

MY DRUNCLE KEVIN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

An EMPTY CHAIR and PLACE SETTING heads a Thanksgiving dinner spread fit for a King - a noticeably absent King.

FAMILY MEMBERS hold hands in prayer around a massive TURKEY as their hearty side dishes steam off their plates.

SARAH ROCKWELL, 40, an aging blonde fresh off her transition from yoga pants to "mom jeans" keeps her glassy eyes locked on the vacant seat. She has a lot on her plate.

SARAH

And while I feel lost without you.
We know you're here in spirit.

Her disheveled father, CHARLES STANLEY, 68, AUNT BABE AND UNCLE BUB, 60s, and her overdressed Sister and Brother-in-law (CAROLYN, LANCE) "Amen" in unison.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(Gregorian chant)

Ah-ahh-ah-ah-mennn. Dibs on a leg!

KEVIN STANLEY, 32, strides towards the King's throne - dressed to the *fives* with spotty stubble dotting puffy cheeks - he sports a look more suitable for St. Paddy's Day.

He plops in the King's throne, smiles, and pretends not to notice the collective GASPS from his tablemates.

KEVIN

Mmm. This looks excellent. You've
outdone yourself this year, Sar.

He clutches the Turkey's drumstick. After a few tugs that shake the table beneath them, he tears it off with a flourish. Grease drops paint his clean plate.

He takes an impressive bite, but hesitates to chew when he notices Sarah's disappointed glare. He gulps down the bite.

KEVIN

Oh come on. Still? He would've
wanted me to sit here.

He turns to Charles, who seethes in anger. To Aunt Babe who looks beyond him. To Uncle Bub, who snarls angrily. Carolyn and Lance gawk at their plates to avoid eye contact.

Kevin catches his own distorted reflection in a brass gravy boat - even he looks disappointed in himself. He sighs, and stands with his drumstick.

Sarah grits her teeth and wipes the greasy plate clean.

KEVIN

Looks like another party foul on
Kevin. ... F-O-W-L. Bu-dum-che.

He air drums with the turkey leg to no reaction. Drips fly.

KEVIN

Right. Paul would've appreciated
that one. ... Boner petit.

He salutes them and splits.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The setting sun highlights a cheap Pilgrim-laced tablecloth with three plates scattered atop.

Fingers of light stripe the squint of PAULA ROCKWELL, 16, a bored brunette who *shouldn't legally be allowed* to wear yoga pants. She's a vegetarian by the looks of her plate.

Paula cuts a slice of turkey for her impatient runt of a brother, TOMMY ROCKWELL, 8, and places a bowl of green slop before her high-chaired cousin HANNAH, 1. Hannah waits all of two seconds to knock it over. She and Tommy laugh.

Paula just embraces the retina burning rays as--

Kevin mopes in with his turkey leg in one hand, and a TALL DRINK in the other. He takes a seat across from Paula, and SCOOCHES over to block the light from her eyes.

PAULA

Thanks, but I prefer the glare.

Kevin smirks and holds his hands up. Tommy huffs and grabs one. Paula reluctantly takes his other, while she and Tommy fight to hold onto Hannah's.

KEVIN

It's my turn to say grace. So...
... Uhh... *mayyy-zinnng* grace,
this foood, looks good. Nom, nom--

PAULA

--That's *amazing* grace.

KEVIN
Why thank you, Paula. It came from
the heart. Boner petit!

Paula shakes her head and eats a dainty string bean.

Kevin runs his finger across his throat and points at Tommy.
Tommy nods and slams his fist on the table.

TOMMY
Paula, start the clock!

PAULA
Mommmmm!

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah - mid bite - puts her fork and head down.

SARAH
No eating contests, you two!

Stressed, Sarah tries to enjoy her meal.

SARAH
Maybe he should just sit with us.

CHARLES
No! If he wants to act like a
child, he can eat like one.

Charles proceeds to shove a GIANT MARSHMALLOW into his gob.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Paula wipes mush off Hannah's chin. She sighs, and wipes
dribble off Kevin's. He's too transfixed on Tommy to notice.

TOMMY
No Legos for Christmas. I have too
many! Stop buying me Legos! Umm,
a skateboard... and Thor's hammer!

KEVIN
Whoa hold up, kid. Thor's hammer?
You really think you're worthy?

PAULA
He's just setting you up for
disappointment again, Tommy. Uncle
Kevin's broke.

Annoyed, Kevin takes a long sip of his drink.

KEVIN

Yet I somehow always manage to get
you guys presents. Go figure.

PAULA

I want a Volkswagon Jetta.

KEVIN

Go take a walk.

He takes a longer sip of his drink. Grimaces.

TOMMY

Hey, Druncle Kevin?

KEVIN

That's "Doctor" Uncle Kevin, bud.

He fires an unappreciative glance at Paula, then moves his
head to let the sun engulf her face.

TOMMY

Oh yeah ... Doctor Druncle Kevin?
What happened to Patty?

Kevin chokes on a bite of food. He scowls at Paula.

PAULA

Tommy! You know we're not supposed
to say that name anymore!

Kevin looks shell shocked.

TOMMY

Yeah, but why? Just tell me what
happened! Use the voices!

Kevin shakes his head no, lost in reflective thought.

Tommy, disappointed, plays with his food.

KEVIN

I ever tellya bout the time Paula
split her softball pants?

PAULA

Like fifty times...

KEVIN

She was so embarrassed. Or should
I say "bare assed?" This was her--
(girly voice)
Everyone can see my buttcheeks!

Paula mouths the punchline with him. Tommy loves it.

TOMMY
She still sounds exactly like that.

KEVIN
Right?! *Like fifty times, mehhh.*

Kevin slaps Tommy five, allowing the light back into Paula's eyes. Her new "good sport" smirk turns back to a wince.

TOMMY
My turn! Hey Paula, guess who I
am? I'll give you a hint. Listen.
(deep dopey voice)
I'm Docta Druncle Kevin. Beer me.
Brew 42! Hutt, hutt, hike!

Tommy grabs Kevin's glass and chugs before Kevin can stop him. He spits and grabs his throat like he's been poisoned.

Paula snatches the cup from Tommy and sniffs it.

PAULA
Mommmmmm!

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Sarah hugs and kisses her bundled up tablemates by the door.

SARAH
Take me with you.

Carolyn holds up a giant shopping bag of food.

CAROLYN
Not sure we have room in the car.

SARAH
Ha, take em, please. I could feed
the world with all our leftovers.

AUNT BABE
I still say you're nuts going out
tonight, Sarah. Please be safe.
(she kisses Sarah)
And really let him have it this
time. Enough is enough.

Sarah closes the door. She leans against it and centers herself with an exhausted sigh. Game face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charles sits in a recliner, hypnotized by football on the TV.

Kevin sits on the couch like a child scorned, while Sarah paces before him. She double fists empty BOTTLES OF JACK.

SARAH

After all we've been through?!
You're taking advantage of me now.
I need my sanity back. Don't you
see I have my hands tied? How many
more times can we do this, Kevin?

KEVIN

Old habits die hard with a
vengeance, Sar. You know holidays
give me anxiety. I think of Paul
and Ma not being here and--

PAULA (O.S.)

There he goes, playing the sympathy
card again!

Paula sits at the base of the stairs nearby.

SARAH

Wait your turn. We'll get to you.

PAULA

Me?! What'd I do?

KEVIN

You narc'd, like you always do.

PAULA

Bet you learned that word from your
drug buddies. He has two phones,
Ma. Only druggies carry two--

SARAH

--One problem at a time, *please*.

CHARLES

He taped over the finale of Alf!

Sarah and Kevin share a sad glance. Her lip quivers.

SARAH

Dad, you're doing it again. Just
watch your game. I got this.

Charles reacts to a touchdown. Kevin winces.

SARAH

Oh my God... You bet on the game.

Kevin searches for his reply, hangs his head.

PAULA

How the? You don't even pay rent!

KEVIN

Neither do you.

SARAH

She's sixteen, Kevin! Although she certainly doesn't act like it.

KEVIN

I worked when I was sixteen.

CHARLES

Still calling what you did "work?"

Sarah turns the TV off. Charles moans in protest.

PAULA

Did you mention the "R" word, yet?

KEVIN

I told you, I'm not a retard!

PAULA

Rehab!

SARAH

Rehab...

Kevin looks up at Paula, then Sarah, then Charles.

KEVIN

No. No! ... No!

SARAH

I think it's time. We're only bringing it up because we love you.

Paula scoffs. Sarah sees the effect it has on Kevin.

SARAH

You two used to be so close...

KEVIN

First step is admission, right?
I'm an addict! There, I'm cured.

PAULA

You're just a dick. Period.

KEVIN

... That's actually a solid joke.
She gets that from me.

PAULA

You don't GET that from your uncle.

SARAH

Bicker, bicker, bicker. I swear,
it's like I have three kids.

PAULA

You're not his mother!

Kevin and Paula's voices turn to UNINTELLIGIBLE GIBBERISH.
Sarah stands dazed, overwhelmed, yet oddly at peace.

She peers longingly at a PHOTO of Kevin and Paula during
happier times at her Holy Communion. A great family moment.

Kevin and Paula argue on. It punches through Sarah's
tranquil moment of Zen. She just watches them go at it.

PAULA

Why'd you let him stay here?! I'm
so sick of this. As soon as I get
my car, I'm outta here!

KEVIN

I've seen you drive. You wouldn't
make it two blocks.

PAULA

No thanks to you! I've been
practicing with Tiffy, you--

Sarah slams her hand on the coffee table and shuts them up.
She shakes her hand out in pain and sucks her finger.

SARAH

(to Kevin)

Tiffy Jones. Her parents buy her a
brand new car, and two months later
she loses it. Bodes *really* well.

KEVIN

Someone jacked the Sex Machine?!

PAULA

"Sax" machine! She's an alto! And
I'm more responsible than her, I'd
never let that happen to my car.

CHARLES
 "MY car." "My car?" You sound
 like him, an entitled little brat.

PAULA SARAH
 Grandpa! Dad...

CHARLES
 He taped over--

KEVIN
 --ALF! Yeah, I did! I'm sorry.
 You gonna hang that over my head
 for another twenty years? At least
 I wasn't drunk when I did it.

CHARLES
 Like the night your mother died?

Gut punch - Kevin buckles. Sarah too. She takes a seat
 beside him. Paula knows that's her cue to leave. Charles
 boosts himself up and hobbles out of the room.

Sarah and Kevin stare at their reflections in the TV for a
 long sorrowful beat. Sarah puts her arm around Kevin.

SARAH
 I know it's tough, but we'll get
 there. Talk more tomorrow. You're
 grounded til I get back.

She finds the energy to hop to her feet.

KEVIN
 Wha... Can you do that?

INT. FOYER - LATER

A CLOSE-UP of a wishbone being SNAPPED apart by two hands.
 Sara waves the longer piece in triumph.

KEVIN
 Some people have all the luck.

Sarah smirks as she zips up her heavy coat and wraps a scarf
 around her neck. She bites her finger.

SARAH
 Well, there goes the nail. Thanks.

KEVIN
 Stay home. I bet I could find
 everything you want on craigslist.

SARAH

Hmm, trust your betting history, or go have a ball saving money? Tough call. I need this! This is my Super Bowl, and no one's gonna beat me. For I am the deal queen!

She puts her hands on her hips like Superman.

KEVIN

Ohhh shit, evil doers beware!

Sarah can't help but smile at her brother.

SARAH

I'll be home before you wake up.

KEVIN

Home by six p.m. tomorrow, got it.

SARAH

You better not sleep that late because... can't believe I'm saying this... **YOU'RE. IN. CHARGE.**

The LIGHTS in the hall flicker and a ghoulish WHISTLING wind passes over them. They ponder it for a beat then proceed on.

SARAH

Think you could clean the basement? Bring the Christmas stuff upstairs?

Kevin smiles through gritted teeth and nods.

SARAH

I'm gonna need room down there for the *bags and bags* of stuff I buy.

She holds her RED PURSE out as if it's a massive piece of luggage, opens the door, and heads for her little RED SEDAN.

KEVIN

Pfyeah. Just what this family needs, more baggage. Good luck.

Sarah laughs, points her Wishbone trophy at Kevin.

SARAH

Don't need it.

She kisses her hand and blows it towards him.

Kevin wipes it off his cheek like a disgusted five year old. He closes the door and stands alone in the quiet house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Charles lies motionless on the couch. Kevin checks his pulse. Another touchdown is run back on the TV.

KEVIN

Yes! Wait... No. Shit!

He turns the TV off in disgust.

INT. TOMMY'S ROOM - LATER

Kevin knocks and enters Toy-vana - action figures and clothes all over the floor, surrounding Tommy sprawled out over his twin comforter, snoring like an old man.

Kevin leaves a Gatorade on the table next to his bed.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Kevin stops himself from knocking on another bedroom door.

INT. PAULA'S ROOM - NIGHT

A queen sized bed centers only a few childhood relics - A single collegiate dressed teddy bear, some SOFTBALL TROPHIES on the shelf, and a NEWSPAPER ARTICLE framed on the wall.

Paula sits at a small desk with her iPad - Lock screen reads a not so subtle "589 days til Graduation." She slides it and opens--

FACEBOOK - an endless sea of "friends" bragging about what they're thankful for, as if anyone really gives a shit.

She snickers and LIKES a selfie of a surfer-brah, MAX WHITE, 16, in front of an insane line of people at a TARGET store.

A TEXT MESSAGE from Sarah pops up:

Keep an eye on ur uncle! UR in charge! XoXo. Luv Mama

;) *cat emoji - party hat emoji - turd emoji* :)~

Paula X's it out, puts in some earbuds and opts for the most melodramatic angst-ridden song on her playlist.

INT. HALF FINISHED BASEMENT - MEANWHILE

Kevin's "temporary" bedroom/storage unit.

He eats the last bite of a pie slice, and stands before his life tightly packed in cardboard. He puts the dirty plate down, and cracks his knuckles.

SERIES OF SHOTS

He huffs and begins a real life game of Tetris. He WHISTLES the Tetris theme as he moves boxes to every corner leaving as much open space around his ratty floor mattress as possible.

He slides open a closet door and peers in nostalgia at a SMALL WOODEN CHEST labeled "PATTY," shrouded under a veritable ROY G BIV of hoodies. He yanks "O" off a hanger.

He stops every few boxes to take stock of the insignificant garbage he's accumulated over the years, like a P90X DVD set. He can only laugh at the prospect.

He moves a mountain of neatly packed plastic crates labeled "HOME MOVIES/PHOTOS," and cracks one open.

He falls on his bed with a stack of photos, and pulls a chain that illuminates a neon ST. PAULI GIRL beer sign above.

The only thing not strewn about the room is the Christmas stuff he was supposed to locate.

END SERIES OF SHOTSINT. KITCHEN - DAY

Paula enters to find Kevin wide awake at the counter. He points to a box of cereal, milk, a bowl and a fork.

KEVIN

Made you breakfast, Sunshine.

PAULA

Remind me to grab the recipe. ...
Mom didn't make pancakes?

She makes way towards the coffee maker - no fresh brew.

KEVIN

Coffee stunts little girls' growth.

Paula looks up at the microwave - 9:23. Into the sink - loaded with dirty dishes. She ponders, takes out her phone.

PAULA

She was supposed to make panc--How
is she not home yet? Did she call?
Make sure you check your burner
phone too.

Kevin doesn't even humor her. He checks his *actual* phone.

Paula dials Sarah and hangs up after a few rings.

PAULA
Where the heck was she going?

KEVIN
Aww, someone misses mommy.
(off Paula's look)
Shopping. I don't know.

PAULA
I know she went shopping. Where?

KEVIN
... The places with the good sales.

PAULA
Ohhh, those places. Big help.
Were you wasted again?

KEVIN
Look, our chats are always fun, but
I gotta go drop yesterday's thanks
in the septic tanks.

Paula cringes as Kevin heads for the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

TV, loud per usual. Tommy builds a pillow fort around
sleeping Charles. Paula enters.

TOMMY
Mommy make pancakes yet?

Paula shakes her head no.

ON THE TV - 2 NEWSCASTERS cheese it up.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
Stay tuned for tips on how to find
the best deals in today's crowds!

The News transitions into an auto dealer commercial featuring
STEEL DRUMS and a woman dressed as CARMEN MIRANDA dancing.

CARMEN MIRANDA
RUNNNN! Don't walk to Calypso
Auto's Black Friday sale! With
prices this cheap, you'll be
robbing us blind!

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Kevin flips through more family photos - looking rougher and
sloppier in each pic as the kids age around him.

The Doorbell RINGS. It nearly startles Kevin off the bowl.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEANWHILE

Tommy places the roof on his pillow fort. DING-DONG.

TOMMY
Mom! Doorbell!

INT. PAULA'S ROOM

She flops on her bed and hugs her Teddy. DING-DONG.

PAULA
Someone get that!

DING-DONG. KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. DING-DONG.

KEVIN/TOMMY/PAULA
GET THE DOOR!

INT. FOYER - DAY

Tommy swings the door open to reveal IRENE WESTERLY, a bookish woman in her 40's holding a RED PURSE and a fiery little FUFU DOG on a leash.

TOMMY
Are you selling Girl Scout cookies?

Irene smiles and shakes her head.

TOMMY
No Pablo English.

He closes the door in her face.

Irene knocks harder. DING-DONG.

Kevin exits the bathroom, and meets Paula at the base of the stairs. He opens the door and gawks in excitement at Irene.

IRENE WESTERLY
I'm not selling cookies.

Kevin tries to shut the door but Paula stops it.

PAULA
Oh hi, Irene. It's a little early to start caroling, no?

IRENE WESTERLY
It's never too early, but don't worry, I shant be singing...
(MORE)

IRENE WESTERLY (CONT'D)
I was at Target earlier, and found
this laying in the parking lot.

She hands Paula the purse. Paula looks through it.

PAULA
Is this my mom's?
(rifling through)
Her keys are in here. Her phone.
Her wallet... her... holy crap.

IRENE WESTERLY
Yes. There's substantial money in
there. Forty two hundred dollars
by my count. Not a penny more.
(off Paula's look)
Sorry it took so long to get here,
the roads are a nightmare, and I
didn't feel comfortable leaving
such money with customer service.
Is your mom here?

PAULA
Not yet. Did something happen out
there? She's ok, right?

IRENE WESTERLY
Sure, I'm sure. Well. I'm sure.
I just wanted to give back her
valuables before someone less
honest than me found them. Forty
two hundred dollars is a lot of
money. ... That's how much is
there. In hundreds. Forty two.

KEVIN
Yeah, you mentioned that. Thanks.

Kevin closes the door. Irene fingers a wad of bills in her
pocket. Her dog GROWLS at her.

IRENE WESTERLY
Don't you judge me, Claudius!

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Kevin and Paula sit at the counter and examine the purse.

PAULA
That's way too much money to just
carry around. What was she up to?

KEVIN
Deal Queen ain't messing around.
(off Paula's confusion)
She's probably Ubering home.

PAULA
She has no phone. Or money.

Paula holds up an iPhone with an obnoxious PINK CASE.

KEVIN
Yeah, I gotta plead ignorance, I'm
not really sure what Uber even is.

PAULA
You should preface everything you
say with "I gotta plead ignorance."
(before he can snap back)
Shush, she made a call.

Paula shrugs and dials - straight to voicemail.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Leave one. Don't text me.

PAULA
Uh... hi? My name is Paula, I was
wondering how you knew my mother.
Can you call this number back?

She hangs up, confused.

KEVIN
Uh-oh, I think sissy might have
herself a secret boyfriend.

PAULA
Huh? She's not ready. Why would
you jump to that? There's no way.

KEVIN
Why not? She's allowed, Paula!

PAULA
Stop talking out of your ass.

KEVIN
... You know I can do that, right?

Paula ignores him, puts her phone to her ear.

KEVIN
Now who you calling?

PAULA
Max White.

KEVIN
Max Whi--What is he a toothpaste?

MAX WHITE (PRE-LAP)
Ayo, P-nut! What upppppppppppp---

INT. TARGET - DAY

Christmas chaos. Max, on his phone in a red polo, pokes out from so many people, he appears to be jumping off a "Where's Waldo" page.

MAX WHITE
-pppppppppppppp?!
(beat)
I don't even know what your mom looks like. I bet she's hot!

Max parts a sea of people like he's retail Moses.

MAX WHITE
They got me workin security today, how great is that?

INTERCUT PAULA

She giggles. Kevin notices.

Max walks to an intercom and clicks it.

MAX WHITE
(over PA)
Attention zombies. Will Mrs. Rockwell report to Customer Service? Your daughter Paula misses you very much.

PAULA
Haha, shut up! You're so dumb...

Kevin raises his eyebrow, Paula steels herself.

Max waits. A MANAGER frowns at him while he finishes setting up a display of toaster ovens.

MAX WHITE
It's crowded, give her a sec. So, how goes it? Did Tom Turkey visit your house last night?

Manager slaps a \$4.99 sign on top of the toaster pyramid. A MASS OF PEOPLE charge in Max's direction.

MAX WHITE

Holy sh... Uh, Se-curity? ...

He's engulfed and drops his phone. The call ends.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

PAULA

Max? Max! What was that?!

She puts the phone down, concern creeping on her face.

KEVIN

Don't worry. Back when I was Tommy's age and your dad got his license, he used to sneak her out all the time. She's probably at makeout point with her new man.

PAULA

Be serious for a second. She'd never let this kind of money out of her sight. Should I call the cops?

KEVIN

If you do, don't mention me!

He runs out of the room as if they can see him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin shakes Charles awake. He opens his eyes and panics at the pillow enclosure, knocking it over.

KEVIN

Sarah tell you where she was going?

Charles rubs his temples and thinks.

CHARLES

Huh? Yeah, she went to Manhattan to look at wedding rings with Paul.

Kevin's gaze hangs on Charles for a sad beat.

KEVIN

Oh that's right. Thanks, Pop.

INT. TOMMY'S ROOM - DAY

Kevin knocks and enters to find Tommy playing video games.

KEVIN
Eatsa me, Mahh-rio.

Tommy's CHARACTER immediately dies a gruesome death on his TV screen. He looks up at Kevin with his hands out, pissed.

KEVIN
Gotta sweep the leg! Real quick,
do you know where Mom went today?

He stands, huffs, removes a matchbox car from atop a stack of crayon written Christmas lists and hands one to Kevin.

TOMMY
To buy me stuff. Green is Mommy,
red is Santa, blue is you. Now
leave, you're messing me up.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Tommy's list unspools like a scroll from Kevin's hands - lots of blue. He gulps in acceptance and heads downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Paula nervously taps her hand on the counter as Kevin enters.

PAULA
Can't report a missing person for
two days. I called the hospital.

Kevin's eyes go wide in fright.

PAULA
She's not there.

He sighs in relief.

PAULA
Should we... look for her, or?

KEVIN
Can't. I'm grounded.

PAULA
Thirty two year old men can't be
grounded! I unground you.

KEVIN
Can you do that?
(off her disinterest)
Don't get worked up. She wouldn't
want us to worry. I can think of
twenty things she's probably doing.

PAULA
Name three.

He can't even muster one.

PAULA
You know how she is with that
purse, it's grafted to her arm.

KEVIN
Yesterday you were Miss '*I can't
wait to leave town,*' today you're
whining for mommy.

PAULA
Yeah, when she's unaccounted for.
Did you sneak a drink? Is that why
you don't wanna go out?

KEVIN
I'm on the wagon for good this
time. I kicked the bottle cold
turkey.

He picks up a slice of turkey off the counter, and chomps it.
Flashes it proudly. Possibly believes he's being literal.

PAULA
Riggght. What if you were missing?
You think my mom would just sit on
her ass waiting?

KEVIN
That's just a bad example. She has
a much better track record than me.

PAULA
Mom literally dropped a brick of
cash... Does that sound like her?

Kevin has no argument.

PAULA
What could you possibly have to do
that's so damn important?

KEVIN
Ok! Man. Just let me get a clean
shirt. ... Here, I think I know
what the cash was for.

Kevin hands her Tommy's list and heads for the basement.

Paula lets the list roll out and stares in shock.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Kevin - wearing a clean "B" hoodie - and Paula exit the house. She holds Sarah's phone, her iPad, and Tommy's list.

KEVIN

So we use it like a treasure map?
Maybe you're a smart kid after all.

PAULA

Yeah, took a genius to figure that out. She didn't use GPS, so she musta shopped for him locally.

KEVIN

What about your list?

PAULA

She wouldn't buy a car without me.
... Or else I might end up with a dumb jalopy like this...

Behold, Kevin's ride - a Silver PT CRUISER - the epitome of cool... for 3 days in 2001. Dinged and scratched, it looks like a post-battle Stormtrooper. Kevin slaps the roof.

KEVIN

Jalopy?! This baby made the kettle run in less than twelve parsnips.

PAULA

... Was it making a stew?

KEVIN

Wow. If you don't get that reference, I weep for the youth of America. Now hop shotgun and prep for lightspeed, Chewy.

PAULA

No clue what that means, *Sippy*.

Paula eyes up the "KEVIN 7" LICENSE PLATES.

PAULA

Kevin's one through six still "in the shop?"

She points to a "HARVARD LAW" sticker on the back windshield.

PAULA

Oh and you upgraded to the Ivy League I see.

INT. KEVIN'S CRUISER - DAY

They get in, and buckle up.

KEVIN
It's only for appearances. You
know I didn't go there right?

PAULA
Obviously. You'd never *pass* a bar.

Kevin grins in joke admiration. He flips the sun visor and his keys fall out.

PAULA
Figures you'd be that guy...
(she shivers)
Can you turn on my heated seat?

KEVIN
Don't got em. Overrated feature.
They give me swamp ass.

Paula cranks the heat dial, and zips her coat to her throat.

KEVIN
Look, I know I was gone for a bit,
so you haven't seen the new
additions to the ride... Do me a
favor and turn the other way.

Paula - weirded out - turns her head.

Kevin pulls out a REMOTE CONTROL LIKE CONTRAPTION with a plastic mouthpiece. He places it between his lips and blows with all his might. A BUZZING sound emanates.

Paula turns in horror to see his pained Dizzy Gillespie cheeks at max psi.

There's a successful BEEP and the car starts. Kevin puts the Breathalyzer down in shame.

KEVIN
I'm not proud of that. At least it
proves I'm not drunk, right?

Paula has no words. She's flabbergasted.

KEVIN
Where to first, boss?

PAULA
Might as well go to the source.

KEVIN
Tar-Jay it is.

PAULA
Only stupid people call it that.

KEVIN
(mimicking her)
Only stupid people call it that.

And away we go.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Cruiser passes residential roads - The occasional HOUSE already decorated with Christmas regalia.

The Cruiser turns to a main road, where 5 SKETCHY WORKERS are already propping up a massive Town Christmas Tree.

INT. KEVIN'S CRUISER - DAY

Paula fiddles with the radio dial.

KEVIN
No satellite. I think I still have
your old CDs behind the seat.

Paula reaches back and pulls out a few loose KIDZ BOP CDs.

KEVIN
There you go, that's your favorite.

PAULA
When I was six.

Paula tosses them aside and flicks to a FM station playing Band Aid's "DO THEY KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS?"

They sit in silence for a beat and listen.

PAULA
This is a ridiculous song.

KEVIN
This song's classic! Every singer
from the eighties is on this track!

PAULA
Oh yeah? Who's this singing now?

Kevin ponders. The ceiling LIGHT flicks on almost supernaturally. Kevin punches it and it turns off.

KEVIN
Gotta fix that... This is one of
the Duran Duran's. ... Josh Duran?

The right lane stops - Crawling TRAFFIC. Kevin beeps like
that will suddenly part the cars. They're stuck.

A purple PT CRUISER sidles up next to them. Kevin smiles and
rolls down his window. The other DRIVER rolls down his.

KEVIN
P.

DRIVER
T.

KEVIN
P!

DRIVER
T!!

KEVIN
P-T--

They both lay on their horns and cheer... then nod and roll
their windows back up. He looks over at Paula.

KEVIN
That's the PT Bruiser anthem.
We're a brotherhood.

Paula shakes the cobwebs from her brain. She checks her
phone, then pulls out Sarah's phone, distressed.

KEVIN
She'll call looking for a ride any
minute. Lets just chill, try to
remain positive, and--What the hell
is this clown doing?!!

A filthy blue JETTA creeps up in the left lane attempting to
pull ahead of Kevin - a refreshing site for Paula.

PAULA
It's a Jetta! That's good karma.

She waves him over, but Kevin shoves her hand down and drives
forward. The Jetta stops. Kevin blocks him. Paula looks at
the driver apologetic, then at Kevin, incredulous.

INT. JETTA - MEANWHILE

Behind the wheel sits ROB, 26, a slim cross-fit enthusiast, with a style best described as "grease monkey chic." Beside him his spicy, determined Latina co-pilot, ALEXIS, 23, slumps. They ain't got time for this shit.

ALEXIS

(New York accent)

What? What's your problem now?

ROB

I'm just nervous she'll get out.

ALEXIS

She's fine. I put her in the cage.
Focus on the task. I'm not letting
anyone else get in my way today.

ROB

Kinda hard to focus when we're so
behind schedule. What's our plan?

ALEXIS

We're almost done! Everything will
be worth it in the end. Trust me.
Don't miss the turn, Rob!

ROB

Alexis, for God's sake, I'm trying!
This shitbox won't let me over.

INTERCUT - KEVIN'S CRUISER

Kevin pretends not to see Alexis pointing at him.

PAULA

Aren't you supposed to let them in?
He's trying to turn down there.

Paula points to WEST AVENUE, right off the main road.

KEVIN

I let them in, we miss the light.
The turtle doesn't beat the rabbit
in the real world. That's a lesson
of the road. What do you care
about more? Your mom or karma?

PAULA

We're not *that* far from Target.

KEVIN

Nevertheless, you gotta assert your
road dominance and put your
blinders on.

ALEXIS

I know you can see us, asshole!

Alexis's phone BUZZES, she peeks at the caller then silences
it. Rob looks down at her phone.

ROB

Your stepdad? He knows!

ALEXIS

Stop bitching! He's confirming the
pickup for Monday. Everything is
going according to--Inch up!

Kevin doesn't allow it. Alexis punches the horn.

Paula lifts her hand, but Kevin pushes it down again.

ALEXIS

I don't have time for this.

She rolls down the window, yells at Kevin.

ALEXIS

Ay! We got places to be here,
Jackass. Let us in!

Rob puts his head on the wheel, overwhelmed.

ROB

What the hell are we doing? Black
Friday. Of all days... Why?

ALEXIS

Man up. You asked for this.

The game of inches won't end. Rob rolls up, Kevin counters.
The light turns green, but Rob remains in place. Cars BEEP.

INT. KEVIN'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Paula yanks the e-brake bringing the car to a jarring halt.
She waves Rob and Alexis in.

Rob whips the Jetta in front of Kevin and turns down West Ave
just as the light turns red.

Rob gives a meek thank you wave. Alexis flips them off.

KEVIN

And there's your gratitude! You never pull an e-brake unless you're doing a sick donut! Man. You have a lot to learn about driving, kid.

They sit for a silent beat, waiting for the light.

KEVIN

D'you hear the voice on her?
Jackass, let us in! ... Poor guy.

PAULA

That looked just like Tiffy's car.

KEVIN

I woulda let the Sex Machine in.

PAULA

Sax!

The light turns green and Kevin slams on the gas towards--

EXT. TARGET - PARKING LOT - DAY

Bumper to bumper madness. From the look of the packed lot, it's "National Park Like an Asshole" Day.

INT. KEVIN'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Not a spot in sight - the front entrance gets further away.

PAULA

I can't believe this is my mom's favorite "holiday." What are you--

Kevin pulls into a Handicap spot at the top of the lot.

He reaches into his glovebox, pulls out a BLUE HANDICAP PLACARD and hangs it from his rearview mirror.

KEVIN

Gift from my friend, Ernie. Save the outraged speech for later.

EXT. TARGET - PARKING LOT - DAY

A LINE of anxious WOMEN, miserable MEN and rowdy KIDS wait. One YOUNG GIRL leapfrogs a giant stone RED BALL to deal with her boredom.

Kevin and Paula head right for the door, but are stopped by a brick shithouse, OFFICER GLEN ABEL, 42.

OFFICER ABEL

Sorry, they're at max capacity
until the "door buster" sale ends.

(he looks up)

Ah jeez, Stanley? I don't have
patience for you today.

PAULA

He knows you? Naturally...

OFFICER ABEL

You probably read the ad wrong,
there's a sale on scotch tape.
Get behind the red ball and wait
like everyone else.

PAULA

It's ok, my mother's in there.

OFFICER ABEL

A lot of mothers are in there!

He turns to reveal FINGERNAIL SCRAPES across his cheek.

KEVIN

Look, Abel, my sister's missing.
We just wanna ask around.

OFFICER ABEL

Sounds like another Kevin Stanley
tall tale. Like the time you told
me Michael Jackson came over to
your house to use the bathroom.

Kevin and Paula are stumped.

KEVIN

Wasn't that Chunk from the Goonies?

OFFICER ABEL

Maybe... I'm frazzled. All chubby
bullshit artists are the same.

KEVIN

Chubby?

PAULA

We called the precinct but they
said we had to wait two days.

OFFICER ABEL

Hey, I don't make the rules I just
enforce em.

While Abel talks to Paula, Kevin tries to sneak in.

OFFICER ABEL

So help me God, I will enforce em.
(he reaches for his belt)
We've got every badge working the
crowds today. I know your mom from
bowling, so I'll keep my eye out.
If she turns up, we have Unky Kev's
number on file. Believe me.

PAULA

But it's not like her to--

OFFICER ABEL

Listen kid, women aren't themselves
on Black Friday. Don't get upset.
Outside of a shoplifter here and
there, nothing bad ever happens,
it's media fear mongering. People
are civilized--Hey! Drop it! Now!

Abel runs to break up two MOMS playing tug-o-war with a
purchased PRINCESS DOLL. The LOSER bops him with her purse.

Kevin and Paula head to the car. Something catches Paula's
eye. A small store on the other side of the lot called
"UNDER-COVER COMICS." She points in that direction.

KEVIN

(nervously)
Nah, she didn't go there.

PAULA

All Tommy asked for were comic
toys, might as well check it out.

KEVIN

They don't carry toys. I was in
there last week. Place sucks.

PAULA

We're right here, why wouldn't we--

KEVIN

She didn't go there!

Kevin gets in the Cruiser and slams the door. Paula throws
her hands up in defeat and gets in.

INT. KEVIN'S CRUISER - DAY

Paula reads down Tommy's list. Kevin "scratches" his nose.

PAULA
Well, Nostrildamus, this entire list is comic related, outside of an iPod, a skateboard, and whatever the heck... Mo-jol-nir is.

KEVIN
Mjöltnir? That's Thor's hammer.

PAULA
Thor named his hammer?

KEVIN
Every guy names his hammer.

Paula shrugs. Kevin smirks.

PAULA
Wait, how do you pronounce it?

KEVIN
Thuh-Oar-Ss Hah-murrr.

She rolls her eyes, allows a smile and turns on the radio.

RADIO
*And there won't be snow in Af-rica
this Christmas time...*

PAULA
No shit! What a stupid song.

She turns it off. Looks up at Kevin, still scratching.

PAULA
Ya know, that's pretty disgusting.

He's knuckle deep, but pulls out. Checks his nail.

KEVIN
Come to think of it, your mom said something about nails. Maybe she thought Tommy *literally* wanted a hammer. Home Depot next?

PAULA
What? She wouldn't buy him nails, she's not an idiot... ugh, but you are. I know where she went.

EXT. DANG BEAUTY - LATER

Kevin parks the Cruiser in front of a dumpy nail salon with a bright red neon "MANICURE" sign in the window.

INT. KEVIN'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Paula shakes her head and opens her door.

KEVIN
I'll check in at home. Remember,
no time to get your nails did.

PAULA
No worries, you seen my mom's?
This place does a shitty job.

Paula exits and walks to the door. She swings it open and slams it behind her. The 'IC' in the neon sign flickers leaving only "**MAN__URE**," lit up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEANWHILE

The house phone RINGS a couple times with no answer.

Charles rushes into the room - as fast as he can "rush." He hunches over and tries to catch his breath before looking back at the unseen threat and picking the pace back up.

CHARLES
Oh my God! Oh No. Help me!

Terrified, he weaves around cushions and stops to pick his legs over a multi-colored LEGO city of various heights below.

CHARLES
Please have mercy! Ah, Godzeera!

Tommy appears behind him wearing GREEN HULK HANDS.

TOMMY
Grandpa! I'm not Godzilla!

Tommy stands tall and ROARS above the Lego city.

TOMMY
Smaaaaaaaashhhhh!

He punches the Legos to smithereens. Charles steps on one and collapses on the couch just as the phone stops ringing.

CHARLES
Ow, dammit! Time out! Time out!

INT. DANG BEAUTY - DAY

Kevin enters to see Paula talking to MS. DANG - an attractive Asian woman filing her tacky animal print nails.

PAULA
Mom was here when they opened. She
was heading for the mall.

Kevin puts his hand on his forehead and lets out a sigh.

KEVIN
Ah. The mall... on Black Friday...

Ms. Dang grabs Kevin's hand and inspects it.

MS. DANG
Your hands! They're so soft and
elegant. I must photograph them!

PAULA
That's what never pulling a hard
day's work will do for ya.

KEVIN
(relishing the attention)
My line of work calls for my hand
to be covered at all times, so--

Paula tugs Kevin's arm and drags him towards the door as Ms.
Dang reaches for Kevin.

MS. DANG
Stay! I give you free mani pedi.

INT. KEVIN'S CRUISER - DAY

On to the next one. Paula checks the phones to no avail.
Kevin inspects his soft hands with a new confidence.

KEVIN
(Sean Connery)
Misch Mani Pedi...

PAULA
I don't know who that is!

KEVIN
Bond? James Bond. Come on!

PAULA
Oh... Don't quit your fake job.

KEVIN
Pff, we can't all be pro softball
players like you, Wild Thing.

PAULA
I'm not even playing this year.

Kevin looks at her with genuine concern.

KEVIN

What? Why not? Since when?

PAULA

Can't make a living in softball.

KEVIN

"Make a living" ... You're a kid.
Stop worrying about crap like that.

PAULA

No I'm not, and you shouldn't
exactly be giving life advice.

KEVIN

But that's our thing. We had great
times throwing the ball around.

She points to an entrance for the Mall. Kevin turns in.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Here's a shocker, there's a lot of friggin cars.

PAULA

You only liked softball because it
"paired nicely" with beer. It's no
wonder I'm wild, I learned to pitch
from a guy with double vision.

Kevin circles the lot, not a spot to be found.

KEVIN

I mean, you gotta do something.
Boredom leads to whoredom.

PAULA

Did you just call me a whore?

KEVIN

Just saying! It's good to be goal
oriental, but you need a hobby.

Paula rolls her eyes.

KEVIN

I have goals! It's just that most
of them have goalies. You're
young, the world is your oyster.

PAULA

Yeah well, I don't like oysters.
They taste like snot.

Kevin can't win. He's getting frustrated.

KEVIN

I'm not as pathetic as you think I
am. I did well for a while. I
traveled the country with Patty...
(sad beat)
... I still have liquid assets...

Paula goes to speak, but Kevin cuts her off.

KEVIN

Not booze! Valuables! Some
stocks. I have a few Bonds...
rookie cards. When he was skinny
on Pittsburgh. Those still fetch a
few bucks on Craigslist if they're
mint. I mean, mine aren't, but...

PAULA

Sounds like one hell of a nestegg.
Don't forget me in your will!

Kevin stops behind a car waiting to park.

KEVIN

I'm in a transition. I'll
improvise something soon, I always
do. Honest, I'm trying. Cut me a
little slack for once, will ya?

She gets out of the car and heads for the Mall entrance.

PAULA

How bout giving me a reason to?

Kevin throws the Cruiser in park, jumps out.

KEVIN

Paula, wait! No splitting up!

BEEP! Kevin ignores it. BEEEEEEEEEP! Kevin looks behind him
to see a fat BOOTLEG SANTA CLAUS with a white beard in a
rusted up Cadillac trying to pass.

KEVIN

Relax buddy, you're way early.

BOOTLEG SANTA CLAUS

I'm late for a job interview!

KEVIN

Oh. Don't worry, you're a shoe in.

BOOTLEG SANTA CLAUS

I'm gonna put my *shoe in* your ass
if you don't move!

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Pause. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Pause.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEP!

KEVIN

Did you just beep Jingle Bells?!

BOOTLEG SANTA CLAUS

Move!

KEVIN

Aight! Keep your damn beard on!

Kevin takes one last look at Paula entering the mall, and gets back in the car. He pulls aside to let Santa pass.

Santa points to his eyes, then to Kevin.

KEVIN

Ahh, bah humbug!

INT. KEVIN'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

No spots in sight, Kevin drives towards BINGO'S - a chain restaurant island amidst a sea of pavement.

He parks in a handicap spot with a wry smile, gets out--

EXT. BINGO'S - DAY

--next to a beat up BUICK, and shakes his head. He looks at the sign and enters like he's going for a serious diagnosis.

INT. BINGO'S - DAY

A gritty reboot of your neighborhood Applebee's, with only sporadic, uncoordinated wall decor.

Kevin lurches towards a tiny stage with an old mic stand and stool - an "OPEN MIC MONDAYS" sign faded on the wall behind it. He fingers a dust trail across it.

We see the same newspaper clipping from Paula's bedroom hanging on another wall. It's a softball pic of her with the headline "Freshman Pheonom Slams Danbury." Kevin smiles.

He takes notice of the sun baked square on the wall where another photo must have hung for years and frowns.

A Hostess, CAT, 24 - meh, maybe after a few - approaches.

CAT

KEVIN!

Kevin turns as she nearly hugs the life out of him.

KEVIN

Ugh. Alright, alright. Calm down,
the mom from Home Alone.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

The proctological son has returned!

A sharp dressed black dude behind a long bar, WOOD, 32, points with both hands and smiles.

KEVIN

Wood! How's my favorite bartender?

WOOD

Iono, I'm a Mixologist, now.

KEVIN

What the hell's the difference?

WOOD

Bout seven bucks an hour plus tips.

Kevin slaps Wood five - actually looking cool doing so.

A blue collar slob, ERNIE, 51, slumps over drunk on the bar looking like Kevin's ghost of Christmas future.

KEVIN

Ern! Still on disability I see.

WOOD

Dirtbag's name is Ern and he ain't
earn a dollar in years.

Ernie holds up an absolutely MANGLED HAND.

ERNIE

Oh, I earned it, alright.

Kevin, Wood, and Cat all cringe at the sight.

WOOD

Believe they got me workin' on my
peoples' holiday?

KEVIN
 (impersonating Wood)
Ain't that some shit?!

Kevin has a seat at the bar and takes his old world in.

KEVIN
 Whole gang's here. Where's Walrus?

Cat, Wood, and Ernie exchange sad glances.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Paula approaches a male SALESMAN wearing a skin tight... blouse? She holds up her iPad with a photo of Sarah on it.

PAULA
 Have you seen this woman?

The Salesman flamboyantly holds his hands out in display.

SALESMAN
 Have you seen these sales?!?!?!?

Paula backs out of the store in awkward discomfort.

INT. APPLE STORE - DAY

SHEEPLE packed like sardines - She holds the photo up to an APPLE GENIUS wearing a lanyard.

He grabs the iPad out of her hand and starts poking it.

PAULA
 No, my iPad works fine. My mother--

APPLE GENIUS
 The motherboard? Nah. You do have some serious lag here though.

PAULA
 Who cares? My mom, she's miss--

APPLE GENIUS
 Good thing you're here today, it's our annual two percent off sale.

Paula yanks the iPad back from the Genius.

PAULA
 Forget it, idiot!

APPLE GENIUS
 I'll have you know I am a genius!

Paula stomps out. Genius sniffs, and grabs his CO-WORKER.

APPLE GENIUS
I... am a genius, right?

The Co-Worker nods and they hug in affirmation.

INT. LINGERIE SHOP - DAY

A creepy, inexplicably MALE CLERK inspects Sarah's pic for way too long. He bounces his eyebrow with a half smile.

CLERK
Damn. You got any vacation pics?

INT. BINGO'S - MEANWHILE

Everyone's down in the dumps. Ernie sips his drink.

WOOD
Walter's liver crapped out. Last I heard Russ moved down to Florida.

ERNIE
Here one day, gone the next.

Wood pours four shots of WHISKEY and passes them out.

KEVIN
I can't man. I'm in recovery.

WOOD
It's to honor an old friend.

KEVIN
Who *died* because of alcohol.

WOOD
Yeah? And? He loved you, brother.

KEVIN
Can't I just pour one out for a dead homey?

WOOD
Then I gonna clean that shit up?

Kevin looks at the shot like he wants it. Needs it.

KEVIN
... I can't. I promised my sister.

WOOD

Nah nah man, we get it. Ain't seen
you in months. Come here, don't
even mention your outstanding tab,
and disrespect Walter...

CAT

You've changed.

ERNIE

Sell-out.

WOOD

Now you know why we took that photo
of you and Patty off the wall.

Trigger word - Kevin lifts the glass and downs it in a pained
gulp. He shoots all of their shots too without asking.

KEVIN

Ahhhhhhhh, crap.

INT. CANDLE SHOP - MEANWHILE

The WORKER at the register nods her head to Paula.

PAULA

She was here at noon? How? It's
only 11:45 now.

WORKER

What?! Really?! I'm here til 10!

She runs into the backroom in hysterics.

INT. MALL - DAY

Paula slams hard into a FRANTIC MOTHER. They each need a
second before collecting themselves.

PAULA

Have you--

FRANTIC MOTHER

--seen my son, Marco?!

Paula sees the fear in her eyes. She can only shake no to
Frantic Mother's disappointment, as she runs off in search.

FRANTIC MOTHER

Marco! Marco!? Marco!

A pack of TEENS follow her.

PUNK TEEN

Polo!

DOUCHE TEEN

Polo!

They fist pound each other and laugh.

INT. BINGO'S - MEANWHILE

Kevin paces back and forth.

Wood hands him a glass. Kevin chugs it. He smacks his tongue to the roof of his mouth.

KEVIN
Was there vodka in there?

WOOD
... You asked for a Red Bull.

KEVIN
Straight!

WOOD
People drink it like that?

KEVIN
Shit! Cat, coffee! Eight sugars!

Panicked beat, Cat hands him a mug. Kevin takes a sip.

KEVIN
I said eight sug--This is Irish...

WOOD
That was Patty's favorite drink.

Kevin storms towards the door. He pushes instead of pulls a few times, then jumps outside. Wood and Cat watch.

CAT
I hate seeing him leave, but I love watching dat ass though.

WOOD
What the--

She realizes what she said, and scuttles away, embarrassed.

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

Paula bypasses a long register line of angry SHOPPERS.

SHOPPERS
Yoooo!/Cutter!/Backada line, Sally!

An exhausted, blasé school friend, TINA, 15, stocks a shelf.

PAULA
Tina! You work here?

TINA
Sadly. My *dad* made me get a job.
You workin yet?

PAULA
Ew, no.

TINA
Oh... lucky you. Must be nice.

PAULA
I'm looking for my mom. My brother
wanted some superhero toys.
Figured she may have popped in.

She shows Tina the photo of Sarah.

TINA
Haven't seen her. Tell her we're
blown out. People tell me the
Comic store by Target has tons.

Paula sighs deep, shakes her head, exits--

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

--and heads down a packed escalator.

Frantic Mother pushes up through people on the other side.

FRANTIC MOTHER
Marco?!

KEVIN (O.S.)
Polo!

FRANTIC MOTHER
Please stop! This is serious!

Kevin ascends past Paula as she descends. He points at her.

KEVIN
Fish out of water!

Kevin hurdles the median, pushing some SHOPPERS back in the
process. He chomps a massive wad of gum to Paula's disgust.

Before stepping off, Paula looks up to see Frantic Mother
grab and embrace her small SON. Paula smiles, then realizes
her predicament and lets it fade. They head for the exit.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Kevin seeps nervous energy. They head back towards Bingo's. Kevin spits out a baseball sized wad and attempts to kick it in one motion. He misses.

PAULA

We gotta head back to Target.

KEVIN

Yeah, sure. Makes sense. Great idea, Paula. Such a smart kid.

PAULA

Ok, what's wrong with you?

KEVIN

Why's something gotta be wrong? I can't enjoy a little alone time with my Goddaughter?

PAULA

Under these circumstances? No.

KEVIN

How long have I known you, Paula?

PAULA

... Since I was born?

KEVIN

Exactly. I was in the room. Well, not *during* it all, but I was there. I remember everything. I held you. You grabbed my finger.

PAULA

Probably told me to, then farted...

KEVIN

Did not! I *did* promise I'd always be there for you. Just know that.

PAULA

Are you dying? Did you crap out a vital organ or something?

KEVIN

No, I just don't say it enough. I'm crushed you and I hit a rough patch. I take full responsibility.

PAULA

... I've been hard on you, huh?

Kevin shrugs, pretends to brush it off.

EXT. BINGO'S - CONTINUOUS

They reach the Cruiser. Kevin unlocks the doors.

PAULA

I guess I see you now and think
about how great everything used to
be. You and Pat... sorry. You
didn't exactly step up to the plate
when dad died. Now my mom--

Paula looks up at Bingo's - it hits her.

Kevin gets in the car. Paula stands beside the open door.

PAULA

How much did you have?!

Kevin holds up the Breathalyzer, grits his teeth in guilt.

KEVIN

Not that much! About a shottle.

PAULA

What the hell is a shottle?

KEVIN

Between a shot... and a bottle.

Paula's eyes turn to saucers, her face deep red.

KEVIN

I met some old friends! I wasn't
gonna do it, but the Walrus died.
They peer pressured me!

PAULA

A walrus died? That's your excuse?

KEVIN

Walter died! Russell was his
husband. They were singers--

PAULA

I don't care! You broke another
promise! That's why I'm hard on
you! I haven't liked you since you
pulled your arm out of Patty's ass--

KEVIN

Hey! You can rip me, but leave him
out of this. He loved you.

PAULA
What the hell are we gonna do now?!

KEVIN
Forgive the following words but...
I just need you to blow on this.
(off her shock)
It senses any trace. If I do it,
it'll shut down for a half hour.

Paula slams the door in his face.

EXT. BINGO'S - DAY

She stomps away and takes out her phone. Kevin jumps out.

KEVIN
I'm not drunk, I swear!

PAULA
How many fingers am I holding up?

Paula flips him off - tears welling in her eyes.

KEVIN
What are you gonna do, call Uber?

PAULA
You don't even know what that is!

KEVIN
It's a bus! I figured it out from
context!

Kevin runs and cuts Paula off. She tries to escape him.

PAULA
I wish you were missing so I could
just go home and not give a shit!

Kevin stops, crushed. He lets Paula stomp towards the mall.

KEVIN
Wait! I think I have an idea!

INT. ~~KEVIN'S~~ PAULA'S CRUISER - DAY

Kevin sits Chewy as Paula nervously adjusts the mirrors.

PAULA
I don't even have my permit on me.
What if I cause an accident?

KEVIN

What are the chances of that?
Pretend you're in the Sex Machine.
... That did not sound good...
Your dad taught me to drive. It's
time for me to return the favor.

PAULA

On the busiest day of the year?!

KEVIN

You'll be fine. I believe in you.

Paula seethes. She grips the wheel til her knuckles turn white, but can't bring herself to go.

KEVIN

All you talk about is "your" car.
You're gonna have to drive "your"
car at some point, right? You've
had "your" permit for five months.

PAULA

Eight! You don't know my birthday?

KEVIN

Eight months?! You should be Mario
friggin' Andretti by now.

PAULA

Who?

KEVIN

It doesn't matter. This is your
time! You got this. Put up or--

PAULA

Shut up! Shut the hell up!

KEVIN

Exactly. There ya go!

She stares forward. They both hyperventilate.

KEVIN

Drive to the next stop. I'll be
good to go by then. We'll find mom
and act like this never happened.

PAULA

You're not getting off that easy.

Kevin knows. He hands Paula the Breathalyzer. She looks at it like she's about to smoke her first joint.

Kevin turns as the buzzing sound ROARS from young lungs.

EXT. BINGO'S - CONTINUOUS

The Cruiser sputters as it backs up. Slow, then fast. Then a jarred stop. The back tire rolls up a small curb.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Paula's scared shitless.

KEVIN

Jeez, are you drunk? ... Bad joke.
I know! Your tunes will relax ya.

Kevin inserts Kidz Bop - KIDS sing KELLY CLARKSON.

KIDZ BOP

*Here's the thing, we started out
friends. It was cool but it was
all pretend, yeah yeah, since
you've been gone--*

Paula slams the eject button - the radio kicks in.

RADIO (BONO)

*Well, tonight thank God it's them,
instead of youuuuuuu--*

PAULA

That's such a mean lyric!

Paula screams and turns the radio off. She yanks the car into drive, and we're off... smack into--

EXT. TOWN STREETS - DAY

--Black Friday traffic. God bless Amazon Prime.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Paula has a ten and five deathgrip on the wheel, her chin practically resting on top like an elderly woman.

KEVIN

Get in that lane. It's moving.

Paula flicks the blinker and slowly merges cutting off a VAN, which BEEPS at her. She screams in fear.

KEVIN

Screw her. Assert your dominance.

PAULA
Stop helping!

Paula slams the brakes. Kevin's head jars forward.

KEVIN
Ease up, led foot. Just try to
stay in the flow of traffic.

PAULA
If. You. Say. Onemoreword!

Paula gets to West Avenue, and waves a car in. Kevin wants to say something but bites his tongue. They miss the light before TARGET again. He gives her a thumbs up.

EXT. TARGET - PARKING LOT - DAY

It has died down from earlier - so from 1000 cars to 987.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Paula slowly weaves up and down the aisles towards the back group of stores that houses Under-cover Comics.

KEVIN
Back to the scene of the crime.

PAULA
Jesus... She could be dead! Why
would you say that?

KEVIN
Whoaaa! It's just an expression.
That's pretty damn morbid, Paula!

Target gets further and further away. Kevin notices.

KEVIN
We catching a shuttle to Tar-jay?

PAULA
We're not going there.

Under-cover Comics gets closer and closer. Kevin clams up.

KEVIN
No, come on! They don't sell toys.

PAULA
That's all they sell!

Paula turns down the aisle in front of Under-cover Comics, then SLAMS on the brakes.

Kevin's face bounces off the dash. He Chewbacca GROANS - like a wounded animal gargling water.

PAULA
Mom's car!

There it is - Sarah's little RED SEDAN parked right in front of Under-cover Comics. And as luck would have it, there's an open handicap spot right next to it.

Paula pulls in cockeyed. She covers the lines, giving Kevin an inch to squeeze out. He hits Sarah's car with the door.

EXT. UNDER-COVER COMICS - DAY

Paula and Kevin inspect the car. BAGS line the back seat.

KEVIN
No sign of forced entry. Only one
small ding on driver's side door.

Kevin's eyes dart back and forth. No one saw.

Paula turns her attention to two CAMERAS hanging over the painted doors which read, "The Action Starts Here!"

PAULA
Why would a comic shop need
surveillance?

KEVIN
Gonna hit the coffee spot across
the street. Stomach's bubblin.

PAULA
Nuh-uh, c'mon. The only diarrhea
you have is verbal. Let's go!

Paula grabs Kevin's arm. He gives up and they enter--

INT. UNDER-COVER COMICS - DAY

A dingy little firetrap - Books tossed in every crevice with no real order - but in fairness, it's well stocked with TOYS.

Behind a fingerprint mosaiced glass counter stands MIKEY "GREEN" ADAMO, sleaze personified. A real Soprano in the true sense of the word - face of 40, voice of 14.

GREEN
Ohhh, Look what the fat dragged in.
Mr. "Pay You Next Friday." Or
should I say "See You Next
Tuesday?"

Green smiles, and seeks approval from no one in particular.

PAULA

Great. How do you know this guy?

KEVIN

... He's my bookie.

GREEN

You got my scharole?

KEVIN

You got a translator?

GREEN

This little lady payin' me?

KEVIN

Leave her out of this, Green.

She shoves Kevin back.

PAULA

Go wait in the corner.

GREEN

Yeah! Don't touch nuttin.

PAULA

Hi. I'm sure my Uncle owes you--

GREEN

Two dousand, tree hundred.

PAULA

(to Kevin)

What's the matter with you?!

She breathes out - centers herself.

PAULA

He'll pay back every cent, but for now, please, all I need to know is if you've seen this woman.

She holds up the iPad with Sarah's pic.

Green slips on Grandma specs and squints at the screen.

GREEN

Oh yeahhhh. Came in about a month ago and settled Moochie's debts. Bought some Hulksta hands for Halloween.

Paula closes her eyes hard, and turns to Kevin.

PAULA
Is that what the money was for?

GREEN
Nice broad. Great keister...
Didn't respond to my advances.

KEVIN
You're talkin about my family!

GREEN
(to Paula)
Ey-o, can't spell "family" wit out
"milf," ami right?

PAULA
Ew. I'm a girl ... and that's my
mom! Her car's outside. She
wasn't here this morning?

GREEN
Ah, so she's the one's been
blockin' my customers!

PAULA
What customers?

Kevin holds up a Mjölnir toy and checks the pricetag - damn!

GREEN
Ey! Put that down!

Green holds up a FOAM SWORD in a threatening manner. Kevin
drops Mjölnir. Paula is so over this bullshit.

PAULA
I have nothing to do with him. I'm
begging you. Can I see today's
camera footage?
(she tents her hands)
I'll work for you til the money is
paid back. Field bets, Windex this
disgusting counter, whatever.

Green scratches his head with the sword. He gives in. Nods.

GREEN
... Sicka bein' the nice guy!

He heads to the backroom. Paula refuses to even look in
Kevin's direction as he leans on the counter beside her.

Green comes back out holding a LAPTOP. He puts it down for them to see, but not before snarling at Kevin.

He hits play and we see BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO of the inside of the store. A static shot until Green bursts over the counter wearing a SPIDERMAN MASK. He dances around and pantomimes shooting webs everywhere - so damn awkward.

GREEN

... You wanted the ex... teriors...

He pops a DISC out and tosses it on the floor - Goes to the backroom. Paula and Kevin each hide smiles. Green reemerges, notices. He slides in a disc and fast forwards.

GREEN

... Look, this place is a sham, but I been tryin to bond with the nerds who buy books, Ok? I ain't gotta explain myself to you!

PAULA

There! Stop!

ON THE SCREEN - Sarah parks. She gets out with her purse, and blows on her nails. She leans on her car, checking her phone and lights up a cigarette.

PAULA

Since when does Mom smoke?!

KEVIN

Disgusting habit.

As if she heard, Sarah flicks it away as a sparkling clean BLUE JETTA pulls up and parks in the handicap spot.

Rob and Alexis get out and greet Sarah.

KEVIN

That guy looks familiar. Enhance!

Paula squints - clearly she knows him too.

GREEN

I know that kid. He's one of Calypso's car guys. Souped up my Nissan for six g's under sticker.

Paula grabs Kevin's arm in excitement.

PAULA

She's car shopping!

KEVIN

That's what the money was for! The ditz is test driving and doesn't even realize she dropped her bag.

PAULA

And that's the Jetta from this morning! What'd I say about karma?

She's ecstatic, but the happiness quickly fades.

PAULA

... But if that's the same car, she couldn't have bought it.

KEVIN

Hey, moral of the story is she's looking. Just act surprised.

Kevin puts his arm around Paula - she allows it. They watch the VIDEO FOOTAGE on the SCREEN. We zoom in towards--

EXT. UNDER-COVER COMICS - FLASHBACK

Sarah inspects the car. Alexis watches her every move.

SARAH

Guess it *is* my lucky day. This is the car she wants. Why so cheap?

ALEXIS

You ask a lot of questions, huh?

Rob and Alexis confer in silence.

ROB

Inventory overflow. Special Black Friday price. Next year's models are about to arrive.

Sarah nods, notices the lack of license plates. Points.

SARAH

You could get a ticket for that.

ROB

We're a certified used car dealer.

SARAH

Who does cash deals through craigslist? Can I see the car fox?

Alexis is already fed up.

ALEXIS
We don't have all day.

SARAH
Sorry. Just let me check inside.

Rob gets in the driver's seat, Sarah passenger.

INT. JETTA - FLASHBACK

Sarah pokes around.

ROB
All the bells and whistles.
Perfectly setup for a teenage girl.

Sarah flips the sun visor and freezes at the sight of a GOLD SAXOPHONE PIN.

ALEXIS
(from outside)
Come on Lady, you're not gonna beat
five K! Pull the trigger.

ROB
Don't let her pressure you.
(to Alexis; hushed)
Can I sell the damn car, please?

SARAH
... Did you say this had satellite?

Rob cranks the radio. A SMOOTH JAZZ version of "Do They Know It's Christmas" plays. Sarah can't blink. She gets out.

ALEXIS
We won't have this tomorrow. You
wanted the deal, there it is.

Sarah peers across the lot towards Office Abel at Target.

SARAH
Changed my mind. No thank you.

Sarah starts to speedwalk towards Target. Alexis smells a rat, grabs her shoulder.

ALEXIS
Where you goin? You owe me money.
Pay up and take the damn car.

Sarah tries to run, but Alexis puts her in a head lock.

SARAH
 ... This. This is the Sex Machine.
 You stole it--Police! Help!

Sarah digs for her phone, but Alexis smacks it out of her hand, knocking the purse to the ground in the process.

ROB
 Lex! What're you doing?

ALEXIS
 She's a narc!

SARAH
 Citizen's arrest! Hel--

Alexis overpowers Sarah - decks her hard in the face.

Sarah buckles against the car and fades.

Alexis looks across the lot and spots Officer Abel still at his perch, none the wiser. She rips open the back door and throws Sarah in, gets in herself and holds Sarah down.

Rob YELPS and zooms off leaving the purse behind.

INT. UNDER-COVER COMICS - BACK TO PRESENT

Kevin and Paula watch in horror.

	PAULA		KEVIN
Mom!		Sarah!	

GREEN
 Ma-doan! Karma's a bitch...

PAULA
 OhmyGodohmyGod. Oh my God! We
 need to go to the police!

Kevin reaches for the laptop but Green pulls back.

KEVIN
 Gimmie the disc, dick!

GREEN
 Gimmie my money.

PAULA
 My mom got kidnapped!

GREEN
 And I'm sorry bout that. I'm sure
 she's worth twenty tree hundge.

KEVIN

Slimy piece of... Write em a check.

PAULA

I don't have a checking account.

(realization)

You don't have a checking account?!

Kevin lunges for the disc, and grabs it. Green keeps a firm hold on his half. They both struggle to yank it loose, until the disc SNAPS in half like a wishbone. Green "wins."

Paula CRIES out as she watches little flecks of sparkling disc fall to the floor.

Green drops his tough guy exterior as Kevin's about to hop the counter - rage building.

GREEN

Wait! Stop! I'll get the tape.

He runs to the backroom.

KEVIN

Tape? Now we gotta find a VCR?!

Green emerges with a roll of DUCT TAPE. He tries to tape the disc back together to no avail.

PAULA

How are you not digital?!

Kevin shoves Green to the ground. Green covers his face like the wuss he is, waiting for the blow that doesn't come.

Paula and Kevin run to the exit. Kevin grabs a Mjölnir toy.

KEVIN

I'm taking this!

EXT. UNDER-COVER COMICS - CONTINUOUS

Kevin SCREAMS in anguish like Thor summoning lightning.

Paula gasps for air. She keels over like she's about to vomit, tears streaming.

PAULA

This is all your fault!

KEVIN

Me?! She was buying you a car.

PAULA
I warned her taking you in was a
bad idea, you put your taint on
everything!

KEVIN
That was *one time*, and it was a
joke!

They keep their distance. Paula whimpers.

PAULA
We don't even have any proof to
call the cops with.

Kevin peers towards Target - Officer Abel no longer guarding
the door, just people going in and out like an assembly line.

KEVIN
Gimmie your iPad.

PAULA
No!

KEVIN
If she set that meeting up online.
I can track them.
(heroically)
I can find anything on craigslist!

INT. CRUISER - LATER

Kevin slams the iPad down.

KEVIN
... I can't find anything on
craigslist.

Paula picks the PINK PHONE up from the Cruiser's cup holder.

PAULA
Mom would know what to do...

Kevin grabs the phone out of Paula's grip, and points to the
screen - *1 outgoing call*.

He whips out his phone, copies the number in to the keypad,
and motions for Paula to shush.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Leave one. Don't text me.

PAULA
What are you doing?

KEVIN
Improvising. Pick up, dammit.

Paula perks up. Kevin dials again.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Leave one. Don't text me.

They're discouraged - but one more try can't hurt.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (ALEXIS) answers.

ALEXIS (O.S.)
What do you want?!

Kevin and Paula flinch back. Paula motions for him to speak.

PAULA
(whisper)
Don't do a stupid voice.

Naturally, he does - A WISEGUY ACCENT. Paula can't watch.

KEVIN
Ohh! How are ya? This is...
Patty. I'm a frienda that little
comic sellin' bastid Mikey Adamo...

INT. CAR GARAGE - DAY

An automotive playground so sparkling clean, you'd ask a car to wipe its tires before entering. Piles of stripped car parts lay organized, and ready to ship.

Despite ample space, only a tiny SMARTCAR, a white MUSTANG, and the Jetta remain fully intact.

Alexis paces the floor with a phone to her ear.

ALEXIS
Mikey who?

INT. SMALL CONNECTING OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Rob stands before a window with blinds drawn counting cash inside of a lockbox. He slams it down in frustration beside a pile of license plates - "SXMCHNE" right on top.

Sarah sits cross-legged in a large dog cage - eye red, hands tied, with a ballgag in her mouth. Rob looks down on her, sympathetic, guilty.

ROB
Ah man, that can't be comfortable.

He motions for her to keep quiet, unlocks the cage, lets her out, removes her gag and holds up a water bottle fit for a dog. Sarah hesitates, then laps drops from the straw. She and Rob seem oddly comfortable with each other.

SARAH

Ugh, why do you even have that?

ROB

It was a Christmas gift for.. some questions are best left unanswered.

Sarah is grossed out, she swishes water in her mouth, spits.

SARAH

Did you find the money?

ROB

We went back. Someone beat us.

SARAH

How long are you keeping me here?

Rob considers. Does he even know?

ROB

If it were up to me, you'd be gone by now.

SARAH

Why isn't it up to you? Let me go.

Rob doesn't speak. He hesitates. Peeks through the blinds.

SARAH

It's her, isn't it? Your heart isn't in this, I can tell. I speak troubled youth. G'head, spill it, I can help. My brother says every villain deserves his Bond speech...

(then)

... Just don't talk like Sean Connery. I can't deal with that right now.

ROB

... Huh? Why would? I'm not a villain! At least I don't think... Shit. I am. Oh my God. Ah fuhh--
(long exhale)

Our boss! He's the villain! We've been moving cars on the black market to get away from him. You shouldn't even be here!

SARAH

Ya know, the black market and Black Friday aren't mutually exclusive.

ROB

Police preoccupied, people begging to drop cash on the best deal... Lex had a tight sales pitch.

SARAH

She seems like a real honcho. I'd take my chances with your boss.

ROB

Heh. She's been through some shit. Her stepdad is like her, times ten.

SARAH

Daddy issues. Figures. Sadly, I'm starting to know what that's like.

ROB

Psychological issues. Calypso's a dude whose bad side you don't wanna be on. I slaved for him for three years stripping six days a week and don't have a goddamn dollar to my--
(off Sarah's raised brow)
--Cars. I stripped car parts. S'ow I met Lex. We've been trying to get away ever since. Long story short, we're still here... still short... desperate... with you...

Rob sits next to Sarah, and stares at the ceiling.

ROB

Jesus Christ. Yesterday I was home with my Ma, givin' thanks, today I got someone else's in a cage. What the hell am I doin'?

SARAH

At least you realize how stupid you are...

Rob smiles - no offense taken.

ROB

Look Sarah, I know this sucks right now, but I'm gonna--

Alexis enters the office. Sarah winces, and jumps back.

ALEXIS
Got a whale on the line. This is
it. What's she doing out?!

SARAH
Are you guys gonna... kill me?

ROB
No! Kill you? Whoa! Come on, did
I give off that kinda vibe?

Alexis punches Rob in the arm.

ALEXIS
Shut up! We lose all of our
leverage without the fear of God!
(to Sarah)
I haven't made up my mind yet.
Don't force my hand!

She pushes Rob out, and creeps towards Sarah.

SARAH
Please. I'll get you the mon--

Alexis puts the gag back on Sarah, and forces her back into
the cage. Alexis flicks on a radio and leaves.

RADIO
*Do they know it's Christmas time at
alllllll--*

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Rob steels himself and flips open a burner phone.

ROB
This is Rob. Speak fast, I'm busy.

INTERCUT - KEVIN

KEVIN
Bob-ey! This is Patty Bagel Bites.
Adamo's guy. I hear ya lookin to
dump some American muscle.

Paula motions for Kevin to reel it in a bit.

ROB
Adamo huh? I'm listenin'.

Alexis stands by eavesdropping on every word.

KEVIN

I ain't gonna beat round the bush.
I want it. Let me take that Stang
off ya hands. I pay ska-roll, no
questions asked.

ROB

Ska roll?

KEVIN

Cash. Money. Paper. Keep up, Jack.

Paula watches Kevin work his magic.

Rob covers the mouth piece. Alexis holds up ten fingers.

ROB

Stick to the plan! We're not in a
position to get greedy.

ALEXIS

For a new Mustang?! He has to
agree to that, that's criminal.
(off his reluctance)
Ten pays my guy, AND gives us
cushion. Don't bitch out!

ROB

(into phone)
I'm asking ten grand.

KEVIN

Two bricks. Clean. Where you at?
I'm on my way.

ROB

Never mind that. I come to you.

That didn't work - Paula punches the wheel.

KEVIN

Uh... yeah. Meet me at--

Kevin focuses on COFFEE CORRAL across the highway.

INT. CAR GARAGE - DAY

Rob hangs up. Alexis jumps into Rob's arms and kisses him,
but he's not into it.

ROB

That was way too easy.

She kisses his neck, rubs his chest.

ROB

A call like that out of the blue?
From the bookie's friend? This is
sketch. What if that was one of
Calypso's guys feeling us out?

ALEXIS

He's too wrapped up with the
holiday weekend. We've moved seven
under his nose already. If he was
on to us, we'd know by now.
Everything's back on track!

She nibbles his ear - we've found Rob's weakness.

Rob nods and fires himself up. He kisses Alexis hard.

ALEXIS

Mmm, there he is! Go sell that
car, Stud. We're doing it!

They actually might be doing "it." Rob ramps up his sexual
energy. It's getting pretty graphic until they hear Sarah
rustle in the office. Alexis GRUNTS.

ROB

Keep an eye on her. I'll have this
guy drop me behind the dealership.
Lex... don't do anything stupid.

INT. CRUISER - MEANWHILE

Kevin puts the phone down, proud of himself.

PAULA

That worked? How did that work?

KEVIN

*You mean Uncle Kev's not worthless
after all?!*

PAULA

Yeah, yeah, no victory laps just
yet. What now?

Kevin ponders. The light on the roof of the Cruiser bursts
on. He instinctively punches it out.

KEVIN

Head over, I'll think of something.

Paula throws the Cruiser in reverse. Kevin's head flops into
the headrest, jarring a thought. He picks the phone back up.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A female DISPATCHER with a head set on listens intently.

DISPATCHER
He's waving his genitalia?!

INTERCUT - KEVIN

KEVIN
Dong slapping his stomach and
thigh. The women look terrified!

DISPATCHER
And what is your name, Sir?

KEVIN
Kevin Stanle...
(deep voice)
Luthor.

The Dispatcher leans back in her chair.

DISPATCHER
The Kevin Stanley? Is this like
the time you told me fifty Iranian
terrorists took over all the
Sizzler steak houses in town?

KEVIN
That was Chunk! I'm telling the
truth this time! Want me to
describe the guy's scrotum?! Send
a damn squad car!

He hangs up, and looks at Paula with guilt.

KEVIN
I went through a prank calling
phase. ... I'm a mess, I know.

PAULA
Dong slapping?

INT. POLICE STATION - MEANWHILE

Officer Abel enters, sits at his desk with a sandwich and
lets out an exhale after a long day's work.

OFFICER ABEL
(to his colleague)
Absolute circus. Hand to God, I am
never working that area again.

Just as he's about to take an earned bite of lunch, his walkie talkie kicks in--

DISPATCHER
(through walkie)
We have a dong slapper at the
Coffee Coral across from Target.
White male, white Mustang...

Abel winces - that sandwich'll have to wait.

EXT. COFFEE CORRAL LOT - LATER

Kevin holding 2 Frap coffees, runs from the shop towards the idling Cruiser parked inconspicuously in front of the lot.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

He hands Paula her "coffee."

KEVIN
Nothing? No cops yet?

PAULA
Nope. Who's Darnell?

Kevin checks his cup labeled "Darnell." Whoops. He shrugs and takes an impressed sip.

A WHITE MUSTANG pulls into the side of the lot.

Rob gets out of the car, leans on the door impatiently.

KEVIN
For a scumbag, he's very punctual.

They both sip their straws, smiling, watching Rob from a distance. Kevin pulls BINOCULARS from his glovebox.

PAULA
Oh God, you're a peeping Tom too?

Paula laughs - a glimmer returning to her eye.

PAULA
This asshole knows where mom is.

Rob puts his phone to his ear. Kevin lets the corny RINGTONE play for a beat, exhales, and answers.

KEVIN
Madonnamia, Bob, it's bumpa to
bumpa out here. Five more minutes.
Go have an espresso on me.

He stifles a laugh and hangs up. They toast their FULL CUPS.

PAULA
Cops should be here any second.

FADE TO:

Paula - taking the last noisy sip of her coffee. She looks at the empty cup with trepidation while Kevin rambles.

KEVIN
--If you can chew that and kick
nicotine, why not a gum for booze?

PAULA
... Huh? Oh. I guess that idea
has merit. What happened?

KEVIN
Ah you know, politics. Plus the
science involved... manufacturing
costs... production... and I
couldn't come up with a good name.

PAULA
Brewing Gum.

Kevin stares at her in awe. She looks away, uncomfortable.

PAULA
Annnny second now.

Rob checks his phone. He walks towards the highway.

PAULA
Where's he going?

He walks right by them. They both duck just in case.

Rob walks through the stand still traffic, politely waves to a car, hops the barrier and makes way for Under-cover Comics.

Paula and Kevin spin in their seats and watch Rob out the back windshield as he enters Under-cover Comics.

PAULA
Why'd you mention that place?!

KEVIN
I dunno, I needed an in.

They watch Under-cover Comics like hawks.

PAULA
That Green douche is gonna narc.
We need to keep him here. ... Slash
his tires!

Not a second later, Rob BURSTS out of Under-cover Comics. He runs through a lane of parked traffic, hurdles the barrier, slides across the hood of another car and makes a beeline straight for the Mustang. He gets in and peels out.

PAULA
Where are the damn cops?!

KEVIN
Shit. Shit! Follow him!

Leaping into action, Paula yanks the gearshift and slams on the gas - the engine ROARS and the Cruiser... stays in place.

KEVIN
Reverrrrrrrse!

Paula screams, then rips from neutral to reverse, nearly clipping some POOR SCHMUCK who spills a Frap all over his shirt. His cup labeled "Darnell" falls to the ground.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Paula trails Rob by a few car lengths. He turns down West Avenue. Paula whizzes by a couple cars and turns after him.

KEVIN
Get closer. Don't worry, no one
suspects a PT Cruiser.

Rob turns. Just as Paula is about to, a giant empty CAR HAULER pulls out in front of her. Paula slams on the horn.

The Driver turns his blinker on, then off, then back on.

Paula beeps some more, weaves around the yellow line to see Rob's Mustang leaving her line of sight.

A BUMPER STICKER on the hauler reads "HOW'S MY DRIVING? CALL 1-800-KISSMYASS." Kevin grabs his phone and starts dialing.

PAULA
Are you seriously calling?!

He throws his phone down as Paula punches the horn.

KEVIN
That's it, assert dominance!

The Hauler finally pulls over letting Paula pass just before a fork in the road. Kevin points right. Urges Paula on.

KEVIN

That way. I'm on a roll.

Paula nods, turns left instead.

Good choice - Rob reappears in the distance. He breezes past a motion controlled SANTA with a radar reading - 73 MPH.

The Santa waves - "Ho-Ho-Slowwwwwdown." - he stops.

Paula breezes by him - 68 MPH. "Ho-Ho-Slowwwwwdown."

Rob turns down residential streets, and back roads - cutting the wheel, snaking the map.

Paula keeps a comfortable distance as Rob pulls right into--

EXT. CALYPSO AUTO DEALER - LOT - DAY

Under an Island themed SIGN, by fake palm trees and cellophane wrapped orphaned cars just waiting to find a home.

Rob cruises by a couple hawk-eyed MECHANICS in LONG SLEEVE FLOWERED SHIRTS taking a smoke break outside of the GARAGE.

MECHANIC nods an unreturned nod to Rob as he breezes by.

A cigarette is blown from another Mechanic's mouth by the force of the trailing Cruiser. The Mechanics all laugh.

MECHANIC

Was that a PT Cruiser?!

MECHANIC 2

Laaaaame.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - DAY

Rob blows by a strip of WAREHOUSES. Paula slows to make distance between them, taking in the foreign surroundings.

PAULA

Where the heck are we?

Rob turns down a DIRT ROAD with no name. It looks more like a tight path for Motocross Riders than an actual road.

Paula pulls over next to a tree with a PENTAGRAM and 666 carved into its bark. She and Kevin gulp.

Kevin looks up at an animal crossing sign with some indiscriminate moose/bear/something beast on it.

KEVIN

What kinda animal is that?!

Paula waits another moment, then drives towards the--

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Between a natural overhang of horrific gnarled trees.

She passes out of the clearing into an open area, just in time to see the Mustang pull into a rinky dink, seemingly out of service QUICKIE LUBE joint in the middle of nowhere.

A garage door closes behind him. Paula pulls behind a group of DUMPSTERS with a vantage point to the building.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Kevin takes out the binoculars.

Paula grabs for them - Kevin pulls back. She yanks again harder and brings them to her eyes - immediately puts them down. She shakes them - a liquid SWISHING sound.

PAULA

You gotta be shitting me.

She unscrews one eyepiece and LIQUID SPILLS all over the car.

Kevin pulls out his BURNER PHONE. He starts pushing random buttons, pretending to make a call.

PAULA

You're ordering drugs now?

KEVIN

Oh, who am I kidding?

He unscrews the antenna and attempts to DRINK FROM IT.

Paula rips it away as a single DROP hits Kevin's tongue.

KEVIN

Don't! I need liquid courage!

PAULA

If you have more, hand em over!

Kevin pulls out a pen and gives it to Paula.

She clicks it and liquid drips out. She sniffs it.

PAULA
You're like a drunken James Bond!

KEVIN
A-ha! So you do know James Bond!

PAULA
What is this crap?

KEVIN
Beam.
(sad and embarrassed)
... Jim Beam.
(then)
That was the last one. Thanks!
Now I have to face them sober.

PAULA
We're not going in. We got em.
I'll call the cops with the GPS
coordinates from my phone.

She looks at it - it's just a DOT in the middle of nothing.

KEVIN
I can improvise a story! I'm a
chameleon, this is what I do!

PAULA
You're a FUCKING ventriloquist!

She punches the wheel, and stops Kevin dead.

PAULA
A bad ventriloquist! Your damn
lips move! All those years, no one
had the balls to tell you. I'm
telling you now. You suck at your
"job." You're not an actor. Stop
talking about it! If you really
wanna impress me, improvise a life!

KEVIN
Take that back.

PAULA
No! I'm so sick of you denying how
much of a loser you are! You're an
untalented drunk who brings nothing
to the table, and if something
happens to my mom I'll be stuck
with you! You! A guy twice my age
who's less mature than me!

KEVIN
Girls mature faster than boys!

PAULA
You're not a boy, you're a man!

KEVIN
Thank you.

PAULA
Not a compliment, dipshit!

KEVIN
Oh, and you're miss perfect? You'd be stuck with me? What's the matter, I thought you could take care of yourself?! You talk a big game, but the second you don't have mommy around you buckle.

(before she can reply)
And you have no respect for my pain! I lost my mom when I was young! Your dad was my hero! I've been there for you your entire life and all you do is shit on me. No matter how hard I try, all I get is grief!

Kevin sniffles, on the verge of tears. He reaches under his seat and pulls out a proper, expensive looking flask.

PAULA
Go ahead, drink! That's always your answer. I don't care anymore. ... Oh and ya know what else? Patty! *Wah, don't say his name.* Patty, Patty, Patty! Cry about it.

Kevin takes a hard look at the flask before putting it down.

KEVIN
I don't expect you to understand, you're just a dumb kid. Do what you gotta go, I'm saving my sister.

He rips the door open and runs towards the garage.

PAULA
You're gonna get her killed!

Paula picks up the flask, looks at an engraved INSCRIPTION:

"To Kevin, my Best Man and my Brother. Love, Paul."

Paula fingers the words sadly, then watches Kevin run off. He trips over his own feet hard and rolls.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Rob paces back and forth while Alexis hounds him.

ALEXIS

You saw the traffic, why didn't you just wait a little longer?!

ROB

It was bullshit! He's messing with us. Pack up, we're leaving now.

ALEXIS

We still have two days!

ROB

I'm not dying over a couple cars! Plans change. We'll find a way to make it work on the money we have.

ALEXIS

I knew you'd puss out! How long have we talked about this? You're showing your true colors! It's no wonder Calypso made you his bitch. Some people are just meant to be servants their entire lives.

Before Rob can retaliate--

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK - the garage door rattles from the force.

Rob and Alexis's eyes dart to the door. KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

ALEXIS

Who the hell is that?

Alexis jumps to the office and closes the door to hide Sarah.

ROB

Truck's not supposed to be here for 2 days, huh?!

Rob peeks out a little window on the door, sees nothing.

EXT. GARAGE - MEANWHILE

Kevin psychs himself up. He wipes dirt off his jeans, now ripped at the knee - lightbulb. He flops to the ground.

INT. CRUISER - MEANWHILE

She watches him through her phone's camera zoom, perplexed.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The door flies open. Rob looks down on a broken Kevin.

KEVIN
Oh, thank God!

Kevin grabs Rob's ankle and crawls into the--

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Feigning exhaustion, he lays on the ground. Rob helps him to his feet. Alexis runs over, befuddled.

ROB
You ok? What happened to you man?

Kevin breathes heavy, fights to get the words out.

KEVIN
... They tried to kill me.
Satanists! The Blair Witch. Some
weird animal... Please, hide me.

Rob looks out of the garage for any sign of them. Nothing.

Alexis doesn't seem to be buying it.

ALEXIS
There are no Satanists. I carved
that tree to keep people like you
away from here. How'd you find
this place? Huh?! Answer!

Alexis sniffs the air.

ALEXIS
This guy reeks of whiskey.

Kevin spots the office window, blinds drawn. He hears a RATTLE and stumbles in that direction.

KEVIN
Phone. Please, I need a phone!

Kevin grabs for the office door--

ROB
Dude, don't!

--and swings it open. He and caged Sarah lock eyes.

KEVIN SARAH
Sarah! (through gag)
Keben!

ALEXIS
Bad move, asshole!

Alexis grabs Kevin and tosses him to the ground.

ROB
Did Calypso send you?!

KEVIN
Who?! You kidnapped my sister!

ALEXIS
Kick this guy's ass, Rob!

ROB
Are you Bagel Bites? Do the cops
know you're here?!

ALEXIS
Kill him!

ROB
Shut up, Lex! What's gotten into
you?!

Alexis grabs Sarah from the cage and walks her out. She
grabs a small ELECTRIC SANDER and holds it to Sarah's throat.

KEVIN
You gonna exfoliate her to death?

Alexis flicks a battery pack off like an empty magazine,
rotates the head of the tool and locks the battery back into
the converted HANDHELD JIGSAW. It revs to life.

KEVIN
(blown away)
You're a goddamn Decepticon.

INT. CRUISER - MEANWHILE

Paula freaks as she watches it all through the open garage
door. She has the phone to her ear.

PAULA
--Latitude 41 by... latitude! ...
and longitude?
(MORE)

PAULA (CONT'D)
How do you not-- There is NO
street name! Is anyone there not
completely inept?!

INT. GARAGE - DAY

It's a "The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly" standoff.

KEVIN
No cops. I found my sister's
purse, and tracked you myself.

ALEXIS
Give us the money.

KEVIN
I left it home. I'd write you a
check but--

She powers the saw blade.

ROB
Dammit Lex, put that down!

Rob is lost in the moment, torn.

ROB
Why did I go along with this?!

Rob paces, on the verge of a breakdown. Kevin approaches,
hand out like a police negotiator.

KEVIN
Come on buddy, you don't want to
hurt us. Let me have her back.

ALEXIS
Hit him! Do it!

ROB
For Christ's sake, Shut up!

Rob lets out his frustrations and decks Kevin in the jaw. He
falls like a ton of bricks. Sarah spits out her gag, YELPS.

Kevin gets back to his feet, dazed, stumbling.

KEVIN
You get one. That's fair...

ROB
Just stay down, bro! You won't
like what happens.

KEVIN

Can't. You messed with my family.

Rob shakes his head, and removes his coat to reveal a wife beater covered torso with a single tattoo on his RIPPED ARMS.

KEVIN

Is that a Tapout tattoo?

(off Rob's nod)

... Shit.

Kevin takes off his sweatshirt, and places it down, right near a SLEDGEHAMMER - time to fight dirty.

KEVIN

Mjöl-nir!

Kevin grabs the hammer and... he can't even lift the thing.

Rob slugs him in the stomach. Kevin bends over in a heap, trying to gasp for air. He holds his hand up asking for a time out. Rob grants it. He pats him on the back.

ALEXIS

What are you doing? No mercy!

Rob turns his attention on Alexis.

ROB

He's had enough already.

SARAH

Stop taking orders from her, Rob.
Be your own man!

ALEXIS

Don't listen to her.

KEVIN

(spot on impression)

Don't listen to her. Does she wipe
your ass too?

Rob turns his attention to Alexis.

ROB

Would you let me handle something
on my own for once?!

Kevin seizes the moment and connects a glancing blow on Rob - it barely fazes him. Kevin shakes his hand in pain.

KEVIN

My moneymaker!

ROB
I gave you a shot, bro.

Rob clocks Kevin's face, follows through by clipping him with his elbow, then lands a roundhouse kick to the chest with no wasted motion. Kevin falls - too stunned to feel pain yet.

KEVIN
Howwww... ?

Rob jumps on top of him.

Sarah looks away, but Alexis forces her to watch and laughs.

SARAH
I'll get you the money!

ALEXIS
Ugh, shut up, I'm sick of you.

Alexis whips open the Jetta's back door, and tosses Sarah in. She desperately claws at the door with her bound hands, but can't work the Child locks. She watches Rob pummel Kevin.

INT. CRUISER - MEANWHILE

Something catches her eye in the rearview - The CAR HAULER from earlier fighting it's way down the narrow path. The DRIVER punches the gas, but tree branches stunt his progress.

Paula looks back towards the garage, and catches sight of Rob destroying Kevin. She picks up the Breathalyzer and blows til every vein in her eyeballs look ready to pop.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rob rips Kevin to his feet like a marionette puppet.

ROB
Sorry, but it's either you or--

ALEXIS
Don't apologize.

Rob hoists his fist, ready for the final blow.

SUDDENLY Rob drops it, and rolls out of the way as the PT Cruiser zooms into frame.

Paula pulls the e-brake with all her might sending the Cruiser into a fish tail heading straight at--

KEVIN. The back of the Cruiser CONNECTS with a THUD.

A burnt tire smoke cloud engulfs Alexis and Rob. Rob looks at Kevin's motionless body with shock and remorse.

Paula struggles to remove her seat belt. She sees her terrified mother in the Jetta.

Mom! PAULA Paula?! SARAH

ALEXIS
Stay back!

Alexis peers out of the garage door to see the Car Hauler push through the trees and drive towards her.

ALEXIS
Holy shit Rob, we gotta go.

Rob limps over, sees it.

ROB
I told you!

ALEXIS
Get the money!

Rob sprint limps to the office and retrieves the lockbox before getting behind the wheel with Alexis in the backseat.

Paula jumps out of the Cruiser, watching as Sarah looks at her through the back windshield.

Paula runs towards Kevin, checks his pulse. He's alive - bloody and unresponsive, but alive.

PAULA
Uncle Kev... No! Wake up. I'm
sorry for everything I said.
Please, not you too.

She smacks him - nothing. She pulls out the flask and pours whiskey on a bloody leg wound, which causes him to BELLOW in pain and sit up like he's been electrocuted.

Rob peels off in the Jetta. Sarah looking back.

KEVIN
Don't lose them! I'll catch up.

Kevin points to the Mustang parked nearby.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Cruiser bursts like a bat out of hell, past the Hauler.

INT. GARAGE - MEANWHILE

Kevin pockets the discarded flask, and crawls to the Mustang's door. He uses all his strength to lift himself up to the seat and flops down the visor - no keys.

He spots a KEY BOX on the far wall, sighs.

He slowly reverses the process out of the Mustang. He's a chameleon alright - crawling like a lizard towards the box.

He props himself to his feet by leaning on a tool cabinet, and opens the box to reveal only ONE SET OF KEYS.

KEVIN
I deserve this...

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

The SMARTCAR "bursts" like a bat out of... juice - just as the DRIVER descends from his Hauler's seat. Confused, he and Kevin lock eyes as he putters by at 33 MPH.

EXT. CALYPSO AUTO DEALER - LOT - CONTINUOUS

Rob reverses his earlier path. He speeds by the Mechanics, and peels out on to the road.

After a beat, Paula whizzes by the Mechanics working on a lifted car. They laugh.

MECHANIC
Was that a PT Cruiser?!

MECHANIC 2
Yeah... it's lame, remember?

EXT. TOWN STREETS - DAY

Rob flies down the back roads and residential streets - Radar Santa can't even muster a word or reading as Rob speeds by.

Paula gains. She jerks the wheel and runs Radar Santa clean over. He explodes in pieces.

INT. JETTA - DAY

Sarah watches Santa's head fly.

ROB
Why didn't you just leave her?

ALEXIS
We're getting that money.

ROB
I'm sorry about all this, Sarah.

ALEXIS
Stop apologizing--

SARAH
Take me home! I'll get the money.

Rob and Alexis look at each other, confer.

SARAH
If that's what this is all about,
it's yours. It's not worth putting
my daughter at risk. Just let me
call my father and son first. I
don't want to drag them into this.

Rob nods to Alexis.

Alexis revs the saw. Sarah closes her eyes. Alexis cuts the
nylon tie hand restraint off Sarah, and hands her a phone.

ALEXIS
Any funny business and you're dead.

Rob cuts the wheel onto the--

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

--and right into... bumper to goddamn friggin bumper bullshit
traffic. He freaks.

INT. CRUISER - MEANWHILE

Paula hits the brakes as a PICKUP refuses to let her on the
highway. She beeps. The DRIVER pretends not to notice.

PAULA
Assert your dominance.

Paula pulls up with no regard for the Cruiser, causing the
Pickup driver to slam his brakes. Paula waves a sarcastic
thanks as she slides in front of him against his will.

Rob a few cars ahead - Paula searches for her next move.

EXT. CALYPSO AUTO DEALER - LOT - DAY

KEVIN putters by the Mechanics, who laugh at his large frame
packed in the tiny car.

MECHANIC
Was that a PT Cruiser?

MECHANIC 2

... I think it was a baby one.

Kevin weaves the same roads back hitting the Smartcar's max.

He reaches the highway and easily merges into traffic.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Paula flicks the blinker and makes a smooth maneuver to get in front of a MINIVAN - 3 cars back and to the left of Rob - gaining ground in what is sure to be the slowest "high speed" chase in history.

She gets to within a car's length of the Jetta.

Alexis pokes her head out the window and waves the jigsaw. Sarah shakes her head at Paula, and points to the phone.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

The left lane lurches forward. Paula jerks the wheel but stops when a GREEN PT CRUISER fills the gap.

The FRAIL MAN in the green Cruiser rolls down his window.

FRAIL MAN

P!

Paula rolls her eyes, pissed, but accepting.

PAULA

T.

FRAIL MAN

P!

PAULA

T!

FRAIL MAN

PAULA

P!

T!!!

They both lay on the horn - causing other cars to beep back.

Frail Man waves. Paula speeds ahead and pulls beside Rob.

Paula rolls the passenger window down. Rob rolls down his.

PAULA

Gimmie my mom back!

ROB

I want to, believe me.

ALEXIS
We're going to your house, bitch!

SARAH
Paula, listen to me...

The cars in the right lane start to move and BEEP.

SARAH
(over Beeps)
I have this under control.

Paula can't make out her words.

Rob slams on the gas... then right back on the brakes as the traffic stops. A cacophony of HORNS.

INT. SMARTCAR - MEANWHILE

Kevin darts on the shoulder, using the Smartcar's size to his advantage by squeezing between lanes. He stops beside the green Cruiser. Frustrated, he rolls down his window.

KEVIN
P!

Frail Man looks at him like he has five heads.

KEVIN
Oh yeah, right.

He whizzes right around the green Cruiser as traffic creeps up, gaining ground on Paula and Rob--

In fact, he drives right between them without realizing it.

Paula BEEPS. Kevin looks in his rearview to see her arm out the window. He jerks the wheel and gets right in front of Rob, boxing the Jetta in with Paula to its left.

Kevin slows, zig zagging and blocking Rob from making a move.

INT. JETTA - DAY

Rob bumps the back of the Smartcar. He has nowhere to go.

ROB
Call and tell them the new plan!

He looks over at Paula. She hits the gas and cuts the wheel.

ALEXIS
What is she--

Sarah dives on Alexis just as Paula slams into the side of the Jetta, enough to send Rob off the road and right into--

EXT. TARGET - PARKING LOT - DAY

Oh come on, really?

Rob tries to drive away but is met with the usual parking lot traffic. Paula tailgates him towards the main entrance.

KEVIN

misses the entrance, and tries to enter a blocked exit to no avail. Instead, he drives up a curb... which isn't easy.

ROB

gets to the end of the aisle - a clear path to the side of the building and another exit.

PAULA

slams the gas and rearends Rob, sending the Jetta headfirst into one of the giant red stone balls in front of Target.

The Cruiser's airbag hits her face with a concussive BLAST.

The Jetta, incapacitated, leaks smoke from under the hood. Cars weave around it, only concerned with themselves.

INT. JETTA - DAY

Sarah shakes free, notices the saw jammed into the seat right beside her head. She squeezes through the now shattered back window. She looks back to confirm movement from Paula, motions for her to stay put, then makes a dash into Target.

Alexis grabs the saw, and crawls out, while Rob fights to squeeze out of his now crunched seat. Alexis chases Sarah.

ROB

Lex! Just let her go!

ALEXIS

Bitch owes me money!

Rob grabs the money from the lockbox, and stuffs his pockets.

INT. CRUISER - MEANWHILE

Paula deflates the airbag, watches Rob wiggles out of the Jetta and limp into Target. She backs the Cruiser into a handicap spot in one swift motion like an expert.

INT. TARGET - DAY

Sarah shoots in like a blonde running from Jason Voorhees.

SARAH
Help! Help me! Someone help.

Max White lurches up to her in a zombified state - long day.

MAX WHITE
Lady, lady, chill. Whattya need?

Just as Sarah is about to spill the beans, Alexis catches up and tightly throws her arm around her. She pokes Sarah in the kidney with the jigsaw handle.

ALEXIS
There you are, sweetie.

MAX WHITE
... Everything ok, miss?

Sarah's eyes say no. Max locks on them. Alexis notices.

She grabs Sarah's face and plants a giant KISS right on her mouth. Sarah is so shocked she just lets it happen.

Max awes with a stone smile, nodding approval.

Rob limps in and catches up to them, kissing. Alexis ends it with a puckered flourish, turns to Rob and smiles.

Rob and Max both stand shocked, mouths agape.

MAX WHITE
Are these two with you?

Rob nods. Max bumps his fist.

MAX WHITE
Mad respect, homey.

Max walks away. Alexis hurries Sarah towards the back of the store. Rob follows, still not sure what he just saw.

The Target Manager runs out the door towards--

EXT. TARGET - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

--the crashed, and abandoned Jetta leaking billows of smoke near the front of the building. Still, cars pass it without care. An OBLIVIOUS WOMAN taps him on the shoulder.

OBLIVIOUS WOMAN
Do you price match?

The overwhelmed Manager ignores her, and takes out his phone in a tizzy, as Paula runs by in the background.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Officer Abel unbuttons his collar, holds up his sandwich and takes a deep breath - talks to a PERP in a holding cell.

OFFICER ABEL
Took a goddamn hour to get there
and it was another prank! Unreal!

PERP
When can I go home? I'm so hungry.

OFFICER ABEL
Shoulda thought of that before you
nicked that camera, Stealy Dan.

Abel's WALKIE crackles to life.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
11-81 at Target between a blue
Jetta and a silver PT Cruiser...

OFFICER ABEL
Stanley!

He tosses his sandwich down in anger. Perp reaches his arm through the bars for it but it's just out of reach. He sobs.

INT. TARGET - DAY

Paula runs aimlessly - masses of materialistic MOMS in every direction, but no sign of hers.

INT. SMARTCAR - CONTINUOUS

Kevin weaves around cars towards the entrance.

He's about to pull into a handicap spot next to the Cruiser, but a JEEP nabs it. A MAN WITH A BUZZCUT and an ARMY shirt gets out and props himself into a wheelchair.

KEVIN
Screw this.

He punches the Smartcar's CLOWN HORN and guns it towards--

INT. TARGET - DAY

The Smartcar shoots RIGHT THROUGH the automatic doors and into the main lobby.

He pulls the e-brake and cuts the wheel... stopping with no cool flourish whatsoever, right before some flabbergasted SHOPPERS and Max White - talk about a DOOR BUSTER.

Kevin flops out and struggles to stand.

MAX WHITE

Whoa, dude! You can't park here!

Kevin tries to get around Max, but Max blocks him.

Kevin reaches for a SALE SIGN off a rack of dishes, and places it on top of the car.

KEVIN

This car is only twenty bucks!

MAX WHITE

(admirably; outwitted)

Mad respect, homey.

He throws the keys in the air as a small tsunami of DEAL SEEKERS engulfs Max and the car. Kevin crawls out.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)

Need a hand, son?

Kevin looks up to see the wheelchair guy with the buzzcut.

INT. TARGET - PET AISLE - MEANWHILE

Rob and Alexis stop to collect their bearings with Sarah still in tow.

ROB

How are we getting away? Do you ever think anything through?!

Rob and Alexis have a virtual tug of war with Sarah's arms.

SARAH

Ow! Stop! Ow! Leave me here, I won't say a word. I swear!

PAULA

spots them from a few aisles down. Alexis grabs Sarah and drags her off. Rob throws his arms up and follows.

INT. TARGET - SPORTING GOODS AISLE - DAY

Electric WHEELS sputter, on the verge of death.

PULL BACK to reveal Kevin sitting on Buzzcut's lap - not unlike a Ventriloquist's dummy.

KEVIN

Thank you so much... for your service too.

BUZZCUT

Ah, I never actually served. I flipped a Vespa and lost my leg.

Kevin yanks A BAT, and a HOCKEY GOALIE HELMET off the shelf.

KEVIN

Shit! Did it look cool at least?

BUZZCUT

It was a Vespa, so... nah.

KEVIN

Right. Well, thanks for the lift either way.

BUZZCUT

Not like I can feel it.

Rob, Alexis, and Sarah dart by.

KEVIN

That's them! Floor it!

Paula runs close behind. She turns and sees Kevin and Buzzcut without breaking stride - "WTF?!"

Buzzcut pushes on, slowly - so damn slowly. He turns from the aisle into a traffic jam of 4 FAT WOMEN ON JAZZIES.

BUZZCUT

Doesn't anybody walk anymore?!

Kevin stands up, triumphant. Ready.

KEVIN

Guess this is my stop.

He snags his sporting goods and... drags his back leg behind him as he "runs," moaning in horrible pain.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP... Buzzcut salutes Kevin and backs up as--

Kevin snags a full unaccompanied SHOPPING CART. He throws the bat and helmet in and uses it to lean on as he runs.

A WOMAN walks back, and drops a carton of milk in terror.

WOMAN

My cart! Someone stole my cart!

She drops to her knees and screams towards the heavens.

INT. TARGET - BACK OF STORE - MEANWHILE

Rob, Alexis and Sarah weave through a small crowd gathered around a CHEF holding a demonstration at a small table. He bends a filet knife.

After a beat, Paula shoves her way through the crowd.

CHEF

Hey there little lady, only *I'm* allowed to cut.

No laughs from the crowd. A COUGH. A GROAN. A BOO.

She catches up to Rob, Alexis, and Sarah in a large corridor before a giant swinging "Employee's Only" double door with an illuminated EXIT sign. They all stop. It's awkward.

ROB

Hey again.

PAULA

Hey. Are we done now?

ALEXIS

Do you have the money? If not--

She revs up the power saw.

PAULA

That's what this is all about?
Forty two hundred dollars?!

SARAH

Forty two hundred?

ROB

Forty two hundred?

ALEXIS

Plus the ten for the Mustang!

ROB

Just give her something so she cuts the bullshit already!

KEVIN (O.S.)

Paula!

Kevin glides in on the wagon, coasting like a little kid playing Superman.

BIP, BIP, BIP -- A JAZZY reverses from an aisle. Kevin takes evasive measures. He jerks to the right, knocking himself OFF THE WAGON - it flips over, spilling all its contents.

Rob, Alexis, Sarah and Paula can only look at him with pity.

ALEXIS

Is he drunk?

The bat rolls to Paula's feet. She picks it up.

Kevin wades through produce and the rest of the cart's bounty. He KICKS A BOTTLE of soda out of the way, then takes all weight off that foot in pain, hopping in place.

It's a standoff - 2 on 2, with Sarah monkeying the middle.

PAULA

You can't seriously be this dumb.
They have cameras everywhere!

She points to one right above them on the ceiling. Alexis waves the saw towards Paula.

SARAH

Stop, she's just a kid!

PAULA

She's right. I'm just a stupid kid! I'm sorry, Ma. I realized how important you are to me today. I don't even wanna leave anymore. I'll never drive again in my life if it manages to keep you safe.

SARAH

(motherly)
You were doing so good, honey.

ROB

Lex, put the saw down, it's over.

ALEXIS

Nothing's over til I say! I can't go back to work for him, I have to keep going!

SARAH
(motherly)
You're better than her, Rob.

Alexis squeezes Sarah. Holds the saw closer.

KEVIN
Why do you let her make the rules?

Rob shrugs, points to Alexis's sexy figure - bro code for "look at her." Kevin shrugs, unimpressed.

ALEXIS
Oh, you piece of shit...

KEVIN
That worth goin to jail over? You don't have an alibi.

ALEXIS
You calling me ugly now?!

ROB
Just pipe it, dude. I've heard enough outta you today.

KEVIN
Paula, keys.

She throws the Cruiser's keys to Kevin - They land three feet away. He shoots her an exasperated look, hobbles over to pick them up, and approaches Rob like he's trying to pet a wild animal.

KEVIN
There's a PT Cruiser right out front. My pride and joy. Kelley Blue Book says it's worth... well not much, but what does she know? Gimmie Sarah back and it's yours.

ROB
I don't even want your sister and still think that's a shitty trade.

ALEXIS
He's gonna find us, Rob! We're in too deep!

KEVIN
We're in too deep!
(back to normal)
We aren't so different, man. We're both screw-ups, but we mean well.

ROB
We're nothing alike.

KEVIN
I know it's a shitty feeling to
have no control. To have
temptation run your life. But I
learned something. You just gotta
let the hits--

On cue, Rob slugs Kevin in the face.

ROB
Damn! You are annoying, dude!
Stay down this time!

A group of BORED HUSBANDS leave the knife demonstration and
migrate over around them. They start to rile each other up
at the sight of fisticuffs. Kevin comes to as they bro out.

Defiant as always, he puts on the goalie helmet and stands
tall like a half-assed Gladiator.

Without missing a beat, Rob flips the helmet off his head and
punches him again, drawing a ROAR from the congregation.

BORED HUSBAND
Toasty!

Kevin stumbles around some more - looking and sounding drunk,
but in reality, a beaten man.

KEVIN
You can't... run from your... from
your problems forever, Bob-o.

Paula tries to make a move on Alexis, but Alexis revs and
waves the saw erratically keeping Paula at a distance.

PAULA
The cops will be here any minute...
probably. To be honest, they've
been taking their sweet ass time--

KEVIN
Paula!

PAULA
They're on their way. Any minute!

ALEXIS
We're wasting time, Rob. Do
something!

ROB

Now you come to me for a plan?!

Paula moves in on Alexis again.

ALEXIS

Calypso is gonna kill us! We'd be on an island by now if you weren't such a terrible salesman!

ROB

Are you kidding me? This was all you! Don't say another word!

Everyone pipes down. Silence, until--

ALEXIS (O.S.)

You're such a bitch.

ROB

What did I just say?!

Alexis, confused, looks in every direction.

ALEXIS

I didn't say anything.

Rob paces around, smacking himself in the head.

ROB

Look what you've done to me! Why did I listen to you! No one gets over on Calypso, I told you that!

ALEXIS

Rob, I swear, I didn't say--

ROB

Shut It!

ALEXIS (O.S.)

You shut it, asshole!

ROB

How is that helping?! What the hell is wrong with you?!

ALEXIS

I didn't say... I don't know what's happening! This is some Ouija Board shit!

KEVIN
Go ahead Rob, put it all out on the
table. This is healthy.

ROB
And then there's this friggin guy!
Everybody please stop talking!

Silent beat - the Bored Husbands stir, impatient.

BORED HUSBANDS (O.S.)
Boo!/Come on, hit someone!/What
aisle is that saw from?

ROB
Shut up!

Kevin winks at Paula, puts his head down and cups his mouth.

KEVIN
(Alexis impression)
Once a bitch, always a bitch!

ROB
Unreal!

ALEXIS
I swear--

KEVIN
That you're a huge bitch!

ROB
That's it! I'm done!

Rob turns his full attention to Alexis, pointing his finger.

Kevin finds all the strength and charges at Rob, slamming his
shoulder into Rob's gut and lifting him off his feet.

Bored Husbands part as Kevin carries Rob towards the
demonstration table like a linebacker.

Chef holds a steak knife above his head.

CHEF
Now, the pièce de résist--ahhhhhhh!

Chef darts out of the way as Kevin SLAMS Rob through the
table. The money BURSTS out of Rob's pockets like a piñata
sending Husbands in a fury to collect as much as possible.

Alexis lets her guard down, staring in pain as her modest fortune flutters away. Sarah throws her head back into Alexis's nose and finally breaks free.

Paula swings the bat, making HARD CONTACT with Alexis's hand. She drops the saw and SCREAMS in agony.

The bat rolls away from Paula as she hugs Sarah. Alexis scurries towards the double door exit.

Paula looks for anything of use, picks up the flipped cart's GRAPEFRUIT, then chases Alexis as she reaches the doors.

SARAH
Paula, don't!

INT. STOCK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alexis bursts through, nearly clobbering Max White.

ALEXIS
Move!

MAX WHITE
Anything for you.

He goes to exit and again is almost killed by the swinging door as Paula runs through.

MAX WHITE
Paula?!

Max stands by the door wondering what the hell is happening as it swings open and BLASTS him. Sarah runs back.

SARAH
Ow. Sorry!

Alexis huffs it towards an open LOADING DOCK DOOR.

Paula stops, focuses, takes a deep breath, winds up with the grapefruit and PITCHES it towards her. It flies with rapid speed gaining on Alexis until it makes a--

DIRECT HIT right to the back of her head. Alexis flies out of the elevated loading dock.

PAULA
Bullseye.

Paula and Sarah run towards the dock and look down where Alexis lie. Sarah's hands fly to her mouth in shock - three of her gaudy green painted Christmas theme NAILS broken.

INT. TARGET - MEANWHILE

Rob comes to. He pushes Kevin off him and digs in Kevin's pocket for the Cruiser's keys, then runs off towards the front entrance doors, shoving anything and anyone in his way.

EXT. TARGET - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rob tiptoes past a small crowd including the Manager who stand around the crashed Jetta. He locates the Cruiser.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

He turns the key but nothing ignites. Then he sees it - the Breathalyzer.

ROB
... I deserve this.

He picks it up and blows into it. BUZZZZZZ.

There's a TAP on the window. Rob looks over to see--

Officer Abel - RED and BLUE LIGHTS flaring behind him.

EXT. TARGET - LOADING DOCKS - LATER

Cop lights fade into EMERGENCY LIGHTS. Alexis, laid out on a stretcher, is placed into AMBULANCE by a COP and a MEDIC.

INT. TARGET - DAY

A Husband walks towards the exit revving Alexis's jigsaw.

Paula and Sarah recount the previous action to Kevin, who has a blanket draped over his shoulder. He alternates sipping a blue slushie and using it to ice his wounds.

PAULA
Then I said "bullseye," ya know,
because we're in Target.

KEVIN
Funny. She gets that from me.

PAULA
So Ma, what else haven't you told
us? How about how you're a smoker.

Sarah freezes like a deer in headlights. Kevin backs away to let them talk. Sarah puts her arm around Paula.

SARAH

Look honey, we're both adults here.
I think it's time we had a little
chat about adult things...

Paula smiles the fakest smile ever smiled as they walk off.

Kevin looks out the door to see Rob sitting in the back of a
police cruiser. Kevin nods. Rob respectfully nods back.

Officer Abel walks over to Kevin.

OFFICER ABEL

Who gave you a blanket?

He fingers the blanket, finding a Target price tag on it.
Abel rips it off Kevin and throws it on a rack.

OFFICER ABEL

You know, you're a giant pain in my
ass, Stanley, but... I'm glad you,
ya know, didn't get killed.

KEVIN

Goonies never die.

Abel appears ready to take back his previous comment.

OFFICER ABEL

You're the worst. But hey, If this
"Calypso" character your buddy
keeps yammering about is who we
think he is, you may be... *mayyyy be*
entitled to a nice reward.

Kevin lights up with a big smile.

OFFICER ABEL

Better hope so because--

Abel rips a TICKET out of his booklet.

OFFICER ABEL

One car illegally parked in a
handicap spot, and another--

He points to the Smartcar - roped off with police tape.

KEVIN

What? Where's your holiday spirit?

Abel looks around, absorbs the Christmas cheer. Smiles.

OFFICER ABEL
Tell ya what. Walk this line heel
to toe while tapping the tip of
your nose and reciting the alphabet
backwards and I'll rip it up.

KEVIN
I can't even do that sober.

Abel holds out the ticket.

KEVIN
Z. Y. X. W. Gimmie the ticket.

Abel laughs, hands him the ticket.

The PA pumps a MUSAK cover of "Do They Know it's Christmas."

OFFICER ABEL
Oh, and you owe me a sandwich!
Great tune.

KEVIN
Thanks again for showing up!

INT. TARGET - REGISTER AREA - MEANWHILE

Paula and Max - bruised, arm wrapped - awkwardly chat.

MAX WHITE
Crazy day, huh?

PAULA
You have no idea.

MAX WHITE
Yeah... Yeah. Yo P-nut, I was
wondering. Would you ever wanna...
like... I don't know. Go out?

Paula smiles, is about to answer when--

Kevin slides up to them. Max stiffens up.

KEVIN
What up, Toothpaste?

MAX WHITE
Oh, um, toothpaste? Aisle six.
(to Paula)
Text me later.

Kevin puts his arm around Paula and they walk towards Sarah,
who happily waits for them by the door.

KEVIN
Whoa, text me later, brah.

Paula shoves him and smiles. They meet back up with Sarah and exit Target, disappearing in the billows of Jetta smoke.

FADE OUT.

FA-LA-LA-LA-LA.
LA-LA-FADE IN.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Kevin, Sarah, Paula, and Charles sit around the big screen TV - wrapping paper layering every inch of carpet around their triumphant TREE.

Tommy runs by wielding Mjölnir like his idol. He hams it up, smashes a box, and moves on.

KEVIN
For it is he who is worthy!

Paula hands Kevin a small box. He opens it to reveal a POKER CHIP with a 1 on it.

PAULA
It's not quite authentic, but I
improvised. Learned from the best.

Kevin is touched. He flips it in the air, catches it.

SARAH
We're proud of you. Right, Dad?

Charles - too preoccupied with his ALF DVD BOXSET--

CHARLES
What? Proud, sure. Good job, Kev.

Simple words that mean the world to Kevin.

SARAH
So what am I looking at here?

Sarah holds up an external HARDDRIVE.

Kevin takes it from her and plugs it into the back of the TV.

KEVIN
You know all those boxes in the
basement? Well, we live in a
digital age now, Sis.

He winks at Paula, picks up the remote and presses play.
A slideshow of PROFESSIONAL HAND MODELING PHOTOS begins.

KEVIN
Whoops. How did *those* get there?

Paula and Sarah play along. They CAT CALL Kevin's hand pics.
Kevin models his hands, then points the remote at the TV. We zoom in to a--

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FLASHBACK

A glowing Sarah lays in a hospital bed, holding a newborn BABY PAULA. She hands her up to younger, fitter, Charles.

Charles kisses her, then holds her skyward like Simba.

CHARLES
Wish you could hold her, Fran.

Charles turns his attention to the camera.

CHARLES
She's gorgeous, Paul.

PAUL (O.S.)
Just like her mother.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Can I hold her now?

The camera nods. Charles looks at Sarah with trepidation.

SARAH
Of course.

The camera pans to an 18 year old Kevin sitting nearby.

Charles hands Paula to Kevin. He pretends to fumble, nearly giving Charles a heart attack. Paul laughs.

Kevin and Paula share a moment. She grabs his finger. He lifts his leg off the chair and mouths a FART. Paula smiles.

PAUL (O.S.)
Say hi to your Godfather, Paula.

Apparently news to him, Kevin awes at Sarah then at Paul behind the camera. Eyes watery, he puffs out his cheeks.

KEVIN
(shitty Brando impression)
That's an offer I can't refuse.

PAUL (O.S.)
(laughing)
Oh! Spot on Brando. You're
getting really good at that, bud!

Kevin looks at the camera in smiling admiration.

SARAH
I think she likes you, Kev.

Kevin stares down at baby Paula, tear in his eye.

KEVIN
Hey kid. Hi. I'm your uncle. You
and me are gonna be best fwriends.

CHARLES
He been drinking again?

SARAH
Dad, don't ruin the moment.

Kevin and Baby Paula smile at each other. It's perfect.

KEVIN
I'm always gonna be there for you.
... Huh? What's that, Paula?

He props her up on his knee like a puppet.

KEVIN
(jokey baby voice)
I wuv you, Uncle Kevin.

Everyone in the room laughs.

PAUL (V.O.)
Classic!

INT. LIVING ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Sarah bawls. She puts her arm around Paula, who has tears streaming. Paula sniffs hard and looks at Kevin, who is fighting tears so hard, his head might very well pop.

Tommy runs back through and stops in front of Charles, who is sound asleep. He sees everyone else crying.

TOMMY
... Did Grandpa die?

SARAH
No, no, sweetie. Don't worry.
Lets go play with your toys and let
Paula and Dr. Uncle Kevin talk.

Sarah kisses Kevin on the forehead, no words needed to
express her appreciation. She and Tommy leave the room.

KEVIN
Check this one out.

ON THE SCREEN - 6 year old Paula and 24 year old Kevin lip
sync the Kidz Bop version of Kelly Clarkson's "Since U Been
Gone." Kevin picks her up and dances around the room.

PAULA
I remember this!

Paula wipes a tear, smiles at Kevin. She pats his arm.

KEVIN
So, did I do alright?

PAULA
I didn't ask for a re-gifted
P90X... Not sure what the
implication there is... but overall
it was a pretty good Christmas.

KEVIN
Well good. That's good to hear.

He stands to leave the room, but stops and snaps his fingers.

KEVIN
Crap, ya know what? We forgot one.

He sticks his hand in the tree, pulls off an ornament, holds
it to his ear and shakes. He tosses it to Paula.

PAULA
What? Who's this from?

KEVIN
(Brando)
The family.

Paula, smashes it open - her face sinks.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Paula opens the front door and sees it next to Sarah's red
sedan and Kevin's now even more beat-to-shit Cruiser - a
brand spanking... used JETTA. She runs towards it, ecstatic.

KEVIN
 What the hell?! There was supposed
 to be one of those huge December to
 Remember ribbons on the hood.

EXT. NEXT STREET OVER - MEANWHILE

Irene Westerly waits for Claudius to finish crapping. A
 BRISK WIND picks up. She zips her coat all the way up.

Claudius finishes. As she's about to bag it a GIANT RED
 RIBBON flies through the air, entangling her. She screams
 and falls face first towards the pile.

INT. PAULA'S JETTA - DAY

Paula sits behind the wheel, poking and probing at all the
 cool features of her new ride. Kevin sits in the backseat.

PAULA
 I don't know what to say.

KEVIN
 I have one more surprise for you.

Paula turns to look at him just as he lifts his hand to
 reveal PATTY, a LEPRECHAUN PUPPET.

PAULA
 Patty!

She squeezes Patty (Kevin's wrist) in embrace.

Patty "speaks" with a stereotypical gay twang.

PATTY
*Helllloo, Paula. I finally came
 out of the closet!*

Paula gives Patty a disappointed, yet knowing smirk.

PAULA
 Not cool, Patty...

PATTY
 (Irish appropriate)
 Ay'm just messin witcha. Merry
 Christmas. Kiss me, I'm Irish.

Kevin presses Patty's mouth against Paula's. She groans.

PAULA
 Ugh! Get a breath mint, Patty!

Kevin smells Patty.

KEVIN
Woof. ... He's been locked up in
that box for a long time.

PAULA
Wanna go for a spin?

KEVIN
You know I do. Just blow into the
Breathalyzer and we'll get goin.

Paula, terrified, searches for the Breathalyzer.

PATTY
Ay, he's just messin witcha.

Paula puts the key in the ignition. The Radio PUMPS on - You
already know - "Do They Know It's Christmas's" melodic break
fills the car.

Kevin reaches from the back to changes the station.

PAULA
Nah, stop... leave it on.

She turns it up and puts the car in drive just as the chorus
kicks in. They both sing along.

KEVIN	PAULA
<i>Feeeed the worrrrrllllld...</i>	<i>Feeeed the worrrrrllllld...</i>

Patty mouths the background vocals.

PATTY
*Let them know it's Christmas time
again...*

KEVIN	PAULA
<i>Feeeed the worrrrrllllld...</i>	<i>Feeeed the worrrrrllllld...</i>

PATTY
*Let them know it's Christmas
time...*

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Jetta drives off down the road as we--

FADE OUT.