

CHET

Written by

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FADE IN.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A custom, state-of-the-art motorcycle speeds up to the front of an abandoned warehouse on the waterfront of some large port city.

The driver is JACQUES BARBIER, he is a hero. He takes off his helmet heroically and sets it on the parked bike.

He checks on a compartment at the back of the bike to make sure it is locked. It is.

He is in his mid-30s, vaguely European, dark hair, mustache. He wears slacks and a dress shirt, no tie, unbuttoned, showing a tasteful amount of hairless chest. His leather jacket is personally tailored. He wears thin, flexible leather gloves.

Jacques pulls a Walther PPK from his pocket and checks to make sure it is loaded.

He puts it back in his pocket.

Jacques pulls out his phone and opens it with a thumb print. A rideshare app called "MooVers" is open with pick-up and destination already entered. He hits send. The app says the car will arrive in 5 minutes.

He walks to the door of the warehouse. The only marking on the grey building is a "Members Only" sign.

Jacques takes a breath and walks inside.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jacques walks into the room, a big smile on his face, arms open in a friendly gesture.

The warehouse is mostly empty, except for a van and two cars. This is the type of place used for underground raves. You can see some of the leftovers--beads, glowsticks, baggies, some clothes, a shoe, water bottles, beer bottles.

The two cars are both modern grey Dodge Chargers.

A dozen men standing facing him, crowding the back of the van. Another dozen or so men line the catwalks. All heavily armed.

JACQUES
Rimbaldi, my old friend!

The man standing in the center of the room is RIMBALDI. He's clearly the villain, even without the eyepatch. He's in his 60s, Italian, mostly bald, tailored all-white 3-piece suit.

RIMBALDI
Mr. Bond.

The assorted goons laugh.

Jacques is not amused.

JACQUES
Childish. As always.

RIMBALDI
I guess we'll have to live and let die.

More chuckles.

JACQUES
Enough with the games.

Rimbaldi takes a step forward. Jacques is now about 10 feet away.

RIMBALDI
Funny. I assumed you'd want to play Baccarat or something.

Laughter.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
For someone who doesn't want to play games... you seem quite... empty-handed.

JACQUES
How many years have we known each other?

Rimbaldi smiles.

RIMBALDI
A few.

He stares at Jacques for a second.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
Okay, we can skip the pleasantries. Mickey, if you will.

MICKEY is large, large enough that you didn't know they made suits in that size. Like all of Rimbaldi's men, he wears a charcoal gray suit with a red tie. Mickey's is just bigger than everyone else's. Mickey is a bald Black man in his late 20s with a mustache.

Mickey walks towards the van and opens up the back.

Inside is a thin European man, HENRI, who has been beaten and bruised. He is in his early 50s. His clothes are casual, but are dirty and torn. His hands are held in a zip tie.

Mickey helps Henri out of the van and shuts the door.

Jacques watches with concern.

MICKEY

Why don't you mosey on over towards your friend.

Mickey walks Henri to Rimbaldi.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

That's enough.

Henri stops.

Rimbaldi takes Henri by the arm.

RIMBALDI

Here he is. See, we didn't hurt him. Too bad.

JACQUES

Henri?

Henri nods.

HENRI

I am okay, my friend.

RIMBALDI

We are not savages. Now...

Jacques steps forward. Goons act menacing in return.

JACQUES

Let me tell you how things are going to go.

Mickey and several other goons step forward.

Rimbaldi holds them back with a gesture.

RIMBALDI

Proceed.

JACQUES

I'm taking Henri outside. I'm putting him in a car. Then I'll bring it to you.

Mickey steps forward again.

MICKEY

Bullshit. Let me...

RIMBALDI

And how do I know you will come back.

JACQUES

You don't. But you don't have it. I do. And it's clearly not on me. Currently, you have nothing.

Rimbaldi smiles. He turns to Henri.

RIMBALDI

It appears your friend thinks very little of you, Henri.

JACQUES

If Henri dies, you will never get it.

Rimbaldi laughs. His goons don't.

RIMBALDI

Okay, I'm game. Let's see where this goes.

He pushes Henri forward. Henri stumbles towards Jacques.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)

There is nowhere you can go that I cannot find you. And Henri.

Jacques locks eyes with Rimbaldi as he grabs Henri and walks him out.

MICKEY

Can you explain this strategy to me? You can't trust him.

RIMBALDI

You're worry too much, my friend. He'll be back.

He reaches in and pulls out a saddlebag. He puts it over his shoulder and walks back inside.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

No one inside has moved.

Rimbaldi turns to Mickey.

RIMBALDI
And you were afraid he wouldn't
come back.

Rimbaldi nods to a couple of goons and they walk towards Jacques.

JACQUES
Well, actually...

The goons stop. Rimbaldi's smile fades.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
I know you upheld your part of the
bargain...

Mickey takes a step forward.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
But I've changed my mind.

Jacques reaches into his pocket and pulls out the pistol.

He shoots the two goons, who fall to the floor.

RIMBALDI
Get him!

Rimbaldi runs for cover.

Various goons go for their weapons.

Mickey runs towards Jacques.

Jacques grabs one of the falling goons and uses him as a shield to block bullets from the snipers. He returns fire, killing two snipers in quick succession.

The goons start to look for cover, even the snipers.

Not Mickey. He rushes at Jacques, firing his Glock.

Jacques turns the corpse towards Mickey, blocking the bullets.

Snipers fire, but they miss.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on!

Jacques throws the corpse towards Mickey, knocking him to the ground.

He quickly takes out two more of the snipers in the balcony and dodges behind one of the cars.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
You two!

Two of the smarter looking goons make their way towards him. Bullets wiz by.

Jacques takes out two more of the goons on the ground level.

He ducks down behind the car and quickly reloads.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
Babe! Whitey! Sneak out the back.
Meet him at the front door.

They nod and run towards the back.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
I'm going to kill this fuck if it's
the last thing I do.

A bullet whizzes close to his head.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
Cocksucker!

Jacques reloads. He takes out another sniper.

JACQUES
I don't want to kill you Rimbaldi,
but you can't have it.

RIMBALDI
Cocksucker!

The last sniper falls and crashes near Rimbaldi, making him jump.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
When I get my hands on...

Jacques stands above him, pistol aimed at his head.

JACQUES
I will kill you before I let you
have it.

He nods towards the remaining goons.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
They drop the weapons or I drop
you. Then I drop them. Either way.

He shrugs.

RIMBALDI
Cocksucker.

Jacques pulls the trigger and a bullet hits the van next to
Rimbaldi's head.

JACQUES
Last chance. Your choice.

Rimbaldi shakes his head angrily.

RIMBALDI
Fuck you! Everyone drop your
weapons.

JACQUES
Wise choice.

Weapons are dropped.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Standing by the front door, Babe and Whitey look around
nervously.

BABE
How long we supposed to wait.

WHITEY
It's been a while since we heard a
shot.

Babe shrugs.

BABE
The definitely got him by now.

WHITEY
Yeah, he's just one guy.

BABE
You wanna?

Whitey nods.

They go inside.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Babe and Whitey walk in.

They see Rimbaldi and the remaining goons bound and gagged.

BABE
What the he...

A rifle cracks him on the back of the head, he falls to the floor, unconscious.

Whitey turns to shoot Jacques, but is met with a rifle butt to the face. His nose explodes with blood and he joins his friend on the floor.

Jacques tips his imaginary cap to Rimbaldi.

JACQUES
Until we meet again, mon ami.

He walks out the door as Rimbaldi rages behind his gag.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jacques dons his helmet and drives down the street.

At the intersection, he turns the bike to the left and speeds off.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Babe slowly awakens to see Rimbaldi still raging.

He scurries over to his boss and pulls the gag out of his mouth. He starts working on the zip tie.

RIMBALDI
Cocksucker!

His hands free, he reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a prescription bottle.

He opens it and pops a pill.

He swallows it and puts the bottle away and takes a deep breath.

He stands up while Babe frees the others. Whitey stirs.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
Babe. Whitey. Let's try this again.
Take the cars and go get that
MOTHERFUCKER!

They scramble toward the cars. Whitey grabs a set of keys from Mickey. Babe already has keys.

Other goons move to open the warehouse doors.

Mickey steps up to Rimbaldi, rubbing his wrists.

MICKEY
What about me? You want me to
follow in the van.

Rimbaldi shakes his head.

RIMBALDI
No, no, no. I've got another
cocksucker for you to take care of.

Babe and Whitey drive out of the warehouse.

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jacques speeds down the highway, weaving in and out of traffic. The highway is busy.

He cuts in front of a taxi and it honks at him.

Further back, Babe and Whitey quickly gain on him.

CUT TO:

Inside his car, Babe talks to Rimbaldi via walkie talkie.

BABE
I see him. He didn't get far.

CUT TO:

Inside his car, Whitey pushes down on the gas pedal.

Both goons weave in and out of traffic.

CUT TO:

Jacques looks back. He sees the two cars gaining on him.

He accelerates, but the bike can't outrun the two souped-up cars. They gain on him.

Jacques looks ahead and sees a semi. The next exit is a mile away.

CUT TO:

Whitey pushes down on the gas pedal and his car shoots ahead of Babe.

WHITEY

We're closing on him. His ride is
too slow.

He is only a few car lengths behind Jacques now.

CUT TO:

Jacques accelerates his bike to top speed. He surges closer to the semi.

The engine starts to sputter a bit.

He lets off the throttle for a second and the engine clears up.

He accelerates again and passes the semi.

As soon as he gets ahead of it, he looks back, then cuts in front of the semi.

The driver honks a horn, but Jacques ignores it.

Whitey nears the rear end of the semi. Babe is close behind.

Jacques swerves into the breakdown lane and slows down.

He's behind the semi as Whitey and Babe shoot past him.

He turns the bike around and goes back to the exit and takes it.

CUT TO:

Babe looks back and sees Jacques pull off the highway.

BABE

Fuck!

He slams on his breaks and pulls into the grass off the road. Whitey keeps going for a few more seconds before doing the same.

Jacques turns right at the end of the ramp and speeds away.

Babe drives in reverse to the ramp. Cars blare their horns at Whitey as he backs his way toward the exit, too.

Jacques takes another right and goes down an access road.

Babe screeches off of the exit and turns down the access road, gaining on Jacques.

Whitey has some trouble getting out of the grass, but soon follows.

Jacques comes upon a large grocery store with a massive parking lot. It only has two exits, one close to where Jacques is and one at the opposite end of the lot, both accessible only by the access road.

Jacques looks back and sees Babe following him.

He speeds into the parking lot and turns down an aisle, dodging pedestrians.

Babe follows him.

Whitey speeds towards the far exit, hoping the box Jacques in.

Jacques reaches the end of the aisle and skids the bike around the turn.

Babe closes in.

Whitey speeds towards Jacques, down the middle of the aisle.

Babe rolls down his window and aims a Glock at Jacques. He starts firing wildly.

Jacques skids to a stop.

Babe and Whitey stop, with Jacques caught in between them.

Babe reloads his Glock.

Whitey revs his engine.

Babe starts firing.

Whitey surges forward.

Jacques accelerates onto the sidewalk.

That's when CHET shows up.

Chet is a white man in his late 20s. He has a bad hair cut, ill-fitting jeans, a Slayer t-shirt and sandals. None of them seem to match.

He carries a bag of groceries in one hand. In the other he has an open ring box, with a nice, but small, engagement ring in it. He stares at the ring.

Whitey misses Jacques and his car smashes into the front of Babe's car.

Whitey tries to back away, but the cars are locked together. He gets out.

Chet closes the ring box and looks up just as Jacques motors towards him.

JACQUES

Merde!

He swerves to avoid Chet and hits a parking barrier.

The bike rockets into the air, flipping over as it goes.

Midair, Jacques separates from the bike, arches his back so he can see Babe, pulls his Walther and puts two shots into the goon's face.

While in the air, Jacques loses the saddle bag.

Chet falls the ground, losing his groceries.

Jacques lands somewhat awkwardly on his shoulder, but otherwise lands unhurt.

Whitey hops out of his car and fires his Glock. The bullet misses Jacques, and nearly hits Chet.

CHET

What the fuck?

He scrambles to his car, which is only a few feet away. He shoves the ring box in his pocket and yanks out his keys.

As he hits the lock, a bullet smashes the window.

Whitey advances on Jacques, gun pulled.

Jacques aims at Whitey and takes him out with two shots.

Chet jumps into his car.

The ring box falls out of his pocket onto the floorboard. He doesn't notice.

Jacques walks towards Whitey and puts two more bullets in him.

Jacques rushes over to Babe and does the same.

He takes off his helmet and tosses it to the ground.

He looks up and sees Chet fumbling with the keys.

Jacques runs towards his wrecked bike and grabs the saddle bag.

Chet gets the key in the ignition.

He looks up in time to see Jacques.

Jacques punches Chet in the face and yanks Chet out of the car.

Chet falls backwards to the ground.

CHET (CONT'D)

Hey!

JACQUES

Sorry, my friend, I need it more than you do.

Sirens blare in the distance.

Jacques jumps in the driver's seat, slams the door, checks the mirror and drives off.

Chet stares after him as the police get closer.

CHET

Fuck! Now what do I do?

Dozens of customers from the store look on in shock.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - LATER

Chet sits on the sidewalk, holding a cup of coffee.

A police officer, MURRAY, stands before him writing in a notebook. Murray is a Black woman in her mid 20s. She's a bit over weight, with close-cropped hair.

MURRAY

So, you were basically standing there when the suspect car jacked you.

Chet takes a sip from his coffee.

CHET

Well, I wouldn't say I was...

Murray closes her notebook.

MURRAY

I guess that's all we need from you.

She hands him a business card.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

If you remember anything else... anything actually helpful... give me a call.

He takes the card.

CHET

That's it?

MURRAY

Unless you've been lying to me?

She throws him a shady look.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

You haven't been lying to me, have you, Chet?

Chet shakes his head vigorously.

CHET

No, no, no. I was...

She starts to walk away.

MURRAY

That's what I thought.

Chet is exasperated.

CHET

He took my car. How am I supposed to get home?

She turns back to look at him, but doesn't stop.

MURRAY

Call a ride.

She chuckles as she walks away.

CHET

Protect and serve, my ass...

He pulls out his phone.

INT. STEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A MooVers driver pulls up. It's the same car that Henri rode in earlier.

The car stops in front of Chet. Steff rolls down the window.

STEFF

You Chet?

He stands up and walks towards the car.

CHET

I wish I weren't.

She unlocks the door.

STEFF

What kind of name is Chet?

He gets in and she drives off.

STEFF (CONT'D)

What's going on out there? That's a lot of cops.

He doesn't respond. The radio is pretty loud.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Governor James said that his focus during a second term would be law an order. He says he plans to crack down...

Steff turns the radio off.

STEFF

Some kind of accident it looks like.

Beat.

STEFF (CONT'D)
You alive back there?

She makes eye contact with him in the rearview mirror.

He snaps out of his daze.

 CHET
I... uh... sorry.

He puts his hand down on the seat and immediately withdraws it. He looks down at it and sees blood.

 STEFF
No worries.

Chet looks down and sees that he's sitting in blood, too.

Steff stops at a stop sign.

 CHET
Disgusting.

She whirls around to look at him.

 STEFF
Is that blood?

He looks at his hand.

 CHET
Well, it's not mine.

She reaches for the box of tissues and hands it to him. He grabs a few and wipes his hand.

A car honks at them from behind. Steff waves them around.

 STEFF
I'm so sorry. Must've been my last
ride.

Chet wipes the blood off his hand. Steff hold out a plastic bag and he throws the dirty rags in it.

 STEFF (CONT'D)
He WAS pretty banged up.

Chet grabs more tissues and wipes the blood off his pants.

 STEFF (CONT'D)
I didn't know. I'm sorry.

He's got as much of the blood wiped up as he can. He throws the bloody tissues in the trash bag.

 STEFF (CONT'D)
 Sorry again.

She turns around and drives through the intersection.

 STEFF (CONT'D)
 Other than that, how's your day
 going?

 CHET
 I got carjacked.

 STEFF
 Shut up!

He shrugs.

 CHET
 Yeah. I have a car. Well, I had a
 car.

 STEFF
 Oh my god, tell me every detail!

A car behind them honks.

Steff jumps. She turns around and drives through the intersection.

 STEFF (CONT'D)
 Seriously, what's up?

He tells her.

INT. STEFF'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

She stops at a red light. She turns to look at him.

 STEFF
 Holy shit, Chet! That's the best
 story I've ever heard.

He doesn't respond.

 STEFF (CONT'D)
 I mean, for me. Sucks for you. Like
 seriously.

She looks at her phone, which is attached to the dash board.

STEFF (CONT'D)
You lost your car and so you're
going to get... wine?

 CHET
Not exactly. I work at the Winery.

 STEFF
And you can't call in sick? My boss
would TOTALLY let me take off if I
were legit car-jacked.

Chet stares out the window.

 CHET
I... uh... can't take any more days
off.

He looks down at his watch.

 CHET (CONT'D)
I can't really be late. It's not
good.

She looks at him in the mirror.

 STEFF
Permanent record kinda stuff?

 CHET
Something like that. A LOT like
that.

They pull into a driveway. On the side of the road is a sign
that says "Bleak River Winery."

 STEFF
Well, here we are.

 CHET
Thanks.

The car stops in front of the main building. The main
building and tasting room of Bleak River Winery sits atop a
hill that overlooks the vineyards. The parking lot is
relatively empty, but several new arrivals pull in.

Steff drives up to the entrance and Chet opens the car door.

 CHET (CONT'D)
It was great talking to you. I've
had a shitty day.

STEFF

Obviously.

She reaches out to hand him a card.

STEFF (CONT'D)

If you need anything.... And send me your cleaning bill.

He stares at her. She points.

STEFF (CONT'D)

For your bloody pants.

He nods and takes the card with a smile.

CHET

Hopefully I won't need anything else today. Just got to get inside and make sure I keep getting paid.

She smiles.

STEFF

Same here. Good luck with everything.

He gets out and shuts the door.

She drives off, turning up the radio, blaring Mandy Moore.

He watches, then looks at the business card for a second.

He puts it in his pocket and walks inside.

INT. BLEAK RIVER WINERY - CONTINUOUS

Chet sits in a chair across the desk in his boss, LEONARD's office. Leonard is a white man in his mid-40s, graying brown hair, glasses, really run-of-the-mill kind of guy.

LEONARD

Hey, Chet, thanks for joining me. Although I wish you could've joined us earlier. Like you were scheduled.

Chet sits up in the chair, straightening his pants.

CHET

I... uh...

Leonard brightens up.

LEONARD
Hey, how's Yolanda? I haven't seen
her in... what...

He waits for Chet to respond.

CHET
I don't actually remember the last
time you saw my girlfriend.

Leonard bites his lower lip. It's creepy.

LEONARD
Yeah, your "girlfriend"...

He uses air quotes.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
How's she doing?

Chet frowns.

CHET
She's... uh... fine.

Leonard closes his eyes for a second. He bites his lip again.

LEONARD
Yeah. She is.

Chet sits a little taller in his chair.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
You know why I called you in here
today?

CHET
Yeah. See, I was on my way in, I
was actually early...

Leonard clears his throat.

LEONARD
See, the thing here is that, you
know, it's not just today.

CHET
I know, I know...

LEONARD
This has become a pattern.

Chet nods.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

And not the good kind of pattern.
Like plaid. Or hounds tooth. Those
are good patterns. Do you get what
I'm saying?

CHET

Not in the slightest.

Leonard looks at a piece of paper on his desk.

LEONARD

It also seems that, you know, you
frequently leave early. Like REALLY
frequently.

CHET

Sure, but I never leave when we're
busy. I always...

Leonard frowns.

LEONARD

See, the thing is... we don't have
an "early leave" policy. If you
catch my drift.

Chet looks down at his lap.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I'm afraid that I'm going to have
to... let you go.

CHET

Like, I'm fired "let me go"?

LEONARD

I already clocked you out.

He waves a hand at a security guard who walks through the
open office door.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

You can pick up your paycheck in
two weeks.

Chet stands up as the security guard motions for him to
leave.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

IF, and this is a big if, you have
turned in BOTH of your nametags by
then.

The security guard puts a hand on Chet's shoulder as he escorts him from the office.

Leonard picks up a hard candy from a bowl on his desk.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Yolanda, mmm...

He pops the candy in his mouth.

EXT. APD PRECINCT - LATER

The police precinct is a long, one-story building with the public entrance in the center.

A red Volkswagen Bug pulls up to the front of the station. On the doors are the familiar cow-patterned MooVers magnets.

Chet gets out.

CHET
Thanks!

He slams the door and runs inside the building.

INT. APD PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Chet sits at a desk in the bullpen, talking to Officer Murray.

MURRAY
So, what is it that you are asking me?

Chet stares at her, exasperated.

CHET
I don't know. Arrest somebody?

Murray chuckles.

MURRAY
Let's say I actually believe you.

Chet frowns.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
I assume you watch TV. CSI. Law and Order. Brooklyn Nine Nine?

CHET
I've seen an episode or two.

Murray nods.

MURRAY
So you get it?

Chet clearly doesn't get it.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
We didn't find any useful evidence
in what's... left of your car.

CHET
What's left?

MURRAY
You can pick it up at the impound
lot.

Chet is incredulous.

CHET
So you aren't going to do anything?

MURRAY
You can get the address from the
front desk.

CHET
Great. Thanks for all your help.

Beat.

CHET (CONT'D)
Again.

He walks out.

EXT. APD IMPOUND LOT - LATER

A small office sits next to the gate to the APD Impound Lot.

A yellow Volkswagen Bug pulls up to the front of the impound lot. It has the familiar MooVers magnets on the doors.

Chet gets out.

CHET
Thanks!

He slams the door and runs inside the building.

INT. APD IMPOUND LOT, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chet stands at the desk, talking to XENU. Xenu is a Black man in his early 30s. He has long, straightened hair and dark skin. He wears a nametag that says "Xenu."

XENU

Let me see your paperwork.

Chet looks around the room.

CHET

Uh....

XENU

If you don't have your paperwork,
you can't get your car.

Chet frowns.

CHET

They didn't give me any paperwork.

Xenu shrugs.

XENU

Then you don't get your car.

Chet walks back towards the door and looks out side.

He sighs.

He puts his head down and walks back towards the counter.

CHET

Sir. What's your name sir?

Xenu points to the nametag.

Chet squints to look at it.

CHET (CONT'D)

Xenu?

Beat.

CHET (CONT'D)

For real?

Beat.

CHET (CONT'D)

Like your mom... anyway... great
name. Original.

Xenu doesn't respond.

CHET (CONT'D)
Xenu. Hard to say. Xenu, let me
tell you a story...

Xenu waves his hands.

XENU
Nope. Fuck it. Show me your ID, it
matches the registration and you
can do whatever you want to the
car.

Chet grins.

CHET
Are you really...?

Xenu shakes his head.

XENU
No gratitude necessary. Don't give
a fuck. ID?

Chet smiles.

He pulls out his ID and hands it to Xenu.

EXT. APD IMPOUND LOT, YARD - CONTINUOUS

Xenu leads Chet across a yard filled with dozens of impounded
vehicles.

CHET
I can't begin to thank you enough
for this.

XENU
It literally has no impact on my
life. Nobody else is gonna come
looking for this car.

They come upon Chet's car. It is totally wrecked. The
passenger side is completely smashed, the windshield is gone
and the tires are shredded.

Chet stares at the car in shock.

XENU (CONT'D)
That your car, dude?

Xenu nods towards the car.

Chet stares.

XENU (CONT'D)

Bummer.

Chet walks around to the driver's side. The back end is crunched, but the front door looks workable.

Chet opens the door. It falls off the car and nearly crushes his foot.

XENU (CONT'D)

Dude, that thing is toast.

Chet crawls into the front seat. He roots around on the floorboard. Doesn't find anything.

He reaches down towards the passenger floorboard. He comes up with the saddle bag.

He stares at it for a second.

He opens up and looks inside.

His eyes grow big.

He stares a bit longer.

He closes the bag and takes a deep breath.

He puts the saddle bag over his shoulder and reaches back down towards the floor. He can't find what he's looking for.

XENU (CONT'D)

What you looing for, dude? The keys ain't gonna work.

Chet digs up under the passenger seat and pauses. He found it.

He sits up. He has the engagement ring.

EXT. CHET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chet's apartment building is a small, two-story building with stairs at either end. The individual units are small.

A black Volkswagen Bug pulls up to the front of the building. It's another MooVers car.

Chet gets out.

CHET

Thanks!

He slams the door and runs inside.

INT. CHET'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The second Chet is inside the apartment, he's met by Fetch, his dog, and Yolanda, his girlfriend. She's sweaty, like she had just been exercising.

YOLANDA

What are you doing home? Aren't you supposed to be at work?

Chet stops briefly to stare at the lesbian porn Yolanda was watching.

He sets the saddle bag on the dining room table and he moves toward the bedroom.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

Is that blood?

He looks down at the blood on his pants and continues into the bedroom.

Yolanda follows.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

Why won't you answer me? What's going on?

Chet unbuttons his shirt, takes it off and throws it towards the hamper. It hits the front and falls to the ground.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

Answer me!

Chet finally turns to look at her.

CHET

I... Well... I got fired.

Yolanda is shocked. Fetch doesn't care, he's just glad Chet is home.

Chet rubs his head briefly and looks up at Yolanda.

YOLANDA

What the...

CHET
It wasn't my fault.

Yolanda isn't buying it.

YOLANDA
Don't even try that bullshit!

He stares at her for a second then kicks his shoes off.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
What's your plan? I assume you have
some kind of plan.

He takes off the bloody pants and tosses them into the hamper
without thinking about it.

CHET
It literally just happened.

YOLANDA
I can't believe you let this happen
again.

CHET
Why do you just assume it was my
fault? Maybe the boss is an
asshole?

She balks.

YOLANDA
Leonard? Nah, he's cool.

Chet stares at her.

She smiles.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
Oh, you don't like that, do you?

He walks towards the bathroom. He takes off his underwear and
tosses them at the hamper. He misses, but he doesn't care.

Fetch runs in and grabs the underwear and brings them to
Yolanda.

Chet turns on the shower.

Yolanda watches him, mouth agape.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
I do not believe this. Hell no.

EXT. MS. HAVISHAM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Chet runs up to a large, rich, but run-down house, overgrown with ivy. You've read the book.

Out in front stands MS. HAVISHAM, a white woman at least 80 years old. She is NOT wearing a wedding dress.

She is feeding a plate of raw steak to Fetch.

Fetch is delirious.

CHET

Hi, Ms. Havisham. Thanks again.

She tosses the last bit of steak to the dog.

CHET (CONT'D)

Yeah, sorry. Again.

Her look is murderous.

CHET (CONT'D)

Hey, sorry, again, but I think I mentioned that you probably shouldn't, you know, feed steak to Fetch.

Her look doesn't change.

CHET (CONT'D)

If you don't mind.

MS. HAVISHAM

He likes it.

CHET

Yeah, but I don't think...

She turns and walks away.

CHET (CONT'D)

Yeah...

He whistles.

Finding no further steak, Fetch runs up to Chet.

CHET (CONT'D)

Who's a good boy? Who had a bunch of steak? Who's going to need his medication when he gets home.

He rubs Fetch's ears to the delight of all.

He puts a leash on Fetch.

CHET (CONT'D)
Hell, Daddy's going to need his
medicine, too.

They head home.

EXT. CHET'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Chet approaches his apartment, playfully jogging with Fetch.

Parked in front of the duplex are three modern grey Dodge Chargers, which Rimbaldi's crew seems to buy in bulk.

He stops and quickly darts behind a large tree.

CHET
Shit!

He peeks out to look at his house. Several of Rimbaldi's goons stand in front of the house looking out. Another walks through the open door. Others can be seen inside.

CHET (CONT'D)
As if the day could get any more...

Fetch looks up at him with concern.

Chet looks at the house again.

There is fire inside.

A second fire peeks through the front door.

Several of the goons walk outside carrying gas cans. They pour gas on the front of the house.

CHET (CONT'D)
Dammit. I hope this is one of those
time-loop things. Maybe I'll wake
up tomorrow and all this will all
start over again and I can make
better choices.

Fetch barks at him.

Chet gently grabs Fetch by the muzzle and gently holds the dog's mouth shut.

CHET (CONT'D)
Shhh!

He peaks towards the house again, but no one heard the dog bark.

CHET (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here.

He takes the dog and runs back the way he came.

EXT. MS. HAVISHAM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Chet stands at Ms. Havisham's front door, his head down.

Ms. Havisham looks down at him.

MS. HAVISHAM
And I will be feeding him whatever
I choose while he's here.

Chet nods.

CHET
Totally. I can't begin to thank...

She waves him away and takes the leash and leads Fetch inside.

MS. HAVISHAM
Let's get that detestable leash off
of you.

She slams the door.

EXT. NOVEMBER STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A few blocks from Ms. Havisham's house, Chet walks aimlessly.

CHET
What the hell am I...

Around the corner comes a modern grey Dodge Charger.

And then another one.

CHET (CONT'D)
Fuck.

The driver of the front car, Mickey, makes eye contact with Chet.

Chet runs between two houses, away from the street.

CUT TO:

Inside the front Charger, Mickey rages.

MICKEY

Get him.

The BLONDE GOON and the SCARRED GOON hop out of the car and chase.

From the second Charger, a SKINNY GOON and a SHORT GOON hop out and run between the two closest houses.

Mickey drives around the corner while the second Charger, driven by LADY GOON, backs up and goes drives around the other end of the block.

Mickey cruises down Delta street, peering between houses, looking for Chet to no avail.

EXT. ABOVE-GROUND POOL BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Chet tiptoes through a fenceless back yard. In the center of the yard is an above-ground pool.

He looks at the back of the house to see if anyone stirs.

They don't, but he sees several baseball bats leaning up against the house. He quickly grabs a 34" bat. He swings it a few times.

Chet walks towards the pool and ducks down as he hears a car go by on the nearest street.

It's a grey Dodge Charger.

He gets up after it's gone and moves towards the back of the yard.

He looks over his shoulder. He sees Blonde Goon and Scarred Goon.

He drops to the ground, hoping they don't see him.

The Glock round that buzzes past him says they do.

He rolls out of the sightline of the goons, temporarily blocked by the pool.

BLONDE GOON

There!

SCARRED GOON

Where?

The Blonde Goon points towards the pool.

BLONDE GOON
Behind the pool.

The Scarred Goon shoots the front of the pool. A stream of water shoots out onto the ground. Chet flinches, but doesn't move.

A light comes on inside the house.

BLONDE GOON (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Chet stays low and scrambles towards the hedges at the back of the yard.

ANNOYED NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
Hey! Who's out there?

The Scarred Goon fires another round in Chet's direction, but Chet is already through the hedge.

BLONDE GOON
Nothing, sir, you can go back to bed. Uh... police business.

The ANNOYED NEIGHBOR is a white man in his mid-50s, comfortably overweight. He stands behind a screen door peering out at them.

ANNOYED NEIGHBOR
What happened to my pool?

The Scarred Goon fires another round after Chet.

The Blonde Goon maintains eye contact with the Annoyed Neighbor the whole time.

BLONDE GOON
Police business.

He holds up his Glock and waves it sideways so that the Annoyed Neighbor can see it clearly.

The Annoyed Neighbor gets the message and shuts his door. The lights go out.

The goons follow Chet.

EXT. OVERGROWN BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Chet looks behind him as he ducks and crosses a street into another backyard.

There are no lights on inside or outside the house and the grass in the backyard is overgrown, almost knee-level.

He stomps forward in the grass, cutting behind the house towards the street. As he goes, the grass is pressed down behind him, clearly marking his path.

He gets to the edge of the yard and looks back. He notices that his trail is obvious.

CHET
(under his breath)
Fuck!

He looks around and sees a small shed at the back of the yard.

He backtracks towards the house, making sure to keep the grass pressed down as much possible.

Once he gets close to the front, he turns towards the shed and makes a new path, pressing down the grass as much as possible until he makes his way to the shed.

He hears sounds of the Scarred Goon and the Blonde Goon crossing the street, getting closer to him.

He ducks behind the shed.

Seconds later, the goons arrive.

The Scarred Goon sees the split in Chet's trail.

SCARRED GOON
He split up.

BLONDE GOON
What the fuck does that mean?

The Scarred Goon points at the fork in Chet's trail.

BLONDE GOON (CONT'D)
Well, shit.

The Blonde Goon looks both directions. He points towards the shed.

BLONDE GOON (CONT'D)
You go that way. I'll go this.

He follows Chet's trail towards the street.

The Scarred Goon shrugs. He follows Chet's trail towards the shed.

As the Blonde Goon approaches the street, the Dodge Charger with Mickey in it pulls up, window rolled down.

MICKEY

You find anything?

He shakes his head.

BLONDE GOON

We found a couple of trails. We'll catch him.

MICKEY

Sooner rather than later.

The Blonde Goon nods.

Mickey drives off. The Blonde Goon moves the opposite way down the street.

CUT TO:

The Scarred Goon holds his Glock at the ready.

Not ready enough.

Chet swings the baseball bat at head level, connecting with the goon's head with a solid thunk.

He goes down, dropping his gun and passing out.

Chet reaches down and picks up the Glock. He ejects the clip and throws it over a fence into a neighboring yard.

He ejects the round from the chamber and tosses it into the tall grass.

He runs through the next yard and into the street. Once he reaches it, he takes the gun and tosses it into a drain.

The Blonde Goon rounds the corner at the end of the block. He spots Chet and fires.

Chet runs across the street and into another the back yard as two more bullets fly past him.

Chet is fast. He quickly gets to the back of the yard as the lights inside the house come on.

WOKE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
What's going on out there?

BLONDE GOON (O.S.)
Nothing to be concerned with, sir.
Police business.

Chet turns and cuts between the neighboring back yard as the Blonde Goon reaches the back yard.

He doesn't see Chet, but makes his way towards the back slowly, gun ready.

Chet reaches a sidewalk and turns and runs down Juliet Street for a block. He sees a row of trees. On the other side, he sees a playground and park with a basketball court.

He looks back, but doesn't see any goons.

He cuts through the first path he sees towards the park.

He comes out of the trees and onto the basketball court. He runs across the blacktop towards a playground. A sign at the front says "Optimist Park."

Chet looks towards the parking lot and street on the other side of the park. He hears the sound of one of the Dodge Chargers.

He runs towards an elevated concrete pipe in the playground and climbs inside.

Just as he gets inside, a Charger drives by.

Mickey doesn't see him.

Chet stays in the pipe. He crawls deeper into the pipe, so he can't be seen from either side.

He waits for a few seconds.

He yawns.

CHET
Dammit.

He yawns again as his eyes start to droop.

His eyes close.

He opens them briefly, but with great effort.

Chet falls asleep.

EXT. OPTIMIST PARK PLAYGROUND - LATER

Chet sleeps in the concrete pipe, his head hanging out the end of the pipe, rolled back, drool hanging from his mouth.

Two kids stare at him. KID A is a Black girl with braids. KID B is a Black boy with very short hair. She holds a basketball.

KID A
Hey, mister.

A police car drives by, lights flashing, sirens blaring.

Chet snores.

KID B
Why you sleeping in the pipe?

Chet wakes up, barely avoiding hitting his head on the top of the pipe.

CHET
(drowsy)
Whassup now?

KID A
Are you homeless, mister?

KID B
Are you smoking the pipe?

He crawls out of the pipe, wincing at the brightness of the morning.

KID A
Don't you have a bed?

CHET
What?

KID B
That's not your bat. That's Ricky's bat. I've seen him play with it.

Chet tosses the bat to the ground. He stumbles forward, stiff and sore.

CHET
Go play or something.

The run towards the basketball court. Kid A dribbles a basketball.

Chet stumbles towards the parking lot. He digs around in his pocket as he walks.

Kid A makes a jump shot.

Chet pulls out Steff's card and stares at it for a second.

Kid B rebounds and passes the ball back.

Chet remembers. He smiles.

Kid A makes another jumper.

EXT. OPTIMIST PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Steff's car idles in the parking lot.

Chet opens the door to get in back.

CHET
Hey, thanks for...

She waves him away from the back.

STEFF
Sit up here. It's weird if you sit
in the back.

Beat.

He shuts the door and gets in up front.

INT. STEFF'S CAR - LATER

Steff drives down Whiskey Road, listening to Chet.

CHET
So, I guess that gets you up-to-date.

STEFF
Do you always have days like this?

CHET
To be honest this is pretty new.

They turn onto Golf Street.

CHET (CONT'D)

I've had days where I lost my job
or my girlfriend or my car or my
home, but never all of them in the
same day.

STEFF

Girlfriend?

CHET

Probably the least of my losses
today.

She looks over at him.

STEFF

Bad relationship?

CHET

You could say that. I was gonna
propose...

STEFF

What?

CHET

Yeah... turns out it was a TERRIBLE
idea. She was a bit on the...
abusive side.

Steff turns and looks back at the road.

STEFF

Really?

Chet looks out the window.

CHET

Yeah.

STEFF

I know what that's like.

Chet looks over at her.

CHET

Do you? Or are you just saying
that? Because that's what people
say?

She turns and makes eye contact.

STEFF

I do. I just got out of... umm...
my last boyfr... I do.

She goes back to driving. He looks back out the window.

They drive in silence for a while.

CHET

Where are we going?

She turns onto X-Ray Street.

STEFF

Since we can't go to your place...

She grins at him.

STEFF (CONT'D)

We'll go to mine.

She drives on.

EXT. STEFF'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Steff's house is a small two bedroom place in a neighborhood filled with carbon copy houses. Hers is blue.

Steff drives past the house and pulls onto a side street and parks.

They hop out of the car and run back around the corner and inside.

INT. STEFF'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Most of the things in the house are still in boxes, as if Steff just moved in. There isn't much furniture and there aren't enough boxes to fill up a full home.

They sit at the dining room table, which is shoved up against the wall in a small dining area. The saddle bag hangs over the back of the chair.

Atop the table is a police scanner. Steff gestures towards it.

STEFF

I was listening to this thing
earlier. It's a hobby.

(MORE)

STEFF (CONT'D)
If you're the guy they've been
talking about... Well, let's just
say... You're in deep shit.

He frowns.

She gestures for him to sit at the table.

He does.

 CHET
Like what? What have you heard?

She goes to the fridge and grabs two beers. Twist offs.

She hands him one and takes a sip.

 STEFF
Maybe there's an update.

She turns the scanner on. It squawks to life.

 STEFF (CONT'D)
If I need to, I'll fill you in.

He nods.

 GRUFF COP (O.S.)
Alright, backup should be there in
a few.

 SQUEAKY COP (O.S.)
Good. The fire didn't burn down
everything...

Chet looks at her, fully agitated.

 CHET
Are they talking about...?

She shrugs.

 STEFF
They have been.

They stare at the radio again.

 SQUEAKY COP (O.S.)
We got lucky. We found it.

 GRUFF COP (O.S.)
Good to know. The chief is pretty
ready to catch this guy.

SQUEAKY COP

It's covered in blood. Just like we assumed.

GRUFF COP

No worries. This is definitely the "person of interest."

They laugh.

Steff looks at him, but he doesn't say anything.

SQUEAKY COP

Well if we get the perp who killed that French guy, it'll be a good day.

They laugh again.

Steff turns down the scanner.

STEFF

I kinda feel like this part is my fault.

CHET

What?

She clears her throat.

STEFF

Well, that French guy...

She nods towards the scanner.

STEFF (CONT'D)

...rode in my car earlier.

CHET

And?

STEFF

He was bleeding...

Beat.

Chet gets it.

CHET

Oh, shit?

Steff nods.

STEFF
Totally my bad.

CHET
Did you see his killers?

She shakes her head.

STEFF
No, he was alive when I dropped him
off.

CHET
Well, who was he?

She shrugs.

STEFF
I don't even know his name.

CHET
Wasn't he a ride share?

She nods.

STEFF
His friend ordered the ride.

CHET
So maybe we contact the friend?

STEFF
But, I... yeah, sure, I should be
able to contact him through the
app.

She walks across the room and grabs her purse.

CHET
What was the guy's name?

STEFF
Uh... let me look... his name
was...

She taps her phone.

STEFF (CONT'D)
James... St. John Smythe.

CHET
His name is James St. John Smythe?
Like all of that?

She nods.

CHET (CONT'D)
Whatever. Does it have his number?

She taps her phone some more.

STEFF
Hmm... MooVers has pretty strict
security procedures, but...

She starts typing a text.

STEFF (CONT'D)
I can send him a text and tell him
to call me.

CHET
How long will that take?

She finishes and hits send.

STEFF
Bad question, Chet.

He reluctantly nods in agreement.

CHET
So what do we do n...?

There is a knock at the door.

Steff stands up.

CHET (CONT'D)
Who is it?

She holds up a finger to quiet him.

STEFF
(whispering)
You tell anyone where you were?

He shakes his head.

The knocking begins again. It gets louder.

BRYANT (O.S.)
Let me in, Stephanie, I know you're
there.

Her head drops.

STEFF

Fuck.

Chet shrugs.

BRYANT (O.S.)

C'mon! Open up before you wake up
the neighbors.

He bangs harder.

STEFF

(whispering)

It's my ex. Bryant.

She grabs him by the arm and directs him to a hall closet.

STEFF (CONT'D)

If he sees you, he'll start some
shit.

She pushes him into the closet.

CHET

I can handle him. I'm...

STEFF

He's a member of the Glow Skulls.

Chet is clueless.

STEFF (CONT'D)

The biker gang.

Chet is taken aback.

CHET

What kind of men do you date?

STEFF

I... if we get through all this and
you still want to know, ask me
again.

She pushes him further into the closet and starts to shut the
door.

CHET

But...

STEFF

It'll be easier if I handle him. If
I need you, I'll let you know.

CHET

How?

Beat.

CHET (CONT'D)

Ooh, can we have a secret code word?

STEFF

I... uh... sure, I guess. We'll use my favorite word. If you hear it, come running.

She shuts the door.

CHET (O.S.)

What's the word.

STEFF

Phlebotomist.

She walks away, leaving him puzzled.

INT. STEFF'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bryant continues to pound on the door.

Steff pauses, takes a deep breath and opens the door.

BRYANT is over 6' tall and 200 pounds, almost all muscle. And that muscle is covered in tats. He wears blue jeans and a sleeveless Glow Skulls vest. He has multiple gold chains.

STEFF

I thought told you I never...

Bryant pushes past her into the house.

BRYANT

You alone in here?

He looks around the house.

Steff holds the door open.

STEFF

Get out.

He walks up to her and stops, staring at her.

BRYANT

Shut the door.

She doesn't.

He takes a step forward.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
I said shut it.

STEFF
No.

Bryant forcefully pushes it out of her hand, slamming it shut.

BRYANT
Just what the hell have you gotten
into lately?

She walks away from the door, closer towards the hall closet.

STEFF
I'm certain I have no idea what
you're talking about.

He follows.

Inside the closet, Chet looks around, with only the light under the door to see by.

He finds an umbrella. Then a baseball bat. It's a smaller wooden one, but still professional-sized.

He grips it in the attack position.

BRYANT
Oh yeah, then why am I hearing all
kinds of shit about you?

She turns and looks at him.

STEFF
What?

He smirks.

BRYANT
Now you want it.

STEFF
Disgusting. As always.

He laughs.

STEFF (CONT'D)
What the hell are you talking
about?

 BRYANT
You know how we got that connect
over at the sheriff's?

She nods. She's VERY interested.

 BRYANT (CONT'D)
He passed along the word that you
are a high profile target.

 STEFF
Target? What kind of target?

He grabs her by the arm.

 BRYANT
The valuable kind.

 STEFF
What? Let me...

Someone knocks at the front door.

 BRYANT
 (whispering)
You expecting someone?

She shakes her head.

 STEFF
I wasn't expecting you, I'm not
expecting anyone else.

He puts a finger to his lips to silence her.

 BRYANT
I'm gonna check it out. You stay
there and be fucking quiet.

He glares at her.

She refuses.

Another knock at the door, slightly more insistent.

Bryant walks towards the door, tip-toeing in silence.

He slowly leans in to look through the peephole.

Steff creeps towards the closet door.

STEFF
(urgently whispered)
Phlebotomist! Phlebotomist!
Phlebotomist!

Bryant looks through the peephole.

Chet opens the closet door.

A bullet comes through the peephole, killing Bryant. He falls to the ground.

STEFF (CONT'D)
We have to get out of here!

Someone throws their entire weight into the door. It doesn't break, but it cracks.

Chet and Steff run to the back of the house.

Someone bangs on the door again.

Chet and Steff slip out the back door and shut it behind them.

Mickey and three goons bust through the front door.

MICKEY
Turn the whole place upside down. I want...

They hear sirens in the distance.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Fuck. Do it super quick and let's get out of here.

The goons fan out and check the various rooms.

Mickey walks through the house and stops at the back door. He checks the handle and sees that it's unlocked.

He briefly looks out the window to the back. Maybe he sees some movement, maybe he doesn't.

BLONDE GOON
It's empty. Let's jet.

Mickey stares out the window one more time.

They turn and leave through the front door. Mickey walks right past the saddle bag, giving it no attention.

Chet and Steff watch from the bushes at the back of the yard.

The sirens are louder. No more than a few blocks away.

CHET

Fuck!

Steff shrugs.

CHET (CONT'D)

The saddle bag.

Steff motions for him to follow as she walks through the bushes to get to the side street.

Chet follows, but he stares at the house with remorse as they go.

Once they get to the side street, they hop in the car and drive off.

Just as they pull off, three cop cars arrive.

Officer Murray gets out of the front car. She stares after Steff's car as it drives away. It grabs her attention for some reason, but she can't figure it out.

MURRAY

George, you see that car?

Her partner GEORGE, steps out of the passenger side.

GEORGE

What car?

She nods in Steff's direction.

George shrugs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Can't really see it.

MURRAY

Hmm....

They walk inside.

INT. STEFF'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Murray stands in the living room. George and the other officers walk in from various other rooms.

GEORGE

Nothing. It's like she just moved in.

MURRAY
That is what the...

She looks at the saddle bag.

GEORGE
What is it?

She walks over to table. She picks up the saddle bag and looks inside.

Her eyes get big.

She shuts the bag and takes a deep breath.

MURRAY
I think this is evidence.

She takes the bag and walks out the front door.

George looks at the other cops. He shrugs and follows Murray.

INT. STEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steff drives along. Chet rides up front for the first time.

CHET
What the hell do we do now?

STEFF
What was in the saddle bag?

He shakes his head.

CHET
I... I don't know how to describe it.

She gives him a strange look.

CHET (CONT'D)
I don't think I want to see it again.

She drives a bit in silence.

STEFF
I...

Beat.

STEFF (CONT'D)
We have to find a place for you to
hide until this blows over.

 CHET
Is it going to blow over?

She doesn't answer. They stop at a light.

 CHET (CONT'D)
Hey, what about that St. John Smyth
guy?

Beat.

 STEFF
Oh, from MooVers?

He nods. She starts driving again.

 CHET
The app has his picture, right?

 STEFF
Sure. So I know who to pick up.

 CHET
Right!

Can I see it?

 STEFF
The picture?

He eagerly nods.

She unlocks her phone with a thumbprint and hands it to him.

It takes him a second to find the MooVers app.

 CHET
Here it is.

He opens it.

 CHET (CONT'D)
Okay, what do I do now?

The car turns on to a busier road, strip malls, fast food
restaurants, gas stations.

 STEFF
Umm... Click on the "Rides" icon.

He does.

 STEFF (CONT'D)
Previous rides. Should be near the
top.

He taps a few times. The picture is definitely Jacques.

 CHET
That's the guy who jacked my car!

 STEFF
You sure?

He looks at her with concern.

 CHET
Well, I didn't get a perfect look
at the felon who assaulted me,
but...

She looks at him.

 CHET (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's the fucking guy.

 STEFF
Okay, okay, okay. Did he respond?
Check texts.

He taps a few more times. Chet bursts with excitement.

 CHET
He did! He did!

 STEFF
Well, open it!

He does.

 CHET
He wants to meet.

 STEFF
When?

 CHET
Now. Corner of Oscar and India.
Some corn dog joint?

Steff is puzzled.

 STEFF
Corn dogs?

Chet shrugs. They drive on.

**EXT. KORNY'\$ KORN-DAWG\$ AND FI\$H-\$TIX FAST FOOD RESTAURANT -
LATER**

Steff's car pulls up to a neon yellow and blue fast food restaurant, KORNY'\$ KORN-DAWG\$ AND FI\$H-\$TIX. It's a small neon-themed building with only a few tables inside and a few more outside. And lots of neon.

Steff gets out and looks around.

Chet joins her.

CHET

Nothing.

STEFF

Unless he has invisibility tech?

Chet shoots her a look of concern.

CHET

Wait, is that a real thing?

She shrugs.

CHET (CONT'D)

Damn.

He looks around suspiciously.

STEFF

He's not here.

Chet's not so sure.

STEFF (CONT'D)

You hungry?

Chet holds the door open.

STEFF (CONT'D)

Damn!

She walks inside.

**INT. KORNY'\$ KORN-DAWG\$ AND FI\$H-\$TIX FAST FOOD RESTAURANT -
CONTINUOUS**

Chet and Steff stand at the counter staring at the menu.

STEFF

Can I get a Korny Korn Kalediescope
Kit?

The CLERK, a large woman in her 20s, taps on a tablet.

CLERK

You want Hammy Ham\$ter'\$
Hu\$hpu\$ppie\$ with that? Or
\$lithering \$ammy \$nake'\$ Hot Tot\$?

She smiles.

STEFF

Mmm... definitely tots.

The Clerk taps the order.

CLERK

What flavor drink?

STEFF

Kickin' Kolada Kooler. Tween size.

The Clerk looks to Chet.

CLERK

And what can I get you sir? Would
you like to try a Fi\$h \$tick Family
Fun meal?

CHET

How many does it serve?

The Clerk sighs and reaches under the counter for a laminated
piece of paper. She struggles to read it.

CHET (CONT'D)

Uh... Up to 15... depending on your
appetite. Do you have a husky size
appetite?

Chet stares at her.

CHET (CONT'D)

Sure. Let's do it.

Steff swats him on the shoulder.

CHET (CONT'D)

Tots. And a diet Fi\$hy Frappe
Float. Gargantuan size.

The Clerk types.

CLERK
Cash, debit or credit?

CHET
I... uh...

Steff pulls her wallet out.

STEFF
You get the next one.

Chet blushes.

CLERK
What's your name?

It takes Steff a couple of seconds to get her card out.

CHET
Uh... Chet?

The Clerk taps his name on her tablet.

**INT. KORNY'\$ KORN-DAWG\$ AND FISH-\$TIX FAST FOOD RESTAURANT -
MOMENTS LATER**

Chet and Steff stand at the counter waiting for their order.
Jacques arrives outside and he makes eye contact with Steff.

STEFF
He's here.

She taps Chet's arm and he looks outside.

Jacques nods at them.

Steff nods back. Chet waves awkwardly.

The Clerk brings a bag and two drinks to the counter. She speaks into the microphone slowly and deliberately.

CASHIER
Uhhh... Chit? Is it Chit?

Chet looks around the restaurant. They are the only customers.

The cashier looks at them, but they don't speak.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Do I have a... Chit?

She waits.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Number 37?

Chet looks around again.

CHET
Really?

Steff grabs the bag and one of the drinks.

STEFF
That's us.

The cashier smiles.

Chet grabs the other drink and follows Steff outside.

**EXT. KORNY'S KORN-DAWG\$ AND FISH-\$TIX FAST FOOD RESTAURANT -
CONTINUOUS**

Steff and Chet approach Jacques. Chet nervously sips his drink.

STEFF
You James?

CHET
St. John Smythe?

Jacques evaluates them.

JACQUES
Yes, those are names I use.

Steff and Chet exchange a look.

CHET
Can you tell us...

JACQUES
Where is it?

STEFF
Where's what?

Jacques pulls out a cigarette and lights it with a Zippo.

JACQUES
He knows what I'm talking about.

Steff looks to Chet.

CHET

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Jacques exhales a smoke ring.

JACQUES

You are a bad liar...

CHET

Chet.

Jacques chuckles. Somehow it's in French.

JACQUES

You're a bad liar... "Chet."

Beat.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Where is it?

STEFF

Who the hell are you? We should be asking YOU the questions.

Jacques is amused.

JACQUES

I am who you think I am.

He looks toward Chet.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Well... "Chet"?

Chet gets angry.

CHET

Why the hell should I give you anything? You stole my fucking car!

Jacques pauses to drag on the cigarette.

He takes his time exhaling.

JACQUES

It is mine. The fact that I left it behind while under duress changes nothing.

STEFF

What's he talking about? What are you talking about?

JACQUES
Ask your new boyfriend.

STEFF
I...

CHET
Even if I trusted you, which I
definitely don't, I don't have it.

Jacques stands up and moves closer to Chet. He doesn't get close enough to touch him, though.

JACQUES
Tell me! Who has it?

Chet shrugs.

CHET
Not sure. Maybe the cops.

Unseen by all, a modern grey Dodge Charger pulls into the drive-thru.

JACQUES
The local police?

CHET
Then again...

Another Charger creeps up behind them. Another in through a third entrance.

CHET (CONT'D)
I don't know, maybe that biker gang
got it. What was their name, Steff?

STEFF
The Glow Skulls.

CHET
Right, the Glow Skulls. They could
have it, too.

A fourth Charger closes in on the last entrance.

Jacques spots it and carefully sits down. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a card.

JACQUES
Okay, we are in serious trouble.
Here.

He hands the card to Steff.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
Don't look at the card now, put it
away.

She does.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
Good. Don't look around, but we are
surrounded by associates of Mr.
Rimbaldi.

Chet carefully peeks and sees one of the Chargers.

CHET
Fuck! Same guys that tried to kill
me last night.

JACQUES
Listen quickly. They have the drop
on us. I'll figure out a way to get
you free. Visit the woman on the
card. She will help you if
something happens to me.

MICKEY (O.S.)
Jacques. Mr. Rimbaldi would like to
speak to you. And your friends.

Chet and Steff are puzzled.

STEFF
Jacques?

JACQUES
I clearly communicated to you that
I use more than one alias.

Chet nods.

MICKEY
Come with us peacefully. We
wouldn't want to get the nice Fi\$h
\$tick employees hurt, would we?

A dozen goons have emerged from the cars. They all are armed.

JACQUES
I certainly share an aversion to
civilian deaths, which extends to
my two friends here.

MICKEY
Nah, that ain't what Rimbaldi said.
He said all three.

The goons move in and make them stand up.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 Besides, you clearly don't have it
 with you and nothing's going to
 stop Rimbaldi from getting it.

They stare at him.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 I'm not hurting anyone that might
 give him a clue. I'm not trying to
 lose the latest "Goon of the Month"
 award.

Beat.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 What? You get a gift card. I got
 needs, too.

He motions for the goons to carry the trio away.

Mickey follows.

EXT. RIMBALDI'S MANSION - LATER

Three grey Dodge Chargers pull up to Rimbaldi's mansion,
 flanking the van holding Jacques, Steff and Chet.

The mansion is massive. Three stories. Damned near a hotel.

Mickey hops out of one of the Chargers and directs the
 Scarred Goon and the Blonde Goon to take the captives inside.

INT. RIMBALDI'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Jacques, Steff and Chet are brought into a fancy study. They
 are all bound with zip ties.

The room is a fancy library with lots of fancy tomes and
 fancy wood and a fancy wet bar.

Rimbaldi stands at the wet bar drinking Scotch.

He grins.

RIMBALDI
 Jacques, my old friend.

Jacques spits at his feet.

Rimbaldi temporarily loses his smile as he looks at the spit.

He looks back up at Jacques and smiles again.

He pulls out a Glock and shoots Jacques in the arm.

Chet and Steff recoil. Jacques casually puts a hand to the gun wound and pulls it away. He looks at the blood.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
Who are your new friends?

CHET
(helpfully)
I'm Chet.

Steff bumps him. He seems wounded. But not as wounded as Jacques, who now holds his arm to stop the bleeding.

RIMBALDI
(chuckling)
I would ask what kind of name
"Chet" is. If I cared. And you,
young lady?

He gestures the gun towards her.

STEFF
I'm... Steff.

RIMBALDI
Nice to make your acquaintance...
Steff.

JACQUES
Enough of the games, Rimbaldi.

Rimbaldi frowns.

RIMBALDI
Fine. Where is it?

Jacques shrugs.

JACQUES
I do not know. I lost it.

CHET
It's true, he stole my car...

Steff bumps Chet harder this time.

Rimbaldi smiles again.

RIMBALDI
Certainly you know where it is. A
spy of your caliber.

JACQUES
Your guess is as good as mine.

Rimbaldi points the gun at Jacques.

RIMBALDI
Let's talk this out. I know you are
trying to run some psychological
tactic on me.

Jacques can't help but smirk a little.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
You claim not to know where it is.
Yet you're here with these two...

He points the gun at Chet. Chet ducks, but the Blonde Goon
holds him back up.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
You certainly aren't telling the
truth. And you certainly don't care
about these Americans.

He points the gun at Steff. She doesn't react.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
But your friend here gave up the
game.

He points the gun back at Chet. Chet flinches again. The
blonde goon punches him twice in the shoulder.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
So, it seems I believe you,
Jacques.

He points the gun at Jacques.

He pulls the trigger, shooting Jacques in the heart. Jacques
falls to the ground, dead.

Chet tries to flee, but he's held too tightly.

Steff bends and tries to reach for Jacques, but the Scarred
Goon stops her.

Rimbaldi picks up his Scotch.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
Now. You, two. I assume you know
where it is?

Steff shakes her head.

STEFF
I have no idea...

Rimbaldi holds the gun up to his lips and shooshes her.

RIMBALDI
You don't. But he does.

He points the gun at Chet.

Chet doesn't flinch this time.

STEFF
What is he talking about?

CHET
I...

Rimbaldi points the gun at Steff.

CHET (CONT'D)
I don't have it.

RIMBALDI
Clearly.

Chet looks at Steff, then to Rimbaldi.

CHET
The police have it.

Rimbaldi laughs.

He sets the gun on the counter.

RIMBALDI
Then you'll have to go get it.

He gestures towards Mickey.

MICKEY
(to the Goons)
Untie them.

The Blonde Goon and the Scarred Goon cut Steff and Chet's zip
ties, freeing them.

Chet rubs his wrists.

CHET

What?

Rimbaldi pours another Scotch.

RIMBALDI

Go get it. And bring it back.

STEFF

Or?

Rimbaldi chuckles. He gestures towards Mickey.

Mickey pulls out his phone and starts reading.

MICKEY

Midge James. 3742 Quebec Street.
Lonnie James. Same address. Marilyn
James. Same address.

Chet rushes at Rimbaldi as Mickey reads, but the goons hold him back.

CHET

Stop!

He relaxes and they let him loose.

RIMBALDI

Steff... your name was Steff,
right?

She nods.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)

Does Mickey need to list your
family and friends and their
addresses, too?

She nods and looks down at the ground.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)

You have 24 hours. Then Mickey and
his friends here go to work.

Steff grabs him by the arm. He starts to say something, but she pulls him sharply.

They leave.

Rimbaldi and the goons laugh.

Rimbaldi gestures after them.

Mickey, the Blonde Goon and the Scarred Goon nod and follow Chet and Steff.

INT. STEFF'S CAR - LATER

Chet drives. Steff reclines in the passenger seat, resting.

CHET
How the hell do we do this?

Beat.

STEFF
I don't know. I've never done anything like this before.

CHET
Me neither. Obviously.

Beat.

CHET (CONT'D)
Hey, what about that card.

Steff reaches in her pocket and pulls it out. She holds it up where they can both see it.

The card reads simply "Roger." And a phone number, 555-2438.

She hands him the card.

STEFF
Call it.

Chet pulls out his phone and dials. He puts it on speaker.

It rings three times.

Someone picks up, but says nothing.

The line goes dead.

STEFF (CONT'D)
Um... what?

The phone buzzes.

CHET
A text.

He swipes.

CHET (CONT'D)
It's from "Roger."

Steff peaks, but keeps driving.

STEFF
What's it say?

CHET
It's an address.

He switches to GPS.

EXT. STEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steff puts on her signal and does a U-turn.

EXT. A DARK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Steff pulls the car into an empty parking lot near a closed big box store. Several of the parking lot lights are broken, the lot is mostly dark.

Parked in the shadows is a lone vehicle, a food truck. Painted on the side is an anthropomorphic slice of pizza waving happily. The text on the screen reads "Pizza Pthursday" and "Perfectly Pompous Proportions of Pizza!"

Steff pulls into the lot and pauses.

The brake lights on the food truck flash twice.

She looks at Chet.

CHET
Gotta be him.

EXT. A DARK PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Steff parks a few spots away from the pizza truck.

Chet and Steff walk to the back of the truck.

ROGER opens the door. Roger is a blonde woman in her late 20s. She's muscular. She's military. She's smiling.

ROGER
Come in. I've been expecting you.

Chet looks questioningly at Steff.

CHET

How...

ROGER

Inside. Jacques sent you. That's
enough for me.

The step inside the truck.

Roger looks around before shutting the door.

INT. PIZZA PTHURSDAY FOOD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The inside is not a food truck. It's a surveillance vehicle. Several computer screens, high-tech equipment of various types. Messy, lots of wires and gadgets.

It also has all the stuff to display and sell pizza, including a warmer that holds pizzas.

Roger sits across a folding table from Chet and Steff. They all sit in folding chairs. The table is covered by a map of the APD precinct and a few papers with charts and tables and inventories and such.

ROGER

Okay, so that's the plan.
Understand?

Steff nods.

CHET

It all sounds so easy when you lay
it out like that.

Beat.

CHET (CONT'D)

No way it works.

Steff punches him in the arm.

Roger stands up and turns toward the drink cooler. She opens it and pulls out a small grenade-like object.

ROGER

The range on this isn't far. If you
set it off at the desk, you'll
LIKELY take out all the staff in
the front of the building and some
of the prisoners.

She hands them each a pair of earplugs.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Without these, you'll join them.

They each pocket the earplugs.

ROGER (CONT'D)
If anyone is out of range of the
sonic wave, it won't affect them.
And it won't last long.

STEFF
How long?

ROGER
Several minutes at most. And that's
ONLY people at the desk, anyone
further away...

Roger turns and opens a drawer on the other side of the room.
She pulls out a clear credit card-shaped piece of plastic.

ROGER (CONT'D)
This will get you past the door.
Don't lose it. The tech is
proprietary. Break it and trash it
after you leave.

Steff takes the sonic grenade and hands the plastic card to
Chet.

Roger reaches down and pulls a toolbox close to her. She opens
it up and pulls out a small phone-sized device.

ROGER (CONT'D)
This is a... well... it can detect
certain... isotopes.

Steff and Chet exchange a look.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Nothing... too... dangerous. Don't
worry. It'll help you find... what
you're looking for.

Chet takes it and looks at it. The homing device has a
digital screen that pulses a wave every few seconds.

The pizza warmer registers on the meter. Nothing else in the
truck does.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Last. And most importantly...

Steff and Chet exchange a grim look.

ROGER (CONT'D)
You'll need this.

She steps to the pizza warmer and opens it.

It's filled with pizza boxes.

She pulls one of the pizza boxes out and sets it on the table.

At the bottom of the warmer is a small metal box that no one seems to notice.

Roger turns the pizza box around to face Chet and Steff and opens it very ceremoniously.

It's pizza. Pepperoni.

ROGER (CONT'D)
You'll need your energy.

She grabs a slice and smiles before she takes a bite.

INT. STEFF'S CAR - LATER

Steff drives. Chet fiddles with the radio. Trying to find something to listen to.

He doesn't like anything and turns it off.

CHET
Is this plan going to work?

She holds up the fancy grenade.

STEFF
You ever seen anything like this?

CHET
Only on TV. Bond movies.

She puts the grenade away.

STEFF
Bond? Who's that?

Chet stares at her.

CHET
Are you serious? Like you've...

She gives him a withering look.

CHET (CONT'D)
Oh... I was about to say.

STEFF
Seriously?

Chet shrugs. He's fiddling with the homing device.

CHET
See, that's what I was saying.

She takes the device from him and looks at it.

STEFF
You ever been IN a Bond movie
before?

Chet chuckles.

CHET
Only on a Nintendo.

STEFF
What's a Nintendo?

She tosses him the device as they laugh.

EXT. APD PRECINCT - LATER

They stand outside the front of the precinct building.

STEFF
Okay, I'll go in first. They won't
even bat an eyelash.

CHET
You sure?

She nods.

STEFF
I guess when it goes off, you'll
see bodies drop like flies.

She pulls out the ear plugs and puts them in.

STEFF (CONT'D)
You'd better, too.

He pulls out his plugs.

CHET
But I'm outside.

STEFF
 Just in case.

She waits for him to do it.

 CHET
 Okay.

He puts them in.

 STEFF
 Here goes nothing.

She walks inside.

INT. APD PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Steff walks up to the front desk. At the desk are a WHITE COP and a BLACK COP. Both are men in their 40s. These aren't supercops.

 STEFF
 Hey guys!

She's enthusiastic. The cops perk up.

 BLACK COP
 Hello, how can we help you?

She gives an exaggerated frown.

 STEFF
 Well...

She's directly in front of the desk now.

 STEFF (CONT'D)
 I need to report something.

The cops exchange a look.

 WHITE COP
 Sure, we can help you.

 BLACK COP
 What seems to be the problem?

She pulls out the grenade.

 STEFF
 Well, I found this thing.

BLACK COP

What is that? A new Rubik's Cube?

The White Cop frowns at him.

BLACK COP (CONT'D)

What? I love a Rubik's Cube.

Steff sets the grenade on the desk.

The White Cop moves closer to look at it.

WHITE COP

What does it do? Have you tried it out?

STEFF

Well, when I push this button...

She pushes a button on the grenade.

A nearly subsonic sound emanates from it. Instantly everyone in the room falls a sleep and slumps to the ground. Except Steff, who is unharmed.

STEFF (CONT'D)

Hmm... It worked.

CHET

That was pretty wicked.

STEFF

It was pretty fucking cool, wasn't it. Let's go.

She pulls out the homing device while he swipes the clear plastic card in the door to the office area.

By the time he opens the door, the device has already picked up a signal.

STEFF (CONT'D)

Looks like it's about three doors down. On the left.

They walk down the hall, passing offices with passed out cops and support staff at various desks, at the water cooler, etc.

They come to the third door. The office belongs to Murray.

Steff tries the door. It's unlocked.

They walk in. No one is there.

The saddle bag is draped over a chair.

They smile.

Chet grabs the bag and they turn and quickly move towards the exit.

As they go, Chet snaps the plastic card in half. He tosses half in the first trash can he sees and stuffs the other half in his pocket.

Steff grabs the grenade from front desk and they head outside.

EXT. APD PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Chet takes the other half of the plastic card and tosses it into a storm drain.

CHET
That was easy.

STEFF
Yeah, too easy. It doesn't...

MURRAY (O.S.)
Not easy enough. Stop right there.

Coming from the parking lot is Murray. She points a Ruger at them.

CHET
Shit.

MURRAY
What EXACTLY do you think you are doing?

STEFF
I'm just his ride. MooVers. Have you seen our...

Murray points the Ruger at her.

MURRAY
Shut up.

She points the Ruger at Chet.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
You. Spill it. Now. Or else.

Chet sighs.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
And no lies. I'm not in the mood.

She keeps the Ruger pointed at him.

CHET
I... Uh. The whole thing started
when I met the real life James
Bond.

Murray raises an eyebrow.

CHET (CONT'D)
No lies.

He appeals to Steff.

STEFF
It's true. I met him, too.

Murray hesitates for a moment.

Then she lowers the Ruger.

MURRAY
Go on.

Chet takes a deep breath and tells her his story.

EXT. APD PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

Murray nods at the saddle bag.

MURRAY
What is it?

CHET
You didn't look?

She shakes her head.

CHET (CONT'D)
You gotta look!

STEFF
What the hell is...

Chet quiets her with a look.

CHET
Seriously. Take a look.

Murray hesitates for a second.

She holsters the Ruger.

She carefully steps closer to Chet.

He holds the bag up to her without letting go.

She opens the flap.

Her eyes grow.

MURRAY

I've never seen anything like it.

CHET

I know, right?

Steff shies away from the bag, refusing to look.

Chet closes the bag.

Murray remains dazed for a few seconds.

CHET (CONT'D)

I've gotta finish this.

Beat.

Murray snaps out of it.

MURRAY

Yeah. I guess you do.

She walks past him towards the precinct.

Before she goes inside, she turns and looks Chet directly in the eyes.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

You have one hour, Chet. And then I'm coming for you. WE'RE coming for you.

She gestures towards the precinct.

Chet looks at her, incredulous.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

You'd better go.

She taps her digital watch.

Chet grabs Steff's hand and they run off.

Murray shakes her head and goes inside.

EXT. STEFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Steff stops her car several blocks from her house. In front of it are parked a dozen Harleys. All are black with various combinations of neon flames and skulls in various dayglo colors.

STEFF

This is bad.

Chet tries to get a closer look, but he's not sure what he's seeing.

CHET

What is it?

She points.

STEFF

See the neon motorcycles?

He nods.

STEFF (CONT'D)

They belong to the Glow Skulls.

Chet shakes his head.

STEFF (CONT'D)

One of the toughest biker gangs in the state.

Chet nods.

CHET

What do they want with you?

STEFF

Bryant? My ex from earlier? He was a member. The Glow Skulls.

CHET

You dated a biker named Bryant?
From a gang called the Glow Skulls?

She chuckles.

STEFF

He went by "Devil Dog."

Beat.

CHET

You have interesting taste in men.

STEFF

I'm into all kinds of things.

Chet stares at her.

At that moment, the bikers rush out of the house and gather around their bikes. They all wear standard-issue biker gear. Lot's of denim, leather, bandannas, etc. They all wear the Glow Skulls vest.

The leader of the gang is GOLLUM. He's a 300-pound, muscle-bound black man, 30. He has all the tattoos.

GOLLUM

When I find the person who did this...

Gollum has two henchmen. KNIVES, a thin white guy in his 20s who carries multiple, um, knives. PAPA SMURF is a tall, thin Black man in his 30s with a long beard.

KNIVES

It had to be the girl, right?

PAPA SMURF

Yeah!

Gollum looks at them with disgust.

GOLLUM

Shut the fuck up. Why would she be shooting from outside her own house? Morons.

He lights up a cigar and starts to puff on it.

GOLLUM (CONT'D)

Now, if I were a piece-of-shit murdering fuckwad, where would I...

KNIVES

Are you sure it wasn't her?

Gollum whirls to face him.

GOLLUM

What the fuck is wrong with you? I thought I told...

KNIVES

Cuz she standing right there.

Everyone looks to where Steff has stopped her car.

CHET

Fuck! They've seen us!

Steff shifts the car into reverse and slams the gas pedal. The Glow Skulls scramble to their Harleys and give chase. Steff spins the car around and shifts, accelerating forward. The first of the Harleys is in pursuit. Others follow. After a block, Steff screeches to a stop. Three police cars are speeding straight at them, sirens and lights blaring. More are in the distance. The Glow Skulls arrive behind them and stop. There are no available side streets. The cops set up a barricade with their cars. They hop out and aim their guns. The Glow Skulls set up a barricade at the other end of the block. They are also armed and ready.

STEFF

We're fucked.

CHET

We've gotta go on foot. Maybe they'll focus on each other? I mean, the Glow Skulls ARE a gang, right?

OFFICER GEORGE, a white man in his early 50s who is definitely getting too damned old for this shit, speaks into a megaphone.

OFFICER GEORGE

This is Officer George of the APD. I'm going to need everyone to step away from their vehicles and put your weapons down. As long as you comply, no one will be harmed.

The Glow Skulls refuse, getting ready, instead, for the coming gun fight.

Steff and Chet slowly get out of the car, hands raised.

More police have arrived. More guns.

OFFICER GEORGE (CONT'D)
Good. Now, slowly, I'm going to
need you to...

Steff and Chet take off running between two nearby houses.

Several cops prepare to shoot.

OFFICER GEORGE (CONT'D)
HOLD YOUR FIRE! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
DON'T SHOOT!

They listen.

OFFICER GEORGE (CONT'D)
For the love of God don't shoot.

Knives steps forward.

KNIVES
Uncle Fred? Is that you?

Officer George whirls around and looks at Knives.

OFFICER GEORGE
Percy?

He relaxes.

OFFICER GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hey, everybody. Stand down. This is
my nephew, Percy.

Both sides relax.

OFFICER GEORGE (CONT'D)
You gave me a real scare there.
What the hell are you up to?

Murray drives up.

KNIVES
You know, the usual?

The both laugh harder than they should.

OFFICER GEORGE
Hey, I'm glad this didn't escalate.
The governor is on a rampage and
ANY gunplay in a residential area
like this would lead to a crackdown
that would make uh...

Murray walks up.

OFFICER GEORGE (CONT'D)
...a lot of people uncomfortable.
Spread the word.

Knives nods.

MURRAY
What's the latest?

Officer George turns to her, annoyed.

OFFICER GEORGE
The suspects are on foot. They
headed that way...

He points in the direction Chet and Steff ran.

OFFICER GEORGE (CONT'D)
...about 45 seconds ago.

He whistles and whirls his finger, looking at the other cops.
Black Cop and White Cop from the station run off to follow
Chet and Steff.

Several others head off in other directions.

The Glow Skulls start the leave as well. Several follow the
cops. Others go off in other directions.

MURRAY
What's with the gangbangers?

OFFICER GEORGE
Nothing important. They were
getting a little... uh...
rambunctious and I gave them a
little warning.

GOLLUM
Thanks for that. We greatly
appreciate it.

He starts backing away.

GOLLUM (CONT'D)
Thank you for your help.

The bikers leave.

Murray stares, incredulously.

Officer George and the other cops head back to their cars.

As they do, a sheriff's car pulls up, Officer George walks over to it. Murray watches as she heads back to her car.

OFFICER GEORGE
Evening, Sheriff Buford.

BUFORD is a white man in his 60s. He does most of his policing from a seated position.

BUFORD
What's the situation?

OFFICER GEORGE
They are on foot. Headed south.

BUFORD
I have some cars coming from that way.

Officer George nods.

OFFICER GEORGE
We'll squeeze them out of the neighborhood. Quietly.

BUFORD
Somebody's up for re-election.

They chuckle.

Officer George walks back towards his car. Buford drives off.

Murray stares from her car.

EXT. BRAVO STREET - CONTINUOUS

Chet and Steff hide behind a row of hedges between two two-story houses.

Chet peeks above the hedge and sees a Sheriff's car parked across the street. He quickly ducks down.

She points in the direction of the car and whispers to Chet.

STEFF
Sheriff. Let's go...

They look up to see Knives and a couple other Glow Skulls.

KNIVES
To be honest, this is a pretty shitty hiding place.

They leap up and run away.

Once they reach the street, a Sheriff's DEPUTY stands before them, carrying a truncheon. He grins and lunges for them.

Knives throws a blade that slices across Chet's arm as the Deputy steps between him and Steff.

Chet runs one way, with the sheriff following him.

Steff runs the other, with the bikers following her.

Chet turns the corner to see two police cars parked in the road. One is Officer George's, the other Murray's.

The two have their weapons drawn and aimed in Chet's direction.

MURRAY

Stop!

Officer George doesn't hesitate and fires a round.

Chet runs off the street and behind a van parked in a driveway.

Officer George tries to shoot at Chet again, but Murray puts her hand on his arm and stops him.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

You are NOT shooting an unarmed man!

Officer George snarls at her and runs toward the van.

When he arrives, Chet is gone.

Murray joins him.

Officer George snarls again and runs back to his car.

OFFICER GEORGE

Fucking useless.

Murray follows warily.

EXT. ROMEO STREET - CONTINUOUS

Walking along, Chet turns onto Romeo Street and comes face to face with 10 men dressed up in matching softball uniforms. These men are the Neighborhood Dads Watch Squad and their shirts proudly proclaim this.

They carry baseball bats and gloves and balls and such. They are dirty and sweaty, having just won a game.

SIMON is the British dad, 40s, light dad bod. Dave is the Mexican-American dad, 40s, medium dad bod. Conklin is the ginger dad, 40s, serious dad bod.

DAVE

I can't believe you struck out in softball. Fucking softball, man!

The whole team laughs.

SIMON

Well, it's not like I played cricket very...

CONKLIN

What's cricket?

Simon is shocked. The others laugh.

Dave looks up to see Chet running in their direction, full-speed.

Chet stops when he makes eye contact with Simon.

SIMON

Hello. What's the hurry?

Chet turns to look behind him.

DAVE

What you running from?

Dave grips his bat more aggressively.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Here. In our neighborhood.

Several other guys are holding their bats in attack-ready mode.

CHET

I... uh... some guys are following me.

SIMON

What kind of guys?

Chet looks back again.

CHET

I don't know.... BAD guys.

Dave steps closer to him.

DAVE
This don't sound right.

He looks around to the other players.

DAVE (CONT'D)
This sound right to you guys?

A few others agree that it doesn't sound right.

SIMON
Where you headed?

Conklin steps forward to get a closer look at Chet.

CHET
I'm just trying...

CONKLIN
Grissom?

Chet perks up.

CONKLIN (CONT'D)
Chet Grissom?

CHET
That's me.

CONKLIN
Chet Grissom who used to play for
the Rangers?

Chet grins.

CHET
Briefly.

Conklin gets super excited. He punches Dave in the shoulder.
Dave relaxes his grip on the bat.

CONKLIN
This dude had the worst debut I've
ever seen in history.

Chet stops smiling. Conklin starts laughing.

CONKLIN (CONT'D)
In his first game ever, he faced
Gerrit Cole. Dude struck out four
times!

DAVE
(laughing)
The Golden Sombrero!

The other players relax and start laughing.

CONKLIN
And then he had two errors. Never
played another game in the bigs.

Everyone is heavily laughing now. Except Chet.

CHET
I mean... I was...

The players start walking home again.

PLAYER #4
I remember that.

PLAYER #5
Me, too.

Dave stops in front of Chet.

DAVE
(still laughing)
Dude, what the hell happened to
you?

CHET
I was injured... I mean... the
doctor never found anything, but I
KNOW...

The laughter grows. The players walk away. Dave catches up.

Chet stands dejected, staring after them.

Conklin stops and runs back to Chet.

CONKLIN
Sorry about all that man. I forgot.

CHET
It's no...

Conklin hands Chet a bat.

CONKLIN
Here.

Chet takes the bat.

CONKLIN (CONT'D)
You know, for the "bad guys."

He makes air quotes.

CHET
Thanks.

Conklin nods and runs to catch up with the team.

DAVE
What the hell'd you do that for?

CONKLIN
I felt sorry for him.

Laughter.

Chet grips the bat tightly and ducks between two one-story houses.

EXT. FOX TROT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Chet runs out of a line of trees that separate two different one-story houses. Before him is a gas station and a small bar. The gas station is permanently closed and boarded up. A single pink lightbulb lights up the outside of the bar. The sign above the door reads "Four Freedoms."

Chet rushes across the parking lot, looking around.

He makes his way to the door. He takes a deep breath and goes inside.

The CAMERA zooms out to show two rows of motorcycles. All are Japanese, but of various brands and models. Absolutely NO Harleys.

INT. KILO FOXTROT BAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside the bar are at least a dozen women. But these aren't just any women, these women are the Four Freedoms Motorcycle Club. But don't be confused, "club" here means "gang." This is a lesbian biker gang sports bar, with décor to match.

As soon as Chet steps inside the room, the music stops and everyone turns to glare at him.

The women are of various races and physical types. They're all over 35.

JETT is the leader. She's at least 50 and could be described as "grizzled."

JETT

I think you're in the wrong place.

He looks up and sees that he is, in fact, in the wrong place.

CHET

I'm sorry, I truly am. I just need to rest for a second.

Jett stands up and takes a few steps towards him.

JETT

Who you running from?

CHET

I'm not...

She nods towards the bar.

CHET (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm running from... oh... some gang members, the cops, an international cartel...

JETT

Gang members? What set?

Chet is puzzled. He doesn't answer.

Jet steps up into his face.

JETT (CONT'D)

What... Gang?

CHET

Oh... uh... the Glow Skulls.

The tension in the room releases. Jett turns and walks towards the bar.

JETT

Those dipshits? Yeah, sure have a seat. Have a beer.

FORD is the bartender. A Black woman about Chet's age or a little older. She hands him a beer.

FORD

(smiling)

You're Chet Grissom, aren't you?

He takes a big gulp of the beer.

FORD (CONT'D)
The baseball player?

CHET
You saw the Cole game, too? I think
he might've been using an emery
board...

FORD
No, no, no. I mean, yeah, I saw
that game. Everybody saw that game.

She rests her hand on his forearm.

FORD (CONT'D)
But, no, I'm talking about that
game in Omaha for USC.

Chet lights up. He's rarely been this happy in his life.

CHET
You saw that game?

She shows him a USC class ring.

FORD
Saw it? Watched every second of
that season. Who doesn't love a
championship?

He takes another sip of the beer.

CHET
Thank you, everybody always talks
about the game against Cole.

FORD
The Golden Sombrero? Yeah, that was
rough. But man, that homer in the
13th.

She shakes her head in wonder.

CHET
Thank you! Finally!

He finishes his beer and she gives him another.

FORD
Hey, could I ask you something?

She grins awkwardly.

CHET
Anything!

FORD
Could I have that bat?

Chet looks at the bat. It means nothing to him. He hands it to her.

CHET
Sure.

She holds up a black Sharpie.

Chet grins as he takes the marker.

EXT. KILO FOXTROT BAR - MOMENTS LATER

With renewed energy, Chet runs away from the Kilo Foxtrot, continuing in the direction he was headed earlier.

INT. KILO FOXTROT BAR - CONTINUOUS

Ford mounts the newly-signed bat on the wall, between a signed Ken Griffey Jr. bat and an autographed picture of RuPaul.

She grins the grin of a fangirl.

EXT. TREE-FILLED BLOCK, KILO STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Chet wanders through a tree-filled block and makes his way into the open to find himself at Optimist Park again. It's empty.

At the far end of the parking lot are three cars, but they can barely be seen with very little available light.

Chet runs across the basketball court towards the playground. He hides behind the pipe he slept in earlier.

All three cars switch on their high beams.

Chet is a deer in the headlights, frozen.

Rimbaldi steps out of the driver's side of the middle car and through the lights, where they can finally see him.

RIMBALDI
Well, well, well. You are as
predictable as I expected.

A dozen goons file out of the Chargers. They're all armed and they point their weapons at Chet.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
I think it's time to end your part
of this story. Give me the bag.

Just then, Steff whips her car into the parking lot. Everyone stops to watch her. Goons point guns her way.

STEFF
Wait... wait... wait...

She runs closer, much to Rimbaldi's amusement.

Just then, the Glow Skulls arrive in a cloud of noisy Harleys.

They disembark and line up in front of their bikes. Guns at the ready.

RIMBALDI
(less amused)
Gentlemen?

GOLLUM
We're only interested in the girl.

Knives nods his head towards Steff.

Sirens blare around the corner as numerous police and sheriffs' cars pull up.

RIMBALDI
Well, this is a right proper party
now, isn't it?

Sheriff Buford walks up with several deputies. Guns ready.

Officer George and Murray approach. Everyone is ready to shoot at a moment's notice.

RIMBALDI (CONT'D)
I assume you're here to arrest
everyone?

Mickey steps up next to him.

SHERIFF BUFORD
Something like that.

Rimbaldi snaps his fingers and even more goons emerge, armed and ready.

RIMBALDI
I don't think that's how this is
going to go.

MICKEY
I do.

Mickey holds a gun to the side of Rimbaldi's head.

RIMBALDI
What the fuck?

Mickey shows his badge.

MICKEY
Agent Caruso. FBI.

OFFICER GEORGE
That's bullshit. Go ahead and kill
all of these...

STEFF
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Steff has a gun held to Officer George's head.

OFFICER GEORGE
Who do you think...?

She pushes the gun further into his head. He shuts his mouth
as instructed.

STEFF
Agent Andrea Davis, CIA.

SHERIFF BUFORD
What the hell jurisdiction does the
CIA have here?

She nods towards Rimbaldi.

STEFF
I'm here for the international
crime lord.

CHET
But...

Gollum steps forward.

GOLLUM
I don't care who any of you fucks
are, we've got enough guns to...

KNIVES

No, you don't.

Knives stands behind Gollum, a knife to the gang leader's throat.

SHERIFF BUFORD

Well who the hell is this one?

KNIVES

Agent Dwight. ATF. I've been tearing these guys down from the inside. This should be more than enough.

GOLLUM

Eat scum, serpent.

Chet is obviously dumbfounded.

MICKEY

Grissom. You can give me the bag.

STEFF

The hell you can. We definitely have jurisdiction.

KNIVES

This is going to have to be worked out in the courts. Until then, let's get these dirtbags detained.

He cuffs Gollum. Others begin to detain various goons and such.

EXT. OPTIMIST PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Various law enforcement officers escort various criminals to various vans and police cars.

Chet paces back and forth, mumbling to himself about the various double-crosses and lies.

Agent Caruso grabs him gently but firmly by the shoulder, snapping him out of it. He's surrounded by everyone. All the various agents and law enforcement officers.

AGENT CARUSO

That was great work, man.

Nods of assent. Steff smiles.

AGENT CARUSO (CONT'D)
You know, we really could use a guy
like you.

Chet looks at him incredulously.

CHET
No. Like fucking no. What are you,
fucking crazy? This was the worst
day of my life. Like fuck all of
you!

Chet is screaming now.

CHET (CONT'D)
Like, seriously. Fuck the CIA!

He points at Steff.

CHET (CONT'D)
Fuck the FBI!

He points at Agent Caruso.

CHET (CONT'D)
Fuck the ATF!

He points at Agent Dwight.

CHET (CONT'D)
Definitely fuck local law
enforcement!

He points at the sheriff.

CHET (CONT'D)
Fuck Sheriff Buford. Fuck all of
his deputies. Fuck his friends.

He points towards Murray.

CHET (CONT'D)
Fuck the police. Fuck the officers.
Fuck the secretaries. Fuck the
clerks.

He turns to walk away.

CHET (CONT'D)
Fuck all of y'all.

He walks away.

They all stare after him in shock.

He turns to look back at the group. He raises a finger as if to say something.

He thinks better of it. He turns and walks away.

FADE OUT.