

ID THEFT

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**INT. "THE VILLE" - BAR - HOMESTEAD, FLORIDA - HAPPY HOUR**

A CREDIT CARD - propped up on a register screen. The name is **Sandy Bigelow Patterson.**

The menu screen shows *1 - Mellonball, 1 - Mellonball, 1 - Mellonball, 1 - Mellonball, 1 - Mellonball*

The bartender enters another order onto the tab--

*1 - Mellonball*

--then carries a GREEN COCKTAIL over to:

A WOMAN - Carefully crafted, retro style hair. Wiglike. Lips bright red. Long fingernails.

Her outfit is coordinated, because the good people at Jaclyn Smith coordinated it for her.

Her credit card says Sandy Patterson, but we will call her DIANA. And Diana is shitfaced.

She takes the drink and downs it in one long gulp. Looks at the man next to her at the bar, who talks with a woman.

DIANA

Hey. Hey chin. What's your name?

THE GUY - handsome, dimpled chin, turns warily to her.

GUY AT BAR

Kyle.

DIANA

Kyle, you're a cool guy, right? Let me get you a drink. On me.

GUY AT BAR

It's okay. We're actually having a private conversation.

He angles his body to cut this weirdo off from them.

A slight flash of rejection crosses her face. Then she sees: his CREDIT CARD RECEIPT on the bar.

She casually takes it, like a pickpocket.

Then she looks around at the rest of the people in the bar. Nicer clientele. Couples, groups. Respectable.

DIANA

You guys are my FRIENDS! I'm buying  
my friends a shot!

She grabs the bottle of MIDORI from the bar. The bartender  
puts a hand on her wrist.

BARTENDER

These aren't your friends. And I  
think you've had enough.

DIANA

(quite serious)  
I've had enough when the card stops  
working.

He reluctantly lets her have the Midori. She turns.

DIANA

Okay, who wants a Melon Ba---

She stumbles over the stool rungs and FALLS out of frame.

DIANA

(struggles back up)  
I'm okay! I'm good! I gotta be honest,  
there's an angel looking out for me,  
cuz normally that's a cracked rib.  
Pulled a lotta g's there.

Diana hears tittering. Some pretty women at a table laughing  
at her. Rolling their eyes. Their perfect boyfriends too.

A flicker of pain crosses Diana face once more. Then she  
walks over to their table with an honest, warm smile.

DIANA

Hey guys, you look like party people.  
Shots are on me.

BITCHY GIRL

Uh. No. Thank you.

DIANA

(waves the bottle)  
C'mon. This is the good stuff!

The girl's boyfriend stands up. Puts a hand on her.

BOYFRIEND

She said fuck off, dumptruck.

Diana looks down at the guy's hand. Back at his face.

**INT. HOMESTEAD P.D. SQUAD CAR - FIVE MINUTES LATER**

POV through the windshield. Sirens on, red lights flashing. The squad car pulls up to THE VILLE.

**INT. "THE VILLE" - BAR - HOMESTEAD, FLORIDA - MOMENTS LATER**

Two COPS enter and see: A BRAWL. Diana is BEATING THE CRAP out of the bitchy girl's BOYFRIEND.

The cops drag her off.

DIANA  
I'm cool! I'm cool!

She LUNGES for the guy again. They restrain her.

COP  
You're under arrest for assault and public intoxication.

DIANA  
No I'm not. I'm not.

The weary cop takes out a Breathalyzer.

COP  
Blow into this.

She inhales DEEPLY, puts her mouth on the Breathalyzer...

...and PUKES a GREEN WAVE of MIDORI into it.

DIANA  
How'd I do?

**INT. HOMESTEAD METRO JAIL - BOOKING AREA - LATER**

The cop walks her stumbly ass over to the mugshot area.

The BOOKING OFFICER checks her Florida State driver's license. **Sandy Bigelow Patterson**, date of birth **May 18th, 1973**.

BOOKING OFFICER  
Huh. Look at that. You're gonna be 40 in a couple of weeks.

Diana looks over at him, trying to comprehend his words.

BOOKING OFFICER  
Happy birthday, Sandy Patterson.

THE CAMERA FLASHES, and we're...

**INT. SMALL APARTMENT LIVING/DINING ROOM - BOSTON, MA - EVENING**

**TITLE - TWO WEEKS LATER**

A man blinks from a CAMERA FLASH.

TRISH  
Happy birthday, Sandy Patterson.

TRISH, 36, his pregnant wife. She KISSES him.

Sandy sits around a birthday cake with Trish and his daughters FRANNY, 8 and JESSIE, 7, who take pictures with mommy's phone.

FRANNY  
Make a wish, daddy!

Sandy looks at his beautiful wife. His adorable little girls.

Then he takes in their cramped apartment. Rattling window AC unit. Cramped space. Bad IKEA furniture. Street noise.

He has his wish.

He blows out the candles. The girls CLAP.

JESSIE  
I made you this, daddy.

She hands Sandy a TIE made of construction paper and yarn. It says **YUO ARE THE BEST DADY.**

SANDY  
Oh, this looks expensive. Did you steal this tie? Thief! Thief!

He starts tickling her. She howls "no" through her giggles.

For a moment, Sandy forgets the tiny apartment and the rattling AC and just enjoys the moment. Looks at Trish.

SANDY  
Thanks. This was a really nice--

He's cut off by A NOISE from the other side of the apartment wall. THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP. Picture frames rattle.

And now the unmistakable moaning of a woman being screwed.

SANDY  
(raised voice)  
Hey Derek? Kristi? Thin walls. Remember?

DEREK (THROUGH THE WALL)

Sorry!

Franny's eyes go wide. Naughty "oooooooooh" smile on her face.

SANDY

Okay. Bedtime.

**INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Franny and Jessie sleep quietly. Bunkbeds. Tiny room. Trish gently closes the door.

Crosses back to the table, where the cake has been pushed aside to make room for Sandy's laptop. And a stack of bills.

TRISH

So?

SANDY

After rent, utilities, gas, phones,  
we're actually up on the month.

She's impressed. He turns his laptop to show her. **\$14.23.**

TRISH

Half of that's mine.  
(he's not laughing)  
It's okay. We're making it. Right?

SANDY

Until she's born. And the girls need  
braces. Or college. Or weddings.

TRISH

What about a raise? They haven't  
given you one in like--

SANDY

It's the financial industry. I can't  
exactly argue things are going well.

TRISH

I'm sure the partners are doing fine.

SANDY

Well I'm not a partner.

Trish shuts up. That came out wrong. Sandy looks at his cake. The icing spells out **40th Birthd.**

SANDY

I'm sorry.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

I thought I'd be further along. A house. A yard. A better life for you guys.

TRISH

This is a better life.

SANDY

Really? Two grand in savings? This place? Three kids to a room?

TRISH

Babe, you're doing the best you can.

SANDY

Don't say that. That can't be true.

And then... THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP through the wall.

TRISH

(instant rage)

Hey KRISTI! You ever get a PERIOD?

The thumping stops. Sandy closes his laptop.

SANDY

I'm going to bed.

He walks off, resigned. The weight of the world.

**EXT. BOSTON - MORNING**

Sun rises over the city.

**INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

Breakfast time chaos. Sandy barrels through, pulls his jacket on, grabs his laptop case, steps over the dog--

TRISH

Lunch!

He swings back over, grabs a brown bag from Trish, gives her a quick kiss. Heads out.

**EXT. PROMINENCE FINANCIAL GROUP BUILDING - BOSTON - DAY**

A skyscraper downtown.

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE - TIME PASSING**

The placard next to the door says: **Sandy Patterson - Accounts Processing**. The office is basically a glorified cubicle.

Sandy works industriously. STAMPS and NOTARIZES documents. Legal disclaimers are SCANNED and EMAILED. Fills in IRS forms. Bank forms. SEC forms. FINRA forms. Trade authorization forms.

Sandy Patterson is a master of paperwork and detail.

And at NOON sharp: he stops. The inbox is EMPTY.

He takes out his lunch. There's a note in the bag from Trish.

**"Something good will happen today."**

BRYAN

Patterson!

BRYAN CASEY, 31, sharp suit, standing in Sandy's doorway. Younger than Sandy, but far better dressed.

BRYAN

Did I ask you to paper the Westfield sweep account under the *holding* corp?

SANDY

Yup.

BRYAN

Shit. It was supposed to go under--

SANDY

--the *subsidiary*, so you can roll over the qualified plan.

Sandy hands Bryan an envelope.

SANDY

I did it both ways. Had a feeling.

Bryan takes the forms. Relieved. Points happily as he exits.

BRYAN

You're the best, Patterson. The best.

Sandy enjoys the moment. A little pride in himself, for once.

The PHONE RINGS. He answers, chipper.

SANDY

This is Sandy Patterson.



SECRETARY (ON PHONE)  
Mr. Cornish needs you in his office  
for a notarize.

SANDY  
Oh! Uh, sure, right away!

He hangs up. Looks at Trish's note.

*Something good.* It's up to him to make it happen...

**INT. JIM CORNISH'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy enters the large, plush corner office. JIM CORNISH, 50, is a short, imperious man. The big wheel.

He barely acknowledges Sandy's existence. Just waves at three forms on the coffee table.

CORNISH  
New account forms. Stamp 'em.

Sandy takes out a notary book and stamp. Works up the courage.

SANDY  
Uh, Jim?

Cornish looks at Sandy. Why is this peon talking?

SANDY  
I know your time is limited, so I thought I'd squeeze this in. I've been here five years, and I haven't gotten a raise. Now I know times are--

CORNISH  
Yes!

Yes?

CORNISH  
There's the man!!!

Cornish gets up, walks right past Sandy to greet the client who just walked into the office.

Sandy turns to see Cornish man-hugging:

LARRY BIRD. The Celtic great. The most famous man in Boston.

CORNISH  
God, you look terrific. Linda! Two coffees! C'mon, sit down.

Sandy can't believe this. He's awestruck.

SANDY  
Larry Bird. I'm--

CORNISH  
Just get the stamp out.

Larry signs the three forms, watching as Sandy fumbles to open his ink pad.

LARRY BIRD  
Who's this? The investment guy in charge of signatures?

CORNISH  
Ha. No, he's not an investment guy. He just handles the paperwork.

SANDY  
I'm like an assistant investment guy.

CORNISH  
Mmmmmmmmm, not quite as good that. He's more like someone who works *for* investment guys, but *isn't* an investment guy and doesn't have the training or license to ever *be* an investment guy.

SANDY  
(clinging to dignity)  
I provide back office support for--

CORNISH  
Actually, he's a bit like those guys who gave you towels, mopped up your sweat? Hung *around* Celtics, but weren't Celtics?

LARRY BIRD  
(laughs at Sandy)  
Oh, you're the sweat guy! Hey, every team needs a sweat guy.

Cornish laughs with Larry. Sandy forces himself to join in. But he's dying inside. Cornish points to the forms.

CORNISH  
Go ahead and stamp.

SANDY  
Of course. I'll just need a valid form of ID... driver's license?

LARRY BIRD

Oh. I left my wallet in the car.  
(to Cornish)  
I'll email you the number.

SANDY

Oh. Um-- I do need to see it.

LARRY BIRD

I just told you, I don't have it.

SANDY

Maybe you could run down and get it?

CORNISH

Are you out of your mind?

LARRY BIRD

Are you saying I'm not Larry Bird?

SANDY

No, of course not! But I took a public  
oath. I can't notarize a document  
without confirming ID.

CORNISH

His FACE is his ID, you jackass!

LARRY BIRD

I'm Larry Bird!

SANDY

I know! But the rules-- !

Larry Bird stands up. Furious.

LARRY BIRD

I am six foot nine! This is BOSTON!

CORNISH

Stamp it, Patterson!

Larry Bird grabs for the stamp. Sandy clutches it to his  
chest, frightened.

LARRY BIRD

I AM LARRY BIRD! I AM THE GREATEST  
OF ALL TIME! STAMP IT!

CORNISH

STAMP IT!

LARRY BIRD

STAMP IT! STAMP IT!

SANDY

Okay!!!

Sandy stamps each of the three contracts. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

CORNISH

Now get out.

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy slumps back into his office, sits down. Hot with shame.

*Something good will happen today.*

He CRUMPLES the note up and throws it out.

His PHONE RINGS, startling him. He answers. No longer chipper.

SANDY

This is Sandy Patterson.

CALLER (ON PHONE)

Yes, Sandy? I'm Jeanette with Lady's Choice salon confirming your appointment for this Wednesday at three?

SANDY

I'm sorry, you have the wrong number.

CALLER (ON PHONE)

Sandy Bigelow Patterson?

Odd. His middle name. That gets his attention.

SANDY

Yes, but--  
(checks the caller ID)  
Where are you calling from?

CALLER (ON PHONE)

Homestead, Florida.

SANDY

I'm in Boston. How did you get this number?

CALLER (ON PHONE)

You didn't leave one when you made the appointment, so we Googled you.

SANDY

Well, I'm sorry, but you have the wrong person.

CALLER (ON PHONE)

Are you sure?

SANDY

You're *Lady's Choice* in Florida. I'm  
a *man* in Massachusetts.

CALLER (ON PHONE)

So you're not Sandy Patterson?

SANDY

No! I'm no one! GOODBYE!

Sandy slams the phone down.

A knock on his door. It's Bryan Casey, looking deadly serious.

BRYAN

We need to talk.

Oh no.

**INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Bryan enters the stairwell. Stonefaced. Sandy follows.

SANDY

Bryan, you gotta understand, this  
Larry Bird thing wasn't my--

Sandy stops. Bryan's there, but so are THREE OTHER GUYS. All  
in expensive suits. All around 30. All looking at him.

BRYAN

We're leaving Prominence.

SANDY

(stunned)

You guys book half the business here.

BRYAN

We know. And if it were up to Cornish,  
we'd be sucking his ass for the rest  
of our lives. That's why we're starting  
our own firm, and we're taking all of  
our clients with us.

SANDY

Jesus-- that's a four billion dollar  
portfolio...

BRYAN

Five. Come with us.

Sandy is floored. *Him?*

BRYAN

You're the best at what you do. You'll be a junior partner. Run the back office, plus a piece of the business. What are you making now?

SANDY

Fifty.

BRYAN

You're gonna make fifty next *month*.

SANDY

Oh my god. When is this happening?

BRYAN

Now.

**INT. OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Bryan and his partners stride out to the middle of the floor, amidst the cubicles and offices.

Sandy follows, hanging back, as Bryan picks up a STAPLER and BANGS ON THE WALL, getting everyone's attention.

He steps up and stands on a desk.

BRYAN

The four of us are leaving to start a new company.

He raises his Blackberry and presses a button.

BRYAN

You now have our new contact info.

Everyone stops. You can hear a pin drop. This is nuclear.

BRYAN

We will need secretaries. Clerks. IT. You can submit applications on--

CORNISH

NOBODY MOVE.

Cornish stands across the way. Addresses the troops.

CORNISH

Anyone who stays right where they are gets a 5% raise, here and now.

(MORE)

CORNISH (CONT'D)

Anyone who moves-- will regret it.  
This firm has offices in twenty cities  
across five continents. You don't  
want us for an enemy.

Sandy takes that in. The raise. The threat.

SECURITY grabs hold of the four rebels.

BRYAN

Last chance. Who's with us?

The room is dead silent. No one moves. Cornish gloats.

SANDY

I am.

Cornish looks around, searching for the traitor.

CORNISH

Who said that?

SANDY

(petrified)

I did.

Cornish stares in disbelief and fury at Sandy. As security  
marches him out with Bryan and the others--

CORNISH

You better pray this works out,  
Patterson, because I'm killing you  
everywhere else! No one will hire  
you! Not here, not anywhere! You  
hear me? You're a dead man! In this  
town, in this business! Everywhere  
you go! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?  
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE???

**INT. SHOPPING MALL - FLORIDA - SAME TIME**

Diana rides up the escalator, drinking an Orange Julius,  
talking on a crappy cell phone.

DIANA

Of course I appreciate it. Yes. Ugh,  
fine. "Thank you for bailing me out,  
Moshe." I don't know. Figure two  
weeks. I'll be done in an hour, and  
then it's all yours. Okay?

As she steps off the elevator, the phone goes **BOOP. Call  
dropped.** She casually **TOSSES** the phone into a **TRASH BIN.**

**IN THE JEWELRY STORE**

She points a ring out to the saleswoman. Credit card in hand.

DIANA

That one looks great. Lost my wedding ring.  
Can you believe it? Fifteen years.  
He's a big stockbroker. But it's not about *stuff*, you know? It's about partnership.

**AUNTIE ANNE'S PRETZELS**

Diana stuffs an entire cinnamon sugar pretzel in her mouth. Talks to the cashier through a wad of dough.

DIANA

Mmm. Low blood sugar. It's working.  
This is very fresh.

**COSMETICS COUNTER**

The salesgirl SWIPES the card. Diana shows off her new ring.

DIANA

Yeah, we *just* got married. He's a surgeon. He fixes smiles.

Diana hears some whispered GIGGLING. Turns to catch two counter girls quietly mocking her appearance.

She pretends to not notice.

**AUNTIE ANNE'S PRETZELS**

Diana has another pretzel in her mouth. Talks through an even larger quantity of dough to the same cashier.

DIANA

Another crash. It's picking up. Is that a free sample? Is that onion?  
(chokes, then clears)  
Mmm. There's a nice tang to that.

**SPORTING GOODS STORE**

Diana looks at a monitor showing footage for something called FAMILY FUN PACKAGE. A happy family is whitewater rafting.



SPORTING GOODS SALESMAN  
So how old are your kids?

DIANA  
15, 12, 10, 8 and 6. Jaden, Cathy,  
Sam, JP and Anna.

She eyes the large yellow inflatable on display.

DIANA  
Huh. I could buy raft...

**BROOKSTONE**

Diana VIBRATES in a massage chair. Asleep. Drooling. An employee nudges her. She wakes spastically.

DIANA  
What the fuck?

BROOKSTONE EMPLOYEE  
Ma'am? Your card and your receipt?

Oh. She gets her bearings. Checks the receipt. One massage chair plus home delivery. \$1,899.99. Diana does some math in her head, then hands the card back to the salesman.

DIANA  
Keep it. It's done.

The salesman takes the card back, confused. Diana turns over on the massage chair so that's she face down. Still vibrating.

**INT. SANDY'S CAR - SAME TIME**

A Yaris. Sandy drives, cell phone to his ear. It's ringing.

**BOOP.** He checks his phone. **TRISH (HOME) - CALL FAILED.**

The LOW GAS alert pings on the dashboard.

**EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING**

Sandy's redialing Trish as he swipes his card at the pump.

Boop. Dropped call. Again.

The pump says **DECLINED - SEE MANAGER.** Huh?

**INT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

The attendant, ARUN, sits in his glassed-in cashier booth, talking loudly in HINDI on his BLUETOOTH earpiece.

SANDY

Excuse me? Something's wrong with pump 5. It's not taking my card.

Sandy passes it through the tray. Arun takes it, swipes it...

ARUN

Oh, look at this, buddy!

Arun holds up the scanner. It says **INVLD. - DESTROY CARD.**

SANDY

What? Why would it say that?

ARUN

Because you don't pay your fucking bills, deadbeat!

SANDY

I absolutely pay my bills! And you can't talk to customers like that!

ARUN

Yes I can. Bulletproof glass. Suck my balls.

Arun starts talking in Hindi on his bluetooth. Laughs.

SANDY

Who is that? Who are you talking to?

Arun turns a WEBCAM toward Sandy's credit card.

ARUN

My family in Mumbai. They're watching me cut up your card. I'm slingboxing this shit to them.

SANDY

Do not cut that card up!

He CUTS THE CARD. Then hits SPEAKER on his cell phone. We hear people laughing, singing and clapping.

ARUN

Ha ha! You like this song? The chorus means "fuck you".

**INT. SANDY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy drives, fuming. Phone to his ear. It's ringing.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)  
Hello, this is Loretta with MobiCom.  
With whom am I speaking?

SANDY  
Sandy Patterson.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)  
And can I have the last four of your  
social?

SANDY  
4186.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)  
And how may I assist you this evening?

SANDY  
I can't seem to make any calls.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)  
Yes, I see we've suspended your  
service for an overdue balance of  
\$369.73.

SANDY  
No, that's a mistake. I pay this  
bill regularly.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)  
I'm sorry, sir. If you'd like to pay  
by phone right now, we can restore  
service to all three of your numbers.

SANDY  
Three? What three? I have two numbers.  
My wife and myself.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)  
I'm showing a third line, added two  
months ago. Area code 305-697--

SANDY  
305? Where is that?

LORETTA (ON PHONE)  
Homestead, Florida.

*Homestead.* Where that salon was? And then: **Whoooo!** Flashing  
sirens behind him.

SANDY

Shit.

**EXT. SANDY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy's pulled over. The COP approaches his window.

COP

We have a hands-free phone law, sir.  
License and registration.

**EXT. SANDY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

The cop walks back over. Hand on the butt of his gun.

COP

Step out of the car, Mr. Patterson.

SANDY

(gets out)

Really? Okay. Didn't realize it was  
that big of a-- OW!

The cop SPINS HIM AROUND. SLAMS HIM against the hood of his car. Arm bent behind his back.

SANDY

FOR HANDS-FREE???

**INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING**

Sandy sits alone. Handcuffed. Shell-shocked.

Two DETECTIVES enter. Close the door behind them. The lead detective is REILLY, 40's. Moustache. Men's Wearhouse.

DET. REILLY

Mr. Patterson, I'm Detective Reilly.

SANDY

Listen, there's been a mistake.

DET. REILLY

There's no mistake. The arresting officer ran your license through the NCIC. You were booked for felony assault two weeks ago in Florida.

SANDY

Florida? Wait-- was it Homestead?

DET. REILLY

Oh good, so we're dropping the whole "there's been a mistake". You missed your court date this morning. Judge issued a warrant, we ship you down there tomorrow. Enjoy the weather.

SANDY

Waitwaitwait. Listen. Please! Someone with my name is doing these things. Making salon appointments, opening phone accounts--

DET. REILLY

Are you or are you not Sandy Bigelow Patterson, born May 18th, 1973?

SANDY

I am, but-- I swear! This is someone else. It's not me.

DET. REILLY

(beat, then to his partner)  
Call Homestead PD. Pull the mugshot.

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER**

Reilly's partner walks back in the room. Hands Reilly a folder. Reilly opens it. Examines what's inside.

DET. REILLY

Woof. Uncuff him.

The partner removes Sandy's cuffs. Reilly takes a document from the folder, puts it on the table. Turns it toward Sandy.

It's the MUGSHOT of DIANA. Holding a name card and birthdate.  
**Sandy Bigelow Patterson. 5-18-73.**

SANDY

Who the hell is this?

DET. REILLY

If I had to guess, I'd say it's the woman who stole your identity. Obviously taking advantage of the fact that you have a girly name.

SANDY

It's not girly. It's unisex. So what is this-- like credit card fraud?

DET. REILLY

No, it's worse than that. They get a hold of your name, birth date, social security-- then they run up debt, get arrested, commit crimes-- as you. They tunnel into your life like a termite and rot you out from the inside until there's nothing left.

(claps his hands)

Anyhoo, you'll fill out some forms, we'll put a top level fraud alert out, that's about that.

SANDY

What? No, you have to stop her! You have to go get this woman!

DET. REILLY

We don't "go get" anyone. We're *Boston* PD. All we do is open and close the case. If she buys something on Amazon, Seattle PD investigates. Your mobile company's in Connecticut? Hartford PD handles that. And so on and so forth for every single theft.

SANDY

How long does that take?

DET. REILLY

Six months to a year.

SANDY

A YEAR?

DET. REILLY

Yeah, let me explain our priorities.

(gestures with his hand)

See, up here, we got our murders and rapes.

(sweeps from high to low)

Then *allllllllll* this is the stupid shit people do when they're drunk or in love.

(low to the ground)

Down here is identity theft.

SANDY

So I'm on the bottom.

DET. REILLY

Well, below that's marijuana, cuz you know, fuck it. Everybody gets high.

(MORE)

DET. REILLY (CONT'D)

(rises)

That's all. You're free to go. Take that mugshot with you. Might help you with the credit card companies.

SANDY

Jesus.

(writes on a pad)

This is my new work contact info. Call me if you hear anything.

DET. REILLY

I'll do that. In six months to a year.

**INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Franny and Jessie watch TV. Trish sits at the kitchen table with Sandy, who has his laptop out. Piles of bills.

SANDY

Just make a list of each account, and I'll call, one by one, and we'll settle this tonight. Clean slate.

TRISH

(quietly panicked)

Okay.

SANDY

There's nothing to worry about.

TRISH

Okay.

SANDY

Just gonna pull up the credit card-- WHAT? Look at this! Jewelry? A massage chair? We don't have a pot to piss in, she's buying massage chairs?

TRISH

Sandy.

SANDY

Hold on. I'm checking our credit rating.

The TRW screen says 205. Sandy reels. Then recovers.

SANDY

Okay, no problem. We'll start with the First Boston Visa.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)  
 They're a big bank, we're good  
 customers, they'll get it.

**TEN MINUTES LATER** - Sandy's on the phone, pacing. Trish  
 watches, her panic mounting by the second.

SANDY  
 What do you mean you don't believe  
 me? I have a police report! No, not  
 for the jewelry or the massage chair,  
 I just found out about that! *Prove?*  
 How I do prove *I didn't buy something?*  
 My identity was stolen! Oh, I'm a  
 liar now? You're calling me a LIAR?  
 You know what? THIS IS WHY EVERYONE  
 HATES BANKS! Get your manager!  
 (beat)  
 Hello? Hello?  
 (tosses the phone)  
 GodDAMMIT!

The girls look over at their dad. Frightened.

TRISH  
 Sandy.

SANDY  
What.

TRISH  
 You quit your job.

He registers her absolute panic. Moves into calming mode.

SANDY  
 Okay, babe, listen. The new job is a  
great thing. I swear to you. This is  
 going to get us out of here, into a  
 house, a new life--

TRISH  
 We don't have credit  
 cards. We don't have  
 cell phones.

SANDY  
 I'll ask Bryan for an  
 advance tomorrow.

TRISH  
 We need a new crib and  
 diapers and--

SANDY  
 Trish, Trish, honey. I  
 have it under control.

Trish takes a breath. Then puts a hand on his. Nods.

JESSIE  
 Daddy? The TV's broken.



Sandy looks up at the TV. The screen says: **ERROR 713b: Your service has been disrupted due to an outstanding balance.**

Sandy leans back in his chair. This is not under control.

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - BOSTON - MORNING**

Another high-rise in the business district.

**INT. NEW CENTURY FINANCIAL - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS**

The elevator dings. Sandy steps out into THE NEW OFFICES. Workers install new computers, move in furniture, etc.

Sandy sees Bryan in the CONFERENCE ROOM.

SANDY

Bryan, can I talk to you for a second?

BRYAN

Just a sec. I want you to meet Dave Weiss. He heads up the endowment at Boston University.

Sandy shakes hands with DAVE WEISS, 50's.

BRYAN

Sandy's our back office whiz. Handles legal, accounts, every single transaction. He's amazing.

DAVE WEISS

Good to hear. We're putting nearly a billion dollars on your desk.

SANDY

I'll make sure to take great care of you, sir. Umm, Bryan, if I could just grab one quick--

DET. REILLY (O.S.)

Mr. Patterson!

Sandy, Bryan and Weiss turn to see:

DETECTIVE REILLY and two uniformed cops emerging from the elevator. Sandy quickly turns to Bryan.

SANDY

It's okay. My identity was stolen. It's a huge mess.

Reilly and Sandy shake hands.

SANDY  
So-- you have some news?

DET. REILLY  
Indeed I do. You're under investigation  
for narcotics trafficking.

Wait-- what??? Bryan and the client stare in shock.

DET. REILLY  
We have a warrant to search the  
premises. Cuff him.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER**

Sandy sits alone. The FLAT SCREEN TV is on, the sound muted.

REILLY enters with Bryan and one of the cops.

DET. REILLY  
Okay, uncuff him.

SANDY  
You mind explaining what's going on?

DET. REILLY  
Chicago PD busted an oxycontin ring  
last night. Your name and address  
were on a list of buyers.  
(off Sandy's reaction)  
I'm not an idiot, Mr. Patterson. I  
know there's a halfway decent chance  
it's your friend in Florida. Which  
means there's a halfway decent chance  
it's not. Until I can prove you didn't  
do this, it's an open investigation.

BRYAN  
For narcotics. Sandy, I'm sorry, but--

SANDY  
Bryan-- please don't  
do this. I can't go  
back to Cornish, he's  
blackballing me  
everywhere else--

BRYAN  
We almost lost BU over  
this. We're asking people  
to entrust you with their  
information! Account codes,  
balances, access to funds--

SANDY  
I am *unemployable* right  
now, Brian! I have no  
money, no credit--

BRYAN  
You can't. Not with this  
over your head. You CAN'T  
WORK HERE! That's it.

Sandy puts his head in his hands.

DET. REILLY

For what it's worth, I am sorry.

Sandy doesn't move. Bryan walks Reilly out.

Finally, Sandy lifts his head. Alone. Just him and the silent TV. An ad. A woman massages shampoo into her scalp.

Holy shit.

SANDY

LADY'S CHOICE!

Bryan and Reilly turn back to him.

SANDY

What if I knew where she was? I find her, and I turn her over to the police? Would you clear my name?

DET. REILLY

They'd put her up on Florida charges first. It'd be a year before we'd get a crack at her. She'd have to be standing right here to do you any good.

SANDY

That's the new standard for police work? The criminal has to STAND RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU?

DET. REILLY

You have a good day.

SANDY

Wait!

(point of no return)

What if I brought her to you?

DET. REILLY

C'mon, Mr. Patterson.

SANDY

If I bring her to you and she gives a full statement-- owns up to everything-- will you clear my name?

DET. REILLY

If all that happens. Yeah. Sure.

Reilly EXITS.

BRYAN

Sandy, I'm sorry, but we don't have time. Accounts are rolling in, you can't clear a background check-- I need someone doing the work now.

SANDY

Bryan, I have a family. I stood up for you. Please.

BRYAN

(beat, then)

I'll give you five days.

SANDY

(already running out)

Thank you!

BRYAN

Five days! That's all I can do!

**INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Sandy packs a SUITCASE while he's on the phone. Trish watches.

SANDY

Yes, this is Sandy Patterson, you called the other day? I want to confirm that appointment. It was for my wife, she's gonna be in the area, I didn't realize. Tomorrow at three, right? And your address again?

(scribbles it down)

Great, got it. She'll be there.

He hangs up.

TRISH

This is insane.

(holds up handcuffs)

Where did you even get these?

SANDY

You know. That place. Oh, and I borrowed your anxiety pills. In case I have to coax her on to the plane.

TRISH

No, that's fine. Cause WHY WOULD I NEED THOSE RIGHT NOW?!

SANDY

Shhh shhh shhh. I'm gonna fly out, get her, fly back, and we're done.

JESSIE

Daddy? Are you going on a trip?

The girls stand in the door. He kneels down and hugs them.

SANDY

I am. I'm going to pretty much the worst place in America-- but when I come back, I'm going to be a better daddy. And we're going to live in a big house with a yard and presents and braces and weddings. Okay?

(kisses them both)

Okay, go on. Be good!

They run out. Trish folds her arms, a nervous wreck.

SANDY

I paid the mobile bill. Our phones are back on, I'll call you every step of the way.

TRISH

I don't like this. It's dangerous.

SANDY

It's one woman. She's five foot nothing. She's a hobbit.

(kisses her)

I won't let you down.

She frowns, then softens. Kisses him back.

TRISH

You never do. Go get the bitch.

**EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NEXT MORNING**

The BOS-MIA flight comes in for a landing...

**EXT. FLORIDA TURNPIKE - LATER**

Sandy drives a rented **CHEVY COBALT** toward **HOMESTEAD**

**EXT. STRIP MALL - HOMESTEAD, FLORIDA - 3 PM**

A depressed, far distant suburb of Miami.

SANDY - sits in his car, windows down. Sweating. Looking at:

**LADY'S CHOICE SALON** - tacky, tacky, tacky. A large sign on the window says **TAN HAIR**.

Sandy checks his watch. Five past noon. And then-- a new NISSAN pulls into the lot. Sticker in the window.

DIANA gets out of the car. Walks into Lady's Choice.

Sandy sits back. He's got her.

**EXT. STRIP MALL - HOMESTEAD, FLORIDA - LATER**

Diana emerges. Her bad hair is still bad, but blacker and bigger. Nails are bright pink. Jesus. What a look.

**I/E. DIANA'S CAR/ SANDY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

SANDY follows her, keeping an appropriate distance.

DIANA glances at her rearview mirror. Sees the Cobalt following her. Hmmm. She accelerates.

SANDY speeds up as well. Doesn't want to lose her.

They approach an ELEVATED CAUSEWAY over marshy SWAMP. The only two cars visible for miles.

DIANA accelerates more. SANDY keeps up. Until--

SCREEEE! Diana SLAMS ON HER BRAKES.

SANDY

Shit!

He slams on HIS BRAKES-- SKIDS-- and-- **CRUNCH**-- he rear-ends her at about 15 mph. Not even enough to pop the airbags.

**EXT. CAUSEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy gets out of his car. Sees Diana slowly get out of hers. She's holding her neck.

DIANA

Ugh. My neck! Son of a bitch!

He can't believe it. She's pulling a scam.

SANDY

I'm sorry. You stopped so short.

He walks around her car, surveying the damage. Subtly placing himself between her and her driver's side door.

DIANA

There was a gopher in the road. OW,  
my spine!

SANDY

You know what? This is totally my  
fault. Let's exchange information.  
My insurance will cover everything.

DIANA

All right. Yeah. Cool. Here.  
(hands him her license)  
Or maybe we could just do cash. Save  
you a little on your rates.

SANDY

You would do that for me?

DIANA

I would. I'm a good person. You know?  
Like, what would Jesus do?

SANDY

Jesus doesn't have insurance?

DIANA

No, he's god. What's wrong with you?

SANDY

(reads her license)  
Sandy Bigelow Patterson. Bigelow.  
You don't hear that too often.

DIANA

It's a family name. Mother's side.  
Goes back to the Mayflower. Jeremiah  
Bigelow. He was a bear hunter.

SANDY

Huh. Interesting. Here's my license.

She takes it. Looks at it. **Sandy Bigelow Patterson.**

She slowly removes her hand from her neck. Straightens her  
posture. Looks back at Sandy like she's a different person.

Then she PUNCHES him in the THROAT.

Sandy drops like a dead man, still conscious, but gagging on  
his own throat. She tries to push past him into her car, but  
he BLOCKS HER ACCESS to the door while he tries to breathe.

She runs and gets into HIS car. Starts it up. Backs up.

Watching this, gasping for air, Sandy gets into HER car. Turns the key, but the engine won't turn over. Then:

WHAM! He lurches forward into the steering wheel. Looks back.

She's rammed HIS car into HER car.

And now she's PUSHING her car, with him in it.

To the edge of the causeway.

He pushes the brake to the floor. HONKS the horn.

SANDY

Hey! HEY!!!

But she's not stopping. And he's almost to the edge... it's a good thirty foot drop...

Sandy flings the car door open and JUMPS OUT just before--

DIANA PUSHES HER OWN CAR OFF THE CAUSEWAY - it goes END over END over END and lands with a SPLASH in the SWAMPY MUCK.

Sandy turns back and sees her GIVE HIM THE FINGER as she peels off in his rental. Stranding him.

His phone rings. He answers, still finding his voice.

SANDY

Hello?

TRISH (ON PHONE)

Hey babe, it's me. Just checking in to see how things were going.

He peers over the edge at Diana's car. Restrains his own panic.

SANDY

Yeah. Off to a little bit of a slow start. Caught my ankle on the first hurdle there. Nothing to worry about. I'll call you in a few.

**INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

TRISH

Okay. Be careful. I love you.

She hangs up. The phone immediately rings back. She answers.

TRISH

Sandy?



DEBT COLLECTOR (ON PHONE)  
No, this is Dan from Superior Debt  
Collection. Can we speak to Sandy?

TRISH  
He's not here right now. I'm his  
wife. Is there something I can--

DEBT COLLECTOR (ON PHONE)  
Where is he?

TRISH  
He's in Florida, but--

DEBT COLLECTOR (ON PHONE)  
Florida? Where in Florida?

TRISH  
I don't know exactly...

DEBT COLLECTOR (ON PHONE)  
You're saying he left town and you  
don't know where he is?

TRISH  
Yes, but--

Click. Dial tone. Trish looks at the phone. What just happened?

**EXT. BENEATH THE CAUSEWAY - DAY**

Sandy slowly makes his way down the embankment into the marsh  
below the road. His shoes SINK into the reeking muck. Ugh.

DIANA'S CAR - is half submerged in the swamp. Sandy opens  
the exposed passenger door. Crawls into her car.

Opens the glove compartment. Nothing but the manual. Looks  
around. Sees: PINK PAPER wedged in the rear seat. He pulls  
it out. It's a BILL OF SALE for the car.

Made out to **Sandy Patterson**. Goddammit. But below that...

...a Homestead, FL address.

**EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - UGLY DEVELOPMENT - LATER**

Prefab homes. Tiny lots.

SANDY gets out of a cab. Walks toward DIANA'S HOUSE. The  
RENTAL CAR is in the driveway.

And there's a goddamn MOTORBOAT parked on the lawn.

DIANA - emerges from her house with a SUITCASE. Sees him.

She drops the suitcase and RUNS back to the house. He CHASES, and just as she SLAMS THE DOOR, he jams an LEG in.

SANDY

AGGH!

He pushes in after her, and she backs away over piles of:

STUFF. The house is a HOARDER'S PARADISE. Piles and piles of electronics, housewares, clothing, sporting goods, cameras, musical instruments, bulk food items... most of it UNTOUCHED.

The MASSAGE CHAIR is in the corner. And the big yellow RAFT.

SANDY

Wow. Been shopping, *Sandy*?

He pulls the HANDCUFFS out of his jacket pocket, starts walking toward her. He will not be denied.

SANDY

Here's the deal. We can do this the easy way, or the--

She PUNCHES HIM IN THE THROAT. Again. He goes down.

She tries to jump over him, but he GRABS HER LEG.

She goes down, and they FIGHT. A SLOPPY, MESSY fight between two desperate people, neither of whom can afford to lose.

He tries to HANDCUFF HER, but he can't pin her down. She rolls over him, smothering his face in her tits.

SANDY

(muffled)

GARRR! GARRBARAARRRRR!!!!

She's got her hand JAMMED in his pocket. CLENCHING. He roars in pain, wriggles free... and she BITES HIM on the leg.

SANDY

AGHHHH!!!

He starts PUNCHING HER on the back of her head until her jaws RELEASE. They ROLL OVER, and now he's on top of her.

Face to face. Sweaty. Her makeup is SMEARED. Breathing into each other's mouths. Close enough to kiss.

DIANA

Huh. Where's *this* going?

He backs away, and she KNEES him in the chest, then bolts for the front door.

Sandy grabs the RAFT OAR and FLINGS IT AT HER.

It hits her in the back of the head, and she GOES DOWN.

He staggers past her. Shuts the front door. Deadbolts it.

Diana struggles to her feet, dazed. Holding the back of her head in pain. She flops down on her couch, winded.

Sandy sees an overturned SHOE BOX on the floor. Spilling out of it are DRIVER'S LICENSES. All with Diana's picture. All different states. All different names. He grabs a handful.

SANDY

What is *wrong* with you? You're sick!  
Look at all this stuff. You don't  
even need it!

DIANA

Oh, you know me now?

He sees FOUR GUITARS. He lifts one up.

SANDY

Oh, okay. You play? I'd love to hear  
something. Or are these for your  
husband? No? Boyfriend?  
(tosses the guitar)  
Well there's a shock.

That same flash of pain crosses her face.

Sandy catches it. And even though she's ruined his life, he gets a guilty twinge. He was cruel, and he knows it.

SANDY

What's your name?

DIANA

Julie.

AVI (O.S.)

DIANA!!!

DIANA

Shit!

A POUNDING on the door.

**INTERCUT WITH:** AVI AND ILAN, 20's, Israeli, wearing honest-to-god Jordache jeans (still sold at Walmart!) and windbreakers. Total thugs. Hebrew accents.

AVI  
Diana, open the fucking door!

BACK INSIDE - Diana makes a "SHUT UP" face to Sandy.

DIANA  
What's the problem, Avi?

AVI (O.S.)  
The problem is you fuck Moshe! He  
bail you out, you trade him shit ID?

DIANA  
It's not shit! It's good!

AVI (O.S.)  
It doesn't work! He lost twenty grand  
on this oxycontin deal! Open the  
door! We just want to talk!

Diana grabs a KNAPSACK. Starts throwing stuff in. Makeup,  
blank MAGSTRIP CARDS, a small keypad device, hairspray...

SANDY  
What are you doing? Who is that?

Diana moves into her BEDROOM. She quickly takes down a POSTER  
from her wall, blocking our view of it.

She carefully folds it and puts it in her KNAPSACK.

AVI (O.S.)  
Diana, don't make me break this door!

Diana moves back into the living room, looks for:

THE JINGLE OF KEYS - Sandy is holding the car keys.

SANDY  
Looking for someth--

KABOOM! A SHOTGUN BLAST blows through the WINDOW.

SANDY  
Jesus!

KABOOM! Another blast. Diana grabs a STEAK KNIFE and starts  
RUNNING. Sandy runs after her, scared out of his mind...

**EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Avi KICKS the front door in just in time to NOT SEE Diana  
and Sandy running out the OTHER side of the house.

Diana SLASHES two tires on Avi's car with the knife, throws her knapsack into the RENTAL, and she and Sandy get in.

DIANA  
GO GO GO!

Sandy starts the car and PEELS OUT.

Avi and Ilan realize their mistake and run back outside, but the Cobalt is already driving away, and Avi's car is LEANING on two flat tires.

AVI  
YOR PIN NOTEPH ZIVA!!!!

He kicks his car. Fury in his eyes. We don't know Hebrew, but we can tell they just fucked with the wrong Israeli.

**INT. RENTAL CAR - ON THE HIGHWAY - LATER**

Sandy and Diana drive in silence. Both PISSED. Finally...

DIANA  
Just let me off at the next exit.

SANDY  
I don't think so. And I think you meant to say "sorry for getting you SHOT AT."

DIANA  
I'm not sorry for that. Pull over.

SANDY  
No. We're getting on a plane, *Diana*, and we're flying to Boston.

Diana laughs in his face. Then:

DIANA  
Seriously, pull over or I'll kick your ass in again.

SANDY  
Look. How about we find a bar-- I'll buy you a drink and explain the whole thing. Okay?

DIANA  
A drink? Sure. That's a perfect way to dose me with your wife's Xanax.

She lifts the pill bottle up. Rattles it. He checks his pants pocket. She picked his fucking pocket during the fight...

DIANA  
Now PULL OVER.

SANDY  
Fine! Is that what you want?!

He PULLS THE CAR OVER to the side of the road.

**EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY**

Diana gets out. Starts walking. Sandy gets out. Starts dialing his cell phone. Yelling after her over the traffic noise.

SANDY  
I'll just let 911 know a criminal  
with a known warrant is walking around  
on the highway. I've got lots of  
evidence they'd love to see!  
(she keeps walking)  
I have your home address, your photo,  
a handful of your fake licenses in  
my pocket...  
(she keeps walking)  
And once you're in jail, "Avi" will  
know exactly where to find you.

Diana stops.

DIANA  
(mutters to herself)  
Mother *fucker*...  
(turns back to him)  
You want me dead?

SANDY  
I want you in Boston.

DIANA  
Why?

SANDY  
I need you to tell my boss I didn't  
sell oxycontin or rack up debt or  
any of this stuff.

DIANA  
(sneers)  
Oh. For a *job*. You and your anxious  
wife gotta maintain your lifestyle,  
right? I bet Trish is real pretty.

SANDY  
She's beautiful.  
(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

So are my two little girls, and a third one on the way. See, I'm responsible for other people. I'm actually loved.

Again, that flash of pain.

DIANA

What are their names?

SANDY

What do you care?

They're quiet for a bit. Just the sound of passing cars. Then:

DIANA

Can I still get that drink?

**INT. ROADSIDE BAR - LATER**

Diana drinks a beer, eats pretzels.

DIANA

Well. Looks like you got my tits in a ringer.

SANDY

I don't like that phrase.

DIANA

Yeah, you really got me ass up over a barrel.

SANDY

That's not any better.

DIANA

Look. You need me in Boston, and I need to get out of Florida. Maybe we can make a deal. I'll talk to your boss, but no cops.

SANDY

You have to go on record with Boston PD, but I won't press charges.

DIANA

Let me explain something, Judge Judy. I sold your ID to those Israelis. They use them to traffic drugs. Yours was supposed to last a little longer, which you somehow fucked up.

SANDY

Oh, it's my fault they want you dead?

DIANA

Uh huh. That's problem number one. Problem number two is any DA worth a shit is gonna hang the drug charge on me, cuz it's connected to an ID I stole. That's a ten year stretch in a federal pen. So no cops. Your choice, asshole.

He stares for a moment. Then:

SANDY

Fine.

Diana looks into Sandy's eyes. Suspicious.

DIANA

You lying to me? Cuz I can smell a set-up.

SANDY

I'm not lying. I swear.

DIANA

You swear on your kids?

SANDY

(beat)

I swear on my kids.

She keeps looking in his eyes. Then:

DIANA

Well alright.

(swigs her beer)

Boston. Could be good for me. Fresh start, no rap sheet, wide open hunting ground. You know what? I want to do this. This is my idea now.

(pushes the pretzels

away)

Salt runs right through me. I'm gonna hit the shitter.

**INT. NEW CENTURY FINANCIAL/BAR - LATER**

Bryan walks through the busy office, cellphone to his ear.  
INTERCUT WITH: Sandy in the bar, one eye on the restroom.



SANDY

She says she'll talk to you. But no cops.

BRYAN

They won't close your case if she doesn't go on record.

SANDY

It's not a problem. I'll text you when we're coming in. Set the cops up in another room, hit intercom on the phone, they'll listen in, and then bust in and arrest her.

BRYAN

That's your plan? That's porno quality.

SANDY

It'll work. Just trust me.

Bryan looks into an office. "Sandy Patterson, Account Management." There's a STACK of paperwork on the desk.

BRYAN

Just get back fast.

Sandy hangs up just as Diana gets out of the bathroom. Still carrying her beer.

DIANA

This is a pretty nice joint. I'm gonna grab some ribs.

**EXT. ROADSIDE BAR - SECONDS LATER**

She follows Sandy to his car.

DIANA

C'mon, just a half-slab. I got blood sugar...

SANDY

We only have a couple of hours before our flight. I'll get you a Snickers.

DIANA

And how exactly are we getting on this plane?

SANDY

I buy two tickets, we get on the plane.

DIANA  
Using what ID?

SANDY  
Using my ID.

DIANA  
And what does my ID say?

Takes him a moment. Then:

SANDY  
GOD DAMMIT!

DIANA  
Two Sandy Bigelow Pattersons born on  
the same day. TSA might have a little  
problem with that.

She finishes her beer. Tosses the bottle.

DIANA  
I'm gonna go squeege again. This is  
gonna be a long drive.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER**

The Cobalt speeds north on the highway.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy drives. Diana has her FEET UP on the dashboard. Cranks  
the stereo. Sings along with The Doors.

DIANA  
Keep your eyes on the road, your  
hand upon the wheel!

SANDY  
(turns the radio off)  
Feet down. We drive fast and quiet  
to Boston. Got it? My car, my rules.

DIANA  
Look, I'm sorry about all this, okay?  
No hard feelings.

SANDY  
There are a ton of hard feelings.  
There's nothing but hard feelings.

DIANA

Listen, I need you, and you need me.  
We're bonded now. We're like family.  
Like brother and sister. Maybe  
something a little bit more.

SANDY

We aren't anything more. We are less  
than all the things you just said.

DIANA

Just saying you're my type. I like  
'em the way you look. Tall.

SANDY

I am average height.

DIANA

Whatever you say, stretch.

She leans her seat back, puts her feet back up on the dash,  
and turns the radio back on.

DIANA

The future's uncertain  
And the end is always near...

Sandy looks at the NAVIGATION UNIT. 1,500 miles to Boston.

Long way to go. His fingers tense on the steering wheel.

**EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - THE LAWN OF A MCMANSION - DAY**

CLOSE ON: a 45-year old MAN. He's crying. His combover has  
unwound and wisps away from his head like a windsock.

He's being DRAGGED across a perfectly manicured lawn. A  
McMansion behind him. A sports car in the driveway.

CRYING MAN

Please! I'll get the money! I swear!  
You can't do this!

THE SKIPTRACER

I can do this. I'm doing it right now.

THE SKIPTRACER, 30's, unshaven, mullet, 1984 "Western  
Exterminator" Van Halen concert tee. A cigarette dangles. He  
DRAGS the crying man by the end of his PANTS LEG.

CRYING MAN

Who do you work for? I'll pay you  
double! Triple!

THE SKIPTRACER

You don't have any money, fuckmouth.  
That's why I'm here.

The man's head now drags across DRIVEWAY GRAVEL.

CRYING MAN

OW! Debt collectors can't do this!  
It's illegal!

The Skiptracer yanks the man against a BLACK VAN. Puts his BLACK BOOT on the man's chest while he opens the back door.

THE SKIPTRACER

You're absolutely right. Debt collectors can't do this. That's why they call me. I do this. I find you, I take you, and I drop your ass off right on their front doorstep. They walk outside, "Ohhh, look what we found!" And then they take all your shit.

His phone rings. He answers.

THE SKIPTRACER

Yeh-low. Yeah, I could do Florida.

CRYING MAN

Someone!!! Help!!!

The Skiptracer throws his CIGARETTE into the crying man's face, then LIFTS and TOSSES HIM into the back of the van.

THE SKIPTRACER

You got an address? Eh, fuck it then, just give me the name.

He takes out a pad. Writes down **SANDY BIGELOW PATTERSON**.

THE SKIPTRACER

Consider it done.

He slams the van door shut.

**INT. RENTAL CAR - ON THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Sandy talks on his phone, drives. Diana sits next to him applying MAKEUP in the visor mirror.

SANDY

Yeah, not what I was planning, but we'll be in Boston by Friday. Yeah, I called Bryan. He knows. The girls okay? Okay. I love you too.

He hangs up.

DIANA

So-- how'd you meet?

SANDY

I'm not talking about myself or my family. You will never know anything about me.

DIANA

Oh, I already know a lot about you. I know what you books you read, what you music you listen to, I know what you eat, I know where you live. Credit histories are amazing.

SANDY

Oh really. And what did you learn?

DIANA

Basically? You're bland. You're vanilla. You're khaki pants.

SANDY

Okay.

DIANA

You're applesauce. You're a Ziggy calendar.

SANDY

I get it.

DIANA

(cakes on more makeup)

Hey, it's not like my life's been any crazier. I grew up in Kansas.

SANDY

I don't care. You need me to stop and get you a trowel?

DIANA

(keeps prattling)

Yeah, a little town called Morganville. My mother's still the mayor's secretary. 70-years old! Nicest woman you'll ever meet. And my dad's a middle school principal, great guy. You actually remind me of him a little.

SANDY

Really? No, it's curious. With such a supportive mom and caring dad, you turned out to be a criminal asshole that ruins lives.

DIANA

Well, you're painting it with the most negative brush possible.

SANDY

Go ahead. Paint it with a better brush.

DIANA

I'm an explorer of humanity. I get inside people's lives and see the world through their eyes. It's pretty cool.

SANDY

That's such bullshit. You know why you do it.

Diana closes her compact. Puts it away. A beat. Then...

DIANA

Maybe. I guess it's just who I am.

SANDY

No. Uh uh. You can't lay it off like that. This is who you choose to be.

DIANA

You can't choose to be you. You already are who you are.

SANDY

What?

DIANA

Think about it. If you choose to be someone, you're choosing to be who you're not.

(excited)

Hey, look!

A roadside sign: **WELCOME TO GEORGIA - State of Adventure.**

Diana instinctively cranes her neck around to look at Florida receding through the rear windshield.

She turns back, suddenly with an agenda.

DIANA

Getting kinda late.

SANDY

I don't want to stop.

DIANA

Well I do. Tired drivers are worse than drunk drivers. That's a fact.

SANDY

No it's not.

DIANA

Well it's a fact for me. I drive drunk all the time-- no problem. Slept drove once-- smashed into an Arby's.

He stares at her. What?

**EXT. IMPERIAL COURT INN & SUITES - SOUTH GEORGIA - NIGHT**

The rental pulls up to a squat, run of the mill low-budget hotel. "Inn and suites" my ass.

Sandy and Diana get out of the car.

SANDY

Okay, let's go over some rules.

DIANA

Great. I love rules.

SANDY

You just broke Rule 1, which is "no lying." Rule 2, we are on a budget. All I have is the cash in my wallet, because someone fucked up my credit cards.

DIANA

So we're sharing a room, huh?

SANDY

Rule 3. We're not friends, we're not partners, and we're definitely not anything else.

A BOOP from his pocket. He pulls out his CELL PHONE.

It's an INCOMING TEXT: ##00GSMHPKT45#49<bcktrcrte>##

Weird. It's from 000-000-0000. He looks up, sees Diana striding ahead toward the hotel restaurant.

He rushes after her.

SANDY  
Rule 4! No splitting up!

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - "SUZIE T'S" - MOMENTS LATER**

Diana walks into the restaurant. Sandy follows quickly.

WAITRESS  
Welcome to Suzie T's, how y'all doin'?

DIANA  
(matches the accent)  
Honey, we are *famished*. Just drove  
all day down from Jimson.

The waitress starts guiding them to a table.

DIANA  
Oh, could we get that booth? Walter  
can't sit in hard chairs on account  
of the surgery.

Sandy stares at her. *Walter? Surgery?*

Diana leans in and whispers in the waitress' ear. The waitress  
makes an "oh dear" face. Her eyes flick toward Sandy's crotch.

WAITRESS  
Y'all go ahead and take the booth.

AT THE BOOTH - Sandy sits down across from Diana.

SANDY  
What was that?

DIANA  
I like a booth.

SANDY  
Whatever. Just leave me out of your  
bullshit, okay?  
(hands her a menu)  
I'm allotting us each eight dollars  
per meal. You can have one of the  
soups or a reasonably priced salad.

The waitress walks back over.

WAITRESS  
Y'all ready?

SANDY  
Yes. I'll have the tomato soup.



DIANA

I'll take a full rack of baby backs,  
mashed potatoes, hush puppies and  
sweet tea.

SANDY

(what the fuck?)

Uhhhh, you know "honey", that's not  
such a great idea.

DIANA

Why not, Walter?

SANDY

It just seems like a lot of food.

Diana puts a hand to her chest. Emotionally wounded.

WAITRESS

What's wrong with you? This is a  
beautiful woman. You let her eat!

DIANA

(wiping her eyes)

No, he's right. I put on a little  
weight from the stress. Walter's a  
fireman. He got in an accident on  
the job. Injured his male parts, and  
now he can't work.

She takes Sandy's hand. His eyes are bugging out.

DIANA

And I know that's why you snap at  
me, baby. You just want be out there  
fighting fires and peeing standing  
up again, but you can't. You can't.

The waitress is touched deep in her little heart.

DIANA

We used to make love all the time.  
Now he barely touches me. Of course,  
he can't lay with me as a husband,  
on account of the wound. So he takes  
his anger out on me, and I feel ugly  
inside, so I eat. Lord forgive me...!

The waitress puts a comforting hand on Diana.

WAITRESS

You wait right here, sweetheart.

She walks off. Sandy stares at Diana, drop-jawed. She's still  
in the role. Dabbing at her dry eyes.

The waitress returns. Puts a massive plate of RIBS down in front of Diana, with all the fixings.

WAITRESS

There you go, sweetheart. On the house. Y'hear?

The waitress puts a bowl of watery soup in front of Sandy.

WAITRESS

(cold as ice)  
Enjoy your soup.

The waitress leaves. Diana immediately drops character. Digs in to her ribs, shoveling the food in like a child.

SANDY

You're a sociopath. You know that?

DIANA

Why? Cuz I like ribs?

SANDY

Because you're stealing. Do you understand rules? You're breaking the rules. Society is based on rules.

DIANA

You follow the rules-- how's that working out for you? Rules are for losers. I'm free. I'm an Amazon goddess.

She briefly CHOKES on some ribmeat, then clears it.

DIANA

Mmm. Very savory.

**INT. HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT**

Sandy waits at the front desk for someone to come out. Diana stands behind him.

Her eyes move casually, but we see her scanning the exits.

And the parking lot through the window. And the car keys in Sandy's hand.

The desk clerk emerges from the back. 20's, black.

DESK CLERK

Can I help you, sir?

SANDY

Yeah, one room. Two beds please.

DESK CLERK

We only have single beds available.

SANDY

You're kidding me.

DIANA

It's fine. Just comp us the minibar.  
My husband can't eat regular meals  
because of the intestinal surgery.  
He can only digest Pringles.

SANDY

(snaps)

That's right. I'm "Walter". This is  
my wife Myra, and she's a functional  
idiot. She wears diapers, like a  
chimp. I'm taking her to Disneyland,  
because she loves noise and sugar.  
And even though I can't have sex  
because my cock and balls were blown  
off in an warehouse fire--

DESK CLERK

Oh shit!

SANDY

--I wouldn't share a bed with her  
anyway! I'd rather sleep on the floor!  
You know why?

DESK CLERK

Cuz you got no dick?

SANDY

Because she is awful!

Diana stares at him. Cold eyes. She turns to the clerk.

DIANA

You got a bar?

DESK CLERK

The Fox Hole. Across the lobby.

Diana starts walking toward the bar.

SANDY

Hey! HEY! Do not go into the Fox Hole!

DESK CLERK

Look man, ain't none of my business,  
and that's fucked up about your dick  
and all, but you gotta treat your  
woman better, or somebody else will.

SANDY

What are we, on the set of your talk show? Just give me the key.

**INT. THE FOX HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy enters the lounge. Drunks, lonely hearts, possible hookers. Smoke everywhere. Sandy looks around, sees:

DIANA - at a table with AN OLDER MAN. Big guy. Bolo tie, terrible black toupee, huge teeth. They slam back shots.

SANDY

Wow, honey, you were in here 40 seconds, already made a friend. But it's getting late, and we have a long drive to Boston tomorrow--

BIG CHUCK

In your sweet Cobalt! Nice to meet you, Walter. I'm Big Chuck. Man, your little lady is something else!

SANDY

You have no idea.

BIG CHUCK

Have a seat! Drinks on me.

SANDY

I'm fine. Diana, we have to go.

DIANA

If you want to go, go. I'm staying.

But Sandy can't leave her. So he sits. The waitress brings over four more shots of whiskey.

BIG CHUCK

All right! What's your poison, Walt?

SANDY

I'll have a club soda with a twist.

Diana and Big Chuck snarf up their shots at that.

BIG CHUCK

Bring him a tampon to stir that with!

Diana is HOWLING with laughter. The only word she's able to squeak out through the laughing is:

DIANA

Faggot!

Big Chuck puts another shot back, slams the glass down on the table, and we cut to:

**INT. THE FOX HOLE - LATER**

The table is LITTERED with glasses.

Sandy sits, miserable, while a very DRUNK Diana hangs all over a very drunk Big Chuck. They SING along with the jukebox.

DIANA/BIG CHUCK  
WE'VE GOT THE BIGGEST-- BALLS OF  
THEM ALL!

Diana SLIPS, falls. Gets up. Start KISSING Big Chuck.

SANDY  
Okay, whoa, whoa! That's my wife.  
Can we go now, sweetheart?

BIG CHUCK  
C'mon, Walt. You don't think I get  
what's going on? You like to watch.

SANDY  
No. I don't.

DIANA  
Fine. Then leave.

SANDY  
(long, miserable pause)  
I can't.

BIG CHUCK  
Cuz you like to watch.

SANDY  
I DON'T LIKE TO WATCH!

Big Chuck grabs Diana from behind. Goes to town on her boobs. Really working them with his hands.

BIG CHUCK  
You're watchin' me right now. Hey,  
let's all go up to your room. How  
about that, beta dog?

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy enters the room, turns on the lights. Dumps his stuff. Diana and Big Chuck follow him in. Both STUMBLING drunk.

SANDY

Okay. We're here. As you can see,  
I'm getting ready for bed, so say  
goodnight...

Diana and Big Chuck are drunk-tonguing each other. So much  
tongue. They're like dogs. Big Chuck eyes Sandy.

BIG CHUCK

You like that, sissy boy? Yeah, you're  
gettin' hard now...

SANDY

I have never been softer. Please  
leave.

Big Chuck starts taking off his clothes.

SANDY

No! Not in here!

BIG CHUCK

He loves it. Look, he's not leaving!  
(takes his pants off)  
Still not leaving.

Big Chuck slides his underwear off.

SANDY

Oh GOD!

BIG CHUCK

Still not leaving!

SANDY

You don't understand! I can't let  
this woman out of my sight! Okay?

FROM BEHIND DIANA - we watch Sandy watching as she pulls her  
top off. Unsnaps her bra.

Sandy stares, aghast.

**INT. BATHROOM - LATER**

Sandy sits, clothed, on the toilet. Trying not to listen to  
the DRUNK SEX on the other side of the door.

DIANA

POUND IT! POUND IT OUT! BREAK MY  
FUCKING HIP!

He turns on the shower to drown out the noise. Not enough.  
Turns on the faucet.

BIG CHUCK  
 You hearing this, Walter? I know  
 you're in there jerkin' it! Jerk it,  
 cuckold! Jerk it sissy boy!!!

Sandy takes a towel. Wraps it around his head.

We hear two BODIES rhythmically slapping around through the door. A banging on the wall. Then:

AN ASS breaks through the BATHROOM DOOR. A PINK ASS being humped back and forth through the hole.

We're not really sure whose it is.

Sandy grabs another towel, wraps it around his face, curls up into the fetal position.

**INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Big Chuck flops back on the bed. His TOUPEE is gone.

BIG CHUCK  
 Big Chuck needs a minute. I'll be  
 ready for round two in a sec.

He closes his eyes. Passes out INSTANTLY.

DIANA - putting her shirt back on. Wobbly on her feet. Still drunk. Then she sees:

SANDY'S ROOM KEY. And the CAR KEYS. And his WALLET.

She grabs a CHAIR. Wedges it under the bathroom DOOR KNOB.

She swipes the room key, the car keys and Sandy's WALLET. Takes her knapsack, and heads to the door.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy is still curled up in his towel cocoon.

SOUND - the kaTHUNK of the front door.

He sits up. Unwraps himself, turns off the water.

SANDY  
 Diana? Diana!

He tries to open the door, but it's JAMMED.

Through the BUTT CHEEK HOLE he can see the chair and BIG CHUCK passed out on the bed, but he can't get the door open.

SANDY  
 DIANA!!!!!!

**EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Diana walks to the Cobalt. Gets in.

**INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS**

She starts the car. Opens Sandy's wallet. Takes out all the cash. Then stops when she sees:

A PHOTO of Franny and Jessie. She flips through the photos. Stops on one of Jessie... her chubby little 7-year old face.

Diana stares at it, almost like she's seeing a ghost.

*IN HER MEMORY*

*A little girl sits alone in a dark room, illuminated by the flickering glow of a TV.*

BACK TO NOW - Diana starts to CRY. A rolling, ugly, heaving drunken sob.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

We hear the sound of Sandy THROWING HIMSELF against the bathroom door.

Diana walks back into the room. Puts her knapsack down, puts the wallet and keys and room key back where they were, and:

CRASH! Sandy finally breaks the door down, TUMBLES over the chair, and lands in a heap on the floor.

When he gets back up, there's HAIR on his face. It's Big Chuck's TOUPEE.

SANDY  
 UGH!

He finally tears it away. And sees Diana, sitting happily in bed, like nothing ever happened.

And there's his wallet and keys where he left them.

And Big Chuck, face down on the bed, snoring. Ass-naked.

DIANA  
 'Night.



Diana turns over and immediately falls into a peaceful sleep.

**EXT. HOTEL - NEXT MORNING**

SANDY - blinks in the bright morning sunlight. He's sitting on a STOOP by the back loading entrance of the hotel.

DIANA (O.S.)  
Unnghh...

Sandy doesn't acknowledge her. Just stares into the sun.

DIANA (O.S.)  
Was it bad? I don't remember anything.

He takes a breath. No response.

We hear a RETCHING NOISE.

DIANA - ass in the air, on her knees. Knapsack on her back. Puking into some weeds.

DIANA  
Uhh. Foof.  
(gets up)  
Don't let me drink that much, okay?

He finally looks at her.

SANDY  
I'm not your daddy.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy walks to the car, unlocks it. Diana trails behind.

SANDY  
Get in the car.

DIANA  
Can I drive?

He stares at her. Wow.

SANDY  
I'm going to get some coffee, but  
I'll be watching you. Take one step,  
and I'll kill you. I mean it.

DIANA  
Okay, but just-- at least *think* about  
letting me drive.  
(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 (calls after him)  
 And could you get me some Strawberry  
 Quik? I'm pretty dehydrated here.

She gets in the driver's seat. Puts her hands on the wheel.  
 Pretends to drive, like a child would.

In the B.G. - A BLACK VAN enters the parking lot.

**INT. HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy walks to the counter with a coffee. In the B.G., through  
 the window, we see:

THE BLACK VAN - pull right up next to the Cobalt.

COUNTER GIRL  
 That'll be all?

SANDY  
 Do you sell Strawberry Quik?

COUNTER GIRL  
 In the refrigerator. You want some?

SANDY  
 Nope.

THROUGH THE WINDOW - the SKIPTRACER gets out. Starts gesturing  
 at Diana. Then YANKS the driver's side door open.

Sandy reaches into his pocket, puts a five on the counter.

THROUGH THE WINDOW - we see THE SKIPTRACER pulling DIANA out  
 of the car. Struggling with her.

Sandy's pocket buzzes. He takes out his phone.

Another weird text with that strange code.

SANDY  
 The hell...?

Sandy hears distant yelling. He turns and sees:

THROUGH THE WINDOW - Diana is SCREAMING across the parking  
 lot as the SKIPTRACER shoves her in the BACK OF THE VAN.

SANDY  
 Whoa WHOA WHOA WHOA!!!

**EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy races out to his car just as the van peels off.

SANDY

STOP! STOP!

Sandy freezes. Can't lose her now. He has no choice. He gets in his car and TAKES OFF after the van.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/INT. VAN/INT. RENTAL CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

The Skiptracer drives down the wide open two lane road. Smokes. Windows down. On the phone. Ignores the sounds of DIANA kicking and screaming in the back.

THE SKIPTRACER

Yeah, it's done. I ran the name through car rental agencies, had a friend get me the Lojak, tracked it back from there. Works every time.

(sees something)

Hold on a second. I'll call you back.

He checks his side-view mirror. The COBALT is coming up on his left side. He lowers his window.

SANDY - lowers his window. They YELL back and forth

SANDY

Excuse me, sir!

THE SKIPTRACER

Yeah, what?

SANDY

Did you take my friend?

THE SKIPTRACER

Nope!

SANDY

I saw you take her!

THE SKIPTRACER

Well then don't ask me, shithead!

SANDY

Just let her go! I need her!

THE SKIPTRACER

Find your own bitch!

BASH! Diana KICKS the compartment panel and passenger seat forward from the back of the van. Starts CRAWLING through the hole toward the Skiptracer.

THE SKIPTRACER

Oh! What the fuck!

He SWIPES at her, while she CLAWS at him.

DIANA

Sandy!

THE SKIPTRACER

Bitch, get off my face!

DIANA

Sandy! Pull around!

Sandy slows down, then speeds up on the SHOULDER so that he's on the passenger side of the van.

SANDY

Who is this guy?

DIANA

I don't know! He thinks I'm YOU!

SANDY

What?! So what do I do?!

DIANA

I don't know! Talk to him!

Sandy slows down again, pulls back around to the LEFT side.

SANDY

Sir, that is not Sandy Patterson!

THE SKIPTRACER

(bashing at her)

Yes it fucking is! She's going to the debt collector and paying her debt to the First Bank of Boston!

SANDY

No no no, listen! *I'm* Sandy Patterson!

THE SKIPTRACER

What are you talking about? Sandy's a girl name!

SANDY

No! It's unisex!



THE SKIPTRACER'S BOOT - wedged between the gas pedal and the side of the well. She tries to move his leg, but he's out cold.

Diana looks ahead. In the near distance:

AN INTERSECTION - with a STATE HIGHWAY - SPEEDING TRAFFIC

DIANA

Sandy!

SANDY

What did you do?

(oh no)

Did you punch him in the throat???

DIANA

It's my signature move!

Sandy looks ahead, sees the HIGHWAY INTERSECTION.

SANDY

Steer off the road!

DIANA

I can't! He's on the wheel! You have to stop this van! QUARTER PANEL!

Sandy screws up what's left of his meager courage, hits the brake, slides in behind the van...

...depresses the gas, and...

CLUNK. Barely taps the quarter panel.

DIANA (O.S.)

(distant yelling)

HARDER, YOU FUCKING VAGINA!

BIRD'S EYE POV - they're nearly at the intersection... 18 wheelers at high speed, like a deadly crossfire...

Sandy's fingers grip the wheel. Heart beating a mile a minute.

He goes PEDAL TO THE METAL...

SANDY

AAAGHHHH!!!!

WHAM! Right into the quarter panel. A perfect PIT maneuver... the van FISHTAILS, starts doing 360's...

...the INTERSECTION DRAWS NEAR... AND...

CRUNCH! The side of the van IMPACTS a LIGHT POST, and the van is STOPPED just feet before the intersection.

SANDY'S RENTAL - SCREECHES to a stop. He gets out and runs over as Diana gets out of the van.

The Skiptracer groans, passed out in the driver's seat.

SANDY  
Are you okay?

DIANA  
I'm fine! I'm fine! WHOOO! You did it, man! That was SICK!

SANDY  
(in awe of himself)  
I can't believe I did that...

DIANA  
You did. That was all you!

He turns to look at the Cobalt.

SANDY  
And look at that! My rental's barely scratched!

**WAAAAAAAAA BOOOM!!!!** A MACK TRUCK blows through frame from right to left, literally OBLITERATING the tiny Cobalt.

Sandy and Diana DROP DOWN, covering their heads.

Bits and pieces of debris rain down.

Sandy and Diana rise back up in shock. Look down the road at the scattered remains of the rental car.

DIANA  
You should always get collision.

He slowly turns and stares at her.

**EXT. SMALL OFFICE BUILDING - "CHUCK CROSBY REALTY" - DAY**

BIG CHUCK (O.S.)  
Well, you've come to the right man.

**INT. CHUCK CROSBY REALTY - CONTINUOUS**

Big Chuck sits behind his desk. Photos of his wife and kids.

BIG CHUCK  
Someone's buying or selling a house around here, they go through me.  
(MORE)

BIG CHUCK (CONT'D)

Now, no doubt you've done your research. So you understand this is a traditional community.

REVEAL - Avi and Ilan sitting across from Big Chuck.

AVI

What this means? "Traditional?"

BIG CHUCK

No homosexuals or foreigners or Jews.

AVI

We are two of those things.

BIG CHUCK

Then I'm sorry fellas. But we kinda like it the way it is around here.

AVI

Traditional.

BIG CHUCK

Traditional.

AVI

Like this?

Avi holds up his phone. There's a picture of Big Chuck kissing Diana in the bar.

BIG CHUCK

What in the hell..?

Ilan walks to the door. LOCKS it. Draws the blinds.

AVI

A bartender took this last night, puts disgusting caption on. Then he tweeting it around. Somebody retweeting, everybody retweeting, then our friend get, he send to us-- social media! Make my work easy.

BIG CHUCK

And-- what is your work, exactly?

Avi grabs Chuck by the BOLO and WHIPS HIS HEAD down to his desk, breaking Chuck's nose.

Chuck falls backwards and to the floor. Screaming in pain.

CHUCK

OW! JESUS!



AVI

That's my work. It's a good job,  
yes? Very traditional.

Avi crouches down. Put the phone pic in Big Chuck's face.

AVI

Now. Who is she with? What is she  
driving? And where is she going?

**EXT. SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH GEORGIA - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

The Skiptracer's BLACK VAN rattles down a road.

**INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Sandy drives. Diana rifles through The Skiptracer's stuff.

A GROAN from the back. Diana cranes her neck to look through  
the hole:

IN THE BACK - the Skiptracer has yet to fully come to. He is  
now DUCT-TAPED to the wall of the van.

DIANA

What are we gonna do with him?

Sandy sees a road sign. FOOD GAS BUS 35 MILES.

SANDY

We'll leave him with the van once we  
get to the bus station, then we're  
back on schedule.

There's a GRINDING CRUNCHING sound from the motor, and then  
the engine DIES.

**EXT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy stares at the SMOKING ENGINE. The van's shot.

SANDY

Diana! Let's go!

DIANA - is in the back of the van duct-taping a FOIL JUICE  
PACK and straw right under The Skiptracer's chin.

DIANA

Coming!

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER**

The two of them walk. Sun beats down. Thick forest lines either side of the road. Bugs in the air.

Sandy's on the phone.

SANDY

It's fine, babe. We're still on track.

(looks around)

I don't know. It looks like where

Yoda lives. Hello? Hello?

(checks the phone)

Shit.

He hangs up. Diana's thumb is out, but there are no cars.

DIANA

Your girls are adorable by the way.

SANDY

How do you know?

DIANA

Just assuming.

(beat)

I guess I should thank you. For saving me back there. You're a good friend.

SANDY

I'm not your friend.

DIANA

You said to that guy, "Did you take my friend?"

SANDY

It's a figure of speech. See, friends don't steal friends' identities.

They walk along in silence. Then:

SANDY

How did you do it, by the way?

DIANA

Steal your identity? It's not as much fun when you know how the magic works.

SANDY

It's not fun now. And I'd like to be able to protect myself in the future.

DIANA  
Don't you already protect yourself?  
Don't you have one of those services  
that monitors your ID? IdentiVault?

SANDY  
Yeah, I have IdentiVault.

His face drops. Wait a second.

We hear a TELEPHONE RING...

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE/ MALL FOOD COURT - FLASHBACK**

Sandy answers the phone.

SANDY  
This is Sandy Patterson.

JEANINE  
Yes, Mr. Patterson, I'm Jeanine with  
Equifax Credit bureau. We're calling  
today, because unfortunately it  
appears someone attempted to steal  
your identity.

SANDY  
You're kidding me!

MALL FOOD COURT - Diana eats orange chicken. A printout of  
NUMBERS in front of her. She's "Jeanine."

DIANA  
Unfortunately, no. We did catch it  
this time. I do suggest taking  
advantage of our new free service  
called "IdentiVault" which monitors  
your credit and accounts 24-7 to  
protect against theft and fraud.

SANDY  
If it's free-- absolutely. Of course.

DIANA  
Terrific. I just need some--

Sandy listens as "Jeanine" makes CHOKING NOISES.

MALL FOOD COURT - Diana hacks up some orange chicken.

DIANA  
--mmm. ACCCH. Sorry.  
(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

Just need some information to confirm that I am speaking with the real Sandy Patterson. May I have your name, date of birth, and social security number please?

SANDY

Sure. Sandy Bigelow Patterson, 5/18/73, 023-99-4186.

**INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK**

Diana is at her computer, creating a Massachusetts birth certificate on Photoshop, filling in Sandy's date of birth.

PRINTER - spits it out

**INT. FLORIDA DMV - FLASHBACK**

Diana approaches a DMV clerk. Hands her the birth certificate.

DIANA

I need to get a driver's license.

DMV LADY

We can't take copies. This needs to have a raised seal.

DIANA

(looks around)

Oh, okay. I'll order that up.

She sees: a bored, pothead-looking clerk at another booth.

**INT. FLORIDA DMV - DIFFERENT DAY - FLASHBACK**

Diana approaches the bored, pothead clerk. She hands him the birth certificate.

DIANA

I need to get a driver's license.

BORED DMV GUY

(doesn't check carefully)

Social security number?

DIANA

023-99-4186.

ON HIS SCREEN - Sandy's full name and birthday come up. The clerk quickly checks it against the birth certificate.

He takes her DMV form and STAMPS IT.

BORED DMV GUY  
Window 5.

**INT. BANK - FLASHBACK**

DIANA  
I need a new credit card.

CREDIT CARD OFFICER  
Sure, just need your social security  
number and a photo ID.

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE/CAR LOT/MOBILE PHONE SHOP - FLASHBACK**

VARIOUS SALESPEOPLE  
Photo ID? Social security number?  
Driver's license or photo ID?

Diana smiles, hands her license over. Like a skeleton key.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - BACK TO SCENE**

Sandy has STOPPED dead in his tracks. Jaw hangs.

SANDY  
That's-- that's diabolical!

DIANA  
Thanks. Couldn't have done it without  
you. Every theft starts with a chump.

That hits him like a slap in the face. His sorest spot.

DIANA  
Here we go. Got one on the hook.

A MINIVAN pulls over, slows to a stop. The window rolls down.

KEVIN  
Hey folks! Can we offer you a ride?

Inside are: KEVIN, 19. NEIL, 16. EVERETT, 15. All bright and  
smiling in EAGLE SCOUT uniforms. Between them, A GOOFY  
LABRADOR wags his tail.

SANDY  
Thanks, yeah! We're heading to the  
Greyhound station.

KEVIN  
That's right down the road! Hop in!

Diana clears her throat. Gives Sandy a "no" look.

SANDY  
What's the problem?

KEVIN  
Ma'am, are you okay?

DIANA  
I'm fine, Hitler Youth. How are you?

SANDY  
Whoa! I'm sorry. She's--  
(to Diana)  
They're Boy Scouts.

NEIL  
Eagle Scouts! Even better!

DIANA  
That one looks rapey.

EVERETT  
No way, ma'am. I took an abstinence  
pledge. See?

He holds up his wristband. It says "I'm Worth The Wait."

EVERETT  
I'm not playing hard to get. I *am*  
hard to get!

Everett and Neil HIGH FIVE each other.

DIANA  
Holy fuck.

**INT. MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER**

The Eagle Scouts sing merrily. Sandy pets the sweet dog.  
Diana just sits and stares, miserable to her core.

EAGLE SCOUTS  
*I've got that scouting spirit,  
up in my head, up in my head,  
up in my head-- I've got that scouting  
spirit, up in my head! Up in my head!*

SANDY  
That's nice guys.

DIANA

Yeah, good thing you have those  
abstinence bracelets or you'd be  
drowning in pussy.

NEIL

Actually, Kevin doesn't wear a  
bracelet.

KEVIN

(embarrassed)  
Guys!

SANDY

Oh, you got a girlfriend, Kevin?

KEVIN

Well, sort of. Her name's Allegra.  
She's a Gold.

EVERETT

(explains)  
Girl Scout Golds. Female Eagle Scouts.  
They are badged up.

Diana rolls her eyes. *Jesus...*

KEVIN

We've only Skyped. But we're supposed  
to meet up at the International Scout  
Conference in Madrid, and, *you know--*

SANDY

Kevin, you dog!

KEVIN

Been a tough road trip, though. We  
were supposed to be in Spain by now.

Uhhhhh...

SANDY

You can't drive to Spain.

KEVIN

I know. I had it all worked out, but  
then something went wrong. I was  
pretty upset, but life doesn't always  
pan out the way you want. Right Sandy?

SANDY

Tell me about it.

They drive for a little in silence. Then...

SANDY  
How do you know my name?

The Eagle Scouts all look at each other. Small grins.

NEIL  
(texting on his phone)  
Check your phone, Sandy. I think  
you're getting a text.

Sandy takes his phone out. It's that GARBLED CODE.

EVERETT  
We hacked into your phone's GPS.  
(points to a scout badge)  
Computers!

Sandy and Diana exchange a look. Uh oh.

KEVIN  
I saved and saved for that trip. And  
then the bank said someone named Sandy  
Bigelow Patterson stole my identity  
and emptied my account. You took my  
money, and you thwarted my love!

SANDY  
Okay, guys? Listen to me. I didn't--

Sandy moves forward to make his point-- and Kevin lifts a  
small CLICKER. Click click!

On that command, the GOOFY LABRADOR instantly transforms  
into a VICIOUS ANIMAL, BARKING and LUNGING at Sandy and Diana,  
held back only by Everett's hand on his collar.

SANDY  
HOLY SHIT!

KEVIN  
Atta girl, Cookie!

SANDY  
(points to Diana)  
She did it! I'm a victim like you!

DIANA  
That's crazy! My name is Shari  
Blitstein! I just met this man!

Sandy stares at her. Unbelievable...

EVERETT  
One of them's got to be lying.



KEVIN  
 Isn't it obvious? They're a team.  
 They both got it coming.

As Cookie BARKS and SNAPS, Kevin turns down a DIRT PATH off the road and into the woods.

KEVIN  
*I've got that scouting spirit,  
 up in my head, up in my head...*

**EXT. DEEP WOODS - LATER**

Somewhere in a forest. The trees overhead block out most of the sun. It's creepy out here.

Diana and Sandy stumble forward against a rocky outcropping.

Sandy's not wearing any pants.

THE EAGLE SCOUTS - stand with Cookie, who they hold back. The minivan is parked in the B.G. where the trail ended.

SANDY  
 Guys, c'mon. This isn't who you are.

KEVIN  
 It absolutely is. Against the wall.

SANDY  
 Can I at least have my pants?

KEVIN  
 No. Pants are for the civilized.

SANDY  
 Then why does she get them?

Everett holds up his abstinence bracelet.

EVERETT  
 Dude.

NEIL - walks over with two large DUFFLE BAGS. Takes out a contraption of plastic piping, DRY ICE and NITROUS cartridges.

SANDY  
 What is that?

EVERETT  
 Scout cannon.

NEIL  
 (points to his badges)  
 Physics. Creativity. Invention.

DIANA  
 You got Insanity on there, you little  
 fuck?

SANDY  
 Diana, SHUT UP!

Everett pours a BAG OF SKITTLES into the ammo chamber.

SANDY  
 Skittles? You brought us all the way  
 out here to shoot Skittles at us?  
 (unbelievable)  
 Okay. Fine. Let's just get this over--

FOOM! Neil FIRES the GAS CANNON, and Skittles EXPLODE OUT  
 like BUCKSHOT.

Every single one of them hits SANDY. Mostly IN THE FACE.

SANDY  
 OWWWWW!!!! OH MY GOD!!!

KEVIN  
 YEAH! TASTE THE RAINBOW!

SANDY  
 Are those METAL?

Diana picks one off his face. Eats it.

DIANA  
 Nope. That's a standard Skittle.

KEVIN  
 Now the lady.

Neil AIMS at DIANA, and FOOM! The cannon's kick throws Neil's  
 aim off target, and the Skittles IMPACT INTO SANDY'S CROTCH.

SANDY  
 (crumples to his knees)  
 Oh wow...

KEVIN  
 Neil, I swear to gosh! Just get the  
 snakes.

EVERETT - lifts THREE SNAKES out of the duffle bag.

SANDY  
Wait! Now HOLD ON!

EVERETT  
Relax. They're kingsnakes. They're  
not poisonous.  
(points to badge)  
Reptiles and Amphibians.

SANDY  
Guy, you can't shoot snakes at--

FOOM! We go SLOW-MO as THREE SNAKES hurtle through the air,  
MOUTHS OPEN, FANGS OUT, all heading toward DIANA--

--and then VEER IN THE AIR like a Mariano Rivera cutter, and  
impact FANGS FIRST into SANDY'S NECK.

SANDY  
AGH!

DIANA  
Holy shit...

The snakes SLITHER AWAY. Sandy holds his neck. He's wheezing.

SANDY  
...gnnnnnnughhhh...

KEVIN  
You sure those were kingsnakes and  
not coral snakes?

EVERETT  
Oh shoot. We should go.

KEVIN  
Dang it, Everett! Check their stuff  
for money.

They grab Sandy's pants and Diana's KNAPSACK.

DIANA  
Hey! Give that back!

She grabs it, but Cookie has the other end. There's a TUG OF  
WAR, and the knapsack RIPS OPEN.

Makeup tumbles out... and then the FOLDED UP POSTER.

Neil SNATCHES it away from her.

DIANA  
No! That's MINE!

KEVIN

What the heck?

SANDY - through bleary eyes, watches as Kevin unfolds the poster. It's:

**WONDER WOMAN. Lynda Carter. 1977 poster. Old, but loved.**

*IN DIANA'S MEMORY*

*The little girl watches Wonder Woman on TV. Her shiny outfit. Her beautiful face.*

*She touches her hair. Wants so bad not to feel ugly.*

BACK TO NOW

Diana grabs at her poster, but Neil grabs back, and it TEARS IN TWO. Diana lurches forward for the other piece, but TRIPS and falls FACE FIRST into the MUCK of the forest floor.

KEVIN

Let's go! C'mon!

The Eagle Scouts run off. Diana lifts herself up. Looks down at Wonder Woman's ripped face.

She and Wonder Woman are smeared with mud. And torn apart.

Diana looks through her knapsack. Finds some tape.

She desperately tries to tape the poster, but it's muddy and slippery, and it won't work. Finally, she gives up.

In the B.G., we hear the minivan leave. And Sandy GROANING.

SANDY

I'm dying.

Diana tries to shake him awake, but he's fading.

DIANA

No you're not. You're fine.

SANDY

Look what you do to people. Look what you do. You're a tornado.

DIANA

I'm sorry.

SANDY

(semi-delirious)  
You're Wonder Woman?

DIANA

No. Wonder Woman is beautiful and smart and strong.

SANDY

You are smart. You are strong. You do what you want. You get what you want. I don't have that. You have it. And look what you do with it. Look what you wasted.

He starts to nod off.

DIANA

No. Don't fall asleep...

SANDY

I'm tired. I got bit by gun snakes.

DIANA

Open your eyes. Come on! Sandy? Sandy! What about your little girls?

Sandy's eyes start CLOSING.

SANDY

I'm no good. I'm no good.

Diana stares at his fading body.

Then reaches under him, and with all her strength-- she lifts him. Holds him like a new bride. And starts walking.

SANDY - opens a bleary eye.

HIS POV - *her face... backlit by the SUN... she almost looks like Wonder Woman...*

His eyes close, and we FADE TO BACK.

**EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - MORNING**

Sandy's eyes flutter open. He looks like death warmed over. Tries to get up, but his head...

DIANA

Easy there, buddy. Take it slow.

Sandy looks around. He's on a BENCH at a Greyhound station. Diana sits across from him. Her makeup is back to "normal".

SANDY

How did we get here?

DIANA

I carried you.

He looks at her. What? Did he hear that right?

DIANA

About a mile back to the road. I may not look it, but I got some calves. Powerful base. Flashed a trucker some titty and got us a ride.

SANDY

You didn't leave me.

DIANA

Nah. I still want to go to Boston. I don't know. Always wanted to see the Liberty Bell. So.

He doesn't correct her. Then checks his body. Same shirt. Weird shoes. Dirty pants.

SANDY

What am I wearing?

DIANA

Oh, they got a lost-and-found bin here.

SANDY

(writhes in disgust)

Oh, ugh...

(then realizes)

My wallet! My phone! Oh God. OH GOD! What are we gonna do? Wait... is it morning? Is this tomorrow?

DIANA

Yup. But it's okay.

SANDY

It's OKAY? I have no money, no car, I'm due back in three days, I'm wearing bus station pants, I've got some dead hobo's ass wax on me-- tell me-- HOW IS IT OKAY?

DIANA

We have me.

He stares at her. And?

DIANA

Don't you get it?

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

We don't have to be two people with no money, no car, no food. We can be anyone we want. All it takes is balls and a mark. Someone rich, someone whose name can open some doors. Know anyone like that?

SANDY

No. No. I'm not doing that.

DIANA

Come on. You're telling me there's no one out there who deserves wrath of Sandy Patterson?

He shakes his head. Then realizes. Yes. Yes there is someone who deserves the wrath of Sandy Patterson...

**EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY**

We see it's across the street from the Greyhound station.

**INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

There's no one else in the library except the ELDERLY LIBRARIAN and--

SANDY AND DIANA - on the public computers. Sandy checks the employee search on the Prominence Financial website. Diana's on the other computer, setting stuff up.

DIANA

Okay, spoof email headers, anonymous Skype account-- we're good to go.

SANDY

This isn't going to work.

DIANA

Bro, you gotta start believing in yourself. You tracked me down, you drove a van off the road, you survived *snake venom*. Shit. Stow your ovaries for two fucking minutes, okay?

SANDY

Good pep talk.

DIANA

Alright, you ready to cross over to my side?

SANDY

Oh god.

DIANA

Here we go...

She makes a quick entry into Skype, and we hear a phone ring.

SECRETARY (OVER SKYPE)

Jim Cornish's office.

DIANA

Hello, I have Carl Schectman in New York corporate for Jim Cornish.

SECRETARY (OVER SKYPE)

Can I ask--

DIANA

Mr. Schectman is the head of security and IT for Prominence Worldwide. You're gonna want to put your boss on the phone, sweetie. It's not good.

SECRETARY (OVER SKYPE)

Oh. Oh, my. Okay. Hold on.

INTERCUT WITH: Jim Cornish in his office, on the phone.

CORNISH

This is Jim Cornish.

Sandy FREEZES. Diana stares at him. He shakes his head. "I don't want to." Diana whispers furiously back at him.

DIANA

*Do it, ya fuckin' skirt!*

CORNISH

Hello?

SANDY

Uh-- Uh, yes. This is Carl Schectman.

CORNISH

Who?

SANDY

Carl Schectman. If you check our corporate website...



CORNISH  
 (checks the site)  
 Yeah, I see the name, but you know  
 who this sounds like? This sounds  
 like Sandy Patterson.

Sandy freezes.

CORNISH  
 Is that you, Patterson? I can tell  
 from your weak breath.

Sandy looks at Diana in panic. She gestures at him to say  
 something, but he's frozen. The eternal beta dog.

CORNISH  
 Pathetic. Calling me like this. Who  
 do you think you are?

That question again. "**Who do you think you are?**"

And we see a switch flip behind Sandy's eyes. No, not flip.

Snap.

And when he speaks, he speaks with an authority that stuns  
 Diana, stuns Cornish-- stuns us.

SANDY  
 Who am I? I'll tell you who I am.  
 I'm a man who knows his job and does  
 it. I protect people. I take care of  
 them. You don't know me because I'm  
 unsung. I'm not at your parties, I'm  
 not with your celebrity friends. I'm  
 WORKING. And unlike you, who makes  
 nothing, who creates nothing-- you  
 middle man, you human speedbump-- I  
 have a FUNCTION. You remember  
 Spellman? Talbott? Griffin?

CORNISH  
 (shaken)  
 No...

SANDY  
 You're goddamned right you don't.  
 Terminated for corporate espionage.  
 You know how they found out they  
 were fired? That their stock was  
 seized? That their pension was gone?  
 They heard THIS VOICE TELLING THEM.  
 (MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

My JOB is the security of this company, and if the betrayal the Board suspects of you is true, my JOB will be to PUNISH YOU in every way I can. So if you have the slightest interest in saving your useless, incompetent ass, I suggest you SHUT YOUR SMUG, LIPLESS MOUTH and do EXACTLY AS I SAY!

You can hear a pin drop. Diana stares in shock. The librarian stares in shock.

SANDY

Now. Tell me. Do I still sound like this "Sandy Patterson"?

CORNISH

(shaken)

No. No, you don't.

SANDY

I'm glad to hear that, because we've detected unauthorized data coming from your account and irregular withdrawals on your corporate check card.

CORNISH

What? I didn't do anything!

SANDY

Shh shh shh. It's not "you talk" time. It's "me talk" time. I'm sending you an email right now. It's a--  
(bullshit)  
--FDIM9 trace program.

CORNISH

A what?

SANDY

Like you'd understand?

CORNISH

Right. Sorry.

Diana sends an EMAIL. Hits send. An email from *ITsecure@prominence.com* pops up in Cornish's inbox.

CORNISH

There's nothing in it.

SANDY

Nothing you can see. I want you to respond with the following information. Your Prominence user name. Your Prominence password.

Cornish types the information dutifully.

SANDY

The account number on your Prominence bank card. And your PIN.

CORNISH

Umm... they told us to never give that information out.

SANDY

I am they. We need it to confirm you're actually you.

CORNISH

Oh. Right. But... is this secure?

Sandy looks at Diana's computer. She's on HOTMAIL.

SANDY

Yes. We're using the most advanced email system on the planet.

Cornish types his information off his card. Hits send.

CORNISH

Okay. It's done.

SANDY

Good. If you experience any strange activity with your computer or your check card, it may be the real culprit. So don't speak a word of this to anyone. Because if you're not the one doing it, maybe the person you're talking to is.

(beat)

Oh, and one more thing. You ever talk to me or anyone else like that again, you're fucking fired.

Sandy HANGS UP.

Turns to Diana. Huge grins on their faces.

DIANA

Holy shit!

She high-fives him, then pulls him in for a brotherly hug-- which turns awkward. They fumble out of the hug, and Diana grabs her knapsack.

DIANA  
Okay. Magic time.

Diana has her small MAGSTRIP SCANNER out of her knapsack. She types Cornish's ATM info into it. Makes a CARD.

DIANA  
Voila. We got three hundred in cash day. Now we just need one more thing...

She logs into Cornish's account through the web. All his files are listed out on the virtual disk.

SANDY  
What are you looking for?

Diana opens a TRAVEL ITINERARY for an old trip. There's a corporate account number used for the FOUR SEASONS HOTEL.

DIANA  
A room.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MEANWHILE**

Avi and Ilan slow to a stop in their car.

UP AHEAD - police are redirecting traffic. A CLEANUP CREW removes bits of the demolished car. Avi sees a big chunk. It's a Chevy Cobalt.

Ilan says something to Avi in Hebrew. Avi nods. Then rolls his window down to talks to a traffic cop.

AVI  
Excuse me. Is there a train station or bus station around here?

TRAFFIC COP  
There's a Greyhound station, about 50 miles west down 550.

Avi nods, pulls around the traffic, and heads west.

**EXT. GAS STATION/CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER**

While the El Camino gases up, Sandy sits on a bench and eats a convenience store sandwich. Drinks a Naked Juice.

Diana emerges from the store with nothing but a 40 oz bottle of malt liquor and a can of Aqua-Net.

He watches as she sprays her hair. And sprays and sprays and sprays. Like-- the whole can.

Finally, she dumps the can and twists open the beer.

SANDY  
What are you doing?

DIANA  
What?

SANDY  
What time is it?

DIANA  
It's a quarter to beer. Who cares?

SANDY  
I care. Are you angry at your liver?  
Did it do something to you?

He pulls another Naked Juice out of his bag. It's "green machine".

SANDY  
Here. Drink this.

She reacts in disgust.

DIANA  
What the fuck is that? Nose blow?

SANDY  
It's fruits and vegetables. I don't  
know how you don't have scurvy.

DIANA  
Margarita mix.

SANDY  
Just try it.

She looks at him, surprised that he actually cares.

She cracks the juice open. Sniffs at it like a grumpy child.

Sandy looks past her, sees a payphone by the bathroom. One of the only perks about being in the middle of nowhere.

**MOMENTS LATER/INTERCUT WITH TRISH - ON THE PHONE**

SANDY

Actually, we're still in Georgia.

TRISH

You're kidding-- what happened? Are you okay?

SANDY

I'm fine, it's a long story, but we'll be in Richmond, Virginia by tonight, and Boston by tomorrow. That still gets us back with a day to spare.

TRISH

And she's just gonna confess to the police?

SANDY

I told her they wouldn't be there.

TRISH

You lied to her.

SANDY

I didn't have a choice.

TRISH

Don't get me wrong. I don't care. I mean, let's face it, after what she's done? One good turn deserves another.

He looks over at Diana, who is happily drinking the juice. Really enjoying it. She gives him a grinning thumbs up.

He gives her a weak smile back.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER**

A run-down house. In the B.G., we can see the Mexican restaurant. Diana checks out a SHITTY USED EL CAMINO parked on the lawn. \$200 O.B.O. is painted on the windshield.

Sandy is at the front door, talking to JULIO, 25.

SANDY

You sure it's in good condition?

JULIO

(Latino accent)

Yeah. Good condition. It's got satellite radio.

SANDY

It's not gonna die on me?

JULIO  
No, it won't die.

SANDY  
It's gonna get me to Boston?

JULIO  
Yeah, it'll get you to Boston.

SANDY  
Would it get me to Vancouver?

JULIO  
Yeah, it'll get you to Vancouver.

SANDY  
How about Narnia? Would it get me to Narnia?

JULIO  
Yeah, it'll get you to Narnia.

In the B.G., Diana slams the hood.

DIANA  
Looks good! Plus satellite!

Sandy turns back to Julio, and starts counting out cash.

**EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

The EL CAMINO rattles by in the B.G.

AVI and ILAN step into the foreground. Approach the bus station attendant booth.

AVI  
Excuse me. Have you seen this woman?

He holds up the picture of DIANA.

STATION ATTENDANT  
Oh yeah. Your friend was just here looking for her.

AVI  
My friend?

STATION ATTENDANT  
Uh huh. I told him the lady went across the street with another fella. To the library.

Avi and Ilan share a look. Who's this new "friend"?

**INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

THE SKIPTRACER - limps past the elderly librarian. Shreds of DUCT TAPE on his jacket.

His eyes scan the room. Land on the computers.

ON ONE COMPUTER - a web page still open to a Craig's List ad. '87 EL CAMINO - 120,000 miles. And an address.

**EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

The Skiptracer gets into a rental car of his own.

He pulls out of the parking lot and drives right past THE ISRAELIS - who sit in their car, watching.

Avi puts his car in gear, and FOLLOWS The Skiptracer...

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY INTO NIGHT**

The El Camino heads north on I-95. Goodbye Georgia, hello South Carolina.

DIANA (O.S.)

Yes, this is Tina calling from Jim Cornish's office. I need to make a reservation.

The El Camino crosses the state line into North Carolina.

DIANA (O.S.)

Our corporate account is PRO56679. And what's the nicest room you have available for tonight? Oh, that sounds perfect, thank you.

They cross into Virginia.

DIANA (O.S.)

If possible, I'd like to arrange his key to be waiting for him. Mr. Cornish doesn't like to go through long check-ins. I'm sure you understand.

**EXT. RICHMOND, VIRGINIA - NIGHT**

Sandy and Diana park the car in a public lot. Start walking.

CRANE UP TO SEE - The Four Seasons Hotel. Beckoning...



**INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT**

Doormen open the glass doors, to reveal the sumptuous hotel lobby. Diana and Sandy walk in like it's the Emerald City.

Diana flags a bellhop.

DIANA

Can you let the manager know that  
Mr. Cornish is here?

The bellhop stares at her absurd hair and makeup and Sandy's bus station pants. Then heads off as instructed.

SANDY

This isn't gonna work. What if he  
canceled the account? They know.  
Something's wrong.

DIANA

We're fine. It's not a setup. I told  
you, I can sniff those out.

Sandy nods, but she hasn't sniffed out *his*...

The MANAGER, 50, elegant gentleman, approaches.

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER

Mr. Cornish and... Tina is it?

SANDY

Yes, that's right.

The manager stares at them for an uncomfortably long time.

Then:

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER

Welcome to the Four Seasons.

**INT. LUXURY SUITE - LATER**

The manager guides them through a beautiful suite.

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER

You have two full bathrooms, butler  
service, nightly turndown--

Sandy and Diana take the room in. They're a long way away from the Imperial Court.

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER  
 --and if you wish to dine with us  
 this evening--

DIANA  
 Yes please!

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER  
 Le Confit is our four star restaurant.  
 There is a dress code--

SANDY  
 Oh. We're traveling kinda light here.

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER  
 May I recommend our mezzanine shops?

DIANA  
 You may!

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER  
 If there's anything else I can do  
 for you, please don't hesitate.

The manager waits for a moment. The "tip" pause.

SANDY  
 Oh. Uh, can I charge gratuities to  
 my account?

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER  
 Of course. You can charge anything  
 on the premises to your account.

Sandy and Diana exchange a look.

**INT. MEZZANINE LEVEL SHOPS - LATER**

Sandy and Diana come down the grand escalator to the shopping  
 area. High-end designer stuff.

DIANA  
 Oh my God. I'm so fuckin' hard right  
 now.

She's already walking ahead of him to the stores.

SANDY  
 Our reservation's in an hour!  
 (shouts after her)  
 No jewelry!

**INT. MEZZANINE LEVEL SHOPS - LATER**

Diana gathers her purchased dress from the shopkeeper. Heads out and sees:

THE SALON - a beauty shop. She walks in, looks at the incredible array of makeup.

BEHIND HER - two salesladies and a gay hairdresser see her. Immediately start rolling their eyes, whispering, giggling...

Just like back in the mall in Florida.

DIANA - starts to walk out of the store, hurt. Then stops. Screws up every ounce of courage she has.

Turns back to them. Her voice strangely small.

DIANA

Maybe you could help me.

The bitchiness drops away. This is a woman in need.

The hairdresser walks over to her. Gives her a once-over, then offers his hand. As he leads her to his chair...

**INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - ONE HOUR LATER**

Sandy sits at a table for two. Freshly showered. Crisp new suit. Looks like a million bucks.

But he's nervous. The seat across from him is empty. He scans the entrance, looking for her.

And then...

She ENTERS from across the room. And takes his breath away.

She's beautiful.

The face-paint makeup and traffic-crash hairdo are gone. In their place--

--her own face, her own hair, done to perfection. Same for her dress. Simple, elegant, and absolutely stunning.

She walks tentatively to the table. Unsure of herself, almost as if she's naked to the world.

He stands for her, unable to take his eyes away from this incredible transformation.

DIANA  
 (petrified)  
 What.

SANDY  
 You look beautiful.

It's the first time she's ever heard the words.

DIANA  
 Thank you.  
 (beat)  
 It's all tricks.

SANDY  
 It's not tricks. It's you.

He gestures to her seat.

SANDY  
 Please.

She sits down. Right here and now, this is the greatest moment of her life.

SANDY  
 I hope you're hungry.

DIANA  
 Yeah. I got the Spanx cranked up to eleven.

They sit quietly for a moment. Then:

DIANA  
 Thank you.

**INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - LATER**

They're halfway through a huge meal. Lobster claws, crab legs, salad, champagne...

Sandy stuffs his face. Lifts an empty wine bottle, signals the waiter for more.

The waiter mentions something to the Maitre D', who nods, and walks over to Sandy and Diana.

MAITRE D'  
 Mr. Cornish, how is everything this evening?

SANDY  
 Tina? How is everything this evening?

Diana smiles. Truly content.

DIANA  
Everything is perfect.

MAITRE D'  
Very good to hear. I apologize, but  
the charges to your account are  
somewhat-- significant. We do ask  
that you place a credit card on file.  
I'm sure you understand.

Uh oh. Diana puts her fork down. This could be a problem.

DIANA  
You what, Jim? I have our Amex at  
the office. I'll call Lu Ann in  
accounting and--

SANDY  
No.

DIANA  
What?

SANDY  
No, Tina. We're not calling Lu Ann.  
We're not bothering accounting.

Sandy slowly rises. Faces the Maitre D'.

SANDY  
How dare you? I choose to stay here  
at my pleasure, as do the hundreds  
of people I employ. I am the Senior  
Vice-President of Financial Management  
at the third largest personal  
investment firm in the world. I travel  
constantly, supervising hundreds of  
billions of dollars. This cost of  
this dinner is a molecule floating  
in an ocean. And you have the gall  
to question my company's ability or  
desire to pay it? Who do you think  
you are?

The Maitre D' averts his eyes in submission.

MAITRE D'  
I'm-- I'm so sorry. Of course.  
(beaten down)  
Please, accept my apologies. Allow  
me to host your wine for this evening.

Sandy nods his approval, like a warlord. The Maitre D' slinks off, tail between his legs.

Sandy sits back down. Proud of himself.

But Diana is suddenly uncomfortable.

DIANA

Wow.

SANDY

Right?

DIANA

You were a little hard on him.

SANDY

You know what? The whole world's been hard on me. I don't want to be a chump anymore. You helped me see that.

DIANA

Did I.

SANDY

Yeah, you messed up my life, but maybe it needed messing up. Maybe I needed a little more of you in me, you know? So thank you, Diana. No-- thank you whatever your real name is.

DIANA

That is my real name.

SANDY

No it's not. Come on. We're friends now. You can tell me.

DIANA

Fine. It's Marla.

SANDY

Why are you lying?

DIANA

Who cares?

SANDY

I care. I'd like to know one real thing about you. What's the big deal?

DIANA

I don't know. What is the big deal?

SANDY  
Because you won't tell me.

DIANA  
It doesn't matter.

SANDY  
Why won't you tell me your name?

DIANA  
Because I don't want to.

SANDY  
Why?

DIANA  
Because I don't know it!

That stops him in his tracks.

SANDY  
What about your family? What about  
Morganville, Kansas? That's all  
bullshit?

DIANA  
No, there's a Morganville, Kansas.  
It's a nice town. It's real quaint.  
There's a little police station right  
there in the middle where people can  
come and leave babies they don't  
want. So which name would you like?  
I had six of them by the time I was  
through foster care.

SANDY  
I'm sorry.

DIANA  
I don't want your pity. I survived.  
I did what I had to.

SANDY  
Steal from people.

DIANA  
Yeah, well-- who gives a shit about  
them? No one gives a fuck about me.

SANDY  
That's not true.

DIANA

Oh yes it is. I'm alone. I've been alone every day of my life. Who's gonna get me a birthday present? Who's gonna take me on a trip? Who's gonna make me feel like I'm even here?

(in tears)

I buy all this shit, it doesn't do me any fucking good. You think your girls want a big house, you think they want a rich daddy who pushes people around? You're so stupid. All I ever wanted was someone like you. Who was just there. Who cared. You want to be like me? You asshole. I want to be like you.

She dries her face with a napkin.

DIANA

This makeup-- I'm never gonna be able to duplicate this--

(beat)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to tell you some lame dumpster baby story. It's all lies anyway. I'm a liar.

Sandy reaches out and takes her hand.

She pulls her hand away. Goes back to her food.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Diana sleeps peacefully. Sandy watches her from the bedroom entrance, then quietly closes the door.

He crosses to the desk, picks up the phone, and dials.

SANDY

Hey, Bryan, it's a little before midnight. I'll be back in Boston late tomorrow night, in the office first thing the following morning.

(beat)

About the woman...

(beat)

I'll bring her in at nine AM. Let the police know.

**EXT. RICHMOND, VIRGINIA - EARLY MORNING**

Sun rises over Richmond.



**EXT. PUBLIC PARKING LOT - MORNING**

Sandy and Diana walk to the El Camino. No one's around.

SANDY  
Did you go to the bathroom?

DIANA  
I said I did.

SANDY  
Because it's straight shot today and  
we're not stopping for at least--

As he opens the car, THE SKIPTRACER pops out from where he was curled up hiding in the front seat.

THE SKIPTRACER  
Well, well, well.

He's aiming a Taser X3 dart gun at Sandy. Nods back at the El Camino, proud of himself.

THE SKIPTRACER  
Satellite radio. Got the serial number  
from the seller. Rest was easy.

DIANA  
Damn. Are you Choctaw?

THE SKIPTRACER  
No, I'm Polish.

DIANA  
Cuz Choctaws are born trackers.

THE SKIPTRACER  
Yeah? Well good for fuckin' them.  
(to Sandy)  
You're the Sandy Patterson the agency  
wants. So turn around and walk slowly  
to that red car.

SANDY  
Please. Don't do this.

THE SKIPTRACER  
Walk.  
(to Diana)  
I don't need you. You can go.

Sandy turns and starts walking. Diana watches him. Free to leave if she wants. Then--

--she moves to stand between Sandy and The Skiptracer.

DIANA

You debt collectors are the scum of the earth, you know that? And I'm an identity thief, so-- seriously.

Sandy turns around. Can't believe she's doing this.

THE SKIPTRACER

This got nothin' to do with you.

DIANA

Yeah it does. He's my friend. You want him, you gotta go through me.

The Skiptracer looks at the two of them. Then shrugs.

THE SKIPTRACER

Fine.

He aims the gun, and--

BLAM! The shot echoes out across the parking lot.

Diana and Sandy both FLINCH... but nothing happened. They're fine. Untouched. Wait-- "blam"? From a taser?

THE SKIPTRACER

OW! FUCK!

Blood seeps through his shoulder. He's been shot.

VOICE (O.S.)

She belongs to us!

Sandy and Diana turn to see:

AVI AND ILAN walking toward them. Avi raises his gun to SHOOT her at close range, but Diana CHARGES and BITES HIS HAND.

AVI

AGHHH!

He drops the gun.

ILAN grabs Diana.

THE SKIPTRACER grabs Sandy.

Sandy and Diana instinctively GRAB EACH OTHER. Face to face. Clinging to one another for dear life--

--as the Israelis pull Diana one way and The Skiptracer pulls Sandy the other way.

SANDY

Don't let go of me! Don't let go!

Diana sees Avi struggle to his feet. Stumbling for his gun.

She strains to get her mouth to Sandy's ear.

WHISPERS SOMETHING IN HIS EAR

His eyes go wide. Scared. Unsure. But she nods at him. You can do it....

Avi picks his gun up.

AVI

Diana!

She gives Sandy one last smile.

And then-- THEY LET GO

Ilan and The Skiptracer each stumble backwards with their prey-- BLAM! - Avi MISSES HIS SHOT at her--

SANDY - spins around... and...

PUNCHES THE SKIPTRACER IN THE THROAT. Perfect shot! The Skiptracer falls to the ground, gasping for air.

Sandy grabs The Skiptracer's taser, turns, and--

FWIP! FWIP!

Nails both of the Israelis right in their chests.

They both drop to the ground, spasming in pain.

DIANA

DRIVE!

They both jump in the El Camino and PEEL OUT.

Diana CHUCKS SOMETHING out of the window as they drive away. It lands with a clatter between The Skiptracer, Avi and Ilan.

The satellite radio.

Avi struggles to barely sit up.

AVI

Who was that guy...?

In the B.G., sirens. The police are on their way.

Avi meets eyes with The Skiptracer, then slumps back to the ground. They both know-- it's over.

**EXT. HIGHWAYS - DAY TO NIGHT**

The El Camino rolls down the highway. One state turns to another. The sun sets, and the sky goes dark.

**EXT. BOSTON - NIGHT**

The El Camino rolls into town.

**INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The door opens.

FRANNY AND JESSIE

DADDY!!!

The girls run to his arms, and he hugs them like a man who almost died. Kisses them for all he's worth.

Then sees Trish. Grabs her and kisses her.

It's a lovely reunion. And then, Trish sees--

DIANA - waiting bashfully at the door.

The girls turn and stare at her too.

SANDY

Trish, Fran, Jessie-- this is Diana.  
She's going to stay with us, just  
for tonight.

DIANA

If that's okay.

SANDY

It's kind of mandatory.

DIANA

I just don't want to be any--  
(to Trish)  
I know I caused you some trouble.

Trish is unmoved.

TRISH

You're welcome for the night. Girls,  
let's get dinner ready.

**INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - LATER**

They sit around the table, eating dinner. It's very strained.

DIANA  
This is a really nice dinner, Mrs.  
Patterson.

TRISH  
Thank you.

DIANA  
I like how you decorated and  
everything.

TRISH  
Mmm.

More uncomfortable silence. The clicking of forks on plates,  
and little else.

And then, through the wall: THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

Derek and Kristi are screwing again.

Sandy sighs. Puts his fork down. A reminder that he's back  
in Chump Town.

DIANA  
Is that a frequent problem?

SANDY  
Yeah.

DIANA  
Excuse me for a second.

Diana gets up and walks out of the apartment.

We hear footsteps down the hallway. Then a knock knock knock  
on the apartment next to them.

Then some quiet talking. Then footsteps back.

Diana walks back into Sandy's apartment, sits back down.

DIANA  
You don't have that problem anymore.

She starts eating. Calm. Cool. Supremely confident.

Jessie stares at Diana like she's a superhero.

Like Wonder Woman or something.

Diana looks back at Jessie.

DIANA  
Hey. You got some food on your face.

JESSIE  
Where?

DIANA  
Here.

Diana dabs a spot on her own face with a fork full of mashed potatoes. Leaves a big blotch.

Jessie and Franny giggle.

JESSIE  
No YOU have food on YOUR face!

DIANA  
Where?

FRANNY AND JESSIE  
THERE!

DIANA  
Here?

She dabs another spot above her eye.

FRANNY AND JESSIE  
NO!

DIANA  
Here?

FRANNY AND JESSIE  
NO!!!!

The girls are rolling with laughter

DIANA  
I don't know what's going on. You  
guys are driving me crazy!

Sandy looks over at Trish--

--and she's laughing. In spite of herself.

He looks around the table. At his wife, his daughters, this strangest of guests... giggling and joyful and alive.

The place doesn't seem so small anymore.

**INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Sandy tucks the girls in.

SANDY  
Okay, goodnight. No talking, okay?  
Right to bed.

He turns to DIANA - on an air mattress on the floor.

SANDY  
You sure you don't want to sleep on  
the couch?

DIANA  
No way.

FRANNY  
No way, daddy.

SANDY  
Okay. Well, goodnight.

He turns the light off, and we follow him out as he closes the door behind him. He's about to walk off when:

JESSIE (O.S.)  
Diana.

DIANA (O.S.)  
Yeah?

JESSIE (O.S.)  
You wanna give my doll a haircut?

DIANA (O.S.)  
Yeah!

SANDY  
Go to bed!

Silence. Then:

DIANA (O.S.)  
(whispering)  
Where are the scissors?

JESSIE (O.S.)  
(whispering)  
In my drawer.

He lingers for a moment, listening as the girls whisper together.

Decides to let them play.

**INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM - HOURS LATER**

He can't sleep. Looks over at the clock. 5:30 AM.

TRISH

Babe?

He turns over to her, surprised she's awake.

TRISH

You okay?

SANDY

She's going to go away for ten years.

TRISH

What else can you do?

SANDY

(beat)

Your brother's always saying he could use help at the store. That's forty a year. Maybe.

(beat)

What am I talking about? What's wrong with me?

She cuddles up to him. Puts her arms around him.

TRISH

There's nothing wrong with you. Here. Feel. She's going crazy.

She puts his hand on her belly.

TRISH

I know another kid wasn't part of your plan, but you backed me up. We always back each other up.

(beat)

Follow your heart, and I'll follow you.

**INT. BEDROOM - LATER**

The door opens quietly. Sandy tiptoes in.

The girls sleep peacefully. Jessie clutches a doll with a horrendous new haircut.

Diana's covers lower and fall with her breath.



Sandy kneels down to her. Nudges her with his hand.

SANDY

You have to go.

(beat)

Diana, the police are going to be there in the morning. Just go.

No response. He shivers in the cold. Then notices:

THE WINDOW is open. The curtains flutter.

He pulls Diana's blanket back. It's the DOG under there.

He crosses to the window. Looks out onto the FIRE ESCAPE just outside it.

There's a NOTE on the sill.

**Sorry. --D**

He sits down on his girls' beanbag chair. Suddenly exhausted from the finality of it all.

The journey is over. The verdict is rendered.

No one ever changes.

Not him.

Not her.

**EXT. BOSTON - MORNING**

The sun rises over the city.

**EXT. BOSTON STREET - MORNING**

A crowd of busy people on their way to work. There, in the jumble of anonymous faces, is Sandy Patterson.

Suit. Tie. On his way. But there's nothing good waiting for him where he's going.

**INT. NEW CENTURY FINANCIAL - OFFICES - MORNING**

Ding. The elevator doors slide open. Sandy takes a breath, then makes the long walk down the hall, into:

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The partners are seated around the table. Bryan at the head.

Sandy stands. Clears his throat.

SANDY

I couldn't make it happen. To be honest, it wouldn't have happened anyway. Wasn't meant to be. Not for me. I'm sorry.

He turns to leave.

BRYAN

Patterson?

He turns back. Bryan points ACROSS THE HALL.

Sandy turns, and we move with him as he walks out of the conference room, walks across the hall, walks into ANOTHER CONFERENCE ROOM, and now we see:

COPS - and Detective Reilly - all sitting around the table.

At the head of the table--

DIANA

Hey Sandy.

Reilly turns an AUDIO RECORDER off. Pockets it. Gets up.

DET. REILLY

That completes the statement process. You've been read your rights.

(to a cop)

Take her into custody.

(to Sandy)

Mr. Patterson? You're no longer a focus of this investigation. We'll be happy to provide your employer with a letter making that clear. Congratulations.

He pats Sandy on the shoulder and heads out.

A COP - puts handcuffs on Diana. Starts leading her out.

Sandy watches her go. Too stunned to speak. Then follows...

**INT. NEW CENTURY FINANCIAL - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS**

As the cops lead her away...

SANDY

Wait. Can I have a second?

The cop looks to Reilly, who nods. The police back off and give Diana and Sandy some space.

SANDY

I don't understand.

DIANA

C'mon, Sandy. I knew from the start this would end in cops. I figured I'd take advantage of the free ride until I felt like skipping out. The old hitch and ditch.

(beat)

But--

(beat)

Hey, I've been a lot of people over the years. It's probably time to start being me. I can't do that on your back. I have to pay for what I've done.

SANDY

But why did you sneak out?

DIANA

Because if I stayed, you wouldn't have let me do this. Right?

Sandy nods. She knows him. The true him.

DIANA

You're a good man, Sandy Patterson. And we are who we are.

(beat)

I gotta go.

As they lead her to the elevator...

SANDY

Thank you.

She grins back at him through her tears.

DIANA

Huh. This feels pretty good!

The elevator doors close.

Bryan and the other partners gather around Sandy. Shake his hand. Walk him to his new office.

He looks back one last time. But she's gone.

**EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - ONE YEAR LATER - DAY**

Trish carries a BIRTHDAY CAKE out to the patio table, and sets it down in front of Sandy, who holds their new BABY.

TRISH/JESSIE/FRANNY

Happy birthday dear daddy...  
Happy birthday to you...

He looks around. His wife, his girls, his baby. His new home, modest but *his*. His yard, his dog, his cake. "Happy 41st"

He blows out the candles. Kisses Trish. Then checks his watch.

SANDY

Ooh. We gotta get a move on.

**INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - LATER**

The Pattersons sit with DIANA in a family visiting room at the women's correctional facility. A guard stands outside.

Diana plays "Sorry" with Franny and Jessie. Watches Trish rocking the baby to sleep.

DIANA

I can't get over how beautiful she is. You should've named her Diana, though.

Franny knocks one of Diana's pieces back to "start".

FRANNY

SORRY!!!

DIANA

Oh my God! I'm gonna kill you! I'm gonna shiv you in the yard, you hear me, new meat?

The guard raps on the door from the outside.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Two minutes.

SANDY

Okay, real fast. Run it down for me.

DIANA

Math, A. Accounting, A.

SANDY

Econ?

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

(off her look)

You're kidding me. We went over it  
for an hour on the phone...

She pulls out a test paper. Hands it to him. A+.

SANDY

(proud)

Now this I put in your file.

DIANA

They're never gonna hire an ex-con.

SANDY

I'm starting a program. I have a few  
years to figure it out.

DIANA

Five with good behavior.

SANDY

And how's that going?

DIANA

Decent. These dykes try and get up  
in my sweet junk, but I keep it cool.

TRISH

Okay, I'm taking the girls.

DIANA

Bye guys! See you in two months!

Franny and Jessie run and give Diana big hugs. Means more to  
her than they'll ever know.

Diana kneels down, and gives Jessie a kiss on the forehead.

DIANA

Stay beautiful, little girl.

As Trish leads the kids out--

SANDY

I'll be out in a minute.

They're alone. Sandy hands Diana an envelope.

SANDY

A little gift. Pulled some strings  
with Reilly, ran your prints through  
the Kansas state database.

She's confused. Opens the envelope.

It's an OLD PIECE OF PAPER. A FORM. Typewritten entries. And a tiny, inky fingerprint.

It's her birth certificate. Diana can barely breathe.

DIANA

My name.  
 (beat)  
 Caroline Budgie.  
 (beat)  
 That's fucking awful.

SANDY

Yeah, well, it's you.

DIANA

Thanks, Sandy.

She hands the birth certificate back to him.

DIANA

But I already know who I am.

Diana walks proudly out of the room... down the hall... back to her redemption...

Her head held high. Her own woman at last.

AS CREDITS ROLL

MUSIC: "Theme Song" - WONDER WOMAN

*Wonder Woman, Wonder Woman  
 All the world's waiting for you  
 and the power you possess*

*In your satin tights, fighting for your rights  
 And the old Red, White and Blue*

*Wonder Woman, Wonder Woman  
 Now the world is ready for you  
 and the wonders you can do.*

*All our hopes are pinned on you  
 And the magic that you do*

*Wonder Woman, Wonder Woman  
 You're a wonder, Wonder Woman*

**THE END**