

# **Bad Therapy**

Written by  
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FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

No bigger than a postage stamp.

A pig sty. Booze bottles, dirty dishes, clothing. Mountain of "past due" bills and losing lottery tickets tossed about. Refrigerator holds a court summons.

A single streak of sunlight paints a white stripe across a sleeping QUINN BAILEY (29).

A digital clock flips to 8:00AM. His alarm clock shatters the silence. Pulls his pillow over his head to escape the noise and sunlight.

EXT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DOOR - DAY

A spectacled elderly man, SHI HONG, pounds on the door repeatedly.

Quinn opens the door, eyes squinting from sunlight. Shi shakes an eviction notice at him.

SHI

You pay now or you go.

QUINN

I get paid on Friday. Can you wait?

SHI

I wait too long already. You pay  
NOW!

Quinn ignores Shi by staring right past him. Shi Frisbee tosses the notice at Quinn, lands at his feet.

SHI

(walking away)

I call cops. You go today.

Quinn picks up the notice, wads it up, throws it toward Shi and slams the door.

Rummages in a couch cushion, comes up with a booze bottle, takes a long swig.

INT. CAR - HYUNDAI - DAY

Quinn stresses out in his finest Wal-Mart suit and tie. Pumps the gas peddle like he's stomping his foot through the floor board, over cranks the key.

QUINN

I can't take this. Start you piece of ever loving crap!

Repeats. The Hyundai sputter to life.

QUINN

Yes!

Slams it into Drive.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Hyundai creeps along, trail of white smoke behind. A signal light, then a turn into a parking lot.

INT. HYUNDAI - DAY

Shuts it off. It sputters and backfires. Quinn releases the cap on a flask and tips it up for a quick swig. Off he goes.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DESK - DAY

Quinn slouches in his chair. Scans lottery tickets. Wads them up, slams them one by one into an overflowing wastebasket.

Buries his face in his hands. Demeans himself. His red face appears to a gorgeous brunette, ASHLEY GREENE (27).

She straddles the corner of his desk.

ASHLEY

Hey, you alright? You look sick or something.

QUINN

Not exactly. No.

A quick peek in a drawer at a nearly full booze bottle.

ASHLEY

Anything I can do to help? Anything.

Examines his empty wallet. Shows it to Ashley.

QUINN

Got a few bucks I could borrow?

ASHLEY

Anything except that Quinn. I'm as broke as you look. Maybe you could ask Mr. Jackson for an advance... Or maybe a raise.

QUINN

That prick. He hates me.

ASHLEY

Yeah I know he hates everyone. What other options do you have.

QUINN

I could rob the bank.

ASHLEY

Don't be silly. Just go see him and plead your case. He may be a prick but he's gotta be a reasonable prick.

QUINN

Buy me a drink if he says no?

ASHLEY

Why don't you just drink that bottle in your drawer.

QUINN

Nah. More fun if you buy. If he says no, you buy?

ASHLEY

Yeah, sure.

He picks up the phone and dials.

INT. BANK - OFFICE - DAY

A typical executives office. Walls and desks decorated in awards, diplomas, certificates, and trophies.

SIDNEY JACKSON, early forties, leans back in his chair, picks up a signed baseball and tosses it up and down.

SIDNEY

Sit... What's on you're mind?

Quinn sits on the edge of his chair, rocks his leg nervously.

QUINN  
I think I've been doing a good job  
these past few months.

SIDNEY  
Really? Tell me why.

Leans back, ticks off items with fingers.

QUINN  
Closed the Taylor loan, Oster loan,  
Maynard loan.

Sidney put the baseball back in the trophy holder and steals  
a long stare at his watch.

SIDNEY  
So are you telling me you deserve a  
raise?

QUINN  
Yes... I think I deserve a raise.

SIDNEY  
You think you deserve a raise?

QUINN  
Yes sir.

SIDNEY  
No.

QUINN  
No?

Sidney opens a drawer, pull out a folder.

SIDNEY  
How many times this month would you  
say you've been late? No wait. How  
many times would you say you just  
didn't bother to even show up for  
work?

Quinn's leg begins to rock nervously again.

QUINN  
Only a few.

SIDNEY  
A few times.  
(opening a folder)  
Try thirteen tardies and three missed  
day.

Quinn shifts nervously. Gathers himself and presents a fakes smile.

QUINN

I can explain. I bought this Hyundai and...

SIDNEY

You slay me Bailey. You're going to actually sit there and make another excuse when you know the rules.

(beat chest)

My rules!

Quinn cowers.

QUINN

Mr. Jackson... If I could just get a break.

Sidney stands, posts both fists on his desk like stilts holding up a cliff side home.

SIDNEY

I really don't give a shit about your problems or you're Hyundai! I don't grant raises to tardy people. People who can't own up to their responsibilities. Now, get the hell out of my office!

Throws the folder at Quinn. Allergies flare. A big loud sneeze. Snot flies across the folder. Quinn smears snot all over the folder.

He stands, loses control of the snot ridden folder, Slaps it against Sidney's family picture on the wall before it slides to the ground.

QUINN

I hope this won't count against me Mr. Jackson. Allergies.

Flings excess snot from his hands. Grabs the door handle.

SIDNEY

(shaking a finger)

One more time Bailey. One more time. And you're done at this bank. Consider that your last warning.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Quinn shuffles back to his desk. Ashley jogs to catch up.

ASHLEY

So... how'd it go?

Wipes the back of his hands on his pants.

QUINN

Oh like I expected. Snot good.

(snickers)

You owe me a drink.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - TABLE - NIGHT

A sea of neon and modern art.

Quinn slams down another shot of tequila, adds the empty to the pile in front of him.

ASHLEY

Maybe you should slow down.

QUINN

Why? Maybe I could drink myself to death. All my troubles would be gone. Washed away. No more greedy landlords, bills I can't pay, lemons for cars, or abrasive bosses.

ASHLEY

Yeah drinking yourself to death would show Jackson. He'd show up at your funeral with a big smile and the last laugh. You would lose. Do you really want to lose or be a man and accept those things you can't change?

Waitress shows with another tequila. Quinn slams it down.

QUINN

Right now, I just want to take a fork and jab it into Jackson's fat turkey neck and see if he bleeds or just oozes gravy.

ASHLEY

You don't mean that. I know you. You have a good heart... and love cats. Anyone who loves cats certainly couldn't hurt anyone.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - FANTASY

Cats everywhere and on everything. Quinn wears an ascot, pets random cats. He sneezes repeatedly.

Tied up on a bed. Sidney tries to wiggle free.

SIDNEY  
Cats. I hate cats.

QUINN  
And they love cat nip.

Quinn rubs cat nip on Sidney face. Cat attack, scratching, meowing, and clawing at his face.

Quinn sneezes.

FANTASY ENDS.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - TABLE - NIGHT

Quinn leans back in a chair.

QUINN  
How much you give me if I balance  
this chair on two legs?

ASHLEY  
Stop it. You're gonna get hurt.

Puts the chair on all fours.

ASHLEY  
I know you. You love cats and cat  
lovers don't hurt people.

QUINN  
Yeah, you're right. Maybe I could  
just rough him up a little.

ASHLEY  
Right now the only person a little  
roughed up is you. Let's get you  
sobered up.

She stands and helps Quinn up. He wobbles.

They push through droves of people.

QUINN  
Where we going?

ASHLEY  
Dancing. Need to get you sobered  
up.

Take his hand. He gets fresh. Nibbles on her neck.

ASHLEY  
What are you doing?

Pulls away.

QUINN  
Don't you like me Ashley?

ASHLEY  
Sure but only as a good friend.

Tries groping her again. She bats his hand away.

ASHLEY  
You're drunk. Knock it off...  
Shheesh Quinn sometimes you act like  
a little boy instead of a man.

QUINN  
Even drunks need a little sugar.  
Come on give Quinny a little sugar.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A slow song. Both intertwined. Quinn's head on her shoulder.

ASHLEY  
If you had a million bucks what do  
you think you'd do with it?

QUINN  
Run far far away.

ASHLEY  
What?

Head off her shoulder, face to face. Serious.

QUINN  
Have a video of two big lips planted  
on my hiney with a smooching sound  
and mail it to Jackson.

ASHLEY  
Oh that's rich. When are you going  
grow up. Comments like that are  
exactly why you and I will never be  
an item. You're a child. You're  
unlucky, reckless and and a drunk.

This dance is over.

QUINN  
Jeez Ashley why don't you just grind  
salt in my open wounds.

Quinn marches out the door, Ashley chases after him to apologize.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Hyundai's lights shine down a lone road. Pokes along. Weaving badly across lanes. Clearly drunk driving.

EXT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - DOOR - NIGHT

Dark. A note taped to the door.

Quinn attempts to unlock the door. Keys don't fit. Drops them on the ground, fishes for them.

QUINN  
Gosh darn it.

A second attempt. No dice. Sees the note, pulls note off the door and reads.

QUINN  
(screaming)  
Hong you weasel money grubbing maggot!

Wads it up and heaves it into the bushes. He's been evicted. Walks away. A change of plans.

He rushes back to the apartment and begins ransacking the flowers and anything he can get his hands on. Frustration.

INT. HYUNDAI - DAY

Sun up. Beams of bright sunlight pierce Quinn's eyes. Winces and grabs his splitting head. Sarcastic laugh.

QUINN  
At least I'm not late to work.

INT. MINI-MART - DAY

A young CLERK (21) lounges legs up watching television.

Quinn travels the aisles, loading up on junk food. Plops the carbohydrates on the counter.

CLERK  
(ringing up junk food)  
You okay? Looks like you had a rough  
night.

QUINN  
Fine.

CLERK  
What?

QUINN  
I said mind your own business.

Clerk surrenders. Both hands up.

CLERK  
Whatever. \$7.52.

Quinn digs in his pockets. Pulls out nothing except a cell  
phone.

QUINN  
Hang on. Wallets in the car.

Heads to the door. Hands on the door handle. Notices...

EXT. MINI-MART - PARKING LOT - DAY

A teenage LONER sits behind the wheel of the Hyundai. Wipes  
his dripping nose across his sleeve. Slams a screwdriver  
into the ignition with a hammer. Eyes darting around. Starts  
the Hyundai in one crank.

Quinn sprints toward his car.

QUINN  
Get outta my car. Get out!

The two meet eyes. Loner shoves it into gear, squeals away.

Quinn picks up a squeegee, give a brief chase, and heaves  
the squeegee end over end at the car. A direct hit.

The car speeds away leaving Quinn screaming at the sun like  
a mad man.

INT. MINI-MART - COUNTER - DAY

Out of air. Quinn huffs and puffs. Clerk looks in the  
direction of the escaped car.

QUINN

Call the cops... That son of a monkey  
just stole my car.

CLERK

Call them yourself. It's none of my  
business remember.

Quinn rifles through things on the counter. Rips open a  
Hostess Zinger, stuffs it in his mouth, snaps sunglasses off  
the display rack, slides them on, dials 911 on his cell phone.

EXT. BANK - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Slides sunglasses careful and neatly into his shirt pocket.  
Irons his shirt with his hands. Wets both hands with spit  
and runs them through his messy hair.

Steals a glimpse of himself in the reflection off the door.  
He's calm, cool, almost in shock. Pulls the door open.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Quinn strolls casually to his desk, eyes darting around  
looking for Jackson. A big clock displays 12:05pm.

Sneezes loud. Everyone stops and looks.

QUINN

Shhh. Shhh.

INT. BANK - DESK - DAY

Quinn shuffles files around. Pulls open his booze bottle  
drawer. Surprise, it's gone. Ashley urgently trots up to  
his desk.

ASHLEY

Where have you been? You're gonna  
get fired.

QUINN

Where's my bottle?

ASHLEY

How should I know. Maybe you drank  
it all and forgot.

Looks again. Nope, it's gone.

QUINN

You know I've had an unbelievably bad night... First you insulted me by calling me a child, then I find out I've been evicted, and my junker of a car was stolen by some punk... So all I want right now is my booze bottle. Where is it!

ASHLEY

Jesus Quinn.

He loses control, clears off his desk in one violent swoop of his arm. Everything. Files, phone, pictures, computer monitor.

QUINN

(across the lobby)

When I find out who's been in my drawers... you'll pay!

BG - Sidney pops out of his office.

SIDNEY

Office now Bailey!

(to Ashley)

You back to your cage!

Pokes an impatient finger toward the teller cage. Ashley high tails it back to the cage.

INT. BANK - OFFICE - DAY

Sidney paces behind his desk, enraged.

SIDNEY

Just who do you think you're screaming at! This is a bank not a bar.

QUINN

Someone stole something of mine.

SIDNEY

What did they steal that could possibly have any value. You don't own anything worth taking.

Quinn tries to sit.

SIDNEY

Don't even think about sitting. You won't be in this office that long.

(MORE)

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Now what did I tell you just yesterday. Huh. What did I say.

QUINN

You...

SIDNEY

I told you specifically not to be late again or what?

Attempts to sit again.

SIDNEY

You really do have a hearing problem. I said don't sit down!

(beat)

I told you that would be your last day at this bank.

QUINN

But Mr. Jackson...

SIDNEY

I don't want to hear anymore of your lame excuses. Be a man an own up to your failures.

QUINN

Please Mr. Jackson. Let me explain?

Sidney pulls out Quinn's booze bottle.

SIDNEY

No more.

(point at the door)

Get out of my bank. You're fired!

Quinn's stares intently at the booze bottle. His teeth clenching and jaw tight.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY - FANTASY

Boxing match. Quinn versus Sidney. EMPLOYEES circle the match like Romans in the Colosseum.

Quinn unloads fists of fury on Sidney's head. Eyes drift back in Sidney's head. It's a knock out.

The crowd erupts in victorious cheer.

FANTASY ENDS.

INT. BANK - OFFICE - DAY

That's the last straw. Quinn explodes in a fit of rage. Dives over the desk at Sidney. It's a fight.

SIDNEY

Get off me you worthless little  
fermented pile of poodle poop!

Quinn pounds Sidney's head against the floor a couple of times.

QUINN

I'm done listening to you Jackson.  
You're an abusive prick. Always  
degrading people. Now you're about  
to see how big a loser I really am.

SIDNEY

Already seen that. Be original and  
show me something new.

QUINN

Will do.

Grabs a trophy gavel from the desk and smacks Sidney in the head. He's out cold.

QUINN

How's that for a new move.

Rummages through Sidney's office closet. Finds duct tape and a leather case. Wraps Sidney up tight. Empties the case.

A knock. Quinn stands ready with the gavel by the door.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Mr. Jackson... Everything alright?

INT. BANK - SIDNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

A body builder SECURITY GUARD pushes his ear against the door.

SECURITY GUARD

Mr. Jackson.

A slow turn of the knob.

INT. SIDNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Quinn cracks the security guard in the head with the gavel. He's annoyed - rubs his head and gathers his marbles.

Another crack in his head. Now he's out like a light.

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

A Brinks man, TAD, stacks bundles of banded hundreds neatly on a shelf.

Quinn sneaks up behind him. Drops the leather case on the floor. Startled, Tad jumps, attempts to spin around, no dice. Quinn falls into Tad, comes up with his gun.

QUINN

Hey, guess what? I got your gun.

Tad's hands reach for the ceiling.

TAD

Now what?

QUINN

Now I bubble wrap you with this tape and load up all that cash. It's my turn to get paid...

(devious smile)

Is it heavy?

Duct tapes Tad's feet and arms.

TAD

No not really, but the sentence for armed robbery is.

QUINN

Oh you gotta mouth on you. Well lets fix that right now.

Quinn loops duct tape around Tad's mouth to shut him up. He slides Tad's gun gingerly back into Tad's holster.

QUINN

There. No more armed robbery.

Quinn packs up the cash. Tad squirms, attempts to break loose.

The deed is done. Quinn dashes out of the vault.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A sea of mid-day pedestrians.

Quinn sprints away with the leather case. He dodges, pushes, and trips people. Ashley chases him, with no intention of actually catching Quinn.

ASHLEY

Quinn stop. Stop. Quinn!

Two cop cars speed toward Quinn, red and blue lights spin, sirens blare.

Quinn bolts off the sidewalk, dives behind a GOODWILL BOX, squeezed into the box.

INT. GOODWILL BOX - DAY

Rummages through clothing. Just Quinn's luck. It's all children's clothing, except...

Noises of a police car stopping. Quinn freezes.

EXT. GOODWILL BOX - CONTINUOUS

A squad car parked, drivers door open.

A heavy set, COP (32), smacks his bobby stick against the box. Pulls the door open to reveal... nothing. Shines a flashlight into the box. Only clothing.

COP

Hmmm.

A second peek. Nothing.

Back to his car.

EXT. FARMERS MARKET - DAY

A busy day. Swarms of SHOPPERS and VENDORS bartering.

Quinn sports a red velvet matadors outfit, avoids kids dashing at him like bulls in a ring. He wields the leather case like a bull fighting cape.

A CHILD bumps into him, knocking the case out of his hand. The case pops open and sets a swarm of hundred dollar bills free.

Everyone fights for the loose money like candy from a pinata. Quinn's cell phone rings. Display says, "Ashley."

QUINN

Hello.

SANCHO (O.S.)

Hello. Is this Quinn?

QUINN

Depends. Who is this? This isn't Ashley.

SANCHO (O.S.)

No. This is detective Acevedo. I'm over here at Desert First.

Kids and Shoppers run away with hundreds. Smiling and cheering.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

A busy crime scene investigation.

Meet two weather beaten special agents, MARTY CRUISE (34) and a sloven SANCHO ACEVEDO (31). Sancho snaps a finger, points toward Sidney Jackson's office.

Ashley stands close, wipes tears with her index finger.

SANCHO

Seems you five fingered a bunch of money that don't belong to you.

(pause)

Bailey you still on the line? You do remember stealing all that money don't you?

QUINN (O.S.)

It's been a really bad day.

SANCHO

I bet.

QUINN (O.S.)

You're gonna tell me I'm in a whole heap of trouble... aren't you?

A loud banging noise from the vault. Sancho holds his hand over the phone, blocking his voice.

Sancho snaps his finger and points at the vault.

SANCHO

Go check it out.

(to Quinn)

Yeah I am telling you that. Now if you don't high tail it back over here with that cash it's gonna become more than just trouble for you, it's gonna become a nightmare.

QUINN (O.S.)

Let me think a minute.

SANCHO

Take you're time.

Sancho stuffs a wad of chewing tobacco into his mouth.

EXT. FARMERS MARKET - DAY

Quinn scans the crowd for cops.

QUINN

Ummm... Nope. I think I'll take my chances.

Sneaks toward a parking lot.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Sancho paces trying to control his temper.

SANCHO

Look Bailey! You get back over here with that cash or I'll hunt you down and grill your thievin' ass with my George Forman grill. I been dying to use it.

Quinn disconnects.

SANCHO

Hey!

Shovels the cell phone to Ashley. Marty notices Sancho's melt down, hurries over.

SANCHO

That little, no good, wanna be criminal!

Sancho grabs a stapler off a desk and fast pitches it across the lobby. A PERSON in the background ducks for cover.

MARTY

You just don't get it do you. You'll never get what you want by rubbing salt in a wound. You gotta have finesse. You gotta get people to like you and trust you. Make em' your friend. Use sugar and see if it doesn't work better for you.

SANCHO

(unholsters his gun)

You think so? I tell you what, all I need to get someones attention is this Glock nine millimeter.

MARTY

Man you gotta settle down or you're gonna blow an artery.

(beat - to Ashley - smiling)

Ms. Greene, you think we might call your friend Quinn one more time?

ASHLEY

You think you'll get a different answer?

Marty shrugs.

MARTY

Probably not.

Sancho lobs a brown streak of chew into a trash can, he misses half the can. Dribbles on his chin. Wipes across his face. Smearing it like a wide smiling clown.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Quinn jogs along the side. Nervous anxiety. Eyes dash around looking for cops. Random cars zoom past.

INT. BANK - OFFICE - DAY

A PARAMEDIC attends to a cut over Sidney's eye. He winces from the pain. The Security Guard sits at a desk, rubbing his head.

Sancho paces with a big wad of chew sticking out of his cheek. Marty lounges in a chair, hands clasped behind his neck.

SANCHO

(chew drips)

So Bailey comes in late to work,  
shows up in your office, and goes  
crazy after you fire him?

SIDNEY

Absolutely. I want that loser to  
pay for this. I want him fried.  
Can you... Will you do that for me?

SANCHO

Like fried chicken.

Ashley joins the party.

ASHLEY

(to Sancho)

I don't think I like you.

(to Sidney)

Or you. Quinn was right you are a  
giant prick. You pushed too far and  
got exactly what you deserve.

Sancho's cell phone rings. He walks out.

SANCHO

What!

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Pulls up a chair.

SANCHO

Hell no!... So turn it off. See if  
I give a rats... Wife don't need to  
be watchin' no more Oprah any way.  
It's corrupting her mind... No, shut  
it off!

A fit of anger, Sancho slams his phone shut. Chew splatters  
off the phone.

INT. BANK - OFFICE - DAY

A PARAMEDIC finishes a bandage on the security guards head,  
they walk out of the room.

Marty and Ashley sit across from each other at a desk.

MARTY

You and Quinn an item?

ASHLEY

No... He's just a friend.

MARTY

Uh huh.

ASHLEY

He's a decent guy. Just had a few bad breaks. Wish his luck weren't so bad.

SIDNEY

Why's that? You secretly sweet on him. Yuck. He's nothing but an irresponsible loser. You can do a whole lot better.

ASHLEY

Hey! He's just unlucky. He needs help not more pain.

SIDNEY

Hell, I don't wanna help him. I wanna see him fry.

Sidney cackles with delight.

ASHLEY

Prick!

Ashley picks up the gavel, slams it down on Sidney hand. He screams in pain. She marches out the door.

INT. BANK - DESK - DAY

Sancho searches through a drawer. Ashley dials her cell phone.

SANCHO

Who you calling?

ASHLEY

Quinn. Gonna tell him to keep running. You're all insane.

Sancho lunges at Ashley's phone, knocks it out of her hand. Both on the floor wrestling for the phone. Marty's sprints to the rescue.

SANCHO

I'm okay. I'm fine.

ASHLEY

You need some psychiatric help.

MARTY

Come on Sancho. Settle down man.

Ashley dials the phone.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SHOULDER - DAY

Quinn rests on an overstuffed bag, in his matador outfit, hitching for a ride.

Everything bothers him. Swats frantically at bugs, one lands in his mouth. Spitting.

QUINN

Son of a monkey. What am I doing?

Resolved to surrender, Quinn jogs across a busy highway to a mini-mart.

INT. MINI-MART - DAY

Quinn wanders the aisles. Arguing with himself. Picks up a wine bottle, inspects the label and price tag.

QUINN

This marked right? \$9.99.

A thin CLERK (20) looks up from his magazine, annoyed.

CLERK

What does the price tag say?

QUINN

\$9.99

CLERK

Then I guess that's the price Matador.

Back to his magazine.

QUINN

Oh, this, no no I'm not a Matador.

CLERK

What, is it Halloween or something?

Outside a newer model car pulls up to the pumps. A tall, clean cut man, RAY LANDING (42), begins pumping gas.

QUINN

How much for the Ding Dongs?

Quinn sees a POLICE CAR pull slowly through the gas station. Clerk looks up from his magazine to answer Quinn, he has vanished.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Numbers on the pump roll forward, gas pumps. Ray pulls out cash from his pocket, counts.

Next pump over. A car pulls up. Out steps a clean cut thirty-something man, HAROLD. He stretches, fills up.

HAROLD  
(sucking in air)  
Hotter than a blonde in a wet tee  
shirt contest out here.

RAY  
Interesting comment about the weather.

HAROLD  
Ain't you hot?

RAY  
Oh sure. Why do you relate heat  
with a woman's bosom?

HAROLD  
Man, I was just kidding. Sorry.

Ray busts out laughing.

RAY  
Gotcha... Oughtta see your face.  
You look like you might cry.

HAROLD  
Or go insane if I keep talking to  
you.

Ray hangs up the gas nozzle, hands Harold a business card.

HAROLD  
Figures. Psychiatrist.

RAY  
Give me a call if you need therapy.

INT. MINI-MART - DAY

The clerk flips on the television news. Ray, shops the junk food aisle. Harold enters.

All three gather at the counter and watch a special bulletin.

On TELEVISION

The anchor, a beautiful REPORTER (24) with long black hair delivers a special bulletin.

REPORTER

Earlier today a daring mid-day robbery at Desert First. Former employee Quinn Bailey attacked two employees and a Brinks driver. He fled with nearly two million dollars.

(picture of Quinn)

Be aware. Police detective Sancho Acevedo states he is armed and dangerous. If you see this man please call 911.

Clerk points at the TV.

CLERK

That dude was just in here. Yeah, that's him. He was wearing this ridiculous red velvet matadors outfit. I knew he was bad news.

RAY

(almost proud)

Sheezus. That matadors a brave one. Probably needs some therapy for his anger.

Harold does a quick scan of the mini-mart with his eyes.

HAROLD

(pulls out a gun)

Wonder if there's a reward?

Scoots to the aisles one by one searching for Quinn.

HAROLD

(to Ray)

Should I give him your card if I find him?

RAY

Try to take him alive so he's billable. It's so hard to bill the dead. They never pay on time.

Hands the clerk a business card.

RAY

Need a good therapist?

CLERK

Really. I think I'll be okay.

RAY

Working here? Hmmm.

Clerk rings up Ray, wads up the business card and tosses it to the ground.

RAY

Call me. You really oughtta keep my card. I can help you break free of this dead end job.

CLERK

\$4.59

Ray flashes the clerk the international sign for call me. Slaps down 4.59, smiles, heads for the door.

FADE OUT:

EXT. STREET - STORE WINDOW - NIGHT

A television.

Quinn watches through the window. A special bulletin plays.

A local gang member, PETE (20), slinks up next to Quinn dressed like a Cockateil bird. He sports swooping bangs like Mike Score of the 80's pop band "Flock of Seagulls" and a bird feather jacket.

Pete pecks at Quinn's shoulder. Quinn ignores him. Pete chirps and spouts out exotic bird noises.

Perturbed. Pete elbows Quinn. Plucks a feather from his shirt and pokes it into Quinn's side.

PETE

Hey! Dummy. Got a buck? Give me a buck.

Quinn shoves him away.

QUINN

Get away from...  
 (looks at Pete)  
 Holy freaking beak. What the monkey are you?

Pete is drawn to the special bulletin. Quinn's picture flashes on the screen.

QUINN  
 (under his breath)  
 Son of a...

Eyes Pete from the corner of his eye.

Pete steps back, Studies Quinn from head to toe. Notices his face. It's a match to the face on TV.

PETE  
 (pointing)  
 You're that dude. Now this's attractive.

Rubs Quinn's matador outfit.

QUINN  
 Oh yeah, like you have room in your nest to be throwing eggs.

Pete rams Quinn up against the window. Yanks at his leather case.

PETE  
 Give it.

QUINN  
 I don't think so.

Quinn jams his foot into Pete's toe. Pete yelps and hobbles on one foot like a bird perched in a cage.

QUINN  
 Better luck next time freak.

Quinn slithers away.

GANG MEMBER  
 Where'd you think you're going?

The race is on. Quinn breaks into an all out sprint. Pete chases favoring his bad toe into...

ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Quinn zips ahead. Pete hobbles behind.

A gaggle of GANG MEMBERS bound out from behind a dumpster, boxes, and carts. All circle around Quinn in bird costumes.

Quinn holds his leather case close to his chest. Keeps an eye on everyone. Pete hobbles to the circle.

The gang leader, WOODY (21), dressed like a rooster, leaps off a second story ledge and into the middle of the circle with Quinn.

WOODY

You lost? Nobody trespasses in our alley unless you're invited. You get an invitation?

QUINN

(pointing)

That freak with the beak was chasing me.

PETE

That's the dude... The bank robber. From the TV Woody.

QUINN

You must be mistaken.

PETE

That's a for sure Woody. That's the guy.

WOODY

(to Quinn)

Let's just see how much seed you got in that case.

Quinn backs away. A gang member shove him back to the middle of the circle.

WOODY

I said open it up. Show me all that seed you snatched.

Beat.

WOODY

Ain't gonna show me. Guess you need a beating. You need a beating?

QUINN

From you?

Gang members go wild. Flailing, chirping, and hostile bird noises.

Woody charges Quinn. Quinn holds out his leather case like a bull fighters cape. Woody misses and lands on the ground.

A few more attempts and misses.

QUINN

Jeez Mister Bird. I Hope I didn't  
ruffle your feathers.

WOODY

(lunging at Quinn)  
Awwwww!

Everyone attacks Quinn. He beats them away with his leather case, escapes the circle. Sprints away. The gang chases.

Running, Quinn drags out fistfuls of money, tosses them into the air.

Like a flock of birds to bread crumbs, gang members fight for the cash.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Parked.

Stepping out of his car, Ray fumbles the key. Keys drop on the ground.

His cell phone rings. Picks up the key, slides it into his pocket, answers the phone. Forgets to lock the car.

RAY

Doctor Landing.

Disappears into a stairwell.

Quinn dashes into the garage. Frantically searches car by car for an unlocked door.

Bingo, Ray's car is unlocked. He's in, slams the door lock down.

GANG MEMBERS from the alley pull at locked door handles. Small chatter and talk. Nothing unlocked, they move on.

He snatches the lock back up, covers up with a blanket.

EXT. POOL SIDE - DAY - DREAM

Water glistens. Perfect bodies dive into a perfect pool.

Quinn lounges in a chaise, sunglasses hiding his eyes from the bright sunlight. Totally relaxed.

Ashley fans him with a giant leaf.

ASHLEY  
Does that feel better?

QUINN  
Perfect... Now this is the life.

She squirts him with a water bottle to keep him cool. Gives him an ice cold glass of lemon aid. He sips, then takes her hand. Peels off his shades and gets serious.

QUINN  
Ashley Louise Greene...

She moves closer, then bumps his chaise, and...

DREAM ENDS.

INT. RAY'S CAR - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

Over a bump.

Under a blanket, quinn wakes, startled.

QUINN  
Will you marry me?... Huh?

The gig is up.

Explodes from under the blanket. Ray is startled. Eye contact in the rear view mirror.

RAY  
Sweet velvet! Where'd you come from.

QUINN  
Please. Shhhh. Shhhh. Be calm. I won't hurt you. You're safe.

RAY  
Safe! How'd you get into my car.  
Get out right now!

Quinn looks outside, trees and brush zoom past.

QUINN  
Uh. We're moving.

RAY  
I don't care. Get out!

Quinn gives up. Opens the door.

RAY  
What are you doing? Shut that door.

Quinn tugs the door closed.

Ray yanks the emergency brake up.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The car screeches to a halt. Two thick rubber marks behind.

INT. RAY'S CAR - BACKSEAT - CONTINUOUS

Quinn collects himself from the floor.

RAY

Are you from the crazy hospital?

QUINN

Not crazy. Maybe going insane. I think I did a really bad thing. I need some help. Can you help me? Please.

RAY

What sort of bad thing did you do?

Ray's eyes pop wide open.

INT. MINI-MART - DAY - FLASHBACK - DAY

Ray's POV

Stands at the counter with the Clerk and Harold. The special bulletin plays. Quinn's picture appears.

CLERK

(slow)

He was wearing this ridiculous red velvet matadors outfit.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. RAY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wide eyed.

RAY

It's you. I know who you are. You're that guy who ripped off that bank.

QUINN

Is there anyone who doesn't know?

RAY

Not if it's been on the TV. I'm sure you're a hot item around town.

Quinn digs into his leather case. Tosses a bundle of hundreds over the seat.

QUINN

Help me get away and there's more where that came from.

RAY

Sorry, I'm not a get away driver.

Tosses two business cards to the back seat.

RAY

I'm a psychiatrist. If you want my help call me and set up an appointment.

EXT. ZOHAR ARMS - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

An old building. Lots of neglect. A light dangles over the front door, wires exposed. It shines off into the distance, away from the door.

Several letters burned out in the ZOHAR ARMS sign. The illuminated letters spell out the word HARM.

Ray Inserts a key into the security door. Quinn tugs at him.

QUINN

Please... Can I come in and sleep on your couch. I just need a break and a safe place to stay tonight.

Begs on his knees.

RAY

Really. I wish I could, but I have rules.

QUINN

Maybe just your hallway. I won't even come in.

Doors open. Stares at Quinn's leather case with longing eyes. A brief pause.

RAY

Like I said, all therapy sessions are by appointment only. Call me tomorrow and I can help you.

Steps inside. Slams the door on Quinn, throws the double lock.

RAY

(through the glass)  
Tomorrow.

Back against the door. Quinn slinks to the concrete, defeated.

A stray cat wanders up and brushes against Quinn. He picks it up, pets it.

QUINN

Hey there. Where'd you come from?

Holds it up, examines the underside. Rubs an itch on his nose, then sneezes.

LATER

Quinn sleeps against the door. The night morphs into early morning daylight.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Junk food bags and candy wrappers everywhere.

Sancho shoves a bad breakfast into his mouth. Marty displays a sick disgusted look on his face.

MARTY

Man. You don't stop eating like that you're sure to pop.

SANCHO

(mouth full)  
Mind your own business. Real men aren't afraid to put a little plaque on their arteries.  
(a fist)  
Plaque makes you rugged, real.

MARTY

Yeah right real dead. What does Maria say about your diet?

SANCHO

Whadda salad eater know anyway? She ain't on my happy list right now anyway. Always nagging and complaining.

Sauce dribble down the corner of his mouth and chin.

MARTY

You better start treating her better or you're gonna wind up without a live-in maid. Maria's all you got man. Think about that.

SANCHO

She ain't gonna...

Grabs his chest. Heart attack? Marty slams on the brakes. Sancho laughs.

MARTY

You're a real true blue jerk.

EXT. ZOHAR ARMS - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Quinn spots the police car as it squeals to a stop. He instantly dives into...

STICKER BUSHES

With the cat, and leather case in hand.

He yelps as the stickers poke into his skin. Squirms, tosses the cat aside, covers his mouth with his free hand to keep from screaming.

Eyes the police car Marty and Sancho drive past. Relief from the cops, not from the bush.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

SANCHO

(belly laugh)

Thank you. Now that's a compliment. It's gonna be a good day.

Grabs the radio.

SANCHO

Let see if it's in our lucky stars today to catch us a Bailey.

Pushes the talk button.

SANCHO  
Dispatch, car...  
(to Marty)  
What car number are we?

MARTY  
Fifty-two

SANCHO  
Dispatch, car fifty-two.

Marty wheels the car around a corner.

INT. RAY'S CAR - BACKSEAT - DAY

Quinn and the cat sleep.

Ray watches from outside. Quietly opens his door and sneaks behind the wheel. Eyes in the rear view mirror at Quinn and the cat. He slams the door hard.

Quinn jumps. The cat meows. Quinn sneezes.

RAY  
This is becoming a habit with you.  
Didn't I tell you to call me today?

QUINN  
You scared the crap out of me. I  
was just dreaming about Ashley.

RAY  
I see that.  
(nods toward the cat)  
Seems to like you. Who's Ashley?

QUINN  
And he doesn't want to hurt me.  
(pets the cat)  
He just needs a little charity and  
he'll be alright. She's the one  
woman who would make all my unlucky  
days lucky.

Ray smiles.

RAY  
Everyone should be lucky and in love.  
I am.

Opens his door.

RAY  
Come on.

QUINN  
Where are we going?

Quinn's door opens.

RAY  
I'm a sucker for people who want to find love. And if you're gonna really find it you won't find it in that ridiculous matador outfit... I have something upstairs that'll fit.

Quinn grabs his leather case and cat.

RAY  
No. The cat stays. I hate cats. I'm... I'm allergic.

Quinn sets the cat free. It runs off.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Ray searches through Quinn's leather case. A light shines under the bathroom floor.

QUINN (O.S.)  
Names Quinn

RAY  
Yeah I heard. Having a name like that alone would send a man to therapy. Let's call you Banker boy.

Beat.

RAY  
Now you know my rates are... three hundred an hour?

QUINN (O.S.)  
Whatever. I've got cash. You do take cash right?

Ray counts through bundles of hundreds.

RAY  
All that I can Banker boy. Now hurry up, I'm late.

Zips up the leather case.

QUINN (O.S.)  
You got a toothbrush?

RAY  
Looks like about two million.

Quinn explodes through the bathroom door, snatches at the leather case. Both have a hold of a handle.

RAY  
Easy.

QUINN  
Never touch my money.

Quinn rips the leather case away from Ray.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

Sparse.

Two folding chairs and two magazines. One old picture on the wall. No windows.

RAY  
Wait here Banker boy I have a fear  
release session before I see you.

Ray locks the entrance door with a key from inside.

QUINN  
What? Fear release, huh?

RAY  
An FRS. Just give me a few minutes  
Banker boy.

Ray pulls out a pill bottle, pops the lid, throws two pills down his throat.

RAY  
I'll come get you when I'm done.  
Just hang tight and don't disappear  
on me. Cops might be right outside  
that door looking for you.

An accepting nod from Quinn. Ray walks through a door, into...

WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An expansive area with many doors, an old desk, and two metal military style locker against one wall.

Ray inserts a key and turns a dead bolt, effectively locking Quinn in the lobby area.

DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Ray slides on some reading glasses, picks up a clip board, reviews notes and scribbles on the paper.

RAY

Night terrors? How long has this been going on?

A skittish woman, KALA (34), sits on the edge of her seat, leg rocking, looks side to side to see if anyone is watching her.

KALA

Forever... They come at night and scramble my brain.

RAY

Can you describe those that come at night?

Kala places both palms against her ears as if stopping splitting headache. Puts up a finger to her lips to shush Ray from talking so loud.

KALA

Lower your voice they can here you.

RAY

(quieter)

Describe those that come for your brain. What do they look like?

KALA

Silly, I can't see them. They're buried deep inside my head... They like to whisper bad things to me in the dark.

Ray taps his pen, stands and walks around behind Kala.

RAY

Do you mind if I listen to them?

Kala presses both hands over her ears.

A beat.

KALA

It's okay. They say you can listen.

Ray opens a broom closet, pokes his head in, looks around, closes the door.

He leans down behind Kala and places his ear to hers, listening.

RAY

Uh huh. Uh huh. Afraid of the dark.  
Uh huh.

Turns in her chair and faces the doctor.

KALA

What did they say doctor?

RAY

They said they are only imaginary trolls who lives deep in your subconscious mind with the goal of tormenting you every time you are in the dark. They say they will never let you be free unless you take action and they know you are to scared to take action on your own.

Ray takes Kala's hand and helps her stand.

KALA

So can you help me? I really need help. I haven't slept in years. If this keeps up I'm going to go crazy.

RAY

Your therapy is quiet easy.  
(leads her to the closet)

You just need to battle these demons to the death. And Kala the best way to do that is to face them head on. Would you like to face your demons and finally rid yourself of them?

KALA

Can I do that? It's that easy?

Ray opens the closet door. Gives Kala a push into the closet and slams the door, locking it.

Kala screams.

KALA

Let me out!

RAY

(tapping on the door)  
You must battle them in the dark.  
Don't be afraid. Be strong.

Ray pulls out a marker and writes DAY 1 on the door.

RAY

Patience my dear. I'll be back later  
to see how the battle with the dark  
is going.

Unlocks the lobby door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ray bounds through the door, like a running back in a football game. Grabs Quinn by his arm and drags him up and out of the chair.

RAY

Lets go. Hop to. Hop to.

Quinn drop his magazine on the table. Heads out the door, arm in arm with Ray and into...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ray speed walks toward his car. Drags Quinn along.

QUINN

Did you hear something... I think I  
heard something.

RAY

It's just you over active imagination  
Banker boy.

At the car.

QUINN

No, I heard screaming.

RAY

Oh her, yes that was my fear release  
patient Kala. She's just in the  
process of confronting her demons.  
Hey don't worry about it, this  
screaming out behavior is quiet  
normal.

(pop the car door)

Hey lets go. We can work on your  
session in the car.

INT. CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Darkness.

Fear. Kala scratches and claws at the door. Tugs on the door handle. Frantic. Screaming and yelling.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY

Both wear sunglasses. Quinn rolls down the window a touch for fresh air, holds onto the roof and window seal with his fingers.

RAY

So Banker boy how do we help you become lucky in love?

QUINN

You know I'm not sure therapy is the right thing for me. Really, I just want to get out of town before I wake up in the slammer. Can you help me with that?

Out of the corner of his eye, Ray eyes Quinn's fingers hanging out the window.

Pushes the automatic window button. Up goes the power window on Quinn's fingers.

Severe pain. Quinn can't speak. Only mouths the word "Down" over and over.

RAY

Why on earth would you want to skip town? Cops will be expecting you to do that. No you want to always keep your enemies close. You stick with me and I will help you become lucky in love.

Acting dumb founded. Ray releases the window. Quinn grabs his hand tenderly. Blows on it like it's on fire. Shakes off the pain.

RAY

I am so sorry Banker boy. Is anything broken?

QUINN

Be careful. I need these. Son of a monkey that stings.

Holds up his smashed fingers.

RAY

Let me apologize by buying you lunch.  
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

I know this wonderful hole in wall  
up town, they have the best food.  
What do you say, deal?

Brief pause - Quinn thinks.

QUINN

Deal.

Ray slaps the steering wheel, excited.

RAY

That's what I wanna hear. Let's  
eat.

INT. DINER - TABLE - DAY

Ray and Quinn finish lunch. A mug of beer in front of Quinn.

RAY

Yep. Been practicing since, well  
been practicing a long time.

QUINN

(swig of beer)

Mmmm.

RAY

I treat all of my patients like they  
are famous. That's just how I conduct  
business. It's the right thing to  
do.

Ray salts his food. Wipe his face with a napkin. Quinn  
stuffs food into his mouth. All eyes and attention on Ray.

RAY

There is one patient who seems to be  
a thorn in my side.

QUINN

Do tell.

RAY

She suffers from the delusion that  
we're in love.

QUINN

Did you ever do anything to cause  
her to believe you're in love with  
her?

Ray's eyes follow MAX PAYNE (33), a bald monster of a man strut through the diner and seat himself.

RAY

You help me, I help you, right?

Beat - Quinn chews.

RAY

Right!

QUINN

Well... Sure. I have nothing to lose. You either help me shake my streak of bad luck or you help me get out of town. Either way, I win, finally.

Ray slaps his napkin down, a big smile.

RAY

Stick with me and I'll turn your life upside down.

QUINN

You mean around?

RAY

(nervous laugh)

Exactly. I'll turn your life around.

QUINN

And how would you do that?

RAY

Depends. What are you most afraid of?

QUINN

Failure... And love.

RAY

Oooh biggies. What about failure scares you?

QUINN

(sarcastic)

Oh I don't know. Um. Winding up homeless on the streets. Rotting in jail.

Ray snatches Quinn's leather case off the table. Unzips.

RAY  
 Or are you afraid of losing something  
 valuable? Like all of this?  
 (sniffs a bundle)  
 Mmmm Mmmm Mmmm, sweet.

Quinn tugs on the case, Ray gains control.

RAY  
 Here's the deal. See that bald  
 monster over there?

Ray points. Quinn looks.

RAY  
 You waltz over there and slap that  
 bald monster upside his melon head  
 and I'll hand this case back over to  
 you.

Imitates how he wants Quinn to deliver a subtle slap.

QUINN  
 That's assault.

RAY  
 Assault or two-million dollars. The  
 choice is yours and it may just help  
 you eliminate the demons inside your  
 head. Those annoying little tyrants  
 that keep you locked away in a fantasy  
 land named failure.

Ray relaxes in his seat, arms stretched out over the booth.

RAY  
 Go ahead. I bet he's a nice guy.  
 Just apologize after and all is good.  
 And you get this back.

Holds up the case.

MAX'S BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn smacks Max upside his head. Harder than intended.

Pissed, Max rockets out of his seat. Quinn retreats toward...

QUINN  
 Sorry. Sorry dude. I thought you  
 were someone else.

Max marches toward Quinn. Balls two fists into fury. Quinn  
 dives into...

QUINN'S BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Quinn cowers in against the wall, arms covering his head.

RAY

(snide grin)

Hang on Banker boy. It's gonna be alright. This is his therapy.

QUINN

Therapy? And how is this gonna benefit me? I'm the one who's gonna need therapy after this.

Max grabs Quinn by his neck. Drags him out of the booth like a rag doll.

MAX

What you need is a dose of Max Payne.

RAY

Max... focus. Use your calming technique.

Ray displays the technique. Index fingers to temples.

QUINN

Really Max, it was an accident. I... He told me...

Max holds Quinn by the shirt, winds up a fist and lands a blow to Quinn's face. He falls into the booth.

RAY

Max. I think we've violated the ground rules of your therapy.

MAX

Therapy, now that's nice. I was thinking more like traction, traction for him.

(to Quinn)

Get up! I ain't done breakin' you in two.

Max grabs Quinn by the belt and drags him to his feet. Another fist winds up for action.

Ray pulls out a business card.

RAY

You know this is going to require more therapy Max. You aren't ready yet.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)  
(hand Max the card)  
Call me tomorrow.

Quinn bleed. Ray collects him and offers a napkin for his nose.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY

Ray speeds down the highway. Unwraps a new air freshener and hangs it.

Quinn nurses his smashed nose, blood. His eyes are swollen and bright pink. He clings onto his leather case.

RAY  
Failure... What I was going say was failure isn't real. It's only a figment of your imagined mind. However, in your case, I stand corrected. You seem attracted to failure... and bad luck.

QUINN  
Slow down. Do you have to speed. And get rid of that air freshener thing. I don't wanna start sneezing.

Ignores Quinn. Quinn sneezes. More pain.

RAY  
Getting you to overcome your fear of failure is going to take some effort. I think what we'll do is use hypnosis on you. I bet that would work. But be prepared, sometimes it doesn't work. We may need to try that and a few other techniques.  
(looks at Quinn)  
You game?

Ray swerves to avoid something in the road. Tosses Quinn's head against the door.

QUINN  
Hey! Pay attention to the road. Just slow down. I'll try anything.

RAY  
Anything?

Quinn wiggles his nose side to side. Tender and painful.

QUINN

Son of a monkey... I think it's broken.

RAY

Focus Banker Boy. Tell me about the love of your imagined life.

QUINN

She thinks I'm a big loser... a child. I try and try to get close, but she keeps shooting me down.

RAY

She may be right. You may be a big loser.

QUINN

You know what... Forget it. I should just go. Pull over.

Ray hits the power door locks. Locked.

RAY

You need to lighten up Banker Boy. Take life a little easier and relax. I was only making a joke... So would you say having what's her name fall in love with you equals success?

QUINN

Ashley. Well... Yeah. If I had her things might be better. I'd definitely be one lucky guy.

Ray glances at his watch.

RAY

Okay. We'll start by hypnotizing you to be an irresistible ladies man. Right now we gotta get back to my office. Got other patients to see.

QUINN

What about my therapy?

RAY

You're a walk in. Walk ins take a back seat to scheduled patients. Not to worry Banker boy, it's almost your turn.

EXT. RAY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A wheel travels down the road. Spinning. And morphs into...

EXT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

A wheel spinning.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sancho hangs up the police radio.

SANCHO

That's our boy Bailey. Let's get em' before he disappears again.

Marty punches the accelerator down. Sancho jams chew between his cheek and gums.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Police car parked. Middle of the lot. Both doors wide open.

Sancho and Marty sneak up to parked cars, guns drawn, searching inside.

A gorgeous waitress, brown hair, MINDY (25) leans against the diner door.

MARTY

You sure you saw him?

MINDY

Oh yeah. It was him. The one from the TV that robbed that bank.

(dreamy smile)

He was so cute.

SANCHO

Dang! He gave us the slip again.

Marty sees something green under a car. Bends and collects a lone hundred dollar bill. A folded paper drops out of Marty's pocket.

Sancho snatches it before Marty can pick it up. Dribbles chew from his mouth. He reads the paper, eyes dash toward Marty as he previews the letter.

MINDY

You boys want anything to eat? Maybe some pie or a cup of coffee.

SANCHO  
What's this Marty.

Marty nervously attempts to hand Sancho the hundred. He ignores Marty.

MARTY  
Come on man. Don't worry about that right now. You can stay at my place until Maria comes to here senses. She'll calm down.

SANCHO  
I'm an abusive pig?!

Kicks a car door. Mindy watches, dashes into the restaurant.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DESK - NIGHT

An open drawer. Dozens of cans of cat food.

Ray makes a careful selection. Studies the can and label like a specimen in a jar.

He selects a pill bottle from his desk. Pops it open and stuffs a small pill into the cat food.

CLOSET DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ray puts an ear to the door, taps slow with an index finger.

KALA (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
Get me out of here! I'm going insane!  
Their starting to eat my brain!

RAY  
Shhhh. You're not ready yet. The darkness still has you trapped.

Ray opens the closet door. Pushes Kala back, tosses the cat food at her. Slams the door, locks it.

RAY  
Eat. You'll need your strength.

Muffled whimpering and crying.

DESK - CONTINUOUS

Rummages through a jacket hanging over his chair. One pocket then the other. Ray comes up with a pack of cigarettes.

RAY

There we go.

His cell phone rings. Digs it out of his pants.

RAY

(smiles)

Hello there my little sugar cube...  
Tonight, highway 45... No, I got  
it... Can't wait to see you... Love  
you...

(blows kisses into  
the phone)

Love you more... No tonight... Bye  
my sweet sugar cube.

Flips the phone shut. Drops it back into his pocket.

Shuffles off toward a door, smacking a pack of cigarettes  
against the palm of his hand.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Quinn paces. Tries to open a door. It's locked.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SIDE ROOM 1 - DAY

Stark - padded.

Chained by one arm to a wall, KELVIN CASH (38), a withered  
man licks his dry lips.

Ray shows Kelvin the pack of cigarettes. Kelvin drools, all  
eyes on the pack.

RAY

Smoke?

Kelvin resists. Looks away. Ray runs the cigarette under  
his nose, sniffing and taunting.

RAY

Are you sure? This smells really  
good.

Ray strikes a match and lights the cigarette. A relaxed  
sigh and long drag and exhale of smoke.

Kelvin reaches out for the cigarette, displaying a train  
track of cigarette burn marks up his forearm.

KELVIN

Please sir. Only a puff. Just a small one.

RAY

You know our deal. Every puff costs you. Don't you want to break your nasty habit?

KELVIN

Tomorrow sir. Tomorrow I'll try harder.

Ray stokes the cherry on the cigarette, lay it against Kelvin's arm. He winces in pain silently, facial expressions like a drug addict getting his fix.

Ray places the cigarette in Kelvin's mouth. Ray leaves Kelvin sucking on the cigarette in haste.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Quinn thumbs through a magazine, not paying attention. Keeps glancing at the door.

Stands, tries the door knob again. Still locked.

A click and the door opens. Ray smiles.

RAY

Not bored are you Banker boy. Only have one more patient, then it's your turn. Here.

Tosses him a soda can.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SINK - NIGHT

Water runs. Ray fills a mop bucket.

Carries it toward a room, waters slosh out onto the floor.

RAY

I hate marriage counseling sessions.

SIDE ROOM 2 - MOMENTS LATER

Stark - padded. Only a desk.

Ray slides on some reading glasses and reads from a clip board. A bucket of water next to the desk.

RAY

You two are beginning to try my  
patience. And I am usually a very  
patient man.

A couple stands facing each other, one hand each chained to  
a wall. This is JOHN PORTER (34) and his wife SARA PORTER  
(34). Both shiver and shake.

RAY

It's time for some gestalt therapy  
to help you two out.

SARA

Wh. What's... that?

JOHN

Hopefully something that keeps your  
mouth shut.

Ray kicks the bucket between the two, it slams into the wall,  
water sloshes on the floor.

RAY

The best way to understand gestalt  
therapy is by tapping into your  
feelings about someone or something.

Ray pushes his chair back, struts over to Sara.

RAY

Sara... How did it make you feel  
just now when your loving husband  
made that comment?

SARA

I hate him. I feel like I want to  
slug him in the face.

Ray smiles, eyeballs John. John swallows hard.

RAY

Well, what are you waiting for dear.  
Take action on your thought. That  
is gestalt and it will make you feel  
better... More empowered.

She slaps John hard across his face. Rage. She unloads a  
battery of cracks to his face. John flails away from Sara's  
abuse, slink to the ground.

Ray steps over and helps him to his feet. Blood from the  
corner of his mouth.

RAY  
John. Does it hurt.

JOHN  
Stings a bit.

RAY  
How did it make you feel when Sara  
was slapping you?

JOHN  
Like I wanted to... Get even.

Ray smiles, eyeballs Sara, and steps back.

RAY  
So get even. That bucket is your  
salvation for peace and quiet.

Ray nods at the bucket. Sara screams.

John pulls her down by the head and plants her face into the  
bucket. Struggling and bubbles.

RAY  
Now not too long John. Give her a  
chance to breath every few seconds.

Rage fills John. He isn't listening.

Ray looks at his watch. He's late.

RAY  
(to himself)  
Shoot. Banker boy.  
(to the couple)  
Well, kids I have another appointment.

Trots off.

Sara breaks free and slugs John. John gains control and  
slams her head back into the bucket.

INT. APARTMENT - TABLE - NIGHT

Dim lighting. A candle burns.

Ray sits across from Quinn. Quinn's eyes are closed.

RAY  
Deep breathes. Deep breathes. Your  
heavy thoughts are lifting. Every  
body part is becoming as light as an  
eagle feather.

Quinn's eyes pop open.

QUINN  
You gotta be kidding me, right?

RAY  
Close your eyes and relax. Trust  
me.

Quinn flashes a "yeah right" look at Ray, then complies.

A beat.

RAY  
Deeper. Deeper. Relax. Let all  
your bad thought float away. Let  
them go... Imagine a perfect scene  
with your perfect lady. What are  
you doing? Tell me now... What are  
you doing?

LIVING ROOM - FANTASY

A grand living room. The fire roars. Wine flows. Ashley  
and Quinn relax face to face on a warm rug. Love eyes.

QUINN (V.O.)  
Snuggling up with Ashley in front of  
a romantic roaring fire. She asks  
me to sing for her.

Quinn stands, grabs a microphone.

QUINN (V.O.)  
I choose a romantic Barry White tune  
and begin sing to her. She is  
motioning for me to dance.

Unbuttons one shirt button. Sexy hip thrusts, like Elvis  
Presley.

QUINN (V.O.)  
She's melting. Really seems to love  
my singing and dance moves.

Ashley is mesmerized by Quinn's romantic mood. Shadows of  
her eyes dance off of her glass of wine.

APARTMENT - TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Ray waves a hand in front of Quinn's face. No reaction.

RAY  
Is this feeling love?

QUINN  
 (smiling)  
 Oh yes. It's hot.

RAY  
 Good. Good. Now, I am going to  
 count to three, then snap my fingers.  
 When you hear that snapping sound  
 you will be locked into that ideal  
 state. The next time you hear me  
 snap my fingers you will be summoned  
 to a moment of singing, dancing, and  
 success in love... Ready. One,  
 two, three.

Snaps a loud finger directly in front of Quinn's face.

His eyes pop open. Looks refreshed.

RAY  
 How do you feel?

QUINN  
 I don't know. Like nothing happened  
 I guess.

RAY  
 Well, lets go have a test Banker  
 Boy. We'll need a safe environment  
 to make sure the hypnosis took.

Ray thinks.

RAY  
 I got it! Let's go.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

Ray's car zooms along with traffic.

QUINN (O.S.)  
 You sure about this hypnosis stuff?

RAY (O.S.)  
 I seen it work before... but  
 sometimes...

QUINN (O.S.)  
 Sometimes what?

RAY (O.S.)  
 Sometimes it backfires.

The car exits an off ramp, signal light blinking.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Saw dust floors and odd lights give this place character.  
Hip music rocks the crowd.

Bumping and grinding on an overcrowded dance floor. A sea  
of others load up on alcohol and mingle, shooting pool and  
throwing darts.

TABLE

Drinks all around. Candles burn on tables.

Quinn people watches, nervous. Ray is calm. He enjoys the  
music and atmosphere, bobs his head with the music.

QUINN

Maybe this isn't such a good idea.

RAY

Oh lighten up. What's the worse  
that can happen. If it doesn't work  
we try a different therapy technique.  
Just relax and enjoy.

Ray hops up. Quinn cling to Ray's arm.

QUINN

Hey don't leave me here. What if  
someone makes a pass at me.

RAY

Consider that a success... Relax I'm  
only going over there to check out  
those two hotties.

Quinn downs a shot of tequila. Ray's off to see TWO HOTTIES  
(24) in denim and revealing blouses.

POOL TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Ashley aims and shoots the eight ball into the corner pocket.

Ashley's dark eyed friend, SAMANTHA KRALL (28), lobs her  
pool cue on the table in defeat.

SAMANTHA

I just can't beat you tonight Ash.

ASHLEY

I am on fire, aren't I.

SAMANTHA

Well, you're on fire at the pool table... but your love life... well there's no raging fire there. Hey what happened with Quinn. Ever find out why he robbed your bank?

Ashley racks the balls.

ASHLEY

One more game?

SAMANTHA

Sure why not get whooped one more time.

ASHLEY

Can I tell you a secret Sam? You gotta swear on your mother's eyes you won't tell.

SAMANTHA

I swear. Tell me.

Samantha chocks up a cue stick. Ashley sets the rack of balls and remove the rack, shoots Samantha a look of doubt.

Samantha crosses her fingers behind her back.

SAMANTHA

I swear. Come on speak.

Ashley chocks up her cue stick.

ASHLEY

When I saw Quinn running out with all that cash, I so wanted to run away with him. He got me so hot...  
(shaking a finger)  
You promised? Not a word.

SAMANTHA

Ash, you been talking about this guy forever. Quinn this and Quinn that. Why didn't you ever hook up with him?

Ashley breaks the balls on the table.

TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Quinn slams a shot of tequila. Sighs heavy. Pulls out his cell phone, checks the time, knocks over a drink. Soaks up the wetness with a napkin.

QUINN'S POV

Ray laughs and chats with the hotties at the DJ booth.

POOL TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Samantha lines up a pool shot.

ASHLEY

He has such bad luck. Seemed very irresponsible.

SAMANTHA

But with a good woman like you Ash he could be molded to be exactly what you want... Removing his problems, then would you go out with him?

Ashley leans on her pool cue, ponders the question.

SAMANTHA

What would it really take Ash?

ASHLEY

He'd have to grow up and become a man... And he'd have to spill truly spill his heart out to me.

SAMANTHA

Even now?

ASHLEY

I guess... But it's too late.

SAMANTHA

Love is never too late.

Samantha dives for Ashley's phone. They tussle. A small crowd watches.

Samantha snags it from Ashley. Dials, fends off Ashley's grabbing hand.

SAMANTHA

Lets just give Quinn a call and ask how he feels about you.

ASHLEY

Hang up.

Grabbing at the phone. Quinn answers. Samantha is surprised.

SAMANTHA  
 Quinn! Where you at.  
 (a finger in her ear)  
 You sound close.

Samantha's eye dart around the tavern, spots Quinn. He's craning his neck to see them.

ASHLEY  
 Give it. Give me the phone Sam.  
 Stop screwing around.

Samantha points. Shocked. Both girls see Quinn at his table.

TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Ashley and Quinn across from each other. Samantha plants her elbows on the table between the two.

SAMANTHA  
 Now or never Quinn. Kiss her. She's secretly got the host for you.

ASHLEY  
 Samantha. Stop it.

QUINN  
 You have the hots for me? Why did you push me away the other night. I really needed you.

Ashley grabs her beer, a long swig. Samantha slaps Ashley playfully.

SAMANTHA  
 Why did you do that Ash?

ASHLEY  
 Quinn, I need a man not a boy. You are still a little boy. You can't even take care of yourself.

QUINN  
 If I had you in my life, I might be able to be a real man. Will you give me another chance to prove myself.

Quinn grabs her hands. Sincerity.

SAMANTHA  
 Oh come on Ash give a boy another chance to become a man.

ASHLEY

I wish I could... but you robbed a bank. How is that going to work?

QUINN

Yes I know. And my guilt is about to get the better of me. The only thing I can do is give the money back.

She pulls her hands away. Samantha puts the their hands back together. Quinn scoots the leather case of money toward Ashley's leg with his foot.

QUINN

Will you give this back to Sydney for me?

SAMANTHA

Come on Ash, give him a break. Help him out. He said he was sorry.

Thinking. Looking deep into Quinn's eyes. Squeezes his hands. She is caving in.

DJ BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A disc jockey dressed in black, with jet black slicked back hair and black rimmed glasses, NICK (23), nods and shakes hands with Ray.

Ray plants two hundreds in his hand. Nick softball tosses a cordless microphone to Ray. He hops up on a table like a ring master at the Barnum and Bailey Circus.

RAY

Ladies and gentlemen. Have I got a surprise for you. Straight from psychiatric therapy a man in need of love in the worst way. Introducing Banker boy.

Nick turns on the disco ball.

TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Quinn pulls his hands from Ashley, stands up and frantically waves off Ray.

QUINN

(yelling)  
No. No. I don't sing.

Ray snaps his fingers into the microphone.

TABLE

Ray tosses the cordless microphone to Quinn. Immediately Quinn snaps into a state of hypnosis. He jumps up on the table.

Ashley and Samantha make a bee line away from the table. Ashley dashes back and grabs the money.

Samantha has her hand over her mouth in shock.

The crowd gathers. Cheering him on. Quinn - lip syncing "I'm too sexy" by Right Said Fred. Gyration and dancing on the table.

A candle swaying and dripping wax on the table.

QUINN

I'm too sexy for my love too sexy  
for my love. Love's going to leave  
me. I'm too sexy for my shirt too  
sexy for my shirt. So sexy it hurts.  
And I'm too sexy for Milan too sexy  
for Milan. New York and Japan. And  
I'm too sexy for your party. Too  
sexy for your party. No way I'm  
disco dancing. I'm a model you know  
what I mean. And I do my little  
turn on the catwalk.

Quinn spins and knocks over the candle. He sets a table cloth on fire. The crowd gasps and moves away from the table.

Ashley has seen enough, she's disgusted. Samantha is getting into the act. Ashley grabs Samantha and drags her toward the door, money in hand.

QUINN

Yeah on the catwalk on the catwalk  
yeah. I do my little turn on the  
catwalk. I'm too sexy for my car  
too sexy for my car. Too sexy by  
far.

Ray snaps a finger into the microphone, ending Quinn's hypnosis. Trouble is coming. Ray and Quinn race for the door.

The MANAGER rushes in with a fire extinguisher and extinguishes the small fire.

INT. RAY'S CAR - NIGHT

Oray slides a hand across the dashboard. Speedometer pegs out at 120 mph. Quinn hangs on for dear life by the "oh shit" bar.

RAY

I just gotta say it. You really are plagued with some bad luck... And your bad luck is becoming my laugh break. You see the managers face when you lit that table on fire. Priceless.

QUINN

Why'd you do that? Didn't you see me picking up on that girl. Ashley! That was Ashley! Now you've completely ruined any chance I had.

Ray's not paying attention. Fumbles with the radio. The car weaves.

QUINN

Watch it! You need a pill or something to calm down. Maybe your own psychiatric evaluation.

Ray opens a pill bottle and swallows two pills.

RAY

We may have discovered you a new career as a singer Banker boy. That wasn't half bad.

More weaving.

QUINN

Road. Eyes on the road psycho.

RAY

(radio fumbling)  
Come on let's find something else for you to sing.

Quinn shuts off the radio, grabs the steering wheel to guide the car straight.

QUINN

Let's forget this therapy stuff. It ain't working. I think I oughtta just turn myself in and be done with all this stuff... just pull over.

Staring at Quinn. Devious smile on his face.

RAY

Ah, we ain't done with your therapy yet.

QUINN

Yeah we're done. I gave Ashley the money. She's gonna give it back to the bank. That's a load of guilt off my mind.

Ray pounds on the steering wheel, disturbed.

RAY

You did what! We had plans for that money Banker Boy!

QUINN

Who is we?

EXT. HIGHWAY - SHOULDER - NIGHT

A beautiful brunette in sun dress, high heels, and sparse makeup hitch hikes carrying a kids book bag. Meet BECKY BLACK (28).

Cars whiz past. She jogs in the direction of Ray's slowing car.

INT. RAY'S CAR - NIGHT

Ray signals and slows to the side of the road. Becky stands at the side of the road, outside.

QUINN

No hitch hikers. You said you were going to drop me at the police station.

RAY

But she looks lonely. And besides, after I drop you off, I'll need new company to keep me occupied.

QUINN

No. Keep driving.

Ray stops, rolls down the automatic window. Becky slinks up to Quinn's window.

CAR DOOR

Becky leans on Quinn's door.

RAY

Hey girl where you heading?

Becky smiles and winks at Ray.

BECKY

I'm going wherever you boys are going.

She waves off into the distance.

BECKY

Jerk boyfriend just dumped me out here in the middle of nowhere.

Ray pinches Quinn in the arm.

RAY

Earth to Banker Boy. Let her in.

QUINN

Not a good idea Ray.

RAY

She looks safe. And I don't think that boyfriend will be back. Especially if he flat out dumped her in the middle of nowhere. I say we give her a hand.

Ray smile, stares at Becky.

RAY

Think he's coming back for you?

Becky eyeballs Quinn.

BECKY

Nah. He's a royal jerk... Does stuff like this all the time. I just hitch my way home then we make up...

(winks)

If you know what I mean.

Becky pops the rear door open and climbs into...

INT. RAY'S CAR - BACKSEAT - CONTINUOUS

Quinn swings his door open, jumps out with his leather case.

QUINN

Well you two have a nice ride, I'm out.

Heads up the road away from Ray and Becky.

RAY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Becky catch each others glance in the rear view mirror. They creep along side of Quinn as he marches away.

BECKY

You said he had a bag of money.  
Where is it?

RAY

He gave it away.

BECKY

You let him give it away!  
(hits Ray)  
Now what are we suppose to do. Run  
away with our good looks!... Speed  
up.

Ray speeds up along side Quinn.

RAY

Banker boy meet Becky, my girlfriend  
and patient.

BECKY

Enough introductions.

Becky aims a .38 at Quinn out her window.

BECKY

Get in this car right now, you...  
you... money giver backer you.

Quinn has no choice, Becky seems off her rocker. He gets into the car.

QUINN

Just great. My life just keeps  
getting better and better. What  
next?

RAY

(to Becky)  
Loose ends?

BECKY

Absolutely. Let's get rid of some  
loose ends.

Grinning ear to ear, Ray stares at Becky through the rear view mirror. She claps joyfully like a five year old.

INT. POLICE STATION - DESK - DAY

Busy.

Marty is engrossed in a file. Sancho stares out the window. Lost in thought. Methodically taps a pencil on the desk.

SANCHO

Man we're so close to catching Bailey.  
(beat)  
Hey, you hear me?

MARTY

Hmmm. Doesn't it bother you at all  
that Maria sent you packing?

SANCHO

Sure it bothers me. I'm torn up  
inside. But we got us a bank robber  
to catch right now... So can we focus  
on this case and I'll deal later  
with Maria.

Closes the file. Pulls out his can of chew, spins the lid, a second thought, begins to heaves it into the trash can. A second thought - stuffs it into his pocket.

MARTY

Yeah sure. Let's review what we got  
so far.

Both analyze the file.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

High noon. Sand.

Quinn on his back, four stakes, hands and feet bound. Ray tightens the last knot. Quinn wiggles and pulls on his restraints.

Childlike, Becky jumps up and down cheering Ray on.

QUINN

You can't leave me out here. Don't  
you do it. I'll... I'll.

Becky blows Quinn a good bye kiss, pulling wildly on his restraints.

BECKY

Arrivederci.

RAY  
(to Becky)  
You still have your pills?

She pulls them out, shakes the bottle.

RAY  
Take any today?

BECKY  
No.

Quinn screams for help.

RAY  
Take your pills Becky.

She pops two. Ray attends back to Quinn. Pulls off his shoes and socks. Stuffs a sock in his mouth.

RAY  
Shhh, Banker Boy.

RAY'S CAR

Ray pushes Becky aside, pops the hood open.

RAY  
We can't go yet. Banker Boy's been  
a tough nut to crack.  
(to Becky)  
Check the trunk for jumper cables.

QUINN  
What for!?

She claps joyfully, dances to the trunk, hops back to Ray with jumper cables.

BECKY  
Shock therapy?

RAY  
Shock therapy.

Quinn finally spits the sock out of his mouth.

QUINN  
Shock therapy? You're gonna kill  
me!

Ray hooks one end of the jumper cables to the car battery. He slices off the other end with a knife. Bare wires.

DESERT - SAND - CONTINUOUS

BECKY

Hey you mister. Be quiet. Shock therapy never killed no one. Not even me.

(twirls in her sundress)

See I'm normal.

QUINN

You're both crazy. Crazy!

Becky grabs the cables.

BECKY

Let me do it. C'mon please.

Ray unpeels the cables from Becky's tight grip.

RAY

Becky, calm down or I'm gonna have to give you a time out. You want a time out?

(beat)

Sit down on that rock and watch.

She sits, arms crossed, pouts. Ray bends down close to Quinn.

RAY

Last chance. Tell me who you gave that money to.

QUINN

(tugging on his restraints)

I gave it back to the bank.

Stuffs the sock into Quinn's mouth. Ray lays the bare wires on Quinn's feet.

ZAP!

Quinn convulses. Ray removes the wires.

RAY

Now, you still not going to say?

Ray pulls the sock out of his mouth.

QUINN

No. No.

Sock back into Quinn's mouth.

BECKY  
 (clapping)  
 Zap him. Zap him again.

RAY  
 (to Becky)  
 Shhh.

Pushes the two wires of bare metal together, a spark.

RAY  
 You better start talking. Tell me!

Quinn shakes his head "no."

Ray stuffs the sock in Quinn's mouth. Bare wire to Quinn's feet again.

ZAP!

Quinn convulses.

RAY  
 Come on Banker Boy, you're not trying very hard.

Staring at the sun. Quinn spits the sock out.

QUINN  
 Let me up now!

Quinn's tone morphs from anger to a sincere pleading.

QUINN  
 Ray... untie me.

RAY  
 (to Becky)  
 I can't make him talk.

Becky's pissed. Rushes over to Quinn and kicks him in his side.

BECKY  
 Where is it! Tell me!... you...

Quinn yells. Ray pulls Becky away, his arm consoling her.

RAY  
 Come on sugar cube. Let's get outta here. The sun will get him.

QUINN  
 It's blazing hot out here. Untie me before I roast!

RAY  
Can't do that Banker Boy. It's been  
fun, later.

Quinn screams.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY

Barreling down the highway. Ray deep in thought. Becky  
looking forlorn.

RAY  
I feel guilty about leaving Banker  
Boy out in the desert like that.  
He's gonna wind up a raisin if he  
don't get out of that sun.

BECKY  
You want to go back?

RAY  
No. But I do feel guilty leaving  
Banker boy out in the desert to fry  
like a raisin. That just isn't right.

Becky socks Ray in the arm.

BECKY  
What about me? You never think about  
me. Always thinking about everyone  
else but me.

RAY  
Martyr is not a good color on you.  
Try some compassion.

Becky pouts, stares out the door window. Brush and beautiful  
desert stream by in her POV. Turns back to Ray.

BECKY  
You're always putting me down. You  
want to hear what I think?

RAY  
As long as it doesn't hurts someone.

BECKY  
No it won't hurt him. It might burn  
him but that's all.

Ray focuses on Becky.

RAY

What are you talking about. We aren't going to burn anyone.

Becky swirls a finger around her head indicating crazy.

BECKY

Hello. Not like burn him with fire. Burn him with the cops. If the cops get him maybe they'll send him to the crazy hospital and we can get him there.

Lights come on in Ray's head. He gets it. Smiles. Dials the cops.

INT. POLICE STATION - DESK - DAY

Marty relaxes in a chair. Eyes closed. Arms behind his head.

Phone rings. Marty jumps. Snaps it out of the cradle. Elbows on the desk.

MARTY

Tucson police. How can I serve and protect you today?

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY

Ray hold a cell phone to his ear. Becky watches Ray.

RAY

You still looking for that bank robber?

Shoots Becky a "seems okay" look.

RAY

Yeah. I do know where he's at... Tied up in the desert... Yes, I said the desert.

INT. POLICE STATION - DESK - DAY

Marty pulls open a drawer, rummages for paper and a pen.

MARTY

Hang on. Hang on. Okay shoot...  
(writing)  
A huh... Old Wiley road... Four or five miles in...

Beat. Drops the pen.

MARTY

And what was your name.

Leans back in his chair.

CLICK - The phone goes dead.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Late afternoon

Quinn squints from the sun. Weak attempt to tug on his restraints. Yelps for help. No voice left.

FADE OUT:

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Sunset.

Quinn and Sancho race down the highway. Red and blue lights spinning.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Quinn wavers and wanders up a dirt road. Sunburned. Delirious. Rambling incoherently to himself.

Sancho and Marty's car slides to a stop in the sand behind Quinn, blue and red lights spinning, no siren. Dust swirls.

Sancho's door flies open, gun drawn.

SANCHO

On the ground Bailey!

Marty step out, calm, assessing the situation.

MARTY

Think you really need that.

Sancho holsters the gun. Both cautiously approach Quinn.

SANCHO

Well well well looky what we got here. We got us a Bailey.

QUINN

Water.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)  
(licks his lips)  
I need water.

MARTY  
Get him some water.

SANCHO  
He don't need no water. Do you  
Bailey?

Pushes him to the ground. Sancho looks under a bush as if hoping to find the missing money case.

SANCHO  
Where's the money Bailey?

MARTY  
Hey, you going to arrest him or let  
him die out here. Read him his  
rights.

SANCHO  
You have the right to remain silent...

Reaching for hand cuffs.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Sancho swings a cell door open with a squeak. Shoves Quinn in. He lands on the cement floor.

SANCHO  
This is the end of line for you.  
Tomorrow, you better be ready to  
start explaining where all that cash  
is. You hear me?

Out the cell door, slamming it shut. Quinn rolls over, eyes to the ceiling, and...

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Sunlight streaks through a barred window.

Quinn still on the ground, staring at the ceiling. Stiff. Sunburned. Pushes at his tight red skin. Sucks short bursts of air with each painful touch.

The door swings open with a squeak. Marty stands over Quinn.

MARTY

Good morning sunshine... Let's take  
a walk.

QUINN

Jeez, I don't know. I'm kinda worn  
out. Tired feet.

MARTY

Too much running?

Marty snickers, Quinn gets up.

QUINN

Hey, half cop half comedian. I think  
I like you.

Marty grabs Quinn by the arm and leads him out of the cell.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hot. Dull decor and drab colors. A single light, with pull  
chain, dangles from the ceiling. Simple furniture. A folding  
table and chairs. On one wall a plaque that reads: CRIME  
DOESN'T PAY hangs crooked.

Sancho and Quinn sit at the table, sweating. A manila folder  
rests under Sancho's clasped hands, stares at Quinn a beat.  
Slides open the folder.

SANCHO

Says here you stole a load a cash  
from Desert First. Nearly two-  
million.

Stuffs a stick of gum in his mouth.

SANCHO

You deaf? Where's them millions  
Bailey?

QUINN

I gave it away.

SANCHO

You gave it away? That's quiet  
charitable of you. Who'd you donate  
it to?

Sancho pulls out a battery operated fan and cools his face.  
Sweat drips off of Quinn's face.

SANCHO

You look hot. Would you like this fan?

QUINN

Water would be great.

Sancho pounds on the door behind him.

SANCHO

(to the door)

Can we get some water in here.

(to Quinn)

Now can we get down to business? I think you're lying. You didn't give the money away, you hid it somewhere. Last chance. I need you to tell me where you stashed all that cash.

QUINN

I'd really love to tell you and have this whole thing behind me, but I didn't stash it anywhere. I gave it away.

Marty opens the door and tosses a water bottle to Quinn. He rips it open and guzzles.

SANCHO

Bailey, my patience is wearing thin. Last time where's the millions?

Squeezes water over his head to cool off.

QUINN

No you're right. I didn't give it away. They stole it.

SANCHO

Who is they?

QUINN

My therapist... and his psychotic lover.

SANCHO

(sarcastic)

Your therapist.

QUINN

And his psychotic lover.

Sancho leaps out of his chair, throwing it against the door. Pounds on the table and throws the file at Quinn.

SANCHO

I don't see anything about a therapist  
in this file!

Quinn squirts water in Sancho's face.

QUINN

Maybe you oughtta cool down.

Sancho loses control. He lunges across the table at Quinn.  
Tackles Quinn, they tumble over the chair and onto the floor.

Marty rushes in, pulls Sancho off Quinn.

MARTY

Come on man, settle down. This is  
what Maria is talking about. Your  
temper. Take some deep breaths.

Sancho takes a deep breath, fixes his hair with his hand,  
and tugs at his wrinkled shirt.

SANCHO

You better believe it Bailey. We're  
gonna get to the bottom of this.  
You hear me!

Slaps him in the head.

Marty pushes Sancho out of the room and settles into the  
chair.

QUINN

He needs some anger management  
classes.

MARTY

You gotta know you're in some serious  
trouble here... Do you know you're  
in trouble?

QUINN

You mean do I know the difference  
between right and wrong?

MARTY

Exactly.

QUINN

I'm unlucky not stupid. Of course I  
understand the difference.

Marty gathers some loose papers on the table and slides them  
back into the folder.

Marty leans back in the chair, flashes Quinn a quizzical look.

MARTY

Okay good. We're making progress. Now, tell me Quinn... where did you hide the money?

QUINN

I left it with someone at a tavern. Then this whack job I was riding with and his girlfriend tried to steal it only it was already gone. Then they hooked me up to a car battery, zapped me silly, and left me for dead in the desert.

MARTY

And why would you just give the money to someone at a tavern? I don't think you'd go to all that trouble robbing the bank only to give away a couple of million bucks. You want to know what I think. I think you know where the cash is and just don't want to tell. Is that the case Quinn? Is it?

Quinn leans forward in his chair.

QUINN

You're not listening. I am telling you two the truth.

MARTY

Well, maybe we'll try this again tomorrow Quinn.

QUINN

Why won't you listen? Where's my lawyer. I want my one call.

Marty gets up. Helps Quinn up by the arm.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - PAY PHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Sancho shoves Quinn into the pay phone.

SANCHO

You got one minute Bailey. Better talk fast.

Quinn composes himself, feels his pockets for coins.

QUINN

Mind if I borrow some change? I'm good for it. You know where to find me.

Marty deposits coins into the phone. Quinn punches the buttons, shoos Sancho and Marty away from his conversation. Ringing.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Hello.

QUINN

Ashley, it's Quinn. Wait please don't hang up. I have something I need to say.

INT. ASHLEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

More plants than furniture. Ashley holds a water bucket.

QUINN (O.S.)

I've been arrested and it looks like I'm going to do some time. Ashley if there is one bright spot in my life it would be my thoughts of you.

Closes her eyes. A tear squeaks out from under her eyelid.

ASHLEY

I wish we could do it over again but we can't. And I can't take a chance on loving someone only to be disappointed. I need stability, a real man and hero.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Quinn hangs his head against the phone. A pained face of regret and tears.

QUINN

I will miss you Ashley and I will be thinking of you everyday...

Quinn sees a wall of pictures. One he recognizes. It is a wanted flyer of Ray and Becky.

ASHLEY

Hello... Quinn.

QUINN

Ashley, do me one last favor and bring that money to the police station.

He hangs up the phone.

INT. ASHLEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ASHLEY

Hello... hello...

She holds the phone out, studies it, perplexed. Listens to an empty dial tone. Slams it onto the cradle.

ASHLEY

And I thought you were serious, but that was just one more of your childish stunts.

She wipes tears away from her cheeks, waters her plants.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn rushes up to the wanted pictures. He pokes at one on the wall.

Marty and Sancho dash over to him.

QUINN

That's them!

Sancho and Marty look at each other, dumb founded.

QUINN

That's the crazy therapist that left me in the desert. That's his psycho girlfriend.

SANCHO

You sure about that?

QUINN

Positive... I'm telling you the truth.

Marty rips the flyer off the wall, hands it to Quinn.

MARTY

What's their names?

QUINN

Ray... Landing, and I think Becky.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

Ray picked her up on the side of the road. Claimed she was his girlfriend.

Quinn hands the flyer back to Marty. Marty stares at the faces.

MARTY

These two are Ray and Becky?

QUINN

That's what I've been saying. Are you two brain surgeons listening. That's them, the two that left me for dead and tried to steal the money from me, only I already gave it to Ashley to return to Sidney at the bank.

Marty hands the flyer to Sancho.

EXT. CAFE - TABLE - DAY

Becky studies a travel brochure, humming. Ray wears dark sunglasses, sips a fruity drink. Both relaxed.

BECKY

Can we run away and go here? It's so pretty.

RAY

Where ever you want to go sugar cube. Right after we get that money from Banker boy.

BECKY

You didn't even look. Look how pretty and green it is.

Attempts to hand it to Ray. He glances, uninterested, then sips his drink, and continues people watching.

BECKY

(Pounding on the table)  
I want to go on vacation.

RAY

We will sugar cube. We will.

BECKY

Right now!

RAY

Not right now. Later.

BECKY

Now or I scream.

Becky is steaming mad. Rips the brochure into pieces, heaves them at Ray. She is going crazy. Pulls at her hair wildly and screams.

RAY

Hey, hey, hey. Get a grip. We're in public.

Ray reaches for her. Becky slaps Ray hard across his face. He captures her hand as she tries a second time.

RAY

Stop it! You want to go back to that hospital? Get locked away in one of them small cages again? We gotta be smart. Running away is not smart. They'll be expecting us to run.

Beat - a calming smile.

RAY

Sugar cube, it's always smarter to keep your enemies close. Hide right under their nose.

Ray pulls out a pill bottle, pops the lid, shakes out three pills and hands them to Becky. Pops a couple of his own.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEFS OFFICE - DAY

Sancho flips the wanted flyer across a trash dump of a desk at a burly heavy set, GEORGE MARQUETTE (50), chief of police.

George studies the flyer. Sancho and Marty stand in front of his messy desk.

SANCHO

Just got a positive I.D. on those two, only...

GEORGE

Only what?

MARTY

Only trouble is the one guy who knows how to find those two is sitting in jail.

GEORGE

So yank him out of his cell and  
squeeze the information out of him.

SANCHO

(punches his fist)

That would be my suggestion. Pressure  
until he breaks.

Marty turns his neck, stares at Sancho.

MARTY

I was thinking... We let him out to  
lead us to those two... Man, we been  
looking high and low for nearly a  
year for them. Whadda ya say?

George stands, paces behind his desk. Sancho unwraps a stick  
of gum, nervous, shoves it into his mouth. Chomping.

GEORGE

Interesting idea.

George picks up a leather case, shows Sancho and Marty.

GEORGE

By the way. A lady named Ashley  
dropped this by earlier. Says Quinn  
was having second thoughts about his  
crime and gave it to her in a tavern  
to give back to the bank.

MARTY

I knew he looked honest. Chief let's  
give him a chance to help us finally  
nab them two.

SANCHO

No, no, no. I won't have any part  
of that plan. This one is slippery.  
Let's follow the procedure and force  
him tell us where they are.

MARTY

(sarcastic)

And truth be told, you have been  
highly effective at forcing people  
to do things.

Sancho lunges at Marty. Marty slide out of the way. Sancho  
hits a wall, pictures fall and glass shatters.

George collects a broken picture from the ground.

GEORGE

What the hell is wrong with you!  
It's time you get some help.

MARTY

(to Sancho)

And I bet Quinn knows where you can  
find a psychiatrist.

GEORGE

Get up and plant it in that chair.  
(to Marty)  
We'll try your plan... and listen  
closely, if you two screw this up  
you're done as cops. You hear me!?

POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Marty pulls the Chief's door closed. Listens.

Through the window, George reprimands Sancho. Muffled and  
intense yelling and screaming. Sancho argues.

In one swoop, George clears off a mountain of papers from  
his desk to make a point.

EXT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Through the bars. Quinn lays on a cot, staring at the  
ceiling.

Marty swings the door open. Quinn sit up.

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Marty drags a metal chair over to Quinn, sits, elbows on  
knees and hands resting under his chin.

MARTY

I got this feeling about you... this  
little voice in my head is saying,  
he ain't dangerous. Maybe unlucky  
but not dangerous. Is that the case?

QUINN

You guys are the ones who said I was  
dangerous... Seems like you want  
something.

MARTY

You are perceptive, aren't you?  
(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

And smart and truthful. Ashley dropped by and left that money you gave her. Just like you told us.

Marty lean forward in his metal chair, getting more personal.

MARTY

That was a good thing you did. And this conversation isn't about the money anymore. It's about getting our hands on Ray and Becky. Those two have been leaving a trail of dead bodies for a long time. Sixteen that we can count.

Quinn swallows. Sick to his stomach. Lies down on his cot.

MARTY

Maybe you're not so unlucky after all. Most of the victims we find are already dead by the time we get to them... So here's the deal. Lead us to Ray and Becky and I promise to help you get a reduced sentence.

QUINN

What if I say no?

MARTY

You're facing at least five years for armed robbery, one to two for resisting arrest, and probably another two to three for attempted arson at that tavern.

(ticking off fingers)

So that's five, seven, ten. Looks like ten years... or you help us and we put in a good word to the judge for you... What do you say?

Marty pushes the chair back against the wall. He opens the jail door to leave.

MARTY

This is a one time deal. If this door closes the deal is off.

Begins to shut the door. Quinn jumps off his cot.

QUINN

I'm in.

Marty smiles and shakes hands with Quinn. It's a deal.

MARTY

Thank you Quinn. You made a good choice. See your luck is changing already.

Out the jail cell they go.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CURB - DAY

Marty puts on a pair of aviator sunglasses.

Sancho opens the rear door for Quinn. Quinn bends to get in. Sancho grabs him by the shoulder.

SANCHO

Bailey, just so you know, I think you oughtta rot in jail... but the Chief and Super Cop over there think taking you with us is a good idea. It ain't. One slip up. One attempt to double cross us, and I'll rip you apart limb by limb.

Quinn breaks free from Sancho, dives into the back seat, and slams the door closed. Fearful.

Sancho raps on the window with a lone knuckle.

SANCHO

You got me Bailey!

MARTY

Sancho!  
(raises his sunglasses)  
Come on man. Get in and lets go.

Sancho's intensity wanes. He grabs his door handle and pops the door open.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Outside the window, a tree lined residential street.

Everyone cranes their necks to see apartment names outside the window. Nothing familiar.

MARTY

See anything Quinn?

QUINN

Jeez, buildings all look the same.

SANCHO

What was the name of the building?

QUINN

I can't remember.

Sancho spins his neck around to see Quinn.

SANCHO

Bailey, my patience is wearing thin  
with you.

(to Marty)

I think he's jerking our chain.

Marty ignores Sancho's impatience, focuses on the buildings  
as they pass by slowly.

MOMENTS LATER

A different neighborhood. This one more run down. Marty,  
Sancho, and Quinn crane their necks to look out the passenger  
windows.

MARTY

Look any more familiar?

Sancho shakes his head in disgust. Digs out a piece of gum,  
unwraps it and stuffs it into his mouth.

SANCHO

This is ridiculous.

Marty glares at Sancho.

MARTY

Man, I had just about enough of your  
abuse. Be patient and be quiet.

SANCHO

I'll shut up when I'm good and ready.

MARTY

I say you're ready now.

Marty slaps Sancho. Sancho leaps at Marty. The two come to  
blows. The car moves on down the street, weaving.

The Zohar Arms building, with the letters HARM illuminated  
comes into view of Quinn. He gasps, points.

QUINN

There... That's it!

Sancho and Marty stop slapping each other and look at the  
building Quinn points at.

Out the corner of Quinn's eye. A disheveled BAG LADY pushes a shopping cart in front of the car.

QUINN

Watch out!

Marty looks. Sancho covers his eyes with his arms crossed over his face.

Marty slams on the brakes. Sancho is heaved against the dash board.

MARTY

Where the heck did she come from?

Sancho winces in pain. His hands are now covering his family jewels.

The Bag Lady shakes her fist at Marty and moves on across the street, arguing with herself.

INT. APARTMENT - STAIRS - DAY

Marty and Quinn lead the way. Marty pulls out his gun. Sancho lags behind. Ginger steps.

MARTY

Which one is it Quinn?

QUINN

Four... four...

SANCHO

(to Quinn)

Hey brainless, four what?

Quinn flashes Sancho a nasty look, squinted eyes.

QUINN

Four... B.

Sancho breaths heavy, unholsters his gun.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In front of door 4B.

Quinn puts his ear to the door. Marty stands ready with his gun. Sancho catches up, breathing heavy, he pushes Quinn to the side.

MARTY

You up for this Sancho? Maybe you should go rest in the car.

SANCHO

I'm ready.

MARTY

If you're ready then. On three...  
One... two...

Quinn taps Marty on the shoulder.

QUINN

Hold on.

SANCHO

Three!

Sancho kicks open the door. A beautiful BLONDE LADY (24) screams in shock and releases a frying pan from her hand.

THUNK!

A direct hit to Sancho's head. He lands on the floor.

QUINN

(to Sancho)

My mistake. Did I say 4B. I meant  
4D.

Marty holsters his gun, collects Sancho, and apologizes to the Lady. She runs off.

MOMENTS LATER

Marty and Sancho stand, guns drawn, in front of 4D. Sancho rubs a welt on his head.

MARTY

Are you absolutely sure this is the  
one?

QUINN

Positive. This is it.

SANCHO

If it ain't, I'm tempted to shoot  
you right here where you stand.

QUINN

Well lucky for me this is the right  
apartment.

MARTY

(to Sancho)

Man you look beat up. Ready, on  
three... One...

Sancho grabs Marty's arm.

SANCHO

Hey maybe we oughtta knock.

Marty shrugs his shoulder. Quinn snakes between them and pounds on the door with a closed fist.

Sancho and Marty ready their guns.

A beat - No answer. Sancho kicks down the door. Nothing.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Quinn follows as Sancho and Marty search, guns ready. They explode into and out of rooms.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sancho grabs a door knob. Nods at Marty. Turns and pushes the door with his hip. The door is locked. Rubs his hip.

SANCHO

I've had just about enough of this.

Sancho steps back, unleashes an angry boot to the door, it comes off the hinges and lands on the floor.

INT. APARTMENT - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An untidy, overstuffed room with piles of papers, used coffee cups, and enough books to make Amazon.com jealous.

Quinn lounges at the desk. Searches through desk drawers, files, and stacks of papers.

Marty pulls books off the shelf, flips through them.

OFFICE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Racks of clothing for men and dresses for women. Sancho pokes through each garment's pockets searching for a clue.

Coffee canisters line the top shelf.

SANCHO

Ah ha.

He reaches for a coffee canister.

OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Digging deep into a drawer. Quinn discovers a large journal. Hefts it onto the desk, dust floats. Reads, flips pages.

QUINN

Hey look. I think I found something.

Marty dashes over to Quinn. Quinn points at the page.

QUINN

Looks like some kind of doctors log.  
It's got names, and numbers.  
(flips pages)  
Must be thousands in here.

MARTY

Sancho, get out here man. Quinn found something.

OFFICE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Sancho rummages through the contents of a coffee canister. He finds a ring, empty wallet, drivers license, credit cards, and a picture.

SANCHO

Couldn't be better than what I found.

MARTY (O.S.)

Bring it out here.

OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn, Sancho, and Marty have all the canisters on the floor opened. Content spread about.

Sancho picks up a drivers license.

SANCHO

Bingo.

Flips it to Marty.

MARTY

Oh man. Looks like this apartment was... Hajari Singh's.

Quinn stands up abruptly. Swallows. Wide eyed revelation.

QUINN

Son of a monkey... He didn't want to help me, he wanted to kill me.

SANCHO

Yep. Just like all these victims. Ray Landing is dangerous and crazy.

MARTY

When his psychiatric treatments failed, he told his supposed patients there was not hope and suicide was their only way out of the drudgery of life.

SANCHO

Little by little he stole their will to live, and now...

Sancho scoops up personal effects from the floor and tosses them into the air, they rain down to the floor like water from a water fountain.

SANCHO

He's still out there looking for other poor people to prey on with his voodoo therapy.

QUINN

We gotta stop him.

Quinn snaps a finger, remembering.

QUINN

The warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Sancho and Marty holster their guns. Quinn wanders away from Sancho and Marty, taking in the expanse of the building.

SANCHO

This don't look like no doctors office.

MARTY

You sure this is the right place Quinn?

Pounding and screaming from the closet. All three run toward the closet.

With caution, Marty turns the knob and opens the door to reveal a hysterical Kala.

Sancho takes her by the arm and leads her to the desk chair, sits her down. Kala hyperventilates.

WAREHOUSE - DESK - CONTINUOUS

MARTY

Shhh. Shhh. It's alright. You're safe. Shhh.

Kala settles down.

KALA

(trembling voice)

He... locked... me... in the... cl  
cl closet.

More noise from another room. Sancho sprints toward the noise.

SIDE ROOM 1 - CONTINUOUS

Kelvin releases a guttural yell and yanks on his chains hard with both arms.

Sancho busts into the room, gun out. Sees a frail Kelvin chained to the wall, rushes over.

Kelvin joneses for a cigarette puff. Fingers to his lips like he's taking a drag.

KELVIN

Please sir. Smoke?

SANCHO

Them things we'll kill you. Try this.

Tosses his chewing tobacco can to Kelvin. He catches with one hand.

Sancho jimmies with the chain. He pounds on it with the butt of his gun. It's locked good.

Sancho notices burns on Kelvin's arm, grabs the arm and turns it over to reveal two solid train tracks of cigarette burns.

KELVIN

Doctor Ray said tough love and pain could cure me of my smoking habit.

SANCHO

He do that to you?

KELVIN

Yes sir.

Still tugging on Kelvin's chains.

SANCHO

Alright, enough. Look away.

Points his gun at the chains and pulls the trigger.

BAM! Freedom.

WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Quinn strokes Kala's hair, calms her down. Marty searches through some metal military cabinets along a wall.

Sancho pulls over a chair and helps a wobbly Kelvin sit down. Kelvin spins the top off the chewing tobacco and stuffs a plug into his mouth.

MARTY

Look at this.

Swings the cabinet doors wide open, stuffed full of pill bottles.

MARTY

There's enough in here to kill a horse.

SANCHO

What are they?

MARTY

(holds up pill bottle)  
Paxil.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY

Ray and Becky travel past police cars parked in front of the Zohar Arms.

BECKY

(socks Ray in the arm)  
See I told you we should take a trip.  
Hanging out here is only gonna get  
us caught.

RAY

Banker boy.

BECKY

Ray are you listening to me. I said  
lets get out of her... Go on vacation!

Ray pounds a fist on the steering wheel.

RAY

How about I send you away and I'll  
join you later after I tie up some  
loose ends?

BECKY

Fine. Whatever. I'm done.

Becky looks out the window, pouting.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Two wooden boxes.

Ray nails a lid on one box. Muffled screaming.

RAY

Where would you like to go dear?

Puts his ear to the box. He's losing it.

RAY

Hey how about Istanbul.

More hammering.

RAY

Oh you're gonna have so much fun on vacation. I'm sorry I'll miss it.

Pops three pills. Grabs his cell phone.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Sancho and Marty search other rooms.

Quinn lingers behind, bending his ear to hear things. A subtle noise from a room as he passes by.

QUINN

Over here. I heard something.

Sancho and Marty dash back, explode into the room.

SIDE ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Sara and John rest in each others arms. She is haggard looking. John's face is bruised. She kisses him softly.

SARA

I think he did it. Doctor Landing helped our marriage.

SANCHO

How's that?

John strokes Sara's hair lovingly.

JOHN  
Gestalt therapy, duh.

SANCHO  
Oh yeah. Gestalt therapy. I should  
have known.

Marty and Sancho pull on the chains, they come out of the wall. Freedom for Sara and John.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray paces around the coffee table, pounds himself in the head with the palm of his hand.

RAY  
Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

A deep breath, calmer.

RAY  
Okay. I can fix this.

Snags his cell phone off the coffee table. Dials. Ringing.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Ringing. Quinn digs out his cell phone, flips it open.

QUINN  
Hello?

RAY (O.S.)  
Banker boy. It's your favorite  
therapist.

Quinn snaps an impatient finger at Sancho to turn off the radio. Sancho complies.

RAY (O.S.)  
I feel really bad about leaving you  
in the desert like that.

QUINN  
You feel bad about hooking me up to  
a car battery too?

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Becky rocks the crate she is in, muffled yelling. Ray kicks the crate.

RAY

Yeah. I feel bad. Anyway, Becky's kind of antsy to get away.

Ray bends and whispers to Becky in the box.

RAY

Soon sugar cube, no more loose ends.

INT. POLICE CAR - BACK SEAT - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn puts his hand over the phone.

QUINN

Now this is what I call a lucky break. I have an idea.

Marty stares at Quinn in the rear view mirror.

QUINN

Ray, you still there?... I got that money back, you still interested?

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray kicks the box, bends.

RAY

(to Becky)

You hear that. Good news sugar cube. Quinn got the money back.

(into the phone)

Meet me tonight at my office.

Click - Ray hangs up the phone.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - POLICE VAN - DAY

Sancho and Marty pull out a box from a police van. They scurry away from the van, toward the corner of the building, box in tow.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The van zooms away. Sancho and Marty disappear around the corner with box.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A security light clicks on.

Quinn bangs on the waiting room door, leather money case in hand. He sneezes.

Ray opens the door, dressed like a waiter. A white towel draped over his arm, a bottle of wine in the other.

RAY

Banker boy. So good to see you again.  
 (holds up a wine bottle)  
 I've selected a wonderful red for  
 us. Come in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ray locks the interior door. Motions for Quinn to sit at an oval dinner table with white table cloth.

RAY

Please have a seat.

Quinn pulls up a chair. Sets the case on the table in front of him.

QUINN

Is this...  
 (sneezes)  
 Jeez, allergies... What you want?

Ray uncorks the wine, pours Quinn a glass.

RAY

First we drink some wine. We'll  
 deal with the money all in good time.

He corks the bottle. Drifts back to his seat and pulls up a chair across from Quinn.

Quinn scans the room, noticing the metal cabinets and closet door.

RAY

Expecting someone?

Muffled noises from under the table. Ray kicks at a box.

RAY

Shut up.

QUINN

What?

Ray digs in his pocket for his pills, pulls out a bottle, shakes it. It's empty.

Quinn pulls out a pill bottle from his pocket, shake it.  
It's full. Ray begins to sweat, wipes his brow.

QUINN

Looking for these? Ray over here,  
are you looking for your crazy pills?

Ray tugs at his collar. He's panicking. Grunting noises.  
Gains control and smiles.

RAY

I don't need those. I've got a  
cabinet full.

QUINN

Or do you?

To the metal cabinet. Opens it up to... an explosion of  
cats jumping and clinging on to Ray. He panics. Flails  
around attempting to get all the cats away from him.

RAY

Cat's! I hate cats.

QUINN

Yes, I know.

Ray bumps the cabinet. If falls over against the table.  
Dishes and things fly everywhere.

Cats are roaming and running around.

Yanks the table cloth off the table, pushes an oval piece of  
plywood off four boxes, picks up a claw hammer.

Quinn runs behind a chair for cover.

RAY

Give me my pills!

Pounds the hammer on a box. The cats have produce a rash of  
hives on Ray's face. He scratches them with the claw hammer.

QUINN

You're insane!

RAY

(calm - smiling)

Let me introduce some dinner guests.

Pounds the claw end of the hammer into a box, makes a hole.

RAY

In box number one, we have Sancho  
Acevedo.

Another hole in box number two.

RAY

Dinner guest number two, Marty  
Cruise... You know how much extra  
time it took me to build two more  
boxes.

(hold out his hand)

Look at these blisters!

Ray pulls at his hair. Losing reality. Quinn scans the  
area for a weapon, notices the wine bottle.

Ray searches through the desk drawer. Nothing.

He taps on Becky's box.

RAY

(calm)

Sugar cube. You have that gun in  
there?

Rustling inside the box, then...

BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM! CLICK, CLICK.

Ray and Quinn dive to safety.

QUINN

Absolutely crazy. You and her, both!

Ray grabs the money case. Unzips. A cat leaps out at Ray's  
face, a scratch.

Grabs a claw hammer and lunges at Quinn.

RAY

Give me the money!

He misses. Falls on the ground. Taps the hammer against  
his temple. Ray is going crazy.

RAY

Sugar cube was right. I should have  
tied up all my loose ends out in the  
desert.

Ray begins crying, pleading.

RAY

Throw me that bottle. I need my  
meds.

Quinn nods "no." Rage again. Ray lunges with the hammer.  
Quinn moves and throws the pill bottle over Ray's head.

QUINN  
Go get them psycho!

Ray dives for the pill bottle. Quinn grabs the wine bottle on the ground, and dives at Ray.

Ray and Quinn roll around wrestling. Ray manages to roll Quinn into the open crate. Swings the door shut.

Ray begins hammering. Ray talks to himself.

Swinging the hammer haphazardly, he smacks his finger with the hammer, pain.

RAY  
You're such an idiot Ray. Stupid  
boy. Stupid, stupid, stupid.

Quinn seizes the chance and explodes from the box, wine bottle swinging.

QUINN  
How about a bottle of red to go with  
your crazy pills.

Connects the bottle to Ray's head. Out cold.

A sigh of relief. Stuffs Ray into the box with a cat.

QUINN  
Nailed ya.

Nails the lid shut.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A white van with the words, SPRINGFIELD ASYLUM.

Two men in white doctors coats, HARRY and HANK, load a wooden crate. Dust themselves off, head for their car doors.

MOMENTS LATER

Two wooden crates in the back of the van. Van hits a bump, the crates bounce, Becky lets out a shrill scream. The cat screeches.

RAY (O.S.)  
Get me out of here! I hate cats!  
Get away. Banker Boy!

The van disappears down a long driveway.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Quinn paces, dressed in a suit and tie. Sancho swings the door open, one arm in a sling.

SANCHO  
It's time Bailey.

QUINN  
You think the judge will go easy on me.

SANCHO  
Hard to say.

Sancho leads Quinn out of the cell.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Sancho pulls up to a high rise stage. A banner in the distance reads: A HERO'S WELCOME.

It's a party. People clap and cheer.

QUINN  
What's going on? This isn't the court house.

The car stops. Sancho shoves the gear shift into park and pops his door open.

EXT. PARK - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sancho opens Quinn's door, a big smile on his face. Helps Quinn out by his hand-cuffed arm.

SANCHO  
Bailey this is your lucky day.

Behind Sancho, a beautiful woman with long flowing brown hair watches. This is MARIA, Sancho's wife.

MARIA  
Mr. Acevedo.

Sancho turns. Quinn looks. Maria strolls over to Sancho, put an arm around his neck.

MARIA  
This is your lucky day.

A kiss and long tight hug.

SANCHO

I miss you Maria. Will you forgive me.

MARIA

You are forgiven Mr. Acevedo. Come home.

Tearful hugs.

Sancho points at the stage. George stands at a microphone.

SANCHO

Their waiting for you Bailey. Get on up there.

Quinn's a bit confused. Approaches the first step cautiously.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Quinn stands hand-cuffed at center stage with George. They face out over a sea of people.

GEORGE

The city of Tucson would like to personally thank you for your heroism in apprehending one of the cities most dangerous criminals.

Marty walks up behind Quinn, unlocks his cuffs. Quinn rings his hands.

GEORGE

Quinn, the governor and the prosecutor have agreed to pardon your crime and ask if you would like to join the force as a detective to help us fight crime?

George holds out his hand to shake with Quinn. Quinn shakes.

QUINN

Thank you. Yes. I accept.

GEORGE

You don't look thrilled.

QUINN

Oh no I am very grateful. It's just that, well... I almost got everything I always wanted.

GEORGE

What is it you didn't get?

QUINN

Love. I didn't get the love of my  
life.

Ashley pops up from among the crowd.

ASHLEY

(yelling)

Quinn Bailey. You absolutely did  
get everything you always wanted.

Ashley runs up an aisle toward Quinn. He runs toward her.  
They embrace in the aisle.

She plants a big kiss on Quinn's lips.

ASHLEY

I finally got my man, my hero. I  
love you Quinn.

Everyone is standing, clapping and cheering.

Another long kiss. A cat brushes against Quinn's leg. He  
picks it up, nuzzles the cat, sneezes.

Ashley and Quinn laugh.

FADE OUT:

THE END