ID THEFT

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INT. "THE VILLE" - BAR - HOMESTEAD, FLORIDA - HAPPY HOUR

A CREDIT CARD - propped up on a register screen. The name is Sandy Bigelow Patterson.

The menu screen shows 1 - Mellonball, 1 - Mellonball, 1 - Mellonball, 1 - Mellonball, 1 - Mellonball

The bartender enters another order onto the tab--

1 - Mellonball

--then carries a GREEN COCKTAIL over to:

A WOMAN - Carefully crafted, retro style hair. Wiglike. Lips bright red. Long fingernails.

Her outfit is coordinated, because the good people at Jaclyn Smith coordinated it for her.

Her credit card says Sandy Patterson, but we will call her DIANA. And Diana is shitfaced.

She takes the drink and downs it in one long gulp. Looks at the man next to her at the bar, who talks with a woman.

DIANA
Hey. Hey chin. What's your name?

THE GUY - handsome, dimpled chin, turns warily to her.

GUY AT BAR
Kyle.

DIANA
Kyle, you're a cool guy, right? Let me get you a drink. On me.

GUY AT BAR
It's okay. We're actually having a private conversation.

He angles his body to cut this weirdo off from them.

A slight flash of rejection crosses her face. Then she sees: his CREDIT CARD RECEIPT on the bar.

She casually takes it, like a pickpocket.

Then she looks around at the rest of the people in the bar. Nicer clientele. Couples, groups. Respectable.
DIANA
You guys are my FRIENDS! I'm buying
my friends a shot!

She grabs the bottle of MIDORI from the bar. The bartender
puts a hand on her wrist.

BARTENDER
These aren't your friends. And I
think you've had enough.

DIANA
(quite serious)
I've had enough when the card stops
working.

He reluctantly lets her have the Midori. She turns.

DIANA
Okay, who wants a Melon Ba---

She stumbles over the stool rungs and FALLS out of frame.

DIANA
(struggles back up)
I'm okay! I'm good! I gotta be honest,
there's an angel looking out for me,
cuz normally that's a cracked rib.
Pulled a lotta g's there.

Diana hears tittering. Some pretty women at a table laughing
at her. Rolling their eyes. Their perfect boyfriends too.

A flicker of pain crosses Diana face once more. Then she
walks over to their table with an honest, warm smile.

DIANA
Hey guys, you look like party people.
Shots are on me.

BITCHY GIRL
Uh. No. Thank you.

DIANA
(waves the bottle)
C'mon. This is the good stuff!

The girl's boyfriend stands up. Puts a hand on her.

BOYFRIEND
She said fuck off, dumptruck.

Diana looks down at the guy's hand. Back at his face.
INT. HOMESTEAD P.D. SQUAD CAR - FIVE MINUTES LATER

POV through the windshield. Sirens on, red lights flashing. The squad car pulls up to THE VILLE.

INT. "THE VILLE" - BAR - HOMESTEAD, FLORIDA - MOMENTS LATER

Two COPS enter and see: A BRAWL. Diana is BEATING THE CRAP out of the bitchy girl's BOYFRIEND.

The cops drag her off.

    DIANA
    I'm cool! I'm cool!

She LUNGEs for the guy again. They restrain her.

    COP
    You're under arrest for assault and public intoxication.

    DIANA
    No I'm not. I'm not.

The weary cop takes out a Breathalyzer.

    COP
    Blow into this.

She inhales DEEPLY, puts her mouth on the Breathalyzer...

...and PUKEs a GREEN WAVE of MIDORI into it.

    DIANA
    How'd I do?

INT. HOMESTEAD METRO JAIL - BOOKING AREA - LATER

The cop walks her stumbly ass over to the mugshot area.

The BOOKING OFFICER checks her Florida State driver's license. Sandy Bigelow Patterson, date of birth May 18th, 1973.

    BOOKING OFFICER
    Huh. Look at that. You're gonna be 40 in a couple of weeks.

Diana looks over at him, trying to comprehend his words.

    BOOKING OFFICER
    Happy birthday, Sandy Patterson.
THE CAMERA FLASHES, and we're...

INT. SMALL APARTMENT LIVING/DINING ROOM - BOSTON, MA - EVENING

TITLE - TWO WEEKS LATER

A man blinks from a CAMERA FLASH.

TRISH
Happy birthday, Sandy Patterson.

TRISH, 36, his pregnant wife. She KISSES him.

Sandy sits around a birthday cake with Trish and his daughters FRANNY, 8 and JESSIE, 7, who take pictures with mommy's phone.

FRANNY
Make a wish, daddy!

Sandy looks at his beautiful wife. His adorable little girls.

Then he takes in their cramped apartment. Rattling window AC unit. Cramped space. Bad IKEA furniture. Street noise.

He has his wish.

He blows out the candles. The girls CLAP.

JESSIE
I made you this, daddy.

She hands Sandy a TIE made of construction paper and yarn. It says YUO ARE THE BEST DADY.

SANDY
Oh, this looks expensive. Did you steal this tie? Thief! Thief!

He starts tickling her. She howls "no" through her giggles.

For a moment, Sandy forgets the tiny apartment and the rattling AC and just enjoys the moment. Looks at Trish.

SANDY
Thanks. This was a really nice--

He's cut off by A NOISE from the other side of the apartment wall. THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP. Picture frames rattle.

And now the unmistakable moaning of a woman being screwed.

SANDY
(raised voice)
Hey Derek? Kristi? Thin walls. Remember?
DEREK (THROUGH THE WALL)

Sorry!

Franny's eyes go wide. Naughty "oooooooh" smile on her face.

SANDY
Okay. Bedtime.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Franny and Jessie sleep quietly. Bunkbeds. Tiny room. Trish gently closes the door.

Crosses back to the table, where the cake has been pushed aside to make room for Sandy's laptop. And a stack of bills.

TRISH
So?

SANDY
After rent, utilities, gas, phones, we're actually up on the month.

She's impressed. He turns his laptop to show her. $14.23.

TRISH
Half of that's mine.
(he's not laughing)
It's okay. We're making it. Right?

SANDY
Until she's born. And the girls need braces. Or college. Or weddings.

TRISH
What about a raise? They haven't given you one in like--

SANDY
It's the financial industry. I can't exactly argue things are going well.

TRISH
I'm sure the partners are doing fine.

SANDY
Well I'm not a partner.

Trish shuts up. That came out wrong. Sandy looks at his cake. The icing spells out 40th Birthd.

SANDY
I'm sorry.

(MORE)
SANDY (CONT'D)
I thought I'd be further along. A house. A yard. A better life for you guys.

TRISH
This is a better life.

SANDY
Really? Two grand in savings? This place? Three kids to a room?

TRISH
Babe, you're doing the best you can.

SANDY
Don't say that. That can't be true.

And then... THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP through the wall.

TRISH
(instant rage)
Hey KRISTI! You ever get a PERIOD?

The thumping stops. Sandy closes his laptop.

SANDY
I'm going to bed.

He walks off, resigned. The weight of the world.

EXT. BOSTON - MORNING

Sun rises over the city.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Breakfast time chaos. Sandy barrels through, pulls his jacket on, grabs his laptop case, steps over the dog--

TRISH
Lunch!

He swings back over, grabs a brown bag from Trish, gives her a quick kiss. Heads out.

EXT. PROMINENCE FINANCIAL GROUP BUILDING - BOSTON - DAY

A skyscraper downtown.
INT. SANDY'S OFFICE - TIME PASSING

The placard next to the door says: Sandy Patterson - Accounts Processing. The office is basically a glorified cubicle.

Sandy works industriously. STAMPS and NOTARIZES documents. Legal disclaimers are SCANNED and EMAILED. Fills in IRS forms. Bank forms. SEC forms. FINRA forms. Trade authorization forms.

Sandy Patterson is a master of paperwork and detail.

And at NOON sharp: he stops. The inbox is EMPTY.

He takes out his lunch. There's a note in the bag from Trish.

"Something good will happen today."

BRYAN

Patterson!

BRYAN CASEY, 31, sharp suit, standing in Sandy's doorway. Younger than Sandy, but far better dressed.

BRYAN

Did I ask you to paper the Westfield sweep account under the holding corp?

SANDY

Yup.

BRYAN

Shit. It was supposed to go under--

SANDY

--the subsidiary, so you can roll over the qualified plan.

Sandy hands Bryan an envelope.

SANDY

I did it both ways. Had a feeling.

Bryan takes the forms. Relieved. Points happily as he exits.

BRYAN

You're the best, Patterson. The best.

Sandy enjoys the moment. A little pride in himself, for once.

The PHONE RINGS. He answers, chipper.

SANDY

This is Sandy Patterson.
SECRETARY (ON PHONE)
Mr. Cornish needs you in his office for a notarize.

SANDY
Oh! Uh, sure, right away!

He hangs up. Looks at Trish's note.

Something good. It's up to him to make it happen...

INT. JIM CORNISH'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sandy enters the large, plush corner office. JIM CORNISH, 50, is a short, imperious man. The big wheel.

He barely acknowledges Sandy's existence. Just waves at three forms on the coffee table.

CORNISH
New account forms. Stamp 'em.

Sandy takes out a notary book and stamp. Works up the courage.

SANDY
Uh, Jim?

Cornish looks at Sandy. Why is this peon talking?

SANDY
I know your time is limited, so I thought I'd squeeze this in. I've been here five years, and I haven't gotten a raise. Now I know times are--

CORNISH
Yes!

Yes?

CORNISH
There's the man!!!

Cornish gets up, walks right past Sandy to greet the client who just walked into the office.

Sandy turns to see Cornish man-hugging:

LARRY BIRD. The Celtic great. The most famous man in Boston.

CORNISH
God, you look terrific. Linda! Two coffees! C'mon, sit down.
Sandy can't believe this. He's awestruck.

SANDY
Larry Bird. I'm--

CORNISH
Just get the stamp out.

Larry signs the three forms, watching as Sandy fumbles to open his ink pad.

LARRY BIRD
Who's this? The investment guy in charge of signatures?

CORNISH
Ha. No, he's not an investment guy. He just handles the paperwork.

SANDY
I'm like an assistant investment guy.

CORNISH
Mmmmmmmmm, not quite as good that. He's more like someone who works for investment guys, but isn't an investment guy and doesn't have the training or license to ever be an investment guy.

SANDY
(clinging to dignity)
I provide back office support for--

CORNISH
Actually, he's a bit like those guys who gave you towels, mopped up your sweat? Hung around Celtics, but weren't Celtics?

LARRY BIRD
(laughs at Sandy)
Oh, you're the sweat guy! Hey, every team needs a sweat guy.

Cornish laughs with Larry. Sandy forces himself to join in. But he's dying inside. Cornish points to the forms.

CORNISH
Go ahead and stamp.

SANDY
Of course. I'll just need a valid form of ID... driver's license?
LARRY BIRD
Oh. I left my wallet in the car.
(to Cornish)
I'll email you the number.

SANDY
Oh. Um-- I do need to see it.

LARRY BIRD
I just told you, I don't have it.

SANDY
Maybe you could run down and get it?

CORNISH
Are you out of your mind?

LARRY BIRD
Are you saying I'm not Larry Bird?

SANDY
No, of course not! But I took a public oath. I can't notarize a document without confirming ID.

CORNISH
His FACE is his ID, you jackass!

LARRY BIRD
I'm Larry Bird!

SANDY
I know! But the rules--!

Larry Bird stands up. Furious.

LARRY BIRD
I am six foot nine! This is BOSTON!

CORNISH
Stamp it, Patterson!

Larry Bird grabs for the stamp. Sandy clutches it to his chest, frightened.

LARRY BIRD
I AM LARRY BIRD! I AM THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME! STAMP IT!

CORNISH
STAMP IT!

LARRY BIRD
STAMP IT! STAMP IT!
SANDY
Okay!!!
Sandy stamps each of the three contracts. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

CORNISH
Now get out.

INT. SANDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
Sandy slumps back into his office, sits down. Hot with shame.

Something good will happen today.
He CRUMPLES the note up and throws it out.

His PHONE RINGS, startling him. He answers. No longer chipper.

SANDY
This is Sandy Patterson.

CALLER (ON PHONE)
Yes, Sandy? I'm Jeanette with Lady's Choice salon confirming your appointment for this Wednesday at three?

SANDY
I'm sorry, you have the wrong number.

CALLER (ON PHONE)
Sandy Bigelow Patterson?

Odd. His middle name. That gets his attention.

SANDY
Yes, but--
(checks the caller ID)
Where are you calling from?

CALLER (ON PHONE)
Homestead, Florida.

SANDY
I'm in Boston. How did you get this number?

CALLER (ON PHONE)
You didn't leave one when you made the appointment, so we Googled you.

SANDY
Well, I'm sorry, but you have the wrong person.
CALLER (ON PHONE)
Are you sure?

SANDY
You're Lady's Choice in Florida. I'm a man in Massachusetts.

CALLER (ON PHONE)
So you're not Sandy Patterson?

SANDY
No! I'm no one! GOODBYE!

Sandy slams the phone down.

A knock on his door. It's Bryan Casey, looking deadly serious.

BRYAN
We need to talk.

Oh no.

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan enters the stairwell. Stonefaced. Sandy follows.

SANDY
Bryan, you gotta understand, this Larry Bird thing wasn't my--

Sandy stops. Bryan's there, but so are THREE OTHER GUYS. All in expensive suits. All around 30. All looking at him.

BRYAN
We're leaving Prominence.

SANDY
(stunned)
You guys book half the business here.

BRYAN
We know. And if it were up to Cornish, we'd be sucking his ass for the rest of our lives. That's why we're starting our own firm, and we're taking all of our clients with us.

SANDY
Jesus-- that's a four billion dollar portfolio...

BRYAN
Five. Come with us.
Sandy is floored. Him?

BRYAN
You're the best at what you do. You'll be a junior partner. Run the back office, plus a piece of the business. What are you making now?

SANDY
Fifty.

BRYAN
You're gonna make fifty next month.

SANDY
Oh my god. When is this happening?

BRYAN
Now.

INT. OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Bryan and his partners stride out to the middle of the floor, amidst the cubicles and offices.

Sandy follows, hanging back, as Bryan picks up a STAPLER and BANGS ON THE WALL, getting everyone's attention.

He steps up and stands on a desk.

BRYAN
The four of us are leaving to start a new company.

He raises his Blackberry and presses a button.

BRYAN
You now have our new contact info.

Everyone stops. You can hear a pin drop. This is nuclear.

BRYAN
We will need secretaries. Clerks. IT. You can submit applications on--

CORNISH
NOBODY MOVE.

Cornish stands across the way. Addresses the troops.

CORNISH
Anyone who stays right where they are gets a 5% raise, here and now.

(MORE)
CORNISH (CONT'D)
Anyone who moves-- will regret it.
This firm has offices in twenty cities
across five continents. You don't
want us for an enemy.

Sandy takes that in. The raise. The threat.
SECURITY grabs hold of the four rebels.

BRYAN
Last chance. Who's with us?
The room is dead silent. No one moves. Cornish gloats.

SANDY
I am.
Cornish looks around, searching for the traitor.

CORNISH
Who said that?

SANDY
(petrified)
I did.

Cornish stares in disbelief and fury at Sandy. As security
marches him out with Bryan and the others--

CORNISH
You better pray this works out,
Patterson, because I'm killing you
everywhere else! No one will hire
you! Not here, not anywhere! You
hear me? You're a dead man! In this
town, in this business! Everywhere
you go! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE???

INT. SHOPPING MALL - FLORIDA - SAME TIME

Diana rides up the escalator, drinking an Orange Julius,
talking on a crappy cell phone.

DIANA
Of course I appreciate it. Yes. Ugh,
fine. "Thank you for bailing me out,
Moshe." I don't know. Figure two
weeks. I'll be done in an hour, and
then it's all yours. Okay?

As she steps off the elevator, the phone goes BOOP. Call
dropped. She casually TOSSES the phone into a TRASH BIN.
IN THE JEWELRY STORE

She points a ring out to the saleswoman. Credit card in hand.

   DIANA
   That one looks great. Lost my wedding ring.
   Can you believe it? Fifteen years.
   He's a big stockbroker. But it's not about stuff, you know? It's about partnership.

AUNTIE ANNE'S PRETZELS

Diana stuffs an entire cinnamon sugar pretzel in her mouth. Talks to the cashier through a wad of dough.

   DIANA
   Mmm. Low blood sugar. It's working.
   This is very fresh.

COSMETICS COUNTER

The salesgirl SWIPES the card. Diana shows off her new ring.

   DIANA
   Yeah, we just got married. He's a surgeon. He fixes smiles.

Diana hears some whispered GIGGLING. Turns to catch two counter girls quietly mocking her appearance.

She pretends to not notice.

AUNTIE ANNE'S PRETZELS

Diana has another pretzel in her mouth. Talks through an even larger quantity of dough to the same cashier.

   DIANA
   Another crash. It's picking up. Is that a free sample? Is that onion? (chokes, then clears)
   Mmm. There's a nice tang to that.

SPORTING GOODS STORE

Diana looks at a monitor showing footage for something called FAMILY FUN PACKAGE. A happy family is whitewater rafting.
SPORTING GOODS SALESMAN
So how old are your kids?

DIANA
15, 12, 10, 8 and 6. Jaden, Cathy, Sam, JP and Anna.

She eyes the large yellow inflatable on display.

DIANA
Huh. I could buy raft...

BROOKSTONE
Diana VIBRATES in a massage chair. Asleep. Drooling. An employee nudges her. She wakes spastically.

DIANA
What the fuck?

BROOKSTONE EMPLOYEE
Ma'am? Your card and your receipt?

Oh. She gets her bearings. Checks the receipt. One massage chair plus home delivery. $1,899.99. Diana does some math in her head, then hands the card back to the salesman.

DIANA
Keep it. It's done.

The salesman takes the card back, confused. Diana turns over on the massage chair so that's she face down. Still vibrating.

INT. SANDY'S CAR - SAME TIME
A Yaris. Sandy drives, cell phone to his ear. It's ringing.

BOOP. He checks his phone. TRISH (HOME) - CALL FAILED.

The LOW GAS alert pings on the dashboard.

EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING
Sandy's redialing Trish as he swipes his card at the pump.

Boop. Dropped call. Again.

The pump says DECLINED - SEE MANAGER. Huh?
INT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The attendant, ARUN, sits in his glassed-in cashier booth, talking loudly in HINDI on his BLUETOOTH earpiece.

SANDY
Excuse me? Something's wrong with pump 5. It's not taking my card.

Sandy passes it through the tray. Arun takes it, swipes it...

ARUN
Oh, look at this, buddy!

Arun holds up the scanner. It says INVLD. - DESTROY CARD.

SANDY
What? Why would it say that?

ARUN
Because you don't pay your fucking bills, deadbeat!

SANDY
I absolutely pay my bills! And you can't talk to customers like that!

ARUN
Yes I can. Bulletproof glass. Suck my balls.

Arun starts talking in Hindi on his bluetooth. Laughs.

SANDY
Who is that? Who are you talking to?

Arun turns a WEBCAM toward Sandy's credit card.

ARUN
My family in Mumbai. They're watching me cut up your card. I'm slingboxing this shit to them.

SANDY
Do not cut that card up!

He CUTS THE CARD. Then hits SPEAKER on his cell phone. We hear people laughing, singing and clapping.

ARUN
Ha ha! You like this song? The chorus means "fuck you".
INT. SANDY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sandy drives, fuming. Phone to his ear. It's ringing.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)
Hello, this is Loretta with MobiCom. With whom am I speaking?

SANDY
Sandy Patterson.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)
And can I have the last four of your social?

SANDY
4186.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)
And how may I assist you this evening?

SANDY
I can't seem to make any calls.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)
Yes, I see we've suspended your service for an overdue balance of $369.73.

SANDY
No, that's a mistake. I pay this bill regularly.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)
I'm sorry, sir. If you'd like to pay by phone right now, we can restore service to all three of your numbers.

SANDY
Three? What three? I have two numbers. My wife and myself.

LORETTA (ON PHONE)
I'm showing a third line, added two months ago. Area code 305-697--

SANDY
305? Where is that?

LORETTA (ON PHONE)
Homestead, Florida.

Homestead. Where that salon was? And then: Whoooo! Flashing sirens behind him.
SANDY

Shit.

EXT. SANDY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sandy's pulled over. The COP approaches his window.

COP

We have a hands-free phone law, sir.
License and registration.

EXT. SANDY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The cop walks back over. Hand on the butt of his gun.

COP

Step out of the car, Mr. Patterson.

SANDY

(gets out)
Really? Okay. Didn't realize it was
that big of a-- OW!

The cop SPINS HIM AROUND. SLAMS HIM against the hood of his
car. Arm bent behind his back.

SANDY

FOR HANDS-FREE???

INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING


Two DETECTIVES enter. Close the door behind them. The lead
detective is REILLY, 40's. Moustache. Men's Wearhouse.

DET. REILLY

Mr. Patterson, I'm Detective Reilly.

SANDY

Listen, there's been a mistake.

DET. REILLY

There's no mistake. The arresting
officer ran your license through the
NCIC. You were booked for felony
assault two weeks ago in Florida.

SANDY

Florida? Wait-- was it Homestead?
DET. REILLY
Oh good, so we're dropping the whole "there's been a mistake". You missed your court date this morning. Judge issued a warrant, we ship you down there tomorrow. Enjoy the weather.

SANDY
Waitwaitwait. Listen. Please! Someone with my name is doing these things. Making salon appointments, opening phone accounts--

DET. REILLY
Are you or are you not Sandy Bigelow Patterson, born May 18th, 1973?

SANDY
I am, but-- I swear! This is someone else. **It's not me.**

DET. REILLY
(beat, then to his partner)
Call Homestead PD. Pull the mugshot.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

DET. REILLY
Woof. Uncuff him.

The partner removes Sandy's cuffs. Reilly takes a document from the folder, puts it on the table. Turns it toward Sandy.

It's the Mugshot of DIANA. Holding a name card and birthdate. **Sandy Bigelow Patterson. 5-18-73.**

SANDY
Who the hell is this?

DET. REILLY
If I had to guess, I'd say it's the woman who stole your identity. Obviously taking advantage of the fact that you have a girly name.

SANDY
It's not girly. It's unisex. So what is this-- like credit card fraud?
DET. REILLY
No, it's worse than that. They get a hold of your name, birth date, social security-- then they run up debt, get arrested, commit crimes-- as you. They tunnel into your life like a termite and rot you out from the inside until there's nothing left.
(claps his hands)
Anyhoo, you'll fill out some forms, we'll put a top level fraud alert out, that's about that.

SANDY
What? No, you have to stop her! You have to go get this woman!

DET. REILLY
We don't "go get" anyone. We're Boston PD. All we do is open and close the case. If she buys something on Amazon, Seattle PD investigates. Your mobile company's in Connecticut? Hartford PD handles that. And so on and so forth for every single theft.

SANDY
How long does that take?

DET. REILLY
Six months to a year.

SANDY
A YEAR?

DET. REILLY
Yeah, let me explain our priorities. (gestures with his hand)
See, up here, we got our murders and rapes. (sweeps from high to low)
Then allllllllll this is the stupid shit people do when they're drunk or in love. (low to the ground)
Down here is identity theft.

SANDY
So I'm on the bottom.

DET. REILLY
Well, below that's marijuana, cuz you know, fuck it. Everybody gets high. (MORE)
DET. REILLY (CONT'D)

(rises)
That's all. You're free to go. Take that mugshot with you. Might help you with the credit card companies.

SANDY

Jesus.

(writes on a pad)
This is my new work contact info. Call me if you hear anything.

DET. REILLY

I'll do that. In six months to a year.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Franny and Jessie watch TV. Trish sits at the kitchen table with Sandy, who has his laptop out. Piles of bills.

SANDY

Just make a list of each account, and I'll call, one by one, and we'll settle this tonight. Clean slate.

TRISH

(quietly panicked)
Okay.

SANDY

There's nothing to worry about.

TRISH

Okay.

SANDY

Just gonna pull up the credit card--WHAT? Look at this! Jewelry? A massage chair? We don't have a pot to piss in, she's buying massage chairs?

TRISH

Sandy.

SANDY

Hold on. I'm checking our credit rating.

The TRW screen says 205. Sandy reels. Then recovers.

SANDY

Okay, no problem. We'll start with the First Boston Visa.

(MORE)
SANDY (CONT'D)
They're a big bank, we're good customers, they'll get it.

TEN MINUTES LATER - Sandy's on the phone, pacing. Trish watches, her panic mounting by the second.

SANDY
What do you mean you don't believe me? I have a police report! No, not for the jewelry or the massage chair, I just found out about that! Prove?
How I do prove I didn't buy something?
My identity was stolen! Oh, I'm a liar now? You're calling me a LIAR?
You know what? THIS IS WHY EVERYONE HATES BANKS! Get your manager!
(beat)
Hello? Hello?
(tosses the phone)
GodDAMMIT!

The girls look over at their dad. Frightened.

TRISH
Sandy.

SANDY
What.

TRISH
You quit your job.

He registers her absolute panic. Moves into calming mode.

SANDY
Okay, babe, listen. The new job is a great thing. I swear to you. This is going to get us out of here, into a house, a new life--

TRISH
We don't have credit cards. We don't have cell phones.

SANDY
I'll ask Bryan for an advance tomorrow.

TRISH
We need a new crib and diapers and--

SANDY
Trish, Trish, honey. I have it under control.

Trish takes a breath. Then puts a hand on his. Nods.

JESSIE
Daddy? The TV's broken.
Sandy looks up at the TV. The screen says: **ERROR 713b: Your service has been disrupted due to an outstanding balance.**

Sandy leans back in his chair. This is **not** under control.

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - BOSTON - MORNING**

Another high-rise in the business district.

**INT. NEW CENTURY FINANCIAL - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS**

The elevator dings. Sandy steps out into THE NEW OFFICES. Workers install new computers, move in furniture, etc.

Sandy sees Bryan in the CONFERENCE ROOM.

    SANDY
    Bryan, can I talk to you for a second?

    BRYAN
    Just a sec. I want you to meet Dave Weiss. He heads up the endowment at Boston University.

Sandy shakes hands with DAVE WEISS, 50's.

    BRYAN
    Sandy's our back office whiz. Handles legal, accounts, every single transaction. He's amazing.

    DAVE WEISS
    Good to hear. We're putting nearly a billion dollars on your desk.

    SANDY
    I'll make sure to take great care of you, sir. Umm, Bryan, if I could just grab one quick--

    DET. REILLY (O.S.)
    Mr. Patterson!

Sandy, Bryan and Weiss turn to see:

DETECTIVE REILLY and two uniformed cops emerging from the elevator. Sandy quickly turns to Bryan.

    SANDY
    It's okay. My identity was stolen.
    It's a huge mess.

Reilly and Sandy shake hands.
SANDY
So-- you have some news?

DET. REILLY
Indeed I do. You're under investigation for narcotics trafficking.

Wait-- what???, Bryan and the client stare in shock.

DET. REILLY
We have a warrant to search the premises. Cuff him.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER
Sandy sits alone. The FLAT SCREEN TV is on, the sound muted.

REILLY enters with Bryan and one of the cops.

DET. REILLY
Okay, uncuff him.

SANDY
You mind explaining what's going on?

DET. REILLY
Chicago PD busted an oxycontin ring last night. Your name and address were on a list of buyers.
(off Sandy's reaction)
I'm not an idiot, Mr. Patterson. I know there's a halfway decent chance it's your friend in Florida. Which means there's a halfway decent chance it's not. Until I can prove you didn't do this, it's an open investigation.

BRYAN
For narcotics. Sandy, I'm sorry, but--

SANDY
Bryan-- please don't do this. I can't go back to Cornish, he's blackballing me everywhere else--

BRYAN
We almost lost BU over this. We're asking people to entrust you with their information! Account codes, balances, access to funds--

SANDY
I am unemployable right now, Brian! I have no money, no credit--

BRYAN
You can't. Not with this over your head. You CAN'T WORK HERE! That's it.

Sandy puts his head in his hands.
DET. REILLY
For what it's worth, I am sorry.

Sandy doesn't move. Bryan walks Reilly out.

Finally, Sandy lifts his head. Alone. Just him and the silent TV. An ad. A woman massages shampoo into her scalp.

Holy shit.

SANDY
LADY'S CHOICE!

Bryan and Reilly turn back to him.

SANDY
What if I knew where she was? I find her, and I turn her over to the police? Would you clear my name?

DET. REILLY
They'd put her up on Florida charges first. It'd be a year before we'd get a crack at her. She'd have to be standing right here to do you any good.

SANDY
That's the new standard for police work? The criminal has to STAND RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU?

DET. REILLY
You have a good day.

SANDY
Wait!
(point of no return)
What if I brought her to you?

DET. REILLY
C'mon, Mr. Patterson.

SANDY
If I bring her to you and she gives a full statement-- owns up to everything-- will you clear my name?

DET. REILLY
If all that happens. Yeah. Sure.

Reilly EXITS.
BRYAN
Sandy, I'm sorry, but we don't have time. Accounts are rolling in, you can't clear a background check-- I need someone doing the work now.

SANDY
Bryan, I have a family. I stood up for you. Please.

BRYAN
(beat, then)
I'll give you five days.

SANDY
(already running out)
Thank you!

BRYAN
Five days! That's all I can do!

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - LATER
Sandy packs a SUITCASE while he's on the phone. Trish watches.

SANDY
Yes, this is Sandy Patterson, you called the other day? I want to confirm that appointment. It was for my wife, she's gonna be in the area, I didn't realize. Tomorrow at three, right? And your address again?
(scribbles it down)
Great, got it. She'll be there.

He hangs up.

TRISH
This is insane.
(holds up handcuffs)
Where did you even get these?

SANDY
You know. That place. Oh, and I borrowed your anxiety pills. In case I have to coax her on to the plane.

TRISH
No, that's fine. Cause WHY WOULD I NEED THOSE RIGHT NOW?!

SANDY
Shhh shhh shhh. I'm gonna fly out, get her, fly back, and we're done.
28.

JESSIE
Daddy? Are you going on a trip?

The girls stand in the door. He kneels down and hugs them.

SANDY
I am. I'm going to pretty much the worst place in America-- but when I come back, I'm going to be a better daddy. And we're going to live in a big house with a yard and presents and braces and weddings. Okay?
(kisses them both)
Okay, go on. Be good!

They run out. Trish folds her arms, a nervous wreck.

SANDY
I paid the mobile bill. Our phones are back on, I'll call you every step of the way.

TRISH
I don't like this. It's dangerous.

SANDY
It's one woman. She's five foot nothing. She's a hobbit.
(kisses her)
I won't let you down.

She frowns, then softens. Kisses him back.

TRISH
You never do. Go get the bitch.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NEXT MORNING

The BOS-MIA flight comes in for a landing...

EXT. FLORIDA TURNPIKE - LATER

Sandy drives a rented CHEVY COBALT toward HOMESTEAD

EXT. STRIP MALL - HOMESTEAD, FLORIDA - 3 PM

A depressed, far distant suburb of Miami.

SANDY - sits in his car, windows down. Sweating. Looking at:

LADY'S CHOICE SALON - tacky, tacky, tacky. A large sign on the window says TAN HAIR.
Sandy checks his watch. Five past noon. And then-- a new NISSAN pulls into the lot. Sticker in the window.

DIANA gets out of the car. Walks into Lady's Choice.

Sandy sits back. He's got her.

EXT. STRIP MALL - HOMESTEAD, FLORIDA - LATER

Diana emerges. Her bad hair is still bad, but blacker and bigger. Nails are bright pink. Jesus. What a look.

I/E. DIANA'S CAR/ SANDY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

SANDY follows her, keeping an appropriate distance.

DIANA glances at her rearview mirror. Sees the Cobalt following her. Hmmm. She accelerates.

SANDY speeds up as well. Doesn't want to lose her.

They approach an ELEVATED CAUSEWAY over marshy SWAMP. The only two cars visible for miles.

DIANA accelerates more. SANDY keeps up. Until--

SCREEEEE! Diana SLAMS ON HER BRAKES.

SANDY

Shit!

He slams on HIS BRAKES-- SKIDS-- and-- CRUNCH-- he rear-ends her at about 15 mph. Not even enough to pop the airbags.

EXT. CAUSEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sandy gets out of his car. Sees Diana slowly get out of hers. She's holding her neck.

DIANA

Ugh. My neck! Son of a bitch!

He can't believe it. She's pulling a scam.

SANDY

I'm sorry. You stopped so short.

He walks around her car, surveying the damage. Subtly placing himself between her and her driver's side door.
DIANA
There was a gopher in the road. OW, my spine!

SANDY
You know what? This is totally my fault. Let’s exchange information. My insurance will cover everything.

DIANA
All right. Yeah. Cool. Here. (hands him her license)
Or maybe we could just do cash. Save you a little on your rates.

SANDY
You would do that for me?

DIANA
I would. I’m a good person. You know? Like, what would Jesus do?

SANDY
Jesus doesn’t have insurance?

DIANA
No, he’s god. What’s wrong with you?

SANDY
(reads her license)
Sandy Bigelow Patterson. Bigelow. You don’t hear that too often.

DIANA
It’s a family name. Mother’s side. Goes back to the Mayflower. Jeremiah Bigelow. He was a bear hunter.

SANDY
Huh. Interesting. Here’s my license. She takes it. Looks at it. **Sandy Bigelow Patterson.**

She slowly removes her hand from her neck. Straightens her posture. Looks back at Sandy like she’s a different person.

Then she **PUNCHES him in the THROAT.**

Sandy drops like a dead man, still conscious, but gagging on his own throat. She tries to push past him into her car, but he **BLOCKS HER ACCESS** to the door while he tries to breathe.

She runs and gets into HIS car. Starts it up. Backs up.
Watching this, gasping for air, Sandy gets into HER car. Turns the key, but the engine won't turn over. Then:

WHAM! He lurches forward into the steering wheel. Looks back.

She's rammed HIS car into HER car.

And now she's PUSHING her car, with him in it.

To the edge of the causeway.

He pushes the brake to the floor. HONKS the horn.

SANDY
Hey! HEY!!!

But she's not stopping. And he's almost to the edge... it's a good thirty foot drop...

Sandy flings the car door open and JUMPS OUT just before--

DIANA PUSHES HER OWN CAR OFF THE CAUSEWAY - it goes END over END over END and lands with a SPLASH in the SWAMPY MUCK.

Sandy turns back and sees her GIVE HIM THE FINGER as she peels off in his rental. Stranding him.

His phone rings. He answers, still finding his voice.

SANDY
Hello?

TRISH (ON PHONE)
Hey babe, it's me. Just checking in to see how things were going.

He peers over the edge at Diana's car. Restrains his own panic.

SANDY
Yeah. Off to a little bit of a slow start. Caught my ankle on the first hurdle there. Nothing to worry about. I'll call you in a few.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

TRISH
Okay. Be careful. I love you.

She hangs up. The phone immediately rings back. She answers.

TRISH
Sandy?
DEBT COLLECTOR (ON PHONE)
No, this is Dan from Superior Debt Collection. Can we speak to Sandy?

TRISH
He's not here right now. I'm his wife. Is there something I can--

DEBT COLLECTOR (ON PHONE)
Where is he?

TRISH
He's in Florida, but--

DEBT COLLECTOR (ON PHONE)
Florida? Where in Florida?

TRISH
I don't know exactly...

DEBT COLLECTOR (ON PHONE)
You're saying he left town and you don't know where he is?

TRISH
Yes, but--

Click. Dial tone. Trish looks at the phone. What just happened?

EXT. BENEATH THE CAUSEWAY - DAY

Sandy slowly makes his way down the embankment into the marsh below the road. His shoes SINK into the reeking muck. Ugh.

DIANA'S CAR - is half submerged in the swamp. Sandy opens the exposed passenger door. Crawls into her car.

Opens the glove compartment. Nothing but the manual. Looks around. Sees: PINK PAPER wedged in the rear seat. He pulls it out. It's a BILL OF SALE for the car.

Made out to Sandy Patterson. Goddammit. But below that...

...a Homestead, FL address.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - UGLY DEVELOPMENT - LATER

Prefab homes. Tiny lots.

SANDY gets out of a cab. Walks toward DIANA'S HOUSE. The RENTAL CAR is in the driveway.

And there's a goddamn MOTORBOAT parked on the lawn.
DIANA - emerges from her house with a SUITCASE. Sees him.

She drops the suitcase and RUNS back to the house. He CHASES, and just as she SLAMS THE DOOR, he jams an LEG in.

SANDY
AGGH!

He pushes in after her, and she backs away over piles of:

STUFF. The house is a HOARDER'S PARADISE. Piles and piles of electronics, housewares, clothing, sporting goods, cameras, musical instruments, bulk food items... most of it UNTouched.

The MASSAGE CHAIR is in the corner. And the big yellow RAFT.

SANDY
Wow. Been shopping, Sandy?

He pulls the HANDCUFFS out of his jacket pocket, starts walking toward her. He will not be denied.

SANDY
Here's the deal. We can do this the easy way, or the--

She PUNCHES HIM IN THE THROAT. Again. He goes down.

She tries to jump over him, but he GRABS HER LEG.

She goes down, and they FIGHT. A SLOppy, MESSy fight between two desperate people, neither of whom can afford to lose.

He tries to HANDCUFF HER, but he can't pin her down. She rolls over him, smothering his face in her tits.

SANDY
(muffled)
GARRR! GARRBARAARRRRRR!!!!!

She's got her hand JAMMED in his pocket. CLENChING. He roars in pain, wriggles free... and she BITES HIM on the leg.

SANDY
AGHHHH!!!

He starts PUNCHING HER on the back of her head until her jaws RELEASE. They ROLL OVER, and now he's on top of her.

Face to face. Sweaty. Her makeup is SMEARED. Breathing into each other's mouths. Close enough to kiss.

DIANA
Huh. Where's this going?
He backs away, and she KNEES him in the chest, then bolts for the front door.

Sandy grabs the RAFT OAR and FLINGS IT AT HER.

It hits her in the back of the head, and she GOES DOWN.

He staggers past her. Shuts the front door. Deadbolts it.

Diana struggles to her feet, dazed. Holding the back of her head in pain. She flops down on her couch, winded.

Sandy sees an overturned SHOE BOX on the floor. Spilling out of it are DRIVER'S LICENSES. All with Diana's picture. All different states. All different names. He grabs a handful.

SANDY
What is wrong with you? You're sick!
Look at all this stuff. You don't even need it!

DIANA
Oh, you know me now?

He sees FOUR GUITARS. He lifts one up.

SANDY
Oh, okay. You play? I'd love to hear something. Or are these for your husband? No? Boyfriend?
(tosses the guitar)
Well there's a shock.

That same flash of pain crosses her face.

Sandy catches it. And even though she's ruined his life, he gets a guilty twinge. He was cruel, and he knows it.

SANDY
What's your name?

DIANA
Julie.

AVI (O.S.)
DIANA!!!

DIANA
Shit!

A POUNDING on the door.

AVI
Diana, open the fucking door!

BACK INSIDE - Diana makes a "SHUT UP" face to Sandy.

DIANA
What's the problem, Avi?

AVI (O.S.)
The problem is you fuck Moshe! He bail you out, you trade him shit ID?

DIANA
It's not shit! It's good!

AVI (O.S.)
It doesn't work! He lost twenty grand on this oxycontin deal! Open the door! We just want to talk!

Diana grabs a KNAPSACK. Starts throwing stuff in. Makeup, blank MAGSTRIP CARDS, a small keypad device, hairspray...

SANDY
What are you doing? Who is that?

Diana moves into her BEDROOM. She quickly takes down a POSTER from her wall, blocking our view of it.

She carefully folds it and puts it in her KNAPSACK.

AVI (O.S.)
Diana, don't make me break this door!

Diana moves back into the living room, looks for:

THE JINGLE OF KEYS - Sandy is holding the car keys.

SANDY
Looking for someth--

KABOOM! A SHOTGUN BLAST blows through the WINDOW.

SANDY
Jesus!

KABOOM! Another blast. Diana grabs a STEAK KNIFE and starts RUNNING. Sandy runs after her, scared out of his mind...

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Avi KICKS the front door in just in time to NOT SEE Diana and Sandy running out the OTHER side of the house.
Diana SLASHES two tires on Avi's car with the knife, throws her knapsack into the RENTAL, and she and Sandy get in.

DIANA

GO GO GO!

Sandy starts the car and PEELS OUT.

Avi and Ilan realize their mistake and run back outside, but the Cobalt is already driving away, and Avi's car is LEANING on two flat tires.

AVI

YOR PIN NOTEPH ZIVA!!!!

He kicks his car. Fury in his eyes. We don't know Hebrew, but we can tell they just fucked with the wrong Israeli.

INT. RENTAL CAR – ON THE HIGHWAY – LATER

Sandy and Diana drive in silence. Both PISSED. Finally...

DIANA

Just let me off at the next exit.

SANDY

I don't think so. And I think you meant to say "sorry for getting you SHOT AT."

DIANA

I'm not sorry for that. Pull over.

SANDY

No. We're getting on a plane, Diana, and we're flying to Boston.

Diana laughs in his face. Then:

DIANA

Seriously, pull over or I'll kick your ass in again.

SANDY

Look. How about we find a bar-- I'll buy you a drink and explain the whole thing. Okay?

DIANA

A drink? Sure. That's a perfect way to dose me with your wife's Xanax.

She lifts the pill bottle up. Rattles it. He checks his pants pocket. She picked his fucking pocket during the fight...
DIANA
Now PULL OVER.

SANDY
Fine! Is that what you want?!

He PULLS THE CAR OVER to the side of the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER – DAY

Diana gets out. Starts walking. Sandy gets out. Starts dialing his cell phone. Yelling after her over the traffic noise.

SANDY
I'll just let 911 know a criminal with a known warrant is walking around on the highway. I've got lots of evidence they'd love to see!

(she keeps walking)
I have your home address, your photo, a handful of your fake licenses in my pocket...

(she keeps walking)
And once you're in jail, "Avi" will know exactly where to find you.

Diana stops.

DIANA
(mutters to herself)
Mother fucker...

(turns back to him)
You want me dead?

SANDY
I want you in Boston.

DIANA
Why?

SANDY
I need you to tell my boss I didn't sell oxycontin or rack up debt or any of this stuff.

DIANA
(sneers)
Oh. For a job. You and your anxious wife gotta maintain your lifestyle, right? I bet Trish is real pretty.

SANDY
She's beautiful.

(MORE)
SANDY (CONT'D)
So are my two little girls, and a third one on the way. See, I'm responsible for other people. I'm actually loved.

Again, that flash of pain.

DIANA
What are their names?

SANDY
What do you care?

They're quiet for a bit. Just the sound of passing cars. Then:

DIANA
Can I still get that drink?

INT. ROADSIDE BAR - LATER

Diana drinks a beer, eats pretzels.

DIANA
Well. Looks like you got my tits in a ringer.

SANDY
I don't like that phrase.

DIANA
Yeah, you really got me ass up over a barrel.

SANDY
That's not any better.

DIANA
Look. You need me in Boston, and I need to get out of Florida. Maybe we can make a deal. I'll talk to your boss, but no cops.

SANDY
You have to go on record with Boston PD, but I won't press charges.

DIANA
Let me explain something, Judge Judy. I sold your ID to those Israelis. They use them to traffic drugs. Yours was supposed to last a little longer, which you somehow fucked up.
SANDY
Oh, it's my fault they want you dead?

DIANA
Uh huh. That's problem number one. Problem number two is any DA worth a shit is gonna hang the drug charge on me, cuz it's connected to an ID I stole. That's a ten year stretch in a federal pen. So no cops. Your choice, asshole.

He stares for a moment. Then:

SANDY
Fine.

Diana looks into Sandy's eyes. Suspicious.

DIANA
You lying to me? Cuz I can smell a set-up.

SANDY
I'm not lying. I swear.

DIANA
You swear on your kids?

SANDY
(beat)
I swear on my kids.

She keeps looking in his eyes. Then:

DIANA
Well alright.
(swigs her beer)
Boston. Could be good for me. Fresh start, no rap sheet, wide open hunting ground. You know what? I want to do this. This is my idea now.
(pushes the pretzels away)
Salt runs right through me. I'm gonna hit the shitter.

INT. NEW CENTURY FINANCIAL/BAR - LATER

Bryan walks through the busy office, cellphone to his ear. INTERCUT WITH: Sandy in the bar, one eye on the restroom.
SANDY
She says she'll talk to you. But no cops.

BRYAN
They won't close your case if she doesn't go on record.

SANDY
It's not a problem. I'll text you when we're coming in. Set the cops up in another room, hit intercom on the phone, they'll listen in, and then bust in and arrest her.

BRYAN
That's your plan? That's porno quality.

SANDY
It'll work. Just trust me.

Bryan looks into an office. "Sandy Patterson, Account Management." There's a STACK of paperwork on the desk.

BRYAN
Just get back fast.

Sandy hangs up just as Diana gets out of the bathroom. Still carrying her beer.

DIANA
This is a pretty nice joint. I'm gonna grab some ribs.

EXT. ROADSIDE BAR - SECONDS LATER

She follows Sandy to his car.

DIANA
C'mon, just a half-slab. I got blood sugar...

SANDY
We only have a couple of hours before our flight. I'll get you a Snickers.

DIANA
And how exactly are we getting on this plane?

SANDY
I buy two tickets, we get on the plane.
DIANA
Using what ID?

SANDY
Using my ID.

DIANA
And what does my ID say?

Takes him a moment. Then:

SANDY
GOD DAMMIT!

DIANA
Two Sandy Bigelow Pattersons born on the same day. TSA might have a little problem with that.

She finishes her beer. Tosses the bottle.

DIANA
I'm gonna go squeege again. This is gonna be a long drive.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

The Cobalt speeds north on the highway.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sandy drives. Diana has her FEET UP on the dashboard. Cranks the stereo. Sings along with The Doors.

DIANA
Keep your eyes on the road, your hand upon the wheel!

SANDY
(turns the radio off)
Feet down. We drive fast and quiet to Boston. Got it? My car, my rules.

DIANA
Look, I'm sorry about all this, okay? No hard feelings.

SANDY
There are a ton of hard feelings. There's nothing but hard feelings.
DIANA
Listen, I need you, and you need me.
We're bonded now. We're like family.
Like brother and sister. Maybe
something a little bit more.

SANDY
We aren't anything more. We are less
than all the things you just said.

DIANA
Just saying you're my type. I like
'em the way you look. Tall.

SANDY
I am average height.

DIANA
Whatever you say, stretch.
She leans her seat back, puts her feet back up on the dash,
and turns the radio back on.

DIANA
The future's uncertain
And the end is always near...
Sandy looks at the NAVIGATION UNIT. 1,500 miles to Boston.
Long way to go. His fingers tense on the steering wheel.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - THE LAWN OF A MCMANSION - DAY
CLOSE ON: a 45-year old MAN. He's crying. His combover has
unwound and wisps away from his head like a windsock.
He's being DRAGGED across a perfectly manicured lawn. A
McMansion behind him. A sports car in the driveway.

CRYING MAN
Please! I'll get the money! I swear!
You can't do this!

THE SKIPTRACER
I can do this. I'm doing it right now.
THE SKIPTRACER, 30's, unshaven, mullet, 1984 "Western
Exterminator" Van Halen concert tee. A cigarette dangles. He
DRAGS the crying man by the end of his PANTS LEG.

CRYING MAN
Who do you work for? I'll pay you
double! Triple!
THE SKIPTRACER
You don't have any money, fuckmouth. That's why I'm here.

The man's head now drags across DRIVEWAY GRAVEL.

CRYING MAN
OW! Debt collectors can't do this! It's illegal!

The Skiptracer yanks the man against a BLACK VAN. Puts his BLACK BOOT on the man's chest while he opens the back door.

THE SKIPTRACER
You're absolutely right. Debt collectors can't do this. That's why they call me. I do this. I find you, I take you, and I drop your ass off right on their front doorstep. They walk outside, "Ohhh, look what we found!" And then they take all your shit.

His phone rings. He answers.

THE SKIPTRACER
Yeh-low. Yeah, I could do Florida.

CRYING MAN
Someone!!! Help!!!

The Skiptracer throws his CIGARETTE into the crying man's face, then LIFTS and TOSSES HIM into the back of the van.

THE SKIPTRACER
You got an address? Eh, fuck it then, just give me the name.

He takes out a pad. Writes down SANDY BIGELOW PATTERSON.

THE SKIPTRACER
Consider it done.

He slams the van door shut.

INT. RENTAL CAR - ON THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Sandy talks on his phone, drives. Diana sits next to him applying MAKEUP in the visor mirror.

SANDY
Yeah, not what I was planning, but we'll be in Boston by Friday. Yeah, I called Bryan. He knows. The girls okay? Okay. I love you too.
He hangs up.

DIANA
So-- how'd you meet?

SANDY
I'm not talking about myself or my family. You will never know anything about me.

DIANA
Oh, I already know a lot about you. I know what you books you read, what you music you listen to, I know what you eat, I know where you live. Credit histories are amazing.

SANDY
Oh really. And what did you learn?

DIANA

SANDY
Okay.

DIANA
You're applesauce. You're a Ziggy calendar.

SANDY
I get it.

DIANA
(cakes on more makeup)
Hey, it's not like my life's been any crazier. I grew up in Kansas.

SANDY
I don't care. You need me to stop and get you a trowel?

DIANA
(keeps prattling)
Yeah, a little town called Morganville. My mother's still the mayor's secretary. 70-years old! Nicest woman you'll ever meet. And my dad's a middle school principal, great guy. You actually remind me of him a little.
SANDY
Really? No, it's curious. With such a supportive mom and caring dad, you turned out to be a criminal asshole that ruins lives.

DIANA
Well, you're painting it with the most negative brush possible.

SANDY
Go ahead. Paint it with a better brush.

DIANA
I'm an explorer of humanity. I get inside people's lives and see the world through their eyes. It's pretty cool.

SANDY
That's such bullshit. You know why you do it.

Diana closes her compact. Puts it away. A beat. Then...

DIANA
Maybe. I guess it's just who I am.

SANDY
No. Uh uh. You can't lay it off like that. This is who you choose to be.

DIANA
You can't choose to be you. You already are who you are.

SANDY
What?

DIANA
Think about it. If you choose to be someone, you're choosing to be who you're not.

(excited)
Hey, look!

A roadside sign: WELCOME TO GEORGIA - State of Adventure.

Diana instinctively cranes her neck around to look at Florida receding through the rear windshield.

She turns back, suddenly with an agenda.

DIANA
Getting kinda late.
SANDY
I don't want to stop.

DIANA
Well I do. Tired drivers are worse than drunk drivers. That's a fact.

SANDY
No it's not.

DIANA
Well it's a fact for me. I drive drunk all the time-- no problem. Slept drove once-- smashed into an Arby's.

He stares at her. What?

EXT. IMPERIAL COURT INN & SUITES - SOUTH GEORGIA - NIGHT

The rental pulls up to a squat, run of the mill low-budget hotel. "Inn and suites" my ass.

Sandy and Diana get out of the car.

SANDY
Okay, let's go over some rules.

DIANA
Great. I love rules.

SANDY
You just broke Rule 1, which is "no lying." Rule 2, we are on a budget. All I have is the cash in my wallet, because someone fucked up my credit cards.

DIANA
So we're sharing a room, huh?

SANDY
Rule 3. We're not friends, we're not partners, and we're definitely not anything else.

A BOOP from his pocket. He pulls out his CELL PHONE.

It's an INCOMING TEXT: ##00GSMHPKT45#49<bcktrcrt>e##

Weird. It's from 000-000-0000. He looks up, sees Diana striding ahead toward the hotel restaurant.

He rushes after her.
SANDY
Rule 4! No splitting up!

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - "SUZIE T'S" - MOMENTS LATER
Diana walks into the restaurant. Sandy follows quickly.

WAITRESS
Welcome to Suzie T's, how y'all doin?

DIANA
(matches the accent)
Honey, we are famished. Just drove all day down from Jimson.

The waitress starts guiding them to a table.

DIANA
Oh, could we get that booth? Walter can't sit in hard chairs on account of the surgery.

Sandy stares at her. Walter? Surgery?

Diana leans in and whispers in the waitress' ear. The waitress makes an "oh dear" face. Her eyes flick toward Sandy's crotch.

WAITRESS
Y'all go ahead and take the booth.

AT THE BOOTH - Sandy sits down across from Diana.

SANDY
What was that?

DIANA
I like a booth.

SANDY
Whatever. Just leave me out of your bullshit, okay?

(hands her a menu)
I'm allotting us each eight dollars per meal. You can have one of the soups or a reasonably priced salad.

The waitress walks back over.

WAITRESS
Y'all ready?

SANDY
Yes. I'll have the tomato soup.
DIANA
I'll take a full rack of baby backs, mashed potatoes, hush puppies and sweet tea.

SANDY
(what the fuck?)
Uhhhh, you know "honey", that's not such a great idea.

DIANA
Why not, Walter?

SANDY
It just seems like a lot of food.

Diana puts a hand to her chest. Emotionally wounded.

WAITRESS
What's wrong with you? This is a beautiful woman. You let her eat!

DIANA
(wiping her eyes)
No, he's right. I put on a little weight from the stress. Walter's a fireman. He got in an accident on the job. Injured his male parts, and now he can't work.

She takes Sandy's hand. His eyes are bugging out.

DIANA
And I know that's why you snap at me, baby. You just want be out there fighting fires and peeing standing up again, but you can't. You can't.

The waitress is touched deep in her little heart.

DIANA
We used to make love all the time. Now he barely touches me. Of course, he can't lay with me as a husband, on account of the wound. So he takes his anger out on me, and I feel ugly inside, so I eat. Lord forgive me...!

The waitress puts a comforting hand on Diana.

WAITRESS
You wait right here, sweetheart.

She walks off. Sandy stares at Diana, drop-jawed. She's still in the role. Dabbing at her dry eyes.
The waitress returns. Puts a massive plate of RIBS down in front of Diana, with all the fixings.

WAITRESS
There you go, sweetheart. On the house. Y'hear?

The waitress puts a bowl of watery soup in front of Sandy.

WAITRESS
(cold as ice)
Enjoy your soup.

The waitress leaves. Diana immediately drops character. Digs in to her ribs, shoveling the food in like a child.

SANDY
You're a sociopath. You know that?

DIANA
Why? Cuz I like ribs?

SANDY
Because you're stealing. Do you understand rules? You're breaking the rules. Society is based on rules.

DIANA
You follow the rules-- how's that working out for you? Rules are for losers. I'm free. I'm an Amazon goddess.

She briefly Chokes on some ribmeat, then clears it.

DIANA
Mmm. Very savory.

INT. HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Sandy waits at the front desk for someone to come out. Diana stands behind him.

Her eyes move casually, but we see her scanning the exits.

And the parking lot through the window. And the car keys in Sandy's hand.

The desk clerk emerges from the back. 20's, black.

DESK CLERK
Can I help you, sir?

SANDY
Yeah, one room. Two beds please.
DESK CLERK
We only have single beds available.

SANDY
You're kidding me.

DIANA
It's fine. Just comp us the minibar.
My husband can't eat regular meals because of the intestinal surgery.
He can only digest Pringles.

SANDY
(snaps)
That's right. I'm "Walter". This is my wife Myra, and she's a functional idiot.
She wears diapers, like a chimp. I'm taking her to Disneyland, because she loves noise and sugar.
And even though I can't have sex because my cock and balls were blown off in an warehouse fire--

DESK CLERK
Oh shit!

SANDY
--I wouldn't share a bed with her anyway! I'd rather sleep on the floor! You know why?

DESK CLERK
Cuz you got no dick?

SANDY
Because she is awful!

Diana stares at him. Cold eyes. She turns to the clerk.

DIANA
You got a bar?

DESK CLERK
The Fox Hole. Across the lobby.

Diana starts walking toward the bar.

SANDY
Hey! HEY! Do not go into the Fox Hole!

DESK CLERK
Look man, ain't none of my business, and that's fucked up about your dick and all, but you gotta treat your woman better, or somebody else will.
SANDY
What are we, on the set of your talk show? Just give me the key.

INT. THE FOX HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Sandy enters the lounge. Drunks, lonely hearts, possible hookers. Smoke everywhere. Sandy looks around, sees:

DIANA - at a table with AN OLDER MAN. Big guy. Bolo tie, terrible black toupee, huge teeth. They slam back shots.

SANDY
Wow, honey, you were in here 40 seconds, already made a friend. But it's getting late, and we have a long drive to Boston tomorrow--

BIG CHUCK
In your sweet Cobalt! Nice to meet you, Walter. I'm Big Chuck. Man, your little lady is something else!

SANDY
You have no idea.

BIG CHUCK
Have a seat! Drinks on me.

SANDY
I'm fine. Diana, we have to go.

DIANA
If you want to go, go. I'm staying.

But Sandy can't leave her. So he sits. The waitress brings over four more shots of whiskey.

BIG CHUCK
All right! What's your poison, Walt?

SANDY
I'll have a club soda with a twist.

Diana and Big Chuck snarf up their shots at that.

BIG CHUCK
Bring him a tampon to stir that with!

Diana is HOWLING with laughter. The only word she's able to squeak out through the laughing is:

DIANA
Faggot!
Big Chuck puts another shot back, slams the glass down on the table, and we cut to:

**INT. THE FOX HOLE - LATER**

The table is LITTERED with glasses.

Sandy sits, miserable, while a very DRUNK Diana hangs all over a very drunk Big Chuck. They SING along with the jukebox.

**DIANA/BIG CHUCK**

*WE'VE GOT THE BIGGEST-- BALLS OF THEM ALL!*

Diana SLIPS, falls. Gets up. Start KISSING Big Chuck.

**SANDY**

Okay, whoa, whoa! That's my wife. Can we go now, sweetheart?

**BIG CHUCK**

C'mon, Walt. You don't think I get what's going on? You like to watch.

**SANDY**

No. I don't.

**DIANA**

Fine. Then leave.

**SANDY**

(long, miserable pause) I can't.

**BIG CHUCK**

Cuz you like to watch.

**SANDY**

I DON'T LIKE TO WATCH!

Big Chuck grabs Diana from behind. Goes to town on her boobs. Really working them with his hands.

**BIG CHUCK**

You're watchin' me right now. Hey, let's all go up to your room. How about that, beta dog?

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy enters the room, turns on the lights. Dumps his stuff. Diana and Big Chuck follow him in. Both STUMBLING drunk.
Okay. We're here. As you can see, I'm getting ready for bed, so say goodnight...

Diana and Big Chuck are drunk-tonguing each other. So much tongue. They're like dogs. Big Chuck eyes Sandy.

BIG CHUCK
You like that, sissy boy? Yeah, you're gettin' hard now...

SANDY
I have never been softer. Please leave.

Big Chuck starts taking off his clothes.

SANDY
No! Not in here!

BIG CHUCK
He loves it. Look, he's not leaving! (takes his pants off)
Still not leaving.

Big Chuck slides his underwear off.

SANDY
Oh GOD!

BIG CHUCK
Still not leaving!

SANDY
You don't understand! I can't let this woman out of my sight! Okay?

FROM BEHIND DIANA - we watch Sandy watching as she pulls her top off. Unsnaps her bra.

Sandy stares, aghast.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Sandy sits, clothed, on the toilet. Trying not to listen to the DRUNK SEX on the other side of the door.

DIANA
POUND IT! POUND IT OUT! BREAK MY FUCKING HIP!

He turns on the shower to drown out the noise. Not enough. Turns on the faucet.
BIG CHUCK
You hearing this, Walter? I know
you're in there jerkin' it! Jerk it,
cuckold! Jerk it sissy boy!!!

Sandy takes a towel. Wraps it around his head.

We hear two BODIES rhythmically slapping around through the
door. A banging on the wall. Then:

AN ASS breaks through the BATHROOM DOOR. A PINK ASS being
humped back and forth through the hole.

We're not really sure whose it is.

Sandy grabs another towel, wraps it around his face, curls
up into the fetal position.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Big Chuck flops back on the bed. His TOUPEE is gone.

BIG CHUCK
Big Chuck needs a minute. I'll be
ready for round two in a sec.

He closes his eyes. Passes out INSTANTLY.

DIANA - putting her shirt back on. Wobbly on her feet. Still
drunk. Then she sees:

SANDY'S ROOM KEY. And the CAR KEYS. And his WALLET.

She grabs a CHAIR. Wedges it under the bathroom DOOR KNOB.

She swipes the room key, the car keys and Sandy's WALLET.
Takes her knapsack, and heads to the door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy is still curled up in his towel cocoon.

SOUND - the kaTHUNK of the front door.

He sits up. Unwraps himself, turns off the water.

SANDY
Diana? Diana!

He tries to open the door, but it's JAMMED.

Through the BUTT CHEEK HOLE he can see the chair and BIG
CHUCK passed out on the bed, but he can't get the door open.
SANDY
DIANA!!!!!

EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Diana walks to the Cobalt. Gets in.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

She starts the car. Opens Sandy's wallet. Takes out all the cash. Then stops when she sees:

A PHOTO of Franny and Jessie. She flips through the photos. Stops on one of Jessie... her chubby little 7-year old face.

Diana stares at it, almost like she's seeing a ghost.

IN HER MEMORY

A little girl sits alone in a dark room, illuminated by the flickering glow of a TV.

BACK TO NOW - Diana starts to CRY. A rolling, ugly, heaving drunken sob.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We hear the sound of Sandy THROWING HIMSELF against the bathroom door.

Diana walks back into the room. Puts her knapsack down, puts the wallet and keys and room key back where they were, and:

CRASH! Sandy finally breaks the door down, TUMBLES over the chair, and lands in a heap on the floor.

When he gets back up, there's HAIR on his face. It's Big Chuck's TOUPEE.

SANDY
UGH!

He finally tears it away. And sees Diana, sitting happily in bed, like nothing ever happened.

And there's his wallet and keys where he left them.

And Big Chuck, face down on the bed, snoring. Ass-naked.

DIANA

'Night.
Diana turns over and immediately falls into a peaceful sleep.

**EXT. HOTEL - NEXT MORNING**

SANDY - blinks in the bright morning sunlight. He's sitting on a STOOP by the back loading entrance of the hotel.

    DIANA (O.S.)
    Unnghh...  

Sandy doesn't acknowledge her. Just stares into the sun.

    DIANA (O.S.)
    Was it bad? I don't remember anything.

He takes a breath. No response.

We hear a RETCHING NOISE.

DIANA - ass in the air, on her knees. Knapsack on her back. Puking into some weeds.

    DIANA
    Uhh. Poof.
    (gets up)
    Don't let me drink that much, okay?

He finally looks at her.

    SANDY
    I'm not your daddy.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy walks to the car, unlocks it. Diana trails behind.

    SANDY
    Get in the car.

    DIANA
    Can I drive?

He stares at her. Wow.

    SANDY
    I'm going to get some coffee, but
    I'll be watching you. Take one step,
    and I'll kill you. I mean it.

    DIANA
    Okay, but just-- at least think about
    letting me drive.

    (MORE)
DIANA (CONT'D)
(calls after him)
And could you get me some Strawberry Quik? I'm pretty dehydrated here.

She gets in the driver's seat. Puts her hands on the wheel. Pretends to drive, like a child would.

In the B.G. - A BLACK VAN enters the parking lot.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Sandy walks to the counter with a coffee. In the B.G., through the window, we see:

THE BLACK VAN - pull right up next to the Cobalt.

COUNTER GIRL
That'll be all?

SANDY
Do you sell Strawberry Quik?

COUNTER GIRL
In the refrigerator. You want some?

SANDY
Nope.

THROUGH THE WINDOW - the SKIPTRACER gets out. Starts gesturing at Diana. Then YANKS the driver's side door open.

Sandy reaches into his pocket, puts a five on the counter.

THROUGH THE WINDOW - we see THE SKIPTRACER pulling DIANA out of the car. Struggling with her.

Sandy's pocket buzzes. He takes out his phone.

Another weird text with that strange code.

SANDY
The hell...?

Sandy hears distant yelling. He turns and sees:

THROUGH THE WINDOW - Diana is SCREAMING across the parking lot as the SKIPTRACER shoves her in the BACK OF THE VAN.

SANDY
Whoa WHOA WHOA WHOA!!!
EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS
Sandy races out to his car just as the van peels off.

SANDY
STOP! STOP!

Sandy freezes. Can't lose her now. He has no choice. He gets in his car and TAKES OFF after the van.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/INT. VAN/INT. RENTAL CAR - MOMENTS LATER
The Skiptracer drives down the wide open two lane road. Smokes. Windows down. On the phone. Ignores the sounds of DIANA kicking and screaming in the back.

THE SKIPTRACER
Yeah, it's done. I ran the name through car rental agencies, had a friend get me the Lojak, tracked it back from there. Works every time.
(sees something)
Hold on a second. I'll call you back.

He checks his side-view mirror. The COBALT is coming up on his left side. He lowers his window.

SANDY - lowers his window. They YELL back and forth

SANDY
Excuse me, sir!

THE SKIPTRACER
Yeah, what?

SANDY
Did you take my friend?

THE SKIPTRACER
Nope!

SANDY
I saw you take her!

THE SKIPTRACER
Well then don't ask me, shithead!

SANDY
Just let her go! I need her!

THE SKIPTRACER
Find your own bitch!
BASH! Diana KICKS the compartment panel and passenger seat forward from the back of the van. Starts CRAWLING through the hole toward the Skiptracer.

THE SKIPTRACER
Oh! What the fuck!

He SWIPES at her, while she CLAWS at him.

DIANA
Sandy!

THE SKIPTRACER
Bitch, get off my face!

DIANA
Sandy! Pull around!

Sandy slows down, then speeds up on the SHOULDER so that he's on the passenger side of the van.

SANDY
Who is this guy?

DIANA
I don't know! He thinks I'm YOU!

SANDY
What?! So what do I do?!

DIANA
I don't know! Talk to him!

Sandy slows down again, pulls back around to the LEFT side.

SANDY
Sir, that is not Sandy Patterson!

THE SKIPTRACER
(bashing at her)
Yes it fucking is! She's going to the debt collector and paying her debt to the First Bank of Boston!

SANDY
No no no, listen! I'm Sandy Patterson!

THE SKIPTRACER
What are you talking about? Sandy's a girl name!

SANDY
No! It's unisex!
THE SKIPTRACER

Unisex?

SANDY

Yes!

THE SKIPTRACER

What-- like a hermaphrodite?

SANDY

Just pull over!

THE SKIPTRACER

Fuck you, tranny!

DIANA

RAM HIM!

SANDY

What?

THE SKIPTRACER

What?

DIANA

Ram the quarter panel!

SANDY

What's the quarter panel?

Diana and The Skiptracer stop fighting for a second. Share a moment of disbelief and disgust.

DIANA

It's the left rear bumper. Jesus!

SANDY

I don't have collision on this!

DIANA

WHO CARES? RAM HIM!!!!!!

SANDY

(hesitating)
I can't! I'm scared!

DIANA

Oh for GOD'S SAKE!

She LURCHES FORWARD into the passenger's seat area and PUNCHES The Skiptracer in the throat.

He immediately COLLAPSES head-first on the steering wheel, groaning and unconscious.

But the van begins moving FASTER. Diana sees:
THE SKIPTRACER’S BOOT - wedged between the gas pedal and the side of the well. She tries to move his leg, but he’s out cold.

Diana looks ahead. In the near distance:

AN INTERSECTION - with a STATE HIGHWAY - SPEEDING TRAFFIC

DIANA
Sandy!

SANDY
What did you do?
(oh no)
Did you punch him in the throat???

DIANA
It's my signature move!

Sandy looks ahead, sees the HIGHWAY INTERSECTION.

SANDY
Steer off the road!

DIANA
I can't! He's on the wheel! You have to stop this van! QUARTER PANEL!

Sandy screws up what's left of his meager courage, hits the brake, slides in behind the van...

...depresses the gas, and...

CLUNK. Barely taps the quarter panel.

DIANA (O.S.)
(distant yelling)
HARDER, YOU FUCKING VAGINA!

BIRD'S EYE POV - they're nearly at the intersection... 18 wheelers at high speed, like a deadly crossfire...

Sandy's fingers grip the wheel. Heart beating a mile a minute.

He goes PEDAL TO THE METAL...

SANDY
AAAGHHHH!!!!

WHAM! Right into the quarter panel. A perfect PIT maneuver... the van FISHTAILS, starts doing 360's...

...the INTERSECTION DRAWS NEAR... AND...

CRUNCH! The side of the van IMPACTS a LIGHT POST, and the van is STOPPED just feet before the intersection.
SANDY'S RENTAL - SCREECHES to a stop. He gets out and runs over as Diana gets out of the van.

The Skiptracer groans, passed out in the driver's seat.

SANDY
Are you okay?

DIANA
I'm fine! I'm fine! WHOOO! You did it, man! That was SICK!

SANDY
(in awe of himself)
I can't believe I did that...

DIANA
You did. That was all you!

He turns to look at the Cobalt.

SANDY
And look at that! My rental's barely scratched!

WAAAAAAAA BOOM!!!!!! A MACK TRUCK blows through frame from right to left, literally OBLITERATING the tiny Cobalt.

Sandy and Diana DROP DOWN, covering their heads.

Bits and pieces of debris rain down.

Sandy and Diana rise back up in shock. Look down the road at the scattered remains of the rental car.

DIANA
You should always get collision.

He slowly turns and stares at her.

EXT. SMALL OFFICE BUILDING - "CHUCK CROSBY REALTY" - DAY

BIG CHUCK (O.S.)
Well, you've come to the right man.

INT. CHUCK CROSBY REALTY - CONTINUOUS

Big Chuck sits behind his desk. Photos of his wife and kids.

BIG CHUCK
Someone's buying or selling a house around here, they go through me.
(MORE)
BIG CHUCK (CONT'D)
Now, no doubt you've done your research. So you understand this is a traditional community.

REVEAL - Avi and Ilan sitting across from Big Chuck.

AVI
What this means? "Traditional?"

BIG CHUCK
No homosexuals or foreigners or Jews.

AVI
We are two of those things.

BIG CHUCK
Then I'm sorry fellas. But we kinda like it the way it is around here.

AVI
Traditional.

BIG CHUCK
Traditional.

AVI
Like this?

Avi holds up his phone. There's a picture of Big Chuck kissing Diana in the bar.

BIG CHUCK
What in the hell..?

Ilan walks to the door. LOCKS it. Draws the blinds.

AVI
A bartender took this last night, puts disgusting caption on. Then he tweeting it around. Somebody retweeting, everybody retweeting, then our friend get, he send to us-- social media! Make my work easy.

BIG CHUCK
And-- what is your work, exactly?

Avi grabs Chuck by the BOLO and WHIPS HIS HEAD down to his desk, breaking Chuck's nose.

Chuck falls backwards and to the floor. Screaming in pain.

CHUCK
OW! JESUS!
AVI
That's my work. It's a good job, yes? Very traditional.

Avi crouches down. Put the phone pic in Big Chuck's face.

AVI
Now. Who is she with? What is she driving? And where is she going?

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH GEORGIA - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Skiptracer's BLACK VAN rattles down a road.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Sandy drives. Diana rifles through The Skiptracer's stuff.

A GROAN from the back. Diana cranes her neck to look through the hole:

IN THE BACK - the Skiptracer has yet to fully come to. He is now DUCT-TAPED to the wall of the van.

DIANA
What are we gonna do with him?

Sandy sees a road sign. FOOD GAS BUS 35 MILES.

SANDY
We'll leave him with the van once we get to the bus station, then we're back on schedule.

There's a GRINDING CRUNCHING sound from the motor, and then the engine DIES.

EXT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Sandy stares at the SMOKING ENGINE. The van's shot.

SANDY
Diana! Let's go!

DIANA - is in the back of the van duct-taping a FOIL JUICE PACK and straw right under The Skiptracer's chin.

DIANA
Coming!
EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The two of them walk. Sun beats down. Thick forest lines either side of the road. Bugs in the air.

Sandy's on the phone.

SANDY
It's fine, babe. We're still on track.
(looks around)
I don't know. It looks like where Yoda lives. Hello? Hello?
(checks the phone)
Shit.

He hangs up. Diana's thumb is out, but there are no cars.

DIANA
Your girls are adorable by the way.

SANDY
How do you know?

DIANA
Just assuming.
(beat)
I guess I should thank you. For saving me back there. You're a good friend.

SANDY
I'm not your friend.

DIANA
You said to that guy, "Did you take my friend?"

SANDY
It's a figure of speech. See, friends don't steal friends' identities.

They walk along in silence. Then:

SANDY
How did you do it, by the way?

DIANA
Steal your identity? It's not as much fun when you know how the magic works.

SANDY
It's not fun now. And I'd like to be able to protect myself in the future.
DIANA
Don't you already protect yourself?
Don't you have one of those services
that monitors your ID? IdentiVault?

SANDY
Yeah, I have IdentiVault.

His face drops. Wait a second.

We hear a TELEPHONE RING...

INT. SANDY'S OFFICE/ MALL FOOD COURT - FLASHBACK

Sandy answers the phone.

SANDY
This is Sandy Patterson.

JEANINE
Yes, Mr. Patterson, I'm Jeanine with
Equifax Credit bureau. We're calling
today, because unfortunately it
appears someone attempted to steal
your identity.

SANDY
You're kidding me!

MALL FOOD COURT - Diana eats orange chicken. A printout of
NUMBERS in front of her. She's "Jeanine."

DIANA
Unfortunately, no. We did catch it
this time. I do suggest taking
advantage of our new free service
called "IdentiVault" which monitors
your credit and accounts 24-7 to
protect against theft and fraud.

SANDY
If it's free-- absolutely. Of course.

DIANA
Terrific. I just need some--

Sandy listens as "Jeanine" makes CHOKING NOISES.

MALL FOOD COURT - Diana hacks up some orange chicken.

DIANA
--mmm. ACCCH. Sorry.

(MORE)
DIANA (CONT'D)
Just need some information to confirm
that I am speaking with the real
Sandy Patterson. May I have your
name, date of birth, and social
security number please?

SANDY
Sure. Sandy Bigelow Patterson,
5/18/73, 023-99-4186.

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK
Diana is at her computer, creating a Massachusetts birth
certificate on Photoshop, filling in Sandy's date of birth.

PRINTER - spits it out

INT. FLORIDA DMV - FLASHBACK
Diana approaches a DMV clerk. Hands her the birth certificate.

DIANA
I need to get a driver's license.

DMV LADY
We can't take copies. This needs to
have a raised seal.

DIANA
(looks around)
Oh, okay. I'll order that up.

She sees: a bored, pothead-looking clerk at another booth.

INT. FLORIDA DMV - DIFFERENT DAY - FLASHBACK
Diana approaches the bored, pothead clerk. She hands him the
birth certificate.

DIANA
I need to get a driver's license.

BORED DMV GUY
(doesn't check carefully)
Social security number?

DIANA
023-99-4186.

ON HIS SCREEN - Sandy's full name and birthday come up. The
clerk quickly checks it against the birth certificate.
He takes her DMV form and STAMPS IT.

BORED DMV GUY

Window 5.

INT. BANK - FLASHBACK

DIANA
I need a new credit card.

CREDIT CARD OFFICER
Sure, just need your social security number and a photo ID.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE/CAR LOT/MOBILE PHONE SHOP - FLASHBACK

VARIOUS SALESPEOPLE
Photo ID? Social security number?
Driver's license or photo ID?

Diana smiles, hands her license over. Like a skeleton key.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - BACK TO SCENE

Sandy has STOPPED dead in his tracks. Jaw hangs.

SANDY
That's-- that's diabolical!

DIANA
Thanks. Couldn't have done it without you. Every theft starts with a chump.

That hits him like a slap in the face. His sorest spot.

DIANA
Here we go. Got one on the hook.

A MINIVAN pulls over, slows to a stop. The window rolls down.

KEVIN
Hey folks! Can we offer you a ride?

Inside are: KEVIN, 19. NEIL, 16. EVERETT, 15. All bright and smiling in EAGLE SCOUT uniforms. Between them, A GOOFY LABRADOR wags his tail.

SANDY
Thanks, yeah! We're heading to the Greyhound station.
KEVIN
That's right down the road! Hop in!

Diana clears her throat. Gives Sandy a "no" look.

SANDY
What's the problem?

KEVIN
Ma'am, are you okay?

DIANA
I'm fine, Hitler Youth. How are you?

SANDY
Whoa! I'm sorry. She's--
(to Diana)
They're Boy Scouts.

NEIL
Eagle Scouts! Even better!

DIANA
That one looks rapey.

EVERETT
No way, ma'am. I took an abstinence pledge. See?

He holds up his wristband. It says "I'm Worth The Wait."

EVERETT
I'm not playing hard to get. I am hard to get!

Everett and Neil HIGH FIVE each other.

DIANA
Holy fuck.

INT. MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER

The Eagle Scouts sing merrily. Sandy pets the sweet dog. Diana just sits and stares, miserable to her core.

EAGLE SCOUTS
I've got that scouting spirit,
up in my head, up in my head,
up in my head-- I've got that scouting spirit, up in my head! Up in my head!

SANDY
That's nice guys.
DIANA
Yeah, good thing you have those abstinence bracelets or you'd be drowning in pussy.

NEIL
Actually, Kevin doesn't wear a bracelet.

KEVIN
(embarrassed)
Guys!

SANDY
Oh, you got a girlfriend, Kevin?

KEVIN
Well, sort of. Her name's Allegra. She's a Gold.

EVERETT
(explains)
Girl Scout Golds. Female Eagle Scouts. They are badged up.

Diana rolls her eyes. Jesus...

KEVIN
We've only Skyped. But we're supposed to meet up at the International Scout Conference in Madrid, and, you know--

SANDY
Kevin, you dog!

KEVIN
Been a tough road trip, though. We were supposed to be in Spain by now.

Uhhhhh...

SANDY
You can't drive to Spain.

KEVIN
I know. I had it all worked out, but then something went wrong. I was pretty upset, but life doesn't always pan out the way you want. Right Sandy?

SANDY
Tell me about it.

They drive for a little in silence. Then...
SANDY
How do you know my name?

The Eagle Scouts all look at each other. Small grins.

NEIL
(texting on his phone)
Check your phone, Sandy. I think you're getting a text.

Sandy takes his phone out. It's that GARbled CODE.

EVERETT
We hacked into your phone's GPS.
(points to a scout badge)
Computers!

Sandy and Diana exchange a look. Uh oh.

KEVIN
I saved and saved for that trip. And then the bank said someone named Sandy Bigelow Patterson stole my identity and emptied my account. You took my money, and you thwarted my love!

SANDY
Okay, guys? Listen to me. I didn't--

Sandy moves forward to make his point-- and Kevin lifts a small CLICKER. Click click!

On that command, the GOOFY LABRADOR instantly transforms into a VICIOUS ANIMAL, BARKING and LUNGING at Sandy and Diana, held back only by Everett's hand on his collar.

SANDY
HOLY SHIT!

KEVIN
Atta girl, Cookie!

SANDY
(points to Diana)
She did it! I'm a victim like you!

DIANA
That's crazy! My name is Shari Blitstein! I just met this man!

Sandy stares at her. Unbelievable...

EVERETT
One of them's got to be lying.
KEVIN
Isn't it obvious? They're a team. They both got it coming.

As Cookie BARKS and SNAPS, Kevin turns down a DIRT PATH off the road and into the woods.

KEVIN
I've got that scouting spirit, up in my head, up in my head...

EXT. DEEP WOODS - LATER

Somewhere in a forest. The trees overhead block out most of the sun. It's creepy out here.

Diana and Sandy stumble forward against a rocky outcropping.

Sandy's not wearing any pants.

THE EAGLE SCOUTS - stand with Cookie, who they hold back. The minivan is parked in the B.G. where the trail ended.

SANDY
Guys, c'mon. This isn't who you are.

KEVIN
It absolutely is. Against the wall.

SANDY
Can I at least have my pants?

KEVIN
No. Pants are for the civilized.

SANDY
Then why does she get them?

Everett holds up his abstinence bracelet.

EVERETT
Dude.

NEIL - walks over with two large DUFFLE BAGS. Takes out a contraption of plastic piping, DRY ICE and NITROUS cartridges.

SANDY
What is that?

EVERETT
Scout cannon.
NEIL
(points to his badges)
Physics. Creativity. Invention.

DIANA
You got Insanity on there, you little fuck?

SANDY
Diana, SHUT UP!

Everett pours a BAG OF SKITTLES into the ammo chamber.

SANDY
Skittles? You brought us all the way out here to shoot Skittles at us?
(unbelievable)
Okay. Fine. Let's just get this over--

FOOM! Neil FIRES the GAS CANNON, and Skittles EXPLODE OUT like BUCKSHOT.

Every single one of them hits SANDY. Mostly IN THE FACE.

SANDY
OWWWWW!!!! OH MY GOD!!!

KEVIN
YEAH! TASTE THE RAINBOW!

SANDY
Are those METAL?

Diana picks one off his face. Eats it.

DIANA
Nope. That's a standard Skittle.

KEVIN
Now the lady.

Neil AIMS at DIANA, and FOOM! The cannon's kick throws Neil's aim off target, and the Skittles IMPACT INTO SANDY'S CROTCH.

SANDY
(crumples to his knees)
Oh wow...

KEVIN
Neil, I swear to gosh! Just get the snakes.

EVERETT - lifts THREE SNAKES out of the duffle bag.
SANDY
Wait! Now HOLD ON!

EVERETT
Relax. They're kingsnakes. They're not poisonous.
(points to badge)
Reptiles and Amphibians.

SANDY
Guy, you can't shoot snakes at--

FOOM! We go SLOW-MO as THREE SNAKES hurtle through the air, MOUTHS OPEN, FANGS OUT, all heading toward DIANA--

--and then VEER IN THE AIR like a Mariano Rivera cutter, and impact FANGS FIRST into SANDY'S NECK.

SANDY
AGH!

DIANA
Holy shit...

The snakes SLITHER AWAY. Sandy holds his neck. He's wheezing.

SANDY
...gnnnnnnughhhhh...

KEVIN
You sure those were kingsnakes and not coral snakes?

EVERETT
Oh shoot. We should go.

KEVIN
Dang it, Everett! Check their stuff for money.

They grab Sandy's pants and Diana's KNAPSACK.

DIANA
Hey! Give that back!

She grabs it, but Cookie has the other end. There's a TUG OF WAR, and the knapsack RIPS OPEN.

Makeup tumbles out... and then the FOLDED UP POSTER.

Neil SNATCHES it away from her.

DIANA
No! That's MINE!
KEVIN
What the heck?

SANDY - through bleary eyes, watches as Kevin unfolds the poster. It's:

WONDER WOMAN. Lynda Carter. 1977 poster. Old, but loved.

IN DIANA'S MEMORY

The little girl watches Wonder Woman on TV. Her shiny outfit. Her beautiful face.

She touches her hair. Wants so bad not to feel ugly.

BACK TO NOW

Diana grabs at her poster, but Neil grabs back, and it TEARS IN TWO. Diana lurches forward for the other piece, but TRIPS and falls FACE FIRST into the MUCK of the forest floor.

KEVIN
Let's go! C'mon!

The Eagle Scouts run off. Diana lifts herself up. Looks down at Wonder Woman's ripped face.

She and Wonder Woman are smeared with mud. And torn apart.

Diana looks through her knapsack. Finds some tape.

She desperately tries to tape the poster, but it's muddy and slippery, and it won't work. Finally, she gives up.

In the B.G., we hear the minivan leave. And Sandy GROANING.

SANDY
I'm dying.

Diana tries to shake him awake, but he's fading.

DIANA
No you're not. You're fine.

SANDY

DIANA
I'm sorry.

SANDY
(semi-delirious)
You're Wonder Woman?
DIANA
No. Wonder Woman is beautiful and smart and strong.

SANDY
You are smart. You are strong. You do what you want. You get what you want. I don't have that. You have it. And look what you do with it. Look what you wasted.

He starts to nod off.

DIANA
No. Don't fall asleep...

SANDY
I'm tired. I got bit by gun snakes.

DIANA
Open your eyes. Come on! Sandy? Sandy! What about your little girls?

Sandy's eyes start CLOSING.

SANDY
I'm no good. I'm no good.

Diana stares at his fading body.

Then reaches under him, and with all her strength—she lifts him. Holds him like a new bride. And starts walking.

SANDY - opens a bleary eye.

HIS POV - her face... backlit by the SUN... she almost looks like Wonder Woman...

His eyes close, and we FADE TO BACK.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - MORNING

Sandy's eyes flutter open. He looks like death warmed over. Tries to get up, but his head...

DIANA
Easy there, buddy. Take it slow.

Sandy looks around. He's on a BENCH at a Greyhound station. Diana sits across from him. Her makeup is back to "normal".

SANDY
How did we get here?
DIANA
I carried you.

He looks at her. What? Did he hear that right?

DIANA
About a mile back to the road. I may not look it, but I got some calves. Powerful base. Flashed a trucker some titty and got us a ride.

SANDY
You didn't leave me.

DIANA
Nah. I still want to go to Boston. I don't know. Always wanted to see the Liberty Bell. So.

He doesn't correct her. Then checks his body. Same shirt. Weird shoes. Dirty pants.

SANDY
What am I wearing?

DIANA
Oh, they got a lost-and-found bin here.

SANDY
(writhes in disgust)
Oh, ugh...
(then realizes)
My wallet! My phone! Oh God. OH GOD! What are we gonna do? Wait... is it morning? Is this tomorrow?

DIANA
Yup. But it's okay.

SANDY
It's OKAY? I have no money, no car, I'm due back in three days, I'm wearing bus station pants, I've got some dead hobo's ass wax on me-- tell me-- HOW IS IT OKAY?

DIANA
We have me.

He stares at her. And?

DIANA
Don't you get it?
(MORE)
DIANA (CONT'D)
We don't have to be two people with no money, no car, no food. We can be anyone we want. All it takes is balls and a mark. Someone rich, someone whose name can open some doors. Know anyone like that?

SANDY
No. No. I'm not doing that.

DIANA
Come on. You're telling me there's no one out there who deserves wrath of Sandy Patterson?

He shakes his head. Then realizes. Yes. Yes there is someone who deserves the wrath of Sandy Patterson...

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY – DAY
We see it's across the street from the Greyhound station.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY – CONTINUOUS
There's no one else in the library except the ELDERLY LIBRARIAN and--

SANDY AND DIANA – on the public computers. Sandy checks the employee search on the Prominence Financial website. Diana's on the other computer, setting stuff up.

DIANA
Okay, spoof email headers, anonymous Skype account-- we're good to go.

SANDY
This isn't going to work.

DIANA
Bro, you gotta start believing in yourself. You tracked me down, you drove a van off the road, you survived snake venom. Shit. Stow your ovaries for two fucking minutes, okay?

SANDY
Good pep talk.

DIANA
Alright, you ready to cross over to my side?
SANDY
Oh god.

DIANA
Here we go...

She makes a quick entry into Skype, and we hear a phone ring.

SECRETARY (OVER SKYPE)
Jim Cornish's office.

DIANA
Hello, I have Carl Schectman in New York corporate for Jim Cornish.

SECRETARY (OVER SKYPE)
Can I ask--

DIANA
Mr. Schectman is the head of security and IT for Prominence Worldwide. You're gonna want to put your boss on the phone, sweetie. It's not good.

SECRETARY (OVER SKYPE)
Oh. Oh, my. Okay. Hold on.

INTERCUT WITH: Jim Cornish in his office, on the phone.

CORNISH
This is Jim Cornish.

Sandy FREEZES. Diana stares at him. He shakes his head. "I don't want to." Diana whispers furiously back at him.

DIANA
*Do it, ya fuckin' skirt!*

CORNISH
Hello?

SANDY
Uh-- Uh, yes. This is Carl Schectman.

CORNISH
Who?

SANDY
Carl Schectman. If you check our corporate website...
CORNISH
(checks the site)
Yeah, I see the name, but you know who this sounds like? This sounds like Sandy Patterson.

Sandy freezes.

CORNISH
Is that you, Patterson? I can tell from your weak breath.

Sandy looks at Diana in panic. She gestures at him to say something, but he's frozen. The eternal beta dog.

CORNISH
Pathetic. Calling me like this. Who do you think you are?

That question again. "Who do you think you are?"

And we see a switch flip behind Sandy's eyes. No, not flip. Snap.

And when he speaks, he speaks with an authority that stuns Diana, stuns Cornish-- stuns us.

SANDY
Who am I? I'll tell you who I am. I'm a man who knows his job and does it. I protect people. I take care of them. You don't know me because I'm unsung. I'm not at your parties, I'm not with your celebrity friends. I'm WORKING. And unlike you, who makes nothing, who creates nothing-- you middle man, you human speedbump-- I have a FUNCTION. You remember Spellman? Talbott? Griffin?

CORNISH
(shaken)
No...

SANDY
You're goddamned right you don't. Terminated for corporate espionage. You know how they found out they were fired? That their stock was seized? That their pension was gone? They heard THIS VOICE TELLING THEM.

(MORE)
SANDY (CONT'D)
My JOB is the security of this company, and if the betrayal the Board suspects of you is true, my JOB will be to PUNISH YOU in every way I can. So if you have the slightest interest in saving your useless, incompetent ass, I suggest you SHUT YOUR SMUG, LIPLESS MOUTH and do EXACTLY AS I SAY!

You can hear a pin drop. Diana stares in shock. The librarian stares in shock.

SANDY
Now. Tell me. Do I still sound like this "Sandy Patterson"?

CORNISH
(shaken)
No. No, you don't.

SANDY
I'm glad to hear that, because we've detected unauthorized data coming from your account and irregular withdrawals on your corporate check card.

CORNISH
What? I didn't do anything!

SANDY
Shh shh shh. It's not "you talk" time. It's "me talk" time. I'm sending you an email right now. It's a--
(bullshit)
--FDIM9 trace program.

CORNISH
A what?

SANDY
Like you'd understand?

CORNISH
Right. Sorry.

Diana sends an EMAIL. Hits send. An email from ITsecure@prominence.com pops up in Cornish's inbox.

CORNISH
There's nothing in it.
SANDY
Nothing you can see. I want you to respond with the following information. Your Prominence user name. Your Prominence password.

Cornish types the information dutifully.

SANDY
The account number on your Prominence bank card. And your PIN.

CORNISH
Umm... they told us to never give that information out.

SANDY
I am they. We need it to confirm you're actually you.

CORNISH
Oh. Right. But... is this secure?

Sandy looks at Diana's computer. She's on HOTMAIL.

SANDY
Yes. We're using the most advanced email system on the planet.

Cornish types his information off his card. Hits send.

CORNISH
Okay. It's done.

SANDY
Good. If you experience any strange activity with your computer or your check card, it may be the real culprit. So don't speak a word of this to anyone. Because if you're not the one doing it, maybe the person you're talking to is.

(beat)
Oh, and one more thing. You ever talk to me or anyone else like that again, you're fucking fired.

Sandy HANGS UP.

Turns to Diana. Huge grins on their faces.

DIANA
Holy shit!
She high-fives him, then pulls him in for a brotherly hug—which turns awkward. They fumble out of the hug, and Diana grabs her knapsack.

**DIANA**
Okay. Magic time.

Diana has her small **MAGSTRIP SCANNER** out of her knapsack. She types Cornish's ATM info into it. Makes a **CARD**.

**DIANA**
Voila. We got three hundred in cash day. Now we just need one more thing...

She logs into Cornish's account through the web. All his files are listed out on the virtual disk.

**SANDY**
What are you looking for?

Diana opens a **TRAVEL ITINERARY** for an old trip. There's a corporate account number used for the **FOUR SEASONS HOTEL**.

**DIANA**
A room.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD — MEANWHILE**

Avi and Ilan slow to a stop in their car.

**UP AHEAD** — police are redirecting traffic. A **CLEANUP CREW** removes bits of the demolished car. Avi sees a big chunk. It's a Chevy Cobalt.

Ilan says something to Avi in Hebrew. Avi nods. Then rolls his window down to talks to a traffic cop.

**AVI**
Excuse me. Is there a train station or bus station around here?

**TRAFFIC COP**
There's a Greyhound station, about 50 miles west down 550.

Avi nods, pulls around the traffic, and heads west.

**EXT. GAS STATION/CONVENIENCE STORE — LATER**

While the El Camino gases up, Sandy sits on a bench and eats a convenience store sandwich. Drinks a Naked Juice.
Diana emerges from the store with nothing but a 40 oz bottle of malt liquor and a can of Aqua-Net.

He watches as she sprays her hair. And sprays and sprays and sprays. Like-- the whole can.

Finally, she dumps the can and twists open the beer.

SANDY
What are you doing?

DIANA
What?

SANDY
What time is it?

DIANA
It's a quarter to beer. Who cares?

SANDY
I care. Are you angry at your liver? Did it do something to you?

He pulls another Naked Juice out of his bag. It's "green machine".

SANDY
Here. Drink this.

She reacts in disgust.

DIANA
What the fuck is that? Nose blow?

SANDY
It's fruits and vegetables. I don't know how you don't have scurvy.

DIANA
Margarita mix.

SANDY
Just try it.

She looks at him, surprised that he actually cares.

She cracks the juice open. Sniffs at it like a grumpy child.

Sandy looks past her, sees a payphone by the bathroom. One of the only perks about being in the middle of nowhere.

MOMENTS LATER/INTERCUT WITH TRISH - ON THE PHONE
SANDY
Actually, we're still in Georgia.

TRISH
You're kidding-- what happened? Are you okay?

SANDY
I'm fine, it's a long story, but we'll be in Richmond, Virginia by tonight, and Boston by tomorrow. That still gets us back with a day to spare.

TRISH
And she's just gonna confess to the police?

SANDY
I told her they wouldn't be there.

TRISH
You lied to her.

SANDY
I didn't have a choice.

TRISH
Don't get me wrong. I don't care. I mean, let's face it, after what she's done? One good turn deserves another.

He looks over at Diana, who is happily drinking the juice. Really enjoying it. She gives him a grinning thumbs up.

He gives her a weak smile back.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

A run-down house. In the B.G., we can see the Mexican restaurant. Diana checks out a SHITTY USED EL CAMINO parked on the lawn. $200 O.B.O. is painted on the windshield.

Sandy is at the front door, talking to JULIO, 25.

SANDY
You sure it's in good condition?

JULIO
(Latino accent)
Yeah. Good condition. It's got satellite radio.

SANDY
It's not gonna die on me?
JULIO
No, it won't die.

SANDY
It's gonna get me to Boston?

JULIO
Yeah, it'll get you to Boston.

SANDY
Would it get me to Vancouver?

JULIO
Yeah, it'll get you to Vancouver.

SANDY
How about Narnia? Would it get me to Narnia?

JULIO
Yeah, it'll get you to Narnia.

In the B.G., Diana slams the hood.

DIANA
Looks good! Plus satellite!

Sandy turns back to Julio, and starts counting out cash.

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The EL CAMINO rattles by in the B.G.

AVI and ILAN step into the foreground. Approach the bus station attendant booth.

AVI
Excuse me. Have you seen this woman?

He holds up the picture of DIANA.

STATION ATTENDANT
Oh yeah. Your friend was just here looking for her.

AVI
My friend?

STATION ATTENDANT
Uh huh. I told him the lady went across the street with another fella. To the library.

Avi and Ilan share a look. Who's this new "friend"?
INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

THE SKIPTRACER - limps past the elderly librarian. Shreds of DUCT TAPE on his jacket.

His eyes scan the room. Land on the computers.

ON ONE COMPUTER - a web page still open to a Craig's List ad. '87 EL CAMINO - 120,000 miles. And an address.

EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The Skiptracer gets into a rental car of his own.

He pulls out of the parking lot and drives right past THE ISRAELIS - who sit in their car, watching.

Avi puts his car in gear, and FOLLOWs The Skiptracer...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY INTO NIGHT

The El Camino heads north on I-95. Goodbye Georgia, hello South Carolina.

DIANA (O.S.)
Yes, this is Tina calling from Jim Cornish's office. I need to make a reservation.

The El Camino crosses the state line into North Carolina.

DIANA (O.S.)
Our corporate account is PRO56679. And what's the nicest room you have available for tonight? Oh, that sounds perfect, thank you.

They cross into Virginia.

DIANA (O.S.)
If possible, I'd like to arrange his key to be waiting for him. Mr. Cornish doesn't like to go through long check-ins. I'm sure you understand.

EXT. RICHMOND, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Sandy and Diana park the car in a public lot. Start walking.

CRANE UP TO SEE - The Four Seasons Hotel. Beckoning...
INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

Doormen open the glass doors, to reveal the sumptuous hotel lobby. Diana and Sandy walk in like it's the Emerald City.

Diana flags a bellhop.

DIANA
Can you let the manager know that Mr. Cornish is here?

The bellhop stares at her absurd hair and makeup and Sandy's bus station pants. Then heads off as instructed.

SANDY
This isn't gonna work. What if he canceled the account? They know. Something's wrong.

DIANA
We're fine. It's not a setup. I told you, I can sniff those out.

Sandy nods, but she hasn't sniffed out his...

The MANAGER, 50, elegant gentleman, approaches.

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER
Mr. Cornish and... Tina is it?

SANDY
Yes, that's right.

The manager stares at them for an uncomfortably long time.

Then:

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER
Welcome to the Four Seasons.

INT. LUXURY SUITE - LATER

The manager guides them through a beautiful suite.

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER
You have two full bathrooms, butler service, nightly turndown--

Sandy and Diana take the room in. They're a long way away from the Imperial Court.
FOUR SEASONS MANAGER
--and if you wish to dine with us
this evening--

DIANA
Yes please!

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER
Le Confit is our four star restaurant.
There is a dress code--

SANDY
Oh. We're traveling kinda light here.

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER
May I recommend our mezzanine shops?

DIANA
You may!

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER
If there's anything else I can do
for you, please don't hesitate.

The manager waits for a moment. The "tip" pause.

SANDY
Oh. Uh, can I charge gratuities to
my account?

FOUR SEASONS MANAGER
Of course. You can charge anything
on the premises to your account.

Sandy and Diana exchange a look.

INT. MEZZANINE LEVEL SHOPS - LATER

Sandy and Diana come down the grand escalator to the shopping
area. High-end designer stuff.

DIANA
Oh my God. I'm so fuckin' hard right
now.

She's already walking ahead of him to the stores.

SANDY
Our reservation's in an hour!
(shouts after her)
No jewelry!
INT. MEZZANINE LEVEL SHOPS - LATER

Diana gathers her purchased dress from the shopkeeper. Heads out and sees:

THE SALON - a beauty shop. She walks in, looks at the incredible array of makeup.

BEHIND HER - two salesladies and a gay hairdresser see her. Immediately start rolling their eyes, whispering, giggling...

Just like back in the mall in Florida.

DIANA - starts to walk out of the store, hurt. Then stops. Screws up every ounce of courage she has.

Turns back to them. Her voice strangely small.

DIANA
Maybe you could help me.

The bitchiness drops away. This is a woman in need.

The hairdresser walks over to her. Gives her a once-over, then offers his hand. As he leads her to his chair...

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - ONE HOUR LATER


But he's nervous. The seat across from him is empty. He scans the entrance, looking for her.

And then...

She ENTERS from across the room. And takes his breath away.

She's beautiful.

The face-paint makeup and traffic-crash hairdo are gone. In their place--

--her own face, her own hair, done to perfection. Same for her dress. Simple, elegant, and absolutely stunning.

She walks tentatively to the table. Unsure of herself, almost as if she's naked to the world.

He stands for her, unable to take his eyes away from this incredible transformation.
DIANA
(petrified)
What.

SANDY
You look beautiful.

It's the first time she's ever heard the words.

DIANA
Thank you.
(beat)
It's all tricks.

SANDY
It's not tricks. It's you.

He gestures to her seat.

SANDY
Please.

She sits down. Right here and now, this is the greatest moment of her life.

SANDY
I hope you're hungry.

DIANA
Yeah. I got the Spanx cranked up to eleven.

They sit quietly for a moment. Then:

DIANA
Thank you.

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - LATER

They're halfway through a huge meal. Lobster claws, crab legs, salad, champagne...

Sandy stuffs his face. Lifts an empty wine bottle, signals the waiter for more.

The waiter mentions something to the Maitre D', who nods, and walks over to Sandy and Diana.

MAITRE D'
Mr. Cornish, how is everything this evening?

SANDY
Tina? How is everything this evening?
Diana smiles. Truly content.

DIANA
Everything is perfect.

MAITRE D'
Very good to hear. I apologize, but the charges to your account are somewhat-- significant. We do ask that you place a credit card on file. I'm sure you understand.

Uh oh. Diana puts her fork down. This could be a problem.

DIANA
You what, Jim? I have our Amex at the office. I'll call Lu Ann in accounting and--

SANDY
No.

DIANA
What?

SANDY
No, Tina. We're not calling Lu Ann. We're not bothering accounting.

Sandy slowly rises. Faces the Maitre D'.

SANDY
How dare you? I choose to stay here at my pleasure, as do the hundreds of people I employ. I am the Senior Vice-President of Financial Management at the third largest personal investment firm in the world. I travel constantly, supervising hundreds of billions of dollars. This cost of this dinner is a molecule floating in an ocean. And you have the gall to question my company's ability or desire to pay it? Who do you think you are?

The Maitre D' averts his eyes in submission.

MAITRE D'
I'm-- I'm so sorry. Of course.

(beaten down)

Please, accept my apologies. Allow me to host your wine for this evening.
Sandy nods his approval, like a warlord. The Maitre D' slinks off, tail between his legs.

Sandy sits back down. Proud of himself.

But Diana is suddenly uncomfortable.

DIANA
Wow.

SANDY
Right?

DIANA
You were a little hard on him.

SANDY
You know what? The whole world's been hard on me. I don't want to be a chump anymore. You helped me see that.

DIANA
Did I.

SANDY
Yeah, you messed up my life, but maybe it needed messing up. Maybe I needed a little more of you in me, you know? So thank you, Diana. No-- thank you whatever your real name is.

DIANA
That is my real name.

SANDY
No it's not. Come on. We're friends now. You can tell me.

DIANA
Fine. It's Marla.

SANDY
Why are you lying?

DIANA
Who cares?

SANDY
I care. I'd like to know one real thing about you. What's the big deal?

DIANA
I don't know. What is the big deal?
SANDY
Because you won't tell me.

DIANA
It doesn't matter.

SANDY
Why won't you tell me your name?

DIANA
Because I don't want to.

SANDY
Why?

DIANA
Because I don't know it!

That stops him in his tracks.

SANDY
What about your family? What about Morganville, Kansas? That's all bullshit?

DIANA
No, there's a Morganville, Kansas. It's a nice town. It's real quaint. There's a little police station right there in the middle where people can come and leave babies they don't want. So which name would you like? I had six of them by the time I was through foster care.

SANDY
I'm sorry.

DIANA
I don't want your pity. I survived. I did what I had to.

SANDY
Steal from people.

DIANA
Yeah, well-- who gives a shit about them? No one gives a fuck about me.

SANDY
That's not true.
DIANA
Oh yes it is. I'm alone. I've been alone every day of my life. Who's gonna get me a birthday present? Who's gonna take me on a trip? Who's gonna make me feel like I'm even here?
(in tears)
I buy all this shit, it doesn't do me any fucking good. You think your girls want a big house, you think they want a rich daddy who pushes people around? You're so stupid. All I ever wanted was someone like you. Who was just there. Who cared. You want to be like me? You asshole. I want to be like you.

She dries her face with a napkin.

DIANA
This makeup-- I'm never gonna be able to duplicate this--
(beat)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to tell you some lame dumpster baby story. It's all lies anyway. I'm a liar.

Sandy reaches out and takes her hand.

She pulls her hand away. Goes back to her food.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Diana sleeps peacefully. Sandy watches her from the bedroom entrance, then quietly closes the door.

He crosses to the desk, picks up the phone, and dials.

SANDY
Hey, Bryan, it's a little before midnight. I'll be back in Boston late tomorrow night, in the office first thing the following morning.
(beat)
About the woman...
(beat)
I'll bring her in at nine AM. Let the police know.

EXT. RICHMOND, VIRGINIA - EARLY MORNING

Sun rises over Richmond.
Sandy and Diana walk to the El Camino. No one's around.

SANDY
Did you go to the bathroom?

DIANA
I said I did.

SANDY
Because it's straight shot today and we're not stopping for at least--

As he opens the car, THE SKIPTRACER pops out from where he was curled up hiding in the front seat.

THE SKIPTRACER
Well, well, well.

He's aiming a Taser X3 dart gun at Sandy. Nods back at the El Camino, proud of himself.

THE SKIPTRACER
Satellite radio. Got the serial number from the seller. Rest was easy.

DIANA
Damn. Are you Choctaw?

THE SKIPTRACER
No, I'm Polish.

DIANA
Cuz Choctaws are born trackers.

THE SKIPTRACER
Yeah? Well good for fuckin' them. (to Sandy)
You're the Sandy Patterson the agency wants. So turn around and walk slowly to that red car.

SANDY
Please. Don't do this.

THE SKIPTRACER
Walk. (to Diana)
I don't need you. You can go.

Sandy turns and starts walking. Diana watches him. Free to leave if she wants. Then--
--she moves to stand between Sandy and The Skiptracer.

DIANA
You debt collectors are the scum of the earth, you know that? And I'm an identity thief, so-- seriously.

Sandy turns around. Can't believe she's doing this.

THE SKIPTRACER
This got nothin' to do with you.

DIANA
Yeah it does. He's my friend. You want him, you gotta go through me.

The Skiptracer looks at the two of them. Then shrugs.

THE SKIPTRACER
Fine.

He aims the gun, and--

BLAM! The shot echoes out across the parking lot.

Diana and Sandy both FLINCH... but nothing happened. They're fine. Untouched. Wait-- "blam"? From a taser?

THE SKIPTRACER
OW! FUCK!

Blood seeps through his shoulder. He's been shot.

VOICE (O.S.)
She belongs to us!

Sandy and Diana turn to see:

AVI AND ILAN walking toward them. Avi raises his gun to SHOOT her at close range, but Diana CHARGES and BITES HIS HAND.

AVI
AGHHH!

He drops the gun.

ILAN grabs Diana.

THE SKIPTRACER grabs Sandy.

Sandy and Diana instinctively GRAB EACH OTHER. Face to face. Clinging to one another for dear life--

--as the Israelis pull Diana one way and The Skiptracer pulls Sandy the other way.
SANDY
Don't let go of me! Don't let go!

Diana sees Avi struggle to his feet. Stumbling for his gun.

She strains to get her mouth to Sandy's ear.

WHISPERS SOMETHING IN HIS EAR

His eyes go wide. Scared. Unsure. But she nods at him. You can do it....

Avi picks his gun up.

AVI
Diana!

She gives Sandy one last smile.

And then-- THEY LET GO

Ilan and The Skiptracer each stumble backwards with their prey-- BLAM! - Avi MISSES HIS SHOT at her--

SANDY - spins around... and...

PUNCHES THE SKIPTRACER IN THE THROAT. Perfect shot! The Skiptracer falls to the ground, gasping for air.

Sandy grabs The Skiptracer's taser, turns, and--

FWIP! FWIP!

Nails both of the Israelis right in their chests.

They both drop to the ground, spasming in pain.

DIANA
DRIVE!

They both jump in the El Camino and PEEL OUT.

Diana CHUCKS SOMETHING out of the window as they drive away. It lands with a clatter between The Skiptracer, Avi and Ilan.

The satellite radio.

Avi struggles to barely sit up.

AVI
Who was that guy...?

In the B.G., sirens. The police are on their way.
Avi meets eyes with The Skiptracer, them slumps back to the ground. They both know-- it's over.

**EXT. HIGHWAYS - DAY TO NIGHT**

The El Camino rolls down the highway. One state turns to another. The sun sets, and the sky goes dark.

**EXT. BOSTON - NIGHT**

The El Camino rolls into town.

**INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The door opens.

    **FRANNY AND JESSIE**

    **DADDY!!!**

The girls run to his arms, and he hugs them like a man who almost died. Kisses them for all he's worth.

Then sees Trish. Grabs her and kisses her.

It's a lovely reunion. And then, Trish sees--

**DIANA - waiting bashfully at the door.**

The girls turn and stare at her too.

    **SANDY**

    Trish, Fran, Jessie-- this is Diana. She's going to stay with us, just for tonight.

    **DIANA**

    If that's okay.

    **SANDY**

    It's kind of mandatory.

    **DIANA**

    I just don't want to be any--

    **(to Trish)**

    I know I caused you some trouble.

Trish is unmoved.

    **TRISH**

    You're welcome for the night. Girls, let's get dinner ready.
INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - LATER

They sit around the table, eating dinner. It's very strained.

    DIANA
    This is a really nice dinner, Mrs. Patterson.

    TRISH
    Thank you.

    DIANA
    I like how you decorated and everything.

    TRISH
    Mmm.

More uncomfortable silence. The clicking of forks on plates, and little else.

And then, through the wall: THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

Derek and Kristi are screwing again.

Sandy sighs. Puts his fork down. A reminder that he's back in Chump Town.

    DIANA
    Is that a frequent problem?

    SANDY
    Yeah.

    DIANA
    Excuse me for a second.

Diana gets up and walks out of the apartment.

We hear footsteps down the hallway. Then a knock knock knock on the apartment next to them.

Then some quiet talking. Then footsteps back.

Diana walks back into Sandy's apartment, sits back down.

    DIANA
    You don't have that problem anymore.


Jessie stares at Diana like she's a superhero.

Like Wonder Woman or something.
Diana looks back at Jessie.

    DIANA
    Hey. You got some food on your face.
    JESSIE
    Where?
    DIANA
    Here.

Diana dabs a spot on her own face with a fork full of mashed potatoes. Leaves a big blotch.

Jessie and Franny giggle.

    JESSIE
    No YOU have food on YOUR face!
    DIANA
    Where?
    FRANNY AND JESSIE
    THERE!
    DIANA
    Here?
    FRANNY AND JESSIE
    NO!!!

She dabs another spot above her eye.

    FRANNY AND JESSIE
    NO!
    DIANA
    Here?
    FRANNY AND JESSIE
    NO!!!!

The girls are rolling with laughter.

    DIANA
    I don't know what's going on. You guys are driving me crazy!

Sandy looks over at Trish--

--and she's laughing. In spite of herself.

He looks around the table. At his wife, his daughters, this strangest of guests... giggling and joyful and alive.

The place doesn't seem so small anymore.
INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sandy tucks the girls in.

SANDY
Okay, goodnight. No talking, okay?
Right to bed.

He turns to DIANA - on an air mattress on the floor.

SANDY
You sure you don't want to sleep on
the couch?

DIANA
No way.

FRANNY
No way, daddy.

SANDY
Okay. Well, goodnight.

He turns the light off, and we follow him out as he closes
the door behind him. He's about to walk off when:

JESSIE (O.S.)
Diana.

DIANA (O.S.)
Yeah?

JESSIE (O.S.)
You wanna give my doll a haircut?

DIANA (O.S.)
Yeah!

SANDY
Go to bed!

Silence. Then:

DIANA (O.S.)
(whispering)
Where are the scissors?

JESSIE (O.S.)
(whispering)
In my drawer.

He lingers for a moment, listening as the girls whisper
together.
Decides to let them play.

**INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM - HOURS LATER**

He can't sleep. Looks over at the clock. 5:30 AM.

   **TRISH**

   Babe?

He turns over to her, surprised she's awake.

   **TRISH**

   You okay?

   **SANDY**

   She's going to go away for ten years.

   **TRISH**

   What else can you do?

   **SANDY**

   (beat)
   Your brother's always saying he could use help at the store. That's forty a year. Maybe.
   (beat)
   What am I talking about? What's wrong with me?

She cuddles up to him. Puts her arms around him.

   **TRISH**

   There's nothing wrong with you. Here. Feel. She's going crazy.

She puts his hand on her belly.

   **TRISH**

   I know another kid wasn't part of your plan, but you backed me up. We always back each other up.
   (beat)
   Follow your heart, and I'll follow you.

**INT. BEDROOM - LATER**

The door opens quietly. Sandy tiptoes in.

The girls sleep peacefully. Jessie clutches a doll with a horrendous new haircut.

Diana's covers lower and fall with her breath.
Sandy kneels down to her. Nudges her with his hand.

**SANDY**

You have to go.

(beat)
Diana, the police are going to be there in the morning. Just go.

No response. He shivers in the cold. Then notices:

**THE WINDOW** is open. The curtains flutter.

He pulls Diana's blanket back. **It's the DOG** under there.

He crosses to the window. Looks out onto the **FIRE ESCAPE** just outside it.

There's a **NOTE** on the sill.

**Sorry. --D**

He sits down on his girls' beanbag chair. Suddenly exhausted from the finality of it all.

The journey is over. The verdict is rendered.

No one ever changes.

Not him.

Not her.

**EXT. BOSTON - MORNING**

The sun rises over the city.

**EXT. BOSTON STREET - MORNING**

A crowd of busy people on their way to work. There, in the jumble of anonymous faces, is Sandy Patterson.

Suit. Tie. On his way. But there's nothing good waiting for him where he's going.

**INT. NEW CENTURY FINANCIAL - OFFICES - MORNING**

Ding. The elevator doors slide open. Sandy takes a breath, then makes the long walk down the hall, into:
INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The partners are seated around the table. Bryan at the head.

Sandy stands. Clears his throat.

SANDY
I couldn't make it happen. To be honest, it wouldn't have happened anyway. Wasn't meant to be. Not for me. I'm sorry.

He turns to leave.

BRYAN
Patterson?

He turns back. Bryan points ACROSS THE HALL.

Sandy turns, and we move with him as he walks out of the conference room, walks across the hall, walks into ANOTHER CONFERENCE ROOM, and now we see:

COPS - and Detective Reilly - all sitting around the table.

At the head of the table--

DIANA
Hey Sandy.

Reilly turns an AUDIO RECORDER off. Pockets it. Gets up.

DET. REILLY
That completes the statement process. You've been read your rights. 
(to a cop)
Take her into custody. 
(to Sandy)
Mr. Patterson? You're no longer a focus of this investigation. We'll be happy to provide your employer with a letter making that clear. Congratulations.

He pats Sandy on the shoulder and heads out.

A COP - puts handcuffs on Diana. Starts leading her out.

Sandy watches her go. Too stunned to speak. Then follows...

INT. NEW CENTURY FINANCIAL - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

As the cops lead her away...
SANDY
Wait. Can I have a second?

The cop looks to Reilly, who nods. The police back off and give Diana and Sandy some space.

SANDY
I don't understand.

DIANA
C'mon, Sandy. I knew from the start this would end in cops. I figured I'd take advantage of the free ride until I felt like skipping out. The old hitch and ditch.

(beat)
But--

(beat)
Hey, I've been a lot of people over the years. It's probably time to start being me. I can't do that on your back. I have to pay for what I've done.

SANDY
But why did you sneak out?

DIANA
Because if I stayed, you wouldn't have let me do this. Right?

Sandy nods. She knows him. The true him.

DIANA
You're a good man, Sandy Patterson. And we are who we are.

(beat)
I gotta go.

As they lead her to the elevator...

SANDY
Thank you.

She grins back at him through her tears.

DIANA
Huh. This feels pretty good!

The elevator doors close.

Bryan and the other partners gather around Sandy. Shake his hand. Walk him to his new office.

He looks back one last time. But she's gone.
EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - ONE YEAR LATER - DAY

Trish carries a BIRTHDAY CAKE out to the patio table, and sets it down in front of Sandy, who holds their new BABY.

TRISH/JESSIE/FRANNY
Happy birthday dear daddy...
Happy birthday to you...

He looks around. His wife, his girls, his baby. His new home, modest but his. His yard, his dog, his cake. "Happy 41st"

He blows out the candles. Kisses Trish. Then checks his watch.

SANDY
Ooh. We gotta get a move on.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - LATER

The Pattersons sit with DIANA in a family visiting room at the women's correctional facility. A guard stands outside.

Diana plays "Sorry" with Franny and Jessie. Watches Trish rocking the baby to sleep.

DIANA
I can't get over how beautiful she is. You should've named her Diana, though.

Franny knocks one of Diana's pieces back to "start".

FRANNY
SORRY!!

DIANA
Oh my God! I'm gonna kill you! I'm gonna shiv you in the yard, you hear me, new meat?

The guard raps on the door from the outside.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)
Two minutes.

SANDY
Okay, real fast. Run it down for me.

DIANA
Math, A. Accounting, A.

SANDY
Econ?

(MORE)
SANDY (CONT'D)
(off her look)
You're kidding me. We went over it
for an hour on the phone...

She pulls out a test paper. Hands it to him. A+.

SANDY
(proud)
Now this I put in your file.

DIANA
They're never gonna hire an ex-con.

SANDY
I'm starting a program. I have a few
years to figure it out.

DIANA
Five with good behavior.

SANDY
And how's that going?

DIANA
Decent. These dykes try and get up
in my sweet junk, but I keep it cool.

TRISH
Okay, I'm taking the girls.

DIANA
Bye guys! See you in two months!

Franny and Jessie run and give Diana big hugs. Means more to
her than they'll ever know.

Diana kneels down, and gives Jessie a kiss on the forehead.

DIANA
Stay beautiful, little girl.

As Trish leads the kids out--

SANDY
I'll be out in a minute.

They're alone. Sandy hands Diana an envelope.

SANDY
A little gift. Pulled some strings
with Reilly, ran your prints through
the Kansas state database.

She's confused. Opens the envelope.
It's an OLD PIECE OF PAPER. A FORM. Typewritten entries. And a tiny, inky fingerprint.

It's her birth certificate. Diana can barely breathe.

DIANA
My name.  
(beat)  
Caroline Budgie.  
(beat)  
That's fucking awful.

SANDY
Yeah, well, it's you.

DIANA
Thanks, Sandy.

She hands the birth certificate back to him.

DIANA
But I already know who I am.

Diana walks proudly out of the room... down the hall... back to her redemption...

Her head held high. Her own woman at last.

AS CREDITS ROLL

MUSIC: "Theme Song" - WONDER WOMAN

Wonder Woman, Wonder Woman  
All the world's waiting for you  
and the power you possess  
In your satin tights, fighting for your rights  
And the old Red, White and Blue  

Wonder Woman, Wonder Woman  
Now the world is ready for you  
and the wonders you can do.  

All our hopes are pinned on you  
And the magic that you do  

Wonder Woman, Wonder Woman  
You're a wonder, Wonder Woman

THE END