THE DEAD ZONE

"LOTTO FEVER"

Production #17-4017

Written by
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Directed by
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Production Company:
Dead Zone Production Corp.

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THE DEAD ZONE

“LOTTO FEVER”

CAST

JOHNNY SMITH
WALT BANNERMAN
SARAH BANNERMAN
J.J. BANNERMAN
DEPUTY ROSCOE

BOYD LUMELY (pronounced LOOM-lee) *
MARSHA LUMELY *
BOB WESTERFIELD
YOUNG HOTTY
EMILY LUMELY (AGE 10 TO 11) *
GOON 1/LENNY
GOON 2/TEDDY
LLOYD LUMELY *
DEALER
COWBOY
HARVARD GUY/HIT MAN
BOUNCER
PHONE OPERATOR VOICE (1 LINE) *
FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (1 LINE) *

NON-SPEAKING

CAR SALESMAN (1 LINE)

GAS ‘N GO STATION ATTENDANT
TOW TRUCK DRIVER
CONVENIENCE STORE CASHIER & ARCADE GAME KIDS *
CAB DRIVER
COUNTRY CLUB MEMBERS & WAIT STAFF
ASIAN WOMAN, WAITRESS, VEGAS WANNABE, MATH WIZARD & MOBSTERS
BACK ROOM MONITORING MEN
THE DEAD ZONE

“LOTTO FEVER”

SETS

INTERIORS

SMITH HOUSE
  FOYER/FRONT DOOR *

BANNERMAN HOUSE
  KITCHEN

BOYD’S MANSION

POST OFFICE LOCKER ROOM

CLEAVES MILLS COUNTRY CLUB
  CIGAR ROOM

WESTERFIELD’S PRIVATE OFFICE

TRACT HOME
  KITCHEN

CHURCH
  CHAPEL *

SHERIFF’S STATION

BACK/POKER ROOM
  HALLWAY
  ADJACENT MONITOR ROOM

EXTERIORS

ROADS

GAS ‘N’ GO
  PUMP
  RESTROOMS

CAR DEALERSHIP

CLEAVES MILLS COUNTRY CLUB

UNKNOWN LOCATION

WESTERFIELD’S FRONT LAWN

TRACT HOME

CHURCH
  PARKING LOT

ALLEY

PARK

VEHICLES

BOYD’S HUMMER

TOW TRUCK (FLAT BED)

WALT’S CRUISER

GYPSY CAB

MARSHA’S VOLVO *

DARK SEDAN
THE DEAD ZONE

"LOTTO FEVER"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Johnny ENTERS lugging a suitcase and a carry-on bag. He's not halfway in the door when the PHONE RINGS. He drops his bags, grabs it.

JOHNNY

Hello.

2

INTERCUT - INT. BANNERMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's Sarah.

SARAH

You're home.

JOHNNY

Just walked in.

SARAH

How was Boston?

JOHNNY

Great, although I can't say the same about my flight back. You'd think a guy with psychic vision would know better than to sit between a screaming baby and a man with chronic airsickness.

SARAH

I guess you're human after all. Listen, Walt was going to fire up the grill and rent a few movies. Interested?

JOHNNY

I'm beat. All I want is a hot shower and a soft pillow. Rain check? -- Thanks.

He hangs up, as the DOORBELL RINGS.

JOHNNY

Mister popularity.
Johnny OPENS the door, as we SEE a nervous-looking man, BOYD LUMELY. In his mid to late 30's, he's slightly twitchy.

JOHNNY
Can I help you?

He pulls a large handgun and jams it into Johnny's face.

BOYD
Back in the house. NOW!

Johnny backs up. Boyd steps in and CLOSES the door.

BOYD
Anybody else here?

JOHNNY
No. Look, whatever you want, take it. I don't keep much cash in the house, but... You can have my watch.

BOYD
Why would I want your watch?
(beat)
You don't remember me, do ya?

JOHNNY
Should I?

Keeping the gun aimed, Boyd reaches out and TOUCHES Johnny. WHOOSH!

VISION - INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY - A YEAR AGO

Johnny's on a PAYPHONE in a small CONVENIENCE STORE - the usual aisles of junk food, kids playing arcade games and, over by the cashier, a sign reading "LOTTO: NOW $1,000,000!"

The door chimes as BOYD bops in, clad in a POST OFFICE UNIFORM. He's not as twitchy, certainly not as desperate.

BOYD
How's it hangin', my old friend?

The OWNER, an older Asian man, just stares at him.

BOYD
Y'know what you need? Y'need one'a those fancy expresso machines. Y'know expresso? Steamed milk? Tiny little cups?

(Continued)
The old man looks at him like he's from Mars.

BOYD
Still can't speak American. That's okay, there's plenty'a room for every...
(as he TURNS, he SPOTS Johnny)
What have we got here?

He takes particular notice of the Lotto jackpot, then back at Johnny. He's got something on his mind.

BOYD
(without looking back)
Take her easy.

As he drops the mail on the counter and heads off.

JOHNNY
(on the phone)
Thank you, operator.

Boyd steps up in front of Johnny with a curious smile. Johnny smiles politely and goes back to his business.

BOYD
You're that Psychic guy.

Sorry?

JOHNNY

BOYD
Tommy Smith!

Johnny.

JOHNNY

BOYD
Right. I never forget a face. That's my gift.

BOYD
(offering his hand)
I'm Boyd. Boyd Lumely.

With one hand on the phone and the other holding the book, Johnny just nods and smiles...

JOHNNY
Nice to meet you.
(on the phone)
No, not you, operator.
Johnny turns back into the booth, as Boyd glances back at the Lottery sign. You can see the wheels turning.

BOYD
(leans in close)
Say, John, whadd'ya think about helpin' a brother out?

JOHNNY
Excuse me?

BOYD
You know, shoot me a peek into the future. A glimpse of the great unknown.

(off Johnny's look)
Give me the Lotto numbers. I don't know about you, but I sure as hell could use a million bucks.

Johnny smiles, then realizes he's serious.

JOHNNY
You're serious? I'm sorry, but my "gift" doesn't work that way.

BOYD
No kiddin'?

JOHNNY
(on the phone)
Yes, operator. Uh-huh. Thank you.

Johnny quickly jots down some numbers and hangs up.

BOYD
(growing agitation)
Seems like your "gift" worked well enough to get your name on TV or in some fancy magazine. But I guess I'm just a nobody, right? A crummy civil servant. Something a big shot like you might scrape off his shoe.

JOHNNY
That's not...

BOYD
(on a roll)
I know your type. I been gettin' my teeth kicked in by guys like you my whole life.

Johnny edges past Boyd, forgetting about his phone number.

(continues)
Johnny quickly heads for the door.

BOYD
(shouting at him)
Aaaw c'mon, John! Spare some of that mo-jo juice for the little people! Even us losers deserve a break once in a while!

Johnny glances back one last time, then he's gone.

BOYD
Jerk.

Boyd sucks his teeth, then notices something. He grabs the book, as we SEE A SERIES OF NUMBERS Johnny scribbled down. He looks at the Lotto sign again. Then fishes into his pocket, finding a couple wrinkled DOLLAR BILLS.

BOYD
What the hell?

As he heads to the counter to play Johnny's numbers...

RESUME: INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Johnny snaps out, in disbelief.

BOYD
Everything 20-20 now?

JOHNNY
Those numbers weren't for the Lotto. It was the phone number for a Thai restaurant. I wanted some take-out, that's all.

BOYD
The point is, I played and I won - a million dollars!

Johnny looks at the gun,

JOHNNY
Why do I get the feeling you're not here to thank me?

BOYD
I'll thank you alright. I'll thank you after you get back everything I lost. After you get me back my life.
CONTINUED:

Off this tense moment,

FADE OUT.

END TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5  EXT. ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON
A tricked-out HUMMER zips down this daytime road.

   BOYD (V.O.)
   Sweet wheels, huh?

6  INT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS
Johnny is driving. Boyd beside him with the gun.

   BOYD
   This baby's got digital-response
   shock absorbers, top-a-the-line stereo
   with real-time GPS. And get this.
   She speaks Italian!

   JOHNNY
   You speak Italian?

   BOYD
   (beat)
   Not the point, John. The point is
   it's the best car money can buy.
   Top shelf all the way.

   We now realize that Johnny has his cellphone in his left
hand down beside the seat, as he dials without looking.

   JOHNNY
   Look, you have to believe me, I didn't
   pick those winning numbers. And I
   won't be able to do it again.

   BOYD
   I don't expect you to.

   JOHNNY
   You don't?

   BOYD
   You know how many questions there'd
   be if the same guy was to win the
   jackpot twice? I got a better idea.

   JOHNNY
   To make another million dollars?

   BOYD
   Two-hundred thousand.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
Two-hundred?

BOYD
Actually, it's closer to two-fifty if you add the juice.
(off Johnny's look)
After I blew the Lotto money, I had to keep the ship afloat. So I went out on the street.

JOHNNY
You borrowed money from a loan shark.

BOYD
Not a shark, the great white monster himself.

JOHNNY
Who?

BOYD
Name's aren't important. Time is. And he's given me until midnight tonight to come up with the balance or he's gonna disconnect my head from my spinal cord. All we need is a quick $25 grand to get the ball rollin'.

JOHNNY
And how do you plan to get it?

BOYD
In time, John, everything in time.

Johnny hits SEND, as we HEAR the familiar 3-TONES and...

OPERATOR'S VOICE
I'm sorry. But you must first dial ONE...

Boyd lifts the gun.

BOYD
(agitated)
Alright, gimme the phone! GIVE IT!

Johnny hands him the phone, which Boyd tosses out the window.

BOYD
I want you to listen to me. (matter-of-fact) I have nothin' to lose by blowin' your head off. Understand?

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY

Yeah.

A sexy FEMALE VOICE comes through the speakers.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Avvertimento. Il livello di vostra * benzina e'basso.

BOYD
What the hell?

JOHNNY
We're out'a gas.

BOYD
* You speak Italian?

Johnny gestures to the fuel gauge, which reads near EMPTY. Boyd bites his lip, then glances up...

POV - SELF-SERVE GAS STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

A seemingly empty station.

BOYD (O.S.)
Pull in up here. And nothin' crazy.

EXT. GAS N' GO PUMP - MOMENTS LATER

Johnny and Boyd get out of the Hummer. There's nobody around except the STATION ATTENDANT inside his glass cubicle. Johnny checks the gas cap, but it's locked.

JOHNNY

Keys?

Boyd takes the keys and tosses them. As Johnny sorts through them, WHOOSH...

VISION - INT. BOYD'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY - A YEAR AGO

Vision Johnny watches as Boyd uses the SAME KEY to unlock the door to the MANSION he's bought for wife MARSHA (30) and daughter EMILY (10). They step into the large FOYER.

BOYD
Well? Did I lie? Or is it everything we ever dreamed about?

MARSHA
(not very happy)
It's so... big.

(continues)
BOYD
And it's all for you and Em.

He kisses her, but she doesn't seem completely sold.

RESUME - EXT. GAS STATION - LATE AFTERNOON
Johnny snaps out. Are there more glimpses of this crazy on this key-ring? Boyd is busy buffing out a fender scratch.
Johnny TOUCHES ANOTHER KEY, as... WHOOSH!

VISION - EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY - A YEAR AGO
Now Boyd is buying the Hummer. He wears a slightly gaudy looking three-piece suit. Vision Johnny OBSERVES...

SALESMAN
If you put down another ten thousand I can cut those monthly payments for you.

BOYD
Do I look like the kind'a man that can't pay his debts?
(pulls a wad of cash)
You wouldn't have change for a thousand, would ya?

RESUME - JOHNNY
As he touches ANOTHER KEY, WHOOSH!

VISION - INT. POST OFFICE - DAY - A YEAR AGO
Boyd is OPENING HIS LOCKER AT WORK. Vision Johnny and a few of his co-workers watch, as he takes everything out, dumps it on the floor, squirts lighter fluid over it and LIGHTS IT ON FIRE.

BOYD
They can take their crummy pension plan and their lousy medical benefits and shove'm where the sun don't shine.
I quit!

He seems very full of himself...

RESUME - EXT. GAS STATION - LATE AFTERNOON
Johnny snaps out again and touches one last KEY...
VISION - INT. BOYD'S MANSION - NIGHT - TWO MONTHS AGO

Vision Johnny watches as Boyd sneaks in through a side door. * 
Marsha is waiting for him. He's obviously drunk. 

MARSHA
Where have you been?

BOYD
Out.

MARSHA
At 3 o'clock in the morning?

BOYD
I was with friends.

MARSHA
You mean, the leeches. The man from 
the bank called again about the 
mortgage payments. I told you we 
shouldn't have borrowed so much.

BOYD
It's nothing. I'll take care of it 
tomorrow...

He STUMBLES, then FALLS.

MARSHA
You're drunk. You're always drunk.

RESUME - EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Johnny flashes out as he looks over at Boyd, who now has his 
wallet out, staring at a WORN SNAPSHOT. He suddenly looks 
less like a crazed kidnapper and more like a simple man 
overwhelmed.

JOHNNY
Your family?

BOYD
Yeah.

JOHNNY
How do they feel about all this?

Boyd's melancholy mood shifts back into kidnap mode.

BOYD
(edgy)
Never mind how they feel. 
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BOYD (CONT'D)
You don't worry about how they feel.
(beat)
I want you to take your clothes off.

JOHNNY
(taken aback)
Do what?

BOYD
You heard me.

JOHNNY
Listen, you can point that gun at me all you want, but there's a few things I'm prepared to die for.

BOYD
What?
(suddenly realizes)
That's not what I meant! Who do you think I am?!

Boyd opens the back door of the Hummer and pulls out TWO CLOTHING BAGS. He hands one of them to Johnny.

BOYD
We can change in the bathroom.

JOHNNY
We?

EXT. GAS STATION - A FEW MINUTES LATER

They both step out of the bathroom, now dressed in TUXEDOS. Johnny wears classic black, Boyd is dressed in white.

BOYD
Sorry you got stuck with standard black, but they only had one white-on-white left in the store.

JOHNNY
I'll try to get over it.

BOYD
We need to meet a guy over at the country club.

Johnny notices something in the distance.

JOHNNY
I hope you don't mind walking?

BOYD
Walking?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Boyd TURNS to SEE...

POV - TOW TRUCK

As the DRIVER drives away with the Hummer hooked on.

RESUME JOHNNY AND BOYD

Boyd freaks out and sprints across the lot.

    BOYD
    Aw, geez!  Hey!  What are you doin'?!  
    That's my car!

Boyd helplessly watches as the truck drives away up the street with his Hummer.

    BOYD
    WHY ME?!  I mean, can this day get any worse?

Boyd TURNS and notices...

POV - POLICE CAR

As it swings into the far side of the station heading their way.

    BOYD
    (to himself)
    I had to open my big mouth.  
    (hurries back to Johnny)
    Alright, you play it straight or somebody gets hurt.  Got it?

Boyd reminds him by opening his jacket and showing him the gun tucked in his waist band. As the car pulls up we SEE it's Walt.

    WALT
    John?

    JOHNNY
    Walt.  This is a surprise.

    WALT
    Back at ya.  Sarah said you just got back from Boston.

    JOHNNY
    That's right.

    WALT
    She said you were gonna take a shower and crash.

(continues)
JOHNNY
That was the plan.

WALT
What's with the monkey suit?

BOYD
(friendly smile)
I'm afraid it's my fault, officer.

WALT
Who are you?

Boyd hesitates slightly as he looks at Johnny,

JOHNNY
(quickly covering)
This is an old friend from... high school. Boyd Lumely. Walt Bannerman.

Boyd shoots Johnny a look of disbelief, as he shakes hands with Walt.

BOYD
Sheriff.

WALT
High school, huh? You must know my wife then. Sarah Bannerman.

BOYD
Sarah Bannerman?

WALT
It used to be Bracknell.

BOYD
Oh, Sarah Bracknell! Sure. Great gal. Quite a looker, as I recall.

Johnny can only bite his cheek and hope this ends soon.

WALT
Where you guys headed?

BOYD
Charity event. Up at the country club.

JOHNNY
Slipped my mind.

Walt glances around the empty lot.

(CONTINUED)
WALT
Where's your car?

Johnny and Boyd exchange a quick look, then...

BOYD
Uh, we had engine trouble. Tow truck just hauled the damn thing away. Isn't that right, John?

JOHNNY
Yeah, a tow truck.

WALT
I was just on my way to the video store. I can give you a lift.

BOYD
No! We appreciate the offer, but we already called somebody. He should be here any second.

WALT
Well, if you're sure. You fellas stay out'a trouble.

BOYD
We will.

Walt gives them one last curious look, then DRIVES OFF. Boyd's smile vanishes as soon as the patrol car is out of sight.

BOYD
What the hell was that?! You told him my name.

JOHNNY
I was just trying to make conversation. If there's a rule book to all this, I'd be happy to read it.

BOYD
You better pray that cop doesn't come back.

JOHNNY
(beat)
How are we going to get out of here?

Just then, a GYPSY CAB pulls into the station. The DRIVER hops out and heads into the bathroom, a large NEWSPAPER tucked under his arm. Boyd looks at Johnny and GRINS...
EXT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Cruising along.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Guess it shouldn't surprise me you know how to hot-wire a car.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Johnny at the wheel. Boyd sitting beside him.

BOYD

Old trick from the P.O. Everybody's always losin' their truck keys. Hell, if it weren't for the wire, nobody'd ever get their mail.

JOHNNY

Your wife and daughter must be very proud of you.

Boyd reacts, as Johnny sees an opening.

JOHNNY

That's what all this is about, isn't it?

BOYD

You wouldn't understand.

JOHNNY

Try me.

BOYD

(beat)

After I hit the jackpot, I kind'a lost control. Bad investments. Gamblin'. Too many bills. Next thing I know I'm sleepin' in the back seat of my car. What used to be my car.

(bitter laugh)

Guess I wasn't so sexy with empty pockets, cause I come home one day and they're gone.

JOHNNY

Did you try to talk to her?

BOYD

Sure, I tried. But she wasn't...
BOYD (CONT'D)
(stops, quickly puts up the wall)
Look, all you need to worry about is how you're gonna get me 25,000 dollars. That's it. Just drive.

INT. BANNERMAN HOME - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Sarah and J.J. are in the kitchen as Walt returns.

J.J.
Did they have it?

WALT
Last copy.

J.J. takes the DVD and runs off.

SARAH
What else did you get?

He pulls out another box (we don't need to see the cover).

SARAH
A western?

WALT
What's wrong with westerns?

SARAH
I don't know. I thought you might get something we could watch together.

WALT
This story has a boy and a girl. It's just that the boy carries a six-shooter and guns down half of Arizona before he finds her.

SARAH
Gee, that sounds heartwarming.

WALT
Oh, I ran into Johnny while I was out.

SARAH
At the video store?

WALT
Gas station. And get this, he was wearing a tuxedo.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
What?

WALT
Apparently, he forgot about some charity event he was supposed to go to. He was with an old friend from high school. Some guy named Lumely. Boyd Lumely. Said he knew you. Said he remembered you as 'quite a looker.'

He grabs a cookie and walks away.

SARAH
Lumely? Doesn't ring a bell.

She grabs the burgers and follows.

OMITTED

INT. CIGAR ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Boyd and Johnny study the crowd of MEN IN TUXEDOS and WOMEN IN COCKTAIL DRESSES. A sign on the wall reads, CHARITY AUCTION - MEMBERS ONLY.

BOYD
Marsha and Emily used to love this place.

Boyd snags a couple GLASSES OF CHAMPAGNE off a passing tray.

BOYD
You know how much it cost to be a member here?

JOHNNY
How much?

BOYD
Put it this way, if you have t'ask, you ain't gettin' in.
(makes a toast)
Here's to the future. May you be alive to see me prosper!

He clinks glasses with Johnny's, as WHOOSH!

VISION - EXT. ND LOCATION - NIGHT

Boyd is on his knees in the grass, his hands behind his head as a GUN WITH A SILENCER eases into FRAME and FIRES!
Johnny snaps out of this disturbing and unexpected Vision.

JOHNNY
Boyd, it's not too late to do the right thing. I mean, this thing might turn out very bad...

BOYD
(cutting him off)
There he is!

Who?

BOYD
(points)
Him!

Boyd gestures across the room to a rather large looking man with silver hair.

BOYD
He holds the key.

JOHNNY
What key?

BOYD
Exactly! Move.

*Boyd shoves Johnny forward,

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Boyd and Johnny step up to BOB WESTERFIELD. He searches through the case for a perfect cigar, as Boyd slaps him on the back.

BOYD
How's it hangin', Bobby boy?!

Westerfield TURNS, regarding Boyd like an annoying bug.

WESTERFIELD
Lumely. I heard your membership had been revoked.

*BOYD
Suspended. And currently under appeal, thank you very much.

(awkward beat)
John, I'd like you to meet Maine's wealthiest CPA, Robert Westerfield.
WESTERFIELD
Hello.

JOHNNY
Nice to meet you.

Johnny hesitates, then shakes hands with Westerfield, WHOOSH! *

VISION - INT. WESTERFIELD'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT - ONE MONTH AGO

A party at Westerfield's home. Vision Johnny sees Boyd standing alone, looking through stuff on top of the desk.

Suddenly, Boyd HEARS someone coming, and ducks back behind the curtains.

Westerfield and a woman (22) bang in, drunk and laughing. Boyd sneaks a peek as Westerfield tries to put the make on the YOUNG HOTTY.

YOUNG HOTTY
Nobody keeps that kind'a money in their house.

WESTERFIELD
I do.

YOUNG HOTTY
Show me.

WESTERFIELD
Okay, but you can never tell anyone... not even your priest.

YOUNG HOTTY
I don't go to church.

WESTERFIELD
You don't say!
(they laugh)

Westerfield takes a KEY out of a secret hiding spot. Boyd cranes, trying to see where the key came from. He can't... but Johnny does. Westerfield OPENS THE SAFE. The Woman oohs sexily. Boyd's eyes widen with envy.

Off the stacks of ILLEGALLY-SKIMMED CASH inside...

WESTERFIELD
How's that for creative bookkeeping?
RESUME - INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Johnny snaps out. Boyd can tell he's seen something.

WESTERFIELD
If you'll excuse me, I see a client.

BOYD
Westerfield.

WESTERFIELD
Lumely.

They sneer at each other as he walks away,

BOYD
Greedy bastard.
   (to Johnny)
Well?

JOHNNY
What?

BOYD
I saw that look on your face.

JOHNNY
If you think I'm stealing that guy's money, you're crazier than you look.

BOYD
That guy happens to be a crook! And, I look crazy for a very good reason.

Boyd puts his hand on the gun.

JOHNNY
Why don't I just tell you where he keeps the key, and you can go get the money yourself.

BOYD
And find an army of cop's waitin' for me? No thanks. Besides, I'm beginnin' to enjoy your company, John.

As he puts his hand on Johnny's shoulder, WHOOSH!

VISION - EXT. ND LOCATION - NIGHT

Johnny gets another vision of BOYD on his knees. Oddly, this time we can hear a PIANO being played nearby.
CONTINUED:

It's a heavenly sound... but the vision is pure hell as a HAND WITH A GUN enters frame, and FIRES!

RESUME - INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Johnny snaps out.

BOYD
Let's go! I got a schedule to keep.

As Boyd ushers Johnny away, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GYPSY CAB - NIGHT

The ALARM SOUNDS. Suddenly, we SEE Johnny and Boyd jump into the Cab. Boyd has the gun in one hand, and a canvas bag in the other.

BOYD

Y'call yourself a psychic!?

JOHNNY

I wasn't the one that tripped the alarm!

BOYD

You could'a warned me!

(gun in hand)

Come on, let's get out of here!

JOHNNY

Starts the cab, throws it in gear and TEARS AWAY from the curb.

I can't believe it. I just committed armed burglary.

Boyd digs through the bag.

BOYD

Relax. Besides, I was the one with the gun. Holy Mother of Mercy! There must be close to thirty G's here!

JOHNNY

Congratulations. Now you can just drop me off at my house.

BOYD

Nobody's goin' anywhere. This is just seed money.

JOHNNY

'Seed money'?

BOYD

I told you how much I owe. What good's a lousy 30 grand? It's time for Phase Two.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
I'm afraid to ask.

BOYD
First, we need to get back into our regular clothes. Then, I have a little errand to run.

Johnny fumes, but what can he do?

EXT. FRONT OF TRACT HOUSE - NIGHT

A TRACT HOUSE in a run-down neighborhood. Three bedrooms, peeling paint... but the flowerpots have been planted with care.

It's dark, as Johnny and Boyd stumble around outside a large front window.

JOHNNY
This is great, now they can add peeping Tom to my rap sheet.

BOYD
Just move.

JOHNNY
This is pathetic. A grown man sneaking around in the dark.

BOYD
Yeah, yeah, whatever. Wait.

Boyd peers in through the front window...

POV - EMILY (11)

As she practices on an old, second-hand piano.

BOYD
There's my sweety. (scowls)
Geez, I hate to see her have to play that crummy old piano. At the big house, she had a brand new baby grand. The sound would rip your heart out.

Just then, HEADLIGHTS wash over them. They turn to see a late-model VOLVO pulling into the driveway. They're literally caught in the act.

(CONTINUED)
BOYD
Oh, geez.
(aside)
Alright, just let me do all the talkin'.

JOHNNY
Like I have a choice.

Boyd's Wife, MARSHA, gets out.

MARSHA
Boyd? Is that you?

BOYD
(trying to act normal)
Hey. What's goin' on?

MARSHA
What are you doin' sneakin' around in the dark?

JOHNNY
That's what I said.

MARSHA
Who the hell are you?

BOYD
Never mind. We were just leavin'.
(to Johnny)
Move!

They start for the cab.

MARSHA
You don't want to see Emily?

Boyd STOPS in his tracks, as we see real emotion in his eyes.

INT. TRACT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The interior is like the exterior, a bit run-down but maintained with care. Johnny sits at the breakfast table, Boyd next to him. Emily is showing him some school work.

EMILY
This is my last report card.

BOYD
Aw, Em, this is great. You take after your mother, because I sure never got grades like this.
Marsha is putting away groceries.

MARSHA
That's not true.

JOHNNY
Really?

Boyd shoots him a look.

MARSHA
After the baby was born. Boyd had this idea that he wanted to get into radio. Said he wanted to be the next Howard Stern, God forbid.

JOHNNY
(looks over at Boyd)
Is that right?

MARSHA
He enrolled in night classes at the Community College. Three full semesters. All A's and B's.

JOHNNY
How come you didn't finish?

BOYD
I don't remember.

MARSHA
I'll tell ya why. Same reason he never finished anything, he lost interest.

BOYD
That's not true.
(beat)
I just changed my mind, that's all. It's a free country, isn't it?

It's obvious she's hit a nerve.

MARSHA
(to Johnny)
So how do you two know each other?

JOHNNY
Actually, we...

BOYD
John's a business associate.

(CONTINUED)
MARSHA
Business?
   (amused)
That's a good one.

BOYD
For your information, we're workin',
on a very big deal, as we speak.

EMILY
Are you comin' to my recital tonight?
It's a special midnight show at the
park.

BOYD
Actually, sweetheart, I can't.

Marsha sets her dish towel down and cuts him a look.

BOYD
Daddy has something very important
he has to take care of.

MARSHA
For cryin' out loud. It's at
midnight.
   (beat)
Emily, go get some rest. Grandpa's
pickin' us up later.

EMILY
Okay. Bye, Daddy.

She starts off.

BOYD
Don't I get a hug?

She comes back and hugs him.

BOYD
Good-bye baby. I love you so much.
You remember that, alright? You
remember how much your daddy loved
you.

He holds her tight. Johnny has a sense that there's something
strange about the moment. Something very... final.

MARSHA
Go on now. I'll be there in a minute.

After Emily leaves, Marsha just stares at Boyd. It's obvious
these two have a lot to talk about and Johnny's in the way.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY  
(getting up)  
I'll just wait outside.

BOYD  
(hard)  
Sit!

JOHNNY  
(sits back down)  
Or I could stay here.

Boyd notices a pile of loose coins on the counter.

BOYD  
What's with all the silver?

MARSHA  
Tips.

BOYD  
Tips? Don't tell me you went back to the Waffle Shack?

MARSHA  
I have bills to pay.

BOYD  
I sent you money.

MARSHA  
I like to work!

BOYD  
No wife of a millionaire should be slingin' pancakes!

MARSHA  
You're not a millionaire! You're a mailman with a mental condition!

Boyd swallows his anger, then...

BOYD  
You're gonna change your tune after tonight.  
(to Johnny)  
Let's go.

Johnny gets up. They start out, as Boyd hesitates...
BOYD
(softer, reflective)
I'll never forget the first time I
saw you. You were ridin' the roller
coaster with Shin Shimosawa.
Remember?

MARSHA
I remember.

BOYD
You were the most beautiful girl I
ever saw. Still are.
(kisses her cheek)
Take care of our little girl.

Johnny and Boyd walks out, as the SHOT HOLDS on Marsha's
face. Something isn't right with this.

EXT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Tearing away from the house.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
I just don't see why you couldn't
have asked her to borrow the car,
that's all?

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Johnny is now behind the wheel of their new ride. Boyd,
with the gun, rides shotgun.

JOHNNY
I don't see why we had to steal it?

BOYD
You saw the look in that woman's
eyes. She wouldn't spit on me if I
was on fire. Besides, the cops'll
be lookin' for the cab by now.

JOHNNY
(beat)
You have a nice family. A little
high strung, but... nice.

As Boyd considers the comment, then...

BOYD
LOOK OUT!

A dark sedan pulls out in front of them. He locks up the
brakes as the SCREECH TO THE STOP!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE - TWO MEN

TWO BIG GUYS wielding baseball bats get out of the sedan and approach the Civic.

INT. VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

Johnny tries to restart the Volvo, but can't.

    BOYD
    Start the car!

    JOHNNY
    I'm trying!

    BOYD
    Oh, boy.

Johnny continues to crank the starter, as the MEN approach.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

34 INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

RESUME SCENE. Johnny still trying to START the car, as the MEN stand on either side of the Volvo.

GOON 1/LENNY
Outta the car, Lumely!

GOON 2/TEDDY
Get out or we'll drag y'out!

GOON 1/LENNY
Have it your way!

Suddenly they start SMASHING the hood of the car. Boyd screaming at Johnny.

BOYD
Quit screwin' around!

JOHNNY
The engine won't start! I think it's flooded!

Johnny grinds the engine, as Boyd seems to have a curious look of frustration on his face. Actually, more annoyed than frightened. Finally, one of the Goons SMASHES THE FRONT WINDSHIELD. When it's clear the car won't start...

BOYD
Okay, that's enough!

Boyd throws OPEN the car door and gets out.

BOYD
(checking the windshield)
What the hell is wrong with you guys?!

Surprisingly, the TWO MEN immediately back off.

BOYD
What did I tell you? Wave the bats! And look scary! Wave and look! Did I say anything about smashin' up the car?! Well, did I?!

These 2 seemingly dangerous MEN, suddenly appear like overgrown children being scolded by their father.

(CONTINUED)
LENNY
Sorry, chief.

TEDDY
Sorry.

BOYD
Look at that windshield. Do you know how much that's gonna cost to replace? And that fender? Who's gonna pay for that?

Johnny watches from behind the wheel with confused disbelief.

LENNY
(points)
It was Teddy's idea!

TEDDY
Me?! You're the one that went crazy!

Johnny's heard enough, as he gets out.

JOHNNY
Hold on.
(to Boyd)
What's going on? Who are these guys?

Boyd hesitates, realizing the charade is up.

JOHNNY
I asked you a question. Who are they?

BOYD
(reluctantly)
This is Lenny Bitmore. And Teddy Carmichael. They worked with me down at the Post Office.

JOHNNY
Why are they smashing up your wife's car?

BOYD
(awkward beat)
Because I paid'em each a hundred bucks to make it look like I was in danger. Just in case you didn't believe me.

Johnny can hardly believe what he's hearing.
JOHNNY
(to the guys)
Get out of here. Go on. Show's over.

The guys look at Boyd, who nods.

TEDDY
Sorry again about the Volvo.

They AD-LIB an argument as they walk back to their car.

BOYD
(checks his watch)
Well, we better get goin', too. It's gettin' late.

JOHNNY
Going? I'm not going anywhere. No, check that, I'm going home. And then I'm going to call the police.

Boyd reaches for the gun. Johnny sees it and walks towards him.

JOHNNY
What? You gonna shoot me? Is that how it is?

Boyd raises the gun and points it at him. Johnny hesitates, then decides to call his bluff.

JOHNNY
Go ahead, shoot me. Show me what a big and bad man you are. Because at this point, a bullet through the head would be a huge relief.

Boyd continues to point the gun, then SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER -- CLICK! Then CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK! Johnny shoots him a hard look, then walks back to the Volvo.

BOYD
What did you think? I was a cold-blooded killer? I was Charlie Manson? I'm a mailman for Chrissake!

Johnny gets in behind the wheel of the Volvo and tries to start the engine. Boyd walks around in front of the car.

BOYD
You want me to say I'm sorry? Okay, I'm sorry. I wasn't sure you'd believe me, that's all.

(MORE)
BOYD (CONT'D)
I was never gonna hurt anybody. Especially not you.

Johnny keeps trying to start the engine, then finally it STARTS.

BOYD
Okay, you want me to beg?! Okay, I'm beggin'! I'm on my knees!

Boyd drops to his knees in the street, the headlights shining directly on him.

JOHNNY
Get out of the way!

BOYD
Not until you promise to help me. (offers him the gun) Or shoot me. Because if you leave me here, I'm a dead man.

Johnny can see the genuine pain and fear in Boyd's eyes.

QUICK FLASHBACK - MEMORY FLASHBACK
A STUTTER CUT of Johnny's vision of Boyd being SHOT by an UNIDENTIFIED GUNMAN.

RESUME JOHNNY

He shakes off the vision memory. He throws the Volvo in REVERSE, backs up and drives away in the other direction. Boyd remains on his knees in the road, watching the car drive away. Then about 75 yards away, we SEE the Volvo's BRAKE-LIGHTS FLASH. The car STOPS. IDLES a moment. Then BACKS UP.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BOYD

Johnny backs up alongside him and levels a glare at him.

JOHNNY
Lie to me again and you're on your own. Get in.

Boyd climbs into the car.

BOYD
(climbing in)
I really appreciate this, J. I knew you couldn't leave me in the street to die.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
Yeah. What made you so sure?

BOYD
Because you're the hero, John. And the hero never leaves his sidekick behind.

JOHNNY
You are not my sidekick.

BOYD
I could be.

As the Volvo DRIVES AWAY, we HEAR them...

BOYD (O.S.)
Listen, John, I need to make one quick stop. It's really important.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
I'm sure it is.

The car disappears around the corner.

INT. BANNERMAN HOME - NIGHT
Walt is getting a drink of water, as the PHONE RINGS.

WALT
Bannerman. -- Roscoe, what's up?

Sarah steps in carrying some plates and dishes.

WALT (on the phone)
Have you seen the surveillance footage? -- No, I'll meet you at the station. -- Alright.

Walt hangs up.

SARAH
Trouble?

WALT
There was a cab stolen from the Gas'n Go around seven o'clock. The same cab was spotted during a residential robbery less than an hour later.

SARAH
That's strange.
37 CONTINUED:

WALT
Yeah. You know what's even stranger? That's right about the time I saw Johnny there.

SARAH
That is weird. Maybe he saw something.

WALT
(something isn't right)
Maybe.
(kisses her)
I won't be long.

He EXITS.

38 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The beat-up Volvo sits parked out front. A sign says, "Bingo Tonight!"

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Now it's all clear to me. You're going to win the million dollars playing bingo.

BOYD
Very funny.

JOHNNY
What are we doing here, then?

39 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Boyd STOPS, as we SEE an OLD JANITOR emptying wastebaskets.

BOYD
Hey, Pop.

LLOYD LUMELY, 70, hard-working, dependable - in short, everything Boyd isn't. He sees Boyd and goes back to his work.

BOYD
Not even gonna say hello?

LLOYD
Hello.

He walks off carrying 2 cans.
INCINERATOR ROOM

As he empties a series of waste cans.

    BOYD
    Pop, this is John. Friend a mine.

    LLOYD
    I hope you didn't lend him any money?

    JOHNNY
    I wish it had been that easy.

    BOYD
    How come you're workin' so late?

    LLOYD
    A man doesn't quit 'til his work's done. I tried to teach you that.

    BOYD
    Why should a guy with money work at all? Who wants to be a sucker, right?

The old man turns and looks at Boyd for the first time.

    LLOYD
    I been workin' all my life. Two, sometimes three jobs to put food on the table. That make me a sucker?

    BOYD
    That's not what I meant. It's just I got plans, ya know. Big plans.

    LLOYD
    You got a wife and daughter. There's nothin' bigger than that.

He goes back to work. Boyd hesitates, then pulls out an envelope and sets it on the table in front of his father.

    BOYD
    I just came by to give you this. That's four thousand dollars. You can take some time off. Enjoy yourself for a change.

    LLOYD
    I don't want time off. And I don't want your money.

Lloyd goes back to his work.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

**BOYD**


Boyd's about to leave, but instead, he grabs his father and hugs him tight. It clearly surprises the old man.

**BOYD**

So long, Pop.

Boyd kisses his father on the cheek and hurries away. Johnny locks eyes with the old man. This is getting weirder.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT**

On a monitor

Grainy, B & W SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE from Westerfield's House.

**ROSCOE (V.O.)**

I'll have to scan the footage back to the beginning.

The footage is SCANNED IN REVERSE, as we finally SEE Boyd stepping backwards against an outside wall. We FREEZE on Boyd, as he sneaks along dressed in his white tuxedo.

**WALT AND ROSCOE**

As they watch the monitor.

**WALT**

That's the guy I saw at the gas station. Lumely.

**ROSCOE**

It gets better.

He hits REVERSE, AS...

**ON THE MONITOR**

The FOOTAGE SCANS BACKWARDS, until we SEE Johnny stepping backwards into frame. We FREEZE on Johnny, also in his tux.

**ON WALT**

As his chin hits the desk.

**WALT**

What the hell?

Roscoe pops in another video tape.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROSCOE

This is footage from the Gas'n Go.

He hits PLAY.

ON MONITOR

Similar type SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE from the Gas'n Go. We watch as Johnny and Boyd steal the cab.

WALT (O.S.)

I don't get it.

ROSCOE (O.S.)

Take another look.

Roscoe REWINDS the tape and PLAYS it FORWARD.

ROSCOE (O.S.)

Watch Lumely's hand when he turns towards the camera.

The SHOT FREEZES, as we clearly SEE Boyd holding a gun.

WALT (O.S.)

He's got a gun.

ON WALT AND ROSCOE

ROSCOE

Which helps explain why Johnny Smith is part of a 2-man crime spree.

WALT

I knew something wasn't right about that guy. I want an APB on both of them. And see what you can find out about Lumely.

ON MONITOR

The SHOT PUSHES TIGHT on the grainy image of Boyd Lumely's face.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

PANNING OFF the alter.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Okay, Boyd, it's time to come clean.
INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Johnny paces up and down the aisle, as Boyd sits in the front pew staring up at the cross above the alter. He seems to be praying to himself.

JOHNNY
No more games. I've been taken out of my house at gun point, forced to steal 2 cars, robbed a house and was nearly beaten to death by 2 overweight mailmen. What's really going on here?

BOYD
I told you, I owe money.

JOHNNY
That's not what I'm talking about and you know it. You've been dragging me all over town like some kind of one-man farewell tour. Why?

Boyd hesitates, then still staring up at the cross...

BOYD
It's my "fail-safe" plan.

JOHNNY
"Fail-safe?" What the hell does that mean?

Boyd turns and looks Johnny straight in the eyes.

BOYD
If I couldn't get the money I owed, I needed to figure a way to make sure my family would be taken care of.

JOHNNY
So?

BOYD
So... I hired a guy to kill me.

JOHNNY
(dumbfounded)
You did what?

Boyd gets up and steps towards the altar and kneels.

BOYD
It was the only way to make sure they'd collect the life insurance money.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
You're certifiable.

BOYD
A million dollars. Payable at the time of my death.

His eyes locked on the cross of Jesus.

JOHNNY
Do you seriously think Marsha and Emily want the money bad enough to see you dead?

BOYD
You should'a seen their faces when I first showed'm that big house.

Johnny grabs him and stands him up.

JOHNNY
(flares)
Would you shut up about that damn house!
(thinks, then)
This guy you hired, when was he supposed to finish the job?

BOYD
Right after midnight. He was supposed to call me and see if I had the money, if I did, the deal would be canceled.

JOHNNY
Do you have his number?

Boyd shakes his head, as his eyes fill with tears and the reality seems to come crashing down on him in the moment. He leans his head against Johnny's chest and begins to cry.

JOHNNY
Don't cry. I can't take it if you start to cry.

BOYD
I'm such an idiot! I just wanted to finish somethin'. For once in my life. Now, look what I've done.

Johnny awkwardly pats him on the back.

JOHNNY
It's not that bad. I mean, you've got until midnight, right?
CONTINUED: (2)

BOYD
(head down)
So?

JOHNNY
So you said the $25,000 was 'seed money'.

BOYD
(head down)
Yeah.

JOHNNY
'Seed money' for what?

Boyd slowly lifts his head and looks at Johnny, we hear a SECURITY BUZZER...

INT. BACK ROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Johnny and Boyd ENTER through a SECURITY DOOR, as they follow a well-dressed ASIAN WOMAN down a narrow hallway.

BOYD
I realize this is a bad time to ask, but you do know how to play poker, don't ya?

Before Johnny can respond, they step around a corner into...

BACK ROOM

The room is smoky, as we SEE a single poker table under a powerful overhead light. At the table sit an assortment of strange and dangerous-looking characters. Off Johnny's apprehensive look...

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. POKER ROOM - NIGHT

The game is about to begin. The other players are a motley crew including a COWBOY, a VEGAS-WANNABE, a geeky MATH WIZARD, a preppie HARVARD-TYPE and a couple COLD-EYED MOBSTERS. A DEALER (45) shuffles the cards, as a WAITRESS (22) serves.

* BOYD
   Just play tight for the first couple hours. And don't chase any flushes or inside straights. Questions?

* JOHNNY
   What's an inside straight?

   BOYD (grimaces, then)
   You're a psychic, right? Hell, you'll probably see their cards before they do.

   JOHNNY
   I told you, it doesn't always work...

   DEALER
   Gentlemen, let's begin.

Boyd slaps him on the back.

   BOYD
   Go get'm, killer!

He shoots him a double thumbs-up, as Johnny reluctantly takes his place at the table. He gets nothing but dead-eye stares and indifferent grunts. It's obvious he hasn't got a friend at this table.

   DEALER
   The game is no-limit, Texas Hold 'Em. Good luck.

THE GAME BEGINS. It's a QUICK-CUT MUSICAL MONTAGE as hands are dealt, bets are made... and Johnny starts losing his ass.

He even resorts to subtly touching other players, getting QUICK FLASHES off ASHTRAYS and DRINK GLASSES...

BEHIND HIM, Boyd downs a few stiff drinks, as his "only hope" blows every deal, as his stack of chips sinks faster than the Titanic.

(CONTINUED)
Finally, mercifully...

    DEALER
    Five-minute break!

Johnny sits, a little woozy from the beating. The guy next to him, a big man wearing a string tie and a cowboy hat offers his not-so-heart-felt condolences.

    COWBOY
    Partner, I've seen some tough poker beats. But I believe you take the prize.

He chuckles to himself and moves off, as Boyd rushes up.

    BOYD
    What the hell's goin' on? You're gettin' slaughtered!

    JOHNNY
    Y'think?

    BOYD
    I don't get it. Aren't you gettin' any info off the other players?

    JOHNNY
    Plenty.

    BOYD
    And?

    JOHNNY
    Let's see... the guy in the leather jacket is cheating on his wife. The kid with the pocket protector earned his buy-in selling copies of his chemistry mid-term. Oh, and the thug with the cigar has webbed feet.

    BOYD
    Really?

    JOHNNY
    I told you, my visions don't always show me what I want to see, just what I need to see.

Johnny turns and bumps into another player, the preppie looking HARVARD GUY. WHOOSH!
VISION - EXT. ND LOCATION - NIGHT

Johnny gets the MURDER VISION again: Boyd being shot, on his knees in the grass as the PIANO MUSIC plays in the B.G. Only this time we SEE a 2nd VICTIM - JOHNNY!

And when we PULL BACK, we SEE the killer is none other than the HARVARD GUY!

RESUME - INT. POKER ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny snaps out of the vision, as the now REVEALED SHOOTER moves away with a curious glance back.

JOHNNY
I don't believe this.

BOYD
What? D'you see a royal flush? Four of a kind?

JOHNNY
Better than that. I saw your hit man.

BOYD
(head pops up) What?

JOHNNY
Let me guess. You've never met the guy.

BOYD
Everything was handled over the phone. Why?

JOHNNY
Why? Because he's here, that's why.

BOYD
(spins) Where?!

JOHNNY
Could you be a little more obvious? (nods subtly) The guy at the buffet.

Boyd steals a quick look,

BOYD
Mister roast beef? (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BOYD (CONT'D)
(disbelief)
I'm gonna be killed by a guy with a sweater tied around his neck.

JOHNNY
How could he know where to find you?
Did you mention this game to anybody?

BOYD
You kiddin'? What do I look, an idiot?
(off Johnny's stare)
I might've mentioned it in passing.

JOHNNY
I knew it!

BOYD
Look, it's my fault this happened.
I'll just have to face it like a man.

Johnny is suddenly inspired.

JOHNNY
Wait a second. Maybe this is a good thing.

BOYD
A good thing?

JOHNNY
Think about it. Now that you know where the guy is, you can just go over and tell him you changed your mind.

BOYD
I can't do that.

JOHNNY
Sure you can. You just walk over there and you tell him.

BOYD
We don't have enough money.

JOHNNY
Money? What's that got to do with anything?

It's becoming obvious that Boyd has the last wild card he hasn't put on the table.

(CONTINUED)
BOYD
That was the deal. If I decided to cancel the contract, it would cost me double. Ten grand times 2. And best I can tell, you've got less than three thousand in chips.

JOHNNY
Why would you do that?

BOYD
I was afraid I might chicken out. Hell, I figured with you playin' cards for me, there'd be no way I wouldn't have the extra cash to pay him off.

(beat)
I guess now you have to win. Or I really am dead.

Before Johnny can reach out and strangle him,

DEALER
Gentlemen, we're back.

JOHNNY
You better hope I lose, because if he doesn't kill you, I will.

QUICK-CUT MONTAGE of turning cards and clinking chips.

JOHNNY RESUMES his losing streak.

BOYD chews his nails and watches his future get shorter with every hand played.

At one point, The HARVARD HIT MAN catches his eye and WINKS at him.

Then, as JOHNNY is down to his last thousand dollars in chips, something amazing happens: He is dealt 2 KINGS in his hand! He can't believe it, as the FLOP is A, 7, 5, J and finally, K! Johnny has 3 KINGS, with no apparent straights or flushes possible!

DEALER
It's on you, sir.

Johnny and Boyd exchange a look, then Johnny and the Hit Man...

JOHNNY
(beat, confident)
I'm all in.
Boyd nearly chokes, as Johnny slides his entire stack in.

One-by-one, everyone else FOLDS, except the COWBOY.

COWBOY
Considerin' you're current losin' streak. I'm gonna have t'call.

DEALER
The all-in bet has been called.
(to Johnny)
Cards, please.

Johnny confidently lays his cards down.

JOHNNY
Three kings.

Everyone at the table is impressed.

BOYD
(pumps his fist, low)
Yes!

COWBOY
That's a damn good hand.
(slow rolls)
But not good enough.

He lays down his cards.

COWBOY
Three aces.

The other players groan. Johnny can't believe it. Even the Dealer shakes his head. Boyd can't believe it, as he looks over at the Harvard Guy, who isn't winking anymore.

DEALER
(to Johnny)
Not your night, sir.

As the Dealer reaches to rake the chips, his hand brushes against Johnny's and - WHOOSH!

VISION - INT. POKER ROOM - AN HOUR AGO

Johnny gets a VISION of the Dealer setting up before the game: hiding TINY CAMERAS up in the edges of the table, fixing ANOTHER in the Waitress' EYEGlasses, placing EAR PIECES in one of the player's ear.

An adjoining room filled with SMALL VIDEO MONITORS and MEN speaking into FIBER OPTIC MICROPHONES.
Johnny comes out. Holy shit. **The game is rigged!**

---

**HIT MAN**
(to the Dealer)
Deal me out.

---

He stares at Boyd as he stacks his chips. Johnny steps over to where Boyd is standing.

---

**BOYD**
Three aces? What are the odds?

Johnny knows it's now or never.

---

**JOHNNY**
Get ready to go.

---

**BOYD**
What?

---

Johnny steps back to the table and reaches under the table and **rips out one of the planted cameras.**

---

**JOHNNY**
What the hell is this?! It's a camera! And there's another one right here! The game is rigged!

---

The Cowboy reaches for the cable in Johnny's hand.

---

**COWBOY**
He's right! It's a set up!

---

The room erupts in **INSTANT CHAOS!** People yelling and pointing fingers as the table is flipped over. Amid the melee, Johnny grabs Boyd and hauls him towards the security door.

---

**JOHNNY**
Act sick.

---

**BOYD**
What?

---

**JOHNNY**
You want to get out of here alive?

---

Boyd nods.

---

**JOHNNY**
Then act like you're dying.

---

Boyd finally gets it as they approach the Bouncer. He clutches his side and begins to **moan.**

---
CONTINUED:

BOYD
Awwww! I feel like I'm gonna die!

BOUNCER
What's wrong with him?

JOHNNY
(on the fly)
Uh, it was the... cheese. He's lactose intolerant.

BOYD
(playing it up)
I shouldn't have eaten the cheese! Awwww!

BOUNCER
I'm not supposed to --

Boyd GROWLS like a rabid dog.

BOYD
I think I'm gonna hurl!

JOHNNY
For God's sake, you don't want to have to clean that up, do you?

The Bouncer finally hits the BUZZER,

JOHNNY
Oh, and I'm pretty sure the guy in the sweater has a gun.

The Bouncer hurries away, as Johnny and Boyd glance back --

HIT MAN
He's caught in the commotion, but clearly COMING AFTER THEM.

JOHNNY and BOYD take off.

EXT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

Johnny and Boyd come busting out of the stairwell door.

JOHNNY
Which way?

BOYD
To the car!

Johnny grabs him by the arm,
51 CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
No. He'll look for us there. This way.

They take off across the darkened garage.

52 EXT. PARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Johnny and Boyd round another corner and STOP. They bend over, panting and trying to catch their breath.

BOYD
Do you see him?

JOHNNY
(looking back)
No.

BOYD
Maybe we lost him.

Johnny suddenly realizes that they're standing ON THE GRASS, exactly like in his previous visions of Boyd's death. Then, we HEAR some familiar sounding PIANO MUSIC.

BOYD
You hear that?

JOHNNY
Yeah.

BOYD
That's Emily. That's my daughter.

As he TURNS, Whaack! A GUN-BUTT KNOCKS HIM DOWN on to his knees in the grass. Johnny TURNS to find a gun with a silencer pointed at him.

REVEALING the HIT MAN.

HIT MAN
That was quite a show you two put on. Too bad you got involved mister, but I can't leave a witness.

BOYD
Wait! You don't have to do this! I changed my mind!

HIT MAN
You got the rest of the money?

BOYD
No.

(CONTINUED)
Then we got nothin' to talk about.
(to Johnny)
Get on your knees.

HIT MAN

Didn't you hear what he said? He
doesn't want to die.

JOHNNY

We have a contract. Besides, I have
a professional reputation to protect.
I go around breakin' deals and I'm
out of business. Now get on your
knees!

HIT MAN

Johnny and Boyd exchange a look, Johnny sinks to his knees
next to Boyd.

JOHNNY

Just my luck, you hire a cold-blooded
killer with ethics.

BOYD

I'm sorry, John. You didn't deserve
this.

JOHNNY

You're right, I don't.

He reaches over and puts his hand on Johnny's shoulder,
WHOOSH! Johnny SEES something that we don't.

JOHNNY

But maybe our luck is about to change.

Boyd isn't sure what he means, as the Hit Man cocks the pistol
and prepares to fire. Just as we think it's too late, the
scene is suddenly FLOODED WITH BRIGHT LIGHT FROM EVERY
DIRECTION --

Johnny, Boyd and the Hit Man shade their eyes against the
brightness of the lights, as...

WALT (O.S.)

THIS IS THE SHERIFF!! DROP YOUR
WEAPON AND PUT YOUR HANDS ON TOP OF
YOUR HEAD!

It's a stunning eleventh hour reprieve, as the Hit Man
realizes he has no choice and tosses his gun away. WALT,
ROSCOE and OTHERS MOVE IN from all around them with their
weapons drawn. The Hit Man is quickly hand-cuffed and hustled
away, as Johnny and Boyd get to their feet.
WALT
You guys okay?

JOHNNY
We are now. Another thirty seconds
and it would have been a different
story. How did you know where we'd
be?

WALT
After I ID'ed Mister Lumely from the
gas station security tape, I contacted
his wife. She said if there was any
chance of finding him, it'd be at
his daughter's recital. Which is
going on right across the street.
We staked out the area and hoped for
the best.

Boyd notices Marsha, his father and Emily appear just off
behind the lights.

WALT
You 2 have had a quite a night.

JOHNNY
You have no idea.

WALT
(a hard look at Boyd)
I have some.

Walt nods to Roscoe, who places a set of cuffs on Boyd.

WALT
You have a lot of explaining to do,
Mister.

Boyd looks at Walt and Johnny, then back at his family.

BOYD
Sheriff, I know I'm in trouble, but
if you could give me a minute?

Walt exchanges a look with Johnny, then over at the family...

WALT
Sixty seconds.

BOYD
Thank you.

Roscoe escorts Boyd over to where his family is standing.

(CONTINUED)
EMILY
Why are you wearing those handcuffs?

Boyd and Marsha exchange a look, then...

BOYD
Daddy made a big mistake, baby. He
did something very, very stupid.
But everything's okay now.

EMILY
Did you hear me play?

Boyd tries to hold back his tears.

BOYD
I heard, sweety. Sounded like angels
singing.

He smiles at her, then looks up at his father.

LLOYD
C'mon, Princess, let's see if you
can help grandpa find his car.

BOYD
Thanks, Pop.

LLOYD
You're still my son. Nothin'll ever
change that.

The old man walks off with Emily. There's an awkward LULL, then...

MARSHA
I guess you won't joining us for
pie?

BOYD
(nervous laugh)
Not tonight.

(beat, serious)
I want you to know how sorry I am.
For bein' such a horse's ass.

MARSHA
You still don't get it, do you? You
were a horse's ass when I married
you. It's this other person I
couldn't live with.

We get the strange feeling that the foundation for some kind
of future reconciliation has just been laid.
BOYD
(tears in his eyes)
Y'know, I still remember that beautiful young girl on the roller coaster.

MARSHA
(getting emotional)
Yeah? I wonder what ever happened to her?

BOYD
I heard she married a frog and they lived happily ever after.

They both smiles through the tears, as Roscoe leads him away.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 OMITTED

54 EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - TWO MONTHS LATER

Johnny walks to the end of the driveway to check his mail. The box is EMPTY, as we SEE Boyd, now dressed in his mailman uniform, jump out with his index finger pointed like a gun.

BOYD
Put'm up!

JOHNNY
(taken aback)
Boyd? What are you... How are you?

BOYD
I'm good. I'm gettin' there, anyway. I was just in the neighborhood and I thought I'd drop off your mail.

Hands Johnny his mail.

JOHNNY
You're back in uniform.

BOYD
Yeah. It's all because'a you. Those things you said in court. They went a long way with the judge. He let me off with probation. Even let me have my old job back with a slight cut in pay.

JOHNNY
What about the loan shark?

(CONTINUED)
BOYD
All the attention I got, it was in
his best interest to keep a low
profile. He let me work out a payment
program. 20 bucks a week for...
ever.

JOHNNY
Sounds like a plan.

BOYD

(beat, emotional)
Best part is, I'm back home with my
family. I hate to think what I almost
lost, ya know?

JOHNNY
I'm happy it all worked out.

BOYD

Yeah, well, I better get goin'.
Schedules. I just wanted to say
thank you, John. For everything.

They shake hands. It's oddly moving. Boyd turns, then...

BOYD

Oh, listen, I was gonna have a little
poker game over at my place next
week. Some'a the boys from the
office. I was wonderin' if you might
want'a play?

Johnny stares at him for a BEAT, then simply WALKS AWAY.

BOYD

John? Aw, come on, don't be that
way! It's just a friendly game!
We'll even let you use your super
powers! John!?

We FADE OUT as Johnny continues walking away...

THE END