally, she sees:

Javier's chest rising and falling in bed. He's sleeping.

Slowly, carefully, Letty lifts her duffle bag. The glass mini-bar bottle stash makes A *HARSH CLINK*. Fuck. She peers through to Javier. He's still sleeping. She pushes against the closet door. A bead of sweat runs down the corner of her left eye. She blinks through the saltwater sting. She feels the door give and fold in on itself with a subtle *CREAK*.

Javier hasn't moved. She quietly treads out the short hallway to the door.

At the door, she flips back the inner lock and turns the handle as slowly as she can. The *CLICK OF THE RETRACTING DEAD BOLT* is deafening. She winces, then eases the door back and steps across the threshold.

EXT. MOTEL -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

Back at the motel where Letty has been living.

FEMALE VOICE (PRELAP)

I have a lot to be proud of.

INT. LETTY'S MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Letty enters, drops her duffle, sits on the end of the bed. Tugs off the wig, sends it flying and digs her palms into her forehead. *DEEP BREATHS*. She's safe.

FEMALE VOICE (PRELAP)

Today I feel good.

MOMENTS LATER

From Letty's iPhone, that female voice drones soothingly over *PEACEFUL, CALMING MUSIC*.

FEMALE VOICE

I am glad to be alive.

Letty unpacks her score. A small table is already stacked with TWO LAPTOPS, an iPad, SMOKES, BIKINI, and SIXTY MINI-BOTTLES of booze.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

I am in control of my life.

Letty lifts the WAD OF CASH out of the duffle and counts it.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

I live by my positive choices.

Mostly twenties and fifties. Maybe a couple-thousand bucks total. She sets it on the table and reaches into the duffle, emerging with those three cigars from Javier's room. Her face tightens. That shit was close.

From the table, she takes a mini-bottle of vodka and unscrews the cap. All things considered, not a bad score. Time to celebrate.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

I am the best me I can --

As she lifts the bottle to her lips, an iPhone *ALARM* interrupts the stream of affirmations. She grabs her cell.

CLOSE ON a calendar reminder: **Christian 6:30 p.m.**

LETTY

Shit.

She stares at the bottle in her hand. Tortures herself and takes a whiff. It's fucking agony, but she begins to screw the cap back on.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

A PAINTING fills the frame, a Romantic masterpiece. In it, a man stands in a dark frockcoat on the edge of a cliff, his back to the viewer, gazing out over a barren, fog-swept waste.

Letty sits on a couch in a small, bland office, staring at the painting.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Another week of sobriety. Celebration-worthy.

LETTY

Right? We should totally go get wasted.

Across from Letty, behind a pristine desk, sits her substance abuse counselor CHRISTIAN (40s). His eyes imply trust. But they're not smiling.

LETTY (CONT'D)

I'm kidding, Christian.

CHRISTIAN

If you don't make some kind of peace with yourself, none of this stuff works.

Letty looks back over at the painting on the wall.

LETTY

What's it called?

CHRISTIAN

Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog.

LETTY

Huh.

CHRISTIAN

Like it?

LETTY

I like how scared shitless that guy is.

CHRISTIAN

How do you know he's scared? You can't even see his face.

Letty turns her head, looks at Christian. Beat.

LETTY

If you saw somebody on the side of the road, broke down or in an accident or whatever, would you pull over and help?

CHRISTIAN

Sure, I believe in Karma. Why? Did you see someone who needed help?

LETTY

Maybe.

CHRISTIAN

Did you help them?

LETTY

No.

CHRISTIAN

Do you feel guilty about it?

LETTY

Not really.

Bullshit. It's eating at her.

CHRISTIAN

Okay.

Beat.

LETTY

I don't see the world like you do,
Christian.

CHRISTIAN

How do you see it?

Letty points at the painting. At the scared man on the cliff.

INT. LETTY'S MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Back in her dingy motel room, Letty turns on the television and sits on the bed. Fidgety. Twitchy. She looks over at the city of booze standing at attention on the little table. It isn't just calling out to her. It's *screaming her name*.

She gets up. Paces around the room. Crawling out of her skin. *THE RING OF AN OUTGOING PHONE CALL...*

MOMENTS LATER

Letty sits on the bed, cradling her phone.

LETTY (INTO PHONE)

Will you just listen to what I'm saying --
I'm not --

(listening, becoming emotional)

Try to be a fucking human for a --

(beat)

Hello?

Letty throws her phone down on the comforter. She goes to the table and picks up the vodka. Passes it from hand to hand. She unscrews the cap again and lifts it to her nose.

The storm in her eyes is roiling. Building toward something.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Motherfucker.

INT. LETTY'S MOTEL ROOM -- BATHROOM -- SECONDS LATER

As Letty pours the vodka down the drain, she glares at herself in the mirror.

LETTY

And if you open another one, you're gonna
pour it down the drain you stupid cunt.

From behind her, from her iPhone on the bed:

FEMALE VOICE

I am the best me I can be.

Off Letty...

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

A gorgeous blonde in a black dress moves quickly through the hotel lobby with energy and purpose. It takes us a moment to realize this is Letty. Woman's a chameleon.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- LOUNGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Letty arrives on the outskirts of the lounge, now bustling with COCKTAIL-SEEKERS. Her eyes laser in on the bartender -- a pretty BLACK WOMAN jostling a pair of shakers.

LETTY (PRELAP ON THE PHONE)

(sing-song)

Where the fuck are you?

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Letty walks through the lobby, talking on her cell.

LETTY (INTO PHONE)

Nate, I left something in one of the rooms, and I don't have the master keycard anymore. Call me as soon as you get this. It's an emergenc --

Nearby, elevator doors open, and JAVIER WALKS OUT -- looking pretty damn chic for a contract killer. Letty ends the call, watches Javier dwindle away through THE CROWD.

Her POV: Javier's jacket. The untrained eye would have no way of telling, but Letty spots the faint bulge. Suddenly, we see what Letty imagines happening next...

FLASH-CUT FORWARD:

A SERIES OF SHOTS in which time slows and accelerates. Letty bumps into Javier. Freeze. As they collide, her hand slowly dives into the inner pocket of his jacket. Accelerate. She grabs a money clip, lightning fast, perfect execution, apologizing as she withdraws her hand, her eyes never leaving Javier's face.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- HALLWAY

At Room 2288, Letty takes Javier's keycard from the money clip and unlocks the door.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- ROOM 2288

She grabs the MANILA ENVELOPE.

She grabs the TUMI BAG.

She pulls STACKS OF CASH out of the bag.

Sitting on the bed, she holds her iPhone to her ear.

*LETTY (INTO PHONE)
... your husband has hired a man to
murder you.*

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- LOBBY -- SAME

None of that actually happened. Letty stands by the elevators, watching Javier move with a confident swagger toward the exit. In a moment, he'll be gone.

Decision time.

Steal a folder. Steal some money. Save a life.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- NIGHT

Letty cruises down the sidewalk, passing art galleries and brew pubs and trendy hipster restaurants, threading her way through the evening CROWD. Javier is almost one block ahead.

Letty turns a corner. In the distance, A LINE OF PEOPLE stretches down the block, waiting to get inside a building that emits a *DEEP, MUFFLED THROB*.

She quickens her pace, moving alongside the crowd of nightclub hopefuls, closing in on Javier, who's now only twenty feet ahead. She squeezes her hands into fists and relaxes them. Several times. The moment is racing up on her. Game face on. Time to do this.

But Javier turns suddenly and strides toward the nightclub entrance. The TWO DOORMEN smile as he approaches. Javier bumps fists with one of them as the other unhooks a velvet rope chain.

Javier vanishes into the loud, dark club, leaving Letty standing alone on the street.

She looks back at the long line to the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- NIGHTCLUB LINE -- MOMENTS LATER

Letty waits impatiently in the line to the nightclub entrance, fifteen years older than everyone around her. It's moving slowly. She's annoyed.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Letty is almost to the front of the line, just one COUPLE ahead of her, talking to the doorman. The doorman wears black slacks, a muscle-T, and has the cold eyes of an assassin. A man who's heard every plea under the sun to get inside. He flips pages on a CLIPBOARD and shakes his head.

DOORMAN

(to the guy)

I don't see you on anybody's guest list, bro. And just to be straight up with you, there's no way you're getting inside wearing sandals and shorts.

BADLY-DRESSED GUY

Are you kidding me?

DOORMAN

Do I look like I'm kidding you? Go put on some adult clothes and try again.

BADLY-DRESSED GUY

This is fucking bullshit!

The doorman is already appraising Letty. She steps up to the velvet rope, all smiles.

LETTY

How's your night going?

DOORMAN

No complaints.

(lifts his clipboard)

Name?

LETTY

I'm not on anybody's guest list. I'm bringing my own party.

DOORMAN

Oh. We're full tonight.

Shame and humiliation flood Letty's face, but only for a second. If you blinked, you missed it.

LETTY

How about I just give you fifty bucks?

DOORMAN

Umm...

Letty rummages frantically inside her purse.

LETTY

Fuck it. Here's a hundred.

The doorman stares at the pitiful, crumpled BILLS in her hand.

A beat.

He finally takes the cash and unhooks the rope.

INT. SCANDALOUS NIGHTCLUB -- SECONDS LATER

Letty walks into a sonic wall of *HOUSE MUSIC* and *LIGHTS* slashing through darkness. It's dizzying. The place is mobbed. Clusters of *YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE* everywhere she looks. Letty is beautiful but she isn't twenty-two and she knows it. Some of these club-goers? She could be their fucking mom.

The decor and vibe is seedy, dark, and elegant all at once. The heat coming off the dance floor is massive. Straight ahead, a *DJ BOOTH* is manned by a *CLEANCUT WHITE KID*. Paths branch off the dance floor, one leading toward the *MAIN BAR*, one to a *BACK LOUNGE*.

PUSH IN on Letty standing at the edge of the dance floor, her face awash in the epileptic light of the strobe. She looks uncomfortable and terrified as the noise builds and...

Everything goes *SILENT*, except for...

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

I am beautiful.

(beat)

I like myself.

(beat)

I like my body.

(beat)

I can feel how beautiful I am.

The music returns like a punch in the mouth. Letty pulls herself together and starts across the floor, squeezing her way between *DANCERS* and scoping the club for Javier.

INT. SCANDALOUS -- BACK LOUNGE -- NIGHT

Letty enters the smaller lounge area in the back, moving between tables of even more *BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE*. It's not make-your-ears-bleed loud in here and not nearly as crowded.

She heads for the bar, an array of top-shelf bottles fronting a sheet of backlit glass. Squeezes in.

The BARTENDER has his back to her as he mixes a Long Island Iced Tea.

ANGLE: the HANDS next to her pick at the label on a bottle of COORS LIGHT. Letty allows herself to watch the hands, but she doesn't dare look at the man they belong to.

It's Javier of course. He drinks from the long-necked bottle, as if oblivious to everything around him. At peace. Zen. In his own world.

Letty cuts a glance at his jacket. The money clip is just inches away.

The bartender delivers the Long Island Iced Tea to the WOMAN next to Letty.

LETTY
(to Bartender)
Hey, could I --

He ignores her, heads off to the other side of the bar.

Letty catches a glimpse of Javier in the mirror behind the bar as he methodically peels the label off the bottle. She can't take her eyes off those hands. Killing hands.

As the bartender returns to grab a fresh pint glass...

JAVIER
Bartender.

Letty startles. Even though the word hasn't been shouted, its tone implies a command that ought not be ignored. Suddenly, the bartender is standing in front of Javier.

BARTENDER
Another beer?

JAVIER
Why don't you ask the lady what *she* wants?

BARTENDER
Sorry, I didn't know she was with you.

JAVIER
She isn't. Still deserves a drink before the icecaps melt, don't you think?

The bartender emanates a distinct don't-fuck-with-me vibe and carries a hardness in his eyes. But those eyes defer to Javier, flashing toward Letty with a kind of stunned disbelief, like they've grazed something harder than themselves and come away scratched.

BARTENDER
What would you like?

LETTY
Shot of vodka.

BARTENDER
You got it.

She turns to Javier.

LETTY
You're a lifesaver.

JAVIER
Do what I can.

She falls back on her break-in-case-of-emergency smile. It doesn't come out often, but when it does, it could power a city.

LETTY
I'm Letty.

JAVIER
Javier.
(beat)
And Letty is short for --

LETTY
Leticia. I know. It's awful.

JAVIER
I like it. You don't hear it every day.

The bartender places Letty's shot in front of her, and then a new beer in front of Javier. Letty reaches for her purse.

LETTY
I got these.

JAVIER
(reaching into his inner pocket)
Get the fuck out of here.

BARTENDER
Actually, these are on me. Sorry about the wait, guys.

Letty lifts her vodka, *CLINKS* it against the neck of Javier's bottle.

LETTY

Cheers.

JAVIER

New friends.

They drink. Letty shoots hers, and when she sets the shot glass back on the bar, the release and relief in her eyes is palpable, and not because she made contact with Javier. *It's the alcohol.* For the first time since we've met her, Letty looks at home in her own skin. Everything momentarily right with the world.

LETTY

Look, I have a confession to make.

JAVIER

What?

LETTY

You'll think I'm awful.

JAVIER

Maybe I already think you're awful.

He bumps his shoulder gently against hers. Flirty. She loves the contact.

LETTY

I came here for a blind date.

JAVIER

So what'd you do? Ditch the guy?

LETTY

No, I'm chickening out. I don't want to go through with it.

JAVIER

And where were you supposed to meet him?

LETTY

Back here. He was supposed to get us a table. I got scared, saw a place beside you open up at the bar. Decided to get a drink and reevaluate my options. I know, I'm a terrible person.

Javier is amused. He slugs back the dregs of his first beer.

JAVIER
How do you know I'm not the guy?

LETTY
What?

JAVIER
What if I'm the guy?

LETTY
Oh my God, are you?

He raises an eyebrow, playfully drawing out the suspense.
They're kind of into each other.

JAVIER
No, but this sap's probably walking
around trying to find you. He know what
you look like?

LETTY
General description.

JAVIER
So you want to hide out with me? That
it? You want to use me?

Letty laughs.

LETTY
If it's not too much trouble. I can't
promise to be witty and engaging, but I
will get the next round.

Javier looks over at her, straight in the eyes.

JAVIER
I don't think we should.

LETTY
No?

JAVIER
No. If we're really going to throw this
guy off your trail, you should probably
have dinner with me.

Off Letty...

LETTY (PRELAP)
I get up at four o'clock every morning so
I have time to write my book.

INT. THE ADMIRAL RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

They're drinking and flirting over a four-star meal in a sunken booth at the third-best restaurant in Asheville. Letty tosses the last sip of a glass of Bordeaux down her throat. Javier refills her glass, killing the bottle.

LETTY

I'm almost at five-hundred pages. Single-spaced.

JAVIER

What's it about?

LETTY

I can't tell you that. You might steal my idea.

JAVIER

Do I look like I'm going to sit down and write a book?

Letty laughs as she dreams up the plot of her nonexistent book.

LETTY

It's about this guy named Lance. Short for Lancelot.

JAVIER

Like Sir Lancelot?

LETTY

No. My Lance is thirty-five and he still lives above his parents' garage. And he works at a Subway. World-class loser, right? But the thing about Lance... is that he has a million-dollar face.

JAVIER

Ah.

LETTY

He looks exactly like Ryan Gosling.

JAVIER

Who?

LETTY

Ryan Gosling.

Javier shrugs, unaware.

LETTY (CONT'D)

He's an actor, he's a famous actor. He's very famous.

JAVIER

Okay.

LETTY

So Lance has been mistaken for Ryan Gosling twenty-eight times.

JAVIER

He counts the times?

LETTY

He counts. Twenty-eight times. And for the last two years, Lance has saved his money, studied Ryan Gosling's films and interviews, the way he moves and talks and everything he does.

Javier smiles, loving Letty's energy. And she knows it.

LETTY (CONT'D)

So when Lance gets fired from Subway, he says to himself, he says, "Lance, this is the moment. You're going after your dream." And then it's all about how he uses his resemblance to storm the Broadway scene and Hollywood.

JAVIER

(amused)

Then what?

LETTY

Then you'll have to read it to find out.

JAVIER

Love to.

LETTY

But the ending's gonna be tragic and funny at the same time.

JAVIER

Does Lance get caught?

Letty blinks.

LETTY

Eventually. Of course.

JAVIER

Your students must be very impressed that you're a writer.

LETTY

No, they just think I'm a boring high school English teacher.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: the WAITER brings a second bottle of wine, they drink, eat, bullshit, drink, eat, bullshit. Letty knocks back a martini. When a second martini arrives, Letty stares at it for a second. *Don't do it, Letty.*

JAVIER

... bio-informatics and how they can apply to cancer treatments.

LETTY

Bio-what?

She knocks back the martini.

JAVIER

Informatics. Advanced computer systems that can read biological data. It's a think tank.

She smiles at him. *Where the hell is he getting this shit? He's very fucking good.*

LETTY

What do you do for them?

JAVIER

Nothing. I work for a philanthropist in Tampa. He's considering funding them. I'm here to check out the CEO.

LETTY

Philanthropy. Damn. Javier, you are doing good in this world.

Letty holds up her glass. *CLINK.* They cheers their glasses, eyes locked on each other. As Letty takes another drink, Javier inches closer and puts his hands around her waist.

SMASH TO:

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

In the reflection of the dull brass elevator doors as they zoom up the floors of the hotel, Letty watches Javier kissing the back of her neck. His hands pulling her close.

LETTY

I have another confession.

JAVIER

What's that?

LETTY

I'm not a blonde.

Javier looks into the reflection as Letty tugs off her wig, exposing her short brown hair. She turns back to Javier.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Are you angry?

Javier slowly steps around to face Letty, his face just an inch from hers. She sways in her heels.

LETTY (CONT'D)

You look angry.

Javier runs his fingers through Letty's short brown hair to the base of her neck. His grip tightens. Letty tenses. She can feel her carotid artery pulsing against the pressure: **BUM-BUM-BUM**. *Is he going to strangle me?* She looks up into his eyes. Blue. Suspicion. Lust. Javier runs his hands down her waist, over the curve of her hips, moves his right hand into the small of her back and pulls her tight against him.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- ROOM 2288 -- NIGHT

Letty's eyes slam open. She looks rough, lying in bed in a dark, silent room, her arm thrown over a *SNORING* man. She's disoriented, in a fog, no idea where she is. Hardly the first night she's woken up still drunk beside a strange man.

Letty rolls over onto her side, winces at a pain on her leg. She looks down to see A RUG BURN on her thigh.

LETTY'S POV: the RED DIGITS of an alarm clock on the bedside table keep descending into place. Over and over and over...

As she squints against the sickening spins, fighting not to throw up, her mind races and the events of the previous night break through in pieces.

A SERIES OF MEMORY FLASHES -- Letty and Javier partying...

Letty and Javier fall into his room -- the room she was stuck in just hours ago.

Javier whips open the mini-bar.

Letty and Javier slam shots of Absolut out of tiny bottles.

Letty doubles over with LAUGHTER onto the bed.

They fuck on the carpeted floor, hard and fast.

BACK IN THE PRESENT, Letty remembers. And she hates herself.

EXT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- MORNING -- ESTABLISHING

The next morning. Golfers, runners, tourists heading out to the Biltmore Estate.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- ROOM 2288 -- MORNING

Threads of light steal in around the blinds.

Letty's eyes open. Her head crashes with pain. She looks down at herself. She's naked in bed with the cover twisted between her legs, rug burn glaring in the light of day. She hears *THE SOUND OF THE SHOWER* on the other side of the bathroom door. Javier. She remembers...

MEMORY FLASH -- Javier and Chase Rochefort...

JAVIER

I want you to call her at exactly ten-fifteen a.m. Tell her you can't find your wallet.

Letty looks at the clock: **9:12 AM.**

Javier is getting ready to go kill that man's wife.

This is why she's here in the first place.

You fucked it up, Letty.

She jumps out of bed and onto her feet. Nauseated. Hung-over as hell. She finds her black dress on the floor, steps into it, pulls the straps over her shoulders.

She needs to find that Tumi bag. The money. The manila folder with all the information Javier needs to kill Chase Rochefort's wife.

She looks under the couch. Nothing. Under the bed. Nothing.

She looks at the closet doors -- that same closet she was stuck inside. She walks over, whips open the bi-fold door. Sees it right away, on the top shelf: the TUMI BAG.

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

(from the shower)

Letty, you up?

She rises on the balls of her feet to get the bag.

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

Letty?

She pulls the bag down.

LETTY

(loud enough)

Yeah, I'm up.

JAVIER (O.C.)

How you feeling?

LETTY

Like death.

She crouches down, quietly pulls the zipper on the bag.

JAVIER (O.C.)

I have a meeting this morning.

LETTY

With the think tank?

JAVIER (O.C.)

Right.

She gets the bag open.

LETTY

On a Sunday? I wanted to have breakfast with you.

Inside the bag, Letty finds THE MANILA ENVELOPE, quickly leafs through the contents:

A FLOOR PLAN of the Rochefort house.

A HOUSE KEY.

ONE PAGE OF TYPED NOTES.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF DAPHNE ROCHEFORT. Daphne can't be more than a year or two past thirty. A candid shot, or trying to be. Daphne in the foreground, in startling focus. Long, black, straight hair. Pale skin. A remote beauty.

Letty scans the address on the notes: **712 Hamlet Court.**

JAVIER (O.C.)

I can do dinner.

LETTY

You're staying here tonight?

As she goes to put the manila envelope back in the bag, she sees the money: FIVE SLIM PACKETS of HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS, each bundled with a wrapper labeled \$10,000. She lifts one packet of money, breathes in the ink and paper. *Sweet Jesus.*

JAVIER (O.C.)

I'd stay if you want to see me again.

She hears the *SHOWER CUT OFF*. The *CURTAIN WHISK BACK*. Fuck.

LETTY

We can definitely meet for dinner tonight.

JAVIER (O.C.)

We'll go someplace great.

Letty hears the tiny motor of his electric razor start up. She momentarily considers taking the money. It would be so easy. *And so stupid. Don't be an idiot.*

She tosses the packet of money back into the bag. Finds her heels toppled on the carpet at the foot of the bed. Steps into them. Races back to the closet, returns the Tumi bag to the top shelf.

She knocks on the bathroom door, peeks in. In a wet towel, Javier turns off the razor, frowns when he sees her.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

You're dressed.

LETTY

I'm gonna go back to my apartment, get a shower there.

JAVIER

You can stay here while I'm gone.

LETTY

Thanks, but I need to let my dog out, get some papers graded...

Javier steps away from the sink, embraces her.

JAVIER

I can't wait to see you tonight.

He kisses her. And she kisses him back like she means it.

INT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- LOBBY -- DAY

Letty dashes through the lobby and past the front desk.

EXT. GROVE PARK RESORT & SPA -- CONTINUOUS

She rushes outside, forces A \$20 BILL into the BELLHOP's hand.

LETTY

I need a car.

The bellhop looks around. Nothing except one idling BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR, clearly waiting for another guest. He looks back at Letty, makes a decision.

BELLHOP

Your car is waiting right here, ma'am.

He leads her over to the Town Car.

LETTY

Thanks, hon.

Letty races past him and opens the door on her own. The Bellhop lifts a walkie to his mouth as he pockets the twenty.

BELLHOP (INTO WALKIE)

Let six-nineteen know their car service is running about five minutes late.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR -- DAY

Letty slides in, slams the door.

LETTY

You know Hamlet Court?

The TOWN CAR DRIVER (30s, Haitian) glances back.

TOWN CAR DRIVER

I will find. You have street number?

LETTY

Seven-twelve.

As he punches the address into his GPS, Letty hands a HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL into the front seat.

LETTY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but I need you to speed.

I/E. LINCOLN TOWN CAR / ASHEVILLE -- MOVING -- DAY

The Town Car races through the streets of the old city. Past City Hall, the Vance Monument, and the Basilica of St. Lawrence, where a few CHURCHGOERS straggle in for morning mass. Letty is hungover, sick to her stomach. From last night, from this car ride, from what she is about to attempt.

I/E. LINCOLN TOWN CAR / MONTFORD -- MOVING -- DAY

The car turns onto a beautiful oak-lined boulevard in the historic Montford neighborhood. Red and gold leaves are plastered to the pavement.

Letty glances at her iPhone: **10:02 A.M.**

A left turn onto Hamlet Court, a secluded dead-end, a half-mile long, home to a dozen Victorian mansions. The Town Car approaches the end of the cul-de-sac.

Letty peers ahead through the windshield to see the entrance to 712. It stands at the end of the cul-de-sac through a brick archway.

LETTY

Stop the car.

TOWN CAR DRIVER

I take you all the way up.

LETTY

I don't want you to take me all the way up.

The Driver shrugs, stops the car. Letty climbs out, unsteady, still hung-over.

EXT. HAMLET COURT -- CONTINUOUS

The Town Car speeds off. Letty looks down at her iPhone: **10:04 A.M.** She moves to the archway at 712 Hamlet Court, glances at the name on the black mailbox: **Rochefort.**

She surveys the residence: the house sits toward the back of the property, which slopes up across a masterfully-landscaped yard shaded with maple and spruce trees, dotted with stone sculptures. Not a leaf to be seen on the lush green grass.

She hears *AN ENGINE TURN OVER*. Turns her head to see a boxy Mercedes G-Class backing out of the driveway.

She quickly steps back, crawls into a thicket of mountain laurel. The branches scrape her shoulders, arms.

The Mercedes rolls past. Through the branches, Letty can see Chase Rochefort behind the wheel, his son TYLER (7) in the front seat.

This is happening.

As the diesel engine fades away, Letty puts her finger down her throat and *RETCHES* into the leaves. She feels instantly better. Weaker. Less drunk. But better. She looks up the street. The Mercedes disappears around a corner.

She climbs out of the bushes. Shivering, shoulders scraped.

She treks up the driveway toward the house.

This is happening.

EXT. 712 HAMLET COURT -- SECONDS LATER

At the top of the driveway, which circles back on itself, Letty can barely catch her breath. She passes a parked BMW and continues up the brick steps onto the covered porch.

She rings the doorbell twice. ***DING-DONG DING-DONG.***

She waits. Struggling to catch her breath. She looks down at her iPhone: ***10:08 A.M.*** She goes to ring the doorbell again when she hears *FOOTSTEPS* on the other side of the door.

The door opens. DAPHNE ROCHEFORT (32) stands in the threshold in a lavender robe. Daphne instantly reacts to Letty's walk-of-shame outfit, the heels, the scratches. Letty looks like nothing but a crazy junkie.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

Yes?

Letty realizes she has no fucking idea what to say. All she thought about was getting here.

LETTY

Umm. Are you Daphne?

Daphne's eyes narrow. How does Letty know her name?

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

What can I do for you?

Letty rubs her bare arms.

LETTY

There's a man coming here to kill you.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT
I'm sorry?

LETTY
I know this sounds --

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT
You smell like booze.

LETTY
You have to listen to me.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT
I want you off my porch.

LETTY
Please, just --

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT
I'm calling the police.

LETTY
Good, that's exactly what you should do.
Call the police.

Daphne retreats to slam the door, but Letty darts forward, plants her right heel across the threshold.

LETTY (CONT'D)
I'm trying to help you. Give me two minutes.

Daphne looks at Letty's face. Sees that Letty is serious. Or at least might be. Daphne glances at the neighborhood behind Letty. Will anybody see if she lets this junkie freak into her house? Nobody is around. It's safe.

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Letty follows Daphne into a white state-of-the-art Gaggenau kitchen that belies the house's traditional exterior. Daphne goes to the stove, flips an omelette, begins to peel a banana.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT
What's your name?

LETTY
It's not important.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT
Say what you want to say.

The Breville coffee maker reaches the end of its brewing cycle and sounds its three *BEEP... BEEP... BEEPS*.

LETTY

I was at the Grove Park Hotel yesterday
and I saw --

Letty decides to tell the story in a different order.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Someone had hooked me up with a master
keycard and tipped me off as to which
rooms might be worth hitting --

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

You were stealing?

LETTY

I was in the last room of the day when
the guest suddenly came back. I had to
hide in the closet.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

I'm failing to see --

LETTY

Chase was with him.

Daphne stops slicing the banana.

LETTY (CONT'D)

He gave this guy named Javier a floor
plan and a key to your house, a photo of
you, and fifty-thousand dollars to kill
you.

Daphne looks up from the cutting board, her bright, black eyes
leveled on Letty like a double-barrelled shotgun. Her smile
exposes a row of exquisite teeth.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

I want you to leave right now.

LETTY

(half-amused)

You think I'm lying to you.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

I do.

LETTY

I didn't *want* to come here. Daphne. I
could've gone home and had nothing more
to do with any of this shit.

(MORE)

LETTY (CONT'D)

You don't realize that if anyone finds out what I was doing in that hotel -- I've been to prison too many times, okay? I can't take another felony charge. I can't --

Daphne dismissively takes up the knife, goes back to cutting her banana. Letty glances at the clock on the microwave:
10:11 A.M.

LETTY (CONT'D)

I can prove it to you.

Daphne looks up.

LETTY (CONT'D)

In exactly four minutes, your husband is gonna call you. He'll tell you he can't find his wallet. He'll ask you to go upstairs to his bedroom and check his bedside table.

Daphne glances at the same microwave clock. Then back to Letty. Finally, a small note of fear in Daphne's eyes.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Do you have a landline?

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

I... who are you?

LETTY

(insistent)

Will he call a landline or your cell?

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

My iPhone.

LETTY

Can we take the Beamer I saw in the driveway?

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

I'm not leaving with you.

LETTY

Is that your Beamer?

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

It's none of your --

LETTY

By the time your husband calls you it'll be too late.

(MORE)

LETTY (CONT'D)

The point of the phone call is to get you upstairs so Javier can break in and kill you.

Beat. Beat. Daphne moves the omelette pan to a cold burner and turns off the gas.

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- FOYER -- SECONDS LATER

Daphne grabs A SET OF KEYS from a ceramic bowl on an antique accent table as Letty goes to open the glass storm door. Just as Letty reaches for the handle with her left hand, she stops and grabs Daphne's arm with her right hand.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

Ow!

Letty's POV: A BLACK SUV pulls up the driveway.

LETTY

Back inside.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

I thought --

LETTY

He's here.

Daphne *THROWS* the deadbolt, *HOOKS* the chain.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Is there a gun in the house?

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

Yeah.

LETTY

Show me.

Daphne heads up the stairs. Letty pulls off her heels and rushes after her.

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- SECONDS LATER

Letty steps off the top of the staircase, follows Daphne toward a pair of FRENCH DOORS at the end of the long corridor.

As Daphne opens the doors and crosses the threshold into an expensive master suite, her CELL PHONE RINGS.

Letty sidles up beside her...

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- MASTER SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Daphne holds her iPHONE, staring in disbelief at THE CALLER ID: **Chase**.

LETTY

Answer it.

Daphne obeys.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT (INTO PHONE)

Hi, baby. No, it's fine. Your wallet?

Daphne looks at Letty, fighting tears. Letty was right.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Umm, sure, I can check. I'm up here anyway.

Daphne enters a walk-in closet, hits the lights.

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- WALK-IN CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

Letty follows her in, drops her heels as Daphne reaches through a wall of suits and pulls out a PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN.

LETTY

(whispering)

Loaded?

Daphne nods. Letty takes the gun... inspects it. She seems to know her way around the weapon. Flicking off the safety, she RACKS A SHELL into the tube.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT (INTO PHONE)

It's not up here, Chase. Do you want me to check downstairs? Anyplace else --

(beat)

Oh. Okay.

TEARS stream down Daphne's face.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Is everything okay? You sound, I don't know, strange.

(beat)

Oh. Right. Sure. Well, you and Tyler have fun.

Daphne ends the call.

LETTY

9-1-1. Now.

As Daphne dials...

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- MASTER BATHROOM -- SECONDS LATER

Letty walks into the lavish master bath. It's larger than her motel room. Garden tub. Double vanity. An immense stone shower with a Hansgrohe fixture a foot in diameter.

Letty darts toward the shower, pulls open the glass door, cranks the handle. Preheated water *RAINS DOWN*. Steam begins to mist the glass. Letty heads back into the bedroom.

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- MASTER SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

Why are you running the shower?

LETTY

Are the police coming?

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

Yes.

LETTY

Get back in the closet. Hide behind the clothes, turn off your phone, and stay absolutely silent, do you understand?

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

Are you sure this is --

LETTY

Javier is here. The police aren't. We have to handle this.

Daphne retreats into the walk-in. Letty gently closes the door after her.

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- SECONDS LATER

Clutching the shotgun, her feet soundless on the thick carpet, Letty pads down the hallway.

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- STUDIO -- MOMENTS LATER

Letty moves through a bright, white room forested with EASELS. Beautiful studio. Awful paintings. Tedious acrylics of Blue Ridge mountain scenes. Waterfalls. Flowers. A bored, rich woman's playground.

Letty stops at a large picture window that overlooks the front lawn. From her second-floor vantage point, she has a clear view of the SUV parked halfway down the driveway.

A black 4Runner. Empty.

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- SECONDS LATER

Letty steps out into the corridor. She looks right. Left. It's dead quiet in the Rochefort mansion. Where is he?

Then... the faintest sound.

A soft *GROAN* just around the corner, coming from the staircase. The creak of hardwood fibers bowing under the weight of a footstep.

Javier is in the house.

Letty darts behind the studio door. Her chest billows. She peeks through the half-inch crack between the open door and the frame. Her view of the hallway is just a sliver:

A SHADOW moves silently past.

Letty steps quietly out into the hall. There he is:

With his back to Letty, Javier moves slowly away from her, wearing blue jeans and a fleece pullover. Navy socks with strips of rubber gripping keep his footfalls totally silent. His hands are too pale. Ghost-white. *Latex gloves*.

He moves with utter precision toward the French doors of the master suite. In his right hand is a BLACK PISTOL fitted with a long suppressor.

At the doorway to the master suite, he stops.

Letty freezes in the middle of the hallway. If Javier turns his head, he will see her.

Beat. Beat.

Javier continues into the master suite.

Letty breathes, follows, holding the shotgun at waist level. As she nears the French doors, the noise of the *RUNNING SHOWER* becomes audible.

INT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- MASTER SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Letty enters the bedroom. It's empty.

She pulls the shotgun snug into her shoulder, approaches the bathroom. Tense, fighting panic. As the doorway swings into view, she sees the bathroom is soaked in with warm mist.

She inches forward.

A SILHOUETTE materializes, obscured by the steam.

She moves closer, closer... until she's in the doorway, aiming the shotgun at Javier's back. He's six feet from the steamed-up shower, ten feet away from her. The shotgun trembles in her grasp. She blinks, summoning her nerve.

LETTY

You have a shotgun pointed at your back.

Javier doesn't flinch, but he straightens.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Don't turn around. Don't move. Drop the gun.

Javier doesn't move. He doesn't drop the gun, either.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Don't make the mistake of thinking I'll tell you again.

Beat. The gun *CLATTERS* to the wet tile.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Kick it away.

Javier kicks the gun.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Now keep your hands up and turn around. Slowly.

Javier obeys.

They face each other. Clouds of mist swirling between them. Javier smiles.

JAVIER

You're a cop.

LETTY

No. I was in your room yesterday when you and Chase came in.

JAVIER

My room.

LETTY

I was in the closet. Heard everything you said.

JAVIER

You're a thief.

Letty nods. Javier gives the faintest smile.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
Then we can work this out.

LETTY
How's that?

JAVIER
May I get something out of my pocket?

LETTY
Slowly.

Javier reaches carefully into his fleece jacket, withdraws A KEYCHAIN, holds it up.

JAVIER
The 4Runner in the driveway is new.
There's a black bag with fifty --

LETTY
Fifty-thousand in cash and all the info
you need to kill Daphne.

JAVIER
(extends the key)
Take the car. Take the money. Bet you
never had a payday like that.

LETTY
And you just kill Daphne anyway?

JAVIER
Yes. You have no idea what you've
stepped into, Letty. Or is Letty not
your real name?

LETTY
It's my real name.

JAVIER
Go.

She doesn't. She inches closer, into the mist.

LETTY
Ever feel like somewhere along the way
you crossed a line you didn't see?

Javier just stares, betraying nothing.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT (O.C.)
Did my husband pay you to kill me?

Daphne walks into the bathroom, stands beside Letty.

Javier makes no response. Letty moves carefully across the bathroom, keeping her gun trained on Javier.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT (CONT'D)

Why?

Still no answer. Bending down, Letty lifts Javier's gun off the floor and moves back over to Daphne.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT (CONT'D)

Give me that.

Daphne takes the shotgun and levels it on Javier. Her hands shake, the gun trembles. She's losing it.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT (CONT'D)

I could kill you. Right this second.

LETTY

Daphne --

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

How does that fucking feel?!

LETTY

Daphne, calm down.

In the far distance, the sound of *POLICE SIRENS*.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

Drop your keys on the floor.

Javier drops his keys. Kneeling down, Daphne grabs them, tosses them to Letty.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT (CONT'D)

Get out of here.

LETTY

What are you talking about?

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

The police are coming and they'll arrest you, too. Take his car and the money.

LETTY

That's your money, Daphne.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

(hard, rage building)
No, it's Chase's. And fuck him.

LETTY

I'm not leaving you alone.

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

I'll be fine.

LETTY

Daphne --

DAPHNE ROCHEFORT

You saved my life. I'll never forget it.
Go.

Off Letty, as the *POLICE SIRENS* get closer...

EXT. ROCHEFORT HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Letty hustles down the front steps, runs barefoot down the driveway, still holding Javier's gun. The black 4Runner is parked fifty feet ahead. The *SIRENS* are getting louder, closer... moments away.

INT. JAVIER'S 4RUNNER -- SECONDS LATER

Letty climbs in, eyes locking momentarily on the cash-laden Tumi bag in the front passenger seat.

She throws the gun into the passenger floorboard, jams the key into the ignition. Cranks the engine. Shifts hard into reverse. Looking back over her shoulder, she *GUNS IT*, tearing down the single-lane drive and under the brick archway.

EXT. HAMLET COURT -- CUL-DE-SAC -- CONTINUOUS

The 4Runner speeds off the Rochefort's drive and whips an aggressive 180-degree turn in the middle of the street.

INT. JAVIER'S 4RUNNER -- SAME

Letty punches the gas, engine *REVVING* as she accelerates down the quiet street.

On the next block, her face falls. She brakes. Brings the 4Runner to a halt at a 4-way stop.

A *CHORUS OF SIRENS* swells.

Louder.

LOUDER.

LOUDER.

THREE POLICE CRUISERS blow through the intersection.

The pitch of the *SIRENS* drops as Letty watches the cruisers dwindle away in the side mirror, speeding toward the mansion.

EXT. RURAL GEORGIA -- DAY

TITLE: **TWO DAYS LATER. GEORGIA.**

A faded road cuts through a piece of countryside. Quiet, forgotten, seemingly frozen in time. A Civil War battle could have been fought on this ground.

The black 4Runner speeds past.

INT. 4RUNNER -- MOVING -- DAY

Letty drives, her Jimmy Choo sunglasses reflecting the scenery. Out the windshield, she passes a ROADSIDE BILLBOARD that carries the message: "***I have accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior.***"

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- DAY

The 4Runner pulls to a stop at the driveway entrance of a rundown farmhouse. Letty takes off her sunglasses, stares at the rotting homestead:

It's two stories with a covered porch. Paint is flaking off everywhere. Shingles peeling. Three dormer windows glare out like the vacant eye sockets of a hollowed-out skull.

Letty steps out of the car, stares up at the house. Uneasy. It's clear that the house holds some spell over her. There is no sound but a *CHOIR OF SCREECHING INSECTS* in the woods.

At the end of the driveway, she opens the mailbox. Pulls an ENVELOPE from her purse. Opening the flap, she double-checks the contents: TWO \$10,000 PACKETS from Javier's money.

Letty seals the envelope and slides it into the mailbox.

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- NIGHT

TITLE: **NORTHERN FLORIDA**

The soul-crushing, midnight glow of an interstate truck stop.

INT. TRUCK STOP DINER -- NIGHT

Letty sits at the counter in a bright, smoky diner, hands clutching a steaming mug of COFFEE. Her iPhone lights up. ON THE CALLER ID: ***Christian***. She ignores it.

The crowd is mostly TRUCKERS. A WAITRESS (55, wizened, smoke-leathered face) serves customers at the counter. A short-order COOK (35, tall, lanky, goatee) mans the open grill.

Letty studies him. He's working so quickly, on so many orders at once, it'd be easy to miss. But Letty doesn't miss it: he's a bundle of restless energy. Even when he's reading the tickets, his hands are constantly in motion, fingers twitching, and he's shifting from side to side.

CLOSE ON his left hand: Letty spots BURN SCARS. She knows those scars are from a pipe. He's tweaking.

The waitress appears in front of Letty.

WAITRESS

Get you something else, honey?

EXT. TRUCK STOP DINER -- NIGHT

The cook stands outside the diner in his apron, smoking a CIGARETTE. The *ROAR OF THE INTERSTATE* is close.

Letty comes outside, stands next to him. He looks over.

LETTY

Bum a smoke?

He obliges, lights it for her. Letty takes a drag.

LETTY (CONT'D)

So I was wondering... have you seen Crissy around?

The cook smokes.

COOK

You a cop?

LETTY

Nope.

COOK

Are you --

Letty lifts her shirt.

LETTY

Not wearing a wire either. Just want to get high.

COOK

Look, if you want to party, I get off --

LETTY
Want to get high *alone*.

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- NIGHT

Letty walks in the shadows between TRACTOR TRAILERS.

LETTY (PRELAP)
Shane from the diner texted you about me?

EXT. BIG RIG -- MOMENTS LATER

Letty stands next to the open driver-side door of a big rig. A TRUCKER (45, suspicious, bearded, immense) stares down at her from the front seat, holding a giant REVOLVER in one hand. The *SOUNDS OF PORN* emanate from someplace inside the cab.

TRUCKER
Two-hundred a gram.

LETTY
How much you got?

TRUCKER
I don't know. Couple ounces.

LETTY
One-fifty a gram and I'll take it all.

TRUCKER
This isn't Sam's Club. Take it or
fucking don't.

LETTY
Fine.

TRUCKER
You got the money?

LETTY
Yeah.

TRUCKER
Wait there.

INT. FLORIDA MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

A motel room even shittier than the one in Asheville.

LETTY (INTO PHONE) (V.O.)
Hey, Christian. It's Letty. I'm sorry I
missed our appointment. I'm sorry I've
been dodging your calls.
(MORE)

LETTY (INTO PHONE) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Sorry I'm calling you back so late. I'm
 just... I'm sorry.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Letty unscrews a LIGHT BULB from the bedside table lamp.

LETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Things went to hell in Asheville, so I
 took a little road trip that didn't turn
 out so great. I'll be honest. I've been
 better.

Sitting at the flimsy table by the window, she uses a KNIFE to
 remove the brass metal ring from the base of the light bulb.

LETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Don't get mad, but I'm getting ready to
 do a swan dive off the back of the wagon.
 Pay a little visit to rock bottom.

She grinds out the dark-colored glass and pulls out the
 filament. She cuts a straw in half.

She sits in a dark corner of the motel room, holding her
 phone, finishing her message to Christian.

LETTY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 It's not your fault. You're not allowed
 to feel guilty about this. You're great.
 It's me. I'm a piece of shit. Why keep
 fighting it, you know?
 (beat)
 So thanks for everything.

Letty sets the phone beside her, taps PLAY on an audiobook.

FEMALE VOICE
 I am able to express my emotions in a
 healthful, positive way...

Letty lifts the light bulb.

CLOSE ON the bulb. A SHARD OF CRYSTAL METH drops inside.
 Letty strikes a LIGHTER and holds the FLAME under the
 makeshift pipe.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)
 I am centered and well-balanced.

The rock melts. SMOKE begins to fill the bulb.

Letty takes a hit through the straw, holds the smoke, and then exhales. A kind of stillness enters her eyes. She's finally, briefly at peace.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

I am utterly, perfectly me.

EXT. FLORIDA MOTEL -- ESTABLISHING -- MORNING

The next morning.

INT. FLORIDA MOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Letty is still awake. She takes another hit through the straw. Her twitching fingers press the channel "up" button on the television remote so fast she doesn't even give herself a moment to see what's actually on the channels.

Until something on a CABLE NEWS CHANNEL stops her:

A PHOTOGRAPH OF DAPHNE ROCHEFORT fills the corner of the screen. The same photograph that her husband gave to Javier. A REPORTER stands outside a hotel in downtown Charlotte.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

... body was found this morning in her room at this downtown Charlotte hotel. Police say it looks like suicide. Three days ago at her home in Asheville, Daphne Rochefort called 9-1-1 to report an intruder in her home. No intruder was found and Daphne was unharmed...

Letty reacts. *No intruder? What the fuck?*

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

... her husband Chase Rochefort has been called in for questioning.

BAM! Harsh daylight drenches Letty's face as the motel room door bangs open. She scrambles, squints to see who the hell --

JAVIER

Nice place you've got here.

It's Javier, in a frightening, quiet rage, with a new GUN. He *SLAMS* the door after him and moves toward Letty. Terrified, she crawls backwards until she hits the wall. Javier bends down, places the end of his gun on her temple.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Looks like you crossed back over that line.

LETTY

Please --

JAVIER

How much of my money did you fuck yourself up with?

LETTY

There's eighteen-thousand left.

JAVIER

My, my. Too bad about those pretty teeth of yours.

(beat)

At least you gave some of it to your son.

Letty looks up to him.

LETTY

How do you --

JAVIER

I know everything about you.

Javier pushes the barrel harder into her skull. Letty's heart races.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Leticia Ann Dobesh. Born October 15, 1977. Mother: Estelle. Father: who the fuck knows.

PUSH IN on Letty as she forces back tears.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Tenth grade dropout. Sixteen-year-old runaway. 1994: petty theft. 1999: intoxication in a public place. 2000: larceny. 2001: Jacob Michael Dobesh born. Father: who the fuck knows. 2011: possession of a controlled substance and child-endangerment, termination of all parental rights. One month ago, early release from Fluvanna Correctional Institute on good behavior.

Javier squats down and stares into her eyes.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Two suicide attempts. Six ODs. Four abortions. When you aren't in prison, you bounce from town to town, rarely staying longer than a couple of weeks. You're a thief, a pick-pocket, a grifter.

(MORE)

JAVIER (CONT'D)
(with respect)
 A survivor.

Letty can't help crying.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
 All your worldly possessions are in this piece of shit motel room. And if you OD today? Nobody would bother to claim your body.

Letty meets his eyes, crushed, humiliated. But she pushes through.

LETTY
 How did you get out of that house?

JAVIER
 Because I'm not a fucked-up junkie.

LETTY
 How did you find me?

JAVIER
 Because you're a fucked-up junkie.

LETTY
(means it)
 Just kill me and take the money. Your bag's over there.

Javier smiles. He walks over to the dresser.

JAVIER
 You're good, Letty. Very impressive. Truly. So that's your money now.

Instead of the money, he grabs FOUR PLASTIC BAGGIES filled with crystal.

LETTY
 What are you doing?!

He goes into the bathroom, kicks the toilet seat up with his boot.

JAVIER
 Call it an advance.

Letty's eyes flick over at him, confused. He rips open the plastic baggies and dumps the tweak into the toilet.

LETTY
(desperate)
No!

She crawls toward the bathroom, hysterical, raving.

Javier *FLUSHES* the last of the meth with his boot as Letty reaches him. Bending down, he grabs her neck, his fingers encircling, squeezing, holding her against the cracked linoleum floor.

Even in her tweaked-out state, the fear screams through loud enough for Letty to register and become still.

JAVIER
There's something you need to understand.

She stares up intently into Javier's hard, blue eyes.

LETTY
Do it. Just kill me.

JAVIER
(smiles, pointed)
You don't get off that easy.

LETTY
Please.

JAVIER
Sorry, Letty. You work for me now.

CUT TO BLACK.

GOOD BEHAVIOR