

THE LOVEBIRDS

screenplay by

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ERIC and JULIE (mid-30's) in mid-fight as they dress to go out.

ERIC
Unbelievable. You are
unbelievable. If I
told somebody, "Here's
what Julie said," they'd
say, "I don't believe
you."

JULIE
You just say whatever.
You just say whatever and
tie your tie and
fuckin...stand there, don't
you, Eric?

JULIE (CONT'D)
You're not even upset.

ERIC
I'm not NOT upset.

JULIE
You're upset about this, but not
about what you said.

ERIC
You don't even *disagree* with me! Do
you?
(beat)
Do you?

JULIE
...Yes, I disagree, I think-

ERIC
YOU THINK WE'D WIN *THE AMAZING RACE*.
You think in a gameshow about a race
around the fucking WORLD, you and I
would come out on top. We couldn't
even go to Vancouver in the *spring-*

JULIE
It's not whether you're wrong, *it's
the fact that you said it*. Just
like that, like it's no big deal.
You don't think we should discuss
WHY we wouldn't-

ERIC
That's what we're doing right now!

Julie stares at him for a moment, then stomps out. Eric
shakes his head before giving up on tying his tie and putting
it back in the dresser.

CU ON A PICTURE FRAME ON TOP OF THE DRESSER:

ERIC AND JULIE LOOKING HAPPY. SMILING. IN LOVE.

JULIE (O.S.)	ERIC (O.S.)
Discussing involves	We both have allergies!
listening!	

Eric slams the drawer shut, rattling the picture violently.

TITLE CARD:

"THE LOVEBIRDS"

2 INT. ERIC & JULIE'S ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

2

Eric plays on his iPhone. Julie stands there.

ERIC
It's an important email.

JULIE
I didn't say anything.

Beat.

JULIE (CONT'D)
...Your team winning?

Beat.

ERIC
...Yeah, we are, actually-

JULIE
YAY!!!!

ERIC
Oh-kay.

JULIE
I'm so proud, boo-boo! You're a champ!
(raising his hand)
It's the champ everyone!

ERIC
Just so you know, I get fantasy
football updates *VIA email* so
technically I wasn't lying-

JULIE
(typing on her phone)
What's that? I'm SO sorry for
ignoring you, I just have to tweet
about your triumph!

JULIE (CONT'D)
 (typing)
 My. Bae. Wins. Fake.
 Football. Eat. Shit.
 Ladies.

ERIC
 I'm not ignoring you, it's
 an elevator. Checking
 phones is what elevators
 are FOR-

3 INT. ERIC & JULIE'S PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

3

Eric and Julie walk to their car. Eric holds the keys, Julie wants them. Mid conversation-

JULIE
 You always drive-

ERIC
 Yeah. You're welcome.

JULIE
 No, it's a control-thing, you only
 do it-

ERIC
 Because you almost drove us into a
 petting zoo-

JULIE
 That's where the GPS told me to go!

ERIC
 I'm driving FOR YOU, y'know most
 people would be appreciative! This
 way you can relax, you can drink as
 much as you want-

JULIE
 OH what is THAT supposed to-

Mid-sentence we cut to:

4 INT. ERIC & JULIE'S CAR, MOVING -- NIGHT

4

Eric drives. Julie sits beside him. Silence. Then:

JULIE
 You know what we need?

ERIC
 More quality time.

JULIE
 Separate hobbies.

ERIC
 Oh-

JULIE
 You think we need *more* time together?

ERIC
I'm saying QUALITY time.

JULIE
We live together, we sleep together,
we work from home. How do you propose
we spend *more* time together?

ERIC
I meant, like, something that's not
those things, like, ugh- *I wasn't
proposing anything!*

JULIE
Oh, *I know.*

Julie gets very tight. Eric sighs/dies a little. Silence.

JUMP CUT:

Mid-fight:

ERIC
Not because I don't love you, because-

JULIE
Because you don't believe in marriage.

ERIC
I believe it exists, I just don't
believe it means anything.

JULIE
That is- You are a romantic, sir.

ERIC
WHAT'S SO ROMANTIC ABOUT A PIECE OF
PAPER THAT-

JUMP CUT:

Mid-fight:

ERIC (CONT'D)
What am I gonna do, start a thimble
collection? What hobby do you-

JULIE
I wasn't suggesting thimble-
collecting, I meant like...carpentry,
or-

ERIC
Carpentry? Who are you talking to?

JULIE

It doesn't- The point is not for me
to choose your hobby, the point-

ERIC

(excited)

No, I don't need a hobby, know why?

(big proud smile)

Because you're my hobby.

Julie's eyes burst into flames. Eric sees his mistake.

JUMP CUT:

ERIC (CONT'D)

YOU ARE NOT A THIMBLE
COLLECTION!

JULIE

YOU JUST SAY WHATEVER.
YOU JUST FUCKING SAY
WHATEVER, WITH YOUR FOOTBALL
APPS, AND YOUR-

JUMP CUT:

Staring straight ahead. Numb.

ERIC

We're just in a rut. We need a...
spark. Something to happen.

JULIE

Oh no. Please don't tell me you
planned another surprise thing-

ERIC

O-kay-

JULIE

Where are we going? If we're not
actually going for tapas right now I
swear to god-

ERIC

Oh, don't worry I learnt my lesson,
I know how much you hate it when I
try to DO something for this
relationship-

JULIE

Don't just DO things, COMMUNICATE
with me! About anything! That's
what I want you to do for this
relationship! Not surprise
paddleboating when I don't have the
right-

ERIC
PEOPLE LOVE PADDLEBOATS!

JULIE
THOSE ANKLE BOOTS WERE
NEVER THE SAME!

JUMP CUT

Driving. Sitting. Silence. Julie blurts:

JULIE (CONT'D)
Well I don't want a baby.

ERIC
(exploding)
DID I SAY-?

JULIE
YOU WERE THINKING IT!

ERIC
HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M-?

JULIE
WELL I'M NOT HAVING ONE!

ERIC
WELL I DON'T WANT ONE! SEE? YOU
DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING!

JULIE
HOW WOULD I, YOU NEVER TELL ME!

JUMP CUT:

Driving. Sitting. Long silence. Eric glances at Julie.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Where are we going.

ERIC
That new spanish place downtown. I
put it in the phone, it says it's
just-

JULIE
That's not what I mean. I mean where
are we going.

Eric softens.

ERIC
I don't know.

JULIE
We just...fight *all the time now*.

ERIC
 (immediately annoyed)
 We do not fight "all the-"

JULIE
Eric.

Eric concedes. Then:

ERIC
 We always fought. It was like our
 thing. We just...had all this fire
 between us. Everyone felt it.

JULIE
 Do you feel it now? Like we have
 "fire"?

A sad moment between them. Eric does not.

ERIC
 I don't know what I feel.

JULIE
 (beat)
 I don't know if I can do this anymore.

ERIC
 (beat)
 Me neither.

A long beat. The breakup looms in the air.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 I just feel like you're
 not there for me
 anymore.

JULIE
 I just don't know where
 you are anymore.

They turn to look at each other. Beat.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 ERIC!

ERIC RUNS A RED LIGHT AND HITS A GUY ON A BICYCLE.

ERIC
 OH FUCK!

JULIE
 JESUS!

They screech to a halt.

5 **EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT INTERSECTION -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS**

5

Eric and Julie scramble from their car to check on the fallen,
 groaning BICYCLE MAN. The scene is a BLUR OF INSANITY:

ERIC
I am SO SORRY.

JULIE
Oh my god, are you alright?

Eric goes to pick up the bicyclist. HE'S COVERED IN BLOOD.

JULIE (CONT'D)
OH MY GOD!

ERIC
Blood. BLOOD.

BICYCLE
I'm okay.

JULIE
I don't think you are.

Bicycle quickly picks up his bike and sees if it still works.

ERIC
Here, let me help you
with that-

JULIE
No, Eric, he shouldn't be
moving-

BICYCLE
(getting on)
I gotta go.

JULIE
Do you really think
that's a good idea?

ERIC
I mean at least your bike
still works, right?

Julie shoots him look.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. That was, I didn't-

Julie glances up and spots a TRAFFIC CAMERA.

JULIE
Oh! And it's all on traffic cam!
They got a picture of us running a
red and hitting someone! This is
officially the WORST.

Eric shoots her a look.

JULIE (CONT'D)
(to Bicycle)
*I'm so sorry. Obviously actually
getting HIT is worse than- We will
take care of this-*

Bicycle starts pedaling away.

ERIC

Hey-

JULIE

Wait! You dropped your phone!

Eric and Julie watch as the bicyclist speeds off -- ERIC COVERED IN BLOOD, Julie holding his DISTINCTIVE PHONE. He's gone. They stand frozen. Then:

VOICE (O.S.)

STOP HIM! STOP THAT MAN!

A man runs into frame -- he has a MOUSTACHE.

MOUSTACHE

I need your car.

They stare at him.

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)

I'M A POLICE OFFICER!

They stare at him.

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)

I'M THE POLICE, HE'S A CRIMINAL, I NEED TO COMMANDEER YOUR VEHICLE!

Moments of shocked stillness. Then:

ERIC

For real??

JULIE

Can we come?

6 INT./EXT. ERIC & JULIE'S CAR, MOVING/ALLEYWAYS -- NIGHT

6

The Policeman rips down alleys, looking for the bicyclist, Julie and Eric momentarily united in their excitement.

JULIE

There! He went that way!

ERIC

East, honey, he went east! Suspect headed eastbound!

The Policeman turns to pursue the bicyclist.

JULIE

You don't mind us helping, do you?

MOUSTACHE

I'm using your car, you're already helping.

ERIC

Now I don't want to be this guy but just so we know, if you crash our car do we get a new one? Like does the LAPD pay or...

JULIE

Yeah, if you crash can you do it on the left side? We have a dent we've been meaning to fix.

Eric laughs, delighted.

ERIC

I can't believe I felt bad about hitting that guy. I mean we're basically heroes right now.

JULIE

(laughing)

Yeah. Also, who drives a bike in LA? Like, *know your city*, am I right?

ERIC

Yeah, what do you think this is, Europe?

JULIE

GO MOVE TO COPENHAGEN, BICYCLE MAN!

Julie and Eric laugh together. The Policeman drives, determined.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, we'll be serious.

Julie and Eric get serious....but the grins creep back again.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What did this guy do?
Drugs? Was it drugs?
You're undercover,
right?

ERIC

(holding up his phone)
It's crazy if I play some
music? Get a little
soundtrack goin'?

JULIE

THERE! RIGHT THERE!

Julie points to BICYCLE MAN as he flashes past an opening. The Policeman jerks the wheel.

A FULL SPEED CHASE DOWN THE ALLEYWAYS ENSUES.

Finally, the car gains on the bike, Bicycle Man panicking, pedaling full speed down the alley. He skids around a tight corner with expertise, disappearing down a slim corridor.

The Policeman slams the wheel in frustration.

Julie smacks the dash, trying to match the cop's frustration.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Ahhh. RATS. Right?

Eric consults GOOGLE MAPS on his phone:

ERIC

Wait, wait! If we go down that alley we can cut him off on the other side and trap him in a dead end!

MOUSTACHE

Down here?

ERIC

Yeah, go, go!

JULIE

Nice work, honey!

ERIC

Oooo now you like it when I'm on the phone-

JULIE

Don't do that.

ERIC

You're right, sorry sorry.

They speed down another alley -- when they pop out the other side THEY CUT RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE BICYCLIST, who quickly turns and heads down another direction.

JULIE

There he is, THERE!!

ERIC

YES! Got him!

Julie goes to HIGH FIVE Eric, who FIST BUMPS her open hand. They give each other a quick look.

Bicycle Man is running out of real estate, the car gaining...

ERIC (CONT'D)

JUSTICE!!

JULIE

AHAHA!

The car inches extremely close to the bicyclist, who's peddling as fast as he can. The Policeman slams the gas, THE CAR VIOLENTLY HITS THE BICYCLIST, sending him crashing over and behind the car, which screeches to a halt.

Julie and Eric switch from excitement to concern.

ERIC
Oooooooh.

JULIE
Uhhhhhhhm.

The Policeman checks the mirror -- Bicycle Man writhes on the ground behind them, trying to crawl away.

The Policeman reverses and RUNS OVER THE BICYCLE MAN. The car THUDS. Eric and Julie open their mouths in mute astonishment. The Policeman puts it into forward and RUNS OVER HIM AGAIN -- THUD. Reverse -- THUD. Inside, Julie and Eric are motionless, apart from the jostles of the car as it drives over the body each time. Forward -- THUD. Reverse -- THUD. Finally, the Policeman stops.

They stare wide-eyed at the Policeman, who stares ahead, expressionless, his gloved hands still on the wheel. Finally:

JULIE (CONT'D)
...You're not the police.

The man with the moustache stares forward for another intense second before getting out, striding over to the BLOODY, MANGLED BODY and kneeling down beside it. Our couple, still in shock, stare out the front window.

They watch as he checks the body for something, seems to come up empty handed...THEN STARTS KICKING IT VIOLENTLY. After a few kicks, Moustache stops. He stares at them intensely through the windshield...

Sounds of NEARBY LAUGHTER AND TALKING. Moustache looks off towards the sound...back at Eric and Julie...then walks off down the alley and disappears.

Eric and Julie sit there, not breathing. *What the fuck just happened?* After a second, they both slowly get out.

7 **EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS**

7

Eric and Julie approach BICYCLE'S MANGLED, BLOODY BODY -- ERIC STILL COVERED IN BICYCLE'S BLOOD.

JULIE
What...

ERIC
Oh my god.

JULIE
...the FUCK.

ERIC
Ohmygodohmygodohmygod.

They stare at the body. Yup. Still dead. Then:

MR. HIPSTER (O.S.)

What...

Eric and Julie spin to see a HORRIFIED HIPSTER COUPLE.

MR. HIPSTER (CONT'D)

...the fuck.

They see Eric and Julie...THE BLOOD...THE CAR...THE BODY.

MRS. HIPSTER

Oh my god...OH MY GOD...

Eric and Julie look around and realize what it looks like.

ERIC

No. No no...

JULIE

No no no no no...

MRS. HIPSTER

Oh my god oh my god.

JULIE

This is not what this looks like.

ERIC

I didn't kill him.

JULIE

He didn't.

MR. HIPSTER

You hit him with your car, man!

ERIC

NO! ...I mean, yes, I did-

JULIE

BUT THAT'S *ALL*.

ERIC

I SWEAR.

MRS. HIPSTER

OH MY GOD.

MR. HIPSTER

HE'S FUCKING DEAD, MAN!

JULIE

We know he's dead, but Eric didn't kill him!

MRS. HIPSTER
He just said he killed him!

ERIC
NO I DIDN'T! I said I *hit him with
my car-*

MR. HIPSTER
LOOK AT HIM!

MRS. HIPSTER
HE'S FUCKING DEAD!

JULIE
No, Eric hit him
earlier, we were just
going to that new tapas
place and we were
fighting and Eric got
distracted and hit him
by ACCIDENT and then
this weird man in a
moustache jumped in
our car and said he
was a police officer
and ran him down and
killed him like a
FUCKING DOG IN THE
STREET AND THEN JUST
WALKED AWAY AND LEFT
US HERE!

ERIC
I didn't do it, I swear I
didn't do it, I just ran a
red light and hit him on
his bicycle a little bit
but then he got up and
biked away and he was fine!
But then this other
moustache guy got in and
said he was Police and
drove after him and ran
him over like ten times
and then took off and NOW
I HAVE SOME DEAD GUY'S
BLOOD ON ME AND MY CAR'S A
FUCKING MURDER WEAPON!

Mrs. Hipster gets out her iPhone and dials 9-1-1.

JULIE
No! Don't do that, please don't do
that!

ERIC
I never wanted to hurt anybody!

MR. HIPSTER
(in tears)
DUDE, YOU KILLED A DUDE WITH YOUR
CAR!

ERIC
(also in tears)
NO I DIDN'T, STOP SAYING THAT!

MRS. HIPSTER
(into phone)
Hello? I need to report a murder or
homicide or whatever?

ERIC
I DIDN'T MURDER ANYBODY!

JULIE

(realizing)

Oh my god, the police aren't going to believe us either. How are we gonna...oh my god...

ERIC

Look at me: on the count of three.

JULIE

On the count of three what??

ERIC

One, two, three-

JULIE

Wait, Eric, what are you-

ERIC RUNS AWAY.

MRS. HIPSTER

(into phone)

The guy just ran for it.

JULIE

ERIC!

MRS. HIPSTER

(into phone)

The guy's name is Eric.

JULIE

Oh shit.

ERIC

(running away)

Run, Julie!

MRS. HIPSTER

The girl's name is Julie.

JULIE RUNS AFTER ERIC.

MRS. HIPSTER (CONT'D)

Now she's running too. I don't know, downtown somewhere --

(to Mr. Hipster)

Tim, where are we -- Tim, will you please focus? You do this in every stressful situ-

THE HIPSTER GUY THROWS UP as we SMASH TO:

8

INT. DINER -- NIGHT

8

Eric and Julie sit on the same side of a booth, shell-shocked, ERIC STILL SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD, BICYCLE'S DISTINCTIVE iPHONE sitting on the table in front of them. They stare out, lost.

The TV Set blares in the background.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
 Coming up, Mayor Segalowitz blames
 his controversial comments about
 Chinese people on his new medication.
 And how dangerous are our city's
 roads? The results may surprise
 you, our report on vehicular crime-

JULIE
 (snapping to
 attention)
 Is there sports? Can
 we watch sports?

ERIC
 (talking over the TV)
 That Mayor sure is crazy,
 hunh?! Politics!

JUMP CUT:

Eric looks up at a WAITRESS, still clearly in shock.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Can I get, do you serve alcohol?

JULIE
 Two, please.

ERIC
 Two, we'll get two.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
 Two *what*.

ERIC
 Two alcohols.

JULIE
 (overlapping)
 TWO ALCOHOLS.

JUMP CUT:

Eric and Julie are still shell-shocked. A MAN stands with
 his back to us, staring down at them.

MAN (O.S.)
 What the hell happened?

Eric looks down, realizes he is still covered with blood.

ERIC
 Nosebleed.

JULIE
 House painting. Red paint.

ERIC

Yeah. The fumes...dry me out and I get nosebleeds.

JUMP CUT:

ERIC NOW WEARS JULIE'S DRESS TUCKED INTO HIS PANTS, tie around the collar in a failed attempt to not look feminine or weird. JULIE NOW WEARS HER SLIP, TRYING TO PASS IT OFF AS A TOP. She does not look pleased.

Eric faces Julie, rehearsing, trying to speak calmly and reasonably:

ERIC (CONT'D)

"Well, officer. What happened was I hit a man on a bicycle. He got up and biked away. Then...

(beat, carefully)

Another man with a moustache-

JULIE

You sound crazy.

ERIC BANGS HIS FIST ON THE TABLE, just as the waitress places down the "alcohols" - rattling the glasses, startling the waitress.

JUMP CUT:

JULIE (CONT'D)

We call my brother.

ERIC

Why??

JULIE

He knows all the best lawyers-

ERIC

Right. Devon knows everybody.

JULIE

What's that supposed to mean?

ERIC

He said he knew Pete Sampras.

JULIE

How do you know he *doesn't* know Pete Samp-

ERIC
He doesn't know Pete Sampras, Julie.

JUMP CUT:

ERIC (CONT'D)
"Officer, we are the *victims* here."

JULIE
Pretty sure the victim's the dead
guy.

ERIC
"We are the secondary victims here."

JUMP CUT:

JULIE
Okay, we just, we lay low for a bit.

ERIC
Until when?

JULIE
Until it blows over.

ERIC
Murders don't "blow-

JULIE
Until they find the perb.

ERIC
The "perb"? Do you mean perp?

JULIE
The guy they're after-

ERIC
We're that guy-

JULIE
So we go off the grid.

ERIC
How do we-

JULIE
Mexico.

ERIC
Mexico is still on the grid.

JULIE
So we'll just, we'll lay low.

ERIC

Until wh- that's the *first* thing you
said THESE AREN'T PLANS JULIE.

JUMP CUT:

Eric roleplays again.

ERIC (CONT'D)

"Officer, we are turning ourselves
in...FOR NOW. Because we have nothing
to hide-"

JULIE

"Then why'd you run."

ERIC

"Yup. Great question. Because...we
looked guilty. Which was scary for
us, because we're *not* guilty. So.
In a way, the fact that we ran
actually *proves* that-

JULIE

No.

Eric BANGS his fist on the table again. The glasses rattle.

JUMP CUT:

Eric nods compulsively, listening to Julie lay it out:

JULIE (CONT'D)

You're covered in a dead man's blood.
Two people saw us at the scene of
the crime, which we RAN FROM. A
PICTURE from a traffic camera shows
us HITTING THE GUY with THE SAME CAR
HE GOT MURDERED WITH moments later,
with no evidence that anyone else
was ever there.

Eric continues to nod: uh-huh, yup. Yup, yup, yup.

ERIC

So...okay...so we won't go to the
police RIGHT NOW...but I still...I
want to circle back to that
later...we'll keep spitballing...and
if we...maybe we can...if...if, um...

Eric puts his face in his hands. Julie softly touches his head.

OFFICER DALY

Are you saying that your vehicle's
at home as well, sir?

ERIC

(getting an idea)

Yes. Yes it is, Officer, in fact,
if I just go over to the window I
should be able to OH MY GOD OUR CAR'S
GONE. Honey, the car's been stolen.
Officer, if somebody has done
something with our car, I swear, I-

WAITRESS

Would you two like to order anything
else?

The Waitress sets down a glass of water. Awkward beat.

OFFICER DALY

...Mr. Fisher, is that a waitress?

ERIC

...No?

WAITRESS

I'll just bring the bill then.

NO, not-! UGH. Pause. Eric lamely tries to recover.

ERIC

Oh. Yes. Yes, sorry, that was a
waitress.

OFFICER DALY

You have a waitress in your home.

ERIC

Mm-hm. We...host parties. We're
fancy Hollywood-types and we will
occasionally rent waitresses-

Julie lifts the phone from Eric's hand and drops it into the
glass of water. Idiot.

The Waitress crosses past again, eyeballing them suspiciously.
Julie and Eric exchange a nervous glance.

JUMP CUT:

10

INT. DINER -- BATHROOM STALL

10

Eric sits on the toilet, while Julie Eric fiddles with
BICYCLE'S PHONE, trying to guess the password:

ERIC
 (under his breath)
 1115, 1116, 1117, 111-

JULIE
 Can you stay off your phone for five-

ERIC
 It's not my phone, my phone's in
 water! It's the...*other guy's* phone.
 I'm trying to guess his password.
 Maybe there's something on here that
 can help us...

Julie's wheels start turning...

JULIE
 What if that's what he was looking
 for? When he was searching him.

ERIC
 When who was searching who?

JULIE
 The guy with the moustache. After
 the guy with the moustache killed
 the guy on the bicycle, *he searched*
him. What if he was looking for
 this? What if there's something on
 it that's like incriminating or
 whatever and that's why he killed
 him in the first place? If we can
 find it, find the, the
 whadayacallit...*motive*, something
 linking Moustache to Bicycle, then
 we could take that to the police and
 say, "Here's the guy who did it,
 here's the reason why." *It's right*
here on his phone.

Eric tries to process this.

ERIC
 Holy shit. Holy shit, that makes
 total sense. *He was looking for*
this phone. Yes!

JULIE
 It's a clue, right!?

ERIC
 Oh my god, you just figured out a
 clue! With your mind!

JULIE
It's the phone!

They're excited, united, their first spark of hope..

ERIC
 ...So what's his password?

JULIE
 Try BIKE.

He stares at her. Beat. He tries it.

ERIC
 Nope.

BAM! WE HEAR THE BATHROOM DOOR BANG OPEN, someone's come in,
 startling them.

JUMP CUT:

11 **EXT. BACK ALLEY -- NIGHT**

11

Huddled behind the diner in an alley, having given up on the
 phone, Eric and Julie now brainstorm. Julie paces.

JULIE
 Maybe Bicycle owed Moustache money.

ERIC
 Well, maybe Moustache owed *Bicycle*
 money, I mean-

JULIE
 Maybe it was a drug deal gone bad.
 Maybe Bicycle pulled a fast one on
 ol' Moustache.

ERIC
 I mean it could be
 anything, it's-

JULIE
 Moustache was looking to
 move up in the game, make
 his mark-

ERIC
 Easy, easy-

JULIE
 They were bootleggers! They were
 bootleggers and-!

ERIC
 You can't just GUESS motive!

JULIE
 Why was Bicycle even on a bicycle?

Eric is staring past Julie's shoulder. She turns -- to see the waitress staring at them, frozen, bag of trash half raised to the dumpster. She slowly tosses the bag and walks back inside.

Shit.

12 **EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE DINER -- NIGHT**

12

The diner in the background behind them now, Eric slumps on the curb, systematically going through iPhone password combinations. Julie wants to kill herself.

ERIC

1122, 1123...You know what, let's
mix it up, I bet corners are popular:
3...7...9-

Julie can't take it and tries to grab the phone.

JULIE

Stop, STOP IT. There are LITERALLY
TEN THOUSAND POSSIBILITIES. You
will never *guess his code*, we will
never find any clues and we will
never find Moustache! We're stuck!

ERIC

So you'd rather just talk ourselves
in circles-

JULIE

You mean INCLUDE each other in a
discussion-

ERIC

Once again, I'm trying
to actually DO something
for us and there's
never any support, cuz
y'know what, I bet
corners ARE popular-

JULIE

...instead of throwing
random shit at a problem
and hoping that suddenly
you're a miraculous
codebreaker-

BICYCLE'S PHONE BEEPS. They freeze. Look down at it:

INSERT: **CALENDAR REMINDER: EDDIE @ RHINESTONE, 8PM.**

They stare at it.

JULIE (CONT'D)

"Eddie at Rhinestone, 8 pm."

She checks her watch...looks up at him. As a police cruiser pulls up to the diner across the street.

Wide-eyed, Eric and Julie both slowly back away...

13 INT. LYFT CAR -- NIGHT

13

Julie and Eric get into the backseat of a LYFT CAR.

ERIC
We're going to The Rhinestone.

The LYFT DRIVER pulls away.

LYFT DRIVER
You're Julie, right?

JULIE
Whoa, how the fuck do you know my name?

LYFT DRIVER
Uh...

ERIC
Relax, it's, he doesn't know anything, your name just shows up in his-

JULIE
How do you know, there could be an ABP-

ERIC
He's just trying to confirm that- Yes, she's Julie.

JULIE
ERIC!

LYFT DRIVER
Cool, I just gotta make sure I didn't pick up the wrong customer.

Eric looks at Julie: See? Julie relaxes for a second.

LYFT DRIVER (CONT'D)
"ABP"...do you mean "APB"?

Julie and Eric freeze.

JULIE
I don't know what that is.

ERIC
We're rehearsing for a play.

Julie and Eric start to get nervous. They have no idea what they're doing.

JULIE

So what exactly is our plan here??

ERIC

We're just...gonna go to The Rhinestone...try to find this Eddie-guy... and if he was a friend of Bicycle's, maybe we can ask him for help. You know? Maybe he can lead us to Moustache.

JULIE

Right. What if he's not a friend of Bicycle's? We're going into this kinda blind.

ERIC

WELL THIS IS ALL WE HAVE. SO.

Nervous silence. She glances at him. He's clearly terrified.

JULIE

Hey. *Hey.*
(Eric looks at her)
...I love you.

Eric stares at her.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What?

ERIC

I don't wanna...that's very nice, but you're just saying that because you think we might get killed.

JULIE

WHAT.

LYFT DRIVER

Um-

JULIE

I am not just-

ERIC

Oh, I think you are.

JULIE

I'm saying it because it's true!

ERIC

I know it's true, but that's not *why* you're saying it, like it's not just
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

some nice true thing you thought of while we were at brunch. You're saying it because we're walking into a potentially *super-dangerous* situation where we might get killed.

JULIE

You think we might get killed?!

ERIC

So do you!

LYFT DRIVER

Sorry, we're going to The Rhinestone at Hillhurst and Franklin, right?

JULIE

So what, I can't be afraid for my life and in love with you at the same time?

ERIC

Sure, but don't try to sell it to me like it's some big romantic gesture when really it's just a terrified kneejerk reaction. That's not love, that's fear.

JULIE

...SELL IT TO YOU? I'm not trying to sell you anything. I have never kneejerked an I-love-you in my life! I don't say I love you because I have to!

ERIC

Well...sometimes it feels that way.

Beat.

LYFT DRIVER

When you say "super-dangerous-"

JULIE

You know when I say I love you and you don't say it back that fucking SUCKS, right?

ERIC

Love you too, hope we don't die.

Julie looks out the window, shaking her head.

JULIE

Unbelievable...

LYFT DRIVER

UM...

Julie spins back towards Eric, furious.

JULIE
NO, Y'KNOW WHAT-?

14 INT. THE RHINESTONE -- NIGHT

14

GARAGE ROCK. Eric and Julie walk into a dark bar of bare brick and bare bulbs, peppered with sketchy, unshaven people. They peer around, their eyes adjusting to the light.

JULIE
I can't tell if this place is super-
dangerous or just pretentious as
fuck.

AN INTIMIDATING GUY in a plaid shirt sits at a table, mad-dogging Eric. *Is this Eddie?* He reaches under the table -- Eric tenses -- and withdraws...A MACBOOK. The guy opens it up and starts working on his screenplay.

ERIC
I think we're okay.

JULIE
(reading the specials)
What the hell is a pickleback?

They eyeball the bar's inhabitants...who eyeball them back.

ERIC
Does everybody in here want to fight
us, or are they just judging our
outfits? I find this place very
confusing.

JULIE
How do we figure out who this Eddie-
guy is without looking like we're
trying to figure that out?

ERIC
Well quit doing what you're doing.
Be cooler.

JULIE
He could be any one of these guys.

ERIC
Just look for the guy who looks like
he's waiting for someone.

JULIE
Everyone in Los Angeles looks like
they're waiting to meet someone.

ERIC

Fuck it.

Eric approaches the BARTENDER to ask as Julie follows.

JULIE

Eric, wait-

BARTENDER

(cutting Eric off)

Pickleback?

ERIC

...No. Do you know...

(lowering his voice)

...Eddie.

BARTENDER

(turns to go)

No.

ERIC GRABS HIM, tries a bit of hard-boiled, holds out A BILL:

ERIC

Oh yeah? What if I was asking for
my friend, Mr...Green...Rectangle.

BARTENDER

Order something or leave.

ERIC

(quickly)

Two picklebacks.

He turns back to Julie reluctantly.

JULIE

Here's a crazy idea: How bout we
try just talking to people.

ERIC

What's wrong with what I-

The Bartender slams the drinks down:

BARTENDER

Forty bucks.

ERIC

FOR REAL?

Julie has moved on, smiling broadly at a BARFLY as Eric pays.

JULIE

Hey! What's with the Mayor,
ammiright? Are you buying this whole
medication thing? Cuz I'm starting
to think he just doesn't like Chinese
people.

The Barfly stares at her confused. Julie gets to it.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I'm looking for someone named Eddie?
Would you happen to know anyone by
that name?

BARFLY JONES

(smirks)
You might say that.

JULIE

(still smiling)
Sorry, I noticed- You said that
with a certain...are you...Eddie?

BARFLY JONES

(smiling back)
Sure. Yeah.

JULIE

(confused)
...So...sorry. You ARE Eddie, or-?

BARFLY JONES

I'm Eddie *right now*.

JULIE

Are you Eddie, or-?

BARFLY JONES

I could be Eddie.

JULIE

Either you *are* Eddie or you're *not*
Eddie.

BARFLY JONES

I'm all the Eddie you'll ever nee-

ERIC

Oookay. I'm gonna call it here-

JULIE

Your name, what is your name?

Long Beat. The Barfly smiles at her.

ERIC
...Don't. Don't do it.

BARFLY JONES
Eddie.

JULIE I am gonna- ERIC Okay, let's walk this way...

Eric quickly grabs her and pulls her away as she struggles.

BARTENDER
Is there a problem?

JULIE
Yeah, your bar's stupid. These
lightbulbs are stupid.

ERIC
See? Talk solves nothing. Enough
of this Columbo bullshit:

HE UNPLUGS THE ANTIQUE JUKEBOX AND STANDS ON THE BUMPER POOL
TABLE, ADDRESSING THE BAR AT LARGE:

JULIE
No, Eric- *tell me what you're going
to do before you-*

ERIC
EDDIE? IS ANYONE EDDIE?

JULIE
Are you serious?

BARTENDER
HEY, GET OFF THE BUMPER TABLE, MAN,
THAT'S VINTAGE!

ERIC
WE'RE LOOKING FOR EDDIE, DOES ANYONE
KNOW WHERE EDDIE IS?

The crowd stands still for a moment, when from out of it,
EDDIE (a nervous rich guy) races up to the table.

EDDIE
Okay! It's all good. We're good.
We found each other, thanks everybody!

JULIE
You're Eddie?

EDDIE
 (harsh whisper)
 Yes, I'm Eddie, just shut up and
 come with me!

They WALK & TALK, following Eddie through the bar:

ERIC
 Sorry, we didn't-

JULIE
 We know this is a bit weird-

EDDIE
 You are not the guy I talked to on
 the phone. For one thing, the guy I
 talked to was not two people.

ERIC
 Yeah, we should probably explain-
 (turning to Julie)
 How do I explain this?

EDDIE
 This isn't uncomfortable enough as
 it is?

JULIE
 We just wanted to ask you-

EDDIE
 It's in the car.

JULIE
 No, that's not-

ERIC
 Sorry, *what's* in the car?

EDDIE
 No. No, no. Thanks but no thanks,
 we are not doing that. He wants to
 be unprofessional and send two
 strangers instead of coming himself,
 fine. Limpdick move, but fine.
 Then let's just do this thing and be
 done with it.

JULIE
 We're not here to DO
 any THING-

ERIC
 Do *what* thing?

JULIE
 Eric, baby, can we just-

They WALK & TALK through the kitchen, EMPLOYEES look at EDDIE
 like "what the hell?". Eddie grabs a FRESH COOKIE from a
 tray on his way past, more employees look at him strangely.

EDDIE

He's lucky I don't just walk, I'm
feeling very unsafe right now.

(eating the cookie)

THIS TASTES TERRIBLE, GUYS!

JULIE

HEY. Can we stop walking and just
talk for a second? We just have one
question-

JULIE (CONT'D)

Do you know a moustache?

ERIC

Do you even work here?

EDDIE

Look, whoever you are, you're killing
me a little bit with the twenty
questions and the secret codes here.
I'm obviously feeling very awkward
and if you can't respect that- I'd
just like to get through this as
quickly as possible. You know, I
don't enjoy this, this is not an
enjoyable thing for me, but there is
a way of doing it so that it can at
least be civil. And this?

They pass through a door to the PARKING LOT -- where A GOON
KNOCKS THEM OUT. Eddie turns and stares down at them.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

This is not that.

15 **INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT**

15

Julie and Eric are woken up by TWO BUCKETS OF WATER SPLASHED
IN THEIR FACE. They gasp and sputter, then realize THEY ARE
TIED TO CHAIRS. It's hard to place where they are exactly,
it feels like a storage locker -- a large roll-up door on
one side, tall ceilings.

Wherever they are, it feels dangerously hidden from the city.

Eddie stands in front of them both. His GOON at his side.

EDDIE

Hand em over and this can all end.

JULIE

...What?

ERIC

...Oh no.

EDDIE

The pictures! Give me the pictures.

JULIE
What pictures?

ERIC
Oh no.

EDDIE
Looklooklook. YOU TRIED TO OWN ME.
Well now I'm gonna own you. Only
I'm not gonna do it like some chicken-
shit, limp-dick extortionist. See
because when I own something...I
want everybody to know it.

Eddie pulls out a SEARING HOT BRANDING IRON, the backwards
letters "ED" at the end glowing flaming red.

JULIE
WHAAAAAT?!

ERIC
FUUUUUCK.

Beat. Eddie turns to his Goon, waiting.

EDDIE
You wanna help me out here or...?

Eddie's Goon approaches Eric and Julie, who freak out.

JULIE
Eddie, we have your
pictures! WE HAVE
YOUR PICTURES!

ERIC
Alright, Eddie, you got
me, YOU GOT ME!

The GOON stops.

JULIE
They're in a safe
deposit box.

ERIC
We buried them in the
desert.

Eric and Julie shoot a look to each other. The goon makes a
move towards them.

ERIC (CONT'D)
OKAY! Listen, we don't know what
these pictures are. We don't work
for anyone. We're not extortioners.
I'm an editor, she's a graphic
designer, we drive a Corolla, and
we'd never blackmail or extortionate
or break any code of the streets of
any kind.

Eddie eyeballs them.

EDDIE
You showed up at the designated time
and place for the exchange and yelled
Eddie, Eddie from a bumper pool table.

ERIC

...Yes. Yes we did. We did do that.

JULIE

Listen...the guy who was supposed to meet you -- to blackmail you, I guess -- was killed with our car right in front of us, and the only reason we're here is because we thought maybe you could help us find the guy who killed him, because right now the police think it's us.

ERIC

RIGHT! ...He's got a moustache. Do you know anyone with a moustache?

Beat.

EDDIE

...You're saying this other guy's dead.

ERIC

YES.

JULIE

Very dead.

EDDIE

...And you don't work for him.

ERIC

NO.

JULIE

We work from home!

Eddie considers this, they really don't seem like they'd be involved in anything. He turns to his Goon:

EDDIE

You still got that piece of shit's office number?

Eddie stares at Goon, who finally hands him a BUSINESS CARD.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Much as I'd love to just *believe* you, I feel like I should maybe do a little fact-checking on this one, see who knows what about who.

Eddie starts dialing the number. He looks up at his Goon:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

...Unless you have a better- You know feel free to pitch in any time.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(to Eric and Julie)

I'm not- I don't want you to think I have some weird thing where I don't let him talk, he's just giving me the silent treatment because...well frankly I don't know why. And he won't tell me, because he's not talking to me, so.

The Goon shoots Eddie a look like, oh you know what you did.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Don't shoot me little looks like I'm the problem, this is about- *oh, ringing...*

HOPE! They wait for someone to pick up...ERIC'S POCKET RINGS. It's BICYCLE'S CELLPHONE. Eddie stares at him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I believe this is what you refer to as a circular problem.

Eddie hangs up. The Goon moves in again.

ERIC

This is- we just picked up a dead guy's phone, and then it bing-bonged your name! It bing-bonged! We're not blackmailers, we're just people!

JULIE

Please, we are not connected with any of this and there's no way to fact-check that *because the guy who knows he doesn't know us is dead!*

EDDIE

Last chance:

ERIC

Oh no.

EDDIE

Where are the pictures.

ERIC

WE DRIVE A COROLLA-

JULIE

PLEASEPLEASEPLEASE-

The Goon grabs Eric's chair and pushes it towards Eddie, who stands right in front of a sliding pull-down door.

EDDIE

Okay, we're just going to have fun with this! We're just going to have fun and see where it takes us.

JULIE

Please don't!

Eddie reheats the branding iron.

EDDIE

I'm going to give you both a choice:
you can take the *brand*, OR...you can
go with what's behind this door.

ERIC

...What?

EDDIE

BRAND...

(gestures to brand)

Or *DOOR*...

(gestures to door)

Up to you. You're up first, Mr Bing-
Bong.

What the fuck is going on. Julie thinks.

JULIE

...Take the brand.

Eric stares at her in disbelief.

ERIC

I am *not* taking the brand! Are you
crazy?!

JULIE

You don't know what's behind that
door, Eric!

ERIC

Who cares what's behind the door?!
Is it a fiery iron?!

JULIE

It's a huge door!

ERIC

So?! What do you think he's got
back there, a civil war cannon? He
could brand MY FACE, JULIE, MY-
(to Eddie)

Do I get to know where you're going
to brand me?

EDDIE

You do not.

ERIC
 WELL, I MEAN.
 (that's that then)

JULIE
 Eric, he's clearly trying to scare
 you with that iron to make you choose
 something worse!

ERIC
 (to Julie, weirdly
 hurt)
 You would want me to choose a brand
 on my *face*-

JULIE
 He didn't say for sure the face!

EDDIE
 I mean. Now that you said it, it's
 probably going to be the face.

ERIC
 For the rest of my life, you would
 have to look at a disfigured- that
 doesn't bother you?

JULIE
 Of course it bothers me, but we don't
 know what's behind that door!

ERIC
 We're talking about my face, Julie!!
 You don't wanna maybe spin the wheel
 on that?! Do you even care what I
 look like? Why have I been going to
 the gym if you don't even-

EDDIE
 Okay-

ERIC
 It's like I'm just completely,
 completely...

GOON
 (glaring at Eddie)
Unappreciated?

ERIC
 YES. Unappreciated. See?! Goon
 gets it.

EDDIE
 (to the Goon)
 Ohkay-

JULIE
 Eric, that's not true, I appreciate
 you!

EDDIE
 Guys-

ERIC
 Yknow, A LOT of girls out there would
 love to tell me not to get a brand
 to the face. A LOT.

JULIE
 Oh like EMILY?

EDDIE
 Okay, let's...make a decision, here.

ERIC
 I'm going with NOT the brand, Eddie.
 I will take what's behind the door.

JULIE
 Eric...

EDDIE
 Door it is.

Eric sits facing the door. He gulps. Sweats. He looks
 over at Julie, suddenly needing her support. She returns
 the look. Eddie bends down and grabs the handle to the
 door...he dramatically waits for a beat.

Eric gently exhales, terrified.

Eddie rolls the door up to reveal...A HORSE, its ass right
 in Eric's face. A confused moment passes.

ERIC
 Is it...is it going to shit on me?

EDDIE BRANDS THE HORSE'S BUTTOCK -- THE HORSE KICKS ERIC IN
 THE CHEST WITH FULL FORCE, SENDING HIM FLYING THROUGH THE
 AIR TO SMASH INTO THE FAR WALL, SHATTERING HIS CHAIR AND
 DROPPING TO THE FLOOR.

Eric is a crumpled mess -- shocked, super-winded and in
 SERIOUS pain. He slowly looks up at JULIE who is stunned
 and concerned into silence. An awful beat before Eric can
 force out:

ERIC (CONT'D)

...Take the brand...

The Goon grabs Julie's chair and starts rushing her towards the horse and Eddie.

JULIE

THE BRAND, THE BRAND, I CHOOSE THE BRAND!

EDDIE

A lady who knows what she wants.
Okay, let's see...

He waves the brand up and down her body.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm just gonna go with face.

JULIE

Oh fuck, please, PLEASE DON'T...

Julie thrashes. Eddie grabs her chair's front legs and lifts them up, slamming Julie down to the floor.

EDDIE

TRUST ME: if you don't hold still...
this is gonna suck so much worse.

Eddie holds his brand up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Ready?

JULIE

(crying)
NO, I AM NOT.

Eric, still largely unrecovered, but ropes now undone due to the chair shattering, lurches at Eddie, screaming, and BRAINS HIM WITH A BROKEN CHAIR LEG WITH A NAIL STICKING OUT.

EDDIE

OW! GEEZ!

The hit throws Eddie off balance -- he waves the iron around as he falls, ACCIDENTALLY BRANDING HIS GOON IN THE FACE, AND BRANDING ERIC IN THE CHEST.

GOON

AGGGHHH!!

ERIC

Ah!! God DAMMIT!!

With Eddie and his Goon in a pile, Eric frantically tries to untie Julie, holding Eddie and his Goon back with his chair leg like they're lions at the circus.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Got it?

JULIE

(untying)

I think so.

Julie spots the BUSINESS CARD Eddie used to call Bicycle, lying near her on the floor. Impulsively, she grabs it.

ERIC

(to Julie)

You ready?

EDDIE

(to his Goon)

One, two, THREE!

Eddie and his Goon attack in unison.

JULIE

GO!

On the flipside, Eric and Julie are *not* in harmony -- AS ERIC SQUARES UP WITH HIS SPIKED CHAIR LEG, JULIE BOLTS FOR THE EXIT.

All three watch her run for a second. Then Eddie and Goon turn their attention back to Eric. Oh shit. Goon runs first -- ERIC THROWS THE NAIL-BAT AT HIM, THWACKING HIM IN THE FACE.

GOON

AGH!

Eric tries to run but EDDIE GRABS HIM, PULLING HIM DOWN ONTO THE PIECES OF THE BROKEN CHAIR. THEY ROLL AND SCRAMBLE AROUND FOR A SECOND BEFORE EDDIE SCREAMS AND ERIC SCRAMBLES OFF.

EDDIE

Gah! Got a nail in my goddamn foot!

Eddie hops around, wincing -- Eric runs off after Julie.

Eddie hops in pain as his Goon comes up beside him, face bleeding. They watch Eric scramble off into the night. The Goon tries to help Eddie balance on his one leg.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

No, just- Give me some space, I can't be around you right now.

The Goon walks off. Eddie stands there on one foot, alone.

16 **EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE -- NIGHT**

16

Julie waits alone, scared...

ERIC (O.S.)

Ughhhhh....

FINALLY she sees a very beat-up and branded Eric stumble-running towards her! She hugs him, tearing up!

JULIE

You made it! Oh my god, I was so scared!

ERIC

UGHHH...

JULIE

Oh my god, look at you, are you okay?

ERIC

I don't think I am. I got kicked by a horse and branded...maybe tetanus from that chair-nail-

JULIE

Oh my god you were so amazing back there, Eric. That was amazing! Don't you feel amazing right now?!

ERIC

Unnghhh...

JULIE

And look -- *I got the card!*

She jumps up and down and waves THE BUSINESS CARD.

ERIC

What card?

JULIE

The business card Eddie used to call Bicycle! It's a PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY! Bicycle was a private eye! And if Bicycle was blackmailing Eddie, maybe he was blackmailing Moustache too! So if we go there and go through his files, maybe we can find Moustache and his motive and then we can finally go to the cops like you wanted and they'll believe us when we tell them we didn't kill Bicycle!

ERIC
When did you take-?

JULIE
When I was running away! I already
ordered us a LYFT.

ERIC
That's incredible, you just saw the
card on the ground and you were like-

JULIE
Yeah, I just saw it on the ground
and I grabbed it!

ERIC
That's like the smartest- You're
like a professional-level-

JULIE
What about you, my big protector-

ERIC
You're like the Hardy Boys.

JULIE
Such a Katniss Everdeen-

She touches his chest lovingly. Eric winces in pain.

ERIC
AH!

JULIE
Oh god, your brand, I'm so sorry!
Here...what've I got...
(rummaging in her
purse)
Yes. This should help.

She lovingly rubs some lotion on his burn. Eric screams.

ERIC
AGGHH! STINGS! STINGS!

JULIE
Oh god, I'm sorry, I thought it would-

ERIC
What is that, citrus?!

A noise from behind them and they abruptly begin moving
further down the road.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Maybe let's walk a
 little further from
 the warehouse.

JULIE
 (pulling out the phone)
 I'm gonna just move our
 pin...

17 INT. LYFT CAR #2, MOVING -- NIGHT

17

Julie and Eric (blouse open, letting Eddie Dennison's "ED" brand breathe) ride in the back of a 2ND LYFT CAR, with a 2ND LYFT DRIVER.

They sit together, lovingly touching each other. Julie kisses Eric's wound. Eric grimaces but smiles, appreciative.

Moments pass. Eric doesn't want to disturb the loving mood...but he can't let something go. He treads lightly.

ERIC
 So...when I said "you ready?"...you
 just ran...

JULIE
 ...Oh. Did you not run?

ERIC
 No. You said "Go". So I go-ed.

JULIE
 Oh, I'm sorry, baby. Go meant run.

ERIC
 Well..."you ready" meant attack.

JULIE
 I don't think so, baby.

ERIC
 Yes. I said it. That's what it
 meant.

JULIE
 Well, never in our relationship has
 "go" meant attack, so.

ERIC
 Well when I'm standing there holding
 a weapon and I say "you ready" the
 implication is that-
 (dropping the genteel)
 LOOK you *left me*. It's like, again,
 I do all this stuff for you- That
 goon was right, you never appreciate-

JULIE

What?? I WAS appreciat- *I kissed your burnwound!* Which was GROSS, by the way.

ERIC

Yeah, and it HURT. Y'know, kissing an open sore doesn't actually make pain go away. It's not a booboo.

JULIE

You say I don't appreciate you, I was trying to show you how much it meant to me, that you saved me-

ERIC

By running away!

JULIE

By rubbing lotion on you!

ERIC

LEMON-JUNIPER HAND LOTION! ALSO SUPER PAINFUL.

JULIE

At least I'm TRYING. Maybe if you'd *communicate* with me I'd be better at-

ERIC

I am communicating! I'm telling you my chest is very stingy!

JULIE

Wait, YOU ran from ME the last time! Back in the alley! 1-2-3 and you ran! You always act on our behalf! We're a team, Eric! But if you don't talk to me - how am I supposed to know what you want?

ERIC

I want not to be kicked by a horse and branded.

JULIE

I didn't kick you, Eric! I didn't brand you! Why are you so-

ERIC

BECAUSE I DID IT *FOR YOU*.

Eric's eyes soften. Julie hears him. She softens too.

...But before they can give way to forgiveness-

2ND LYFT DRIVER
 Sorry, where am I going, Ed?

Eric looks confused. Julie sighs.

JULIE
 I think he means...

Eric glances down at his chest and seeing his new "tattoo":
ED

<p>ERIC THAT IS NOT MY- WHY WOULD I BRAND MY OWN NAME-</p>	<p>JULIE HERE:</p>
---	---------------------------------

JULIE SHOVES THE CARD OUT TO THE DRIVER, INTO CLOSE UP:

THE BUSINESS CARD: "**TWO ACES DETECTIVE AGENCY**" and an ADDRESS.

18 **EXT. STRIP MALL -- NIGHT**

18

Julie and Eric stand in an old 3-story STRIP MALL, staring through a glass door at the building's FLOOR GUIDE.

JULIE
 Two Aces Detective Agency: Third floor. Okay. So how do we get up there?

ERIC
 (reading)
 Dance Classes, second floor, see that's the kind of hobby I was-

JULIE
Yes dancing sounds lovely how do we get up there.

ERIC
 What do you mean, we-

Eric tries the door, it's locked. Julie stares at him.

JULIE
 Did you think I meant how do doors work-?

Eric glares at her as he paces, not sure how to proceed.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 Maybe there's a catwalk around the side-

ERIC

A what? You mean a fire escape?
No, let's just break the glass. You
go.

JULIE

Me go?

JULIE (CONT'D)

I'm wearing heels.

ERIC

You're wearing heels.

Even when they're together they're not together. Beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)

The points. The icepick part stabs
the glass-

JULIE

You mean the HEEL part?

ERIC

Yeah, the pointy-heel part will break
through the glass and crack it.

JULIE

Just bash it with your shoulder!

ERIC

And then what, fall through and get
all cut to shit? Can I please take
five minutes off from bashing myself?

Julie hears that. Okay. Fine. She backs up within kicking
distance. Looks at the glass. Then stops.

JULIE

The heel's just gonna snap off!

ERIC

Not if you like, *jab it*- don't get
it on an angle, jab the leg hard and
straight and then pull right back so
you don't get cut, if you just go
straight-

JULIE

Okayokayokayokay. Thank you for
discussing it with me.

ERIC

Are you being sarc-

JULIE
I'm gonna do it- *I am*
trying to be
appreciative.

ERIC
Okay. Yup. Thank you.

Julie eyeballs the glass door, gathers herself. Okay.

JULIE
Hi-YAH!

Julie SIDEKICKS the door with her right leg as hard as she can, but it hits the door like a wall, jamming her leg painfully, before her heel on her standing foot breaks off and she falls out of frame in pain.

JULIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
OW, SONOVA-!

19 **EXT. ALLEY BEHIND STRIP MALL -- NIGHT**

19

Eric hoists an angry, injured, and now BAREFOOT Julie up to grab the ladder of a FIRE ESCAPE at the back of the building.

JULIE
Those were my date shoes, Eric.

ERIC
...I didn't know you had date shoes.

Julie reaches for the bottom rung of the spring-loaded ladder.

JULIE
Now who's not appreciating. And I said it, that's exactly what I said was going to- I feel like you never listen to-

ERIC
Okay, now pull the ladder down.

JULIE
What do you think I'm-?

ERIC
Use your arms.

JULIE
(exerting full-force)
OH IS THAT WHAT I SHOULD BE DOING.

ERIC
Your *muscles*, use your muscles.

JULIE
 (trying)
It's not...it's stuck...

Eric grabs Julie's legs and tries to pull the ladder down himself. Julie tries to bat Eric in the face with her feet.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 OW! What the hell are you-

ERIC
 I'm adding torque.

JULIE
 What? No, wait, Eric-

JULIE (CONT'D)	ERIC
OW OW OW OW! CONSULT!	OW OW OW! STOP! STOP!
CONSULT WITH ME!	

Eric lets go and Julie gets herself up onto the fire escape, Eric still stuck below, no way to get up. Julie fumes down at him. Beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. You're right. I don't listen to you. I'm gonna do that more.

Julie appreciates that. Softens, nods. Beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 So, okay. I'm listening. How do I get up there.

JULIE
 I DON'T KNOW, don't listen NOW!

ERIC
I am just trying to-

JULIE
 Oh sure, when you have zero ideas and shit's impossible, then you listen.
 (trying to get down)
 Eff this, I'm coming down, Eric, grab my...Eric, ERIC, where are you, help me...

Eric (not listening) has spotted something out of frame and gotten an idea. He walks off towards it:

ERIC
 Hey...

Julie hangs onto the ladder, struggling.

JULIE

ERIC!

She falls.

CUT TO:

Julie is now being hoisted up to the fire escape ladder by Eric and A BIG BEARDED HOMELESS MAN IN A YELLOW SWEATER.

ERIC

Then once she's up, you help *me* up,
okay? Thank you again for this.

The homeless man gropes at Julie as he pushes her up.

JULIE

O-KAY. O-KAY.

ERIC

Hey-HEY-HEY-HEY, EASY BIG BEARD.
You were paid for the boost, not...the
jollies.

Big Beard holds his hands up as if to say "didn't mean to."

JULIE (O.S.)

Okay! I'm on the catwalk!

BIG BEARD

The what?

ERIC

(shaking his head)
She means the- Here, help me-

Big Beard hoists Eric up to the ladder, still being grabby.

ERIC (CONT'D)

BIG BEARD! *WHAT IS THE DEAL!*

As Eric hangs onto the ladder, Big Beard starts patting and digging all around him in a weird deliberate way. Then he starts removing Eric's shoes as he dangles.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hey! You're pulling my shoes off,
man! HEY!

JULIE (O.S.)

Oh shit, I think he took my money!

ERIC
WHAT?! Hey, that's my wallet!

Big Beard removes Eric's shoes and runs off with both their wallets. Eric hangs for a second. His head hangs too.

JULIE (O.S.)
We're both up at least, right? It was a nice...idea you ha-

ERIC
(head still hanging)
Don't.

20 **EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, 3RD STORY -- NIGHT**

20

Julie and Eric crouch in front of the **Two Aces Detective Agency** window, high above the alley. They peer in -- place looks empty, coast looks clear.

JULIE
Okay. You're kicking this one.

ERIC
I'm not wearing any shoes.

JULIE
Well neither am I.

ERIC
(smiling)
We're like a couple of John McClanes.

She stares at him. What? He looks disappointed.

Eric squares up to the window and tries a lightning-fast jab/pullback against the glass. It doesn't come close to breaking. He tries again. It's barely more than a tap.

JULIE
What are you *doing*?

ERIC
I don't want to get my hand all cut up!

Eric does his ridiculous jab/pullback a few more times. Resets. Tries it again and again. Over and over. Julie just ends up joining him. They both jab/pullback at the glass over and over.

21 **INT. TWO ACES DETECTIVE AGENCY -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS**

21

From inside we see Eric and Julie continue to jab/pullback. The glass CRACKS...then STARS...then finally SHATTERS.

ERIC
Hey! We did it!

JULIE
Go, team!

Eric goes to give her a pound and she high fives it. They both wince and grab their hands after.

ERIC
My hand's all cut up.

JULIE
Mine too.

Eric and Julie stumblebum their way through the too-small window into the DARK, OPEN CONCEPT OFFICE, whisper-bickering the whole time.

ERIC
Glass. GLASS.

Finally they both get in.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(whispering:)
Okay, what are we looking for?

JULIE
(whispering:)
Evidence.

ERIC
Great, so I guess we just check the filing cabinet under "E".

JULIE
OH-kay. We need to find out who Moustache-

ERIC
Why are we whispering?

Beat. They stop whispering.

JULIE
We need to find out who Moustache is and what he was being blackmailed for. Then we can go to the cops-

ERIC
Waitwait, shut up for a sec, do you hear that?

JULIE
Don't tell me to-

ERIC
Shh-shh!

JULIE
Don't shush me!

ERIC
I'm not, I'm shushing both of us!
I'm sorry, would you- Just be quiet
for a sec, please?

They shut up. FAINT, TINNY MUSIC. They listen.

ERIC (CONT'D)
...What is that?

JULIE
It's probably those dumb dance classes
downstairs.

ERIC
Why is it dumb, because it's something
I want to do?

JULIE
Don't pretend you want to take dance
classes, alright? You're not fooling
anybody. Let's just start looking.

ERIC
Consulting you: I'm turning on a
light.

Eric moves to turn on the overhead light by the main door.

JULIE
No, don't.

ERIC
Why?

JULIE
First of all, don't make fun of the
consulting thing. That's important
to me.

ERIC
I'm *not*, I'm-

JULIE

Second, telling me you're doing something right before you do it is not consulting, it's telling. Thirdly, don't turn on lights -- someone might see it from the street!

ERIC

They're gonna call the cops because they see a light? People turn lights on, Julie!

JULIE

See? You were going to do what you wanted anyway, so why even bother-

ERIC

Where are you getting all these cat burglar rules from-

Eric turns the fluorescents on -- REVEALING A LARGE, DEEPLY SAD, TEAR-STAINED MAN IN HIS TIGHTY-WHITIES sitting in an easy chair. He is cradling a goldfish in a bowl, and has been listening to music in headphones in the dark.

They stare at each other.

JULIE

OH JESUS!

ERIC

Man! MAN!

Julie makes a break for the window but TRIPS ON THE HEADPHONE CORD, YANKING IT OUT OF THE STEREO -- a morose, sad breakup song a la "**Nothing Compares 2 U**" BLASTS FROM THE SPEAKERS.

The "MAN" (we'll call him SADSACK) attacks Eric, screaming!

SADSACK

AAAAAGGGGGHHHHH!

A BIG, MESSY FIGHT ENSUES to the oddly glum soundtrack. Sadsack tackles Eric over or into something -- stuff goes flying. Julie screams and throws whatever she can get her hands on at Sadsack, hitting both of them.

ERIC

Ow! Julie- OW! FUCKING- QUIT IT!

Sadsack tackles Eric again -- Eric jerseys him. Sadsack spins Eric around and around, releasing him to smash through something and land on the ground.

He moves to approach Eric on the ground but Julie whips more stuff at him. He turns and whips a bunch of stuff back at her until she stops, then moves back towards Eric, who kicks wildly at him from the floor.

Sadsack grabs one of Eric's kicking legs and drags him through the office as fast as he can. Eric tries to stop himself on a floor lamp but it just drags along with him -- he hits Sadsack with it instead.

Sadsack rips the lamp away and body slams him, the MUSIC FINALLY ENDING, the wind knocked out of Eric.

ERIC (CONT'D)

UNGH-ggghhh!

He picks Eric up and bear-hugs him, cutting off his air. Eric tries to tap out.

JULIE

Eric, this isn't Ultimate Fighting,
you can't tap out!

Eric starts to black out...with his last bit of strength, he GRABS THE FISHBOWL AND SMASHES IT OVER SADSACK'S HEAD, GOLDFISH AND WATER SPLASHING EVERYWHERE.

Sadsack drops Eric, who gasps and writhes next to the gasping, writhing fish. Sadsack holds his head and grimaces in pain.

SADSACK

Gahhh...ffffffffffffUUUUUUUCK!! OW!!

Sadsack collapses onto the ground, deeply weeping, holding his head. The room finally stops for a second besides the moaning and jagged breathing.

Sadsack bends down, scoops up the goldfish and puts him back into the fishbowl -- just enough water to swim in.

SADSACK (CONT'D)

OKAY.

Sadsack gathers himself, grabs the floor lamp and stands over Julie and Eric slumped on the ground. He points the exposed lamp at them like a weapon. Then bursts into tears:

SADSACK (CONT'D)

WHYDIDYOUCOMEHEREANDBREAKEEVERYTHING-

Sadsack is pretty impossible to understand due to his weeping.

Julie and Eric stare at him. Beat. Sadsack tries to compose himself. Can't.

SADSACK (CONT'D)

(defensively aggressive)
...AND I WAS CRYING FROM BEFORE.
JUST SO YOU KNOW.

Julie and Eric stare at him like he's crazy still.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
I'M JUST SAYING. IT'S NOT FROM YOU.
I CAN TAKE A HIT, BUDDY.

ERIC
We didn't come to-

SADSACK
(Weeping again)
WEDONTKEEPMONEYHERE.

JULIE
...What?

ERIC
I think he said "money"? There's no
money?

JULIE
We didn't come to rob you, we're
just looking for information that we
need *very badly*.

ERIC
Yeah, we didn't want to hurt anybody,
we just wanted to sneak in and out,
cat burgler styles.

Sadsack regards them through his watery eyes. He lowers the
lamp and collapses into a chair.

SADSACK
Well you picked a weird day to do
it...

JULIE
You...need to talk
about it or...?

ERIC
Yeah, were you just
listening to Sinead
O'Connor...?

SADSACK
My goddam PARTNER just got killed!

Eric and Julie put it together.

ERIC
Your PARTNER...

JULIE
TWO Aces...

SADSACK
(tearing up again)
My partner, and my *best friend*, and
my *confidante*, and then *two assholes*
(MORE)

SADSACK (CONT'D)
*in a Corolla just ran him down and
left him to die in the street like a
goddam ANIMAL!*

ERIC
(acting/gasping)
What?? They what??

JULIE
I can not believe that.

SADSACK
What am I gonna do? And the worst
part is...I never...I never said....

Bicycle's PHONE rings and lights up on the ground: **EDDIE**

SADSACK goes cold, his sadness replaced with something hard.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
That's his phone.

Eric checks his pocket, it must've fallen out during the
fight. SADSACK GETS INTENSE.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
*What are you doing with my partner's
phone?*

Beat. Sadsack quickly rises from his chair.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY DEAD
PARTNER'S PHONE???!!!!

They fall over each other trying to explain their way out:

ERIC

Waitwaitwait! Okay,
 YES, we're the couple
 the cops are looking
 for BUT WE DIDN'T DO
 IT! Yes we hit your
 partner on his bike by
 accident but then he
 got up and rode away!
 We picked up his phone,
 but then this guy with
 a moustache said he
 was a cop and drove
 over him a bunch of
 times and then just
 left us there! And
 these hipster kids saw
 us with the body and
 called the cops so we
 ran away and then we
 got a bing-bong saying
 "meet Eddie" so we
 went to see if he could
 help us but then he
 knocked us out because
 your partner was
 blackmailing him and I
 got kicked by a horse
 and branded

(showing his brand)

But Julie found your
 business card so we
 came here to see if we
 could find something
 that could tie this
 moustache-guy to your
 partner so we could go
 to the cops with
 something more than
 "it wasn't us, it was
 a guy with a moustache"
 please we just want to
 go to the police and *I*
am so sorry your friend
died.

JULIE

No, don't hurt us! We
 didn't kill him, we were
 just in the car when it
 happened, it was some guy
 with a moustache -- AND I
 KNOW THAT SOUNDS CRAZY BUT
 IT'S TRUE -- we were just
 going for tapas and some
 cop jumped into our car
 and then chased him down,
 only he wasn't a cop because
 instead of arresting him
 he just ran him over with
 our car like twenty times
 and then took off, and
 then these douchebags saw
 us and called 9-1-1 so we
 ran away, which *I know was*
not smart okay? But we
 panicked, and your friend
 dropped his phone, that's
 why we have it -- and there
 was this calendar reminder
 that said "Eddie at the
 Rhinestone" so we went to
 see if he could help us
 but he knocked us
 unconscious and tied us to
 chairs and tortured us --
 well, Eric mostly -- because
 apparently your friend was
 blackmailing him -- I don't
 know if you were
 blackmailing him too or
 what, no judgment -- but
 then I found your card and
 thought if we could find
 something on this guy with
 a moustache we could get
 out of this nightmare --
 we just want to go to the
 police -- I know this sounds
 super crazy, but you have
 to believe us, *this has*
been such a shitty night.

Beat. Sadsack takes it all in.

SADSACK

...Describe this guy with a moustache.

ERIC

Haunted soul. Parts
 his hair.

JULIE

Like a butchy Flanders?
 Or a blue collar Lorax?

SADSACK

Sounds made up.

(noticing Eric's brand)

Hey. That's Eddie Dennison's brand.
His wife was our biggest client last
year.

ERIC

His *wife*?

SADSACK

Yeah, we tailed him for a year to
see if he was cheating but never
found anything. That case is dead,
she paid us already.

JULIE

Guess your partner figured out a way
to get paid twice.

Eric smiles at Julie, impressed with her hardboiled line.
He gives her a playful nudge. Julie smiles back at him coyly.

SADSACK

Well I only got paid once...you're
saying my partner lied to me?
Bullshit.

Sadsack heads for THE NEATER OF TWO DESKS, FACING EACH OTHER --
kept in Odd Couple-style contrast, and opens a LAPTOP on it.

SADSACK (CONT'D)

He kept everything on his laptop,
his records are meticulous.

Eric and Julie glance at Bicycle's desk -- notice a SAVE THE
PLANET STRESS BALL...A ZERO FOOTPRINT TROPHY...A RAINFOREST
SCREENSAVER...ETC.

ERIC

Guy was a real tree-hugger, huh.

JULIE

(putting it together)
Bicycle.

ERIC

Ahhh.

JULIE

(looking out the window)
Oh god.

ERIC

What?

JULIE

Cops!

Julie sees out the window that a patrol car has pulled into the parking lot out front. A couple of cops, shining lights around, casually investigating a disturbance.

JULIE (CONT'D)

See? The lights!

ERIC

I think the blasting Sinead O'Conner and furniture was more the thing, but okay.

SADSACK

If you're wrong, you're dead.

ERIC

Oh god.

Julie peeks out the front window at the cops sniffing around the front door.

JULIE

Oh god, oh god.

Meanwhile, Sadsack gets onto the laptop and starts looking around in FINDER.

SADSACK

...Here we go, Eleanor Dennison...

He opens up a DIRECTORY CALLED "ELEANOR DENNISON" and starts looking through it. He highlights and opens a bunch of JPEGs:

INSERT: SHOT AFTER LONG-LENS SHOT THROUGH AN APARTMENT WINDOW OF EDDIE IN SEXUALLY COMPROMISING POSITIONS WITH WOMEN...AND INANIMATE OBJECTS...

SADSACK (CONT'D)

Oh!

JULIE

That's not...

ERIC

Toilet brush. TOILET BRUSH.

SADSACK

He said he never found anything... followed him for months, came up clean!

(noticing the folder)

This whole *folder* is dead-end cases...

Sadsack clicks on another folder, another jpeg...AND FINDS A GUY WITH HIS JUNK TUCKED BETWEEN HIS LEGS LOOKING CAUGHT.

SADSACK (CONT'D)

Aw, come on! All these people were guilty?!

JULIE

So he told your clients he didn't find anything, got paid, then turned around and blackmailed the clients' spouses with the photos he took!

SADSACK

That sonofabitch...

JULIE

This is great! If his records are so meticulous and he was blackmailing Moustache too, I bet he has photos of him on there! Eric, we can go to the police! We just have to make sure that-

ERIC

(yelling out the window)
POLICE! WE'RE UP HERE! YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR US, I THINK!

JULIE

Wait, Eric, let's make sure we have proof first-

SADSACK

(pacing)
THAT SONOVABITCH.

The police duo look up at Eric.

ERIC

(calling down)
HI! WE KNOW WHO KILLED A GUY! COME
ON UP!

JULIE

Oh god.

The police go from casual to breaking in the door.

ERIC

(calling down)
There's a catwalk around the side!

JULIE

(back to Sadsack)
I'm gonna pop on that computer real quick, we just need to confirm that Bicycle was blackmailing Moustache...

Just as Julie sits at the computer - SADSACK GRABS THE FISHBOWL, WHIPS THE GOLDFISH ACROSS THE ROOM, AND USES THE BOWL TO SMASH THE LAPTOP TO PIECES:

SADSACK
THAT! SON! OFABITCH!

ERIC
OH NO.

JULIE
AW- COME ON!

Sadsack tosses the broken laptop and starts TRASHING BICYCLE'S DESK -- clearing the top with an arm, then ripping out drawers and dumping them, screaming, crying.

SOUNDS OF THE COPS BREAKING IN THE FRONT DOOR.

Eventually Sadsack rips out a drawer and turns it over but nothing falls out. Hunh? He looks into it and it has a false bottom, he rips that off and out tumbles, among other junk, THOUSANDS IN CASH, PLANE TICKETS, A BROCHURE, A CURRENT COPY OF "WHAT COLOR IS YOUR PARACHUTE".

SOUNDS OF THE COPS BARRELING UP THE STAIRS.

ERIC
Is there a cloud?! Did he have a cloud?

JULIE
What are his cloud codes!?

SADSACK
(full unintelligible
rage-blubbering now)
SONOFABITCHGODDAMNYOUAAHAYOUMOTHERF
FAAAAAUGHUGHGUH!

Eric and Julie squinch their faces, trying to understand.

BANG BANG BANG - THE COPS HAMMER ON THE DOOR.

<p>COP 1 (O.S.) <i>Police! What's going on in there? Dude, we can't both be talking-</i></p>	<p>COP 2 (O.S.) <i>There've been reports of a disturbance. Sorry, you were doing the banging so I thought-</i></p>
--	--

Sadsack rifles through the secret drawer's contents, crying.

SADSACK
Portland? *Portland?! LOOK AT THIS DRAWER OF LIES! MONEY, PLANE TICKETS, oh god...HE SAID HE WANTED A CHANGE BUT...look at this, why wouldn't he just TALK TO ME...*

As Sadsack rifles through it all, he reveals A CANDID PHOTO OF A COOL MOUSTACHE LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER. Eric and Julie freak.

ERIC	JULIE
Moustache! MOUSTACHE!	AH! That's him! That's Moustache! We found Moustache!

Eric GRABS THE PHOTO OF MOUSTACHE and they race to the back.

JULIE (CONT'D)	ERIC
Ow my fuckin feet!	Glass! Glass!

Julie and Eric crawl back out the broken rear window as-

BANG! The front door flies open and TWO COPS plow in. They zero in on the raging Sadsack, drawing their sidearms.

COP 1	COP 2
POLICE, DON'T MOVE!	HANDS IN THE AIR!
Is there anyone else here?	(To Cop 1) Go check it out!

COP 1
(to Cop 2)
Dude.

COP 2
Sorry. "Please."

COP 1
This is not a "please" problem, I'm your superior, you don't-

Meanwhile, Sadsack continues to trash his office and curse out his partner, his rage (and their squabble) distracting the cops.

SADSACK

Oh god, HE SAID HE WANTED A NEW SIGN! AND I WAS LIKE, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE SIGN WE HAVE? BUT IT WASN'T THAT HE WANTED THE SIGN TO CHANGE, IT WAS THAT HE WANTED SOMETHING TO CHANGE. WHY DIDN'T HE TALK TO ME! WE WERE PARTNERS! WHO DECIDES TO MOVE TO PORTLAND WITHOUT TALKING TO THEIR BEST FRIEND?!

Julie and Eric poke their heads around from the side to see a PARKED FLASHING POLICE CRUISER and TWO OTHER CARS in the

otherwise empty strip mall parking lot -- the two cops already gone upstairs. The coast is clear. They hightail it.

ERIC

Okay, LYFT is picking us up-

JULIE

HERE?! Move the pin!

ERIC

It says one minute!

FINE. They stand and anxiously wait. Smashes are heard from the PI's office.

JULIE

Is that the new hybrid?

Julie eyeballs a nearby car.

ERIC

We can talk about buying a new car once we're not arrested-

JULIE

No, look look look: it's after hours, no cars in the lot except these two. That beater's probably Sadsack PI's up there, right? What if this one's Bicycle's! If he drove to work today, his car would be right where he left it. *Because he died.*

ERIC

I get it.

JULIE

It's neat; the other car's messy -- just like their desks, but most importantly, *it's a Hybrid.* We already know Bicycle was into all that environmental shit -- his stuff upstairs, plus, if you remember...*he rides a bicycle.*

ERIC

And there's a bike rack.

JULIE

(just noticing it)
And...plus the bike rack.

Julie peers into the driver's window.

JULIE (CONT'D)

He has GPS. That would have a history of everywhere he's been, right? We could retrace his steps, see if it leads us to Moustache!

FROM THE SECOND FLOOR, SADSACK POINTS DOWN AT THEM.

SADSACK

THERE!

THEIR LYFT CAR PULLS IN.

LYFT DRIVER 3

Are you Julie?

ERIC

YES. Jules, we gotta-

JULIE

So, how do we...we need like a, a coat hanger or a magnet or-?

COP 1

(calling down)

Don't move!

COP 2

(to Cop 1)

Let me get them, okay? *I'll* get them.

ERIC

Julie, I'm trying to consult with you but we have to make a decision-

JULIE SMASHES THE WINDOW WITH A ROCK.

ERIC (CONT'D)

OH!

CAR ALARM BLARING, Julie reaches in, rips the GPS out like a heart, and gets into the LYFT. Eric follows after her.

23 INT. LYFT CAR #3 -- NIGHT

23

Julie and Eric buckle up in the Lyft.

ERIC

Oh my god oh my god that was the hottest thing I've ever seen.

LYFT DRIVER 3

UM-

JULIE
THIS WAS OUR GPS FROM
BEFORE.

ERIC
THERE WAS A DOG THAT
COULDN'T BREATHE.

24 INT. LYFT CAR #3, MOVING -- NIGHT

24

The Lyft Driver stares ahead, driving, but intimidated.
Eric dusts glass off of Julie with touches.

ERIC
Have you got glass on you?

Julie turns to him, dusting him off as well.

JULIE
Oh no, do I? I think you have some
in your hair.

ERIC
Leave it. Glass is nothing to me
now.

JULIE
Me neither. I walk on glass, I smash
glass...

They continue to touch one another, dusting for glass,
laughing, aroused by the excitement and each other. The
Lyft Driver watches: it's...odd.

LYFT DRIVER 3
So...where are we headed?

ERIC
Yes! Right.

JULIE
One sec!

Eric leans way over into the front seat, Julie follows suit
holding the GPS. They're looking for an outlet.

LYFT DRIVER 3
Oh, did you want to change the radio
or-

Eric scurries further forward, elbowing the driver.

LYFT DRIVER 3 (CONT'D)
I...I was just listening to the Mayor
apologize to Chinese people, but-

Julie also pushes forward to look and nudges the radio, making
it loud:

MAYOR (O.S.)

...China and Chinese people of all creeds and colors have a right to not be made fun of, no matter what pharmacy or restaurant I'm in, or how late it is. My comments were intended only as hilarious jokes, but I see now that not everyone gets my humor. My Deputy Mayor says I'm an acquired taste...

LYFT DRIVER 3

We can listen to whatever you want...

JULIE

Does he have an outlet thingie?

ERIC

Looking...

As the Lyft Driver tries to be welcoming, they PLUG THE GPS INTO THE CAR LIGHTER of the LYFT. Taking a peek at its screen. They scroll through the "HISTORY".

ERIC (CONT'D)

Why do they still do the cigarette lighter thing? Just make it a power outlet.

JULIE

I know, who needs the lighter part now? Okay, look! This is the last address he went to. And it looks like he went to it a few times over the last couple days.

ERIC

"1000 Van Buren Avenue."

JULIE

Sounds like a place where fat cats are up to no good.

ERIC

For sure. 1000 Van Buren Avenue is totally the place you go to blackmail some rich moustache.

JULIE

For a jackpot so big he got...ill-kayed for it.

LYFT DRIVER 3

Sorry, was that pig latin? I...I speak pig latin.

JULIE

Sorry-

LYFT DRIVER 3

Killed? Someone got killed?

ERIC

No, no-

LYFT DRIVER 3

That's what you said. I'm not a child, I understand-

JULIE

No, I know, I don't know why I thought-

ERIC

It's not- we're hollywood-types?
It's a showbiz expression. "Man,
Matt Damon totally ill-kayed it
in...Let's Buy a Zoo".

LYFT DRIVER 3

Uh huh. What's blackmail an expression for?

JULIE

...Um.

ERIC

...It's like, if-

LYFT DRIVER 3

What neighborhood is this in?

ERIC

(reading with a
fancypants accent)

"Westmont".

JULIE

(fancypants)

Yessss. Quite.

LYFT DRIVER 3

WESTMONT! You do not want to go to Westmont.

ERIC

We...we do though.

LYFT DRIVER 3

I don't want to go to Westmont.

Eric and Julie look at each other. Then back at the driver.

ERIC

Why not?

JULIE

How come?

25 INT. LYFT CAR #3, PARKED IN WESTMONT -- NIGHT

25

Westmont is the most dangerous neighborhood in Los Angeles. It's...not the friendliest. They all look uncomfortable.

ERIC

This is less fat-catty than I pictured.

LYFT DRIVER 3

That's it. 1000 Van Buren.

Eric and Julie sit in the back, staring at a very CRACKY LOOKING BUILDING across the street with **1000** spray-painted on the door. Sketchy people wandering around. It's terrifying. Beat.

LYFT DRIVER 3 (CONT'D)

(nervous to be there)

So. If you guys just wanna...get out...

They continue to stare at the building. Finally, Julie reaches for the door. Eric stops her.

ERIC

Waitwaitwait. I want to have a conversation before we do this. I want to communicate with you and make sure we're both making this decision together.

JULIE

...Okay. Okay. Thank you.

Eric nods.

ERIC

Okay. So like you said, according to his GPS he came here more than anywhere else last week. We have no other leads. And no place else to go. The police are after us right now, and without anything that backs up our story, they're going to arrest us for murder. And then for running. And then breaking into that office. And then also breaking into a car. So.

(sensitively)

...What would you like to do?

Julie stares at him for a beat and then she starts to cry. She's terrified.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Okay, that was, I'm sorry.

JULIE
THAT'S how you fucking communicate?

ERIC
I was just trying to be thorough!

JULIE
Oh my god, what is happening, what
are we doing out here...

LYFT DRIVER 3
UM -- IS ALL OF THAT TRUE?

ERIC
I'm sorry, I don't know what else to
say, I love you.

JULIE
Oh now who's giving shitty I love
you's.

ERIC
I AM TRYING TO COMMUNICATE-

JULIE
NO! That was not communicating.
That was code for "We're probably
going to die in a sec."

ERIC
What do you want from me, Julie??

JULIE
Right now? REASSURANCE, MAN!

ERIC
Oh, okay: "Don't worry boo-boo, just
gonna ask some crackheads if they
seen a moustache real quick, then
we'll be home in time for The
Blacklist."

JULIE
Stop trying to scare the shit out of
me!

ERIC
I'm scared too!

LYFT DRIVER 3
We are all scared.

JULIE

I need to know that you are with me,
Eric! That we're a fuckin' team and
shit.

He looks her in the eye...grabs her hand.

ERIC

Hey, look at me. LOOK AT ME. We're
a fuckin' team and shit.

Beat. They share a moment. Then turn their attention back
out the window. They really don't want to get out.

JULIE

Wait, so we're not
going out there or-

ERIC

So did we decide what we're
doing or-

LYFT DRIVER 3

GUYS.

26 **EXT. WESTMONT -- NIGHT**

26

The Lyft pulls away, leaving Julie and Eric alone. They
continue holding hands. They stare at the daunting door.
They slowly move towards it.

ERIC

...We should probably stop holding
hands.

JULIE

What??

ERIC

In case we have to run or something.
So we don't get tangled up.

JULIE

Oh...I mean...

ERIC

I know I asked for more affection,
but-

JULIE

No, you're right, I guess.

They're still holding hands. Walking slowly.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I want to keep holding
hands.

ERIC

Yeah, okay, if you want,
then yah.

ERIC AND JULIE ARRIVE AT THE DOOR. Beat. Eric turns to her.

ERIC (CONT'D)

We can do this.

They take a deep breath: Yes they can.

A CRAZY SOUND comes from inside. They freeze. Beat.

JULIE

Okay. So knock.

ERIC

You want *me* to knock?

JULIE

You just said you were going to knock,
so-

ERIC

I said "we," I was just trying to,
y'know, you're always on me about
how I never give up control-

JULIE

No, no, no- this isn't hijacking a DJ
at Sawyer's wedding-

ERIC

That was- *People wanted to dance-*

JULIE

This is about that
crazy strangled camel
noise I just heard-

ERIC

Where was Billy Jean!
Where was Missy Elliott!

NURSE (O.S.)

Can I help you?

They turn to see a MALE NURSE, dressed in O.R scrubs standing
there holding a 7-11 bag. He looks normal.

NURSE (CONT'D)

(pointing to the pic)
What's that?

ERIC

Uh...it's a guy. You know him?

The Nurse takes the picture of Moustache, inspecting it.

NURSE

Oh yeah, I've seen this guy for sure.
He came around a few times the last
couple days to talk to Wamford.

The Nurse hands the photo back.

JULIE

Wamford?

NURSE

Yeah, he should be back soon if you guys want to talk to him. But, uh, it's not really the safest out here...you wanna come inside, chill with us while you wait? Just picked up some Splash. Some V-8 Splash? Some gum?

ERIC

Sssssure...

JULIE

Ohkayyyyyyy...

Nurse walks up to the door.

JULIE (CONT'D)

So...did you just come right from the *hospital*, or-

ERIC

Yeah, are you like in the middle of a *shift*...

NURSE

Hm? Oh, I'm not a nurse.

He turns to unlock the door, REVEALING LARGE, BLOOD-CRUSTY STAB HOLES IN THE BACK OF HIS SCRUB TOP. Clearly not the scrubs' first owner. Julie and Eric's eyes bulge with panic-but it's too late. Nurse spins around. Intimidating.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Now I know you guys ain't cops...but if you're comin up in here, I gotta know you blast with the bobo.

Beat.

ERIC

I do that, yes.

JULIE

Fo sho. Fo sho.

NURSE

(with menace)

Good...cuz if you didn't...that could make some folks real uncomfortable.

(beat)

C'mon in!

Nurse heads inside, Julie and Eric...follow.

27 INT. 1000 VAN BUREN BLVD -- NIGHT

27

Some makeshift furniture mixed in with a beat-up couch. There are some weird academics, some blue collar types. This seems to be the kind of crack house for people with joe-jobs. It's a relaxed but still totally weird vibe.

ERIC

You still wanna hold hands, ri-

JULIE

YES I DO.

They babystep over to the couch, still holding hands, rigid, close together. Next to them, a scary, zoned out JOCK.

ERIC

We just need to-

A woman who looks like a kindergarten teacher jumps on the couch, covered with red fingerprint.

FINGERPAINTS

Fingerprint!

ERIC

Je-sus.

JULIE

Umm...

FINGERPAINTS

It's cool, it's cool, it's cool, it's cool. You don't have to if you don't want to. Just sayin. Just make it your own. You can paint or not paint, cool, all cool. It's homemade.

ERIC

Uhhh...

JULIE

FROM WHAT.

FINGERPAINTS

Let's just be friends, let's just be friends, k? Ok?

Fingerpaints hands them a crack pipe.

ERIC

Yeahhhhh, no thanks.

JULIE

We're waiting for Wamford.

CRACK JOCK

WHAT THE FUCK YOU MEAN NO DANKS.

The room stops and looks at Eric and Julie. The Jock sits up and gets close to them. He says very quiet, almost shaking with intensity:

CRACK JOCK (CONT'D)
What the fuck you mean no danks.

Beat.

JULIE
 Y'know we're just boboed
 out right now? Gonna
 ride it for a bit I
 think...y'know when
 you get it blastin
 just right and it feels
 like...warm...cobwebs
 on your skin? You
 know what I'm saying,
 I don't have to tell
 you, we all know.

ERIC
 (motor mouthing)
 We've been blastin off on
 the bobo, for serious,
 we've just been goin so
 mad hard if we take one
 more hit off that sweet
 turkeyjerk our brains turn
 into sugarcrisp we'll hit
 you on the boomerang
 comeback because right now
 we're max out straight
 crazylegs on that, that,
 sweet...frere jacques summa
 lemma tina.

Beat.

CRACK JOCK
 (high fives)
 Ding dang dong!

NURSE CRACKIE
 Who wants some Splash!

EVERYONE
 YEAH!

The room has embraced Julie and Eric, putting arms around them, getting too close now, buddying up. Jock jumps up chewing gum singing "THIS IS HOW WE CHEW IT" to Montell Jordan, everyone joining in. It's a scary but fun dance party for a sec. Julie and Eric try to fit in and look happy.

A fresh faced kid enters with a garbage bag. He looks like a tech genius, but also a little cracked out. More cheers upon his arrival.

JULIE
 Is that Wamford?

NURSE CRACKIE
 Naw, that's Thieffy Joe!

JULIE
 (forced enthusiasm)
 Great!

Joe empties the garbage bag -- CELLPHONES POUR OUT.

ERIC
You thief those phones, Joe?

THIEFY JOE
...You mean did I steal them?

ERIC
Yes.

THIEFY JOE
Yes I did.

ERIC
But if they're locked, how do you use them.

JULIE
(catching on)
Yeah, how do you...how do you sell a locked phone?

THIEFY JOE
I unlock em with an XYZ.

Eric is ecstatic. He holds up Moustache's phone:

ERIC
ABC-123 baby, show me how its done!

THIEFY JOE
No. It's called an XYZ.

Joe presents a fancy tech tool called an XYZ. He puts it into Moustache's phone and the code pops up. The phone opens as if by magic.

ERIC
(high fives Joe)
YES!

JULIE
Oh my god we did it.

Julie goes to kiss Eric but he high fives her in the face.

ERIC
...Sorry, I thought we were-

JULIE
Let's just see what's on this thing.

Julie and Eric scroll through it, their new friends crowding around.

ERIC
Photo album...

JULIE
Look, that's a video, hit that.

ERIC PRESSES PLAY:

28 INT. CRACKHOUSE -- NIGHT (HANDHELD CELLPHONE VIDEO)

28

THE SAME ROOM WE'RE IN. A crowd of DELIGHTED CRACKHEADS surround something unseen. We hear a struggling voice:

VOICE (O.S.)
"Peter peeper peeked a peep of peopled-
Peter Peeper peeked- PETER..."

The camera pushes through the crackhead scrum to reveal A MAN -- WEARING AN EXPENSIVE, RUMPLED SUIT, HOLDING THE KEY TO THE CITY, SO HIGH HE CAN BARELY SEE:

SUIT MAN
(over-enunciating)
...PETER PEEPER PEEKED A PEEP OF
PEOPLED PEEPERS. There. See? I'm
fine, I can totally drive.

OUT TO JULIE AND ERIC, WATCHING WITH FURROWED BROWS:

JULIE
Is that...*the Mayor?*

BACK TO VIDEO:

The Crackheads around the Mayor smile, delighted.

UNSEEN CELLPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Yo, hold up your trophy.

MAYOR
It's not a trophy, it's the
motherfuckin keys to the city. BOOM.

The Mayor thrusts his Key to the City into CLOSE UP. The Key reads: **BOB SEGALOWITZ, MAYOR**

MAYOR (CONT'D)
I didn't win this for playing *teeball*,
man, I won it for being the fucking
MAYOR.

BACK OUT TO JULIE AND ERIC:

ERIC
Pretty sure that's the Mayor.

BACK TO THE VIDEO:

The Mayor grabs a POPCAN CRACKPIPE and SMOKES A BUNCH OF CRACK ON CAMERA...

UNSEEN CELLPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)
And what are you smokin right now?

MAYOR
(holding it in)
What do you think, dummy? Crack.

UNSEEN CELLPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)
You're smokin crack?

MAYOR
(exhaling crack smoke)
Yeah, I'm smokin crack.
(then, staring at him)
Oooooo...what's the big deal? So
I'm smoking some crack, so what??
Like, I sleep with hookers, that's
way worse. With crack, who'm I
hurting? Nobody. But with
hookers...I hurt those hookers.
(almost falling asleep)
...cuz of the stuff I like...
(grabbing the can)
Gimme that. More. More, more, more.
Daddy needs his medicine.

The Mayor SMOKES A BUNCH MORE CRACK. He holds it in a beat...then finally exhales, adding to his list:

MAYOR (CONT'D)
What else, I bet on *streetfights*,
that's worse. I steal money from
the, the office or the people or
whatever. To pay off my various
debts. Streetfighting debts. That's
bad. I um, what are those dogs that
look like a pretty lady? Afghan? I
punched an Afghan. That's worse.
Ooo! I'm doin this thing with the
waterworks and the mafia now that's
like...
(shuddering with horror)
...not good.
(finally noticing the
camera)
Hey...are you filming this?

UNSEEN CELLPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)
...Naw, man.

The Mayor stares into camera a long, suspicious beat. Then:

MAYOR
 (relaxing again)
 Good, cuz if anyone sees this,
 everyone has to die.
 (putting his arms
 around two guys:)
Ah-haha. Who wants to Indian leg-
 wrestle?

THE VIDEO ENDS. BACK OUT TO PRESENT:

Eric and Julie stand, uncomfortably surrounded by the EXACT same crackheads they just watched doing drugs with the Mayor, right down to THE SAME TWO GUYS THE MAYOR HAD HIS ARMS AROUND STANDING ON EITHER SIDE OF THEM.

LONG BEAT.

ERIC	JULIE
So...	We're gonna go...

NURSE CRACKIE LOCKS THE DOOR.

The crackheads circle, eyeing the phone. Eric and Julie stand back-to-back, surrounded, terrified.

NURSE CRACKIE
 "Oooooo what should we do, honey?
 Maybe we can reason with them, maybe
 we can hide under the magazines,
 maybe I can put keys in my fist and
 punch one of them in the cheek and
 then they'd all respect me and call
 me The Locksmith." *Nuh-unh.*
 (spits out his gum)
 GUM TIME'S OVER. Let me make this
 real easy for you: You're going to
 put that phone in my hand...*and then*
you're gonna HOPE we let you run.

Nurse Crackie holds out his hand. TENSE beat.

JULIE
 ...This phone is all we have. Without
 it we will go to jail. We have had
 a very-

ERIC
 (to Nurse)
Eat a shit.

JULIE
 That's...not helpful.

ERIC
You ready??

JULIE
What?!

ERIC
GO!

THE CRACKHEADS ATTACK! Julie and Eric scream in terror as they disappear inside the SWARMING CRACKHEAD PILE-ON, everyone clambering for BICYCLE'S IPHONE which Eric holds aloft.

Somehow they manage to fight their way to the door, still hanging onto the iPhone...but before they can open it, POLICE IN RIOT GEAR BASH THROUGH IT!

GUNS! YELLING! SMOKE! FLASHLIGHTS! CHAOS! Everyone is held down and zip-tied.

Eric and Julie stare at each other as they're pinned roughly to the floor, hands forced back and zip-tied, BICYCLE'S IPHONE ON THE FLOOR BETWEEN THEM...one of the cops grabs it. Shit.

29 INT. COP CAR, MOVING -- NIGHT

29

Mirroring the LYFT rides, Julie and Eric sit beside each other in the back of the cop car, jostling in silence. Miserable. Quiet. Exhausted.

JULIE
You're right...we'd never win The Amazing Race.

They sit. Defeated. Stewing.

JUMP CUT:

Mid-fight, full roar:

JULIE (CONT'D)
How am I supposed to know what you're thinking when you never tell me?!

ERIC
When I say "YOU READY?" and I'm holding a weapon, it means hit somebody! It doesn't mean leave me by my-

JULIE
I said "GO!" Go means go, Eric!

ERIC
 NOT AFTER "YOU READY!" THEN "GO"
 MEANS ATTACK! EVEN THE CRACKHEADS
 KNEW THAT YOU-READY-GO MEANS ATTACK!

JULIE
 IN WHAT WORLD DOES GO MEAN ATTACK
 AND NOT GO?!? GREEN LIGHT: GO! ON
 YOUR MARK GET SET: GO!

JUMP CUT:

Mid-fight.

ERIC
 Remember that time I
 got branded and beaten
 for you then you ran
 and left me and then I
 got branded again??
 MEMORIES!

JULIE
 I KISSED YOUR INFECTED
 WOUND WITH MY LIPS! How
 can you say I never show
 you appreciation! That
 was a hero's welcome!

JUMP CUT:

They stare off their opposite windows, mumbling under their
 breath, but purposely loud enough for the other to hear.

ERIC
 You don't even know
 who John McClane is.
 How does that happen?
 How do you live a life
 and not know that.
 How do you live with
 someone and not know
 that THEY don't know-

JULIE
 You just say WHATEVER,
 don't you, Eric? You just
 sit there, with your hands
 all cuffed and just say
 WHATEVER-

JUMP CUT:

Julie and Eric sit, facing forward, numb. Words come out
 softly, slowly.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 ...How did we get here?

ERIC
 ...A moustache hit a bicycle-

JULIE
 No, I mean-

ERIC
 I know what you meant.

JULIE

We used to be...good, right?

ERIC

...I know I'm not good at communicating. I just...we used to be able to do it with a look, y'know? Just a look and we'd be right there. You'd know everything. And I guess...I don't want to admit that it's not like that anymore.

Beat. Julie remembers.

JULIE

It's not that I don't appreciate you, Eric. Or the things you do for me. I just want to feel like I'm a part of them. Like I'm *with* you.

(welling up)

And I just don't.

Eric knows she's right. He turns and stares out the window sadly, tears welling.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I don't think I can do this anymore.

(beat)

I just don't have any fight left.

ERIC

...Me neither.

They stare out the opposite windows.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Wait...what did we just decide?

It's over?

Julie continues to stare out her window.

JULIE

It's over.

Eric considers her...then turns to look back out his own window.

30

INT. EMERGENCY PRESS CONFERENCE -- NIGHT (NEWS FOOTAGE)

30

The Mayor, PAINFULLY HUNG OVER AND DISHEVELED, addresses a scrum of REPORTERS from behind a podium of microphones, a LINE OF RIOT COPS standing at attention behind him. Above him a banner reads **CRACKDOWN ON CRACK.**

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...and in a baffling move just a few hours ago, Mayor Bob Segalowitz called an emergency press conference to reveal his plans for a new citywide "Crackdown On Crack." Here are some highlights from his admittedly lengthy speech:

The Mayor stands there, listing on his fingers:

MAYOR

It's simple: Crack is bad. We don't want crack. Crackdown on crack. Three-part plan.
(pointing out)
Ian.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)

Susan. Can you tell us why you chose to start with this one building in Westmont? It seems pretty innocuous compared to some of the other drug dens in the city.

MAYOR

Two things. One: I don't know what "innocuous" means, I don't sit around all day playing Scrabble, Susan, I have a job to do. Two: I don't know if you know this, but they were smoking crack in there. And I don't like that. And that means that. So. I mean what are we doing, bustin heads or goin for a hike? Know what I mean?
(pointing out)
Turtle Man.

MALE REPORTER (O.S.)

David. Did you find what you were looking for? At 1000 Van Buren Avenue?

The Mayor stares at David long and hard.

MAYOR

Ooooh, check out David, everyone. David likes to bust the Mayor's chops, doesn't he, David? Did we find what we were looking for? Yeah. We found crack. Did we find *everything* we were looking for? No, we did not. Am I frustrated? Yes, I am.

(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Did I smash an aquarium with a golf club? You're damn right I did. But let this stand as a message to the people who know I am talking to them: *We will find it-*

(looks offscreen,
corrects himself)

We will find you. *And we will destroy it.*

(looks offscreen)

Destroy you.

(looks offscreen)

We won't destroy you. That's not what we do, I am a Mayor. But we will bring you in for jail. I'm not talking 'destroy-destroy' obviously... because I'm talking about a human thing and not an object. Any more questions?

(pointing out)

Chinaman.

The reporters erupt.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Oop, I just did it again, didn't I? Did I say Chinaman? GodDAMMIT! It's this new medication you guys, I can't think straight! You know what? I have to take them with food, that's what it is.

31 INT. PRISON HOLDING CELL -- NIGHT

31

Julie sits on a bench on the women's side of the holding cell, her back against the men's side, looking defeated. Up in a corner behind a cage, A TV PLAYS THE MAYOR'S PRESS CONFERENCE.

A GUARD returns Eric to the men's side. He stares at Julie through the bars. She doesn't look at him. He finally sits with his back to her, watching the news.

Silence. Their backs to one another. They sound truly defeated with each other.

JULIE

He was looking for the phone.

ERIC

So Bicycle was trying to blackmail the Mayor?

JULIE
 (unenthusiastically)
 ...and Moustache was the hitman the
 Mayor hired to kill him.

ERIC
 Mm.

JULIE
 Not that we can prove it.

Silence. Eric just turns his back on her again. Slumps
 down against the bars. Julie does the same. Their fire
 fizzled out.

The Guard interrupts Eric and Julie's watching.

GUARD
 Okay, lovebirds, time to fly home,
 you just made bail.

They look at each other.

JULIE
 Did you call-

ERIC
 No-

JULIE
 Then who-

MOUSTACHE (O.S.)
 I'm just someone who thinks you two
 are very special.

Eric and Julie turn...to see MOUSTACHE smiling at them from
 outside the cell. Their faces fall, terrified.

ERIC
 Moustache...

GUARD
 This them?

MOUSTACHE
 Yes, "this them", thank you so much.

JULIE
 THIS MAN IS A MURDERER.

ERIC
 He's a hired killer!

JULIE
He's a hitman! He's a hit-and-runman!

GUARD
Um. No, he's not.

The guard glances pointedly at the **TV PRESS CONFERENCE:**

MAYOR
...we isolated the problem, we devised
a solution, we went in there, *and we
smoked them up.*
(looking off camera,
being corrected)
What?

The camera pans to MOUSTACHE, standing with hands clasped,
along with some other City Hall-types. He smiles awkwardly.

MOUSTACHE
...Out. We smoked them *out.*

MAYOR
That's what I said, Sparky, we smoked
them up. This is my Deputy Mayor,
ladies and gentlemen. He's got a
habit of trying to handle me when I
don't need handling, like a hound
dog with a one-legged jack rabbit.
(pointing back to
Moustache, playfully)
You don't handle me, Sparky, I handle
you! I handle you!

The Reporters laugh. The Mayor smiles, checking his notes.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
I call him Sparky cuz he's got a bit
of a temper.

HOLDING CELL:

Eric and Julie are now very alarmed.

ERIC
You're the *what?*

JULIE
DO NOT SEND US WITH HIM.

MOUSTACHE
The Mayor appreciates your discretion
on this one -- he doesn't need the
world knowing his nephew's addicted
to crack right now.

JULIE
ERIC IS NO ONE'S NEPHEW!

ERIC
THIS MAN IS TRYING TO MURDER
US!

MOUSTACHE
(still smiling)
An intervention isn't murder, Eric.

GUARD
Tell the Mayor we didn't even finish
their paperwork. Come to think of
it, I think we lost it.

ERIC
No. Don't lose our paperwork! Don't
lose our paperwork!

GUARD
And did you get that cellphone they
found at the scene?

MOUSTACHE
(holds it up, smiles)
Sure did.

ERIC
UGGGGH.

JULIE
Come on, please! Do we look like
crack addicts to you!?

They really do at this point. The guard and Moustache regard
them shamefully.

MOUSTACHE
It's a heartbreaking disease.

GUARD
You sure you're okay with these two?
Junkies can be pretty unpredictable.

MOUSTACHE
I think I'll be fine.
(then, brightly)
You know what, I wouldn't say no to
a couple zip-ties.

32 INT. MAYOR'S TOWN CAR, MOVING -- NIGHT

32

Moustache silently drives the plush black town car. Julie
and Eric are in the back seat once again. Zip-tied once
again, hands behind their backs. Eric tries and fails to
beg with strength and dignity. Julie is straight up BAWLING.

ERIC
 I'll...literally...do...
 anything...I don't
 know what I have...that
 could be of interest
 to you...I have editing
 equipment...maybe you
 have a project...I
 have a few thousand
 dollars in a savings
 account...you are
 welcome to that...I
 have a laptop...an x-
 box...I have...one
 painting...a
 Mr.Brainwash print,
 she might get that
 when I move ou, but if
 not it's yours...we
 have a car- Sorry,
 we...we did have a...

JULIE
 Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaase!
 Please don't, please don't,
 please don't! I won't say
 anything! I swear to God!!
 I don't even know your
 name! I couldn't say
 anything if I wanted to!
 All I know is Moustache!
 All-I-know-is-Moustache!
 Aahaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaughghghgh!

MOUSTACHE

Hey. HEY!

They shut up.

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)

Could we maybe drive in silence for
 a bit?

Beat.

ERIC
 Oh my god...

JULIE
 Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahaahahaha
 haahhahah!

MOUSTACHE

So no silence then.

JULIE

Oh my god, *if I had only broken up
 with you yesterday, none of this
 would have ever happened!*

ERIC

Goddammit, I was thinking about
 breaking up with YOU yesterday!
 When you didn't notice I got the
 groceries again? I was like "I can
 NOT do this"-

JULIE

Well maybe if you'd told me what you were thinking for the FIRST seven years of our relationship you wouldn't have wasted so much of my time and I'd be with someone who shares their feelings with me instead of getting murdered! I should have broken up with you three years ago! I should have broken up with you *last night!*

ERIC

Well you didn't, you wanted tapas and now this guy is going to kill us to protect some stupid fatso mayor!

MOUSTACHE

Excuse me, *excuse me*, what did you just say?

JULIE

Last night he was all moping around - DO YOU KNOW HOW LOUD SILENCE CAN BE?

ERIC

She doesn't know how close I was! I rehearsed the whole thing in the shower THAT MORNING!

MOUSTACHE

You think I care about the mayor? I HATE the mayor, he's a terrible mayor, he's a terrible boss, he's a terrible human...I watched him PUNCH A DOG once!

JULIE

What? Wait, but didn't you...you ran over Bicycle because he had the crack video. And because he was a blackmailer and you work for Mayor Dumdum and...like that. Right?

MOUSTACHE

That's why you think I did this? To cover up for the MAYOR? What kind of asshole do you think I am?

ERIC

...I mean...you did murder a guy.

MOUSTACHE

Y'know what? FUCK you guys. I was all prepared to feel guilty about this, but now -- guilt absolved. After I get rid of you two and destroy this phone, I am gonna walk away from this like nothing ever-

Moustache grabs the bag of personal belongings containing the phone...and freezes. Something in it has grabbed his attention. He stares at it for a few beats as he drives...

ERIC

Road. ROAD.

Moustache holds up the photo of him from Bicycle's desk.

MOUSTACHE

Where did you get this?

JULIE

It was in his desk.

MOUSTACHE

Whose desk.

JULIE

Bicycle's.

Moustache grows cold, rigid. He brings the car to a stop in an empty MARINA PARKING LOT, then turns off the engine.

Moustache faces forward intensely. Long silence. Julie and Eric have no idea what's going on.

MOUSTACHE

Who is "Bicycle."

Beat.

JULIE

...The guy you killed on a bicycle?

Moustache turns around sharply, intensely -- POINTING A GUN AT THEM.

MOUSTACHE

Bullshit.

ERIC

Whoa! Whoa!

MOUSTACHE

(brandishing the photo)

Bullshit you found this in his desk.

ERIC

I swear! Middle drawer!

JULIE

Yeah, in like a sneaky, underneath compartment-

ERIC

There was money and plane tickets-

JULIE

To Portland! Two plane tickets to
Portland!

Moustache stares fiercely at them for a second.

MOUSTACHE

Portland. Two tickets to Portland.

Tears start to roll down his face as he stares at them.

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)

We used to joke about Portland, when things were shitty. As this magical place, you know? A fresh start. From our *jobs* and all the fucking stress...I could feel it, we were slipping away from each other...and one night I tell him about the Mayor...his drug problem, this crack house he always goes to...just...you know, trying to have a real conversation again. We never *talked* anymore.

(beat)

Then tonight...I find this video of the Mayor on his phone, with his voice on it, and I just...lost it. I confronted him. I was screaming at him. He was trying to talk, but I wasn't listening, so he just grabbed the phone and ran, and I...

(beat)

That he would *do* that to me. Take something I told him in confidence, and then use it to blackmail my boss? To betray me? I GAVE HIM MY HEART!

(starting to bawl)

But he wasn't using me! He was trying to save me! That money was for US! So we could move away and start fresh!! HE WANTED US TO START FRESH IN PORTLAND! Oh my god, what did I do, what did I do? Ohmygodohmygod!

Moustache is a blubbering mess. Julie and Eric exchange glances. They proceed delicately:

JULIE

Listen, this whole thing can end right now. No one else needs to die. You don't-

ERIC

Yeah, put the gun down.

JULIE

Just take a breath, think about what you're doing- This isn't you. You're not a killer.

ERIC

Yeah, put the gun down...

MOUSTACHE

Yes I am! I killed him! I loved him and I killed him!

JULIE

No, you just, you made a mistake. People make mistakes all the time!
(beat)
But just...don't make two more, you know?

ERIC

Yeah man...put the gun down.

Moustache softens for a beat. Then he snaps out of it, staring at them.

MOUSTACHE

Wait, wait, wait. So how does this go? I let you go and then what?

Eric and Julie consider this.

JULIE

...Everyone stays quiet forever-

ERIC

...We shake hands and-

MOUSTACHE

Yeah, yeah, SURE. I'm sure evvvvverything will be fine for me. You watched me *kill someone*. I can't believe I almost...Jesus Christ this has been a long day. Stay there, I gotta grab some burlap sacks and anchors and steal the Mayor's boat.

Moustache goes to exit the car, then turns back:

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)

Look...it's over. But just so you know, there's nothing you could've done different. And there's nothing you can do about it now. It's not you, it's me.

Moustache exits the car, leaving Eric and Julie stunned. They were so close. Silence. They turn to look out their opposite windows. Both afraid, eyes tearing, on the verge of giving up.

JULIE

I know...the last thing you want to do is die with me right now...

ERIC

UM. The last thing I want to do is die PERIOD.

JULIE

O-kay, I'm just-

ERIC

Oh my god can we please pick this up later if we somehow don't get murdered.

JULIE

That's what I'm trying to...
(frustrated, starting to cry)

All I'm saying is I don't want to be with you just waiting to be killed, okay?? I want to *do something*.

ERIC

Me too.

JULIE

He's gonna come back any second and I don't want to waste time sitting here in weirdness with you-

ERIC

I know-

JULIE

I have to fix this-

ERIC

We have to fix this.

They lock eyes.

JULIE

Let's get the fuck out of this car.

Beat. They scramble into action. Eric scoots over, trying to turn his back to Julie.

ERIC
Help me get this zip tie off-

Julie turns her back to Eric and they uselessly fumble.

JULIE
I...how? You've got
to pull mine- That's
not, just pull mine,
PULL IT OFF-

ERIC
No, use your nails, your
sharp nails- Just use them
like a saw, saw through it-
Zipties won't pull!

JULIE
Well my nails don't saw! Find a
corkscrew or something!

ERIC
The window! Break the window and
use the glass!

Julie and Eric go back to back and stomp on the glass with
their shoeless feet. Repeated, dull thuds. No shattering.
After a few spirited attempts, they wince in terrible pain.

JULIE
OW, MY HEELS-

ERIC
UGH-

No time to wallow. Hands behind their backs, they worm their
way over/through the front seats to look for anything. A
frantic mess.

JULIE
We gotta find something, nail clippers
or-

ERIC
Sunroof! It's glass! Maybe I can
get more power-

Eric starts launching himself into the sunroof, his head
clanging against it, more repeated dull thuds. It clearly
hurts a great deal but he goes and goes. Meanwhile, Julie
still worms frantically over the front.

33 **EXT. MARINA -- NIGHT**

33

Moustache pauses in his preparing of the boat to glance back
at the car...

ITS WINDOWS ARE TINTED. The car sits there...motionless.

34 **INT. MAYOR'S TOWN CAR, PARKED -- MARINA -- NIGHT**

34

CHAOS. Eric rams his head. Julie roots around like an otter.

JULIE
THE LIGHTER! THE STUPID CIGARETTE
LIGHTER!

ERIC
YES! *THAT'S* WHY THEY HAVE THEM!

They both dive headlong towards the lighter, smashing into each other, struggling to inch their face towards it...

ERIC (CONT'D)	JULIE
I got it, if you just,	Move your head! Let me do
goddammit, will you-	something!

They inch closer and closer, smacking into each other, jockeying for position near the lighter. Julie gets to the lighter and CLICKS IT IN WITH HER TONGUE. It's weirdly hot.

ERIC
Oh, wow, that was-

JULIE
Does he see us?

Eric scrambles over to the window and peers out.

ERIC
...No, we're good, these windows are tinted...he was not joking about those burlap sacks though.

THE LIGHTER CLICKS OUT. SHE GRABS IT WITH HER TEETH.

JULIE
(teeth clenched)
OK. Hel! Hel!

ERIC
What? What are you-

Julie awkwardly drags herself back into the back seat, the lighter glowing red between her teeth.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Now what are you-

Julie wriggles down out of frame...

ERIC (CONT'D)
OW!

Moustache sadly hums a love song as he steals a couple anchors from neighboring boats and throws them into his.

He glances back at the car...

Black. Still. Quiet.

36 INT. MAYOR'S TOWN CAR, PARKED -- MARINA -- NIGHT

36

Eric screams bloody murder in time with the occasional sizzle sound from below.

ERIC
OWWWWWWWW! AAAAAAAA!

Julie burns slowly through Eric's zip-tie with the lighter still clenched between her teeth. She burns him occasionally.

JULIE
Ho thtill!

SHE BURNS THROUGH -- ERIC'S ZIP-TIE BREAKS!

ERIC
I'm out! GodDAMMIT that hurts!

Julie spits out the lighter onto the seat.

JULIE
Okay, do me, do me!

Eric grabs the lighter, Julie turns her back to him so he can burn through her zip-tie. That's when Julie looks out the window and sees MOUSTACHE. He's no longer by the boats but on his way back to the car and approaching quickly.

JULIE (CONT'D)
IT'S TOO LATE! HE'S BACK, HE'S BACK!

ERIC
I'm doin' it-

JULIE
ARE YOU SERIOUS? LISTEN TO ME-

ERIC
IF I DON'T DO THIS YOU
DIE, YOU'RE WELCOME,
FOR FUCKSAKES!

JULIE
HE'S RIGHT HERE! If you
don't do what, get me
killed?! OW! OW!

37 EXT. MARINA -- NIGHT

37

Moustache rips the back door open and stares down at them, his gun out.

ERIC AND JULIE SIT STILL, HANDS BEHIND THEIR BACKS AGAIN, both looking upset with the other.

MOUSTACHE

Alright. Up and at 'em.

38 **EXT. MARINA -- NIGHT**

38

Eric and Julie have their hands behind their back as Moustache walks them down to the boat at gunpoint.

MOUSTACHE

This is nothing personal, just wrong place, wrong time. Also, I don't really like you. So I guess that part is personal. But I mean I probably wouldn't kill you under normal- *you know what I'm saying.*

Eric stops just before the dock and turns around.

ERIC

Do I get any last words?

MOUSTACHE

Uhh...no?

ERIC

A dying man gets last words.

MOUSTACHE

...That's not an actual rule, but whatever, you can talk on the boat.

ERIC

I want to do it now. Before the boat.

MOUSTACHE

(sighs)

Okay. What are your last words.

ERIC

I only need two.

Dramatic Beat.

MOUSTACHE

Intriguing! What do you want me to say, man? *I don't care.*

Eric looks at Julie.

ERIC

YOU READY?

JULIE

GO!

JULIE JUMPS MOUSTACHE. ERIC RUNS.

ERIC
 (realizing he guessed
 wrong, quickly
 reverses)
Ah shit-

It's too late. Julie attacks Moustache and gets bopped with the butt of the gun on the top of the head, quickly deposed. Julie crumples.

JULIE
 AAaohhh!

Eric gets there one second after and tries to grab Moustache's gun -- they struggle for control of it.

ERIC
 Julie!

JULIE
 YOU RAN?? I SAID "GO"!!

ERIC
 Julie, he's going to shoot me!

Eric is losing the battle of strength, the barrel getting pushed to point at him. Julie pushes pain aside and jumps into the fray. All three of them fight for the gun.

JULIE
 Got it!

All three exert as much effort as they can, grunting as the gun ever so slowly begins to lower from Eric's face...Julie feels the tide shifting, he's slowly taking control...

JULIE (CONT'D)
 I got it...I got it...I GOT IT...

MOUSTACHE
 Nononononono-

JULIE
 I GOT IT...

ERIC
 You got it?!?

JULIE
 (exuberant)
 I GOT IT, I GOT IT-!

ERIC (CONT'D)

STILL ME!

Moustache is in the middle -- he punches Julie right in the leg wound, then back to Eric for another one.

JULIE
AAAHHHH!

ERIC
AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Moustache crawls out to a lead. Eric locks eyes with Julie.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'll hold him. You get the gun.

JULIE

What? No-

ERIC

I'll stay back. GO.

Eric launches himself at Moustache's legs, grabbing them tightly. Julie scuttles past Moustache's flailing arms and gains the lead on the gun. Moustache frantically punches Eric, trying to get him off him. Eric has no defense, he just holds on to Moustache's legs and takes the rain of abuse.

Julie grabs the gun! She turns around on her knees and aims, ready to shoot. Only to find Moustache on his knees, propped behind Eric, using him as a shield. Moustache has him in a mean hold around his neck, Eric is beaten and defenseless.

MOUSTACHE

DROP IT!

Julie freezes. Gun still pointed.

JULIE

You drop it! ...Him.

MOUSTACHE

Drop it or I'll break his neck.

Beat. Julie doesn't lower the gun.

ERIC

...Jules...

Julie looks at Eric, his neck twisted. Eric looks right back at her.

A SILENT MOMENT PASSES BETWEEN THEM WHERE THEY LOOK IN EACH OTHER EYES.

Julie snaps out of it.

JULIE

You can't just break a neck! You know how hard it is to break a guy's neck?!

ERIC

Julie-

MOUSTACHE

I'll twist until *some*thin' happens!

JULIE

WHAT?

ERIC

Julie, put the gun down.

JULIE

And then what? He can't hurt you!

MOUSTACHE

YES. I CAN.

ERIC

Yes he absolutely can, Julie. Put the gun down.

JULIE

(in anguish)

I can't put the gun down!

MOUSTACHE

I will do it! I will twist this guy until something happens!

ERIC

JULIE! PUT DOWN THE GUN!

MOUSTACHE

You don't have a shot anyway-

JULIE

I didn't even want to get the gun! You just made that decision for us!

ERIC

I STAYED BACK FOR YOU! I STAYED BACK AND HE PUNCHED ME LIKE 11 TIMES! HE HAS RINGS!

MOUSTACHE

GUYS-

JULIE

I didn't ask you to do that! We both should've crawled! We would've won! And now I have to drop the gun- I NEVER GET A SAY!

ERIC
ARE YOU SERIOUS, YOU NEVER STOP
TALKING!

MOUSTACHE
GUYS!!

JULIE
BECAUSE YOU NEVER LISTEN!

ERIC
APPRECIATE WHAT I'M DOING FOR ONCE!

JULIE
WE'RE NEVER TOGETHER ON *ANYTHING!*

ERIC
YOU ARE NEVER THERE FOR ME!

JULIE
YOU READY!

ERIC
GO!

Completely in sync, Julie raises the gun just as Eric elbows a distracted Moustache in the gut, freeing himself and dropping to the ground, leaving a surprised Moustache very much exposed.

The fight was just a distraction.

JULIE SHOOTS MOUSTACHE A BUNCH OF TIMES IN THE CHEST. Moustache stares down at his bloody chest, then eyes glazing:

MOUSTACHE
...Portland...

MOUSTACHE DROPS DOWN, DEAD. On top of Eric. Blood pouring.

ERIC
Blood. BLOOD.

Julie drops the gun and collapses next to Eric, helps him shove Moustache's corpse off of him.

Both lie on their backs in silence for a long while, gazing up at nothing, exhausted and in shock.

JULIE
I got it. I got your plan. With
just a look. You saved us, Eric...

ERIC
No. We're a fucking team.

Without turning, with as little energy as possible, they try to high five. Only Eric goes low and Julie goes right over it. They try again, but switch, missing again. And again.

JULIE

Uggghhh.

They give up. Our couple stares up at the sky. Finally:

ERIC

Okay, who's crawling to the phone?

TIME CUT:

Julie and Eric sit on stretchers at the back of an AMBULANCE. Paramedics tend to their wounds, Eric has a neck brace on. OFFICER DALY is flipping through Bicycle's cell, scrolling through ROMANTIC PICTURES OF MOUSTACHE AND BICYCLE TOGETHER.

OFFICER DALY

So between the phone, the photos of the Deputy Mayor with the victim, and the video of the mayor smoking what appears to be a whole mess of crack with the victim's voice on it...your story is sounding... substantially less crazy. I mean, it's still crazy, we'll need to take your statements again at some point but...after that, you should be good.

Eric and Julie look a bit confused.

JULIE

How do you mean...good?

ERIC

That's...that's it?

OFFICER DALY

That's it. Once the hospital releases you, you can just...go back to your life.

(smiles)

Like none of this ever happened.

Eric and Julie smile softly, tentatively. But as the officer walks away, their smiles fall away. Worried.

Go back to what? To the way it was?

They don't look at each other, minds turning this over.

39 INT. AMBULANCE, MOVING -- NIGHT

39

Eric and Julie sit up side-by-side in stretchers, not looking at each other. Thoughts still racing, the future looming.

SILENCE. Jostling. We move slowly in on them, each staring off in different directions, lost in thought. Eventually, they turn to face each other.

ERIC
Look, I don't know how
you feel-

JULIE
I know we said it's over
between us-

ERIC
Sorry you-

JULIE
Go ahead, I-

ERIC
About how we said we're
not together anymore-

JULIE
I don't want to go back to
the way we-

ERIC
Sorry. Wait, what do
you-

JULIE
Oh. Wait, what?

ERIC
I just want to say-

JULIE
I just want you to know-

They grimace. Then breathe. And then. SIMULTANEOUSLY:

ERIC & JULIE
I love you.

Smiles grow across their faces.

THEY KISS.

THE END.