ESCAPE
at
DANMEMORA

Chapter Six

Written by
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Directed by
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2nd Goldenrod Rev. Pages 5-24-18
3rd White Rev. Pages 6-5-18

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Cast

Chapter Six
2nd Yellow Production Draft
4-9-18

RICHARD MATT
JOYCE 'TILLY' MITCHELL
DAVID SWEAT
LYLE MITCHELL

KEVIN TARSIA
DALE
NICOLE
CHRISTI-ANN
BOB
DISPATCHER CATHY
JEFFREY NABINGER
KENNY BARILLE SENIOR
KENNY BARILLE JUNIOR
ANNIE
TYLER
WILLIAM RICKERSON
VICTOR HOWARD
TORI
KARENA
SHAUN DEVUAL
JEROME
Non-Speaking

Chapter Six
2nd Goldenrod Rev. Pages
5-24-18

SC. 3
CLERK

SC. 22
FIVE YEAR OLD

SC. 24
DOCK WORKERS

SC. 25
DOCK WORKERS

SC. 26
FACTORY WORKERS

SC. 35
DINER PATRONS

SC. 36
FACTORY WORKERS

SC. A37
FACTORY WORKERS
Locations

Chapter Six
2nd Goldenrod Rev. Pages
5-24-18

INTERIORS
TARSIA HOME
  KITCHEN (N)
  BEDROOM (N)
PATROL CAR (N)
CONVENIENCE STORE (N)
RICKERSON HOME (N)
VIC’S NEW YORKER (N)
EXCELSIOR MOTEL (D)
CIVIC (D)
DINER (N)
TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY (D)
TRU-STITCH – OUTSIDE BATHROOM (D)
TRU-STITCH – MEN’S ROOM (D)
LYLE’S TRUCK (D)
FLANAGAN HOTEL (D)

EXTERIORS
CONVENIENCE STORE (N)
PATROL CAR (N)
GRANGE HALL PARK (N)
U.S. ROUTE 20 (N)
PURE PLATINUM GENTLEMEN’S CLUB (N)
TONAWANDA ISLAND (N)
EXCELSIOR MOTEL (D)
BARILLE HOME (D)
TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY (D)
BACK COUNTRY ROAD (N)
DRUG STORE
FLANAGAN HOTEL (D)
FADE IN:

1 INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Deputy Sheriff, KEVIN TARSIA, 39, sits in his patrol car, a radar gun aimed at the country road in Kirkwood, New York, which is empty at this late hour.

His eyes hold steady on the road. A truck drives past. The radar gun shows 48. The speed limit is 45.

Tarsia lets him go.

2 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

The patrol car drives down a rural road and parks in the lot of a small convenience store. Tarsia gets out.

3 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Tarsia enters the small convenience store and goes to the condiments. He grabs three bottles of ketchup, brings them to the counter where a CLERK sits reading the newspaper.

Tarsia goes back and looks at the mustard selection.

His phone rings and he answers it. We might notice it’s a flip phone.

TARSIA

Hey honey, what are you doing up?
... Yes, I did. ... Ten slabs. ...
They’re already smoking on the grill outside. ... Yeah, it’s safe, it’s two hundred degrees.

Tarsia grabs three bottles of mustard and brings them to the clerk, who rings him up.

TARSIA (CONT’D)

It’s gonna be a lot of people and it’s better to have too much than too little. ... Well, Jackie says she’s coming and your sister always turns up with some guy who can eat. Ten slabs goes faster than you think.

Tarsia slides the clerk a ten dollar bill and walks out.

4 INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - LATER

Tarsia drives down the dark road. He grabs his radio.

(CONTINUED)
TARSIA
Patrol 828 to dispatch. Hey I was
out of the car for zero five. Any
traffic for me?

dispatcher Cathy
Negative traffic for ya.

TARSIA
Copy that.
(beat)
Oh, hey, Christi-Ann and I are
having a little thing over at the
house tomorrow. Just some ribs and
sparklers. If you feel like it.

dispatcher Cathy
What time?

Tarsia sees a car swerving on the road.

TARSIA
You know what, let me go, looks
like I got a possible 1192 on Honey
Hollow Road. Will advise.

Tarsia flips his sirens on.

TARSIA’S POV: the driver is a blonde woman, can’t see her
closely. Sitting in the passenger seat is a man, dark hair.
Is it Tilly and Matt? Could be.

The car isn’t pulling over.

TARSIA (CONT’D)
What are you doing, lady?

Tarsia blips his SIRENS.

Finally, the car pulls over.

Tarsia gets out of his cruiser. He approaches the car.

As the window rolls down we see the driver is a frightened
teenage girl, NICOLE, and in the passenger seat is her
father, DALE.

TARSIA (CONT’D)
License and registration, please.

The girl is petrified.

(Continued)
DALE
Nicole...
(to Tarsia)
Hey, sorry. Officer, this is actually her first time behind the wheel.

NICOLE
Sorry.

TARSIA
It’s okay. You got your learners permit?

NICOLE
Yeah. Dad, you have my purse.

DALE
Right.

Dale hands Nicole’s purse to her. She gets the permit out while Dale goes through the glove box.

DALE (CONT’D)
I think I have the registration in the glove box.

TARSIA
Okay, let me take a look.

She gives Tarsia her learner’s permit and hands him the registration from Dale.

TARSIA (CONT’D)
Happy birthday.

NICOLE
Thank you.

TARSIA
Did you two know you’re not supposed to be driving at night?

NICOLE
Shit.

DALE
Nicole.

NICOLE
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)
TARSIA
Also, you know, when you see a police officer flashing his lights behind you, you’re supposed to pull over, right?

NICOLE
Yeah, I know I just got scared. I’m sorry.

DALE
It’s her first time driving. It’s my fault. Is there any way I can take the responsibility?

TARSIA
Technically it is your responsibility.

DALE
Right.

Tarsia smiles.

TARSIA
I’m thinking maybe until you get your license it might be a good idea to stick to daylight hours. And maybe start off with a parking lot or something.

NICOLE
Okay.

DALE
Gotcha.

NICOLE
Am I gonna get a ticket?

TARSIA
(with a smile)
Unfortunately I can’t give you one until you get a real license.

DALE
Thank you, officer.

TARSIA
Tell your dad to teach you how to parallel park. It’s a lost art.
Tarsia gives back her license. As he walks away, Nicole and Dale switch spots. As they cross at the front of the car,

NICOLE
Dad, I told you we should wait.

DALE
Shh. I know, just get in the car.

NICOLE
I didn’t even want to do this. So embarrassing.

DALE
What? He was nice!

Tarsia smiles, overhearing their conversation, and gets in his car.

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR – MOVING – LATER

Tarsia drives down the road, looking for something, his radio up to his mouth.

TARSIA
Dispatch, this is Kevin, I’m looking all over for the debris and I’m not finding— Never mind, found it.

ANGLE ON: the dome of a Weber grill, lying on the road, new and still in a plastic bag.

Tarsia pulls to a stop, turns on his lights, and gets out of the car. He walks over to the grill top, then notices a few other pieces of the grill -- the legs, the bottom part of the dome -- each still wrapped in plastic. He then sees the box for the grill.

Tarsia looks back and sees a pothole in the road.

LATER:

Tarsia has almost finished shoving the pieces of the grill into the box. Because he hasn’t packed them as they were originally, the box bulges and pieces stick out.

A truck speeds towards him, then quickly comes to a stop. Tarsia approaches the vehicle.

The driver is BOB, and there are several other boxes in the bed of his truck.

(CONTINUED)
TARSIA (CONT’D)
That your grill?

BOB
I’m so sorry. You want to see my license and registration?

TARSIA
I sure do.

Bob obliges.

TARSIA (CONT’D)
You were coming up pretty quick here.

BOB
I’m late as shit. Sorry.

TARSIA
I don’t care. The language I mean.

BOB
Is it all right?

TARSIA
Sir?

BOB
The grill. Is it all busted up?

TARSIA
You got a lot of big chunks of metal all over the road here, and people go pretty fast on this road. Motorcyclist or somebody came up on that going fast I could have been calling the coroner right about now.

BOB
I know. Look, I’m sorry.

Tarsia takes out his ticket book.

TARSIA
I can give you ‘failure to cover loose cargo’ or ‘littering.’

BOB
Whatever you think.

(CONTINUED)
TARSIA
What are you late for?

BOB
4th of July barbecue tomorrow. I told her I’d have the grill and furniture built before I went to bed and to be perfectly frank my wife is up my ass. Just called me again. She’s got work friends coming, you know, from the bank, and she just--

TARSIA
I got it.

BOB
Sorry.

TARSIA
Hop out of the truck.

They go over to the grill and each take a side, then walk it back to the truck.

TARSIA (CONT’D)
Will you take some unsolicited advice?

They heave the Weber into the truck.

TARSIA (CONT’D)
Go home, go to bed -- tell your wife I told you -- and set your alarm for eight thirty.

BOB
I appreciate that, but--

TARSIA
You got two chairs, a love seat, a coffee table, plus the grill. That’s three hours with the Allen wrench, minimum. It’s 2AM now. If you start when you get home, you’ll be up till sunrise, and if her friends are coming you’ll be lucky to get a thirty minute nap. Wake up at eight, eight thirty and you’ll still be done in time to grill the hotdogs.

(CONTINUED)
BOB
Hamburgers.

Tarsia gives a polite smile, then takes his ticket book back out.

BOB (CONT’D)
I thought you were gonna let me off.

TARSIA
Yeah, well I would except you coulda killed somebody.

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - LATER

Tarsia again sits with his radar gun aimed at the road. He checks the time: 4AM. He grabs his radio.

TARSIA
Okay, Cathy. I’m gonna call out of service at my residence for a meal.

DISPATCHER CATHY
Copy that.

He starts up the car and drives off.

INT. TARSIA HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tarsia stocks the refrigerator with the ketchup and mustard. The house is quiet.

INT. TARSIA HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tarsia quietly enters the bedroom, a window air conditioner WHIRRING.

In the bed, asleep, is CHRISTI-ANN, 30s, pretty. Tarsia sits down on the bed. She wakes up.

CHRISTI-ANN
Hey.

TARSIA
Hey.

CHRISTI-ANN
Sorry I didn’t wake up. It’s the air conditioner.

TARSIA
Should I unplug it?

(CONTINUED)
CHRISTI-ANN
What are you, nuts? That’s the best gift you’ve ever given me.

TARSIA
Better than the diamond ring?

CHRISTI-ANN
Other than the diamond ring, it’s the best thing.

Tarsia kisses her.

CHRISTI-ANN (CONT’D)
Did you remember to get the ketchup and mustard?

Tarsia nods, still kissing, not to be deterred.

CHRISTI-ANN (CONT’D)
My sister texted, she’s bringing a guy.

TARSIA
(false shock)
No.

Christi-Ann laughs, charmed by him.

CHRISTI-ANN
Shut up.

They keep making out. Tarsia gets on top of her. He starts to unbutton her pajamas.

CHRISTI-ANN (CONT’D)
Do you have time?

He stops.

TARSIA
Shit.

CHRISTI-ANN
I’m sorry!

TARSIA
No, you’re right.

CHRISTI-ANN
Rain check?

(CONTINUED)
TARSIA
See you at dawn.

He gives her a final kiss, deep.

TARSIA (CONT’D)
Go back to sleep.
(beat)
If you can.

He leaves, cocky.

CHRISTI-ANN
(playful)
Asshole!

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR – MOVING – NIGHT

Tarsia, back on his shift, drives down Grange Hall Road.

He passes Grange Hall Park, and notices lights in the field. He stops, reverses, then enters the parking lot.

On the edge of the field, at the tree line, he sees a car and truck parked. As his headlights cross them, he sees the movement of two or three PEOPLE.

EXT. GRANGE HALL PARK – CONTINUOUS

Tarsia parks in the parking lot and shines his spotlight on the vehicles. He sees two MEN run into the trees, and a THIRD dive under the truck.

He gets out of his cruiser.

He unfastens his holster, and approaches the field. He turns on his flashlight.

There’s a glint of metal underneath the pick up truck.

Tarsia sees movement under the truck, and then the man rolls out from under it.

TARSIA
Hands up!

But the man starts FIRING.

BULLETS fly past Tarsia, who tries to reach for his gun.

Two SHOTS hit Tarsia in his bullet proof vest.

(CONTINUED)
Then a third SHOT hits him in the gut, below the vest, just as he gets his gun into his hand. With a groan, he falls, dropping his weapon.

He can see the man get into the car. He hits the gas and the car speeds forward, straight towards Tarsia. He tries to rise, but can’t.

The car SMASHES INTO Tarsia and he is pinned under the front bumper. The car continues accelerating, drags him along the rough pavement.

The car stops and reverses, again at speed, dragging Tarsia backwards.

Finally stopping, the driver gets out of the car and runs to Tarsia’s side. Tarsia is mangled, bloody, but is still alive, barely.

The driver, moaning and crying, is DAVID SWEAT, 22 years old.

SWEAT
I’m sorry. I’m sorry.

JEFFERY NABINGER, 20s, runs out of the woods with a 9mm Kahr pistol.

He walks up to Tarsia, raises the gun, and shoots him point blank in the face.

A third young man, SHAUN DEVAUL, joins them.

CLOSE ON Sweat, flooded with guilt.

Chyron: 2002

NABINGER
Come on, man. Let’s go.

Sweat just stands there, frozen.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

FADE IN:

INT. RICKERSON HOME - DINING/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WILLIAM RICKERSON, 76, wearing pajamas, studies a puzzle on the dining room table. He hears a KNOCK, then places a piece in the puzzle and gets up. Another KNOCK.
Rickerson walks to the door, passing a cheap painting of some horses he got at Walgreens.

RICKERSON
Hello?

MATT (O.S.)
We need to talk, Mr. Rickerson.

RICKERSON
Ricky?!
(beat)
What are you doing here?

MATT (O.S.)
We need to talk.

RICKERSON
Not now, Ricky. Why don’t you come into the store tomorrow? We can talk then.

MATT (O.S.)
I want to apologize in person, and I need to do it now while I’ve got up the courage.

Rickerson stands there a beat, then finally opens the door to find RICHARD MATT, 31. Matt immediately punches him in the face, gets on top of him, pulls off his belt, and throws it around the man’s neck, creating a leash so he can choke him and move him around anywhere he wants him to go.

MATT (CONT’D)
Your wife around?

RICKERSON
She’s dead.

MATT
That’s right, she’s dead. Where’s the money?

RICKERSON
What money?

MATT
You got a safe. With money. And I know about it.

(CONTINUED)
RICKERSON
The only safe’s at work and that’s just for documents. Who told you I have a safe?

MATT
I’m not a rat.
(beat)
I want the ten thousand dollar stacks, Mr. Rickerson. They told me.

RICKERSON
The what?

MATT

RICKERSON
I’ve never seen ten thousand dollars cash in my life.

Matt notices a door.

MATT
Basement?

Rickerson doesn’t respond.

MATT (CONT’D)
Nice to have a basement.

Matt walks him over to the door, opens it.

MATT (CONT’D)
Where’s the safe?

RICKERSON
I don’t have one.

MATT
Maybe it’s down there.

RICKERSON
(pleading)
No.

Matt shoves Rickerson off the edge.

CUT TO:
INT. VIC’S NEW YORKER - DRIVING - NIGHT

Matt sits shotgun in a brown, 1976 Chrysler New Yorker on a State Route, VICTOR HOWARD, 21, drives. A box of wine sits between them. Matt flips through Rickerson’s wallet. The horse painting (Scene 11) sits in the back seat.

Vic takes a hit on his crack pipe, then passes it to Matt, who tosses the wallet out the window to take a hit.

Vic
How’d you hear about this guy?

Matt
He fired my ass a couple weeks ago.

Vic
You fucking know him?

Matt
The guy likes to hire ex cons, like to help reintegrate them into the community.

(beat)
You shouldn’t do that.

Matt laughs at his own joke, then takes a hit of crack.

Vic
If you fucking know this guy you should have worn a mask.

Matt
He’s a con, alright? He’s been embezzling from his own company for years, which is where all this fucking cash came from.

Vic
No shit?

Matt
So that’s why he’s not gonna say shit to any cops once we get it out of him.

Vic
Oh, okay. Nice. So when’s he gonna give us the fucking money?

Matt
How the fuck am I supposed to know that?

(MORE)
MATT (CONT'D)
But you’re not gonna put in all that work embezzling, and then cough it up the second some guy throws you down a flight of stairs.

VIC
I get it, we’re fucking Robin Hood.

We hear a THUMP coming from the trunk.

MATT
Pull over.

EXT. U.S. ROUTE 20 – CONTINUOUS

Outside Route 20, which at this part of south west New York is nothing more than a country road. Matt gets out of the car and walks to the back. There are no lights except from the old car.

Matt opens the trunk, where Rickerson lays on his back, his hands tied behind his back with an electric cord, his feet tied up the same way. A gag, fashioned from an old rag or T-shirt, is lodged in his mouth. Matt removes the gag.

MATT
Where’s the money?

RICKERSON
I’m sorry. I didn’t want to fire you.

MATT
Jesus Christ.

RICKERSON
Your P.O. called me, right? Asked how you were doing with the drinking.

MATT
I don’t care, Mr. Rickerson. I just want the money.

RICKERSON
There’s no money, so— Please, let me go, okay? I’m sorry. Please—

VIC
(from inside)
Car!

(CONTINUED)
Matt stops, slams the trunk shut, and returns to the front seat of the New Yorker.

They sit for a few moments. Rickerson starts THUMPING and KICKING from the trunk.

RICKERSON
   Ricky! Let me out! Come on,
   Ricky! There’s no money, come on
   let me out!

Rickerson keeps yelling. After a moment, Matt gets out of the New Yorker and walks back to the trunk.

Vic sits there a moment and then hits the tape deck to drown out the noise.

“Wu-Tang Clan Aint Nuthing ta Fuck Wit” starts playing.

AT THE TRUNK:

MATT
   Pop the trunk!

Vic pops the trunk. Matt pulls Rickerson towards him.

MATT (CONT’D)
   I want the fucking money, Mr.
   Rickerson, okay? Give me the money
   and I’ll take you home. I don’t
   want to do it, but I’m gonna break
   your fucking hand.

RICKERSON
   But there’s no money, so--

Matt SNAPS one of the bones in Rickerson’s hand.

RICKERSON (CONT’D)
   Aaaa!

After a beat, Matt snaps a second finger.

Rickerson clutches his hand, then begins softly sobbing.

“Wu-Tang Clan Aint Nuthing ta Fuck Wit” starts playing from inside the car.

Matt puts the gag back in Rickerson’s mouth and shuts the trunk, then starts to dance to the Wu-Tang Clan as he gets back in the car.

(CONTINUED)
MATT
Just because you steal with a pen
doesn’t mean you’re not tough.

The volume of the song CRANKS as the car peels off onto the
icy road.

Vic sings along to the song, Matt pounding his cup into the
dash to the rhythm of the beat, spraying wine on the
interior and windshield of the car.

VICTWu-Tang Clan ain’t nothing ta fuck
witu Wu-Tang Clan ain’t nothing
ta fuck witu Wu-Tang Clan ain’t
nothing ta fuck witu Wu-Tang Clan
ain’t nothing ta fuck witu

EXT. PURE PLATINUM GENTLEMEN’S CLUB/INT. VIC’S NEW YORKER - 15
NIGHT

We find the New Yorker parked next to a dumpster in the
parking lot of a low-end strip club, HIP HOP blaring from
inside.

Two strippers, KARENA, 30s, and TORI, 18, both blonde, come
out of the back door and towards the car, wobbling on their
very high heels.

Matt gets out of the car and gives Karena a kiss.

MATT
Who’s she?

KARENA
That’s Tori. She’s new.

MATT
Hi.

TORI
Hi.

KARENA
Alright, alright.

Matt opens the back door for Tori, who climbs in. Matt and
Karena get in the front with Vic. Matt shuts the door and
turns to Karena.

(CONTINUED)
MATT
Put it in.

KARENA
Give me the money.

Matt takes out a fifty from his pocket, slides it into Karena's bra.

KARENA (CONT'D)
Ricky! You said a hundred.

MATT
I’ll get you the rest later.

KARENA
That’s all you got?

MATT
At the moment.

KARENA
(to Vic)
What about you?

MATT
It’s all we got.

Karena shakes her head, then pulls out a bag of crack, and puts it in Matt’s jacket pocket. Matt turns to Tori, sitting next to the horse painting.

TORI
Cool painting.

MATT
You want to see something?
(then, to Vic)
Pop the trunk.

Vic pops the trunk.

Matt, Karena and Tori get out. Matt opens the trunk of the car to reveal Rickerson, very badly beaten and bloody, still gagged.

MATT (CONT’D)
What do you think?

TORI
I’m cold.

(CONTINUED)
Tori walks back into the strip club. Matt, still chuckling to himself, shuts the trunk.

KARENA
You know what? That was really fucking stupid showing me that in front of her.

MATT
I thought you’re friends with her.

KARENA
I barely know her. And how do you know Vic isn’t gonna open his mouth about this shit, you know? He’s a fucking crackhead.

MATT
Well it’s his fucking car. Relax, baby.

KARENA
Don’t tell me to relax.

MATT
Go calm Barbie down. I’ll call you later.

KARENA
I need the other fifty by the end of the night.

He gives her a kiss and gets back in the car. Vic peels out.

EXT. DRUG STORE – NIGHT

Matt walks out of a drug store on a dark street, his jacket zipped to the top, and stuffed with something inside. He approaches the New Yorker, parked nearby.

INT. VIC’S NEW YORKER – NIGHT

Vic sits behind the wheel in the parked car, smoking crack, the windows fogged up.

There is a KNOCK at the window, Vic unlocks the door and Matt gets in.

MATT
We gotta go.
Vic starts up the car and starts driving. Vic looks back out the window at the drug store.

VIC
You get it?

Matt unzips his jacket and a bounty pours out: a whole salami, a couple Slim Jims, a pack of Big League Chew, a bag of Sour Patch Kids, a bottle of whiskey, two porno magazines, some duct tape, a slinky, two small notebooks, and several pairs of women’s reading glasses.

Vic grabs a flashy pair of reading glasses.

MATT
No, those are mine.

Matt puts on the reading glasses, a flamboyant 50s style with rhinestones and high corners. Vic puts on another pair. They start laughing hysterically.

LATER:

Matt takes a swig of whiskey out of the bottle, then looks at Vic, who is wearing some very thick old-lady glasses.

MATT (CONT’D)
You look like you’re in ‘Golden Girls’.

Vic turns.

VIC
(serious)
I am in ‘Golden Girls’.

MATT
Fuck! Can I have your autograph?

VIC
Ten dollars.

Matt finds the pipe in his pocket and takes a hit, then opens one of the Slim Jims and takes a bite out of it.

MATT
You know what I was thinking?

Matt takes another hit.

MATT (CONT’D)
Oh fuck. I can see how people like this shit.
Matt just sits there chewing. They hear a THUMPING from the trunk.

VIC
Where’d you hear about the money again?

MATT
What?

VIC
The money. Where’d you hear about it?

MATT
It was well known around the store.

VIC
So someone saw it.

MATT
He owns the whole business. You don’t think that guy’s rich?

VIC
His house wasn’t that big.

MATT
What the fuck do you want from me?

Matt studies Vic, both still wearing their old lady glasses. Vic pulls over.

EXT. U.S. ROUTE 20 - NIGHT

The New Yorker stops, Matt gets out, and goes to the trunk. He opens it. Rickerson shivers in terror. Matt turns Rickerson over, breaks another finger. Rickerson SCREAMS through his gag. Once he stops, Matt pulls it out.

MATT
Mr. Rickerson, are you going to give me the money or what?

RICKERSON
(crying)
There’s no money.

Matt breaks another finger on Rickerson’s hand. He again cries out.

(CONTINUED)
(CONTINUED)

RICKERSON (CONT’D)
(crying)
There is no money... I got twenty seven grand in a savings account in Buffalo. We can go there in the morning.

MATT
Where’d you get it? Did you embezzle it?

RICKERSON
What?

MATT
The twenty seven grand. Did you embezzle it?

RICKERSON
Savings. I saved it.

Matt knows he’s telling the truth.

MATT
Shit! ... Vic! Get over here.

Vic gets out of the car, comes to the trunk.

VIC
What’s happening?

MATT
I fucked up. I think the money thing is a rumor.

VIC
Shit!

RICKERSON
Please, Ricky, just let me go. I promise I won’t tell anyone.

MATT
Oh, you’re not gonna talk?

RICKERSON
I’ll say I smashed my hands in the garage door.

MATT
Both hands?

(CONTINUED)
RICKERSON

Yes.

MATT
Why are you going to lie? Why?

RICKERSON
So you don’t get in trouble.

MATT
To protect me?

RICKERSON
Yes.

MATT
After what we did to you? You’re going to protect us? ... Shut the fuck up. Vic, help me sit him up.

Matt pulls out the duct tape as Vic sits Rickerson up in the trunk.

RICKERSON
Please.

MATT
Shut the fuck up!

Matt starts wrapping the tape around Rickerson’s face.

MATT (CONT’D)
My mistake was believing a rumor, and your mistake was being honest, but now you’re lying to me, so I can’t keep track of you.

Matt closes the trunk.

CUT TO:

INT. VIC’S NEW YORKER – DRIVING – NIGHT (EXISTING FOOTAGE) A18
The New Yorker drives through the winter night.

MATT (V.O.)
You talk to him this time.

VIC (V.O.)
Uh huh.

MATT (V.O.)
You’re good cop, okay?

(CONTINUED)
VIC (V.O.)
Fine.

EXT. TONAWANDA ISLAND - NIGHT

The trunk pops, and then is pulled open. From inside we see Matt and Vic, staring back at us.

They pull Rickerson up into frame as Matt begins to unwrap the duct tape from his head.

Matt removes the remaining duct tape around Rickerson’s mouth, Rickerson’s dead eye staring right at Matt.

MATT
(to the corpse)
What?

VIC
Oh shit. He’s dead.

Matt shuts Rickerson’s eye.

MATT
Oh well, life is hard.

Matt pulls out his belt and puts it under Rickerson’s armpit. He pulls Rickerson up. Rickerson’s body now rests on the edge of the trunk.

MATT (CONT’D)
Don’t turn into a girl. Give me a hand.

VIC
Dude, this is fucked up.

MATT
Shut the fuck up. Grab his legs. Pull!

Vic grabs Rickerson by the legs. Matt holds Rickerson by the shoulders, they pull him out of the trunk, and drop him on the ground.

LATER:

(CONTINUED)
Matt and Vic drag the body away from the car.

FADE OUT:

19
EXT. EXCELSIOR MOTEL - SNOWING - DUSK

Establishing shot of the snow covered Excelsior Motel in Tonawanda.

20
INT. EXCELSIOR MOTEL - SNOWING - DUSK

Matt lies in the bed of the cheap motel with Karena, spent Chinese food boxes litter the nightstand. Matt finishes an apple while they watch “Deliverance” on TV.

It’s the part where Jon Voight has the nightmare of the hand popping out of the lake.

CLOSE ON: Matt.

MATT
BULLSHIT!

He puts down his apple.

CUT TO:

21
EXT. TONAWANDA ISLAND - SNOWING - NIGHT

Matt lifts off a large railroad tie and throws it to the side. Underneath we see Mr. Rickerson’s face.

LATER:

Matt cuts Rickerson’s neck with a hacksaw.

LATER:

Matt pulls off Rickerson’s wedding ring and puts it in his pocket.

Matt saws one of the hands off at the wrist.

LATER:

Matt places Rickerson’s decapitated head into a trash bag, sitting in between his own severed hands.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT: The pile of body parts sits near a tree between Vic’s New Yorker and the river. Matt grabs two arms, without hands, and throws them into the river.
He then grabs one half of the torso, which he tosses in next. He grabs the other half and tosses it in the river.

He then grabs the legs and tosses them in.

Matt picks up the bag with the head and the hands.

**MATT**

C’mon, Mr. Rickerson, let’s go.

Matt takes the bag to the passenger side of the car, tosses it inside, then walks around to the driver’s side and gets in. The car drives off.

**FADE OUT:**

**FADE IN:**

**22 EXT. BARILLE HOME – GARAGE – MORNING**

Outside of a small North Country house in spring. The house is old, needs a paint job. In the driveway are two cars, a 1985 Honda Civic, and a “Sunny Tomorrow Daycare” station wagon, not in great shape, facing each other, their hoods up.

TILLY enters frame holding jumper cables. She’s twenty years younger, and from the start, seems to be a different person, bright and eager.

She attaches the cables to the batteries, then gets in the Civic and starts it. JEROME, 50s, driving the station wagon, gets out. As she gets out and unclips the jumpers:

**TILLY**

Thanks Jerome. Looks like I’m buyin’ a battery.

**JEROME**

Probably an alternator, too. Don’t shut it off until you get to work.

(she nods)

You ready, buddy?

Tilly turns to see KENNY BARILLE JUNIOR, five years old, standing there watching them.

**KENNY JUNIOR**

Mommy.

Tilly looks up as KENNY BARILLE SENIOR, 30, strong and good looking, comes out of the house.

(Continued)
TILLY
I thought you were watching him.

KENNY SENIOR
I am.

JEROME
It’s okay, I got him.

As Jerome goes to try and pick Kenny Junior up, he cries.

KENNY SENIOR
I got him.

Kenny Senior grabs Kenny Junior and straps him into the back of the station wagon next to another FIVE YEAR OLD.

KENNY SENIOR (CONT’D)
See you later, Junior.

Kenny Junior is still sniffling.

KENNY JUNIOR
Daddy.

KENNY SENIOR
You’ll have fun with Jerome and your friends and we’ll see you soon.

JEROME
Lots of fun.

Kenny Senior gives Kenny Junior a kiss and goes back to his car.

TILLY
Thanks, Jerome.

JEROME
Have a good one. He’ll be okay.

Jerome backs out and goes down the road.

TILLY
Yeah, he’ll be fine.

INT. HONDA CIVIC – MOVING – LATER

Tilly and Kenny Senior drive in the cramped cabin of the 80s Japanese car.
KENNY SENIOR
So I heard there’s a guy in the area, come up from New York, looking to buy old houses like ours, tear ‘em down and sell the wood to restaurants that want an old timey look.

TILLY
But then we don’t got a house.

KENNY SENIOR
Buy ourselves a pre-fab, not too pricey.

TILLY
Whatever you want.

KENNY SENIOR
It’s a big change and I want your opinion, Tilly.

TILLY
Well, the summer people come up here and they want everything looking like it always looks, right?

KENNY SENIOR
Right.

TILLY
Well, summer people look at that old house and say, oh that’s so quaint.

KENNY SENIOR
That’s why they want to buy it.

TILLY
So let them tear it down if it’ll piss off the summer people.

They share a laugh.

KENNY SENIOR
Good thinking.

They pull out of the driveway.
EXT. TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY - DAY

They come to a square metal-clad industrial building between the highway and a railroad track. This is the Tru-Stitch Slipper Factory.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - CONTINUOUS

As they pull into the parking lot, Kenny Senior turns down the music and stops the car near a loading dock where workers unload equipment.

KENNY SENIOR
Look, I been thinking and I gotta say this thing... I don’t think we should be paying for Jerome anymore.

TILLY
Seriously, Kenny? The kid needs to play with other people.

KENNY SENIOR
Yeah, but it hardly makes sense for you to go to work just to pay for someone to watch him.

TILLY
You want me to quit?

KENNY SENIOR
What do you clear after paying Jerome -- maybe seventy bucks more a week? I mean in the big picture, what does the lost time with his mom do to a kid?

One of the loading dock workers is LYLE MITCHELL, twenty years younger. He pushes a U-Boat truck dolly with Tru-Stitch boxes on it. He looks at her a beat.

TILLY
Why don’t you stay home then and not me?

KENNY SENIOR
I make more than you.

TILLY
For no reason other than you’re a man. Kenny, let me make you feel better about this. You’re a great Dad.

(CONTINUED)
KENNY SENIOR
Thank you for that.

Lyle looks up and sees Tilly and Kenny Senior. He’s focused on his job and his look at them is neutral.

TILLY
He needs to be in daycare. The kid needs to play with other people.

KENNY SENIOR
Yeah.

INT. TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY - DAY

A factory making slippers and moccasins, which should remind us of Tailor 1, but louder, with more machines and workers.

We find Tilly sewing fringes onto slippers with her sewing machine, working next to ANNIE (Chapter Four), now in her 20s and pregnant. Kenny Senior is a buffer, working near the other side of the room.

ANNIE
Pete’s taking a job at Dannemora.

TILLY
He’s not afraid of the inmates?

ANNIE
Honestly I think he’s looking forward to beating the shit out of ‘em. Anyway, it’s a union job with benefits. Can’t think selfish anymore with a little one on the way.

TILLY
All those men together. What do you do for sex?

ANNIE
What do you think?

TILLY
You ever seen gay porn magazines?

ANNIE
The questions you ask. The answer is N.O.
TILLY
I bet gay men are better in bed
with each other than our men are in
bed with us.

Lyle passes the sewing area pushing his now-empty U-Boat
dolly. Tilly gives a look to him. There’s just a flicker
of recognition.

ANNIE
(laughing)
That might be true.

TILLY
Gay guys have sex anonymously,
don’t even know each other.

ANNIE
It’s a man thing. Physical urge.

TILLY
We all got urges.

ANNIE
Not in my house.

TILLY
Sex is supposed to be fun.
(beat)
You know, in France married people
have lovers. The women too.

ANNIE
Yeah, in France.

TILLY
So what, because I work manual
labor in the middle of nowhere I’m
not supposed to bust a nut?

ANNIE
So you want to be a gay French man,
okay.

TILLY
There’s worse things. Don’t act
innocent. You get to live
vicariously through me.

ANNIE
Not true.

(CONTINUED)
TILLY
Yes it is. I’m your dirty friend and you love it.

Annie stops her machine, sees her needle is bent.
ANNIE
Fucking needle. I’ll be back.

Tilly watches Annie walk off. Lyle walks back without his U-Boat. He stops at Tilly’s station.

LYLE
And there I was, standing right in front of your vehicle, and I had to pretend to check the load on my U-Boat so I could look over at you. It hurt not to wave.

TILLY
Can you get away at lunch?

LYLE
I hate waiting that long.

TILLY
It’s two hours.

LYLE
Without you, two hours is forever.

He moves off as Annie returns with a new needle. She takes her place.

ANNIE
You should watch it.

Tilly doesn’t respond as she’s adjusting her sewing machine.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
Tilly, listen to me.

TILLY
Something’s stuck.

ANNIE
I like my job.

TILLY
Good. Me too.

ANNIE
Yeah, well you know they closed down Bombay.

TILLY
It’s why I’m here.

(CONTINUED)
ANNIE
Well if your little soap opera
slows down the line, and we don’t
make enough moccasins for the
compny you can bet your ass
they’ll say sayonara to Malone,
too, and move the whole operation
to China. All because you gotta
“bust a nut.”

Tilly takes this in.

TILLY
Sayonara is Japanese. And the only
thing slowing down the line is you
and your big mouth.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY - DAY

Lyle fucks Tilly on some railroad tracks within sight of the
factory, her pants around her ankles, Lyle behind her. As
they fuck, they chat.

TILLY
My car died again today.

LYLE
Oh yeah?

TILLY
One day I’m gonna drive that piece
of shit right into Ausable Chasm.
(about the sex)
Ooohh, that feels good.

LYLE
Jap crap, never good cars.

TILLY
Kenny can’t even fix it. Had to
jump it myself this morning.

(CONTINUED)
LYLE
He buffs shoes for a living, no idea how machines work. Woman shouldn’t have to do that. If you were mine, you’d never pop the hood.

TILLY
(about the sex)
That’s it... that’s it.

LYLE
Yeah. That’s it. I know what you like.

TILLY
Yeah you do, you know it all.

ANGLE ON: Annie, watching from the parking lot.

Tilly chases after Kenny Senior, who heads towards the Honda Civic, furious.

KENNY SENIOR
What the fuck, Tilly!

TILLY
Stop it! You’re making a scene!

KENNY SENIOR
Yeah, I am. How about I got over to Lyle Mitchell and make a fucking scene! Huh?!

TILLY
We’ll talk about it in the car!

KENNY SENIOR
You’re not getting in the car because I’m fucking done.

(CONTINUED)
TILLY
    Well I’m done with your bitching
    and moaning!
KENNY SENIOR
How the hell could you do this to me again?!

TILLY
People make mistakes, Kenny! Grow up!

KENNY SENIOR
How many, Tilly? Huh?! You’re a whore!

Tilly turns on him.

TILLY
And what kinda man are you? Are you a fuckin’ saint? I’ll tell you -- you’re a little man. A sad, little man.

Kenny walks around and opens the door to the car. Then, almost calmly:

KENNY SENIOR
You’re not getting my boy. No fucking way.

He gets in the Honda and leaves Tilly, standing there.

INT. DINER – NIGHT

Lyle sits alone in a diner. Tilly enters, walks over to him and takes a seat.

TILLY
What the fuck am I gonna do?

LYLE
You have a right to happiness, it’s in the Constitution. But I guess, so does he.

TILLY
Fuck his happiness. He’s gonna take my kid!

LYLE
I think he’ll come off that. Coolest head prevails.

TILLY
He called me a whore.

(CONTINUED)
LYLE
Well that ain’t right. I wouldn’t ever call Norma that.

TILLY
You tell her?

LYLE
Tomorrow. Not gonna see it comin’.

TILLY
Lyle, listen to me. Fuck Kenny and fuck Norma. We got something here. Something special. But we could lose everything if we aren’t smart about this. Kenny called me a whore and that’s how the court’s gonna see me too. A whore and an unfit mother. And I can’t lose my kid.

LYLE
What are you saying?

TILLY
Lyle, you can be Kenny Junior’s father. I want you to be.

LYLE
Well -- a boy needs his mom, but a young man needs his father. If we got custody, the two Kennys gonna need some actual father son time.

TILLY
He gets angry, you know that. And he got a DWI. He can be violent, Lyle.

LYLE
He can?

TILLY
Well, he has the potential. The judge’s gotta know that.

LYLE
How?

Tilly looks at him a beat. She has an idea. Lyle looks at his coffee.
LYLE (CONT’D)
Norma’s not gonna see this comin’.
INT. TRU-STITCH SLIPPER FACTORY - DAY

Tilly walks past Kenny Senior, settling into work at his station. He won’t look at her.

Tilly sits down at her station next to Annie.

TILLY
Morning.

Annie doesn’t respond, so Tilly grabs some beaded fringe and begins her work.

TILLY (CONT’D)
I like them beaded. Don’t you, Annie?

No answer.

TILLY (CONT’D)
Your concentration at work is an inspiration to shoe people everywhere.

ANNIE
Stop acting like nothing’s wrong.

TILLY
I’m just working. You want me to slow down the line? What about China?

Kenny Senior gets up and walks off.

INT. TRU-STITCH - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lyle, in the break room, watches Kenny continues into the bathroom, heated. Lyle follows him in.
INT. TRU-STITCH - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kenny Senior finishes taking a piss, then turns to find Lyle standing there, smiling.

KENNY SENIOR
Will you stop smiling?

Lyle keeps smiling.

KENNY SENIOR (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you smiling about, huh?
(beat)
What the fuck are you smiling about?

Lyle smiles more broadly.

KENNY SENIOR (CONT'D)
Fuck you!

Kenny Senior loses control of himself and punches Lyle straight in the face, knocking him into the wall, his hat falling off.

Lyle doesn’t fight back, which infuriates Kenny Senior.

Kenny Senior punches him twice more.

KENNY SENIOR (CONT'D)
If you want that cunt, you can have her.

Lyle picks up his hat, and puts it on.

TYLER, 30, another employee, enters.

TYLER
What the fuck, Kenny!

Lyle walks out.

STAY ON LYLE, wiping his bloody nose.
Omitted

Chyron: Six months later

Establishing shot of the Flanagan Hotel, a flop house. Lyle’s truck pulls up and Tilly gets out.

INT. FLANAGAN HOTEL - KENNY SENIOR’S ROOM - DAY

The door to a sparse hotel room opens and Kenny Senior lets Tilly in. He’s been living off canned food cooked on a hot plate.

TILLY
Jesus, Kenny.

KENNY SENIOR
You try living better on ninety one bucks a week.

TILLY
I didn’t come all the way down here for a guilt trip.

KENNY SENIOR
What the fuck do you want?

TILLY
You threatened to take away my kid, Kenny. What did you think I was gonna do?

KENNY SENIOR
Our kid.

TILLY
I don’t want to fight.

Kenny grabs a manilla envelope off his bed, hands it to her. She pulls out some documents and inspects them.

TILLY (CONT’D)
You’re doing the right thing.
You’ll be able to move out of this shithole. And he’ll be well taken care of.

KENNY SENIOR
I don’t ever want to see you again.

Tilly walks out.
EXT. FLANAGAN HOTEL - DAY

Lyle stands outside the truck holding Kenny Junior’s hand.

Tilly comes out of the building.

LYLE

So?

TILLY

Time to celebrate.

They get in the truck.

INT. LYLE’S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Tilly buckles Kenny Junior into the bench seat between them.

KENNY JUNIOR

Where’s daddy?

Tilly turns to face him.

TILLY


KENNY JUNIOR

But I already have a dad.

TILLY

I just talked to that dad, and he decided he doesn’t want to be your dad anymore. So Lyle is your dad now. You call him Dad, not Lyle, not Uncle Lyle, but Dad.

LYLE

It doesn’t bother me to call him Kenny Junior. You don’t have to change his name.

TILLY

Yes I do. You know why?

(she turns again to the boy)

You know why?

(MORE)
TILLY (CONT'D)
Because he took a punch for me.
(to Lyle)
You took a punch for me, Lyle. You
coulda hit back but you didn’t,
cause you knew how important it was
not to. And I’ll never forget it.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW

(CONTINUED)
Appendix A - APB Announcement.

DISPATCHER CATHY
Broome County to all units stand by
for an all points bulletin.
(beat)
APB as follows: Be on the look out
for a late model pickup truck
believed to be to used in the Mess
Fireworks burglary. Unknown
registration. Three white males
traveling north.