

OZARK

- The Pilot -

Written by

Bill Dubuque

Story By

Bill Dubuque

&

Mark Williams

Media Rights Capital
Zero Gravity Management

Distant THUNDER booms, fades.

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE - DUSK

An insulated cove. Water still, smooth. Fireflies blink in thick woods crowding the shore.

MARTY (V.O.)

Scratch.

A 16-foot aluminum flat boat run ashore, a sun-faded outboard motor. A fishing pole, cheap flashlight. 2 party-size bags of melting ICE. 3 large dead CATFISH. A grinning catfish logo on a small plastic tub: *"Catfish Dan's Blood Bait."*

MARTY (V.O.)

Wampum, dough, sugar, clams, loot,
Dead Presidents -- though
technically incorrect as neither
Hamilton nor Franklin were ever
president -- bills, bones, bread,
bucks. Money. That which
separates the "haves"--

A MAN SNEEZES o.s, faint. From the woods. A second sneeze.

EXT. OZARK FOREST - DUSK

A pair of heavy WHEELED COLEMAN COOLERS roll through flattened weeds. Pulling the coolers-- a MAN'S chigger-bitten legs trudge, flip-flops muddy.

MARTY (V.O.)

--from the "have-nots." But what
is money, really? Everything if
you don't have it, right?

MARTIN "MARTY" BIRD, 40s, halts his cooler-pulling. Unshaven, hair matted with sweat, a week old bruise colors a puffy eye. He blows snot into weeds, wipes his face with the bottom of his sweat-soaked Dale Earnhardt #3 t-shirt.

MARTY (V.O.)

Half of all American adults have
more credit card debt than savings.
Twenty-five percent have no savings
at all. And only 15 percent of the
population is on track to fund even
1 year of retirement.

Thunder cracks several miles away. Prompted, he picks up the telescoping handles on his coolers, drags.

EXT. LAKE-MARTY'S BOAT - NIGHT

Marty quick-flips a large folding knife open, slices a bag of ice, empties half into a cooler, ice spilling, tops it with two catfish from the floor of the boat. Shuts the lid.

MARTY (V.O.)

Which means the other 85 percent
can continue to live in the style
to which they've become accustomed
only if they're lucky enough to die
within a year of retiring.

EXT. LAKE-MARTY'S BOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT

Marty's boat rises, falls in rough chop. He hand-twists the outboard's throttle, squints. Lightning flashes right, he looks, catches a glimpse of a huge lake, rock cliffs.

MARTY (V.O.)

Suggesting what? The Middle Class
is evaporating? The American Dream
is dead? Yes and no.

Thunder rolls, on his left now. He notices a pair of lights, blinking, rising, falling... but not in tandem. What the...?

MARTY (V.O.)

You wouldn't be here if the latter
were true. See, I think most
people just have a fundamentally
flawed view of money. What it is.
What it can and cannot do.

He twists the throttle hard. The outboard whines, the thunder louder. He abandons the throttle, the boat slows as he searches the floor.

MARTY (V.O.)

Is it simply an agreed upon unit of
exchange for goods and services?

A DEAFENING ROAR. Marty finds the flashlight, clicks it on, light pointed at the roar, clicking it on, off, giving up, throwing himself across the two coolers, bracing as--

MARTY (V.O.)

Three-seventy for a gallon of milk?
Thirty bucks to cut your grass?

Two 40-foot CIGARETTE BOATS materialize, a thousand horses each. They sandwich Marty, scream by.

MARTY (V.O.)
Or is it an intangible? Security.
Happiness. Peace of mind.

The tiny boat bucks on massive swells, water sprays. Marty shuts his eyes, hugs the shifting coolers, waits to capsize.

EXT. LAKE-COVERED DOCK - NIGHT

Rain hammers a sheet metal roof. Beneath it, Marty hunkers in his boat, waits out the storm, sheltered, drenched.

MARTY (V.O.)
Let me propose a third option:
money as a measuring device, not
unlike a yardstick or barometer.

Behind him, up the slope, a ramshackle structure on stilts, more fishing cabin than house. Marty watches the rain divot the surface of the Lake, lost in thought. Numb.

MARTY (V.O.)
Let me explain... The author Jack
Kerouac once said 'you won't
remember the time you spent working
in your office or mowing your lawn.
Climb that Goddamn mountain.' Good
advice. For a bum.

EXT. LAKE-MARTY'S BOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT

Rain over. Hugging the shoreline, Marty motors past the base of a rock bluff, looks up at the light spilling from a multi-million dollar mansion perched high above.

MARTY (V.O.)
The hard reality is, how much or
how little money we accumulate in
life isn't a function of who's
president, the economy, bubbles
bursting, bad breaks and bosses...

EXT. MARINA-MARTY'S BOAT - NIGHT

Marty's boat tied-off, parked. Bass boats, pontoon boats, family craft, occupy the neighboring slips. Marty stands in his boat, balances, hoists a cooler onto the dock.

MARTY (V.O.)

It's about the American work ethic.
The one that made us the greatest
country on Earth.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marty muscles the second cooler into the open tail-gate of a mini-van, next to the first. He slams the hatch closed, four smiling stick figures stuck to the back window-- DAD, MOM, DAUGHTER and SON.

MARTY (V.O.)

It's about bucking the media's
opinion as to what constitutes a
good parent. Deciding instead to
miss the ball game, play, concert
because you've resolved to work and
invest in your family's future.

INT. MARTY'S MINI-VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Marty at the wheel, headlights on an unmarked blacktop, forest close on both sides. He checks his rearview, anxious. HITS THE BRAKES as a plump possum waddles onto the road. The animal glares at him, hisses.

MARTY (V.O.)

It's about ignoring the clarion
call of the indolent to 'work
smarter not harder' and doing both.
Taking responsibility for the
consequences of our actions.

Marty white-knuckles the wheel, frustration, anger, regret spilling, he SCREAMS, guns it. The mini-van KA-BUMPS twice.

EXT. METAL SHED - NIGHT

3 dead catfish mixed with melting ice lay in a gravel lot in front of a large windowless metal shed.

MARTY (V.O.)

Patience. Frugality. Sacrifice.

INT. METAL SHED - NIGHT

Dim. One ceiling-mounted light bulb, on. A derelict PONTOON BOAT rests on a rusty boat trailer, tires deflated, rotten.

MARTY (V.O.)

And when you boil it down to its
least common denominator what do
all those things have in common?

A Coleman cooler, lid up, empty.

MARTY (V.O.)

They're choices.

Marty lifts a shrink-wrapped block from the second cooler,
hauls it to one end of a steel pontoon, the end of the
pontoon sawed off.

MARTY (V.O.)

Good ones, bad ones, for better or
worse. Money's not peace of mind.

The shrink-wrapped block beneath the light-- cash visible
through the plastic. Hundreds of thousands. He squats,
squints into the hollow pontoon--

MARTY (V.O.)

Money's not happiness. It's not
even a unit of exchange.

Filled with cash. MILLIONS.

Marty levers the pontoon shut, stands, checks his space.
Satisfied. He pulls the light chain. Dark.

INT. LIDDELL & BIRD FINANCIAL ADVISORS-LOBBY - DAY

"LIDDELL AND BIRD, FINANCIAL ADVISORS" stenciled on a
storefront window. Naperville, IL in the b.g., pedestrians,
cars passing. A RECEPTIONIST at a tidy desk. Moving into...

MARTY (PRE-LAP V.O.)

Money is, at its essence...

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - DAY

Marty -- clean shaven, shirt/tie -- behind his desk, SNAPS a
dollar bill, concludes his presentation--

MARTY

The measure of a man's choices.

A YOUNG HUSBAND & WIFE sit facing him, unsure how to proceed.

YOUNG HUSBAND

We're really just getting started looking at... interviewing, I guess you'd say, financial advisors.

MARTY

Understood. You're doing your due diligence.

YOUNG WIFE

Mr. Bird--

MARTY

Marty.

YOUNG WIFE

Marty, we don't really know that much about stocks, investing.

YOUNG HUSBAND

Well, I kind of do.

(off Wife's look)

I do. I just don't have time to do the research.

YOUNG WIFE

We just want to be comfortable with who we trust our money to.

Marty's desktop monitor signals an incoming e-mail. He cuts his eyes to his inbox. Subject: DON'T OPEN AT WORK.

YOUNG HUSBAND

The point is I don't have time.

MARTY

Of course you don't. It's not what you do. It's what I do. Tell me, what are your financial goals? Do you have a five year plan?

Careful not to offend, Marty clicks on the e-mail. Eyes dart from the couple to the paperclip symbol for ATTACHMENT.

YOUNG WIFE

We want to finish the basement. Ideally. And we'd like a pool.

Marty nods, opens the attachment, angles his monitor away from the couple. Presses the volume key... down. ONSCREEN: an amateur but stable feed, the camera fixed. A motel room, a MAN, 50, a pretty WOMAN, strawberry blonde, late 30s, kissing, groping, clothes coming off, fast.

YOUNG HUSBAND
 We don't need a pool.
 (to Marty)
 We're not getting a pool.

Marty torn between the couple, his monitor.

MARTY
 Pools are tricky. You don't recoup
 your money when it's time to sell--

The onscreen couple naked. Man's back to the camera,
 Strawberry Blonde kneels, hands cup his ass, fellating him.

MARTY
 As an investment, they're poor.

Young Wife pouts. Marty tries to focus--

MARTY
 You have two children?

Marty fails. The Man jerks Strawberry to her feet, pushes
 her on the bed, mounts her from behind. SLAPS her ass.

YOUNG WIFE (O.S.)
 A boy and a girl, three and five.

Marty flinches. Stares. Strawberry looks over her shoulder,
 distinctive dark eyes. She licks her lips, turns her face
 from the camera. Man readies another ass-slap--

BRUCE (O.S.)
 How we doin' folks?

Marty fumble clicks the screen blank as BRUCE LIDDELL
 whirlwinds in. If Bruce caught a glimpse of ass he doesn't
 let it show.

MARTY
 Mr. and Mrs. Hunkins, the Liddell
 in Liddell and Bird, Bruce Liddell.

Bruce, late 40s, a beefy build trimmed by Brioni, shakes
 hands with the couple. He taps his watch at Marty.

BRUCE
 Gotta be in the city at four.
 Leave in ten?
 (to the couple)
 New customers?

MARTY

They're in the process of
interviewing financial advisors.

BRUCE

You didn't tell them?

Marty, Husband, Wife exchange confused smiles.

BRUCE

We handle the financial planning
for seventy-three percent of all of
Northwestern's surgical staff.

YOUNG HUSBAND

Wow.

BRUCE

Wow. That's our appointment.
We're about to stop taking on new
clients. There's an Edward Jones
office on Whacker I hear does a
halfway decent job--

Bruce glances at Marty, taps his watch. Husband motions to
Wife's purse, prompts her with a look. Bruce sees it.

BRUCE

Or... five thousand opens an
account. Would you rather use a
check or a credit card?

YOUNG HUSBAND

Check.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

The sun sparkles off countless windows.

INT. HIGH RISE (UNDER CONSTRUCTION)-50TH FLOOR - DAY

Roughed out, exposed studs, wiring. LIZ, 30, a realtor and
Bruce's fiancée, shows the space. Marty, Bruce trail.

LIZ

Views of the Chicago River, room
for expansion--

Liz hugs her iPad, a lunge-toned butt under a carefully
chosen skirt not tight so much as clingy.

BRUCE
It's perfect, baby.

He kisses her, she mock protests.

LIZ
Not while I'm working. Marty, what do you think? Don't you love it?

MARTY
It's very nice, Liz.

BRUCE
Nice? C'mon, you've got no imagination.
(gestures; grand)
You get that corner, I'm in that corner. Twenty people working for us, two receptionists.

Marty wanders, inspects, points to unframed window openings.

MARTY
What kind of windows?

Liz looks to Bruce, puzzled.

LIZ
I don't--

BRUCE
The kind you see thru.

MARTY
Southern exposure... depending on their performance rating the cooling bill will be 15, 20 percent higher in the summer.

LIZ
Heating bill 15 to 20 percent lower in the winter.

MARTY
Doesn't work that way I'm afraid.

BRUCE
Liz, go call some clients will ya? Bird and I want to talk amongst ourselves.

Liz smiles, gives the men their space.

BRUCE
Okay, what, what, what? You're in a mood. What's the problem?

MARTY
I'm not in a mood--

BRUCE
You've been in a mood for months.

MARTY
I just don't think we need this.

BRUCE
The couple back at the shop.
You're mad at me.

MARTY
No, it wasn't--

BRUCE
Sorry, all right?

BRUCE
What then? A place like this
validates us. We're making money
hand over fist. Tell me we don't
need the higher rent on our books.

Marty squares up to the skyline, Bruce behind him.

MARTY
Seventy percent of the surgeons at
Northwestern?

BRUCE
(chuckling)
I fucking knew it.

MARTY
Not Naperville General but
Northwestern.

Bruce examines an overhead light fixture, joins Marty.

BRUCE
Seventy-three. A good lie's all
confidence and detail.

MARTY
You didn't have to lie, they were
almost there.

BRUCE
Did I hear "patience, frugality,
sacrifice"?

MARTY
You did.

BRUCE
Then they weren't almost there.
(Marty pissed)
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Nobody wants to kneel at Marty
Bird's economic stations of the
cross. This is America. The sell-
by date on that Pilgrim's Progress--

MARTY
Delayed gratification.

BRUCE
Financial blue balls--

BRUCE

--shit expired fifty years ago.
You gotta dangle the dream, baby--
(snaps his fingers)
--then snatch it away. The dream's
the hook. Fear of loss. Regret.
That's the close.

MARTY

You broke the law--
(Bruce eye-rolls)
A thousand dollars opens an I.R.A.

BRUCE

When you're selling dreams people
don't want a bargain.
(shoulder squeeze)
That's why I'm the salesman and
you're the numbers guy.

MARTY

(wistful)
Yeah, I'm the numbers guy.

BRUCE

Best I've ever seen. Why are you
wasting time with walk-ins? That
simpleton'll be calling next week
telling you his wife just got five
new Friend requests and something
must be "going on" over at
Facebook, buy, buy, buy.
(beat)
They're small fish. Throw 'em back
in, they're not what we do. Those
days are over.

MARTY

Small fish protect big fish.

Marty takes a long beat, staring at the Chicago canyons.

MARTY

When you think back about who you
are, what you wanted to do? This
it, Bruce?

BRUCE

You serious?

Bruce sees Marty struggle, empathizes. A long beat.

BRUCE

Okay. I'll play. No. I wanted to own a restaurant. Comfort food. A micro-cuisine Dago-cracker hybrid. Lobster albanello with a side of cornbread. Maybe a little bakery counter off to one side.

(thoughtful beat)

Had the name all picked out.

(glances at Marty)

This isn't about business is it?

I saw your screen when I walked in.

Marty squirms, a dodge forms on his lips--

BRUCE

Wendy catches you rubbing one out to that amateur back-door action, she'll crap a toaster.

(Marty embarrassed)

Hey, you *know* I get it. Semen's like snake venom, it's gotta come out. Preferably under suction. Plus you and Wendy've been together how long? Twenty years?

MARTY

Twenty-two.

BRUCE

Christ. Those threads are stripped. Don't get me wrong, Wendy's a great gal, I love her to death but she's from a different generation; to her a facial comes with a pedicure and a glass of Two-Buck Chuck. What's her concession to spicing things up? Shaving her cooter? Bet she bitched about the razor burn for two weeks.

(checks for Liz)

Liz is my fiancée and I love her dearly... but a girl her age? Nothing's off-menu. Same night; vaginal, oral, anal. Girl's got a wink like a bear-trap. We were dating six months before I caved and told her why she kept getting bladder infections.

Marty can't help it, chuckles. Bruce digs in, pleased to see his friend laugh. Cares about him.

MARTY

I don't want to hear it--

BRUCE

Bullshit. Granted she's only thirty but you see any wrinkles on her? No, you do not. You think Mary Kay makes what's going on her face? Baby, that's Bruce-Juice a teaspoon at a time.

MARTY

Okay, that's enough. She's your future wife.

Their chuckling ebbs. Bruce turns serious, picks a scab.

BRUCE

Birdy, you can turn one dollar into two better than anyone I've ever seen, you're my best friend and I love you. I do. I love you. But you're living a subdued life. We make the same bank--

(points at the skyline)

How is it I can see my place in Trump Tower from here and you're driving a 10-year-old Camry? With cloth fucking seats?

MARTY

There's nothing wrong with my Camry. And I do fine... sex-wise.

BRUCE

Says the man watching D.I.Y. porn in his office. It's not just sex, it's what sex represents: *life*. I've cracked the code, baby, the secret's having fun. Can you even remember the last time you were really truly happy? That perfect selfish melt-in-your-mouth moment that's just Marty's? Ya got me-- financial advisor's not my dream job. But I'm taking a bite outta the apple. The high point of my year won't be a birthday blow job and a shirt from Banana Republic.

Bruce searches a pocket.

BRUCE

Look. Liz and I went here this past weekend.

He pulls a slim glossy tri-fold, hands it to Marty.

MARTY

(opening; reading)
Lake of the Ozarks?

BRUCE

Southern Missouri, baby; the Redneck Riviera.

MARTY

Thought you were going to Lake Geneva.

BRUCE

Liz saw it on one of those white-trash reality shows; some wing-nut jerkin' a catfish out of a log with his bare hands. Thought I'd hate the place... Got there, almost pissed myself. This bad boy has more shoreline than the coast of California. Every summer, five million cash-rich tourists. Five million. It's got everything; rich, poor, bass boats, yachts, condos, campsites, mansions and mullets. You can buy land right down to the waterline. We invest, use it as an excuse for you and I to get out of the city, you let some corn-fed fly-over ginch drain the snake, your mood improves, probably your marriage. Unless of course Wendy's going to arch her back and let you drill for oil like that little hottie this afternoon.

Liz steps in.

LIZ

Decision boys?

BRUCE

We'll take it.

MARTY

No. We won't.
(pockets the glossy)
We'll consider it.

BRUCE
My two favorite people in the
world. Come here--

Bruce pulls them in for a group hug.

BRUCE
Here's to the bold! The gamblers!
Taking a bite outta the apple!

INT. MARTY'S CAMRY (MOVING SLOW)- DAY

A faded tennis ball kisses the windshield. Marty parks in his garage, looks left-- a second tennis ball suspended from the ceiling by string hangs over an empty space.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-CHARLOTTE'S ROOM - DAY

Marty knock-enters, the room strewn with name-brand clothes. 2 obese guinea pigs in a large cage. CHARLOTTE, 15, pretty, lounges on her bed, occupied with her iPhone. Her T-shirt reads PINK, her shorts too tight.

MARTY
Hey, Char.

CHARLOTTE
Internet's down again.

Marty moves clothes with his feet. Charlotte ignores him. He squints at the guinea pig cage.

MARTY
When's the last time you cleaned
Iggy and Cheez's cage?

CHARLOTTE
I don't smell anything.

MARTY
They need water.

CHARLOTTE
I just filled it.

MARTY
How was the first day of finals?

CHARLOTTE
Okay, I guess.

Marty picks up a shirt, sighs a useless sigh.

CHARLOTTE

Dad, why do you come in here if you're just going to criticize?

MARTY

Why should I continue to buy you nice things if you're not going to treat them responsibly?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know, why should you?

MARTY

That's it? That's all you got?

Charlotte's turn to sigh, they've done this before. A beat.

CHARLOTTE

Why did you have children if you wanted them to act like adults?

MARTY

Much better. Where's your mother?

She shrugs, returns to her phone, texting. He starts out, reluctant to leave.

MARTY

Given any thought to what you want to do with your summer break?

Charlotte thumbs her phone, doesn't look up.

CHARLOTTE

Little as possible.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-BASEMENT - DAY

Unfinished. Assassins Creed on a TV screen. JONAH BIRD, 13, handsome, thin, sits on a tired couch, sharpens a long stick with a steak knife. Marty ambles over--

MARTY

Hey, buddy. How are you?

JONAH

Hey, dad.

MARTY

Ace your finals?

JONAH

You know it.

MARTY
You're gonna dull that knife.

JONAH
I'm making a spear.

MARTY
I see that. May I ask why?

JONAH
So I can spear something.

Marty nods at the screen.

MARTY
Sink the El whatever yet?

JONAH
Impoluto. Three weeks ago.

MARTY
Wanna go for a ride?

JONAH
Nah, not really. Look...

Jonah pulls his mobile, thumbs through photos.

JONAH
There's this lunch lady at school.
She's super short, kinda plump.
She's got a hunchback and an extra
finger on her right hand.

He hands Marty the phone: a selfie; Jonah and the Lunch Lady.

MARTY
Huh.

Marty considers his odd son for a beat, returns the phone.

MARTY
Where'd your mom go?

JONAH
Out getting supper I think. She
says she doesn't cook on Wednesday.

EXT. MARTY'S HOME-BACKYARD - DAY

Just so. Grass cut, fence-line weed-whacked.

Marty leans over a short picket fence more decorative than defensive, inspects ripening tomatoes in a tidy garden.

EXT. MARTY'S HOME-BACKYARD - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Marty cradles tomatoes, stomps a mole tunnel flat. He follows the swell of the tunnel, flattening. Stops. He reaches a large ring of semi-bare Earth; a faded outline some fifteen feet in diameter. Marty lost in thought.

EXT. MARTY'S HOME-DRIVEWAY - DAY (LATER)

Garage door closes. Marty -- bike shorts, lycra shirt, helmet -- rolls down the driveway on a high-end Trek. He snugs ear-buds, the historian Shelby Foote's rich voice reads from his book *The Beleaguered City: the Vicksburg Campaign*.

SHELBY FOOTE (V.O.)
(reading)
Haste made waste and Ulysses S.
Grant knew it, but in this case
haste was unavoidable--

EXT. MARTY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Marty pedals past edged lawns, sprinklers, mini-vans.

EXT. SURFACE STREET - DAY

Mood darkening, he weaves out of slower traffic, hops the curb with ease, rocketing down the sidewalk. Biking angry.

EXT. PRIVATE STREET - DAY

Marty no-hands glides down a high-end street. Calming. Surveying MANSIONS, one after another. Soaking it in.

He dismounts, taps Foote off, stopped in front of the grandest of the homes. Marty pulls his cell, dials, wipes sweat from his face. Stares at the house.

BRUCE'S VOICE MAIL (V.O.)
(over phone)
This is Bruce Liddell, leave me a
message, I'll call you back!

Beep.

MARTY

(into phone)

Hey-- let's pull the trigger. On that office, let's lock it in. It'd be great if Liz could get some utility comps we could review but I think we should do it.

Marty tears his eyes from the house, turns in small circles.

MARTY

Parking, though. That's something we didn't talk about. I doubt it's included, let's find out what that costs. And I'm sure the city'll want their one percent.

He begins to ramble, conscious of his weakening position.

MARTY

Anyway, I think we should think hard about it. Let's review the lease agreement, do another walk through... you know there is the possibility there's another space we'd like even more. So-- don't tell Liz we'll take it, but... we'll hash it out on Monday.

He disconnects. God dammit.

EXT. SURFACE STREET - DAY

Marty pedals home, coasts to a stop at a red light. The BEEP-BEEP of a horn-- the mini-van next to him. He pulls his ear-buds, the passenger window lowers--

Behind the wheel, the strawberry blonde from the amateur porn smiles, holds up a Chipotle bag, shouts--

WENDY

Good timing! I've got your naked burrito! Half spicy, half mild. I'll see you at home!

Marty nods at his wife, WENDY. The light turns green, she gives a little wave, drives away. 4 SMILING STICK FIGURES on her rear window; Dad, Mom, 2 kids: the Bird Family.

MARTY

Leave it.

Charlotte stage sighs, slaps down the remote.

WENDY

He just needs to put himself out there more. I'd be interested.

CHARLOTTE

Ugh. All my eggs just spoiled at once.

MARTY

(to Charlotte)

Clever. Not at the table.

CHARLOTTE

Why do you always take his side? You never say anything to him.

JONAH

(to Wendy)

Can you make pork chops some time?

MARTY

I don't take his side.

WENDY

Sure. You want pork chops?

CHARLOTTE

Oh my God, dad.

JONAH

Yeah.

WENDY

(to Marty)

How was your day?

MARTY

Same as it always is.

(beat)

How'd you fill yours?

WENDY

Let's see, went to Costco, got groceries... dropped off the recyclables...

Jonah hops up, his burrito half-eaten, heads to the sink.

WENDY

...took Jonah to the dentist, he's gonna need braces like his sister--

(to Jonah)

Don't throw that in the trash, your father might want it.

JONAH

Want it dad?

Marty shakes no, back to Wendy.

MARTY
I thought you got groceries Monday.

CHARLOTTE
(to Wendy)
I need ten dollars.

Jonah throws his plate away, beelines for the basement.

WENDY
What for?

CHARLOTTE
Fund raiser for Hannah. Lawson.

MARTY
Which one is she?

WENDY
Tall, really fair--

CHARLOTTE
She's slept over--

MARTY
What's her problem?

WENDY
She has psoriasis.

Marty shakes his head, what next?

CHARLOTTE
It's a disease, dad. Like cancer.

MARTY
She's got itchy skin.

CHARLOTTE
There's no cure.

MARTY
Then why waste the money? If you tell me they're on the verge of curing flaky skin and your contribution puts a crack team of dermatologists over the top, then, sure, pony up. Otherwise...

Charlotte stands, plate in hand, offended.

CHARLOTTE
I'm not calling you one... but why are you being so dick-ish?

WENDY
 (puzzled; soft)
 It's only 10 dollars.

MARTY
 (ignoring Wendy)
 When you work for a living,
 Charlotte, you get tired of
 everyone's hand in your pocket.

WENDY
 (to Charlotte; calming)
 Stop. Get it out of my purse.

CHARLOTTE
 Forget it. Let her face fall off.

She stalks out, the room quiet save for MSNBC. Beat.

WENDY
 You got a new *Consumer Reports*
 today. The cover's torn again.

MARTY
 Thanks for getting dinner.

WENDY
 (grins)
 I worked hard at it.

Polite smiles, slippery eye contact. Finally--

WENDY
 Julie and Lisa want me to go out to
 dinner with them tomorrow night,
 you have anything going on?

Marty moves his food around. You cheating bitch.

MARTY
 Nope. Whatever you want, Wendy.

She finishes, stands, starts loading the dishwasher. He
 eats, watches the markets on TV.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

News on TV. Marty mans an easy chair, reads *Consumer Reports*. The cover torn. Wendy on the couch, surfing her iPad. She flips the cover closed, steals a look--

WENDY
 Want the History Channel?

MARTY
You don't want to see the weather?

WENDY
I'm tired.
(beat)
You seem awfully quiet.

MARTY
Just a lot on my mind, I guess.

WENDY
Remote?

MARTY
Sure.

She stands, hands him the remote, edges to the stairs.

WENDY
Care if I go to bed?

MARTY
(reading)
Why would I care?

WENDY
I don't know why I say it.

MARTY
I don't either.

WENDY
(smiles)
Good night.

MARTY
Night.

She heads upstairs. He waits till she can't see him looking, then watches her disappear. Torso, legs, feet. Cunt.

He pops up, snags her iPad from the couch, opens it, sits. His eyes dart to the stairs, opens the Facebook tab, scrolls thumbnails of Friends. Scrolls. Stop. Got him.

MARTY
Gary Silverberg.

Page opened-- Wendy's unsuspecting partner in porn poses in front of his Cessna Skyhawk. At a black tie dinner. Waders on, fly fishing against a mountainous b.g.

MARTY
 (squints; reads)
 Fucking New Zealand?

Marty clicks on 89 Likes. COMMENTS. Scrolls, stops. Wendy Davis Bird-- Marty holds his breath -- opens.

"Jealous..."

The word thuds. Dot. Dot. Dot.

EXT. MARTY'S HOME-BACKYARD - NIGHT

A light shines on a mole-tunnel. The beam coming from a flashlight duct-taped to the pitch-fork Marty holds poised over the tunnel. Marty growls, strikes. He jerks the tool loose, checks its tines for blood. Nothing.

He flips the light off, looks around. A dog barks in the distance. Lights in neighboring homes. Marty hurts.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marty in boxers/t-shirt, sets the home security alarm.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-JONAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. A sleeping Jonah curled on the edge of his bed. Marty grabs him under the armpits, hauls his son to the bed's center, covers him, pats a shoulder. Jonah doesn't stir.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-KID'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marty at the sink, fills a guinea pig bottle with water.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Marty attaches the bottle to the Guinea pig cage. He navigates to a sleeping Charlotte, kicks something hard, bites off a curse. He kisses her forehead, she stirs.

MARTY
 (whispers)
 Who loves his little girl?

CHARLOTTE
 (automatic; faint)
 You do, daddy.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE-MARTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy sleeps. Marty eases into bed, sheet up. He stares at the ceiling, then at Wendy. He studies the back of her head, bare shoulders, the swell of her hips beneath the sheet. Her hips. Her back-arching cat-in-heat-hips.

He glares at the ceiling, radiates anger. She snores.

MARTY

(soft)

Alright then.

He whips the sheet off, swings his legs over the side.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marty, dressed in same-day clothes, sans tie, punches buttons on the home security keypad.

INT. MARTY'S CAMRY (MOVING) - NIGHT (LATER)

Marty slows, flings a fistful of coins into a toll basket, accelerates toward the Chicago skyline.

INT./EXT. MARTY'S CAMRY - NIGHT

Marty slow-rolls to the curb, stops. Locks the doors. His POV: a trio of Howard Avenue HOOKERS, 20s, in thigh-highs and fuck-me pumps work the corner. He stares at the BLONDE HOOKER, her come-ons to passing cars. She glances his way--

INT. MARTY'S CAMRY - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Street lamp lit. Marty nervous, on the lookout for cops. Blonde Hooker nuzzles his neck. Supermodel-hot; lustrous hair, full lips, flawless skin.

BLONDE HOOKER

You haven't done this before, have you?

MARTY

Why?

BLONDE HOOKER

Handsome, clean, fit--

BLONDE HOOKER

Let me guess, your wife won't do...
what you want her to do.

Tube top shed. Breasts. Perfect. Marty forgets the cops.

BLONDE HOOKER

If you were my man? Working all
day so I could stay-at-home...

She unbuckles his pants. Marty's breath hitches.

BLONDE HOOKER

Which, let's face it, was a bitch
when they were little but now
they're both teens and in school
all day -- a private school too,
fifteen grand a pop, even though
you pay a shit-pot full of state
taxes and live in a top-rated
public school district.

His zipper comes down. Slow. Marty braces. She purrs...

BLONDE HOOKER

Who's never missed a mortgage
payment? Marty Bird. Nice home on
a quarter-acre squared-off lot in a
suburb with just enough ethnics to
make *Chicago Magazine's* Best
Neighborhoods list but not enough
to drop the property values.
Thanks Marty. Food on tables,
shoes on feet, braces on teeth.
Marty fuckin' Bird, putting
presents under the tree since 1999.
Not only would I not cheat on you--

She tongues his top lip, locks eyes with him.

BLONDE HOOKER

I'd let you do... Anything. You.
Wanted. Do me a favor--

Her head starts its descent.

BLONDE HOOKER

Don't cum too fast.

He shakes 'no', she pauses, looks up.

BLONDE HOOKER

Nice shirt.

Her head disappears into his lap, he gasps, closes his eyes.

RING! RING! RING!

INT. MARTY'S CAMRY - NIGHT

Reality. Phone ringing. Blonde Hooker closing fast outside his window -- tweeker-teeth, dark roots and a cold sore.

BLONDE HOOKER

Hey! You can't be beatin' off in your car, baby. This ain't a pettin' zoo.

Marty fumbles the car into drive, squeals off. He fumbles for his phone, answers it. Over Bluetooth--

MARTY

(into phone; breathless)
Yeah...

BRUCE (V.O.)

(over phone)
Bird, it's Bruce... I'm at Hansons.

MARTY

Trucking? Why?

BRUCE (V.O.)

I'm with Senior and Junior. I need you here, Marty. Now.

MARTY

Tonight? No... Bruce what's the--

BRUCE (V.O.)

Del's here.

Marty sobers. Silence for a beat.

MARTY

Okay.

EXT. CHICAGO INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

Large low slung buildings, loading docks, scattered cars in mostly empty parking lots.

INT. MARTY'S CAMRY (MOVING) - NIGHT

Marty parks, headlights shining on BRUCE vanity plates attached to a Maserati flanked by 3 white Suburbans.

INT. HANSON AND SON TRUCKING-SERVICE BAY - NIGHT

Dim. Fluorescent safety lights. Dark around the edges, the outlines of half a dozen men. Marty walks past a smattering of tool chests, parked trucks. Knows the layout.

He mounts steel tread-plate steps.

INT. HANSON TRUCKING-OFFICE - NIGHT

Marty enters, 3 sets of anxious eyes turn to him. Crammed shoulder to shoulder on a sagging couch-- HANSON SR., 60s, HANSON JR. 30s, Liz, her face flush with fear. The last to look up-- Bruce.

The space small; built to fire drivers, screw secretaries, take a dump in peace. An empty chair behind a steel desk. A .44 PISTOL on top.

MARTY

Bruce? Mr. Hanson, what...?

A toilet FLUSHES behind the john door. Water runs, paper tears. The door opens, ARTURO "DEL" DEL RIO emerges.

Mexican, 40s, lean, handsome, stylish Del lays eyes on Marty, laugh lines crinkling, he towels his hands dry.

DEL

There he is--

Del grips Marty's hand; a two-handed, old friends shake.

MARTY

Del, I didn't know you were in town. What's going on?

DEL

You look good, Marty. Where's my five million dollars?

Marty half-smiles. A joke? Serious? He glances at Bruce, back to Del. His stomach falls. Del sees it.

DEL

Oh, shit. The Mexican's serious.

HANSON JR.

Whatever's between you boys is your
business, it's got nothing to do
with me and my dad.

HANSON SR.

Shut up, son--

HANSON JR.

We run a clean shop.

Del gestures Marty to Hanson Sr.'s empty chair, Del perches
on the edge of the desk, angled to the couch, amused.

DEL

Clean? Other than the hundred
million in drug money you and your
father collect and transport to
these two men to launder.

Marty sits, Bruce won't meet his eyes.

HANSON JR.

Clean to you.

Del chuckles.

MARTY

Whoa, whoa, whoa... Del, this money
you're missing, however much--

DEL

The Federation produces a billion
dollars a year. I don't know I'd
use any version of "miss."
"Stolen." That's my word.

HANSON SR.

Mr. Del Rio, I swear we're not
stealing from you. We log all our
weights -- check 'em -- numbers
don't lie.

Del smiles, spins the .44 on the desk... nods at Marty.

DEL

Don't tell him that. Not to
diminish your contribution, Bruce;
the ability to charm the Hansons of
the world, to recognize weakness
equal to your own -- seduce and
corrupt them -- is a talent in and
of itself. But Martin Bird...
there's your artist. A conjurer.
A master of the dark arts of black
money. Placement, layering,
integration;

(MORE)

DEL (CONT'D)

Chicago to Panama, Moscow to Tel Aviv, this man can make one-hundred million dollars of dirty money disappear like spit on a hot skillet.

Liz muffles a sob, Bruce takes her hand, she pulls away.

LIZ

Mr. Rio?

DEL

"Del Rio." Arturo Del Rio. Like Dolores Del Rio.

LIZ

I have to pee?

DEL

Of course.

Del helps Liz off the low couch. Wiping tears, she scuttles into the john, bolts herself in. Del sits to the muted sound of Liz retching.

DEL

When I was nine, I started working in my parents' grocery store. Stocking shelves, unloading produce. It's tough, grocery. Low margins, spoilage, shrinkage, competition. But, people gotta eat. My father loved working the floor, the public. My mother, not the warmest of women, took care of the books, rarely left the back office. Wasn't a big store, but it fed six kids. We had four cashiers that weren't blood. Our best -- Carlotta -- thirty maybe, started there when she was fifteen. Loyal, worked holidays, inventory, somebody'd quit, call in sick, you knew she'd cover. The kinda person you call "aunt" when you're nine because her kids come to your birthday parties. Always around, always a smile.

(beat; reminiscing)

Then one day my father's closing up and he sees Aunt Carlotta slip five dollars worth of pesos outta the till, into her pocket. He could not believe it. "Why Carlotta?"

(MORE)

DEL (CONT'D)

If you needed the money why didn't you come to me?" Carlotta was a proud woman. Not too proud to steal, but proud. She had four kids, no husband. Her youngest had asthma, said she needed the money for medicine. So her boy could breathe. Cried like a baby, swore she'd never do it again. Begged my father not to fire her. Begged.

Del nods at Hanson Sr.

DEL

What to do with Aunt Carlotta...
Mr. Hanson?

HANSON SR.

Five bucks? Tell her if it happens again, she's gone. Put her on probation.

The younger Hanson nods his agreement.

DEL

"Probation." I love America.
Bruce?

BRUCE

One mistake against fifteen years.
Training cashiers is a bitch...
Give her a second chance, Del.

DEL

Marty? What should my father do?

MARTY

I know what you're doing, Del. And I've had enough. Bruce and I have cleaned money for Mr. Beltran and the Federation for fifteen years. This is an intimidation audit, nothing more. You think if you blow in here, unannounced, rattle some cages, someone might admit to skimming money. You're fishing. I get it. People steal. When your supply chain downstream is run by drug dealers and meth-heads I imagine you'll find a lot of Aunt Carlottas. But not in this room.

Marty points to the bathroom, Liz.

MARTY

All you've done with this stunt is involve a civilian. And for the record? This... Dale Carnegie meets Pablo Escobar ruse? It's beneath you.

DEL

Ruse. Good word.

Del lifts his gun, FIRES FOUR TIMES into the bathroom door, the cheap laminate splinters. The men recoil, horrified.

Bruce lunges, howling, jerks the bathroom door open... blood, brain, Liz splattered. Slumped between toilet and wall, legs askew, dead. Bruce kneels, cradling her, crying.

HANSON JR.

It was Bruce's idea! I'm sorry!
Let my dad go, please! Just kill me! He had nothing to do with it!
It was Bruce! It was their idea!

Marty standing, back against the wall, shocked. Hanson Jr.'s screamed confession fades to a rush of white noise.

INT. HANSON & SON TRUCKING-SERVICE BAY - (MOMENTS LATER)

White noise. Marty turns in small circles, legs shaky, his POV: 6 CARTEL ENFORCERS in action. Plastic 50-gallon drums rolled in. Liz's body drug to a drain, trails a bloody smear on the concrete floor.

A gun to a kneeling, weeping Hanson Jr.'s head. A numb Bruce sits on the floor, stares at nothing. Hanson Sr. stands, imploring Del. Del ignores Hanson, looking at Marty, mouth moving, no sound...

Sound, reality return full throttle, Hansons begging, crying.

HANSON SR.

He made a terrible mistake... please, we'll work for free--

HANSON JR.

Mr. Del Rio, I'm sorry, sir, it wasn't my dad--

DEL

Know what I like about Chicago? Other than its central location, convenient interstate highways, modern rail system, anonymous warehouses, and not one but two international airports? All the Mexicans. Culture, language, food. The women. I feel at home.

(MORE)

DEL (CONT'D)
 Know what I dislike about Chicago?
 All the fucking Mexicans.

Hanson Jr. rages at Bruce, spittle flying--

HANSON JR.
 It was that piece of shit! It was
 his idea!

DEL
 May as well put up a sign: "Welcome
 to Chicago, drug hub of the United
 States." FinCen, DEA, ATF, FBI...
 All circling like buzzards. And
 where does the drama come from? 4
 sticky-fingered white men.

Hanson Sr. edges closer to Del, nearly undone.

HANSON SR.
 Please. He's my son. He made a
 mistake. I'll make it right.

DEL
 A father shouldn't have to see his
 child die.

Del gestures, ENFORCER 1, a non-smiling, rail-thin killer,
 slithers up, shoots Hanson Sr. in the head, dropping him.

HANSON JR.
 Daddy--!

Del shoots Jr. Marty's breath catches, he struggles to
 control his breathing. He backs up, ENFORCER 2 stops him.
 Del squats in front of Bruce, soft.

DEL
 Bruce. How'd you do it? Hey--
 (Bruce tries to focus)
 Hanson's men pick up the shipment
 of cash along with whatever
 legitimate load; air conditioners--

BRUCE
 (disoriented)
 Dog food...

DEL
 Dog food... sure.

BRUCE
 Auto parts...

DEL
Subtract the weight of the cash
from the weight of the trucks and
the auto parts...

BRUCE
Dog food. Furniture, carpets...

DEL
What'd you do, Bruce?

BRUCE
We rigged the gas gauges.

The scheme washes over Del, he smiles.

BRUCE
They'd read full when they were
five gallons light.

DEL
The load would count lighter, you'd
take the weight of five gallons of
gas.
(doing the math)
Forty pounds?

BRUCE
Give or take.

DEL
I love it. How much, Bruce?

BRUCE
Eight million. Over three years.

DEL
Okay. I'm sorry about Liz. You
know that, right?

BRUCE
She was a good person.

DEL
I'm sure she was.

BRUCE
Del...? Del, Marty had nothing to
do with this. It was all me.

DEL
Okay. You ready?

Bruce turns to Marty, eyes shining. Loss. Regret.

BRUCE
 "Carolyn's Place." After my mom.
 We were gonna have pie--

BAM! Del shoots Bruce in the head. A sob rips from Marty, he sinks to his knees, roots in his pockets with trembling hands. Del strides to him.

MARTY
 Please... just let me say goodbye--

Enforcer 2 grins. Del catches the grin, takes offense.

DEL
 (to Enforcer 2)
 This man made me millions. It's
 over. You're amused? How much
 have you made me?

Enforcer 2's grin dissolves, eyes dart. Behind them, Marty fumbles car keys to the cement, quarters bounce, a folded glossy piece of paper slides across the floor.

DEL
 That's right-- not millions.

Marty's hands refuse to work; he finally locates his phone, fat fingers the buttons. Starts over.

MARTY
 They're asleep, Del. I'll just
 leave my kids a message. Please...
 they can't think I just
 disappeared. That I left...

Del picks the glossy paper off the floor, unfolds, scans the brochure. Lake of the Ozarks. Discards.

MARTY
 I have to tell them I love them.

Del hunkers in front of Marty, gently takes the phone from shaky hands.

DEL
 They know, Marty. They know.

A faint RING, Del hits END CALL.

DEL
 Your kids still in school?
 (Marty confused)
 Summer break. I don't want to do
 Wendy in front of the kids.

MARTY

(panicked)

No, Del... Wendy doesn't know anything about what I do! I never told her... Never, not once! Please, don't hurt her--

DEL

We ready?

Del levels his gun at Marty's head.

MARTY

Just gimme a second! Please!

Del lowers his gun, indulgent. Marty on his hands and knees. Despairs. Breath labored, he half cries, half laughs, spent.

His breathing slows. On the floor... the brochure.

MARTY

More shoreline than the coast of California.

DEL

Excuse me?

MARTY

The Ozarks. That--
(gestures to brochure)
The Lake. Southern Missouri.

Del picks up the brochure, reads.

MARTY

It has more shoreline than the coast of California.

DEL

Missouri. Right below Illinois? Maybe I'll visit one day. Probably not. I gotta go, Marty--

MARTY

Every summer the population explodes. Tourists; white collar, blue. Midwesterners. People with jobs and money to spend. Coming and going. All summer.

Almost imperceptible... Del's patience begins to thin.

MARTY

Restaurants, bars, night clubs,
liquor stores... all cash
businesses... Impossible to track.

(beat)

Bruce was down there last week...
scouting businesses. I was going
to put my house on the market --
after talking to you first
obviously -- and move down with my
family.

Del sees the dodge, sighs. Marty reads it, stands--

MARTY

You're right about Chicago. 100
percent. FBI, ATF, well you said
it. The CIA even, all of them,
circling Chicago, tapping phones,
monitoring bank accounts... You
need a new hub. One that's off the
radar of every law enforcement
agency in the U.S. Virgin
territory. Cash rich.

Del's interest registers.

MARTY

Right now I launder maybe ten
percent of the money the Federation
makes in the U.S. Even if another
five percent is piece-mealed out
to somebody else like me -- which I
doubt -- that leaves at least
eighty-five if not the entire
ninety percent to be shipped into
Mexico. How much of that is seized
at the border? How much money
siphoned off to bribe border
agents? Customs? Police, judges,
politicians...? I don't want to
launder ten percent, Del. I want
it all.

Del warming. Marty knows it, edges closer to him.

MARTY

Bruce and the Hanson kid stole from
you... eight million? I don't
know, that's what he said right?
Eight? You tell me. But I'll make
you whole. I'll return what he
stole. Call it earnest money.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

My family and I will move to the Ozarks, like we planned, get set up, and I'll start cleaning. Money, Del... money's all that matters. Give me five years -- three -- give me three years, I can be cleaning twice the money we are now. Five years, five hundred million. It's got more shoreline--

DEL

You said that.

Del in decision mode. Thinking. He levels his gun at Marty.

DEL

Here we go--

Marty's legs fail, he feels himself sinking. His POV: Liz, Hanson Sr. being loaded into barrels. He closes his eyes.

FLASH TO:

EXT. MARTY'S HOME-BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sounds of a distant lawn mower, children LAUGHING. Summer.

A wet YOUNG CHARLOTTE, 5, and YOUNG JONAH, 3, bounce in a trampoline, shriek with delight. Wendy laughs, her cut-offs and t-shirt wet, circling the trampoline, spraying her kids with water from a garden hose.

Charlotte squeals as Jonah falls. Jonah hauls himself up by the protective netting, soaked pull-up sagging.

YOUNG CHARLOTTE

Me mommy, spray me!

Marty, 10 years younger, lounges in a lawn chair, watching his family. Toes scrunch a perfect blend of rye and fescue. A breeze ruffles the un-torn *Consumer Reports* open on his lap. He smiles. The moment, the day, his life...

Perfect.

The sound of FINGERS SNAPPING.

DEL (V.O.)

Hey-- Marty--

RETURN TO:

INT. HANSON & SON TRUCKING-SERVICE BAY - NIGHT

Marty opens his eyes, Del leans over, snaps his fingers.

DEL
500 million. In five years?

Marty looks, sees Bruce being barreled. Remembers...

MARTY
Five-hundred *fifteen*. No question.

Del considers.

DEL
You have forty-eight hours to get
my money. Cash. No negotiable
instruments, no cashiers checks, no
wire transfers. Cash. All of it.

Del wags his gun at Marty-- leave. Marty staggers to his feet, takes a dozen unsteady steps.

DEL
Marty...

Marty turns, relief pivoting to fear, eyes darting.

DEL
When I drive by? I better see a
'For Sale' sign on your lawn.

Marty nods, a weak smile. He shuffles into the shadows.

EXT. MARTY'S HOME - NIGHT

A single light spills from the second floor master bedroom.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marty kneels in the closet, clothes parted, opens a small safe bolted to the floor. Wendy hovers, on the edge of panic, voice lowered to keep the children from waking.

WENDY
No! There's no choice here...
Jesus, Marty, stop! They killed
Bruce. We've got to go to the
police!

Marty pulls out two neat stacks of cash; ten-thousand, bank-wrapped. He stands, kicks the safe shut.

SUPER: \$10,000. TOTAL: \$10,000.

MARTY

Really, Wendy? Let's role play
that--

He hustles out of the closet, Wendy on his heels.

MARTY

I'm Detective Whoever The Fuck.
And you, you're the wife of the top
money-launderer for the second
largest drug cartel in Mexico. Go!

Wendy cuts nervous eyes toward their closed door.

MARTY

Police mean witness protection at
best. Prison time. If we get that
far.

WENDY

"We?" We? What are you telling
me, our family, our kids are in
danger? "We" don't launder money
for the second largest drug cartel
in Mexico, you do. How are "we" in
danger, Marty?

MARTY

What do you want to hear, Wendy? A
million dollars in hundreds weighs
about 22 pounds. People who drive
trucks loaded with cash onto scales
and weigh it because there's too
much to count don't have some code
of ethics they adhere to. What's
your solution? Hmm? Tell me.

WENDY

I don't know... send Liz to the
police. Bruce didn't come home.
He's missing. They'll find out
he's dead. Lay the blame on--

MARTY

Liz is dead, Wendy. She's
dissolving in a plastic barrel next
to the one they stuffed Bruce in--

She slumps onto the bed, terrified. Marty calms.

MARTY

What we're not going to do? Panic.
We're going to prioritize.
Compartmentalize. Time management.
First thing tomorrow, after we tell
the kids, call your friend Laura--
(Wendy blanks)

The realtor? List the house. Then
call a moving company. Box only
what we can put in the van. Help
the kids pack, do it for them, I
don't care. Come Friday after
school-- we're on the road.

He starts out, an afterthought stops him, he turns.

MARTY

The movers... get three bids.
Money's gonna be tight.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-KITCHEN - MORNING

Today Show on TV. Breakfast table. A pole-axed Charlotte
puts down a forkful of waffle. A puzzled Jonah glances at
his anxious mother. Both kids in school uniforms. Marty
with a brave face, stage smile.

CHARLOTTE

No fucking way am I going.

MARTY

Stop with the language. You're
going. We're all going.

CHARLOTTE

Not me. I'll live with
Caitlin.

JONAH

The Ozarks. That's like,
woods and stuff?

CHARLOTTE

(to Wendy)
Mom, what the fuck--?

WENDY

(to Jonah)
I think so, honey.

Wendy at a loss, defers to Marty.

MARTY

Husbands, fathers--

A politically correct gesture to Wendy, Charlotte--

MARTY

Wives--
(as Charlotte eye-rolls)
(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

--take new jobs and relocate with their families all the time. This country was built by Americans pursuing opportunity-- Pioneers!

CHARLOTTE

You're a financial advisor! A *self-employed* financial advisor! You decide where the "opportunity" is!

Marty SLAPS the table, Charlotte, the room flinch.

MARTY

That's right! And I've decided the opportunity is in Missouri!

His family taken aback, Marty tamps down his frustration.

MARTY

You're upset. You're leaving your friends, your school... what you're feeling is normal. I understand. But we are a family and we're making this move as a family.

(beat)

Now I would prefer... that you view this as an adventure--

Charlotte bolts up, tears flowing, charges out.

CHARLOTTE

Waffles and a shit sandwich--

Wendy follows after her. Marty and Jonah alone. Silence for a beat. Marty wallows in the aftermath.

JONAH

I think it sounds like fun.

Marty's throat lumps at the small kindness. Jonah rises, starts to go. Marty stops him, pulls him in for a hug.

JONAH

You okay, dad?

Marty releases him, laughs it off, swats his butt. Jonah exits. Marty alone at the table, not okay.

INT. LIDDEL AND BIRD - MORNING

Ransacked. Papers strewn, desk drawers torn out, wires with no computers attached. Marty stands, frozen, stares at the wreckage. A GASP behind him. He half-turns--

RECEPTIONIST

Oh my God... you called the police?

MARTY

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST

They took my computer...

She rummages in her purse, retrieves her phone, dials.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll call the insurance company.

MARTY

Brenda?

She covers the mouthpiece with a hand, waiting for Marty--

MARTY

You're fired. I'm sorry.

Brenda lowers her phone.

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Wreckage. Desk overturned, drawers emptied onto the floor. Marty in his chair, receiver on his lap, phone to an ear.

MARTY

(into phone; forced
upbeat)

No, not some, all. Everything.
Liquidated, cash.

INTERCUT MARTY WITH BROKERS 1, 2, & 3 / BANK MANAGERS

INT. BROKER 1'S OFFICE - MORNING

Corner office just off a boiler room of phone jockeys. BROKER 1 on his headset, nearly speechless.

BROKER 1

I...? All of it?

INT. BANK OF CHICAGO-MANAGER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Wood veneers, framed motivational posters. BANK MANAGER on his phone, TELLERS, CUSTOMERS through his open door.

MARTY (V.O.)
\$7,945,400.

BANK MANAGER
Sir, again, we don't keep that kind of cash on site. You can't just have it wired here then come by and withdraw it. Not in cash.

INT. BROKER 2'S OFFICE - MORNING

BROKER 2 paces a partner's office, phone to ear.

BROKER 2
Whoa, whoa, whoa... Marty stop. If the markets are spooking you, hell, let's slide it into mutual funds--

MARTY
No, I'll be back in six months with twice the money--

INT. BANK OF CHICAGO-MANAGER'S OFFICE - MORNING

BANK MANAGER
I'm not explaining myself correctly; because it says the money's in your account, doesn't mean it's really there. Physically.

MARTY
I know how the banking system works. That's why I'm calling you in advance so you can get it.

INT. BROKER 3'S OFFICE - MORNING

Empire State Building through his window. BROKER 3 bullies--

BROKER 3
Your entire portfolio. Forget it. Ten percent penalty for early withdrawal plus at least thirty-two percent in taxes. No--

MARTY
I'll worry about taxes next April. Sell it. Now.

INT. BANK OF CHICAGO-VP'S OFFICE - MORNING

Real wood. Real paintings. Bank Manager hovers, the BANK VP, 50s, solid, mans a large desk, phone on speaker.

BANK VEEP

Mr. Bird, there seems to be a disconnect vis-a-vis large wire transfers and your expectations about withdrawing it. In cash.

MARTY

(rope's end)

By end of business today there will be close to 8 million dollars in 4 separate accounts at your bank. I suspect that puts you in a woefully undercapitalized position relative to your obligations with the FDIC. So unless you're the Vice President of the one institution exempt from the liquidity ratio laws governing every other bank in the Western hemisphere, I suggest you call the Federal Reserve at 230 South LaSalle and order up a shitpot full of cash.

EXT. AQUA TOWER (DOWNTOWN CHICAGO) - DAY

82 stories of rippling mixed-use luxury.

INT. GARY SILVERBERG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Uncluttered. Ivory on ecru on bone. Stainless steel. Quartz. Home to a man with zero kids, disposable income.

GARY SILVERBERG, 50, Wendy's Facebook Friend and lover, gapes, dumbfounded... cracks a grin--

GARY

Get the fuck outta here--

Wendy exhales from the couch, exasperated, rubs puffy eyes.

GARY

Your husband, the financial advisor, Mr. *Consumer Reports*, is laundering money for the Federation cartel, that's what you're telling me?

She glares. The look sobers him, he tries to process--

GARY

They kill his partner, partner's wife--

WENDY

Fiancee.

GARY

And two others-- and let him live?

WENDY

He cleans their money, Gary. He, he... mixes drug money with company pension plans, 401Ks... He moves it all over the world--

WENDY

Invests it, makes money on top of money!

GARY

Yeah, I get that but--

GARY

No offense, Wendy, I've seen your house. How much are we talking about?

WENDY

I don't know... millions, tens of millions, hundreds-- I don't know!

She trembles. He moves to her, wraps an arm around her.

GARY

Shh. It's okay. We're in Chicago, not some beaner border town. I'll take care of it.

WENDY

How?

GARY

How? Really?

He gives her a squeeze, his tone upbeat, consoling.

GARY

Do you love me?

(she nods)

Because this lawyer loves you. And this particular lawyer is a partner with arguably the most powerful law firm in town.

WENDY

You're an environmental lawyer.

GARY

I'm a partner. With other partners who are the top criminal lawyers in Chicago. Lawyers who know every judge, D.A. and States Attorney with lead in their pencil. Come Monday, you and I will be sixty stories up and your money-laundering husband will either be in jail or in federal protection. His choice.

WENDY

You, me and *my kids* will be sixty stories up. That's what you meant right? My kids?

GARY

I thought it was inferred.

(beat)

We need to work on articulating your story.

(Wendy puzzled)

I assume Marty's hidden profession came as a shock, right?

WENDY

(guilty beat)

Let's assume that it did, yes.

Gary unsettled by the tacit admission of guilt, recovers.

GARY

Cross that bridge when we come to it. What you need to know is you're good. Your kids are good.

She nods, comforted. He kisses her.

GARY

I'm never letting you go. And certainly not to *the Ozarks*. Good Lord, what's that even like? Camouflage as a primary color? Pickup trucks with those... those big rubber testicles they hang from trailer hitches.

She smiles, a laugh spills out. He wipes her eyes, tender.

GARY

I only want you thinking of average sized Jewish testicles.

WENDY

What do I do now? I can't just... wait.

GARY

What's he doing now-- Marty?

WENDY

Paying back the money his partner stole. How much I don't know.

Gary's wheels spin.

GARY

The government will try to attach as much of that money as possible-- freeze your assets to force his cooperation. You need to get as much as you can as fast as you can--
(off her look)

That money's either going to you, the feds or a drug cartel. Time to put your cards on the table.

INT. TOYOTA DEALERSHIP-LOBBY - DAY

Marty's Camry through the window-wall, new cars in the b.g.

A SALES MANAGER at a small table, counts from a stack of hundreds. Marty across from him, watches the money.

SALES MANAGER

I know you know this, Marty, but I'm going to say it anyway. I've got to report this. You'll get a tax bill at the end of the year.

(finishes counting)

Eight thousand dollars.

SUPER; \$8,000. TOTAL: \$18,000.

Marty slides Camry keys across the table.

MARTY

Can I get a loaner, Ray? Twenty four hours. Tops. Please. I'll take the shittiest car on the lot.

Sales Manager pauses, pushes the keys back across the table.

EXT. EVANS INVESTIGATION AND SURVEILLANCE - DAY

Strip mall: Title loans. Tanning salon. *Subway*.

Camry parked in a "Reserved for Evans Investigation" spot.

BOB EVANS (PRE-LAP V.O.)
Gary Silverberg...

INT. EVANS INVESTIGATION - DAY

Small. Organized. Framed photos of CHICAGO POLICE circa 1980s. Detectives in suits. Commendations. A capable man.

BOB EVANS (V.O.)
He's a partner with McNeil-Roberts
downtown. Know him?

BOB EVANS, 60, shirt-sleeves, ex-Chicago P.D., mans a tidy desk, waits. Marty in the client chair, flips through a Manila file, photos: Wendy and Gary about town, smiling, close. In various stages of undress. Marty shakes 'no.'

BOB EVANS
On the board of half a dozen non-
profits; Academy of the Arts,
Goodman Theater, Joffrey... one of
those. They see each other at
least twice a week. Sometimes
more. Either his place or halfway
between here and the city; an H.I.
Express, Fairfield Inn... the
Doubletree in Alsip's where I
tagged 'em.
(off Marty's look)
Guy makes four-hundred grand, he
can afford better, I'm guessing
it's convenience.

MARTY
How long?

BOB EVANS
Hard to say.

Marty closes the file, rocked. The word "SUGARWOOD" scrawled in Sharpie across the file's tab.

MARTY
"Sugarwood." What is that?

BOB EVANS

(slight wince)

You jumped the gun coming here today. Normally I transfer everything from a working file to a folio binder. Table of contents, intro, summary. Suitable for presentation, arbitration.

MARTY

What?

BOB EVANS

Sugarwood's her pet name for him. As in... y'know... Gimme some--

MARTY

I got it.

BOB EVANS

--a that sugarwood.

Christ. Marty wonders at his life, the file.

MARTY

Hypothetically... scale of one to ten, how difficult would it be for a person to disappear?

BOB EVANS

You or him?

Marty takes a beat, choosing his words, starts--

BOB EVANS

Careful.

MARTY

Me. A family of four.

BOB EVANS

New I.D.'s, social security numbers, credit cards. You could do it, for a while anyway. Then your money'd run out. You couldn't do what you do now, too many forms to fill out, somebody gets audited, cat's outta the bag. But you'll get caught long before that. One of your kids'll get online sloppy; Twitter, Instagram... your wife has one lemon-drop too many with her new best friend, wants to share. A secret's a powerful thing, ask Whitey Bulger.

(MORE)

BOB EVANS (CONT'D)

If you have a legal problem I'm not aware of -- don't tell me if you do -- you could keep your identity, leave the country, go somewhere with no extradition to the U.S. Really depends on who's looking for you and how much money they have.

Marty's laugh straight from the gallows.

MARTY

The computers in my office were stolen last night. All of them.

BOB EVANS

You download the footage I sent?

Marty meets his eyes, he did. Evans sighs.

BOB EVANS

Tit, meet ringer. Let's hope your wife and Mr. Silverberg don't wind up splattered all over the internet.

Marty's phone signals a text. He checks it-- incredulous.

MARTY

It's the bank. My wife just emptied our checking and savings.

BOB EVANS

You got a gun?

Marty shakes his head.

BOB EVANS

Good. Aqua Towers. Sixtieth floor. Apartment 6003.

MARTY

What makes you think she's there?

BOB EVANS

It's Thursday.

INT. MARTY'S CAMRY (MOVING) - DAY

Marty accelerates, mobile to an ear-- Wendy's voice mail:

WENDY (V.O.)

(over phone; voice mail)

Hi this is Wendy, leave me a--

Marty throws his phone into the passenger seat, grips the wheel in a black fidget.

MARTY

You bitch. You thankless bitch.
(detonates)
Fuck you Wendy! FUCK YOU!

INT. GARY SILVERBERG'S APARTMENT - DAY

A knock on the front door. A beat. The lock clicks, the door opens, Wendy eases in, slips the key card in her purse.

WENDY

Gary...?

A breeze carries her through the apartment. She nears a corner, sees Gary, seated at the table near the balcony, sliding door open. He stares at her through a swollen eye, cut lip, frightened.

She rounds the corner, freezes-- Enforcer 1 sits at the table, points a Glock at her.

EXT. AQUA TOWER - DAY

Marty's Camry wheels to the curb, a handicapped spot. He boils out of the car, slams the door.

MARTY

Twenty-two years...

Marty stalks past head-turning pedestrians.

MARTY

Never cheated on you. Not once.
Had the chance. And not just a few
times. Worked, came home, got up
did it all over again. Not good
enough for you.

In front of Aqua, shouldering by pedestrians.

MARTY

You want to try and take my money?
You want a divorce? I'll show you
the meaning of ugly. You have no
idea wh--

A body-sized blur falls from the sky-- SMACKS the sidewalk, the world turns red, wet.

Blood-misted PEDESTRIANS scream, retreat. Marty wipes a veil of gore from his face, stares down at the pulverized remains of... ?

INT. MARTY'S CAMRY (PARKED) - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Marty shuts his door, panting, mind racing. A RING and he scrabbles for his phone, answering--

MARTY
(into phone; frantic)
Wendy?

DEL (V.O.)
(over phone)
Sixty floors. *Sixty.*

INT. KFC - DAY

Del sits alone, enjoys a plate of chicken and biscuits. Using a napkin, he holds his phone to an ear. 5 Enforcers occupy adjacent tables, don't eat.

DEL
(into phone)
You think a person blacks out
around thirty or so? Or you think
they're conscious all the way to
the pavement?

INTERCUT MARTY / WENDY / DEL

Marty reels, stifles a sob.

DEL (V.O.)
I got Wendy, you got my money?

Relief, fear, uncertainty... all compete within Marty.

MARTY
You'll have it tomorrow. Forty-
eight hours, as promised.

Wendy sits across from Enforcer 1, tears stream. On the table, contents of a dumped purse; wallet, a single tampon, iPhone, coupons, keys. A cashier's check. And the Enforcer's disposable mobile, on speaker.

DEL (V.O.)
Why does Wendy have a cashier's
check for \$29,650?

Marty's mind races, what's the lie? He opens his mouth--

DEL (V.O.)

You lied to me, Marty. I think she knows about our business.

MARTY

What kind of man isn't willing to lie to save his wife's life?

DEL (V.O.)

Was that before or after you found out she was fucking the stain?

Wendy trembles, meets Enforcer 1's stone-gaze, can't hold it.

MARTY (V.O.)

After.

DEL (V.O.)

Ouch. The man with Wendy is important to me, so we're on the clock. I bet you haven't confronted her yet. Am I right?

Marty takes a beat to process.

MARTY

You're right.

DEL (V.O.)

You're calculating the smart move. Weighing options. Measure twice cut once. You divorce her, things turn ugly. She holds what you've done over your head. You live with the cheating and whatever man you think you are is eaten away day by day. Or -- hear me out -- we kill both those birds with one stone. Or in Wendy-Bird's case, a sudden stop after a sixty story drop. Double suicide, no muss no fuss.

Urine trickles from Wendy's chair onto hand-scraped walnut.

DEL (V.O.)

This has to be your call, Marty. If I make the decision to kill the mother of your children, wife of sixteen years -- time turns a cheating whore into a misunderstood Madonna. Someday, eventually, you'll hold it against me.

Marty wipes blood, sweat from darting eyes. Through his windshield, police/ambulance lights, sirens heard.

DEL (V.O.)
Hello?

MARTY
Yes--

Wendy starts, eyes wild, a death sentence--

MARTY (V.O.)
I mean what-- not yes, what?! What
is it, Del?

Del grins, wipes greasy hands on a napkin. Lunch over.

DEL
What should my father do?

MARTY (V.O.)
Your father?

DEL
About Aunt Carlotta. You didn't
answer my question. What should my
father do about a woman who steals
from him? A loyal woman. A
mother. With him fifteen years.
What does my mother *make* him do?

Marty rocks slowly in his seat, resigned to the answer.

MARTY
Fire her.

DEL (V.O.)
Why?

MARTY
It wasn't the first time she stole
from you.

DEL (V.O.)
What was it?

Marty straightens in his seat, takes a moment.

MARTY
The first time you caught her.

DEL (V.O.)

One last question -- not to influence your Wendy decision, tick-tock -- but does "sugarwood" mean what I think it does?

INT. MARTY'S HOME-DINING ROOM - DAY

Silence. On a bureau, framed photos of the Birds. Young Jonah's first day of kindergarten. Young Charlotte in goggles, at a swim meet. Circa 2009, the family bundled on a San Francisco cable car. Swim-suited Birds by the shore, "Myrtle Beach 2012" etched in the sand.

On the wall, a larger frame holds a black and white photo-- Wendy in her wedding dress, smushing cake into a tuxedo-ed Marty's face. Both laughing. In love.

INT. MARTY'S HOME-BEDROOM - DAY

Marty on the edge of his bed, stares at nothing. His lip starts to tremble, the day catching up. Regains control.

Sound of footfalls on the steps. In walks...

Wendy. She sits next to him, drawn, purse in her lap. After a beat she dips into it, pulls out the cashier's check, hands it to him. They slump in shell-shocked silence.

SUPER: \$29,650. TOTAL: \$47,650.

From downstairs, the sound of the kids returning from school; muffled voices, backpacks dumped.

JONAH (O.S.)

Mom! I need my gym clothes washed!

Sound of the kitchen TV turning on.

MARTY

(soft)

You're welcome.

Wendy slow-turns... disbelief. His eyes meet hers.

MARTY

Seriously?

EXT. BANK OF CHICAGO - MORNING

Downtown. Marble and stone. Permanence. Institutional.

INT. BANK OF CHICAGO-LOBBY - MORNING

Marty follows an ASSISTANT MANAGER past dozens of customers, empty duffel slung over a shoulder, large American Tourister in one hand, pink suitcase in the other, a faded *My Little Pony* sticker still attached.

INT. BANK OF CHICAGO-CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Marty and his suitcases enter, Bank Manager greets him, two SUITS, 30s, converge, one puts a finger to his lips.

BANK MANAGER
(loud, enunciating)
Mr. Bird, good to see you sir.

Marty confused. Suit 1 wanders him. Suit 2 displays a billfold: F.B.I. BADGE, photo.

BANK MANAGER
Can I get you a cup of coffee?

Suit 2 holds up a sign: ARE YOU UNDER DURESS?

MARTY
What...? No, no.

A second sign: HAS THERE BEEN A KIDNAPPING? Marty shoves the wand away.

MARTY
No, stop. Look, I appreciate your concern. There's no wires on me. Nobody's kidnapped anybody. I just... I have a business opportunity that requires cash.

FBI AGENT 1
There are no business opportunities that require cash. Not legal ones.

MARTY
Agree to disagree. Where's my money?

BANK MANAGER
As I told you, we can't cover that amount within twenty-four hours.

Marty's gut churns, world unraveling. Steels himself.

MARTY

There are two federal agents here. Which means you wouldn't take the chance there was a kidnapping and you didn't have my money. So if you don't produce it, immediately, I'm walking into that lobby and letting everyone know that I can't get my money out. Let's see how long that takes to go viral and you have a good old-fashioned run on your bank. And then you--

(in Bank Manager's face)

--can play George Bailey in my version of *It's A Wonderful Goddamn Life*. What do you say? Do you think the good people of Chicago resemble Bedford Falls folk? My money says 'no!' Now, if I want to put all seven-million nine-hundred forty-five thousand, four hundred dollars into a hot tub, get buck naked and play Scrooge McDuck that's none of your business. Where's my money?

INT. CHICAGO BANK-LOBBY - MORNING

Marty lugs the wheeled Tourister behind him, strains against the 40 pounds loaded in the pink one, another 40 in the duffel over a shoulder.

SUPER: \$7,945,400. TOTAL: \$7,993,050.

INT. BIKE SHOP - MORNING

Marty's Trek on a bike stand, BIKE SHOP OWNER turns the pedals, watches the gears engage. Smooth. Marty observes.

BIKE SHOP OWNER

Fifteen hundred. Cash.

Marty rocked, sputters.

MARTY

That's a twelve thousand dollar Trek Madone. This is carbon! You can sell it for nine, easy.

BIKE SHOP OWNER

Let's hope so.

MARTY
Seven thousand.

BIKE SHOP OWNER
Take seven grand worth of risk to
make two? See ya.

Marty near the end of his rope, glances at the cash register.
Owner reads the look, hand closing around a gear wrench.
Marty abandons the thought, points to a used 12-speed.

MARTY
Three grand and throw in that bike.

BIKE SHOP OWNER
Two. And I'll sell you--

He gestures to a sun-bleached beater apologizing in a corner.

BIKE SHOP OWNER
That bike. For a hundred.

MARTY
Fifty.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE H.Q. - DAY

The Camry creeps into a no-parking zone, metal letters on the
building declare CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS. Stop. The
trunk lid bounces once on the \$50 bike hanging out.

SUPER: \$1,950. TOTAL: \$7,995,000.

INT. MARTY'S CAMRY - DAY

Marty's Gethsemane. Agony in the Toyota. Short \$5,000.
Witness protection, ruination. Death. Sweat rolls, breath
heavy. He keys the car off, cracks the door... hesitates.

DEL (PRE-LAP V.O.)
The Great Depression.

EXT. NAPERVILLE PARK-PAVILION - DAY

Camry parked, back door open. Enforcer 1 inside, counts cash
in the open pink suitcase. 3 white Suburbans flank.

DEL (PRE-LAP V.O.)
That's when the Lake of the Ozarks
was built. 1929.
(MORE)

DEL (PRE-LAP V.O.) (CONT'D)
 At the time it was the largest man-
 made lake in the world.

INT. PAVILION - DAY

Marty and a sunglasses wearing Del sit across from each other
 at a picnic table.

DEL
 Today it's the third deadliest body
 of water in the U.S. Behind only
 the Pacific Ocean and the Colorado
 River. *The Pacific Ocean*. But you
 know all that. You're Marty Bird
 and Marty Bird's been planning this
 a long time. How long again?

MARTY
 Long time.

Del grins. Both turn to the sound of the Camry door
 shutting. Enforcer 1 looks at Del, shakes his head.

DEL
 Say it ain't so.

MARTY
 I'm short five-thousand.

DEL
 What'd I tell you?

MARTY
 It's not a problem. I have a mini-
 van; a Honda. Odyssey. The Blue
 Book on it's \$27,000. It's the
 number one ranked mini-van in the
 U.S. I'll sell it tomorrow--

Del holds up a hand, stops him.

DEL
 What do you have left? You.
 Another car, rainy day money?

MARTY
 Nothing.

DEL
 I'll buy the "Odyssey" from you for
 twenty-five. So, I owe you twenty,
 take it outta the cash.

Marty relieved, nods in agreement.

DEL

I'll lease it back to you for say,
a thousand a month?

Marty wants to argue, the amount steep.

DEL

Top ranked mini-van in the U.S.
(Marty nods agreement)
Good. Now take my seven million.
Nine hundred and seventy-five
thousand. And clean it.

Marty more appalled than shocked.

MARTY

Clean it-- it was clean. You lose
at least fifteen percent cleaning
it again, another twenty-five
percent in taxes. Minimum. I
could've wired the money into an
account and saved us both--

DEL

That's not the point is it?

Marty knows to keep his mouth shut. He nods, no choice. Del
turns contemplative.

DEL

Marty, the thing I liked most about
our relationship, you, me, Bruce...
is that it lacked drama. See I'm
not a micro-manager. I gave you
dirty cash, you gave me clean. I
came to town twice a year, dinner
at Mortons, Bruce pays, I leave.
Simple. The rest of my life?
Drama. So even though I'm torn
between intrigue and thinking this
Ozark thing is complete and utter
straw-grasping horseshit, I'm
willing to roll the dice. Because
I meant what I said. You are
special. You've got a gift. But
if there's drama, excuses... you
stop answering your phone, if I
have to spend time in Missouri or
if I think you're about to fuck me
in any way-- I'll kill you, Wendy
and both your children. Not in
that order.

Del rises, extends a hand. He and Marty shake. Del walks.

DEL
Drive safely.

MARTY
The other night... you said,
'where's my five million', Bruce
and the Hanson kid took eight.

Del grins, stops. He chuckles, holds up a hand, index and thumb half an inch apart.

DEL
I was this close. Almost gone. My
Steve McQueen intact.
(shades off)
I figured 5 was the floor. Any
less and it wouldn't be worth it.
(Marty confused)
You were right. I was fishing. I
didn't know they stole a thing.

Marty absorbs the shot, deflating.

MARTY
You killed Liz on a hunch?

DEL
A tell. I've worked with you and
Bruce how long? You ever know him
not to constantly run his mouth?

Del slips his shades on, turns, walks.

DEL
Take good care of my money, Marty.

Marty stares at the top of the bench, listens to kids play.

EXT. MARTY'S HOME-GARAGE - DAY

A "FOR SALE" sign in the front yard. Feet away...

Marty stands at the back of the mini-van, suitcases of cash at his feet. The van's tail gate open, he stares inside--

Crammed. Every available square inch taken with suitcases, clothes, boxes, plastic bins, a cage holding 2 Guinea pigs.

Charlotte slides next to Marty, surveys the contents. Neither look at the other.

CHARLOTTE
What's really going on, dad?

MARTY

I've had a hard three days,
Charlotte. So if there's anything
in here you can combine into one
suitcase, anything you've outgrown,
don't wear or don't need...

He can't finish. Charlotte SIGHS.

INT. HIGH RISE (UNDER CONSTRUCTION)-50TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Four TREASURY AGENTS, 2 in suits, 2 in windbreakers marked
"Treasury" comb the site Liz showed Bruce and Marty. The
Windbreakers detach bugs from overhead canned lighting.

DUNCAN PETTY, 40s, suit, Sr. Agent in Charge -- Eliot Ness
gone to seed -- stands still, watches the Chicago skyline.
AGENT 1 approaches, removes his phone from an ear.

AGENT 1

Straight to voice mail. Want me to
keep trying, sir?

Petty shrugs. Social skills off. Uninterested in niceties.

AGENT 1

Possible he ran. Changed his mind,
took his chippie and left the
country.

WINDBREAKER

Agent Petty, think we got 'em all.

PETTY

Eight bugs went in, I want eight
out. My name's on the req.

Windbreaker nods, exits.

AGENT 1

You don't seem too upset.

PETTY

Que sera sera.

AGENT 1

Liddell was our in. You heard him,
he would have been a fantastic
government witness.

PETTY

Mexicans, Mafia, Muslims. We all want these people to be more than they are. They're not. They're just a product of their options. If they weren't dealing drugs, extorting businesses or flying planes into buildings they'd be cleaning toilets. These aren't criminal geniuses, agent. They're pathological liars on a path of least resistance. Liddell was no different. Entertaining though.

AGENT 1

I'm confused. Del Rio, Beltran, the Federation. Why'd we do all this if Bruce was just... entertaining?

PETTY

Where is Martin Bird?

EXT. MARTY'S HOME-BACKYARD - NIGHT

Marty's garden. Tomatoes ripen. A chirp. On the ground, beneath the vines, two fat guinea pigs.

INT. MARTY'S MINI-VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jonah and Charlotte sleep. Marty drives, Wendy shotgun, gazing out. Light traffic on I-70 outside St. Louis.

Marty spots the Arch in the distance, St. Louis' skyline. He turns to wake the kids.

WENDY

Don't.
(off his look)
'Look kids, the Arch. Adventure. Pioneers. Gateway to the West, jumping off point for... Lewis and... and Davy fucking Crockett.'
Let them sleep.

They drive in sullen silence.

WENDY

Remind me. What was it about laundering money for a drug cartel that struck you as a good idea?

Long beat.

MARTY

Half of all American adults have more credit card debt than savings. 25 percent have no savings at all. Only 15 percent of the population can fund one year of retirement.

(beat)

You were eight months pregnant. I was a 28-year-old financial planner in a country where half the population sees Powerball as a viable retirement plan. Last year we W-2'd four-hundred eighty-two thousand dollars. Remember now?

Wendy with nothing to say.

EXT. MARTY'S MINI-VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Heading south, St. Louis recedes, \$50 bike lashed to the top.

INT. MARTY'S MINI-VAN (MOVING) - MORNING

10 hours in. Static. Marty searches stations, snippets of gospel, Hank Williams, Sr., a Bible sermon. Off.

Marty shifts, back sore, family asleep. Through the window-- a 2-lane splits rolling wooded hills. Beautiful.

Jonah stirs, sits up, belches. Charlotte wakes--

CHARLOTTE

You disgust me.

Wendy opens her eyes, sits up. A trio of turkey buzzards rise from the shoulder, a dead armadillo in their wake.

JONAH

An armadillo's the only animal that carries leprosy.

They start down a slope, a teaser glimpse of an enormous lake. They roll over Bagnell Dam, onto "The Strip."

Early a.m. empty. Bumper cars, tattoo parlors, t-shirt shops, skee-ball, quarter arcades, a derelict wooden roller coaster. Boarded up shops. A relic of the 70s, 80s.

Wendy, the kids, soak it in. Marty shrinks, gooses the van past the tourist trap. Stops behind a pickup at a red light.

CHARLOTTE

Oh. My. God.

Dangling beneath the pickup's trailer hitch: a pair of huge pink rubber testicles. Red to green and the truck moves, testicles swaying.

Wendy laughs, glances at Marty, he chuckles. Her laughter grows, his fades, puzzled now. She stops, tears forming, a hand clasped over her mouth. Marty gets it.

He drives for a beat, pulls onto the shoulder, parks, pops his door.

JONAH

Where you going, dad?

MARTY

To take a leak.

He slams the door shut.

EXT. OZARK FOREST - MORNING

Marty moves branches from his face, the road disappears. He stops, turns in a circle, alone. He chokes back a sob, gives in, the last 72 hours washing over him. He kneels in leaves, pine needles, crying, face in his hands.

MARTY

I'm sorry... I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

His crying ebbs, he collects himself, crawls to his feet, wiping his face, pinching off snot. Something catches his eye... he continues on, deeper into the forest... the woods thin, seem to fall away--

Marty stands at the edge of a towering bluff. Far beneath, miles of glorious sun-sparkled water. He stares.

A rustle, Jonah steps next to him, looks. Charlotte joins, then Wendy. The Birds gaze at the vista, transfixed.

JONAH

(cool)
Alright, dad.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT