

UNTITLED TULSA PROJECT

Formerly known as

KANSAS CITY

Pilot

"Go West, Old Man"

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The camera SOARS high above the massive GRANITE structure, six V-shaped buildings facing a large CENTRAL YARD. After a while, we hear a man's VOICE...

DWIGHT (V.O.)

This is U.S.P. Canaan, a Federal prison in northern Pennsylvania.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals ARMED GUARDS in a circular TOWER surveying the grounds below.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

In the bible, Canaan was the Promised Land, but at this Canaan, the only promise is you're fucked. So sayeth the Lord.

On a timer, the FLOODLIGHTS click OFF with the daylight.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Some people call this place a penitentiary, but it's not.

CLOSE ON -- DWIGHT'S EYES, intense, wide open and clear as he lies awake on his cot.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

To have a penitentiary, you need penitents. And I'm not sorry for anything.

A BUZZER. The LIGHTS go on and the CELL DOOR slides opens.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

My name is Dwight David Manfredi and I've lived here, or places like it, for the last 25 years.

Dwight sits up in his cot. He is Italian-American, mid 70s and muscular, with mostly grey hair and a grey goatee.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

I know. I don't look like a "Dwight". But my parents were proud immigrants and they named me after the greatest American general of the 20th century.

Dwight stands, stretches, then drops to the floor and starts doing PUSH-UPS.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Since 1997 I've done four million,
five hundred and sixty two thousand
push-ups.

As he continues doing PUSH-UPS - real ones - his chest touching the floor, the CAMERA PANS to a small STAINLESS STEEL TABLE, beside which is a four-foot tall column of SOFTCOVER BOOKS, among them and in no particular order "*Middlemarch*", "*The World Almanac 2020*", "*The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*" and "*The Screwtape Letters*".

DWIGHT (V.O.)

As for books, I lost count. Guys like me start with *The Prince* by Niccolò Machiavelli, which is basically *Dick & Jane* for wise guys.

More PUSH-UPS.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

From there it's *The Art of War*, then more recently *The 48 Laws of Power*, ironic considering the guys in here reading it are so powerless they actually have an assigned bedtime.

More PUSH-UPS.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

After a while, assuming you don't have shit for brains, you branch out, read Shakespeare. The Koran maybe. The whole Western Canon.

He finishes the PUSH-UPS, stands.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Make that four million, five hundred sixty two thousand, one hundred push-ups.

Over the following, Dwight crosses to the sink, washes up.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

I've been asked many times if what I did was worth twenty five years of my life and the answer is no, it wasn't even worth twenty five seconds.

CARMINE

Long Island.

DWIGHT

What? How come?

CARMINE

They gave me an address.

A pensive look slowly comes over Dwight as Carmine turns onto the Queensborough Bridge. And as he looks out the window...

7 **EXT. OLD BROOKVILLE LONG ISLAND - (LATER THAT) DAY** 7

Skyscrapers give way to TREE-LINED streets; MASSIVE HOMES with MANICURED LAWNS. The Town Car pulls into the driveway of a Tudor mansion...

8 **INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS** 8

Dwight looks out the window.

DWIGHT

Whose house is this?

CARMINE

They didn't say.

The garage door opens automatically. Carmine pulls inside. The garage door closes behind them. Dwight is tense.

9 **INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS** 9

Dwight emerges from the Town Car with Carmine. Warily, he looks around, then follows Carmine inside the house.

10 **INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS** 10

Dwight follows Carmine into the kitchen. It's empty.

CARMINE

You're supposed to wait here.

DWIGHT

I'm startin' to not like this.

Carmine nods, exits the room. Dwight looks around, spots a

KNIFE BLOCK

loaded with KNIVES of all sizes. He crosses, considering whether to slip one in his jacket, when:

CARMINE (O.C.)

They're ready for you.

Dwight leaves the knives, looks at Carmine, then follows him into...

11 **INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

11

Nine MEN, mostly in their 40s and 50s, sit around a massive OAK TABLE as Dwight enters. At the head is the boss, PETE INZERILLO, early 80s, feeble, an oxygen tube taped beneath his nostrils. He looks at Dwight, manages a small smile though there's a definite air of tension in the room.

PETE

There he is.

DWIGHT

Pete.

Dwight crosses to him, kisses him on both cheeks.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

How you feelin'?

PETE

Sixty years of Camel non-filters,
that's how I'm feelin'.

(then)

Welcome home.

DWIGHT

Good to be home.

PETE

(re: Dwight's beard)

What's with the whiskers?

DWIGHT

Makes me look professorial.

PETE

Never cultivate under your nose
that which grows wild around your
asshole.

(then)

You see my son?

Pete juts his chin to his son, CHARLES "CHICKIE" INZERILLO, 40s, who approaches with VINCE ANTONACCI, 40s.

CHICKIE

The myth. The legend. The fuckin'
General.

DWIGHT

How you doin', Chickie?

CHICKIE

Who's better than me, Uncle Dwight?

(then)

You remember Vince, eh?

DWIGHT

I do.

Dwight gives Vince a perfunctory nod, then Chickie gestures to a seat at the end of the table.

CHICKIE

Have a seat.

Dwight looks at the empty chair, notices thugs MARIO and STEVIE standing along the wall behind it.

DWIGHT

Head of the table, Chickie?

CHICKIE

(smiles)

That ain't the head, that's the
ass.

Dwight sits. Chickie looks at him wistfully.

CHICKIE (CONT'D)

Dwight "The General" Manfredi.

VINCE

(ala MacArthur)

"I shall return!"

DWIGHT

Wrong general, but I appreciate
what you did there.

VINCE

How you mean?

DWIGHT

MacArthur said that, not
Eisenhower.

(off Vince's blank look)

Not important.

Dwight turns, looks at Mario and Stevie behind him.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

What are you doin' back there?

MARIO
Watchin' the door.

VINCE
That's their job.

DWIGHT
They can watch a door from
anywhere.
(gesturing)
Like that corner over there --

CHICKIE
What can they do if somebody comes
through the door way the fuck over
there?

DWIGHT
You expectin' company?

VINCE
What's wrong with you?

DWIGHT
(standing up)
I don't want anyone behind me.

STEVIE
Ho, easy.

DWIGHT
(to Stevie and Mario)
Don't fucking stand behind me!!

PETE
Ashpet, relax! I wanted to send
you down, you'd already be sent.
Now sit.

Dwight looks at Pete, then sits back down, flanked by Vince
and Chickie.

DWIGHT
No offense, Pete... just not the
welcome I expected.

PETE
Business first.

DWIGHT
(a few beats; then)
So how is business?

CHICKIE

It's tough.

Dwight looks at Chickie, then back at Pete.

DWIGHT

I'm sorry, am I supposed to be talkin' to him or to you?

PETE

Chickie's my underboss now.

CHICKIE

And Vince is a capo.

This is clearly news to Dwight. He turns to face Chickie.

DWIGHT

Lotta changes.

CHICKIE

Twenty five years. I was a kid you went away.

DWIGHT

I got news for you. You're still a kid, so enjoy it.

CHICKIE

(a beat; then)

As I was sayin', things are tough. Not like when you were around.

DWIGHT

"All things are only transitory."

CHICKIE

Well I don't know about that, but our thing? I mean we still got the unions, the sanitation, sports book, but these Russians, fuckin' Albanians now?

VINCE

They're everywhere these pricks.

DWIGHT

(shrugs)

In the '70s it was the Colombians.

PETE

What, you wanna go to war?

DWIGHT

I get my old crew together we'll see what's what.

CHICKIE

(chuckling)

Your old crew?

VINCE

Half of 'em are dead of old age.

DWIGHT

So gimme some young guys.

CHICKIE

It ain't that easy, Ike.

DWIGHT

(keeping it light)

I'm Ike now? What happened to Uncle Dwight?

CHICKIE

I'm just sayin' it ain't like it was. Things change. Have changed.

Dwight looks at him. A few beats, then:

DWIGHT

What are you gettin' at, kid?

CHICKIE

Don't call me that. I'm the fuckin' underboss.

DWIGHT

Fair enough. What are you gettin' at... underboss?

PETE

Dwight... Listen to my son.

CHICKIE

Look, I don't know what you're expectin', okay, now you're back? But we can't just rewind the clock.

Dwight looks at Pete, then at Chickie.

DWIGHT

You don't know what I'm expecting. Okay. I'll tell you what I'm expecting, that way you'll know.

(a few beats; then)

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

I'm expecting, that after doing twenty five years to cover your dad's ass for a murder that was done to save your ass -- clipping, by the way, a guy I actually liked -- that I get some form of adequate compensation.

PETE

What do you think, we're not gonna take care of you?

DWIGHT

Are you?

CHICKIE

Yes.

(leans in; selling it)

Tulsa.

Dwight looks at him blankly.

DWIGHT

What's Tulsa?

VINCE

A city.

DWIGHT

I don't understand.

CHICKIE

It's a city in Oklahoma.

DWIGHT

I know it's a city in Oklahoma, I don't understand what the fuck you're talking about.

CHICKIE

I want you to go there, plant the flag, get set up. With my blessing.

Dwight looks at Chickie, then at Pete.

DWIGHT

Is this a joke?

CHICKIE

Dwight, I been there, it's wide fuckin' open, a bunch of hayseeds.

(MORE)

CHICKIE (CONT'D)

There's nobody runnin' nothin', you could earn like crazy, do whatever you want.

DWIGHT

But I'd be doing it in Oklahoma.

CHICKIE

There's nothin' left here for you, I'm sorry. Time don't just stop cause you went away.

Dwight looks at him, takes a deep breath. A few beats, then:

DWIGHT

You remember my wife, right, Evelyn? She divorced me after I went inside, married some guy owns a SoulCycle which frankly I don't even know what that is.

VINCE

Spinning classes.

DWIGHT

(forging ahead;
anger building)

My daughter Tina I haven't heard from in seventeen years and my dog, who knows how long he's been dead. Every suit I got in mothballs looks like something Arsenio Hall woulda worn and all I got to my name is this pinkie ring. Now after everything I been through, after everything I did for this family -- everything I did for your family -- you actually have the balls to tell me there's nothing here for me?

VINCE

You don't understand how this fuckin' works.

DWIGHT

I don't understand? Fuck you. I got my button when you were in diapers.

VINCE

Well now you're wearin' Depends, so--

With that, Dwight steps over the unconscious Vince and exits.

12 **EXT. BEDFORD AVENUE - WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - (THE NEXT) DAY** 2

Wearing a Members Only jacket and polyester slacks, Stranger-in-a-Strange-Land Dwight walks down the bustling street, HIPSTERS everywhere. With a slight look of wonderment, he passes Vape Stores, Coffee Shops and Vegan Bakeries. Stopping before a Vintage Clothing Store, he sees

A MANNEQUIN

in the window wearing the identical Members Only Jacket he's got on. He frowns, then heads off, stopping at a decrepit storefront. In chipped paint etched on the window is:

Sons Of Napoli

Social Club

13 **INT. SONS OF NAPOLI SOCIAL CLUB - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS** 13

Black & White PHOTOS of BOXERS compete for wall space with CATHOLIC SAINTS. At a folding table playing HEARTS are four men, none a day younger than 80 and each looking every minute of it. Coke Bottle Eyeglasses, Aluminum Walkers, DiNobilis and Espresso. They are WILLIE BOY, ALBIE, PEACH and FRANK.

WILLIE BOY

Pass left.

Each man passes three CARDS to the Player to his left. As they look at their hands, Dwight enters.

ALBIE

There he is!

DWIGHT

(smiling)

Albie.

FRANK

Welcome back, kid.

DWIGHT

Don't get up, don't get up.

They weren't going to.

WILLIE BOY

Should we deal you in?

DWIGHT

I'm good, no. Just stoppin' by to pay my respects.

An awkward beat, then Albie juts his chin toward the kitchenette:

ALBIE

Take some coffee, throw in some anisette.

FRANK

Some *biscott's* over there too.

Dwight looks over to the ancient, crusty Espresso Machine.

DWIGHT

Late breakfast, I'm good.

Dwight takes a seat nearby as the Men keep playing cards.

ALBIE

So what's this shit about Tucson?

DWIGHT

Tulsa. You believe that?

PEACH

(hard of hearing)
What's this now?

ALBIE

They want him to go there.

PEACH

To where?

ALBIE

To Tulsa.

WILLIE BOY

Who does?

DWIGHT

Chickie. And Pete I guess.

FRANK

Chickie Inzerillo? For what?

DWIGHT

Good question. Says there's nothin' here for me.

PEACH
(to Albie)
Where's he wanna go?

ALBIE
Oklahoma.

PEACH
The show?

DWIGHT
(louder)
No. The actual place. Oklahoma.

FRANK
Why you wanna go there for?

DWIGHT
I don't, that's what I'm sayin'.

They finish playing the hand. Albie shuffles and deals.

ALBIE
You should go to Vegas is where you
should go.

WILLIE BOY
Or Branson. Lotta entertainment.

DWIGHT
I don't wanna go anyplace. I wanna
stay here.

FRANK
So don't go.

DWIGHT
It's either that or pack it in.
They're sendin' me.

ALBIE
(re: cards)
Pass right.

WILLIE BOY
We just did.

PEACH
No.

FRANK
We passed left, Willie.

PEACH

Did we?

ALBIE

Yes. Pass left.

They pass their cards. Dwight is getting frustrated.

DWIGHT

I'm too young to retire, you know,
I gotta earn.

WILLIE BOY

You should put some money on the
street.

DWIGHT

I don't have any money.

ALBIE

He should do one of them
whattayacalls is what he
should do, a podcast.

DWIGHT

A podcast.

ALBIE

Sammy's makin' money hand over
fist, sells T-shirts, coffee mugs.

FRANK

Minque', with the stories you got?
They eat that up nowadays.

DWIGHT

I thought the whole point is we
don't talk about our thing.

FRANK

(waving him off)

Nothin's a fuckin' secret no more.
You can see pussy right on the
computer now.

And as Dwight sits there forlornly watching them play...

14

EXT. TULSA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

14

CLOSE ON an artist's rendition of a MAN in a HARD HAT staring
into the distance. A few beats, then a REVERSE ANGLE reveals

DWIGHT

staring at the Man, a character in a massive MURAL called *The Panorama of Petroleum*, which depicts a dozen MEN working various jobs in an oil field. PULLING BACK, we see Dwight is in one of his '90s-era silk suits among a sea of mostly OVERWEIGHT, very WHITE people in COWBOY HATS and CASUAL WEAR, a lot of SPORTS LOGOS in evidence. After a few beats, sore-thumb Dwight joins the throng and heads toward BAGGAGE CLAIM.

15

EXT. TULSA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - (LATER THAT) DAY

15

PULLING his SUITCASE, Dwight walks toward the CAB STAND. As he passes a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN holding a SPRAY BOTTLE:

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

God Bless You.

DWIGHT

You too, hon.

SPRITZ! The Woman sprays Dwight with a clear MIST.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Ho! What the fuck, lady?!

(wiping his face)

What is that shit?!

TYSON, black, mid 20s, a cabbie, intervenes.

TYSON

It's Holy Water, relax.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

(to Dwight)

You should gargle with it with that mouth!

Dwight just looks at her as she heads off.

TYSON

These Church of God folks'll
bless the shit out of you you're
not careful. Need a cab?

DWIGHT

I do, actually.

Tyson nods, takes Dwight's SUITCASE and loads it in his trunk. Dwight gets in back.

16

INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER

16

Tyson hops in front, hits the meter.

TYSON

Name's Tyson, welcome to Tulsa.
Where to?

DWIGHT

A hotel.

TYSON

Which one?

DWIGHT

One where no one'll break my balls.

Tyson nods, starts driving. Dwight looks out the window.

LATER

On the road, Dwight looks out at the BILLBOARDS advertising GUNS, TRACTORS and various CHURCHES.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Lotta churches here, eh?

TYSON

This is the bible belt, my man.
And you're in the buckle.

Dwight grunts. After a while, Tyson looks in the REAR-VIEW:

TYSON (CONT'D)

Wedding?

Dwight meets his eyes in the mirror but says nothing.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Funeral?

DWIGHT

(after a while)
Business.

TYSON

Kind of business?

DWIGHT

The none of your fuckin' business
kind of business.

Tyson takes that in.

TYSON

That's cool, gangsta gotta be
gangsta.

DWIGHT

What'd you say?

TYSON

Say what?

DWIGHT

Why'd you call me a gangster?

TYSON

I didn't call you no gangster,
I said gangsta gotta be a gangsta--

DWIGHT

Wouldn't that make me a gangster?

TYSON

What?

DWIGHT

Are you retarded?

TYSON

Look man, you obviously ain't met a
lot of black folks so--

DWIGHT

(cutting him off)

I've met more black folks than you
can count, believe me.

TYSON

Then you should know you can call
anybody gangsta. It's like sayin'
they cool.

DWIGHT

You think bein' a gangster is cool?

TYSON

A'ight, it's like callin' a dude
"playa" then, 'cept I say gangsta.
I ain't sayin' you in a gang, even
though you are one gangsta-lookin'
motherfucker.

DWIGHT

Stop calling me that.

Tyson tries to act hard.

TYSON

Yo listen man, nobody tell me what to say in my own cab. Got it, 'gangsta'?

DWIGHT

One more time and I'll slap some good grammar back into your mouth.

Tyson pulls to the curb, stops.

TYSON

A'ight, get out my cab.

Dwight tosses him two HUNDRED DOLLARS.

DWIGHT

No. Now take me to the hotel.

Tyson eyes the BILLS, then mumbling to himself, puts the car in drive.

TYSON

(under his breath)
--throw money at me drive me the hotel with your gangsta ass.

Dwight SLAPS the back of Tyson's neck.

TYSON (CONT'D)

OOOOWWWW!!!

DWIGHT

You want gangster? There's some gangster.

TYSON

What the fuck?!

DWIGHT

I'm about to what-the-fuck your black ass through that windshield.

TYSON

My black what?! You can't say--

Dwight spots something out the cab window.

DWIGHT

Stop the car. Now!!

SCREECH!!! Tyson pulls over, raises his hands.

TYSON

Don't shoot me!

DWIGHT

I don't even have a gun, stop bein'
a little bitch.

(then; jutting his chin)

What is that place?

ANGLE ON a SIGN -- "THE HIGHER PLAIN".

TYSON

A dispensary... Where they sell
marijuana.

DWIGHT

Right, I read about this. Anyone
can go in there, right?

TYSON

It's a store, man.

DWIGHT

Who runs it?

TYSON

Whoever own it.

DWIGHT

I don't mean who owns it, I mean
who runs it? What crew runs this
neighborhood?

TYSON

There ain't no crew here, man, you
in the middle of nowhere, cracker
heaven.

DWIGHT

That much I got.

Dwight hands him another HUNDRED.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Don't go anywhere.

WE TRACK with Dwight as he exits the cab and strides toward
the dispensary...

17

INT. HIGHER PLAIN DISPENSARY - MOMENTS LATER

17

Dwight enters, stops and looks around. Behind one counter is CLINT, a rail-thin white man about 22, dreadlocks to his ass. Behind another counter is GRACE, also skinny and 22, TATTOOS everywhere and the sides of her head SHAVED.

On a stool against the wall is an OBESE SECURITY GUARD we'll come to know as FRED, who eats a bag of PORK RINDS while scrolling through his PHONE.

DWIGHT
(friendly; all smiles)
Hi.

CLINT
Howdy, can I help you?

DWIGHT
Yeah. I'm kinda new at this, how does this work?

CLINT
Well it depends what you're looking for. We've got gummies, actual flower, CBD oil, creams. Technically it's for medicinal purposes but if you're just looking to get high, let me know.

DWIGHT
Does it help with diabetes?

GRACE
CBD can help regulate glucose levels... alleviate neuropathy.

Dwight nods, looks around...

DWIGHT
You take credit cards?

CLINT
Cash only, sorry.

DWIGHT
(looking around)
Huh. And just a security guard, no cameras? That seems pretty risky.

CLINT
Well we don't really get a lot of crime here, so...

DWIGHT

I see.

(big shift in attitude)
So who runs this shit hole?

CLINT

Excuse me?

DWIGHT

You fuckin' deaf? I asked who runs
this shit hole.

CLINT

Uh... Bodhi?

DWIGHT

Where's Bodhi?

CLINT

In the office?

DWIGHT

Are you asking me or telling me?
(off his look)
Fuckin' get him.

CLINT

I-- I can't leave the counter,
bruh.

Dwight looks at the Fred the Security Guard.

DWIGHT

You. Jumbo. Get Bodhi.

SECURITY GUARD

What'd you call me?

DWIGHT

Jumbo. As in "fat fuck". Now go
get fuckin' Bodhi.

The Security Guard pulls a can of PEPPER SPRAY from his duty
belt and points it at Dwight.

SECURITY GUARD

Listen asshole, take a hike.

Dwight stares at him. A few beats, then:

DWIGHT

Fine.

Dwight turns and walks out.

18 **EXT. HIGHER PLAIN DISPENSARY - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS** 18

Dwight crosses toward Tyson, who leans on the cab, sipping from a METAL WATER BOTTLE.

DWIGHT

Gimme that.

Dwight snatches the METAL WATER BOTTLE, tests its heft in his hand, then heads back toward the dispensary.

TYSON

Fuck you doin', that my juice!

19 **INT. HIGHER PLAIN DISPENSARY - MOMENTS LATER** 19

Dwight pushes through the door, the Security Guard already struggling to get his fat ass off the stool and reaching for the PEPPER SPRAY--

SECURITY GUARD

Listen mister, I told you--

Before he can finish the sentence, Dwight WINGS the full METAL WATER BOTTLE at him like Nolan Ryan.... BONGGGG!!!!!!

The BOTTLE hits dead center between the Security Guard's eyes, an EGG forming on his forehead before he even hits the floor unconscious.

CLINT

OOHHH MYYY GOOODDDDDDD!!

Just then, THE OFFICE DOOR whips open and another skinny Millennial bolts out -- beard, jeans and slicked back hair.

BODHI

What the fuck, man?!

Dwight looks at him.

DWIGHT

You must be Bodhi.

BODHI

Who are you?

DWIGHT

I'm the guy whose foot you're about to have up your ass. Now get over here and stand by this other fuckhead.

Bodhi complies immediately, stands next to Clint. Dwight turns to Grace, who stares at him, terrified.

BODHI
(terrified)
Is this a robbery?
(sees unconscious Fred)
Oh my God, is Fred dead?!

DWIGHT
Fred's on break.
(turns to Grace)
You waiting for an engraved invitation, sweetheart?

GRACE
Sir... I am... way too fucking high for this. Can I just sit it out over here please?

DWIGHT
(beat)
Fine. Put your cellphone on the counter and sit down.

She does. A few beats, then Dwight surveys the group.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
How are you all so skinny?

BODHI
I guess we eat right--

CLINT
I'm Paleo--

DWIGHT
(cutting them off)
Rhetorical question, just an observation.
(then)
Bodhi, I need to see your books.

BODHI
My books?

DWIGHT
Your accounts. Your books. Your bookkeeping. Which, by the way, is the only word in the English language that has three consecutive sets of double letters. "Bookkeeping".

BODHI
Are you... with the government?

Dwight looks at him.

DWIGHT

I'm gonna give you five seconds to retract that unbelievably stupid question, okay? I just knocked your security guard unconscious with a water bottle, you think I'm a CPA?

Bodhi looks at him. A few beats, then:

CLINT

So you're not with the government?

On Dwight.

20

INT. HIGHER PLAIN DISPENSARY - BODHI'S OFFICE - LATER

20

Bodhi stands by terrified as Dwight, wearing eyeglasses, sits at his desk, looking at his ledger on the computer.

DWIGHT

Jesus, you're makin' a fortune here. Where you keep your cash?

BODHI

(beat)

In the bank.

Dwight looks at him.

DWIGHT

Pull the other one, Bodhi.

BODHI

It's in the bank, I swear.

DWIGHT

It's not in the bank. Cause only states have legalized this shit. You put this money in a bank and the Feds have it the next morning. Even you're smart enough to know that, so where is it?

BODHI

Dude, I'm not lying.

Dwight frowns, then looks at him.

DWIGHT

Let me paint a picture here for you, okay? You see these shoes I'm wearing?

Bodhi looks down at Dwight's Ferragamos.

BODHI

Yeah?

DWIGHT

Well I'm about to take the heel of my right shoe, which is very sharp, and stomp it really hard on the instep of your left foot, most likely crushing at least three of your metatarsals through those shitty PF Flyers or whatever they are. It's excruciatingly painful and you'll most likely be on crutches for a month, not to mention your hacky-sack days will be over. So I'll ask you again...

Dwight points to the DESK DRAWER, toying with him like he's talking to a child.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Is the money in there?

Bodhi starts to sob. Dwight points to the MICROWAVE.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

In there maybe?

More sobbing. Then Dwight points to a gigantic SAFE.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. I bet it's in there.

BODHI

(through his sobs)

I -- I -- I...

DWIGHT

Open the safe.

(a few beats, then)

You want the heel?

Bodhi crosses to the safe, opens it -- STACKS and STACKS of CASH stare back.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Whoa. How much you got in there?

BODHI

(through his tears)

A lot.

DWIGHT

No shit a lot. How much?

BODHI

(through his tears)

Like almost a million dollars.

Dwight whistles, then grabs an old Subway SANDWICH BAG off the desk. As he starts filling it with STACKS OF HUNDREDS:

DWIGHT

So here's how this works -- I'm takin' twenty percent a week.

(off Bodhi's look)

Hey, we all got bosses, right?

Even I answer to somebody.

(then)

In exchange, I protect you from the gangs--

BODHI

What gangs?

DWIGHT

Also the law.

BODHI

This is legal.

DWIGHT

Then if you get locusts I'll fuckin' spray 'em for you!!

(reeling himself in)

Stop making me have to be an asshole about this. I protect you, you pay me a commission. *Capisce?*

His Subway bag full, Dwight closes the SAFE and locks it, leaving 80% of the CASH behind.

BODHI

You're really not taking the rest of the money?

DWIGHT

What'd I just say? We're partners, this is a good thing.

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

You make the money, I make sure you
get to keep it.

(offers his hand)

We got a deal or not?

Bodhi stares at him, stunned.

BODHI

Do I have a choice?

DWIGHT

Not really.

Bodhi nods. They shake.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

This is good. You'll see.

Bodhi watches as Dwight exits.

21 **INT. HIGHER PLAIN DISPENSARY - LOBBY**

21

Dwight walks out, leans down to the Security Guard, who's now
sitting up holding his head.

DWIGHT

Hey Fred, you wanna keep working
here, you're gonna need to step up
your game.

And with that, Dwight exits.

22 **EXT. HIGHER PLAIN DISPENSARY - MOMENTS LATER**

22

Dwight heads to the cab with the Subway Bag full of money.

TYSON

Where's my bottle?

DWIGHT

It's got blood on it, buy a new
one.

Dwight gets in back of the cab. Tyson gets up front.

23 **INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS**

23

TYSON

The fuck happened in there?

DWIGHT

(ignoring him)

What kind of car do you drive when
you're not driving a cab?

TYSON

Repo man took it.

Dwight pulls out a stack of CASH. Hands it to Tyson.

DWIGHT

Buy a Lincoln Navigator. A black one. New. You drive for me now.

TYSON

What?

Dwight counts out another TWO GRAND.

DWIGHT

First week's pay.

Tyson stares at the money. Stares at Dwight. Then smiles.

TYSON

My gangsta.

DWIGHT

Don't test me.

(beat)

Now take me to the hotel.

LATER

Tyson drives; Dwight looks out the window, sees a billboard:

Welcome to Oklahoma

The Sooner State

We can see Dwight's wheels turning, then:

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Why they call this the Sooner State?

TYSON

Got me, man. Sound like some white people shit.

DWIGHT

You live here and you don't know.

TYSON

(shrugs)

Lotta shit I don't know.

DWIGHT

I'll bet. You're not curious?

TYSON

Not really.

DWIGHT

Well I am.

Tyson nods. A few beats, then:

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

If only someone invented a device where you could look shit like this up, wouldn't that be great?

Tyson looks at him in the rear-view:

TYSON

You trippin', man? The fuckin' i-Phone.

(off Dwight's look)

Oh. Ohhhh. You want me to look it up.

(then)

I can't right now, I'm drivin'.

DWIGHT

Forget it.

After a while, Tyson pulls into the parking lot of a HAMPTON INN right off the highway.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

10 a.m. tomorrow morning. Right here. And wear a collared shirt.

TYSON

You said get the Navigator in the morning.

DWIGHT

How long does that take?

TYSON

Well I gotta negotiate.

DWIGHT

Negotiate what?

TYSON

The price?

DWIGHT

Fuck the price, just give 'em what they want, I'll make it back in a day. Pop the trunk.

DWIGHT
(to himself)
Fuck no.

30

INT. HAMPTON INN - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

30

Dwight re-enters the lobby and approaches the desk, where Helen looks up from her novel.

HELEN
Can I help you, Mr...?

DWIGHT
Manfredi.

HELEN
So many vowels.

DWIGHT
You know what also has a lot of
vowels? Oklahoma.
(then)
Can you get me a cab?

HELEN
We don't really get a lot of cabs
around here, but you can call an
UBER.

DWIGHT
Do you have the number?

HELEN
There's no number, you just use the
app on your phone.

DWIGHT
Do you have the app on your phone?

HELEN
Of course.

Dwight hands her a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

DWIGHT
Call me an Uber. Please.

Helen looks at the MONEY, then at Dwight. She slips the BILL
in her pocket, then starts clicking away on her PHONE.

31

INT. UBER - LATER

31

Dwight sits cramped in the back of a Prius, its millennial
DRIVER up front.

DWIGHT

What's a decent bar around here?

UBER DRIVER

What kind?

DWIGHT

The Tulsa kind. Tryin' to make sense of this place.

UBER DRIVER

You like music?

DWIGHT

I like Yacht Rock.

And as they continue driving, we PRE-LAP Hank Williams' *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry...*

HANK WILLIAMS (V.O.)

(singing)

*Hear that lonesome whippoorwill/
He sounds too blue to fly/ The
midnight train is whining low/
I'm so lonesome, I could cry--*

32

EXT. SADDLE SORES COUNTRY & WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

32

As Hank Williams continues, the Prius pulls up in front of a run-down barn-like structure, MEN and WOMEN in COWBOY HATS and BOOTS congregating outside. Dwight emerges from the Prius, the subject of several sideways glances and whispers. As he heads inside...

HANK WILLIAMS (V.O.)

(singing)

*I've never seen a night so long/
And time goes crawling by/ The
moon just went behind the clouds/
To hide its face and cry...*

33

INT. SADDLE SORES COUNTRY & WESTERN BAR - CONTINUOUS

33

Dwight enters the cavernous space, looks around. It's a dive. Dwight Yoakam on the JUKE BOX, SAWDUST on the floor, an old POOL TABLE.

Dwight makes his way to the bar, sits. The bartender, a tough-looking man we'll come to know as JIMMY, 40, approaches.

JIMMY

Evenin'.

DWIGHT

How ya doin'?

JIMMY

Good, what'll it be?

DWIGHT

(smiles)

I'm assuming you don't have
chianti.

JIMMY

(smiles)

You assume correctly.

DWIGHT

I'll take a beer then.

As Jimmy gets the BEER, Dwight slips on his EYEGLASSES and reads the CHALKBOARD MENU.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Can I eat at the bar?

JIMMY

Sure.

DWIGHT

What's good?

JIMMY

You find better ribs in Tulsa, you
let me know.

DWIGHT

Ribs it is.

Jimmy nods, crosses off. Dwight turns around in his stool, sipping his BEER as he takes in the scene.

ACROSS THE WAY

he notices two DRUNK COWBOYS whispering to each other as they eye-fuck him. Ever-so-subtly, Dwight removes his EYEGLASSES and sets them on the bar. That done, he turns his PINKIE RING around so the diamond isn't facing outward. As he sips his beer, the Cowboys approach, fake friendly.

COWBOY #1

Howdy there.

DWIGHT

Fellas.

COWBOY #1

Somethin' tells me you ain't from around here.

DWIGHT

Now I'm disappointed.

COWBOY #1

What?

DWIGHT

I was sure you were gonna say "these parts". Like I don't look like I'm from around "these parts".

COWBOY #2

Well you don't.

DWIGHT

And I thought I was blendin' in.

COWBOY #1

So my buddy and I were wonderin'. Where you get a fancy suit like that?

Cowboy #1 reaches out, feels the material on Dwight's lapel. Dwight remains calm, just stares at him.

DWIGHT

This place called "New York." It's one of those cities that have more people than cows.

(then)

Hey, can I ask you guys a question? What's with the hats?

COWBOY #2

How you mean?

DWIGHT

I mean you're not real cowboys, right, you're not out there ropin' cattle or sloppin' hogs or anything, so why you wear cowboy hats?

COWBOY #1

It's tradition.

COWBOY #2

Our history.

DWIGHT

Right. But you go to Norway you don't see everybody walkin' around in Viking helmets, do you?

COWBOY #2

You sassin' us, mister?

DWIGHT

Nah. Just breakin' your balls.

COWBOY #1

Well y'all in the wrong place for that.

As Dwight shifts-ever-so slightly in his seat, gauging the distance between his nearly full BEER BOTTLE and Cowboy #1's STUPID FACE, he glances

BEHIND THE BAR,

where Jimmy quietly reaches for a SHOTGUN near the ice bucket. Ever-so-subtly, Jimmy shakes his head at Dwight - "Don't do it." Just as subtly, Dwight nods - "Okay." Dwight turns back to the Cowboys.

DWIGHT

Look guys, I'm sensing I'm not really welcome here, so maybe I'll just head on out.

COWBOY #1

Maybe all the way back to New York.

DWIGHT

Probably a good idea.

Dwight takes one last swig of his beer, then tosses a HUNDRED on the bar.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

By the way? You two were terrific in *Brokeback Mountain*.

With that, Dwight pushes past them and exits.

BEHIND THE BAR,

Jimmy slips the SHOTGUN back in its place and watches him go.

34

EXT. HAMPTON INN - (THE NEXT) DAY

34

CLOSE ON a WATCH FACE - 10:12. A REVERSE ANGLE reveals Dwight staring at it - he's not happy. After a few beats, an older Nissan Sentra pulls up. Tyson emerges.

DWIGHT

I'm no expert, but I'm pretty sure this isn't a Lincoln Navigator.

TYSON

It's my mom's.

DWIGHT

And?

TYSON

I had to go home and borrow it after the car dealership.

DWIGHT

Where's the Navigator?

TYSON

Motherfucker wouldn't sell me one.

DWIGHT

What do you mean they wouldn't sell you one? You show 'em the cash?

TYSON

Yeah.

DWIGHT

So what happened?

TYSON

I'm a 26 year-old black man in the Midwest, that's what happened. Called me a crack dealer, threatened to call the police.

DWIGHT

Are you a crack dealer?

TYSON

Fuck no man, I ain't even been arrested before.

Dwight nods, climbs in the passenger seat.

DWIGHT

Take me there.

DONNIE SHORE (CONT'D)

Donnie Shore, what can I do you
for?

DWIGHT

(shaking his hand)

John Whitebread, nice to meet you.
So it appears we have a
misunderstanding.

(re: Tyson)

My associate here was in earlier--

Donnie looks at Tyson.

DONNIE SHORE

Oh boy. I am so sorry.

DWIGHT

Yeah. He was trying to purchase a
vehicle as per my instructions and
I understand he had some
difficulty.

DONNIE SHORE

A total misunderstanding. As you
said yourself.

DWIGHT

Of course. Though you do know what
profiling is, correct?

DONNIE SHORE

I assure you that was not the case.

DWIGHT

But it is the case, Donnie.

(then)

May I call you Donnie?

DONNIE SHORE

Certainly.

DWIGHT

It is the case, Donnie, let's get
real, you and I both know what
this is.

DONNIE SHORE

Sir--

DWIGHT

Please.

Donnie stops talking.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

The truth is he's a good kid, never been in trouble a day in his life. He may talk tough, but trust me he's a pussy.

(then to Tyson)

No offense.

Tyson nods - none taken.

DONNIE SHORE

Mr. Whitebread--

DWIGHT

Eh! Not done yet. Now this is where the profiling comes in. You see a black kid with a mountain of cash and right away you think "drug dealer". But I walk in, a white man - more or less - in a suit and you're not afraid at all. The irony is you were afraid of the wrong thing.

DONNIE SHORE

I'm not following.

DWIGHT

Well maybe this'll clear things up.

SLAAAAPPPP!! Dwight gives Donnie an open-hand SLAP that rearranges his teeth. Donnie looks up at him from the floor.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Starting to get the picture?

DONNIE SHORE

(panicking)

I'll-- I'll call the police.

DWIGHT

Here, let me get the phone for you.

Dwight snatches the RECEIVER from the cradle, CRACKS Donnie over the head with it, then calmly wraps the CORD around his neck. As he CHOKES the shit out of him:

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Go ahead, dial. You forget the number? It's 4-1-1. No, that's information, what am I thinking? It's 9-1-1.

Dwight CHOKES harder, lifting Donnie off his feet.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

What are you doing, why aren't you calling? Did you change your mind?

DONNIE SHORE

(as he gags)

Ah-- orry.

DWIGHT

What's that? Atari?

DONNIE SHORE

(gagging)

I... orry. Orry!!

DWIGHT

Oh you're sorry? Oh, okay.

Dwight loosens up on the cord; Donnie coughs and sputters.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

So here's what we're gonna do, Donnie. You're gonna sell my friend here a black Lincoln Navigator - loaded - for fifty thousand dollars cash.

DONNIE

(gasping; through tears)

Okay--

DWIGHT

But first, do you know what reparations are?

DONNIE

(coughing)

I -- I think so.

DWIGHT

Good. First you need to make reparations. Stand up.

Dwight grabs Donnie, stands him up tall. Looks at Tyson.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Go ahead. What we talked about.

TYSON

Seriously?

Dwight makes a gesture with his hand -- "Go ahead". And with that, Tyson KICKS Donnie square in the SCHNUTTERS.

And as he collapses and crumples into a ball like a sack of shit, we PRE-LAP Johnny Cymbal's *Mr. Bass Man*...

JOHNNY CYMBAL (V.O.)

(singing)

*Mr. Bass Man, you've got that
certain somethin'/ Mr. Bass Man,
you set that music thumpin'/ To you
it's easy when you go 1-2-3, d-d-be
-bop-a-bop (BASS VOICE: You mean be
-be-BOP-p-p-bop bop bop...) Yeah!*

38

EXT. DONNIE SHORE'S LINCOLN - DAY

38

Dwight sits in back, Tyson at the wheel as he pulls a brand new black LINCOLN NAVIGATOR out of the lot...

JOHNNY CYMBAL (V.O.)

*Mr. Bass Man, you're on all the
songs/ With a be-be-be-boom-boom,
and a be-dit-dit-a-boom-boom-bom--*

39

EXT. UTICA SQUARE SHOPPING MALL - TULSA - DAY

39

MONTAGE - As the song continues, we see Tyson increasingly loaded down with BAGS as Dwight goes on a shopping spree.

JOHNNY CYMBAL (V.O.)

*Hey Mr. Bass Man, you're the hidden
King of Rock 'n' Roll/ D-d-be-bop-a-
bop (BASS VOICE: No no, be-be-BOP-p-
p-bop bop bop...)*

-At SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, new SUITS, SPORTS COATS, SHIRTS and SHOES.

-CASUAL CLOTHES at BANANA REPUBLIC.

-An I-PHONE and MAC LAPTOP at the APPLE STORE.

-SNEAKERS at FOOT LOCKER.

-A new ROLEX at TOURNEAU.

JOHNNY CYMBAL (V.O.)

*It don't mean a thing when the lead
is singin'/ Or when he goes "Hi-yi-
yi-yi-yi-yah"/ Hey Mr. Bass Man,
I'm askin' just one thing/ Will
you teach me?/ Yeah, the way you
sing?/ 'Cause Mr. Bass Man, I want
to be a bass man too, d-d-be-bop-a-
bop (Bass voice: Try this, be-be -
BOP-p-p-bop bop bop...)*

40

EXT. UTICA SQUARE SHOPPING MALL - TULSA - LATER

40

With the SHOPPING BAGS at their feet, Tyson and Dwight sit at a café table eating ICE CREAM CONES. Dwight is in heaven...

DWIGHT

This is gonna sound crazy, but I forgot how great ice cream is.

TYSON

They didn't give you ice cream in jail?

DWIGHT

No, it was usually *creme brulee*.

TYSON

That's a joke, right?

Dwight just looks at him.

DWIGHT

I really shouldn't eat this.

TYSON

Why not, man? Treat yourself.

DWIGHT

It's not that.

Dwight takes one more lick, then tosses his half-eaten cone.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

I'm gonna wash up, I'll meet you at the car, then we'll go see Bodhi.

As Dwight gets up, we ANGLE ACROSS the food court, where

ARMAND,

the man we saw in the QUICK FLASHBACK in the opening, watches Dwight with concern from behind a KIOSK. Armand is 50s now, dressed like a local. And as soon as Dwight enters the MEN'S ROOM, Armand high-tails it.

41

INT. HIGHER PLAIN DISPENSARY - (LATER THAT) DAY

41

CLOSE ON Fred the Security Guard, a BANDAGE now on his head. After a few beats, Dwight enters with Tyson, who carries a BOX. Bodhi, behind the counter, frowns when he sees Dwight.

DWIGHT

What's with the puss? That's how you greet a customer?

BODHI

You're a customer now?

DWIGHT

This is a service business, you need to be welcoming. This is Tyson, by the way.

TYSON

'Sup.

DWIGHT

I brought you something.

Dwight nods to Tyson, who holds up the BOX.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

It's a security camera.

(off Bodhi's look)

And before you ask, yes, I recognize the irony.

42

INT. HIGHER PLAIN DISPENSARY - OFFICE - LATER

42

Bodhi sits at the desk, his LEDGER on the COMPUTER SCREEN. Dwight is behind him, fishing in his jacket for something.

DWIGHT

(realizing)

Goddammit. My glasses.

(then)

So how we doin' today?

Bodhi looks at him.

BODHI

"We" have made a little over forty grand so far.

DWIGHT

Is there really a need to be cunty, Bodhi?

Bodhi frowns. Dwight takes a seat in front of the desk.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

So lemme ask you -- where you get the weed from?

BODHI

There's a greenhouse and a forty acre farm an hour out of town. I buy it there. They're licensed.

DWIGHT

You know who "they" are?

BODHI

Growers is all I know.

DWIGHT

Are they a front for anyone?
I read a lot of these farms are
fronts for cartels - Jesus kid,
learn your business. Know your
risk.

BODHI

There was no risk till you came
along.

DWIGHT

You really are an idiot, aren't
you? You realize the Feds can
waltz in here any time, take all
that money and there's not a
goddamn thing you can do about it?

BODHI

And what do you suggest I do?

DWIGHT

Clean it.

BODHI

You mean like launder it?

DWIGHT

Yes, like George fucking Jefferson.
(off his look)
TV show, before your time, he owned
a bunch of dry cleaners. Point is
you need to get this money out of
here.

BODHI

And put it where?

DWIGHT

That's where my end of the
partnership comes in. Tanning
salons used to be good, but they're
big money losers. A club maybe.
A disco.

BODHI

A disco?

DWIGHT

A night club, whatever they fuckin' call it nowadays. On the nights it's slow we make the books look busy. You may end up losin' forty grand a month payin' taxes, but what do you care? You make that in a day.

BODHI

Isn't that illegal?

DWIGHT

Who are you, Pat Boone? You're a pot dealer for Chrissakes.

BODHI

Can you please stop with the Boomer references? I don't even know who that is.

(off Dwight's look)

Look, I just don't want to get in trouble, all right?

DWIGHT

There's more than one way to get in trouble, Bodhi, especially with money like that in your safe.

(as he stands)

Think about what I said. I'm at the Hampton Inn you need to get in touch.

BODHI

(scrunching his face)

The Hampton Inn?

DWIGHT

What?

BODHI

It's a shithole.

43

INT. LINCOLN NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS

43

Parked in the lot outside, Tyson reads something on the DISPLAY SCREEN...

TYSON

Massage mode...

As he presses a BUTTON, we hear a BUZZING sound as the seat begins massaging his back.

TYSON (CONT'D)

That's what I'm talkin' about.

Just then, Dwight hops in back.

DWIGHT

Hey fuck-nuts, what's the nicest hotel in Tulsa?

TYSON

The Mayo.

DWIGHT

Then why aren't I staying there?

TYSON

You said you wanted a place where nobody'd break your balls. I figured the Hampton's a better spot to do your gangst--
(catching himself)
--illegal business stuff.

DWIGHT

Get my shit from the Hampton while I check in at the Mayo. Then I need you to drop me at the Saddle Sore.

TYSON

Kinda whack-ass place is that?

DWIGHT

Cowboy bar, I don't know. And in the future, if anyone asks, just tell 'em I'm an industrialist.

TYSON

Fuck's that even mean?

DWIGHT

I don't know. But neither does anybody else.

44

INT. SADDLE SORES COUNTRY & WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

44

Moderately crowded, a BACHELORETTE PARTY in progress with a dozen or so WOMEN, aged 29-40. BIG HAIR, TIGHT DRESSES, LOUD, LAUGHING and DRUNK. They check Dwight out as he enters wearing a 21st Century SPORTS JACKET and jeans. He crosses to the bar, spots Jimmy.

JIMMY

I was wondering when you'd be back.

Jimmy sets Dwight's EYEGLASSES on the bar. He slips them in his pocket, takes a seat.

DWIGHT

Thanks.

JIMMY

Thank you.

DWIGHT

For what?

JIMMY

For not wiping the floor with those two assholes last night.

DWIGHT

Oh. Right.

Jimmy sets down a BEER for Dwight, then calls out to the KITCHEN.

JIMMY

Richie, I need a plate of ribs, stat!

Dwight smiles, turns in his stool, watches the Bachelorettes do TEQUILA SHOTS. A few beats, then:

DWIGHT

Can I ask you somethin'? Why do they call this the "Sooner State"?

JIMMY

The great expansion of the 1880s. Government gave away a few million acres in Oklahoma to encourage settlement in the west. Deal was at noon on a certain day, guy'd fire a pistol and there'd be a race to claim plots of land. Except a bunch of folks snuck in the night before so they'd have a head start on the best parcels.

DWIGHT

(putting it together)
And they got here sooner.

JIMMY

There you go.

DWIGHT

(smiling)

So the whole fucking state is
founded by cheaters.

JIMMY

Basically, yeah.

(then)

My turn. How long were you in the
joint?

DWIGHT

I was about to ask you the same
question.

(off Jimmy's smile)

Twenty five years, last six in
Canaan.

JIMMY

Jesus.

DWIGHT

You?

JIMMY

Little over eight, Lompoc.

(offering his hand)

Jimmy.

DWIGHT

(as they shake)

Dwight.

JIMMY

A *paisan* named Dwight?

DWIGHT

Believe it or not. What's your
story?

JIMMY

Half German, half Creek Indian.

Dwight chuckles.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

DWIGHT

Creek Indian. You're Jimmy the
Creek.

JIMMY

(smiles)

That's a new one.

DWIGHT

I'd say it's a keeper. This your place?

JIMMY

Yeah, about twelve years now.

Just then, MELISSA, early 30s, a member of the Bachelorette Party approaches holding a champagne glass. She's pretty hammered, a TIARA perched cock-eyed on her head.

MELISSA

Excuse me?

Dwight looks at her.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

You famous?

DWIGHT

God I hope not.

MELISSA

You sure?

DWIGHT

Lady, if you gotta ask someone if they're famous, they're not famous.

MELISSA

My friend says you were on the Sopranos.

DWIGHT

Well your friend's wrong.

MELISSA

Can we take a picture with you?

DWIGHT

I'd rather not.

MELISSA

(pouting)

Well you're no fun.

With that, she staggers back to her table, huddles with the girls. After a while, her friend STACY, 40, sexy and tough, strides over to Dwight, hands on her hips.

STACY

Why were you rude to my friend?

DWIGHT

I wasn't rude, I just didn't want to have my picture taken.

STACY

Why, are you wanted or something?

DWIGHT

Trust me, nobody wants me.

STACY

(a bit flirty)

I dunno, you're not too bad.

DWIGHT

That might be the kindest thing anybody's ever said to me.

STACY

Come dance with me.

DWIGHT

I don't dance.

STACY

You don't dance, you don't take pictures, well what do you do, sweetheart?

DWIGHT

If I weren't a gentlemen I might answer that.

STACY

Well if I wasn't a lady I'd want you to.

(beat)

You live around here?

DWIGHT

I'm staying at the Mayo.

STACY

Even better. Wanna show me your minibar?

DWIGHT

Aren't you already drunk?

STACY

Only a little. So let's go before
I sober up and lose my nerve.

Stacy leads Dwight off by the hand. And as soon as he exits,
a SERVER arrives with Dwight's food, which he places before
Jimmy.

JIMMY

(sighs)

One of these days he'll try my
ribs.

And as we PRE-LAP the sound of a WOMAN having an orgasm...

STACY (V.O.)

Omigod... Omigod. Yes! Don't
fucking stop! Yes!!!!

45

INT. DWIGHT'S SUITE - MAYO HOTEL - (LATER THAT) NIGHT

45

Minutes later. Post coital, Dwight and Stacy lie in bed.

STACY

That was amazing.
(a long time, then)
You came, right?

DWIGHT

Of course.

STACY

Well Jesus, you're quiet as a
church mouse.

DWIGHT

Fuck a lot of church mice, do
you?

Stacy play slaps him, then:

STACY

Got a cigarette?

DWIGHT

I don't smoke.

STACY

Huh. I wouldn't have taken you for
such a boy scout.

DWIGHT

Why's that?

STACY

The tattoos. The scars. The accent. I suppose you're married?

DWIGHT

Was. Long time ago. You?

STACY

Middle of a divorce. You were the deciding factor.

DWIGHT

What do you mean?

STACY

I figured if I could go through with this, there was no turning back.

DWIGHT

Well I was happy to be your Rubicon.

STACY

What's that?

DWIGHT

A river Caesar crossed, the point of no return.

Stacy sits up, leans on an elbow. Looks at Dwight.

STACY

How old are you?

DWIGHT

That's subtle. Usually people just ask where you were when JFK was assassinated.

STACY

Well where were you?

DWIGHT

(thinks; then)
Junior in high school.

STACY

Seriously?! That'd make you... what?

DWIGHT

Seventy three.

STACY

Jesus Christ, I knew you were old,
but I woulda said a hard 55.

DWIGHT

(smiles)

Hard's the key word there,
isn't it?

Stacy gets up, starts getting dressed.

STACY

I better go.

DWIGHT

It's the age gap.

STACY

This isn't an age gap, honey, what
we have is an age canyon. Not to
mention you're a criminal.

DWIGHT

Ho. What gave you that idea?

STACY

Gee, I dunno. The soup can wad of
hundreds on the night stand?

DWIGHT

I earned that money.

STACY

Oh yeah? How?

DWIGHT

I help companies reinvest their
income.

STACY

So you're a money launderer.

DWIGHT

Where do you dream this stuff up?

STACY

I don't dream it up, I investigate
it.

She reaches into her purse, shows him an ATF BADGE.

DWIGHT

ATF? You got handcuffs in there
we could really have some fun.

STACY

I don't think so.

DWIGHT

You know you never even told me your name.

STACY

Neither did you. Let's keep it that way.

DWIGHT

You sure you're not hungry? We could order room service.

Stacy looks at him.

STACY

I had fun, sweetie. Really. But this isn't gonna happen again.

DWIGHT

Well maybe I'll see you around.

STACY

Not if I see you first.

With that, she leans over and gives him a peck on the lips. And just like that, she's gone. Dwight lays there alone.

46 **EXT. BUREAU OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO AND FIREARMS - TULSA - DAY** 46

AGENTS and OFFICE WORKERS enter and exit the busy government building.

ASAC HENDRICKS (V.O.)

--and in addition to over a half million dollars in stolen ammo--

47 **INT. ATF OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - TULSA - DAY** 47

Now in work attire, Stacy sits with a half dozen other ATF AGENTS listening as Assistant Special Agent in Charge HENDRICKS, 40s, finishes up the daily briefing.

ASAC HENDRICKS

--we're also tracking a shipment of stolen AR-15s which more than likely will go to the highest bidder among the local militia groups.

Stacy makes notes as Hendricks picks up a TV REMOTE.

ASAC HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

Finally, our friends in the FBI have alerted us to a new visitor. Not really our purview, but a high-ranking mafia capo who was recently released from prison has decided to grace Tulsa with his presence.

He clicks the REMOTE. Stacy looks up, inadvertently emits an audible GASP when she sees

DWIGHT'S MUGSHOT

from 1997 on the TV screen.

ASAC HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

(to Stacy)

Agent Beale? You okay?

STACY

Yeah, just a cough. Sorry.

Hendricks nods and continues. Gestures to the TV.

ASAC HENDRICKS

Dwight Manfredi, they call him The General. Several murders to his credit, mostly in the '80s and '90s, but we are not to assume he's some toothless tiger.

And as we PUSH IN on Stacy staring at Dwight's mug shot...

ASAC HENDRICKS (O.C.) (CONT'D)

That's it for today, now let's get out there and make the world safe for democracy.

48

INT. DWIGHT'S SUITE - MAYO HOTEL - (LATER THAT) DAY

48

PANNING PAST a CLOCK -- 2:38 PM. Dwight awakens, squints from the sun bleeding through the shade. Gets up, crosses to

THE BATHROOM

to take a leak. That done, he dons his glasses, removes a SYRINGE from his TOILETRY BAG. Is he an addict?

Sitting on the edge of the tub, he rolls up his T-shirt, pinches a small roll of belly fat. Dwight injects himself with insulin, then heads back into

THE SUITE

where he crosses and sits at the desk. Counts out \$5000 in HUNDREDS, slips the STACK within a 3-pack of JOCKEY SHORTS, then slips that into a FedEx Box. Setting that aside, he gets up, crosses to the COFFEE TABLE and picks up the

GREETING CARD ENVELOPE

we saw him take from jail. He opens it, removes an old HAND-DRAWN BIRTHDAY CARD -- he looks at the ILLUSTRATION on the cover -- a tracing of a CHILD'S HAND, the FINGERS PAINTED to look like PEACOCK FEATHERS, the bird saying "Happy Birthday!"

As he opens the card, a FIVE DOLLAR BILL falls out. We see an inscription in a CHILD'S HAND:

Dear Daddy - This mony (sic) is from my alowence. (sic). Use it to by (sic) a present from the store. I miss you and love you. Tina XX

Dwight closes the card, sets it down. Crosses to the window. And as he peers out at Tulsa, the REFLECTION of the VERTICAL BLINDS on the GLASS casts a shadow on his face that subtly looks like PRISON BARS.

And over this tableau, we hear...

HANK WILLIAMS (V.O.)

(singing)

*Did you ever see a robin weep/
When leaves begin to die?/ Like me,
he's lost the will to live/ I'm so
lonesome, I could cry/ The silence
of a falling star/ Lights up a
purple sky/ And as I wonder where
you are I'm so lonesome, I could
cry...*

FADE OUT.

THE END