

Pain & Gain

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Based on the article by
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TITLE: "This is a true story."

FADE IN:

EXT. SUN GYM, ROOF - DAY

On a billboard, a sleek powerboat knifes through the water.
"MIAMI BEACH BOATS AND MOTORS -- BECAUSE YOU DESERVE BETTER!"

ON THE ROOF BELOW, DANIEL LUGO DOES STOMACH CRUNCHES. Cut.
Muscle. With every sit-up, Lugo grunts.

TITLE: "Miami, 1995."

He crunches toward his knees and sees the parking lot. When he
lies back down, he sees the sky.

Up, parking lot. Down, sky.

He does another crunch...and sees THREE POLICE CARS screech into
the lot.

Lugo flips to a standing position. The cops storm the gym.

Lugo runs for the far side of the roof.

EXT. SUN GYM, ALLEY - DAY

Lugo jumps from the low roof onto the lid of A DUMPSTER.

He uses his momentum, rolling off and sprinting flat out down
the alley.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
My name is Daniel Lugo. And I believe in
fitness.

INT. SUN GYM, LOBBY - DAY

TITLE: "Six months earlier."

Lugo, in shiny track pants and a tight polo, walks through the
front door, all smiles.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
We all start out equal. Bones and blood,
muscle and brains. It is a set-up of
awesome potential.

THE GIRL AT THE DESK hands him a clipboard. He winks.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Most people never develop that potential.

He passes a FRAMED PHOTO OF HIMSELF. The smiling picture reads:
"Daniel Lugo, Sun Gym Fitness Coordinator."

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
I knew early on I wasn't most people.

INT. SUN GYM, WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Lugo high-fives his way past tan, ripped body-builders.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
I believe in maximizing growth. I
believe in step-loading for explosive
gains.

Giant men pump iron. Metal clangs on metal.

INT. SUN GYM, LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Lugo backslaps a hugely-muscled black man, ADRIAN DOORBAL.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
The only way to prove yourself is to
better yourself. That's the American
Dream.

Doorbal pulls his shorts aside, pinches the skin of his buttocks
and injects himself with a needle.

INT. SUN GYM, CARDIO ROOM - DAY

A pair of overweight women plod slowly on treadmills.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
I have no sympathy for people who waste
their gifts.

Lugo gives them the thumbs up.

INT. SUN GYM, HALLWAY - DAY

MARC SCHILLER, a shlumpy man with a moustache and a Mets shirt,
stares into the camera. He flexes his flabby muscles.

MARC SCHILLER
Arnold-Fucking-Schwarzenegger, am I
right?

CLICK. The screen flashes white as Lugo snaps a Polaroid.

DANIEL LUGO
Right.

Lugo writes, "Marc Schiller, 172 lbs." on the picture.

INT. SUN GYM, STRETCHING ROOM - DAY

Lugo kneels next to Schiller on the mat.

DANIEL LUGO
Any aches or pains before we get started?

MARC SCHILLER
I'm cool.

Lugo guides Schiller's legs over his head.

There's a loud CRACK. Lugo guides Schiller's legs back down.

INT. SUN GYM, WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Lugo spots for Schiller on the weight bench.

Schiller heaves at the bar, but can't take it off the rack. He strains for a really long time.

DANIEL LUGO
Aaand, stop.

INT. SUN GYM, CARDIO ROOM - DAY

Lugo watches Schiller flail on the elliptical cross-trainer.

MARC SCHILLER
I played volleyball in college.

DANIEL LUGO
That right?

MARC SCHILLER
Intra-dorm.

DANIEL LUGO
So you get any exercise...currently?

MARC SCHILLER
My neighborhood's got a private jogging path, but it's all homos and housewives.

Lugo eyes THE ROLEX on Schiller's wrist.

DANIEL LUGO
You spend most of your day at a desk?

MARC SCHILLER
Fuck that. I've got diversified interests.

Lugo speeds up the machine. Schiller stumbles, his sneakers slapping.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
You know that Schlotzky's deli near the airport? That's me. Owner-manager.

DANIEL LUGO

No kidding.

MARC SCHILLER

I do some stock trading, real estate. I own a few greyhounds, for racing. I'm a self-made man. And my self is not ashamed to say it's made a lot of money.

Lugo turns off the machine and checks Schiller's heart rate.

DANIEL LUGO

Maybe your self oughta spend some of it on a salad.

MARC SCHILLER

You know who invented salad? Poor people.

A phone rings. Schiller pulls out his bulky cel phone.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)

(into phone)

Yeah? Fabulous. Excellent.

He holds up a finger to an exasperated Lugo.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)

My new 4Runner's in.

(into phone)

Okay, have somebody drive it over. And make sure it's a clean guy, not one of your Cubans from the garage. I don't want any schmutz on my leather.

He covers the mouthpiece and looks at Lugo.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)

You get up to where I am, don't forget to show the little fuckers who's boss.

Lugo makes a mark in Schiller's file, suppressing his annoyance.

INT. SUN GYM, HALLWAY - DAY

Lugo drops Schiller's file into a basket outside an office. The open door reads, "JOHN MESE, MANAGER."

Inside, a stocky, GRAY-HAIRED MAN polishes a GOLD TROPHY.

JOHN MESE

New client, Danny?

DANIEL LUGO

What have I always said? The key to repeat business-

INT. SUN GYM, OFFICE - DAY

LUGO, SLIGHTLY YOUNGER, SITS WITH MESE, ALSO SLIGHTLY YOUNGER.

DANIEL LUGO
-is new business. You can't build a
muscle mecca without muscle.

Mese carefully examines Lugo's resumé before putting it down.

JOHN MESE
How much do you bench?

Trophies crowd Mese's desk: "Mr. Oklahoma - 1969," "AAU Fitness Award - 1970."

DANIEL LUGO
Four hundred.

JOHN MESE
Squat?

DANIEL LUGO
More like five.

JOHN MESE
Why should I hire you?

DANIEL LUGO
If I don't triple your membership in
three months, I'll quit.

JOHN MESE
That's a tall order.

DANIEL LUGO
I believe a man's reach should exceed his
grasp.

Mese stands and offers his hand. Lugo grips it.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
One thing. You should know I recently
had some trouble with the law.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

A NAIVE CONVENTIONEER stares intently at the camera.

NAIVE CONVENTIONEER
So you really guarantee I can triple my
investment in three months?

LUGO stands in front a booth, "LOWENSTEIN VENTURE CAPITALISTS."

Lugo grins and points to his nametag, "David Lowenstein."

DANIEL LUGO
If I didn't, would I have put my name on
the company?

The conventioneer considers this. Then he pulls out his
checkbook.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

At the DEFENSE TABLE, Lugo reads from a prepared statement.

DANIEL LUGO
"I, Daniel Lugo, hereby acknowledge my
guilt and I know what I did was wrong.
There is no substitute for hard work, and
I am a hard worker. It will never happen
again, for I have learned not to use
intelligence for wrong actions to justify
the good end."

Lugo looks up. THE AMERICAN FLAG LOOMS BEHIND HIM.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
America is a land of second chances, Your
Honor. I am only asking for mine.

THE UNSYMPATHETIC JUDGE brings down her gavel. Guilty.

EXT. OPA-LOCKA COMMUNITY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Lugo steps out of the gate. He wears A SHORT, PRISON HAIRCUT.

A TAXI rolls out from a line waiting by the fence.

A GUARD hands Lugo his possessions in a paper bag.

PRISON GUARD
Got any plans?

The taxi stops. The ad on the roof features A MAN IN A SUIT,
"GENE TOLLIVER'S GOLDEN DREAMS SEMINAR: YOUR FUTURE, TODAY!"

DANIEL LUGO
A new one every day.

PRISON GUARD
Any of them legal?

Lugo seethes. He turns to the guard, opens his mouth to
retort...

AND IS DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUND OF A BLENDER.

INT. SUN GYM, JUICE BAR - DAY

TITLE: "Sun Gym Juice-Nasium."

Lugo mixes an orange juice and banana concoction in A BLENDER as two beefy weightlifters wait in line.

INT. SUN GYM, GYM-BOREE - DAY

TITLE: "Sun Gym-Boree."

Lugo crawls toward a fort made from stretching mats. Toddlers cling to him, getting dragged along for the ride.

INT. SUN GYM, STRETCHING ROOM - DAY

TITLE: "Total Body Wax, Free at Sign-Up."

Lugo smears goo on a weightlifter's chest, then yanks it off. The guy screams.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
Three months after I signed on, Sun Gym
tripled its membership...

An overweight, middle-aged lady lies on the waxing table. She smiles flirtatiously and spreads her legs.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
As promised.

Lugo smiles back and leans in, goo in hand.

EXT. LUGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Present-day Lugo pulls up to A DINGY, MULTI-UNIT APARTMENT BUILDING in his BEAT-UP FIERO.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
Ed recognized my value. I made Senior
Fitness Coordinator by Christmas. Perks
included.

INT. LUGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lugo picks up the mail scattered inside his front door.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
That's how it works. You give, and you
get back.

SEVERAL READ: "FINAL NOTICE."

INT. LUGO'S APARTMENT, KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

Lugo scoops powder from a tub labeled, "AMINO BULK BLASTER!" He mixes it with water.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
I've got to say...

He sits on a creaky barstool, depressed. A fluorescent bulb buzzes.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
It felt really good to be doing so
awesome.

Lugo chugs his bulk blaster.

INT. SUN GYM, STRETCHING ROOM - DAY

Lugo helps Schiller stretch awkwardly atop a LARGE PURPLE BALL.

MARC SCHILLER
I tried to sign up for that fucking
spinning class but it was full.

DANIEL LUGO
Try Beginners. 7am. That's got a few
slots left.

Schiller glances around. The gym is bustling with clients.

MARC SCHILLER
You must be pulling down decent money
with this place now.

DANIEL LUGO
We're doing fine...

He watches Schiller struggle.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
(leading)
Apart from the taxes.

MARC SCHILLER
Tell me about it. Fucking State of
Florida.

DANIEL LUGO
Okay, other side.

Schiller turns over. He wobbles unsteadily.

MARC SCHILLER
That's why I've got a dummy corp off
shore. Saves me thousands a year in Fed
Tax. The IRS can't touch it. And the
banks in the Bahamas aren't too strict on
documentation, which is sometimes nice.

DANIEL LUGO
You got any money here in the states?

MARC SCHILLER

Pal, where Marc Schiller goes, greenbacks follow. That offshore's stuff's just my rainy day fund.

Lugo straightens Schiller's leg.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)

If you ever build up any cash of your own, I got a guy who can help you out.

DANIEL LUGO

That's okay.

MARC SCHILLER

It's not a problem. I've got his beeper-

Lugo jerks Schiller's leg. The ball shoots out from under him. Schiller lands on his ass.

DANIEL LUGO

Good effort.

INT. SUN GYM, WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Later in the week, Lugo raises heavy dumbbells at a mirror.

ADRIAN DOORBAL, the large black man who injected himself earlier, lightly steers Lugo's elbows.

ADRIAN DOORBAL

Right, four more. And three...and two-

Lugo loses his concentration. The dumbbells drop.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (cont'd)

What the fuck? You been unfocused all day.

DANIEL LUGO

Do you ever just get tired of being where you are?

ADRIAN DOORBAL

I like it here. Most of this shit is new.

DANIEL LUGO

In life, where you are in life. Look at us...

He gestures toward the mirror. The two men stare at themselves - perfect, rippling examples of masculinity.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)

Don't you think we deserve better?

Doorbal zeroes in on his own face.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - DAWN

Doorbal pedals a squeaky ten-speed bike through the quiet streets. The tires look like they're about to explode.

EXT. FIESTA TACO - DAY

Doorbal, in an apron and hairnet, hoses down the front stoop of a fast food restaurant.

INT. SUN GYM, WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Doorbal and Lugo stare at themselves.

DANIEL LUGO

Don't you think we're meant to have more
shit come our way?

ADRIAN DOORBAL

Yes, I do.

SCHILLER appears behind them in the mirror.

MARC SCHILLER

Hey, sailor. Grease the meat on your own
time. My meter's running.

Lugo looks from Schiller to Doorbal.

DANIEL LUGO

We'll do abs after closing.

EXT. SCHILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Schiller stands in front of his BIG, SUBURBAN HOME. In the driveway, A LABORER hand-washes HIS BRAND NEW 4RUNNER.

Schiller testily points out a dull spot.

PULL BACK to find...

LUGO sitting in his Fiero, spying from across the street.

INT. LUGO'S FIERO - DAY

Lugo stares hard at the mailboxes at the foot of each perfect driveway: "The Hendersons," "The Van Erts," "The Weintraubs."

GENE TOLLIVER (O.S.)

You work hard. You do what you're told.
And what does life serve you? A shame
sandwich.

Lugo smiles ruefully.

GENE TOLLIVER (cont'd)
Let me tell you, my friends, you deserve
better...

INT. JUPITER BALLROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: GENE TOLLIVER and his fantastic swoop of hair.

GENE TOLLIVER
And by coming here this morning, you've
taken the first step toward getting
exactly what you deserve.

Gene stalks a stage, barking into his microphone. A banner
reads, "GENE TOLLIVER'S GOLDEN DREAM SEMINAR."

LUGO sits wedged in the packed front row, wearing HIS SHORT,
PRISON HAIRCUT. He scribbles furiously in his packet.

GENE TOLLIVER (cont'd)
Now, if I've learned one thing in my
struggle toward financial independence,
it's that every person in America is
either a DO-ER or a DON'T-ER.

Lugo puts his pencil down, intrigued.

GENE TOLLIVER (cont'd)
And if I can get you to believe one thing
today, it would be this: don't be a don't-
er. Do be a do'er.

The crowd nods at this sage wisdom.

GENE TOLLIVER (cont'd)
But I hear you asking, "Gene, easy enough
for you to say, you've already *done*.
How's a guy like me supposed to *do*?"

The crowd laughs ruefully.

GENE TOLLIVER (cont'd)
Well, it's simple. I don't know why God
gave us ten fingers, 'cause we're only
gonna need three.

HE TICKS THEM OFF as he recites.

GENE TOLLIVER (cont'd)
Get a goal. Get a plan. And get up off
your ass.

Tolliver steps to the edge of the stage. He points at Lugo.

GENE TOLLIVER (cont'd)
It's the do'ers that run this world.
It's the don't-ers who sit home and watch
it on TV. Which one are you?

DANIEL LUGO
Me?

GENE TOLLIVER
You see someone else sitting in your
seat? Come on, which one are you?

DANIEL LUGO
A do'er?

GENE TOLLIVER
Is that a question?

DANIEL LUGO
A Do-er!

GENE TOLLIVER
Damn right, you are!

The audience rises, exploding into applause.

GENE TOLLIVER (cont'd)
Say it with me! DON'T BE A DON'T-ER. DO
BE A DO-ER!

CROWD
DON'T BE A DON'T-ER! DO BE A DO-ER!

Lugo stands, screaming, pumping his fist.

INT. SUN GYM, POOL - DAY

SCHILLER flails in the water, struggling to catch his breath.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
Gene taught me a lot. I've got all his
tapes.

Lugo waits at the end of the pool.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
He made me see who I really am.

Schiller washes in, smacking his hand on the cement.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
I'm a do'er with a three-fingered plan.

Schiller hangs there, gasping for air.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Finger one, find someone with money.

INT. SUN GYM, SAUNA - DAY

Lugo and Schiller relax in their towels. Steam swirls.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
Finger two, make him give you everything
he owns.

Schiller shows Lugo his Rolex up close.

INT. SUN GYM, CARDIO ROOM - DAY

Schiller and Lugo jog on side-by-side treadmills. Schiller says something slightly amusing.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
Finger three...get rid of him.

Lugo laughs uproariously.

INT. SUN GYM, WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

A WELL-BUILT PAUL DOYLE does lat pulls. A SPIDER-WEBBED CROSS TATTOO stretches on his shoulder blade.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
Adrian loved the idea. But to implement
a plan of this intensity, we needed to
secure another operative.

LUGO AND DOORBAL stand near the door, watching.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
A guy up to my standards.

Lugo appears in the mirror behind Doyle.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
Where'd you do your time?

Doyle studies Lugo for a long moment.

PAUL DOYLE
Up north.

DANIEL LUGO
(taps his chest)
Opa-Locka Community Correctional. Switch
to overhand.

Lugo holds the bar as Doyle switches his grip.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
It ups the stress on your lats.
(nonchalant)
So what were you in for?

Move in on Doyle considering the question...

EXT. LONG ISLAND FAIRGROUND - DAY

CLOSE ON: A LINE OF COCAINE.

Doyle snorts it off the back of his hand, then goes back to tightening a nut on...

THE OCTOPUS RIDE AT THE COUNTY FAIR. He blinks, bleary.

PAUL DOYLE (V.O.)
I'll be honest with you, I used to have a
little bit of a drug problem.

LATER, THE OCTOPUS whirls in full swing.

At the operator's booth, Doyle flirts with a trashy blonde. He dangles a baggie of coke.

PAUL DOYLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
It got so it interfered with my work.

SPRONG. ONE OF THE OCTOPUS CARS SHEARS OFF THE RIDE AND GOES FLYING OFF CAMERA.

Doyle only vaguely notices.

PAUL DOYLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I got three years for negligence,
reckless injury, and child endangerment.

Off-screen, carnival-goers scream.

PAUL DOYLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
But it wasn't like anybody died.

EXT. CONGREGATION OF LIGHT, MIAMI - DUSK

AN ELECTRIC CROSS tops the steeple of a STUCCO CHURCH.

PAUL DOYLE (V.O.)
I got the Message inside. And when I got
out, I stuck with it.

Doyle climbs the front steps, a duffle bag over his shoulder.

INT. CONGREGATION OF LIGHT, RECTORY - DAY

An oil painting of Jesus opening his arms to a gang of interracial children hangs on a panelled wall.

PASTOR RANDY sits on the couch with Doyle.

PASTOR RANDY
Curfew's nine o'clock on weekdays, 10 on
weekends.

PASTOR RANDY (cont'd)
There's a multiplex down the street. I
happen to be a big fan of their half-
price Tuesdays.

Doyle looks up at the painted face of a little Chinese boy.

PAUL DOYLE
That sounds really super.

INT. SUN GYM, STRETCHING ROOM - DAY

Lugo and Doyle KICK-BOX in headgear and gloves.

Doyle lands a jab to Lugo's jaw. Lugo goes down on one knee.

PAUL DOYLE (V.O.)
Daniel was really encouraging about my
self-improvement.

Seeing Lugo hurt, Doyle drops his guard.

SMACK! Lugo punches Doyle in the face, then kicks out his legs,
knocking Doyle to the mat.

PAUL DOYLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
He said I reminded him of him.

Doyle pulls off his headgear, winded and confused.

Lugo smiles down, benevolent.

DANIEL LUGO
You want to get a beer?

PAUL DOYLE
I quit drinking.

DANIEL LUGO
Beer's just an expression.

INT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

A REDHEADED STRIPPER, BEATRIZ WEILLAND, holds up a REMOTE
CONTROL with a little steering wheel. The crowd hoots.

She presses a button and a MODEL FERRARI buzzes onto the stage.
She lies down and spreads her legs.

The little red car shoots straight for her crotch...

Doyle sits next to Doorbal in a booth. He stares, mesmerized,
as the CAR REVS.

A waitress brings their drinks.

WAITRESS
Coke and a vodka rocks.

Doyle sips his coke, unenthusiastic.

Doorbal pulls A MILKY WATER BOTTLE from his bag. He unscrews the top and dumps it into his drink.

He stirs it and sips. He sees Doyle looking.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
My trainer wants me to add 15 pounds by
the end of the year.

PAUL DOYLE
So...what is that?

ADRIAN DOORBAL
(as if it's obvious)
Breast milk.

Doyle stares a long moment. Doorbal holds out the bottle.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (cont'd)
Want to try?

PAUL DOYLE
(queasy)
I'm good.

Across the bar, Lugo waves Doyle over. Relieved, Doyle goes to where Lugo talks to a dancer, SABINA PETRESCU.

DANIEL LUGO
Paul, what do you think of Sabina?

Doyle looks at the woman. She smiles shyly.

PAUL DOYLE
She's, um...

DANIEL LUGO
Exactly. She's perfect. And we thought
we were going to have to cast in London.

SABINA PETRESCU
Please to tell me again what is this
movie you are making?

DANIEL LUGO
It's a music video. Big budget. Sets,
cars, the Eiffel Tower. It'll be
amazing. But I'm really more the visual
guy.

Lugo wraps an arm around Doyle.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
Paul here's the music expert. Tell her
about the song, Paul.

PAUL DOYLE

Well...

Sabina looks into his eyes. She purses her collagen lips.

PAUL DOYLE (cont'd)

It's a Latin number. Really hot.
Enrique, he's the singer, he falls for
this beautiful woman and, um, follows her
all the way to London.

Sabina claps her hands. Lugo grins at Doyle - *you passed*.

Across the room, A BLACK WOMAN with red pigtails and a plaid skirt grinds in Doorbal's lap.

Doorbal looks uncomfortable. The naughty schoolgirl gives his crotch a squeeze.

NAUGHTY SCHOOLGIRL

What's the matter, baby? You give at the office?

Doorbal pouts.

INT. SOLID GOLD, BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Lugo points with A SWIZZLE STICK SHAPED LIKE A NAKED GIRL.

DANIEL LUGO

The superior guy with superior goals
takes first place in every race.

Lugo, Doorbal and Doyle sit in a secluded booth.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)

Only something's wrong. We're not in
first place. We're being kept down by
people too afraid to engage us in honest,
head-to-head competition.

Lugo taps the table emphatically.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)

They cheated to get where they are, and
they're cheating to stay there.

(beat)

I've got a plan to change all that.

EXT. SCHLOTZKY'S DELI - DAY

MARC SCHILLER, a cigar in his mouth, leans against his gleaming 4RUNNER. The "SCHLOTZKY'S" sign rises high into the sky.

Schiller smiles straight into the camera.

MARC SCHILLER
Pretty sweet, eh?

INT. SOLID GOLD, BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Doyle stares at the ice in his glass.

PAUL DOYLE
Are you fucking serious? We can't kill
some guy and take his stuff.

DANIEL LUGO
Of course we can. We're Do-ers.

PAUL DOYLE
I just got out. I'm not going back in.

DANIEL LUGO
Going back in means getting caught.
That's not going to happen. No one's
gonna miss this guy when he's gone.

Doyle stares at Lugo. THE ALARM BEEPS on his digital watch.

PAUL DOYLE
I'm sorry. I can't.
(standing)
I got church.

Doyle leaves. Lugo and Doorbal look at each other.

INT. CONGREGATION OF LIGHT - DAY

Doyle, in spattered coveralls, stands on a ladder.

PAUL DOYLE (V.O.)
In the desert, Jesus resisted Satan's
temptations for forty days.

He dabs white paint on a statue of St. Jude.

PAUL DOYLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I'd only been in Miami two weeks.

A row of white-eyed Saints stares back at Doyle.

PAUL DOYLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
The desert was starting to sound pretty
good.

PASTOR RANDY stands in the door.

PASTOR RANDY
After you're done there, Paul, one of our
Bible Study students just vomited in the
vestibule.

Doyle sags. Pastor Randy taps his foot impatiently.

PASTOR RANDY (cont'd)
Christ washed the feet of lepers, Paul.
The least you could do is mop up a little
puke.

INT. DOORBAL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

On TV, a topless woman works a leg press. Sweat pours down her silicone chest. Synthesizer music plays.

Doorbal slips his hand into his pants, watching porn.

The woman does bench presses as another woman spots her.

Doorbal works his crotch furiously. His brow furrows.

The spotter kneels down and kisses the woman.

Doorbal works harder, BUT NOTHING HAPPENS. He concentrates...

ADRIAN DOORBAL
OW! FUCK!

Doorbal whips his hand out of his pants and SHOVES the television off its stand.

The TV lands with a thud. The screen winks out.

SABINA PETRESCU (O.S.)
You seem sad, baby.

INT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

Lugo and Sabina sip drinks in a cozy booth.

DANIEL LUGO
Just problems at work.

SABINA PETRESCU
You are making another video?

He looks at her earnestly.

DANIEL LUGO
You would not believe how hard it is to
convince some people of the rightness of
your vision.

SABINA PETRESCU
It will work out. You are go getter, and
anyone who does not see that is not
looking.

Lugo smiles. He stands, holding out his hand.

DANIEL LUGO
You are a special lady, you know that?

She grins, taking his hand.

SABINA PETRESCU (V.O.)
Daniel Lugo was everything I used to
dream about when I dreamed about America.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

TITLE: "1990, Miss Romania Pageant."

Sabina, in evening gown and "MISS SLOBOZIA" sash, stands nervously with five other contestants.

SABINA PETRESCU (V.O.)
You see, I knew heartbreak early.

A TUXEDO-ED EMCEE makes his announcement in Romanian. Two girls down from Sabina, MISS BUCHAREST weeps with joy.

SABINA PETRESCU (V.O.) (cont'd)
Then and there I saw that Romania was not
big enough for both Ludmila Drăgănești
and myself.

Sabina chokes back a sob as Miss Bucharest is showered with flowers and a crown.

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD, MEXICO - DAY

Sabina, in a wet Señor Frog's T-shirt and high heels, climbs into an open car trunk. She pulls a blanket over her head.

SABINA PETRESCU (V.O.)
I knew the only place a woman like me
could be appreciated was in United
States.

TITLE: "1992, Tijuana, Mexico."

A very happy Mexican man shuts the trunk.

INT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

Sabina works the pole, eyeing Lugo in the front row.

SABINA PETRESCU (V.O.)
When I met Daniel, I knew he was man of
my dreams. He, like me, understood
sacrifice, hard work, and what it took to
succeed in America.

EXT. SOLID GOLD, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lugo fucks Sabina awkwardly on the slanted hood of his tiny Fiero. The parking brake squeaks in rhythm.

SABINA PETRESCU (V.O.)
Daniel Lugo had that 'can-do' spirit.

The front tire blows. BANG.

INT. DR. BJORNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

A sign reads, "Dr. Olaf Bjornson -- Infertility, Sterility, Impotence and Erectile Dysfunction."

Doorbal takes a clipboard up to the front desk.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
I think I'm done.

CINDY ELDRIDGE, a nurse in her 30's, reviews his file.

CINDY ELDRIDGE
Mr. Doorbal, are you currently using
steroids?

Doorbal looks over his shoulder. Several men look up at him.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
No, ma'am.

CINDY ELDRIDGE
When was the last time you injected?

ADRIAN DOORBAL
Monday.

CINDY ELDRIDGE
Well, Adrian, for the doctor's purposes,
that still counts as using.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
Okay. I see.
(whispering)
But Monday was the last one, I swear. I
threw it all away.

He fights back a tear.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (cont'd)
I think it messed me up.

Cindy rests a hand on his thick arm.

CINDY ELDRIDGE
It's all right, Adrian. The problems
you're having now, they're going to go
away just like that.

Doorbal stares down at the carpet, trying to control himself.

CINDY ELDRIDGE (cont'd)
Look at me.

He looks up. She smiles, angelic.

CINDY ELDRIDGE (cont'd)
Adrian. You've made a very brave
decision coming here today. I don't
think there's anything sexier than that.
I'm sure your girlfriend is very proud.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
I'm...not currently seeing anybody.

They smile at each other.

EXT. CONGREGATION OF LIGHT - DAY

Doyle sweats in rubber gloves and a "TEAM JESUS" T-shirt as he
scrapes bird shit off the church steps in the hot sun.

A horn honks. He looks up.

And there stands DANIEL LUGO beside his red Fiero.

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.)
I've been thinking about what you said,
Paul.

INT. FIERO - DAY

Lugo cruises along South Beach. From the passenger seat, Doyle
stares at the glossy WOMEN and gleaming SPORTS CARS.

DANIEL LUGO
And you're right. I was too aggressive.

The Fiero stops at a light. A GORGEOUS WOMAN IN A CONVERTIBLE
pulls up alongside.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
I was lifting a max load when I could get
the same results by upping my reps and
using less weight.

Doyle smiles at the woman. She smiles back. Then the light
turns green and the woman is gone.

PAUL DOYLE
What?

DANIEL LUGO
We don't have to kill him. It'll be a
straight-up kidnapping all the way.

Doyle watches the convertible round the corner. Finally, he
turns to Lugo.

PAUL DOYLE
Okay.

INT. THE SPY SHOP - DAY

MYSTERIOUS VIEW THROUGH NIGHT GOGGLES: two bright green shapes
blur. One of the green shapes speaks:

DANIEL LUGO
Adrian, put it down.

Doorbal puts down the night goggles and we see...

Lugo and Doyle examining a rack of TASER GUNS.

THE SPY SHOP CLERK eyes them from under an American flag.

SPY SHOP CLERK
Those are for police use only.

DANIEL LUGO
It's okay. We're Tampa P.D.

SPY SHOP CLERK
I'll need to see your badge.

Lugo glares at the little man. Doyle notices a "Jesus Saves"
sticker on the cash register.

PAUL DOYLE
Actually, we're retired off the job.
We're doing security for a music group.
You haven't heard of Stryper, have you?

Behind the clerk hangs a framed picture of a lighthouse shrouded
in fog: "God is the Way and the Light."

SPY SHOP CLERK
You guys are working for Stryper? I
thought they broke up.

PAUL DOYLE
They're starting a reunion tour next
month, and they need more security. It'd
be nice if they didn't, but I guess we
don't live in that kind of world.

Doyle and the clerk shake hands.

SPY SHOP CLERK
"Never again will an oppressor overrun my
people, for now I am keeping watch."

PAUL DOYLE
Okay.

SPY SHOP CLERK
Let me show you the M series.

Lugo smiles as the clerk unlocks the taser case.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
At that moment, I knew I had assembled a
reliable and creative team. We
immediately went into the test phase on
several capture scenarios.

EXT. SCHILLER'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Schiller's house sits under a full Miami moon.

Lugo vaults over the fence and lands, catlike, on the grass. He
raises three fingers, then ticks them down one at a time.

Two more figures come over the fence. In BURNT CORK MAKE-UP AND
CAMO, Lugo, Doorbal and Doyle creep up to the house.

Lugo peers in the dining room window...and freezes.

Inside, Schiller sits with ELEVEN OTHER PEOPLE at a table filled
with food. A MENORAH flickers on the side table.

DANIEL LUGO
(hissing)
Mission abort! Mission abort!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Lugo, Doorbal and Doyle hustle down the street to their van.

The only sounds are the thumping of their heavy boots and the
jingling of the handcuffs at their sides.

EXT. GIANT H POOL AND BARBECUE - DAY

A BRAND-NEW 4RUNNER sits in the lot.

A RED FIERO parks IN FRONT of the 4Runner.

A WHITE VAN parks BEHIND the 4Runner, BOXING IT IN.

INT. FIERO - DAY

Lugo raises a walkie-talkie.

DANIEL LUGO
Time to hit the slopes.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Doyle and Doorbal pull on ski masks. A walkie-talkie sits on the dash.

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.)
Prepare to neutralize target.

INTERCUT:

EXT. GIANT H POOL AND BARBECUE - DAY

Schiller exits the store, carrying a huge bag of charcoal.
Lugo, Doorbal and Doyle eye him as he heads to his car.
Schiller drops his keys. He stoops to pick them up.
HE COMES CLOSER. Lugo tightens his grip on the wheel.
CLOSER. Doorbal taps nervously on the dash.
FINALLY, Schiller reaches his 4Runner...
FIVE SPACES FROM THE IDENTICAL 4RUNNER LUGO HAS BLOCKED IN.
Schiller starts his engine and drives away.
The Fiero and White Van just stay there, parked.

DANIEL LUGO
Um...mission abort.

EXT. SCHILLER'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Halloween. Dozens of costumed kids swarm the neighborhood.
A VERY LARGE NINJA strolls around the corner. He pulls down his mask to get a better view of Schiller's house.
It's Doyle. He glances around, then waves forward...
Doorbal as A BIG PIRATE, and Lugo as AN OPEN-SHIRTED VAMPIRE.
They stroll calmly up Schiller's drive. Doyle draws his ninja sword. It's not plastic.
At the door, they find A BOWL OF CANDY on a chair.
A sign reads, "TAKE ONE AND LEAVE. DON'T BOTHER RINGING THE DOORBELL, I'M NOT HOME."
Doorbal looks into the dark windows.

ADRIAN DOORBAL

Danny? I think maybe he's telling the truth.

Lugo glares. He rings the doorbell anyway. Again and again.

Finally, he makes a sack of his vampire cape and DUMPS IN THE ENTIRE BOWL OF CANDY.

The three men storm away, pushing past a couple of kids dressed like hobos.

The kids reach the empty bowl. One calls out after them:

HOBO KID

Asshole!

EXT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

The red Fiero and the white van sit in the strip club lot.

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.)

Gentlemen, you've taught me a lot about failure.

INT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

Lugo, Doorbal and Doyle huddle in a corner booth.

DANIEL LUGO

Tomorrow, I'm teaching you something about success. Tomorrow, we do not come back without our prize.

Lugo lifts his shirt and points to his ROCK-HARD ABS.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)

Gut check, gentlemen.

Doorbal and Doyle nod grimly.

INT. SCHLOTZKY'S DELI - DAY

A FAT GIRL and A PIMPLY BOY stand together, wearing striped aprons and paper hats.

Schiller paces in front of them.

MARC SCHILLER

Look at yourselves. You handle food.

He glares at the pimply boy.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)

What is this, herpes? Soap, water. Get out in the sun. How hard can it be?

He steps to the fat girl.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
And sweetheart, it would be nice if at
least some of the pastrami got into the
sandwiches.

Schiller reaches behind the counter, grabs a pickle and bites
into it with a loud crunch. On his way out the door:

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
No wonder I'm losing money on this place.

The fat girl sobs. Pimply teen puts his hand on her shoulder.
She slaps it off.

EXT. SCHLOTZKY'S DELI - DAY

Schiller walks to his 4Runner, still eating his pickle. He
beeps his alarm off.

A GIANT MAN IN A SKI MASK steps out from behind a dumpster,
getting between Schiller and his car.

Schiller stops. He chews his pickle, then swallows.

MARC SCHILLER
What are you, fucking skiing? This is
Miami.

The masked giant says nothing.

Schiller throws his pickle and breaks for his car.

The pickle bounces off Doorbal's chest. He grabs Schiller by
the neck, pressing A STUN GUN into his side.

Schiller yelps and goes limp.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Doorbal dumps Schiller inside. He pulls off his mask.

Lugo turns around in the driver's seat.

DANIEL LUGO
Excellent execution. Let's head for the
rendezvous point.

Schiller stirs. DOORBAL ZAPS HIM AGAIN. Schiller seizes.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
You should try this, Danny. It totally
works!

Doorbal rips off Schiller's Star of David necklace.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (cont'd)
We got ourselves a genuine matzo ball.

He giggles and zaps Schiller again.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Doyle sits in the middle of an empty warehouse. He jumps when his walkie-talkie squawks.

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.)
Loosen the perimeter. The eagle has landed.

Doyle opens the warehouse door. The white van drives in.

FADE TO BLACK.

MARC SCHILLER (V.O.)
I was born in Bogota, Colombia but I grew up in New York City. I put myself through college working six nights a week at a Pizza Hut. I was comptroller for a multimillion dollar pipeline company operating out of barely civilized nation-states in South and Central America. I put up with a lot of shit to get where I am, and if you think a little slapping around's gonna break me, then you don't know Marc S. Schiller.

Slowly, cracks of light come into focus. Through his poorly applied blindfold, Schiller sees a figure step up...

AND SLAP HIM ACROSS THE FACE.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
(weakly)
Please don't kill me.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Schiller sits bound to a folding chair. A DUCT TAPE BLINDFOLD squeezes his face. Blood dries under one nostril.

Lugo, Doorbal and Doyle stand over him.

DANIEL LUGO
Excuse me? I didn't catch that.

LUGO BACKHANDS SCHILLER. He leans in, echoing a familiar phrase.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
Now, got any aches or pains before we get started?

Schiller spits blood. It splatters down his white shirt.

MARC SCHILLER
Lugo? What do you want?

DANIEL LUGO
I just want to maximize your potential.
Marc.

LUGO SLAPS HIM AGAIN.

MARC SCHILLER
Take my car. Take whatever's in my
wallet.

Doorbal picks up Schiller's chair and SLAMS HIM to the concrete.

DANIEL LUGO
Now, Marc. We got homes to go to and
people who love us. So don't waste any
more of our time with this shit about
your wallet.

Lugo kicks Schiller's chair backwards onto the floor. Then he
kneels down by Schiller's head.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
First, you're gonna tell us about your
home and office. Then you're gonna make
some phone calls.

EXT. SCHILLER ENTERPRISES - DAY

A door in a courtyard mall reads, "Marc S. Schiller, Inc."

MARC SCHILLER (O.S.)
Hello, you've reached the office of Marc
S. Schiller. I'm not in to take your
call right now...

Doyle strolls up to the door. A woman walks past. She and
Doyle exchange polite nods.

MARC SCHILLER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Because I'm fucking being held hostage!
(the sound of a scuffle)
BEEP.

Doyle casually takes out a set of keys and unlocks the door.

INT. SCHILLER ENTERPRISES - DAY

Doyle rifles through the files, setting aside DOCUMENTS.

MARC SCHILLER (O.S.)
(wearier this time)
Hello.

MARC SCHILLER (O.S.) (cont'd)
You've reached the office of Marc
Schiller. I'm not in to take your call
right now.

Doyle empties the WALL SAFE.

MARC SCHILLER (O.S.) (cont'd)
I'll be out of the office indefinitely.
I apologize for the inconvenience.
Please leave a message at the tone.

Doyle turns out the lights, and closes the door behind him.

BEEP.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

The contents of Schiller's safe lie on the table: CHECKBOOKS,
PHOTOS, RECEIPTS, INSURANCE POLICIES, BANK STATEMENTS.

Blindfolded, Schiller sits at the table with a TELEPHONE.

Lugo holds THE RECEIVER up to one of Schiller's ears. Doorbal
holds THE STUN GUN to the other.

INTERCUT SEVERAL PHONE CALLS:

MARC SCHILLER
Hi, Rabbi Melman?

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
Hola, Mrs. Martinez?

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
Debra, Sweetie?

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
It's Marc Schiller.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
Señor Schiller.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
That's right, baby, it's your nookie man.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
Listen, Rabbi, I'm going to be missing
Services for a while.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
There's no need for you to clean the
house anymore.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
I met somebody else...and we're moving to
Puerto Rico.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
Shalom.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
Goodbye.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
I hope you can forgive me.

Lugo hangs up the phone. Schiller sags.

EXT. SHUCKER'S ON THE BAY - NIGHT

Doorbal and CINDY ELDRIDGE share A DEEP-FRIED ONION BLOSSOM.
The lights above them reflect in the water below.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
You look great.

CINDY ELDRIDGE
So do you.
(romantically)
Seems like somebody's back to his old
self.

Doorbal blushes.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
Getting there. Thanks to you.

CINDY ELDRIDGE
You mean Dr. Bjornson.

HE TAKES HER HAND AND PUTS IT ON HIS CROTCH.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
Do I?

She looks into his eyes, touched.

MARC SCHILLER (O.S.)
Could I get some water here? I'm choking
on my goddamn tongue.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Schiller coughs, strapped to the chair, still blindfolded.
Across the room, Doyle bites his lip.

MARC SCHILLER
Are any of you assholes even here?

Doyle fills a dirty coffee cup with water.

PAUL DOYLE
Here.

He holds it to Schiller's lips. Schiller gulps, dripping water down his face.

Doyle stretches out his shirt sleeve and wipes Schiller off.

MARC SCHILLER

Thanks.

PAUL DOYLE

Sure.

Doyle looks at Schiller. Where the blindfold cuts into his nose, Schiller's flesh is RED AND RAW.

INT. SUN GYM, LOBBY - DAY

TIFFANY, the teenage counter girl, checks in A WELL-MUSCLED COUPLE. She giggles when Lugo approaches.

TIFFANY

Hello, Mr. Lugo.

He glances at the clock on the wall.

DANIEL LUGO

Tiffany, have you seen my eleven o'clock?

TIFFANY

You mean Mr. Schiller? No, sir.
(looking at the clock)
Jeez, I guess he's late.

DANIEL LUGO

And he didn't call or anything?

TIFFANY

Nuh-uh, Mr. Lugo. I'd have told you that right away.

Lugo gives a shrug to the couple at the counter.

DANIEL LUGO

Huh. I guess some people just don't care about fitness.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An open box of MAXI-PADS rests next to a grocery bag.

Doyle unwraps a sanitary napkin and gently tucks it under Schiller's blindfold. Blood soaks the cotton.

MARC SCHILLER

You're nicer than the other two.

PAUL DOYLE

You just don't know them.

The door opens. Doorbal walks in for his "shift."

He takes one look at Schiller's maxi-pad and cracks up.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
What, are you having your fucking period?

EXT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Lugo's Fiero drives up, LOVERBOY'S "WORKIN' FOR THE WEEKEND" blasting from his window.

He gets out, sipping a travel mug of coffee and carrying a briefcase.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Schiller slumps unconscious, a dark stain soaking his crotch.

DANIEL LUGO
What's up with him?

ADRIAN DOORBAL
He kept beefing about having to take a whiz. So I said what's stopping you.

Lugo chuckles. He opens his briefcase. Inside, a Zippo lighter lies atop a pile of bank documents.

Lugo holds the lighter to Schiller's moustache. It goes up in a flash. Schiller jerks his head up, screaming.

Doorbal laughs. Schiller has half a moustache.

DANIEL LUGO
Good morning, Marc. Today we're going to talk about bank accounts. How do you feel? Up to it?

Schiller whimpers and licks at his burnt lip.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
Great. Let's begin.

INT. SABINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lugo shuts the door and puts his gym bag and briefcase down on a purple chair shaped like a giant high-heeled shoe.

He looks across the room.

DANIEL LUGO
What the hell are you doing?

Sabina hangs upside down from gravity boots. She wears a pink leotard, a white thong, and Lugo's NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES.

SABINA PETRESCU
Trying to see who you really are. That's
what, smart pants guy.

She flips up and gets off the rack.

DANIEL LUGO
How long have you been upside down?

SABINA PETRESCU
You are not who you say you are. A music
video producer does not need these
glasses that see in the dark.

Sabina takes off the goggles and shakes them at him.

SABINA PETRESCU (cont'd)
He doesn't disappear and not have an
office and drive a Fiero.

DANIEL LUGO
Look, sugar-

SABINA PETRESCU
Where is London? When is my video? What
is going on?

Lugo takes a seat on the couch and steeples his fingers.

DANIEL LUGO
Sabina. I need you to sit down and
listen very carefully.

She sits beside him. He takes the goggles.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
You're right. I haven't been truthful
with you. And believe me, it's hurt and
it's been hard. But if this relationship
is ever going to be real, you've got to
understand my work.

He looks deeply at her.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
What I told you was a cover story. One
given to me by my control supervisors at
the CIA. The Central Intelligence
Agency.

Sabina gasps.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
These goggles, they're government issue.
And I guess, in a way, so am I.

SABINA PETRESCU

Daniel-

DANIEL LUGO

No, it's better if you hear it all. I've seen things. Done things.

(rubbing his eyes)

One time, in Hong Kong, I had to live for a week in a tree.

Lugo stares at the floor, haunted by his memories.

Sabina jumps into his lap, kissing him all over.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Doyle reads to a blindfolded Schiller from Fortune magazine.

PAUL DOYLE

"The Securities and Exchange Commission released a statement announcing an investigation of the company, which has been trading on the N-Y-S-E since 1972."

Doyle lowers the magazine.

PAUL DOYLE (cont'd)

N-Y-S-E?

MARC SCHILLER

New York Stock Exchange.

PAUL DOYLE

Oh...I'm from New York.

MARC SCHILLER

Me, too.

They sit for a moment in the cavernous warehouse.

INT. MIAMI BEACH KENNEL CLUB - DAY

CLOSE ON: A PHOTO OF SCHILLER HUGGING A GREYHOUND, both of their tongues hanging out.

Doorbal looks from the photo to SCHILLER'S SLEEK, SILVER DOG in a big cage. The dog cocks its head and stares back.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH KENNEL CLUB - DAY

Doorbal hustles across the parking lot, one very confused greyhound tucked under his arm.

INT. CINDY ELDRIDGE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cindy opens the door to find Doorbal standing there.

CINDY ELDRIDGE
Adrian, you're early.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
I had a friend who wanted to meet you.

Doorbal reveals a leash and then...the greyhound, looking startled and uncomfortable.

CINDY ELDRIDGE
Omigod.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
His name's Tasty Reuben. But you can call him whatever you want.

Cindy drops to her knees, wrapping one arm around the dog's neck and the other around Doorbal's massive leg.

EXT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Lugo pulls up. Doyle steps out to meet him.

PAUL DOYLE
He says he has a headache. And his lips are all chapped from breathing through his mouth. He probably needs chapstick or something.

Lugo stares at Doyle. Then he chucks him on the shoulder.

DANIEL LUGO
Paul, you are one quietly funny motherfucker.

Doyle looks spent as Lugo heads inside.

INT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

Doyle sips a coke at the bar, troubled. He looks over as...

BEATRIZ WEILLAND, the redheaded stripper, saunters across the club to the Champagne Room. The bouncer waves her in.

Doyle stares after her. Finally, he tries to follow her in.

The bouncer plants his hand on Doyle's chest.

BOUNCER
Why don't you enjoy yourself back on the floor?

PAUL DOYLE
I've got money.

The bouncer looks him up and down.

BOUNCER

No, you don't.

Doyle sags. Just then, Beatriz comes back out. She looks at the two of them, then she actually pats Doyle's head.

BEATRIZ WEILLAND

Ohh. Maybe some day, honey, huh?

She walks off. The bouncer smiles. Doyle slinks away.

INT. SUN GYM, HALLWAY - DAY

A SIGN reads, *"Are You Man Enough? National Physique Committee's Florida Men's Championship. Sponsored by SUN GYM and AMINOMAX MEAL-REPLACEMENT DRINK."*

A glum John Mese delicately takes down the sign.

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.)

What's wrong, John? Nobody man enough?

Lugo approaches, a towel draped around his neck.

JOHN MESE

I lost my sponsor. AminoMax filed for chapter eleven.

DANIEL LUGO

I told you. AminoMax's benefits are totally undocumented.

He walks away, leaving Mese with a wad of tape in his hand.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

A DEED and A BANK DRAFT lie on the table, signed in A SCRAWL.

Schiller's bloody hand signs A LIFE INSURANCE POLICY.

PULL BACK: Schiller hangs upsidedown from SABINA'S GRAVITY BOOTS, signing his life away.

Lugo carefully folds all three documents, then turns to Doyle and Doorbal, smiling.

INT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - DAY

CLOSE ON: Schiller's slanted signature.

Lugo, in a pinstripe suit, bounces his leg as he watches the BANK MANAGER go through the documents.

BANK MANAGER

Uh-oh.

Lugo's leg stops.

DANIEL LUGO
Is there a problem?

BANK MANAGER
Oh, no, it shouldn't be a problem. It's just, all these transfer documents, they need to be witnessed by a notary public.

DANIEL LUGO
Can't you do that?

BANK MANAGER
We'd be delighted. We just need you and Mr. Schiller to both re-sign the documents in the presence of our notary.

Lugo stares at the bank manager.

DANIEL LUGO
Mr. Schiller's out of the country right now.

BANK MANAGER
Ooh, yeah, then that is gonna be a problem.

The bank manager smiles, apologetic.

EXT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK, PARKING LOT - DAY

Lugo sits in his car. He slams the briefcase against the steering wheel again and again.

The tiny car's horn beeps intermittently.

INT. SUN GYM, WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Mese leans in the door, watching a TAN TEENAGER do lat pulls.

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.)
Can I see you a second?

Mese turns, startled to find Lugo there.

INT. SUN GYM, OFFICE - DAY

Mese settles himself behind his desk. Lugo closes the door.

DANIEL LUGO
You're still a notary, aren't you?

JOHN MESE
Technically, I guess. Why?

Lugo takes a seat on the edge of Mese's desk.

DANIEL LUGO
I was hoping you could transfer some
property for me. I made a deal with a
friend of mine.

JOHN MESE
I guess I could do it tomorrow. If you
bring your friend down here-

DANIEL LUGO
He's sick.

JOHN MESE
Oh, I'm sorry. Is it serious?

DANIEL LUGO
Serious enough. I was hoping this could
be done without bothering him.

JOHN MESE
But Daniel, I have to see him. The
notary has to witness the person signing
the document. Otherwise, anybody off the
street could just forge somebody's name
and take their things...

Mese looks up at Lugo. Lugo studies Mese softly.

DANIEL LUGO
This is a unique situation.

Mese stands and moves away from Lugo.

JOHN MESE
I'm sorry, Daniel. I just don't-

DANIEL LUGO
I think I found a sponsor for your
competition.

Mese stops in front of his TROPHY CASE.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
If you're still interested. I know how
much work you've put into it.

A picture of himself as a young winner stares back at Mese.

CUT TO:

A NOTARY STAMP comes down on Lugo's legal documents. THWOCK!

INT. SUN GYM, HALLWAY - DAY

Mese puts the "ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?" poster back up:

*"Sponsored by Sun Gym and Schlotzky's Deli -- GRINDERS SO BIG
YOU CAN CURL 'EM!@"*

Mese admires the sign. The TAN TEENAGER comes up to read it.

JOHN MESE
You know, there's a junior division.

EXT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - DAY

SLOW MOTION: Lugo walks out of the bank, swinging his briefcase.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
I had a three-fingered plan. One, kidnap
someone with money.

SLOW MOTION: Lugo walks to where Doorbal waits, smiling.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Two, make him give you everything he
owns.

SLOW MOTION: They high-five.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Three...kill him.

EXT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Doyle stares, white-faced.

PAUL DOYLE
You said we didn't have to.

Lugo puts his hand on Doyle's shoulder.

DANIEL LUGO
In business, you've got to learn to
adapt.

Doyle smacks Lugo's hand off and stalks away.

Lugo calmly joins him by a fence near a busy street.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
You've put in lot of work, Paul. I'd
hate to see you throw it all away.

PAUL DOYLE
I don't think I can do it.

DANIEL LUGO
Sure you can. You've just got to reach
down inside and find that extra
something.

PAUL DOYLE
What if I can't?

Lugo stands close to him, staring out at the traffic.

DANIEL LUGO
Then we might have to take you off the
account.

Pained, Doyle shuts his eyes.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
He knows us. He knows you.

Lugo lays his hand on Doyle's shoulder. This time, Doyle lets
it stay there.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
Be honest. Where did you think this was
going to end up?

Doyle opens his eyes. On the street in front of him...

A BRIGHT RED PROWLER SLOWLY ROLLS BY.

SHINY CHROME GLEAMS IN DOYLE'S EYES.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Doorbal forces CHOCOLATE LIQUEUR down Schiller's throat.

Schiller spits it up all over himself.

Doyle walks in and takes the bottle from Doorbal.

PAUL DOYLE
I got it.

Doorbal backs off. Doyle kneels at Schiller's feet.

PAUL DOYLE (cont'd)
Marc, you gotta help me out. I need you
to drink this.

MARC SCHILLER
I can't...

Doyle gently grabs Schiller's knee.

PAUL DOYLE
This is almost over. We're gonna put you
on a plane. Tonight. I have a friend at
the airport. He's gonna get you out of
the country. But he's not gonna do it
unless there's no way you can recognize
him.

MARC SCHILLER
Lugo's gonna kill me.

PAUL DOYLE
Trust me, Marc. I'm not gonna let
anything happen to you.

Schiller hangs in his chair, silent. Finally...

MARC SCHILLER
If I do what you say...I'll make it out
of this alive?

Doyle weighs the bottle in his hand.

PAUL DOYLE
I swear.

Schiller waits a moment. Then he sits up in his chair, leans
his head back and opens his mouth wide.

EXT. PALM GARDENS DISCOUNT PLAZA - NIGHT

A plastic sign rotates slowly in the black sky, "SHOE BARN."
The 4RUNNER and WHITE VAN pull into the vacant parking lot.

INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT

Lugo and Doorbal position a drunk Schiller behind the wheel.

MARC SCHILLER
Fuuuuck you guys.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Doyle sits behind the wheel. He watches Lugo splash chocolate
liqueur on Schiller. He shuts his eyes.

INT./EXT. PALM GARDENS DISCOUNT PLAZA/4RUNNER - NIGHT

Lugo hangs in the driver's door and sights through the
windshield at a concrete utility pole.

Doorbal opens the valve on a PROPANE TANK and tosses it onto the
backseat.

Lugo rips the tape off Schiller's face. Schiller cries out.

Lugo throws it into drive and jams on the gas. The 4Runner
jumps forward.

His eyes uncovered for the first time in weeks, Schiller tries
to see through a haze of crusted blood and alcohol.

He focuses, in time to see the concrete pole hurtling at his
windshield.

Lugo jumps free, rolling on the ground. He gets to his feet just as...

THE 4RUNNER SMASHES INTO THE POLE. The light shoots a jet of sparks and then goes out.

Lugo whoops. Doorbal does a victory dance. In the van, Doyle just stares.

And then a GROAN cuts across the parking lot.

DANIEL LUGO

No way.

Lugo stalks over and yanks open the 4Runner's crumpled door.

Inside, Schiller lies cradled in the bloody remnants of his DEFLATING AIRBAG. Alive. Conscious.

And snug in his SEATBELT.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)

You put on his fucking seatbelt?

ADRIAN DOORBAL

It's the law.

Lugo stares at Doorbal. Then,

DANIEL LUGO

Gas can! Now!

Doorbal grabs the can from the van and runs over.

Lugo pours gas over Schiller and the truck. He pulls off his shirt, soaks it and lights it on fire. He tosses it inside.

The air explodes.

The fireball forces Lugo and Doorbal back. They sprint to the car, Lugo's pecs gleaming in the firelight.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Lugo and Doorbal squeeze into the front seat next to Doyle.

DANIEL LUGO

Go!

Cramped, Doyle puts it in drive and pulls away. Then he looks in his side mirror.

PAUL DOYLE

Uh...

IN THE MIRROR, SCHILLER STUMBLES FROM THE BURNING TRUCK.

He slaps weakly at the little fires on his clothes.

DANIEL LUGO

Get him!

PAUL DOYLE

I'm just supposed to drive!

DANIEL LUGO

Run him fucking down!

Doyle reluctantly turns the wheel.

INT./EXT. PALM GARDENS DISCOUNT PLAZA/WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Doubled-over, Schiller sees the van make a U-turn. He tries to stumble away, drunk, injured and burnt.

Doyle winces, aiming for him.

Schiller topples to the left. Doyle has to brake and re-aim.

Schiller tries to run, but he falls to his knees.

The van bears down on him, headlights in his wild hair.

Doyle shuts his eyes.

THE FRONT BUMPER NAILS SCHILLER, sending his limp body thumping under the van.

Doyle stops, trembling. The three of them sit there, silent.

DANIEL LUGO

Back over him.

PAUL DOYLE

What?

DANIEL LUGO

BACK OVER HIM.

Doyle slowly puts the van in reverse.

The engine whines and then, CLUMP.

They bump up and down. Doorbal's head hits the ceiling.

Doyle looks at Lugo. Lugo peers through the windshield at Schiller's mangled body.

Then he lightly punches Doyle in the shoulder.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)

I knew you could do it, Paul.

In the distance, HEADLIGHTS FLASH. Doyle jams on the gas and squeals away.

Schiller's body lies in a heap, the firelight from his burning 4Runner flickering orange across the parking lot.

FADE TO BLACK.

MARC SCHILLER (V.O.)
You can beat me. Rob me. Burn my
fucking moustache off. But don't tell me
you're taking me to the airport when
really you're gonna kill me. And if
you're gonna kill me, you'd damn well
better do it.

The darkness parts, as if eyes were slowly opening, revealing a blur of pink and white. We realize we're:

INT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SCHILLER'S ROOM - DAY

A NURSE smiles.

NURSE
There you are. Had us worried.

MARC SCHILLER lies in a hospital bed.

PAN DOWN HIS BODY. From the gash on his nose to the burns on his face. From his bandaged chest to his plaster-cased pelvis. From his lacerated legs to his blue-white feet.

MARC SCHILLER
(WITH SWOLLEN TONGUE)
Want...to talk...to...polithe.

TIME CUT:

DETECTIVES IRIS DEEGAN and JIM COSTELLO stand at the foot of Schiller's bed.

SCHILLER WEEPS, racked with fear and pain.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
Hith name ith Daniel Lugo. He workth at
Thun Gym.

DET. JIM COSTELLO
You're sure? I thought you said you were
blindfolded.

MARC SCHILLER
I recognithed hith voithe.

Schiller dabs his bruised face with Kleenex.

DET. IRIS DEEGAN
So, you were locked up and tortured for a month, and yet no one reported you missing.

MARC SCHILLER
They made me clothe my offithe. They made me tell my friendth I wath on vacathion.

DET. IRIS DEEGAN
Have you ever been in trouble with the law, Mr. Schiller?

MARC SCHILLER
No, I mean, why-

DET. JIM COSTELLO
Your blood alcohol was .36 at time of admission.

MARC SCHILLER
They forthed chocolate liqueur down my throat.

DET. JIM COSTELLO
The weightlifters.

MARC SCHILLER
Yeth. They're thtill out there. You've got to protect me!

DET. IRIS DEEGAN
You're originally from Columbia, aren't you, Mr. Schiller?

Schiller stares, stunned.

MARC SCHILLER
Oh, Jethuth Chritht.

DET. IRIS DEEGAN
You sure this wasn't just a drug deal gone bad?

DET. JIM COSTELLO
Or maybe a sex thing?

DET. IRIS DEEGAN
Do you swing, Mr. Schiller? Like the rough stuff? S&M?

Schiller stares at the cops in disbelief.

MARC SCHILLER
Thethe fuckth tortured me for a month!

DET. IRIS DEEGAN
A month? What happened, you forget your
safe word?

The cops stand and collect their things.

DET. JIM COSTELLO
Good luck with the physical therapy.

The cops walk out, leaving Schiller in bed, his mouth agape.

INT. SUN GYM, JUICE BAR - DAY

LUGO'S FINGER moves down a list of NEWSPAPER OBITUARIES.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (O.S.)
But I told Cindy we'd go to Orlando.
She's all excited.

Doorbal loads fruit in a blender. Behind the counter, Doyle
talks on the phone.

DANIEL LUGO
And she should be excited. It's totally
great there.
(tapping the paper)
But we don't spend dime one until
Schiller shows up in here.

Doorbal puts the lid on the blender.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
It just seems slow.

DANIEL LUGO
That's now. Later, it'll seem fast.

Doorbal nods contemplatively, then cranks up the blender.

Doyle hangs up the phone. He speaks, but Lugo can't hear him
over the blender. Doorbal shuts it off.

PAUL DOYLE
They found a John Doe in the Shoe Barn
parking lot. He's alive. And talking.

Lugo's eyes narrow. He stands, slowly folding the newspaper.

MARC SCHILLER (O.S.)
Yeah, how the hell do I get an outthide
line?

INT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SCHILLER'S ROOM - DAY

Schiller cradles the phone to his ear.

MARC SCHILLER
Thure, charge it to my room. Go nutth.

THE YELLOW PAGES rests in his lap. An ad reads, "*DUBOIS INVESTIGATIONS, INC. Florida's Oldest Detective Agency.*"

The ad's logo features a PALM TREE IN THE CROSSHAIRS.

EXT. DUBOIS' HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

A BONSAI TREE sits on a table in a sunny backyard. In the background, A PHONE RINGS.

KATIE DUBOIS (40's) looks up from her pruning to the converted garage, then yells.

MRS. DUBOIS
ED!

THE PHONE RINGS THROUGHOUT.

ED DUBOIS (O.S.)
What?

MRS. DUBOIS
Office phone!

ED DUBOIS (O.S.)
I know it.

Finally, ED DUBOIS, (50's) bangs open the screen door, carrying a plate of sandwiches.

He wears an apron and old sneakers.

MRS. DUBOIS
Did you use all the bacon?

Dubois takes a sandwich and leaves the rest with his wife.

ED DUBOIS
(mouth full)
When have I not used all the bacon?

He opens the garage's side door, which reads, "*DUBOIS INVESTIGATIONS.*"

INT. DUBOIS' OFFICE - DAY

The phone rings on a cluttered desk in a converted garage.

Pictures crowd the walls. DuBois smiles with actual figures: JOHN GLENN, DAN MARINO, GEORGE H. W. BUSH, BILL CLINTON.

In each photo, DuBois wears a business-like smile and the same gray suit.

DuBois settles at his desk and picks up the phone.

ED DUBOIS

This is Ed.

INT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SCHILLER'S ROOM - DAY

Schiller holds the phone to his bashed and bloody face.

MARC SCHILLER

Jethuth, took you long enough.

ED DUBOIS

I was making lunch. Now are you going to be polite and tell me your name or am I going to hang up?

Schiller sighs.

MARC SCHILLER

My name ith Marc Thiller. I need your help.

EXT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, PARKING LOT - DAY

A Mercedes pulls out of a space marked, "RADIOLOGY STAFF."

After a moment...A RED FIERO PULLS IN.

INT. SCHILLER'S ROOM/DUBOIS' OFFICE - DAY

DuBois takes notes on a legal pad.

ED DUBOIS

That's a hell of a story, Mr. Schiller.

MARC SCHILLER

Thank you.

ED DUBOIS

But I can't say that what the police told you isn't far from my own analysis.

MARC SCHILLER

Which ith a fanthy way of thaying...

ED DUBOIS

I have to consider the possibility you might be lying.

MARC SCHILLER

I'M MITHING MY THPLEEN!

INT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

FEET IN GREEN SURGICAL BOOTIES walk along the linoleum floor.

LUGO stalks down the hall, dressed in SCRUBS AND A LAB COAT.

INT. SCHILLER'S ROOM/DUBOIS' OFFICE - DAY

Schiller holds tight to the phone with both hands, pleading.

MARC SCHILLER

Pleathe believe me, it happened. The way
I thay it happened. Thethe damn
bathtards tried to kill me, and they're
gonna try it again unleth I get a little
goddamn help. Now, I'm athking you
because your ad thayth you're the betht.
Are you gonna help me out or what?

ED DUBOIS

I'm afraid I can't take your case, Mr.
Schiller.

Schiller collapses back in his bed.

MARC SCHILLER

I'm a dead man.

ED DUBOIS

I can offer you a word of advice. A
hospital is a very public place. Anybody
could gain access to your room. If it
were me and large men were trying to kill
me, for whatever reason?

MARC SCHILLER

Yeah?

ED DUBOIS

I'd hide. Goodbye, Mr. Schiller.

DuBois hangs up.

INT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - DAY

The doors of the elevator open. Lugo steps out.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)

The team explored a number of
infiltration procedures.

A sign on the wall reads, "Intensive Care: Blue Line."

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)

Adrian even offered to stage a
diversionary fistfight in the hall.

Lugo looks down at THE MAZE OF COLORED LINES on the floor.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)

We decided against that.

He stares at the lines for a really long time.

INT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SCHILLER'S ROOM - DAY

Schiller sits up, pale and sweaty. Tubes and cords lie strewn around him.

A bag of yellow liquid hangs on a stand, its clear tube winding across the bed and UNDER THE COVERS.

Schiller yanks, yelping in pain. He comes out with...HIS CATHETER.

INT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - DAY

Lugo walks along the BLUE LINE.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
In the end, after reviewing our past
performance, we could come to only one
conclusion.

He passes a cart of surgical equipment.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
We're better when we wing it.

Without stopping, he plucks up a SHINY SCALPEL.

INT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SCHILLER'S ROOM - DAY

Schiller sits on the edge of his bed. A wheelchair waits beneath him. With a grunt, he shoves himself off.

He misses his chair, his cast hitting the arm. He whimpers.

INT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - DAY

Lugo steps up to Schiller's room, tightening his grip on the scalpel.

He shoves open the door to find...

INT. JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SCHILLER'S ROOM - DAY

AN EMPTY BED.

Lugo reads the chart: "Schiller, Marcus S." He checks the tiny adjoining bathroom. Nothing.

When he turns back around, A DOCTOR stands in front of him.

REAL DOCTOR
Can I help you with something, Doctor?

Lugo stares for a moment.

DANIEL LUGO
I'm Dr. Lowenstein, Mr.
Schiller's...primary care physician.

REAL DOCTOR
He didn't mention anything.

DANIEL LUGO
I'm over at Miami General.

The doctor looks down at the SCALPEL in Lugo's hand. Lugo puts it in his pocket.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
So where is Marc?

REAL DOCTOR
He checked himself out. Against my
advice. I think the visit from the
police scared him.

DANIEL LUGO
Police? What did they want?

REAL DOCTOR
Accident investigation. But they didn't
seem too thrilled with Mr. Schiller's
account of events.
(off Lugo's look)
He claimed he'd been tortured.
Delusional alcoholism. It's not
uncommon.

Lugo nods, concurring.

DANIEL LUGO
I warned him about that.

The doctor peers at Lugo's booties and scrubs.

REAL DOCTOR
Why are you dressed for surgery?

Lugo smiles stiffly.

DANIEL LUGO
I like to be prepared for anything. What
sort of shape was Marc in when he left?

REAL DOCTOR
You've got his chart right there.

Lugo fingers the clipboard uneasily.

INT. DUBOIS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

DuBois sits at the kitchen table, eating Nutter Butters. Mrs. Dubois does the dishes.

MRS. DUBOIS
If the cops don't believe him, why should you?

ED DUBOIS
I'm not sure I do. But he wanted my help.

She dries her hands.

MRS. DUBOIS
Is he in any danger now?

ED DUBOIS
If he's telling the truth? Yes. A lot.

She takes a Nutter Butter from the package.

MRS. DUBOIS
When some kid in Indiana falls down a well, they don't leave him down there because he should have known better.

ED DUBOIS
Nope.

MRS. DUBOIS
They get him out.

ED DUBOIS
Yep.

He reaches for another cookie but she takes the package and closes it up.

MRS. DUBOIS
Kid in a well, Ed

INT. SUN GYM, TANNING BOOTH - DAY

THREE FAT STACKS OF MONEY sit on a glowing tanning bed.

Lugo looms over the money, bathed in bright, pink light.

DANIEL LUGO
Congratulations, gentlemen.

Doorbal and Doyle look confused.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
What if he goes to the cops?

DANIEL LUGO
He already did. And you know what happened? Nothing. Because they figured out what we already know. That Schiller is a half-criminal prick who deserves bad shit to happen to him. Trust me, he's not running to the cops.
(laughs)
He's just running.

PAUL DOYLE
You said he had to be dead. That's why I hit him with the van.

DANIEL LUGO
And you don't know how proud that made me.

Lugo looks at both of them.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
I'm proud of all of us. We set super high goals for ourselves. And those goals got achieved, big time.

PAUL DOYLE
But Schiller-

DANIEL LUGO
Cannot in any way affect our future happinesses.

Lugo picks up the stack of money and holds it out to Doyle.

PAUL DOYLE
But how do you know that?

DANIEL LUGO
I went over his chart.

Doyle stares for a long moment. Finally, he takes the money.

INT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

BEATRIZ WEILLAND, THE REDHEADED STRIPPER, arches her back.

She writhes her way along the floor, scooping up her tips: five, five, ten...A HUNDRED.

She looks up to see...

DOYLE in a silk shirt and gold watch, smiling at her.

EXT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

The valet opens the door of a CHERRY RED CHRYSLER PROWLER.

Doyle tips him and helps Beatriz into the passenger seat.

JOSÉ THE MACAW (O.S.)
Olé! Olé! It's showtime!

INT. ENCHANTED TIKI ROOM, DISNEYWORLD - DAY

DOORBAL and CINDY hold hands, staring up at the show.

BIRD CHORUS
In the tiki tiki tiki tiki room,
In the tiki tiki tiki tiki room.

Doorbal offers A BOX to Cindy, revealing A DIAMOND RING.

BIRD CHORUS (cont'd)
All the birds sing words and the flowers
croon. In the tiki tiki tiki tiki tiki
room!

She breaks into tears. Doorbal holds her tight.

EXT. SCHILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

A BRAND-NEW JAGUAR parks in Schiller's driveway. Lugo gets out, wearing Dockers and a golf shirt.

He slides Schiller's nameplate off the mailbox.

INT. SCHILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Lugo's feet sink into the plush carpet. He slips out of his shoes. He wiggles his toes.

He sits on the BLACK LEATHER COUCH in the sunken living room, just feeling it.

Then he lies down, face first into the leather, and inhales.

INT. SCHILLER'S HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

Lugo turns on the lights. He stares. He grins.

A GLEAMING CIGARETTE BOAT sits on a trailer, its name air-brushed in sparkly paint, "PUPPY LUV."

INT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, ROOM 219 - DAY

A BIG, BROWN COCKROACH creeps along a yellowing bedspread.

Schiller sits in bed, covered in scabs and sweaty bandages. He watches the cockroach approach his foot.

MARC SCHILLER
Soup's on, you fucker. Come and get it.

There's a knock at the door. The roach scurries away.

Schiller cringes in fear. He stays still.

ED DUBOIS (O.S.)
Mr. Schiller? It's Ed DuBois. I'd like
to talk to you about your case.

EXT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, WALKWAY - DAY

DuBois stands outside in his gray wash-and-wear suit.

The chain rattles, the door opens, and there sits Marc Schiller, sweating in a ratty wheelchair.

MARC SCHILLER
I thought I was lying.

DuBois takes in the sight of Schiller, bandaged and bruised.

ED DUBOIS
Sometimes it takes me a while to make up
my mind.

INT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, ROOM 219 - DAY

In bed, Schiller shakes out a couple of painkillers.

MARC SCHILLER
How'd you find me?

ED DUBOIS
Cab driver at the hospital.

Schiller stretches for a bottle of water on the nightstand, but can't reach.

MARC SCHILLER
Great. I paid him twenty not to talk.

ED DUBOIS
I paid him forty.

DuBois takes the bottle and pours Schiller a cup.

ED DUBOIS (cont'd)
Then I gave him forty more to forget what
he told me.

Schiller downs the pills and closes his eyes.

MARC SCHILLER
This shit's my new best friend.

ED DUBOIS
I'm going to look into your case, Mr.
Schiller, but if I find out you're not
telling me the truth, you'll be in more
trouble than when you started.

MARC SCHILLER
Everything I've told you is true.

DuBois looks at the pill bottle, then places it a little further
away from Schiller.

ED DUBOIS
Why don't you tell me again?

INT. DUBOIS' LINCOLN - DAY

A GLOSSY PHOTO FEATURES AN OILED MUSCLEMAN doing squats.
Beneath the photo, it reads, "LARRY LENTZLER'S GLUTE BLITZ!"

DuBois looks up from the MAGAZINE, out the window...TO THE FRONT
DOORS OF SUN GYM.

LUGO, DOORBAL AND DOYLE walk out and get into their new cars:
Lugo his Jag, Doyle his Prowler, and Doorbal a Dodge minivan.

DuBois turns his ignition. IT SPUTTERS, then catches.

INT. SOLID GOLD, CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Beatriz pours champagne off her breast into Doyle's mouth.

Across the room, ED DUBOIS sips a Coke, surveilling Doyle.

Just then, a woman leans over, blocking his view with her large
breasts. She whispers in his ear.

DuBois gives her a polite smile.

ED DUBOIS
No offense, darling, but I'd prefer you
didn't.

INT. SCHLOTZKY'S DELI - DAY

A FRAMED PHOTO OF DANIEL LUGO hangs on the wall. It reads,
"Owner and Operator."

DuBois stands across the counter from the FAT GIRL.

FAT GIRL
Yeah. We never saw him again. It was
all done through the lawyers.

ED DUBOIS
And you didn't think that was weird?
That Mr. Schiller didn't pop in to say
goodbye or anything?

FAT GIRL
He was a dick and one time in back he
grabbed my ass.

DuBois gestures to Lugo's picture.

ED DUBOIS
How's the new guy?

FAT GIRL
Awesome.

She shows off the gold badge on her new red vest, "MANAGER."

FAT GIRL (cont'd)
He says I'm a Do-er.

EXT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Doorbal and Cindy stand hand in hand on the lawn, gazing at
THEIR LITTLE DREAM HOUSE.

Next to them, A REALTOR sneaks a glance at the giant black man
cooing to the tiny blonde.

She slides a "SOLD" placard onto a REAL ESTATE SIGN.

ED DUBOIS (O.S.)
He paid in cash?

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

DuBois sits with the Realtor. Beanie Babies line her desk.

REALTOR
Yes. \$300,000.

ED DUBOIS
And that didn't surprise you?

REALTOR
I just assumed he was in sports...or rap.

DuBois nods and puts away his notebook.

EXT. LUGO'S (SCHILLER'S) GARAGE - DAY

The garage door opens, revealing...LUGO on his brand new RIDER
MOWER. He pulls triumphantly out of the garage.

He mows careful lines across his wide, green lawn.

He stops when he sees his neighbor, BRAD MACCALISTER, loading a cooler into the back of his Volvo Wagon. Brad waves.

BRAD MACCALISTER
Hey there, neighbor. We didn't see you move in.

DANIEL LUGO
Most of my things are still being shipped.

Lugo drives the mower over.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
I'm just sort of roughing it for now.

BRAD MACCALISTER
I hear you. We had a hell of a time with our movers. You have to keep an eye on those people every second.

DANIEL LUGO
They just don't know the value of a dollar.

BRAD MACCALISTER
What happened to Marc? He was here and then he...wasn't.

Lugo shakes his head, rueful.

DANIEL LUGO
Talk to the bank. He was so far underwater they practically gave me the house.

BRAD MACCALISTER
You think you know people.
(offering his hand)
Brad MacCalister.

Lugo smiles and gives him a strong shake.

DANIEL LUGO
My name's Tom.

Two blonde boys come running onto the lawn, tossing a football.

MACCALISTER KIDS
Hey, Dad. Can we stop at Dairy Queen on the way?

Suddenly, Lugo leaps off the mower, clapping his hands, calling out to the kids.

DANIEL LUGO
Come on, Marino! Fire it in here! Let's
see what you got!

EXT. SOUTH BEACH, MIAMI - NIGHT

Doyle's Prowler cruises down the strip.

INT. DOYLE'S PROWLER - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, Doyle leers over at Beatriz.

She snakes her tongue into A BAGGIE OF COCAINE. It comes out coated in white. She kisses him, her tongue going deep.

Suddenly, Doyle looks up and jams on the brakes. The tires squeal and the car slams into a CUSTOM PURPLE PICKUP TRUCK.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH, MIAMI - NIGHT

A TAN GUY WITH A PONYTAIL gets out of his smashed truck.

Doyle climbs out of the Prowler and stalks over.

PONY TAIL
Dude, what the fuck-

Doyle pulls out a WAD OF MONEY and throws it at the man's chest. Ponytail stares, speechless.

Doyle climbs back in the Prowler and screeches away.

Ponytail bends over and starts picking up the money.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On TV, Kevin Costner stares plaintively.

Doorbal and Cindy make out in front of their new 50" screen. A stack of WEDDING INVITATIONS sits on the coffee table.

On screen, Whitney Houston kisses Kevin Costner.

Doorbal and Cindy remove each other's clothes.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
Do you have...?

Cindy smiles. She leans over and grabs her purse. She pulls out...A SYRINGE AND VIAL.

She looks lustfully at Doorbal. He looks lustfully at the syringe.

INT. LUGO'S (SCHILLER'S) HOUSE - NIGHT

NEIGHBORHOOD COUPLES sit on the leather couch drinking wine.

A TRAY OF APPETIZERS lowers into frame. One of the husbands (JIM) looks hungrily past it to...

SABINA in heels and a tiny housecoat. Her perfectly spherical breasts roll out of her blouse.

JIM
These are delicious.

SABINA PETRESCU
And so easy. From freezer to microwave
to mouth.

Jim grins. His wife gives him an elbow.

Suddenly, we hear an authoritative clap.

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.)
Eyes front, neighbors.

"TOM" gathers everyone in front of a DRY ERASE BOARD, where he's drawn a DETAILED SKETCH OF THE CUL-DE-SAC.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
Now, we'd all like to believe we're safe
here in Old Cutler Cove Estates. I know
I feel more snug and secure than I've
ever felt in my life.

He takes a moment to smile at everyone just a beat too long.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
But the fact of the matter is, the bad
guys are out there, just waiting for good
people like us to drop our guard. I
should know. I work for the government.

He grins. No one laughs.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
So I wanted to take this first meeting of
the neighborhood watch to demonstrate a
few ways you can keep yourself safe.

He waves Sabina over.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
Sweetie, here, is going to be the victim.
Now, who wants to be the rapist?

Jim and several other men leap to their feet.

EXT. LUGO'S (SCHILLER'S) HOUSE - NIGHT

Lugo and Sabina say good night as the neighborhood couples stream down the driveway.

Jim holds his side, wincing. His wife looks concerned.

DANIEL LUGO
Hope I wasn't too rough with you,
partner.

Another couple waves from the sidewalk. The wife whispers to her husband through her smile.

WIFE
What the hell was-

HUSBAND
Not now, Lisa.

Neither notice THE PARKED MAROON LINCOLN as they pass.

INT. DUBOIS' LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

ED DUBOIS SLOUCHES IN THE FRONT SEAT, WATCHING THE SCENE.

On the porch, the muscle-bound Daniel Lugo slips a tender arm around exotic dancer, Sabina Petrescu:

A MIAMI AMERICAN GOTHIC.

Dubois turns the ignition. The engine sputters loudly.

From the porch, Lugo glances over.

Dubois winces, turning the key again.

Just as Lugo seems about to investigate, the engine turns over.

Dubois pulls away.

ED DUBOIS (O.S.)
It's all perfectly legal.

INT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, ROOM 219 - DAY

DuBois waits as Schiller pages through a sheaf of documents.

MARC SCHILLER
I was kidnapped and tortured. I don't
remember that being legal. In fact, I
actually remember it being illegal.

ED DUBOIS
You signed the papers-

MARC SCHILLER
At a fucking 90° angle!

ED DUBOIS
These documents are signed, notarized and acceptable to anybody who feels inclined to find them so. Your friends at the gym have successfully acquired every asset you had. And I might add, they're enjoying them very much.

DuBois hands over several SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS: Doorbal plays with Schiller's greyhound, Lugo grills on Schiller's BBQ.

MARC SCHILLER
That's it? I'm hosed? 'Cause if that's it, I'm not paying you a fucking dime.

ED DUBOIS
You don't have a fucking dime.

MARC SCHILLER
You're kind of a prick, you know?

ED DUBOIS
I'm just giving you the facts.

MARC SCHILLER
And?

DuBois looks down at a cockroach scuttling across the carpet. He steps on it, squashing it into the brown pile.

ED DUBOIS
Now I go to work.

Schiller looks at the newest stain on his carpet.

MARC SCHILLER
What was that, for emphasis? Hand me the fucking remote.

INT. MIAMI HILTON HOTEL, BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A LINE OF COKE ON A GIDEON BIBLE.

Doyle, in speedos, snorts the line. He stares at himself in the mirror, eyes red and tired.

He opens a shoebox. Inside, he finds an empty coke bag, TWO TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS and a half-dozen little hotel shampoos.

Doyle stares at his EMPTY STASH. There's a knock.

BEATRIZ leans in wearing a gold lamé minidress.

BEATRIZ WEILLAND

Babe, I need some money. I thought I go
buy shoes.

Doyle twitches, spent. She just stares.

INT. SUN GYM, OFFICE - DAY

A XEROX reads, *"Tom's 1st Annual BBQ! Bring Your Grill-ables!
Noon 'til ?"* A cartoon hot dog steams on a skewer.

Lugo takes a stack of flyers out of the copier.

There's a knock at the door. Tiffany pokes her head in.

TIFFANY

Mr. Lugo, your new client is here.

INT. SUN GYM, HALLWAY - DAY

FLASH. The screen goes white. A milky POLAROID develops.

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.)

You're gonna be real glad you did this,
Mr. Wilson. At first, most clients
aren't thrilled about taking a "before"
picture.

Lugo's hand writes on the photo: "Ed Wilson, 190 lbs."

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.) (cont'd)

But after a couple of months with us, you
won't even recognize yourself. Trust me.

The picture develops enough to make out...

A SMILING ED DUBOIS.

DuBois looks over Lugo's shoulder at the photo.

ED DUBOIS

I trust you, Daniel. That's why I came.

INT. SUN GYM, WEIGHTROOM - DAY

DuBois does triceps lifts, a barbell in each hand. Lugo taps
DuBois' flabby arms.

DANIEL LUGO

What kind of work you do, Ed?

ED DUBOIS

Lawn and garden supplies. Benches,
birdbaths, stuff like that.

DANIEL LUGO
Oh, yeah? I got a pretty big yard
myself.

ED DUBOIS
Where's that?

DANIEL LUGO
Old Cutler Cove.

DuBois eyes Lugo in the mirror. He tests him.

ED DUBOIS
Nice. Been there long?

DANIEL LUGO
Long enough. Having a barbecue next
week.

INT. SUN GYM, STRETCHING ROOM - DAY

DuBois sits, legs spread. Lugo sits across from him, holding
DuBois' forearms. They take turns stretching.

Lugo pulls DuBois.

DANIEL LUGO
How'd you happen to choose this gym?

DuBois pulls Lugo.

ED DUBOIS
A friend of mine recommended it. He said
you worked him over pretty good.

Lugo pulls DuBois.

DANIEL LUGO
Oh, yeah. Who's that?

DuBois pulls Lugo.

ED DUBOIS
Marc Schiller.

LUGO STOPS BUT KEEPS HOLD OF DUBOIS' HANDS.

DANIEL LUGO
How is Marc?

ED DUBOIS
I don't really know. I can't get him on
the phone.

Lugo stares at DuBois, cold. DuBois smiles innocently. After a
long moment, Lugo pulls DuBois.

DANIEL LUGO
Maybe he's on vacation.

INT. SUN GYM, LOBBY - DAY

Lugo finishes laminating "Ed Wilson's" brand new gym card. He hands it to DuBois.

DANIEL LUGO
Here you go, Ed. Don't lose it.

ED DUBOIS
So I'll see you next week?

DANIEL LUGO
Three free sessions with membership, you bet you'll see me next week.

DuBois turns to leave.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
Oh, and Ed? If you see Marc Schiller, tell him to get his ass back in the gym, huh?

DuBois looks at him. Lugo grins.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
We miss him around here.

INT. SOLID GOLD, CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Beatriz grinds for A MAN IN A SILK TURTLENECK (FRANK GRIGA).

He puts a hundred dollar bill in his teeth. She squats and grabs the bill with her knees.

Across the room, DOYLE slouches at a tiny table, glaring.

EXT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

The valet brings up a YELLOW LAMBORGHINI. Beatriz's customer slips him a large bill, gets in, and roars off.

In the shadows near the dumpster, Doyle takes a slug from a 40. He watches the Lamborghini's tail lights fade.

EXT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Doorbal, in a tight, rented tuxedo takes Cindy's hand under a rickety wooden arch. A REVEREND officiates.

REVEREND
Cindy and Adrian would like to welcome you all here today, and express how grateful they are that you could witness the flowering of their love.

On the Bride's side, nurses in pastel dresses gaze longingly.

On the Groom's side, Lugo and Doyle stand, tuxedos bulging at arm and thigh.

REVEREND (cont'd)
As a symbol of the commitment they are
making today, Adrian and Cindy have
written their own vows.

Lugo nods thoughtfully. Doyle picks at a bloody fingernail.

REVEREND (cont'd)
Do you, Cindy, totally take Adrian to be
your full-on, one and only husband...

Next to the gift table sits A BRAND NEW, FULLY-STOCKED WEIGHT
BENCH, wrapped up with a big red bow.

REVEREND (cont'd)
To maximize your potential both as lovers
and as parents...

The GIFT CARD reads, "TO AN AWESOME COUPLE, LOVE DANNY."

EXT. DUBOIS' HOUSE - DAY

DuBois and his wife unload groceries from HER STATION WAGON.

DuBois hoists a couple of bags. Suddenly, he groans.

ED DUBOIS
Ow. Take these.

Mrs. DuBois takes the bags. DuBois clutches his back.

MRS. DUBOIS
Your back?

ED DUBOIS
Yeah.

MRS. DUBOIS
This is from your trip to the gym, isn't
it?

He grimaces and lies flat in the driveway.

ED DUBOIS
I'm working on a case.

MRS. DUBOIS
No, you're lying in the driveway.

She takes a cookie out of the bag and lays it on his chest.

MRS. DUBOIS (cont'd)
I'll come back to check on you.

ED DUBOIS
Thanks, hon.

EXT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Doorbal dances with Cindy's mom. She comes up to his elbow.

Lugo talks to Cindy's teenage cousin. The boy makes like he's pumping a barbell.

DANIEL LUGO
No, no. If you do it like this...
(moving the boy's arm)
You're gonna see a lot more results in a
lot less time.

Doyle pokes Lugo in the shoulder.

PAUL DOYLE
Danny. I need to talk to you.

EXT. FLORIDA BEACH - DAY

A yellow ATV skids to a halt on a sand dune. The driver pushes back his goggles and gives a whoop.

IT'S FRANK GRIGA, BEATRIZ'S CUSTOMER FROM SOLID GOLD.

PAUL DOYLE (O.S.)
His name's Frank Griga.

Another ATV pulls up next to him. The BIKINI-CLAD DRIVER takes off her helmet and shakes out her long blonde hair.

PAUL DOYLE (O.S.) (cont'd)
He's the fucking Alexander Graham Bell of
phone sex.

INT. SEEDY APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

A fat guy sits on the closed toilet, his pants undone. He reads his credit card number into the phone.

PAUL DOYLE (O.S.)
He owns every 1-900-FUCK line from
Tallahassee to Key West.

The fat guy slips a hand in his pants.

THE MIAMI NEW TIMES lies open on the floor.

In an ad, a BLACK WOMAN stares open-mouthed beneath the words,
"IT MUST BE HURRICANE SEASON, 'CAUSE I FEEL A BLOW COMING ON."

PAUL DOYLE (O.S.) (cont'd)
And guess where he finds the chicks for
his ads...

INT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

The black woman from the ad pumps her crotch at the pole.

Griga holds out a hundred-dollar bill. BEN FRANKLIN'S FACE
flashes under the lights.

PAUL DOYLE (O.S.)
The guy's got millions.

EXT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION - DAY

Griga leans on the hood of his yellow Lamborghini.

PAUL DOYLE (O.S.)
You should see his car.

The car is parked in the crescent driveway of A MASSIVE, SALMON-
COLORED NEOCLASSICAL MANSION.

PAUL DOYLE (O.S.) (cont'd)
You should see his house.

The blonde from the beach comes out the front door wearing a
rubber dress, carrying a pitcher of daiquiris.

PAUL DOYLE (O.S.) (cont'd)
He's got it all.

EXT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Doyle's bloodshot eyes squint determinedly. He and Lugo sit at
a flower-bedecked table.

PAUL DOYLE
And we can take it.

Lugo stares at Doyle, at his red eyes, his bloody fingernails,
at the sweat soaking into his tuxedo collar.

DANIEL LUGO
I gave you an opportunity.

Doyle looks confused.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
I gave you a second chance. And what did
you do?
(leaning in)
You put it right up your nose.

Lugo takes a sip of champagne.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
So now you're broke. And you want me to solve your problems by going cowboy on some Hungarian porn king. Well, forgive me if I don't trust your fucking judgment right now, Paul.

Lugo stands and looks down at the defeated Doyle.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
Let's face it...you don't have my organizational skills.

Doyle sinks into his chair, broken.

INT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, ROOM 219 - DAY

BLUE PAINKILLERS spill out over the phone book.

Schiller washes the PILLS down with rum. He dials the phone, his eyes unfocused, his mouth a little open.

JOHN MESE (O.S.)
Hello?

MARC SCHILLER
Hey, you fuck. Remember me?

INTERCUT:

INT. SUN GYM, OFFICE - DAY

Mese sits at his desk, looking annoyed.

JOHN MESE
No. Should I?

MARC SCHILLER
I should think so. Seeing as you apparently watched me sign my whole life away to some fucking weightlifter.

Shock replaces annoyance on Mese's face.

JOHN MESE
Mr. Schiller?

MARC SCHILLER
You do remember me. See the reason that's funny is because I don't remember you. That must mean you're a liar.

JOHN MESE
Mr. Schiller, I-

MARC SCHILLER
Liar.

Mese paces the room, jittery.

JOHN MESE
I was under the impression you were...out
of town.

MARC SCHILLER
I never left town because I didn't have
any money to leave town with because you
fucking stole it from me.

JOHN MESE
Finances can be quite complicated.

MARC SCHILLER
This isn't finances and it isn't
complicated. It's fucking criminal.
Give me my money back.

Mese stares at his picture in the trophy case: a young man,
tight and barrel-chested.

JOHN MESE
Perhaps we could negotiate.

INT. SUN GYM, POOL - DAY

Hush Puppies slap on the cement as MESE runs the length of the
pool, trying to keep up with a swimming Lugo.

At the end, Lugo surfaces.

JOHN MESE
Marc Schiller just called my goddamn
office.

Lugo's mouth goes thin. He climbs out of the pool.

DANIEL LUGO
What did he say?

JOHN MESE
He knows what I did. You said I was
absolutely safe.

MESE SHOVES LUGO. Lugo steps back, surprised.

Mese tries to shove him again, but Lugo wraps his powerful arms
around him, forcing the older man to the tile floor.

Lugo holds Mese down, wet, wearing just a bathing suit.

The women in the shallow end stare.

JOHN MESE (cont'd)
He wants his stuff back.

DANIEL LUGO
He can't have it. He gave it to me.

EXT. MIAMI SHORES COUNTRY CLUB, PRO SHOP - DAY

CAPTAIN AL LOPEZ (40's) approaches the PRO at the window.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ
I was hoping to get a tee time?

He opens his wallet, revealing his POLICE BADGE.

The Pro takes one look at it and runs his tiny pencil down the list. He scratches out KIM, and writes in LOPEZ.

GOLF PRO
Looks like you're next, Captain.

He slides him a cart key.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ
Muchas gracias.

He turns to his golf cart...where Ed DuBois waits.

ED DUBOIS
They clean your balls for you, too?

CAPT. AL LOPEZ
You're late.

ED DUBOIS
(shrugging)
I think it's the alternator.

Lopez climbs behind the wheel.

ED DUBOIS (cont'd)
So I got something to talk to you about.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ
I kinda sensed that, Sport. Tell me on the tee.

The P.A. crackles:

GOLF PRO (O.S.)
Will the Kim foursome please report to the pro shop? Kim foursome, please report to the pro shop.

INT. SUN GYM, OFFICE - DAY

A nervous Mese picks up the phone on the first ring.

INTERCUT:

INT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, ROOM 219 - DAY

Schiller holds the phone to his sweaty head.

MARC SCHILLER
Did you talk to your mommy, you fuck?

JOHN MESE
Yeah. Yeah, we're all set.

Mese presses a button, putting the phone on SPEAKER.

MARC SCHILLER
Then where's my money?

JOHN MESE
Well, it's a little complicated. You have to sign some papers first.

LUGO LEANS AGAINST THE WALL, pinching his hand with fat-test calipers. He gives Mese a "keep going" nod.

JOHN MESE (cont'd)
Why don't you tell me where you are and I'll bring them for you to sign.

MARC SCHILLER
I'm in your house fucking your wife up the ass. What am I, an idiot? I'm not telling you where I am.

JOHN MESE
Look, then how do we resolve this? I mean, we really do need your signature.

MARC SCHILLER
I think I've signed enough. I'll call you and tell you where we're gonna meet. And trust me, there's gonna be some big fucking guys there with guns, so don't try any shit.

Schiller hangs up. He grins in the mirror. Blood cakes his scabs.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
Nicely done, Marc.

INT. SUN GYM, OFFICE - DAY

Mese panics.

JOHN MESE
What do we do now? He didn't tell us where he was.

DANIEL LUGO
Just star sixty-nine him.

Mese stares blankly.

JOHN MESE
You want me to have sex with him?

Lugo pushes *69 on the speakerphone.

After a couple of rings:

DESK CLERK (O.S.)
Horseshoe Crab Motor Lodge.

Mese just stares, AMAZED. Lugo hangs up.

JOHN MESE
How did you do that?

DANIEL LUGO
Do you even read your phone bill?

EXT. MIAMI SHORES COUNTRY CLUB, GOLF COURSE - DAY

Capt. Lopez sights down his club at a flag in the distance.
DuBois leans on the cart.

ED DUBOIS
And he's been living in a dump motel ever
since.

Lopez sticks a tee in the ground.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ
I thought you said he didn't have any
money.

DuBois hands him a ball, smiling sheepishly.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ (cont'd)
You're a soft touch, Ed.

ED DUBOIS
His story's true. Your guys slept on it.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ
I'll look at what you got...

He whacks the ball into the sky.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ (cont'd)
But it sounds like a non-starter to me.

ED DUBOIS
Al. I've got a trunkful of evidence.
It's a starter.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ

A Columbian plus torture equals bad news.
At 5:30, 6, and 11, for however many
nights it takes for Channel 4 to make me
look like some kind of Uncle Juan
defending the rights of drug dealers.

ED DUBOIS

He sold submarine sandwiches.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ

And Pablo Escobar was a florist.
Anything below the Keys is a boil on my
ass.

ED DUBOIS

You're Cuban.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ

Cuban-American.

DuBois shakes his head and takes out his own club.

ED DUBOIS

Those guys are out there. They're going
to get hungry again.

Lopez looks away to another set of golfers on the green.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ

We got people waiting.

DuBois takes a deep breath...and hooks a ball into the water.

EXT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, PARKING LOT - DAY

A burnt-out neon sign hangs in the sky: "HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR
LODGE."

AN ENGINE ROARS. PAN DOWN TO SEE...

Lugo's Jaguar pulling into the parking lot.

EXT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, WALKWAY - DAY

SNEAKERS POUND UP THE STAIRS. Lugo and Doorbal stalk down the
walkway, their faces set. Doorbal clutches a baseball bat.

They reach Room 219. Lugo looks right and left, then nods.

DOORBAL KICKS IN THE DOOR.

INT./EXT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, ROOM 219 - DAY

LUGO AND DOORBAL BURST IN TO FIND...NOTHING.

The filthy room stands empty. They stare, dumbfounded.

WHIP PAST THEM, out the door and across the street to where...

MARC SCHILLER WHEELS HIMSELF OUT OF A DUNKIN DONUTS, eating a peanut ring.

He looks up...and sees his OPEN DOOR and TWO GIANT FIGURES silhouetted inside.

The doughnut falls into his lap.

INT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, ROOM 219 - DAY

Doorbal SMASHES the mirror with his bat.

Lugo HURLS the TV into the bathtub.

They take turns kicking the bed.

LUGO'S FACE TWISTS WITH RAGE.

INT. HORSESHOE CRAB MOTOR LODGE, OFFICE - DAY

Lugo and Doorbal stand at the Front Desk, breathing hard.

DANIEL LUGO

Hi.

The SKINNY CLERK looks up. Lugo fixes his sweaty hair.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)

Our friend in 219. He's not in. I'm wondering if you've seen him. He's been in an accident and I'm afraid he might have, you know, wandered off.

MOTEL CLERK

If he's not there, I don't know where he is. The only guy he talks to is the guy who pays for his room.

DANIEL LUGO

What guy?

MOTEL CLERK

Sorry. Confidential.

Doorbal leans forward, huge.

ADRIAN DOORBAL

I recently got married, and am looking for a place to hold my honeymoon.

He lays his bat on the counter.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (cont'd)

I wonder if you could show me around your facility.

The clerk swallows.

MOTEL CLERK

Um. Sure.

He gets up slowly and leads Doorbal to the pool.

Lugo leans over and plucks out the GUEST FILE FOR ROOM 219.

He opens the folder and stops on:

A XEROX COPY OF ED DUBOIS' DRIVER'S LICENSE.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)

The trust between a trainer and his client is sacred. Like with priests and lawyers. To betray that is to betray everything I believe in regarding fitness.

EXT. MIAMI SHORES COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

DuBois throws his bag into the trunk of his Lincoln, then climbs behind the wheel.

He turns the key. The engine chatters.

He turns the key again. Nothing.

He sighs and lowers his head to the steering wheel.

THEN HE WRENCHES THE KEY AGAIN, GRINDING THE STARTER.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ (O.S.)

You're right. That's definitely the alternator.

CAPT. LOPEZ stands outside the car, smiling.

INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Lugo drives. Doorbal stares at the COPY OF DUBOIS' DRIVER'S LICENSE, COMPLETE WITH ADDRESS.

ADRIAN DOORBAL

"Edward Pierre DuBois." Maybe he's French.

Lugo jams the gearshift.

DANIEL LUGO

I don't know what the fucker is, but he's not going to live long enough for me to find out.

Doorbal checks a map. Lugo swerves through traffic, betrayed.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
We set nutritional goals together!

INT. POLICE CAR - DUSK

A UNIFORMED COP drives stoically. He looks over to...

DuBois riding glumly in the passenger seat.

INT. DUBOIS' HOUSE - DUSK

Mrs. DuBois crimps the crust of AN APPLE PIE, then slides it into a glowing oven.

MOVE PAST HER, to the kitchen window, where...

DANIEL LUGO watches through the glass.

EXT. DUBOIS' HOUSE - DUSK

Lugo eyes her every move.

She pours herself tea. She flips through a magazine.

Lugo takes it all in:

THE PRETTY WOMAN at the table.

THE FRIGIDAIRE, crowded with magnets and photos.

THE APPLE PIE, baking behind tempered glass.

SUDDENLY, CAR BRAKES SQUEAK, SNAPPING HIS REVERIE.

Lugo ducks down. He peers from the shadows to where...

THE BLACK AND WHITE POLICE CRUISER pulls into the driveway.

ED DUBOIS gets out. He walks around to the driver's side and leans in, talking with the uniformed cop.

INT. JAGUAR - DUSK

Parked down the street, DOORBAL STARES AT THE POLICE CRUISER.

Lugo pops out of the bushes and jumps in.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
He's a cop?

DANIEL LUGO
Fucking. Mission. Abort.

EXT. DUBOIS' HOUSE - DUSK

Lugo does a U-Turn in the quiet street, squeaking his tires as he takes off down the block.

DuBois looks up from the trunk to see tail lights receding. He pulls out his clubs and heads for the house.

INT. DUBOIS' HOUSE - DUSK

DuBois trudges into the kitchen. His wife drinks a cup of tea at the table.

MRS. DUBOIS
How's your back?

ED DUBOIS
Fine.

Ed starts to trudge away.

MRS. DUBOIS
Oh. Mr. Schiller called.

DuBois turns around. His wife reads from a MESSAGE SLIP.

MRS. DUBOIS (cont'd)
He said, "This is how you protect me, you son-of-a-bitch? Fucking thugs come to murder me and you're out golfing?" Then he called you a "hayseed turd burglar" and left a number.

She smiles innocently.

ED DUBOIS
I need to borrow your car.

EXT. LUGO'S (SCHILLER'S) HOUSE - NIGHT

Lugo pulls into his driveway and gets out. Next door, the TWO MACCALISTER BOYS play catch.

Lugo trudges for his door.

MACCALISTER BOY (O.S.)
Hey, Tom! Think fast!

Lugo turns around, just as THE FOOTBALL GLANCES OFF HIS HEAD.

DANIEL LUGO
WHAT THE FUCK?

The kids freeze. Lugo plucks up the ball.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
I'm keeping it. Hear me? You just lost
it. I hope you're fucking happy.

The kids stare, frightened. Finally:

MRS. MACCALISTER (O.S.)
Matthew. Trevor.

All three turn to see MRS. MACCALISTER at the screen door.

MRS. MACCALISTER (cont'd)
Come inside.
(glaring at Lugo)
Now.

The boys run inside. Lugo smiles, apologetic. She just shuts
the door.

Lugo stands all alone in the driveway. The streetlights buzz.

GENE TOLLIVER (O.S.)
Some of you won't want to hear this...

INT. LUGO'S (SCHILLER'S) HOUSE - NIGHT

In the living room, GENE TOLLIVER gesticulates on TV.

GENE TOLLIVER
But that's just going to make me shout
all the louder. YOU WILL NEVER ACHIEVE
YOUR GOLDEN DREAM!

Lugo walks past the TV, out the sliding doors to the backyard,
carrying a SHEAF OF PAPERS.

EXT. LUGO'S (SCHILLER'S) HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Lugo fires up the BRICK BARBECUE.

GENE TOLLIVER (O.S.)
In America, the only reward for great
achievement is the opportunity for
greater achievement!

One by one, Lugo drops papers into the flames:

THE DEED NOTARIZED BY JOHN MESE...HIS COPY OF ED DUBOIS'
LICENSE...HIS STACK OF BBQ INVITATIONS.

GENE TOLLIVER (O.S.) (cont'd)
You people are door openers. And what do
you do with an open door? Stand there
and stare at it?

Lugo throws on the rest of the invites, staring at the blaze.

GENE TOLLIVER (O.S.) (cont'd)
No, sir and no, ma'am. You walk right on
through!

Lugo looks through the window into his kitchen.

HIS FRIDGE STANDS BLANK WHITE. HIS OVEN, DARK AND EMPTY.

He scowls, then...

PICKS UP A SHOVEL AND BASHES THE BARBECUE TO PIECES.

INT. LUGO'S (SCHILLER'S) HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Smudged with soot, Lugo sits on the bed, dialing the phone.

PAUL DOYLE (O.S.)
Hello?

DANIEL LUGO
Doyle. Pick up Adrian. We're moving on
your porn king.

EXT. TAQUERIA - NIGHT

DuBois pulls up in his wife's station wagon. He gets out and
nods at the grillman behind the counter of A RAMSHACKLE HUT.

ED DUBOIS
(in Spanish)
I think you're keeping something for me?

The grillman jerks his thumb at a wooden lean-to.

GRILLMAN
He was scaring away my customers.

DuBois slips him a twenty, then calls into the shadows.

ED DUBOIS
Marc. Let's get you out of here.

Schiller wheels himself out of the lean-to. He shivers. Dirt
and grease smear his body. Bug bites dot his face.

ED DUBOIS (cont'd)
Jeez.

DuBois gets behind Schiller and gently wheels him away.

ED DUBOIS (cont'd)
You really shouldn't have called them.

MARC SCHILLER
You're gonna ride my ass about that now?

DuBois gently bumps Schiller up a curb.

INT. SOLID GOLD - NIGHT

Sabina grinds away on A CUSTOMER in the Champagne Room.

SABINA PETRESCU (V.O.)
I had proven my loyalty to Daniel, and to
C.I.A. I was rewarded with a mission of
my own.

She undulates in his lap, her G-string in the man's face.

SABINA PETRESCU (V.O.) (cont'd)
You cannot understand. To be called to
service my new adopted country...there
was no greater honor.

When she pulls back, we realize her customer is FRANK GRIGA.

She yells over the music.

SABINA PETRESCU (cont'd)
I have some friends that want to meet
you.

FRANK GRIGA
(excited)
Oh, yeah?

SABINA PETRESCU
Not those kind of friends. Businessmen.
They have investment.

Sabina flips over and slowly pumps her ass up and down in
Griga's lap. She looks over her shoulder.

SABINA PETRESCU (cont'd)
It would mean a lot to me.

Griga stares at the soft flesh in his lap, mesmerized.

INT. DUBOIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

DuBois scoops potatoes into his mouth, chewing thoughtfully.

ED DUBOIS
Pass the rolls, please?

Mrs. DuBois hands the basket of rolls to her husband. He
chooses one, then holds the basket out to...

MARC SCHILLER, at the head of the table in his wheelchair.

Schiller awkwardly takes a roll. He holds it loosely, staring
at the BONSAI CENTERPIECE with tired eyes.

MARC SCHILLER
That's a tiny tree.

Mrs. DuBois smiles at him.

MRS. DUBOIS
I did it myself. Sort of my hobby.

Schiller tries to butter his roll, but it slips from his hand and drops under the table.

ED DUBOIS
I got it.

Schiller wheels himself back from the dinner table.

MARC SCHILLER
No. I can do it.

Schiller contorts in his chair, leaning painfully for his Pillsbury roll. Finally...he..reaches it.

He straightens back up, trying to look dignified. He gestures at the tiny tree.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)
I have a boat.

Mrs. DuBois smiles understandingly.

EXT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION - DAY

Lugo's Jaguar pulls into the circular driveway of Griga's mansion. He parks beside the yellow Lamborghini.

Lugo and Doorbal get out wearing tailored suits. They both stare at the sports car.

DANIEL LUGO
Dibs.

INT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION - DAY

A PIE CHART GLOWS ON A LAPTOP: "PROFIT MAXIMIZATION PROFILE."

DANIEL LUGO
India has a billion people as of the last census.

Sitting at a table with Lugo and Doorbal, Frank Griga examines the pie chart.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
The only telecommunications company there worth a damn is AT&T.

Lugo taps a multi-colored PAMPHLET.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
We're going to change that.

Under the table, A TINY DOG nips at Doorbal's pant leg. He tries to brush it away.

FRANK GRIGA
Chopin, stop.
(to Lugo)
What about wireless?

DANIEL LUGO
Well, it's not in the literature, but I feel I can trust you.

He leans in and lowers his voice.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
We'll be going wireless on the sub-continent inside of 18 months.

KRISZTINA FURTON, Griga's busty girlfriend, saunters in carrying a pitcher of lemonade.

Griga catches Doorbal eyeing her sizable, enhanced breasts. Griga wraps his arm around her waist.

FRANK GRIGA
You like 'em? I had the doctor put in an extra 50 cc's.

She playfully slaps his arm. They all watch her bounce away.

FRANK GRIGA (cont'd)
So...what's the minimum investment?

DANIEL LUGO
\$500,000.

Griga shuts the laptop.

FRANK GRIGA
What's the maximum?

Lugo smiles.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - MONTAGE

Doorbal sets up TWO METAL CHAIRS on the warehouse floor.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
I don't care what anyone says. Last time, the plan worked.

Lugo lays out his tools on the table: DUCT TAPE, STUN GUN, PORTABLE PHONE. THE GRAVITY BOOTS HANG ON THEIR RACK.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
It wasn't the plan's fault. It was the execution. Our execution.

Doyle stands on a chair. Lugo kneels below HIM, HEMMING THE CUFFS OF HIS GRAY PANTS like a tailor.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
That wasn't going to happen this time.
We'd learned, and we'd grown.

Doyle puts a BOTTLE OF CRISTAL and A BOUQUET OF PINK ROSES in a portable ICE CHEST.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Follow through. Attention to detail.
That's what separates Do-ers from Losers.

THE THREE MEN TAKE TIME TO STRETCH. LUGO DOES PUSH-UPS.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Frank Griga was going to find out the
hard way...

EXT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION - NIGHT

A GLEAMING STRETCH LIMOUSINE pulls into Griga's driveway.

DANIEL LUGO (V.O.)
We weren't losers.

DOYLE GETS OUT, NOW DRESSED AS A CHAUFFEUR.

He opens the back door and stands at attention as...

LUGO AND DOORBAL CLIMB OUT IN TAILORED SUITS.

INT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Griga stands at a mirror, adjusting the crotch of his denim suit. Krisztina walks in wearing in a red leather miniskirt.

KRISZTINA FURTON
Where are we going tonight?

FRANK GRIGA
Some steakhouse. I let those bozos pick
it.

KRISZTINA FURTON
If you think they're bozos, why are you
dealing with them?

Griga zips up her skirt, squeezing her ass.

FRANK GRIGA
Sometimes to get the milk, you need to
make friends with the cow.

INT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION - NIGHT

THE PINK ROSES SIT IN A VASE.

Griga helps Krisztina into her red leather jacket, embossed on the back with a HUGE WHITE EAGLE.

Lugo hands her glass of champagne. A WHITE-HAIRED MAID stands by with Lugo's Cristal.

Lugo, Doorbal, Griga and Krisztina raise their glasses.

DANIEL LUGO
To communication. May it lead us to
greater vistas and wider improvements.

They clink glasses.

EXT. DON SHULA'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

The limo pulls up to the front door.

Lugo helps Krisztina out. She looks around the empty lot.

KRISZTINA FURTON
Where are all the other cars?

ADRIAN DOORBAL
It's usually packed by now.

Doorbal tries the front doors. They're locked.

Griga turns to Lugo, impatient.

FRANK GRIGA
Didn't you make reservations?

DANIEL LUGO
That's certainly what I was led to
believe I did.

KRISZTINA FURTON
What are we going to do for dinner? I
skipped breakfast and lunch.

DANIEL LUGO
You know, Adrian lives not too far away
from here. It's a beautiful place.

The three of them turn to Doorbal. He smiles.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
I do love having people over.

EXT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Doyle kneels beside the limo, playing with Tasty Reuben, the greyhound.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Krisztina picks up a wedding picture of Cindy and Doorbal.

KRISZTINA FURTON
Where's your wife now?

Doorbal walks in with a plate of microwave egg rolls.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
She's working a double shift at the E.R.

He offers her an egg roll. She takes two.

KRISZTINA FURTON
That must be really hard work.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
Yeah.

Doorbal watches Krisztina lean over to dip the egg roll in sauce. Her top clings tightly to her enhanced breasts.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (cont'd)
She works pretty late, too.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE, SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lugo leads Griga into Doorbal's second bedroom. His wedding gift, THE WEIGHT BENCH, takes up most of the room.

A MASSIVELY-WEIGHTED BARBELL SITS HIGH ON THE RACK.

Lugo closes the door. Griga sips from a highball glass.

FRANK GRIGA
I ran your numbers by my accountant. It looks like blue skies and clear sailing.

DANIEL LUGO
I have the contracts right-

FRANK GRIGA
For whoever does the investing.

Lugo smiles, puzzled.

DANIEL LUGO
I don't follow you, Frank.

FRANK GRIGA
I'd like to meet directly with the board.
No offense, Daniel, but your skill set
doesn't put my mind at ease.

Lugo swallows his anger.

DANIEL LUGO
What exactly is my skill set?

Griga pauses. He gives an apologetic smile.

FRANK GRIGA
I was being polite. You seem like a nice
guy. We could totally hang out. But I'm
not comfortable with you having a say in
my money.

DANIEL LUGO
You stand here in my friend's home and
say you don't trust me?

FRANK GRIGA
You're right. Maybe this is not the
place to discuss this-

Griga moves toward the door. Lugo cuts him off.

DANIEL LUGO
You want to go over my head to the board!

Griga puts his drink down, gloves off.

FRANK GRIGA
Daniel, you know something about the
business world, but not as much as you
think. Some of the things you say are
comical.

MOVE IN SLOWLY ON LUGO.

FRANK GRIGA (cont'd)
I don't think you have your eye on this
deal. I don't think you're willing to
put in the time. I don't think you're a
hard worker.

LUGO'S EYES GLAZE.

FRANK GRIGA (cont'd)
This is a complicated venture that takes
professionals. And let's face it...you
guys are fucking amateurs.

LUGO SNAPS. HE DRIVES HIS FIST INTO GRIGA'S MOUTH.

Griga stumbles back. He swings, but Lugo blocks the punch...

THEN HAMMERS HIM IN THE JAW. GRIGA ROCKETS BACK INTO THE WEIGHT BENCH. CLANG.

THE SUPPORT POST BUCKLES, KNOCKED OUT OF ALIGNMENT.

Griga flops to the floor. He looks at Lugo, dazed.

Lugo glares.

DANIEL LUGO
No one works harder than me!

Griga coughs blood. Then...

SNAP. THE WEIGHT BENCH POST TORQUES RIGHT OFF. THE BARBELL TILTS VIOLENTLY...

RIGHT AT GRIGA'S HEAD.

Lugo's eyes go wide.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
No, no, NO-

WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH. THREE 45-POUND WEIGHTS SLIDE OFF THE END OF THE BARBELL.

Lugo dives forward but...

CRUNCH. CRUNCH. CRUNCH.

THE WEIGHTS LAND WITH SICKENING FINALITY ON GRIGA'S HEAD.

For a moment, all is silent. Lugo just stares, then...

KRISZTINA THROWS OPEN THE DOOR, DOORBAL RIGHT BEHIND HER.

She stops and stares. One of the weights is still lodged in Griga's shattered skull.

Blood drips into the shag rug.

Krisztina lets out a SHRIEK. Doorbal CLAMPS his huge hand over her mouth.

Doyle runs in. He stands there, in shock.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
Here, take her.

Doyle doesn't move. Doorbal shoves her at him.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (cont'd)
NOW!

Doyle takes the struggling Krisztina in his arms.

Doorbal runs out of the room, leaving Doyle alone with Lugo.

Lugo, in a daze, checks Griga's neck for a pulse.

Then he walks into the bathroom.

Doorbal rushes back in with a syringe.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (cont'd)
Hold her still.

Doorbal hikes up Krisztina's skirt and jabs the needle into her ass. Within moments, she falls limp.

PAUL DOYLE
What is that stuff?

ADRIAN DOORBAL
Horse tranquilizer.

The sound of VOMITING comes from the bathroom.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - NIGHT

Tasty Reuben runs frantically down the middle of the empty street, his leash trailing behind.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM plays softly.

IN THE 2nd BEDROOM...a pillowcase covers Griga's head. Krisztina slumps on the carpet nearby.

MOVE INTO THE LIVING ROOM...Lugo, Doorbal and Doyle sit in front of the TV.

The bluish light flickers over their vacant faces.

On screen, the TV station signs off for the night:

AN AMERICAN FLAG WAVES IN THE BREEZE.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH KENNEL CLUB - DAWN

An old Cuban KENNEL WORKER walks along a fence, hosing down the cement. Finally, he reaches a gate and finds...

TASTY REUBEN on the other side of the fence. Panting. Smiling.

The kennel worker peers at him, confused.

KENNEL WORKER
Reuben?

Reuben wags his tail, raises his leg and PEES in excitement.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Paul Doyle sleeps in a chair.

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.)
Wake up.

Doyle stirs. He sees Lugo standing over him, A MOVING BOX in his hands.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
You're coming with me.

Lugo marches through the house. Doyle stumbles after him.

PAUL DOYLE
Where are we going?

DANIEL LUGO
This is now a salvage op.

PAUL DOYLE
What does that even mean?

Lugo spins into Doyle's face.

DANIEL LUGO
IT MEANS I'M GETTING THAT COCKSUCKER'S
CAR AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT'S NOT NAILED
DOWN!

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE, SECOND BEDROOM - DAY

Lugo steps over Krisztina and digs through Griga's pockets. He pulls out A SET OF KEYS.

Doorbal and Doyle wait in the doorway.

DANIEL LUGO
When's Cindy get home?

ADRIAN DOORBAL
Her shift ends at noon. Danny-

DANIEL LUGO
He's leaking. Put him in the bathtub.
(looking at Krisztina)
Lock her in with him and make sure she
stays quiet. Then do something about the
rug.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
But, Danny-

DANIEL LUGO
Say the dog did it. Everything else'll
be gone before Cindy even opens the door.

Doorbal finally nods. Lugo heads out.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
And crank up the A.C. He's starting to
reek.

INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Lugo drives fast. Doyle sits beside him, tense.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE, SECOND BEDROOM- DAY

THE DIGITAL THERMOSTAT READS, "HI COOL, HI FAN."

Doorbal, on hands and knees, tries to scrub the blood stain out of the carpet.

Just then, a thin whimper escapes from the bathroom. He tries to ignore it...but he hears the whimper again.

INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Lugo drives slowly through Griga's quiet neighborhood.

A PRIVATE PATROL CAR rolls by. Doyle slouches in his seat.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Doorbal walks in, holding up his tranquilizer syringe.

Krisztina whimpers on the cold tile, half-drugged, swearing in slurred Hungarian.

EXT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION - DAY

The Jaguar pulls alongside Griga's Lamborghini.

Lugo walks quickly to the front door of the house. Behind the thick glass, a muted Chopin barks furiously.

Lugo digs Griga's keys out of his pocket.

Suddenly, he stares...next to the door, AN ALARM KEYPAD BLINKS.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

The phone rings. Doorbal picks up the cordless.

DANIEL LUGO (O.S.)
Put the bitch on the phone. I need the
alarm code.

Doorbal looks down at the empty syringe in his hand.

He runs for the bathroom.

EXT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION - DAY

Lugo waits on his cel. Across the street, an old man waters his lawn. Lugo steps into the shadows.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (O.S.)
Um, Danny...

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Doorbal stares down at Krisztina's PALE BLUE DEAD BODY.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
The bitch is cold.

INT. JAGUAR - DAY

From behind the wheel, Doyle watches Lugo tremble and then KICK furiously at the locked door.

EXT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION - DAY

Lugo peels out in Griga's Lamborghini. Suddenly, he screeches back to the MAILBOX.

He leans out and steals all of Frank Griga's mail.

The Lamborghini screeches into the street and squeals away.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

A LARGE, CARDBOARD BOX reads, "KITCHEN - BREAKABLES!"

ONE SLIM FOOT with red toenail polish protrudes from the box. Doorbal shoves it down, burying it in packing peanuts.

Doyle flips Griga's body onto the stripped couch. Lugo stuffs the cushions back on.

EXT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Doyle and Doorbal wrestle the couch down the front steps to the waiting van. Lugo waves them forward.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Lugo drives fast. Doorbal squeezes in next to him.

From the back:

PAUL DOYLE (O.S.)
It smells awful back here.

DANIEL LUGO
Live with it, Paul.

EXT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

The van pulls into the lot. When it passes us, we can see...

DOYLE'S NOSE AND LIPS PROTRUDING FROM THE CRACKED WINDOW.

He gulps for air.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

THE COUCH AND THE BOX sit at the far end of the warehouse.

Doyle stares, blown out. Lugo hands him A WALKIE-TALKIE.

DANIEL LUGO

Stay here and maintain a secure profile.
Me and Adrian'll get what we need.

PAUL DOYLE

I'm not hanging out here with two dead
bodies.

LUGO SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE.

DANIEL LUGO

This was your fucking idea. Those are
your fucking corpses.

Doyle holds his cheek, cringing.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)

You've got to learn to take
responsibility.

INT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

THE WHITE-HAIRED MAID, ESTHER TOTH arrives for work. She looks around nervously.

ESTHER TOTH

Hello? I am here.

She steps into the hallway. YELLOW LIQUID pools on the marble floor. A faint whining comes from the living room.

Esther creeps forward. She gasps.

Stuffing plumes from the sofa. Plants lie shredded everywhere.
The curtains dangle in ribbons.

And in the middle of it all shivers CHOPIN, THE DOG.

ESTHER TOTH (cont'd)

Oh, Chopin.

On the side table sit FOUR EMPTY CHAMPAGNE FLUTES.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Doorbal pushes a cart down the tool aisle.

Lugo loads necessities: lye, buckets, Windex, an iron grate, Hefty Bags, Ready Road repair tar, goggles, and a blowtorch.

Finally, they stop at a display of CHAINSAWS. Lugo looks from one to another. He picks the one that's on sale.

They wheel up to the cashier. Lugo hands over a credit card. The cashier checks it and smiles.

CASHIER

Did you find everything today, Mr. Griga?

DANIEL LUGO

You bet.

Lugo rests his hand on the CHAINSAW BOX: *"Guaranteed to handle all your cutting chores quickly and easily!"*

INT. FRANK GRIGA'S MANSION - DAY

DETECTIVES IRIS DEEGAN and JIM COSTELLO sit at the kitchen table with Esther Toth, who cradles the quivering Chopin.

ESTHER TOTH

He loves dog like own child. He feeds him pure sirloin steak, chopped up like for a baby. He would not leave him alone all night.

Deegan takes notes.

DET. IRIS DEEGAN

You're sure his business meeting couldn't have just run long? Maybe they did a little partying?

ESTHER TOTH

Those guys he have meeting with, those are not the kind of guys he party with. I don't trust those big guys.

DET. JIM COSTELLO

Big guys?

ESTHER TOTH

Big. Like wrestler on TV.

The detectives look at each other.

DET. IRIS DEEGAN

Do you mind if we use the phone?

ESTHER TOTH
Is one in every room.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Doyle paces, shaking, biting his thumbnail. He looks over at...

THE COUCH AND THE CARDBOARD BOX. He stares, thinking.

He opens the box and digs in, finally coming up with...

KRISZTINA'S PURSE. It's snagged. He pulls up...KRISZTINA'S
HAND.

He steels himself, untangles the strap and rummages in the
purse.

Finally, he finds what he's after, A VIAL OF COCAINE.

Doyle kneels before one of the metal chairs. He shakes the coke
out in a sloppy line.

He eagerly snorts it, then rocks back on his knees, a euphoric
smile on his face. His eyes close.

WE HEAR CARNIVAL MUSIC.

When he opens them again, he finds himself staring at...

THE SLIM, DELICATE HAND still protruding from the box. The
nails are painted red, with white French tips.

The music stops. His smile fades to emptiness.

Tears start streaming down his face.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Cindy Eldridge, still in her nurse's whites, walks through the
front door, exhausted.

In the living room, she stops. FOUR INDENTATIONS mark the
carpet where the couch used to be.

CINDY ELDRIDGE
Adrian?

She looks in the second bedroom:

LARGE JAGGED SQUARES have been cut out of the carpet, all the
way down to the plywood beneath.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Lugo and Doorbal carry in their Home Depot bags.

DANIEL LUGO
Doyle, take some of this shit.

Lugo looks around. THE WAREHOUSE STANDS COMPLETELY EMPTY,
except for the couch and the box...

AND THE WALKIE-TALKIE LYING ON THE FLOOR.

A note lies underneath the radio: *"Sorry, I can't. Maybe God
can forgive us."*

Lugo paces for a moment. Finally, he spasms with rage:

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
HE'S GOT NO FUCKING ACCOUNTABILITY!

His scream hangs in the air.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
Danny, where do you want me to set this
up?

Lugo turns to see his last remaining friend standing at the door
with a 55-gallon drum. Lugo smiles sadly.

DANIEL LUGO
Here. Let me help you.

MONTAGE:

Lugo spreads Hefty bags across the concrete floor.

Doorbal pulls Krisztina out of the box. Styrofoam flutters.

Lugo strips Griga down to his briefs.

Doorbal cuts away Krisztina's miniskirt with scissors.

Lugo scrubs Griga's torso with Comet and a Brillo pad.

Doorbal sprays Krisztina's face with Windex. Her make-up
smears.

Lugo lays an iron grate over a pair of metal drums.

Doorbal lowers Krisztina's body onto the grate.

EXT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Cindy carries a trashbag out to the can. She opens the
lid...and drops the trash on the ground.

Squares of carpet lie heaped, SOAKED IN DARK BLOOD.

INT. DUBOIS' HOUSE - DAY

A TINY CERAMIC BUDDHA SITS BENEATH A BONSAI TREE.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ picks it up, rubbing its belly with his thumb.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ
It's a big department, Ed. We can't do
everything right.

DuBois stands at the window, smiling ruefully.

ED DUBOIS
I wasn't asking for everything, Al. Just
one thing.

Lopez fishes A PHOTO out of his jacket.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ
I thought you might want to see a
picture.

He hands DuBois a PHOTO OF GRIGA AND KRISZTINA.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ (cont'd)
We think these people are in trouble.

ED DUBOIS
With all due respect, Captain, these
people are dead.

The silence hangs in the air.

PAN ACROSS THE ROOM. Schiller sits at the breakfast table,
painfully eating eggs. He gives Lopez a bitter thumb's up.

MARC SCHILLER
Yeah, get your best man on it.

EXT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Lugo leans against the wall, eating a sandwich.

INSIDE, THE CHAINSAW RUMBLES, REVS AND CUTS INTO...SOMETHING.

Shredded lettuce dangles from Lugo's mouth. He pokes it in.

The chainsaw revs again. Lugo chews.

Just as Lugo takes another bite, there comes a whine and the
sound of an engine choking. The chainsaw stops.

ADRIAN DOORBAL (O.S.)
Danny! You better get in here!

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Lugo finds Doorbal reading THE CHAINSAW BOX.

ADRIAN DOORBAL
It says it cuts anything!

A WAD OF BLONDE HAIR jams the chainsaw.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Lugo stands at the return desk with THE CHAINSAW.

DANIEL LUGO
I'd like to make a return.

RETURNS DESK WORKER
Cash or credit?

Lugo lays A LARGE AXE on the counter.

DANIEL LUGO
Credit.

INT. SPEED RACER WAREHOUSE - DAY

Lugo raises his axe high.

CLOSE ON: LUGO'S FACE. CHOP.

MONTAGE:

Two 55-gallon drums sit against the wall, next to THREE RED BUCKETS. A few strands of hair sprout from the last bucket.

Lugo and Doorbal sit on the couch, bloody and vacant.

Lugo drives the yellow Lamborghini on the freeway. He signals for an exit marked, "ALLIGATOR ALLEY."

Doorbal drives the white van along a canal.

The Lamborghini stops on a causeway.

Doorbal heaves a drum into the canal. The drum sinks into the silt alongside a rusty Chevette and a huge truck tire.

Lugo leans casually on the causeway railing. A bucket hits the water, followed by two more. Blood swirls.

Another drum settles beside the Chevette.

Lugo drives into the sun. He puts on his sunglasses.

INT. MIAMI-DADE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

A XEROXED MUG SHOT OF DANIEL LUGO sits atop a stack.

Policemen each take a copy and pass it along.

At the head of the room, Capt. Lopez gives instructions to his elite squad.

8x10 PHOTOS hang on the board behind him: LUGO, DOORBAL, DOYLE, and JOHN MESE.

The stack reaches DuBois. He hands one to Schiller. Schiller stares down at the Xeroxed Lugo.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

In the shower, Doorbal determinedly scrubs the blood off his massive arms.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Cindy sits on the bed, staring at the bathroom door.

EXT. SUN GYM, ROOF - DAY

LUGO DOES STOMACH CRUNCHES.

He crunches toward his knees and sees the parking lot. When he lies back down, he sees the sky.

Up, parking lot. Down, sky.

He does another crunch...and sees THREE POLICE CARS screech into the lot.

Lugo flips to a standing position. The cops storm the gym.

Lugo runs for the far side of the roof.

EXT. SUN GYM, ALLEY - DAY

Lugo, in shorts and tank top, sprints flat out down the alley.

EXT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

On the porch lies a rubber newspaper, the "Doggie Gazette." A UNIFORMED COP steps over the chew toy and rings the bell.

Cindy opens the door. Two policemen crowd her front porch. Stoically, she steps aside.

INT. DOORBAL AND CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

The cops stand in the living room.

CINDY ELDRIDGE
Adrian, honey?

At the end of the hall, ADRIAN DOORBAL STEPS OUT.

NAKED. GIGANTIC. MUSCLES RIPPLING.

The cops look at each other. One of them speaks into his radio.

COP
This is Unit 3, requesting back-up.

INT. CONGREGATION OF LIGHT - DAY

PAUL DOYLE kneels in the third row of the empty church, examining his bloody hangnail.

The white-eyed Saints stare blankly.

PASTOR RANDY slips into the pew in front of him.

PASTOR RANDY
Howdy, partner.

Doyle looks up. Randy smiles.

PASTOR RANDY (cont'd)
I held them off as long as I could.

Doyle turns slowly. COPS STAND IN EVERY AISLE.

Doyle turns back to Pastor Randy.

PAUL DOYLE
What about Sanctuary?

PASTOR RANDY
Yeah...we don't do that anymore.

Doyle lowers his head. The cops move in.

INT. KNIGHT CENTER, MIAMI - DAY

A banner reads: "NATIONAL PHYSIQUE COMMITTEE'S FLORIDA MEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP, *sponsored by Sun Gym and Schlotzky's Deli.*"

On stage, well-oiled bodybuilders flex.

JOHN MESE admires the competitors, utterly content.

Then something catches his eye. A pair of POLICEMEN talk with a female bodybuilder. She points right at Mese.

Mese makes for the exit, looking behind him, not seeing...

THE BURLY DETECTIVE in front of him. The detective clamps his hand on Mese's shoulder.

Mese hits him with a clipboard. The detective wrestles him to the ground. Mese screams.

The bodybuilders on stage look down curiously.

INT. SABINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

PAN OVER: A GENE TOLLIVER BOOK, A CARTON OF BULK BLASTER, AND A BOXED SET OF STEVEN SEAGAL VIDEOS.

Police rifle through the apartment, loading up Lugo's things.

Near tears, Sabina holds on tight to LUGO'S NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. A cop wrestles them away from her.

CUT TO:

LUGO'S FACE. EXTREME CLOSE UP. Squinting, determined.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

DuBois helps Schiller from the car into his wheelchair.

He rolls him across the lawn to the front stoop.

A POLICEMAN stands guard. Schiller reaches out and squeezes the cop's hand.

INT. SCHILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

DuBois pushes Schiller into his living room. Schiller's smile drops as he stares at THE EMPTY, RAVAGED ROOM.

Wires hang from the walls. Nails stick up where the carpet once was. Even the light switch covers are gone.

CUT TO:

LUGO'S FACE. MEDIUM CLOSE UP. Sun burns his skin.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHILLER'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Schiller looks out over his backyard. Dead flowers wilt against the fence, his once lush lawn dry and brown.

And in the corner...HIS BRICK BARBECUE lies smashed into a million pieces.

BRAD MACCALISTER waves from the other side of the fence.

BRAD MACCALISTER
Hey, buddy! Where you been?

INT. SCHILLER'S HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

DuBois wheels in Schiller, snapping on the light.

Schiller stares, dejected. WHERE THE BOAT ONCE STOOD, ALL THAT REMAINS IS AN OIL STAIN.

MARC SCHILLER
He took my boat.

DuBois pats Schiller's shoulder.

CUT TO:

LUGO'S FACE. He cracks a tiny smile.

EXT. OCEAN - DUSK

Schiller's cigarette boat jets across the ocean, a rooster tail pluming behind it.

Lugo stands at the wheel, the wind in his hair, steering toward the horizon.

FADE TO BLACK.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ (O.S.)
All right, this is what we've got.

INT. SCHILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Capt. Lopez, DuBois and Schiller sit in the kitchen on the LAWN FURNITURE from the back yard.

More cops gather in the empty dining room behind.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ
We've circulated Lugo's picture. Coast Guard's got the specs on Lugo's boat-

MARC SCHILLER
My boat.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ
Your boat. Now, as far as we can tell from talking to the other two, Lugo killed Mr. Griga before he could get anything. So we believe he's running out of money-

MARC SCHILLER
My money.

ED DUBOIS

Marc. Please.

Schiller glares. Then he sighs and rolls to the fridge.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ

No, he's right, Ed. We fucked up, and for that I'm sorry. The fact is, Mr. Schiller, right now, you're the only source of funding this guy's got.

Schiller opens the fridge.

ED DUBOIS

Lugo put all his eggs in your basket, Marc.

CAPT. AL LOPEZ

And we've got that basket under 24-hour watch. Lugo's gonna come up starving soon. When he does, we're gonna get him.

Schiller looks into the fridge. Inside, A SCHLOTZKY'S SODA CUP SITS NEXT TO A MOLDY SANDWICH.

Schiller stares a moment, deciding.

Finally he wheels around to face them.

MARC SCHILLER

What if I told you there was another basket you didn't know about?

EXT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS - DAY

The Bahamian flag flies over a building: "*Bank of the Bahamas.*"

A TAXI pulls up. Out steps a man in sunglasses and a lightweight suit: DANIEL LUGO.

He squints at the bank. A SINGLE SECURITY GUARD lingers inside the glass door.

Lugo hefts his BRIEFCASE and leans in to the cabbie.

DANIEL LUGO

Wait for me? This'll just take a few minutes.

THE CABBIE nods and points up the block.

CABBIE

I'll be over there. In the shade.

DANIEL LUGO

Shalom to that, my brother.

Lugo grins at him.

INT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS - DAY

SCHILLER'S STAR OF DAVID NECKLACE HANGS IN LUGO'S OPEN COLLAR.

Lugo strolls in, confident.

Customers in shorts line up at teller windows. Agents work at desks. Almost all of them are men.

LUGO PICKS THE ONE WOMAN.

DANIEL LUGO
Hi, I wonder if you could help me? I'm
looking to close my account.

FEMALE MANAGER
I'm sorry to hear that, sir. Was there
anything not to your satisfaction?

DANIEL LUGO
Not at all.
(shrugging)
Life happens, right?

He slides over his passport.

DANIEL LUGO (cont'd)
My name is Marc Schiller.

She opens it. While the name says MARC S. SCHILLER, the photo features DANIEL LUGO.

FEMALE MANAGER
One moment, please.

She takes the passport and walks it behind the tellers.

Lugo breathes deeply. At the door, the guard rocks lazily on his feet.

Lugo watches the account manager huddling with THE BRANCH MANAGER. She points at Lugo.

Lugo frowns.

His toe nervously taps his briefcase. His fingers go to the Star of David, spinning it.

The account manager approaches, heels clicking on the marble.

FEMALE MANAGER (cont'd)
Mr. Schiller.

Lugo tenses, ready to run.

FEMALE MANAGER (cont'd)
Will you be wanting that in cash, or can
I transfer funds?

Lugo smiles.

EXT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS - DAY

LUGO'S CABBIE SNOOZES IN HIS CAR. A VACATIONING COUPLE RIDES BY
ON A TANDEM BIKE.

FEMALE MANAGER (O.S.)
Two hundred forty-five, two hundred forty-
six...

INT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS - DAY

The account manager counts out the money in thick stacks.

FEMALE MANAGER
Two hundred forty-seven, two hundred and
forty-eight thousand dollars. And
nineteen cents.

She slides the coins across the blotter. Lugo smiles and
pockets the change.

DANIEL LUGO
Every little bit helps, am I right?

FEMALE MANAGER
Now all we need is your signature.

Lugo signs, then loads the money in his briefcase.

DANIEL LUGO
Thank you, Isabella, you've been a real
mensch.

FEMALE MANAGER
Mr. Schiller?

Lugo stands, eager to leave.

FEMALE MANAGER (cont'd)
What would you like to do about the
safety deposit box?

Lugo stares at her. *Safety deposit box?*

He looks at his watch.

EXT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS, PARKING LOT - DAY

A CHRYSLER SEBRING pulls into the bank's parking lot, closely
followed by A PAIR OF BLUE-CHECKED POLICE CARS.

INT. RENTED SEBRING - DAY

ED DUBOIS and SCHILLER stare up at the bank. Schiller's wheelchair lies folded in the backseat.

ED DUBOIS
How much you got in there?

MARC SCHILLER
'Bout a quarter mil.

ED DUBOIS
Good. I might actually have a shot at getting paid.

MARC SCHILLER
Everybody wants my money.

INT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS, SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Lugo holds tight to his briefcase as THE BRANCH MANAGER leads him up the stairs toward the vault.

He looks over his shoulder at the lobby below. All quiet.

INT. RENTED SEBRING - DAY

One of the cops approaches Dubois and Schiller.

BAHAMIAN OFFICER
My lieutenant has radioed.

ED DUBOIS
Oh.

BAHAMIAN OFFICER
There has a been a homicide in Cable Beach. He says ten minutes, then you are on your own.

Dubois climbs out of the car.

ED DUBOIS
Ten minutes is plenty.

EXT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

DuBois follows the cops. Schiller tries to get out of the car.

ED DUBOIS
Sit back down.

Schiller winces, limping a few steps.

MARC SCHILLER
Bullshit.

Dubois holds up a finger to the cops. He pulls Schiller aside.

ED DUBOIS
I appreciate the sentiment, but you can't walk more than ten feet without peeing blood, and I'm on thin ice ordering these guys around as it is. Now please get back in the car before I cuff you to the grill.

Schiller frowns and opens the car door.

MARC SCHILLER
I'm the victim, here.

INT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS, VAULT - DAY

The branch manager pulls out a safety deposit box and rests it on a table.

BRANCH MANAGER
I'll be outside when you're finished, sir.

Lugo nods. The manager backs out of the room.

Finally alone, Lugo stares down at the box, wondering. Eager.

He slowly opens it, revealing...

A PAIR OF BRONZE BABY BOOTIES.

Lugo picks them up, puzzled. The fluorescent light glints off the tiny plaque:

"Our little Marc, June 1956."

Lugo just stares. Dumbfounded. And angry.

INT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS - DAY

Dubois and the cops enter the bank. Customers turn, worried. Bankers sit up and take notice.

The female account manager meets them.

FEMALE MANAGER
Officers? Is there a problem?

ED DUBOIS
Afternoon. We have a U.S. Court order authorizing us to freeze the accounts of a Marc S. Schiller.

The account manager blinks.

INT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS, SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Lugo heads for the stairs. As he approaches, he spots...

DUBOIS AND THE POLICE BREAKING FOR THE STAIRS.

Lugo spins and races back down the hall.

Around the corner, he spots a window at the far end.

He sprints to it. He tries to open it, but it's stuck. He heaves and it splinters, opening.

He sticks his leg through.

ED DUBOIS

Lugo!

DuBois and the cops come around the corner.

INT. RENTED SEBRING - DAY

Schiller sulks in the car, fiddling with the radio.

He sweats. He rolls the window down. Doing so, he glances up at the bank...

MARC SCHILLER

Oh, go fuck yourself.

REVERSE: DANIEL LUGO INCHES AWAY FROM AN OPEN WINDOW ON A THIRD-STORY LEDGE.

EXT. BANK OF THE BAHAMAS, LEDGE - DAY

Lugo crabs his way along the ledge. He sees the parking lot below and, on the street in the shade, HIS WAITING TAXI.

He searches for a way down. Nothing.

He glances back. DuBois sticks his head out the window...then withdraws it.

Bahamian cops begin to climb out.

Lugo scans the ground below him. It's all concrete except...

A SINGLE, LOW PALM TREE.

He scowls, narrowing his eyes.

HE TAKES THREE RUNNING STEPS AND JUMPS.

For a moment, he hangs in the sunlit air, athletic, graceful, briefcase in one hand...

THEN HE CRASHES THROUGH THE TOP OF PALM TREE LIKE A ROCK. The fronds don't slow him down at all.

LUGO HITS THE CONCRETE WITH A THUD AND A SICKENING CRACK.

For a moment, he lies still. Then, with a groan, he turns over.

He looks down at his leg, which bends at an unnatural angle.

Lugo grimaces...and stands. He grabs the briefcase and walks with pain toward A LOW WALL and the parking lot beyond.

He hoists himself over the wall. His broken leg smacks the bricks. He goes pale, but makes it over.

He stumps across the lot, sweating, swearing, nearing the cab.

Just then he hears...

A ROARING ENGINE.

He turns to see THE RENTED SEBRING SPEEDING RIGHT AT HIM.

Lugo looks strangely...disappointed.

WHAM!

THE CAR HITS LUGO, SENDING HIM FLYING INTO THE LOW WALL.

THE BRIEFCASE CAROMS, BURSTING OPEN, SPEWING PACKETS OF MONEY.

The car door opens...and out steps MARC SCHILLER.

Lugo stares, stunned...and quite badly injured.

Schiller limps across the parking lot.

On the street, bystanders gather, watching.

Schiller stands over Lugo, equal parts fear and triumph.

MARC SCHILLER

How you doing, Lugo?

SCHILLER PLACES HIS HUARACHE ON LUGO'S SHATTERED LEG. LUGO GASPS IN PAIN.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)

Got any aches or pains?

Lugo spits blood. He whispers something.

Schiller leans down, close enough to hear.

MARC SCHILLER (cont'd)

What's that?

Lugo, mouth full of blood, can barely get the words out.

DANIEL LUGO
You're still...22%...body fat, asshole.

Schiller stands there a moment, watching Lugo suffer.

THE SUN GLINTS off of something amidst the scattered money.

Schiller bends over and picks up...

HIS BRONZE BABY BOOTIES. They gleam in the sunlight.

MARC SCHILLER
You've got some fucking balls.

Schiller finally takes his foot off of Lugo's leg. He straightens and turns to see...

DuBois and the Bahamian cops hustling across the parking lot.

The cops rush past, guns drawn.

ED DUBOIS
You all right?

Schiller smiles at DuBois, holding his side in pain.

MARC SCHILLER
Getting there.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A commercial jet rolls toward the terminal.

SEVEN SQUAD CARS, lights flashing, wait on the tarmac.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Handcuffed and bandaged, Lugo looks out the window.

DANIEL LUGO
Is that all for me?

DuBois puts down his in-flight magazine.

ED DUBOIS
I told you, Daniel. You're in a little bit of trouble in Miami.

Red lights strobe through the window onto Lugo's face.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A CUSTOMS OFFICIAL stamps Lugo's papers and slides them across the counter.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
Welcome home, sir.

LUGO NODS, CUFFED TO A WHEELCHAIR.

DANIEL LUGO
Thanks.

DuBois wheels Lugo onto an escalator, going down.
Below, CAPT. LOPEZ AND A PHALANX OF COPS wait behind a barrier.
DuBois looks at Lugo.

ED DUBOIS
They're gonna want to know why you did
it.

Lugo just stares straight ahead.

DANIEL LUGO
Because I'm a Do-er.

They pass under a FRAMED PHOTO OF BILL CLINTON and a large sign:
"WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

INT. MIAMI-DADE CENTRAL LOCK-UP - DAY

A huge glop of macaroni and cheese hits a cafeteria tray.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.)
It was the longest, most expensive trial
in Dade County history.

A guard shoves the tray through a slot in the door.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.) (cont'd)
The state was very thorough.

JOHN MESE takes the tray and sits on the bed. He eats the
macaroni and cheese.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Frankly, it had a lot to make up for.

EXT. GATORLAND - DAY

A CARTOON ALLIGATOR grins on a weathered sign.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.)
At first, the evidence was mostly
circumstantial.

Tourists peer over a walkway, trying to spot alligators.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Physical proof of the murders being hard
to come by.

Underneath, an empty red bucket floats in the water. An
alligator lolls next to it, full.

INT. CRIME LAB - DAY

A LAB TECHNICIAN walks down the hall, holding a metal tray.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.)
Eventually, however, a way was found to
identify the victims.

A TRANSLUCENT BREAST IMPLANT jiggles on the tray.

ZOOM IN: A DOW-CORNING SERIAL NUMBER SHINES ON THE SILICONE.

INT. DADE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

AN AMERICAN FLAG hangs on the wall.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.)
Turns out, the evidence was almost
secondary.

Beneath the flag, SABINA passionately holds forth from the
witness stand.

The Prosecutor stares at her.

PROSECUTOR
The Central Intelligence Agency?

Sabina nods.

TIME CUT:

PAUL DOYLE sits in the witness stand, talking and talking.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.)
Paul Doyle, for example, seemed to
embrace the concept of confession.

At the defendant's table, LUGO and DOORBAL glare at him.

Doyle gazes at the Statue of Justice and keeps talking.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.) (cont'd)
In light of his cooperation, Mr. Doyle
was given only fifteen years.

INT. PRISON CHAPEL - DAY

Doyle sings in the prison choir.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.)
A sentence for which he seemed
legitimately grateful.

A burly con gives him a loving smile. Doyle sings louder.

INT. DADE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

The bailiff opens the courtroom doors.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.)
In the end, though, all Justice really
needed to do was listen to the right guy
at the right time.

MARC SCHILLER limps in with a cane. With some difficulty, he
turns his head and looks at the defendants.

Doorbal eyes his shoes.

Lugo stares right back at Schiller.

SCHILLER'S SCARRED FACE STRETCHES INTO A SMILE.

INT. SUN GYM - DAY

MOVE THROUGH the darkened, locked-up gym. Dust coats the chrome
and mirrors.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.)
Daniel Lugo and Adrian Doorbal were found
guilty of double murder, racketeering,
kidnapping...

Barbells lie scattered on the floor.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Attempted extortion, theft, attempted
murder...

Fruit rots on the counter of Lugo's abandoned juice bar.

ED DUBOIS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Armed robbery, burglary, money
laundering, and forgery.

LUGO'S FRAMED PHOTO hangs crooked on the wall. The smiling
picture reads: "Daniel Lugo, Sun Gym Fitness Coordinator."

ED DUBOIS (V.O.) (cont'd)
It took the jury only 14 minutes to
sentence them both to death.

EXT. DADE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Marc Schiller steps into the sunshine, standing tall. He smiles
at the blue sky.

A hand touches his arm. He turns to see A MAN IN A SUIT standing with a police officer.

IRS AGENT
Mr. Schiller. You're not forgetting our appointment?

Schiller slowly lets his smile drop. He shakes his head.

MARC SCHILLER
No. Of course not.

Schiller and the Agent get into a blue sedan. When the door shuts, it reads: "INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE."

As the car rolls away, Schiller looks out the window to see Ed DuBois standing on the courthouse steps.

Their eyes meet. They both smile.

EXT. DUBOIS' HOUSE - DAY

DuBois parks his car in the driveway. He gets out, loosening his tie. He bends over and pulls a weed from his lawn.

INT. DUBOIS' HOUSE - DAY

DuBois hangs his jacket on the back of a chair. He peers in the fridge and comes out with a carton of milk.

EXT. DUBOIS' HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

DuBois steps onto the deck with a glass of milk and a plate of cookies.

ED DUBOIS
That one's real nice.

His wife smiles up from clipping her bonsai tree.

MRS. DUBOIS
Thanks. I'm feeling good about it.

He sits on a bench.

MRS. DUBOIS (cont'd)
Case all settled?

ED DUBOIS
I guess so.

She sits next to him.

MRS. DUBOIS
Ed...?

He eats a cookie.

ED DUBOIS
It just seems like such a waste.
People's lives. You know?

She dusts the crumbs off his chest.

MRS. DUBOIS
Some folks just don't know a good thing
when it's staring them in the face.

DuBois smiles. He picks up another cookie.

MRS. DUBOIS (cont'd)
Don't fill up. It's Wednesday. We're
having chicken.

He puts down the cookie and kisses his wife softly.

ED DUBOIS
Sometimes I wish it was Wednesday all
week long.

Mrs. DuBois takes her husband's hand. They gaze out at their
yard filled with tiny trees.

FADE OUT.