

LOOMIS FARGO

chris bowman & hubbel palmer

revised draft | 1.25.12

LET'S COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME.

I'LL STEAL YOUR HEART,

AND YOU STEAL MINE.



BLACK

DAVID (V.O.)
Kelly was a big girl. 'Bout a
saltine away from 200 pounds.

EXT. BANK - DAY

CLOSE on a fat girl. Fat and beautiful.

She wears a guard's uniform. Gray short-sleeved shirt with
black scalloped pockets.

She comes out of the bank, bounces down the stairs.

DAVID (V.O.)
But you just trust me. In three-
dimensions, in livin' color, she
was the loveliest creature ever to
grace this earth.

Her hips swing a foot in either direction.

DAVID (V.O.)
You can see what she looks like
here, but not what she is like.
Shoot, can we at least slow this
down? I just feel like you're
missin' all the nuance.

Kelly's walk slows. Sex in every step.

DAVID (V.O.)
That's it, that's it. See? Now
watch what she does here.

In SUPER SLOW MOTION, Kelly drags her tongue across her
thumb...and swipes a stray hair from her face.

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

Kelly and DAVID sort money. He's a pale redhead with slow
eyes and a chin-strap beard that runs along his jawline.

DAVID (V.O.)
One day, I shared somethin' totally
random with Kelly.

DAVID
Did you know that a parrot's the
only bird that can feed itself with
its foot?

DAVID (V.O.)
And the next day...

INT./EXT. ARMORED CAR - DAY

They eat lunch in a parked Loomis car. In the passenger seat, Kelly hikes up her pant leg, revealing a PARROT TATTOO on her ankle.

KELLY
Whatcha think?

David is moved.

DAVID (V.O.)
The idea that some little thing I said wound up a permanent part of her lovely body...even all these years later, it still gives me a glow. You could toss your whole life away for a girl like that.
(beat)
Matter 'fact, I did.

WE CUT WIDE to the van's exterior. The company name is emblazoned on the side in swirling, rustic letters.

LOOMIS FARGO

A title fades up beneath it:

Inspired by a true story.

INT./EXT. ARMORED CAR - DAY

Kelly and David drive the highways and byways of Charlotte, North Carolina.

DAVID (V.O.)
My name is David Ghannt. Chances are, if you've heard of me, it's from TV shows with names like *America's Dumbest Criminals*, *Disorganized Crime*, and *Uber Goobers*. I've been laughed at by all the major newsmen of the day: Tom Brokaw, Charles Gibson, Chris Wallace, even Miss Diane Sawyer. But they can all kick rocks. I'm tellin' my story now.

EXT. BANK - DAY

They load an ATM machine with cash.

DAVID (V.O.)

Kelly and me worked for the Loomis Fargo Company. And that's the root of the problem, see? Hirin' folks as poor as us to haul around 50 million dollars in pretty little stacks, that's like-- 'Slike askin' a starving man to guard the fridge.

Kelly leans in conspiratorially.

KELLY

Listen. I know how we could make a lot of money in a single day.

David waits.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You go on *Jeopardy*.

DAVID

Nah.

KELLY

And I'll help you, quiz you.

DAVID

No way.

KELLY

But you know everything, David. All them little facts.

DAVID

Jeopardy's not about smarts. *Jeopardy's* about fine motor skills. Think about it. On nearly all the questions, everybody rings in. Right?

KELLY

I guess so.

DAVID

So it comes down to muscle control. See? Look at that.

He holds out his hand. He has a slight tremor.

KELLY
Oh. Some kinda palsy, or--?

DAVID
Nah, it's psychological. Anxiety tremors. That's what fouled me up in Iraq.

KELLY
You fought in Desert Storm?

DAVID
I don't like talkin' about it.

KELLY
(softly, solemnly)
How many men did you kill?

DAVID
Not a damn one.
(shuts the ATM)
That's why I don't like talkin' about it.

INT. ARMORED CAR - DAY

They eat lunch in a parked Loomis car. David dips beef jerky in a can of jalapeno cheddar dip.

KELLY
If *Jeopardy* ain't gonna happen, we'll have to find some other way to get rich.
(smiles)
We could rob Loomis Fargo. Like that fella last month, down in Jacksonville?

DAVID
Philip Johnson.

KELLY
Yeah. I mean, he had the same job we do. Gimme one good reason we shouldn't start up that engine and drive off into the sunset.

David gives this serious thought.

DAVID
Well. We could get fired.

Kelly blinks back at him.

David's pager CHIRPS. Kelly grabs it from him playfully.

KELLY
Who's callin' you?
(scowls)
That's a funny-lookin' phone
number.

DAVID
Them last three digits, that's a
code.

KELLY
One-four-three?

DAVID
Means "I love you." "I," one
letter. "Love," four letters.
"You," three letters. One-four-
three.
(almost apologizing)
It's my wife.

KELLY
Hm. Well, how do you know it's not
"I hate you"? Hate's four letters
too.

David swallows a bite.

DAVID
Tammy doesn't hate anyone.

EXT. LOOMIS FARGO WAREHOUSE - DAY

Kelly and David share a smoke by the fence at the end of
their shift.

DAVID
I'm just sayin', eight dollars and
fifteen cents an hour, no bennies.
It's barely a livin' wage.

Kelly's heard enough.

KELLY
Then why not quit?

DAVID
What?

KELLY

Let's just...quit. There's gotta be something better out there.

DAVID

I-- I can't quit.

KELLY

Sure you can. I'll go first.

Kelly marches into the warehouse. David watches her in disbelief. Seconds later, she walks out. Undoing buttons on her work shirt.

DAVID

What did you do?

Kelly strips off her shirt and hands it to him, as naturally as taking off a watch. She wears a scoop-neck bra.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You seriously quit?

KELLY

I was thinkin' about it anyway.

She walks to her truck. We push in on David's face. His mouth goes dry.

DAVID

Wait! Kelly!

She stops. David catches up with her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So...whatcha gonna do?

KELLY

I don't know yet.

DAVID

Well. I just wanna say, y'know, that...that I've really enjoyed working with you.

KELLY

You're sweet.

(beat)

Wanna touch butts?

DAVID

(laughs weirdly)
What?

KELLY

C'mere.

Kelly puts an unlit cigarette in her mouth. She leans toward David's burning cigarette till their tips touch.

DAVID (V.O.)

Me and Kelly had lots of almost-kisses. This was a good one.

She inhales deeply. David's embers glow red and spread heat to her cigarette, lighting it. They pull away in a cloud of smoke.

SMASH TO:

David gives a quick, passionless goodnight kiss to his skinny wife, TAMMY.

He's at home, inside the--

GHANTT TRAILER

They're in bed. David reads a paperback.

Suddenly, a CAT hops onto the bed and curls up between them. David looks at the cat. He holds a threatening fist to its face. The cat licks it.

TAMMY

What's your book about?

David turns the cover in her direction. *Without Remorse* by Tom Clancy.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

But what is it? Share with me.

DAVID

(sighs)

It's about this Navy Seal dude. His prostitute girlfriend, she's a drug mule, and she's brutally murdered by her pimp. So he swears vengeance, starts killin' people in interesting ways.

TAMMY

Now, why would you read something like that? Put yourself in that world?

DAVID

Tammy. The Bible's full of prostitutes. Plus, you got drugs, genocides, man-eatin' she-bears chewin' on little kids. You wanna talk about a brutal book, let's talk about the Holy Bible.

Tammy balks.

TAMMY

There's no drugs in the Bible.

David lowers his voice, as if sharing a secret.

DAVID

(mimes a joint)
Frankincense.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Acres of headstones.

ANGLE ON a proud COPPER PLAQUE riveted to the memorial statue of a Confederate soldier. It reads, "ALL GAVE SOME...SOME GAVE ALL."

Suddenly gloved hands reach in with a jimmy bar, prying at the plaque till it rips loose. TWO MEN toss the plaque into the bed of a pickup truck rolling slowly along the street.

In a series of QUICK CUTS, the men swipe everything metal from the cemetery and hoist it into the vehicle: urns, busts, flag holders. The truck fills up with brass and bronze.

They come to the final grave in the row, and freeze.

The truck driver shifts into park, idling the engine. He hops out to join the others. We see their faces in the flare of the headlights. Three Southern hellraisers:

STEVE CHAMBERS (the driver), a paunchy man with dark charisma.

ERIC PAYNE, a sweet-looking thug. Tattoos, copstash.

SCOTT "RUNNY" GRANT, their tag-along.

They're all staring at an INFANT'S GRAVE: "Benjamin Page Roday, Born & Died October 11, 1978." On top of the gravestone -- a pair of enormous, gold-plated BABY BOOTIES.

Eric Payne reads the epitaph.

ERIC PAYNE

"An angel in the book of life/
Wrote down our baby's birth/ And
whispered as she closed the book/
(choked up)
'Too precious for this earth.'"

He turns to Steve.

ERIC PAYNE (CONT'D)

Let's don't take this one, Steve.

RUNNY

Yeah, man. It ain't right.

Steve spits out his gum. As soon as he starts speaking -- from the first syllable -- we know he'll get his way.

STEVE

Boys, this child has left the
material world. These earthly
treasures mean nothin' to him.
He's restin' in hope, and he will
rise in glory.

(beat)

Now, if y'all don't hook up this
damn chain, I'm gonna dig little
Benjamin outta the dirt and put on
a puppet show with his baby bones.

They snap into action. Eric Payne lassoes the booties with the chain, then cinches it tight. Steve climbs back in the cab of his truck.

The others stand clear. Steve floors it. The truck lurches forward, pulling the chain taut. The headstone fidgets...but stays rooted in the dirt.

Determined, Steve revs the engine. His tires smoke. Then:

KRAH-CHUNK! The bumper rips off, jogging the truck ahead several feet. Steve brakes hard.

We hear DOGS BARKING, the CHATTER of waking neighbors. The wail of a POLICE SIREN.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Ugh. Cops.

Steve howls at Eric and Runny.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Would you get in?!

They hop in the back.

Steve speeds off down the road. He checks his rear-view mirror. Cops are coming. Flashes of red and blue between the trees. Steve notices the bumper in the road, now far behind. And attached to it:

The LICENSE PLATE. Steve scowls. Slams on the brakes.

STEVE (CONT'D)
License! Plate!

He throws the truck into reverse and stomps. They fly backward. Runny leans out, grabs the license plate with both hands, wrenches it from the bumper...

RUNNY
Got it!

...and flops back into the truck as Steve hits the gas. They roar into the night--

Well before two police cruisers pull up on the scene.

EXT. STEVE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

We FLOAT PAST the truck, now parked outside Steve's double wide, to reveal a rowdy backyard barbecue. Bob Seger's "Her Strut" blares from somewhere.

Steve's at his grill, tending cuts of steak.

Behind him, a PARTY GIRL does a keg stand -- two cheering REDNECKS hold her upside down over a beer barrel as she gulps from the tap.

At a card table, Eric Payne, Runny and ASSORTED FRIENDS play a feisty game of DRUNK UNO. Someone flips a card.

ERIC PAYNE
(reading)
Draw Two!

They all take two sips of beer. Suddenly Eric Payne's digital watch BEEPS. He checks it, then hollers:

ERIC PAYNE (CONT'D)
Hey, Steve! 11 o'clock!

Steve hands his tongs to a bystander and hustles indoors. The crowd follows. The rednecks drop the Party Girl right-side up. She pulls her hair back into a ponytail, revealing her flushed face:

It's Kelly Campbell, David Ghannt's goddess.

INT. STEVE'S TRAILER - LATER

Steve's two young boys, KEN (10) and CORT (7), sit in front of a widescreen TV playing a video game. Steve rips their controllers out of the console and hurls them into the next room. The boys rise and leave without protest.

Eric Payne, Runny, Kelly and several shirtless drunks surround the set in anticipation. Steve changes the channel on the TV. A local ANCHORWOMAN.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
...and area residents are saying
enough's enough.

Steve takes a seat on the couch beside his pretty wife, MICHELLE, a few years his junior.

STEVE
This'll be fun.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
Next, we have some major crime news
to report.

The room HOOTS. Eric Payne and Runny raise their beers.

Steve runs his nose along Michelle's bare arm.

STEVE
(whispers)
This is for you, Shell.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
Philip Johnson, a Jacksonville
security guard who stole 20 million
dollars from the Loomis Fargo
armored car company, was arrested
yesterday by a customs inspector...

Steve's smile fades. The crowd begins to disperse.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
...the robbery was the largest in
U.S. history...

STEVE

That's it? Nothin' on us?

MICHELLE

Well, gee, Steve.

(mimes two weights on a
scale)

20 million dollars, or 20 grand
worth-a scrap metal?

Steve glares at her.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

Up next, Chuck Chidester with
sports.

STEVE

Ha, maybe they got us in sports.
We musta broke some kinda land
speed record outrunnin' them cops.

Eric Payne and Runny chuckle. Most everyone else has left.

Suddenly, an annoying TV COMMERCIAL comes on:

PITCHMAN (V.O.)

If it's August, it must be Dealin'
Days at Jeffcoat Heating and
Cooling.

TV JINGLE (V.O.)

*Jeffcoat Heating and Cooling
You're never gonna sweat again*

STEVE

Hey, shut that off. Where's the
thing?

Eric Payne has his arm around a GIRL. He points to the TV.

ERIC PAYNE

We grew up with this guy. 'Strue.
Went to the same school. Steve
used to beat him with a bicycle
chain.

STEVE

I said, shut it off!

ON-SCREEN, a MAN appears. He's lean and balding.

MAN (V.O.)

Hi, y'all. I'm Doug Jeffcoat.

Steve finds the remote and zaps the TV.

EXT. STEVE'S TRAILER - LATER

The piss-drunk guests have formed a circle on the lawn. Two men play a game of horseshoes using U-shaped toilet seats -- pitching them at stakes in the ground.

Kelly watches. Steve approaches her, working on a beer.

STEVE
Hey, Kelly.

KELLY
Steve.

STEVE
C'mere a sec.

He walks her a few steps away from the crowd.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I gotta ask you somethin'.
(beat)
Y'ever think about it?

Kelly waits.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Robbin' Loomis.

KELLY
(eyes rolling)
Steve.

STEVE
You saw the news. That boy in Jacksonville, he did it right... 'cept the "gettin' caught" part. But a heist like that, it's gotta be an inside job.

KELLY
Well, that's the trouble, see, I ain't "inside" no more. I quit Loomis, weeks ago.

STEVE
Nooooo.

KELLY
Sorry. Back to robbin' graveyards.

She swipes Steve's beer and takes a pull.

STEVE

Now, wait. Wait. You musta made some friends on the job. C'mon, Kelly. You flirt with every pair of pants comes within five yards.

She hesitates.

KELLY

There's one guy. He's a sweetie, but...

(laughing at the thought)
...he's scared of his own shadow, and everyone else's. He'd never commit any kinda crime, not in a million years.

STEVE

How's he feel about you? He likes you?

She smiles.

KELLY

He thinks I crap chocolate ice cream.

One of the rednecks gets a ringer, prompting a loud CHEER.

INT./EXT. ARMORED CAR - DAY

David drives the Loomis truck. His chubby black co-worker (TY) rides in the passenger seat.

David's pager CHIRPS. He unclips it and looks. Scowls at the unfamiliar number.

TY

The wife?

David notices three digits tacked on the end: 1-4-3. A smile spreads.

DAVID

Actually...no.

His hand is trembling.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Kelly sits alone in a booth, anxious. We hear STEVE'S VOICE.

STEVE (O.S.)
He's late.

Kelly stares out the restaurant's front window. She brightens.

KELLY
Ha, here he is.

Steve leans out from the booth just behind Kelly. Eric and Runny sit opposite him. They all peer outside, where--

David's truck pulls up to the curb. He steps out and circles the vehicle.

STEVE
What's he doin'?

David walks from one parking meter to the next.

KELLY
Looks like he ain't sure which
space goes with which parking
meter.
(sheepish)
He's feeding 'em both.

Steve and the boys howl and pound the table.

STEVE
Oh, he's perfect. Perfect!

David walks to the restaurant. After tugging on the "PUSH" door for several seconds, he finally stumbles through.

KELLY
Alright. Cool it.

Steve ducks out of sight.

David's eyes meet Kelly's. She rises to greet him with a tight, clapping hug. He takes a seat across from her.

DAVID
Heyyy. So good to see you. Here,
these are for you.

He presents her with a bouquet of roses.

KELLY
Oh, wow, David. They're lovely.

DAVID
(awkwardly)
Then I guess they have something in
common with their new owner.

We hear STIFLED LAUGHTER from the booth behind her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What was that?

KELLY
Listen, David. I'd like to explain
why I called you.

DAVID
Sure, yeah, yeah.

He reaches for a glass of ice water. Brings it to his lips
shakily.

KELLY
David, there's a gentleman sitting
in the booth behind me.

David stares at her. He slowly cranes his neck to the side.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Don't look!

David pulls his head back.

KELLY (CONT'D)
This gentleman is a friend. A
friend with an idea he'd like to
share with you.
(carefully)
Now, you're under no
obligation...but I'd sure
appreciate it if you'd give him an
open ear.

David plays with his water glass.

DAVID
Kelly, is this--? Is this a sales
thing, like Amway?

Kelly shakes her head.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Water purifiers?

Kelly: "no." David clears his throat.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Okay. Um. Well, can your friend
hear me?

STEVE (O.S.)
I hear you, David.

DAVID
Okay. And, uh, what--? What do I
call you, sir?

STEVE
You don't ever need to see me or
know my name. You can refer to me
as "Geppetto."

DAVID
Geppetto?

STEVE
(defensive)
That's right. Geppetto. 'Cause I
pull the strings.

DAVID
Ahhh.
(to Kelly)
I think he means Stromboli.

STEVE
'Scuse me?

DAVID
Nothin.' In *Pinocchio*, Stromboli's
the puppeteer. Geppetto's actually
just a woodcarver.

Everyone is silent.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Sorry, go ahead.

STEVE
So. We know you worked with Ms.
Campbell over't Loomis Fargo. She
says you're aces. The top
employee.

David turns pink. He smiles at Kelly, who nods
affirmatively.

DAVID

Ha-ha. Well. I don't know.

STEVE

And, well, brass tacks...we think you're just the man to help us rob the place.

David's smile disappears.

DAVID

Um. Did you--? You-you mean, like...?

Panic sets in. He looks at Kelly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I-I'm sorry, Mr. Geppetto. I think there's been some sorta mistake.

Kelly takes David's hand and strokes it.

KELLY

Calm down, David. We're just talkin'.

DAVID

Well, see, I'm not sure if y'all realize, Loomis Fargo may look like a big warehouse, but the money, almost all of it is owned by banks. So taking it is technically -- technically, now -- a "bank robbery." And that's a federal offense. That's a minimum sentence of eighty-four months. So, no, no, no, thank you.

STEVE

Cut the crap, Ghannt. I know you've thought about it. End of a long shift, you're all alone with that money. Thinkin' how easy it'd be to load it into a van.

David is silent.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Only here's the thing: When you steal that much, you can't just head back to your trailer and sit on it till the Rapture. You gotta disappear. But just try and get into Mexico with them millions.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

(beat)

You need confederates. People with a vested interest in protectin' that loot while you skip town.

DAVID

Protectin' it?

Kelly sees fear in David's face.

STEVE

Keepin' it safe up here while you're layin' low across the border. Makin' tiny little deposits in this bank and that, rinsin' the money clean. After a while, the Feds stop lookin' for you, and the heat's off. That's when we send down your share. One-third of the total grab.

David thinks about it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

So what do you say, Ghantt? You ready to change your life?

David thinks a long time.

INT. GHANTT TRAILER - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David and Tammy lie in bed. David rolls over.

DAVID

Hey. Pull my finger.

TAMMY

David, that's disgusting.

DAVID

How is pullin' a finger disgusting?

TAMMY

It's what happens after I pull it.

DAVID

Naw, c'mon.

She pulls it. David jerks forward, planting a kiss on her lips. She smiles.

DAVID (CONT'D)

See? 'Sat so bad?

TAMMY
I guess not.

Then he FARTS. Loudly.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
David!

They laugh.

The cordless phone RATTLES on the nightstand.

David answers it, his voice still full of laughter.

DAVID
Heh-hello?

His expression changes.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(to Tammy)
It's work.

He leaves the room, Tammy still laughing.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey. It's, uh, not really a good
time.

INTERCUT: Kelly on her home phone.

KELLY
Oh. Okay. I'm just lonely, is
all.

David walks further down the hallway. His voice takes on a
cutesy quality.

DAVID
You're lonely?

KELLY
(sighs)
Yeah. I guess I just miss you. Is
that silly?

DAVID
No. Not at all.

KELLY
And I'm upset. That you don't
trust me.

David winces.

DAVID

You mean, the, uh...Loomis situation? Kelly, I trust you. I just don't trust...Geppetto.

KELLY

So let me handle him. You just worry about gettin' the money, and I'll start plannin' our life together, south of the border.

David's face changes. He slides down the wall into a seated position on the floor. We hear faint MEXICAN RANCHERA MUSIC.

DAVID

You mean, you'd come away with me? To live?

KELLY

Eventually. Yes, I would.

Kelly lets him enjoy this thought.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Y'ever been to Mexico?

DAVID

Ha, I never even been to the airport.

KELLY

Well, it's a magical place.

DAVID

I bet it is. All them planes, comin' and goin'.

KELLY

Mexico, David. Mexico's magical. 'Specially the coast. Cancun. They say the beaches there are like powdered sugar.

(beat)

Listen, I think you know, I have a lot of feelings for you. And I'm pretty sure you have feelings for me.

DAVID

(too loud)

Yes!

Kelly smiles. She's got him.

KELLY

Just think about it. Lovers on the
lam in Mexico. And from there,
maybe on to Brazil. We'd spend all
our millions on fancy hotels.
Hotels and adult toys.

Silence.

KELLY (CONT'D)

David? Hello?

DAVID

I love you so much.

INT. GHANTT TRAILER - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David climbs back in bed. Tammy wears a grave expression.

TAMMY

David, we need to talk.

David tenses.

DAVID

'Bout what?

Tammy looks deep into his eyes.

And FARTS. She breaks up giggling.

TAMMY

Ah-ha-ha! Ha...

She tries to hug him, but David pulls away, stone-faced.

DAVID

You're gross.

Tammy looks hurt. David clicks out the light.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GHANTT TRAILER - MORNING

David is parked in his Dodge pickup. He drops bullets into a
company-issue revolver.

DAVID (V.O.)

When I drove to work the mornin' of
the robbery, guess what song come
on the radio?

We hear it:

RADIO (V.O.)

*This here's a story 'bout Billy Joe
and Bobbie Sue/ Two young lovers
with nothin' better to do...*

DAVID (V.O.)

Yep, no lie. "Take the Money and
Run." I thought it was sort of a
sign. A little nudge. I ain't all
that suggestible, but if Steve
Miller'd named his song "Leave the
Money and Go," my whole life coulda
been different.

David snaps the cylinder shut.

EXT. LOOMIS FARGO WAREHOUSE - DAY

David emerges from the warehouse, followed by Ty. They cross
the parking lot.

DAVID

Week-ennnnd.

TY

You know it.

DAVID

Shove this jay-oh-bee.

TY

Amen.

They get in their respective trucks.

Ty backs out and drives off with a wave.

David kills his engine. Takes out the key.

He adjusts his rear-view mirror. In it, he can see Kelly's
PICKUP TRUCK and Steve's MAZDA parked against the curb just
across from the Loomis facility. He swallows.

INT. STEVE'S MAZDA - SAME

Steve watches David get out of his truck.

In the passenger seat, Runny balances a few materials on his knee: a razor blade, tube of glue, a NYLON WALLET embroidered with the words "WIFE PROOF"...

...and the DRIVER'S LICENSE of someone named MICHAEL AARON MCKINNEY.

He replaces the photo of the original Michael (a redneck with dead eyes) with a photo of David Ghannt smiling feebly.

RUNNY

Now, 'fore this glue dries, lemme just ask: Are you sure Mike's okay with this? Me jackin' with his identification?

STEVE

Mike McKinney don't value government documents the way we do. I bought it off him for a few thousand bucks.

RUNNY

I'd just hate for him to find out I'm the one that done it. 'Sit true he once tore off a man's eyelid for winkin' at his girlfriend?

STEVE

(distracted)
Shush it. Ghannt's inside.

INT. VAULT - NIGHT

David flips on the light switch.

The overheads blink on in sections, lighting up endless pallets of SHRINK-WRAPPED CASH.

We PUSH IN on David, who looks simultaneously terror-stricken and elated. His body won't move.

At long last, he lifts the first stack of money and drops it onto the dolly.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Ty drives down the highway. He pats his shirt pocket for cigarettes. He puts one in his mouth, then glances back at his pocket. Sees his yellow timecard peeking out.

TY

Dangit.

He makes a U-turn.

INT. KELLY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Kelly nibbles the antenna on her walkie-talkie. She squeezes the talk button.

KELLY

David? You there?

A voice comes back. We can hear his nerves.

DAVID (V.O.)

Hi, Kelly. Know what I'm doin'?

KELLY

What?

INT. VAULT - SAME

He can't wait to say it:

DAVID

Stealin' millions.

KELLY

Ha-ha, woo! I'm s'proud of you, David.

DAVID

It's not even hard! It's just paper. Lotsa paper.

KELLY

Well, it's gonna change our life.

DAVID

"Our life." Ha, I like that. Two people, one life. One heart.

Steve and Runny listen in on their walkie-talkie, scoffing.

STEVE
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Would you two lovehounds knock it
 off.

David's eyes narrow.

DAVID
 This is a private conversation, Mr.
 Geppetto.

STEVE
 Whoa. I paid for these walkie-
 talkies, Ghannt. And seein' as how
 we're in the middle of the crime of
 the century, I'd like a little more
 walkie, and a little less talkie.

David sets down his radio, fuming. He grabs the power knob
 and twists it off.

INT. STEVE'S MAZDA - MOMENTS LATER

Steve and Runny watch the warehouse.

With a sudden WHOOSH, Ty's truck passes their parked car and
 turns into the Loomis complex.

Steve scrambles for his radio.

STEVE
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Hey, dummy! Look alive. You're
 about to have company.

No response. A snowy HISS.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Ghannt!

INT. LOOMIS FARGO WAREHOUSE - SAME

David's walkie-talkie is silent on the counter.

Ty enters the warehouse. Slides his time card into the punch
 clock. CHANK.

VAULT

David's eyes widen. What was that? His heart is pounding.

WAREHOUSE

Ty drops his card in the box. He starts to leave, then turns. Notices a light on in the--

VAULT

David steps down from the van and creeps over to the doorway. He puts his hand on his gun. The tremors start.

Ty approaches slowly.

TY
Sneaky, sneaky. I know what you're doing.

David stares at him. He tries to unholster his gun, but his hand won't cooperate. Wild convulsions.

TY (CONT'D)
You said there was no overtime this weekend.

Blood returns to David's face. He stuffs his jittery hand into his pocket.

DAVID
You're right. You're right.
There's overtime. I'm workin' an extra shift. It's just till nine.
(beat)
You'll get the next one, Ty, I promise.

Ty wags a finger at him, smiling.

TY
Later.

DAVID
Yup. Later.

Ty leaves. As soon as the door swings shut, David heaves a lung-emptying sigh.

He looks over at his walkie-talkie. He approaches it slowly, fearfully.

Switches it on. It CRACKLES to life, unleashing a SLEW OF INSULTS already in progress:

STEVE (V.O.)
--PEA-PICKEN, MOUTH-BREATHIN', TURD-FOR-BRAINS--

David winces. He presses the talk button.

DAVID
 Sorry! My fault! I switched it
 off for a minute.

STEVE (V.O.)
 You go to radio silence without my
 say-so again, and I will put a
 bullet in your brain.

DAVID
 That's totally fair.

INT. VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

David grabs a pushbroom from the corner. He walks up to a SECURITY CAMERA (labeled "CAM 1" with embossed tape) and whacks it repeatedly, like a pinata.

He smashes up CAM 2.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

David hits the eject button on a VCR ("CAM 1"), popping out its VHS surveillance tape. He opens another cabinet, revealing a second VCR ("CAM 2"). Eject.

INT. VAULT - SAME

David walks back in. As he looks up at the defunct cameras, hanging limply by cables, he can't resist. He shouts up at them.

DAVID
 Good luck identifyin' me now, pigs!
 Hooo-yaw! I'm a ghost, I'm a
 rumor...I'm the legendary David
 Ghatt! The million-dollar man!

He BREATHES HEAVILY into his cupped hands, simulating applause. David takes bows, blows kisses.

He busts out a series of EMBARRASSING DANCE MOVES: stirring the pot, raising the roof, the running man.

We DRIFT A FEW FEET AWAY to reveal:

A functioning camera, labeled clearly: "CAM 3."

BACK IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE

In an untouched VCR ("CAM 3"), the spools turn the tape inside a VHS cassette, faithfully recording David's jackassery.

INT. VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

David tries to shut the van's rear doors, but they spring back open. The cargo area is OVERSTUFFED with cash.

He climbs inside the van. Presses against the money with his body, trying to force it back. The pile starts to scoot -- progress! -- he grabs the door handle and yanks it, shutting himself inside. Phew, it fits. He goes to open it again.

The door's locked. From the outside.

We PUSH IN on David's pale face.

DAVID
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

He whirls around, desperate. He's penned in on all sides by cash. He squeezes and pushes his way to the bulkhead -- the partition separating the front two seats from the cargo area. Presses his face to the little window, fogging it. He can see the ignition...

...and the keys dangling from it.

He slides open the narrow BULKHEAD WINDOW. Tries to squeeze himself through. Too tight.

INT. STEVE'S MAZDA - SAME

Steve drums his hands nervously. Looks at the clock on the dash.

STEVE
Where is he?!

He grabs his walkie-talkie.

INT. VAULT - SAME

David has his shirt off. He forces his bare torso through the narrow window. Collapses his collarbone and worms through. His hand stretches toward the steering wheel. Almost there, then--

His backside catches in the window. He wriggles and pumps, but can't go any further. His ass won't pass.

Outside the locked van, David's walkie-talkie roars.

STEVE (V.O.)
 Answer me, Ghannt! What's
 happening?!

David sighs. He can reach the steering wheel and the ignition...but has no hope of reaching the pedals.

He sees a roll of DUCT TAPE on the front seat. An idea.

QUICK CUTS:

-- In the cargo area, David slaps his palm down on a four-foot-tall brick of cash.

-- He wraps a long string of tape around the entire thing, securing it to his hand.

-- Quick test: He lifts his hand, lifting the entire brick. It extends his reach by four feet.

-- He slides his taped-up "cash hand" through the bulkhead window, then shimmy's his body after it.

-- CLOSE-UP on his free hand twisting the ignition. The van's engine ROARS.

EXT. LOOMIS FARGO WAREHOUSE - GARAGE

Like a stunt from *The A-Team*, the van bursts through the garage door, knocking it clean over. The van sails through the air and touches down with a CRASH. It swerves wildly through the parking lot.

INSIDE THE VAN

David is waist-deep in the bulkhead window, steering frantically with his left hand. His right hand presses the brick of cash down on the accelerator.

The van heads straight for the chain-link fence surrounding the Loomis lot, and--

FWOOM! Takes it out.

INT. STEVE'S MAZDA/INT. KELLY'S TRUCK - SAME

Steve and Runny watch the van lurch past them, dumbfounded.

The runaway van flies into an open field and THUMPS down into a ditch.

INT. VAN - LATER

Kelly grips David's legs.

KELLY

Okay, on three. One...two...three!

She tugs as hard as she can. David pops unstuck from the bulkhead window. His torso is scraped. He rubs his stomach.

DAVID

I think I may have permanently damaged my intestines.

KELLY

(re: money)

Look around you, David. You can buy all-new intestines.

She squeals and hugs him.

DAVID

Easy, easy.

Kelly calls to Steve and his crew, waiting in the grassy field.

KELLY

Okay. We're comin' out!

EXT. VAN - SAME

Steve, Eric Payne and Runny stand in the grass, shielding their faces from David. Their heads are pulled into their sweatshirts like turtles.

Kelly throws open the van's back doors. She and David step down. The others gather for a glimpse.

The van's dome light provides a dramatic touch, making the money appear to glow with a divine aura.

It's breathtaking. Endless piles of money.

STEVE

Alright. Get your tongues off the floor, boys. We gotta work quick.

EXT. KELLY'S TRUCK - SAME

The truck flies down 85 South.

INT. KELLY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Kelly drives. David opens the "WIFE PROOF" wallet. It's stuffed with cash and a phony DRIVER'S LICENSE. He pulls out the card and reads it.

DAVID

So that's my secret identity, huh?
"Michael McKinney."

Kelly smiles at him.

KELLY

Just think, David. In 24 hours,
you'll be sittin' on a prime
stretch-a beach in Cancun, sippin'
on pina locadas.

David thumbs through the bills, counting under his breath.

DAVID

Hm, twenty grand. Seems sorta
light.

KELLY

Don't worry, David, that's only the
first payment. I'll bring the rest
myself when I come down there.

David goes quiet.

DAVID

Kelly?

KELLY (V.O.)

Yes, David?

DAVID

Are we makin' the biggest mistake
of our lives?

KELLY (V.O.)

Oh, David, David.

(beat)

We won't know that till the end of
our lives.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Kelly's truck idles by the curb.

KELLY
(sighs)
Well. This is it.

She turns to find David's eyes welled with tears.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Oh, now, c'mon. Don't-don't cry.

DAVID
I just...y'know. Lotsa emotions.

He leans in for a kiss. Kelly pulls away.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

KELLY
We gotta save something for Cancun.

DAVID
Yeah, bu--

Kelly brings a finger to his mouth. She runs her finger over his top lip, then his bottom, as if applying lipstick.

KELLY
Every Tuesday, every Thursday.
Call that payphone.

David climbs out of the car.

DAVID
(beat)
I start this journey by myself, but
I won't end it by myself. Just
like you said in the vault. Two
people, one life.

Kelly raises her fist.

KELLY
Right on.

David hesitates, then calls out to her.

DAVID
One-four-three!

KELLY
(smiles)
One-four-three, David Ghannt.

She pulls away from the curb. David heaves a contented sigh.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S TRAILER - NEXT MORNING

The living room is filled with giant BLUE BARRELS, 55-gallon steel drums built to store toxic waste. They're overflowing with stacks of cash.

Steve's wife Michelle is surrounded by the barrels, counting gleefully like a miser. She reads the total on her calculator. Rubs her eyes.

MICHELLE

That can't be right.

In the next room, Steve and Eric Payne watch the morning news on TV. Runny is passed out.

STEVE

Wake up, Runny. Whatever you're dreamin', this beats it.

REPORTER (V.O.)

--early this morning at the Loomis Fargo Armored Car facility. Police are calling it one of the largest cash heists ever on American soil. The estimated haul?

Michelle looks at her calculator.

MICHELLE

(mouthing)
Seventeen. Million.
Dollars.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Seventeen. Million.
Dollars.

Eric Payne and Runny explode into CHEERS. Steve points to the heavens, a rare moment of piety.

INT. LOOMIS WAREHOUSE - DAY

CRIME SCENE TECHNICIANS handle evidence with gloves. Ty gives a statement to a COP.

Two FBI agents survey the vault. One is a WASP-y man in his late 50's (SCANLON). The other is a tall woman with an androgynous haircut (PLEWE).

SCANLON

Company van's missing. Signs of a violent exit. Suspect took two surveillance tapes, but left the third. Could be playing with us.

(beat)

What do we know about this David Grant?

PLEWE

Ghantt. Well, he's a military veteran, model employee. Coworkers describe him as funny, but it's unclear if that's "witty" or "peculiar."

SCANLON

Does he have any people?

PLEWE

A wife. The former Tammy Hembree, lives out in King's Mountain.

SCANLON

Let's talk to wifey.

INT. GHANTT TRAILER - LATER

Scanlon and Plewe sit across from Tammy. Her eyes are red and raw.

TAMMY

My David is not a criminal.

PLEWE

Mrs. Ghantt--

TAMMY

There's just no way. I've known him for six years. Our spirits have known each other even longer.

SCANLON

Then how do you explain this, ma'am? Footage from a Loomis security camera.

He hits play on a VCR. Surveillance tape of David dancing wildly in the vault, waving cash in each hand.

Tammy shakes her head.

TAMMY

Like I told you. If David took any money, somebody musta put him up to it. He's probably got a gun on him there. I mean, look at his eyes. Sure, he's dancin', but there's no joy in it.

Back to the screen. David does the "Too Legit to Quit" dance, with all the hand motions.

Tammy turns to the feds.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Listen, y'all are two good men doin' a difficult job.

Plewe bristles.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

But you gotta understand. I have my own footage of David.

Scanlon is confused.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Six years of footage recorded by my own two eyeballs, stored here in my brain. David goin' to church every Sunday. David gettin' allergy shots every week so my cat can live with us.

(sobbing)

Every year...he makes Snickers salad on my birthday. I bet y'all don't even know what that is.

(wheezing)

It's delicious.

Tammy composes herself.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Please. Find my husband. And I promise you, you'll find a sweet, gentle man...scared outta his mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANCUN BEACH - DAY

David sits under a thatched hut. We hear his voice.

DAVID (V.O.)
The world is magical!

The ocean in front of him is a brilliant blue. He breathes in a chestful of salty air.

DAVID (V.O.)
Oh, Kelly. I can't get it across on the phone. The ocean in Cancun, it's so pure and clear. It makes Lake Norman back home look like straight-up diarrhea.

David pulls a frayed straw hat down over his eyes.

DAVID (V.O.)
Lemme tell you, after slingin' coin for five long years at Loomis, it feels good to finally do some world-class lazy-assin'.
(beat)
Now, that's not to say I ain't been busy.

EXT. TIGER SANCTUARY - DAY

A Mexican EVENT PLANNER dressed like Mr. Roarke from *Fantasy Island* leads David through a nature preserve filled with free-roaming TIGERS.

DAVID (V.O.)
I found the perfect place for us to say our vows: a tiger sanctuary!
(satisfied chuckle)
Oh, and I think you're gonna like your honeymoon present.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

We whip down a row of luxurious yachts and houseboats. David is at the end, putting the finishing touches on a rusty, bargain-priced speed boat.

He brushes the name in purple paint: "KELLY DON'T MIND."

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

David glides through the air behind the new boat, harnessed in a multicolored canopy.

DAVID (V.O.)
Y'ever heard of parasailing? I
always thought it was a Special
Olympics thing, like some sort of
regatta for cripples. But it's
amazing, it's like ridin' a kite.
If I know you, you'll be scared at
first, but I'm gonna make you try
it!

The wind pins his face into a gross smile. He shouts with
total abandon.

DAVID
I LOVE YOU, KELLY CAMPBELL!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

David is on the phone in a terry-cloth bathrobe with a towel
twisted around his head.

DAVID
Oh. 'Fore I forget. Because of
all these romantic expenditures,
I'm gettin' a bit low on the ol'
Roberto De Niro. Think I'm gonna
need a re-up. Can you tell
Geppetto to send as much money as
he can without raisin' suspicion?

CUT TO Kelly at a payphone outside a FOOD MART. Steve
listens in.

KELLY
Sure, sure. We'll wire it to you.

DAVID
Perfecto, mi amor.

KELLY
What's your location?

DAVID
I'm stayin' in the honeymoon suite
at the Omni Hotel. You'll love it,
there's all kinds of heart-shaped
soaps and stuff. Plus, they change
the sheets every day, whether
you're screwin' or not.

Kelly smiles, shakes her head.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Speakin' of which. When are you
 comin' down here?

KELLY
 (eyeing Steve)
 Well...soon, David. Soon. Listen,
 it was great talkin' to you. I
 gotta go.

DAVID
 I know, okay.
 (closes eyes)
 I love you.

KELLY
 Mmm. Bye-bye, David.

Kelly hangs up the phone. Steve immediately grabs it again.

He takes a piece of paper from his shirt pocket and smooths it out: It's the FBI's WANTED FLYER for David. Steve eyes a phone number at the bottom. He dials.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 What are you doin'?

STEVE
 Just tyin' up a few loose ends.
 (into phone)
 Hello, is this the FBI tip line?
 I've got some information related
 to Loomis Fargo bandit David
 Ghatt.
 (listening)
 Yup, I'll hold.

Kelly is horrified.

KELLY
 Steve...what are you doin'?

Steve doesn't answer. He just smirks.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 What's that get us? Rattin' out
 David?

STEVE
 Another three million apiece,
 that's what. Besides, he's the
 sole suspect. Once they nab him,
 the case is cuh-losed.

KELLY
But...he'll-he'll tell 'em
everything he knows.

STEVE
What's he know? "Geppetto." He
don't even know my face.

KELLY
(softly)
He knows my name and my face.

STEVE
That poor fool would suck down
fumes in the gas chamber 'fore he'd
ever rat you out.

KELLY
(troubled)
Why would David get the gas
chamber?

STEVE
I don't know. Image popped into my
head.

Steve's call connects.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah, hi. I'd like to make an
anonymous tip...

CUT TO:

INT. OMNI HOTEL - DAVID'S ROOM - BALCONY - DAY

David listens to a Walkman on his balcony. We hear what he
hears: a SOUTHERN ROCK SONG that runs through the entire
sequence. David plays air guitar. He reaches into an ice
bucket at his feet. Nothing but melty water.

INT./EXT. OMNI HOTEL - DAY

QUINTERO, a Mexican Interpol agent, charges into the hotel,
trailed by several OFFICERS.

Quintero looks like a villainous landowner from a telenovela.
He has unnaturally black hair and a dove-white beard. His
belt buckle is a Mexican flag.

He approaches the DESK CLERK. Flashes a badge.

QUINTERO
(in Spanish)
Agent Raydel Quintero, Interpol. A
fugitive was spotted in this hotel
not long ago. An American.

Quintero slides a picture of David Ghannt across the counter to the CLERK. The clerk shakes his head.

Quintero smiles knowingly. He peels back the Ghannt photo, revealing several LARGE BILLS on the counter.

DESK CLERK
(in Spanish)
Room 551.

Quintero chuckles.

INT. OMNI HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

David takes the bucket to the ice machine, still rocking out to his Walkman. We FLOAT behind him.

He sets down the bucket. Pushes the button. Nothing. Machine's busted. David sticks his head up under the dispenser...just as Quintero and his men jog past on their way to David's room. David pulls his head out, oblivious, and walks to the elevator. Punches the "DOWN" button.

As he waits for the elevator, riffing on his invisible guitar, we see Quintero's men in the blurred background ramming open David's room. David steps into the elevator and hits the 4th floor. Doors close.

DAVID'S ROOM

Quintero and the cops rush in to find an empty room. They notice a trail of water droplets along the carpet.

HALLWAY (5TH FLOOR)

The trail leads them to the elevator. Quintero watches the illuminated floors above the elevator. The light shifts from 5 to 4, then holds. Holds. Still holding. What's going on?

We pop down to the--

HALLWAY (4TH FLOOR)

Where David has stuffed one of his flip-flops in the elevator. The automatic doors keep trying to shut, but they bounce off the flip-flop and re-open. We FLOAT ALONG a water trail down the hall to the ice machine, where--

David jams the button over and over. Nothing. Suddenly, a TON OF ICE CUBES comes whooshing out -- filling his bucket, cascading all over the carpet.

DAVID

Dammit.

HALLWAY (5TH FLOOR)

Quintero's done waiting. He waves for his men to follow, and dashes off to the--

STAIRWELL

Jogging down the steps to the--

HALLWAY (4TH FLOOR)

And dashing out just in time to see David disappear around a distant corner. They rush after him.

Suddenly, a burly HOTEL MAID wheels her housekeeping cart into their path. She bends down with a broom and dustpan, whisking spilled ice cubes off the carpet.

Quintero's team stutter-steps to a halt, avoiding a collision. They apologize in Spanish as they squeeze past her cart.

QUINTERO/VARIOUS AGENTS

Perdóneme. / Permisito, permisito?

Just yards away, at the--

ELEVATOR

David calmly grabs his flip-flop; the doors slide closed. He starts to press 5...then thinks twice and hits "LOBBY."

INT. OMNI HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

DING. David steps out into the lobby. He walks up to the Desk Clerk, who's stunned to see him. David pulls off one of his headphones.

DAVID

Heyyy. Just so y'all know, the ice machine on five's not working.

DESK CLERK

Pardon me, señor?

DAVID

The ice machine? On the fifth floor? Brokerino. Plus, the fourth-floor one's overfull. Near about igloo'ed myself up there.

DESK CLERK

We'll have it looked at.

DAVID

Gracias, man.

He snaps the headphones back on his ear and dances off, then freezes -- something catches his eye on the street outside. An empty car by the curb labeled "POLICIA." A whole fleet.

OUTSIDE THE HOTEL

David wanders over to the squad cars. On one passenger seat, he sees a stack of "WANTED" flyers with HIS PICTURE on them.

David panics. Backs away slowly. The ice bucket slips from his hand and clatters on the street.

DING. Across the distant lobby, David sees Quintero and his men blunder out of the elevator and race right at him. He stumbles backwards. A taxi pulls up, and a TOURIST gets out. David falls into the open cab...just as the tourist swings the door shut. The cab speeds out of sight as Quintero reaches the pavement outside.

Quintero lets out an ANGRY GROAN -- perfectly timed to David's Walkman music.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S MAZDA - DAY

Steve and Michelle are parked in front of a shopping mall. Their youngest child, Cort, is buckled into a car seat. Steve turns to his wife.

STEVE

Now that David Ghannt's been...taken care of, we can breathe just a teensy bit easier.

MICHELLE

Okay.

STEVE

What we cannot do is attract attention. Yes, we got millions-a dollars.

Michelle smiles archly.

STEVE (CONT'D)

But we agreed to lay low. I'm gonna buy you one blouse. One. That's it.

MICHELLE

That's all I want, just one new thing. To celebrate.

STEVE

Well, it is, it's a celebration. Hell's wrong with that? What, I can't buy a blouse for my wife? Pair of pants for myself?

MICHELLE

And the kids? Nothin' for them?

Steve looks at Cort.

STEVE

Kids gotta learn things don't just show up under the Christmas tree. I mean, I'd like to see these turkeys go out and earn 17 million dollars. They wouldn't even know where to start.

INT. MALL - JCPENNEY - DAY

Steve and Michelle emerge from the store. He's dressed like a member of Color Me Badd: a silk magenta suit. She's in a cocktail dress.

INT./EXT. MAZDA - DAY

Steve loops a bungee cord around the lid of a trunk stuffed full of boxes and bags, some gift-wrapped. Hockey sticks and fishing poles and tiki torches poke out.

Steve climbs into the car.

STEVE

Okay. From now on, we only buy what we absolutely need.

He turns the key in the ignition. The engine sputters a bit before starting. Steve and Michelle trade a look.

Their dusty Mazda drives out of view.

After a beat:

A brand-new white roadster whooshes across the screen in the opposite direction. We follow it as it drives, passing its sleek body from various angles. It's a convertible BMW Z3.

Steve and Michelle joyride around. The wind scatters Michelle's hair. Steve's doesn't move. He has a new rich-guy hairstyle, stiff with product.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESIDENTE HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

At a new hotel, David soaks his feet in the shallow end of a tropical pool.

Suddenly a shadow moves across him, blocking his sun. He looks up at--

A fat, elderly AMERICAN COUPLE. They wear matching aloha shirts tucked into khaki shorts.

AMERICAN MAN

So sorry to bother you. It's not every day we meet a legend.

David rises, pulse racing.

DAVID

Um...what...what's that?

AMERICAN WOMAN

Gil said it was you. I didn't believe him.

David gathers his keys and towel, ready to bolt.

AMERICAN MAN

Six Grand Slam titles. Youngest Wimbledon champion ever.

(beat)

That match against Ivan Lendl a few years ago? Sheer poetry.

The man backhands an invisible tennis ball.

AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)
 Hey, hey, don't worry. We won't
 tell these gringos they're swimmin'
 with the great Boris Becker.

DAVID
 (relieved)
 Oh, heh-heh. No, no. I'm not him.
 I get that a lot, though. We're
 both sorta "pigmentally
 challenged."
 (extends his hand)
 Name's Mike McKinney.

AMERICAN MAN
 You're really not him?

AMERICAN WOMAN
 He said his name's Mike, Gil.

They shake.

AMERICAN MAN
 Gil Braithwaite. This is Bonna, my
 wife.

DAVID
 Ma'am.

GIL
 Well, hey, sorry about the--

DAVID
 No, no. No problem at all.

Gil looks him up and down. After a beat, he shrugs:

GIL
 Say, Mike. What are your plans
 this afternoon?

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

David and Gil float beside each other on surfboards. They
 face the shore, where Bonna reclines in a lounge chair
 sipping a smoothie. She waves to them.

DAVID
 Bonna's not coming out?

GIL

Bonna's not comfortable in the water. She can't find a bathing suit she likes. Since the surgery, I mean.

He pantomimes both breasts being chopped off.

DAVID

I bet that's tough.

GIL

You got a woman, Mike?

David sighs, envisioning Kelly.

DAVID

Sure do, Gil. She's...she's somethin' special, I tell you. A real slice of heaven.

GIL

Hmm, that's nice. How long you been married?

David's smile drops as he remembers: Tammy.

DAVID

Married? Uh. Lessee.
(flatly)
Three years.

GIL

Practically newlyweds. Well, you'll see.
(wistful)
When you look at Bonna, all you see is a mushy old hag. And that shrill voice, like an air raid.

DAVID

Nah, Gil. She's...she's sexy.

GIL

Don't interrupt me, please. I've got a friend, let's call him...well, there's no reason not to use his name, you don't know him. Merit Ballantyne. Anyway, Merit, he's my age, and one day a while ago, he decided to leave his wife of 30 years.

David is silent.

GIL (CONT'D)
 He started playing the field, with,
 you know...

Gil gestures to a nearby GIRL in a string bikini.

GIL (CONT'D)
 These types. Said he'd never been
 happier. And for half a second, I
 actually envied him.
 (beat)
 Then he started calling me, on the
 phone. Every day, almost. "What
 do you want?" He couldn't say. He
 just wanted to talk about how his
 day went. His life, his dreams.

Gil sighs.

GIL (CONT'D)
 So, you stay married. You grow old
 together. You make love with the
 lights off, and you face the future
 with her hand in yours.

Gil squints at Bonna. She accepts another smoothie from a
 CABANA BOY.

GIL (CONT'D)
 Good hell, how many smoothies is
 that? It's not like they're low-
 calorie.

CUT TO:

EXT. POSH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Steve and Michelle's BMW roadster turns onto a private drive,
 through an ornamental wrought-iron gate...

...and up the driveway of an ENORMOUS MANSION. Two stories
 of fieldstone covered with ivy. A real-estate sign in the
 front is stickered "SOLD."

INT. MANSION - DAY

A keg party in full swing.

REDNECKS dance and chug and hump in every room. It's like
 the trailer-park BBQ we saw earlier, transplanted to a nicer
 zipcode.

Gaudy fixtures, horrible color choices, cheap statuary everywhere. A tiger-print runner on a huge curved staircase just about sums it up.

The Chambers boys, Ken and Cort, look down through the upstairs railing, a bit forlorn.

BACK PATIO: A jacuzzi filled with the Loomis ladies (Michelle, Kelly, others). Some wear POST-OP BANDAGES on their noses, and judging by their swollen bikinis, all have been surgically "enhanced."

Steve and a group of men stand around smoking Cubans.

The DOORBELL rings. Steve twitches. He stubs out his cigar in a novelty ashtray shaped like a pair of lungs.

EXT. MANSION - SAME

Steve opens the door. We see DOUG JEFFCOAT, the man from the TV commercial. Jeffcoat blinks, surprised.

JEFFCOAT

Steve Chambers? Well...wow.

STEVE

Heh-heh, Doug Jeffcoat. Doug the slug. Real-estate lady said you lived round here. 'Fact, that's what sold me. I figured, if it's good enough for a hotshot like Doug, it's good enough for me.

(beat)

We just moved in.

JEFFCOAT

You sure did.

Behind Steve, several DRUNKEN REDNECKS pass by in a rowdy conga line. One MAN has a toilet plunger suctioned to his face. Another COUPLE has forced themselves into a single pair of stretched-out men's briefs.

JEFFCOAT (CONT'D)

Looks like you're really...enjoying yourself. What business you in, exactly?

STEVE

I'm retired. I played for the Cowboys for a few years.

JEFFCOAT
The Dallas Cowboys?

STEVE
'Sright, down in Dallas. Now it's
mostly investments, managin' my
portfolio. Stocks, bonds...
(reaching)
...debit cards.

JEFFCOAT
Can I ask you one thing? Could you
turn that music down a touch? I'm
president of the HOA here at Cramer
Mountain, and we got--

Suddenly a DRUNK LADY staggers to the doorway wearing a beer-guzzling helmet -- two drinking tubes between her lips. She gets a queasy expression...then barfs, sending green spew up through the tubes.

STEVE
Gyah, Cindy, ugh! Go clean
yourself!

He shoves her back into the house. Jeffcoat is thoroughly repulsed.

JEFFCOAT
Steve. These folks here pay a lot
of money for peace and quiet. I
know they'd appreciate it if you'd
tone down that stereo.

STEVE
Mmm. 'Fraid I can't help you.

JEFFCOAT
Huh, really?

STEVE
I wish I could, but y'see, I
injured my hand, and it just
don't...bend right.

He holds out his fist, then turns it up, revealing a stiff middle finger.

STEVE (CONT'D)
See what I mean?

They stare into each other's eyes. Jeffcoat smiles.

JEFFCOAT

You always were a clown, Steve.
Just a big ol' clown. How about
this? In another half-hour, if
you're still having trouble turnin'
that volume knob, I'll send a
police cruiser around to help.

Steve's smile fades. Jeffcoat backpedals down the path.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Steve walks to the stereo and rips the music up FULL BLAST.
After a beat, he turns it off altogether.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTE HOTEL - BRAITHWAITES' ROOM - DAY

David and Bonna play gin rummy. Gil snores on the bed.

Suddenly, there's a POUNDING at the door. Gil startles
awake.

David rises slowly. He presses his eye to the peephole in
time to see a huge fist--

POUNDING again. It's a POLICE OFFICER.

David staggers backward. He looks at the Braithwaites with
terror in his eyes, then drops to the floor and rolls under
their bed just as--

Several OFFICERS enter the room, led by QUINTERO.

QUINTERO

Please forgive the intrusion. We
will only take a moment of your
time.

GIL

That's...quite all right.

QUINTERO

I am Agent Raydel Quintero from
Interpol. We are conducting a
search for a fugitive. We have
reason to believe that this
person...

He displays a picture of David ("DAVID SCOTT GHANTT").

QUINTERO (CONT'D)

...is staying in Cancun, perhaps at this very hotel. Does this young man look familiar at all? Maybe you've seen him on the grounds, or in the elevator?

Gil puts on his bifocals. They study the photo.

BONNA

Is he--? Is he dangerous?

QUINTERO

He stole 17 million dollars. He is probably armed and certainly dangerous.

Gil looks hurt. He projects his words toward the bed.

GIL

Yes. Yes, I-I'm afraid we have seen this man. And we've done more than speak with him. We've traveled with him, broken bread with him, and extended our trust to him...but it appears he's played us for fools.

Under the bed, David is coiled, ready to run.

Bonna puts her arm on Gil's shoulder.

BONNA

Honey. You're mistaken.

GIL

Don't defend him.

BONNA

It-It's true, we met another American. But this isn't him. Our travel companion was shorter, heavy-set. Look again, Gil.

Gil glances at her, then back at the bulletin. He bluffs.

GIL

My word, you're right.

(to Quintero)

She's right. This isn't him at all.

QUINTERO

You are positive? Your first answer was more helpful.

BONNA

We've told you the truth, sir. Now, if you have no other business here, we'd ask that you move along.

QUINTERO

Certainly.

Quintero motions to his men. Gil walks them out.

GIL

Sorry about-- My wife, she can be a bit sharp. I tell people, "Sometimes I wake up grumpy..."

QUINTERO

"...and sometimes I let her sleep." Yes, yes. I've heard that one.

Under the bed, David holds his breath. He watches the shoes of Quintero and his men. After some LOW CHATTER in SPANISH, the shoes depart. David hears the door close. He inches out from under the bed.

Gil is waiting for him, looking deeply conflicted. David wants to hug him.

DAVID

Thank you. Seriously, thank you.

Bonna is behind David. Holding a lamp. She cracks it across David's skull. He lands in a heap on the ground.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David is bound to a chair in front of the vanity mirror. Gil and Bonna stand over him.

BONNA

Is your name really David? And did you really steal all that money?

DAVID

Yes, ma'am...and yes, ma'am. I'm sorry for misleadin' you. I didn't know if I could trust you. But-but now I do.

Bonna looks at him.

BONNA

Do you have it with you? The money.

DAVID

No.

BONNA

Oh. Well, where is it?

DAVID

Bonna, please, it's real complicated. I'm sorry I lied to you, and I'm sorry y'all got mixed up with a fugitive. I want you to know that I really appreciate your help.

BONNA

Gil. Go work your crossword.

Gil does as he's told, leaving the room and closing the door. David grows uneasy.

BONNA (CONT'D)

Gil worked at IBM for twenty-nine years. Because of his glaucoma, he retired a year early, without a full pension. I keep the books, I make the numbers work. And they're not working.

(beat)

Did you know we won this cruise in a radio contest?

DAVID

For real? Wow.

Bonna walks over to her toiletries caddy, hanging on a hook. She picks through brushes, scrunchies, nail files. A curling iron. She grabs it.

BONNA

We need that money...

Bonna unwinds the electrical cord.

BONNA (CONT'D)

...so I'd sure appreciate it if you'd tell me where you stashed it.

She slides the curling iron into David's mouth.

DAVID

Mmffh!

She squats down by a wall outlet and holds the plug inches from the socket.

BONNA

You can tell me.

DAVID

Err swrrrr, err swrrrr.

BONNA

You don't know how much this pains me.

DAVID

Plzz, plzz.

She plugs the cord into the wall. Then rises to her feet. The curling iron emits a low hum. David shivers.

The curling iron gathers heat.

Suddenly, Gil bursts through the bathroom door.

GIL

Mother?!

He grabs the curling iron by the warm barrel--

GIL (CONT'D)

YAHHRRR!

And flings it across the room.

Bonna nurses Gil's singed hand. He's doubled over. For a moment, there are no sounds but their pain.

David breaks free and dashes out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICHOLS FOOD STORE - PAYPHONE - DAY

Steve and Kelly stand at a payphone. Steve glances at his watch. He grins.

STEVE

Take a look at that phone. What do you see?

KELLY
It's-- I don't know, it's a phone.

STEVE
What's it not doin'?

KELLY
Ringin'?

STEVE
'Sright. And that's good news.
That means there ain't nobody on
the other end goin' beep-boop-beep-
boop. Which means our friend is
otherwise occupied with the Mexican
federales.

Kelly bows her head.

KELLY
I hope they don't treat him rough.

STEVE
They will.

The phone RINGS. They stare at it. It RINGS again.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Crap.

KELLY
What do I do?

STEVE
Well...crap. If it's him, find out
where he's at. And this time, get
the room number.

She nods, picks up.

KELLY
Hello?
(beat)
Hi, David.

Steve kicks the asphalt.

KELLY (CONT'D)
How's everything?

We CROSS-CUT their conversation. David's at an OUTDOOR
MARKETPLACE. He shields his face as a car labeled "POLICÍA"
rolls past, HONKING its way through traffic.

DAVID
 Not good, not good.
 (lowers his voice)
 I got the Mexican cops after me.

KELLY
 You're kiddin'.

DAVID
 Don't worry, I'm outta Cancun now,
 someplace safe. But I had to leave
 before I could pick up that money
 y'all wired.

Steve overhears. He chuckles at David's naiveté.

KELLY
 Yeeeeeah. The money we wired.
 Shoot, that's-- That's too bad you
 missed it.

STEVE
 (mouthing)
 Where is he? Lo-ca-tion.

KELLY
 So, where are you now, David?

DAVID
 Place called Playa Del Carmen.
 Now, the hotel's not as nice as you
 deserve, baby, but it does have a
 swim-up suite. Know what that is?
 The pool water goes right up to
 your door.

KELLY
 Woow.

DAVID
 So? When you comin' down here?
 I'm not sure I can do this alone,
 Kelly. Plus, this wallet y'all
 gave me is gettin' mighty light.

He takes out the "WIFE PROOF" wallet and fingers several
 hundred-dollar bills.

KELLY
 David...I'm so sorry. But now that
 the cops know you're in Mexico,
 that means they'll be watchin' the
 airports...

As she speaks, David picks through the wallet. An object drops out. It's an old, expired gym membership for a place called "PLANET PUMP." A picture of a surly man. "STEVEN EUGENE CHAMBERS."

It dawns on David what he's looking at.

His attention blinks back to Kelly's voice.

KELLY (CONT'D)

...and that just ain't the smartest way to do this. We gotta wait till we get the go-ahead from Geppetto.

David pulls a face.

DAVID

Geppetto, huh? The man with the plan.

(sighs)

Why don't we just call him by his real name?

He studies the gym card.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Mister Chambers. Steven Eugene Chambers.

Steve turns slowly toward Kelly. Nostrils flared.

KELLY

Uh, what are you talkin' about, David?

DAVID

Say, how is our ol' pal, Steven Eugene Chambers? He still got...

(re: picture)

...sorta brownish hair and brownish eyes?

KELLY

How'd--? Wh-Where'd you get that name?

DAVID

(laughing)

I got ways of findin' things out.

Kelly eyes Steve nervously.

KELLY

David? I-I gotta go.

DAVID

What? Really? Well, when are you
comin' down?

KELLY

Bye, David.

The phone goes dead. David hangs up, flustered.

KELLY'S PHONE: There's a finger on the hook. It's Steve's.
He takes the phone from Kelly, smashes it back on the cradle.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBERS HOME - LIVING ROOM

Steve rages at the gang.

STEVE

He knows me. He knows my middle
name. My kids don't even know my
middle name.

KELLY

Steve, lemme talk to him again.

He thrusts a finger at her.

STEVE

You? Will be silent.

Steve glances upstairs.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Are the little ones asleep?

MICHELLE

I think so.

STEVE

Are you absolutely sure?

MICHELLE

(shrugs)
Probably.

STEVE

Okay. 'Cause we're about to head
into some pretty dark territory.
See, if the Mexicans catch Ghannt,
he can bring us all down. We gotta
make sure that don't happen.

KELLY

Steve? Tell me you're not think--

STEVE

Shut! Your! Fat! Face! You brought him in. If you hadn't quit your job at Loomis, we wouldn't-a needed him.

Kelly wipes her eyes.

KELLY

Don't speak to me like that.

STEVE

Everything I said's true. You did get us in this mess, you did hand-pick this turd.

(beat)

And your face is fat. Even after all them procedures.

Michelle stifles a snicker.

STEVE (CONT'D)

If you don't wanna be here, Kelly, you're excused.

Everyone looks at Kelly. She rises to leave.

KELLY

(parting shot)

David trusted me. I trusted you.

Kelly lets herself out the front door.

Steve turns to Runny.

STEVE

Runny. I want you to fly out tonight.

RUNNY

Naw, Steve, I can't.

STEVE

He's in a swim-up suite in, uh, Parma Del Playa...

RUNNY

I just can't, I got my daughter this weekend.

Steve groans.

STEVE
 (turning)
 Eric Payne.

Eric Payne won't answer. He weeps silently into his hands.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Alright. I didn't wanna do this.
 So help me, I didn't.
 (exhales)
 I'm gonna call him.

Eric Payne looks up.

ERIC PAYNE
 Who?

STEVE
 Him.

ERIC PAYNE
 Him?

STEVE
Him.

They eventually find his wavelength.

RUNNY
 Lord, no.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - INDIANA

A massive, NAKED MALE CORPSE lies outstretched on a hardwood floor. His mouth gapes open. Flies have collected on his tongue. It looks like a crime scene.

Out of nowhere, we hear a TELEPHONE RING.

The corpse suddenly sits up and COUGHS, scattering flies in every direction.

When the insect cloud disperses, the man's eyes look directly at us. He swallows, ingesting any bugs that failed to escape. He picks up the phone. In a low, but perfectly normal voice:

MCKINNEY
 Yullo?

QUICK CUTS:

-- The man dresses. He has a tattoo of a LIFE-SIZED HANDGUN on his waist. As he steps into a pair of pants, the waist conceals all but the grip of the gun (making it appear to be "tucked" into his pants).

-- He brushes his teeth with his finger and spits.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The man (MIKE MCKINNEY) eats dinner with the Chambers family.

Steve and Michelle study him. He eats peas with his hands. His fingernails are yellow. His eyes move up slowly from his plate.

MCKINNEY
(chewing)
So. Who do I kill?

STEVE
Whoa! Heh-heh-heh-heh, Mike. Can we, uh...? Ha. Now's not really the time to get into all that.

Steve nods toward his kids.

MCKINNEY
Ohhh.
(loud whisper)
Is it one-a them?

MICHELLE
Boys, upstairs.

The boys set down their utensils and rise from the table.

MCKINNEY
(mouth over-full)
You got a beautiful family, Mrs. Steve.

MICHELLE
I'm sorry?

MCKINNEY
I said, you got a beautiful family. And a beautiful house!

He makes a sudden, sweeping gesture with both hands. Michelle drops her fork, startled.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - BASEMENT - DAY

Kelly sits in a wooden phone booth. She cups her hand over the phone.

KELLY

Yes, hello. I'd like a list of all the hotels in Playa Del Carmen with swim-up suites. Swim-up, yes. Like, the agua goes all the way up to the casa?

JUMP CUT TO:

KELLY (CONT'D)

Hello? Is this...
 (reading from notes)
 ...La Amada? I need to know if you have an American man with red hair, rojo...hair, stayin' at your hotel.
 (listening)
 I know, I know you can't, but please. This is a matter of life and death.
 (listening)
 Yes, I'll hold.
 (listening)
 Three? You have three red-haired Americans there? Dangit.
 Well...can I leave a message for all three?
 (listening)
 Okay. The message is: "Someone is trying to murder you."

Kelly nods.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Yes, that's it. Grassy-uss.

She hangs up the phone. Chews her lip.

INT. CHARLOTTE AIRPORT - DAY

Mike McKinney's snake-hide boots click through the terminal. He makes his way to the gate.

We hear an EARLIER CONVERSATION:

STEVE (V.O.)

Let's talk about the gun.

MCKINNEY (V.O.)
I gotta use a gun?

STEVE (V.O.)
'Course you do. Is there a problem
with that?

INT. CHAMBERS HOME - REC ROOM - NIGHT

McKinney and Steve lean on a billiard table, cues in hands.

MCKINNEY
I just prefer knives, that's all.
I'm a real...what's-it-
called...tactile person. When I
take a life, I wanna take it.
Like, "That's my life. It ain't
yours no more."

Steve shudders.

STEVE
For cryin' out loud, Mike, I'm not
hirin' a butcher. Just shoot him
regular.

INT. CHARLOTTE AIRPORT - DAY

McKinney passes through airport security. Raises his hands
as a SECURITY AGENT pats him down. A faint smile plays on
McKinney's lips -- he clearly gets a charge from being
touched.

STEVE (V.O.)
Now, you can't take a firearm
across the border, so you'll have
to get a hold-a one down in Mexico.

BACK TO THE REC ROOM

STEVE
I spoke to one-a my dearest, most
trusted spic landscapers, Carlos.
He's got an uncle lives in a little
village down there. He'll hook you
up.

INT./EXT. TAXI - MEXICAN VILLAGE - DAY

McKinney takes a bumpy cab ride down a dirt road. A tasseled
PUPPY-DOG PENDANT hangs from the rear-view mirror.

With every jostle and turn, the tassels brush against McKinney's face. He blows and bats them away repeatedly. Suddenly, he sees something out the window.

MCKINNEY

Stop.

The car brakes in front of an adobe dwelling. McKinney opens the passenger side. Hesitates before getting out. He turns and rips the pendant off the mirror, then squeezes it in his fist till the puppy's head explodes. Chucks it out into the desert.

He and the TOOTHLESS DRIVER stare at each other a long beat. Finally:

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

Can you please wait here?

The driver nods.

INT. ADOBE DWELLING - DAY

CARLOS'S UNCLE, a small rancher, sets out an array of weapons for McKinney: rifles, revolvers, pistols.

McKinney handles them each in turn, scowling. Carlos's Uncle knows exactly one syllable of English, and he repeats it every so often.

CARLOS'S UNCLE

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Something catches McKinney's eye. A gun mounted above the hearth. It's an antique flintlock MUSKET, by the looks of it a relic of the Mexican-American War. McKinney's in love.

MCKINNEY

What's that? That one there.

The man follows his gaze. He struggles to answer.

MEXICAN MAN

(in Spanish)

That weapon is strictly decorative.

McKinney takes it down off the rack.

MEXICAN MAN (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

I cannot, in good conscience, sell you this weapon.

MCKINNEY

Hooo, you're right. It is perfect.

McKinney detaches the barrel from the wooden stock and peers through it. We travel down the long tube to find--

McKINNEY'S EYE

SMASH TO:

DAVID'S EYE

Magnified through a JEWELER'S LOUPE. He's in a--

JEWELRY STORE

Inspecting a piece of orange topaz. A LATINA CLERK with a charming accent assists him.

DAVID

Wow, it's so fiery. That is just a byoot.

LATINA CLERK

Yes. Orange topaz is the friendship stone.

David scowls.

DAVID

Hmm, really? Hmm. Well, this is a lot more'n friendship.

(glowing)

You see, I've got a very special person in my life.

LATINA CLERK

Oh.

DAVID

And this special person deserves the perfect gift. Somethin' with some flash to it, y'know?

LATINA CLERK

Eh...may I ask, is this special person...another man?

David gags.

DAVID

Huh? NO! A ma--? Do I seem that way to you? Like, that I go for men?

He puts his hands on his hips. Realizing how effeminate he looks, he subtly adjusts his stance.

LATINA CLERK

Please, sir, do not take offense. I thought perhaps that gentleman was your lover.

She points to the window. Backlit by the sun, we make out the silhouette of a HULKING FIGURE.

David swivels around to look--

But the figure has vanished. TOURISTS come and go on the street.

LATINA CLERK (CONT'D)

He is gone. There was a tall gentleman, staring at you from the street with much...admiration.

(beat)

It's probably nothing. A window shopper, only.

David turns back to the clerk.

DAVID

Well. Just so we're clear, my special someone's a female lady.

LATINA CLERK

I understand, of course.

DAVID

So, what stone do you have that basically says, "I'm a heterosexual man with totally natural, Christian feelings for a heterosexual chick"?

She thinks.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Through a TELEPHOTO LENS: David emerges from the store with a paper sack, smiling like a fool in love. We SNAP ZOOM OUT to reveal we're on a--

ROOFTOP

Where Mike McKinney trains his long musket right on David. He tears open a paper charge with his teeth, pours the gunpowder and lead ball into the barrel, then stuffs it down with a ramrod. Levels the gun at David.

As soon as David steps into range, McKinney squeezes the trigger. With a loud RIFLE CRACK--

KWAH-BOOM!

The ancient gun BLOWS UP in McKinney's hands.

MCKINNEY
YAHHHHGGG!

David jerks his head in time to see musket pieces rain down -- lock, stock and barrel -- and McKinney plummet from the roof onto a canvas awning below. He trampolines onto the cobbled street, face-down. McKinney rises, shaky and sizzling.

His eyes meet David's. In that split-second, David understands that this man is after him.

Predator, prey.

McKinney lunges forward. David takes off running down the--

BUSTLING PROMENADE

The avenue is lined with souvenir shops. Hair braiding, shell necklaces, fresh fruit.

David sprints down the street, body-checking slow tourists out of his way.

DAVID
'Scuse me...sorry, can I just--?
Muchas gracias.

McKinney is a few strides behind. He passes a group of MAYAN TRIBESMEN, entertaining a crowd of TOURISTS with a ceremonial dance. They're in frightening warrior regalia, with ear plugs, tattoos and animal headdresses.

McKinney grabs a SHARP SPEAR from one of them as he passes.

They race after him to reclaim it, WHOOPING angrily.

David hops on an orphaned BICYCLE and pedals off down the street. He weaves through pedestrians, stealing desperate glances over his shoulder.

McKinney shoves a COLLEGE KID off a SCOOTER and revs the engine full throttle. He swats at people with the blunt end of the spear to clear his path.

David grabs at the passing table displays, hurling everything he can at his pursuer:

A mesh bag of oranges, stuffed donkeys, mannequin heads in lucha libre masks. McKinney dodges them. The heads dribble down the street.

David struggles to pedal as the street starts to incline.

McKinney zooms up, pulling even with David.

He swipes the spear at David. David ducks once. Twice.

MCKINNEY

(undaunted)

Huh-huh. Steve said you was a feisty one.

McKinney eyes David's wheels. He aims his spear downward, and stabs directly into the spokes.

THROCKA-CHOCK!

David flies over the handlebars. McKinney's bike skids off the street, crashing into a watermelon stand.

Just then, the irate Mayan Tribesmen catch up to McKinney. They surround him in a dense huddle, pummeling him.

David staggers to his feet and runs to the nearest--

CANTINA

Just outside the entrance, an ANCIENT WOMAN in a traditional Mayan dress makes handmade corn tortillas. She tosses the dough serenely.

David looks her up and down. He pulls a wad of bills from his pocket and pounds them on the counter. The woman stops tossing.

BACK TO MCKINNEY

From the pit of the dogpile, McKinney lets out a primal scream--

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

AAARRRDDDDHHH!

And flings his assailants in five directions. He comes up biting and hissing. The Tribesmen scatter.

McKinney rises and charges toward the cantina, passing the Ancient Woman.

The camera DOUBLE-TAKES--

WHOOSHING BACK to reveal that the "Ancient Woman" is David, now dressed in a brightly-colored blouse and sarong, a flower in his hair.

IN THE CANTINA

McKinney sees a TOURIST MAN in a shirt similar to David's watching a CHEF stir a POT OF REFRIED BEANS. Without hesitation, McKinney grabs the man by the neck and plunges him into the beans. The PATRONS scream and run. A TOURIST WOMAN shrieks.

TOURIST WOMAN

What are you doing? That's my husband! My husband!

McKinney looks at her. Cocks an eyebrow. Husband?

He pulls the man up. GASPING for air. McKinney wipes the beans from the man's face.

It's not David.

STREET

David is running down the street as fast as he can with his skirt hitched up, beads beating against his chest.

IN THE CANTINA

McKinney apologizes in a small voice.

MCKINNEY

I'm-I'm sorry. I'm looking for someone else.

TOURIST WOMAN

You're sorry?! You nearly killed him, you psychopath!

McKinney pauses. He grabs the woman by the hair, and dunks both HUSBAND AND WIFE in the pot of beans.

MCKINNEY

Everybody makes mistakes! Are you perfect? ARE YOU PERFECT?

STREET

A WIDE SHOT of the chaos: Overturned carts, smashed fruit, disoriented Mayan Tribesmen.

In the midst of it all, the Ancient Woman continues flattening tortilla dough against the grinding stone...

...in her bra and panties. Her skin is like shriveled mahogany.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY'S MINIVAN - DAY

Kelly's pager beeps. She glances at the screen. Relieved. She swings the wheel around, making an abrupt U-turn.

EXT. NICHOLS FOOD STORE - PAYPHONE - DAY

The phone RINGS. Kelly answers.

KELLY

David?

INTERCUT: David paces around his HOTEL ROOM. All the lights are off.

DAVID

Kelly! I'm so glad you're there.
I thought maybe they harmed you, or--
or--

KELLY

Are you okay?

David catches his breath.

DAVID

A man just tried to kill me.
Chased me all through the city,
right in broad daylight. I gave
him the slip, but...I don't think
he's done with me.

KELLY

Oh, no.

DAVID

Listen, he-- He said the name
"Steve." Like our friend,
Geppetto? And I just wanted to
make sure you're safe. For all we
know, Steve's tryin' to whack us
both.

Kelly closes her eyes.

KELLY

I'm so sorry, David.
Steve...panicked. You were never
s'posed to know his real name, see?
I-I tried to get you a message...to
warn you he was gonna do something.

David's pacing slows.

DAVID

Warn me? He told you he was gonna
have me killed?
(rubbing his head)
But, wha--? Why'd he tell you
that, if he knows you and me's
lovers?

Kelly is silent.

She lets out a long exhale.

KELLY

Dammit, David. I never meant for
it to go this far. I thought you'd
get down to Mexico, have a round of
margaritas with little flowers in
'em, and forget all about me.

DAVID

Forget about you?

He sits down on the bed. Kelly squeezes her eyes shut.

KELLY

You're gonna hate me so bad. You
really are.
(again)
You really are.

DAVID

I'm listenin'.

A beat.

KELLY

I don't love you, David. Truth be told...

(winces)

...I never did.

David absorbs this. Kelly continues, purging it all.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I just-- We needed your help, to get the money. But I never planned on comin' down there with you.

David is speechless.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You gotta believe me. Steve promised me you'd get all your money.

(beat)

And I do think you're a really, really sweet guy. I always have. Okay?

Silence from David's end.

KELLY (CONT'D)

David? You there? Hey, c'mon.

(prodding)

One-four-three.

David feels a rush of indignation.

DAVID

Don't you say that! DON'T YOU EVER SAY THAT!

KELLY

David, I'm-I'm sorry, I thought that's-- That's our little--

DAVID

Tammy says that. My wife. The woman I left. She says it...'cause she loves me.

Kelly is crying. David too.

After a long silence:

DAVID (CONT'D)

You know, Kelly...I always liked to pretend you were like a character outta one of my spy novels.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 A femme fuh-tally. Seducin' me,
 leadin' me off to a more exciting
 life.

David wipes away tears and snot.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Pshh. You know what that phrase
 means, femme fuh-tally?

KELLY
 Hm.

DAVID
 "Disastrous woman."

David rises. He walks onto the patio and stares across the resort. The phone slips from his hands and splashes into the swim-up pool. Sinks to the bottom.

David's face is inscrutable. Is he going to cry, puke? His body falls forward, smacking into the water.

SMASH CUT TO:

David whips his head back up, flinging sweat everywhere. His eyes look totally gone. He's in a--

NIGHTCLUB

Surrounded by a sea of YOUNG PEOPLE, lit up by spastic lights. Eurodance pop thumps on the speakers.

David grinds listlessly against a STRANGE WOMAN. He turns to her with a seasick expression.

DAVID
 Look, I've really enjoyed dancin'
 with you...but you should know I
 just ended a serious relationship.
 (thinks)
 Two, actually.

The woman turns, annoyed. She shouts over the music.

WOMAN
 Did you say something to me?

David staggers through the nightmarish club. He passes an area where tequila rains down. He looks up. On a deck several feet above him, BODYPAINTED MODELS stroll back and forth emptying bottles into the mouths of MEN below.

GIRL

Hey!

David is vaguely aware he's being yelled at.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Hey! Up here!

David finds the voice. A girl on the deck, jiggling her bottle. David hesitates, then opens his mouth wide. Liquid splashes down into his mouth. He makes a face. Something's wrong with the drink. It tastes off.

David wipes his lips. He feels his knees start to buckle. THUMP. He's flat on his back on the dance floor, looking up at the girl. She turns and whispers something to a tall man, who slips her a wad of cash. The tall man waves down to David just as his vision starts to blur. It's Mike McKinney.

INT. HOTEL LA TORTUGA - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David wakes. His eyes struggle to focus. He hears SQUEAKING sounds, followed by a PLINK. Squeeeak. Squeeeak. Plink. Squeeeak. Squeeeak. Plink.

He's in a bathtub. Mike McKinney sits on the floor beside the toilet, loosening a rusted bolt at its base with pliers -- squeeeak, squeeeak -- he pulls it out and tosses it on the floor with several other discarded bolts -- plink.

McKinney grasps the whole toilet in a bear hug and uproots it from the floor. He heaves it out of the bathroom. There is now a GAPING HOLE where the toilet used to be -- an exposed pipe.

McKinney turns. He's wearing glasses on the end of his nose, giving him a grandfatherly air. He mops his forehead.

MCKINNEY

Hey. You're awake.

DAVID

What...what're you doin'?

MCKINNEY

Accessin' the sewer line.

David sees the hole.

DAVID

What goes down there?

MCKINNEY

You.

David looks queasy.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

Not all at once.
(rotten smile)
In pieces, like.

DAVID

Please. Don't. I-I can pay you.

MCKINNEY

Really?

DAVID

Mm-hm. Mm-hm.

MCKINNEY

Well, let's see what you got.

McKinney finds David's wallet.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

Five, twenty, 'nother twenty, few
singles. Forty...eight bucks?

DAVID

I can get more.

MCKINNEY

Forty-eight bucks? To let you walk
outta here?

He looks at the cash, then stuffs it into the drain. Twists
the water-supply valve to flush it away.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

See? Slips right down.

David swallows. McKinney gives him a sympathetic look.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

I really am sorry, Mister...
Mister...

McKinney studies the wallet. Suddenly, he stiffens.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

(reading)
"Michael...Aaron...McKinney."

He looks up at David. Back down at the wallet. He slides the DRIVER'S LICENSE out of the ID pocket.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)
Your name's Mike McKinney?

David nods slowly.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)
Michael Aaron McKinney?
(stunned)
They never told me your name.

Mike reexamines the wallet. He finds a paper folded in fourths and opens it up. It's a birth certificate. He reads it with a troubled expression.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)
Says here...you were born...on May
8th, 1972?

David stays silent.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)
At Saint Brice Hospital in Pigeon
Forge, Tennessee.

McKinney raises himself up off the floor. He grabs the sink with both hands and stares into the mirror. He runs the faucet, splashes water on his face.

We hear faint TRIBAL DRUMS and WINDFLUTES...evidence of the universe reaching out to Mike. David isn't sure what's happening.

McKinney speaks. His voice comes out choked and high.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)
(whispered)
He knows me.

DAVID
What?

MCKINNEY
My creator. The creator of all
things. This is some sorta sign.
(turns to David)
I was sent here to kill you...but
if I kill you, my spirit will die.
If I dismember you, I'm
dismemberin' me.

David is too petrified to speak...but he senses that somehow his fortunes have changed.

McKinney sits down beside the bathtub. He waves the birth certificate.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

Your name is Michael Aaron McKinney. My name is Michael Aaron McKinney. I don't know what that means, but...but I know that God or the galaxy or somethin' has led me to you.

DAVID

You're not gonna cut me up?

McKinney chokes back tears.

He climbs into the bathtub with David and embraces him.

MCKINNEY

Forgive me, Michael. Forgive me.

DAVID

I do. I forgive you.

EXT. HOTEL LA TORTUGA - BALCONY - DAWN

David and McKinney watch the sunrise.

MCKINNEY

Y'ever seen *The Parent Trap*? The Walt Disney film?

DAVID

Sure, yeah.

MCKINNEY

How them two girls is raised separate, then they meet at summer camp and it blows their minds. One Hayley Mills goes, "No way, there's another me in the world," and the other Hayley Mills is like, "I know. I thought I was the only one." That's how I feel.

DAVID

Yeah.

MCKINNEY

You know what I wonder? Seein' as we was born in the same hospital, we musta been right next to each other in the baby place.

DAVID

Guess that makes sense.

MCKINNEY

And maybe I turned to look at you, and maybe you looked at me, and even though our eyes was all gooey...we made a promise that we'd find each other again someday.

(beat)

'Course, we didn't know how everything would turn out. My life ain't exactly been sunshine and Santa Claus.

DAVID

Mine neither.

MCKINNEY

Well. You robbed you a bank, right? That's pretty cool. "Everybody, down on the floor!" (pump-action rifle) Chick-chick, BOOM! Chick-chick, BOOM! Chick-chick, BOOM!

DAVID

Actually...the bank I robbed, it wasn't really a bank. It was sort of a storage unit.

MCKINNEY

Oh, okay, one-a those.

They watch the sun play on the waves.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

I like you, Mike McKinney. I'm awful glad we met.

EXT. HOTEL LA TORTUGA - BALCONY - LATER

McKinney carries David to bed, pulls off his boots, and tucks him in. Kisses him on the forehead.

McKinney puts on his coat and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHAMBERS HOME - DAY

An ENORMOUS POWERBOAT turns into Steve's driveway, pulled behind a truck.

Confederate flags flap on the bow. In the boat: Eric Payne, Runny, a dozen sunburned REDNECKS in swim suits and underwear, and several big dogs.

We ZOOM OUT till the image is ringed by the black scope of a--

TELEPHOTO LENS

The shutter snaps rapidly.

SCANLON (O.S.)

We've been watching Steve and Michelle Chambers for some time. Their bank deposits, wild shopping sprees.

INT. JEFFCOAT HOME - SAME

FBI agents Scanlon and Plewe have set up a stakeout in the home of Doug Jeffcoat, across the street from the Chambers mansion. They point a camera through the blinds.

PLEWE

But you were the first to suggest a connection to the Loomis robbery.

Doug's wife CATHY enters with a tray of shortbread cookies.

CATHY

Well, from the day they moved in, I told Doug, "There is no way in hot hell these people came by that money legitimately."

JEFFCOAT

Cathy's always had a very keen sense of who belongs and who doesn't.

CATHY

Maybe that makes me a snob.

SCANLON

What it makes you, Mrs. Jeffcoat,
is a patriot.

CATHY

(touched)
Well. Thank you.

INT. CHAMBERS HOME - DEN - DAY

Steve is closed inside the tanning bed, plastic goggles
pinched over his eyes.

He hears the phone RING.

STEVE

Hey! 'Body else home? Hey!

He cracks open the lid and feels around for the cordless.
Pulls it to his ear.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Steve blanches.

STEVE (CONT'D)

How'd you get this number?

INTERCUT:

David, speaking into a phone in his Mexican hotel.

DAVID

(cold-blooded)
Mike McKinney had it on him.

STEVE

What happened to Mike?

DAVID

He's not a problem anymore.

Steve's face registers fear.

STEVE

Okay, l-listen to me--

DAVID

No! I'm tired of being jerked
around. That part's over. I want
my money, Steve.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
I've opened a Mexican bank
account...and you got exactly two
days to put five million dollars
into it.

STEVE
Now, hold on, Ghannt--

DAVID
Two days from this minute. If the
money ain't there, I'm turnin'
myself in to Agent Raydel Quintero
of Interpol. And yours'll be the
first name I give him.

Steve swallows.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You ready with a pen?

Silence. Fuming.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Steve?

STEVE
I hate you!

Steve fumbles for a sticky note. Takes down the account
number. Then hurls the phone across the room.

Steve lies under the lights for a beat. He kicks the tanning
bed angrily, sending a panel of bulbs crashing down on him.
We hear a sizzling sound.

STEVE (CONT'D)
WAAAAAAH!

EXT. KELLY'S TRAILER - BACKYARD - DAY

Dogs and chickens roam the yard.

Steve rounds the corner with an empty blue barrel. He has
RED CONTACT BURNS striping his face.

He tiptoes over to a STORM CELLAR, which is chained and
padlocked. Pulls a pair of bolt cutters from his jacket and
snips the chains. The sound scatters the chickens.

INT. KELLY'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - DAY

Kelly's in the kitchen, getting high. She ashes her joint and rises.

EXT. KELLY'S TRAILER - BACKYARD - DAY

Kelly opens the back door. She looks ten pounds heavier than when we saw her last.

KELLY
Steve? The hell you think you're
doin'?

Steve ignores her. He ducks into the cellar and starts loading his barrel with STACKS OF CASH. Kelly steps down into the cellar behind him.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Hey! You can't touch that money,
that's my share. You're
tresspassin'.

She touches his shoulder. He grabs her hand roughly.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Ow, ow.

STEVE
David Ghannt was your
responsibility. And if I gotta
send him money, it's comin' outta
your stash.

He stuffs bills into the barrel.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I wish we never involved that dumb
dick-on-a-stick.

KELLY
Yeah, Steve? Well, I'm pretty sure
David feels the same. He hates me
for wreckin' his life, breakin'
Tammy's heart.

STEVE
Well, there's enough paper here to
dry his wet little eyes, so--

Steve stops. A thought forms.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Say that again. The Tammy part.

CUT TO:

INT. BANAMEX - DAY

David sits in a Mexican bank, his chair rocked back on two legs. He eyes a clock on the wall. At five past nine, he eases the chair forward, rises and approaches a TELLER.

DAVID
Hola. I'd like to make a withdrawal.

David hands a slip to the teller.

TELLER
Certainly, sir.

The teller taps his computer. After a beat, he frowns at the screen.

TELLER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, sir. That account is empty.

DAVID
Empty. Huh.
(pointing)
'Sat clock fast?

TELLER
No, sir.

DAVID
Well, could you check the account one more time?

TELLER
I just checked.

DAVID
Could you pleeease check it again?

TELLER
Sir, I--

DAVID
Could you *por favoor* check it again?

Heads start to turn.

EXT. PAYPHONE - LATER

David has a phone pressed to his ear. We hear it ringing.
Steve picks up.

STEVE (V.O.)
Good mornin', angel.

David blazes away.

DAVID
Unlike you, I'm a man of my word.
That means that right now, I'm
standin' outside the police
station. And as soon as we hang
up, I'm walkin' in there.

Steve is in his DEN, perched on the edge of his desk.

STEVE
Now, uh, before you get all huffy-
puffy, Ghannt, I've got someone
here who wants to say hey.

David hears MUTED EXCHANGES. Then, a familiar voice:

TAMMY (V.O.)
I can't hear anything. The
blindfold's over my ear.

David almost collapses.

DAVID
Tuh-- Tammy?

TAMMY
David?

Steve holds the phone to her mouth. Tears stream from her
blindfold. After a long silence:

TAMMY (CONT'D)
David...why'd you do it? Steal all
that money. I thought we were
happy.

DAVID
Tammy, I-I--

TAMMY
Did you do it...for Kelly?

Silence.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

They told me about her.

Steve yanks the phone back.

STEVE

See, your wife kept insistin' we forced you to rob Loomis. Had to set her straight about Miss Campbell. Whew, you could actually hear her heart break. Just this soft little "squish."

David braces himself against the phone booth.

STEVE (CONT'D)

So, listen up, Ghannt. I want you to reach down in your pocket. Whatcha feel? Whatever you got on you right now, that's all the money you're ever gonna get from me. In the words-a Bruce Hornsby, that's just the way it is.

(clears throat)

Now. You got too much heat on you in Mexico. I want you to buy a one-way ticket to South America.

DAVID

South America?

STEVE

Mm-hm. I'll even let you pick the country. Brazil, Peru. Wherever, man. Just stay outta Mexico, and stay outta police stations. You do that, Tammy's gonna be just fine.

He strokes Tammy's hair.

DAVID

So-so once I leave...

STEVE

You skip town, case cools off...we'll let her go.

DAVID

Alright, listen, Steve. Listen! I'll do everything you say.

STEVE

I figured.

DAVID

I'll leave the country, right now.
But please, promise me...no harm
will come to my wife.

STEVE

You have m'word on that.

Steve hangs up the phone.

QUICK CUTS

-- Michelle loops a ribbon around elegant stationery, then
pulls it into a tight bow.

-- She hand-delivers cards to several neighbors' homes.

-- Cathy Jeffcoat opens hers: a calligraphic invitation to a
backyard party at the Chambers home. She smiles, intrigued.

EXT. CHAMBERS HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Steve and Michelle walk through the backyard, past WORKERS
hanging paper lanterns.

MICHELLE

Why can't she stay at Eric Payne's?

STEVE

He's got kids in the house.

MICHELLE

So do we!

STEVE

But his kids...they're real bright.
They ask lotsa questions. Your
boys, you know I love 'em, but
they've always been a quart low.

(beat)

'Sides, I'm flyin' in Mike McKinney
to dispose of her quick. He owes
me for crappin' up the Mexico job.

Michelle stops in her tracks.

MICHELLE

No, uh-uh! I do not want that
lunatic near the house.

STEVE

He'll be in and out, Shell.

MICHELLE

Steve, I've been plannin' our housewarmin' for months. It's a chance to finally show this neighborhood we got class. You don't think murderin' somebody creates a bad atmosphere?

They cross into the--

KITCHEN

Where a CATERER waves them over to sample a dish.

STEVE

(tasting soup)

That's good. Ho, that's good. Is that the gazpacho?

CATERER

Yeah.

STEVE

Well, I take back what I said about cold soups. That stuff's the bee's balls, Ramon.

The caterer winks. Steve leads Michelle to a discreet corner of the room.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Sugar, listen. McKinney's gonna have the job done 'fore the shindig even starts.

MICHELLE

So help me, Steve, if there's even a trace of that woman at my party--

STEVE

Hey, hey.

(reassuring)

This time tomorrow, Tammy Ghatt will be partyin' with Jesus.

CUT TO:

INT. CANCUN AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - NIGHT

David passes through customs. The CUSTOMS OFFICER waves him through, but seems troubled.

After a beat, the man slides open a drawer below his desk and pulls out a piece of paper.

It's an INTERPOL RED NOTICE with David's picture and the details of the heist. The officer picks up the phone.

INT. CANCUN AIRPORT - GATE - SAME

David sits at his gate. A large hand reaches out for him.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Policia!

David jerks around. Before he can identify his captor, he's pulled into a tight hug by--

Mike McKinney.

MCKINNEY

Harrrrrr.

DAVID

Oh. Ha. Mike. Phew.

McKinney's arms have gone slack, but they're still draped around David's waist. His hand moves to David's chest.

MCKINNEY

Sheez, feel your heart. I really scared you.

DAVID

I know, I know. So...what're you doin' here? Catchin' a flight, I guess?

MCKINNEY

Yeah. Back to the states.

DAVID

I thought you were headin' further south.

MCKINNEY

Weeeell, I got offered another job, back in the States.

DAVID

Really? What sorta job?

MCKINNEY

Tax preparation.

DAVID
Oh, yeah? Good for you.

MCKINNEY
Just foolin'. It's more murder.
(resigned)
It's what I do, Mike.

FLASHBACK TO YESTERDAY

Steve on the phone with McKinney.

STEVE
So...can you help me out?

MCKINNEY
What's the name?

STEVE
The na--? What difference does
that make?

MCKINNEY
It makes all the difference.

McKinney listens.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)
Uh-huh. Got it. Shouldn't be a
problem with this one.

He scrawls it on the palm of his hand with a blunt marker:

"TAMMIE GANT."

END FLASHBACK

McKinney grins at David.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)
Good news is, it's not even a dude.
Just some housewife. They got her
all tied up, so there's no chasin'
involved...unlike with some folks I
know, ahem.

He elbows David playfully. David forces a laugh.

A VOICE comes over the PA:

VOICE
Attention, passengers. Flight 108,
now boarding at Gate 12.

MCKINNEY

Hey, that's me. So where you off to?

DAVID

Down to Rio. You know, de Janeiro.

MCKINNEY

Ooh, that sounds nice.

DAVID

Yeah.

(sigh)

Well, Mike, it feels kinda weird to say I wish you success...but I guess I do. Hope everything goes well with the job 'n all.

MCKINNEY

Thanks, cuz.

They embrace. When David is several steps away, Mike calls to him, somewhat emotionally.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

Via con dios, compadre.

He raises his hand. David returns the cursory wave, then freezes. He sees the words on McKinney's palm:

"TAMMIE GANT."

David drops his suitcase.

INT. CANCUN AIRPORT - TERMINAL

Quintero bursts through the doors with one other OFFICER. They commandeer an electric cart.

OFFICER

Should I alert airport security?

QUINTERO

No, no. We have to be discreet.

INT. CANCUN AIRPORT - GATE

David studies the name on McKinney's hand, devastated.

DAVID

He said he wouldn't hurt her.

MCKINNEY
You know her, Mike?

DAVID
I know her real well.

MCKINNEY
Well...what are we gonna do?

David thinks fast.

DAVID
How'd you like to see Rio?

David takes McKinney's ticket to North Carolina and slides it out of his hand. McKinney catches on.

MCKINNEY
Ohhh. Switch places, y'mean.
(smiles)
Like the Hayley Millses.

McKinney takes David's ticket to Rio.

Suddenly, Quintero screeches up in his cart, narrowly missing them. He and the agent hop out.

QUINTERO
Buenos dias, Señor Ghatt.

They seize McKinney immediately, holding him at gunpoint. David looks around for an escape. Quintero edges closer.

David sighs, defeated. He drops to his knees. Laces his fingers behind his head.

DAVID
I surrender.
(louder)
I surrender!

Quintero smiles; that was easy. He takes David by the wrists and opens a pair of handcuffs.

Just then, David whiplashes backwards, knocking Quintero down with a reverse head-butt. He belts the other agent in the face...

...and dashes off to the boarding gate.

McKinney slumps the unconscious bodies into the electric cart, then sends the vehicle drifting down the endless terminal. He turns and calls out to David.

MCKINNEY

Mike! Be careful up there, now.
Steve can be trouble.

David turns. We PUSH IN on his steely expression.

DAVID

I can be trouble my own self.

He gives McKinney a quick salute and darts into the jetway just as the doors are being pulled shut.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

David stares forward, wide-eyed. The passengers around him are sleeping.

INT. AIRPLANE - LAVATORY - NIGHT

David looks in the mirror.

In a series of JUMP CUTS, he massages a handful of black Kiwi shoe polish into his hair; breaks a travel razor out of its package; soaps up his face; scrapes off his beard and moustache.

INT. CHARLOTTE AIRPORT - NIGHT

David comes down a long escalator.

He crosses through the baggage claim area.

Among the small crowd of GREETERS, he sees a scrawny man holding a handwritten sign: "M. MCKINNEY." We recognize the man as RUNNY.

David flips up the hood of his sweatshirt and pulls the drawstring tight. He passes within a few feet of Runny...who's oblivious.

INT. GUN AND PAWN STORE - DAY

David aims a revolver at a CLERK and squints through the sights. The clerk looks at him patiently. David eases his arm down.

DAVID

Yep. This'll do fine.

CLERK

Okay. Easy 'nuff. You want the thirty-eights with that, or the three-fifty-sevens?

David's eyes roam the shelves.

DAVID

Nnnnnaw. Gimme a box of those.

He points to something off-screen.

CLERK

You sure?

DAVID

Yep.

The clerk rings everything up.

CLERK

Say, fella, that's quite a suntan for this time of year. You been up at the Outer Banks or somethin'?

DAVID

No, I had a long vacation. Out of state for a couple months. Good to be back, though.

CLERK

Well, you missed a bit of excitement. Lessee, you heard about the Tar Heels winnin' the Gator Bowl? 42-3. Just pounded V-Tech. Biggest blowout in any bowl game ever. Ooh, and before that, a man robbed a bank in Charlotte. Got away with 17 million dollars. Ain't been caught yet.

David takes his purchase. After a beat:

DAVID

Forty-two to three, y'say?

CLERK

Yessir, you believe that?

DAVID

That's astonishin'.

David walks out.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Agents Scanlon and Plewe are speaking to a seated Doug Jeffcoat. Plewe hands him a tiny microphone.

PLEWE

Try and breathe through your nose,
not your mouth.

SCANLON

If you're offered a drink, drink
it, but don't get drunk.

JEFFCOAT

Sure thing.

SCANLON

Get him to show you around. But
don't be obvious about it.

PLEWE

Also. This mike is sensitive to
moisture, so no sweating.

JEFFCOAT

Right.

SCANLON

Oh, and if you have to go number
two, try not to grunt. It's
unpleasant for us.

EXT. CRAMER MOUNTAIN - DAY

David walks to the end of a cul-de-sac, where an enormous McMansion rises up to blight the sky. In cursive on the showy mailbox: "CHAMBERS."

There are vans coming and going, party vendors with names like "DELECTABLES BY HOLLY," "SPOUTZ BARTENDING" and "ALL THE RIGHT GROOVES."

David creeps up to a florist's van. The side door is open. Workers in street clothes are unloading tall baskets of flowers. A worker in the truck, a WOMAN with a bandana, is handing the flowers down. David stands there, arms out to receive one. She hands it off without a glance.

David moves toward the house. Suddenly, a sharp FEMALE VOICE.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Hey, you!

David stops. Turns around.

Michelle Chambers looks right at him.

MICHELLE
What's your name?

DAVID
Dav-- Iss. Davis.

MICHELLE
Well, Davis, you just about ruined these orchids. You don't grab 'em by the stem. Hold it like this.

DAVID
Sorry, ma'am.

MICHELLE
Don't do it again.

David nods deferentially and carries the plant into the house.

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - SAME

David climbs the staircase. He takes in everything: Velvet Elvis on the wall, nude portrait of Michelle with angel wings, old-timey popcorn machine.

DAVID
(under his breath)
So this is the house that Loomis built. Unbelievable.

He reaches the top of the stairs and sets down the basket. He looks down the long hallway. Opens the first door:

A MASTER BEDROOM

Fancy but messy. Lots of boxes everywhere.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Tammy? Tammy?

He sees an immense object in the corner, draped with dirty laundry. He moves towards it, and whips it off. It's a statue of Bob's Big Boy.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(flinching)
What the--?

He covers it again and exits.

HALLWAY

He moves down the hall, stepping lightly. Suddenly--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Shell! Where's that stain stick?

David freezes. He knows the voice. The door whaps open, and Steve charges out into the hall.

David watches through the seam in the door as Michelle comes up the stairs. She sighs.

MICHELLE
Don't tell me you got that woman's
neck blood all over your shirt.

David swallows: Please, no.

STEVE
Naw, it's just cocktail sauce. I
was testin' the shrimp.

David sighs, relieved.

MICHELLE
You mean you ain't had her killed
yet?

STEVE
Well, now, honey, McKinney's a bit
late--

MICHELLE
Steve? Just take care of it.

While they bicker, David darts from behind the door into a louvered closet and shuts it. He catches his breath.

INT./EXT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

Steve pours a Pabst Blue Ribbon into a champagne flute, then steps outdoors.

The backyard is now filled with mingling NEIGHBORS in semi-formal attire, clustered around the pool. A DJ with frosted hair sways to the soft pop of Savage Garden and Amy Grant.

Steve takes his place beside Michelle, who's air-kissing guests as they arrive. She starts to pout.

STEVE

What's wrong?

MICHELLE

Everything. Look at that ice sculpture. S'posed to be kids playin' Ring Around the Rosie. Looks like some sorta midget séance. Folks are gonna think we're weirdos.

STEVE

(inspecting the sculpture)

Mmm. Yeah.

Doug and Cathy Jeffcoat come walking up the path.

MICHELLE

Oh, look honey, it's the Jeffcoats.

(to Steve)

Don't you embarrass me.

Steve puts on a big smile and extends his hand too early. Jeffcoat approaches warily and shakes it.

STEVE

Heyyy, boss. Glad y'all could make it. Cathy's lookin' fine tonight.

Jeffcoat smiles weakly.

JEFFCOAT

Thanks, Steve.

STEVE

Well, come on in, get situated. Have a drink or three.

He ushers Jeffcoat past the DJ station. Suddenly the speakers SHRIEK LOUDLY. Party guests grab their ears.

Michelle hisses at the DJ.

MICHELLE

Ugh, shut that off! Eric Payne!

Eric Payne jogs over to the DJ.

ERIC PAYNE

Fix it!

DJ

I can't. It's-- Something's interfering.

(MORE)

DJ (CONT'D)

Is there another microphone or-or a radio on the same frequency?

Eric Payne searches the crowd. As Steve and Jeffcoat step around a speaker column, the screech gets louder, then softer. Finally, when Jeffcoat's past, the sound is hushed.

Eric Payne stares at Jeffcoat, eyes narrowed.

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - HALL CLOSET - NIGHT

David's in the dark. He listens to the faint chatter and clinking of glasses. He eases the closet door open and slips into the hall.

He pops his head inside a--

BEDROOM

DAVID

Tammy?

Opens a closet. Nothing.

NEXT ROOM

A small indoor gym. Bowflex machine and freeweights.

He calls into the darkness.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Psst. Tammy.

Along the mirrored wall, David notices a row of giant BLUE BARRELS. He looks at them curiously. He pries one of the lids, revealing a TROVE OF LOOMIS CASH.

Suddenly he hears a SMALL VOICE:

SMALL VOICE (O.S.)

Hey. What do you want?

David freezes. He turns to find a small silhouette a few yards away. It's Ken, the older Chambers boy.

DAVID

(softly)

Oh, hey, hey, little guy. Um, I'm just tryin' to find the, uh, the john. I got the wrong room.

KEN

You lookin' for Tammy?

David takes his hand off the door. He steps toward the boy.

DAVID
What do you know about her?

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - PLAYROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ken leads David into a bright playroom.

The younger Chambers child, Cort, watches a movie on a widescreen TV. He doesn't look up as David enters.

DAVID
Hi.

He grunts in response.

DAVID (CONT'D)
So, um, you said you can take me to
Tammy?

KEN
We're not allowed downstairs.

He steps to the window and points.

KEN (CONT'D)
But she's in there.

David follows his finger. In the corner of the yard, past the pool and partygoers, is a STORAGE SHED. Runny sits in the shadows, his chair propped against door.

Ken studies David.

KEN (CONT'D)
So you're Tammy's husband, right?
David Ghatt?

David turns to him, startled.

DAVID
How-How'd you--?

KEN
We hear 'em talkin'. Mom and
Steve.

DAVID
Listen. Can I turn this down?

He lowers the TV volume.

DAVID (CONT'D)

All I want is to get my wife and
get outta here. Now, your daddy--

KEN

Stepdaddy.

DAVID

Your stepdaddy can't know I'm here.
Okay? Now, is there any way to get
to that shed without crossin'
through the party?

KEN

No, sir. Not really.

David's eyes drift to a shelf full of toys. A fancy
slingshot.

DAVID

That's a nice wrist rocket. How
far's that thing shoot?

EXT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - PARTY - NIGHT

Eric Payne sips a drink, gathering courage. He stares at
Jeffcoat. He finally strides up to him, hands clasped in
front like a waiter.

ERIC PAYNE

Evenin', Doug. You remember me.

JEFFCOAT

Sure, sure. Eric Payne.

ERIC PAYNE

Look, I hate to bother you. I
noticed, uh, that nobody offered to
take your jacket when you arrived.
That's awful rude of us.

Jeffcoat looks him up and down.

JEFFCOAT

Oh, well, that's all right. It's a
dinner jacket, so--

ERIC PAYNE

(reaching)

But it's-- Lemme just get it out
of your way.

JEFFCOAT
I said, it's all right.

Steve notices the fracas and approaches.

STEVE
Eric Payne? 'Scuse us.

He pulls Eric Payne aside and lays into him.

STEVE (CONT'D)
What're you doin'? You don't talk
to my guests, and sure as heck
don't touch 'em.

ERIC PAYNE
I know, but I think...
(whispering)
...he's wired.

STEVE
Say that again?

INT./EXT. KELLY'S MINIVAN - NIGHT

Kelly is behind the wheel of her van, bawling. She's an emotional wreck.

Empty booze bottles clink in the passenger seat as she makes the turn into Cramer Mountain.

She slams on the gas and swerves into Steve's driveway, crashing through a hedge. She throws open her door and falls out, the radiator hissing.

KELLY
I'm okay! I'm okay!

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

Scanlon and Plewe trade a puzzled look.

SCANLON
Who's that?

PLEWE
I don't know.

EXT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - PARTY

Kelly bursts through the bushes, brambles in her hair. She wears a tramy halter top and cutoff shorts.

KELLY
(slurring)
Hey, everybody!

Steve and Michelle trade a mortified look.

MICHELLE
What are you doin' here?

KELLY
I saw all the bright lights and I thought, whoa, some kinda party. Guess my invitation musta got loss in the mall.

Kelly grabs a drink from the bar.

MICHELLE
Steve? She has to leave.

KELLY
Is that, like, a rap? "Steve, she has to leave." Seriously, Shell, you're an amazing rapper.

Steve grabs Kelly by the arm. She pulls away.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I just have something I want to get out of my chest.
(like a toast)
Steve and Michelle, this house is beautiful.
(to the crowd)
Did y'all know their lass house had wheels on it?

The guests TITTER uncomfortably.

Michelle lunges for Kelly.

MICHELLE
Listen. I will pay you to get outta here.

KELLY
Look. I'm gonna sound about nine years old, but the truth is, I just wanen-- Can't even talk.
(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

I just wanted to come to your party, okay? And I mighta drink, but you know what? You know what?
(crying)

Look, I'm not mad at you. I'm not mad, I'm just very, very upset because y'all are makin' a new life for yoursells, and-but-but you don't deserve it. And you know how that makes me feel? Here's how.

Without warning, Kelly punches Michelle with a closed fist. Michelle lands in the grass. GASPS from the guests. Steve tends to her. Kelly's immediately contrite.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean it. Hey. I didn't mean it, Shell. I love you. I love you. You're like sisters to me. Guys, look at us, we're fighting. Why do we have to fight?

Steve rises to his feet and waves his hands.

STEVE

All right, show's over, folks. Mister DJ, let's pump up those jams and get this party goin' again!

Suddenly an object whistles into view -- a balloon -- and breaks in Steve's face. SPLOOSH! Followed by a whole salvo. SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH!

The guests scream as a HAILSTORM of water balloons rains down from the sky. The backyard becomes a battleground.

Michelle looks up through a swelling eye at the balcony, where Ken and Cort are firing into the crowd with slingshots.

MICHELLE

I hate my children.

EXT./INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Steve picks balloon bits off his wet face. He drags Kelly roughly toward the shed.

KELLY

Hey. Leggo my armo.

STEVE

Shut up!

He boots in the door, revealing--

A FIGURE tied to a chair in the dark. Steve unfolds a second chair and forces Kelly into it, her back to the other prisoner. He lashes a cable around both bodies, binding them together.

The figure -- now visible as Tammy -- protests through a cloth gag.

TAMMY
(muffled)
HRRRRRR. NRRRRR.

STEVE
Both of you, shut up! Mike
McKinney's on his way. He'll
handle you.

Steve exits, slamming the door. Kelly wriggles. She calls to the stranger.

KELLY
Hey. Who's here? Who is that?

Tammy screams through her gag.

TAMMY
(muffled)
...AMM-MEE...

KELLY
Who?

TAMMY
(muffled)
...AMM-MEE...

KELLY
Well, Camryn, don't you worry,
baby. You and me are gonna get
outta here.

TAMMY
(muffled)
REE-REE?

KELLY
We sure are. Okay, gotta sober up,
sober up. First, let's get that
gag off your mouth. Here. Can you
lean--?

Kelly twists around, pressing her cheek against Tammy. Tammy returns the pressure. They grind their faces together in a sweaty, gasping tango.

Kelly bites at the cloth with her teeth.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(clenched)
Got it. Got it! Now, hold still.

She lets go momentarily -- leaving a ring of saliva -- then clamps down again. With the intensity of a dog gnawing on a bone, Kelly forces the cloth down around Tammy's collar like a neckerchief. Tammy wheezes.

TAMMY
Oh, oh, thank you...bless you!

KELLY
You can thank me later, when we're outta here.

TAMMY
Okay.

KELLY
You ready? Let's rock.

TAMMY
(psyched)
Yes! Yes! Let's do this thing!

KELLY
No, I mean, let's "rock." Like, tip this whole--

TAMMY
Oh-oh-oh, rock back and forth?

KELLY
Yeah! Back and-- That's it.
That's it.

They sway their chairs from side to side.

EXT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT

As water balloons burst around him, Runny abandons his post outside the shed.

After a beat, David appears from the shadows behind the structure and forces his way inside.

INT. TOOL SHED - SAME

David enters, handgun drawn. He finds Tammy and Kelly on the floor, struggling to free themselves. He unknots their ropes and pulls them to their feet, encountering Tammy first.

DAVID
Tammy, baby, I'm here.

TAMMY
Oh, David. My David.

They embrace. Over Tammy's shoulder, David takes a look at the second woman, rising to her feet. His hug with Tammy goes slack.

DAVID
Kelly.

Tammy turns to Kelly.

TAMMY
You're Kelly?

KELLY
Yeah. So...I guess you're Tammy?
Mrs. David Ghatt.

Tammy suddenly stiffens. Her eyes go mean.

She grabs the gun from David's hand. Aims it at his face. David blinks rapidly.

DAVID
Tammy? What are you doin'?

TAMMY
(sobbing)
I'm...I'm makin' a citizen's
arrest.

She cocks the hammer.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Y'all are thieves, and-and
fugitives. And fornicators.

DAVID
(beat)
Weeell...that last one's not really
a criminal matter, that's more of a
you-and-me thing.

She aims the pistol at his crotch.

DAVID (CONT'D)

No, whoa!

KELLY

Tammy, Tammy, listen to me! We never had sex, David and me. Our affair happened in our minds and hearts. There were no other organs involved, I swear it. We didn't even dry-hump.

Tammy's voice goes soft.

TAMMY

You know, David, all the time you been gone, I've been praying.

DAVID

I know.

TAMMY

Hard as I can, asking for peace, and for your safe return. And then, the other day, I feel like I got my answer.

DAVID

I know, baby, but--

TAMMY

The Lord said, "Move on."

She lowers the gun.

DAVID

What? What? Move on? Like--

TAMMY

He spoke to my heart. Told me to let you go.

David feels a wave of relief.

DAVID

Well. That's either the best news or the worst news I've heard in a long time.

Suddenly the door to the shed crashes open, and--

Runny appears, mad as a hornet.

With blinding speed, David grabs the gun from Tammy's hand, whips it in Runny's direction and FIRES. Runny drops.

Everyone holds their breath. Kelly looks up at David, frozen in his gunslinger pose.

KELLY

David? Your tremors. They're gone, look.

David studies his trigger hand: rock steady.

DAVID

Well, I'll be damned.

Tammy clears her throat uncomfortably.

TAMMY

David...did you just murder a man?

DAVID

Huh? Oh, no, no. Rubber bullets, see?

(he kicks a rubber casing on the floor)

He's just stunned.

Tammy exhales.

EXT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - PARTY

Jeffcoat ushers his wife across the yard.

Suddenly, the mother of all water balloons comes spinning down from the sky. SPLOOSH! He takes it right in the chest. His clothes start SPARKING and SMOKING. He looks up desperately, and his eyes meet--

Eric Payne, who lunges at him, wrestling him to the ground. He tears open his shirt, revealing a microphone taped to his sternum.

ERIC PAYNE

I knew it!

Eric Payne grabs the device and yanks.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

At the digital console, the VU meters spike...then die.

Agent Scanlon pulls off his headphones.

SCANLON
 (heavy sigh)
 That was it. That was our shot.

PLEWE
 Nothing we can use?

SCANLON
 Pshh. Forty minutes of cocktail
 chatter about lawn maintenance.
 Bentgrass versus bluegrass.

EXT./INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - DAY

David leads Tammy and Kelly through the side yard. They open
 a door to the house, and find themselves in the--

KITCHEN

They rush through the kitchen, heading for the first door
 they see. David unlocks it, pushes through into a--

GARAGE

He fumbles for the light switch. Fluorescents pop on. It's
 a double garage, filled with gleaming vehicles. Boats,
 sports cars, motorcycles.

INT. TOOL SHED - SAME

Runny comes to, woozy. He looks around the shed, now empty.
 He scrambles to his feet and runs out.

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Kelly urges David and Tammy along.

KELLY
 Y'all go on. Go! I'll take my
 car.

She pulls a set of keys off a hook.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Here. Take the Beamer. It's
 Steve's favorite.

She tosses them to David. He smiles.

EXT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - PARTY - SAME

Michelle is pinned down by incoming balloon fire. Her dress is soaked and her mascara runs like black tears. She shouts hoarsely at Ken and Cort.

MICHELLE

You little trolls! Throw one more-
a those, I dare you! ONE MORE!

Three balloons strike her: SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH!

Runny rushes past Michelle to Steve.

RUNNY

Steve...he's here! David Ghannt.

Steve grabs him by the hair.

STEVE

Where's your sense? You don't say
that name around--!

(beat)

Wait, whatcha mean, Ghannt's here?
In North Carolina?

RUNNY

Yeah-yeah-yeah. Here't the house.

INT./EXT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

The garage door rises with a HUM. David twists the key, waking the engine. Rear lights illuminate the vanity plate: "STEEVROX."

EXT. CHAMBERS HOUSE - PARTY - SAME

Steve's head turns. Like a sheep hearing the call of his shepherd.

STEVE

My Beamer.

He dashes off across the lawn. Runny's right behind him, then Eric Payne. The three men barrel into the--

DRIVEWAY

Where the BMW screams past them into the street.

Steve runs as fast as he can after the car, ripping off his tuxedo jacket and bowtie.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

David shoots the narrow gap between vendor vans parked on either side of the street. The BMW glances off cars, mailboxes, trash cans.

They reach the end of the gated community, walled in by:

A WROUGHT-IRON GATE

Tammy watches David's foot. He's not braking.

TAMMY

David! Slow down!

DAVID

Hold tight, babe.

(bad-ass)

Sometimes the only way out...is through.

David puts a protective arm over Tammy. They both squeeze their eyes shut.

The Beamer crashes against the gate -- WHAM! -- crumpling the hood. David and Tammy flail like crash-test dummies, their heads whiplashing wildly.

The dust settles. The gate stands intact. David looks at the gate.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(dazed)

I don't get it. That never don't work.

Tammy staggers from the car. David starts to climb out of his seat. He swivels around, his back to the dashboard. Sees Steve's crew bearing down on him.

We hear a HIGH HISSING SOUND, which builds and builds until--

BANG! The AIRBAGS finally deploy, spanking David out of the car and onto the pavement.

Steve jogs up, disbelieving.

STEVE

My...my car. My Beams.

Steve hauls David to his feet.

STEVE (CONT'D)

David freakin' Ghannt! Since moment one of this caper, you've been a skunk in my woodpile, a complete and total hemorrhoid.

Over Tammy's squeals, Steve drags David to a nearby BARTENDING VAN and pins him against it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I hate you so much. I wanna punch your skull and just keep punchin' till there's nothing solid left, just a splashy liquid with eyes floatin' in it.

He shoves David against the van's front window, flattening his face on the tinted glass. David opens his eyes. He can see inside the vehicle:

SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT lines the walls, monitored by a GROUP OF AGENTS. Yellow letters stenciled on everyone's windbreakers: "FBI." David takes it in.

When Steve spins him around, David's smiling. An idea.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Better wipe that dumb expression off your face. They say the look you die with stays on your corpse.

David inches toward the van window. He speaks loudly and deliberately.

DAVID

Well, see...I'm just wonderin', Steve...where's the respect?

STEVE

Ha. Respect?

DAVID

Yeah. I mean, I'm the mastermind of this whole heist.

STEVE

You're the mastermind?

Steve looks like he has a sneeze brewing. He finally lets out a big, braying GUFFAW.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Ghannt, you couldn't mastermind a grilled-cheese sandwich.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

Get this clear. You were nothin' but my delivery boy. If I'd had more time and enough milkbones, I coulda trained a damn St. Bernard to go fetch me that money.

Steve socks David in the stomach.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Who came up with the plan? Steve. Who laundered all the money? Steve. Who hired Mike McKinney to grease you in Mexico? Steve, Steve, Steve!

(beat)

This is the Steve Chambers Gang, not the Stupid David Butthole Gang. Is that clear? Is it, moron? Is that clear?

SCANLON (O.S.)

Very.

Steve looks up, following the voice. From an open window directly above him, Scanlon and Plewe peer down. They glance from Steve to David, floored by their impossible luck.

STEVE

'The hell y'all lookin' at? I hire bartenders, I want 'em to bartend!

We cut inside the--

BARTENDING VAN

Revealing the FBI surveillance team.

STEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I mean it, get goin'! Lazy tap jockeys. If that beer goes flat, I'm keepin' all your tips.

The VU meter dances as he speaks. Catching every word.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CHARLOTTE - DAY

Agents Scanlon, Plewe, and various COPS and ATTORNEYS crowd the podium. Scanlon concludes a press conference.

SCANLON

On behalf of the FBI's Charlotte Division, I would like to thank the U.S.

(MORE)

SCANLON (CONT'D)

Marshals, the Mexican bureau of Interpol, and alert citizens everywhere for their assistance in bringing these co-conspirators to justice. This was truly a joint effort.

(beat)

One thing's for sure: We had better teamwork than the Loomis gang.

Wry LAUGHTER. A REPORTER lobs a question.

REPORTER

Agent Scanlon, is it true that nearly two million dollars remains unaccounted for?

SCANLON

Uh, yes, that-that's correct. As you know, much of the money was spent on lavish gifts and business ventures. We expect to recover the balance in the coming weeks...

INT./EXT. BUS - DAY

The gang rides solemnly on a bus bound for the county jail.

David takes in the passing scenery.

SUPER: DAVID SCOTT GHANTT, 7 years, 6 months.

Kelly stares at David. She aches to say something, but doesn't.

SUPER: KELLY CAMPBELL, 5 years, 10 months.

Michelle looks at her reflection in the window.

SUPER: MICHELLE DENISE CHAMBERS, 7 years, 8 months.

Eric Payne muscles down tears.

SUPER: ERIC PAYNE, 6 years, 6 months.

Runny sleeps peacefully, drool collecting in the corner of his mouth.

SUPER: SCOTT "RUNNY" GRANT, 4 years, 7 months.

Steve looks utterly defeated.

SUPER: STEVEN EUGENE CHAMBERS, 11 years, 3 months.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Kelly sits on a long bench outdoors, dragging on a cigarette. She wears an orange jumpsuit: "Mecklenburg County Jail."

David shuffles out. He takes a seat on the opposite end.

KELLY

Hey.

Their eyes meet briefly. David sighs.

DAVID

I start my stretch tomorrow, up in Butner Low.

KELLY

Yeah, I heard. I'll be in the Federal Prison Camp.

DAVID

Wow, serious?

KELLY

Yeah, yeah. Over in Alderson, West Virginia. I never been to West Virginia. S'posed to be gorgeous. The state, not the prison, a-course.

DAVID

'Course.

KELLY

How's Tammy holdin' up?

DAVID

Well...I heard she's got a new beau. Fella I went to grade school with. He was in the special class, for kids with emotional problems. But he looks normal, even good-looking. And unless he's havin' one of his fits, he's quite gentle. He loves Christ, and he loves cats. Tammy deserves that.

KELLY

That's nice.

For the first time, David allows himself to face Kelly. Really take her in.

DAVID
Where'd you get that?

KELLY
What?

DAVID
Your uniform, it's different. The way it pulls across your chest. You have it tailored special?

KELLY
Same as everybody gets.

DAVID
Oh.

They stare forward. Without warning, Kelly's eyes well with tears. She wipes them dry.

KELLY
You know, I heard somethin' interesting.
(clears throat)
Did you know that prisoners can write each other for free? Costs a stamp to write folks on the outside, but if it's -- whatchacalit -- inter-prison correspondence? Totally free.

DAVID
Hmm. We'll have to try that out.

He rises. So does she. They walk toward each other, meeting in the middle of the bench.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Well...

We hear faint MEXICAN RANCHERA MUSIC. A reedy accordion.

Kelly moves in slowly, initiating a goodbye kiss. David halts her with his hand. He pulls an unlit cigarette from his shirt pocket and tucks it between his lips.

Kelly smiles. She readies her cigarette. They lean in, touching butts. A WHITE HAZE engulfs them.

DISSOLVE TO:

A TV SCREEN

QUICK CUTS from a DRAMATIZATION of the Loomis Fargo heist.

A NARRATOR addresses us over HILLBILLY MUSIC.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Tonight, on *America's Most Wanted: America Fights Back*. What happens when the dumbest guys in town pull off the crime of the century?

An actor playing DAVID paces around. He's impossibly skinny, with an ill-fitting red wig.

TV DAVID

Oh, Kelly, I love you, I wanna get in your pants so bad!

KELLY responds. She's enormous. Possibly a man in drag. She holds a floppy deli sandwich in one hand, a leg of fried chicken in the other.

TV KELLY

(belches)

Not now, David. I'm eatin'.

CUT TO: MICHELLE handling her cartoonishly inflated breasts.

TV MICHELLE

Steeve! How do my new boobies look? 'Sis one bigger'n the other?

The actor playing STEVE is inexplicably twenty years older than the rest.

TV STEVE

Shut up, woman, I'm tryin' to think. After all, I'm the brains-a this here outfit, or my name ain't Steve Chambers!

INT. BUTNER FEDERAL CORRECTION COMPLEX - DAY

David waits in a holding area.

A PRISON OFFICER turns a key in his handcuffs, freeing him. He rubs his wrists.

OFFICER

I'll be escortin' you to your cell. Now, I'm unlockin' your cuffs...so you can cover your face.

DAVID

Cover it?

OFFICER

See, you're meetin' the inmates for the first time. They wanna let you know how low you are...so they give you what's called a wet welcome.

David's lip quivers.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

They spit on you. Some even piss in a cup and wing it at you. Now, they know better'n to douse me, but there's nothin' I can do to stop 'em from gettin' you. This can be upsetting, so I say, you're best off coverin' your face.

INT. CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

The officer leads David into the main cell block. David shields his face.

Above him, four tiers of INMATES hang through the bars. Comments start floating down.

PRISONER 1

Hey, it's Mister Loomis!

PRISONER 2

Weh-hell. The million dollar man!

Word spreads from cell to cell. Suddenly, we hear a smattering of CLAPS...which grows into SUSTAINED APPLAUSE...then raucous STOMPING and HOLLERING. Before long, the whole place is going nuts.

And no one's spitting.

David parts his fingers. Lowers his hands. As he passes each cell, inmates clamber to reach through the bars and pat him on the back. Limbs come at him from both sides.

DAVID (V.O.)

Now, I'd give up the acclaim of the whole prison population to erase all the heartache I caused. After all, some of these boys are murderers, some even know the taste of human flesh. I could do without their approval.

Emboldened, David straightens up. He points to individual prisoners, like a president entering the State of the Union.

DAVID (V.O.)

But I can't say I didn't enjoy it. To the outside world, I was a punchline -- a figure of fun. But inside the joint, I was some kinda folk hero.

David flashes the peace sign to his admirers.

DAVID (V.O.)

I owe most of it to the legend of Loomis Fargo...and in particular, a wild theory that's been chasin' around about them two million dollars that went missing. See, rumor has it that ol' David Ghannt, he only plays the fool; in reality, he's sittin' on a wing-dinger of a secret.

We FLASH BACK to--

The night of the Chambers' house party. David rolls a single cash-filled, airtight BLUE BARREL out of the weight room...

...down the wide hallway...

...and around the back of the house, to the edge of the Chambers' property. He shoves it down a steep slope. It bangs down the rocks before splashing into the LAKE below. The weight of the money pulls the drum under the surface...

...where it burrows into the silt several feet underwater.

Too deep to be discovered, too heavy to be disturbed.

END FLASHBACK

DAVID (V.O.)

Hell, sometimes I'm even convinced.

David wends his way through the cell block. He suppresses most of a grin.

THE END