

B A C K W A T E R

by

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TEASER

INT. TRAILER PARK, JONEY & CHUCK'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Rain drops and static. Rain drops and static.

CHUCK, early 40s, sloth of a human, makes grilled cheese sandwiches on the stove top.

JONEY, late 30s, bags under her eyes, crooked smile - or is it a frown? - channel surfs on an ancient television.

Rain drops and static. Rain drops and static.

CHUCK

Where were you today?

JONEY

What? I was here, Chuck.

CHUCK

Lonnie, from next store--

JONEY

I know who Lonnie is, Chuck.

CHUCK

Well, Lonnie told me that you wandered off. Came back just before I got home.

JONEY

First off Chuck, I didn't wander off. I'm not a puppy. And B, what are you keepin' tabs on me?

CHUCK

It's for your own good, Joney. I can't lose you to that...poison. Not again.

JONEY

I can't even go for a God-damned jog without the neighbors spying on me?

CHUCK

I did the wash, Joney. There wasn't no work out clothes in the hamper.

JONEY

I went to see my sister, alright? She needed help.

CHUCK
Your sister?

JONEY
My sister. And I didn't tell you cause
I know how you feel about her.

CHUCK
Oh. Well is she alright?

JONEY
She's fine now. Are you ever gonna
learn to trust me again, Charlie?

CHUCK
I will. I will, I'm sorry. I've just
been stressed with the extra shifts at
work. It's got me all turned around.

The door of their trailer is SMASHED in.

RIDER and TOMLIN enter. Tomlin is a 250-pound behemoth. Rider
is the runty sidekick.

Chuck and Joney freeze - horrified, caught off guard.

BILL, late 40s, steps into the trailer. He's average in size,
but his empty eyes appear utterly soulless.

BILL
Joney, baby! How you gonna pull this
crap on me again?

Joney rises, attempts to usher Bill outside.

JONEY
Bill, not here.

BILL
You want me to leave so soon?

CHUCK
W-what the hell is going on here?

BILL
Joney and Me, we got some unfinished
business.

Bill grabs Joney, pulls her close, nibbles her neck like a
dog. Chuck lunges at them.

CHUCK
Get your paws off my--ahh!

Rider zaps Chuck with an electric cattle prod. Chuck falls.

JONEY
Bill, please!

BILL
Ya know what, Joney? I want to be mad
at you baby, I do. I mean, I wanna
just...

Bill winds up his fist like he's about to smack her in the
face...drops his hand. Joney lets out a wimper.

CHUCK
Wh-who are you? Wha-what's this about?

BILL
It's Chuck, right?

JONEY
No Bill, please--

Bill backhand slaps Joney across the face. If she were a
cartoon, here head would be spinning around in circles.

CHUCK
Hey!

Chuck leaps off the floor--he's snatched up by Tomlin, who
holds Chuck's face with his giant paw of a left hand, covers
Chuck's mouth completely.

Chuck tries to wrestle free, unable to speak or breath, he's
no match for Tomlin.

BILL
The old saying...about fooling me
twice? Ya see about eight months ago,
Joney was at my place getting *loaded*.
I'm sure you know this already, but
what you probly don't know is that she
didn't have any money when she
arrived. She was dope sick. Needed her
junk, bad. So you know what she did?

JONEY
Bill, I'm begging you - please!

BILL

Exactly! That's it right there, she begged me, she begged every one of us that night. Every single one, just for one measly bump. And you know what we did? We said no...and *that's* when she started trading favors.

Chuck tries to wrestle free from Tomlin's grasp - fruitless.

BILL (CONTINUED)

Anyway, long story short, she was high as a God-damned kite by the time she was finished with us. Your average dope-fiend would've been high for days with the amount of H she put in her veins that night. But Joney, your miserable junky-of-a-wife, Joney, is no average dope-fiend. She was *still* not satisfied.

JONEY

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

BILL

She stole a half an ounce of China White from me, Chuck. Now look, I'm no fool. In this industry, that I do say I am a captain of, you gotta account for losses. *On occasion*. A robbery here, cops raid you there, we've got savings, we've got contingencies, we prepare for that sort of thing.

JONEY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry--

BILL

But this whorish thievery? This I cannot abide. But again, Chuck, I digress. *I'm not mad at Joney*, is what I was saying. I'm mad at myself. She fooled me twice. After she made off with that half-ounce, I didn't see your lovely wife again for months. I assumed you had gotten her into rehab. No matter, I knew she'd be back. They always come back. And she did...

Bill takes a beat, reaches over, grabs one of the grilled cheese sandwiches, takes a bite, speaks through a mouthful--

BILL
Whatisthis? Swiss?

JONEY
Provolone.

Bills looks at the sandwich with disgust. He puts it down, struggles through the rest of the mouthful.

BILL
Where was I? Right, so she comes back, starts snortin' up all my heroin. Then guess what she does...she steals a bundle of cash from under my bathroom sink. So, that's that, I'm not mad at Joney. I'm mad at myself, I let her fool me twice. Tomlin, if you will.

Tomlin's right hand clamps Chuck's nostrils shut, his left hand still covers Chuck's mouth. Chuck struggles. With both airways clogged, his face turns darker by the second.

JONEY
Bill! Bill! Stop, no Bill! Please!

Joney attempts to grab Bill, Rider zaps her, she collapses.

BILL
I'm not mad, Joney. But actions *have* consequences.

Joney, crying hysterically, watches from the floor as Chuck slowly suffocates to death in Tomlin's grasp. Tomlin finally drops Chuck's body to the floor. He inspects his own arms, sore from the prolonged act of violence.

RIDER
C'mon, help me out here.

Rider and Tomlin drag Chuck's corpse outside.

JONEY
Bill...

BILL
Don't worry baby, I got your junk.

Bill drops a loaded syringe on the table, walks out. Joney grabs the needle, prepares herself a blast.

END OF TEASER.

ACT I

EXT. THE WOODS, TENT CITY - DAY

An old SCRAGGILY MAN, late 50s, Native origins, climbs out of his tent, studies the sky.

He's dressed in rags, layers of rags, that look like they've been patched together over years of hard living.

He begins a trek through the woods.

EXT. UNFINISHED HOUSE - DAY

KEVIN PORTER, handsome, prime of his physical life, works on the foundation of a house. Most of the walls not yet put up.

A pickup truck pulls up with SIX MEN piled in the back.

MARVIN, timid, curly red hair, climbs out of the truck.

KEVIN

Marvin, what the hell? I've been here and hour and a half already. I left you like, four messages.

MARVIN

You coulda just texted me. No one listens to voicemails no more.

KEVIN

Thanks for the lesson in modern communication, Marv.

MARVIN

Ya know how we brought up a while back about how the work wasn't consistent--

KEVIN

Yeah and I told you, we finish this string of properties and the work will start coming more consistent. Everyone'll get a bigger piece.

MARVIN

The thing is though, Big John's Construction, ya know the guys over in Green Port? They're expanding, and uh, well they've officially offered us a contract. All of us.

KEVIN

Damnit Marv.

MARVIN

It's not personal, Kevin--

KEVIN

Feels pretty personal, Marv. When Sandra got pregnant, you were laid off. Who gave you a job, on the spot?

MARVIN

You did. And I appreciate that. But this offer's some serious doe. And look, you can come with us. He offered us *all* the contract.

KEVIN

Big John knows I'm not coming to work for him, Marvin. That's why he contacted you.

MARVIN

I know. Look, I'm real sorry.

KEVIN

I get it. I get it. Just...get outta here. I've got work to do.

Kevin turns away, continues working. Marvin walks back to the truck. It begins to rain.

EXT. HIGHWAY, BETWEEN THE WOODS AND MOTHER MARY CLINIC - DAY

The Scraggily Man has made it to the edge of the woods.

He skips across four lanes of highway, dodges on-coming cars. He enters MOTHER MARY METHADONE CLINIC.

INT. LOBBY, ENTRANCE OF MOTHER MARY'S CLINIC - DAY

The Scraggily Man walks up to the front counter of the lobby, which is encased in a bullet proof glass divider wall.

NURSE MACY, a short, middle-aged woman in scrubs, stands behind the counter, looks down at paperwork. Before the Scraggily Man can muster a word, Macy speaks without looking up.

MACY

Sign in here, then go wait over there.

She slides a clipboard through the small slit in the glass.

The Scraggily Man takes the pen that's tied to the clipboard, scribbles something resembling a signature. He takes a seat in the small waiting-area, next to a GROUP OF FOLK all waiting for their dose of methadone.

The GROUP OF FOLK consist of three women and four men, diverse in ethnicity and age. All appear unsettled, like ghosts renting human skin for the day.

MACY

Lola Bonnig. Lola Bonnig?

Lola jumps up from her seat in the waiting room. She's bone-thin, missing several teeth.

LOLA

Here!

ASHLYN, 30s, years of practicing medicine has drained most the positive energy she once oozed. She pops her head into the waiting room.

ASHLYN

Macy, hang on. Lemme take Lola.

Macy pulls away the methadone pills she was about to slide over to Lola in a little white paper cup. Lola's smile evaporates.

INT. PATIENT ROOM, MOTHER MARY CLINIC - DAY

Lola sits on a patient-table, her feet dangle.

Ashlyn stands in front of her, hands on hips.

LOLA

I'm in pain, Doc. It still hurts.

ASHLYN

Have you been doing the physical therapy?

LOLA

I can't, it hurts too much.

ASHLYN

If you don't work the rehab your shoulder will never get better.

LOLA

I'm better on the pills, doc.

ASHLYN

Do your physical therapy. Do you want to be in pain the rest of your life?

LOLA

I'm better on the pills.

Ashlyn hands over a small paper cup with two pills in it. Lola snatches the cup, downs both pills in one motion.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

BOBBY STOKES, 30s, was once quite charismatic, is now passed his prime, walks alone on a path through dark woods.

The rain comes down lightly.

Bobby finds a small parking lot losing its battle to Mother Nature. Trees, roots, weeds have broken through black top.

At the far end of the parking lots is the entrance to a dilapidated former Community Center.

The Center's windows are shattered. Holes in the walls and ceiling. Bobby crosses the lot.

INT. DILAPIDATED COMMUNITY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Upon entering, Bobby can hear the ECHOES of CHATTER and foot STEPS. He follows the sound.

The abandoned community center has a post-apocalyptic feel. Rain leaks through holes in the roof, like small waterfalls.

Bobby gets to a large door beneath a broken EXIT sign. He pushes through.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER, CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby enters what was once the Center's cafeteria. In the middle of the room, four lunch tables have been set up in a square. Wooden stools sit in two corners of the square.

TWO DOZEN MEN stand around yapping, place bets.

GERALD, short and stout and square jawed, walks back and fourth, takes bets, collects cash.

BOBBY
How's it looking, man?

GERALD
Let's just say, the odds aren't in
your favor. You see the other guy?

They peer over to the opposite side of the basement, where
BORRIS stretches himself out. Borris is a massive human, with
a crew cut and hard jaw and muscles bursting from his neck.

BOBBY
I've taken down bigger.

GERALD
And you've been *taken down* by smaller.

BOBBY
Just put me down for eight hundred.

GERALD
You know I can't do that. The Dixie
boys catch wind and they'll cut my
dick off, shove it in your mouth, sew
your lips shut.

BOBBY
Firstly, none a them pricks know how
to sew, they'd use super glue. And
second, I mean on *me*, Ger. Put the
eight hundred down on me. *To win*.

GERALD
You got the money, Bobby?

BOBBY
I don't see you asking all these shmos
if they got the money, Ger.

GERALD
That's cause I don't know them like I
know you, Bobby.

BOBBY
You're a real peach. Ya know that,
man?

Bobby takes out a wad of cash, hands it to Gerald.

GERALD
Hope you know what you're doing, pal.

INT. MAIN HALL, MOTHER MARY CLINIC - NIGHT

Ashlyn looks down the hall, sees DR. HASTINGS giving NURSE REMY a hard time. Remy is short, with wavy black hair. Her lineage leads back to the Sioux Tribes of the First Nations.

Dr. Hastings is a snarky white man, visually condescending, with a posture that screams *ready to mansplain!*

DR. HASTINGS

Listen honey, I've been a MD for 27 years already. I certainly don't need your help deciding which patients qualify for group counseling.

REMY

Doctor--

ASHLYN

Remy, can I see you for a minute please?

As Remy turns to Ashlyn, Dr. Hastings walks away.

REMY

Yeah?

ASHLYN

He's not worth it, really. Never met such a stubborn prick in my entire life. Just let me know who you want to move into the group sessions, I'll work it out.

REMY

Thanks Dr. Porter. I should've come to you right from the beginning.

ASHLYN

Always. It's late, you heading home?

REMY

Yeah, just about to call it a day.

Ashlyn smiles, walks away. Remy looks around to make sure no one is watching.

When she deems the timing appropriate, she slyly turns, steps into a small closet, closes the door behind her.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET, MOTHER MARY CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Remy snags several cases of Methadone pills, drops them into her fanny pack.

She zips it closed, exits the closet.

INT. MAIN HALL, MOTHER MARY CLINIC - SAME TIME

Remy slips out of the supply closet, walks off. She believes that no one noticed her. She is wrong.

Dr. Hastings sees her leave the closet from the distance. He walks toward the closet to inspect.

INT. CAFETERIA, COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Bobby bare-knuckle boxes Borris.

Spectators have surrounded them, cheering and spilling beer as they stand on the cafeteria tables around the fighters.

Bobby's face is puffy, his nose bleeding.

Fists fly. The fight is competitive. Bobby dodges an attack from Borris, lands a right hook on the man's jaw, knocks out a couple of teeth.

Bobby smiles. He thinks he's shifted the fight's momentum, but an enraged Borris comes back at him like a hurricane, knocks Bobby unconscious with a flurry of jabs.

Bobby hits the cafeteria floor, hard.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CAFETERIA, COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Bobby lay on a gurney behind a partition. Remy stands over him, balances a bag of ice on his face. Her sleeves are rolled up, bandana wrapped around her head.

She douses Bobby's bloody knuckles with rubbing alcohol, traces Bobby's scarred abdomen with her fingers.

She takes a smelling salt, places it under Bobby's nose - he wakes up screaming.

BOBBY
They got my tags!

REMY
Shh, shh, you're okay.

BOBBY
Where am--wait, shit. Did I win?

REMY
Generally, winners don't have to ask.

BOBBY
Damn.

REMY
You did pretty good, 'til you didn't.

BOBBY
Story of my life.

Bobby holds the ice pack to his face, winces.

REMY
Where'd you get your scars?

Bobby covers his abdomen self-consciously.

BOBBY
My shirt?

Remy hands him his shirt. She drops two Tylenol in his hand.

BOBBY
Sorry, didn't mean to snap at you. Got
this one on my first tour - Iraq.

She takes the ice pack from him, and as she does this, he
grabs her wrist, turns it over, reveals a series of scarred
burn marks on her wrists.

BOBBY
Where'd you get yours?

Remy pulls her hand away, turns her back to him, packs up her
medical supplies.

REMY
You've got a mild concussion, but
you're good to go. When you can stand.

BOBBY
I didn't get your name.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Bobby limps along, face bruised and cut.

At the edge of the woods, he sees a 24-hour bodega. He turns, faces it. A single tear slides down his cheek.

INT. BODEGA - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby stops in front of the checkout counter, fishes around for his wallet - he finds it, is saddened to realize that, aside from some loose change, it's fucking empty.

He drops the coins onto the counter, checks all of his pockets for more change.

The CASHIER looks on in horror.

BOBBY
One scratch-off please.

Bobby pushes the change over the counter toward the cashier. The cashier hands Bobby a scratch off, pushes the collection of coins back toward Bobby.

Bobby avoids further eye contact, takes the scratch off.

BOBBY
Thanks.

Bobby plays the scratch off, loses, collects his coins, leaves in shame.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HIGHWAY - WOODS - NIGHT

Remy walks from the back of the community center to a familiar four lane highway.

She cuts across the highway as the rain starts to pick up, disappears into the woods.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Bobby rides a rusted bike up to his trailer. The bike drags a broken chain behind it, indicating Bobby came upon this new ride illicitly. He takes out a cigarette, lights it up, looks at his trailer in dismay.

He's two steps from the front door when it swings open.

JEANINE stands in the doorway, duffle bag under each arm.

JEANINE

Oh no, Bobby.

BOBBY

Oh no, what? What are you doing?

JEANINE

Wanted to do this before you got back.

BOBBY

Do what? What's with the luggage?

JEANINE

You know, Bobby.

BOBBY

You're leaving? You're not leaving.
Baby, we were gonna make spaghetti
tonight and watch *The Italian Job*.

She exits the trailer. A Volkswagen pulls up in the distance.

BOBBY

Who the hell is that? What's
happening, babe talk to me!

JEANINE

That's my brother. He already doesn't
like you, so don't push your luck.

BOBBY

Push my *luck*? What luck, Jeanine?

JEANINE

This has been a long time coming
Bobby. I told myself last time you
gambled all our money away, it'd be
the end. For good.

Jeanine makes her way to the Volkswagen. Bobby walks up into
his doorway. The whole trailer is empty.

BOBBY

So you're just leaving? And you're
taking *everything*?

JEANINE

It's all mine, anyways.

BOBBY

Not the juicer! The juicer is mine!

JEANINE

I'll mail it to you. I'm sorry Bobby,
I really hope you--

She gets into the Volkswagen, Bobby can't hear the rest. He sits down in the empty trailer, cries.

EXT. THE WOODS, TENT CITY - NIGHT

Remy arrives at Tent City. Dozens on dozens of tents have been set up, forming something of a community in the woods.

Sparse clothing, towels, blankets hang from trees. Several MEN and WOMEN bathe in a nearby creek.

Many of the tents have small orange traffic cones atop them. Remy picks one, approaches it.

INT. TENT CITY, ABE'S TENT - MOMENTS LATER

ABE, older man of mixed ethnicity, lays on a pile of newspapers, stares at the sky through a hole in the roof.

He seems to be unbothered by the rain dripping down on him.

Remy pokes her head into the tent before entering.

REMY

How are you feeling?

ABE

Right now? Like a white kid on
Christmas morning.

He sticks his hand out, palm up. Remy hesitates, then complies. She drops two methadone pills into Abe's hand.

ABE

More?

REMY

That's it. For now. Hang tight, okay?

Remy exits the tent.

EXT. TENT CITY, THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Remy takes two more pills out of her pocket, enters into the next tent with an orange cone atop it.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

INT. BEDROOM, KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Kevin wakes up sweating. He rolls over, spoons Ashlyn. Just as they get comfortable embracing one another, high-pitched cries from down the hall.

A German Shepard, SPARKY, pops his head up. Ashlyn speaks without opening her eyes.

ASHLYN

It's definitely your turn.

KEVIN

Can we just send Sparky in there? She loves him more than us, anyway.

ASHLYN

Soon as you teach him to change a diaper.

Kevin rolls over, gets up. Sparky hops up on the bed, takes his spot.

KEVIN

Man's best friend, my ass.

Kevin exits the master bed room, heads down the hall.

INT. NURSERY, KEVIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He picks ABBY up from her crib, cradles her gently.

KEVIN

As always, little love, your timing's impeccable.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, THE KITCHEN - DAY

Kevin fries eggs and potatoes on the stove. Ashlyn walks into the kitchen, pours two cups of coffee.

ASHLYN

Here.

KEVIN

Thanks Ash.

Kevin takes a sip.

KEVIN

This that fake Starbucks crap?

ASHLYN

You mean the stuff you insisted on buying?

KEVIN

No no, the *other* crap.

She kisses him on the back of the neck, takes a seat at the kitchen table, feeds the baby.

ASHLYN

Don't forget, we have that dinner.

KEVIN

What dinner?

ASHLYN

Fundraiser for the hospital, I told you about it last week.

KEVIN

Right, right, right.

ASHLYN

Maybe you can do some schmoozing, pick up some new clients.

Kevin serves them both breakfast.

KEVIN

What's the point? My workforce's been dissolved. Can't build houses alone.

ASHLYN

Well, you still have the store. Everyone needs a locksmith.

KEVIN

Until we're all locking our doors with our smartphones. Maybe I should take some adult coding classes or something. Become *civilized*.

ASHLYN

You can't even reboot your laptop.

KEVIN

Yeah, well...

They eat in silence for a moment, Kevin takes his time, Ashlyn cruises through her eggs and potatoes.

She finishes half the plate, gets up.

ASHLYN

I gotta get to work, can you drop Abby off at my moms?

KEVIN

Would literally rather take her to work with me.

ASHLYN

Shut up, just do it for me please and I'll do it all next week.

She flies out the door. Kevin picks up her plate, puts it on the floor. Sparky chows down.

KEVIN

You don't wanna go to grandma's, do you little lady?

EXT. ENTRANCE TO TRAILER PARK - DAY

SHERIFF ROGER BENTON, old and gruff and tan, squats as he studies something in the distance.

DEPUTY BART ADDLEY, pale and chubby and soft, stands ten feet back, leans up against their squad car. Bart looks like he's holding back vomit.

They're looking at CHUCK'S CORPSE, pinned up in the style of a scarecrow, hung from the entrance of the trailer park.

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures of the scene.

BART

Who is it? Can you tell?

BENTON

I can, you'd be able to too - if you'd look at the God-damned thing.

BART

I can't, I just...who is it?

BENTON

Think it's Chuck Foster, East side.

BART

Well, we got all the photos we need,
what are we waiting for?

BENTON

Called in the cavalry. Mayor insisted
on giving the Feds a look first.
They'll probably take the case off our
hands.

BART

Good riddance.

BENTON

Speak of the Devil.

A black town car rolls up to the crime scene.

MOIRA SHARP gets out of the car. She sparks a cigarette,
takes a long drag. Sharp is a black woman, late 30s, wears a
power-suit, walks with a no-fucks-given energy.

SHARP

Gentlemen.

Bart waves at her, she grins back, walks over to Benton.

BENTON

Sheriff Benton. That's Deputy Addley.

SHARP

Special Agent Moira Sharp. What's he
doing way over there?

BENTON

He's got a thing about dead bodies.

SHARP

Isn't this a homicide investigation?

BENTON

Small town. I've got three deputies,
including Bart. Had to dispatch two of
'em to a domestic violence situation.
Photographer's a volunteer. Develops
photos for his day job.

SHARP

Great...You ID the DB?

BENTON

We're pretty sure he's Chuck Foster.
Lives in the trailer park.

She steps up to the scarecrow.

SHARP

Well this looks...*spiritual*.

BENTON

That's one way to put it.

BART

His wife's an addict, could be drug-
related.

SHARP

Any wits?

BENTON

Tight-nit community. Blacks won't
talks to us. Whites'r too afraid a the
blacks to say anything either.

SHARP

Okay. And the rest?

BART

Technically, half the trailer park lay
on Sioux reservation.

BENTON

Try'na get anything outta one of *them*,
waste a time.

Sharps takes another drag, glares at Benton.

SHARP

Who called it in?

BART

Anonymous. Payphone.

SHARP

Okay, so let's assume for a moment
this is a drug dispute. Why a
scarecrow?

BART

Maybe, send a message?

SHARP

Feels a little specific for that. You visit the DB's trailer yet?

BENTON

No ma'am.

BART

We should go when it's dark, or no one will wanna talk to us.

BENTON

You got a partner? Or a team?

SHARP

The Bureau's resources are finite. Midwest Division's dealing with splintered crime factions in Chicago, and a child-smuggling ring in Indianapolis. It's just me for now.

EXT. GRANDMA'S DRIVE WAY - DAY

Kevin gets out of his truck, takes Abby from her car seat.

GRANDMA AGNUS waits on the front porch, chews tobacco, fills an empty water bottle with brown saliva.

AGNUS

Where's my daughter? You finally chase her off?

KEVIN

She had to be at work early.

AGNUS

Too early to drop my granddaughter off and say hello? What'd you do?

KEVIN

Nothing Agnus, she's just busy.

AGNUS

Why's she so busy? You don't make enough money for her to stay home?

KEVIN

She doesn't wanna stay home, Agnus. Take your granddaughter, would ya?

Agnus takes Abby. She looks at the baby, speaks at Kevin.

AGNUS

Abby needs to spend more time with my daughter or the baby will grow up to be just like her daddy. *Small Time*.

KEVIN

Always a pleasure, Agnus. Try not to eat the baby.

Kevin walks back to his truck.

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin grips the steering wheel tighter and tighter. He takes out his pack of smokes from the glovebox, opens it.

The pack has been emptied of cigarettes and replaced with lawn-grass and a post-it note.

The note reads: YOU PROMISED TO QUIT - A.

INT. MOTHER MARY METHADONE CLINIC - DAY

Ashlyn enters, disheveled. She peaks at the time on her watch, hustles through a waiting room filled with former and current heroin addicts.

Nurse Remy tosses Ashlyn her white lab coat, winks at her.

Ashlyn mouths the words, "thank you," frantically pulls the lab coat on. She approaches DR. HASTINGS.

ASHLYN

Morning.

DR. HASTINGS

Ah, Dr. Porter, there you are. I'd like to bend your ear a moment.

ASHLYN

We've really got a full house today, so--

DR. HASTINGS

We certainly do. I just wanted to let you know that I'm concerned some of the staff have been...misplacing pills.

ASHLYN

Misplacing?

DR. HASTINGS
Stealing, Dr. Porter.

ASHLYN
We ran background checks on--

DR. HASTINGS
You don't need to tell me what we did,
I was there, I know what we did.

ASHLYN
Alright, Hastings. Look--

REMY
Dr. Porter, could you look over these
charts for me please?

Ashlyn turns to Remy, Hastings darts away just like before.

Remy approaches Ashlyn, hands her a coffee.

REMY
He's not worth it, remember?

ASHLYN
I don't know what I'd do without you.

EXT. FRONT PORCH OF SMALL HOUSE - DAY

MADISON, a young woman, waits on her front porch.

Her eyes perk up as Kevin walks up the steps.

MADISON
Thank god you're here. Locked myself
out, need to pee so bad!

Kevin drops his tool bag, takes a knee by the door.

KEVIN
I'll have you inside in no time,
ma'am.

Kevin picks the lock.

MADISON
If I knew the local locksmith was such
a hunk I'd forget my keys more often.

Kevin laughs, blushes. The lock CLICKS. The door opens.

MADISON

My hero. What do I owe you?

KEVIN

First time's on the house, here are a few business cards. Tell your friends.

He hands her the cards, picks his bag up.

MADISON

I will, thank you!

She runs inside. Kevin departs.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

INT. YMCA, GYM - NIGHT

Kevin and Ashlyn enter a gymnasium set up to look like a Ball Room. Despite the effort, it still looks like a crappy gym.

Ashlyn's in a nice dress, Kevin's in an awkward fitting suit. He steers Ashlyn around a puddle on the floor.

ASHLYN

They should really burn this place to the ground.

KEVIN

They haven't put a dollar into this gym since back when I played here.

ASHLYN

Solid turn out.

KEVIN

If you say so. Just don't leave me standing here alone, I hate these--

ASHLYN

Is that Claudine?

Ashlyn walks over to a group of people by the hors d'oeuvres.

KEVIN

Perfect.

Kevin sees DR. LIGSBY alone in a corner, walks over.

KEVIN

Sup Ligsby, mind if I join you?

Ligsby shrugs. Kevin takes a seat next to him.

KEVIN

How's the world of pathology treating you?

LIGSBY

Like I'm its little bitch, Mr. Porter. How's the construction game?

KEVIN

About the same, Ligsby. About the same.

LIGSBY
Sounds about right. Hey, be subtle.

KEVIN
Huh--

Ligsby slides a flask into Kevin's palm.

KEVIN
Dr. Ligsby, you dog.

Kevin turns his back to the rest of the room, sneaks a quick gulp from the flask, hands it back.

LIGSBY
Only way to survive these events.

KEVIN
God damn, is that--

LIGSBY
Moonshine, made it myself.

KEVIN
Perks of working in a laboratory?

LIGSBY
Guess so.

Ashlyn waves Kevin over. He obeys.

ASHLYN
Have you been drinking? Your breath smells like a distillery.

KEVIN
Only took a sip. Apparently Dr. Ligsby makes his own moonshine.

ASHLYN
Here.

Ashlyn fishes mints out of her purse, feeds them to Kevin.

KEVIN
Thanks.

ASHLYN
I was talking to Dr. Edwards, he's such a tool. He wants to remodel his guest house.

KEVIN

You didn't bring up--

ASHLYN

No, I figured it should come from you.
Quick, now's your chance!

Ashlyn pushes Kevin over towards DR. EDWARDS. Edwards turns, almost bumps right into Kevin.

KEVIN

How's it going, Doc?

EDWARDS

How's it going? Fine, I suppose. No chicanery, not like last year.

KEVIN

Yeah forgot about that. Those anesthesiologists are a wild bunch.

EDWARDS

Yes, I suppose. Well...

Dr. Edwards turns to walk away, but Kevin jumps to the other side of him, forces the interaction to continue.

KEVIN

Doc - Ronald, can I call you Ronald?

EDWARDS

I'd prefer you didn't.

KEVIN

Word on the street is, you're thinking about remodeling your guest house.

EDWARDS

So?

KEVIN

Well you know I run my own construction and carpentry business.

EDWARDS

Oh, I don't know about that Mr. Porter, I was leaning towards going with one of the big firms, from out of town. You know, a company that has experience with a job this big.

KEVIN

Right, but see I actually do have
experience--

EDWARDS

Don't you run that little locksmith
shop in town?

KEVIN

It's actually a locksmith shop *and* a
hardware store. But I also run--

EDWARDS

You'll have to excuse me, there's
something I must attend to.

Dr. Edwards walks over to the hors d'oeuvres table, picks at
the pigs in a blanket.

INT. AGENT SHARP'S CAR - NIGHT

Sharp, Benton and Addley pull up outside the trailer park.

SHARP

We'll walk from here?

BENTON

Sounds good.

Sharp takes her handgun out, checks to make sure it's loaded
and cocked, tucks it back into her holster. She picks up a
fanny pack from the center console, straps it around her
waste.

BART

Think we'll be needing all that?

SHARP

Better safe than sorry.

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Kevin and Ashlyn drive home in silence. Kevin sports a
serious frown. They pull into their driveway.

ASHLYN

Hey, don't worry about it. He's an
ass.

KEVIN

I know.

ASHLYN

We'll figure it out. Would you smile please? Hate when you look like this.

KEVIN

Least I look better than your brother.

ASHLYN

Huh?

Kevin nods forward, Ashlyn looks up through the windshield. Bobby's on the porch, looks like he got hit by a truck.

ASHLYN

Jesus.

She jumps out of the car, runs up to the porch.

Kevin waits a moment longer, reaches through the window, grabs the mail from the mailbox. Most of it's bills, spam.

There is however, one letter from the bank warning the Porters that they're about to default on their mortgage.

Kevin folds the notice up, pockets it.

He reaches over to the glove compartment, takes out his pack of smokes, remembers it's empty.

KEVIN

Ugh.

He crumples the pack up, drops it to the floor of the car, drives up to the house, parks.

EXT. FRONT PORCH OF KEVIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin walks up the steps.

KEVIN

Looking good, Bobby.

BOBBY

Feeling good, Kevin.

KEVIN

Lose a fight with that girlfriend of yours? What was her name again?

BOBBY

Funny. Nah just had a bit of a fall.

ASHLYN

Bit of a fall, my ass. Hang on, I'll get ice and some disinfectant.

Ashlyn runs inside. Kevin takes a seat on the porch, lifts one of Bobby's hands to study his knuckles.

BOBBY

You should see the other guy.

KEVIN

You at least get paid for this one?

BOBBY

Almost.

Bobby lets out a chuckle, but laughing proves painful.

BOBBY (CONTINUED)

I'm fucked, Kev.

KEVIN

I can see that.

BOBBY

No I mean like, I'm *really* fucked.

Ashlyn reemerges from the house with multiple bags of frozen veggies, Neosporin, some bandages.

ASHLYN

You're staying with us tonight, Bob.

BOBBY

That's good, cause Jeanine took the pillows and blankets when she left.

KEVIN

Jeanine left you?

BOBBY

Yeah, even took the juicer.

ASHLYN

But I got you that juicer - before you even met Jeanine.

BOBBY

I know, the bitch said she'd mail it back to me. You believe that?

KEVIN

Do you even have a mailable address?

BOBBY

That's funny, Kevin.

ASHLYN

Let's go inside, I'll patch you up.

BOBBY

Ya know, maybe just leave me here a while. It's nice out tonight.

ASHLYN

Okay, I'll make some drinks?

BOBBY

Thanks Ash.

Ashlyn goes back inside.

KEVIN

I'm about to default on our mortgage. Your sister doesn't know yet.

BOBBY

What's that mean?

KEVIN

Means the bank's gonna take everything from us, real soon, unless I come up with a whole bunch of cash.

BOBBY

What about Ash? She must have some money.

KEVIN

We're still paying off her med-school loans.

BOBBY

Shit.

KEVIN

Yeah. So what happened? Didn't know you were fighting again.

BOBBY

Lost some money I don't have, to some guys with no patience.

KEVIN
Gambling again, too? Bobby--

BOBBY
I know, I know. Don't tell Ash. I sold
my car, put the money down on myself.

KEVIN
Smart.

BOBBY
I mean, you shoulda seen the guy I was
up against. Think his name was *Borris*,
for Christ's sake.

KEVIN
Guys named *Borris* don't lose fist
fights. Should've checked his name
before you made the wager.

BOBBY
Hey, we both need cash. Let's go out
and take some. Like the good old days.

KEVIN
C'mon Bob--

BOBBY
Why not?

KEVIN
Cause Ashlyn would kill me.

BOBBY
That's right I forgot she still has
your scrotum in a vice.

Ashlyn comes back onto the porch with three whiskeys.

ASHLYN
Whose scrotum are we talking about?

BOBBY
Your husbands, he'd like it back when
you have a moment.

ASHLYN
That's cute, Bob.

BOBBY
You got any pain meds for me?

ASHLYN

Just some extra strength Tylenol.

KEVIN

Look at 'em Ash, can't you give him some of that shit you've been dishing out to the junkies at the clinic?

ASHLYN

That's a good way to wind up in prison. Leave you to take care of Abby and mom without me.

BOBBY

They're junkies Ash, I'm your brother.

ASHLYN

You know most of these *junkies* got started on prescription medication? Perfectly legal, overprescribed, prescriptions - from their doctors.

KEVIN

Not everyone who takes a Vicodin for a gym injury winds up shooting H, Ash.

ASHLYN

They're genetically predisposed, *Kevin*.

KEVIN

Alright alright, sheesh.

BOBBY

You guys are like an episode of 60 Minutes.

KEVIN

You've never watched 60 Minutes.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

The three sleuths exit the car, walk to Joney's trailer.

SHARP

Tell me about the DB's wife.

BART

Local girl. Went to the high school in town. Was all-state swim team.

BENTON

Tore her meniscus in an Iron Man competition a few years back.

BART

Was perfectly normal, 'fore the pain-pills got her.

SHARP

What about the DB?

BART

Chuck.

SHARP

What about Chuck? He use too?

BART

No way. Chuck was as straight as they come. Think he blew his life savings getting Joney in an out of programs.

SHARP

Lovely.

They reach Joney's trailer. Sharp knocks on the front door. They wait a moment. She knocks again. Still no answer.

BENTON

She's probably out at one of the pubs, we can try again tomorrow.

SHARP

Looks to me like someone busted in here already.

Sharp starts fishing around in her fanny pack.

BART

What makes you say that?

SHARP

Bottom two hinges of the door are different from the top.

BART

Yeah, they do look brand new.

BENTON

Who would break into a trailer and then re-hinge the door?

Sharp takes a pic out of her fanny pack, fiddles with the lock until the door swings open.

SHARP

That's a good question.

They enter the trailer.

INT. JONEY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Joney sits on the couch in total darkness.

SHARP

This is Special Agent Moira Sharp, I'm here with the Sheriff's department. We'd like to ask you a few questions.

No answer from Joney. Sharp feels around on the wall until she finds a light switch, flicks it on.

BART

Jesus Christ.

Joney is ghost white, slumped over. A needle sticks out of her inner-arm. Bloody mucus drips from her nose and mouth.

SHARP

God damn.

Sharp approaches Joney, puts two finger's to her throat.

BENTON

And?

SHARP

Nothing.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Bobby lounges with his feet up on the dash. Kevin drives.

BOBBY

Love cruising around at this hour.

KEVIN

When do you ever cruise around at this hour?

BOBBY

When I feel like taking a cruise. No gridlock. It's peaceful.

KEVIN

Didn't you sell your car?

BOBBY

Fuck you, man.

KEVIN

Bet you don't miss that LA traffic.

BOBBY

By the time I left it didn't even phase me anymore, man.

KEVIN

No?

BOBBY

No. But just wait 'til you experience a subway ride through downtown Manhattan at rush hour. Trust me.

KEVIN

Never been to the Empire State.

BOBBY

See I'm surprised, cause you seem like such a worldly guy.

KEVIN

Oh I see, you get chased out of LA and New York and suddenly your Mister Cosmopolitan?

BOBBY

Yeah, something like that. But for real though, you know New Yorkers actually wear those cordless ear buds?

KEVIN

No way, I don't believe it.

BOBBY

No joke, man. Blue tooth has taken over the coastal cities.

They pull into the trailer park.

KEVIN

You sure you don't want to crash on our couch, Bob?

BOBBY

Yeah I gotta get back to the trailer before some punks tag my shit.

KEVIN

Ash is worried about you. We both are.

BOBBY

You guys have enough on your plate. Think about what I said though, about making a play. Seriously.

KEVIN

You sound like you've got something cooking already.

BOBBY

Nothing I could pull off...alone.

KEVIN

Bobby--

BOBBY

Just think on it. Alright, pull over here, kill the headlights or you'll wake up everybody in the park man.

Kevin puts the car in park, turns the lights off.

Bobby gets out, walks down toward his trailer.

EXT. TRAILER PARK, BOBBY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Bobby slows his pace when he realizes his front door is ajar.

Suddenly, Rider and Tomlin appear out of the darkness.

RIDER

Bobby Smokes! Heard you lasted six minutes with Borris the Brute. That's impressive. *Especially* for a washed-up semi-pro like yourself.

BOBBY

Shit.

Rider and Tomlin flank Bobby. He puts his hands up in the air, as if to reason with them...*Let's talk this out.*

RIDER

How you think ol' Bill feels about you throwing away money on a fight, when you're in the hole the way you are?

BOBBY

Look guys--

Bobby's hands still in the air. Tomlin closes in.

BOBBY (CONTINUED)

This is just a misunderstanding--

Bobby throws a right jab at Tomlin's face, sends the behemoth stumbling backwards, blood streaming from his nose.

Rider throws a punch at Bobby, Bobby dodges it, knocks Rider out with a swift left hook. Rider hits the ground.

BOBBY

Semi-pro, my ass.

Bobby turns, steps into his trailer.

INT. BOBBY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby flicks the light on. Bill is waiting inside for him.

BILL

Hey Bob.

Bill raises an electric cattle prod to Bobby's crotch. Bobby drops to his knees, vomits.

Bill stares at Bobby with those empty eyes.

BILL
You with us, Bob?

BOBBY
Jesus Christ.

BILL
Bobby!

Bill zaps Bobby again, this time on the ankle.

BOBBY
Ahhhhhhwwwwhat!?

BILL
Just making sure you're with us.

BOBBY
I'm with you, Bill. How's it going?

BILL
Not well, Bob. This is not how I
prefer to spend my evenings.

BOBBY
That surprises me, man.

BILL
Ya know, it's nice to see you haven't
lost your sense of humor.

BOBBY
We can figure something out. I've got
a plan in the works.

BILL
I'm sure you do. Only thing is Bobby,
I need to be sure you won't lose any
more money in the circuit while I wait
for you to pay off all your debts.

BOBBY
No more fights Bill, I promise.

BILL
I'd *really* like to take your word for
it, Bobby. But I can't.

Bill pulls a pair of pliers out of his jacket pocket.

EXT. OUTSIDE BOBBY'S TRAILER - SAME TIME

Kevin hoists himself up onto the outer ledge of the trailer.

He peeks through the lone window, sees Tomlin holding Bobby down, while Bill attempts to clamp one of Bobby's fingers with a pair of pliers.

Rider takes a knife out of his back pocket.

INT. BOBBY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Bill clamps Bobby's middle finger with the pliers.

Rider puts the knife to Bobby's finger - but just as he's about to cut it off, the whole trailer jolts forward, everyone inside is thrown off balance.

Rider and Tomlin hit the floor.

Bobby frees his hand from the pliers, shoves Bill backward, lunges toward the front door of the trailer, falls through, tumbles over as he hits the ground outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE BOBBY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby picks himself up off the ground.

Kevin has attached the back of his truck to Bobby's trailer, then drove downhill, pulling the trailer with him.

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

Kevin jams on the breaks, whips the steering wheel into a hard left-turn.

KEVIN

Oh, shit.

EXT. BOBBY'S TOPPLED TRAILER, POND - MOMENTS LATER

The trailer tumbles over into a small pond at the bottom of the hill, *nearly* pulls Kevin's truck in with it.

The trailer lay on its side in the pond, so that the front door faces upward toward the sky.

Rider climbs out of the trailer as it fills up with water. He stands on the door frame, hoists Bill up and out.

RIDER

Christ. Tomlin can't swim!

BILL

Relax. The half-wit ain't gonna drown
in five feet a water.

EXT. AREA NEAR POND, TRAILER PARK - SAME TIME

Bobby approaches Kevin.

BOBBY

The hell'd you come from?

KEVIN

I never left. Lucky for you.

BOBBY

No joke. They almost cut my dick off.

KEVIN

Who are these guys?

Bill yells over at them from atop the sinking trailer.

BILL

(yells)

You there! With the truck. You got
some set of balls, guy!

KEVIN

(yells)

Thanks, I guess?

BILL

(yells)

Why don't you drag us outta here and
we can all sit down and chat like
civilized adults?

KEVIN

(whispers)

What's this guys name?

BOBBY

Bill.

KEVIN (YELLS)

I don't know about that, Bill! You
seemed pretty angry with my brother-
in-Law.

BILL (YELLS)
Brother-in-Law? Bob, you didn't tell
me you had an in-Law that was so...
formidable!

BOBBY (YELLS)
Guess it never came up in
conversation.

Sharp, Benton and Addley appear out of the darkness.

SHARP
Evening gentlemen.

Everyone looks up, startled by the cops. Rider continues in
his struggle to pull Tomlin out from the submerged trailer.

BENTON
What, exactly, is going on here?

KEVIN
Uh--

BILL
(yells)
We had a little accident while moving
Bob's trailer, here.

BART
Apparently.

SHARP
You decided to move your trailer in
the middle of the night?

BOBBY
My girl just left me, took most of my
things. Figured I should relocate
before she comes back to clean me out.

SHARP
Is that so?

Sharp looks at Kevin.

KEVIN
Uh, yea-yes ma'am. That's so.

Sharp backs up, ushers the cops into a private chat.

SHARP
What do you think?

BENTON
I think we've got a dead body over there that needs be dealt with. And as far as we can tell, these knuckle heads haven't commit a crime yet.

SHARP
What about you, Deputy?

BART
I guess, no crime that we know of. Should probably deal with poor Joney.

Sharp addresses Kevin again.

SHARP
This your truck?

KEVIN
Yes ma'am.

SHARP
Think you're capable of dragging them out of the pond?

KEVIN
Yes ma'am.

BENTON
Just try not to wake up the whole trailer park.

The law enforcers walk off toward Joney's trailer.

EXT. TRAILER PARK, NEXT TO POND - SUNRISE

Bobby's trailer has been dragged to shore.

BOBBY
Look Bill--

BILL
(to Kevin)
That was some quick thinking.

KEVIN
Adrenaline, mostly.

BILL
Your brother here was seconds away
from getting his finger cut off.

KEVIN
In-Law.

BOBBY
Look--

BILL
I've just about heard enough from you
Bob. Rider, if you would...

Rider hits Kevin in the stomach, Kevin doubles over.

BOBBY
Hey!

Bobby makes like he's going to lunge at Rider, but Tomlin
kicks him in the back of the knee, sends him to the ground.

Rider takes Kevin's wallet from his back pocket, hands it to
Bill, who takes out Kevin's driver's license.

BILL
Mr. Kevin Porter. *57 Bunting Street.*
Oh and look at that, you're an organ
donor. *Me too.*

BOBBY
Bill, this is between you and me. Let
him walk and we'll settle this - just
you and me.

BILL
See, I tried that Bobby. But your
brother here intervened. Now it's
between all of us. And now I know
where you live, Mr. Porter. You
understand me?

Kevin coughs.

KEVIN
Loud and clear.

BILL
Bob here, owes me about thirty grand.
Plus interest.

KEVIN

Is that so?

BILL

So. That. Is.

BOBBY

Bill, I've got a plan, I'm going to take care of it. I--

Tomlins smacks Bobby across the face with an open palm.

BILL

You got two days to get me my money, or I'm gonna start making house calls. And seeing as how we *just* dragged your sorry excuse for a mobile home up out of this here pond, I'm gonna start with the Porter Residence.

Bill starts walking up the hill back toward the other trailers. Rider and Tomlin follow.

BILL

Three days, gentlemen.

The bad men disappear up the hill.

BOBBY

Kev, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to--

KEVIN

Don't start.

BOBBY

Kevin.

KEVIN

Don't. Really. We've got no time.

BOBBY

Okay, what's the next move?

KEVIN

We need help.

BOBBY

Help? Who's gonna help us?

EXT. FRONT PORCH, THE PORTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ashlyn collects the trash. She kneels down to scoop up the empty whiskey glasses, notices a folded piece of paper left on the floor of the porch.

She unfolds it - the notice from the bank fell out of Kevin's pocket. Just then, Kevin's pick up truck pulls into the driveway. Kevin and Bobby emerge from the truck, frantic.

Ashlyn approaches Kevin. She hands him the bank notice.

KEVIN

Ash--

ASHLYN

You were trying to keep this from me?

KEVIN

No, I--

ASHLYN

Because *both* of our names are on the deed of this house, Kevin Porter. And if you think you're the only one thinking about this family's future-- Bob, what are you doing here? I thought you were going home.

KEVIN

I'm sorry I didn't say anything about the payments, but neither did you. And we've got bigger problems than the bank right now, Ash.

ASHLYN

What's happening, what problems?

BOBBY

We're in some trouble.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V

INT. MOTHER MARY METHADONE CLINIC - DAY

Ashlyn grabs a stapler and an envelope up off of the counter.

She then slips into the supply closet, unnoticed by everyone except for Dr. Hastings, who takes note but does nothing.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET, MOTHER MARY CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Ashlyn picks up three sample-packs labeled, ALPRAZOLAM.

She pops out a pill from each pack, puts the packs back where she found them. She drops the three pills into the envelope. She places the envelope on the floor.

Ashlyn fake-coughs as she strikes down on the envelope with the stapler.

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK - DAY

Kevin drives. Bobby rides shotgun, unpacks a duffle bag on his lap, hands some of the contents over to Kevin - doctor's scrubs and germ masks.

BOBBY

You borrow these from Ashlyn?

KEVIN

I did.

BOBBY

Shit dude, no gloves?

KEVIN

Should be a couple pairs of gardening gloves in the back.

BOBBY

That'll do.

KEVIN

You bring something, for intimidation?

BOBBY

I did.

Bobby takes a BB gun out of the bag, shows Kevin.

KEVIN

Jesus dude, that's not gonna work.

BOBBY

Sure it will. Why wouldn't it?

KEVIN

It's still got the orange nozzle on the end of it.

BOBBY

I'm just gonna leave it tucked in my waist band. Would you trust me? Come on Kev, this is just like old times.

KEVIN

This is *not* like old times, Bobby. We cased the Afghan Job for months-on-end.

BOBBY

Take a deep breath. If we don't go into this calmly it won't go well. Besides, we got an inside man.

INT. MOTHER MARY METHADONE CLINIC - DAY

Ashlyn waits in front of a vending machine for a shitty cup of coffee. When it's finally spat out, she tilts the envelope over, allows the crushed Alprazolam powder to fall gracefully into the cup of coffee.

She stirs the coffee with her pointer fingers, walks down the hall toward the entrance of the clinic.

JERRY, an armed security guard, sits at his post by the front door. Ashlyn approaches him.

JERRY

Oh I know that coffee ain't for me.

ASHLYN

Who else would it be for?

JERRY

You're too good me, Doc. Slow day, I'm ready to nod off.

A look of regret washes over Ashlyn's face as she hands the laced coffee over to Jerry. She checks her watch.

ASHLYN

I'll see you later, Jerry.

Ashlyn walks down the hall. She takes her phone out, texts three "Heart Emojis" to Kevin.

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

The three "Heart Emojis" appear on Kevin's phone screen. He looks at it, shows Bobby.

BOBBY

Go time.

INT. MAIN HALL, MOTHER MARY METHADONE CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Ashlyn walks by the open office of Dr. Hastings.

DR. HASTINGS

Dr. Porter, a word please.

As she enters, Ashlyn tries to conceal her lack of patience.

INT. DR. HASTINGS' OFFICE, MOTHER MARY'S - SAME TIME

Hastings rises from behind his desk, closes the door.

ASHLYN

What's this ab--

DR. HASTINGS

Silence. Not a word from you, or I'll report you and get your medical license revoked so fast you won't even know what hit you. I know you and the nurses have been raiding the supply closet. I don't know if this is a conspiracy for financial gain, or if you're all just a bunch of junkies.

ASHLYN

Doc--

DR. HASTINGS

I said not a word!

With a cat-like reflex, Hastings reaches his arm out and grabs Ashlyn by the jaw.

He pulls her face close to his.

DR. HASTINGS (CONTINUED)
To be frank, Dr. Porter. I couldn't
care less what it is you do with the
stolen pills.

He releases her face from his grip, slowly unzips his fly.

DR. HASTINGS
Now get on your knees.

ASHLYN
Not in a million fucking years.

DR. HASTINGS
Get on your knees!

ASHLYN
No!

Hastings charges Ashlyn, grabs her by the shoulders, thrusts
her backward, slams her head into a glass filing cabinet.

He grabs her by the back of her head. She's dazed, concussed.

He pulls her head forward toward his crotch--Remy appears
behind him, smashes a glass jar of bandaids over his head.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF MOTHER MARY'S CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby and Kevin, dressed in doctor's scrubs, germ-masks, and
gardener's gloves, approach the glass doors of the clinic.

INT. ENTRANCE OF MOTHER MARY'S CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Nurse Macy checks on Jerry, who's slumped over in his chair,
completely unconscious. Macy slaps his face lightly, he won't
wake up.

Macy looks up, sees Bobby and Kevin on the other side of the
glass doors.

Bobby lifts his shirt, shows Macy the handle of the BB gun.

BOBBY
(muffled)
Open the door and I promise we won't
hurt you.

Macy begins to panic.

MACY
I can't hear you through the glass.

KEVIN
(yells)
He said, open the God damn door!

Macy squeals as she unlocks the front door to the clinic. Bobby and Kevin enter. Kevin points to a door in the corner.

KEVIN
What's in there?

MACY
Janitor's closet.

KEVIN
Get in the closet. You, you and you too, up now. Let's go! All of you!

Macy leads the PATIENTS into the janitor's closet.

Bobby shuts the door on them. Kevin runs back out to the truck.

EXT. OUTSIDE MOTHER MARY METHADONE CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin returns to the truck, grabs a set of chains from the back. He connects one end of the chains to the rear bumper.

He takes a bolt gun out from the truck, grabs the other end of the chains, runs them inside the methadone clinic.

INT. MOTHER MARY'S CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin uses the bolt gun to attach the other end of the chains to the divider-wall of the clinic - the wall which separates the waiting room from the methadone stash.

Kevin runs back out to the truck.

EXT. OUTSIDE METHADONE CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby walks outside, takes cover behind a parked car, signals Kevin with a thumbs-up.

Kevin punches on the accelerator, drives forward, pulls on the chains, rips the safety-wall clean out of the clinic.

The glass doors shatter as the divider wall flies through.

The methadone-stocked shelves are exposed in the process.

Kevin gets out of the truck, detaches the chain.

Bobby runs inside, comes back out with a stack of boxes, each filled with methadone pills.

BOBBY

Gonna need a hand inside, bro!

INT. MOTHER MARY'S CLINIC, HASTINGS' OFFICE - SAME TIME

Hastings touches the wound on his head, his eyes erupt with fury when he sees blood on his fingers.

DR. HASTINGS

YOU BITC--

Hastings takes a step at Remy, but Ashlyn tackles him. They fall over onto the desk - a struggle ensues.

Hastings rolls over on top of Ashlyn, pins her to the desk. Remy leaps up onto Hastings back, bites him.

DR. HASTINGS

Ahhhh!

INT. ENTRANCE OF MOTHER MARY'S CLINIC - SAME TIME

Kevin and Bobby run back and fourth from the truck to the Methadone supply, lug several boxes at a time.

INT. MOTHER MARY'S, HASTINGS' OFFICE - SAME TIME

Ashlyn crawls out from under Hastings as Remy wrestles the deranged doctor.

Ashlyn crawls over to the other side of Hastings' desk, pulls open the drawers. She finds a syringe and multiple vials of liquid Propofol.

Remy lets out a scream as Hastings gains the upper hand. Her scream vanishes into his grasp as he chokes her.

Remy's face goes dark purple, she's about to black out.

Ashlyn jams a loaded syringe into Hastings' neck, presses down on the plunger with full force.

EXT. OUTSIDE METHADONE CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

The back of the pickup truck is full with boxes of methadone.

Kevin pulls a sheet over the stolen goods in his truck bed.

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

They drive off. Faint sirens can be heard in the distance.

BOBBY

Hell yes! Just like old times. Kev-in!

KEVIN

Chill out, we're not in the clear yet.

BOBBY

So speed up.

KEVIN

No no, we don't wanna draw attention.

Moments later, flashing lights appear in the rearview mirror.

BOBBY

Oh no, no, no, no. Gun it!

KEVIN

In this shit-heap? No way.

Kevin pulls the truck over.

The squad car stops behind them. Sheriff Benton gets out, approaches calmly.

KEVIN

(whisper)

Play it cool.

BOBBY

(whisper)

I didn't see Ash.

Sheriff Benton appears outside the driver's side window.

BENTON

I told Bill ten times already, I'm through working with amateurs.

Kevin and Bobby exchange a look of confusion.

BENTON (CONTINUED)

Jesus, you two really are a couple a dildos. Whose truck is this?

KEVIN

Mine, sir.

BENTON

Word of advice: don't go out on a heist using your own God-damn car.

KEVIN

Uh--

BENTON

Alright alright, let's go.

KEVIN

Sir?

BENTON

Start moving the goods to my trunk. When you get home, make sure to call my office and report your car stolen to one of my deputies. Then get rid of it.

KEVIN

Sheriff--

BENTON

Get the hell out of this truck and load the goods into my car! Before the Stateys arrive for Christ's sake.

Kevin and Bobby hop out of the truck.

INT. HASTINGS' OFFICE MOTHER MARY'S CLINIC - SAME TIME

Dr. Hastings is unconscious on a hospital bed, an IV running into his arm. Ashlyn sews up the small crack in Hastings' skull. Remy dabs at the blood with cotton swabs.

REMY

How long before he wakes up?

ASHLYN

Not sure. If the stash of anesthetics he has is for personal use, his tolerance could be sky high. We're gonna have to monitor him.

EXT. TRAILER PARK, OUTSIDE JONEY'S TRAILER - DAY

Yellow tape blocks off the area around Joney's trailer. Sharp and Bart finish up crime scene management.

TWO CORONERS WORKERS carry the corpse out in a body bag.

BART

Sheriff gave me the rest of the day off, I'ma go get some sleep. Can I get a ride?

SHARP

Sure. Where'd Benton sneak off to?

BART

Probably that domestic dispute. Likes to deal with things hands-on, ya know?

Sharp and Bart climb into Sharp's car.

INT. AGENT SHARP'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sharp starts the car, Bart buckles up in the front passenger.

BART

So, you draw the short straw, or what?

SHARP

How do you mean?

BART

To get sent all the way out here.

SHARP

Oh, short straw. I've actually got a step-brother out here. Superiors thought it might give me a leg up communicating with the locals.

BART

No kidding? What's he do?

SHARP

Has a small practice out here. Doctor. Also manages a methadone clinic.

END.