

THE CHERRY VINE

WRITTEN BY
DARREN J SEELEY

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FADE IN:

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hot and muggy, COLIN CHERRY's loose Hawaiian shirt sticks to his sweaty chest. His early 30's may as well be late 100's in terms of street life in his eyes.

The only action going on in this room is the street lights outside and the cheap fan behind him and armchair dated with stains of fast food and expensive sex.

The contents of the briefcase in front of him doesn't excite him anymore than the half-naked woman in the nearby bed, who snores like a suffering pig.

He ruffles through the briefcase, his fingers fan through layers of money.

It's better music to his ears. He brushes aside a few driver's licenses from four different states, his cheesy looking mugshot on them, revealing an object he isn't happy to see.

Pulls out the thirty-eight snub nose, and carefully checks the barrel. Fully loaded.

Glances over to the woman now, lost in dreamland.

SUPER: MIAMI - AUGUST

Gun in hand, Cherry goes to the adjoining bathroom, turns on a light. He proceeds to take a small towel from the rack, and clean the gun of his prints.

Puts the towel and the gun on the counter. Takes a small Dixie cup and fills it with cold water.

The woman is more attractive close up, her bare back glistens with sweat. Cherry slowly pours the water down on her right shoulder to her neck to the back of her head. She wakes up, half hung over.

CHERRY

Is it hot?

WOMAN IN BED
(with a crooked
smile)

As hot as you want it, baby.

CHERRY
The damn gun. Is it hot?

WOMAN IN BED
Let's find out.

CHERRY
Fair enough.

He walks away, she squints, watching him.

WOMAN IN BED
What are you doing?

Cherry comes back, heads around her, over to the table and chair where the briefcase is.

Out of the corner of her eye, the woman watches him with curiosity.

WOMAN IN BED
Oh, that.

CHERRY
I told Jasper. No guns. It's my fault too. I should have told him no airheads either.

WOMAN IN BED
Don't want to play?

Cherry puts the gun with the towel on the table; takes out a small packet of the cash and places it beside the gun.

He closes up the case. Heads towards the door with it.

WOMAN IN BED
Come on, get back in.

Cherry stops in front of the door, looks back to her.

WOMAN IN BED
Thinking about it...thinking it over...

She turns on her side. She's blessed with a rack, with help from some sorry surgeon.

CHERRY

I'll think about it when I'm not sober.

WOMAN IN BED

Don't let it hit you on the way out.

She laughs at him as he leaves.

EXT. RUN DOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

BRIEFCASE in hand, Cherry moves in and out of pools of amber light. His casual walk is quick enough to get away as fast as possible, without drawing attention to himself.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Cherry knocks on the glass door of ZEF'S PAWN SHOP, which sports the name in white neon on the front window.

SAM (O.S.)

(loud enough to hear from within store)

Can't you people read? We're closed.

CHERRY

You can make the time for me, Sam.

SAM (O.S.)

Who the hell is 'me'?

CHERRY

Colin Cherry.

INT. PAWN SHOP. BACKROOM - NIGHT

Cherry checks a forty-five Magnum.

SAM (40's) looks on. He's about as run down as his pawn shop. Behind him, a two-way mirror is revealed.

SAM

Didn't Jasper give you a piece?
He wouldn't jam you up. Not his
thing.

CHERRY

Didn't ask for it.

SAM

How was Brandi?

CHERRY

Didn't ask for her, either. She
got paid.

SAM

Paid? She ain't no whore.

CHERRY

She talks like one. Jasper
around?

SAM

Shit, no. If he was, he'd be
back here with us.

CHERRY

Good. When he passes over heat,
he's passing for a reason.

Cherry puts the gun in the case, hands Sam a small stack of money. Sam thumbs the bills, quickly counting as he talks.

SAM

Not intentionally. Besides, if
you thought it was such a bad
omen, and I'm not saying it
was, but you could have just
taken it, you know, tossed in
the fucking lake, no one would
give a fuck. He wouldn't jam
you up like that. You know him.

CHERRY

That's the problem.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Cherry tosses the briefcase in the back seat of the open top rusty Cadillac. He looks around, surrounding him are the palm trees, various empty cars along the street.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rock and roll pours out of the car radio; Cherry is alone for the moment on the long stretch of road. He passes by a small store with a STATE POLICE CAR in the exit driveway.

Cherry spots him, glances quickly to check his speed. He's cruising at fifty miles an hour.

He eases up on the pedal, lightly taps the brake, brings his speed down to forty-five.

The patrol car pulls out of the lot; and to Cherry's dismay, follows him.

Cherry looks in his rear view mirror. His gaze goes to the cop closing the gap behind him and the case in the backseat.

Cherry slowly turns down the music.

The gun he got from Sam rests on the front passenger seat, holding down a state map. With one hand on the wheel, and without looking in that direction, his right hand reaches over...

Slowly takes the map from under the forty-five.

Places the map on top of the gun...

The siren light flashes behind him. The sudden sight causes his heart to jump a slight bit.

To Cherry's surprise, the police officer speeds up, passes him. Cherry takes a small uneasy breath as the police car zooms off to some other destination.

INT. THE DINGO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A thirtysomething couple, MARY DINGO and ALEX DINGO.
Bound and gagged on the floor. No blindfolds.

Another couple, BREE- a smoking hot mid twenty-ish
playmate type in her lace stockings and YELLOW - a
shirtless piece of six abs beefcake screw on the
couch, Bree on top.

Bree straddles Yellow, feeling up his tanned skin. His
hands caresses her hips, move up.

Bree takes his hand, puts it on her left breast.

YELLOW

Yeah, baby. Oh, so hot.

Mary and Alex watch them, helpless to throw them out.

YELLOW

Work for it! Yeah! That's what
I'm talking about!

Turns his head to face the other couple.

YELLOW

Bubblegum, motherfuckers!

He looks back to the bounty of sex on top of him.

YELLOW

Bubblegum!

SOME TIME LATER

Yellow puts on his pants, buckles up in front of Mary.
Bree puts on her clothes in front of Alex.

YELLOW

Alright. Here's the...

Yellow swats Alex upside the head.

YELLOW

Look at me when I'm fucking
talking to you.

Alex looks to Yellow.

YELLOW

That's more like it.

Yellow shows Alex a money clip.

YELLOW

Nod your head yes or no. Got
any more, yes or no?

Alex nods no.

YELLOW

This is twelve hundred in your
clip. Absolutely sure? Not
holding back on me?

Another no.

YELLOW

Alright. And that's eight
hundred and ten dollars out of
your wife's purse. Now pay
attention. We know who you are,
you don't know us. We know you
live. You know nothing about
us. We understand each other?

The tied up couple nod yes.

YELLOW

I'm a bad ass. Don't you forget
it.

A moment of silence. Then:

YELLOW

We're going now, but if we have
to come back here, ..

Motions with his hands a slit throat.

EXT. GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING

The light from the rising sun glimmers over smooth waters across from the 24 hour gas station.

Cherry takes a few moments to look at its splendor, puts on a pair of sunglasses.

Slightly opens the briefcase, casually puts the gun inside.

Under his arm, today's morning edition of the KEY WEST CITIZEN.

INT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST - MINUTES LATER

Behind his counter, The DESK CLERK (late 20's) taps the computer screen, looking for available rooms and bungalows.

Cherry waits patiently, but eventually winds up leaning closer until his right elbow is completely occupying a small space on the counter.

CLERK

Just on business?

CHERRY

Few days.

INT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. ROOM 116 - DAY

Sunlight pours in through the balcony window. Swank, Art Deco-like style. Seated upright barefoot, cross legged on a Queen size bed,

Cherry glances through part of the newspaper and with a pen makes a check mark next to varied items.

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

SEVERAL PLAIN CLOTHES HOMICIDE DETECTIVES collect various clues as one of them takes digital pictures of the mess before them...

On the bed, Brandi, almost as Cherry left her.

Almost meaning that there are three noticeable exceptions: her face is beaten badly; a bruised belt mark around her neck. The sheets are every which way; she put up a struggle with her last breath.

FRED SANDS (40s) and PAUL CORDIA (30s) flash FBI badges as they approach.

HARRIS (30s) isn't happy to see the badges.

HARRIS

What can Miami-Dade do for the
good old FBI?

FRED

Step aside.

INT. BANK - AFTERNOON

Dressed more like a used car salesman, a seated Cherry glances around at a few security cameras above the bank tellers.

The man across from him passes Cherry a few pamphlets regarding New Accounts. Cherry snaps to attention and brushes through one of them while listening to the well dressed bank executive in front of him.

BANK EXECUTIVE

How much would you like to put
in?

CHERRY

I wish to start it at eight
hundred and seventy dollars.

Cherry hands over eight hundred dollar bills, a fifty,
and two ten dollar bills.

The two men shake hands.

BANK EXECUTIVE

Welcome aboard. Thank you for
opening your account with us.

INT. PAWN SHOP - AFTERNOON

Four guys. One of them, seated in a chair, is Sam with a bloody broken nose and a brow of sweat.

The other three:

QUINT (30's) a short, five-three bald guy with red rose, thorns and death's head tattoos all over both arms. He's got a Desert Eagle handgun tucked away in his BLOOD-STAINED belt.

He watches the street by the glass door, and glances briefly at his silver quartz watch.

BEN (30's) a lean, mean kick your ass kung fu machine. He's got a gold plated twenty-two in his left hand, aimed right on Sam.

JOSS - a big tank of a man in his late 20's who looks like he can walk through brick walls- and his face already has.

Joss walks down one small isle in the pawn shop, his finger taps by a few items on the shelves.

SAM

You can wave that piece around
all you want, I still don't
know where he is.

Quint taps his watch.

QUINT

Thirty seconds.

Joss selects a small sledgehammer. Toys with it, swings it like a kid's baseball bat.

BEN

You got twenty-five seconds to
say something useful.

SAM

Then I'll say 'asshole, go to
hell'.

BEN

Where...alright, fuck you,
too.

Ben grabs Sam's left wrist, slaps it hard on a nearby glass counter, which displays various rings and other jewelry. Ben presses his gun into Sam's hand.

JOSS

Hold on, Ben.

Ben glances back to his buddy.

JOSS

I got this.

As Joss comes down the small aisle with the sledgehammer, with a swagger like a drunk lumberjack, Ben smiles.

While still holding Sam's wrist down, Ben moves out of Joss's way.

QUINT

Fifteen.

Joss slowly lifts, and measures the distance arch between the end of the hammer and Sam's four fingers.

BEN

(smirks)

It's going to tickle.

SAM

I don't know anything! I been telling you...

BEN

You know pain, don't you?

Nods to Joss. Joss is fast this time, and the hammer hits home. Sam's fingers crunch up as the glass shatters beneath his hand. His wrist pops out of joint.

The blow was extremely close to Ben's own hand. Instead of being pissed off, he actually receives an adrenaline rush instead.

As the blood gushes from Sam's fingers, Ben grabs him by the shirt and pushes him. Sam falls back with the chair and crashes to the floor.

Joss steps up, reaches in, grabs a handful of random diamond, silver and gold rings. Shoves them down in his pants pocket.

Ben looks over to the smashed up counter, selects a four random silver rings himself, only he puts them on his fingers.

Tucks his gun under his belt, stands over Sam.

BEN (CONT'D)

Real stand up guy. Take a few licks, keep it shut. An admirable quality. I respect that. But you still...want to act like a prick!

The fist of rings comes down twice on Sam's face, blood smears on the silver metal.

In between the hits, Ben cracks faint laughter under his breath. He's enjoying every second of this beat-down. Like a kid living in Disneyland.

QUINT

Time!

Joss tosses the sledgehammer on the other side glass counter, which smashes whatever was left of it.

BEN

(points down in Sam's face)

With or without you, we will find him.

EXT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. SWIMMING POOL AREA - DAY

The hotel has a handful of honeymooning tourists, but there's enough tits and ass in string bikinis to fill up a shelf of Sports Illustrated Swimsuit issues.

It's easy to lose count of the tanned babes. Just as easy for beefcake.

In a new Hawaiian shirt, Cherry makes check marks in an want ads section of the local newspaper. He takes an occasional sip of his Margarita.

Bree, a few feet away, soaks up the sun as she tans on a lawn chair. Her drink of choice isn't tough to pin down: rum punch.

There are no other guys around her; her amazon height, intimidates possible suitors.

BREE

You believe in being social?

CHERRY

Not today.

BREE

What a shame. See that guy over there, open yellow shirt, brown khakis?

Cherry briefly glances in that direction; there is such a man, who watches Bree like a hawk on a mouse. Nothing creepy about Yellow, he doesn't stand out.

BREE (CONT'D)

Ex-boyfriend.

CHERRY

And what does this have to do with me?

BREE

If you don't mind rubbing some lotion on my back while he's watching, that would be a great help.

CHERRY

Making him jealous?

BREE

Making him go away.

Cherry shrugs, tucks the paper under his arm, picks up his drink and gives Bree the attention she's asked for.

She turns over, invites him. He sets his paper and drink aside...

CHERRY

You don't mind a total stranger...

BREE

Then don't be one.

Cherry proceeds to take the lotion, put some of it in his hands, then rub her nearly bare back with it. The sunlight sparkles on the few beads of light sweat around her back right shoulder.

BREE (CONT'D)

Tell me about yourself.

CHERRY

My name is Colin Cherry. That's all you need to know. Your turn.

BREE

You can do better than that, Colin Cherry.

Cherry glances over to Yellow. Yellow averts his eyes, looks a bit disappointed. In rejection, he gathers his cocktail and walks off.

CHERRY

Alright. I'm looking to buy or rent some property down here, stay for awhile. Not in Miami, but not too far out of the way. Let some people think I was headed to Tampa, maybe even Atlanta.

BREE

What's in Miami?

CHERRY

Problems.

BREE

Care to elaborate?

CHERRY

Not really.

BREE

Wife problems?

CHERRY

Never been married.

BREE

Kids?

CHERRY

I'd rather not discuss that.

BREE

Why?

CHERRY

What are you? A therapist?

BREE

As a matter of fact...I used to work in a therapist's office. Answer phones, make appointments, billing, things like that.

CHERRY

And now?

BREE

I'm a top executive for a leading company, Kyles.

CHERRY

Kyles?

BREE

We make the plastic condiment bottles for varied local and nationwide grocery store chains. Mustard, tomato sauce, stuff like that. Been there five years.

CHERRY

So you're here on business?

BREE

And vacation.

CHERRY

And your ex is stalking you.

BREE

Huh? Oh-! No, no. I just met
the yellow shirt guy last
night. Now he's cheating on his
wife. Trying to, anyway.

CHERRY

You married?

BREE

Divorced, and proud of it.

Cherry's fingers finish the work, they reach for his
drink. He relaxes down in the lawn chair next to her.

CHERRY

Proud?

BREE

Eleven pounds less, more lean,
and then there's my half.

CHERRY

What did he do?

BREE

Messed around.

CHERRY

For a living I mean. He wasn't
the therapist, was he?

She gives him a smile.

BREE

That was his step-brother.

Cherry shares the smile.

BREE (CONT'D)

Your turn, Mister Cherry.

CHERRY

My turn what?

BREE

Something about you. What do you do?

CHERRY

How about dinner tonight?

BREE

What a jip.

CHERRY

Have dinner with me tonight, I'll tell you anything and everything you want to know.

BREE

Something wrong with right now?

CHERRY

No. Just better later. Besides, I still don't know your name, do I?

BREE

Bree Leanne Cage.

Extends her hand. Cherry lightly shakes it.

CHERRY

Pleased to meet you, Bree Leanne Cage.

INT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. ROOM 116.

Cherry opens the case. He is briefly mesmerized by the contents in the case. He takes out a stack of wrapped bills, fans it, and with satisfaction, puts it back in the case.

He closes it.

SERIES OF SHOTS---

--Cherry feels around the inside of a lamp shade.

--With a penlight, Cherry looks inside the cracks of an air vent.

--He stands on a chair, stops the slow rotation of the ceiling fan, and feels around.

--He checks out the bar, takes out a beer.

--With the beer now open, seated at the table, he scans the room, as if he might have missed something.

--Cherry stands by the deck window, blinds drawn. Cherry raises a rifle scope, looks around outside.

IN THE VIEWFINDER CROSS HAIRS:

Various people in and out of the pool and bar area. No sign of Bree or the alleged ex-boyfriend.

Cherry's view focuses more on the hotel across the street and the rooms parallel to his own.

Through an open window, he spots Yellow and Bree in a conversation of some kind. The event comes to a close when the two lip lock.

BACK TO SCENE

Cherry thinks.

Smiles.

Opens up the closet of clothes. Selects a nice suit.

INT. SANDS HOTEL. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

In that nice suit, Cherry carries a briefcase and a small shopping bag down a hallway, stops by room 129, swipes his key card.

Enters.

Sounds of quick rummage in the room.

Cherry comes back into the hallway, without the bag and case. He closes the door behind him,

INT. SHAMROCK BAR - DAY

Fred and Paul scan the activities going on. Pool sharks. Funky music. Pole dancers in lace.

Fred finds who he's looking for: LASZLO WISH (LATE 20s) Wish dresses just like Fred and Paul. He's at one of the tables near the stage.

WISH

Shit. Here's trouble.

Downs the rest of his drink.

FRED

You ought to know.

Paul becomes distracted; it's a bit tough to miss the action a short distance away as a twenty-ish D-string girl gives a rough looking customer a table dance.

WISH

It's not my problem you lost your witness. Not my fault wherever he leaves, a body is not far behind.

FRED

Cherry refused protection, thought it would be better that way. I had nothing to with that deal...

Snaps fingers in front of Paul.

FRED

Stay with me.

PAUL

Trying.

Fred looks back to Wish.

FRED

But it was given to me so it's my case, my problem. You're right. It's not yours.

Sits down at the bar.

FRED

So what the hell are you doing
with my problem?

Wish chews a toothpick, not a care in the world.

WISH

Because me and my little team
get things done. Cherry will
make a mistake, we'll get on
him. If he doesn't, we'll still
find him.

FRED

I couldn't agree with you more.
But that's not a reason to go
through me.

WISH

You mean work together?

FRED

Why not? Things will move
faster. And what are you doing
in here anyway, you want to
find him?

WISH

Like the scenery. And no, I'm
not working with you or Paul.

(to Paul)

No offense.

PAUL

None taken.

FRED

You should be. I do.

(to Wish)

And you don't seem to care.

WISH

I don't. Bartender! Another
one!

Sizes up Fred.

WISH

You're out.

FRED

Want me to go to Stockman He'll
back me up.

WISH

Don't be so sure.

The Bartender takes Wish's glass. Fills it up with
vodka.

WISH

Now, watch how the bad boys go
to work. Listen, watch...step
off.

EXT. SHANE'S SEAFOOD GRILL - NIGHT

Cherry waits alone at the outdoor table, no food
ordered. The only thing in front of him are the table
glasses of ice water.

Frustrated, he checks his watch. The time only makes
him more hopeless. A generic ring tone beeps on his
cell. He checks the number.

More bad news.

CHERRY

Now's not a good time.

JASPER (FILTERED)

Damn right. You're not where
you're supposed to be. Where
are you?

CHERRY

I'm out of Miami, that's all I
need to be.

JASPER

I don't have any time for this.
I want to know where you are
and now.

CHERRY

I'm at your girlfriend's house with your sister. What can I say, Jasper? Is there a point to this conversation?

JASPER

Damn right.

CHERRY

Damn right. And when I open a case, and I see a gun, it raised a red flag. I got a new one from Sam, his pawns are a little more clean. No offense.

JASPER

None taken.
Brandi's dead.

Cherry processes the information.

JASPER

Oh, am I interrupting your dinner?

CHERRY

No.

JASPER

Did you do it?

CHERRY

No. No! Of course not! When did that happen? I didn't see anything in the papers.

JASPER

Course you wouldn't. Not something that makes big headlines, unless the woman was missed and gets her fucking head cut off. But I'm telling you, she got killed. Not knifed or shot- strangled. Fucking strangled.

Cherry is a loss for words.

JASPER

Yeah, fucking strangled. Now are you done being an fucking prick?

CHERRY

Yeah.

JASPER

Good. You said you talked to Sam?

CHERRY

Yeah.

JASPER

"Yeah". He got fucking robbed this afternoon, put in the hospital. He can barely say a fucking word. Understand?

CHERRY

Yeah.

JASPER

"Yeah, yeah." Listen to me. It don't take a fucking Einstein to know the two go hand in hand. But you aren't where you're supposed to be, so one more fucking time:

(pause)

Where- the fuck- are- you?

CHERRY

Key West.

JASPER

Key West. Key West where?

CHERRY

Doyen.

JASPER

Doyen hotel? You're not jerking my off, are you? I had enough bullshit-

CHERRY

I'm not jerking you off. I'm in Key West. Doyen Bed and Breakfast.

JASPER

You bring a car?

CHERRY

Yeah. Doyen's in New Town.

JASPER

Stay there. I don't want to call you again until this goes away. Understand?

CHERRY

Yeah.

JASPER

"Yeah, motherfucker". You should have taken her with you. Gun too. Fucking Einstein.

Jasper hangs up.

Rattled, Cherry reaches for a glass of water.

INT. JASPER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

JASPER (50's) cracks walnuts, and puts the broken shells in a small ashtray, right next to a lit cigarette. He tosses the nut in his mouth, rolls the nut around and then crunches down.

He glances over to his seated guests:

Quint, Berry and Ben

All three humbled in Jasper's presence. Jasper's glance mutates into a blank stare, somewhere between the men, maybe even through them.

Jasper picks up the shotgun beside him, stands up.

Ben gets to his feet, followed by Berry and Quint.

Jasper pumps a round into the barrel. Tosses the shotgun to Ben, who catches it.

JASPER

What's so god damned hard about it?

EXT. SHANE'S SEAFOOD GRILL - NIGHT

Cherry digs out a few tens from his wallet, and lays them down on the table. He's about to get out of there, when a smooth skinned woman's hand covers his hand and the money.

He gazes up into her eyes.

Bree.

Her sleek silver and white evening gown compliments her even more than the swim wear from the pool. She isn't just sexy now, she's stunning.

BREE

Going somewhere?

She lifts her hand, playfully peeks under.

BREE (CONT'D)

Bad service?

CHERRY

I'm sorry?

BREE

Cheap tip for such a high roller.

CHERRY

You're late.

He takes the money back, puts it back in his wallet.

CHERRY

Among other things.

BREE

Something else on your mind?

As she sits down across from him, he gives her a more colder look. He looks around his surroundings, eyeballing other people around the outdoor restaurant, before settling back on Bree.

BREE

Bingo.

CHERRY

I'd rather not talk about it.

BREE

Try me.

CHERRY

What did you say you do again?

BREE

I told you. Sales.

CHERRY

Almost sounds like you want to sell something else. You also showed up late at an interesting moment.

BREE

I see. Means something to you.

CHERRY

Might. Might mean nothing. It's just interesting.

BREE

So, let's get back to it. What's on your mind?

CHERRY

Alright. A guy I work for got himself in a jam. I happen to be the only guy that can help him. I help him by going on vacation for a week or two.

BREE

How is that helping him?

CHERRY

After a couple of weeks, his problem goes away, and I can come back if I want.

BREE

Again, how is that helping him?

CHERRY

Someone wants him dead, others, busted. Some both, one after the other.

BREE

But you don't trust him.

CHERRY

Don't trust anybody. Sometimes not even myself. Which brings us to you.

BREE

Me? What about me?

CHERRY

What about you?

BREE

I'm not sure I -

CHERRY

How far are you willing to go?

BREE

What?

CHERRY

When we met earlier, I thought you were someone else. A minute ago your timing suggested someone else. Now, I get it. I was totally wrong on both. So I'm going to ask you one more time: how far are you willing to go?

INT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. ROOM 116 -
NIGHT

Cherry stands behind Bree, kisses the back of her neck. She's aroused by this, as her fingers spider down his pant leg.

Her dress slides off, exposing the latest fashion lace bra from Victoria's Secret...

MINUTES LATER...

Bree kisses Cherry's bare right shoulder, then proceeds to lick just behind his right ear.

She allows him to turn over. She re-mounts him, reaches down, caressing his abs...

INT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. ROOM 116 -
NIGHT

The digital watch reads 3:25 a.m.

Bree carefully puts her bra back on, making sure she doesn't wake Cherry up.

She opens up the small bar, choose a random bottle of scotch.

She comes back to the bed, raises the bottle.

Cherry rolls to his side, moans. She hesitates.

When the angle is right, she smashes the bottle down on his head.

Her next move : get the rest of her clothes on as quickly as she can. Half dressed, she opens the briefcase, sees the stacks of money.

INT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. ROOM 116 -
EARLY MORNING

Cherry's eyes flutter open. His groan comes next, as he wakes to messed up sheets and shattered glass. Small bits of blood blended with red wine.

He gets up, carefully, heads to the adjoining bathroom. Sounds of the faucet, blasts of water.

He steps back up to the bed, notices the case is gone.

So is his watch. He turns the clock around. It says 5:55.

EXT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST.

FLASH SUPER: "FIVE MINUTES LATER"

Cherry didn't bother to comb his hair, shave, his clothes thrown together fast, loose.

His cheap dress jacket covers up part of his wound, but as long he keeps moving forward, the few people he passes by at this time of day hardly give him a second look.

Even when he puts the rifle scope in his side coat pocket.

PARKING AREA

Cherry pops the trunk lid, tears off a piece of tape, swipes the forty-five from the hidden concealment.

Also inside the trunk: a briefcase just like the one taken from him. He doesn't take it.

Slam.

EXT. SANDS HOTEL. LOBBY -MINUTES LATER

The Sands is directly across from The Doyen. Just as classy, happens to be the competition, nothing more.

Cherry storms on, a man with a mission.

INT. SANDS HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Cherry, already in the lobby, beelines right to the nearest elevator. Those who he passes by pay him no concern.

He gets in the elevator. Presses a floor button.

SANDS MOTEL. SECOND FLOOR.

The light hits a "2".

Before they fully open, still pissed, Cherry thunders out. With a flick of his right wrist, the forty-five slips smoothly in his hand. He releases the safety.

He mentally points to doors, stops at ROOM 217.

Cranks his neck, tension pops.

Knocks. Knocks.

YELLOW
(other side of
door)

Yeah?

CHERRY
Room service. Breakfast.

YELLOW
Must be a mistake.
(to someone
inside)
You order anything?

BREE
No. I didn't.

CHERRY
Oh, I'm sorry. My mistake. It's
the next room. Sorry to wake
you.

YELLOW
Should know better, asshole.
Get your rooms right.

CHERRY

Yeah, I should get my room right. By the way, you sure you don't want to order anything?

YELLOW

No. Get lost.

CHERRY

Too bad. I got some motherfucking bacon!!!

INT. ROOM 217 - CONTINUOUS

Cherry blows a hole in the door, kicks the rest of it open, bursts in the room. Before Yellow can say Holy Shit, Cherry already has the gun in his mouth, pushes him back.

Bree grabs a piece of clothing to cover up.

YELLOW

(muffled)

Now hold it just

Cherry wants none of it. He leads Yellow to the screen glass door, smashes Yellow right through it. Pushes Yellow off the balcony.

A big splash in the pool below.

Cherry whirls around, his gun aimed right at Bree. He approaches.

Bree eyes the case on the floor. Back to Cherry.

CHERRY

Lose it.

She lets the shirt drop, Just like he left her, half naked in lace, with one minor difference:

CHERRY

You deaf?

With her left hand, she takes the concealed twenty-two and tosses it on the unmade bed.

BREE

Are you crazy? Someone's going to hear!

CHERRY

Do I look like I give a fuck!

Glances quick : the case.

CHERRY

It better be all there.

BREE

It is.

CHERRY

Close that bitch up.

Bree crouches down, Cherry gets right next to her, aims the gun at her head as she shuts the case.

BREE

Now what?

CHERRY

My watch.

BREE

Maybe you shouldn't have killed my boyfriend.

CHERRY

You saying he was wearing it?

BREE

Yes.

CHERRY

I didn't see it on him.

BREE

I swear.

Cherry pushes her to the floor, grabs the case.

CHERRY

Good.

BREE

Good?

CHERRY

Yeah. It was stolen.

Grabs her arm. Slaps his gun in her palm. Closes her hand on it. Snaps up the twenty-two.

Hustles off.

Bree stands up, aims, pulls the trigger of the forty-five. Three quick clicks follow.

Cherry disappears, leaves her baffled. It takes her minute: she glares at the gun in her hand. The hole in the door. The broken glass...

INT. SANDS HOTEL. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cherry dumps the twenty-two in a nearby trash basket. Keeps on a stroll.

INT. ROOM 217 - CONTINUOUS

The empty forty-five rests on the bed. Bree pulls on a pair of button fly jeans as fast as she can. She grabs the shirt a few seconds later, slips it on.

INT. SANDS HOTEL. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cherry presses the button to go down on the elevator. A HOTEL GUEST (60s) peers out of a nearby room. Cherry eyes him, points with authority.

CHERRY

Someone call the police! You!
Call the police!

HOTEL GUEST

What happened?

CHERRY

I just saw some guy fall out of the balcony! There was a gunshot!

HOTEL GUEST

I thought I heard something-

CHERRY

Get back in your room until the
cops get here!

The man, scared, complies. Closes the door. Cherry
waits a second. The elevator doors open. He steps in.

In men's shoes and a purse: Bree bolts out of room
217. Catches a glimpse of Cherry in the elevator.
She's too late. The doors close.

She looks left. To the right. Stairway.

FIRST FLOOR.

The doors to the elevator open. Briefcase in one hand,
Cherry sprints out down the long hallway,

He slows down, stops at Room 129.

Fishes in his pocket.

Swipes the card.

Enters.

Leaves.

Puts a DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door handle.

Continues on his sprint.

STAIRWAY

Bree shuffles down...her feet echo all around.

BREE

Son of a bitch Son of a bitch
Son of a bitch!

LOBBY.

Bree emerges from the stairway, looks around, hurries to the elevator. The doors to the elevator open. Cherry is not there.

BREE

Son of a bitch.

Far on the other side of the lobby, Cherry casually steps out of that elevator. He sees Bree, pays her little attention, moves on.

Bree spins around; the hotel help eyeball her. A man, wearing a SECURITY jacket, approaches her.

Hotel Security puts his hands up, speaks with authority:

SECURITY

Ma'am, remain calm-

Pissed, she gives him a right cross, sends him to the floor.

EXT. SANDS MOTEL - MORNING

Cherry walks fast, but not fast enough to warrant any attention.

Far behind him, Bree comes out, she looks around, scouts for him. From this distance she is the size of a gnat.

When she spots him...

BREE

Bastard!

Cherry smiles.

Bree runs...but not towards him. Somewhere to the left.

Cherry crosses the street...

EXT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. PARKING LOT -
MOMENTS LATER

Light traffic makes it easy for Cherry to jaywalk from one end to the other. His confidence level goes up a notch when he steps back onto Doyen's parking lot.

A CAR ENGINE roars; a Buick with tinted windows zooms right behind Cherry.

Hunts him like a tiger after a antelope. Cherry can't see the driver. But he knows enough...

To run like hell!

Cherry has one advantage his pursuer does not: Cherry zigs and zags in between other parked cars.

This does not deter the driver of the Buick. The hunter cuts between empty parking lanes right on Cherry's ass!

The Buick swerves. Cherry ducks low, keeps moving.

The Buick loses him for a few moments.

Cherry, case in hand, stands up, makes sure he is seen. Runs.

INT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST - MINUTES LATER

Cherry darts inside.

Slows down...looks outside... Then around him.

A small audience.

Cherry points...

CHERRY

The woman's -

After a breath, he does a double take. The few people around him get the message faster than he does.

They all scatter for a damn good reason.

The BUICK smashes through the glass window of the hotel Terminator style! Chairs, tables and clean floor feels the wrath of a woman scorned!

Tires squeal. The car crashes into the front desk. Backs up, pulls right next to Cherry, who is on his hands and knees.

His eyes fall to the case beside him. Then on the driver, who gets out. No big surprise- it's Bree. What does surprise Cherry is what she has in her hand.

The crowbar slams down on his right knuckles. He doesn't scream, flinches, takes the pain.

She tosses the crowbar down, picks up the case.

Gets back in the car. Reverses. People get out of the way, she's gone.

A small PRE-TEEN KID has his mouth open in pure amazement. Cherry gets up.

PRE-TEEN KID

Awesome! That was cool!

Cherry dusts himself off, leaves towards the stairway. On the way, he whacks the kid upside the head.

PRE-TEEN KID

Ow!

Before the kid or his PARENTS look for him, Cherry is already gone in the stairway.

A few PEOPLE point to his direction; nobody stops him.

INT. BUICK - MORNING

Briefcase in the passenger seat, Bree zooms on down a street. She slows down a little, pulls into the SAME GAS STATION that Cherry visited a few days before.

She takes a breath. Watches TWO POLICE CARS roll by, lights flashing.

As soon as they are far enough away, Bree drives out of the gas station.

Watches her speed.

Turns on the radio. Finds a song she likes, bounces to it.

Stops at a red light. Looks around.

Eyes fall on the case. Back to the red light.

The case.

It's the same make; a darker color.

She reaches over, opens it up.

Where there should be money there are mop Swiffers.

The light turns green.

INT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. HALLWAY -
CONTINUOUS

Cherry walks fast. He looks left and right. Nobody comes out into the hallway.

He fishes for his card, finds his door. He hesitates, takes a breath. Swipes the card.

INT. ROOM 116 - CONTINUOUS

Cherry comes in, someone grabs him. He's on the floor, gun to his head.

The door closes behind him.

A well dressed person approaches.

Towers over AGENT DUKES (30s) a muscle of a man who holds Cherry down. Cherry looks up. Lays eyes on Vegas (40s), a tall woman who likes men's slacks and shoes.

VEGAS

Make a lot of noise. That was
you downstairs?

Cherry smiles. The agents don't share his humor.

VEGAS

We been looking for you Colin
Cherry.

CHERRY

Well, you found me.

VEGAS

Shut up.

Nods to Dukes. Dukes handles Cherry, gets him to his feet. Leads him fast forward past Vegas, dumps him on the bed.

There's another man in the room. Seated at the table, orange juice and morning paper in front of him, Laszlo Wish waves at Cherry.

VEGAS

Shut up, listen. I'm Special agent Veronica Vegas. Please no jokes about the last name or I'll kick you in the balls. Your new friend there is Agent Sam Dukes. Guy at the table is Agent Laszlo Wish.

Vegas shows her FBI badge to him.

VEGAS

See this?

DUKES

Answer the woman.

CHERRY

I see it. What do you want again?

VEGAS

What did you just say to me?

CHERRY

What do you want?

Vegas nods to Dukes. Dukes puts his gun away, stands Cherry up.

VEGAS

You look like shit, Cherry.
There's a reason.

She steps up, right knees him in the balls. He buckles. Dukes lets him go. Vegas stomps on Cherry's right hand.

VEGAS

That's because you are shit.
What the do we want?

Dukes stands Cherry up.

VEGAS

The money.

CHERRY

The money.

Agent Vega slaps him hard in the face. Her nails scratch his left cheek in the process, cut his lower lip.

VEGAS

And then you have a choice.
Three options after you give us
the money. Listening?

CHERRY

All ears.

VEGAS

Oh, sorry. There's only two.
They are: screw with us and
wind up in a bag, or be good
and we'll hand you over to our
friends, you'll testify against
the mob, then watch your ass.

CHERRY

And you get the money. Not the
feds, You.

DUKES

That's what's go great about
it. We are the feds.

VEGAS

Where is the money!

CHERRY

Well looks like you just
crapped out, Vegas.

Vegas kicks him where it counts once more. Cherry
drops. Dukes kicks him in the side.

CHERRY

You need a date.

VEGAS

Fuck off.

CHERRY

No, not you. Dukes. I can tell.
I can tell he's got a hard on
for me. I'm not like that, you
have to know-

Dukes kicks him again, only harder.

Wish finishes his juice.

DUKES

Are you done fucking around?

CHERRY

No.

Wish gets up from the table, digs in a breast pocket.

WISH

Real tough guy. Got something
special for you tough guy.

Takes out a white cloth.

Puts his right leg on a chair, rolls up the pants leg:
a strapped twenty two handgun. With the cloth, he
carefully unstraps and takes it out.

WISH

Time is short. Bullshit walks.
You going to sing?

CHERRY

Why, you want to dance?

Dukes forces Cherry to open his right hand.

Wish randomly aims the twenty-two towards the bathroom. Fires twice.

Puts the gun in Cherry's hand.

CHERRY

Look, I just came back to get some of my things. After that, I'll take to right to it.

WISH

Why?

CHERRY

Because you convinced me.

WISH

No, why as in why did you come back for your shit? Money ain't here.

CHERRY

You don't need to-

WISH

She's right. You're a piece of shit.

Takes out another gun, aims it down to Cherry.

CHERRY

Okay. Okay. I'll take you right to it.

INT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

The crooked agents lead Cherry out in handcuffs.

They pass by Ben, Joss and Quint. This trio less than happy to see him.

INT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Out of the elevator and back into the mess.

The Pre-Teen Kid spots Cherry automatically, notices the cuffs. Tosses a handful of raisins at him.

PRE-TEEN KID

Ha-ha. Busted!

INT. GAS STATION- SAME

Bree roams the aisles, comes across a pair of binoculars for sale.

EXT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Vegas breaks off, goes in another direction. Cherry watches her for a moment. Wish smacks him behind the right ear.

WISH

Eyes forward.

As soon as they get to Cherry's car, Dukes pushes him forward.

WISH

Open it.

Cherry holds up his hands in cuffs.

CHERRY

With these?

WISH

Work with it.

Cherry digs in his pocket, pulls out the car keys. He fumbles around for the right one. Dukes swipes the keys.

Presses the open trunk button. The trunk pops open.

Dukes dangles the keys in front of Cherry, throws them away.

Dukes reaches in the trunk, gets the case.

CHERRY

That was smart.

DUKES

Shut up.

CHERRY

You threw the keys away. How
are you going to open it, tough
guy?

WISH

He said, shut the fuck up.

CHERRY

Just making an observation.

WISH

I say shut the fuck up.

CHERRY

Okay, okay.
So what now?

Vegas drives up.

WISH

Now that's a stupid question.
You know what now. Get your ass
in the car.

Dukes opens up the side passenger door, grabs Cherry,
eases him in.

DUKES

Comfy?

CHERRY

No.

DUKES

Good.

Slams the car door.

WISH

Go easy. We need him in one
piece.

DUKES

Do we? He agrees to testify on the mob, rips off their money, hides out, acts like has a death wish, we have to take his shit?

WISH

You're right. Screw it. He got away from us, mob got to him, took the money, put a bullet in his head.

DUKES

Works for me. Damn the paperwork.

INT. VEGAS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wish sits shotgun; Dukes gets in the backseat.

VEGAS

Motherfucking get out of the way!

Wish turns to face forward, sees the same sight Vegas does.

Ben, Joss and Quint. The three thugs block the way. Pull out guns. Quint shoots out the front left tire. It deflates fast.

The three approach.

Ben taps the driver's side window.

BEN

Roll it down.

Vegas does.

WISH

FBI.

BEN

Think I give a shit? We want two things. The case, and that son of a bitch in the backseat.

WISH
Give them the case.

DUKES
Screw that. We're the FBI.

QUINT
Toss the shit.

Dukes frowns.

WISH
Go ahead, do it.

Dukes carefully opens the passenger side door, puts the case on the pavement.

DUKES
FBI. And cops all around down the street, probably going to check this place...

Joss blasts him in the head with a sawed off shotgun.

Vegas throws the car into reverse. Slams down on the gas. Misses Ben's toes by inches.

The trio open fire,

The windshield becomes filled with spiderwebs.

The car crashes into a few parked cars.

Wish returns fire; his brains explode all over Vegas.

EXT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. PARKING LOT

Joss and Quint pause the assault; Ben picks up the case. Looks it over.

BEN
Where the fuck's the key?

EXT. SANDS HOTEL. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Vegas' car swerves into the Sands' parking lot.

INT. VEGAS' CAR

The car heads right for a assembly of police cars. The car smacks to three of them, punches through and comes to a stop.

EXT. THE DOYEN HOUSE BED AND BREAKFAST. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Ben aims his gun, blows the case lock with one shot. The case opens.

Tampon pads flutter out.

EXT. SANDS HOTEL. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

POLICE OFFICERS cautiously surround the car in amazement.

Splattered in blood, without cuffs, Cherry steps out of the car. He holds up an FBI badge.

CHERRY

FBI! FBI! Don't shoot! I'm
Special Agent Sam Dukes of the
FBI!

Police Officer GIBBONS comes forward.

GIBBONS

I'm Officer Gibbons. What's
going on?

CHERRY

Okay, We had a suspect in
custody, and some guys just
killed him, shot up...

Looks to the dead Wish. Vegas out cold.

CHERRY

Special Agents Laszlo Wish,
Veronica Vegas.

Cherry goes to Vegas, feels for pulse.

CHERRY

Hang in there.

GIBBONS

Suspect in what?

CHERRY

Fugitive. We needed him. I need an ambulance! Officer Gibbons! I need to call my people, the boss....oh shit. Oh shit. Shit on me.

GIBBONS

I'll stay with her.

CHERRY

I'll be in the lobby, making a call.

GIBBONS

We got a situation here. Suicide.

CHERRY

Suicide for all these? Didn't you guys hear that ruckus across the street?

GIBBONS

Yes.

CHERRY

I...I Got to call this in! Stay with her!

GIBBONS

Alright. Alright. Go, make you call. But come back as soon as you can. You should get checked out too.

CHERRY

Thank you. Will do. Thanks.

Grabs Vegas' hand. Kisses the hand.

CHERRY
I'll be right back.

INT. SANDS HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Cherry enters the lobby. Unlike before at the Sands, he's more noticeable. Cops see him, look him over. Cherry flashes the FBI badge,

CHERRY
FBI. FBI. Special Agent Las-
Special Agent Sam Dukes.

INT. SANDS HOTEL. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Cherry heads to room 229. Fishes in his pocket.

Swipes the card key. Takes off the Do Not Disturb sign.

INT. SANDS HOTEL. ROOM 229 - CONTINUOUS

Before him just inside the doorway: a briefcase.

He ignores it. Goes right to the adjoining bathroom.

Sounds of faucets.

MINUTES LATER

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Cherry's face: clean of blood.
- Cherry looking in closet. Cheap Tee Shirt with the legend "Just Another Tourist", Hawaiian shirt, a pair of jeans. A Miami Dolphins ball cap.
- Cherry changes his clothes fast.
- Stuffs bloody clothes in a trash bag. Ties it up.

- Looks out of the window with the rifle scope.

INSERT -

IN THE VIEWFINDER CROSS HAIRS:

- The parking lot across the street: a mess. Police drive up around the area.

- Zips to the window of Room 116. Ben, Joss and Quint toss things around, shout, point.

BACK TO SCENE

Cherry looks at his watch. Smiles.

INT. SANDS HOTEL. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Cherry dumps the bag of bloody clothes into a trash can next to a pop machine.

EXT. SANDS HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Cherry walks out past the crowd, away from the cops. An ambulance drives up, goes past him.

He gets in a Taxi.

INT. TAXI

Cherry cranks his neck, takes a breath.

The TAXI DRIVER (40s) glances back.

TAXI DRIVER

What happened here?

CHERRY

Stuff.

TAXI DRIVER

Okay, stuff. Where to?

INT. BUICK - MOMENTS LATER

Surrounded by chips and soda, Bree watches the taxi drive away through the use of the binoculars.

Puts down the binoculars, starts up her car. Takes a swig of the soda can.

INT. BEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sunglasses on, Ben and his goons observe the taxi pass by.

EXT. FLEMING STREET - DAY

Cherry gives the Taxi Driver a fifty dollar bill.

CHERRY

Keep the change.

With his case, Cherry strolls up to a restaurant.

INT. BEN'S CAR - SAME

The three thugs have a puzzled look.

QUINT

What the hell's he doing?

JOSS

Fuck if I know.

BEN

I do.

JOSS

You do?

BEN

Yeah. Let's get some fucking breakfast.

INT. O'MALLEY'S - MINUTES LATER

The crowd is thin, but CUSTOMERS enjoy bacon, eggs and other breakfast meals.

Ben, Quint and Joss look around, find Cherry. They slide in his booth. Cherry already has a hot meal in front of him. The case, beside him, faces the wall.

CHERRY

Fellas should try the hash browns. Really good.

BEN

Fuck you.

CHERRY

Now, now, this is nice place. Family establishment.

BEN

Does it look like I give a shit?

CHERRY

The Sloppy boys. Heard of you. I think...you're Ben, and, the big guy is Joss...

BEN

Fuck-you.

CHERRY

Seems we got off on the wrong foot. Let's cut a deal.

BEN

Like you did with the feds?

CHERRY

I heard about that. Someone's info is messed up. I didn't talk to any feds. I didn't rip off any money. If I did flip, why am I here? If I did rip off the money, why not just send it back to Jasper, who hired you?

QUINT

How do you know that?

CHERRY

Because Jasper told you where I was, and -

BEN

What about those pigs we blew up earlier?

CHERRY

What about them? They wanted the money for themselves. Oh, one of them's still alive, so far as I know.

BEN

What about them. Okay. You know how we found you. How did they find you?

CHERRY

Good question. Forgive me if I hadn't much time to think it over. But thanks for mentioning it.

BEN

No problem.

The WAITRESS (20s) steps up.

WAITRESS

(to Ben and the thugs)

Can I get you fellas anything?

BEN

Cup of coffee. Black.

JOSS

Orange juice. Lots of ice.

QUINT

Coffee.

Waitress jots it all down on a ticket order, walks away.

CHERRY

Sticking around?

BEN

I figured you came in here for something other than hash browns.

CHERRY

Then you would be right. I'll get to the point: I want to make you guys a deal.

BEN

A deal? There's only one deal. The money. You get yourself dead.

CHERRY

Doesn't sound like a good deal.

BEN

Not for you, maybe. Now open the case, show Quint what's in there. Finish up, we'll have our drinks. You aren't going anywhere.

CHERRY

And after breakfast, I go with you guys, you take the money, I wind up in a ditch somewhere.

BEN

I was thinking more off a boat somewhere between here and Havana, but that works too.

CHERRY

Not for me.

BEN

Of course not.

Waitress comes by, gives Ben and Quint coffee; Joss a tall glass of Orange Juice.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

QUINT

We're good.

Waitress goes away.

CHERRY

Well, we got some time between now and then, so you can still hear me out, can't you?

Ben shrugs. Looks to Quint, who nods. Glances over to Joss, who stares directly at Cherry.

JOSS

You can kiss my-

Ben waves him off.

BEN

So what. Go on Cherry. Gives us some bullshit. Doesn't make any difference.

CHERRY

You guys take the money, the real money, right here. You then tell Jasper you got the money. You can say I'm dead. You really didn't kill me, but you just say you did. That's that.

BEN

Interesting thought. Won't go down like that though. Jasper wants us to send him a picture of you.

CHERRY

So why come in here, wait for me to come back out?

Ben lowers his sunglasses, looks at his watch.

BEN

Tick, Tick and Tock. I don't give a motherfuck.

CHERRY

Sure? This can all go away.

Snaps fingers.

CHERRY

I can get on a plane to
Atlanta. Go to Brazil for all
anyone cares. But I'm not going
to be in any courtroom.

Ben downs his coffee in one chug.

Digs in his pocket, tosses five one dollar bills on
the table.

BEN

What's it going to be? We going
to do this shit easy, or hard
as fuck?

Cherry takes a bite of his hash browns. Nods, talks
with his mouthful.

CHERRY

Hard core.

Spits the hash brown in Ben's face.

Jams the fork into Quint's hand.

Quint screams like a horror queen.

Cherry points a gun directly at Joss and Ben.

CHERRY

Nobody twitch!

Now with his other hand free, he reaches in his pants
pocket, shows off Dukes' FBI badge.

CHERRY

FBI Undercover! You three are
under arrest for the murder of
two federal agents!

BEN

What the fuck?

CHERRY

Put your hands on the table.
(to Quint)
You didn't finish your coffee.

Knocks Quint's coffee in his lap. Quint screams louder.

CHERRY

Oh, was that really hot? My bad. Get the fuck out of my booth or I'll shoot you in the foot!

Quint protests, but carefully slides out of the booth.

BEN

You think you can...

CHERRY

Shut up. Anything you do or say can be used against your dumb ass in a court of law.

Cherry gets out of the booth.

Shoves Quint against the table.

CHERRY

Got something for you.

Puts the ID badge on the table.

CHERRY

And this.

Slaps a pair of handcuffs on Quint.

Cherry reaches over, grabs the case. Waves the gun.

CHERRY

Come on, let's go. Haven't got all day.

Joss and Ben exit the booth.

CHERRY

Turn around. All three of you.
Single file. Don't say a thing.
Understood? Good. Andale.
Andale..Arriba. Arriba.

As Joss, Ben and a grimacing Quint move forward,
Cherry scoops up the badge, flips it over his belt; as
an afterthought, he scoops up the bills on the table,
shoves them in his pants pocket.

Picks up the case, aims the gun forward. Customers and
Staff look on.

CHERRY

FBI. FBI. Got it all under
control.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S - MINUTES LATER

They walk over to Ben's car.

CHERRY

Open the driver's side. Don't
get in.

Ben opens the driver's side door. Cherry tosses in the
case. Grabs the keys from Ben.

CHERRY

Back off.

As soon as they do, Cherry gets in the car, finds the
right key, drives off.

QUINT

Motherfucker!

Sounds of brakes. Cherry reverses the car, nearly runs
them over. Shoots Quint dead. Drives away one more
time.

INT. BEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Cherry looks back in the rear view, watches Ben and
Joss walk another direction, away from the dead body.

He parks the car alongside the street.

Gets out. Grabs the case.

EXT. CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

Cherry strolls up fast to a condo on the corner of Fleming Street. Heads right to the front door.

INT. BUICK - SAME

Bree watches Cherry with her binoculars.

She observes Cherry look around. Seconds later, he's in the condo.

She looks down the street: a small crowd gathers around Quint.

Ben and Joss are nowhere to be seen.

Bree lowers her binoculars, munches chips.

INT. CONDO - MINUTES LATER

The place hasn't been lived in for some time. No furniture to speak of. No TV.

Cherry observes his surroundings.

KITCHEN

Cherry puts the badge and hat on the counter.

Sets down the case by his feet.

Turns on the cold water faucet. Lays the gun near the sink.

Bends down, cranes his neck. Lets the water run down his face,

Takes a few gulps from the tap.

Stops.

Turns the faucet handles down to hear. Police sirens blare outside. Pass by.

He relaxes. Smiles to himself.

Smile fades fast.

Bree swings the crowbar, misses him by inches!

Cherry backs away.

Bree swats her weapon down on the counter.

Gets ready to swing again.

The gun catches her eye.

Cherry looks to it too. Smirks.

Bree throws the crowbar at him. He ducks. It sails past him.

Bree scoops up the gun. Aims it.

BREE

On your knees.

CHERRY

We can work this out.

BREE

Damn right. I get the case. You get a bullet in the head. Works out fine.

CHERRY

Cops are down the street.

BREE

So are two guys you left standing.

CHERRY

They don't know I'm here.

BREE

Not yet.

She moves closer, looks over to the badge.

BREE

Whose is that?

CHERRY

Special Agent Sam Dukes. He
won't miss it.

BREE

You killed a cop?

CHERRY

Fed. And I didn't.

BREE

But you got him killed, then?

CHERRY

No,

Puts the gun to his head.

BREE

Give me one good reason why I
shouldn't make a bigger mess.

CHERRY

Only can think of one.

BREE

Let's hear it.

CHERRY

Gun isn't loaded. I used the
last bullet on one of the
Sloppy Boys.

BREE

It's not loaded?

CHERRY

Go right ahead. Pull it.

She pulls the trigger. It clicks.

Cherry laughs. Bree, confused.

CHERRY

Hot stuff.

She takes a step back, and gets the same result.

CHERRY

I told you. It's an empty...

Bree releases the safety feature. Re-aims at Cherry.
Cherry freezes.

BREE

We good now?

CHERRY

You're beautiful.

She steps right to him, kisses him full on the mouth.

She puts the gun low, between his legs.

BREE

You want to play with me?

They move around, passionate nutcase embrace,

BATHROOM

They enter awkwardly.

Bree puts the gun on the bathroom sink.

She forces him into the shower.

She presses him against the tiled wall. Her free hand
turns on the hot.

Cherry spins on the cold.

She flips the handle. Water rains down on them.

She rips his shirt open. Gets it off.

His hands finds her hips.

She takes one of those hands, places it on her left
breast. Cherry feels the wet fabric.

She playfully swats his hand away.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Special Agent Veronica Vegas.

Wakes up. Like lightning: Sits upright.

Like thunder: screams Bloody Mary.

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE. MIAMI - DAY

Fred and Paul walk fast in and around a maze of desks, computers and personnel. They slow down for nothing and nobody.

FRED

Moron tried to launder money,
didn't think anyone would
notice?

PAUL

Nope.

FRED

Of course not. But that's the
Wish way of thinking.

PAUL

Cherry wanted to get caught?

FRED

Someone should have red flagged
the son of a bitch. Someone
should have seen it coming.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR STOCKMAN'S OFFICE.

HOWARD STOCKMAN (50s) listens to Fred and Paul with a calm demeanor. He's bored.

FRED

I want a three man task force.
Myself, Paul and Special Vegas,
as soon as she can be released
from the hospital.

Stockman sits silent.

FRED

She's met with Cherry, the
Sloppy Joe's.

PAUL

Sloppy Boys.

FRED

Sloppy Boys, The case was taken
away, now it's back to me. I
want things done right. No
cowboy stuff.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

Fred, Paul and Vegas swing the door wide open, march
right in. They are the only ones there.

KITCHEN

Fred looks in the kitchen. Not a soul there.

BATHROOM

Paul peers in the bathroom. Puddles of water on the
floor.

MAIN ROOM

Vegas' eyes go wild. She shakes her head, opens her
mouth to scream. Nothing comes out.

EXT. CHARTER BOAT - DAY

Cherry and Bree: swimming trunks and a bikini. They
put on snorkel masks, jump off into the water.

UNDERWATER - DAY

They explore the coral reef, watch the marine life.

INT. OMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

OMAN (30s) a reggae enthusiast whose walls are early 70's Woodstock inspired with swirls of yellow and oranges, framed pictures of friends, family and Hugo Chavez.

An assortment of guns and knives lay on a big table before him.

Ben and Joss look the merchandise over.

OMAN

All good quality, man.

Joss picks up a machete, checks it out.

OMAN

This one you're after, he's got it coming, eh?

JOSS

Something like that.

Ben notices the Uzi on the table among the handguns.

BEN

That's something that stands out.

Scoops it up, holds it firm.

EXT. CHARTER BOAT - DAY

Cherry rubs the lotion around on Bree's back shoulders as she soaks up sun rays.

BREE

You're not even curious who he was?

CHERRY

You miss him?

BREE

Everything was his plans, his ideas. He ran the show. Some scores he even hit me.

CHERRY

For a score?

BREE

Sometimes.

CHERRY

So why bring him up?

BREE

After today, I think it's best we get out of the Keys. I should have my head checked just for staying here.

CHERRY

I didn't hear you protest a few hours ago.

BREE

That was before I had time to think it over. Let's look at our situation.

CHERRY

Our situation?

BREE

We can't show up in any of the local hotels tonight, Your friends on both sides of the law are also around.

CHERRY

Thought we were two of a kind. The thrill.

BREE

Rush is one thing. Getting smart is better. Longer we stay around here, longer we risk getting caught.

Cherry pauses rubbing in the lotion. His eyes peer over to the edge of the boat, out to the water.

CHERRY

Where did you have in mind?

BREE
Atlanta.

CHERRY
No.

BREE
Why not?

CHERRY
It's out of state. Don't know
my way around.

BREE
All the more reason.

CHERRY
Alright. But first, I got some
things to take care of in
Miami.

BREE
Like what things? Mob things?

CHERRY
An associate.

BREE
Not a good idea. Better just to
wipe the slate clean. Besides,
way I understand your
situation, if you don't
testify, they have no reason to
keep the hit out on you.

CHERRY
Wrong. Someone out there thinks
I stole mob money. I didn't.

BREE
But that is mob money you were
laundering.

CHERRY
Yes.

BREE
You did it for them.

CHERRY

Not exactly.

She turns over.

BREE

Then why do it?

Cherry laughs. Reaches over, picks up a bottle of wine, pours some in a cocktail glass.

BREE

Where's mine?

Cherry puts some of the wine in another cocktail glass. Hands it to her.

BREE

Moron.

CHERRY

You're welcome.

She jerks it, splashes him in the face.

Cherry laughs.

BREE

Playing games with the mob and the feds. Then you involve me.

CHERRY

Involved yourself, sugar.

BREE

Fuck you.

CHERRY

Why? Want to go another round?

She slaps him.

He laughs harder. He pours the wine all over the front of her neck and chest.

She protests, kicks at him.

CHERRY

I guess not.

She swings at him, knocks the bottle from his hand. It breaks on the floor of the boat. Cherry's smile fades away.

He comes forward, scoops her up as best he can...

Tosses her over the side. A huge splash.

She comes up to the surface. Cherry watches her tread water.

CHERRY

Maybe you belong with the crabs.

BREE

You can't just leave. You need me.

CHERRY

For what? We had an understanding, now all of a sudden you want to call the shots?

BREE

Do you want to be caught? Do you want to die?

CHERRY

Couple miles to the shore, better start swimming.

She swims to the side ladder. Cherry casually goes to the front of the boat.

Starts the engine. Puts his right hand on the throttle.

BREE (O.S.)

Wait!

EXT. CHARTER BOAT - DAY

TITLE CARD: "FIVE MINUTES LATER"

The boat's engine is off.

Bree, all wet. Silent.

Cherry stand in front of her.

CHERRY

You're with me now. Things are
different. No more con games.

She glances up at him. Opens her mouth to say
something, Cherry motions for her to be silent.

CHERRY

I wasn't finished.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

POV- PATIENT

The view of the TV set and the infomercial playing
vanishes as Paul pulls the curtain, Vegas closes the
gap on the other end.

Fred eyeballs the patient.

VEGAS

I just left here a few hours
ago. Who is this guy again?

FRED

We're going to find out.
(to patient)
Isn't that right, friend?

BACK TO SCENE

The patient: It's Yellow. Broken arm hangs in a sling,
his face, broken nose, cuts and a bruise.

YELLOW

(struggles to
speak)
I'm not telling you shit.

FRED

Wrong answer. Start again.

PAUL

I'd answer his questions, do as he says.

YELLOW

Why? He are you the good cop, he the bad?

PAUL

Not cops. Federal agents. And we're all bad.

YELLOW

Wonderful.

FRED

Colin Cherry. Know him?

Silence from Yellow.

FRED

He's the guy who gave you a little shove.

YELLOW

What about him?

FRED

You're not going to make my life hard, are you?

YELLOW

No.

FRED

"Wonderful".

YELLOW

I don't know much about him. He was just a mark. Nothing else.

FRED

Fair enough. You got played.

YELLOW

I didn't-

FRED

Zip it. What about what's her name?

YELLOW

Bree.

FRED

Real name?

YELLOW

First name. Last name I don't know. Changes with every score.

FRED

I want all of them.

YELLOW

Fuck you and die.

Fred shrugs. One nod to Paul. Paul's all too eager, his hands on the handle.

Fred grabs the other end of the bed handle.

They lift the bed together for a quick second, drop it.

Yellow rattles with the bed.

Yellow howls, Fred covers Yellow's mouth.

FRED

Names. Places. Understand?

Yellow nods.

EXT. CHARTER BOAT - DAY

Joss drives a go-fast boat, Ben in the passenger side. They slow down and come up to the charter boat Cherry and Bree was on a short time ago.

Ben tosses away a blanket, the bright sun shines down on the new assortment of guns and one machete.

He grabs the Uzi, and climbs on the charter boat ladder.

Boards the charter boat.

Joss behind him, two guns in his waistband, machete in his right hand.

Joss plants the machete in the side of the boat. Pulls out his two guns, one in each hands.

INT. CHARTER BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Ben bursts in the small space, no sign of Cherry or Bree.

EXT. CHARTER BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Ben comes back out, bat out of hell.

BEN

They aren't here.

JOSS

Fuck motherfucker fuck!

BEN

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

Ben looks over the surrounding area.

Thinks. Looks over the side.

Not a soul in the water, nobody getting in the fast boat Ben and Joss came on.

Looks east side. Towards Miami.

Puts down his Uzi next to Joss.

Takes out a cell phone, calls a number. Takes off his shirt as it rings.

BEN

Answer your goddamn phone.
Bullshit. Fucking voice mail.

(beat)

Yeah. Jasper. I figured your boy out. He's headed back to the ranch.

Hangs up, tosses the phone on top of his shirt.

BEN

He calls, tell him to answer
his goddamn phone next time.

JOSS

What do you really want me to
tell him?

BEN

Answer his goddamn phone.

Ben grabs the machete, pulls it out of the wood.

UNDERWATER

Ben jumps in, swims down with machete in one hand.

The water isn't that deep. He makes the sandy bottom
in a short minute.

Fish, a few corals some distance away.

Ben finds a large hard plastic bag, zipper closed up.

EXT. CHARTER BOAT - DAY

The wet bag slides across the deck to Joss' feet.

JOSS

That what I think it is?

BEN

One way to find out. Let's open
up the son of a bitch.

MINUTE LATER

Joss unzips the bag, opens it up. Both men in awe of
the sight before them.

Satisfaction.

The contents under a reflective layer of plastic
glimmers back to them.

BEN

Beautiful.

EXT. GO-FAST BOAT - DAY

The boat races towards the Miami coast.

Joss drives.

Two COAST GUARD patrol boats come into view.

A HELICOPTER flies overhead.

Ben grabs the bag, opens it up. Digs under the plastic wrapped money. He finds, also in a plastic bag, a CELL PHONE, which is on.

It isn't his. It dawns on him who put it there.

He tosses the cell phone into the water. Ben looks over the bag, then to a tarp, the guns sticking out.

BEN

Slick as shit motherfucker.

Puts the bag aside, gets one of the automatic weapons from under the tarp.

JOSS

Jesus, I'm naked.

BEN

Just drive the bitch out of here!

Ben opens fire on the small coast guard boats, which head towards them. The boats keep their distance.

More boats approach, blocks off possible escapes.

On one of the Coast Guard boats: Fred, Paul and Vegas.

Fred and Paul open fire with handguns. Vegas shows off her shooting skills with a M-16.

EXT. GO-FAST BOAT - LATER

The Coast Guard boat with the agents drifts up to the go-fast boat. In the go-fast boat: a bullet riddled Joss, two guns beside him, blood splattered every which way.

Fred jumps on the go-fast boat, his attention focuses on the bag of money.

PAUL

(off)

Well?

Fred scans the water around them. His eyes focus to another Coast Guard boat, where the OFFICER shakes his head no.

FRED

He set them up.

EXT. A MIAMI BEACH - DAY

Like a sea creature coming out of the depths, an upset Ben wades up of the water.

He gets a few looks from swimmers, he ignores them.

He steps on the beach, kicks over a six year old girl's sand castle, who cries.

EXT. STOP N GO STORE - DAY

Wet-suit Cherry, Bikini Bree.

In front of an ATM.

BREE

Won't the feds be on us? Once I swipe the card?

CHERRY

Just do it.

BREE

What kind of an idiot launders money and gets an ATM card to go with it?

CHERRY

I had a reason.

BREE

Alright. What kind of moron decides to scuba dive all the way back to Miami, taking only his wallet but no change of clothes?

CHERRY

You can walk away at any time. You a hostage held against your will or something?

BREE

What kind of a bonehead leaves two thou for the bad guys to find and the Feds to suck up?

CHERRY

Give me the card.

Bree refuses, swipes it.

BREE

What's the pin?

Cherry taps in the number. Taps in the amount.

BREE

You're joking, right? Four hundred dollars? Just four hundred?

CHERRY

Four hundred and fifty.

BREE

Ooh. Excuse me.

CHERRY

If you want to be my partner on this-

BREE

Yeah. If I'm your partner, I should be treated like one. Fifty-fifty. I want to know the plan if you have one.

CHERRY

My plan-

Walks off. She follows.

BREE

I don't want to say 'okay', and then find out I'm tipping off guys with guns, and then you making a call to the Feds. Now this.

CHERRY

Alright.

BREE

Alright?

CHERRY

All right! What do you have in mind?

INT. SALVATION ARMY - DAY

Cherry and Bree, wearing sunglasses. A CLERK (20s) notices Bree right away due to her bikini. Before he can say anything-

BREE

This is a stick up! Everyone down on the floor now!!

Cherry holds up a handgun for all to see.

BREE

My boyfriend is armed! He will blow your face off!

The Clerk puts his hands up in the air, gets to his knees. Other employees and a customers get to the floor.

CHERRY

Who owns the little red car out
in front? I want your keys!

Cherry collects the car keys from the EMPLOYEE (20s)
who raises her hand.

Bree scoops up a handful of clothes, casually backs
out to the entrance.

Cherry eyeballs a small pack of chewing gum. Swipes
it.

CHERRY

Nobody be a hero. Nobody try
anything!

EXT. SALVATION ARMY - MOMENTS LATER

Cherry holds up the keys, presses a button. The alarm
turns off, doors unlock.

Bree opens the door to the car, drops the clothes in
the backseat. She slides over. Cherry gets in the
driver's side, checks the keys, finds the right key
fast.

Within the next few seconds, they drive off so fast
that Cherry shuts the car door while in motion.

CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

They go only half a mile, turn the corner, find a
parking space, and stop.

From inside the car, they slip on some of the stolen
clothes as fast as they can.

Both get out of the car. Cherry tosses the keys on the
front seat.

Walk away. Wait at the corner.

A city bus pulls up. They get on.

Bus drives off.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Among the crowd of people, Jasper watches the dance recital. He smiles, the woman next to him, ZOE (40s) takes a quick picture of the kids on stage who put on the show.

FOYER

An intermission. Scores of friends and family of the dancers mingle, buy cookies for fund raisers etc.

Jasper kisses Zoe, parts ways. He heads towards the Men's Bathroom.

As he gets closer, he sees

Paul, Fred and Vegas.

Jasper gives them a good look. He understands who they are and they don't even have to show him a badge.

Fred and Paul block his way.

FRED

Put a hold on it.

JASPER

What the hell? You Feds have to bust a lot of balls to find me at my daughter's dance recital?

VEGAS

No. Just yours.

JASPER

You wish.

(back to Fred)

What the hell do you want?

FRED

We don't need Cherry anymore. I mean, if we find him, that's great, but considering recent events-

JASPER

Drop the cob out of your
cornhole, and get to the point.

FRED

Sloppy Boys got cleaned up.
Only one left, and Ben's going
to talk. We're just waiting for
a phone call, then we'll take
you in.

JASPER

Do you want me to piss on your
leg or can I go inside now?

MEN'S BATHROOM

Fred and Paul follow Jasper. Jasper looks to see the
urinals, which one is available, but chooses a stall
instead.

Closes the door.

FRED

They were found with a whole
bunch of illegal guns and some
of the missing money.

Sound of a toilet seat being propped up.

FRED

We got Ben on all that, plus
the dead agents. We got him,
and he'll flip.

Jasper relieves himself.

FRED

Cherry will turn up soon. He
likes to play it close to
chest, he'll foul up and we'll
get him and his new girlfriend.
But hey, two rats are better
than one.

JASPER

Do you mind? Mother-fucker.

Some of the men in the bathroom look to the stall,
Paul flashes his badge, motions for them to mind their
own business, which they do.

JASPER

I'm here with my wife, watching
my kid's recital and I got the
Mod Squad trying to jerk me
off. You want to know what I
think?

Flushes.

Opens the stall, wipes his hands on Fred's suit. Gives
him a smile.

INT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Bree and Cherry seated at a small table at Starbucks.
Laid out on the table, other than iced mochas is a
local newspaper.

The Real estate section.

With a smile, Cherry moves a coffee stir around on
various houses for sale.

BREE

It's not like that. We don't
mess with any safes or
diamonds. Nothing that can be
pawned or fenced. We do that,
we might as well just turn
ourselves in. First thing cops
do, lean on the fences.

CHERRY

What then?

BREE

Money from wallets, purses.

CHERRY

Home invasion for loose change?

BREE

No. The rush. See, while the owners of the house are tied up, we can choose to blindfold them or not. In any case, we screw right there, right then. Right in front of them.

CHERRY

Why?

BREE

It's the ultimate kick. Petty theft, not enough that the cops will bust down doors looking for you-

CHERRY

Feds are already looking for me.

BREE

So you're willing to break into a house that no one lives in.

CHERRY

At least you don't have to worry about someone's big dog ready to chew your leg off, wake the damn neighborhood. Or if your eligible bachelor has a shotgun laying around somewhere. That's all you need, some dude with a shotgun or been training in karate half his life and now he's got the go ahead to kick ass?

BREE

That's the beauty of it. An element of surprise.

CHERRY

Surprise, yeah. That's for sure.

BREE

It's one thing if you put a knife to their throat and tell them they're about to talk to God. It's quite another if they see the perps eat their food and have sex. They don't know what the hell to do. I'm telling you.

CHERRY

What then, rough them up? Rape? What?

BREE

No, no. Just go in the wallets, purses. Glance at a driver's license, work badge, make sure they see you do that. Scare them a little. If they get wise, thwack them in the head, but not too hard. Just enough to irritate the shit out of them, you know? Nothing major.

CHERRY

What if they have kids?

BREE

I don't know. Never had one like that.

Cherry gives a foul look.

CHERRY

How many of these little invasions you do?

BREE

A lot more exciting than just breaking into an empty house that no one lives in.

CHERRY

And no kids to whip out a blackberry and make some calls, or you on You Tube.

BREE

You're having sex. What do they care? It's not like we're hurting children or anything. Besides, they sneak off somewhere and watch cable, internet porn. Come on.

CHERRY

Forget it. Just pick a house.

BREE

Oh. Okay. You want to be a cowboy, but you don't want to be a cowboy. You're no cowboy. Chicken, maybe but no cowboy.

CHERRY

There's risky, and then there's being smart.

BREE

Chicken, chicken, chicken.

CHERRY

I'll pick it.

BREE

(like a chicken)

Bawk- bawk - bawkhha!

Cherry folds up the newspaper. Can't keep a straight face. He has a chuckle.

Thinks it over. Looks her in the eye.

Drinks the rest of his coffee, crushes the empty cup.

EXT. SUB-DIVISION - NIGHT

A small blue car with a lighted sign on the roof that reads BORTELLI'S PIZZA drives into the neighborhood.

I/E. PIZZA CAR - SAME

Cherry looks around, quiet vicinity.

CHERRY

Just remember, I do this for
you, you do for me.

Speed cuts down to a crawl. Bree eyeballs random
houses.

BREE

You got that backwards. You owe
me.

CHERRY

I suppose you're right -

BREE

I am right. There's no point in
your revenge quest, Let the
Feds deal with him. You saw the
news same as me.

CHERRY

They didn't get all the Sloppy
Boys.

BREE

And the third guy is probably
shark bait by now. If he was
alive, I doubt he'd come after
you. He'd have to find you
first.

CHERRY

Yeah. You're right.

BREE

Always. One thing, one more
favor.

Cherry gives her a curious look.

Bree scouts houses.

Bites her lower lip.

Calm.

Time ticks away.

Nothing.

Cherry looks out of the window..

Stillness.

Cherry glances to Bree, who scans the area..

Stares at her.

Quiet.

A pin could drop.

Suspense and irritation.

CHERRY

Well?

BREE

Well what?

CHERRY

What extra favor?

Bree doesn't meet his eyes.

BREE

Nothing really important.

Lull.

Crickets might as well chirp...

Now a revelation:

BREE

Sometime during the act, I want
you to say "bubblegum".

CHERRY

Come again?

Finally, Bree locks with his eyes.

BREE

Bubblegum.

Cherry's disappointed.

BREE
Just say it, alright?

CHERRY
(not enthused)
Bubblegum.

She pats him on the knee.

BREE
There. That's a start. Only
when you say it, say it, like
it's the coolest thing to say.
More feeling, y'know.

CHERRY
Bubblegum. Why can't it be
like, Big Red or Fruit Stripe?

BREE
That's chewing gum.

EXT. MANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FLASH SUPER: "FIVE MINUTES LATER"

The Pizza Car, parked a short distance behind them,...
Cherry and Bree stand in front of the house. Bree
holds a pizza box.

BREE
Moment of truth.

CHERRY
Nobody's home.

BREE
This will do. Follow me.

INSERT

Bree's finger presses the doorbell.

BREE
Pizza delivery!

BACK TO SCENE

PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Bree gives a smile. Cherry's grin isn't convincing.

The door opens.

Bree reaches in the pizza box, pulls out a forty- four magnum handgun, aims it forward. The box drops to the floor, the pizza gone.

The gun is in the face of MANDY (20s) who is hotter than Bree but with more red lipstick and a push up bra. Mandy nearly goes cross eyed with the gun in her face.

CHERRY

Bubblegum!

BREE

Not quite yet, baby.

INT. MANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mandy, hands up, on her knees. Bree has the gun on her. Cherry is in another room - sounds of him rummaging through a nearby room

BREE

What's your name, girlfriend?

MANDY

Mandy.

BREE

Mandy. Nice name. From this point on, you will do everything and anything we tell you to do. Anything more or less means we decorate your place with your brains, which will be splattered every which way. Understand?

MANDY

I understand.

BREE

Live alone?

MANDY

No. My boyfriend's going to be around soon. When we does-

BREE

When and if he does then we will deal with him.

EXT. JASPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A red, rusted pickup truck parks in front of the house.

INT. RED TRUCK

INSERT

In the passenger seat: an assortment of knives, hammers and a cheese grater.

BACK TO SCENE

Pissed off Ben, jumps out.

Beelines to the house.

INT. MANDY'S HOUSE

Cherry comes to them, pillow case in his hand. He rolls up the pillow case.

MANDY

You look familiar.

BREE

Of course he does. His face is all over the boob tube, isn't it sweetheart?

CHERRY

Wasn't part of the plan, but I suppose that's true. I don't know if I'm public enemy number one, might not even be on the ten most wanted. Number eleven will have to do. Don't move.

Ties the pillowcase around Mandy's mouth.

CHERRY

Don't worry.

Ties her hand behind her back with other ripped up fabric.

CHERRY

It'll all be over soon.

BREE

She lying? Anyone else in the house?

CHERRY

She's alone.

BREE

Damn! Well, Mandy, tag, looks like you're it.

Waves the gun in her face. Backs up.

Puts the gun on the TV stand.

BREE

Now, you might think about going for that, and that's okay. Just don't do it. Nod your head yes or no should we speak to you. Okay, Mandy?

Mandy nods yes.

BREE

Excellent.

EXT. JASPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben knocks on the door.

Waits...

INT. MANDY'S HOUSE

Bree, Cherry snap to attention before they can kiss.
Eyes fall on the door.

Mandy casually turns her head to the door.

MANDY

(muffled)

That's your ass!

BREE

Shut up.

Cherry whips out a thirty eight special, cocks it.

Heads to the door.

Peers through the peephole. Does NOT like what he
sees. Gives an evil glance towards Bree.

BREE

What?

CHERRY

(low)

Of all the houses in Miami, you
pick this house?

Another knock at the door.

BREE

Who is it?

CHERRY

Of all the houses. Pick this
one. Tell you what. You wanted
the rush, you're going to get
it full steam ahead.

BREE

What's wrong? Who is it?

Cherry waves her off. Puts his right hand on the doorknob.

INSERT

A beads of sweat form on Cherry's knuckles.

BACK TO SCENE

Cherry, tenses up.

Counts mentally, his thoughts become light spoken words.

CHERRY

Three...Two...One...Bubble-

WHIPS OPEN THE DOOR

CUT TO:

EXT. JASPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door swings open!

Jasper.

Stares down Ben.

JASPER

God- damn. Just got home,

BEN

I need the biggest fucking gun
you got and chainsaw. Cut off
both his thumbs, flush them down
the stool. Make his ass howl
like a wolf at the moon before
he dies, Then I'll take his
head off his shoulders and
mount that motherfucker.

(pause)

You should answer your phone.

JASPER

Use voice mail next time, tough
guy. It's there for a reason.

(pause)

Keep it down,

BEN

I'm sorry. Didn't know your
wife was home.

JASPER

It's late, You don't need to
wake the whole goddamn
neighborhood, knocking on my
door like the shit-kicker
feds.. What are you doing here,
anyway? Feds could be watching
my house right now. If not now,
they'll be down the fucking
street before dawn. And you
show up to my door. Zoe had to
run some errands, my daughter
went off with her friends. I'm
watching TV. Least I was.

Ben is about to say something.

JASPER

Shut your fucking pie -

INT, MANDY'S HOUSE - SAME

A thirty-eight points in Zoe's face.

CHERRY

- hole, get your ass in here.

Zoe steps in, hands up.

BREE

Who is it?

CHERRY

You should know.

MANDY
(muffled)
Colin Cherry!

Bree kicks her in the left arm.

MANDY
(muffled)
Dirty bitch!

BREE
You going to tell me who it is,
or not?

CHERRY
It's Zoe.

BREE
Who the hell is Zoe?

CHERRY
She's the bosses' wife.

BREE
Yeah, right.

Cherry closes the door.

CHERRY
(to Zoe)
Go over to Mandy, get on your
knees, don't speak unless
spoken to. Don't mess around.
Understand?

ZOE
Yes.

CHERRY
Get over there.

Zoe slowly walks over to Mandy, gets on her knees.

CHERRY
Hands behind your head,
interlock your fingers.

Zoe does this.

BREE

You're serious.

Cherry nods. Thinks for a moment. Waves to Bree, who backs away from the two women.

Cherry stands in front of Zoe and Mandy.

CHERRY

Mandy was right. She did know me from somewhere. I don't remember her though. Where does she know me?

ZOE

Party, few months ago. Before the feds picked you up.

CHERRY

Yes, let's talk about that for a minute. They pinched me alright. I kept my mouth shut, they let me go, because they had nothing. That's the God's honest truth. But they served me anyway, just to make your husband sweat, and for me to incriminate myself. Then I'm set up, I got lucky and saw it coming. Just like you.

Puts the gun to her head.

CHERRY

You're going to see it coming. Hear it. Feel it.

Lowers the gun.

CHERRY

I should shoot you. But I have something far more disturbing in mind.

INT. JASPER'S HOUSE. GARAGE - NIGHT

The CHAINSAW roars in Ben's hands. He gets a good feel for it. He stops it. Jasper watches him.

JASPER

Hell of a kick, ain't it?

BEN

Awesome. What about the neighbors?

JASPER

Fuck them. The people next door? Dogs barking all damn night, nobody gets any sleep, Few houses down, every other Friday night? Owners leave, kids take over, I'm just having a bad night, just busting your balls.

(pause)

But you want to make me real happy? When you catch up to Cherry, find his ass?

BEN

Yeah?

JASPER

Remember that scene from "Scarface"?

Ben holds the chainsaw with glee.

BEN

"Say hello to my little friend!"

JASPER

No, the other one. Chainsaws and bathtubs. Do that, or something close to it, I'll smile like a motherfucker.

BEN

Gun?

JASPER

Even better.

Jasper walks off, goes to a corner of a storage closet.

INT. MANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zoe: tied up, gagged like Mandy. Both seated down on the floor,

INSERT

Cherry holds a big pair of scissors in his hand. Tight. Ready to cut...

Zoe's eyes go wide in horror.

INT. JASPER'S HOUSE. GARAGE - SAME

Jasper takes out an object wrapped in a dark burlap, Lays it over a worktable.

Jasper unwraps it.

A high powered hunting rifle, with no scope.

BEN

Nice. Where's the scope?

JASPER

That's the best part. You can get it back. Guess who has it? Asshole took it with him two months ago, haven't seen it since.

BEN

So you want it back, with the rifle?

JASPER

Shit no! You use the rifle, get back the scope you throw them in the water. Same as the chainsaw.

INT. MANDY'S HOUSE - SAME

The stereo kicks out disco..

INSERT

The scissors Cherry holds a quick snip-snip in the air.

Goes to the right side of a bra strap.

Takes his time, slowly closes the blades...

Makes the cut.

BACK TO SCENE

Zoe, now bound and gagged like Mandy: both transfixed.

Looks of fear, terror...replaced by confusion, raised eyebrows.

Cherry playfully drags the flat edge of the scissors down Bree's ripped shirt, sliced bra.

Bree embraces Cherry, takes the scissors from him.

Casual, she grabs part of his shirt, rolls it up in her hand.

Both swing their hips to the bass drum beat.

Bree nods her head in tune with the music. Playfully slices up into Cherry's shirt. Exposes his abs.

Continues. Works her way up.

Blades tear up more fabric...She stops short of the breast pocket.

Zoe and Mandy: mesmerized.

EXT. JASPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben puts the chainsaw in the truck bed. Jasper hands him the rifle in the wrapped up burlap.

Ben gets in the truck.

Jasper walks back to the house. Takes out his cell phone.

Ben pulls away...

Jasper turns, waves him down.

Ben stops, rolls down the window.

JASPER

Zoe ain't answering her phone.

BEN

She'll be back.

JASPER

Happens one too many times.
Listen. I'll pay you an extra
two thousand if you swing by
this address.

Writes it down on a piece of paper.

BEN

Who lives here?

JASPER

Some asshole. I don't know his
phone number, What I do know is
that he fools around on his
wife with mine. She thinks I
don't know much about it, but I
do. His wife's a hot little
number,

Hands the paper to Ben.

JASPER

Now, if he's home and his
wife's home, don't go in. If
she's with his wife, don't go
in. She covers herself,
borrowing Tupperware, shooting
the shit, playing cards, things
like that.

BEN

He know what you do? People you
work with?

JASPER

If he did, he wouldn't tap my wife, that's for damn sure. If that's exactly what he's doing, call me, let me know. Then kick ass.

BEN

Shouldn't you come along? She's your wife.

JASPER

If I'm not home when my daughter gets home, that might be an invitation for her boyfriend of the month to slip a snake in her while under my roof, and that shit ain't happening on my watch.

Ben thinks this over, processes information...

BEN

Four.

JASPER

Four? No. Two. If I was going to pay you three I'd tell you to chop his nuts off and have him watch while you shove them in a garbage disposal and flip the switch. Two is for going out of your way and giving him a right hook. Save the fancy stuff for Cherry.

BEN

Three.

JASPER

What the hell? This ain't no fucking used car lot, .Two thousand.

BEN

You want me to do this thing, it's double. You want it two, hop in or forget it.

JASPER

You might not have to even do anything.

BEN

But I might have to. Not to mention that the heat's also on Cherry too. I have some ideas on how to find him, hopefully one will be right. But I have to strike hard, strike fast. I do this other thing first-

JASPER

Alright. Alright. You win. Give me a minute to lock up.

INT. MANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The gun on the TV stand.

Zoe's eyes look back to Bree and shirtless Cherry. The pair locked in a kiss. Bree lightly pokes Cherry with the scissors in the right arm.

BREE

Say it. Say it now.

CHERRY

Right now?

BREE

Yes. Now.

Cherry smiles, looks over to the tied up women. Opens his mouth and lets out a breath of air, like a light moan.

Bree laughs.

CHERRY

Bub -

EXT. JASPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jasper opens the passenger door to the truck.

JASPER

Jesus Christ!

BEN

Sorry.

Shoves the knives, hammers and cheese grater on the floor of the truck. Jasper gets in, shuts the door.

INT. RED TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Jasper reaches down to his feet. Observes the cheese gater.

JASPER

Got plenty of knives, hammers.
What's with this?

BEN

The most underrated weapon in the kitchen. Average person, they might take a kitchen knife, a baseball bat seeing an intruder, right. But a cheese grater, thin metal. You don't think anything of it, right? Well, let's say you panic, grab it and swing. If it gets you in the face, it'll rip the skin right off in bits and pieces. Shit, you can yank a person's eye out if you give it a good whack.

INT. MANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wearing only a white thong, Bree stabs the couch arm with the scissors. Bits of fluff spit out. She presses her bare breasts against Cherry's back, caresses him.

Her hands finds his belt. She undoes it.

Cherry gives Zoe a mean look the same time Bree eases her right hand over his crotch.

Mandy sighs. Not out of fear, but the scene before her turns her on. Bree notices, laughs, licks the back of Cherry's neck. Nervous, Zoe swallows her spit, Cherry sees that.

CHERRY

What are you thinking about?
Scissors or the gun? Be honest.

Bree pulls down Cherry's pants, exposes a pair of boxers that have a U.S. Flag design.

Bree eyeballs Zoe.

Slaps Cherry on the side of his red white and blue trunks

Bree turns her attention back on Cherry. Playfully turns him around, teases, pushes him on the couch. Mounts him.

Seconds later, her attention turns back to the women. She stops cold in mid-kiss.

Zoe and Mandy :intrigued.

Cherry gives them a look.

CUT TO:

Cherry takes Zoe's gag, pulls it down. Stands in front of her.

CHERRY

Speak up. What are you doing here?

ZOE

Borrowing some Tupperware.

Cherry makes a "Thinker" pose. Paces a little.

CHERRY

Really?

ZOE

(cringes)
And a bag of flour.

CHERRY

What a crock of...

Pulls down Mandy's gag.

CHERRY

How often does she "swing" by?

Bree leaves the room.

MANDY

Once, twice a week. Depends.

(looks over to
Bree)

Where is she going?

CHERRY

If I understand the drill,
probably going to your bedroom,
pick up some clothes. Right
now, I want your attention.

What is she

(nods to Zoe)

Doing here?

MANDY

She told you. She comes by,
borrows stuff all the time.

CHERRY

You two aren't related and
Jasper don't live across the
street. So either Zoe is
secretly banging your husband
if you really have one or...

Smiles.

MANDY

It's not funny.

CHERRY

Yeah it is.

MANDY

Not when you're tied up with a
gun to your head. Besides, you
two are sick.

BREE (O.S.)

Hey, sugar!

CHERRY

Hey, bubblegum!

BREE (O.S.)

She don't got any guy clothes
in here.

CHERRY

Grab a tee shirt. Or a
sweatshirt. That'll do.

BREE (O.S.)

I don't know...

ZOE

Least you can do is put your
pants back on.

Cherry puts the gag back on her.

MANDY

Crazy psycho!

Cherry points a warning finger. Mandy shivers back.

CHERRY

Hey!

Puts her gag back on.

CHERRY

We robbed the Goodwill. Cut us
some slack. Besides, I like
these. Reminds me of..

Bree comes back, wearing a dark shirt. She has another
shirt in her hands, gives it to Cherry.

CHERRY

Well, you know.

Looks at the shirt Bree gave him.

EXT. MANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben's red truck pulls up in the street in front of the house, right behind the Pizza car.

In the driveway : a sedan.

INT. RED TRUCK

Jasper and Ben observe the house. They can see the silhouettes of a man and a woman. The rest of the interior of the house as seen from the street appears dim.

JASPER

Yeah, she's here. That's her Sedan.

BEN

Someone's ordered pizza.

JASPER

Pizza guy's inside.

BEN

How do you know?

JASPER

He ain't on the porch.

The man silhouette (Cherry) turns a shirt inside out, slips it on.

Man silhouette walks over a short distance, puts his pants on.

BEN

Your woman. She into kinky stuff?

JASPER

No,

BEN

Well, then...

INT. MANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The hot red fire engine color shirt Cherry wears is inside out, tag sticks up in the back of the collar.

CHERRY

See? Nothing to it. Aside from a few tense moments, everyone lives to see the next sunshine.

And you

(meaning Zoe)

This was all coincidence.

Looks over to Bree, who buttons up her jeans. Cherry's attention goes back to Zoe and Mandy.

CHERRY

In any case, I can't say I didn't enjoy it. Because I did. I'd do it again.

BREE

(off)

You want to?

CHERRY

No, not now.

Back to Zoe and Mandy:

CHERRY

I'm usually not into this. It's a first for me. I don't care much for this cowboy renegade loose cannon type of behavior. But my new girlfriend, she needs her fix, see. And I feel you deserve the truth. I got mine.

Bree dumps out two purses. An assortment of beauty products, loose change, pens, credit cards etc.

BREE

Kiss her on the mouth, Colin.

CHERRY

What?

BREE

Boss's wife. Boss wants you dead, Feds are on him...she's here. You're here.

CHERRY

I'm not a rapist.

BREE

I didn't say screw her, I said kiss her. Do it. What is she going to do? What is she going to say? Tell you what. You do it, then I'll do it.

Zoe gazes over Cherry's shoulder, Bree smiles, waves at her. Bree shifts her attention to Mandy.

BREE

Oh, I'm sorry. Did you want a taste, too? Well, who knows. Maybe we'll come back over here one night, not be so friendly. I might even cut your heart out after I French you. You and Boss's wife already pissed my man off, who knows what the fuck he'll do. Not a rapist, he says. Less than three hours ago, he said he wasn't into my little fix, and abracadabra, where is he now? What's he been doing?

CHERRY

I'm not a rapist.

BREE

No, you're just a wanted fugitive. Shot some thug in the street in broad daylight, and hey, between the two of us? You should have seen all the mess we left back -

The front door bursts open. Ben storms in, chainsaw screams heavy thunder.

BEN
(over the roar of
steel)
Pink pussy motherfucker! Here's
my big hard dick!

Spots Cherry, Bree and the tied up women. Lets the
chainsaw die down.

Confused.

Crazy smile.

Starts up the chainsaw again. Charges.

Cherry and Bree get out of the way as Ben cuts up the
couch. Feathers, stuffing fly every which way.

Cherry stumbles back, turns.

Jasper right in front of him, rifle in hand.

Shock for both men.

Jasper jabs forward, gets Cherry in the gut with the
butt of the rifle.

In the face.

Cherry goes down.

Ben turns to...

Bree, gun in one hand, scissors in the other.

Zoe and Mandy: still on the floor, look on in terror.

Ben keeps the chainsaw idle.

BEN
You won't shoot, little lady.

BREE
Not one step closer.

Cherry gets up on a knee, Jasper kicks him back down.

BREE
Hey!

JASPER

Hey. Tell you what. You can walk out or you can be chopped out. I'll even let you keep the rest of the money if you know where it is. God as my witness. I'll give you three seconds to decide. Be bought and paid for, or join this motherfucker at my feet right now.

BREE

Buy me?

JASPER

Cherry may have given some of it to the feds when he set up my friend here, but he sure didn't give up all of it. If you have access to it, it's yours. All you got to do, is walk now, keep your mouth shut.

BREE

And if I don't have it?

JASPER

Least you have your health.

Bree slowly circles around.

Ben bursts forward. Bree shoots, a stream of water spits in Ben's eye. Bree gets out of the way in time.

Ben stumbles, missing the heads of Zoe and Mandy, who duck low.

Bree scrambles, gets out of the house.

JASPER

Forget her. Turn that thing off, give me a hand.

Ben turns off the chainsaw, lays it on the floor.

JASPER

You crazy son of a bitch. You almost killed my wife.

BEN

Well I didn't. Want to me untie them?

JASPER

Of course I...wait a minute.
 (thinks about it)
 What in hell was going on in here?

Silence. Jasper kicks Cherry one more time.

JASPER

Take my fucking wife hostage.
 That's low. It's just...wrong.
 Well, I got something special
 for your dumb ass. Twisted
 heavy metal rolling out like a
 motherfucker!

Zoe and Mandy, now on their feet, hobble over towards the kitchen.

EXT. MANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bree jams the scissors in and out the back right rear tire of the Sedan. Air hisses.

She walks over to the Red truck, looks back at the house. Considers to stab the tires, changes her mind.

Goes to the driver's side door. Checks it, it opens.

INT. RED TRUCK

Surprised at the sight before her, she reaches inside the truck.

Picks up a hammer. Gets a feel for it.

Puts it down, scoops up a carving knife. Swings it around, measures it up with the pair of scissors. Finds the KEYS still in the ignition. Smiles wickedly. Gets in.

She looks around, sees the cheese grater. Confused.

EXT. MANDY'S HOUSE

Bree backs up the truck, clears away from the Pizza car, drives off.

Turns up the radio. The song fades out as the truck vanishes into the night.

JASPER (O.S.)

(muffled)

Get his hands. Hold him down!

(pause)

Get my wife in here! Get my wife!

(break)

You think Benny's a bad guy?
You think he's a real bad guy?
You don't know shit! I'm going
to get my wife in here, she's
going to cut off your nuts,
flush them down like a log of
shit!

ZOE (O.S.)

What is it?

JASPER (O.S.)

Take this knife! Cut off his
nuts! Toss them in the crapper!

BEN (O.S.)

I'll get the saw! I'll take the
other head!

JASPER (O.S.)

Wait in line! I'm going to take
his feet, put them over there,
you want him barking at the
moon, I want him screaming like
a fucking banshee!

The red truck races back in reverse. Bree passes by the house. Then speeds forward, right in the front of the house where the bathroom would be.

JASPER (O.S.)

Payback is a -

Huge crash.

Moments later...Bree and Cherry dash out of the front door, head toward the Pizza car. A bloody faced Ben emerges, runs after them with two knives in his hands..

INT. PIZZA CAR

Bree gets in to the car. She fumbles for the keys, puts the keys in the ignition. Cherry opens the passenger side door.

Ben tackles him.

The two men struggle on the ground.

Bree cranes her neck, can't see them. A look of worry on her face. From her window, she sees Ben's hand go up, knife ready to stab down. Cherry's hands fight Ben's strong momentum.

Somehow, Cherry kicks him off. Ben comes back down on him. The two roll around again. This time, Cherry's hand bring down the scissors...

Cherry stands up, out of breath. Goes to the passenger side, slides in, closes the door. Looks to Bree.

Despite some blood and scrapes over his face, he smiles.

CHERRY

Bubble -

Bree slams her foot down, they speed off.

INT. MANDY'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - DAY

Under the totalled red truck, side by side in a pool of blood: Jasper and Zoe.

Paul stands over them and the rest of the broken glass and related carnage.

INT. MANDY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN -CONTINUOUS

Seated at a kitchen table along with Vegas, Mandy shaken up, chain smokes.

Fred shrugs.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Yellow, still wrapped in casts, panics when Fred stands before him.

Fred crosses his arms.

INT. ASSISTANT DIRECTOR STOCKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Fred faces Stockman. In front of Stockman, on his desk, a form. Stockman signs it.

Hands it to Fred.

EXT. RESORT - DAY

SUPER: ATLANTA : TWO MONTHS LATER

Fred: kicks back in a lounge chair, glass of iced tea beside him. Wears a T- shirt, shorts, sandals.

Paul, disguised as a tourist, dries off a super hot woman with dark hair. Fred watches, picks up a small magazine devoted to crossword puzzles.

Bree walks by, sits down in the chair next to Fred.

BREE

You believe in being social?

Fred looks her over, gets interested.

FRED
I believe in lots of things.
Being social? Definetly.

BREE
I'm Bree.

FRED
Fred.

BREE
Tell me about yourself, Fred.
What do you do?

FRED
For fun or business?

BREE
Fun.

FRED
Looking at it right here.

Picks up Iced Tea.

FRED
Cheers.

Takes a big gulp.

BREE
Business?

FRED
Acquisitions and liquidation.

From a distance: Cherry watches them closely. Fred ignores him.

INT. RESORT ROOM - DAY

A lamp.

An air vent.

Ceiling fan rotates.

Cherry and Bree tip glasses at a small hotel room bar.
Drink up the rum.

INT, RESORT HALLWAY - DAY

In jeans and Hawaiian shirts, Fred, Paul storm down the hallway, guns drawn, badges out over their necks. Vegas meets them with a FBI task force unit on the other end of the hallway.

INT. RESORT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The FBI swarms in the room. Fred has a gun to Cherry's head. Cherry backs up...only Paul grabs him, forces him to the floor.

Paul slaps cuffs on Cherry, Fred puts his gun away, arrests Bree, who shouts in protest.

They lead them out of the room, Vegas stays behind.

She spots a few hundred dollars slightly visible under the bed. The small bunch has a thick rubber band around them. No one watches her pick up the cash.

She picks up the small stash,

Leaves it on the bed.

FADE OUT.